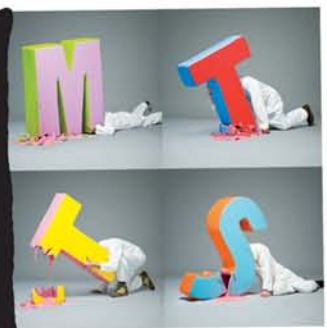


AIDS WOLF · MARCH TO THE SEA



SKINGRAFTRECORDS.COM
AIDSWOLF.NET



presskit,
etc.



AIDS WOLF

"March To The Sea" LP/CD

cat #: GR99LP / barcode: 647216609919

cat #: GR99CD / barcode: 647216609926

The landscape is all ears and the distance is deafening.

With a new LP (their third), and an ever-renewable call to action, AIDS Wolf dribble and smear, smudge and sweep - spilling across the plains.

AIDS Wolf March To The Sea.

- o First LP pressing on Colored Vinyl.
- o Recorded by David Bryant in The Pines, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.
- o Mastered by Weasel Walter in Hell, USA.
- o Very Friendly written by Throbbing Gristle.
- o Cover Art by Seripop.
- o Released by SKiN GRAFT Records.

AIDS Wolf was birthed into the heady days of Montreal's millennial music scene. Yannick Desranleau (aka Hiroshima Thunder) and Chloe Lum began the band in 2003. Unlike most of the local units finding fame out in the world beyond Quebec, AIDS Wolf pushed an abrasive, unforgiving and rather unwieldy sound around North America in a battered van.

AIDS Wolf has formalized its sound into a tight construction relying on intentional dissonance, polyrhythms and disjunctive compositional forms. The band takes its cues from "classic" New York No Wave, 90's Midwestern No Wave, vegan cooking, 70's proto-punk, Beefheartian modes, Ville-Marie school of white elephant architecture, Literature, www.crwflags.com, post-war continental modern composition and their unrivaled network of friends and acquaintances the world over.



PRESS QUOTES:

- o Rock can still sound threatening. - **Popmatters**
- o A brutally beautiful sound that has caught the kids' pants on fire. - **Hour**
- o An amazing, essential, noisy mess. - **CMJ**
- o AIDS Wolf are a no wave sonic demolition squad cartwheeling on the edge of the noise-rock precipice. - **Alternative Press**

SELLING POINTS:

- o Available on compact disc and collectable vinyl LP on limited edition colored vinyl
- o Features 10 minute cover of "Very Friendly" from "The First Annual Report of Throbbing Gristle"
- o Produced by David Bryant (Godspeed You Black Emperor!) and Weasel Walter (The Flying Luttenbachers)
- o Full Color posters Available for Retail display
- o International press and radio campaign
- o Touring the USA this September, European Tour in 2011

TRACK LISTING:

- 1) Teaching To Suffer
- 2) Family Romance
- 3) Wet Winds
- 4) Catholic For Rent
- 5) Suck Is Hapiness
- 6) Cake On August 1st
- 7) Very Friendly

2010

AIDS WOLF

"Dustin' Off The Sphynx" 7" Vinyl EP / CD

cat #: GR96CD / barcode: 647216609629

cat #: GR96-7 / barcode: 647216609674

At the farthest reaches of modernity, we still somehow pine for an aesthetic that borders on sociopathy. The badass has long brought this aesthetic principle forward, but barely manages to deliver it to us here in the 21st century. The badass, though common in the vernacular, hyperbolically applied wherever, has sadly gone the way of the fucking chucking spear. Clearly a distinction is necessary to distinguish real badassery from its overuse in language today if there is any hope of salvaging this treasured relic of our cultural past.

Badassery cannot be separated from its roots in death, the overriding theme (aesthetically and politically) of the 20th century. Badass simply cannot describe goofball sneakers, a kid in a Michael Jackson video, or scroungy hobo jammers living in an abandoned water tank. Because badassery, like Annie Oakley's nightly routine, requires a delicate precision - predicated on getting the danger on.

Excerpt from "AIDS Wolf Present: A Distinguishing Historiography of The Badass Genesis-2009 (complete essay available for download at www.skinraftrecords.com)

Formed in Montreal, 2003, AIDS Wolf are the preeminent Formalist / Unknown Wave quartet. They have released two full-length records as well as numerous collaborations, splits and seven inches. Their new EP, titled "Dustin' Off The Sphynx" is available as a 7" vinyl EP and as a full-length compact disc. Both formats include seven additional bonus tracks from the now out-of-print "Pas Rapport" tour-only tape. These tracks are included on the CD and come as a free download with the silkscreen sleeved, colored vinyl 7" EP.ion.



The NINE PRINCIPLES of AIDS Wolf

2009

- 1. Maintain a Daily Ritual.** Music is like breathing, eating, sleeping, pissing, and, with any luck, fucking. Music must be a physical need and a mental compulsion.
- 2. Live Aesthetic Immersion.** There is no reason a sonic composition cannot be inspired by or contribute to a drawing, a tasty curry, or one's choice of socks.
- 3. When in Doubt, Bum Them Out.** If you can't convert 'em, make 'em run crying and holding their ears.
- 4. Get in the Van.**
- 5. Seek Strength through Strength.** Gear's gotta be carried, sleep must be forsaken, and tours have to be survived.
- 6. Join the Family.** Camaraderie with other bands is not only inspiring but also serves as a vital metrics by which to measure one's own perceived worth.
- 7. Allow for Sonic Fields of Nothing.** The use of negative space in music creates new dynamics, abstracts the obvious, and challenges both the creator and the audience.
- 8. Lift Anchor and Set Sail.** De-anchoring compositions by dispensing with a bass guitar allows AIDS Wolf to make rhythm the central feature of its performances.
- 9. Become the Weird Punks.** Remember when punk was weird and when weird was punk? Destroy genre straight jackets and move out of the comfortable.

AIDS WOLF



AIDS Wolf discography:

- 1-Fredom Summer (cassette); Pasalymany Tapes, July 2005
- 2-Live Deth (3 inch cdr); Kittyplay Records, August 2005
- 3-AIDS Wolf/The Fugue (7" split); Blood of the Drash, November 2005
- 4-The Lovers LP (cd, lp); Lovepump United, Skin Graft, January 2006
- 5-Suoni Per Il Popolo 2006 (cd compilation); S.A.L.A., June 2006
- 6-LPU 7" Series: Volume One (2 x 7" split); Lovepump United, November 2006
- 7-Clash of the Life-Force Warriors (cd, lp); Skin Graft, January 2007
- 8-Live Dates (7" split); Sin Raft, October 2007
- 9-Chipped Teeth (7"); Slowboy Records, May 2008
- 10-AIDS Wolf/Night Wounds (split lp); NITCO, August 2008
- 11-(Triskaidekaphobia) 13,000.00 Milliseconds (compilation); Ratskin, August 2008
- 12-Cities Of Glass (cd, lp); Skin Graft, Lovepump United, September 2008

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www.

SKINgraftRecords.COM



SKiN GRAFT Records
Vienna, Austria

USA Address:

P.O. Box 1543

O'Fallon, MO. 63366 USA

email: mark@skingraftrecords.com

Alex: guitar
Chloe: vocals
Yannick: drums
with
Myles: guitar

For PRESS MATERIALS

(hi-res photos, presskit, mp3's, etc)

please visit:

www.skingraftrecords.com/aidswolf.html

Mailorder and distribution inquiries: www.skingraftrecords.com

Retail sales by Nail / Allegro Distribution: www.allegro-music.com

Booking inquiries: Michele at Panache: www.panacherock.com

CITIES OF GLASS



Art by Seripop

Most photos by Yannick Grandmont

Presskit assembled by Maria Catamero and Mark Fischer



AIDS Wolf Break 'Glass'
Story by: Maris Jensen



Montreal noisemakers AIDS Wolf, the four-piece whose motto is "We are a fucking cult and will cause you harm and ill will," have announced a quick round of North American shows before a whole bevy of European ones leading up to the release of their second full-length, *Cities Of Glass*, this summer on Skin Graft. But if you don't live in one of the eight seemingly random cities they've chosen, don't sweat it: You can check out footage of past live AIDS Wolf performances in *Fingered Dvdzine*, a documentar-style collection of the current music and art scenes in international cities, which is out now.

Week of August 28, 2008, Issue #671

VUE WEEKLY

EDMONTON'S 100% INDEPENDENT NEWS & ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

AIDS WOLF
BRYAN BIRTLES

AIDS Wolf
Cities of Glass
(SKiN GRAFT)

In avant-garde composer John Cage's collection of lectures and writings, which he cheekily titled *Silence*, he wrote, "Wherever we are, what we hear is mostly noise. When we ignore it, it disturbs us. When we listen to it, we find it fascinating."

Montreal's AIDS Wolf are disturbing and fascinating. Their twisted guitars, strings scraping and being bent into submission, their seemingly random drum bashing, and the screeching. Oh the screeching. The band sometimes sounds as if they are trying to chase you away, which in a way they are. Noise rock is not for the faint of heart, and it's certainly not for everyone. Albums like this are seemingly a test: are you with us or against us?

The "Us vs Them" attitude inherent in a lot of noise rock brings up an interesting point about how musical subculture, and the perception of those subcultures, influences the tastes of an individual. AIDS Wolf are obviously "cool" people; they play in a band that erupted during the Montréal indie explosion, their members create some of the coolest show posters around for SenPop, and they tour the world playing what is essentially noise for kids as cool as them. Someone who wants to feel as if they're at the forefront of the avant-garde, to feel as if they are privy to the secrets of the newest thing, might latch onto noise rock or AIDS Wolf.

But I think that this criticism dismisses the musicality of this record. While I'm sure there are some people who put an AIDS Wolf (or a Wolf Eyes, or a Can, or a Locust) record on their shelf after listening to it once and consider themselves full members of whatever sub culture they imagined they were joining, I don't think you can dismiss the ideas inherent in the music AIDS Wolf makes just because some people are sheep. All genres have their sheep.

Cities of Glass is dense and, at times, frustrating—but it's not as if you can't dance to it. It'll be a complicated little dance, to be sure, but there's a beat, there's some semblance of melody, these are not songs that have no structure, there is something to latch onto—something that is sometimes a little tenuous and fleeting, but it gets you going in the mind. *Cities of Glass* is not about drinking beers on the patio or shaking your ass at a club, it's about thinking about what the essence of music is, and pushing yourself to open up to a new definition. Getting past the screeching, the dense guitar sounds that seem like they are just feedback and scraping, and that seemingly random drumming will provide the dedicated listener with a reward. The reward of this album is the way it changes your thinking, the way it makes you realize that music can still be dangerous and can still confound the squares. While the original noisy thrust of punk rock has been commodified, AIDS Wolf feels like a pure barrage that could never be. This is alone music, not something for your makeout mixtape. V



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September 11th, 2008
AIDS Wolf



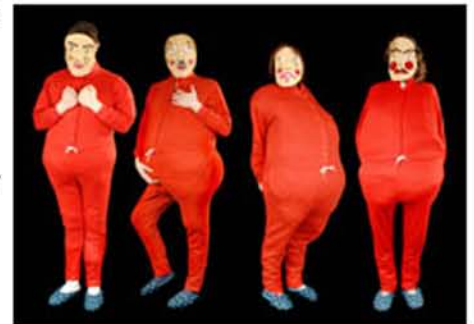
A band of principles

Steve Guimond

Montreal skronk-rockers AIDS Wolf walk a very different kind of walk

Montreal skronk four-piece AIDS Wolf are musically, aesthetically and ethically uncompromising; they have laid trails across this rock'n'roll landscape unseen and untravelled by any previous local band. Do yourself a favour and track down the "Nine Principles of AIDS Wolf" to see what we're dealing with here.

"Life as Aesthetic Immersion [principle 2] is probably the most important part of our philosophy," says singer Chloe. "Simply put, it's about reconciling one's life with one's creative pursuits, and seeking a way of living that is individual and outside of societal norms."



AIDS Wolf: Aesthetically immersing themselves

They have christened a brutally beautiful sound that has caught the kids' pants on fire in clubs and basements where freedom reigns, in the form of punk power, noise mayhem and the ballsiness of a collision between a free jazz rumble and hands-off improvisation. Now bid welcome their second gift, *Cities of Glass*.

"[The title] is both the backdrop we make our music against - our jam room is in a mid-rise - and something we'd like to see made obsolete in favour of more livable, human-scale cities," explains Chloe.

Enter madman Weasel Walter (of Flying Luttenbachers anti-fame), producer and engineer behind the new CD beast, and one of the many allies AIDS Wolf have made over years of touring and opening their arms and ears to bands the world over.

"The mixing and mastering work he does has a very distinctive personal touch to it that seems to put value in the type of music we like and we do," mentions drum thrasher Yannick, "so I guess it was some sort of wish come true to work with him."

AIDS Wolf

w/ *Indian Jewelry + Panopticon Eyelids*
At Sala Rossa (4848 St-Laurent), Sept. 12

CD REVIEW

September 11th, 2008
AIDS Wolf - (Skin Graft)

Cities of Glass

Steve Guimond

Montreal's best band adds a boatload of kerosene to the ferocious firestorms they created with their debut, *The Lovvers LP*, on record number two, the pounding, beautified and crystallized *Cities of Glass*. The sophomore effort is a lesson in skronk and buzz, a no-nonsense twin guitar air raid on the senses, with yelps of freedom and quiet noises brought into one cohesive mess by producer/guru/engineer Weasel Walter of underground kingpins The Flying Luttenbachers. No band is more important to what's what in the city than these boys and girls.

★★★★★



AIDS WOLF
CITIES OF GLASS

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First off, if you missed the Brutal Knights/Aids Wolf/CPC Gangbangs show at Lambi last Saturday, you really shat the bed. The triple bill was stacked to be sure and, as expected, the venue was close to bursting at the seams by 11. Starting the night off was Toronto's Brutal Knights who absolutely slayed with their '80s-styled hardcore. True, they were a bit marred by bad sound and didn't quite hit the stride like they did at l'Esco three months back, but they still proved that they are one of the best hardcore bands happening right now. With a new bassist and the drummer from Hidden Cameras in tow, they started things off with "Extreme Lifestyles '07" and didn't let off the throttle until their set ended 20 minutes later. Their encore was sadly thwarted by a soundman who wouldn't take off the house music as the band just sat stunned on the stage. Weirdsville!

I hadn't seen AIDS Wolf with their new guitarist, but they are easily one of the best bands in the city right now, with discordance still ruling their roost but more prog rearing its head that both teases and startles. Singer Chloe Lum is a wailing banshee with her yelps hovering over the cacophonous mess, but the star of the show is easily the plodding beat from drummer Yannick. This guy has turned into a monster and pounded his drums into submission before gently overturning his kit, signifying the end of the set.

AIDS Wolf

Lâchez les loups



Stéphane Martel

AIDS Wolf, Indian Jewelry, Panopticon Eyelids

Vendredi 12 sept 2008 à 20h30

Sala Rossa

4848, boul. St-Laurent, Mtl - (514) 284-3804

La quatuor montréalais AIDS Wolf revient nous faire saigner les tympans avec une deuxième livraison encore plus dure. Oreilles chastes s'abstenir.

Marquée par la scène no wave, Captain Beefheart et la musique déglinguée en général, la meute d'**AIDS Wolf** n'a jamais fait dans la dentelle. Plus de deux ans après la parution d'un premier opus (*The Lovers LP*, réalisé par Arlen Thompson, de Wolf Parade) et d'une poignée de *splits* avec divers artistes bruyants, le quatuor déjanté récidive avec *Cities Of Glass*. Réalisée par **Weasel Walter**, cette nouvelle production fut gravée au célèbre studio New Improved, d'Oakland, lors de la dernière tournée automnale du quatuor. "C'était en plein milieu de notre virée, alors, on était déjà passablement réchauffé. Il y avait vraiment une bonne ambiance. Je dirais que ce nouveau disque reflète à merveille l'énergie de nos spectacles", lance d'emblée le batteur **Yannick Desranleau**.

Si le clan reprend sensiblement les mêmes thèmes explorés sur le *Lovers EP*, il a quelque peu modifié sa façon de faire en studio tout en conservant ce goût marqué pour l'improvisation. "Avant, chaque chanson devait avoir un effet coup de poing. Maintenant, les segments improvisés sont beaucoup plus matures, et on recherche un certain équilibre. Les structures et les textures de guitares ont aussi évolué. Je dirais que l'ensemble est plus cohérent. Ça vient probablement du fait que l'on joue ensemble depuis longtemps. À force de travailler en groupe, nos idées deviennent plus claires", explique-t-il.

Malgré les cris déchirants de la chanteuse **Chloé Lum**, les climats chaotiques, sombres et menaçants, les rythmes frénétiques et les longs effets de *feedback* à la Sonic Youth, n'allez surtout pas apposer l'étiquette "noise" au quatuor. "Même si je suis un amateur de noise, ce n'est pas du tout représentatif de ce que l'on fait. On devient de plus en plus dada dans nos expérimentations. Ça devient difficile de définir notre son. Une chose est certaine, il y a un gros élément de chance dans notre musique."

Après une escale à New York le mois prochain pour le festival CMJ, AIDS Wolf reprendra la route en novembre et sillonnera le continent nord-américain jusqu'à la fin de l'année. "C'est sur scène que l'on s'éclate, mais il faut dire que le volume est très fort et que ça peut devenir exigeant physiquement pour les gens, prévient Yannick. Il y a une relation physique et directe avec le public. On aime le faire participer, mais on aime aussi qu'il sache précisément à quoi s'attendre." Bouchons d'oreilles non inclus.



À écouter si vous aimez /
Sonic Youth, An Albatross, The Locust

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AIDS WOLF

HQ: Montreal, QUE, Canada

CHECK OUT: *The Lovvers* (LOVEPUMP; lpurecords.com)

FOR FANS OF: Arab On Radar, Harry Pussy, Flying Luttenbachers

From the tasteless urban-legend band

name (an infected wolf attacks house pets, who then transmit the virus to their unsuspecting owners) to the cauterizing noise they generate, AIDS Wolf are as subtle as a piece of broken glass jutting out of a bowl of chocolate pudding. "We learned some painful lessons the hard way," singer Chloe Lum says of the members' past experiences playing in



various hardcore bands before forming the Wolf three years ago. "We try to avoid inflicting violence on people." So the audience reserves the right to bite back? "When I bite, it's a *friendly* bite," she clarifies. I don't want to draw blood; I just want them to feel like they're alive." Amid the six-string glass-bomb explosions and Lum's banshee-on-meth invective, the no-wave sonic demolition squad cartwheel on the edge of the noise-rock precipice. "Just playing songs is not enough," says Lum, who's also a co-founder (along with drummer Yannick Desranleau) of the poster-design house Seripop. "There has to be energy. Of course, you can have energy, but nothing to back it up if the songs are totally Hacky Sack. We're still stuck in the '90s, listening to Dazzling Killmen and Harry Pussy." [JP]

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The Gazette

AIDS Wolf
Cities of Glass
Skingraft

Montreal noise-rock act AIDS Wolf needs less than this disc's 24 minutes to turn your brain/ears/guts inside out. It's a frenetic freakout of an album. Feedback, howling guitars, jagged drums and Chloe Lum's lunatic wail converge for a wild ride. Amazingly, there is a dramatic thread. These songs pulsate with angst, anger and what might best be described as a jubilant anti-aesthetic. If free jazz were crossed with punk rock, it would probably sound a lot like this. **Rating:** 3.5

Podworthy: Track 7 (there are no song titles)

TCHA DUNLEVY



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TINY MIX TAPES

MUSIC REVIEWS



AIDS Wolf

Cities of Glass

[Skin Graft; 2008]



Styles: backwards-ass rock that doesn't get any ass 'cause it's too weird

Others: Arab On Radar and Ilk

Links: [AIDS Wolf](#) - [Skin Graft](#)

AIDS Wolf are more annoying than I ever thought they could be, and that's the saving grace of *Cities of Glass*: It impinges so thoroughly upon my sense of what's good and bad, right and wrong, dark and light, that all I can do is sit by helplessly as their lightning bolts of fiery dissonance jolt my system completely.

This is a HEAD-RAZING record that often sounds like:

- a mangled siren sounding off while a distraught woman screams bloody murder,
- two bass guitars thrown into a trash compactor while still plugged in,
- a pack of neon-purple, pixelated mega-wolves — complete with ring-wraith shrieks — chasing down a super-squeaky mouse-of-the-future (also neon purple),
- someone smelted a dozen Melt-Banana albums together, forming a giant shard of vinyl, climbed to the top of a skyscraper, and melted it down, letting the red-hot drops of wax hit innocent bystanders and recording their aghast reactions, or
- shit.

Strangely, SHIT never sounded so good. This is the point where AIDS Wolf truly find their chicken bone instead of snapping their jaws around old, spent carcasses. *Cities of Glass* doesn't have to sit on the hype of AIDS Wolf's many connections or their many instances of album-sleeve-art nudity. It stands on its own as a document of just how fucked-up things are getting in the realm of noise-rock.

In fact, there's always the chance that, after listening to too-too much rock music, you'll find it tough — post-AIDS Wolf — to go back across the imaginary line dividing the flocks of standard indie-rock outfits and the true spazzoids. But don't worry — there's plenty of room in the margins for all of us.

by Gumshoe

AIDS WOLF
CITIES OF GLASS



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MIRROR
Thoroughly vetted
GUEBECOR



RACKET PACK: AIDS Wolf

Noise of the world

Montreal's AIDS Wolf change and derangeas their third album arrives

I'm sitting with Montreal's noisy neighbours AIDS Wolf at Miami, the sleaziest dive on the Main—actually, scratch that, because that would be the Midway on lower St-Laurent but it's too early in the day for even a barfly like me to try to stomach it. A pairing of faux brick and gaudy hot pink fills the walls as the smell of raw sewage seeps out from the bathroom. Please excuse my cheap journalistic metaphor here, but AIDS Wolf's sonic assault is even uglier, more vile, more negative and way more fucked up on the senses than even our weird environs can inflict.

Their third full-length, *Cities of Glass*, is being launched this week, and it hits like a ton of bricks. To the uninitiated, AIDS Wolf's music can come across as a bunch of noise, but the twin guitars sound as if they're just about to careen off of the rails, the pounding drums keep things in check while contributing a form to their blast, and the possessed banshee wail of Chloe Lum strikes death from above.

Their upcoming show is bittersweet as longtime guitarist Andre Guerette will be leaving the band within a couple of weeks, on the cusp of the band releasing their crowning achievement. Although Guerette will stay with the band in a managerial capacity, his increased involvement with local promoters Blue Skies Turn Black has made being in a touring band simply impossible. In the wings is guitarist Alex Moskos, of Goa and the Unireverse, currently being put through boot camp, trying to find the order in the complex, chaotic and unbridled guitars.

"We actually have been filming all of the guitar parts and then burning them on DVD, and then Alex learns them that way," says Guerette.

"I've always liked the band a lot," says new recruit Moskos, "and I've really wanted to start playing guitar again. I've known Chloe for years and it's a great opportunity to be able to tour as much as these guys do."

Harangued in the Holy Land

Touring has always been a big part of the band, with numerous tours paying off for AIDS Wolf by breaking ground and creating a fanbase of likeminded people worldwide who dig their misanthropic rock—er, weird punk. Having already clocked quite a few miles in the U.S. and Europe, the band recently found themselves with a week of shows in the unlikely locale of Israel.

"All of the cities were about an hour from each other," says Lum, "so we were able to spend a lot of time on the beach and swim all day while just staring at these hot-looking people. The shows were pretty well-received because half the people were knowledgeable about the scene that we're in, and the other half just showed up because we were a Western rock band."

"We did one show at an art school in Jerusalem that was pretty cool," says Guerette. "When we finished playing our last song, we could hear this woman screaming in Hebrew out her window across the street from the place we played. We later found out at an interview at the radio station from the DJ who was at the show that she was screaming 'Die, die, die' over and over again at us."

by **JOHNSON CUMMINS**

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AIDS Wolf - Cities Of Glass

by SIMON T DIPLOCK

Experiments in noise, exploding pigeonholes, and pushing music as far as it will go



"Opener 'MTI' mashes riff rock, hardcore, and tribal noise into gravely no-wave dirt, the title track snaps like a bear trap come alive and hunting your feet, and 'Down Holy Ground' is the shrillest, sharpest, most intense thing among a whole album of nailbomb cuts."

AIDS Wolf aren't a normal band. If you didn't already guess that from their name alone then things like the lack of a bass player, improvised songs, and wailing musical dementia on their second record proper will push you in the right direction. And by the time you clock the day-glo penis folded into the artwork here it'll be blatantly obvious. But this isn't just about being weird or wacky or abusing the latest shock tactics (although we're sure that sort of thing is pretty high on the Wolf pack's agenda), this is about experiments in noise, exploding pigeonholes, and pushing music as far as it will go.

The Canadian quartet hit the limits early too. Opener 'MTI' mashes riff rock, hardcore, and tribal noise into gravely no-wave dirt, the title track snaps like a bear trap come alive and hunting your feet, and 'Down Holy Ground' is the shrillest, sharpest, most intense thing among a whole album of nailbomb cuts. Occasionally maniacal frontwoman Chloe Lum should shut up and let the tunes do the talking- over the falling-bomb hiss of 'General' and the alarm bell battery of 'Relevant Issues' in particular- but the rest of the time her inhuman yells make perfect skewed sense, even when the last thing on her mind seems to be what 'song' the rest of the band are barreling through.

AIDS Wolf don't really want to break the rules though, just bend them as far as they'll go and then push a little more. They follow the finest guidelines of punk on 'Cities Of Glass' see, wailing like weirdos to the scuzziest sounds but doing it as dirty and direct as possible, and at times they temper their terror too, if it means they can get across some strange point or other. Sure it's a carnivorous and crazy record, and engages in plenty of forceful envelope-pushing too, but it's not alien, and never totally unfamiliar.

If you need rhyme and reason and all sorts of other boring bollocks present to enjoy your music then just hit the skip button here- hell, anyone after a chirpy chorus shouldn't even have read this far - but if you're a fan of the blurred lines of Lightning Bolt, the progressive venom of The Locust, or the all-out aural war of Arab On Radar, just invest already. This record is howling your name.

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AIDS Wolf - Cities Of Glass

by SIMON T DIPLOCK

Experiments in noise, exploding pigeonholes, and pushing music as far as it will go



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AIDS Wolf aren't a normal band. If you didn't already guess that from their name alone then things like the lack of a bass player, improvised songs, and wailing musical dementia on their second record proper will push you in the right direction. And by the time you clock the day-glo penis folded into the artwork here it'll be blatantly obvious. But this isn't just about being weird or wacky or abusing the latest shock tactics (although we're sure that sort of thing is pretty high on the Wolf pack's agenda), this is about experiments in noise, exploding pigeonholes, and pushing music as far as it will go.

The Canadian quartet hit the limits early too. Opener 'MTI' mashes riff rock, hardcore, and tribal noise into gravely no-wave dirt, the title track snaps like a bear trap come alive and hunting your feet, and 'Down Holy Ground' is the shrillest, sharpest, most intense thing among a whole album of nailbomb cuts. Occasionally maniacal frontwoman Chloe Lum should shut up and let the tunes do the talking- over the falling-bomb hiss of 'General' and the alarm bell battery of 'Relevant Issues' in particular- but the rest of the time her inhuman yells make perfect skewed sense, even when the last thing on her mind seems to be what 'song' the rest of the band are barreling through.

AIDS Wolf don't really want to break the rules though, just bend them as far as they'll go and then push a little more. They follow the finest guidelines of punk on 'Cities Of Glass' see, wailing like weirdos to the scuzziest sounds but doing it as dirty and direct as possible, and at times they temper their terror too, if it means they can get across some strange point or other. Sure it's a carnivorous and crazy record, and engages in plenty of forceful envelope-pushing too, but it's not alien, and never totally unfamiliar.

If you need rhyme and reason and all sorts of other boring bollocks present to enjoy your music then just hit the skip button here- hell, anyone after a chirpy chorus shouldn't even have read this far - but if you're a fan of the blurred lines of Lightning Bolt, the progressive venom of The Locust, or the all-out aural war of Arab On Radar, just invest already. This record is howling your name.

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GARY LUCAS

NEW YORK, NEW
YORK, UNITED
STATES

Had a great gig at CMJ at the Knit albeit a tad on the late-side (1:30am is not my idea of a salubrious starting point), lovely Patricia Boushel from Pop Montreal was there, in fact the whole crew from PM (D Seligman and co.) had driven down for the festival; also my guy Neil West the head of iTunes UK/Apple London; Ben Scheur and his bandmates from the cool band Escapist Papers; also my old friend Professor Hugh Foley in from Oklahoma for the festivities who so helpfully doubled as my roadie for the evening, probably one of the few roadies on the planet with a Ph.D-- he and Jason Candler had a fond reunion as both of 'em used to DJ on the infamous New Afternoon Show (along with Colleen 'Cosmo' Murphy) on WNYU FM where I first made my NYC solo radio debut in '86-'87...next night Noisettes Shingai Dan and Jamie played a terrific set as part of the Afro-Punk themed fete at the new Fillmore New York (s'funny, looks EXACTLY like the old Irving Plaza--how could that be??) ...and then went down to the Knit to catch a furious noise-core set from Montreal darlings AIDS Wolf featuring Andre from Pop Montreal on guitar and Seriepop silk-screen designers Yanick on drums and the fabulous Chloe on lead vocals (they produced my "Sounds of the Surreal" poster on display in the preceding blog), band generated a furious insectival drone of extreme noise, howling feedback, pummeling drums, manic and precisely splattered/detuned/re-jiggered guitars, big Beefheart fans to a man and a woman they did themselves proud... missed the Ruins unfortunately but hung with Tetsuya Yoshida their incredible drummer afterwards and discussed the Japanese new music scene outside the Knit it was raining intermittently but the 2:30am vibe was serene and friendly and...and...



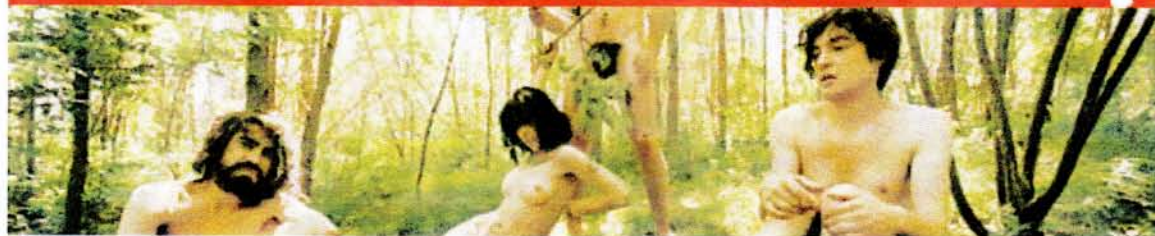
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boston's weekly dig



AIDS WOLF

Step away from the band name

MICHAEL BRODEUR

Oh, stop that jerky knee, you. Montreal's AIDS Wolf aren't just out for opportunities to offend you. In fact, they'd rather not worry about you at all.

"We're more of a *practice* band—that's where we really shine, in the practice space, where no one is watching or listening," says singer Special Deluxe. "As soon as you're on a stage, you become aware, to some extent, of the audience. It's something we try not to think about ... maybe I shouldn't be saying this!"

See? They're actually really shy. Besides, if band names freak you out, you're going to love their music. For starters, this is bombastic art rock, but with none of the laziness! Two guitars tangle and catch each other, a beat staggers beneath heaves of gross cymbals, and a shrill voice saws through like it's trying to stop the party. Gnarly guitar figures coil and snap, all U.S. Maple-style, as ugly Glenn Branca non-chords file down narrow fire exits and collapse from exhaustion—it's some crazy shit.

Their new album, *The Lovers*, is ... Hey, what's the matter?

Oh, you're still hung up on the band name? For Christ's sake, people. Fine, here's what happened:

"Our buddies, An Albatross, were playing in this backyard in Ohio," Deluxe tells me. "There were, like, 400 people there, people were setting off fireworks, it was insane. We happened to look down this alleyway, and spray-painted on the side of this building was just 'AIDS WOLF.' It felt like a weird message from God."

A resident of said vandalized building later informed the band that the phrase was derived from an urban legend (this is Ohio, mind you) concerning AIDS-infected wolves coming down into the city and biting people's housepets. The pets then passed AIDS on to their owners via seemingly innocuous licks. "They had a ferret stuck in their walls," she says, "and when it would scratch around, they'd be like, 'Oh no! There's the AIDS Wolf!'"

Good times. And speaking of innocuous licks, AIDS Wolf don't have any. They're a band that deals exclusively in nasty, bent, brutal, busted, perfectly dropped mistakes—exactly what you wouldn't expect from the tenderly shepherded pop pastures of Montreal.

"We really never related to this adult-contemporary indie-rock thing," Deluxe says. "I mean, *we're* all people that grew up listening to the Butthole Surfers and Killdozer and Throbbing Gristle—it's not like fucking playing accordion and smoking Gitanes for us."

AIDS WOLF // WITH NEPTUNE, THE FUGUE AND ATHLETIC AUTOMATON
MASS ART
ROOM N181, 621 HUNTINGTON AVE., BOSTON
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AIDS WOLF VS ATHLETIC AUTOMATON CLASH OF THE LIFE-FORCE WARRIORS

While it's true that AIDS Wolf and Athletic Automaton have been and remain two separate bands, the word "versus" in this set is slightly misleading. Clash of the Life-Force Warriors is basically both bands playing with one another in various configurations. People switched sides, participated partially in places, etc. -- it's a real mess. To add to the confusion there are supposedly some Athletic Automaton "songs" and some AIDS Wolf "songs" -- but there are far more Life-Force Warriors "songs." That word "song" is in quotation marks because it would be fun to see if either group or both together could ever pull off the truly amazing feat of repeating any of these performances. It hardly matters, because this is one messed-up, freaked-out record, full of buzzsaw fuzz guitar, controlled and whacked-out noise, and skittering drums that add to the trancelike feel of many of the minutes here. The crazy voice of singer Special Deluxe (who sounds like a hysterical version of Niagara from Destroy All Monsters) is featured on most tunes here, including "Letter to Al Johnson," "Tears & Blowjob," and "Dew Covered Plumage." Get the idea? Yeah, it's way weird -- weirder and noisier than Sonic Youth and Double Leopards put together and wilder than the Sunburned Hand of the Man. But it all works somehow, as chaotic, noisy, and acid-damaged as it is. This is one that has to be heard to be believed, but once encountered cannot ever be forgotten -- even in your worst nightmares. The artwork on the CD booklet is amazing, but it also appears on the vinyl LP, which qualifies as a genuine art object. Clash of the Life-Force Warriors is magnificent burned-out fun. ~ Thom Jurek, All Music Guide

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Tue. Jan. 31, 2006

Aids Wolf *The Lovers*

No, no, your mom will never get this.

Montreal's latest, lupine-infatuated musical offering is a feedback-frenzied noise-terror outfit with improv leanings and a collective background in graphic and performance art. Which is to say, then, that 98 per cent of human beings and their pets will find AIDS Wolf's debut LP, *The Lovers*, an utterly excruciating listen.

Admirers of blindingly abrasive steel-mill guitars, confrontational hammering and nonsensical caterwauling in the Boredoms vein, however, should be over the moon by the time this short, sharp and purposefully shocking slab of raunch (running time: 25 minutes) peels out on 11 minutes of gloriously random, avant-garde guitar torment. Defying the odds, frontwoman Chloe Lum — who, along with drummer Yannick Desranleau, briefly played in the similarly primitivist Da Bloody Gashes — consistently manages to push *The Lovers* even further over the top, bouncing around on top of the mayhem like a hyperactive child in need of attention.

"Chinese Roulette" and "Panty Mind" sport rudimentary tunes and it all makes more sense with repeat listens, but AIDS Wolf still isn't gonna go down easy at your next cocktail party. Audacious music rarely does, does it? *Ben Rayner*

HATE SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL

The Smell in Los Angeles has gained a lot of notoriety as a venue truly representing the spirit of independent music in LA, with low ticket prices, a vegan snack bar and intimate shows where sharing sweat with your neighbors has become quite the norm. A few bands have come to really claim the venue as their homes, and one of them is buzz band **Health**. The band, who recently released their full-length album on Lovepump United, played last Friday, the 16th, with Montreal noise rock act **AIDS Wolf**. Akmal and I were there to watch both bands slay it; in fact, it's hard to really describe in words the pure sonic fury that both bands threw out at us, Street Fighter style. Suffice it to say that listening to both bands only on recordings is no substitute for seeing them live.

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NEUFUTUR Its time to hit the streets, time to take our rights back!

AIDS Wolf – The Lovvers LP

AIDS Wolf expand the noise genre to know realms with "The Lovvers LP". There is a fullness to each of the tracks here that is not present on much, if any of the noise that preceded it. Tracks are, of course, typically well under the two-minute mark but provide listeners with a tremendous bang for their buck. There is little empty space available on "The Lovvers"; each band member does their damndest to fill up the track in their own special way.

For example, during "The Hat Collector" (which has to rank up there with some of the quietest music that AIDS Wolf lies down on this album, different influences clash and clink into something more. Psychedelic rock mixes with surf guitar to create something that says more instrumentally than an entire host of bands could say vocally. The length of this track (a heavy one at over two and a half minutes) really discharges its duty as a disc divider well. Inserting an angular, almost Weezer-like dynamic to their "Vampire King", AIDS Wolf creates an unlikely dance hit. "The Lovvers" has a tremendous amount of replay in its bones; the twenty-five minutes of music provide listeners with a veritable smorgasbord of delights to choose from, but not in a large enough portion to rapidly get ill or bored with the band. Where most of the music on "The Lovvers" seems chaotic and without much in the way of referent, AIDS Wolf seems to have their technical shit down better than practically any other band out.

Finishing off their "Lovvers LP" with a eleven-minute symphony, "Some Sexual Drawings" seems to be much more in the vein of Hydra Head acts than Some Girls or Lightning Bolt. AIDS Wolf shoots off eight different buds with possible seeds for the next album; the music on "The Lovvers" will be more than enough to keep individuals placated until one of these seeds germinates into AIDS Wolf's second magnum opus. The interplay between hard/soft and long/short is expanded at length during "The Lovvers"; AIDS Wolf expects much more from its listeners than the ability to be led. A serious jump is expected from each and every fan who listens in; to move from ninety-second experiments in speed and angularity to a near-twelve minute treatise on the world will challenge listeners more than anything could. Well worth the cost, and this album will even make you a better person!

[JMcQ]



AIDS Wolf and the Art of Noise

By Dimitri Nasrallah
February 02, 2006



aids wolf

photo: y. grandmont

Some bands are made overnight. Most aren't. Given the enviable reception AIDS Wolf is currently garnering for their 25-minute debut, *The Lovvers LP*, sceptics might accuse the deadlier-than-thou quartet of selling their souls to the devil. Not so. Even though it looks like AIDS Wolf hit the ground running faster than most, the Montreal sludge-rawkers are veterans of near misses and fumbled opportunities, experts at not quite happening — the cornerstones for most musicians trying to break through.

It's not hard to see what's feeding the misconception. AIDS Wolf formed 18 months ago, and they've already been the subject of polarised debate between two Pitchfork critics. Last year, a photo of their spastic live show headed a New York Times article on the Montreal music scene. They've been namedropped in Spin. And all this happened without an album to their name.

You couldn't sign up for this kind of advance hype if you wanted to. Nor could you accuse AIDS Wolf of not paying their dues. The camp have been bombarded by a blizzard of resourcefulness and multi-tasking since its inception in 2003. Guitarist "Him, the Maji" has been cutting his teeth as a promoter, packing Montreal clubs with some of the most out-there bands to pass through Montreal. Founding members Special Deluxe and Hiroshima Eye also moonlight as the brains behind Sérigraphie Populaire (aka Seripop), the popular screen-printing company that keeps them busy

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around the clock. The duo have made tour posters and album artwork for everyone from Broken Social Scene to Death From Above 1979 to Pretty Girls Make Graves.

The pair also designed the elaborate artwork for The Lovers LP. The album's eight tracks portray a band that are more deeply connected to the burgeoning Providence noise-rock community than anything north of the border. Though the guitars shear eardrums like Arab On Radar or Lightning Bolt, the tormented prodding and mentality of these songs point equally to the post-hardcore torture rock of bands like the Melvins and labels like Amphetamine Reptile.



This is the no-holds-barred territory Special Deluxe and Hiroshima Eye have been mining for the better part of the last decade. Speaking from her Montreal apartment, Special Deluxe takes me through her long musical history with her sonic partner.

"When we first met in 1999, he was playing bass in this Franco garage rock band called Les Morts," she says. "He'd also been doing the same kind of thing I'd been doing, these four-track noise tapes and other electro-acoustic stuff. After hanging out together for a while, we were both into noise and punk rock, so we thought 'Why not start a band?' We recruited some people, and that band lasted for two years."

That band was Da Bloody Gashes, and in hindsight, the sleaze-core quartet were too young and harboured too much creative talent. The Gashes managed to release a promising but flawed debut album, 2001's Pedal To The Metal, before falling apart; their drummer, Bobo Boutin, went on to become a founding member of electro no-wavers Les Georges Leningrad.



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Disillusioned, yet still intent on pursuing their mutual goal of sludgy noise, brash artiness, and blue-collar rock, Deluxe and Eye invested their energy into a band called the Electric End, a two-year project that Deluxe qualifies as "going through varying phases of 'this isn't exactly it.'" Even though the Electric End never released a record, the project provided the pair with the means for some very lucrative left turns that would ultimately set them on the right track.

"During that time, we really focused on doing design work. We had started [design company] Seripop to screenprint merch for our own band, and then decided we could do stuff for other bands as well, and the two projects would feed each other. We never thought it would end up being what it has become."

What Seripop has become is an international screen-printing sensation the likes of which the indie rock community hasn't seen since Frank Kozik's acid-laced pop-art posters of the mid-'90s. Original posters routinely command hundreds of dollars at auction. Bands, labels, and music festivals have flooded the pair with requests for their artwork, which over the past few years has become a scenester status symbol.

So by the time Deluxe and Eye formed AIDS Wolf in mid-2003, they already had the credibility and cult credentials that would make most other bands jealous. Consistent cult followings for Da Bloody Gashes and the Electric End have kept the bands and their music alive online, while Seripop has earned them notoriety at all levels of the music industry. They've had to turn down a flurry of label offers to find the right home for their debut album, *The Lovvers LP*, released by Lovepump United/Skin Graft. All this, you could argue, makes for worthwhile hype.



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THE CULTURE OF ME

News: AIDS Wolf to play Knitting Factory with Pissed Jeans; are awesome

mar 31, 08



(photo by Todd Fisher)

The band has also recently been featured in a documentary style DVD zine on the art and music culture of Montreal and two of the members of the band are also the design team Seripop. If you know nothing of AIDS Wolf, maybe try reading their manifesto.

ARTVOICE
We've got issues.



AIDS Wolf

This freaky looking bunch is called AIDS Wolf and they're a Canadian noise-rock/punk band coming to **Soundlab** on **Wednesday** (March 26). So weird are they (this picture doesn't even begin to do them justice), it may be best to let their own words describe them: As to their music, AIDS Wolf likes to quote Captain Beefheart and describes the sound as that of "a squid eating dough in a polyethylene bag." As to their name, AIDS Wolf refers to an urban myth about infected wolves spreading AIDS to household pets, who in turn pass it on to their owners. As to their history, they say "We are a fucking cult and will cause you harm and ill will." Finally, one of the 9 Principles of AIDS Wolf as posted on their website: "When In Doubt, Bum Them Out." Sound good? Seriously, don't believe a word of it—this band is fun. The show starts at **9pm** with **Science vs. Witchcraft** and **Cages**

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AIDS Wolf



"A squid eating dough in a polyethylene bag."

That is the way Montreal-based Canadian noise merchants AIDS Wolf, who will be coming to Valentine's on Monday night, describe their sound. The band whose name is just as jagged and off-putting as their jazzy, destructive art-noise sound would like you to believe that said name originated in an urban legend. We sort of doubt that.

"We didn't come up with AIDS Wolf as a concept," said one band member in an interview. "The idea has been floating around in the public psyche for a while. In urban legend, wolves transmit AIDS instead of rabies; in depressing college towns, street gangs spray-paint 'AIDS Wolf' on the side of buildings." In tribute to AIDS Wolf's ability to deconstruct reality as well as chord structures, we propose our own interpretation of their name. A bored bunch of Montreal musicians needed a name as disquieting as the "music" they bashed out, and, thus, AIDS Wolf was born. We luvz u AIDS WOLF!

AIDS Wolf and fellow musical loonies the Bunny Brains will perform Monday (Oct. 22) at 7 PM at Valentine's (17 New Scotland Ave., Albany). For more info, like ticket prices, call 432-6572.



AIDS Wolf Records Debut LP

Oct 25, 2005

Montreal's AIDS Wolf is set to drop their debut full length, titled *Lovers* January 24 on Lovepump United. The eight-track album was recorded by AIDS Wolf and Arlen Thompson of Wolf Parade, giving the record more wolves-per-minute than any other release in history. While AIDS Wolf's output so far has been limited to demos and cassettes, the band has already gotten lots of press from the likes of the *New York Times* and the Associated Press. They also played this year's CMJ Music Marathon. AIDS Wolf will follow up their debut with a limited edition split with Dmonstrations (GSL). Design team Seripop (who also make up one half of AIDS Wolf) will handle the artwork for their side of the record. No tour dates are scheduled yet, but the Lovepump website does have lots of nude photos of the band, finally answering the question, "What does a naked AIDS Wolf look like?"

Tracklist For *Lovers*:

01. Spit Tastes Like Metal
02. Chinese Roulette
03. We Multiply
04. The Hat Collector
05. Vampire King
06. Panty Mind
07. Opposing Walls
08. Some Sexual Drawings

UPDATE:

AIDS WOLF's debut LP *The Lovers* LP will be released on vinyl by Chicago's SKiN GRAFT Records and will feature an elaborate screen printed sleeve by design team Seripop (who also make up one half of AIDS Wolf).

Metroland
M

Aids Wolf "The Lovvers LP"

It's easy for Pitchfork and NME to get behind bands like The Arcade Fire or Arctic Monkeys. It's easy to say that some pop bands are a step above the others (that still doesn't make them all that interesting). The criteria has been set for years and years, all you need to do as a publication is take that ever so daring leap of faith and tell people that this band or that band writes good pop songs. I know it must be scary for those guys to put themselves out there like that, but damn it, people need to be told what the good pop is right? So why aren't the larger publications jumping on the AIDS Wolf bandwagon? Well, there isn't a ton of money in innovation.

Sure, Montreal's explosive music scene is under the watchful eye of just about everyone at this point, but I can't remember a band gaining this much buzz before a full length has even been released. It's crazy. Everyone is clamoring for their limited edition CDR releases or their equally limited 7 inches. The world has gone crazy for a band they've hardly even heard. But, the thing is (as odd as this may sound) all the hype is dead on.

While the masses of college aged indie kids devour independent pop like it's some new energy drink, there are people out there that are looking for more than sugary hooks, and sappy lyrics in their music. Luckily there are bands still willing to challenge normal musical constraints, and if you've been paying attention, we are currently experiencing an explosion

in this scene. AIDS Wolf is by no means the lead dog in this latest flare-up, but they are one of the bands that have made noise rock exciting again. Drawing on the power and aggression of bands like Arab on Radar or An Albatross, and then mixing in a heavy dose of free-wheeling noise jams, AIDS Wolf have created a nice grimy niche that is all their own.

Most songs come in short, commanding bursts. Except for the eleven-minute epic "Some Sexual Drawings" closing out the album, most songs hover around the two-minute mark. Opening with the grove heavy "Spit Tastes Like Metal", and then tearing into the aggressive "Chinese Roulette", the band doesn't give the listener any time to gain their bearings. And from there on out they keep you reeling with rapid-fire blasts of aural energy.

Eight tracks and twenty-five minutes after The Lovvers start it's over, and you are left with a damaged equilibrium and eardrums permanently ringing. For every moment of strangled guitars and dismantled drums, there is an answer of disastrously powerful pure noise rock clarity. The energy of what these guys (and girl) are doing will keep art damage, noise, and experimental rock fans happy for a while... or at least until they release more ear mangling jams.

- Jake Haselman | 2006-01-30



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TIMEOUTNEWYORK CMJ the smart way

Overwhelmed by CMJ's avalanche of shows? Start with these, the best of the fest.

Friday 19
AIDS Wolf + Ruins + HEALTH + Japanther + Made in Mexico + Old Time Relijun + Aa + The Apes + Pre + Monotonix + The Mall + Dynasty Handbag + Shellshag + Wizardzz + Sightings + Yip Yip

(Knitting Factory, all rooms)

The bands affiliated with the long-running Midwestern indie Skin Graft share little other than a penchant for manic, spazzy energy. Here several of those acts—including Canadian noise-rockers AIDS Wolf and Japanese postprog vets Ruins—swarm Knitting Factory in the company of like-minded maniacs such as Brooklyn's Sightings, L.A.'s HEALTH, Tel Aviv's Monotonix and Portland, Oregon's Old Time Relijun. (Several of these bands also play a non-CMJ show Saturday 20 at Death by Audio.)—HS



Aids Wolf
The Lovvers LP
Lovepump United Records
Street: 01.24

Aids Wolf = Uhhh... Beetlejuice says "Wolf Eyes and Black Dice"

So I know this kid – let's just call him "Beetlejuice" – he pretty much is this CD. He's into noise-core – the dirtier the better. He's also into naked bodies – the dirtier the better. And he's into AIDS. Yeah... I don't even need to say it. Aids Wolf's The Lovvers LP has all of that and more: seamless and engaging instrumentals, a bunch of gross naked penises and boobs (seriously!) on the CD insert, sweet vocals and the word "Aids" in the band's name. Plus, Aids Wolf has recently toured with Death From Above 1979 and Animal Collective. I'm not so much into "noise rock," but even I enjoyed this LP. So for the Beetlejuice on your Christmas list? I'd go with this soon-to-be-released vinyl. –Lindsey Marie

AND MORE AGAIN

SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, 2007

Partly Cloudy (Chance of Rain)

**AIDS Wolf vs. Athletic Automaton, *Clash of the Life-Force Warriors*,
Skin Graft [1/23/07]**

I slipped this disc in my player with no foreknowledge about either group. Seripop's B&W Savage Pencil-inspired artwork is both scary and intriguing [they're also responsible for the image at right] and the band names are definitely...interesting. I thought that might apply to the music, as well. It does. This is swirling, pounding punkadelica, for lack of a better word.

Athletic Automaton are from Providence and AIDS Wolf are from Montreal. Both have released one record apiece. Some of the tracks on their first collaboration are instrumentals, some have vocals. In the latter, a woman's voice rises up through the morass like an unruly ghost. Credited with "yelping," Special Deluxe sounds like a banshee trapped in a well, howling for someone to let her out--so she can suck the life out of them. Other participants include Hiroshima Thunder on drums and Barbarian Destroyer and HIM, The Magi, both on guitar.

Also available as a gatefold LP, *Clash of the Life-Force Warriors* is demented stuff with a downright vicious vibe. It's not quite my scene, but I admire the crazed intensity, except when Deluxe's howling devolves into babbling. That's when they lose me.



semtex magazine
independent music publication

Wherein Skin Graft bring two naturally suited bands into close proximity, then watch in horror as they melt together, becoming one: The hilariously monikered members of Montreal's AIDS Wolf (never mind the childish shock tactics – Hiroshima Thunder is a great name for a drummer) come up against Athletic Automaton, a drums 'n guitar / lap steel duo from Providence. This is more of a collaborative effort than a traditional split (7 of the 11 tracks herein feature both groups together), and the pairing seems healthily unforced, aided largely - one imagines - by the fact that many of their reference points are the same: spastic Beefheart rhythms, no-wave dissonant thrash, Load-esque heavy hitting, bloody-minded repetition; it's all about as filthy a rock experience as you'll find.

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According to a media release from Skin Graft, which has offices in the U.S. and Austria, the original solicitation from Sinraft featured this description of the package:

"AIDS WOLF IS CRAZY BAND OF MONTREAL ON CANADA!!! (HEARING LIKE 'ARAB IN RADAR!') PRE IS MAD BAND OF LONDON ON THE GREAT BRITAIN!!! (HEARING LIKE 'MELT-BANANA!') TOGETHER IS TWICE INTENSITY!!!! BONUS IS IMPROBABLE RECORD SLEEVE CALENDAR OF PRE AND AIDS WOLF GIRLS AND BOYS NO SHIRTS IN FULL COLOURS!!!! IS SUPER SEXY 2!!!!"

We're not fans of Sinraft's ethics or English skills, but we applaud the company's enthusiasm.

Skin Graft's **Walt Freleng**, however, had this to say about the seized goods:

"After consulting both bands, we have decided to make this unsanctioned Pre/AIDS Wolf release available for lawful distribution. Skin Graft Records takes the protection of its artist's rights very seriously. This record and its packaging are flagrant violations of those rights and its production is an entirely unethical and reprehensible act. It is our intention to prosecute the parties responsible to the fullest extent, and we hope that the swift kick dealt to the perpetrator's very minor intellectual properties will serve as a warning to other would be pirates."

Skin Graft Records is officially re-releasing a bootleg split seven-inch single featuring Montreal noise rockers **AIDS Wolf** and England's **Pre** that was allegedly uncovered at Austrian customs.

The four-song live record is said to have originated in Russia through the rogue Sinraft Records label, but is now available for lawful distribution worldwide via Skin Graft. It comes with eight full-colour calendar pages with topless photos (yep, female breasts) of both bands, a "Proudly Seized By Euro Skin Graft" sticker, an unapplied sticker ready for personalization and a double-sided AIDS Wolf/Pre poster.

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AIDS Wolf/Undoing of David Wright/El Paso Hot Button/Church of the Snake/Pretty Vacant DJs (Public Trust): Public Trust really knocks it out of the fucking ballpark this weekend. First The Evens, now this. For all the talk of how noisy AIDS Wolf is, they are surprisingly accessible. Comparable 90's act **Harry Pussy** were much more erratic when I heard them again recently. In other words, go see this show even if you think it might be *that kind of music* or just formless noise shit. You might be pleasantly surprised.



AIDS Wolf The Lovvers LP (Lovepump United / Skin Graft)

This is a fun formula, let's keep it going. How about Cancer Squirrel? Ha, good one. SARS Puppy! OK, OK, good, keep it up. Bird Flu Raccoon! OK, that doesn't really make sense, but fine—um, Leprosy Tiger. Nice, nice...Arthritis Falcon! Whooping Cough Duck! Polio Jaguar! Head Cold Gerbil! Pneumonia Pigeon! Rickets Turtle! Bahaha, whoooo, I'm winded. Fuck this, I could go on all night.

BRAD AND RANDY



AIDS WOLF VS ATHLETIC AUTOMATON

Clash of the Life-Force Warriors

(Skin Graft)

Super loud record. It literally jumps out of the speakers and pummels your ear canals with all sorts of organic musical thrash. Rarely do we get to hear such mess approach musical art forms and have the results be as enjoyable as this. Totally abstract, and therefore quite the acquired taste, but not for that void of enjoyment. Everything is big here, and when I say big I mean humongous. Like otherworldly big. In a live setting, you'll go deaf or walk out with a headache the size of a planet. The drums are everywhere and go to more places, the guitars contort, distort, bend and break in all sorts of impossible manner, and yet *Clash of the Life-Force Warriors* always fails to crash into tiny minuscule little pieces of absurd sound. This is the exact type of material most people run away from or discard immediately after a few seconds; it definitely marginalizes the listener.

But it rocks vastly in its own awkward and twisted ways. The last track for instance ("Ending of an Old Regime") is totally deranged; notes bend and reshape themselves like provoked by some unforeseen kinetic force while cymbals clash and bristle and the high wailing of vocalist Special Deluxe stands with distracting presence. *Clash of the Life-Force Warriors* presents the conflicting works of Montreal's Aids Wolf and Providence's Athletic Automaton; both of which are obviously adverse to the appeal of pop and very much smitten by crazed drone, obsessive feedback and annoying static-like sounds. Smart decision to present this as a 'vs' instead of simply a 'split'; the results easily recall a melee of two giant shit-faced monsters.

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AIDS WOLF VS. ATHLETIC AUTOMATON

Clash of the Life-Force Warriors CD – Skin Graft

SKYSCRAPER 24

If you'd have told me ten years ago that there would not only be a market for, but a devoted appetite for, this kind of experimental punk music, I'd have laughed in your face, probably spitting on you accidentally in the process. But hey, I'm not a psychic, I'm a listener, and while *Clash of the Life-Force Warriors* is difficult to absorb, if you're an Arab On Radar, Six Finger Satellite, or Racebannon fan it's about as close to home as you're going to get considering that the aforementioned bands have long broken up. AIDS Wolf, while perfectly capable of jamming their steel-toed shards of sound up your earhole, didn't really do much with their first EP, 2006's *The Lovers*. More well-known for its nude cover art than for its music, *Lovers* was mostly just

feedback and howling shreds of noise juxtaposed by the occasional snare slap or tom hit. Now, flanked by Athletic Automation, AIDS Wolf truly unleash their sound without minimalistic pretensions, and they're much, much better for it. *Clash* is caked with grime and injected with grit throughout, building long, winding staircases of sound that are tough to climb but worth the effort, if you can avoid tumbling down. The bands collaborate for a few of the tracks and roll solo on a few others, but there are really few differences; this sounds like the work of a singular band rather than two groups of strangers convening in a recording studio. Perhaps these two fuck-core giants should merge into a super-beast and take over the world? (Grant Purdum) skingraftrecords.com

TINY MIX TAPES

AIDS Wolf Tour; Jerry Seinfeld Asks Me to Ask You Guys What's Up With All These "Wolf" Names

What does the phrase AIDS Wolf mean, anyway?

Are these guys silk-screeners or musicians? Pick a career and stick with it, I say.

It doesn't even seem like they're playing songs; what's the point of even picking up your instruments if you're just going to play music that hurts my ears? AIDS Wolf will never make a cent playing music like that!

What's the point of even starting a band, AIDS Wolf?

How much of AIDS Wolf's success is due to their packaging and image?

Does AIDS Wolf support the resignation of Senator Larry Craig?

One of the guys in AIDS Wolf wears glasses. Should I wear glasses?

Does AIDS Wolf want to hang out this weekend?

What's it mean if I find myself slowly switching from beer to hard alcohol?

If I come home and would rather think about AIDS Wolf instead of talking to my loved ones, should I be alarmed?

I haven't been sleeping that well lately, AIDS Wolf.

Does AIDS Wolf want a drink?

Is there anything I can do for AIDS Wolf?

CULTUREBUNKER

AIDS WOLF "The Lovers LP" - Lovepump United [March 06] Three little words come to mind when listening to this disc that comes to us from a planet most have never been to, heard of or cared to visit: "What the hell?" The seeds of this question will first be planted in your mind on first glance of the disc package. Your eyes will wander over the bright colors and random shapes you don't get until they finally come to rest on the middle of the disc, where a picture of a train of squatting naked people, laughing and happy on the beach, awaits. Ok, you think. No big deal. It's...artsy, right? Now you open the disc, take the book out and find...AWWWW!! Naked people all over the place! There's pictures of men, women, children and even the band itself all partying it up in some kind of nudist colony. No lyrics are to be found - just photos of naked people framed in flowers and psychedelic patterns. By this point the music should need no explanation and, within a few moments of listening to moans and strange guitar feedback, you might feel compelled to toss the thing away or trade it in for something a little less, well, weird. If this is the case, here's some advice: Don't. Give it another listen. If given a chance the weirdness on this disc will come together to sound like music, albeit extremely experimental music. And I have to say that, even after listening a few times, this CD is still a bit too experimental for me in places. It probably won't be in the rotation of my regularly listened-to records. But there's some good stuff to be found here nonetheless. Such as track six, "Panty Mind," which has an old-school punk, and slightly Sonic Youth, feel to it that's completely absorbing. ---6/11 Melissa Treolo

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AIDS Wolf & Seripop aren't afraid to get in the van.

Life-Force Warriors

Serigraphie Populaire (aka Seripop) is to graphic design what Lightning Bolt is to noise rock. Which is to say that, in the field of gleeful, day-gl violence, they reign supreme. The two-headed Montreal-based team of Chloe Lum and her partner, Yannick Desranleau, produce up to four or five illustrations and gig posters every week, and since they work mainly for freaked-out punk and art-rock bands (Oneida, Acid Mothers Temple, the Unicorns, and Wolf Eyes have all been recent clients), no one complains when the finished product is a nearly illegible riot of acid-neon colour palettes, trippy patterns, melting monsters, and scribbled, non-linear text. Having first gained a reputation for the posters they designed for their old band, The Electric End, they're now the poster artists of choice for virtually every group that inhabits the weirder limits of the rock spectrum, and their increasing visibility has started to earn them illustration gigs for trendy publications like Tokion, XLR8R, and The Drama.

Seripop are hardly the glossy-magazine type of designers, though. They do all their work by hand with silkscreens and acrylic ink and they describe their designs with words like "crappy," "messy," and "obsessive." They attribute their eye-burning aesthetic to "mental illness" and, while they're happy to make a living from what they do, they admit that they're still dirt-poor, sick, and crazy. Self-proclaimed "freaks and dorks," Chloe and Yannick rarely have time to actually go see the shows they promote. Instead, they spend their time running between their house and the library, working non-stop, and getting in the van

with their band, AIDS Wolf, who recently completed a grueling cross-Canada tour, spreading the gospel of Freedom Summer. Said gospel endorses growing your hair, listening to metal and prog, playing bongos, and not wearing pants. No hacky-sack bullshit, though. Chloe took time during AIDS Wolf's West Coast tour to answer a few of my questions about her music, her art, and the struggles of being a life-force warrior.

Discorder: How long have you been doing AIDS Wolf?

Chloe: For a little over two years now.

How about Seripop?

A little over four years.

Did you go to art school?

Yeah, but my partner and I dropped out.

Where were you going? Concordia? Yeah.

What didn't you like about it?

I found the atmosphere really stifling. I felt really frustrated by having so much class time devoted to critiques of people's work. The only reason we were really staying was for the facilities, but at some point we just decided, fuck it, let's get our own gear and just get out of here.

By Saelan Twerdy

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(continued)

Is there anybody you look up to, as artists?

Well, we're both really into Vittorio Fiorucci. He's originally from Italy—he immigrated to Canada in the 50s—but he's been doing posters in Montreal since the 60s: lots of bright colours, sort of weird, demonic characters. He got kind of famous for designing the Just for Laughs logo. Some other people that have influenced us are Saul Steinberg, Milton Glaser, Simon Bosé, Mike Diana, Mark Beyer, Savage Pencil, Bob Gill, Gary Panter, Henriette Valium, Seymore Chawst, Niklaus Troxler... outsider art in general, Archie comics, candy packaging, MAD magazine, New Yorker comics, garden gnomes...

Do you do work aside from posters?

Yeah, we do editorial illustrations. We do all kinds of design and illustration. Gig posters and album art just happen to be the biggest thing we do because we're so involved with the music scene.

Are you interested in branching out into I guess what you'd call "gallery art?"

Well, we've done a couple of shows of our posters, and we've got a couple of shows in October, after we're done touring. The one we have coming up is a joint show with our pal Gun Sho (otherwise known as James Quigley) from Providence, Rhode Island. The show is called Masters of Panic and will run one month at the Madame Edgar Gallery in Montreal (www.madamedgar.com), October 20th to November 20th, and it will hopefully travel afterwards. So we're building these pretty massive silk-screened paper sculptures for it, like these big wasp's nest sort of things. We're also doing another series of art prints, 2-D foam characters, shirts, monoprints and making masks. James is doing a series of 300-plus drawings on cardboard and a bunch of art prints and shirts. Hopefully there will be a book to accompany the show.

Some of your press releases refer to you as "life-force warriors." What do you mean by that?

It just means that you devote your entire life energies to what you create.

Do you consider your music life-affirming?

I think so, yeah.

Do you think there's a connection between violent energy in music and positivity in life?

Yes. I think catharsis is really important. You need to put your aggression somewhere.



What do you want the AIDS Wolf experience to be like when people come see you?

I like it when people join us on the same level as us. I don't like being an entertainer. I don't like being on a different level than people that are there to see the show.

Do you ever try to involve the audience in a show?

I don't believe in trying to involve the audience. I believe that if the audience wants to involve themselves, they will. I don't want people to feel that they have to behave in a certain way at our shows. I want people to participate because they want to, not because they feel like they should or they're being pressured to. I've always been really put off by going to see bands or playing with bands who tell the audience to react a certain way.

About Freedom Summer—what happens when the summer is over?

We're gonna have to cross that bridge when it comes. We didn't know it was Freedom Summer until Freedom Summer started. When Freedom Summer is over, the next era starts.

You just have to wait for the world to unveil itself again.

Exactly.

What are your plans after the tour is over?

Well, we're going to be leaving again to go play CMJ, and after that we have several different releases coming out: a split with The Fugue on Blood of the Drash, our debut album on Lovepump United, a split with demonstrations from San Diego, and possibly a split with the Flying Luttenbachers.

When did you guys come up with name AIDS Wolf?

My partner and I were on a road trip in Ohio, and it just came to us. It was a universal message. It's a combination of our spirit peers in An Albatross (animal) and The Sick Lipstick (R.I.P.) (illness). It fits, because we're a little bit no-wave and a little bit hardcore, like each of those bands. It's also a message that we as humans must take care for our animal siblings as their health is a barometer of our own survival.

Do you consider yourselves healthy people?

Yeah! Well, we try. We're all into swimming and eating vegetarian. We're very wholesome.

Do you have any advice for aspiring designers?

Don't do it! Be an organic farmer or something. Everyone is a designer these days, it doesn't mean anything. I feel like most design now is just hacky—sack bullshit.

Define hacky sack bullshit.

Hacky—sack bullshit is anything that's not thought out, that has nothing behind it: no purpose, no spirit.

You talk a lot about "getting in the van." What does it mean?

Have you ever read Henry Rollins' book, *Get In the Van*? You should. That's where we got the whole concept of "getting in the van." It's not just about being in a band. It's about anything from being a gardener to being a writer. It's just about not wussing out. It's about doing what you do on the level you want it to be at, no matter if no one else likes it. It's about spending all your time on it. So many people say they're a certain thing, but they're not, because they only spend 5% of their life doing it! To me, that is the definition of hacky—sack bullshit. Like, someone who says they're a filmmaker, but they don't make films. Or they'll make one 20-minute film and then going around telling everyone that they're a filmmaker. If you're committed, you have to breathe it. Being an artist or a musician or a yoga master or an athlete, you have to do it every single day. You don't take days off. You don't take days off from sleeping! You don't take days off from going to the bathroom! Like, get in the van means that whatever you do, you take it as seriously as you take breathing and eating and taking a shit. It's basically life or death.

You should also get, from the same publishing house, *Rock and the Pop Narcotic* by Joe Carducci who used to work for SST records. I think it's a really important critique of rock culture in general, both mainstream and underground. This is a book that me and all the other guys in the band have read multiple times. And *Get In the Van* is seriously a big influence on what we do. Like, you have the story of all of Black Flag's grueling tours, and how they keep their focus on their plan and how they want the band to evolve despite the fact that all their fans just want them to be a hardcore band. They're just getting hassled all the time, but they end up succeeding in the face of that. The ending words of the book are Henry Rollins talking about how he's just an average guy, not especially smart or talented, and I think that's a really important idea to think about. A lot of people still think of artists or musicians as these mystical unicorn-type creatures and feel that they can't do that. It's all a matter of having a good work ethic and having some ideas.

Seripop would like you to check out rad art by Keith Herzik, The Little Friends of Printmaking, Bongout, Jelle Crama, Zeeloot, Matt Moroz, Keith Jones, Monsters in Diguise, and Mike Deforge. They also recommend the bands An Albatross, Athletic Automaton, and The USAISAMONSTER, all of whom are "total long-haired freedom warriors."

AIDS Wolf
The Lovers LP
LOVEPUMP UNITED CD

the
WIRE

Canadian noise quartet AIDS Wolf describe their sound as recalling what Captain Beefheart meant when he said, "a squid eating dough in a polyethylene bag". On *The Lovers LP* they're certainly fast, but much more spiky than bulbous, although their female lead singer occasionally sounds like tortured Magic Band member Antennae Jimmy Semens (and that's a compliment). Rather than simply playing unstructured noise, however, there is a distinct discipline at work here, a crafted sense of composition that unexpectedly rears up out of the sonic wreckage.

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METRO SPIRIT

Issue #19.20 :: 12/12/2007 - 12/18/2007

AIDS Wolf

The Lovvers, Skin Graft Records

BY FRAZIA LEE



AUGUSTA, GA. - On the band page devoted to AIDS Wolf, courtesy of Skin Graft Records, number eight in the list of principles of the group states: "De-anchoring compositions by dispensing with a bass guitar allows AIDS Wolf to make rhythm, often muddled, confused, and obscured with polyrhythmicity, the central feature of its performances. Lacking a 'mama heartbeat,' in this way, pushes the band out of predictability and puts atonality on a pedestal."

If you didn't understand that statement, chances are you won't understand what will emerge from your speakers once you pop this album in. Anyone who possesses an ear for music will realize that after listening to this album, it only goes to show that acid plus mental illness equals "The Lovvers" by AIDS Wolf, or self-expression plus too many beers equals "The Lovvers" by AIDS Wolf, or plain and simply, a group of individuals with something to say, plus opportunity supplied by a supportive record label equals "The Lovvers" by AIDS Wolf.

Some of the words associated with "music"—harmony, pitch, and rhythm—are void from this album. In fact, the official musical term blanketing this work is "dissonance," and to have dissonance recorded in a studio and sold seems ridiculous. One prime example is the "song," "Some Sexual Drawings." Guitars screeching, with a female's barely audible voice mindlessly peeking in and out of the supposed composition wrecks your brain, and so does every single "song" on the album. She sounds as though she's being killed with a muddled backdrop similar to a gruesome murder scene in a 70s B-movie on "Spit Tastes Like Metal," and it seems as though toddlers were let loose in a studio to bang instruments in order to produce "The Hat Collector."

The truth is that experimental music will pop up on the scene now and forever, it just depends on the consumer whether he or she would like to take a chance and buy it (in every sense of the word). There will definitely be a few curious minds to step foot into the realm of AIDS Wolf, and because of that tiny facet, the group would have succeeded in introducing their... um, craft.

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AIDS Wolf - The Lovverrs LP

A Screeching Abyss

by [Bill Walje](#)

Imagine you're thrown into a whirling, gnashing pit of psychedelia. Falling, falling, falling, a seemingly endless pit of screams and grinding machinery.

Welcome to AIDS Wolf's 2007 release *The Lovverrs LP*. According to the band themselves, their name is a "message that we as humans must take care for our animal siblings as their health is a barometer of our own survival." And if the sound of this record is any indication, humans and animals both are severely f**ked.

Right from the first track, "Spit Tastes Like Metal," we're assaulted with spiky, sporadic yet strangely-metered guitar chords, then thrown into the abyss of chaotic drums and dirty bass, constantly falling, falling, falling, only to be suddenly yanked to the edge of the precipice and thrown back down again at the start of the next track.

At times the tracks are rather catchy; discordant, quick guitar hits with a dancy drum-beat in the background. At other times, however, all hell breaks loose and you can feel yourself being consumed by... well, an AIDS-infested wolf, I suppose.

The vocals of Miss Chloe Lum are a wailing screech, and are practically incoherent -- which is probably my only real complaint with this album. While I do enjoy structured and unstructured chaos, sometimes it's nice to know what these people are screaming so vehemently about. Her voice seems to be used almost more as an instrument in-and-of-itself, rather than to articulate some sort of opinion.

The album's finale is a near twelve minute noise-freakout entitled "Some Sexual Drawings." It's all screeching feedback, minimalist, off-tempo drumming and unearthly wails from beyond this dimension. It seems like this is your final descent into that whirling pit, only to be crushed at the bottom with an even denser wall of noise and chaos.

When all is said and done, if you're a fan of noisy, lo-fi insanity, then I would highly recommend this release. AIDS Wolf has a new album slated to drop this year, and I, for one, will definitely be picking it up for another dose of acquired immunodeficiency-syndrome-induced frenzied chaos.

AIDS WOLF
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Band follows beat of its own drum

Noise punk band set to rock Zaphod's with assaulting music and odd image

AIDS Wolf is a very difficult band to translate into words —which is the whole point of the group.

They described their sound as “a squid eating dough in a polyethylene bag,” which likely doesn't clear things up for the non-AIDS Wolf aficionado.

The group hails from the noisy, punk rock scene of Montreal and has been together since 2003.

It is set to unleash its brand of assaulting rock on the audience at Ottawa's Zaphod Beeblebrox Sept. 16.

Lead singer Chloe Lum, a contemporary Joan Jett, said the group consists of “people that we knew from going to the same shows that were veterans of the scene.”

“We are into alienating music; we are always trying to challenge ourselves,” she said.

AIDS Wolf is comprised of Special Deluxe, Hiroshima Thunder, Him, the Maji and Barbarian Destroyer.

But as apocalyptic as those names might sound, don't be scared.

AIDS Wolf is a nice group once you get to know them.

They each adopted pseudonyms to represent their quirky personalities.

Their odd style and punk rock sound garnered them much attention when they first started.

“In 2002, 2003, critical mass publications were interested in writing about noise rock, [but now], for the most part, that has died off” said Lum.

But that lack of interest in the genre does not get AIDS Wolf down, despite the negative attention Lum said comes along with branding the band's music a certain way.

“We are doing what personally interests us. If they hate it, it's their problem,” she said.

“We are pursuing our own aesthetic interests. We are lucky when we do find people that share those interests.”

But AIDS Wolf is not a one-trick pony.

The group appears to be an entire cultural phenomenon in its own right.

One can see the influence of kitschy-graphic design motifs in the band's current touring poster, album covers, and in its Aqua Teen Hunger Force-esque music video for the track “Spit Tastes Like Metal.”

AIDS Wolf is not your average anti-bourgeoisie, avant-garde gimmick band.

Basically, Lum said the group is in it for the music.

“The whole point is to have a good time,” Lum said. “We are just fucking doing it.”

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AIDS Wolf VS Athletic Automaton: Clash of the Life-Force Warriors

2006 saw the release of both Athletic Automaton's and AIDS Wolf's debut albums, and both received numerous accolades in the underground music/noise world. Not content to just rest on their laurels, both groups have come together to release Clash of the Life-Force Warriors. Rather than just being a split release, this album sees both bands collaborating on songs as well as doing their own. This showcases the unique talents of both, and is definitely worth a look for those that enjoyed the previous releases from both these groups.

Athletic Automaton only gets two songs of their own on this release, but it balances out because they do the majority of the instrumentals on the collaborated songs. For those that have never experienced either group, prepare for a sound unlike any other. The experimental noise of Athletic Automaton is a constantly changing mix of drum and guitar sounds, while the vocals of AIDS Wolf are a high pitched wail that never let up throughout each song that feature them. For those not used to it, this could be a very acquired taste, and it would be recommended that these people give the AIDS Wolf album a listen before this.

This isn't exactly a split album, but it is unusually long for a project of this type. Clash of the Life-Force Warriors is long enough to be a full length for either of these bands, and this also ensures that it will get plenty of listening time from those that can appreciate it. And this isn't a bad thing, considering that listening to this release is at times comparable to taking a journey through a strange alien world.

Both of these groups are the types of artists that most will either love or hate. Because of this, it would be recommended that any newcomers check out the separate releases of both Athletic Automaton and AIDS Wolf before diving headfirst into this LP. But if you can appreciate both of these groups and a change of pace from the usual, definitely consider picking up Clash of the Life-Force Warriors. It is as artsy as it is raw and gritty, and that in itself says a lot.

<http://www.skingraftrecords.com/>

Chris Dahlberg_25 January 2007

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PRE \ ДИЗ WOLF



LIVE DATES



Here's a lil' back and forth I had recently with John Webb from PRE. A band we've had the joy to tour and do 2 split 7" with. Their debut record is one of my favorites of this year and I feel so amazingly lucky to have met them, both on a personal and musical basis. They are a big favorite here in camp AW so anyone with an interest in our music will be most likely pretty charged up by PRE. We did this talk a few weeks ago, but I **just** got around to editing it and posting now. that's why there's the references to NYE. cheers, Chloe

Chloe Lum / AIDS wolf :In many ways, since we first met you guys and got that PRE demo, I felt you were our twin band. Similar sounds, similar approach + attitude. I'm guessing others feel that way too as our bands not only done 2 splits, toured together but we are also label mates 3 times over (Skingraft, Lovepump United, Blood of the Drash), something that I'd guess doesn't happen often.

What do you figure the chances are that 2 bands, living so far from each other would end up so intertwined?

John Webb / PRE: That whole thing is so weird! I remember the first time I heard you guys. PRE had only been around for about 4 months and were thinking of recording a 'demo'. I remember ordering yr album from the Lovepump site and was so stoked when it arrived with a 3inch badge as well!!! I remember sitting in my room playing it to Kevin. We were both totally blown away. Artwork, songs, recording. Amazing. Then, by the time you guys came to London we had recorded 'the demo'. We came to your London show and I made Kevin give you a copy. That was a hard 20 minutes or so. We were both too shy to give it to do it.

Anyway... You liked it, we were really happy - we all had sex, you pointed us in the right direction - we sent out 2 demos, one to Lovepump and one to Skingraft, we all snogged and the rest is current history etc etc.



сентябрь

воскресенье	понедельник	вторник	среда	четверг	пятница	суббота
				1	2	3
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18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

октябрь							ноябрь							декабрь								
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23	24	25	26	27	28	29	29	30	31					26	27	28	29	30	31			

Hooking up again with you guys in New York in October really brought up that whole '2 bands intertwined' thing for us. It's like family meeting up after a years break, only better.

I know I'm sounding really emo here, but that's what is soooooo amazing about music and the position PRE is in. We have only really hung out a handful of times, but along with Jake and Mookie (Lovepump United) and Mark (Skingraft) it all just makes me want to take my top off and carve FAMILY into my chest with a bicycle pump or something....

SO - HOW EASY IS IT DOING WHAT YOU DO FROM A DAY TO DAY BASIS. MAKING ENDS MEET, FINDING TIME TO JAM "FREEBIRD" ETC? WHATS THE FIRST THING YOU DO WHEN YOU WAKE UP?

CL/AW :

Yeah, you guys saved our asses that first time in London, what with Kevin putting us up. The fact that your band ruled was just icing on the cake 'cause we were pretty fast friends.

I gotta say I REALLY love the family vibe of working with Skingraft, Love Pump United, Panache (our US booking agent)- it's great to be working with friends who really care about the music they're putting out or booking. I've always said that for me, the camaraderie was one of my favorite parts of being in a band. I love being excited by music and meeting people just as curious/passionate is always great. Even better when they have right-on projects of their own. I also find it interesting that both in music and in visual art when I really enjoy someone's work and they feel the same about mine we usually end up getting along really well and being fast friends. I'd say many of my closest friends are people I met via mutual admiration- it's funny how our other interests and personalities would mesh up so much.

I'm not really sure what Andre and Myles do in the morning but for Yannick and myself the basic routine is get up, check emails, eat, go to the gym, eat again. then we start working on Seripop stuff, often dealing with clients and getting sketches done and sent off.

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For Seripop we ideally do more of the client relation stuff early in the day and the creative work latter in the afternoon or even at night.

We're in an interesting situation because we live off of Seripop YET so much of what Seripop does is for the band , or for our friend's bands.

3 nights a week we jam with AIDS wolf , usually for 2-3 hours a shot. Yannick will often spend a fair bit of time at home going through our practice tapes and dumping them on the computer to make CDs for the guys. Otherwise nobody would remember the parts for the new songs. While he does that I usually work on lyrics for new songs or do band correspondence or draw.

If we're not practicing and don't have a huge work rush for Seripop stuff we'll often spend our evenings drawing more casually. Sketching ideas or doing more "fun" stuff like posters or just drawing for the sake of it.

While we're at home drawing we just listen to a steady stream of records all day. So the only times we'll stand is is to flip the record or get another tea/coffee.

Every week or 2 we'll have a day where ALL we do is pack and mail tubes of posters off. That's probably the most mind numbing boring thing we do and we both hate it . Mailorder is a good income source for us and we're glad folks like our print but fuck filling out customs forms SUCKS! And we are LAZY!

Sometimes managing time is tricky because we mostly make our money doing illustration jobs or record covers and we never know in advance how busy we're gonna be in a given week.

Ideally , as we get more stable financially from our illustrations , we spend more and more time making music. And the easier it is for us to go on tour and the more money we can spend on amassing crappy gear.

Yannick and I have been slowly putting money on some basic recording gear and have both been reading up a fair bit on home recording , in a few months we'll have a pretty decent set up for AIDS wolf (and our various side projects)to do demos in our practice space. Mostly we're just buying lots of mics so that we can keep stuff more or less separated. We do our song writing from jamming so the better we can hear what each of us did on tape , the easier everything is.

Having our own company certainly gives us flexibility to tour , all we have to do is give a heads up to the folks who regularly hire us that we'll be gone and that's that. I mean there ALWAYS is tons of last minutes rushing to get everything we started done before we go but , ultimately since we don't have bosses we can leave for as long as we want, as often as we want.

We're pretty much busy all the time but will TRY to fit time for going to shows , going to the DJ night I do with some friends , attempting to see art , hosting bands at our house. There always time for Freebird. I guess the main thing that suffers are our social lives.

What about you? Do you have difficulties balancing life with being in a band? Your recent us tour was a month long , were lots of headaches and heartaches involved? Do you get homesick ?

JWP : Yeah, balancing things can be really difficult and frustrating. Living in London is hard purely because it's so expensive. Apart from Keex, who works freelance, the rest of us have FULLLLLLL time jobs. Making music is essentially a way to make the day-to-day stuff a little more bearable. We will rehearse once a week usually, but for whatever reasons it's kinda rare that all 5 of us make it. Me, Rick and Kevin are always there. Like Yannick, I always record our rehearsals, and burn cd's or send mp3's to pass around to everyone. that way, even if someone isn't around, they can still get up to speed, plus we always forget stuff.

Outside of PRE, me, Keex and Kevin do other music related stuff. For example, this week I'll be practicing with mine and Kevin's new band, Male Bonding - plus we are duping tapes for Paradise Vendors Inc (our tape label) first release. Talbot Tagora / Hand Jobs split . There is always time to go to shows, art or music. We are totally spoilt for that living in London.

The U.S. tour meant we all had to negotiate taking a whole years worth of holiday in one block, which was hard. There was no point in us going all that way just to do 2 weeks. I don't think anyone got homesick on tour. It was hard to really. We were out on our own (with constant help from the life saving Michelle at Panache), so there was always driving, navigation, rolling tees, counting out dimes, repairing broken windows, repairing broken teeth, trying to find fruit, trying to find floors to sleep on etc to figure out. We are all pretty big drinkers, so there were a few headaches along the way, but nothing that Fleetwood Mac couldn't smooth out. Remember Keex at CMJ???

It's hard being apart from girlfriends. You end up spending the equivalent of the airfare on calling cards. Plus when you get back it takes a while to switch your head back to London mode. It's easy to get selfish and self absorbed. I fucked up big time regarding this and hate myself for it. Matt's girlfriend wrote him a dated letter for every single day that we were away, which was super sweet. He opened the last one during the taxi trip back to JFK and shared it with us and the fruit consuming taxi driver - it made Keex cry.

The tour was amazing though, and it went by so quick. We are all such good friends that we felt invincible.

WHAT'S YR WORSE TOUR MOMENT (BROKEN FOOT?) AND WHAT'S THE WOLFS PLANS FOR 2008 - PLUS TELL ME WHAT YOU WILL DO ON NEW YEARS EVE PLEASE?

CL/AW: My worse moment on tour was smashing a guy in the face with a mic. It was in Baton Rouge and things SUCKED . It was a huge "hangout" type bar with pool tables . The staff and the other bands were very nice to us but from the beginning , when the first band started playing jangly garage rock I knew we were in for it.

During the 1st band there were about 80 people , by the time we started 15 or so were left. Half of whom split as soon as we started playing. The few people who stayed watching us seemed bored as shit and all I could think of was trying to get the set done as fast as possible so we could get the hell outta there.

In the middle of one of our songs , some Joe-college guy started heckling LOUD . I mean you know how fucking loud we play? The guy was projecting over us , basically SCREAMING that we sucked. I walked over to him and asked if he though he could do better several times while pointing the mic at him. I was so boiling pissed I kept goading him , telling him to get on the stage . Finally when he just stood there muttering insults under his breathe I SMASHED his face and then spat a huge a chunk on him. THAT was the worst part of our tour.

All I could think after was I was really glad I don't drink cause if I hadn't been so nervous about really hurting him I probably would have lost it on his face.

GNARLY.

In 2008 we gonna do few us shows through the winter and spring , hopefully we'll make it to SXSW. Then we're spending the end of April and all of May in Europe Plus a few dates in Israel .30 some

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май

воскресенье	понедельник	вторник	среда	четверг	пятница	суббота
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shows. You guys better play some of them with us!! it's around that time that our new record will be out so hopefully people might care about that. HA!

Then, a full U.S. tour in the fall. Andre's talking about Japan/Australia in late fall.... I dunno, I guess we'll see what happens.

On NYE I'll be helping my crew, The Pirates of the Lachine Canal, with a party. We have Clockcleaner from Philadelphia coming plus great locals the The O-Voids, Panopticon Eyelids & The American Devices. I'll be DJing the noise rock, weird punk, avant garage and space jams as long as I can hold up behind the DJ booth on crutches.

My pal Shaun, who's the one who really put the show together, and I have a friendly competition going on over our record collections. We both DJ this weekly night he set up and I'm looking to show off with all the new records I picked up while on tour. It's been frustrating being laid up with a broken foot cause I really wanted to DJ as soon as I got home!

Nerdy huh? Most bands I know get laid or wasted, all we do is buy records and books, check emails and wash our clothes as often as possible (I think we must be one of the most hygiene conscious bands out there, after the that is). Oh and go to Whole Foods like every day.

You guys are for sure much more the party animal types than we are. Does this ever cause any drama? I know Keex was falling all over the place at CMJ, any interesting stories there? What will YOU be doing NYE?

JW/P: the 'party animals' side of PRE hasn't caused too much aggro so far. Matt can be rather urmm 'insensitive' at times, but so far this has just caused tons of laughter, rather than insult. in a similar vein to Chris ex-aids (Chris Taylor our former guitarist)! Keex was so wasted at CMJ. Jupiter from HEALTH and her were knocking back a



январь

воскресенье	понедельник	вторник	среда	четверг	пятница	суббота
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lot of licker - she stole Andre's bottle of whisky and then lost it, I seem to remember! I KNOW that us and ***HEALTH could get into a lot of trouble together - we just haven't had the time yet.

There were some moments on tour that were 'interesting' but nothing too fucked up. Baltimore was BIG, but I opted out of that nights 'entertainment' and slept in the van. When I went into the warehouse where the rest of PRE were partying the next morning to clean my teeth, it was depressing as hell.

NYE is a weird one. I've not committed to anything yet. Might come to Montreal and see Clockcleaner.

So, what do you make of the whole 'sinraft' bootleg live split. Crazy eh? All of us topless in the worst venue in Brighton. Still can't remember how that materialised...

CL/AW: Considering how SHITTY and depressing the Brighton show was and how poorly we were all treated, it only made sense to take off our clothes. I'm waiting to be crucified. People are such fucking puritians!

We get so much flack for our photo in "The Lovers", journalists always get pissy thinking we are trying to shock. I wish they'd just get it through their skulls that we like excuses to take off our clothes! It's usually my fault! I make out with the audience and wanna get naked all the time.

I'm glad for the boot though, it's helping me erase the memory of a terrible show and replace it with memories of Freebird singalongs and taking off our clothes in an empty venue while being heckled by the bouncer.

I guess that's the better part of touring with friends, you can turn a shit show into a fun night just by hanging out and having a laugh.

Are people accepting of naked bands in the UK? How do you feel your music and noise-rock in general is accepted in

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the UK vs. North America?

JW/P:

People seem pretty cool about naked girls over here. I work in a record shop (Rough Trade) so I got quite a lot of stick from people when the 7" came into stock, but just dumb jokes. I don't get it when people think that by doing a record sleeve like that, it's an exercise in 'shock'. Who finds topless people shocking???? Keex gets a lot of questions about why she plays in her bra or pants (English folks call underwear "pants") or whatever. She gets hot really quickly cos she's so active, so she takes her clothes off to cool down. Why is it any different to a guy taking his top off? It isn't unless yr have issues with females - she still has everything covered. In write ups for our shows, people always mention stuff about Keex playing half naked like it's our shtick or something. that pisses me off.

It's hard for me to compare the noise rock scene here with North America, as I don't know what it's like there. It's ok here I guess. I haven't heard too many rad noise bands. Things are getting better though. I think people here are so into the NME scene that people are scared to like bands that they haven't been told to like. - maybe that's not true, but it feels like that sometimes. I like being out on our own though. I would much rather come to America and play show, then play shows in the UK.

A friend of ours lives in a warehouse and has just started putting on shows. That's so fucking kool. It's rare for London. That kinda thing happens all the time in the states (and Canada!). We need more of that kind of action over here, rather than rigid venue gigs.

Whats yr views on the UK / North American scenes? You have played to people both in the UK and North America, so in theory you must have noticed differences.

CL/AW:

Don't even get me started about the double standard about sweaty, overheated gals shedding some clothes. It's actually depressing how quick you get to see the real sexism and double standards that are alive and well in the underground music scene to this day. It's like as if riot grrl never happened.

Not only is a gal taking off an extra layer a shtick, her very femaleness is also! Especially if she happens to be somewhat cute. I'm not sure who finds nude people shocking exactly but journalists at least love to state that they AREN'T taking in by our supposed attempts to shock! As if we were up to some serious G.G Allin stuff rather than in a tasteful naked pose in the nature. As for the bootleg split, I love it cause the photos are soooo unflattering! it looks like an office party gone wrong!

I guess that's one different we've noticed between the UK and the USA. In England people are much more into trend, hypes and fashions BUT it seems like folks over there are more open to being EXCITED about things there.

While in the US or Canada we get dumped on for our name or publicity shots, in England people are just "oh here's a mad new band".

It seems that while there are less noisy rock bands, those types of bands are seem as more legitimate than in Canada or the US. (perhaps due to The Wire?)

In the States, we do fine and have lots of like minded bands to play with (soooo many great bands!) but it's more of a cult thing. People outside of the scene tend to be kinda snarky about noise rock. It's certainly not seen as "cool". In Canada, forget it! outside of Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver there is ZERO interest in this kinda music at all.

I mean, sometimes you can luck out on a decent show in some of the mid-sized cities but it's soooo hit or miss and as far as I know there aren't any active noise rock/no wave whatever bands in any of the other cities.

Except for Be Bad from Halifax but they just split up!

A few years ago, when we weren't so world-weary, we went across

Canada in some naïve hope of being noise-rock johnny appleseeds and came home wanting to end our lives. Let's just say the general reception wasn't very positive!

In the UK you at least get some curiosity

We'll take touring in the UK or the USA over Canada ANYDAY. What I've noticed similar in the UK and the funner cities in the States is that people tend to show they are having fun by getting rowdy, something that's very inspiring to anyone performing. I just love feeding into the wild energies that crowds can give off. It's one of the things that makes performing so satisfying.

Noise rock has never been very big here in Canada. I spent years just mailordering records of bands I've never get to see 'cause until recently, most wouldn't tour here and stores wouldn't exactly be brimming with it.

It's funny cause I spent my teenaged years in Ottawa, where there was a very fertile and active all ages scene but I really slowed down going to shows for a few years starting at around 17. In my most formative period I was strictly mailordering records and trading D.I.Y noise tapes with weirdos I'd find on the back pages of zines.

Being obsessed with the Boredoms, U.S Maple, Lydia Lunch, The Flying Luttenbachers, Royal Trux ect I just couldn't get much satisfaction from the very PC post-hardcore scene in my backyard. I actually found it pretty alienating.

At least I was lucky enough to see U.S Maple early on, who for some bizarre reason came to play the Cave in Ottawa.

And for you guys, what are your main influences, interests and life changing experiences vis-à-vis playing music?

JW/P:

Influences are a tuff one as I can't speak for the rest of the band, but for me, Myspace has opened up another world of bands that i/we would never have heard before. Bands like Pretty Thigh (R.I.P), Finally Punk and Hot Girls Cool Guys (R.I.P) Totally blew me away the first time i heard them, and are a huge inspiration. the direct result of that overwhelming feeling of excitement has resulted in the tape label I mentioned. Kevin and I are so jazzed about pairing up bands that we feel so lucky to have heard, like LOOK LOOK DANCING BOYS/PANTZ PARTY/TEMPERATURES/PAPER LEGS/TALBOT TAGORA /HAND JOBS etc.

I'm really interested in the No Wave scene as I know you are. Marc Masters current book "No Wave" is really great. - Mark Fisher (Skingraft CEO) has reviewed it for the current issue of The Wire! That scene and the way it included performance art, lo-fi films as well as bands/music makes me HUNGRY. From where I'm at it seems like that kind of thing is maybe happening at The Smell in L.A a lot of those bands are an inspiration - Silver Dagers, HEALTH, No Age, Mika Miko etc. Maybe that's romantic of me, as I haven't been to L.A or The Smell, but that's what I like to think. (I've been there and it's pretty much paradise on earth!) I love that pop edge dood. In my world The Screemers have been as big as The Beatles. I'm really into the idea of making exposed, harsh music with a (for the want of a better word) 'POP' element. That's were PRE are heading at the moment.

As for in LONDON - I have an endless amount of respect for Chris Tipton and the Upset The Rhythm crew. I find their activities very inspiring. It's all about sharing the wealth.

Being in a band has changed my life so much. I know that without being involved in making music, I would be desperately unhappy and even more boring. I've met so many amazing and inspirational people through music. I've been stealing a little bit of those people's KOOL for a couple of years now. I plan to piece it all together over Christmas, like the ultimate jigsaw puzzle and relaunch myself in 2008. I am going to be so hot - and I will owe it all to the scene man...



CD REVIEWS
by FFWD WRITER



AIDS WOLF
The Lovers LP

The first time I saw AIDS Wolf was entirely by accident, years ago in Montreal. At that point performing as a two-piece under the name Kitten Ling, the pair (single-named Chloe and Yannick, also behind those amazing Seripop gig posters and album covers) took the stage wearing helmets strapped with microphones. Amps cranked to full blast were placed around the room, howling as Kitten Ling smashed their heads together until they bled. On the way out, I overheard them talking – "That went pretty well," said Chloe. "I think so too," replied Yannick.

While AIDS Wolf's *The Lovers LP* is in many ways a world removed from what Kitten Ling were up to (ostensibly you could even argue that most of what's here are actual songs), it still exists under the same caveat of making a holy racket in the name of ear-splitting volume.

You can very nearly dance to opener "Spit Tastes Like Metal," but by the time the feedback extravaganza of a closer, "Some Sexual Drawings," finally fades away, AIDS Wolf have taken enough pains towards tunelessness to rid you of that notion altogether.

I suppose it all just depends on what mood you're in. Happy-go-lucky me thought Kitten Ling was actually pretty darn hilarious (and scary). Brooding and serious me, on the other hand, sometimes thinks all this nonsense is pretty stupid and unlistenable. It's not hard to imagine those are exactly the kind of sentiments AIDS Wolf are after.

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Band's Website Say's: The four members of Montreal's AIDS Wolf, part band, part life-force warriors, play harmoniously grating noise. They were brought together by psychic forces in April of 2003. Over the course of their existence, they've written a million songs and found themselves playing and touring with the likes of Daughters, Death from Above 1979, Les Georges Leningrad, USAisamonster, and An Albatross. They aim to play tight, but they're not always structured. They transform pure chaos into something you can convulse to, and be indoctrinated into Freedom in the process. Their sound is agitated, driving, and filled with twitchy energy. Subba-Culcha.com got a chance to shoot the breeze with AIDS Wolf's vocalist Special Deluxe...

How did the recording sessions for the new album go?We are actually just about to do some live session in a few weeks so we'll see....

What goals did you set yourself before you started recording?To not blow it.

What do you feel are your own limitations when it comes to creating/writing music? My lack of short term memory

Tell us 3 of your own favourite songs and the inspiration behind them? My 3 favourite AIDS wolf songs are ones that have yet to be recorded. They are called : a letter to al johnson , cutters are love & long march to the sea. I guess they will be on our 2nd record. letter to al johnson (singer of us maple) is because when I met him he asked me if I was a stalker. Although now looking back I might have hallucinated that.. I have a hard time telling what is real and what is imagined.

Cutters are love is heart is love = blood is love = cutting yr veins =sharing the love. Long march to the sea is hiding grenades in your pussy.

What do you enjoy most about recording, and in contrast what do you enjoy most about playing live?
I prefer practicing because that's when you are truly 100% freeeee and exchanging ideas.

What are the bands plans for the rest of the year?

Put out a few splits , tour a bunch , unleash a million and a half tapes and make some short movies , get naked more and praise mclean. Practice lots and try to buy a pa. Record our next record.

What touring routines do you have, say a typical day on the road be like?

Search for the health food co-op , if there's time the comics store , sit in the van a lot , search for vegan restos , find a café where I can sit and draw & make posters , whine and complain to my band mates that everyone hates our band and that we need to practice more, try to work out , play , pace around neurotically , attempt to be friendly and talk to people but fail , stay up all night giggling with friends if I'm lucky , toss and turn while obsessing if I'm less lucky .

Who is currently moving you musically at the moment? Made in mexico , no doctors , shearing pinx , dmonstrations , neptune, get hustle , crytopsy , sightings.

What album changed your life and why?

Us maple - long hair in tree stages. I threw out most of my record collection after buying this.

What bands have influenced you the most musically?Arab on radar , the jesus lizard , sun city girls , slayer , crash worship , celtic frost , captain beefheart , blue cheer , us maple , black flag, royal trux.



AIDS Wolf Vs Athletic Automaton – 'Clash of the Life-Force Warriors' (Skin Graft)

AIDS Wolf and Athletic Automaton seem to both be bands capable of polarising people's opinions. Loved and loathed in equal doses I have to say, in regard to both, I have always fallen by the former side of the line (particularly in regards to Athletic Automaton who, along with Boris, could seemingly bring on an earache in my ex-girlfriend in seconds). What makes this split release particularly interesting though is that on top of each band performing a couple of their own tracks, (and in each case some of their strongest to date) members of each group 'defected' from band to band creating a series of collaborative tracks forged in the studio like some sort of ungodly audio battle. Now I am fully aware that this fort of fare often falls flat, sounding like a bunch of wailing wanking chimps (and if I'm completely honest yes that happens on a couple of rare occasions here) but *Life-Force Warriors* contains enough intrigue, venom and musicianship to make it a genuinely enjoyable record rather than merely an interesting musical experiment. Luke Drozd

SUBBA-CULTCHA

Aids Wolf Special Deluxe, vocalist



If you could erase one single/album from history (your own or someone else's) which would it be and why?
Captain beefheart's the spotlight kid. Ouch , talk about pissing on a legacy.

How do you see yourself altering the band and your sound in the future? Is there anything you wish to attempt in the future that's inspiring you right now?More chanting , more panting.

What drives you?

Obsession and guilt. I worry I will die any day and not have done anything worthwhile

What are your fears?

Brutal car wrecks & ridicule

The revolution comes, who would you like to be first against the wall (and if you're feeling particularly bitchy, a second, third, fourth and so on...)?
The half of myself that says dumb shit all the time.

Best piece of advice you'd give to aspiring musicians, or the best piece of advice you were given when you started?
Read get in the van by henry rollins and then read it again.

If you're in a car going at the speed of light, and someone turns the headlamps on, would they do anything?
Huh?

www.myspace.com/aidswolf & www.seripop.com

Thanks to Maria @ Blueghost PR...

By Jeremy Chick

chartattack

AIDS WOLF The Lovvers (Lovepump United/Sonic

Don't let AIDS Wolf's indie rock credentials fool you. Yes, their debut album, *The Lovvers*, was produced by Arlen Thompson of Wolf Parade and yes, they're from the much lauded indie utopia of Montreal, but their music is as abrasive, visceral and dissonant as Wolf Parade's is danceable. That's not necessarily a bad thing. The Lovvers is fearlessly experimental, each short song an abyss of sawing guitars and dirty drums, while Chloe Lum's gurgling vocals rise to the surface like shreds of carrion from a shark feeding frenzy. But it's certainly not for everyone. Art-punkers whose playlists are replete with The Boredoms and Melt Banana will eat this band up with a spoon; those who are more inclined towards catchy hooks and benevolence are best advised to steer clear. **Alison Lang**

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DELUSIONS OF ADEQUACY



aids wolf

photo: y. grandmont

Okay, so the band has trendy written all over it. Hailing from Canada with lupine-related band name, AIDS Wolf has been one of the most hyped groups in recent memory. *The Lovvers LP* was even produced by Arlen Thompson of prestigious 2005 year-end list-toppers *Wolf Parade*, who also hail from Canada. Are you starting to see the connection? AIDS Wolf's members even have neat little names for themselves such as Special Deluxe, Hiroshima Thunder, Barbarian Destroyer, and Him the Maji. The band's music is some kind of divisive noise, either alienating the casual listener or drawing in those with a curious ear for all things noisy and highly abrasive. I plant myself squarely in the camp of the latter. After months of speculation by numerous critics, I can firmly say that *The Lovvers LP* does not disappoint. Although some might argue that the brevity of the pieces included here prohibit them from attaining the kind of momentum that one might expect, I find that by limiting the scope of the songs through time constraints it allows the group to be that much more highly focused and efficient.

AIDS Wolf comes off like some bastard hybrid of early-80s New York no-wave ala DNA and Sonic Youth meets the more abrasive modern skree of Melt Banana and Ex-Models. "We Multiply" even incorporates sections of blast-beats. "Spit Tastes Like Metal" offers up a clattering junk-heap of scrappy guitars and loose, clanging percussion. Special Deluxe's vocals are wisely buried in the mix at just the right volume. Instead of coming off like some kind of overblown Karen O or Lydia Lunch, her voice is the perfect foil to the jagged noise. "We Multiply" and "Panty Mind" tear it up like some kind of out-of-this-world noise crack that make you want to just hit the repeat button over and over. What with the entire thing clocking in at just over 25 minutes, AIDS Wolf didn't make it too hard to listen to the whole full-length multiple times. In fact, the only track on here that might try listeners' patience is "Some Sexual Drawings," an 11-plus-minute track of screechy hiss, tumbling percussion, and rambling vocals.

To top it all off, Chloe Lum (Special Deluxe) and Yannick Desranleau (???) of AIDS Wolf also make up the screen-print/rock poster design team Seripop. It would seem that everything about AIDS Wolf is some highly pre-planned construct to come off as super cool. As of the writing of this review, every single critical examination of this record has come off as some smug shithead response to put the band in its place for trying to have some fun. I dare you to peruse some of the other online zines and just look at the rhetoric spouted over the scant minutes found on AIDS Wolf's *The Lovvers LP*, then I dare you to listen to the record itself and not enjoy it. I would venture a guess that these same people would have also scowled at records by groups like The Locust, Daughters, and Wolf Eyes, when those groups began their careers, for having the sense to incorporate a little schtick into their performance. Oh no, it's apparently okay for novices like Animal Collective to bang on their instruments and be hailed as "brilliant" and "childlike" but if some noise group applies the same technique, we call it boring and predictable. Forget the hype and bullshit surrounding this band, *The Lovvers LP* offers up some catchy shards of broken no-wave and pummels you into submission.

-Joe Davenport
02/21/06

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Sound Menu

CL's picks for the week's best shows

TUES/06

AIDS WOLF, SUITCASES Canadian noise rockers Aids Wolf crank out fast and frenzied blasts of jittery and distressed rhythms that are wrapped in clusters of confrontational tones. The group hails from Montreal, but is a close cousin to like-minded American acts XBXX, Chinese Stars and the Flying Luttenbachers. Atlanta duo Suitcases plays a drum-heavy set of post-punk, post-dub, noise and experimental music that never stays in one place for too long. **Call for ticket price. 9 p.m. Eyedrum. 404-522-0655. www.eyedrum.org. -- CR**



AIDS Wolf vs. Athletic Automaton *Clash of the Life-Force Warriors* **Skin Graft Records**

I'll give you dollar if you figure out what the hell is going on here. No, really. I actually know silly rabbit. This uber-thoughtful battlefield of noise bandness features Montreal's AIDS Wolf (the locale of super indie importance these days) and Providence's Athletic Automaton (the locale of historic noise orgies thanks to friends of RISD with nothing else to do except build warehouse fortresses). And this is all to being put out on the well-known noise label Skin Graft Records - once squarely located in STL and now sitting in outer-burb O'Fallon, MO (and Vienna, what?). Both AIDS Wolf and Athletic Automaton are recent carnations with only a stabbing of personal material - and thus uniquely situated for the molestation here. The cool aspect of Clash of the Life-Force Warriors is that the tracks vary between AW songs, AA songs, and AAVsAW songs. So, you get each outfit's own material and then what a bastard stepchild would look like when the two make sweet collaborative love. For the hardcore listener, this collaboration comes in one of those gatefold jobs.

AIDS WOLF
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Lovers LP



WHEN I PRESS PLAY, IT MAKES ME FEEL ALIVE



aids wolf

photo: y. grandmont

by Justin Sheppard

At what point, exactly, does noise become art? That question was swimming around my head after listening to the debut from Montreal foursome AIDS Wolf. The *Lovers LP* seems to be nothing more than harsh sonics - grating guitars vying with vocalist Chloe Lum's shrill, discordant delivery to see who can shred your eardrums first. You'd be hard pressed to find any semblance of traditional song structure or much evidence that the band is familiar with the concept of melody, either. If this album is so unlistenable, though, why the hell is it in constant rotation at my house?

Maybe I'm letting my knowledge of their mind-blowing live show cloud my judgment. If nothing else, the band does offer up one of the most chaotic, energized live shows around, blowing through a set in a frenzied, rabid glee that you have to see to believe.

Or maybe I just appreciate the power and energy that the band brings to the music. The *Lovers LP* is little more than an EP in reality, running only a scant twenty-five minutes. AIDS Wolf makes each one of those minutes count, though, cramming every song to the brim with vicious noise. It's an unrelenting assault on your senses, one two-minute fit of violence at a time.

Hell, maybe I just respect them because of their balls. You need some chutzpah if you're going to name your band AIDS Wolf (word has it, the name comes from an urban legend that wolves transmit AIDS instead of rabies). Oh, and did I mention that the band members appear naked on the album's cover?

Maybe it's for the best that I can't quite place my finger on why AIDS Wolf does it for me. After all, Oscar Wilde once said that music is the perfect type of art because it can never reveal its ultimate secret. All I know is that *The Lovers LP* is raw - and flawed. But when I press play, it makes me feel alive, and that's good enough for me.

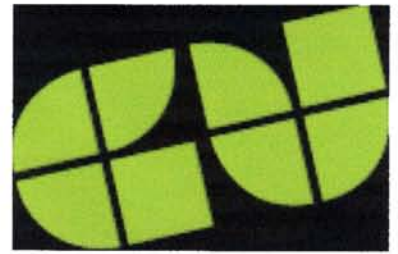


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Bring the Noise: AIDS Wolf is for *Lovvers*



It's a fairly obvious fact that noise, as a genre, isn't for everyone, but that still doesn't explain the out and out vitriol that some tend to spit when you mention the name "AIDS Wolf." The Montreal foursome's music is harsh, it's abrasive, and it's meant to attack your senses, but since they burst through to larger audiences a few years back, they've been a band that critics seem to love to hate.

"I'd rather inspire something than nothing," says vocalist Chloe Lum, before the band's most recent Vancouver gig: a menacing affair at the Emergency Room in Strathcona.

"Honestly, I find it kind of puzzling, because in the scheme of things, we're this small, nobody noise rock band from Montreal that's barely a blip on the radar. But from the very beginning, we'd get this big press in mainstream blogs or magazines just so they could smack talk us," she continues. "I guess we're doing something right if we're making all these fucking indie rock journalists angry. I'd rather be a band that inspires a visceral reaction one way or another."



"I find it surreal to be in a band that anyone is interested in, in the first place at all," notes Chloe with a bit of a smile. "I'm fucking 30 and I've been in bands since I was 15 and active bands since I was 17, and no one's ever cared about any of them. The band that [drummer] Yannick [Desranleau] and I had previously could barely get shows in Montreal. Every single show we played we organized ourselves because nobody cared about our band."

Whether its adoration or revulsion, the band definitely doesn't have to worry about the masses being indifferent any longer, and when they hit Vancouver, they were in the midst of an epic tour that spoke to the growing contingent of AIDS Wolf devotees. "I've got no complaints. New Orleans was shit and Baton Rouge was shittier, but overall it's been a really good tour," says Lum of the sprawling schedule that saw AIDS Wolf perform in 46 cities in 50 days, before they were forced home – one show before the tour's Detroit finale – when she broke her foot during a show in Chicago. While that means the band is sidelined, she and her band mates still have plenty on their plate. Most notably, Chloe and Yannick spend their non-AIDS Wolf time working on the design and screen printing project, Serigraphie Populaire.

"Yannick and I both went to art school, but we went to school for performance and video. We just started doing posters because we were in bands," says Chloe, explaining Seripop's modest beginnings. "Neither of us had a background in design or illustration or anything, but we didn't know any other way to get people to know or care about the shows that we were playing. It's not like we could get press."

Press isn't a problem for either outfit now, and just as AIDS Wolf keeps gaining momentum, Seripop's stature continues to rise. The extended artistic reach of the band now includes a cooperative art space in Montreal that's been dubbed "100 Sided Die."

Inspired by her D&D (look it up if you don't know, jock) obsessed best friend, it's an appropriate moniker for a place that Chloe describes as "a place for the fucking nerds," before adding, "we're on the top story of the tallest building in our neighbourhood and an entire wall's all windows, so there's the death aspect. I'm a reformed goth, so any death reference gets my crank going."



The "ramshackle-y converted" warehouse space now houses 24 artists, and a practice/recording space where the entirety of AIDS Wolf's studio catalogue was recorded, although that statistic is soon to change.

"We recorded an album when we were in California with Weasel Walter producing," says Chloe of the band's forthcoming sophomore full-length, before noting, "but once something is recorded, it's kind of dead... We're at a stage where we just got a new member in March, and the band is kind of going in a different direction, and we're all really excited to go with that and pursue it."

"More proggy and polyrhythmic, but kind of more metal at the same time," replies Chloe when I ask her to describe the way the band's sound is taking shape, and that's just what they display later that night during an intense set. Andre and Myles Broscoe's guitars do their best to assault the packed Emergency Room, as Yannick's drums thunder behind them. As the uniformed men threw noise out from the stage, Chloe spent most of her time shrieking over the din from amongst the crowd.

"We're just interested in being a really brutal band," says Chloe, with a laugh that, after an hour or so, has become incredibly familiar. Mission accomplished, then.

Quinn Omori, 10 Dec 2007

Photos by Gordon Nicholas

VUE WEEKLY

Aids Wolf

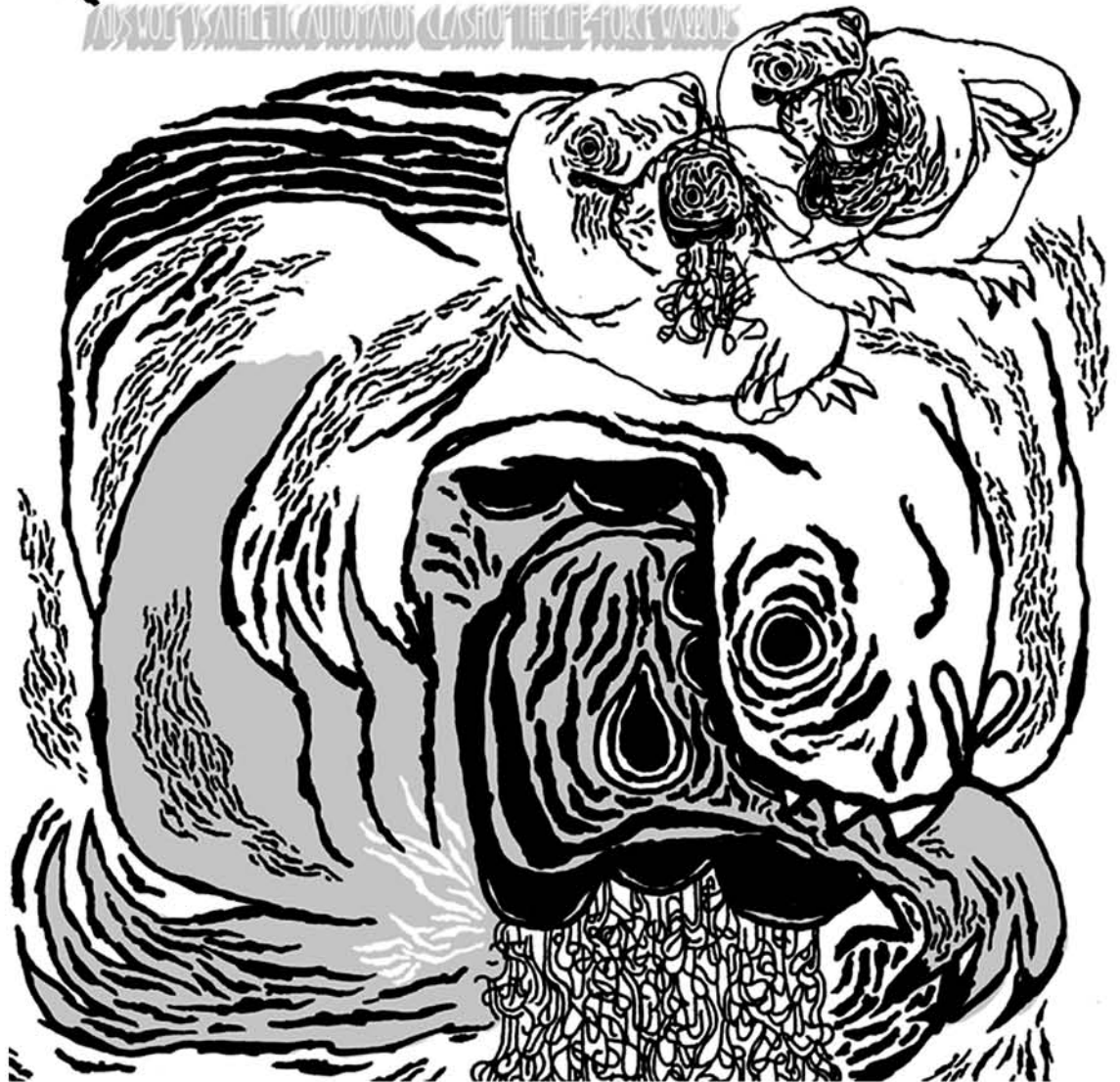
The Lovvers LP

Noise rock with huge balls!
I know this because I've seen
The album artwork

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I have to admit, since I just got done listening to a straightforward thrash record, I'm pretty into this shit. I'd not listened to these bands before, but from what I can gather from the songs here, Athletic Automaton are a thick, mostly instrumental noise-rock group, while AIDS Wolf bring the Arab On Radar-style bad vibes. Naturally, they reference U.S. Maple ("Letter to Al Johnson") and are into fantasy ("Elvish Power"). Seven of the 11 songs on this split are collaborative efforts, and sound about like what you'd expect when combining the weirdness of the A.W. songs with the rock power of the A.A. tunes.

Honestly, I think I like the bands a bit better when they separate – I'm down with AA's "Pantstathlon" and "Olympic Pawns" in particular, while the collaborative "Soul Cannibals" can't be characterized as anything but a sloppy mess. Thankfully, it's only 38 seconds long, and followed by the very Radar "Oh, the Lessening."

Ultimately, this pow-wow between like-minded noise weirdos will be just what fans of either group should dig. For anyone else, the first few notes should be enough for them to know better than to get involved with this sort of unpleasantness. Pretty good stuff. **by Tamec**

AIDS WOLF
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Ever since I saw my first AIDS Wolf concert, more than a year and a half ago, I have been fascinated by the band. This merry band of left of center thinkers have been gracing the world with their self-described slime rock in many formats but for the first time they unleash a full length under the name : The Lovvers LP. Busy lot that they are, they will be touring Europe in February but before that will record a collaborative release with Rhode Island's Athletic Automaton to be released sometime in the future. Three quarters of the quartet of Special deluxe (heretofore known as C.) on vocals, Him (heretofore known as A.) on guitars, Hiroshima thunder (heretofore known as Y.) on drums and Barbarian destroyer were kind enough to answer some of my questions before their CD launch concert (which will be remembered in time in memoriam as an incredible show with American Devices, Cobra Noir and Athletic Automaton opening, complete insanity.)

S: Why am I talking to you?

C: I don't know. (turns to Andre) Why is this guy talking to me?

A: I think he is hitting on you.

S: Yes, with a tape recorder.

C: I hate human beings.

S: As soon as those pictures came out I am sure you expected that following question: What's with the nakedness? Because you know I could never do anything like that.

C: We are Freedom Warriors. Showing that we are comfortable with ourselves we allow the audience to feel comfortable if they don't accept their own imperfections, we embrace ours.

A: The pictures that we releases are simply pictures of us operating in our comfortable natural habitat. Naked in the world, this is where we feel the most free and true to ourselves.

C: And productive.

S: What are the bad or annoying generalizations that that have been made to describe AIDS Wolf?

A: Anything to do with Wolf bandnames.

C: I think the most annoying thing is when people try to talk about us in the context of music. Because what we are doing isn't really music. We are trying to create sounds, create hypnotic tonalities that exist in space. When you are looking at that and criticize it as a "Song" it just doesn't work because we don't work in that paradigm of chorus, notes and riffs.

S: To create an experience...

C: We are building an environment.

A: We are channeling the spirit of Mark McLean and channeling the sounds of our natural habitat and try to reproduce them.

C: We are a lot more interested in recreating the many tones of Mark McLean than "songwriting". That's my biggest beef is people try to analyze our sound in the context of music.

S: So that review in Now Toronto talking about terrible "formless jam" probably pissed you off?

A: It's disappointing.

C: It just isn't a song. We are essentially a jam band. We are like the Grateful Dead. We are much like Phish.

A: Well, yeah (hesitation, turns to Chloe in disgust) Come on, Phish?

C: Aesthetically we are not like Phish but spiritually we are like Phish. We work on grooves and hypnotic jamming. We are a jam band so people that are trying to find a song aren't going to like it, its not a song. It is a groove session.

S: How is supposed to work on record? How is the listener supposed to experience an Aids Wolf record?

C: Preferably at 16 rpm.

A: The recording was meant to be listened to at 16 rpm but due to the limitations of the CD format, that plays it at... 72?

C: I have no idea at what speed a CD turns actually. I know that the LP turns at 33 but you can get turntables that turn at 16. They normally don't manufacture records of that speed so we had to tweak it a little bit ourselves. The best way to experience Aids Wolf is submerged in a shallow bath of lukewarm water. You have the door of your bathroom open and the turntable is in the living room with the speaker turned towards the bathroom. You have this slow dribble of water coming down. The water level is just about your knee and its covering half of your ass but your genitals... Your dorsal area is in the water but your frontal area is not. Your ears is touching the water but the bulk of your ears is above the water so it gives you warm, aquatic feeling, like being inside of a big squid, it makes it really squishy. There is water in your ears a bit but you can still hear the sounds. The record is playing slowly several rooms away and the sounds kind of filters. It is like when you are smoking through a bong and the smoke goes through the water and it cools it and filters it: You get the purity.

A: When you distill the sounds through the bubbles at that point you will reach a perfect state of Nirvana and that's when the spirit of Mark will appear to give you your next mission to accomplish in your life. You will reach a state of peace and harmony with Mark McLean, that is what we strive to do and hope that others will too.

C: You know we also strive to eat a lot of homemade fermented products.

A: Yes!

S: How about the smell in that lukewarm bath?

C: Preferably a homemade sauerkraut. Because fermented food like sauerkraut and kimchi, these foods have bacteria that is good for you. It is important to be healthy.

S: Kimchi is awesome.

C: Yeah, kimchi is great. It is good for you, it helps you shit, it clears up gas, the bacteria helps your immune system. It is very healthy. In all the process food we are eating, everything is over purified, over cooked and pasteurized and vitamins are crap, it is important to eat this living bacteria. Ideally, you have you ceramic container of Kimchi near by and you nibble a little bit -you don't want to eat too much because it is spicy and pungent- and maybe drinking some water or some herbal tea. I really like some matte tea because it is caffeinated but it is herbal so it is better than coffee, and not as rough on your colon. You drink a little bit a little tea and then have another piece of kimchi a bit later. You don't want to go crazy. This is the best way to experience the Lovvers LP.

S: Take two words to describe each members of the band.

C: I could say Mark McLean but I don't think we have reached that level yet. I will say Freedom Warrior.

S: State your case: Why would anyone listen to Aids Wolf or go to an Aids Wolf show?

C: Why not? Why would anybody go to any show? Why would anybody listen to any music? Maybe for distraction, maybe because you are unsatisfied with your life, maybe as a soundtrack to your pathetic pickup.

S: Why you instead of someone else?

C: Ultimately, I don't care. We make these sounds because we are compelled to but what other people are going to do with this is their own choice. We are not able to intervene in other people's freedoms, people have to be masters of their own destiny. If they are to do anything, it has to come from the inside, they have to have the irresistible urge. Once you have the irresistible urge your life is very peaceful and it is very sincere. But if you feel like there is pressure to do anything it is almost invalidating itself, because when there is pressure, there is resentment and we don't want people to feel pressure. We are not pressuring people to listen to Aids Wolf. Aids

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Wolf exists, it is there. People have the choice to listen to it but it will be their own choice. We can't guide them to us, they have to find us. They have to come when they are ready.

A: When there is a burning in their loins, they are ready.

S: If you were stranded on an icy mountaintop after an airplane accident which one of you would you eat first?

C: Barbarian Destroyer

A: Oh yeah, he is beefier and lean and in shape.

C: He works out, but he smokes so he might taste a little assy. There is a lot more meat on him than on any of us.

A: Actually we encourage him to maintain a very healthy workout regimen, at least working out a couple hours everyday, just in case that situation arises. We try to be as prepared as possible for any situations, so we keep him as meaty as possible thinking we could easily survive a couple of weeks on him alone.

C: I don't even think we need to kill him. We could just cut off an arm and survive a bit.

A: Yeah, and he could have some as well.

C: Well, I am not sure about that. He is a muscular young man and going to the gym almost everyday. If we were to have a proper tourniquet or some hot metal to cauterize the wound. I think we could cut off one of his arms and live off it for at least two weeks. There is a lot of meat on it and it is definitely high protein I don't think we would need big amounts. Maybe an ounce or two each should keep us nourished and in good enough shape to attract the rescue.

S: What are most of your dreams about?

C: Most of my dreams involve being in a swimming pool and I see Al Johnson on the other side of the swimming pool. He has no shirt and only one glove on. He moves around in a slow sensual dance. He makes those waves in the pool that don't stop. He makes those string doughy waves. It is like a tsunami of Al Johnson. His flesh comes part of the water and it keeps rippling out more and more. Like Hokusai's Great Wave print. Like that, but of Al Johnson. His body starts overtaking all of the swimming pool and as like the wave of flesh from his stomach and his arms start overtaking I am pushed below the surface of the water and start drowning and all I can hear is (start moaning in a high pitch sometimes throaty thing with a bit of vibrato in for good measures). The sounds are totally vibrant under the water and I am trying to tell him to contract this being back into himself but he can't hear me. I finally pass out and can hear my head thud at the bottom of the pool and then I wake up. Usually I have wet the bed by then.

S: So aquatic is a recurring theme?

C: Well I have been a bed wetter most of my life and it has been a problem in romantic situations.

Y (Who just came in): It is a problem for the whole band. Barbarian destroyer makes the biggest puddles.

S: So touring is really fun and acidic.

C: I have managed to totally destroy my bladder control by chronically masturbating so it is like a constant slow dribble. Luckily, there are products on the market that can help with this problem. So this is why I have a lot of aquatic themes and obsessions. I feel very comfortable being wet because I have been so much and at the same time I feel constantly dirty because of those constant streams of urine coming out of myself. This waste from my own self is constantly escaping me and I feel that being on that bathtub is the only way to escape myself.

A: The dribble becomes natural.

C: The dribble becomes unnoticeable and I feel a lot more comfortable. That's why our next tour will involve swimming pools. We have those little inflatable swimming pools that we have been working on. Like being in the swimming pool and have the amps far enough that we are safe. We are getting wireless setup and very long cords.

S: Would you rather have a tail or a shiny colored ass like a baboon?

C: I'd rather have a tail. Because you can use it as a third hand.

A: If it was a long tail yeah.

Y: I'd rather have a trunk.

C: You can snort a lot of cocaine with a trunk.

Y: I could suck my own dick.

S: What would be your last meal?

A: Barbarian destroyer's arm. Wait, we would have started with his arm, then legs and probably end it with his torso. So his torso. At that point there is nothing left so we're going to starve. I would eat his breast.



C: I would avoid his buttocks.

A: Well, there is probably a lot of meat in there.

C: Well, he has had a lot of staph infections on his ass. I'd be a little squeamish. Barbarian Destroyer, he is a man of the wild. We are all people of the wild in a certain extent but he is a cowboy. He is more like wrangling animals and drilling oil wells and he experiences a lot of friction and staph infections with his buttocks. I would be hesitant to eat that but I would eat the rest. He is a lean and meaty guy.

S: You are involved in the Montreal music scene in other functions than Aids Wolf. How do you feel about it and where would you like it to go?

C: I am really upset that we are never going to play with Slayer. That's my biggest beef. In the holy trinity, they are the father. Black Flag is the son and we are never going to play with either. It's a shame. Your inspiration and heroes no longer exist. It becomes hard to keep motivated.

A: I would like to see more slime rock in the Montreal music scene.

C: definitely would like to build a brotherhood and sisterhood of slime and sleeze and scum. This is a call to arms, Aids Wolf as a band and Aids Wolf as individuals, as poster designers and show promoters ...

A: Professional weight lifters

C: Professional weight lifters, we are making an open invitation for any Montreal bands interested in the manifesto of slime rock or any no-wave inspired band that we will do whatever we can to help these people out and give them a lot of love. We have a lot of love to give and a lot of loyalty. Sometimes we feel that there are not enough people to receive the love we have to give. This is an open invitation for any band that thinks that they musically, sonically, aesthetically, or spiritually relate to what we are doing: Come.

A: Explore the slime from the inner crevices of your soul and extract it in sonic form.

C: Step forward and join us.

A: You are not alone.

C: We are much stronger as a unit, as a coalition. We are trying to form a coalition in Montreal of like-minded bands that we could tour with all over the world and destroy city after city. We'll wet their beds and destroy their clubs. We'll hit on their lead singers and make them feel so much love inside and they won't know what to do. We are inviting any bands to come and join us.

A: Bed wetters everywhere, shouldn't live in shame anymore. The time is now. There are many many beds all over the world, many many dry beds.

: We are the sixth wave of the no-wave. We are calling out. This ar is 2006 and we are going to have a 666 this year, we are asking y bands to join us for our 666 celebrations

Any last comments?

: My face is very hot right now.

- simon thibaudeau | 2006-01-15

from blown speakers:



Monday, November 26, 2007
we multiply

I quite like *Lovvers*, AIDS Wolf's most well known release, but I honestly wasn't expecting the band to be all that great live. I figured they'd be good, and definitely worth seeing (especially with Mutators and Shearing Pinx opening), but they were far, far better than that.

The Emergency Room was packed (if you were there on Halloween, it was almost like that), and the band came ready to throw down. If you've seen any promo photos of the foursome, you'd expect that they're well aware of how to make a spectacle out of something, but there was more to things than just some style over substance. Aurally, the performance was sort of like being assaulted for an hour... if being assaulted were one of the more enjoyable things that could ever happen to you. I've always been drawn more to guitar sounds than anything else when it comes to instrumentation, but Yannick's drumming was something fierce. Again, I like the recordings, but no matter how much I crank up my turntable/ipod, the studio versions can't touch the live experience. The crowd, who were amped and unruly seemed to agree, and Chloe spent most of the set "singing" amongst them.

CRASHIN'IN

Aids Wolf "The Lovvers LP" ***
Lovepump United
<http://www.lovepumpunited.com>

Aids Wolf are a group of Montreal artists that love to play naked in the wilderness. Their howling and haunting female vocals mixed with multiple layers of noise improvisation give you a strong feeling for their sense of freedom. These artschool kids' music will find good ones among fans of Arab on Radar, Captain Beefheart, Hella, Wolf Eyes, Black Dice, and Les Georges Leningrad. On a special note they also have done design work for Arcade Fire, Wilco, Animal Collective, and Hot Hot Heat. Now that's an impressive resume. (release date January 24, 2006)

The Gazette
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AIDS Wolf
The Lovvers LP
Love Pump United Records
Rating 4 Led by the folks behind poster-art duo Seripop, Montreal noise-core band AIDS Wolf isn't here to coddle you. This 25-minute recording features eight tracks of angular riffage, feedback, garbled rants, bleeps, drones and other jarring sonic intrusions. There are also hints of punky pop (Chinese Roulette, Panty Mind) and an overall emphasis on groove - i.e., it's not like these songs are going nowhere. With most tracks clocking in at under two minutes (save for the nearly 12-minute finale), there is a snappiness to the proceedings. That last song, the dark and cluttered *Some Sexual Drawings*, shows that the group is not above a more elaborate exorcising of its demons.
T'CHA DUNLEVY

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aids wolf

photo: y. grandmont



AIDS Wolf, it's safe to say, won't please everybody. They rather obviously have little intention of doing as such either. The female-fronted Canadians' forthright name, frequent naked antics and often almost childishly confrontational approach don't exactly suggest broadsheet blatherings and award show greasings figure in their list of things to achieve before they die. Will that death be HIV-related? Who knows. There's an insistent desire to love them all the same and deal with the consequences in the morning.

They've chosen perfect partners in split album crime with jockwear-obsessed Arab On Radar alumni Athletic Automaton, whatever. Neither have previously shown an interest in anything other than bludgeoning scratch-fests of head-wrecking proportions. And, true to form, 'Clash Of The Life-Force Warriors' – more collaboration than straight split, with the two outfits becoming one for seven of the 11 tracks – is a sprawling spazzed-up osmosis of both bands.

At its best (AA's 'Olympic Pawns') it's Lightning Bolt being slowly forced into a food processor with a hundred weight of marijuana for company. At its worst, there's some bat-shit mad woman (AW's Special Deluxe) screeching with all the coherency of a patient just diagnosed with AIDS Wolf's eponymous affliction. Simply put, fabulously difficult noise not for the faint of ear or patience deprived.

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May 22, 2008

It's boom boom time

By ADAM KREDO

Another explosion is about to batter Israel and this time it's not from the Gaza Strip. Its Montreal-based punk rockers/mental patients, AIDS Wolf and they're bringing their uncontrollable chaos to the Holy Land for a **set of three** unholy shows.

Appropriately sounding like a chorus of rusty boiler pipes colliding in a rundown loft, the offensively titled AIDS Wolf weaves together hardcore punk rock and improvisational techno beats to produce a cacophonous **wall of sound**. The admittedly disturbed quartet, comprised of two-guitars, drums, and some wicked moaning, formed in 2003 and released their latest album, a collaborative "versus" effort with Providence's Athletic Automation, last year.



AIDS Wolf.

Entitled *Clash of the Life Force Warriors*, the disk contains battering drums, guitars that crash like chainsaws and over-the-top vocals reminiscent of a housewife screaming, "Bloody murder." In each track it seems that AIDS Wolf is experimenting with more than just musical sounds and rhythms - they're sculpting pure pandemonium into their tunes.

The self-described "cult's" second full-length disk is set to disturb listeners later this year. Thus, with all the iniquitous sounds AIDS Wolf is set to create on stage, it's best that if you can't handle the noise, you don't show-up. After all, this band caters directly to a sick crowd of noise-rock fetishists.

AIDS Wolf will place their soiled boots in Haifa on May 28 for a show at City Hall. They'll then travel to Jerusalem for a May 29, 9:00 p.m. show at Uganda, and then to Tel Aviv for an 11:00 p.m. show on the 31st at the ever popular Levontin 7. Tickets range from NIS 40 to NIS 70 depending on location and time. Further ticketing information can be found at aurismedia.com.

AIDS Wolf vs. Athletic Automaton - (Skin graft)**Clash of the Life Forces**

Ilana Kronick

A sprawling creepshow oozing with gaudy glitter, eerie ferocity and erotic horror, this cross of free-art noise projects comes up quite triumphant in its stab at head-spinning drama. The punk is raw, the funk is cloaked and perverted and the shrill vocal dances coming from distant, disoriented corners tell the cryptic story in ways more calculated than they appear. Gritty moods like this are hard to set.

★★★★

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IMPOSE

CLASH OF THE LIFE-FORCE
WARRIORS

**AIDS WOLF/ATHLETIC
AUTOMATION**

SKIN GRAFT

Collaborating on some songs and leaving others to one another's core crews, Montreal's ultra-hyped Aids Wolf and Providence's Athletic Automation (ex-Arab On Radar) have combined their noise and mayhem riddled styles to create an intense, occasionally taxing, and adrenaline pumping piece of who-knows-what. Suspended somewhere between all-out aural nonsense, dissonant, screechy vocal hardcore, and trudging acid riffs, the resulting album is pretty much unclassifiable. While certain segments grate with their abrasive repetition or lack of even the faintest melody, the overall effect is almost always gripping. It's definitely not a suitable soundtrack for knitting, but if you've recently given up espresso or blow and need a jumpstart this will surely do the trick. **BM**

ROCK- SOUND

AIDS WOLF / ATHLETIC AUTOMATION [7]

'CLASH OF THE LIFE-FORCE WARRIORS'



(SKINGRAFT)

Not a split album in the expected sense of two bands handing over tracks and getting a bit of a disc to themselves without the twain ever

meeting, this is a more involved beast. It features both individual tracks and collaborations between Montreal's AIDS Wolf and Rhode Island's Athletic Automaton, one of the myriad splinters resulting from the breakup of Arab On Radar. Stephen Mattos, the ex-AOR man in question, fills AA's guitar position in a distortion-crazed rotgut style that suggests he'd like to be in High Rise, Musica Transonic, or some similar cult Japanese proposition. AIDS Wolf play cartoonish no wave with a pop heart belying a taste for screeching discomfort, and the team-up tracks are, helpfully, somewhere between these two poles.

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NOEL F GARDNER



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AIDS Wolf

The Lovvers LP

Ilana Kronick



Notwithstanding the time they undoubtedly took to finally craft and de-craft this collection of lovely, painful noise, *The Lovvers LP* has the mad feel of improv punk. That said, you can hear the sloppy intent stuffed inside the cacophony, and sometimes even detect a little guided-whatever in Chloe's passion squeals. See, the success of Aids Wolf lies in their ability to balance caring and not-caring and, to their credit, it results in the freest of sounds. Throw in the run-free hippy factor (and, oh yeah, those famous naked boobs) and you have a pretty cool thing.



AIDS Wolf – 'The Lovvers LP' (Lovepump)

By the time this review goes up on the world wide interspazz there's a good chance that many of you will have heard of, if not actually heard, AIDS Wolf such is the word of mouth buzz these guys are generating. Attention from the likes of Pitchfork, The New York Times and general geek chatter has meant that this bands debut LP has been highly anticipated, at least by me anyway. Add to all that the fact that two of the members are the artists behind the highly acclaimed design team Seripop and how can you not be excited?

Recorded with the help of Arlen 'Wolf Parade' Thompson, 'The Lovvers LP' is a jarring, clattering audio mess that you expect to fall apart at any given second. It is soaked in drones, wails and barely metered freak-outs. It is the sound of a prog band being mugged in an alley by chanting metal pirates. It is both inharmonious and yet accessible (for point of reference please see the startlingly good 'Panty Mind'), it is in short bloody marvellous. Seek and destroy y'all!

Luke Drozd

On an additional note, it seems some Canadians arent the hip young go-getters we all thought they were and CBC Radio 3 is thinking of banning play of AIDS Wolf on air. BOO! Use the link below to cast your vote before Friday 3rd Feb and help direct the good people of Canada back in the right direction <http://radio3.cbc.ca/blogs/2006/01/H...inst-AIDS-Wolf>

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LEFT HIP MAGAZINE

AIDS Wolf vs Athletic Automaton

Clash of the Life-Force Warriors
Skin Graft, 2007

What's noisier and more straight-up fucked in the head than a new record by Montreal sound terrorists AIDS Wolf or Providence life-force warriors Athletic Automaton? How about a record featuring both bands, in a *Clash of the Life-Force Warriors*?

This Skin Graft release features typically awesome artwork from the Seripop group that features two members of AIDS Wolf and a few songs each by the individual bands and a bunch of songs featuring members of both groups. Pat Crump's insane drumming is in full-effect as always as is Special Deluxe's bratty, disturbed wail on the AIDS Wolf songs. Throw in a ton of retardedly dissonant guitars and you've got a good noise-rock record.

This sounds less aggressive than I would have expected from either band - a bit slower and more psychedelic. Is this noise growing up and getting old or just a sign that the bands were actually having some playing playing together. Whatever the case, it's still a big sleazy slab of angular riffs and rhythms all askew amidst a sea of distortion, disorienting effects and nightmarish incantations.

Gordon B. Isnor



AIDS Wolf vs. Athletic Automaton

Clash of the Life- Force Warriors

By: Theresa Guihan

You gotta love an album with a concept. Especially when the concept of an album involves two fucking cool bands getting together and BATTLING it out in a studio and producing something that doesn't make your brain feel like it's being pulverized by a herd of buffalo. That is precisely what Montreal's AIDS Wolf and Providence's Athletic Automaton have done. *Clash Of The Life-Force Warriors* is ten songs worth of pure fucking chaos, but it's surprisingly pleasant to listen to.

Both AIDS Wolf and Athletic Automaton contribute two solo tracks, and collaborate on six others. Although the album flows for the most part (an admirable feat when you improvise much of your music and lyrics) the solo contributions from Athletic Automaton are better than any of the collaboration work. The album opens with "Pantstathlon," which is brilliant in its seeming simplicity. Several chords dominate the song, which is purely instrumental. The next track, "Letter to Al Johnson," is by far the best of the AA/AW contributions. Special Deluxe's vocals sound closer to incantations than rock and roll and that ain't necessarily a bad thing. "Collecting Past Debts," "Tears & Blowjob," and "Elfish Power" are all pretty good, but the next great track is AA's "Olympic Pawns." The sound is so layered that it sounds like you're listening to fifteen songs at once, but it works. The notable absence of AA on "Oh, the Lessening" is a good thing; the stripped-down sound makes the vocals stand out that much more. Fast forward to the 1:30 mark in "Dew Covered Plumage" to hear some of the most frightening noises ever produced by a human being.

Clash Of The Life-Force Warriors is loud, brash, and remarkably enjoyable—as any good noise rock album should be. The collaborations are amazing, but the solo tracks seem to stand out more. Check out the two bands by themselves first, and pick up this album once you're thoroughly obsessed.

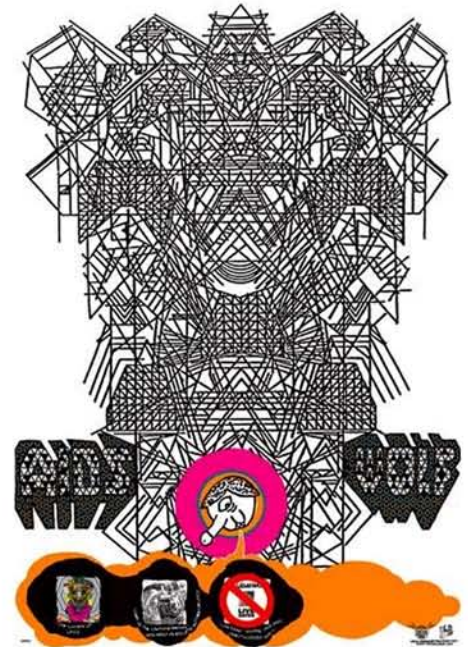
(Skin Graft 2006: www.skingraftrecords.com)

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Jay Jay Erickson



Some of the heavy thumping sounds I'm hearing just might be attributed to my neighbor's lack of love for this loud debut release by Montreal's Aids Wolf, appropriately titled *The Lovvers LP*- but I can't be sure. Something tells me they could also be making reckless love, or exercising, hiding behind the drones coming from my apartment.

I do know this LP has been a long time coming, considering the band started reeking havoc on audiences since forming back in 2003. Up until now, it was all about the live setting; opening for Animal Collective, Les Georges Leningrad, Death from Above 1979, mostly playing locally and building a formidable reputation in the process. (There was one such local loft space performance I'll never forget, where Aids Wolf literally ear-infected everyone within their grasp. My eyes received some deluxe treatment though, because it was in that space that they performed before a fantastic window view of the city, located high on the twelfth floor of a near-empty industrial warehouse on rue De Gaspé in the Plateau district. This is also where I got lost, alone, before someone saved me from my inevitable horror film death sequence.)

The Lovvers LP- recorded with Arien Thompson of Wolf Parade- hits you with a couple solid right hooks, periodical jabs, then retreats to its corner, until the next time you slap it on. And it does so over the course of just 25 short minutes, in what some writers would tend to call "the old fashion punk-rock tradition." But that's about as old fashioned as it gets. Simple descriptions don't easily stick to this foursome hell-bent on modern excess, a vision naturally built on the framework of previous noise rock pioneers, as much as the coexisting indulgence of the similarly named Wolf Eyes. "Jarring" is an adjective frequently used to describe its occasionally harsh attack, but there is also that "angularity" found in the explosive art works of someone like Captain Beefheart, vaguely exploited here on a track like "Vampire King".

A friend told me in passing: "I can't understand a thing they're saying," which certainly isn't a false observation, and surprisingly, it's also not beside the point at all (although the comment was likely meant to be negative). In fact, it's relevant to the intensity. It's intentional, and for some, that kind of art performance aspect goes a long way in softening the blow, and appreciating the excesses. I'm not kidding, you better be ready; this is loaded with brutality, clanging, and a fearless devotion to high-pitched drones. Luckily, this isn't completely devoid of structure (back to those precision jabs mentioned earlier). By the time they hit their stride on the 11 minute "Some Sexual Drawings"- the walls come crashing down- and my neighbors are exposed, just like Aids Wolf masterfully planned it.

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BEDLAM SOCIETY

Review by: Levi Soulodre

AIDS Wolf - The Lovvers LP

Are you ready to experience the noisy, chaotic sounds of Montreal's burgeoning art-pop music-sphere? AIDS Wolf shackle up their blend of feedback, yelping and pleasure-seeking guitar-driven escapades with their debut album *The Lovvers LP*, an aptly named album for a strangely-named band who really couldn't give shit about writing a conventional, mainstream rock song.

The *Lovvers LP* can pretty much be summarized as unbridled, spazz-pop. Unfortunately, the howling vocals (or cries, perhaps) are mixed fairly low so that even if one were to try to understand what AIDS Wolf sings about, they would lose themselves in a smothering of spit-firing guitars that remain tortured right to very last feedback squeal.

The music is just as the band's name would suggest: diseased and savage. "Vampire King" provides a schizophrenic romp, while "We Multiply" embraces arguably the band's strongest element, that being the interplay between jittery, dancing guitars. "Opposing Walls" begins with an ominous climbing beat, which then reaches its' apex with an almost laughable burst of throat-tearing, banshee-like yelping. Although perhaps inaccessible for some, the album nevertheless prevails in demonstrating how these musicians employ their love of self-indulgent noise and utter disillusionment with anything that is deemed fashionable or proper in contemporary Western society (view liner notes for interminable proof!) Their natural enthusiasm and shameless, primal honesty is something to be admired.



OCTOBER 29, 2007

Weekly Music Agenda



>> AIDS Wolf has one of the best, most ridiculous band names we can remember. The name fits, as they play completely nuts noise rock. They come to the Velvet Lounge with Old Time Relijun, which sounds like a more acoustic version of the Jon Spencer Blue Explosion, and Double Dagger, from Baltimore.

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Aids Wolf vs. Athletic Automaton

Clash of the Life Force Warriors

(Skin Graft)

US release date: 14 November 2006

UK release date: 15 January 2007

by Vladimir Wormwood

Though it clocks in at just over half an hour, *The Clash of the Life Force Warriors* will obviously not be taken lightly. For many, the 10 tracks from the (often combined) genius of AIDS Wolf and Athletic Automaton will be an interminable assault. For others the time will fly, in a joyous celebration of shrieking intensity. And some will be bewildered by the labyrinth of noise.

Who are the Life Force Warriors? Shall we take a literal approach and assume that the bands are both of this breed and the record is document to their meeting? Are they spectators here to tell the tale in "song"? Do the warriors have some malevolent agenda against the forces of life? Do they wreak havoc and destruction? Occasionally this is very believable. Or rather is this the sound of defense? Do they embody life and all of its intensity? Lyrical clues are non-existent, as vocals are far from intelligible and no lyric sheet is provided. Certain tracks lend themselves to an epic

tale: "Olympic Pawns", "Soul Cannibals", "Ending of an Old Regime". And yet there's also "Tears and Blowjob" to throw you off track. Perhaps the crude illustrations of toothy monsters, four-eyed, bearded men in distress, and a particularly hairy or ethereal wizard have some bearing on all this. But there isn't enough, and all the aspects seem to only align as some vague and uneasy puzzle, much like the aural clash.

Athletic Automaton begin the disc with "Pantsthalon". The track sounds distant, from the bottom of the sea, before a numb guitar begins riffing. Drums bash and rumble forth and the sea begins to boil. The guitar is obscured in wah-wah-ed static fuzz which seems to gain primacy when coupled with the uneasy pummeling of drums. While this is dense and repetitive, it does not sound sloppy. Even in the coda of almost entirely disguised guitar, the hazy wash twists and sways to its internal logic.

And it is time for AIDS Wolf to answer back. They do so with the punky "Letter to Al Johnson". The Wolf seems to have more of the trappings of conventional songwriting in their repetition of shouts and guitar figures, but they retain a similar high commitment to noise. Guitars and vocals seem secondary to the massive beating drums and bleeding, shaking distortions. These often prime instruments are used to provide texture to the massive texture that is the songs. There are levels of distortion which, at the best moments, seem disconnected from the identifiable sources. A wailing drone is above and around "Collecting Past Debts", swirling on upon itself and then stopping, then changing, then hissing. These apparitions, these haunts, perplex and also beckon. Precisely those aspects that will lead some to dismiss the music as all sounding the same, or sounding plainly unpleasant, will be the heart of others' fascination.



Listening to this I cannot help but wish I were seeing it played live. The appreciation of droning levels of distortion, feedback and static sound like dull approximations of the waves of din one would be subsumed in at a concert. Is this a failing of the music, the record or me?

My sense is that I am merely uninitiated in the ways of noise. The production is dynamic and interesting, sometimes documenting the fray but quick to highlight a guitar line when necessary. While I am interested, I feel that I still need some stipulation applied to my understanding. This would work well as an experience but on record doesn't it falter from exactly what I would lose myself in? It all begins to bleed together as you work your way through it. Isn't that the point? It's like a nightmare vision of Phil Spector's "wall of sound," with all the sounds turned up too high and the speakers blowing out.

I am more intrigued by Athletic Automaton, whose solo tracks sound like bizarre takes on jazz or dance music. They build and work through themes allowing for subtle variations. It is like a slow and heavy improvisation. Even when dense, even in its repetition, it sounds open and strange. "Olympic Pawns" flirts with song structure in its variations on a through line, an alternately shrieking and droning guitar. Sometimes it is accompanied only by a monotonous bass drum, sometimes machine gun snare reports, sometimes riffing drums and further layers of squealing guitar. It drags but there are subtleties, intricacies, to this cacophony.

"Ending of an Old Regime" closes the set, with AIDS Wolf and Athletic Automaton combining with as much fervor as ever. It plods forth like a hellish dirge. Shaky screams and massive drums surround a guitar which would not be out of place in Black Sabbath. Above are piled disembodied, aimless yelps and squeaks of, presumably, guitar. It gets more and more dense, and the guitar locks in with the drums, creating a gut-punch girding over which the vocals and ghost-guitars howl. It gets hot, concentrated and then it drawls and stutters to a stop. And while you're totally expecting it, the "surprise" wails out of nowhere with such an unearthly quality that you may actually jump. It's nice to know that rock can still sound threatening.



Thespacelab.tv

AIDS WOLF: The Lovvers LP

Written by: **Corey Tate**



I have to admit I really like music like this. I'm a total sucker for arty, noisy music. Lots of people call that kind of music pretentious, but I think pretentious is just another word for someone's inability to reach out to a far out concept.

On **The Lovvers LP**, **AIDS WOLF** have laid down eight tracks of droney, noisy, atmospheric, in your face music. If it seems weird to call it in your face and atmospheric at the same time, that's completely intentional. The lyrics of Chloe Lum demand your attention from the background while the music goes back and forth between noisy punk and atmospheric drones. This is the kind of music you can put on after a nice relaxing day when you want to get all worked up.

There's sharp, off-kilter chords, frenetic cymbal crashes, and brittle melodies set to break apart if you squeeze them too hard. Not for the timid, but very interesting if you have an open mind. If you like early Sonic Youth or xbrx you'll love **AIDS WOLF**. If you live in an apartment building this is a great record to put on very loudly on repeat to annoy your neighbors - good times!

If you listen to top 40 you should avoid this album or anything else of good experimental quality to listen to the blather of boring music the top 40 has to offer. But if you listen to top 40 music, chances are you're nowhere near this review or Spacelab at all for that matter.

Spit Tastes Like Metal

The first track that pretty much sets the tone for the album. Noisy and sharp like a blinking light that goes on and off to the point that it sets you on edge. Like most of the songs on the album, it stays under two and a half minutes.

Some Sexual Drawings

Conversely, the only long song on the album, clocking in at almost 12 minutes. It's **AIDS WOLF**'s epic Illiad — this song is an instrumental (mostly) workout of noise, chaos, and sharp spiky notes. Listen to hard and your ears might bleed. There's a whole cosmos of sound here.

RATING: *** 4 out of 5 stars**

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October 31, 2007 by John Foster



Keeping The Mouse in The House at The Velvet Lounge.

Or: Aids Wolf / Double Dagger / Old Relijun @ The Velvet Lounge
First and foremost - I am sooooo sorry I did not have a camera with me.
Now on to the show.

Thanks to the glory that is the internet, I have become very good friends with people I have never seen face to face previously. Due to the intensely small world of graphic design and particularly poster design, I know the bulk of the players in varying degrees of closeness. Such is the draw to make my way to the Lounge on a Tuesday night. I rarely come to the club as parking always seems to be a drag and I actually have things in my car that would bum me out if they were stolen. **I also have a predisposed disdain for tiny rooms without a bar in them (this means you too Black Cat back room) that more or less cause a situation where the band competes with booze for an audience.** I always thought these were the forces that come together to make live music work but then again I don't run a club.

Chloe and Yannick (the only "Yannick" - I know a few "Chloes") are one half of Montreal's **Aids Wolf**, but more importantly to me they are Seripop, my favorite designers practicing today. Insanely mind-blowingly good designers. I also know them as pretty serious introverts so I am curious what their stage show holds. It turns out I needn't have worried.

Chloe is wrapping herself around the stage and mic cord immediately much in the way her vocals dart in and out of the cacophony.

The dueling guitarists set a trebly mix that pushes and pulls itself apart and then makes up faster than you can kiss goodbye. Chloe makes her way through the audience holding hands and bouncing off folks trying to recapture some of the energy they had the night before to no avail. Bruce notes during the tiniest break in their set the one joy of playing noise rock in a small setting. No rudeness. "You can't talk through this when it's going on. That's for sure."

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Chloe sports an amazing haircut as she has her locks in essentially an Aniston bob but it is buzzed in a three inch swath straight across her head making an invisible strap holding her brain in. Yannick tries to compete with his wild beard and uncontrollable doo on one side with a buzz cut on the other. I barely notice his hair or much else once he starts playing though. A dervish on the drum stool he propels the songs along with such manic force and energy that it is hard to take your eyes off him. Which sucks as I have been desperately trying to.

You see, he is wearing super short shorts to play in. He is French Canadian so I try to excuse this but I can't.

I am just praying that all of his bouncing around on the outside of his shorts does not cause anything to bounce right on out of there.

When they bracingly halt their playing to finish their final song for the night, I am both exhausted and relieved. When Yannick changes into pants immediately after I can barely contain my laughter. I have known them for years and I finally get to see them (almost too much of them!) so big sweaty post show hugs are in order.



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band photos by yannick grandmont

