

# YEARNING

# DOUBT QUESTION INTERROGATE

# ABIDING DEFIANCE

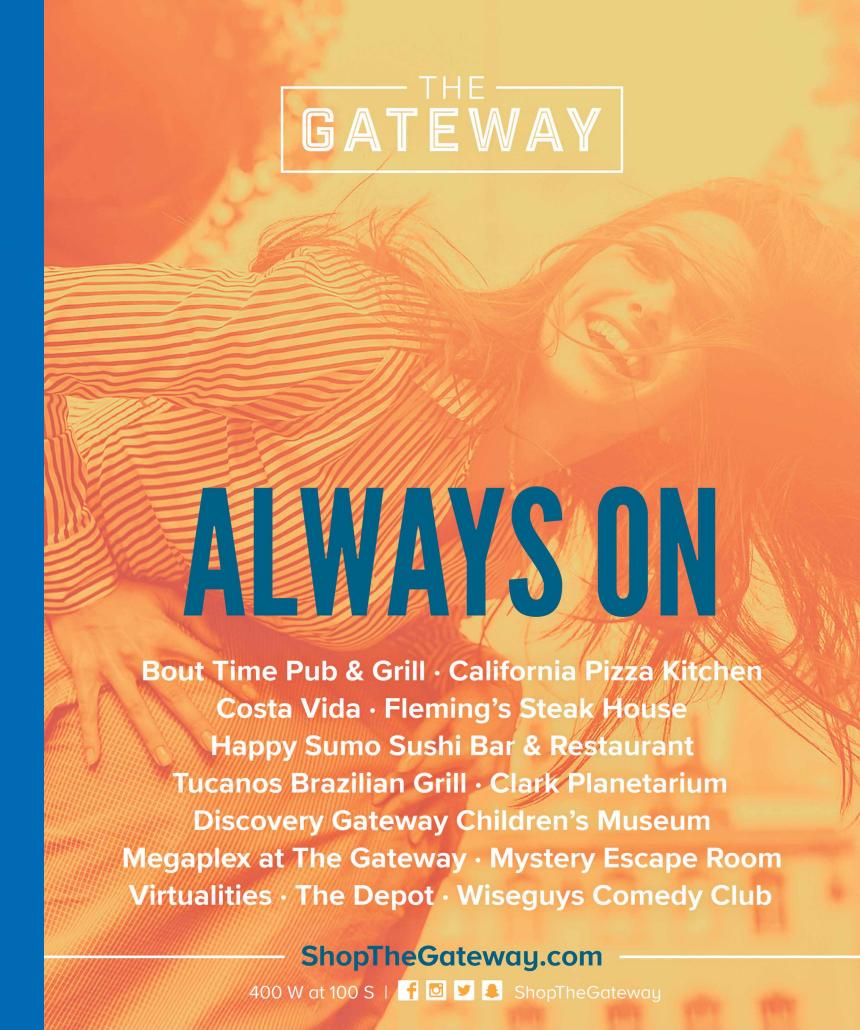
the story lives in you

sundance film festival '18.

january 18-28 | park city, utah

sundance.org/festival #sundance





# SLUG MAGAZINE SLUG



SaltLakeUnderGround • Vol. 28 • Issue #348 • December 2017 • SLUGMag.com

### CONTRIBUTOR LIMELIGHT Lizz Corrigan - Senior Staff Writer

Lizz Corrigan joined SLUG in November 2013 and soon became one of the magazine's most prolific and dependable music reviewers. She quickly paired her love for writing with her talent for appreciating, grasping and reviewing Utah-local albums. Her writing has flourished in scope and style: Through a grounded and approachable lens, Corrigan confidently tells the stories of our Localized musicians, Utah artisans like Reo Stika of the Great Salt Lake Guitar Co. and local legends like John **Bolton**, founder of the Salt Lake Roasting Company. In this issue, Corrigan continues to showcase such remarkable individuals with her engaging profile on a key player of Utah's literary scene, Michael McLane (pg. 18). While Corrigan lauds SLUG as a community contributor and liaison, we're thrilled to honor Lizz's work as a powerful part of that effort!



ABOUT THE COVER: When we read, the images that words invoke in our heads reside in in the realm of abstraction. For this Local Literary Issue, artist Christopher Lynn employs his penchant for geometric shapes and a painterly touch of texture to converse in this abstract dimension. Doing so recalls book covers with similar geometric images. Visit christopher-lynn.com for more of his work.

**DISCLAIMER:** SLUG Magazine does not necessarily maintain the same opinions as those found in our content. Content is property of SLUG Magazine—please do not use without written permission.

### **Publisher:**

Eighteen Percent Gray

### **Executive Editor:**

Angela H. Brown

### **Editor:**

Alexander Ortega

### **Associate Editor:**

Kathy Rong Zhou

### **Editorial Assistant:** Now Hiring!

### **Copy Editors:**

Alexander Ortega, Dylan Davis, Erin Moore, John Ford, Kathy Rong Zhou, Kaitlin Smith, Laikwan Waigwa-Stone, Lindsey Parkinson, Mary E. Duncan, Parker Scott Mortensen, Ryan Sanford, Traci Grant

### **Editorial Interns:**

Lois Brady, Zaina Abujebarah

### **Content Consultants:**

Michael McLane, Paisley Rekdal

### **Cover Artist:**

Christopher Lynn

### **Lead Graphic Designer:**

Joshua Joye

### **Graphic Design Team:**

Karli Duisen, Mel Wise, Nick Ketterer, Paul Mason

### Ad Designers:

Brad Barker, Christian Broadbent, Dianna Totland, KJ Jackett,

Nicholas Dowd, Nick Ketterer, Ryan Peck

### Front-end Developer: Now Hiring!

### Illustrators:

Brett Ferrin, Brighton Metz, Brooklyn Ottens, Chris Bodily, D. Bradford Gambles. Drew Grella, Garrick Dean James Bible, Jenn Olsen, Natalie Allsup-Edwards, Ricky Vigil, Robin Namini, Ryan Perkins, Sarah Donnelly, Spencer Holt

### Photographers:

Andy Fitzgerrell, Bob Plumb, CJ Anderson, Chad Kirkland, Chris Gariety, Chris Kiernan, Colton Marsala, Gilbert Cisneros, Gilbert Garcia, Jake Vivori, Jayson Ross, Jessica Bundy, Jo Savage, John Barkiple, Johnny Cowan, Logan Sorenson, Martín Rivero, Matthew Windsor, Niels Jensen, Rachel Molenda, Scott Frederick, Talyn Sherer, Tyson Call, Weston Colton, William Cannon

### **Videographers:**

Andrew Schummer, Jackson Bradshaw

### **Community Development Executives/Advertising** Sales:

John Ford: johnford@slugmag.com Angela H. Brown: sales@slugmag.com SLUG HQ: 801.487.9221

### **Advertising Sales Reps:** Now Hirina!

### **Community Development Assistant:**

Anne Olsen: anne@slugmag.com

### **Events Coordinator:** Now Hiring!

### Marketing Team:

Alex Sletten, Alex Topolewski, Brander Soderquist, Lark Smith, Lauren Gutierrez, Madi Mekkelson, Morgan Valentine, Shley Kinser

### **Distribution Management:**

### Distro:

Connor Lockie, Debbi Longshaw, Eric U. Norris, John Zsiray, Keith McDonald, Kyelee Jean Stephenson, Maeve Haggerty, River Haggerty, Ryan Parker, Secily Anderson, Tommy Dolph, Tony Bassett, Zak Elsea

### **Senior Staff Writers:**

Alex Springer, Alexander Ortega, Ali Shimkus, Amanda Rock, Ben Tilton, Ben Trentelman, Brian Kubarycz, Brian Udall, Bryer Wharton, Connor Brady, Darcy Mimms, Dean O Hillis, Dylan Evans, Eric U. Norris, Erin Moore, James Bennett, James Orme, Jimmy Martin, John Ford, Kamryn Feigel,

Kathy Rong Zhou, Kia McGinnis, Lauren Ashley, LeAundra Jeffs, Lizz Corrigan, Mike Brown, Nic Smith, Nick Kuzmack, Peter Fryer, Rachel Jensen, Ryan Michael Painter, Ricky Vigil, Sean Zimmerman-Wall, Steve Goemaat, Tyson Call

### **Contributing Writers:**

Alex Blackburn, Alex Vermillion, Alexandra Graber, Arcadio Rodriguez, Chris Hollands, Connor Lockie, Emily Anderson, Gregory Gerulat, Jeanine Carmichael Jeremy Cardenas, Jesse Hawlish, Keith McDonald, Kenzie Allred, Kristal Starr, Kristin Porter, Mandy Murry, Paige Zuckerman, Parker Scott Mortensen, Rob Hudak, Russ Holsten, Ryan Sanford, Seeth McGavien, Skylar Walker, Sylvia Hollands, Taylor Hartman. William Swartzfager, Zach Lambros, Zaina Abujebarah

### **SLUG Magazine's Official** Podcast:

SLUG Soundwaves

### **Executive Producer:** Angela H. Brown

**Soundwaves Editor:** Secily Anderson

### **Associate Producers:**

Alexander Ortega, John Ford, Joshua Joye, Kathy Rong Zhou

























exes

are a band unlike anythina I've ever encountered—not just because their sound incorporates different multitudes of black metal, thrash, hardcore, D-beat and punk rock, and not just because the shared years of experience between each band member amounts to an eternity by rock n' roll standards, but because EXÉS are the first band whom I've interviewed over dinner. The evening wore on as we sat in the Hoof & Vine steakhouse. and between the laughs and rising and falling levels of our wine glasses, I was regaled with how EXES came to be and what is to come in their future.

In 2014, Phil White sought to create a band that fluently blended punk, thrash, D-beat and black metal. Despite having known each other for years, the lineup consisting of White on vocals, guitarist **Dreu** Hudson (formerly of I Am The Ocean). guitarist Levi Lebo (formerly of xCLEARx, The Kill and New Transit Direction), bassist Skyler Goddard and drummer Alex Caldwell (of Breaux) didn't come all at once. Even in the middle of creating an album, the band went through changes in their lineup and, incidentally, their sound. "We actually recorded eight songs with a full-length in mind, and we decided to take the band in a different direction," says Hudson. "We trashed five songs and very delib-

erately selected Levi to join the band. Having him has given new life to this band, and I love what we're doing with him."

The camaraderie among the band members is evident—these aren't five random guys who decided to form a band, but rather kindred spirits whose years of friendship and shared tastes solidified them as a music group. "I think that being close with your bandmates is important," says Hudson. "I'm not in this band because I'm the best guitar player by any stretch of [the] fucking imagination." Goddard agrees, adding, "Chemistry is key. If chemistry doesn't work, I don't give a shit about how good your band is."

Five fingers make a fist, and with a fully vitalized lineup. EXES released their ferocity in their self-titled EP, which consisted of the three remaining tracks from the ill-conceived full-length. "Recording was a fucking nightmare!" says Hudson. "We recorded with Randy Cordner in a van down by the railroads. We didn't record in it out of necessity—he had a studio, but we just liked the way the van sounded." "Shallow Grave," "Fire and Fury" and "Nothing But The Knife" all intricately combine the high-velocity riffing of thrash and the atonal progressions of black metal, with the blunt abrasiveness of punk and hardcore as an overlay. Caldwell's pulsating blast beats and White's combination of screams and growls ultimately carry this collected product of aggression. "I legitimately think this band has a personality disorder," says Lebo. "It doesn't know what it wants to be, but it's all awesome."

There is nothing more honest and raw to a human than emotion, and like most metal bands, EXES' source of inspiration derives solely from anger and frustration, which is reflected in both their name and their lyrics. "I hate everything in this world," says White. "I really do. I love my friends, my family and the surroundings in my life, but for the most part, I don't like a lot of things, people and situations. I want to harness all the things that my friends dislike in this world and I want to spew about it. It's very Neanderthal and immature, but it's honest."

EXES' EP was released in conjunction with their music video for "Nothing But The Knife" via Metal Injection. Shot in EXES' band room with White taking real drugs off of Goddard's father's WWII knife, producer Matt Brunk created a fast, violent and sporadic masterpiece. With the video and EP gaining them a favorable amount of traction. EXES have very little planned in the realm of touring. "It's not that we feel entitled or anything," says Hudson. "We all did the road dog thing for years and loved it, but now we have solid careers and families. We will play festivals—we've submitted for Tree Fort and Psycho Fest, and we will do Crucialfest next year, but we will only hop on tour if it's something big enough to put our jobs and families on hold."

In the meantime, EXES will continue emulating this fucked-up existence while simultaneously drinking, partying and having a good time. "In the spring, we will release our new EP that we recorded with Andy Patterson," says Hudson. "The plan is to write and record good records, play fun shows, try to get on festivals and have fun and still have a pot to piss in. Also, fuck Snapchat!"

### ORRHLORD

Some very specific imagery comes to mind when one hears the name Darklord. "The archetype of the 'dark lord' is something that's in a lot of literature," says drummer Steve LeFavre. "You don't have to tell someone what Darklord means because they get it right away." SLC's Darklord adhere to their namesake with both sound and imagery, bringing a grim wave of ambience with crawling guitar riffs that match their live, hammer-horror theatrics.

After the demise of Year of the Wolf, LeFavre and Gunner Bandura (auitars/ vocals) kept playing together when a new sound began to take form. "Steve and I were in Year of the Wolf together, and then that started to fall apart," says Bandura. "I just said. 'Let's just start this other project—we've been talking about it forever." Taking a break from the Cliterinas, Brewja (bass/vocals) reached out to Bandura wanting to play bass for Year of the Wolf, but found that a new entity was taking form. "I was under the presumption that it was Year of the Wolf," says Brewja. "They never mentioned Darklord until of wary because I didn't know what kind of music they were going to bust out. Then they played some songs, and I was sold."

One thing is abundantly clear when discussing Darklord's music: All roads lead back to **Sabbath!** "We're obsessed," says Bandura. "Black Sabbath is one of my favorite bands in the world. They kill at everything. We play in drop D because of **Tony lommi**." The likes of Motörhead, Judas Priest and Danzig often come up when mentioning inspirations. "All good art is borrowed, and great art is stolen," says LeFavre. "What we want to achieve is to take the feeling that a certain song brings to you and being able to recreate that in our own music." Strategically placed in Darklord's layered sound is Bandura's arayel-pit for a voice box; guitar licks ranging from the dissonant, doomy riffs of Sabbath to the speed and ferocity of early thrash; and the abrasiveness and urgency of punk. "I'm a fan of their music and I love being a member of this band," says Brewja. "This music deserves all of your attention, practice, skill and time, and I always think, 'What could I do on bass to make this sound right for this band?""

The cohesiveness of their songwriting is also in part due to spawning lyrics out of ideas that LeFavre says "takes back to my 14-yearold self of listening to Rush, playing D&D and smoking pot in my parents' basement." Elements of sci-fi and fantasy come out in songs like "Planet Weed" and "Inundation of the Moon." "Raised by Wolves" is a song dedicated to the memory of Chris Drelinger (Year of the Wolf, Never Say Never, Drunk as Shit), and "Temple of the Blind"

is a straight-up middle finger to organized religion.

Darklord's collective aggression toward religion not only fuels their music but also the use of the Pentagram and Baphomet in their imagery. While they aren't Satanists, it's used as a means for shock value and representing freedom and rebellion. "All of us believe that you have yourself, and that's it," says LeFavre. "Satan represents the individual self and freedom of will." There is no better place to turn heads with the use of Satanic imagery than Salt Lake City, and it's emulated to the extreme in their live performances. With LeFavre's experience in Rocky Point, his love of theatrics prompted the inclusion of a fake Baphomet with a black strapon dildo and the unnamed High Priestess as their mascot in their performances, complete with a virgin sacrifice. "The High Priestess is an immortal from the Ninth Dimension, the Baphomet joins us from the ninth level of Hell, and we pull virgins from the Singles' Wards," says Brewia, While definitely more simplistic and subtle than that of any GWAR or Alice Cooper show, the theatrics are another extension of Darklord's rebellious nature and ultimately make them stand out amona other metal acts, but never distract from what's truly important. "Less is more. Your imagination is a lot worse than what you're going to see," says LeFavre, "but we don't want to just be known for [our theatrics], so we play a lot of shows without it." As best put by Bandura, "It's all about the music at the end of the day."

Brewja confirms that their full setup will be used for the Dec. 21 Localized showcase, and the way they've built it up, it sounds like that is Darklord.



## A STORY'S MASK: /

# **ENTER THE INNER WORKINGS OF**

By Erin Moore erin.moore313@gmail.com

Michael Mejia's Tokyo

Perhaps we are all familiar with that moment of pause. It's that moment when you recall that the story blooming word by word in front of you is just a construction. This pause is what author and University of Utah professor Michael Mejia is fixated on and pries open to plumb in his second novel, Tokyo. Meija draws us in with the slightly absurd and ponderous tale of Japanese salaryman Ito Sadohara, whose usual task of overseeing a large tuna distributing company is disrupted by the recent rift between himself, his wife and a mysterious discovery within the depths of the slit-open tuna fish he buys and sells. Based off his earlier short story, "The Report of Ito Sadohara," this first part is only the beginning of Tokyo. Later, characters recede into mere initials. their identities, genders and relations to one another blurring beyond capture. One self-aware character, "S," says predictively near the beginning, "This is a place ... where it goes without saying that the rational is merely one system among others."

The bulk of the book is full of these cryptic voices and corresponding imagery because Mejia was specifically working to give voice and narrative to the actual research he'd done for "The Report of Ito Sadohara." Mejia describes the work that led up to the novel as appropriative, not only of culture but of process. After assigning his students to write a short work using only words from other works, he realized that their own writing voices completely disappeared. Feeling stuck with his own writing process, he began experimenting with this appropriation process, and from it came the roots of Tokyo. He constructed lists of words from his randomly selected texts, drawing puzzling, visceral phrases that led him new places. "I think the strangeness of the texts I started creating in that way are very clear in the ways this novel developed," Mejia says. "Its language, its rhythms, some of that comes from the work that I appropriated, but a lot of that is stuff I created myself. Doing that appropriation work transformed how I think about the sentence and the image and the narrative in general."

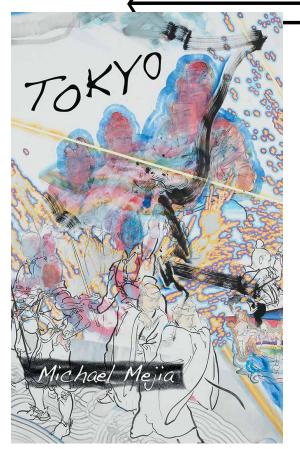
After writing "The Report of Ito Sadohara," Mejia realized that he was increasingly interested in the process of making work and then reviewing the process that went into making that work. "I felt that telling a straightforward story in the way that I was trying to do in that first section ('The Report of Ito Sadohara'] felt a little fraudulent," he says. "I knew I was putting on a mask, a costume. What I really wanted to talk about was how I got to that point, the process of

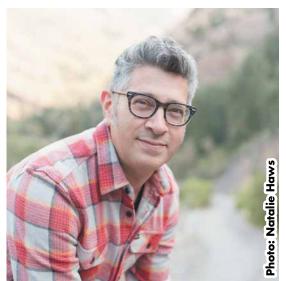
making the costume, and putting it on, and why I was even doing it. I think the short works I was working on in between the two novels were moving increasingly toward creating process-oriented fiction that were not about trying to create a smooth fictional façade, but actually turning the mask inside out, letting us see the drips of paint. That seemed to be a more interesting subject to me, ultimately."

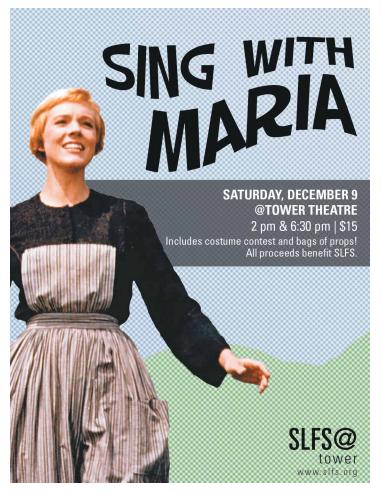
Mejia also began questioning why he had initially assumed a Japanese perspective in "The Report," questioning what he assumed to be authentic, and the distance between that assumption and what a Japanese person might consider to be truly authentic. "That became the subject of this book," he says, "how to get at both the impulse to recreate another's voice—in a way that was thinking responsibly about it—and how I could address my impulse to do that [in a way] that honestly reflected on my inability to reproduce that voice, but also to authentically honor the impulse I had to be in that culture." This impulse probably stems from the fact that Japanese aesthetics have affected Mejia's writing long before he started writing about Tokyo. He grew up in California, surrounded by Japanese-American peers and their heritage, and tagged along to Japanese films with his parents, always captivated by the performative qualities in everything from samurai films to Kabuki.

While reading Tokyo, one is left with question after question as the text carries on with its swirl of imagery and compelling characters. Mejia wants readers to embrace this, though: "I do want the reader to surrender to the book and, in a sense, to live with these questions, which are the same questions that the book is asking: 'Who is M?' 'Who is S?' 'What do these desires mean?' Where do they lead?" He wants his readers to follow his lead in questioning how they think about Japan and asserts that this questioning could be expanded to other things, such as our desires. He says, "Sometimes I think it's just good to look in the mirror, to think about where our interests are coming from and how they drive us." In addition to being so challenging and visceral, Tokyo is rewarding and responsible in that its form is all about process and awareness—of readership, authorship and culture. The novel is being published by Utah publisher FC2, longtime home to similarly experimental works. If you're up for a book that upends what a story usually looks like, find Michael Mejia's Tokyo March 2018. Check fc2.org and uapress.ua.edu for upcoming publica-

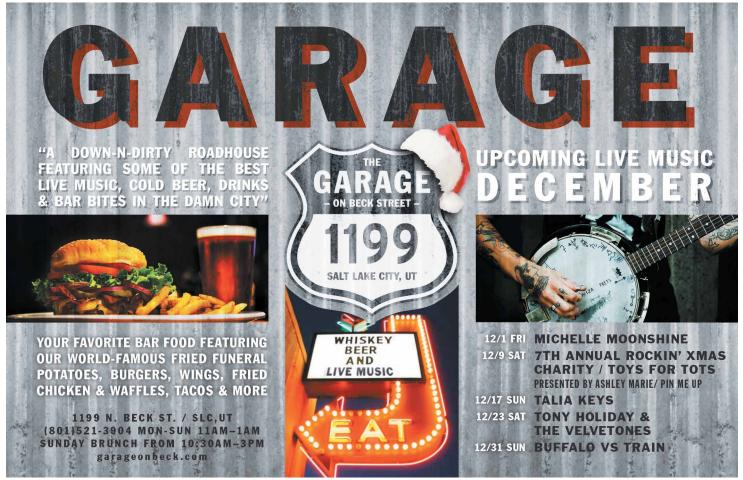
Author Michael Mejia has turned the typical narrative inside out in his upcoming novel, Tokyo.













April 3, 1974. The fown of Xenia, Ohio, was hit by an unprecedented tornado that went on to ravage 13 states and kill 324 people, injuring more than 6,000 in a devastating 24 hours. Only in 2011 has a tornado challenged that level of destruction and death. Swen of the Wirble is an installation piece based off the Xenia tornado, made in collaboration between artists **Banyan Fierer** and **Christo Allegra**. The piece is hosted at Fringe Gallery, and it's designed to give its audience a personal experience in the context of destruction, invoking awareness not only of the reality of natural disasters but also of personal disasters—and the reconciliation of the two into something new.

The installation allows the audience to walk around a near-dark room as warbling audio builds and fills the space. That audio feeds into a dynamic lighting system that illuminates several sculptures made of polymer and enamel netting, each constructed in the image of a tornado. As the audio informs the lighting, the lighting affects the audio, and the dynamic relationship ensures that the experience is never completely the same twice. The sculptures vary, some more conical, others weaving in on themselves and even lifting above the ground. As the room grows brighter and louder, the viewer can see that the inside of the netting is painted gold, creating a shimmery allure as the lights flash.

The hope is to take the piece beyond Utah and eventually continue to develop it. Fierer's background in architecture and Allegra's information design background pair well for this project. The two spent three months conceptualizing and constructing *Swen of the Wirble*.

Much of the primary material came from xeniatornado.com, which is singularly run by Homer G. Ramby. Fierer and Allegra worked with Ramby to gather audio and field recordings, news broadcasts and personal accounts in order to build the factual foundation for Swen, something both Fierer and Allegra felt was important in using a real-life event as inspiration—especially one with the potential to be this traumatic. "This event that happened 40

years ago still oc-

cupies a space in memory," says Allegra. "How do you redeploy it or reconnect with it as way of helping people process destruction?"

and personal disasters.

We talk a while about disasters and our relationships to them on a human scale. Allegra was in New York during 9/11, for instance. Why do people continually visit a place like *Ground Zero*? Why visit a place where, physically, there is nothing? "It's because they want a sense of scale," suggests Allegra. "You can't get that any other way."

Tornadoes are not a common threat to Utahns. and I admit to Fierer my skepticism of the piece, of mining this particular moment in history, before seeing it. As Fierer talks more, it becomes clear that it plays exactly into his fascination with alchemy and ways to achieve metaphorical transmutations—synthesizing disparate elements into something new. "Embedded in [Swen] is the relationship between natural disaster and personal disaster," he says. "It's about humanizing it, but not just so you get a ... sensory experience from it, but so that you begin to look at it ... in a contextually completely different way than you have before. ... When you've constructed something from all that, that's what we call transformation."

The exhibit is exhilarating, but it requires a willing mindset. Stew in it a while when you visit—10,

even 15 minutes. I entered the exhibition at a slower moment feeling prepared and tranquil, having just spoken to the artists before. As I began to hear the whir of the storm, the dissection of the air, I suddenly felt unable to move. As the noise ebbed and flowed. I searched the dark for something to hold onto—walls or pillars, anything to distract from the rush of the storm. Newscasts of the disaster, messages from the surviving, even footage of the storm are stored like rations in separate rooms, but the noise and lights surrounding them dissipated slowly, and soon I heard only the gentle sound of wind chimes to guide me. Lights brightened with each warble, and I could see the golden interior flicker, a dancing fire from which I legitimately couldn't look away. In the tranquil moment, I thought only idle thoughts—the kind that often interrupt my mind each day but that I dismiss for lack of time: Am I kind enough? Did I need anything? Am I hungry? For what? The name of the person I miss. Suddenly, abruptly, the storm reignited, the lights flashing bright, and I'm faced with the image of the golden warble. Immediately, I felt present in a way that felt like a crashing wave.

It's a narrative that depends on an audience that is willing to chew. If the audience were to walk in and take the exhibit at face value, a sculptural and sensational reading of a tornado, they'd miss the absolute, intense journey both Fierer and Allegro have taken together.

One of the concepts Fierer brings up in our conversation is the Buddhist concept of inhalation. Breath is inherently cyclical: Inhale hope, exhale abandon. "The only way you're able to take another breath, in many ways, is to die," Fierer says. "That's the way I see it."

Experience Swen of the Wirble through
December at Fringe Gallery
(thefringegallery.com), 345 W.
Pierpont Ave.

(L-R) Swen of the Wirble artists Banyan Fierer and Christo Allegra.



### The Third Space

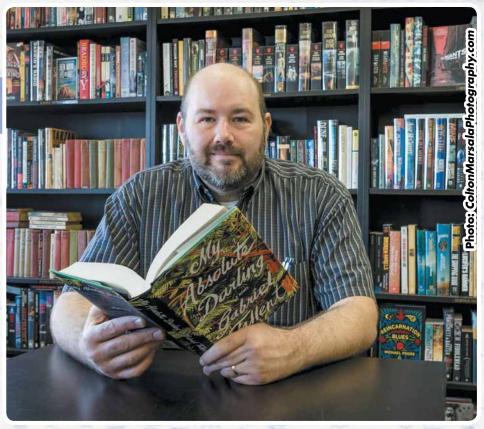
### The Printed Garden's Good Reads and Grounding

### By Paige Zuckerman paigez@redwillowcounseling.com

Nestled in the quaint Union Square plaza in Sandy is an unassuming yet welcoming, white storefront. The Printed Garden is the culmination of founder Aaron Cance's numerous years in the literary world, one he refers to as "the end result of an evolutionary process." Cance's career has spanned decades and taken him across many shelves, beginning in Wisconsin, continuing into a master's degree in British & American literature and landing at local literary standbys Ken Sanders Rare Books and The King's English. The model for The Printed Garden was a shop in Boulder, where the new and antiquated intermingled, a blend that sets The Printed Garden apart from larger chains. "The store came togeth er very much how I hoped it would," says Cance. "I didn't actually get the doors open until Dec. 3, [2015]. Last holiday season went really well for us."

Cance is clearly a storyteller at heart. With a soft, suedey voice and soothing presence, he takes time to connect with each customer who strolls in the door, pleased to help them seek their perfect page-turner. "My very favorite thing is the person who comes in and says, 'Give me a good novel!'" he says. I inquire about the oddities Cance has encountered in his tenure in the world of antiquarian booksellers. "One of my rarest books was a **Thomas** Mann, best known for A Death in Venice and Dr. Faustus. I found a book written by him in a pile of old ones being cleared out. It was in German, and I don't speak a word, but I was able to discern enough about the book to understand it was a journal he kept while he was writing Dr. Faustus. The most captivating thing about used books is finding that odd, strange book ... You never know it until you see it." Cance continues that the rare Mann book included an inscription to a friend—"I just about fell out of my chair!" Cance tells of the store's current copy of Seven Years in Tibet, too, signed by author Heinrich Harrer in both English and Tibetan. Cance's voice lights up a bit as he describes this poignant treasure atop the shelves of his beloved space.

What sets The Printed Garden apart lies in the conscious nature of its creator. "By coming to this store, people can have a very personal experience," he says. "I am here by myself ... I try to greet everybody and get to know them on a first-name basis." Cance grumbles appropriate-



The Printed Garden founder Aaron Cance has set up shop to foster human connection via literature.

ly about the algorithms of major online booksellers that parade themselves as personal and individualized. He chuckles as he describes the often laughably obvious offerings of the online literary market. "They're all calculated on sales and very cold criteria," he says. "[The store] is a human interaction, not a metric. One of my favorite things is when my customers start talking to each other and make a connection." The store also offers programming that reflects Cance's mission via frequent onsite author visits, including local writers. "We also do a children's storytime every Wednesday at 5 p.m it's so much fun," he says.

Cance's growing vision for The Printed Garden includes added staff to maintain the personalized connection with customers. Cance notes the slightly sparse hours of the store—the product of his solo operation intersected with his personal ethic of still being available to his family. "I think the next thing is to have some extended hours." he says. "I would love to put in a loft [above the children's section]."

When asked about his store's contribution to the local literary culture, Cance recounts a story of his time at The King's English. "I wasn't even there for this, but it's a part of their lore," he says. "On the day after 9/11, their store filled up with people. They didn't want to stay at home; they didn't know where to go, but the store had become a safe and comfortable space. I want this store to be a safe space for people, where they can be who they are ... [where] they can express themselves freely.

There's a lot of talk in different industries about 'the third place': There's work and there's home, and where do you want to be when you're not at work or home?"

Cance paints a picture of the writing groups and individuals who collect at his store, making their "third space" out of The Printed Garden. "One of these days, I'm going to reach out to a local coffee shop and see if they want to put a small coffee bar in here somewhere, because books and coffee ..." He trails off and smiles, the appropriateness of such a collaboration all too apparent.

The Printed Garden celebrates two years this December, and Lask Cance about his favorite book to give as a gift, especially during the holidays. "The book I brought in for this holiday season: The Guest Cat by Hiriade," he says. "It's just this very comfortable short fiction about this young Japanese couple, and a cat wanders into their house and stays and just becomes a part of their lives. It's a quiet, satisfying, pleasant little book."

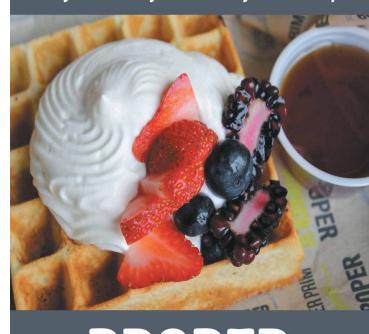
Comfortable, quiet and safe are more than descriptors of the books neatly lining The Printed Garden's shelves. They are also the central spirit of the store itself; the "third space" Cance has crafted with heaps of heart.

> 9445 S. Union Square, Ste. A Sandy, Utah | 385.695.2042 theprintedgarden.com

### your weekend done Proper.



- 10 new brunch dishes all under \$10 every Saturday & Sunday 9am - 2pm



**PROPER BURGER** CO

865 S Main St - SLC - properburger SLC.com





# mall in Paole Salt La Versilie of Salt La Vers

Luthentic Italian Pare



Celeste Ristorante packs a toothsome Italian punch with dishes like Carpaccio di Manzo (top) and Ravioli Incavolati (bottom). an otherwise unremarkable strip mall in Murray, Utah. Tuscan-born chef **Paolo Celeste** originally moved to Salt Lake City in 1995, from the town of

eleste Ristorante took the scenic

oute on its way to opening in

Versilia near the northwestern Italian city of Pisa. Upon his arrival, he immediately opened a restaurant in Sugar House with a childhood friend. A decade later, the pair sold the restaurant, and Celeste returned to his native Versilia for a time. He later moved to Los Angeles to work for the Ago Grand

company and helped the food-service-savvy **Vietina** family open restaurants in San Pedro, New York and San Diego. Celeste returned to Utah earlier this year and opened the new *Celeste Ristorante*, bringing authentic Italian food to a centrally located point in the Salt Lake Valley.

Celeste Ristorante is only open a few hours each evening, Tuesday through Saturday. Suspecting that the restaurant could fill up on the weekends, my wife and I decided to visit midweek. There were only a few of us in the spacious dining room during our visit, which allowed the staff to be extra attentive—though I don't think they would have been any less welcoming on a busier evening. Of the three or four occupied tables around us, it seemed like we were the only ones not conversing in Italian. This was an early indication that we were in for a joyous meal.

We started with selections from the salad and antipasti menus. We ordered the Insalata Contadina (\$9 or \$4 for a half portion), an arugula, radicchio and shaved fennel salad. It was topped with generous crumbs of gorgonzola cheese and finished with an extra virgin olive oil and balsamic vinegar dressing. At the same time, they brought out the Carpaccio di Manzo (\$12), a plate of thinly sliced, seared top sirloin that is chilled and served with a salad made from sliced baby artichokes and watercress. The greens were layered with sheets of parmesan cheese and seasoned with an olive oil and lemon dressing. It is dangerous to start with food this good, because it sets the bar high. The salad balanced the trio of greens nicely with the creamy and mild gorgonzola. The carpaccio was also delightful, harmonizing the rich slices of beef with the bold hunks of cheese and fresh vegetables. We were already impressed, and this was only the beginning.

We chose our main courses so we could sample items from both the pasta and meat sections of the menu. First up was the Ravioli Incavolati (\$18), a plate of homemade ravioli filled

with ricotta cheese and seasoned kale, served in a butter sage sauce and completed with shaved parmesan cheese. For a seemingly simple dish, the flavors were incredibly complex. The rich sauce expertly complemented the delicate pasta. Others in the dining room spoke highly of the Fettuccine Bolognese (\$18), a plate of egg fettuccine served with a classic meat bolognese sauce and parmesan. If it's anywhere near as good as the ravioli, I'm sure it would also be a great choice.

Our second entrée was the Petto di Pollo alla Valdostana (\$22), a lightly breaded and sautéed chicken breast topped with thin-sliced Italian ham and fontina cheese in a white wine sauce. This unassuming chicken dish was served with a plentiful portion of roasted rosemary potatoes and carrots. There's something elementally satisfying about a dish this simple. A few bites in, and the complexity of the dish really shines through. Tender and succulent chicken, paired with savory ham and rich cheese, has never tasted better. The potatoes were creamy and flavorful, and rounded things out nicely. It was hard leaving room for dessert.

Celeste's desserts vary by the day and are all priced at \$8 dollars. Of the many selections available during our visit, we went with a dish of Panna Cotta and a slice of Torta della Nonna. The Panna Cotta consisted of the traditional sweetened Italian custard served with either chocolate or strawberry sauce. It was silky and creamy on its own, and it honestly didn't need either of the flavored sauces. The Torta was a true gem. This slice of pie was made with a sweetened, cream-filled pastry crust and topped with toasted pine nuts and powdered sugar. As was the case with most of the menu, it was elegant. simple and expertly constructed—the perfect way to end the meal.

I look forward to many return visits to Celeste Ristorante. There is so much more that I am eager to try, from the housemade salads and antipasti to the myriad pasta combinations and the selections of fish, beef and even wild boar. It should be noted that diners are also able to complete their meals with selections from the restaurant's full beer and wine list and with a post-meal espresso or cappuccino. There is nothing not to like about Celeste Ristorante. If you're looking for an authentic Italian dining experience, there is no reason to look any further. This is the place.



# RJ WALKER: HELPING THE YOUTH

### By Billy Swartzfager williamswartzfager@yahoo.com

Life's trials and tribulations can be daunting. They can be even tougher for those who are unsure how to express themselves verbally or for those who are apprehensive to do so. There aren't many avenues available to teach people how to do it, either. That is where local nonprofit and spoken-word poetry organization Wasatch Wordsmiths come into play. The group, which stages open mic poetry slams throughout Salt Lake, has officially been around since 2013.

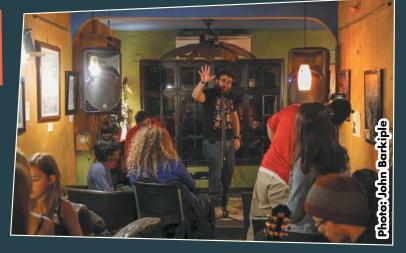
"Our goal is to give people a voice and to spread the spoken-word arts throughout the Wasatch Front," says spoken-word artist and Wasatch Wordsmiths Slam Master RJ Walker.

Walker got his start in slam poetry at the open mic sessions at SLC's Greenhouse Effect (3231 S. 900 E.), which takes place every Sunday at 7:30 p.m. He began years ago by telling jokes but wasn't feeling the comedy scene in the valley back then. The accepting nature and close-knit vibe at Greenhouse Effect's open mic inspired him to try something new-allowing him to get some things off of his chest. Now, as a recent finalist in the Individual World Poetry Slam and the point person for all of the various local slams and open mics Wasatch Wordsmiths put on, Walker has taken that inspiration to new levels—and is even spreading it to others.

Wasatch Wordsmiths has been working with youth since its inception. It began as a grassroots, organic meeting of the minds in a scene in need of a stage that attracted others. A few who worked as teachers during the day reached out to Walker and friends from Wasatch Wordsmiths, hoping that the poets would come to schools to perform spoken-word poetry in front of their students and that a spark would follow.

"In my English class, we only learned about dead, white poets," says Walker. "We never, ever, ever saw any living poets come in and read poetry, ever."

Walker says that bringing slam poets to schools helps to actively engage kids' interests—especially when introducing street-level poets, whom they can identify with. Walker also claims that teachers rave about the effects that the visits have on individual youth and their classrooms as a whole. Wasatch Wordsmiths conduct workshops for schools all over Salt Lake, recently even expanding into Ogden. Members of the group also facilitate sessions out of state when they travel on tour. The workshops can be ongoing, where teachers want the poets in their class-



Spoken-word artist RJ Walker leads Wasatch Wordsmiths, who bespeak the power of slam and performance poetry to the community.

rooms twice a week, while many visits are shorter-term or a one-time deal. According to Walker, teachers are ecstatic over the things they are seeing after listening to and learning about slam poetry.

"They've said that they have seen a huge writing improvement among their students, a huge attitude improvement among troubled students and far more student engagement in class by bringing in slam poets," Walker says with regard to the impact the organization's work with youth has had.

In fact, several of the up-and-coming poets creating buzz in the Salt Lake scene and beyond were once kids in the classrooms that Walker visited to present poetry and teach young people how to effectively use it as a device to promote personal growth. Walker notes Jose Soto, a young man who attended Copper Hills High School, and Dorothy McGinnis, a former student from Skyline High School: poets who had been impacted by the workshops and poems he had delivered. McGinnis is now the Vice President of Wasatch Wordsmiths and also recently competed in the Individual World Poetry Slam with Walker. Soto's work has been shared by two of the largest distributors of slam poetry in America, Button Poetry and Right About Now.

Salt Lake's youth poetry scene is growing due in large part to the fact that the adult scene is growing. That youth scene is growing in an extremely positive direction because of people like Walker and the teachers who bring him into their curriculum. They are providing youth with a platform to speak and the tools to do it in a way that spreads progress.

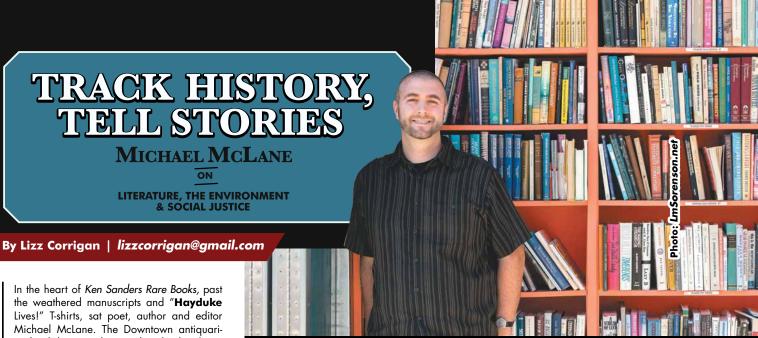
Walker one day hopes to have a youth scene as prolific as Denver's, though he is quite aware that Salt Lake is different, with its own unique challenges and obstacles that make the poetry all the more brilliant and beautiful. Denver has large, organized youth poetry groups and the city has taken lyrics from the poems their youth have written and used them on the sides of busses. Walker knows that Salt Lake isn't there yet but that the potential is.

'We have to dance around a lot of the topics kids want to talk about, but we are succeeding in every step we take anyway, in allowing these kids to express themselves safely," Walker says. "That is why I think Salt Lake City is special. We aren't Denver; we're Salt Lake City. We have to be twice as loud here.

Find more about Wasatch Wordsmiths' upcoming programs and open mics at facebook.com/WasatchWordsmiths.







an bookshop is a historical and cultural epicenter and, since McLane's undergraduate career, "the most important part of my literary education," he says. McLane engaged with filmmakers, historians, polygamists and, of course, **Ken Sanders**, the "incredible storyteller" and friend of Edward Abbey. McLane's time with Sanders propelled his fascination with the Intermountain West, though he didn't discover his literary relationships with Utah's wild and cultural landscapes until after he attempted parting with them.

While working on his MFA at Colorado State, McLane "craved the tension between the culture and subcultures." which undammed a personal flooding of Utah and Mormonism into his poetry. After grad school, McLane returned to Utah and to Ken Sanders, also working for the Utah State Archives. There, McLane photographed boxes of letters former Utah Governor Rampton sent to families of Vietnam War victims—basically, a local death toll. "Eventually, those numbers crash down on you," says McLane. But they gave rise to a "long series of poems, which begin as a cohesive, narrative-form letter from Governor Rampton—the letter begins to break down, eventually to the same kind of emotional breakdown I had." McClane embraces these seemingly ordinary experiences in "the poet's endless drive to create meaning" such as his work at an aerial survey company, which etched "aerial maps of the city and national parks" into his work.

Historically and culturally diverse experiences led McLane to use storytelling and poetry to highlight social justice issues pertaining to "the intersection of human processes and how they're detrimental to the environment—and to us." He later graduated from the University of Utah's Environmental Humanities graduate program and looks to the North to describe his research thesis. "I was driving past the Beck Street area one night and smelled the sulfur from the springs. The sights, sounds and smells took me back to

being a kid," says McLane. His father was a Union Pacific Railroad man who often let Mc-Lane tag along. "There was always fire, sparks and steam," he says, reimagining the aerial view of the railyard from the loud, six-story railroad tower, competing only with the encroaching refinery for tallest structure.

The untold stories and forgotten history of Beck Street's 170-year-old past have become Mc-Lane's rabbit hole. The refinery hub was formerly Warm Springs, "a focal point for recreation." With surrounding neighborhoods on all sides, it's now overrun by some of the most toxic industry in the valley. "I'm tracing the history of how that happened, trailing the multi-cultural history from the Native American tribes to the Hawaiians, LGBT community and the Mormon pioneers that run into my own family," says McLane. He is publishing a personal and environmental nonfiction book next year, as well as a book-length poem about the Warm Springs/ Beck Street project.

While the Warm Springs project is personal, "it's engaged in a much larger story," says Mc-Lane, one that aims to galvanize the community to preserve it. Like McLane, many people are turning to art therapy to construct metanarratives about social, political, and environmental tensions. Since the 2016 presidential election, Mc-Clane has noticed a rise in poetic engagement, which "acts as a guide for people to interact during times of war and turbulence ... [a] zeitgeist that turns people to something more lyric," he says, and to literary communities in general. As a contributing review editor for Sugar House Review—a local, biannual poetry journal—Mc-Lane works to provide such platforms: While strictly poetics, Sugar House Review is topically expansive, allowing for a wide range of crucial conversations and growing increasingly popular as more people turn to poetry in lieu of prose.

McLane is also an editor for saltfront: an environmental humanities journal rooted in "the stories of humans in the places that they live," says McLane. saltfront publishes work by local, national and international artists in fiction, nonfiction, poetry and photography aimed at "examining human ecology, the myths about climate change and that maybe we're not OK, and where do we go from here?" says McLane. Rather than look for outlets to publish creative environmental humanities work, McLane and other former E.H. students simply created one.

Local literary leader and poet Michael McLane takes on environmental issues in

his writing, such as Beck Street, where the refineries reside.

Sugar House Review and saltfront are necessary "acts of love" for McLane. His day job comprises running the literary program for Utah Humanities—particularly its annual, month-long book festival, spanning 20 towns and 120-plus events. McLane helps cities statewide determine which authors and topics to bring into and benefit their communities. "This is a social justice move for event planners" like himself, McLane says, "I can't speak for everyone, but I think more disenfranchised voices are being heard now, and it's imperative for them to be able to engage the world."

These types of programs and communities drive the dialogue between writers and the public. From Ogden to Cedar City, he commends folks like Abraham Smith and Marcy Rizzi for being community assets and advocates for local writers. "Utah isn't a flyover zone anymore," he says. "It's a literary hub." The demand for direct engagement is growing, but requires that individuals support independent bookstores and libraries. They are "the heart of communities," and the locomotion for transforming our voices and stories into tangible change.

Find some of McLane's work at saltfront.org, sugarhousereview.com and utahhumanities.org.







### A Knife Delivers Us from Tenderness

Nani holds down the bird, tensile bone & clipped

wings, after spreading her hands like a blind ascetic

cooing in a mocking chicken voice to soothe & raise

up the animal, the way cold breath lifts a small cloud.

Circumnavigating her hands around the ligneous neck,

muscular fingers grazing soft—a fish line along the water—

the plume of the bird, comforting the moon-shaped eye.

Hands that had enveloped mine, folding dough, secret as

making fascicles to hide in the drawer she keeps her white

dresses & the false breast that I once touched mistaking

it for real flesh, as Nani rushed in, the whip of her three-pronged braid hanging like a war medallion grown after chemo. She takes

the bird & cracks the neck with her knife. Calm as separating flesh

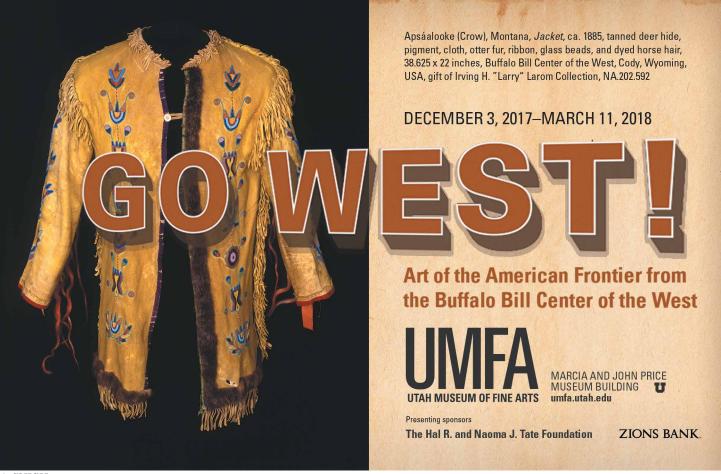
from the pit of a peach. She hands me the feet, the yellow cells,

wrapped in the pattern of a honeycomb. I am dumbstruck, a trinity of nails lies in my palms. A woman who grew my mother inside could end a life, just as tender. A nebula of starlings swarm

around & a cool reef of mountain air rises among the trees.

-Jai Hamid Bashir December 2017

Jai Hamid Bashir is a Pakistani-American teacher, creator and writer based out of Salt Lake City. You can find more of her work and musings at jaihamidbashir.com.





**Curated Film Media Education Artist Support** 

### **Upcoming Free Film Screenings**



### LOUIS & LUCA AND THE **SNOW MACHINE**

When snow doesn't fall in the small town of Flåklypa, the inventor Reodor Felgen steps in. Wackiness ensues.



### **SERVED LIKE A GIRL**

A sisterhood of unforgettable veterans compete in Ms. Veteran America to raise awareness about homeless women veterans. Winner: Best Documentary-2017 Bentonville Film Festival

Tuesday I December 5 I 7pm The City Library 210 E 400 S, SLO



### LO AND BEHOLD: Reveries of the Connected World

A journey exploring how the online world has transformed the real one - and the ways we relate to one another. Presented in partnership with Natural History Museum of Utah and The City Library

Tuesday I December 12 I 7pm The City Library 210 E 400 S, SLC



### **TANIA LIBRE**

Tania Bruguera, renowned Cuban artist, explores repression and corruption in Cuba with the founding father of trauma therapy. Presented in partnership with Utah Museum of Fine Arts.

Wednesday | December 13 | 7pm UMFA 410 Campus Center Dr. SLC



### HAPPENING:

Post-film Q&A with director James Redford, noderated by RadioWest host Doug Fabrizi

A colorful journey into the dawn of the clean energy era as it creates jobs and makes communities stronge and healthier across the US.

Environmental films supported by The Nature Conservancy

Thursday I December 14 I 7pm



### NO DRESS CODE REQUIRED

Love trumps hate in this moving look how marriage equality in Mexico resonates around the world. Presented in Spanish with English subtitles. Official Selection: 2016 International Documentary Festival Amsterdam

Tuesday I December 19 I 7pm The City Library 210 E 400 S, SLO



### THE UNTOLD TALES OF ARMISTEAD MAUPIN

This poignant and funny documentary examines the life of the gay rights pioneer and beloved storyteller Winner: Documentary Spotlight-2017 SXSW

Thursday I December 21 I 7pm The City Library 210 E 400 S, SLC

Watch trailers and see our full schedule WWW.UTAHFILMCENTER.ORG

ENEROUSLY SUPPORTED BY

GEORGE S. AND DOLORES DORÉ ECCLES
FOUNDATION

ZIONS BANK.







20 SLUGMag.com SaltLakeUnderGround 21

# SOUND, SYMBOLISM & METER: UTAH POETRY

### Words and Photos by Tyson Call | @clancycoop

Reading and writing poetry may often be a solitary act, but there is a rich history behind live readings, which take the words from the page to spoken voice and performance. Sometimes cheerful and triumphant, other times melancholic and heavy, poetry readings are never boring. These events in Utah will have you—as Allen Ginsberg writes in Howl—"burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night."

### **PoetFlow**

Every week in the Lighthouse Lounge on historic "Two Bit" 25th Street in Ogden, a group of people gather to read poetry and hear others do the same. Completely inclusive and welcoming to all people, PoetFlow was started by Janica Johnstun, who had never before shared her writing publicly. "I was in a very dangerous relationship when I first moved here," says Janica, "and I needed a reason to live—a reason to leave something outside of me."

PoetFlow was first organized two years ago when Johnstun, along with her cousin Kase Johnstun, dreamt it up as a spoken-word night. "It took a lot of bravery on my part because I didn't know anybody here," says Janica. She had just gone through a divorce and returned to Ogden after moving around the States with a military spouse. "I didn't have a support system," she says. "I took the idea to Lighthouse Lounge, and Mike [McAuliffe] said, 'When do you want to start?"

There is no need to sign up beforehand for a PoetFlow reading, and first-timers are welcome. All genres and styles are encouraged. There is no judgment or criticism, though attendees often cheer on one another, especially when a difficult emotional burden is laid bare or when someone delivers a particularly rousing recital. Drinks and food are available from Lighthouse, and some attend just to watch and listen. In one reading, topics ranged from sex and civility to politics and mass shootings—in other words, everything one might have to avoid talking about when at the dinner table with distant relatives.

In the past two years, many have found in PoetFlow a safe haven: a place to share intimate things in a public setting as a kind of therapy. Janica says that most of the regular writers have shared things that they haven't shared with





anybody else before. Some poets find community, connection and healing through the spoken word, while others come for entertainment or fun. The readings share a space with the adjacent pub area, so the environment is far from tranquil. More than one person there for "the game" might be inclined to wander over, beer in hand, to see someone gesturing wildly over the live microphone, instinctively piquing bystanders' curiosity. People hear the clapping and want to see what is happening.

Watching PoetFlow, one gets the sense that they have it, that indefinable thingthe essence that sends electricity through the bones and static to the ends of the fingers, something real in an increasingly counterfeit world.

PoetFlow is held every Tuesday night at Lighthouse Lounge. Admission is free and all are welcome to share poetry or watch and listen. Visit facebook.com/poetflowogden for more information.

### **Rock Canyon Poets**

Despite rampant development, Provo's Center Street still retains its hometown Main Street charm. It is the kind of place that one imagines would be perfect for busking for dollars or window shopping for a dress for the spring formal. It is in this place, near an upstairs window at *Pioneer* Book, where Rock Canyon Poets gather for their workshops and readings. Organizer and founder **Trish Hopkinson** says the idea had roots in the Utah Valley University English department in 2013. While finishing up her degree, Hopkinson and Bonnie Shiffler-Olson organized Rock Canyon as a way to continue to craft and workshop their poetry. "Once a month, we meet in person, and everyone brings eight copies of their poem and then we pass them around," says Hopkinson. "We read

the poems twice and then we let the poets know what we like, what we think might need some revision. [We] give them some ideas to continue crafting their poem to a finished state." She says that comments are given in a good-natured way, and everyone is happy to get feedback.

It has now been nearly three years since Rock Canyon Poets was founded, and they have published four compilations of Utah poetry in journals titled Inspired and Orogeny. They recently gathered for a release party, during which each author performed readings of their published works, followed by an open mic. Those in attendance were diverse in many ways, brought together by the love of poetry. More outspoken members encouraged the shyer ones to get up and read, and poems ranged in content from gutters to guts, fathers to funerals.

Rock Canyon Poets holds their workshop every month, along with a separate open mic. They also aim to collaborate with the community. Two Rock Canyon poets, Jack Garcia and Aaron Gates, founded peculiar, a biannual LGBTQ+ literary mag. "Their founders are also Rock Canyon poets, so we collaborate together a lot," says Hopkinson. "They do their release night [at Pioneer Book] ... and it packs the whole place." All together, one gets the sense that the Rock Canyon Poets is about people supporting other people and their respective creative endeavors about community and appreciating this raw, beautiful world, together.

Rock Canyon Poets holds an open mic night the second Tuesday of every month, and a poetry workshop each fall. Both are held at Pioneer Book in Provo. You can go to rockcanyonpoets.com for more information.







TICKETS: 801-581-7100 UTAHPRESENTS.ORG



### TICKETS MAKE GREAT GIFTS! CHECK OUT OUR SPRING LINE-UP FOR GIFT IDEAS!









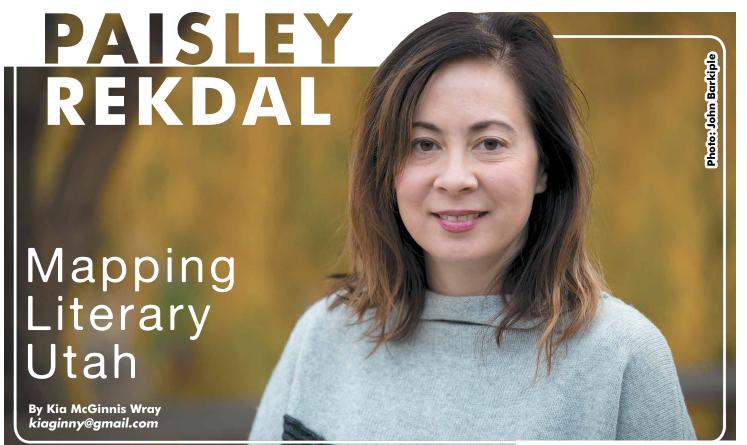












THERE is a map of Salt Lake City that covers religious blood-atonement practices, an elephant named Princess Alice, and the thirsty history of Downtown's "Whiskey Street."

This multi-media geographical project collects and archives stories from past and present in the Beehive State. Inspired by Rebecca Solnit's book Infinite City, which narrates the neighborhoods in San Francisco through firsthand accounts, Mapping SLC is a collaborative, continual autobiography of Utah. Reaching to cobwebbed corners of state history through writers, scholars, artists and community members, the tales preserved create a living testament to the woven fabrics of the past.

Paisley Rekdal, creator of Mapping SLC and Utah's current Poet Laureate, is in many ways a gatekeeper between literature and gripping relics of time. With a master's degree in Medieval Studies and early aspirations to become a visual artist, Rekdal's fascination with poetry began humbly. "My mother had an old copy of Dante's Divine Comedy, with the **Dore** illustrations, and I found myself attracted to the pictures because they are so grotesque and crazy," says Rekdal. "I wanted to know the poems that went with them, so I started reading bits and pieces, and I just liked it—I liked the sounds. I liked all of it." The first poem Rekdal recalls writing was a reflection on the Holocaust entitled, "For 6 Million." Unsurprisingly, it won first place in a citywide school competition.

As an MFA and Ph.D. professor of poetry and nonfiction at the University of Utah, Rekdal finds that her relationship to poetry is enthused through teaching. "One of the best things about having students at all levels is that they end up accidentally fueling research for me," says Rekdal. In fact, the Mapping SLC concept came about as a final assignment for a group of her pupils.

Rekdal, a Utah transplant, confesses that she was surprised but deeply honored when approached to apply to become Utah's Poet Laureate. She has found no shortage of poetic inspiration since living in the state, fascinated by both the cultural and physical landscapes. "The changes in the environment are so dramatic here," says Rekdal. "I find myself awed by this natural landscape and the fact that I can't even imagine describing it makes it even more compelling. I like being in a place that's slightly outside of my own language."

As part of her work as Laureate, Rekdal has set out on an ambitious second mapping project for the state: an archive of the writers and poets who have claimed Utah as their home. "One of the questions I'm most interested in exploring is, 'What is the connection between place and writing?'" Rekdal says. "There were a number of Japanese Americans who were interned here against their will and some of them became writers afterwards." She adds, "I want to focus in on people who we might not immediately associate with Utah writers, but they became writers because they came to Utah and their family was part of this landscape for a while."

Rekdal hopes to expand rather than contract ideas about what it means to have been a part of literary Utah by documenting and visually displaying those whose stories have contributed to the rich past and present of our communities. "When we start thinking outside of the box about what constitutes place and writing and relationships between place and writing, we can have really interesting conversations about what a

Utah Poet Laureate Paisley Rekdal has embarked on mapping the literary history of Utah as it relates to an expanded definition of "Utah writers."

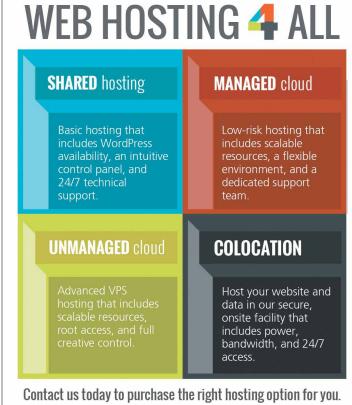
Utah writer is," she says. Her own, growing collection of writing includes moving and fearful essays, lighthearted memoirs and archival photographs from the Utah Historical Society.

In her latest book of poems, Imaginary Vessels, Rekdal examines life in the Western United States through explorations of what humanity holds dear. Dedicating a hearty section to Mae West, Rekdal is enthralled by the grit and tenacity of the character. "She never changed as an artist over time; she never broke character," says Rekdal. "Some of the ways in which she related to men and wealth made her the ultimate capitalist. There's something ultimately hollow about her performance of being a woman that attracted me to her."

It is often the burden of writers and artists to show the world to itself—from the ugliest truths to resounding, if forgotten, beauty. Rekdal's work shifts the weight outward, allowing anyone who called Utah home to narrate their own stories. Perhaps a place can never be fully defined, but there is a freedom that comes with the representation a map provides.

To submit writers or written works for consideration for Rekdal's forthcoming literary map of Utah, you can contact her at paisley.rekdal@utah.edu. For more information about the map of Salt Lake City, visit

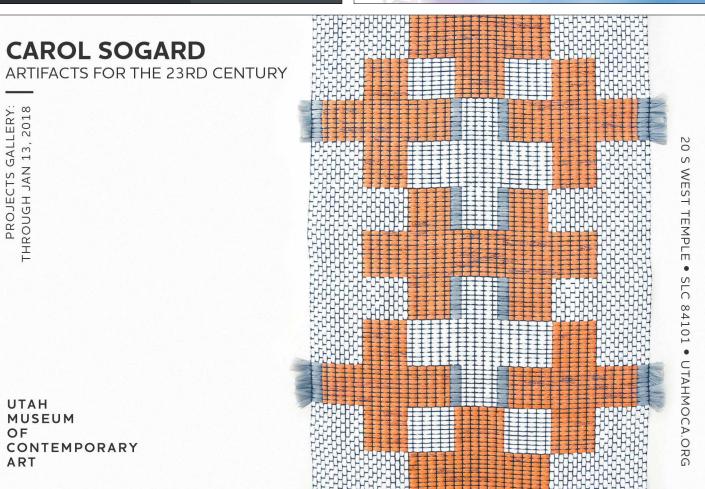
As Mae West once said and Rekdal reminds, "I'm telling you, it's always better to be looked over, than overlooked.



XMISSION







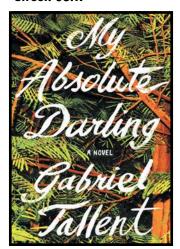
xmission.com

801.**539.0852** 

# Utah Author Book Reviews [

Lance Olsen and Gabriel Tallent are each authors who reside in Utah. The following reviews are of novels they published this year. You can find more information about them and their books at lanceolsen.com and gabrieltallent.com, respectively.

My Absolute Darlina **Gabriel Tallent Riverhead Books** Street: 08.17



rom the first page of Gabriel Tallent's My Absolute Darling, I knew I would need a dictionary open next to me. Perhaps I should have known the definition of verdigris, but it was a great tool to teach me how to read the book in the first paragraph. The description is astounding and a testament that you might not always take your high school teachers' advice on how to write. It is clear to me that Tallent found his literary voice in learning those basic structures of grammar, then breaking all the conventions shortly thereafter. Sentences have so many uses of the word "and" that it would have received a augranteed F in grade school. As it turns out, Tallent may have taken a tool out of Clavell's shed and decided that cascading sentences, strung together by three descriptors—be they actions or the things and places being actioned nearby—would be best suited for the descriptions of this rustic and creaky setting. It is decidedly beautiful and hard not to read more than once while breathing just a bit slower.

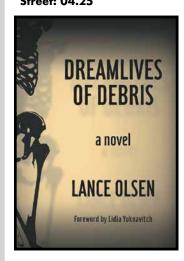
But what of the plot? Sure, description is great and all, you may be asking, but do I care about the people experiencing such landscapes? Yes, you do—or you will if you buy it. I think that what most recent

popular narratives have shown consumers of stories and narratives is that, if characters feel real, they warrant consideration and ought to be cared about. It seems that the days of the who-gives-a-shit Hero No. 458 are thankfully dead, and in their place seems to be the rise of the characters of literature. Turtle and her father, Martin—the two main characters—exhibit this from the start. A simple scene where Martin tries to teach Turtle vocabulary—and then how to shoot a firearm at a playing card (inside their house, by the way) unpacks so much about their relationship and the tension that exists between them. The way in which Turtle verbally abuses herself and, subsequently, how Martin loses his temper in a manner that is just beyond excusable, should be the exact behavior that makes a concerned citizen's ears perk up and become more attentive. Tallent employs this to great effect, playing on our worries of the parent that's just a little too out of line at the midday-McDonald's playground. Only, in My Absolute Darling, that's iust the surface.

Not enough books are about bravery. Well, I should rephrase: Not enough books are about the right kind of bravery. We get plenty of superhero bravery, plenty of Vin Diesel-jumping-out-of-cars bravery, but we do not get enough stories about the bravery of those who have not had the chance to exercise that ability. Without straying too far into spoiler territory—because I really do want you to read this book—the topics of feminism. abuse and internal strength in the face of adversity are paramount to the narrative. If this interests you, well, you know what to do.

That is not to say this book is a universal buy, though, as some may be turned off by how dark and, frankly, horrifying it is. Abuse is not told behind a curtain or a sharp cut away from the violence like in film. It is in your face, forcing you to experience it, and you must, otherwise you will not be reading this book at its ultimate intention. You can pick My Absolute Darling up in book stores everywhere.

**Dreamlives of Debris** Lance Olsen **Dzanc Books** Street: 04.25

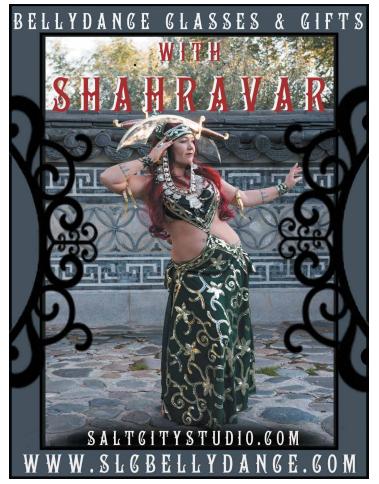


reamlives of Debris is a highly experimental retelling of Theseus and the Minotaur. I must admit that, while I know the major players of Greek mythology (Zeus and what have you), am by no means a scholar and would not be able to recount the aforementioned myth from memory. Whenever I come across a book like Dreamlives of Debris, I will, at some point, ask myself, "Should I read the source text first or after?" It's like finding a new band that's done a cover album of Dark Side of the Moon. Should one return to the Pink Floyd album, or would the work be better suited to be experienced at its own face value, because that ought to be the goal of the artist in question? In Dreamlives, on the one hand, I figured that the myth it is based on would inform my reading of the piece greatly. This might seem like a good thing, knowing more about the work going in. But on the other hand, I was thinking, if I do read the myth, I may know the ending before the characters do.

With Dreamlives, however, I don't believe that it matters. The book is all over the place with its narrative, from the Minotaur having been reimagined as a horrific little girl named Debris to cameos from Edward Snowden,

Da Vinci and Aquinas. The retelling of a new story in the framework of the Minotaur myth is not the only thing author Lance Olsen set out to do with this work. It is partly an engaging structure to carry us along the plot, but it is also a brooding and creepy backdrop in which Olsen pursues other ideas. I believe that he is successful in this endeavor, even considering just how strange the book reads. I do not mean that to be negative, by the way. I love experimental fiction and applaud whenever I get through an entire book of it. When going into this novel, you would be remiss to expect a **Dan Brown**-adventure narrative structure or a brooding tale à la Hemingway where the devil is in the dialogue. Think more in the vein of a Danielewski's House of Leaves- or The Familiartype work, though with vastly fewer on-the-page printing experiments. In Dreamlives, we're thrown from country to country, time period to time period, reeling at the profound description. confusing framework and one's own aching heart for this little monster named Debris

Dreamlives of Debris is torturous in a positive way. Be prepared for being a fish out of water and reading most of the pages more than once to extract all the meaning from each word, as they all have a crucial role within the work. It asks things of us that I would not suspect from a novel, and I will not go into too much detail beyond what has been described. Part of the fun is diving into something and thrashing about until you find your sea legs. It will teach you how to read it—I can assure the potential readers of that—but you may wish to ask yourself that auestion that started this review. Now that I have read it twice, I can say that reading the myth beforehand would have been a good move for me, considering that I was reading for review and not for pure fun, but that is the beauty of it: It









### 5/am! Da, Duh, Duh! Let the Boys Write Poetry!

By Mike Brown • mgb90210@gmail.com

For this month's Literary Issue of SLUG Magazine, my Editor sent me on special assignment to learn about slam poetry. Prior to learning of this beloved spoken-word art form, the only slams I was familiar with were slam-dancing, slam dunks, the Grand Slam breakfast combo at Denny's and the classic, early-'90s hit "Slam" by hardcore rap group Onyx, which goes: "SLAM! Da, duh, duh! Da. duh. duh! LET THE BOYS BE BOYS!" An underrated hit for sure.

To start this journey, I took a writing class at the SLCC Community Writing Center at the Downtown library. The teacher's name was Kari Lindsey Barry, and because her name rhymes, I had no doubts that she was qualified to teach me the art of the slam poem. Obviously, the first thing I needed to learn was: What is a slam poem? Was it just a ploy by independent coffee shops to get customers away from Starbucks? Was it an art medium started by rappers who couldn't put rhymes together or work with a DJ? I had no idea.

But no. Slam poetry is a form of spoken word that doesn't even have to rhyme. It is generally performed in a competition format where poets get up to three minutes to recite an emotional ranting of sorts using metaphors and gesticulations to invoke and create a picture the poet is trying to perpetuate. The three basic elements of a slam poem are imagery, metaphor and magical realism.

There are several local open mic nights and even a nationally accredited slam circuit. Surprise, surprise—most of these take place at coffee shops. Although, I have no idea what the prize purse is for these national competitions. I'm assuming you just win some coffee shop coupons or something, or VIP access to a Bernie Sanders rally.



are allowed (sorry, Carrot Top), and no nudity (sorry, me). You would think the no-nudity rule would be a given, but it was stressed in the class I took, so I'm only assuming that someone got buck-wild once upon a time at a poetry reading, ruining it for the rest

victor is decided by the judges and the snaps and

Slam poetry was started in Chicago around 1984, the same year another Chi-Town slam artist named Michael Jordan was drafted. Although, the two are unrelated. An American poet named Marc Smith is credited with starting the fast break that lead to the slam.

Though there are no formal rules as to the contexts of a slam poem (which could be detrimental to art in general), almost all the slam poems I found on YouTube were politically charged or had a strong undertone of social issues—especially issues that strike an emotional chord. Seeing as how I prefer to keep politics out of my column, the slam poem I wrote below is about basketball—in particular, the Jazz's current, strugaling season. It's something that strikes an emotional chord with me.

Now, please keep in mind that slam poetry is a performance-based art form. So, I'm not exactly sure how my piece will translate to print. This isn't meant to offend other slam poets, whom I sense are easily offended. But, since I promised my SLUG Editor we would publish my slam poem, take it with a grain of metaphorical salt. I'll try to use some bold font and caps lock to represent my gesticulations, but don't expect to see me perform this piece anytime soon outside of

Since slam poetry is often formatted in a competition style, there are some rules. The format consists of 10 slammer-jammer poets engaged in three rounds of verbal combat. They get eliminated à la The Bachelor TV show down to six in the first round, then down to four, and then a final

Illustration: @deadbinky

# **BEER OF THE MONTH**

By Chris and Sylvia Hollands chris.hollands@porchdrinking.com sylvia.hollands@porchdrinking.com

**Beer Name:** Jalapeño Cream Ale **Brewery: Wasatch Brewery ABV: 4.0%** Serving Style: Draft, 32-oz. crowler



Remembering back to our earlier beer-drinking days, fruit was often added to enhance naturally tame styles, such as with the good old hefeweizen. In the days of the flannel and Birkenstock, it just made perfect sense to toss back a couple of apricot hefs at an outdoor concert with friends. It's been a long time since brewmasters started adding adjunct ingredients to their creations while testing the boundaries of how far they could enhance (or destroy) the flavor, based on varied opinions of the subject. Now, fruit is one thing, but how about bringing the heat?

We have been known to push our palates to the limits in an attempt to find the next great-tasting beer. Once, while enduring back-to-back Great American Beer Festival Saturday sessions, the only things satisfying our tortured tongues toward the end of the marathon were chili beers and water. Nothing seemed to cut through the layer of hops better than the sweet bite of flame. Let's take a closer look at another classic in the Wasatch Brewery lineup, the often polarizing Jalapeño Cream Ale. We sampled dozens of chili beers during our relentless pursuit at GABF, and we were unable to get this one because it was gone by popular demand.

**Description:** Cream ale is used as the base beer for the Jalapeño Cream Ale, which seems to be a popular choice for testing the limits of additional flavors. Cream ale on its own is a light and unassuming brew that can be consumed with little deliberation about its complexity, so why not toss in a little heat? We enjoyed fresh Jalapeño Cream Ale out of a 32-ounce crowler from the Utah Brewers Cooperative Beer Store. During the initial crack of the enormous can, an instant unveiling groma swirls the gir of fresh. grassy heat from the peppers used to create this bad boy. Pouring this ale into a large nonic pint glass showcases the crystal-clean, goldenrod color. A quickly developing, auarter-inch-thick layer of head seems to fall away and die off from the wide rim before we ever get to taste it. For most people, as the liquid splashes the tongue, it marks the moment when the love/hate begins. We take pleasure in the hot stuff, so the fresh inferno pairs perfectly with the clean cream ale. Allowing our taste buds to saturate themselves in the glorious, golden bath, there is definitely a welcome, growing heat. The warmth doesn't stick long, but it definitely makes its presence known.

**Overview:** By most standards, throwing a jalapeño pepper into a beer seems pretty common these days. Researchers and developers have scoured the earth in search of new and creative ingredients to distinguish their beer from all others vying for the prize. Ales with everything from habanero peppers, lobster, saffron and even the dreaded Rocky Mountain oysters are pushing limits. Some breweries have the gumption to do just about anything. For us, we could drink Jalapeño Cream Ale nearly every day. The mild heat offers enough interesting sensations while the base beer is supremely refreshing, making it a beverage for all seasons. In the end, whether you are on the "purist" side or the "Let's test the boundaries" side: This beer is a safe crossing for both.







# The Plight of the Diehard Jazz Fan

The overwhelming PLIGHT of a smallmedia market makes our offense offensive to the diehard fan ...

And yet we cheer on.

The diehard fan, the man, the one who CAN realize that free agency isn't very **free** at all as we watch our stars fall out of the sky that is our starting lineup and drop and depart to larger arenas with better halftime shows ...

And yet we cheer on.

We diehard fans brace ourselves for rising season ticket prices, rising like a toxic tide as we DROWNED in a sea of tainted Gatorade ...

But through our gargling, muffled voices, we

With referees rigged AGAINST us by the corporate elite that is Nike, we **swoosh** away the dream of ever reaching a playoff finals again and again. These officials aren't official or efficient at all. Instead of choking on the whistle, the whistle blows out all our hopes like a reluctant birthday candle reminding us that all these BAD calls on the balls are just a systematic symptom of the PLIGHT that is the small market ...

The injury bug, biting our bench and our starters with a blatant disregard for karma or talent or coachina.

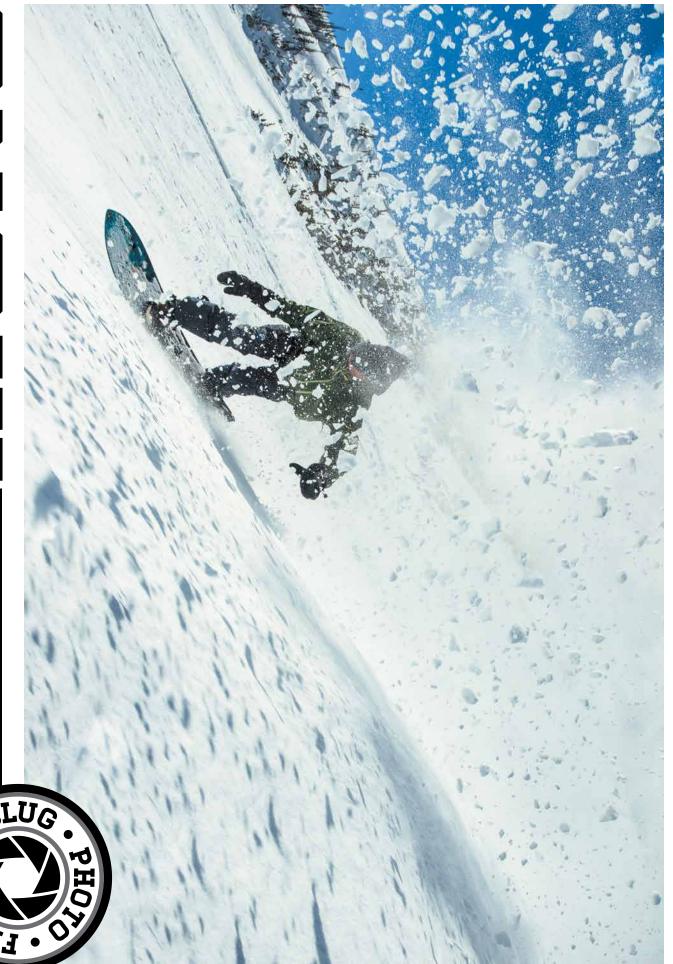
And yet we cheer on ...

How can we rebound from our lack of rebounds? With an entire franchise's hopes and dreams that **lie** upon the back of a rambunctious rookie, will we ever be relevant again?

AND YET ... we cheer on.

Cheers!

# 







DEC 31ST 8PM FREE @ THE GATEWAY

### **RIO GRANDE WINTER MARKET**

SATURDAYS 10AM - 2PM @ RIO GRANDE DEPOT

### LIGHTS AT TEMPLE SQUARE

NOV 24TH - DEC 31ST

### **DOWNTOWN JINGLE BUS**

DEC 1ST - 30TH

### THE NUTCRACKER

DEC 2ND - 30TH @ CAPITOL THEATRE

### HOW THE GROUCH STOLE XMAS DEC 7TH @ THE DEPOT

### **FOO FIGHTERS**

DEC 12TH @ VIVINT SMART HOME ARENA

### **UTAH SYMPHONY PERFORMS HARRY POTTER**

DEC 21ST - 23RD @ ABRAVANEL HALL

### **UTAH JAZZ BASKETBALL**

DEC 4, 7, 21, 23 & 30 @ VIVINT SMART HOME ARENA

### **GALLIVAN ICE SKATING RINK**

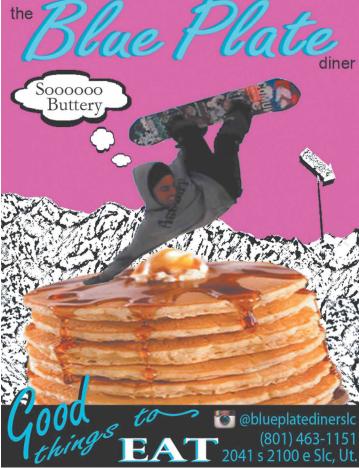
NOW OPEN!

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









Alabama Shakes • Modest Mouse • Courtney Barnett
R.E.M. • The Beatles • Death Cab For Cutie • Wilco
Leon Bridges • Neil Young • The Cure • Beck • Bob Marley
The National • Ryan Adams • Van Morrison • The Shins
Elvis Costello • Edward Sharpe & The Magnetic Zeros
Paul Simon • David Bowie • Tom Waits • The Clash
The Black Keys • The Pretenders • Talking Heads
The Rolling Stones • Iron & Wine • The Kinks • Radiohead
Lord Huron • The War on Drugs • The Grateful Dead
Nathanial Rateliff And The Night Sweats • Bob Dylan
Led Zeppelin • My Morning Jacket • The Flaming Lips
Kurt Vile • The Decemberists • Arcade Fire • Bon Iver





### FILM REVIEWS

# Coco Directors: Lee Unkrich & Adrian Molina Disney In theaters: 11.22

Rather than waiting till the end of the

review to let you know my feelings

about Pixar's latest original creation,

I'm going to go ahead and get it out of the way. This is by far the greatest animated movie of 2017. It feels so good to type that. In this tale based in Mexican culture, Miguel (voiced by **Anthony Gonzalez**) aspires to become a musician just like his famous areat-areat-arandfather. Ernesto de la Cruz (voiced by Benjamin Bratt), but, due to his relative's habit of walking out on his family to follow the same aspirations, music has been banned indefinitely among Miguel's family. Against his grandmother's specific instructions to abandon his dreams after smashing his guitar, Miguel "borrows" his deceased idol's guitar from his mausoleum, which, unexpectedly, transports him to the Land of the Dead on the sacred holiday of the Day of the Dead. While the departed inhabitants of this world are shocked that a living child is among them, Miguel must find a relative to give him permission to return home before sunlight or be trapped there forever. Along the way on his journey, Miguel befriends Héctor (voiced by Gael García Bernal), a hustler just trying to survive day by day with a desire to be remembered by his living family. Once again, Pixar delivers jaw-dropping animation with vibrant colors that fill the screen with wonder. This representation of Mexican culture is something everyone should witness firsthand—and that includes the sensational music that accompanies the tale. Also in true Pixar fashion, they still have the ability to make grown men cry in the theaters. This is a story about families for families, and it's another great addition to the studio's collection. -Jimmy Martin

# Lady Bird Director: Greta Gerwig A24 In theaters: 11.17

Ever exquisite in her writing, Greta Gerwig's directorial debut, Lady Bird, is as miraculous as its title character, the winsome Christine "Lady Bird" McPherson (Saoirse Ronan). Surprisingly self-attuned with a flair for the dramatic, Lady Bird is a senior at a Catholic high school with her sights set on culture and college on

the East Coast—escaping from the wide-streeted suburbs and dusty-rose skies of Sacramento in 2002. Led in by Joan Didion ("Anybody who talks about California hedonism has never spent a Christmas in Sacramento") and accompanied by sharp cuts and witty dialogue, we're quickly and breathlessly entrenched in Lady Bird's world. She and her bubbly best friend, Julie (Beanie Feld**stein**), share girl talk while snacking on communion wafers and then audition for a musical together. She discovers and unabashedly pursues first love: with the gentle Danny (**Lucas** Hedges), who dreams of Paris; and with Kyle (Timothée Chalamet). who plays in a band, reads Howard Zinn and hates money.

But as much as Lady Bird is a coming-of-age story, it's also a depiction of family and class—one that Gerwia crafts with care, without romanticizing or infantilizing—rooted in the mounting and crashing tensions between Lady Bird and her mother, the tough and forthright Marion (played spectacularly by Laurie Metcalf). Gerwig's is a true picture of how Lady Bird might experience class: She dreams of the wealth she's surrounded by at her Catholic private school, stuffs a magazine down her skirt that her mother refused to buy for her, and is at an unusual loss for words when she discovers that her good-natured father, Larry (Tracy Letts), lost his iob. Together with Marion, Lady Bird scours thrift store racks for the perfect prom dress, cries to The Grapes of Wrath on tape, and attends open houses to lovinaly wander through California mansions. More often, though, Lady Bird and Marion fiaht. increasingly about Lady Bird's insistence on attending an expensive, out-of-state college and her seeming embarrassment of her working-class upbringing. Neither daughter nor mother dare back down, but Gerwig treats both with generosity and empathy. We catch glimpses into Marion's moments of softness (one of Gerwig's most masterfully directed scenes features Marion, alone) and Lady Bird's sorriness, gratitude and eventual discovery (or rather, recognition) of love and home.

Lady Bird careens and dives, often headfirst, often misguided, often flawed, into heartbreak and disappointment. She also picks herself up—sometimes with grace, sometimes without—and forges on. –Kathy Rong Zhou

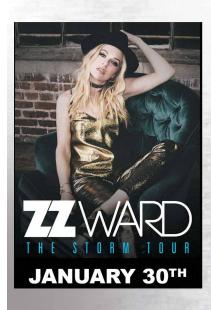




400 W. South Temple at the Gateway Mall depotslc.com



**JANUARY 27TH** 



**AARON WATSON** DEC 2ND

**DISKOTEKA AVARIYA** 

HOW THE GROUCH STOLE **CHRISTMAS** 

DEC 7TH

**CHRISTMAS JAM ALL AGES** DEC 16TH

> THE GREEN JAN 10TH

**STRFKR ALL AGES JAN 26TH** 

**REVEREND HORTON HEAT** 

**DUA LIPA ALL AGES** FEB 6TH

**MØ & CASHMERE CAT ALL AGES** FEB 8TH

JACOB SARTORIUS **ALL AGES** FEB 14TH

BROCKHAMPTON **ALL AGES FEB 24TH** 

> **PVRIS ALL AGES** MAR 3RD

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS MAR 9TH

**NO QUARTER** 

PHILLIP PHILLIPS **ALL AGES** 

> **MAR 13TH** COIN **ALL AGES**

**MAR 16TH** OMD

MAR 21ST **ANDY GRAMMER** 

**ALL AGES** MAR 23RD

**ECHOSMITH ALL AGES** APR 10TH

STEVEN WILSON

get tickets at Smiths Depot Box Office day-of-show at 6PM







### LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

bc.einstein Just for you vol. 2 Self-Released **Street: 09.17** bc.einstein = Jamie xx + Big Jerm + Chrome Sparks

I had high expectations for Just for you vol. 2—bc.einstein's release e=mc3 from last year was one of my favorite albums of 2016—and I have to say that this new release has exceeded my expectations. In keeping with downtempo, cloud rap-inspired trap beats, bc.einstein evolves his sound, sticking to classic, toned-down vocal loops and some experimental samples—like the cell phone ring in "Cellular." Just for you vol. 2 shines for me in its first half, as it maintains the slower, more ominous nature of e=mc3, while the second half plays around with lighter trap elements. This album is an interesting collection in that it could easily have someone rap over each track. They pack so much character on their own, however, that I feel like vocals would take away from the production. JFY vol.2 kicks off with "spray yo' team," a song that creeps in with the kind of deep, demonic laugh I've heard in any cartoon from the '50s and '60s, followed by an eerie synth loop and a trap-heavy 808.

This album keeps me on my toes, flowing through different tempos and creating ever-changing atmospheres. You have your downtempo tracks like "woot," with its silky-smooth percussion and piano loop, and "3017" with its slowed-down vocal sample, but then you have tracks like "boom." a manic, jazz-influenced song that starts to break the more laidback numbers with the more hype ones residing at the end of the album. Just for you vol. 2 feels like a true sequel to e=mc3, but with this release, bc.einstein has managed to create a smoother flow and demonstrates an ability to play around with different tempos. I couldn't recommend this album more highly to anyone who loves good beats that have the ability to create an atmosphere. Check out just for you vol. 2 at bc.einstein's SoundCloud. -Connor Brady

**Cuddy Corekt** Corekt MilkshakeBackpack **Street: 10.13** Cuddy Corekt = \$uicideboy\$ + Flatbush Zombies

Cuddy Corekt storms the local hip-hop scene in full force with his self-titled album, Corekt. The album is 11 tracks strong, all of which stand on their own. Every song slaps in an individual and unique way, and Corekt incorporates several different styles while remaining balanced and maintaining continuity. There are multiple places in this album where one can be proud, and a little bit surprised, that a hiphop album of this caliber did, in fact, come out of Utah.

The album as a whole has a spooky vibe to it. Tracks like "Bubbleaum" Rap" and "Haunted Hill" have creepy beats that slink forward and incorporate samples that sound like they came straight from the soundtrack of a horror film. The production on the album is modern, incorporating trap hi-hats with booming bass. The mix is balanced, featuring Cuddy Corekt's choice to highlight his voice.

Corekt is doing what many modern rappers are not doing these days. As an emcee, Cuddy Corekt is working to be both lyrical and actually to speak about topics of substance. "Ugly," for example, is a beautiful track that incorporates female vocals, which intertwine and join Cuddy's lyrics, centering around a search for meaning and spirituality. Cuddy raps, "Open my arms, my soul to the wind / Race for the water, I hope I can swim." Despite the hyphy intensity of some tracks, Cuddy is able to still turn inward, which is a rarity and a breath of fresh air compared to what is currently flooding the rap market.

Corekt is an album for new hip-hop lovers, old-school purists and everyone and anything in between. This album is a perfect collection for hanging out with friends and going stupid hard, celebrating life with good people and having good fun. Stay tuned for more releases by Cuddy Corekt, and look out for live shows in the Salt Lake area. If Corekt is any indication, Cuddy probably goes crazy onstage. -Tavlor Hartman

Are you in a Utah band? Send us your album with "LOCAL" in the subject line, and we'll review it: reviews@slugmag.com

# WARM IN ANY

Forget about the snow, on our heated patio



**SMALL PLATES & DRINKS** 317 SOUTH MAIN, SLC WWW.EVASLC.COM

7-6 PM, MON-SAT 9-3 PM, SUNDAY

EVA'S BAKERY

NOW SERVING SUNDAY BRUNCH

A little slice of Paris in Salt Lake City



CROISSANTS · SANDWICHES PASTRIES · ESPRESSO & TEAS BAKERS PIES · ARTISAN BREADS

ASK US ABOUT CATERING! BREAKFAST · LUNCH · WEDDINGS CORPORATE EVENTS · SHOWERS

155 S MAIN • 801-355-3942 • EVASBAKERYSLC.COM



smithstix.com 800.888.TIXX



PIERCI

g.com 5 info@ensopiercing S 006) <u>ш</u> HA cing. 5

9

### DAILY CALENDAR

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

Fri., Dec. 01

Troubadour 77 O.P. Rockwell Derek Luh, Sammy Wilk

Mark Farina, Nate Lowpass, CHOiCE - Metro Free Kittens: A Stand Up Comedy Show - Urban Dubwise: Dubamine

Sat., Dec. 02

Ryan Van Hygan, Notion, Shado Nation + Sensei, Phobia the Greatest - Kilby DJ Shutter, Terra Flesh, Lillia Maughn, London Skies – Metro Charlie Parr with Them Coulee Boys - State Room

Sun., Dec. 03 Alex Lahey, Dude York

- Kilby Mon., Dec. 04 Dashboard Confessional

 Complex Mark Swink, LUCO, Kalista - Kilby

Tues., Dec. 05 The Dear Hunter

Complex Great White Shore, Loedenaire, Local Desperado

The Hexxers, Los YaYaz, The Boys Ranch, Miami Face Eaters, DJ Woody Urban

Wed., Dec. 06

CVPITVLS, Tiger Fang, Turtleneck Wedding Dress, Sleeping Tigers – *Urban* 

Thurs., Dec. 07 Michelle Moonshine Hog Wallow

Ol' Fashion Depot, The Wednesday People, The Arvos, Vintage Overdrive Supersuckers, The Bellrays,

The Bombpops – Urban Fri., Dec. 08

Will Baxter Band – O.P. Rockwell Crook and The Bluff – Hog Wallow IVOURIES, Mojave Nomads, Noah Ruble, Cedric Moore - Kilby The Rodeo Boys, Starmy, The Rubes – Úrban

Sat., Dec. 09 Planet No Planet, Magda-Vega – Willie's Unsane, Plaque Marks, 2 Headed Whale – Diabolical Pacificana, Brother, The Acoustic Fools - Kilby

Ekali, Medasin, Judge – Urban

Sun., Dec. 10 Aaron Gillespie, Onward, etc., John Allred, Kyle Linder – Kilby

HOTT MT, 90s Television, Lord Vox – Urban

Mon., Dec. 11 Open Blues Jam: Robby's Blues Explosion Hog Wallow Tues., Dec. 12

Heartless Breakers, Detour – Kilby Baby Pink, Peach Dream

Sundressed, Nominee,

Wed., Dec. 13 Crook & the Bluff - Twist

Ivy Local, DJ Serge du Preea, Salt City Hoop Kitties - Urban Thurs., Dec. 14

Birthquake, Palace of Buddies – Metro Rock (of Heltah Skeltah), Ruste Juxx, Mic Handz, Twistello, D Strong, Ocelot, DJ SamEyeAm - Urban

Fri., Dec. 15 Will Baxter Band – Hog Wallow Esme Patterson, Susto Dallin Hunt - Kilby Kitchen Dwellers, Lantern By Sea – State Room Colter Wall - Urban

Sat., Dec. 16 Pixie & the Partygrass Boys - Hog Wallow 4th Annual Utah Blues Society Member Party – State Room

Cocktail 13 with Flash & Flare - Urban Mon., Dec. 18 Open Blues Jam: Robby's Blues Explosion – Hog Wallow

Tues., Dec. 19 The Score, Castlecomer - Kilby

California Border Patrol – Urban Wed., Dec. 20

Dylan Roe – Hog Wallow SPY HOP PRESENTS – The Art Pack: Seams. Harshmellow

- Kilby Gary Numan, Primitive Programme – *Metro* Big Bad Voodoo Daddy - Eccles Center The Wild War, The White Clouds. The Arvos - Urban

Thurs., Dec. 21 Slow Hollows, Raener

SLUG Localized: EXES, Darklord, Korihor - Urban

Fri., Dec. 22

SuperBubble – Hog Wallow Lantern By Sea, Mains and Monitors. The Sardines. Minor Disability - Kilby The Don Smoke Nosrac

 Loading Dock Sat., Dec. 23

The Rugs – Hog Wallow Bellavolent, DRIX, Brodyizm, Dapper, Josh Volt, The Silver Slippers - Metro I'm A Monster, Fail To Follow, Galagher, Matt Chiodo, James Peterson, CJ Coop – Urban

Sun., Dec. 24 The Nutcracker – Capitol Theatre

Capitol Theatre

Mon., Dec. 25 Post-Family Decompression - Garage

Tues., Dec. 26 The Nutcracker

Wed., Dec. 27 Crook & the Bluff - Twist Desert Noises - Urban

Thurs., Dec. 28

Morgan Snow – Hog Wallow Scary Uncle Steve, Wicked Bears, Goatsifter - Urban

Fri., Dec. 29 Mokie - O.P. Rockwell William G. Kid Hog Wallow Robert Randolph & The Family Band, Sarah Anne DeGraw & the Odd lobs

- State Room Sat., Dec. 30

Burn the Gallows, Allies Always Lie, Memories Never Die, Ilois - Metro Mokie - State Room Mokie NYE Run - State Room SpacegeishA, Dekai,

Brodvizm – Urban Sun., Dec.

Badfeather - O.P. Rockwell Trinity "The Tuck" Taylor. DJ Shutter, Gia Bianca Stephens, Austin Bakaric, Skye, Justin Hollister, Kay Bye - Metro Mokie NYE Run - State Room

Mon., Jan. 01 Zombiecock, Turbo Chugg – Urban

Tues., Jan. 02 Filth Lords - Urban Wed., Jan. 03

Andrew Goldring, Marny Lion Proudfit, Nick Nash

Thurs., Jan. 04 Stories (in Russian) - Rose Wagner

Fri., Jan. 05 Pick up the new issue of SLUG! - Anyplace Cool

Michelle Moonshine – Funk 'N Dive













638 S STATE ST • 800.501.2885

### **UPCOMING SHOWS**

12/2 - CHARLIE PARR

12/5 - HIGH VALLEY

12/9 - MARK O'CONNOR

(PRESENTED BY SIRIUS XM)

12/14 - NICOLE ATKINS

12/15 - KITCHEN DWELLERS

12/16 - 4TH ANNUAL UBS MEMBER

APPRECIATION PARTY

(PRESENTED BY COALATREE)

12/29 - ROBERT RANDOLPH &

THE FAMILY BAND

12/30 & 12/31 - MOKIE

1/6 - BOOKER T. JONES

# SHOWS

THE URBAN LOUNGE: 8PM DOORS UNLESS NOTED

DEC 01: FREE KITTENS: A STAND UP COMEDY SHOW, FREE 6PM

DEC 01: DUBWISE W SUBSWARM, 9PM

**DEC 02: ROLLING STONES TRIBUTE NIGHT** 

DEC 05: THE HEXXERS, LOS YAYAZ, THE BOYS RANCH.

MIAMI FACE EATERS, DJ WOODY

DEC 06: FREE SHOW: CVPITVLS, TIGER FANG, TURTLENECK

WEDDING DRESS, SLEEPING TIGERS

DEC 07: SUPERSUCKERS, THE BELLRAYS, THE BOMBPOPS

DEC 08: THE RODEO BOYS REUNION SHOW, STARMY, THE RUBES

DEC 09: EKALI, MEDASIN, IUDGE

DEC 10: FREE SHOW: HOTT MT, 90S TELEVISION, LORD VOX

DEC 12: FREE SHOW: BABY PINK, PEACH DREAM, NASTY NASTY

**DEC 13: THE CAT SHOW - CHARITY SHOW FOR CATS,** IVY LOCAL, DJ SERGE DU PREEA, SALT CITY HOOP KITTIES

DEC 14: ROCK (OF HELTAH SKELTAH), RUSTE JUXX, MIC HANDZ, TWISTELLO, D STRONG, OCELOT, DI SAMEYEAM

DEC 15: COLTER WALL

DEC 16: COCKTAIL 13 W/FLASH & FLARE

DEC 19: FREE SHOW: CALIFORNIA BORDER PATROL

DEC 20: FREE SHOW: THE WILD WAR, THE WHITE CLOUDS,

THE ARVOS DEC 21: SLUG LOCALIZED: EXES, DARKLORD, KORIHOR FREE

DEC 22: FREE SHOW: UGLY CHRISTMAS SWEATER PARTY

DEC 23: FREE SHOW: FRIENDSMAS EVE XMAS PARTY W/

RACIST KRAMER, I'M A MONSTER, FAIL TO FOLLOW, GLAGHER, MATT CHIODO, IAMES PETERSON, CI COOP

DEC 27: DESERT NOISES

DEC 28: SCARY UNCLE STEVE, WICKED BEARS, GOATSIFTER,

LASN, RIVA REBELS 7PM

DEC 28: TOGETHER FOREVER (MEMBERS OF YAKTOOTH

HARDMEN/FORM OF ROCKETI, BABY GURL

DEC 30: SPACEGEISHA, DEKAI, BRODYIZM

DEC 31: NEW YEARS W/DJ FLASH & FLARE, MATTY MO, DI FERAL WILLIAMS

### S&S

DEC 10: MATTHEW LOGAN VASQUEZ, 7PM @RYE DINER & DRINKS

JAN 26: STRFKR, REPTALIENS 7PM @THE DEPOT
JAN 26: CIRCUIT DES YEUX, 7PM @DIABOLICAL RECORDS

JAN 26: K.FLAY, 8:30PM @IN THE VENUE

JAN 29: HIPPO CAMPUS, SURE SURE 7PM @THE COMPLEX

FEB 08: MØ & CASHMERE CAT, 6:30PM @THE DEPOT

FEB 10: RON POPE, 7PM @THE COMPLEX

FEB 19: WALK THE MOON, THE NATIONAL PARKS, THE HEART OF, 7PM @THE COMPLEX

MAR 13: OUR LAST NIGHT, 6PM @IN THE VENUE

MAR 16: COIN, 6:30PM @THE DEPOT MAR 19: EDEN, 7PM @THE COMPLEX

APR 10: ECHOSMITH, THE SCORE, JENA ROSE 6:30PM

**@ITHE DEPOT** 

# **DECEMBER**





### KILBY COURT: 7PM DOORS UNLESS NOTED

DEC 01: DEREK LUH, SAMMY WILK

DEC 02: RYAN VAN HYGAN, NOTION, SHADO NATION+SENSEI,

PHOBIA THE GREATEST

**DEC 03: ALEX LAHEY, DUDE YORK** 

DEC 04: MARK SWINK, LUCO, KALISTA

DEC 05: GREAT WHITE SHORE, LOEDENAIRE, LOCAL DESPERADO

DEC 07: OL' FASHION DEPOT, THE WEDNESDAY PEOPLE, THE ARVOS, VINTAGE OVERDRIVE

DEC 08: IVOURIES, MOIAVE NOMADS, NOAH RUBLE, CEDRIC MOORE

DEC 09: PACIFICANA, BROTHER, THE ACOUSTIC FOOLS

**DEC 10: AARON GILLESPIE**, ONWARD, ETC., JOHN ALLRED, KYLE LINDER **DEC 12: SUNDRESSED,** NOMINEE, HEARTLESS BREAKERS, DETOUR

**DEC 15: ESME PATTERSON, SUSTO, DALLIN HUNT** 

DEC 19: THE SCORE, CASTLECOMER
DEC 20: THE ART PACK, SEAMS, HARSHMELLOW

**DEC 21: SLOW HOLLOWS, RAENER** 

DEC 22: LANTEN BY SEA, MAINS AND MONITORS, THE SARDINES,

JAN 18: MOD SUN, CALL ME KARIZMA, AUSTIN BAIN, ANGELA WHITE,

FORGET BRENNAN, DJ DAGHE

JAN 20: DEE-1

JAN 25: MR HUDSON

JAN 27: SONYA COTTON, TAUGHTME, JAY WILLIAM HENDERSON

FEB 05: FLOR, HANDSOME GHOST

**FEB 06: SEAWAY** 

FEB 22: BUSTY AND THE BASS

### METRO MUSIC HALL: 8PM DOORS

DEC 01: MARK FARINA, NATE LOWPASS, CHOICE, ARTS OF CHAOS 9PM DEC 02: PEPPERMINT, DJ SHUTTER, TERRA FLESH, LILLIA MAUGHN,

LONDON SKIES 9PM

**DEC 06: FREE SHOW: SLICK VELVETEENS** 

DEC 07: INKJAR MARKET, CUPIDCOME, SULANE, ELECTRIC AZATHOTH,

MICHAEL MORGAN MANN, DEWEY ADAMS

DEC 08: LIVE BAND KARAOKE

DEC 09: PACIFICANA, BROTHER, THE ACOUSTIC FOOLS

DEC 14: FREE SHOW: BIRTHQUAKE, PALACE OF BUDDIES

DEC 15: DANCE EVOLUTION, BLACK PUSSY.

TURTLENECK WEDDING DRESS 9PM

DEC 20: GARY NUMAN, PRIMITIVE PROGRAMME 7PM

DEC 21: MAJOR'S FLAVORS W/ URSULA MAJOR, ONE MILLION MOTHS, PLEASURE VESSEL, KAY BYE, WILLARD, CHELSEA SIREN, EDEN FLESH,

LISA DANK, LINNOX GREEN, THE HARLOT 9PM DEC 23: BELLAVOLENT ALBUM RELEASE, DRIX, BRODYIZM, DAPPER,

JOSH VOLT, THE SILVER SLIPPERS

DEC 30: BURN THE GALLOWS (REUNION SHOW), ALLIES ALWAYS LIE, MEMORIES NEVER DIE, TIGER FANG

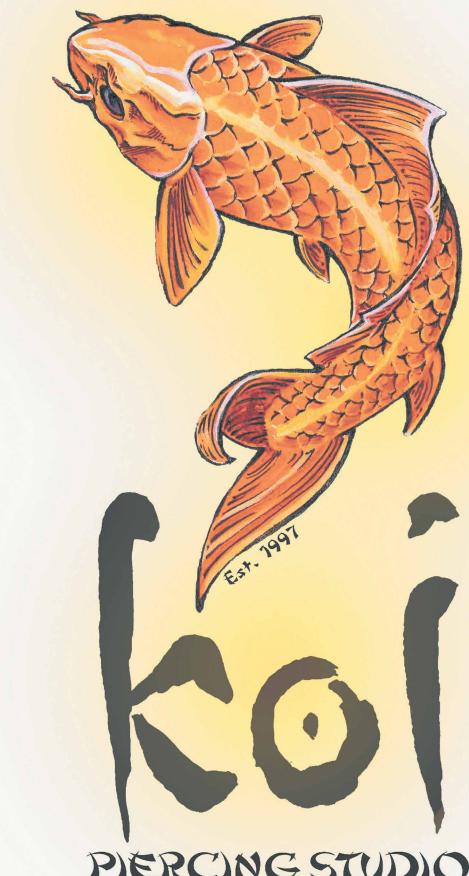
DEC 31: THE BIG TUCKING NYE PARTY WITH TRINITY "THE TUCK"

TAYLOR, DJ SHUTTER, HOSTED BY: GIA BIANCA STEPHENS, AUSTIN BAKARIC, SKYE, JUSTIN HOLLISTER, KAY BYE 9PM

JAN 15: KRIZZ KALIKO'S "TALK UP ON IT" TOUR, SLO PAIN, IZZY DUNFORE, FATT G, DR.GRIMM & MISTA ICE PICK, CHEZ

JAN 21: ANTI-FLAG, STRAY FROM THE PATH, THE WHITE NOISE,

SHARPTOOTH 6PM



PIERCING STUDIO 13TH & 9TH SLC 801-463-7070



### THE TREE THAT KEEPS ON GIVING

This holiday season, give the gift that captures your moments; forever.

At pictureline, we are passionate about making your memories last, long after the holiday season has come & gone. Stop on by and see why we are more than just a camera store - because, at pictureline, there is more to photography than just the camera.

