

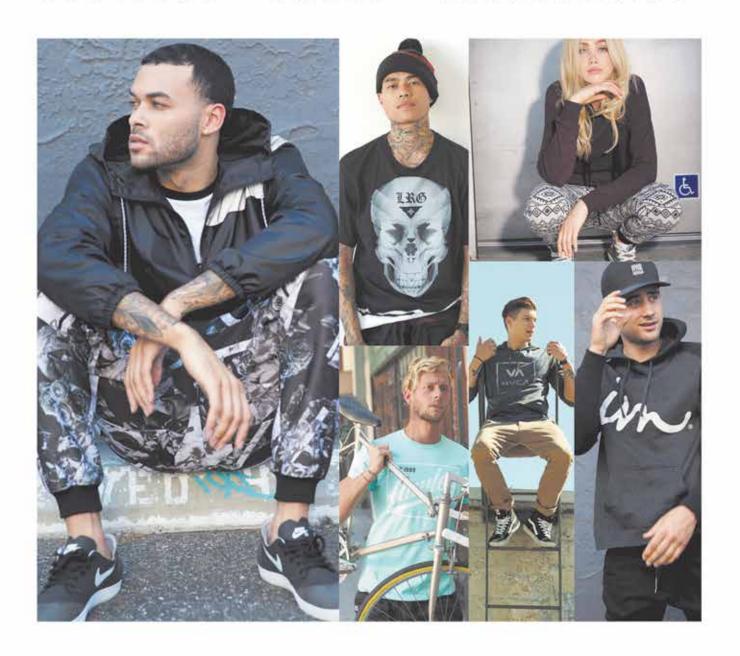








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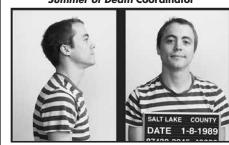
li stylish or fashionable

Executive Producer: Angela H. Brown Associate Producers: Alexander Ortega, Christian Schultz, John Ford

ABOUT THE COVER: There's something out there, right in our back yard—in Ft. Duchesne, Utah, where people often report sightings of lights, noises and voices possibly associated with UFOs. Revel in illustrator Robin Banks' sensationalized presentation of this Northeastern Utah point of interest. SLUG Senior Staff Writer Cody Kirkland went down to investigate—read his story on pg. 36.

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Contributor Limelight: Jordan Deveraux Writer, Copy Editor, Distro, **Summer of Death Coordinator**



Jordan Deveraux is a man who wears many hats around SLUG Mag. Whether it's scoping out spots for our annual Roughside of the Trax skate comp or copy editing the issue, Deveraux's an eager, communityminded guy who's got a sharp noggin on him to boot. Deveraux graduated from Weber State University in the summer of 2014 with a Bachelor's degree in English. He is happy to do whatever SLUG humbly asks of him—skate-related reviews and recaps, helping properly clear skate spots of drug-related detritus, or copy editing the meticulous Music Reviews. Deveraux enjoys skating and hanging out with his homies, and it's welldeserved: He puts in the man hours!





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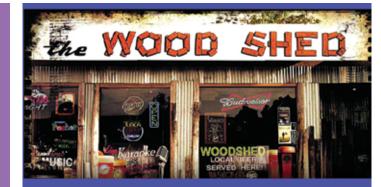
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(L-R), Tate McCallum-Law (guitar), Matt Morrison (bass), Ken Vallejos (drums) and Andrew Goldring (guitar) play SLUG Localized on Oct. 10 as



responsible for most of the music, the band is

transitioning into a more synergetic process for

writing. As Morrison says, "We all have the

flexibility and open-mindedness to suggest new

things to each other." Goldring adds to this senti-

ment, saying,, "Writing collaboratively is more

freeing for everyone."

GREAT INTERSTATE

flip off your Netflix and head on over.

SLC. The evening will be kicking off

with indie jams from **Grass**, followed by

the dreamy, thoughtful rock of Strong

Words and the introspective, spacey

songs of Great Interstate. It's only \$5, so

Andrew Goldring (quitar) wrote his first song at age 9 and has been working his ass off in the Salt Lake music scene ever since. Whether it's playing shows or recording professional studio albums, his presence in the city has been a source of consistent care and positivity for years. Most recently, Great Interstate have been a depository for his thoughts, words and musical prowess. He is joined by **Ken Vallejos** (drums), Tate McCallum-Law (quitar) and Matt Morrison (bass), and these guys strive to be diplomatic, dynamic and—well—nice, Mc-Callum-Law says with a laugh, "We're almost a 'dad band' because we're so nice to each other. When we get in the van together, we always take turns riding shotgun. There's no ego." Goldring adds, "We're experienced—comfortable working with lots of different musical environments and not caught up in any idea of a scene we have to fit into. Hopefully, our music is a representation of that."

Great Interstate began as a solo project for Goldring, and he had written and/or started recording most of the tracks before he decided to start jamming with others. "I ran into Tate at NoBrow one day, and he had two broken wrists, and I was like, 'Want to play guitar in

Self-described as a classic rock band with modern tones. Great Interstate are interested in creating textures and contrasting soundscapes. "I want the music to appeal to people who are into singer-songwriter stuff, but also to people who are into spacey rock or technical music," says Goldring. "We take pride in having quiet quiets and loud louds." Their first album, Inversion Songs, was defined by said contrasts, as well as drawn-out, ambient arrangements. As the band is working to be more collaborative, they're also working on tightening up their sound for the upcoming release of their EP. The next songs are intended to be more concise, powerful and tothe-point than the previous songs. "Songwriting is the most important thing to me. I value crafting a song and having everybody add their own piece to it," says Goldring.

In addition to the EP, Great Interstate are gearing up for their first tour in October. While traveling the Northwest, they're hoping to make living out of a mini-van for a week as enjoyable as possible. When asked what makes a good tour. Goldring responded, "If one guy in your band is a disrespectful dick, then it's going to be a bad time. You've got to be able to relate. We're lucky to be on the same page. I mean, you know your band is solid when all the members can sing

every word to Abbey Road." Great Interstate believe that playing outside of Utah is a way to gain momentum and energy, as well as to build a base of friends all over the country. McCallum-Law says, "Even if you're playing for six people in some random place in the Midwest, if at the end of the night, one guy is stoked on your set it's totally worth it."

Great Interstate's main goal is to make a lot of music and to play it, but they are a communityoriented group with their hearts invested in contributing to Salt Lake in a sincere way. Goldring says, "Our city is almost oversaturated with great bands, which is awesome. I want to see bands who can take themselves a little more seriously, with support from a stronger culture of people caring about music. I want to help do that not just for our band, but for all bands." Goldring recently opened his own recording studio, The SoundCave, as a step in furthering local music. Although it was a vulnerable leap, and he may struggle to pay rent for a while, he has been able to provide invaluable, top-quality recording for numerous local bands, including **Koala Temple** and Strona Words—a process that he finds important and rewarding.

The maturity and generosity of this group is notable and will likely push them to succeed. You can follow their music releases and tour dates at greatinterstate.bandcamp.com, and be sure to catch one of their many upcoming shows in October—especially at SLUG's Localized on Oct. 10.

STRONG WORDS

Strong Words are a band for the working class. They're honest, consistent, hardworking, and goddamnit, people like them.

When Cathy Foy was itching to get a band together, she knew what she was looking for in potential bandmates: kindness. She succeeded in finding the type of people whom she wouldn't mind spending hours making music with they're cheery, positive and cute as fuck. (Seriously, though, Brian Lord's got a fluffy beard, Jamie Richards has dimples, and Ryan Ross wears endearing Hawaiian shirts.) They're an adorable, eclectic bunch, and their genuine friendliness and forward-thinking attitude is refreshing in the often selfish and competitive world of music performance. "Music is about participating in your community in the hopes that people will do the same for you," says Foy.

Strong Words are passionate about Salt Lake's music scene, and they're hoping to contribute to making it better by offering a different perspective. "No offense to white, middle-class males who play in bands, but we would love to see more diversity," Richards says. "We're a girlfronted band, and we think that's important." In the past, Foy has always played drums, which

kept her in the background. This time around, she has taken the lead on guitar and vocals. "Being the lead person has totally taken me out of my comfort zone," she says. "Is everyone having fun? Is this a positive experience for everyone? Before, I never thought about that shit." Foy's challenging of herself has led to music that is both thoughtful and fresh.

"I like to keep things easy and low key," Foy says, when asked about Strong Words' writing process. For her, low-key doesn't equate to laziness—she writes at least one sona a week and insists that the band keeps a regular practice schedule. "Tuesdays at 7:30!" Lord chimes in. They relax, drink a few beers and get right to it. Keeping a routine allows for both creativity and growth in their musicianship as they build on older songs in order to innovate the new. "We're all work-oriented and keep our goals in mind," Foy says, "but we like to have a good time together." This is the first committed musical project for all members other than Foy, who has been killing it in Salt Lake bands for 12 years. Ross laughs and says, "The only time I've ever played onstage was in a Helena, Mont. junior high talent show." Lord adds, "Yeah, I have some pretty sweet high school pop punk recordings on the Internet." The virgin spirit of Strong Words adds to their eagerness and brings a sense of good-hearted vitality

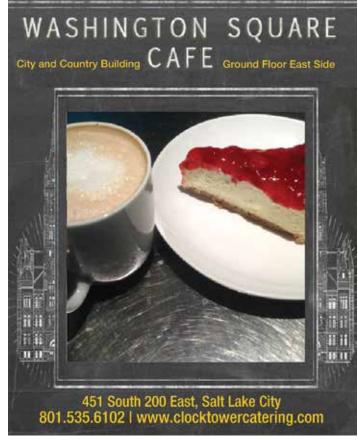
The enjoyment and easygoing temperament of the band is complemented by the sobriety of Foy's words and the tender, emotional place they come from. "My lyrics are dark and tend to take on a serious tone. Nothing I write is ever campy or fun—it's always direct to my personal experiences," Foy says and adds with a chuckle, "I'm not a depressed person or anything, but fair warning, the next album is very much a breakup

album." The band agrees vigorously that the words to their songs deserve to be under Foy's reign. Lord adds, "Cathy's lyrics make us sad, but in the best way."

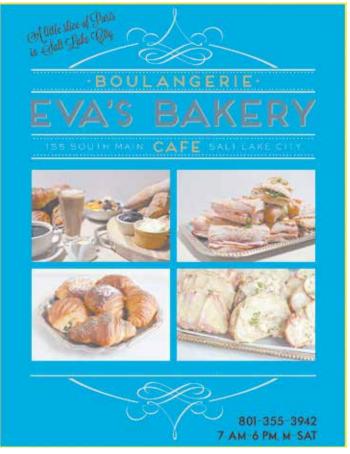
"We've never really talked [about] our band before this interview," says Foy, chuckling again. Lord adds, "Cody Kirkland says we sound like Sonic Youth + Silversun Pickups - Silversun Pickups' lyrics, so there's that I auess." For the most part, however, Strong Words aren't drawing directly from any major influences or trying to fit into any niches. Their rock is precise and pensive—grungy and gripping. The hours of practice result in a tight, cohesive sound that allows for the emotional intensity to resonate. Richards says enthusiastically, "It's so much more fun to play the songs when we can play them well." Adding to the forward-thinking attitude, Foy says, "When I'm having the most fun in bands, it's when things are moving forward. The least fun is when you're not working on anything new. The whole point of playing with people is

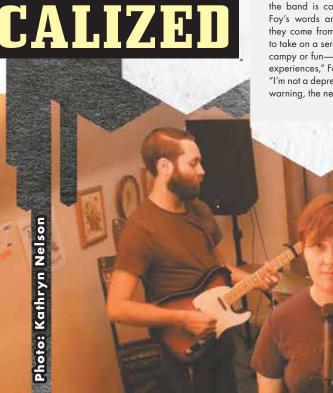
As far as creativity goes, Strong Words are ahead of the game. You can expect a new album from them in the next couple months, and a music video for "Come Clean" will be released shortly. Directed by Kathryn Nelson, it includes a dog suit, roller skates and various other shenaniaans. Additionally, the band is thinking about kicking off a tour quite soon. "We've spent the last year getting to know each other, but the next step is to play out of town," says Foy. Keep an eye out for these upcoming projects, and support their impressive work ethic by stopping by one of the several shows a month they play, including SLUG's Localized on Oct. 10 at Urban Lounge and/or download their first album at strongwords.bandcamp.com.











Strong Wonds

(L-R) Brian Lord (guitar), Cathy Foy (guitar, vocals), Jamie Richards (drums) and Ryan Ross (bass) play strong weirds in Strong Words.











It's Our Park:

Taylorsville Skateboarding Park

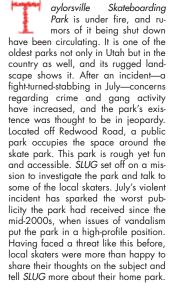
BY STEVEN GOEMAAT · STGOEMAAT@GMAIL.COM



(L-R) Taylorsville Skateboarding Park is a home away from home for Austin Johnson, Ethan McBeth and Paulo Olmedo.

Ethan McBeth,

Airwalkin' in his home park.



With banks and transitions around the outskirts of the park as well as a couple of ledge lines in the corners, the park has a pretty good flow to it and a variety of different features. These features include, but are not limited to, oversized expansion joints, Bondo patches and Quikcrete fill-ins of all sizes. That being said, the Taylorsville Skateboarding Park is a must-visit for any skater. Though the ground might not be perfect and the cracks are more than enough to keep one on their toes, the park is beautifully imperfect—much like the raw street spots that we, as skateboarders, will forever seek. The old age of the park is more than prevalent—the concrete boxes and ledges are built with perfect right-angle coping on all sides, instead of the rounded-out coping that has become the standard for newer parks. A bowl corner with a sizable hip is a focal point for the park, in addition to some mellow transitions and a lengthy flat bar positioned perfectly under the lights. This park is a ton of fun! There are a few features that are less than inviting, but that is part of the beauty of skating old parks.

I spoke to some Taylorsville guys about their park and their thoughts regarding the plausible shutdown—something they were all too familiar with. Whether it's fights, drunks or anything negative, the skate park tends to take the brunt of it. For one local skater, Chris Flandro, Taylorsville Skateboarding Park is like a second home. "I have been skating here for a long time now, and I know almost everyone who comes

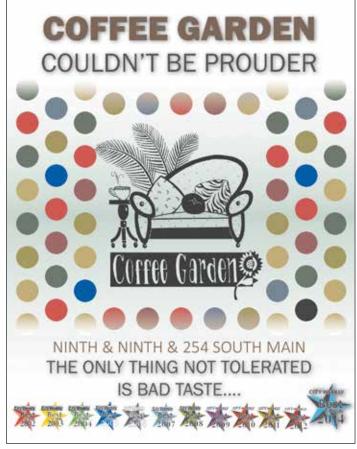
here," he says. "It's the best place to come hang with my friends, skate and just have a good time. It's like a family around here." With the next-closest parks being Midvale, Kearns or South Jordan—all a considerable distance away, especially via skateboard—the Taylorsville skate scene needs a park of their own. While the general public may see skate parks as a blemish on society, skate parks provide a place where kids—young and old—can get outside, be active, build friendships and get hyped. There is no more drug use at a skate park than there is in a high school locker room, and no more violence than a playground. Due to negative perceptions, however, skate parks tend to make the news more.

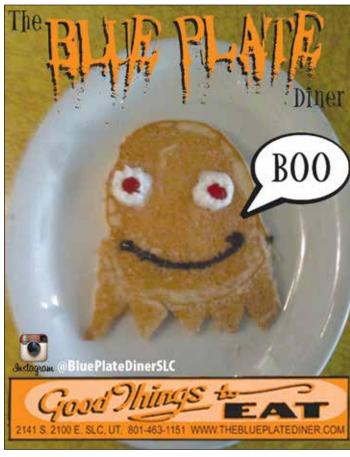
several slats that are missing or broken surrounds the skatepark. This tetanusridden obstruction doesn't even save a board from flying out of the park! Rough terrain and Bondo patches aside, the fence is one of the main concerns of local skaters—one skater, Joe Laurente, says, "The fence is the worst part about this park. Cracks and patches are one thing, but the fence needs to go!" Demolition of this fence would be a benefit to the public, the skaters and the police. Easier access for everyone and less of a "ahetto" look would create a cleaner and more positive atmosphere, as well as a clear view of the park from the road.

An old, rusty, dilapidated fence with

It would be a tragedy if Taylorsville Skateboarding Park were to be shut down. This park means a lot to local skaters and will be a classic for future skaters. Instead of spending the time and money to install cameras and put a police detail on call, some of that money could be spent on renovation and resurfacing of the park. No matter how one feels about the park, no one can deny that it serves as a place for kids to be active and have fun. Shutting down the park wouldn't stop the trouble—it would just stop the kids.

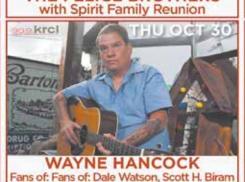
Editor's note: SLUG spoke with Taylorsville City Administrator John Taylor, who asserts that a shutdown is merely a rumor and that this instance of a shutdown threat was put to rest at city council meetings. To voice views of the park, he encourages folks to attend a city council meeting at the Council Chambers at 2600 W. Taylorsville Blvd. Room No. 140, which happen the first and third Wednesday of the month where anybody can make public comment at 6:30 p.m.















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The Tide Mill Swallow and Consume Us All A CONVERSATION WITH HULDR BY RICKY VIGIL . RICKYVIGIL@GMAIL.COM

The ocean is a thing of immense beauty. It is calming, massive and gentle, but at any given moment, it can become violent and unpredictable. The ocean is terrifying, so it is no wonder why the ocean is such a staple in so many forms of art. It seems especially tailor-made for the sprawling and intense nature of post-metal. For their second full-lenath album, and fourth release overall, Huldra have turned their eyes to the ocean—using it to channel emotions of loss and grief, filtered through the spectrum of a man lost at sea. In the weeks leading up to the album's release on Oct. 11, SLUG met up with the local post-metal group to discuss their upcoming album, Black Tides

Featuring a consistent lineup since their inception in 2009 of guitarists Eric Smith and Levi Hanna, bassist Matt Brotherton, drummer Chris Garrido and synth/keyboardist Scott Wasiliewski, Huldra have become one of the hardest-working bands in Salt Lake's metal scene. Black Tides adds to their steady body of work, including an EP, a split with locals Dustbloom, and their first full-length album, Monuments, Monoliths. The rapid release schedule has showcased just how much Huldra have evolved throughout their existence. "I think we're still swirling and traveling towards a certain something that we haven't entirely found yet," Wasilewski says.

Black Tides is indeed a new watermark for Huldra's sound. The band's members have been busy since the release of Monuments, Monoliths last year, with Hanna becoming a permanent member of SubRosa (complete with world touring); Brotherton's other band, Visigoth, being signed to Metal Blade Records; Wasilewski forming his solo project Portal to the Goddamn Blood Dimension, as well as teaming up with Hanna to form the experimental black metal group. Star Grazer. When asked if these other projects inform Huldra's sound at all, Brotherton speaks of Visigoth frontman Jake Rogers, who said the album is more riffy and less spacey than previous albums. "Basically, there are more headbanging bits and less contemplating, falling-asleep bits, Brotherton says.

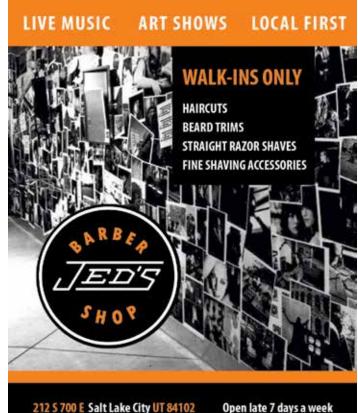


Songs from Black Tides have been kicking around for as long as a year and a half, but the album was recorded in only four days by local wizard Andy Patterson. "We had the entire album laid out and did scratch tracks for all the sonas, including vocals, which we had never done before. We put a lot more time into this album," says Hanna, "Before, we've just gone into the studio and winged it." This was also the first time Huldra have handed off their recordings to be mastered by an outside source, namely Maanus Lindberg of Swedish post-metal giants Cult of Luna. "It was cool because he wanted feedback from us. There were three or four different iterations of the masters," Brotherton says. Throughout the mastering processing, Lindberg beefed up the album's sound, making it Huldra's heaviest-sounding album to date—a fact that immediately strikes as soon as Brotherton's voice explodes out of the opening seconds of "Eye of the Storm." Wasilewski says, "There's just the cool factor of it, too, because the guy's a badass and he plays drums in Cult of Luna.

One of the most memorable moments of Black Tides occurs on the title track, when Hanna's bandmates from SubRosa, **Rebecca Vernon**, **Kim Pack** and Sarah Pendleton, lend their voices to its zenith. The three sound almost like sirens, contributing once again to the oceanic atmosphere. It's a flourish that really makes the song stand out and will hopefully get those outside of Salt Lake to take notice of the band as well. It is also a testament to the tight-knit nature of Salt Lake's metal scene. further punctuating SubRosa's shout-out to many local bands (including Huldra) in national press after the release of their album More Constant than the Gods. "All the bands here are really good, and it's too bad not more people realize that. Even outside of metal. I think some of the best musicians in the world are here," says Wasiliewski.

With the various members of Huldra committed to other projects, it's a wonder that they found the time to record Black Tides at all, let alone have it shine as brightly as it does. With touring, recording and other commitments, however, it has led to less time for writing the next release, which the band doesn't expect until at least 2016. "Downtime to evaluate the kind of stuff we want to write isn't a bad thing," Brotherton says. The band plans on playing several more shows to close out the year, including a free album release show at Burt's Tiki Lounge on Oct. 11. The band will be playing the entirety of Black Tides, with INVDRS and Oxcross opening the show. Bring your earplugs, and prepare to be mesmerized.

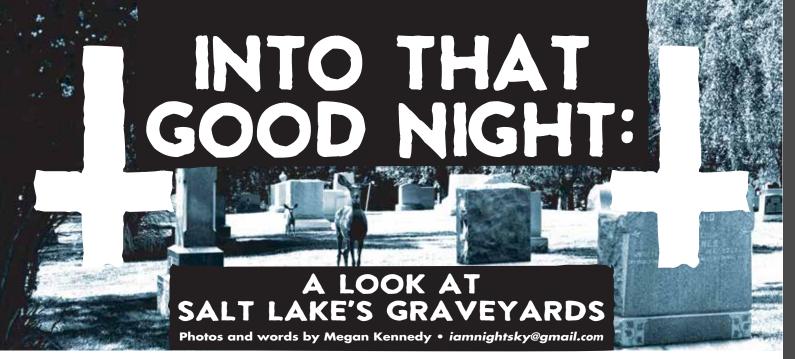






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As a year-round cemetery aficionado, I'm pleased that SLUG has given me the opportunity to introduce normies to the beautiful mortuary art that lives in our fair city. I know cemetery exploration isn't a super-popular hobby, but it really should be. There's nowhere like a cemetery for peace and quiet, and you never know when you'll stumble on some quirky or historic resting place. I went to two of Salt Lake's oldest boneyards and found some interesting stops for this year's Halloween season.

Mount Olivet Cemetery was established by an Act of Congress in 1874. It is located directly across 500 South from Rice-Eccles Stadium on the University

Near the creek that runs through Mt. Olivet, find the creepily charming "Goodnight" headstone.

of Utah campus, so peace and quiet is not a constant here, but there aren't a lot of visitors, either. The place is crawling with deer. I stumbled within a few yards of doe and fawn groups more than once, and they seem wary of—if relatively used to—the human presence.

Mount Olivet is home to historically significant gravesmany of which are in good condition for their ages. Several governors and other prominent figures from Utah's history are buried here, as well as Civil War-era soldiers. There are numerous examples of truly unique funerary art, including the classic "broken column" obelisk-which I've only seen in books until Mount Olivet. This cemetery also has, in my opinion, quite a bit more modern art-leaning stone décor, and thus has a wonderful generational feel.

Near the westerly border, there is a magnificent eagle statue perched on top of a tall, square pedestal that serves as a headstone. It is really a sight to behold. A walk southeast from the eagle, and one finds some interesting religious statues, as well as a bench headstone with a copper statue of a baby and puppy. (It's always the ones that are meant to be most comforting that creep me out the most. We should go back to using Death's head 1

Near the running creek that flows through the cemetery, on the eastern side, there is a row of metal headstones of the same design, simple and unembellished, save for the Masonic seal. They stick out like sore, rusted thumbs among the gray and green of the cemetery, and are worth stopping to see. Keep your eyes lowered in this area, because you'll also find the charming yet eerie headstone that is a small, open book carved with only the words "Goodnight."

> Head to the corner of cemetery streets Prospect and Main for a lovely collection of historical graves, Art Deco-style headstones and crypts with gorgeous architecture all gathered in one general area near the streets on both sides. One of the oldest I found was an 1877 family obelisk for a solider named W.M. Johns, which had survived quite well. Take a few extra steps up to the

Young family mausoleum and glance inside the open but barred windows. The crypt

is filled with pinecones. guarantee that we won't see that again for a while

Good migh

Up in the Avenues sits the largest city-operated cemetery west of the Mississippi—the Salt Lake City Cemetery. Spanning over 250 acres across the hillside. this is a cemetery with weight, history and beautiful character. The first burial took place here in 1847, so it's had quite some time to build up impressive displays of funerary art and statues, including the famous "angel scribe."

A great deal of LDS pioneers, apostles and related people of importance are buried in this place, and interested parties can find maps online, specifically to locate these particular stones. Even if you don't give a fuck about most of them, you definitely need to at least drive by the giant square stone monument of prophet David O. McKay and see for yourself what first-class delusions of grandeur look like in death. Another great LDS-related grave is that of notorious "destroying angel" and bodyguard of Joseph Smith, Porter Rockwell.

There's an odd sight to see on the winding road of 960 East 405 North-what looks like a grave dump: At the bottom of what looks like a stripped hill is a pile of headstones basically tossed aside in a ditch. Some are broken, some are lying as if they were placed there carefully and purposely; some are very old, and some look brand new. I have no explanation for its existence you'd think if a hillside collapsed, they would clean up the damage—but it's a fascinating view, especially for folks who are into nerdy archaeology shit like I am.

One of SLC's most famous urban legends is that of Emo's Grave—a bullshit tale I've been hearing since I was a kid, along with the rumors of Satanists who gather in Memory Grove. Emo is also a Satanist in the urban legend world, and, supposedly, walking around the grave three times chanting "Emo" will make his ghost appear. The grave is actually a crypt—that of one Jacob Moritz, and for the life of me, I've never been able to find out why the hell this legend exists or how it got attached to this long-dead founder of the Salt Lake

> Brewing Company, Anyway, we've all been to it. Instead, give some love to a grave I've been searching for for years (and finally found—on the hillside just above the crucifix statue in the Catholic section): that of Lilly

> > This Halloween season, take a stroll through Salt Lake's beautiful, historic cemeteries.

Gray. The headstone itself is typical, but it's the inscription that counts: "Victim of the Beast 666." It's truly bizarre, and the only answer we have as to its origins is speculation about Gray's mentally ill husband inscribing the stone for insanity's sake. Regardless, it's one of those things that will rarely, if ever, be repeated.

WHEN A SPECT







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Punk's Achilles' Heel I CBA (SB)

By Christian Schultz • christian@slugmag.com

After two albums of the kind of scorched-earth, blackened punk that thrust a teenage band from Denmark into the global limelight, the savant-asever Iceage have finished their third and most accomplished album vet. Plowing Into The Field of Love is a collection of tracks that shed any of the shackles ever wrestled onto their intentions as a band, Iceaae bring their visionary act to Utah for the first time at Kilby Court on Oct. 27.

Iceage have always hewn a rough position in relation to their audience. Upon the release of their debut album, New Brigade, in 2011, the Danish youths were heralded as saviors of punk, seen as injecting a youthful focus into a diversified global culture then littered with lifer reunions and Tumblr-ified death rockers. Their follow-up, You're Nothing, brought much of the same breakneck-speed and manic punk vigor of their debut, as well as a media-spun controversy surrounding their use of classic fascist aesthetics and a cold approach to interviews. While their profile as a young, determined band caught them in the crosshairs of anyone commenting on the state of music in this decade, both albums hinted at a stifled underbelly of dismantled beauty.

For all the hardened, hardcore-envisioned post-punk that the band has been making, they've insisted that the aforementioned labels don't matter to them. "It isn't really for us to worry about if audiences and the media respect or appreciate our intentions," says Iceage bassist Jakob Tvilling Pless. "Our intention is to make music that we like and put it out there. What people get out of it is up to them." According to vocalist Elias Bender Rønnenfelt, the band's music is "an extension of the individuals behind it. We don't strive to do 'post-punk.' The music just comes out like this," he says.

Plowing Into The Field of Love, which, according to Pless, the band recorded at a farmhouse "isolated in a forest" in Northern Sweden, finds the band trading in their hostile punk aggression for a more diverse set of sounds. The first outgrowth of the album released into the world. "The Lord's Favorite." and its accompanying video, mark the starkest difference in Iceage's tone so far. With what can only be described as an up-tempo. Johnny Cashmeets-Bo Diddley country tune, the track reveals a lighter, limber vision of the hardened punk band.

Distorted Americana influences have a storied history of creeping into punk, so it's not hard to see Iceage exploring a crooked country song. "[The song] is kind of a play on the aesthetics and imagery that lies in country music," Rønnenfelt says. "When I started out writing the song, I was trying

to write a love song. Later in the process, I realized that what I was writing was a country song. Then I started filtering it through this vision of god and megalomania."

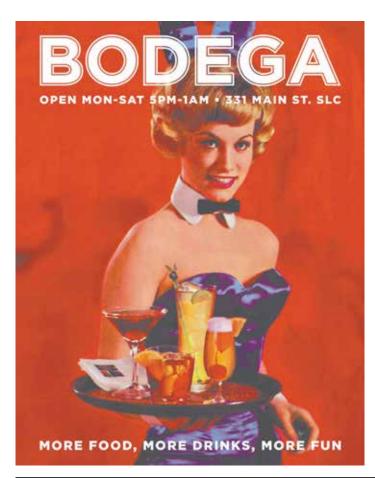
The video for "The Lord's Favorite" expands on the group's flippant sense of humor, previously only hinted at in their dry, anti-interviews. "We made it in an afternoon with our friend Cali Dewitt," says Rønnenfelt. "My idea was that I wanted to lip-sync because it seems like a kind of a no-no for a band like us to do." The video features Rønnenfelt lip-synching alongside a cast of characters romping around in what he calls, "Hungarian crime boss

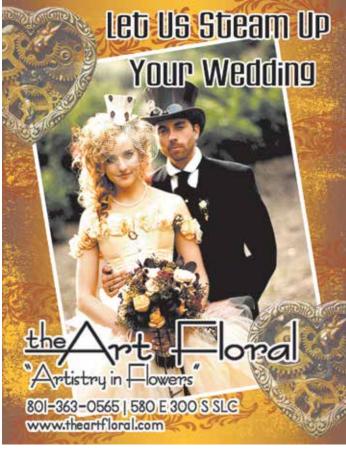
Lest you think that the group has swerved wholly into brighter territory, Rønnenfelt maintains that the album isn't one-note, stark bleakness or merry punk—the tracks reveal poise and variety. "On My Fingers," the album's opening track, establishes the same combustible energy of earlier Iceage songs, but is restrained by a more exacting approach to songwriting. It features a marching drum-andbass beat and piano that marks the song as a lilting march, while a buzz saw guitar and Rønnenfelt's gravelly drawl hints at the coming uncertainty. One track, "How Many," might have found a place on You're Nothing; the next, "Glassy Eyed, Dormant and Veiled," sunders in with a pent-up dirge that has Johnny Marr-style, Meat is Murder-era guitar textures and horn passages. "Simony" wrenches guitars from a young Sonic Youth while Rønnenfelt swoops overhead with a droll, Kim Gordon-esque mumble that sharpens as the track progresses.

"In my opinion, it's possibly the darkest [album] yet," Rønnenfelt says. "It's all about self-denial, fantasy and artificial bliss and self-confidence, looking for love, not being able." Even as the band relents its antagonistic posture on tracks like "The Lord's Favorite," or the playful, mandolin-riffing "Abundant Living," Rønnenfelt encases listeners' experiences with unease. "The effect I wanted to portray on some of the more joyous-sounding songs is that of walking on stilts," he says. "You're way up there, but you're extremely easy to knock over-everyone can see your Achilles' heel."

> Plowing Into The Field of Love drops on Oct. 7 via Matador in the U.S. Be sure to catch Iceage's ferocious live show at Kilby Court on Oct. 27.









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castle separates the rich from the poor with castle separates the rich from the poor with towers, walls and guards. A speakeasy separates the hip from the square, with secrecy, passwords and hidden entries. Bodega, and its underground, vault-like restaurant/bar, The Rest, are separate, but they let all the customers be hip. Upstairs at Bodega, there are affordable shots, priced-justright beer, handheld food and a jovial atmosphere—very different from its secret downstairs cousin. If you haven't made a reservation, you must ask to be admitted to The Rest (dress up before you come here, as it's a nice joint and you should look the part). I've come here before without a reservation, but only on off nights and earlier in the evening. The two rooms are cozy, and they fill up as the hours progress. If admitted, proceed through a plain door and down a wind of officestyle stairs to another nondescript door behind which the light changes and the air grows more worthwhile. I enter this dark space and feel ... lighted—it is "The Bar." It's the bar I want to find in the basement when I walk down those last stairs of this life, impossibly tall yet claustrophobic enough to make drinking and lovely friends into dreamlike memories. The barroom and tables are darkly lit, and in the back is a grotto-inspired library with conspiracy-sized seating arrangements.

The whole space is musically propelled by an honest-to-god turntable and a respectable collection of vinyl. Looking out over the various tables are the seven deadly sins hidden behind crystal eyes that peer cyclopean from bird houses that might have once housed inky finches. Ancient photographs, oil portraits and numerous taxidermies haunt the upturned eye—a room inspired by the Brothers Quay. It's a place that loves itself maybe a little more than it should, but that makes it all the more attractive. Like some self-amused genius at a party, one won't have to add to the conversation to enjoy the monologue.

The drinks here are fine examples of the speakeasy cocktail—simply made with quality booze and classic bitters. Caleb Cannon and staff are constantly creating new recipes and variations on classic drinks, so the cocktail menu varies. I had a

Basil Maiden with a house-made rhubarb shrub that set the booze ever-so-lightly on. Sweetish, but good with food, the Little Horse was an easy ride (each is \$9). The After Dark (\$10), a kind of Walter Matthau/Billy **Bob Thornton** breakfast drink, made with coffee, egg and bourbon, and The Fathom (\$11), a pirate-inspired zombie (lots of rum and coconut and some more rum), were both great variations on more common drinks. If you need a belt and feel a twinge of noir, the Prescription Julep is a whisky and cognac cure-all. This is a Dorothy Parker drink—witty, almost sweet, but also kind of mean. There are beers, too-in a fine selec-

In a bar where the drinks are so well-conceived and delightful, the addition of a food menu might seem like an afterthought. But then I order, and the menu reads like a Christmas tree loaded with presents. Unlike presents, though, the food here is, by and large, better than I hoped, and more surprising. Like the cocktails, the food menu changes with the seasons. I had the Garden Toast and Pickled Onion Rings (\$7 each) on different occasions, and both are great appetite whetters.

The Scotch Egg (\$8, a hard-boiled egg enclosed in sausage, rolled in breadcrumbs, and fried) is really a breakfast dish, as is the Pork Belly (\$10). Both are a.m., but in a p.m. kind of way. The Pork Belly has a particular drunken sweetness that, mixed with the oily pleasure of the meat, makes my mouth feel primal and holy. The Scotch Egg is a city cousin of lumberjack food. Dominating its beautiful presentation like a plush meat fruit, it appears a fist-sized, egg-shaped challenge, but it eats just fine. If Easter were a sausage holiday and not about chocolate, we would hide these for hungry children in the forks of yard trees every spring.

like my childhood paella, but subtle—both rich and light, which is the trick to this dish. It's served Vegetable (\$28) for vegetarians, Valencia (\$32) with pork, chicken and chorizo, or Seafood (\$37) with scallops, shellfish and shrimp ... and chorizo. It serves two quite nicely.

For goodness' sake, if you like meat, get the Beer Can Chicken (\$35). It is one of the best simple pleasures served in this town, offering a hearty serving of sublime feeling. Served with a surprisingly great, warm fingerling potato salad, asparagus and wild mushrooms, it is, for the carnivorous, a magnificent way to break

> bread. One could eat the whole thing, but it's meant for two. And presented first, whole, its wings outstretched, sassily perched on its beer can and then re-presented carved and boned for dining, it is a show in itself and a no-brainer for the active foodie.

The Rest is my "why Salt Lake is great" restaurant/bar

If it is on the autumn menu, get the Paella—I have a private rule: Always, when there is paella available, get the paella. It is good here—not dominated by saffron

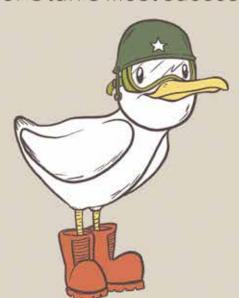
of choice right now, which might be a problem, as it is so small and so special. I almost hate to share it with anyone new—not for fear that it will go away, but that there won't be any room left for me.

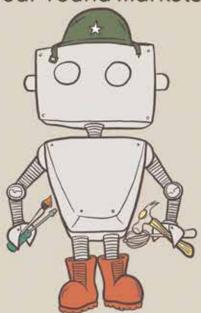
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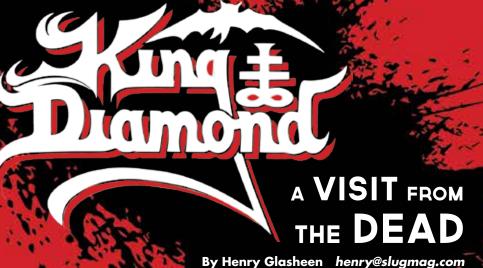






Supported by a generous community development grant from SLC Corp.





hen I talked to King Diamond, it was impossible to avoid getting swept up in his charisma and enthusiasm for his work. After almost an hour of discussing his incredible life experiences and plans for the future, I was struck by how friendly and down-to-earth he was and by the way that he answered my questions so attentively. King is the kind of guy who has heavy metal in his soul—in a way that goes far beyond the theatrics and posturing that dominate the scene today. When I asked him about the biggest changes he had seen in the heavy metal scene over his long career, his answer was simple but thoughtful. "It hasn't changed that much," he says, "but you keep learning more and more all the time."

The last few years have been difficult for King personally, but he's taken the opportunity to truly return to his roots and gain a clearer focus on his original artistic vision. Even at 58 years old—only four years after he had triple bypass heart surgery, during which he was essentially dead for several hours—he feels like he's in the prime of his career. "After [the surgery], we were out doing shows, sounding better than we ever did. My voice sounds better than I have ever had it in my entire career," he says. "Normally, if you sing falsetto and you reach a certain age, it's only gonna go downhill. Usually, the band will end up having to de-tune a little to keep up, but that's not been a problem at all. My voice has only gotten better."

He says that there's a good reason for the change. "I've guit smoking since I had that procedure—completely," King says. He also started eating healthier and staying active, and he says he can feel his instrument is more than simply healing. "It has changed a lot for the voice—big time, man. The breathing has changed completely." Though he's had to make sacrifices along the way, he says it's all been worth it. "For me, it was a choice. Either you give some things up, or you can go die," he says. "I felt I had a lot more to give."

As King continues his regimen of healthy living, the members of King Diamond are preparing for their first North American tour since '04. They spent the summer playing European festivals and were even invited to be the headliners for the "Black Stage" at this year's Wacken Open Air Festival. "There were 92.000 [fans] there," he says, "[Wacken] was the biggest [show] we've done so far. It was not a spot in

the afternoon or something—we were the last band to play on the stage that night, and it went perfect." Coming from him, that is no small statement. He feels that King Diamond's live show has reached the point where the band can finally express their ideas fully. "We have a production now that is probably as big as Iron Maiden's." he says. "It's a show you will

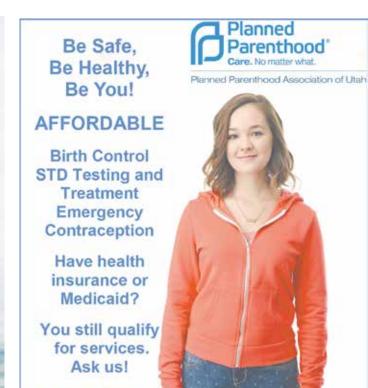
However, the virtually unmatched staging of King Diamond's performance isn't just limited to the annual Wacken Festival, which every metalhead dreams of attending. "That show from Wacken? That's what you're going to see in Salt Lake," he says. "The show is so much bigger now than it ever was, but even when it was reasonably big in the past, at least half the time we'd play, half the stuff was in the truck. It's not [as] fun, you know?" The band is taking a twostory stage and their own lighting rig so that they can accurately replicate the experience at each stop in their North American tour and not have to leave anything out.

He also mentions that Utah's show will feature one of our city's up-and-coming local metal bands. "Salt Lake City is the only show on the tour where there will be a third supporting act," he says. "A local band of yours, called **Visigoth**. It's by special request that they have been added to the bill."

For now, he's focusing on preparing for the tour, but King has also purchased new home-studio equipment to help him start writing material for the next King Diamond album. "I will be able to record vocals so much better than I've ever done them before. I'll never have to compromise because of time. I can do it all," he says, "I can go in and work on 40-voice choirs if I want to sound like Queen, without thinking, 'Oh, we don't have time for that.'" He likes the idea of being able to start with the vocals and then write music to fit them. "I could never do that before—that would never be allowed by everyone. Like, 'Hey, I'm going to spend the next three days fucking around with vocals, OK?'"

Give your soul to King Diamond, Jess and the Ancient Ones and Visigoth on Oct. 26. They'll be lurking in the dark of The Complex, and you only have to pay \$30 to have one hell of a sleepless night. Join the ritual, or you must rest in shame!





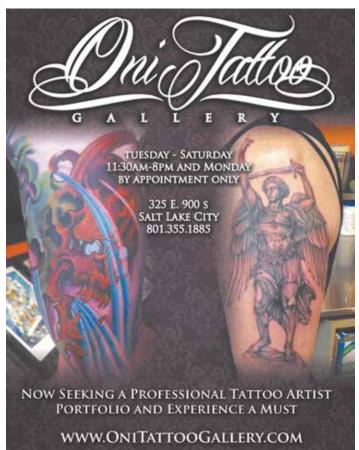
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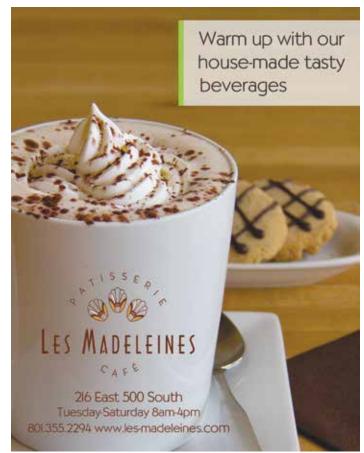


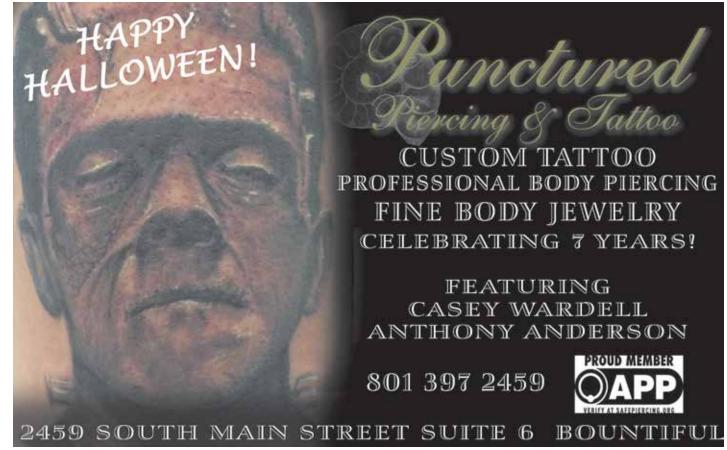
Good advice Duck

By Oliver Buchanan • auliverr@gmail.com









PLAYING WITH FIRE: AN INTERVIEW WITH GODFLESH'S JUSTIN K. BROADRICK



vox/drum programming) and C.G. Green (bass) of Godflesh

seems fitting that Godflesh-a band that ended abruptly, shortly after the 2001 release Hymns—returns with A World Lit Only By Fire, to be released Oct. 7. The Birmingham, UKbased group was forged in the same city that gave birth to another legendary and tumultuous band, Black Sabbath. Godflesh is borne of a landscape of industrial concrete castles—each one, at its mechanical heart, is a fire. That fire was rejanited in 2010, when Godflesh founding member Justin K. Broadrick approached fellow founding member C.G. Green to perform some live shows.

During an interview with Broadrick, Godflesh's quitarist/vocalist/drum programmer, he said that he started to really miss Godflesh a few years prior to the reunion. It started to become necessary to do something aggressive again. Leading up to the reunion of Godflesh, Broadrick started creating heavier material with Greymachine and his solo project, JK Flesh.

A World Lit Only By Fire is fueled by Broadrick and Green's desire to return to what Godflesh was when the band began in the late '80s. "Having Godflesh not existing for such a long period of time afforded me the luxury of being able to examine what I loved the most about Godflesh. And what I loved the most was the intent of the first few records," says Broadrick.

By Bryer Wharton • bryer@slugmag.com

The new material meshes harsh mechanical guitars with an abyss-like bottom coming from the signature Godflesh bass guitar, played out on songs like "Life Giver Life Taker." Repetitive and unrelenting beats and rhythms drive the musical machine. With the heavy-ended style also comes the classic explorations into minimalistic content, like the tracks "Obeyed" or "Forgive Our Fathers," from the new album. Rhythms are broken up into diverse and dynamic atmospheres, all meant to be unsettling.

Broadrick went on to talk about how, after the infamously heavy Streetcleaner and Pure albums, Godflesh became diluted and was going through a sort of identity crisis. Though Broadrick, aside from feeling that there is no Godflesh album that he feels utterly convinced by, he still has a love and respect for the later albums. This new album is driven to meet the initial goals of Godflesh: "I wanted to just get back to machine rhythms-monolithic minimal blocks of sound as inhumane-sounding as possible, but simultaneously retaining groove. Primal and direct—that's what's most unique and singular and identifiable about our sound," says Broadrick.

Technology—in terms of of production and creation of music—has changed drastically since the birth of Godflesh. Broadrick asserted that the biggest benefit of current technology is its convenience. In the early years, it was a bastard to program a drum machine. Broadrick maintains a semi-digital and semi-analog studio to create his recordings. In addition to the convenience is an added clarity to the new material. I brought up how I felt that A World seems to have a more weighted sound with the bass guitar. Broadrick brought up the fact that people were shocked at how much bass was on Streetcleaner, because, when it was released in 1989, a lot of other records had thinner bass sounds

Broadrick says, "I think that, with the marriage of the guitar and bass, there's something working with the unison that's made it a bit deeper on the bottom end.

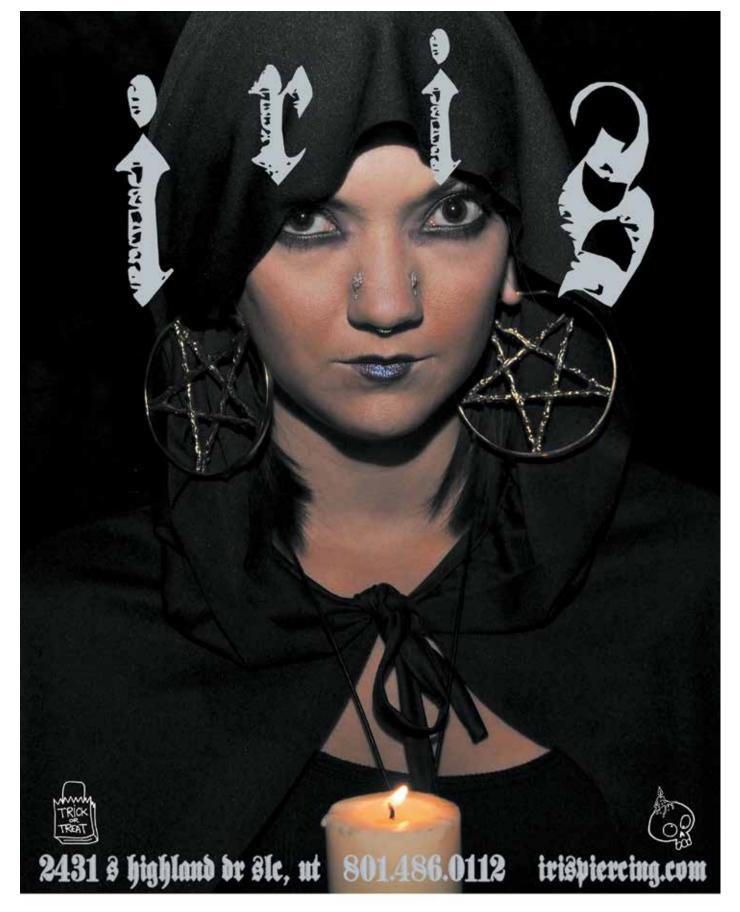
It can make one question exactly where that bottom is coming from. It's just the unison of textures. This new record is really minimal as well—it's very much about punishment in a way."

With the blunt and brutal intensity of Godflesh—the stuff that's meant to be as negative and crushing as possible—comes equally intense lyrical themes, which are screamed right in the listeners' faces. Broadrick had no intention or desire to change the messages of Godflesh, which, lyrically, are never excessively verbose. The themes explored don't venture outside the typical Godflesh subject matter: religion is evil and man is a beast or savage. Broadrick describes it as the sound of resignation and self-frustration. Further elaborating, he says that the frustration isn't just looking outward but looking inward—specific to Broadrick's point of view, saving what he sees on the outside, he sees in himself. "There is no good, there is no evil—the fact that we encapsulate that whole gamut of emotions and possibility, which I often find guite terrifying, but I just resign to it," says Broadrick.

Godflesh is a vehicle of harsh sonic bombardment that rarely relents, with a strong devotion to negativity. People tune into such an assault for the same reason that Broadrick creates the music. "Godflesh, as much as being cathartic, it's therapeutic-all the music I create is therapy ... The mad thing is, instead of spending money on therapy, I make money out of it. I'm quite lucky, really. Thankfully, other people take something from it, too—in a way it's a gift, a negative gift. It's a gift for me, but it's a gift for other people, which, for me, is quite humbling."

It's ironic, for sure, but to conclude the interview. Broadrick said that Godflesh breaking up was one of the best things the band has ever done. "We've come back twice as strong, directly knowing what we want to do. This band is stronger than it ever was, and this is one of the best albums we've made." A World Lit Only by Fire will be released on Oct. 7 on Godflesh's label, Avalanche Recordings.







info@slugmag.com

SLUG's Summer of Death skate contests have been a skateway drug for countless Utah skaters for 15 years. This summer's second and final installment of Summer of Death, Roughside of the TRAX, took place on Sept. 13, and made use of some sweet spots along Salt Lake's TRAX lines. Starting at Fairmont Skate Park and working their way Downtown, competitors nailed some amazing tricks in pursuit of First Place. Skaters **Mike Zanelli** (Third Place), brothers **Jordan** and Nate Brown (Second Place tie) and Clark Thomas (First Place) made it to the podium, while Jose Sweet won Best Trick. See you next year at Roughside!

ROUGHSIDE OF THE TRAX: Y





1. Caleb Orton, frontside boardslide. 2. Isaiah Beh, ollie over the flat. 3. Roughneck soldiers heading to the second Roughside location. 4. Aaron Wilkinson, Airwalk. 5. Nate Brown (Second Place), Frontside 360. 6. (L-R) Logan Summers, Moriah Roberts and Jeff Griffin. 7. Mike Zanelii (Third Place), frontside noseslide.

Photos:

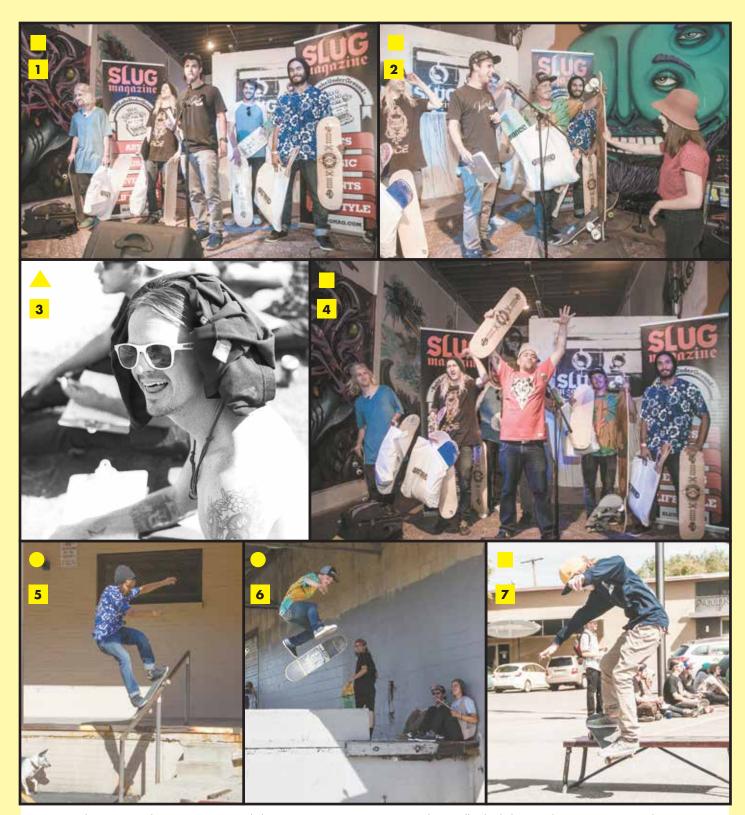
Cezaryna

Martín Rivero

Samuel Milianta

Weston Colton





- 1. (L-R) Jordan Brown and Nate Brown (Second Place tie), emcee Steve Goemaat, Mike Zanelli (Third Place) and Jose Sweet (Best Trick).
- 2. First Place Winner Clark Thomas receives a RAMP longboard from SLUG Marketing Coordinator Robin Sessions.
- 3. Jared Smith, judge. 4. Johnny Roughneck (center) standing at the podium with Summer of Death winners.
- 5. Jose Sweet (Best Trick), frontside smith. 6. Clark Thomas (First Place) 360 flip off the loading dock. 7. Dravin Fackrell, backside boardslide.

Photos: Cezaryna

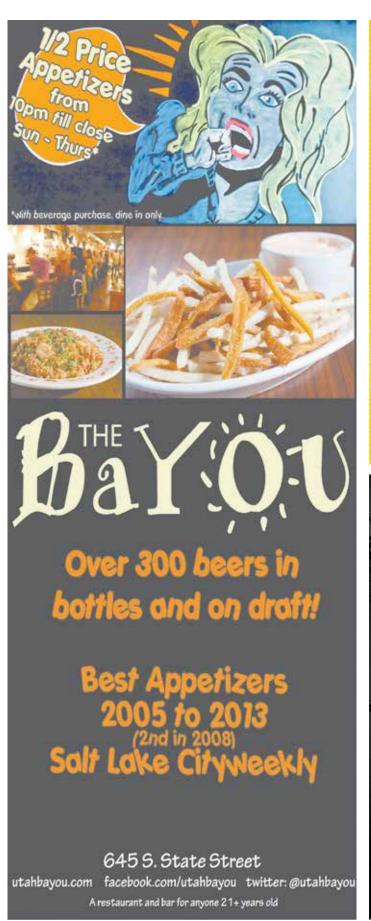
Martín Rivero

Samuel Milianta

Weston Colton



See Steve Goemaat's recap and more photos on slugmag.com.











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By Cody Kirkland • codykirkland@slugmag.com

Before dawn on the morning of Feb. 12, 2012, security guard **Corey Serawop** was halfway through a graveyard shift at a Fort Duchesne alcohol abuse treatment center when the power went out. Serawop saw red-and-blue flashing lights outside the building. Assuming the police had arrived in relation to the power outage, he went outside to meet them. Instead of a police cruiser, Serawop saw something unimaginable—something he had only seen in movies.

Fort Duchesne is a town on the Uintah and Ouray Ute Reservation in Northeastern Utah. The nearby Sherman Ranch, eventually dubbed Skinwalker Ranch, was the purported location of numerous paranormal sightings, peaking in the 1990s. Disembodied, flying spotlights, sentient mists, indestructible wolves, Bigfoot, multidimensional portals, cattle mutilation and skinwalkers are among the things reported to be seen in the area. This caught the attention of **Robert Bigelow**, founder of NIDSci, (the National Institute for Discovery Sciences) and Bigelow Aerospace. In 1996, Bigelow bought the Sherman Ranch and NIDSci began investigations there.

In the interest of hearing Serawop's first-person account of his experiences, I planned an overnight trip to Fort Duchesne. After interviewing Serawop, I intended to stay up all

night, waiting for something paranormal to happen. On Wednesday, Sept. 10, I left Salt Lake City in search of insight. What follows is my log of the trip.

Wednesday, Sept. 10, 2014

5:09 p.m. – Somewhere on Highway 40. Apparently, the only CD I brought is *Surrealistic Pillow* by **Jefferson Airplane**—on repeat since I left. There are multiple versions of "Somebody to Love" and "White Rabbit." I have heard "White Rabbit," like, six times so far. I'll see how long I can handle this.

7:05 p.m. – I just met up with Corey Serawop in the parking lot at the entrance of Bottle Hollow. He's a large, personable man, 37 years old and of Ute descent. Sitting in his security patrol truck (he is a security guard for the Ute tribal office), I ask him what happened on that morning in 2012. "I witnessed a UFO, up close," he says. It was a cloudy morning, still before dawn, and it was snowing. The power went out at the rehab facility at which he worked. He saw red-and-blue flashing lights outside the building, then he and a coworker went outside to investigate.

They saw a large object hovering above their building, and the flashing red-and-blue lights changed to solid red. "I had to put my hand up to cover the brightness of it," Serawop

says. "It wasn't a big ship—probably the size of a small plane." He says it must have been 25 to 30 feet up in the air, and it was circular. "There was something in my head that was telling me we needed to get back inside the building, which is odd," he says. "After we started walking back into the building, it started moving south," he says. Serawop and

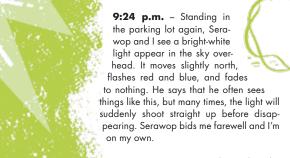
his coworker went inside, locked up, and checked on the treatment center clients. Serawop realized that while he was outside, a half hour had passed. "After that, this big flash of light just hit—you could see everything like it was day ... It was really bright white, and [then] it was gone," Serawop says. When he got home from work, Serawop's wife interviewed him about what he'd seen. He posted the video interview to YouTube, and started a Facebook group called Fort Duchesne UFO. Three months after the incident, which he described in detail in his security report, Serawop was let go from his job.

7:52 p.m. – Getting dark. Still sitting in the truck. Serawop showed me a photo that his friend took two weeks after the incident in 2012. Apparently it's a portal in the sky over the Bottle Hollow Lake/Reservoir. He says people saw helicopters chase a UFO near here and it dove into the lake to evade pursuit. The photo shows a convoluted, blue-white ring in the night sky with a dark center. It sure looks like a portal.

We drive to the rehab facility where Serawop saw the UFO. He said it was about as big as the building or smaller, so about 30 or 40 feet across. Headed south, we pass an electrical substation—the one that local authorities said had failed and caused the incident in 2102. It's at least a mile away from the rehab facility. "How does that explain what I saw?" Serawop says.

8:39 p.m. - Serawop says people in this area sometimes hear scratching at their doors. Some see strangely behaving lights in the sky, like the one several people reported seeing during the Ute powwow on July 4 of this year. I ask him about Skinwalker Ranch—he knows all about it. We talk about skinwalkers—even though they're part of Diné (Navajo) lore, Serawop is familiar with the concept of people using dark magic to change their form for evil uses. He shows me where his friend saw a shadow person at one of the tribal government buildings. He points out the road leading to Skinwalker Ranch.

We circumnavigate the ranch, stopping on the south end to look at the gigantic, orange moon beginning to rise. We spend a while standing beside the truck, looking upward. Sera-



11:08 p.m. – I sat in the parking lot for a while after Serawop left, but I got a weird feeling, so I started driving around. I don't usually get feelings just driving around. I'm going to check out Skinwalker Ranch.

11:22 p.m. – Stopped on the side of the road just west of the ranch, watching. On the way here, something dashed across the road in front of my car and I almost hit it. It was a white rabbit. I'm

fucking terrified. I don't know why—
this sort of thing doesn't usually
scare me. Trucks kept following me
and that makes me nervous, too.
I'm afraid to get out of the car.
Good thing I brought whiskey.
I've checked the door locks twice.

11:30 p.m. - Getting more freaked out. Same spot. Got out of the car to get the crowbar out of the trunk and hear weird sounds just southwest of here. There are three mosquitoes in my car. I keep thinking I hear voices and footsteps in the gravel behind my car. I think I'm going crazy.

Thursday, Sept. 11, 2014 12:08 a.m. - When I step outside the

wop points out an orange light in the distance,

above the Uinta Mountains. The light fades in

and out, starts moving laterally to the east, then

disappears. It's out of the ordinary, but not un-

explainable. On the way back to the parking

lot. Serawop tells me about a time a few years

ago, on this same road just west of the ranch,

when a floating, blue orb followed his brother's

car. As the orb act closer, his car shut down.

The orb disappeared but the car wouldn't start.

His brother left the car and walked to a nearby

friend's house, where he let his fear subside be-

fore going back for the car, which started fine

afterward

car, the sound to the southwest sounds like a helicopter starting, revving up like a Harley Davidson, idling, stalling and starting over again. It's about a 10-second cycle, but it's irregular. It sounds like someone kick-starting a helicopter. The surrounding area is flat. The sound seems to be coming from nearby, almost overhead, but there are no lights at all. It could be an oil-drilling operation. That is common in this area, but it sounds like it is right here and I don't see anything. Stood listening for a half hour.

2:33 a.m. – I spent the last two hours driving around, investigating the sound and then standing on a remote stretch of road in the middle of freaking nowhere, just looking around. On the

way back to the parking lot, I decided to try driving closer to the ranch's entrance on the north side, which Serawop pointed out earlier. I found the road and headed west. As I neared the entrance at the end of the long dirt road, I saw the concrete barricades

illuminated in my headlights. I was suddenly filled with complete dread, and immediately overhead, a bright-white light shot above me, travelling the same trajectory as my car, and disappeared. That's it, back to Salt Lake.

3:01 a.m. – I found my way back to Highway 40 and headed west to go home. I felt really sleepy, though, so I'm back at the Bottle Hollow parking lot. I'm going to take a nap before I leave so I don't careen off the road and die. I park facing west, recline my seat, and bundle up with my knife in my lap.

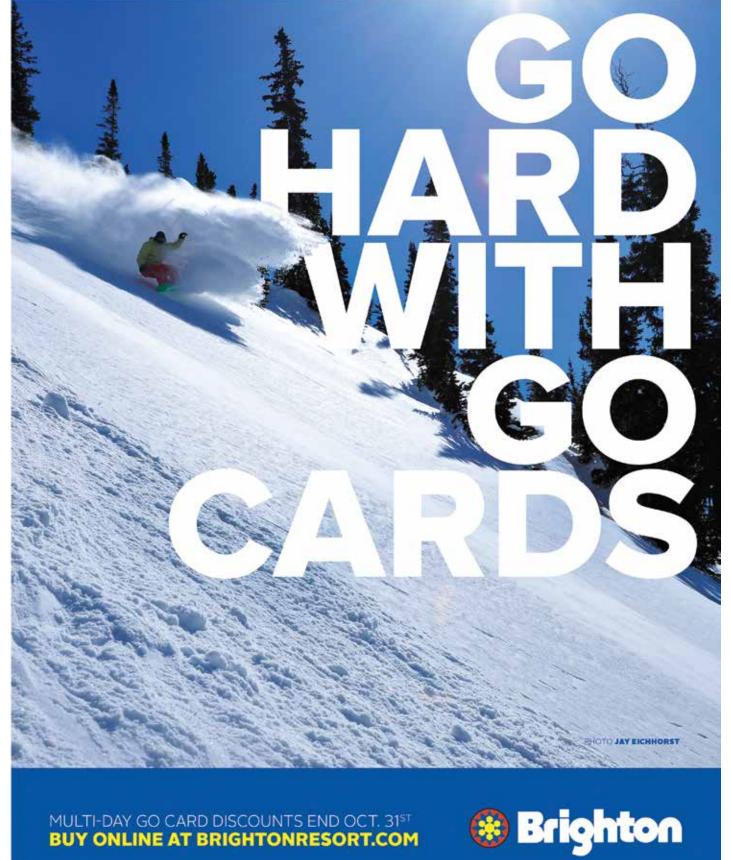
5:20 a.m. – I just awoke suddenly to a bright-white light shining into my car. My heart felt like it stopped. The bright-white light of a tribal police cruiser spotlight shined in my face as it drove quickly past my car. Oh my god, I thought, I've had enough—it's time to go.

6:29 a.m. – Stopped at a rest area off of Highway 40. I'm sitting on a bench overlooking Starvation Reservoir, drinking "Mountain Roast" gas station coffee, facing east toward Fort Duchesne as the pink beginning of daybreak begins to push away the darkness of the previous night. I don't know what it is that's happening in Fort Duchesne. There is definitely something strange going on there, though.

10:50 a.m. – I got home at 8:30 a.m. and slept until now. I got undressed to take a shower, and I have a large, irregular rash covering my right knee and thigh. On the middle and ring fingers of my left hand, where both fingertips touch each other, my skin has an orange discoloration. In the shower, I scrub it vigorously, but my skin is still orange. I haven't touched anything that could have stained or irritated my skin.

Whatever I experienced in Fort Duchesne—or whatever I imagined I was experiencing—was ultimately inconclusive. I mostly spent the night alternating between driving around and working myself into a terrified frenzy. I saw and heard some things that I couldn't explain, but I wouldn't consider any of those things to be evidence of paranormal activity. It's hard to ignore Serawop's stories, though. The orange on my fingers faded within a few hours, and the rash disappeared after a week, but those stories stayed with me. I'm beginning to think that Serawop is right—there must be something out there.





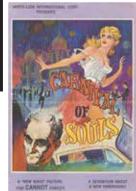




Utah's Horror Film History

by Alex Springer alexispringer@gmail.com

Though Utah got its cinematic start with the westerns of **John Ford**, it's no stranger to the horror genre. Our state has been the backdrop to several celluloid slashers—peruse the list ... if you dare.



THE GIRL IN BLACK STOCKINGS (1957):

Girl is a noir-laced murder mystery that takes place at a swinging hotel in Kanab. The premise is a tad far-fetched—mainly because I find it hard to believe that there are any swinging hotels in Kanab.

CARNIVAL OF SOULS (1962):

The Great Saltair has a tragically fascinating history, so filming a horror movie there makes sense. It was put to eerily good use in this film.

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN CORPSES (1974):

Films about haunted houses and documentarians seldom have happy endings. The Governor's Mansion was cast as said haunted house in this mid-'70s creeper.

HALLOWEEN 4: THE RETURN OF MICHAEL MYERS (1988):

Salt Lake and Midvale became the fictional town of Haddonfield for this installment of the Halloween series, making Michael Myers the first major cinematic monster to terrorize Utah.

WARLOCK (1989):

According to folklore, salt is really bad for warlocks. When the heroine of Warlock figures this out, she plans to hole up in the Bonneville Salt Flats and season her enemy

TROLL 2 (1990):

Perhaps the best worst movie to come out of Utah, Troll 2 is the unintentionally brilliant story of a boy, his family and a town full of vegetarian goblins. You can't piss on

THE STAND (1994):

This adaptation of **Stephen King**'s post-apocalyptic novel was filmed everywhere from Pleasant Grove to Ogden—not to mention the fact that **Sam Raimi** gets choked by a demon right outside of Lehi

JOYRIDE (2001):

Paul Walker, Steve Zahn and Leelee Sobieski find themselves hunted by a depraved truck driver on a road trip that takes them through Delle, Utah. Say it with me now, "Caaaandy Caaaaane ...

DAWN OF THE DEAD (2004):

Not entirely filmed in Utah—just a little bit in Salt Lake—**Zack Snyder**'s zombie flick also featured Utah resident **Ty Burrell**. Best. Reboot. Ever.

FROZEN (2010):

Before Disney appropriated this title for their own purposes, a team of indie filmmakers used the Snowbasin Ski Resort to explore a terrifying premise: What if three skiers get stranded halfway up a lift only to spy a pack of wolves that are waiting for them to drop like ripe fruit?





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any of my friends are drifters. Bouncing around from place to place and couch to couch, they're gifted in the fine art of mooching and not paying rent—a bohemian lifestyle of sorts that I oftentimes find myself jealous of. I lived in the same apartment for 12 fast years. Time flies when you are as drunk as I am. Several roommates had come and gone: some complete deadbeats, some amazing lesbians whom I never had to ask to clean, and one methhead who took down all my blinds for no reason and stole my watch.

All in all, it was a good 12-year run. I was able to somehow pay my rent on time every month and convince my landlord I was an upstanding tenant—despite numerous late-night parties full of peeing off the balcony, breaking every dish I own from time to time (on purpose nonetheless), not to mention letting fireworks off inside—the illegal kind from Wyoming—and other numerous illegal activities that shall go unmentioned in this article.

There comes a time in every man's life where it's just time to pack up and move on from a situation. I don't believe in karma or god or any of that hippie shit, but there were quite a few indicators that I needed to just get the fuck out of my apartment. So I did. I guess things like bed bugs and carpet beetles infesting your abode qualify less as god telling you to move—it's more like a, "Yeah, I really should get the fuck out of this shit hole that I created."

Seeing how it has been 12 years since I had changed living spaces, I really had no idea what a pain in the ass it would be. I figured I could get all my shit out in two weeks, paint the place, get my deposit back and live happily ever after. After seeing so many of my friends move away over the years, I figured the process would be easier than a two-cent whore. I couldn't have been more wrong.

The first thing I realized is that moving sucks. I hate moving, like, literally. Even moving around. When I'm done with work, the last thing I want to do is move. I want to sit in the same place and drink and ignore those pesky things like dishes. Doing nothing is usually my absolute favorite thing to do. When it came time to put stuff I own in boxes—fuck that.

My first thought was to just go get some dudes to do all this shit for me, like the guys that stand outside of Home Depot and jump in your van and you just pay them to do a bunch of shitty work you don't want to do. Then the idea of strangers touching my stuff set in, and I just couldn't have that. The realization that I have to do this myself with the help of my previous roommates started setting in—we ain't exactly the dream team when it comes to getting our shit together.

First thing's first—ditch all the furniture. Most of it was severely booze–stained and infested anyway. We successfully managed to get all my old couches, bed and La-Z-Boy on the neighbor's lawn—I'm sure they didn't mind. After getting rid of all my terrible, gross furniture, I can never look at a free couch on the side of the road the same way again. There's a reason it's free. If not for the chances of it being infested and piss-stained, just think of all the gross people that probably fucked on that couch without Febreezing it afterward.

After I threw out all the crap I didn't want, I had to put my whole life into boxes—a complicated and frustrating chore, indeed. Luckily, I'm at the liquor store a bunch, and they have tons of boxes—boxes that are lonely because

they don't have booze in them anymore, much like my liver in the morning. Everything I own, one by one, goes into an empty liquor store box—just like how every feeling I own, one by one, goes into an empty liquor bottle.

Next comes the lifting. I hate lifting things. I'm skinny and not cut out for manual labor (a desk job scares the shit out of me, too, so that leaves me kind of fucked in the realms of existing in the real world). But lifting things sucks. Like that whole, "Do you even lift, bro?" Internet meme shit? If someone asked me that I'd be like, "No, and I'm quite OK with it. Lifting things sucks, dude."

After I lifted all of my things, I had to clean things—quite possibly the worst part of moving. You have to clean your new living space, plus your old living space as you go along. Cleaning sucks and I hate it. Everything you ever clean will just get messy again—what's the point? My utopia is a planet with no cleaning.

Oh, well. Either way, I successfully cleaned and moved, not so far away. Now I have a new, clean place that I get to make messy again.



Mike Brown hates moving more than he hates anything else.

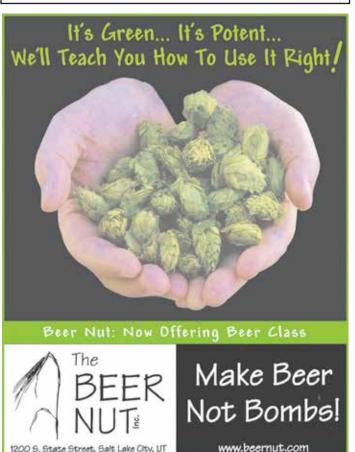












By Mike Riedel mikey@slugmag.com

Normally, for October, I'd be pestering the shit out of all of the local breweries—hitting them up and gathering up all of the pumpkin beers I could find for one massive Utah beer "gourd-gasm." But let's be honest-How many damn pumpkin beers can you drink in a month? My money says a handful at best. This October, I'm not going to beat you over the head with pumpkin and spices. Instead, I thought we'd treat our palates to beers that are all nice, round and full of diversity—a month full of all-new beers as different as the leaves on the trees. Don't get me wrong, I'm still throwing in a pumpkin beer. Pumpkin beers are one of the few ales that, for North Americans, evoke a unique autumn feel. Christ, if I didn't, it would be the equivalent of a "mommy blogger" not blabbing about gingerbread houses over the holidays!

Fröhlich Pils **Brewery/Brand:**

Red Rock Brewery **ABV:** 5.5%

Serving Style: 500 mL bottle **Description:** This new release from Red Rock pours a brilliantly clear pale-golden color with two fingers of lacy white foam. This bottle is fresh, and the nose doesn't disappoint—it's full of fresh, grassy and toasted grain. There are hints of spruce and lemon rind lingering beneath, as well. The taste starts out with freshly baked bread and a hint of cookiedough sweetness. The hops pop in next, providing a nice, grassy and herbal bitterness that balances the base malts quite well. The finish is bold but overly drying with a hint of rye-like spiciness.

Overall: Introduced in August as a year-round offering, this German Style Lager has no season, and is perfect anytime.

Black O' Lantern

Brewery/Brand: Wasatch Brewery

ABV: 6.5%

Serving Style: 12 oz. bottle **Description:** This beer is black and dense. There's a nice, frothy tan cap of foam on top that hangs around longer than expected. The nose is an inviting mix of rich, roasted pumpkin,



espresso and toffee malt. The flavor follows the nose with roasted pumpkin flesh and coffee bitterness. Some doughy zucchini bread notes come in next, which provides a nice backbone for the roasted flavors. It's quite a nice balance. Nutmeg and cinnamon round out the back end, blending in quite nicely with espresso-like bitterness. The finish is smooth and creamy, with a subtle, boozy kick.

Overall: This beer is a blend of Wasatch's Pumpkin Ale and Squatters' Outer Darkness Imperial Stout: an all-in-one, handy-dandy, lil' bottle.

Ales of No Return **Series** (Mutton Buster)

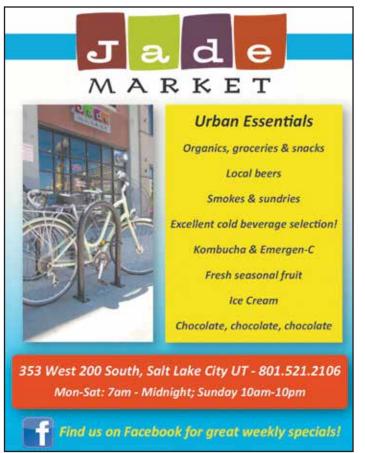
Brewery/Brand:

Payette Brewing **ABV:** 4.0%

Serving Style: 12 oz. can Description: This Idaho-made beer pours a clear-brown color that's full of amber highlight. The head is a ruddy, off-white color that leaves a sh'load of lacy residue in the alass. The nose smacks with hints of pumpernickel bread and some toffee maltiness. The taste starts with some sweet, lingering caramel malts, and next, some slight hazelnut notes. Toasted bread and cocoa rounds out the back with a splash of pine at the end. It finishes earthily and slightly

Overall: This is the 4.0-percent ABV version that Pavette has made for the Utah market. Compared to its 5.5-percent brother, this version is slightly thinner, but no less tasty.

Got any questions? Hit me up at mikey@slugmag.com or check out my other ramblings at the Utah Beer Blog. Prost!









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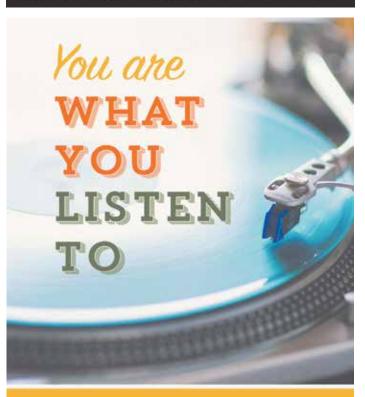


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Gallery Stroll



Marcee Blackerby uses mixed media to create works that are as unique as the sideshows that inspired them.

Well, That's Different: Gallery Strolling with Mariah Mann Mellus

By Mariah Mann Mellus mariah@slugmag.com

During October's Gallery Stroll, which will be held Oct. 17 from 6-9 p.m., I'll be heading over to the Art Access Gallery for the opening of Differences, A Dialogue. The show features 15 artists exploring what it's like to be different or a freak. Yes, I said freak, and this group of artists is not entrapped by the word. One of the show's curators, Marcee Blackerby, whose mixedmedia projects have graced the walls of many galleries and arts festivals around the state, is known for her candid approach to life and art. This little powerhouse has never let anything stop her, which, in today's society, might just make her a freak—but before I offend anyone too much, let's break down the word "freak "

The word freak has deep roots in the English language, first popping up in the 17th Century to refer to a fleck of color, then in the mid-1700s, it was used in reference to something of whimsy or fancy. It's possible that that whimsy or fancy things frightened a few people, and by the mid-1800s, the word freak became the title of shows depicting animals and humans with physical abnormalities. For years, the word freak was dragged around from town to town and used to define anything that wasn't the porm

Just as the word has evolved, so have we—by the '60s, "freak" and "freaking out" became synonymous with breaking out of the confines of a gentrified existence. **Frank Zappa** claimed that

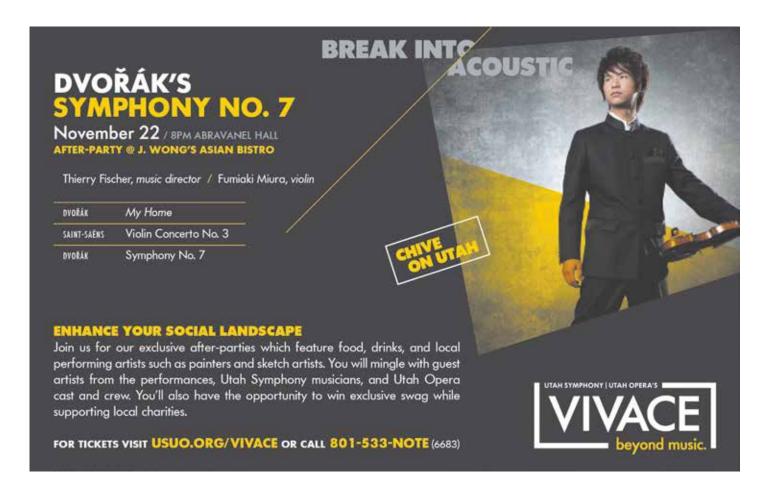
"Freaking out is a process whereby an individual casts off outmoded and restricted standards of thinking, dress and social etiquette in order to express creatively his relationship to his environment and the social structure as a whole."

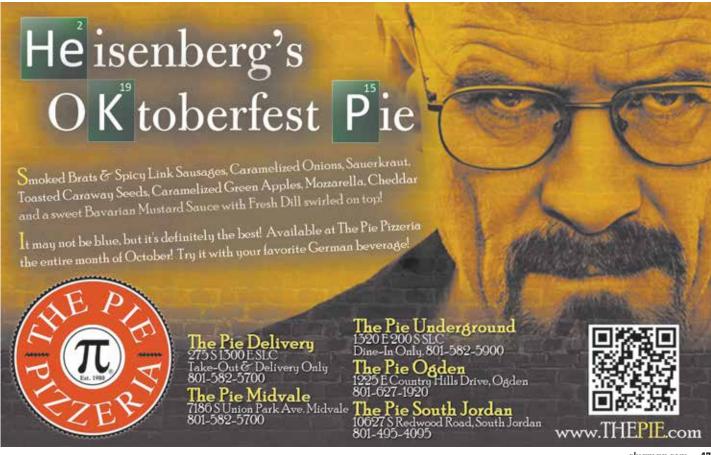
The people of the Art Access Gallery are very sensitive to those with differences. Their vision is to "create community understanding that the arts are a universal vehicle to celebrate our differences and ultimately connect people." They work tirelessly to provide equal opportunities to access the arts—no matter the physical, mental or financial limitations. It is through these efforts that they have amassed a talented group of diverse artists, and—to be frank—in order to be a good artist, one must have a little freak in them. What better group to play with the representation of the word freak than a group of people who understand living an original existence, celebrating diversity and differences and not being concerned with the norm?

The fabulous list of artistic freaks include Marcee Blackerby, Ric Blackerby, Bonnie Sucec, Logan Madsen, Cat Palmer, Travis Tanner, Stephanie Swift, Wayne Geary, Frank McEntire, Linda Kalmar, Mary Wells, Trisha Empey, Grant Fuhst, Brian Bean, Matthew Jones and Doug Wildfoester.

Sheryl D. Gillian, Art Access Executive Director, says, "As you view this exhibit, we challenge you to think about difference, identity, perspective and power—and what freak might mean 100 years from now."

Be sure to stop by the opening of *Differences, A Dialogue* on Oct. 17 from 6–9 p.m. at *Art Access Gallery*, located at 230 S. 500 W





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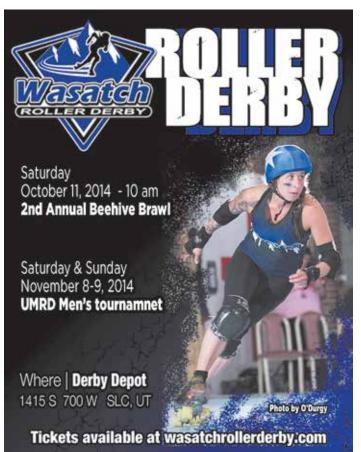
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REGARDLESS OF WEATHER





Dear Cop.

nity's questions—thank you! I believe I have the most cop-befuddling auestions yet, and I anxiously await your reply. I'm wondering about male cop fashion (specifically male because I only notice certain "trends" in male cops on duty). Obviously, cops must wear a uniform, which extremely delimits the leeway with which a cop COULD have any fashion/self-expression through clothing. I notice, however, that there is a stark difference between the generations of male cops in regard to hair. It seems that, in the good-ol' days, cops would opt for the "traditional" look: neat, coifed, parted hair and a mustache—maybe even a handlebar mustache, if they felt so inclined. They look like they could be your dad ... or an aging porn star. Nowadays, with younger male cops, they all seem to look like Brock Lesnar: more shaved and spiky with more tacky facial-hair styles; or shaved heads and look like Butterbean. What do you feel demarcates these intergenerational style markers in male cops? Are the more militaristic looks for younger cops propelled by the likening of the police force to the military? Or do younger cops just really like UFC and looking like they wear Affliction? 'Cause it looks douchev.

I love your answers to the commu-

For fashionism

Dear Fashionista

Not that I'm any kind of fashion expert (Costco wardrobe for me), but I, too, many years ago, sported the John Holmes, '70s porn 'stache. It was LA County Sheriff deputies who made this "cop look" famous.

You're on target that new coppers have a completely different grooming style. Whereas the older generation was influenced by a '70s mustache, or even a little more modern, Crockett

and Tubbs, the new generation is influenced by Lesnar, Bieber, Timberlake, etc. ... and yes, that's why new coppers just look douchey. The metro-sexual movement that swept the nation was the downfall of the neat, coiffed, Ron Burgundy look. Although, the modern-looking, bald cop does have advantages when the beat-to-shit victim tries to pull your hair to stop you from taking their abusive spouse to

Militarization of police is hog-wash. I know both services very well. Some equipment is similar, but tactics are a total 180-degree opposite. "Militarization" seems like the new police "slam" term by the "if it feels good, do it" crowd (aka looters).

Yes, a similar "uniform" appearance for cops is necessary. . Where cops can accessorize is in their equipment. An old, 'stachewearing copper might have leather gear, and the new Bieberesque patroller could have nylon. The Eric Estrada-esque old-timer might deploy an AR-15 type rifle, and the boot might prefer an H&K 416. I don't know any, but there's probably an old timer holdout somewhere who still car-ries a revolver. I'll bet he sports a wicked-cool mustache, too.

Cop hair standards exist, but it's more about length than style. I'd love a standard for "how" a cop wears their hair. Gnarly 911 disturbance calls with boozed-up revelers suck when your backup really does look like the Bieber. It never ends well. You should promote yourself to the various police departments as a liaison with the fashion industry. If you can get the hair and clothing right, maybe people won't think we're so militaristic, or at least not so douchey.

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

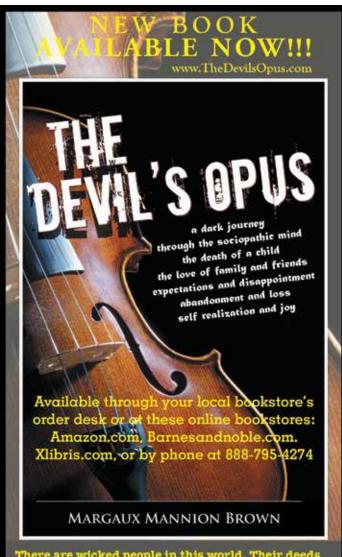


THE GARAGE

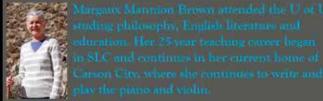
OCTOBER 31, 2014 3 P.M. / 3 BUCKS







There are wicked people in this world. Their deeds defy psychiatric explanations. Leo Buckman is a sociopath, a black hole sucking the light out of anyone who comes close to him. Left vulnerable by the sudden death of her husband, Katie Mezzo falls prey to Buckman's grift, eventually becoming his codependent and willing victim. After Katie's brutal murder, the prestigious Mezzo family is left spinning with questions, spiritual devastation and a lust for revenge. Impeccably researched, grippingly told and filled with 11th-hour suspense, The Devil's Opus is a book that will terrify anyone who believes in the presumption of innocence.



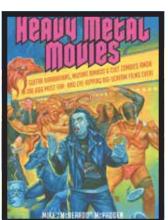
Rated four out of five stars in the San Francisco Review!

-Book Reviews_

33 1/3: Can's Tago Mago Alan Warner Bloomsbury Academic Street: 11.01

In high school, I came upon the book Twilight of the Gods by Wilfred **Mellers**, a 1973 study attempting to explain the importance of the Fab Four's music through a musicological analysis of their works. This seemed extremely absurd. I recently realized. after reading several books in the 33 1/3 series, that it's not really about the individual albums profiled—it's about what it's like to be a fan. It's about what it's like to view a particular work as the pinnacle of aesthetic accomplishment—to experience the unique sensation of "This speaks to me!" There is also a fetishization of the vinyl album as an art object. Each band and record in the series is mythologized as much as the authors' experience of discovering them is; in the case of Can's 1971 album Tago Mago, Warner describes their "stoner athleticism." The Scottish novelist realizes the absurdity of this linguistic attempt to describe music, as much as Mellers, but Warner's volume about the German psychedelic band is rich because he shows how "Tago Mago gave me permission to dream." Tago Mago, along with a number of other Can masterpieces, will be reissued on vinyl alongside the release of the 33 1/3 book. -Stakerized!

Heavy Metal Movies Mike "McBeardo" McPadden Bazillion Points Street: 06.09



"Don't judge a book by its cover." Heavy Metal Movies debunks this saying entirely when it comes to the exceptional artwork and visuals painted by Andrei Bouzikov and layout by Bazillon Points. The cover actually gives the viewer a small teaser as to what type of flicks you will find inside the book. However, most of the movies from A to Z described in the book have nothing to do with heavy metal. You'll find that most of the films fall under the categories of blockbusters, cult classics, plain classics, grindhouse. B-horror movies and movies about metal music. Ninety percent of the metal music movies that are listed in the book are documentaries or musical films. Don't get me wrong: All the flicks picked for this book are good, Ark of the Covenant-style face melters in their own way. We have good movies made by great directors and other, horrifically campy grindhouse movies, which makes them even better. HMM offers a top-notch approach to each review by giving the reader the movie title, year released, director and major actors, followed by combinations of short words to describe the film. I give this book two devil-horn hands up! -Joshua Joye

Monsters in America W. Scott Poole Baylor University Press Street: 10.15.11

Put aside your summer reading, because it's time for Halloween. Monsters in America by W. Scott Poole is the perfect accompaniment to your horror film marathon this fall. This book delves into the sociological and historical aspect of horror—or to be more specific, monsters. According to Poole, monsters are the "underground history of the United States." Monsters in America is a captivating read, covering everything from Tod Browning's Freaks to Joss Whedon's Buffy the Vampire Slaver, Poole is a tenured professor of American History at the College of Charleston, S.C., so, of course, the book is smart and engaging. Poole is the kind of professor whose lecture you would actually enjoy listening to. Pick up a copy and make a list of the horror films you need to re-watch now that you understand all of the sociological subtext. -Amanda Rock







"I dunno, guys. Those beer kegs look pretty well-defended."

Halfway Robotality/Chucklefish Reviewed on: PC (exclusive) Street: 07.22

Halfway takes the nostalgia of Micro-Prose's original X-COM: UFO Defense and cranks it up to 11 with healthy doses of atmospheric horror and tight storytelling. The game puts the player in control of a soldier on the spaceship Goliath. After what appears to be a ship malfunction, he sets out to find and rally any survivors to see if they can figure out what went wrong. As it turns out, whatever caused the ship to malfunction also caused an outbreak of zombified crewmembers. The top-down perspective and 16-bit graphics are a nice throwback to a bygone era, and the developers have done an excellent job of establishing a solitary, menacing tone—I kept thinking of Ridley Scott's Alien. Combat is turn-based, and aspects like cover and action points are vital to the team's survival. Unlike the X-COM games, squadmates don't die for good when they're dropped to zero hit points. This made sense—it would be hard to continue a character-driven narrative if your characters could potentially suffer permadeath—but without the threat of losing a squadmate hanging over the player's head, a wee bit of the piss is missing from traditional turn-based gameplay. –Alex Springer

Madden NFL 15 EA Tiburon/EA Sports Reviewed on: PS4 Also on: PS3, Xbox One, Xbox 360 Street: 08.26

Madden used to be a yearly automatic buy. Over the last few years, the series

seems to have lost its shine. Maybe it's a lack of new features, or maybe, because I've become such a massive fan of a different football, the NFL just doesn't interest me that much anymore. Madden 15 is the first Madden, for probably four years, that has made me fall back in love with the series. EA Tiburon has gone back to the drawing board and released one of the series' very best. Some notable improvements include a complete overhaul of defensive mechanics. Things like a safe tackle cone and timing prompts make it possible to enjoy and excel at defending. The leap in visuals and presentation, even over last year's version, are also very noticeable. That said, this is still Madden, so if you weren't hooked before, you won't be now. The biggest improvement, however, comes in Madden Ultimate Team, or MUT. The trading card mode has received a muchneeded facelift, from the way teams are managed to the way cards are traded, and is now insanely addictive and fun. Overall, Madden 15 is a bia step in the right direction. -Blake Leszczynski

Oddworld: New 'n' Tasty Just Add Water/ Oddworld Inhabitants Reviewed on: PS4 Also on: Xbox One, Wii U, PS3, PC Street: 07.22

Oddworld: New 'n' Tasty takes one of my favorite games from the late '90s, Oddworld: Abe's Odysee, and improves it in every way. New 'n' Tasty is not just a remaster of the memorable platforming adventure—it is redesigned from scratch. The level design is the same



Who doesn't love smashing things with a hammer? Smashy smashy!

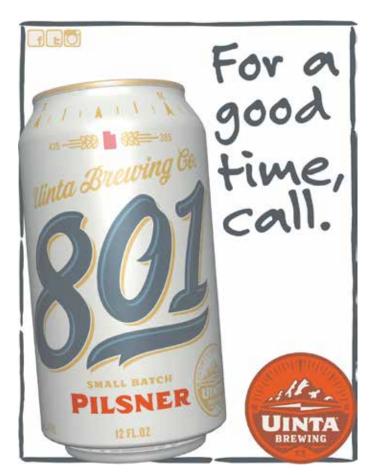
layout as the original game, but the PS4 reboot means gorgeous graphics, easier controls and a new physics engine. If you are a gamer who enjoys going above and beyond, there is still the additional task of rescuing other Mudokons from the corrupt Rupture Farms, which has also received a nice update. You now have the ability to command multiple Mudokons, rather than just one at a time. Lastly, one of the biggest changes New 'n' Tasty has to offer is the "Quicksave" option, which wasn't implemented to the series until Abe's Odysee's sequel, Abe's Exodus. Needless to say, this is a morethan-worthy reboot to a great, original platformed classic. -Nate Abbott

Tales of Xillia 2 Bandai Namco Games Reviewed on: PS3 (exclusive) Street: 08.19

Tales of Xillia 2 is a beautiful RPG that takes place a year after the first Xillia game in the gorgeous but dying world of Elympios. *Xillia* 2 follows Ludger Kresnik, who is having one hell of a day—he finds out his brother could be evil and he ends up with an outrageous loan, which you spend a good chunk of your time paying off by doing go-for quests. You spend the rest of your time hunting down your brother to clear his name and yours. You only use a percentage of the combat system when you're fighting normal monsters, so it gets a little tedious. During the longer battles, though, combat is interesting and dynamic—you can change the partners you link up with and weapons in battle in real time. The conversation choices are a bit jarring when they pop up, which, in turn, takes you out of the conversation you just started. You also have minions of a sort in this game—kitty minions! You collect cats for the craziest cat lady of them all throughout the game, and you can send them out to collect items for you. It's a random but adorable addition to this decent RPG sequel. —Ashley Lippert

The Walking Dead: Season 2, Episode Five - No Going Back Telltale Games Reviewed on: PC Also on: PS3, PS4, PS Vita, Xbox 360, iOS, Android, Xbox One, Ouya Street: 08.26

The final chapter in Season 2 of The Walking Dead game brings forth something not normal to gaming. The game mechanics have not changed since the original season, and almost every game in the Telltale arsenal plays the same. Yet the soundtrack, visuals and story are so on point that the game is completely enthralling and, to its very core, depressing. Choices are missed, such as when Kenny bares his soul to the player about his struggles since losing his family, and the player stares silently instead of responding, simply because the gamer is so engaged in the story unfolding in front of them. This led to my version of Clementine coming off as cold and disinterested, when really, the player was bewildered and crushed. The theme that there is no hope in the zombie apocalypse is very much a factor, not because of the zombies, but because of the brutal truths of self-preservation. No matter which ending you find yourself tied to, it is a common theme that no matter whom you are with, you are still very much alone—good luck. -Thomas Winkley







Roduct Reviews

Chrome Industries Forged Rubber™ Timur Sneakers chromeindustries.com

Chrome's always on point, and the

Foraed Rubber™ Timur Sneakers are

no exception. Chrome's website says that they craft these shoes by hand with the aid of "70-year-old machines [they] salvaged from Slovakia," and I believe 'em—thev've provided me with durability I didn't think possible in a sneaker for my pedestrian commutes all around Downtown, I'm pretty hard on shoes, but their seemingly indestructible vulcanized rubber (purportedly at 300 degrees) has given me solid hope that I can wear these through the oncoming winter. I took them on a hike up Millcreek, too, and though they could benefit from a bit more arch support with the interior in that context, they sure as hell proved that they are built to last. The website says that they should be water-resistant, but mine leaked water in through the back portion of the sole when I stepped into the creek. They were a little stiff initially, but I was happy to break them in, seeing as how the rigidness evinced the quality of the materials. My pair boasts slick, black "fire hose" canvas with a red stripe on each shoe, which breathes well and looks stylish—it's rare to find a shoe with the utility of Patagonia and the simple, fashionable design of Vans, rolled into one. The Timurs also include an "antimicrobial sock liner for odor resistance"; my feet aren't the most fetid in the world, but, nonetheless, I've noticed that it significantly cuts down on any retained foot smell. At \$85—a fairly standard men's sneaker price across the board—the Timur Sneakers are a steal. -Alexander Ortega

Enjoi Skateboards Art Classics series enjoico.com

The Art Classics are Enjoi's newest series of skateboards. I got a chance to skate the Louie Barletta model, titled "mona louie" after Da Vinci's classic portrait. The deck features the skateboarder's face transposed onto the Mona Lisa's. What's odd is that there is some overlap between the famed sitter and Barletta, not so

The deck itself skates well. I sent it into some ledges, and although it dented, it did not chip. I also did some exaggerated back-lips on a small downrail trying to snap it, but to no avail. The deck is light, and the concave and pop will meet the specs of a guy who skates the kinds of things I do—a little bit of this, a little bit of that. Others in the Art Classics series include Jose Rojo's face transposed onto Mexican Revolutionary leader **Emiliano** Zapata from the iconic photograph; Nestor Judkins' face replaces that of the goddess Venus in Botticelli's Rennaissance classic "Birth of Venus"; and Wieger van Wageningen as Michelangelo's "David." You'll probably scrape the graphic away in one session, but it's fun to have nonetheless. Nurture the arts! -Jordan Deveraux

much in facial features but in essence.

Huf Dylan hufworldwide.com

The Dylan is the perfect go-between from casual to classy in shoe wear. Angel-tip-style stitching in the front (with the "tip" tucked under another layer of full-arain burnished leather) lends these sneakers a dressy feel, but their matte-black color, "burnished black," renders these kicks the perfect firstdate shoe: slick enough to show that you got game, but understated to the point where it looks like you put 'em on in the morning without thinking twice about it. The \$120 price tag leans more toward the former designation, but the Rieders' sturdiness proves that—as with each Huf product I've triedhigh-quality clothing is well worth the investment, style- and longevity-wise. These shoes were a bit of a travail to break in, but once they did a couple weeks later, they were like leather driving gloves gripped to my feet. They're definitely fall/winter shoes, as rockin' them in the summer was a bit too hot, but I'm becoming increasingly grateful for their heat insulation since we're well into autumn. The elastic fabric that connects the tongue to the inner sole (beneath the insole, often found in skate shoes) makes for a bit of a meticulous time when putting them on in the morning rush ... but feeling this fresh, I hardly even care.

-Alexander Ortega

Sol Republic Tracks AIR solrepublic.com

I'm 100-percent for marriage equal-

ity—so much that I think that I should

be able to legally marry these headphones. Like, if I were the kid in the Cap'n Crunch commercial, and the other kid said, "If you love it so much, why don't you marry it?"—but if the cereal were actually these headphones—I'd kick her, and then I'd say, "I am." They're wireless, enabled by Bluetooth, and, after a quick charge (only about 10 minutes), they paired with my phone with a click of a button and a device selection in my iPhone's Bluetooth menu. The efficiency of this product is almost egregious—I run around the SLUG office every which way, grabbing documents to edit, and I now don't have to carry my phone with me if I'm in Headphone Land. concentrating on a task and blocking out Poliça. Should one risk lessening crucial audial traffic signals—as I am wont to do—while cycling, they make for an absolutely perfect musiclistenina accessory when beating a red light, pedaling to **Dawnbringer**. Sometimes they cut in and out in this context, but it's an infrequent inconvenience. Be sure to turn your phone's Bluetooth off before you pair with your computer's Bluetooth, as the headphones stay paired via the firstestablished connection to a device. While paired with a phone, though, answer/end calls with a button; while music is playing, quickly hit the same button once, twice or three times to pause/play, skip forward or go back, respectively. They insulate sound and block out outside noise well, to boot.

Pound for pound, these are the best headphones I've ever owned. -Alexander Ortega

Underwater Audio Swimbuds + Waterproof iPod Shuffle Bundle underwateraudio.com

I'm a fan of the iPod Shuffle with its clicky buttons, and if you ask me, there's nothing better than a finely tuned, 88-bpm playlist clipped to your collar when spinning up Emigration. Music improves the running or cycling experience, but I've drowned a Shuffle or two in the rain during my bike commute. So when it comes to swimmina, no music always meant an hour of gurgling monotony ... until today. Underwater Audio's Swimbuds iPod Shuffle kit (\$165) makes me want to swim. It sings a siren song that lures me along for another lap, and it tricks me into kicking on the beat for faster splits. Since I swim with goggles, it's easy to clip the Shuffle to the rubber strap and wrap its short wires to take up slack. The in-ear speaker plugs keep water from flooding my ears and killing the sound, and a little Vaseline on the earbuds improves their seals (the plugs must seal to work well). The stiff buttons don't clicky click like an unmodified Shuffle, but that's a small price to pay for aquatic bliss. UA claims that the buttons will break in with use. Don't expect crisp, bell-tone highs and thumping bass underwater —you will also hear plenty of sloshing and straining as you swim, so expect ambient noise to seep into your audio bubble. Buy this kit if you swim once a month—you'll likely swim more often. -John Barkiple





(ALL AGES)

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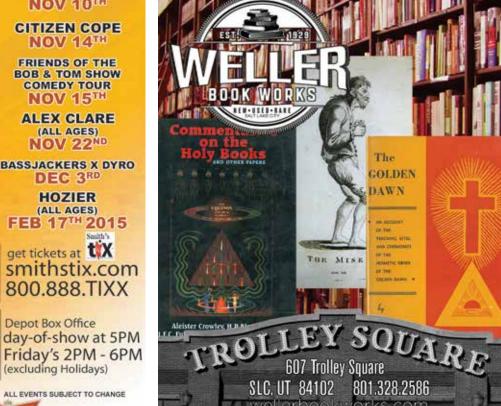
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Camp X-Ray **Director: Peter Sattler** IFC Films In Theaters: 10.17

Kristen Stewart plays Amy Cole, a small-town girl who joins the Army to do something important with her life and is assigned to Guantanamo Bay. Despite orders not to treat the prisoners—er. detainees—as humans, Cole forms a kind of friendship with Ali (**Peyman** Moaadi), one of the imprisoned Jihadists. At first, Cole/Stewart's tough-girl facade seems forced and unbelievable, but she pulls it off and gives a surprisingly good performance as she participates in dehumanizing disciplinary acts, is struck with a "shit cocktail," and is victim to misogyny on both sides of Guantanamo's internal war. Moaadi, though, might be the best part of the film—he hilariously pesters Cole to procure a Harry Potter book for him and forces her to question the very basis of what she and her country stand for. The film feels a bit drawn out toward the middle, but James Laxton's beautiful photography keeps your attention. Sattler's focus on human interactions and attitudes rather than politics is sure to please crowds while simultaneously questioning the "War on Terror." It does seem pretty cheesy when a montage tries to draw parallels between soldiers saluting a flag and Muslim prisoners bowing toward Mecca, though. Camp X-Ray is worth seeing, if not for its criticism of U.S. military practices, then for the only film performance by Stewart that doesn't suck—although she still bites her bottom lip about a hundred times. -Cody Kirkland

Dead Snow 2: Red vs. Dead **Director: Tommy Wirkola** Well Go USA Entertainment In Theaters: 10.10

Five years after its predecessor, Wirkola picks up the story at the exact moment where he left us. The sole onearmed survivor of the first endeavor, Martin Hykkerud (Vegar Hoel), narrowly escapes the clutches of General Herzog (Ørjan Gamst) and his army of undead soldiers, but not before tearina off the commander's arm as well.

After crashing his car in the getaway, Martin regains consciousness in the local hospital only to realize that he has been accused of his friends' deaths and the surgeon has attached Herzoa's arm to his body. Think 1924's The Hands of Orlac or 1991's Body Parts. The appendage has a mind of its own. For some inexplicable reason, Wirkola decides to tap into the Hollywood tradition of filmmaking and includes the "Zombie Sauad U.S.A.." a trio of zombie aficionados, led by Martin Starr, who travel to The Land of the Midnight Sun to assist Martin's efforts of putting an end to Herzog's reign while constantly spewing out annoying lines of dialogue from Star Wars. Where Wirkola succeeded in 2009 with a aruesome horror film that included bits of comedy, he fails this time around with this cheesy comedy that includes bits of horror. Sure, there are multiple laughs to be had, but it's not the same fragrance that we fell in love with five years ago. Maybe Wirkola's introduction to Hollywood last year with Hansel & Gretel: Witch Hunters changed his filmmaking style, but I miss the true grit he once possessed. -Jimmy Martin

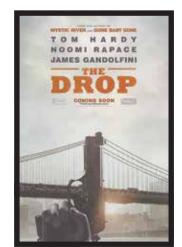
Dolphin Tale 2 Director: Charles Martin Smith Warner Bros. In Theaters: 09.12

There's nothing more rejuvenating than

witnessing a mediocre film somehow strike a chord with audiences around the country, watch it nearly triple its budget at the box office, and know that an unwanted sequel is soon to follow. Such is the case with the dramatizations of the operations taking place at the Clearwater Marine Hospital in Florida. This time around. Winter, the dolphin with the prosthetic tail from the previous production, is left alone after her tank mate. Penelope, passes away. With the USDA regulation that all marine life must have a partner in their quarters bearing down on the employees, time dwindles as the facility must find a suitable pairing or risk losing their main attraction. While the real life experiences of this facility are extraordinary, watching them in a fictionalized capacity is not. Director Charles Martin Smith does offer footage from the actual events, just before the end credits roll, which upsets me

even more so because I'd rather have watched 107 minutes of that. The disparagina elements to this franchise are the monotonous characters and their first-world problems. Do I go to g luxurious semester at sea on a beautiful yacht and sail around the world, or do I stay with my dolphin friend? Who cares? However, it was nice of Morgan Freeman to return to his role, deliver the film's moral lesson for five minutes, collect his paycheck and exit. -Jimmy Martin

The Drop **Director:** Michaël R. Roskam **Fox Searchlight Pictures** In Theaters: 09.12



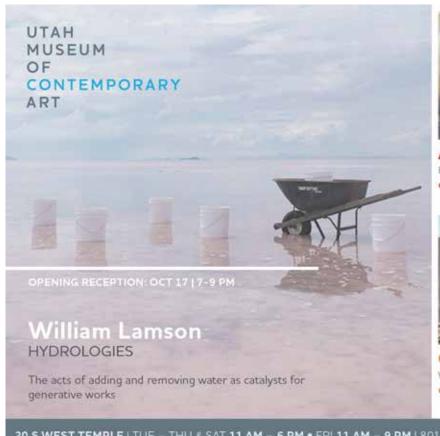
If you know anything about the films that have been adapted from **Dennis** Lehane's novels (Mystic River, Gone Baby Gone), then you know the multitiered emotional states that each character is given and the challenge it is for the actors to fully immerse themselves in those lives. In The Drop. Bob (Tom Hardy) bartends at his cousin Marv's (James Gandolfini) establishment. However, Mary lost control of the tayern to mobsters, who now use it to exchange illegal funds from one hand to another. The situation goes from bad to worse when two masked men rob the bar and the mob set the blame on Bob and Mary. The most prominent accomplishment of this feature comes from the performances of a well-versed cast, which also includes the talented

Noomi Rapace. Gandolfini offers one last, powerful performance before his untimely death, but he certainly went out on a respectable note. While the characters and their shadowy pasts are the film's highlight, the pacing and storyline need attention. The paranoia and thrilling tones rev their engines to the fullest extent, vet fail to deliver an adequate reaction to the buildup. This shortage of fulfillment could be due to the fact the film is based on a short story rather than a complete novel. -Jimmy Martin

The Equalizer **Director: Antoine Fugua** Columbia Pictures In Theaters: 09.26

It's been 13 years since Denzel Washington partnered up with director Antoine Fugua for Training Day, the role that garnered him the Academy Award for Best Actor in a Leading Role. The two have reunited to bring life back into the 1985 television series that revolved around retired government operative Robert McCall. who fights for those who cannot defend themselves. In this revitalization. McCall (Washington) lives a quiet life working at Home Mart and dining at the same diner at the same table everv evenina. Upon witnessina Russian mobsters abusing a young prostitute (Chloë Grace Moretz), the trained killer takes it upon himself to set the wrongs right. Washington and Fugua hop back on the saddle as if they never left it and continue to produce stylized action that oozes with calculated charisma I don't know what deal Washington made with the devil, but he continues to get more badass as time moves forward. The violence embedded within the film is not for the faint of heart, but it's definitely in alignment with Fugua's previous endeavors. If you thought this director loved power tools with his Stanley Tools commercial at the beginning of his career, wait till you see what he has Washington do with a power drill. You'll never look at a Home Depot or a Lowe's in the same fashion again. Yikes! -Jimmy Martin

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Alexander Ortega

Wallwalker EP Self-Released Street: 08.08 Alexander Ortega = Leonard Cohen + Nick Cave + Huun-Huur-Tu

You may have seen SLUG Magazine's Managing Editor, Alexander Ortega, playing around town, including Friday night in-store local-band appearances at Diabolical Records and the busking area at the Craft Lake City DIY Fest. Now, his musical ability has coalesced into a three-sona EP that is diverse enough to demonstrate several facets of his talent. "Broken Color System" uses some nimble finger-picking in minor tonalities as an intro to the foreboding "Year Of The Snake," in which the vocals are sung in the overtone manner of Tuvan throat singers—with its sinister lyrics, it's quite effective. "Inside Every Soul" tells of a meeting with Satan, and Ortega's strummina adds urgency. His melodies and chord progressions are slightly repetitive, but one could imagine them as metal or punk rock arrangements that sound pretty cool, too. There's a wildness that is contained within the acoustic auitar singer/songwriter format that makes it even more powerful. -Stakerized!

Alumni

Decohesion Self-Released Street: 09.02 Alumni = Chelsea Grin + vintage All Shall Perish



This is EP number two for these dudes of deathcore, which is always nice to see: a band with work ethic keepin' on. They scored an impressive guest spot on "Decohesion (II)" with CJ McMahon of Thy Art Is Murder, but it's not like their vocalists needed the help. The album is full of very strong highs and lows, and the kind of lyrical ennunciation that jerk prose-pushers like me appreciate—not just for the sake of pretty words, but because it actually does add a new variable to an otherwise generic sound that can be an exploited strength. I love the drums on this thing, like a rolling stampede of Mongol hordes through a mountain valley. The mixing is really clean, if a little on the sterile side, and I feel like there is some depth missing from the songwriting, even compared to their previous effort, Zoo, but I can't quite put my finger on what exactly needs tweaking. Nevertheless, all the tools to fix it are within reach of a band as dedicated as Alumni appear to be. -Megan Kennedy

Andrew Maguire's Art Project

Artsy As Fuk Self-Released Street: 06.11 Andrew Maquire's Art Proiect = Jonathan Richman + Gary Wilson - Elvis Costello

"Artsy" is in the eye or—in this case ear of the beholder. Usually, "art" in conjunction with rock music makes one think of turaid, overblown prog rock, but Andrew Maguire's Art Project have a punkish garage band energy that's infectious, awkward and fun-full of "art school confidential" type selfreferentiality and fake gossip. I haven't seen them play live, but I imagine them wearing thin ties and cheesy plastic '80s-style sunalasses. They would have been at home on the Stiff Records label. Andrew sinas, "Go ahead, take a picture of me, archetype of the young and free," and his tongue is very much in cheek. These extended rambles will make you want to make your own "art project." -Stakerized!

Anthony Pena

Apology
Self-Released Street: 07.07 Anthony Pena = Incubus + acoustic

Bombay Bicycle Club

The inside cover of this album says. "With my sincerest heart, I am so sorry for who I was." The music that follows is apologetic and cathartic, yet full of yearning. "Junius" combines upbeat vocal harmonies and emotional bursts of guitar with the lyrics "I never thought I would die right next to vou." "Mayuri" begins with gentle strumming that sounds like drops of rain, fading effortlessly into the next track, "Solstice." There is just enough distortion to give Apology a dreamy, distant feel, but the tender and stark lyrics keep it from floating away. The musical spacing is auick at times, as if following a heart's lament—at other times, it's the heavy and deliberate feeling of moving on. It must have made Pena vulnerable to open himself up emotionally for Apology, but he pulls it off beautifully. -Kia McGinnis

AudioTreats Vol. 2 **Self-Released** Street: 08.05 AudioTreats = Pretty Lights + CHVRCHES / Rustie

I'm stunned by the quality of music that has come out of Utah's EDM scene as of late. AudioTreats' Vol. 2 is no exception. This album is a hypnotic tapestry of hip-hop and electronica. Each track is incredibly fluid, and they each fit together in perfect harmony. Utilizing enchanting vocals and killer drum sequences, this collection is an amazing creation. I really couldn't be more excited about this release. "Farewell Part A." and "Farewell Part B." were two totally complementary and completely standout tracks on this album. Sinuous and seductive, these sonas will slowly lull you down into the deepest depths of AudioTreats' mind. Trust me, you'll want to just go with it. -Kamryn Feigel

Braeyden Jae

Heaven House **Patient Sounds** Street: 06.25 Braeyden Jae = Eluvium + Hakobune + Fennesz

SLC native and ambassador Braeyden Jae has created an album full of near-perfect textures. The timbre of all-encompassing waves drone, and



obscured melodic passages peer out of cavernous, swelling sounds. Heaven House is the loudest quiet album I've ever heard—appropriate for speakerdestroying maximum volume when it is necessary to drown out the calamitous, Ferguson, Mo.-producing world and quiet enough to be played as you do homework or settle into a novel. Heaven House isn't a formless void of unmoored sounds, though. There is an inherent structure to this house, even if the blueprints aren't available to us mortals. Glimpses are found in the swelling, arcing melodies of corralled static and in the ghostly remnants of noise-on-noise auadruplina. This effect crafts a alowing white, offering depthless depths of sound exploration and healing. If you listen to only one drone album this year, let this be your Talk Amongst the Trees or Endless Summer. -Ryan Hall

George Charles Nelson III

Little Engine **Sweet Salt Records Street: 07.25** George Charles Nelson III = Fakebook-era Yo La Tengo + Flaming Groovies + Eels

Sweet Salt Records was founded last fall by Tom Bennett, a transplant from North Georgia's Piedmont region and singer/songwriter "in his own write," to borrow a phrase from John Lennon. The label soon added numerous folk artists, and fills an interesting and much-needed niche in the local music scene. "Bury Me In Leaves" is George Charles Nelson III's ode to living in Salt Lake City, complete with returning library books, shopping at thrift stores and going to the Twilight Concert Series. It's a bit of a name check, but his

refrain "gotta, gotta, gotta, I got to know you, want to, want to, l want to show you," is irresistible in its understated, nerdy charm, and the rest of the disc follows suit. This is the Little Engine that could. This is a CD to walk hand-in-hand with, dorks! -Stakerized!

James Junius

moth, wing, dream, **Self-Released** Street: 08.12 James Junius = múm + **Rocky Votolato**

A fluttery work of ambience, moth, wing, dream, evokes images of a flickering light in a cabin or a midnight walk through a cemetery. It could be a soundtrack for a horror film with its hushed chords and sci-folk vocals. "Lake Days" is composed in the style of Morrissey, with simple synth guitar and repetitive, gloomy lyricism. "Grateful" follows more of a folk vein, expressing his love for his family—"I'm grateful for my mother who holds my heart in hers, and for my father for putting up with the last 19 years." "Wing" is a collage of noises and sounds, including the flutter of birds' wings. Although there are a variety of genres and influences at play, the continuity of the album is not lost—and although it explores musical distance and minimalism, there is an ember of warmth throughout that invites intimacv. -Kia McGinnis

Jay Citrus Suck My Lemons Self-Released Street: 05.30 Jay Citrus = Snoop Dogg + The Underachievers

Jay Citrus isn't exactly a visionary—his

rhyming is sloppy, he gets his song titles from classic hip-hop tunes and, on at least one occasion, he straight-up iacks a beat without any attribution— "The Scenario" is **Yeezy**'s "Blood on the Leaves." Nevertheless, this is one of the better local rap albums I've encountered. It succeeds because the beats are fresh and Citrus has an uncanny ability to kick batshit rhymes like they were handed down from God. "No half-steppin' around me," he warns us on "No Half-Steppin'," but fails to give a compelling reason why we shouldn't. At first, I wanted to half-step like a motherfucker. Then I realized that this kind of harebrained hyperbole is exactly what makes this record so fun. I'm on Team Jay, but when you use someone else's beat, you need to give credit where credit is due—even on a mixtape. -Dan Vesper

Kemp. Empty. Self-Released

Street: 01.17 Kemp. = The Pharcyde + Brigham Young with

"Emo raps perfected," boasts Kemp. on

"Cougar Tails." It's a striking moment

on a record that does get, well, emotional. Still, that line works on a couple of levels—as both a raison d'être and an endearing moment of self-deprecation. Kemp. is clearly aware that there aren't many genres less appealing than wimp-hop, but he goes for it anyway and deserves credit for trying to transcend it, too. He covers a lot of ground, lyrically—rapping about Mormonism, West Jordan and even Minor Threat, Respect, That's difficult subject matter to tackle in any genre. He has skills, and whoever did the beats has an ear for hooks, too. However, I do wish he had ignored the little voice in his head responsible for "Heaven Is a Place." Teary-eyed ex-girlfriend rhymes over acoustic quitar riffs? C'mon, dude. Just keep that shit in your diary. -Dan Vesper

Mañanero Self-Titled **Self-Released Street: 08.04** Mañanero = Tom Waits +

Iggy Pop + Blessure Grave

I like lo-fi, but you might want to listen to this album on some high-quality speakers. In my car's weak sound system, I was ready to give up on Mañanero, but at home, I had much less trouble making it through the album. The audio peaks and crackles throughout the simplistic songs, which consist of low, growling vocals with repetitive guitar and the occasional sample. Mañanero feels experimental at times, like in track seven, "Alligator," which is just rough falsetto vocals hovering over a looped sample of James Brown singing the word "Alligator." I can handle Mañanero a few tracks at a time or if I'm in the right mood, but it's not easy listening. -Steve Richardson

Matt Nida

Explorer Hel Audio Street: 07.14 Matt Nida = Corduroi + ODESZA

Immaculately produced and incredibly sharp, Matt Nida's latest release, Explorer, pays homage to the cosmic gods with sounds and themes that reflect the deep, dark reaches of outer space. After the first listen, "The Jump" immediately became my favorite track. Its steady beat resounds deep into my soul. Its buildups grow and fade with flawless transitions, not to mention that the track itself is quite mixable. I can see it being used as either an opening track or sped up and featured in a heavier tech set, which isn't an easy feat. In other words, it's flexible. The entire album flows like some glitch new wave jazz masterpiece. Hel Audio is doing great things for our musical community, and I've been impressed with everything they've produced this year. I can't wait to see what Nida comes up with next. -Kamryn Feigel

Patchz Liahtz Out Second Thoughts Street: 06.07 Patchz = Atmosphere +

CeeLo Green

Lightz Out is a seven-track sampler of rap, hip-hop and R&B material, with different quest vocalists to break up the musical compositions. It begins with "Grounded," a rap song featurina **B Still**, and moves right into a pretty, little R&B ditty on the second song, "Cry for Help." From what I can tell from the track listing, Patchz himself has the smooth voice that is echoing CeeLo Green's vocal style, and he does a great job. It's a solid effort with talented individuals chimina in to do their thing and a definite flow throughout. The album art by Josh Tai Taeoalli and Will E. Petersen is absolutely beautiful, with new details to explore every time I take a look at it. It's a lovely local release and perhaps even more fun because it included so

many other local talents. Check it! -ls-

Replica Mine

cha B.

Three Noble Truths **Endless Shadow Street: 07.23** Replica Mine = Nine Inch Nails + Depeche Mode

This album is split into three parts: Existence, Cause and Cessation. Incorporating both industrial and earthy sounds, Adam Harmon creates a rich and eclectic texture. The vocals have the grungy, distorted edge of the early '90s, which contrast the earthy tones of the guitar and bass. The drums in the intro track, "A Lasting Fate," have a Smashina Pumpkins flavor and follow the album to its end track, "Trails of Gold." "Fire and Brimstone" features a synth layer that pairs nicely with the guitar melody. Replica Mine seem to be digging into some deep ideas about existence and consciousness, but their philosophies don't overpower the musicianship. -Kia McGinnis

Socialists

Self-titled LP/Hasta La Rock

Self-Released Street: 08.08

Socialists = The Clash + Dead Kennedys -Jello Biafra

Now here's a couple of good, oldfashioned leftist punk rock releases, by local band the Socialists. You might want to call this group more of a "collective." They are true to their beliefs enough that they include "Praise Boss," with lyrics by the Australian IWW from the early 1900s and "This Little Scab" with lyrics by the Chicago IWW and Local 329 SEIU. Hell, the packaging and printing of the sleeves are unionmade. As far as the sound, it's the punk rock of the era when the genre started turning "hardcore," with a heavy Dead Kennedys influence and acerbically proclaimed lyrics. "Hasta La Rock" even sounds like it coulda been an album title by The Clash. The releases also have Mike Sasich all over them, recording, mixing and mastering, and they just sound sensational: razorsharp auitars and just the right amount of punch. -Stakerized!

TelePathiQ

Dark Room EP **She Says Records** Street: 04.21 TelePathiQ = DJ Shadow + **Phantoaram**



In just three songs, TelePathiQ packs enough intensity for a full-length album. Booming drums are silhouetted by classical riffs of piano and paired with female vocals. The result is a composition that is both dark and light—the shadowy texture of the techno beats is complemented by the cool, creepy vocals. "Dark Room" has a dramatic, strobe-light effect as the intro song, while "My Misdemeanor" leaves a softer, more illustrious image. "Breaks My Heart" adds gloomy, introspective lyricism, stating, "I have a delicate soul." Dark Room is a satisfying length with layers of beats that make it a compelling work of electronic music. -Kia McGinnis

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

Music reviell

Allo Darlin'

We Come From The Same Place Slumberland Records Street: 10.07

Allo Darlin' = The Lucksmiths + The Softies + Belle & Sebastian

Following their debut's charming pop smarts and Europe's astonishing poise, Allo Darlin' have returned with their third full-length. We Come From The Same Place, brought to the U.S. by indie powerhouse Slumberland Records. Musically, the band is as adept at tuaging one's wistfulness as ever-with trademark ukulele jangle, the sincere strum of gentle guitars, prodding bass lines and crisp drumming that weave into an indie pop, nostalgia-inducing blanket sewn together by Elizabeth Morris' keen observational songwriting. Morris' extraordinary lyrical strenath comes from her knack for pulling the life's ordinary heartstrings and connecting them—like on "Crickets In The Rain," a bittersweet but bright tune about moving forward without sinking into the past, a theme also explored in the elegant "History Lessons." Upbeat dance-around-your-kitchen tunes like "Half Heart Necklace" and a duet with

guitarist Paul Rains, "Bright Eyes,"

Darlin' have warmed my heart again.

abound, too—simple and sure, Allo

Avi Buffalo At Best Cuckold

-Christian Schultz

Sub Pop Street: 09.09 Avi Buffalo = Smith Westerns + Tame Impala



Avi Zahner-Isenberg wants to rub his dick all over your chest, or at least that's the message I've gotten listening to this album. It's been four years since Avi Buffalo released their self-titled debut album and, as much as things have changed with this band, not much has changed at all. Musically, Avi Buffalo has seen a significant course correction, for the better, in my opinion. Instead of playing busy pop and riffing on bands like Band of Horses like on the debut, this record is dreamy pop that takes after areats like The Flaming Lips and The Beatles. Unfortunately, despite the strides they've made musically, the lyrics on this album leave something to be desired. The lyrical content on their first album was appropriately juvenile for a group just out of high school, but if Avi Buffalo really want to be taken seriously, they might stop writing about boners. -Alex Gilvarry

Bleached

For The Feel **Dead Oceans** Street: 09.16 Bleached = Go-Go's + **Shannon and the Clams**

When I recently revisited last year's Ride Your Heart, Bleached's first and only full-length, I couldn't get all the way through. Half of the songs were too boring and unoriginal to keep me from skipping to the good ones. Luckily, three-song EP For The Feel comprises only good ones. The title track starts with the band's typical beach-bum pop punk, with vocals that are cool enough not to sound sappy. Next is "Poison lvy," a surf-pop song with girl-group harmonies. Last, and best, is a cheerful, Bleached-blond version of "Born to Kill" by The Damned. It's an unexpected move, but they pull it off with Joan Jett flair. For The Feel distills the fun of Ride Your Heart, but with more looseness—though it isn't remarkable, it's worth the investment just shy of a buck per song for digital or a buck per inch for vinyl. -Cody Kirkland

Cannibal Corpse

A Skeletal Domain **Metal Blade** Street: 09.16 Cannibal Corpse = Malevolent Creation +

Monstrosity + **Deeds of Flesh**

Well, this was a pleasing surprise! Arguably the flag bearers of all death metal, Cannibal Corpse are going to make fans old and new very happy with A Skeletal Domain. Admittedly, I kind of stopped caring about the CC after Bloodthirst, and that was 15 years ago. I listened to every album the band put out afterward and always found a few tracks I liked, but I never really listened to the albums. I have a feeling that this one is going to be playing on my stereo and in my head for a while. Erik Rutan did not produce the album (he did the last three). It's a welcome change-up that brings a lot of the older elements of CC mixed with the new to the table. It has a bulky yet crisp, not overly blasting drum-clicktrack sound and a feeling of renewed interest in actually writing good death metal songs. With new songs like "Kill or Become" standing as strong as the classic "Hammer Smashed Face." this Corpse is ready to crush once again. -Bryer Wharton

Cemetery Fog

Towards the Gates Iron Bonehead Street: 08.01 Cemetery Fog = Paradise Lost (old) + Winter + My Dying Bride



This Finnish doom band made some waves with their rough and gritty 2013 cassette demo. Shadows from the Cemetery. With Towards the Gates EP being Cemetery Fog's first official release, time will tell if the band takes off. There is a huge difference between the demo and this release. Though Towards the Gates takes a cleaner approach with

more funeral doom elements, it's a hell of a lot faster than most funeral doom. I appreciate the progression and getting something new out of listening to the EP. Melodies are explored further. adding a different type of atmosphere. "Embrace of the Darkness" is an excellent song with elements of everything the band has done with the new flair. Cemetery Fog may not offer something entirely new, but the depth of the EP is well worth the visit to the Cemetery. -Bryer Wharton

DieAlps! DieAlps! New Granada Records Street: 09.23 DieAlps! = Rachel Taylor Browns +

Taking classical waltz structures and

The Cranberries

applying them to a rock n' roll setup, DieAlps! creates a retro, upbeat sound with lyrical compositions (by Cornelia "Connie" Calcaterral that cover issues of loneliness and feeling left out. As she moved from Austria to America, Connie paired with husband and bandmate. Frank Calceterra (auitar and vocals), and added a full production that feels festival-worthy (albeit with Barnum and Bailey vibes) in an attempt to connect to her home and deal with the changes that come with moving to a new country. "Rules of Discipline," with a steady, marching beat, felt like an elephant parade, while she repeats the phrase "No one can ever hurt me"-a nice sentiment, despite sounding like a kid trying to prove herself on the playground. The energy in her voice pars with the passion of Karen O. but I couldn't quite connect with the pre-tantrum-sounding whines. -Brinley Froelich

Dive Index

Lost in the Pressure **Neutral Music** Street: 09.30 Dive Index = Sumie + Park Avenue Music

After listening to this album for about two minutes, I figured that it would be a good nighttime album, something to prepare me for sweet dreams. However, after listening to it, I found myself even more awake than before, trying to unwind layers of composition, deci-



TUMBLEWEEDS YEAR-ROUND

this stop-motion animation

SAT. /// OCTOBER 4 @ 11AM # CORALINE

Oscar namines, corious vound Coralina unlocks a door in her Directed by Henry Selick family's home and is transported to 100 mix 12009 (USA1 Rated PG a universe that strangely resembles her own-only better

TUES. III OCTOBER 7 @ 7PM

39 ONCE UPON A FOREST

This film invites viewers into a

never-before-seen world of natural

7 DOC OF THE DEAD

@ BREWVIES

WED. /// OCTOBER 15 @ 7PM

evolution of the rombie cente in film and literature, as well as its impact Directed by Alexandre D. Philippe and influence on pop culture.

> Post-film dispussion with director Alexandra Philippe and author Dzzy Iguanze, author of Zombies on Film: The Deliative Story of DAMN THESE HEELS YEAR-ROUN

39 THE FOXY MERKINS

Margaret, a Jeshian booker in training

meets to a beautiful grifter and an

expert on picking up women, even

The duo hit the streets together and

cientists seeking to unravel

the mysteries of the universe.

decomenting the planet's most

significant and inspiring scientific

breakthrough-the launch of the

begin navigating the bigaire fetishes



Not Rated

TUES. III OCTOBER 28 @ 7PM # LE COUSIN JULES

A lost masterpiece of cinema. Cousi Auter was the result of five years of

work by director flominious Benichet Directed by Dominique Besicheti and cinematographer Pierre-William 91 min / 1973/2012 I france Glenn—who recorded the lives of Jules and Felicie, farmers living in the rural French countryside.

WED. /// OCTOBER 29 @ 7PM # TIM'S VERMEER

CAMPUS CONTERIOR

Directed by Teller

Tim Jenison attempts to answer how 17th century Dutch Master Johannes

Vermeer managed to paint so photorealistically long before the invention of photography, Jenison's adventure takes him to Holland, on a pilgrimage to meet artist David Hockney, and to

wonder and staggering beauty. Take a Birected by Luc Jacquet

journey into the depths of the tropical jungle and into the very heart of life

on earth in this breathtaking nature

THROUGH THE LENS

THIS AIN'T NO MOUSE MUSIC

This wonderfully-crafted film tells the story of Chris Strachwitz, an American nusic detective and force behind Birected by Chris Simon and Tegendary Anhoose Records.

Chris Strachwitz and directors, Chris Sirees 62 min I 2013 | USA I Not Rated and Maureen Gosling will participate in a post Size SEA moderated by Beng Fatrizin, hest of



80 min F2003 I Denmark I Not Rated

TUES. III OCTOBER 14 @ 7PM

Flake & Flames is an adventure through the expansive and creative world of Kustom Kulture that explores Directed by Jesper Bram hot rods, low-beow art, and pinand Dirk Behlau striping, and features interviews

FLAKE & FLAMES

with the world's best car and motorcycle builders, tattoo artists, and custom painters.



Directed by Madeleine Block though she considers herself straight.

Directed by Mark Levisson

Large Hadron Collider.



Directed by Cecilia Peck

WOMEN'S STORIES WED. /// OCTOBER 22 @ 7PM **38 BRAVE MISS WORLD** On an official visit to Italy, Linor

Abareil was raped by a man who was supposed to be protecting her Mere weeks later, she was crowned

Mice World

Screening immediately followed by a moderated discussion with 9E SFM KRCI middow heat Fugenie Here tollle



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General S. Ann Dougless Don't Force to FOUNDATION

60 SaltLakeUnderGround sluamaa.com 61 pher between soundscapes, swarmed by something part lo-fi, part REM cycle and part swanky lounge. The acoustic guitar and the electronic percussion mixed with the rotating cast of vocalists provide a swirl of dreamy diversity. I loved that I never knew who was going to be singing on the track or the direction the song was going to take. Standout tracks include "Scars," "Counting Umbrellas" and "Constant Chatter." Check this out if you want to get lost and start questioning everything. —Allison Shephard

El mató a un policía motorizado

La Dinastia Scorpio
Nacional Records
Street: 07.29
El mató a un policía
motorizado = Built To Spill
+ Pixies

If you don't typically listen to music in Spanish, don't fret—this music transcends language barriers. La Dinastía Scorpio is the first American release for these creative indie-rockers, who have toured festivals in the U.S. including Lollapalooza and SXSW. With synth keyboards like The Strokes and engaging melodies like Minus the Bear, this album has a strong balance of both acoustic and garage rock elements. "Más o menos bien" has a distinct twinkling, resonating sound, while "Noche negra" is a layered electric lullaby. El mató's music is bright and has an eager, youthful tone that's entirely endearing. There's a touch of wistfulness that makes it ideal as an end of summer album. -Kia McGinnis

Exodus Blood In Blood Out Nuclear Blast Street: 10.14 Exodus = Overkill + Death Angel + Forbidden



Consider Blood In, Blood Out a comeback album. Many fans regard the recent vocalist **Rob Dukes**' albums the worst Exodus have released. Exodus actually fired Dukes and brought back **Steve "Zetro" Souza** for Blood In Blood Out. Is it a comeback for Exodus? Well, wouldn't you know it—this is the best Exodus have sounded since Tempo of the Damned in '04. It's the first time in a long time Exodus have made catchy, hook-laden, massive thrashing songs. "BTK" and "Numb" are beyond excellent for modern and classic thrash. Also worth note, **Kirk Hammett (Metallica**), once a part of Exodus, guests a solo on the track "Salt in the Wound," which is slicker than any "solo" Metallica has put out there in decades. The production, while crisp, retains that raw thrash sense to appease new and old fans. So, for my ears, Exodus is back and sounding great. —Bryer Wharton

Foxes In Fiction

Ontario Gothic
Orchid Tapes
Street: 09.23
Foxes In Fiction =
The Year of Hibernation-era
Youth Lagoon /
Porcelain Raft

This is bedroom pop at its finest. It's gentle, soothing, and seems to be the stuff dreams are made of. On the opening track, "March 2011," a hushed vocal delivery is greeted by a synchronized synth and guitar track that opens up like a dreampop opus. This characteristic is present throughout the album, where each song inevitably culminates in an emotional swell of noise that's reminiscent of M83 productions, but with a lo-fi feel. Despite references to similar artists, Ontario Gothic has its own charm, and with string arrangements from Arcade Fire's very own Owen Pallet, you can rest assured that the sound is nothing short of grand, albeit unobtrusive. It's just there waiting, not forcing you to listen, but waiting for you take flight along with it. It's worth experiencing to see what landscapes or memories it conjures in your mind, and using headphones will definitely aid in that process. -Justin Galleaos

The Gaslight Anthem

Get Hurt
Island Records
Street: 08.12
The Gaslight Anthem =
Kings of Leon +
Hanni El Khatib

People grow and change with age—it's expected. Just look at the writing style of Laura Jane Grace on Against Me!'s first album and compare it to Transgender Dysphoria Blues. Sometimes there is an awkward phase, like Bob Dylan's Street Legal, and Get Hurt is The Gaslight Anthem's awkward phase. Overproduced and lacking in any sincerity, I haven't felt this turned off by an album since hearing Hanni El Khatib. It sounds good, but this ode to the butt-rockin' Nickelback lifestyle isn't for me. "Baby I was born on the Fourth of July/Exploding like a fire-

work, aw yeah," **Brian Fallon** sings in "Rollin' and Tumblin'." C'mon, Fallon. I love you guys for your **Springsteen**-like grittiness, but I can't find any of it here. Please take the year off, find yourself and release another album next year that sounds nothing like *Get Hurt*. Love you!—*Alex Cragun*

The Growlers Chinese Fountain Everloving Records Street: 09.23 The Growlers = Allah-Las +

The Babies

The Growlers have coasted with albums like Gilded Pleasures and Hung at Heart, but deliver something a little different with Chinese Fountain. Chinese Fountain is an obvious attempt at maturity—with meta-narrative aside from the airl next door—and they've appealed to those who are attached to the pre-Chinese Fountain Growlers and to those who are interested in what else they can achieve. It's still their classic psychedelic sound and beach-rat attitude, but cleaned up a bit on tracks like "Big Toe," clinging to their roots on tracks like "Good Advice." and sparking a new side on tracks like "Going Gets Tuff." Chinese Fountain is a transition—showing that the band is another year older and wiser—but it is anything but a disappointment. -Lizz Corrigan

Kasper Bjørke

After Forever
HFN Music
Street: 09.22
Kasper Bjørke = Com Truise
x *Drive* soundtrack

Icelandic pop: Doesn't that sound in-

teresting? It conjures up feelings of cold and warmth intertwined to create crystalline structures that are only possible through sound. Kasper Bjørke is a Danish producer himself, but like many slick producers these days, he prefers an album full of intriguing quest vocal appearances rather than an album full of instrumentals. "Apart" features Icelandic pop trio Sis.Ey, and their vocals bring a Sade element to a cold wave techno sound. This album emanates a cool, heavy nightlife vibe, but its strongest element is a roster of relatively unknown international talent. Bjørke's music will keep you in a rhythmic spin, but it will also introduce you to a whole new field of artists that most likely sound just as good, if not better, than what you're currently listening to. -Justin Gallegos

Lauren Redhead

Entoptic Landscape
Pan y Rosas Discos
Street: 08.04
Lauren Redhead =
Pauline Oliveros +
Bernard Herrmann +

Wendy Carlos



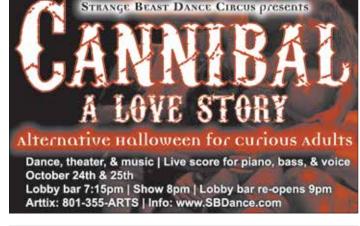
In the last several years, there has been a noticeable expansion in the amount of time it takes for me to finish a book. Lattribute much of this to the amount of time spent with my smartphone. In the interest of time, I'll stop reading if I don't find something compelling within the first few chapters. Records I don't find interesting are retired nearly as quickly. Organic instrumentation—organ, horns, etc.—and a well-conveyed sense of ominous space/dynamic, at turns hazy and warm, make Entopic Landscape's four pieces, each rather long, worth hearing in full, in their entirety. This is music that I'd imagine would be best heard in an old theater. Barring that, listening to "Entoptic Landscape: Version 1" for reference in your living room or office should help to determine if this album is for you.

Literature

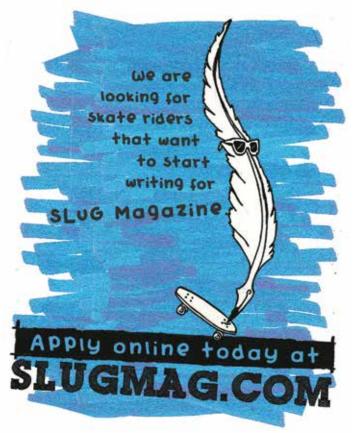
Chorus
Slumberland Records
Street: 08.19
Literature = St. Christopher
+ The Bodines +
Wild Nothing

Sifting through the flavors of indie pop on Literature's debut album might be as bad as calling the whole bloody thing the dreaded "T" word, but there's a history here. Let's start with this: If you prefer tunes brimming with jangling, exuberant guitar riffs that move in thrilling and interesting melodies. then Chorus is absolutely perfect for your ears. If you're of the pop-inclined sort, then you'll be excited to know that Philly-based Literature flawlessly refreshes the C86/Sarah canon—as an unabashedly, cloying jangle pop band—with contemporary production sheen and, in doing so, manage to shed the genre's weight and create an albumful of deft tunes, any of which could make for a stellar single. That being said, if you've never been able to discern the difference between Gedge and Googe, this is a great place to fall head over heels into the rabbit hole of indie-pop music—or at least let it tickle your feet into tapping those toes. - Christian Schultz











Mark Rogers & **Mary Byrne**

The Highwaymen

I Line My Days Along Your Weight Important Records Street: 10.14 Mark Rogers & Mary Bryne = Valerie June +

For a soothing retreat, I Line My Days Along Your Weight by duo Mark Rogers & Mary Byrne dabbles in the bluesy twang of older folk songs, with a fresh take that gives this album a timeless appeal. Byrne's sultry voice interplays gracefully with old-school instrumentation from Rogers, including a hundredyear-old mandolin, upright piano and a lap steel guitar, among others. The two, now married, create an intimate setting with these tunes: Take "A Gracious Host," with its deep, melancholic drawl fitting for a journey into the soul, or "Walk With Me," with Western-infused sounds to maintain a mythos of the unknown. -Brinley Froelich

Myrkur Self-Titled Relapse Records Street: 09.16 Myrkur = Agalloch + Darkthrone



Mvrkur—Icelandic for "darkness"—is making waves in the black metal community. All we know of this mysterious act is that a single Danish woman has created a gorgeous atmospheric black metal album, which is apparently controversial, because what would black metal be without its constant bitching about authenticity spiced with a little misogyny? For real, though, this album is beautiful—a mixing of familiar elements into a new, feral creation. The lo-fi hellscreech of second-wave black metal is combined with soaring chamber choir vocals, weaving melodies of Celtic, Nordic and medieval descent. The mixing creates an interesting dichotomy between the bell-clear warmth of the clean vocals and the grating, faraway chaos of the instruments and screams. The transitions aren't always as smooth as I would like, but it is interesting listening nonetheless, providing emotional visions of deep nature, dead

gods and lands that have never been tamed. -Megan Kennedy

Obscure Burial

Epiphany Invictus Productions Street: 09.15 Obscure Burial = Nihilist (Sweden) + early Mayhem + **Sadistik Exekution**

This is a neat, little release from Fin-

land's death dealers, Obscure Burial. Epiphany can be considered a demo, both in its rough production, length and the grim cover artwork, yet it could stand up to many of the studio albums from major labels that I've heard this year. The vocals have a slight delay on them, giving them a ghoulish, inhuman quality (think Deathcrush by Mayhem). "Night Queen" starts with auitar feedback and then builds into a bestial onslaught of fast black/death, uncut and straight from the heart. No melodies here, friend: just buzz-sawing bass lines like the one in the intro to "Dweller In The Abyss," nauseating auitars (the good kind) and blasting drums. Tremelo riffs and chugs adorn the album in humble doses, and put bluntly, I'm thoroughly impressed. When I'm at the dinner table this Thanksgiving and that certain brotherin-law asks me what I'm thankful for. I'm going to toss a copy of this album over to him and let it speak for me. -Alex Coulombe

Oscillator Bug

Bursts of the Million **Dymaxion Groove Street: 09.09** Oscillator Bug = (David Bowie / Animal Collective) + (Of Montreal / **Raleigh Moncrief)**



Oscillator Bug's Zaid Maxwell is offering a disturbing dose of "new" with his debut album. Befitting its name, Bursts of the Million is equally full of carnival-like synth explosions—some messier than others—and jagged guitar licks. Maxwell's voice has a glam rock-influenced croon to it that gives visions of a New Age Bowie gone mad with synthesizers. Similar to Animal

Collective, Maxwell has the ability to lay dreamy melodies over a bed of disiointed noise. There's nothing polished or glossy about these 10 tracks. They're just expressions of Maxwell's slightly twisted mind, plastered with psychedelic fun. Bursts of the Million is a welcome addition to the world of art rock, and its songs are open invitations to audible hallucinatory journeys. -Justin Gallegos

Pawns or Kings

Pomme De Terre **Self-Released** Street: 07.25 Pawns or Kings = Passenger + Mumford & Sons

Pawns or Kinas is a group of indie folk Missourians, who appear to be in the melting pot of words—or languages, that is—nestled away in the Midwest. The French-titled album, Pomme De Terre, is accompanied by sets of instrumental songs, catchy folk tunes, and Spanish lyrics on tracks like "Wandering." They live up to classic folk artistry—a good song, with an even better voice. Pomme De Terre is a statement record: that Pawns or Kinas can deliver 10 solid, original tracks to accommodate folk fans across the board. Where some sonas lack speed and excitement, they certainly don't lack talent, especially on the banjo. Pawns or Kings have established that they have talent, but I'd like to see the energy in "Light Over the Ridge" be spread over the album as a whole. -Lizz Corrigan

Run On Sentence

Feelings Hush Records Street: 07.15 Run On Sentence = **Drive-By Truckers + Bright Eyes +** Lynyrd Skynyrd

I hated this album the first time I heard it, but something changed ground the third listen. Run on Sentence, aka **Dustin Hamman**, takes some getting to know, but his passion and charm really carries him. He's a modern countrywestern everyman, and you can hear the wiry scrape of his thick beard in his fuck-you-I'm-singing delivery. His care shines through in his lyrical content and the carefully crafted musical accompaniments that backs it. From lazy slide auitar to strong pure-toned solos, you'll like him 'cause you know him. You've sung "Stoned, Drunk and Blind" in a slur at the bar. You've thought about love as Hamman does on "Magical Mirror," and you've pumped your fist to something like the hearty "Run To You." He might not be the most original, and his pipes ain't silver, but his sound goes great with a beer. -CJ Morgan

Sanctuary The Year the Sun Died **Century Media** Street: 10.14 Sanctuary = Nevermore + Hellstar + Control Denied

With the current trend of classic bands reuniting or members returning to old projects, it almost seems like beating a dead horse. Sanctuary is better known as the band that Warrel Dane—the awesome heavy metal vocalist—was in before the mighty Nevermore. Sanctuary's return seems warranted with Nevermore dead and all original members intact aside from quitarist Sean Blosl. This is not the same Sanctuary as it was on their prolific 1987 album, Refuge Denied. Dane rarely comes close to his falsetto highs from that album. The production value has increased exponentially in pure positive form. Much of the record is subdued and melancholy. The shredding, raging opening track, "Arise and Purify," shows metalcrunching dominance. The slow and brooding closing track, "The Year the Sun Died," is just the prime example of the depth of the album. It's something heavy metal junkies are going to play and play again. -Bryer Wharton

Sarah Silverman

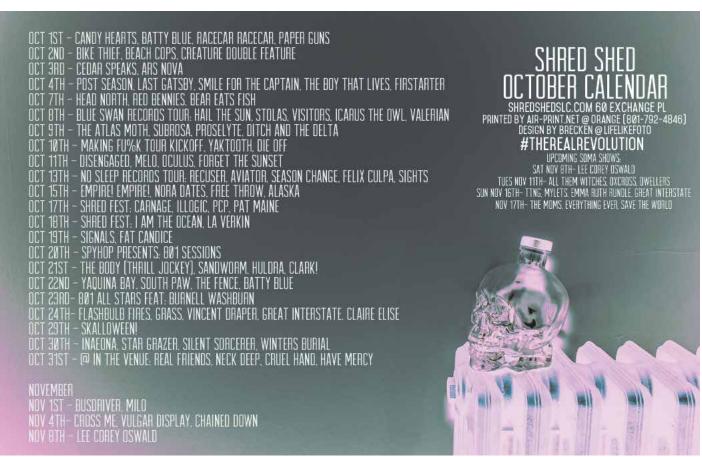
We Are Miracles Sub Pop Street: 09.23 Sarah Silverman = The confident easiness of Janeane Garofalo + The irreverent Chutzpah throne of Joan Rivers

There was an episode of Louie where Sarah Silverman alluded to her shtick in the '80s as being "Oh, gee ... did that hot girl say something that dirty?" That probably was the truth at the time, but here we are, after her stints on Mr. Show, after her countless standup gigs, after her own hilarious (and sorely missed) sitcom on Comedy Central, and we all know the bottom line: When Silverman is on stage and spews the crassest shit on earth, it is comedy genius. When someone recalls showering with her mom as a kid, and mentions "'70s Jew bush," bully to them. -Ashlee Mason

SBTRKT

Wonder Where We Land **Young Turks** Street: 10.07 SBTRKT = James Blake xJai Paul

If this album is less "pop" than SBTRKT's debut, it's because it's deeper and more emotional. SBTRKT is a producer whose sounds occasionally convey a sexual undertone, but overall, they exude class. They may have nothing to do with the sexual, but they're so





smooth and lucid that they never fail to reach your deepest emotions, especially on this album. On "Higher," rapper Raury gives a subtly sinister rap about defying expectations, or carelessly exemplifying them, and caring less about a father who left him. There are some danceable numbers, like "Lantern," that could lend themselves to some intense footwork routines, but the rest of the album finds SBTRKT in a paced and abstract atmosphere working with showy vocalists like Caroline Polachek of Chairlift and A\$AP Ferq, who complement SBTRKT's otherworldly dub sound. In terms of futuristic music, this is one of the most essential albums of the year. -Justin Gallegos

Sleepmakeswaves

Love of Cartography
Bird's Robe Records
Street: 09.23
Sleepmakeswaves =
Explosions in the Sky +
Russian Circles + Dntel

I can't think of any context in which I'd want to listen to this album again. Although instrumental post-rock isn't my favorite music genre, I get it-expressing deep emotions without the confines of lyrics and traditional rock structures, jamming really hard for a really long time, etc. I can't get into Love of Cartography, though. It's too epic, too vast, too sweeping, too cheesily emotional—and I'm a sentimental guy. The song titles are as corny as the melodies: "How We Built The Ocean," "Something Like Avalanches," "Your Time Will Come Again." Unlike the horn embellishments in their last album, ... and so we destroyed everything, the little electronic bleeps and bloops punctuating the loud/delicate/loud motifs actually make Love of Cartography worse. "Emergent," with thereminlike guitars and a heavy sequence reminiscent of **Refused**, is the one track I actually like. But with this release, even at its loudest, Sleepmakeswavesmakesmesleep. -Cody Kirkland

Sterile Jets Liquor Store Self-Released Street: 10.24 Sterile Jets = Future of the Left + Mclusky + Sonic Youth

On Liquor Store, the second record from Long Beach–based trio Sterile Jets, a serious attempt is made to reduce postrock music to an asymmetric, thunderous howl. The band does a fairly good job toeing the line of heavily distorted, no-frills rock music while staying true to the drudgery of their artistic vision. The strangely melodic distortion, paired with cynical lyrics can wear a bit thin at times. The listener clearly gets the message that the band couldn't care less if

you listened to them. This mostly works to their advantage. Songs like "Olly Olly Oxen Free" and "I'm Glad You're Crying, Cowboy" balance between harmony and feedback in a way that's both refreshing and kind of annoying. In all, if you're into bands that sound a little like **Shellac**, you should give this one a listen. –James Bennett

Terry Malts Insides EP Slumberland Records Street: 09.23 Terry Malts = Jawwzz!! + The Descendents + The Chills

Upon finding the play button for this quick listen, I am immediately doused in Insides' high energy, rhythm pounding punky salvo. Though certainly poppy, Insides has an actual edge to it and foreages the bland taste of pop punk. Insides' flavor arises via the dark and fuzz-filled melodic sound that backs lyrically catchy numbers like "Grumpiest Old Men" and the power pop tune "Let You in." If that's not enough for you, this fun, little ditty includes a sweet cover of The Chills' "Hidden Bay" as the final track. Simply put, this is fun, fast and needs to be played loud. Check it out! -Nick Kuzmack

Trentemøller

Lost Reworks
In My Room Records
Street: 09.01
Trentemøller =
Blonde Redhead +
T.O.M. And His Computer +
Depeche Mode

Every once in a while, a song comes along that one could hear over and over for weeks and still find new things to enjoy about it. The Trentemøller remix of "Come Undone" has this capability. The sorrowful, sultry female vocals pulled on my heartstrings while the harmonious keys and sexy bass carried me away into audial bliss. I admire how he is not afraid to alter his work on "River of Life." The higher BPMs in the original provide energy for the track, but I prefer the newer, softer, slower version. As with most of Trentemøller's recent releases, I was not disappointed by these lost revisions. This migration to more of an electronic sound will most definitely secure him a place in my favorites of 2014. I would pick up the original lost release as well as the Lost Reworks—both will blow you away. -Mistress Nancy

Ty Segall

Manipulator

Drag City

Street: 08.26

Ty Segall =

Ziggy Stardust-era

David Bowie +

The Beatles + Fuzz

Last year's Sleeper was Ty Segall's starkest and most serious release, and it showed off his virtuosity without the trademark layer of fuzz and snotty, distorted shrieks. Now, with Manipulator, Segall ditches the Marc Bolan-stranded-in-the-desert sound of Sleeper and basically rewrites '60s and '70s rock with absolute mastery. This is Bowie's acoustic guitar strum over a rock orchestra; this is Black Sabbath playing "Taxman"; this is Led Zeppelin without any lemon squeezing. Segall has honed his songwriting, unmistakable voice and knack for killer guitar licks into something undeniably special. By the time the single piano chord rings out at the end of "Mister Main" 10 tracks into a sprawling 17—an obvious nod to "A Day in the Life"—I've already decided that this is my pick for album of the year. Manipulator is Segall's fullest, most complete and most inspired record yet. This is Segall's White Album, his Sqt. Pepper's. -Cody Kirkland

Yarah Bravo

Love Is The Movement
Duzz Down San Records
Street: 04.30
Yarah Bravo =
Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes +
Del tha Funky Homosapien

Combine all of the '90s R&B soul by the

legendary divas with a motivational message, and mix it with new sounds infused with down-tempo electronics, jazz and pop beats, for an exhilarating blend that only a true legend could muster, with skill and sincerity unmatched. Bravo not only spits raps off her tongue effortlessly (being multi-linqual probably helps, sampled in "Fuerza"), she even handles the instrumental side of the production, with encouraging lyrics to match upbeat tempos. Bravo touches on themes of empowerment through leadership ("Leader"), refusing to be silent ("Hazeem"), the power of love, being fearless and other positive messages, but in a way that avoids being clumped in with clichéd inspirational quote boards. Light it up with one of her Zigai papers, available with a CD purchase at YarahBravo.bandcamp. com, and sink into the soul of a reincarnated diva. -Brinley Froelich

Zola Jesus

Taiga
Mute Records
Street: 10.07
Zola Jesus = Sia x
Chelsea Wolfe + Austra /
Rihanna

Combining powerful cinematic instrumentation and shockingly upbeat melodies with **Nika Roza Danilova**'s new, finely polished vocals adds a pop element to the singer/songwriter's formerly ultra spooky, pseudo-goth

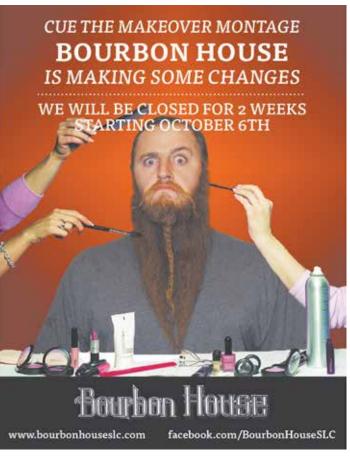


sound. While not fully ditching the dark synth and gloomy vibes, Danilova explores new territory in the realm of '90s pop revival. Songs like "Dangerous Days" and "Hunger" offer us a much more mainstream, radio-friendly perspective, while "Long Way Down" and "Nail" aive us the taste of Danilova's creepier side that we became addicted to in 2011's Conatus. Normally, I would be upset at such a drastic, unprecedented change in style, but this offers catchy goth-pop that is more authentic than anything actually on the radio, and with much stronger vocals. -Allison Shephard

Zoot Woman Star Climbing Street: 08.29 Embassy One Recordings Zoot Woman = Fischerspooner Felix Da Housecat + Blur

I'm a bit embarrassed confessing that, despite this being their fourth album, I've honestly never heard of the UK's Zoot Woman before now. Oh, sure, I know the great production work of the trio's most famous member, Mr. Stuart Price, and even Price and keyboardist Adam Blake's fantastic remix (under their Paper Faces moniker) of Madonna's "Let It Will Be," but small point, I guess. The most refreshing thing about this band is that they don't seem to be taking themselves too seriously, appearing to be more about their music than their image. Early pioneers to the electroclash movement, Adam's brother Johnny Blake's guitar and his smooth vocals complete the trio. Elements of this genre filter throughout, like on the hooky lead single, "Don't Tear Yourself Apart," or the especially catchy "The Stars Are Bright" and "Chemistry." Two slightly stark ballads ("Elusive" and "Waterfall into the Fire") close this memorable album. -Dean O Hillis

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Friday, October 3

Irony Man - ABG's Impractical Jokers Tour - Abravanel Authority Zero, Ulteriors Tainted Halos - Bar Deluxe Stonefed, Badfeather - Brewskis Yeldah - Burt's Elite Fight Night 24 - Complex Seance with Adela, Psychic Medium

- Crone's Hollow Stag Hare, Seven Feathers Rainwater Miss DI Lux, Matty Mo - Downstairs

Screaming J's - Garage Parachute, Matt Wertz - In The Venue Fiii, Drew Deezy, David Rhythm, Tribal Theory, Essel, Root Rawka

Gold Boot, Landlocked - Jazzy's Beach Fossils, Heavenly Beat, Axxa/Abraxas - Kilby SteelFist Fight Night 28 Legacy Events Center Babylon A.D. - Liquid Joe's Inna Vision, Wasnatch, Makisi - Lo-Fi Cafe

No Altars, Souls, DTA - Mojos Oso Negro, Ed Able, Kemp,

Venom, IV + Stretch, Rap Open Mic - Muse Music Rooftop Concert Series: Fictionist. The Blue Aces - Provo Town Square Parkina Terrace RDT: Portal - Rose Wagner Cedar Speaks, Ars Nova Shred Shed Carbon Leaf - State Room

Sugar House Farmer's Market · Sugarmont Plaza

DulceSky, Vibragun, The Statuettes - The Royal David Williams - Tin Angel Art Is 100 After-Hours Party - UMFA Dubwise, Biome, Illoom, Quintana, Artifax - Urban Genre Zero - Urban Growth Community Garden Driver Out - Why Sound Jennie & The Right Vibes. MiNX Shasta & The Second Strings

Saturday, October 4

Woodshed

Juana Ghani, Hectic Hobo, Folk Hogan - Bar Deluxe Latin Jazz Factory - Bayou Joan E. Rose & Petrichor, Secret Abilities - D&R Spirits The Led Zeppelin Experience No Quarter - Depot WRD: Beehive Brawl - Derby Depot Gossimer, Braevden Jae, Anecoria - Diabolical Screaming J's - Garage Aura Surreal, King's Peak - Jazzy's King Nico, Ocean Commotion Versus The Man - Kilby Step Afrika! - Kingsbury The Last Wednesday, Monkey Rum,

- Loadina Dock Shadow Windhaw & The Morticians, Godhunter, Demon Lung, Secrets Of The Sky, Hummingbird Of Death, Reproacher, Sorxe, 68 SaltLakeUnderGround

The Departure, The Berriers

Doperunner, Hollow Tongue, Making Fuck, Stickfigures, Clark Stewart Radford, Josh Betten - Moios

> Wild Apples; The Salt, The Sea and The Sun God; Night Wings Muse Music

Brett Dennen - Park City Live Downtown Farmer's Market Pioneer Park

RDT: Portal - Rose Wagner The Summer Flea - Salt Lake Equestrian Park Post Season Last Gatsby Bear East Fish, Smile For The Captain, The Boy That Lives - Shred Shed Rubblebucket, Body Language

State Room Sober Down, Better Taste Bureau - The Madison

Uncle Acid & The Deadbeats, Danava - Urban Boot Scootin Boogie Mud Run

- Utah State Fair Park Eves Lips Eves, Coral Bones, Of Ivy And Ashes, Among The Ashes

Sunday, October 5

lim Gaffiaan - Abravanel Sean Lea, Reina Del Cid - Burt's Joe Steven - Garage 7 Serpents, Ill Breed, Chained Down, Close Grip, Second Nature - Mojos

Monday, October 6

The Heronie - Burt's Full Moon Circle - Crone's Hollow Save Our Banksy - Egyptian Theatre Total Slacker, Paws, Flashlights

Poe(tree) Slam - Mestizo Mutual Benefit, Ricky Eat Acid Savde Price - Urban

Tuesday, October 7 Irony Man - ABG's

Forest Film - City Library Thira, Every Passing Dream, Restless Streets, Adjacent To Nothing, I'm Alive - Metro Aaron Carter, Kenz Hall, Smile For The Captain, This Boy That Girl,

Matt Ryan King - Murray Theater Tuesday Farmer's Market - Pioneer Park

Head North, Red Bennies Bear Eats Fish - Shred Shed Yoga at the UMFA - UMFA

Wednesday, October 8 Happy Birthday, Nick Ketterer! Crazy Eyes, Elle Carpenter, Red

Bennies, Watches, Artifical Flower Company - Burt's Joey Bada\$\$ - Complex Keys N Krates, gLAdiator, Thugli Koffin Kats, Oc45 - Jazzy's Forest Book Readings - King's English Tree Tour - Miller Bird Refuge

Rylee McDonald - Tin Angel SLUG Localized: Great Under Cities Scylla Of Ivy and Ashes, Second Nature - Moios Grass - Urban Hail The Sun Stolas Visitors Icarus Joshua James, Quiet House - Veloui

The Owl, Valerian - Shred Shed Chamber Music Series - UMFA Westward The Tide. The Wild War Green River Blues Maer - Urban

Thursday, October 9 Happy Birthday, Brad Barker! Bludded Head - Burt's KRS-ONE, Immortal Technique Slick Rick and more - Complex Corev Christansen - Garage Guaco En Concierto - Infinity Tom Bennett, Kalli Theringe,

Preacher's Daughter Beagar's Son Jazzy's Ages and Ages - Kilby Through The Roots, The Supervillains, The Steppas, Codi Jordan Band

Dungeons & Comedy - Halloween Edition - Muse Music The Atlas Moth SuBrosa Proselute Ditch and The Delta - Shred Shed The Felice Brothers. Spirit Family Reunion - State Room Feher Fair - UMFA

Of Montreal, Pillar Point - Urban **Craft Lake City presents:** Chocolate Making - West Elm

D.I. Vission, D.I. Alkali - Why Sound

Friday, October 10

The Peculiar Pretzelman Crook & The Bluff - ABG's Lecrae, Trip Lee, DJ Promote Tony Holiday - Brewskis Macabre, Ringworm Panzerfaust, Burn Your World - Burt's The New Pornographers (feat. A.C.

Newman, Neko Case, Dan Bejar), The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart - Depot David Williams, Ben Kilbourne

- Diabolical Miss DI Lux - Downstairs

It's A Beautiful Day - Egyptian Theatre Lazlo & The Dukes - Fat's Bar & Grill Giai Love - Garage Bad Feather - Hog Wallow Finch, Maps & Atlases, Weatherbox In The Venue

Storm the Mic Presents Poetry Slam Wildcat! Wildcat!, White Hinterland

. Kilby Deluka - Loading Dock Black Lion, Scenic Byway, Burnell Washburn, ISayage, Bolander Metro

Honor Code, Approach The Throne, Mata Leon, Still Hated, Of Ivy and Ashes, Set Back - Mojos Girafficlam, With Our Arms To The Sun. Olin A., Violet Waves

Muse Music Faina Lushtak - Rose Wagner Making Fuck, Yaktooth, Die Off Sugar House Farmer's Market

Sugarmont Plaza Interstate, Strong Words, Saturday, October 11 Wanda Sykes - Abravanel

The Larimers, Huldra, INVDRS, Oxcross - Burt's The Goblin's Masquerade Crone's Hollow Matisvahu, Cisco Adler - Depot 2nd Ánnual Beehive Brawl Derby Depot Fossil Arms, Home Body - Diabolical DJ Slowhand - Downstairs It's A Beautiful Day - Egyptian Theatre Marinade - Garage Bonanza Town - Hoa Wallow Banks, Movement, Lil Silva In The Venue

MIA, The Fission Breakers - Jazzy's Mike Doughty - Kilby Shadowseer, Disforia, Founders of Ruin, Demented Asylum, You'll Die Knowing - Murray Theater Tom Bennett, Mainstream

Muse Music Will Sparks, Joel Fletcher. Timmy Trumpet - Park City Live

Downtown Farmer's Market Pioneer Park The Rocky Horror Picture Show

Post Theater Ring Around The Rose - Rose Wagner The Summer Flea Salt Lake Equestrian Park Disengaged, Melo, Oculus, Forget The Sunset - Shred Shed Chris Smithers, Chris Orrock Gaylen Young - Tin Angel Family Art Saturday: Art Crate

Candy Containers - UMOCA Slow Magic, Kodak To Graph. Daktyl - Urban The Brocks, Imperial Mammoth

The National Parks, Karlie McKinnon, Kitfox - Why Sound

Sunday, October 12 Urban Flea Market - 600 So. Main St.

Meathodies Hunters Junior Prom Creature Double Feature - Kilby City Of The Weak, Scarlet Canary, Backwoods Burnina, Colonel Linaus

The Summer Flea - Salt Lake Equestrian Park

Monday, October 13 Happy Birthday, Ben Melini! St. Lucia, Haerts - Complex American Authors, Mowgli's, Echosmith - Depot Apache Dropout, The Nods, Albino Father - Diabolical PechaKucha curated by Craft

Lake City - Fallout St. Lucia, Haerts - Kilby Alex & The XO's - Muse Music Recuser, Aviator, Season Change Felix Culpa, Sights - Shred Shed Hugh Bob & The Hustle - State Room

Tuesday, October 14 Captured By Robots, Cornered By

Salt Lake Design Week

- Various Venues

Zombies, Worst Friends - Bar Deluxe The Top Chops, Screamin' Rebel Angels, Hi Fi Murder, Tuxedo Tramps - Burt's Ringo Death Star - Garage Born Of Osiris, Thy Art Is Murder Betraying The Martyrs, Within The Ruins, Erra - In The Venue smallpools, Waters - Kilby Battle of the Bands - Night 1 Muse Music

Tuesday Farmer's Market Pioneer Park

Skrillex GTA Alesia Nadastrom Saltair Soft Swells - Shred Shed Griffin House - State Room Angus & Julia Stone - Urban Salt Lake Design Week

Wednesday, October 15

- Various Venues

Archeopteryx, Lunch, Chained Down Battle of the Bands - Night 2 - Muse Music

Jacob Whitesides, Dylan Holland - MusicGarage Plan-B Theatre - Radio Hou Episode 9: Grimm - Rose

Wagner Empire! Empire!, Nora Dates, Free Throw, Alaska - Shred Shed Shonen Knife, Foster Body: Big Freedia, Mama Beatz - Urbar

Literary Death Match: Angela Lovell,

Molly Gaudry, Adrian Todd Zuniga

Salt Lake Design Week

Lakes. The Festive People - Velou

Baby Gurl, Yaktooth, The Troubles

Veterans' Art Exhibit, Differences

Hot Doggin' Friday - Bonnevillains

Utah County Swillers - Brewskis

Dum Dum Girls, Ex Cops - Depot

- Various Venues

Friday, October 17

A Dialogue - Art Access

Anberlin - Complex

. Hrhan

Salt Lake Design Week

Thursday, October 16 Happy Birthday Sara Bezdjian!

I. Conscious, Richy Rych Pioneer Park Yard Squad - Bar Deluxe RAMP Bamboozle RAMP Sports Park City Calvary Baptist Church Cyrille Aimee - Rose Waaner The Pretty Reckless, Adelitas Way, The Summer Flea Crash Midnight - Complex Salt Lake Equestrian Park Allen Michael Quartet - Garage Morgan Snow - Hoa Wallow La Verkin - Shred Shed lam - Jazzv's Sonreal, Better Taste Bureau, House Of Lewis - Kilby David Williams - Tin Angel LVL UP - Loading Dock Third Saturday for Families Battle of the Bands - Night 3 Animal Masks - UMFA Muse Music Bonobo SI Steez - Urban The Polish Ambasador, Liminus Park City Live Kenzie Nimmo - Velour Public Photo Critique - Photo Curtis Wardle, Jace Allen Johnnyswim - State Room Why Sound Grand Opening
- Uptown Cheapskate

Happy Birthday, Chad Kirkland

Hayden James - Urban

Monday, October 20 Destroid Flux Pavilion Excision Caked Up Terravita - Complex Patty Griffin, John Fullbright - Depot Together Pangea, Mozes & The Firstborn, The Memories, AJ Davila, Terror Amore Kilby loveDANCEmore: Mudson - Masonio Temple Insance Clown Posse Mushroomhead, Da Mafia 6ix Madchild, Jellyroll - Saltair

SpyHop Presents: 801 Sessions - Shred Shed Delta Spirit, SACCO - Urban

Kilby

- Shred Shed

Nick Swardson - Depot

- In The Venue

Electric Sound - Kilby

The Wonder Years, The Story So Far

Modern Baseballl, Gnarwolves

Vacationer, Brick + Mortar, New

Consider Me Dead, The Paramedic.

Promise. The Glass House. Seven

Shred Fest: Carnage, Illogic, PCP, Pat Maine - Shred Shed Tuesday, October 21 Noah Gundersen, Caroline Rose Armon lay - State Room Sugar House Farmer's Market

- Suaarmont Plaza Royal Bliss, October Rage, Erasmus The Royal William Lamson, Amy Jorgensen, Catherine Yass - UMOCA Tennis, Pure Bathing Culture - Urban

Chalk, Fossil Arms - Diabolical

- Egyptian Theatre

Michael Dean - Garage

Marinade - Hoa Wallow

The Berriers - Jazzy's

Ranch Ghost - Kilby

WIlling - Loading Dock

Muse Music

King's Peak, House Of Sons,

Guttermouth, Against The Grain

In The Whale, Ulteriors, Victims

The Cotton Ponies, The Cliterinas,

Battle of the Bands - Night 4

Deep Love - Rose Wagner

Braindead Constance, Sparks Fire

Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company

Aaron Behrens & The Midnight Stroll,

Salt Lake Design Week - Various Venues Fictionist, Swimm - Veloui

Saturday, October 18 Happy Birthday, new Windsor

Warren Miller's "No Turnina Back" Abravanel Miss DI Lux Matty Mo - Downstairs Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company - Eavotian Theatre

Robbie Rivera - *Elevate* **Vendor Boot Camp**

- Finch Lane Voodoo Organist - Garage JCRD: Loco-Motives vs. Ladies Of The Lake, Trainwrecks vs. Ark Valley Roller Derby - Golden Spike The Witch's High Tea - Grand America Velvatones - Hog Wallow Combichrist, Davey Suicide, Darksider - In The Venue Wirelefant - Jazzy's Saintseneca, Busman's Holiday Bat Manors Little Barefoot - Kilby Fall Brawl 3 - Muay Thai Institute Battle of the Bands - Finals

- Muse Music **Downtown Farmer's Market**

Shred Fest: I Am The Ocean. Rachael Yamagata, The Dove & The Wolf, Hemming - State Room We Are The Strike. Blue Aces.

Sunday, October 19

Brotha Lynch Hung, GHO5T, Suspect & Dalima - Complex Passafire - Complex Bullets & Belles - Garage HVDD: Molly Morbids vs. Rocky Mountain Contenders - Golden Spike Turquoise Jeep, Yip Deceiver, A-Rodge - Kilby State Čhamps, Front Porch Step Heart To Heart, Brigades Loading Dock Signals, Fat Candice - Shred Shed Odesza, Ambassadeurs

Cannibal: A Love Story - Rose Wagner Flashbulb Fires, Grass Vincent Draper, Great Interstate Claire Flise - Shred Shed Ásaeir. Low Roar - State Room Rylee McDonald - Tin Anael The Rocky Horror Picture Show - Tower Theatre

Poliça, Web Of Sunsets - Urban Ryan Innes, Pando, Midas Whale Velour Erasmus, Amona the Ashes, Treason

Seasons - Why Sound Tony Holiday & The Velvetones Woodsher

Saturday, October 25 Prokofiev's Symphony No.7 - Abravane

Betty Who, Joywave Fetish Ball - Area 51 Great Good Fine Ok - Complex The Number Ones - Bayou Pro/Am Boxing The Ready Set. Metro Station. - Centro Civico Mexicano The Downtown Fiction Against The Current - In The Venue 7th Annual Halloween Erotic Ball The Wild Feathers, Apache Relay - Complex Samhain Ritual with Earth Haven Science Movie Night: Particle Fever Coven - Crone's Hollow Natural History Museum Lazlo & The Dukes - Devils Dauahter Tuesday Farmer's Market Sarah Degraw, Conquer Monster Pioneer Park Baua Fossil Arms High Counsel The Body, Sandworm, Huldra, Clark! Koala Temple, Baby Ghosts - Diabolical Yoga at the UMFA - UMFA DJ Scooter - Downstairs

Foxygen, Dub Thompson - Urban Neff Party - Elevate Crushed Out - Garage Wednesday, October 22 Light In The Sky, This Nomad Heart Mountain Standard Time - Bar Deluxe Jazzy's Herojiro, The Pelicant's. Little Dragon, Shy Girls - Complex Anthony Peña - Kilby Hermit Thrushes - Diabolical

Joan Sebastian, Los Tigres del Norte - Maverik Center Pando, Flashbulb Fires, As We Speak, Matthew Rapp - Muse Music The Head & The Heart, Avi Buffalo - Park City Live

Downtown Farmer's Market Catchina Your Clouds. The Persevering - Pioneer Park Ryan Innes, Cory Mon, Dan Buehner

Faded Paper Figures - Velour

Geek Show Movie Night - Brewvies

King Diamond, Jess & The Ancient

Capture The Crown For All Those

Sleeping, Ice Nine Kills, Palisades

Beartooth, Vanna, Sirens & Sailors,

Sylar, Alive Like Me - Murray Theater

Myka Relocate, Youth In Revolt

Sunday, October 26

Ones, Visigoth - Complex

Monday, October 27

Andrew Schummer

Happy Birthday,

Happy Birthday.

Janie Greenberg!

Happy Birthday,

- Crone's Hollow

Dale Earnhardt Ir. Ir.

Alt-J, Lovelife - Complex

The Origins of Hallowe'er

Kimbra, Empress Of - In The Venue

Sea Swallowed Us Whole, Cities of

Desolation, Oculus - Loading Dock

Miniature Tigers, Madi Diaz - Urban

Iceage, Helm, Fossil Arms - Kilby

Lionfight, The Ongoing Concept,

Happy Birthday,

Seeth McGavien!

- In The Venue

Second Memory - Loadina Dock - State Room HVDD: Monster Bash -Rapture, Blister, Burn Zombies vs. Vampires - The Hive Salt Lake Acting Co. Yaquina Bay, South Paw, The Fence, Acoustichaos - Tin Angel Batty Blue - Shred Shed The Rocky Horror Picture Show Yelle, Lemonade - Urban - Tower Theatre The Chiving - *Urban*The Moth & The Flame, Mount Saint,

Thursday, October 23 Musé Mécanique Book On Tape Worm. Richie Kissinger - Kilby Kira Stone, Brenda Xu - Musé Music Burnell Washburn - Shred Shed The Pimps of Joytime, Moon Hooch State Room DJ Qbert, Jeremy Ellis, Electronic Battleship, SL Steez - Urban Claire Flise Kitfox - Velour Little Barefoot Jacob Barton Beard Of Bees - Why Sound

Friday, October 24

Crushed Out, Swamp Ravens The Nods - ABG's Prokofiev's Symphony No.7 Abravanel Chalula - Bayou Con Bro Chill - Complex Miss DI Lux - Downstairs Michelle Moonshine Dan Tedsco - Garage 5th Annual Pink Dress Breast Cancer Awareness Fashion Show - Gateway Grand Hall Stonefed - Hoa Wallow Lyndy Butler, Meaan Huard Ashlee Woo - Jazzy's Jon Bellion, Rhetorik, Better Taste Bureau - Kilby Hive Mind Book Club Ladies Literary Club Avatar, Shadowseer, Dead Revelator Silent Sorcerer Radiata Loadina Dock

Active Strand, Breezeway, The Howl

Covariance - Muse Music

Gramatik - Park City Live

Tuesday, October 28 Halloween High-Jinks - Abravanel Flyleaf, Lullwater, Ryan White Complex Clockwork Indigo, The Electric

Koolade Experience - Complex The Contortionist, Intervals, Polyphia - In The Venue The Psychedelic Furs The Lemonheads - Park City Live Tuesday Farmer's Market - Pioneer Park Push and Pull: Ideas of Migration in the Beehive State - UMOCA Afghan Whigs, Joseph Arthur

Wednesday, October 29 Erasure - Capitol Theatre

Suicide Silence. The Black Dahlia Murder, Chelsea Grin, Alterbeast - In The Venue Fat White Family, Jeffrey Lewis - Kilby Humanitarian Awards Dinner Little America Blind The Fold Worst Friends Robin Mary, Shades Of Fall - Metra Skalloween! - Shred Shed Creativity in Focus - Tim's Vermeer

We Were Promised Jetpacks,

Rockaween: My Fair Fiend, Cobet

Pygmalion Theatre Co: Spark

Silent Sorcerer, Winter's Burial

Wayne Hancock - State Room

COBOL, Bello, Shields - Urban

Declam O'Rourke, Peper Breinholt

Happy Birthday, Lexie Floor!

Cirque de la Symphonie - Abravane

The Trippy Ball Halloween 2014

DI Suicide, Miss DI Lux - Downstairs

Halloween Show - Diabolical

Juana Ghani, Danny Wildcard

Real Friends, Neck Deep, Cruel

Hand, Have Mercy - In The Venue

Dirt Cheap, Radiata - Liquid Joe's

Blind The Fold, The Stillborn Kina

Zombies vs Cowboys

Halloween - Garage

Vampire Drag Halloween

Genre Zero - Mestizo

Sky As Skin - Muse Music

Photo Collective Studios

Real Friends, Neck Deep

Cruel Hand, Have Mercy

Marinade, Grits Green,

Merchant Royal - State Room

The Rocky Horror Picture Show

Blackout Dinner - Tin Angel

Max Pain & The Groovies

Dark Seas, Breakers - Urban

Saturday, November 1

DI Jugay - Downstairs

Park City's Last Friday Gallery Stroll

Luna Lune, Static Waves, Barsie

Steve Aoki - Saltair

Shred Shed

. Tower Theatre

- Various Galleries

Erik The Red - Jazzv's

Twilight Sad - Urban

Jesus Sons - Diabolical

Garaae

Murray Theater

- Muse Music

Rose Wagner

Shred Shed

InAeona Star Grazer

Friday, October 31

Happy Birthday,

DJ SaYo! - Brewskis

ABG's

Complex

Natalie Edwards!

Thursday, October 30

The Airborne Toxic Event - Depot Bear Hands, Fences - Kilby Outline In Color, I Capture Castle Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars Flenora Storm Tide Horizon Inverted Perception - Shred Shed Lake Island, Tess Comrie - Kilby Breathe Carolina, Candyland, Flinch Tuesday, November 4

Happy Birthday, Kamryn Feigel! Middle Class Marvel - Kilby

Raven, Night Demon, Visigoth - Lo-Fi Cafe Elisium, Messy Night - Metro Seaway - Murray Theater Cross Me. Vulgar Display Chained Down - Shred Shed

Greensky Bluegrass - Depot GTM. Tiz the Giant, Mario Mob Saner.One. JavCITRUS, Kevin:Castle The Icarus Account, Chase Coy - Loading Dock

Beats Antique, Emancipator, Shpongle - Saltair Freeman, Arc Iris - State Room Megafauna, Starmy, Baby Ghosts, Pleasure Thieves - Urban

Thursday, November 6

Joe McQueen Quartet - Garage Max Pain & The Groovies. Burning Balms, Red Telephone - Kilby The Porch - Storytelling - Muse Music Wasatch Theatre Co: Happy

Friday, November 7 Pick up the new issue of SLUG

- Anyplace cool! 4th Annual Haunted Halloween Party - Abravanel Complex Downstairs Pure Prairie League - Egyptian Theatre Wampire - Garage Zak Waters - Kilby

 Murray Theater RKDN - Velour

Happy Birthday, Philip Cannor Cirque de la Symphonie - Abravanel Method Man & Redman, B-Real, Berner, Mick Jenkins - Depot

Big Wild Wings, In Color, Sarah Dearaw - Kilby Cazzette, Marshall Aaron - Park City Live Noam Pikelny, Aoife O'Donovan - Peery's Eayptian Krewella - Saltair Busdriver, Milo - Shred Shed The Rural Alberta Advantage, July Talk - State Room The Rocky Horror Picture Show - Tower Theatre Bears Den, Dan Manaan -Blacksmith Christof - Urban Mimi Knowles - Velour Ocean Commotion - Why Sound

Horrorfest - Jazzy's

Sunday, November 2 Happy Birthday, Nancy Burkhart! Will Bagley - Marriott Library Whitechapel, Upon A Burning Body

Ghost Cloud - Murray Theater Tech N9ne. Krizz Kaliko - Saltaii Monday, November 3

Four Year Strong, Transit, Such Gold,

Wednesday, November 5 Relient K, Blondfire - Complex

Rose Wagner

Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra Ballet West: Giselle - Capitol Theatre Mary Lambert, Jillette Johnson Paul Trainer Quincy Weiger

Mayday Parade, Tonight Alive Major League, PVRIS - In The Venue Drowning Pool, Like A Storm A Breach Of Silence, Red Tide Rising

Alienate - Rose Wagner Poor Man's Whiskey - State Room VanLadyLove, Truman Brothers, Piranhas BC. The Rompstompers

Tainted Halos - Why Sound The Femme Medea MiNX Ohl Be Clever - Woodshed

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THE URBAN LOUNGE

OCTOBER

1: POSTFONTAINE presents The Dandy Warhols, Bonfire Beach

2: The Drums, Beverly, Jawwzz

3: Dubwise: Biome (UK), illoom, Quintana, Artifax 9 PM DOORS

4: Uncle Acid & The Deadbeats, Danava 9 PM DOORS

6: Mutual Benefit, Ricky Eat Acid, Sayde Price

8: FREE SHOW Westward The Tide, Maer, Green River Blues, The Wild War

9: of Montreal, Pillar Point

10: SLUG Localized: Great Interstate, Strong Words, Grass 9 PM DOORS

II: SAGA PRESENTS Slow Magic, Kodak To Graph, Daktyl

14: Angus & Julia Stone

15: KRCL Presents Shonen Knife, Foster Body 6 PM DOORS

15: Big Freedia, Mama Beatz 9 PM DOORS

16: Literary Death Match Featuring Angela Lovell, Molly Gaudry, hosted by Adrian Todd Zuniga

17: Tennis, Pure Bathing Culture

18: Re:UP Presents Bonobo DJ. Jesse Walker Set 9 PM DOORS

19: ODESZA, Ambassadeurs, Hayden James

20: Delta Spirit, SACCO

21: Foxygen, Dub Thompson

22: Yelle, Lemonade

23: RE:UP PRESENTS DJ Obert, Jeremy Ellis, Electronic Battleship, St. Steer

24: Polica, Web Of Sunsets

25: Chive On Utah Event

27: Dale Earnhardt Jr., Jr., Miniature Tigers, Madi Diaz

28: The Afghan Whigs, Joseph Arthur

Oct 29: We Were Promised Jetpacks, Twilight Sad

Oct 30: Nightfreq Halloween Party: Cobol, Bello, Shields 9 PM DOORS

Oct 31: PSYCH LAKE CITY HALLOWEEN PARTY: Max Pain & The Groovies, Da

COMING SOON:

Nov 1: Bear's Den

Nov 5: FREE SHOW Megafauna

Nov 7, Dubwise 8 Year Anniversary

Nov B. Heaps & Heaps + Big Wild Wings Album Release

Nov 12 FREE SHOW Holy Ghost Tent Revival

Nov 13 FREE SHOW The Features Nev 14 Bronco Album Release

Nov 15 Dirt First Takeover!

Nov IT Run The Jewels (Killer Mike & EI-P)

NOV IS AKI200

New 19, Mr. Goome

Nov 20: FREE SHOW Birthquake

Nov 21: Vance Joy

Nov 22 Jamestown Revival

Nov 24: Sallie Ford & The Sound Outside

Nov 28: Iceburn

Nov 29: Flash & Flare

3. My Brightest Diamond

4 Tony Holiday B-Day Show

6. Joshua James

15: Augustana

19: Devil Whale Of A Christmas Party

Dec 20: 10th Annual Cocktail Party

Dec 27: Eagle Twin & Cult Leader

Dec 31: Max Pain & The Groovies, Flash & Flare, Matty Mo-

241 S 500 E SLC | 21+

DOORS AT 8PM UNLESS NOTED

KILBY COURT OCTOBER

1: Wakey!Wakey!, Ben Fields, Luke Wesley

3: Beach Fossils, Heavenly Beat, Axxa/Abraxas

4: King Niko, Ocean Commotion, Versus The Man

6: Total Slacker, PAWS, FLASHLIGHTS

9: Ages and Ages

10: Wildcat! Wildcat!, White Hinterland

II: An evening with: Mike Doughty (THIS IS A 21+ EVENT)

12: Meatbodies, Hunters, Junior Prom, Creature Double Feature

14: Smallpools, Waters

15: Archeopteryx, Lunch, Chained Down

16: SonReal, Better Taste Bureau, House Of Lewis

17: Ghostland Observatory's Aaron Behrens & the Midnight Stroll Ranch Ghost

18: SAINTSENECA, BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY, Bat Manors, Little Barefoot

19: Turquoise Jeep, Yip Deceiver, A-Rodge

20: Burger Records Caravan of Stars Tour!

Together Pangea, Mozes & The Firstborn, The Memories, Al Davila, Terror Amore

21: Wild Feathers

22: Vacationer, Brick + Mortar, New Electric Sound

23: Musée Mécanique Book On Tape Worm, Richie Kissinger

24: Jon Bellion, Rhetorik, Better Taste Bureau

25: Herojiro Album Release, The Pelicant's, Anthony Peña

27: Iceage, Helm, Fossil Arms

29: Fat White Family, Jeffrey Lewis

30: Lake Island, Tess Comrie

COMING SOON:

6 May Pain & The Groovies Album Release ti-Zak Waturn

Wampire III The Garage on Beck)

Barcelona

My Love

750 S KILBY CT | SLC ALL AGES

DOORS AT 7 PM UNLESS NOTED



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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

W/ EX COPS OCT 17 @ THE DEPOT 8 PM 21+ \$15

BETTY WHO

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

LITTLE DRAGON

W/ SHY GIRLS - PRESENTED BY KRCL 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

METHOD MAN & REDMAN

W/ B-REAL, BERNER, MICK JENKINS NOV 1 @ THE DEPOT 7 PM 21+ \$30

MARY LAMBERT

W/ JILLETTE JOHNSON NOV 7 @ THE COMPLEX 7 PM ALL AGES \$16 / \$20

DELTRON 3030

W/ KID KOALA (DJ SET) NOV 10 @ THE DEPOT 7 PM 21+ \$20 /

YELLOWCARD / MEMPHIS MAY FIRE

W/ EMAROSA NOV 12 @ THE COMPLEX 6:30 PM ALL AGES \$22 / \$25

THE KIN

NOV 14 @ THE COMPLEX

11/17 FIRST AID KIT · 11/18 YELLAWOLF W RITTZ 11/21 FLYING LOTUS · 11/24 WATSKY

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