

Gingers Rising

Take a quartet of guitar-savvy gingers steeped in pedagogies of the Northwest, see them south to the sun and listen to what they've made since returning for a rain-soaked second-rinse – it's something akin to sonic honey on crunchy toast.

Formed in Eugene, matured in Los Angeles and polished in Portland, **The Parson Redheads** deliver inquisitive harmonies, asking you: What's happening with your life? Are things going well? What are we doing to make them better?

Last year's release, *Yearling*, is an open eye looking for the answers to those questions. "The songs are about learning how to live better, and that's what we've been trying to do," says Evan Way (guitar, vocals). "It's a good change of pace to be in Oregon."

And this is what Oregon via plugged-in twang sounds like. Sterling-smooth guitars from Sam Fowles, and the rotisserie rhythms of Charlie Hester (bass) and Brett Marie Way (drums) allowing space for signature collective vocal harmonies.

Akin to Fleet Foxes, Fruit Bats and Blitzen Trapper, (bands the Redheads tour with in March), the group focuses on writing songs you can't help but melt with, especially "Burning up the Sky." Redheads know about sunburns.

The Parson Redheads play 9:30 pm Friday, Jan. 27, at Sam Bond's; \$6.
– Patrick Newton

moe. Music, moe. Jammin'

The band **moe.** is to Phish what Jefferson Airplane was to the Dead. The New York-based jam band is an East Coast amalgam of roots and jam, more apt to throw into the mix an acoustic string or two than other improv-based rock bands like Umphrey's McGee or the Disco Biscuits. More than anything else, moe. is independent – independent of label for most of the band's career and dedicated to a loyal fan base for whom moe. ratchets up the standard for live performance.

In an age when bands must traverse the merciless road, day in and day out, moe. has long stood the test of time. For more than two decades the group has continually nourished fans on both coasts and collaborated with musicians as varied as fiddler Allie Kral from Chicago's Cornmeal to Swampadelica's Nadine LaFond. Perhaps most attractive about moe., from a layman's viewpoint, is the guitar duo of Chuck Garvey and Al Schnier. Like other legendary string duos (Weir and Garcia, Herman and Emmitt, Bayliss and Cinninger) they know how to listen to each other. One is high up on his neck while the other is down low; the two instrumentalists can contrast and complement at the same time. In proper jam band form, moe. draws on influences like Zappa, Allman Brothers and Eddie Vedder, and plays just about as true as American rock can get.

moe. plays 8 pm Sunday, Jan. 29, at McDonald Theatre; \$20 adv., \$25 door.
– Andrew Hitz

Impending Doom

Doomtree (pictured below) is a wild-style hip-hop collective from the rhyme-tundra of Minneapolis. With five emcees (P.O.S., Sims, Dessa, Mike Micilian, Cecil Otter), two DJs (Lazerbeak, Papertiger) and solo projects running the gamut of hip-hop mixtapes, spoken word poetry, creative fiction, visual art, punk bands and individual releases from each member, when Doomtree takes root, listen.

Touring as a collective on the edge of 2011's album *No Kings* (as well as the punkified Wugazi *13 Chambers* mixtape), Doomtree is out to defy and decry the fact that, as the group's lyrics say, "All these rappers sound the same/beats all sound the same/raps all sound the same," and it's refreshing to hear truly photosynthetic music correspond to the group's protest. Tracks like "Bolt Cutter" and "No Way" clang like Aesop's *Fables* escaping from an electric zoo, while "Beacon" kicks full, free-floating beats in perfect arrangement.

Doomtree smashes the acerbic profundity of Deep Puddle Dynamics with the fast-jangle snarkiness of The Replacements. This is music that fans flames and fosters growth. Take what you will, these branches don't break.

Doomtree plays 9 pm Sunday, Jan. 29, at WOW Hall; \$12 adv., \$14 door.
– Patrick Newton



Get Your Third Eye On

If you listen to underground hip hop, you know what the three-eyed smiley face emblem stands for. You understand how intense it was when **Hieroglyphics**, the group this symbol represents, formed in the early '90s, what it felt like to put *Third Eye Vision* into your stereo and realize that not only had an authentic and mature form of underground hip hop arrived, but it was bountiful. Every emcee on the album was skilled in ways you'd never heard before, and a blending of street-savvy, weird and intellectual rhymes defined a culture from the bay to L.A., possibly stretching further.

To detail how important this group is to its genre, a trip down memory lane may suffice. Consider this: Of the big multi-member hip hop crews typically associated with the design of the West Coast underground conscious hip-hop movement (such as Visionaries, and Living Legends), Hiero predates them all.

The trendsetting self-described microphone addicts of underground hip hop are about to be in your area. True, the crew will be without its most recognizable member (and founder) Del the Funky Homosapien, but hey, hip hop is a rough business nowadays. As fans in this era of music we are lucky to see this many titans of hip hop's underworld on the same stage together.

Aplus, Casual, Opio, PepLove, Phesto and Tajai will be holding it down at WOW Hall, with each emcee looking to show off live versions of new recordings. They've all been quite busy. The results are sure to be spitfire.

Hieroglyphics play 9 pm Tuesday, Jan. 31, at WOW Hall; \$15 adv., \$18 door. – Dante Zuñiga-West