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SPELL OUT

THE FRENCH TIPS



by: Nate Van Rosendaal

As the lights dimmed in the Record Exchange and **The French Tips** were introduced on the small stage in the back of the store, a crowd of about 50 people gathered around the stage.

The French Tips stirred the local pot to release *It's the Tips*, their debut album, at the Record Exchange in Boise, Jan. 24, 2019.

The audience mingled between the stacks and stacks of vinyl and CDs that spread throughout the store. The room buzzed with anticipation as the 3 ladies of the band: Angela Helleson (drums/backing vocals), Ivy Merrell (vocals/bass/guitar), and Rachel Couch (bass/guitar/vocals), got situated on stage.

At first glance, the ladies might appear timid and meek under the purple and red stage lights preparing to debut their first album, more than 2 years in the making, but from their very first strum and double-time beat, The French Tips were truly anything but timid. All in attendance would quickly be hit by a wall of fuzz driven, punk influenced, and grunge heavy sound that would swirl around like a spell cast from this witchy trio.

The 3 ladies, dressed all in black, provided a tight, no frills, 45-minute set of their original

songs. Ivy, often singing lead vocals, provided simple, sometimes-broken melodies over fun (if not a little harrowing) lyrics of witchcraft, reckless dancing, and more. The simple verses often exploded into a fantastic frenzy of power chords, howls, and guitar solos during the chorus. One song that did this particularly well is the album opener "Burn It Down", a raw and gritty track that tells of fire-loving witches echoed by beautiful and horrifying cries given by Angela during the chorus.

As accompaniment, Ivy played a beautiful Fender Jaguar Blacktop guitar, but switched with Rachel to play bass for the last couple songs of the set. Impressively, this change-up in instruments didn't set back the ladies one bit; it even added an enjoyable new dimension to their music. The song "Wave" was performed with the change-up and ended up one of my favorites of the night. Starting off serene and swaying, the song soon crashes down upon you as Rachel unleashes impressive guitar work with her overdriven "wah" sound. Each band member is multi-talented and equally contributes to the band's magic of fantastic grooves and atmospheric nuance.

After a set that seemed to end too quickly, the fluorescent lights came back up in the

store. After such an entertaining set, all who came to see the band felt a little more pumped, a little more angsty, and a little more eager to dance around a cauldron. Many came up to congratulate the band while a local photographer collected signatures from attendees on the band's vinyl cover to give to The French Tips as a gift.

I talked with the band members after the show, and I discovered a softer side to these ladies. They were humble, gracious and grateful to all who spoke to them. I discovered that two of the members came from eastern Idaho to find a more suitable music scene. Luckily for us, that music scene can be found here in Boise, and lead to the formation of The French Tips. They are just one of many bands adding to a thriving and growing local music scene right here in the Treasure Valley.

See The French Tips at Treefort Music Festival! The band will also open up for Built to Spill at a sold-out show at the Aladdin Theater in Portland, Oregon March 28.

frenchtips.bandcamp.com

Magic Valley Spotlight

MAINS & MONITORS

by: Rocky Ferrenburg

Mains & Monitors released their second album, *Kalani*. A pivot from their previous album, *Dumpster Fire*, *Kalani* takes on a new persona. Moving from the more in your face, aggressive garage rock that they have been known for into a very optimistic story of a break up.

While *Dumpster Fire* was simply a collection of songs that the band released, *Kalani* is a concept album that brings the listener on a tale of love, break up, and recovery. Based on a true break up, *Kalani* is aimed more at giving the band an emotional side.

Mains & Monitors had to postpone the release of the album, but not for any bad reason. The release was delayed due to increasing the production value. While fellow bandmate, Jordan Thornquest, did all the tracking for *Kalani*, the band had their hearts set on Jack Shirley at The Atomic Garden for a producer, and wound up getting him on the project at the last second.

Despite the delay, the crowd at Mains & Monitors' release was very eager to hear the new music, and some were even left in tears from the impassioned journey they took the crowd on.

Kalani is a Hawaiian word meaning "the heavens." Chase Chandler, front man of Mains & Monitors, said that this is the pseudonym used as for the female in the story. The name is sure to hold some reference to the feeling portrayed by the protagonist of the story.

Mains & Monitors was founded in 2016 and went through a few name and lineup changes. They brought a young, energetic feeling to the music scene in the Magic Valley. Chase has been working alongside Jordan with Neighborhood Sounds to bring in genres that they believe have been underrepresented into the area. Chase told me that the music scene in the Magic Valley

isn't messed up so much as the scene is simply lacking the Indie genre, and it's oversaturated with post-grunge and cover bands.

Mains & Monitors made the decision to play fewer shows in the area in exchange for branching out to surrounding areas in order to find other like minded bands.

"We're not pretentious, we just don't fit into this [Magic Valley's] music scene," Chase Chandler

The band took a hiatus through the holidays after a few promotional shows for *Kalani*. However, they will return in 2019 to further promote the album, hopefully though a mini tour. They plan on releasing limited merchandise to coincide with the album and promotion of *Kalani*.

Find Mains & Monitors on Facebook, Bandcamp and in your local venue.

mainsandmonitors.bandcamp.com



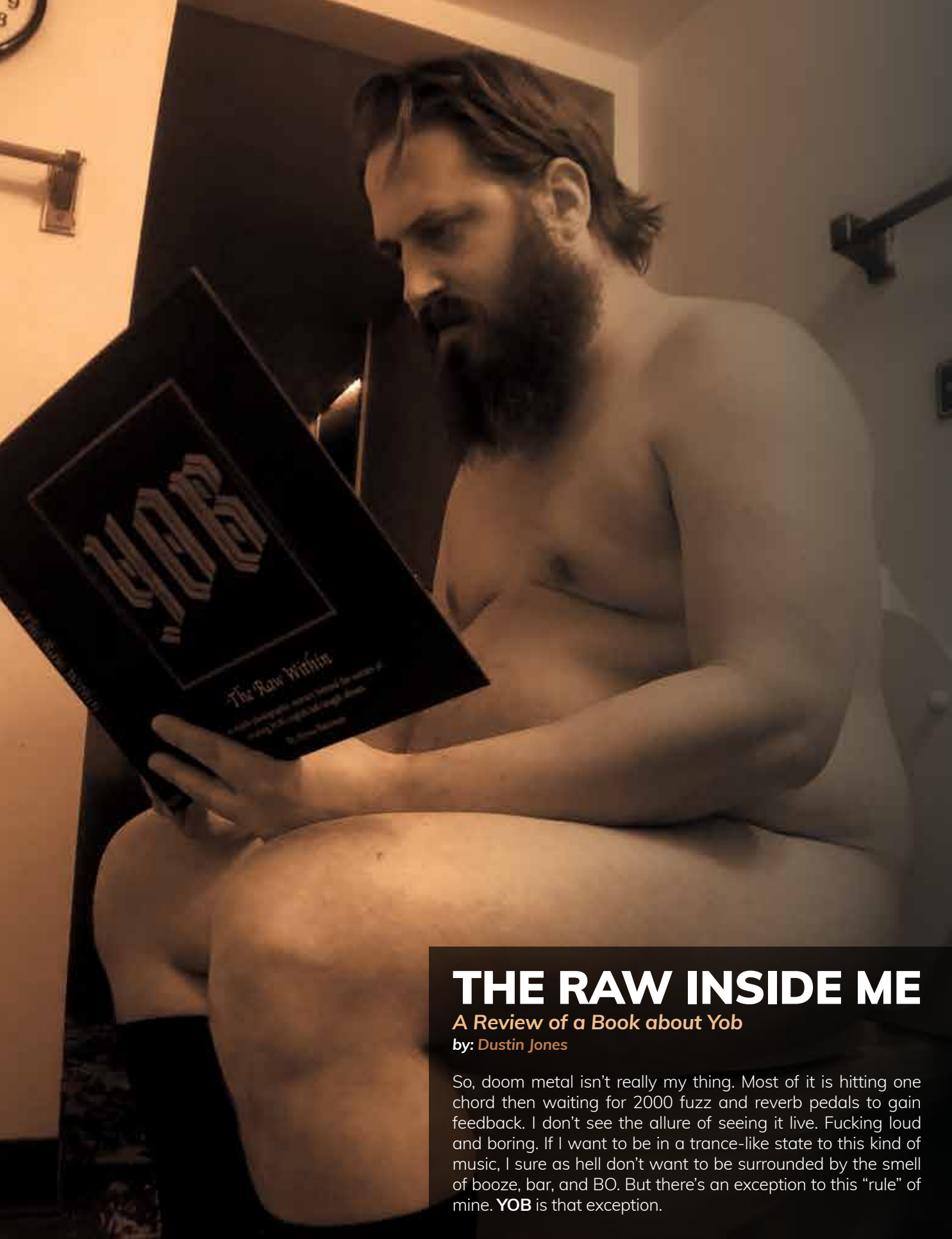
Free Drugs Candy

Now that we have your attention, in the January Issue of BUMP Magazine, we asked you to write reviews of the cool music you see in Boise. Nate responded! And look, we printed it! We wouldn't shit you: you're our favorite turds.

So, if you are reading this and have something to say, just know that there is a place for you and your words in the Underground.

Email reviews, rants, and ruckus to letters@bumpmag.org

#bumpmag



THE RAW INSIDE ME

A Review of a Book about Yob

by: Dustin Jones

So, doom metal isn't really my thing. Most of it is hitting one chord then waiting for 2000 fuzz and reverb pedals to gain feedback. I don't see the allure of seeing it live. Fucking loud and boring. If I want to be in a trance-like state to this kind of music, I sure as hell don't want to be surrounded by the smell of booze, bar, and BO. But there's an exception to this "rule" of mine. **YOB** is that exception.

Seeing YOB live is a full-sensory treat. Their shows and lighting are never overdone, never disappointing. They play doom, but put such a beautiful edge to the genre that keeps listeners engaged. I've had the distinct pleasure of seeing YOB a couple times here in Boise and talking with Mike Scheidt a handful of times while I was out on tour. He's one of the nicest people you can meet, and the same goes for YOB bandmates Travis Foster and Aaron Rieseberg. They recently released an album entitled *Our Raw Heart* that I thought was a masterpiece when it came out. But living 450 miles away from their hometown of Eugene, Oregon, I wasn't privy to the harrowing and life-threatening events that besieged the band in 2017.

Luckily for fans like me, Alyssa Herrman of Portland's Foto Fortress captured the whole story and published a photo book entitled *The Raw Within*. It covers the band recording a new album, Mike going through treatment for nearly fatal diverticulitis, and benefit shows for Mike's medical bills. The book starts right after the onset of Mike's diagnosis and preparation for the first benefit show in his honor. Then it takes the reader through Mike's treatment and recovery, all the while YOB is writing and recording their album *Our Raw Heart* with legendary producer Billy Barnett.

In the latter months of 2016, Alyssa and Mike met up at a show and Alyssa mentioned wanting to do some sort of photo project involving YOB. They both agreed to the concept of a photo-based project, but didn't nail down a solid concept or medium. A few weeks pass, and it's January 2017 when Alyssa puts together a proposal for a photojournalism-based project and gave it to Mike. He said he'd look it over and let her know. A couple days later, Mike was hospitalized with what he described as "the worst pain in my entire life." Had Mike not gone into the hospital that night, doctors speculated that he would have died from sepsis. That's not the kind of **Septic Death**¹ I can get behind.

Mike's treatment was extreme from the get-go. He had to have multiple meters of his intestines removed through surgery. Because of this he couldn't even stand, much less play guitar or belt out his iconic screams. But Mike wasn't about to take all this lying down. He had a custom, lightweight guitar made and shaped so he could comfortably play sitting down. This is when he began writing the album *Our Raw Hearts*.

This is about the time frame for where the book starts, just a couple weeks before a major benefit show for Mike's medical bills featuring acts like **Red Fang**, **Norska**, and **Danava** featuring **Tool**'s² Danny Carey at Portland's Revolution Hall. Chock full of behind-the-scenes and sound-check photos, this section alone would make a Teva'd and pony-tailed Tool fan shit their cargo shorts. It'll appease other metalheads and music fans as well, but they won't need adult diapers while going through these chapters. The day after the show, Mike was scheduled for surgery to remove much of his intestines.

After this, the book shifts in tone and focuses to Mike's recovery after surgery. Alyssa could not have documented this more intimately or respectfully. A definite change in the book's feel, you can tell that there's recovery happening with Mike, and seeing his surroundings brings a sense of reality that stimulates that empathetic part of your humanity. Most likely, we've all known someone recovering from a major physical trauma, or we've gone through one ourselves. It can be a maddening process. But throughout the chapter, music becomes more and more incorporated into Mike's surroundings, showing his reassimilation into what he does best.

Surprisingly, just a few months after Mike's surgery and during very strict recovery rules,

publication is limited to only 500 copies and completely self-funded, self-published, and self-distributed by Alyssa and Guy. So far, the response has been amazing. "I spent the first two days just crying," Alyssa said about the fans' overwhelmingly positive response to the book.

If you're interested in getting this beautiful binding of 120 photo-quality pages, then you'll need to get it quick. Alyssa and Guy stated that they're not particularly interested in doing another run, so this pressing that is out now is a collector's item; not just some mass-produced, whorrey look into the life of a musician. It's something more special and meant to connect fans to the music in a way that they haven't had a chance to before.



YOB travels to play the Sin City's annual celebration of metal, *Psycho Las Vegas 2017*. Mike was intently methodical and tactical with planning out his trip; getting specific about how long he could do things like stand, walk, sit, eat, and basically not fucking die.

Returning from *Psycho Las Vegas*, YOB prepares to head into Billy Barnett's Gung-Ho Studio to begin tracking *Our Raw Hearts*. This segment of the book is a gearhead's dream. It details Mike's setup, how he gets his sound, and pedalboard configurations. The book doesn't mince emotions to glorify the studio life as something that's glamorous and only rock stars do. It shows that these people fucking work their asses off. And a lot of that work goes from boring to stressful in a matter of seconds.

The book wraps up with YOB's record release party at Portland's Music Millennium and a fully-recovered Mike and YOB ready to once again reclaim their throne as doom metal masters. At this point, Alyssa had amassed a ridiculous amount of photos documenting the time. The idea finally clicked in her head to do a book with her longtime partner, Guy Nelson, annotating and helping to lay out this massive story that they had amassed for over 18 months.

The Raw Within is a work of passion for Alyssa. She wants the world to see YOB through the lens³ that she sees them. The

What is Diverticulitis?

Diverticulitis is a particularly intimidating 6-syllable word, and a common disease among Americans. Basically parts of your large intestines bulge and a sac forms, a little blow-out, then stuff gets stuck inside and it gets inflamed or infected. This hurts, bad.

Symptoms:

- Abdominal pain, especially lower-left quadrant
- A change of bowel habit⁴
- Chills, Cramping, Fever, and Nausea

Stats, Takeaways, Weapons:

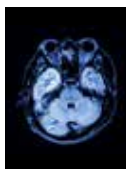
- Low-fiber, western diets are bad for your intestines
- Are you 40? Look out! Your gut will gut you
- 50% of Americans over 60 have symptoms
- How to check? Colonoscopy
- Eat your vegetables, more fiber
- Exercise, like now

therawwithin.com
yobislove.com

1. *Septic Death* was a boise band in the early/mid eighties. Fronted by legendary artist Pushead, They influenced a lot of hardcore and grindcore genres.
2. Tool was also kind enough to donate rare posters, signed merch, and artwork for the benefit auction.
3. No photography puns allowed.
4. No poop jokes, please.

BODIES HUMAN

ART



SCIENCE



by:
Dustin Lapray



In late January, my friend Kristina Kavanaugh and I finally got over “talking about” going and actually went to the **BODIES HUMAN: Anatomy in Motion** exhibit at the Discovery Center of Idaho.

We popped a bottle of champagne that day, and may have shared iced mimosas in my “liter” camp mug before we went in to the DCI. You may surmise that prefunking an art exhibit is over the top, but come on you prudes, I only spilled it once and that was because the ground was uneven, and goose-shat. Sparkling wine makes Tuesdays in the Gem State shiny!

The exhibit has been on display since December 14, but it’s hard to get two bodies organized. Just take one look at an exposed muscular system and you can easily understand why humans are so complicated, why getting 7 friends together for a dinner in your 30s mimics the complex nervous system that powers the human body into whining about a lack of invite, and why motivating 2 good friends for a good maw in the afternoon perpetuates the double-schism of creation/evolution plaguing the political/scientific landscape.

More than 100 human specimens dot the ballroom of the Discovery Center. One particular nightmare reminded KK of that scene from the movie *The Cell*, with J-Lo, where a horse is dissected in cross sections ... but this was a human, cut into cross-sections! Nuts!

Bbbbut, how? How do they take a cadaver and keep it preserved? Magic? Mummification? No! Plastination. It’s this long, drawn-out process in which all the bodily fluids are drained, then a colored reactive plastic is introduced to the cadaver. The colors of the plastics let you visually differentiate how nerves, veins, muscles, tendons and organs run thru the body, how the liver looks like a sponge without its outer layers, how testes dangle in a dude’s crotch and how thigh muscles stack atop and support each other, reaching to the human hips in the surge of a below-parallel squat or the flexing sexy magnificence of the modern twerk.

The bodies are obtained legally, btw, from a US company in Taiwan, which is why the bodies are all small, Asian men for the most part. I told KK it’s a cultural thing, which was a lie I hope, like these dudes didn’t volunteer as tribute. Like, they didn’t owe a family debt and gave their bodies in that their children may live without their burden and shame.



IT’S SCIENCE!

Discovery Center of Idaho
Inside Julia Davis Park
131 Myrtle St
Boise, ID 83702
(208) 343-9895



The regular Discovery Center shtick is pretty awesome. Kristina and I played with all the experiments, games and toys! She lifted herself via pulleys! I built a tower of blocks! We made bubbles and paper airplanes. It was a lot of fun for 2 very mature adults.

But, the Bodies Human exhibit was something else. Not a lot of people get to look at dead bodies, especially for study. This is usually the purview of coroners, serial killers and adderall-plagued med students. The exhibit was beautiful, scientific and cold. The poetic dreams of the deceased are absent, or omniscient. But, you can tell if Mr. Lyn skipt leg day (he did). You can see how smoking affects a lung, but also how regular life affects a lung! Man, we screw our bodies up.

Beware, if you are at all squeamish, you might want to go to Taco Tuesday after the DCI. There’s no juice, no flesh, no smell. It’s all hardened plastic.

Why, you ask, is this in a music mag? Somewhere in the slow walk among the dead, a real art emerged. To arrange a body in an instructive manner, that I may spot his colon, bladder, and penis, in vibrant color, this takes an effort closely resembling art. The body itself, a collection of specialized cells and organs, brains in pieces, a computer system unrivaled by man’s hands, this body is art. Sure, it’s science. It’s evolved, err created, err mischief managed.

The exhibit is only in Boise for another few days, weeks. So get your pretentious ass into the DCI and discover what’s going on inside you.

what
is
the

DISCOVERY CENTER?



If you throw stones under rock houses, then you probably haven’t been to a sold-out Adult Night at the DCI, in which age limits keep the darn tots out of the drunk adults’ way.

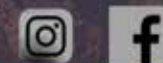
Really, this is a place for children to learn about science in the real: magnetism, physics, liquids, gravity, mass, inertia, and human ingenuity. Clever hands-on experiments teach discoverers about the natural world.

It’s a great date night; just think how impressed she will be by your knowledge of Newton’s 2nd Law! It’s like the carnival, but no white-trash cash-poor punks popping balloons for barkers or corn dogs dripping mustard on my favorite flannel!

It’s an escape for single dads who don’t know what in Buddha’s name to do with their rugrats. It’s for field trips and “other” trips. If you’re bored on a Tuesday, pony up a \$10 entrance fee and discover your center! The Bodies Human is extra: \$18.

www.dcidaho.org

www.sofarsounds.com/boise for tickets



Sofar BOISE

Secret Concerts in Secret Locations

Friday, April 5

Friday, May 3

Friday, June 7

#bumpmag

Take a Lap

WITH
MARSHALL POOLE

by: Dustin Lapray | photos: Sydney Lyon

This is a double-bladed yes for us. Live music, shwing. Live music in a record store, shwing shwing!

Let's go to the way back, January 19, 2019. The stacks of the RX hum with the connect of Melanie Radford's bass guitar. There's a click and 2 drumsticks clack, a sound of nature manipulated by the fine actions of music people, their sound correspondence.

Then in comes the full team, **Marshall Poole**, a 4-piece boise spaceship, rocking itself into a full display of their newest album *Pasadena*. No, not the Rose Bowl, the drive atop Sunrise Rim, the tiptop of Boise's Bench, where the bandmates lived together, wrote, and honed the mass of the new album, a "contemplative" environment.

"[*Pasadena*] was a sort of sunny name, which fits this album, compared to *Totems*," said vocalist Rider Soraan. "Sunny, bright colors, compared to *Totems*, which shades darker."

The band recorded some of the songs on the new album in an automotive shop in Caldwell way back during Snowpocalypse, that terrible winter that held us all inside, distant dreams of sunny days. Another song, "Cosmonaut," was recorded on the fly with an iPhone at the tail end of band practice, when one member started playing and a song grew.

"What is it?" you ask, you reader asking

questions. Marshall Poole rocks, differently, depending on the song or stanza that's sucking you in. Don't fret. It's all lovely, surprising. Some songs come at you like a straight-edge rocker, showered, with clean guitar riffs politely cuddling with an interstellar synth. Songs shift to psychedelic enunciations of Seth Graham's setup and the clamor about; it shoots you to space on an arc; your imagination can no longer hide inside you.

"Don't sell yourself short we've only just begun // We were chasing down a living now // We're chasing down the sun"

"We go thru southern rock, pop, and then instrumental, p s y c h e d e l i c," Radford said, in the green room at the RX. "The song, 'So it Goes' has so many heavy riffs in it. There's metal aspects to it."

You might assume shifts from one rock genre to another might jar the audience, but the effective transition is smooth. It is still



the same band, but at times it's this keys-drums-based psychedelic groove machine, and then it's a harmonic mix of Melanie's and Rider's voices in rock.

Michael Hoobery runs the drums up and down the gym floor and Graham tickles his electric keys like a freak with a feather fetish. The two, at times, almost battled over the rhythm, not for supremacy, but cohesion... who wants to drive the starship?



"Mike and Seth are the wildcards in our group," Melanie said. "I feel like those guys really bring out the weirdness in our band. The little things that make us different... it's because of them."

For *Totems*, an album released a few years ago, Seth added some bits, but for *Pasadena* he was a full partner. "Seth has such a way of opening up chords and showing us different ways that we could play what we wrote," Rider said. "We felt inhibited at first, but adding him to the mix of the song-writing process, he adds so much color with his synth and keyboards."

One of those sections is Rider's favorite on the new album; he said Seth's addition creates "swirling, chewy strings. When your favorite parts of your record isn't even of you playing. That's a good sign," Rider said.

"I hate going to a show and you see a band play the same song for 45 minutes straight," Rider said. "With us, we like

to put forth a lot of different kinds of music. No one is going to get bored at our shows."

Shows at the RX create a strange, disparate audience, which cannot truly dance or go nuts, nor pretend to peruse record racks like some disinterested passer-by. It's almost like a lecture, where we arrange ourselves in rows between recorded music, listening to new, live, local music for sale. The dichotomy re-enlists the listener as a student for an hour, educated by the great new noise.

The 4 members of Marshall Poole all have other music projects and bandings. This, here, in this band, lets them create without having their whole bouncing lives attached to every note in every song. This allows all 4 to pitch in and be free to contribute to a song they did not write.

Their next album is almost ready to go, because *Pasadena* took 2 years to produce. The band has already played some of the songs at shows and has been in a creative surge, so new music is the norm for MP.

"It's awesome to be in a practice and someone hits a riff or a chord, and you're like, 'What was that?' Alright, let's do that!" Rider said. "Everybody follows their ears and when we stop, it's a song."

So why do they do it? Why sit in an auto shop in a blizzard? Why take a song you wrote and let your friends reassemble it as a group project? Why spend years to produce an album? Easy.

"One of the best feelings in the world is the first time you play a new song through, no mistakes," Rider said. "You have a song in a practice room and you all look at each other, saying, 'We just did that. We got that.' That's a great feeling."

marshallpoolemusic.com



ZERO VALUES

by: Sydney Lyon



The Show ↓

Honestly I didn't know the 9th St. Parallel was a thing until the Knitting Factory burned down. Maybe it was never a thing until the Knitting Factory burned down. Either way, I really liked it as a venue!

This was an all ages show, and overall it had been a while since I was surrounded by such polite young hip-hop fans. I'm pretty sure the last time I was at a hip-hop show it was at Fatty's. Enough said.

My friends and I had been looking forward to this show for weeks. Cornell is well-known around town, and I had never seen him perform. I put on my yellow Carhartt beanie and my yellow Crocs and knew I was going to have a great time. Proper prior planning prevents piss poor performance. **#carhartt #crocs #sponsorme**

The show opened up with the vivacious duo of **Dedicated Servers**. After them we heard the big beard of **AndyO**, followed by (recently-recovering-from-laryngitis-and-totally-killing-it) **Axiom**, and **Myke Bogan** who had the whole crowd singing about stinky weed. I spoke to some of these guys briefly after the show, and I can honestly say they all were so down-to-earth and great humans. It's so nice hearing people on stage who are doing what they love, and doing it with their friends.

When **ZERO** got on stage, he grabbed the whole crowd. His set, much like life, came with ebbs and flows. Tears were shed, laughs were had, and the collaboration of all those talented artists left us with a memorable night.

The Interview →

BUMP: May I just say, welcome to the program Cornell Johnson a.k.a. ZERO! So happy to have you here today.
ZERO: Word, word.

B: So leading up to your show tonight, how long has the planning process been?
Z: December 8, I think. We didn't really have a lot of time so it was really nerve-wracking to even think it would get as successful as this. But yeah we only had a month.

B: So with all these dudes you worked with tonight, how did you all meet and decide to collaborate?
Z: I think it was when I first got on the scene, in 2012 or 13ish.. A lot of the artists were already doing their own thing and I met them through mutual friends. I always love to network and meet people so I would literally go introduced myself, like "Yo, where can I find your music? Is there a spot we can just meet up and jam out?" And a lot of them, like Dedicated Servers who went on first, they invited me to a show before I'd even started rapping. Then **DaveTheFave** (Dave Boutdy) who was dancing all around, wore a hotdog suit... while he was rapping... And it blew my mind. I was thinking: Wow that's freakin' embarrassing, why would you do that? But he was having so much fun, he didn't care what anyone thought. He was just entertaining. So that's where I got my entertainment methods.

Then AndyO and Axiom, my bandmates, they use more of the cultural hip-hop. Then me, I dealt with a lot of shit so I had a lot of emotion to bring to the table. I just wanted to tell my story in a lyrical form, so it's not the "woe is me, bla bla bla". I want to have people identify, people who are going through the same things. A lot of people won't speak up unless they know they're not the only one.

B: I definitely noticed that about the show tonight, so much energy coming back from the crowd. People really identify with what you're talking about. Your story, others have gone through similar shit, so you are able to feel that empathy with the crowd.
Z: And they, in-turn do the same thing. Sometimes you'll get so caught up in your head on stage, wondering "Am I doing this right?" And if you are closed off, they get closed off. If you're alive even at the most calm moment, they wanna be alive too. The energy really bounces back and forth.

B: I feel you, the energy is so strong. Now, I'm gonna back pedal a little, you had mentioned when you first met up with these other artists, trying to find good spots to jam. Do you have a favorite spot in Boise to jam at?
Z: Hmm, well I haven't jammed in such a long time because life has just been really hectic. But we used to go to 208 Studios and they just have the whole shabang down there: microphones, drums, bass, guitar. And I don't know how to play drums, but I'd go down there and just play drums when Axiom was rapping, you know what I mean? Just little things like that where we can find some rhythm. And then we go to the computer and make a beat or something. The idea was just to get that collectivene energy together, get on the same wavelength and then an idea pops out.

B: So the scene in Boise, how does it compare to other cities?
Z: Out here it's still growing. It's still learning to somewhat support locals. At the same time locals have to learn to not think they are Lil Wayne. A lot

of people get ego-stricken and they just come off as real D-bags. So I think we're still learning, because we do get big artists out here. We have a lot of opportunity to expand, but everybody wants to do it on their own. Everybody wants to be the first to do it. But who knows, if we continue with this unity in music and not this competition of who's the best in Boise, then we can be like an L.A. or New York. But Boise is so fresh, it could be bigger than both.

B: Boise has the most room to grow, in every genre.
Z: It really does.

B: So you have a family, how do you work/life balance and music/life balance?
Z: It's really all learning, and there's no perfect routine. Everything changes, the older the kids get the less they wanna go out and do stuff. They wanna play on their phone, play on the computer. The younger ones wanna do anything and everything at anytime possible. I try to make sure music doesn't overshadow family, No. 1. Then I try to make sure music doesn't overshadow work. But I gotta make sure I can still do music just so I can get the release of any negativity or anything built up that I need to get out. Then work, I'm a workaholic. All I do is work, work, work. I try to adjust, I try to find that balance. Literally every single moment I'm adjusting to find that balance.

B: Do you have any kind of rituals you like to do before you perform?
Z: Literally, just breathe. Just breathing and stretching. I think the first big person I opened up for was **Hopsin** and I watched him upstairs. Usually artists will love to go in crowds and hype people up, but he was just in the VIP room with us doing stretches the whole time. He was drinkin' water, doing stretches, breathing exercises, and I thought that was cool. So every show, I'll stretch and I'll breathe just to get my nerves down.

B: Do you have a particularly memorable moment that has happened to you on stage?
Z: There are a lot of them. Tonight was one of them, I was doing the "Mad World" song and towards the end I started crying. For me it's not embarrassing, I'm not ashamed to cry. But it's hard to rap when you're like (sniffles). So that happened and as soon as the tear came out my right eye I turned my head, then my left one came out. Then I saw the crowd go from getting live to literally standing still. For me when I see that, I know they're listening. It does scare me sometimes, but that's exactly what I wanted.

B: You were not alone in shedding a tear right there, lot of moist eyes in the crowd at that moment. Do you have any particularly funny moments you've had? Anyone thrown underwear at your head?
Z: Noooo, but one that stands out and still weirds me out... It was a **Tech N9ne** show, my second or third Tech N9ne show so people started knowing who I was. I went up there and felt like I did an amazing job, the crowd was going crazy. Then I go down the stage and go to the merch booth, and this older woman comes up to me and lifts up her shirt. Then she says, "Can you sign these?" And it's an all-ages show! So I kinda freaked out, did the whole; (covers mouth) "oh my gawd, no!" And it was awkward, because I've never had that happen. I'm usually a calm and collected person during shows. I like structure, I like control, I don't like getting super wild at shows. Especially when I'm doing the show. I want to maintain some integrity by making sure I'm respecting the venue and respecting the main

artists. Like tonight, this was my show and you saw me running around everywhere making sure things are good.

B: I did, you were all over the place. Back, front, side stage. Everywhere.
Z: Freaking OCD man...

B: So how do you feel right now? How do you feel after shows?
Z: I'm exhausted because when I do music I put a lot of myself out there. It's not only lifting a weight, but also forcing a lot of energy to be able to say these things. It sounds natural and it sounds easy, but it's straining my body to tell you guys these things that I want to tell you. But I just feel so much better, with all this prepping for the show there was so much anxiety. Butterflies are gone.

B: But now you're gearing up for Treefort right? That's your next show?
Z: Ahhhh yep! Hahah

B: I don't wanna cause you any more anxiety, haha.
Z: Naw Treefort is easier because I don't have to put everything together.

B: You just have to show up.
Z: I just have to show up. I love Treefort man, I love Treefort.

B: Do you have any advice for those young Boise hip-hop artists out there?
Z: The advice I have, which even myself I forget it sometimes when I get lost in, whatever you wanna call it, fame or attention. The number one rule, no matter what, doesn't matter if you're awesome or you suck: Be humble. Nobody likes dealing with an asshole. Nobody wants to deal with a dick. I don't care if you can rap backwards. If you're an asshole I don't wanna be around you and I don't want to do business with you. If you are compassionate about what you do, even if you suck, people love that. People love that energy because it's humbling to them. It reminds them why they started as well. Nobody gets into music to work with buttholes. Number 1: Be Humble. Number 2: Nothing comes easy. You have to work hard at your craft. Progress, not perfection. A lot of us forget that. We strive for perfection, and that's where we fall. So stay humble!

B: Hell yeah. So um.. What kind of underwear are you wearing right now?
Z: Hainzzzzzz.... wait NO! It's Fruit of the Loom!

B: Boxers? Briefs?
Z: Hell yeah I got some briefs on. I don't wear that weird stuff that kinda chaffs up. I haven't worn that shit since I was like 11.

B: Hashtag FruitOfTheLoom Hashtag SponsorUs
Z: Hey sponsor us man. I need more boxers.

ZERO @ Treefort ↓

Friday, 11:30pm
Fatty's

tharealzero.bandcamp.com

Darlin, Just Wait

THE RETURN OF JAMES PLANE WRECK

Moving underground to Boise's 10th Street Station is a great way to spend a temperate winter Thursday night. A band of beautiful bearded beaus had just driven down from Simplot Hill after rehearsal at the eponymous Bomb Shelter and it was time to have drinks and tell stories. The moderate temperatures of the January 2019 nights in the City of Trees made for a picturesque evening.

So of course, we had better drink until we can't remember anything of the night. Maybe that's exaggerating, but it was all a blur for me. Between laughing our asses off and talking about our favorite TV series, we found time to talk about the return of Boise's best band, **James Plane Wreck**.

Is that a bold statement? Probably. Objective? No, not really. A consensus among most of my musical peers, friends, and people I've shown their music to seem to agree. There's something to it... Almost a feeling like you're witness to a rising star. Within a couple years, you'll be hearing this band in movies west and east. That poignant scene in that one semi-serious Steve Carell movie where he learns that happiness was inside him all along, but it's still kind of sad because ultimately, he's still alone. Or the montage when two split lovers are dealing with moving on and reflect, filled with regrets and the anticipation slowly builds.

You know the movies and scenes I'm talking about. That's where you'll hear James Plane Wreck. The exception is that you won't find trite lyrics repeating bullshit ad nauseum. You'll hear a beautifully pensive lyrical piece with guitars pounding out soulful melodies serving as a vehicle, delivering a deeply personal and haunting story.

Dustin: How the fuck do you write your lyrics? Because you're not a very deep person. **Smitty:** On the outside, I'm a jolly idiot with a cantankerous old man and a fucking sad sack through and through. The only way I deal with shit is through songs. I write songs, I don't even know what they're about until a year later. And I'm like, "oh, I was fucking going through some shit! I really fucking hated someone back then." Bad lyrics ruin songs for me. Just will kill it. One of my favorite songs is **Leonard Cohen's** "Chelsea Hotel" until he says, "Jiving around" and I'm just out!

Andrew: It was parlance for the time!

Smitty: That's why we have all those "cowabunga" songs from back in 1998!

Shaun: There was a song that I remember [that you had written] where you purposely didn't... It wasn't biographical, just a "let's see if I can get a reaction out of people," by singing a sad story that isn't actually true.

Smitty: I sang this song about a girl dying with cancer and I'd have people coming up to me at shows like, "that meant so much to me." and I'm like... Uhhhhhhh... I feel like a piece of shit.

Shaun: First time I heard it, I was like, "When did that happen?!"

Shane: It's one of the most popular [James Plane Wreck] acoustic songs that I know of. Because it's so heartfelt, and it's such a sad song. It didn't really happen!

The name of the song that they're talking about is on their album *Of All the Sinners and Saints* and it's called "I'm Sorry for Breaking Your Heart." It really fucking does rip at the heartstrings. This happened to be one of their older songs that I hadn't heard. I sat and listened to it with my wife, both of us knowing that it was a farce, and we both got weepy. It was absurd. I swear that doesn't happen with any of the other bands that I love. Maybe **The Cure**. But that's it! The bar is **The Fucking Cure**.

James Plane Wreck applies the beautifully wittily succinct lyrics that make the old outlaw country great to weird folk chords and puts a punk rock backbeat to it. It's an emotionally hypnotic combination that feels familiar but still piques the interest like only a good, old story can do.

James Plane Wreck was founded by Aaron Smith (aka Smitty) in 1998. In time of Free AOL Trial discs, trying to get a screen name with a name like Aaron Smith was impossible. After trying everything up to "snakedick42," "JamesPlaneWreck" came up as a suggested screen name. Being a **Jim Croce** fan, Smitty was like, "fuck yeah!"

Smitty had played drums in other bands but, by his own admission, was a shit drummer. Current bass player Shaun Shireman and drummer Andrew Bagley were playing in a punk band called **The Knife Switch** in the late 90's while Smitty was sitting down, playing acoustic songs under his AIM screen name, James Plane Wreck. Eventually the three found each other when Smitty played his songs for Shaun and Andrew and they both were like, "oh shit! This is really good." The three started playing music together in 2001 while New York City's skyline was still rife with towers.

Their first show was at a Christian garage dojo, where aspiring Protestants would learn how Karate chop demons through vaguely homo-erotic "take down" moves. The dojo would throw an annual summer concert with local hardcore and punk bands. Smitty sat down while the band backed up his breadth of work. It wasn't until his guitar got stolen from him at JD & Friends that Smitty played standing up. He had to borrow a friends electric guitar. Smitty had never played an electric guitar, much less played standing up until that show. Improvise, adapt, evolve.

Dustin: Any of those songs survive from that first set?

Smitty: There's a 17-track album [*Of All the Sinners and Saints*] that's very unmixed

Dustin: I mean, do you still play any of those songs?

Smitty: Oh... nooooo

Shaun: I vote we bring back a couple. There's a few that we should bring back.

Smitty: Yeah, I mean, there's some good stuff. Some of those lyrics when you're 18, 19, you're like, "Oh my god..."

Shane: There's some songs that I get asked about from fans way back when that they remember, that they still listen to, that still make them cry. He's the best lyricist I've ever heard.

Smitty: I have the tiniest hands in the world.

Dustin: Are they tiny hands?

****Smitty holds his hands up to Shane's****

Dustin: Wow! That's like a full inch smaller

Smitty: I'm even 6-foot tall!

****Smitty holds his hands up to Andrew (who's at least 6 inches shorter than Smitty)****

Smitty: See? Even smaller than Andrew's

Dustin: Andrew, your hand size seems appropriate for your height.

Andrew: Thanks... Wait.. Did you just ding us both? God dammit!

The following years ebb and flow with Smitty, Andrew, and Shaun playing music as a 3-to-5 piece, even featuring 3 lead guitarists at one point. Smitty managed to eek out a couple acoustic EPs and finally their first album as a full band, *Of All the Sinners and Saints*, was recorded and released in 2002. After a handful of lineup changes in the early 2000s, James Plane Wreck all but broke up a few halfway through the decade.

Shaun is the band's self-proclaimed archivist. Smitty, apparently, has always been terrible at recordkeeping. In a celebration of the band playing music again, the band released all these early recordings and acoustic EPs on their Bandcamp page. Also, Smitty felt like he was dying, so he had to get all his music out into the world before his ultimate demise.

Shaun: I remember the first time I met [Smitty]. I was in high school and my buddy knew [Smitty]. My buddy was asking me, "Do you know Smitty? He's gonna smoke an entire pack of cigarettes at lunch today!"

****Smitty brandishes his half-empty pack of Virginia Slims****

Shaun: During the half hour/45 minute break for lunch, you'd have to drive somewhere, and I was like, dude, I gotta see this! We roll over to my buddy's house and [Smitty] sat in the door of this VW bus and smoked like 3 cigarettes at a time.

Dustin: So you participated in high school jackassery?

Smitty: Oh yeah, I used to stab myself and be like, "Look at all this fuckin blood!"

Shaun: For some reason, I was totally attracted to that, like... Who does this? I gotta know this guy.

Smitty: What's funny is that I knew [Shaun's] mom and grandma before I knew [Shaun]! His mom was my Duty teacher.

Dustin: Like, she taught you how to poop?

At this point, you're probably thinking, "How in the fuck have I never heard of this band?" If you're not thinking that, it's because you already know this band and are likely as obsessed with them as I am. I see you nodding your head while you read this, talking about the pristine songwriting capability. James Plane Wreck plays shows sparingly, exactly as often as reliable Sasquatch photos are released. They haven't even done a full-blown tour. Why? Why in the fuck not? It's genuinely some of the best music ever written.

Continued on next page...

For largely personal reasons that we won't get into here (ed. note: dammit, we are not doctors, Jim!), Smitty needed to put a halt to the music in his life. The last show was soon after Treefort 2014 which was preceded by a small Northwestern jaunt up through the Spokane area and back down to Twin Falls (the best shitty town in America). Before that, Smitty's hibernation from the first breakup in the mid-2000s, and all the other members went onto different music projects.

In 2011 when Smitty saw his shadow and grew a mighty beard, the band recruited Shane Brown on lead guitar. They managed to get a ton of material together and a couple years later headed into the studio to record their second full-length album. The band was picking up traction and things were looking up.



Dustin: You've been a band since 1998, what's up with all these hiatuses?
Smitty: I was always jealous of all these dudes who could play music. The places I could get shows were at, like, Moxie Java in Meridian. I had to play these shows where people just hated my fucking guts. But you cut your teeth on it. It was so great to get this experience of what you can get away with and what you can't, and what brings the crowd in... I... I still love playing with a band. I still have that greatest fear of putting that out in the world and getting that... feedback. Now I'm too old to give a shit. I have never stopped writing songs my entire life.
Dustin: But, why the hibernation? You already had sweet beards.
Shane: Smitty had a baby, himself.
Shaun: All by himself.
Smitty: My sock drawer, one day, just came to life.
****Everyone laughs****
Smitty: I was going in [the studio] to record vocals, one of the last days I was supposed to do vocals [on our record]. I got a call that she was pregnant, so I picked her up from middle school so we could figure it out.
****Everyone laughs. Nearby tables leer****
Smitty: So I canceled the vocal session, and that was 5 years ago.
Dustin: You canceled music to make a new human. Was it worth it?
Smitty: ****Pause**** Yes.
Andrew: Good Answer.



In fall of 2018, Smitty finally scheduled a time to finish his vocal sessions and complete their second full-length LP that they started recording in 2013. Smitty told me that it should come out in just a couple months now. I had to remind him that he said that exact same fucking phrase to me just half a block away 5 goddamn years ago. Needless to say, I'm not the only person stoked on JPW's return to creating and playing music.

They were one of only a handful of Boise locals announced in Treefort's first artist announcement. I hope more for this band than them going down in history like other legendary songwriters and performers that were too far ahead or simply too good for their time. I hope they get to enjoy some of the benefits of being one of the best songwriters I've had the pleasure of seeing live many times.

The camaraderie among the band is second to none. Highly diverse personalities merge and the venn diagram of James Plane Wreck's music is just the tip of the cohesion of these group of people. The reasons for all their sabbaticals from music isn't bad blood between the members, that's for sure. They all share a fondness of the music and, more importantly, each other.

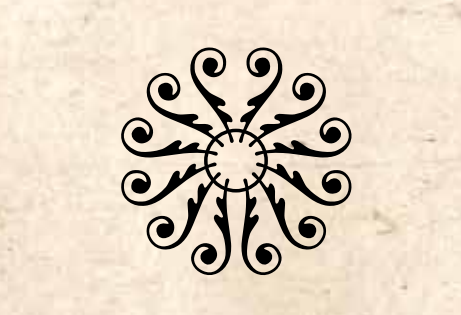


Smitty: Can I tell you my favorite Shane Brown story?
Dustin: Please.
Smitty: We're playing a show at Neurolux. Shane comes up to me and asks, "Are we getting paid for the show?" I'm like, "I don't know. Why?" "Well, I ran up a bar tab and I don't have any money."
Shane: Did I really do that?
Smitty: You ran up like a \$70 bar tab! You were buying people drinks and shit. You were buying us drinks and shit!
Shaun: Shane and I used to play in this pop punk band in the late 2000's.
Shane: The Ackbars.
Shaun: He was playing drums in that band. And I don't even understand or remember why it happened, but we had like a \$300 tab.
Andrew: Samson hooked that up!
Shane: At the end of the night, we had DRANK on that tab, but we hadn't drank \$300. And then Shane walks up and is getting cartons of cigarettes.
Smitty: Fuck, dude, you are a GENIUS, man! That's when you take a shot of Jameson and ask for some fuckin' gold leaf on it with your carton of Camels.
Dustin: What does your Treefort set look like? Any old stuff?
Shane: There's no oldies at all.
Smitty: Well... Maybe. We're about 3 songs

deep in new stuff.
Shaun: That brings up a good point though, we were thinking that we need to have "Fucking with Ghosts" in the set and Smitty's like, "man, I really don't like that song."
Smitty: Oh, I can play that off the top of my head, it's easy as fuck. But I...
Shane: I think we need to play Ghosts because a lot of people that will come to see us love "Fucking with Ghosts."
Smitty: Isn't that the best feeling you've ever felt though? When people sing along with you.
Dustin: I remember seeing you at Sammy's with only like 30 people, and when you went into Ghosts, all 30 people rushed to the front and sang every word.



I entered this interview hoping to get some sort of solid answer that these guys would play and produce music forever and ever. I didn't get that. But it did make me realize that we live in a very beautifully finite time while James Plane Wreck is playing music; and anybody who can should go see them while they are putting this music into the world. It's a hell of a time to be alive.



TREEFORT SETS

Wednesday, March 20th
The Shredder
11:00pm

Sunday, March 24th
PreFunk Beer Bar
5:00pm



jamesplanewreck.bandcamp.com



Have you ever wanted a lucrative career in music journalism? Us too. Meanwhile, us at BUMP would be honored to print your reviews of events. Boise has this thing here in March called Treefort Music Fest. There's something like 400+ bands and performances. That's a lot for us to cover, meaning a lot fall through the cracks.

Are you already a writer? You have a super sweet TFPP (Treefort Press Pass) lanyard? Nice! Hold your TFPP high and write up a quickie review in the Press Lounge at the Owyhee. Don't have a TFPP? That's cool. Find a quiet spot to sit and write out your ideas while the feelings are fresh!

- Q: But, what kind of writing will we accept?**
A: All kinds!
- Tell us what kind of music you like
 - "Everything" is not an acceptable answer
 - Write a haiku show review (5-7-5)
 - Interview a musician over brunch cocktails
 - Stand awkwardly in the back of the room scribing notes about the intricacies of the musical arrangements and accompanying light show
 - Crazy stories with your friends
 - Close encounters with musicians
 - Notes about that rash you got and how tired your legs are

Stop by our booth and say hi. We'll have a booth. Look at stuff we have. A lot of it is even cool stuff †. We'd love to meet you and talk writing, photography, and argue the origin of black metal ‡. It'll be a fun time to be had by all. Look at those smiling doctors. They're into it. Based on their expressions, it's safe to say that they even recommend it. We're not doctors. They are, supposedly. We can only assume based on their attire and stethoscopes.

BLAKADAAR EMERGES

by: Rocky Ferrenburg
photos: David Seelig



Evils is from the evil that was used to lead the others into the depths of rock 'n' roll.



Thunders was birthed out of the earth shaking rumblings of the bass guitar.



Whiplash was determined by the turning of heads—from his boyish good looks and demonic riffs.



Sticks came from the tools of the trade and the most highly sought after memento from a rock show; the drum sticks.

A heavy sound has swept into the cold Wood River Valley. **Blakadaar**, a new band made from rebel locals, this winter sired a revolutionary breed of music aimed at making what the band called, "Some noise of the likes that satisfies the musical side of us that love heavy sounds and grooves."

Playing off the southern California stoner rock scene by reenvisioning it in the mountains of Idaho, Blakadaar defines itself as "Mountain Stoner Rock." That term alone drew me to them.

Blakadaar's range of music can be seen in its mountain stoner rock style. Some artists the band noted as big influences were **Kyuss, Hüsker Dü, Mudhoney, Dead Moon, Sonic Youth, Dead Boys, Devo, Replacements, True Widow, and The Sword.** These are beyond the standards (**Sabbath, Blue Cheer, Stooges, Pentagram, Ramones**) that many would cite as having a significant impact on this specific genre. Blakadaar is your standard 2 guitar, 2 vocal, bass and drum rock band aimed at creating environment through the use of effects like delays, phasers, and their favorite... fuzz pedals.

"The crowds were excited to hear something that wasn't refined or standard club rock, Americana, folk rock or pop punk. The sound is reckless, loose and very loud."

Though Blakadaar includes several members of an already established band, **Old Death Whisper**, Blakadaar is not a side project. Instead, this is an intentional and all original endeavor. Blakadaar is focused on giving the Wood River Valley some of the heavier sounds that they thought the music scene lacked. Despite their love for the area, Blakadaar will be looking at expanding outside of the area, and limiting the venues in which they will play.

Blakadaar is only a few months into the journey, but have been well received thus far. Drawing people out to shows, and having them cheer for more leads me to believe that Blakadaar has discovered something unique to the area. However, they are not playing a role in their music to gain support from fans. Instead; they are authentic in their music.

Blakadaar believes that the only obligation to their fans is to just show up and focus on being themselves. They don't care if people don't take them seriously. They play for themselves and the people who like them. If you aren't there to groove with them then you can scram... no hard feelings.

"A chain wallet & leather jacket doesn't necessarily make you rock and roll. A cowboy hat, boots, vest and acoustic guitar doesn't necessarily make you outlaw country."

When posed with the question "What do you think it takes to be successful in music?" Blakadaar has a very interesting response: "Perseverance, passion and opening that part of your cellular structure that allows inspiration to mold and ferment into beauty, ugliness, good & evil."

Success is not always measured by exterior grading. We all have goals and we know if we are hitting them. This mindset plays greatly into the image of a band.

Blakadaar thinks that the most important part of image is to be honest. They made a contrast between punk rock people, and how these people work in the world. Basically stating that punk rock people they know show up to work on time. This contributes to the idea of be yourself. Be yourself. Don't allow yourself to create a world in which you are a shell of a person constantly projecting what you wish you were on to the world. That's how we become two-dimensional.

"Seeing Sonic Youth and Laughing Hyenas in 1988 flipped the switch. That was all I needed to know that my longing for fucking shit up was real. I've been paying for it ever since."

Music comes with a number of obstacles. Everything is not always a party in the music world. For local bands there comes a major balancing act. How we balance our lives is important. Blakadaar attributes this to having some of the best people around them, and having everyone else piss off. Keeping the negativity out of their lives and allowing for those around them to rise with them.

Another big obstacle that bands have to face is how to rise above the muck that is the underground world of music. With the advent of the Internet there are so many bands out there that it becomes hard to gain the attention of fans. Blakadaar believes it to be far easier to be heard worldwide.

Bands also experience problems on stage. Every band that plays shows makes mistakes on the stage. Bands vary in the way that they handle this. Blakadaar wallows in the art of chaos. They don't see the point in putting up fences, making a big deal out of mistakes. All the members have a similar idea on where the music is supposed to go, and they don't make a big deal out of missing a note or chord.

"We have great folks around the Wood River Valley playing music and a lot of them are talented and motivated to make good art."

Blakadaar is looking at getting into the studio soon to record its first release. I hope it is sooner rather than later. When selecting a piece Blakadaar uses a basic filter of if it "feels good." Nevertheless, Blakadaar describes their writing process as "watching Jackson Pollock get drunk and throwing paint at a 15-foot canvas, a large animal in a trap trying to get loose, or maybe sometimes it's as simple as a child playing with Legos." Sounds like a crazy place to be as an outsider.

"We just want people to have fun with us. Let's get loud, love each other, have fun and don't get hung up on being 'cool'. Life is short. A smile and a heavy riff go a long way."

facebook.com/blakadaar



Thursday • Feb 21

The March Divide

 **Edge Brewing** •
6:00p • Free

Open Mic Taco Night

with The Quintanas

 **Ironwood** • All Ages
7:00p • Free

Zomboy


Space Laces, Badklaat, Luzcid

 **Revolution** • All Ages
8:00p • \$20-45

Karaoke

 **Ha Penny** • 21+
9:00p • Free

Frim Fram Four


 **Pengilly's** • 21+
9:00p • Free

The Toasters

Dogs in the Fight, Bet on Red, Rolled Into One

 **Shredder** • All Ages
7:00p • \$10

Rider & Jeremy's Acoustic Night

 **Vista** • 21+
7:30p • Free

Jam It Out

 **Boise Hive** • All Ages
6:30p • Free

Sundressed

awakebutstillinbed, Sunsleeper, Alien Boy

 **BUMP HQ** • All Ages
7:00p • \$10+

Dusty Isaac

Spike Coggins

 **Dmellers** • 21+
7:00p • Free

Friday • Feb 22


Fake Space

Empty Suits, Caden Ravlin

 **High Note** • All Ages
7:00p • Free

Preakedness

The French Tips, Mr. Grant Olsen

 **Neurolux** • 21+
7:30p • \$7

Dylan Anitok

 **Quinn's** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Friday • Feb 22

The Seatopians

 **Funky Taco** • All Ages
8:30p • \$TBA

Big Wow

 **Ironwood** • All Ages
9:00p • Free

Rockeoke

 **Olympic** • 21+
9:00p • Free

Neal Goldberg

 **Pengilly's** • 21+
9:00p • Free

Caleb & the Homegrown Tomatoes

 **Tom Grainey's** • 21+
10:00p • \$TBA

Billy Blues Band

 **WilliB's** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Saturday • Feb 23

Dave Stroda

The Viking

 **Craft Bremers** • All Ages
6:00p • Free

Cabeza

Sepals, The Tritones, Escuela Flamenca

 **Boise Hive** • All Ages
6:30p • Free

Jeremiah James


 **Dmellers** • 21+
7:00p • Free

Travelin' Miles

 **High Note** • All Ages
7:00p • Free


Them Evils

Ghostbox, Blakadaar

 **Olympic** • 21+
7:00p • \$8/adv \$10/door


Caedus

Mains and Monitors, Vastcade, Soma Stein


 **Shredder** • All Ages
7:00p • \$TBA

The Grand Ratking

Groggy Bikini, Resurrectors

 **Neurolux** • 21+
7:30p • \$5

Switcher

 **Hideaway** • 21+
8:00p • Free


Saturday • Feb 23

Current Joys


Gap Girls

 **Funky Taco** • All Ages
8:00p • \$10/adv \$12/door

Tom Taylor

 **Quinn's** • 21+
8:00p • Free

B-Town Hitmen

 **Ironwood** • All Ages
8:30p • Free

Pilot Error

 **Reef** • 21+
10:00p • \$7

Casio Dreams

 **WilliB's** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Sunday • Feb 24

Jam It Out Acoustic

 **Boise Hive** • All Ages
2:00p • Free

Chin Up, Kid


Otis Julius, kaqotl, Illicit Nature

 **Deathproof** • All Ages
7:30p • \$TBA

Monday • Feb 25

Open Mic

with Rebecca Scott and Emily Tipton

 **Pengilly's** • 21+
8:00p • Free


Aenimus

Interloper, Forsythia


 **Shredder** • All Ages
7:00p • \$12

Tuesday • Feb 26


Bluegrass Open Mic

 **Liquid** • 21+
7:00p • Free

The Blues Directors

 **Neurolux** • 21+
7:00p • \$7

The Suburbans

 **Pengilly's** • 21+
9:00p • Free


Open Mic Taco Night

 **WilliB's** • 21+
7:00p • Free

Wednesday • Feb 27

Blood Incantation

Necrot, Embryocide

 **Neurolux** • 21+
7:00p • \$TBA

Jordan Leisure

 **WilliB's** • 21+
7:00p • Free

Pocket of Bones

 **WilliB's** • 21+
7:30p • Free

Thursday • Feb 28

The Moody Jews

 **Record Exchange** • All Ages
6:00p • Free

Open Mic Taco Night

with The Quintanas


 **Ironwood** • All Ages
7:00p • Free

Kind Country

Hillfolk Noir


 **Olympic** • 21+
7:00p • \$8/adv \$10/door

Elizabeth Findley

 **Quinn's** • 21+
7:00p • Free


Welles

Zecardi, Pure Ivy


 **Neurolux** • 21+
7:30p • \$10/adv \$12/door

Masters of Hawaiian Music

George, Nathan & Kawia


 **Egyptian** • All Ages
8:00p • \$20-40

Karaoke


 **Ha Penny** • 21+
9:00p • Free

Bobby's Oar

Drew Smith, Urban Outfielders, more

 **High Note** • All Ages
9:00p • \$5+

Frim Fram Four


 **Pengilly's** • 21+
9:00p • Free

Tylor & the Train Robbers

 **Tom Grainey's** • 21+
9:00p • Free


Friday • Mar 1

Jam It Out

 **Boise Hive** • All Ages
6:00p • Free

Steaksauce Mustache

Dredge Hammer, lloyd and Saviour

 **BUMP HQ** • All Ages
6:30p • \$8+

Columbia Jones


 **Funky Taco** • All Ages
7:00p • \$TBA

Whitaker & Oliver

 **High Note** • All Ages
7:00p • Free

Ward Davis

Clint Park

 **Neurolux** • 21+
7:00p • \$20

Sam Riggs


 **Olympic** • 21+
7:00p • \$10/adv \$12/door

Tularosa


Suda, Sugarpillz

 **Deathproof** • All Ages
7:30p • \$TBA

The Generator Saints


 **Hideaway** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Naomi Psalm

 **Quinn's** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Brooke Nicole

The Jake Leg Band


 **Ironwood** • All Ages
8:30p • Free

Reverend Otis

The Electric Congregation

 **Tom Grainey's** • 21+
10:00p • Free


The Mojo Boogie Band

 **WilliB's** • 21+
7:30p • Free

Saturday • Mar 2

Between Disasters

Peanut, Third Man Syndrome, more

 **Boise Hive** • All Ages
6:30p • Free

Saturday • Mar 2

Travelin' Miles

 **Craft Bremers** • All Ages
7:00p • Free

Columbia Jones

 **Funky Taco** • All Ages
7:00p • \$TBA

Dante Elephant

Head Voice

 **Olympic** • 21+
7:00p • \$7


Get Wet+

Kitten Fight, Dirt Russell


 **BUMP HQ** • All Ages
7:30p • \$TBA

Wolf Parade


CMMNWLTH

 **Neurolux** • 21+
7:30p • \$22

The Soulmates

 **Quinn's** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Young Dubliners


 **Revolution** • All Ages
8:00p • \$10-35

Acrotomoans

Non-Fiction, Jimmy Vegas & the Phobes, more

 **Vista** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Straightaway


 **Ironwood** • All Ages
8:30p • Free

Hecktor Pecktor


 **WilliB's** • 21+
7:00p • Free

Sunday • Mar 3

Jam It Out Acoustic

 **Boise Hive** • All Ages
2:00p • Free

Ektomorf

 **Shredder** • All Ages
7:00p • \$TBA

Carissa Johnson

Vanessa Silberman ft. Jenny Vass

 **Tom Grainey's** • 21+
9:00p • \$TBA

Monday • Mar 4

Bad Suns
Vista Kicks
📍 **Knitting Factory** • All Ages
8:00p • \$18/adv \$20/door

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

Tuesday • Mar 5

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

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

Vermillion Heights
📍 **Quinn's** • 21+
9:00p • Free

Open Mic Taco Night 🍳
📍 **WilliB's** • 21+
7:00p • Free

Wednesday • Mar 6

Max Frost
📍 **Record Exchange** • All Ages
6:30p • Free

The Coathangers
SadGirl, The Vang Basics
📍 **Olympic** • 21+
7:00p • \$12/adv \$14/door

Forest Ray
Satisfactory, Grand Ratking
📍 **Deathproof** • All Ages
7:30p • \$TBA

ABBA Mania
📍 **Revolution** • All Ages
7:30p • \$15-55

Max Frost
📍 **Neurolux** • All Ages
8:00p • \$15/adv \$17/door

Ross McIntire
📍 **WilliB's** • 21+
7:00p • Free

Tylor & the Train Robbers
📍 **Tom Graineys's** • 21+
9:00p • Free

Thursday • Mar 7

Megan Nelson
📍 **High Note** • All Ages
6:00p • Free

Polyrhythmics
📍 **Record Exchange** • All Ages
6:30p • Free

Deterioration 🎸
Hummingbird of Death, Jawstruck, Ingrown
📍 **BUMP HQ** • All Ages
7:00p • \$TBA

Open Mic 🎤
with The Quintanas

📍 **Ironwood** • All Ages
7:00p • Free

The Talbott Brothers
📍 **Olympic** • 21+
7:00p • \$12/adv \$15/door

Avoid
We Were Giants, Forsythia
📍 **Deathproof** • All Ages
7:30p • \$TBA

Polyrhythmics
📍 **Neurolux** • 21+
7:30p • \$12/adv \$15/door

Young the Giant
Sure Sure

📍 **Knitting Factory** • All Ages
8:00p • \$29.5/adv \$32/door

Karaoke 🎤
📍 **Ha Penny** • 21+
9:00p • Free

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

Crumb
Loving, Juice
📍 **Shredder** • All Ages
7:00p • \$13/adv \$15/door

Mia Edsall Band
📍 **Tom Graineys's** • 21+
8:00p • \$TBA

Friday • Mar 8

Jam It Out 🎸
📍 **Boise Hive** • All Ages
6:00p • Free

Greatful
📍 **Olympic** • 21+
7:00p • \$10/adv \$13/door

Friday • Mar 8

RJ McGinnis Band
📍 **Hideaway** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Noname
Room 25
📍 **Knitting Factory** • All Ages
8:00p • \$22.5/adv \$25/door

Brook Faulk
📍 **Quinn's** • 21+
8:00p • Free

The Soulmates
📍 **Ironwood** • All Ages
8:30p • Free

Dennis Jagard
Sef Idle, Kid Catapult
📍 **Tom Graineys's** • 21+
10:00p • Free

Unsigned Hype Talent Showcase 🎤
Bigg Deneez, Lil Idol, Champ Baylefe, more
📍 **Shredder** • All Ages
7:00p • \$10

Big Wow
📍 **WilliB's** • 21+
8:30p • \$5

Saturday • Mar 9

Bone Haus
Kitten Fight, more

📍 **Boise Hive** • All Ages
6:30p • Free

The Hand 🎸
Guardians of Virginity, Nude Oil
📍 **Neurolux** • 21+
7:00p • \$8

Caedus
Empty Suits, A Residual Affinity

📍 **Olympic** • 21+
7:00p • \$5

The Murderburgers 🎸
Get Married, Rat Champion
📍 **BUMP HQ** • All Ages
7:30p • \$6+

The Broken Outlaws
📍 **Quinn's** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Chiddy Bang
Chez
📍 **Shredder** • All Ages
8:00p • \$20

Saturday • Mar 9

Porterdog
📍 **WilliB's** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Bread & Circus
Juice
📍 **Tom Graineys's** • 21+
9:00p • \$3

Sunday • Mar 10

Jam It Out Acoustic 🎸
📍 **Boise Hive** • All Ages
2:00p • Free

Monday • Mar 11

That 1 Guy
📍 **Neurolux** • 21+
7:30p • \$12/adv \$14/door

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

Tuesday • Mar 12

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

Aldape Bootstompers
📍 **Liquid** • 21+
7:00p • Free

And the Kids
Cardiod

📍 **Neurolux** • 21+
7:30p • \$10/adv \$12/door

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

Jukebox The Ghost
Mougli's, Arrested Youth

📍 **Shredder** • All Ages
6:00p • \$20/adv \$23/door

Open Mic Taco Night 🍳
📍 **WilliB's** • 21+
7:00p • Free

Wednesday • Mar 13

In Flames
Karin Comes Killing, Traitors Gate
📍 **Knitting Factory** • All Ages
7:00p • \$27/adv \$30/door

Wednesday • Mar 13

Alive in Barcelona
Living in False Eyes
📍 **Shredder** • All Ages
7:00p • \$TBA

Buddy DeVore
and the Faded Cowboys
📍 **Pengilly's** • 21+
9:00p • Free

Jimmy Buffett
and the Coral Reefers

📍 **Taco Bell Arena** • All Ages
8:00p • \$29.50 - 119.50

Doug Armento & The Iron Mules
📍 **Tom Graineys's** • 21+
9:00p • Free

Thursday • Mar 14

Open Mic Taco Night 🍳
with The Quintanas
📍 **Ironwood** • All Ages
7:00p • Free

The Further
Atheras, Forsynthia, Dredge Hammer

📍 **Shredder** • All Ages
7:00p • \$TBA

Watsky
Grieves, Beau Young Prince

📍 **Knitting Factory** • All Ages
8:00p • \$18/adv \$20/door

Karaoke 🎤
📍 **Ha Penny** • 21+
9:00p • Free

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

Friday • Mar 15

Jam It Out 🎸
📍 **Boise Hive** • All Ages
6:00p • Free

Postmodern Jukebox
📍 **Egyptian** • All Ages
8:00p • \$45-95

The Boise Highlanders
📍 **Hideaway** • 21+
8:00p • Free

R & R
📍 **Quinn's** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Friday • Mar 15

The Generator Saints
📍 **Tom Graineys's** • 21+
10:00p • \$TBA

Doobie
📍 **Shredder** • All Ages
7:00p • \$10/adv \$12/door

Saturday • Mar 16

Sobersick
Yellow Endeavor, Caedus, Audrey Dorosh
📍 **Boise Hive** • All Ages
6:30p • Free

EyeWill 🎸
Knotty Brine, Alturas, DJ Kathy-O
📍 **Neurolux** • 21+
7:00p • \$10

Bet On Red
Slurm Flirty Worm, tba
📍 **Olympic** • 21+
7:00p • \$5

American Hitmen
Outside the Frame
📍 **Ironwood** • All Ages
7:30p • \$TBA

RJ McGinnis Band
📍 **Ha Penny** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Critical hits
📍 **Hideaway** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Dave Nudo Band
📍 **Quinn's** • 21+
8:00p • Free

Dack Janiels
Saunter, PsiKo, Crook, Basship
📍 **Shredder** • All Ages
8:00p • \$10/adv \$15/door

Guilty Pleasure
📍 **WilliB's** • 21+
7:00p • Free

Sunday • Mar 17

Jam It Out Acoustic 🎸
📍 **Boise Hive** • All Ages
2:00p • Free

Atmosphere
deM allaS, The Lioness, DJ Keezy
📍 **Knitting Factory** • All Ages
7:00p • \$27.5/adv \$28/door



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This magazine is free for the taking. Enjoy!