

**TY SEGALL**  
***SPIDERS***  
**Pressbook**

**The Styrofoam Drone**

TY SEGALL comes back quickly after the release of "Goodbye Bread" earlier this year, spitting out another 7" that doesn't exactly follow in the same path of where he left off.

By now we should know that Mr. Segall is a man of many tricks, which is fueled by his obvious passion and proven by his endlessly prolific releases. While the music on this new "Spiders" 7" may not be his most quality work, it still goes a long way to show the Segall we've grown to love is a dude who has no creative limits. Like a child in a candy shop, Segall continues to experiment with sounds and ideas and that is shown excellently in this single – however it just may leave you cringing in the process thanks to its crude approach.

"Spiders" certainly does not wield the most pleasing sounds with its metallic, trash-can quality production and unfortunately after listening that becomes too obvious. The first two tracks are plagued by a grinding complexion that will leave you wincing in horror, while the B-side features a cover of the bluesy "Cherry Red" from the Groundhogs 1971 album "[Split](#)," which is without a doubt the most memorable song included on the single. Listen to these two cuts below right now and see what you think.

Spiders –

## San Francisco Weekly

**Behind the buzz:** S.F.'s [Ty Segall](#) attracts strong interest both on his own and as guitarist and/or drummer in a number of acts, including O.C. punks The Epsilons. His development from lo-fi D.I.Y. to this year's raucously heavy *Goodbye Bread* is being monitored like a rare and mutant orchid in the indie blogosphere, and the artist [let slip](#) his next record would be something even heavier: "I want to do a total glam Stooges-meets-Hawkwind or Sabbath, something like that. I think that would be super fun. I want to throw people off. I want to make a really heavy record: evil, evil space rock. Put a little Satan in space and you got the sound." So it is with great anticipation that I submerge my THC-sharpened ears into the promising muck of the shaggy wunderkind's new "Spiders" 7-inch. Ty Segall plays a [free \(with RSVP\) show](#) tonight at [Brick and Mortar](#).

**Creepy crawlies:** The title track opens satanically enough, with a parade of lumbering chords and much lugubrious chanting resolving itself into a long and righteous headbang. Separating this from standard commercial grade sludge rock or death metal is a distinct want of posturing and marketplace polish. The smoking hole it leaves is magically dissipated by the rollicking "Hand Glams." This track scuttles from cracked synth caperings to guitar freakouts to snarling Pet Sounds with all the giddy abandon of a shithouse rat. The finale, "Cherry Red," starts out with desolation noise before jumping into the kind of primitive garage rock that makes The Sonics sound like Belle and Sebastian. All manner of chum gets turned up as the riff bounds and splashes and eventually drowns in its own heroic bile.

**Psychotropic verdict:** Awesome. I for one hope Ty dallies awhile in this fragmented Ozzy vein.

## Random Old Records

If anything, I guess this single proves that Ty Segall is gonna one tough nut to crack as a musician. When I slipped it out of the sleeve and played the A side on 45 (no handy dandy indications on the label as to the correct speed), it appeared that Segall had taken all the artistic development shown on his previous LP *Goodbye Bread* and thrown it right into the bin. Gone were the Hendrix-style guitar heroics and Kinks-inspired whimsical song structures and the Nirvana influences that bubbled up to the point of inescapability, and in its place was a swamp of sludgy downer riffs and Beck helium falsetto impersonations that sounded like either Ween on seriously bad acid or an outtake from last year's *Melted* that should have been left on the cutting room floor. Yikes!

Both "Spiders" and "Hand Glams" were such a staggering disappointment that I knew something had to be rotten in Denmark, so I slowed my turntable down to 33 and things kinda made a bit more sense. If you were expecting a continuation and improvement on *Goodbye Bread's* acoustic melancholy and grunge-addled take on the traditional singer-songwriter thing, then you haven't been paying attention. Segall is a young dude that grew up with the Internet's endless free culture smorgasbord at his disposal, and he's been trying on new styles like a hyperactive teenage girl at Aeropostale throughout his entire recorded career. In the past year, he's also dropped a gleefully irreverent EP of T. Rex covers and a bootleg-quality live LP called *Live In Aisle 5* which had pitch-shifting level fuckery all over the damn place, suggesting that Segall got all drugged up and decided to mess with everyone's heads for the sheer malevolent joy of it. Unlike the studied, artsy pretensions of fellow San Francisco garage rockers Thee Oh Sees, Segall seems to be pushing further into new arenas of sonic playfulness because it's fun and he knows that his audience knows that there's always going to be another perfect little noisy gem creeping up along the bend.

Even at the correct speed (and I'm STILL not entirely sure that it is), the two originals on side A are loaded with sludgy downer riffs and totally incomprehensible stoner-rock vox that are buried in the mix and coated with a metric ton of distortion. "Spiders" sounds a bit like Flipper or the Butthole Surfers at their darkest, and it's over before it shows any potential to be a migraine-inducing mess, while "Hand Glams" rides a simple, descending riff and screeching white noise into a suffocating tarpit that reminds me a bit of "Mrs." off *Melted* on a horrible, terrible bad day. On the flip, there's a cover of the Groundhogs' classic biker blues rock jam "Cherry Red" which really shows where Segall's Roman nose is really pointing these days. It scissored out most of Tony McPhee's extended soloing and the ham-fisted white boy jamming from the original, yet retains the stomping, jittery groove that makes the song such a touchstone for us jaded record collector nerds. Sure, writing perfect fuzzy rock n' roll songs is great and all, but I can forgive an artist like Ty Segall for taking detours and pushing the boundaries and boxes people seem so eager to hem him into. Hey guys, remember when Kurt Cobain recoiled from mainstream adulation and made a noisy, weird record just to piss people off? Time has certainly proved that he was in the right, and Ty Segall's talent is impossible to deny, so strap yourself in for the devilishly creative detours ahead.

## **IMPOSE MAGASINE**

Ty Segall whipped out the heavy artillery for his caterwauling *Spiders* 7-inch. We are mighty proud of Ty's maturity on record that began with sonic clean-up on *Melted* and aged further on *Goodbye Bread*. He's the blonde and shredding son we'll never have. But, the blistering lo-fi menace we first met was missed a little. Thankfully Drag City pulled a few nuggets out of Ty with "Spiders", "Hand Glams" and a cover of The Groundhogs' "Cherry Red". The 7" was recorded with Sic Alps' Mike Donovan and is a ripping ear-bleeder devoid of prettiness and refinement - pure vintage Ty-Fi.

## THE OWL MAG

He's talented, he's prolific, he's dreamy (this is coming from a straight man, mind you). Ty Segall's new 7" single Spiders is a nine-minute fuzz-covered alarm clock buzzer rousing anyone subdued by last summer's polished (for him) *Goodbye Bread*. The opening title track is a mid-tempo headbanger that will give concertgoers a chance to catch their breaths and wonder why the sweaty, shirtless guy only starts rhythmically shoving during the slower numbers.

It's a distortion contest between Segall's guitar and vocals, respectively chugging and screeching like a poorly maintained BART train's stop/start journey through the Transbay Tube. "Hand Glams" is a driving, danceable ditty for about forty seconds before our conductor hits the emergency brake. Then the drumsticks channel King Kong beating his chest and the distortion contest morphs into an airplane onslaught. The closer is an engaging cover of The Groundhogs' "Cherry Red," a song old enough to be a virgin in a Judd Apatow movie. It manages to be grimmer and more compact than the source material while still remaining faithful, but creating dirty little gems inspired by garage rock elders seems to be Segall's M.O., along with giving us concert ear without leaving home.