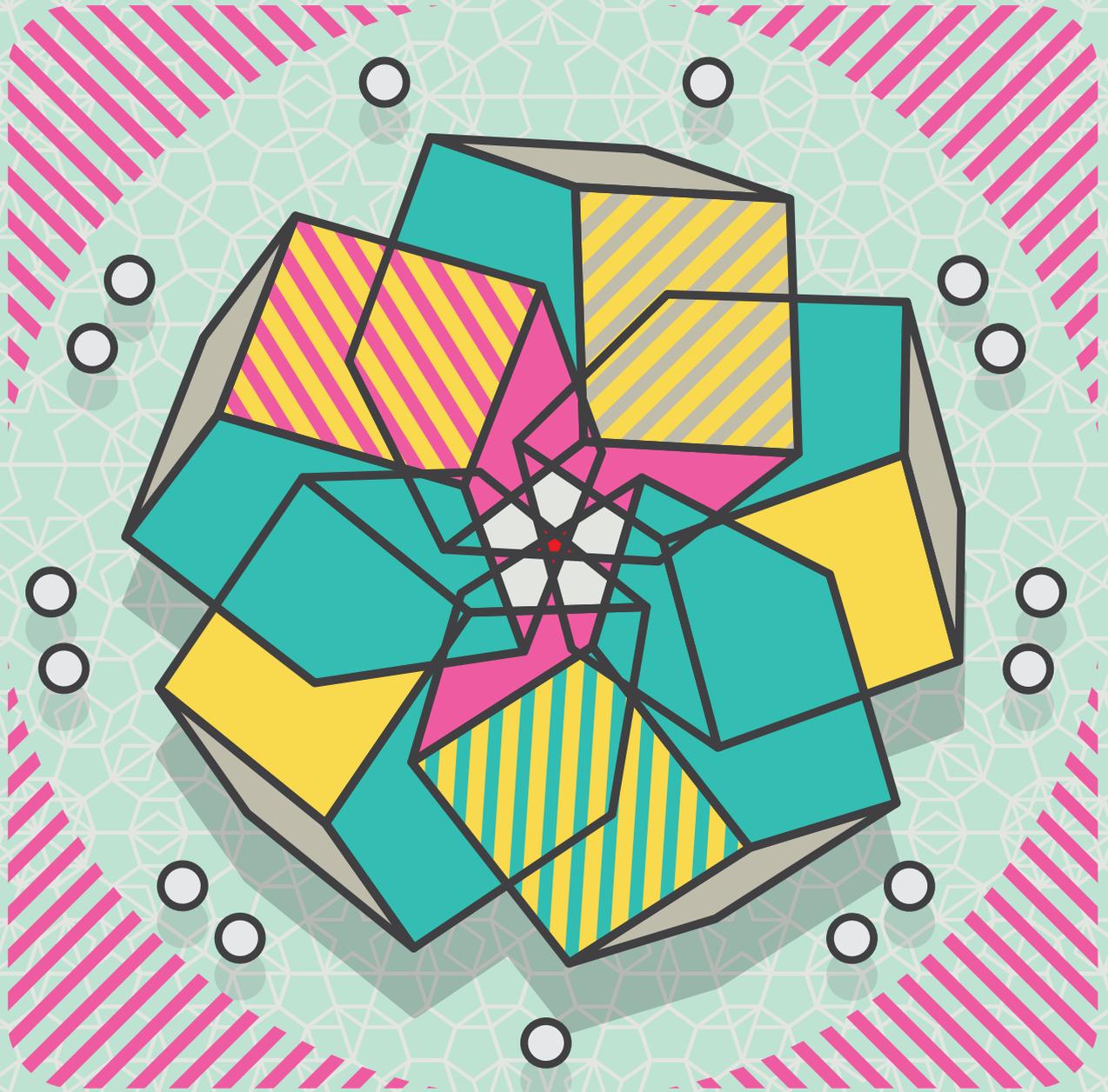


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Leading *SLUG* Mag's readership through the gothic dystopias of EBM and industrial music, Mistress Nancy has been *SLUG*'s trusted guide for all things dark and electronic since August of 2013. Whether it be album reviews, interviews with the likes of **Skinny Puppy**, **Haujobb** and **Author & Punisher**, or knockout performance reviews of the *Chamber Music Society*, many have been charmed under the Mistress' spell. Nancy is also a valuable member of *SLUG*'s distro team. Willing goth supplicants can regale themselves at *Temple*, Mistress Nancy's weekly gothic, industrial and dark '80s DJ nights at *Area 51*. She'll be leading a loyal following of bats to the beats of her "Top 5 Darkwave Albums of 2015 that We're Pretty Sure Were Written by Robots" (pg. 35)!



Mistress Nancy
Senior Staff Writer, Distro

ABOUT THE COVER: Trent Call, who designed our typewriter logo, is also no stranger to *SLUG*'s cover. His illustration for our '15 *Top 5 Albums* issue takes worldly inspiration from the mandala, correlating five pentagonal prisms and 15 surrounding circles—a symbol of *SLUG* staff's disparate yet harmonious musical cosmos. To learn more about Call, visit swinj.com.

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LOCALIZED COMEDY SHOWCASE

Stand-Up

By Rachel Jensen supermochella@gmail.com

December brings together eight of Utah's funniest comedians for the first stand-up comedy *Localized* showcase. The absolutely FREE show is one night only at *Urban Lounge* on Dec. 17, brought to you by **Spilt Ink, High West Distillery, Uinta Brewing** and **KRCL 90.9 FM**.

It's a shame to find out that some people don't know that Northern Utah has had a consistently thriving stand-up comedy scene for well over a decade. Our great little state has churned out some amazing comics over the years. Eight of the funniest Utah comedians will share the stage to not only entertain but also enlighten the masses on subjects ranging from awkward dating to hilariously bad depression—and all topics in between. Nothing is off limits with these comics—not even an “orphan funeral”—and that's admittedly how the best comedy is done. Tapping the best of the best, these eight comedians are as unique as the material they bring to the stage.

If you have never been to a live comedy show, you have never had the full experience of the art form. Just like a live rock show, there is a connection between the comedian and the audience—a bond that

forms through laughter. “If you go with other people, there's a sort of connection you can make that you can't with other things,” says **Natashia Mower**, the petite force of laughter who recently won a *City Weekly* Arty award for “Best Stand-up Comedian” and has helped launch new comedy shows in the state, including the weekly *Funny Fridays* at *Sandy Station*. She believes that sharing laughter and creating new experiences brings people to comedy shows. “You're enjoying something in the moment, together,” she says. **Jason Harvey**, who's been bringing his brand of funny to Utah audiences for six years, digs a little deeper into this idea of that connection. He says, “[It's about] being able to connect through laughter and being able to laugh with your friends, just like you were able to do when you were growing up—but you're an adult and you still get to do it.”

Anything can happen at a live show, and no two will ever be the same. No matter how polished the jokes are, the audience plays a huge part in the experience. **Eileen Dobbins**, who runs *You've Gotta Be Kidding Me*—a panel show that pits comedians and other entertainers against each other in a battle of who can lie better with a straight face—says that “no two performances are exactly alike.” She points out live comedy's role in helping to not only bring people together

but also to cement culture. “When you see a comedy show, you're fostering something creative and awesome in your community,” she says.

Even those who are regular performers can frequently be seen on the other side in the audience. **Nicholas Smith**, who started out as a heavy metal musician, got into the stand-up game about three and a half years ago when he needed a new outlet. Since that time, he has been a larger-than-life force on stages all over Utah, including *Dungeons and Comedy*, which brings together comedians who roll the 20-sided die in a side-splitting version of *D&D*. “I go to comedy shows because I genuinely love the art form,” he says. “A live experience is very different from watching a performance on a screen. It's much more visceral and exciting—anything could happen.”

Local comedy shows may not draw in arenas full of fans—yet—but the observations and humor of Utah's comics are just as polished and funny as the power players. “There's going to be something for

everybody,” says **Jay Whittaker**, a member of the *Geek Show Podcast* and a favorite on panels at *Salt Lake Comic Con*. “I guarantee you'll like all of us,” he says, mostly serious, while laughing. These jokers are skilled entertainers, still hitting the beaten path of numerous comedy superstars before them, week in and week out. There is something even more authentic when the comedy is grown out of our own backyard and our communal experiences. *Mo's Diner* open-mic organizer and *Comedy Carnivale* founder **Christopher Stephenson** has been making people laugh for 13 years since he was a fresh-faced 18-year-old who did his first show on a dare. He talks about being a huge **Michael Jackson** fan as a kid. “He'd always talk about escapism,” he says. “Comedy, especially, is very relatable. I want to do that for people.”

With the availability to stream a comedy show at the click of a mouse, comedy as a genre is picking up steam at a level that hasn't been seen in years. Many of the comedians working stages now had to uncover comedy in their own ways, as the accessibility just wasn't there for a long time. **Melissa Merlot**, a favorite on the Utah comedy circuit for over 10 years, drew her inspiration from some of the greats, like **Tracy Ullman**. She remembers being younger and in awe of how easy some comedians made their performances look. “I remember seeing **Gary Shandling** hosting the *Aspen Comedy Festival*.” As she recounts, the audience was just horrible—a comedian's worst nightmare. “He was so obviously ticked off, but he just turned everything into a joke and made everybody laugh, and I thought that was so impressive.”

Utah transplant **Joy Lane** also recounts how her passion for comedy began. “My first crush was **Johnny Carson**,” she says. She would smuggle a little black-and-white TV into her room to watch him at night. Growing up on the East Coast and visiting New York, a 12-year-old Lane ran up to Carson and told him that she loved him. “My mother rushed me away and said, ‘How do you know that man?’ and she's like, ‘Well, how do you watch him every night?’” She was busted, but obviously lived to tell the tale. Similarly, Dobbins happened to be a Mormon home-schooled in Montana. “I didn't even hear stand-up until I was in my senior year in high school, and it was **Brian Regan**,” she says. Dobbins is pretty sure that comedy didn't even exist in Montana until that moment. “I didn't know what stand-up comedy was, but this guy was just talking about my life stuff.”

The passion of these entertainers is apparent the moment they walk onstage. Comedy is hard work. You don't have closed-door jam sessions, so each joke has to be perfectly crafted by performing it live, failing time after time until it finally gets the desired response. The pure drive to keep getting onstage and perform is deeply rooted in a love for comedy as a genre and an art form. Smith, who is often wildly irreverent onstage, loves the ability to have a chance to talk about dark (understatement) and demented (also an understatement) ideas. “It's a great vehicle for my creative energies,” he says. “I love putting out my strange ideas for others to sample and make connections with complete strangers. It can be really brutal and alienating, too, but those times when I'm landing jokes and people are willing to go on a strange, dark ride with me fills me with religious ecstasy.”

The love for the stage among this ragtag group of eight is abundantly clear. Stephenson recounts the thrill he gets to keep him going: “The adrenaline rush when you're onstage and the audience is laughing so hard you have to stop,” he says, “it's like the best drug I've ever done.” In a similar sense, Whittaker says, “There are times that

I'm so frustrated throughout the week that I just can't wait to get up onstage and get it out.” It's great, he says, “because you're amongst a family that understands where you're coming from.” All the comics seem to agree. “The best part,” as Mower puts it, “is the variety we have and the people I've met.” With such variety, you'll never know what to expect. Stephenson says, “Come with no expectations. Leave your expectations elsewhere. Have an open mind and follow along with the story.” Their stories will become new references in your stories, and who knows? Maybe the next person to inspire new generations of comics will be right here in our own backyard.

You can check out some great local comedy podcasts—like *Sketch Sandwich*, *Stupid Questions with Jason Harvey* and the *Geek Show Podcast*—anytime on your favorite platform like Stitcher or iTunes. To really get the feel for the talent of the comedy scene at large, check out the weekly live shows featuring these wickedly funny comedians and others around the state: Weekly shows like *Funny Fridays* at *Sandy Station* feature a revolving arsenal of both local and out-of-town comedians, and monthly variety shows such as *Dungeons and Comedy* at *Muse Music*, *You've Gotta Be Kidding Me* and *Comedy and Other Opinions* at *50 West Club & Cafe* provide new content at multiple locations from Provo to Ogden.

Come check out comedians Joy Lane, Jason Harvey, Eileen Dobbins, Nicholas Smith, Natashia Mower and Christopher Stephenson with headliners Melissa Merlot and Jay Whittaker for a free show Dec. 17 at the *Urban Lounge*. Bring a friend and find out what really tickles their funny bone—you may learn a lot more about them than you ever wanted to know.

CHRISTOPHER STEPHENSON



EILEEN DOBBINS



JASON HARVEY



JAY WHITTAKER



JOY LANE



MELISSA MERLOT



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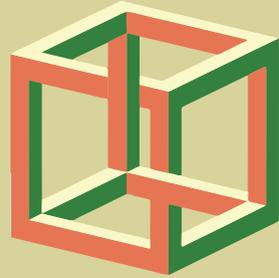
NICHOLAS SMITH



Graveyard's

Truls Mörck: "You Can't Invent Music Again"

By Kristyn Porter
k.allison.porter@gmail.com



(L-R) Jonathan Ramm (guitar), Truls Mörck (bass), Axel Sjöberg (drums) and Joakim Nilsson (vocals, guitar) of Graveyard will ignite *In The Venue* on Dec. 9 with songs from their latest record, *Innocence & Decadence*.

Photo courtesy of ACTION! PR

Truls Mörck, former lead guitarist for Swedish metal band Graveyard, had taken an eight-year break from playing with the band. His return has ushered in a new era for Graveyard in the form of the band's most recent album, *Innocence & Decadence*, a towering performance in the band's discography that hovers effortlessly over their previous work. For their brief North American tour this month, which includes a performance at *In The Venue* on Dec. 9, Mörck rejoins the band on bass, a change from his previous position as a guitarist. "It was a long vacation," he says.

Innocence & Decadence is Graveyard's fourth studio album and undoubtedly their tightest and most focused effort to date. The album features myriad tenacious bass rhythms redolent of *Priestess* circa 2006, layered with subtle references to proto-rock bands of the '60s such as *Blue Cheer*. The riveting track "Cause & Defect" exhibits late-'60s and early-'70s psych-metal-band vibes while retaining a vocal freshness that can only be attributed to **Joakim Nilsson's** unapologetic, dirty-rock singing style. Yet the album also dives fearlessly into a focused array of bluesy, operatic ballads—particularly on the album's closing track, "Stay For a Song." It's a noticeably different album than their previous work—concise, bright and dripping with a dramatization that catapults the listener down a circular connection of audible highways, much like a continuous **M.C. Escher** painting in which the viewer finds himself entrapped within the maze.

"We have an unexpected connection to Escher," says Mörck. "With the cover art for this album, we wanted people to ask, 'What is this? What can this be?' We wanted unexpected colors. We wanted it to communicate a feeling of surprise. It fits well with the title of the album." With the aesthetically disorienting, maze-like artwork of the cover, it's obvious that the band is expressing a pointed message. "We're all trying to find our way through the world and sometimes we get lost," Mörck says. "It's a very cryptic

place—life is a cryptic maze where you don't know where you're going." This is indeed true of the album, yet for all its cryptic ideology, it also clearly hints at an existential philosophy. Many of the lyrics on this album point toward a belief system that rejects labels while maintaining a foothold in everything and nothing. On the track "The Apple & The Tree," Nilsson expresses, "So sick of people telling us who we are / I'm neither, I'm everything and in-between / I'm nothing and I'm something that you've never ever seen." The duality of these themes is fascinating, and it piques interest about the band's general worldview. "We are continually trying to create a mix between telling a story and opening up our songs to question existence," says Mörck. "It's a linear theme. We are conscious about it—you can always use your experiences and be a product of everything while staying a relatively free and creative person."

Perhaps it is this distinct cocktail of an embrace-all mindset and creative freedom that has led the band to experiment more openly, particularly with the instruments that they used to record on *Innocence & Decadence*. The band recorded the album in a legendary Swedish studio from the '60s, which was formerly an old cinema. "The guy who works there is an old engineer who has been working there for 40 years," Mörck says. "He's totally into it—he even lives there." There's a refreshing sense of honesty lurking behind his words, peppered with a noticeably passionate undertone. "This studio we recorded in was crammed with old, eccentric historical pieces of musical technology, and we ended up using a lot of weird stuff on the album. On the song 'Can't Walk Out,' we experimented with an old string machine called a Solina String Ensemble. This was a machine that **Iggy Pop** and **David Bowie** used a lot during their German era." I'm completely fascinated by the band's preference to use older pieces of equipment. It hints at a type of nostalgia that harkens back to a pre-Digital Age, an age that fills the void that human-kind's obsession with all things digital has mercilessly dug. Hence, I'm particularly interested in one piece

of equipment, a microphone that the band used to record on the album *Hisingen Blues*. "The microphone you're referring to is called a Neumann Mic," Mörck says. "It's an old German microphone—we used it to record on this album, too."

Given the band's propensity for historical and retro equipment, one could objectively calculate that the band has also garnered what might be deemed a retro sound. "A lot of people have been asking us if we're a retro band," Mörck says. "I think it's inevitable. You can't really invent music again without repeating it one way or another. It's always a question of how you choose your influences and the influences that you want to use. When you have a lot of listeners, you use the opportunity to say something important." He pauses before quickly saying, "You think about what is the most important thing to say to thousands of people listening." Be one of many witnessing Graveyard on Dec. 9 at *In The Venue* with **Earthless**—their live show is a spectacular performance showcasing some of Sweden's most talented musicians to date.



SLUG Holiday Comix

December 2015 Christmas Edition



Illustration by Garrick Dean

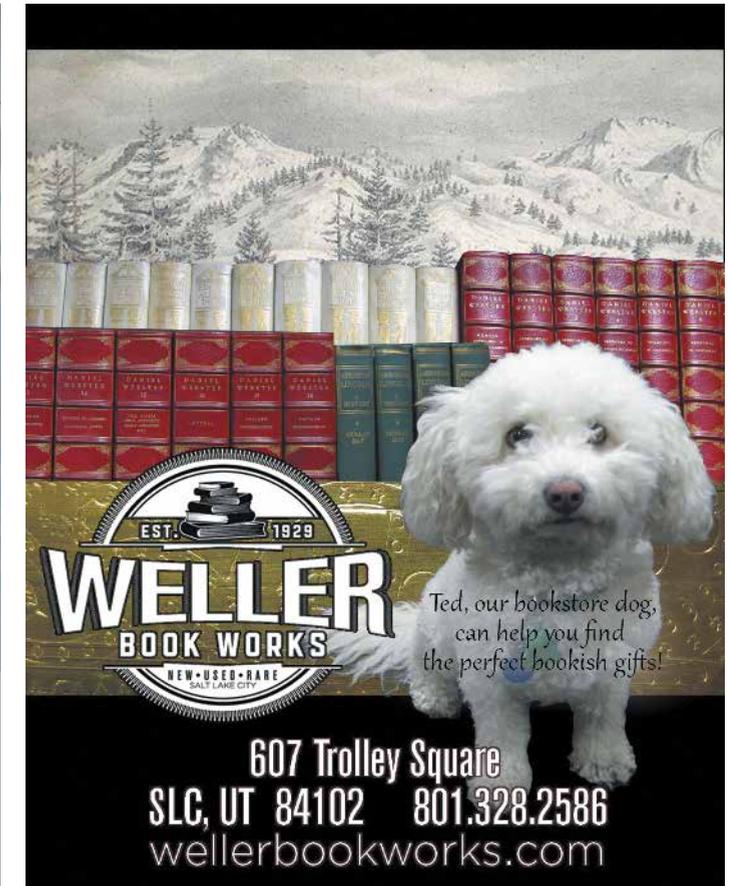
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H2O

STILL FASTER THAN THE WORLD

// By Eric U. Norris • eubass5@gmail.com

Photo: Todd Pollock

H2O return to Salt Lake City on Dec. 16 at *The Complex*.

New York hardcore youth crew skate punks H2O once released an album called *Go!* From this album, the slogan "H2O Go!" became a reprising statement of the band itself. H2O have been active since 1995 and, according to bassist Adam Blake, they "may have slowed down a bit, but damn it, we are trying to keep up!" They hit *The Complex* on Dec. 16.

After seven years since the release of *Nothing to Prove* and keeping a voracious touring schedule since then, the band decided that it was time to release some new music. "There comes a point when you play the same songs so many times that they start to lose their shine," Blake says. "Unless you want to be a 'nostalgia band,' you need new music to justify your existence." Like a production line, the music and lyrics gradually got pieced together by each band member until Oct. 6, when they had a finished product—their seventh full-length studio album, *Use Your Voice*.

Clocking at only 22 minutes, *Use Your Voice* is incredible. "One of the things that I love about taking a long time to make a record is that it all feels exciting and new again. It never feels like work," says Blake. "We do care about it, and we want it to sound awesome, but we don't want it to sound like a bunch of guys going through the motions, and we like to think that that spirit and energy is reflected in the music." That energy is evident—the songs are catchy, punchy, and riddled with the PMA (positive mental attitude) mantra that is synonymous with the band itself. They touch on skateboarding, guilty listening pleasures, true love, fatherhood, the negativities of social media, being comfortable in your own skin and, of course, using your voice—with name-dropping and

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references to bands that most avid punks will pick up on. Examples include: "I looked up to you / said I don't want to grow up / out of step with the world!" ("Father Figure"); and "I use my voice / when the people look the other way / got to inspire the youth of today!" ("Use My Voice").

Of the new songs that H2O have been playing recently, Blake says that "Skate" has the biggest reaction, most likely due jointly to its music video being released two months before the album and its rally of gang vocals: "The sweat! The pain! The scars! The scabs! Skate and destroy!" to get audiences flared up. However, "Popage," a direct tribute to the **Decedents**, got some flack among fans—most likely caused by some younger listeners who felt betrayed after discovering that hardcore aficionado vocalist **Toby Morse** enjoys listening to pop music. However, Blake's counterargument is almost verbatim to the message in the lyrics: "You're doing yourself an emotional disservice by listening to only one genre, and pop songs have a certain spirit to them, and we do find ourselves singing along to them even if we can't relate to the often simplistic lyrics," he says.

The band received some complaints on their Facebook page when they announced that their SLC show would be at *Urban Lounge*, which, unbeknownst to the band, is a 21-plus venue. Holding true to the youth crew ethos, playing all-ages shows is vital not only to the band's legacy but also to its growth—"As a rule, we try to always play at all-age venues, especially in cities that we haven't been to in a while," says Blake. "It's very important to us that our message is communicated to young kids." With the aid of their

fans informing them through social media, the band was able to get the show moved to an all-ages venue before it was too late—it wouldn't be a triumphant return to SLC if H2O played a bar show.

Outside of recording and touring, each member manages to keep busy in their personal lives. Blake is a trainer out in Southern California; **Rusty Pistachio** (guitar) runs a business where he makes custom jewelry; and Toby (vocals) runs his own T-shirt company as well as his organization One Life, One Chance and is a full-time dad on top of that. **Todd Morse** (guitar) left H2O earlier this year just before they recorded the new album to continue his other musical endeavors—being on the road with **The Offspring** and fronting his band **Toddsplanet**. "I guess the industry term would be 'musical differences,'" Blake says. "His heart just wasn't in it for this record, and he plays so much that he wants to spread his wings and play different types of music." No one argued with his reasoning, and Blake also stated that if he ever was to quit the band, he would be able to recognize that feeling the way Morse did.

It's been four years since H2O played in SLC—when they opened up for **Blink-182** and **My Chemical Romance** at *USANA Amphitheater*—and it's been even longer since they played a headlining show here. Since then, Blake says that they've felt obligated to give the kids a club show and are only now able to make good on that promise. H2O will be performing Dec. 16 at *The Complex*, so all you punx, skaters, straightedgers and hardcore kids come out and support one of the pillars of NYHC and see for yourself if H2O is really still faster than the world.

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Hook & Ladder Co.

By James Bennett
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(L-R) A fountain drink, a
bacon and mushroom burger
and English chips comprise
Hook & Ladder's famed
Shaun Special.

Photo: Talyn Sherer

When a young Van Turner opened his hamburger restaurant on Salt Lake's West side, I doubt that he thought he'd still be at it 44 years later. Yet, there he remains—a mainstay of his Glendale neighborhood. And it really is his neighborhood. The former city councilman has spent most of his life running *Hook & Ladder Co.* and the adjacent *Firehouse Floral and Gifts*. The neighborhood has changed, but the restaurant has stayed consistent. As it has weathered the decades on California Avenue, the number of options on the menu may have grown, but the old-fashioned flavor and hometown feel of the place keeps its steady base of customers coming back for more.

I've always thought of *Hook & Ladder* as a hamburger restaurant. This is mostly true. Variations of the traditional homestyle burger make up a fair number of the 21 different combo meals on the front side of their current menu. Options for burger toppings include cheese, freshly sautéed mushrooms, bacon and jalapeños. A single, no-frills burger starts at \$1.10 and goes up in price as the size of the patty and the choice of toppings increase. More Utah-centric items like Pastrami burgers and Granny burgers (topped with ham) are available as well for \$3.99 à la carte or as part of a combo for \$6.59. One of my favorite combo meals is #9 (\$6.59), a big bacon burger that comes with fries and a large soda. In my experience, the burger is always served up hot and perfectly cooked, nestled carefully on the slightly oversized bun. For this review, I wanted to sample more of the menu. My first foray into other combos started with one of their more notorious options: the Shaun Special.

The Shaun Special (\$9.99) is legendary because of its size. It was recommended when I asked the server for her suggestion—and it sounded great: a half-pound cheeseburger with sautéed mushrooms and bacon, paired with an order of English chips and a jumbo drink. I had my reservations, though. Mushrooms at fast-food places can be an issue for me—there are few things that I hate more than rubbery mushrooms from a can. I was happy to learn that the restaurant used fresh mushrooms in the kitchen—and what an addition they made. The cheeseburger was huge, and the mushrooms and bacon added a salty earthiness to it that really took it to a higher level than standard fast-food fare. The kicker, though, was that the burger came with a basket of English chips—battered and fried potato chunks that *Hook & Ladder* gets from a local distributor. Their normal fries are certainly more than adequate, but these creamy chips, especially when paired with their homemade fry sauce, are melt-in-your-mouth incredible. They were a completely unexpected treat. The only downside of this choice is ending up completely full long before you're finished eating. If you still want to try it but it seems like too much food—and I honestly had a tough time finishing it all—a standard mushroom- and bacon-topped burger can be had as part of Combo #2 for a mere \$6.89.

The inspiration for my next foray into the menu came from me hitting up the restaurant during the lunch rush. As I labored over the idea of which burger I would get, I noticed that everyone in line before me had asked for Fish and Chips. I did the same. The Fish and Chips combo (\$7.29) comes with three battered and fried boneless cod fillets, a small order of french fries, a buttered and grilled dinner roll and a large drink. Had I thought about it, I would have probably paid extra and had the English chips swapped in for the fries, but I was still happy with what I got. The golden fish pieces were flaky on the inside and crisp on the outside, and the fries and tartar sauce cut their richness considerably. The dinner roll was a nice touch and made the combo feel more like a meal. If you like the Fish and Chips combo but want a little more food, they also offer a Seafood Special that includes everything you get in the first combo with the addition of 10 fried shrimp. It's only \$1.50 more and could easily feed two people.

I've really enjoyed my visits to *Hook & Ladder*, and I take comfort in knowing that they offer so many things that I haven't tried yet. This will keep me coming back for more. One day, I'll get around to sampling both their crispy and grilled chicken sandwiches, their tacos, fried pickles and impressive selection of shakes and other desserts. As one who lives and works on the West Side, I am constantly bombarded with strip mall casual dining and myriad fast-food, chain-restaurant options—and I'm always disappointed when I fall prey to them. It was good for me to be reminded that there are other options—better options. Hometown, humble burger joints that offer up "old fashioned taste with a fast pace."

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PASTORAL DOOM: AN INTERVIEW WITH WREKMEISTER HARMONIES

By Alex Gilvarry • alex.gilvarry@gmail.com

"Night of Your Ascension," the title track from Wrekmeister Harmonies' most recent album (released Nov. 13 on **Thrill Jockey Records**), quietly opens with delicate, reverb-drenched female vocals singing atop droning keys. Over the course of the 32-minute track, Wrekmeister Harmonies gradually take the listener from these gentle and pastoral sounds into a full-on pummeling metal onslaught to close out the track. On Dec. 21, musical brainchild **JR Robinson** will bring Wrekmeister Harmonies' expansive musical landscapes to *Diabolical Records*. *SLUG* spoke with Robinson about *Night of Your Ascension* and its grand production.

Prior to forming a band, Robinson was doing abstract installation art, which Wrekmeister Harmonies eventually grew from. "I was doing a film installation at the *Museum of Contemporary Art* here in Chicago, and I wanted to do a live score for it," Robinson says. "I wanted this really epic, long, sprawling, meditative piece that would be kind of disruptive at the end with some real heavy and intense music, so I just gathered up some musicians from the very rich talent pool of Chicago to pull that off." Since that initial installation, Robinson has continued to grow the project and turn it into the touring act that is currently traveling the country. "When I first started the project years ago, I was just doing sound installations at museums all over the world, and then it just grew and involved more and more people until it reached the point I'm at today with *Night of Your Ascension*."

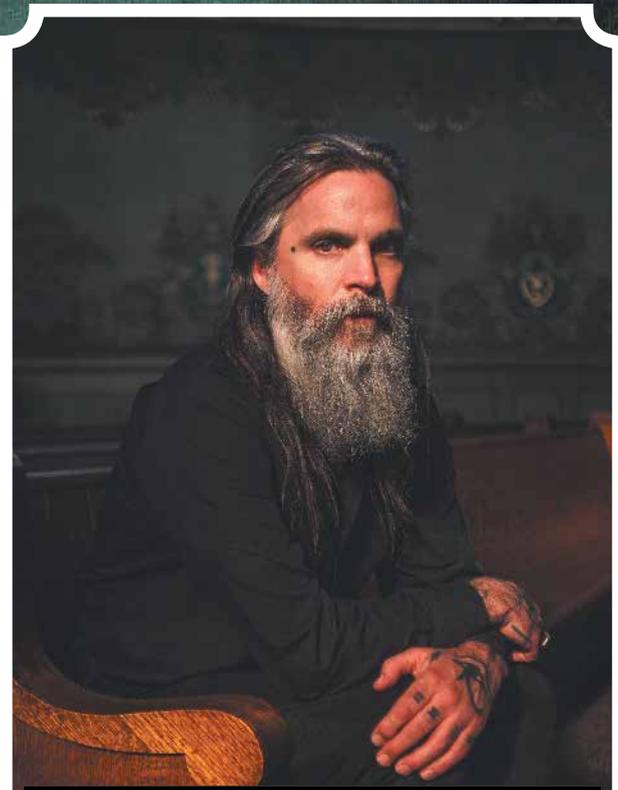
The aforementioned build and change of the album's eponymous first track can be haunting, even more so once we understand the story behind the piece. "[It's] about a composer from the [Renaissance], **Carlo Gesualdo**, and the events that transpired during his life," says Robinson. "At the beginning of the piece, I wanted to explore the idea of his early life when he was married to his wife and very happy and living in a beautiful, creative environment. By the end, I wanted to introduce the idea of fear, suspicion, jealousy and the extreme violence surrounding him murdering his wife and her lover, and all the

emotions that are tied in with that. I think that was represented with the heaviness with the more metal aspects at the end."

In the second part of the album with the track "Run Priest Run," the music takes on a similarly dark tone. "Run Priest Run" deals with **Father John Geoghan**," says Robinson. "He was a priest in Boston where I grew up, who was responsible for abusing 150 children over many years and nearly brought down the Archdiocese of Boston, and abused the trust of a lot of people. Eventually, he was brutally murdered in jail." These two tracks are fairly typical of Wrekmeister Harmonies' output, with their long-form droning and unsettling conclusions, but thematically, they move far beyond anything Robinson had done previously. "Conceptually, this [album] is dealing with subject matter that is broader and has many more layers to the story," he says. "Where in past records it was about a single emotion or was about a couple of emotions embodied in one person, the scope of these two pieces [on *Night of Your Ascension*] and the unifying theme of religion between the two is just so far beyond anything we've done previously."

The arrangements that Robinson is able to put together with a small army of musicians move far beyond what most bands with solid lineups are able to achieve, or what he could accomplish on his own. "I can't play the cello, and I can't play the violin, but I know people who are really good at them," says Robinson. "So what happens, generally, is I'll get inspired by something I read about or research and I'll come up with a sonic narrative for whatever that inspiration is and start recording how I think it should sound. Since I know a lot of people, I'll be like, 'Oh, this person or that person will be really great for capturing what I want to capture.'"

For Robinson, this broad approach with a fairly rotating cast of musicians allows him to accomplish what he sees as his artistic vision. "If you're in a band with four people, you've got four distinct personalities and four egos and four distinct voices, and everyone wants to have their



Wrekmeister Harmonies mastermind **JR Robinson** will bring a live-incarnation version of the project to *Diabolical Records* on Dec. 21.



Photos: **Katie Hovland**

say. That can be kind of chaotic, [and] what I like about having a large number of musicians instead of a band to work with is it allows me a lot of freedom to do what I want." Sometimes, however, the freedom that comes with this way of running things can come at a cost: "At the same time, with this last record utilizing 30 people," he says, "I'm not going to do that again—that was really taxing. It can be complex and complicated getting 30 people to do anything because of people's schedules and people's locations, mindsets and attitudes, and a myriad of other things. At the end of this thing, I felt like maybe I was losing my mind, but I overcame that, and I'm really, really happy with how it came out."

For practical reasons, this extensive lineup doesn't make it on the road, but Robinson has put together a lineup he is excited about, which includes multi-instrumentalist **Esther Shaw** and Seattle doom metal band **Bell Witch**, who are also performing on the tour. You can catch Wrekmeister Harmonies and their expansive and beautiful brand of music at *Diabolical Records* on Dec. 21.

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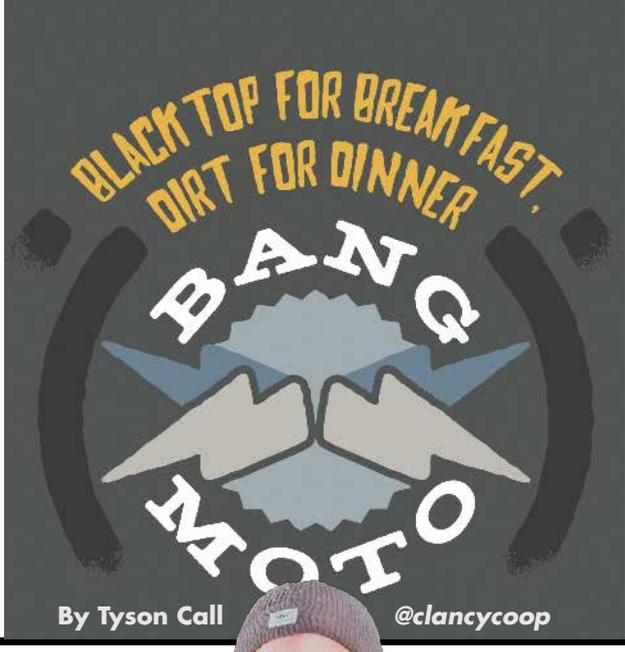
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By Tyson Call @clancycoop



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Bang Moto builder Tyler White specializes in customizing road track bikes.

Tyler White is a man of few words. When asked to describe what kind of motorcycles he builds under the brand Bang Moto, he looks down, furrows his brow in thought, then with firm resolve—as though finding the single perfect descriptor for which he was searching—says a single word: “Radical.” He’s heavily customized the bikes that he and his wife ride, which look like nothing else on the road. Luckily, he is willing to share his talents with the general public.

Salt Lake City seems to have a disproportionate abundance of excellent motorcycle builders for a city of its size, especially considering that motorcycle-unfriendly snow and ice cover the roads for four months a year. Utah’s abundant canyon roads may play a role, though our state’s many mountain trails could also contribute to the phenomenon. Bang Moto specializes in dual-sport motorcycles that are legal to drive on the street but also feature upgraded suspension and tires that enable them to be taken off-road. “I was riding my boss’s enduro bike one time, and I was cruising up this canyon and was like, ‘Hey, there’s this dirt road—I can go on it,’” says White. “That really captures me—to just get away and not see anybody on a trail for two hours and not run into anybody—that’s just awesome. To be out in the wilderness and be alone.”

White’s builds blend raw functionality with an understated and unique style. “The problem with enduro bikes is that they look pretty dorky,” says White. “I guess my main goal is just to make the functionality of an enduro bike but also have the bike look great.” White showed his bikes at the motorcycle/art show *Salty Bike Revival* to great acclaim. It was easy to tell which were Bang Moto bikes from a distance—his builds are clean and tidy, even though the machines he starts with are usually more than 35 years old. “It is always good when people don’t know what bike it is,” says White, “especially people who are into bikes. Sometimes they just know the motor because that is really all you have to identify the bike with.”

Lately, many motorcycle manufacturers have been attempting to capitalize on public interest in dirt-worthy, road-legal bikes. Italian manufacturer Ducati—whom some call the Ferrari of motorcycles—recently surprised many by releasing their own take on the genre, called the Scrambler.

Despite the trend of public interest seemingly in White’s favor, he says that he just builds what he likes. “The people who are [interested in motorcycles] because they

love it, they are gonna stick around and be doing it forever,” says White. “Hopefully, I’m one of those people. If you are into it because of a trend, it’s gonna come and go, and you’ll move on to whatever pants come along next.”

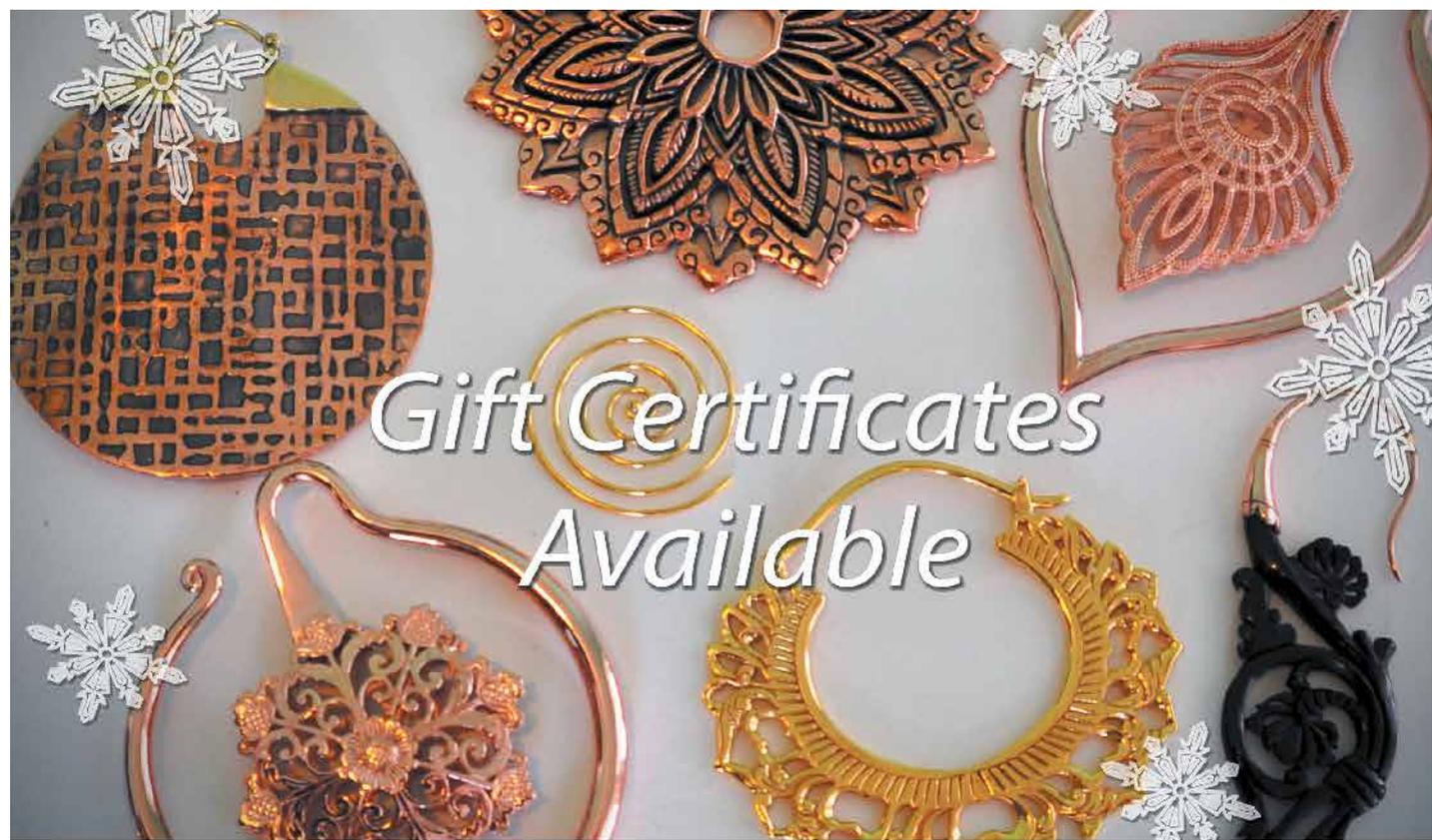
White sees building and riding motorcycles as two separate things. “Bike-building is just an outlet for my creative side,” says White. “It’s just fun building bikes and making something that used to look old and decrepit look shiny and brand new—to where you show it to somebody and they are like, ‘No way! It came from the ‘70s and it is all shiny?’” White prefers to work on older motorcycles. “Simplicity is the difference,” says White. “I feel like, on an old bike, you can just stare at it for about an hour and figure [it] out. With a newer bike, there’s just a lot going on.”

Although he has been customizing motorcycles since 2010, building things is nothing new for White, who has worked with wood his whole life. “It really doesn’t matter if it’s a piece of wood or a piece of metal,” says White. “I just love to cut it up and make something out of it. I like building things. I like seeing something go from nothing to something really good-looking.”

When talking to White, it is clear that he truly loves motorcycles and isn’t looking for attention. He is impressed by what other people are building and humbly seeks to contribute to Utah’s thriving motorcycle culture. “I haven’t really run into anybody where they are like, ‘Hey listen, dude: I build bikes for a living, so I can’t tell you where to get things,’ or, ‘You are taking food off my table,’” says White. “Everybody is really stoked on bikes.”

At this time, White doesn’t have a physical storefront, choosing instead to work as a freelance builder. He can do everything from small stylistic and functional modifications to full-scale restorations. “I do a lot of fork swaps,” he says. “I’ll swap out the front end for an inverted fork—put modern suspension on it. I tend to put dual headlights on my bikes a lot. I think people notice that.” There is no set formula or pricing for the services he offers, and he doesn’t build all types of bikes. He prefers that someone who wants work done contact him and tell him what they are looking for. “If it looks like it’s not really the type of bike that I build, I’ll pass them along to somebody who would be a better fit,” says White. “If it is the perfect fit, then we’re gonna build a really cool bike.”

White can be contacted for builds through his website at bangmoto.com, where he sells parts and bikes. Find him on Instagram at [@bangmoto](https://www.instagram.com/bangmoto).



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SEEKERS OF LIGHT SUNN O))) RELEASE *KANNON*

By Brian Kubarycz • knairb@hotmail.com



Photo: Peter Bester

SUNN O))) 观世音 KANNON



Sunn O)))'s latest album, *Kannon*, exhibits a sense of structured drama.

For almost two decades, Sunn O))) have steadily shifted the geography of heavy music. In anticipation of their new album, *Kannon*, *SLUG* spoke with the band's guitarist, **Greg Anderson**, who is also the owner of **Southern Lord Records**. Implicated within a network of collaborators, the core of Sunn O))) are Anderson and bassist **Stephen O'Malley**. Both are veterans of numerous punk, metal and otherwise ear-altering bands and projects who "have always marched to the beat of our own drummer," Anderson says, "though with Sunn O))), we don't even have a drummer."

There is an unstated but deeply felt ethic behind the sound of Sunn O))). "It's the same with the music I release on Southern Lord," says Anderson. "It's not fake. It's not bullshit." Despite his zeal for authenticity, Anderson insists that his is a no niche label. He claims to be obsessed with music of all kinds, anything from jazz to country. "To focus on one specific sound, that's not who I am, and the same could be said for all of Sunn O)))," he says. "Stephen and I, we're seekers."

This quest is manifest in Sunn O)))'s forthcoming *Kannon*. While it maintains the band's essential monolithic sound, the new album shines as a stone of many facets. The production is brighter and cleanly cut. Individual instruments are more discernable, and less lost within cavernous acoustic washes. Further, each of the album's three tracks contains a greater number of musical events, some of them reminiscent of limpid moments in **Glenn Branca** symphonies. The overall effect is a heightened sense of structured drama. Though he insists that such results were unintentional, Anderson readily accepts the description: "Exactly," he says. "*Kannon* stands as a record whose force lies in its concision. At first, what felt powerful to us was the sludge, the constant bludgeon and throb. As we matured, we discovered power and heaviness in rifts of silence and bursts of light. Stephen and I even joked about calling our current music *life metal*." Laughter ensues.

From its inception, Anderson says, Sunn O))) jettisoned traditional instrumentation, song structure and any musical conventions designed to evoke a specific reaction or entertain an audience. "We

create music spontaneously and naturally and never bend to any outside pressure or public expectations," he says. "What we do comes from a primal peer relationship between Stephen and me."

Anderson says that his other bands—most notably **Goatsnake**—do intend to please the crowd. "I fucking love playing with them, but in a rock band like that, you do want the audience to get into it," he says. Meanwhile, Sunn O))) have never sought any kind of approval. Despite this indifference to appeal, Sunn O))) have not only endured but indeed amassed a sizeable following. The band, to Anderson's surprise, became more successful than anything he or O'Malley had previously done. "I'm grateful for it, but we still adhere to our early ideology, which has always been to do things on our own terms," says Anderson.

Sunn O)))'s albums, up to and including *Black One*, became ever more extraordinarily dark. With the following release, *Monoliths and Dimensions*, the band began to embrace the light. Anderson hardly denies the enduring allure of darkness. "I'm totally attracted to it, and my favorite music remains the darker stuff," he says, "but darkness has become an easy attraction. We hope this new turn to the light will, ironically, make Sunn O))) even more powerful."

Artistic alliances are crucial to Sunn O))). "Our collaborators are chosen out of mutual respect," says Anderson. "In many ways, they continue earlier projects." As for teaming now with sculptor **Angela Lafont Bolliger** and photographer **Estelle Hanania** to create *Kannon*'s cover, Anderson attributes these connections to Stephen O'Malley. "Stephen is an amazing designer and our visionary. The graphics that you see, the T-shirts—that's all Stephen's work, while I run the business end of things. But everyone has a role, and, aside from booking, we do everything ourselves."

A prominent feature of *Kannon* is a substantial textual component. "Stephen and I always thought the liner notes to experimental jazz records made awesome companions to the music," says Anderson. "We thought, 'Why don't we try that?'" In *Kannon*, the notes come in the form of an essay by performance artist and theorist **Aliza Shvarts**. "She wrote a feminist perspective of our group," says Anderson. "I was really blown away by that." By making this theoretical statement a prominent component of the total package, Sunn O))) seem set on transforming how listeners understand and discuss heavy music. For Anderson, the heavy music scene has too often functioned according to a set of unstated but understood "rules of metal." "There are no rules," he says, "and combining disparate mediums goes hand in hand with that."

While Anderson does see packaging *Kannon* with extensive liner notes as potentially didactic, he doesn't consider that condescending. "Maybe those jazz artists understood that their music was challenging and the public needed some guidance," he says. To be sure, the amount of music and information bombarding the public today can indeed be overwhelming. Commenting on this, Anderson says, "To me, it can be comforting to have someone say, 'Hey, let me give you a tour.'"

Sunn O))) will begin their tour at the beginning of next year. The band expects to reach Salt Lake in March or April. In the meantime, *Kannon* will be available from Southern Lord on Dec. 4.

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(L-R) "Holladay residents Shelley and Mark Olsen have opened Soho Food Park in the heart of their beloved city."

Whether it's driving out to a business park by the airport or a dimly lit parking lot in South Salt Lake, I've chased down my share of food trucks. Indeed, part of a food truck's appeal is hopping on Twitter to see where and when your favorite mobile food purveyors are going to be doing business, and then undergoing an epic pilgrimage to show your support. Now that Utah is entering a new level of food truck street cred (did you see that Provo's *Waffle Love* almost won the grand prize on Food Network's latest *Great Food Truck Race?*), it's time to start accommodating Utah's wheeled meal-dealers.

To this end, Holladay residents **Shelley and Mark Olsen** have opened *Soho Food Park* in the heart of their beloved city. "We traveled around the country for the last five years just trying food trucks, and we realized that some of the best food in America is served on these trucks," Shelley says. "We wanted to create a destination where no matter what night it was, there would always be a great lineup of food trucks." With Shelley's background as a culinary student in France and her current role as a specialty food buyer and Mark's origins in real estate development and architecture, the food park was a natural marriage of their combined expertise. "We just felt like Holladay was struggling a little bit, and that's where the developer in me came out," Mark says. "It took nearly three years to change the ordinance to allow food trucks in Holladay. After that, we bought the property from the city, went through the approval process and here we are."

Soho Food Park opened in July of this year with huge, find-a-seat-if-you-can success. "The park has a full set of tables, but there was barely room for people to sit on the curbs," Mark says. With a lineup like theirs, it's not difficult to see why—trucks like *Chop City SLC*, *Cubby's Chicago Beef* and the aforementioned *Waffle Love* call the food park home. In a given week, it's possible to sample around 30 of our local trucks, all of which have been screened and approved by Shelley. "To get invited to the food park, the trucks have to be operated by people who are artists of their craft," she says. "Whether it's ramen or a burger, I want them to have passion about it. I want them to have pride in what they're doing."

Despite the cold weather that's upon us, *Soho Food Park* will remain open during the winter—but that doesn't mean that diners need to be uncomfortable. "We want to create the outdoor experience that you typically see at a resort," Shelley says. Thirty percent of the tablespace will be converted to accommodate pyramid heaters, and trucks will also be offering signature soups and stews to warm up those who come for dinner. In addition to their dining setup, the food park employs a full waitstaff that busses tables, keeping things tidy in between guests. It's also worth noting that the colder weather is a great excuse to try some of Mark's signature hot chocolate—a creamy, comforting blend of white chocolate, whipped cream and a drizzle of raspberry syrup.

The ideal visit to the food park should happen with at least one companion. It's not often that dinner comes from so many different culinary backgrounds, and it's important to bring someone to share the experience. I visited the food park with my wife, and our test run of the evening's lineup was spectacular. We started with some Sweet Potato Fries and Chipotle Fry Sauce (\$3) from *Cubby's Chicago Beef*. It's a generous satchel of crinkle-cut fries, but it was the dispensers filled with gourmet sauces that made our appetizer special. Next

up was the Soho Special (\$9) from *Fiore Wood Fired Pizza*. It's the type of pizza that one would typically get in an Italian bistro—the thin crust perfectly cooked with just a little bit of char on the edge, gooey medallions of fresh mozzarella and crumbled sausage topped with fresh basil leaves. The unexpected win of the visit came from *Chop City SLC*, whose Cuban Sandwich (\$9) recently took home an award at this year's state fair. It's got all of the crucial Cuban fare—roasted pork, ham, Swiss, mustard and pickle—but they add their own flair with a sharp and herbaceous cilantro chimichurri. It's a meal of a sandwich, but we still had room for some of *QAU's* famous Ribs (\$9 for three). These are big, beefy and coated in **Chef T's** nationally recognized sauce.

Reflecting on our bounteous dinner, I realized that we effectively traversed a whole spectrum of food, all within 10 feet of one another—and that's the real beauty of *Soho Food Park*. It's a place where vastly different culinary perspectives can occupy the same space while people from all over the state sample each different menu. "To me, it comes down to having a nice diversity," Shelley says. "We'll have families come down here and get something from each truck and sit down together—we've learned that people are just drawn to other people."

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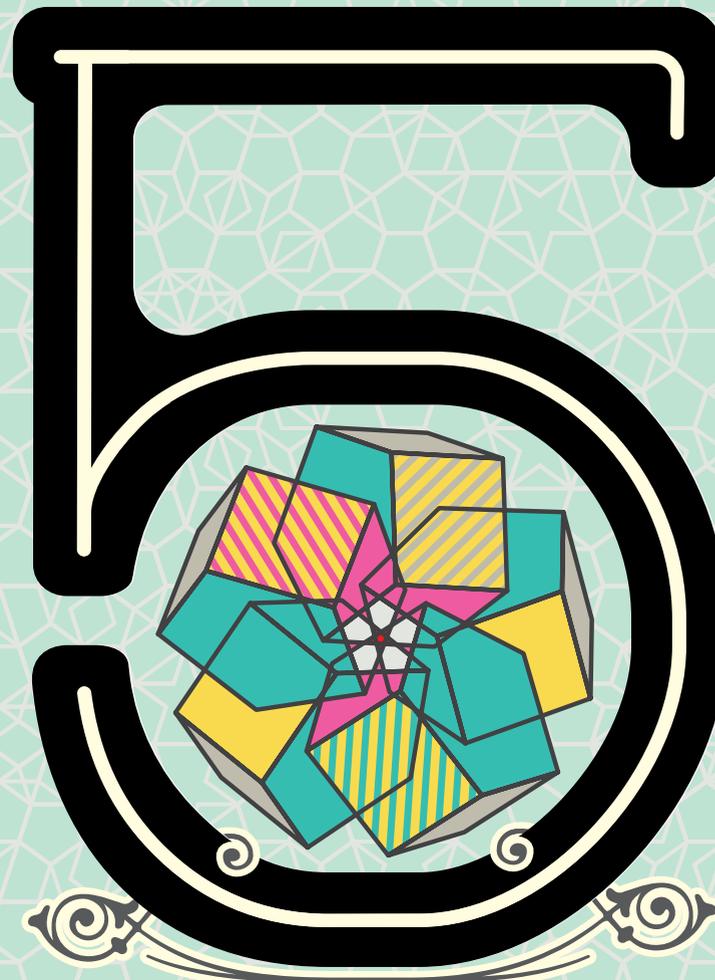
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'15 TOP



ALBUMS

IT'S THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN WE LOOK BACK AT 2015 ...

to give you the gift of the lists you should've given your parents. Our Top 5 album lists with extended reviews will have you feeling better about that lump of coal in your stocking. If you didn't eat your veggies, make up for it with the "Top 5 Organic Free-Range Local Albums." If that tie grandma got you ain't your steeze, stomp on it while listening to the album suggestions from the "Top 5 Paisley-Crushing Psych Albums." All that and 13 more await in the pages ahead. Find more end-of-year Top 5 album reviews at slugmag.com, and follow SLUG on Twitter at [@slugmag](https://twitter.com/slugmag) for more top SLUG music picks.

Albino Father

// **Self-Released**
Street: 01.13
Albino Father =
Cosmonauts +
The Black Angels +
A Place To Bury Strangers

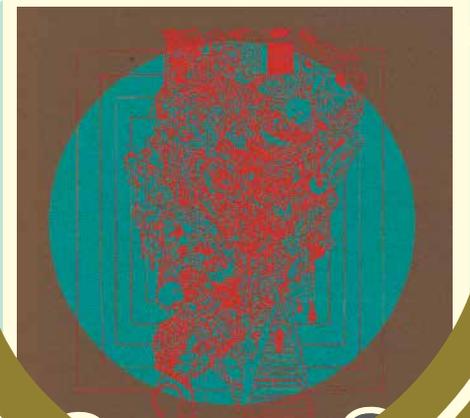
// starts with a buzz in your ear—as if briefly confronting some nameless, psychic itch that no amount of thinking has ever been able to scratch. Suddenly, you realize you've given this dormant thing a hefty saddle, and the son of a bitch is on a full gallop, taking you headlong into the melting desert of all things. There are weirder parts, too, though. Led by primary songwriter **Matt Hoenes**, Salt Lake's seasoned psych rock outfit Albino Father released // earlier this year, and it remains one of the more significant contributions to our music community. To genre-pigeonhole them for just a moment, Albino Father have navigated a sound within the psychedelic umbrella that evades both old-school era circle-

jerking and the almost overwhelming weight of doom-metal interpretations. // stakes out its own place in being undeniably anxious. The guitars seem to both crunch and groan over the top of ominous drum lines, which echo as if being played down a long corridor ("Disappear"). It makes uncomfortable riffs sound playful ("WTTV") and old beats talk dirty ("The Milk Comes In"). Drowning in reverb, Hoenes uses indecipherability to elevate the album's lack of resolve. You understand him only in tones—the way a memory might play after a night of debauchery. Perhaps, though, the real achievement of this album is when it's having fun—because it makes you earn it. Though it's somewhat of a theme, the track "Heavy Fucking," especially, leaves you floating face-down in a swamp for four solid minutes of weightless despair until you actually become the swamp—wielding the energy of the very thing you thought had doomed you. My advice: Pick this up at your earliest convenience. It'll teach you how to deal. —Nic Smith

TOP 5

Paisley-Crushing Psych Albums

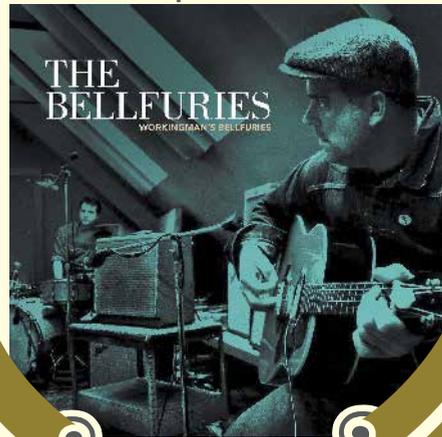
- Albino Father - //
- WAND - 1000 Days
- Drenge - Undertow
- Thee Oh Sees - Mutator Defeated At Last
- Various Artists - Death By Salt V



TOP 5

Ameripolitan Albums that Shitcan the Cowboy Hat and Throw on the Scally Cap

- **The Bellfuries**
– *Workingman's Bellfuries*
- **JD McPherson**
– *Let the Good Times Roll*
- **Pokey Lafarge**
– *Something in the Water*
- **Legendary Shack Shakers**
– *The Southern Surreal*
- **Charlie Thompson** – *Foothill Sessions*



Ceremony

The L-Shaped Man
Matador Records
Street: 05.19

**Ceremony = New Order +
Death of Lovers +
Cold Cave**

Hardcore will never die, but it will probably go through an annoying **Morrissey** phase. Camo cargo shorts will give way to raw denim, fanzines will be exchanged for poetry chapbooks, and savage mosh warriors will turn their aggressive bro 'tudes inward, examining the complicated, shattered bro that is the self. Luckily, Ceremony are here to provide a soundtrack for the confusion, loss and pain. A long way from their powerviolence beginnings, and a long way still from the (admittedly excellent) **Black Flag** worship of 2010's *Rohnert Park LP*, Ceremony channel the dark feels of **Ian Curtis** and Co. on their latest offering, *The L-Shaped Man*. Post-punk hipsterism is so prevalent in 2015 that you can't throw a **Trapped Under Ice 7"** without hitting a girl wearing a **Chelsea**

Wolfe witch hat these days, so something special has to set these post-punk punks apart from the pack: the guitar work of **Anthony Anzalado** and **Andy Nelson**. While vocalist **Ross Farrar** delivers a dedicated (if by-the-numbers) **Joy Division**-influenced performance, it's the tension and sparseness of the guitars that really dials in the album's despair. Songs such as "Bleeder" and "The Bridge" feel as though they're seconds away from exploding into the hyper-aggressive Ceremony of the past, while "Your Life in France" and "The Party" continue in the **Wire**-channeling vein of 2012's *Zoo*. For as much as longtime fans may dislike Ceremony's newest iteration, they would be hard-pressed to deny the excellence of "The Separation," which is as effective of a breakup song that punk rock has ever produced. Hardcore try-hards might hate on *The L-Shaped Man*, but when that cute girl with the chestpiece upgrades to a dude without gigantic holes punched through his ears, *The L-Shaped Man* will be there to help them measure the loss. –*Ricky Vigil*

King Dude

*Songs of Flesh and Blood -
In The Key of Light*
CTD /

Not Just Religious Music
Street: 06.30
**King Dude = Johnny Cash
+ Chelsea Wolfe +
Nick Cave**

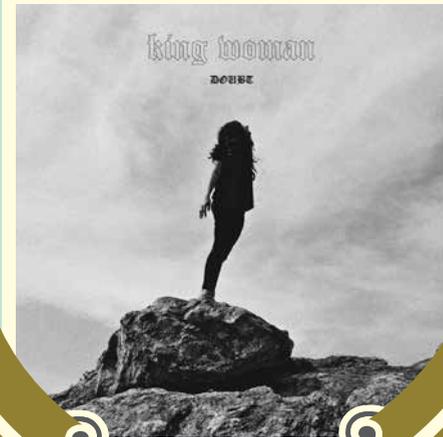
Graywhale employees see you moving across hallowed audio ground and hear your references to Chelsea Wolfe's discography about death, blood and darkness. It's impressive to find you straying so far from the norm of the sonic flock, but maybe it's time to go beyond ... Don't resist—just succumb: Let King Dude take you deeper into darkness with high priest of gothic folk **TJ Cowgill**'s haunting vocals that curdle souls with grief, death and despair. "Death Won't Take Me" sets the tone for the album with the slow, venomous sounds of Cowgill's voice oozing out raspy, snake-charmer lyrics set next to a *Twin Peaks*-style, eerie piano key progression, choked to a higher octave. *Songs of Flesh and Blood* is grounded by the sorrow

found in Nick Cave's classic album *The Boatman's Call*, distilled by **The Handsome Family**'s dark ballads. King Dude calls upon bipolar extremes, mixing rock n' roll with soft pipe organ hymns that bleed out on a single note through the duration of "I Don't Want To Dream Anymore." Only after being slowly dragged beneath atmospheric piano keys tangled in lightly brushed Gretsch guitar strings—with only song lyrics and vocals keeping the mind from dissipating into the ether—can the album be fully understood. With a swift cut to "Holy Water," the spirit of **Ennio Morricone** gushes out sounds of slightly aggro spaghetti western ballads. With nothing left, King Dude kills the listener softly with "You Know My Lord," offering an airy piano progression along with vocals of gravel strewn down a deep well. Pick up King Dude's latest album, *Songs of Flesh and Blood*, at multiple Graywhale Entertainment locations across the valley for the low price of \$12.99 on CD and \$19.99 on vinyl. Ask how you can get \$1 off this album and all of King Dude's future albums with a Killerwhale Membership. –*Joshua Joye*

TOP 5

Experimental Albums to Soundtrack Your Faith Crisis

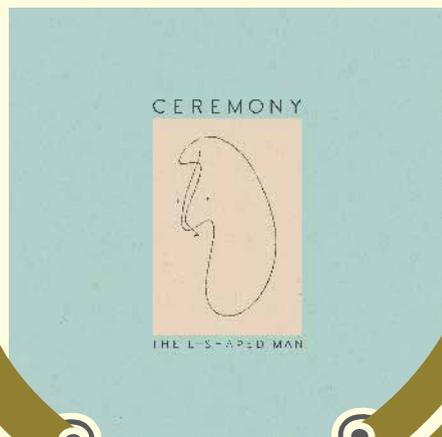
- **King Woman** – *Doubt*
- **Vales** – *Self-Titled*
- **Sufjan Stevens** – *Carrie & Lowell*
- **Ruhe** – *Patriarchs*
- **Alex Cobb** – *Chantepleur*



TOP 5

Hardeere Post-punk Albums of 2015

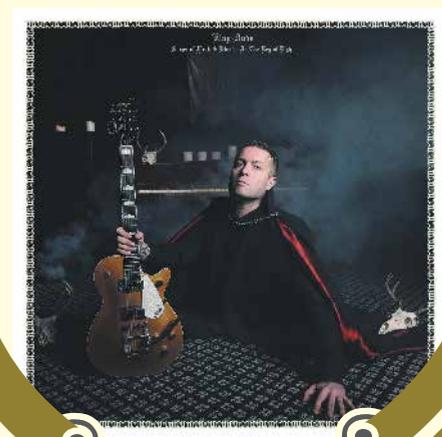
- **Ceremony** – *The L-Shaped Man*
- **Coliseum** – *Anxiety's Kiss*
- **Heat Dust** – *Self-Titled*
- **Cult Leader** – *Lightless Walk*
- **Title Fight** – *Hyperview*



TOP 5

Albums that a Graywhale Employee Convinced You to Buy

- **King Dude** – *Songs of Flesh and Blood - In the Key of Light*
- **Insect Ark** – *Portal / Well*
- **Kamasi Washington** – *The Epic*
- **Steve Gunn and Black Twig Pickers** – *Seasonal Hire*
- **Dengue Fever** – *The Deepest Lake*



The Bellfuries

Workingman's Bellfuries

High Style

Street: 08.21

**The Bellfuries = The Smiths
+ The Everly Brothers +
Big Sandy & His Fly-Rite
Boys**

When most people think of a rockabilly band, the tropes of pompadours, flashy suits and songs about hot rods are what spring to mind—but it would be such a disservice to just call this rockabilly. From the onset, when you first hear **Joey Simeone**'s voice, it's easy to tell that The Bellfuries weren't going to settle for anything mediocre on this record. *Workingman's Bellfuries* couldn't be any further away from one-dimensional—there's a musical sophistication at play here that just blows the doors off of any of those preconceived notions. First, the songwriting is stellar—each song feels personal and simultaneously relatable. The song "Beaumont Blues" tells the story of a young man's life struggle against the small town he's doomed to live in; the story ends in murder and is

a beautiful slice of Americana. "Just Remembering" is a soulful honky-tonk ballad about the feeling of love at first sight and the immediate understanding that you were meant for someone. The band is a sublime group of musicians led by Simeone's voice and rhythm guitar. **Mike Molnar**'s lead guitar work conveys so much powerful emotion; **Jeff Seaver** on upright and electric bass and **Chris Sensat** on drums make up a terrific rhythm section that creates the base for all these wonderful melodies to be built on. The Bellfuries have been through many changes over the years, starting out as a traditional rockabilly/hillbilly drummer-less three piece, then somehow morphing into a pop, soul and rock n' roll outfit with their second record, *Palmyra*. This version—Bellfuries 3.0, if you will—seems to evolve into a mix of the most brilliant parts of those previous incarnations. The Bellfuries have taken a major leap forward for themselves and have dragged roots and rockin' music along with them and proven that retro music can be brought to life in an interesting, electrifying way. –*James Orme*

King Woman

Doubt

The Flenser

Street: 02.17

**King Woman = SubRosa +
Planning for Burial +
Mazzy Star**

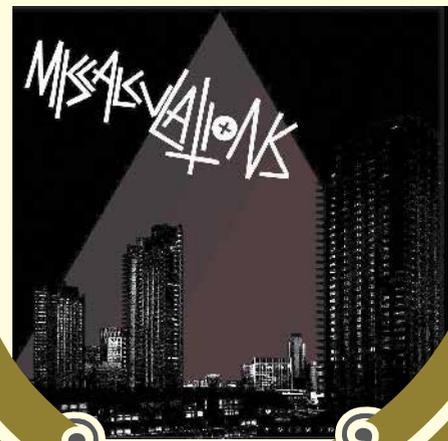
So, it turns out that your ex is a close-minded, controlling DUDE living in the halcyon days of an invented 1950s. We've been there. Take some time. Mourn. Cauterize the wound and move on. Easy, right? Not quite, as King Woman so eloquently document in their crushing breakup album, *Doubt*. It is a bitter, soul-searching, caustic and ultimately cathartic debut that takes us through all of the anger, sadness and empty self-liberation of a breakup in 20 minutes of drone-metal riffs, post-rock epicness and funeral-slow percussion. The breakup that vocalist **Kristina Esfandiari** (formerly of **Whirr** ... like waaay formerly, so don't even trip) narrates is not with a romantic partner but with a worldview of the dogmatic Christianity she

was raised with. *Doubt* is Esfandiari processing the strange and oppressive events that molded the faith of her youth. Esfandiari's impassioned croon channels smoky hints of **PJ Harvey** that float over feedback-drenched landscapes, slow-motion thrash riffs and percussion tuned to the sick thud of a punch thrown against a brick wall. Breakups aren't easy—neither are faith transitions. *Doubt* doesn't make it sound easy. It wallows in fuzz and distortion and voices regret in unease instead of clear-eyed intent, but it ultimately arrives on the other side, a little bit closer to self-actualization and a lot less burdened. *Doubt* is a record that flings listeners, against their will, to the bottom of a deep, deep well, but it also lowers the rope to pull us back out. The bright, blinking noonday exit from any breakup—both literal and metaphorical—is one of the most triumphant experiences of your life. *Doubt* is the soundtrack to both. –*Ryan Hall*

TOP 5

Sock Hop n' Roll Albums

- **Miscalculations**
– *A View For Glass Eyes*
- **The Jackets** – *Shadow Of Sound*
- **Radioactivity** – *Silent Kill*
- **La Luz** – *Weirdo Shrine*
- **Baby Shakes** – *Starry Eyes*



New Shack

Shadow Girl
Self-Released
Street: 06.12
New Shack = Tiny Fireflies
+ Anna Of The North /
Phantogram

It's been a hell of a year for Utah County, but probably not in the way most imagined the year would go. In a city filled with people still bringing bass drums to the front of the stage like **Imagine Dragons** ripoffs, a good portion of the scene felt vague and unimaginative, looking more at creating a show than actually producing fantastic music. In fact, depending on the night you went out to watch a show, it looked more like live theater than a concert. In the middle of all those rose a few acts that instantly connected with the audience, scoring points on their own as musicians first before they even hit local stages. The biggest of the bunch had to be New Shack, a synthpop duo made up of **Catherine Leavy** and **Eric Robertson**, who re-

corded their entire album over the Internet while in separate countries until they settled back into Provo. In June, *Shadow Girl* finally saw the light of day and blew away many critics with the use of their harmonic structure and laid-back pop lyrics. One of the biggest factors to their sound is that little of it is pre-produced, as the band meshes retro analog synth instruments with dark-pop vocals to create fantastic tunes you can dance to, as well as be the mysterious stranger in the corner to. *Shadow Girl* doesn't try to hide in a sea of overly complicated compositions or layers of processed studio magic to get the message across—this is a beautiful album from start to finish that wants to whisk you away to better, dreamier locations in your mind. Considering how a lot of the music in Utah County this year missed the mark or fell flat, that's a ride I'd be more than willing to take multiple times over. —Gavin Sheehan

TOP 5

Organic Free-Range Local Albums

- **New Shack** – *Shadow Girl*
- **The Love\$trange**
– *I Liked It, No I Didn't*
- **Oceanear** – *Self-Titled*
- **Suburban Birds** – *Self-Titled*
- **Violettas** – *The Difficult Ones*

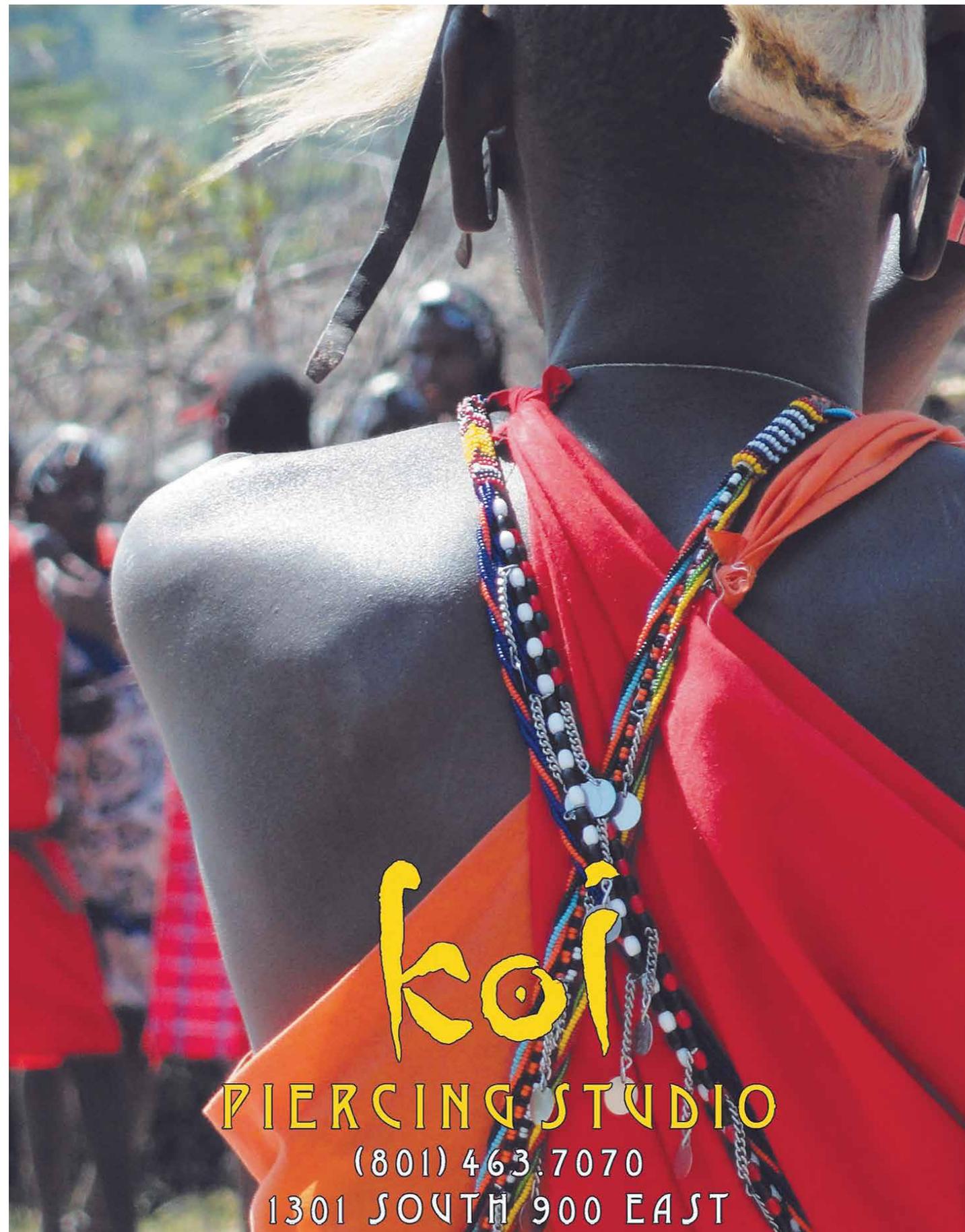


post-punk heaviness that is both unique and provoking. However, I must also point out that *A View For Glass Eyes* characterizes urban alienation through a sound that is consistently high-tempo, yet always feels cold and synthetic. To me, this perfectly reflects the despair and depravity of a Western civilization on the brink of losing its ability to be in touch with the remnants of feeling anything remotely human. It is like being aware of being on the beach, observing the end while still having the necessary punk attitude to defiantly take in a lasting breath. To be sure, *A View For Glass Eyes* has no filler and is stunning from start to finish. Top numbers for a listener's immediate consideration are "Clairvoyant Stare," "Pain As A Language," "Severing The Spine Of Confidence" and "Cutting Room Floor." Any aversion to spinning this would invite controversy and suggest a need to be committed. —Nick Kuzmack

Miscalculations

A View For Glass Eyes
Rockstar Records
Street: 01.10
Miscalculations =
The Pop Group +
Radioactivity +
The Gaggers

My overall appreciation for *A View For Glass Eyes* comes from an outlook that is bleak but attempts to be optimistic in a world consumed by an overwhelming stench of death, senseless greed and corruption. Miscalculations are a group composed of members from celebrated groups like **Disco Lepers** and **The Gaggers**, so it should not be a surprise that their sophomore album beautifully illustrates a sound that is simple yet hauntingly brilliant. To the listener, I would be remiss if I did not immediately point out the definitive, razor-sharp riffs and distorted, disembodied vocals that—combined with a fast-paced, energetic, electric feel—generates a



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THE BOMBERS

Nic Hessler

Soft Connections

Captured Tracks

Street: 03.17

Nic Hessler =

√**Primal Scream /**

Morrissey^The Kinks

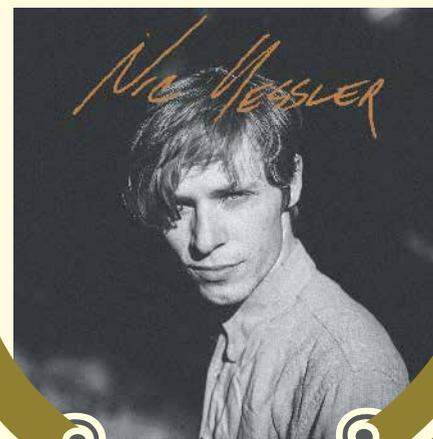
Nic Hessler's *Soft Connections* stands as the pinnacle of 2015's power pop offerings, both punching in a weighty teardrop and diversifying this rock n' roll form. From opener "Feel Again" to closer "Soft Connections," Hessler takes listeners on a bubblegum-clacking rollercoaster of lustful aches—and it hurts good. "Feel Again" demands attention with a prominent, mid-tempo beat, and its stretchy guitar slides yank heartstrings and cushion Hessler's dreamboat singing. On "Hearts, Repeating," Hessler asserts that *Soft Connections* will continue to pine for the proverbial lover, singing, "With a kiss, ton of bliss and I'm gone," wherein he punctuates that "gone" with an "ah-ah-ah-ah." Even at its most saccharine, the album varies, to process all that sugar. "Permanent" eases into wist-

ful acoustic-guitar passages. "All in the Night" compounds the acoustic conceit with a dark, psycho-emotional theme: "I just can't seem to get you off my mind," Hessler croons as a tom-y drumroll bolsters a shimmering synth solo. "Do You Ever" syncopates via a groovy bass line and a bouncy backbeat in its verses, which may lend to up-close-and-personal dances with your own lover amid its playful tone, its coy smile. Throughout the record, **Kathryn Penquite's** high-pitched female vocals peek through, and **Avi Buffalo's Sheridan Riley** sings a demure verse on "Into the Twilight," which aurally simulates the voice of Hessler's other, for whom he yearns. "(Please) Don't Break Me" pleads beyond its title, and cumbia-esque rhythms broadcast its visceral desire. It's "Soon You'll See, Kristine," though—with its punchy riffs—where Hessler blossoms through his honest, despondent sentimentality: "If you don't take me, I will understand." Summer love burns bright in this pop hearth, and it's fresh with each spin, deserving of your love. —Alexander Ortega

TOP 5

Teary-Eyed Power Pop Albums

- **Nic Hessler - *Soft Connections***
- **Young Guv - *Ripe 4 Luv***
- **Warm Soda - *Symbolic Dream***
- **EZTV - *Calling Out***
- **Dick Diver - *Melbourne, Florida***



TOP 5

Dummiest Fastest Punk Albums

- **PEARS - *Go To Prison***
- **Good Riddance - *Peace in Our Time***
- **Night Birds - *Mutiny at Muscle Beach***
- **Terror - *The 25th Hour***
- **Agnostic Front - *The American Dream Died***

PEARS



PEARS

Go To Prison

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 07.24

PEARS = Gorilla Biscuits + Direct Hit! + early Thrice

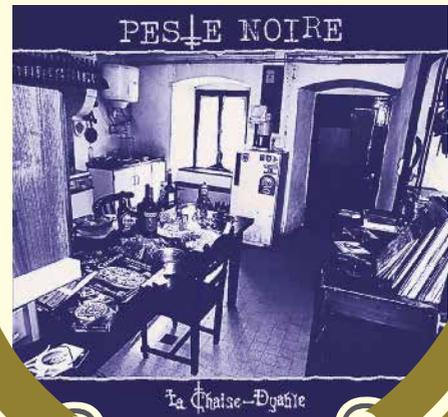
After discovering PEARS at *Punk Rock Bowling* earlier this year and playing their debut album, *Go To Prison*, on repeat for the majority of the summer, they rapidly became one of my favorite new punk bands. Written and recorded in less than a week, *Go To Prison* is completely solid from front to back—it's fast and feral one minute, sweet and harmonious another, and unsympathetically sinister the next. Part is due to their raucous frontman, **Zach Quinn**, who penned the lyrics as poetry while watching stop-motion and decided to turn them into hardcore songs. Every song stands out on this record, and each one is more aggro than the last. Clocking in at 53 seconds, the first track, "You're Boring," pounces like a rabid dog, switching from barking vocals over scorching atonal

riffs to melodious singing in conjunction with three-part harmonies. "Victim To Be" is a dip into Quinn's psychosis on dealing with inner madness, "Sycophant" touches on being different in a conformist society, and "Little Bags" delves into a bad drug trip and gives a nod to where the name PEARS came from. "Grimespree" is the most out-of-left-field track on the album—it closes with the most pounding guitar riffs and Quinn screaming in what sounds like indecipherable terror, finishing with a reference to the **Descendents**. Apart from Quinn's unexpedient vocals, **Brian Prentus'** guitar work is immaculate, as no two riffs sounds the same. The rhythm is on point—the drums are never overdone or out of place. PEARS' debut album gained them inconceivable recognition in such a small amount of time and landed them a spot on Fat Wreck Chords' roster. This album stands completely on its own—there is no other band that sounds quite like PEARS. —Eric U. Norris

TOP 5

Black Metal Albums that were More Relevant than Deafheaven

- Peste Noire – *La Chaise-Dyable*
- Forefather – *Curse of the Cwelled*
- Ghost Bath – *Moonlover*
- Horna – *Hengen tulet*
- Melechesh – *Enki*



Pissgrave

Suicide Euphoria
 Profound Lore Records
 Street: 08.07
 Pissgrave = Angelcorpse
 + Disgorge (MEX) +
 Conqueror

Enter Philly's Pissgrave—with a purposefully offensive name to grab attention and gruesome cover art to boot. When I was the corruptible age of 15, my mother would have very well thrown this album out based on the cover art alone (a liquified human corpse). If you think that's bad, look up the art for the band's demo. If my mother heard the violent and chaotic "music" of Pissgrave, it would be in the trash, too. Now that I'm 34, she would just shake her head at me. At first listen, it's intensely noisy and feels relatively unstructured—just a wall-of-noise-in-your-earhole sound. The vocals are so far from the standard death growl—more

like the vocalist of **Revenge** tearing out his vocal chords. Just because the band's name and art suggest some crappy brutal death or slam album (when offending people is all the rage) doesn't mean that it's one of those albums—it's noisy death metal with an old-school vibe. The not-very-produced sound reminds me of when grind and death weren't so different—think **Bolt Thrower's** *War Master* on crack. Upon repeated listening, the great riffs and tremolo picking stick out, and the disfigured chaos of the record all comes together. That first riff in "Impaled Vibration" and the timing and lovely rhythm to "Mass Cremation" and other great songs will make you come back and get nauseous for the stench of that bathtub corpse. It's one of the best debut albums of 2015.

–Bryer Wharton

SNOG

Compliance™
 Metropolis
 Street: 10.16
 SNOG = Black Lung +
 Psychic TV + Goldfrapp

SNOG has always been an artist with a powerful message—and clearly, on this release, that message is only getting louder. It addresses mass consumption, Big Pharma, political corruption, corporate control and even includes the dark, ugly sides of human greed. There is nothing held back, and it is completely in your face during the entire album, and I applaud it. The messages may be abrasive to some, but those people would be the ones they are directed at. They are eloquently delivered on creative, experimental and catchy music beds that stay true to the artists' amazing, electronic styles—which vary from childlike poetry chants to extreme experimental noise. There is no limit to the creativity here, and it is all phenomenal. "Cheerful Hypocrisy"

has a driving, catchy synth beat and a whistle that stays with me as I go about my day. It will certainly give listeners a different perspective as they go through their daily duties and put smiles on their faces with its meaning and humor. "The Clockwork Man" has the pulsating, four-count beat that is great for the underground night clubs and is my favorite on this one. I enjoyed the effects that were mixed in; they were reminiscent of an old-fashioned wrong-number dial tone and a "pew pew" laser sound from an old sci-fi film. "Rich Kuntz" has a dominant yet enjoyable Goldfrapp style to it. This is an artist that always has me looking forward to their next releases, and I am never disappointed by what I hear. The experimental, electronic sounds stimulate movement, and the blatant lyrics leave no topic untouched in the political and global realm. I love how SNOG addresses those things that are on everyone's mind, with no holds barred. –Mistress Nancy

TOP 5

Synthpop Albums for Joyriding in a Stolen UFO

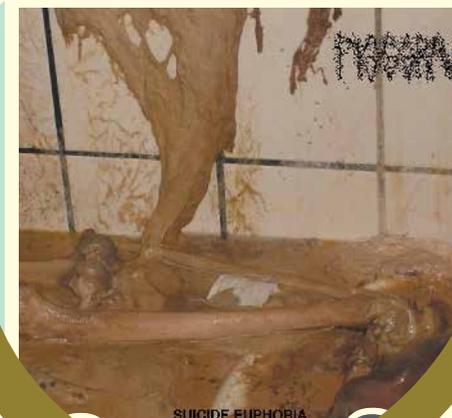
- SOPHIE – *PRODUCT*
- Purity Ring – *Another Eternity*
- Conquer Monster – *Metatransit*
- Hudson Mohawke – *Lantern*
- Dan Deacon – *Gliss Riffer*



TOP 5

Extreme Metal Albums You Lost When Your Mom Cleaned the Basement

- Pissgrave – *Suicide Euphoria*
- Broken Cross – *Through Light to Night*
- Abigail/Shitfucker – *Bloody Your Lovely Pussy! Split 7" EP*
- Serial Butcher – *Brute Force Lobotomy*
- Lindemann – *Skills in Pills*



Peste Noire

La Chaise-Dyable
 La Mesnie Herlequin
 Street: 04.15
 Peste Noire = Diaspaquir
 + Forgotten Woods

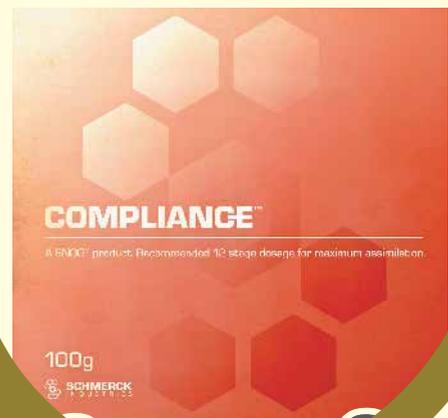
Peste Noire began their career by dropping some pretty influential black metal releases, and their style resonates throughout the off-subversive (but oft so goddamned awesome) subgenre, an extremely impressive feat considering their relatively late arrival on the scene. In this "author's" humble opinion, they have always militantly marched on the less-traveled road of originality and relevance with each of their albums, splits and demos. When I look back on albums that have managed to impress me, I notice that there's a pattern of experimentation and distinctive musical elements with not only each band, but more specifically with each release. With this in mind, *La Chaise-Dyable* once again proves that Peste Noire have never been afraid of experimentation or incorporating stuff into their music that most bands (let alone fans) wouldn't

touch with a stick specifically designed for stirring feces—perhaps evidenced best with the fact that one of these guys owns an accordion and isn't afraid to use it. Forest noises, though usually cliché (maybe it's the array of farm animals ... or gunshots), are followed here by a folksy, twangy acoustic passage and sung vocals, which slowly turn raspy and tortured, evoke an aura of their homeland on the opener "Avant le putsch." This leads into "Le dernier putch," proper black metal that's both appropriate and unconventional (they actually whistle at one point, and it works). The triumphant "Le Diable existe" highlights their furious and disquieting style perfectly with tasteful solos and growled singing. Furious and disquieting, like I said earlier ... I'd say that succinctly summarizes *La Chaise-Dyable* if you add in "awesome." With this latest release, these Frenchmen have figured out what direction the wind was blowing, saw a hearty breeze moving toward a mass of incorrigible idiots who wanted the same album twice, and pissed right into it. –Alex Coulombe

TOP 5

Darkwave Albums that We're Pretty Sure were Written by Robots

- SNOG – *Compliance™*
- Black Nail Cabaret – *Harry Me Marry Me Bury Me Bite Me*
- Beborn Beton – *A Worthy Compensation*
- High Functioning Flesh – *Definite Structures*
- Ego Likeness – *When The Wolves Return*



SOPHIE

PRODUCT
 Numbers
 Street: 11.27
 SOPHIE = Lazy Town +
 Hudson Mohawke + Kitty
 + Rugrats theme song +
 Aqua

Last year I managed to sneak SOPHIE's entire discography (a whole two songs at the time) into my end-of-year list. A few months later, **QT**—the side project and marketing experiment of SOPHIE and **Hayden Dunha**—premiered at SXSW, and I had fallen deep into a pastel, pixelated wonderland of trap music and glitter. I didn't know how to handle it, so I dyed my hair pink while listening to the iconic bubblegum pop sounds of "Hey QT" and gained a new appreciation for '90s pop and pixel art. Always enigmatic, SOPHIE manages to create an entirely new conceptual sound that forces the listener to question their taste. Hard, abrasive techno and heavily synthesized beats are paired with squeaky, almost robotic voices that

repeat and glitch the same word or phrase throughout each song, while trap-like electronic melodies pound away at the eardrums. Because *PRODUCT* marks an artistic creation spanning a number of years ("Bipp/Elle" was originally released as a single song back in 2013), it takes the listener on a journey through the evolution of the SOPHIE sound, ending with the nostalgic "Just Like We Never Said Goodbye." "Still got that glint in your eye / Like you did the very first time / Oh, it's like we never said goodbye"—the same vocalist who voiced the sounds in "Bipp" recites over a beat that only ever builds throughout the entirety of "Just Like We Never Said Goodbye." Ending where a traditional electronic song would drop into a bass line, it evokes a sense of longing in the listener in the same way the lyrics seem to long for an unrequited love. What makes SOPHIE such a phenomenon among electronic music is his ability to create something that leaves the listener wanting to know more, and no one seems to be satisfied and uninquisitive after just one listen. –Julia Sachs

Twerps

Range Anxiety
Merge Records
Street: 01.27

**Twerps = Veronica Falls /
The Mantles + Salad Boys
+ Ultimate Painting**

Rocketing out from the fertile "Green Place" of Australian and Dunedin jangle pop, Twerps' *Range Anxiety* is the party record for a twee Valhalla. Having sharpened their low-key, lo-fi sound for a gloss of fidelity, the Melbourne-based four-piece have crystalized their **Sarah Records**-meets-**Flying Nun** sound into the 13 cohesive tracks of *Range Anxiety*. Bursting with indie pop charm, the album is an afternoon-in-the-park picnic feast of perfect pop proportion, shifting listeners through various moods of indie pop—pretty, concise, honey-laced, shambling and whimsical, all at the band's jangle-driven gait. Twerps' **Martin Frawley** and **Julia McFarlane** push and pull the lead vocals from track to track, holding back any anxiety with serene pop sentiment and

keen lyricism. From Frawley singing, "and it all keeps coming back to you," under the dig of a rollicking, sugarcube-baited organ hook on "Back To You," to McFarlane's "cause I don't want to be a stranger," on "Stranger," a coy call and response develops, tacking each ace tune with a conversational familiarity. Frawley invokes the movement's granddaddies, warbling through the tracks like a coy **David Kilgour**—or like on "Love at First Sight," a sly **Ray Davies**. Proving to be a great foil to Frawley, McFarlane's tunes "Stranger," "Shoulders" and "Adrenaline" add a comforting anti-macho-ness to the Twerps' mix. All the while, **Gus Lord's** plodding bass and **Alex McFarlane's** crisp kit tighten things up. It's a splendid indie pop concoction—a cohesive and engaging album of candied vocals, chiming guitars, ringing keys and lyrics close to the heart. Pure, perfect indie pop is hard to find, and it's even harder when legions of imitators crowd the field. Thankfully, Twerps have just the right badge. —*Christian Schultz*

TOP 5

Art Albums that Should be Sold at the *God Hates Robots* gallery

- **Various Artists**
– *I Can't Give You The Life You Want*
- **FKA twigs** – *M3LL155X*
- **Jenny Hval** – *Apocalypse, girl*
- **Holly Herndon** – *Platform*
- **Marching Church**
– *The World Is Not Enough*



TOP 5

Indie Pop Albums to Pin to Your Anorak

- **Twerps** – *Range Anxiety*
- **Flesh World**
– *The Wild Animals In My Life*
- **Expert Alterations**
– *You Can't Always Be Liked*
- **Joanna Gruesome** – *Peanut Butter*
- **Shopping** – *Why Choose*



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 = **Now I'm Just A Number: Soundtracks 1994-95 x**
(Tropic of Cancer + Tarquin Manek)

London-based label Blackest Ever Black celebrated its fifth anniversary this year as some of our go-to purveyors of goth, gloom, industrial and "the hard-edged experimental fringe of post-punk." Their accompanying 11-track compilation, *I Can't Give You The Life You Want*, showcases the extent of the imprint's impressive output with previously unreleased tracks from the label's mainstays. Blackest Ever Black has close ties to the LA-based **Mount Analog**, and collectively, the compilation is a testament of sorts—a conceptual, sensory response—to the sprawling city and its interminable intersections. There's a surprising but cohesive breadth to the compilation, which is excellently curated and manages to both unsettle and reassure. Each

track is artful and challenging, prompting and imbuing new dimensions of lightness, saturating listeners as it unfolds new layers of evocative sound. **Camella Lobo** of Tropic of Cancer sets a haunting tone with the sublime, slow-burning opener, "I Woke Up And The Storm Was Over"—"I want all the world," she sings, her voice hovering over ceaseless kick beats and sinking into desire and disillusionment. **500 Stamps** bring a hollowed-out, DIY drone-punk aesthetic; **Barnett + Colocchia's** "Tracker" is a sinister and precise venture into eerie, ambient electronica; and **Exploring Jezebel** intersperses laugh tracks with disconcerting moans of pleasure and spits of discomfort. **Cut Hands** offers "Festival Of The Dead Ono," a sped-up, almost manic version of his 2014 album's title track, a heavy industrial number rife with Haitian percussive elements. Toward the album's end is **Tarcar's** gorgeous "Eija," which overlays a swirling and fuzzed-out post-punk soundscape with **Carla dal Forno's** shadowy, detached vocals. Like "Eija," *I Can't Give You The Life You Want* is a long, slow leap into the spell of a cavernous dreamscape—but it's a witness to the pockets of light along the way, too. —*Kathy Zhou*

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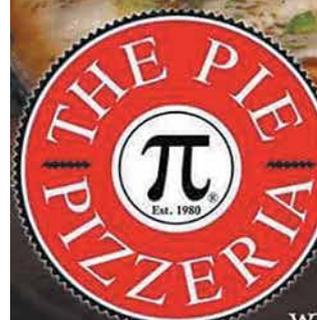
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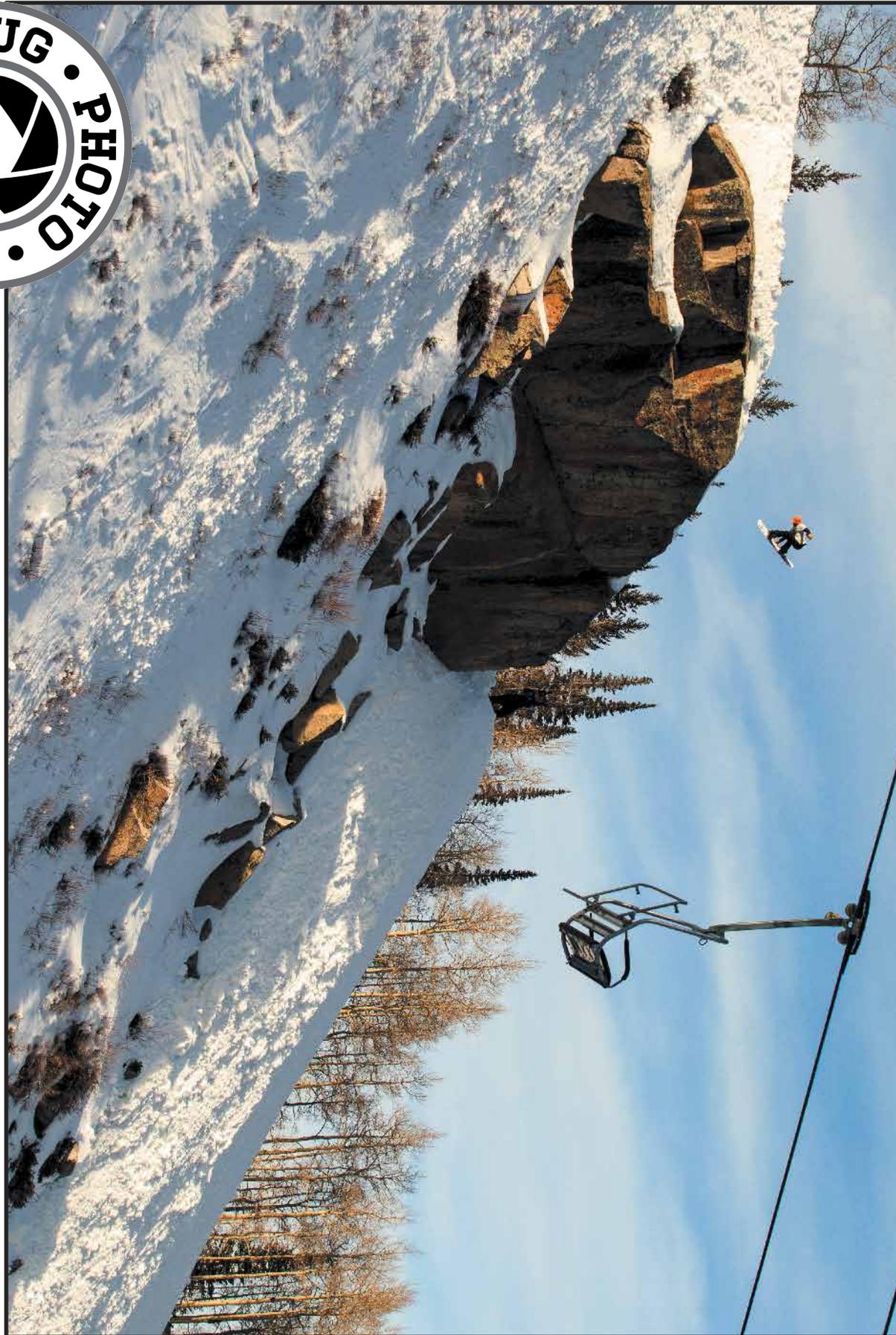
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SNOW

By Bob Plumb • bobbyplumb@yahoo.com
 Last winter, Brighton was kind enough to let us get a Cat and build this jump over on Milly before it had opened. It was an insane way to start the season. It's snowing in the mountains, so get off your lazy ass and do some Cab 5s like Austin Sweetin.



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Dual Christmas!

By Mike Brown • mgb90210@gmail.com

To me, the true meaning of Christmas is getting presents. All of the other Baby Jesus stuff and loving thy neighbor and spending time with the family? Shit, man, I can do that any other time of the year. I don't need some invisible Christmas spirit to do that stuff, and as far as I can tell, the Christmas spirit never used its credit card and waited in line at Toys "R" Us to get me a new Big Wheel when I was a kid.

Nope, Santa did. That is, until (SPOILER ALERT!) my parents told me that Santa wasn't real. It was kind of like them finally having the sex talk with me—awkward for them, that is, but I didn't really care that Santa had died or that a penis in a vagina made a baby. If I recall this sweet childhood memory correctly, my initial reaction was, "Santa's really you guys? Cool, do I still get presents?"

This solidified my firm belief that Christmas is, first and foremost, about unwrapping boxes of delight and making a mess. When I found out that Jewish kids get, like, eight Christmases, I immediately wanted to leave the Mormon faith, at least just for December. But that was not an option. Fortunately for me, though, my parents got divorced—which ultimately meant that for a majority of my childhood, I got not one, but TWO Christmases!

That said, I would now like to offer some tips to kids from split-up homes—who grew up like I did—on how to maximize what I simply like to refer to as Dual Christmas. Getting double the presents might not make up for the crippling abandonment issues and deficiency in creating functional relationships later on in your life, but it doesn't hurt.

First off, I would like to apologize to all the kids from single-parent or non-divorced homes that will never get to bask in the joys of celebrating Dual Christmas. The Christmas spirit is urging me to say that someday—maybe someday—you can have kids and get divorced and pass on the beautiful tradition of giving them two Christmases. You see? There's a silver lining to every shitstorm.

Now, I don't know how many little kids read my articles, let alone kids who have to put up with the repetitive Weekend Dad routine. Regardless, we all know a kid in a divorced household(s) anyway, so let's talk about the real issue at hand: how to maximize your present receiving. I inadvertently learned a few tricks growing up, and I feel that it's my Christmas-spirit duty to share them. Because you know what's better than one brand-new bike waiting under the tree? Two new bikes waiting under two different trees.

The first thing to realize, divorcee kids, is that your parents will most likely become competitive with each other during and after a divorce. They've just gotten done competing over who gets the house and the cars, or who's the most competent in front of a judge, so don't forget for a second that they will do this over again for your affection. This can be one of your greatest amounts of leverage for getting extra presents.

A great way to do this is to make two separate Christmas lists. Make sure you make one way longer than the other one, and give the longer list to Weekend Dad. Chances are, he's feeling some amount of guilt for not being around as much, and this is great pull to get a few extra Xbox games in your stocking. Another thing to keep in mind is to look past Weekend Dad's shitty apartment he's forced to live in now. Although it lacks decorations and most likely has a 3-foot plastic tree instead of a boisterous blue spruce, this only means that he may have more money to spend on you at the time. (Unless he's giving your mom a shit ton of alimony—in that case, give the longer Christmas list to your mom.)

Most likely, the Dual Christmas plays out like this: Christmas Eve, you will be at Weekend Dad's, opening his presents from your inflated Christmas list. He most likely will one-up Mom presents-wise the first year after the divorce. BUT, make sure you don't get mad at Mom for not stepping up. Divorced moms have long, long memories. And the next year after that, you are almost guaranteed she will one-up Dad, so, make sure you give her the longer list next year.

Another cool advantage to Dual Christmas is getting your presents early. All it takes is telling your mom something along the lines of,

"Well, Dad said I could have some presents on Thanksgiving ..." I got to use a snowboard when the season started instead of having to wait till Christmas Day by using this tactic.

Of course, each divorce situation can be different from mine. You may need to derive different plans of attack for Dual Christmas, depending on your situation. Maybe you don't go for presents and go straight for some cash. Either way, I hope you all enjoy your Dual Christmases—twice the gingerbread, twice the eggnog and twice the presents. Like I said, that's what Christmas is really about.



Mike Brown knows the tricks of the trade for optimal Christmas gift-receiving.



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SKATE

By Weston Colton
weston5050@yahoo.com



Paul from Philly – Kickflip – Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

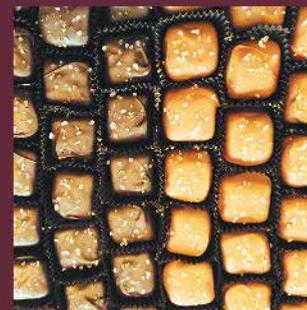
A few weeks ago, I was able to visit LOVE Park in Philadelphia for the first time. It was a surreal experience. I expected to see dozens of skaters doing endless lines on the granite ledges. Instead, I found the park rife with tourists and homeless people. In fact, there were only three skaters there on a Sunday afternoon—two local kids and **AVE**. Plans are underway with the city to renovate the park

by basically tearing out anything skateable and putting in grass. There is a petition and campaign to try to stop the changes, but the local skater I spoke to said it was looking like it wasn't going to work. While this isn't the photo I'd dreamed to shoot at LOVE Park, I'm that glad I was able to shoot a skater enjoying one of the most iconic skate spots ever. #sorelovepark



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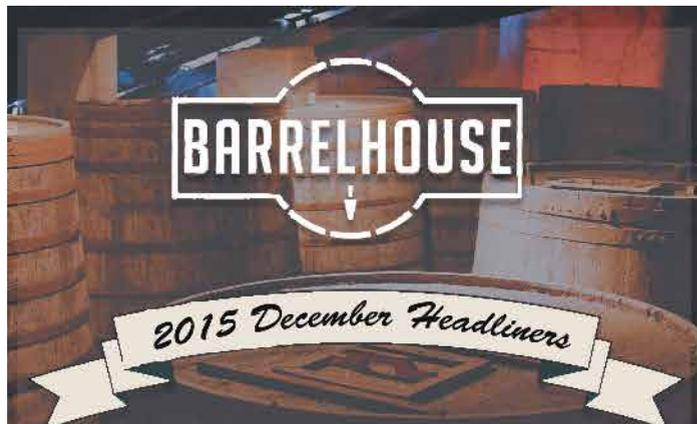
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PRODUCT REVIEWS

Dawes Audio Overdrive pedal davesaudio.com

I'm usually a one-guitarist-in-a-band type of fellow, which I feel leads to optimal creativity. Thing is, in **Filth Lords** (filthlords.bandcamp.com), if I'm playing a riff high on the neck or a buttery lead and **Nick Harris** is doing his thing on the bass, there's a chunk of sonic space in *The Filth Hole* that demands to be filled by sound waves other than those from **Rio Connelly's** fast crash. Such a situation demands a good overdrive pedal, and Dawes Audio's got what the doctor ordered. Mine came encased in black with a badass white Venom sticker. As far as the sound goes: It's mean. It's powerful. Upon using the pedal, all of a sudden, my Peavey Triple X tube amp/Peavey cab bathed me in bright, colorful mids. From left to right, creator **Chase Dawes** includes three knobs: volume, gain and sag—sag being “a voltage switch that changes the breakup,” he says. It seems that high overtones become more prominent by turning the sag knob up. I've found that midway for each knob hits the sweet spot for my ideal tone—the gain boasts ferocity, so paired with my Triple X's already snarlicious distortion, fully cranked gain can muddy the output, which isn't a problem, by any means. I do wish that the the power-supply input was on the back end of the pedal for easier daisy-chaining, but it's small potatoes for the type of meat this pedal puts on the table. Paired with my digital delay, my Les Paul sounds sinister and pervasive. (Christmas is almost here—hint-hint.)
—Alexander Ortega

Olio Beard & Co. Beard Oil, Beard Balm and Moustache Wax olioskin.com

If you've ever wondered how Santa's majestic beard got to be so majestic, it's probably because he uses essential oils to keep it nice and healthy. Now, there are a variety of beard oil companies on the market in Utah, but none with as much variety as Olio Beard & Co. Olio makes their own blends of plant-based essential oils and unprocessed sea salts into oils that are nourishing for both skin and hair—without any chemicals or animal-based additives. Olio's Frankincense Pine Oil kept a pleasant aroma of fresh pine under my nose, and their Cedarwood imparted a grassy, woody fragrance to my happy beard. Slathering on a few drops of the stuff after a morning shower had my beard and me feeling invigorated, sans the *Home Alone*-Kevin Macalister scream. With additional aromas including Lavender-Rose, Bergamot,

Mojito, an unscented variety and more, there's something for everyone from Olio. And to tame larger, more wizardly beards and hipstery moustaches, Olio also offers beeswax-based, cedarwood- and rosemary-scented Beard Balm and Moustache Wax. Keep your beard happy and healthy with Olio.
—Christian Schultz

Olio Beard & Co. Tattoo Oil and Balm olioskin.com

Let's face it: There is a good chance that most of you have some “sweet tats” that you paid good money for, and you want them to look better than your bro's “sweet ink.” All stereotypes aside, most of us have body art that we love and paid good money for, and sometimes we want to use something other than Aquaphor on it. Salt Lake Valley natives Olio have two products in their all-natural, personal-care line solely for tattooed skin. The Tattoo Balm is a solid, balm-like chapstick that melts on contact. A two-finger swipe of this lavender-scented cream, and you are halfway to seeing your oldest tattoo look like it was done only a month ago. The Tattoo Balm is also good for healing new tattoos—I used it on a **Wu-Tang W**, and it healed really clean and fast. If you are more of a liquid person, Olio's Tattoo Oil is for you. The Oil is pretty much the same as the Balm, but it comes in a glass bottle that will break if it slips out of your lubed hands onto the bathroom tile, so be careful. All in all, both the oil and balm will ensure your investment looks its best.
—Granato

Dawes Audio Overdrive Pedal



BEER REVIEWS

By Mike Riedel alegeek@gmail.com

Nearly every culture on the planet dedicates a specific cultural delicacy or beverage to one of the four seasons. In North America, we borrow from all of the cultures that make us who we are—and the one commonality that has followed us over the oceans and time is beer. It weaves itself into our holidays and celebrations and connects us with our pasts. The most diverse beer time on the calendar is upon us now. As we enter the winter solstice, you're going to encounter beers that range from dry and fruity to rich and chewy. Our beers this month represent the diversity that brings us all together while adding that extra spice that makes the holidays special.

Port O' Call Brewery/Brand: Uinta Brewing Co.

ABV: 9.4%
Serving Style: 750-ml. coked and caged bottle

Description: This brand-new offering from Uinta pours a somewhat muddy, caramel-brown color with a bubbly ring of tan bubbles. The nose has a lot going on—it's earthy and woody with caramel, oak wood, vanilla, caramelized raisins and some vinous notes. The taste is tart on the initial sip; it's somewhat dry and tannic with warm red wine grapes. Notes of burnt caramel, cocoa and roast-y malts round out the back end. The finish is slightly boozy with a bit of oak and hop bitterness.

Overview: A fairly complex beer that is a bit of a departure from Uinta's normal seasonal releases, Port O' Call is highly recommended. Buy a couple extra for cellaring—this is a beer that will definitely change over the next few years.

Random Double IPA Batch #2

Brewery/Brand:
2 Row Brewing
ABV: 8.5%
Serving Style: 12-oz. bottle

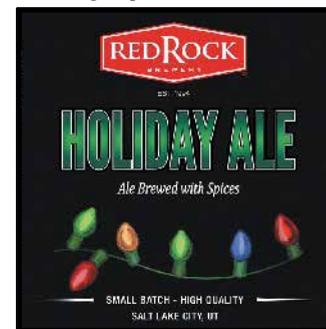
Description: Random DIPA is 2 Row Brewing Co.'s only beer that experiments periodically with different hop blends, while always keeping the original malt base. This #2 version has Mosaic and Simcoe hops, which are

known for their complex array of tropical fruit, citrus, berry, herbal, earthy and pine characteristics. The nose on this beer has a spicy nuttiness and a distinct fruitiness brought on by the Mosaic hops. The taste starts with slightly toasted caramel malt that gives way to the aforementioned spicy/nutty flavors and is rounded out by somewhat bitter hops with hints of orange and pineapple in the end. The finish is slightly crisp and prickly.

Overview: One of the great things about beers like these is that they give you an education on how different hop blends can greatly alter not only the bitterness of a beer, but, the perceived fruitiness that comes from these wonderful bittering flowers. Look for the batch number on the side window of Random DIPA bottles.

Session Holiday Ale Brewery/Brand: Red Rock Brewing Co.

ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: 500-ml. bottle



Description: This new session ale from RedRock pours a clear, golden-amber color with a thin cap of sudsy foam that fades to ringlets around the sides of my beer tulip. The nose smacks your nostrils with spicy cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and a touch of doughy maltiness beneath. The taste starts out with thin malts that transition into a holiday spice kick. Nutmeg and clove are quite pronounced, then morph into a muted bath of cinnamon spiciness. The finish is slightly piney with a hint of spruce.

Overview: While this lacks the “oomph” of its big brother, Griswald's Holiday Ale, this beer delivers a satisfying zap of holiday spices that scream good cheer without the alcohol hammer. You'll find this at most Harmon's Grocery Stores.

Cheers!



UTAH FILM CENTER
FREE FILM SCREENINGS

<p>TUE DEC 1 7PM</p> <p>SOLD Directed by Jeffrey Brown Adapted from the bestseller, <i>Sold</i> focuses on a 13-year-old sent to India by her family to work, only to be forced into prostitution.</p> <p>The City Library 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City</p>	<p>WED DEC 16 7PM</p> <p>CAPTIVATED Directed by Jeremiah Zagor The film explores how the media coverage of 1990 murder case may have influenced the trial and sentencing.</p> <p>Rose Wagner 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City</p>
<p>TUE DEC 5 11AM</p> <p>CINDERELLA Directed by Mark Zuckerman Disney's classic animated version of the beloved fairy tale tells the story of a gentle-hearted girl who attends the palace ball and meets Prince Charming.</p> <p>The City Library 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City</p>	<p>WED DEC 16 7PM</p> <p>MR. TURNER Directed by Mike Leigh Mr. Turner explores the last quarter century of the life of J.M.W. Turner, the great, yet eccentric British painter.</p> <p>Peery's Egyptian 2415 Washington Blvd Ogden</p>
<p>TUE DEC 8 11AM</p> <p>DOCTOR WHO: "Last Christmas" Directed by Paul Whirhurst Clara is in for a Christmas Eve that she'll never forget. Reunited with the Doctor, she faces what could possibly be her last Christmas.</p> <p>The City Library 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City</p>	<p>THUR DEC 17 7PM</p> <p>Damn This Heels Year-Round Directed by Ben Niles Starring Judy Garland and directed by Vincente Minnelli, the cult classic spawned “Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas” and Liza Minnelli!</p> <p>The City Library 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City</p>
<p>THUR DEC 10 7PM</p> <p>IRIS Directed by Albert Maysles Albert Maysles final film follows the 93-year-old style maven, Iris Apfel, who has been on the New York fashion scene for decades.</p> <p>Viridian center 8030 S 1825 W West Jordan</p>	<p>TUE DEC 22 7PM</p> <p>JANIS: Little Girl Blue Directed by Ben Niles Janis Joplin portrait, a woman with a soulful voice who broke into the male-dominated music scene but grappled with inner demons and addictions.</p> <p>The City Library 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City</p>

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ASK A COP



dear santa cop

during the holidays i drive from many places to others on christmas eve and christmas day. stress is usually high and i admit to speeding to make engagements on time within reason. obviously if the weathers bad i moderate my driving but usually it is not so bad. i am wondering how aggressive highway patrol is on cracking down on traffic violations during this time. they usually have the reputation for being jerks compared to the regular city cops. are they affected by holiday cheer? they wear the same boots as santa claus. what about cops in whatever given city? are they more lenient during the holidays? i just wanna be to aunt darlens while the ham is warm.

sincerely
willy fred

Dear Darlene's nephew,

I've never worked a traffic enforcement assignment and don't really understand the ticket-writing mindset, but here's my take: A couple years ago, I got pulled over in West Valley, and the cop gave me a Christmas card instead of a ticket. That seemed pretty Christmas-cheerful to me. I know Salt Lake City coppers do something similar around the holidays.

Utah has elected to have a Department of Public Safety, with one of the entities in that Department being the Highway Patrol. In general, their entire existence is traffic enforcement. There are a few who do other types of cop jobs, but their primary "mission" is to facilitate the traffic flow, which means traffic enforcement. Knowing that, think of the type of person who is attracted to a ticket-writing highway patrol job and who is attracted to a regular cop job, whose primary mission is handling criminals and 911 calls. Obviously, you're always going to get more enforcement cheer from a city or county cop than those tasked with writing

tickets. But remember—cities often have their own traffic-enforcement squads who primarily write tickets. You could run into one who is required to write a dozen or more per day, and those cities love that revenue.

I'm hoping that the primary concern of any cops working traffic enforcement around Christmas is impaired drivers. For some reason—I don't know if it's depression, the holiday stress or whatever life problems happen during the holidays—people imbibe (and medicate in other ways) then drive more than at any other time of the year—except maybe St. Patrick's day or Oktoberfest, and that's just because they're drinking holidays.

I did see a bulletin in the past that indicated that the UHP was increasing enforcement of those impeding the traffic flow. That means diamond and left-lane dally-ers who don't move over as required by law (yes, slower traffic must move over—it's the law), but, it doesn't sound like you're one of those people since you need to get to the ham while it's warm and all. What it does mean is that the trooper has a better chance of being on the impeder stop when you come screaming by, and that saves you a ticket.

Also, Santa wears a nice engineer-type boot, not the super-high Chippewas that motor-traffic cops wear.

You mentioned the weather—well, it looks like we're in for a decent winter, so slow down, avoid the imbibers and arrive safely and ticket-free for your warm holiday dinner.

—Cop

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MOVIE REVIEWS

The 33
Director:
Patricia Riggen
Warner Bros.
In Theaters: 11.13

Anyone alive in 2010 most likely remembers the mining accident that occurred on Aug. 5, 2010, which buried 33 miners 2,300 feet underground and trapped them down there for 69 days. It's only been five years since the incident, and we already have a feature film starring **Antonio Banderas** as **Mario Sepúlveda** and **Lou Diamond Phillips** as **Don Lucho**. Personally, I remember staying up all night watching each miner being rescued individually, so the latter half of this recreation did not receive my full attention—honestly, I wanted to go home. The reason for sitting through the first half was to learn how they found the miners with absolutely no communication. That was something I didn't see live on my television. The acting, while decent at times, is far too melodramatic for the most part. You can almost see the Oscar speech Banderas has prepared hanging out of his pocket. Sorry, *Desperado*, I don't think it's happening. There are also some questionable casting decisions such as French actress **Juliette Binoche** portraying **Maria Segovia** and delivering a horrendous Chilean accent. The story itself is spectacular and a modern-day miracle, but (spoiler alert) since all 33 miners are still alive today, I would have much rather seen a well-crafted documentary than a mediocre film that should have premiered on Lifetime. —*Jimmy Martin*

I Need A Dodge! Joe Strummer On The Run
Director: **Nick Hall**
Cadiz Music
On DVD: 10.16

Nick Hall's *I Need A Dodge!* is a brilliant tale that documents the largely unexplored period of Joe Strummer's escape to Spain during the fall of **The Clash**. It starts out in 1997 when a Spanish radio station interviews Strummer at the *Glastonbury Festival*. During the interview, he makes plea to the Spanish people to look out for a Dodge car that he had bought and misplaced in Madrid some 12 years

prior. During this highly amusing story, Hall strings together a fantastic journey that celebrates Strummer's legendary ingenuity and quirkiness while also emphasizing his profound effect on those he meets—specifically those in the Spanish rock bands **Radio Futura** and **091**, the latter having had their LP *Cementerio de automóviles* produced by Strummer during his self-imposed exile. This documentary, though short, takes detailed accounts from members of The Clash phase two (such as **Nick Sheppard**), members of 091, Radio Futura and Strummer's longtime girlfriend and mother of his children **Gaby Salter**, who describe his mental state at the time and give viewers a fascinating look into a turbulent time in this legend's life. —*Nick Kuzmack*

The Night Before
Director:
Jonathan Levine
Columbia Pictures
In Theaters: 11.20

At the stroke of midnight on Nov. 1, the Halloween decorations are put away and the Christmas lights come out. Don't ask about Thanksgiving—Black Friday overtook it. With the holidays underway, the obligatory Christmas movies make their way onto the silver screen, but all are not the classic, family-friendly type of endeavor. In the vein of cult favorites like *Bad Santa* and *A Very Harold & Kumar Christmas*, Jonathan Levine's holiday adventure lets the children sleep all snug in their beds while the adults drink, smoke weed and get all screwed up in their heads. Ever since Ethan (**Joseph Gordon-Levitt**) lost his parents in a car accident, he and his two best friends, Isaac (**Seth Rogen**) and Chris (**Anthony Mackie**), have made it an annual tradition to get annihilated on Christmas Eve, but, as adulthood and responsibilities arrive for Ethan's counterparts, the tradition is coming to an end. This drunken shenanigan pays homage to just about every Christmas movie ever made. Yes, there's even a Sticky Bandits reference from *Home Alone 2*. While there are plenty of solid laughs throughout, there are also many cheap gags and dated pranks that make you hope the trio take the film's message to heart and make this the last time they per-

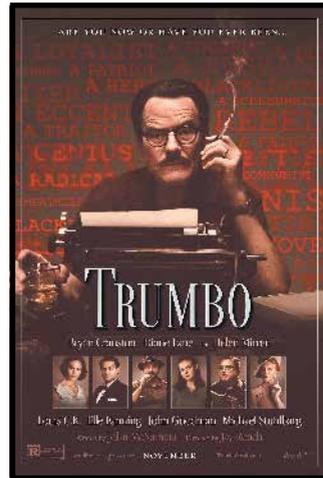
form in these types of films. The best part of the film comes with the brief time spent with **Michael Shannon** as a mysterious drug dealer with a message from the past, present and future. —*Jimmy Martin*

The Peanuts Movie
Director:
Steve Martino
20th Century Fox
In Theaters: 11.06

Ever since the trailer for *The Peanuts Movie* was released, I have been dying to see the late **Charles M. Schulz**'s creations in 3D animation on the big screen. Upon first glance, you can immediately tell that the entire cast and crew were fans of *Peanuts* and wanted to preserve the look, tone and innocence of the 65-year-old franchise. Rumor has it the Schulz family chose director Steve Martino after his beautiful adaptation of **Dr. Seuss'** *Horton Hears a Who*. The two paralleling stories are as simplistic as it gets. Charlie Brown is too shy to talk to the new girl in town, and Snoopy, in his imagination, must stop his longtime nemesis, The Red Baron, and rescue his love, Fifi. That's it, and it's wonderful. Martino transports viewers to a time when kids didn't have their faces buried into their tablets and video games and actually went outside to play. There's no fart jokes or dirty double entendres. It's wholesome, just like all of its predecessors, and fans of *Peanuts* will absolutely adore it. The love and admiration for this project reminds of the care that was given to *The Muppets* in 2011, which makes the experience even more enjoyable. The only complaint comes in the form of the inclusion of **Meghan Trainor**'s "Better When I'm Dancin'," which completely deviates from the franchise's classic jazz-like score. It feels as though an executive from upstairs forced Martino's hand to be more "hip" in order to appeal to all the kids. —*Jimmy Martin*

Trumbo
Director: **Jay Roach**
Bleecker Street Media
In Theaters: 11.25

It's been nearly 70 years since supporters of communism were blacklisted from working in Hollywood, as well as across the country, and forced to



struggle to survive. Among those individuals was **Dalton Trumbo (Bryan Cranston)**, one of the film industry's top screenwriters. Refusing to succumb to peer pressure, Trumbo and the Hollywood 10 were sentenced to prison, but they fired back by working underground under pseudonyms. The stakes are raised when Trumbo garners Academy Awards while still under the blacklist and gains the attention of A-listers such as **Kirk Douglas, Stanley Kubrick** and **Otto Preminger**.

From the director that brought us the *Austin Powers* trilogy and two films in the Focker franchise, it's a delight to see Jay Roach mature gracefully as a filmmaker and deliver a project with meaningful substance. It's not shocking that Cranston could easily be nominated for his portrayal of the courageous yet stubborn workaholic, since he is easily one of the greatest actors of this generation. He is definitely an EGOT contender. Along with Cranston, Roach paves a solid foundation for his lead star with a fantastic ensemble cast that includes **Diane Lane, Louis C.K., Elle Fanning, Alan Tudyk, John Goodman** and **Helen Mirren**. *Trumbo*'s behind-the-scenes look at Hollywood is alluring yet despicable with all the backstabbing and double-crossing, so it looks like much hasn't changed since The Decade of Conformity. —*Jimmy Martin*

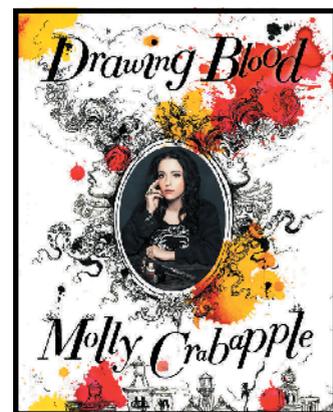
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BOOK REVIEWS

88 Maps
Rob Carney
Lost Horse Press
Street: 10.15

In Rob Carney's fourth full-length poetry collection, *88 Maps*, we find the two-time Utah Book Award Winner for Poetry tackling the juxtaposition of the naturalist and the consumerist with some certain amount of skill and some lesser amount of tact. The collection is split up into five sections: Departures, Directions, No Return Address, Home Appraisals and Arrival. Each examines (in its own modes/forms) the themes of wild versus urban, the phenomenological versus the scientific and (as a kind of meta-theme) the navigation of life versus—and including—death. We see Carney too often give way to an unflattering cynicism concerning nature bleeding by the hands of men, and rarely—though pleasingly—proclaim the triumphs and beauty of nature. One could hope for a pronounced reversal here, where nature becomes the point of import and hope, not the victim. In my favorite section, "No Return Address," Carney's cynicism takes the backseat, and we get a glimpse of nature in its most inspiring and devastating forms through pointed and poignant prose. *88 Maps* (and Carney) will ultimately have us understand that life and nature are composed of the beautiful, invisible moments and measurements—but patience is required to reach that revelation. —*Z. Smith*

Drawing Blood
Molly Crabapple
HarperCollins
Street: 12.15



When you follow someone online, you can absorb all the media that they have

curated, but it only gives you a surface of the picture, an inch in a mural. If you follow Molly Crabapple online, you might know bits and pieces, but in *Drawing Blood*, we get a chance to really dive into what makes her tick, what drives her art and why the lowbrow workers are the stars of her illustrations, with the upper-class left as pigs on the sidelines. *Drawing Blood* should be required reading for everyone who wants to leave a mark on a world that otherwise wants to erase their humanity. Drawing from the experience of being a woman, worker, performer, traveler and activist, Crabapple leads readers on a journey from underground sex worker turned established artist, and later, a crucial storyteller. While she acknowledges her privilege during the Occupy protests, she stays true to her roots, unable to forget or leave behind the ground she built herself from. I found myself intoxicated by her stories, desperate to finish the book and absorb all her words like a drunk squeezing into the bar before last call. Seriously, go read this. —*Brinley Froelich*

You Too Can Have A Body Like Mine
Alexandra Kleeman
HarperCollins
Street: 08.15

I started reading this book the day after I fractured my ribs, and I think the combination of the surrealism in Kleeman's story and my slightly unhinged mental state (due to the pain) made me crazier than normal for a few days. This book is kind of out there in a lot of the best ways possible, but it never completely hits home for me, and I'm still puzzling to figure out why. I think the main character's sudden mental breakdown, two-thirds of the way through the book, took me out of it since I hadn't really expected it, but I can't give any concrete reason why I didn't love this thing. I think, for the sake of this review, I'll blame my own temporary insanity and suggest that if you want to read a female version of **David Foster Wallace**, then you're in the right place. Kleeman's take on modern advertising and female beauty standards rings true and was an unexpected look into a world that, by virtue of my gender, I'll never inhabit. —*Alex Gilvarry*

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LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

Afro Omega

American Ital
Rebel Sound Records
Street: 10.09
Afro Omega = Tairo
+ Black Uhuru

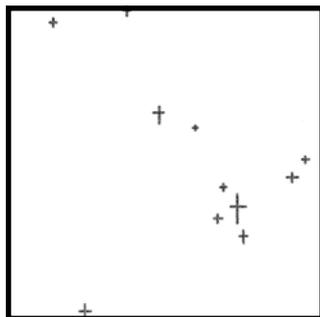


I'm not exaggerating when I say that Utah is blessed to have such a talented group of roots reggae artists on the scene. The grooves in *American Ital* are rhythmically earthy, and the mix of **Bronté James** and **Elise James'** vocals is well-balanced and divine. "Climbing" is probably my favorite track—the verses compare climbing a mountain to being in a relationship with a call-and-response chorus of "I'd do anything girl/Anything baby." *American Ital* touches on everything from embracing natural hair in "Congo I Dread" to resisting the negativity and brainwashing in society in "10 Revolutionaries." The songwriting in *American Ital* is exquisite, and the band certainly has the chops to back it up. —*Ali Shimkus*

Angel Magic

2012-2015
Self-Released
Street: 08.06
Angel Magic = Com Truise + Young Galaxy

Angel Magic harbor a pristine electro-pop sound that's mood settling and fine-tuned to feel smooth and consistent. This compilation of their works may sound familiar to those who've frequented their local shows or visited their awesome track "Am I My Lover" on *Dirty Provo Vol. 1*. That track is on this compilation as well, and is my favorite only for my having listened to it so much on *Dirty Provo* last year. Every song is consistent with the last in feeling but still remains distinct. The wispy yet strong vocals of **Lauren Smith** keep the dreamy synthetics



sounding organic. Even with lyrics that might be somber, like on "Giving Damns," the rippling, alien-like effects keep every song bright and warm. —*Erin Moore*

Berlin Breaks

Empty Spaces
Self-Released
Street: 09.17
Berlin Breaks = Trapt + Tool

I've never seen Berlin Breaks play, but if I had, I expect I would remember it as a loud concert. *Empty Spaces* is an album of music that's meant to be played loud. With the exception of the end of the album, the songs are heavy and fast, which is something Berlin Breaks do well. Flashes of metal erupt out of guitarist **Brandon Watson** in "Beg," breaking up heavily compressed chord progressions and creative drum beats. Perhaps as a result of their loud playing style, Berlin Breaks have a little trouble changing energy level. "Follow Me," for example, cycles between two levels of energy without many builds or releases of energy, which could add a lot to the music. That aside, there's some rock-solid material in *Empty Spaces!* —*Alex Blackburn*

Charles Ellsworth

Wildcat Chuck Charles
Wandering Man Records
Street: 10.16
Charles Ellsworth = Crook and the Bluff + Blaze Foley

Every one of Ellsworth's albums sounds like the backing track to a heart-wrenching montage of a man crossing the U.S. in an old, rusted-out Chevrolet, sipping whiskey and wiping tears. Husky vocals complement bluesy, country rock n' roll well. A careful balance of twangy, folk acoustic guitar



and slithery, lamenting electric guitar creates a stable profile of the last 60 years of nostalgic Americana in one, neat package. "A Packed Suitcase" is heavily minor and melancholic, a stifled mourning of love lost. "Arizona Pines" features a swarming slide guitar and alludes to the dark, hurtful cavern within every human spirit. Heavy vocal harmonization builds into the chorus like a melancholy sermon. The relatable simplicity of this album makes for an emotional journey. I laid on my couch listening and weeping, and when it was over, I had a fuller understanding of not only myself but of humanity as a whole. —*LeAundra Jeffs*

City of Vermin

11/12/13
Self-Released
Street: 07.19.14
City of Vermin = Green Day + Blue October

Homegrown City of Vermin have given us an acoustic-leaning grunge album that is emotionally shaking and sonically enveloping. In *11/12/13*, the quiet-versus-loud dynamic is heavily at work—yet this dynamic is played out over darkly driving percussion (provided by **Cameron Jorgensen**), lushly layered post-punk guitars, sweeping string arrangements, and an occasional ukulele (provided by **Chris Jensen**). But perhaps the most captivating feature of the album is the vocal and lyrical work of **Cortland Johnson**, which might be described as an adventure through '90s and early '00s alternative-rock radio, tuned for modern ears. My only issue with the album is its length (running nearly an hour) in combination with the seeming lack of grand sonic-variation (for even a good thing can turn stale), yet even with that, *11/12/13* is not an album to slough off, but an auditory exercise worth daring—a date worth taking. —*Z. Smith*

Fasba Fpel

Book LXVII—Mobile Home Manor
Self-Released
Street: 09.12
Fasba Fpel = Red Krayola + Jazz Fusion + June of 44 + early Pink Floyd

Utah's—and maybe the world's—most prolific band and musical collective from Sandy continues to exercise their unceasing and unrelenting work ethic, releasing their 67th(!) "book" in the longest musical odyssey ever recorded. Releasing epic jams weekly with a wide-range of guest musicians, *Mobile Home Manor* sails through space and time with musical sharpness and precision. The delight received by the listener stems from how well each musician blends their abilities with each other, listening and feeling carefully as the narrative in each chapter drifts in a singular direction. Sprechgesang vocals reminiscent of June of 44's **Sean Meadows**, **Jaco Pastorius**-ian bass funk and **Josh Freese**-like drums, ranging from jazz to metal, create both an aggressive atmosphere and undying energy. With 100 albums under their belt and no end in sight, this collective is resolved to continue their journey with no destination in mind. —*Stephan Wyatt*

Fever Dreams

Life has Departed
Self-Released
Street: 10.16.14
Fever Dreams = (Nails + His Hero is Gone) / Botch

Since their last release, these boys have been up to some wicked shit. After moving to Salt Lake, these gents pumped out an album worth the attention of anyone in the mood for **Heresy** or **Negative Approach**. With their **Call of the Void**-like intensity, the band blastbeats ears into seeping cavities and shred vocal chords into a pus-rife coleslaw. My favorite song on the album is "Ovis," simply because it got stuck in my brain for weeks. The riffs are brutal, wet with sweat from a night of terror. Find it on bandcamp and buy two copies, one for you and one your niece who is always listening to **Foster The People**. —*Alex Cragun*

I See Your Nightmares

A Lovely Occurrence
Self-Released

Street: 11.12.13
I See Your Nightmares = Lou Barlow + Lou Reed + Sebastian Bach

Zachary Smith is no relation to the Doctor of the same name from the old TV show *Lost In Space*, but his musical persona still seems like some kind of cosmic castaway. *A Lovely Occurrence* is a collection of musical vignettes and soft-spoken ballads that really win you over like a little bouquet. Even if one or two of the songs might be about revenge or regret, they seem more like rapturous reveries than nightmares. —*Stakerized!*

Officer Jenny

~*queen of cups*~
Self-Released
Street: 09.19
Officer Jenny = The Antlers + Sufjan Stevens + Craig Wedren

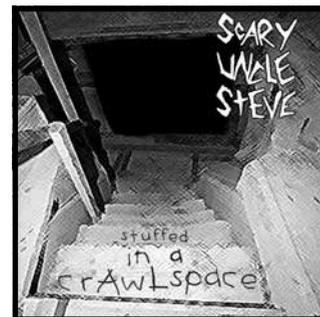


Art comes from a place of pain that, when revisited, reopens wounds that can never fully heal except through acceptance. In a stunning new EP, ~*queen of cups*~, Provo musician **Stephen Cope** faces their childhood demons in search of overcoming them. In striking contrast to the EP's theme, melodious odes swell, swirl and stain musical memories forever. Cope's fragile delivery quavers and haunts, faintly reminiscent of The Antlers' **Peter Silberman**, especially in the album's opening track, "Father Doted Over Me." Cope's imagery paints the painful portrait of abuse: "Father doted over me/With a branch in hand/From the Birchwood tree." In the midst of violence, sheer beauty emerges. The harmonies resonate like voices from soothing ghosts in "Nothing Feels Real." The comforting sounds of the French horn in "They Told Me Death Was Not the End" help Cope face mortality with sweet serenity. The lonely way a banjo can summon lurks throughout "Semen Samples pt.1." ~*queen of cups*~ is nothing short of a triumph. —*Stephan Wyatt*

Scary Uncle Steve

Stuffed in the Crawl Space
Recidivest Records
Street: 05.13
Scary Uncle Steve =

Mischief Brew + Folk Hogan + Ramshackle Glory



This 7" takes no time throwing you right into its folksy yet exciting sound: "All Out of Perspective" starts with a waltz-paced accordion, which is quickly joined by the three-chord persistence from the guitar that shifts into some hard, fast, circle pit-inducing punk rock. "Straight-Bashing for Mormons" is a fun little number that makes tongue-in-cheek cracks at **Governor Herbert** and his homophobic remarks. "Let's Do Brunch" kicks back into debauchery, and "Rats" settles down to the laid-back, swaying character that started off this EP, bringing it full circle. A solid 7", Scary Uncle Steve have presented some fun, catchy, simple yet abrasive songs that channel everyone to join in on the party. —*Eric U. Norris*

Second Nature

Fawkes Hunt
Self-Released
Street: 06.03
Second Nature = Code Orange + early Converge



Fast and full of drudge-muckery, *Fawkes Hunt* is a hardcore album that you need. Another band in the Inter-mountain Mecca of Grindcore, Second Nature truly kills it on this album. "Approach the Boner" is a spittle shower atop a mound of bass-y marrow. I had this on repeat while I was doing spreadsheets at work, and at one point, my coworker asked me what I was silently headbanging to—it's that damn good. It's a short album, but boy does it pack a punch. Buy and tattoo this filth on your hypothalamus. —*Alex Cragun*

Sex Room

Naked on the Internet
Fullblone Records
Street: 04.17
Sex Room = Dillinger Four + Reagan Youth



A trio hailing from "Hillary" Clinton, Utah (according to their Facebook page), Sex Room calls attention to the important topics of the day, such as shitty radio music ("Fuck Music") and how big trucks usually equal a small penis ("Big Trucks Big Dicks"). Setting out to be as offensive as possible in three minutes or less in a sort-of **NOFX** fashion, Sex Room have managed to churn out some good, old-fashioned, pulse-raising punk rock. Lo-fi production fuels the piss-and-vinegar feel of this album, and the chorus of "Officer Down" has me humming along every time I pass a cop. *Naked on the Internet* is definitely worth the risky Google search. —*Ali Shimkus*

Tom Bennett

The Man Who Shook the Trails of the Devil's Hounds
Sweet Salt Records
Street: 05.24
Tom Bennett = Caleb Followill + Woody Guthrie

Smokey vocals atop greasy slide guitar, this is a folksy, bluesy good time. While I bristle at talk about spiritual matters and storytelling in modern music, I felt that Bennett's album is good time to be had by all. A local activist, I first heard this local prodigy at a clean-air rally in 2013, and was amazed at the coarse but sexy vocals the man has. The album exhibit's Bennett's well-traveled story and love for traditional folk singing. Despite all the religious talk, I would highly recommend this. —*Alex Cragun*

Valentine & The Regard

Gave You My Heart
Feral Cat Records
Street: 10.24
Valentine & The Regard = Jason Molina + Will Oldham + Sparklehorse



Heartache never sounded so cathartic. Pulling away from noisy aesthetics and gritty blues-fueled riffs, Brigham City's Valentine & The Regard found the perfect medium to express themes of anguish and despair through stripped-down instrumentation and minimalistic songwriting suggestive of Jason Molina's most vulnerable moments. "I Just Lie" takes on the ethos of 2 a.m. confessional shared between two people who know how their story ends. Sparse piano keys fill the space behind Mike Maurer's frail vocals. A song that sounded more like a penned letter never sent, "Save Your Breath's" flat-picked playing comes and goes like the memories of a lover who cannot be erased. The album's most compelling track, "I Don't Wanna Know," possesses pleasant cooing from Julie Maurer while asking questions that, if answered, would render an undesirable response. *Gave You My Heart* is the brazen jewel in Valentine & The Regard's otherwise inexhaustible catalog. —*Stephan Wyatt*

Well Okay

Homesick for a House Fire
Self-Released
Street: 06.27
Well Okay = The Hold Steady + Andrew Jackson Jihad

Fans of locals **Folk Hogan** will like Well Okay. While it's not as party-centric as our rowdy folk heroes, they will nevertheless enjoy the steadfast speed and passion in this album. Semi-political and confessional, the lyrics in this album will make your heart sink with sadness, much like **Ghost Mice** and **Paul Baribeau**. With raw acoustic guitar and hollow harmonica, *Homesick for a House Fire* is a tome about the blight of modern societal malaise. My only criticism would be that **Adam Domnie** needs to turn down the reverb and practice his long vocal tones. Other than that, this is a solid LP. —*Alex Cragun*

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MUSIC REVIEWS

Baby Shakes

Starry Eyes

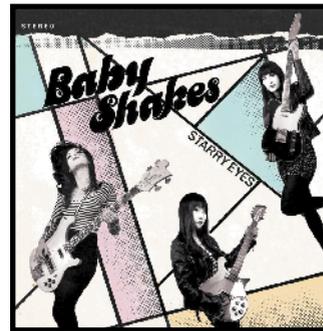
Lil Chewy Records

Street: 08.01

Baby Shakes = The Boys +

The Undertones +

Peach Kelli Pop



If you make the dire mistake of passing this up for something safer, I'm afraid that it'll be obvious that your head needs to be examined. While many are quite familiar with the cute, jangly bubblegum tunes of Peach Kelli Pop, avid listeners should perhaps take a closer look at Baby Shakes. They are a rock n' roll outfit from New York who, long ago, mastered bubblegum power pop with a punk sensibility. Think of them as the big sisters who paved the way for the contemporary version of this genre that many comfortably celebrate with other, cutesier acts. This Baby Shakes album has been long overdue, and you know what? *Starry Eyes* really delivers the goods. *Starry Eyes* is highly energetic, infectiously poppy rock n' roll fun with an essential punky attitude, and has no filler. It's a consistent "I'm still jumping and flailing about" listen. —Nick Kuzmack

Beliefs

Leaper

Hand Drawn Dracula

Street: 11.13

Beliefs = Slowdive +

My Bloody Valentine +

Sonic Youth

Toronto's Beliefs' new album, *Leaper*, stands as an ode to the classical shoe-gaze era that generated the genre's greatest bands: My Bloody Valentine and Slowdive. The open love letter to their influences is written throughout

Leaper in sound and song title. "Swooner" presents layers of vocals in the same fashion that MBV crafted theirs on the band's seminal album, *Loveless*. Josh Korody's use of the whammy—a style MBV guitarist Kevin Shields made famous—is copiously used on *Leaper*'s opening track, "Colour of Your Name." At times, Jesse Crowe's voice beckons Rachel Goswell's choral muse in both material and spirit. At other times, she cops Kim Gordon's spoken delivery. Understated, however, is Beliefs' songwriting. Strip the band of their reverb and distortion pedals, and beneath the firmament lie songs that could be played on acoustic guitars and barroom pianos. Yet would listeners still mistake them for a My Bloody Valentine cover band after all? —Stephan Wyatt

Birds in Row

Personal War

Deathwish

Street: 10.30

Birds in Row = Oathbreaker

The Blood Brothers +

Loma Prieta +

In entertainment, personality is everything. Just think of your favorite bands, and there's a good chance you know who their lead singers are. French hardcore band Birds In Row are the first band I've seen who successfully buck this trend by obscuring their faces in band photos and going by single-letter monikers. They may not be the first band to try to hide behind their music, but they are most successful that I've seen, and none of this would matter if they weren't so damn good. These three dudes make a lot of great noise. This EP adds to a solid back catalog and is also one of the best hardcore releases to come out this year. Every single track on this EP is a total scorcher, and the only thing I can find wrong with it is that it's not nearly long enough. —Alex Gilvarry

Clay Rendering

Snowthorn

Hospital Productions

Street: 11.05

Clay Rendering =

Natural Snow Buildings +

Blessure Grave +

Vatican Shadow

Clay Rendering, Mike Connelly's

(ex-Wolf Eyes, Hair Police, The Haunting) and wife Tara's (also of The Haunting) latest project, spans from epic and grandiose to intimate and minimalist. Given Connelly's pedigree, Clay Rendering are melodic and restrained, moving from high-BPM, post-industrial goth to doom rock. Cathartic instrumental tracks center around the epic pull of synthesized strings and dirge-paced cadences or simple, minimalist piano lines with a dark sky of building dread in the upper-register drone and church-bell percussion. *Snowthorn* builds from the ground up, creating paced and measured mood pieces that could easily score an episode of *Game of Thrones* (I've actually never seen *Game of Thrones*). Such solemnity is also reserved for Connelly's twinned, piercing guitar arpeggios that ascend and circle minimal synth lines like worried fire. It's easily one of the most delivered-upon promises of 2015. —Ryan Hall

Coromandelles

Late Bloomers' Bloomers

Porch Party Records /

Burger Records

Street: 10.20

Coromandelles = Kurt Vile x

Melody's Echo Chamber x

Cold Showers

Coromandelles are one of the newest supergroups on the scene, fronted by Tijuana Panthers' Dan Michicoff and backed by drummer Joe Plummer (Cold War Kids, The Shins, Modest Mouse). The resulting album is textured and leisurely, with power pop tendencies and mostly French lyrics. There's plenty of energy that courses underneath the album's cloudy overlay, with skittering drums, thick bass lines and glistening guitar riffs. Each standalone track grooves along cohesively enough, but a listen-through of the album feels jarring at times, prompting some raised eyebrows here and there. "Mon Chermin" and "Jaq" add a part rockabilly, psych and surf pop twang to Michicoff's vocals. The tracks might have fit into a compilation album alongside Charlotte Gainsbourg, but the next song, "Late Bloomers," cuts the spell short, sounding too punchy and hasty in comparison. Aside from the few transitional hiccups, though, *Late Bloomers' Bloomers* makes for a plenty pleasant daydream. —Kathy Zhou

Ezra Furman

Perpetual Motion People

Bella Union

Street: 07.07

Ezra Furman = Dr. Dog +

The Exploding Hearts +

90s Television

Ezra Furman has liberated another record with the same searing, frantic fervor as his previous release, *Day of the Dog*. This album's primary focus is acknowledging our generation's rampant mental illness and apathy. Tracks are jumpy and rush quickly from walking to sprinting, leaving the listener swooning and drunk on inertia. "Lousy Connection" is a political and sarcastic doo-wop ditty overlaying a funky bass line and dense, woozy saxophones. *Perpetual Motion People* is primarily about paradoxical boredom. Furman howls of the hectic emotional quarantine that coincides with international connectivity. "Hark! to the Music," energized and chirpy synths in tow, begs solace and inspiration in music in the face of a profoundly deceitful world. Out of the boredom, thankfully, this rock n' roll assemblage inspires creativity and passion, rather than resting in ennui. —LeAundra Jeffs

The Funs

My Survival

Manic Static

Street: 09.15

The Funs = Savages x

Pega Monstro

Duo Jesse Rose Crane and Philip Jerome Lesicko switch off on guitar, drums and vocals as The Funs, and their recently released, fuzzed-out, thrashing double-LP is unabashed and relentless. The pair hits loud and hard in *My Survival*, packing an unstoppable and whirling sense of movement into each track. The Funs build heavily off of a noisy post-punk foundation, weaving dream-punk soundscapes from Lesicko's blistering vocals set over trudging guitar, and the tinny cymbal underneath Crane's surprisingly honey-eyed, echoing voice. Tension builds and layers steadily as Crane and Lesicko swerve from gentle, fading harmonies ("Out of Nothing") to brash howls and riffing guitar ("Europa") to massive distortion and pummeling drums ("Not of You of Me"). Throughout *My Survival*, Crane and Lesicko

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course with an immensely gratifying, irresistible force. —Kathy Zhou

GOLD

No Image

Profound Lore Records

Street: 11.06

GOLD = Esben and the Witch + Savages + HAIM

GOLD's sophomore album leaves a bitter taste of iron in your mouth. It's heavier both lyrically and rhythmically than their previous album, certainly bringing them closer to a certain riot grrrl motif that's been floating around the musical ether. But while their ethos is blossoming into something substantiated, their musicianship is still in budding form. A wailing, fuzzed-out backdrop only changes when the song does. While charging into the black, the lead guitar and drums can't seem to let go of each other throughout the album, which comes off as idiosyncratic. On "D.I.R.," **Milena Eva** smoothly whispers, "Only death is real." And while they attempt to stare straight into that prospect, they can't shrug off the comforts of the standardized song structure they used in their debut album. It's a step in the right direction, but some ingenuity wouldn't be a bad thing next time around. —Brian Udall

Modern Pain

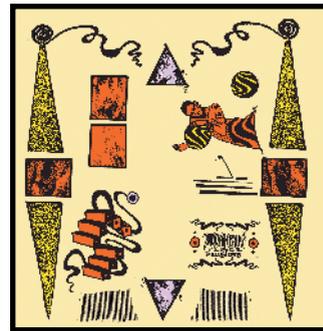
Peace Delusions

Bridge Nine

Street: 09.00

Modern Pain =

Lightning Bolt + RABBITS



If you're looking for a noise album to accompany your winter, look no further than *Peace Delusions*. Dystopian, instrumental, fuzzy-banter blasting, it's all you'd want to help traverse the dirty ice. A heterogeneous mixture of short and long songs, there is something for every deafened coinsurer of loudness. When there are lead vocals, they shout down your throat and into your sinuses, eventually lodging themselves in your frontal lobe. My favorite cuts from this album are "Leave Me Here" and "Ego Death"—they both exhibit a kinetic energy that I've only seen in **Harm's Way** lately. You know you wanna buy this album. —Alex Cragun

The Muscadettes

Side B

PaperCup Music

Street: 11.06

The Muscadettes = Best Coast + Hinds

The Muscadettes definitely get pop and are a primo example of solid surf rock. Their last album, called, yes, *Side A*, is a super fun, punchy pop album. This one is, too. Their lyrics are somewhat predictable, like those in "West Coast Daze," with mentions of boardwalks and palm trees and cruising down highways and California skies. Some of their songs have some funky keyboard work, and sparkly, chiming chords à la **Peach Kelli Pop**. Even though I'm at a point where most surf rock feels contrived, this album does have some notable features, and I think for mega surf rock fans, it's a good one to look into. —Erin Moore

Night Viper

Self-Titled

Svart Records

Street: 12.04

Night Viper = Metallica + Meanstreak

Initially, I thought Night Viper's debut album had every aspect of classic heavy metal that I love, but that faded rapidly with each listen. **Sofie-Lee Johansson's** vocals remind me of the fantastic **Bettina France** from Meanstreak at moments, especially toward the middle of the album, but her pitch is all over the place. The vocal melodies have promising sections until a sour note is thrown in, which frequently happens throughout the album. However, I do respect the band's decision to forego any sort of auto tune. The guitar tone is standard for classic heavy metal—think *Kill 'Em All*—era Metallica—but lacks the individuality that would separate Night Viper from the dime-a-dozen traditional heavy metal bands. Their intonation struggles greatly around the third track and never recovers. The bass guitar is hidden deep down in the thin, uninspired mix. I'd like to hear them a year from now. —Madi Smith

Royal Oi!

Bootboys and Hooligans

Crowd Control Media,

Last PunkRocker Records,

Rebel Sound

Street: 11.16

Royal Oi! = The Bad English x Angelic Upstarts

Some badass skinhead music from across the pond? Hell yes! This four-piece shows some amazing vitality with their Scottish street music, hitting the pivotal points of the skinhead ethos. "Bootboys and Hooligans," "In My Heart" and "Skinhead Loyalty" are mid-tempo anthems that will have all skins and hooligans locking arms



and skanking in circles, and raucous gems like "Violence," "Skinhead Warrior" and "Punx & Skins 'Football, Oi! and Rock n Roll'" will have them throwing themselves at each other. Oi! is definitely alive in Glasgow, and the Royal Oi! stand fittingly at the top, honoring their pride as Scots and as skinz. —Eric U. Norris

Small Black

Best Blues

Jagjaguwar

Street: 10.16

Small Black = Wild Nothing + Craft Spells + New Order

With their third full-length release, *Small Black* grace us with an album about loss and trying to preserve memories of a better time. The pairing of self-exposing lyrics and a dreamy, electronic ambiance set the feel of this album and speak to the band wanting the listener to look back to fond memories. *Best Blues* holds true to the band's somewhat chaotic yet soothing electronic sound, and are highlighted by tracks like "Back At Belle's" and "XX Century." *Best Blues* is *Small Black's* best release to date for so many reasons, and sets such a unique ambiance. This Brooklyn-based synthpop band should be in every indie lover's music library. —Connor Brady

Sunder

Self-Titled

Tee Pee Records

Street: 10.30

Sunder = Wolfmother x Pond

Thick, thundering guitar, powerful rock organ, valiant vocals and as much energy as can be contained in digital format—that's about what I expected when I first read "French heavy psych rock" adorning Sunder's debut release page. Sharp guitar fills, even sharper drum fills, and rhythms crazy enough to keep me on my toes made *Sunder* a worthy album. Every song seems to cover a lot of ground—riff after riff, I was consistently surprised to hear something new every measure. Perhaps the most amazing thing about Sunder's first release is how akin it feels to a live performance—listening through the whole album is like embarking upon a journey. While,

occasionally, I felt as though the band should push their technicality a little further, a killer guitar solo in "Bleeding Trees" and the aptly named "Thunder and Storm" were good proof of what Sunder are capable of. —Alex Blackburn

Tropic of Cancer

Stop Suffering

Blackest Ever Black

Street: 10.30

Tropic of Cancer = Phaeleh + Blouse

Since Tropic of Cancer went from being a duo to a solo project in 2012, the music has gone from a dynamic, **Crystal Castles**-esque sound to a much more introverted, melancholic feeling. However, *Stop Suffering* is the most uniquely Tropic of Cancer release to date. The white-noise vocals and atmospheric, rhythmic blends lend to a deeply emotive experience that slowly builds and evolves throughout each piece. **Camella Lobo**, the artist behind Tropic of Cancer, draws a visceral landscape for her listeners, combining her darkwave sound with meditative and wistful elements. Unfortunately, the EP is only three songs long, but the full-length promises to be incredible when it arrives in 2016. —Ali Shimkus

W-X

Self-Titled

Castle Face

Street: 11.06

W-X = Quasimoto x

Soft Machine +

Trance Farmers

W-X is a new solo project from the prolific **Tim Presley**, who's best known for his work as **White Fence**. The latter project might paint Presley as experimental, but nothing he's previously released is this unorthodox. Rather than guitar solos and fuzz, W-X delivers intelligent psych music via synthesizers and percussion-driven soundscapes. In a poem accompanying W-X, **John Dwyer** (Castle Face Records) refers to the album as "a headphone record at its primal best." The mostly instrumental compositions feel like moodpieces, ranging from paranoia ("Running From The Dogs") to enlightenment ("Sacri-Face") and require attentive listening for maximum pleasure. Presley also shows his knack for rap-leaning beats and grooves with "The Lurk." Although W-X focuses on instrumentals, it also features some **White Fence**-esque tracks to round things out. Closing track, "Hermit Stomp," stands as one of Presley's catchier songs and provides a friendly conclusion to his most challenging album. —Justin Gallegos

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DAILY CALENDAR

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Friday, December 4

Beethoven's "Ode to Joy"
- *Abravanel*
Quincy Weigert, Darko, Teejay
- *Area 51*
Small Box Shop - *Big Cartel*
Kap Bros. - *Brewskis*
HEALTH, Pictureplane
- *Complex*
Sparx, Dapper, Tinkfu
- *Hangar 51*
Miles Out, DeelanZ,
Telesomniac - *Kilby*
Longshot, Natural Causes
- *Liquid Joe's*
Divisions, Charlatan,
DJ Shutter, Lisa Dank,
Tony Berrow - *Metro*
Dungeons & Comedy
- *Muse Music*
Art Dog - *Salt Lake Acting Co.*
John Allred - *Stereo Room*
Slow Magic, Giraffage,
Lindsay Lowend - *Urban*
Provo Gallery Stroll
- *Various Galleries*
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll
- *Various Galleries*
Salt Lake Holiday Stroll
- *Various Galleries*
Morgan Thomas, Scott Ferrin &
The Smooth Operators,
Little Barefoot, Regal Beagle
- *Why Sound*
Bar J Wranglers
- *Woods Cross High School*
Monochist, MiNX,
Magda-Vega - *Woodshed*

Saturday, December 5

Tissu: Grand Re-Opening
- *1779 S. 1100 E.*
Beethoven's "Ode to Joy"
- *Abravanel*
Small Box Shop - *Big Cartel*
Zion Riot - *Brewskis*
Riksha - *Hangar 51*
Nikki Lane, Clear Plastic Plates
- *Kilby*
Universes: Live From The Edge
- *Kingsbury*
Violet Chachki - *Metro*
D9, Seve vs. Evan,
Conquer Monster - *Muse Music*
Jason CoZmo "Christmas with
the Starz" - *State Room*
Ricky Miami Whiteout Party
- *Stereo Room*
Cash, Cans, and Open Hands
- *The Fifth*
Mushroomhead - *The Royal*
Jantsen, Dirt Monkey - *Urban*
2015 Winter Market
- *Utah Cultural Celebration*
Center

Sunday, December 6

Small Box Shop - *Big Cartel*
Monday, December 7
Bastille, RDKN, Brogan Kelby
- *Complex*
The Lower Lights
- *Kingsbury Hall*
"Christmas Past & Present"
- *Libby Gardner*
John Borwn's Body,
Funk & Gonzo - *State Room*
Winter Battle Of The Bands:
Night 1 - *Velour*
Cleanse, Meditate & Move
- *We Are Yoga*

Tuesday, December 8

Soulfly, Hooga,
Crisis In Consciousness,
Arsenic Addiction - *Complex*
The Lower Lights
- *Kingsbury Hall*
Morrow Hill, Lazy Susan,
Gone In Irons, Beachmen
- *Metro*
The English Beat,
The Interrupters - *State Room*
The Wombats - *Urban*
Winter Battle Of The Bands:
Night 2 - *Velour*

Wednesday, December 9

I.L.A.M., Broke The MC
- *Club X*
Silversun Pickups, Foals
- *Complex*
Graveyard - *In The Venue*
The Lower Lights
- *Kingsbury Hall*
Art Talk: Dan Mills - *UMOCA*
Candy's River House,
The Weekenders,
Crook & The Bluff - *Urban*
Winter Battle Of The Bands:
Night 3 - *Velour*

Thursday, December 10

Ballet West: The Nutcracker
- *Capitol Theater*
Sweater Beats - *Elevate*
Beat Connection, Phantoms,
RKDN - *Kilby*
The Lower Lights
- *Kingsbury Hall*
Smoke Season,
The Peach Kings, Sheriff
- *Metro*
Dr. Fresch & Ghostly - *Sky*
The Bee: True Stories from the
Hive - *Urban*
Winter Battle Of The Bands:
Night 4 - *Velour*

Friday, December 11

Mark Curry - *50 West*
Irony Man, Damn that Rooster
- *ABG's*
Deejay Julliette, TinkFu
- *Area 51*
The Johnny Utahs - *Brewskis*
Julian Moon - *Kilby*
Danú - *Kingsbury*
Metro Station - *MusicGarage*
Jared & The Mill, Brumby
- *State Room*
Snowgoons, N.B.S. GLife,
Dusk Raps, MC Ocelot - *Urban*
Sugar House Art Walk
- *Various Galleries*
Winter Battle Of The Bands:
Night 5 - *Velour*
The Cold Year,
The Dirty Cousins,
Middle Class Marvel
- *Why Sound*
Colonel Lingus - *Woodshed*

Saturday, December 12

Mark Curry - *50 West*
Mullet Hatchet - *Brewskis*
Ballet West: Sugar Plum Parties
- *Capitol Theater*
Atreyu, From Ashes To New,
The Beginning At Last
- *Complex*
Salt Lake Men's Choir Holiday
Concert - *First Baptist Church*
Hellbound Glory - *Garage*
Shwayze - *In The Venue*
Dawn Luxe, Kent Redford,
Angela Nydegger, Silectro
- *Kilby*
Holy Grail, Night Demon,
Visigoth - *Metro*
RedSleeves, The Howl,
Our Lives in Indigo
- *Muse Music*
W&W, Jack Novak
- *Park City Live*
Jeff Crosby And The Refugees,
Michelle Moonshine,
Bird in the Trees - *State Room*
RISK! - *Urban*
Tsuruda, Hecka,
Mr. Vandal, Gravy.tron - *Urban*
Winter Battle Of The Bands:
Finals - *Velour*
Neva Sleep - *Why Sound*

Sunday, December 13

Ballet West: Sugar Plum Parties
- *Capitol Theater*
J. Fernandez, Bat Manors,
Strong Words - *Kilby*

Monday, December 14

Nashville Pussy, The Whale,
Thunderfist - *Club X*

Limits, Auxo, Spirit Tribe - *Kilby*
Gavin Ryan's Percussion Recital
and Gamelan Madu Kencana
- *Velour*

Tuesday, December 15

Terror, Code Orange,
Take Offense, Malfunction,
Blistered - *Kilby*
David Wax Museum,
Marty O'Reilly - *State Room*

Wednesday, December 16

H2O - *Complex*
Gary Rea, Dominic Balli,
Propaganda, Izzi Ray,
Brady Toops, Scott Erickson
- *Depot*
Alex Metric - *Elevate*
Fidlar - *Kilby*
JAWWZZ!!!, Baby Ghosts,
Big Baby, Muzzle Tung - *Urban*
Withered Bones, Tigerwine
- *Why Sound*

Thursday, December 17

Arrested Development
- *50 West*
Mija - *Elevate*
Mark Chaney & The Garage
All Stars - *Garage*
**SLUG Localized: Standup
Comedy Showcase**
- *Urban*

Friday, December 18

Adam Cayton-Holland
- *50 West*
Caroline Reese,
Bird in the Trees,
Brett Knickerbocker - *ABG's*
Mt Eden, TinkFu, Soca,
Chris Wells - *Area 51*
Grits Green - *Brewskis*
The Clash MMA 16
- *Eccles Ice Arena*
Vampires Everywhere,
Consider Me Dead, Set To Stun
- *MusicGarage*
RL Grime - *Park City Live*
Wulf Blitzter, Sights Declith
- *Woodshed*

Saturday, December 19

Adam Cayton-Holland
- *50 West*
Home Alone: Feature Film with
the Utah Symphony - *Abravanel*
Here Comes Santa Claus!
- *Abravanel*
Metal Dogs - *Brewskis*
Ballet West: Sugar Plum Parties
- *Capitol Theater*
Little Barefoot, Small Lake City,
Soft Limbs - *Kilby*

Winter Solstice Celebration
- *Red Butte*
Patterson Hood - *State Room*
All-Star Christmas Special
- *Velour*

Sunday, December 20

Ballet West: Sugar Plum Parties
- *Capitol Theater*

Monday, December 21

Vinyl Tapestries, Hallowed,
Tarot Death Card - *Kilby*
Michale Graves,
The Cliterinas,
Anything That Moves,
Sounds to Subvert - *Metro*

Tuesday, December 22

Bugs Bunny at the Symphony
- *Abravanel*
Ballet West: Sugar Plum Parties
- *Capitol Theater*
Batty Blue, Kyle Linder,
Cephas, BANCHO - *Kilby*

Wednesday, December 23

Bugs Bunny at the Symphony
- *Abravanel*
Ballet West: Sugar Plum Parties
- *Capitol Theater*
In Color - *Kilby*

Saturday, December 26

Ballet West: Sugar Plum Parties
- *Capitol Theater*
VNDMG, Balance, Sosay,
Chris Wright - *Urban*

Sunday, December 27

Geek Show Movie Night
- *Brewvies*

Monday, December 28

Spirit Tribe,
Baker Street Blues Band,
Breezeway - *Kilby*

Tuesday, December 29

First Daze - *Kilby*

Wednesday, December 30

The Anchorage - *Kilby*

Thursday, December 31

Pick up the new issue of
SLUG - Anyplace Cool!
Mortigi Tempo, The Troubles,
Temples - *ABG's*
DJ Battleship - *Brewskis*
Knife Party, Figure,
Infected Mushroom,
Pegboard Nerds, Virtu - *Saltair*
Hot Buttered Rum,
Head For The Hills - *State Room*

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DECEMBER

- Dec 1: **Mr. Gnome**, New Shack, Big Wild Wings
- Dec 2: **Sallie Ford**, Tacocat, Strong Words
- Dec 3: **El Ten Eleven**, Rose Quartz
- Dec 4: **SKULLCANDY PRESENTS Giraffage & Slow Magic**, Lindsey Lowend
- Dec 5: **DUBWISE** featuring Jantsen, Dirt Monkey, Starbass, illoom (9 PM DOORS)
- Dec 8: **POSTFONTAINE PRESENTS The Wombats**
- Dec 9: **FREE SHOW Candys River House** Album Release, The Weekenders, Crook & The Bluff
- Dec 10: **The Bee** presents True Stories From The Hive "Revelations" (7 PM DOORS - SOLD OUT)
- Dec 11: **SNOWGOONS + N.B.S.**, GLife, Dusk Raps, MC Ocelot
- Dec 12: **RISK!** 7 PM DOORS (Early Show)
- Dec 12: **Dirt First** featuring Tsuruda, Hecca, Mr. Vandal, Gravy.tron (9:30 PM DOORS)
- Dec 16: **Jawwzz**, Baby Ghosts, Big Baby, Muzzletung
- Dec 17: **SLUG Localized: Jay Whittaker**, Melissa Merlot, Christopher Stephenson, Natasha Mower, Nicholas Smith, Eileen Dobbins, Jason Harvey, Joy Lane
- Dec 18: **FREE SHOW Devil Whale Of A Christmas / Ugly Christmas Sweater:** Quiet Oaks, Will Sartain, The Bully, Coyote Vision Group, The Hound Mystic, Kelli Moyle, Daisy & The Moonshines, and more
- Dec 19: **Cocktail Eleven: GOLD**
- Dec 23: **FREE SHOW Racist Kramer's Punk Rock X-Mas**, I'm a Monster!, Fail To Follow, Wasnatch
- Dec 26: **VNDMG**, Balance, Sosay, Chris Wright (9 PM DOORS)
- Dec 30: **Giraffula**
- Dec 31: **NEW YEARS EVE! With Flash & Flare**, Matty Mo, Chase One Two (9 PM DOORS)

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COMING SOON

- Jan 2: People Under The Stairs
- Jan 15: Joshua James
- Jan 31: The Knocks
- Mar 12: Ty Segall & The Muggers
- Mar 16: Rob Crow's Gloomy Place



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December

- 1 - Yeti, Delusions of Godhood, Aspen Grove
- 2 - together pangea, White Reaper, Max Pain & The Groovies
- 3 - Blue Jay Boogie, Red Telephone, Shape of Color / 4 - Miles Out, DeelanZ, Telesomniac / 5 - Nikki Lane, Clear Plastic Masks
- 9 - First Daze, TBA / 10 - Beat Connection, Phantoms, RKDN
- 11 - Julian Moon, Emily Brown / 12 - AFTON (6pm doors)
- 13 - J Fernandez, Bat Manors, Strong Words / 14 - Spy Hop 801
- Limits, Auxo, Spirit Tribe / 15 - Terror, Code Orange, Take Offense, Malfunction, Blistered (6pm doors) / 16- FIDLAR
- 17 - Food Drive Festival! DAY 1 18 - Food Drive Festival! DAY 2
- 19 - Food Drive Fest! w/ Little Barefoot, Small Lake City, Soft Limbs

21 - HALLOWED, Vinyl Tapestries, Tarot Death Card

22 - Acoustic Showcase: Batty Blue, Kyle Linder, BANCHO, Cephas

23 - In Color, Brady Flores

28 - Baker Street Blues, Spirit Tribe, Breezeway

30 - The Anchorage, The Pelicans

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SLUG GAMES

FURY ROAD



JANUARY 23, 2016

REGISTRATION AT 10 A.M.
IN THE MILLY CHALET

FREE REGISTRATION

SKI & SNOWBOARD DIVISIONS:
MEN & WOMEN'S OPEN
17 & UNDER



NICHE SNOWBOARDS



Salty peaks



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