



THE LAVA CHILDREN

s/t debut mini-lp

out 5/26/09 on cd & lp

With The Lava Children's* self-titled debut, the listener is immediately aware they're hearing something completely uncommon. In fact, The Lava Children *are* something completely uncommon.

As the music industry becomes ever more jaded and manufactured and music is treated like so much invaluable garbage to be traded and tossed about freely, it seems like hearing something that sounds totally new is becoming less and less of a regular occurrence.

Here you'll find no familiar "classic rock overtones." There are no hackneyed "angular guitar tones"- in fact, you're only occasionally reminded that you're even hearing instruments. From the dreamy, weirdly programmed Colecovision-on-the-fritz nonsense of opening track, "I Am a Pony," to the underwater opium cabaret wash of "Particles," to the discordant, drunk music box stager of "Troll," every track on this mini-lp bears the same distinctive stamp of not sounding a whole lot like anything else you've heard.

This music may have been found inside a rotting old fish, plucked from a muddy, overgrown swamp and encrusted with plankton and river rot. It could have been stuck in an ice block in the far-flung pitch-black night of the frozen tundra or growing out of a patch of moss and fungus on the side of a mighty California redwood tree. It could've been found buried in an Egyptian desert wasteland, firmly clutched to the now-hollow chest of some bygone dusty old corpse... and it just might be cursed. Hell- maybe it's from space, or some kind of message from the future.

But fact of the matter is it's made by a couple of Oklahomans who are soon to be Texans...Though that doesn't make it any less of a fascinating listen.

Close your eyes, turn off all the lights, and turn this album up. See if the little hairs on the back of your neck aren't immediately standing at full attention as you find yourself awash in weird, half-remembered memories of playing with a dog you had when you were five years old, deep in the swiftly darkening woods and far from home.

*The Lava Children are Sherri West and Taylor Clark. They recorded the mini-lp in a secluded mountain fortress (garage) in Altadena, CA. They like to mix-and-match polka dots and stripes and have been living in sin since 1996.

1. I am a Pony
2. Particles
3. Firefly
4. Troll
5. The Green Word

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"If awesome were a word, and life were worth living, then this band would be amazing. Well awesome is a word, and life for the most part is worth living, so this band fucking rocks. Los Angeles is where they call home, but their music feels so different from the sun and warmth of their surroundings. They create eerie masterpieces that bring about feelings of nostalgia. It makes me want to play with a Ouija board while eating ice cream with sprinkles or walk my dog into the middle of the woods and tell it a ghost story. I can only suggest listening to their music the way in which I first did. Go to your room right now. Turn off all the lights. If you have any plants in your house please drag them into your room (this will enhance the experience). Now sit back and let the music overwhelm you. Get ready to see everything that haunted you as a child. Then be prepared to love it, for you will be dancing and playing Candyland with all your fears in mere seconds. God bless?" -
FATHER HUMMINGBIRD (BMSR)
for Paperthinwalls.com

