

SLUG MAGAZINE

VOL. 24 • ISSUE 297 • SEPTEMBER 2013 • SLUGMAG.COM • ALWAYS FREE

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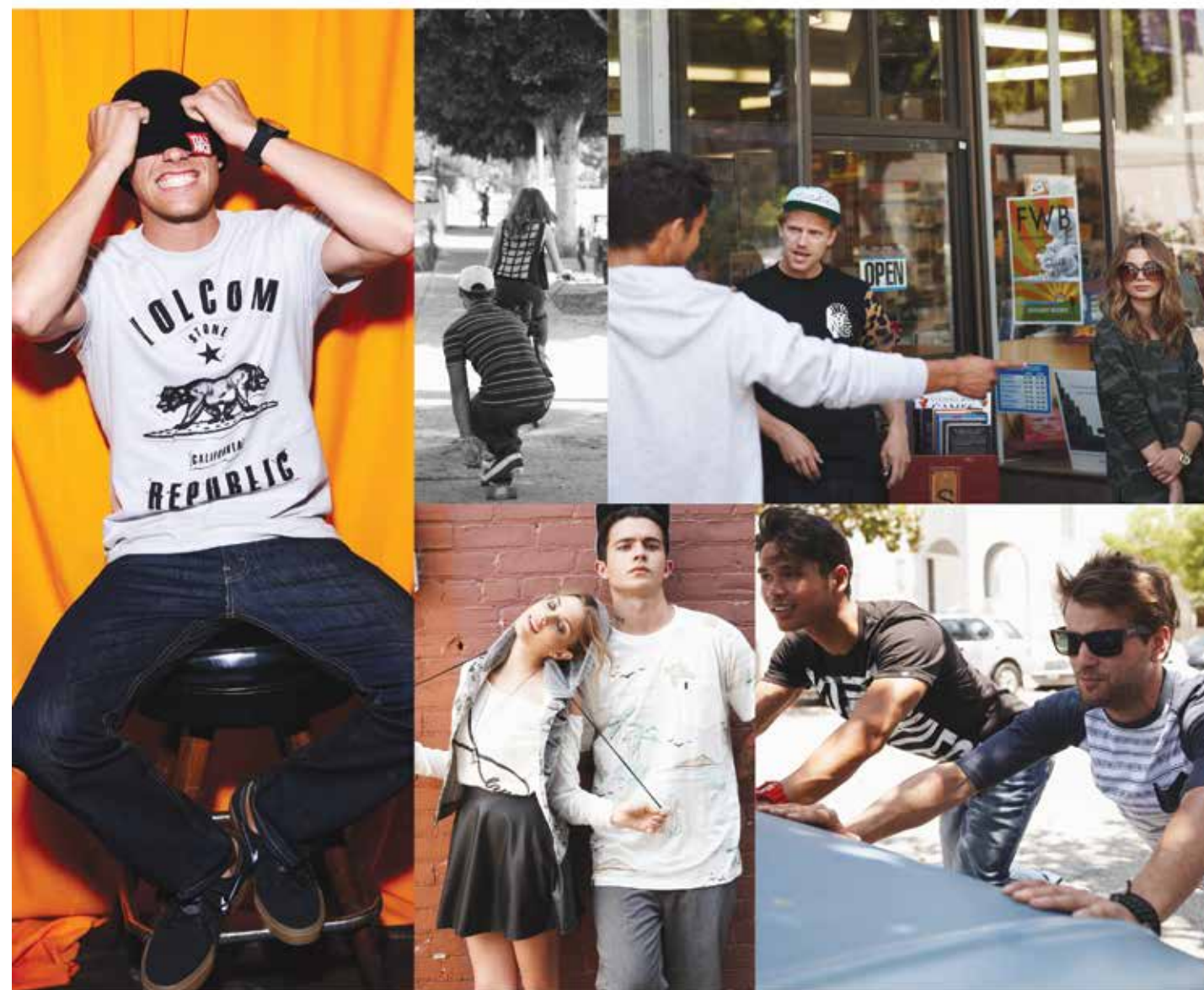
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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

I am the guitarist/singer for a local Ogden metal band. Over the last few weeks here someone has taken offense to our t shirts with a slogan that says "AT LEAST I'M NOT MORMON". This sad pathetic person has spammed several Facebook pages under a fake account and even tried to get us booted off shows claiming they would boycott the venue. Calling us everything from bigots to a hate group. Even to go so far as to say we should be beaten. Now over the years we've had members come and go, some of which ARE Mormon and even they could see the humor behind this as we live in Utah.

For someone to take offense over a simple tee shirt and go to the lengths they have seems absurd to me. To create fake account after fake account, spam pages and then delete account shows that someone must have a lot of free time! However they were successful in getting one of our road shows moved to a different venue. After claiming us as a hate group. Anyone who knows us, knows that we love a laugh and take very few things serious. To end this rant we are not a hate group. Humor is humor and should be taken as such!

Dear Mr. Jester,

I'm sure that neither you nor your bandmates are bigots or haters. One thing that this person—whatever he/she is—failed to do was effectively highlight what you are not: funny. The reason that they didn't take in your humor is because "AT LEAST I'M NOT MORMON" is about as humorous as Mormon sketch comedy. I'm sure that, as a metal band, Deathead reveres the '80s, but the whole Mormon-bashing thing is such an anachronistic countercultural Utah approach that it just reveals how unoriginal your T-shirts are! In fact, I'm going to get all the Ogden Mormons to start wearing T-shirts that say, "AT LEAST I'M NOT IN DEATHEAD." I'm going to get Ogden Muslims and atheists to wear them, too. That way, the whole "hate group" reaction element is removed, and we can all just make fun of your band for having dumb shirts that some Pantera-worshipping baby-daddy would wear during four-wheeling outings.

XOXO, SLUG Mag

Thanx for your time,
Chris Jester
Guitar/Vocals: Deathead.

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<p>THU 5</p> <p>JASON ISBELL with T. Hardy Morris</p>	<p>SHAWN MULLINS with Chuck Cannon</p>	<p>Tue 17</p>
<p>FRI 6</p> <p>JUNIOR BROWN</p>	<p>SPORE FUNDRAISER Spore's Fall Fling Benefit Concert & Dance</p>	<p>Thu 19</p>
<p>WED 11</p> <p>MARCHFOURTH MARCHING BAND</p>	<p>STEVE EARLE & THE DUKES with The Mastersons</p>	<p>Tue 24</p>
<p>FRI 13</p> <p>DAVID BROMBERG QUINTET presented by krcl</p>	<p>THE MOTOWN SOUNDS TRIBUTE SHOW</p>	<p>Sat 28</p>

THE WEEKENDERS



(L-R) Mike Torgerson, Mike Sasich, Rob Reinfurt and Shaun Thomas of The Weekenders slam out modern, sludgy tunes with a classic rock n' roll flavoring.

Localized

By Brinley Froelich
brinleyfroelich@gmail.com
Photos: Russel Daniels

Salt Lake City is set to soar through space and time on Sept. 20 with this month's *Localized*, featuring the psychedelic sludge of **The Weekenders** combined with the classic blues rock quintet of **The North Valley**, alt-indie rockers **The National Parks** opening at 9 p.m. All who are 21+ can bask in this local talent with host **Ischa B.** at *Urban Lounge* for just \$5. For those of you who are out of town, underage or crippled, you can still catch the show live at gigvz.com.

Before I sat down with the members of The Weekenders for our interview, their laidback vibes relaxed the atmosphere around us. These Salt Lakers make it seem as though it's second nature for them to reconnect the hard work that goes into maintaining a tight sound, while performing in a way that makes the fun contagious.

As a personal witness to that which is The Weekenders, I must testify to the fun that is sure to be had while listening to them rock the fuck out. They will hit you with their sound first, and as their sludge permeates to your bones, you may find your head involuntarily swaying to the reverb. Their volume and togetherness is reminiscent of classic rock bands such as **The Grateful Dead** and **The Doors**, yet they stay modern enough to grab your attention, similar to a direction of bands such as **Dead Meadow** or **Black Mountain**. It is this combination that forces your attention, with the fuzz of stoner rock that you can still jam to, even if you're sober.

While their origins trace back to around 2010, it was just this winter that the lineup was solidified into a collaborative effort. The group now consists of **Rob Reinfurt** (guitar, vocals), **Mike Torgerson** (bass), **Shaun Thomas** (drums) and **Mike Sasich** (guitar). Reinfurt was working on a record with Sasich, when Reinfurt recalls that Sasich asked him if he was in the market for a second guitarist. Reinfurt says, "I didn't want to ask him because I thought he was busy with all of his other bands and his studio. Plus, I thought he was a little bit out of my league. He wanted to

join, and so I said, 'Yeah, for sure!'" After losing a drummer, Reinfurt posted an ad on Craigslist and had a few auditions before Thomas came to fit the bill. Thomas came in to audition while the other drummer was still playing. "That was really awkward ... I was sitting on his stool, which I didn't realize, so he couldn't really leave, so he had to stay there and watch me play," Thomas says. Although they appreciated the previous drummer, Thomas turned out to be a much better fit for the band, Reinfurt says. As far as bassists went, "It was like *Spinal Tap*," Reinfurt says, with a rotating cast of bass players that frequently came and went. Reinfurt finally connected with Torgerson as a fill-in bassist for a gig in Provo.

Since then, the band has contributed in equal efforts. With a fluctuating lineup in the past, it was difficult to find a base to move forward from. "Now, we've kind of worked out where we're going from here, and it's more collaborative. I appreciate that, because that's what a band is: collaboration. It's not about one person doing everything, and people showing up and playing the music, which, in situations before, was kind of like that," Reinfurt says. While the lineup alternated between various players, it was mostly Reinfurt calling the shots and telling people what to play. "Now, [the songwriting] is based off of a little bit more of a really simple, basic element, and everyone builds off of that. I'm not telling Shaun what to play on drums, what Mike should play on bass," Reinfurt says. "Playing with these guys has definitely been the best experience that we've ever had collectively as a band."

With this solidified lineup, the band hopes to play in front of a crowd of people who will appreciate the rock they put out there, and, most importantly, to have a blast while at it. The crew recently traveled through Colorado on tour, playing shows that tended toward emptiness, since no one had heard of them before. "But the sound guys liked us, the door guys liked us and the bar people liked us, and they hear music every night. So, to hear them give you good feedback, that's something. We had a lot of fun!" Torgerson says. Reinfurt agrees with the sentiment: "Some of the best shows we've played have been for no people," he says.

You can download their debut album, *Don't Plan On*, for free on their website at theweekendersmusic.com, and make sure to keep a lookout for their upcoming album to be released this fall. Catching their set live at *Localized* on Sept. 20 will get you shaking, because their live performance will delight your ears and body.

Sitting with the guys who make up The North Valley, I was impressed with the adoration the crew held toward each other and other local bands. **Dane Sandberg** (bass, vocals), **Spenny Relyea** (guitar, vocals), **Jon Butler** (guitar), **Kramer McCausland** (keyboard) and **Spencer Sayer** (drums) are dedicated in their collaborative effort to create alt-country rock with intensity. Their jams are comparable to other local acts such as **The Devil Whale** and **Holy Water Buffalo**, whom, they admit, they are not ashamed to be compared to, as watching and playing with other local acts motivates them to continue working their asses off. "It's cool because they're local, so it makes it feel so much more doable ... The logic makes sense somehow," McCausland says. The camaraderie in the city is what fuels their music. "Everyone just pushes each other to do better and to have fun," Sayer says. Drawing from these roots allows the members of The North Valley to advocate for their passion, as creating and performing are things they want to focus on for years to come.

The five knew each other from playing in a number of other projects and running into each other at shows, whether through performing or attending. Serendipity caught them when most of those projects ended at the same time, but they all wanted to continue creating music. Sayer says, "We wanted to do something with certain people that we'd love to be a part of it, so we sat down and said, 'This is who we want to play music with.'" With the five of them all out of a band, Sayer and Sandberg contacted the other three, and after one phone call, they got together to jam. With influences that stem from current acts such as **Dr. Dog** and **Delta Spirit**, the band combines that with older rock and roll, like **Jimi Hendrix** and **The Beatles**. "It's impossible to get away from those classic influences," Butler says, but it's the local bands that still leave the biggest imprint on them.

As for the songwriting, the five-piece group works within a well-functioning system. "Spenny and Dane will start out with these acoustic, **Neil Young**-sounding songs, and then we all sit down and it turns into something a lot louder," Sayer says. This process allows the songs to evolve into something greater than what was originally presented. Butler adds, "I don't think we even have a song that sounds the same as when it was written. Once it comes to the band, it changes so much, in a good way." The group trusts each other's judgments to make it so that no one feels offended when something changes. According to McCausland, "It makes the songwriting process easier when everyone can contribute," he says. Add to that, they're an odd-numbered group, which allows them to vote on measures in a completely democratic way.

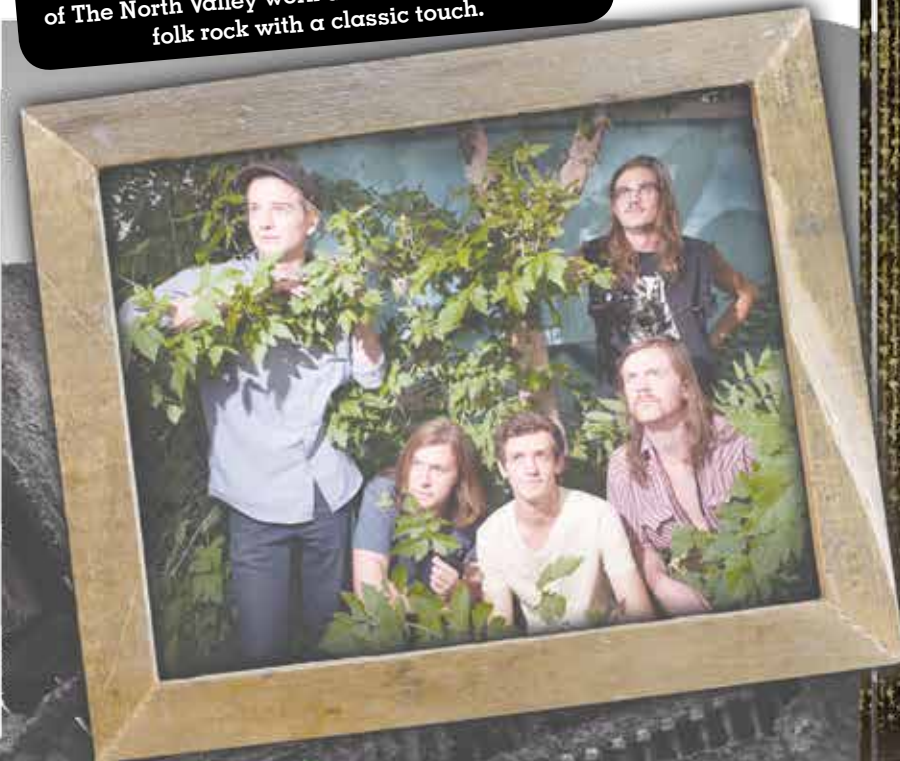
"If two people have an idea and three people don't like it, they're kind of SOL. But, give it two weeks, and you're gonna totally agree with them anyway," Sandberg says.

Aside from drawing on each other for help and guidance with their work, the band recently turned to their community for support through a Kickstarter campaign to fund the costs of putting together their new album, *Patterns in Retrospect*. With an overwhelming number of donations, they were able to reach their goal one week before the deadline. Sayer, humbled by the experience, says, "It was kind of a weird feeling that people would just give you money." Their fans have approached the band since the campaign ended, expressing excitement over the upcoming release of the album, as well as for the other incentives that were given according to the amount of their donation. The highest donation, a whopping \$500, gives their buddy, **Jason DeSpain**, free admission to all of their shows, as well as receiving a private concert performed by the band—and he gets to choose where and when to have the show! When I asked the group what their main motivation was, all five of them chimed in chorus:

"LIVE SHOWS." Practicing together is what can turn a shitty day into an awesome one for the band, but it is the love of performing in front of their friends and fans that drives them. With the release of their album, they plan on playing locally like mad. For updates on upcoming shows and information about their album, you can follow the band on their Facebook page, facebook.com/thenorthvalley. Sayer warns, "As soon as that comes out, we're gonna be playing so many shows, you're gonna get sick of us." Once that happens, they plan to hit the road and play as many shows as they can on tour, until they get too old to play.

What The North Valley love most about performing is the intimacy it can provide between the band and the audience. They claim *Kilby Court* as a home venue, since that's where they've grown and developed as a band, but any venue that encourages interaction between the stage and the floor is ideal for the group. Their set at *Urban Lounge* for September's *Localized* will certainly allow this synergy to take place, as their rambling folk—delivered with high impact—will lift you off your ass.

(L-R) Spencer Sayer, Jon Butler, Kramer McCausland, Spenny Relyea and Dane Sandberg of The North Valley work democratically to forge folk rock with a classic touch.



THE NORTH VALLEY

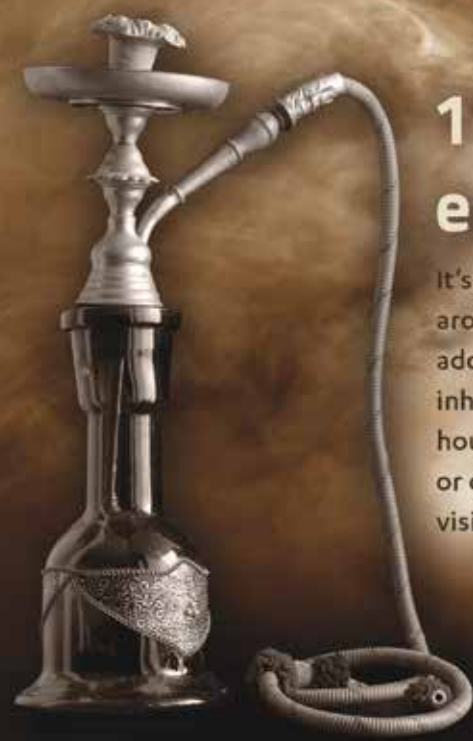


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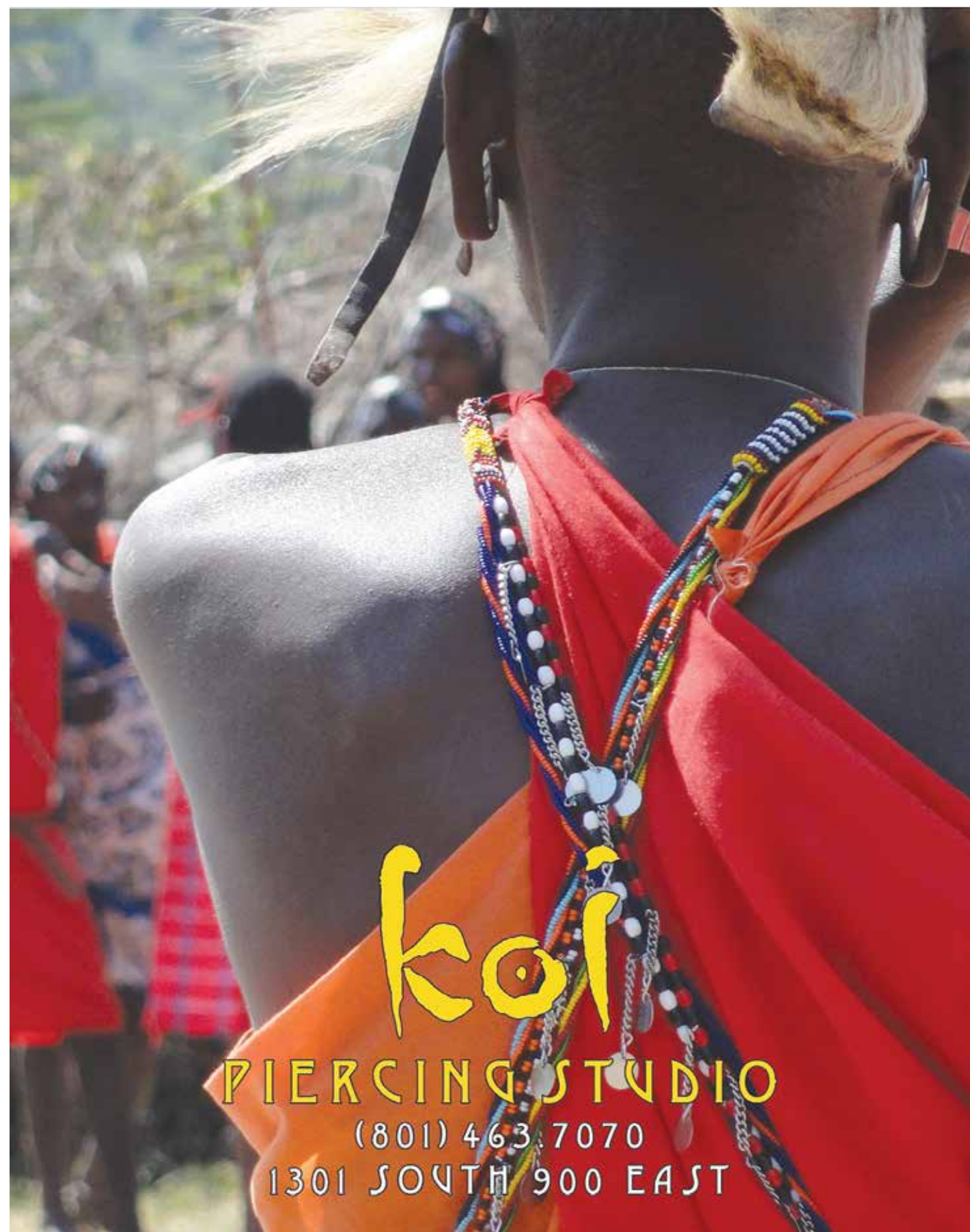
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SHOGUN

ROLLING OUT TRADITION
By Tim Kronenberg • tim@slugmag.com • Photos: John Barkiple

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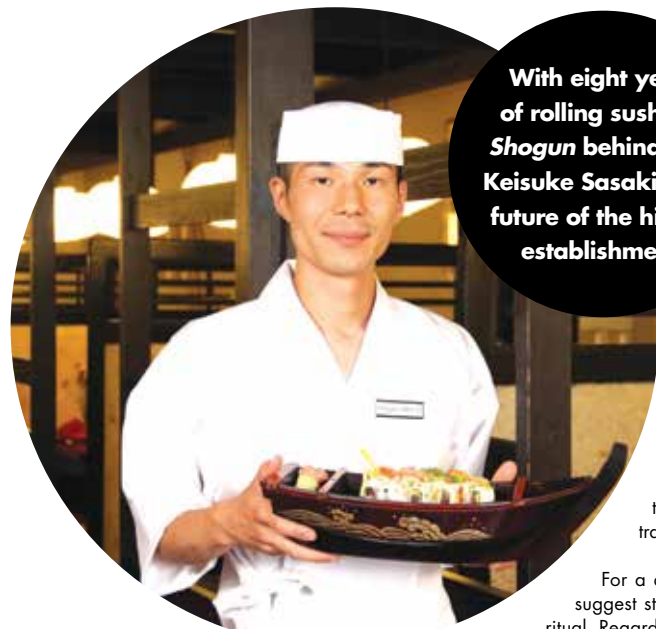
The Sunrise and Mexico rolls at Shogun are the next evolution of sushi.

Living where we do, especially 30 years ago, Utah could have been comparable to creative eating’s desert island. Funeral potatoes, white bread, Jell-O and *Flock of Seagulls* were fully stocked, while international flavors were still making their way into our landlocked hearts.

If a James Bond–style story isn’t the most badass way to tell how traditional sushi made its way into the state, then we might as well be critiquing the evolution of a Mormon tuna casserole. It all started with a man named **Toshio Osaka**, aka **Sensei**, and his special assignment from the FBI to teach Japanese martial arts in our little dust bowl. The bar at 321 South and Main, first dubbed *Sushi of Asakusa*, has been

making and preserving history since it first opened shop in 1983. In that time, no ball’s been dropped, and today, it is *Shogun*.

That’s just scratching the surface. While Sensei made it happen, his good friend and first chef, **Shinpei**, now deceased, had the dream to make Shogun what it is today. These are all the testaments of **Keisuke Sasaki**, *Shogun*’s current, only and veteran sushi chef of eight years out of the 10 that he’s been rolling professionally. Making his way from Shizuoka, Japan, Keisuke studied food and nutrition at Southern Utah University, but came to SLC so he could play punk in his former band, **The Willkills**. Sasaki now rips guitar in **All Systems Fail** when he’s off the clock.



With eight years of rolling sushi for Shogun behind him, Keisuke Sasaki is the future of the historic establishment.

Sasaki will be your man any day of the week, but if you’re looking for the experience, Friday and Saturday happy hour ‘til 2 a.m. will be the busiest and best time to get your fix of **Slayer** and J-pop while you enjoy the freshest cuts in town camping out in one of *Shogun*’s authentically crafted dining rooms. “These booths are very special,” says Sasaki. “They were built by a Japanese carpenter and constructed without any nails in the traditional fashion, the same as you would find in traditional architectures in Japan.”

For a quieter or more date-night feel, I’d suggest starting an early to midweek dinner ritual. Regardless, a Mexico Roll (\$8.00) paired

with the Sunrise (\$12.00) and some Hot Sake (\$5.95 small, \$8.95 large) are where you should start. The Mexico, with its spicy tuna, cilantro and avocado rolled then coated in crushed Thai chili, will kick your ass, as it combines traditional meats with the spice and improvisations of sushi chefs from around the world. “American sushi has developed with so many unique ideas for their presentation ... [It has] been evolved by many different cultures and people,” says Sasaki.

Once I settled into my first bites of crisp, herby fuego, my mind was cleared with the sharp jab and smooth vapor from a sake sip before I lightened up with the Sunrise. Prominent yet clean, the Sunrise is a crab and avocado roll topped with sliced tuna and very thin lemon. It’ll mellow out the intensity of the Mexico as the crab and avocado cream together, allowing for the salmon and lemon to collaborate. Combined, the roll’s essences fly in a silky zing that finishes neutrally enough to start the journey again.

So far, I’ve been eating straight raw—but what if you’re leaning toward sweet and savory? Try the Tiger (\$10.00). It all starts with a butterfly of shrimp tempura, the multipurpose avocado wrapped in rice and nori then drizzled with eel sauce. I always like something fried when I buy rolls because it lets my taste buds go off on a tangent in between appreciating more gentle cuts of raw fish. The Tiger is no exception. I’m immediately graced with a meaty-er and tempura–crunchy mouth feel, which is complemented by the avocado. Pouring on some salty soy sauce, the sweet eel drives the whole point home.

Throughout the years, *Shogun* chefs have come, grown and gone on to more independent endeavors—as do most devoted professionals. Some of the local talent who’ve sharpened a knife or two behind the bar at *Shogun* include **Tetsuro Abe**, a *Sushi of Asakusa* opening chef and now owner of Salt Lake’s *Ginza* on 200 South, and **Takashi Gibo**, owner of *Takashi* on Market Street. “Probably the most successful chefs from *Shogun* is **Masato Nakabayashi**, who is now one of the executives of *Buddha Bar* in Paris, France. He’s in charge of the company’s projects in all of Europe and still comes to see Sensei when he visits the United States,” says Sasaki.

Building a reputation like *Shogun*’s only comes with skill and perseverance, which is why Sensei and Sasaki are always setting their sights higher. “We are currently getting ready to start hibachi again, [which] we haven’t done in 10 years,” says Sasaki.

With new dining options in the making, a first-class sushi bar and a mix of authentic Japanese entrées, it seems that *Shogun* is forever sticking to their roots and originality. It’s a wonder that places like this can exist so far away from the ocean and still do nothing but deliver. Visit the establishment and support one of Utah’s first Japanese restaurants. Roll on!

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Since November of 2011, Artists for Local Agriculture have been encouraging artists in the Salt Lake City area to reach out by inspiring and educating those in their communities through urban gardening. AFLA are local artists committed to teaching those who may not have the time, knowledge or means to grow food organically and with a minimal environmental impact. Founder **Mike Cundick** shared his inspiration, ideas and hopes for this flourishing non-profit organization.

SLUG: What prompted you to start AFLA?
Cundick: Specifically, it was the book *The Omnivore's Dilemma* by **Michael Pollan**. I was on tour with my band **Loom** and at that time, I was scraping by on food stamps, so it hit me pretty hard. We'd stop at gas station after gas station, and end up eating these horrible, processed, preservative- and pesticide-filled, genetically modified bullshit sandwiches and burritos. But at the same time, I was learning about a unified approach to agriculture that would improve the environment, while at the same time producing healthy, high-quality food ... It became a black-and-white issue almost immediately.

SLUG: How large of a community is involved with AFLA?

Cundick: We've been able to count on a large community, and without them, we wouldn't be half of who we are today. It's not always the same faces at our weekly volunteer days, but we always have people willing to come out when we need it. I'd say we've had over 75 people volunteer with us at one point or another. It would take too long to give credit to everyone that helped, but special thanks go out to **Josh, Teena, Cassie, Larry, Rick, Jim, Alex, Shaun, Kiva, Danika, Adam** and many more.

SLUG: How do you incorporate artists into your organization's ideals?

Cundick: Artists and musicians are what drive

our organization. The donation of their prints and originals allow us to be able to offset our costs. Every fundraiser, farm benefit or production we're involved with features talented local artists and musicians. AFLA respects and promotes creative expression in our culture, and we encourage these artists to view themselves as role models and community leaders. Artists can inspire so many to do their part, whether through volunteering, or even by starting their own urban gardens through our programs or others throughout the valley. There is also the "No More Starving Artists" program, which we hope to finish developing soon. This program will help artists learn to grow their own food by taking part in community garden activities, and will also provide them with a public space for art shows.

SLUG: How did you get involved with the *Utah Arts Alliance*?

Cundick: The UAA had an interest in having a portion of their property transformed into a community garden and actually approached us with the idea at the 2012 *Urban Arts Festival*. After we figured out how we wanted to tackle the project, we decided to move forward, and we called it the *Rail Yard Community Art Garden*. We are getting closer to finishing it every day, and it is going to be a beautiful place for the community to enjoy.

SLUG: How has this partnership benefited AFLA?

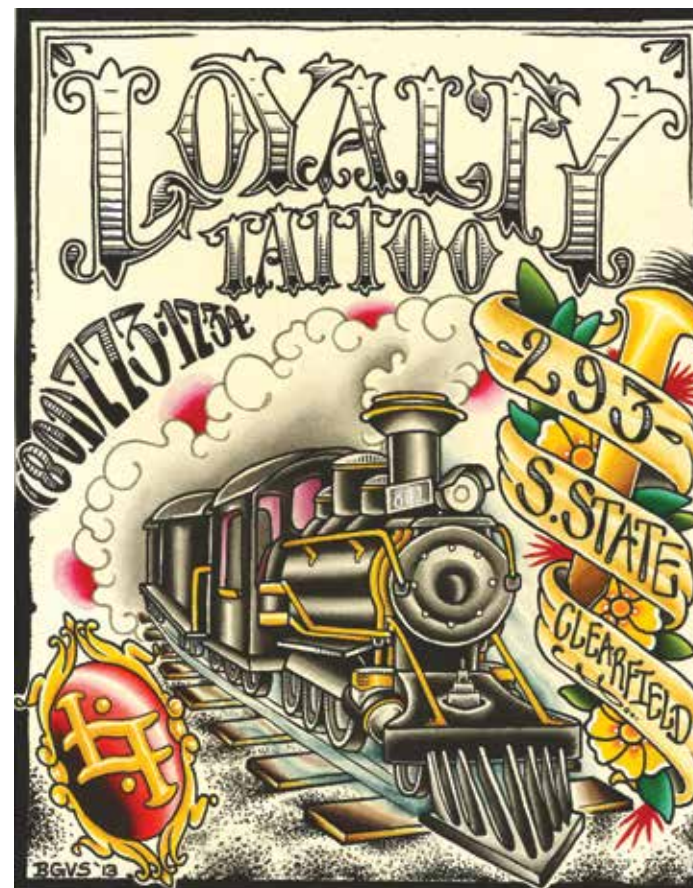
Cundick: We have been able to reach out to other organizations—that would have been difficult without the support of our friends at the UAA. We recently were able to work on a grant that helped fund some of the more exciting ideas we have for the RYAG space.

SLUG: Where do you hope to see AFLA in the next five years?

Cundick: I think that we're on to something here. There are a lot of people that believe in our basic principles, but can't seem to find the bridge between agriculture and counter culture, but we are so close. I think, for most people, gardening is

still viewed as a hobby, when in actuality, it carries a potential for fixing most issues we face in our community. We are connecting with those who are helpless and apathetic when up against the powers that be. The DIY shock value of the early counter culture is starting to fade, and we want to provide a means to empower people who may have not had the chance to make a statement and at the same time be self-sufficient. In five years, I see a lot more people gardening due to our efforts, and our thriving network growing into chapters across the country. We have the passion, the plan and the people—now we just have to follow through.

The *Rail Yard Community Art Garden* will officially open Oct. 19, and AFLA will be co-hosting an event with the **UAA** to honor the occasion. The garden will feature statues and murals, along with demonstrations on various DIY gardening ideas. The day will feature the installation of a six-foot sculpted bumblebee, an outdoor art exhibition, a variety of local bands, drum circles and a few AFLA representatives who will be available to teach workshops on the agricultural displays to the community. Find AFLA at [facebook.com/artistsforlocalagriculture](https://www.facebook.com/artistsforlocalagriculture).



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SLC COMEDY CARNIVALE 2013

MAKE US LAUGH, CLOWNS! SLC'S FIRST COMEDY CARNIVALE

By Ashley Mason • smeedee9@gmail.com

Hold on to your dicks, because Utah's first-ever submissions-based comedy festival, *SLC Comedy*

Carnivale, is happening from Sept. 17–21. Don't be belligerent about it, because we've got you covered with details. *SLUG* had the opportunity to sit down with the *Carnivale*'s co-organizer, **Christopher Stephenson**, to talk about the biggest comedy event of the year.

SLUG: Tell us all about your, and co-founders **Ben Fuller**'s and **Andrew Jensen**'s background in comedy.

Stephenson: I met Andrew a long time ago, when I was 19 at an open mic. He was doing improv, and I was strictly doing stand-up at the time. They wanted to do sketches, so I agreed to do some films with them. I met Ben Fuller when he was dabbling in stand-up, but also when he figured out he's more of a fan and supporter of comedy than a performer. He had some good connections with *The Complex*, where he could get people together in a good venue to drink and do local comedy.

SLUG: How did you come together to put on this festival?

Stephenson: For the last year and a half, we've wanted to do something bigger in Salt Lake than the smaller bar gigs we generally do. There's not a big launch pad out here, not a place you can really put your name out. When you go out there on the road, and only have one night to do a show, it's incredibly hard to network. We all decided to do a festival run by comedians for comedians, so comedians show up and are treated like comedians.

SLUG: What's the schedule of events?

Stephenson: We have 14 different shows, 34 different acts at seven separate venues. There will be a big bar crawl on Tuesday

night to kick off the festival, where many of the comics from out of town will be getting to know everyone and do 10-minute sets after every round of drinks or so. Wednesday will be stand-up at *The Complex*. I'm really excited about Thursday night because we'll be performing improv at the new *Sugar Space*, an outdoor venue in the River District. On Friday, we're going to have big headliners perform at *The Complex*. On Saturday, we're going to be showcasing all the film entries at *Brewvies*. A portion of all proceeds will be donated to the MS Society of Utah.

SLUG: Which acts are you excited about?

Stephenson: Former Salt Laker **Barbara Gray** and her podcast cohorts of *Lady to Lady* will be headliners on Friday. They're a big deal out in L.A., where they just got the nod to perform on *Comedy Central*'s stage in front of the studio moguls. I'm also really excited about **Whitney Street**, **Matt Knudsen** and Boston-turned-L.A. woman **Laura Crawford**. People told me to have high expectations about Laura, and her submission blew me the hell away. Lots of good local comics will be performing, and we also have a very special secret headliner that I can't tell you about yet, but I cannot wait to see him perform!

SLUG: What sets the *Carnivale* apart from other local comedy festivals?

Stephenson: Besides this being the first submission-based festival, we wanted to throw a show where we can tell the comics that they can do whatever they want to do onstage. I just love that freedom to be able to tell

performers that. We set the age limit to be 21 and older so comics can be however dark and dirty as they want.

SLUG: What criteria did you use for the selection process when you were going through submissions?

Stephenson: It was really hard because there were so many people that turned in good material. **Colin Quinn** once said it's unfair to judge comics based solely off of one submission video because it really isn't a barometer on how good of a performer they are. We asked for one video submission that the comics particularly like, and also left space open at the end of the submission form for anything that the comics really wanted us to see, including résumés, mini-bios and reasons why they do comedy. It was great that we all had completely different tastes, so a lot of different comics made the cut. Surprisingly, not very many local comics submitted.

SLUG: What do you hope to accomplish with this festival as far as the Salt Lake comedy scene goes?

Stephenson: Aside from networking and putting on a show that doesn't have strict boundaries, we are just really excited to see serious out-of-town comedians come here more often, whether it's just an airport layover or a stop through a road tour. I'd love to help give the local talent a chance to put their names out there through networking. I hope this event really launches those things. Historically, this is the largest comedy festival that Utah has ever seen. That's a big deal to me.

That should be a big deal to all the people in the land who held their dicks in anticipation for this festival to finally come. Everyone can resume being belligerent once they check out *SLC Comedy Carnivale* at slccomedycarnivale.wordpress.com.



Photo: Kirstin Roper

COMIC BARBARA GRAY HAS MADE A SPLASH IN THE COMEDY BIZ, AND WILL BRING HER TALENT BACK TO UTAH TO HEADLINE *SLC COMEDY CARNIVALE*.



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By Ischa B.
ischa3@gmail.com • Photos: Jake Vivori

One night several years ago, a couple of drunk friends made drunk plans to open a bar. As one might expect from such hazy beginnings, the plans were all but abandoned once everybody sobered up. Only **Lee Hoang** was still up to the task, and set about turning this drunken fantasy into reality. After a lot of (very sober) work, Lee took over *The Woodshed* in November of 2009, and has been steadily plying patrons with libations and entertainment ever since.

Bar owner Lee, as he is affectionately known by his friends and regulars at *The Woodshed*, isn't originally from Utah, but, having lived here for over 20 years now, longer than anywhere else before, he is happy to call it home. "I love the alternative culture here in downtown Salt Lake," he says. *The Woodshed*, located right in the middle of Downtown just west of State Street on 800 South, is a hub for alternative culture, providing patrons with entertainment, a stage for art and expression, a sweet hangout spot with arcade games inside, a huge outdoor patio and, of course, plenty of sweet, sweet booze. Lee says he opened the bar mainly because he likes to have fun, and he likes providing that service for others, too. "[I want] to entertain people. In return, they entertain me," he says.

Monday through Thursday, *The Woodshed* runs on a pretty set schedule, featuring everything from karaoke to Reggae Night. On the weekends, though, live local music rules, and anything goes. "People just love to perform, and I want to provide a stage for them. I always favor the local musicians over the out-of-town musicians because ... we have a connection with them—a lot of them come here to hang out. It's a pretty tight-knit community ... We support each other," says Lee. In love with the energy of live shows, Lee is at *The Woodshed* most weekends, supporting the local bands and mingling with his friends and patrons. Probably because Lee spends time at his own venue experiencing the shows for himself, *The Woodshed* has some of the most eclectic and consistently entertaining local lineups. Lee's own musical tastes include everything from **R.E.M.** to **Guns N' Roses** to **Jason Mraz**, so musicians of every genre can get their chance on *The Woodshed* stage. Lee and his booking agents select acts based simply on who they think will be the most entertaining for their patrons. Some of their favorites include locals **Bombshell Academy**, **Wasnatch** and **Funk & Gonzo**. My own



The Woodshed's owner, Lee Hoang, is dedicated to promoting the local music scene and providing a space for Salt Lake's alternative culture to grow.



Local bands like YYBS rock the stage of *The Woodshed*, where music of all genres is welcome.

band, **MinX**, hosts a monthly ladies night every first Friday, featuring local, lady-fronted bands and free entry for ladies. Whether I'm on stage or in the audience, it's always fun times at *The Woodshed*.

On any given weekend at *The Woodshed*, you might stumble in on a show with a variety of bands from completely different genres, get mixed up in a multi-day, mini music festival or even find yourself in the middle of a wild, DJ-spun dance party. Since no one style or genre rules, the crowd gets just as eclectic as the entertainment, which is super refreshing. It is one of the most welcoming environments in town, and even with a tight-knit crew of employees and regulars, it doesn't ever feel cliquy or exclusive. **Laura Jones**, one of *The Woodshed's* veteran employees, says, "Everyone who comes in here is so friendly, and I think it's because the staff makes them feel at home." It does feel like family at *The Woodshed*, and it turns out that they act like it behind the scenes, too. The snug crew even has little shindigs in their free time to do things like try out new drink special ideas and, well, spend even more time together. It's the energy of that genuine camaraderie that starts behind the bar and makes its way out into the crowd.

Now, if *The Woodshed's* cozy, divey qualities don't loosen you up enough on their own, you can try some of the aforementioned delightfully creative drink specials that *The Woodshed* staff have concocted for your pleasure. Have a "Sex on the Shed," the most popular of the cocktails, or a "Lime Rickey," a tasty little treat that's not nearly as innocent as it sounds. Take your drink out back to spend some time enjoying the spacious patio, a highlight of summertime in downtown Salt Lake City, and enjoyable even in the winter with a couple of fire pits to gather around and chat with new friends while you defrost your fingers.

While you're out there making new friends, you might just happen to meet a really nice guy named Lee, and if you do, give him thanks for doing his part to keep our alternative culture alive and supporting locals first. Maybe even buy him a drink, because really, Lee just wants to have fun, and you know what? After everything he's done for our community, he totally deserves to! Cheers, Lee!

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A UNIVERSAL JOURNEY

(L-R) John Douglas, Vincent Cavanagh, Daniel Cavanagh and Lee Douglas of Anathema work progressively with their sound that reflects the human condition.

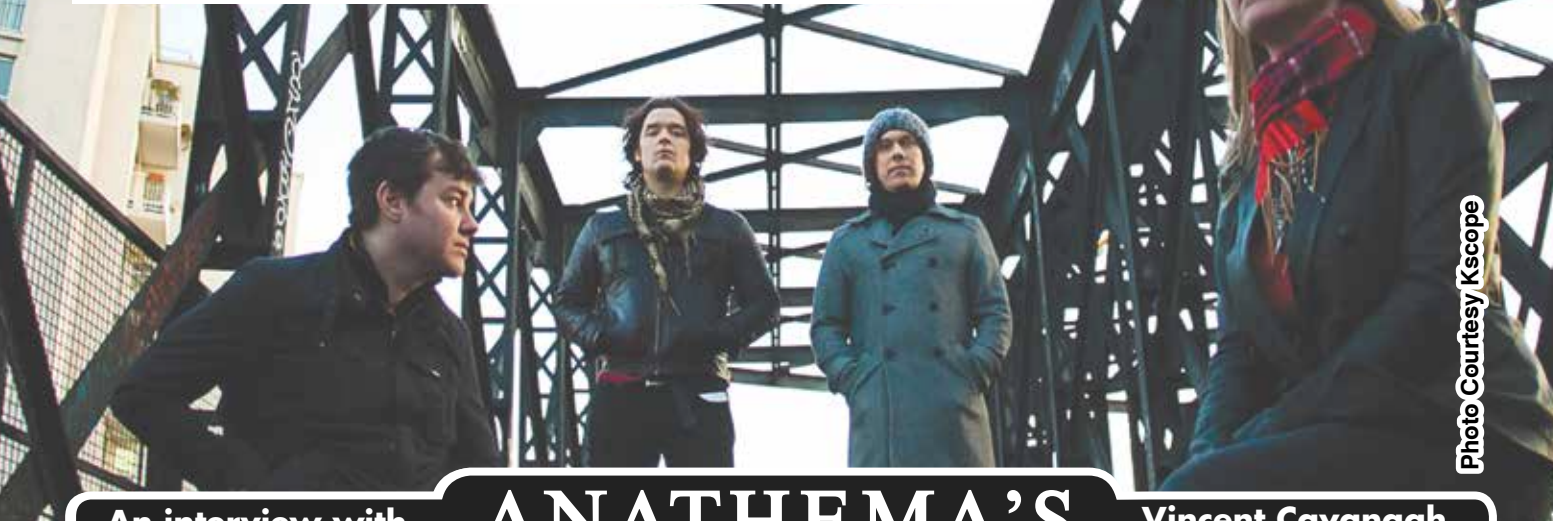


Photo Courtesy Kscope

An interview with

ANATHEMA'S

Vincent Cavanagh

By Bryer Wharton
bryer@slugmag.com

My journey with Anathema has been an interesting one through the years, with songs helping me cope with hate, regret, mental instability and the loss of loved ones. During an interview with Anathema, singer/guitarist Vincent Cavanagh told a story in which he met a fan at a concert in Dubai who had a friend who was shot by military police in Iran during protests. Cavanagh related that the friend requested to have his earphones put in and listen to the band's "One Last Goodbye," and Cavanagh talked about how profound it was for him to hear the story from the fan. Sometimes, the thought that a song or album can help you through those moments in life when you feel lost is a strong connection. Having that experience on a recording is one thing, but seeing it live and in person is another, and Anathema don't hold back.

It's a cliché, but when you hear folks say life is about the journey rather than the destination, it's the absolute truth. Liverpool's Anathema embark on their first North American tour to co-headline with France's **Alcest** at *In the Venue* on Sept. 25, and are still in the midst of a musical journey that began in 1990. They started as a doom metal band, but have morphed and developed their sound into something bigger, all with the intent to not only bring their lives' journeys onto the stage to share, but to proffer their music to anyone who can listen to it and associate their own journeys with what Anathema have to say.

Cavanagh described Anathema's current musical endeavors as being "progressive in the sense that it's forward thinking. It's progressive in the sense that we do not repeat ourselves," he says. "I don't

think we sound like a progressive rock band. I believe our music has massive appeal—mainstream appeal—because I think our music, at its heart, is about feeling, and it's about human emotions. It's about the human condition. It can be very simple, but very deep."

Discussing Cavanagh's personal journey and the metamorphosis of Anathema is an engrossing conversation. In his youth, starting his musical journey with metal was an interesting choice, and Cavanagh talks about how he didn't really intend to be in a metal band—he wanted it to be something different. Growing up in Liverpool, the singer/songwriter talked about the impact of the first song on the first record he heard as a kid—**The Beatles'** "I Want to Hold Your Hand"—which sent him on a journey to discover blues artists and Motown. Cavanagh talked about the importance of voices and how influential **Skip James** was to him, before he jumped into electronic music like **Aphex Twin** and **Hardfloor**. These musical reference points culminated and developed Anathema's sound from their roots to the present. "I think, with some of the enthusiasm of youth and adolescence, you kind of tend to add a lot of things into your music. You tend to put a lot of guitar tracks down and make it really heavy. When you realize [that] you want to get to the meaning behind something or the core [and] the essence of something, you actually need to strip away some layers to see it for what it truly is," says Cavanagh.

It's fitting for Anathema's upcoming live CD/DVD release to be called *Universal*. Music is such a common association for people all over the world—there are songs, bands and albums that everyone

can relate to and in which one finds comfort or strength. That is firmly what Anathema are out to do: Create meaningful music for anyone who wants to listen. Discussing the creative process of making music, Cavanagh talked about how Anathema don't sit down to conceive a musical idea or song that's supposed to fit a mold of any specific style or direction. "None of that is planned. As you start an idea, you start a song: You don't know where you're going to end up with it—but, eventually, it's going to reveal itself to you," says Cavanagh.

Going to see Anathema live, in the eyes of Cavanagh, is almost as cathartic as a fan joining the band in experiencing the emotions that they were dealing with at the time of creating their songs, all of which can be open for interpretation to the listener. For instance, one could think the songs "Untouchable Part 1 & 2" from the band's previous album, *Weather Systems*, could be about the end of a relationship or the loss of a loved one. "Everything is love, death, loss, life, madness, schizophrenia, euphoria—they're very powerful subjects that we as humans have to endure. It becomes an experience for everybody. It becomes an experience for me because I have to go through it every night. That's something you should realize as well: If I'm going to be singing about these subjects, I can't fake it," Cavanagh says of performing live.

Witness the powerful musical experience of Anathema when they come to Salt Lake on Sept. 25. It's a journey in itself—one that doesn't meet a destination, but takes the willing audience to places they may not want to explore but, without a doubt, have all felt. Anathema prove the power of song and how much music can influence an audience.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

The Salt Lake City Film Festival celebrates five years Sept. 26–29. Featuring the best in local filmmaking, along with highlights from this festival season’s national and international independent films, the SL-CFF has something for every level of film buff. Whether you’re one of our pretentious film critics or just really like movie theater popcorn, make sure you check out the lineup of films showing at the various SL-CFF venues over at saltlakecityfilmfestival.org. Here are reviews for some of the SL-CFF films showing this year for your consideration.

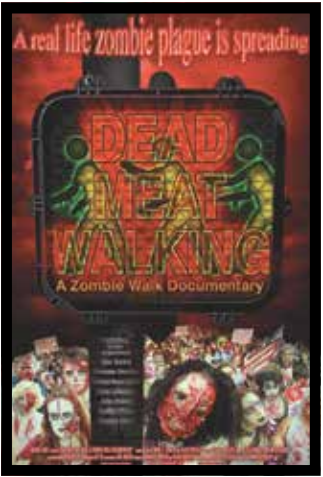
A World Not Ours

Directed by Mahdi Fleifel
Screening: 09.27, 9:30 p.m.
@ Tower Theatre

Ain el-Helweh, a Palestinian refugee encampment in Lebanon, is the subject of this cinematic memoir by Mahdi Fleifel. Each time Fleifel, who has lived in Europe since childhood, returns to his birthplace, he obsessively videos the lives of his relatives. As Palestinians, they cannot legally work in Lebanon, and rely on Fatah and family abroad for financial support. As Fleifel muses on the community he leaves behind over and over again, we get to know the men he compares himself to, the men who have stayed. Fleifel’s uncle, **Said**, who is haunted by the memory of his martyred brother, seems unreachable to his nephew. The filmmaker has sacrificed a certain familial intimacy for the presence of his camera, which allows us to see some of Said’s strange daily rituals: shampooing pet pigeons and crushing hundreds of tin cans to trade in for pennies. Fleifel’s grandfather, who resisted his now-dead wife’s pleas to leave Lebanon, is also heart-breaking. He dotes on his grandson, but spends most of his time sitting in the street, berating the children playing soccer outside his house and throwing his shoes at cockroaches. The heart of the film is Fleifel’s love for **Abu Eyad**, his best friend from childhood and a young man facing life without a country, an education or any clear future. By the end of the film, you’ll share Eyad’s frustration and rage. What you’ll barely notice is how brilliantly crafted this essay of home movies really is. Don’t miss it. —*Samuel Hanson*

Dead Meat Walking: A Zombie Walk Documentary

Directed by Omar J. Pineda
Screening: 09.28, Midnight
@ Brewvies



Fans of zombie walks will, no doubt, enjoy this zombie-centric documentary, but *Dead Meat Walking* gets a little lost, with an overwhelming reliance on interviewees. Now, interviews work perfectly for a documentary format, but *DMW* is voiced entirely through the subjects of its interviews—with no narration—giving an aimless feeling to the path of the film. That being said, *DMW* contains an ample amount of footage from zombie walks all over the country, and getting to view the makeup and the costumes and the community involvement is the main reason to see this documentary. Appearances by **Norman Reedus** of *The Walking Dead* and **Judith O’Dea** from *Night of the Living Dead* are nice, but there’s no doubt that **Thea Munster**, creator of the first zombie walks, steals the show. Her passion for making these events more entertaining year after year, and the difficulty she goes through in running them and keeping them free, will make you want to put on some makeup and shamble out into the streets. —*John Ford*

Furever

Directed by Amy Finkel
Screening: 09.27, 7 p.m.

@ Tower Theatre

It turns out that warm, fuzzy feeling you get from snuggling with a furry little friend can be scientifically explained, according to some of the interviews in *Furever*. This documentary covers everything you’d ever need to know about losing a pet, from the reasons why we grieve to the many, many options available to memorialize them. Pet lovers will empathize with the emotional stories told by those who have lost beloved cats and dogs—I even teared up at the thought of my own childhood dog, who passed away a few years ago—but how far is too far when it comes to holding on to those memories? *Furever*’s story gets more alarming as it progresses, and though it’s incredibly interesting, I couldn’t help feeling that it lost its objective tone halfway in. As I paid closer attention, the “Pet Parent” titles given to each interviewee and the closing remarks telling viewers to withdraw judgment started creeping me out more than the interviews with Salt Lake’s own “pet preservation” services. —*Esther Meroño*

Love At A Certain Age

Directed by Logan Hendricks
Screening: 09.29, 2:50 p.m.
@ Tower Theatre

Following individuals and couples aged 72 to 103, *Love At A Certain Age* explores what love means to people as they get older. For the married couples, it can mean compromising with each other, putting up with your partner’s annoying habits and being there through hard times and bad health. For the single, widowed or divorced men and women in the film, it means dating—and that means heading to the local senior home and going dancing. Centered on the wonderful and lovable personalities of folks like the feisty, 101-year-old **Max Steinberg** and yard-sale junkie **Gilbert Delgado**, *Love At A Certain Age* will tug at your heart strings and make you fall in love with each of its characters over and over again. On top of being selected in the *Big Sky Documentary Film Festival*, the *Newport Beach Film Festival* and the *Salt Lake City Film Festival*, *Love At A Certain Age* has won Best Documentary in the *Fort Myers Film Festival* and the Audience Award for Best Editing in the *FirstGlance Film Festival*. —*John Ford*

Wiebo’s War

Directed by David York
Screening: 09.28, 4:50 p.m.
@ Tower Theatre

I don’t think of myself as someone who is generally charmed by bearded religious patriarchs, but **Wiebo Ludwig**, the subject of David York’s new documentary, has proved my assumptions



wrong. In the late ’80s, Ludwig moved a group more or less comprised of his own extended family to a remote farm to escape worldly life and reconnect with Christ. Only a few years passed before Canada’s nationalized oil and gas company was drilling under his utopia to reach one of the largest reserves of natural gas on the continent. Ludwig and his clan would soon be accused of planting bombs at nearby gas extraction sites, and of involvement in the death of a 16-year-old girl from nearby Tomslake on his property. Though the film ultimately leaves the question of their responsibility unanswered, it doesn’t spare us graphic images of the environmental damage done to Ludwig’s world. A kitchen faucet breathing blue flames, children with swollen eyes, a miscarried goat and stillborn **Abel Ludwig**—born dead without a skull—are the critical images in this story, and the reasons you should force yourself to see it. —*Samuel Hanson*

Find more film and DVD reviews at slugmag.com.

September 26–29th

SALT LAKE CITY FILM FESTIVAL
www.slcf.org

5th ANNUAL

	BROADWAY	TOWER THEATRE	BREWVIES
Thursday	Thursday 7:00 P.M. MEDORA (82 min) Short: Hour Between Dog & Wolf (5 min)	NO SCREENINGS	NO SCREENINGS
Friday	NO SCREENINGS	Friday 4:50 P.M. FALL & WINTER (98 min) short: In Vacations do Verdegio (12 min)	Friday 10:00 P.M. FATEFUL FINDINGS (100 min) short: Karaoke (10 min)
	NO SCREENINGS	Friday 7:00 P.M. FUREVER (80 min) short: Si Nos Dejari (10 min)	Friday 12:00 A.M. SALT (112 min)
	NO SCREENINGS	Friday 9:30 P.M. A WORLD NOT OURS (93 min) short: Moot (8 min)	NO SCREENINGS
	NO SCREENINGS	Saturday 2:50 P.M. LIVE SCREENPLAY READ short: Worn feature: The Love Hunters	Saturday 10:00 P.M. AWFUL NICE (92 min) short: Gnashing (13 min)
	NO SCREENINGS	Saturday 4:50 P.M. WIEBO'S WAR (93 min) short: The Common Family Church (12 min)	Saturday 12:00 A.M. DEAD MEAT WALKING & Zombie Walk Documentary (10 min) short: Norfraz (8 min)
Saturday	NO SCREENINGS	Saturday 7:00 P.M. WORM (93 min) short: Kelly (4 min) short: LaBonna (9 min)	NO SCREENINGS
	NO SCREENINGS	Saturday 9:30 P.M. THE RETRIEVAL (94 min) short: Abolition II (Now Public) (5 min)	NO SCREENINGS
	Sunday 7:00 P.M. POWER & (103 min) short: Here Comes Midnight (6 min)	Sunday 2:50 P.M. LOVE AT A CERTAIN AGE (92 min) short: Waking Machine (7 min)	NO SCREENINGS
Sunday	NO SCREENINGS	Sunday 4:50 P.M. FATHER'S BIRTH (80 min) short: Indavaren (25 min)	NO SCREENINGS

Local Shorts Starting at Tower Theatre Saturday at Noon
James Bean Kind of Thing (13 min) | Room for Pest: Man (8 min)
Black Weeds (20 min) | Penny Dreadful (18 min)
East Hollywood Presents: 5 Second Comedies (3 min)

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(L-R) Adam Palcher and Adam Sherlock duke out on all things film on *A Damn Movie Podcast*.

For the past five years, **Adam Palcher** and **Adam Sherlock** have been transmitting reviews and Top 5 lists on movies that range from **Fritz Lang**’s *Metropolis* to *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*—with more film industry gossip than you can find in a WalMart check-out line (**Tom Cruise** is gay?!). *A Damn Movie Podcast* celebrates its 200th episode this month, along with the duo’s second short film release, *Head Over Heels*. Check them out for yourself at adamnpodcast.com, and don’t miss the premiere of *Head Over Heels* on Sept. 15 at *Kilby Court*.

SLUG: How would you describe your podcast to your favorite actor?

Palcher: Two smartasses invite you to be a fly on the wall as they discuss film history from *Citizen Kane* to *Howard the Duck*.

Sherlock: It’s pretty cool, and we have never talked shit about any of your movies.

SLUG: You’re having fans vote on the movie you’ll review for Episode 200. What’s your vote and why?

Palcher: *Jaws*, ‘cause I wanna see Sherlock pee his pants in fear of a fake shark—and it’s a masterpiece of tone.

Sherlock: I would love to do any of the three, as all three represent the idea of an “epic blockbuster” in a number of different ways. But the problem with both *The Godfather* as well as *Fellowship of the Ring* is that they are the first pieces of much larger puzzles, and it would maybe feel a bit lopsided to only review the first of a trilogy. Therefore, I am going with *Jaws*. Plus, sharks scare the shit out of me.

SLUG: Give us the premise to your biopic.

Palcher: Played by **Keanu Reeves**, I’d be on a speeding bus where I’d have to dodge bullets to dupe the bad guy by robbing a bank with him in a President Sherlock mask.

Sherlock: I guess I would go with the whole “under-estimated by his peers” *Karate Kid* thing. Or a **Joseph Campbell** hero journey, if we had a little bit bigger budget.

SLUG: Favorite film era?

Palcher: The Golden Era. The decade after a war always can push major artistic boundaries: *Chinatown*, *All the President’s Men*, *Star Wars*, *Alien*, *Godfather II*, *The Exorcist*, *Cuckoo’s Nest*, should I keep going?

Sherlock: ‘80s for horror, ‘70s for action, ‘90s for comedy, ‘60s for sci-fi, 2000s for comic book adaptations.

SLUG: Top 5 Top 5s you’ve featured on A Damn Movie?

Palcher: Gary Palcher’s Top 5 Films, Top 5 Movies That Aged Poorly, Top 5 Biopics We’d Like To See, Top 5 Movies That Question Art, Top 5 Missed Classics.

Sherlock: Best Blonde Bad Guys, Best Movies Where A Cast Member Is Eaten By An Animal, Top 5 Towns With A Dark Secret Clichés, Movies Where A Place Is A Character, Movies That Should Be Boring, But Aren’t.

SLUG: Ideal way to watch a movie?

Palcher: With the filmmakers (a la Sundance) second to Imax Theatre, no 3D.

Sherlock: Sitting on my couch with my wife and two dogs.

SLUG: Elevator pitch Head Over Heels to your favorite director.

Palcher: A real estate agent discovers who people really are as he invades their personal space. We go into the depths of how people present themselves to the world, how people fall in love and the horrors of putting your house on the market.

Sherlock: It’s like *Jaws*, but in an empty house and the shark is loneliness.

SLUG: Movie dream team (director, lead, supporting, composer, etc.)?

Palcher: **Coen Brothers** directing **Sam Rockwell** with **Bill Murray** (or vice versa), **Clint Mansell** scoring.

Sherlock: Directed by 1974 **Ingmar Bergman**, starring 1977 **Gene Hackman** and **Cate Blanchett** (whenever). Supporting roles by 1979 **Klaus Kinski**, **Christoph Waltz**, 1967 **Faye Dunaway** and **Toni Collette**. Score would be by **Johnny Greenwood** and **Godspeed You! Black Emperor**. Cinematographer **Emmanuel Lubezki**, from an original story by **Phillip K. Dick**.

SLUG: Track list for your dream film soundtrack.

Palcher: **TV On The Radio** – “Young Liars,” **QOTSA** – “Feel Good Hit Of The Summer,” **Jimi Hendrix** – “All Along The Watchtower,” **Charlie Rich** – “Behind Closed Doors,” **Radiohead** – “Lucky,” **Portishead** – “Roads.”

Sherlock: **Radiohead** – “Reckoner,” **The Kinks** – “Strangers,” **Duran Duran** – “The Chauffeur,” **The Walkmen** – “Red Moon,” **Depeche Mode** – “Waiting For The Night,” **Magnetic Fields** – “The Things We Did And Didn’t Do,” **Ohia** – “Lioness,” **Three Mile Pilot** – “Longest Day,” and I would love to have a scene in a movie where a character does an acoustic cover of “Tonight” by **The Afghan Whigs**. Or you could just get **Crippled Black Phoenix** to contribute all of *A Love Of Shared Disasters*. That would be cool, too.

SLUG: If the other Adam was the lead in a major motion picture, what kind of role would he play and why?

Palcher: Fat Best Friend—that actually could be the name of the movie, too. Wait a second—biopic title?

Sherlock: This is in no way indicative of Palcher’s actual personality, but I love that dude so much I have to throw him a bone and cast him as **Jeff Costello** in *Le Samourai*. He isn’t enough of a loner or as cold blooded, but he would be so damned STOKED to get to play that cool.

Weigh in on the movie review for their 200th episode by voting at adamnpodcast.com or call their voicemail line at (707) 408-2367. Seek them out on Facebook as well, for more updates!

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Part of the *Point B* film crew: (L-R) Connor Rickman, Sean Bagley and Erich Cannon, shooting onsite in Salt Lake City for their first full-length film.



The late David Fetzer was cast as *Point B*'s protagonist and is "one of the strongest parts of the film."

GETTING TO POINT B

By Cody Kirkland • codykirkland@slugmag.com
Photos: Gregory Lancaster

Conor Long and Erich Cannon live a cinematic existence. Their lives aren't filled with vivid color, epic explosions, dramatic lighting or a poignant soundtrack. They just spend every hour and every dollar studying and making films. I met them at *Broadway Centre Theatre* where, not surprisingly, Long works. In the solace of this temple of film, Cannon and Long spoke about their new independent feature film, *Point B*, and the blood, sweat and tears that went into it.

Point B, starring the late David Fetzer, is "a stylized sci-fi comedy about four grad students who accidentally develop a crude teleportation device," says Cannon, the film's producer. Long, the director, elaborates: "It's about these physics students who are trying to build a clean energy reactor in their basement, and they accidentally find out, through misuse of the machine, that they've built an incredibly violent and agonizing one-directional teleportation machine." David Gitlin, the film's writer, conceived the story of *Point B*. Though it takes place in the present day, the film draws heavily from a 1980s aesthetic. The look and feel of *Point B* is like a mash-up of *Drive*, *Super 8* and *Back to the Future*, with an '80s-influenced electronic soundtrack and neon titles, moody and atmospheric cinematography, campy adventure and an actual DeLorean. This wasn't an afterthought, but a result of a music binge that ended up informing the style of *Point B*. For Long, the music of '80s electro revivalists such as *Lazerhawk* and *Powerglove* conjured images and feelings that would make *Point B* complete. "It was the missing piece for the movie," he says.

This is Cannon and Long's first major full-length feature film of their own, but they have both been

steeped in the Utah film scene for years. Long, who grew up in Park City, has been making shorts and studying film formally since high school. He majored in film production at the University of Utah and went on to teach film at *Spy Hop Productions* in Salt Lake. He shares six years of experience working with *Point B*'s director of photography Sean Bagley, who is currently studying at the *American Film Institute*. Cannon, a Seattle transplant, built his movie expertise by working as a production assistant on Utah sets for bigger-budget films such as *127 Hours*, *Saints and Soldiers* and *Darling Companion*. After spending the last few years struggling to make his film *Red Coral*, set in Taipei, Long decided to postpone production to focus on something he could make here and now: *Point B*.

Due to proximity and budget constraints, the filmmakers chose to shoot *Point B* in Salt Lake City in the summer of 2012. To fund the project, Cannon and Long supplemented their out-of-pocket money with crowd funding, favors, a whole deck of maxed-out credit cards and generous donations by friends, family and crew. Long had cast local up-and-coming actor Fetzer, who had recently starred in *Kenny Riches' Must Come Down*, as *Point B*'s protagonist, Mark McConnell. "He was the best local actor that I knew," says Long. "He was perfect for the role ... he's one of the strongest parts of the movie." Logan Long, the director's brother and production designer, built the basement lab and ominous homemade reactor. For the soundtrack, music was donated by the artists who inspired the film—*Lazerhawk*, *Powerglove*, *Mitch Murder* and *FM Attack*, to name a few—and composer Leeland Campana created an original score based around the '80s electro vibe.

After 15 days of shooting, post-production began in September 2012. But in December, the tragic death of

Fetzer shook Salt Lake City and the crew of *Point B*. "It took the wind out of everyone's sails," says Long. "It definitely shut everything down—for four months." Once the immediate devastation cleared, Cannon and Long were determined to finish the film, which they would dedicate to Fetzer. With backers from their Kickstarter campaign and donations from Fetzer's mother, who greatly supported *Point B*, Cannon and Long were able to finish editing the film and send it to a colorist and sound designer.

Now, the two are busy marketing the film, and are pushing to get it into film festivals. *Point B* will be shown to the public for the first time at this year's *Salt Lake City Film Festival* on Sept. 29, 7 p.m. at the *Broadway Theatre*, though an official premiere date is pending. *Point B* is a collaboration between dozens of immensely talented and driven individuals, but the fact that *Point B* is Fetzer's last film makes it that much more special. "[People] are going to see a part of David's life that they've never seen before," says Cannon. This year's *SLCFF* will be the first since Fetzer's passing, and the Salt Lake film community plans to honor his legacy as part of the festival. "One of the best ways we could do that would be to show his final film," says Cannon.

For now, the creators of *Point B* are dedicated to showing the world their sci-fi comedy, but for Cannon and Long, *Point B* is definitely not their denouement. Cannon says that in the film business, you've got to have at least one script in your back pocket—and we've got full pockets," says Long.

Visit facebook.com/pointbmovie for up-to-date info on the film's progress and go to slcff.org for tickets and more information on the *Salt Lake Film Festival*.

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"I don't want to be an icon, I just want to be in a band!" says Kathleen Hanna of her latest musical project, **The Julie Ruin**. It's been over a decade since Hanna and her band, **Bikini Kill**, arguably pioneered the riot grrrl feminist punk rock movement of the '90s, and over six years since **Le Tigre**, Hanna's notable electropunk band, went on an indefinite hiatus in 2007, but in no way has her life slowed down. From teaching at NYU and curating art shows, to this year's SXSW premiere of *The Punk Singer*, a documentary following her iconic history and her three-year struggle with debilitating illness, Hanna has grown out of her punk rock 20s—and it's not so bad.

At first listen, The Julie Ruin's album, *Run Fast*, out Sept. 3 via **TJR Records**, doesn't stray far from Hanna's signature '90s riot grrrl sound. Hanna's voice is distinct—sing-song shrieks abound on opener "Oh Come On," reminiscent of Bikini Kill's *Pussy Whipped*—and the keyboard opener on "Ha Ha Ha" brings Le Tigre's *This Island* to mind. On repeat, though, *Run Fast* proves to be a new experience for fans of Hanna's projects with polished, contemporary garage rock riffs, melodic vocal segments and even some jazz piano—but this isn't about us anymore.

Admittedly, I pick up the phone with a list of questions that prompt discussions on feminist theories of revolution, littered with her own quotes from a 1998 interview with *Punk Planet*, a year after Bikini Kill disbanded and *Julie Ruin*, her solo album, was released. "As Bikini Kill was disintegrating, there was this question of, 'I'm not the girl in Bikini Kill anymore—who am I?'" she says in our interview, echoing her own words from 1998. Over the past three years, Hanna spent a lot of time in doctor's offices as they tried to diagnose her ailments, which included everything from sinus infections to difficulty walking, until they finally began successful treatment for Lyme disease. Needless to say, it wasn't much fun, and Hanna says her biggest fear at the time, career-wise, was whether or not she'd ever record or perform again. "I think the illness was similar [to the Bikini Kill breakup] in that I was like, 'What do I do now? I'm this sick person. I'm not well Kathleen anymore. So ... who is sick Kathleen, and can sick Kathleen make a record?'"

In her *Punk Planet* interview from '98, Hanna describes calling on Julie Ruin to deal with the pain and exude the confidence she was lacking. She says in that interview, "When the world only treats you like a dot on a marketing scheme, you can learn to treat yourself and other people like that ... But Julie Ruin is just like, 'Whatever. You have to do what is fascinating to you.'" Fifteen years later, Julie Ruin has been called upon again, in a sense. "Being extremely ill ... I started to feel like my whole life is my illness," says Hanna. "[*Run Fast*] was a way for me to remember who I am away from the illness ... In making the record, I got in touch with well Kathleen."

Hanna picked The Julie Ruin dream team based on two criteria: "One, that I like how they played music, and two, that they were fun people to be around," she says. The band is made up of **Sara Landeau** on guitar, fellow instructor at the *Willie Mae Rock Camp for Girls*; former Bikini Kill bandmate **Kathi Wilcox** on bass; **Carmine Covelli**, fill-in drummer for Le Tigre; and **Kenny Mellman** on keys, a friend and part of drag cabaret duo **Kiki and Herb**. Once the members were in place, Hanna brought in vocal melodies for the others to work around until it became a full-on collaboration. "That was really the greatest," says Hanna. "It just felt like a gift I gave myself. They're just such great musicians and they're so fun to work with."



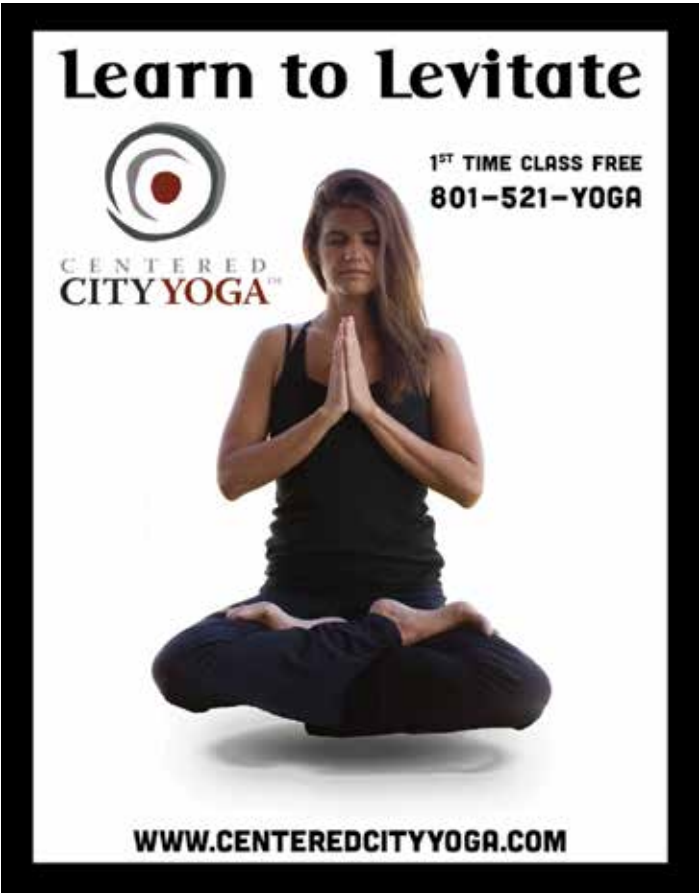
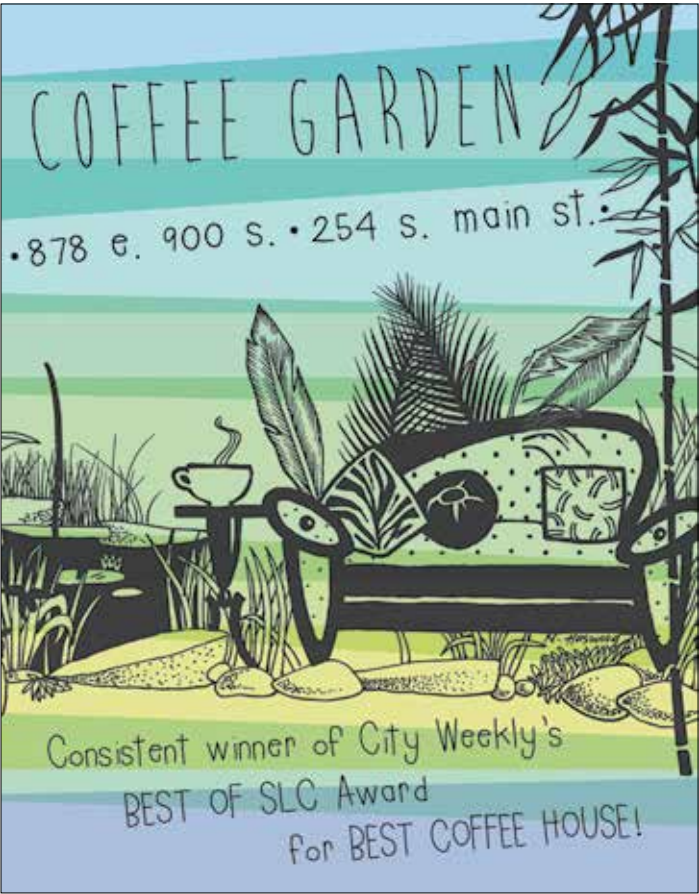
The Julie Ruin: (L-R) Carmine Covelli, Kathi Wilcox, Kathleen Hanna, Kenny Mellman and Sara Landeau, have no motives other than to play music and have fun.



Over a decade after Bikini Kill, Kathleen Hanna is ready to move on from her 20s.

The lyrical content of *Run Fast* proves just that. From personal diatribes on aging, to a track dedicated to cookies, all of us millennial feminists seeking out a radical album to blast in our Subarus while our bisexual boyfriends fist-pump in the back will be sorely disappointed. As Hanna and I speak, I realize that, her refusals to be a feminist icon aside, she's made a step forward in her life that all of humanity can be inspired by: "I think I want to represent that you don't have to stay the same. You can change and evolve over time and that's OK," says Hanna. "You don't have to stay 20 forever." If that's not radically feminist, I don't know what is.

Pick up *Run Fast* by The Julie Ruin now at thejulie ruinband.com and cross your fingers they come to a city near you. Watch for *The Punk Singer* on DVD this fall.



PIÑATA PROTEST

Mojado Punk's Not Dead: An Interview with Piñata Protest

By Ricky Vigil
rickyvigil@gmail.com

If your ideal version of a raucous punk rock performance doesn't involve an accordion and at least one cowboy hat, you clearly aren't aware of Piñata Protest. The quartet have been making a name for themselves by fusing traditional Mexican music with good ol' fashioned punk rock. Their recently released EP, *El Valiente*, begins by introducing the band as "los mas chingones de San Antonio" before exploding into a bilingual punk rock party that your abuela will enjoy just as much as your mohawked homies. The band adds their own unique spin on standards such as "Volver, Volver" and "La Cucaracha," and explosive originals such as "Vatos Perron" and "Life on the Border" will spin you around so fast, you'll probably want to listen to the EP a few times before returning to reality. *SLUG* recently conducted an email interview with vocalist, accordionist and Piñata Protest mastermind **Alvaro Del Norte** to find out about the band's unique take on punk rock.

SLUG: Could you tell me how you first became interested in punk rock?

Del Norte: I grew up in a very conservative and quiet family, and listening to rock n' roll was looked down upon. I mostly grew up listening to Top 40 R&B, pop and all the Mexican music my parents blasted at home and in the car. When I was in the ninth grade, I went to a party and heard **The Clash**, **Ramones**, **Green Day** and **Dead Kennedys** for the very first time—it was a lucid trip, both mentally and physically. My life changed at that moment, and I knew I wanted to learn to play the electric guitar and listen to more of this mind-blowing music. Punk rock changed my life.

SLUG: How do you think punk rock speaks to your experience growing up Mexican in Texas?

Del Norte: I don't think punk rock spoke anything about my culture or geographic background. If anything, punk rock was a way to rebel against my own heritage. None of that mattered though—I listened to punk rock for the same reason I listened to **Philip Glass** or **Jaco Pastorius**, because I simply loved it, and it moved me. Punk rock (and music in general) is universal. It speaks to everyone.

SLUG: Piñata Protest's music is irreverent and fun, but some of the songs have lyrics that also address weighty social issues. How do you balance the rowdiness of your music with the message you're trying to deliver?

Del Norte: Sometimes, a nice, quick statement about what a song is about sets its serious tone. In the end, though, we love making the crowd dance and aren't out to preach. Sure, we'd like to change the world for the better, but if that was our primary goal, we'd be activists or go into government. Music can be a great catalyst for change ... but it's just not a very practical form of serious activism. Lately,

though, with the increased attention the band has been getting, it's actually caused me to consider being more vocal about certain issues.

SLUG: Your accordion is the most striking element of Piñata Protest's sound, and what connects it so closely with norteño/conjunto/tejano music. How did you come up with the idea of fusing the accordion used in traditional Mexican music with punk rock?

Del Norte: I used to play bass in a traditional tejano/conjunto band, which was composed of members of a defunct punk band. We liked to fool around during rehearsals by speeding up the tempos and adding distortion to the guitar. It sounded wicked. That was the initial inspiration.

SLUG: You describe your music as "mojado punk." "Mojado" is typically used as a derogatory term against Mexicans—why did you decide to use that descriptor?

Del Norte: I've never thought the phrase "mojado" to be derogatory. To me, the word is synonymous with the word "immigrant," but specifically one from Mexico or Latina America who has come to the United States for work or to provide a better life for themselves or their family. Throughout the course of human history, millions of people from all

over the world have migrated for those same reasons. I don't see anything derogatory about that.

It's true that some, if not most, people may read it in a negative sense, and I feel that using that word to describe ourselves is a way of reclaiming the word in a similar way the queer movement reclaimed their word.

When I was eight or so, my family lived in Topeka, Kansas. I remember my father installing new window tint onto the family car. On the rear window tint, he cut out the word "mojado." I'm not exactly sure why my dad did that, but it seemed very rebellious. I liked that.

SLUG: Are you ever worried that your music will be seen as stereotypical or that it perpetuates certain ideas about Latinos?

Del Norte: *puts down taco* No ... not really. We're as much Latino as we are full-fledged, consumer-cultured, true-blue, democracy-loving Americans. We're more American than apple pie.

Piñata Protest will perform at *Burt's Tiki Lounge* on Sept. 21, and Del Norte says they're excited to return for an intimate show. Get there early, and stay late for punk rock legends **Agent Orange** and **Guttermouth**.

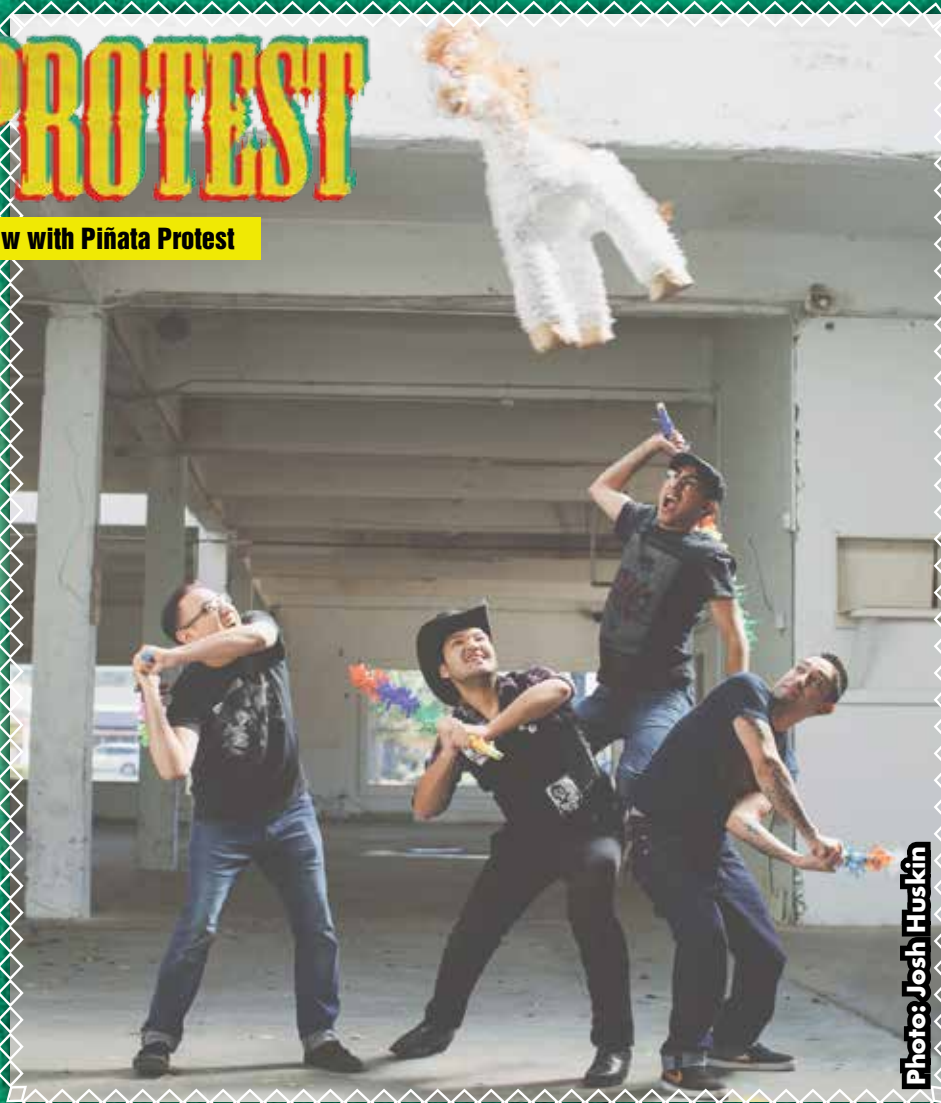


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DYSLEXIA'S A DRAG

By Princess Kennedy • theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

One thing you didn't know about the Princess is that she's severely dyslexic. Actually, I didn't even know this until well into my 20s, when my mother sent me a folder stuffed with my kindergarten assignments. More than half of what I spelled was backward, including my name, and not only was it backward, but some of the letters were written backward. This suddenly made a lot of sense to me.

"MOM, what the—?! Didn't you notice something was wrong?" I called and asked. She replied like I had told her I had rickets: "Oh honestly, we didn't have that back then." Didn't have dyslexia back then? Really? I'm sure they did, but for some reason, teachers weren't equipped to deal with it or really care, I guess. For years, I was terrified of being called on to read and spent my time daydreaming and not paying attention, 'cause as we know, my dyslexia came with the ever-popular ADD. In fact, the only way they dealt with it "back then" was to just hold you back a grade (you were stupid) and that's just what they did to me when I was 10—they made me repeat the fourth grade.

Flash forward to now: I no longer write letters backward and I've self-medicated my ADD, learning to use it to my advantage like millions of adults before me. I still suffer from some of dyslexia's repercussions, like spelling three-letter words backward all the time: tac or nur. Other constant errors include "beacuse," tow vs two, to and too, and the whole le/el thing at the ends of words. Let's not even get into sounding out shit like drought or thought. I read that in places like France and Italy, there isn't even a word for misspelling because it doesn't exist. In fact, the concept was so foreign to my friend Lucca that he couldn't comprehend that it was a problem. In Italian, they have 33 letter combinations to spell 20-something sounds, but English has almost 1,200 letter combinations to spell 44 sounds. It's a wonder we learn to spell at all.

OK, so I made it through school, even got a batch—a bacto—a B-A-A-CHA ... FUCK, a

degree from the U, without spelling skills, and then, suddenly I'm faced with the scrutiny of today's adult version of reading aloud in class: Facebook. Oh, jeez! If I'm feeling particularly emotional, my writing can read as some sort of cryptic war code, especially on a rant telling someone what a douche bag they are. The worst are the people who feel the need to publicly humiliate you for it. First off, if this is you, let me tell you what a fuckhead you are. If you are that passionate about it, go be a first grade teacher—then you can be mean to children. You're only impressing yourself. To the rest of the world, and especially to me, it does nothing but prove that there is some lack of fulfillment in your world, that you are white (and probably racist) and classist (and probably bitter that you don't belong to a higher station than you were born in). And guess what, dum-dum, spellcheck ain't a perfect tool. No one will ever care that you have good grammar past 12th grade, and most of all, I write professionally ... and it KILLS you! You might want to think before you mark up my profile page with your imaginary red pen, because I also found in my research that people with learning disabilities have a higher degree of violent temper due to frustration, and I'd hate to accidentally bump you into a mosh pit with me at a club ...

I've stopped really posting anything that needs a lot of written words—a good 90 percent of my life on Facebook is photos via Instagram. What I also found in my research is that a high number of dyslexics were artists of some form: **Agatha Christie, F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner**—I even found that not one but two editors of the *Chicago Sun Times* were horrible spellers. It seems that my gift—or lack thereof—might be my pass into the literati elite. What do you have in common with **John F. Kennedy, Einstein, Franklin, Churchill** and my favorite, **da Vinci**? He wrote the notes on his famous invention sketches backward, used "erratic" spelling and even had ADD. Whether his writing was a choice for



Photo and edit: Ghad Kirkland/illustration: Paul Frame

Don't mess with Kennedy's dyslexia—if she doesn't create the next literary Mona Lisa, she'll at least be the muse.

secrecy or art or whatever, it seems that my talents are just being discovered. My kindred masses and I can be writers, politicians and artists. The world is our oyster, and those of you with perfect grammar and penmanship should think before you judge those of us who can't change the way our brains work because, quite frankly, I'm a step closer than you to having my literary accomplishments become a "Mona Lisa."





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By Alexander Ortega
alexander@slugmag.com

"A lot of different forest habitats need to burn in order to germinate new life ... I think that's something that's also reflected in us. We have to go through hard times and painful times in order to learn," says Chelsea Wolfe in regard to the title and theme of her new album, *Pain Is Beauty*. Known for the liberal use of elements from different genres in her eerie, macabre yet pretty music, Wolfe adds elements of industrial and witch house to her canon with her new album. She has embarked on a tour to promote *Pain Is Beauty*, which was released Sept. 3 on **Sargent House**. In response to the Wolfe camp's search for tour support, the management of "stonegaze" trio True Widow, who released *Circumambulation* on July 23, reached out and secured their spot on the tour. These two acts on the same bill generate a notable synergy—True Widow highlight the cultic ritual of making and creating music, which they impart to listeners, while Wolfe reverses the natural world and questions humanity's permanence on the earth, where pain underpins a sense of absolution found in natural disasters and love. These two complementary yet quite different musical forces will culminate kaleidoscopically at the tour's Salt Lake City stop on Sept. 25 at Urban Lounge.

Following Wolfe on Instagram (@cchelseawolfe), I stumbled across a photo by **Logan White** that Wolfe posted from a shoot originally for a *Subbaculcha!* feature from 2012: Wolfe lies in a yellow shirt on a beach, her skin white and hands in the repose of a fresh corpse—with her jaw open and eyes blank, she looks veritably dead as nighttime waves lap at her body. Though this photo came about at White's suggestion for their shoot, it may well have foreshadowed Wolfe's fatalistic naturalism in *Pain Is Beauty*. "I was really ... interested in the earthquake and tsunami in Japan. I watched a few documentaries that had a lot of firsthand footage, and it was just so intense to see how something like that can happen so fast, and just the fact that [it happened] to many lives," says Wolfe. "For this album,

it's definitely reflected as nature that's bigger than us, and the fact that, in a second, it could all be gone, and we have no control, really." The penultimate track, "The Waves Have Come," directly addresses the gargantuan, melancholic loss that people who suffered through the earthquake/tsunami experienced. The song features mournful piano that leads into a burst of violin weaving atop a subtly disjunctured beat that becomes thicker and lush to provide a climax for the record. The lyrics read, "all you know gets older when the sun goes down and everything begins to fade away the waves have come and taken you to sea never to return to me." The closer, "Lone," operates as a denouement for the record, and starts as a bare-bones acoustic song with Wolfe's melancholic singing, which then eclipses its minimalistic character with spaced-out, otherworldly synths and looming electric guitar. The lyrics illustrate the wind sweeping a post-human Earth. Certainly, the wolf howls in the lyrics point to world's solace, where the planet ends the struggle to coexist between humans.

That being the conclusion, *Pain Is Beauty* moves from introspection to outward apocalypse, thematically adhering to different strata of human pain. The strident electronic-bass percussion of the primal "Feral Love" bubbles underneath language that chases an elusive, dark Other. "We Hit A Wall," with its doom-like gait and riff-based guitar work, deals with the struggle of simply loving: "It's really just the idea and the fact that love isn't always easy, that it's a lot of hard work," Wolfe says. Here, Wolfe says that she aimed to undermine the pop-cultural notion that love is chipper or freeing—"That's why, at the end, it's like, 'I'll show you how to love'—it's 'an endless war,'" she says, quoting the lyrics. The "endless war" of love in "Sick" continues to mar loving, as two people take turns hurting each other. The funeral organs that transform to kraut rock bass traverse guilt and spite in a song that begins with "this suffering brings me closer to you/and time is broken and moves slow." Indeed, as Wolfe explores different levels of suffering linguistically, *Pain Is Beauty* runs a diverse soundscape

Chelsea Wolfe's latest album, *Pain Is Beauty*, breaches a more electronic realm for Wolfe's repertoire.

Photo: John Mandel

(L-R) Dan Phillips, Nicole Estill and Timothy "Slim" Starks deliver their heavy mood rock to entrance and initiate listeners into their ritual.

Photo: Allison V Smith

to form a record that comes together as a cogent body of work. Wolfe says that the band has been working on the album's chief electronic songs for "a few years now," and originally planned to release them as a separate project. After experimenting with the songs live, though, they let them flourish as Chelsea Wolfe songs, and developed them into the eclectic ensemble of tracks that is *Pain Is Beauty*. She says, "I know some people don't understand my way of putting whatever genre I want onto one album. [On the acoustic album, *Unknown Rooms*] I tried to hone it in a little bit more. With this one, I felt like the concepts of the songs fit together in a certain way—the feel of them fit together, so it was OK to put a bunch of different genres into one home." Wolfe asserts that she allows the audial-narrative arc of her albums to play out naturally—"I don't usually approach any song or album with 'This is what I'm going to do,'" she says. Referring to her vocal inflection in certain areas of "House of Metal," she styles her voice as an instrument in itself rather than solely a vessel for language. "Rather than just singing over something, I sort of sing 'into' it," she says.

From the rock styling of debut *The Grime and the Glow* and breakout album *Apokalypsis* to the **Rudimentary Peni** tribute, *Prayer for the Unborn*, it would appear that her genre crossover stems from an approach to making work that, simply, sounds good. Acknowledging her previous insecurities of being a self-taught musician, Wolfe says, "Over time, I guess I became more comfortable with it. I think maybe a lot of this album is a culmination of me becoming more comfortable with who I am as a musician as well—doing what I do and trying to do it the best I can." From joking that she had multiple personalities as a kid to manifesting this multiplicity in her music, Wolfe feels that she has earned a genuine listenership. She says, "I'm just really grateful that people are willing to listen and enjoy it for unnamed reasons ... They find something in it that they like and can relate to, and they're happy to listen to it." True Widow bassist and vocalist **Nicole Estill** says of the tour with Wolfe, "I think it's going

to be a really good pairing. I think that she's got quite a huge fanbase behind her that I didn't even really know about—all my friends are, supposedly, secret Chelsea Wolfe fans." True Widow are no slouches themselves—they sent Internet reviewers into raptures with *Circumambulation*'s release on **Relapse Records**. "Circumambulation," the exercise of moving around a sacred object within a ritualistic framework, is an apt name for an album that elicited my own introspection and continual devotion to hearing it the whole way through—"I think that, pretty much anytime you listen to music, it's going to affect you in certain ways. A lot of times it's emotional—a lot of times it's mental, and I think that that in itself, the act of sitting down and listening to something, is something that can be spiritual, too," Estill says. The album does not pay homage to any religion or codified spiritualism, but suggests that music can be "its own deity," as Estill puts it. True Widow constantly create music and work on new material even when they've recently put an album out. Even before they released *Circumambulation* (at the time of this interview), the band had played a few songs from the new release. Estill says, "We've played a full handful of songs on this new album live, and people seem to like it!"

Although True Widow have not made any large departures from their cornerstonegaze sound, *Circumambulation* functions as a reevaluation of the band's dynamics—it ekes itself out in a self-reflective way. "It's, to me, like one big, long breath," says Estill. "It starts slow and crescendos and exhales at the end in sort of a release. So, I think that it becomes more singular in that way." The album begins sparsely with "Creepier," with little guitar and solely guitarist/vocalist **Dan Phillips** singing, until Estill bursts in with another vocal hue in "Four Teeth." The album is by no means a concept album, but *Circumambulation*'s aural storyline bolsters its unicity and each True Widow member's synecdochal relationship to their music. In her own songwriting process, Estill says that she starts out with lyrics first, whereas Phillips begins with melodies and sound. Either way, their songs snowball in ways

that continue to be self-referential—"The lyrics, for us—they've always been pretty personal," says Estill. "I think that [for] anybody who writes lyrics, they kind of have to, or else they become uninteresting to you." Songs like the even-keeled "HW:R" feature both singers, but the song maintains a solid "I"—"I can't sleep./I've tried elixirs too. Dulled it out but still I knew," it reads. With drummer **Timothy "Slim" Starks'** pulsing beats, Estill and Phillips lend their voices to the roles that their songs demand, but for a reflexive satisfaction all the while: "We just make the music that we want to listen to ... We like to listen to it—in a weird way—more than most people," says Estill, with nary a trace of arrogance.

Their ceremony of introspection translates as perfect music for practicing yoga or watching a rainstorm. **NPR** seems to agree with this, as they featured "Four Teeth" on June 19, deeming their music "perfect for hiking." As shown by this marker for their success in melding stoner metal and shoegaze, True Widow, too, retain an optimal appeal for listeners. "It's surprising, actually, how versatile that it is for many different fans," says Estill. "We didn't think that it would be so widespread." Chelsea Wolfe acknowledges the clout that True Widow bring to this tour, saying, "They kind of just came out of nowhere, and I was excited because I really like their music."

With Wolfe's circumambulation of nature or True Widow's ritualized self-reverence, these two sets of artists will amalgamate in an exceptional showcase at *The Urban Lounge* on Sept. 25. The stage is set for us to gather to introspect at the behest of this music, to situate ourselves and reflect. Estill ponders writing music in a way that's applicable to experiencing music at all: "I think that it's also kind of an act of revolving around yourself, too, when you're sorting your thoughts out or sorting out the world."

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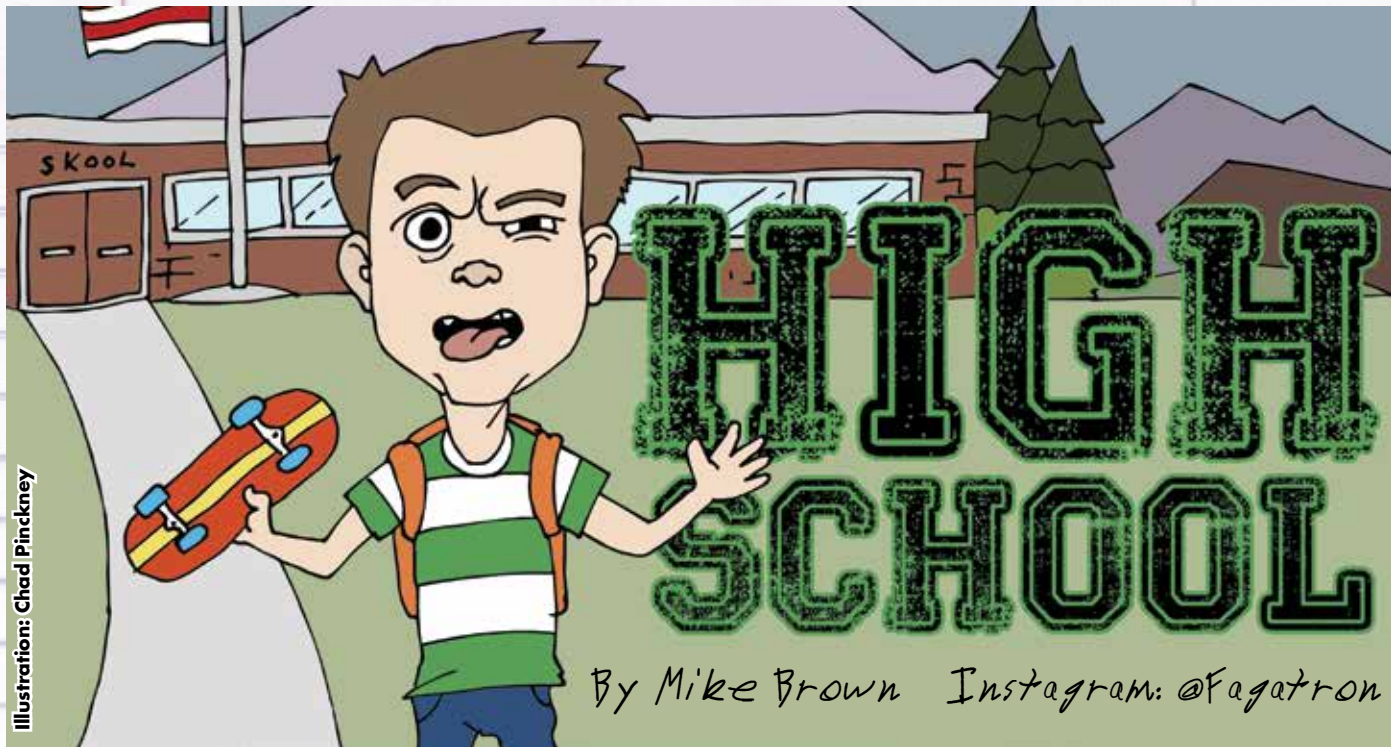
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The leaves are changing, the temperature is dropping and another glorious, globally warmed summer is over. September is here, and if you aren't already cutting class by the time you read this, you should be. I love the idea of some future high school dropout reading my article in their favorite stoner alley while ditching math. That being said, for this month's column, I chose to write about one of my least favorite life periods: high school.

I'm sure you are all dying to know what I was like back in the mid-'90s. Life was different then. There was no War on Terror, but there was a war on drugs. The biggest news stories were **O.J. Simpson** killing people and the president getting his dick sucked. 9/11 had yet to put all of these stories and scandals into perspective and, regardless of all these current events, I couldn't have given less of a shit about any of it.

Seeing as how I've put up mental barriers in my brain to block out my life from about 1992-1997, I had to dust off my old yearbooks just to remember how bad I hated high school and junior high. I realized that my handwriting (and spelling for that matter) is exactly the same, and apparently, **Mrs. Evans**, my seventh grade English teacher, was and will always be a massive bitch, according to the scribbles in my yearbooks.

Just to set the stage for what I was like in high school, let me run through my career at Olympus Jr. High real quick. Seventh grade: I'm about the biggest fucking dork ever, totally on Team Picked-On. Eighth grade: I start drinking and smoking pot—best decision I ever made in junior high—and stopped getting fucked with. Ninth grade: I'm a low-level pot dealer and I start skateboarding. When I finally got to the tenth grade, there was such a feeling of relief. There was no feeling of accomplishment for finishing junior high, just a huge sigh that I would never have to go back to that hell hole. I went into my sophomore year with a tremendous plan.

The plan was that the first two weeks of each semester, I was going to get as stoned as I possibly could every morning before first period and every lunch break before fifth period. Knowing that those periods were going to be when I'd regularly get stoned, I figured that if my teachers for those classes thought that stoned me was normal me, they would never suspect when I was actually high. Strangely, this plan actually worked. When I wasn't stoned and actually decided to pay attention in class for some god-unknown reason, it made my teachers feel like they had really taught me something. I call this whole strategy the "Over-Achievement Theory of Life." It works well in most job situations, and can be implemented in college as well.

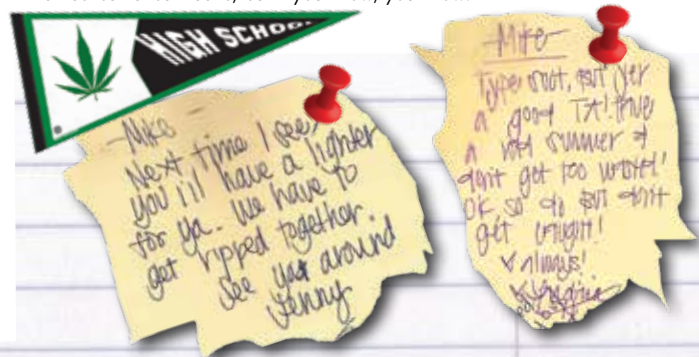
The highlight of my sophomore year ended up with me getting arrested with a couple of friends at the 7-Eleven across the street from our school. Half the Holiday police force was there to greet us for a beer run gone horribly wrong—ap-

parently, some dick called 911 saying someone was robbing the store. It sounds bad, but getting cuffed in front of your peers could do awesome things for a high school reputation if you were a wastoid like me.

My junior year started off similarly to my sophomore year, but eventually I went to four different high schools. My mom had me shipped out to Sandy to live with my dad after the botched beer run. Since I was out of Olympus' jurisdiction, they finally kicked me out for ditching class too much and said that I had to attend Brighton. I went to Brighton High School for eight days before my parents put me in drug rehab. While cleaning up my act, I transferred to Cottonwood High School and finished my junior year there.

Between my junior and senior years, I committed myself to sobriety and summer school. Since I didn't want to hang out with any of the Mormon dorks in my Sandy neighborhood, and I wasn't tough enough to hang out with the straight-edge kids back then, my best friends were my dog and my skateboard. Being a loner back then was great for increasing your punk rock status. It still kind of sucked, but there was no way I was going back to rehab. That place sucked donkey balls.

My senior year was boring as fuck and not so meticulously planned. The goal was to just grin and bear it, and get through the fucking school year without ending up back in rehab. I knew that I just had to make it to 18 so I could move out, get tattoos, stay out past 11 p.m. and go to any punk rock show I wanted to. Senior year was rough, but I made it. I had lunch every day with my fellow loner friend, **Brenda**, who was a lesbian then, but isn't anymore. I had made it all the way through high school without ever having a girlfriend, although I did kiss four ugly girls and played with one set of boobs. Skater boys were far from cool back then. I did go to senior prom, but I ditched my graduation to go see **Blankshot** and **Homesick** play at **Phaser Fun**. I don't want to explain what that last sentence means, but if you know, you know.



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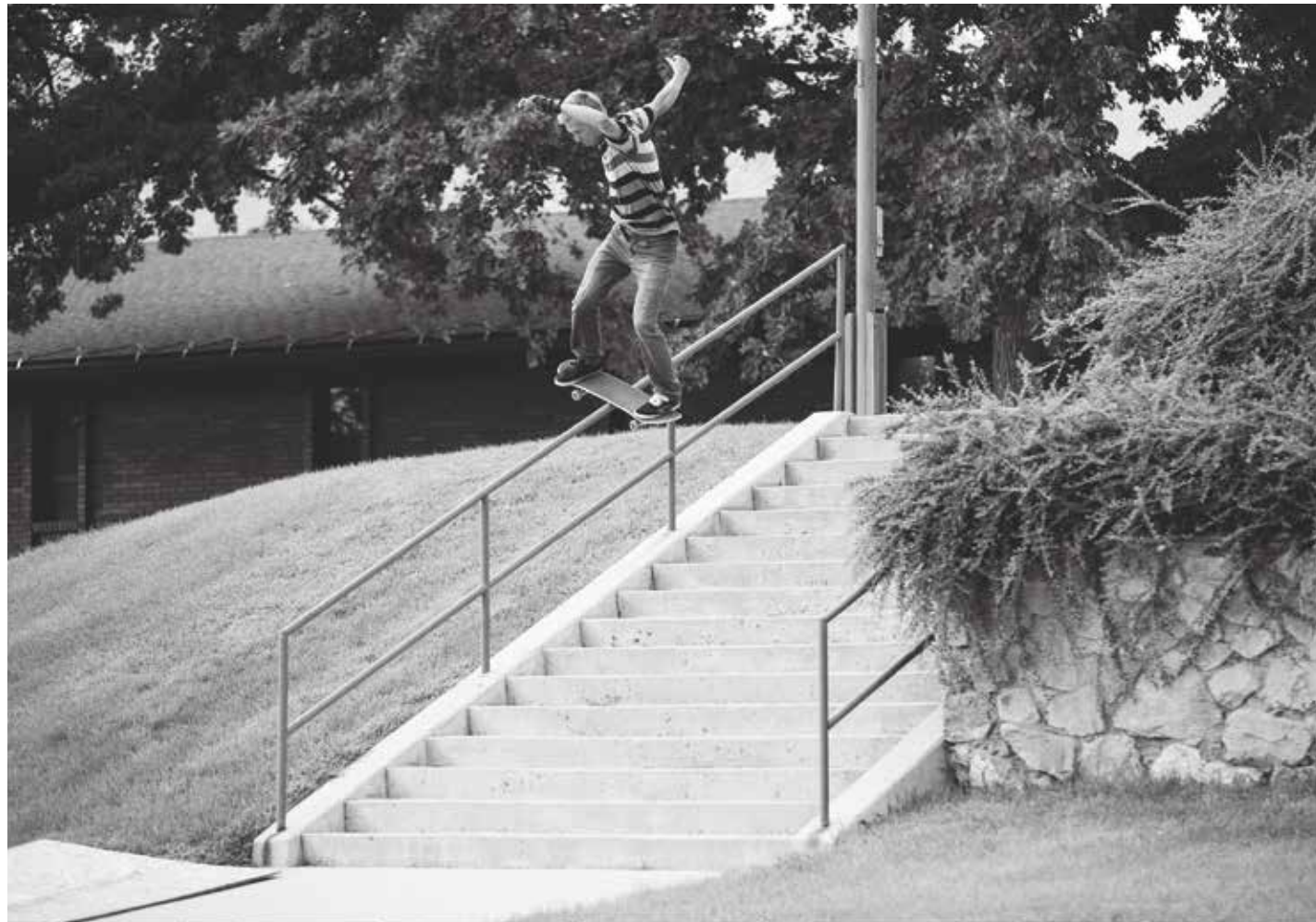


PHOTO FEATURE

By Weston Colton • westoncolton.com

As a photographer, I am always excited when a skater asks me to shoot something that is more in the "after black hammers" realm of tricks. At the same time, I get nervous knowing the inherent danger involved. This was one of those shoots. Jordan landed this lipslide and rode away 15 feet only to slide out from the intense impact. He did that twice. Going at it again looking for a clean

ride away, the impact got the best of him. His head bouncing off the concrete was one of the worst slams I have seen. He wanted to try it again after cutting his head open. Thankfully, he came to his senses and decided to come back later. That was two weeks ago. As of deadline, he hasn't made it back, but he will. This was worth sharing anyway.

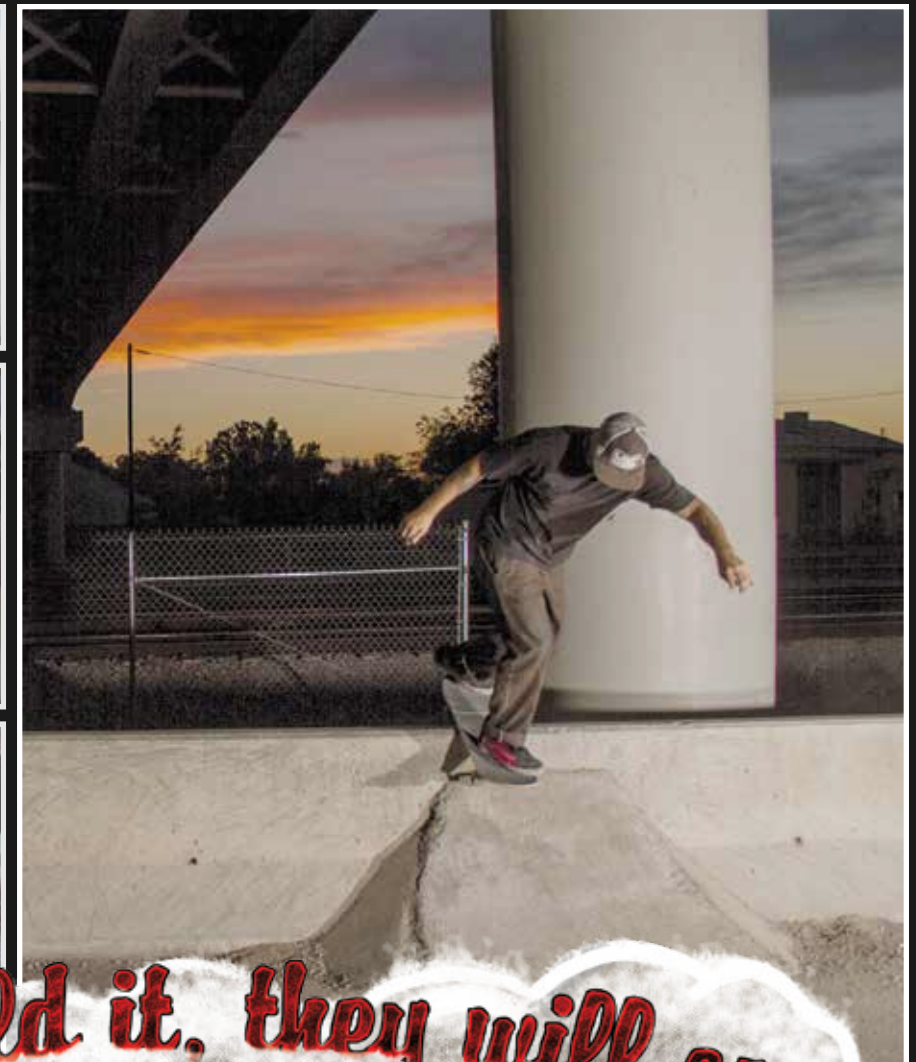
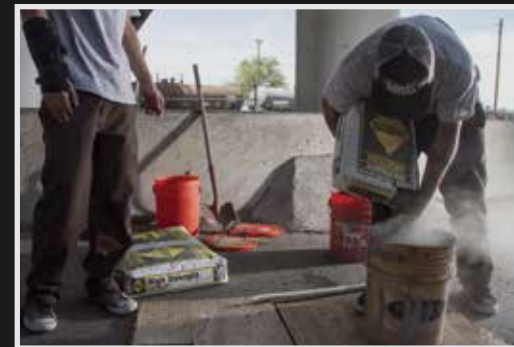
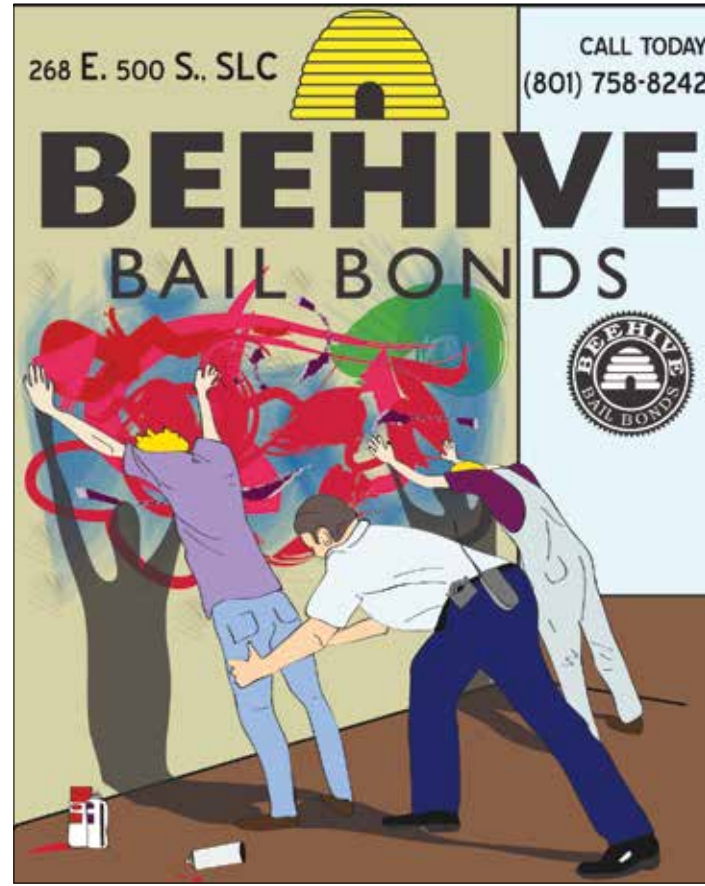
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If you build it, they will come
DIY Spots

Words by Steven Goemaat • Photos: Jake Vivori
 stgoemaat@gmail.com

It's past the dog days of summer, and you're getting tired of riding your favorite parks in the blistering heat. The best street spots are crowded with people and are on high patrol by The Fuzz. What do you do now? The answer is to go out and Do It Yourself! That's right, strap on your thinking cap, fight off the haze that the PBRs and wacky tobacco have left lingering on your brain this summer and put your creative mind to work. Do It Yourself, or DIY, spots have always been a part of skateboarding and the progression that lies within it. Chances are, if you have ever stepped on a skateboard and at least tried to do something with

it, you have probably done some DIY work yourself. Whether it was waxing a curb, building a backyard ramp, or sacking yourself on a homemade rail, you have done it yourself. The DIY attitude has grown quite a bit over the years, with people building entire parks themselves, mostly with nothing but concrete, chicken wire and a case of beer. Given Salt Lake's broad surroundings of everything from the industrial parts of Downtown to the outdoor scenery of the Wasatch, we decided to go on an excursion of our own to see what the DIY craze was all about. We recruited some comrades along the way, whose names will remain a

mystery, given the circumstances, as will the locations of the places we visited. Nothing comes cheap in this world, so get out there and go get it.

Skaters are a funny breed. The way a skater sees his or her surrounding environment is a way that few people see it, but, if you're a skater, you know what I am talking about. Says our comrade, "You go down alleys you would never usually go down. You see things like barriers or ledges and you see something completely different than other people. There is so much potential in things that most people don't even really look



Upper Left: DIY final touches.
Bottom Left: Hand touched quarter pipe.
Right: Comrade, Rock n' Roll.

at." These creative concepts of the environment have helped to spawn the ever-forward progression that is skateboarding, as well as the ideas for public skateparks. These potential skate spots also seem to always need to be tweaked or worked on a little bit. Or maybe they need to be created into something different altogether. That is where a DIY skate spot is born. There is nothing more American than crafting a masterpiece with your own bare hands for future skateboarding to take place upon. Our personal mission on this day led us to the scene of an unfinished spot that our comrade thought needed a bit more work. With some bags of Sakrete, water buckets, trowels and wishful thinking loaded up, we were off to finish what had been started.

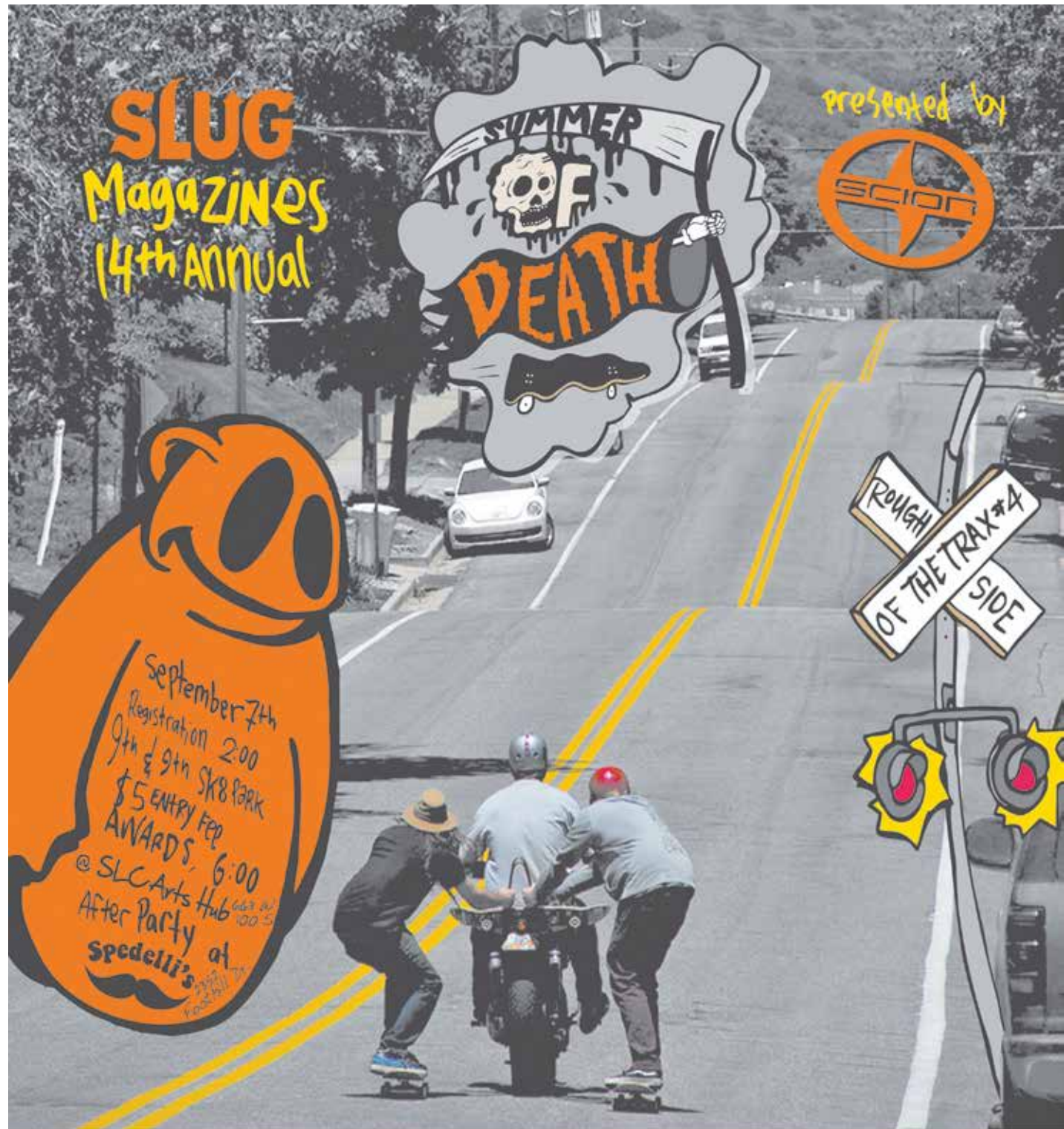
We got to work pretty quickly, pouring and shaping the spot up to be something great. The classic Jersey barrier setup was the backing support and lip to what the brains of the operation would shape into a quarter pipe. Getting on the top of the barrier was the plan, but it was definitely not for the faint of heart. It is amazing what can be accomplished by a couple of skate heads with determination and creativity in their minds. "You watch videos of spots people have made, and it's like, 'Why

can't I do that?" says our comrade. This is a prime example of just how creatively the skater's mind works. With 15 years on the plank, our comrade was very familiar with the process of working hard to accomplish something new and fun. I mean, hell, when you find enjoyment out of flipping a piece of plywood around for hours on end, while continually putting dents and dings into your shins and other body parts, you know you are a little bit special.

DIY spots are much more than just hard work—they are also a source of inspiration. There are no rules to it and no one stopping you from doing it. Unless, of course, you are on someone else's property, which is the case 99 percent of the time with skateboarding, but that is a slight detail. "You need to have a good location. You can't just build anywhere, or you'll be getting destruction-of-property tickets all day," says our comrade. "Get a good location and just try it. You can build something and make it your own and then have the satisfaction that you created something." Building skate spots is a trial-and-error kind of thing, and, usually, the structure does not stay around forever. The process is a learning experience within itself. "It's just like starting a new job. You learn and start doing things, and you start becoming a master at it and start perfecting it. It may not be there forever, but you teach yourself something new," says our comrade.

Our travels this day concluded with our arrival at a fairly new backyard ramp that our comrade had a hand in, as did some other skilled day laborers and beer drinkers. Backyard ramps are another means of a DIY spot without the risk of the public eye glaring at you. There are not many things in this world better than getting a good group together to barbecue and skate a ramp all day. "In the past two years, I have met probably 15 different people with ramps in their backyards. They are all really good people—they are all friends with each other. We all love skating and love the same kind of music. I've become part of this collective of people with the craziest ramps and bowls, right here in the valley," says our comrade. Aside from the satisfaction of creating something yourself, DIY spots and ramps help make the skate community what it is. If you're a person who is lacking friends in this valley, put a ramp in your yard! Chances are, you'll be flooded with more friends than you can handle in no time.

DIY spots are always going to be a part of skating. Whether it is legal or not, skaters going out and doing what they love will never be stopped. If you are a person who is thinking about doing something of your own, go out and do it. Obviously, putting a concrete ledge in the middle of 700 East is not the best idea, but putting in hard work to make something of your own to skate is a great idea. Portland has *Burnside* and Philly has *FDR*. Both were started from nothing more than a bag of concrete and a bright idea. Without further adieu, grab some chicken wire and some concrete of your own and go get it. If you want something done in this world, you got to do it yourself!



PRODUCT REVIEWS

Chrome Industries

Truk Pro (SPD Shoes)

chromeindustries.com

Making the transition to clipless (shoes that physically attach to pedals) can be daunting. Clipless shoes are stiff (to maintain efficiency), hard to walk in and it is always a pain in the ass to carry a change of shoes. Chrome's SPD-compatible Pro line is a nice solution: The soles are slightly more flexible, and the shoes are infinitely better-looking. This is not my first pair of Chrome shoes. Prior to acquiring these, I purchased a pair of Kursk Pros (the low-top Converse-looking ones) and wore the shit out of them. Chrome shoes have an excellent build quality and an even better warranty program, and these shoes are no exception. Keep in mind that these shoes are a compromise between stiff shoes for cycling and street shoes for walking, and as such, are the best at neither. If you are walking distances farther than those between classes, they are probably going to be uncomfortable (especially at first). Chrome shoes are great at tearing up your heels (I have had countless blisters), and these are honestly much worse than the Kursks in that regard, but that is nothing that an angle grinder or some sandpaper won't fix. If you're going to be walking a lot, expect to replace your cleats on a fairly regular basis because they will wear out very fast. All that being said, I love these shoes. They are well made, look great, and Chrome is a great company to deal with if they end up breaking. —Cody Hudson

Chrome Industries

Welded Rucksack

chromeindustries.com

This was my first foray into bags specifically made for biking, and it was a godsend. My previous bag was some wax canvas messenger bag, and, while it was quite pleasant to look at, it left much to be desired. I can honestly say this made my life better: Commuting is multitudes more pleasant now. No matter how hard I mash up City Creek Canyon, this bag doesn't move. I honestly forget I am wearing it. It has a detachable protective laptop sleeve (which fits 15" MacBooks perfectly), two pockets



that were clearly designed for U-locks (which beats my previous method of shoving them in my belt), and it is entirely waterproof (like rain, not submersible). It is very attractive and durable, employing metal slide clips instead of buckles (fewer moving parts means less stuff to break). It is on the smaller side of rucksacks, but it can still fit 9–10 22 oz bombers of beer comfortably. —Cody Hudson

Harman/Kardon

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harmankardon.com



These Harman/Kardon headphones facilitate some of the best focus I've ever had in my work life. First, they're noise-canceling: I throw these puppies on, and annoying **Icona Pop** garbage playing over the speakers ain't getting me ear pregnant. What's more is that the sound of the music I play in these is well balanced, as the tones I hear are clear at all levels, and

don't feature any overbearing bass vibrations that one may feel from low-end-focused headphones or earbuds. (These are headphones for adults.) That's not to say that the bass doesn't come through adequately—it flows thoroughly, with light tactile titillation, allowing every element of a **P.O.S.** track to shine through with impeccable balance. The only drawback of these headphones is that they're clearly made for stationary use for a couple reasons: 1. The connecting cable—though ingeniously removable from the actual headphones—will wrench free with any snag. 2. The leather-lined borders that enclose the ears, which are quite comfortable, are nonetheless prone to making you sweat. Granted, I received this product as summer hit, and, to be fair, they felt and smelled like I was putting a Lexus on my face ... which is sweet, and I look forward to using them for winter walks. Ultimately, I'm über grateful to own these, and I'll continue to use them to play **The Obliterate Plague** when I need to concentrate or **True Widow** when a baby cries on a plane. Check out all of these headphones' components on Harman/Kardon's site. —Alexander Ortega

Hickies

Elastic Lacing System
hickies.com

I'm not sure what to say about Hickies' new innovative rubber shoe lacing system. The packaging was awesome: a super-simplistic design for such an overcomplicated product. Hickies only come in one length, so when I initially installed the elastic lacing system in the bottom eyelets of the shoe, the lace was too long and created the appearance of a loose lace. The top of the shoe was the exact opposite: So tight it created severe pressure and a loss of circulation throughout my foot, like it might fall off soon. I then went to Hickies.com to get some advice on how to solve these issues. The website was super easy to navigate, but showed no one being active in the product, or feet in the shoe. After 20 minutes of research and much trial and error—on how to cross over for a narrower point, and some vertical steps for the wider points—I finally had my first shoe laced to fit. Since I had al-

ready taken the time to get the first shoe right, I easily mimicked it for the second. As far as the pressure points, once I got the lacing system properly adjusted they didn't hurt as much—they probably need to break in some more. All in all, these are probably great for kids' shoes, but not for me. Shoestrings will always be the "in" thing. —Billy Ditzig

JBL

JBL Flip Bluetooth Speaker

jbl.com



I was excited when I could just play stuff from my iPhone while I made quesadillas, but this speaker took it to the next level. It has become such a casual but integral component of my everyday tedium—I mean, it has a rechargeable battery inside it, so actually brushing my teeth for three full minutes to a song at full blast is just fucking fun. I live in an apartment, so I haven't turned it on full blast yet, but that's just a testament to its large buffer for sound output, and the damn thing is 6 inches long and 2.5 inches in diameter through its circular faces on either side! Admittedly, its bass capacity is a bit lacking and doesn't quite match that of a Braven speaker that I've tried—which is a different ball game when it comes to speakers. Personally, I like a nice flush of tones to permeate the atmosphere with audio play. Even so, the portability of this speaker remains its number one draw. It was nice to take it onto my porch during a rain/thunderstorm and only worry a minimal amount about drawing a lightning bolt to my vantage point. —Alexander Ortega



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BEER REVIEWS

By Mike Riedel
mikey@slugmag.com

September is a weird month for beer. The weather is still relatively warm, but autumn is right around the corner. To split the difference, I dug up a great German beer style that combines the roastiness you want in a cold weather beer with the lighter body you need in a warm climate seasonal: the Schwarzbier.

Schwarzbier ("shvahrts-beer") is simply German for "black beer." Unlike other dark beers, like porters or stouts, they are not overly bitter with burnt and roasted malt. Instead, hops are used for a good portion of the bitterness. Take a sip of these trusted Schwarzbiers, both local and national.

Baba Black Lager
Brewery/Brand: Uinta
Brewing Co.

ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: 12 oz Bottle,
12 oz Can, On Tap

Description: This organically made beast pours black with a nice, light-tan cap. The nose is malty with some coffee, soil and leather. The flavor is robust with leather, cocoa, dark chocolates, espresso and a slight earthy character. It satisfies your need for something bold while it quenches. Well fucking done, Uinta!

Overview: I invite you to come up with a certified organic beer that's as satisfying as this year-round favorite.



Black Bier
Brewery/Brand: RedRock
Brewing Co.

ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: On Tap
Description: This award-winning beer delivers a big surprise upon first smelling it. This nose is all about the malts. There's a rich, nutty aroma that structures the whole thing, but on top of that are porter-like roasted notes—chicory and faint coffee. This is one of the best tasting black lagers I've ever had. The roast flavors here are deep and satisfying, providing a nice bitterness to contrast with the nutty, toasty malt flavors. Some hints of cherry round the whole thing out. It is fantastically balanced and flavorful for a session lager.

Overview: Though this is a classic Schwarz-style beer, its eight different malts and extended lagering time give it a dark color and smooth flavor that makes it stand out from the rest.

Session Black Lager
Brewery/Brand: Full Sail
Brewing Co.

ABV: 5.4%
Serving Style: 11.4 oz Bottle
Description: This beer pours a very dark red-brown with an off-white head. The nose is more restrained than the others—roasted grains, caramel and dark fruit come through. The taste is primarily of roasted malts, grassy hops, a bit of malt sweetness, dark fruit and then some chocolate in the aftertaste. Mouthfeel is a little on the thin side, but the carbonation is good.

Overview: Don't dismiss this beer because of its squatty little bottle—this is one of Full Sail's most award-winning lagers. Plus, you get a hell of a lot of flavor for a relatively small price.

Prost!

Check out more of Mikey's thoughts on beer at
utahbeer.blogspot.com!

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Dear Cop,

I want this settled once and for all.

Someone comes to the person in charge of SLPD with a choice. Through some miracle of science, there is a way to get rid of everyone in the city that is straight edge or every single Juggalo. There's no resistance, no struggle, they're just gone with no explanation and you never have to worry about them again. The numbers stay the same of whichever group remains, but one morning when you wake up, there will be either no more straight edgers or no more Juggalos. Which one goes away and why?

—Trevor Hale, Concerned Citizen

Concerned Citizen Trevor,

I'm gonna make a guess that you have some sort of personal issue (not favorable) with straight edgers and juggalos.

I'll tell you "straight" out that law enforcement's concern about these two groups is pretty much at the bottom of the totem pole. Law enforcement concerns itself with groups who violently prey on the weaker or singled-out minority members of society. They're commonly referred to as gangs or, on a worldwide scale, terrorists.

It's very difficult to classify straight edgers or juggalos as gang members. Most of their members associate with one another for a cause or movement. I'll grant you that there are those sXe or hatcheteers who collaborate in order to instill fear or facilitate violent criminal acts, but, in the grand scheme, they are few.

In Utah, you're going to see much more law enforcement effort at dismantling Sureño, Norteño, Asian, Poly, Mexican DTO or OMG gangs. Those are the organizations who openly admit that they exist to commit crimes, deal drug misery or terrorize weaker members of society.

But, if you're going to make me choose, the only choice is juggalos. Why? Well it's obvious—granted, I've only dealt with the criminal juggalos, but they are some of the most god-awful smelling people I have ever encountered. It wouldn't surprise me if it's written into their bylaws that someone must be stinky in order to join.

Have a question for the cop?
Email askacop@slugmag.com!

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Illustration: Ryan Perkins



Davey Davis For President

By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

About six years ago, the urban cycling scene in Salt Lake City was at the height of its glory, with Davey Davis at the helm ... er, handlebars. That era in our community was marked by activism and adventure led by a handful of charismatic individuals, and Davey was one of those invaluable cogs moving us forward with creativity and a very DIY sense of fun. From attending, organizing and winning every alleycat race, to writing and directing a short film bike opera (*Don Giovanni: That Indomitable Hipster*), to hosting the most epic after-parties at his home, the *Dada Factory* (my skivvies are still blue from that one ...), Davey inspired a group of misfits to come together and create a community based on the simplicity of two wheels.

Davey left Salt Lake a few years ago, first to teach film to students in Palestine and then, inevitably, to take over New York City, but his conquest was cut short when he was offered a position as the Executive Director of the *Salt Lake Bicycle Collective*. I can already see exciting ripples of positive changes in the time Davey has been at the *Collective*, and anticipate a new golden era of urban cycling with him leading us through new adventures. Here's the man himself:

BG: What type of cyclist are you?

Davey: I'm a commuter who went off the deep end. I love practicality in bikes, and not paying particular attention to little rules about not mixing manufacturers, eras or materials.

BG: How do you think the *Collective* is going to change under your direction?

Davey: I think the *Collective* is going to better communicate the simplicity, effectiveness and sustainability of its programs with me behind the microphone. I hope it becomes more well known in philanthropic circles of Salt Lake, and that we develop a culture of philanthropy around it. One example: I think we used to try and downplay the fact that we sell bikes to fund the shop. I'm proud that we do. I want everyone to know that if they donate a U.S. Postal Service Trek to us, we'll fix it up, sell it for a grand and use it to fund the empowerment of 17 other people through our goodwill programs.

BG: What's your ultimate goal at the *Collective*?

Davey: Bike Socialism. Meaning: Every bike that isn't being used or is thrown away from Brigham City to St. George will instead be converted into a community-connecting empowerment machine through our programs. The future will triumph, comrades! Seriously, though, what I love about our programs is they're adaptable, stable and can be scaled to any size community. I want to share the blueprint of our Salt Lake shop, mix it with what we can learn from similar shops around the world and spread that model to our newer, smaller branches in Ogden, Provo and beyond.

BG: I hear you have some big plans for ladies night. Why do you think it's important?


Davey: Our culture has outdated hangups about who should be physically strong, who should do mechanical things, who should sweat. I would love to help break those misconceptions the way **Annie Kopchovsky** did in 1894, riding around the world and giving zero damns about what people thought was acceptable. Furthermore, bicycling is not just for bike jocks, just as it isn't just for athletes, hipsters, granolas or any other group that can be pigeonholed. Bikes are tools with a ton of upsides and very few downsides, and everyone who is culturally deterred from getting into bikes should be given access. The women in our constituency have a passion to share their love of bikes and the *Collective* exists to facilitate that sharing as much as possible on every front.

BG: Tell us your alleycat-winning secret.

Davey: I swear to god, it's mostly luck. Tons of people in this town, in New York, everywhere I've raced, are way more fit than me. They're actual athletes—I'm just a commuter with a maniac smile and congested nasal passages. When I do well, it's because I take a moment to plan, I get Zen, push myself, and I delight in being sly along the way.

Make sure to sign up for the *Collective's* email list at bicyclecollective.org, as Davey has been very vocal about his plans and won't hesitate to pull you into the community and make you feel like you've been part of it all along. He is also a very talented writer and artist, and you can find some of that at dadarobotnik.com. You can read my extended interview with Davey on slugmag.com. Davey Davis for President!

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GALLERY STROLL



Granary Row is the perfect place to get a taste of Salt Lake's artistic community.

Photo: John Barkiple

Art Appreciation 101
By Mariah Mann-Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

Welcome back, students! Your minds—gooey from the summer sun, sticky and ready to grab ahold of new information and experiences—give me great joy! As an introduction to this fine city and your arts community, may I recommend the *Salt Lake Gallery Stroll*, on Sept. 20 from 6–9 p.m. Salt Lake galleries plan exhibit rotations and artist receptions around the third Friday of the month—possibly for continuity, or maybe just to see you run from gallery to gallery like an addict trying to get your art fix. Either way, it's a good reminder to pick a night and fit some art into your life.

For the underclassmen ready to spread your wings—if only you could find your classes and this thing Mom called a laundromat—your activities should keep you close to campus, offer refreshments and charge no admittance fee. My recommendation, the *Art Barn/Finch Lane Gallery* in Reservoir Park, offers exciting and edgy exhibits while maintaining their 80-year history of providing quality shows. Opening Aug. 9 through Sept. 27, the gallery features mixed media by **Justin Wheatley** and sculpture by **Aaron Ashcraft**. Ashcraft uses a variety of tools, pigments and techniques to craft sleek structures with fine details and distinct characteristics, begging for closer examination. Wheatley's work poses the question "What separates and unifies Salt Lake County's East Side versus West Side?" and examines the value we equate to both the structures and conceivably the tenants of that structure. Wheatley will also have works on display at the *Alice Gallery* inside the Glendinning Home at 617 E. South Temple from Aug. 2 through Oct. 4 for a show titled *That Thing You Hate*, inspired by curator **Namon Bills'** experience—learning from doing the thing you hate the most.

For the seniors—you think you're ready to take on the world? I offer you a taste of what it's like to be a working artist. The *Poor Yorrick Studios* house over 50 artists in 40 studios. Busting with energy and creativity, *Poor Yorrick* provides artists with not only their own nook to create in, but the community to inspire, challenge and promote their work. With all this creating going on, the studio is all business and productivity most of the year, but on or around the spring and fall equinox, the studio opens its door to the public. This open studio format allows art fans to ogle the work in progress and buy direct from the artists, which offers more flexibility to their typical pricing structure. It's one night only—Saturday, Sept. 28 from 4–10 p.m.—with the early hours offering a mellow afternoon stroll for anybody who wants to see the art and perhaps get the jump on buying pieces. As the evening continues, the partying and purchasing negotiations will ramp up, so bring your friends and your wallet to 126 W. Crystal Avenue (2590 S.).

Post-graduates—with the critical thinking skills to face big picture problems—think smarter, not harder. Case in point: *Granary Row*, a pop-up street fair designed by the fine folks at Kentlands Initiative, with the support of Salt Lake City and RDA. Knowing what your consumer wants is a very important part to crafting an engaging experience. The tenants of the Granary District wanted a place that paid homage to their "maker" roots. Featuring public art, retail space, local food, musicians, craft beers and community garden space, *Granary Row* is a stellar example of ingenuity, creativity and keeping things local. The street fair is open Thursday, Friday and Saturday from 6–11 p.m. at 336 W. 700 S. until Nov. 2. Stop in for a little taste of the future while celebrating our past.



UTAH FILM CENTER

SEPTEMBER 2013 SCREENING & EVENT SCHEDULE

<p>WEDNESDAY // SEPTEMBER 4 @ 7PM UTAH FILM CIRCUIT - WEST JORDAN</p> <p>THE INVISIBLE WAR</p> <p>The Invisible War is an investigation about one of America's most shameful and least kept secrets: the epidemic of rape within the U.S. military. The film paints a startling picture of the extent of the problem—today, a female soldier in combat zones is more likely to be raped by a fellow soldier than killed by enemy fire.</p>	<p>SATURDAY // SEPTEMBER 7 @ 11AM JUNGLE WEEDS YEAR-ROUND</p> <p>KID PARTY MIX 2013-14</p> <p>A kaleidoscopic showcase of the best short film and animation from around the world, for ages 6 to 12, curated by The New York Children's International Film Festival. Program includes Academy Award-nominee <i>Frank</i> (courtesy of the filmmaker) and <i>Peet</i>, and films from around the world.</p>	<p>TUESDAY // SEPTEMBER 10 @ 7PM HAROLD SCIENCE MOVIE NIGHT</p> <p>THE SECRET LIFE OF BEES</p> <p>Set amid the harsh racial tensions of the 1960s South, the film is based on the best-selling novel of the same name. Inspired by her mother's death, 14-year-old Lily Owens escapes her lonely life and troubled relationship with her father as she befriends Rosamund Watson, her caregiver and only friend.</p>
<p>TUESDAY // SEPTEMBER 12 @ 7PM UTAH FILM CIRCUIT - WEST JORDAN</p> <p>URANIUM DRIVE-IN</p> <p>The film follows a proposed uranium mill in southwest Colorado—the first to be built in the U.S. in 30 years—and the emotional debate pitting a population desperate for jobs and financial stability against an environmental group based in nearby a resort town. Both sides of the issue are brought to life in heart-wrenching detail.</p>	<p>TUESDAY // SEPTEMBER 17 @ 7PM DESIGN MATTERS</p> <p>THE HUMAN SCALE</p> <p>For 40 years the Danish architect Jan Gehl has studied human behavior in cities. His ideas inspired the creation of walking streets, the building and improvements of bike paths and the reorganization of parks, squares and urban public spaces throughout Copenhagen, and beyond the world.</p>	<p>THURSDAY // SEPTEMBER 19 @ 7PM RAWN THREE HOURS OF CARTRIDGE FILM</p> <p>CALL ME KUCHU</p> <p>Uganda—a country where only 4.8% of its citizens are Roman Catholic—has become ground zero for an American evangelical war on the "homosexual agenda." Enter David Rids, a veteran activist who's been working tirelessly to repeal his country's homophobic laws and liberate its fellow gay and transgendered citizens.</p>
<p>TUESDAY // SEPTEMBER 24 @ 7PM LIVING UNBOUND</p> <p>RIISING FROM ASHES</p> <p><i>Rising From Ashes</i> follows the extraordinary story of Roseanna's first national cycling team. Two athletes, traveling to Rwanda to explore the country and their love of cycling. What he saw inspired him—talented young riders who had incredible fitness and rode with passion in their day-to-day lives.</p>	<p>FRIDAY // SEPTEMBER 27 @ 7PM SPECIAL SCREENING</p> <p>THE READER</p> <p>Based on the novel by Bernhard Schlink, this multi-award winning film is a haunting drama about middle-aged lawyer Michael Berg as he reflects on the trial that forever ruined his relationship with a teen with an older woman in 1950s Germany—and his feelings years later upon learning she was on trial for Nazi war crimes.</p>	<p>BECOME A UTAH FILM CENTER MEMBER TODAY.</p> <p>Your support is essential for us to bring the best in creative and innovative storytelling exemplified by independent film, documentary and world cinema to Utah audiences. These are exciting times—invest in our mission to present stories and conversations that inspire, educate and entertain. Not to mention exclusive members-only perks. Visit UtahFilmCenter.org/become-a-member for complete details.</p>

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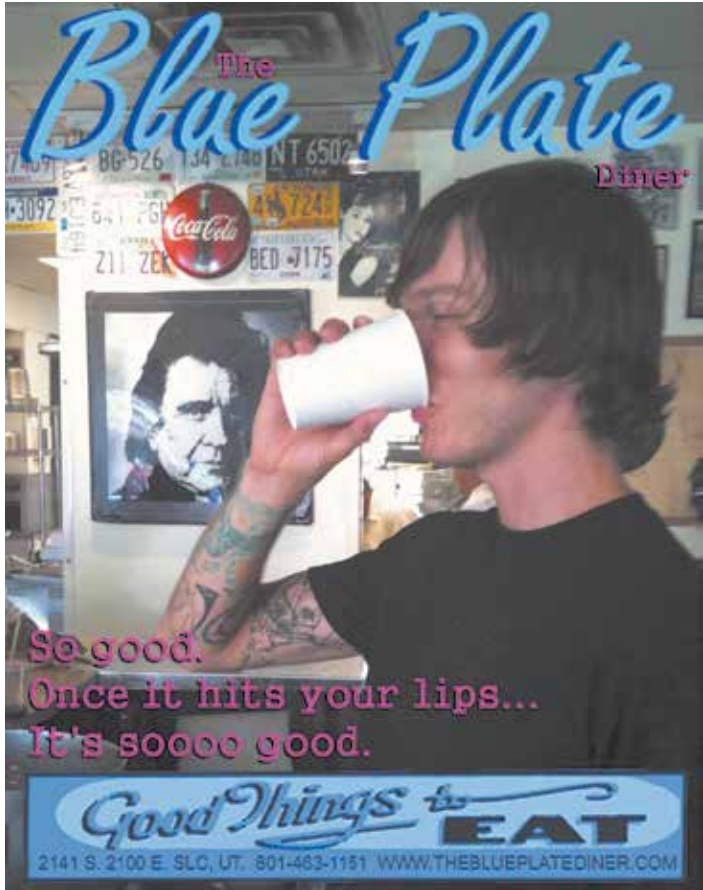
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The Last of Us
Naughty Dog
Reviewed On: PS3
Street: 06.14

Naughty Dog's only intention must have been to scare and unnerv you while making you despise yourself and humanity in the process. Lucky for us, they succeeded on every level of that mission statement. In *The Last of Us*, players are sent cross-country, defending the lone girl whose blood holds humanity's fate. This game sets the bar for video game narratives while exploring a modified "survival horror" genre that I never thought possible. Fans of the *Uncharted* series will find the controls relatively similar, and junkies for horror will find the zombie angle to be nothing new. The zombies, however, are merely a catalyst to drive a mind-bending and gut-wrenching story across the post-apocalyptic U.S. During this story, small, heart-warming moments help you grow closer to the characters as they fight for their lives. The visceral combat, crafting system, and flawless voice acting and beautifully mapped facial expressions tie you to the story and make this worth every moment of your time. Slam that together with multi-player that doesn't feel like an afterthought, and you have a top contender for Game of the Year. Don't miss this one! —Thomas Winkley

Project X Zone
Banpresto/Monolith Soft
Reviewed On: 3DS
Street: 06.25

In an attempt to snag fans of every game they've ever made, some of Japan's gaming greats have put together yet another mash-up RPG. The amalgamate of my fighting game addiction with my uncontrollable pull to JRPGs had me picking this up the second the store opened, and only partially regretting it a few days later. *Project X Zone* takes characters from Sega, Capcom and, Namco Bandai franchises and places them into the main storyline as either playable or ancillary. This game ties everybody together with terribly written circumstances involving time travel and inter-dimensional rifts. Generally each level

begins with the sentence, "Character X from game Y?!?! What are you doing here?!?! We're trapped in time too!! Let's figure it out together!! Holy shit! Monsters! Let's fight!" Once you've survived the aforementioned dialogue laced with innuendo and overly voluptuous anime damsels, you are treated to an incredibly fun combat system, utilizing tactics and chain combos with your prospective teams. If you can groan your way through the storyline, the combat almost makes up for the pain. Don't say I didn't warn you: If you're not ready for every gaming stereotype being thrown at you, leave this one be. —Thomas Winkley

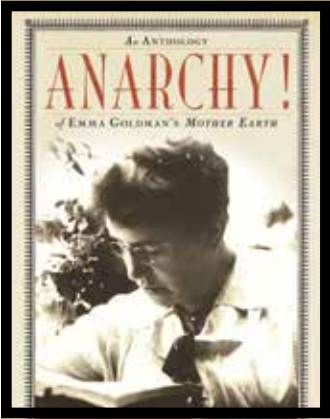
Rogue Legacy
Cellar Door Games
Reviewed On: PC
Also On: PS4, Vita, OnLive
Street: 06.27

Now that *Rogue Legacy* has taken 11 hours of my life from me, it's safe to say that what began as mild curiosity has mutated into full-blown addiction. The story begins with a noble knight seeking fortune and glory within the dreaded Castle Hamson. During my first playthrough—as I was getting used to the controls while simultaneously dodging fireballs and skeletons—I didn't last too long. This is where the game gets interesting. Each time you die, it's up to one of your three children to take up your sword and assault the castle again. It's a tricky situation because each child is born with physical and psychological traits that can make your castle run more challenging. For example, my next character was dyslexic, which caused every word that came on screen to show up scrambled. Once you've earned enough gold, you're taken to a customization screen where your character's family tree can be upgraded, different weapons can be purchased and different classes can be unlocked. The ability to choose between making a run as a character with vertigo or one with dwarfism along with a constantly shifting battleground gives this game a ridiculous amount of replay value. —Alex Springer

Find more Game Reviews at
slugmag.com.

BOOK REVIEWS

Anarchy!: An Anthology of Emma Goldman's Mother Earth
Compiled by Peter Glassgold
Counterpoint Publishing
Street: 10.30.12



I have always had a major historical figure crush on Emma Goldman: her oratory skills, her belief in absolute gender equality and reproductive rights and her contempt for cultural institutions. A couple of Goldman's major accomplishments were organizing anarchists nationally and publishing *Mother Earth*, which was a quarterly magazine with essays written by the great anarchist minds of the 1920s—Kropotnik, Tolstoy and Berkman. This book anthologizes a large portion of the magazine's essays and sections them into common themes. One of the first mistakes I made was trying to read the book from page one to page 464—this is more of a reference book. It'd be great for college courses, discussion groups or collectives. Whether you're an anarchist, socialist, libertarian-socialist, feminist, atheist, anarcho-feminist or a libertarian-socialist-atheist-feminist, you could benefit from reading this book. What I really like is the commentary provided, which gives historical context to the essays, since most of this material was written 70 years before I was born. Pick it up and help expose the violence inherent in the system. —Alex Cragun

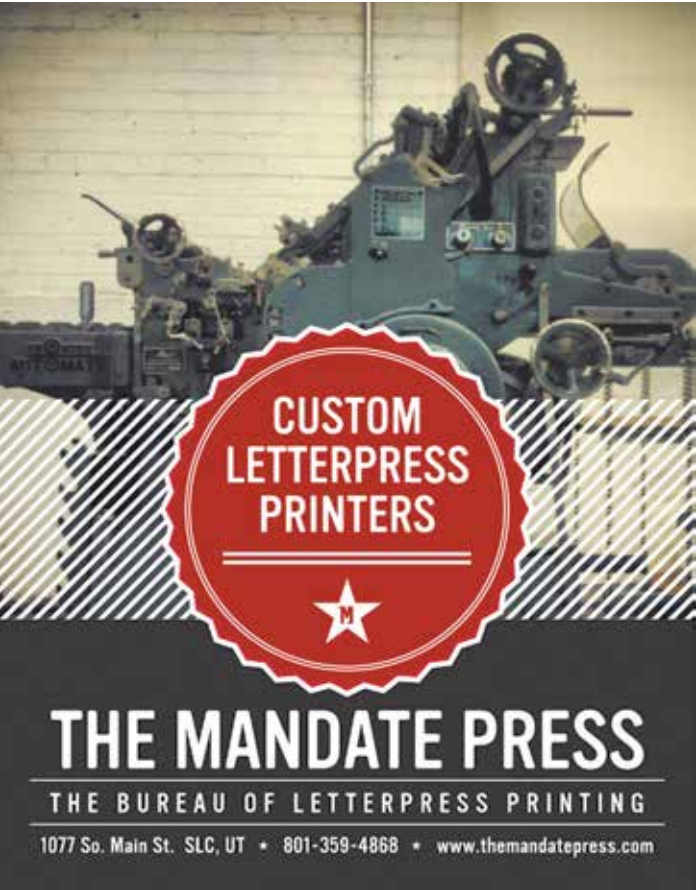
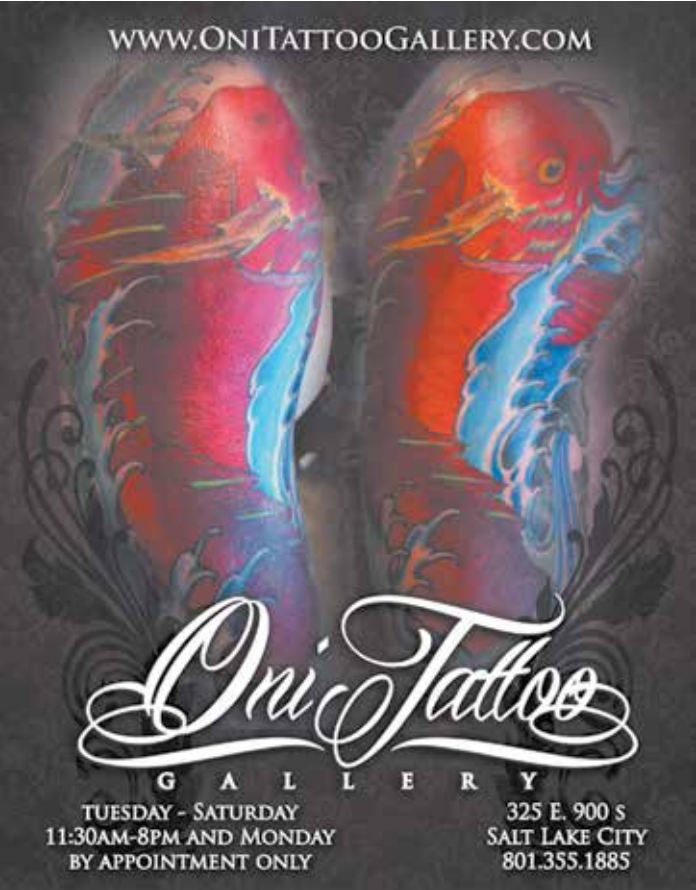
Cannabis Cupcakes: Mini Marijuana Cakes to Bake and Decorate
Chris Stone & Carol Ann
Ten Speed Press
Street: 03.26

As a habitual pot smoker, I've had many friends and acquaintances attempt to convince me that ingesting, rather than smoking, is the optimum way to get high. I was never convinced, but *Cannabis Cupcakes* has finally given me a new perspective. The book is comprised of six mouth-watering sections of cupcake

recipes, from chocolate to assorted nuts. It begins with detailed instructions for both "Boosted Butter" and "Souped-Up Sunflower Oil," including heating instructions designed to reduce the amount of THC wasted, saving you if you get too stoned and forget basically everything you know about the culinary arts (think Towelie). Every icing or decoration is broken down into easy steps. My first tester muffin was Spiced Apricot, and I was pleasantly surprised by how well the recipe disguised the leafy flavor of the weed without making you feel like you hadn't gotten a portion at all. My favorite section is the table on page 17, which details dosage standards for mild, normal and extreme, allowing you to customize each cupcake to your respective needs. Stone (coincidental, yes?) is a grower and devoted pot enthusiast while Ann is a professional cupcake baker and confectioner, making every single recipe unique and delectable. Not only do I now have a better understanding of baking, but also a heightened appreciation for edible treats. —LeAundra Jeffs

The Wrecking Crew
Kent Hartman
St. Martin's Press
Street: 05.21

In *The Wrecking Crew*, Kent Hartman goes behind the scenes of the Hollywood music industry during the '60s and '70s, when big bands like **The Byrds**, **The Mamas and the Pappas**, **Ray Charles and his Orchestra**, **The Ravonettes** and **Sonny & Cher** were in the spotlight. The book was started by an article written in 2007, which touched on the members of the Wrecking Crew and its repertoire, but it was not able to go into too much depth. Thus, the book was born. Taking this perspective, we are shown a lens into the life of the eponymous "Wrecking Crew"—a group of musicians who were called on to play guitar, bass or drums for the bands on tour or in the recording studio. Hartman highlights guitarist **Glen Campbell**, bassist **Carol Kaye** (one of the only female musicians in the crew) and drummer **Hal Blaine**, but many other members are mentioned throughout. As a **Beach Boys** fan, I particularly liked the narrative of the recording of *Pet Sounds*—an industry flop—and the subsequent meltdown of **Brian Wilson**. The book was interesting, but not very captivating, as the transitions weren't cohesive from one chapter to the next. That being said, it takes an interesting perspective of highlighting talented musicians who, although lesser known, were highly influential, which is something I'd like to peer into more. —Brimley Froelich



Keep On Snarlin’ is kinda muddy. It buries the frothy bawl of singer/axeman **Alex Ortega** ’neath a thick lacquer of **Nick Harris’** throbbing basslines, **Swiz** drums from **Rio Connelly** and frenetic gee-tar noodling, and it’s this grit that justifies the local power trio’s “filthy” moniker. Still, it’s when the furor thins and the bawdy melodies slip through (the bar-room chant-along of “Retirement Plan,” the closer of “Black-out”) that *Snarlin’* rears its head as a fine hunk of spectrum-shifting melodic metalli-punk, earnest in approach and relentless in execution. From the inces-sant gallop of the title track, to the veritable “1-2-3!” of the final trio of cuts (the high point being the closer, “Vapid,” which rakes itself over a few plaintive chords before belching forth into a full-blown gravel-gargling hoopla), *Keep On Snarlin’* is a memorable affair. It is hook-riddled, frantic and deeply rooted in the same angular angst that slung **Jawbox**, **Black Cross** and **Paint It Black** into the modern punk mix. Highly recommended for all genre-fringers. *—Dylan Chadwick*

Get Stakerized!

Self-Titled EP
Midnight Records
Street: 04.28
Get Stakerized! = Dinosaur-era Dinosaur Jr. x Locust Abortion Technician-era Butthole Surfers

After finishing the first listen of *Get Stakerized!*, I became paranoid. I was unsure whether *Get Stakerized!* was serious, or if the album is just an experiment to see what sort of hifalutin stretch they could elicit from a reviewer like myself. I got over my fear, and this is what I came up with: This record is 19 minutes of distorted guitar noodlings accompanied by monotonous, high-register vocals, with occasional and unnecessary percussive hiccups. The *Get Stakerized!* EP isn’t without its charms though. It’s a bit screwball, with tracks like “Designated Shitter”—in which a part of the verse is a recitation of “Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer.” The song “Dying by Degrees” has a cool guitar scramble and crescendo at the end. Overall, this record isn’t bad. It just seems a bit thrown-together. *—Jordan Deveraux*

I Hear Sirens

Between Consciousness and Sleep
Lyre Records
Street: 06.22
I Hear Sirens = Mogwai + Daturah + Explosions in the Sky

Between consciousness and sleep—that sounds about right for this album. I am not saying that I Hear Sirens are boring—what I am saying is that this album dwells in the twilight, always hovering between light and dark. Hopeful, uplifting guitar lines are countered with brooding, dread-filled passages that have become a staple in this genre of

semi-wordless post-rock. I Hear Sirens nail these conventions very, very well. They kill it in the tremolo-picked upswells of electric guitar clamor, know when to play unhinged and when to let a passage simmer and brood. There is little in this EP besides the emotional call and response, made familiar by the genre’s luminaries, to set this collection of songs apart from the crowd or from I Hear Sirens discography—although being compared to Mogwai is never a bad thing. *—Ryan Hall*

In Color

Love the World/Hate the World

Self-Released
Street: 03.21
In Color = Oasis + The Wall-flowers + Imagine Dragons There’s something very comforting about the consistent style with which the 10 songs on this album are written. There is a great flow within each song, which is due to quality songwriting, and between each song as well, due to good decision making when they put this album together. It feels very conceptual. My favorite song on the album, “Please Enjoy The Ride,” feels like I’ve already heard it in the background of a moody indie film. *—Ischa B.*

Lady Murasaki

Summer Fling
Self-Released
Street: 06.02
Lady Murasaki= Real Estate + The Cardigans

Turn on your sprinklers, kick off your shoes and play this EP from the porch as you cool down from this summer. Day or night, these songs consistently put me at ease in beyond-comfortable blazing temperatures. Lady Murasaki have outdone themselves with their new sound—it’s on an indie pop level with its lo-fi qualities and dreamy waves of guitar. As usual, the **Santa-na**-esque lead guitar riffs are loaded with jazzy grooves to strengthen **Amber Taniuchi**’s vocals, which provide a sense of fun to the otherwise bluesy sound. Her light-hearted touch, along with the more technical guitar work, makes LM’s sound one I can see appealing to music lovers young and old. *—Justin Gallegos*

The Lazy Waves

Spring Fling
Self-Released
Street: 04.23
The Lazy Waves = Danger Mouse + Daniele Luppi + Electric Guest

The last we heard from **Daniel Fischer**—aka **Fisch**—and company, we were gifted a delightful holiday track on Christmas Eve 2011. Their latest offering is the lush, mesmerizing, sexy-as-shit three-track *Spring Fling*. The laid-back, beat-driven track, “I’ll Be Fine,” beams with sunny feel-good textures. A dusty dueling takes place on

“Smooth”—a modern pop spaghetti Western complete with big, sweeping orchestral strings. “I’ll Be Fine (Remix)” closes things out with added drums, synthesizers, strings and choral arrangements. I don’t know about you, but I’m ready to take this spring fling to the next level. Bring on a full album! *—Miss Modular*

Officer Jenny

The Gods Must Be Giddy, a Gaggle of Unexceptional Songs Written for Unexceptional People
Self-Released
Street: 05.31
Officer Jenny = Sufjan Stevens + The Shins

Provo’s **Stephen Cope**, who performs under the Pokémon-inspired moniker, Officer Jenny, offers up an understated, personal and, at times, campy album in his debut. *Gods* starts off with the bouncy **Beatles**-esque tune “Sandcastle Dove,” which leads one to believe that this album is going to have a good amount of energy which, except for two other songs, is inaccurate. Even the silly tune “My Robot Boots,” which talks about “fancy fish at a funeral” dressed in coats and caps, never rises above a steady drone. Cope, however, has crafted a poignantly beautiful album overall, and songs like closer “Caroline, Dress in Blue” take on the heavy subject of death, ending with the lines “We’re taught to cry in the end/ All dressed in black, eyes all red/But Caroline, dress in blue/So Caroline, I’ll know it’s you,” remind us how powerful the singer/songwriter genre can be. *—Blake Leszczynski*

Orem Owls

Index

Hel Audio
Street: 04.07
Orem Owls = Oneohtrix Point Never + Ben Best & Karl Jørgensen + Neotantrik I appreciate the work that Hel Audio is doing, quite a bit. It is a local label supporting fringe music, such as that made by Orem Owls, with several artists regularly participating in showcases around the state—releasing albums on artfully packaged cassettes. Tape is an ideal tangible format for the music by Orem Owls, sound made to age and be stumbled across later, pieced together from multiple sources and custom audio tools. There is a tactile sense to every piece on *Index*—each exists as a self-contained object, yet is also well placed within the album’s sequence. Disembodied voices and fragmented rhythms wander alongside warm synth tones, resembling those that could potentially be found on worn demos for a proposed alternate score for *Blade Runner*. “2089” is one example of this, and could easily be coupled with closing track “7a” to convince a potential listener to order a cassette. *—T.H.*

Pentagraham Crackers

Live! From the Palace of Payne
Chthonic Records
Street: 05.31
Pentagraham Crackers = Dan Sartain + The Mr. T Experience

The fluid tempo and mood in *Live! From the Palace of Payne* flow from upbeat in one track, to depressive and longing in another. The genre seems fluid, too, and pinning it down may only last till the end of a riff. Pentagraham Crackers pull mostly from twangy blues and punk while singing with a cracking drawl to form a genre of unclassifiable indie rock, framed with continuous, bending guitar leads—whether to calm me down or to engress me in the motion of the beat the way “The Afterlife” does. The fourth track, “Noose For a Halo,” steps the tempo up after the slow “Danger Blues,” and adds head-bounciness with catchy vocals that sound very close to **Will Sartain** in the early days of **Future of the Ghost**—not that there’s anything wrong with that. *—Steve Richardson*

Ready The Rockets

Self-Titled

Self-Released
Street: 04.21
Ready The Rockets = Screaming Trees + R.E.M. + Pearl Jam

This six-song release is concise and nicely executed. The musicians that comprise Ready The Rockets each contribute their instrument well and the vocals complete the material nicely. Overall, the album seems to be a nod to the alternative favorites from the ’90s. The album’s third track, “For a Few Dollars More,” has some hints of **Weezer**, and the vocals on the last song, “Witches of Pioneer Park,” give me some **Eddie Vedder** vibe for sure. If you love ’90s-style alternative tunes, this album is a great take on the genre. Lucky us, they’re locals, so check them out live at your favorite local haunts—they’ve been getting action all around our salty town. *—Ischa B.*

Reaper the Storyteller

Trilogy

Self-Released
Street: 05.11
Reaper the Storyteller = Outkast + The Roots + 2pac The mantra that Reaper the Storyteller imposes on himself is no lie. His subject matter is the stuff of true substance. Oftentimes, hip hop focuses on inflating the ego, smoking dank weed and fucking mad bitches. The Reaper would rather delve deep into the conflicted and troubled mind. While *Trilogy* is no party, there are plenty of tracks that get your head nodding. “Try” is one of those tracks. It has the same bluesy feel of **Dr. Dre**’s “No Diggity,” and the melody in the chorus will make you want to put the track on repeat. The Reaper employs live instruments on his

recordings and does it well. The thing that gives this album away as great music is the fact that the beats could stand alone as great blues, funk and jazz. *—Chris Proctor*

The Red Light Commandos

Self-Titled

Self-Released
Street: 06.02
The Red Light Commandos = Incubus + The Mars Volta

I am incredibly torn on how to represent this album. With heavy, blues-influenced progressive rock, soft and soothing vocal stylings sound both forced and discordant. For moments in every song, you can hear the vocalist singing in a nearly full voice, but the majority of the time you feel like he’s holding back. An attempt to write cryptic lyrics ends up coming off as pretentious. On the other hand, dexterous, heady guitar riffs paired with cymbal-heavy and slightly complicated drum patterns give the music an interesting feel. You can tell all four members of the band are musically inclined. Transitions between different sections of the song have an awkward disconnect. “Hoover Flag” has more direction than the other three songs and is definitely more listenable. Chaos can be a very good thing when it comes to progressive rock, but not if you’re also trying to be so controlled that you can’t tell where the music’s focus lies. *—LeAundra Jeffs*

Rule of the Bone

Self-Titled

Self-Released
Street: 02.28
Rule of the Bone = Bon Scott-era AC/DC + BTO + Fu Manchu

This is three brothers and a drummer who transplanted to SLC from Alaska in search of “more sunshine and a greater woman-to-man ratio.” You can’t make this up. Their debut is a loose goose stunna-strutta affair a la **Priest** and AC/DC with swagger and chutzpah. Maybe they cop their name from the 1995 **Russell Banks** novel (an over-rated bildungsroman tale of a 14-year-old who ditches school to get chummy with a Rastafarian migrant worker), which explains those jiggers of adolescent rage broiling these tracks to the surface. I’m impressed by the unrepentant spirit of rocking and/or rolling into modernity. Where some contemporaries hold themselves to rigid genre confines, ROTB like to let their own blend of arctic funk flow beyond the rigamarole, made evident on the boogie-down middle section of “Fresh Off the Chain” or the “Night Prowler”—esque buildup on “Wrecking Ball.” It ain’t noise pollution, man. See ‘em live! *—Dylan Chadwick*

Scabs on Strike

Scabs on Strike II: Just Friends
Voodoo Dog
Street: 08.21.10
Scabs on Strike = Pavement + Blacklist Co-operative + Bloodworm

A part of the SLC music scene for 15 years, Scabs on Strike are currently a two-piece, with **Jeff Baker** on drums and **Dan Morley** doing almost everything else. This album, which SOS took 15 years to release, also features **Mike Sartain**, **Bill Frost** and many other local music standouts. Musically, the disc is a throwback to the post-punk college radio sound of the early 1990s—the music that inspired the grunge wave, but always seemed artistically to be a few notches above it. One standout track is “Penny” (look for the YouTube music video), a fragmented song that addresses the ills of power and money while constantly changing speed and intensity. A second is “Forgive + Forget,” which gloriously curses the one person in everyone’s life against whom you must hold a grudge. Overall, this is a solid record by a band who has been doing it almost as long as anyone else. *—Woodcock Johnson*

Seveneleven

Seven Deadly Sinz
Wasatch Renaissance
Street: 05.13
Seveneleven = C-Crime + Brother Ali

Funded completely out of Sev Elev’s pocket and produced by the holy Wasatch Renaissance, this full-length album has been a dream-in-the-making come true. It comes after years of shared sets in venues like *Kilby* and *Urban Lounge*, but for the first time in history, you can now spin to hear why Seveneleven is a product of Pabst, Utah nature and on-the-fence Christian spirituality complete with a set of Chums—and he’s still stuck to his guns. With beats by **Burnell Washburn** and a guest appearance from **The Nag** in “Edward 40 Hands,” this album feels homegrown. Songs like “Seven Deadly Sinz” and “The Stream” will undoubtedly fill a heart with slant rhymes and a taste of some Utah free thought—find it today from your local renaissance man. *—Tim Kronenberg*

Skellum

Boxelders

Self-Released
Street: 05.28
Skellum = Infected Mushroom + Beats Antique

Although a few of the songs on the album sound as if Zelda magically appeared in a rave, it is very well made and has a smooth, experimental electronic sound. The details in songs like “Covert Operations” and “Moments” make the album interesting to listen to because Skellum blends a lot of different sounds and instruments together to create a funky drum-and-bass kind

of vibe. I realize that using the term “drum-and-bass” after saying some of the songs sound like they came from Zelda may clash a bit, but trust me, when I say the sounds blend well and would please a fan of any electronic genre. Some of the highlight songs on the album are “Echoes,” “Cooling Water” and “Moments.” The album is available for free download on Sound-Cloud, and if I didn’t already have it, I would be downloading it right now. *—Julia Sachs*

Spell Talk

Rough

Self-Released
Street: 09.26.12
Spell Talk = Black Keys + De Stijl-era White Stripes

It’s too bad Spell Talk broke up following this release, because their down n’ dirty rock n’ roll went straight for the guts and would’ve won a “vintage sound” contest any day. *Rough* has a distinguished, antique sound that’s the musical equivalent of watching **James Dean** shave with a straight razor—cool and hot at the same time. Vocals are passionate and sometimes sharp and shouted, but there’s little room for smooth edges in the Beehive State anyway. “Skool Ain’t Cool” has some delicious tones that sound like a mirage—a bit distant, but hopeful and attractive. “Keeps Me Up” has some interesting ooh-la-las and probably represents what would happen if **Brian Wilson** got baked with **The Rolling Stones**. Somehow, Spell Talk managed to break down the heat of the Utah desert and re-synthesize it as pure, no-nonsense, head-nodding grooves. I’m sad that we won’t be feeling their heat any longer. *—CJ Morgan*

Temples

Self-Titled

Self-Released
Street: 05.17
Temples = Ghosts & Vodka + Don Caballero

Hailing from Provo, Temples are a four-piece post-rock/math rock ensemble that goes against the grain as far as traditional guitar structures go. Upon first listen to their EP, it’s easy to extract that they are purists in their craft as they leave very minimal guitar riffs that beg for vocals—a primordial challenge a lot of instrumental bands face at one time or another. In tracks like “Lakeside,” Temples cultivate comely arpeggios and juxtapose them atop effulgently thick stratospheres with the energy of a vehement punk band. In the onset of “Jabu,” the band undertakes airy metal melodies and logically codifies them in a way that sounds akin to **The Fucking Champs** without any campiness. It’s hard to see how they’ll fare in the long run, as Utah doesn’t have a huge post-rock underbelly, but this album is still guaranteed to jostle the attention of local sleeper cells.

—Gregory Gerulat

The Vision

Love Propaganda

Self-Released
Street: 05.02
The Vision = Tracy Chapman + Sublime + Fleetwood Mac

The Vision present a wonderful six-song EP of funk and reggae-infused folk rock—a delicious cake of music frosted with the warm, sultry vocals of **Chandra Marie**. It’s not an album that sounds like any other album, per se, but twinges of this and that—a little bit of **Procol Harum**, a dash of **Joni Mitchell**, even a spot of **311** and **Linkin Park**—sneak the songs into that special place in your brain reserved for old favorites. Because the instrumentation and production are excellent, the lead vocals are able to shine through and truly take the spotlight, which is fabulous because Marie’s voice is so enchanting. It’s a great release, and I know from experience that the live show is unlikely to disappoint, so get yourself to a show and pick up this disc. It’s a delightfully easy listen. *—Ischa B.*

Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths/Guides & Braves

Self-Titled Split

Self-Released
Street: 06.04
YYBS/Guides & Braves = Imbroco + Real Estate + Track Star

It is weird that this split record sounds vintage to me. As vintage as, say, the early aughts, when emo fractured into two very disparate camps. Both YYBS and Guides & Braves follow in the footsteps of groups full of sensitive guys who wrote catchy, hooky, mid-tempo songs with self-deprecating winks to their post-adolescent/post-collegiate angst before emo took to the interwebs and mutated into this giant, embarrassing idiot-child monster. This split goes back before that happened, back when bands like **The Promise Ring**—or more apt for this, **Vermont**—were vital and mall-goth histrionics were simply a rumble on the distant horizon. This split is a strong showing from both groups. Things don’t get much sweeter than their collaborative track at the end of the split that smoothes over YYBS’ post-punk jaggedness and reigns in Guides & Braves penchant for navel-gazing into a perfect melancholy song. *—Ryan Hall*

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MUSIC REVIEWS

Action Bronson

Saaab Stories
VICE Records
Street: 06.11
Action Bronson = A lazy Ghostface Killah + MF DOOM beats



I expected more from Bronson's debut, *Saaab Stories*, but was disappointed by his monotone raps. The album is laid out with nostalgic beats thanks to **Harry Fraud**, but is lacking in the lyrical wit that Bronson is known for. "72 Virgins," with its porn groove, gets washed out by Bronson's incessant chattering, and "No Time" has a nostalgic crime movie feel that makes Bronson's whiney verses tolerable. The album's heavy weights are from appearances by **Wiz Khalifa**, **Prodigy** and **Raekwon**. "The Rockers" brings a faster rhyme style and energy to the album. "Seven Series Triplets" by far takes the cake as the album saver. As Raekwon and Prodigy bring a fundamental hip hop sound to the album, paired with **Fraud's** dramatic beat, this track serves as a great closer to a non-cohesive album. —Darcy Russell

Crystal Stilts

Nature Noir
Sacred Bones
Street: 09.17
Crystal Stilts = Beat Happening + The Brian Jonestown Massacre
Brooklyn's Crystal Stilts are a tough band to pin down. At various times, they've used post-punk, psychedelic garage rock and indie pop jangle, often in the same song. They meld all of that together here, in this subtly focused and emotionally driven album, their first full-length release with **Sacred Bones** and their third overall. **Brad Hargett's** deadpan baritone carves

a path in the opening track, "Spirit In Front Of Me," which you should follow through the album's genre twists across a lush, psych-sonic minefield that delivers you to the gorgeous string build up of "Phases Forever." *Nature Noir* is a retrofitted future rock n' roll album, beautifully crafted from start to finish. —Christian Schultz

The Delta Mirror

Better Unsung
Lightwave
Street: 08.06
The Delta Mirror = Explosions in the Sky + El Ten Eleven

Better Unsung is an easy listen, with an interesting mixture of instruments both electronic and natural, vocals that are either clear or are so distorted they are merely mumbles, and a careful use of different musical styles. All these things combine to create swirling, feel-good soundscapes, and could very well be the soundtrack you need to crawl around in your own headspace for a while. Sometimes all the instruments, vocals, reverbs and other elements clash and become a little chaotic—which may lose you—but as an added bonus, there is an über-chill cover of **Q Lazzarus'** "Goodbye Horses," which, I must say, is the perfect jam for tucking your penis between your legs and slowly dancing with yourself. —Carl Acheson

DevilDriver

Winter Kills
Napalm Records
Street: 08.27
DevilDriver = At The Gates + Arch Enemy

This is definitely DevilDriver's strongest record in years—a complete maelstrom of throat-ripping screams over thick, thumping double-bass and heavy guitar licks that can't help but demand your attention. It's good traditional thrash, so expect the usual hallmarks of the era: catchy hooks descending into brutality, heavy groove and repetition in the song structure. My favorite groove comes on "Curses and Epitaphs," with its classic "new wave of American metal"—style opening, and a haunting guitar melody floating over the pounding of **John Boecklin's** inhuman drum pulse. Their choice to cover **AWOLNATION** was a bold and successful experiment; "Sail" is one of the most engaging songs on the album. It seems as though **Dez Fafara's** vocal range has expanded

as well, or maybe it's the mixing, but he sounds better than ever. This is a solid step forward for this seasoned band. —Megan Kennedy

Diarrhea Planet

I'm Rich Beyond Your Wildest Dreams
Infinity Cat Recordings
Street: 08.20
Diarrhea Planet = Idlewild + Ramones



With easily the most unconventional name of any band I've ever reviewed, Diarrhea Planet is also one of the most conventional-sounding bands I've reviewed. Playing it completely safe after exhausting all of their edginess coming up with their name, *I'm Rich Beyond Your Wildest Dreams* doesn't offer anything new. Dull lyrics, more monotone garage-rock vocals, song after song that you've heard before—I had to dig to find a song that stuck out more than the rest, at last settling on "Togano" for finally delivering a song as strange and quirky as Diarrhea Planet deserves. I will admit that this album is harmless fun that I don't want to pick on too much, even though it's fairly uninspiring once you get past the poop-joke novelty, but they've gotten a lot of attention recently, so maybe this is just one of those bands that is better at playing an energetic live show than recording an energetic album. —Matt Brunk

Elf Power

Sunlight on the Moon
Darla Records / Orange Twin Records
Street: 10.01
Elf Power = Neutral Milk Hotel x Clouds Taste Metallic-era Flaming Lips + The Eels

Elf Power are excellent at crafting psychedelic sounds that mesh every possible influence from the '60s, all while dancing on the edge of pop and still retaining a warm, lo-fi buzz that adds patina to the production sheen. Guitarist/vocalist **Andrew Rieger's** slightly wavering voice at times brings to mind **Ben Gibbard of Death Cab for Cutie** ("Grotesquely Born Anew"), and at times even has an **Art Garfunkel** feel ("Darkest Wave") that perfectly matches the distorted licks that complement it. Highlights include "Transparent Lines," which has a memorable melody and trippy toe-tapping bass grooves; "A Grey Cloth Covering my Face," which carries with it extra fuzzy, '60s-inspired guitar licks and an upbeat tempo, and "A Slow Change," which is the least fuzzy but most thoughtful. The album is very solid, but doesn't diverge much from Elf Power's 2010 self-titled release. They might be masters, but they certainly stay in their own wheelhouse. —CJ Morgan

Ezra Furman

Day of the Dog
Bar/None Records
Street: 09.17
Ezra Furman = Buddy Holly + Blitz Trapper + Buzzcocks
Old school pop and current folk with splashes of gritty vintage pop-punk make Ezra Furman's newest solo release a nonpareil flashback/contemporary mash up. Spirited screaming vocals mash well with soulful and often political lyrics. Each song exhibits a classically stylistic melody or guitar lick sped up like a punk or modern alternative folk-rock song. Lyrics like "I wanna destroy something" ("I Wanna Destroy Myself") or "Tell 'em all to go to hell," give the entire album a rebellious and youthful feel. Intermittent horn sections add extra sexiness or playfulness. This music is definitely palatable and enjoyable for music lovers of most any genre. —LeAundra Jeffs

Infected Mushroom

Friends on Mushrooms Vol. 2
Dim Mak Records
Street: 07.16
Infected Mushroom = Excision + Noisia
I was a bit confused when I first pressed play on Infected's newest album, because it sounded like some slow trance love song, but then the

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beat drops and quickens and the Israeli duo blows your fucking mind. While they stray a little far on some tracks from the psychedelic trance sound they're famous for, they still deliver some of the best songs I've heard all year. My two favorites on the album were "Savant on Mushrooms" and "Now is Gold," both of which started with those slow vocals and then dropped straight into a jungled-out, dubstep-influenced mess of perfection. Meanwhile, tracks like "Trance Party" and "The French" will please fans of the original Infected sound. For those of you who managed to catch their last Salt Lake show in February, you'll recognize the house elements of their new music. This album is a definite must buy. —*Julia Sachs*

John Tole
Reign in Laughs
Stand Up! Records
Street: 09.10
Tole = Futile attempt at the angry brilliance of Bill Burr + Bill Hicks – anything good about them at all

For a comic who calls himself the "Slayer of Comedy," John Tole spends a paltry amount of his set discussing metal. I think I heard the word "GWAR" twice. The rest of the album is monopolized by run-of-the-mill dude-bro "A" material like talking about dicks, camel toe at yoga classes and the taste of jizz. While I hate to reduce his months-long work into rubble, I gotta say his material is just way too easy. Jabbing at your wife by talking with a prissy high-pitched lisp and singing praises about KY jelly is something heard at just about every amateur comedy night in this fair city. It's all been done before, you know? There's obviously a market out there for this shit (drunk people really do like to laugh at anything), but, if you listen to the album in its entirety, the funniest part is when Tole starts pandering as he realizes the audience is increasingly losing interest. —*Ashlee Mason*

Ministry
From Beer to Eternity
AFM
Street: 09.06
Ministry = [(Dethklok – Pantera) x ClockDVA] + Strong Bad

I still think Ministry's best stuff is the '80s new wave dreck that they only released so they could get a label deal, but this last hurrah was impossible to pass up. Every trip gets more metal, but *Beer* is also pretty damn electronic at moments and has a few bits that remind you of where this band has been. They remain devoutly political, with songs like "Perfect Storm"—probably the only shred-metal song about climate change deniers—and "Fairly Unbalanced" about Fox News, and still drench nearly every track in samples. "Enjoy the Quiet" actually sounds industrial, but most of the album is very much on the metal end of the "metal

industrial" genre they now claim. *Beer* includes some awesome artwork featuring **Uncle Al** as a ne'er-do-well Christ. I guess it's hotrods all the way down from here. Rock this in your Camaro with your mullet and turn it waaaay up! —*Madelyn Boudreaux*

Old Wounds/Trenchfoot
Self-Titled Split
Molotov Records
Street: 06.18
Old Wounds/Trenchfoot = Bone Dance + Botch + Strife

I love this recent resurgence of hardcore bands doing splits—I get two great bands for the price of one. Old Wounds is a ruthless group from New Jersey and, for being so young, they've got a well-rounded sound in comparison to contemporaries. More melodic than their own recent album, Old Wounds open the album with "An Ode To Love," a gloomy vignette. This is soon shattered by curt screams and sludgy guitars. Trenchfoot take up the majority of the split, and this band really should come to Utah because they would feel right at home. They sound like a lot like **Converge** and **Gaza**, but with a stronger sludge emphasis. "Comes To Mind" is the song to look for—the skin-beating, circle-pit-inducing fury is marvelous, but the guitar solo is the icing on the cake. Don't fuck around, you jaded assholes—just get up and buy it. —*Alex Cragun*

Porcelain Raft
Permanent Signal
Secret Canadian
Street: 08.20
Porcelain Raft = Washed Out + Explosions in the Sky + The Umbrellas



On the surface, Porcelain Raft may not seem like much, but this one-man act manages to combine solemn ambiance with high-pitched vocals in a manner that is anything but generic. The opener "Think of the Ocean" combines sultry beats with mournful violins to make a track that is eerily dark, yet still sweet. While "Think of the Ocean" revels in its haunting darkness, the rest of the album has a slightly more upbeat nature, combining more post-rock instrumentals with poppier, effects-laden vocals. I was pleased to find the instrumental tracks "Open Letter" and "Warehouse" to be surpris-

ingly soothing despite their simplicity. If you happen to be stuck inside on a rainy day, listen to this album and let **Mauro Remiddi**'s woeful voice calm you. (*Kilby Court: 09.17.*) —*Allison Shephard*

Primitive Man
Scorn
Relapse
Street: 08.20
Primitive Man = Eyehategod + Coffinworm + Fistula



You might as well pour yourself a bowl of black tar, whip out a spoon and dig in. Primitive Man dish out an unhealthy dose of black sludge with their debut record, getting a wider release treatment courtesy of Relapse. The riffs are laid on thick here, with an appropriate aural sense of something on fire. It fits the band's name in a roundabout way—with true primitive man's focus and lifeblood being fire. The title track and album opener may be almost 12 minutes, and in the land of sludge where audiences tend to tune out, Primitive Man can ensnare audiences to the point of their grimy black goo almost being addictive. While there are decipherable riffs and structure to this mess, Primitive Man fit well into noise metal—not just a downtrodden sludge audience. So lap up this tasty treat of black—just beware of the scorn. —*Bryer Wharton*

Ranger
Knights of Darkness
Ektro
Street: 09.06
Ranger = Running Wild + Sadus + King Diamond + Slayer's "Final Command"

Once that squealing twin lead intro gives way to the cranium-crunching chug on the title track, the landscape of *Knights of Darkness* comes into focus: NWOBHM fully re-imagined through the lens of teutonic thrash. Screeching banshee vocals flit between **King Diamond** wails and **Venom**-ous grunts while a maelstrom of Finnish fretboard acrobatics encircle the corybantic blaze, like a souped up classic—**Kreator** karaoke of the **Neat Records** catalog. As breathtaking in execution as in zitty metalhead theory, check the wicked furor of "Touch of Death," the poseur-disposing stomp of "Supreme

Evil" and the caterwauling solo in "Steel Dawn" for fine pre-thrash metal like it should be. Five song mini-LP, no filler—yer bangin'. Get on it! —*Dylan Chadwick*

Speedtrap
Powerdose
Svart Records
Street: 08.23
Speedtrap = Hibria + Saxon + Motörhead

Prepare yourself, because *Powerdose* takes off fast. **Ville Valavuo**'s guitar snarls out with a heavy metal vengeance while **Miika Keränen** sets the breakneck pace with swift fills and a relentless beat. Every song weaves together hard rock denim and heavy metal leather into a raucous, unrestrained sort of speed metal you almost never hear anymore. Imagine a high-stakes motorcycle duel to the death in a post-apocalyptic world of eternal battle. Despite their speed, Valavuo's riffs are complex and full of flourishes that reward repeat listening, making this a record you'll want to spin over and over again. —*Henry Glasheen*

Steel Cranes
Ouroboros
Self-Released
Street: 09.24
Steel Cranes = Joan Jett + The Breeders + Mazzy Star
Ouroboros is a huge, raw sound, with only drums, guitars and vocals, all from the talents of just two ladies from Oakland, Calif. Steel Cranes seem to be influenced by a variety of the best—from **PJ Harvey** to the **White Stripes**. *Ouroboros*, their debut album, delivers on their promise of a very human-sounding live performance, somehow concentrated into a 10-song recording. It's good art and a cool perspective. —*Ischa B.*

These Animals
Pages
Self-Released
Street: 07.30
These Animals = Death Cab for Cutie + Allred
These "pages" nod back to late '90s alternative indie/emo. The problem is: That's a place I don't prefer to go. I love **The Postal Service**, but this band's vocals channel **Ben Gibbard**'s era just a little too much. I almost cringe every time I hear the soft angst in the vocals among some surprisingly praiseworthy production. Layers of guitar fuzz and feedback grab my attention on many of their songs, but the vocals kill the songs' energy. While the instrumentals evoke a feeling that is cool and powerful, the vocals say, "I'm soft and emotional." It's a clash that's makes me uneasy. Nevertheless, I'm sure their "rough while pretty" sounds will warm the hearts of some. —*Justin Gallegos*

Check out more reviews online at slugmag.com.



THE

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SEPTEMBER CALENDAR

Wed 4	The Hawks and The Found // Zebrana Bastard
Thur 5	Sound Remedy
Fri 6	Eagle Twin // La Verkin // Day Hymns
Sat 7	The Sinisters // The Atom Age // The Anchorage // Show Me Island // One Way Life
Sun 8	Save the World Get the Girl // The Boy That Lives // The Lion House // Racecar Racecar
Mon 9	Free Open Mic Night
Wed 11	Stolas // Strawberry Girls // The Red Light Commandos // Visitors // Eidola
Thur 12	Truth Under Attack // Hometown Letdown // MoneyPenny // Sights Sounds
Fri 13	And I, The Lion // Eli Whitney
Sat 14	Merchant Royal // Fiera Scott // The Fence
Mon 16	Free Open Mic Night
Thur 19	Wringer // MoneyPenny // Jail City Rockers
Fri 20	Dismembered Beauty // Disengaged // Uroboric Deity // Dipped in Whiskey
Sat 21	The Queens // Teenage BottleRocket // The Copyrights // Problem Daughter
Tue 24	Johnny Craig // Hearts & Hands
Wed 25	Andrew Macguire Art Project
Fri 27	Metal Fest
Sat 28	Metal Fest



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THE DAILY & CALENDAR

Friday, September 6

The Hooten Hallers, John Ross Boyce & His Troubles - *ABG's*
Matthew & The Hope, Son Of Ian, Cody Taylor - *Bar Deluxe*
Lorin Walker Madsen & The Hustlers - *Brewskis*
Suspicious Sound System, Pink Lightnin' - *Burt's*
Icona Pop, K. Flay, Sirah - *Complex*
DocUtah - Dixie State College
Black Lillies, Megan Blue - *Garage*
Matt Bashow & The Hope - *Green Pig*
The Acacio Strain, Within The Ruins, Xibalba, Fit For An Autopsy, American Me - *In The Venue*
Steve Lyman Group, The Chickens, Patrick Buie Project, Logan Hone Group, The Ambassadors - *Kilby*

Sexy Comedy Hypnosis

- Peery's Egyptian Theatre

Rooftop Concert Series: Ryan Innes, N.E.S., Amy Whitcomb

- Provo Town Square Parking Terrace

Salt Lake Comic Con - Salt Palace

Eagle Twin, La Verkin, Day Hymns - Shred Shed

Junior Brown - State Room

Sugar House Farmers Market - Sugar House Park

Deerhunter, Wymond Miles - Urban

MitNX - Woodshed

Saturday, September 7

Happy Birthday, LeAundra Jeffs!

Avenues Street Fair - 1st Avenue

SLUG Magazine's 14th Summer Of Death Presented by SCION - Rough Side Of The Trax IV - 9th & 9th Skate Park

Natural Vibrations, The Steppas - Bar Deluxe

Relay For Life - 375 E. 100 S.

Felsen, The Swinging Lights, Andy Lytner, Watches - Bar Deluxe

Reckless Kelly - Depot

DocUtah - Dixie State College

The Hooten Hallers - Garage

Sexy Comedy Hypnosis - Grand Theatre

Marinade - Green Pig

Burnell Washburn, Dope Thought, Heath Cliffe, C. Crime - Kilby

Office Jenny, Tightly Wills - Muse

The Psychdelic Furs, The Burning of Rome - Park City Live

Downtown Farmers Market - Pioneer Park

Salt Lake Comic Con - Salt Palace

The Sinisters, The Atom Age, The Anchorage, Show Me Island, One Way Life - Shred Shed

Hope & Tim, Michael Gross & The Statuettes, Folk Hogan, Johnny Cowan - Urban

The National Parks, Jenessa Butlers - Velour

DJ Awamaddix - Woodshed

Sunday, September 8

Urban Flea Market - 600 So. Main St.

People's Market - International Peace Gardens

Downfall Of Gaia, Black Table, Owls - Burt's

Animal Collective, White Magic - Depot

The Lab Dogs - Garage

Save The World Get The Girl, The Boy That Lives, The Lion House, Racecar Racecar - Shred Shed

Monday, September 9

Dead Pilots, CZAR, Wearing Thin, Clark Radford - Bar Deluxe

The Parasites, Flamingo Nosebleed, The Hung Ups, Shocktroopers - Burt's

Charli XCX, Kitten - In The Venue

Aquatic Ghost Colony, Panduhs, Secret Abilities, SLFM - Kilby

Tuesday, September 10

Valient Thor, Ramming Speed, Lord Dying, Merlin's Beard - Burt's

Big Gigantic, Nate Lowpass - Depot

Saves The Day, Into It. Over It., Hostage Calm - In The Venue

Josaleigh Pollet, Candid Coyote, Shanin Blake - Kilby

Back2Skool Dirty 30 - Muse

Cody ChesnuTT, Jarell Parry - State Room

Ra Ra Riot, Caveman - Urban

Guerilla Girls - Utah State University

Wednesday, September 11

Black Salt Tone, Matt Woods, Eli Jah - Burt's

Parachute - In The Venue

So So Glos, Diarrhea Planet - Kilby

Stolas, Strawberry Girls, The Red Light Commandos, Visitors, Eidola - Shred Shed

MarchFourth Marching Band - State Room

Tesla Boy, Night Drive, User - Urban

Guerilla Girls - Weber State University

Hannah Sophia - Velour

Thursday, September 12

Murder By Death, Larry & His Flask, Charles Ellsworth - Bar Deluxe

Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars - Garage

Haymarket Squares - Green Pig

Terry Malts, Kithkin, Sonsapapa - Kilby

Bad Kids - Metro

Kreap, Coach Roebuck, DJ Valenia - Mixx

Truth Under Attack, Hometown Letdown, Moneypenny, Sights Sounds - Shred Shed

Guerilla Girls - UMFA

Break Science, Muscle Hawk, Scenic Byway, DJ Planit - Urban

Midas Whale, Hollering Pines, Seasons Extreme - Velour

Friday, September 13

Happy Birthday, Tori Loveless!

Intravenous Cosmonauts, Missing Method - ABG's

Folk Hogan, Hectic Hobo, Juana Ghani - Bar Deluxe

Max Pain & The Groovies - Brewskis

Havok - Burt's

Lip, Donner Party House - City Limits

The Weekenders - Garage

Gamma Rays - Green Pig

We Butter The Bread With Butter - In The Venue

Darwin Deez, Caged Animals, Anthropology - Kilby

Men With Matches, Visioneer - Muse

The Mickey Hart Band, Tea Leaf Trio, Superorganism - Park City Live

Visigoth, Rebellious Cause, Drunk As Shit, Brute Force, Burn Your World, Year Of The Wolf, Cliterinas, Hypernova Holocaust - Salt Haus

And I, The Lion, Eli Whitney - Shred Shed

David Bromberg Quintet, The Daylates - State Room

Sugar House Farmers Market - Sugar House Park

Typhoon, Radiation City, L'anarachiste - Urban

Mideau, Oceanear, Little Barefoot - Velour

Know UR Roots - Woodshed

Saturday, September 14

Happy Birthday, Perrylane Tate!

Nasalrod, Warhead - Burt's

Life Is A Circus, The Delphic Quorum - City Limits

Heart & Soul Park & Porchfest - Filmore & Atkin

Our Time & Space, Afro Omega, Honest Soul - Garage

Sit Kitty II, DJ Celly Cel - Green Pig

Andrew W.K. - In The Venue

The Octopus Project, Paper Lions, Birthquakel - Kilby

Natasha Watts, Piper Bradford, Bravo - Muse

Downtown Farmers Market - Pioneer Park

Merchant Royal, Fiera Scott, The Fence - Shred Shed

The Dirty Dash - Soldier Hollow

The Mother Hips - State Room

Jars Of Clay, Brooke Waggoner, Kye Kye - Urban

Parlor Hawk, Westward The Tide, Levi Levitt - Velour

Sunday, September 15

People's Market - International Peace Gardens

Jimmy Cliff, Ethan Tucker - Depot

Charles Ellsworth, Jenn Rawling, Basho Parks - Garage

Kamelot, Delain, Eclipse - In The Venue

Film Premiere: Head Over Heels - Kilby

King Dude, Stacks O'Lee - Urban

Monday, September 16

Moving Units, Some Ember - Bar Deluxe

The Animals Know, Tina Ferguson - Burt's

Titus Andronicus, Lost Boy - Kilby

General Jockett, Giraffula, ASATO - Urban

Tuesday, September 17

Happy Birthday, Dean Hillis!

Dirty Kid Discount, Days N' Daze, All Systems Fail - Burt's

Travis Garland - In The Venue

Porcelain Raft, The Circulars - Kilby

The Lumineers, Dr. Dog, Nathan Rateliff - Saltair

The Legendary Pink Dots - Urban

Wednesday, September 18

Josaleigh Pollet, Lucrezio - Bar Deluxe

Slideshow Ramblers - Brewskis

Youthbitch - Burt's

Ben Folds, Alicia Witt - Depot

The Grahams, Millie & The Moths, Josh Jensen - Kilby

Wild Belle, Saint Rich - Urban

Mindy Gledhill, Book On Tape Worm - Velour

Thursday, September 19

The Rich Hands, Chalk, Burnt Reynolds & His Hot Bones - Bar Deluxe

Year Of The Wolf - Burt's

Slackers, Show Me Island, One Way Life - Complex

Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars - Garage

Sevendust - In The Venue

Yip Deceiver, Golden Sun, Mooninite - Kilby

The Porch - Storytelling - Muse

Wringer, Moneypenny, Jail City Rockers - Shred Shed

SPLORE Fundraiser - The Disgusting Brothers

- State Room

Baths, Jerome LOL - Urban

Mindy Gledhill, Book On Tape Worm - Velour

West Elm Presents Craft Lake City Artist Workshop Series - West Elm

Friday, September 20

Golden Boot, The Rugs - ABG's

Charles Ellsworth - Bar Deluxe

Jacocha Co-Op, The Merchant Royal, The Ones You Loved - Burt's

Hanson, Paul McDonald - Depot

Luke Bryan - USANA

Sister Wives - Garage

The Vision - Green Pig

Learning Team, My Fair Friend - Kilby

Dismembered Beauty, Disengaged, Uroboric Deity, Dipped In Whiskey - Shred Shed

Matt Wertz, Elenowen - State Room

Sugar House Farmers Market - Sugar House Park

SLUG Localized: The Weekenders, The North Valley, The National Parks - Urban

Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - Various Galleries

Desert Noises, Lake Island, Tess Comrie - Velour

Kanda Bongo Man - Weber State

Saturday, September 21

Week Of Wonders, Mantis Jackson - Bar Deluxe

Harvest Moon After Party - Brewskis

Guttermouth, Agent Orange - Burt's

Tina Ferguson - City Limits

The Rugs, Gold Boot - Garage

Terrence Hansen Trio - Green Pig

Jackson Scott, Koola Temple, Brother Lung - Kilby

Strut Your Mutt - Liberty Park

90's Television, In The Whale, Chalk, Blue Gene Kelly - Muse

Neurotic November - Pickle Factory

Downtown Farmers Market - Pioneer Park

The Queers, Teenage Bottlerocket, The Copyrights, Problem Daughter - Shred Shed

Shook Twins - State Room

Stars, The High Highs - Urban

Allred, VanLadLove, Luna Lune - Velour

Sunday, September 22

Happy Birthday, Trevor Hale!

People's Market - International Peace Gardens

Pentagram Crackers, Low Hums, Bully - Bar Deluxe

Calabrese, Blue Moon Bombers, Anything That Moves - Burt's

Minus The Bear, Tera Melos, The New Trust - Depot

Dizzy Wright, Emilio Rojas, Futuristic - Kilby

Lightning Dust, Loose Burns, The Low Hums - Urban

Monday, September 23

Winghand, Dwellers, Oxcross - Burt's

Abandon All Ships - In The Venue

Red Telephone, The Black Sands - Kilby

Kongos, Big Wild Wings, Kaleb Hanly - Urban

Tuesday, September 24

Jake Bugg - Depot

Girl In A Coma, Hunter Valentine, Krissy Krissy - Kilby

Harm's Way, Dead In The Dirt, Homewrecker - Salt Haus

Johnny Craig, Heats & Hands - Shred Shed

Steve Earle & The Dukes, The Mastersons - State Room

The Growlers, Hanni El Khatib, Bass Drum Of Death - Urban

Wednesday, September 25

Happy Birthday, Alex Springer!

Happy Birthday, Zac Freeman!

Happy Birthday, Mike Riedel!

Noah Peterson - Burt's

Anathema, Alcest, Mamiffer - In The Venue

Shigeto, Beacon, Nightmoves - Kilby

Andrew MacGwire Art Project - Shred Shed

Chelsea Wolfe, True Widow - Urban

Sixteenth Annual Utah Humanities Book Festival - Various Venues

Thursday, September 26

Happy Birthday, Alexander Ortega!

Esoteric, Velnias, Saturnalia Temple, Moon Of Delirium - Bar Deluxe

S.N.A.F.U. - Burt's

Cricut Presents Craft Lake City Artist Workshop Series - Discovery Gateway

Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars - Garage

Blind Autumn - Green Pig

SWIMM - Kilby

Little People, RoboCLIP - Urban

Salt Lake City Film Festival - Various Venues

Red Yeti - Velour

Friday, September 27

Collectors Book Salon - Weller Book Works

EMMA, Muscle Hawk - ABG's

B-Side Players - Bar Deluxe

Mike Reilly Band - Brewskis

The Bellfuries - Garage

Riksha, Dream Drops Red, A Balance Of Power, Tera Vega, Backwoods Burning - Liquid Joe's

Folk Hogan - Green Pig

Trap - In The Venue

2:13's, Witches Math Magic - Kilby

Goodnight Annabelle, Officer Jenny, Crazy Old Maurice, Faith Johnson, The National Parks - Muse

Robbie Rivera - Park City Live

Fall Bulb & Native Plant Sale - Red Butte

Odium Totus, Eagle Twin, Obliterate Plague, Winterlore, Deathblow, Steel Bearing Hand - Shred Shed

Sugar House Farmers Market - Sugar House Park

Phutureprimitive - Urban

Salt Lake City Film Festival - Various Venues

Drew Danbury, Seve vs. Evan, Deadtooth, Cameron McGill - Velour

Funk & Gonzo Show - Woodshed

Saturday, September 28

Happy Birthday, Kia McGinnis!

Happy Birthday, Martin Rivero!

Murrietta, Michael Gross & The Statuettes - Bar Deluxe

Benefit For Jorge - Burt's

Flashback Music Festival - Utah State Fairpark

Designer Drugs, Timone - Depot

The Mike Reilly Band - Garage

Matt Bashow & The Hope - Green Pig

Drew Danbury, The North Valley, JP Haynie, Ben Best - Kilby

Downtown Farmers Market - Pioneer Park

Gravecade Nebula, Visigoth, Deathead, Blasphemous Creation, Huldra, Gravetown, Hypernova Holocaust, Decidial Carnage, more... - Shred Shed

The Motown Sounds - State Room

The Circulars, Birthquakel, Foster Body - Urban

THE URBAN LOUNGE

DOORS AT 8PM UNLESS NOTED

Sep 03: **The Love Language**, Palace of Buddies
Sep 04: **RoboClip**, Gaszia, Tetris Fingers, Audiotreats, Ellevader, yOw
Sep 05: **S** (Featuring Jenn of Carrisa's Wierd), Night Cadet, The Circulars
Sep 06: **Deerhunter**, Wymond Miles
Sep 07: **Hope & Tim** CD Release, Michael Gross and the Statuettes
Folk Hogan, Johnny Cowan
Sep 10: **Ra Ra Riot**, Caveman
Sep 11: Night Freq Presents **Tesla Boy**, Night Drive, User
Sep 12: Dank Squad Presents **Break Science**, Muscle Hawk,
Scenic Byway, DJ Planit
Sep 13: **Typhoon**, Radiation City, L'Anarchiste
Sep 14: **Jars Of Clay**, Brooke Waggoner, Kye Kye
Sep 15: **King Dude**, Stacks O'Lee
Sep 16: **Genral Jackett**, Giraffula, ASATO
Sep 17: **The Legendary Pink Dots**
Sep 18: **Wild Belle**, Saint Rich
Sep 19: **Baths**, Jerome LOL
Sep 20: SLUG LOCALIZED: **The Weekenders**, The North Valley,
The National Parks
Sep 21: **Stars**, The High Higs
Sep 22: **Lightning Dust**, Louise Burns, The Low Hums
Sep 23: **Kongos**, Big Wild Wings, Kaleb Hanly
Sep 24: **BURGERAMA FEST** FEATURING The Growlers + Hanni El Khatib +
Bass Drum Of Death + More! 5 PM DOORS
Sep 25: **Chelsea Wolfe**, True Widow
Sep 26: **Little People**, RoboCLIP
Sep 27: **Phutureprimitive**
Sep 28: **The Circulars** CD Release, Birthquake, Foster Body
Sept 30: **Cameron McGill**, Paul Jacobsen & The Madison Arm



COMING SOON:

Oct 1: Gold Panda
Oct 2: Mount Kimbie & Houses
Oct 3: Kitty Crimes
Oct 4: DUBWISE
Oct 5: Young Galaxy
Oct 8: Tim Kasher
Oct 9: Man Man
Oct 10: Bluetech
Oct 11: Frank Turner & The Sleeping Souls
Oct 12: SLUG LOCALIZED: Light/Black,
Dustbloom, baby gurl
Oct 13: Holy Ghost!
Oct 14: Carbon Leaf
Oct 15: Red Fang
Oct 16: Secret Chiefs 3
Oct 17: Surfer Blood
Oct 18: King Khan & The Shrines
Oct 19: BOY
Oct 20: Melt Banana
Oct 22: John Vanderslice
Oct 23: Fuzz (Featuring Ty Segall)
Oct 25: Menomena & The Helio Sequence
Oct 26: Widowspeak
Oct 28: Rubblebucket
Oct 29: Deer Tick
Oct 30: Mike Doughty (Used To Be In Soul Coughing)
Oct 31: KRCL Presents Vile Blue Shades
BACK FROM THE DEAD HALLOWEEN SHOW +
The Future of The Ghost
Nov 1: Dubwise
Nov 2: Desert Noises
Nov 3: Tycho
Nov 4: Of Montreal
Nov 5: Jay Brannan
Nov 7: Mama Beats TWERK
Nov 9: Deerhoof
Nov 11: The Meditations
Nov 12: Brett Dennen
Nov 13: JEL
Nov 14: Carousel
Nov 18: Agrimonia
Nov 20: Monster Magnet
Nov 22: Big Freedia
Nov 26: Black Joe Lewis
Nov 27: Built To Spill

SEPTEMBER
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DOORS AT 7PM UNLESS NOTED

9/2: **Secret Abilities**, Priest Overcast, ANN, Genderdog, Sariah's Kiss
9/3: **Ben Sollee**, TBA
9/4: **Breezeway**, Cyber Cowboy and the Flying Beans, Murphy Jackson
9/6: **The New Improvised Music Festival**: Steve Lyman Group + The Chickens +
Patrick Bule Project + Logan Hone Group + The Ambassadors
9/7: **Burnell Washburn**, Dope Thought, Heath Cliffe, C Crime
9/9: **Aquatic Ghost Colony**, Panduhs, TBA
9/10: **Josaleigh Pollet**, Shanin Blake, Candid Coyote
9/11: **So So Glos**, Diarrhea Planet
9/12: **Terry Malts**, Kithkin, Sonsapapa
9/13: **Darwin Deez**, Caged Animals, Anthropology
9/14: **The Octopus Project**, Paper Lions, Birthquake
9/15: **"Head Over Heels" - short film [premier]** by: Adam Palcher
(\$5 donation suggested)
9/16: **Titus Andronicus**, Lost Boy
9/17: **Porcelain Raft**, The Circulars
9/18: **The Grahams**, Millie & the Moths, Josh Jensen
9/19: **Yip Deceiver**, TBA
9/20: **Learning Team**, TBA
9/21: **Jackson Scott**, Koala Temple, Brother Lung
9/22: **Dizzy Wright**: The Golden Age Tour with Emilio Rojas and Futuristic
9/23: **The Black Sands**, TBA
9/24: **Girl in a Coma / Hunter Valentine**, Krissy Krissy
9/25: **Shigeto**, Beacon, Nightmoves
9/27: **Kaleidoscope Art Show** (w/ The 2:13's, Witches Math Magic and More)
9/28: **Drew Danbury** CD Release, The North Valley, JP Haynie, Ben Best
9/30: **Neighbors**, Beachmen, TBA



September
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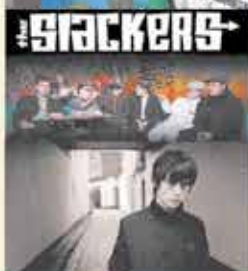
ICONA POP

W/ K. FLAY, SIRAH
SEPT 6 @ THE COMPLEX
7 PM ALL AGES \$18 / \$20



ANIMAL COLLECTIVE

W/ WHITE MAGIC
SEPT 8 @ THE DEPOT
7 PM ALL AGES \$22 / \$25



THE SLACKERS

W/ SHOW ME ISLAND, ONE WAY LIFE
SEPT 19 @ THE COMPLEX
7 PM ALL AGES \$15 / \$17



YELLOWCARD

W/ GEOFF RICKLEY (OF THURSDAY)
SEPT 30 @ THE COMPLEX
6:30 PM ALL AGES \$22 / \$25



PHANTOGRAM

OCT 13 @ THE DEPOT
8 PM 21+ \$18 / \$20



PASSION PIT

W/ THE JOY FORMIDABLE
OCT 16 @ THE COMPLEX
7 PM ALL AGES \$30 / \$35



COCOROSIE

OCT 22 @ THE DEPOT
8 PM 21+ \$19 / \$21



MACKLEMORE & RYAN LEWIS

W/ TALIB KWELI, BIG K.R.I.T.
OCT 26 @ THE MAVERIK CENTER
6:30 PM ALL AGES (TICKETMASTER.COM)



CUT COPY

OCT 30 @ THE DEPOT
8 PM 21+ \$22 / \$25



BONOBO

OCT 31 @ THE COMPLEX
8 PM 21+ \$17.50 ADV / \$20 DAY OF



LESS THAN JAKE

W/ ANTI-FLAG, MASKED INTRUDER, GET DEAD
NOV 24 @ THE COMPLEX
6 PM ALL AGES \$20 / \$22