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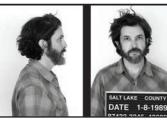
Genevieve Smith, John Ford

Producer: Gavin Sheehan Executive Producer: Angela H. Brown Associate Producers: Alexander Ortega,

About the Cover: Pictured are **Baby Ghosts**, who've been rockin' Northern Utah for four years. Their new, fun-as-hell full-length, *Maybe Ghosts*, dropped in August, and we can't get enough of it. *SLUG* photographer **Gilbert Cisneros** captured their sassiness, and *SLUG* illustrator **Steve Thue**son dreamed up Baby Ghosts' ghostly pals. Read their story on pg. 36.

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Contributor Limelight: Russel Daniels Photographer



Russel Daniels has long been a SLUG staple. An incredible, versatile photographer, Daniels got his journalism degree from the University of Montana before working with the AP in Chicago and San Francisco. Daniels has been shooting for SLUG off and on for roughly 15 years, and enjoys shooting documentary projects. When he's not taking beautiful portraits and environmental shots, Daniels works on

remodeling his home, traveling around Utah and recording music with his girlfriend on a 4-track. Check out his photos in this month's Localized and at russeldaniels.com!



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4 SaltLakeUnderGround sluamaa.com 5



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Dear Princess Kennedy,

I'll begin this letter by paying my respects to the free and transparent, kick-ass life that you lead. No one else in Salt Lake City embodies the I-don't-give-a-fuck, queer DIY lifestyle as well as you do, and you've been doing it for a long-ass time. Us young queers have you to thank for the Salt Lake Underground to be as accepting of all things freaky and weird as they are now. So ... thank you. Now, here's my issue with last month's column—I respect your decision to identify as and call yourself a tranny ... but ... it is not O.K. to lambast other people who take issue with the word as it's used against them, and it is especially offensive that any person would define someone else's identity against their own repeated public insistence otherwise. I hope that with your strong voice in our local community you could be more respectful of the spectrum of trans* identity that doesn't quite fit your own.

Besos y abrazos, Christian Schultz

Dear Christian,

This is interesting. What we have here is old-school tranny versus new-school queer; Go-Gurt versus #icantimvegan; John McCain versus Miley Cyrus. There is solely one way to solve this. Big Free-

dia hits The Urban Lounge on Oct. 15: bounce-off-you and Kennedy. Tucked-balls-to-thewall partier versus bookisheverything-is-queer; shaved, oiled, fake-bake booty versus bright-white chicken legs; semicolons are "transvestite hermaphrodites," according to Kurt Vonneaut, so it's OK that I used this many. Queer everything, all the time.

SLUG Maa

Dear Dickheads,

I love Mike Brown's column - that guy is funny as hell. I've seen him bar tending and stuff though, and I'm pretty sure he's not in his mid-20s like says in his article from August about crafting disasters. Isn't that guy like 38 or something?

хохохо, Bart Simpson

Dear Bart,

Mike Brown—physically speaking-may be 38 (or 45, or 62 ...). Mentally speaking, though, he's about 14 and 1/2. He's a liar either way.

xoxo, **SLUG Mag**

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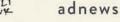












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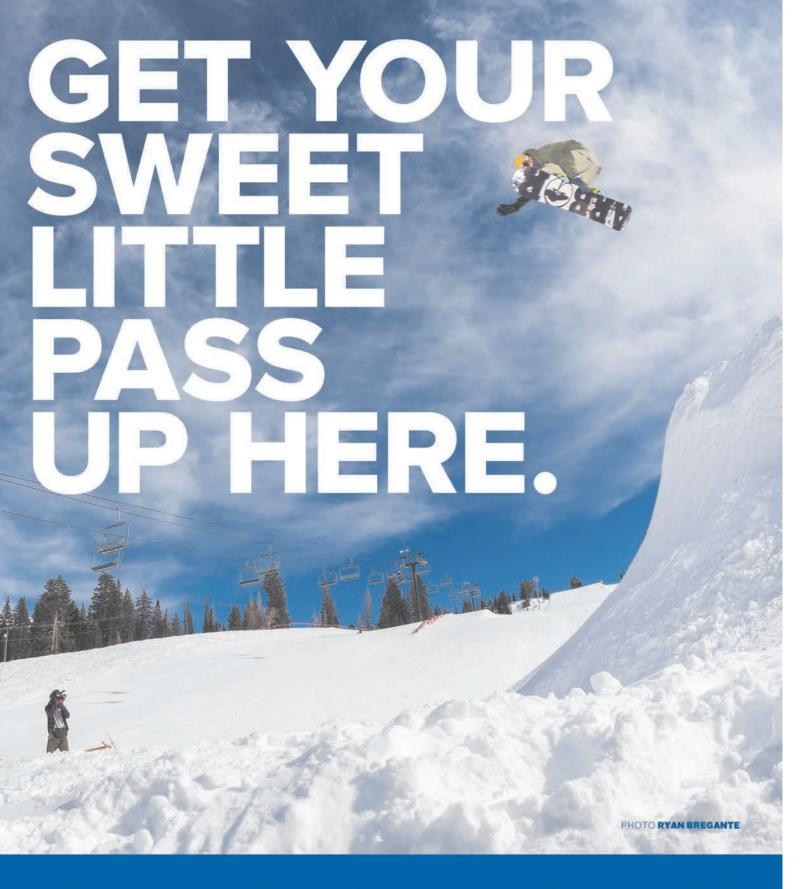














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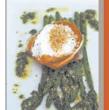






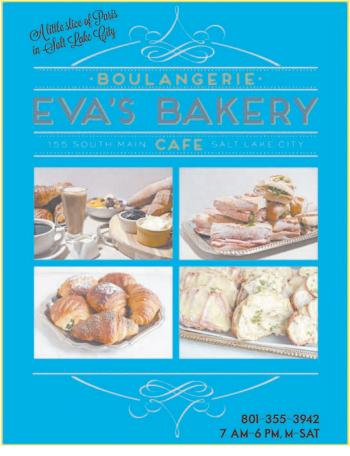
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Holger, the band's frontman, vocalist and guitarist, explains that Deathblow formed in Logan, Utah, playing covers of bands such as **Death** and **Megadeth**, "and other bands with 'death' in their name," says **Udem** (quitar), who bears an uncanny resemblance to **Steve Perry** circa 1985. After a short while as a cover band, they relocated to Salt Lake City and began penning their own songs. Since that time, the band has had numerous lineup changes and instrument reassignments, but the current form of Deathblow is tighter and more technical than ever.

When I arrive at the house where **Deathblow**

practice, the music blaring up from the basement

perfectly complements the environment where

it's being forged. Old-school death thrash rattles

the beer cans strewn about the floor, and foul odors swirl about as the band rehearses a num-

ber about being covered in malignant tumors.

Add these elements to the home decorations

(which include a signed Iron Maiden picture

and a framed portrait of Chuck Norris), and it

all makes perfect sense.

Udem and Holger invited **Paul Lachica**, who has played in **Killbot** and **Year of the** Wolf, to play bass for the band after all three attended a **Possessed** concert together in Denver. Holger explains it concisely, saying, "We needed a bass player, and Paul wanted to join a band. So, that kind of worked itself out." Lachica learned the songs and was

quickly hired on as a full-time member.

LOCALIZED: W DEATHBLOW AND SONIC PROPHECY

ON Sept. 12, at 9 p.m. sharp, *Urban Lounge* will host a night of metal might where hot-rockin' thrashers Deathblow and symphonic steel

forgers **Sonic Prophecy** will be inducted into the SLUG Localized hall of fame, and Mister Richter will open. The show is made possible by sponsors Fat

Tire, Spilt Ink SLC and KRCL 90.9FM, and by readers not unlike yourself.

By Alex Coulombe • speitre@gmail.com

After going through three different drummers, all that was left was to fill the position with somebody who could hang. Enter Dan Alexander, an extremely polite multi-instrumentalist who also grew up in Logan. His portfolio includes Deicidal Carnage, one of the best death metal bands to ever come out of Utah. "We knew Dan from Logan and needed a drummer, so we asked him [to join Deathblow]. The rest is history," says Holger.

An important part of their history is their debut album titled Prognosis Negative, for which they held a release party at Burt's Tiki Lounge with Merlins Beard on Jan. 24. The tracks on Prognosis Negative are a mixture of spicedup older material and newer songs, including "Defcon 1," "Riddled With Tumors" and "Masters of War." The artwork, drawn by **Brandon** Voeller, is fucking awesome and is featured on the new batch of Deathblow T-shirts for sale.

When asked about inspiration, Holger explains that movies like *Phat Beach*, *Thug Life* and *Sur*viving The Game are extremely important, and he has seen them countless times. Holger's girlfriend, Deici Alcala, whispers something in his ear. "Oh yeah," says Holger, "and Seinfeld." But, like true artists, Deathblow are all about the music, first and foremost—and Holger will be the first one to tell you that.

"The thing about music," Holger says, "is that it

makes you wanna make music. It's a full circle." Udem, who played drums for the band initially. finds inspiration in various styles of music including rock, classical and even obscure, experimental electronic groups like Tha Hobgoblanz. "Only the classics," he says.

(L–R) Udem (guitar), Dan Alexander (drums), Paul Lachica (bass) and Holger (guitar and vocals) play death thrash metal as Deathblow.

Deathblow usually play in local bars around town, like Willie's and Burt's, but they've ventured out of the state before. In fact, the Deathblow boys, I learn, had just been rehearsing the set list they created in preparation for a two-week West Coast campaign, which they dubbed the "Miles of Bile Tour," a nod to Al turd \$tate\$'s "Piles of Bile Tour."

When they aren't practicing or on the road touring, the band likes to relax. "Drinkin'," says Lachica, before I even finish asking about their life outside of music, and proceeds to polish off his beer. Holger says, "Watchin' TV ... ya know, just kickin' it," says Udem. "Sleepin'."

Deathblow seem even more laid back when it comes to attendance numbers—as long as a few people are enjoying it, the show is successful enough. Luckily, Deathblow aren't one of those bands that throw tantrums when their shows aren't sold out. "I don't care if it's five people [at a Deathblow show], as long as they're into it," says Lachica.

Be sure to catch them at the Sept. 12 Localized with Sonic Prophecy and opener Mister Richter. If you buy Deathblow enough booze, you may even be able to get one of them to sign that VHS copy of Surviving The Game sitting on the "frequently watched" pile of movies by your TV. THRASH!

Listen to their music at facebook.com/dethblo and deathblow1.bandcamp.com.



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ankind can be a clever breed if we work hard and persevere. Dedication to a craft pays off in the end, evidenced perfectly by this month's Localized act Sonic Prophecy: a symphonic metal band of six down-to-earth guys who are diligent as hell. They come together every Sunday—not to rest as the Lord did on that day—to rehearse songs and write material in and of their own

The band, consisting of Sebastian Martin (guitar), Raymond Opheikens (bass), Shane Provstagard (vocals). Steve Bishop (keys), Jeff Dreher (drums) and Darrin Goodman (lead guitar), emerged in 2008. "This is kind of [an] eclectic band," Provstagard says. While he says he's into the classics like Judas Priest, Iron Maiden and Accept, other members have very different tastes and musical backgrounds. "I'm the prog guy," Opheikens says. I'm told that Provstgaard is a death metaller and that Dreher is really into **Slipknot**. The eclectic point is driven home when Opheikens says he plays in several groups, and that after the interview, he has to practice with a disco band he's in.

As far as the lyrics go, Provstgaard is quick to point out that the science fiction and horror genres are where all the good shit is, but he doesn't limit himself. "I like to cover battles, good and evil. Mythical things ... " Provstgaard says. Even though many of his peers in the metal scene would soak an annotated King James Bible in every body fluid imaginable without so much as batting an eye, Provstgaard

tells me of an upcoming song titled "The Fist of God." "It's basically the Book of Revelation as a heavy metal song," he says. However you look at it, the lyrics are written with a game plan. He continues: "We like to tell a story instead of getting [onstage] and screaming about how bad our day was."

With their member arsenal as a unified, creative force, Sonic Prophecy make music for people who appreciate good production value and technical prowess. Their music blends their individual styles into a chugging, epic blast of American metal with no shortage of solos or grandiose and tasteful choruses. Take their 2011 album, A Divine Act Of War, for example. It's a crushing testament to the band's talent, motivation and professionalism in every aspect, from the music to the album artwork. My favorite track off of the album, "Heavy Artillery," will make you bang your head, and then leave you singing along well after you're done listening (as I'm doing while I write this).

In addition to their superb music, they've got a considerable online presence and following, with a website that's put together just about as well as any band could ask for. Despite their status as an established band and their musical skill, they would like to see some changes in the way concerts are structured. For starters, decent stage mixing and functional monitors shouldn't be luxury items for performing bands.

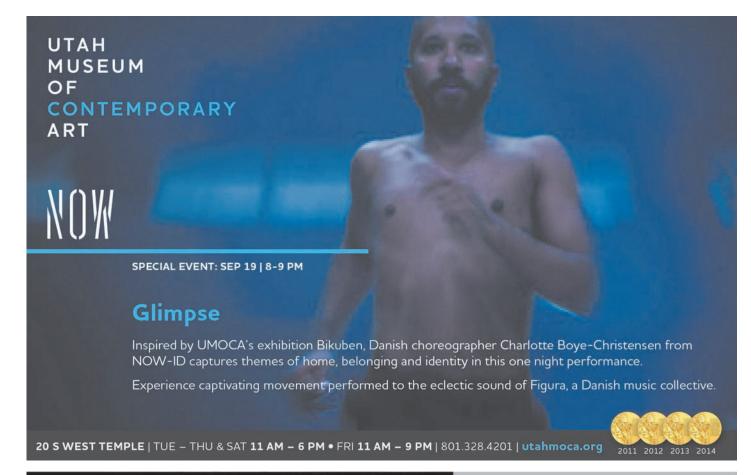
"It's not just a little square box on the stage as a visual prop," Opheikens says, speaking of stage monitors. "It's actually supposed to have

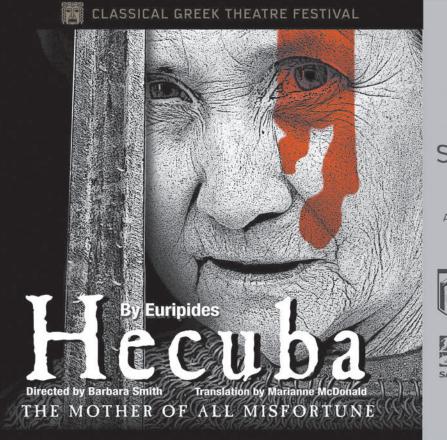
Though the music biz has its fair share of problems, Provstgaard says that the band enjoys playing at Liquid Joe's. The staff really seems to work hard to make sure everybody is happy both the audience and the performers. Also, Sonic Prophecy wouldn't be doing what they do if they didn't love every minute of it. "In Sonic Prophecy, we really work hard to put on a good show. We have our own sound. Nobody sounds like us and nobody looks like us," Provstgaard says.

Speaking of alory, the band hints at an upcoming album, Apocalyptic Promenade, which has a tentative release date for early winter and will feature artwork by Aldo Requena. "It's got a little more '70s [and] '80s heavy metal influences," Provstgaard says. He also says that while keeping true to their sound, the album will be darker than previous releases.

Bear witness to Sonic Prophecy at the Urban Lounge Localized show where they will share the stage with thrash brigade Deathblow and opening act Mister Richter. Also check out their killer website at sonicprophecy.com and stay up-to-date on the band at facebook. com/sonicprophecy.







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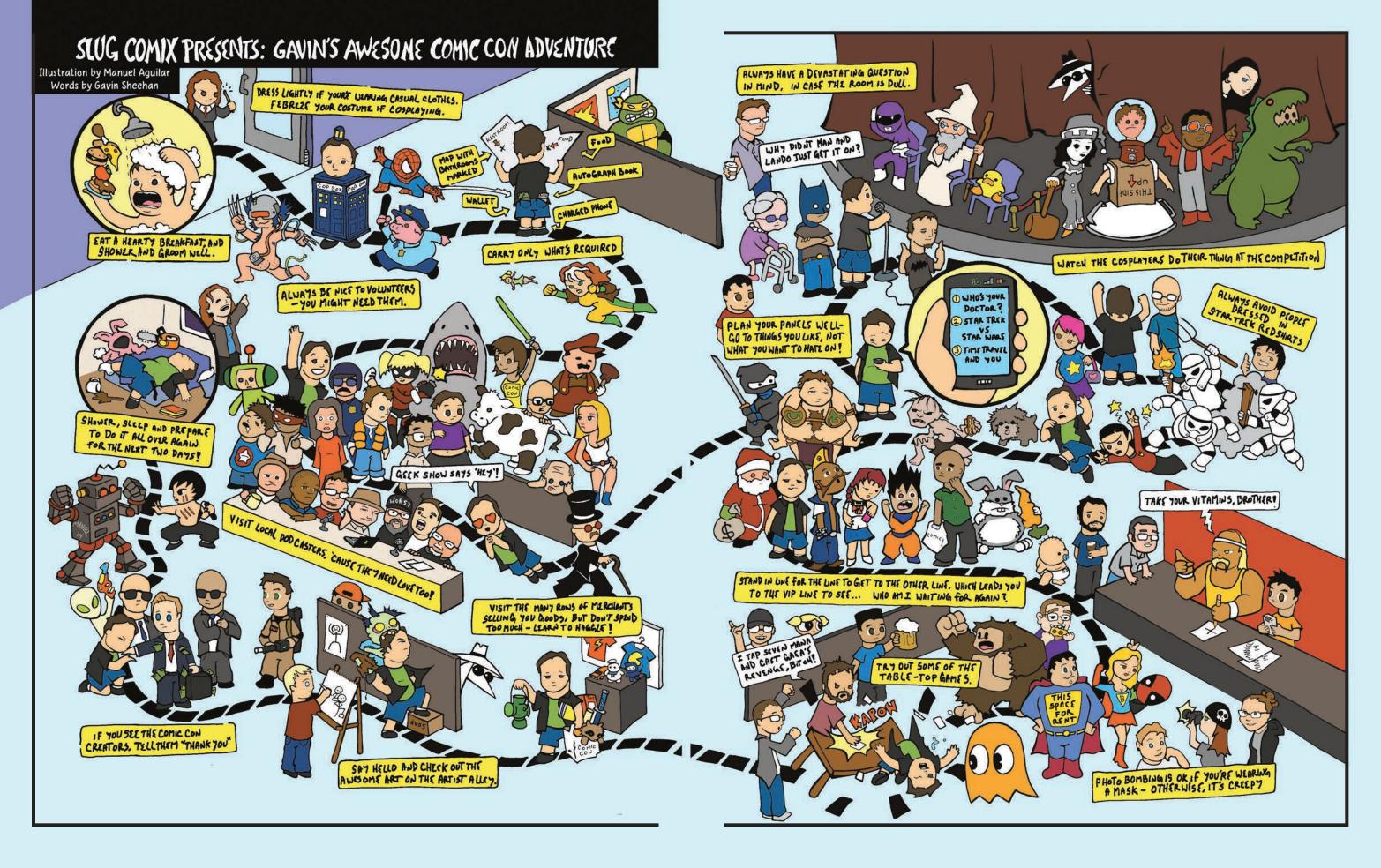


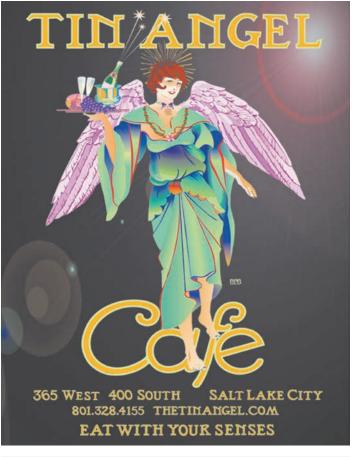






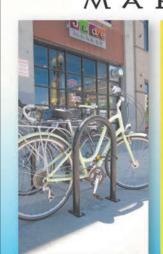
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Seasonal Treats Available

"I'm really interested in images—how visual culture is produced, rather than just fine art," says Renato Olmedo-González, Director and Gallery Curator for Mestizo Institute of Culture and Arts (MICA), a 501(c)(3) nonprofit. A December 2013 graduate from the University of Utah in Art History and Latin American Studies, Olmedo-González gravitates toward self-portraiture in fine art. He acknowledges, furthermore, that more pedestrian (nonart) forms of self-portraiture permeate our psyches as digital simulacra via Instagram, Facebook and Twitter. Selfies have become a ubiquitous element of digital culture that may often read as commonplace visual journaling, but Olmedo-González finds a deeper question in their presence: "Artists have been pretty much the only people that have been able to create an image of themselves, up to this point. Now, with the availability of cameras and phones and smartphones and everything, it's everybody that's doing that," he says. "So, my question is: How are artists working with self-portraiture, keeping that relevant and interesting in today's time, in the age of the selfie?" Olmedo-González has expanded this thesis as of Sept. 2 with a show at the MICA-run Mestizo Gallery within the associated (for-profit) Mestizo Coffeehouse, entitled SELF Created: Identity Today.

Although the selfie phenomenon was one force that impelled Olmedo-González to curate this show, SELF Created will not include any selfies. Rather, he aims "to show a group of artists that work with self-portraiture within their [medium and the] theme and how their ideas reflect bigger concepts in society, [which] goes back [to] their own identity as artists and their own identity as individuals," Olmedo-González says. He considers the selfie to be "very 'now,'" but because of its hyperconsumable nature, it evanesces as we scroll through our apps' interfaces. "Artists don't do that. They create an image, and that image stays,' he says. Olmedo-González clarifies that he doesn't aim to demonize selfies with this show, but to pronounce fine-art self-portraiture and to extract the cultural syntheses of each artist's individual backgrounds. Using these images, he encourages viewers to complicate the cultural issues that come to the fore through this art. He says, "For me, a picture asks more questions rather than provide answers. It visualizes how complex it is or how complex those problems

In this light, SELF Created features four pieces from four artists who offer diverse cultural identities that they deconstruct with their work-Chicana/o, queerness, femininity, masculinity, beauty and more. Olmedo-González will show the work of former SLC resident and gender perofrmance artist Willard Cron. According to Olmedo-González, before Cron began performing, he made photographs, whereas many now know him as a performance artist. Despite this technical distinction, Olmedo-González feels that Cron maintains these seemingly separate artistic identities as two synergistic sides of a whole. "I always view performance art as very self-reflective 'cause you have to look at that person," he says. Cron's current repertoire often features himself playing with gender identity with zany presentations therein—perhaps an act

MESTIZAJE EN MICROCOSMOS

of performative self-portraiture. One piece

in the show (a series of six photos) embeds

Cron's performance art as he "dresses up

in funny costumes, skin tones, changes the

color of his face [and wears] makeup," says

Olmedo-González; one press-release photo

shows Cron wearing a feminine, curly, purple-and-pink wig with bangs. Identifying as

queer, Olmedo-González wanted to include

the counter-normative sexual-identity "conver-

sation that's already happening in Salt Lake

through the work of Willard." à la the Bad

Kids, he says. The Bad Kids are a local gen-

der performance-art collective with whom

Cron used to perform. "So, people will go

to the gallery—and even though he doesn't

live here anymore—they associate that kind

of look [and] aesthetic ... with the Bad Kids."

By Alexander Ortega alexander@slugmag.com

cates these identities with the work of Alex Moya. "His work deals with themes of masculinity and what's expected out of him being a man, being a Mexican man, being a Latino boy, being someone that's a queer person of color," Olmedo-González says. Note the final identity, "a queer person of color." Olmedo-González says, "That's what his work brings into the show, the narrative that Willard doesn't really work on." Moya, whom Olmedo-González asserts is active in both the local Latino and LGBTQ communities, will show a video-performance piece, two photo pieces and one participatory piece. In one photo in the video piece, he wears cut-up magazine scraps on his face to comment on voquinahis press-release teaser features an image of a disassembled Chanel-ad mask smattered over his face with one eye and most of his nose poking out. Other than having a Latino/Mexican lens, Olmedo-González enjoys Moya's art because "his work is very personal but also really funny, which I like: that humor aspect that he includes, or that 'ridiculous' aspect that he includes," he says. Olmedo-González appreciates Moya's images' profuse color within "image after image. It's kinda like those videos that you find on the Internet that [are] just attacking you with all these images.

out to realize with SELF_Created, he compli

A more stark out-of-towner who will show in SELF_Created is **Mari Hernandez** from San Antonio, Texas. She is a cofounder of Chicana-

Olmedo-González is from Guadalajara, México. It follows that he
would include the conversation of mexicanismo and
Latinidad in this show
at Mestizo Gallery,
but, as he has set

MICA Director and Gallery Curator Renato OlmedoGonzález has curated SELF_Created: Identity Today
at the Mestizo Gallery inside Mestizo Cofeehouse.

feminist arts collective **Más Rudas** in San Antonio, whose collective artists' statement on masrudas.com adamantly "challenges the view of women as subordinate, passive, inferior, dainty, and polite" on a bicultural plane. Olmedo-González appreciates her ardent act of identification: "Her Chicana-feminist lens, it's something that I identity with: that whole aesthetic, that theory, that way of looking at things—self-identifying," he says. "You take in politics that come with your identity. That's something [where] I personally see myself in her work, even though I'm from Mexico and I'm not Chicano at all." Hernandez makes photos as well, and one image of hers that . Olmedo-González has incorporated into the show is of Hernandez performing herself as Julia Pastrana, a bearded lady. It's another complication of gender, but as opposed to Cron's brand of androgyny, Hernandez effectively conflates femininity with the rough contour of the "Rudas" namesake (which roughly translates to "tough"). Wearing a beard and corset, and brandishing arm tattoos, Hernandez calls traditional paradigms of femininity into question with this image.

Enter **Ali Mitchell**, a 20-year-old BFA candidate at the University of Utah who paints. Olmedo-González first encountered her work at the juried end-of-year BFA show at the U at the end of spring semester 2014. Upon seeing one of her paintings called *Sometimes When I Look in the Mirror*, which won Runner-Up to Best in Show and the Faculty Choice Award, he was immediately drawn to the piece and bought it. What would be a normal self-portrait painting of a young white woman croaks with automutilation, as horrendous reddish-

brown tones mar Mitchell's face in scar-like textures of paint. "She disrupts her own idea of beauty, what that means for her. It's something very personal, but I feel like that speaks to a wider audience," Olmedo-González says. "If she's looking at herself in such creepy, negative, not-beautiful ways, for me, it

involved. "All of them, in my opinion, are

emerging or establishing themselves in the art

community and the art world and their prac-

just talks about, 'How am I looking myself?'" In addition to this piece, Mitchell will also present two other paintings and a site-specific piece, which explore similar concepts.

Olmedo-González handpicked each artist for this show based on their preexisting work—no jury or submissions were

tice," he says. He views SELF Created as his first "own creative project" after becoming the MICA Director and Gallery Curator this past February, whereas previous curations had been "packaged" for him by an advisor or other director. "I was very interested in this show because it's a personal project," he says. "It's always been in my mind, and I've always been really curious about the construction of a self-portrait on today's terms in contemporary art—especially with young artists, 'cause all these artists are under the age of 30." Olmedo-González fervently considers young artists (and himself) to be severely underrepresented. The essence of a show that reacts to the selfie is necessarily in dialogue with millennials, the single parents of selfies: "We're defining our conversation in very important ways, and a lot of times, specifically within the art communities, [it's] old people," says Olmedo-González. Nothing against elder generations, but to have

young artists show in SELF Created falls in line

to give underrepresented artists and communities in Salt Lake City a voice." What's more

with MICA's mission statement, which "seeks

is the full extent to which these themes per-

vade the metacuratorial elements of the

show—"I see myself as underrepre-

sented," says Olmedo-González.

"I'm a curator from Mexico."

Mestizo Gallery itself is the farthest-most outlier on the

SLC Gallery Stroll map

n that it's situated

beyond both the north-south and east-west axes of its grid.

Another component of their mission statement indicates that MICA "strives to enrich community through art and civic engagement." Indeed, the aforementioned topics found in

"I've always been really curious about the construction of a self-portrait on today's terms in contemporary art-especially with young artists."

subthemes that paint a backdrop of our community's collective unconscious. In the realm of self-identity, SELF_Created's issues interweave in a manner that shines light on the diversity of SLC residents' histories, which I feel healthily complicates our city's unary melodrama

the artists' work fester with

with its Mormon history.

"It's activist in the way that it's trying to open up a pretty complex conversation," Olmedo-González says. "It's trying to call to action to a very complex issue that 'this artist' specifically is dealing with." Olmedo-González, however, wishes to eschew the homogeny of "blanket term" identification in the art that he shows, noting that terms like "Mexican art" or "feminist art" can unduly predicate art to look a certain way. He says, "I want to broaden that definition of what should be showing." Instead, he indicates that the art in SELF Created elicits conversation with these identities. He cites Hernandez as an example of someone fully aware of the historical and political implications of the word "Chicana," who identifies with that term nonetheless in order to propel the dialectic of that conversation.

With the "Mestizo" namesake, Olmedo-González has embraced MICA's recently expanded sense of underrepresented people. He says, "What you're gonna get is those ideas of hybridity that exist within our culture, within our community-whether it's Mexican, whether it's Chicana, or whether it's a white girl or whether it's Willard being a white male, through the lens of a Mexican-, gueer- and mestizo-identified curator, no less. Olmedo-González heralds Mestizo Gallery/Coffeehouse as a veritable community space where young people study and underrepresented groups meet over beverages. The binary works well in the way of foot traffic—art and coffee may be consumed from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m., which caters to students. SELF Created: Identity Today opened Sept. 2 and closes Oct. 17. The Opening Reception will take place on Friday, Sept. 19 from 6-9 p.m., and Artists and Curator in Conversation featuring Olmedo-González, Mitchell and Moya happens on Tuesday, Sept. 30 from 7–9 p.m.

Renato Olmedo-González hangs Sometimes When I Look in the Mirror by Ali Mitchel, a selfportrait that addresses ideals of beauty.





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So, you want to cosplay at Comic Con this year. Awesome! I appreciate anyone who takes the time and effort to go beyond putting on a geek T-shirt and calling it good. I've got a couple of tips to help get you started.

1. Pick a character you love.

One of the first cosplays I ever made was Batman-oriented. Unfortunately, I absolutely hate Batman. I was able to put the costume together with stuff I had from roller derby outfits and a top I found at Plato's Closet (see Tip 4), but I didn't like it, so I didn't feel confident wearing it. This year, since I picked a character I am so in love with, I couldn't wait to build upon my concept: The Winter Soldier from Captain America 2. I was especially excited for Cap 2 because I had actually read the comics that the movie was based on, so I felt like I could do the character justice and feel proud to don this costume. I also wanted to pick a 2014 Marvel movie character that not many other people would think to do. He's a character with history and an awesome future, so if I could get people's attention, maybe he would be better appreciated in future Marvel films

2. Time, money, skill: Pick two.

Sorry, you can only have two unless you're a professional cosplayer and it's your day job to build costumes. We're busy people, and not everyone has the talent to sew two pieces of cloth together (seriously, have you tried to use a sewing machine?). You can have all the time in the world and the budget, but you can't have the expert skill. You can be like me and have skill (kinda) and money (iffy), but practically no time. Ideas in my head—like building a functional foam arm and making it look robotic—don't match the tools and skills that I have. I got overwhelmed and mad that I couldn't create the awesome, exact movie replica I wanted to make and wanted to throw in the towel because IF I CAN'T MAKE IT PERFECTLY, WHY MAKE IT AT ALL? But, luckily, that takes us to Tip 3 ...

3. Allow for creativity.

The whole point of cosplay is creativity. You can take whatever character you want and tailor it to be as unique and special as you are. I've seen some outrageous takes on characters that turned out to be spectacular and left me wondering why I didn't think of it first (like steampunk Princess Bubblegum from Adventure Time). But don't get so wacky that you wind up explaining your costume to everyone over and over again (like Victorian crossplay Winchester brothers gowns from Supernatural). Seriously, though, it's OK to get weird with your costume. It's OK to play different genders. Hell, I encourage it, as you can tell with

my female-costume version of a male villain—I felt like my costume was more unique because I switched its gender. There is nothing more inspiring than a woman creating a femme version of a male character and owning it.

4. Look in your closet.

Closet Cosplay. Totally a thing. Are you a redhead? Throw on jeans, a white shirt and red jacket and you'll get "Cool Futurama Fry costume!" from people on the con floor. For my costume, I already owned pants, a black shirt, fabric and combat boots. Liust needed paint, an iron-on star and military-looking stuff. I had to venture to the mystical land of the army/navy surplus store. (You guys, I was so out of place, I don't know how I made it out without enlisting or getting a hunting license.) I was able to get the wig on Amazon, which I totally recommend for everything because they have everything, and for decent prices, too. However, why spend more money than you have to when you already own the things you'll need?

5. Ask for help. Seriously.

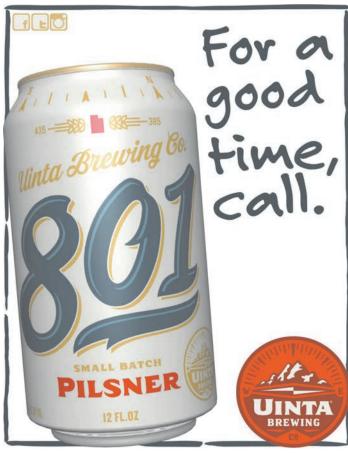
know jack shit about sewing, but I needed my painted sleeve attached to my black shirt. Luckily, I have friends who can sew and a mom who is surprisingly all about this cosplay thing. Don't be afraid to ask for help. Ask to borrow stuff, like I did with the airsoft gun and black gloves. Or steal it. Your friend won't notice it went missing until you're already parading around Comic Con.

You built this goddamn piece of art. Wear it proudly! If you feel awesome in your costume, that confidence will goze from you and boost your appeal. I guarantee, even if it's the most half-assed costume in the convention, people will stop to photograph you. You spent more time and effort on a thing than they did, and you are able to wear it to this awesome place! Of course they want to take your photo. They want to be you. As The Winter Soldier, I feel so amazingly assassin-y that I don't want to take off the costume. Side effects of cosplay include: boosted ego, feeling glamourous and/or badass, extended posing, admiration and

Go on, build that cosplay. Don't feel overwhelmed. Once you get onto that convention floor, you'll realize that all the blood, sweat, and tears were worth it.

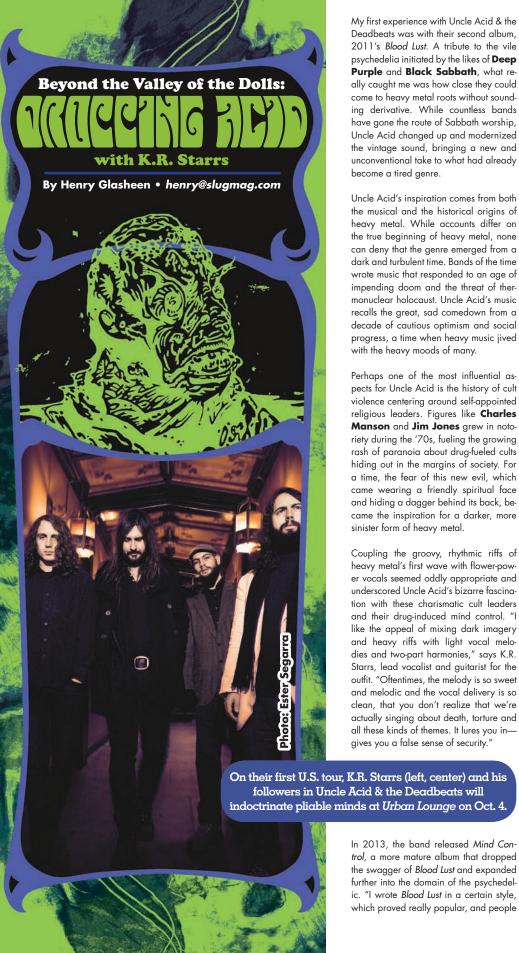
BONUS: Do a photoshoot with a photographer who makes you look way more badass than you actually are (Thanks, Matt!).











Deadbeats was with their second album. 2011's Blood Lust. A tribute to the vile psychedelia initiated by the likes of **Deep** Purple and Black Sabbath, what really caught me was how close they could come to heavy metal roots without sounding derivative. While countless bands have gone the route of Sabbath worship, Uncle Acid changed up and modernized the vintage sound, bringing a new and unconventional take to what had already

Uncle Acid's inspiration comes from both the musical and the historical origins of heavy metal. While accounts differ on the true beginning of heavy metal, none can deny that the genre emerged from a dark and turbulent time. Bands of the time wrote music that responded to an age of impending doom and the threat of thermonuclear holocaust. Uncle Acid's music recalls the great, sad comedown from a decade of cautious optimism and social progress, a time when heavy music jived with the heavy moods of many.

Perhaps one of the most influential aspects for Uncle Acid is the history of cult violence centering around self-appointed religious leaders. Figures like Charles Manson and Jim Jones grew in notoriety during the '70s, fueling the growing rash of paranoia about drug-fueled cults hiding out in the margins of society. For a time, the fear of this new evil, which came wearing a friendly spiritual face and hiding a dagger behind its back, became the inspiration for a darker, more

Coupling the groovy, rhythmic riffs of heavy metal's first wave with flower-power vocals seemed oddly appropriate and underscored Uncle Acid's bizarre fascination with these charismatic cult leaders and their drug-induced mind control. "I like the appeal of mixing dark imagery and heavy riffs with light vocal melodies and two-part harmonies," says K.R. Starrs, lead vocalist and guitarist for the outfit. "Oftentimes, the melody is so sweet and melodic and the vocal delivery is so clean, that you don't realize that we're actually singing about death, torture and all these kinds of themes. It lures you in gives you a false sense of security."

On their first U.S. tour, K.R. Starrs (left, center) and his followers in Uncle Acid & the Deadbeats will indoctrinate pliable minds at Urban Lounge on Oct. 4.

> In 2013, the band released Mind Control, a more mature album that dropped the swagger of Blood Lust and expanded further into the domain of the psychedelic. "I wrote Blood Lust in a certain style, which proved really popular, and people

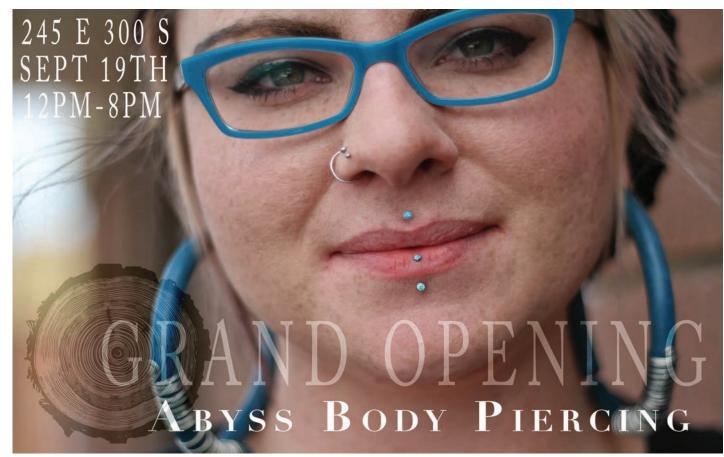
wanted the same album again," says Starrs, "It doesn't work like that," Tracks like "Death Valley Blues" and "Follow the Leader" were more deliberately hypnotic in their approach, distancing themselves from the more uptempo tracks of their previous material. "For me, Mind Control is a stronger album overall, but it doesn't matter. Each album stands well on its own," he says, mentioning that bands should aim to write in different styles from time to time.

The album also signaled an apparent shift in the band's lineup, which Starrs said happened sometime around the release of Blood Lust. He dropped the pseudonym "Uncle Acid" and began performing with a larger ensemble than the original trio. However, it's unclear whether his former bandmates. Kat and Red, ever really existed. They had been credited on all albums up until Mind Control, but Starrs says, "They may or may not be buried in my back yard." Perhaps they were merely the fatuous products of a drug-addled mind, but it's unlikely that we'll ever know for sure. Starrs did confirm, however, that Itamar Rubinaer recently replaced Thomas Mowford on the drums—god only knows what happened to him.

Uncle Acid is scheduled to go on their first U.S. tour starting in September, following a string of European tour dates throughout August. "We've been playing festivals in Europe, and we'll be well rehearsed by the time we get to the U.S.," says Starrs, who is "looking forward to visiting new places and hopefully entertaining people and making new fans."

In the meantime, the band dropped their new 7". Runaway Girls, on Aug. 29. marking their first release in almost a year. The title track is fantastically groovy stuff, and if it's any indication of what's to come, expect some more traditional rock n' roll influences to start shaking things up on their new record. As for the next full-length album, "It won't be until next year," says Starrs. "I haven't had a lot of time to write, as we've been so busy touring, but once we get back from the U.S. we'll begin work on the next one. Then the cycle begins again!"

Uncle Acid & the Deadbeats are coming to indoctrinate the masses in an orgy of blood, sex, drugs and rock n' roll at the Urban Lounge on Oct. 4. Tickets are \$13 ahead of time and \$15 at the door—all proceeds will go towards buying a ranch out in Death Valley where Starrs and his inner circle can drop acid and spread death to the unfaithful. If you haven't yet drunk of their sweet, sweet kool-aid, then check them out online at facebook.com/ uncleacid or acidcoven.com.



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SPITZ You Had Me at Meat Tornado

By Alex Springer • alexspringer@gmail.com

nertime, the results have been more than promising. Located next to such Utah cultural hubs as Gallivan Plaza and the Broadway Centre Cinemas, folks can easily pop into Spitz for a pre-movie meal or grab something quick to munch on while taking in the sights of downtown Salt Lake. Nothing is better suited for eating on the go than the Döner. Pronounced "du-ner," it's a wonderful spiral

of sliced cucumber, tomato, green peppers and onions wrapped around thin slices of meat. They offer beef, lamb and chicken, which have been prepared in the traditional style of Turkish street food. The meat is seasoned, minced and then slow cooked on a vertical broiler—a literal meat tornado—which allows the meat's natural juices and flavor to caramelize on the surface. The mixture is then piled high on a sandwich or, depending on your preference, wrapped tightly in layash, which is flatbread that is slightly thinner than a pita but is a bit chewier than a tortilla. Spitz boasts a wide variety of this Turkish street food, but their most famous iteration is simply called the Street Cart Döner (\$7.50-\$8.25). Lopted for the beef and lamb combo. and my first bite hit me with a very pleasant balance of flavor and texture. In addition to the fresh and crunchy vegaies, the döner is adorned with crisp layash chips and garlic aioli. All of these additions provide great backup for the meat, which is juicy and packed with Mediterranean spices. Even though chicken is notorious for drying out, this particular preparation ensures that it remains delicious and moist.

ner Slizeski have established

with Spitz is combining Mediter-

ranean street food with local

craft beer to create a dining ex-

perience that is both exotic and

familiar. Inspired by a friend

who found success with four dif-

ferent Spitz locations in Los An-

geles, Hill and Slizeski brought

the menu and ambiance to Salt

Lake City—and judging from

the line of diners that extends

out the front door around din-

For those who prefer a vegetarian option, the falafel at Spitz is a more-than-worthy döner filling. The Döner with Pommes (\$8.25-\$8.50) with falafel instead of meat, for example, is a great way to enjoy Spitz's menu while making sure you get a full belly. The Döner with Pommes takes the Street Cart Döner and stuffs it with fries—regular or sweet potato—and their falafel portion is very generous. Often, falafel falls into the trap of being a forgettable ball of fried mush, but the falafel at Spitz packs a surprising amount of flavor. Overall, it's a tasty wrap, though I found myself wishing for a bit more of the aioli to balance the dryness of the falafel.

Though their selection of wraps is enough to encourage repeat business, there are some other gems on the menu that deserve your immediate attention. First and foremost would be the Street Cart Fries (\$6.95). It starts with a foundation of fries and ends with a generous portion of chopped onions, feta cheese, green peppers, tomatoes, olives, peperoncinis and chili sauce. I fully endorse spending the extra 2 bucks

> Sun. - Wed. 11 a.m. - 10 p.m. Thurs. - Sat. 11 a.m. - 12 a.m.

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to get the fries with "the works." which adds your choice of meat to the mix and increases the size of the dish so it has to be served in a loaf pan. I've long been a supporter of the "food pile" school of culinary thought, and the Street Cart Fries at Spitz are a prime example of this technique. Each bite offers something a little different from the last, but the base comes from those delicious fries. They're cooked with that perfect ratio of

with egg rolls.

a crispy outside and chewy inside, but when they get paired with piles of rich, buttery feta, fresh onions and marinated slices of meat, the fries manage to transcend their humble potato origins.

Another surprising appetizer was the Doquitos (\$3.95-\$6.95). Visually, these little beauties are somewhere between an eggroll and a taquito. They come smothered with the same flavorful mixture of feta and veggies that is found on the Street Cart Fries. The Doquitos come stuffed with minced lamb and beef, and the layash has been fried to a crispy perfection. They come in orders of one or two, but one is definitely enough for two people to share.

For the salad fan, Spitz offers two hefty options. The Garden Bowl (\$6.50-\$8.25) is a straightforward entrée that consists of a wide variety of vegaies topped with hummus and your choice of meat or falafel. The Döner Salad (\$8.95-\$9.50) takes the filling of the Street Cart Döner and adds crispy garbanzo beans and balsamic dressing. Both options look beautiful when they arrive, and the crisp veggies bring a lot of fresh flavor to the dishes.

For folks who are looking to expand their palates, Spitz is a great first stop. The food brings a wide variety of exotic flavors, but the casual dining environment and accessible menu make the experience of culinary exploration much less intimidating. Now that you know how to pronounce Spitz's most famous dish, there's nothing holding you back.



THE ENVIRONMENT



THE CITY LIBRARY

TUES. /// SEPTEMBER 2 @ 7PM WRENCHED !

Wrenched explores the life and work of Edward Abbey, whose anarchistic spirit and rintous novels influenced Directed by M.L. Lincoln and helped guide the environmental movement of the 1970s and '80s.

THROUGH THE LENS



ED. /// SEPTEMBER 3 @ 7PM THE KILL TEAM

The story of Army Specialist Adam Winfield, who attempted to alert the military to war crimes his platoon was committing in Afghanistan. Director Dan Krauss will be in attendance f a post-film Q&A moderated by Boug Fabrizio, host of RadioWest.

TUMBLEWEEDS YEAR-ROUND SAT. /// SEPTEMBER 6 @ 11AM



THE CITY LIBRARY

PARANORMAN

gift-he can see and speak with the dead. Though misunderstood Directed by Chris Butler & Sam Fell by his family and his schoolmates, he bravely demonstrates courage and compassion when his town is confronted by a septet of Zombies.

EATING ALABAMA

Upon returning home to Alabama,

a young couple sets out to eat as

the agro-industrial gastronomical

complex, they realize that everything

about the food system has changed.

their grandparents did-locally and

BEAT LOCAL WEEK!

Directed by Andrew Beck Grace seasonally. But as they navigate

Eleven-year-old Norman has a

Directed by Kyung Lee building and put nature and the

M NHMU SCIENCE MOVIE NIGHT TUES. /// SEPTEMBER 9 @ 7PM

7 NOTES ON BLINDNESS became blind. To help make sense of his loss, he began keeping an audio diary.

77 DUK COUNTY

A touching story about Dr. Geoff Tabin's and Dr. Alan Crandall's five-day mission to deliver eye care to a remote and war-torn



ROSE WAGNER CENTER

MONDER WOMEN!

DESIGN MATTERS

TELOS

This doc traces the birth, evolution, and legacy of Wonder Woman and Directed by Kristy Guevara-Flanagan introduces audiences to a group of fictional and real-life superheroines. Director Kristy Guevara-Flanagan will be in attendance for a post-film Q&A.

TUES. /// SEPTEMBER 16 @ 7PM

Chronicles the life and work of Eugene

architect. Tssui questions traditiona

environment at the forefront of his

'eco-friendly" became buzzwords

designs long before "green" and

M DAMN THESE HEELS YEAR-ROUND

Set in London, Lilting tells the story of

a mother mourning the death of her

son. Her world is suddenly disrupted

they don't share a common language,

a translator helps piece together the

memories of a man they loved.

LILTING

Directed by Hong Khaou by the presence of a stranger. Though

Tssui a visionary and mayerick

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH



39 AMERICAN MEAT American Meat explores the meat industry in

SPECIAL SCREENING

Birected by Ice-T & Andy Baybutt KRS-One, Snoop Dogg, Run-DMC, and

THURS. /// SEPT. 18 @ DUSK

NOTHING: The Art of Ran

Featuring interviews with Q-Tip, Dr.

Ice Cube, this doc is a tribute to an

TUES. /// SEPTEMBER 23 @ 7PM

original American art form

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Dre, Nas, Afrika Bambaataa, Chuck D

3 SOMETHING FROM

the USA with a solutions-based approach. Featuring interviews with farmers from acros the country, the film provides a historical and current look at large scale industrial farming and the revolutionary response some farmers are taking to change the system.

CREATIVITY IN FOCUS



Directed by Jennifer Baichwal & Edward Burtynsky

water- how we are drawn to it what we learn from it, how we use it, and the consequences of that use. Screens in English and Mandarin, Bengali,

the globe about our relationship with

UMFA 410 CAMPUS CENTER DR

A PROGRAMMER'S CHOICE TUES. /// SEPTEMBER 30 @ 7PM



Directed by Daniel Dencik THE CITY LIBRARY

77 THE EXPEDITION TO THE END OF THE WORLD

In this 21st century adventure film. brave sailors take to the sea on a three-mast schooner and set sail for Greenland | Not Rated northeast Greenland to find rapidly

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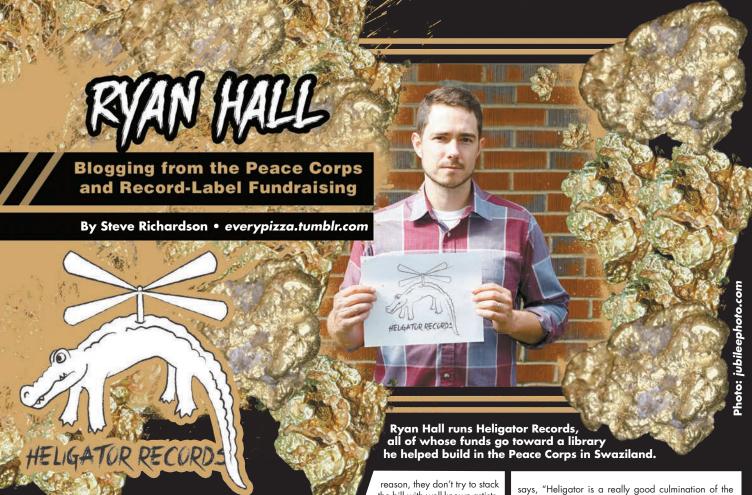
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ZIONS BANK



Ryan Hall didn't let his time in Africa with the Peace Corps keep him from his duties running Tome to the Weather Machine, a music blog focusing on obscure, experimental and, often, Salt Lake City acts. Nor did he falter with his work curating the Goldrush Music Festival in Denver. Since his return to the States, he's started his graduate degree in social work from the the University of Cincinnati and a record label that sounds more like a nonprofit than anything else. If I achieved one task from Hall's list, I'd feel justified spending the rest of 2014 watching Netflix.

Hall's multileveled involvement with music and music cians started in 2009 with Tome. He started the blog, along with friend Crawford Philleo, without any big plans. Hall says, "It served as an outlet to process the insane amount of music I was listening to. Starting out, the Tome covered whatever Hall and Philleo were listening to (Animal Hospital and Kevin Greenspon, for example), but it grew into a submission-based project.

The Goldrush Music Festival was the brainchild of the Tome, and two other now-defunct blogs. Hall says, "The idea was to create a music festival in the fall that championed some of these lesser-known artists that each blog was writing about." The first year, **How To Dress Well** and **Candy Claws** headlined, and Silver Antlers represented Salt Lake City.

After the original Goldrush, the other two blogs dropped out and Philleo took over the festival. Hall says, "[Philleo] turned Goldrush into a festival that features acts that otherwise wouldn't get a huge audience if they were to tour by themselves." For that

the bill with well-known artists. According to Hall, the purpose of Goldrush is exploration and discovery. The crowd comes for the music. "People might have heard of one or two acts, then get their minds blown by something they've never heard of before, that they might never have heard in any context other than Goldrush." Hall says.

During his two years with the Peace Corps in Swaziland, Hall continued his role as the main contributor to the Tome. He says, "I thought I would have to quit for two years. But then I couldn't. I found myself, any chance I got, on the Internet, going to the Tome's in box, downloading stuff and writing about it." But, because of the Internet connection, which Hall describes as, "sporadic at best," his involvement with Goldrush was limited during his time in Swaziland. He did stay involved, however, by writing press releases and the festival's companion zine

In Swaziland, Hall lived near a refugee camp. He met a local business owner/former refugee who wanted to help the camp by building a library. With physical help from the refugees and funds donated by the local business owner, Hall transformed a row of derelict buildings into a library. Hall says, "All the work was done by the refugees themselves, with me acting like I knew what was doing, but really having no idea." The process of taking something ruined and making something beautiful gave Hall a great sense of completion.

Hall had to return home soon after the library was fin ished, and he worried that the refugees wouldn't be able to sustain it. Hall decided to start Heligator Records as a way to stay connected to this project that was so important to him, and he was also inspired by Chaz Prymek (of Lake Mary), who approached Hall about releasing an exclusive track for Goldrush. Hall

major events in my life—starting the website, being involved in Goldrush, and then the work that I did as a Peace Corps volunteer." Hall planned to digitally release an exclusive single every month with the profits funding the library in Swaziland. Hall says it's been a success. "Your dollar really goes a long way there," Hall says. He's been able to send back enough money to pay for the library's electricity, maintenance and a small stipend for the volunteer librarian. For now, Hall plans to keep the releases digital in order to keep the overhead as low as possible. Once he's finished with grad school, he'll think about producing something tangible—tapes, maybe. Since the label was created to maintain his connection to Swaziland, though, the overhead will probably remain low. Hall says, "For as long as it's going to exist, Heligator is going to be a means to channel funds to the library."

Both Goldrush and Heligator continue to feature primarily Salt Lake and Denver acts. Hall says, "It's always been really important to me, as a former Salt Lake City resident, and as somebody who spent his formative years in Salt Lake City, to strengthen the relationship between Denver and Salt Lake." He sees a great potential for the experimental music communities in both cities to partner up.

This year's Goldrush, presumed to be the biggest yet, is taking place at two Denver venues which, Hall says, improve on the previous years. The festival features groups like Wolf Eyes, Mount Eerie and Good Willsmith, along with Salt Lake acts Braeyden Jae and Stag Hare. For more information about the 2014 Goldrush Festival, visit goldrushmusicfest.com. If you're interested in getting your music reviewed or released by the Tome or Heligator Records, respectively, peruse tometotheweathermachine.com for where to send it.





BOOK

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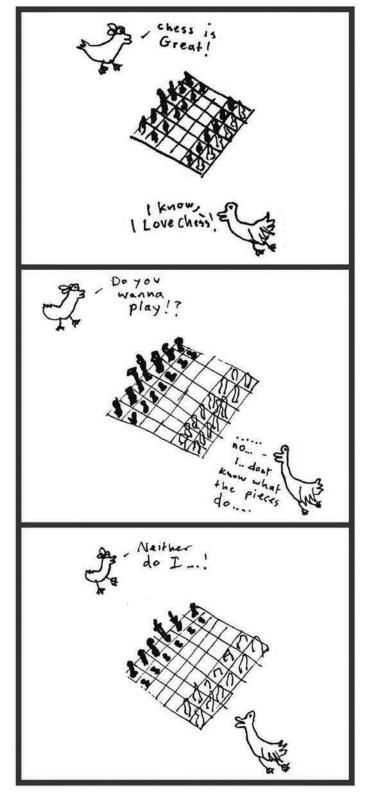
SLUG MAGAZINE PRESENTS BLUSH RESPONSE CERVELLO ELETTRONICO STATIQUECOM WMX LIVE SHOW AT AREA 51 NO COVER CHARGE! DOORS OPEN 9PM • 21+ WEDNESDAY• OCTOBER 1ST•2014



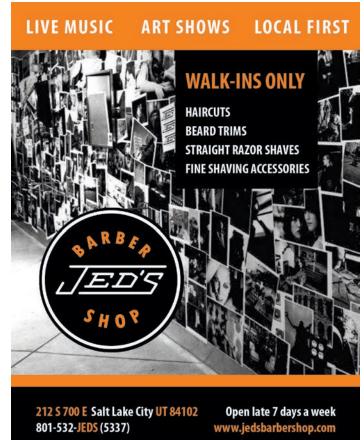


Grandmaster Duck

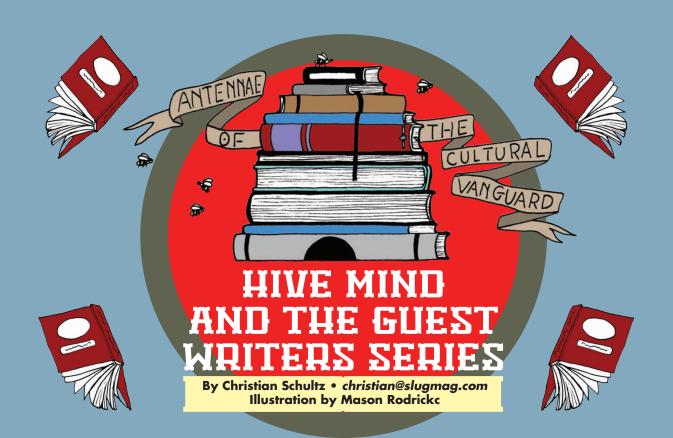
By Oliver Buchanan • auliverr@gmail.com











As the current Director of the University of Utah's Creative Writing Dept., Paisley Rekdal runs the Guest Writers Series (GWS), which is co-sponsored by the Salt Lake City Arts Council. Now in its 20th season, the series brings in a handful of writers from outside of Utah, typically one or two per month throughout the academic year. The guests—diverse, up-and-coming authors chosen by faculty and graduate students—read from their work for a public audience at the Art Barn, which is located just a few steps south of the University of Utah campus at 54 Finch Lane in Reservoir Park.

Rekdal, a poet, author and Professor of English at the University of Utah, vividly remembers the first time she experienced another author reading their work. "It was a poet named Tess Gallagher," Rekdal says. "She was a beautiful reader of her own work. It was mesmerizing. ... Poets were actually alive and out there." Attending readings introduced Rekdal to living authors of the contemporary literary world, a change of pace from bookstores and classrooms colonized by an outdated set of popular or classic writers.

Whittling down from a list of potential candidates, the chosen writers are either emerging or nonhousehold-name authors. "We like to specialize in poets and fiction writers that are just starting to be noticed and get a wider appreciation and a wider audience," Rekdal says. "We want to make sure that we're bringing in writers who are changing the literary scene right now." A glance at the lineups of past readers reveals a variety of nowbright stars in the contemporary literary skyline: Samuel Delany, Carole Maso, Ben Marcus, Shelley Jackson, Susan Howe, Wayne Koestenbaum and fiction-innovating titan Robert Coover, who gave a stellar and humorous reading earlier this year.

Take Lidia Yuknavitch for example, a 2009 reader whom Rekdal describes as "a wonderful, genre-bending, genre-defying, overtly feminist author." Yuknavitch's work—postmodern, pop-culture-percolated, fast and smart with heart—stands with the best of literature's contemporary challenge to mainstream narrative. "There are certain voices that get taught," Rekdal says. "There are certain kinds of literature that get taught. There's a lot of writing that doesn't fit into that mold, and sometimes it's in an activist tradition to write against those kinds of molds. There's a real charge that the audience can get from that."

Writers who work to chip away at these prefab molds, whether it be in their written work, their reading or their social-media presence, are part of the vanauard of ontological exploration of what reading, writing and even just existing in the world can be like today. "Literature is an ever-evolving thing," Rekdal says. "It's constantly changing. There are more and more voices out there." Rekdal also edits online collaborative journal Mapping Salt Lake City, which generates a city-like growth of narrative out of user-submitted content from diverse Utah voices.

For its 20th season, Rekdal has devised a way to bring the GWS outside of the comfy confines of the University campus and into local Utah communities. Hive Mind, as it's called, is a citywide book club that highlights the work of the writers in the series and others brought here via Westminster and the Utah Humanities Book Festival. The book club was conceived as a way to engage with local writers and readers in communities that wouldn't

typically interact with the campus crowd. "This way, we can bring some of the campus experience out into the community in different places," Rekdal says. Readings can have enormous impacts on a community, she explains.

Hive Mind will bring guest writers, professors, creative writing students, critical readers and, hopefully, civic-minded activists and artists, to talk about books and writing. There will be a list of chosen books for each of the authors involved, which will kick off discussion at the events. "[Guest writers] are going to talk about the books like writers talk about books, which is: what makes it work, what doesn't make it work," Rekdal says. One goal for the club is to initiate readers into conversations of literary ecology "to get them thinking about how books come into the world," Rekdal says. She also encourages the nonacademic variety to nominate their own writers to bring to town, through participation in Hive Mind.

One of the scheduled Hive Mind events will bring Horacio Castellanos Moya, a Salvadorian writer and journalist, to Mestizo Gallery on Tuesday, Nov. 11. He'll be joined by University of Utah professor and innovative fiction writer Michael Mejia. Another will be a **Langston Hughes** Celebration in February, where his jazz-inspired poem, Ask Your Mama, will be set to music by Kingsbury Hall and read by actor Malcolm-Jamal Warner.

Maggie Nelson's Bluets is the first book up for discussion, which will take place Sept. 25 at Arts Alliance (663 W 100 S). You can find this season's Guest Writers Series lineup at english.utah.edu/creative-writing/guestwriterseries.php. First up—poet Frank Bidart, who'll read at the Art Barn on Sept. 18.







hen I asked Kory Quist to give me the highlights of his time spent on tour with SubRosa, who was supporting Boris, he replied with a surreal 10-item list where each entry baffled me more than the last. That long road across the USA could make animals of us all, and Quist seemed very near the line where sleep deprivation and malnutrition collide.

Taking your band on tour demonstrates a perverse willingness to submit yourself to a cramped, rickety van that smells like sweaty feet and stale farts. It's about dealing with flat tires and flaky booking agents, and no matter how much you might try to romanticize it, many bands find themselves woefully unprepared for the journey. Few who know the perils of that long trek beyond Utah's straight-laced band they're not even in.

Quist's wild and weird tour tales start with a series of wacky snack-related inside jokes that could have only come from being in close confinement with delightfully strange company. However, I began to suspect Quist had angered some vindictive deity earlier in his lifetime when he told me about the first half of their tour. He was attacked by a vicious insect in his sleep at their first stop in Denver, leaving itchy bites all over his body. Then, in Kansas. Quist had to run out into the woods to take a piss. He decided to take a gamble on a fart. and he lost. "So there I am, butt-ass-naked in the woods just a few feet away from the gas station, trying to clean myself up," he says. "I will forever miss that pair of undies. Good luck, guys—hope vou're safe.

Once they met up with The Atlas Moth in St. Louis, the band hit a string of smaller venues across the South, making their way down to Atlanta. Once they arrived, Quist says, the real tour began. He says, "I remember us all walking into the venue where Boris was sound checking, and I think the reality of this tour hit us all like a ton of bricks. From there on out, most of the venues Sub-Rosa played had a 500-1,000 [person] capacity, with half that already sold on pre-sale tickets."

One of the big stops on the tour after that point was D.C., where the band played at the 9:30 Club—one of the landmarks of East Coast alternative music, and "a huge check mark off the bucket list for everyone," according to Quist. "It was by far the best organized, most well-run borders are willing to go, much less to support a venue we stopped at." He says that the venue provided food for the bands as they loaded in their equipment and had a great menu of fresh and vegetarian options to order to their green room. "Let's not forget the half-dozen '9:30'-topped cupcakes that were waiting for everyone," he says, "We loved this place."

> After that, the band played to a sold-out crowd at New York's Bowery Ballroom. "I was very impressed by the energy they had that night. To play that well and have the crowd love them like they did in a city like that can make or break a band. says Quist. "It brought a few tears to my eyes to see great people doing great things and being recognized for it." With around 1,000 people in attendance, it was one of the biggest shows Sub-Rosa has played to date.

Unfortunately, according to Quist, "It cost about 50 bucks an hour to even be in [New York] City."

So the band headed up to Connecticut to find a hotel near their next gig, and found themselves directed to a place called the Honeyspot Motor Inn in Stratford. "At first glance, it's a nice, little privately owned place, but once we entered the building, things changed quickly," says Quist. "It was 4 a.m., with patrons coming and going at that hour, mixed with the smell of cigarettes and some other chemical that was being burned. As we walked the halls to our room, it became clear that we were in a hotel fueled by crackheads and hookers." Luckily, they dodged that bullet and found someplace else to spend the night.

Near the end of the tour, the band headed up to Toronto, where a chain reaction of stressful craziness began. The band's phone plans weren't working in Canada, meaning they had no access to GPS to help them find where they were going. "We were 30 minutes late, fighting rush-hour traffic and sleep deprivation," he says. "While I'm flying down little city streets trying to get us there before sound check, Sarah [Pendleton, violin], from the back of the Suburban, announces, 'Don't look: I'm peeing!' I'm laughing so hard, trying to figure out if I'm sleeping or if it's real life. To top it off, I can hear, 'I need another cup!' coming from Sarah." Luckily, the band made it on time for sound check, and Sarah got her second cup.

Despite the chaos, Quist is happy to have been invited along on such a legendary adventure. However, now that he's home, he must now prepare for yet another tour—this time, with his band, Making Fuck. They'll be playing their tour kickoff show at the Shred Shed with fellow SLC thunderheads Yaktooth and Die Off on Oct. 10. Bring \$5 and wish them well!



How I Learned to Love My Vasectomy By Ben Trentelman • BDKTO@yahoo.com

large group of kids paraded around my house, and in their wake, they left a path of de-**Istruction—juice boxes were strewn about, toys littered the yard, and my pleas for compliance were met with the proverbial 5-year-old middle finger. Shockingly, I was ultimately grateful for these hellions terrorizing my house because they were blowing away any doubts I was having about a procedure I was preparing for: In two days, I was scheduled to get a vasectomy.

I have two kids now, a 4-year-old and a 1-vear-old, and even in their most epic of fits or tantrums. I constantly think of how grateful I am to have them in my life. My wife and I decided long ago. however, that two kids would be our optimal number—financially, environmentally and mentally.

I watched my wife look for a contraceptive that didn't impact her weight, mood or hormones. Not only do women have to put up with the societal expectation to take these contraceptives, but they are being limited in how they can actually access a form of birth control that works for them and their bodies. The recent ruling in favor of letting Hobby Lobby choose which forms of contraceptives they cover denies women the opportunity to truly choose what method is best for them. This is all being done under the label of religious freedom and casts aside the rights of these women.

I discovered that my insurance classifies a vasectomy as preventive care, which is covered by my insurance after I pay my \$30 copay. I fail to see the difference between my wife's methods of birth control that prevents fertilization and a vasectomy, which also prevents fertilization. Paying \$30 once as a permanent form of birth control vs. paying \$30 a month for my wife's form of birth control also seemed like a no-brainer.

I spoke with several "conscientious objectors" who were more than willing to tell me why I was making a mistake. Something could happen to one of my kids or my wife, or I could divorce. I

would be less of a man, or just because "Your balls man!" I was actually surprised by the support I got from other dads who had made the same decision as they eagerly welcomed me to the Vasectomy Club (tentatively) and told me all of the ins and outs for a speedy recovery (frozen peas).

Once you get over the fear of making the call, scheduling a vasectomy is ridiculously easy. I found a urologist who could get me in ASAP, and that was it. I received a pamphlet in the mail a couple weeks later that detailed what I needed to do before I went in for my visit, which consisted of not taking any blood thinners, shaving most of my business, and not being a huge dumbass by having unprotected sex and knocking up my wife.

I arrived at the urologist's office with my wife to find one other gentleman in the waiting room. Up to this point, I hadn't felt nervous about the procedure. but as I sat, I found myself jumping every time the door to the examination rooms opened. Apparently, I wasn't alone: When the other guy was called back, he pointed at me, like I was the one they were looking for. All I could do was to quickly point back at him, my mouth hanging open in shock. He reluctantly went back, and I continued to wait. Soon they called me back and told me to take off my pants and to have a seat. Moments later, the doctor came and explained the procedure in areat detail and made sure that I was fully aware of what getting a vasectomy meant for my future as a breeder. I would still produce sperm, but my vas deferens would be cut: They are the tubes that allow sperm to travel out of the body to make babies—cutting these tubes leaves those ambitious swimmers no place to go, and I would shoot blanks for the rest of my life. I told him

I focused on the plain, white ceiling, trying not to look down as he prepped me. When the doctor asked me what I did for a living, I knew that he was distracting me from the needle he was about



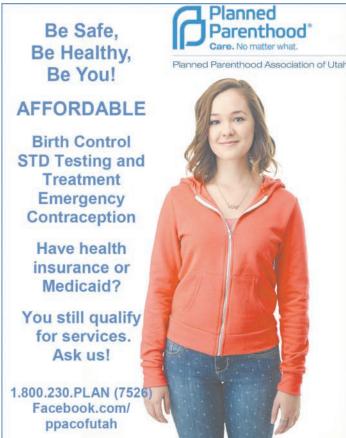
to shove into my sack, so I became a fountain of information about my job. I felt little more than a pinch, which was quickly over with, followed by tugging sensations as the doctor did his thing—I had lost all feeling in my testes. Vasectomies are outpatient procedures, so aside from numbing my nuts, there was no other medicating. One brief conversation, and the procedure had come to a quick end. Aside from feeling slightly violated and weirded out by the experience, I was fine. I put on my pants and went home to spend the next two days in my basement revisiting a few coveted gems from my VHS collection and appreciating my bag of frozen peas.

Now, no more patter of little feet, no more bottles or diapers, no more periodic wondering when that "time of the month" is a little late. Instead? Awesome, worry-free sex for life. Totally worth it.

[Editor's note: Vasectomies DON'T protect against sexually transmitted diseases/infections.1









BABY GHOSTS. MAYBE GHOSTS.

PROBABLY AWESOME!

By Gavin Sheehan gavin@slugmag.com

Photos: Gilbert Cisneros

The first time I heard Baby Ghosts, it was through a Bandcamp link someone had forwarded me in early 2012, saying, "You should probably give this a listen." It was their first album, Let's Always Hang Out Together, Okay? It cost a whole \$4 and barely clocks in at 30 minutes ... but the power pop punk that came blaring out of my speakers sold me for life—I felt as if I were transported to the world of Scott Pilgrim, a magical video game/comic book-fused world where music was king and we were having a giant party in their badass kingdom. This was something new and fun—something exciting, unjaded and full of vigor.

When the album broke out, I got to witness the impact it had locally—first dominating the Provo music scene and pushing a new wave of house shows across the city, then making numerous Top 10 lists, as well as seeing venues across northern Utah clamor for a band that, at the time, wasn't even legal to play anywhere except for all-ages venues and private parties. The group earned part of their success working with DIY labels who would take copies of their albums and sell them at an affordable price, which, in turn, got their music out across the U.S. in relatively short order.

Usually, this is the part of the story for Utah bands where they reach critical acclaim and then the band breaks up, but miraculously, the group has stayed together for four years, releasing a 7" in 2013 and, in August, a brand-new full-length album called Maybe Ghosts.

On a balmy Sunday morning, I excitedly bounced my ass out of bed and made my way down to Salt Lake Coffee Break where I was greeted by the primary members of Baby Ghosts: Bret Meisenbach, Katrina Ricks and Karly Zobrist. While I gathered my questions together, the trio joked about their week and local music trends happening in SLC and Provo, showing that they're all still quite involved and care about what happens around the scene, clearly having fun as friends who happen to be in a band together. So, the first question on my

mind was how they felt about being together for over four

"I think we take it casually enough. We record and tour a lot—we also take long breaks so we don't get overwhelmed," says Meisenbach. He expressed that if it stops being fun, they're not very inclined to do it. If it starts getting stressful, that's usually when the group will take a few weeks off where they don't practice or write, or do anything really but hang out if they really want to. "I feel like if you don't do that. that's when people start getting mad at each other, fighting, quitting—so we try to avoid that," he says.

The band is actually coming off what could be considered their biggest break yet, since Zobrist (who currently serves as the head pastry chef of Eva's Bakery) spent the last year in Las Vegas attending culinary school. While she still served as a contributing member of the band and recorded all her parts on the new album, the process became more drawn out, as she wasn't around for much of the writing process. Because of this, the recording at Black Pyramid Recording took an entire year to get through.

"I would come up for a weekend, we'd have a show that night, and in the morning, I'd wake up and record something at Bret's studio, and then drive back home because I'd have to be into work. It was a series of 36-hour trips where they'd be like 'This is your part—sing it!' It was difficult to record [the album] and still be a part of [the band]," Zobrist says.

Through that chaos came a unique way of putting together an album: Ricks and Meisenback would make demos of songs together while Zobrist would record her own demos and email them. The duo would record in a DIY fashion with drums and bass, adding vocals when they could, waiting for Zobrist to visit to record her parts into the mix throughout. In order for the band to get to the point where they were playing the final versions as a unit on tape, they needed to reach out to their friends for help.

"There were times where we would write songs and couldn't record them, so we would teach them to our friends from other bands, and they would come practice with us," said Meisenbach. Oftentimes, the members would find singers and quitarists, saying, "Here's what the guitar part might be" or "Here's what Karly said," just to play it so they could hear it loud one time. They ultimately had songs on this album that they didn't play together until recording was complete.

Those looking to hear the same jovial pop punk from the first album may find themselves caught a little off guard by the lyrics. While the pop punk vibe is still very much in effect, the lyrics and overall tone of the music has taken on a more arounded sound. The band admits that the first album was made to be goofy because people didn't really know who they were yet beyond shows at the now-defunct Compound in Provo. When people started buying the album and honed in on the lyrics, the group realized that they should stray away from writing such weird lyrics that made no sense. Through that process, the songs became slightly harder and more meaningful, yet still retain the humorous tone with which the band still pokes fun at their own work. Maybe Ghosts ends up packing quite a wallop, as the band took emotional themes and fun experiences and drizzled them with a chocolate coating that still makes even the hardest-hitting song a tune you can dance to.



"I think our songs are more serious this time around because they're about actual things, but still in a very funny and joking kind of way," says Ricks. "The song 'Crash' is about this one time I act into a really bad car accident. It was a really crazy, weird experience, so that one is pretty literal and serious, but writing the song makes it feel better in some

One of the biggest standout pieces intrinsic to the band's formula in recording and

live performances has been the vocal harmonies. which mainly consisted of Ricks and Zobrist at the start, but has morphed into having all three contribute to taking the lead and switching off to harmonize. They've also, much to their pleasure, eliminated the kind of contention most bands end up developing where a single performer is labeled "the star" while the rest are viewed as a backup band. The vocal treatment has given them new avenues to explore when writing songs and performing live, which many bands aren't able to attempt. For example, this time ground, Ricks and Zorbist switched roles on a few tracks, giving Zobrist a chance to scream out loud while Ricks toned down and stayed in mel-

Ricks says, "I think it really takes the pressure off, like you don't feel like you're in charge of entertaining people. It balances everything out. It doesn't make one person the band. I think, at first, we think, 'Oh this is a Katrina/Karly/Bret part, but we tend to mix things up, and it kind of depends on the song. I know, when I write pieces, I have specific voices on my mind, like in "alien. edu," I wanted Karly to sing the vocals."

At the time of this article, the band is now on their fourth lead guitarist—Chaz Costello. of (JAWWZZ!!, Fossil Arms, Broken Spells, Bears On Parade) filling what's been a rotating door of wicked shredders. Since their inception. they've jammed with Pat Boyer (Desert Noises) and Mike Dixon (Memory Map), as well as Cade Thalman from Black Pyramid Recording. When asked about that fourth position and the decision

to fill it rather than move on as a trio, the group were adamant that it was a necessity rather than an addition.

The group's system has always been based on partner writing a system where there needs to be two people writing the songs, which is a core element that has maintained the necessity of always keeping it a four-piece with a lead guitar player. "We like extra guitars because there isn't just leads and solos or anything revolutionary like that to sound cool. It's just that we have a lot of harmonized chords, which makes it sound bigger. We don't see ourselves as a three-piece band with a fourth member. Whoever fills that position adds some style and flair to that set or song, but Pat. Mike and Chaz have all written songs with us, so they feel like members of the band," says Meisenbach.

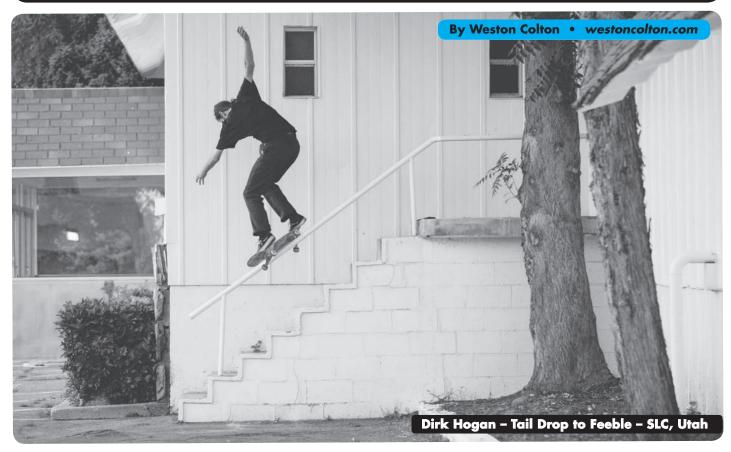
While the band has made great strides in both Provo and Salt Lake City, one of their biggest pet peeves is the perception of having two different scenes with different goals so close to each other, rather than one giant scene working toward the same goal. After touring with Columbus, Ohio, band All Dogs earlier this year and being exposed to what Meisenbach calls "the most impressive DIY scene in the country" in Columbus, the group would love to see the two scenes unite and bring more exposure to everything happening in Northern Utah. Meisenbach specifically points to Salt Lake as having a huge subculture, but it's not big enough to have five DIY scenes, leaving everyone fighting for shows and crowds. He rallies the cry that there needs to be some kind of unification, but that's really hard to accomplish. This sentiment is shared by people who are already working on unifying the cities, making this an exciting time to be involved with the Utah music scene.

"I look to Columbus, Ohio, and I think of what I'd like this scene to be like. The one thing we need that we don't have is that there needs to be the one band, like when Parallax was around, that everyone from Provo and SLC wants to go see. We're too silly to be that band, but we need a band that's cool and has awesome music and positive lyrics, and it's about community," savs Meisenbach.

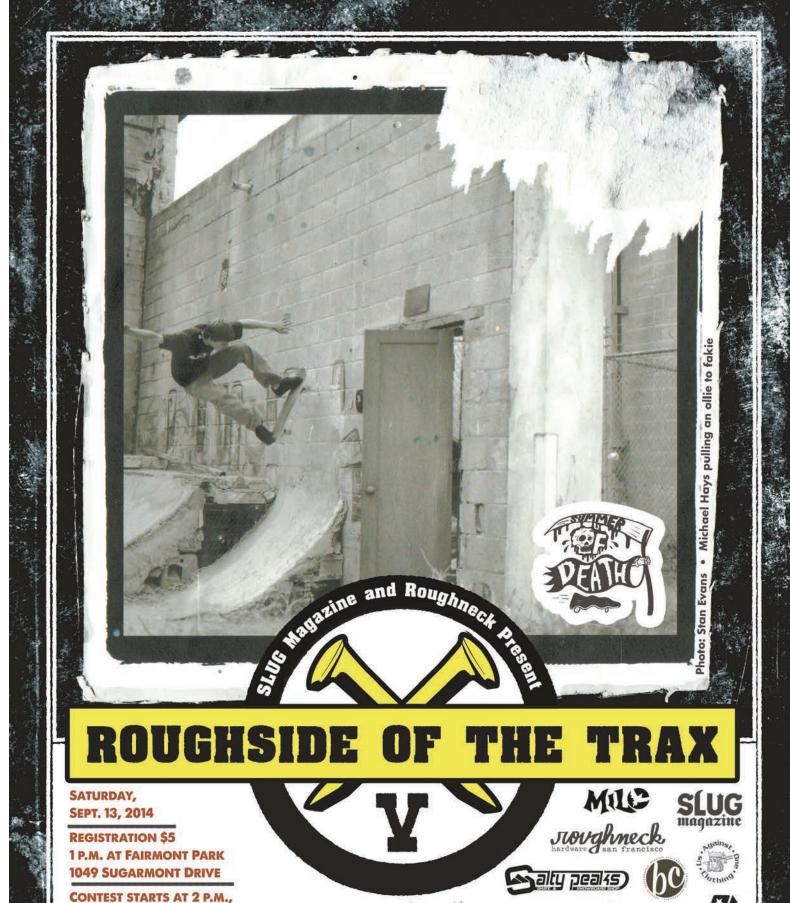
While the band itself may not see themselves in that role, it's hard to think of another band in the past five years that's drawn crowds in both cities and created such an impact within the DIY community. The lyrics may be a blend of humor and silliness, the shows may be rowdy and chaotic in presentation, and maybe most fans are going just to dance their asses off to killer tunes. But when you look at their attitude toward their accomplishments, their direction and their success so far ... maybe they are the band that can unite both scenes and become the Bill & Ted of Utah music.

You can currently download Maybe Ghosts, as well as the band's whole catalog, on BabyGhosts.Bandcamp.com

PHOTO FEATURE







LOCATIONS TBA

AWARDS AT THE SHRED SHED BY 4:30 P.M.



By Princess Kennedy theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

I recently got a documentary from the library titled Salt Lake City in the 1950s. The best part of the doc was the segment on Main Street. I remember hearing stories from my parents and grandparents about the grandeur that was our modest Downtown. "Back then," my grandma would say, "you didn't even think about going shopping without completely dressing up in your Sundee best"—a tradition I half wish we still practiced.

On the tour of yesterday's Main Street, it's hardly recognizable compared to today's. True, the architecture exhibited the still-present Victorian-style grace, and it seemed that, on every block, there was a recurring combination of high-end department stores. One such store, Auerbach's-which I found while doing some research for another article—had a fabulous tea room where the gays of the '30s, '40s and '50s would hang out and "cruise" each other. Of course, there was the legendary ZCMI, America's first department store; a myriad of the most amazing theaters all just dripping in Greek revival that had become so popular in the deco period; dance halls, like the Rainbow Terrace; restaurants; five and dimes: and even a billboard-sized baseball diamond that kept a real-time score of the World Series. By the time any of us (or the historical society) were born, it was all used up and torn down.

I don't really remember that much about Main Street as a small child, which is weird because my mother had a dress shop in ZCMI Mall. One thing I do remember was that every Friday, my mother and I would have lunch at Lamb's Grill (Downtown Main Street's oldest resident and possibly SLC's oldest restaurant). Stepping into Lamb's Grill is so surreal to me. They have barely made a change to it (including the menu) since they opened in 1919, but other than that, Main Street sat as a barren wasteland for decades.

As a teenager, no one went to Main Street—none except for the dregs of human society, which meant that my friends and I had to hang out there. On any given day, you would find us out front of either ZCMI or Crossroads Mall—it all depended on which one would ask us to leave, and we'd go across the street to the other. Then a few days would pass, and

store owners would complain about the punk trash outside, and the cycle would continue ... until one day, when a businessman called us scumbags, and my friend **Animal**, a giant skinhead (a traditional skinhead, not the neo-Nazi kind), dragged him by his tie to the street and curb checked him. That was the end of us loitering in front of the mall.

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Down the street was the Catholic gift center, and I earned my points in hell by shoplifting the fuck out of their crucifix section almost weekly. I had a great collection, though. Across from Sam Weller's was a mag shop that let us underagers buy porn and cigarettes. It was also the only place you could get Interview Magazine, and every month, we went straight there to see what Andy Warhol had done on the cover. Next to that—where Bodega is now—was one of SLC's first underage (and mostly gay) dance clubs, London Underground. I've tried to figure out exactly where it was because it had an entrance that was in a super steep staircase that went down to the same level as The Rest with a huge mock marquee resembling UK's tube signage. I'd sneak out of my house Thursday through Sunday from age 15-17 where it served as an escape for hundreds of Salt Lake City's misfits.

Lastly, on my trip down memory Main was 300 South and Main, right on the corner. It was the late-night hangout for

the gays and their friends. We would hang out (during warmer months) and take over Memory Grove all day until they closed down, then we would pile in cars and head to and park at 300 South and Main, and the dance party would begin. We would all turn the radios in our cars to KCGL, the übercool new wave radio station of the '80s, and we'd vogue out to the likes of **The Cure**, **Siouxie** or **Madonna**. It was a magical time—I hadn't even realized that I had a love affair with the street that is Main.

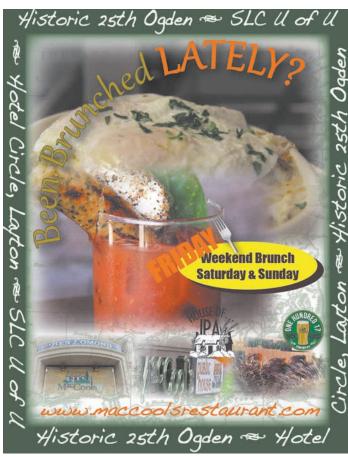
Princess Kennedy revels in the revitalized ambience of Main St.

AMB'S GRILL

I'm super impressed at the buildup of new Main Street—I don't just mean ours, either. It seems to me that there was a point in almost every city that Main Street and the momand-pops were on the outs, becoming extinct. I'm obsessed with the way it seems, scholastically, that we have groomed a generation of urban planners to bring back a small-town feel to the big cities, reviving and gentrifying Main Street, USA, back into places that don't just generate hoodlums and crime. I find urban planning to be fascinating, and if I went back to do school (again), I'd probably study that.

My love affair continues with our thriving Main. When we're hungry, we walk down to Main and end up at Eva, Whiskey Street or The Atlantic. Weekly, I find myself having drinks at Cheers to You or Murphy's. The time has come for you to discover what memories you're going to share with the next generation when you tell them what delights you loved back in your day on Main.







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Technology with Jon Larsen By Mike Brown · Instagram. @fagatron

nytime I need anything done regarding technology, I rely on my close friend, Jon Larsen. Whether it's pirating software for my stupid Mac or just help figuring out my remote control, his vast knowledge of wires and everything electronic comes in handy. I thought that he would be the perfect guy to interview about technology. I probably couldn't have been more wrong, but I still feel it was time well spent. Recently, Jon moved in with me and has been fixing everything from my emotions to my record player and other worthless mechanical objects that I have no need for—it's fun to watch him fix stuff.

Jon Larsen is definitely what I consider a fixture in Salt Lake City. You can find him at *Twilite Lounge* every night of the week, right before last call, making girls feel creeped out and pounding tequila before finding a random house party. Other than that, the only time you will see him is if his band, **God's Revolver**, is playing somewhere. Jon survives completely off of energy drinks, American Spirit cigarettes, Adderall, Pabst Blue Ribbon and tequila. I have honestly never seen him eat food—although, I have found several remnants of pizza boxes and empty Del Taco bags in my apartment, suggesting that he consumes some sort of matter.

Jon Larsen can fix anything, yet chooses not to. We talked at length about which robots that he would most like to have sex with. The whole time, I was thinking that he could just build the perfect model to have sex with, which, hopefully, would also do our dishes, because he never does. According to Jon Larsen, the most sexually attractive robot is KITT from *Knight Rider*, and it has nothing to do with **David Hasselhoff**. Jon informed me that KITT stands for Knight Industries Two Thousand, and he finds this incredibly sexy. Since KITT possesses the technology of AI (artificial intelligence) and can speak, the car could talk dirty to him while Jon fucks him in the gas-hole, unlike Jon's car, which (though he's convinced it's a lot like KITT) can't talk and is just dirty. The other robot Jon Larsen finds extremely sexy is HAL 9000 from 2001: A Space Odyssey. Jon also said he wouldn't mind giving it to HAL because it can talk, too, but he would have to take the lens cap off to fuck it.

Jon is also a master at finding technological garbage at the DI and reselling it on eBay for ridiculous amounts. A few months ago, while meandering on his laptop via eBay, Jon came across a \$500 drone and purchased it—all in the name of technology. The drone is actually pretty badass and is super fun to fly when you are drunk. He wouldn't let anyone touch the remote control until I convinced him that all I wanted for my birthday that year was to fly the drone, and we did. It looked like a goddamn UFO, and there is already potential legislation to regulate drone use on the consumer market, so we better get our fun in while we can. The thing is surprisingly durable, but—as we have learned the hard way—drinking and droning has lead to several crashes.

I also asked Jon about the hot technological topic of 3D printing. I wanted to know his thoughts and what he would like to 3D print the most if he could. The answer was simple, but not surprising: a butt plug. He actually said that he had the CAD drawing for the one that he wanted already, but he hadn't gotten around to doing anything with it.

Or maybe he would print more Rubik's Cubes. It's a little off topic, but Jon is obsessed with the Rubik's Cube lately. He likened solving it to masturbation, which makes sense—fiddling with your toy until that glorious point of achievement. He stated that he even thinks about masturbation while solving it.

I asked Jon if, overall, he considered technology good or evil. He said, "Good," because it's the only thing that gets him laid lately. When I asked him to elaborate, he referred back to KITT from *Knight Rider*. I'm not exactly sure what he means by that, but Jon will always have a Rubik's Cube to fall back on.

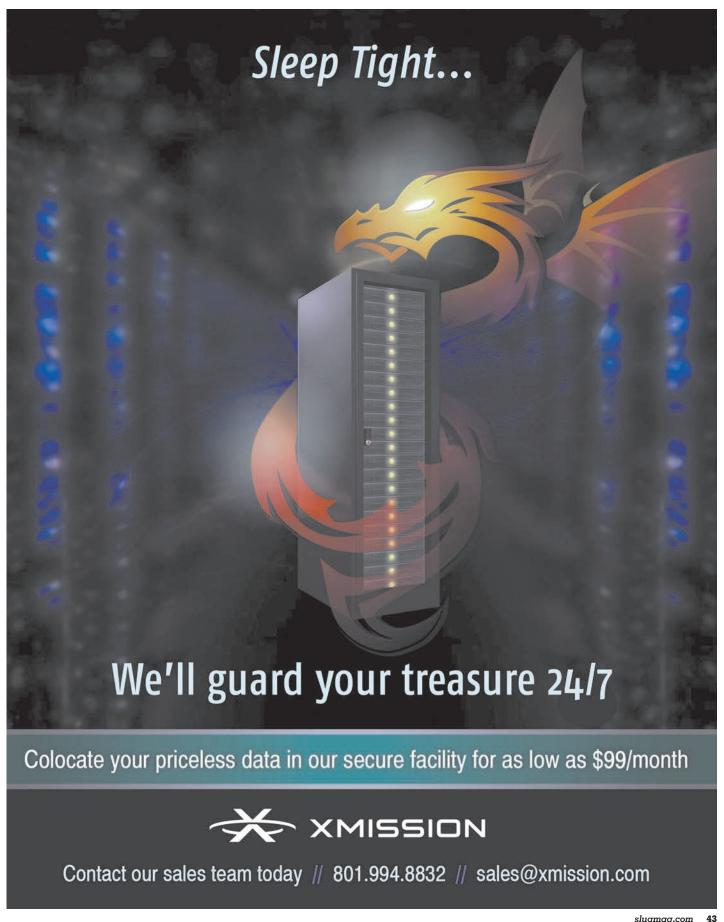
As far as *Back to the Future II* goes, Jon isn't nearly as mad as I am that the technology portrayed in the film has not come to fruition yet. Self-tying Nikes would be pretty sweet, but Jon considers hoverboards far too dangerous for the general

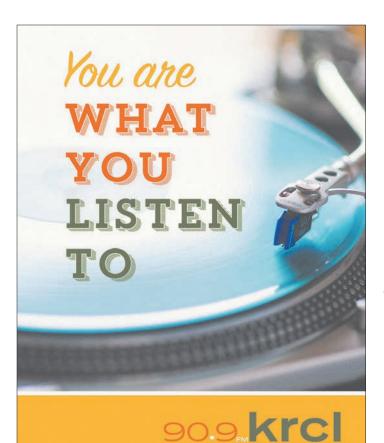
public and thinks that time travel is worthless in general. Jon stated that if he had a time machine, he would have to keep traveling back in time to ensure that it worked and that it would suck to time travel in your time machine only to have it not work somehow.

I then pressed Jon to tell me how he could use technology to finally pay me rent. His answer was that he would build robots for other people to have sex with and turn our apartment into a robot brothel. I'm not sure we have enough vacuum cleaner attachments to do that because we have hardwood floors, but whatever.

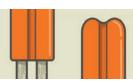


Mike Brown (L) and Jon Larsen (R) are just one Mike Abu short from a perfect threesome to play with their ... Rubik's Cubes.









By Mike Riedel mikey@slugmag.com

The Bohemian Brewing Company, located in Midvale, Utah, is one of the state's most unlikely success stories in Utah's recent beer history. Founded by Czech immigrant **Joe Petras** in 2001, Bohemian took a big chance on making old-world craft beer styles when the majority of craft beer drinkers were moving toward more hoppy and modern interpretations on English and Belgian styles. Joe's philosophy was basically to make four beers, but make them well. This simple ideology served Joe well for over a decade. While other defunct breweries had previously occupied their space-making a full range of styles—these "Old School Brews" seemed to thrive where the oth-Brews' seemed to thrive where the others couldn't. Sadly, Joe passed away in 2012, leaving *Bohemian*'s future in question. The Petras family, along with a dedicated staff, has successfully built upon Joe's philosophy while keeping true to his intentions. This month's beers are a tribute to Bohemian's growth and innovation, as they released two new high-point beers into the market, keeping true to the old-world ways that have kept us coming back for more.

Export Lager

Brewery/Brand: Bohemian Brewina Co.

ABV: 6.0%

Serving Style: 12 oz. can Description: This lager pours a nice, inviting, semi-clear golden hue with two fingers of thick, soapy white foam that, in turn, coats the glass with lacy foam as you drink it. The nose is full of biscuit and baked bread. There are some mineral notes mixed in with some mild grassy/floral hops that punch up from behind. The taste starts off bready with some toasty and grainy malt, just like the nose. Next comes a bit of saltinecracker character that's fairly drying. Hints of lemon and grassy, alfalfa-like hops round out the end. It finishes dry, clean and with mild notes of floral hops.

Overall: This is like your classic German-style lager, just amplified a bit. It's a little more hearty, but every bit as drinkable as its lighter cousins.

Düsseldorfer Altbier Brewery/Brand: Bohemian

Brewing Co. **ABV:** 5.3%

Serving Style: 12 oz. can **Description:** This German-style brown ale pours a clear, reddishbrown color with a moderate cap of beige head. The nose has strong toasted-bread aromas with medium caramel sweetness. The hop bitterness is moderate with pine and grass notes rounding it out. The taste starts out with strong malt upfront, alongside toasty crackers as well as char and co-coa. Grassy and herbal hops pop in next with a hint of earthy cherry and biscuit. The end is floral with a slight mineral bite. It finishes somewhat dry

Overall: This is an ale that's aged like a lager. The flavor is complex compared to other brown ale styles, and it's definitely worth getting your hands

Sommer Landbier Brewery/Brand: Bohemian

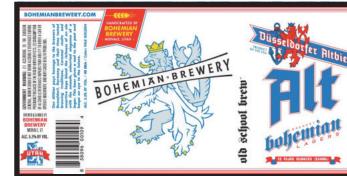
Brewing Co.

ABV: 4.0%

Serving Style: Draft

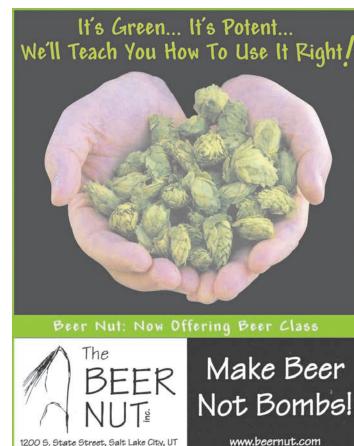
Description: This seasonal offering from Boho pours a hazy straw color, as it's unfiltered to reflect the simplicity of styles with Bavarian origins. The nose is malty sweet with some toasty, raw grain notes. The taste starts with pale wheat bread and a bit of biscuit. Next comes a slight hint of roastiness, which balances nicely with the light barley flavors. The end is full of spicy, Hallertau hops that also add subtle floral notes with hints of lemonarass. The end is dry, spicy and bitter.

Overall: This beer was designed for summer by people who needed something simple and light in alcohol to get them though a day in the field.



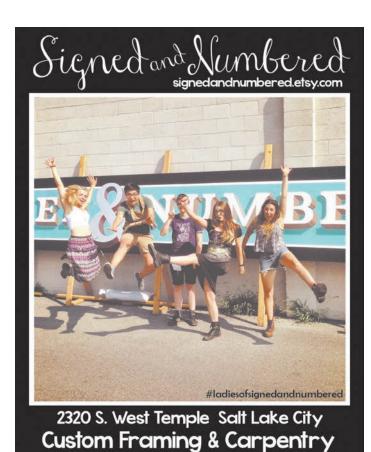


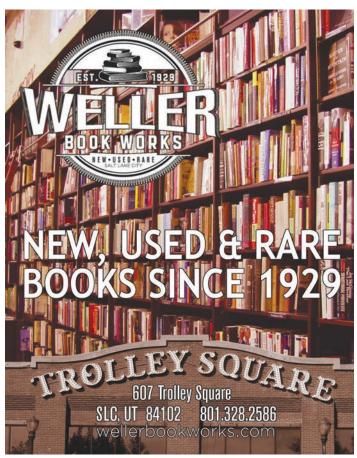
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GALLERY





Jason Manley uses 3D-printing technology to construct structures out of words.

Strolling 101 By Mariah Mann Mellus mariah@slugmag.com

In recognition of all the students returning to school, I offer a little Gallery Stroll education. Gallery Stroll is a monthly event when local galleries stay open later in the evening, typically from 6–9 p.m. for extended viewing opportunities. While I tend to focus on the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll, which takes place the third Friday of every month, other Utah cities celebrate their art community throughout the month: Ogden hosts a First Friday Art Stroll, The Sugarhouse Art Walk in Sugarhouse is on the second Friday of the month and Park City's Gallery Stroll is on the last Friday of the month.

This monthly event often marks the beginning of a new show, which we celebrate with artist meet-and-greets and light refreshments. It's about connectivity in our community. People from all walks of life come out to the gallery stroll—the young, the old, the dressed-up and the casual. You like what you like, and it's just a matter of opinion. The only hard rule is don't touch! (Unless you see a sign that says, "Please play with the art.")

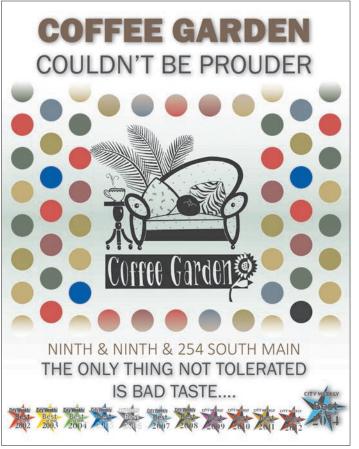
For a complete list of where to go, visit ogdencityarts.org, facebook.com/sugar-houseartwalk, gallerystroll.org and parkcitygalleryassociation.com.

As for my *Gallery Stroll* plan, you can find me here:

The Central Utah Arts Center (CUAC) is a staple in my Salt Lake Gallery Stroll schedule. Under the direction of **Adam Bateman** and Associate Director **Nancy Stoaks**, CUAC is a fabulous small-scale art gallery that presents big ideas in contemporary art from around the world. September's show features Austin, Texas, artist Jason Manley and Denver artist Tyler Beard. While each have a distinct style, both men have chosen to focus on marrying concepts and mediums and to draw heavily on the use of language-both written and visual—to create their work. Manley's work is clearly influenced by his business background as an intellectual-property developer as President of theartdepartment.org and ConceptArt, an international creative community with over 330,000 members. Manley uses words to construct objects and structures utilizing advanced 3D-printing technology. The end product allows the viewer to feel like they are witnessing the building of ideas. Beard hones in on the use of color, geometry, various materials and imagery to find connectivity in somewhat random objects. Drawing inspiration from the formula of poetic haikus, Beard builds the art up and then retracts to leave space, allowing the viewer an opportunity to fill in the blanks. The opening reception takes place Friday, Sept. 19 in conjunction with the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll and will remain on display until Oct. 10. For more information, visit cuartcenter.org

Finally, I can't let September pass without a plug for the *Poor Yorick* open studios. Twice a year, the studios open their doors for the spring and fall equinoxes to showcase their labor and have a party. This year's big event will take place on Sept. 27 from 4–9 p.m. Over 50 artists will be on display, representing all forms of visual arts. *Poor Yorick* is located at 126 Crystal Ave. (2590 S.).

In order to take it all in, sometimes you have to stroll.







Register today for Strut Your Mutt! September 13 Liberty Park, Salt Lake City

Saving the lives of dogs and cats in animal shelters could be as easy as a walk in the park. Join Best Friends Animal Society for this fundraising fun run, dog walk, and festival.

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- Show off your dog's amazing abilities in pet contests.
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ASK A COP

Dearest Officer,

There are a couple of corners in our beloved Salt Lake that are riddled with some of the most incredibly obvious substance transactions I have ever seen. These corners—specifically, the corner of 200 S. and 400 W.—often see squad cars cruise past, but rarely does anyone get busted. I'm not for an increased police presence anywhere, but if you're passing what is an obvious deal, isn't it your OBLIGATION to stop it?! I swear to god I've seen cops make eye contact with these scumbags who, when they're not exchanging smack for cash, make it their life's mission to make any female no matter how tough—feel vulnerable. My question, ultimately, is why don't you guys do your fucking jobs instead of using taxpayer money to drive over the speed limit past low-level drug dealers? This is not to say every weirdo should be put away, and I know you're not the person to talk to about systemic failings, but Jesus, it's as if you're encouraging

ACAB.

Dearest ACAB,

I'd apologize, but it's not my place. Before continuing, reread The Huffington Post article from Oct. 30, 2013. In the article, the Chief law enforcement officer over the address you detailed promoted the idea of "just knock it off" with drug dealers. You also have a DA who doesn't put dealers in jail. Early resolution puts the dealer right back on the streets you walk. Those bosses would disagree with my assessment, but then again, they're not on the streets like you and me.

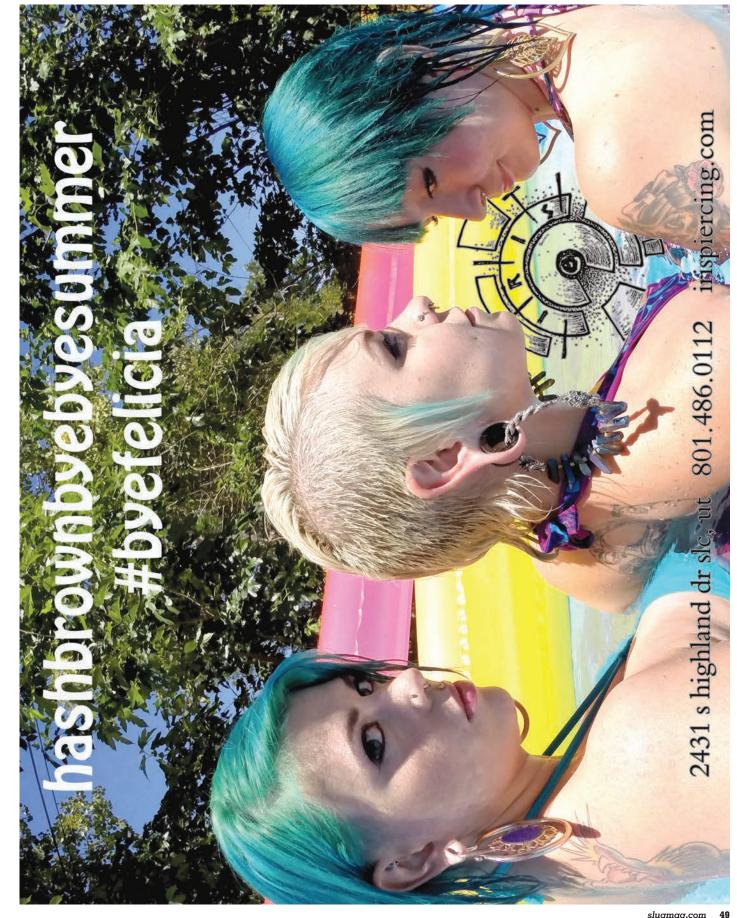
Almost a year ago, when the article was printed, this strategy had already been in place for some time. You have seen the complete failure that has result-

ed in a criminal street pharmacy. Once thriving businesses are now vacant and drug infested. Children and families trying to use the services of the shelter are continual victims—overdoses, homicides ... I could go on for hours.

How did "knock it off" affect cops in Utah? Well, when I go on a felony drug call, I'm forced to tell the dealer to only knock it off. How's that criminal going to react the next day when I arrive to arrest him, because now he beat up a competitor? He's in my face, "Fuck you, pig," with a complete lack of respect for a peace officer's authority. As you put it, the cop is going to do his fucking job, and the fight is on-people get tased, sprayed, cops get shot, people get shot—it's a vicious circle. The result: dead cops and dead druggies. I'm generalizing, but you get the idea.

Police admin know of their failure. Stories in other states promoting the SLC drug area and profits to be made have gotten back to City Council, which has demanded change. Continue to voice your concern with the "systemic" problems. Understand that those implementing the change are the same who promoted the open-air drug market in the first place. The SLC narc unit was disbanded. A new unit, with new people, is gearing up to reclaim the area, and a couple street cops were consulted. That's different than before. There's hope, but don't hold your breath. When those in charge offer you an apology, rest assured, we're no longer encouraging the bad guys.

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









BOOK REVIEWS





The Beach Boys' Smile (33 1/3) Luis Sanchez Bloomsbury Street: 05.08



As the latest edition to the (unfortunately) obscure 33 1/3 series, Smile provides the cultural and historical background to one of rock's most mythical records that almost never happened. Author Luis Sanchez begins with the unique nature of The Beach Boys: a teenage vocal group that streamlined their version of Southern California teen living directly into America's consciousness. Sanchez details the popularity of surfing and surf rock as counterculture, how the Beach Boys were anything but counterculture and how they were able to convey such sincerity through their pop music in a way that anyone who listened could capture the carefree, suburban teen's American dream. As their fame grew to an even level with counterculture rock stars like The Beatles and Bob Dylan, the Beach Boys risked exploring new territory in the realm of pop music, which eventually led to the creation of Smile. The main character behind all of this is the unassuming musical savant Brian Wilson. Sanchez explores the inspirations behind Wilson's genius from maniacally studying the work of Phil Spector to embracing, rather than rebelling against, the suburban lifestyle. Smile is a deep glance into the formation of pop music and one of its greatest minds. – Justin Gallegos

J Dilla's Donuts (33 1/3) Jordan Ferguson Bloomsbury Street: 04.24

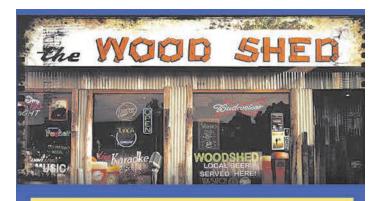
"J Dilla would hate this book," Ferguson writes, as he posits how he believes Dilla would react to people delving so adamantly into his work to extract deeper meanings, as Ferguson does in this portrait of an album. Donuts, released four days before Dilla's death, was created during the last moments of the artist's life. and thus carries a much more substantial weight in comparison to other Dilla productions—whether he would have it that way or not. Thus enters this book, included in the 33 1/3 series, which combines a historical perspective of the album and the context in which it was released, along with a prominent first-person narrative in which Ferguson theorizes on the influences used in the album and how they translated into the larger hip-hop community in which Dilla worked. It feels pretty meta to be criticizing the work of a critic, and while Ferguson spends what I felt was an unnecessarily long time coming to terms with the role of writing as a critic himself, he writes in a way that ultimately succeeds in expressing the significance of Donuts when contemplating Dilla's life. -Brinley Froelich

Kanye West's My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy (33 1/3) Kirk Walker Graves Bloomsbury

Street: 06.19 Kanye West is the millennial generation incarnate, or at least that's what Kirk Walker Graves would have us all think. Throughout the 150 or so pages of this book, Graves unpacks the enigma that is Kanye West's personality and art. This book isn't so much about the musical qualities of My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy as it is about how Kanye's ego and public persona can be used to explain modern 20-somethings. Graves finds meaning in West's music that I never would have picked out on my own. His fandom is clear, but he never steps into hyperbole in his praise of the music. Though, at times, it feels like his discussion of this album can get a bit too academic, I appreciate the thought that he has put into his analysis of Kanye's work. This book is some serious next-level music criticism—I never realized how much Kanye's Gucci line meant to my life before this guy told me about it. -Alex Gilvarry



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Babylon Down and Roots Rawka

TUES & SUN:

Karaoke That Doesn't Suck & Poker

WEDNESDAYS:

Open Jam Night

THURSDAYS:

Live Reggae Music

FRIDAYS:

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September 12: Monthly Reggae

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Wade Wilson Project September 26: Black Anvil

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GAME REVIEWS





Can you believe it?'

Magic 2015 - Duels of the Planeswalkers Stainless Games / Wizards of the Coast Reviewed On: PC Also On: Xbox 360, iOS, Android, Xbox One Street: 07.16

Whether you're a Friday Night Magic regular or a fledgling Planeswalker casting their first spell, Magic 2015 – Duels of the Planeswalkers is a pretty solid introduction to the trading card game. The story, frankly, isn't even important—it's just there to provide a vague premise for you to show down with some of Magic's more recognizable characters. Yeah, you have to pay money to play with the kinds of cards you'd actually see in your average kitchen-table duel, but you can make some pretty fun decks with the kind you get for free by winning games. You're probably going to want to go into the options right after you start because the game's Al makes some pretty questionable decisions that are best left up to the player. Even so, it was still pretty fun to spend an afternoon or two defeating computerized wizards with magical trading cards. The online multiplayer can be pretty fun, but there's really no substitute for a night of arcane debauchery in good company. It's a good introduction—or reintroduction—to the gran-daddy of all TCGs. –Henry Glasheen

Murdered: Soul Suspect Airtight Games/Square Enix Reviewed On: Xbox One Also On: PS3, PS4, Xbox 360, PC Street: 06.03

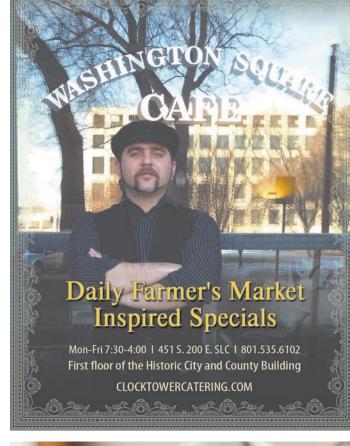
Because of SIUG Magazine's publishing cycle, and the fact that we aren't necessarily the most renowned game journalism source in the world (yet ...), oftentimes I find myself writing about a game that has been out and reviewed for quite some time. Effectively, this means that I am playing the game after the gaming world at large has spoken—and a lot of times, I am able to echo their sentiments. In this case, however, Murdered: Soul

Suspect did not get a whole lot of love from the masses, but I think it's a pretty solid game. You play as freshly dead detective named Ronan O'Connor who. now in ghost form, is tasked with solving his own murder. The premise alone leads to some very interesting gameplay mechanics, like walking through walls and possessing people (and cats) to find clues and further the plot. At times, elements like some of the crime-scene pieces feel forcefully bloated to make the game feel longer. Plus, the lack of any replayability makes the \$60 price tag seem in poor taste. However, the great noir-style storytelling and the fresh mechanics make this game worth a peek. –Blake Leszczynski

Valiant Hearts: The Great War Ubisoft Reviewed On: Xbox 360 Also On: Xbox One, PS4, PS3, PC Street: 06.25

This game knocked me flat on my ass. It lured me in with its beautiful, Sundaycomics animation only to punch me in the heart with a compelling story about friendship, valor and the hell of war. Valiant Hearts follows the fates of five characters whose lives intersect with one another over the course of World War I. Though it's set against the backdrop of one of the most infamous wars in world history, the game's not about killing enemies. In fact, what makes it so memorable is how its characters react to the mass slaughter that is taking place around them. From a gameplay perspective, the player is tasked with guiding each character through a series of environmental puzzles that are challenging enough to keep the player interested but the real motivation behind progressing through these brain-benders is to see what becomes of the people to whom we've grown so attached. Valiant Hearts is also packed full of unlockable photographs and historical facts about World War I that forge a strong connection between the game and the actual historical event. There aren't many games that I would describe as heart-wrenchingwhich is why Valiant Hearts is worth your time. -Alex Springer

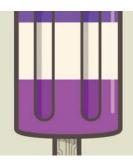








PRODUCT





Bern

Allston Bike Helmet bernunlimited.com

As an avid cyclist in SLC, I've taken

notice to the dangers of our streets. More young adults are turning to bike commuting. This has increased the city's awareness, and the city has become more biker friendly. In reality, the bike lanes and added signage don't affect the awareness of drivers. A helmet is highly recommended even for your short, daily commute to the grocery store. I understand bicycle helmets that are feather light are typically not the most "stylish" of headgear and can cost more than the avid cyclist is willing to pay. The Bern Allston, all-season helmet gives the avid young adult their ideal purchase: feather light, highly ventilated and with a visor to help protect eyes from the elements. Snow, rain or shine, this helmet is created to tackle those elements head on. At under \$100, the Bern Allston helmet is the most protective, comfortable, affordable helmet on the market. The Allston's flip visor feature is super neat, offering the capability of wearing any sunglasses out, big or small frames. I wear a larger-frame pair of sunglasses, and I have the hardest time finding a helmet visor to pair with them. The Allston visor supports my giant frames flipped up or down. This is a highly recommended purchase for year-round commuting—or even for summer rides—short or long. -Jake V.

Chrome Industries

Storm Pasha Jacket chromeindustries.com

I always get so jealous of men's outerwear. Men's rain jackets are always so sleek, and they usually fit the wearer near perfectly. As a lady, I always felt that my options were severely limited—women's jackets tend to be less durable, mildly uncomfortable and the colors are never as cool as the men's variants. Chrome's Storm Pasha renewed my faith in functional clothina for women. It's sleek with fully seamtaped construction, zippered pit vents. a rear stow pocket and a waterproof two-way main zipper. It fits great—it's got room for, ahem, feminine curves, and it rides comfortably. The sleeves are long enough that even on the climb up to 1700 East, my elbows didn't feel constricted, and my wrists remained covered. Speaking of the haul up to the

beloved Bonneville bench, the Storm Pasha is breathable enough that I wasn't absolutely covered in sweat by the time I got to where I was going. Come those Rocky Mountain Corridor rains, I'll be riding dry and happy. Chrome has mastered the art of playing to vanity as well. This is one of those jackets that will have you riding past those big, reflective windows Downtown, thinking, "Oooo-weee! I wanna make that sleeklooking person dinner." Then, you'll make yourself a damn fine meal. It's well worth the \$200, especially if, like me, your only form of transport is your trusty, two-wheeled steed. I can't wait for it to rain. -Genevieve Smith

Chrome Industries

Hip Pouch

chromeindustries.com

I've had fanny packs before, but Chrome's Hip Pouch allows you to transition out of your cool-dad/mom phase while maintaining the practicality of having everything you need by your side (literally!). The Hip Pouch has the classic Chrome look—it looks like a miniature Messenger that sits comfortably at your hip. To make sure that folks knew it was mine. I sewed my trusty "Vieva La Vieve" patch on, and away I went! It's great to not have to wear a backpack of any kind-since using the Hip Pouch, my back and shoulders are happier. At 10" x 6" x 2.5", I can fit everything I need in it. It's also been great for riding to band practice and shows. I can comfortably fit my cello on my back without the Hip Pouch interfering, and I'm confident that I have everything I need for when I get there. (It sux when you get to the venue with no ID and no rosin, amirite? Luckily, I've got bandmates with resin, bro-but that's another story.) The U-Lock pocket is effective as well-my mini U fits snugly, and the construction is durable enough that it doesn't make a huge weight difference. Forty dollars ain't bad, considering the durability and size. Though I may have left the fanny pack behind, I still feel a little bit like a cool mom, since every time I pay a tab or pull out my phone, the sweet sound of Velcro rings in my ears. I'm into it. -Genevieve Smith

PasteUp

Caleb Staker Tee

shoppasteup.com

PasteUp's process is simple: take a local artist, print the artist's work on

T-shirts, sell the shirts, and give the artist 60 percent of the sale. The message that PasteUp delivers is also a simple one—celebrate art and eliminate the "starving" artist. The concept of artists supporting artists rallies behind the sense of community I can't stay away from, but the shirt itself makes me question the price point. I received a shirt designed by Caleb Staker, and the design is a gnarly green bald man with his mouth wide open and tongue proudly protruding. The relaxed-fit was so comfortable I wore it for three days straight—100-percent cotton never fails. But if I'm going to spend \$33 on a shirt, comfort isn't all I'm looking for. The printing method isn't my favorite. If the shirt gets stretched at all, the design starts to distort. For this method, though, the problem is unavoidable. However, my major complaint with the shirt would have to be the website's depiction versus the actual product. Online pictures show a teal man with a healthy pink tongue and gums and clean lines—almost incomparable to the hooker-green one with a crimsonfilled mouth that I received. The clean lines advertised were a lie, being much thicker and present on the physical shirt. For \$33, I would have probably sent the shirt back thinking it was a misprint. I'd like to see pictures of the actual products replace the JPEGs placed over a generic T-shirt template on the website. -Andrea Silva

Syck Trix Syck Trix Board sycktrix.com

Balance boards and training boards used to teach kids and adults to skateboard have been around for decades. Adding to the arsenal of Bongo Boards and BoarDRocKs comes the Syck Trix board (\$95.99). The deck itself is maple, but the important thing is what's underneath: Two inner tubes, held inside cloth bags (oddly referred to as "bladders"), are Velcroed to the base of the deck where the trucks and wheels would be on a regular skateboard. The design allows the user to practice balance, ollies and other skate tricks in the safety of their carpeted living rooms instead of out on the street or skate park. As an aging skater, I ollie less and less with each passing year—and since the ollie is pretty much the staple behind most skate tricks, that means I skateboard less in general these days. With the Syck Trix board, I've been

able to get some much-needed practice in, which has given me the confidence to get off my ass and go skateboarding a little more often—and that's worth a lot. Syck Trix also offers a replacement kit with new bladders, jackets, Velcro attachments and a deck pad (\$69, or \$59.99 without the deck pad), allowing you to turn any deck into a Syck Trix board. – John Ford

Copper Urban

Wezel: The Wallet Easel wezelco.com



It's a wallet. It's an easel. It's a wezel. Beautifully stitched, handcrafted leather makes for a handsome wallet. It's thin and wears in your front pocket quite comfortably. The wallets are made by Copper Urban, a local marketing firm, and are available through their (fully funded) Kickstarter. I thought this would be an ideal wallet solution for my husband, who is a fan of slim wallets and a minimalist at heart. I mean, it can do two things: be a wallet and an easel for your smartphone. But it's missing a few important things, like a photo-ID window and individual slots for credit cards. Also, it's rare to carry cash, but it would be nice if there was a spot for it. This wallet does perform well as an easel, and that is handy for watching Netflix and other things. You'll enjoy breaking the wallet in—the leather will loosen up, becoming a lot more pliable. and you can fit more cards in it. But after a week of carrying the wallet, it's still awkward. Hopefully, with a few more weeks of wear, it will live up to my husband's standards. -Amanda Rock



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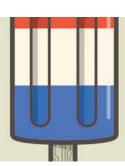
11/18 YELAWOLF / RITTZ

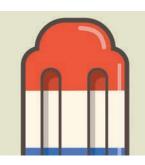
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MOVIE REVIEWS





Guardians of the Galaxy Director: James Gunn Marvel In Theaters: 08.01



brought another successful franchise to the silver screen, but hats must be tipped for this accomplishment. since even hardcore geeks scratched their heads at the announcement for this title. James Gunn directed the Guardians of the Galaxy, comprising a professional thief/ladies man who goes by Peter Quill (Chris Pratt, and he likes it when you call him Star-Lord), the galaxy's most deadly assassin, Gamora (Zoe Saldana), a revenge-seeking madman named Drax the Destroyer (Dave Bautista), a walking free called Groot (voiced by Vin Diesel) and a smartass gun lover who goes by the name Rocket Raccoon (voiced by Bradley Cooper). While the team starts off as anything but friends, their paths form a bond that force them to work together in order to stop the maniacal Ronan the Accuser (Lee Pace) from destroying the galaxy with a mystical orb. Gunn offers a sci-fi adventure that embodies the same fun-for-all-ages characteristics as Star Wars and Star Trek. The balance of comedy, tragedy, action and character development is perfectly calculated. While comic book enthusiasts lose their minds with the plethora of background characters roaming the screen, average moviegoers are not left behind and have a solid understanding of the five leads and their histories before the credits roll.

I've said it before and I'll say it again ... In Marvel We Trust. – Jimmy Martin

Into the Storm Director: Steven Quale Warner Bros. In Theaters: 08.08

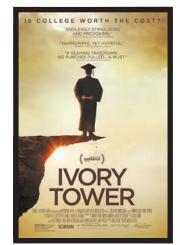
In Steven Quale's disaster porn

tale—which is unnecessarily shot in

found-footage style half the time—a small town is devastated by a series of powerful tornados. The audience tags along with multiple storylines that include an abusive documentary filmmaker (Matt Walsh) hoping to get inside a cyclone with his modified stormchaser vehicle, an assistant principal (Richard Armitage) and his kids, as well as two rednecks (Jon Reep and Kyle Davis) who are hoping to become viral sensations on the Internet by ripping off Jackass. This movie was made 17 years ago and it was called Twister, and the special effects in Jan **de Bont**'s film look far superior to this chintzy CGI display. As weird as this sounds, we live in a time where we've had sharks added to tornadoes, so a regular tornado on screen just seems boring by current standards. Toss in some alligators or some snakes—spice it up a little bit! Quale neglects to offer anything of significant importance when introducing and establishing his characters, so when one after another was whisked away in 300-mph winds, I just applauded when their incessant yammering was finally done. I am completely shocked that this movie was given a wide release rather than premiering on the Syfy channel on a random Saturday night, because that's exactly what it deserves. - Jimmy Martin

Ivory Tower Director: Andrew Rossi CNN Films Street: 06.13

Is the price of higher education really worth it? Andrew Rossi asks this question and many others in this overwhelming look at the direction of colleges and universities in the United States. Rather than focusing on one area, Rossi jumps from subject to subject to address every angle of the debate—from the fact that approximately 68 percent of American students do not graduate in four years, which increases their vast student debt, to multiple schools that offer free tuition to its students. Rossi never really takes sides in the matter.



He leaves it up to the viewer. However, Rossi does present the information with an entertaining method: introducing the audience to one solution, then immediately countering the recently given facts with other data that opens up another can of worms. For me, I loved college. I feel I received a well-rounded education at an affordable price. On the other hand, witnessing individuals who walk out of their graduation ceremonies, all cap and gown, being more than \$140,000 in debt is absurd. The numbers are staggering on the amount tuition has risen for students and, with unemployment rates soaring, is it worth it? Both sides can argue for eternity, but one thing is for sure: something has to change, and fast. -Jimmy Martin

The Skeleton Twins Director: Craig Johnson Roadside Attractions In Theaters: 09.26

The tone is set in Craig Johnson's dramedy immediately as we're introduced to twins Maggie (Kristen Wiig) and Milo (Bill Hader). As Milo lies in a blood-soaked bathtub with two slit wrists, Maggie, on the other side of the country, is considering taking a handful of pills, but a call informing her of her brother's situation makes her think otherwise. However, all is not fine when the pair is reunited and Milo moves in with his estranged sister and her overtly courteous husband, Lance (Luke Wilson). Johnson takes on an array of taboo topics including suicide, infidelity, molestation and successfully

walks the fine line between dark realities and comic relief. The chemistry between Wiig and Hader is surreal as the two bounce off uproarious improvisational moments between fellow writer Mark Heyman and Johnson's touching dialogue. Obviously, the leads' previous Saturday Night Live relationship has something to do with their connection, but it's not everything. These two have a bond that shines brightly on screen. Also, if you wish to see the greatest lip-synch performance of **Starship**'s "Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Now," purchase your ticket today. Those five minutes alone are worth the price of admission. Kudos to Johnson for delivering a heartfelt tale of sibling bonding that I can't wait to see again as soon as possible. -Jimmy Martin

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Director: Jonathan Liebesman Paramount In Theaters: 08.08

To make it clear, Michael Bay did not direct this latest edition in the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles franchise. He only produced it. With that said, the egomaniac still got his feces-covered mitts all over this wad of crap. First off, when I go see a TMNT movie, I don't need or want a 30-minute introduction to April O'Neil (Megan Fox) and her aspirations to be a serious journalist. Don't care. Also, if Jonathan Liebesman had spent as much time developing his action sequences and crafting the film's much-needed humor rather than perfecting the art of having Michelangelo and Vernon (Will Arnett) try to get down April's pants, he may have had something presentable. Again, don't care. The story is bland and the twists make absolutely no sense at all. Did April's father die in a fire, or did William Fichtner shoot him? There are witnesses to both accounts. The one aspect of the film I preferred is the one evervone else hates. I like the new design of the turtles. They finally look like they could kick a foot soldier's ass. Has Bay ruined my or anyone's childhood love for these characters? Certainly not, but his involvement with this production and all future installments decreases my interest drastically and immediately. What a waste. – Jimmy Martin

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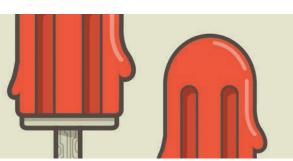
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LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS



Baby Ghosts Maybe Ghosts Self-Released Street: 08.15 Baby Ghosts = Sariah's Kiss + Bat Manors + Lydians

For the past two years, Baby Ghosts have been the darlings of the Utah music scene. For that length of time, they've been crafting some of the finest, hooks-iest tunes in the West, and they've been slinging them relentlessly from aia to aia across the valley and the country. Maybe Ghosts, their second full-length, captures the coed quintet at the last quiet moment they've got. They've refined their influences—punk, riot arrrl, indie pop, anime and Tumblr—into a bright, confident album, full of punkish '90s indie pop tunes with heart and soul and the perfect amount of rock n' roll. "Ghost Boyfriend." with cascading guitars and shouted, emotive lyrics, is a gut-wrenching opener that packs enough punch to hana an album on, but don't expect the tunes to dwindle after that—the rest of the album never lets go of its energy or focus. Get the LP on red vinyl from Baby Ghosts' Bandcamp for an extra treat, before it sells out. -Christian Schultz

The Circulars

Ornamental Self-Released **Street: 06.27** The Circulars = The Field Mice + Felt + Galaxie 500

The Circulars' year-long presence as a four-piece in the Salt Lake music scene was the sort of magical run that will be remembered by wide-eyed youths long after our time has passed. Ornamental, which they released on the eve of their final performance as a fourpiece, shimmers with all the flourishes of their magnificent live shows. It is reflective of the group's refined musicianship and genuine friendships, clearly evident in the following they accrued this past year. The band's refreshing sound—a whirly jangle over tranquil dream pop—is fleshed out through each track, with Sam Burton's wistful voice floating gently over the tender musical landscape. "To Unite, To Submerge" is marked with a Byrds iangle that twists into something complex, and my favorite, "With Virtue I Am Paid," alistens like a bittersweet Cocteau Twins track. Now, as a trio, their brightness will carry on in Salt Lake. -Christian Schultz

Color Animal Bubble Gum **Self-Released** Street: 07.11 Color Animal = **Coloured Clocks / Cayucas**



What's intriguing about Bubble Gum is that it sounds like traditional yet mellow psych rock at first listen, but it takes several more listens to take it all in. Bubble Gum is a great step forward from Color Animal's previous EP—there's an added sense of depth and potential in the higher production value, which isn't usually the case. Lo-fi techniques tend to come off like they are hidden, but Color Animal's care for this record is palpable in the softly suna verses against slightly louder fuzzy guitars and an overall fuller sound. The album's name fits perfectly when you consider the polished sound of fuzz-laden riffs among the sunny. laid-back melodies. The kind of sincerity demonstrated on this album can make any sound, no matter how traditional, feel like it belongs only to the band that's playing it. -Justin Gallegos

Creature Double Feature

Full Circle Love Song Self-Released Street: 04.18 Creature Double Feature = Woods + Electric President

Duo Davis and Mason Johnson are at it again with an album that expands the limits of sound to dreamy, otherworldly realms. Where A Ghost

Story, their prior release, felt like a more calming journey, Full Circle Love Song adds a dose of witchcraft to take a more mystical approach to the psychedelia. With a combination of lo-fi recordings and high-quality production. I couldn't tell you if this album was recorded in a basement or an actual studio, but regardless, the result is mesmerizing in its intimacy. "Holecene," dipped in warm, droney fuzz, establishes a darkness in the void, where "So Long," influenced by Sun Ra, is dreamy and mellow with a healthy dose of cosmic futurism. -Brinley Froelich

Hectic Hobo

Our Medicine Will Do You In Self-Released Street: 08.15 Hectic Hobo = Squirrel Nut Zippers + **Tom Waits**

The Hobos are back with their third venture. This time around, their sound focuses much more on the piano, and an outstanding violin player has joined their ranks (as heard on "Scarecrow Jones"). Production quality has improved tenfold, lending more to the music than they previously could on We Lost Our Legs In The War, We Just Can't Remember Which War. The accordion is less prominent, and there is more balance in the percussion and bass. The band has delved headfirst into folky twang-where they previously waded at armpit level—and it's mixed with a previously unrepresented 1920s ragtime influence. Auxiliary instruments are still vital to their sound, such as an especially ghostly saw on "Prison Prayer" and percussive chains on "Hole in My Coffin." Most lyrical content involves heavy drinking or the woes of love. This album is more wellrounded and versatile than the last. Turn it on, and you won't stop stomping your feet to this rhythmic masterpiece. –LeAundra Jeffs

Jay William Henderson

Hymns To My Amnesia Self-Released Street: 07.15 Jay William Henderson = Iron & Wine + The Hollering Pines + Conor Oberst



On album opener "Marrow In The Morrow," Jay William Henderson cries, "You fool, you fucking fool. You've created this torturous mess." This is some sad-bastard music, and I mean that in the best possible way. Henderson has never really been one for joyous lyrics, even when he was playing slightly more upbeat material with the late Band of Annuals. Fortunately. the somber tone of Henderson's words perfectly complements the heartbreaking beauty of his alt-country music. As one of the few consistently great artists out there, you can always count on Henderson to put out beautiful and emotional songs to fit a somber mood. Hymns To My Amnesia is no exception. This album contains some of Henderson's best work to date, an impressive feat given the almost-decade since the first BoA album came out and considering his impressive body of work since. -Alex Gilvarry

Juana Ghani She Lost Her Head Self-Released

Street: 06.13 Juana Ghani = Dark Dark Dark + **Gogol Bordello**

Juana Ghani seem to have a penchant for bringing to life a seedy, seductive back alley in Italy or Russia through their simultaneously languid and staccato music ("Na Zdorovie"). Every sona is heavy on the accordion and fiddle, which feeds directly into their distinctive style of gypsy-influenced folk punk. Leisl Bonell's voice is sweet and sinister, adding an element of contrast to their style. There are so many members in the band that even their simplest of sonas are layered to the point that you can't pick out every

element, even on the 15th time around. Juana Ghani's live shows are a circus act with saber, belly and fire dancers. and I can vividly imagine one of these rowdy performances with every recorded beat and minor-key inflection. -LeAundra leffs

Larusso Life in Static **Self-Released Street: 08.15** Larusso = The Ataris + **Decibel Trust**

If you're someone who still digs the altrock/emo scene, Larusso nail it. The vocals are passionate, the guitar lines have a nice tone and are well honed, and the production is truly top shelf. The highlights are "The Voice" and "Chase The Sun." both of which nicely present the band's sound, even if it isn't as relevant as it used to be. I can't decide if Life in Static is a welcome throwback to acts like All American Rejects and Alkaline Trio, or if it's just a little too late for the type of Warped Tour emo pop that played itself dry seven or eight years ago. I'm also not sure if there's an undercurrent of Christian themes here or if there are a few too many tired emo clichés and somewhat hackneyed lyrics for me to know the difference. Try Larusso if altrock is your thing. -CJ Morgan

Merchant Royal Self-Titled

Self-Released Street: 08.30 Merchant Royal = Duffy + Heartless Bastards



Merchant Royal have been perfecting their material, performing all around town for the past two years, and the release of their EP is a happy day for their many local fans. I have had the great pleasure of seeing them perform live several times, and I really love Christina Manteris' bluesy vocals. Rich and velvety, they spread all over the delicious vintage-inspired instrumentation like butter on toast. The band is full of talent, and they work hard for their audience—the show is worth your time, every time. This EP is a delightful little taste of what the band is offering, but don't be fooled: If you wanna get the real-deal experience, you gotta see them live. Best plan? Go to a show to get that buzz, then take the EP home to keep it going. -Ischa B.

Monkey Rum Banished from the Garden Self-Released **Street: 05.27**

Monkey Rum = Cinderella + Warrant + Orquesta del Desierto

Banished from the Garden moves

through so many genres and styles that it gets hard to pin these guys down as one genre or another. In that way, you could almost call this album a dad-rock melange, where distinctions between styles get lost in the blend of hair metal, glam rock and grunge. Don't let that deter you, though—songs like "Cry Wolf" and "Losing My Mind" feature some pretty acrobatic auitar work that spice up this familiar formula. Unfortunately, despite the genre shifts from song to song, almost every track is a ballad, and the majority of the lyrics are pretty forgettable when they aren't painfully obvious. Nevertheless, Monkey Rum succeed by the strength of their songwriting and the solid musicianship of their ensemble. Even if you don't love every song, there are certainly a few gems to be found on this record, so give it a spin. -Henry Glasheen

P.K. Workman I Follow Darkness

Self-Released **Street: 03.07** P.K. Workman = The Bats + The Wallflowers

Local (Vernal, Utah) singer/songwriter Paul Kellett, of P.K. Workman, is a longtime-coming solo artist: always seeking band-life, but finding his widest wingspan on a solo flight. He recently released his brand-new EP. I Follow Darkness, which is an indie-pop/ folk lamentation composed over four tracks, like, "Who knew that life was so sad," on "Who Knows." He's strong on the guitar, switching between electric and acoustic to showcase his versatility. One minute, he sounds folky and twangy, then indie and punk the next. He is a particularly skilled musician, but what struck me most were the lyrics. On the title track, he affirms, "I follow darkness so it doesn't follow me"—even with the morbidity of these words, they feel resilient.

-Lizz Corrigan

Pillow Dragon Teen Witch **Self-Released**

Street: 06.21 Pillow Dragon = Covenant + Health / Front 242

Pillow Dragon are a local duo that have taken the purest elements of industrial and combined them with a modern-day feel. The best example I can give of this combination is "Repulse," a catchy beat layered on top of subtle synth and laced with smooth, controlled vocals. My only complaint is that Tony J. Rivas, Pillow Dragon's vocalist, has amazing vocals that aren't featured as prominently on this album as they should be. The carefully constructed beats and background elements of synth make this the type of album where you hear something new each time you listen to it. If you're a purist in the industrial scene or a fan of EBM, this album will no doubt offer you something new and enjoyable to listen to. -Seeth McGavien

Sights

Sonder **Self-Released** Street: 06.20 Sights = mewithoutYou + Steve Roggenbuck + **Wearing Thin**



Sonder is a great improvement on Sights' still pretty great debut EP, Mammoth. From a pure songwriting perspective, I think these guys are catching up with **Eons** (R.I.P.) in the race for who can put out the best posthardcore music in Salt Lake. I have no idea what they are singing, but the vocal delivery on this album fits perfectly with the intensity and grand scope of the music, especially on the mini-epic track, "II." Here, the interplay between vocals and instruments reminds me of our great modern post-hardcore idols, La Dispute—praise I am loath to give out lightly. Sights have not yet arrived, but they are well on their way, and I can't wait to see what they come up with in the future. If they continue with their upward trajectory, their next release should absolutely fucking kill it. -Alex Gilvarry

Tupelo Moan

Cocaine and Chicken Grease Self-Released Street: 07.12 Tupelo Moan = Rubber Factory-era The Black Keys + The Dead Weather

Fuck yeah! No. seriously, I said, "Fuck



veah." every 20 seconds the first time through this album. I tried to find both of the items listed in the album title to get the full effect. I ended up with a bowl full of powdered sugar, for looks, and a giant trough of chicken nuggets. My life could be worse. Tupelo Moan stick their heads straight into the gutter of ultra-heavy, dark, gritty blues. Substantial guitar effects are always applied and are usually superimposed with horn sections that sound like sex ("I'm Gonna Go Now"). Simplicity in all instruments allows you to focus on the intensity without being overwhelmed. Chao's ensues in a few songs with irresistible discord and aggression—"Marie Laveaux" is an example. I'm going to get sweaty in my underwear and punch things now. –ĹeAundra Jeffs

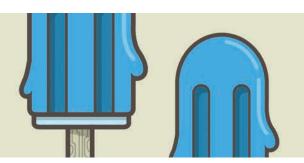
Twilight Transmissions Temple Of Abandonment

Kalpamantra Street: 06.08 Twiliaht Transmissions = Christopher Alvarado + Jeff Duke + One Horse Town

Local musician Christopher Alvarado is on a creative binge lately and just keeps pumping out quality ambient pieces, this time alongside Jeff Duke. This is not as calming as what we are used to hearing from him, as it is a haunting release that has you envisioning the conflicts of an insane mind. It appears as if teaming up with Duke has inspired a darker creative flow. With track titles such as "The Catatonic Lover" and "The Tranquilizing Chair," I felt as if my mind had wandered into an old insane asylum. The haunting, eerie sounds that I heard through it fed and stimulated my imagination. The track entitled "Dust Of The Insanity Ward," with its sounds of cackling babies, screams and repetitive beats, truly gave me the creeps. I envisioned maniacal nurses forcing their patients to take their medicine. This could be used as soundtrack for the Silent Hill video game, Bravo! -Mistress Nancy

Are you in a local band? Send us your album, and we'll review it in print: reviews@slugmag.com

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Blush Response The Drift **Basic Unit Productions** Street: 04.18 Blush Response = 3 Teeth + Bombardier + **Kevorkian Death Cycle**

When you create something good, you get to choose. New York's Joey **Blush** has become a hot commodity and has had to make a tough decision about which label he wants to carry him. Those who have an appreciation for elite electronic music and how it works will enjoy this one. As for this release, it's mechanical, organized and precise music that falls into the noise genre. It is also compiled with some industrial flair. I appreciated "Black Sun" and found it humorous, as some of the clicking backbeats sounded as if they should be mixed into the Knight Rider theme song—I wondered if the KITT car was going to appear. The instrumental "Body Hammer" starts off with hollowed down-tempo beats and progresses into noise, which brought the song gently into the genre. This release bridges noise and industrial music. -Mistress Nancy

Bölzer

Soma **Invictus Productions Street: 08.05 Bolzer = Celtic Frost +** The Ruins of Beverast + **Sulphur Aeon**

Swiss black/death band Bölzer began to rumble the underground just two years ago with their demo, Roman Acupuncture. The rumbling and crushing grew further after the band played to U.S. masses at the 2014 Maryland Death Fest. The interest only builds for a band that has not yet released a fulllength. The most intriguing thing about Bölzer is their songwriting and ability to stay fresh and change up drastically from the demo to last year's heavy, yet weird and despair-filled Aura MLP. Bölzer have the intent and style of a classic Euro death metal band with highly blackened edges. The strength is all in the song dynamics, from immediate crushing to building and crashing crescendos of death, a slickly raw guitar tone and multifaceted vocal approach. The pounding march in "Labyrinthian Graves" is something to behold. These guys are a band to watch. -Bryer Wharton

Bulbul

Hirn Fein Hacken **Exile On Mainstream** Street: 06.03 Bulbul = Radiohead + Marilyn Manson + Interpol



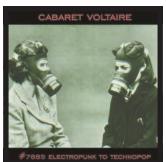
Organized chaos wandered out of Austria and happened to have been recorded to the delight of dysfunctional punkers everywhere. Bulbul's Hirn Fein Hacken is their first album in six vears, and it's the oddest good time you will ever have. With instruments ranging from umbrellas to tennis rackets, this album is an elaborate tribute to auto-destructive art. At first listen. one might think someone recorded a tool box in a washing machine, but after that I started to feel the crunching of catchy guitars and realized that there is a method to the madness. Bulbul almost enjoy the mayhem that this album creates in the listener's head, and they feed the internal anarchy by alternating perspectives on each track. Contemporary music gets a swift kick to the junk on Hirn Fein Hacken, and that's a welcome jab to the boredom of everyday noise.

Cabaret Voltaire

#7885 (Electropunk to Technopop 1978-1985) Mute

Street: 07.01 Cabaret Voltaire = Vox Populi! + Chris & Cosey + Coil

#7885 (Electropunk to Technopop 1978-1985) collects tracks from Cabaret



Voltaire's time with Rough Trade (1978-1982), sounding like what might happen if the bounty hunters from The Empire Strikes Back were to start a Dada-inspired fetish industrial proiect. ("Do The Mussolini (Head Kick)." "The Set Up"), as well as songs from their time on Bizarre and Virgin Records. As the band evolved, the "Technopop" in this compilation title became more applicable. Voltaire sounds like Peter Gabriel meeting Axel Foley for a night of club stalking on songs such as "The Dream Ticket." Those in need of some inspiration beyond Alan Vega/Martin Rev for that cold wave/industrial-dance project with a buddy and an iPad may find that this collection has something to offer. -T.H.

Cex Shamaneater **Automation Records** Street: 04.21

Cex = Lapalux - Eskmo

Riyan Kidwell has created the ultimate antiquated soundtrack. Not that the music itself is outdated, but the project's concept embodies the modernization fad that our generation suffers from. Created to visually mimic a "new" PS2 game, it features old synthesizers and drum machines which all play off the album's concept. This album is laden with rusty sounds that have been ground down and reworked to shine again like new. It's industrial trip-hop with a purpose. The track "Desperate" permeates in a way that is almost nostalaic—with its metallic chords of clips and chirps, it sounded so familiar. Shamaneater plays out that way-fluidly drifting between the familiar and foreign. Albeit well-produced and deliberate, it makes you wonder just how long a piece of art like this can actually last.

-Kamryn Feigel

Cocksure **TVMALSV** Metropolis Street: 08.12 Cocksure = Revolting Cocks + Acumen Nation + 1000 Homo DJs

With all the music that was made at

the Wax Trax! shop in Chicago, there had to be some remnants of it still lying around. I think Christopher J. Connelly and Jason C. Novak took the time to find them. It is almost as if they grabbed some unreleased music and mixed it with today's technology, making a very nostalgic yet aggressive and stimulating release. Tracks like "Drug-A-Bug" and "Alpha Male Bling (shower me!)" had me longing for the days of yore, but "Cocked Ripped to Giddy Tits" has to be my favorite on this one. The body-slamming beat, catchy effects and samples had me in touch with all of my senses. This will most certainly have listeners reminiscing, and I feel that it showcases the history and true sound of industrial music. -Mistress Nancy

Disturbance Project

Grita Mientras Puedas **EveryDayHate** Street: 05.01 Disturbance Project = Nasum + Toxic Narcotic + **Extreme Noise Terror**

Disturbance Project turned up both the volume and arind knobs (the latter of which goes far past the 11th mark) and Grita Mientras Puedas was brought to life. It's also probably safe to assume that they're really pissed off. The songs speed by like crack-addicted light particles, all the while puking diatribes in Spanish. Both polar ends of the grindcore vocal range (low growls and banshee screams) are employed, which is impressive when pulled off correctly. After an intro of radio sounds, the drummer counts three on the snare, prompting order and harmony to take a smoke break. "Casa Belli" is 57 seconds of blast beats, shrieks and blurred punk riffing. The title track kind of sounds like some of the other ones, but it's still pretty cool. I have a friend who gets horrific migraines all the time. I think that after giving Grita Mientras Puedas a listen. I can now empathize with that kind of head pain, albeit on





a much smaller scale. Grind on, fellas. -Alex Coulombe

Evil United Honored by Flame **MVD Audio** Street: 08.12

Evil United = At The Gates + every metalcore band ever - Carcass

Mired in their own mimetic banality, Evil United stand out only in their unusual brand of terribleness. Their riffs are mostly standard At The Gates worship and, for the most part, this album passes by quickly without leaving a strong impression. However, Jason McMaster's vocals waver abruptly between deranged muppet falsettos and a meandering angst-dripping whine. It's hard to say if his vocals are out of tune or simply ignorant of the concept of pitch, but in either case, I could barely pay attention to the dull metalcore stylings of his bandmates with his voice so high in the mix. Fans of the genre will likely gobble this one up without complaint, but there's nothing here you haven't heard before. -Henry Glasheen

Fallujah The Flesh Prevails **Unique Leader** Street: 07.22 Fallujah = Psycroptic +

The Faceless + **Abigail Williams**

This Bay Area band has buzz going in the modern metal world. After seeing a multitude of positive reviews about this new album, I had to check it out and chime in. Once again, a polished turd prevails over emotional response. Fallujah play tight, technical progressive death metal. As the fandom for this slick shit grows, I would bet that fans would be willing to lick the sweat of the collective members' nuts just to absorb talent, or pay the band back in a reach-around sort of way. Basically, there are almost two things going on here: heavy blast beat-ridden death with an ultra proggy atmosphere behind it. All the guitar wanking (it's a hell of a lot of wanking) and pulsating drumming in the world doesn't make up for the fact that the album is like a stale doughnut—it may look, good but it's a nasty taste to swallow. -Bryer Wharton

Father Murphy

Pain Is On Our Side Now Aggoo Records Street: 02.27 Father Murphy = Khanate + Throbbing Gristle

Listening to this album, I found myself imagining specters and spirits dancing around a blasphemous circle of flame, while in the distance, demonic cries echo in a storm of violent proportions.



I found myself disturbed and uneasy while listening to this album. The haunting voices and subdued yet chaotic atmospheric synth made sure that, as uneasy as I was listening to this in the afternoon, by nightfall, I would have all the lights on in the house. "Bones Got Dry" perfectly embodies what Father Murphy is all about—a tragicsounding song of a quietly apocalyptic calamity. For fans of experimental industrial. I recommend this album and possibly a night light to go with it. -Seeth McGavien

Gold-Bears

Dalliance **Slumberland Records Street: 06.03** Gold-Bears = Nana Grizol + The Pains of Being Pure at Heart

Dalliance, Gold-Bears' follow-up to 2011's Are You Falling in Love? on the incomparable indie label, Slumberland, exudes a shiny indie-pop presence under a fuzzy, folk punk veneer. Papa Bear Jeremy Underwood, who cut his teeth writing wooly, Wedding Present-influenced auitar hooks, took a leap here with more effervescent noise pop and a snarkier, more nasally vocal delivery over the same great lyricism. Picking up where they left off, literally, opening with a jolted take on Falling in Love's closer "Yeah, Tonight," Gold-Bears' sophomore effort is all punk noise with all pop underpinnings. Take "From Tallahassee to Gainesville," which features vocals from Pam Berry, and "Hey, Sophie," which glistens with jangly progressions that sound as though they're ripped from debut-era Pains tracks ("Gentle Sons" and "Orchard of My Eye" come to mind). That's not to say they're not great tracks. They bristle with their own energy and lyrical integrity, like "Punk Song No. 15" does—clocking in at 1:03 minutes, it's brimming with an EP's worth of ideas. If this had you at indie pop, do yourself a favor and get Dalliance pronto. -Christian Schultz

il Sogno del Marinaio

Canto Secondo Clenchedwrench **Street: 08.26** Il Sogno Del Marinaio =

Minutemen + fIREHOSE + The Secondmen

Italian for "the sailor's dream," il Sogno

del Marinaio is a post-punk trio featuring legendary bass player Mike Watt-celebrated for his work with the Minutemen and for his recent stint in the reformed Iggy Pop and the Stooges. This is the second record from the band. Watt originally met up with his two Italian bandmates while touring Europe on a solo record. It's clear that this lineup reconnects Watt with some of his musical heritage, as much of it is reminiscent of the Minutemen/fIREHOSE sound—but with a more dream-like quality to it. "Animal Farm Tango" starts off with rudimentary marching drums overlaid with trancelike guitar and Watt's gruff vocals before smoothing into the math/ scientist rock you'd expect. The record floats from start to finish, taking the time for each track to find its footing. It's a solid effort by an unbelievably good band. The best part? They're playing the Urban Lounge on September 23. – James Bennett

Kevorkian Death Cycle

Distorted Religion Negative Gain Street: 07.22 **Kevorkian Death Cycle** = Front Line Assembly + Skinny Puppy + HexRx

California's Kevorkian Death Cycle seem to be releasing music on a regular basis again, and nothing could please me more. The God Am I release was one of my favorites last year. Although releasing a single may be more profitable, it can be such a tease. This four-track single is a tasty morsel and has me yearning for more. The statements from the late, bible-thumping Fred Phelps at the beginning of the "Distorted Religion V2" remix by Assemblage 23 makes the point of the song stand out: Most organized religions have a set belief system that does not coincide with today's society. I appreciate the attention drawn to this on the track. As for "The Promise," I prefer the HexRx version compared to the original, as it appears to be a soupedup doppelgänger of Skinny Puppy's "Worlock." Give me more, please. -Mistress Nancy

King Tuff Black Moon Spell Sub Pop Street: 09.23 King Tuff = Fuzz / White Fence + T. Rex

Say hello to the best classic rock record of the year. For all of its influences drawn from '70s glam and heavy rock, it might as well be a revival record, but that's not King Tuff's intention. He's just a down-and-dirty rocker who wisely chooses not to distort his vocals, and



is able to catch the fun of early heavy rock. It's the lack of dark matter and the distinctive, suggestive snarl in Tuff's voice on tracks like "Sick Mind" that makes me want to whip some long hair around in good fun. On "Black Holes In Stereo," Tuff recounts how he learned more from his records arowing up than he ever could have in school. In this ear blasting, electric number, Tuff counts these round, black treasures as gifts from cosmic messengers. Simply put, this record rules and deserves to be played at full blast. -Justin Gallegos

Kodomo Patterns & Light

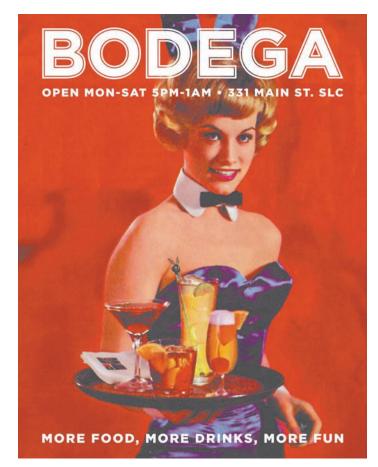
Self-Released **Street: 07.22** Kodomo = Bach + Apparat



True to his name, Kodomo (meaning "child" in Japanese) has birthed something new and pure with his latest release, Patterns & Light. Heavily influenced by classical pianists, this album is simultaneously eerie and allurina. Chris Child has accomplished a tremendous feat, honing in on some of the most unique chords and melodies of classic concertos, fragmenting them in a whole new way. Dark and brooding, this entire album flows seamlessly together, creating an audio masterpiece all of its own. Kodomo's "Mind Like A Diamond" has an impressive bassline that complements the syncopated melody beautifully, and "Blue Shifter" features some truly stellar xylophone work. This is a fantastic album that's worth exploring. -Kamryn Feigel

Krieg **Transient Candleliaht**







Street: 09.02 Krieg = Profanatica + The Royal Arch Blaspheme + **Black Witchery**

A few seconds into listening to Transient, I felt as though I popped some nasty pain-inducing drug that even most masochists would avoid. The album is easily one of the harshest records Kriea has released, and it's a hard listen even for Krieg's notable reputation of dreadful and displeasing productions. Oftentimes, dizzying noise walls come up with raging guitars backed by harsh blastbeats, drenched in bass to add to the crazed atmosphere. But that noise is broken up by song structures and writing that blur typical black metal boundaries, the kind of writing that makes you wonder, "How did they do that?" That's the thing about Krieg—the entity never repeats itself. It always manages to screw with your head on every release. As the listener, I am as screwed up as I feel ... I'm the masochist that took the aforementioned pill in the first place. -Bryer Wharton

Laboratory 5

Awake In The Dark **Subculture Records** Street: 07.14 Laboratory 5 = Furi + Infected Mushroom's male vocals + Excision

This is the kind of music you listen to when you're partying until the sun comes up. Not just that—it's the kind of music you hear at some illegal desert rave that lasts until the cops come. You know, the kind that tries to bring back the '90s rave culture by having you call a hotline for directions that say nothing more than, "Make a left at the bush with the caution tape in it." I'm delving a bit far into details, but I think that it creates a picture. Awake In The Dark is crazy, dubbed-out, glitchy drum and bass that is meant to be extremely loud and accompanied by lots of lasers (LOL!!!). It's haunting in a scary way and goes back to the roots of techno. Highlights of the album include the more happy hardcore "Sub Level 07," the haunting drum and bass title track, and the electronic-sitar-composed funkiness of "Gravity Eraser." - Julia Sachs

Leticia Rodriguez Garza

Sagüita Al Bate Self-Released Street: 08.16 Leticia Rodriguez Garza = Carla Morrison + Ella Fitzgerald

The niece of musician Eva Garza who was one of the first bilingual artists to cross over into the United States mainstream during the '40s and '50s,



has created an ode to her aunt by recording songs that were previously unrecorded, as is the case with the title track, along with re-interpretations of other songs. "Incertidumbre" is probably the song with the least amount of modification, which, as a bolero with a simple guitar accompaniment, is just the way it should stay, as the ballad mulls over the uncertainties of love. With a combination of salsa, mambo, iazz and cumbia, this short EP is a delight to the ears to which I can't help smiling and humming along. -Brinley Froelich

Locusta Dendromorphosis Self-Released Street: 05.06

Locusta = Death + Decrepit Birth + Arsis With a few listens through this foursong EP release and my interest completely lacking, I looked backward. The Columbus, Ohio, tech/prog/

death band has a full-length release, and surprisingly enough, the full-length sounded way more interesting than this set of tunes. The full-length, streamable on Bandcamp, was more tech and less prog. There's a lot of guitar spank here and no real bang. It's nice that the guys can nail those fancy time changes and as my quitar knowledge lacks, I'll take a guess at calling them guitar sweeps. The sonas represented here, even the first, which is a preview track of the bands' upcoming album, all sound like a bunch of regurgitated later-era Death songs just played faster with a louder click track on the drumming. Yes, the five guys can play, but that's about all they can do. -Bryer Wharton

Lower

Seek Warmer Climes Matador Street: 06.17 Lower = Iceage + Joy Division - New Order

This Danish post-punk quartet has been critically aligned with other Scandinavian bands, most notably Iceage, but this unit seems to have a flair for a theatricality some of the others lack, due to singer Adrian Toubro's vocal flourishes. Not that he is any less geniune in his rage or angst than the others,



but he understands, like Ian Curtis did, that being a rock n' roll singer is to partake in theater, even if it's highly personal in subject matter. The songs on this album are like a bracing Arctic breeze, chilling the cheek and turning the mind inward. "Lost Weight, Perfect Skin" could be a Morrissey song title, but there is a certain complacency of contempt that Toubro doesn't indugle in, and it makes this collection all the more astonishing. -Stakerized!

Low Leaf AKASHAALAY Fresh Selects Street: 04.29 Low Leaf = St. Vincent +

I'm pretty awestruck with this release, which begins with instrumentation that combines electronic compositions layered with organic melodies played through the harp, guitar and piano, creating a transcendental experience upon listening. A spiritual tribute to her motherland, the Philipines, AKASHAA-LAY combines traditional island music with intricate progressions to convey messages of human compassion and peace. "Rise Up" is where this combination comes through the strongest, with colorful melodies that are hard to sit still through, where "Slaveless Master" evokes sensitivity to the vulnerable and, ultimately, inspirational messages conveyed throughout the album. As a singer, songwriter and producer, Low Leaf has piloted every aspect of this work, giving the album a refreshing force. -Brinley Froelich

Magic Man Before The Waves Columbia **Street: 07.08** Magic Man = When In Rome + Howard Jones - B-52's

Magic Man comes across as a summery band—disposable, frothy and lacking true substance or musicianship. Not that there's anything wrong with that, but beneath the transparently '80s-sounding disposable melodies, these tunes lack depth and memorable choruses. "Paris" and "Out Of Mind" are just fine, but childhood friends and principal songwriters Alex Caplow (vocals) and Sam Lee (guitars/synths/ programming) seem to approach their

music from conflicting sides. And when you credit the drumming and bass on all tracks (save Lee on "Catherine") for your major label debut to two musicians that are not touted as being in your band, how serious are you? There are other artists out there who alean the passion of this era—like Hurts and The Chain Gang Of 1974—but translate it more successfully. Like a melting ice cream cone, when these songs are over, so is the memory of them. -Dean O Hillis

Merchandise

After the End 4AD **Street: 08.25** Merchandise = Echo & the Bunnymen + The Chameleons



With After the End, Merchandise complete their journey toward a full embrace of pop structure. Gone are all traces of Dave Vassalotti's screamin' guitar noise, which held the syrupy-sweet elements on Children of Desire and Totale Nite from rocketing off into unabashedly pure-pop territory, though they haven't relinquished their dexterity—well-crafted, sonically shape-shifting songs with graceful, assured lyrics. With songs averaging just over four minutes in length, smoothvoiced singer and songwriter Carson Cox transcends any preconceptions of his band's previous image to deliver sonas beholden to the thread of his nostalgic lyricism. After the End is flecked with mellow, restrained passages of introspective jangle pop—replete with soft organs, gentle acoustic guitars, harmonicas and tambourines. It's the realization of the potential that they've always held and, with 4AD's help, another step toward cementing their status as defining artists of this wistful generation. - Christian Schultz

Morrissey World Peace Is None Of Your Business Harvest Street: 07.15 Morrissey = Anthony Newley Frank Sinatra

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really in doubt?) on his first album in five years, Moz immediately reminds us that he also remains our finest title-ist too: witness "Neal Cassadv Drops Dead," "Kick The Bride Down The Aisle," or "Smiler With Knife." Of course, it helps that, vocally, he is in excellent form, especially when he's crooning plaintively, like on the pointedly gorgeous "Istanbul," or the confessionally intoned "Smiler." Most worth the price of admission are the grandiosely epic "I Am Not A Man" (where he effortlessly balances a list of male stereotypes against his wit, like rhyming "beef-a-roni" with "lonely") and the irresistibly playful "Kiss Me A Lot," in which maestro Moz shows us that a great pop song can be fun and intelligent, without sacrificing melody. Similarly, "Cassady" and "Oboe Concerto" boast alluring vocalizations. Welcome back, Moz! -Dean O Hillis

Musk Ox Woodfall Self-Released Street: 06.17 Musk Ox = Godspeed You! Black Emperor + Rachel's



When I can't seem to find the time to escape the stresses of the city life, music offers a tranquil alternative. Woodfall transports you instantly into feeling like you're in the middle of a forest, with meditative structures composed with a trio of classical guitar, cello and violin. While the cello and violin engage in an elongated, morose-like waltz throughout the album, the acoustics of the auitar adds a lightness to counter the heavier aspects. I was instantly calmed with "Part 1—Earthrise,» and the melodies maintain this dreamy, soothing sensation of being surrounded by a warm feeling of peace, clear until the final composition, "Part 5—Serenade the Constellations. -Brinley Froelich

Noura Mint Seymali

Tzenni **Glitterbeats Records** Street: 06.20 Noura Mint Seymali = **Traditional West African** griot vocals + The Doors

Noura Mint Seymali is an extraordi-

narily talented vocalist from Mauritania, descended from a long line of well-known and celebrated griots. She carries on the tradition as a griot herself—a highly regarded individual who is a kind of historian and performer, a storyteller and keeper for the community. Her husband accompanies her in a less traditional way, playing electric guitar riffs that have enough psychedelic twang to remind me of sweet '60s/'70s-era bands. Funky drumbeats continue to add a modern twist to Seymali's traditional storytelling vocals. Personally, I'm fascinated by the cultural differences in traditional chords and sonawriting. I was particularly intrigued by the material, and I definitely think this is a great album for anyone to listen to and perhaps expand their regular musical horizons. It's quite a unique and enjoyable take on the traditional performance. -Ischa B.

Old Man Markley

Stupid Today Fat Wreck Chords Street: 05.06 Old Man Markley = Old Crow Medicine Show + No Use For and Name + **Devil Makes Three +** Nerf Herder

It's crazy how effortless it seems that

this seven piece churns out great tunes, and how easy it is for them to punk a punk rock cover, like they do here with NoFX's "Reeko," which both draw the mind to think about the original and also see the cover as its own thing. They have become so good at making each cover their own that I had to double check that the other track, "Stupid Today," was an original and not some bluegrassed up Circle Jerks cover or something. But it is all theirs and has that which sets them apart from any other string band—their smirk of sensibility and their oomph when it comes to attacking the song. The big thing I notice whenever a new OMM release comes down the line is that they seem to be having the time of their lives doing what they do, and isn't that the point of playing music? So, if the OMM guys and girl are ever looking for an eighth member, let me know. I'll grab a jug or whatever and make it work. – lames Orme

Pallbearer

Foundations of Burden **Profound Lore** Street: 07.19 Pallbearer = Cathedral + Alice In Chains + Europe ("The Final Countdown")

The latest Pallbearer was proffered to me with eager enthusiasm, as one oenophile might pour for another some newly discovered appellation. Certainly, Foundations of Burden, produced by the mighty Billy Anderson and distributed by Profound Lore,

came with plenty to recommend it. Actually heard, this album amounts to a 55-minute funeral service and it contains everything doom pervs of today might crave—traffic-jam-slow tempos, strings tuned so low that they are scarcely recognizable as guitars, tom-toms clubbed with marchingband mallets. Atop all this are wailing vocals falling somewhere on the spectrum between Ramadan prayers and Canadian power trio Triumph. In the midst of all the bombast, the album's finest track turns out to be the subdued and downright pretty "Ashes," a lullaby played on a Fender Rhodes piano, I will confess, I found the full album mildly irritating. If anything. Foundations made me want to listen instead to Henry Purcell and the actual funeral dirges and laments that inspired it. Still, while I myself found the wine sour, there will be many who savor these same fruits and declare the vintage genuinely great. -Brian Kubarycz

Wildest Dreams Self-Titled **Smalltown Supersound** Street: 07.29 Wildest Dreams = Obscured by Clouds-era Pink Floyd + Dungen +

Has it come to this? Sweatpants for the

office? An EDM app? For those who still value the hard work and technical mastery of DJing, Harvey Bassett (DJ Harvey) is your Obi Wan. For his latest project, DJ Harvey—operating with a full band under the name Wildest Dreams—flawlessly recreates the swirling, druggy soundscape of early '70s Southern California. Bassett's knack for wrangling analog recording equipment gives these sprawling psychedelic, proggy tracks an aural lens of vintage realness rather than aping long-dead styles for nostalgia's sake. Tracks like "Yes we Can Can" and "Off the Lip" ride a motorik groove into infinity, noted for their organ-heavy, repetitious bass line and oceanic ebb and flow. Harder-hitting "Boosh" and "Last Ride" would be notable entries into the early Blue Cheer canon. At legendary status, DJ Harvey could easily rest on his laurels and quest spots; instead he reinvents himself ... at 50. -Rvan Hall

Wo Fat The Conjuring Small Stone Street: 06.17 Wo Fat = Orange Goblin +

Kuna Pao

What's in a name? Maybe too little or too much, or both at once. Especially if the name is inked onto your chest in a script—Chinese, Latin, Hittite—you can't read. We've all seen it. When you have exhausted your own funds, arab the assets of others. Because



theft (still) is (maybe) rock n' roll. Such seems to be the informal logic guiding Wo Fat's The Conjuring. Here is yet another down-tuned trio named after some low-brow exotic stereotype, in this case a network-television criminal mastermind. By now, how many bands have tried—ironically or otherwise to build a reputation on borrowed badass? Politics aside, Wo Fat bring to the counter a deep-fried slab containing nothing not falling within one industry's limits of standard deviation. Sampled B-movie dialogue and tips of the brim to **ZZ Top** only add an extra onion ring to this musical Quarter Pounder with Cheese. Perhaps it's for the best that I detect nothing genuinely plummy in the burger mix. No doubt, an established demographic will eagerly consume The Conjuring. -Brian Kubarycz

Young Widows

Easy Pain **Temporary Residence** Street: 05.13 Young Widows = Pissed Jeans + **Death From Above 1979**

The world is not a good place. Everything is fucked. Such pain, such confusion. Why must it be like this, "Godman"? I need to turn the bass down on this stereo. My girlfriend just left the house. The cat has fled to the back corner of the back room. It's only the first song. "Cool Night" makes wallowing beautiful, almost ecstatic. Dissonance, soft/loud/soft, never stopping, "Kerosene Girl." This is heavy rock. Such tone, such mastery, such torment. The massively overdriven bass engulfs all sounds like hot tar, rendering the trio an individual entity. They are one instrument, ringing out with an echoing hopelessness. Our history has damned us, our present is dissolving before us, our future will glide in blindly with a plastic scythe, saying, "I told you so." Young Widows know this. This is their magnum opus. -Cody Kirkland

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12/5 - VOODOO GLOW SKULLS - BURTS TIKI LOUNGE

12/20 - LOVE AND THEFT - THE OUTLAW SALOON

12/11 - THE WORD ALIVE / THE COLOR MORALE - IN THE VENUE

Joshua Joye





THE DELL

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Friday, September 5 Happy Birthday, James Bennett! The Jingoes, E.L. 84 - ABG's The Shame Ohl Be Clever Burnell Washburn - Bar Deluxe SYNKOFA - Barrel Room

Badfeather - Brewskis The Aquabats, Kepi Ghoulie -DocUtah - Dixie State College D.J Dolph - Downstairs Carey Odes, Eric Hunter

- Egyptian Theatre Utah County Swillers, Triggers & Slips - Garage Being As An Ocean - In The Venue

Sala & The Shakedown - Jazzy's EDJ, David Williams, The Circulars - Kilby The Riddim & Blue, All Black Party, Alo Key - *Metro* The Ladells, Marla Stone, Secret Abilities - Muse Music

Carnivore Conservation with Mark Chynoweth - Natural History Museum Urban Gallery VI: Dreams to Reality - Neighborhood House Silver Bullets - Outlaw Saloon Rooftop Concert Series: The Moth & The Flame. The Brocks.

Coral Bones - Provo Town Square Parking Terrace SteelFist Fight Night 27 - The Rail loveDANCEmore Presents The Penguin Lady - Rose Wagner Beach Cops - The Royal

Salt Lake Comic Con - Salt Palace Porter Robinson, Lemaitre - Saltair Charley Jenkins - Sandy Amphitheater No Cigar, Last Gatsby, Bear Eats Fish - Shred Shed

Transfusion Dance's "Lucid Jubilee" Sugar Space Sugar House Farmer's Market

Sugarmont Plaza Advent Horizon, 5 State Killing Spree, Glenn Weyant - *UMOCA*Noah D, Illoom, Raw Fidelity, Drink Provo Gallery Stroll - Various Galleries Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll

- Various Galleries Lost By Reason, MiNX, Afterburn

Saturday, September 6

Red Desert Ramblers - 1443 East Kensington Ave. Black Taxi, The Red On Black - Bar Deluxe Shah Team Joey & Jare, Jesse Tucker, Illest Lyricist, Holistic Meditation, Monley D/yung Skills - Burt's Paradise Fears, Hollywood Ending, Wililam Beckett, Empire Kinas

- Complex

DocUtah - Dixie State College Miss DI Lux - Downstairs Carey Odes, Eric Hunter

- Egyptian Theatre
Hectic Hobo - Garage
Tomato Sandwich Party
- Grateful Tomato Garden

River House - Hoa Wallow Rage On The Stage, A Lily Gray, Entomb The Wicked, Silent Sorcerer, Of Ivy & Ashes, Less Than A Hero, Fried Arm, Away At Lakeside In The Venue

Land Locked, Ex Era - Jazzy's The Blue Aces. The House Guests Archaeopteryx - Kilby
Eidola, The Salt, The Sea & The Sun God, My Fair Fiend (acoustic)

- Muse Music Utah's Animals, Don Walker presents Boot Making - Natural History Museum Silver Bullets - Outlaw Saloon

Downtown Farmer's Market

Pioneer Park IoveDANCEmore Presents The Penguin Lady - Rose Wagner The Summer Flea Salt Lake Equestrian Park Salt Lake Comic Con - Salt Palace Howard Jones, Tom Bailey, Midge Ure, China Crisis, Katrina
- Sandy Amphitheater Red Hands Black Feet, Portal To The Goddamn Blood Dimension

Shred Shed HVDD: Sirens Of Steel vs. Rollin' Rebellion - The Hive International Vulture Awareness Day - Tracy Aviary Kurtis Blow, Atheist, Matty Mo - Urban

Oddball Comedy & Curiosity Festival - USANA Static Waves, Violet Waves, Drew Rindlisbacher - Velour The Mary B Lucky Fundraiser - Willies

Sunday, September 7 Happy Birthday, LeAundra Jeffs! Sunday Market - Historić Main Street

Code Orange, Cult Leader, Die Off - Kilby Lily Havey - Marriott Library Hilltop Hoods, Sims - Park City Live Grandparents' Day - Tracy Aviary

Monday, September 8
Eating Alabama - Brewvies

Nathan Grant, Wise Eyes - Burt's Vincent Draper, Charles Ellsworth Shadow Puppet - Copper Common Single Mothers, Wearing Thin, Alexander Ortega - *Kilby*Stitched Up Heart, Dismiss The Silence, The Last Wednesday, I'm Alive, Unthinkable Thoughts - Metro Catherine Feeny - Muse Music

Tuesday, September 9 - Urban The Chop Tops, Hi Fi Murder Heartbreak Beats - Burt's

Notes on Blindness, Duk County - City Library Senses Fail, No Bragging Rights, Knuckle Puck - In The Venue Catherine Feeny & Chris Johnedis Jazzy's The Mattson 2, Birthquake - Kilby Lifelink Silence Protocol

The Hands of Desecration, Away At Lakeside - Loading Dock Doyle, Ashylus, Shadow Windhawk and the Morticians, Wounds of Valor. Natas Lived - Metro

Tuesday Farmer's Market
Quick Pickle Tuesday Pioneer Park Scenic Byway, Giraffula, Gravy.Tron.

Utah's Own "Funeral Potato Contest" - Utah State Fair Park Home Team, The Rompstompers Racecar Racecar - Why Sound

Wednesday, September 10 The Whipporwills, Green River Blues

Seether - Complex Kindred Dead, Baker Street Blues Band, Band On The Moon - Kilby Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - Lucky 13 Danny The Skeleton Horse - Shred Shea Stroller Tours - *UMOCA*Pleasure Thieves, Breakers, The Bully

Thursday, September 11

Ezra Bell, Hectic Hobo - Bar Deluxe The Fever - Burt's She Keeps Bees, Shilpa Ray Chanda Charmayne - Kilby The Chickadee Society Natural History Museum Old Dominion - Outlaw Salooi Ben Harper - Red Butte Chevelle, Kyng - Saltair R5 - Sandy Amphitheater Cedar Speaks - Shred Shed Moab Farmers Market: Iron Chef Cook-Off - Swanny City Park, Moab TOBACCO, The Stargazer Lilies, Oscillator Bug - *Urban*Drake vs. Lil Wayne - *USANA*

Friday, September 12 Folk Hogan, Quiet Morning And The Calamity, Vincent Draper - ABG's Mahler's Symphony No.1 - Abravanel Great White - Barbary Coast Saloon November Hotel - Barrel Room Total Chaos, Atomic 45 - Burt's Coheed & Cambria. Thank You Scientist - Complex Miss DI Lux - Downstairs Green River Blues, Light Thieves

- Garage King Lil G, Kinto Sol, McMagic - Infinity Poetry Slam - Jazzy's Nora Dates, The Wasatch Fault lesus Christ & The God Damns Radiator Hospital - Kilby Stonefed, Marinade - Lo-Fi Cafe Eat Crow - Mojos Dungeons & Comedy - Muse Music Rail Town - Outlaw Saloon SLC Mass Choir - Rose Wagner Nick Johnson - The Royal Mason Jennings, Lucette - State Room Sugar House Farmer's Market Sugarmont Plaza

Spencer Nielsen Band, Signal Sound, SLUG Localized: Sonic Prophecy, Deathblow, Mister Richter

Dine O' Round - Various Venues Forest Eyes, Brumby - Velour Kendall Karch - Why Sound

Saturday, September 13 Happy Birthday, Alexander Gilvarry!

luana Ghani, Allison Martin The Raven & The Writing Desk Browskis Shaud DaVenom, Royce Musik DramaSydE, Krayz, Playboi G - Broadway Bar & Grill The Blood Of Kings, Deathblow Witchhaven - Burt's Monty Alexander - Capitol Theatre Level 1's Less & 4frnt's Elements Depot

DJ Sat One - Downstairs 2014 Summer Of Death: Rough Side Of The Trax V - Fairmont Park

Ugly Valley Boys - Garage Dark Seas, DJ Sayo - Hotel The Bad Engrish, The Kaotix - Kafeneio Zammuto, Artistic Violence - Kilby The Sense Divide, Panther Attack, Founder, Spencer Terry - Muse Music Bug Brigade; Jim Davis: Leather Making - Natural History Museum Tent Party 2014 - Neighborhood House Rail Town - Outlaw Saloon

Downtown Farmer's Market Pioneer Park Ring Around The Rose - Rose Wagner

he Summer Flea Salt Lake Eauestrian Park The Dig, Giraffula, Koala Temple - Shred Shed Jai Uttal - SLC Krishna Temple Mason Jennings, Lucette - State Room Arts Warehouse Grand Openina - Sugar Space Family Art Saturday: Color Eruption! - UMOCA

Mury, Joel Pack & The Pops, Mason Jones & the Get Togethers, Porch To Porch - *Urban* Alabama, Michael Ray - USANA The Cotton Ponies, Jail City Rockers, The Insomni-Antics - Why Sound

Sunday, September 14 Happy Birthday, Perrylayne Deker-Tate! Urban Flea Market 600 S. Main St. The Stone Foxes - Burt's

MIA, Slitgoat, This Nomad Heart - Busta Crack Shack Talia Keys - Garage Park Silly Sunday Market Historic Main Street Conor Oberst - Red Butte Sister Dottie Dixon Thinks Sim's Just Super! - Rose Wagner Clairy Browne & The Bangin' Rack-ettes, The North Valley, Mimi Knowles

Monday, September 15 Happy Birthday, Alexandra Topolewski! Hobart W. Fink - Burt's

loveDANCEmore: Mudsor - Masonic Temple We The Wild. She Preaches Mayhem - Shred Shed Cloud Cult - Urban

Tuesday, September 16 GBH - In The Venue Mother Falcon, Porch Lights, Lake Island - Kilby

Five Finger Death Punch, Volbeat - Maverik Center Captives, We The Wild, She Preaches Mayhem, Tylor Blackburn - Muse Music

Tuesday Farmer's Market Pioneer Park Citizen, You Blew It, Hostage Calm, Heartless Breakers, Praise - Shred Shed

BonkFest - Various Venues Wednesday, September 17 Happy Birthday, Dean Hillis! Happy Birthday, Alexander Coulombe!

Tycho, Christopher Willits - Depot The Rhythm Combo - Garage Violent Affair - Kafeneio Racecar Racecar, Ghost Of Monroe Merit. Somewhere In the Attic - Metro Joe Nichols - Outlaw Saloon Mama Rags, Green River Blues - Shred Shed School Yard Boyz, Flash & Flare,

Concise Kilgore, MLittle801 - Urban Thursday, September 18 From Indian Lakes, Golden Sun, God Country, Uinta - Jazzy's Grass, Suburban Birds, Wilson Michael - Kilby Wasatch, The Anatomy of Frank, Ben Swisher Malcolm Jackson Muse Music Second To Last, Such A Mess.

Save The World Get The Girl

The Mailbox Order - Shred Shed Trevor Hall, Love Trevor Hall State Room Beachmen, High Counsel, Koala Temple, Palace of Buddies - Urban Emily Bea - Velour Merit, The Rompstompers



My New Mistress - Why Sound

Friday, September 19 Mortigi Tempo, The Troubles - ABG's Bronfman Plays Brahms - Abravanel Alfred Lambourne Prize Ceremony Alderwood Fine Art Oxcross, Worst Friends - Bar Deluxe Fall of Zion—Salt Lake Extreme Under ground Music Fest – Shred Shed Playing Ghosts - Barrel Room Hot Doggin' Friday - Bonnevillains Mike Reilly, Billy Watson's Internation Silver String Submarine Band - Brewskis Last In Line, Irony Man - Burt's Atmosphere, Prof, deM atlaS, DJ Fundo - Complex Miss DJ Lux - Downstairs

Groove Garden After Dark - Garage Wirelefant, House Of Sons, Land Locked - Jazzy's Orenda Fink, Modern Kin. Big Wild Wings, Henry Wade - Kilby Urashima Taro: Japanése Folktale - Kingsbury
Movement Forum: Mine Goes to 11 - Marriott Center for Dance

Elton John - Maverik Center Okkah, King Cardinal, Grizzly Goat, Michael Radford - Muse Music Patrice Kurnath and David Belnap Natural History Museum Dirt Road Devils - Outlaw Saloor Katchafire Natural Roots Tordan 1 Park City Live Royal Bliss - The Royal Samba Fogo: Axé - Rose Wagner Jeff The Brotherhood, Music Band State Room

Sugar House Farmer's Marke - Sugarmont Plaza RedFest: B.o.B, Vic Mensa, Pigeon John, Better Taste Bureau

- University Of Utah Desert Noises, The North Valley, Coyote Vision Group - Urban Seasons - Why Sound Funk & Gonzo, Wade Wilson Project Woodshed

Saturday, September 20 Mike Reilly Band & West Water Salt Lake AIDS Walk - City Creek Center FKF Boxing - Complex Fall of 7ion—Salt Lake Extreme Under ground Music Fest – Shred Shed

Harry Lee & The Back Alley Blues Band - Garage JCRD: Loco-Motioves vs. TVR Boise River Rollers: Trainwrecks vs. Calaary Roller Derby All Stars Golden Spike Arena Tayyib Ali - In The Venue Allred - Jazzy's The Owells, Skaters - Kilby Amorous, Alumni, We The Equinox Uintah, The Glass House Loading Dock Movement Forum: Mine Goes to 11 - Marriott Center for Dance Tribe Of I, Atheist, Newborn Slaves,

Donnie Bonelli, MC SkratchMo Muse Music Cowboy Festival & BBQ; Utah's Animals; Drawing Dinosaurs with Cal Grondahl - Natural History Museum Dirt Road Devils - Outlaw Saloon Paul Oakenfold - Park City Live

Downtown Farmer's Market Pioneer Park Samba Fogo: Axé - Rose Wagner 2nd Annual Utah Clean Air Fair - SLC Main Library Justin Furstenfeld - State Room HVDD Home Team Tournament

EAT Bike Tour - UMOCA Brother Ali, Bambu, DJ Last Word - Urban The New Electric Sound - Velour Rocky Mountain Fight Championships - Western Park Arena, Vernal

Sunday, September 21 HVDD: Molly Morbids vs. CRDA All Stars
- Golden Spike Arena
Park Silly Sunday Market - Historic Main Street Motionless In White - In The Venue Joan Sebastian, Los Tiares del Norte - Maverik Center Left Alone, Drunk As Shit, The Jail City Rockers,

Version 2, The Hi-Fi Murder, Jennifer Shaw

Monday, September 22 Happy Birthday, Trevor Hale! Dropkick Murphys - Complex Macy Gray - Depot Gardens & Villa, Sandy Alex G - Urban

Tuesday, September 23 Happy Birthday, Bree Wiggins! Rose's Pawn Shop, Cory Mon,

Six Feet In The Pine - Kilby Tuesday Farmer's Market - Pioneer Park Spy Hop 801 Sessions - Shred Shed il Songo del Marinaio, Kiiing Tiger

Wednesday, September 24 Happy Birthday, Michael Portanda! Pinback, Tera Melos - Depot The Rhythm Combo - Garage Lily Kershaw, Bobby Bazini, Taylor Berrett - Kilby Ryanhood, The Stars & Two - Shred Shed The Band Of Heathens, Ghostowne - State Room Reverend Peyton's Ria Damn Band

Thursday, September 25 Happy Birthday, Alex Springer! Happy Birthday, Mike Riede!! Happy Birthday, Zac Freeman! Baby Gurl, Yaktooth, Armed For Apocalypse - *Bar Deluxe* Mark Chaney & The Garage All Stars - Garage

K.Flay - Kilby
Fit For An Autopsy, Consumed By Silence, It's Awake, Ten Plagues, Cities of Desolation Loadina Dock Tomten, Batty Blue - Muse Music

The Chickadee Society: Rocks & Gems - Natural History Museum Fly Moon Royalty, The Gallery - Shred Shed TR/ST, Crater - Urban

Salt Lake City Comedy Carnivale - Various Venues Friday, September 26 Happy Birthday, Alexander Ortega! nett, Ionathan Warren, Candid Covote

ABG's Doc Severinsen - Abravane Landon Bench - Barrel Room Interpol, Rey Pila - Depot Miss DJ Lux - Downstairs Moxie - Garage La Roux, Midnight Magic - In The Venue Glass Animals, Rome Fortune - Kilby Little People, Roboclip, Synaesthetic - Lo-Fi Cafe

Bombshell Academy - Mestizo Redlands, When The Fight Started, Betty Hates Everything, My Private Island

Berlin Breaks - Metro Folk Hogan, Awkward Anonymous, Scrap Kids, Saliva Plath & the Spits - Muse Music Colt 46 - Outlaw Saloon
WFTDA Division 1 Playoffs - Salt Palace

WE, Dine Krew, Malev Da Shinobi - Shred Shed Moon Taxi, Tumbleweed Wanderers - State Room Sugar House Farmer's Market - Sugarmont Plaza Perfume Genius, Big Wild Wings - *Urban* Blake Shelton, The Band Perry, Dan + Shay, Neal McCoy - USANA Salt Lake City Comedy Carnivale - Various Venues The National Parks, Emily Brown, June Cat - Velour A Sea Of Glass, Little Barefoot, James Shepard

Why Sound Black Anvil - Woodshed

Saturday, September 27 Fetish Ball - Area 51 DJ Loczi - Downstairs X96's Big Ass Show - Gallivan Center Kay Maire, Rhythm Combo - Garage DJ Bl3nd, Triad Dragons - In The Venue Steel & Colfax, Brandon Clove - Jazzy's Great Interstate, Allred, The North Valley - Kilby The Amity Affliction For The Fallen Dreams Obey The Brave, Favorite Weapon, Exotype

A Sea of Glass, Little Barefoot, The Mainstream, Mia Grace - Muse Music
HawkWatch: Birds in the Lab!; Bug Brigade; Horse Collage Artist Workshop - Natural History Museum Colt 46 - Outlaw Saloon Tritonal, Atrophia - Park City Live The Sarod Project, Amjad Ali Khan, Amaan Ali Khan, Ayaan Ali Khan - Peerv's Favotian Theatre

Downtown Farmer's Market Pioneer Park - **Flotteer Fark** The Summer Flea - *Salt Lake Equestrian Park* WFTDA Division 1 Playoffs - Salt Palace Whirr, Wasatch Fault, Worst Friends - *Shred Shea* Ty Segall, La Luz, Max Pain & The Groovies The Australian Pink Floyd Show - USANA

Salt Lake City Comedy Carnivale - Various Venues Colors Of House, Jesse Walker, Mike Sandoval

Sunday, September 28 Happy Birthday, Kia McGinnis! Happy Birthday, Martin Rivero! Dedritic Arbor - Bar Deluxe

Geek Show Movie Night - Brewvies Black Cobra, Lo-Pan, Muckraker, OldTimer - Burt's Stromae - *Depot* Justin Nozuka, David Ryan Harris - *Kilby* Don Mclean, Judy Collins - Kingsbury Yellowman - Liquid Joe's

Michael Homer - Marriott Library Blister Unit, Visions of Decay - Metro
WFTDA Division 1 Playoffs - Salt Palace Justin Townes Earle, American Aquariur

State Room Salt Lake City Comedy Carnivale - Various Venues

Monday, September 29

Katy Perry - EnergySolutions The Adarna, Never Before, Fat Candice Hisingen - Metro Grand Lake Islands, Snowblind Traveler Muse Music Teach Me Equals, RedRumsey, 90's Television

 Shred Shed Kopecky Family Band, Avid Dancer - State Room

Tuesday, September 30 George Thorogood, Trampled Under Foot - Depot Peasants, Rich Girls, Anthony Pena - Kilby Tuesday Farmer's Market - Pioneer Park

The Maxies, Bombshell Academy - Shred Shed The Adarna, The Insomni-Antics - Why Sound

Wednesday, October 1 Blush Response, Cervello Elettronico, Statiqbloom, WMX - Area 51

TWIZTID - Complex Trapt - In The Venue Wakey!Wakey!, Ben Fields - Kilby Candy Hearts - Shred Shed The Dandy Warhols - Urban

Thursday, October 2

Earth, King Dude - Complex O.A.R. - Depot Belphegor, Rotting Christ, Beheaded, Svart Crown - In The Venue Coasts, Ocean Commotion - Kilby Millionaires, A Careless Skyline, The Femme Medea Minx - Loading Dock RDT: Portal - Rose Wagner Bike Thief - Shred Shed Parker Millsap - State Room Celebrate The Bounty - Union Pacific Depot

The Drums, Beverly, Jawwzz!! - Urban Friday, October 3 Pick up the new issue of SLUG -

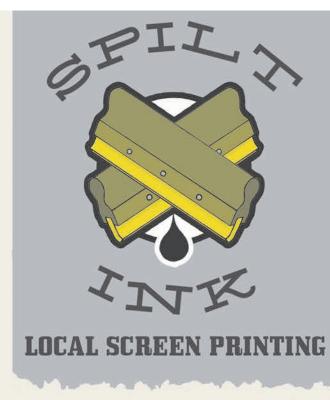
Anyplace cool!

Irony Man - ABG's

Impractical Jokers Tour - Abravane Authority Zero, Ulteriors, Tainted Halos - Bar Deluxe Elite Fight Night 21 - Complex Joe McQueen Quartet - Garage Parachute, Matt Wertz - In The Venue Beach Fossils, Heavenly Beat, Axxa/Abraxas

- Kilby SteelFist Fight Night 28 - Legacy Events Center Oso Negro, Ed Able, Kemp, Venom, IV + Stretch, Rap Open Mic - Muse Music Hearts Of Steel - Outlaw Saloon RDT: Portal - Rose Wagner Carbon Leaf - State Room Sugar House Farmer's Market - Sugarmont Plaza

Dubwise, Biome, Illoom, Quintana, Artifax Urban Driver Out - Why Sound Jennie & The Right Vibes, MiNX, Shasta & The Second Strings - Woodshed



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5.3 oz Cotton Tee with single location/single color. / 50 shirts \$250.00 Free Setup.

> 40 Single Color Posters \$100.00 Free Setup.





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THE URBAN LOUNGE

SEPTEMBER

1: Swans, Carla Bozulich

2: KRCL Presents The Entrance Band, Dark Seas, Red Telephone

3: Leopold & His Fiction, Marinade, Rick Gerber & The Nightcaps

4: FREE SHOW Cornered By Zombies, Crux, Baby Gurl 9 PM DOORS

5: DUBWISE Lost City pt. 2 - Noah D, illoom, raw fidelity, Drink 9 PM DOORS

6: Kurtis Blow, Atheist, Matty Mo

7: KRCL Presents The Breeders, The Funs

9: FREE SHOW Giraffula, Scenic Byway, Gravy.tron

10: FREE SHOW Pleasure Thieves, Breakers, The Bully

11: Tobacco, The Stargazer Lilies, Oscillator Bug

12: SLUG Localized: Sonic Prophecy, Dethblow, Mister Richter 9 PM DOORS

13: Mury, Joel Pack & the Pops, Mason Jones & the Get Togethers, Porch To Porch

14: KRCL Presents Clairy Browne & The Bangin' Rackettes, Mimi Knowles, The North Valley

15: Cloud Cult (an evening with...)

17: School Yard Boyz, Flash & Flare, Concise Kilgore, MLittle801

18: FREE SHOW Beachmen, High Counsel, Koala Temple, Palace Of Buddies

19: Desert Noises, The North Valley, Coyote Vision Group

20: Brother Ali, w/ Bambu & DJ LAST WORD Hosted By MaLLY

22: Gardens & Villa, Sandy Alex G

23: SLUG MAGAZINE PRESENTS il sogno marinaio (Mike Watt), La Verkin

24: KRCL Presents Reverend Peyton's Big Damn Band, Ugly Valley Boys

25: Trust, Crater

26: Perfume Genius, Big Wild Wings

27: KRCL Presents Ty Segall, La Luz, Max Pain & The Groovies



COMING S00N:

Oct 1: The Dandy Warhols

Oct 2: The Drums Oct 3: Dubwise

Oct 18: Bonobo DJ Set

Oct 20: Delta Spirit

Oct 19: ODESZA

OCt 21: Foxygen

Oct 23: DJ Qbert

Oct 25: Chive On Utah

Oct 27: Dale Earnhardt Jr. Jr.

Oct 22: Yelle

Oct 24: Polica

Oct 4: Uncle Acid & The Deadbeats

Oct 6: Mutual Benefit

Oct 8: FREE SHOW Westward The Tide

Oct 9: of Montreal Oct 10: Heartless Breakers

Oct 11: Slow Magic

Oct 31: Max Pain & The Groovies Album Release Oct 13: Love Dimension

Nov I: Bear's Den Oct 14: Angus & Julia Stone

Nov 5: FREE SHOW Megafauna Oct 15: KRCL Presents Shonen Knife

Nov 7: Dubwise Oct 15: Big Freedia (Late Show) Nov 8: Heaps & Heaps + Big Wild Wings Album Oct 16: Literary Death Match

Oct 17: Tennis

Nov 12: FREE SHOW Holy Ghost Tent Revival Nov 13: FREE SHOW The Features

Nov 14: Bronco Album Release Nov 15: Dirt First Takeover

Nov 17- Pun The Jewels

Oct 28: The Afghan Whigs

Oct 29: We Were Promised Jetpacks

Oct 30: Nightfreg Halloween Party

Nov 19- Mr Gnome Nov 21: Vance Joy

Nov 22: Jamestown Revival Nov 24: Sallie Ford

Dec 3: My Brightest Diamond Dec 4: Tony Holiday & The Velvetones

Dec 5: Dubwise Dec 12: L'Anarchiste Album Release

Dec 19: Devil Whale Of A Christmas Dec 20: 10th Annual Cocktail Party



DOORS AT 8PM UNLESS NOTED

KILBY COURT SEPTEMBER

- 3: Genders, Koala Temple, 90s Television
- 4: Colony House, Knox Hamilton, Little Barefoot
- 5: EDJ (of Fruit Bats), The Circulars, David Williams
- 6: The Blue Aces, The House Guests, Archaeopteryx
- 7: Code Orange Kids, Cult Leader, Die Off
- 8: Single Mothers, Wearing Thin, Alexander Ortega
- 9: The Mattson 2, Birthquake, Selma 10: Kindred Dead, Baker Street Blues Band, Band On The Moon
- 11: She Keeps Bees, Shilpa Ray, Chanda Charmayne
- 12: Nora Dates Album Release, The Wasatch Fault, Jesus Christ and the God damns, Radiator Hospital
- 13: GRAYWHALE PRESENTS Zammuto, Artistic Violence
- 16: Mother Falcon, Porch Lights, Lake Island
- 17: Racecar Racecar, Ghost Of Monroe
- 18: Grass, Suburban Birds, Wilson Michael
- 19: Orenda Fink (of Azure Ray), Modern Kin, Big Wild Wings
- 20: KRCL PRESENTS The Orwells. Skaters
- 23: Rose's Pawn Shop, Cory Mon, Six Feet In The Pine
- 24: Taylor Berrett, Lily Kershaw, Bobby Bazini
- 25: K.Flav
- 26: Glass Animals, Rome Fortune
- 27: Great Interstate, Allred, The North Valley
- 28: Justin Nozuka, David Ryan Harris
- 30: Peasants, Rich Girls, Anthony Pena





Oct 6: Total Slacker Oct 9: Ages and Ages Oct 10: Wildcat! Wildcat!

Oct 11: Mike Doughty (21+ event)

Oct 12: Meathodies Oct 14: Smallpools

Oct 16: Sonreal

Oct 17: Aaron Behrens & The Midnight Stroll (featuring Aaron from Ghostland Observatory)

Oct 18: Saintseneca Oct 19: Turquoise Jeep

Oct 20: Burger Records Tour

Oct 21: Wild Feathers Oct 22: Vacationer

Oct 23: Musee Mechanique

Oct 24: Jon Bellion

Oct 25: Herojiro Album Release Oct 27: Iceage Oct 29: Fat White Family

Nov 1: Big Wild Wings Album Release Nov 6: Max Pain & The Groovies Album Release

Nov 7: Zak Waters Nov 8: Barcelona

Nov 11: Ceci Bastida Nov 13: The Wytches

Nov 14: Night Terrors of 1927 Nov 15: Drew Holcomb & The Neighbors

Nov 16: OBN III's Nov 17: Dads

Nov 22: Twin Peaks

741 S KILBY CT SLC ALL AGES

DOORS AT 7PM UNLESS NOTED

















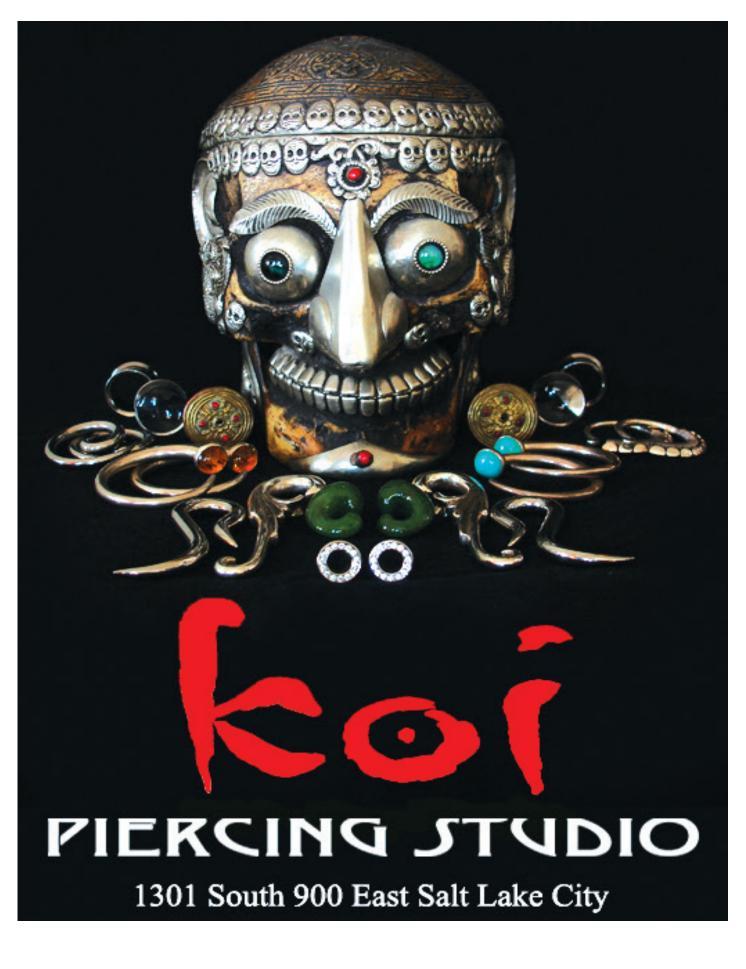


Oct 10: The New Pornographers @ Depot Oct 13: St. Lucia @ Complex Oct 16: The Pretty Reckless @ Complex Oct 17: Dum Dum Girls @ Depot Oct 21: Betty Who @ Complex

Oct 22: Little Dragon @ Complex Oct 24: Con Bro Chill @ Complex Oct 27: alt-J @ Complex

Nov I: Method Man & Redman @ Depot Nov 10: Deltron 3030 @ Denot

Nov 12: Yellowcard & Memphis Mayfire @ Complex Nov 17: First Aid Kit @ Complex Nov 21: Flying Lotus @ Complex Nov 24: Watsky @ Complex





MENEW

RORMOR

TYCHO

W/ CHRISTOPHER WILLITS SEP 17 @ THE DEPOT 7 PM ALL AGES \$21 / \$23

ATMOSPHERE

W/ PROF, deM atlaS & DJ FUNDO SEP 19 @ THE COMPLEX 6:30 PM ALL AGES \$24 / \$29

MACY GRAY

SEP 22 @ THE DEPOT 7 PM 21+ \$28 / \$30

STROMAE

SEP 28 @ THE DEPOT 7 PM ALL AGES \$20 / \$25

EARTH

W/ KING DUDE OCT 2 @ THE COMPLEX 8 PM 21+ \$13 / \$15

THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS

FEAT A.C. NEWMAN, NEKO CASE AND DAN BEJAR (DESTROYER)
OCT 10 @ THE DEPOT
8 PM 21+ \$23 / \$26

ST. LUCIA

W/ HAERTS
OCT 13 @ THE COMPLEX
7 PM ALL AGES \$16

THE PRETTY RECKLESS

W/ ADELITAS WAY
OCT 16 @ THE COMPLEX
7 PM ALL AGES \$20 / \$23

DUM DUM GIRLS

OCT 17 @ THE DEPOT 8 PM 21+ \$18 / \$20

BETTY WHO

W/ JOYWAVE, GREAT GOOD FINE OK OCT 21 @ THE COMPLEX 7 PM ALL AGES \$16 / \$18

LITTLE DRAGON

W/ SHY GIRLS
OCT 22 @ THE COMPLEX
7 PM ALL AGES \$22 / \$25

CON BRO CHILL

OCT 24 @ THE COMPLEX 7 PM ALL AGES \$14 / \$16

ALT-J

W/ LOVELIFE
OCT 27 @ THE COMPLEX
7 PM ALL AGES \$24



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