

Issue

#1

Indie + Hardcore

# RED MELLOW

a new distortion.

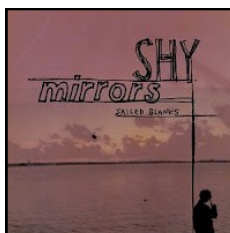
## DECADES AWAY

Underslander EP



**Kurt Vile**

Philadelphia, USA



**Shy Mirrors**

Stockholm, SWEDEN

**ALSO!**

**Model Citizen**

BREATHALYZERS

**Munchie Recipe**

CHOC— CHIP COOKIES.. MMMMM

Introducing:

**The Indi-o-meter!**

## BRISBANE +3

### + The Cairos

Roaring indie rock with fuzz, loudness, and some seriously catchy tunes.

**Release:** *Colours Like Features*

### + Dirtybird

Distorted sound trio, gargling vocals with a keen ear for dissonant noise

**Release:** *None yet*

### + Dick Nasty

The epitome of brutal, chaotic, illiterate punk. Nasty.

**Release:** *Funny Thing Happened To Me On The Way To The Grave*

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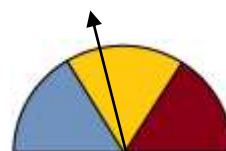
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## What is the Indi-o-meter?

That coloured meter you see throughout the zine is the indi-o-meter. Indie rock is such a vast genre that it can't be defined in one heading. So for simplicity's sake, the Indi-o-Meter places a band's sound among 3 coloured sounds of Indie rock:



**Blue** = *Soft* (Dreamy, Sensitive, Psychedelic)

**Yellow** = *Landfill* (Safe sound, generic songwriting, predictable)

**Red** = *Aggressive* (Heavy guitars, Dissonant, Abrasive)

# Welcome

*Pirated internet is awesome. It's a rebellion against every corporate whore in the world. Rebellion is nothing new, but the funny thing is that unlike pas attempts, we're actually smart enough to make our rebellion work fucking fantastically. Hahaha. Take that flower power, and take that punk, you crusty idealists got nowhere like we have. We're making the big suits actually shit themselves. We've got CEO's wondering seriously what the fuck just hit them. We have companies, lawsuits, whole agencies; whole governments, trying desperately to stop the rebellion. But it's too smart, and too late for them. We won. And now it's a worldwide revolution.*

*Everything's changed again. Radio gave you a few channels to choose from- and now the internet gives you millions. So unfortunately the amount of garbage out there has multiplied exponentially. It's inescapable, and hopefully it doesn't consume you. But finding fresh music is harder than ever.*

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## RED MELLOW

A music zine formed in reaction to the current mediocrity in music. Not only is mainstream music mediocre (naturally), but even independent bands without labels are beginning to sound similar to each other. People say it's a result of musical exhaustion from 60 years of using the same 6 chords; maybe, or maybe people aren't looking hard enough..

On the surface, mediocrity en masse has been the flavour of the recent years in music. Sorry mainstream press; revivals just don't cut it, and neither does Nickelback. You would think that with all this interconnection, with the internet and all, new sounds should be everywhere. And they are; the internet has done that. But with so, so much crap, those little gems; those Pixies of today, the Velvet Undergrounds of now; are no match to the vast majority of generic chunder that smothers those geniuses before they fuck shit up.

So here at Red Mellow, the aim is for you to hear the better stuff. The new, creative sounds that the world; and especially Brisbane, has to offer. The underground of last millennium lost to the mainstream giant- it's been raped, dated and packed for the masses. So for those who are keen on hearing something that's actually new and fresh, keep reading, while Red Mellow busts its ass trying to find them.

This zine is music based- particularly focusing on Brisbane. You'll read about band profiles, album reviews, local fresh acts, and even some live reviews. But yes, the zine writes other non-music stuff. Ever wanted to know how to beat the breathalyzer? Or what food is best for the munchies? Heaps of random shit like that will hopefully keep you reading and keep you from using the paper for spit wads.

Above everything else, Red Mellow would love any contribution from you; the reader. Big or small, whatever subject. Send it in and it will be read.

# DECADES AWAY

## Underslander EP

Released: 15 July 2011 (Independent)

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Decades Away is a 5-piece hardcore band from Ipswich, releasing music since 2010. After listening to an endless supply of creatively deflated, formulaic and predictable music, the Queenslander's *Underslander* pierces straight through any preconceptions of what a hardcore album can sound like. Sure, call it an in-bred fusion of mathcore or post-hardcore or experimental rock, but what's agreeable is that this is one hell of a hardcore album. From the first track *Smiling is Frowned Upon* to the final 9 minute epic *A Great Sense of Rumour*, the immensely powerful screams from vocalist Cam's mouth are always aggressive.

Dissonance and clashing notes are everywhere—assaulting the ears from all angles. Yet miraculously Decades Away transcends the primal soup of dissonance for brief moments of melody and rhythm, which is pure bliss.

And where numerous other hardcore bands (not going to name names) use whiny, nasal pre-pubescent vocals for their melodic sections, the vocals in *Underslander* are clean, but solid like a brick. They are no way near as controlled and levelled as other hardcore bands' vocals; yet this in itself makes this a good change. The screams sound as natural as that coming from a human that has a real, legit reason to scream. They are unpredictable, untamed and just sound... really darn good.

The guitars in the tracks grind through heavy pumping riffs then jump to screeching dissonant licks high up in the neck all before you realise what's going on. Breakdowns are laced throughout and sound different every time. Personal favourite song from the EP is *Organ Donors Put Their Heart into It*. It has variety throughout to keep you on your toes. In 7/4 shit sounds way more hectic and I would be truly scared to listen to this album while on mushrooms or LSD.

The unique combination of time signature changes, dynamic guitars and dissonant

melodies add much needed variety that lacks in so many hardcore albums. In some way, dissonance, especially to those who listen to a lot of music, is a wonderful break from the same chord structures and patterns. It gives you the chance to let the music literally force you to listen to every note because you have no idea what's coming

next. Despite the album having this noisy trait throughout, *Underslander* closes on *A Great Sense of Rumour*, with extended melodies where the band explores every avenue of their song-smithing. From sweet strumming to heavy, droning breakdowns—it finishes at the album's most peaceful place.

The album is ultimately OK-Computer era Radiohead for the modern day heavy-loving hardcore crowd. The vocals and chaotic dissonance are what makes this album worthy of listening to with your full anarchic attention. Great for breaking stuff to.



# INTERNATIONALS

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## Kurt Vile Philadelphia, USA

**Label:** Matador

Ever since I heard this guy on 4ZZZ, I've been hooked. For one man, the sounds created by **Kurt Vile** are everything you want plus more. Combining layered indie guitar melodies, lush arrangements and something from the Rolling Stones, Vile makes you feel guilty for listening to such nice music. Each song has its own sound and uniqueness. *Smoke Ring For My Halo*; definitely my favourite album. However *Freak Train* from his 2009 release *Childish Prodigy* is up there as a standout track. He's an escape from bland ear drilling power pop bands that are dime a dozen. Vile's a cleanser, a noise maker, an original; true legend.

Fond of the acoustic guitar as he is, it brings a sense of sadness because if this lad chucked on something with more power, his songs would be the modern day equivalent of Sonic Youth's *Daydream Nation*- noisy, but this time round structured enough and new enough to actually sound good to the masses. Vile's voice in itself has tubular, warm and gritty qualities that are brought out with his lo-fi production methods. He's so legendary he even charted in the Billboard 200. As said before, not bad, but probably not the end. This guy should be listened to with full attention; lyrics, music and feel are all there.



**Notable Tracks:** "Puppet to the Man", "Jesus Fever" - *Smoke Ring for my Halo (2011)*  
"Freak Train" - *Childish Prodigy (2009)*

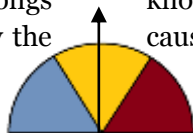
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## Shy Mirrors Stockholm, Sweden

**Label:** Big School Records

Hailing from the homeland of The Cardigans and ABBA, comes Swedish indie rock band **Shy Mirrors**. From the first guitar riff of their album *Sailed Blanks*, one could easily mistake them for Dinosaur Jr. B-sides. Lyrics that talk about American cities and guitars influenced by British punk make this band a collage of indie 'genericness', leaving any foreign influences safely back in Sweden. Their catchy melodies and awesome guitar tone help compensate for their 35-year old punk influences and chugging power chords. I'm sure these songs would be so much fun to play; probably the

reason why they're still doing it. With their longest song going for a mere 3:06 (*Lose Cool*), the whole *Sailed Blanks* album is over in a flash, but nothing really stands out over the monotonous wall of fuzz. On the indie-o-meter, Shy Mirrors have won a spot in the yellow zone; generic, but who gives a shit-. That fuzz tone alone will make the album listenable. Shy Mirrors can be applauded for their ability to create an album that is actually hard to distinguish between each song. But maybe that was the plan; who knows. Shy Mirrors- an indie band without a cause, but still a fun album.



**Notable Tracks:** Any song from *Sailed Blanks (2011)*- all sound the same.

# BRISBANE +3

A section devoted entirely to the indie and hardcore scenes in Brisbane and surrounding areas. 3 bands each issue.

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## The Cairos

*Island Records*

mmmm. This Brisbane band sure has some real tasty songs. Getting a bit of the Wavves sounds, but these guys sound like they know what to do with their guitars. Opening for the likes of Powderfinger, Jet and the Temper Trap don't come as a surprise. The song structures are exciting, and the lead guitar streams melodies under the aggressive, melancholic vocals. The Cairos sound like a homebrand buzzsaw that's been tamed in a garage with nothing more than catchy melodies and a hint of creative flair.

**Listen to:** *Listening Party* and *Whales*

### See More:

- <http://www.myspace.com/thecairos>
- <http://www.triplejuneearthed.com/THECAIROS>



## Dirtybird

*LoFi Records*

Dirtybird's singer Dylan Brisco has got a real tubular grinding voice, and it sounds legit. Even though his vocals sometimes become a gargle, it sure sounds the part. The song *Chasin* seems reminiscent of the rhythm in Custard's song *Apartment*. But back on topic, Dirtybird are able to roll out the tunes with "fuck your ears" song sensibility and a dabble of dissonance for good measure. Nothing like a distorted guitar bend that punctures through your inner ear drum. They rock, they make noise, they make chaos and sing about god only knows what, and if they get any more edgier they'll cut themselves. Cool sound, cool pulse. What more could you ask for.

**Listen to:** *Like an Animal*, *Chasin'* & *Fuzz Daisy*

### See More:

- <http://www.facebook.com/Dirtybirdsbrisbane>
- [http://www.triplejuneearthed.com/Dirtybird\(isaband\)](http://www.triplejuneearthed.com/Dirtybird(isaband))



## Dick Nasty

### *Kill The Music*

One of the most manic and aggressive bands I've ever heard. Throwing every songwriting convention out the window, Dick Nasty makes not music, but slightly arranged noise. Despite their total violent and brutal sound, they are able to inject a sense of humour into what could otherwise be music you could beat yourself to death to. Names of songs such as "*His Music Doesn't Do Much For Me But Paul Weller Was Great In Robocop 2*" show the seriousness of Dick Nasty's musical efforts; obviously not expecting to be winning a Grammy anytime soon. Lead singer Geordie's drunken rants about god-only-knows what, and the lack of correct spelling, give their sound some sense- a primal, violent rage. If any song went over 2 minutes you'd probably go tone deaf instantly.

**Listen to:** Droog, Where's my Car & It's Not Scotch, It's Wiskey

**See More:**

- <http://www.myspace.com/thedicknasty>



## MuNchiE RECIPE

Really satisfy those cravings with these proven recipes

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### Seriously Good Choc-Chip Cookies

**Ingredients:**

- 250g butter
- 1 cup caster sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp Vanilla Essence
- 2 Eggs
- 2¾ Self Raising Flour
- 2 Cups Oats
- At least 100g Chocolate Chips

**Method**

1. Preheat 190°C (180°C Fan Forced)
2. Mix Butter, sugars and vanilla essence with electric mixer (until fluffy)
3. Add eggs, beating between each one
4. Stir in flour, oats and chocolate chips
5. Lightly grease oven trays
6. Place heaped tablespoons of mixture onto trays
7. Bake for **12 minutes** (or until lightly browned)
8. Let cool and slightly harden for **5 minutes**
9. Eat while still warm. Seriously nomnomnomnom

# Music aLIVE

**BLACK LIPS (USA)**

**1<sup>st</sup> March 2012**

**Coolangatta Hotel**

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For a gig at the Coolangatta Hotel I was seriously expecting to walk into a room full of beach bums and surfer hippies. But to my surprise it was swarming with a nice combination of indie kids, stoners and scantily clad women. After plenty of alcohol and 3 opening acts, including *The Beautiful Girls* and the 11-piece indie-noise outfit *Velociraptor*, Black Lips met the dimly lit stage with a cheering mass. On record these guys sounded kind of... cheery and soft, which reinforced their self-confessed 'flower punk' sound. But it's a completely different story live. Guess you should never judge a book by its cover, eh?

With amps so loud they clipped the PA, I don't think any song went for more than three minutes- but those three minutes were full of pure noise, biting guitars and happy stabs to the ears. The drunken crowd responded to the explosion onstage with an equally chaotic mosh pit. You could feel the floor vibrating, like an equalizer in the floor. It was fun, frantic and full of release- what everyone needs on a Thursday night. Bouncers tried to control the frenzy, with dozens being thrown out the doors. But The Black Lips fuelled the pit's fire and they didn't give a drunken shit.

Lead vocals varied from song to song- but their screaming harmonies and Zeus-sounding vocal effects were able to pierce through the noise with ease. The Rickenbacker bass pulsed through the whole room, and the Tom Morello look-a-like guitarist stomped down his biting distortion to push the true wall of sound further. It was cool to see the opening acts down in the pit jumping away to their headlining brethren. Some of them were kicked out as well. What a shame.



Black Lips knew how to put together a great set list; changing their songs between intense and less intense, helped the people slightly understand when a new song started. But it wasn't until the second half until they started pulling their big songs out. With the opening lines, "This songs about art", Black Lips started *Modern Art*. From then on till the end the crowd were screaming along to every note of noise. The combination of the Black Lip's crowd provoking and the last song *Bad Kids* finally broke the bouncers' hold, and the stage was swarmed with happy punters. The song was the last; and surprisingly fiercest burst, of 2 minute joy. I'm sure they would have answered the encore pleas, only if the photographer didn't fight the bouncer and dudes on stage didn't start flashing their penises. Can you blame them?

What these guys sound like on record and what they sound like live are completely different- the heat of the pit and the assault on the ears made their songs truly come alive. So many bands are the same- I changed my view of British India by experiencing the same thing. So seriously; what you see on record and what you see live are usually completely different- unless it's U2.



### Beating the Breathalyzer

So some cop 's flagging you over so he can waste your time and try to take your money. As you putt over to his shiny Falcon, you wonder, in your fit of rage, if it's possible to beat that pesky breathalyser. Well to cure your case of curiosity, this info, as dodgy as it is, may help in your quest. There's no harm in trying, right? So time to be a model citizen, and push your luck in the face of authority.

#### FOR MALES

##### **The Approach:**

Do	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Alcohol in glovebox and lock it (they need a search warrant to unlock it)</li><li>- The speed limit</li></ul>
Don't	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Turn around- they CAN see you</li><li>- Be a P-plater- this plate basically means "pull-over guarantee"</li></ul>

##### **The Stop:**

Do	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Say you're an asthmatic- the medication for the condition skews breathalyser results</li><li>- Set off an EMP- if the cop is deaf, he'll just think his batteries died and they'll let you go</li></ul>
Don't	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Bite the police officer (it has happened)</li><li>- Shit yourself. The fuzz are amazing at sensing your nervousness. There is no escape</li></ul>

##### **The Test:**

Do	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Huff very lightly (bottom of lungs has much higher BAC)</li><li>- Hyperventilate for 20 seconds immediately before (reduces BAC by 10.6%)</li></ul>
Don't	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- Hold your breath before the test (increases BAC by 15.7%)</li></ul>

**The Exit**      If you've gotten to this point you obviously haven't been drinking. Or just maybe, miraculously, the EMP worked on the breathalyser. Congratulations model citizen, now just smile and GTFO.

#### FOR WOMEN

**The Approach:** -

**The Stop:**      Flash Boobs

**The Test:**      -

**The Exit:**      Carry on your drunken way

**So.**

**wANT TO  
CONTRIBUTE?**

**Got  
something  
to say?**

**NEW BANDS  
YOU LIKE.**

*Got something to  
argue about?*

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