

# Nada Mucho

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## Bronze Fawn: A Vibrant Experience in Melodic Ingenuity

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### Bronze Fawn: *Lumber* Woodson Lateral Records

If you've been living under a rock, or happened to snooze through your last hibernation cycle, you may not have heard Seattle's newest and underappreciated gem, Bronze Fawn. And if you take a moment to close your eyes and delve into their sound, you probably won't fall back into that deep slumber of obliviousness, unless otherwise aided. Yep, *Lumber* can make your mornings far less irritating than your busted ass alarm clock, which, as you know, is mocking you every day of your life.

In a world where a textured guitar meets a Rhodes keyboard, a synthesizer is coupled with an articulate, warm bass and layered over live and electronic drums, a sound emanates that is both profound and compelling. Like the pounding coming from the inside of an expensive casket, songs like "Does This Battle Armor Suit Me?" unload with bright tones and a brooding rock sensibility. Translated in brilliant echoes, *Lumber* offers the listener a vibrant experience in modern melodic ingenuity.

With Bronze Fawn, you simply don't get the awkward impression that some smoke and mirror trendsetter is trying to sell you back to yourself. Don't let the tight production fool you, each song on *Lumber* stands out as a delicately crafted excursion that explores new sounds and it just plain rocks.

That is, until you see Bronze Fawn perform live. Straight to the point, the visual and audible climax is pushing sensory overload, and you'll love it like a multiple orgasm. Albeit less hypnotic than the average arena-rock laser light show, or some other psychedelic distraction effort that may have left your head spinning in the past, you walk away from a Bronze Fawn show refreshed and like you've just gained some greater meaning.

Dan Wilk, curator of Bronze Fawn imagery, narrates an insightful series of visual shorts that have no end and no apparent beginning. Like every good dream, the stories never really unfold with purpose or explanation. Rather, the looping clips paint an ambiguous masterpiece capable of evoking a personal riot. Challenging the listener to a duel of the senses, the rise and fall of Bronze Fawn's swelling and progressive sound captivate all in range of the dynamics.

Some folks prefer a generalized genre like the Prog, the Gaze, the Post-whatever or the instrumental who-nanny, and perhaps Bronze Fawn's debut is all of these things. I'll file under 'Moving creation of sound, soul, heart, mind and all the love of music in between.' - (8/10)

[Bronze Fawn](#) play the [High Dive](#) on March 13.

