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SLUG MAGAZINE

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CONTRIBUTOR LIMELIGHT:

Tyson Call started with *SLUG* over a year ago, and he quickly has proven to be a *SLUG* staple with his deft writing and sharp photography skills. Since joining, Call has taken on double duty shooting and writing the monthly online column *SLUG Style* to shed light on members of our community doing good while looking good! Call maintains a suave sense of style himself, and can often be seen either snapping photos with his Leica film camera or zipping down the road on his Ducati Sport Classic 1000. Be sure to check out his cover story about *Salt City Builds* on page 32 covering what the local motorcycle-build shop provides for the community, and take a look at his other local motorcycle coverage on *SLUGMag.com*!



Tyson Call
Writer, Photographer

ABOUT THE COVER: *SLUG* Lead Designer **Joshua Joye** and photographer **Chad Kirkland** collaborated to produce these images of *Salt City Builds* owners/brothers **Jason "Rev" Clark** and **Seth Clark** (pg. 32). The double exposure-style image evinces their own dual-brother conceptualization for building motorcycles for SLC/Utah.

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Kenny Tadrzynski

November 11, 1983 – August 26, 2015



Homage to **Kenny Tadrzynski's** accomplishments in life seems ill-fitting, as he wasn't one to boast about his achievements, nor did he ever define himself by them. Rather, his interactions among his friends, who came first and most importantly to him, were what he held in greatest stock. So, in lieu of telling Salt Lake City about his overwhelming volume of contributions to *SLUG Magazine* as a comic book, movie and toy reviewer, or sharing his feats as a screenwriter who caught the attention of **James Brothers Studio**, I will instead attempt to share with you the many lessons he taught to each of us.

This first one may appear as a generic slathering, but truly, at its core, was a trait that bonded Kenny and each of his friends. He taught a special kind of irreverence, that political correctness and humor were bound to be unhappily married, and that those easily offended (or offend-able at all, for that matter) were forced to say farewell to any prudent thoughts—if there was a topic that made sphincters pucker, he would happily parade it in conversation. In a group confession, his hetero life-partner **Brian Johnson** admitted, "I've laughed at some wildly inappropriate things with him over the years." **Seth Clark**, Kenny's "second father," adds that because of Kenny, "I've learned to laugh at what would normally offend me." His family of friends

held a very poignant motto: "Nothing is sacred," something he integrated well into his everyday life. **Sadie Cousineau** reflects, saying, "I think what ['Nothing is sacred'] really meant was to never take yourself too seriously." His thicker-than-blood brother **Eric Twede** unabashedly provides just a few ways Kenny has impacted his life: "Kenny taught me the true meaning of Christmas, which was actually about smoking weed in the living room and watching *Money Train* at full volume," he says. "He also taught me how to torrent, how to park for free at the *Broadway* parking garage, how to kill box elder bugs efficiently, and that you don't need to pretend to like things you hate, or hate things that you like for the sake of social cohesion."

Courtney Marriot shares how he always made sure that all his friends knew that they were loved and wholly exceptional. Marriot says, "He taught me to remind myself how great I am, always making sure I remembered all the good things about myself."

Kenny couldn't read a compass, and for years believed that "skellington" was the proper pronunciation for "skeleton." He obsessively cleaned, vacuuming at least once a day, and never once filed his own taxes. When he got sick, he melted into a puddle of useless, and when others got sick,

he sprayed them down with lysol to prevent contamination. He hoarded figures of action and once spent an entire summer growing biceps. He was fickle and funny and had the most extreme road rage I've ever encountered. And with all of this, he held no flaws.

On Sept. 1, 13 friends stand around a fresh, not-yet-filled grave, the funeral procession already long over. As the wind picks up, **Jason Clark** begins reciting Ezekiel 25:17. Although he is not quite able to emulate **Samuel L. Jackson** (via *Pulp Fiction*), the emotion is palpable as the others quietly join in, murmuring the only scripture passage their departed friend had ever known. The passage comes to an end: "And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who attempt to poison and destroy my brothers," and there is a moment of silence as each in turn throws handfuls of soil onto the sunken casket. The rain picks up, someone begins playing **Simon and Garfunkel's** "Sound of Silence," and they walk away. Film was Kenny's religion: He taught each of us the importance of dramatic scenes and cinematic themes; so it would only make sense that the closing of his grave would hold just as much spectacle as his life did. —Andrea Silva



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Photo: johnnybetts.com

Deseret Industries-raiding dadaists 90s Television will bring their sensory overload of a live show to *Localized* on Oct. 22.

Localized

By Nic Smith
nccsmmth@gmail.com

October's *Localized* celebrates three of Utah's most dynamic and experimental bands: **90s Television** and **Bat Manors**, along with **The Artificial Flower Company** as support. Swing by *Urban Lounge* on Oct. 22 for an absolutely free, 21-and-up show. The night's event is sponsored by **Spilt Ink**, **High West Distillery**, **Uinta Brewing** and **KRCL 90.9 FM**.

Listening to 90s Television is like funneling 40 years of pop culture at once through the mono speaker of a VHS/TV combo set. At varying intervals throughout all four of the records that they've self-produced in the last five years, 90s drift from being dreamy to a playful, warped, excited cabaret to even burned-out. However, it's a fairly common mistake to read their name as an explanation for their music. For **Ginger Brown**, the expectation that their sound aims for a 1990s nostalgia tribute is all wrong.

"I don't think it sounds [19]90s at all," says Brown, who jokes that their music is really from the year 2090. "To me, it just sounds like a bunch of kids who grew up with a lot of TV. I think it was in *The Simpsons*: 'I grew up on TV, and I turned out TV.'"

Sonically, this seems to make sense. 90s Television isn't just another peg in the predictably impending trend of revivalist music. Rather, the idea for 90s grew between Brown and **PJ Ramsey** when they were teenagers. After sharing the experience of throwing a chair through the window of an abandoned *Hogie Yogie*, the pair would eventually go on to hang out and jam together to the albums of bands such as **Weezer**, **The Strokes**, **Electric Light Orchestra** and **The Beatles**.

"We were in a Strokes cover band all throughout high school," says Brown. "We both worked at McDonalds at the time, so we would play shows in the Play Place ... and to get people to come, we would say 'FREE BIG MACS,' but there were never any free Big Macs."

Not even I could come up with a more perfect metaphorical representation of their sound than the two of them playing The Strokes over the sound of kids laughing in a multi-colored ball pit—cartoon prints dancing across the walls. In any event, Brown and Ramsey were initially attracted to the faded sound of *Is This It*, and when combining this influence with a retro TASCAM tape deck and a dash of thrift-store nostalgia, they began to explore their new sound.

To date, 90s Television have released four cohesive albums: *Raw Justice*, *Going Blonde*, *Small Pumpkin* and *Bad 4 The Tooth*. Almost all of the songs have been written by Brown and Ramsey, with a few **Animal Collective**-inspired exceptions

from Brown's cousin **Leaf Green**. For Ramsey, who's a brilliant stop-motion animator, songwriting is seamlessly paired in his mind with creating his characteristically collage-like, cinematic quality.

"I always thought I was more visual about it," says Ramsey. "I like seeing the song take form because each song has its own character, like [the sound] could be more of a candy bar than a guitar, more of a puppet than a person."

As the main visionary for their recordings, Ramsey's technique involves surrounding everyone with various media stimuli (movies, video games, soundtracks, toys, etc.) while they play—usually picked up from second-hand stores. Because of this, walking into their jam space feels like stumbling into the loot of *Deseret Industries*-raiding dadaists.

"When I first started 90s with **Dirt Caine**," says their guest drummer **Special Guest**, "I was uncomfortable at points because they were like, 'We don't have a snare, so we're going to use a squirt gun as a snare,' or, 'We don't have claves, so here's a cup and a big ass wooden spoon.'"

"If you fool them," says Ramsey, "that's the trick."

For their 2015 double-EP release, *Bad 4 The Tooth*, Brown explains that their sound is continuing on the path that they've set out for themselves from the beginning. With regard to their previous album *Small Pumpkin* (featuring the cartoon of a half-eaten Halloween candy), *Bad 4 The Tooth* is best thought of as Volume Two: the cavity.

"[*Small Pumpkin*] is almost too wholesome, too sweet, too poppy ..." says Brown. "I remember talking to Green about how nowadays, our candy is like partying too much, and the toothache is like a hangover. ... We're kind of preaching about the excess."

And if you think about them in terms of the excess, 90s Television begin to make sense in their meshing of themselves in a Sgt. Pepper fashion among the onslaught of characters and sounds that have emerged since the invention of television and pop music. In a way, 90s Television reflect all of our media-warped childhood psyches back to us—simultaneously embracing and taking the mickey out on what **Guy Debord** would call "the spectacle."

As a self-described "Muppet-y album," though, *Bad 4 The Tooth* maintains the endearing feeling of fun that makes 90s Television so likable. For this release, expect songs about bug collectors, abandoned kittens, a song called "Hand Cream" and SEGA Genesis samples galore.

"I think of [the band] as a comedy gang," says Ramsey, "... like, a fun gang, like a just-smoked-a-joint thing. Like, 'Woah, I'm trippin', dude,' like, 'I'm a potato.'"

You can hear their one-of-a-kind recordings for yourself at 90stelevision.bandcamp.com, and don't forget to catch their locally famous stage setup at *Localized* on Oct. 22—capas are welcome.

In January of this year, Bat Manors released their debut full-length album, *Literally Weird*—a collection of beautifully crafted, multi-instrumental ballads that meander through the sweet, melancholic headspace of their primary creator, **Adam Klopp**. As a writer, I try to repress such ambitious sentences as these, but as a listener, Bat Manors provoke like a whispered truth.

Klopp started the project in 2013 with his friends **Lauren Smith** (of **Angel Magic**) and **Ben Best**. The initial trio was short-lived, but after playing a few shows around Provo, Klopp continued writing songs and would go on to expand Bat Manors into an impressive ensemble of musicians—employing the help of fellow artists such as **Landon Young**, **Katrina Ricks**, **Mike Dixon**, **Bret Meisenbach**, **Jacob Hall**, **Kyle Hooper**, **Stephen Cope**, **Logan Hone**, **Steffani Semadeni**, **Robert Ballantyne Willes**, **Sydney Howard**, **Sara Bauman** and **Mindy Palmer Andersen**—about six of whom regularly perform live with Klopp.

"I was really into a lot of **Woodst** and **K Records** songwriters like **Bonnie Prince Billy**, **Angel Olsen**, **Antony & The Johnsons**," says Klopp. "It doesn't really come out at all, but **Mount Eerie** was a main source of inspiration in terms of layering and multi-tracking."

For those who are unfamiliar, Klopp's sound is ethereal and patient—usually taking minor pop-chord progressions and ornamenting them with vocal melodies that are about as predictable as the turns of a falling feather. On his own, Klopp's compositions could almost work as sorrowful folk tunes. However, with the addition of strings, woodwinds, percussion and vocal harmonies, Bat Manors expand Klopp's otherwise soft soliloquies with an atmospheric breadth that adds weight and dramatic sensibility.

Getting to this point wasn't easy, though. With the help of Cope and Meisenbach, the recording process took around two months to complete from start to finish—and the work definitely shows. Almost each part

in the entire piece has been layered with an identical track over it to create a deeper resonance in the sound. When you consider the number of parts that are operating in each song, the overall time spent tweaking and perfecting is staggering.

Production quality aside, Klopp began forming songs around the time of his exit from the Mormon religion. "I wrote the songs while I was going through this whole process emotionally and started the band on the tail end of it," he says. "[*Literally Weird*] wasn't a concept album going in as a planned thing, but it was conceptual in that it became a narrative of my experience."

With this in mind, it's easier to interpret the somewhat ironic tone of Klopp's lyrics. Almost every problem expressed in *Literally Weird* exposes the real-life conflict between the literal and figurative interpretations of words (particularly in religious language)—giving a compelling edge to his voice's serene delivery. Each poem seems to work as a cultural Rorschach test between people of faith and non-believers because they can be read in two different ways—albeit, not always so subtly.

"The rhetoric for a lot of the songs are pretty anti-church, but a lot of people listening at *Velour* were so into it for the opposite reason," says Hooper.

For example, tracks like "Manifest Destiny," "Comfortable Hole, Bye" or "The Cruise" stand out lyrically as Klopp mentally turns religious language against itself—oftentimes looking for empathy or pushing moral standards to unsatisfying conclusions.

"[*'Manifest Destiny'*] is about the concept of forward nation or destiny correlating with agency," says Klopp. "It's two contradictory concepts. Within theologies, a lot of times, it's set up so that there has to be a protagonist and an antagonist in the story ... like how in the narrative of the Bible, Satan or the adversary, or the people who crucified Christ, are almost necessary components to salvation. Evil becomes necessary for the sake of this whole process. However, when you apply it to the real world, it doesn't work that way."

Still, the political content is only partial to the band's inventive and communal personality. After all, with a name like Bat Manors, it would be a mistake to think that these folks are steeping themselves in the pressure of complete indie-political seriousness. "The songs are sentimental, but also they're serious and not serious," says Klopp. "It's a theme."

For the observant, this playfulness can be somewhat predicted in the tongue-in-cheek title. "We heard a strange person say *Literally Weird* one time," says Meisenbach. "He was trying to describe people who he thought were 'so weird,' so he said 'literally weird'... which doesn't make sense, but it makes you think of it in a humorous way."

"But it seemed really appropriate for the album title," says Klopp. "I don't know if I intended *Literally Weird* to be necessarily funny, but I thought the phrase was really funny ... like he was trying to muster the strength to articulate an experience, and that was somehow the thing that he got ahold of when he was like, 'How do I describe these people?'... and that [failure] is part of the sentiment of the phrase."

You can check out *Literally Weird*, as well as a few side tracks, at batmanors.bandcamp.com or on iTunes. Although Bat Manors are not recording yet, this should keep you pacified as they continue to gather material for their distant sophomore record—and don't forget to catch their show with **90s Television** at *Urban Lounge* on Oct. 22, right after **The Artificial Flower Company**.



Photo: johnnybetts.com

(L-R) Chaz Costello, Bret Meisenbach, Kyle Hooper, Jacob Hall, Katrina Ricks and Adam Klopp blend soft folk melodies with atmospheric depth as the core of Bat Manors.

BAT MANORS



The ART of Safe SEX

By Kathy Zhou
@_moonkissed

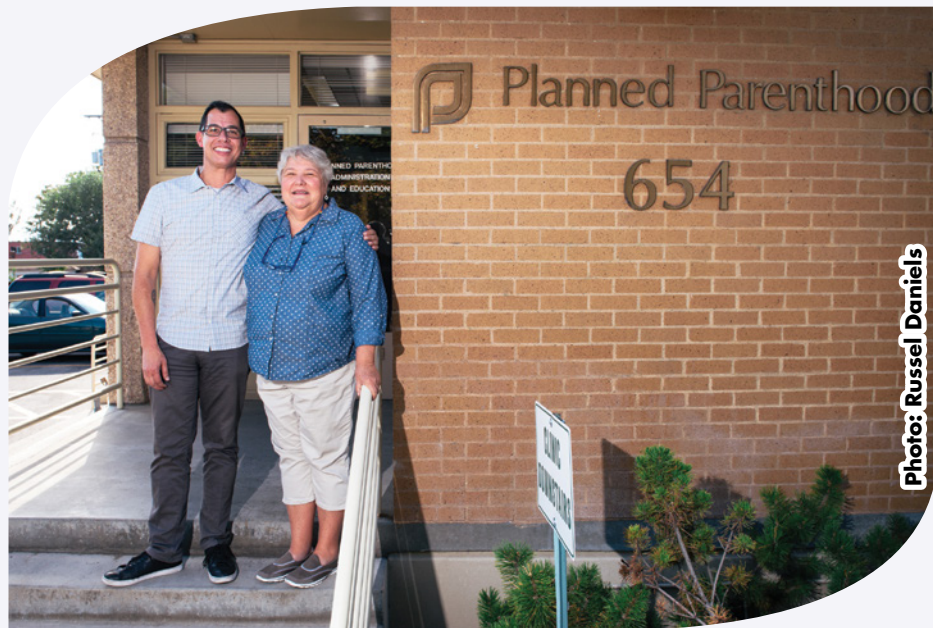


Photo: Russel Daniels

(L-R) Artist Jorge Rojas and Planned Parenthood Association of Utah Director Karrie Galloway stand united in preparation for Planned Parenthood's fundraising gala, *The Art of Safe Sex*.

There's been ample precedent for an art-and-Planned Parenthood alliance, what with runway shows featuring dresses fashioned out of condoms, IUDs-turned-jewelry and condom packages touting designs by famous artists. This month, the Planned Parenthood Association of Utah is forging its own art-making, action-taking collaboration for its upcoming signature fundraising event: *The Art of Safe Sex*.

The inaugural gala will take place on the evening of Oct. 24 at the *Utah Museum of Fine Arts (UMFA)*, and it's as fabulous as it sounds, with live music by the **Joy String Quartet**; heavy hors d'oeuvres and a signature cocktail; vignettes of period furniture by *Mad a-go-go*; the chance to explore the *UMFA's* new exhibition, *The British Passion for Landscape: Masterpieces from National Museum Wales*; and, of course, an art auction. Planned Parenthood reached out to **Jorge Rojas**, artist, curator and the *UMFA's* Director of Education and Engagement, to help identify and connect with other distinguished local artists about donating works of fine art for the fundraiser.

"My personal career has revolved around making art, teaching art and raising awareness about community issues," says Rojas. "Those are the reasons I feel so compelled to contribute and participate in this event. Planned Parenthood does an incredible job of educating people—of empowering people about their own bodies, their own choices, their own responsibilities."

There's no question that plenty of other artists in the community will feel the same way about celebrating and supporting Planned Parenthood. "There will be something for everyone," says Rojas about the auction, which will feature 40 local artists with works that will range in content and in price point, spanning mixed media, painting, photography, sculpture and more—*Salt Lake Tribune* cartoonist **Pat Bagley** will be bringing one of his signature cartoons to the mix, too.

Event organizers made sure that the gala would very much be a partnership, one that would respect local artists and their work while also involving them in the cause and community. "We want this to be a collaboration, because good, responsible sex should be celebrated, as well as beautiful, wonderful art," says **Karrie Galloway**, Director of Planned Parenthood Association of Utah. Artists have the option to go for an extremely generous 60/40-percent split of the proceeds or to give an outright donation, and they'll receive one or two complimentary gala tickets, respectively. The gala—which "will certainly be a very tastefully executed event," says Rojas—will offer artists exposure as well as the chance to exhibit their works in a museum setting.

Additionally, in a fitting and certainly much-appreciated move, Planned Parenthood—keeping with the organization's mission to make reproductive health services and education as accessible as possible—is offering various tiers of sponsorship levels for *The Art of Safe Sex* as well as individual ticket sales with young professional and student pricing.

Planned Parenthood hasn't done a signature-type event in several years, but *The Art of Safe Sex* has been in the works since last spring—not, as some might think, as a response to the firestorm of controversy ignited last July by an anti-abortion group's highly edited videos gone viral. As a result of the controversy, Governor **Gary Herbert** ordered all state agencies to stop funneling federal funds to Planned Parenthood—despite a "recent celebration of a decrease in teenage pregnancy and abortion," says Galloway—most impacting funds for STD treatment and community-education programs. In response, thousands of bright-pink-clad Utahns showed their solidarity with Planned Parenthood, and that outpouring of support may continue to galvanize fellow artists and members of the community toward *The Art of Safe Sex*. "From my perspective, once I heard that media fiasco with all of this misinformation going around, I felt much more inclined to participate, to make sure that [*The Art of Safe Sex*] is a successful event and to support an important institution," says Rojas.

Thankfully, Planned Parenthood has continued all of its services and programs. "We will be sharpening our pencils, thinking of ways to do as much as we have with less money, but we're going to be right here, doing the same things for anyone who comes to Planned Parenthood," says Galloway. Next year, they'll be celebrating 45 years of service to well over 2 million citizens—many of whom are low-income and without health insurance. "We had 167 kids sign up for our education programs during the first week of school," says Galloway. "We do over 17,000 chlamydia tests a year. We're not changing any services. Planned Parenthood is not going anywhere."

The Art of Safe Sex will make for a fresh, lively and elegant evening of celebrating and supporting Planned Parenthood—as well as local artists. Beyond rallying on the steps of the Capitol and donating funds, however, there are more ways to show your support for Planned Parenthood's work as they continue to provide health care, education and empowerment throughout Utah. "Talk to people," says Galloway. "Let people know that we're still there for them, that we're still providing care. Intersecting with the community, igniting conversations, talking about how the state of Utah should be—because we're a pretty great state, but we're not acting that way all the time. That, to me, is the most important part."

The Art of Safe Sex will be held Oct. 24 at 6:30 p.m. at the *UMFA*. For more information about the gala and to purchase tickets, visit artofsafe sexutah.com. To learn more about Planned Parenthood Association of Utah, visit plannedparenthood.org/planned-parenthood-utah and facebook.com/PPACofUtah.

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ANGEL OLSEN

TOTAL HUMAN BEING

By Kia McGinnis
kiaginnny@gmail.com

Photo: Autumn Northcraft

BURN YOUR FIRE



FOR NO WITNESS

Angel Olsen possesses a prowess and mystique onstage that can make her seem otherworldly, but just as much as she is a performer, she is herself. Olsen stops by *Urban Lounge* Oct. 13.

Growing up in St. Louis, Olsen had plenty of opportunity to grow into the artist she is now. The music scene at the time was fairly small, mostly male and had almost no folk influence. "I didn't fear competing against anything," she says. "I always thought, 'I'm just going to write my songs and try it out,' ... I would run up onstage with a microphone, just dancing and singing around." Though she was a young teenager—using message boards to find all-ages venues where her parents would approve of her playing—these experiences gave her the footing necessary to guide her to the next phase of musicianhood. While her peers were packing up and moving out for college, Olsen decided to try Chicago on for size. "When I moved away, I didn't know how to wash my own laundry or hold a job," she says. "Having to learn all of this at once in a big city without having friends was a big change for me, coming from a small town where everybody knows everybody and there's not a lot else going on. I think in that transition, I was inspired to write a lot."

Her bold leap forward and persistence in singing and writing music paid off—she landed a gig as a

touring backup singer with **Will Oldham**, better known as the gruff, bearded singer-songwriter **Bonnie Prince Billy**. She recalls scribbling lyrics in the back of the van, learning stanzas of new vocals an hour or two before performing and challenging herself to become a better musician. "It was a great preparation for me mentally to have the insight of being on tour all the time and seeing what that's like," Olsen says. "You could be in the most beautiful, exotic place ever, but you still want to play an awesome show, and if a sound guy pisses you off, your night could be ruined—and that totally happens all the time. It doesn't mean you're jaded or don't appreciate where you are; it just means that you want to enjoy life, too, and that's OK."

For Olsen, parting ways with Oldham to begin her solo music career wasn't scary or overthought—in some ways, she knew it was the only option. Before long, she was recording *Burn Your Fire For No Witness* live in a building, her voice slightly raspy from a cold she developed a few days before. She notes that recording has always been a staple of her process. Even as a young girl, she used a Panasonic tape recorder to figure out what

she sounded like. "If you're trying to make something that's natural, it makes sense to have the backbone of your record recorded live," she says. Olsen's singing certainly lends itself to the resonant, slightly eerie effects of a large, old building. Her voice is cinematic and has enough lonesome twang in it to be the background of a **Clint Eastwood** film, but it's not exactly fair to call her a Western musician—or a folk, Americana, singer-songwriter, rock or indie musician, for that matter. Her songs sweep unapologetically from one genre to the next, fast or slow, snarky or downright sorrowful—she's still just writing her songs as they make sense to her.

Since her last recording, Olsen finds herself in transition again, having recently moved to the small, music-friendly town of Asheville, North Carolina. "There's room to breathe here," she says. "Chicago's such a great town, but when you come back from tour, it's not a very soft landing." In between tours, she's been busy writing piano-based songs and strives to have jam sessions with her band that are unrehearsed and fun. Olsen doesn't put much emphasis on having a cohesive vision of her next album—her music often comes to her

in bits and pieces as she's on the road. Having adapted to a traveling lifestyle for the most part, she muses with a chuckle about what her songwriting will be like in five or 10 years. "I don't know if I'm going to have kids or not," she says. "I don't know if I'm going to get married or not, but I imagine your songs will be about watching everyone around me have children or some existential shit like that."

When asked about the pressures and expectations she deals with, Olsen describes it this way: "You have to out-clever yourself with everything you make and do and say, even though you're a total human being." Like any 20-something, Olsen wonders with some uncertainty about the future—going mentally from "I'm so important" to "What the fuck am I doing with my life?" Lately, she's breaking up these thoughts with dog-sitting, drinking double shots of espresso over ice and going to see friends at the record store. She's not hung up on any crippling, looming fears, though. "It's good for me to remember that it's not necessarily something that's going to last forever and that I should just be psyched that it's happening," she says. "It's a privilege to be onstage."

Folky chanteuse Angel Olsen will soothe *Urban Lounge* with fiery tunes on Oct. 13.

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(or not), lift the shell to your lips and slurp away. At \$2.75 each or \$16 for a half dozen, fresh oysters are a reasonable extravagance.

My absolute favorite thing to order at Current is oysters paired with Oyster Backs, teeny-tiny cocktails carefully constructed to pair with the fresh taste of oysters. Current's mini-cocktails are only \$4 each, so it's totally reasonable to order all three. The Cucumber cocktail is an exhilarating combination of gin, cucumber juice and lime, pairing expertly with the cucumber mignonette. The Botanical is a sophisticated blend of vermouth, celery and grapefruit bitters.

Brunch offers unique seafood options as well as typical brunchy fare. The Seared Trout (\$17), served with artichoke aioli, horseradish mustard and fingerling potatoes, is on my list to order next time. The 3rd and 3rd Omelet (\$10) was tasty and well-prepared, studded with bacon, green onions and Cotwold cheese speckled with onion and chive, and served with home fries. What really impressed me were the brunch cocktails.

The Bloody Mary (\$8) was topped with a meaty shrimp, pickle and pickled pearl onion. The drink was spicy and savory, and put my homemade version to shame. The Violet Fizz (\$9) is a bewitching combination of gin, crème de violette and lemon. It looks like a witch's brew—a moody lavender hue topped with pristine white fluff. I've been suspicious of egg whites used in cocktails, but now I understand the appeal. It creates the most angelic, silky foam.

Overhauling a historic building from the early 1900s into a trendy, upscale restaurant is no small feat. The renovation was pricey, coming in at around \$1 million. Hues of silver and blue create an elegant, relaxing atmosphere. A glass sculpture on the wall decorated with ripples and fish reminds of being near water. Red brick outside the building adds a grounded, earthy element. Vaulted sky-high ceilings make the restaurant feel spacious. On chilly nights, a glowing fire pit on the patio welcomes diners. Current Fish & Oyster is certainly Salt Lake City's prettiest restaurant—and the food is superb. They fly fresh fish in daily from both the East and West coasts. If you can't get to the ocean, bring the ocean to you.

The Smoked Clam Dip (\$9) is a great way to start a meal. Two scoops of clam dip dressed with olive oil and green onions are surrounded by housemade potato chips. Salty and smoky flavors with fresh green onions get taste buds grooving and ready to eat more. Another option is the Current Shrimp Cocktail (\$12). Served with five sizeable shrimp, brightly colored pickled veggies and wedges of lemon, it's a beautifully simple dish. A classic tangy cocktail sauce and a creamy remoulade round out the bright, clean flavors.

The Clam Chowder (\$6) is a modest yet delicious dish. I especially loved this chowder because it wasn't as gloppy and thick as others I've had around town. Meaty clams and potatoes swim in a delicate, velvety-smooth broth flavored with celery and bacon, topped with croutons and scallions. A napkin neatly folded under the bowl is a cozy detail.

If you're pussy-footing around ordering raw oysters, start with the Grilled West Coast Oysters (\$9). It's a dish unlike anything you've had before in Salt Lake City. Buttery and sumptuous, the oysters melt in your mouth. And of course: Order the raw oysters. They taste like the ocean served with a refreshing cucumber mignonette or cocktail sauce. Oysters have a wonderfully smooth texture. Some people swallow them whole, but that is wrong—one needs to chew the oyster meat to release the full flavor. It's also really fun to eat with your hands. Dress your oyster with a little dressing



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DALE WATSON

THE TRUE AMERIPOLITAN MAN
By James Orme • greaserjames@gmail.com

When it comes to country music, a divide has existed, one that has only widened and worsened over time. On one side, there's a crossover-driven, radio-airplay juggernaut—commercially successful and seemingly shallow. The other side is a traditionalist, root-driven music, more focused on being happy with what they do than how many people they sell it to.

Standing firmly on the traditionalist side, Dale Watson has been making his brand of music for over 25 years. As his distaste for what was passing for mainstream country music grew, he could no longer see the connection in what he knew in his heart to be true and honest music. Within the last few years, Watson reached his breaking point with the country music establishment and has decided to officially break away. By claiming an entire genre with a new name, "Ameripolitan," he's planted a flag firmly in the ground for those who still believe that this music shouldn't leave behind its origins.

"When people ask me what kind of music I play, I never say country music anymore," says Watson. "I was just in an airport this morning, and I told a guy I was a musician, and he asked, 'What kind of music do you play?' I said, 'Ameripolitan.' He goes, 'What's that?' I told him, 'Well, you'd know it if you heard it.'"

Basically, Ameripolitan breaks down into four subgenres: honky tonk such as **George Jones** and **Hank Williams**, outlaw country like **Waylon Jennings**, rockabilly like **Carl Perkins** and Western swing like **Bob Wills**. And with that, there is an overall attitude that the truth in the music is the most important thing.

"Everything I'd call Ameripolitan has influenced me over the years," says Watson, "and while some of my records lean hard one way—like my newest, *Call Me Insane*, is very honky tonk—but then I've also done stuff like *Sun Sessions*, which is very rockabilly, so I like to do it all."

Watson's passion is infectious, and while many share his opinions, never before had anyone tried to consolidate it all into one voice that would claim back a musical heritage in a way that would make it solely theirs again. He began by planning a festival-style event that contained an award show that would showcase and honor the very best this music had to offer. "The artists love the award show because they feel like they have found a home, and they are

able to appreciate each other, and the best thing to come out of doing the show is the younger generation and how they want to be part of it," he says. "I would have never known how many people across the globe that have passion for this music and are a part of this now."

It was to that end that Watson started his own small imprint, **Ameripolitan Records**, his chance to connect with all these younger artists coming out of the woodwork to be a part of what he started.

"The record company is just something I put together to help those Ameripolitan artists that are just starting out," says Watson. "It'll probably just be an EP-only label, but there are so many great talents out there that will get passed by because nobody can figure out how to make money off it immediately, and they aren't willing to give them a try." Obviously, Watson's contempt for what the establishment of country music has become is not a quiet one. While he's trying to keep the spirit of the music he loves and creates alive, his opinions about where things went wrong are clear.

"Somewhere along the line, country music became ashamed of itself, and they started looking for mass appeal," he says. "Around 1977, these money guys came in and started pushing making music from your wallet instead of from your heart. Artists always wanted to make money, but it was less blatant. It's all about money now, and it's just soulless." To Watson, being anything but genuine is not an option with what he used to call country music and now proudly calls Ameripolitan. To him, any amount of artifice or dishonesty simply has no place in this music.

"This music is very audibly honest," says Watson, "and you can't deny that when it's not manufactured. Even something that's more mainstream can still have those qualities, but there's something that feels like it's one-on-one, and when it clicks, it becomes very personal for both the listener and the artist. For me, when I write a song, it comes from me, and even if it's something as simple as having a flat tire, I use that, and it reaches people because they can relate to it."

The best description I can give of Dale Watson is sincere. More than anything, he wants to see the purity preserved as much as possible in the music that he loves. See Dale Watson live at *The State Room* Oct. 14.



Photo: Sarah Wilson

Dale Watson will bring the tried n' true country of yore to *The State Room* on Wednesday, Oct. 14.

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GRAYWHALE ENTERTAINMENT

A NEW MUSE: MUSE MUSIC

By Blake Leszczynski • reclamation.me@gmail.com



Photo: Gilbert Cisneros

(L-R) Muse Music musos Darcie Roy and Debbie Phillips are cultivating Provo's alternative music scene at their new location on Center Street.

After a decade of being an institution of culture and music on Provo's University Avenue, *Muse Music* shut up shop earlier this year and has reopened a few blocks southwest—on Provo's resurgent Center Street. On Sept. 11, *Muse* opened its doors, backed by an incredible lineup of local musicians (*MinX*, *Van Lady Love* and *Static Waves*), and ushered in a new era in its storied history. *SLUG* caught up with **Darcie Roy** and **Debbie Phillips** from *Muse* to talk about memories of the old room and hopes for the new.

SLUG: What spurred the move to the new location?

Roy: Cost. I think *Muse* probably changed hands so many times because, eventually, everyone who owned the business realized this. All-ages venues are labors of love. ... Only a third of the physical location was (almost) turning a profit. Rather than passing along the money pit, we decided to break the cycle.

SLUG: What are you going to miss the most about the old space?

Roy: The history—the brick walls, the stickers on the door, fun times in the back alley, that kind of stuff. I've only lived in Utah since 2011, but even I've got memories attached to the place.

SLUG: What are you going to miss the least?

Phillips: The acoustics. It was not an easy venue to mix. ... Our sound team is excited about the new space.

Roy: Being next door to *Velour*. Hands down. Nothing against them, of course; in fact, that's why it was such a problem. *Muse* spent nearly a decade in *Velour*'s shadow: *Muse* was always considered the "stepping stone" to *Velour*. The new space gives us independence.

SLUG: What differentiates *Muse* from *Velour* and other local venues?

Roy: Our most loyal musicians and patrons are constantly telling us how much they love our warm, encouraging atmosphere—it makes them feel comfortable. Even when the music gets loud, that's the vibe we want to maintain.

SLUG: Since taking over *Muse*, what are some of the most important lessons you've learned about this business?

Phillips: You've got to keep going. It's going to get frustrating at times, but if you love music, you can't stop.

Roy: There's no such thing as a work-life balance in the music business. If you're doing it right, you are your business. So you've got to get a handle on double the self-esteem issues—I'm still working on that. But considering we've owned *Muse* for about three years now, I think I'm doing pretty OK.

SLUG: What attracted you to the new location?

Roy: We'd wanted to stay in downtown Provo, and the new location is right at the heart of it. It's close to both the train station and the highway. It's got a larger capacity than the previous space. It's got a green room and lots of indoor load-in space, unlike our previous location. And the price was right.

SLUG: What are some of your goals as you reopen, and how do they compare to your goals a few years back?

Roy: We've had basically the same goals all along, but now we have a better opportunity to reach them. *Muse* is about community, about inclusivity, about diversity. Utah, overall, is pretty homogeneous—most people here play it safe and stick to what's worked in the past. But "safe" is boring. If you really want to grow, you've got to take a few risks.

SLUG: In what ways has the growth of Provo's scene surprised you?

Roy: I'd moved here because some friends of mine had said there was a lot of live music—I was like a hippie traveling to *Woodstock*. I just wanted to be entertained. But most of the people here weren't just going to shows or playing in bands—they were actively involved in the scene's growth: The *Rooftop Concert Series* is a great example of how a few music lovers took it upon themselves to showcase our local talent. The Provo government is also extremely supportive of the arts scene. The city's been really helpful with our transition to the new location.

SLUG: How do you see the Provo music scene evolving over the next five, 10 years?

Roy: We're going to continue to see bands hit national-level status. I don't expect we'll ever be "the next Austin" or anything like that (we hear people say that a lot), but I don't think we should try to be "the next" anywhere. Provo's unique already, and that's what makes it cool. However, I anticipate that Provo will become a big enough deal that more national bands will route through Utah. There's actually a few projects in the works that, in five or 10 years, could make that happen.

As small as it is, Provo has a lot of talent, a lot of incredible bands. It needs at least two viable options for these acts to get onstage. The reopening and future success of *Muse Music*, combined with the continued success of *Velour*, is an essential step for Provo's—and Utah's—music scene to mature.

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ROUGHSIDE OF THE TRAX

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Intro by Michael Sanchez
sanchoss88@gmail.com

Part of SLUG's 16th Annual Summer of Death skate series, the sixth annual Roughside Presented By Monster took place on Saturday, Sept. 12. Roughside is a traveling contest that has mainly centered in the Downtown Salt Lake area in the past. This time around, the West Valley/Taylorsville area got some love from 30-plus skaters eager to win some prizes and huck some tricks. Congratulations to First Place winner **Jose Suitt**. Go to SLUGmag.com for the full recap and a photo gallery by **Niels Jensen**, **Sam Milianta** and **Weston Colton**.

First Place winner Jose Suitt, front blunt fakie.



Second Place winner Brandon Aguayo,
Best Trick: bigspin front board fakie.



Mike Zanelli, backside lipslide.

Third Place winner Deng Tear, backside smith.



Eric Furguson, frontside noseslide.



Izaak Cameron, half cab.

Chase Strikwerda, pop shove it.



Photos: Weston Colton = ■

Sam Milianta = ●

Niels Jensen = ▲



BUILDING FAMILIA:

An Interview with Ella Mendoza

By Alex Vermillion • alexandra.vermillion3@gmail.com



(L-R) Utah Familia founder Ella Mendoza and Stand For Queer Lives' Adrian Romero advocate for trans, queer, Latin@ and undocumented peoples in Utah.

the danger, Mendoza and the Familia group refuse to stay silent. She says, "When no one was talking about trans deaths, we had a vigil. When no one talked about the suicides and murders of trans women, we had a rally. We hold these events because this is our community. We need to have these things."

Though Utah's Familia started with very few people, it has been growing steadily and gaining more and more supporters. "At eight months old, Familia has been able to get people to listen—it's very exciting," Mendoza says. Recently, Familia and a sister organization, Stand for Queer Lives, held a rally and march in the name of trans women who have been murdered or have committed suicide this last year. *Utah Pride Center* lent their support, bringing equipment and water for the rally speakers. "We just have to keep making our voices heard," says Mendoza. "I personally will not stop screaming until I see a person of color in leadership in every single LGBT organization."

When asked what Familia's plans were for Utah, Mendoza replies, "Education—we have to educate. We need to make a realistic database for Latin@s to have resources within the queer community and the undocumented community—classes and workshops about privilege, marginalized groups, queerness and trans-ness."

There are so many ways to help this organization win the fight for freedom, including attending their rallies and meetings, which are often held at *Mestizo Coffeehouse*. The next fundraiser—on Oct. 17 at *Boing! Anarchist Collective*—is called "Joteria de la Lotería," which means "gayness of lotería." This fundraiser will have food, music and the fun game of lotería. "There is also talk of a **Donald Trump** piñata at the event," says Mendoza. All the money that is raised will go toward helping Familia plan future events. "Up until now, every single rally, protest, workshop and event we have planned has come out of our own pockets," Mendoza says. "We will be happy with whatever we get."

Overall, Familia wants to get to know more people in the Utah community and help its queer, Latin@ needs. "We are raising money specifically for future events as undocumented ruckus warriors—we are loud and always creating noise!" For more information on Utah's Familia group and to keep up with events and future plans, check out facebook.com/FamiliaUtah.

[in Utah] for me was finding out I wasn't alone. I went to New Mexico and had a conference with other queer Latin@s." There, Ella realized a major problem in the US is the lack of color in LGBTQ leadership. Part of Familia's goal is to bring marginalized groups back into the picture. "[Members of these groups] have their work stolen, invalidated, mocked and brushed off," she says. "We have had some of our best organizers feel burnt out because they are so silenced. ... We do not have the capacity to grow when our culture, our art, our words are constantly invalidated. This is what we want to change."

Mendoza shares heartbreaking stories concerning the lives of undocumented queer Latin@s in the U.S. If an undocumented trans or queer person is put into prison, they are more likely to be misgendered and/or raped (statistically, by the guards, not the inmates), and once deported, they "might not even be taken back to [their nation of origin]," says Mendoza. "My friends bring donated clothes to the people who live in [the areas where the U.S. drops them off]. People may never see their families again. Mothers are taken from their children and their children are put into foster care."

There is a major risk for deportation and police brutality for members of organizations like Utah's Familia. Mendoza says, "Every rally is not just an act of defiance but a revolutionary act of resistance. The reality is, we are fighting for our freedom. To be undocumented and queer in this country is to be in danger." Regardless of

In the past couple of years, Utah has incubated many fantastic local organizations that help Utah residents in various ways, but few are quite as badass as Utah's **Familia: Trans Queer Liberation Movement**. You may have seen them marching in the 2015 *Utah Pride Parade* shouting, "Not one more!" or at rallies at the Capitol. But if you've missed out on any of their speeches or events, it is all going to change with the increased following this incredible group has gained.

Utah's Familia is a chapter of the national Familia organization. It was founded in early 2014 by trans and queer immigrants, undocumented allies, youth leaders and parents. They are the only national organization that addresses, organizes, educates and advocates the issues most important to LGBTQ communities while also focusing on trans and gender-nonconforming Latin@s. Some of these issues locally include building more gender neutral bathrooms around the city, providing bilingual/multilingual resources for the LGBTQ community and creating a safe environment and homeless shelter for LGBTQ Latin@s, especially those who are undocumented. Familia is committed to the liberation—from police brutality, border control, micro-aggressions, etc.—of every LGBTQ Latin@ and to a radically collective revolution to empower and free their culture, art, history and families from oppression.

Co-founder Ella Mendoza was inspired by the "amazing warriors and undocumented women who stand together against injustice," she says. "What started this



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Jed Fuller's skated most of his life—it's his passion.

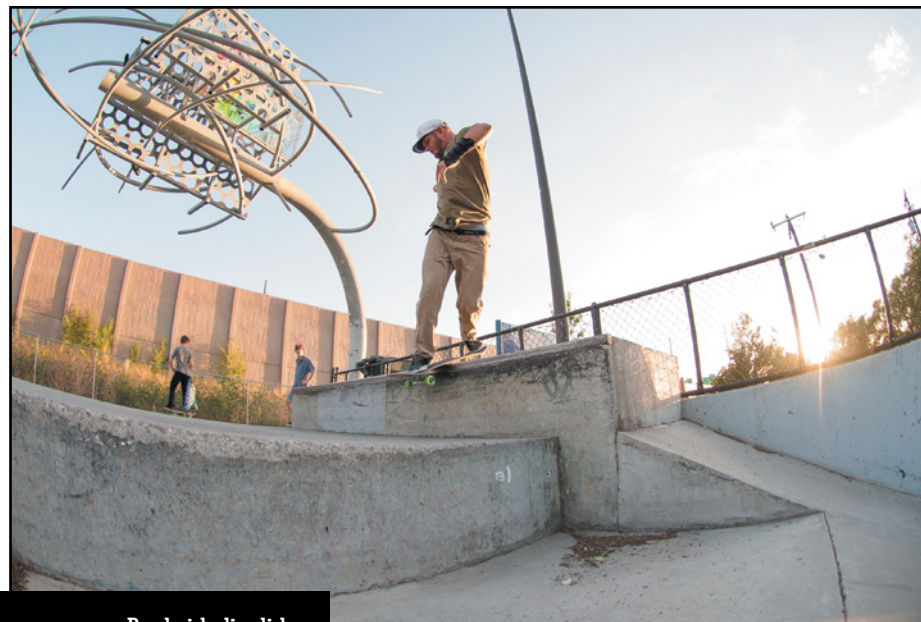


By Dylan Evans • @dyltah
Photos: Niels Jensen

Let's get something straight right off the bat: **Jed Fuller** got his start on four wheels back in the days we curb-slapping, non-complying bros can only pay homage to. He saw the early days when street skating, as we know it, came to be. Take it from Fuller himself—"If you could ollie, you could go to any contest and pretty much win," he says, recalling getting into skating. "That was starting to become the big thing." Well, after spending his life on the board and getting a push from a friend, Fuller has started to make a name for himself. While he yearns for the top spot in major bowl contests around the country, he really seeks to give hope to fellow skateboarders and show them that anything in life can be overcome. He's got the skills to do so, too: He stays on beat with the street scene, and he'll crail slide the deep end of a pool like he owns it. Whether he makes it or not, though, he's enjoying every damn minute of it. "I've been skating for 30 years, and I'd do it for another 30 years without making a dime ... It's just the passion," Fuller says.

As Fuller mentions, 30 years ago, he first laid eyes on a homie's board and knew that he had to give it a go. "My brother had a friend who skated, and he had a legit G&S board," Fuller says. "I saw him doing power-slides—I saw the freedom in what he was doing. That was mid-summer. I was 12. My mom got me a board for Christmas and that was it, man." By the time high school rolled around, Fuller was fully committed. "Skateboarding was my heroin," he says. "I just loved being on my board." He drew inspiration from his love for the board, but was heavily influenced by the **Bones Brigade**—he says, "One particular influential thing was *The Search for Animal Chin*. Those guys were having so much fun." With the mix of street and transition among the Bones Brigade, Fuller enjoyed each side of the spectrum, recalling early days with his friends. "We'd go to my buddy's, go skate a ditch and walk to the mall to skate the curbs," he says. Follow that up with a few drop-ins at the skate park, and you've got yourself and all-terrain vehicle. Don't take my word on this whole ATV business. Check out some footage on *YouTube*. All you need is his name and 15 minutes of spare time to see Fuller tear *Solo Park* a new one and even shred in something you might know as the *Vans Pool Party*—invite only! Take note of his style, too. He's got old-school thrash going. "It's passionate aggressive," as Fuller will tell you. "I've had a few of the pros tell me my style was really raw, old school, like RAWRR!" You'll agree. There's no lax attitude with this guy—he goes for it!

Frontside nosebone.



Backside lipslide.

Fuller isn't messing around—he's given skating his all, and now he has his sights on something more: a career. Seven years ago, Fuller found himself a bit lost. After battling depression for years and going in and out of the hospital, he decided to look into some self-help. Fuller says, "I listened to this tape that said, 'If you want to be happy, figure out when you were happy in your life and what you were doing.' I was like, 'Oh, skateboarding!' and I just started doing it more and more." Around the same time, a friend took note of his skill and pushed Fuller to get sponsored. Fuller took his advice and marched into *Salty Peaks* with a mission. "I went in [to] Salty's and asked what the team was about. 'What's it take to get on the team?' [He] was like, 'We know who you are, dude. This board's free.'" It was that easy for Fuller, so he saddled up and decided to shoot for the stars (which he did). Eventually, he made the switch from *Salty Peaks* to *Milosport Orem*, and now Fuller's getting hooked up by Green Issue Skateboards, Bones Wheels, Ace Trucks, Cassette sunglasses and Mynt Energy. Though the free goods and covered contest fees are great, Fuller sees something more in his big-league goal. "My kids are in Boston," he says, "so I was like, 'Hey, if I can travel around to these contests, I can get some frequent-flyer miles and see my kids.'"

With the love from his sponsors and some serious drive, Fuller has fully stepped into the competitive world. "I go to the *Vans Pool Party* every year. Last year, I took eighth; this year, I took sixth in the Masters." Placing at the *Pool Party* is quite an accomplishment, but that's not the only notch in his belt. He's been all over the coun-

Nose grind tail grab.



try, showing judges that he's got what it takes to hang with the likes of **Christian Hosoi**, **Bucky Lasek** and **Steve Caballero**, to name a few. "Over the years, we've become friends—I've got Caballero's number," says Fuller. "When I go to California, I can send him or Bucky a text and say, 'Let's go skate!'" Do you have Steve Cab's number? I didn't think so.

Looking back at it all and still doing the damn thing, Fuller is just doing what he loves. He's thankful for it all. "It's taken me from nothing to where I am now—getting invited to events, getting free product and traveling around the nation," he says. "More importantly, it's introduced me to people. It's made heroes become peers." Fuller doesn't just voice his love for skateboarding either—he puts it into action. He's giving back to skateboarding what it's given him: "I'm working on a nonprofit called Skate to Live," he says. "It's going to help kids and their parents pay for counseling or medicine for kids with depression. Skateboarding got me out of mine, and I'm hoping to restore that passion back into people." This dude's got roots *and* heart—much respect. Fuller gives all his thanks to those who surround: "Thanks to all of my sponsors, my kids **Mads** and **Abbie**, and to all my friends and family for the love and support." There you have it, kids, a true soul skater. I hope you took notes.

Madonna.





MELANIE RAE THON: THE LANDSCAPE OF LANGUAGE

By Christian Schultz
christian@slugmag.com

Author Melanie Rae Thon's latest book, *Silence & Song*, explores a concert of human and natural rhythm through lyrical fiction.



Photo: Andi Olsen

Imaginative experience is a tenet of author Melanie Rae Thon's written work, which examines the subtle, complicated and profound beauties of life through animated, lyrical storytelling. As a professor of Creative Writing and Environmental Humanities at the University of Utah and an author of four novels and three short story collections, Thon has committed her life to this discipline. Her latest book, *Silence & Song*, sets that vision across borderlands and nuclear evacuation zones.

The sensuous world of nature and the magic of human experience often percolate in Thon's writing and teaching. Her 2011 novel, *The Voice of the River*, probes the experiences, memories, thoughts and perceptions of a community that has come together in search of a missing boy and his dog. Amid the tense, harrowing hunt, Thon's lyrical, imaginative language sings with cosmic ecological consciousness and microscopic insight. "There's terrifying human drama going on at the core of [*The Voice of the River*] ..." she says, "but the whole fluid human and more-than-human environment is flooded with extravagant life. I wanted to celebrate that life while also giving attention to human fear and transience—intimate, human loss."

Comprising two lyric fictions hinged by a short prose poem, *Silence & Song* invigorates Thon's expressive humanity. The book's first narrative, "Vanishings," investigates the Sonoran borderlands—a modern Wild West of splintered cacti and bones underneath expansive starlight, a map for "problem bears" and resilient migrants crossing the border into the United States. The book's formal composition swirls with a multitude of characters, voices and omniscient thoughts fluttering across its pages in Thon's poetic prose, blending vivid reality with surreal imagination. "I'm interested in what people think under those circumstances—the complicated emotional context," Thon says. "All perception is an intricate, multi-dimensional, infinite web of associations: memory, speculation, experience, sensation, imagination. ... Everything we 'know' and believe to be true is based on faith; never-ending interdependent galaxies of relationships; how we choose to frame and integrate our perceptions; how often and how passionately we heighten our awareness. These associations are inchoate, sub-vocal. Any effort to articulate them as they occur immediately slows and alters our expansive—perhaps limitless—ability to be in the eternal moment."

In addition to the sensory galaxies of poetic language, Thon inflects her work with sonorous reverberation, reading sentences again and again before committing to them. "We speak not only mind to mind, but body to body," she says. "For me, the sonic quality of the work is as important as

the sense each reader makes of the words." *Silence & Song* intones a poetic rhythm that billows with the presence of Thon's powerful timbre. For Thon, the sensory experience of her work can act as a catalyst for perception. "Language can sometimes go beyond verifiable experience, evoking—or at least suggesting—those astonishing webs of associative perception," she says.

Thon's spiritual wonder fills her work with reciprocity, inviting readers to re-experience and re-examine their own relationships with infinite worlds and time around them. In *Silence & Song*, amid the voices of migrants traversing the desert, of liquidators of Chernobyl and of a junkie killer's sister, a concert of the wild—honeybees, bats, saguaros and pecan trees—thrives; vertebrae, granite, thunder and stars exist in expansive time. "For me, it's healing to live outside an anthropocentric vision of life, to recognize that absolutely everything is interdependent, that we are always in relationship with many things simultaneously," Thon says. "... To embrace this fully is free of fear. Every form dissipates, but life through all time and space continues" Thon says.

Portraying another person or being's experience—an act sometimes deemed appropriative—is an inherent facet of fiction writing, and this exploratory relationship between author and character buzzes throughout Thon's work. "It's not that I think I can be a honeybee, but I trust I can move into the relationship, the miraculous possibility-space between us," Thon says. "I am not the man in the coma, but by moving into his life, I can imagine his experience: I can love what he loves. That's interesting to me. That's meaningful; that's a spiritual journey. I'm interested in walking the paths of inquiry and discovery." To achieve accuracy in her work, Thon researches topics endlessly. She says, "I want to be able to say, 'I know this; I've felt this; I've been here; I've experienced

this; these are my honeybees, and I love them."

Both *Silence & Song* and *The Voice of the River* were published by *Fiction Collective Two*, an experimental, author-run small press with ties to fellow Utah-based writers **Lance Olsen, Michael Mejia and Lynn Kilpatrick**. "I find it incredibly liberating not to have any final notions about rules or barriers," Thon says. "It's made me much more experimental in my work, much less invested in any particular readership. ... This freedom is thrilling. If you're not taking risks, there's no reason to write anything."

Such freedom, as well as feedback from a community of like-minded artists, is refreshing in a culture that's often weighed down by convention. For Thon, there is no writing without feedback. "I can sit around and be contemplative and thoughtful," she says. "I can be one of those hermits in the desert—and that has its great appeal to me—but there's a way in which the mind and the spirit spark in the classroom. What one discovers as a community far surpasses, for me at least, what I can ever hope to perceive and imagine on my own."

Discover the work of Melanie Rae Thon at fc2.org/authors/thon/thon.html. Her upcoming chapbook, *The 7th Man*, can be purchased at New Michigan Press, the-diagram.com/nmp.

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Photo : Russel Daniels

(L-R) Stephen Kesler of Tusk Sculpture and his brother Dan Kesler work together to get this mama humpback whale ready for display.

A

WELCOME

CHALLENGE : THE SCULPTURE OF STEPHEN KESLER

By Megan Kennedy
iamnightsky@gmail.com

Artist Stephen Kesler has built a name and reputation for himself as a talented sculptor of life-size, emotive wildlife portraits. If you have visited *Hogle Zoo* or the *Loveland Living Planet Aquarium* recently, then you have run across his beautiful sculptures of giraffes and whale sharks, respectively. What is somehow even more impressive than the scale, detail and emotion built into these gorgeous artworks is the fact that Kesler has only been sculpting for a mere five years.

Kesler's exposure to art began at a young age, creating for most of his life in the areas of music and graphic design, thanks to family members like artist **Florence Truelson**. Up until August 2014, he worked full-time as a graphic designer, creating work for corporate clients—including the famous logo for Wasatch Beers—which paid the bills and satisfied some of his artistic drive. In 2009, Kesler decided to try his hand at sculpture—his vision was inspired by hyperrealist sculptor **Ron Muecks'** enormous, expressive sculptures of people, bodies and faces. The passionate connection to the medium was instantaneous. "I fell into design in my early 20s—it was something to make money at [while] doing art, I guess, and it scratched the creative itch," he says, "but sculpture was something almost immediate when I started. I never stopped. I've sculpted every day since I started." Kesler has recently been able to cut the day job out of the equation and dedicate his life to sculpting full time in his own Salt Lake studio, *Tusk Sculpture*. His works are unmoled "one-offs," meaning that each one is a unique creation.

Kesler acknowledges that his rise to success in such a short time was unexpected—and quite an emotional

rollercoaster for him as an artist. But the satisfaction he gets as an artist from working with his hands and building something in a 3-D space has been an incredible boon to his life, "more so than any other medium I've tried," he says. "I can't paint for shit. I drew a lot through high school, but I always had trouble with depth and shadow. With sculpture, I don't have that. Shadows are created by the natural light, so it feels like I can see a lot easier [when] sculpting than I can in any other form. I guess it came naturally." Instead of working on a traditional canvas to create atmosphere, Kesler uses the details on his sculptures as well as their placement onsite to connect emotionally with the viewer. His sculptures have mostly been either wildlife or human portraits, some of which have been commissioned by collectors. As a conservationist, Kesler brings his deep love of animals and their primal beauty to his work, and just a glance at his gallery shows why big players like *Hogle Zoo* have connected with him to create pieces that enhance the atmosphere and experience for thousands of annual visitors.

After almost two decades of working in the 2-D world, Kesler is glad to transition to creative work that gets him away from a computer and allows him to work with his hands. Even though some projects require an insane amount of logistics and creativity—such as his current in-progress work for the *Aquarium*—Kesler doesn't view them as negatives. Having an enormous amount of space to work with has, instead, left him feeling much less constricted as an artist. "A lot of it just makes sense to me—fabricating and planning all this

large-scale stuff never seems like an impossibility," he says. "It seems like a welcome challenge, where everything else seems like a task."

Currently, *Tusk Sculpture* is winding up the finer details on Kesler's most massive sculpture to date: mother and calf humpback whales, both built to scale and clocking in at 50 feet long and 20 feet long, respectively. Like his other installations, the whales were painstakingly carved from polystyrene foam and supported by an internal, custom-engineered steel support frame. As of writing, Kesler and his crew are detailing the surface and paint job of both mother and baby and adding hyperrealistic details such as barnacles, also made in-shop. To solve the problem of fitting a literally whale-sized sculpture through the tiny double-doors of the *Aquarium*, Kesler built the sculptures to be disassembled into several sections, allowing his team to move them in, reassemble them and apply the finishing touches from inside the aquarium space. Once the whales are safe and sound in their new home, Kesler has two more works to finish for them, including a gorgeous giant squid and a sperm whale.

The mother and baby humpback whale sculptures are scheduled to be revealed later this year at the *Loveland Living Planet Aquarium*. Follow *Tusk Sculpture* on Instagram (@stephenkesler_tusk) to get peeks of the whales and other in-progress projects, or order your own sculpture work at *tusklife.com*.



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Brian Bress, *Imposter (The Head)*, 2009, collage on poster print, framed, 24.25 x 19.25 inches, courtesy of Cherry and Martin, Los Angeles, photo by Robert Wedemeyer, © Brian Bress.

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Accustomed to Custom Salt City Builds

By Tyson Call
@clancycoop

Brothers **Seth** and **Jason “Rev” Clark** love motorcycles. If it has two wheels and a motor, they’ll take it for a spin around the block and see what it has to offer. It is this passion for motorcycles that led them to open up their own custom motorcycle shop, *Salt City Builds*—where they welcome riders of all kinds.

“I want to talk to everybody about their bike no matter what it is,” says Seth, “because there is a reason they ride it, you know? When people come up to me and are like, ‘Is this cool?’ I’m just like, ‘Fuck yeah, it’s cool. That thing looks like fun.’”

The two started seriously wrenching on motorcycles in 2010. After customizing bikes of their own, they found that their friends would bring their bikes over to their house and ask for help working on them. They worked out of a tiny garage on the property—bikes quickly accumulated outside awaiting work. The garage was not part of their rental agreement, but they offered to clean it out in exchange for its use. “We just threw everything away,” says Rev. There was only room to work on one bike at a time, and they didn’t intend on starting a business at first. “We didn’t realize that was what we were doing,” says Seth. “There was a snowball effect—we couldn’t stop it.

Rev says, “There wasn’t really a big decision like, ‘Hey, let’s start building custom motorcycles.’ It just kinda happened.” In 2013, they faced eviction after years of building bikes in the tiny garage and annoying neighbors with the pops and revs from exhaust pipes at 3 a.m. The brothers decided to rent a shop and make it official. “I went back and counted, and there were 35 bikes there,” says Rev. “That was all the way out to the street—all the way out to the driveway—and then even spilled into the backyard where we had all the dirt bikes.”

Their current location is in an inconspicuous business park at 2212 West Temple #17. A diminutive garage door opens up to reveal a large room filled with bikes from Harleys to Hondas, like a United Nations meeting on two wheels. A large American flag hangs on the wall above shelves of engines and handlebars. A

bike sits lifted up, disemboweled with its wiring and frame showing—a halfway-finished job for a customer. Rev and Seth are professional but relaxed. Talking about potential jobs with them seems more like talking to a friend than walking into a business, though they take their work seriously. “Keeping customers happy is paramount, and doing it right the first time,” says Rev. They do a wide variety of work, and if they can’t do it, they probably know someone who can. They recently completed a Honda XR650 dirt bike project with a chrome tank that looks more like a street bike but still has off-road capability. Another one of their builds can often be seen in the front window of local clothing store *The Stockist*.

They admit that owning their own motorcycle shop hasn’t always been the plan. “Before we started this, I was a hematologist at the Red Cross,” says Rev. “I’m two classes away from a degree in biology at the U.” Before opening *Salt City Builds*, Seth spent his time working on cars, improving them and then flipping them for a little cash. This was how he got the money for his first bike. “I saw this CB750 on KSL—it didn’t run—and went out and bought it,” says Seth. “After a week of working on that, I decided I didn’t want to work on cars anymore.”

They try to balance running a business while remaining friends with many of their customers, offering free advice or occasional help on little things. “It is nice because we have a lot of really good friends that understand that this is our way of life,” says Seth. Rev clarifies that it’s “not just people who don’t have a problem paying a homie to work on his bike, but also people who are more than willing at any time to help us out,” he says. The Clarks admit that they are newer to the scene than many other shops, including **Dirty Rat Moto Cyco**, **Pangea Speed**, **Lekka Cycles** and **SFK**—all of which they say they look up to in various ways. “When I first got my bike, I saw **Trent Sanders’** [*Lekka Cycles*] CB750 that he had built, and I thought that was the coolest bike I had ever seen,” says Seth. “I still think it is fucking sweet.”

In conjunction with local women riders group *The Litas*, they have hosted many weekend rides called *Sunday Mass*, wherein riders gather at the shop and

then ride together to a predetermined location. Over the past year and a half, more and more riders, both men and women, have shown up to the group rides held at the shop, some riding Harleys and others European and Japanese bikes. The rides are not limited to any type of motorcycle, and the Clark brothers encourage anyone to attend who wants to have a good time and make new friends. “We want more than one type of bike there,” says Rev.

Salt City Builds also co-organized two major events in the past year with the help of local rider **Juan Coles**. The first was a rally near the Colorado River in Moab, replete with giant bonfires, BBQ and giveaways from national motorcycle sponsors. *Motos in Moab*, as they called it, attracted not only Utahns but also many from other states, which further established *SCB* as more than a local name and helped further spotlight Utah on the national scene for its vibrant community of passionate riders. The second was a motorcycle/art show called *Salty Bike Revival*, which featured painted tanks and helmets from local artists, photographic prints and live music as well as a bevy of customized bikes of all kinds—over 6,000 people attended.

Looking back, they say that this next-level enthusiasm really kicked off when they hosted the *SCB Custom Bike Show and Swap Meet* at *Miller Motorsports Park* on Aug. 31, 2014. “That was when we had a really good indication of how many people were actually listening to what we were saying,” says Rev, “as well as how many people really didn’t give a shit what kind of bike we were riding. A sport bike won that show. We would have had a riot if it was a chopper show, but it wasn’t a chopper show: It was a motorcycle show.”

The Clark brothers seem to possess an abundance mentality—the idea that there is enough room for everyone. After group rides, Rev and Seth can be seen behind the grill they keep at their shop, cooking up hot dogs and burgers for anyone who bothers showing up, even if their face is unfamiliar. They never ask for others to pitch in, except in slipping \$20 in the hand of a friend and asking them to run out for more food. “When it really comes down to it, we are constantly broke because we are

putting everything into the business—and all of our time,” says Rev. “I work 12-hour days on average, especially in the first year. We didn’t even realize it because we are working for ourselves.” When people begin leaving any event or ride, it is uncommon for them to get away without a bear hug from Rev, even if they haven’t known him for very

long. This is a far cry from the image many people have of motorcyclists.

They hope that they can support the trend of people in Salt Lake City getting excited about riding motorcycles together—instead of gathering in tribes defined by riding bobbers or café racers, European bikes or Ameri-

can. “The response from the community is probably the best in the world right now,” says Rev, “as far as people in the motorcycle scene and people who are excited about what is happening in Salt Lake City. So if we could be on the cutting edge—that is where we are going. We are going to keep going where we’re going.”



Photo: Chad Kirkland

(L-R) Brothers Seth Clark and Jason “Rev” Clark man the Salt Lake City custom motorcycle shop *Salt City Builds*.



SLUG

By Weston Colton
WestonColton.com

Excuse me while I wax nostalgic (again). Jeremy Jones and the **Dirty Hessian** videos were my first exposure to Salt Lake City skateboarding back in the mid-'90s. He was skating fast and jumping down big stairs. The olie over the double

set rail ... huge. I don't remember if he even landed it, but it didn't matter—either way, he committed. Sixteen-year-old me was tripping a little to go out shooting with Jeremy. He's still shredding and determined as ever to get his trick.

Jeremy Jones – frontside noseslide – Draper, Utah



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How I Broke into the Wild World of Mormon Fashion

By Mike Brown • mgb90210@gmail.com

My friend **Laura Kiechle** always seems to be happy about her job. Me, on the other hand, I almost always hate my jobs. I think it's natural to always hate your job because if you don't, how do you enjoy your time off? People who love their jobs must hate their days off. I, on the other hand, get to bask in the glow of my Xbox while lying in my underwear with a bottle in my mouth, whimsically procrastinating my next obligation.

Anyway, Laura is a wardrobe stylist. Basically, her job consists of grabbing a bunch of clothes from places, making an intern hang them up on racks, and then throwing the clothes on some models to her liking while someone with a camera takes pictures of the babes, thus creating fashion. Oh, the intern is also responsible for the beer and coffee runs, the most important of responsibilities.

Basically, Laura gets to play Barbie with real life mega-dolls. Growing up with four sisters has made me familiar with how much fun this could be, so I asked her if I could tag along. She one-upped me and said that she would make me the fashion director for the day and make all my wardrobe stylist dreams come true.

Seeing how I don't know shit about fashion, I needed a lot of hand-holding for this process. I dress myself in the dark and just end up wearing the first garments that my lazy arms can reach, which is usually vintage Utah Jazz t-shirts, a pair of dirty shorts and a fanny pack. I've been styling myself this way for the last half of my life.

The first thing I had to do was pick a theme for the shoot. Laura said it could be whatever I wanted. This part was easy. Just imagine, I could make some smoking hot models wear whatever I wanted them to wear and how I wanted them to wear it. I knew instantly what it would be: Mormon dresses.

I'm not ashamed to admit my Mormon-dress fetish. Growing up in the LDS faith and getting boners in church is responsible for this. Nothing turns me on faster than seeing a pale-skinned girl in a long flowery dress with a shitty French braid or plain ponytail sitting cross-legged on a pew. Let's just say, if I'm walking through Temple Square, I have to bring an extra pair of pants with me.

Prior to the shoot, Laura made me make a mood board. I had no fucking idea what this was. Basically, she gave me a bunch of copies of Vogue and other silly fashion magazines and made me cut out the dresses, faces and poses that I liked. I've never been good at setting the mood with women, so this part intimidated me a bit. But from years of making zines, I am pretty good at cutting and pasting. So my mood board turned out all right.

Studio Elevn was kind enough to provide us their space for the shoot on a calm Sunday evening. Laura picked up plenty of Mormon-ish dresses and jewelry from *Apartment 202*, *Koo De Ker*, *White Elephant Exchange Boutique*, *Uptown Cheapskate* and *Maeberry Vintage*. I brought some Diet Cokes to fulfill our needs for Mormon props.

When I got there, **Megan Gorley** was doing the hair and makeup on the models, and Laura picked out a perfect pair of professional mega-babes to model for the poses. It turns out that the longest part of the job was having to wait for the hair and makeup to get done. I eased this stressful part of my job for the day as the fashion director by directing everyone to drink beer with me. I'm a good manager. Then the fun stuff happened. Laura just told me to go to the racks,



Photo: jessicabundyphotography.com

(L-R) Marikh and Dani sport high Mormon fashion with their heavenly fashion director, Mike Brown (center).

grab whatever I liked and the models would wear them. Then you tell them how to pose, what faces to make and whatever else you need to capture the essence of the shoot. The funny thing about this was that I was the only person in the room with a Mormon background. So none of them knew the significance of Diet Coke or my asking the models to give the fakest smiles they could.

If you're Mormon, you know the fake-female-Mormon smile. It comes with a scowled forehead and is like an upside-down smile, where it almost looks like they are crying. I made the models make that face for pretty much the entire shoot. And boy, did **Dani** and **Marikh** nail it. We did four shoots in different outfits. On the

second shoot, I made one of the models wear one of the long, flowery dresses backward, because I thought the long zipper in the back would look hot in the front. Boy, was I right. Laura initially protested the maneuver, and I had to quickly remind her that I, Mike Brown, was the fashion director.

I also had them wear fishnets underneath their flowery dresses and blouses because, well, I like fishnets, too. There was plenty of silliness and confusion, but I really think I fulfilled my creative vision of making Mormon fashion super-duper sexy. I'm not quitting my job anytime soon, but Laura said I did great, so if anyone needs any fashion direction, I'm your man.

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David Pendleton – Turndown Gap to Flat – Sandy, Utah

David Pendleton recently moved back to Utah after a stint in Huntington Beach, California. While out in California, Dave managed to take a trip to China with the dudes in the **Common Crew**, scored an interview for *RideBMX.com*, and handled filming and editing duties for some well-known names in BMX. Since being back in Utah, I've only ridden with him a handful of times, but he's already become one of my favorite dudes to work with both on his bike and behind his camera. He came back to Utah and immediately shut down his old elementary school in this shot. Keep an eye out for Dave to blow up in the very near future.



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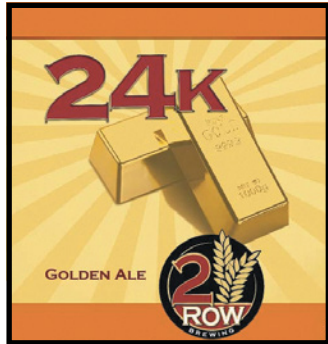
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BEER REVIEWS

By Mike Riedel
alegeek@gmail.com

Let's face it. You can't help but get caught up in all the great autumn beers that are out right now. There's a sh'load of them out there, but sadly, most of these Oktoberfest beers, pumpkin ales and spiced bombs have been floating around our stores and bars since late August. It's time for a minor reset on the palate to let our tongues readjust and remember the more refreshing side of beers before we get into the holiday madness—with all of those crazy, malty, boozy and cheer-driven winter solstice offerings. These beers will remind you of what it's like to be a normal, beer-drinking human.

24K Golden Ale
Brewery/Brand: 2 Row Brewing
ABV: 5.7%
Serving Style: 12-oz. bottle



Description: This pours a goldenrod color with a good two fingers of foamy and pillowy, white head. The nose is quite fresh. There's a fair amount of lively citrus-peel hops and a hint of sweet malt drifting in the background, and the taste duplicates the smell. It starts off with fresh tangerine rind bitterness—there's a hint of lemon as well. Subtle caramel sweetness comes next, providing a nice, neutral bed for the hops to build upon. It's nicely sweet and hoppy at the same time. The end has a bit of floral bitterness that rounds it all out. The finish is creamy and crisply bitter.

Overview: There's a high drinkability factor with this ale due to its lighter alcohol and its well-proportioned use of malt and hops. It's a great beer for the hop heads but approachable enough for the craft beer rookie.

Grapefruit Sculpin
Brewery/Brand: Ballast Point
ABV: 7.0%
Serving Style: 12-oz. bottle, 12-oz. can, draft

Description: This IPA pours a nice, nearly clear, golden-orange color with two healthy fingers of off-white head that lingers nearly to the last drop. The nose is fruit-forward with a big dose of grapefruit and some vague tropical fruits. Though the aroma is certainly juicy and hoppy, there are some noticeable caramel and toffee malts lurking underneath. The taste is also quite juicy. It starts with a ton of citrusy hops that come through with a moderate bitterness and a lower amount of dankness and earthiness. Next come the malts—they are mild and a bit toasty with pleasant caramel balancing things out. The finish is long, bitter and fruity, suggesting notes of pine and spruce as it tried to dry out.

Overview: This version of Sculpin IPA has grapefruit added; the grapefruit flavor enhances the citrus profile of the hops. It showcases bright flavors and aromas of apricot, peach, mango and lemon. It is refreshing and radler-like in its fruitiness. It's bloody brilliant!

Ready Set Gose
Brewery/Brand: Uinta Brewing Co.

ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: Draft
Description: Ready Set Gose pours a hazy straw color with a moderate-to-thin fizzy pillow of foam on top. The nose is mostly of lemon—there is a bit of raw bread dough lingering in the back that's quite inviting as well. The taste starts with some crusty cereal grain and fresh wheat bread. There's a minor sodium bite that comes in next, turning the cereal and doughy notes into table crackers. The end has a light and subtle, lemony tartness that balances out the saline and graininess from the top of the palate. The finish is dry and quenching, a nicely balanced ale.

Overview: In my opinion, if you're going to make a sour ale, make the son of a bitch sour! While this Gose has great balance, it's the overbalance of tartness that people crave—just like people who love IPAs crave the overbalance of hops. If you're not big on sours, this may do the trick for you, but for this inaugural batch: Please, give me more sour!

PRODUCT REVIEWS

Aroma Soul and Co.
Base. Camp. Beard. Oil.
facebook.com/aromasoulco



While, much of the time, beard-care products are fairly similar in composition and nature, Base. Camp. Beard. Oil. made its impression right away. Between the rustic, woody fragrance of Frankincense and Cypress essential oils and the full-bodied aroma of Lavender and Melissa, the Bearded Veteran Formula completely took me in at first sniff. Many of the other oils I've used in the past have a subtle, subdued scent, but this oil suffuses the air around me with its bold-yet-soothing bouquet. The oil conditions more than it straightens, giving my bearded tangle a nice, refreshing thickness that's unique to this brand. Orem-based **Karey Shane** cites her struggle with PTSD as the motivation behind this beard oil, and while the lovely, relaxing scent might not be a cure-all, it's clear that a lot of love and effort has gone into making this some of the best beard oil out there. —Henry Glasheen

Goat Story
Coffee Mug
goat-story.com

Perhaps the perfect coffee accessory for the trend-setting, upwardly-mobile, modern-day viking, Goat Story's mead horn-shaped mug brings style with its functional design. Sure, it's not made out of an actual goat horn or anything, but there's still something oddly satisfying about drinking your morning



cup of coffee out of this splendid piece of plasticware. It even comes with a leather strap that clips onto two conveniently placed loops on the side of the cup, allowing you to go hands-free with your mug while you're on the go—no cup-holder required. The cap is water-tight, enduring everything from a smooth drive to work to a bumpy bus commute without spilling, and the pleather thermal sleeve even slides off to serve as a tabletop stand for your noble drink vessel. Whether you're a professional Dungeon Master or a time-traveling Norseman looking for a little taste of home, this horn was made for you. —Henry Glasheen

Natural Cause Productions
Natural Cause Skateboard
ncpslc.com

The first thing I noticed about this board was its good shape, something that I didn't expect from a local company. Most likely, Natural Cause borrowed their board shapes from a time-tested

company, though which one, exactly, I couldn't say—I have been out of the habit of battering decks and, therefore, buying a lot of graphic decks. There are two board-shape options: steep and mellow. These are kind of relative terms, but either way, the shape worked—the nose wasn't too steep or mellow for my tastes. What I did find lacking in browsing the rest of their skate inventory, though, was a variety of graphics (I could only find one!). Skate-deck art is as integral to the experience of a graphic deck as the pro who lends his name to it. There are plenty of local artists who would love patronage. Get cooler graphics! —Jordan Deveraux

Salt City Soap Co.
Drioma Bar
facebook.com/SaltCitySoapCo

In a world under the threat of Lush bath bombs and endless DoTerra conventions, local soapmakers Salt City Soap Co. carve a clear path through the health market. Highlighting simple yet effective natural products, and Red Rock Brewery beer, Salt City Soap Co.'s soap bars are just what your shower routine needs. Their Drioma Bar, made with Red Rock's Russian Imperial Stout, coconut oil, palm oil, olive oil, shea butter, salt and coffee grounds, doubles not only as a cleansing soap, but as an exfoliator, too—the salt and coffee grounds make the bar feel like a loofah. The grounds are pretty evenly distributed in each bar, which makes any mundane bath experience feel like a spa session. If you're looking for a detoxifying experience, try a marble-looking slab of Salt City Soap Co.'s activated bamboo charcoal bar. Grab a bar at the *Urban Flea Market* on Oct. 11. —Simone de Bourgeois

Sugarfuzz Intimates
Lingerie Bag
sugarfuzz.com

This bag is so pretty that my inner princess is screaming. Simple in design, these satin lingerie bags from Sugarfuzz, a local Salt Lake City company, are meant to keep your



personal unmentionables discrete. The bag comes with a matching laundry bag for safely cleaning your frilly things, and that'll help you keep yesterday's bra you went clubbing in away from tomorrow's date-night-silky lingerie set when you are traveling. These bags are a pretty decent size for an overnight bag or a week's worth of items to take on a vacation at 10.5 inches wide by 17.5 inches long. There's plenty of space inside to carry around anything that your heart so desires—your lingerie, a mix tape for your sweetie, sexy adult toys, your little black book—go wild. You can choose from five colors: Ivory, Black, Lavender, Pink and Powder Blue. Each bag has the same embellishments and high-quality stitching you can expect from luxury handmade items. Forget the gift wrapping all together—the Ivory bag is perfect for gifting any type of pre-wedding surprise, and the best part is that whatever is hiding in it can be hidden all the way up until the wedding night. The bags can be purchased for \$42 on Etsy at etsy.com/shop/SugarfuzzIntimates, and on their website at sugarfuzz.com. —Rachel Jensen

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GALLERY STROLL



Ghouls and Gore Galore

By Mariah Mellus
mmellus@utahfilmcenter.org

October is one of my favorite months—the change in season brings cool temperatures, autumn colors and the most imaginative holiday North America celebrates: Halloween! It's a holiday that embraces the human psyche, with all its hopes, fears, fantasies and cravings, and it's a natural muse for artists—hence why October's *Gallery Stroll* is not to miss.

Exploiting your feelings of fear, shock and disgust, the *Salty Horror International Film Festival* has partnered with the *Urban Arts Gallery* to showcase this year's selection of gruesome, ghoulish and horrific international films. Films will screen one night only on Oct. 7 in the gallery space at 137 S. Rio Grande in the Gateway shopping district. A visual art show will accompany the film festival and remain up for the duration of the month. Artists include **Mario DeAngelis**, **Vanessa Colunga**, **Mary Ann Hess** and **Armando Mata**. This is the first time the festival has expanded into an art exhibit. "I've always wanted to have art and film together," Curator and Festival Programmer DeAngelis says. "This became a reality this year with the help of the *Urban Arts Gallery*." The *Urban Arts Gallery* is a project of the *Utah Arts Alliance*, a nonprofit organization that strives to promote and empower Utah artists through various exhibits, venue rentals and the annual *Urban Arts Festival*. "The Arts

Alliance and the *Urban Arts Gallery* are always looking for ways to partner with community members," says Executive Director **Derek Dyer**. "This year, we wanted to bring in local guest curators such as the *Salty Horror Film Festival* and allow them to re-envision this space. We love all art mediums and are happy to continue the tradition of being a place for all art forms to come together."

I'm more of a whimsical kind of girl—I can handle all the spooky, but I prefer the fantasy, like dreaming I own a house big enough for all the amazing furniture inside *Mod a-go-go*, located at 242 E. South Temple. This store is playland—now if they only accepted play money. A girl can dream, and a girl, boy or ghoul can show up and enjoy all the eye candy that this store and its 40 participating artists can throw in your direction. This mid-century modern/vintage showroom maintains a steady stream of talented artists gracing their walls, but once a year, they bust right out of the box and expand their show to the neighboring parking lot. Themes for the Oct. 16 show range from fan art to the utterly gruesome. Artists include **Bill Galvin**, **Tim Odland**, **Kyle Odland**, **Dania Darling**, **Gabriel Garcia** and many more. "This is our most popular show of the year," owner **Eric Morley** says. "We love for our guests to dress up in their Halloween costumes or their cosplay best and come enjoy the fun."

Halloween is only one night, but you can enjoy art all month long. Don't let October fly by without going out for a stroll.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Dylan Goes Electric! **Elijah Wald** **Dey Street Books** **Street: 07.14**

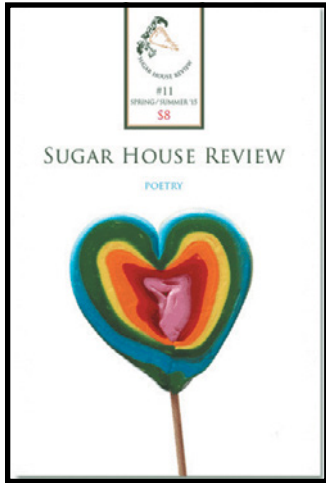
Although *Dylan Goes Electric!* purports, via the title and cover image, to be about **Bob Dylan**, it also summarizes the entire 1960s folk revival. Within its pages, some will find too much on the latter and too little on the former. It isn't a spoiler to recount history—Bob Dylan takes the figurative protest-singer crown that was unwittingly placed upon his head of curly hair and smashes it to pieces with a stratocaster at the Newport Folk Festival, playing a blaring, electrified version of “Maggie’s Farm.” Many of the innocent and pure turtle-neck-wearing folk revivalists covered their ears, but just as many stomped their feet, creating the rift that still continues today between Dylan-lovers and *acoustic* Dylan-lovers. Perhaps the book has a little too much “who played what and when,” though anyone looking to have a panoramic view of the folk, blues and R&B scene of the early 1960s will probably appreciate the author’s comprehensive cataloging of all the acts who were involved. Still, it almost seems as though it should be titled *The Rise and Fall of the Folk Revival* instead of using Dylan as a flagship. I wouldn’t quite say the title is a red herring, though something definitely smells a little fishy. —@clancycoop

Saltfront Vol. 3 **Various Authors** **Self-Released** **Street: 02.24**

The third edition of *Saltfront* continues to inspire with its assortment of environmentally charged works of poetry, photographs, essays and short stories. For this particular issue, the writers and editors center their works around the idea of “the human undone,” which explores spiritual and physical decay as a means of confronting nature. Thus, each piece expresses a unique struggle between humanity and the natural world. To pick just one consistent idea, quite a few of these struggles are found in our language. In no particular order, **Charlie Malone** writes, “The world shrinks to the size of my vocabulary”; **Corinne Lee Greiner** proposes the lyriletter out of the beautiful quality of polysynthetic language; **Natalie Young** flirts with the taxonomy of weeds; **Scott Abbott** talks circles in a desert bar, and pretty soon, I’m almost begging for the word-less existences of the purely physical. Luckily, however, the book is incessantly

reeling me back in with its many strong, cynicism-free voices. The people at *Saltfront* are keeping up to their task, and if you happen to pass this collection in your travels, make sure to leave a little bit of room on your shelf. —Nic Smith

Sugar House Review **#11** **Various Authors** **Self-Released** **Street: 07.20**



Sugar House Review's Spring/Summer 2015 installment is a literary pleasure from beginning to end. Featuring the work of some 40-plus authors (local and otherwise), each with a unique voice and style of their own, one would be hard-pressed to find such a diverse and thought-provoking collection anywhere else—especially for the modest price of \$8. The poems often run the expected topic-gambit of nature, death, sex and love, but with such skill and creativity that one hardly notices a topic-cliché when it occurs. Not limited to featuring poetry, #11 also features a number of poetry book reviews (a nice addition in and of itself), where collections are pre-examined for the wondering reader before they drop heavier wads of cash. Though each poem carries its weight, some of my favorites were “Hedging” by **C.F. Sibley**, “Miscarriage Interpreted through Animal Science” by **Jennifer Givan**, and “Limitless Birds” by **Jim Davis**. *Sugar House Review* #11 is a more enthralling and pleasurable read than a collection from a single author, for, by its very nature, it asks us to come and go as we please, to take our time with each author and poem, to find what we love and to forgive the rest. —Z. Smith

GAME REVIEWS

ACT OF AGGRESSION



Act of Aggression **Eugen Systems/Focus Home** **Interactive** **Reviewed on: PC (exclusive)** **Street: 09.02**

Back in the heyday of 1990s PC gaming, the real time strategy (RTS) genre was absolutely everywhere. The rise of console gaming took a bite out of the genre’s popularity, however—mainly because playing an RTS on a console is like eating spaghetti with no lower jaw. While the lack of RTS representation has left a gap in my gaming identity, it’s one that has been lovingly addressed by *Act of Aggression*. Harkening back to games like *Command and Conquer*, *Act of Aggression* takes place in the dystopian future where three powerful factions wage war all over the world. Each faction has a well-developed skillset that caters to different play styles, which is a must for hardcore strategy fans. Combat scenarios evoke the same military realism as the *Call of Duty* games, and the battles are gloriously explosive. Multiplayer is a large component of the game, and it comes equipped with plenty of maps along with a dedicated server to boot. Those who harbor a bit of nostalgia for pre-millennial strategy titles will definitely want to check this beast out. —Alex Springer

Disgaea 5: Alliance of Vengeance **Nippon Ichi Software/NIS America** **Reviewed on: PS4 (exclusive)** **Street: 10.06**

Preserving an unbroken lineage of deep, virtually limitless gameplay, *Disgaea 5* is every bit an SRPG-lover’s playground as its predecessors. If you’re not familiar with the series, just imagine a game where you can level up your whole team to level 9999 then reincarnate them back at Level 1 so that you can build them back up again—stronger, faster and more ridiculously overpowered than ever before. This is a game that caters just as easily to the casual fan of RPGs and the hardest of the hardcore strategy nerds, and that’s no easy feat. *Disgaea 5* brings together a dizzying array of options and features found elsewhere in the series, but never really forces the player to sit and tinker with the ones they’re not already interested in. In addition, the awesome new UI displays a bunch of critical infor-

DISGAEA 5



mation in each battle that was previously a little torturous to track down. The story is nothing special, but still has glimmers of the self-aware zaniness that made the original *Disgaea* so memorable. *Disgaea 5* may not be a brand-new experience, but it takes all the best elements of an already sterling series and creates SRPG excellence. —Henry Glasheen

King’s Quest Chapter 1: A Knight to Remember **The Odd Gentlemen/Sierra Entertainment** **Reviewed on: Xbox One** **Also on: PS4, PS3, Xbox 360, PC** **Street: 07.28**

King’s Quest is a great example of why these smaller games deserve more exposure. A humorous, well-written, engaging title, *A Knight to Remember* (the first part of a five-part series) weightlessly transports us to the fantastical world of Davenport and introduces (or reintroduces) Graham—a totally unexpected hero. A reimaging of the classic adventure game series, you play as a very young, unknown Graham as he enters a tournament to become a knight of Davenport. The game’s aesthetic is one of its greatest strengths. The designers feared no color, and the resulting locations, images and set pieces are better for it. Beyond the aesthetic, this game flourishes in its voice performances and writing. There are few things more satisfying than being taken completely off guard by an entertaining experience that you absolutely were not expecting. Falling somewhere in between the wit and lightness of **Henson** and the artistry of **Miyazaki** lives this gem that I hope my fellow gamers do not pass over. It’s not perfect by any means, but with an innocent demeanor and a quick sense of humor, it’s easy to overlook any issue this game has. —Blake Leszczynski

Nobunaga’s Ambition: Sphere of Influence **KOEI Tecmo** **Reviewed on: PS4** **Also on: PC** **Street: 09.01**

Sphere of Influence is a top-down, turn-based simulation/strategy game, and one of the most complicated video games I have personally ever played. Its depth and complexity is completely unrivaled on current-

NOVA -111



gen console systems. It’s overwhelming and insanely long-winded, which is unattractive for most gamers but awesome for some. Your goal, as the ambitious leader of a small clan, is to unite the disparate clans of 16th-Century Japan under your rule by any means necessary. Political intrigue, economic growth and real-time combat are your tools. Each has a steep learning curve, and each is ultimately rewarding for the patient gamer. Historical fidelity is also a major characteristic of *Sol*: nomenclature, geography, historical events and cultural idiosyncrasies—everything is historically accurate and informative. Having an interest in the period, or even just a love of history in general, is likely enough to recommend *Sphere of Influence* to you. But gamer beware: *Sol* is *not* for the ADD generation. You’re going to have to read (a *lot*), and micromanage everything. Nothing happens quickly, and everything is complicated. *Sol* is a lot of entertainment for your dollar ... but don’t say I didn’t warn you. —Jesse Hawlish

Nova-111 **Funktronic Labs/Curve Studios** **Reviewed on: PS4** **Also on: PS3, PS Vita, Xbox One, Wii U, PC** **Street: 08.25**

In *Nova-111*, scientists have been developing the “Greatest Science Experiment” with the intention of unlocking “real-time” in a turn-based world. After some time, everything went horribly awry, resulting in the creation of a real-time/turn-based vortex. The 111 scientists have been scattered throughout various alien landscapes, and your job is to rescue them and survive the creatures of this new world in your space-fridge, Nova. Because of the resultant vortex, the world and its enemies are shrouded in shadows, making every movement a little nerve-wracking. With a little exploration, I was able to find hidden treasures, ship upgrades and stranded scientists. Movement in this game plays out in real-time, but my enemies and I are restricted to the standard turn-based rules, including our attacks. The gameplay is solid overall, but with so many upgrades, it became a little overwhelming. However, with so many tools at my disposal, it made finding new strategies that much more enjoyable. The small team at Funktronic Labs has clearly learned from the PixelJunk series and has built themselves a strategy game to be proud of. —Trey Sanders

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Dear Cop,

El Chapo escaping is now old news, but it still makes me wonder about how federal agencies operate in the way of nabbing international perps. I've heard of FBI agents working in bases in Germany in an effort to stop terrorist plots against the USA, but it's to my understanding that the FBI is mainly a domestic policing organization, whereas the CIA is supposed to gather information internationally. To a certain extent, it would seem that El Chapo is a type of terrorist whose doings affect American citizens to what seems to be a pretty large degree. Where are the lines drawn with regard to this situation and the different American federal policing bodies? Would it be within the power of the FBI or CIA to apprehend a key drug kingpin internationally? Or, since it's a drug-related matter, does that duty fall to the DEA, and does the DEA have any jurisdiction to operate internationally? What limits does American law enforcement face when a figure like El Chapo—whose sustained arrest would likely benefit American society—is at large in another country/moving country to country? And are you SURE that it's illegal if I do it myself? I've worked up the courage.

Dog The Bounty Hunter

Dear Dog,

The DEA and FBI have no jurisdiction overseas. However, that's never stopped them from doing what needs to be done and, at times, bringing vile pieces of shit to justice.

The FBI and DEA have legal attaché offices all over the world. Agents work terrorism, drugs, money laundering, human trafficking and a lot more, and they do so by assisting nations' law enforcement agencies. Any actual enforcement, aided by the CIA, is highly classified.

Understand that the first and sec-

ond times El Chapo was arrested was only because of the DEA. The next time he's caught—although I doubt he'll be alive—will be because of the DEA. Also, know that a 300-percent increase recently in overdose deaths in the U.S. and increasing drug violence (ask Chicago about that) is because of a terrorist group known as the Sinaloa Cartel.

Worse than El Chapo is a man named Rafael Caro Quintero. The DEA will likely get him first, as he's the bigger prize, but so far, the DEA and FBI desire to follow the rule of law in pursuing these turds. If the American public knew the magnitude of death and destruction these drug lords have wrought on our children and families, then maybe we'd actually fight a drug war.

There's a legendary quote from El Chapo when confronted with the paltry money generated from Mexican marijuana trafficking. He said, "Just like tobacco and alcohol, it's a means to an end." I don't know if it's true, but the drug trafficking organizations used marijuana as a gateway to crack in the '80s, and they're using it now as a welcome sign to harder drugs like heroin in the 21st Century (along with doctors pushing pills).

If you get El Chapo, the U.S. Government's reward is \$5 million. The Mexican government will give you another \$3.8 million. So, why wouldn't you go get him? After all, you are Dog the Bounty Hunter.

—Cop

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

SLUG'S PICKS OF THE MONTH

Angela H. Brown Editor
WINDHAND
GRIEF'S INFERNAL FLOWER

Christian Schultz Junior Editor
ROSE MCDOWALL
CUT WITH THE CAKE KNIFE

Joshua Joye Lead Designer
UNCLE ACID & THE DEADBEATS
NIGHT CREEPER

Alexander Ortega (VINYL)
TITUS ANDRONICUS
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MOVIE REVIEWS

Being Evel
Director: Daniel Junge
Gravitas Ventures
Available on:
Amazon Instant Video



As audiences watch the insane feats conducted by the most world-renowned action sports athletes on the *X Games*, many are unaware of the individual who sparked the revolution of professional stunts—**Robert Craig Knievel** (aka **Evel Knievel**). Producer **Johnny Knoxville** proclaims his fascination for the eccentric stuntman, yet divulges his lack of knowledge about his idol's origins, which cues the entrance of Knievel's closest friends and family. Director Daniel Junge helms a documentary that operates in the same entertaining fashion as previous hip Sundance films like *Dogtown and Z-Boys*, *Riding Giants* and *Bones Brigade: An Autobiography*. With archival footage and hilarious dialogue taking up the majority of the flick, Junge also unveils the darker side of America's favorite stuntman as he copes with the failure of his jump at Snake River Canyon, altercations with the **Hells Angels**, and his imprisonment for assaulting **Shelly Saltman**, author of *Evel Knievel on Tour*. From purchasing helicopters, yachts and mansions to objectifying women, drinking excessively and insulting the press, Junge spotlights the trials and tribulations of an individual caught up in the mayhem that outrageous success can have on an egotistic individual. —Jimmy Martin

48 SaltLakeUnderGround

Cooties
Directors:
Jonathan Milott,
Cary Murnion
Lionsgate Premiere
In Theaters: 09.18

With a fantastic intro reminiscent and eerily similar to the first season of *American Horror Story*, my initial hopes for this zombie black comedy starring **Elijah Wood** were high. After a child ingests a rotten chicken nugget in a school cafeteria in the small town of Fort Chicken, a rabid virus soon spreads through the hallways, infecting only the pre-pubescent attendees. To endure the chaos, Clint (Wood) unfortunately happens to be substituting and must survive the ravenous hellions with the regular staff, which includes his high school crush (**Alison Pill**) and her boyfriend/gym teacher (**Rainn Wilson**), among others. What starts out with promise soon spirals out of control, with major inconsistencies in tone and character development. At times, I can't tell whether directors Jonathan Milott and Cary Murnion were offering a raunchy black comedy or a serious zombie flick. Also, the random side plot with **Jorge Garcia** (Hurley from *Lost*) as a drugged-out crossing guard sitting in a van has no payoff and is completely unnecessary. While the film clocks in at 96 minutes, it feels twice as long with multiple dry spells and poorly developed one-liners. —Jimmy Martin

Maze Runner: The Scorch Trials
Director: Wes Ball
20th Century Fox
In Theaters: 09.18

With just about every young adult novel series being adapted for the silver screen, it's easy to blend them all together into one big, post-apocalyptic, will they/won't they hook-up, let's take down the man adventure. The first *Maze Runner* film actually garnered my attention with some interesting set pieces, alluring mysteries and some originality. I wish I could say the same for the second venture. The film begins exactly where the last one end-

ed, and Thomas (**Dylan O'Brien**) and friends find themselves in an eerie lockdown fortress where something is amiss. Once it's decided that it's time to escape and dash off into "The Scorch," a deserted wasteland, in order to find a resistance army, the audience is given a reshaped zombie movie that is all too familiar. The first encounter takes place in an abandoned mall for crying out loud. Anyone else see *Dawn of the Dead*? The film is easily 25 minutes too long, and I almost screamed aloud once I realized director Wes Ball was trying to recapture the Boba Fett/Han in Carbonite moment from *The Empire Strikes Back*—but it's not all misfires. The set pieces, once again, look depressingly beautiful, as toppled skyscrapers lay upon their neighboring structures, and the world we once knew is all but gone. Here's hoping the third chapter rediscovers its uniqueness and brushes the sand off its tattered celluloid. —Jimmy Martin

The Perfect Guy
Director:
David M. Rosenthal
Screen Gems
In Theaters: 09.11

As I walked out of the theater reflecting upon David M. Rosenthal's supposed thriller, I could not contemplate how this project did not premiere on the Lifetime network. As I write this review, I cannot fathom how this project took the top spot at the box office for its opening weekend. This whole Universe A and "The Berenstain Bears" vs. "The Berenstain Bears" has really screwed everything up. The story could not be simpler. Leah (**Sanaa Lathan**) dumps her boyfriend Dave (**Morris Chestnut**) and starts dating Carter (**Michael Ealy**). She soon discovers that Carter is an absolute nut job and immediately dumps him to the curb, so he decides to make her life a living hell by releasing embarrassing sex tapes, kidnapping her cat and murdering her neighbor. You could see that last one coming a mile away. That's it. Everything about this production screams amateur hour. Rather than picking out all the clichéd devices, plot points and character developments, I created a drinking game that

should increase the enjoyment factor as you suffer through this mediocre monstrosity. Take a drink every time the screen fades to black or dissolves to express that time has progressed. Take a drink every time the score does its best to blatantly force an emotion from viewers. Take a drink every time the camera lingers on Ealy's seductive sky blue eyes. Follow these rules, and you'll be dead in the first 15 minutes. —Jimmy Martin

The Visit
Director:
M. Night Shyamalan
Universal Pictures
In Theaters: 09.11

I've done the math. It's been 13 years since I've watched a movie directed by M. Night Shyamalan and thought to myself, "That was fairly decent." Since then, it's been train wreck after train wreck, and after viewing his latest endeavor, it appears that the next 13 years will be exactly the same. In the ever-so-unique style of filmmaking, Shyamalan has jumped on the found-footage horror bandwagon and delivers the tale of two siblings visiting their estranged grandparents in the form of a documentary. As each night approaches during the week-long trip, Becca (**Olivia DeJonge**) and Tyler (**Ed Oxenbould**) discover something is awry with their relatives. Shyamalan attempts to blend comedy and horror, yet accidentally incorporates depression into the mix and ultimately concocts an unbalanced creation that fails on all sides. The film is only 94 minutes long, but, aside from a few cheap scare tactics, nothing really happens for the initial 80 minutes. To make matters worse, Becca comes across as a pretentious filmmaker, as she spouts off all the film school 101 terminology she can muster. However, since Shyamalan himself wrote the dialogue, it makes the situation escalate, since he has no business trying to offer film tips to his audiences. Thirteen years, folks. Thirteen years. —Jimmy Martin

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LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

Apt
Almost
Self-Released
Street: 04.17
Apt = Schoolboy Q + Kid Cudi

Part of Provo’s own **House of Lewis**, Apt has an emotionally infused rap sound, making use of guitar and drum tracks for songs like “Two Birds” to lend *Almost* a multi-genre sound. *Almost* is an eclectic album—Apt goes from rapping about how no one respects his true passion for hip-hop to “Gilbro Bounce,” where he samples his friend saying ridiculous phrases. Throughout the album, the theme of self-criticism is prominent. Apt seems to really want to prove his status as a rapper to those who question him, and I think he gets his point across. What’s hilarious to me, though, is that in pure Provo fashion, *Almost* is also available as a clean edit, for those of you with weaker constitutions. —*Ali Shimkus*

The Artificial Flower Company
Africa
Self-Released
Street: 05.23
The Artificial Flower Company = Mac DeMarco + Beach Fossils

The Artificial Flower Company are constantly adding experimentation into the surf rock sound, and their album *Africa* shows how talented this band is. *Africa* is reminiscent of ‘60s surf rock, with its distorted guitar riffs, calming and high-pitched vocals, and hypnotic drumbeats. The track “Salt Lake City Blues” summarizes the album’s sound perfectly: It opens with the sound of seagulls flying, which is accompanied by a mellow guitar melody and relaxed vocals. It is a unique experience to hear areas of Utah being referenced over California beach rock-inspired instrumentals. The Artificial Flower Company are always innovating and adding to their sound, with each release sounding a bit different from the last, and *Africa* shows off some of this band’s best work. You can download *Africa* at artificialflowercompany.bandcamp.com. —*Connor Brady*

The Artificial Flower Company
Funk Me
Self-Released
Street: 07.05
The Artificial Flower Company = Bondage Fairies + Wavves + 90s Television

The newest release from AFC is the coolest and funkiest album of the year. Within six tracks, you’ll find an intricate sound made from children’s toys and cheap synthesizers. “Judge Judy And Executioner” sounds like it was originally written on a child’s xylophone. Its reverbed “babes” and soft hums remind me of those Sunday mornings watching cable with a bowl of Captain Crunch. “Funk Me? Funk You!” has a groovy mix between funky bass lines and forgotten ‘80s synthesizer effects. It makes me want to get out and yell, “Funk you!” at everyone. “Doin’ The Robot” is a sad song with a sort of ecstatic truth that says the ‘80s are over. Its soft, trickling sounds make me wish that people were still doin’ the robot. The album in general makes me wish my life were a little funkier and that I could play the xylophone. —*Austin Doty*

Baby Gurl
Incompoop
Self-Released
Street: TBA
Baby Gurl = Primus + Queens of the Stone Age’s Songs for the Deaf / Yaktooth

I love this album. It’s my favorite album of 2015 so far. It’s no wonder these guys have been getting deserved attention from their extensive touring the last few years—these two work hard for it. *A Name and a Blessing* was an experimental album, and its tracks had a “What if we did this?” feel to them. Two years later, the guys have found out what works for them and what doesn’t, and turned it into *Incompoop*. The forward-leaning, at-full-charge bass assault is matched with the hum-muffled fury roll of **Jordan Fairbanks**. **Chris Wadsworth**’s growls and screeches perspire between verses, with Fairbanks matching him song for song. This album flows and purrs like the best in the national scene—there is no lag nor saggy songs in

the mix. Having grown up in the UC, I’m a big fan of “Happy,” but the big takeaways from this album are the groove-saturated instrumental sections and stoner/sludge cock-twirls coming out of tracks like “Bomber Man” and “American Wet Dream.” Prepare your assholes, Utah—this album has barbs. —*Alex Cragun*

Beachmen
Everybody’s Pink Inside
Self-Released
Street: 09.12
Beachmen = Pinback + Beach Fossils + Cloud Nothings

With the second self-released album from one of Salt Lake’s most up-and-coming bands, the conversation has changed. The new album is an almost entirely new approach for the band, but still sticks to the same strengths that have established Beachmen as a rollicking good live show (evocative vocals and catchy but substantial drumming). The album is intimate, an inwardly searching trail of breadcrumbs to reach a distant, psychic shore and come back again. As a live band, the energy is up. It wouldn’t be unusual to walk into a show to find the dancefloor crowded and vibrant. It’s almost as if the private recordings of the album were torches, lighting the way to the celebrated, frequently visited destination of a live show—a show where all the members of the band give off the persona of a well-established, inventive-but-consistent local group that is meant to be noticed—and they are. —*Brian Udall*

Cig Burna
Devil’s Food
Self-Released
Street: 08.10
Cig Burna = T.I. x Devin the Dude

Cig Burna, the cynical, slim cigar-loving, West Valley-repping herbal connoisseur, sticks to the formula with beats by **BriskOner** and features by **Lefty 2 Guns** and **Concise Kilgore** for his second studio offering, *Devil’s Food*. Cig’s flow, along with his vocal talent, is at the forefront, as it was in his first album, *Paradise Lost*, cementing him as one of Utah’s premiere solo emcees. *Devil’s Food* is multifaceted—it

goes from the felonious to psychedelic to the introspective to the lighthearted. “Bigger and Better” is a lyrical tag team with the aforementioned contributors; “Still Burnin’” is a tribute to ganja; “Understand This” is an unapologetic sonic confessional; and “Devil’s Food,” the album’s namesake, features a crazy soprano siren sample and wraps the album up on just the right note. The world may or may not feel it, but if you live in the valley and “ain’t got no Cig Burna yet, baby you oughta.” R.I.P. **Yung Rip**. —*Keith McDonald*

Cult Leader
Lightless Walk
Deathwish Records
Street: 10.16
Cult Leader = Converge + Coalesce



When taking musical risks meets earnest, raw vulnerability, the result is a game-changing album like *Lightless Walk*. This album is so massive yet so succinct. The songwriting is surgical. No wasted filler, no leaned-on gimmicks—instead, it is a thoughtful hybrid of heavy music with every stitch carefully considered. With pacing between two-minute shredders and longer dirges, the album as a whole has a narrative feel that is highly satisfying on a full listen-through. Each track exhibits razor-sharp hooks, but the demonic violence of “Sympathetic” and gut-punching desolation of “How Deep It Runs” take the awards for favorite children. “Lightless Walk” and “A Good Life” display the **Nick Cave**-esque clean vocals of **Anthony Lucero**, adding a spice to both that feels like some dusty Western apocalypse. Cult Leader’s music taps into a very distinct brand of despair—something insane and rage-fueled and rooted in

a deep place. Their energy is dominating. *Lightless Walk* is a dark addiction. —*Megan Kennedy*

Danger Hailstorm
Following Wires/No Solution
Self-Release
Street: 03.20
Danger Hailstorm = Mudhoney + Fu Manchu

In the age of banjo-picking, mustachioed softies infiltrating the music scene, it’s nice to hear something different—not new, but different. Danger Hailstorm breathe life into pre-grunge metal with their most recent EP. It’s quick with only two short songs, but I had this on repeat for a few plays. With legends of the SLC scene playing in this group, it’s a reminder that we have a wonderfully varied metal scene in SLC. There are some nice hints of **Clutch** and **Hermano** on this EP, maybe even some **White Zombie**. The guitar is shredding straightforward rock, and I’m loving it. —*Alex Cragun*

Drew Ehr Gott
Departure
Self-Released
Street: 07.21
Drew Ehr Gott = Beats Antique + VCR5

Local producer Drew Ehr Gott has created an aesthetically pleasing album of calming and experimental electronic music. Piano melodies mixed with faint drumbeats make for an album that will sound good in just about any environment you play it in—except maybe a frat party. The music is entrancing, and the calming sounds are perfect for background music. The intricate and well-thought-out music on tracks like “Captive” and the dreamlike “A Moment of Clarity” prove that Drew Ehr Gott is a local talent that is not to be missed. Check out the album on his Bandcamp page at drewehrgott.bandcamp.com for a full download and stream of the album. —*Julia Sachs*

Erasole James
Tawa’s Nephew
Self-Released
Street: 08.15
Erasole James = Blu + Eddy Baker

Erasole James, aka **Harrison Montgomery** of **Dine Krew** fame, is one of the more prolific artists in the Salt Lake area, releasing *Tawa’s Nephew*, a 20-track album with well-polished beats and lyrics on pretty much every subject imaginable—from Pokémon to being a struggling musician fighting for an audience. His voice is deep with an almost morose-yet-sarcastic quality; his lyrics contain those same half-biting, half-joking elements. In “Bare Feet,”

he raps, “I got hours of music—you all tryin’ to fill a ringtone,” capitalizing on a stream-of-consciousness style of rapping that never runs dry. There is kind of a dark humor that shapes *Tawa’s Nephew*—as if James is not the kind of person who takes himself too seriously—and yet, this album is seriously satisfying. —*Ali Shimkus*

Mortigi Tempo
Dead Water EP
Self-Released
Mortigi Tempo = Albino Father + Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

The *Dead Water EP* is a two-track release that reveals a new, heavier direction from the Provo-based trio. Opening with “Wake Me,” Mortigi Tempo build off a small riff and steady rhythm toward a massive wash of guitar tones and calling harmonies. In a refreshing way, “Wake Me” feels almost spiritual in its aims—psychedelic but reaching toward enlightenment. From here, the EP turns toward “Dead Water,” which is a more conventional drone-psych track in its fuzz and head-nodding patterns. It’s probably a hell of a lot of fun to play, but the craftsmanship of the second song falls short of the first. However, if you’re keeping watch of the local psych rock scene, check out this bite-size EP. I’m hoping it’s a sign of more to come. —*Nic Smith*

The National Parks
Until I Live
Groundloop Records
Street: 08.04
The National Parks = Lord Huron + Bronze Radio Return + Of Monsters and Men

Provo is clearly having its musical heyday, and The National Parks are no exception. The band’s second album, *Until I Live*, is fun, hopeful and inspiring to epic extents. I actually feel like I’m driving through the mountains as I listen to it, which makes sense, since the band members are originally from both Colorado and Utah. The folk genre is often sad and lonely in its song repertoire, but The National Parks seem more focused on the upswing, suggesting answers instead of regurgitating problems. The vocalists complement each other incredibly well, and each song seems to build into a massive orgasm of awesomeness. I felt like I had accomplished something after listening to this album, and in the spirit of burden dispersement, I probably had. Over half this album is on consistent rotation during my morning run, and that’s about the highest praise I can offer anyone. This is a wonderful local band who won’t be “local” for too long. I suggest catching them before you’re shelling out 30 bucks to hear them from basketball seats. —*Benjamin Tilton*

New Shack
Shadow Girl
Self-Released
Street: 06.12
New Shack = Purity Ring + Bellrave + CocoRosie

It always amazes me that so much decent music comes out of Provo—yes, that was shade—but here I am listening to another great Provo band. New Shack are a duo comprising **Catherine Leavy** and **Eric Robertson**, who pair heavy, downtempo synth beats with faint, almost-a-whisper female vocals to create something reminiscent of Purity Ring, but not quite. The lyrics are catchy and the music is good with some ‘80s-pop vibes on songs like “Stereo Sedation” and “Looking Glass.” This is a band I could see playing at *Localized*, and I recommend checking them out. —*Julia Sachs*

RedWater
Day 1
Self-Released
Street: 05.05
RedWater = crystalræs + Drew Ehr Gott

Logan-based producer RedWater has a lot to offer in terms of talent. His album, however, wasn’t something that really excited me. The production quality was there, but the music left me feeling bored and unaware. That being said, experimental electronic music can be hit or miss, and this album just barely crossed the thin line that made it a miss. The piano melodies were calming in songs like “Glass Coffin,” and the beat in “Temporary Permanence” was entrancing and mysterious. Check this album out if you’re looking for some quiet background music. —*Julia Sachs*

Reverence of the Martyr
The Great Divide
Self-Released
Street: 07.30.14
Reverence of the Martyr = Septicflesh x Whitechapel

Ah, Utah blackened-ish metal-kind-of-core. If I’m going to be honest (why wouldn’t I be?), the drums are a little too low in the mix, and everything seems kind of stale as far as the overall sound goes, but the guitar work is pretty topnotch, and I know how costly a proper studio production can be. Maybe I’m just kind of burned out on this kind of style. I don’t want to discourage the band—*The Great Divide* shows promise, and as far as many local acts go, ROTM are still leagues above many of the more popular bands in the state. It’s easy to tell that the band has substance—the great riffs and talent indicate this. I wasn’t thoroughly impressed, but I wasn’t

pissed off by any means at the end of the album either. I think they just need something that sets them apart from the vast ocean of acts like this in the local scene. —*Alex Coulombe*

Talia Keys
Fool’s Gold
Self-Released
Street: 07.31
Talia Keys = Tower of Power x Jimi Hendrix / Radiohead

Not to be confused with that dreadful movie of the same name starring **Matthew McConaughey**, this new album from Talia Keys is funky, soulful and solid. Keys has put together a skillful solo album that perfectly highlights her talent and versatility. Full of poignant lyrics attacking problems I could easily relate to, ecstatic guitar solos, and appropriate backup vocals, every song had something that kept me listening. “Help Me” is a perfect opener, full of funky organ and bass and complemented by a rich instrumental jam that had me hooked right away. Paired with later tracks like “Politics,” the album has its fair share of Keys’ expressive voice. My favorite sections, however, were the passionate guitar solos that appear in almost every song. If you want to see Keys destroy this set, I’m with you, but you’ll have to wait till she finishes touring! —*Alex Blackburn*

UTA Trax / Burnin’
Self-Titled
Hel Audio
Street: 04.18
UTA Trax / Burnin’ = Gesaffelstein + Flume

For anyone looking to find some locally made electronic music that differs from the usual stream of EDM that seems to be popular around here, look no further than Hel Audio. I found out about Hel Audio earlier this year when I wrote about the label for the April cover story of *SLUG*, and I was pleased to find a more obscure and original source of electronic music that came from the area. *UTA Trax/Burnin’* is a split album from two local producers and carries some awesome techno-style beats with a bit of a glitch sound on some tracks. Though most of this split album is at a slower BPM, it resembles a sound closer to deep house and is absolutely meant to be played on large speakers. Some of the highlight tracks are “The Game,” which features classic deep house elements, “Drawn Icy” and “Night Shift.” The album is available for streaming and purchase at helaudio.bandcamp.com, and is absolutely worth checking out. —*Julia Sachs*

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MUSIC

REVIEWS

Against the Grain
Road Warriors
Self Destructo Records
Street: 07.31
Against the Grain =
Motörhead + Thin Lizzy +
Zeke + Black Sabbath



I can't stop listening to this album. Seriously, I can't stop. The boys in Against the Grain have taken the rock flag and are running full tilt with it. This is the album where nonstop touring, playing through adversity and learning to be brothers have tightened a band to the point where they can't do anything but rock our asses off. I can hear the influences—throw in **Iron Maiden**, too—but the road has hammered this band down so tight that they have found their own voice, and that voice is fucking powerful! Whenever someone tells me "rock is dead," I can throw a band like ATG at them and shut them down immediately. If you're a fan of lightning-fast riffs, wicked leads, quick-handed drum acrobatics, whiskey-soaked vocals or just general badassery, get on this album now. It's a fucking scorcher. —Jeremy Cardenas

Blue Daisy
Darker Than Blue
R&S Records
Street: 09.25
Blue Daisy = Illum Sphere +
King Midas Sound

The mind behind Blue Daisy, **Kwesi Darko**, has been cracked open, allowing us to see into the dark, emotional recesses of his psyche. Experimental electronica mixed with tempestuous hip-hop makes for an album both beautiful and terrifying. "Alone" is starkly introspective, an allusion to urban life

and feeling ostracized from intimacy while being overcrowded with humans. "Darker Than Blue" and "Let's Fly Tonight" employ jazzy, lounge-y synths and broken percussion, melancholic and forlorn. The complicated, often angered simplicity of Darko's lyricism and instrumental infusions of blues, punk and grime are somehow both intrinsically relatable and frighteningly foreign, flitting in and out of seemingly opposing genres without a hiccup. If you skip out on this record, you'll miss hearing parts of your perceptions you never knew anyone else understood. —LeAundra Jeffs

Chant
Brave New Apocalypse
WTII
Street: 07.18
Chant = iVardensphere +
Crash Worship + Die Krupps

Chant have taken their sound to the next level and have added a third member and guitars to their already outstanding sound. I can only describe it as an amazing tribal and industrial infusion. There is an unquestionably old-school industrial sound that stimulates from the **Wax Trax** that is also heard in the mix. With its aggressive hammering and what sounds like shouts from a crowd, "Adoration" pounds its way to the top of this one. It shows no remorse as it builds you up emotionally with truthful yet painful lyrics and pulverizing drums. I also loved the title and instrumental style of "Bring Me the Head of the Music Critic." This is music that has relentless drumming that pulls you into it. If you have no time to sit at a drum circle, pop this release on. This music your mind and body will feel. —Mistress Nancy

The Chewers
Dead Dads
Self-Released
Street: 06.13
The Chewers = The Fugs +
The Residents + Television

I'm going to be honest—my equation doesn't do justice to these guys. Like **Swans**, they are a force unto themselves: clipped, disjointed songs with minimalistic discordant melody and flat, sing-talk vocals. If Spock were to take acid, then write a song and

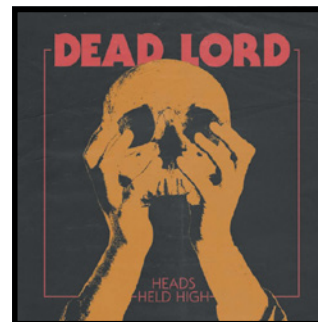
have it performed by a middle school orchestra, and give the recording to **Brian Eno** and have him remix it, you would get The Chewers. They're just all which-way wrong and delightful. It's an hour and some change long, so if you're not prepared for anti-art, No Wave-esque fanfare, then just don't bother. But if you're into this kind of smack (like me), then you're in for a treat. While these West Virginians have some rough edges, it makes me happy to know that they're out there, somewhere, doing this. —Alex Cragun

Creepoid
Cemetery Highrise Slum
Collect Records
Street: 06.23
Creepoid = My Vitriol +
Nirvana

Cemetery Highrise Slum is a swarm of bees swimming somewhere in a **Dali** painting—equal parts aggression, distortion and eccentricity. In their recent release, Creepoid follow the quiet-vs.-loud dynamic of shoegaze and grunge more so than any other rule—including the sometimes nihilistic lyrical leanings of the genres. Making heavy work of fuzz, loops, other undisclosed effects and experiments with dissonance, Creepoid tackle sounds ranging from **Smashing Pumpkins** to **Black Sabbath** without a bump in between. Where some of the songs become a bit wearying—even in their roughly three-minute span—there are songs like "Fingernails" and "Worthless and Pure" that warrant a continual revisit. I'm reluctant to say that I was blown away, for Creepoid seem to be reaching for what **Silversun Pickups** have already mastered, yet *Cemetery Highrise Slum* isn't without a certain charm—a charm that might be best appreciated on an October evening. —Z. Smith

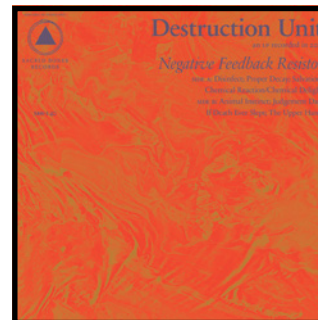
Dead Lord
Heads Held High
Century Media Records
Street: 08.21
Dead Lord = Thin Lizzy +
KISS

Dead Lord's guitars attack with ripping solos and fantastic double-guitar harmonies. The classic smooth-rock guitar tone supports the shredding wizardry, and the sound on the album is mixed



well. However, the vocals don't do the songs justice. The opening track, "Farewell," lacks a gripping chorus and is a weak album opener because it doesn't grab the listener's attention, nor does it showcase the band's skills—neither do the two immediate following tracks. The vocal melodies are uninteresting and tend to maintain similar vocal patterns throughout the album, making it difficult to walk away with a tune stuck in my head. There are parts on the album, however, when the vocalist has a similar sound to that of **Phil Lynott** of Thin Lizzy—such as in "No Regrets"—and that is quite promising. Overall, it's a modern rock album worth picking up. —Madi Smith

Destruction Unit
Negative Feedback Resistor
Sacred Bones
Street: 09.18
Destruction Unit =
Black Flag + Torche



This one is a real scorcher. Death Unit are probably a riot to see live, and I'd love to do so, but I'm pretty afraid that I'd leave short a few teeth or maybe sporting a new black eye after the whole venue turned into a mosh

pit. *Negative Feedback Resistor* opens with a bit of a slow burn over the four minutes of opening track “Disinfect.” This gradual build opens up into the full blast, *Mad Max*-paced second track, “Proper Decay,” and doesn’t really let off the gas much through the remaining six tracks. Destruction Unit mix equal parts classic ’80s and ’90s punk rock intensity with some modern hardcore heaviness, and though it isn’t necessarily anything new, it is a thrill to listen to. Who needs coffee when you can throw this on first thing in the morning? —Alex Gilvary

Enabler

Fail to Feel Safe
Century Media
Street: 07.08
Enabler = All Pigs Must Die + Young and in the Way



Fail to Feel Safe is an exercise in astrigent hate and D-beat beatdowns. A scorching grindcore album, this group never lets up on the metallic dystrophy stomping in your cavities. **Jeff Lohrber**’s strained range reminds me a lot of **Weekend Nachos**’ **John Hoffman** but with a tinge more angst to the mix. I mostly want to see this trio live, as this album provides multiple moments where hordes of fans battle for the mic (e.g. “Demolition Praise”). Based out of Ohio, these guys have a sound that balances powerviolence and grindcore, much like **Harm’s Way** has been doing for the past couple years. Buy this album, crank it up and drown out your douchey neighbor’s **The Civil Wars**. —Alex Cragun

The Flatliners

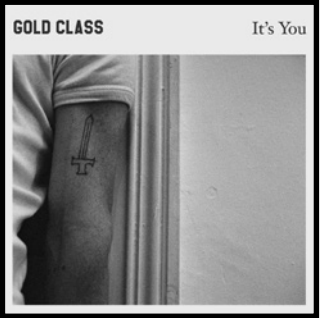
Division Of Spoils
Fat Wreck Chords
Street: 08.07
The Flatliners = Lagwagon + No Use for A Name + The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

The Flatliners have easily become one of the most notable punk bands of the 21st Century. They started off as a grimy, tooth-and-nail ska-punk band, and over the course of 13 years—with-out losing their edge—they’ve trans-

formed their sound into their own blend of harmonious punk rock. This compilation contains over 20 songs, including B-sides, rarities, unreleased demos and four brand-new tracks, which are all so amazing that it all plays like any other Flatliners album. On the surface, *Division of Spoils* looks like a compilation of lesser- or unknown tracks, but it is more than just that—listening to it is like looking at the band’s evolution in retrospect and pointing out their greatest moments that have, until now, gone unnoticed. Anyone who loves The Flatliners will thoroughly enjoy this compilation, and anyone who hasn’t heard them: This is a great place to start. —Eric U. Norris

Gold Class

It’s You
felte
Street: 09.04
Gold Class = Danzig + Fugazi



Gold Class’ *It’s You* comes in hot with powerful tunes. The singer has a voice like Danzig and is backed with a damn steady drum beat. The guitar and its strong riffs in “Life as a Gun” battle said vocals for the spotlight, and they both win—the drums a close second. Rocking tunes aside, the band really knows when to speed things up and when to slow things down, as “Shingles (Stay A While)” closes out the album softly with some light piano and words to match. Everything in between surely won’t disappoint, but don’t take my word for it—see for yourself! One more thing about the drums—you know how they say a band is only as good as its drummer? Well, such is the case with Gold Class—killer drummer, killer band. —Dylan Evans

Guides

Abstract Mind EP
Self-Released
Street: 09.25
Guides = The Cure x Modest Mouse + Minus The Bear

I’ll be completely honest: I threw this CD in the player right after **The Alan Parsons Project** and forgot I’d made the change for a couple of tracks. It’s

not because Guides don’t have their own sound—they do, and it’s great—but rather because their new EP feels nostalgic, akin to not-so-dead favorites like **Depeche Mode**. *Abstract Mind EP* is a synth-heavy revisit to the ’80s that combines strong vocal melodies with tried-and-true pads and effects. This is a solid listen that’s especially great for having on in the background. Under a microscope, though, there are sounds I’m not so fond of—sort of soupy, effect-heavy walls of noise—but the majority of what is done here is done well. Overall, the melodies are crisp, and many of the guitar licks got stuck in my head and kept bringing me back for more. —Alex Blackburn

Heat Dust

Self-Titled
Fleenser Records
Street: 09.25
Heat Dust = Holograms + A Place to Bury Strangers + Iceage

There’s a spectre coming across the Atlantic—a spectre called post-punk rock n’ roll, and Heat Dust are coming in hot on the jettisoned surf. It’s catchy, it’s grungy, and best of all, it’s barreling down the pipeline to a record store near you. Hailing from New Orleans, Heat Dust are taking what the Scandinavians were doing so well and making it their own. It’s a big day in the industry when genres are crossing international borders, and that is exactly what is happening here. The same, old heavy riffs are snarling back at Heat Dust’s nihilistic, guttural lyrics that may, at times, try to be too politically profound for their own good. But maybe not. Across the genre, the same motifs of disillusionment, angst and helplessness are popping up. It’s *CBGB*’s without a lease agreement. Maybe sticking it to the man hasn’t become too cliché after all. (Kilby, 10.18) —Brian Udall

Hibria

Self-Titled
Power Prog
Street: 08.07
Hibria = Helloween + Metal Church + Stormwarrior

I was down as shit until the brass section came in on the first song. I’m not just being a dick, either: Hibria’s first album is among the most played albums on my iTunes. But Jesus ... I actually laughed, and not with them. But by the time the inhuman solos (bass and guitar) came in on “Abyss,” the hot-rockin’ “Tightrope” plowed my ears, and “Life” made me bang my head, I almost forgot about it. The best songs, “Ghosts” and “Church,” reminded me why I liked the band in the first place. But then, out of nowhere—*Bam!*—the brass section awkwardly stumbles in

like an unwanted drunk guest, ruining the otherwise-awesome “Ashamed.” They should fire whoever thought that those would add anything other than shittiness to the album. The rest actually kicks a fair amount of ass—I’ll give them that. The skinny: It’s no *Defying the Rules*, but it’s not quite close to being atrocious enough to be lumped in with **Celtic Frost**’s *Cold Lake*. —Alex Coulombe

Kurt Vile

b’lieve i’m goin down...
Matador
Street: 09.25
Kurt Vile = Deerhunter + Tom Petty + Lotus Plaza



This album marks the sixth release from the ever-introspective country boy Kurt Vile, and, as usual, Vile demands nothing less from the listener than complete patience and attention. Well, OK, he wouldn’t say it like that, but listening to Vile always feels somewhat akin to hanging out with him on the porch as he lets his thoughts pour over the sound of him finger-picking unresolved chords. It’s intimate and thoughtful. The themes in this record stay in the expected realm of Vile’s preferred subject matter: dissociation, alienation, longing and self-efficacy as expressed through woodsy/stoner colloquial language. I’m all about it. Tracks to check out: “Pretty Pimpin,” “That’s Life, tho (almost hate to say)” and the **Tennis**-esque change-up, “Lost my Head there.” —Nic Smith

Lael Neale

I’ll Be Your Man
Liberal Arts
Street: 07.10
Lael Neale = Nico + Feist

For just under 42 minutes, Lael Neale mixes styles of folk and indie pop. The debut album, *I’ll Be Your Man*, consists of singer-songwriter Lael Neale on vocals, guitar and piano. Her voice, distant and longing, epitomizes a dreamy-sounding psych-folk vibe, but not without help in the background: **Marlon Rabenreither** (background vocals, guitar, lap steel, toy piano, harmonica, harmonium, percussion), **Carlos Laszlo** (drums, percus-

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sion), **Tommy Schobel** (drums, percussion), **Kyle Vicioso** (bass), **Brady Leffler** (organ), **Erik Arvinder** (violin) and **John Schreffler** (pedal steel). Together, these folks commit to a soft country twang; some songs sound beautifully alone and permissive, while others, like “Born in the Summer,” break it down with heavier electric guitar, irreverent and straightforward. *I’ll Be Your Man* forces one to feel something, even if it is to whisper, even if it is to scream. —Lizz Corrigan

Loma Prieta
Self Portrait
Deathwish Inc.
Street: 10.02
Loma Prieta = Full of Hell + At the Drive-In + AFI

I love this record and I’m not really sure I can do it justice in this short space, nor can I talk about it without being hyperbolic. In a genre where most bands are just trying to sound like some variety of **Converge**, Loma Prieta are doing something really cool and really unique. *Self Portrait* is at once both chaotic and beautiful, abrasive and weirdly calming. These songs are filled with intense dissonance and noise, only to be followed immediately by a catchy and hooky chorus. If you were to strip away all of the feedback and distortion from this album, I think you’d find something pure and beautiful. These guys are intensely original to my ear, and I hope this style catches on in the broader hardcore scene. This album is essential. Seriously, go buy it. —Alex Gilvarry

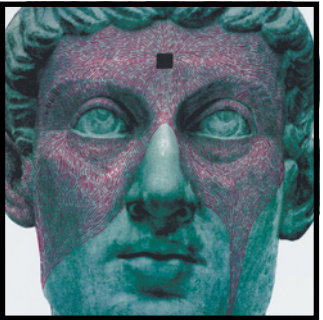
Low
Ones and Sixes
Sub Pop Records
Street: 09.11
Low = Thom Yorke + My Morning Jacket – The Decemberists

The album cover for Low’s newest record, *Ones and Sixes*, features a lone, leafless tree against a completely white background. This is a very accurate depiction of the songs inside the album and perfectly sets the tone for what’s ahead. This melodic and blissful wandering of tunes makes the listener feel isolated without feeling lonely. *Ones and Sixes* creates this tranquility that grows with each track and becomes a completely engaging listen. I felt like a child looking out a frosty window, counting snowflakes around that lone tree. I felt the emotion of winter without feeling cold. I completely forgot about the world around me and enjoyed something incredibly calm and simple. *Ones and Sixes* can fill your mind without taking up space, and that’s a wonderful feat for a record. I encourage anyone seeking a little peace to give it a listen. —Benjamin Tilton

Night Birds
Mutiny at Muscle Beach
Fat Wreck Chords
Street: 10.02
Night Birds = Sharp Objects + OFF! + Ramones

This is a must-have album, plain and simple. Night Birds never fail to deliver the stunning perfection of a solid-anger, no-bullshit punk sound. Their new album, *Mutiny at Muscle Beach*, enacts this sound through its 12 tracks of definitive, razor-sharp riffs, angst-filled vocals and beats so ferociously fast that it might as well invoke the insane speed of the Ramones. Top tunes to consider here are “(I’m) Wired,” “In the Red/In the Black” and the damned-and-screwed millennial generation’s political anthem—and personal favorite—“Left in the Middle.” But really, this album has no filler, and after listening to its charged energy, it’s all I can do to not to go out break some heads. So, if you have a brain or half of one, pick this up and drop the needle. —Nick Kuzmack

Protomartyr
The Agent Intellect
Hardly Art
Street: 10.09
Protomartyr = The Fall + Interpol



With the machine-like drumming style of **Stephen Morris (Joy Division/New Order)**, Protomartyr’s third album got off to a good start with me. At first listen, I didn’t dig the vocals all that much, but as the album progressed, singer **Joe Casey**’s voice grew on me. There’s a good variety of tracks, too, each of them as cool and melodic as the next. “Pontiac 87” is by far my favorite song on the album—I knew that from the opening guitar riff. What I like about *The Agent Intellect* is that it doesn’t short the listener. It’s got 12 tracks, the lengthy ones outnumbering the shorter. The bridge in each of those tracks have a lot of contrast—to the point where you almost forget how the song started before you are quickly reminded. Anything with a post-punk feel is all right with me, and Protomartyr have got it. —Dylan Evans

PWR BTTM
Ugly Cherries
Father/Daughter Records & Miscreant Records
Street: 09.18
PWR BTTM = Midtown + Glen Meadmore

PWR BTTM’s latest release is something as sensual and raw as the title *Ugly Cherries* might suggest. Working within the queercore genre, **Ben Hopkins** (vocals, guitar) and **Liv Bruce** (drums, vocals) provide you, your boyfriend and your boyfriend’s boyfriend with an exciting blend of ’90s-punk-inspired/indie-pop-fueled tunes that end up sounding similar to **Weezer**’s *Blue Album* and *Pinkerton*—covered, of course, in Urban Decay’s Catfight lipstick. Yet, *Ugly Cherries* isn’t without its surprises. Both Hopkins and Bruce flex their musical muscles, from soaring vocals and exceptional stick-work to touches of ’70s stadium rock and surf rock. Lyrically, PWR BTTM are writing near punk-standard themes: breakups (“C U Around”), relationship near-misses (“West Texas”), future/ideal romances (“I Wanna Boi”), social anxieties (“Nu 1”), and meditations on seemingly insignificant events (“Dairy Queen”). Ultimately, *Ugly Cherries* is a “gay-mazing” (“House in Virginia”), sonically-diverse and boisterous half-hour ride—worthy of the most elite playlist. —Z. Smith

Serial Butcher
Brute Force Lobotomy
Unique Leader
Street: 09.18
Serial Butcher = Suffocation + Cannibal Corpse + Morbid Angel

With a name like Serial Butcher and the label they are on currently—Unique Leader—one might fathom that the band is just another over-the-top attempt to be a more-brutal-than-thou band. Well, the Belgium-based quartet squashed that idea, to my delight. *Brute Force Lobotomy* reeks of classic Florida-style death metal without the overdone **Scott Burns** production. With galloping riffs at its core, the album pounds away, but it’s the tones and the amazing dynamic that have put this band on my radar. Where many brutal bands bottom out on overly low bottom-end, bass-heavy sound, Serial Butcher keep it straightforward and punchy with an organic, gritty tone. The tone is only interrupted when the soloing breaks out in crystalline, magnificent form. “Nothing new under the sun” is a fitting classification, but it’s all in the execution, and these butchers are also great executioners—prime, grade-A death metal here. —Bryer Wharton

Shannon and the Clams
Gone By The Dawn
Hardly Art
Street: 09.11
Shannon and the Clams = The Shangri-Las + 13th Floor Elevators



Surf-garage rockers Shannon and the Clams have done it again: They’ve delivered yet another infectiously harmonious album that is hot to the touch and eerie to the ears. *Gone By The Dawn* is brilliantly composed of raw rock n’ roll tunes that are uniquely defined by their soulful and soothing vocals. All these are numbers to fall swooning in love with, so beware: If this album is played at high volumes, the resulting sounds may cause irresistible connections and blind romanticism with crushes in your area. The top numbers for consideration here are the uptempo and lyrically solid “Point Of Being Right,” the grooving “You Let Me Rust” and the longing “It’s Too Late.” So dig this, and fall in love—again. —Nick Kuzmack

Sightings
Amusers And Puzzlers
Dais Records
Street: 06.09
Sightings = Lightning Bolt + Throbbing Gristle / Sonic Youth

Think about how pissed off you would be if your most precious musical instrument broke; now imagine you went ahead and used it to make an album. This is that album. I enjoyed their attempt at noise rock, but some songs were so chaotic that I had to check my headphones to see if they were broken. The song “Thirteen” is a great example of this—I honestly had to keep checking to make sure I was hearing the song. I love industrial, but this album was far too experimental for my taste. However, if you are a fan of some interesting sounds that embody a steel manufacturing plant and a car crash, I would say give this album a listen. —Seeth McGavien

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SPORTS
All of Something
Father/Daughter Records
Street: 10.30
SPORTS = Diet Cig + Alvays



Reading more about SPORTS as I listened to this album, I was made aware that this second release of theirs is also likely their last—they're parting ways now that they're done with school. That reality makes this more than an insanely catchy and sweet collection of songs. Their jangly, sugary tunes give the sense of a fading summer—that stress of sensing autumn at sunset. Even with this, it's a solid pack of bright pop that feels 100-percent done, and it is difficult to get tired of. Lead vocalist **Carmen Perry**'s voice is akin to a mellowed-out **Dolores O'Riordan**. On my favorite track, "Harder," she flirts with a twang of sorts, which only make her cries of "You're making this harder, this harder on me" even more heart-rending, somehow. Though that one sounds the saddest, underneath the modest glitz, all the songs express that 20-something discomfort everyone gets sometimes. —Erin Moore

The Vaccines
English Graffiti
Columbia Records
Street: 05.26
The Vaccines = Coldplay + Arctic Monkeys

English Graffiti, the third LP from this enthusiastic British outfit, is a swift albeit somewhat mechanical-sounding album that moves deftly from one pop-synth track to the next. Frontman **Justin Young**'s vocals hover with meticulous precision over straightforward guitar melodies reminiscent of Arctic Monkeys' 2013 visceral and rambunctious *AM* album. Although *English Graffiti* is well-produced and moves seamlessly through a series of fairly catchy pop-synth tunes, the album begins to feel incredibly generic and relatively confined by the third or fourth spin. The only track that really stood out to me was "I Want You So Bad," a seductive song with understated, textured vocal harmonies and feverish bass lines that easily had me pressing the repeat button for several consecutive minutes.

Aside from this, however, *English Graffiti* is more or less a generic-sounding mashup of British indie-rock that unfortunately offers little in originality or uniqueness. —Kristyn Porter

Various Artists
I Can't Give You The Life You Want
Blackest Ever Black
Street: 06.15
I Can't Give You The Life You Want = Clandestine Mixes + SMM: Opiate + 4AD's Lonely is an Eyesore compilation



Given that only 500 copies were made and this was released in June, this compilation from Blackest Ever Black is way sold out. However, if you can get your hands on a copy—or find a digital copy—the hoops that you will likely have to jump through are more than worth it. It's 11 tracks of doom-y ambiance that find their common ground in referencing and evoking that landscape of metaphysical storytellers, Los Angeles. From **Lynch to True Detective**, the grid of Southern California freeways and canyons inspire the mind to seek the darkness beneath the shiny veneer. This compilation, with its gloomy dives into synth-based despair, features artists such as **Tropic of Cancer, Cut Hands and Bremen**, who dig deep into post-goth synthscapes, cold, rigid techno and swirling, detached post-punk. All tracks reference LA more as an idea embedded in style and emotional connection than they do in content. —Ryan Hall

Venefixion
Defixio
Iron Bonehead
Street: 10.02
Venefixion = Autopsy + Vomitor + Sarcófago

From the land of the demos comes this nice debut from Germany-by-way-of-Australia three-piece Venefixion. I always say about demo material: The more the listener is left wanting more, the better the demo is. The four tracks here go by in fury and fire, and the desire for more is above and beyond. It's got all the best bits of extreme met-

al—thrash, death and black. Combine riff after riff of stuff that is intricately played and highly dynamic with a raw but clearer production tone, and that is why you'll be wanting more. Slower tremolo riffs bring up all the good stuff from black/thrash that really doesn't exist much today. Within that gritty, gut-boiling riffing comes the nasty, foul stench/tone that made Autopsy famous. It's not a new mix or style or sound—the band just puts it out there in a fantastic and catchy way. —Bryer Wharton

Wolf Eyes
I Am a Problem: Mind in Pieces
Third Man Records
Street: 10.30
Wolf Eyes = Hair Police + Sightings + Wretched Worst



When it was leaked that Wolf Eyes—latter-day prophets of all things noise—would release their follow up to 2013's *No Answer: Lower Floors* on **Jack White**'s Third Man Records, my little corner of the Internet reacted with a coy, knowing shrug. Wolf Eyes flirted with mainstream success before—back when noise rock seemed to be a thing—but this move signals little in the way of a change to Wolf Eyes' raison d'être or sound, except that **Jim Baljo**'s guitars are more present, playing chugging, discernable riffs dragged beneath **John Olson** and **Nate Young**'s electronics, detached mugging and perma-fucked woodwinds. The group does, however, dip into *Burned Mind*-era extreme frequencies and crawling, textural compositions. The terrain of *I Am a Problem* is familiar, and the cohesion and swagger that Wolf Eyes have found in the latter half of their career is heroic: aspirational posters for young noise misanthropes. —Ryan Hall

Woolen Men
Temporary Monument
Woodsiest Records
Street: 09.04
Woolen Men = The Wipers + Saccharine Trust

With a minimalist approach to production, Portland natives Woolen Men play a basic rock sound reminiscent of The Wipers and **Jawbreaker**. However, despite the punk rock DIY aspect of the album, there is a kind of goofy, oddball vibe that comes off in vocalist **Raf Spielman**'s sometimes off-key voice. "Life in Hell" is one of the highlights of the A-tracks, as Spielman sings, "Maybe someday we'll meet again in a different life / And then we'll both know what to do," before launching into a chorus of "too late" over and over, a melancholic motif that reminds me of **The Smiths**. Even though the production quality is not top-notch, it does not detract from the emotive, honest songwriting and nostalgic quality that Woolen Men have been able to master. —Ali Shimkus

Young Rival
Interior Light
Paper Bag Records
Street: 10.16
Young Rivals = The Crips + Herman's Hermits



Young Rival's third release is a solid production, compacting elements of early-2000s garage rock with new curves of experimentation. Its title track buzzes with a lo-fi drive and turns up new alleys with warped tones. Like a lot of songs on the album, it has something similar to a '60s psychedelic pop chorus. "Elevator" is a bluesy tune that could have been **Gerry and the Pacemakers**, had they played at faster tempos and used distortion. In tracks like "Where's it Going" and "Bent Out of Shape," there's a use of melodies that most other modern garage bands don't achieve. The lyrics "just give me some time, darling" melt in between the strings and snare drum. After not releasing an album since 2012, it's nice to see these guys come out with a nostalgic piece of rock n' roll that somehow seems like the freshest album I've listened to all year. —Austin Doty

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 <p>NORMA JEAN OCTOBER 10 IN THE VENUE</p>	 <p>HOLLYWOOD UNDEAD OCTOBER 22 @ IN THE VENUE</p>	 <p>FOR TODAY OCTOBER 24 IN THE VENUE</p>	 <p>ALL THAT REMAINS OCTOBER 27 @ IN THE VENUE</p>	 <p>the Wonder Years OCTOBER 28 • IN THE VENUE</p>
 <p>THE GHOST INSIDE OCTOBER 30 THE LOADING DOCK</p>	 <p>BACK TO THE FUTURE NOVEMBER 1 THE GREAT SALT AIR</p>	 <p>THE AMITY AFFLICTION NOVEMBER 2 IN THE VENUE</p>	 <p>THE GREATER THAN NOV 22 @ THE LOADING DOCK</p>	 <p>Punk Palace Drive DECEMBER 2 IN THE VENUE</p>

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DAILY CALENDAR

Get your event listed for free in our calendar! For a complete listing of this month's events, visit slugmag.com/calendar.

Friday, October 2

Concise Kilgore - *Barrelhouse*
Mew, The Dodos - *Complex*
The Green, Hirie - *Complex*
The Haunted Windchimes - *Garage*
Fronzilla, Palisades, Whitney Peyton, It Lives It Breaths - *In The Venue*
Algiers, Bambara, Mojave Nomads - *Kilby*
The Last Gatsby, As We Speak, The Mainstream - *Muse Music*
Robyn Cage, Hectic Hobo, Amanda Johnson - *OP Rockwell*
Red Fang, Caspian, Whores, Wild Throne - *Urban*
Forest Eyes, Foreign Figures, Vacationist - *Velour*
Vinyl Tapestries, MiNX, Thick N Thin - *Woodshed*

Saturday, October 3

Max Pain & The Groovies - *Barrelhouse*
ZZ Ward, Marc Scibilia, The Young Wild - *Depot*
And So I Watch You From Afar, Mylets, Blis - *Kilby*
Synergy - *Muse Music*
Dubwise - *Urban*
Static Waves, Oceanear, Strange Familia - *Velour*

Sunday, October 4

Andy Frasco, The UN, Codi Jordan Band, Folk Hogan - *Snowbasin*

Monday, October 5

Young Thug, Tory Lanez, DJ Juggy - *Complex*
UB40, Ali Campbell, Astro, Mickey Virtue - *Depot*
Lorna Shore, The Last Ten Seconds of Life, Cries of the Captive, Ten Plagues, One Among the Horde - *Loading Dock*
Shadow Windhaw & The Morticians, Tragic Black, Zombiecock - *Urban*

Tuesday, October 6

Blues Traveler - *Depot*
Titua Andronicus, Spider Bags, Baked - *Kilby*
DJ Crush, Crisis Wright, SL Steez - *Urban*

Wednesday, October 7

My Morning Jacket, Strand Of Oaks - *Complex*
The Fabulous Milf Shakes



Photo: Madi Smith

Catch local metal act Befouler with Deathblow, Visigoth and heavy metal legends Manilla Road at Metro Bar on Oct. 9!

- *Garage*
SoMo, Jordan Bratton - *In The Venue*
Young Apollo, The Gents, Aidan Lester - *Kilby*
NHMu Bone Jewelry Workshop with Lie Creative - Natural History Museum
Gardens & Villa, James Supercave - *Urban*
Tay Voorhis, Rilee Nicole, Whitney Lusk, Michelle Chisolm - *Velour*

Thursday, October 8

Crowdsourced Comedy - *50 West*
Eminence Front, Ellipsis, Westward - *Kilby*
Wartime Blues, L'anarchiste, Quiet House - *Urban*
Kyle Henderson - *Velour*

Friday, October 9

Steve Hofstetter - *50 West*
The Underachievers, Pouya and The Buffet Boys, Kirk Knight, Bodega Bamz, DJ Juggy - *Complex*
Nero - *Complex*
Mikky Ekko - *In The Venue*
Chad Valley, Stranger Cat,

Youth Lagoon, Moon King - *Urban*
Cirque du Pierrot - *Urban Arts Gallery*

Friday, October 16

I Am Salt Lake - *50 West*
Peewee Moore - *Garage*
MAX, Fall Out Boy, Wiz Khalifa - *In The Venue*
NoBunny, The Nods, Breakers - *Kilby*
Hotel Books, Bad Luck, Until We Are Ghosts, Motives, The Departure, Formations - *Loading Dock*
Eidola, Dustbloom, Wearing Thin - *Muse Music*
Shook Twins - *State Room*
IAMX, Mr. Kitty - *Urban*
Brumby, Kindred Dead, Lance Tingey - *Velour*
You Topple Over - *Woodshed*

Saturday, October 17

The Black Dahlia Murder, Iron Reagan, Harm's Way, Maruta - *Complex*
Green Jelly, The Fabulous Miss Wendy, A Balance of Power - *Dawg Pound*
Billy Shaddox, Honey Pine - *Garage*
Lydia, Seahaven, Turnover, The Technicolors, Cody Johnson - *In The Venue*

Tuesday, October 13

Maudlin Strangers, Strange Names, Static Waves - *Kilby*
The New Mastersounds - *State Room*
Angel Olsen, Alex Cameron - *Urban*

Wednesday, October 14

Lil Dicky - *Complex*

Kopecky, Boom Forest, Kitfox - *Kilby*
David Cook - *OP Rockwell*
Dale Watson & His Lone Stars - *State Room*
Destroyer, Jennifer Castle - *Urban*

Thursday, October 15

Crowdsourced Comedy - *50 West*
Roots Like Mountains, Fighting the Phoenix, The Glass House, Allies Always Lie - *Loading Dock*
Raizes do Samba - *Rose Wagner*
William Fitzsimmons - *State Room*

1991 - *Kilby*
Manilla Road, Visigoth, Befouler, Deathblow - *Metro*
Our Future Selves, Dry Erase Tracks - *Muse Music*
Lera Lynn - *State Room*
The Circulars, Muzzle Tung, Super 78 - *Urban*
Fictionist, Festive People - *Velour*

Saturday, October 10

Steve Hofstetter - *50 West*
The Brocks - *Barrelhouse*
Hillstomp - *Garage*
Norma Jean - *In The Venue*
First Daze - *Kilby*
Deerpeople - *Loading Dock*
The Salt, The Sea, and The Sun God; The Hoot Hoots; Bomb in a Bell - *Muse Music*
Charles Ellsworth - *State Room*
DJ Flash & Flare - *Urban*
Go Suburban, Audio Polaroids - *Velour*

Sunday, October 11

Jaymay, Alex Lytle - *Kilby*
Cage, Ekoh, Lucid - *Urban*

Monday, October 12

Vacationer, Great Good Fine Okay - *Kilby*

Girlpool, Batty Blue, Strong Words - *Kilby*
Rachael Yamagata - *State Room*
Alunageorge, Rome Fortune - *Urban*

Wednesday, October 21

CHVRCHES, Mansionar - *Complex*
Escape The Fate, A Skylit Drive, Sworn In, Sirens & Sailors, Myka Relocate, Arsenal of Destruction - *In The Venue*
Griffin House - *State Room*
Where's My Hoverboard? - *Tower Theatre*
Chamber Music Series - *UMFA*
A Silent Film, Flagship - *Urban*

Thursday, October 22

Crowdsourced Comedy - *50 West*

Hollywood Undead, Crown the Empire, I Prevail - *Club Sound*
MisterWives, WATERS, CRUISR - *Complex*
David Halliday & The New Orleans Project - *Garage*
Kunckle Puck, Seaway, Head North Sorority Noise - *In The Venue*

Ought, Baby Ghosts, Chalk - *Kilby*
Madchild - *OP Rockwell*
Horse Feathers - *State Room*

SLUG Localized: 90s Television, Bat Manors, The Artificial Flower Company - Urban
Flannel Graph, Dustin Christensen, Laken Quigley - *Velour*

Friday, October 23

Tech N9ne, Krizz Kaliko - *Complex*
New Politics, Andrew McMahon, The Griswolds, Lolo - *Complex*
SOJA - *Depot*
Van Allen Belt, Color Animal, Secret Abilities - *Garage*
Teen Daze, Heavenly Beat - *Kilby*
Matt Nathanson - *State Room*
Deafheaven, Tribulation - *Urban*
Westward the Tide, RKDN, Swimm - *Velour*

Saturday, October 24

Boo at the Zoo - Hogle Zoo
Vinyl Williams, SWIMM, JUUUUUU, UFO TV - *Kilby*
Allison Weiss, Mal Blum, Winter, Kid In The Attic, Jeff Dillon - *Loading Dock*
Hive Riot, Coral Bones - *Velour*

Sunday, October 25

Insane Clown Posse, P.O.D., Stitches, Young Wicked, Dope D.O.D. - *Complex*
Shakey Graves - *Depot*

Monday, October 26

Skizzy Mars, Kool Jon, P Lo - *In The Venue*
S (Jenn Ghetto), Red Bennies - *Kilby*

Tuesday, October 27

Marina & The Diamonds - *Complex*
All That Remains, We Came as Romans, Emmure, Red Sun Rising - *In The Venue*
Blitzen Trapper - *State Room*

Wednesday, October 28

Yeti - *Kilby*
King Dude, Drab Majesty - *Urban*

Thursday, October 29

Crowdsourced Comedy - *50 West*
Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars - *Garage*
New Year's Day, Get Scared, Eyes Set To Kill, New Volume, It's Awake - *In The Venue*
Con Bro Chill, Este Noche - *Kilby*
It Lies Within, Cry Excess, When the City Falls, Storm Tide Horizon - *Loading Dock*
Patty Griffin - *State Room*
Albert Hammond Jr, Walking Shapes - *Urban*

Friday, October 30

Have Mercy, Transit, Somos,

Microwave - *Complex*
Show Me Island, The Anchorage, The Makeways, The Beam Me Up Ska-Ts - *Kilby*
My Fair Fiend - *Muse Music*
Talia Keys & Friends - *State Room*
Small Black, Painted Palms - *Urban*
Joshua James, Bryon John Appleby - *Velour*
Brain Bagz, The Nods, Lazy Susan - *Woodshed*

Saturday, October 31

Collective Soul - *Complex*
King Diamond, Exodus - *Complex*
DJ Curtis Strange - *Garage*
The Sword, All Them Witches - *In The Venue*
In The Valley Below, The Moth & The Flame - *Kilby*
DJ Flash & Flare, Max Pain & The Groovies - *Urban*

Sunday, November 1

Yonatan Gat, The Wild War, Mortigi Tempo - *Kilby*

Monday, November 2

Mac Miller, Goldlink, Domo Genesis, Alexander Spit - *Complex*
Heartless Bastards, Slothrust - *Urban*

Tuesday, November 3

Telekinesis, Say Hi, Little Barefoot - *Kilby*
Great Interstate, No Sun, Swans of Never - *Urban*

Wednesday, November 4

Mayday Parade, Real Friends, This Wild Life, As It Is - *Complex*
MC Lars, Koo Koo Kangaroo - *Kilby*
Here We Go Magic, Big Thief - *Urban*

Thursday, November 5

David Koehnner - *50 West*
Circa Survive, RX Bandits, Citizen - *Complex*
The Brocks, RKDN - *Kilby*
9th Annual Snowboard Season Kickoff Party With Grayskul - *Urban*

Friday, November 6

Pick up the new issue of SLUG - Anyplace Cool!

David Koehnner - *50 West*
Houndmouth - *Complex*
Matt Pond PA, Laura Stevenson - *Kilby*
Chris Hardwick - *Kingsbury*
Creations, Mouth Of The South, Church Tongue, Divebomb, Waves of Infinity, Shine Bright - *Loading Dock*
Congo Sanchez - *Urban*
Okkah - *Velour*

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OCTOBER

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DOORS @ 8 PM UNLESS NOTED
21+

COMING SOON

Oct 1: **Young Blood Brass Band**, The Anchorage
Oct 2: **RED FANG**, CASPIAN, Whores, Wild Throne
Oct 3: **DUBWISE with Kaiju** 9 PM DOORS
Oct 5: **Shadow Windhawk and the Morticians**, Tragic Black, Zombiecock
Oct 6: **RE-UP PRESENTS DJ Krush**, Crisis Wright, SL Steez
Oct 7: **Gardens & Villa**, James Supercave
Oct 8: **Wartime Blues**, L'Anarchiste, Quiet House
Oct 9: **The Circulars tour sendoff**, Muzzle Tung, Super 78
Oct 10: **The Fresh Prince Of Bel-Air Party** + Flash & Flare 9 PM DOORS
Oct 11: **Cage**, Ekoh, Lucid
Oct 12: **Frank Turner & The Sleeping Souls**, Skinny Lister, Beans On Toast
Oct 13: **Angel Olson**, Alex Cameron
Oct 14: **KRCL Presents Destroyer**, Jennifer Castle
Oct 15: **Youth Lagoon**, Moon King
Oct 16: **IAMX**, Mr. Kitty
Oct 17: **DIIV**, No Joy, Sunflower Bean
Oct 19: **Murs**, Red Pill, King Fantastic
Oct 20: **SKULLCANDY PRESENTS AlunaGeorge**, Rome Fortune
Oct 21: **A Silent Film**, Flagship
Oct 22: **FREE SHOW Slug Localized 90s Television**, Bat Manors, Artificial Flower Company
Oct 23: **Deafheaven**, Tribulation
Oct 24: **Breakers**, Red Dog Revival Album Release, Brooks Birthday Bash
Oct 28: **King Dude**, Drab Majesty
Oct 29: **Albert Hammond Jr**, Walking Shapes
Oct 30: **Small Black**, Painted Palms
Oct 31: **HALLOWEEN with Flash & Flare** + Max Pain & The Groovies



Nov 2: Heartless Bastards
Nov 3: Matthew Nanes
Nov 4: Here We Go Magic
Nov 6: DUBWISE
Nov 7: Trash Bash
Nov 8: Phutureprimitive
Nov 9: The Good Life
Nov 10: Peaches
Nov 11: Broncho
Nov 12: Stag Hare
Nov 13: LTJ Bumkem
Nov 14: The National Parks
Nov 20: Mother Falcon, Ben Solee
Nov 21: Fictionist
Nov 22: Darwin Deez
Nov 23: FUZZ
Nov 28: Little Hurricane
Dec 2: Sallie Ford
Dec 3: El Ten Eleven
Dec 4: Slow Magic & Giraffage
Dec 5: DUBWISE with Jantzen & Dirt Monkey



VISIT US NEXT DOOR, AT RYE, FOR A DRINK OR
A BITE TO EAT BEFORE AND AFTER THE SHOW

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OCTOBER

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COMING SOON

Oct 1: **SIANVAR**, Idlehands, Strawberry Girls, Movements
Oct 2: **Algiers**, Bambara, Mojave Nomads
Oct 3: **ASIWFYA**, Mylets, Blis
Oct 6: **Titus Andronicus**, Spider Bags, Baked
Oct 7: **Young Apollo**, The Gents, Aidan Lester
Oct 8: **Eminence Front**, Elipsis, Westward
Oct 9: **Chad Valley**, Stranger Cat, 1991
Oct 10: **LADIES NIGHT w/ First Daze**
Oct 11: **Jaymay**, Alec Lytle
Oct 12: **Vacationer**, Great Good Fine Ok
Oct 13: **Maudlin Strangers**, Strange Names, Static Waves
Oct 14: **K-UTE PRESENTS: Kopecky**, Boom Forest, Kitfox
Oct 15: **Dine Krew**, TBA
Oct 16: **Nobunny**, The Nods, Breakers
Oct 17: **The Wind & The Wave**, Northborn
Oct 18: **Thou & The Body**, Heat Dust, SubRosa, Blood Incantation
Oct 19: **Skullcandy Presents HINDS**, Public Access TV
Oct 20: **Giripool**, Batty Blue, Strong Words
Oct 21: **SPY HOP 801 SESSIONS**
Oct 22: **Ought**, Baby Ghosts, Chalk
Oct 23: **Teen Daze**, Heavenly Beat, Conquer Monster
Oct 24: **Vinyl Williams**, SWIMM, JUUUUUU, UFO TV
Oct 26: **S (Jenn Ghetto of Carissa's Wierd)**, Red Bennies
Oct 28: **Yeti Band**, TBA
Oct 30: **Skalloween: Show Me Island**, The Anchorage, The Makeways, The Beam Me Up Ska-Ts
Oct 31: **In The Valley Below**, The Moth & The Flame



Nov 1: Mac Miller, Goldlink, Domo Genesis, Alexander Spit @ Complex
Nov 3: Telekinesis, Say Hi, Little Barefoot
Nov 4: MC Lars, Koo Koo Kangaroo
Nov 11: Yellowcard / New Found Glory, Tigers Jaw @ The Complex
Nov 12: Pure Bathing Culture, Wild Ones
Nov 13: Marianas Trench @ Complex
Nov 14: Cult Leader
Nov 16: Reptar
Nov 16: The Menzingers, mewwithoutYou @ Complex
Nov 17: David Ramirez, Liza Anne
Nov 17: Mayhem, Watain, Rotting Christ @ The Depot
Nov 19: The Fall Of Troy @ Complex
Nov 20: PROF, Nacho Picasso, DJ Fundo
Nov 20: Desaparecidos @ The Depot
Dec 2: Together Pangea, White Reaper
Dec 4: Health, Pictureplane @ The Complex
Dec 5th: Nikki Lane, Clear Plastic Masks



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