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Joshua Joye – Lead Designer

Ten years is a long time. In that timespan, few have made the impact on *SLUG Magazine* that Lead Designer Joshua Joye has. Joye oversees a team of volunteer designers and constructs many layouts himself each month. His ingenuity, creativity and work ethic have continually matured *SLUG's* visual branding—not to mention winning *SLUG* various design awards over the years. Joye's attention to detail adds polish to his work: Take a look at pages 21 and 22 of this issue for the design of "Real Haunted Houses: Local Ghost Stories." Never one to rest on his laurels, he always seeks to progress his work in his designs and frequently employs multidisciplinary approaches to achieve his artistic intentions. Joye enjoys *SLUG's* penchant for meeting and conversing with new, local people, who are driven to make Salt Lake City an exciting and diverse place to live. *SLUG* counts him in that milieu.



ABOUT THE COVER: It's a spooky time. The days are shortening, the nights grow long, and October and Halloween evoke thoughts of ghosts who haunt our homes. *SLUG* illustrator **Drew Grella** veritably animates this ghostly spirit of Halloween, and enlivens these ghosts' emotions with playful color. Whether they're tall tales or longing souls, Grella depicts the breadth of this phenomenon in our collective psyche. Find his work at drewgrella.com.

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LOCALIZED

By Keith L. McDonald
@keithlmcdonald

— Photos by Johnny Cowan / johnnybetts.com —

SLUG's October *Localized* show will start snow season with three emcees known for songs laced with chilling content and lyrical skill. First up is the Battle Axe Warrior **G-Life**, followed by **Kaotic** the Verbal Assassin and then the **Poet** of the Proletariat. This series has been brought to you by our benevolent sponsors at *Uinta Brewing*, *KRCL 90.9 FM*, *Spilt Ink SLC* and *High West Distillery*. You don't need to buy tickets—as always, *Localized* is a free show, open to patrons 21 years of age and older.

Poet, aka **Ryan James Parker**, has worked at *The Road Home* as a Client Advocate for two years, which is about how long he's been recording music. When he's not involved with politics and community action (and his children), he finds time to record songs about politics and community action. Poet is working on a seven-track LP titled *Rio Grande* that is scheduled for release by this winter. Don't expect any songs glorifying drugs, material possessions and designer clothes. Expect to be challenged morally and mentally with an old-school flow and boom-bap beats that are reminiscent of hip-hop heads like **Marley Marl** and **Easy Mo Bee**. While his style may have been influenced by emcees like **Biggie** and **Tupac**, his content is mainly focused on Utah and the underrepresented citizens therein.

I met with Poet on "the block" on a blistering Thursday afternoon, during what seemed to be roll call. There were about 20 police officers on the median of 200 West, between 200 South and 400 South, looking militarized and ready to spring into action. It was a part of the city's, county's, state officials' and business owners' plan to clean up Downtown—specifically, the area between *Pioneer*

Park, the *Frontrunner* station and *The Gateway*. "If you are experiencing homelessness [in Utah], this is your area," says Poet, "and not just for the camping, but for the shelter, for health services, food, the *Weigand [Homeless Resource] Center*, transport ... This has been the area." Things are changing rapidly for the homeless in the area, and many question the intentions and effectiveness of the new plan to appease business owners and concerned citizens.

"Over the last two years, pleas were being ignored about needing more housing, Medicaid expansion and access to treatment," says Poet. "What happened was the [homeless population] continued to grow as predicted, and then a lot more seedy things started to take place. You have people openly using drugs—20 guys shooting up intravenous drugs right there on the sidewalk. You would see open drug deals. You would see fights." These situations are what Poet explores in his music, best reflected in "Rio Grande" featuring **Ms. Shii**, a song and video that represent the struggle of homelessness in Utah from the viewpoints of those affected by it as well as the people whose job it is to help them.

Even though things may look bleak,

Poet remains levelheaded through the winds of change. Everything hasn't changed for the worse. "There were people who may not have wanted to stay at the shelter [before] because they were trying to find recovery," says Poet, "and it's pretty hard to stay clean when five people are offering you dirt-cheap prices on drugs before you step in the door."

According to Poet, the current state of affairs around the Rio Grande is a result of negligence, with the police "cherry-picking" whomever they wanted to arrest for years. "What we are seeing with Operation Rio Grande is Phase One: Bring in every single officer," says Poet at the time of the interview. Reports state that you can be stopped and frisked if you are in the area—even if you're an innocent bystander—and that you won't be able to gain access to the Rio Grande area without a proper form of ID. "There are no civil rights," says Poet. "An officer can ask me to surrender my ID at any time, and I have to do it. ... Rio Grande's debriefing stated that now, in this area, due to Operation Rio Grande, you are automatically the suspect of a crime."

As Poet states in his song "Call to Armz" featuring **Dusk Raps**, action is needed. Poet urges listeners to "defy conformity" and think for themselves when attempting to enact societal change. Though the odds are stacked against us, eventually, history will show who was on the right side of the societal issues we're dealing with.

Thankfully, expressing your thoughts about legislation through art hasn't been outlawed yet. *Localized* concertgoers will notice that Poet's sets are serious and thought-provoking. He uses the time in between sets to inform the listeners of things they can do in the community in a tone some may consider challenging. Poet represents the Salt Lake underground like few others. So while his set won't feature the ratchet energy of a **2 Chainz** show, you will become more aware of your surroundings while bobbing your head to the kicks and snares. Make sure to keep yourself abreast of what's happening in the city as well as Poet's career. The best way to do so is at *Urban Lounge* on Oct. 18 with yours truly and the rest of the *SLUG* staff, who will be tabling along with **Utah Against Police Brutality** and the **Young Democrats of Utah**.

You can practice many skills as a rap artist. You can tidy up sloppy bars. You can improve timing and punchlines. You can even hire a vocal coach to help you work on pitch and tone. It only goes so far, however—the voice you were given is the one you are stuck with. **Q-Tip** will never be able to fool you into thinking he's **Rick Ross**. A captivating voice is a gift, and that's what you will come to remember about Kaotic, the rapper—among other things.

He invited me over to his Millcreek apartment, and the first thing I noticed is that his dwelling was meticulously neat—the type of clean that makes your mother smile or your drill sergeant say, "Atta boy." He talked to me about things like his love for *Star Wars* as we settled in for an interview about the two things that make him who he is: music and family. One of the most remarkable things about Kaotic (aka **Randy Scott**) is that he comes from a storied musical background with roots to the very first African-Americans who set up shop in Utah.

"I am what it is," says Kaotic. "I'm a half-black, half-white dude from Kearns." According to him, **Green Flake** was his great-great grandfather. Story has it that **Green Flake**, **Oscar Crosby** and **Hark Lay** were with the Mormon pioneers when they claimed the land we now know as the Beehive State. "That's the reason why I haven't left Utah," says Kaotic. "I've been to a lot of places, and they don't move like we do here."

His stage name came from his mother. "It's because my mom said that whenever I came in the house, the phone started ringing and everything just goes crazy ... it's always chaos," he says. Music and breakdancing were outlets for a young man who felt alienated and was struggling with defining himself. "I went into this phase where I made so many enemies in my hometown ... that I end up losing my friends, and I end up in a lonely place, and that's when I started rapping," Kaotic says. It took him a while to develop into the man you'll see onstage Oct. 18 at *Urban Lounge*.

Musically, Kaotic is settled into a production phase that's along the lines of *Forest Hills Drive* with his July release,

B.A.R.S. (or *Beauty Around Randy Scott*): a tribute to the bond he shared with a man he did not always understand or hold in high regard—his father. "He toured with **Parliament**. He's performed next to **Marvin Gaye**. He performed in **Elizabeth Taylor's** mansion for **Sonny and Cher's** anniversary," says Kaotic. "I mean, [my dad] has been around. My grandpa, he was a jazz musician also." Even though he speaks about his elders with great respect and reverence, the underlying sentiment was that things weren't always like a *Cosby Show* episode. "[I used to hear people say], 'Oh, you're Randy Scott ... **Randy Scott's** son? Your dad was a bad man, man,'" says Kaotic. "I always thought he didn't give a fuck about nobody—he really cared about a lot of people, so I had to do [B.A.R.S.] for him."

On June 1, 2015, Randy Scott Sr. passed away at his family home. He was 65 years old. Maybe it was time, maturity or the recorded messages he left his son on an old cell phone, but something sparked Kaotic to look at his father in a new light. The time they spent together bonding over music and life may have led to a switch in perspective that led to compelling rhymes, reflective skits and passionate content that encapsulated fresh feelings regarding a relationship that spanned more than three decades.

Don't expect Kaotic to stay in one lane for too long, though, as he's always working with new flows and beat makers to satiate his passion for making music. He doesn't stray

from things like representing **Royal Purp Ent.** or his manager, **Milk**, recording songs with **LAM of Self Expression Music**, and using similes and metaphors in content that stays closely knit to Utah themes and experiences. Those remain constant in a world of flux.

The beauty about someone who has truly been in the streets and has learned from self-inflicted hard times and unforeseen trauma is that they tend to assist the younger generation in an effort to mentor them and keep them from repeating their mistakes—or maybe just offer words of encouragement. It's a form of authenticity that you can't fake. You see that with Kaotic and the performers he's worked with. From Utah veterans such as **Ya Boy Pell** to up-and-comers like **Dennis James** and **A-G-E**, he's earned the ears and respect of his peers, from the old-school heads to the new-school kids.

"I've brushed shoulders with a lot of hip-hop greats, from **Supernat** to **Wu-Tang to KRS-One**," says Kaotic. "If you're really with the culture, you gotta be with the culture. Stay tuned ... keep your ears open, because I'm working."

After several deterrents, it seems as if Kaotic is ready to embody his rap moniker in an artistic sense and leave the chaos in the streets. Catch his newest visuals for "X" and "Winter Cold" on YouTube before coming to *Urban Lounge* for *Localized*. You can follow his past, present and future movements online at facebook.com/kaotic.va.



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Photo: John Barkiple

FIVE FETID FILMS

NIGHTBEAST

Don Dohler, 1982

BRAIN DAMAGE

Frank Henenlotter, 1988

DEADLY PREY

David Prior, 1987

THE BEYOND

Lucio Fulci, 1981

MY UNCLE: THE ALIEN

Henri Charr, 1996

By Alex Springer • alexjspringer@gmail.com

There are times when cinephiles need to take a break from their steady diet of well-made, neatly polished art house films in favor of a concentrated shot of superheated garbage. It can be hard to admit that when we're not watching surrealist foreign films at the Broadway, we're delving into our secret stash of *Phantasm* movies, but acceptance of our darker, trashier natures ultimately sets us free. Just like every gourmand has a soft spot for Taco Bell, every true cinema fan has their filmic equivalent of fast food that they just can't get enough of.

For those who like to belly up to a schlocky B-movie with a group of like-minded movie nerds, local videographer **Brock Grossl** and the welcoming staff of *Brewvies Cinema Pub* have got you covered. For one year straight, Grossl has commandeered the first Wednesday of the month for *Cinema Trash Night*, his big-screen love letter to films that are so terrible that they're actually brilliant. "I got into horror movies when I rented the 1970s version of *Dawn of the Dead*," Grossl says. "That started my plunge into weird, old, crazy violent movies." He co-founded *Cinema Trash Night* with his friend and punk rock collaborator **Nick Sanchez**. "He and I actually talked about doing this for years, and he was integral to getting this started," Grossl says. "He helped make the first one happen and said if we can keep getting asses in seats, we can keep it up for as long as they'll let us."

Grossl christened *Cinema Trash Night* one year ago this October with the 1985 cult film *Demons*. "I love *Demons* so much because it embodies so much of what I like," Grossl says. "Heavy metal, guys riding dirt bikes and chopping zombies up with samurai swords—and it takes place in a movie theater, too!" Since then, *Cinema Trash Night* has screened gems like the overstuffed **Chuck Norris** action flick *Invasion USA* and *From Beyond*, **Stuart Gordon's** lesser-known stab at adapting **H.P. Lovecraft**. "It's mostly centered on what I call classic horror, but there are some pretty gross action movies around," Grossl says. "I plan to get some sci-fi in there, too. There's a good stretch of post-apocalyptic movies that are indeed trash."

As we discuss some of our favorite picks from the vast, moldering garbage heap that includes forgotten **Troma** films and early **Peter Jackson** gore-fests, our discussion eventually turns to the moniker of "trash cinema" itself. The films that Grossl curates and selects are a special breed of movie—films that were made with the intention of being serious or truly frightening, but ended up being enjoyable because

their attempts failed in an entertaining way. "I think the passing of time makes these movies better," Grossl says. "A lot of old movies were just trying to do their best with what they had, and they were willing to experiment and try to get away with more stuff."

The fact that these films became something different—and somehow greater—than what they originally set out to do makes them especially appealing to a large gathering. Whether we're hardcore movie fans or not, all of us know the joy of getting a bunch of friends together for an evening of bad pizza and bad movies. "There's definitely a group of regulars that have made it their monthly ritual," Grossl says. "People usually laugh and make comments—it's the same vibe you get when you watch a movie with some people on your couch." *Cinema Trash Night* is always free, which encourages veteran attendees and newcomers alike to partake in a visceral, sticky good time at the movies.

One of the mixed blessings of running an event that champions older films is that you tend to see the lives of a few cinematic masters reach their final reels. After **George Romero** died in July of this year, Grossl decided to cancel the August screening of 1990: *Bronx Warriors* to pay homage to the master of the zombie genre by screening *Day of the Dead*. September saw *Bronx Warriors* getting bumped again to honor the passing of **Tobe Hooper** with a screening of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part 2*. "I'm starting to think 1990: *Bronx Warriors* is cursed," said a post on the event's Facebook page.

Grossl and I wrapped up our discussion about the existence of con-

temporary trash movies—films that were made within the last 10 years that might end up on Grossl's list of screenings—and it's hard to pin down anything of note. "There's the *Hatchet* series, which is just a guy in the woods hunting people down with a hatchet," Grossl says. "They're not good, but they have super great effects—all practical, too. You get that stretchy, gooey, visceral carnage." **Jim Hosking's** filthy *Sundance* entry, *The Greasy Strangler*, also pops up in our conversation, but it just seems like they don't make trash like they used to. "I don't experience the thrill of seeing something super gory and absurd happening in theaters today," Grossl says. I guess that's why he's doing something about it. Attendees of *Cinema Trash Night* can expect nothing but the finest in cinematic gore and absurdity.

Keep up to date with *Cinema Trash Night's* screenings by following them on Facebook (facebook.com/SaltLakeCinemaTrash), and check out Grossl's freelance page at vortexvideos.com.

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AMY JORGENSEN
AND JUSTIN WATSON:

ARTISTS IN DIALOGUE

By Parker Scott Mortensen
@_coldbloom



(L-R) Justin Watson, still from */human/*.
Amy Jorgensen, part of the series
A Labor of Love.

Since Sept. 15, the *Nox Contemporary Art Center* has been home to two wildly different installations: Amy Jorgensen's *A Labor of Love* and Justin Watson's */human/*, both on show through Nov. 10. Each of these works explore reconciliation, and though almost nothing about either piece resembles the other, seeing them in dialogue provides an opportunity to form connections within the world of contemporary art.

In *A Labor of Love*, Jorgensen continues her exploration of the apple as a familiar symbol. The piece comprises three main elements. "There are dinner napkins, cocktail napkins and then the *Body Archive* images," says Jorgensen. Reminiscent of **Michelangelo's** *The Last Supper* and **Judy Chicago's** *Dinner Party*, Jorgensen smashes 13 apples on each table setting, leaving messy, urine-like residue on the dinner napkins while the cocktail napkins are stained with wine and blood.

Down to the title, Jorgensen is specific with meaning. "I think 'a labor of love' is often used in the context of the domestic space and the context of women," she says. Her work often engages documentation through a feminist lens, and *A Labor* comes off the heels of her New York exhibition, *Something Old, Something New, Something Borrowed, Something Blue*, a collection of 18 images on handkerchiefs, each of militant U.K. suffragettes from the 20th century. This feminist air carries over into the violent decadence *A Labor* explores.

Apples are a common thread in Jorgensen's work. "All of my work is heavily invested in symbols and language," she says. "When you think of the apple, the phrases and things that you think of—the Garden of Eden, of Eve, 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away' ... I've actually had students bring me apples on the first day of class. It's this wholesome representation of all-Americanness, but it's also a representation of sexuality and sensuality for women. It represents the fall of women.

I'm interested in exploring [these connotations]—and toppling them as well."

Alongside are new additions to Jorgensen's ongoing photography project, *Body Archive*. The new additions are images produced by literally exposing her body to light-sensitive emulsion while performing *A Labor*. The emulsion rests between her skin and clothing, documenting the body during the act. Some images feel more animalistic, some feel splotchy and dirty, while others feel calm and ethereal, beautiful to the right eye. This entry into *Body Archive* plays perfectly into Jorgensen's continuing exploration of how one documents reality. Her inability to control photography's technical aspects is key: ISO, aperture, shutter speeds—all are shed to give the body a voice.

Where Jorgensen is specific and focused in her creative intention, Justin Watson is comfortable being more nebulous. His video installation */human/* sets two virtual entities projected against opposite walls in a scripted dialogue: one, a wonderwall-singing pseudo-intellectual, and the other, his critic, skeptical of the weighty, philosophical meandering over concepts such as identity and the digital self. The viewer realizes that these entities are the front and back of the same face, struggling with itself. "It's completely ridiculous," Watson says. "These things he says, he thinks are really deep, but in reality, it's not deep at all." Watson smiles when I laugh at some of the dialogue. "I'm glad you're laughing," he says. "Humor is important to me in this."

Watson's creative process relies heavily on tinkering, a holdover from his younger years of creating one-off projects that weren't far in ethos from his current work. Now it's more formalized. "Revision, revision, revision," he says. "I had no idea what I was going to do for this exhibition until summer. Even then, it's gone through several iterations. For example, I originally hired voice actors ... and it sounded like a commercial. Really fine-

tuned, perfectly enunciated—I scrapped it." Now the voices are Watson's own, and it feels more personal. */human/*'s visuals are built of odds and ends, mapped images of paintings and landscapes onto oscillating 3D models. It creates a backdrop constantly shifting between meditation and overstimulation.

This cycle of tension and resolution is characteristic of the way Watson builds his works. He describes a previous piece to me, a series of videos of decomposing bodies set to audio of a hypnotist contemplating death and acceptance. "You're kind of watching this ... almost spectacle, but you realize it's flesh that's decomposing," he says. The viewer is simultaneously lulled in and repulsed. "With */human/* ... there will be moments where it's overwhelming and moments where it's near silent. I think I've gotten better at creating that kind of roller coaster."

Watson's work consistently explores imagery that feels conflicting. Watson shares **David Lynch's** ability to go down the rabbit hole of creative impulse, making art that can feel as finely crafted as it is bizarre. Where Lynch gets cagey about his audience, Watson is quick to be transparent. "Art is like a transmission. Some people will never get it," he says. "I just know who I'm talking to."

This desire for making connections, for folding reality into a cohesive frame, is a strong connection tying Watson to Jorgensen. Where Jorgensen kneads her symbols into a pragmatic expression, Watson exploits contemporary art's lack of boundaries to close the piece like a circuit. The fruit of these efforts is now the opportunity to experience them in dialogue with each other—both */human/* and *A Labor of Love* will be on exhibit at *Nox Contemporary* (440 S. 400 W., Ste. H) through Nov. 10. View more of each artists' work at amyjorgensen.com and justinwatson.com, and find more information on the *Nox Contemporary* Facebook page.

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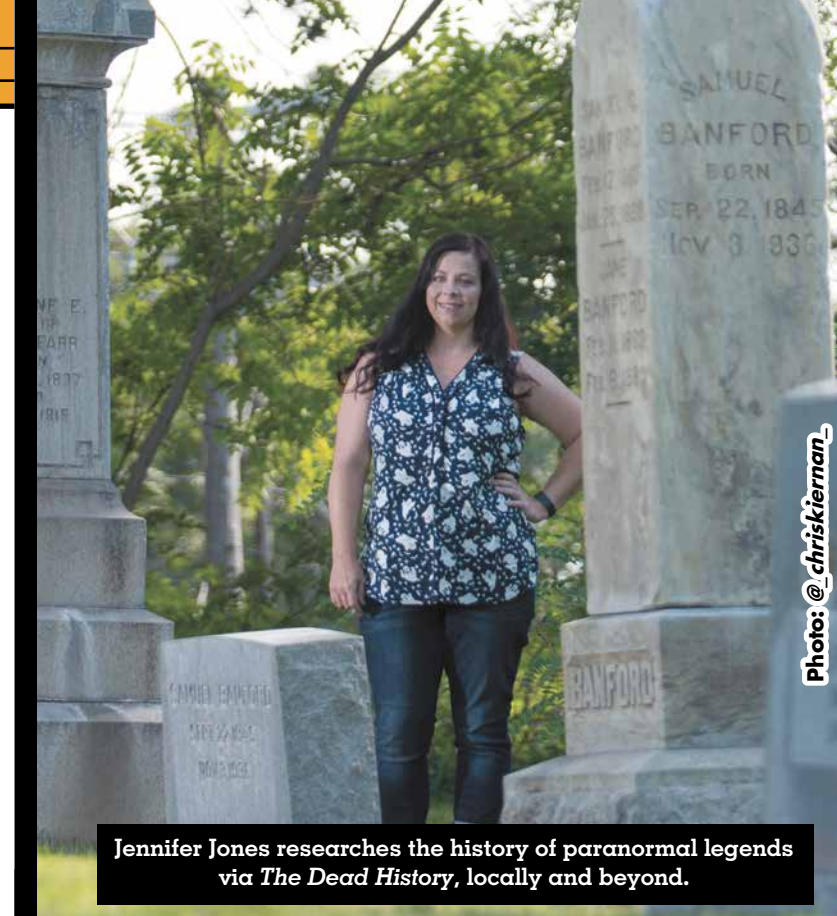
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The Dead History

By Ali Shimkus | alishimkus@gmail.com

Larry Baird, owner of *Making Scents Emporium*, has experienced a series of strange events stemming from the basement of his shop on Historic 25th Street in Ogden. It's where I meet paranormal investigator Jennifer Jones, who runs the popular blog *The Dead History*, which features research of the history behind haunted places and urban legends through pictures, records and newspaper articles. For Jones, who focuses on popular Utah hauntings, *Making Scents* is one of the many points of intrigue along Historic 25th Street, which backed up onto Electric Alley, once Ogden's notorious red-light district. "This building has been here since the late 1800s," says Jones. "It's been a saloon, and that's when most of the deaths happened." She recounts tales of a man who dropped dead in the saloon, and another who lost his mind and jumped from the second story when that floor was used as a hotel, both of whom are likely candidates for the hauntings at *Making Scents*. For Baird, these hauntings are an everyday reality—he has experienced pictures being ripped off of the wall, toilets seemingly flushing by their own volition, footsteps being heard when there was no one else in the building, and even shadowy apparitions, which he has captured on film.

The evidence of Ogden's rowdy past still exists in *Making Scents*, where Baird boasts two bricked-up tunnel entrances in the basement of his shop, which were used in the days of railroads, opium dens, saloons and rampant prostitution. Electric Alley and Union Station in Ogden—which Jones says is one of her favorite haunted attractions in Utah due to the abundance of ghostly activity and the sheer amount of strange deaths that happened there—are some of the colorful stories Jones' research has breathed new life into through *The Dead History*.

The Dead History focuses on the factual evidence that Jones digs up through her research, but does not discredit the ghost stories behind these reputable locations and people. For her, the interest in the paranormal started with two ghost encounters in her past: the ghost of her grandmother's cat in Maryland and a shadowy specter she once saw in her childhood home in Arizona, which was later revealed to be the ghost of a child who had died in that house previous to Jones living there. "It just kind of all happened at just the right time because it was right around when *Ghostbusters*



Jennifer Jones researches the history of paranormal legends via *The Dead History*, locally and beyond.

came out," she says. "Ever since then, it was like all the paranormal books, the TV show *Sightings*, *Unsolved Mysteries*—I had to watch all of them."

For Jones, who ran a ghost-hunting team prior to her work with *The Dead History*, digging up the truth behind legends such as Flo's Grave in the *Ogden City Cemetery* often has less to do with the legend but more about adding the elements of reality and history into these ghost stories. "When I started doing [*The Dead History*], I was kind of afraid that if I told the facts, that people might get upset because I am kind of destroying the legend," she says. "I think it has almost added another layer to the legend and made people want to know more. I don't think that people have felt that I've done a disservice to them." Flo's legend stems from her untimely death at age 15 in 1918 and involves shining headlights on her headstone to see her ghost, because she was thought to have been struck by a car waiting for her boyfriend. What Jones found, however, was that **Florence Grange** actually went by her middle name, Louise; was a popular girl who attended parties; and was even on a volleyball team. She was the unfortunate victim of the Spanish flu, which was so widespread that Ogden essentially sealed off the town, letting no one enter or leave without notice from a doctor. Florence Louise Grange was the only one to die in her family, though they had all contracted the disease.

Because Jones had spent so much time combing through records involving Flo's Grave, she feels a personal connection to the girl behind the ghost story, "In her case, and with a lot of the hauntings and the legends, there's always a little truth in the story, even if it has gotten twisted over time," says Jones, "but hers will always be my favorite because I was able to find out little details that made her real and not some legend that people tell others to freak them out."

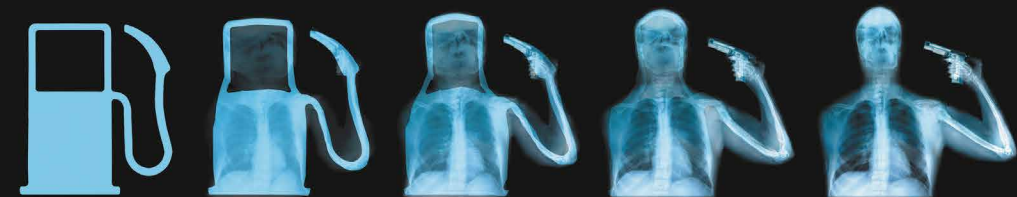
Though Jones likes to uncover the factual evidence behind a place or a person's life when she performs her research for *The Dead History*, she views others' experiences as having credence, based on her own ghostly experiences. "I try very carefully to not tell people what they've seen is wrong or impossible or anything like that," she says. "I just want to present that this is what the stories are and this is what really happened, and usually, somewhere in the middle, the two kind of meet."

Jones currently takes requests to research haunts through her website, making it her mission to intersect history and the paranormal. If there's an urban legend tied to a ghost or a haunted place in Utah (and out of state as well), chances are that Jones has looked into it through *The Dead History* blog, which can be found at thedeathistory.com.

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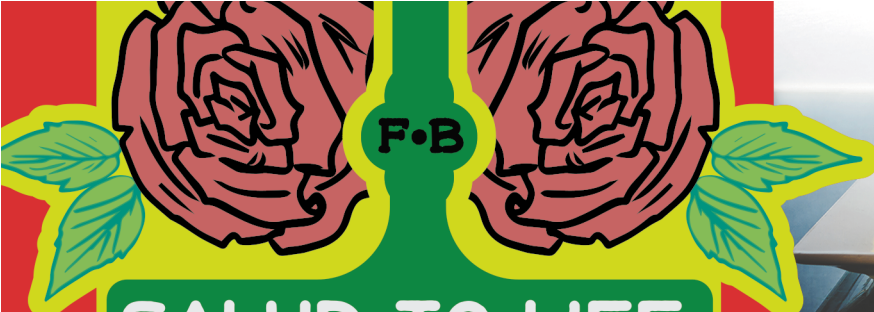
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SALUD TO LIFE, TEQUILA AND MEXICAN FUSION

By Mandy Allfrey Murry • mandy@truenorth.global

Trending in the international food scene of Mexico City is Mexican-fusion cuisine. Fresh, local ingredients mixed with Mexican spice and prepared proteins resting upon a bed of lentils and veggies to create distinctive flavor is the undeniable progression of authentic Mexican cuisine. Here in Salt Lake, the off-the-beaten-path *Frida Bistro* delivers the subtle yet powerful essence your taste buds crave. Cuisine this lovely is similar to Mexico's fusion gastronomy that is beginning to take the world by storm.

This Downtown restaurant is named after the passionate Mexican artist **Frida Kahlo**, an emblematic figure who painted her life stories and became an icon of patience, endurance and strength. Perhaps her most famous quote, "Nothing is absolute. Everything changes, everything moves, everything revolves, everything flies and goes away," is symbolic of the nurturing, modern and joyous atmosphere that *Frida Bistro* has established.

Putting passion and art to the test at *Frida Bistro*, I naturally started with the soup the day: the margarita menu. Sticking with a classic, I ordered the El Jefe (\$12), prepared with tequila and Grand Marnier with a salted rim—it was smooth and refreshing. My husband, **Scott**, decided to spice it up with the Papaya Habanero (\$10). It's tasty—however, it's too much heat for me at once. If you love tequila, you may enjoy sipping on one of the few mezcals on the menu.

To accompany our tequila elixirs, we jumped right into the Calamar Azul (\$11): calamari dusted with blue corn, paired with an amazing lemon-and-jalapeño aioli. The flavor was absolutely delightful, and the tenderness and slight crunch was spot on. If you love ceviche, the Ceviche Atun (\$12) was an interesting twist on a traditional staple. The sophistication of the dish is fully expressed with the apple flavor that enhances the sushi-grade tuna and arugula base that remind of freshly caught tuna off the shores of a Mexican beach.

My favorite dish of the night was the Ensalada de Octopus (\$11). Resting upon a bed of arugula, the marinated octopus and shrimp is paired with sliced peppers, onion and a lemon dressing. The dish explores a fresh and light temptation of boldness. Grilled proteins pop with a hint of spice from garden-fresh jalapeño, far surpassing a standard house salad prior to a main course.

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Photos: Talyn Sherer

Frida Bistro's menu flourishes with sophisticated Mexican gastronomy, boasting dishes like the Salmon Malinche and Ensalada de Octopus.

By the time we were on to our main dish, we were ordering a second round of drinks. Switching it up, Scott chose the La Paloma (\$13), a blend of Añejo tequila and grapefruit juice with a sugared rim. I was skeptical about the sugar rim—however, it surprisingly complemented the drink, though it was a little too sweet for Scott's liking. I chose to enjoy a glass of Tempranillo. As a wine lover, I enjoy seeing several Spanish wine options on a menu.

For my main course, the Salmon Malinche (\$18) melted in my mouth. Salmon cooked to fall-apart-at-the-touch-of-a-fork perfection—with a base of light corn tamal, avocado and pineapple salsa—was the perfect end-of-summer fare. Scott enjoyed Pork Carnitas (\$20), a fall-off-the-bone braised pork tenderloin.

True to Mexican style, the dessert menu was filled with cordials, dessert wines and tasty pastries. The café is roasted exclusively for *Frida Bistro* by SLC's *Rimini Coffee*. I chose to sip a black coffee while tasting the the Pastel de Mole Negro (\$10) for dessert. I thought that the chocolate-mole cake, dark-chocolate ganache, honey-chocolate mousse, tequila-pickled cherries

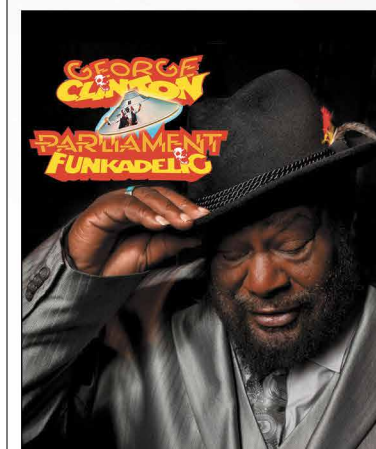
and housemade black-pepper ice cream would send me into a food coma, and it did (in a good way). If heaven had a taste, this could be it. Sharing the dessert after an evening of food and drinks was the way to go. Every morsel was worth the taste, and the black-pepper ice cream added an interesting twist to the mix of flavors.

The pride of coming together to enjoy a meal in Mexico is a daily tradition, and dining at *Frida Bistro* provides the warmth of dining with family. It reminded me of enjoying a meal and conversation at the *Santa Lucía Square* in the culinary destination of Mérida, Mexico.

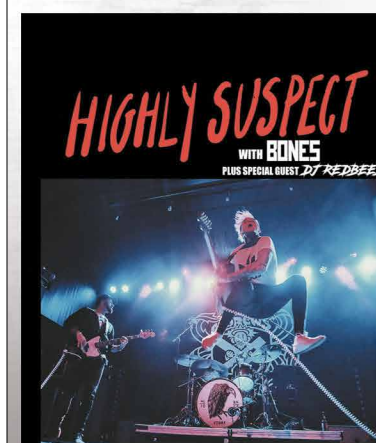
Beyond the food, *Frida Bistro* has something special planned for the Mexican celebration of Día de los Muertos, or Day of the Dead. This year, on Saturday, Nov. 4, Rico Brand and *Frida Bistro* will continue to throw their *Día de los Muertos Celebration*. The festivities will take place at the Rico/Frida warehouse at 545 W. 700 S., and will feature Mexican cuisine, live music, kids' activities and more. Watch for more information about the event on *Frida Bistro's* Facebook page: facebook.com/FridaBistroUT.



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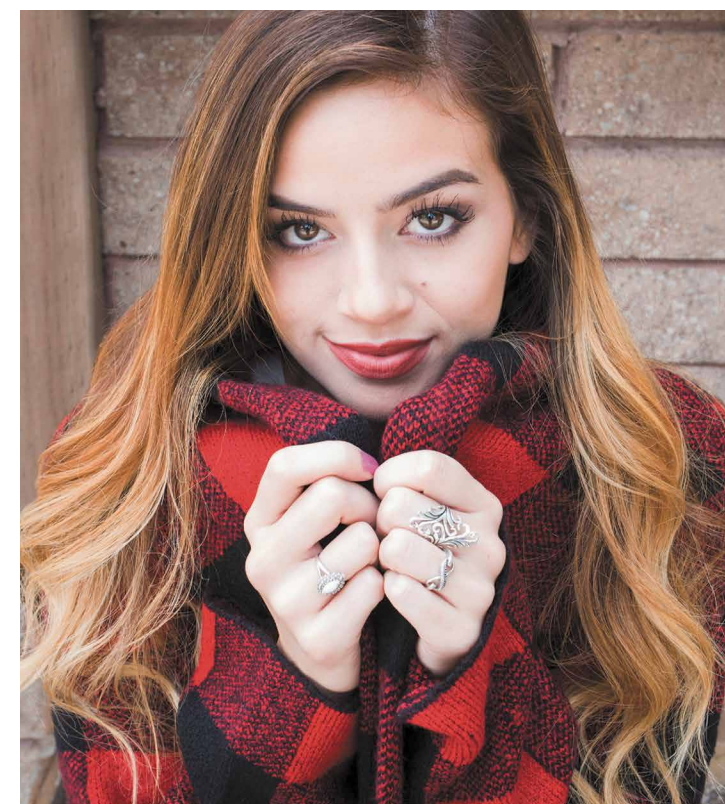
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AUDIO ATROCITIES — WITH THE — CORPSE CAST

BY BRYER WHARTON | bryernw@gmail.com

Horror cinema and extreme/spooky tunes go together like fuck and shit. Usually, the shit is nodding your head to a screaming track or a tasty riff, and fuck is the verb you use when you see something shocking onscreen. Enter *Corpse Cast*, which is fast becoming a vocal commodity about local extreme music, horror/exploitation film and all things scary culture, with mostly guest musicians on air for nearly all of the last 30 episodes. **Mike Cadaver** and **Shane Diablo** started up Salt Lake City's *Corpse Cast* in 2012, and it now has well over 200 episodes under its belt.

SLUG: Is there any type of subject that is too taboo or off limits for you to talk about?

Diablo: I am pretty much game for anything Mike throws my way ... and Heavens to Betsy, he sure has thrown some curveballs, some really dirty, icky, disgust-oid films, and even some damn-right dumb, too, but it's all in good fun.

Cadaver: I'd say there's nothing off limits. There's a few things that have given us a run for our money. **Lucifer Valentine's** *Slaughtered Vomit Dolls* was a film that I almost couldn't finish—not because it was scary or taboo, but because it was basically vomit porn. That was a tough one to get through. However, we'll talk about basically anything. If you listen to our show long enough, you'll learn we go down some pretty gnarly rabbit holes.

SLUG: When and why did you start to have interviews with musical acts?

Diablo: For me, it was just a change of pace. We had done some 180 episodes where we focused on an album from a band and a movie. Getting other people in the room, on the mics—especially bands—you're bound to have some interesting conversations.

Cadaver: It felt right after a while, as I'd started meeting a bunch of local folks in the valley and becoming friends with them, to invite them on the show. We've had a ton of bands on that have so much talent and great music to share. We figured we'd be doing our listeners a huge favor by introducing them to these bands.

SLUG: What do you think is your most proud accomplishment from the podcast since it started?

Cadaver: I have a secret ... I started this podcast as an excuse to have a regular playdate with Shane. I totally agree with him about the rapport. I just have so much fun doing this show. I'd say, however, our most proud accomplishment from the podcast is that we were discovered by a fledgling media company a couple of years back. Our show was added to a lineup of other horror-themed shows through *Zom-Bee TV*. It's now defunct, but we were flown out to Washington, D.C., and Virginia to do some press for the channel. We were able to visit *The Exorcist* stairs and go sightseeing



Photo: Scott Frederick

(L-R) Mike Cadaver and Shane Diablo drill to the bone with horror/exploitation films and local extreme music band members.

around D.C. Since then, we've also put out our own channel. It's available on the web and Roku as premium content. In fact, I'm in the process of building an Android and iOS app for our channel. The intent is to actually provide a media platform for smaller-content providers to have a way to distribute their videos, audio, etc.

SLUG: What do you think is the strongest part of Utah's extreme music community?

Cadaver: I think that there is a shit-ton of talent in Salt Lake City. We have a small scene compared to other places (or so I'm told), but I can't imagine a more passionate group of people. I can't believe that the quality outside of Salt Lake (and Utah) is much if any better than it is here.

SLUG: Of your podcast, audio/video is a paid portion. Why did you decide to do this, and what do folks who pay get that is extra?

Cadaver: All of our audio podcasts are totally free. We have a ton of extra content as part of our premium. We've got a video version of our show; we have behind-the-scenes shenanigans, video of shows we've filmed, a bunch of episodes of little shows we produce, and a ton of old-school horror and exploitation flicks available. You can subscribe for however much you want, at least \$1 a month. We use the money from that to buy and maintain our equipment, pay hosting fees and supply us and our guests with beverages a plenty! Visit premium.corpsecollective.net for more information on that.

To livestream the *Corpse Cast*, follow facebook.com/cadaverlab and tune in on Fridays at 7 p.m. You can also tune in on iTunes, Stitcher and other podcatcher feeds. One thing is certain: There is never a dull moment on the cast—it is your go-to for horror and exploitation films and passionate musical guests. You never know what you will get when you tune in.

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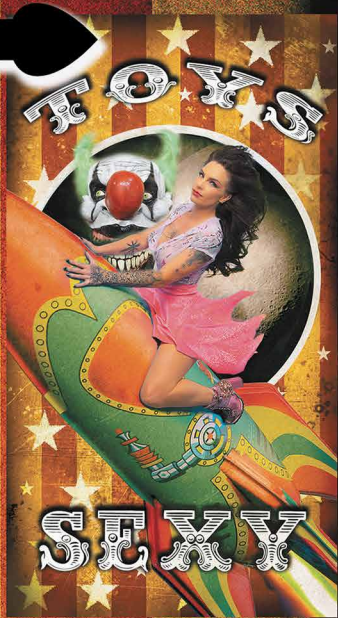
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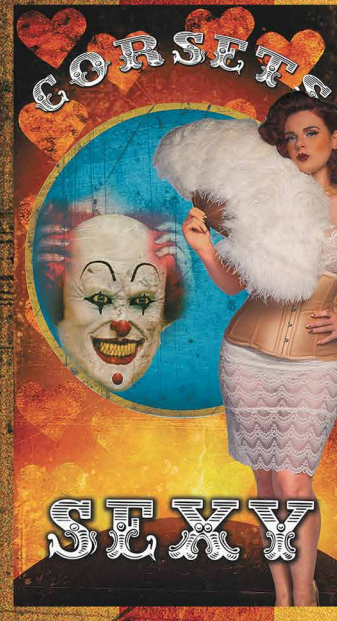
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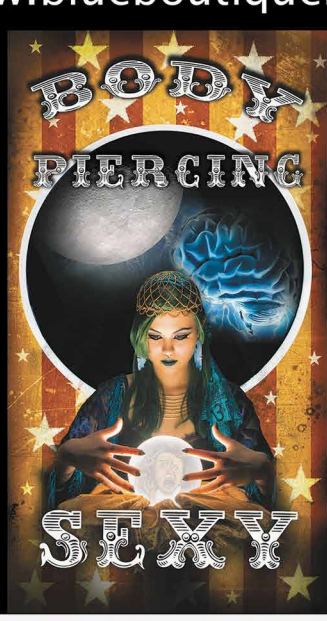
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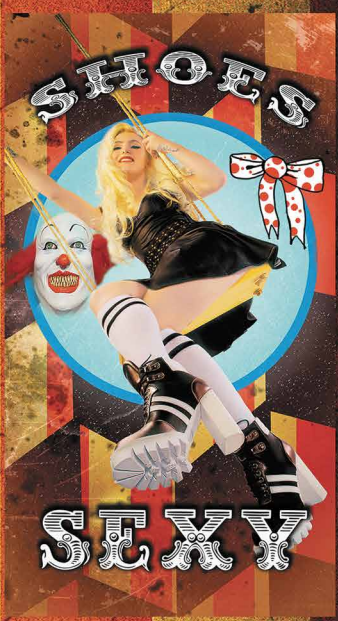
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REAL HAUNTED HOUSES LOCAL GHOST STORIES

Photos by @jbunds

Maybe you don't believe in ghosts, but you can't deny that many other people say they've experienced them. Maybe it's you, or maybe you have a friend who swears that they heard footsteps while alone at home or saw a grey silhouette of a humanlike figure around a house. *SLUG* certainly has a few friends like that, people in our community who've lived in or visited houses with ghosts, which could be in your neighborhood. Here, they share their tales. Believe them or not, they know what they've seen, heard and felt.

What do you believe?



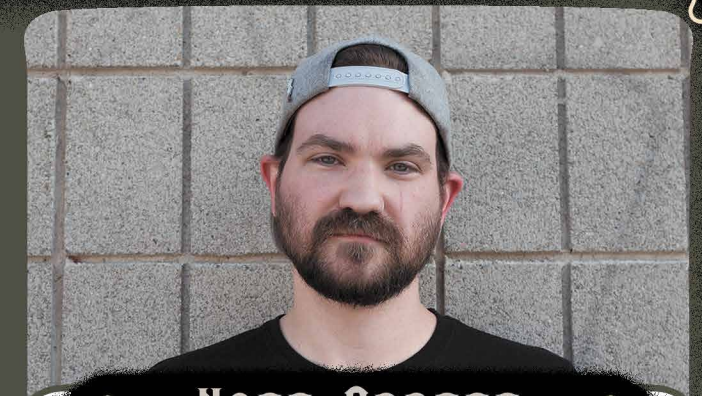
RACHEL HAYES

House hunting can be such a drag. It was 2003, and after searching for months, we had finally found the perfect mid-century fixer-upper in the heart of Holladay. It had the coolest built-in shelves in the living room, a gorgeous view of the valley to the west and the mountains to the east. It needed a ton of work but had so much potential. It was our first house, and it was a steal of a deal. Looking back now, maybe there was more to the bargain price than the fact that the house was badly in need of an update and some serious yardwork.

Soon after we moved in with our two young children, we started to notice some strange occurrences, little things like the stove burner being turned up from low to high when I swore I hadn't touched it. As the weeks went by, more alarming things began to happen. One day, I was looking down the hallway at my son, **Jack**, sitting in his room watching a movie. He was just a toddler at the time, and his favorite show, *Baby Einstein*, was on constantly. Suddenly, a ball flew across the room over his head, landing a few feet away. Perplexed, I walked down the hall to see if my daughter or husband was in the room out of my line of sight. A cold chill ran up my spine when I realized that my son was alone in the room.

I was a stay-at-home mom during this time, so after I dropped the kids off at school, I always took advantage of the few kid-free hours to get some chores done. Our laundry room was already a bit spooky with its bare cement walls, and it was dark in spite of the flickering fluorescent lights. As I was sorting out the clothes, my thoughts were elsewhere (as they usually are while I complete household drudgery) when I suddenly felt something soft hit me in the back of the head. My back was to the door, and I straightened up and spun round, expecting to see my husband home early or my sister who was renting our basement ... but there was no one there. All I saw was a lone sock on the floor behind me where it had fallen after the ghost threw it at me. Fighting the urge to scream, I ran out of there and up the stairs as fast as I could.

Not too long after that, we sold that house, but I've always wondered what could have happened there and who that spirit was.



NATE ABBOTT

After high school, a few friends and I created an amateur “paranormal research team.” We’d search for locations in Salt Lake City and outlying areas for rumored hauntings. We never had much happen, at least until our visit to the Herriman House. A friend of ours originally told us about it. You know how these ghost origins go: husband hangs himself from the top balcony, wife soon finds him and murders the kids and then herself out of grief. These are the stories you should take with a grain of salt, something exaggerated.

There were six of us who went to visit the house that night. The house's condition, for the most part, is exactly what you would expect from any long-abandoned building: walls torn down, windows broken, graffiti covering the available drywall. We made our way through each floor, not seeing much other than the remnants of what was once an interesting home. We worked our way to the basement, which comprised a few bedrooms connected by the narrowest hallway I've ever walked through. We explored the basement, where everything was in disarray, too. At the end of the hallway, we reached a door—one of the only bedroom doors in the entire house still intact—tagged in red spray paint with the words "Don't Fucking Enter." Ignoring the warning, we opened the door and walked in. No spray paint—the carpets, closet doors and windows were all still intact. Immediately feeling a sense of uneasiness, someone mentioned that we shouldn't linger. My sister, the last to leave the bedroom, began to scream as the bedroom door slammed behind us the moment she stepped out. We frantically made our way back to the vehicles. Four people piled into one car while I jumped into the other with the guy who originally told us about the house. While starting his car, he asked, "Do you see him? On the balcony?" My eyes scanned the house to the balcony where a man stood, not looking in our direction—just staring outward, to the mountains.

We all met up at a Smith's parking lot, where we decided we had to return to investigate the closing door. Some of us were convinced that it was just a breeze that pulled the door behind us. I had to know more about the figure on the balcony, too. Upon returning, three of us went inside. After searching, we could find no possible cause for the door closing behind us, no sign of anyone else in the house who could have closed it or could have been standing on the balcony. The house was empty.



REBECCA VERNON

About eight years ago, a ghost became active in my house, and was active for about two years after that.

The first thing the ghost did was push one of my friends—we'll call her **Kate**—to the ground. My friend **Lindsay** was staying with me for a few weeks and was with Kate at the time. The movement looked so strange that Lindsay laughed and asked, "How did you do that?" But Kate turned pale and said, "I didn't do that—something pushed me." Kate crawled with difficulty to the top of the stairs to leave because the force was pushing down on her as she crawled. She went down the stairs on her butt because she was afraid it would try to push her down the stairs. Kate left my house and didn't step foot in it again for many months.

The next day, Lindsay came into the house before a belly-dancing class she was drumming for. She went upstairs to her bedroom to grab her backpack. That morning, she had closed all the doors upstairs, and had zipped up her backpack and put it neatly away in the closet. Her backpack was out on the ground with all the stuff that was inside scattered everywhere, and all the doors upstairs were open. She started putting the clothes in her bag, but heard a footstep to the side of her and said, "Rebecca?" and turned, but no one was there. She ran downstairs and turned off the light in the living room by the front door while she was leaving, but it turned back on by itself. She turned it off again, and it turned on. She reached again for the light switch, and this time, the lights started flickering rhythmically. At the same time, the door upstairs to her bedroom started slamming over and over again.

Things settled down a bit after that. A couple of weeks later, I was alone in the house and had just turned out my light to go to sleep. All of a sudden, I heard a weird popping sound from upstairs, and then footsteps walking around overhead. Then the footsteps started coming down the stairs. They were not little, demure footsteps, nor the soft creaking of a settling house. It sounded like a 300-pound man lumbering down the stairs. My bedroom door was right at the foot of the stairs. My heart sped up, and I lay there, not knowing what to do and afraid it would try to come in my room. Even though I believed Lindsay's stories about it, that was my first time actually hearing a ghost myself. The thought that popped into my mind was, "Wow, ghosts really are real!" It walked around the living room for a few minutes and then stopped, and I got up, left and slept at a friend's house.

We did things to try to help the ghost move on, including having two ghost-hunter groups come in to try to make contact. I feel like it has truly been gone now for about six years. Even though I love the idea of ghosts, having one living in your house sucks.



TRAVIS SMITH

Upon purchasing my 1930s-era house, there was much work to be done in order to pass inspection for my home loan. My first experience with the house's inhabitants was around midnight, when I was alone on the property. I was installing electrical in the dining area of the kitchen, when I heard a huge crash sound come from a small nook area of my living room. I immediately jumped and yelled, "Hey!" in my tough-guy voice as I headed for the front door to check the perimeter. I expected my brother or my then-wife to be in the driveway trying not to laugh, hiding behind my truck, but there was no one there. Once I walked back into the house, the hair on my arms stood up, and I felt like I wasn't alone. I made it about three more feet of wiring before throwing my tools down and going to my erstwhile home. I reported to my wife what happened. She was intrigued but definitely not thrilled.

A week or so had gone by, and my wife and I were mudding drywall, me in the kitchen and her off in the living-room nook. It was the middle of the afternoon, and we were in our groove when we heard a door slam shut in the house. We both immediately jumped into each other's line of sight and stared eye to eye, tools still in hand. A door slamming could be a gust of wind or an animal walking through, but for that to happen, there have to be doors in the house to slam. The morning we began mudding drywall, we also took all the interior doors off the hinges and prepped them for paint—all the doors were in the backyard.

With the deadline for the city inspector quickly approaching, I called on my brother to help finish up with the tile and carpet. My wife and I told my brother about our new roommate(s), and despite he and I having been involved in another ghost situation, he wasn't buying it. As we set the new tile on the kitchen floor, my wife was taking a break from cutting tile to have a beer while the classic country station played on an old '90s-era boom box that had become our work radio. The country station, which hadn't been changed all day, went to static, bounced a few signal blurps and stopped on the Spanish pop station. My brother and I turned our heads in the radio's direction, the same direction as my wife, who said, "It wasn't me." My brother walked over to the radio to turn our station back on. It took three swipes of the dial to get it back on our previous station—it had been deliberately changed, and he knew it wasn't any of us.

I have been living in the house for close to 10 years now. In that time, there has been a drum kit that plays itself in the basement, a phantom record player and someone who walks the kitchen floor with boots on in the middle of the night. The dogs bark at the nook every once in a while.

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ALBATROSS RECORDINGS & EPHEMERA AND VAGUE SPACE PRESENT: MEET THE CREATURES

By Erin Moore
erin.moore313@gmail.com

Halloween is a gift that transforms an entire month into a time when everyone ups the ante—more parties, more fun, more weirdness. As summer switches off and the air is imbued with the strangely homey, charming smell of cold and decay, this seasonal spirit sparks new life into our local scene. That's why *Vague Space*—the freshest new spot for engaging in local art, music and crafted goods—and *Albatross Recordings and Ephemera* are teaming up in the Spirit of Halloween for their event *Meet the Creatures*, an evening for indulging in everything spooky. *Albatross* founder/owner **Timo Hatziaathanasiou** and *Salt Lake Film Society* Manager of Marketing **Annie Jenkins** discuss what inspires them at this time of year and what we can expect from their collaboration with *Vague Space* (819 E. 2100 S.) on Oct. 27.

Hatziaathanasiou says that they've long held Halloween parties at *Albatross*, since the opening of the shop's first location. "The first location on 9th and 9th opened in mid-October, so the first thing I was able to do was a Halloween event," he says. "The store was so new at that point [that] the turnout was pretty minimal, but it was still really fun." He says that at that event and the small gatherings that followed later, after they'd moved to their current location on 1300 S. and 900 E., they'd have friends play Halloween shows, usually accompanied by the straight-forward, can't-go-wrong additions of decorations and candy. But since knowing the people at *Vague* and having participated at the first *Void* and subsequent *Vague* markets with their *Albatross* booth, Hatziaathanasiou says that reaching out to them to organize his annual Halloween event seemed like it could be a fruitful idea. Now that they've been working together on this, Hatziaathanasiou remarks that they've been very receptive, saying, "The whole board just pretty much comprises some pretty good people from the music and arts scene. They put together a good group that's nice and diverse in taste." If *Vague's* past markets—always lively, energetic events—are anything to go by, there's no doubt that the space will be the perfect fit to house the spooky party they have in the works.

Though hopefully similar in energy to *Vague's* markets (*White Elephant* will have some theme-fitting items for sale), the event will be party-focused. Fellow event co-organizer **Cesar Reyes'** band **Super 78**, Hatziaathanasiou's music project **Echopraxia**, **Lord Vox**, **I See Your Nightmares**, **DREAM ELECTRIC** and other live acts will play downstairs in the basement space with a general dance party going on upstairs. For food, they say that new SLC food vendor *Mercado* will be there with their assortment of internationally imported snacks and treats, to lend a trick-or-treat feeling. Party-goers can escape the \$3 cover (though it is donated to Best Friends) if they come through dressed to the nines in a



(L-R) Timo Hatziaathanasiou and Annie Jenkins are ready to harness and indulge in the spirit of Halloween this season at *Vague Space*.

costume because, of course, there's going to be a costume party. Jenkins says that the theme of the party is pretty much to encapsulate that nostalgic essence of Halloween: "Old Universal *Creature From the Black Lagoon* meets *Elvira*," she says. "I think we want to encapsulate those Halloween events you would go to as a kid—that feeling of being so super stoked about it, but it being more of an adult event." Hatziaathanasiou chimes in that movies will be playing, such as *Frankenstein* and *The Monster Squad*, on *Vague's* big projectors.

On the more adult side of the theme, though, is probably their inclusion of free tarot and palm readings—something that probably wasn't present at our elementary school Halloween parties because we'd have all twitched in our chairs before running off or being snatched away from the wickedness by our Mormon moms. Good thing growing up grants you patience and a respectful, enthusiastic interest in the occult. **Lindy Stokes** and Hatziaathanasiou's mother **Leah** will do tarot and palm readings. After you get your death omen, you can go have some fun decorating your own coffin, a little craft setup

they plan to have where you can use chalk to personalize your own mini, coffin-shaped stash box. How many "666s" will be marked down on the boxes is only speculation at this point, but I'm sure it will be enough to designate this as one of the adult activities of the night.

Jenkins says that the goal of *Meet the Creatures* is to establish the lighthearted feeling of the season, because she feels that last October had a bit of a funky air, seeming to insinuate the fear surrounding the election season. This time around, they want to cultivate an atmosphere that is playful, nostalgic and fun: "an excuse to go out and be joyful," says Jenkins. Whether you go for the performers (much cooler than the music at your childhood parties) or to slay in your costume, know that as usual, *Vague* is the place to be for a party, and *Albatross* wants it to be as spooky as you do. Be there Oct. 27, and catch doors at 8:30 p.m. Watch for more information about the event (as well as *Albatross'* upcoming move into a new space next door to their current one) at [instagram.com/albatrossrecslc](https://www.instagram.com/albatrossrecslc).

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JEFF CARLISLE: CRAFTING THE MACABRE

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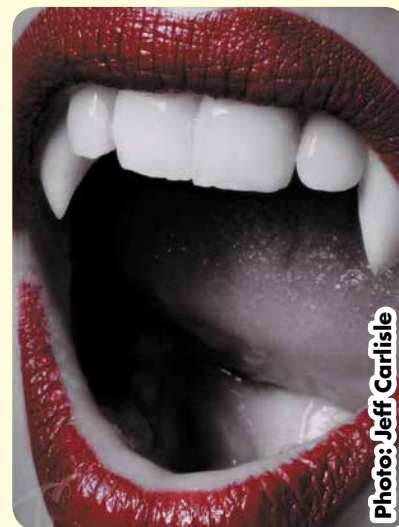


Photo: Jeff Carlisle

Local goth veteran Jeff Carlisle creates vampire-stylized images and his own custom fangs.

Local creature of the night and goth-scene veteran Jeff Carlisle is an expert when it comes to materializing the things that go bump in the night. Carlisle has made a name for himself in Salt Lake not only through his passion for photography but also his special-effects business where he specializes in creating the most iconic feature of his favorite monster—vampire fangs.

It began in 1988. A young, 15-year-old Carlisle was first exposed to goth when one of his friends from middle school started dating a punk girl. "We started going to *The Palladium* on a regular basis," he says. "Back then, it was called deathrock, but it very quickly became goth." Carlisle soon grew his arsenal of nightlife attire. "I mostly got a lot of my clothes from the D.I.," Carlisle says. "We didn't have Hot Topic or anything like that back then. Everything was very DIY."

Carlisle cut his teeth at the *The Palladium*—the destination club for goths who wanted a place to hang out, make out and listen to the dark music the scene craved. "*The Palladium* was the start of the black clothing," Carlisle says. "It was the start of the dark-edged, haunting music. The songs were, of course, about ghosts and vampires, and that's what drew people into the underground scene." When *The Palladium* closed down, the scene migrated to *The Pompadour*, where black-and-white makeup was worn proudly and where all of the goth staples like the **Sisters of Mercy**, **Bauhaus** and **Skinny Puppy** were played. *Club Confetti* flourished in the early '90s alongside the goth scene. "A lot

of people in the scene started DJ'ing," Carlisle says, "so we would hear a lot of the music the scene loved."

Carlisle's love for vampires and other creatures of the night started a few years before his exposure to the goth scene. "I think I was 13 or 14 when I first read *Dracula*, and that had a significant influence on me," Carlisle says. "Getting more involved in the goth scene, you kind of become these dark creatures." The dark, graphic themes he found within vampire novels—like *Dracula*, *Carmilla* and other stories before them—are present in his current-day photography and fang-sculpting work. His photography subjects tend to be hauntingly beautiful women covered in blood, fangs baring, with eyes that could pierce through the soul. "My artwork usually has something to do with vampirism and has a ring of that kind of atmosphere," Carlisle says. Within every shoot, Carlisle involves key elements of the vampire in his photographs. "The parts I include are, of course, the eternal beauty, eternal intelligence, old clothing—obviously, fangs," he says. "I've never done anything with modern vampirism or modern fashion. It's always gone back to the Romantic styles of the 17- to 1800s."

This obsession with vampires would motivate Carlisle to start working at local haunted houses. "Around 2007 or 2008, I signed up to be a makeup artist, and the head makeup artist was a very experienced man who works with movies," Carlisle says. "I started bringing in models and I would shoot them with the background of all of the different scenes, and he started making fangs for them." Carlisle soon asked his makeup mentor how to make a pair of fangs for himself.

The following season, Carlisle sank his teeth into making and maintaining the fangs for the haunt. "I started selling fangs to those that were showing interest to them," he says. "It just kind of took off from there."

Carlisle's craft is a simple process of molding, shaping, buffing and shining each individual acrylic fang. The process is similar to how acrylic nails are done. It all starts with taking a mold of the client's teeth then carving the acrylic to fit the client's tooth specifically—just by suction. There aren't any worries when it comes to the fang falling out. "A little bit of everybody [has] contacted me [regarding fangs]," he says. "October is always the biggest month." Carlisle found that not only is this a better method for creating fangs in general, but the finished product is completely harmless to his clients' teeth and will have a gorgeously realistic appearance. His work is not only for haunted house actors; they're also available for anyone to use for Halloween costumes, photoshoots and even just for lifestyle use. Obtaining your own personal set of fangs is just a direct message away via Facebook: [facebook.com/azazel1334](https://www.facebook.com/azazel1334).

Jeff Carlisle has remained a consistent member of Salt Lake City's goth scene ever since his first encounter with it in the late '80s. His dedication to his craft and all things ghoulish have only grown with him, and he can still be found in the shadows at Area 51 from time to time. Some examples of Carlisle's macabre photography work can be found on his deviantart page: [aziraphale1334.deviantart.com](https://www.deviantart.com/aziraphale1334).

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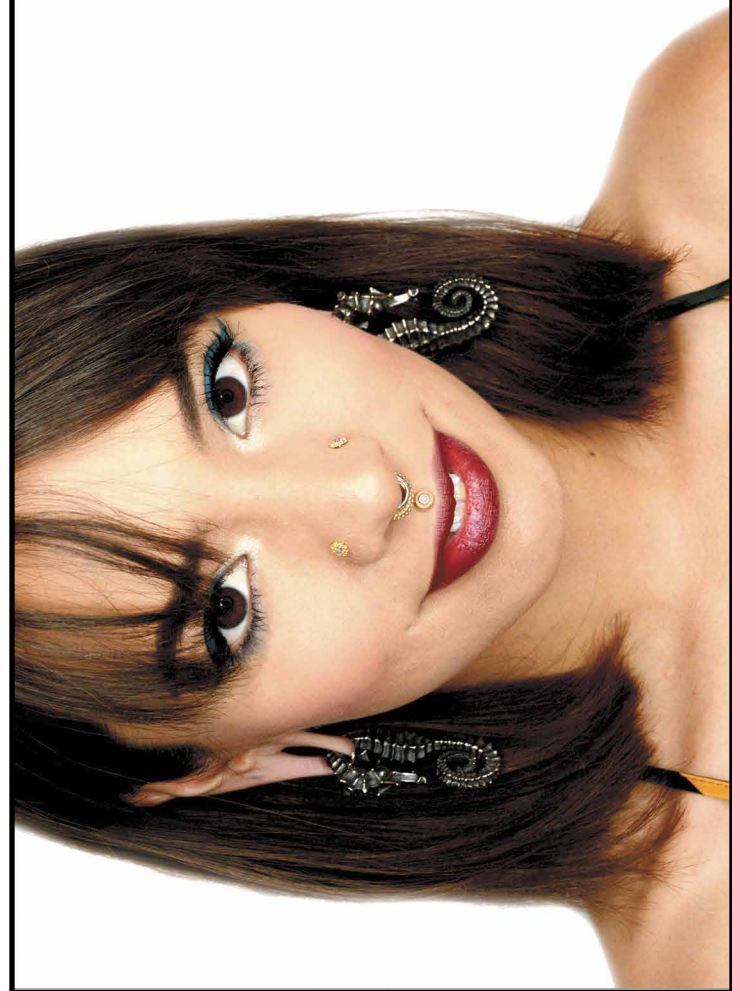
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A HAUNTING of the LIVING & the DEAD

ASYLUM 49

By Bryer Wharton • bryernw@gmail.com

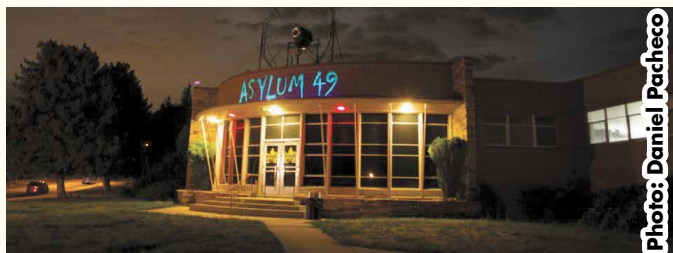


Photo: Daniel Pacheco

The old Tooele Valley Hospital opened its doors in 1953, and it sits with a cemetery in its backyard. For the last 12 years, though, it's been home to the *Asylum 49* haunted attraction (as in a staged attraction). The fear and dark atmosphere of *Asylum 49* eerily complements the notoriously haunted hospital property. In addition to the haunted attraction, the owners of *Asylum 49* have hosted paranormal tours and investigations (as in actual paranormal-activity sightings) for the public for the past 11 years.

Cami Andersen owns *Asylum 49* with her husband, **Kimm Andersen**, and their niece and nephew, **Dusty** and **Lyle Kingston**, respectively. The paranormal investigations are for the curious, and the real fear comes from the haunted attraction. It's one of Utah's few "full-contact" haunted attractions. Participants have to sign a waiver to allow themselves to be touched by the cast of *Asylum 49*.

"You will be touched, may be carried off by the doctors, and may be separated from your group," says Cami. "It is very intense and not recommended for children, adults who don't like being scared, pregnant women or physically or mentally impaired individuals. Come prepared to be scared and to have fun with it! Full contact isn't for everyone, so if you can't handle the intensity, we would rather you not come."

At first, nobody was aware that the hospital was haunted—"until we started experiencing strange and unexplained things like objects moving from one place to another, voices and other sounds being heard when no one else was in the building," says Cami. A paranormal investigation team came to explore the property. After multiple investigations, they deemed the hospital haunted. The owners of *Asylum 49* felt that it was important for others to experience the paranormal for themselves, so they began the ghost tours the season

after they opened the *Asylum 49* haunted attraction.

With ghost tours, there are public tours that are more geared for the entertainment factor, including a tour of the hospital for the curious or novices. For more seasoned researchers, there are private tours. Tours go 8 p.m.–1 a.m., or there's also an overnight experience, 8 p.m.–8 a.m. Cami says "It's unclear why hauntings occur, though there are many theories. As for the hospital, it's obviously a place where a lot of people have passed away. We are also right next door to the town cemetery. Another theory is that we frequently have people coming for the express purpose of talking to the spirits. I believe that they enjoy the conversation and the recognition that they are here ..."

Cami likes to keep the haunted attraction and the paranormal portion of the hospital separate, but sometimes the two collide for visitors of the haunted attraction in the fall. "Our spirits don't always follow the rules and have been known to lead unwary customers into dead ends and get them lost in the mazes," Cami says. "Oftentimes, they don't even know they just met a ghost."

Additionally, she says, "We have a large amount of evidence that would suggest that there are both residual and intelligent hauntings occurring at *Asylum 49*."

Asylum 49 is located in Tooele, Utah, at 140 E. 200 S. Haunt season goes until Nov. 4, Tuesday through Thursday, 7 p.m.–10 p.m.; Friday and Saturday, 7 p.m. to Midnight; closed Sunday and Monday. Wednesdays are dubbed *Wimpy Wednesday* for people who want to experience the haunt without full contact. Ghost tours are offered December through August. For the rules of the full-contact haunt and to find out more about the ghost tours, go to asylum49.com.

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Salt Lake Story Tours: I Ain't Afraid of No Ghost

By Mike Brown • mgb90210@gmail.com • • • • •

If you think of all the billions of people who've died over the course of humanity, then you gotta assume that there are a shitload of ghosts haunting the world. This October, I wanted to see what ghouls were kicking it Downtown.

I reached Utah Ghost Tours hoping to meet some of the ghosts I've heard about and to learn about some new ones. Utah Ghost Tours provides bus tours and walking tours to some of the most haunted spots and graveyards in SLC and Ogden. I opted for the Whiskey Street tour, which started at the Courthouse on 400 South and Main Street and ended at the *Capitol Theatre*, where a ghost named **George** notoriously haunts.

SLC has a cool and unique history. Utah Ghost Tours doesn't just try to scare the crap out of you: The walking tour intertwines the history of the buildings and the people whom the ghosts fuck with. My story guides, **Kristen Clay** and **Nannette Watts**, were quite knowledgeable of the way things used to be Downtown. Learning about some of the buildings I've drunkenly stumbled by thousands of times was also cool. I didn't know how many brothels Main Street had back in the day—turns out, it's a lot. It sounds like Mormons back then weren't as uptight and ashamed about sex as they are now.

One of the stops on the tour was a bar I used to work at called *Whiskey Street*. *Whiskey Street* is what those few blocks on Main were nicknamed back in the late 1800s due to the amount of bars and brothels crammed in there. Vice cops and the DABC were probably a whole lot cooler back then, too.

I never noticed the bar being haunted when I worked there. The only scary things about the place were my paychecks and the MILFs who frequented the spot. Apparently, my old manager, **Chip**, told the Ghost Tour ladies that it was for sure haunted by a little girl who likes to knock the empty bottles off the top shelf of the bar, and I remember this happening when I worked there. I always thought it was a combination of humidity and maybe faulty bar design, but nope, it's a ghost. Granted, Chip is in that bar more than I was. But if it's a little-girl ghost, *Whiskey Street* better kick her out quick before they get a violation for letting an under-ager into the bar. I could seriously see the DABC fining them for that.

I don't want to give away any more of Kristen's or Nannette's stories because that's their inventory. But I will say this: Almost every old building that they had a story about had one of those old freight elevators—almost all the ghosts like to mess with those things. Those elevators aren't just not up to code. Oh, and every ghost story initially starts with a dead body. A lot of people have been offed or offed themselves in downtown SLC.

For obvious reasons, you cannot record stuff on the tour, but the ghost ladies do let you take pictures. Oftentimes, ghosts pop up in pictures without us initially knowing, and they can show up in the form of orbs. I was ready to click away with my trusty iPhone 7, until Kristen informed me that Samsung phone cameras pick up more ghosts and orbs. Once again, Apple's technology isn't as good as advertised.

Luckily, though, *SLUG* photo-grunt **John Barkiple** was on the tour with me snapping photos like a madman with an actual fancy camera that can't make phone calls or text inappropriate messages to your ex at 3 a.m. After the tour, we grabbed a drink at the *Hotel Monaco*, which was one of the haunted stops, and scrolled through the pics Barkiple took, looking for orbs. I didn't initially see any, but maybe they show up after you develop the film. (That's how it works, right?)

We asked the *Hotel Monaco* manager if we could check out one of the haunted stops that's in *Bambara* and get another photo, and she graciously obliged. The spot in the restaurant is nicknamed Stairway to Nowhere, and it's literally a set of stairs that go nowhere. I'd tell you the story, but you should take the tour and have Nannette tell it, as she would do a much better job than me. I sat on the stairs, and Barkiple took some pics as I tried to channel some spirits.

I really wanted to see or feel a ghost, but I'm not sure if I did or not. According to most burner chicks I've met who put way too much stock in astrology, my aura is fairly dark these days. And the only spirits I channel go straight through my liver. But either way, I enjoyed the Salt Lake Ghost Tour a lot and will probably go back with them to check out some graveyards. The history lesson alone is worth it, even if you don't believe in ghosts. Contact them via their website at storytours.com.



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OCT 6TH @ THE DEPOT

UTAH OPERA PERFORMS LA BOHEME
OCT 7TH - 15TH @ CAPITOL THEATRE

GEORGE CLINTON AND PARLIAMENT FUNKADELIC
OCT 13TH @ THE DEPOT

UTAH JAZZ HOME GAMES
OCT 18TH, 21ST, 28TH, & 30TH @ VIVINT SMART HOME ARENA

TUESDAY FARMERS MARKET
TUESDAY'S 4PM - DUSK THROUGH OCT 17TH @ PIONEER PARK

BOB DYLAN
OCT 17TH & 18TH @ ECCLES THEATER

BALLET WEST PERFORMS ALADDIN
OCT 19TH - 22ND @ CAPITOL THEATRE

**UTAH SYMPHONY PERFORMS TIM BURTON'S
NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS**
OCT 24TH @ ABRAVANEL HALL

FOOD TRUCK THURSDAY
EVERY THURSDAY, 11AM - 2PM @ GALLIVAN CENTER

FOR A FULL LISTING OF EVENTS VISIT
DOWNTOWNSLC.ORG/EVENTS



LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

Grits Green
Water
Man vs Music
Street: 06.23
Grits Green = Hoose +
Beastie Boys + Rhyme Time

Grits Green are back with their usual brand of funk-inspired jam hip-hop in their new release, *Water*. The album kicks off with "Criticize My SD Card," which boasts a fantastic buildup with its tapping percussion, funky guitar, powerful keys and vocals. I immediately get the sense of an organic performance among the jam band and the chemistry between the emcees. Next, "What's in Your Pocket" is a track with a mellow looping guitar riff and easy-going percussion, in which the energy comes from the vocal delivery with the lyrics being pushed out at what feels like double speed compared to the accompanying beat. There's syncopation between the emcees' vocal progression against the percussion of each track. "Same" exemplifies this dynamic, with each emcee going word-for-tap against the drums, but the lyrics don't get lost in the rapid delivery.

The standout is the title track, which starts with a creeping bass and subtle keyboard work. Its overall flow aligns with the album's title, as it seems to come organically and fluidly. Grits Green are the kind of group whose tracks make me wish I could hear and see them live. With such energy behind the lyrics and funky live-band beats, I can only imagine the atmosphere of one of their shows. If funky bass lines and dueling emcees sound like your cup of tea, then you should check out *Water* on either iTunes or Spotify. —Connor Brady

it foot, it ears
feeter
Self-Released
Street: 09.23
it foot, it ears = Oneida + 75
Dollar Bill

feeter, the third release from experimental duo it foot, it ears, opens with guitarist **Jason Rabb** screaming, "What's the key to comedy?" while drummer **Nick Foster** simultaneously responds (in a conflicting meter), "Timing! Timing!" It's an overwhelming, disorienting and hilarious moment that serves as a proper in-

roduction to the rest of *feeter*. Across the nine short, densely packed tracks, it foot, it ears prove their unmatched accomplishments in technical ability, compositional intricacy and, above all, personality and wit.

The primary formula on *feeter* is the exploitation of stark juxtapositions. Rabb's vocals frantically move between sharp yelps and hushed, whispery singing, shifts that are always followed precisely by the instrumentals. The guitar is as often reservedly plucked as it is overblown, scraped, smashed and abused, while Foster's percussion is unconventional with heavy, straight rock beats to either compete with Rabb's freewheeling mania or provide a sturdy base for a track. Sometimes these changes happen so quickly that the tracks feel like a dead sprint through song ideas, as if the duo is trying to race their own clock.

It's the unique timbres and experiments with instruments that keep the guitar-percussion format from limiting *feeter*'s diversity. "jump rope" is plunky, slow and full of tense silences, while the lumbering blues in "shake on it" give way into the arrhythmic punk freakout of "racket." Most of the credit due to this simple technicality is the physical manipulation of their instruments. On "lost an ear," Foster tightens and loosens his drum heads to follow the rising and falling melodies on Rabb's guitar so delicately that the music sounds as if it's literally bloating and deflating in the mix. Moments like these separate it foot, it ears from other experimental rock groups who simply display technical flash. Rabb and Foster understand the vivacity of sound.

feeter barely lasts more than 15 minutes, but it's an eventful stretch of time. Keeping track of each rhythmic shift, vocal trick and compositional oddity is an exhausting task and requires numerous listens to even halfway decipher. This isn't difficult music for difficulty's sake. However, there's serious purpose here, and no second of *feeter* sounds random. The parts interweave perfectly, creating holistic, rewarding compositions out of fractured, seemingly unsalvageable pieces. —Connor Lockie

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DAILY CALENDAR

Visit SLUGMag.com to submit your local event listing for free and view our full Daily Calendar.

Friday, October 06

Crook & The Bluff – Garage
Palehound, Blood Handsome – Kilby
King Gizzard And The Lizard
Wizard, Tropical Fuck Storm,
Ice Balloons – Metro
**Surely Goodness and Mercy
– SLAC**
Noah Gundersen – State Room
An Enemy of the People – Wherehäu

Saturday, October 07

Thievery Corporation – Complex
Black Market III – Garage
Shea Couleé – Metro
The Pour, SuperBubble – State Room

Sunday, October 08

City of the Sun – Kilby
Shinebright – Urban

Monday, October 09

AMINÉ, Towkio – Complex
Mini Pie Workshop
– Harmons City Creek
Kacy & Clayton – Kilby
Big Thief – Urban

Tuesday, October 10

Snow tha Product – Complex
The Cabin Project – Kilby
The Reverend Peyton's
Big Damn Band – Metro
Robert Earl Keen – State Room
JR JR – Urban

Wednesday, October 11

Gnocchi Workshop
– Argentina's Best Empanadas
The Script – Complex
Touché Amoré – Kilby
Mercury – SLAC

Griffin House – State Room
Campfire Caravan – Urban

Thursday, October 12

Joe McQueen Quartet – Garage
The Blow – Kilby
The Church, Helio Sequence
– State Room
Matt Hopper & The Roman Candles
– Urban

Friday, October 13

The War On Drugs – Complex
George Clinton and Parliament
Funkadelic – Depot
Giraffage – Elevate
Jonwayne – Kilby
Dance Evolution – Metro

Saturday, October 14

Locals-Only Hip-Hop – Beehive
Triggers & Slips – Garage
together PANGEA – Kilby
RME – Metro
Paul Kelly – State Room
The Art of Safe Sex – The Rail
Zola Jesus – Urban

Sunday, October 15

Knuckle Puck – Complex
Hanson – Depot
Natewantstobattle – Kilby
Broke City Reunion Show – Urban

Monday, October 16

LÉON, Wrabel – Kilby
Boris – Metro
Mortigi Tempo – Urban

Tuesday, October 17

Girlpool – Kilby
Trashcan Sinatras – Metro
The Bronx – Urban

Wednesday, October 18

CAAMP – Kilby
Wand – Metro
The Accidentals – State Room
**SLUG Localized:
Poet, Kaotic, G-Life – Urban**

Thursday, October 19

Clean Bandit – Complex
Tera Melos, Speedy Ortiz – Kilby
Com Truise, Nosaj Thing – Metro
Mitski – Urban

Friday, October 20

Squarewave Night – Diabolical
Bloodshot Bill – Garage
Magda-Vega – Heavy Metal Shop
Torres – Kilby
Vandana Shiva – Kingsbury
Radical Face – Metro
Bob Schneider – State Room
The Afghan Whigs – Urban

Saturday, October 21

Mutemath – Complex
Lazlos – Garage
The World Is Beautiful Place And I
Am No Longer Afraid To Die – Kilby
NEFF Halloween Party – Metro
Lyrics Born – State Room

Sunday, October 22

Remo Drive – Kilby
Rosetta – Metro
Candace – Urban

Monday, October 23

Tei Shi – Kilby
Ariel Pink – Metro
Tim Reynolds, TR3 – State Room
Mr. Elevator – Urban

Tuesday, October 24

Token – Complex
LOSTBOYCROW – Kilby
KMFD – Metro
Dine Krew Halloween – Urban

Wednesday, October 25

I the Mighty – Kilby
Genitorturers – Metro
Papadosio – State Room
Zeke – Urban

Thursday, October 26

King Chiefs, Sleeping Tigers,
Brujeria, Voodoo Glow Skulls,
Piñata Protest – Complex
LANY – Complex
Max Frost – Kilby

Brujeria – Metro
Agent Orange – Urban
Surf Curse – Vague Space

Friday, October 27

Crafeon, Principium, Envenom,
Uncermonial – Club X
The Maine – Complex
Michelle Moonshine – Garage
Skalloween! – Kilby
Max Pain & The Groovies
Halloween – Urban
Meet the Creatures – Vague Space

Saturday, October 28

Utah Cheese Awards Expo Fest
– Church & State
A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie – Complex
Koo Koo Kanga Roo – Kilby
**Ananya Dance Theatre
– Kingsbury**
Phutureprimitive – Metro
Chelsea Wolfe – Urban

Sunday, October 29

The Wrecks – Kilby
Bob Log III – Metro
Cults – Urban

Monday, October 30

Ministry, Death Grips – Complex
Have Mercy – Kilby
Avways – Urban

Tuesday, October 31

The Floozies – Metro
Twiddle – State Room
Deer Tick – Urban

Wednesday, November 01

A\$AP Mob – Complex
The Soft White Sixties – Kilby
Halley Reinhart – Urban

Thursday, November 02

The Jesus and The Mary Chain
– Complex
Joe McQueen Quartet – Garage
Dreadnought – Metro
PitchNic – Spy Hop
Chicano Batman, Khruangbin
– Urban
Ugly Sweater Workshop – West Elm

Friday, November 03

**Pick up the new issue of
SLUG – Anyplace Cool**
Sasha Velour – Metro
Fluid Art – UMOCA
Hot Vodka – Urban



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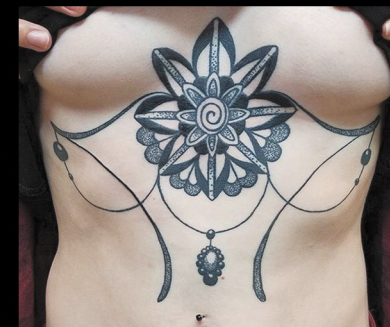
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OCTOBER

THE URBAN LOUNGE: 8PM DOORS UNLESS NOTED

OCT 01: SEUN KUTI & EGYPT 80, SAMBA FOGO 7PM
OCT 02: FREE SHOW: DEAD RIDER, BABY GURL, MANANERO
OCT 03: ALLAN RAYMAN
OCT 04: FREE SHOW: LORD VOX, CALIFORNIA BORDER PATROL
OCT 05: DRAB MAJESTY, CHOIR BOY, 20XX
OCT 07: THE RAMONES TRIBUT NIGHT: MAJOR TOM AND THE PIRATES, THE NODS, JOSEPH MICHAEL PEDERSEN, 90S TELEVISION, DJ NIX BEAT
OCT 08: SHINEBRIGHT, SORRY, NO SYMPATHY, DETHRONE THE SOVEREIGN
OCT 09: BIG THIEF, LITTLE WINGS, MEGA BOG
OCT 10: JR JR, HEMBREE
OCT 11: CAMPFIRE CARAVAN, THE BROTHERS COMATOSE, THE LIL SMOKIES, MIPSO 7PM
OCT 12: MATT HOPPER & THE ROMAN CANDLES, LEEROY STAGGER
OCT 14: ZOLA JESUS, JOHN WIESE
OCT 15: BROKE CITY REUNION SHOW 7PM
OCT 16: MORTIGI TEMPO, HEMWICK, IMELDA MARCOS, TURTLENECK WEDDING DRESS
OCT 17: THE BRONX, PLAGUE VENDOR, '68 7PM
OCT 18: POET KAOTIC, G LIFE
OCT 19: MITSKI, STRONG WORDS
OCT 20: THE AFGHAN WHIGS, HAR MAR SUPERSTAR
OCT 22: CANDACE, THEORY/THEORY
OCT 23: MR. ELEVATOR, CAMERA, PANSIES, COOL BANANA
OCT 24: DINE KREW "KYS" HALLOWEEN PARTY, AURATORIKAL & DJ MIXTERMKE, NEGRODOMUS, IVIE, SWELL MERCHANTS, UNDERGROUND AMBITIONZ
OCT 25: ZEKE, KAPIX
OCT 26: AGENT ORANGE, FLATFOOT 56, GET DEAD 7PM
OCT 27: MAX PAIN & THE GROOVIES HALLOWEEN, THE GHOST DANCE. THEE COMMONS
OCT 28: CHELSEA WOLFE, YOUTH CODE
OCT 29: CULTS, CULLEN OMORI, HIDEOOUT
OCT 30: ALVVAYS, JAY SOM
OCT 31: TWICE IS NICE: AN EVENING WITH DEER TICK CHRIS CROFTON 7PM

S&S

OCT 7: SOLD OUT: JON BELLION 7PM @ GREAT SALT AIR
OCT 7: THE NATIONAL PARKS 7PM @THE DEPOT
OCT 9: AMINE 6:30PM @THE COMPLEX
OCT 9: MISTERWIVES 6:30 @THE DEPOT
OCT 10: THE XX 7PM @ GREAT SALT AIR
OCT 10: SNOW THA PRODUCT 7PM @THE COMPLEX
OCT 13: THE WAR ON DRUGS 7PM @THE COMPLEX
OCT 15: KNUCKLE PUCK 6PM THE COMPLEX
OCT 19: YELAWOLF 7PM @THE COMPLEX
OCT 19: MARLON CRAFT 7:30PM @IN THE VENUE
OCT 23: ANGEL OLSEN 7PM @THE DEPOT
OCT 23: RL GRIME 7PM @THE COMPLEX
OCT 25: THE BLACK ANGELS 8PM @THE DEPOT 21+
OCT 26: SOLD OUT: LANY 7PM @THE COMPLEX
OCT 26: SURF CURSE 7PM @VAGUE SPACE
OCT 31: THE DEVIL WEARS PRADA 6PM @THE COMPLEX

THE
URBAN
LOUNGE

Kilby Court

THE
METRO
MUSIC HALL

KILBY COURT: 7PM DOORS UNLESS NOTED

OCT 02: FRANKIE ROSE, SUBURBAN LIVING
OCT 03: TENNYSON, PHOTAY
OCT 04: SOLO NIGHT, MEN IN THE KITCHEN, GRANT OWENS, CANOPY CANVAS, OH CARDINALS
OCT 05: STRANGE FAMILIA, DREAMINGS
OCT 06: PALEHOUND, BLOOD HANDSOME
OCT 08: CITY OF THE SUN
OCT 10: THE CABIN PROJECT, HARPERS, EMILY HOLGATE
OCT 11: TOUCHE AMORE, SINGLE MOTHERS, GOUGE AWAY
OCT 12: THE BLOW, ZEALYN, MARK SWINK
OCT 13: JONWAYNE, DANNY WATTS, DJ EMV
OCT 14: TOGETHER PANGEA, TALL JUAN, DADDY ISSUES
OCT 15: NATEWANTSTOBATTLE, AMALEE, MANDOPONY
OCT 16: LEON, WRABEL
OCT 17: GIRLPOOL, PALM
OCT 18: CAAMP
OCT 19: TERA MELOS, SPEEDY ORTIZ
OCT 20: TORRES, THE DOVE AND THE WOLF
OCT 21: THE WORLD IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE AND I AM NO LONGER AFRAID TO DIE, ROZWELL KID, MYLETS
OCT 22: REMO DRIVE
OCT 23: TEI SHI, TWELVE'LEN
OCT 24: LOSTBOYCROW, PRELOW 8PM
OCT 25: I THE MIGHTY, HAIL THE SUN, GOOD TIGER
OCT 26: MAX FROST, NAWAS
OCT 27: SKALLOWEENI, SHOW ME ISLAND, THE ANCHORAGE, SCHEMING THIEVES, THE GRINGOS
OCT 28: KOO KOO KANGA ROO, SUPERFUN YEAH YEAH ROCKETSHIP 2PM
OCT 29: THE WRECKS, VESPERTEEN, THE TECHNICOLORS
OCT 30: HAVE MERCY, BOSTON MANOR, CAN'T SWIM, A WILL AWAY 6PM

METRO MUSIC HALL: 8PM DOORS

OCT 01: NEKROMANTIX, HI FI MURDER, UTAH COUNTY SWILLERS
OCT 02: FREE SHOW: SUGAR CANDY MOUNTAIN, YEY, THE SPIRAL JETTIES, DAVIS JOHNSON
OCT 03: THE TOADIES, LOCAL H
OCT 04: LORDS OF ACID, COMBICHRIST, CHRISTIAN DEATH, EN ESCH, NIGHT CLUB
OCT 05: THE ROCKETZ, THE SILVER SHINE, GRAVE ROBBING BASTARDS, LSDO
OCT 06: KING GIZZARD AND THE LIZARD WIZARD, TROPICAL FUCK STORM, ICE BALLOONS
OCT 07: SHEA COULEE, HOSTED BY: CARTEL CHAMELEON, BEATS BY: DJ SHUTTER, XAINA, DIVINA, MOLLY MORMEN 9PM
OCT 10: THE REVEREND PEYTON'S BIG DAMN BAND 7PM
OCT 12: SOULFY DOES NAILBOMB: PERFORMING "POINT BLANK", CANNABIS CORPSE, NOISEM, LODY KONG, HOOGA, DISENGAGED 6PM
OCT 13: DANCE EVOLUTION 9PM
OCT 14: RME PRESENTS ANTHEM - SALT LAKE CITY, 4PM
OCT 16: BORIS, SUBROSA, ENDON 7PM
OCT 17: TRASHCAN SINATRAS: SEATED EVENT 6PM
OCT 18: WAND, DARTO
OCT 19: COM TRUISE / NOSAJ THING, CLEOPOLD
OCT 20: RADICAL FACE, AISHA BADRU
OCT 21: THE 8TH ANNUAL NEFF HALLOWEEN PARTY, DJ MATTY MO, DJ FLASH & FLARE, BO YORK 9PM
OCT 22: ROSETTA, NORTH, GLOE, YETI WARLORD
OCT 23: ARIEL PINK, BITE MARX
OCT 24: KMFDM, LORD OF THE LOST, OHGR 7PM
OCT 25: GENITORTURERS
OCT 26: BRUJERIA, VODOO GLOW SKULLS, PINATA PROTEST, DEZEGRATION 7PM
OCT 28: PHUTUREPRIMITIVE, ENDERR, DEKAI
OCT 29: BOB LOG III, UTAH COUNTY SWILLERS, JACOB T. SKEEN
OCT 31: THE FLOOZIES (THE FUNK JESUS TOUR) THE FUNK HUNTERS, MADDY O'NEAL

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OCT 20

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OCT 28

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