

#### **Tracks**

- 1. Parking Lot
- 2. Cora May
- 3. Properties of Dirt
- 4. Miriam Hopkins
- 5. Book of J
- 6. Carlos the Jackal
- 7. Ambassadors
- 8. It's Time to Honor Ghouls
- 9. 5am to 9am
- 10. Our William Tell
- 11. I'll Never Forget You

Released by Fortune Records www.fortunerecords.com

Produced by Nils Erickson & 20ML Mixed by Scott Greiner Engineered by Desmond Shea Mastered by John Golden

#### Distribution:

Revolver/Midheaven <u>www.midheaven.com</u> City Hall <u>www.cityhallrecords.com</u>

For upcoming tour dates and more info: www.20minuteloop.com

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songwriting, jaded indie-phile... impossible to foraet imaginative 20 Minute Loop play those who hate themes Loop plays and trademark boy/girl harmonies having decisions original music for the hook-hungry made for them. mob, the nervous foot, the With their unpredictable difficult to categorize

# yawn+house=explosion

"When the chemistry kicks in and a humble indie rock band finds itself with that magical convergence of literate, lyrical inspiration, mad skills, and actual melodies, then watch out. Yawns, begone. Boom. Run for cover...English majors haven't sounded this enticing in years." **SF Bay Guardian** 

"20 Minute Loop have made absolute leaps and bounds ... they've polished their boy / girl vocals to an utter golden honeyed glow and lushed up the whole 20ML picture. Really, Yawn + House = Explosion should garner the band total 'college radio darling' status! Yay!" Aquarius Records

"...Clearly, the definitive piece of 20 Minute Loop's sound is the interplay between Giles and Atkins. While sharing lead vocals across gender lines has become commonplace, it's rare for the voices to be both so complementary and so idiosyncratic. Despite some weighty subject matter, these are never ponderous songs. In fact, the band has never sounded so accessible. The playfulness hits an apex at album's end with an appropriately raucous, horn-enriched cover of Husker Du's "I'll Never Forget You". As soon as it ends, Yawn + House = Explosion begs – and rewards – repeat listens" Artist Direct

"Yawn + House = Explosion" is a pretty great example of how it's possible for a band to exist in the somewhat confining genre of rock music and still be original and innovative. It doesn't have to leap out at you and grab you by the throat, although just as 20 Minute Loop can lull you into a mellow moment, they can just as quickly throw you around the room. It's unpredictable, and that's what makes it so appealing..." Indie Workshop

"On the surface, 20 Minute Loop sound all catchy and good-natured, but there's a mischievous side to this San Francisco foursome (sic) that features boy-girl harmonies and distorted guitars. The resulting sound is sweet ear candy with serious bite to it, like a big ol' cherry-flavored Tootsie Pop with a shot of bourbon inside." **Noise Pop 2005** 

"... songs that manage to be simultaneously frantic, nutty, penetrating and personal - self-proclaimed "freak-pop" at its finest. Kelly Atkins is all set to dethrone Rilo Kiley's Jenny Lewis as the new indie-rock princess - her crystal voice is hauntingly piercing... Greg Giles holds his own by intricately layering harmonic call-and-response lyrics on top of flawless songwriting. Each track on the album is refreshingly different and distinct from the one before. But 20ML doesn't stop at just that - they retain a bipolar approach within each song, taking the listener through a range of emotions through smart shifts in tempo. This ingenuity sets 20ML apart from many other bands in the indie rock circuit..." **Performer Magazine** 



# 20 Minute Loop.



#### The Name

Often people ask us what "20 Minute Loop" means, and because it alludes to something a bit obscure, it might behoove us to provide a little explanation. On private jets, the length of time on a digital cockpit voice recorder (CVR) that elapses before the recording begins to overlap and erase itself—an audio snake eating its tail—is twenty minutes. On commercial aircraft, the length of time on the CVR is thirty minutes. This way, there will always be roughly half an hour of cockpit conversation recorded in the unfortunate event of a crash. What we say before we die is very important to those who survive us. Famous last words are always famous, and everyone hopes that the dying will say something pithy and conciliatory, something that might suggest (we shiver with horror as we use this wretched word) *closure*. In the case of the CVR, investigators hope a revelation will emerge, a key to the crash; they carry the indestructible box—the "black box" that is more often orange—away from the twisted metal and carnage like a sacred reliquary. Too often, however, the pilots' voices betray nothing but their terminal proficiency mixed with a touch of animal fear and a heavy dose of frustration for not being able to control the flying beast. Often they are eerily calm, transmitting their imminent doom to air traffic controllers who helplessly watch a green blip descend on a black screen.

This digital loop, this endless recording that awaits a disaster, is part of our mortal expectancy. Michel Montaigne wrote: "we prepare ourselves against the preparations of death." He probably wasn't thinking of a jumbo jet when he wrote in the Renaissance, but we can enjoy larger meanings, we hope, without feeling too ambitious. We are not scared of dying; we're scared of its anticipation.

When we performed with I Am the World Trade Center and Smokey Hormel in 2002, a young man from the first band asked us (before he had heard our music) if we used a lot of tape loops and samples, as our band name implies. The simple answer is: No. But our sets usually run about half an hour, if not shorter, and this, of course, is the same length of time found on the CVR, and we do play the same songs, with some variation, from show to show and set to set, so maybe we do perform a kind of endless loop or sample of music that the audience rarely notices. Pop music, after all, is nothing if not repetition awaiting a disaster. Repetition is pleasurable and deep, just like the three-year-old who wants to read the same Maurice Sendak book over and over and over again, ritualizing the page-turning, the anticipation of wild things lurking in the paper leaves, mouthing the words along with the parent who feels anxious having to read this damned book one more time, only to cherish and preserve the battered copy once the child has grown older and moves on to richer repetitions that don't include the parent.

So, like everything else, 20 Minute Loop refers to the lovely repetition of life that can never quite escape its expectancy of death. Aren't you glad you asked?

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# 20 Minute Loop.

# The People in the Band

Greg Giles formed the band in 1997. For a year, he considered various names that never stuck: With God on the Dog Team Trail, Pierre Bon Bon, Kill Whitey!, PSA Flight 182.... From the first recording in 1997 (a five-song CD still available), Greg began collaborating with Kelly Atkins, who would come to form with him the core of 20 Minute Loop. Joe Ostrowski joined in 1998, while various drummers and bassists alternately joined and fled until Nils Erickson and Mike Romano took their places, assuming the mantle of the rhythm section. Nils also became something of a de facto producer for our newest album, since he is the token music-store-employee-cum-guitar-teacher-cum-audiophile-with-carefully-organized-CD-and-vinyl-collection-cum-home-recording-nut-cum-man-with-a-plan-and-a-Hello-Kitty-grilled-cheese-iron. We all secretly despise his wealth of knowledge (but we enjoy tomato soup and grilled cheese sandwiches with Hello Kitty's face seared into the bread).

I think we've talked about Nils Erickson quite enough.

# A Few Albums, A Few Shows

20 Minute Loop's first self-titled album appeared in 1999, followed by *Decline of Day* in September 2001 (an auspicious autumn that was, no?). That September, we performed in Los Angeles at the Knitting Factory with the Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, exactly three days after you-know-what, and on the way to our friend's living room floor after the show, we saw the streets thronged with overwrought citizens in red, white, and blue, holding signs, screaming and cheering, while "Born in the USA" blasted from someone's crappy sound system. Later that month, we had our CD release party at Bottom of the Hill in San Francisco. On TV monitors near the front of the stage we showed footage of Bollywood musicals, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, and *Dumbo*, which, we believe, crystallized our own feelings regarding the ugly turn of events (and corresponded vaguely to our half-baked Hindu theme).

Now, after much time spent building the correctly calibrated amount of raw excitement and despair, we have our new CD—Yawn + House = Explosion—available January 2005. Already, Greg's mother has called it "probably the most seminal third release since Lou Reed's Berlin," although Greg doesn't really know what she's talking about. It doesn't sound anything like Lou Reed. We have, however, gotten many fine reviews on our albums and performances, and expect many more. Because we are a nifty band.

Having toured the West Coast several times, we have yearned to expand our adventures, but alas, thus far, having to book all our own shows means that we suffer and slave for a Monday night at the Whirligig in Boontville. We did get played on Chilean and Ukrainian radio stations, which means a lot to Kelly, in particular, because she is half-Chilean and half-Ukrainian, which accounts for her red hair....

Let us know if you have any other questions regarding our pedigree, our failures and victories, our personal tastes, Kelly's fantasy of an exotic ethnicity....

Love.

## Some of the venues we've played...

Noisepop 2002, 2005
Slim's (San Francisco, CA)
Cafe du Nord (San Francisco, CA)
Bottom of the Hill (San Francisco, CA)
Knitting Factory (Los Angeles, CA)
The Paradox (Seattle, WA)
Chop Suey (Seattle, WA)
Satyricon (Portland, OR)
Arrowspace (Olympia, WA)
The Sweetwater (Mill Valley, CA)
Nadine's Wild Weekend
Bimbo's 365 Club (San Francisco, CA)

Mission Creek Music Festival
The Blackbird (Portland, OR)
Nita's Hideaway (Phoenix, AZ)
Modified Arts (Tempe, AZ)
The Phoenix (Petaluma, CA)
Silverlake Lounge (Los Angeles, CA)
The Fillmore Poster Room (San Francisco, CA)
John Henry's (Eugene, OR)
Solar Culture Gallery (Tucson, AZ)
Raven Theater (Healdsburg, CA)
12 Galaxies (San Francisco, CA)

The Hemlock (San Francisco, CA)

## Some of the bands we've played with...

Stereo Total Mark Growden The Moore Brothers James Combs Jesse Colin Young Granfaloon Bus Deathray Jim Yoshi Pile Up Telto The Rum Diary Beth Lissick Black Kali Ma Faun Fables Fojimoto The Walkmen Film School

The Lilys
Creeper Lagoon
Solex
Save Ferris
John Vanderslice
Merrick
Tarentel
Tussle
Erase Errata
Jessie Sykes
Smokey and Miho
Low Flying Owls
Every Move a Picture
elephone
The Rum Diary

Loguat Noe Venable Kaito 100 Watt Smile Glitter Mini 9 Etienne De Rocher Deadweight Applesaucer Frank Jordan Visitor Jim Six Eye Columbia **Brad Brooks** The Monolith Mates of State The Minders The Swords Project Persephone's Bees Film School The Velvet Teen Kirby Grips

The Standard Xiu Xiu Bonfire Madigan The Extra Glenns (The Mountain Goats) Maimou Rilo Kiley Inner Sleepytime Gorilla Museum Thee More Shallows The Joggers Aveo Built Like Alaska Phil Elvrum (The Microphones) Charming Hostess The Visible Men The Vespertines The Gun and Doll Show I Am The World Trade Center

31 Knots

#### contact...

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### some of what the press has said...

"20 Minute Loop has just unloaded the most absurdly addictive angst-pop record to emerge from the East Bay in, well, actually, ever. Yawn + House = Explosion is a ridiculously fantastic mash-up of pop hooks, slide guitar riffs, and dueling boy/girl vocals that either intertwine perfectly or clash magnificently..."

#### East Bay Express, Best of the East Bay, "Catchiest Band"

"For proof that heart-shaking, synapse-sparking rock 'n roll is alive and well in the Bay Area, look no further than 20 Minute Loop, whose perfect male/female vocal harmonies, wild off-time arrangements, and surreal lyrics are at once achingly familiar and freakishly unexpected. This show celebrates the release of their third and best record to date, Yawn + House = Explosion. Prepare for a joyous performance in which the band's infectious passion drenches every note they play..." **FLAVORPILL #140** 



"This Bay Area quintet makes morose, chaotic, bipolar pop reminiscent of the Pixies. Kelly Atkins and Greg Giles' unisex vocal stylings may sound a bit serious in tone, but if you listen carefully to the lyrics, you'll get tossed back on the playground with that creepy kid who showed you his red saliva after finishing his juice box...it shakes my music loving bones." **BUST Magazine** 

"This is some of the smartest songwriting and tightest playing around, and Kelly Atkins's voice has the power to make you shudder and the beauty to make you shiver... 20ML floored me in person." -L.A. Entertainment Today

"When the chemistry kicks in and a humble indie rock band finds itself with that magical convergence of literate, lyrical inspiration, mad skills, and actual melodies, then watch out. Yawns, be gone. Boom. Run for cover..." - **SF Bay Guardian** 

"...the local five-piece takes a catchy pop base and adds indie-style riffs, smart and charmingly eccentric lyrics, and beautiful, coed harmonies to create, as the NoisePop folks so eloquently put it, "a record geek's wet dream." - **SF Examiner** 

"20 Minute Loop's distinctive musical style is a thing all its own- at turns dark, catchy, and jubilant. They call themselves 'freak-pop'; I call them stunning." -The Bohemian

"Sassy, irreverent and happy to defy convention, 20 Minute Loop is an abundantly talented and incredibly multi-faceted band... a refreshing break from tired formulas." **-San Francisco Reader** 

"...the album's manically tuneful songs seem on the verge of grabbing you by the neck, shaking you violently, and screaming 'Live! Feel! Be!' Which, upon reflection, is pretty damn fabulous." **-Epitonic** 

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### some more of what the press has said...

"20 Minute Loop is one of the more refreshing musical experiences I've had in months and months ... say you've got XTC. Now subtract the TC, and pair the remainder of John Doe and Exene Cervenka with J. Robbins in a six-by-six cell haunted by Frank Black's muse, with only a Radiohead CD, a Flannery O'Connor novel, and occasional visits from the members of Seely to break the psychosis..." - PITCHFORK - Rating 8.5

"...Further proof that 20 Minute Loop is singularly focused on making powerful pop music is the band's newest record/labor of love, Yawn + House = Explosion. The band's third full-length album ...is a monster of a record. It spent the better part of a year incubating in the band's bedrooms, garages and cars. It's rare to see a band at this level take its time with the recording process, rarer still to hear a record end up this congruous and fully realized..." - SF Station

"The harmonized duo of frontliners Greg Giles and Kelly Atkins produces an atmosphere so arresting, it's like hearing Kim Deal and Black Francis go at it for the first time. With stop/start antics that use a Shudder To Think complexity, every track creates a hook so ear catching that it's as though the melodies have been on the mind all along..." -Audio Galaxy

"There's an undaunted quality to the strength and determination of 20 Minute Loop's sound and a soulfulness all too rare during the icy age of early-21st century rock." - All Music Guide

"...damn, it's just so good, catchy, lighthearted, well executed and fun to listen to that even my internal Leather Tuscadero is tapping her foot." - Splendid Ezine

"(Kelly Atkins and Greg Giles) sound like PJ Harvey and Michael Stipe jacked on Prozac... cutely complex songs that skirt the realm of schizophrenia and Platonic-ideal pop." -San Francisco Bay Guardian

"...20 Minute Loop are a record geek's wet dream... grabs you by the collar with sheer infectiousness..."

#### -Noise Pop 2002 A-Z guide

"A wall of sound bursts out Pixies Trompe Le Monde style and then bleeds down into some Breeders/B-52's collision. Exciting and invigorating pop rock sometimes turns dark corners, scraping off an imagery that hints at a medieval mood, like Rasputina, and then speeds straight ahead into dynamic dueting vocals and hook-filled shiny guitar riffs that brings to mind the upbeat pop of such bands as Sleeper or Elastica. The strong and mesmerizing voices of singers Kelly Atkins and Greg Giles holds the music together, keeping the tones tight between them..." **The Big Takeover, NYC** 

"I know who has Sonic Youth's gear. They play in NoCal and shred like a motherf\*\*ker... Superior songwriting."

#### -San Diego Music Magazine

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