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Managing Editor: Esther Meroño
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Office Coordinator: Gavin Sheehan
Digital Content Coordinator: Cody Kirkland
Copy Editing Team: Esther Meroño, Alexander Ortega, Mary E. Duncan, Cody Kirkland, Johnathan Ford, Alex Cragun, Rachel Miller, Katie Bald, Liz Phillips, Allison Shephard, Laikwan Waigwa-Stone, Shawn Soward, Traci Grant, Jeff Dixon, Maria Valenzuela, Angela Sunny Oliver, Julia Sachs

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Videographers: Slugger, Brian Baade, Brock Grossl, Candida Duran, Matthew Pothier, Perlyayne Dekar-Tate, Andrew Schummer, Mitchell Richmond, Lexie Floor

Community Development Executives
SLUG HQ 801.487.9221 sales@slugmag.com

John Ford: johnford@slugmag.com
Nate Abbott: nate@slugmag.com
Tim Kronenberg: tim@slugmag.com

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About the Cover: Salt Lake artist **Isaac Hastings** expended a heap of creative energy to make the cover for SLUG's 300th issue as memorable as our history. Find out more about the symbolism behind his illustration, and the artist himself on pg. 23, and check out more of his work at ihssquared.com.
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Contributor Limelight: Sumerset Bivens – Ad Designer



Sumerset Bivens started her adventure with SLUG in October of 2007, designing an ad for *Slowtrain* (RIP). Six years later, she continues to turn out ads and posters for the magazine that are almost as fly as she is with her clever take on design. When she isn't designing ads for SLUG, you can find her at the geology library at the University of Utah. She's the head librarian up there and helps keep those old geologist dudes and their maps organized. Sumerset is also a skilled costume maker extraordinaire. Her inventive creations can

be seen at parties around SLC and exclusively at *Burning Man*. Sumerset and her mister, **Jesse Ellis**, are Louisiana natives, and just so happen to have one of the most adorable little people ever, named **Emery June Ellis**. He is one of few babies who has the ability to melt our cold, black hearts. We consider ourselves lucky to have Sumerset as part of the SLUG family, and look forward to continuing our work with her. Cheers to six years!

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Dear Dickheads, Is there a reason why your magazine is concealing how fucking nice Mike Brown is in real life? Do you wave free Utah Jazz tickets (or beer...probably beer) in front of his maw and say, "Now, now, Mike. You can have these, but you're going to have to continue your schtick of acting like a goddamn self-obsessed lunatic in public. No deal unless you Instagram about your sordid lifestyle as @fagatron so err'body gets the PICTURE." What gives? I've seen this guy carefully pick eye sleepies out of his cat Jetpack's eyes. I've seen him cordially offer rides to too-drunk 20-somethings who needed a lift. I've witnessed firsthand him being one of the most considerate neighbors in his apartment building. For chrissakes, even when he's hammered beyond what Russians would regard as the 'mortal limit', he talks like a fourteen year-old that just really likes porn. Is SLUG so callous and concerned with street cred, that they're forcing poor ol' Brown to project himself as something he's not? Maybe you phonies should reevaluate your moral ethos, and have the dude write more about how transfixed he is by the flowers that grow in his back parking lot. Propagating this type of inflated ego is probably killing him. You're

killing him. Oh, btw, do you know if he's single, by chance?
-Skinny Marie

Dear Skinny Marie,
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Dear Dickheads, What the fuck is up with your November cover? Is it some sort of minimalist, retro-art pop commentary on the commercialism of the holidays? Are you protesting the bombardment of mindless advertising in our capitalist society? Is it a subliminal ad for ... Well, what is it? Paté? Frozen juice? Coagulated blood? Gelatin? Oh! Are you poking fun at the predominant local religion and their affection for jiggly dessert? 'Cause if that's the case, you got the color wrong ... I'm digging the can shape, of course, but it's no Campbell's tomato soup, if you know what I mean. Love,
Andy Warhol

Andy,
We knew you weren't ready for this jelly.

XOXO, SLUG

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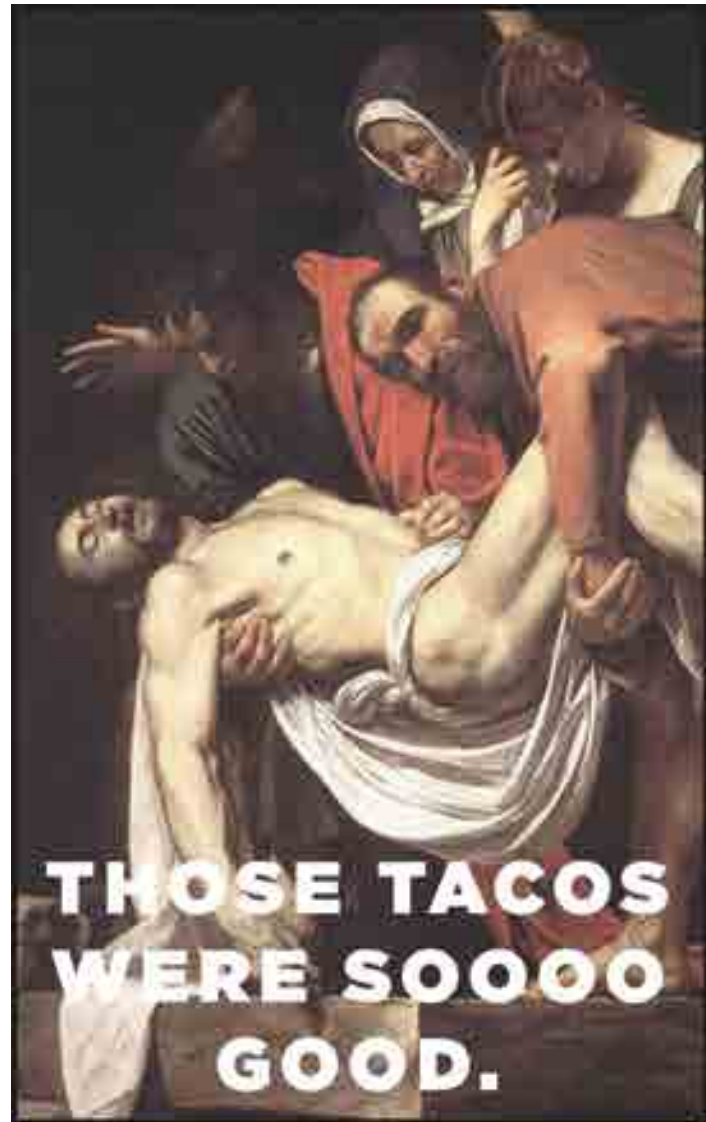
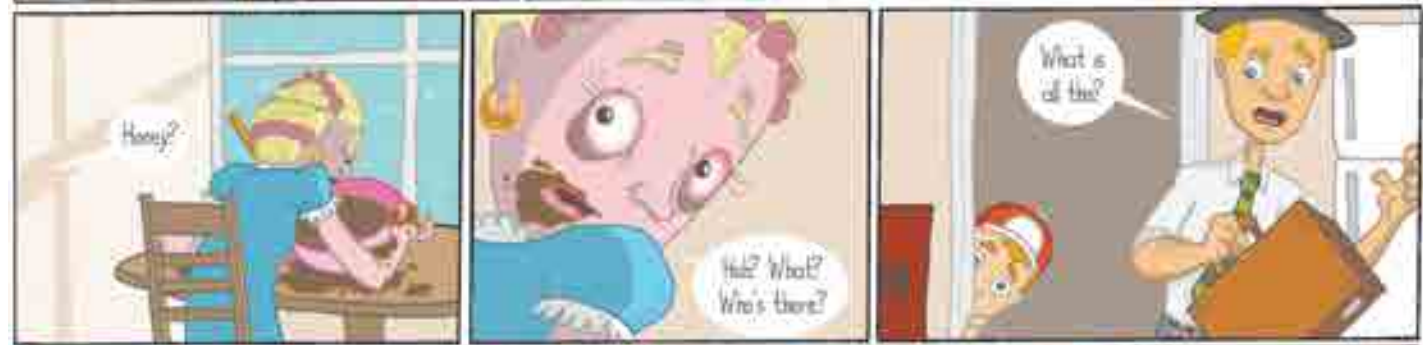
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THE CIRCULARS

LOCALIZED

By T.H.
empty.aviary@gmail.com
Photos: Russel Daniels

On Friday, Dec. 13, come to *Urban Lounge* for the warm, emotionally sophisticated dark pop of **The Circulars**, and get wrecked by **Fossil Arms'** articulation of what tape hiss sounds like choking on glass—during shock treatment. **Alexander Ortega**, of **Filth Lords** and Editorial Assistant at *SLUG*, is the opener. Localized is hosted by **Ischa B.**, tickets are \$5 and the show is 21+. It begins at 9 p.m. and is brought to you by *Bohemian Brewery*. If you are unable to attend, are underage or on house arrest, catch the show on gigviz.com.



(L-R) Sam Burton, Cathy Foy, Maxwell Ijams and Dyana Durfee emanate emotionally driven dream rock in their band, The Circulars.

As an interviewer, an ideal conversation is one with a band whose members are obviously friends—not just a group of people who get together to play sometimes with nothing else in common. The members of The Circulars are visibly comfortable around each other, and would presumably be spending time together even without music as the primary cause. Another uniting aspect is coffee, with *The Rose Establishment* acting as a meeting space for this interview—and place of employment for two members. They are approachable, friendly people. We had a laugh at **Morrissey's** expense after self-serious songwriters were brought up, discussed the songwriting process, gear, band history and audience reactions thus far. They released a six song, self-titled EP on Sept. 28, which can be streamed in its entirety at thecirculars.bandcamp.com.

The template for The Circulars began to form roughly three years ago, with guitarist/vocalist **Sam Burton** and keyboardist **Maxwell Ijams** working on music after initially meeting at a Starbucks. After some time spent developing song sketches, the duo decided to put a full band together. Burton and drummer **Cathy Foy** had played together in **The Awful Truth**, and he met bassist **Dyana Durfee** through a friend, having heard that she played bass, and asked if she'd be interested in joining the band.

Regarding their compositional process, all of the band members try their best to address the intangibles that occur when something just sounds right. "Aesthetic is not as important as emotional sentiment," says Burton. With

this in mind, The Circulars' music is still fully formed and aesthetically established. Though Burton and Foy both refer to the band's sound as constantly evolving, the songs seldom feel "jammy" or like there's much second-guessing in the performances. If early records by **The Cure** or **Siouxsie and the Banshees** are within your realm of interest—or if **Wymond Miles'** solo work is in constant rotation on your stereo—The Circulars' moody dream-jangle may appeal as well. Foy's tight drumming, Durfee's melodic bass lines and Ijams' glacial keys form an ideal backdrop for Burton's textural guitar parts and reverb-laden vocals—which are actually rather comparable to Morrissey's.

Burton recalls that he was initially somewhat ambivalent about the recording's release. He says, "Not until we had the mastered copy of the record did I really love it." He explains that the reasoning isn't simply the sound of the finished product, but the realization that there are "more people on the record than just us," he says, referring to all involved in the recording and production process. *The Circulars EP* was recorded and mixed by **Andrew Goldring**, mostly live, in one short session and with some overdubbing by Burton. The recording was mastered by local musician and studio professional **Matt Matteus**. Burton says, "He's exceptionally talented, so we got lucky."

As a bit of a gear buff, I ask everybody about equipment and am glad to find that they share my interest. Foy's drum kit selection includes a Gretsch new classic and two vintage Ludwigs. "I have a tendency to collect a lot of stuff—

even guitars now," says Foy. Ijams runs his synths through Ableton software, and Burton's collection includes a Danelectro 12-string electric and Hagstrom HJ500 hollow body, as well as several Fender guitars and amps and a battery of pedals. Durfee says of her setup, "I have the same Godin electric bass that I've had since I was 15, and play with flatwound strings."

Concerning favorite venues and memorable shows, all band members agree that the album release at *Urban Lounge* was a highlight. Audience reception has also been quite positive overall. Durfee says, "People have treated us well everywhere."

Burton refers to his bandmates as musical inspirations. He says, "We're all in two bands—when you surround yourself with people playing music constantly, and talking about it all the time, it's hard to not be inspired." In addition to solo projects, The Circulars share members with bands such as **The Awful Truth** and **Foster Body**.

Current and future aspirations, Burton says, are to "make good records," and "play as long as we like each other." Durfee says she's just excited to see what's next. When the EP was released, according to Durfee, the band had "already moved onto other songs we were really stoked on," she says.

For Burton, being part of *Localized* is "really flattering. It's nice to be acknowledged," he says. "I really like what *SLUG* does for the community and that they highlight local bands."

FOSSIL ARMS



(L-R) Melody Maglione and Chaz Costello imbue their darkwave sound with decay and distress in Fossil Arms.

The majority of the duo's shows have been at house parties. "We prefer them," Maglione says. Given the aforementioned chaotic element informing Fossil Arms, this would seem to work in their best interests—due to the potential for a more personal experience between band and audience at a house performance with a less restrictive environment. Still, it's a bit surprising to consider that both musicians prefer house shows—"I'm really bad at being in a band because I don't like playing in front of people," says Maglione, who did not seem to be as socially awkward as that statement might imply.

Costello laments a lack of movement or audience participation, saying that the band's "not engaging." Melody responds to his statement, saying, "It's because we're weird." She doesn't appear to mean it as a negative statement—it isn't—just as a possible reason. Perhaps the lack of a stage at house shows, which potentially serve to separate musicians from their audience, forces a more direct interaction between everybody present.

Maglione and Costello used to run a venue, *Blank Space*, which met an unfortunate end due to some disagreements with the landlord. Not an uncommon case, but I'd imagine that after having one's own space, it would be difficult to find somewhere else that could compare. The two frequently attend shows at *Boing! Collective* and *The Salt Haus*, naming *Boing!* as a shared favorite location. Smaller, community-supported venues, quite similar in nature to the aforementioned houses, seem to be where Fossil Arms thrive.

Continuing the subject of performance, I asked if the duo have any tour plans. "I would like to tour," says Costello, but both say that time off work would be an issue. Having the means to feed their cat is also a concern of major importance—I appreciate when priorities are in the right place. Additionally, they plan to record new material soon. **Graboid Records** has expressed interest in releasing a future recording.

Regarding their reactions to being invited to play as part of *Localized*, Costello says his was mostly surprise. Considering that his other band, **JAW-WZZII!**, has played the showcase recently as well, he's having a pretty good run, closing out the year with a couple of high-profile gigs.

For listings for future shows and other information, search for Fossil Arms on Facebook.

Fossil Arms may share some influences with fellow Localized band **The Circulars**, but where The Circulars' sound is textured and lush, Fossil Arms is a much noisier entity—with a sense of decay and distress threaded throughout the songs, due in part to the employment of lo-fi recording methods. "Time For Words," posted this past Halloween, evokes an image of **Joy Division** being attacked by a vengeful, sentient Linn drum and megaphone.

Chaz Costello (bass/vocals/drum programming) and **Melody Maglione** (keys/drum programming) first met in Arizona as teenagers. The two formed Fossil Arms roughly three years ago, agreeing that the decision to start the band originally came up as a joke. They began as a noise-punk project, until, according to Costello, "Melody was like, 'Hey, you should listen to more **OMD**,'" he says. They posted a six-song EP, *Tyrannosaurus Flex*, on Bandcamp (fossilarm-noise.bandcamp.com) in January, 2012.

Most of the songs on *Tyrannosaurus Flex* were recorded at a practice, using a cassette player. Time passed, and new songs were written. Costello explains that they had been "too lazy to record" the new songs, but then panicked—"We didn't sound like the old recordings anymore," says Costello. So, they decided to put something new on Bandcamp. The recording process occurs at home, using a digital 4-track and "random cassette players" with levels set high for what Costello refers to as a "blown-out" sound. Their gear selection consists of a Fender Telecaster bass, run-through effects such as oc-

tave, chorus, distortion (a Pro Co Rat, specifically) and digital delay. Costello also uses a vocal processor. Maglione primarily uses an Alesis drum machine and Micron synth.

Regarding their inspiration and musical realms of interest, Chaz says he's pretty much "only listening to darkwave and hip-hop," with Melody naming J-pop, as well as His Purple Majesty as favorites: "We love **Prince**," says Maglione.

Costello describes the compositional process as creating a "cohesive song, fucking it up and trying to come back," he says. The songs tend to begin with a concept for the rhythm parts, followed by a discussion, then addition of keyboard. "I'm pretty much only capable of writing creepy keyboard parts," says Maglione. From there, the two describe the process as one of dissection and re-assembly: "We add and add until it doesn't make sense anymore," says Costello.

I noticed throughout the interview that Costello had a tendency to describe Fossil Arms' sound in a manner that might lead some to assume that much of what they create is the result of an accident, or equipment-based disaster—"Something always goes wrong with gear at shows," Costello says. Despite the unpredictable elements Costello refers to, he and Maglione have found a way to make positive use of those elements. For example, the noise in the band's recordings often sounds like a deliberate and welcome aspect of the music. That's not to say that there isn't a very palpable sense of chaos informing Fossil Arms' very existence, though.

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Photos: John Barkiple

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By Alex Springer
alexspringer@gmail.com

At its core, *Finca* has embraced the Spanish concept of *tapas*, selections of small plates that are usually paired with wine or cocktails. Though they do offer larger entrées, there's something both special and casual about sitting around a table with some friends to share five or six *tapas* options along with a few of their craft cocktails—I suppose I should refer to them as “award-winning,” as *Finca* was recently recognized for excellence in the field of mixology at *Salt Lake Magazine's Craft Cocktail Competition*.

Indeed, my most memorable experience at *Finca* was the result of splitting a few of their *tapas* options with my wife for lunch one Saturday. Based on the sheer variety of food that *Finca* offers, it's important to go in with a game plan. Are you looking for something quick and light? Do you want to treat yourself to something rich and soulful? We were leaning toward the latter and made our decisions accordingly. We began with the *Ensalada de Remolacha* (\$8), which was a great way to prime our palates. It's a beet salad topped with pickled strawberries, almonds and a ricotta cheese that they make onsite. Though it retained the light freshness that comes from a salad prepared with local greens, the hearty sweetness of the beets and creamy saltiness of the ricotta created a salad that truly exemplified the word “appetizer.” Upon finishing the salad, our three small plates arrived. Despite my natural tendency to start eating my food before it has even left the hands of our server, I had to take a moment and reflect on the beauty of what was before us. We ordered the *Albóndigas* (\$10), *Croquetas* (\$8) and *Papas y Aioli* (\$5).

Albóndigas are Spanish meatballs that are made from a mixture of lamb and pork. After they come out of the oven, they're topped with a homemade tomato sauce and shredded Manchego cheese. I'm a big believer that a meatball needs neither bread nor pasta to be a successful dish, and I cite *Finca's* *Albóndigas* as proof. The local lamb and pork are the stars of this dish and are prepared and cooked in a way that showcases all of that natural flavor. Each bite has that perfect ratio of slight crispness on the outside and soft juiciness on the inside. These *Albóndigas* are also available as one of *Finca's* *bocadillos*, which might give other meatball sandwiches around town a run for their money. The *Croquetas* looked harmless

enough—golden brown spheres topped with preserved lemon—but once we cut into them, we were greeted with a beautifully gooey center of smoked chicken coated in a creamy *piquillo* sauce. The crunchy exterior was the perfect canvas for the flavors of smoked chicken and slightly spicy *piquillo*. Something about this dish made me feel safe and warm—almost nostalgic. The surprise of this visit was the *Papas y Aioli*. They were beautifully plated—roasted and brown, topped with kosher salt, paprika and drizzled with garlic aioli—but I figured that they would be more of a side dish to our meal. As I took my first bite, I had to pause and consider the situation. This dish was far too simple to taste so good. Crunchy, creamy and salty with a bit of warmth from the paprika: this is how a potato—the noble workhorse of the culinary world—should be treated.

In addition to its wide range of *tapas*, *Finca* is also known for its brunch menu, which is available on Saturday and Sunday mornings. Though the Salt Lake area has several breakfast mainstays, it's worth popping into *Finca* for their Spanish-infused takes on a few classics. The *Carne de Asador* (\$13), for example, is a flavorful spin on steak and eggs. The dish consists of *Bavette* steak sliced into medallions and topped with *chimichurri*, an Argentinian sauce that plays very nicely with grilled meat. The eggs are local and made to order, and the dish comes with a side of their excellent roasted potatoes. The *chimichurri* is what ties this dish together. It's fresh and herbaceous, and it bridges a gap between steak and eggs that was previously unknown to me. Though I ordered it medium rare, the steak was a bit more done than I would have liked, but still a solid dish. The *Huevos Benedict* (\$10) will be a bit more familiar to fans of a traditional diner breakfast. The addition of *Serrano* ham was a very nice touch to the poached eggs and hollandaise sauce—altogether, it's a creamy and comforting mix of my favorite breakfast flavors. Though the flavor was on point, I was a tad disappointed at the temperature—the *huevos* were a bit on the cold side by the time they arrived at our table.

Despite a few hiccups, it's safe to say that *Finca* is a great place to explore a unique culinary perspective with a big group of friends. Their *tapas* and brunch menus offer some excellent options at reasonable prices considering the food's quality. Coupled with an extensive selection of wines and craft cocktails, *Finca* offers a well-rounded restaurant experience.

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ODDESCEE

Utah's Fearless Freestyle Aficionado

By Darcy Russell
r2d2therc@gmail.com

Upon meeting **Brandi Madrid**, aka Oddescee, for the first time, you wouldn't think you're talking to Salt Lake's one and only female battle emcee. In fact, the incredibly humble and down-to-earth mother of two is a self-proclaimed introvert and nerd—she proves it to me by proudly displaying the “NERD” tattoo on her back and telling me about her passion for books and the show *Ancient Aliens*. Her necklace, however, speaks of the woman that lies beneath: “Fearless,” it says.

Born in Utah, Oddescee developed a passion for hip hop from her older brother, **Tommy**, who would spin **N.W.A** and **Dr. Dre**. “For me, hip-hop is a lifestyle. It just is. I dream it—I breathe it,” she says. Drawing her true hip-hop inspiration from the now-deceased **Lisa “Left Eye” Lopes** of **TLC**, Oddescee began writing at the age of 12 as a form of therapy that soon became a compulsion, she says—a way of bleeding her pain and anxiety onto paper. “After hearing Left Eye, that’s when I was like, ‘I can do this,’” she says. Oddescee takes on a real-world approach to writing, with no pretense or misrepresentation. “I don’t write about money I don’t have and cars I don’t drive. I write about things I know, things I’ve lived through,” she says.

After moving to New York at the age of 14, Oddescee was quite literally pulled into the freestyle battle scene off her stoop, with “hip-hop around every corner.” This aided her in overcoming her shy and self-conscious nature, as she was thrown into the sink-or-swim freestyle cyphers. Oddescee moved back to Utah in 2000 to find the Salt Lake hip-hop battle scene to be poppin’—much larger than she expected, and probably larger than any of us realize. “[The Salt Lake scene is] close to the scene in New York,” she says. “There’s a lot of new talent, and a lot of people do it.”

Oddescee’s preference and comfort zone is freestyle battle or topic freestyle battle, where the audience yells out topics for the emcees to include in their round. “I think my topics [at the last battle] were a grumpy cat, a penguin and a top hat,” she says.

However, since battling within the Utah chapter of **AHAT (All Hip Hop All The Time)**, Oddescee has had to get her feet wet in the world of written battles, where the opponents have several days to write, prepare and practice their battle material. Written battles do present their own set of obstacles, Oddescee says—forgetting your rhymes being the worst one. Each opponent is presented with three rounds of 90 seconds with which to slam their fellow emcee. Oddescee says, “Sometimes you say random stuff, but it gets a reaction out of the crowd, which is what you want.” Including but not limited to: “I’ll put a hollow clip to this hollow clit and blow out her cervix/Call it a public service”—lyrics from a recent battle versus Vegas emcee **Vicki Myers**. She goes on to tell me of her last opponent and good friend, **Big Al**, rhyming that her nipples look like poppy seeds. “You have to know not to take it to heart—part of battling is to put on a good show. Sometimes you have to say some mean shit,” she says. Water under the bridge is the name of the game afterward, and maintaining a level of professionalism and knowing that it’s all part of the job helps Oddescee get over some of the sexist and vulgar rhymes with which she is often slammed back.

AHAT was formed in California and spreads throughout the West, including Las Vegas, New Mexico, Utah and Texas. The Utah chapter was founded and funded by **Nicholas Fonseca** and often turns out up to 300 attendees. Oddescee encourages anyone who is interested in signing up or just checking out a battle to visit the organization’s website, ahat.tv, or to check out their YouTube channel, youtube.com/user/allhiphopallthetime.

Oddescee hopes to be an inspiration to young women and empower them to come out and exercise their passion for hip-hop emceeing, partially

because she is the only female battle emcee in the state, but mostly because rapping and writing have helped her deal with so many hurdles in life and continue to be a form of therapy for her. She was super stoked the day her 10-year-old daughter, **Akaisia**, spat out her first rhyme, and hopes her daughter will follow in her mother’s musical footsteps, though she doesn’t share the more vulgar battles with her children.

In addition to battling, constantly writing and being surrounded and supported by amazing friends, Oddescee is currently working on recording an album with producer **Krem**, with a tentative release date of summer 2014, which will include some passionate work by this amazing rapper. I fortunately got a private show of some of her personal work and highly recommend you check out and support Utah’s only female battle emcee to date, Oddescee.

Photo: Helen Leeson



Oddescee spits out vicious rhymes as a self-proclaimed “nerd” and hip-hop battle emcee.

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Jason Molina tried to look unflinchingly at everything through his music—the darkness and the light.

Photos Courtesy Secretly Canadian

FAREWELL TRANSMISSION RIP JASON MOLINA.

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It's an all-too-familiar story: A brilliant rock musician succumbs to addiction. The rush of creating music isn't enough, and said rock star feels the need to supplement it. Or perhaps the same drive that is behind creative impulse also fuels the urge to pick up a bottle or a needle, and not put it down. Those are some of the oft-romanticized rock creation/destruction myths. Rock music history is a stockpile, a wrecking yard littered with them. One of the latest casualties, March 16 of this year, was Jason Molina of the bands **Songs: Ohia** and **Magnolia Electric Co**, from organ failure due to alcoholism.

We all owe death at the end—*No One Here Gets Out Alive*, to borrow the title of a sensationalist biography of **Jim Morrison**—so why not incinerate like a quick-burning match, emitting at least as much heat as light, sputtering out fast into the darkness from whence you came? On the other hand, rock n' roll self-destruction has become such a cliché that, by now, it's pretty tiresome. Molina was 39, somewhat old by rock n' roll self-destruction standards—almost a decade beyond the so-called magical number 27 of **Hendrix**, Morrison and **Kurt Cobain**. It's a bit odd writing this on a Sunday morning as news comes of the death of **Lou Reed**, who lasted well past the burnout age, but sang of the seductive entanglement of addiction in "Heroin" and other songs—often born from his own life experiences—as well as the redeeming value of music in songs like "Rock & Roll."

Country music, even in the somewhat academic genre of alt-country, takes much of its subject matter—its bread and butter—from the wreckage of

dreams gone wrong. It shapes romantic, heroic tales out of the most mundane circumstances. Molina, growing up in Lorain, Ohio, deep in America's "heartland," switched from playing heavy metal to something more or less alt-country-sounding in his early 20s, seeming to find that to be a more fitting vehicle for what he felt compelled to express. He made his first recording with his ever-shifting assemblage of musicians known as Songs: Ohia in 1997. It was about the time of **Uncle Tupelo**, the band that spawned **Wilco** and **Son Volt**, and influenced scores of alt-country bands. It was the apex of the "No Depression" musical movement.

Songs: Ohia was the flagship band for the **Secretly Canadian** indie record label, based in Bloomington, Ind. The band's self-titled full-length debut was the first album on the label that wasn't a re-release, and Songs: Ohia recorded 10 releases altogether for the imprint, culminating in 2003's *Magnolia Electric Co*. The album was a turning point in Molina's career and the direction of his music. Produced by **Steve Albini**, it's a fuller, more rock-ensemble sound than his earlier, often very spare recordings. It's also, debatably, the point at which he changed the band's name to Magnolia Electric Co, which also released a sizeable body of work for the label. It's unclear because "MECO" doesn't appear on the album art (an idiosyncratic owl with human eyes), and Secretly Canadian lists it under Songs: Ohia—plus Molina started calling the band that later during their spring tour.

Magnolia Electric Co had a 10th anniversary re-release Nov. 12, along with B-sides and demo recordings. It's a specially packaged set, befitting

the significance of the original recording. The album, overall, uses the power of the full band as a framework for Molina's musings, his lyrics never before so plainspokenly poetic, beautiful yet, at times, almost unbearably bleak. The workmanlike drive of the band and the quality of the sound recalls '70s acts like **Warren Zevon**, and Magnolia Electric Co covered "Werewolf of London" on their 2005 EP, *Hard To Love a Man*. His words are a working-class poetry that, at times, surpasses **Springsteen** and is also much more existential, excavating the lonely, dark center at the heart of the self. It's even—if it's not too much of a stretch—a little "Rilkean" in its romantic desperation.

The guitar slide leading off the album's opener, "Farewell Transmission," sounds like it signals resignation, but the song is one of resolve, and it sets the tone for the rest of the album. He admits "The real truth about it is/No one gets it right/The real truth about it is/My kind of life's no better off/If I've got the maps or if I'm lost." His determination to proceed into that territory where maps are of no use is nothing short of stirring, and at the end, he beckons, "Through the static and distance/A farewell transmission/Listen."

"I've Been Riding With The Ghost" follows traditional blues structure, with a ghostly-sounding guitar lead between verses. "None of them could love me if they thought they might lose me/Unless I made a change," perhaps alluding to his problems with alcohol. He notes, "See I ain't getting better. I am only getting behind." In the twangy country ballad, "Just Be Simple," he asks "Why put a new (continued on the next page)



(continued from the previous page)

address on the same old loneliness/Everybody knows where that is," reminiscent of **Neil Young's** "Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere," a major influence on Molina's work.

"Almost Was Good Enough (Once)" has the closest thing to heavy metal chord changes, which is another, albeit minor, influence on Molina, and the bitterest bite. "It's been hard doing anything/winter stuck around so long," are among the bleakest lyrics on the album—"Did you really believe that everyone makes it out?" The country swing of "The Old Black Hen" is the most directly "country" thing on the album. With the lyric, "Tell them that every day I lived/I was trying to sing the blues/The way I find them," it's not hard to see why he chose country singer **Lawrence Peters** to sing this.

Scout Niblett's voice is sweet on "Peoria Lunch Box Blues," perhaps necessary to transport the terror of "You see when you are just a kid/They think you won't remember what they did" to the heavenly heights of "the constellations and Comisky's lights." The Neil Young-esque country stomp of "John Henry Split My Heart" creates a sense of American folklore epic. The album closes with the slide guitar ballad "Hold On Magnolia," in which he admits, "In my life I have had my doubts/But tonight I think I've worked it out with all of them," yet the closing lines, "Hold on Magnolia, I think it's almost time," are somewhat eerie.

The lyrics of the songs on this album form a unified statement of theme and tone that ties the set together, like most great rock albums. It's an essay on specifically American forms of pain and loss and loneliness, as well as a relentless searching for self and strength and a kind of honesty and simplicity, which is remarkable and is so rare that it almost takes you aback in the moment of recognition.

As with all country-derived genres—all singer/songwriter music for that matter—the quality of the artist's voice instills the music with much of its expressive quality. By the time of *Magnolia Electric Co*, Molina's voice had matured to the point of expressing an acerbic wit and a great sense of melancholy simultaneously, yet still maintaining a plainspoken quality, without dramatic flourish, but somewhat confessional. A bit of Midwestern twang in his voice speaks of the soul of the heartland of America.

Molina's alcohol problems dated back to 2003 at least, the year of *Magnolia Electric Co's* release, and by the end of the decade, was taking a toll on the music, as bandmate **Jason Groth** noted in his "Magnolia Electric Co Tour Diary" on the blog, *The Beach Dog*: "I think I can safely say that we experienced very high highs and extremely low lows due to Jason's performance inconsistencies and his difficulty—or perhaps resistance—to communicating with us and others," Groth recalls. By 2009, Groth adds, the consistency had returned, as Molina kept his drinking mostly to after the shows. The band played Salt Lake several times, and the show at the *Urban Lounge* May 20, 2009 that I attended must have been one of the "highs"—there was something effortless, artless (without artifice) about his performance. If he had trouble communicating with the band, he connected with the audience immediately, seemingly instinctively, the mixture of pain and joy transmitted so very directly that the audience found it easy to relate to, be moved by and embrace.

By late fall of that year, tour dates were canceled due to "health problems," and the last show he ever played was a solo date, March 26, 2010 at the *Luminaire* in London. In September of 2011, a message from his family on the *Secretly Canadian*

website, *secretlycanadian.com*, explained that he had been in various rehab facilities, without mentioning his exact condition. In a post dated May 5, 2012, the *Magnolia Electric Co* site went into a little more detail about his hospitalization, and was optimistic about him returning to music. On March 18, 2013, **Henry Owings**, founder of *Chunklet Magazine*, wrote on the magazine's blog: "Jason leaves behind him an enviable body of work that will be continually rediscovered because what Jason wrote wasn't fashion. It was his heart. It was his love. It was his demons. And ultimately, it brought his life to an end." The impact of Jason Molina's passing on other musicians is evidenced by an online bulletin board on the *Magnolia Electric Co* band website, *magnoliaelectricco.com*, full of messages from other music notables.

It doesn't seem that long ago, watching him perform live—only a little over four years since seeing him on the *Urban Lounge* stage, but the distance is a chasm, a gulf that there's no way to bridge. The recordings are a kind of connection to that, a phantasm you can conjure up that appears for moments on end before disappearing again. You can return to the music again and again, try to trace Molina's attempts to map out the course he was traveling, but you can't follow after him, not in this life.

Jason Molina tried to look unflinchingly at everything through his music—the darkness and the light. In the song, "Farewell Transmission," there's the line, "I will be gone, but not forever," which would make a really formulaic, clichéd closer. But there's a better line to use for this attempt to encapsulate his work and life, from a little later in the same song: "The real truth about it is/There ain't no end to the desert I'll cross/I've really known that all along." The quest he was on never ended.



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Isaac Hastings draws inspiration for his spiritually resonating work from his local surroundings and artistic peers in Salt Lake.

Photo: Lm Sorenson



Lexi, by Isaac Hastings.

The Mysterious Design of Life and Death: A Profile of

ISAAC HASTINGS

By Amanda Nurre • amanda.nurre@gmail.com

Isaac Hastings creates cryptic, carefully designed, line-dominant artwork that conveys both spiritually infused and dream-inspired symbols. His meticulous design is featured on the cover of *SLUG* this month to honor the magazine's 300th issue. A self-described "jack of all trades, master of none," Hastings is humble—he sports a black hoodie, jeans and a beanie during our interview and speaks frankly about his evolution as an artist. Born in Salt Lake and raised in Sugar House, Hastings is based in this mountain-framed city and uses its unique geography, proximity to wilderness and local artistic talent as inspiration.

Hastings labels himself as an illustrator for now, but doesn't seem too concerned with the title. "If you would have asked me [my title] a year ago," he says, "I would have said I was a painter or a woodworker, so I have lots of different hats ..." Hastings' earliest memories include drawing, and his talent has been refined over many years. His parents introduced him as a child to the creative process in their family-owned woodshop, and his

siblings—many of them craftsmen—exposed him to the metamorphosis of raw materials into finished product.

Hastings' talent was further nurtured through a supportive art teacher at Highland High School, from where he graduated in 2007, and his schooling subsequently continued with a few basic art classes at SLCC. "I just took a figure drawing class to kind of get my feet wet—test the waters for school," he says. The illustration degree Hastings is most inclined to pursue would do little to further his career, he believes. Even though he thinks the education could be valuable, he has decided to forgo a diploma and learn his craft through the study of other artists.

Opting out of a formal education has allowed Hastings more latitude to explore the art world. He has tried his hand at painting, design, illustration, video and woodwork, among other mediums. However, this diversity of materials can, he admits, slow progress occasionally. "Sometimes, if I'm,

say, making a video or something, and it doesn't feel like I'm progressing as fast as I want to, it's because I'm trying to do everything all at once," he says. Still, he values the freedom to try his hand at different modes of creation.

In addition to exploring media, Hastings has investigated local artists like **Trent Call** and **Sri Whipple**. Whipple's twisted and bulging anthropomorphic forms create depth absent in Hastings' work, but the wild, dominant lines and bright colors forge a relationship between the two artists. Likewise, Call's illustrations—often colorful and carefully designed—carry similarities to the younger artist's pieces.

Much of Hastings' boldly colored work has a deeply spiritual resonance. It can look a bit like Indian religious iconography in its careful, intricate symmetry, and can seem demonic when showcasing meditative monsters

floating on top of crisscrossing, geometric patterns. Layered shapes and sinister animals are often defined by swerving topographic lines. His creations, regardless of medium, often convey the slickness and brushless perfection of digital illustration. The life-death cycle, Hastings says, is the recurring theme of his work. His style demonstrates the human compulsion for control, a compulsion that often contradicts the unpredictable, intertwined reality of life and death. He frequently uses images of predatory animals, emphasizing teeth to represent destruction and hands to symbolize creation. Furthermore, birds are a recurring motif—"A bird is really interesting because, if you ask anybody 'What would you be if you were an animal?' like, 90 percent of the time, people say 'bird' because it's free," he says. An image of a dead bird, therefore, carries a great deal of power in its expression of loss.

Fans can watch the evolution of individual pieces of Hastings' work by viewing his videos, which are time-lapse documentations of the creation of an artwork set to electronic music. Although he doesn't consider himself a video artist, the short clips have a hypnotic quality that emphasizes a piece's emotional undertones. "When you set something to music," Hastings says, "it brings it to life, so it's like watching it kind of dance."

The influence of this electronic music is discernible in much of Hastings' work. He listens to bands like **Crystal Castles** and solo artist **Tycho** while drawing, and their sounds are translated into his productions. The careful design work of Hastings' pieces seems to echo Tycho's detailed and percussive songs. Hastings' musical inspiration makes designing album covers a facile byproduct of his creative process, and he often creates them for local musicians, electronic producers and the occasional rapper. "Luckily," he says, "they kind of give me creative control with laying out what I think the image should be behind their sound."

A more abstract branch of Hastings' work, Knot Art,

was named and invented by his woodworking father. Although his father became too busy to continue pursuing the idea, Hastings and his brothers have adopted the project, which requires splitting open a wooden board where an interesting knot has formed and then bookmatching the two pieces together to create a symmetrical design. The abstract patterns can look human or bestial, often gnarled and deformed. Hastings' father would ask him to interpret the wood patterns, much like a Rorschach test. "They have an interesting power in making people start arguments with each other because, obviously, what they see is what it is, and not what other people see," Hastings says.

This month's *SLUG* cover design conveys more straightforward meaning, with elements that serve as specific symbols. The featured queen of diamonds, Hastings feels, captures the essence of the magazine. A pen and sword are included in the design to symbolize the power of journalism and illustrate the saying, "The pen is mightier than the sword," while the shovel symbolizes "UnderGround" in the *SLUG* acronym.

Designs—much like the one created for this month's issue—are sold on T-shirts by the artist, and Hastings can attribute much of his success to the fact that he isn't afraid to market his work. His current focus, clothing design, is a collaborative process enabled by the Internet, which provides worldwide feedback. Using that feedback, Hastings is able to tailor his T-shirts to the desires of his fans. Without the Internet, he admits, he would join the hordes of other artists more resistant to the marketing process. "It's so hard to cold walk up to somebody and say, 'This is what I do, and this is why I want you to buy it,' but the Internet and social media especially have opened it up, so it's not about me selling something, it's about me sharing what I love doing with people. The people who care about it can tune in ... and can steer the direction," he says. Although the Internet has these obvious benefits,

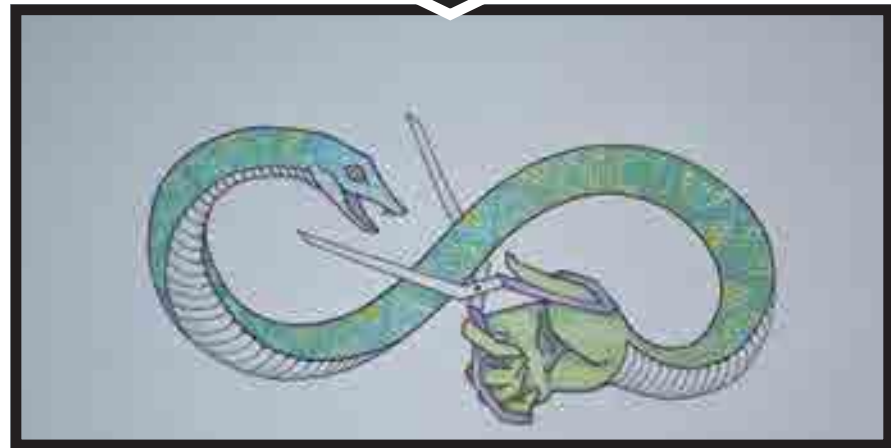
Hastings asserts that it can still be troubling when people transform themselves into pseudo-celebrities, publicizing their every action. The artist tries to be more modest in his approach. "I don't feel that what I'm doing is extremely unique—I just enjoy doing it ... I try to stay as humble as possible and not get too ahead of myself in what I'm doing," he says.

Through the Internet, Hastings has been able to witness the enjoyment and appreciation of his merchandise when fans post photos of themselves wearing his T-shirts. "[It's like] having something that's my baby kind of out in the wild," he says. Even more dedicated fans have made the artist's work permanent on their bodies. Hastings, wary of the commitment of tattoos, is hugely flattered by the act: "To see somebody so in love with an image that they would be willing to walk around with it on their body for the rest of their life—it gives me those warm, fuzzy feelings inside because I'm a part of their life forever and that's a big deal," he says.

Feelings—subconscious conceptions—are ultimately what art is all about for Hastings. "Most of my art is based off of a certain feeling and a certain time," he says. A particular piece featuring an alligator was inspired by a dream in which, frighteningly, he started losing his teeth. "A lot of people have those dreams," he says. "It's like a reoccurring thing for a lot of people, and the way that I deal with that is to put it on paper. I turn it into a sense of joy for me. So everything that I do is really self-narrative—something happens to me and I process it through drawing," he says. "I did that for so long that now I think it's a reaction. I can't not do it. Even if I was completely broke and had nothing, I would still have my sketchbook."

Hastings will be showing work in the *Nutcracker Artshow* at *Fice Gallery* on Dec. 6 and will be having a solo show there this coming June. For more information, check out his website, ihsquared.com.

Scissor Snake, by Isaac Hastings.



Broken Body, by Isaac Hastings.



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SNOW QUEENS

BY PRINCESS KENNEDY
THEPRINCESSKENNEDY@YAHOO.COM

Happy Holidays er'body! Let's talk about Salt Lake Royalty, and I don't mean me (although we will talk about me). I don't mean **Brad Wheeler**, **Sara de Azevado** or **Max Payne** and his **Groovies**—I'm talking real-life royalty—kings and queens, emperors and princesses. Royalty with real-life crowns, scepters, pomp and circumstance: the **Royal Court of the Golden Spike Empire**, or the RCGSE, a group of very dedicated philanthropists.

Approximately 38 years ago in 1976, the big gay bar in town was called *The Sun*. It was one of the first discotheques west of the Mississippi to feature DJs and a *Saturday Night Fever*-style dance floor with lighted squares, located where the *Energy Solutions Arena* is now. It was the club that every gay and gay-friendly star stopped in to see the crazy Mormon gay scene. This wasn't the only option for our gay forequeens n' daddies, but it was the place that everyone in our small and slightly diverse community felt welcome and where, on any given Saturday night, you could come and see the prettiest transvestites (not PC anymore, btw) in all the US of A—a title that has followed our city's beauty (drag) queens for years.

These gurls decided to jump on a bandwagon that had started a few years before with an organization called the **Imperial Court System**, birthed in San Francisco (duh), consisting of the most glamorous of the glam queens. They saw in the early '70s that (I'll catch hell for this) our community was a mess, and sometimes we couldn't keep it together. Not that this was our fault, really—we had problems like any other community, but when it came down to getting help, as a fringe society, we found it difficult for anyone to care. These Lords and Ladies realized people would flock to come see men in makeup, so they might as well charge and pay it forward. To date, almost every state in the union has a "Court," and most have them in multiple cities.

The good they do is undeniable, with funds that go to AIDS, cancer research, and individuals in need. In theory, they are a wonderful association, but it hasn't always been for the good of the people. At one point in time in the Court's history, the good seemed to have been lost and it was ruled by a bunch of catty, mean, competitive, backstabbing cunts that no one really wanted to be around.

More years ago than I am willing to admit, Princess Kennedy (known to her counterparts

as the red-headed witch named **Ginger** back then) was involved with the RCGSE. I held a title, Miss Gay Pride. It lasted for all of three months until I decided that I hated all of them and renounced my crown (cue scandal). I thought this was my only in to the female illusion world, and I vowed I would never put on a dress again or hang with that crowd, but you know how the saying goes—a few bad apples ...

Thank god for the new generation—it seems that with new blood comes new life, and the queens of today are taking themselves a little less seriously, but keeping the community and causes as serious as ever, like my dear friend **Nikki Steele**. Steele is currently the Court's Princess Royale, a title that is bestowed, not competed for, and she quite possibly is the Queen that people are talking about when it comes to the aforementioned beautiful Utah Queen folklore.

Her one duty as part of her title is to host and throw a big party for the RCGSE holiday season—a *Snow Ball*. This gala is the largest fundraising benefit on the RCGSE calendar, and goes to their People With AIDS Fund, which is quite the spectacular spectacular. In the past, it's raised thousands of dollars, and not for some nameless, faceless research: They get a list of men, women and children in need, and they take the cash and give them a Christmas with presents, food, rent—whatever they may need. The good that comes from this show is insurmountable, and Princess Nikki, the Court and I challenge you to take a step off the usual snow-covered charity trail and come ice dance on the wild side to make this the best *Snow Ball* ever. If you're human and not an asshole, then you give to a holiday charity, right? No reason you can't come and give to this one and get a night you will never forget. After all, drag queens are the new black.

The party is officially called *Sparkling Snowflake Soirée* (try to say that without lisping, boys). It will start at 5 p.m. on Sunday, Dec. 15 at *Club Mixx* with a formal cocktail mixer, followed by a dinner that will remind you of the most delicious ward potlucks—the best part of any Salt Lake function—and a show that Nikki Steele promises will be as outrageous and bombastic as she can pull, from a new generation of exciting and artistic young drag dollies, giving us faith, once again, that drag queens are not only talented, but also nice people. Check them out at rcgse.org.

All that for a meager \$15-20 admission fee is a pretty amazing way to give back this holiday season and make sure that everyone has a Fierce Fucking Christmas—and P.S. Happy New Year, bitches.

Princess Kennedy will be the most sparkling snowflake at the *Snow Ball*, no doubt.



Photo: Panzer Photography

Mike Brown's Monthly Dirt

Yer out of Here! Kicked out of the Band

By Mike Brown
Instagram: @Fagatron

I'm just gonna go ahead and start this article off with two of my favorite band-related jokes. Drumroll, please. How do you get a bass player off of your porch? Tip him and take your pizza. What's the last thing the drummer said before he got kicked out of the band? "Hey, guys! Check out these songs I wrote!" Feel free to use those, people.

As many of you know, I've been in a punk band, the **Fucktards**, for about the last decade or so. Actually, it's not really fair to call us a band—at this point, we are more of a "project" or some weird art experience—actual bands practice and don't play the same six songs twice per show and call it a set. We seem to get away with it by letting people throw shit at us while we play. The whole time I've been part of the Fucktards, we have never had to kick anyone out. Sure, dudes have quit, but

I've never had to drop the axe. I suppose getting kicked out of the Fucktards would be like flunking special ed: very improbable and more embarrassing than being in my band in the first place.

So, I called a handful of friends of mine who have been in numerous local bands to dig up some funny stories and anecdotes to write about for this article about getting kicked out of the band. Some of the stories were pretty good, but due to Small Lake City syndrome and not wanting to hurt anyone's feel-bads, unfortunately, I can't really share any of those stories.

I did find something interesting, though. It started when I was talking with **Dave Combs**, bartender extraordinaire at *Urban Lounge*. Dave has been in numerous local bands over the years. I've seen him walk offstage in drunken stupors in the middle of a set, and heard stories of him throwing his amp at the crowd and threatening fellow band members with severe bodily harm while on tour. None of this behavior actually got him kicked out of a band.

He brought up that there are really only three real reasons that get someone **David Lee Roth**-ed: a massive drug problem, stealing money or missing practice. I called a couple other music-playing buddies

and without bringing this trifecta up, two other people I talked to brought up the exact same three things for getting kicked out of a band. All three people said that missing practice was the biggest offense. Missing practice was the main reason Dave was not part of the recent **Vile Blue Shades** reunion.

This trifecta has begun to fascinate me. Although they are three different behaviors, they are related to each other in a vicious cycle of sorts. Think about it: You steal money to buy the drugs that make you too fucked up to go to practice. It's like a messed up version of the Mormon holy trinity.

Also, while researching for this article, I started to realize that most of the time, when someone exits stage left, it's not because they get kicked out: They quit. As long as you stay away from the trifecta, you can pretty much do almost anything else and stay in your band, especially if you are a lead singer. Frontmen can get away with murder. When I think of how many alcoholic, loser lead singers I've come across with whom I would never ever want to rock out, who somehow manage to not get kicked out, I'm a bit amazed.

Let's create a scenario to go along with this trifecta theory. The lead singer of a band fucks the bass player's girlfriend. I know I'm reaching here by assuming that a bass player would even have a girlfriend, but bear with me. The bass player finds out, but since he's the bass player, he has no real say in anything in regard to the band. He doesn't have the power to kick out the lead singer, so he's limited to a few choices: He could sacrifice his shitty relationship with his shitty girlfriend for his shitty band; he could keep his shitty girlfriend and shitty band and hate himself even more than he already did; he could donkey punch the lead singer and make band practice more interesting; or he could just quit the band, realizing bass players are just as expendable as boxes of Kleenex at a peep show.

The irony I notice with the trifecta of drugs/stealing/missing practice is the fact that drugs can make you creative and enhance your musical creations, whether it's some blow or speed to stay up writing songs, or straight spiking smack to get your creative juices going.

It's such a fine line to walk, but think of how many awesome musicians and artists have been inspired by drugs. So, I guess the moral of the story, and the ultimate recipe for success in the music world, is to do drugs, but don't miss practice. Maybe that's where the real genius lies, finding out just how the fuck to do that.



Photo: Jake Vivori

"Getting kicked out of the Fucktards would be like flunking special ed ..."

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Dec 21th: The Pillar
Dec 27th: Tony Holiday
Dec 28th: The George T. Gregory All Stars

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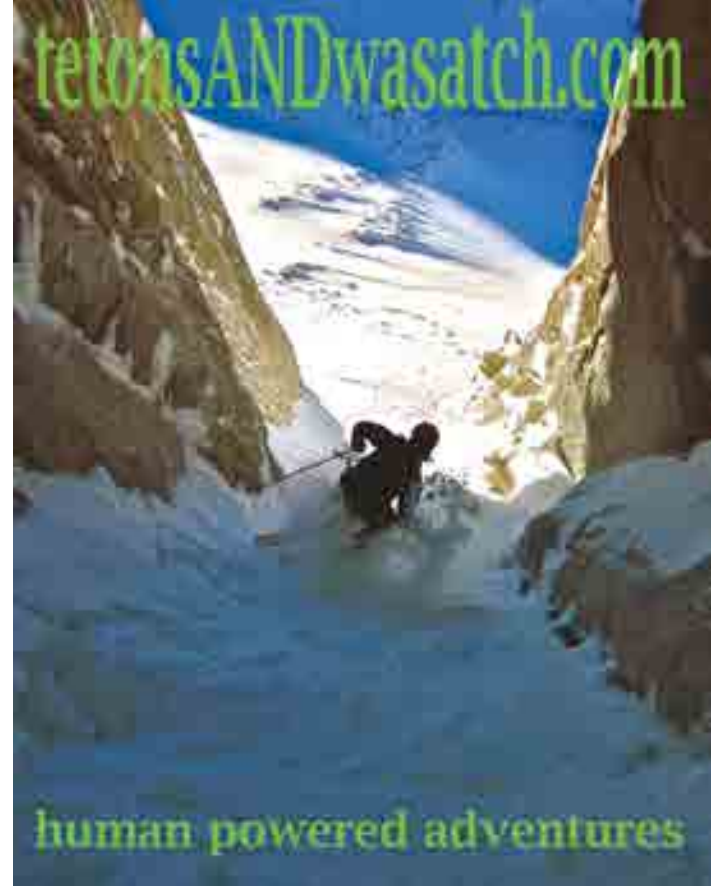
By Andy Wright
andywrightphoto.com

Ogden is known as Rail Town, and not just for the overabundance of metal bars lining staircases on its streets. Up until the mid 1900s, it was a major railway hub, as it was the intersection point of two major East-West and North-South train routes. People who grew up in Ogden back then did so with

rails playing a major part of their lives. **Alex Andrews** is from Ogden, and you can probably see where this is going ... But seriously, no one knows the best snowboarding spots better than this Weber County original. I've spent many hours, days and weeks scouring the boulevards and alleyways

of Utah's so-called crime capital, but spots like these are rarely discovered without Alex leading the search party. Every time I think the mine has gone dry, he pulls out one more diamond.

Alex Andrews—Gap To Back Lip—Ogden, Utah



MOVIE REVIEWS

My father was right. The older you get, the faster time goes. One minute, you're sneaking into R-rated movies with your buddies, the next, you're threatening the 13-year-old ass that behind you in the theater for kicking your seat. So much happened these past 12 months, good and bad, it's hard to know where to begin. As a film critic, it was tough to see one of the most significant icons in my industry pass away this year. Whether or not I agreed with **Roger Ebert** (it was honestly a coin flip), the man was a spectacular writer and became the face of a profession I truly adore. So, here's to 2013 (thus far) and to all the thumb ups and downs in every aspect of our lives. —Jimmy Martin

Top 5 Best Films:

1. Gravity
2. 12 Years a Slave
3. Pacific Rim
4. Captain Phillips
5. The World's End

Top 5 Worst Films:

1. Escape From Tomorrow
2. The Internship
3. 21 & Over
4. Spring Breakers
5. The Host

Top 5 Documentaries:

1. Blackfish
2. The Armstrong Lie
3. 20 Feet From Stardom
4. Sound City
5. Cutie And The Boxer



Top 5 Best Actors:

1. Matthew McConaughey (Dallas Buyers Club)
2. Chiwetel Ejiofor (12 Years a Slave)
3. Tom Hanks (Captain Phillips)
4. Robert Redford (All Is Lost)
5. Oscar Isaac (Inside Llewyn Davis)

Top 5 Best Actresses:

1. Cate Blanchett (Blue Jasmine)
2. Sandra Bullock (Gravity)
3. Judi Dench (Philomena)
4. Adèle Exarchopoulos (Blue is the Warmest Color)
5. Jennifer Garner (Dallas Buyers Club)

Top 5 Worst Actors:

1. Roy Abramsohn (Escape From Tomorrow)
2. Adam Sandler (Grown-Ups 2)
3. Jaden Smith (After Earth)
4. Ryan Reynolds (R.I.P.D.)
5. Hank Azaria (The Smurfs 2)

Top 5 Worst Actresses:

1. Jennifer Lopez (Parker)
2. Selena Gomez (Spring Breakers)
3. Selena Gomez (Getaway)
4. Paula Patton (Baggage Claim)
5. Cameron Diaz (The Counselor)

Top 5 Best Remakes/Sequels/Prequels/Reboots:

1. Iron Man 3
2. Man of Steel
3. Evil Dead
4. Star Trek Into Darkness
5. G. I. Joe: Retaliation

Top 5 Worst Remakes/Sequels/Prequels/Reboots:

1. Grown Ups 2
2. The Smurfs 2
3. Percy Jackson: The Sea of Monsters
4. A Good Day to Die Hard
5. The Great Gatsby

Top 5 Foreign Films:

1. The Grandmaster
2. Populaire
3. From Up On Poppy Hill
4. No
5. Blue is the Warmest Color

Top 5 Reasons to Never Have Kids:

1. The Smurfs 2
2. Jack the Giant Slayer
3. The Mortal Instruments: City of Bones
4. Planes
5. Free Birds



Top 5 Reasons to Reverse the Vasectomy:

1. Frozen
2. Monsters University
3. The Croods
4. Despicable Me 2
5. Epic

Top 5 Films Adapted From Novels:

1. Frozen
2. Austenland
3. Oz: The Great and Powerful
4. Warm Bodies
5. The Hunger Games: Catching Fire

Top 5 Remaining Popcorn Movies of 2013:

1. The Hobbit: The Desolation of Smaug
2. Anchorman 2: The Legend Continues
3. Saving Mr. Banks
4. 47 Ronin
5. Grudge Match

Top 5 Remaining Potential Award-Winning Films of 2013:

1. The Wolf of Wall Street
2. Her
3. American Hustle
4. Out of the Furnace
5. The Secret Life of Walter Mitty

Top 5 Most Anticipated Films of 2014:

1. Guardians of the Galaxy (07.31)
2. X-Men: Days of Future Past (05.23)
3. Captain America: The Winter Soldier (04.04)
4. Dawn of the Planet of the Apes

- (07.18)
5. Godzilla (05.16)

Top 5 Movie Quotes:

1. "Fuck yo house, Franco!" (This Is The End)
2. "My name is... Khan." (Star Trek Into Darkness)
3. "I loved you in 'A Christmas Story,' by the way." (Iron Man 3)
4. "I saw it in a porno-graphy." (The Hangover: Part 3)
5. "Hey, it is our basic human right to be fuck-ups." (The World's End)

Top 5 Pleasant Surprises:

1. Olympus Has Fallen
2. Beautiful Creatures
3. Warm Bodies
4. Hansel and Gretel: Witch Hunters
5. The Hangover: Part 3

Top 5 Disappointments:

1. Only God Forgives
2. Identity Thief
3. The Incredible Burt Wonderstone
4. White House Down
5. Jackass Presents: Bad Grandpa

Top 5 Worldwide Money Makers (as of 11.20.13):

1. Iron Man 3 (\$1,215,439,994)
2. Despicable Me 2 (\$916,090,780)
3. Fast & Furious 6 (\$788,679,850)
4. Monsters University (\$743,384,524)
5. Man of Steel (\$662,845,518)



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SLUG MAG'S STAFF PICKS:

TOP FIVE
ALBUMS OF 2013

'Tis the season—when SLUG contributors tally up their favorite album releases of the year and painfully pare those lengthy tomes into their Top 5 albums released in 2013. The last 12 months produced a plethora of good records—all genres and tastes are represented in these short lists, along with highlighted reviews from some of our favorites, including local outfit **Light/Black**, noise witch **Pharmakon**, rapper **Danny Brown**, the down-home **J.D. Wilkes and The Dirt Daubers** and more.

- Nate Abbott** – Community Development Executive/
Distro
- Deafheaven – *Sunbather*
 - Nails – *Abandon All Life*
 - Sigur Rós – *Kveikur*
 - Chelsea Wolfe
 - *Pain is Beauty*
 - Lorde – *Pure Heroine*
- Carl Acheson** – Office Intern/Writer
- Chelsea Wolfe – *Pain is Beauty*
 - Kanye West – *Yeezus*
 - Phosphorescent – *Muchacho*
 - Run The Jewels – *Self-Titled*
 - Odesza – *My Friends Never Die EP*
- Ischa B.** – Senior Staff Writer/
Marketing
- MiNX – *13*
 - MiNX – *Golden*
 - Grossstadtgeflüster – *Oh, Ein Reh!*
 - Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*
 - Boards of Canada – *Tomorrow's Harvest*
- Katie Bald** – Copy Editor/Writer/Fact Checker
- One Direction – *Midnight Memories*
 - Jay-Z – *Magna Carta... Holy Grail*
 - Kanye West – *Yeezus*
 - 2 Chainz – *B.O.A.T.S. II: #METIME*
 - Katy Perry – *Prism*
- Robin Banks** – Illustrator
- The Circulars – *Self-Titled*
 - The History Of Apple Pie – *Out Of View*
 - Veronica Falls – *Waiting for Something to Happen*
 - First Times – *Mono Mono Ep*
 - Peach Kelli Pop – *Self-Titled II*
- Brad Barker** – Ad Designer
- AFI – *Burials*
 - Pixies – *EP1*
 - Placebo – *Loud Like Love*
 - Queens of the Stone Age – *...Like Clockwork*
 - Gary Numan – *Splinter (Songs From A Broken Mind)*
- John Barkiple** – Photographer
- Janelle Monáe – *The Electric Lady*
 - will.i.am – *#willpower*
 - Ben Harper with Charlie Musselwhite – *Get Up!*
 - Mayer Hawthorne – *Where Does This Door Go*
 - Icona Pop – *THIS IS... ICONA POP*
- James Bennett** – Senior Staff Writer
- Man or Astro-Man? – *Defcon 5...4...3...2...1*
 - Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*
 - Octopus Project – *Fever Forms*
 - The Hold Steady – *The Bear and the Maiden Fair 7"*
 - William Tyler – *Impossible Truth*
- Paden Bischoff** – Ad Designer
- Queens of the Stone Age – *... Like Clockwork*
 - Deafheaven – *Sunbather*
 - Deltron 3030 – *Event II*
 - Baths – *Obsidian*
 - Pelican – *Forever Becoming*

Cult Of Luna



Photo: Erik Persson

Vertikal II
Indie Recordings/
Density Records
Street: 09.21
Cult Of Luna =
(Deafheaven –
shoegaze) + electronica

Ascending out of the black abyss after five years of quietly lurking in the adumbrative shadows, Cult of Luna released their album, *Vertikal I*, which transcended the norm and boundaries of the typical metal wavelengths. With all the cultivation and care that went into *Vertikal I*, however, the album did not illuminate the full spectrum of sound that the band had intended to highlight. In 2013, *Vertikal I* was made whole, as Cult of Luna introduced three extra songs and a remix on a separate EP: *Vertikal II. II* simultaneously orbits and eclipses *I* by employing a mixture of layered sounds and electronic patterns. The EP starts with "ORO," a spiritual and gothic stillness that drags effervescent waves of sound across reverberated and bent vocals. "Light Chaser" gradually builds, beginning with a simple foundation of sound as different elements of the beat enter, one by one, to create a gigantic, fast-paced structure of hypnotic high energy. The track's vocals combine some vulture-like singing and sludge sounds with repeated words. Spreading out to 11 minutes long, the opening vocals of "Shun The Mask" enact a searing catharsis, emitting sound that clutches my gut and slams it to the ground. In conjunction with a purging caterwaul of sound, the abhorrent yet melodic undertow of guitar riffs move through waves of heavy drumbeats that are slow enough to eventually change the mood and timing of the song. The last song of *Vertikal II*, "Vincarious Redemption," stands on the opposite side of the album's soundscape as a remix by **Justin Broadrick** of **Godflesh**, who has bestowed the record with the electronic character that is expected of a remix. Cult of Luna have shone a new light upon a separate path of metal ideologies. –Joshua Joye

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Danny Brown



Photo: Josh Wehls

Old
Fool's Gold
Street: 10.08
Danny Brown = Dizzee Rascal + Wu-Tang Clan + Bootie Brown

Right from the first track ("Side A [Old]"), it's obvious that this ain't that old Danny Brown shit. He takes us there, into his old life—his mom braiding hair on the front porch ("25 Bucks") and a crackhead burning off his lip doing stove hits ("Torture"). But this is new territory for Brown. *Old* strays from the minimalist and vocal-centric emphasis of *XXX* and the '90s-worship of *The Hybrid*, and shows that Brown is as versatile and conceptual as ever. *Old* is more put-together, more focused around each song's vibe or story. Dope fiends and heavy, millennial hip-hop beats abound on the first half of the record. "Red 2 Go" switches it up with a manic back beat and light, lilting instrumentals—it's preparation for the second half of the

album: "Side B [Dope Song]" plunges us into some real trap shit, replete with guttural Lil Jon-style shouts and screwed vocals as Brown sinks in a hedonistic sea of drugs, synth and pussy. "Dip," "Smokin & Drinkin'" and "Break It [Go]" delve deep into endless nights of codeine double-cuppin', MDMA and unspeakable sex acts. Danny Brown's vision and delivery transcend his subject matter, though. Stellar production by **Purity Ring**, **SKYWALKR**, **Paul White** and others, coupled with Brown's humor and inventiveness, keeps *Old* from devolving into simple masturbatory rap boasting and achieves modern rap art. The last track, "Float On," gives a much needed come-down, as **Charli XCX** harmonizes with Brown's screwed chorus over a melancholy organ and a minimal beat. It's a backseat ride home after a long night, and it melts the album together into one cohesive picture—*Old* is at once wild, unnerving, disturbing and transcendent.

—Cody Kirkland

Angela H. Brown – Editor

- SubRosa – *More Constant Than The Gods*
- The Knife – *Shaking The Habitual*
- Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds – *Push the Sky Away*
- Pharmakon – *Abandon*
- Chelsea Wolfe – *Pain is Beauty*

Matt Brunk – Writer/Marketing

- Anchoress – *Set Sail*
- Defeater – *Letters Home*
- Visitors – *Nova EP*
- Real Friends – *Put Yourself Back Together*
- Off With Their Heads – *Home*

Phil Cannon – Illustrator/Distro

- Red Fang – *Whales and Leeches*
- Clutch – *Earth Rocker*
- Alice In Chains – *The Devil Put Dinosaurs Here*
- Elvis Costello and The Roots – *Wise Up Ghost*
- Carla Bruni – *Little French Songs*

Dylan Chadwick – Senior Staff Writer/Illustrator

- Magic Circle – *Self-Titled LP*
- The Rival Mob – *Mob Justice LP*
- Superchunk – *I Hate Music*
- Milk Music – *Cruise Your Illusion LP*
- Violent Future – *Self-Titled EP*

Gilbert Cisneros – Photographer

- Baby Ghosts – *Ghost in a Vacuum*
- Polytype – *Basic//Complex*
- Elway – *Leavetaking*
- Kanye West – *Yeezus*
- Lake Island – *Outermost*

Kate Clark – Marketing

- The Black Angels – *Indigo Meadow*
- Cosmonauts – *Persona Non Grata*
- Thee Oh Sees – *Floating Coffin*
- Washed Out – *Paracosm Junip*
- Self-Titled

Melissa Cohn – Photographer

- letlive. – *The Blackest Beautiful*
- Night Verses – *Lift Your Existence*
- Apollo – *We Must Be Feeling The Full Moon*
- Bring Me The Horizon – *Sempiternal*
- Fall Out Boy – *Save Rock and Roll*

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- First Light – *Fallacy Fantasy*
- Ill Bill – *The Grimy Awards*
- Moe Pope & Rain – *Let the Right Ones In*
- Natti – *Still Motion*

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- CocoRosie – *Tales of a GrassWidow*
- !!! – *THR!!!ER*
- Classixx – *Hanging Gardens*
- Holy Ghost! – *Dynamics*

- CHVRCHES – *The Bones of What You Believe*

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- Baby Gurl – *A Name And A Blessing*
- The Applesseed Cast – *Illumination Ritual*
- Kavinsky – *OutRun*
- Pharmakon – *Abandon*

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- Bonobo – *The North Borders*
- Boards of Canada – *Tomorrow's Harvest*
- Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*
- Odesza – *My Friends Never Die EP*
- Big K.R.I.T. – *King Remembered In Time*

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- Justin Timberlake – *The 20/20 Experience*

- Kid Cudi – *Indicud*
- 2 Chainz – *B.O.A.T.S. II #MeTime*
- Lil Wayne – *Dedication 5*

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- Disclosure – *Settle*
- Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*
- Nine Inch Nails – *Hesitation Marks*
- Late Night Alumni – *The Beat Becomes A Sound*
- Goldfrapp – *Tales of Us*

Thy Doan – Ad Designer

- Lorde – *Pure Heroine*
- Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*
- Tegan and Sara – *Hearthrob*
- Yeah Yeah Yeahs – *Mosquito*
- The Civil Wars – *Self-Titled*

Nicholas Dowd – Ad Designer

- Portugal. The Man – *Evil Friends*
- Foals – *Holy Fire*
- Foxygen – *We Are the*

21st Century Ambassadors of Peace & Magic
 • The Black Angels – *Indigo Meadow*
 • Black Rebel Motorcycle Club – *Specter At The Feast*

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 • Gold Fields – *Black Sun*
 • Pretty Lights – *A Color Map of the Sun*
 • RUSH – *Vapor Trails (Remixed)*
 • Anberlin – *Devotion*

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 • OK Ikumi – *10/13*
 • Ty Segall – *Sleeper*
 • White Lies – *Big TV*
 • Kool A.D. – *63 + 19*
 • The Airborne Toxic Event – *Such Hot Blood*

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 • The Patriarch – *Deniro Farrar*
 • Kanye West – *Yeezus*
 • Isaiah Toothtaker –

ILLMATIC 2
 • Isaiah Toothtaker – *Nothing*

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 • Bastions – *Bedfellows: The Bastard Son*
 • Chelsea Wolfe – *Pain is Beauty*
 • A Wilhelm Scream – *Partycrasher*
 • AFI – *Burials*

Kamryn Feigel – Writer
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 • Kurt Vile – *Wakin’ On A Pretty Daze*
 • Various Artists – *Balance Presents Guy J*
 • The Black Angels – *Indigo Meadow*
 • Claude VonStroke – *Urban Animal*

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 • Lindi Ortega – *Tin Star*
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 • Chelsea Wolfe – *Pain is Beauty*
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 • SubRosa – *More Constant Than the Gods*
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 • Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*

Brinley Froelich – Writer
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 • my bloody valentine – *m b v (Acoustic)*
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 • Michael Bubl  – *To Be Loved*
 • Backstreet Boys – *In a World Like This*
 • Miley Cyrus – *Bangerz*

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 • Witherscape – *The Inheritance*
 • Anamanaguchi – *Endless Fantasy*

• CHVRCHES – *The Bones of What You Believe*
 • Power Trip – *Manifest Decimation*

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 • Tomorrows Tulips – *Experimental Jelly*
 • Fuzz – *Self-Titled*
 • Foxygen – *We Are the 21st Century Ambassadors Of Peace & Magic*

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 • Michael Bubl  – *To Be Loved*
 • Backstreet Boys – *In a World Like This*
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 • Bad Religion – *True*

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 • Janelle Monae – *The Electric Lady*
 • Active Child – *Rapor EP*

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 • Solstice – *Death’s Crown is Victory EP*
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 • Sulphur Aeon – *Swallowed by the Ocean’s Tide*

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 • Mammoth Grinder – *Underworlds*
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 • Kanye West – *Yeezus*

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 • August Burns Red – *Rescue & Restore*

Galactic Cannibal



We’re Fucked
Encapsulated Records
Street: 06.11
Galactic Cannibal = (Off With Their Heads/The Templars) ± Negative Approach^The Flatliners (San Antonio)

Pist, agitated and frothing at the mouth, *We’re Fucked* erupts with jovial violence meant as a blueprint for shout-alongs at live punk shows. Reviewers—and the band itself—have dichotomized Galactic Cannibal’s sound as being “pop punk + hardcore,” which skirts that this record is a short, sharp shock of street punk with its catchy gang vocals and major-key progressions coupled with vocalist **Peter J Woods’** snarling assault. *We’re Fucked*, however, transcends these sonic genre conventions with contemporary and relevant album artwork, introspective lyrics and zero mohawks, all while pipe-bombing the State. “The Breath Before” exemplifies this with nihilistic declarations of “Fuck your rules and fuck your codes,” following in the next stanza with “Every

choice and every breath/Effects [sic] the man that stands before,” which, though it’s not exactly **Chaucer**, weds the visceral, Neanderthal nature of their music to thoughtful, conceptual undertones. Woods never wavers from his **John Brannon**—meets-Oil bark from opener “Hate Everything More” and “Air Runs Dry,” where he gnashes, “I’ll face the wall/And bash my face against/Slammed up against/Scream til my teeth break off.” Woods mutilates his body in his lyrics, unifying this conceit with his throat-ruining screaming. His black-hole ferocity not only reinvents the trope of violence in this genre, but totally purges frustration and sarcastically abreacts to internalized attacks in a fun way, such as with closer “Take it from Me, Everything You’ve Ever done is Fucked up & Horrible,” which starts with “You’re too dumb/Say it again and again and again.” Psychoanalysis aside, *We’re Fucked* is truly a party and half, and the standout title track creates a pogo-appropriate atmosphere with its upbeat rhythm and playful, single-note guitar solo. —Alexander Ortega

Daughter



Photo: Eliot/Hazel

If You Leave
Street: 03.13
Daughter = Rhye + St. Vincent

It’s hard to put into words the emotions that Daughter’s full-length debut, *If You Leave*, bring up. Each time I turn it on, it’s as if **Elena Tonra’s** voice is reaching deep into my soul and shaking up all of those miserable, broken-hearted experiences, and then serving them back to me in a beautifully decorated, melancholy cocktail. The album starts with “Winter” and Tonra telling of a loss: “Drifting apart like two sheets of ice/Frozen hearts growing colder with time.” Tonra’s lyrics—paired with the sounds of her and **Igor Haefeli’s** guitars and **Remi Aguilera’s** steady but strong percussion—hypnotize me every time. In “Smother,” Tonra admits, “I’m a suffocator/Sometimes I wish I’d stayed inside my mother/Never to come out.” Each time I hear those words, I swallow the

handful of emotions that are welling up behind my eyes. The first song I heard from this album was “Tomorrow,” a painstakingly cathartic track that shatters my heart with a hammer. As Tonra sings, “Don’t bring tomorrow/’Cause I already know I’ll lose you,” I feel my heart breaking all over again—not for myself, but for her. The ache in her gentle voice, mixed with the ever-growing power of the music, wraps itself around me, and there are times when I feel as if I might drown in the sorrow that is floating through the speakers. Listening to *If You Leave* is a terrifyingly beautiful experience: There are moments of pure understanding and others full of heartache. This is an album to listen to when you want to feel something—anything at all. Like Tonra says in “Touch”: “I’m dreaming of strangers kissing me in the night/Just so I can feel something.” —Karama Puriri

• Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*
 • Man Overboard – *Heart Attack*
 • Talib Kweli – *Prisoner of Conscious*

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 • Ghostface Killah – *Twelve Reasons to Die*
 • The Uncluded – *Hokey Fright*
 • Dessa – *Parts of Speech*
 • Hank 3 – *Brothers of the 4X4*

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 • Miyavi – *Self-Titled*
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 • Vangelis – *Blade Runner OST (Remastered)*
 • Julia Holter

– *Loud City Song*
 • Tropic Of Cancer – *Restless Idyls*
 • Alpay – *Yekte (Reissue)*

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 • Moonface – *Julia with Blue Jeans On*
 • A\$AP Ferg – *Trap Lord*
 • Califone – *Stitches*
 • Courtney Barnett – *The Double EP: A Sea of Split Peas*

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 • Yeah Yeah Yeahs – *Mosquito*
 • The Bronx – *IV*
 • Ghostface Killah – *Twelve Reasons to Die*
 • Low – *The Invisible Way*

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 • Western Lows – *Glacial*
 • True Widow – *Circumambulation*
 • Mideau – *Self-Titled*

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 • Deerhunter – *Monomania*
 • The Bronx – *IV*
 • Vampire Weekend – *Modern Vampires of the City*
 • Wire – *Change Becomes Us*

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 • CHVRCHES – *The Bones of What You Believe*
 • Savages – *Silence Yourself*

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 • Baths – *Obsidian*
 • Chance The Rapper – *Acid Rap*
 • Kurt Vile – *Wakin’ On A Pretty Daze*
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 • STRFKR – *Miracle Mile*
 • Dance Gavin Dance – *Acceptance Speech*
 • Drake – *Nothing Was the Same*
 • True Widow – *Circumambulation*

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 • King Chip – *44108*
 • Dirt First – *Compilation Volume 2*
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 • Johnny Polygon – *The Nothing*

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 • Foxygen – *We are the 21st Century Ambassadors of Peace & Magic*
 • Portugal. The Man – *Evil Friends*
 • Foals – *Holy Fire*
 • Frightened Rabbit – *Pedestrian Verse*

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- Anchoress – *Set Sail*

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- Atoms For Peace – *Amok*
- Yo La Tengo – *Fade*
- King Tuff – *Was Dead*
- The Circulars – *Self-Titled*

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- Islands – *Ski Mask*
- Pickwick – *Can't Talk Medicine*
- Juicy J – *Stay Trippy*
- Bad Religion – *True North*

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- King Khan & The Shrines – *Idle No More*
- The Booze – *At Maximum Volume (Reissue)*
- Golden Singles Records – *The Clash Goes Jamaican*
- Las Kellies – *Total Exposure*
- Pat Todd & The Rankoutsiders – *14th & Nowhere*

Ashlee Mason – Writer

- my bloody valentine – *m b v*
- Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*
- The Flaming Lips – *The Terror*
- Washed Out – *Parcosm*
- Tig Notaro – *Live*

Kia McGinnis – Writer

- James Blake – *Overgrown*
- Washed Out – *Paracosm*
- Widowspeak – *The Swamps EP*
- Chelsea Wolfe – *Pain is Beauty*
- A\$AP Rocky – *Long.Live.A\$AP*

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- AFI – *Burials*
- Dropkick Murphys – *Signed and Sealed in Blood*
- Transplants – *In a Warzone*
- The Old Firm Casuals – *For the Love of It All...*
- Bad Religion – *True North*

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- Wavves – *Afraid of Heights*
- Chelsea Wolfe – *Pain is Beauty*
- Vaadat Charigim – *The World Is Well Lost*
- The Circulars – *Self-Titled*

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- Depeche Mode – *Delta Machine*
- Front Line Assembly – *Echogenetic*
- KMFDM – *Kunst*
- The Black Angels – *Indigo Meadow*

CJ Morgan – Writer

- Bibio – *Silver Wilkinson*
- Wavves – *Afraid of Heights*
- Bullets & Belles – *Be Glad*
- Born Ruffians – *Birthmarks*
- Deer Tick – *Negativity*

Dan Nailen – Soundwaves From The Underground Host

- Queens of the Stone Age – *...Like Clockwork*
- Neko Case – *The Worst Things Get, The Harder I Fight, The Harder I Fight, The More I Love You*
- Parquet Courts – *Light Up Gold*
- Jason Isbell – *Southeastern*
- Meat Puppets – *Rat Farm*

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- Kevoorian Death Cycle – *God Am I*
- Front Line Assembly –

- Echogenetic*
- Die Sektor – *(-)existence*
 - Informatik – *Playing With Fire*

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- Flatbush Zombies – *Better Off Dead Mixtape*
- Two Cow Garage – *The Death of the Self-Preservation Society*
- Iron Maiden – *Maiden England '88*
- Bad Religion – *True North*

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- Josh Ritter – *The Beast in Its Tracks*
- Alela Diane – *About Farewell*
- The Avett Brothers – *Magpie and the Dandelion*
- Austin Lucas – *Stay Reckless*
- Keaton Henson – *Birthdays*

Adam Okeefe – Distro

- Covenant – *Leaving Babylon*

J.D. Wilkes and the Dirt Daubers

Wild Moon
Plowboy
Street: 09.24
J.D. Wilkes and the Dirt Daubers = Rick Estrin + Koko Taylor + Dex Romweber



Photo: Joshua Black Wilkins

Earlier this year, I was stunned and saddened to hear of the breakup of **Th' Legendary Shack Shakers**, the band that Col. J.D. Wilkes fronted and took from obscurity to prominence. With the exit of longtime bass player **Mark Robinson**, Wilkes decided to start a new chapter with his wife, **Jessica Wilkes**, who was already a part of J.D.'s mountain string band, **The Dirt Daubers**. Jessica takes on bass playing and shares lead vocal duties in the new incarnation. Though the name was carried over, J.D. Wilkes and the Dirt Daubers bring along influences from mountain folk and the delta blues to new territory. The band has taken a more cosmopolitan approach, bringing out the

Chess Records sound and even some early rhythm and blues influences. Although I've been a longtime fan of J.D., it's the tracks on which Jessica takes lead vocals that impress me the most, which free up J.D. to wail out harmonica riffs like only he can. "River Song" is the thesis piece of *Wild Moon*, with the addition of a horn section combined with the way the band charges through with a burst of vintage sounds and oomph to spare. With the exception of "Hidey Hole," which could be a more subdued Shack Shakers tune, *Wild Moon* takes jump blues, and early rock n' roll and makes it explode with zeal and fury. **Rod Hamdalla** transitions nicely from his short stint as a Shack Shaker, and brings depth and liheness to his guitar work. You can bet that the future holds something different, remarkable and abnormal for J.D. and the gang. –James Orme

LIGHT/BLACK



Photo: Helen Leeson

Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 05.25
Light/Black = True
Widow + Chelsea Wolfe
x INVDRS

When talking shop over recordings, you sometimes hear of bands “catching lightning in a bottle” with their music. If that analogy rings true, Light/Black didn’t just bottle it, they christened their amps with it. Make no mistake, the way they wrote and structured this album was no accident, nor did they cater to any minor niche group who may not like a certain kind of tone. This is a fucking good, heavy rock album constructed by some of the best musicians SLC has to offer. If you didn’t know any better, you’d swear this was made just for themselves, and if you just happen to like it, good for you. Some of the best tracks on the album have to be “One Good

Turn Deserves Another” and “Red Desert,” where you’re attacked from all angles by **Levi Lebo’s** and **Danielle Marriott’s** riffs and solos. **Joshua Asher** and his pounding drums—given with such force and fury, you’d swear there’s a pile of broken drumsticks laying at his feet—guide you through songs like “The Company You Keep” and “Skeleton Witch.” Of course, the standout is **Carri Wakefield**, commanding her bass while her calming vocals soothe you into each track, snaring you in before the full-frontal assault of noise hits you right in the heart. From start to finish, this is an album that just seeps into you. It requires no deep explanation or over-thinking as to why a heavy rock album of this nature works. Simply put: It just sounds great and deserves your undivided attention. —Gavin Sheehan

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- Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds – *Push the Sky Away*
- Chelsea Wolfe – *Pain is Beauty*
- Suede – *Bloodsports*

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 • Fitz and the Tantrums – *More Than Just A Dream*
 • The Men – *New Moon*

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 • Nikki Hill – *Here Is*
 • Bad Religion – *True North*
 • Swinging Utters – *Poorly Formed*

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 • Galactic Cannibal –

- We’re Fucked
- Chelsea Wolfe – *Pain is Beauty*
- Cornered By Zombies – *Hury Up And Wait*
- Holograms – *Forever*

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 • Night Verses – *Lift Your Existence*
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- Polytype – *Basic//Complex*

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 • Soviet Soviet – *Fate*
 • The Thermals – *Desperate Ground*
 • Drew Danburry – *Becoming Bastian Salazar*
 • Holograms – *Forever*

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 • David Bowie – *The Next Day*
 • Lorde – *Pure Heroine*

- Torres – *Self-Titled*
- Arcade Fire – *Reflektor*

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 • Nine Inch Nails – *Hesitation Marks*
 • Vampire Weekend – *Modern Vampires of the City*
 • Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds – *Push the Sky Away*

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- Earl Sweatshirt – *Doris*
- Tomahawk – *Oddfellows*
- Tyler, the Creator – *Wolf*
- Ben Harper with Charlie Musselwhite – *Get up!*

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 • Major Lazer – *Free The Universe*
 • Kanye West – *Yeezus*
 • Krewella – *Get Wet*
 • Little Boots – *Nocturnes*

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 • Yeah Yeah Yeahs – *Mosquito*
 • Eureka The Butcher – *Music For Mothers*
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 • Coheed and Cambria – *The Afterman: Descension*

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 • The National – *Trouble Will Find Me*

- Kurt Vile – *Wakin’ On A Pretty Daze*
- Red Fang – *Whales and Leeches*

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 • Chelsea Wolfe – *Pain is Beauty*
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 • Funeral For A Friend – *Conduit*
 • MGMT – *Self-Titled*

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 • Spindrift – *Ghost of the West*
 • Fuck Buttons – *Slow Focus*
 • Julia Holter – *Loud City*

- Song
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 • Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*
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 • L’anarchiste – *The Traveler*
 • Ellie Goulding – *Halcyon Days*
 • Capitol City – *In a Tidal Wave of Mystery*
 • Lorde – *Pure Heroine*

Alex Springer
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 • HAIM – *Days Are Gone*
 • Phosphorescent – *Muchacho*
 • Yeah Yeah Yeahs – *Mosquito*
 • Forest Swords

my bloody valentine



Photo: Anna Meldal

mbv
Self-Released
Street: 02.02
my bloody valentine =
Pink Floyd’s The Dark
Side Of The Moon + My
So Called Life + Ride

Twenty years of rumors, side projects and silence after my bloody valentine’s **Kevin Shields** announced the band’s progress on a follow-up to their shoegaze genesis, *Loveless*, my bloody valentine self-released *mbv* along with a deep sigh of relief—and a few computer glitches. The past couple of years have dug up bands long in the grave, thirsting for a second round of youth, pandering to Millennials with synthetic nostalgia and stale new releases. Though the band is the brainchild of Irish teenagers in the ‘90s, my bloody valentine’s *mbv* stands out as an organic output incubated into perfection and birthed at just the right moment to head our generation’s reclamation of ‘90s attitude and aesthetic. The album is

undoubtedly blood-related to the now-died *Loveless*, but repeat listens reveal its maturation from the latter’s skinless sensitivity to an album comprised of more thoughtful litanies than nervous ballads. *mbv* begins in whispers with “she found now” and a subdued taste of bendy guitars; “only tomorrow” picks up the fuzz, swimming in reverb. “is this and yes” serves as an angelic respite; “new you” throws back to ‘88 *mbv* with an identifiable melody. “in another way” combines galactic keys with a bouncy guitar rhythm, while the upbeat locomotion of “nothing is” provides a “Laser Floyd” experience that barrels into the final “wonder 2”—an amalgamation of the album’s tracks. *mbv* has been a part of the public’s consciousness since 1996—highly anticipated, fantasized, dramatized. It’s rare for anything in life to satisfy hopeful expectation, but my bloody valentine have restored faith in patience with this rewarding release. —Esther Meroño

Steve Thueson
– Illustrator
 • RVIVR – *The Beauty Between*
 • Caves – *Betterment*
 • Radioactivity – *Self-Titled*
 • Crusades – *Perhaps You Deliver This Judgement With Greater Fear Than I Receive It*
 • Paint it Black – *Invisible*

Benjamin Tilton
– Writer
 • Bastille – *Bad Blood*
 • Frightened Rabbit – *Pedestrian Verse*
 • Major Lazer – *Free the Universe*
 • Surfer Blood – *Pythons*
 • Kongos – *Lunatic*

Kelli Tompkins
– Ad Designer
 • Laura Mvula – *Sing To The Moon*
 • Mala Rodríguez – *Bruja*
 • Juana Molina – *Wed 21*
 • Savages – *Silence Yourself*
 • Janelle Monáe – *The Electric Lady*

Pharmakon



Photo: Jane Chardiet

Abandon
Sacred Bones
Records
Street: 05.28
Pharmakon =
Peter "Sleazy"
Christopherson + Lydia
Lunch + KK NULL

Margaret Chardiet crafts industrial noise music under the project name Pharmakon. Over the past few years, she has slowly built a name for herself (and her friends) in an isolated music bunker located in the Far Rockaway, NYC. Chardiet's work is intended to be experienced live, but for those of us who have not had this opportunity, the *Abandon EP* is a substitution. The opening track, "Milkweed/It Hangs Heavy," immediately challenges the listener with a shrill, six-second scream. The scream slowly melts into an electronic soundscape of soft voiceovers, banging metal and a low, hypnotic beat. Minutes later, Chardiet yowls some sort of chorus in cathartic

delight. I can't decipher her words (even with headphones on), but I feel like there's no need to. This is the artistry of Pharmakon—to transcend verbal language through sound. Without sentences or syntax, the emotions behind her intense, ear-grinding melodies are left open for the listener to interpret. Chardiet continues to confront listeners with the EP's next two tracks, "Ache" and "Pitted," ending the four-song EP with my favorite, "Crawling On Bruised Knees." In this track, Chardiet sounds witch-like with layered effects on her voice. The beats are constant, simplistic and entrancing like the early work of **cEvin Key (Skinny Puppy)**. The result is both frightening and delightful. Pharmakon is an ancient Greek term for both poison and remedy. *Abandon* will be poisonous to music lovers unaccustomed to noise music. For those of us seeking new talent in a genre that has felt dead for over a decade, Pharmakon's *Abandon* is the remedy. —Angela H. Brown

Xkot Toxsik – Distro

- The KVB – *Immaterial Visions*
- Anika – *Self-Titled EP*
- The Moths – *Self-Titled*
- Michael Biggs – *Gold*
- The Knife – *Shaking the Habitual*

Ben Trentelman – Senior Staff Writer

- my bloody valentine – *m b v*
- The Julie Ruin – *Run Fast*
- Phoenix – *Bankrupt!*
- Queens of the Stone Age – *...Like Clockwork*
- Nine Inch Nails – *Hesitation Marks*

Maria Valenzuela – Copy Editor

- Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros – *Self-Titled*
- Phoenix – *Bankrupt!*
- Lorde – *Pure Heroine*
- 30 Seconds to Mars – *Love Lust Faith + Dreams*
- Childish Gambino – *Because The Internet*

Rebecca Vernon – Copy Editor

- In Solitude – *Sister*
- Wolvserpent – *Perigaea Antakarana*
- Corrections House – *Last City Zero*
- Deafheaven – *Sunbather*
- Integrity – *Suicide Black Snake*

Ricky Vigil – Senior Staff Writer

- Run the Jewels – *Self-Titled*
- Night Birds – *Born to Die in Suburbia*
- Modern Life is War – *Fever Hunting*
- SubRosa – *More Constant Than the Gods*
- Crusades – *Perhaps You Deliver This Judgement With Greater Fear Than I Receive It*

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- We Came As Romans – *Tracing Back Roots*
- Daughter – *If You Leave*

- Bring Me the Horizon – *Sempiternal*
- Juicy J – *Stay Trippy*
- Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*

Laikwan Waigwa-Stone – Copy Editor

- Float the Boat – *Basement Tsunami*
- Librarian of Babel – *Shaky Trade and the Last Crusade Set Break*
- Justin Timberlake – *The 20/20 Experience*
- Various Artists – *Les Misérables Soundtrack (Deluxe Edition)*
- Skrillex – *Leaving EP*

Devin Wakefield – Ad Designer

- Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*
- Ylvis – *The Fox*
- Lorde – *Pure Heroine*
- Various Artists – *The Great Gatsby Soundtrack*
- The Clash – *The Clash Hits Back*

Mame Wallace – Writer

- Tamar Braxton – *Love and War*
- Boys Noize – *Go Hard EP*

- Justin Timberlake – *The 20/20 Experience*
- Major Lazer – *Free the Universe*
- The Lonely Island – *The Wack Album*

Catie Weimer – Social Media Coordinator

- Altar of Plagues – *Teethed Glory and Injury*
- Deafheaven – *Sunbather*
- Chelsea Wolfe – *Pain is Beauty*
- Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds – *Push the Sky Away*
- Shannon and the Clams – *Dreams in the Rat House*

Bryer Wharton – Senior Staff Writer

- Cultes Des Ghoules – *Henbane*
- Profanatica –

Thy Kingdom Cum

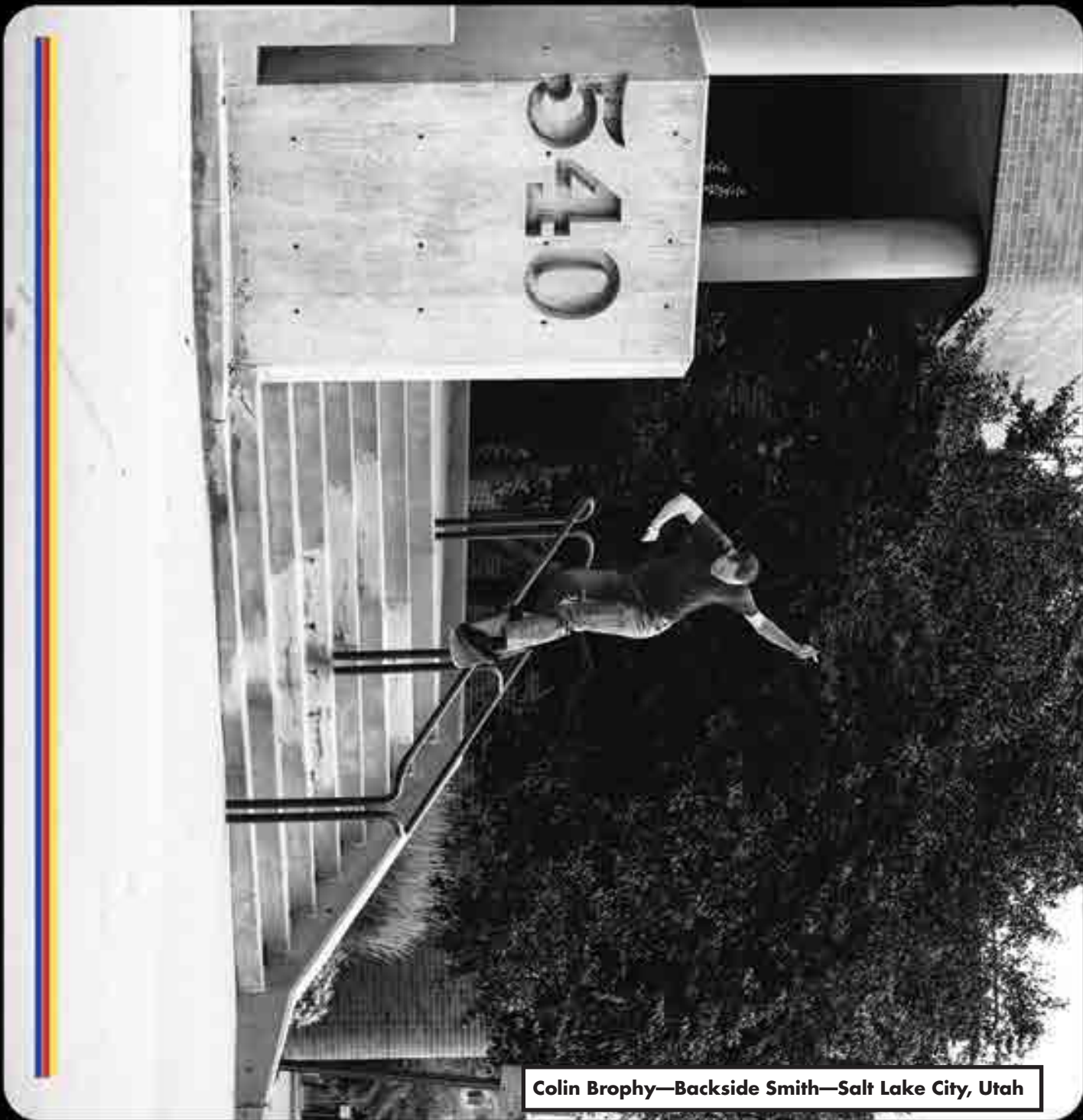
- Devin Townsend – *The Retinal Circus*
- The Obliterate Plague – *The Wrath of Chulhu*
- Cerekloth – *In the Midst of Life We Are in Death*

Andy Wright – Photographer

- Devendra Banhart – *Mala*
- Yeah Yeah Yeahs – *Mosquito*
- Foxygen – *We Are the 21st Century Ambassadors to Peace & Magic*
- The National – *Trouble Will Find Me*
- Thee Oh Sees – *Floating Coffin*

Sean Zimmerman-Wall – Senior Staff Writer

- Pretty Lights – *A Color Map Of The Sun*
- Dizze Rascal – *The Fifth*
- Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*
- Talib Kweli – *Prisoner of Conscious*
- Jay Z – *Magna Carta... Holy Grail*



Colin Brophy—Backside Smith—Salt Lake City, Utah

PHOTO FEATURE
 PHOTO FEATURE
 PHOTO FEATURE



By Weston Colton / westoncolton.com

It's been over six years since I've shot photos with Colin Brophy. We met up on a Saturday without much of a plan and ended up at this spot on the east side of Downtown. The architecture, the typography and the

sketchy double rail got me pretty excited to shoot here. After years of nobody touching this rail, Colin landed a frontside 5-0 and this backside Smith within a week of each other.

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PRODUCT REVIEWS

Blue Microphone Nessie bluemic.com



If you're a major tech nerd or podcast listener, you might already have a podcast or are building one at the moment. For those looking for an easy way to do it, there are various ways of making it happen through software, but nothing can substitute for a good microphone. Blue Microphones, the minds behind the Yeti and Snowball mics, have just released Nessie, a 10-inch stand-alone USB microphone custom made for home music recordings and podcasting. While it comes with your standard volume control, three record settings and headphone jack, the adjustable head makes for some adaptive vertical positions. It doesn't hurt that it's a plug-and-play, not to mention the base is designed to sit on a table and never move! Sadly, being a P&P USB mic, it doesn't quite capture the kind of audio you'd get from an XLR. But with the right editing software on whatever program you're recording with, it's an easy cleanup. A \$99 pricetag—compared to the nearly \$400 you might spend on a proper studio board and microphone set—doesn't hurt either. It's an awesome mic for anyone just starting to experiment with home recording. —Gavin Sheehan

Chrome Industries Cardiel ORP X T19 chromeindustries.com

The Cardiel ORP X T19 is a small, lightweight eyecatcher that, when used within its means, is an awesome bag. I don't recommend it for your groceries though: I carried a half-gallon of milk and some other things home on my bike and quickly found out that milk jugs and tuna cans don't feel that awesome digging into your back as you try to make your way home. I got the best use out of this bag when I was hauling softer goods. My tool kit, spare shoes and extra clothes fit perfectly and were easily accessible whenever I needed to get to them, and the roll-top kept my things dry as a bone the few times I got caught in shit weather. I do have a gripe with the laptop pocket being on the back of the bag. The human back curves a little when you're riding, and it's nice when your bag has give and can follow the shape of the your body so you don't have a 15-inch aluminum slab directly against your spine while you ride to and from the office. Despite my few discrepancies, I do like this bag for what it is, which is a simple backpack that is perfect for an overnight trip or going to the store for snacks. —Carl Acheson

Crosley Spinnerette USB Turntable rockinrecordplayers.com



Crosley's Spinnerette USB Turntable hits most of my pleasure centers. It's totally portable, folds up into a convenient carrying case, has great sound (especially for such a small player) and mine's a nice burnt orange, so it matches all my autumn decor. The recording software—basically just an open-source version of Audacity—is decent as well. Though it took me a good 45 minutes to figure out, the recorded output sounds basically the same as the record, making it a great resource for collector scum/blog foragers like me. My major complaints come from the construction of the product: While it looks nice, it's hard to get over how damn plasticky it feels. The needle/arm feels a bit flimsy, and I definitely foresee having to replace it in the future. Still, it doesn't claim to be a full-on stereo system or a centerpiece for your living room, so pretentious audiophiles would best look elsewhere. Ultimately, I'd recommend it for its recording capabilities alone. The portability is a nice touch, though. —Dylan Chadwick

Jammpack Jammy and rechargeable battery pack jammpack.com

Whoever's abandoned all hope for fanny packs has clearly never had a Jammy. The thing feels durable, has multiple divider pockets on the inside and you can detach the speaker so it can be used for virtually anything

sound-related. The rechargeable battery pack (that can be purchased for an additional fee) rules, too, because it stays juiced for unreal amounts of time and it can charge anything compatible with a USB cable—I utilized its charge for my phone. I noticed that power seems to be a big factor with sound quality when using audio-related devices. The Jammy plays perfectly off of the battery pack, but when you power it off of something like a computer, the white noise is noticeable. That being said, it's not really built to be a heavy-duty amplifier, but it serves the intended purpose well and can help out when you need to improvise. The last plus is that Jammpacks come in a huge variety of colorways. I definitely won't be going on adventures without one of these this winter. —Tim Kronenberg

Roku Roku 3 roku.com

With 80 percent of the country being gouged by Xfinity for \$150-plus a month, chances are, you're dying to tell them to go fuck themselves. Well, Roku is bringing you at least one step closer to that dream with their streaming television system. At \$99.99, the Roku 3 is about the size of a hockey puck and uses as much power as a nightlight, but the TV service it provides is phenomenal. Most of the channels are free (Disney, PBS, FoxNow) or require a small monthly subscription (HBO GO, MLB TV, Vudu). But the Big Three you want are Hulu Plus, Netflix and Amazon Instant, which will cover 90 percent of the content you already watch. Just add and remove channels (all HD) to your favorites, which include over 100 different movie channels and 50 TV content providers, plus games, if that interests you, all streamed via wi-fi. The downsides: You need an HDMI cable, HDTV and a fast Internet connection. The upsides: It has a wi-fi remote with headphones (in case you use it in the bedroom) and if you just do the three big streaming services and pay for the box, your total for TV will come to roughly \$280 a year. If you want TV without the jerk providers, this is the way you need to go. —Gavin Sheehan

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Illustration: Steve Thueson

Dear Copper;

Much like 2/3 of the city, we've got a homeless problem. There's a guy we're calling The Prospector squatting in a parking lot next to our place. He's a dumpster diver, laundry thief, door and window checker, possible drug holder and been caught breaking into cars to sleep overnight. He's had the cops called on him several times and never hauled off, the owner's of the parking lot won't toss his shanty duplex out for fear he'll break their windows, and moving isn't an option for us right now. What can the cops do to help us, and others in our kind of situation out?

Love;
Bat-Wielding Couple

Dear Bat Team:

Just the other day I watched a bum at 210 Rio Grande take a dump right on the sidewalk. Only your stick will de-motivate this disrespectful piece of trash from doing that in your yard.

Several actions or inactions have greatly exacerbated the bum problem in Salt Lake County. I don't want to call criminals homeless. Homeless are people and families who have lost their homes. They're using legit homeless services to get back on their feet. They're respectful and law abiding, go to work each day, and their numbers aren't huge. Ask these legit homeless what they think about living around all the bums you describe above. Their horror stories are way worse than ours.

I'm referring to the street trash who live and breathe as self-induced substance abusers with resulting mental illness. Yes, real mentally ill people do end up on the street. However, go hang out among the folks down by the shelters, and you'll quickly see that they are few and the criminal trash are many.

The courts in Utah have ruled it free speech for the bums to

stand in a public place with signs begging for money. I can't think of anything, except for maybe open-air market drug dealing, that diminishes the quality of life more. Ask all the ex-patrons of the Gateway Mall or its movie theater about bums and their signs. They've gladly switched to City Creek and other theaters.

Every time you give a bum money, you are perpetuating drug dealing, drug and alcohol abuse, robberies and theft. The bleeding hearts are actually causing people to be victims of violent crime and are assisting a heroin addict to get high. Please, use the homeless meter or donate money directly to the shelters as it will go to the legit homeless.

What can the cops do? What their administration tells them to do. In April 2013, drug dealing among the street people was so bad, the SLCPD was going to double their efforts to stop the illegal activity. However, in September 2013, it was actually worse and even the coppers called it close to out of control. In response to the drug dealing being "out of control," the PD Administration decided to "reboot" the initial "doubling." If you go watch the shelter area and Pioneer Park today, even after the reboot of the doubling, you'll see an open-air drug market. However, SLC's Top Cop, Chris Burbank, has come up with a plan that no doubt will finally solve the drug-dealing problem. It's called "Knock It Off."

When it comes to enforcing drug dealing laws, the SLCPD suffers from Multiple Drug-Dealing Policy Disorder. Until the Top Cop decides to enforce the law, or telling the dealers to "Knock It Off" actually works, the area will continue to decline with legit homeless and heroin addicts suffering the most. Make moving an option to get as far away from the bum epicenter as you can get, or relocate to a city that won't tolerate illicit bum activity.

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GAME REVIEWS



Disney Infinity
**Avalanche Software/
 Disney Interactive
 Studios**
Reviewed on: Xbox 360
Also on: PS3, Wii, Wii U
Street: 08.18

Disney Infinity takes the formula already proven by the less well-branded *Skylanders*—wherein the purchase of expensive, real-world figures translates directly into new content for the game—and includes characters and content from the much-adored Disney roster to sweeten the pot. Bringing your figures to life rarely gets old, and the free-roam and level editor-based Toy Box modes allow you to switch characters at will. The controls are solid, the art style is a gorgeous, whimsical toy-themed wonderland, and it's a brainless blast to play. I'd recommend it wholeheartedly to any parent or child-at-heart gamer, aside from one significant caveat: This game is expensive. Starter Packs are already a significant investment, but so is every other content pack, and don't get me started on the necessary booster pack "Power Discs." You get quality figurines, but it's designed from the ground up to suck cash out of your wallet at the speed of light. Easily addicted collectors beware—Disney is coming for you. —Matt Brunk

Outlast
Red Barrels
Reviewed on: PC
Also on: Playstation 4 (TBA)
Street: 09.04

Survival horror has been scarce lately, with the *Resident Evil* and *Silent Hill* series beginning to eschew their defining traits for more action-heavy gameplay. Even *F.E.A.R.* and *Dead Space* are packed with plenty of shooter DNA from the start. Fans have begged for a revival of their precious survival horror, and have been recently rewarded for their tenacity. A newer generation strips

away the weapons and overpowering protagonists and encourages players to run and hide from their enemies instead. As Miles Upshur, *Outlast* hands the player a night-vision-equipped digital camcorder and opens the door to an insane asylum—the player quickly becomes trapped in a race to survive long enough to escape. The physicality and atmosphere of the game is unbeatable, showcased in places like the player's heavy breathing when hiding from searching enemies, visible legs and arms when free-running away from enemies, and the constant, deep darkness broken up only by glowing enemy eyes. *Outlast* is a unique and thrilling experience, occasionally marred by some tedious encounters and confusing level design, but well worth playing through at least once. —Matt Brunk

Pokémon X and Y
Game Freak/Nintendo
Reviewed on: 3DS (exclusive)
Street: 10.12

After 15 years, I still can't stop playing *Pokémon*. I've been playing it for over half my life, and with every new installment, I play for hours. As I rollerbladed through the Kalos countryside, I was amazed at how beautiful the world was. Lilac and yellow flowers lined the rivers that flowed through the region, and those rivers were especially gorgeous. *Pokémon* finally come to life in the battles with sharper graphics and constant movements—now evolving even in battle. Malva of the Elite Four is the most beautiful battle in the game—she commands fire Pokémon, so there are lots of pyrotechnics. The multiplayer features have been updated well. Use of the 3D is limited, however, which actually irked me a bit. There's also a bug that'll eat your saved game if you're not careful. It's still the most gorgeous *Pokémon* game to date, and the new features are fantastic, so I'll be playing it for many more hours. —Ashley Lippert

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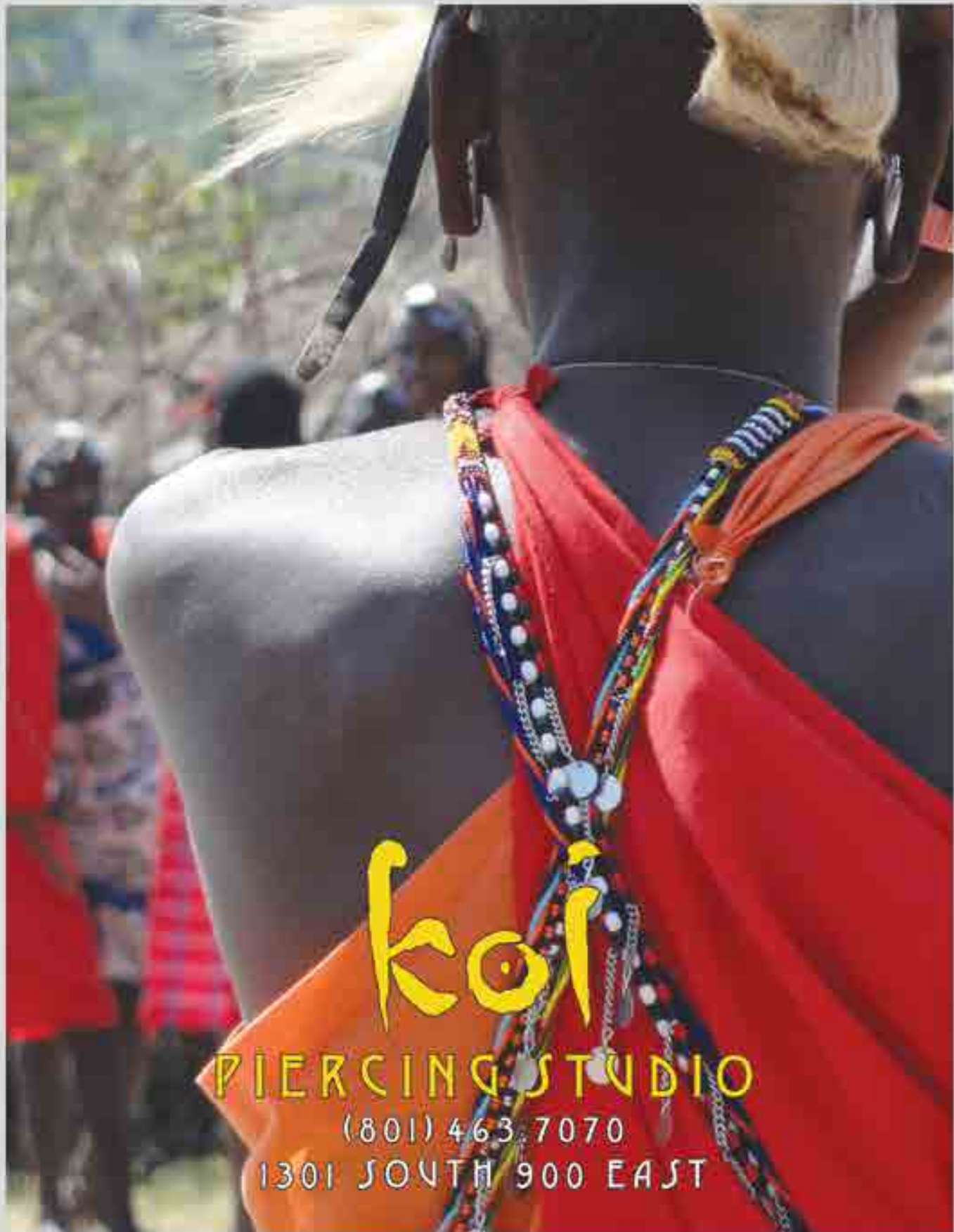
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BOOK REVIEWS

Incidental Contact
Andy Wright
 Self-Published
 Street: 10.18



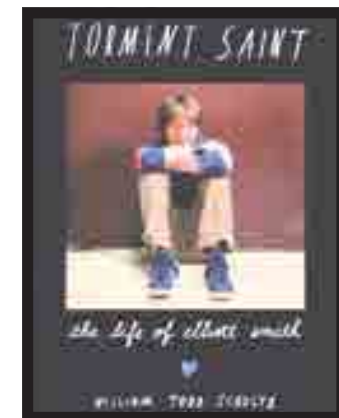
Anyone with a camera can be a photographer, but not every photographer can be an artist. *Incidental Contact* is a self-published, handprinted book of local artist Andy Wright's photos—and not a single one is of someone snowboarding. This captionless compilation of black-and-white photographs reeks of artistic talent evidenced beyond the subject and quality of the photos. Each photo speaks for itself: engaging, political, entertaining and shocking. With every page turn, the arrangement of the photos, whether as a full-spread, side-by-side or in fourths, proves to be just as thoughtful a process as the single shots. The photos connect in each spread, sometimes obviously, but mostly in subtle ways that surface a story if you take the time to look and think—like a page from *Magic Eye*. Overall, *Incidental Contact* is opinionated, provocative, offensive, hilarious, aggravating and inquisitive—it's America, it's youth, it's adventure—and there are only 150 copies. I bought lucky #13. Get yours now by emailing info@andywrightphoto.com. —Esther Meroño

Leaving Salt Lake City
Matthew Timion
 Self-Released
 Street: 04.15

This book is a fantastic read about self-discovery in an environment where it is normal to be abnormal. It takes you on the journey of a man who finds himself after he had religion forced down his throat and how he learned to live healthily again without it. A beautiful love story starts out with a couple falling in love and offering their home to three children in need, but that is very short-lived. As time passes, Matt faces a tangled web of deceit and infidelity. During the first few chapters, I was on the edge of my seat trying to figure out if his wife,

Jessica, was truly a CIA agent or was completely bat-shit crazy—her elaborate stories of being an agent, having cancer and her house being destroyed by a natural disaster revealed that there were no boundaries she would not cross to do as she pleased. Whether it was insanity or manipulation, she betrayed a man who was blinded by his love for her. I was delighted that Matt found his ground and provided a stable environment for his adopted son, Manny, while he dealt with the trials of a clearly emotionally unstable woman. —Mistress Nancy

Torment Saint: The Life of Elliott Smith
William Todd Schultz
 Bloomsbury USA, New York
 Street: 10.01



Elliott Smith has had a permanent spot in my CD collection since the '90s, back when people had CD collections. His dark, deeply personal lyrics revealed a sensitive but deeply troubled soul. Smith has been gone 10 years now, dead from a (likely) self-inflicted knife wound to the heart. Fans have had little in the way of closure until now. The first proper biography of Elliot Smith is *Torment Saint*. This book shares intimate details of Smith's life and downward spiral. Schultz writes in a caring, respectful way of the late singer/songwriter. Beginning with Smith's tragic childhood and ending with his surrender to addiction: alcohol, heroin, crack and a "man purse" of prescription drugs he carried around. Schultz attempts to shed light on the life of one of the most poignant and delicate talents of the '90s. *Torment Saint* is an emotional book and often hard to read. Smith's empathy, compassion and humor only made the sad parts worse. The book left me with closure and a deeper understanding of where Smith's music originated. It's like listening to his songs again for the first time. —Amanda Rock



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Andrew Goldring

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Street: 06.23

Andrew Goldring = my
bloody valentine + Dinosaur
Jr. + Desert Noises

A lot of this album has the casual buzz that was prominent in the early '90s, though Goldring uses it wisely, favoring more refined production and carefully composed layers instead of the loud, experimental noise you might find in earlier alternative acts (looking at you, **Sonic Youth**). "Saying Goodbye" kicks it all off slowly with a huge echoing rhythm section and dazzling electric guitars, before Goldring's velvety vocals round out the sonic experience. Things get a little rougher with "Rolling Tree," where the more pointed vocals lay atop a muddy atmosphere of noise. Goldring shows a softer side on "Catherine" and "Whale," the latter of which gives us some emotive falsetto moans almost reminiscent of **Jón Þór Birgisson** from **Sigur Rós**. *Forgotten Harvest* is raw in the right places and really illustrates Goldring's range and expertise at crafting intelligent noise—I can't wait for a full-length. —CJ Morgan

Anthems

Bridges

Self-Released

Street: 06.16

Anthems = Liferuiner +
Comeback Kid

Immediately opening with the aggressive "Bridge Burner," which uses the imagery of a burning bridge to announce secession from a certain corrupt nation, *Bridges* is a five-song anthem against political hypocrisy and our national apathy. It's fairly standard stuff for hardcore, and the lyrics are usually pretty on the nose, though with less forced bravado than their typical peers. You'll hear tons of gang vocals, and you'll also hear plenty of breakdowns, but I don't hold it against them. I'm partial to the genre, but there's something passionate and earnest in the delivery here, particularly in **Micha Merz's** vocals and in the songs "Our Only Hope" and "Bridge Builder." The latter is easily my favorite song out of the five, and its slow buildup gets

me every time. *Bridges* is a damn solid start, and I'm looking forward to seeing what they come up with next. —Matt Brunk

B & Company

The World Is Your Pearl

Self-Released

Street: 09.27

B & Company = Jack Johnson + Django Reinhardt + a Latin twist

B & Company is **Brandon "B" Barker**, the bassist for local project **Babble Rabbit**, who recruited an assortment of skilled musicians and noise-makers (Djembe, megaphone, typewriter) to put together this delightfully funky 11-song album. It's beautiful music and fully exciting in an unexpected way. Most of the tracks revolve largely around skillful acoustic guitar playing, and it is seriously no joke. Tricky riffs executed so skillfully that an eavesdropper—who is a skilled guitarist—listening in asked me in disbelief if the album was really local. Kudos, B! You've put together something to be proud of, and the musicians and production team involved should all give themselves a pat on the back, too. A+ —Ischa B.

Brother Chunky

and Stuff

Self-Released

Street: 08.30

Brother Chunky = Soul to Soul-era Stevie Ray Vaughan + Lonnie Mack

Brother Chunky drives the beat, all bluesy and SRV-ish with his guitar. He's definitely an able guitarist, though nobody will mistake him for **Bert Jansch**. Lyrically, he's missing the sharp edge that characterizes Stevie Ray Vaughan's best work and the humor of **Muddy Waters**, two of my favorite blues musicians. He's dull **Billy Joel**, which isn't necessarily a bad thing. Like Billy, Brother Chunky doesn't really have much to say, yet sometimes he drops an absolute gem on you. Take my new favorite song, "Chicken Pot Pie," with its refrain, "I got something to say/Chicken Pot Pie, it's OK." It's his simplicity and honesty that win me over here—and maybe just

plainspoken warmth that comforts my cynical heart, just like a good chicken pot pie. —Taylor Hale

Cedars

The Doorman's Cove

Self-Released

Street: 10.19

Cedars = Caius + Tool + Alice in Chains

The Doorman's Cove is a pretty heavy album, stone-y and dark, and the vocals float over the riffs and drums like a moody dream. The vocalist has a bit of the wailing **Mars Volta** vibe, which, as it's been established, can be a great mash-up with the heavy tunes. The tracks follow the stoner-jam format, too, clocking in at almost nine minutes on one of them, and never less than four. The sound is polished and specific, and the Ogden-based musicians did a great job executing their material. I couldn't find any information online yet (the website listed isn't quite up and running), so we'll hafta keep watching to see when we get 'em in the SLC area! —Ischa B.

The Circulars

Self-Titled EP

Self-Released

Street: 09.28

The Circulars = The Cure + Wymond Miles



The Circulars' sound, while comparable to several bands from a bygone era of earnest and dark, jangly pop music, could be properly suited to nearly any time—simply based on the fact that the songs are good, the musicians are talented and there's no air of pretense to deflate the mood. The level

of drama is appropriate, never overstaying its welcome or outweighing the music, and there are some instrumental breaks, such as in "Where Are You Now?" which seem like they'd be fun to play—all trills and long echoes. Also, the drums sound fantastic. The quality of this recording is worth noting, given that *The Circulars EP* was made on a relatively conservative budget in a short amount of time. These "limitations" clearly worked in The Circulars' favor—the performances sound well rehearsed, with the band's intentions clear from the beginning. *The Circulars EP* can be heard in its entirety on the thecirculars.bandcamp.com, so listen. (Urban:12.13)—T.H.

Creature Double Feature

A Ghost Story

Self-Released

Street: 08.21

Creature Double Feature = TaughtMe + Widowspeak



Dreamy, ambient folk is performed throughout this piece. The experimentation with a wide variety of instruments—most notably with the alto sax, marimba and flute—is crafted subtly, which materializes the vocals (by **Davis Johnson**) into haunting wisdom. The cover art, with the silhouette of a psychedelic blue wolf howling at a pink moon in swirling colors of paint, invokes a pretty accurate depiction of the musical contents of *A Ghost Story*. The arrangement of the songs feels like an ascent up a mountain—slowly building up momentum to reach the summit of "Holy Temple" with a hiker's high, while the other songs climb

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up or down the peak with a calmer energy. —*Brinley Froelich*

Cubworld

Life Is Music

Self-Released

Street: 08.30

Cubworld = The Dirty Heads + Sublime with Rome + Jack Johnson

Cubworld (aka **Jake Kongaika**) brings us a part acoustic, part party-groove album with *Life Is Music*. The album is split in the middle, with the first half containing more upbeat, reggae-style grooves like “Call Me” and horn-driven rocker “Life Is Music,” and the second half turning the power down, instead favoring honey-drizzled acoustic ballads like “Beautiful,” and the enchanting “If I Could Fly,” which could settle the fieriest tempers with its ocean-wave samples, acoustic cross-picks, and saccharine-injected melodies. Reggae of this caliber is seldom heard in the Beehive State and brings acts like **Afro Omega** to mind, though *Life Is Music* has more of a cool-breezes vibe rather than an urban dub sound. The album’s well-balanced production comes courtesy of **Joshua James’ Willamette Mountain Studios** and really serves to encapsulate Kongaika’s soul and elegant songwriting. My only complaint is it’s almost too sweet—I think it gave me diabetes. —*CJ Morgan*

The Dog

Slow and Sweet

Self-Released

Street: 09.26

The Dog = Star Fucking Hipsters + Goo Goo Dolls

Slow and Sweet is a mix of everything from a little grunge to some bubblegum pop and vocals that sound like a gritty **Marc Bolan**. This album is awkward in some places, most notably in “Damn Girl,” a pop love song, and the title number, “Slow and Sweet,” a mellow love song that, oddly enough, likens love to using heroin. Other songs, like “Fix,” provide a catchy, upbeat number, but lack excitement: The vocals are gritty, mixed with heavy guitar riffs and a solid beat that’s on point. “Switchblade” is perhaps the next most exciting number on the album, as the vocals are smooth, and the chorus is fun and clever, combined with an edgy beat. *Slow and Sweet* is not my favorite album, however, there is something here to like. —*Nick Kuzmack*

FORMAL

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 10.05

FORMAL= Ty Segall / Modest Mouse

FORMAL seems to have ‘90s indie

punk running through their veins, but that doesn’t stop them from being unpredictable. Their mix of pop-oriented song structure with punk angst allows them to come off lighthearted, but I’ll be darned if they don’t break into vivacious guitar playing and drumbeats in nearly every song. Frequent use of the ukulele is another surprise element that adds an unusual touch of western swing when used. Needless to say, their energy throughout the album is contagious. Vocals can seem a tad whiny until matched against the blaring fuzz and bass drum on “Astronauts.” From there, the lo-fi sounds and noise experimentation continue. With a total of 13 tracks revolving around youth and seemingly unanswerable questions, FORMAL’s self-titled album is enigmatic, containing an unclassifiable sound. Albums like this add depth to Utah’s local music offerings. —*Justin Gallegos*

The Glass Gentlemen

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 10.18

The Glass Gentlemen = Reggie and the Full Effect + The Statistics + We the Kings

In some ways, The Glass Gentlemen share a lot in common with the psychodrama of early **Cursive** recordings. There is that melodic, vocal-chord tearing sing-scream, the tendency for delivery to outweigh content and the sheer emotional wallop of someone completely losing their shit in a song. But the comparisons stop there. Instead of jagged, angular progressions, you’ve got slick power chords with a thick film of buzzy synths, and instead of obtuse lyrics, you’ve got lines ripped from some emo kid’s Myspace pep talk. That’s fine. *Cursive* was aping mid-‘90s Chapel Hill indie rock—these gentlemen are partying like third-wave emo never crested. For what they do, they do well. Their ragged-throated delivery over an early-aughts slew of pretty breakdowns and cathartic, crescendo-laden choruses are extremely well executed on 90 percent of the album. The soon-to-be-playing-over-a-Smith’s-PA-system muzak of the **Metro Station** send-up “Radio Heart,” however, is unforgivable. —*Ryan Hall*

Max Pain and the Groovies

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 11.04

Max Pain and the Groovies = Night Beats + Spindrift + Psychic Ills

Max Pain and the Groovies certainly have an affinity for the Texas psych scene, and this EP sounds more focused than anything I’ve heard from

them before. This four-track EP with a secret track is a pleasant surprise, opening with an undeniably catchy and hard tune, setting a tone that remains consistent until the end. They’ve packaged their energy into a paced, killer type of western psychedelic garage rock. The whole package, from lyrics to sound, is very clean. They’re making the kind of music they want to make—they’re doing it well, and it’s a tribute to the budding garage-psych scene in Salt Lake City. —*Justin Gallegos*

Michael Biggs

Gold

Self-Released

Street: 09.22

Michael Biggs = Goblin + Mirage



Salt Lake’s dark side is finally coming out of the woodwork. Here’s Michael Biggs’ *Gold*, a cassette release filled with October imagery and cinematic Italo disco sounds. Musically, *Gold* is an incredible romp through classic cult film soundtrack territory, a musical montage of campy organ sounds, noodling guitars and gasps of atmospheric synths. One issue that I can’t digest is Biggs’ vocals, which are filtered beyond campiness where they fall flat and cheapen the already over-the-top Halloween camp of his lyrics. “Strong” is my favorite track—it’s where Biggs’ sonic manipulation shines without filtered vocals. Though it doesn’t have as unified a vision as the trendy revivalists at **Italians Do It Better**, *Gold* delivers something sorely lacking in Salt Lake’s music scene. —*Christian Schultz*

Nostalgia

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 01.01

Nostalgia = Blessure Grave + Warsaw + Wipers

It’s not often that a baritone voice sticking to a few sustained notes hooks me. It’s more rare when the band comes from Utah County. It hasn’t been since the short life of **Salt City** that I cared about a post-punk group slinging minor-key baritone vocals from Provo. Nostalgia’s EP opens with a guitar riff that summons memories of **Sonic**

Youth’s “Teen Age Riot.” An extended snare roll introduces the drums in the first track as the reverberated and phased guitar repeats the opening riff until the vocals come in, holding the last note of each simple line. The songs all blend into each other, feeling similar and putting me in a trance I would gladly stay in longer than the five tracks provided. (*ShredShed*, 12.14) —*Steve Richardson*

The Pigeons

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 10.01

The Pigeons = Iggy Pop + Marilyn Manson + Soundgarden

The Pigeons present a raw, rough sound with pure punk elements, and this recording has a gritty realism to it that suggests it was recorded live. It’s a fresh project, with this EP marking the first release for the pair of musicians from Cedar City, and the energy and vibe of the material and the performance still have that fresh perspective of people trying stuff out and seeing if it fits. It’s fun music, and it’s gonna be a fun ride, so hop in and hold on! I haven’t seen ‘em in the Salt Lake Valley, but if you’re further south, you can catch them playing all around their ‘hood. I’m sure it won’t be long till we get the pleasure up here, too—keep a lookout! —*Ischa B.*

Uteriors

Self-Titled

Pariah Music Club

Street: 10.10

Uteriors = Descendents + Void + The Cramps

With subjects ranging from politics, religion, war and corporate control, Uteriors have taken heed to the classic punk rock sound, both lyrically and musically as they so proclaim. Their music is highly similar to that of some of the more cryptic-sounding punk bands, like **Misfits**, with a hint of some psychobilly thrown in as well. “Broken Glass” is a prime example of their slight rockabilly sound with a heavily blues-themed guitar riff over some destructively themed lyrics to match. They also include a fast-paced depiction of what’s been happening in the Middle East—the appropriately titled “Bloody Bodies” reminds me, lyrically, of “Holy Wars” by **Megadeth**—how religion has been the prime fuel source for war. Overall, it’s a pretty solid punk rock EP—including subjects that most punk bands love to sing about. They hold true to the classic punk rock sound. —*Eric U. Norris*

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MUSIC REVIEWS

Bad Religion

Christmas Songs

Epitaph

Street: 10.29

Bad Religion = Buzzcocks

+ Hüsker Dü + The

Replacements + 7 Seconds



its own grime. The whole album seems to oscillate from stoney-riff spurts to dense, distorted drone chords that ring out for days over shimmering symbols. While this may sound like a formula for your garden-variety sludge, Blackout spare no opportunity to reimagine the genre. Oh yeah, and don't forget your bong. —Jordan Deveraux

Callow

Blue Spells

Self-Released

Street: 11.19

Callow = Low + Lou Reed

Ever wondered what the tortured and slowcore-laden doppelgänger of **Adam Stephens** (from **Two Gallants**) would sound like? Because if you soak his vocal styling in melancholy and swaddle it with goth rock underlays, you'd have the fundamental fixings for Callow. At the beginning of *Blue Spells*, "Stop Breathing" is a downtrodden ode that serves as emotional foreshadowing for the rest of the album. It is beautiful yet dangerously gloomy, with slow jams entombed underneath ominous piano chords and haunting vocal harmonizing, which will lure comparisons with **Alan Sparhawk** and **Mimi Parker** on *C'mon*. The overly mesmerizing disposition of *Blue Spells* won't sober up lovesick music listeners like garden-variety pop songs would, but serves more as a "hair-of-the-dog" cure and further inebriates them via beautiful minimalistic slowcore. It's relieving to hear a rock band coming out of San Francisco that separates itself from the pretentious rock herd. —Gregory Gerulat

Cults

Static

Columbia

Street: 10.15

Cults = Best Coast + Beach House

Cults are really just sugary girl-pop with a tiny taste of punk. "I Know" is a time-waster intro that sounds like the choir girls at the First Church of **Brian Wilson**, but it's a nice lead-in for ear-parasite "I Can Hardly Make You Mine," in which vocals from **Madeline Follin** are almost too penetrating and bring to mind **Cyndi Lauper's** chart-

topper, "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun." Her high-toned vocals complement the sparkly '50s-style guitar tunes they lay on, though on tracks like "Always Forever," they remind me of an excited girl talking to a dog ("Hi, puppy!"). Oddly, though, it gets my tail wagging. Mellow tracks like "High Road" and "So Far" are stylish and cool, and make me think of a hifalutin fashion show I'd never be invited to. All in all, *Static* is well balanced and has catchy-as-hell melodies, but it won't be in my regular listening rotation. —CJ Morgan

Dead Waves

Take Me Away EP

Self-Released

Street: 12.10

Dead Waves = Bleach-era

Nirvana + Mudhoney



For their follow up to June's *Kill the Youth* EP, this Queens-based trio fleshes out their penchant for abrasive melodies via six songs of fuzz-blasted caterwauling with a nod to early **Pixies**. Maybe it's the latent, cooing vocals on "Big Fish" or the thrumming **Kim Deal** bass line on "Instead" and "Anomaly" (which sound essentially Pre-*Nevermind* with a psych-bent), but if filtering '90s college rock through a dollop of fuzz tone was the band's M.O., then mission accomplished. Though most enjoyable during its more tuneful passages (check the mid-section on "Planet of Tribes"), the album has a mite of no-wave, even hardcore in its veins, most evident on the discordant clamor of "Which Way." Perhaps a little underdeveloped, *Take Me Away* may signal solid things to come on a full-length, and its great moments are undeniable. —Dylan Chadwick

The Difference Machine

The Psychedelic Sounds of the Difference Machine

Psych Army Intergalactic Records

Street: 11.05

The Difference Machine

= Immortal Technique +

Deltron 3030 + DJ Shadow

The Difference Machine meld together the meditative effect of psychedelia with urgent rhymes about spiritual awakening. **Dr. Conspiracy's King Geedorah**-style, trance-like beat is matched with emcee **DT's** seamless flows and **Reid Richards'** witty lyrical tour through Marvel Comics superheroes in "Marvel." **DJ Spytek** and **Conspiracy** revisit 2011 single "Psychology" and dish up an epic, hard-hitting beat. "New Pharaoh" takes the album in an angry direction with simple drumbeats that blast between DT's powerfully spat-out lyrics: "Who are the thought police? Writing tickets for shit you thought was free." The album closer, "Awakening," brings everything in the album back around again and leaves you on a different level. —Darcy R.

Drugs of Faith

Architectural Failures

Malokul Records

Street: 11.12

Drugs of Faith = Dead in

the Dirt + Jawbox + Pig

Destroyer

If any genre should be bulletproof to experimentation and expansion, it's grindcore, but in 2013, strong releases by **Call of the Void** and **Beaten to Death** have challenged this notion, and **Drugs of Faith** are right alongside them. Blast beats provide emphasis rather than a machinegun dominance, which all too often subverts impact for love of speed, allowing these songs to stretch out. The vocal delivery is crucial to **Drugs of Faith's** formula, with singer/guitarist **Richard Johnson (Agrophobic Nosebleed)** airing his grievances in a post-hardcore style that is immediately intelligible. The area where Johnson and crew don't stray from the grind path is in subject

matter, where they competently lambaste the *One Percent* and political incumbents, putting to music the dissatisfaction of the 2010s. The only thing missing from *Architectural Failures* is another five songs to make this a full-length record. —*Peter Fryer*

Eternal North *Children Ov the Cold* **Slaughterhouse Records** **Street: 11.02** **Eternal North = In Flames** **+ Children of Bodom + Emperor**

This Idahoan group makes me ponder the possibilities if In Flames and Children of Bodom hadn't "moderned up" their sound. The key theme on this little EP is the guitar melodies, electric or acoustic. It kind of makes a guy feel like it's the early '90s and so many Scandinavian groups hadn't become shadows of themselves. There's lots of inspiration here, from the early Swedish scene right down to vocal aspirations and more in the way of guitar tones. The title track punches the border of epic with some fancy and memorable guitar licks. Then, to go above and beyond, it throws the listener for a 180 as the melodies get harsher. With "Approaching the Veil," things get all black metal—like when symphonic black metal was still good. This is a beefy EP for the folks who dig the older versions of the equated bands. —*Bryer Wharton*

Fuzz *Self-Titled* **In The Red** **Street: 10.01** **Fuzz = Sic Alps + Charlie and the Moonhearts**



On this release, Fuzz is made up of **Ty Segall**, **Roland Cosio** and **Charlie Moothart**. These guys have worked together a ton, and for good reason—it sounds great. This time around, Segall and Cosio make up the rhythm section (the former on drums and the latter on bass) and Moothart is tasked with guitar. It is definitely closer to early conventional heavy metal than any of the previous releases—you're going to hear a ton of people compare it to

Black Sabbath. Moothart's guitar work could definitely be described as blistering (especially in the track "Loose Sutures"), and it is definitely the component being showcased. Segall's vocals fit nicely alongside the shredding. *Fuzz* is an incredible classic rock album. —*Cody Hudson*

HERETICS IN THE IAB *SUTURE* **Sacrifice Records** **Street:11.12** **HERETICS IN THE IAB = NIN + Marilyn Manson + CHANT**

Lackluster! This is your basic cross between metal and industrial music. It is not horrible, and it's put together well, but nothing really stands out. The typical, grinding guitar riffs and slower bass lines are reminiscent of those that we have heard over and over at the local strip club. I did find the slow, harmonic, piano-type keys and voice samples on "[963]" to be very relaxing and calming. The opposite "[369]" has to be my favorite track on this release with its banging, aggressive drumbeats and experimental noise-type sound. I was much more impressed with their track, "sINCERELY yOURS," from one of their previous releases—at least it was seductive with its lyrics. I do see that there is a lot of potential for this band, as the vocals and talent are there, but I just did not hear a lot of creativity on this release. —*Mistress Nancy*

Ills *Hideout From The Feeders* **Aloe Music** **Street: 11.12** **Ills = Blank Dogs + Modest Mouse + Her Space Holliday**

This album mixes aspects I'm fond of—catchy progressions matched on bass and guitar that give the rhythm a thickness I could move to—with aspects I could leave behind, like vocals that sometimes sound a little too much like **Isaac Brock**, for example. But then songs like "Colleen" pull me in with high-pitched, thin guitar riffs that complement the choruses, and vocals that now remind me of those on **Wavves'** "Green Eyes." The next track, "Coma"—a dark song with moving bass lines, a semi-prominent '80s-era synth sound and little guitar—works for me, too. If the whole album sounded like the cluster of goodness in the middle, it would get more plays from me, but how it is gives me mixed feelings. —*Steve Richardson*

Irish Moutarde *Raise 'Em All* **Self-Released** **Street: 09.17** **Irish Moutarde = The Real McKenzies + NOFX**

Hailing from Quebec, Irish Moutarde bring us yet another Irish punk rock sound that their fans can drink and dance to. A mix of alternating lead vocals—switching between nearly each band member—and representation of bagpipes, accordion and banjo, played to fast-paced punk rock, make for a really exciting sound. Like any Irish-style band, they include their drinking songs like the bittersweet "Farewell to Drunkenness" and the festive "Glasses to the Sky." Songs ranging from the fast-paced "I Heard Jesus Was" and the French-sung "Olaf," to the more relaxed "A Lad and a Half" and a cover of the traditional Irish folk tune, "The Fields of Athenry," all make for an enjoyable album. They sound like a fun band to see live, and I'd bet it gets crazy. —*Eric U. Norris*

Jeffrey Novak *Lemon Kid* **Trouble In Mind Records** **Street: 11.19** **Jeffrey Novak = Tom Waits + John Cale**

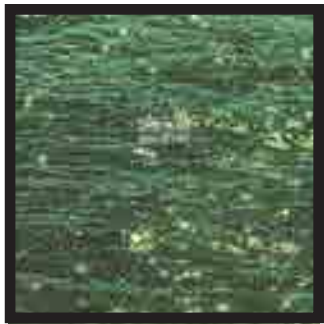
Cheap Times' Novak is a literal one-man band, taking on all musical duties on this, his third solo album, and his second full release this year alone. While there is nothing specifically wrong with being prolific, sadly therein lies his problem: It is all too much to be truly appreciated. Not that his schizophrenic approach to making music is all unpalatable—it is more a case of a little going a long, long way. One assumes that the unintentionally yet appropriately titled opener, "Endless Repetition," sounds like a first-stage demo on purpose, or that the title track is really dreadful, despite the briefly creative drumming that it starts with. The voice of punk was never meant to be melodic, but Novak screams way too much. The only time things come to fruition is on "Pictures On A Screen," where his mostly restrained vocals finally match a coherent melody. —*Dean O Hillis*

KILN *Meadow:watt* **Ghostly International** **Street: 11.11** **KILN = Autechre + mOck + Richard D. James-era Aphex Twin**

Meadow:watt. Megawatt. Get it? KILN's exploration of the juxtaposition of the natural and the manmade is extended beyond the title and into the music of *meadow:watt*. KILN combine various guitar and bass lines with programmed beats and hefty amounts of post-production editing to create something wholly organic and wholly crafted. The result is an oddly pastoral, mid-tempo record that simmers in slightly off beats at the behest of a sturdy bass line and gorgeous waves

of electronic and acoustic noise. Auxiliary instruments like jaw-harps and harmonicas find their way into the compositions, weaving aural golden strands through the track just faintly enough for you to find the way back to the source. That source is a beating heart in a robot's chest. There's loads of beauty in this album. —*Ryan Hall*

The KVB *Minus One* **A Recordings** **Street: 11.26** **The KVB = Holograms / Crocodiles + Moon Duo**



Being handpicked by **Anton Newcombe** of **Brian Jonestown Massacre** to be on Newcombe's record label speaks volumes for The KVB. *Minus One's* combination of shoegaze, post-punk and noise is quite an alluring brew. Its melodic sense is a break from the pure heaviness and darkness of their past recordings. Either way, these guys use synthesizers in a way that nods to **Suicide** and **Silver Apples**. But it's their guitar-driven energy that calls to mind **Joy Division** more than anyone else when I hear each song. It's slightly dark, but it's sort of beautiful, and you can dance if you want to. It's not the way you dance when you're in a club, but the way you dance when you're in your head, lost in sonic bliss. —*Justin Gallegos*

The Melvins *Tres Cabrones* **Ipecac** **Street: 11.05** **The Melvins = Butthole Surfers + My War/In My Head-era Black Flag + Lysol-era Melvins**



For their 19th (!) studio offering, Aberdeen's infamous sludge trio returns to its original 1983 incarnation with **Buzz Osborne** on guitar, drummer **Dale Crover** playing bass and original drummer **Matt Dillard** (who

garage-y organ to traditional pop punk hooks and layered backing vocals to give the songs a 1960s feel. It takes more from The Stooges than from the middle class, and this is refreshing. In all, it is a solid return to form for a little-known punk band that has gone 17 years without a proper release. —*James Bennett*

Lee Corey Oswald/Three Man Cannon *Self-Titled* **Black With Sap Records** **Street: 02.05** **Lee Corey Oswald/Three Man Cannon = Mumford & Sons + All American Rejects + Portugal. The Man**

The first side of the album, Three Man Cannon, instantly made me feel like I was in an independent film about teenagers falling in love. The sound was very punk influenced, but captured more of a laidback, slower tempo and softer melody. The other side, Lee Corey Oswald, was a little bit more garage-band angst with less of the laidback feel. Both sides meshed well and were produced well. Some highlights of the album were "Interdependence," a relaxing, folk-styled alternative song, "Dream Song," a faster-paced track with sort of a boy-band feel to it, and "Bullshit Stories," a slower acoustic track that sounds good musically, but has vocals that show Lee Corey Oswald shouldn't try to stray too far from the punky alternative sound they showcase in the rest of the album. —*Julia Sachs*

Mount Eerie *Pre-Human Ideas* **P.W. Elverum & Sun** **Street: 11.12** **Mount Eerie = Electric President + Alaska in Winter**

Stripped down and re-recorded, Mount Eerie composed an entire album out of pieces of previously recorded material, dubbed over with new, auto-tuned vocals. Apparently, the songs were originally designed as demos to instruct touring bands, but were soon after turned into a minimalistic, quasi-futuristic version of Mount Eerie's original songs. So, basically, this is a side project that reworks songs from *Ocean Roar* and *Clear Moon* in a much more experimental way, by using new lyrics and expanding on each song's original idea. **Phil Elverum** voices everything on the album, his voice ranging from very deep to melodically high-pitched. Though on the surface it may seem simple, *Pre-Human Ideas*

left in '84) handling skins. Though their formula's an institution at this point in a 30-year career, *Tres Cabrones* does harken back to their young punker days with ripsnorters like "Walter's Lips" and "Stick em' Up Bitch," while iron-bellied lurchers à la "City Dump" and "Dogs and Cattleprods" scream "classic" Melvins throughout. Perhaps the band's great statement is their penchant for enlisting "new" personnel to jimmy the lineup, while still sounding unequivocally "Melvins" in execution. "Tie My Pecker to a Tree" and "99 Bottles of Beer" would play like hokey tripe if left to any other band, but on a Melvins album, it's a feat of demented conviction, of commitment to craft and identity—an excellent record. —*Dylan Chadwick*

Mick Turner *Don't Tell The Driver* **Drag City Records** **Street: 11.19** **Mick Turner = Bonnie "Prince" Billy + Smog**

Don't Tell The Driver would be the perfect album to ease a panic attack. The calming themes and minimal arrangements engage an overall feeling of peace, soothing the thoughts to ease you into a safe place. Turner focuses on the elements of the instruments, and not as much on the vocals—although, when present, they feel epic, but in an angelic way. "Over Waves" did this best, as vocalist **Caroline Kennedy-McCraken** enhances the melody by giving it an operatic quality. The instrumentation felt loaded with a Southwestern vibe, making it feel as though I was traveling alone by horseback across the desert landscape, especially in "The Navigator." I definitely enjoyed this album. —*Brinley Froelich*

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sets out to prove that the electronic can, in fact, be quite natural, and that recomposition doesn't have to be familiar. —*Allison Shephard*

Phantogram *Self-Titled EP* **Republic Records** **Street: 09.30** **Phantogram = Purity Ring + Cults - 1/2 STRFKR**

It's been a good two years since the *Nightlife* EP, and four years since *Eyelid Movements*, so, of course, fans have been salivating for anything new. Much like an appetizer before the main course, this New York duo threw us an EP while we impatiently wait for the release of *Voices*. There's no real pretense here: All four tracks have been plucked from the new full-length, with the main single, "Black Out Days," being the standout with its infectious chorus and striking rhythm. But the other three, while good in their own ways, just blend together and sound as if they're lacking passion. It's not bad, but it isn't great, and it just makes you question why they bothered to do this EP anyway. Unless you're a collector or you really need the single now, save your cash for the full-length. —*Gavin Sheehan*

Poor Remy *Bitters* **Self-Released** **Street: 11.12** **Poor Remy = Lullaby for the Working Class + (The Civil Wars - Jenny Lewis)**

Simplistic musicality is complemented well with heavy harmonizing on this album. The combination expresses angst and fulfillment simultaneously without sounding contradictory. While the album was only four songs long, I was not left wanting. The violin section on "Wrecking Ball" is gorgeously bittersweet and articulated melancholy skillfully. Poor Remy have found a way to reiterate a modern twist on a quintessential style of American music, without sounding routine or unimaginative. This can be attributed mostly to their constant harmonizing. Seriously, there isn't a single lyric where only one person is singing. Folk transforms into alt-country at the end of "Cave Eyes," concluding the album pleasantly. Try this one out for a hiking trip or a day in nature. —*LeAundra Jeffs*

Psalm Zero *Force My Hand* **Last Things Records** **Street: 11.19** **Psalm Zero = Godflesh + Big Black**

This is a short, two-song EP from this NYC-based duo, who use mostly electronic instruments like synth and

drum machines to achieve their dark sound. It's tough to rate the band on this debut single, because one of the two songs is a cover of **Today Is The Day's** "Willpower," which they transformed from its distorted, noise-metal roots into a gothic dirge with what the band calls "medieval vocal harmonies." It was an awful, droning mess. The titular track is decent enough, but didn't at all get me jazzed to hear a full album's worth of material. The percussion is repetitive, its riffs are mind-numbing, and the vocals are dull, but at least until the distorted screams arrive halfway through to provide some black metal frosting to the production. One can only hope the full release has a little adrenaline in it, as well as a better sense of what exactly the band is out to accomplish. —*Megan Kennedy*

Saxon *Unplugged and Strung Up* **UDR Music** **Street: 11.19** **Saxon = Angel Witch + Accept**



Over the course of a 36-year career, Saxon have proven themselves to be the undisputed masters of heavy metal songwriting. Even after all these years, the band sounds tighter than ever. **Biff Byford's** voice has morphed into that of a gravelly heavy metal wizard, while **Paul Quinn's** expert riffcraft has only been strengthened by modern production values. *Unplugged and Strung Up* is a cavalcade of recordings, orchestrations and acoustic takes on a selection of Saxon's greatest material. The soaring orchestral swells of "Call to Arms" contrast beautifully against the morose and powerful live recording of "Iron Wheels." They even revisit some of their oldest material, with a solid re-recording of "Militia Guard" and an acoustic take on "Frozen Rainbow." This is no mere re-mastering—these songs still resonate with the passion of their original recording, adding a compelling new dimension to Saxon's glory years. —*Henry Glasheen*

Soviet Soviet *Fate Felte* **Street: 11.11**

Soviet Soviet = Tubeway Army + The Spits + Bloc Party

When *Fate* begins, the full richness of the music, along with the double-time dance beat, doesn't prepare me for the voice of **Alessandro Costantini**. It's not that his voice doesn't mesh well with the overall sound—it does. It's perfect for the crunchy bass that sits on the forefront of the album's mixes, allowing the guitars to create texture or melodic leads reminiscent of **Holograms'** synth work. I just didn't expect a voice almost indistinguishable from that of **Gary Numan's** on any Tubeway Army track. The similarity really sinks in by *Fate's* fourth track, "Further," as Costantini sings, "And you tell me why, you tell me why," breaking the second "why" into two syllables and two notes—a vocal maneuver not skimped on throughout the album. —Steve Richardson

SQÜRL

EP #2

ATP Recordings

Street: 11.05

SQÜRL = Purling Hiss +

Horses In The Sky-era A

Silver Mount Zion + Sic Alps

Spoiler alert: SQÜRL is **Jim**

Jarmusch's newest musical project.

Name recognition can only travel so far, however. Even if Mr. Jarmusch weren't involved in this project, I would still find this short stab of engineered no wave destruction paired with the lethargic and caustic wail of major-chord stoner riffs and a warped, warbled approximation of the music of the American West to be more than worth my time. This is pretty fascinating stuff. Coming off a brilliant collaboration with lute revivalist **Josef van Wissem**, this largely instrumental, sprawling compilation of psychedelic guitar explorations of dissonance and repetition is as good as any Jarmusch film: disconnected, adjacent to popular culture and unmistakably idiosyncratic. If you needed another reason, SQÜRL'S cover of **Hank Williams'** "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" is the best I have ever heard. —Ryan Hall

Sumie

Self-Titled

Bella Union

Street: 12.03

Sumie = Agnes Obel + Feist

+ Gregory and the Hawk

Quiet, melodic and delicate, Swedish sweetheart Sumie makes her guitar sing so sweetly in the most minimalistic way, proving you don't need elaborate instrumentation and production to make quality music. Blending European and Japanese imagery, Sumie invokes complex lyrical ideas, creating an interesting juxtaposition between the simple and the intricate, which ends

up working beautifully. Instrumentally, at its most complicated, it uses only background vocals and a piano while Sumie's voice spins gracefully around, intricately weaving each piece together into the stunning closer that is "Sailor Friends." "Midnight Glories" is a dreamy, nighttime delight reminiscent of **Eisley**. Perfectly orchestrated, its ethereal, no-frills approach allows for the listener to be completely enchanted from beginning to end. In the case of Sumie, simplistic does not equal basic in any way. —Allison Shephard

Tonight Sky

Self-Titled

Sunstrom Sound

Street: 11.05

Tonight Sky = Boards of

Canada + Lemon Jelly

As the name suggests, the influences behind Tonight Sky (created by **Jason Holstrom**) involve a lot of stargazing and space stuff. With that, Holstrom weaves electronic melodies with danceable beats, layered with ambience invoking the nature of space—empty and vast. "Deep Blue and Green" takes you in the opposite direction, to the depths of the ocean, but the weightless sentiment remains. While I dug the instrumentation, the vocals didn't really resonate with me, and I'd probably like this album more without them. Nonetheless, the arrangements are groovy and fresh, and would probably serve well as a soundtrack for a scientific documentary for kids. —Briinley Froelich

Tracy Shedd

Arizona

New Granada

Street: 11.12

Tracy Shedd = Anna Nalick

+ Missy Higgins

If this was playing in a room, you could leave for a few songs and not miss much. All 13 tracks are quiet vocals over strummy, uncomplicated acoustic guitar and vapid, romantic lyrics. **Cat Power** sets the bar pretty high in my mind for the genre of "chicks with guitars and pretty voices," and while Shedd fits the criteria, her approach lacks any sort of edge or defining quality. "All the Little Things" features a male singer and sounds like something that gets played at Starbucks. Given that her cover of "Teenage Riot" by **Sonic Youth** is the coolest track of the album, I think that Shedd would have more success if she gave songwriting a break and stuck to covers. —Kia McGinnis

Vaadat Charigim

The World Is Well Lost

Burger Records/Warm Ratio

Street: 11.12

Vaadat Charigim = Interpol

+ Ride + Skywave

Vaadat Charigim (Hebrew for "Exceptions Committee") is an Israeli shoegaze band from Tel Aviv. *The World Is Well Lost* is their debut album. Though its songs are sung in Hebrew, translation is not necessary—this record's ambition is perfectly clear. *The World* abounds in primary shoegaze elements: swirls of lush guitar and nostalgic, monotone vocals. Tracks here move in and out of noise and meandering sonic contemplation, with a dark energy reminiscent of **Slowdive's** *Souvlaki*. Let Vaadat Charigim remind you why you love the genre. —Christian Schultz

The Warlocks

Skull Worship

Zap Banana/Cargo

Street: 11.26

The Warlocks = Dead

Meadow + Brian Jonestown

Massacre/B.R.M.C's The

Effects of 333



Most of the record, much like their prior effort, *The Mirror Explodes*, is a shoegazy affair redolent of ethereal **My Bloody Valentine** static and dreamy vocal melodies. But for the fans of the jaunty hooks and crunch of **Phoenix**, don't be daunted by the airy melodies of this one, for this is easily corrected with volume. The album opens up with "Dead Generation," which is a jam-rocker akin to some of their more energized psychedelic thunder from the past. *Skull Worship* really reaches its potential on fourth track "Silver & Plastic"—a scumbag confessional along the same lines as "Thursday's Radiation." At times dim and cathedral, at others lavender and surreal, *Skull Worship* is a communion with the dead, but it is in no way a reanimation of their records of yore. —Jordan Deveraux

Warmmaster/

Humiliation

Self-Titled

Slaughterhouse Records/

Dead Beat Media

Street: 06.02

Warmmaster/Humiliation =

Bolt Throver + Benediction



+ Asphyx

This review is a bit late, considering the full-length from Warmaster is unleashed already (reviewed in the November *SLUG*), and this split EP from Humiliation and Warmaster was somewhat of a precursor—or a little taste of what the bands had to offer. The two tracks from Humiliation here, actually, are quite a bit better than what they put forth on their full-length, containing a lot more meat to them and some riffs right out of *Realm of Chaos*. Warmaster's half of the split sees them doing much of what they did on the full-length with equal aural punishment. Disregard the full-length's display—this is a track-exclusive release and meant to be played on turntables pumping the deadskin collection that continuously builds up in your speakers back into your nasal cavity. Vinyl hoarders take note: This release is on nice, blood-splattered wax and limited to 500 copies. —Bryer Wharton

Weekend Nachos

Still

Relapse

Street: 11.11

Weekend Nachos = Crossed

Out + Despise You + Hatred

Surge

On *Still*, Dekalb's long-standing jock violence unit continues mining the paths carved on *Worthless*, juicing on some of Relapse's recording muscle to ratchet their sound a tad cleaner. The "jack-rabbit fast bit/thunder-sludge slow bit" formula is very much intact, and played very much to perfection on "S.C.A.B.," "Ignore" and "You're Not Punk." Still, the album manages to distinguish itself on slight sonic detours, like with the haunting middle passages of "Watch You Suffer" and "Late Night Walks." **John Hoffman's** vocal plasticity, which ranges from harrowing shrieks to guttural bellowing and intermittent grooving ("Yes Way" and "Broken Mirror"), compares to others of the ilk. Ultimately, though, the band plies their wares where the most bread gets buttered: punishing power violence with an occasional metal flourish. Unrelenting, cruel and occasionally even catchy, *Still* is yet another installment in a practically flawless discography. —Dylan Chadwick

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DECEMBER 2013 FREE SCREENING SCHEDULE



THE ECONOMY

TUES. /// DECEMBER 3 @ 7PM

MONEY FOR NOTHING

Money for Nothing is a feature-length documentary about the Federal Reserve — made by a team of FBI Supervisors and Academy Award winners — that seeks to reveal America's central bank and its impact on our economy and our society.

Directed and Produced in attendance by Andrew G. ...

Presented in partnership with The Salt Lake City Public Library



NHMU SCIENCE MOVIE NIGHT

TUES. /// DECEMBER 10 @ 7PM

PEOPLE OF A FEATHER

People of a Feather takes you into the world of the leat, who share a unique relationship with the Timber Lake whose warm waters allow both leat and bird to survive harsh Arctic winters. Herescribe of traditional life via juxtaposition with western life, as both people and leat face the challenges posed by changing sea ice and ocean currents.

Following the film, join Denise D'Amico, assistant to the U of U, Department of Anthropology, for an exploration of the impact of climate change on people of the North American Arctic.



UTAH FILM CIRCUIT - WEST JORDAN

THURS. /// DECEMBER 5 @ 7PM

KON-TIKI

Norwegian explorer Thor Heyerdahl crossed the Pacific ocean in a balsa wood raft in 1947, together with five crew. To prove that South American already back in pre-Columbian times could have crossed the sea and settled on Polynesian islands. After gathering financing for the trip with loans and donations, they set off on an epic 101 day-long journey across 8,000 kilometers. All while the world was watching.

Directed by Joachim Roemer + Espen Sandberg

PG-13 / 101 min / 2012 / UK / Norway / Denmark / Germany / Sweden



DESIGN MATTERS

TUES. /// DECEMBER 17 @ 7PM

DILLER SCOFIDIO + RENFRO

The inter-disciplinary design firm, founded in 1979 by Elizabeth Diller and Ricardo Scofidio, has stirred interest with its provocative exhibitions that stretch the boundaries between art and architecture. With the addition of partner Charles Renfro in 2004, the team almost instantaneously completed two large-scale projects in New York City — the renovation of the High Line and the revitalization and expansion of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts — Diller Scofidio + Renfro garnered the public's attention.

Directed by Mathew Dean + Tom Piper

Not Rated / 58 min / 2012 / USA



TUMBLEWEEDS YEAR-ROUND

SAT. /// DECEMBER 7 @ 11AM

ARTHUR CHRISTMAS

When Santa delivers billions of presents to the whole world in just one night? With a crew of the art, high-tech elves! So how could this incredible operation have missed one child? To Santa's young son, Arthur, it's time to test the magic of Christmas. With retired Grandpa, a rebellious young elf, an old sleigh, and some mischievous reindeer, Arthur sets out on a crazy mission to deliver the best present!

Directed by Barry Cook + Sarah Smith

Recommended for ages 6+ / Rated PG / 97 min / 2011 / USA



DAMN THESE HEELS! YEAR-ROUND

THURS. /// DECEMBER 19 @ 7PM

THE BABY FORMULA

Based by a pair of hilarious performances live on stage, Megan Parkinback and Angela Yast, this upper tier comedy follows a lesbian couple towards their parenthood. From a real lesbian actress/producer Akon Reid comes this raucous, fun and satirical comedy in which two lesbians in New Mexico pregnant at the same time (with sperm created from one another's stem cells) and embark on a wild adventure — with a lot of unexpected family drama as their parents recover to the news! Amidst all the laughs, The Baby Formula is an poignant and uplifting as a newborn babe (or two)!

Directed by Alison Bell

Not Rated / 81 min / 2010 / Canada



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FRIDAYS: Dec 6th - Ladies That Rock feat. Minx, Melody Pilsipher, and Lady Murasaki
Dec 13th: Alien Land Slide & Friends
Dec 17th (Tues) - The Funk & Gonzo Show
Dec 20th - The Saintanne, The Crook & The Bluff, and Mortigl Temple

SATURDAYS: Dec 7th - Reggae Bash w Black Salt Tone, Wasnatch, Tribe of I, Green Leafs, From The Sun
Dec 14th - Day Lates and Friends
Dec 21st - Dance Evolution
Dec 28th - Gritts Green CD Release Party!!

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THE DAILY S LUG CALENDAR

Get your event listed for free in print, online and on your iPhone app! Sign up for a free SLUG calendar account at slugmag.com/calendar.

Friday, December 6 Pick up the new issue of SLUG - Anyplace Cool!

Schubert & Tchaikovsky - *Abravanel*
Genre Zero, La Madness, Matthew & The Hope - *Bar Deluxe*
Jazz Brulee - *Bayou*
Zodiac Empire - *Brewskis*
Racoon Dog, The Saintanne, Vincent Draper & The Dirty Thirty, Shadow Puppet, Us Thieves - *Burt's*
Jake Miller, Action Item, Air Dubai - *Complex*
Lavelle Dupree - *Downstairs*
Son Of Ian - *Green Pig*
Stonefed - *Hog Wallow*
Allred, Larusso, Tate McCallum-Law, Alan Hanson, Mason Jones - *Kilby*
Jeff Tweedy - *Kingsbury*
Betty Hates Everything, Von Andeck, In Ship Down, The Last Wednesday, Amahlia - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
ARxT SLC - *Local Colors Gallery*
Diaz Mackie - *Lumpy's South*
The Danger Kids, Bombshell Academy, Tri-Polar Bear, Queenadilla - *Muse Music*
Simple Treasures Holiday Boutique - *Ogden's Union Station*
Sub For Santa Benefit Show - *Salt Haus*
Holiday Pop-Up Shops - *Q Clothing*
The Roadkingz - *Scorez*
Eagle Twin, INVDRS, La Verkin, Die Off - *Shred Shed*
The Cat In The Hat - *SLAC*
Draw Something Show - *Studio Of Living Art*
And...Go! Improv Comedy Show - *Sugar Space*
When The Fight Started, Kiss Me Kill Me, Candy's River House - *The Royal Fifteen - UMOCA*
Mic Masters: Playoff Round 7 - *Uprok*
Dubwise - *Urban*
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*
Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
Seve vs. Evan - *Velour*
Julie Perry - *Why Sound*
MiNX, ESX, Merchant Royal - *Woodshed*

Saturday, December 7 Schubert & Tchaikovsky - Abravanel Pin Me Up By Ashley Marie's 3rd Annual Rockin Rockabilly Charity Event - Bar Deluxe

Latin Jazz Factory - *Bayou*
Nigel & The Metal Dogs - *Brewskis*
Utah County Swillers, Knuckledragger - *Burt's*
High Desert Blues Band - *City Limits*
American Hitmen, Johnny K And Krew, Opal Hill Drive, Joe Pack & The Pops

- *Complex*
All-Wheel Sports Productions
- *Eccles Center*
The Black Lillies - *Garage*
2013 Jingle Bell Run/Walk - Gateway Mall
Caveman Blvd. - *Green Pig*
Stonfed - *Hog Wallow*
Skellum, Tetriz Fingers, Dsz Khensu - *Kilby*
Simple Treasures Holiday Boutique - *Ogden's Union Station*
Suicidal Tendencies, Terror, Trash Talk, The Inspector Cluzo - *Park City Live*
Holiday Pop-Up Shops - *Q Clothing*
Winter Market - Rio Grande
SB Dance: WTFI, Peter Breinholt - *Rose Wagner*
Sub For Santa Benefit Show - *Salt Haus*
The Roadkingz - *Scorez*
Save The World Get The Girl, Grass - *Shred Shed*
Arthur Christmas - *SLC Main Library*
Write a Poem-Make a Gift! - *SLCC Community Writing Center*
UMFA Holiday Market - *UMFA*
The North Valley, The Future Of The Ghost, Wildcat Strike, Breakers - *Urban*
Isaac Russell, Timmy The Teeth, Forest Eyes - *Velour*
September Say Goodbye, Both The Gallows, Derek Simmons - *Why Sound*

Sunday, December 8
Death Valley High - *Burt's*
Johnny Richter, Sozay - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
Sub For Santa Benefit Show - *Salt Haus*
Phinehas, Cities Of Desolation, Cries Of The Captive, Ivy & Ashes - *Shred Shed*

Monday, December 9
Winds Of Plague, Impending Doom - *In The Venue*
Winds Of Plague, Impending Doom, No Bragging Rights, City In The Sea, Destruction Of A King - *In The Venue*
Cate Le Bon, Kevin Morby - *Kilby*
The Lower Lights - *Masonic Temple*
Moe. - *Park City Live*
Battle Of The Bands: Night 1 - *Velour*

**Tuesday, December 10
Happy Birthday, Ryan Hall!
Happy Birthday, Thomas Winkley!**
The Lower Lights - *Masonic Temple*
Everlast - *Park City Live*
People Of A Feather - *SLC Main Library*
Midlake, Sarah Jaffe - *Urban*
Battle Of The Bands: Night 2 - *Velour*

**Wednesday, December 11
Quad Wednesday - Brighton**
Christian Coleman - *Hog Wallow*

Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
DC Fallout, The Last Gatsby - *Shred Shed*
1000-Word Keepsakes - *SLCC Community Writing Center*
What Makes Me Tic? - *Tower Theatre*
Coyote Vision Group, Tavaputs, Pentagon Cracker, Red Telephone - *Urban*
Battle Of The Bands: Night 3 - *Velour*

Thursday, December 12
Free Press, Jazz Jaguars - *Burt's*
Holy Water Buffalo - *Downstairs*
Mark Chaney & The Garage Jazz Allstars - *Garage*
Morgan Snow - *Hog Wallow*
Anthropology, The Pelicans, Birthquake - *Kilby*
The Codi Jordan Band - *Lumpy's South*
The Lower Lights - *Masonic Temple*

Bad Kids Present The Lillith Affair: Fundraiser for YWCA - Metro
The Porch - Storytelling - *Muse*
Ririe-Woodbury: Momentum - *Rose Wagner*
Best Of Friends, Josh Withenshaw, Dylan Jakobsen, The Fence - *Shred Shed*
Holiday Gift Making Class - *Silverschmidt Design*
The Band Of Heathens - *State Room*
Indie Ogden Awards - Union Station
Manic Focus - *Urban*
Battle Of The Bands: Night 4 - *Velour*
DIY Workshop - West Elm Presents Christmas Packaging with Shantel Nielson - West Elm
Skewed News, Alexis Olsen, Jordan Duncan, Rorry Forbush - *Why Sound*

Friday, December 13
Afro Omega - *Bar Deluxe*
Double Helix - *Bayou*
Bassmint Pros - *Brewskis*
Moneypenny, Blinded By Truth, Sugar Bone - *Burt's*
The Roadkingz - *Devil's Daughter*
Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*
The Rhythm Combo, The Haole Boys - *Garage*
Miss Brawling Beauty, Miss Je Ne Sais Quoi, Outlaw Entertainers, Men Of Obsession - *Gino's*
Von Andeck - *Green Pig*
The 2:13s, Fission Breakers - *Kilby*
My Jerusalem, The Pillar - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
The Lower Lights - *Masonic Temple*
Lou Reed Tribute featuring The Laddels - *Muse*
Sizzla, The Tribe Of I - *Park City Live*
Holiday Pop-Up Shops - *Q Clothing*
Ririe-Woodbury: Momentum - *Rose Wagner*
Jamestown Revival - *Shred Shed*

The White Buffalo - *State Room*
SLUG Localized: The Circulars, Fossil Arms, Alexander Ortega - Urban
Battle Of The Bands: Night 5 - *Velour*
Tr3ason, Harbinger, False Witness - *Why Sound*

Saturday, December 14
Mr. Lucky Blues - *Bayou*
The Breakfast Klub - *Brewskis*
Life Has A Way, Jackass Bone - *Burt's*
Trainwreck - *City Limits*
DJ Scooter - *Downstairs*
David Williams, The Pentagram Cracker, Cracker - *Garage*
Gamma Rays - *Green Pig*
Back Wash - *Hog Wallow*
Ink Wars Party 3 - *Hotel Reverie - Kilby*
Turned To Stone, Visigoth, Moon Of Delirium, Huldra - *Lo-Fi Cafe*
George Lopez - *Maverik Center*
Bad Kids Present: Nightmare Before Xmas - Metro
I/O, No Sleep, Wild Apples, Breezeway - *Muse Music*
Holiday Pop-Up Shops - *Q Clothing*
Ririe-Woodbury: Momentum, Ring Around The Rose - *Rose Wagner*
Melissa Pace-Tanner, Dan Waldis - *Sandy City Hall*
Donner Party House, The Wasatch Fault, Nostalgia, The Contras - *Shred Shed*
Write a Poem-Make a Gift! - *SLCC Community Writing Center*
Vienna Teng, Alex Wong - *State Room*

People's Market 7th Annual Holiday Market - Trolley Square
Bip Bip Bip, Big Wild Wings, Strong Words, Guard Cats - *Urban*
Battle Of The Bands: Finals - *Velour*
Paul Christiansen, Clayton Pabst, Ali Hansen - *Why Sound*
The DayLates, Dreascap Divers - *Woodshed*

**Sunday, December 15
Happy Birthday, Casey Morgan!**
Bad Boy Bill - *Downstairs*
Morgan Snow - *Garage*
10th Anniversary Open House - *Les Madeleines*
Sparkling Snowflake Soiree - *Mixx*
Toby Beard - *State Room*

Monday, December 16
Jerry Joseph Duo - *State Room*

Tuesday, December 17
Dear Rabbit, Aaron Wolcott, Joey Brandin - *Shred Shed*
Diller Scofidio + Renfro - *SLC Main Library*

Will Hoge, Red Wanting Blue - *State Room*

**Wednesday, December 18
Happy Birthday, Joshua Joye!
Happy Birthday, Alex Cragun!
Quad Wednesday - Brighton**
Corey Smaller - *Hog Wallow*
Beware Of Darkness - *In The Venue*
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*
The Pelican's, Squash, Parchment - *Shred Shed*
The Devil Whale - *Urban*

**Thursday, December 19
Happy Birthday, Traci Grant!**
Kurt Bestor - *Abravanel*
Jamestown Revival, Charles Ellsworth - *Bar Deluxe*
The Baby Formula - *Brewvies*
Circle The Stars - *Burt's*
Mark Chaney & The Garage Jazz Allstars - *Garage*
Caveman Blvd. - *Green Pig*
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind - *Hog Wallow*
Sepia Ria, 90's Television - *Kilby*
Cody Taylor, Jason Tyler Burton, Paul Travis, James Henrie - *Muse Music*
Guard Cats, Babylon, Muzzle Tung - *Shred Shed*
Mortigi Tempo, Temples, Red Yeti - *Velour*
Kendall Karch - *Why Sound*

**Friday, December 20
Happy Birthday, Liz Phillips!
Happy Birthday, Jesse Anderson!
Happy Birthday, Thy Doan!**
Kurt Bestor - *Abravanel*
Mantis Jackson - *Bar Deluxe*
A.M. Bump - *Bayou*
2013 Christmas Cheers Film Fest - *Brewvies*
Filth Lords, The Glorious Bastards, Wrong Around - *Burt's*
Zion I, Michal Menert, Cunninlynguists - *Depot*

Jackson Cash - *Egyptian Theatre*
In Ship Down, Merchant Royal - *Fat's Bar & Grill*
Utah County Swillers, Blue Moon Bombers - *Garage*
Terrence Hansen Trio - *Green Pig*
Marinade - *Hog Wallow*
Yazzi - *Kilby*
Kathleen Frewin - *Muse Music*
Holiday Pop-Up Shops - *Q Clothing*
This Bird Of Dawning - *Rose Wagner*
Justin Townes Earle - *State Room*
And...Go! Improv Comedy Show - *Sugar Space*

Cult Leader, INVDRS, Oxcross, Light Black - *Urban*
Colt Ford, Moonshine Bandits - *Westerner*
The Saintanne, The Crook & The Bluff, Mortigi Temple - *Woodshed*

**Saturday, December 21
Happy Birthday, Michael Sanchez!**
Kurt Bestor - *Abravanel*
Natural Roots - *Bar Deluxe*
Tim Kidder Quartet - *Bayou*
Kap Bros. - *Brewskis*
The Gammarays, Monkey Knife Fight

- *Burt's*
Intra-Venus & The Cosmonauts, Alien Landslide, SCROMance - *City Limits*
DJ Politik - *Downstairs*
Jackson Cash - *Egyptian Theatre*
Daniel Day Trio - *Garage*
The Pillar - *Green Pig*
Royal Bliss - *Kamikazes*
The Fission Breakers, The Dharma Blues - *Kilby*
Blood On The Dance Floor, Farewell My Love, The Relapse Symphony, Haley Rose - *Murray Theatre*
As We Speak - *Muse Music*
Adventure Club - *Park City Live*
Holiday Pop-Up Shops - *Q Clothing*
Winter Market - Rio Grande
This Bird Of Dawning - *Rose Wagner*
Sloths, And I The Lion, The Sky Above & The Earth Below - *Shred Shed*
People's Market 7th Annual



Cult Leader @ Urban Lounge 12.20 with INVDRS, Oxcross and Light/Black

Holiday Market - Trolley Square
Third Saturday: Word Art - *UMFA*
9th Annual Holiday Cocktail Party - *Urban*
Velour's Christmas Special - *Velour*
Dance Evolution - *Woodshed*

Sunday, December 22
Jackson Cash - *Egyptian Theatre*
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind - *Garage*

Monday, December 23
Seaholm Mackintosh, Some Kind Of Nightmare - *Burt's*

**Tuesday, December 24
Happy Birthday, Ben Trentleman!**

**Wednesday, December 25
Happy Holidays!**

Thursday, December 26
Mark Chaney & The Garage Jazz Allstars - *Garage*
Devareaux, User, Cobol - *Urban*

Friday, December 27
Chalula - *Bayou*
The Pillar, Backyard Possums - *Brewskis*
The Illuminati - *Complex*

Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*
Tony Holiday - *Green Pig*
Bipolar Bears - *Hog Wallow*
The Swinging Lights, Gravitational, Cody Robinson - *Kilby*
Dada Life - *Park City Live*
Archeopteryx, Pinecone Radio, The Pelican's - *Shred Shed*
Audioflo - *Urban*
Luz & Gonzo - *Why Sound*
Funk & Gonzo - *Woodshed*

Saturday, December 28
Fetish Ball - *Area 51*
The Number Ones - *Bayou*
The Cover Dogs - *Brewskis*
Gravetown, SCROMance - *Burt's*
Boris Lukowski, Jared Pierce, Jordan Peterson - *City Limits*
Late Night Alumni - *Depot*
Chris Kennedy - *Downstairs*

James Shepard, Ferocious As They Come, Thomas Koch - *Why Sound*
Gritts Green - *Woodshed*
Just Wanna Dance - *Zest*

**Sunday, December 29
Happy Birthday, Catie Weimer!**
Geek Show Movie Night - *Brewvies*
Leftover Salmon, Bill Payne - *Park City Live*
Wisebird - *Urban*

Monday, December 30
Sleep For Sleepers, Workday Release, Casting Quarters, Double or Nothing - *Kilby*
Elephant Revival, Shook Twins - *State Room*
Salt City Poetry Slam - *Weller Book Works*

**Tuesday, December 31
Happy Birthday, Xkot Toxsi!**
Zodiac Empire - *Bar Deluxe*
Eric McFadden - *Brewskis*
MAKJ, Drezo, Timone, Highjack'd, Ross K - *Depot*
DJ Mom Jeans, DJ Angr Mngmt - *Downstairs*
Bernadette Peters - *Eccles Center*
Destroid, Dirtyphonics, Kill Paris, V2 Allstars, Drumlojik, Grimblee, Destroid, Dirtyphonics, Kill Paris - *Saltair*
Elephant Revival, Shook Twins - *State Room*
Matty Mo, MaxPain & The Groovies, Flash & Flare - *Urban*


Wednesday, January 1
I Am The Ocean - *Urban*

**Thursday, January 2
Happy Birthday, Somerset Bivens!**
Joe McQueen Quartet - *Garage*

**Friday, January 3
Pick up the new issue of SLUG - Anyplace Cool!**

Happy Birthday, Cody Kirkland!
Fox Street - *Brewskis*
Reverend Horton Heat, Jello Biafra, Old Man Markley - *Depot*
Tony Holiday - *Hog Wallow*
Dubwise - *Urban*
Book On Tape Worm - *Velour*
- *Various Galleries*





KILBY COURT DECEMBER

4: **"Three of Clubs Tour"** Featuring: The Royal Concept, Misterwives, American Authors
 5: **Pentagram Crackers**, Strong Words, Saydee
 6: **Alfred, Larusso (original line up)** Tate McCallum-Law, Alan Hanson, Mason Jones (8pm doors)
 7: **Skellum**, Tetris Fingers, Dsz Khansa
 8: **Cate Le Bon**, Kevin Morby (of Woods and The Babies)
 12: **Anthropology**, The Pelicans, Bethquaka
 13: **The 213s**, Fission Breakers, TBA
 14: **Reverie**, TBA
 19: **Sepia Ria**, 90's TV, TBA
 20: **Yazzi**, TBA
 21: **The Fission Breakers**, The Dharma Blues, TBA
 27: **The Swinging Lights**, Gravitational, Cody Robinson
 28: **Faraday Le Soleil**
 30: **Sleep For Sleepers**, Workday Release, Casting Quarters, Double or Nothing

DOORS AT 7PM UNLESS NOTED
 741 S KILBY CT. SLC | ALL AGES

THE URBAN LOUNGE DECEMBER



COMING SOON:
 Matty Mo Dance Party every Saturday at 11:30
 Jan 1: Dubwise
 Jan 17: Blackwick
 Jan 18: Joshua James
 Jan 23: Datsikquad Clothing Outdoor Retailers Party
 Jan 24: The Autumn Defense
 Jan 25: Saja Outdoorwear Outdoor Retailers Party
 Jan 26: Swollen Members
 Jan 29: St. Lucia
 Jan 31: Drix Fest
 Feb 8: Samba Queen Event
 Feb 10: Shearwater
 Feb 21: Com Truse
 Feb 22: El Ten Eleven
 Feb 23: Lzed Huron
 Mar 10: Leslie & The LY's

3: **Lissie**, Kopecky Family Band
 4: **FREE SHOW Muzzle Tung**, Citizen Noise Exchange, The Watches, Wild War
 5: **FREE SHOW Koala Temple**, High Counsel, The Bully, Giraffula
 6: **DUBWISE**
 7: **The North Valley**, The Future Of The Ghost, Wildcat Strike, Breakers
 10: **Midlake**, Sarah Jaffe
 11: **FREE SHOW Coyote Vision Group**, Tavaputs, Pentagram Crackers, Red Telephone
 12: **Manic Focus**
 13: **SLUG LOCALIZED: The Circulars**, Fossil Arms, Alexander Ortega
 14: **Bip Bip Bip CD Release**, Big Wild Wings, Strong Words, Guard Cats
 18: **Devil Whale Of A Christmas Party**
 19: **FREE SHOW Damn Som Year End Party**, Runtum (with RoboCLIP sometimes), Gaszia, Chu on Wax
 20: **Cult Leader**, INVDRS, Oxcross, Light Black
 21: **9th Annual Holiday Cocktail Party**
 31: **NEW YEARS EVE WITH Matty Mo**, MaxPain & The Grooves, Flash & Flare

DOORS AT 8PM UNLESS NOTED
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