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ON THE COVER:

Lukas Nelson, Chance the Rapper by Gary Miller; First Aid Kit by David Brendan Hall



Lemon Twigs

3:15pm, Miller Lite stage

Brothers Brian D'Addario and Michael D'Addario – the Lemon Twigs – took the ACL Fest stage on weekend one in slacks and button-downs, as if Mom dressed them for the gig. "Now, boys, you need to look proper for the nice people of Austin."

Never mind the clash with 19-year-old Brian's long hair and 17-year-old Michael's white facepaint and eyeshadow, not to mention the Long Islanders' bratty attitude. Known for carefully constructed pop songs and intricate arrangements on debut fulllength Do Hollywood and new EP Brothers of Destruction, the pair – joined by high school mates Danny Ayala on keyboards and Megan Zeankowski on bass - cranked the power onstage, sounding even more like their Sixties and Seventies heroes than on disc.

Like Jellyfish, swaths of Todd Rundgren, Queen, ELO, the Raspberries, and even Redd Kross combined with the brothers' dedication to both contrapuntal harmonies and rawk stage moves. Brian handled the more overtly orchestrated material in the first half, his clear tenor and classically influenced guitar work powering the busy "Haroomata" and brilliant "These Words."

Switching places with his sibling from drums to guitar for the second half, Michael kicked the energy up by injecting a glam rock aesthetic into "Baby, Baby" and "Foolin' Around" that bespoke Broadway as much as the Sweet. The set got loose and sloppy as time went on, concluding with a balls-out "Queen of My School."

Alas, such old-fashioned stagecraft wasn't enough to hold the crowd. Die-hards mobbed the front of the stage, but a steady stream of bodies abandoned the field over the course of the set. Too indie rock for the oldsters who recognized the dog whistles from Abbey Road, but too much like their parents' music for the twentysomethings?

More fool them, frankly, as the Twigs almost perfectly balanced exquisite craft with Michael Toland rock abandon.

Lukas Nelson & Promise of the Real

5:15pm, Miller Lite stage

Friday's afternoon crowd on the ACL Fest Miller Lite stage sported at least one T-shirt commemorating Van Halen's 2007 tour. Another preserved Jerry Garcia. One cheeky punter sashayed forward in familiar braided red pigtails, facial scruff, and a bandanna knotted around his head. The parody of his old man now seems quaint and out of place.

Lukas Nelson is firmly his own man.

Two years ago, the singer couldn't shake his undeniable vocal resemblance to his outlaw father, Willie Nelson, despite aspiring to a Stevie Ray-style Strat strangler as a guitarist. Similarly, the music he made with crackerjack unit Promise of the Real proved sturdy and workmanlike, but ultimately undistinguished jam band fare. They were tight, but still felt like a work in progress.

With their eponymous fourth LP, Nelson and band arrive as Americana überartists with a decidedly rockist flair. Clearly, two years' touring with Neil Young as Crazy Horse stand-ins seasoned these guys. Cosmic cowboys for the 21st century, anyone?

Nelson still shows off prodigious guitar chops, but now he'd rather wring every bit of emotion out of a one-note lead than showboat all over the joint. Not that he could resist playing a solo with his teeth at one point. The late-afternoon Friday set leaned heavily on new material, but despite the cry of a steel guitar throughout, more overdrive and less twang defined these renditions.

The real tell?

"We'd like to do something now from someone who taught me the love of music," Nelson declared before kicking into a faithful rendition of Tom Petty's "American Girl." - Tim Stegall

Ron Gallo Heavy Meta (New West)

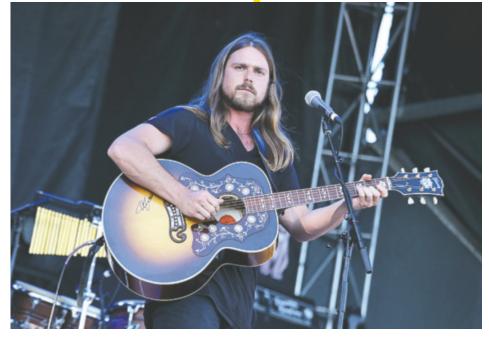
Philly rocker's premiere full-length paints dark portraits of off-kilter domes-



ticity jolted to life with high-voltage levels of garage and psych. A mother's cigarette ashes fall in her stroller on bold "Why Do You Have Kids?," but then society, and Gallo himself, have their own dependency problems in "Kill the Medicine Man." Infectious Nashville stomp and tongue-in-cheekiness liven up Heavy Meta, distinguished by the songwriter's mouthy twang that built over years with Americana group Toy Soldiers. His vocal vips à la Oh Sees fade into mirroring guitar wails. As promised by the name, things get meta, and heavy, but also really fun. (12:30pm,

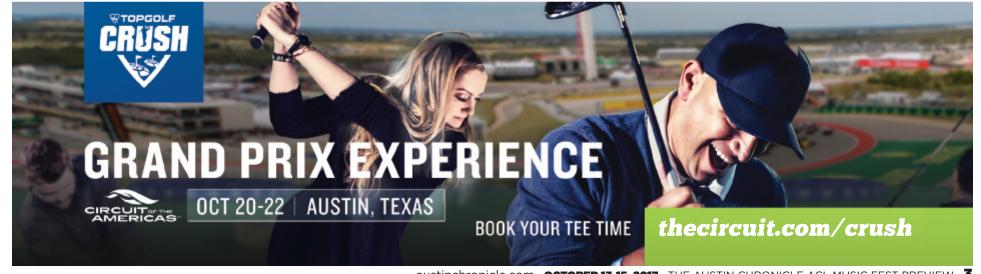
American Express stage)

Rachel Rascoe











Skepta 5:15pm, HomeAway stage

In a workmanlike set Friday afternoon, UK grime legend turned critical darling Skepta clearly understood the festival game, upping the ante with each track. Empathizing with his crowd's plight against what he perceived as oppressive heat, the Tottenham, London, MC nevertheless furnished his own solar power, going hard-n-heavy from the start.

His supporting DJ, Maximum, launched right into punishing renditions of "Konnichiwa," the title track off Skepta's 2016 Mercury Prize-winning album, and blitzing 2014 single "That's Not Me." The rapper, born Joseph Junior Adenuga to Nigerian parents, sounded borderline stately with his "roadman" flows on rival-dicing "Ace Hood Flow."

"I don't care what gun you bang, I don't care what drug you sell, Fuck you, man."

It's a curious sight to see a mostly bro crowd bounce along to "Crime Riddim," a song about improper police strip and search, and realities within the criminal justice system. What could collegiate Austinites possibly know of those horrors and degradation?

And yet, Skepta's crowd service makes palatable every line of his brawny, real-to-life lyrics. With a plain white tee tucked into black shorts, likely much more expensive than they appeared, he's a hood star-made-good ascendant on the bass-raining "Corn on the Curb."

"Gotta stay dreaming, Gotta stay believing, Gotta stay scheming."

No, it wasn't that hot, but grime's chief ambassador showed gratitude for his "energy crew." He and the crowd were in lockstep by infectious listchecking, street-level banger "Shutdown," which showcased all his electric abilities as a lyricist and consummate showman. - Kahron Spearman

Sold 1 7:15pm, Barton Springs stage

Solange's career took a turn with 2016's A Seat at the Table, and so, too, did her live performances. Her quirky dance moves, carried out in tandem with her band, and penchant for color-coordinated outfits remain, but

those are the only relics of what was once a lighthearted jaunt in line with Sixties-era girl groups like the Shirelles.

Now, Solange (Knowles), 31, has elevated her performances into an elegant, powerful experience with a message. She's shifted her focus from pure entertainment to challenging her audiences with the issue of race. The crowd at ACL's Barton Springs stage weekend one was all ears.

Her backing sevenpiece played her onto a red-lit stage 15 minutes late, so the bandleader immediately launched into the first three tracks from A Seat at the Table. "I'm weary of the ways of the world," she sang out on early R&B track "Weary," no doubt to an audience that, after last week, could identify with the sentiment. "Cranes in the Sky," her ode to working through pain as a black woman in America,

took flight immediately afterward, Solange's soprano mimicking her impressive vocal play on the album flawlessly.

The Houston-born singer did dip back into her earlier work occasionally. She twerked

during bass-heavy banger "Some Things Never Seem to Fucking Work," and "Losing You" hyped the crowd. Still, the bulk of the show focused on A Seat at the Table, which appeared to play as group therapy for the

people of color in the crowd.

During "F.U.B.U.," she leaned down toward audience members in the front row, singing directly to them.

> "All my n***as in the whole wide world, Made this song to make it all y'all's turn. For us, this shit is for us.'

Friday's set wasn't dissimilar from Solange's SXSW performance at Copper Tank in March, a much smaller staging that only her most dedicated fans experienced following hours of lines. Translating A Seat at the Table for a festival crowd, with its divided attention and boozesoaked expectations of hype, showed her focus on spreading the album's exploration on what it means to be black in America.

The overwhelmingly ₩ white audience, in turn, offered its attention.

These songs weren't for them. Solange forced the crowd to do what music, at its core, should always achieve.

She made them listen. Abby Johnston



The XX 8:15pm, Honda stage

The question ahead of the xx's headlining slot on the Honda stage weekend one was less "What will they play?" and more "How will it play?"

Neither 2009's self-titled debut nor 2012's Coexist beg to be seen live during a festival headlining set. The London trio's music is clean and minimal, quietly sexy and brooding. While this year's I See You plays out more robust, utilizing the beats that producer/ percussionist Jamie Smith has come to be known for, most of the xx's catalog hinges on sleepy closeness.

Vocalist/guitarist Romy Madley Croft, vocalist/bassist Oliver Sim, and Smith opened their 100th set this year with the instrumental, angular "Intro" followed by first breakout single, "Crystalised." I See You's "Lips," "Dangerous," and "On Hold," all thundering, beats-driven bedroom rock, melded easily with the quieter, headier tracks of the xx past, like "Shelter," "Islands," and

sugary love song "VCR." Croft also took new track "Performance" to a stripped-down, gutwrenching place.

Illuminating the stage in rainbow lights as an homage to Smith's 2015 solo release, In Colour, the trio kicked into a cover of his banger "Loud Places." That bled into "Say Something Loving" before understated "Angels" closed the hourlong set.

While expertly timed lights pulsed with the percussion and revolving reflective columns hummed around the stage, the band members themselves proved most thoroughly engrossing and earnest. Sim careened around the stage with his bass as he danced, almost dangerously so.

He and Croft seemingly expanded, taking up their own halves of the stage before meeting in the middle, necks of their instruments nearly touching, heads leaning in together, almost colliding but not quite. The chemistry between the two commanded a presence on a major stage but still channeled that palpable intimacy thrumming in the music. - Libby Webster



GARY MILLER

8:15pm, American Express stage

Jay-Z remains one of the greatest rappers to ever pick up a mic, his place in hip-hop's pantheon cemented. Going from scrappy street hustler to Oprah status in a career spanning 13 albums and more than two decades, the 47-year-old Brooklyn kid has nothing left to prove. Weekend one's headlining set against an Austin skyline demonstrated that for better or worse.

Aside from a barely visible band and a massive 40-foot metallic dog balloon sculpture by artist Jeff Koons, the MC stalked the otherwise bare stage alone. There were no special guests (#Beyoncewatch continues this week!), unless you count the Houston Rockets back court combo of James Harden and Chris Paul lurking stageside. Jay-Z's made a career out of making hustling look easy, and that's just what he did.

"Bounce, bounce," he commanded before launching into Kanye West collabos "Run This Town" and "No Church in the Wild."

From Nina Simone to Bobby "Blue" Bland, his music deftly leans on samples for hits, and the DJ let Max Romeo's reggae classic "Chase the Devil" run long before morphing into 1977's "Lucifer."

"There's a lot going on in the world, a lot of evil," Jay-Z noted before the track. "But love will always conquer hate."

Beyoncé was omnipresent on material from this summer's introspective 4:44, Jay-Z's best late-career album. His wife gets namechecked on "Marcy Me" and is the subject of "Family Feud."

"What's better than one billionaire? Two - especially if they're from the same hue as you.

Y'all stop me when I stop tellin' the truth."

"Dirt off Your Shoulder," "Izzo (H.O.V.A.)," and "Hard Knock Life (Ghetto Anthem)" anchored a late-Nineties/early-Aughts hit parade highlighted by an a capella rendition of Pimp C's "Big Pimpin'" verse. Thousands repped with a Lone Star holler: "Uhhhh, now what y'all know about them Texas boys!"

Grandiose sing-along anthems like "Empire State of Mind," "Numb/Encore," and "Young Forever" proved pitch-perfect for the setting.

So it was all great until the end which was ... early. Beginning at 8:15pm, Jay-Z wrapped at 9:36pm, returning for a brief but raucous mosh-pit encore of "99 Problems." Then he disappeared for good, 15 minutes before the festival's stated 10pm end time.

A couple of nearby Houston Rockets could've chimed in on the importance of fourth quarter clock awareness. Then again, Jay-Z doesn't have anything left to prove. - Thomas Fawcett

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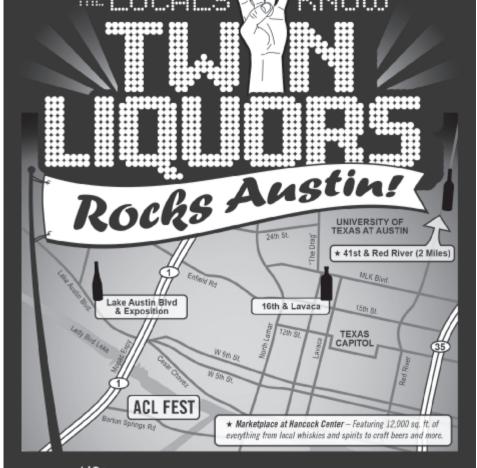
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AUSTIN REPRESENTS BY KEVIN CURTIN

Annabelle Chairlegs (11:45am, Miller Lite stage) Gooey, surfy, hip-shaking psych & roll with unhinged vocals from enchantress Lindsey Mackin.

The Bishops (12:30pm, Tito's stage) Chill hip-hop siblings – singer Cara, producer Troy, and rapper Chris - lay it down like the Fugees.

School of Rock (12:30pm, Austin Kiddie Limits stage) Witness the earliest performance of

Dale & Ray (12:30pm, Honda stage) Meet the honky-tonk power couple, Dale Watson and Ray Benson. One drinks Lone Star, the other smokes dope.

Band of Heathens (1:30pm, Tito's stage) Smooth, electric Americana breakouts with oftromantic songcraft.



Benjamin Booker

3PM, MILLER LITE STAGE

"I lived in the South all my life," reflects blues-punk juggernaut Benjamin Booker. "I lived in Virginia, Tampa and Gainesville, Florida, and New Orleans. I spent my whole life in the South until recently, when I moved to California."

What made the 28-year-old live fireball decide to finally move away?

"The South, yeah," he laughs. "You travel around and see other ways to live, and I wanted to try that. So, I moved to California. I definitely miss the South, though, and I do plan on coming back."

It's important to note Booker's Southernness, his distinctive and rootsy drawl. In fact, T. Rex, whose rockin' whimsicality perfumes a chunk of Booker's sophomore LP Witness, were from South London.

"When I was in college, Electric Warrior was one of the only records I had," he shoots back. "We listened to it a lot. That record is just electric blues, y'know? When you listen to the chord progressions and the melodies, it's just blues music that's glammed up."

Hardly glammed-up is the title track to Witness, a secular-gospel Civil Rights anthem, complete with Mavis Staples' glorious

"We couldn't have found a more perfect person to sing it," he says. "One of the things that was inspirational was the Staple Singers. Albums like Freedom Highway, you hear the work that they're doing during the Civil Rights movement. So I was just trying to turn people on to people like Mavis, who's always been working toward social justice issues."

- Tim Stegall



IT'S IMPORTANT TO NOTE BOOKER'S SOUTHERNNESS, HIS DISTINCTIVE AND ROOTSY DRAWL.



TASH SULTANA 3pm, Barton Springs stage

Tash Sultana's days of busking on the streets of Melbourne are long behind her after hitting it big on YouTube. Don't let the internet fame fool you, either, because this Aussie plays 10 instruments. Famous for loops, tricky guitar picking, and an ethereal voice, Sultana's sold out nearly every show she's booked in the U.S. in support of her impending LP. - Lauren Modery



Car Seat Headrest 2pm, Honda stage

Will Toledo has come a long way from recording in the backseat of his car. The Seattle-based songwriter and his band Car Seat Headrest ascended the indie rock ladder to major festival appearances by, like their peers, drawing on the Eighties. A raucous

first weekend set proved exhibit A.

While his contemporaries find inspiration in twinkling synths and British arena pop, Toledo draws from a different side of the Reagan/Thatcher era: American college rock. The band's six-string racket - melodic without being sweet, noisy without being abrasive, straightforward without being boring - would've nestled perfectly on Twin/Tone or DB Records if it had arrived in 1986.

Like those labels' luminaries - the Replacements, Soul Asylum, Austin's Zeitgeist - CSH doesn't fool around live, preferring to let quality of song and strength of performance carry the day. Toledo isn't a particularly exciting frontman. He tends to stand stock still while singing, and didn't move much when strumming his Telecaster, either.

Yet rather than deficits, the singer-songwriter turns his nearly somnambulant stage presence and droning voice into virtues. By letting guitarist Ethan Ives and drummer Seth Dalby do most of the talking, he became an anchor, and his marble-mouthed monotone revealed an instrument of surprising feeling.

All the better to present CSH's no-frills rock, from the super-catchy power-pop of "Fill in the Blanks" to the blazing skronk of "1937 State Park," an audience request. Unlike many of this year's ACL Fest performers, the band eschewed a Tom Petty cover, opting instead for Neil Young's stomping "Powderfinger," sung by Ives.

A seemingly odd choice, but it served as a perfect prelude to "Destroyed by Hippie Powers," which reveled in Crazy Horse crunch. The group brought the show to a close with the pedal-abusing frenzy of "Beast Monster Thing (Love Isn't Love Enough)," but even that noise fest couldn't obscure the fact that, for Car Seat Headrest, the song is king.

- Michael Toland



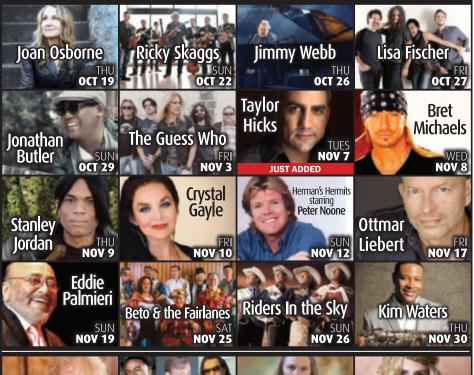
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Glass Animals 6PM, HONDA STAGE

"It's easier to write behind the guise of another character," admits Dave Bayley. "It feels less personal."

Glass Animals' frontman explains the songwriting process behind the UK quartet's sophomore LP, How to Be a Human Being, which details encounters "on tour, at parties, with strangers." While he insists there's a lot of himself in the material, it's difficult to tell him apart from the crowd. 2014 debut Zaba hid behind a shroud of soft and understated sounds, but the new LP bares all.

"It was like having a second baby and appreciating the spontaneity and mistakes," quips Bayley.

Musically, there's more live instrumentation from fuzzed guitar seesaws ("Take a Slice," "Poplar St."), bass chugs ("Pork Soda"), erratic key stabs ("The Other Side

of Paradise"), and percussive jolts ("Youth"). Lyrically, there's added transparency, the singer reigning omnipresent over his characters while finding himself amongst the deadbeat losers of "Life Itself," the drug addicts in "Cane Shuga," and the lustful gazers on "Take a Slice."

"It was about bringing these stories to life," offers Bayley. "While the instruments are meant to add into the thematic sense of the scene, the lyrics are meant to shed out elements and immerse the listener in the details of the character's life."

"Season 2 Episode 3" walks in on the couch-ridden stoner generating Game Boy noises as cable reruns play idly on the TV.

"Even though I'm shy, there's a part of me in there," laments the song's co-author. "Hopefully others can see themselves in there, too." - Alejandra Ramirez

"EVEN THOUGH I'M SHY, THERE'S A PART OF ME IN THERE," LAMENTS THE SONG'S CO-AUTHOR.

Blackfoot Gypsies To the Top (Plowboy)

Riff in their hearts and a catchy chorus

on their lips, East Nashville's Blackfoot Gypsies unabashedly kick out the jams. A certain reverence for American roots gives them weight beyond garage rock trendhopping. N'awlins second line in "Back to New Orleans," blues on, naturally, "I've Got the Blues," and some C&W in "Lying Through Your Teeth" fuse nicely. Ultimately, though, an exuberant, energy-spewing take on the tight-but-loose Stones/Faces axis drives this Gypsy caravan To the Top, raw and unrestrained with style and Southern twang. (11:30am, BMI stage)

Michael Toland

Green Twins

rushed entanglements, and delicate touches, Nick Hakim's debut



laments over intimate memories through gentle love songs that spiral into soulful, psychedelic hymns. The booming "Bet She Looks Like You" and ethereal "Those Days" center the D.C. singer in the realm of sensual aficionados Curtis Mayfield and D'Angelo through bluesy injections and gospel incantations. Instrumentation veers toward the modern soul fusions of Anderson Paak, simmering guitar swaths and languid basslines coalescing in erratic sax bursts on "Miss Chew." Even so, Green Twins realizes a sound that's truly Hakim's own. (4pm, Tito's stage) – Alejandra Ramirez

Parker Millsap 2:15pm, Tito's stage

Was an unseasonably hot Saturday afternoon at Zilker Park compounded by thousands descending on the verdant grounds and expelling carbon dioxide? Temperatures spiked more August than October. Factor in a shithot set at the Tito's tent by Americana wunderkind Parker Millsap, and it felt like the Fourth of July.



In a weekend where the hardest rocking acts proved to be Americana outfits, Parker Millsap damn near came off like a punk rocker. On Friday, high-billed roots acts such as Ryan Adams and Lukas Nelson ceded twang to a cranked overdrive once onstage. Millsap was no exception, except in attack.

True, hunching wild-eyed over his antique hollowbody electric, flailing before his drummer, bassist, and fiddle player, he resembled a young Leonardo DiCaprio in bad need of an exorcism. He leaned into his mic, bit down on his Southern Gothic lyrics, and invested tender laments with dirty power chords and whirling dervish energy. Live, the Oklahoman comes off as the spiritual child of the Cramps or Flat Duo Jets rather than Jimmie Rodgers.

Millsap played so hard, he snapped three guitar strings across his set. When the second broke on his backup guitar, his band vamped a cool samba as he attempted to tune a fresh replacement string.

"Oh, no!" he cried, suddenly racing offstage.

He returned with another vintage archtop around his neck.

"Sorry," he grinned sheepishly. "I broke that string, too!"

Once finished retuning, he teased, "But that gave you a nice little rest, there. Let's try this again." No one complained as he launched into the locomotive opener from recent LP The Very Last Day, "Hades Pleads," which shattered his band's improvised lounge groove. Faster, rawer, and with ragged precision, he killed the studio track dead. Then he and the band unplugged and walked off, the audience wishing they'd played 10 more. - Tim Stegall

ANGEL OLSEN 5pm, Miller Lite stage

Four songs into her overcast set late Saturday afternoon, Angel Olsen removed her jumbo Seventies sunglasses. Rubbing her eyes and playfully asking, "What day is it? Is it

Saturday?," the songwriter awakened from a dream and entered another of her own ethereal making.

A jumpsuited Princess Peach with Brigitte Bardot's hairstyle, the Asheville-based singer led a comparatively modest Miller Lite gathering into her daydream. Her velvety croon cast a haze of unspecified vintage over the set. Olsen's backers donned matching blue suits and bolo ties.

The group's timed dropouts throughout the set allowed room for the bandleader's big, powerfully wavering voice to fill the space. Olsen did so with bemused ease,

launching soaring melodies out of an open grin. Curt demands on "Give It Up" sliced with extra cheek, as if the 30-year-old's confidence had only gone up since putting the

Having moved toward rock & roll with last

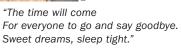
year's transitional My Woman, Olsen matched the shift with an irreverent stage presence. Kicking off any inkling of a folksy, sad-girl persona, she waxed sassy in the day's accrued

> heat. Wrapping up "Those Were the Days," she questioned to the crowd.

"Is this even real? I feel like the melting clock in that painting, man. The 2017 election"

Her faux-trippy moment faded into a self-satisfied cackle. Something punk lived in her completely unabashed female performance, oft accented by shredding guitars. Suddenly, the artist's tonally shaped ooh's and aah's sounded like an operatic Patti Smith.

Olsen concluded her performance with 2013 cut "Sweet Dreams." a warbly farewell:



With that, the audience awoke to its own reality, released from Angel Olsen's conducted reverie. - Rachel Rascoe





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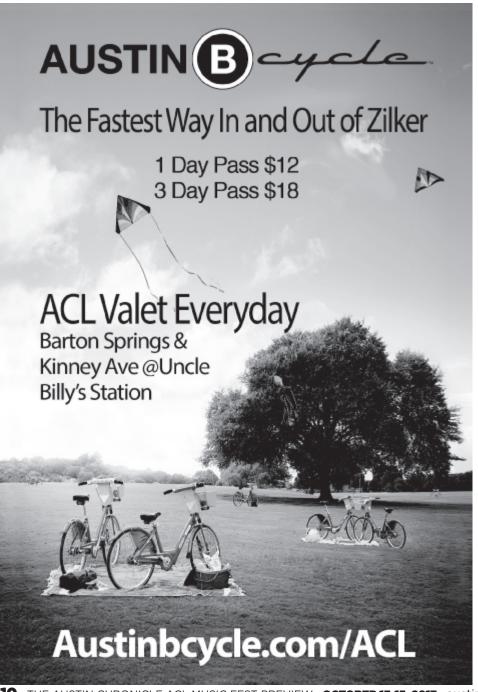
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GARY MILLER

Chance the Rapper

8pm, Honda stage

According to a 2015 report from the Pew Research Center, only 27% of millennials attend religious services weekly. With that in mind, here's a safe assumption: For most of the massive crowd at the Honda stage Saturday night, the only service they'd be dragging themselves out of bed for Sunday is brunch.

It's unknown if Chance the Rapper, who at 24 is squarely in what Pew found to be the least religious American generation, made his way into a sanctuary the next day. Still, he and any of the faithful might be forgiven. The Chicago MC had already taken ACL to church a few hours ahead of any Sabbath schedule.

After opening the headlining set with "Mixtape," a lament that he's the "only n**ga still care about mixtapes" (Coloring Book was his third), he took to the pulpit. Even without hymnals, the crowd sang every word to "Blessings" along with its author (aka Chancelor Bennett), who was accentuated by brass lines from his right-hand man Nico Segal, also known as Donnie Trumpet. Together, they punctuated the refrain:

"I'm goin' to praise Him. Praise Him 'til I'm gone."

Segal, along with four backup singers, were integral to the live iteration of Coloring Book. Chance's energy and delivery were turned up to 100, but "Angels" came alive via the horn man and the bold vocal harmonies surrounding Chance's rapping.

The set wasn't what many traditionalists could embrace as a church revival. Pyrotechnics burst behind Chance, who's prone to shouting, "What the fuck is up?!" Distinctly secular bangers such as "All Night" and "No Problem" made appearances as well.

Still – and notably – the mainstage throng received those party anthems with the same level of enthusiasm as his songs imbued by unfettered religious overtones. It's impossible to say for certain, but that probably isn't because Chance managed to attract the 27% of millennials in Zilker Park who show up for church every Sunday.

Whether the audience shares his views or not, Chance the Rapper's commitment to his own convictions makes his live performances feel like a part of something bigger. The crowd feeds off that authenticity, just as Chance's music shines because of it. Sunday brunch rules in Austin, but Saturday night always sports a chance of revelation. - Abby Johnston

LOCAL LOVE BY KEVIN CURTIN

Paul Cauthen (12:15pm, Tito's stage) Big-voiced country gospel that recalls Waylon Jennings and Elvis Presley.

Missio (12:15pm, Honda stage) RCA-signed electro duo whose heavy synth 'n' beats pop already yielded a minor hit with "Middle Fingers."

Barton Hills Choir (12:30pm, Austin Kiddie Limits stage) Kids sing the darnedest things ... like the Grateful Dead, Flaming Lips, and Muse.

Black Angels (5pm, Barton Springs stage) Neo-psych hypnotists whose wavy frequencies bridge evil drone and Sixties pop on new catalog gem Death Song.

Spoon (7pm, Miller Lite stage) Britt Daniel's critically acclaimed rock band rides a late-career milestone with the synth-heavy Hot Thoughts.

Red Hot Chili Peppers

8:10pm. American Express stage

You'd figure after 30 years and 11 studio albums, that legendary L.A. funk-rock band Red Hot Chili Peppers would give in a little. "Let's just run down the hits, collect the bag, and go home." Not so fast. A raucous crowd at the American Express stage weekend one witnessed a blindingly brilliant performance turned in by a grateful band in full mastery.

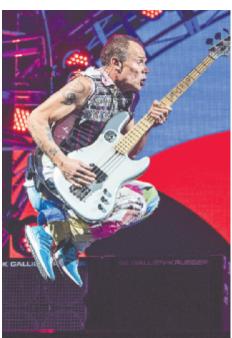
Beginning promptly at 8:15pm, they spun a horn solo into a garage-rock interlude into a bulldozing thrash metal moment, then launched into a dominating turn of "Can't Stop." Immediately after, likely in light of the terror attack in Las Vegas and all things Trump, bassist Flea told Austin that we live in a "great big bubble" and that by loving nature and each other we'll "rise above."

Flea (Michael Balzary) would say many things, including that no one had ever made better music than Ice Cube in his prime. Later, singer Anthony Kiedis remembered the recently passed Tom Petty with, "You did not die in vain, brother."

You wouldn't think it to hear the song being played as it was last night, but "Dani California" has become a sing-along fan favorite. Someone should've told the band, because they ran it down with an incredible, almost teenage fervor. In fact, each song following it, including "The Zephyr Song" and "Californication," was attacked in this mindset rather than being taken for granted.

Most of the night, they played directly into song origins and influences, showcasing heavy hip-hop and funk in "The Getaway" and "Give It Away." Flea finished the former with a deep Jaco Pastorius-inflected bass flourish. "Dark Necessities" surfaced as a contemporary R&B/Marvin Gaye hybrid.

The Peppers' compelling synergy and efficiency was a sight to behold, and their cosmic mutations are second to none. They switched between speed funk and gorgeous Afrobeat/disco compounds as if they belonged together. - Kahron Spearman



DAVID BRENDAN HALL



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PROTIP

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Scheduled Closures

X ZILKER PARK GREAT LAWN CLOSURE

Sept. 25 – Oct. 28 closed to the public Oct. 20 festival load-out ends Oct. 21 – 27 park maintenance

STRATFORD DRIVE CLOSURE

at Nature Center Dr & Barton Springs Rd

Sept. 27 & 28 7:00 am -10:00 pm daily Oct. 6 12:01 am - Oct. 9 6:00am Oct. 13 12:01 am - Oct. 16 6:00am Oct. 17 & 18 7:00am – 10:00pm daily

BARTON SPRINGS ROAD CLOSURE

at Sterzing St & Rollingwood Dr

Residential traffic will be allowed to exit the neighborhood at Sterzing, eastbound to Lamar. All inbound traffic into the neighborhood is closed.

Sept. 30 3:00am – 7:00am Oct. 6 12:01am – Oct. 9 6:00am Oct. 13 12:01am - Oct. 16 6:00am

ROBERT E LEE ROAD CLOSURE

at Barton Hills & Barton Springs Road

Residential traffic will be allowed to exit the neighborhood on Robert E. Lee, East Bound onto Barton Springs from 12:00am - 11:59am on event days.

Oct. 6 12:00pm – Oct. 9 12:00am **Oct. 13** 12:00pm – **Oct. 16** 12:00am

















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Lost & Found: Visit **aclfest.com/lostfound** to view found items and file a claim or visit an Info Booth while on-site. After the Fest. found item pick-up will take place at Zilker Park on October 9-10 and October 16-17 from 12-6pm.

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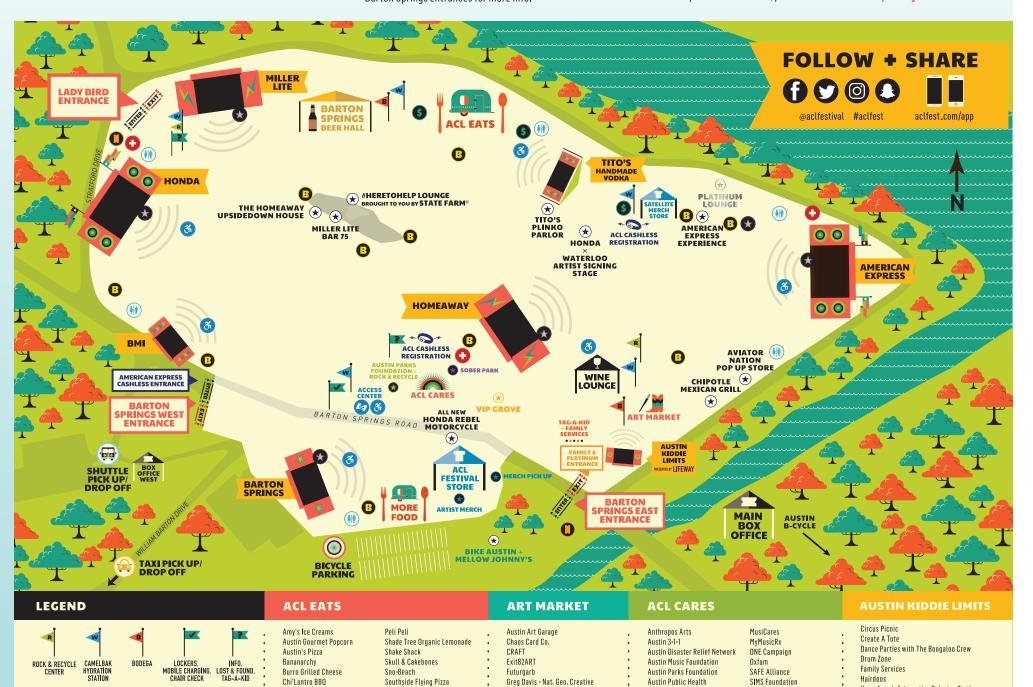
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Deap Vally

12:30PM, AMERICAN EXPRESS STAGE

Los Angeles duo Deap Vally isn't interested in a linear version of success. Their 2013 debut Sistrionix came out via major label Island Records, then the ladies departed in search of full creative control. 2016 yielded Femejism, where vocalist/drummer Julie Edwards and vocalist/guitarist Lindsey Troy made the record they wanted to make:

fierce, steamrolling rock & roll, fuzzy and rollicking.

That forced the band to discuss feminism, which the press took as an invitation into a tired line of questioning about sexism.

"I wish the songs could just speak for themselves. I'm pretty candid in the music," says Troy. "At the same time, we have a

lot to talk about, but how many times can you talk about the same thing over and over again? Damn, I'm glad I'm not a politician."

In July, the Femejism (Unplugged) EP dropped, offering four sulking, sultry, and stripped-down versions of the duo's raucous LP. Troy and Edwards had been asked to do acoustic sessions many times, but it seemed unappealing until they reworked the material this year.

"We had a great time creating these really atmospheric versions," she enthuses. "It was also our homage to the Nineties with the

> 'unplugged.' I grew up listening to that Nirvana unplugged record."

Troy's not opposed to channeling a more acoustic idea going forward, citing both her and Edwards' flexibility in approaching the band's music, and her favorite band, the Beatles.

"Those records have so much diver-

sity within them. There's really a full spectrum in there. They're so experimental and rich in diversity. I think that, as a rock band, you can really create this sonic journey."

- Libby Webster

2016 YIELDED FEMEJISM, WHERE VOCALIST/DRUMMER JULIE EDWARDS AND VOCALIST/GUITARIST LINDSEY TROY MADE THE RECORD THEY WANTED TO MAKE: FIERCE, STEAMROLLING ROCK & ROLL.



11:45am, Barton Springs stage

New Orleans rapper flips rhymes on airy, expansive beats and space-trip synths as he carves through the clouds in either his singsong cadence or Chance the Rapper nasal flow. While cheesy cliches dot his lyricism, the Crescent City MC shines on spitfire hustle "Dollar Store," vulnerable "Runaway," and R&B/rap switch-up "Wait on Me."

- Alejandra Ramirez

DAY WAVE

1:15pm, Barton Springs stage

Jackson Phillips' grandiosity begins plainly. Under the moniker Day Wave, the Oakland artist makes lo-fi dream-pop whose 2017 debut The Days We Had scales to a middle ground on soothing "oohs" and "aahs" streamlined over synth waves. The bassinduced verses in "Something Here" sets the tone for an album that's ordinarily simple and - Isabella Castro-Cota evocatively sweet.

BROODS

3:15pm, Miller Lite stage

New Zealand siblings Georgia and Caleb Nott congregate as Broods for moody, feathery electro-pop that soothes. Conscious, released last year, shares the same electric flourishes and sulky melodies as debut Evergreen, but leans toward a heavier, poppier sound. "Heartlines," an ardent love tale with urgent, catchy beats - co-written by Lorde - rounds out with softer, more delicate - Isabella Castro-Cota

Love You, Mean It (Exag)



Anchored by Aaron Martin and Johny Fisher, Okey Dokey's debut recruits Nashville's indie scene, including members of Wild Child, Rayland Baxter, the Weeks, and Ron Gallo. Love You, Mean It thus swoons with a twee-ish, indie-pop delight. From the bass-driven groove of "Coffee Boi" and lo-fi swirl of "Simpler Times" to the throwback touch of Memphis R&B on "Low Rent // Blue Skies," the whole lifts with a psychedelic flair. "Hurts to Be You" yelps quirky to the strutting "Either or, It's All the Same" and closing guitar jangle "Don't You Lose" charms throughout.

(11:45am, BMI stage)

- Doug Freeman



FIRST AID NIT 5:15pm, HomeAway stage

Five years ago, First Aid Kit played a modest, early afternoon Friday of ACL. Our review was positive, focusing on the young Swedish sisters' promise, but noted there was room for growth. This time around, in front of several thousand people during ACL's first weekend,

FAK's set proved near-perfect.

One major change turned out to be the stage dynamics.

Aside from the three band members fleshing out Klara and Johanna Söderberg's sound, the latter group founder, who handled keys

previously, spent the Swedes' two-year tour hiatus learning to play the bass. In a pre-ACL interview with the Chronicle, she said piano felt restrictive and she wanted to rock out. On Sunday she did, along with her guitarist sister.

That imbued the duo's live show with more playfulness and head-banging, pushing First Aid Kit further into rock & roll.

Slowly but surely, the folksy Europeans have evolved from darling 2010 debut The Big Black and the Blue to master a sophisticated, diversified sonic palette. Bouncing new single "It's a Shame" sounded nothing like another new track, "Fireworks," a meandering, sweet Iullaby. Howling "You Are the Problem Here" proved a stand-out moment that ditched pedal steel twang for an unabashedly feminist and empowering rage.

FAK's staples made appearances: "Wolf" and "Stay Gold," both hazy and atmospheric, and the wistful "Waitress Song." A cover of Kenny Rogers' "The Gambler" slipped in, too. Beloved "Emmylou" appeared second to last, the sisters taking a step back to let the audience handle the love song's refrain, while "My Silver Lining" closed.

Even with a sprawling range of sound, an obsession with storytelling and the romanticism of Seventies Americana served as cohesion for FAK's entrancing, aching work. The Söderberg sisters' brooding edge and striking vocal harmonies elevated First Aid Kit's return to ACL to both singular and magical. Libby Webster

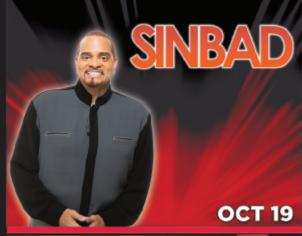
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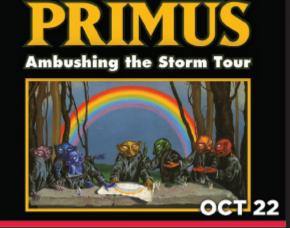
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Midland

On the Rocks (Big Machine)

A generation of hipsters raised on Randy Travis and George Strait are finally leading coun-



try music's pendulum swing back to a neo-traditional sound. Enter Midland, a trio of "got-hereas-fast-as-we-could" Texas transplants from the West Coast dishing a debut LP that swigs more Eighties influence than Red Dirt. The Dripping Springs outfit rumbles guitars into classic country rhythms, harmonies lifting "Make a Little" while "Drinkin' Problem" sips barstool guips with deep twang. Clever ballads "Nothin' New Under the Neon" and "Check Cashin' Country" suggest Midland knows exactly the well they're tapping, but few new artists have done it this convincingly. (12:30pm, Tito's stage)

**** - Doug Freeman

The World's Best American Band (Polyvinyl)

White Reaper is beer-laden rock tied to an amplifier. The Kentucky quintet's



sophomore album leaves no room for deep breaths with sizzling riffs, sparkling keys, and screeching vocals brought to you by frontman Tony Esposito, the whole reminiscent of Seventies Kinks and Cars if they threw a house party. Consistently cheeky, head-throbbing rock ("Judy French," "Party Next Door") meets shimmering melodies ("Little Silver Cross," "Daisies") that alleviate without losing momentum. Esposito cries out, "I just wanna be a real good pair of your blue jeans," on "Eagle Beach." That's White Reaper, all right: vintage, slightly worn, but tight at the top. (5:15pm, BMI stage) - Isabella Castro-Cota



Songhoy Blues 3:15PM, BMI STAGE

At the heart of Songhoy Blues' second album *Résistance* lies "Bamako," also known as the capital of Mali, from where the group originates. While the single's video depicts a sprawling city of crowded streets, bustling people, and a rich nightlife, the West African musical wellspring served as refuge when the band's hometown of Timbuktu was ravaged by Islamic jihadists in 2012.

In fear of beatings and having their instruments confiscated due to enforced Sharia law, the band fled south, an escape chronicled on 2015 debut Music in Exile.

"A track off that album called 'Petit Metier' literally translates as 'little job,'" explains vocalist Aliou Touré. "It says that after the war, everyone must return to work, forget about the past, and concentrate on the future and rebuilding."

While Music in Exile addressed the band's "friends and fellow Malians," the album brimmed with American blues and rock that crossed over to a wider demographic in the U.S. After the group spent nearly three years touring the world, Résistance explored political action transpiring in people's everyday lives.

"Voter' deals with disenfranchisement amongst voters with the political status quo," detailed Touré. "And 'Yersi Yadda' is a protest song against those who use religion as a justification for violence. It literally translates as 'We do not agree."

Like its predecessor, Résistance retains traditional Songhai "desert blues" culture while channeling more familiar styles like high-voltage punk ("Voter") and turbulent funk ("Bamako") with impressive guitar work strewn throughout.

"We want our music to be as universal as possible," says Touré. "It's surreal to feel the energy of people singing lyrics in Songhai, a language they don't understand. It proves music is a universal language."

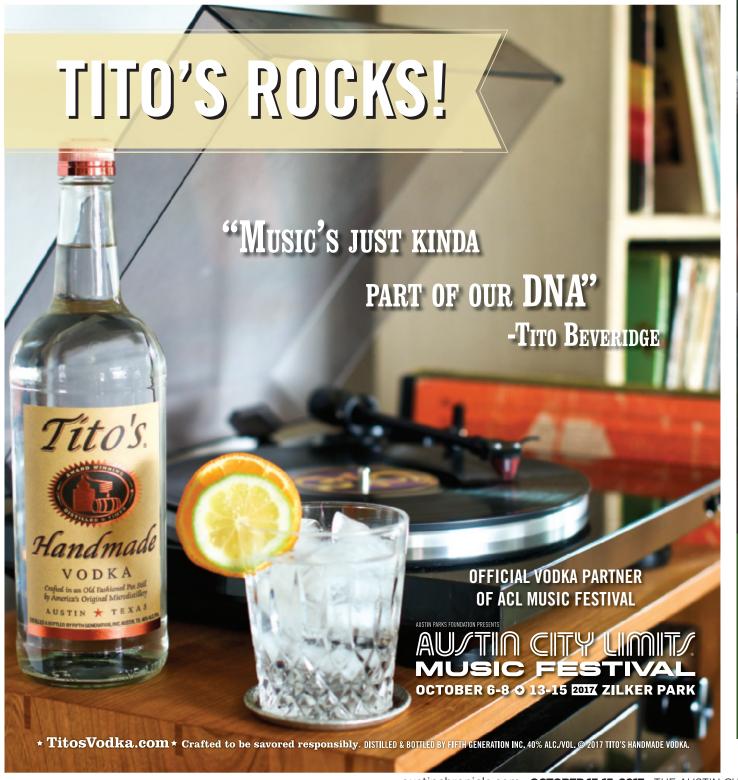
– Alejandra Ramirez

THE WEST AFRICAN MUSICAL WELLSPRING SERVED AS REFUGE WHEN THE BAND'S HOMETOWN OF TIMBUKTU WAS **RAVAGED BY ISLAMIC JIHADISTS IN 2012.**

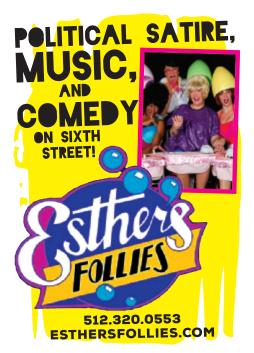
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ESCHRONICLE











Run the Jewels

6:15pm, Honda stage

During their monster set at the Honda stage early Sunday evening, Atlanta/Brooklyn rap duo Run the Jewels talked a lot in jest, especially when EI-P went on about how difficult it is for a chubby man to wear a faded, black denim vest. That led Killer Mike to joke, "We wanna see your boobs and butt."

Make absolutely no mistake, however. The pair's radical messages are deadly serious. On time and with no delay, EI-P (Jaime Meline) spit a murderous flow slicing and dicing "Legend Has It."

"I'll pull a sword on you simps, Just with a flick of the wrist. Get your neck giving up mist."

Gatling gun bass drums ran the entire set, and never more so than on the systemic corruption and poverty-themed "Don't Get Captured," where Killer Mike raps:

"Go cold like the land of Chicago, Child soldiers sprayin' the chopper. But you don't give a fuck. That's them though."

Detroit rapper Danny Brown came out for his buoyant cameo on "Hey Kids (Bumaye)," espousing his lyrical greatness:

"Word architect, when I arch the tech, I'll part ya neck - got bars on deck. That Xanax flow, make you nod your head."



Early 20th century journalist H.L. Mencken said once that "every normal man must be tempted, at times, to spit on his hands, hoist the black flag, and begin slitting throats." Run the Jewels, with front-facing grins and bloody ice picks behind their backs, are the proverbial black flag.

Killer Mike (Michael Render) menaces on how much they care about your eternal damnation, shunting Satan off as some nobody:

"I ain't here for durations, I'm just taking vacations. And tell him fuck him. I never loved him and salutations."

- Kahron Spearman

CONTINUED ON P.20







AU/TIN CITY LIMIT/. MUSIC FESTIVAL OCTOBER 6-8 0 13-15 EGIZ ZILKER PARK



Honda x Waterloo

→ ARTIST SIGNING STAGE -

FRIDAY

2:00PM • RON GALLO

2:45PM • BAND OF HEATHENS

2:45PM • COIN

3:45PM • ANDREW McMAHON

4:30PM • FOSTER THE PEOPLE

4:45PM • JAMES VINCENT MCMORROW

5:00PM • THE LEMON TWIGS

6:45PM • LUKAS NELSON

SATURDAY

1:00PM · XAVIER OMÄR

1:00PM • TOMAR & THE FCs

1:30PM · MISSIO

2:00PM • PAUL CAUTHEN

2:30PM · MONDO COZMO

4:00PM • SPOON

4:30PM • BENJAMIN BOOKER

5:30PM • NICK HAKIM

SUNDAY

1:30PM • DEAP VALLY

1:45PM • MIDLAND

2:45PM • DAY WAVE

3:00PM • MIDDLE KIDS

4:00PM • PORTUGAL. THE MAN

4:45PM • SONGHOY BLUES

5:00PM · WHITNEY

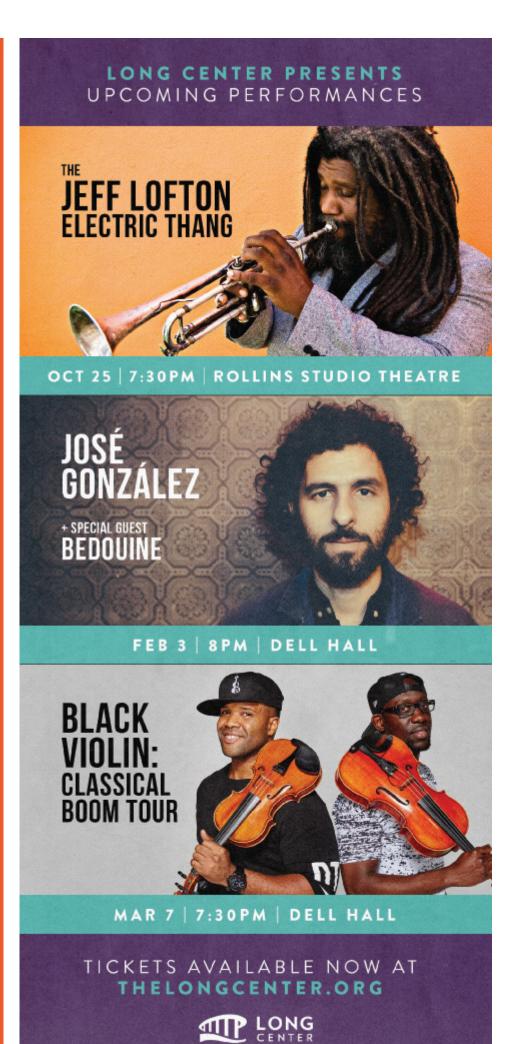
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Vance Joy 7:15PM, MILLER LITE STAGE

Vance Joy's 2014 debut, Dream Your Life Away, immediately shot the young Australian songwriter into the international spotlight. Anchored by the charming ripple and emotional yelp of his gentle tenor on hit "Riptide," Joy landed an opening slot for Taylor Swift and wooed festivals, including 2015's ACL.

His return this year anticipates the promise and pressure of his upcoming sophomore effort, expected early next year.

"There's always a bit of pressure, but ultimately it comes down to you writing the songs that you write and that's all you can do," he acknowledges. "If you're proud of the music, that's the most important thing, and what I use as a kind of touchstone or guiding principle. If they're received well and connect with people, that's good, but it starts by feeling like you connect with them. You're always chipping away on ideas and thinking about songs, and

in my mind, we were always thinking about the next chapter."

For his next chapter, Joy tapped a number of different producers and studios, including Phil Ek (Fleet Foxes, Shins) and Simone Felice (Felice Brothers, Lumineers). He co-wrote this summer's lead single "Lay It on Me" with pop producer Dave Bassett, most recently recognized for Elle King's "Ex's and Oh's."

"They all have their own way of doing things, which has led to some really cool and different colors on this album," says Joy of working with the multiple producers. "You just have to follow your intuition, but I think it's a balance between your instinct and the reality of time. You look to those people that you surround yourself with and they can help guide you. When you're recording and the producers are excited and enthusiastic, that's a good sign."

– Doug Freeman

DEBUT DREAM YOUR LIFE AWAY IMMEDIATELY SHOT THE YOUNG AUSTRALIAN SONGWRITER INTO THE INTERNATIONAL SPOTLIGHT.

GOTILLOZ 8:15pm, Honda stage

On Sunday, the Gorillaz were the only band during the first weekend of ACL Fest 2017 that made me forget where I was. Not that they were the lone act to log a transcendent performance throughout the first weekend of Austin's largest music festival.

Spoon played above their station with an unforgettable hometown throwdown on Saturday, Chance the Rapper took us to church that night, and a young British R&B bellower named Jacob Banks consumed the hearts of Sunday's early arrivals. That night, Damon Albarn's 19-year-old cartoon supergroup transported me to parts unknown.

Same for the audience at large. They appeared hypnotized as the Blur frontman took long strides across the stage, his back hunched and Star of David dangling around his neck, unloading Demon Days' ominous opener "Last Living Souls" and Humanz highlight "Saturnz Barz," in which Jamaican artist Popcaan spliced into the main stage's humongous visualizer to deliver his verse. That initial segment, including dramatic renditions of singles "Tomorrow Comes Today" and "On Melancholy Hill" came off entrancing as the 11-piece band, including a six-person choir,

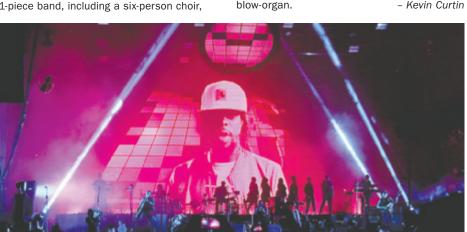
masterfully enchanted even humdrum material like "Busted and Blue" and "El Mañana."

The spell broke with a parade of characterdriven guest spots, anchored by Humanz Tour cast Peven Everett, Zebra Katz, Kilo Kish, and house music curio Jamie Principle, who led a wild "Sex Murder Party." Fellow fester DRAM made a nontypical appearance on "Andromeda," while the multi-instrumental ringmaster joined the backing band, mostly handling keyboards. By then the audience was back at ACL, drinking, dancing, snapping selfies.

The music video for Plastic Beach single "Stylo," a car chase featuring Bruce Willis and anime musicians Murdoc Niccals, Cyborg Noodle, and 2D, signaled the arrival of a hitfueled coda that segued into "Feel Good Inc." and, ultimately, "Clint Eastwood." The latter welcomed Del the Funky Homosapien himself for his iconic verses.

That last song left me with the final words of my inaugural ACL Fest weekend this year: Albarn repeating "The future is coming." Not a bad final thought. I just didn't expect it to be followed by a melodica solo.

That's okay. The 49-year-old Brit is actually fairly soulful on the often misappropriated - Kevin Curtin blow-organ.





Killers 8:15pm, American Express stage

Credit the Killers for dispensing with necessities early. The Las Vegas outfit opened their Sunday night headlining set with the umpteenth Tom Petty cover of ACL Fest, unloading "American Girl" in mundane, if sincere, homage. More surprising was following it up with "Mr. Brightside," which delivered their biggest hit early to jolt a weekend-worn crowd.

Of course front-loading the final set of the first weekend left the band with nowhere to go but down. Despite plenty of radio recognizable hits, the Killers delivering that set-list highlight so early allowed the crowd to leave. Which many did.

They didn't miss much.

While Brandon Flowers works the stage with natural charisma, there's absolutely no edge or magic to it. He swells in dramatic bursts with a pseudo-glam grandiosity, but it feels rote, like aiming for the flair of Freddie Mercury or David Bowie, but instead settling into the showmanship of Tom Jones.

The group's lack of luster was apparent on their long-appropriated take of Joy Division's "Shadowplay," polished into utterly innocuousness as a lead-in to the embarrassing "Human." Returning to the Tom Petty well, even as Flowers admitted they don't know many of his songs, the band wandered through "The Waiting" with less gusto than most karaoke rooms.

Flowers briefly acknowledged the preceding week's tragedy in his hometown via "The Way It Was," declaring midway through, "Don't you ever let any motherfucker get in the way of doing what you want to do." It was an odd takeaway, but the crowd responded in roaring appreciation.

The band only briefly touched on new LP Wonderful Wonderful with "Run for Cover" mid-set and setting up an encore with the atrocious strut of "The Man." "Jenny Was a Friend of Mine" and "When You Were Young" closed out the night on a high note, but not enough to salvage the bland and uninspired headlining set. - Doug Freeman



KARBACH

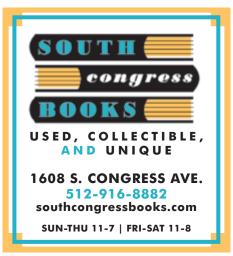


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AD FOOD FIGHT: FROZEN DESSERTS

October in Austin is still shorts-and-Popsicle weather, and practicing your Solange-inspired sway only ups the cooldown needs. There's always room for ice-cold dessert at a show, but which one of these offerings is the best bet? The Chronicle investigates. - Jessi Cape



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JACK DANIELS

SURPRISE GUESTS

Old No.

GENERAL STORE

·HOURS

11am-5:30pm

OCTOBER

AUSTIN, TEXAS

NOT YOUR





TREATS

Jeni DISTILLED & JACK DANIE LYNCHBUR 40% ALC BY V

VIRTUAL

OF LYNCHBURG, TN





Whiskey

CANDY!

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