

BUMP

ISSUE #16 18.08
COVERED IN SHAT FOR YOUR HOME DECOR



★ **BEAM ME UP!**



BUMP ISSUE #16
AUGUST 2018

VOCALS
Sara Konizeski

GUITAR & INK
Dustin Jones

DRUMMING KEYS
Dustin Lapray

BASS BUSINESS
Jake Krahn

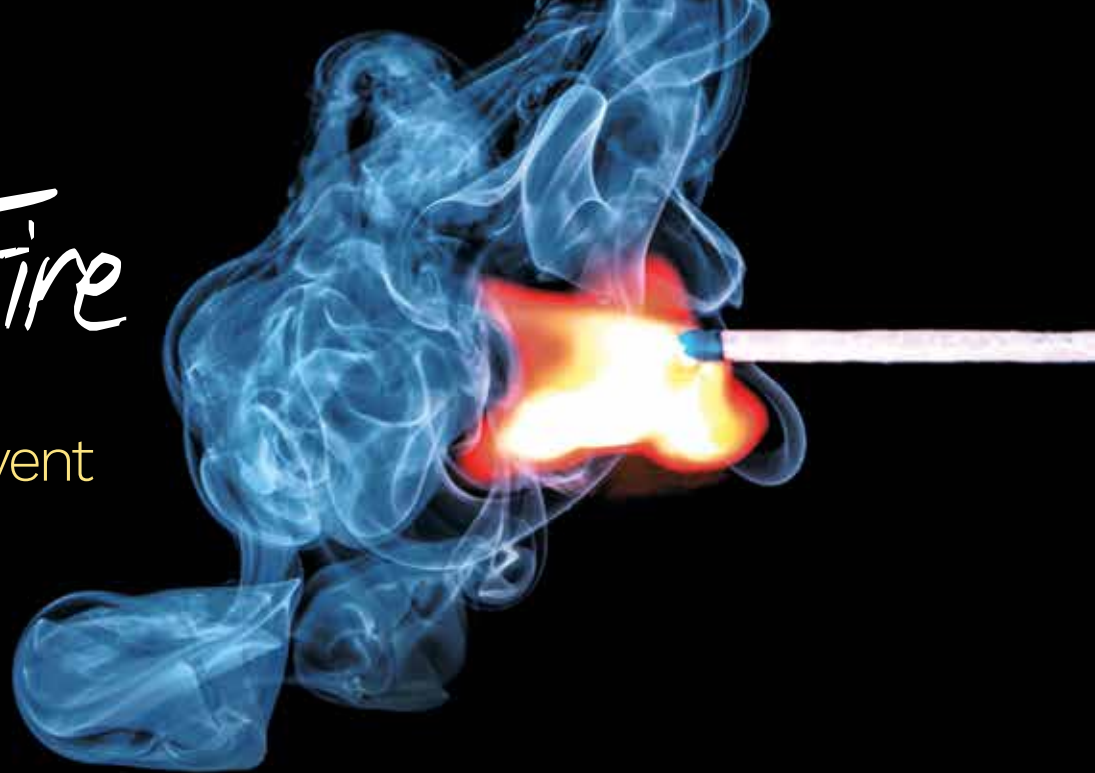
AUDITIONS
info@bumpmag.org

COVER : **William Shatner** (David Seelig)
INSIDE COVER : **Eric Lindell** (David Seelig)
THIS PAGE : **Smokin' Ziggurats** (David Seelig)
BACK : **Yob** (David Seelig)

Light Your Fire

Recognize and Prevent Musician Burnout

by: **Ana Lete**



When you write your first song, play your first show, record your first single, release your first EP, or go on your first mini tour, you think, “I’m never going to get tired of this.”

Being a musician is an exhilarating experience, and, in my opinion, one of the best jobs out there. But over time, song 1 turns into song 75. Show 1 turns into show 100, and that EP you recorded in your buddy’s basement becomes the foreshadowing to album 3.

If you aren’t mindful of the signs, burnout can ensue whether you play opening slots at the Olympic or open for Father John Misty at the Knitting Factory.

Burnout is typically associated with the suit-and-ties of the corporate world. Simply loving music doesn’t make artists immune to burnout’s diminishing effects. For those new to the burnout discussion, burnout is what it sounds like—a shift from a fiery passion for music to a muted glow about to go out. Here’s how to recognize the symptoms of burnout and turn up the heat.

According to Christina Maslach, a social psychologist and professor at UC Berkeley, burnout manifests as poor concentration and a loss of curiosity. Fatigue, exhaustion, decrease in performance quality or creative output, unmotivated behavior, detachment from others, and a loss of interest in a career that was once a desired profession.

If left unchecked, a mild case of burnout can morph into a chronic condition lasting months or years. Severe burnout can lead to a myriad of psychological symptoms such as depersonalization, anxiety, depression, and a higher risk for substance abuse. On

the physical front, excess fatigue, muscle weakness, disrupted sleep, loss of appetite, and a compromised immune system are all associated with the chronic stress condition.

As artists, we’re prone to burnout because we begin our careers with such enthusiasm and passion. We do this because we love the game and because we want to get to the next level and grow as artists. We invest financial resources to learn an instrument, record albums, create merch to sell at shows, and put gas in our touring vehicles to get from Boise to the beyond. At the same time, we often work part time jobs in restaurants, coffee shops, and retail to feed the monster that is our music career.

Monetary investment is only half of the picture. On a personal front, we often pour our deepest thoughts and emotions into our music—from our darkest pains and anxieties to our most blissful moments—and here’s the rub: we put pressure on ourselves to go back to those moments of intense emotion night after night, show after show.

We go back to our most isolated and depressed nights, the emotional break-ups after great loves, or moments of anger or pure happiness and relive them night after night to deliver more energy and connect with our audience.

So, if you’re starting to feel burned out on music or don’t feel the excitement you once did, how do you get it back when you’ve lost that lovin’ feeling?

First, participate in outside activities and get away from music; this is essential.

Spend time with friends and family, get active (walk, run, cycle, hike, climb, etc.), take on a new hobby, play video games, read, cook, travel, or combine any of the above. Living a full life does more than give you a reset from burnout though. It also gives you new creative energy for future songs, goals, and marketing strategies for your music.

Second, taming inner perfectionism is paramount. Whether you get down on yourself for making a mistake at a live show, or demand perfect takes from yourself in the studio, this only leads to frustration and tiredness in the end. Even the best musicians make mistakes and that’s OK. Learning to work under less rigid conditions and accepting your mistakes can make a world of a difference.

Personally, I find that when I’m coming home from a tour and I’m physically and emotionally exhausted, pushing forward to meet future goals does more harm than good. There’s nothing wrong with taking a month or two to regroup. This might look differently for everyone. Some might want to cut back on playing live shows, while others may find that live shows energize them, but they aren’t ready to record an album yet.

Sometimes, a full break from music to focus on you and your personal life is the best medicine.

So travel, work on your physical and mental health, spend quality time with friends, fall in and out of love, find and treat yourself.

Music will always be there when you get back.

A TALK WITH CACTUS COY

by: **Hannah Ludlow**

I met up with Janae and River from Cactus Coy. This local duo has gathered a bunch of recent acclaim. Let me tell you, neither was a let down.

Who writes the songs?

It is a good 50/50.

How long have you been writing, River?

About 4 years.

And what about you, Janae?

About 3 years, but I have been shy about it for the past few years.

Where is your inspiration from?

It really comes from a lot of places, but our biggest is probably Big Feet. They are a punk-folk band and they inspire us the most.

So what kind of genre would you like to be classified as?

I think we can call ourselves folk, because that is the box we can best fit ourselves into. But we also are like indie-pop-punk. So basically we are all of it. We use a lot of technology for our music, like synthy vibes, so it is hard to classify.

How many gigs have you had so far?

About 10-15, somewhere in there.

When did you create the band?

It was right around December of 2017, Treefort was coming up so we figured why not.

You guys have been getting popular, so are you ready for the fame?

We have honestly been ready all our lives.

What do you guys do outside of music?

I am a software guy. I do programming, so that has made it to where we can start thinking about self-marketing.

I plan to have a career in art, design, like botanical things. Like just caring for plants and things.

What kind of music do you guys listen to?

There is a wide array of things we like. We both really like **Always**, and **Hiatus Kaiyote**. We both also love jazz; we actually both studied it.

What are your favorite songs to play?

We both really love our new song, “A Romantic Getaway”.

Do you think music will always be in your lives?

Definitely! It is a part of us and we know it will always be a huge passion of ours.

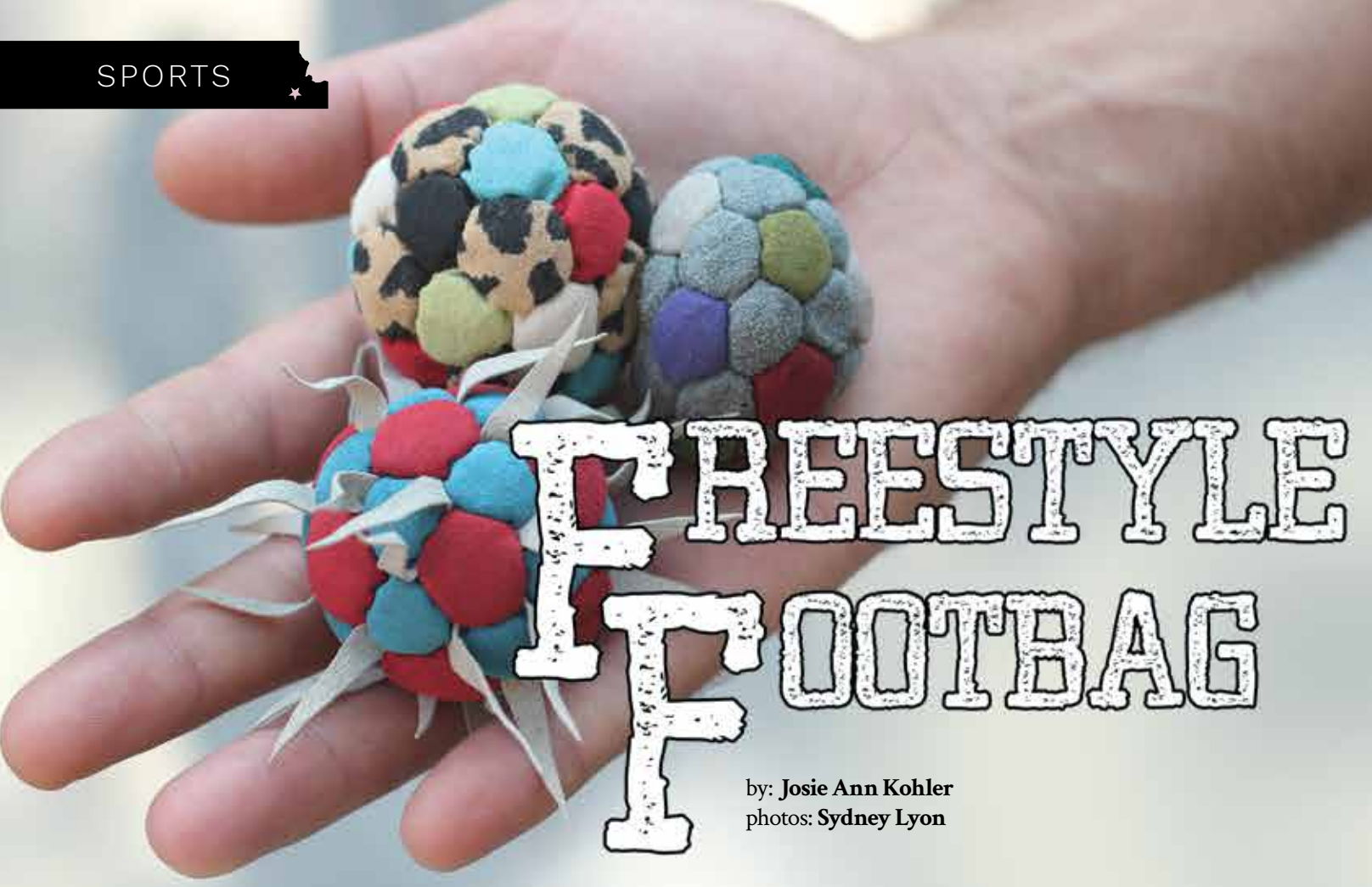
How do we find you on social media?

We are on Facebook and Instagram. To hear our music go to bandcamp and it will be on there.

What do you want people to know about you?

It is so cool but really weird to have so many fans. It never registered in our minds that we have fans, so it is kinda like woah, people know of us. So thanks for supporting us.

cactuscoy.bandcamp.com



by: Josie Ann Kohler
photos: Sydney Lyon

Hacky sack became a hobby, a time killer in high school in the 1970-80s and today, but not everyone grows out of it.

A talented few people continue to do it casually for community fun and exercise, and some choose to take hacky sack to a worldwide competitive level called Freestyle Footbag.

I had the opportunity to talk to both sides of the bag at Alive After 5. A group can be found kicking Wednesdays this summer on the Grove, sharing their stories, skills and some laughs.

There's a woman named Carol, also known as the "Mother of the Boise Hacky Sack" community. Carol maintains and updates a contact list of local kickers. She sends out group texts weekly or when there are events to let people know where she will be.

Whenever Carol meets people who enjoy kicking, she adds them to her list. As a friend and kicker on Carol's text list, I had the pleasure of sitting down and talking with her at Alive After 5 at the Boise Centre on the Grove.

Kick it with Carol : Text her at 208.345.7255

So first question Carol, why do you kick hacky sack?
Oh I love it! I love meeting people of all ages! It's great for your health. It helps with balance, flexibility, and having a good attitude and sharp mind to pay attention with.

That's awesome. So how did you start kicking?
Well in 1978 I saw one for the first time. Started about 5 years later when I got one as a gift. At the very least, I knew if I wasn't getting a lot of kicks in I would be having to bend over and pick up the bag each time it dropped. I was living in the country and it was such a great source of exercise! First time I kicked was with my 13-year-old neighbor and I was 43. She is 38 now and we are still in touch.

That's so cool. Where are your favorite places to kick?
Camel's Back Park is where I usually kick, but my favorite events to kick at are Goddess Fest, Hyde Park

Street Fair, World Fest, Earth Day events and basically any event outside with live music!

So in the summer it sounds like there are plenty of places to kick, but what about in the winter time? Where do you guys usually meet?
Well honestly that is a really big issue for us as a group. We are always looking for a free indoor place to kick with high ceilings. If anyone knows of a place or wants to help us find one feel free to contact me.

Why do you give out your info and go out of your way to organize kick sessions?
Laughs For pretty selfish reasons I think. I like having people to play with, and playing by yourself is boring. I also love the moments I have had and people I have met because of hacky sack. I also think having a hacky sack group in Boise has a good impact on our community and brings us together.

Sometimes people show up to kick and it is just the two of us. Most people in the world have problems and hardships. I never force anyone to talk, but most people just start talking when you are kicking together and in a lot of ways it can be free therapy for people.

That makes a lot of sense. I think people need to talk with strangers more. We never know what people are going through or how small random acts of kindness like just talking to someone can really help someone's day. Is there anything else you would like people to know about hacky sack in Boise?
Well just that I am trying to cultivate a hacky sack community that is a true community where it is non-competitive, open to all ages, where we get to know each other and pass the sack generously.

Awesome! Thank you so much for talking with me, Carol, and thanks for kicking with me today!

Some people like Carol and myself enjoy playing Hacky Sack for casual fun, but you may be surprised to know that Boise has the largest competitive hacky sack scene in the world (also know as Footbag) Boise is currently home to 5 out of the 10 best Footbag players in the world!

These people are more than just fellow competitors, they are a community and family. They teach, train, and travel together. They also go to local schools and teach Footbag as an Alternative Sport to schools such as Foothills Academy.

Kick it for Real : Pro Footbag Teams



3 Basic Rules of Footbag

1. Do not say sorry
2. Do not serve to yourself
3. Do not use your hands

How did hacky sack start for you?
Boredom during the summer at my sister's house.

How long have you been performing/competing?
Around 15 years. I got into the competitive side of things (Footbag) and then started doing school shows with John Stalberger, the inventor of the sport and the brand name Hacky Sack, which is now owned by Wham-O!

What do you want people to know about Footbag?
It's a tight-knit global community of competitors that train and push themselves, but we also like to have a lot of fun. It is a sport for all levels and because we are a close-knit community we are very encouraging of each other.

Are there any competitions going on right now? What are they like?
Yes the World Championships are going on in Sophia,

As a writer for BUMP, my goal when picking what to write about is to usually to highlight or explore a side or scene to Boise that myself or others are not always familiar with.

I think it is important to be open to new experiences and people in ourcommunity

Some of them also street perform or end up in film, music videos, or on TV shows like Nick Landes' Footbag performance on Rob Dyrdek's MTV hit *The Amazingness Show*, Ethan Husted's appearance in *You Don't Mess with the Zohan*, and Skyler Lon Smith's lead in the **Modest Mouse** music video, Invisible.

Don't be intimidated if you ever see these guys! They are all super chill and happy to talk to anyone or teach anyone about footbag, regardless of age or skill level. I got the chance to sit and talk with Nick Landes, the current U.S. Champion for Footbag Routines and Ethan Hustad the main coordinator and public figure of Boise's FootBag community and competitive scene.

I overheard Lon talking about kickers usually wearing Adidas and that there are basic rules when it comes to hacky sack?
Yeah most people wear Adidas Rod Lavers, but some people wear Quantums, which is a shoe specifically made in Europe for the sport, but we are currently waiting on version 5 to be made. The three basic rules are: Don't say sorry, don't serve to yourself, don't use your hands.

What's the most unique song/performance you have seen in routines?
One I saw was before I even started playing Footbag was from Alex Zerby. He came out on a tricycle in a speedo and suspenders and did a routine to a song I can't even remember. Caroline Birch in 2017's Worlds in Portland did an amazing routine dressed as Britney Spears to "Oops I Did it Again!"

That's really cool how creative people can get with it! Thank you guys for the info!

To learn or book pro Footbag teams for shows, events, or school performances please contact:

Ethan Red Hustad: ethan@fourkast.com
Nick Landes: nicholas.landes@gmail.com



if we ever want to learn anything new about ourselves or the world we live in.

If you ever see these people around kicking I highly recommend chatting them up and joining their circle to kick. They are super friendly and have a lot of cool stories to share.

JACKPOT JAM

by: Dustin Jones

What a strange way to spend a Sunday night and Monday afternoon: Holed up in Jackpot, Nevada, performing and attending an all-day public music event at what I can only assume is its only city park.

Cactus Petes Resort Casino teeters on the Nevada-Idaho border. It hosted a community event to celebrate the little desert township and its almost 1,200 residents.

Sunday night was set-up and test night. So after the PA got up and running, the event staff opened the stage up for locals to do an open mic jam. After some of the staff regular musicians tinkered away at casino-cover-band standards like Mustang Sally and Tom Petty, a duo of freshly-post-high-school-aged walked up with their guitar and bass.

They kind of muttered to each other and apparently found out that they all know “Wish You Were Here” by **Pink Floyd**. After butchering that for a little bit, the kid on guitar started into **Nirvana’s** “Smells like Teen Spirit”. Amazingly, the drummer (a professional, touring bluegrass percussionist from the band **Asphalt Cowboys**) comes in right on time with the bass following right behind the intro.

This threw the other two gentlemen regulars for a loop, as they’ve never had to play that before. It made my bandmate and I smile to each other and remember when we were only 12 years old, trying to figure out Nirvana songs on guitar together. Soon the two regulars had enough of this Nirvana tomfoolery and wanted to get back to **Tom Petty’s** “Runnin Down a Dream”. Well, the kids didn’t quite understand what was going on, so they went right back into Nirvana’s “Lounge Act”.

At this time, the house sound tech and the two regular musicians had enough of this bullshit and they politely kicked them off the stage. Other musicians came up on stage and played exactly what you’d expect from any 3rd rate cover band: Top-40 country and rock trash from the 1960’s -1989.

My bandmate saw these young kids, discouraged, off to the side of the stage, contemplating walking off. So he grabbed his guitar and invited them over to his truck where the three of them jammed more Nirvana together. We talked with the kids more and found out they’re two of the almost 1,200 people that make up Jackpot’s population. We thought to ourselves, “these poor fuckers.” They’re stuck in this small town, wanting to express themselves, but their only opportunities are cut down by a zealot with a volume knob wanting to hear the same thing they’ve been hearing for the last 30 years. Maybe that’s harsh, but it’s a reality for these kids simply trying to express themselves.

In a town with almost no outlet for them, this was one opportunity, and “the man” basically told them to, “Shut the fuck up. Tow the line or get the fuck out.”

This struck a chord with my bandmate and me. We encouraged them to not give up what they’re doing and just keep expressing themselves no matter what anyone says. It was inspiring to see kids willing to take a risk. One of the kids went home for the evening and the other pal’d around with us for a while as we went from house-to-house playing music with different groups of people until 3 a.m.

Around the 1 a.m. mark, we found ourselves at the “studios” (fancy name for 4-plex trailers behind Cactus Petes) with the band Asphalt Cowboys. They were eager to drink tequila, Jim Beam, and play some dirty country and silly alt-rock.

The experience became surreal when we started clicking on a comedy song my bandmate and I wrote decades ago called, “Because of the Mouse.” These bluegrass pros managed to turn a simple song with childlike lyrics into a full-blown symphony. True musicianship from these people and it changed my perception about some of these bands that you see touring the smaller places like Wendover or Jackpot.

These motherfuckers play hours and hours every day. And they’re not playing really easy shit. A lot of it is really nuanced and complex. Which separates a band like Asphalt Cowboys from the chaff of local musicians stumbling over that same fucking **Lynyrd Skynyrd** song that you’ve heard ad-fucking-nauseum.

Needless to say, Monday afternoon was hazy at best for all of us who stayed up playing ludicrous songs at the top of our lungs. My band was first up that day, and thank god for that. Our wonderfully talented flautist friend, Lisa, joined us onstage for a couple songs including “Summer Breeze” by **Seals and Croft**. A poignant way to call attention to the 50 mph gusts of arid wind that Jackpot is known for.

There were other bands after us, some local cover band acts, capped off by the badass Asphalt Cowboys. But it was nice to reflect on everything that happened the night before, and really look forward to sleeping for the rest of the goddamn day.

MEET A BAND!

facebook.com/asphalt.cowboys/

CACTUS PETES

1385 US-93
Jackpot, NV 89825



Whoever asserted that nothing good comes from SPAMmy porn emails? Out of these, we have been blessed with the noise-rock duo, Casual Worship—almost called “Cock Worship” but they decided to tame it down with a reference to the now defunct “Casual Encounters” on Craigslist. Taking nearly 4 years to form the band, Casual Worship released its first, self-titled and self-produced LP in February of 2018. Its newest installment, “II” is an EP which shows some growth from the first release along with some in-studio songs that Gabe Rudow (drums, vocals) and Change Mestaz (guitar, vocals) improved on tape.

It harkens back to a more aggressive time in the late 80’s, early 90’s sounds of Scratch Acid, Jesus Lizard, and the pre-grunge era of dirty post-punk. “I had never played drums so it’s been interesting, and then trying to sing at the same time has been a total mind fuck, but to me it’s just straight up fun rock-n-roll with an aggressive edge,” says Rudow about the record and writing process for Casual Worship. Mestaz added, “We recorded in my basement, but what turned out to be the cherry on the cake was the mic we set up in the stairwell. It really captured a lot of the natural reverb from the room and we used that a lot in the mix.”

On top of the throwback to my aggressive teen years, Casual Worship’s album artwork is on par with the 80’s skate graphic artists and comes across as incredibly visually striking. Phil Guy (@burritobreath) has designed both of their album covers in a timely and affordable manner because Casual Worship’s music obviously speaks to him the same way it did to me. And who doesn’t want to be a part of something badass?

Casual Worship debuted at Boise’s Mad Sun House in December of 2017 with **Dirt Russell** (Boise, ID) and **Food Water Shelter** (Moscow, ID) and have moved up to opening for their—and my—noise-rock heros, Helios Creed and Chrome. Boise doesn’t really lend itself to the experimental and aggressive noise rock that Casual Worship emits, but they recommend checking out Dirt Russell, **Sick Wish**, **Freedom Machine**, **The French Tips**, and **Meat Jesus**. “Full disclosure, some of our old band mates are in those bands so maybe I’m a little biased, but they’re really fucking good.”

Having only played 3 shows—none of which have been an album release—the duo looks forward to growing in any direction they see fit. “We just started writing another song after not practicing for over a month. It kinda sounds like [Queens of the Stone Age]. We’re never 100% on which direction we’ll head into,” says Chante about looking into the future. Gabe added, “Maybe play a couple shows but just continue writing and trying to play our best shit. We’ve been toying with the idea of bringing in another drummer. I’d really like us to collab with a hip hop MC one day.”

It brings me back to learning that music can have aggression and soul at the same time. The opening track “Fork In My Eye” has all the elements I like about punk in general: driving drums, lots of crash to break things up, juxtaposed with fastly strummed guitar chords in simple but haunting progressions, and vocals being belted in a way that is sure to cause massive esophageal fissures, but the music is too sincere to be concerned with physical health cautions. This continues throughout the first three tracks then it takes an experimental turn.

Thankfully, they don’t let these go on for 7+ minutes as some early predecessors of this genre have. So tracks 4–6 are a nice buffer before the Godflesh-esque closer, The Raft comes on. I found myself listening to II then immediately putting on the first album. Their self-titled debut album goes pretty quick as well (only 23 minutes of playtime) and flows nicely back into II. I caught myself in a loop doing this for nearly half a day. Their music spans across so many nuanced genres of noise rock that I find it hard to get bored listening to it. And unlike a ton of noise rock, every song is listenable. I never really understood how anybody could listen to a full Flipper album willingly.

casualworship.bandcamp.com

Second Annual

Oktoberfest!



Music, Food & Traditional German Faire

September 28 & 29th
3pm - 10pm

The Treasure Valley's
One and Only

Das
Alpenhaus
Deli

German
Deli and Market!

208.426.0773
alpenhausdelillc.com

1340 S. Vista Ave
Boise, ID

A Parking Lot Party

by: Dustin Lapray
photos: Hunter Smith

The Ranch Club honors its namesake when it pulls something like this off. It's a vision: We have a bar with a stage, but we also have a parking lot, where we can put a stage. It's party brilliance at its best, a Van Wilder move to the western heritage of Idaho.

I'm not blowing smoke. I had a blast at the inaugural Garden City Country Music Festival! I am biased, I admit. I like the bands that played and I have a soft spot for Garden City, as if it were some outlaw in the TV, a spear through the river-heart of Boise.

It was also my father's 62nd birthday, the 43rd anniversary of his 19th birthday, when he first legally purchased beer on the level. "Just" Dave Lapray can really throw it down, so I got him and my mom and brother entrance to this parking lot party.

We tailgated the dirt lot across the street, brought in a chair for my mom. Damn was it hot! Seriously, afternoon-in-hell hot. Seconds in the sun burst me into a sweat. Brave Grant Webb and his band took the stage as we walked in, asphalt melting under my footsteps.

The entire crowd hid under awnings at the far reaches of the crowd. The merch tent and beer tent became safe havens from the abusive sun.

Grant Webb entertains with the best of the local roll. He also acted as emcee for the event. I like his falsetto, his Tom Petty rendition, the way he plays the harp. It's a solid 5-piece band, complete with a steel guitar.

My brother kept buying me beers, because I am funnier as I go and he likes to laugh.

Jeremiah James hit the stage, but I never accounted for the absence of his Gang. My dad accidentally re-formatted the SD card on his camera and deleted a year's worth of photos. Sad Dave.

"I'm tired of swimming upstream," Jeremiah James haranged in the still-hot-but-we-care-a-little-less sunlight.

Tyler and the Train Robbers look and play the part. I struck up a conversation with a couple of old-timers underneath a tree. "I think they sound real," one of them said between drags of hand-rolled cigarette. "But, no fiddle?" my brother Mike asks. "What keeps you up at night?" Tyler gravelled into the hot mic.

"I was hanging with the best of the worst kind," Tyler sang. It's as if the ghosts of Garden City nodded in sentiment.

Aaron Einhouse set up Stoney LaRue as the headliner. For me, it seemed as if the two should have switched, but names are important in this industry.

LaRue has a couple of hits that went big and we knew them, and we sang them in the dark and all was well. The guy can really sing.

Einhouse's band just played with such togetherness and polish. It was the best-aligned group I've seen in the GC in a bit. "Let's sweat about it," Einhouse said. "You bring me back." The band gave me exactly what I was looking for.

As the sun sat and a little wind tumbled through the venue, I saw my parents dancing, Dave and Sandy, holding hands, swaying to the sounds of sweet country music.

These are the things that bring people together. Music events deregulate our norms. Someone dares to throw party in a parking lot, invite the locals and call in a few touring acts. They could throw this party 4 times a year and we'd come. Why? We've gone country, and we'll go again.



Mountain Family Gathers in Stanley

photos & words:
Sydney Lyon

If you have ever driven up highway 21 you know it's common to get screamed at by dudes on the side of the road who just crashed their cars. I got screamed at to slow down.

This felt like a fist bump moment as I began my solo camping trip to beautiful Stanley, Idaho, for the Fourth Annual Sawtooth Valley Gathering July 27-28, 2018.

I am no foreigner in this state, however this was my first time going past Bonneville Campsite and continuing up highway 21. I set up a solid playlist of folky/pop/system-of-a-down to get me in the zone for the winding roads.

The forests open just about 2 hours and 45 minutes up the road. My British Siri tells me, "In 10 miles. You will arrive in Stanley."

I see the Sawtooth Mountains for the first time IRL. They are very sharp and beautiful. I could see snow nesting in the shadows, even though the late July sun was already crisping my fragile cheeks; it must also be the altitude.

Loose Quotes & Notes

"You also told me we were going to fucking breakfast."

"We are."

"Speak up and actually speak to me."

A couple bickers at the camp nearest ours. Some people can't manage the harsh camping environment as well as others.

Friday, 7:55pm - Fruition

Like I said, my original intent was to camp solo and soak up the experience as best I could with my Corona Extra and Ritalin, however I was soon adopted by my coworker and his brother. Between my VIP parking pass and their shade giving canopy, we made a very comfortable camp nestled between a guy named Buttons and a dog named Monty.

Proper Prior Planning Prevents Piss Poor Performance.

Loose Quotes & Notes

The lanyard-wearing volunteers suggested people who purchased \$130 car passes pitch their campsites in the saloon parking lot due to too many spots given away for free.

Friday, 9:35pm - Jon Stickley Trio

I was listening to the echo and dizzying fiddle from Jon Stickley Trio as we set up camp. I couldn't see their faces, but the classical guitar and die-hard fiddle had me steamy.



Loose Quotes & Notes

Impromptu jams of acoustic instruments begin once the music from the stage dies out.

The blood red moon makes the mountains look like wildfire as it rises, due to the smoke from actual wildfires.

Friday, 10:30pm - Marchfourth

The first night I felt very serene as I tried to fall asleep. Big sounds from Marchfourth swirled through my tent along with the chilled mountain air. My toes were cold yet I didn't care.

I awoke to the sounds of the bush planes taking off at the Stanley airport, one every six minutes. The music wouldn't begin until 11a.m.



We packed our day bags (7Ps in mind) and ventured across the designated tent camping area to the main stage. The two main stages were circled by food and vendors. We met people from Idaho and people not from Idaho. The energy was mellow and no one was in a hurry.



Saturday, 12:20pm - Chris Culinan Presents: The Sawtooth Family Jam

I stood by the stage and sang along to "Play that funky dixieland, pretty mama gon take me by the hand!"

Loose Quotes & Notes

"Buy some merch. Chase away your demons."

Full grown woman, "I. DONT. WANNA. WEAR. CLOTHES."

Saturday, 1:20pm - Daniel Rodriguez

We were drinking bloody Mary's at this point. (mine watered down with extra tomato juice, because I'm a baby)

Daniel Rodriguez was wearing an Idaho T-shirt so he knows what's up.

I did a whole lot of toe tapping during his set and texted my friends back home to look up his music. He was especially photogenic because he had a group of cute girls standing in front of him at all times.



Saturday, 2:45pm - Jay Cobb Anderson Band

At this point we heard Jay Cobb Anderson Band jamming with Daniel Rodriguez. It was echoing through the little valley as we hitched a ride down to the river for a swim.

The shuttle back and forth from the saloon to the main stage area was lovely. Our driver David was quick to show concern when I mentioned how relieved we were that we didn't need to take a taxi the half mile to down the hill. (impossible to catch a cab in this town) I think my sarcasm was lost on David and his shotgun riding companion whose name I didn't get.

The nice thing was, you could hear the music anywhere. It carried so well you don't need to stand directly in front of the stage to dance and enjoy the tunes.

The dip in the Salmon River was just what the afternoon called for. Walk just past the saloon and the folks playing cornhole and you will get there. We all agreed it rejuvenated our minds and immediately put us in the mood for gin & tonics at the Saloon.



The Saloon was playing these 90s-early 00s MTV music videos on a loop, no sound, on the big screen. We couldn't look away from Sugar Ray!

After we got our fill of early 00s R&B we decided to stop into the Ice Cream shop, located across from the "Kasino"-- which is frequented by Poker Players and Loose Women.

The Saloon taught us all about the opportunities local to the area. Karaoke being one of them!



Saturday, 7:25pm - Shook Twins

That night we piled in front of the main stages to help the Shook Twins celebrate their 34th Birthday. They were gifted longboards and the whole crowd sang them Happy Birthday.



Saturday, 9:05pm - Lounge On Fire

Lounge On Fire had a set that definitely felt too short for our liking. The crowd insisted they come back for an encore, which they being bros, they are obliged.



Saturday, 10:00pm - Fruition Pt. 2

Fruition closed the festival and had some of the best lighting and beat combos of the whole weekend.

YELLOW PINE MUSIC & HARMONICA FESTIVAL 2018



FEATURING: Mack Lantz, Gordon Hamilton, David Richardson, Spike Coggins, Guess When, Hannah Cornforth, Fall Creek String Band, Tamara Hallock, Pine Dogs, Michael Luke, Moody Jews, The Silverbacks, Hat Trick, West of Ustic, Hurdy Gurdy Girls, Half Fast Hillbillies, Willie and the Sidewinders, Muddy Boots and the Porch Pounders, Roby Kap, Triple Crown and Ewald Grabber, Neil Van Berkum



by: **Casey Goold**
photos: **Corinne Farwell**



In

The 30-year mark makes this free event one of the oldest music festivals in Idaho. It created a following of fans and artists from various music tastes. Almost anything goes! I found Bluegrass, Country, Rock, Jazz, and even Celtic Rock this year. Musicians volunteer to play for the event and come on their own dime. People from all over the country come all the way to Yellow Pine once a year just for this festival, some from as far away as Alaska, Canada, and Europe.

The preparation for the event takes a couple of days. A stage is setup right in the middle of the main street. The vendors are charged a small fee to setup there. They move in and line both sides of the street with all kinds of food and merchandise. One of the vendors, Blackwater Dan, builds and sells his own Cigar box guitars; he traveled all the way from Wisconsin just to sell his guitars in Idaho.

The climate this year was perfect. It was a nice 80 degrees all week, but one night it dipped down into the 30's. It doesn't typically get that hot that high in elevation and it didn't seem to be very dry either.

There are plenty of places to stay during the festival, but the reservations fill up by April, so plan ahead if you are planning to rent a room. You can also camp for free on the 18-hole golf course, first come first serve. Bring a rake too. You're going to want the rake to clear a spot of pine cones and branches. The campground is near to the festival stage and is a nice, short relaxing walk if you're a little buzzed.

The security force is the local Forest Service Firefighters. A few local Sheriff's deputies show up in the evening, just in case something gets out of hand. Other than a few disagreements and the occasional dogfight, I didn't see too many scuttles or arguments.

There is a lot of effort to make this a Family Friendly Event. Kids are welcome and seemed to be having a good time. There is a Huckleberry Stage setup where kids

a remote location on the edge of the Payette National Forest, about 3 hours from Boise, if you follow the South/East Fork of the Salmon River, you will end up at the 29th Annual Yellowpine Music & Harmonica Festival!

The festival officially started in 1990 for the Idaho Centennial, when Governor

sing, play music, and do stand-up comedy. There's no cell phone service either, which is a nice change. No annoying people livestream the concerts or stare at their phones. I saw people enjoying themselves and having a good time. The festival is pet friendly too. I saw about as many dogs as I did people and even the occasional pygmy goat as well. No enforceable leash laws are active in Yellow Pine.

In addition to the street stage being occupied, music hummed in every open bar as well as some of the vendors booth's. The Corner Bar and the Yellow Pine Tavern hosted some amazing music performances. It was fun to go from bar to bar and see who is playing, stick around for a bit, drink a beer and move on to the next bar. No open container laws either! Don't like paying for beer? Bring your own, no one seems to mind.

Of course no festival would be complete without the occasional setback. The main stage Friday night was plagued with electrical problems. The microphone shocked the performers when they sang, which was a pretty interesting thing to see. When it wasn't shocking singers, it would fry an amp or two. The problem traced to a bad extension cord. Spike Coggins plugged his amp in and it began to smoke immediately. He had to go acoustic with no amp for the rest of the festival.

Speaking of Spike Coggins, Saturday night he played his greatest show ever in the Yellow Pine Lodge. It started out as a solo set, he was joined by 3 other musicians offering backup via a mandolin, stand-up bass, and guitar. Spike played his heart out. Since his amp had smoked earlier, he was forced to sing and play as loud as he could; and boy did he ever! It was a sight to see! After the show he was so drenched in sweat, he looked like he just got out of a championship Rugby match.

Coggins was so high from the endorphin rush he didn't know what to do. He was so excited, he kept saying, "that was the best show I've ever played and it wasn't

Cecil D. Andrus asked every city in Idaho to put on a centennial celebration. Yellow Pine decided to host a harmonica festival, because a harmonica contest was already being held in the community hall for a few years. And, mouth harps were a favorite instrument of the old miners, because of their size and fair ease to play.

recorded or anything!" It was amazing! He was right.

Besides live music everywhere, a lot of other activities went on as well. There was a harmonica workshop put on by a world class harmonica teacher. A Kids Corner Huckleberry Stage gave children a platform to perform. Bingo was held every night at the town hall. Midas Gold gave van tours of the historic Stibnite Mine, showing the conservation plans they have scheduled for 2020.

The Forest service handed out free kids activity packs and ATV trail maps. There were museum tours, community breakfasts, dinners, a fun run, silent and live auctions, wristband raffles, and a Harmonica Huff and Puff Race.

One of my favorites though, was when I was awoken Saturday morning to the Mustache Music Parade, led by Spike Coggins; who was juggling bowling pins while they all sang out loud and walked through the campsites. It was quite the scene and a fun way to start the morning! The parade is meant to wake everyone up for opening ceremonies. Anyone wanting to participate will be given a mustache and a instrument, if you don't already have one.

Next year (2019) is the 30th Anniversary of the harmonica festival, and they plan to put on their biggest festival ever. It will be a 4-day event, starting Thursday. They also plan to take care of the shade problem over the seating for the main stage as well.

If you want to get out of town next summer and enjoy some good music on the first weekend in August, you don't need another excuse to get that RV out. Grab the family and the dog, stop and buy a decent harmonica and head to Yellow Pine for the weekend!

yellowpinefestival.org
yellowpinefestival@gmail.com

Wizard World COMICON

We at BUMP pride ourselves on the diverse group of people that we have writing, taking photos, volunteering at events, and running the magazine's day-to-day tasks. With all our varying interests, we try to bring you the biggest variety of music events from all over the treasure valley and beyond.

What we thought was going to be taking a step outside of music to check out another art event, Wizard World's Comicon 2018, turned out to be quite a unique experience for all of us involved. We range from Comicon virgins to seasoned nerds with extra subjective nerd opinions. The massive variety of entertainment, informative panels, inspiring displays of art, and overpriced drinks in crowded areas where body odor is palpable; this felt just like some other, larger music event that we've all attended for the last 7 or so years in the spring...

What makes Comicon stand out over music festivals is the fun-spirited competition of the cosplay. It's like Halloween, but nobody expects candy and a lot less snot-nosed brats to run into in the dark. Cosplayers and attendees just want some high-fives and photo ops. It's kind of weird to think about paying \$50+ for a musician's autographs. And this is where Comicon diverges from our typical music festival. But these actors and artists at Comicon doing the buffet-style meet-and greet (meat-and-greet?) are a lot more seasoned in dealing with humans than some of our creatively awkward musician heros.

What makes Comicon stand out over music festivals is the fun-spirited competition of the cosplay. It's like Halloween, but nobody expects candy and a lot less snot-nosed brats to run into in the dark. Cosplayers and attendees just want some high-fives and photo ops. It's kind of weird to think about paying \$50+ for a musician's autographs. And this is where Comicon diverges from our typical music festival. But these actors and artists at Comicon doing the buffet-style meet-and greet (meet-and-greet?) are a lot more seasoned in dealing with humans than some of our creatively awkward musician heros.

Space Karaoke... the Final Frontier

I see how music, comics, and art all play together. Total symbiosis in so many ways that listing them would sound stupid. However, Karaoke doesn't quite fit in to me. I mean, Karaoke is basically a musical color-by-numbers with an overzealous host either hording the songs and never choosing you to sing, or jumping in at inappropriate times.

Lucky for people who attended Comicon on Friday night, they got both! I walked by this installment numerous times (mostly because it was fucking impossible to miss it, as it was the first thing you saw when you entered Comicon at the Boise Centre on the Grove) because the bar was right by it.

I kept looking at it in horror; I even missed the bartender asking me what to drink. It was the strangest Karaoke I had ever seen. Patrons were both repulsed and intrigued like myself. This short fella in a fancy hat and jacket "helped" people singing the karaoke, almost like he was the emcee. I remember thinking to myself, "What the fuck is this dingus doing?" every time I saw him.

The BUMP crew cleaned out the bar and free samples of Mike's Hard stuff and it was time to get our intoxicated asses out of the facility. When we were walking out, I ran into the 5'2"-ish character in the fancy jacket and hat that seemed to be ruining karaoke for everyone. I stared at him in complete bewilderment for a moment and he caught on to my confusion, like this must happen to him daily.

Then he walked around me to take photos with people in costume. Like, people were lining up in their well-crafted cosplay to get a picture with this mildly obnoxious person scampering around the stage while people sang karaoke.

Finally, I hear him talk and it all comes flooding in like the end of an M. Night Shamalan film. I remember seeing that face and hearing that voice on TV in the 90's. It was Kato Motherfucking Kaelin, famous for renting a room from Orenthal James Simpson when all that [double homicidal] stuff happened.

It boggled my goddamn mind grapes that they would have this character... and this character doing this. A person who literally lived the character they played. At that point, maybe it was the whisky and Warp Drive cocktails from the bar, but I felt so small in an infinitesimal world. I got tunnel vision, and had to tip my imaginary fancy hat to the curators of Comicon. That's one of the weirdest fucking things I've ever experienced, Kato Motherfucking Kaelin. Thank you.

Dustin Jones



Maximum Warp

Hi, I'm Sara, and I've never attended a Comicon before. I'm not gonna lie, I really never had the desire to. I obsess over different things; I could go to a book fair and be as stoked as anyone at any comicon ever.

That being said, it was interesting to see all of these people and the effort it must take for them to become their characters. The thing is, most of the stuff I saw seemed to be anime stuff I guess, so I had no clue what the hell was going on. I don't know one character in that or similar genres as much as I don't know the difference between a kumquat and a cutie. (Why are there so many oranges?)

That being said, I was kinda lost through a lot of that cosplay stuff. There were some non anime costumes, lots of superheroes, a few wicked cool Star Wars dudes, like the huge Chewbacca; that was a thing of nightmares when he took his head mask off.

I was hoping for more sci-fi nerdiness like I've seen in the movies, though. I didn't see one Spock, damn it. That's all I really wanted was a picture with a super spot on Spock. I met a really well-done Old Gregg, that was kinda the highlight of my Con, besides lounging and drinking Warp Drivers.

All around it was a good time. This was a happy crowd of people; everyone there was pretty darn stoked on something, if not the whole experience, their nerd senses tingling. It was awesome to see them share their little obsessions with other people who would appreciate it and share theirs back. We all have our obsessions, after all, but where the hell was Spock! Man?

Sara Konizeski



Photos:
David Seelig





Live Long and Prosper

Comicon, The nerd mecca. Everywhere you look is a fandom that you as a nerd will probably enjoy.

Except for the random wrestling booth; that was a really weird one for me. I suppose there are probably nerds into wrestling, but I've never met them.

It's like our guest panel featuring Captain James Tiberius Kirk, Counselor Dianna Troi, The Green Ranger, The Voice actors for all these anime and video games and destruktör the wrestling boss from 1998 WWF ... One of these things is not like the other.

I digress back to relevance, meeting the heroes of your childhood is pretty amazing, and so is being surrounded by art and toys of all of your favorite nerdiness.

The loot can't be beat. A booth where you can make a house key shaped like Squall's gunblade or Link's Master sword! Posters and comics, replica swords, piles of Pokemon plushes as far as the eye can see. Food and snacks from Japan.

The loot really just fills you with excitement until you remember you have a wife who won't let you decorate your room in Pokemon anymore, because you're an "adult". Sigh.



Jake Krahn

For Everything, There is a First Time

Hi, I am Dustin and I had never attended a Comic Convention before, let alone one with the variety and splendor of Wizard World. I have been to a bunch of conferences though, with panels like these and I can say that this organization made the experience seamless.

I enjoyed the panels I attended Saturday. The famous pro wrestler "Animal" was a figure in my childhood, cuz hot damn do I love wrestling! My friend Andres cried the day Eddie Guerrero died. My best friend's mom got so mad at us for wrestling in the living room that she eventually threw a dining chair at him. Fantastic.

If you like events like this, but tire of crowds, I suggest the trip to Boise. Very short lines, and some of the panel rooms were sparsely attended, so you could have a conversation with an iconoclast.

In one of my best fantasies, I pursue a villain to rescue a fully fledged princess, so seeing one in person in a ball gown caused a courageous arousal in my soul. Cosplay. Fantastic.

Comics for me were little wonders from the Tuesday night auction. On that rare occasion my folks would come home with comics, man would my imagination swirl! I belong here! I am Thor! I am Conan! I am a member of the Green Lantern Corps!

Plus, there was liquor, which enhances my calm.



Dustin LaPray

CALENDAR



AUG 10 - FRIDAY

Rock the Villiage

The Villiage • All Ages 🌞
5:30p • Free

BR Mount and the Doubt

High Note Cafe • All Ages 🌿
6:00p • Free

Eminence Ensemble

Bread & Circus
Olympic • 21+ 🌿
7:00p • \$12/adv \$15/door

Phillip Phillips

Gavin DeGraw
Knitting Factory • All Ages 🌿
7:30p • \$42.5-100

Country Lips

The Weary Times
Neurolux • 21+ 🌿
7:30p • \$8/adv \$10/door

Godfrey Paul

Hideaway • 21+ 🌿
8:00p • Free

Mojo Boogie

Willi B's • 21+ 🌿
8:00p • Free

Dave Nudo Band

Ranch Club • 21+ 🌿
9:00p • Free

Boise Rockeoke

Live Band Karaoke
Tom Graineys • 21+ 🌿
10:00p • Free

AUG 11 - SATURDAY

Ugly Boys

The Howls, OK OK
Olympic • 21+ 🌿
7:00p • \$7

Uptown Chiefs

Dwellers • 21+ 🌿
8:00p • Free

AUG 11 - SATURDAY

Zeta

Midnight Legs Marathon, Sister Wounds
Java Downtown • All Ages 🌿
7:30p • \$TBA

The Frontliners

Hideaway • 21+ 🌿
8:00p • Free

Meridian Movement

NVM, Differences, Feral Anthem
High Note Cafe • All Ages 🌿
8:00p • \$DON

18 Strings

Willi B's • 21+ 🌿
8:00p • Free

Karaoke

Neurolux • 21+ 🌿
9:00p • Free

Naughty Pine

Pilot Error
Reef • 21+ 🌿
10:00p • \$10

Critical Hits

Tom Graineys • 21+ 🌿
10:00p • \$3

AUG 12 - SUNDAY

Father John Misty

Lucy Dacus
Knitting Factory • All Ages 🌿
7:00p • \$29-70

Emily Davis & the Murder Police

Panda & Rabbit, A Mighty Band of Microbes
Tom Graineys • 21+ 🌿
7:00p • Free

Casey Donahew

Cowgirls • 21+ 🌿
9:00p • \$20-60

Magic Sword DJ Set w/Deeveaux

Reef • 21+ 🌿
10:00p • \$5

AUG 13 - MONDAY

Speed of Sound Tour

Shredder • All Ages 🌿
6:00p • \$10/adv \$15/door

Jazz Turnout

hosted by Trio Skgedit
FuNkY tAco • All Ages 🌿
7:00p • Free

Candace

Kathleen Williams, Tag Along Friend
The Byrdhouse • All Ages 🌿
7:00p • \$DON

Grateful Shred

Mapache
Neurolux • 21+ 🌿
7:30p • \$10

Open Mic

with Rebecca Scott and Emily Tipton
Pengilly's • 21+ 🌿
8:00p • Free

AUG 14 - TUESDAY

Jocelyn & Chris Arndt

Indian Creek Plaza • All Ages 🌞
6:00p • Free

Open Jams

with Neal Goldberg
Dwellers • 21+ 🌿
7:00p • Free

Hop Along

Thin Lips, Western Daughter
Neurolux • 21+ 🌿
7:00p • \$15/adv \$18/door

Taco Tuesday Open Mic

Willi B's • 21+ 🌿
7:00p • Free

Punch Brothers

Madison Cunningham
Egyptian Theatre • All Ages 🌞
8:00p • \$32.5

AUG 14 - TUESDAY

Rainbow Kitten Surprise

Knitting Factory • All Ages 🌿
8:00p • \$22.5-55

Hunter & the Dirty Jacks

Olympic • 21+ 🌿
8:00p • \$12

Smokepurpp

Keshawn, \$teezi, Ducci2times
Revolution • All Ages 🌿
8:00p • \$20-60

Hickoids

Jimmy Vegas and the Phobes, Mantooth
Shredder • All Ages 🌿
8:00p • \$TBA

The Suburbans

Pengilly's • 21+ 🌿
9:00p • Free

AUG 15 - WEDNESDAY

Karaoke

High Note Cafe • All Ages 🌿
7:00p • Free

Bruce Hornsby and the Noisemakers

Egyptian Theatre • All Ages 🌞
7:30p • \$40-75

Pout House

Sugar Pox
Neurolux • 21+ 🌿
7:30p • \$5

Billy Blues Band

with Michelle & Becky
Willi B's • 21+ 🌿
7:30p • Free

Yelawolf

Waylon & Willie, Struggle Jennings,
Cookup Boss
Knitting Factory • All Ages 🌿
8:00p • \$26/adv \$28/door

Rawley Frye

Reef • All Ages 🌿
8:00p • Free

Dueling Pianos

Whiskey Bar • 21+ 🌿
8:30p • Free

Andrew Sheppard Band

Pengilly's • 21+ 🌿
9:00p • Free

AUG 15 - WEDNESDAY

Tylor & the Train Robbers

Tom Graineys • 21+ 🌿
9:00p • Free

Karaoke

Liquid • 21+ 🌿
9:45p • Free

AUG 16 - THURSDAY

Tylor and the Train Robbers

Idaho Botanical Garden • All Ages 🌞
5:00p • \$5-10

Sycamore Slim

High Note Cafe • All Ages 🌿
7:00p • Free

Victor Wooten Trio

featuring Dennis Chambers
and Bob Francheschi
Visual Arts Collective • 21+ 🌞
7:00p • \$30-60

Bobaflex

Jibe, Krystos, Like No One, Abaasy
Knitting Factory • All Ages 🌿
7:30p • Free

Kasey Anderson

Travis Ward
Neurolux • 21+ 🌿
7:30p • \$8/adv \$10/door

Rider & Jeremy's Acoustic Night

Vista Bar • 21+ 🌿
7:30p • Free

Frim Fram Four

Pengilly's • 21+ 🌿
9:00p • Free

Five Letter Word

Tom Graineys • 21+ 🌿
9:00p • Free

AUG 17 - FRIDAY

Rock the Villiage

The Villiage • All Ages 🌞
5:30p • Free

The Nightowls

Jac Sound
Olympic • 21+ 🌿
7:00p • \$8/adv \$10/door

Winter

Vinyl Williams, Preakedness
Neurolux • 21+ 🌿
7:30p • \$8/adv \$10/door

CALENDAR

AUG 17 - FRIDAY

Big Wow Band

Hideaway • 21+ 🌿
8:00p • Free

Bernie Reilly Band

Pengilly's • 21+ 🌿
9:00p • Free

Bootleg Sunshine

Ranch Club • 21+ 🌿
9:00p • Free

Policulture

Reef • 21+ 🌿
9:00p • \$5

Chain Station

Tom Graineys • 21+ 🌿
11:30p • Free

AUG 18 - SATURDAY

The Sea The Sea

Luke Messimer
Olympic • 21+ 🌿
7:00p • \$8/adv \$10/door

The Ataris

Jetski, King and Queen of the Losers
Shredder • All Ages 🌿
7:00p • \$15

Mise

Monica, Nude Dude
The Byrdhouse • All Ages 🌿
7:00p • \$DON

Casey Jack Kristofferson

Jake Freeman
Dwellers • 21+ 🌿
8:00p • Free

Honyock

The Phets, Peanut
FuNkY tAco • All Ages 🌿
8:00p • \$5

Street Fever

Dave Parley, Anichrist, Evils
Neurolux • 21+ 🌿
8:00p • \$10



CALENDAR

AUG 18 - SATURDAY

Old City
The Sneezz
Tom Graineys • 21+
8:00p • Free

Treepeople
Dirt Fisherman, Ipper
Visual Arts Collective • 21+
8:00p • \$20/adv \$25/door

Bart Budwig Band
Pengilly's • 21+
9:00p • Free

SoulPatch
Ranch Club • 21+
9:00p • Free

Great Shapes
Reef • 21+
9:00p • \$5

The Retreads
Hideaway • 21+
10:00p • Free

Shon Sanders and the Four Penny Peep Show
Tom Graineys • 21+
10:00p • \$3

AUG 19 - SUNDAY

Darci Carlson and the Tumbleweeds
Ranch Club • 21+
7:00p • Free

The Big Gay Cabaret
Pengilly's • 21+
8:00p • Free

The Lucid Furs
Groggy Bikini, Far From Giants
Tom Graineys • 21+
8:00p • Free

AUG 20 - MONDAY

Steve Miller Band
Peter Frampton
Idaho Botanical Garden • All Ages
7:00p • \$73

AUG 20 - MONDAY

De Lux
Traps PS, Transistor Send
Neurolux • 21+
7:30p • \$10/adv \$12/door

Jazz Turnout
hosted by Trio Skgedit
FuNkY tAco • All Ages
8:00p • Free

Open Mic
with Rebecca Scott and Emily Tipton
Pengilly's • 21+
8:00p • Free

Slayer
Lamb of God, Anthrax, Testament, Napalm Death
Idaho Center • All Ages
5:00p • \$39.5-55

Marshall Poole
Indian Creek Plaza • All Ages
6:00p • Free

Jen & Johnny
Ranch Club • 21+
7:00p • Free

AUG 21 - TUESDAY

Set it Off
Chapel, De'Wayne Jackson
Shredder • All Ages
7:00p • \$15

Taco Tuesday Open Mic
Willi B's • 21+
7:00p • Free

Digisaurus
Styles in Black
Neurolux • 21+
7:30p • \$5

The Higgs
Jupiter Holiday
Olympic • 21+
8:00p • \$10

UADA
Wormwitch, Embryocide
Tom Graineys • 21+
8:00p • Free

The Suburbans
Pengilly's • 21+
9:00p • Free

AUG 22 - WEDNESDAY

After Nations
Ghostbox, Faded Leroy, Sportscourt
Olympic • 21+
7:00p • \$5

Styx
Western Idaho Fair • All Ages
7:30p • Free

Karaoke
High Note Cafe • All Ages
8:00p • Free

Lucas Leger
Reef • 21+
8:00p • Free

Dueling Pianos
Whiskey Bar • 21+
8:30p • Free

Tylor & the Train Robbers
Tom Graineys • 21+
9:00p • Free

Karaoke
Liquid • 21+
9:45p • Free

AUG 23 - THURSDAY

Rebelution
Stephen Marley, Common Kings, Zion-I
Idaho Botanical Garden • All Ages
7:00p • \$35

Smokey Brights
Jared Mees, New Move, Cave Clove
Neurolux • 21+
7:30p • \$10/adv \$12/door

Spencer Batt
Dwellers • 21+
8:00p • Free

The Hackles
FuNkY tAco • All Ages
8:00p • \$5

The Cadillac Three
Austin Jenckes
Knitting Factory • All Ages
8:00p • \$17.5/adv \$20/door

Frim Fram Four
Pengilly's • 21+
9:00p • Free

Gigglebomb
Reef • 21+
10:00p • Free

AUG 24 - FRIDAY

Jenna Pup
Slurm Flirty Worm, Desert Hag
Killer Pussy Studios • All Ages
7:00p • \$5+

Bad Bad Hats
Cumulus, CMMNWLTH
Olympic • 21+
7:00p • \$10/adv \$12/door

Psychic Rites
Cam Callahan & Campaign Revival, Gigglebomb
Neurolux • 21+
7:30p • \$5

Starover Blue
Sick Wish, Queen Boychild
FuNkY tAco • All Ages
8:00p • \$5

Generator Saints
Hideaway • 21+
8:00p • Free

Hatespell
Final Underground, Helldorado, Davidian
Knitting Factory • All Ages
8:00p • \$6/adv \$12/door

The Soulmates
Willi B's • 21+
8:00p • Free

Whiskey Toast
Pengilly's • 21+
9:00p • Free

Kayleigh Jack-McGrath
Ranch Club • 21+
9:00p • Free

Soul Serene
Reef • 21+
10:00p • \$5

Stickup Kid
Sundressed, Black Bolt
Shredder • All Ages
• \$TBA

AUG 25 - SATURDAY

Built to Spill
The Wooden iPods, Tora'dan, Afrosonics
Basque Center • All Ages
6:00p • \$25

AUG 25 - SATURDAY

Hollywood 77
Nude Oil, Groggy Bikini, Jimmy Vegas, Munchkin Suicide
Monkey Bizness • 21+
6:00p • Free

Amanda Shires
Neurolux • 21+
6:00p • \$25

Whiskey Autumn
Kathleen Williams, River Merrill
High Note Cafe • All Ages
7:00p • \$TBA

Monsterwatch
Power House
Olympic • 21+
7:00p • \$5

Jupiter Holiday
Dwellers • 21+
8:00p • Free

Dorothy
Charming Liars
Knitting Factory • All Ages
8:00p • \$17.5-40

Mindshoes
Sea's Apprentice, the DT's
Vista Bar • 21+
8:00p • Free

Casio Dreams
Reef • 21+
10:00p • \$5

The Fabulous Blue Rayz
Tom Graineys • 21+
10:00p • Free

AUG 26 - SUNDAY

Nahko and Medicine for the People
Xiuhtezcatl
Knitting Factory • All Ages
8:00p • \$23/adv \$28/door

Adam Faucett
Jimmy Sinn
Shredder • All Ages
• \$TBA

AUG 27 - MONDAY

Open Mic
with Rebecca Scott and Emily Tipton
Pengilly's • 21+
8:00p • Free

CALENDAR

AUG 27 - MONDAY

Jazz Turnout
hosted by Trio Skgedit
FuNkY tAco • All Ages
9:00p • Free

AUG 28 - TUESDAY

Tylor & the Train Robbers
Indian Creek Plaza • All Ages
6:00p • Free

Open Mic
Bluegrass
Liquid • 21+
7:00p • Free

Gemini Syndrome
Messer, Chapter Black, AsFireFalls
Olympic • 21+
7:00p • \$20

Taco Tuesday Open Mic
Willi B's • 21+
7:00p • Free

Shakey Graves
Knitting Factory • All Ages
7:30p • \$32.5-75

Sales
No Vacation
Neurolux • 21+
7:30p • \$15/adv \$17/door

King Buffalo
Sick Wish, Grand Ratking
Shredder • All Ages
8:00p • \$10

Yuno
ESC
FuNkY tAco • All Ages
8:30p • \$12/adv \$15/door

Throes
Armed for Apocalypse, Deathbed Confessions, Blackcloud
High Note Cafe • All Ages
9:00p • \$TBA

The Suburbans
Pengilly's • 21+
9:00p • Free

CALENDAR

AUG 29 - WEDNESDAY

Jelly Bread

The Battlefield

Olympic • 21+

7:00p • \$8/adv \$10/door

Ceramic Animal

The Evening Attraction, Aged Ex-Champion

Neurolux • 21+

7:30p • \$8/adv \$10/door

Skyler Lutes

Reef • All Ages

8:00p • Free

Dueling Pianos

Whiskey Bar • 21+

8:30p • Free

Karaoke

High Note Cafe • All Ages

9:00p • Free

Andrew Sheppard Band

Pengilly's • 21+

9:00p • Free

Karaoke

Liquid • 21+

9:45p • Free

AUG 30 - THURSDAY

Hermit Music Festival

Indian Creek Winery • All Ages

11:00a • \$30-60

Simple Ruckus

Idaho Botanical Garden • All Ages

5:00p • \$5-10

Strange Ranger

Whereling, Buttstuff, Doug Kopec

Java Downtown • All Ages

7:30p • \$5+

E-40

Nef the Pharaoh, OMB Peezy, more

Knitting Factory • All Ages

8:00p • \$29-75



AUG 30 - THURSDAY

Yotam Ben Horin

Dan Toren, Jimmy Sinn

Tom Graineys • 21+

8:00p • Free

Frim Fram Four

Pengilly's • 21+

9:00p • Free

Gigglebomb

Reef • 21+

10:00p • Free

AUG 31 - FRIDAY

Hermit Music Festival

Indian Creek Winery • All Ages

11:00a • \$30-60

Deadman

Groggy Bikini, Whippin' Shitties

Tom Graineys • 21+

7:00p • Free

Taylor Kingman

Tommy Alexander, Heather Meuleman

Neurolux • 21+

7:30p • \$8/adv \$10/door

Casio Dreams

Hideaway • 21+

8:00p • Free

Boise Rockeoke

Live Band Karaoke

Olympic • 21+

9:00p • Free

Outside the Frame

Tom Graineys • 21+

10:00p • \$3

G-Life

Shredder • All Ages

• STBA

SEP 1 - SATURDAY

Hermit Music Festival

Indian Creek Winery • All Ages

11:00a • \$30-60

Gods of Rock Tribute

Actual Depiction, Nude Oil, Vindicata,

Like No One, 57 Heavy

Revolution • All Ages

6:00p • \$10/adv \$15/door

SEP 1 - SATURDAY

Acid Teeth

Non Fiction, Munchkin Suicide

Shredder • All Ages

7:00p • \$6

Hilltops Rats

Tom Graineys • 21+

8:00p • Free

Funhouse

Willi B's • 21+

8:00p • Free

SEP 2 - SUNDAY

Hermit Music Festival

Indian Creek Winery • All Ages

11:00a • \$30-60

Joywave

OK OK

Neurolux • 21+

7:30p • \$15

J. Cole

Young Thug, Earth Gang, Kill Edward

Taco Bell Arena •

7:30p • \$57.5

SEP 3 - MONDAY

Hermit Music Festival

Indian Creek Winery • All Ages

11:00a • \$30-60

Rusty Tinder

Ranch Club • 21+

7:00p • Free

Open Mic

with Rebecca Scott and Emily Tipton

Pengilly's • 21+

8:00p • Free

Marbin

Ben DeLaurentis

Liquid • 21+

9:00p • \$10

SEP 4 - TUESDAY

Jason Mraz and Brett Dennen

Idaho Center • All Ages

7:00p • \$30-70

Bit Brigade

The Legend of Zelda

Olympic • 21+

7:00p • \$10/adv \$12/door

SEP 4 - TUESDAY

Taco Tuesday Open Mic

Willi B's • 21+

7:00p • Free

Unwed Sailor

Early Day Miners

Neurolux • 21+

7:30p • \$8/adv \$10/door

Cold War Kids

Daysormay

Knitting Factory • All Ages

8:00p • \$26.5/adv \$28/door

Sorxe

Vicious Fvck, Epistolary

Shredder • All Ages

8:00p • \$8

The Suburbans

Pengilly's • 21+

9:00p • Free

SEP 5 - WEDNESDAY

Dueling Pianos

Whiskey Bar • 21+

8:30p • Free

Karaoke

Liquid • 21+

9:45p • Free

Karaoke

High Note Cafe • All Ages

10:00p • Free

SEP 6 - THURSDAY

Karl Blau

Mimicking Birds

Idaho Botanical Garden • All Ages

5:00p • \$5-10

Total Chaos

Piss Porr, Alleged, Kancho

Shredder • All Ages

7:00p • \$10

Gold Casio

Haunted Summer, Firesigns

Neurolux • 21+

7:30p • \$8/adv \$10/door

Milky Chance

Slenderbodies

Knitting Factory • All Ages

8:00p • \$30/adv \$32/door

SEP 6 - THURSDAY

AL1CE

Panda and Rabbit, The War Fair, Pop Overkill

Tom Graineys • 21+

8:00p • Free

Frim Fram Four

Pengilly's • 21+

9:00p • Free

Sol Seed

Reef • 21+

9:00p • Free

Straw Hat Revival

Tom Graineys • 21+

9:00p • Free

SEP 7 - FRIDAY

Whitaker & Oliver

High Note Cafe • All Ages

7:00p • Free

Dirtface

Shitty Person, Brett Netson

Neurolux • 21+

7:30p • \$8/adv \$10/door

Barton Bollar Band

Ranch Club • 21+

9:00p • Free

SEP 8 - SATURDAY

Origami Ghosts

High Note Cafe • All Ages

8:00p • Free

We Were Giants

The Nixon Rodeo, Life Upon Liars,

Roses are Dead

Knitting Factory • All Ages

8:00p • \$6/adv \$12/door

Green Druid

Ealdor Bealu, By Fire and Sword

Shredder • All Ages

8:00p • \$8

Godfrey Paul

Ranch Club • 21+

9:00p • Free

Pacific Dub

The Ries Brothers

Reef • 21+

9:00p • Free

CALENDAR

SEP 9 - SUNDAY

Jonathan Tyler

The Northern Lights

Olympic • 21+

7:00p • \$10/adv \$12/door

Slow Hollows

FuNkY tAco • All Ages

8:00p • \$8/adv \$10/door

SEP 10 - MONDAY

Dandu

FuNkY tAco • All Ages

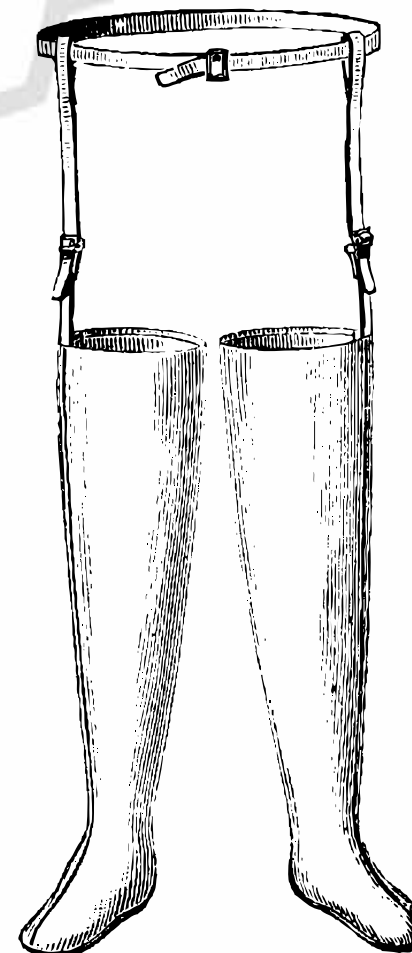
6:00p • Free

Open Mic

with Rebecca Scott and Emily Tipton

Pengilly's • 21+

8:00p • Free



REUNION

For one hot July weekend each year, an enormous mainstream country music gathering whistles through a high-mountain Idaho prairie. Crews mow, level, water, gravel, and fence-in the acreage.

This enables the gleeful bear, fox, elk and cottontails of the Great Basin to pitch camps, fire up generators, dust off well-worn hats, and tromp into the festival grounds.

BY DUSTY BEAR

I know the turn-off Highway 26 like a bear knows his paw. As a cub, I remember a great mound of stones marked the passage through the mountains toward the Anderson Ranch Reservoir. The Sage Bear tells of a time before the great dam, before that man built a ranch in the river valley, before the trappers called it the “Boise River” and certainly before Alan Jackson sang in a field at sunset. In that ancient time, the river ran clean and free, wild with Pacific salmon and an abundance of purity.

I visited that reservoir many times as a cub with Mama and Papa Bear. Labor and Memorial, the Fourth (can you hear me Eric Church?), and a solemn swimming trip with teens the weekend after Youth Camp. Now, in 4 years since Mountain Home Country Music Festival took over the valley, my den and I attend the festival as a celebration of family and camaraderie with the good, strange and workmanlike nature of Idahoan heritage, human or beast.

This year an extra ticket emerged because Misty Bear organized a fundraiser for Youth Camp; so, her wristband went to Skunk Bear! Lucky sucker! “Can’t beat the price,” he said as we loaded our packs and marched westward, the sun over our shoulder and the future wadded in our maw. Turns out, as we cut town, the Kodiak and the Moose won tickets, so we trooped as 4!

Science and folklore agree that the camas bulbs native to that high mountain valley had breached into the earth for millenia, feeding nomadic humans, critters, and bears alike. Modern sustenance shifts with reservoirs, canals, agriculture, BLM, landowners, and progress. All those baby steps led us to this, music in the desert.

A gigantic black stage, thousands of recreational vehicles, tents,

camper-trailers stretch in lettered rows in the wild field flanking the Pine/Featherville Road.

It’s a big country throwdown, and I mean star power! Each day parades out act after act, in 2-hour blocks (45-minute rest) giving sporty campers plenty of time to hustle back to camp for a slug of bourbon, shotgunned beer, cerveza mas fina, my friend Pedro Morales, Jim Beam (Straight, Fire, and Green Apple), Jameson, the ever-present Coors Light, and much to the chagrin of all the good and free folk of America, the Mountain Home Country Music Festival was sponsored by Bud Light. That meant Bud, Bud Light, and a few micros. Nary a silver bullet to be fired!

Here’s the studded lineup, minus the early shows, because when a snowshoe hare rodeo queen from Kuna in a bikini asks Dusty to jump in a truck full of giggles headed to the lake, he does it.

HEADLINERS: Eric Church, Alan Jackson, Dierkes Bentley

SET-UPS: Chris Jansen, The Brothers Osborne, Dustin Lynch

FANTASTIC: Neal McCoy, Ashley McBryde, Clare Dunn

You’d expect to find a fiddler or a guitar aficionado wandering through the tents during the nights, but mostly I found stereos blasting and people singing along, then WHAM!

Papa and I were walking to find some does who’d done ruffled my feathers when we came upon a full-blown stage set-up, where people could hop in and play drums, guitar, or sing along with the music. They had 2 campsites lined up, one massive RV on each end and a full layer of green astro-turf, complete with overhead lighting and dozens of high-end camp chairs.

Papa’s camper is a Diplomat II, early ‘80s, white, with a blue streak, flat-face with a 454 pushing it. He paints names of the headliners on the side windows and loves Chris

Janson since he saw him outdoors at Cowgirls in Kuna last summer.

Eric Church and Dierkes Bentley are true performers. Yep. Loved every minute of it. Even late in the crutch hours of the moonshinelit night, with our new best friends from Winnemucca brawling in their own campground, the man holding the stereo-disco-ball combo frantically trying to sway the mood, so I pass them a bottle of Pedro, but the label’s washed off in the cooler, so it’s a full-blown mystery to the Nevadans in my midst.

Can someone plant a tree out here? There is one tree. One. And it’s on the hillside behind the stage, impermissible and likely strewn with rattlesnakes.

When I go back to Tree City and its sad wages, jokers will insist that this music, this mass-generated country populace, is awash with hacks and tropes more worn-out than a real cowboy’s favorite Wranglers. I’ll give you some of it. Yes, the entertainers sing songs they didn’t write, yes they cover rock songs, yes some of it is Cry-Baby Bullshit that no grown man oughta belt.

There’s a massive gender disparity. More women (Dear Lord, can they make a boar’s heart stutter; I must have Faith) attend the shows than men, but male performers win-out 10-1. The crowd exercises extreme conservatism. I saw zero African Americans. That’s an Idaho problem. Also, I think my camp was one of the few green camps.

Yet, here I am, a modern, civilized bear, with moderate politics and a general disdain for humans. And I love country music! I do.

These are stories that details aspects of my true youth, not the inflated one where everything was fun, but the true youth, where I chopped wood and drove tractors and dug way more post-holes than I ever wanted. These songs are catchy and fun. They are honest about a way of life that only boys who’ve faced-down an angry bull can know.



I never thought I'd go to a Comicon. I am a different type of nerd, and by nerd I mean any person who obsesses a bit over anything really, so no offence intended.

Despite that, the BUMP crew and I all made our way down to the Wizard World Comicon to check it out with a blind eye. Not knowing anything about this stuff, I headed to what I did know—the bar.

I was quite surprised to see that there was a bar, but then noticed all of the tired parents walking around with tiny superheroes, bags under their eyes. I bet they were glad to see the bar, too.

They had a drink called the Warp Driver, which I assume is what Captain Kirk (he was there) drinks when he isn't making out with aliens. So we had to give it a try.

Anonymous drunk person #1: It tastes like a sno cone.

ADP #2: Only with Aqua Net in it.

ADP #1: It's fancy, fancy aliens drink this stuff.

ADP #3: The first thing I tasted was the coconut, it's

overpowering. Tastes like a technically advanced pina colada.

ADP #1: Is this what Star Trek tastes like? Blue?

ADP #3: It tastes blue cuz of the blue curacao in it. I never thought about getting lit at Comicon.

ADP #1: What is curacao?

ADP #3: Well I think they grind up the good people of Curacao and juice them for delicious blue drinks.

ADP #1: Shit are they blue inside? Like that alien from 5th Element? See I know some nerdy stuff.

ADP #3: All the Blue beaches, some witch doctor shit, I donno, man.

ADP #1: I think my mom would drink it, or a young person that I know who hasn't graduated to actual drinks yet.

ADP #3: It's too sweet, very acidic. I'd still drink it again if you kept buying it for me, though.

ADP #1: I mean, it is one of the better blue drinks I've had. If

I tried to get super drunk off of just this I would definitely ralph though.

ADP #2: Dude are you guys color blind? You keep saying blue. This is not blue. It's green.

ADP #3: It's blue. No doubt.

ADP #2: And bar bitters, and pineapple. What do yellow and blue make, children? Green.

ADP #1: Either way, I feel like I'm on an exotic alien planet in another universe that also happens to have pineapples and coconuts.

In conclusion, well, I guess Aliens are into pina coladas. They like their drinks sweet, and colorful. I didn't see too many aliens at the con, mostly superheroes, although I do suspect that Deadpool guy drinks it; he's a strange dude.

I'm sure that those Star Trek dudes enjoy their BLUE drinks when they're at the cool planets. Wow, that drink got me all speculating about the dynamics of drinking while traveling the universe. Let's talk about it the next time we see each other. I'll buy ya one.

Moonstruck Bologna

WHEN
BABYGIRL SWEATS



Perhaps separation anxiety is like the relationship one has with their own single flea. Or their dead grandma's favorite pearls. Like a string of small pudgy hands, groping you in your sleep.

Whatever. Nobody cares.

I am but simply left to chain-smoke 17 cigarettes at the foot of your bed, while you sleep. Until you wake up because, you can feel the wretched glory that is me, looking at you the whole time. Sure. It'll be weird. But then I'll eat all of your rice and beans like it ain't no joke, and show you concepts found only in a broke, pathetic loser's guide to the universe.

I had to make a sweet list of all the strip clubs I could potentially work at, for the time being in order to pay my rent. I had to learn where all the coldest seats were located on the public bus. I had to ask our society for help. I had to engage in gnarly conversation. I had to sit with my flatulent vaginal lips gumming the dirty upholstery of the chair I found in the street last week. But again, nobody cares.

So now, I let my alligator mouth talk out of my parakeet ass. Now, the dome in which my mind resides is left fuming with the idea of dodging a prostitution ring and a homeless shelter in a matter of days. Except for this time, I have a switch to flip. This time, I have a fly swatter. This time, there is no sewage that lies beneath my feet.

It all just makes the sex better and the nights longer. Still I sit here, by the phone waiting for you to ring me all damn day. Like a broke, pathetic loser.



BUMP

BOISE UNDERGROUND MUSIC PAGES

Dare you to take it home

FREE