

THUMPERMONKEY

ORANGE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC AWARD NOMINEES 2013



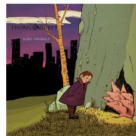
PROG MAGAZINE: 'SLEEP FURIOUSLY'

THUMPERMONKEY

Sleep Furiously BELIEVERS ROAST

Energetic, exciting prog-punk goodness!

One of the biggest risks involved in making wildly experimental rock is that forcing numerous seemingly incompatible ideas together can easily lead to an aimless, amorphous mess. Through either luck or judgement Thumpermonkey thrum and crackle excitedly at the other end of the scale. Their often bewildering mastery of everything - King Crimson-like angularity and dissonance, the blissful pop dynamics of Cardiacs and the esoteric post-hardcore audacity of Shudder To Think - amount to a sustained victory for intuitive cross-pollination. The trio have found a fitting



home on Kavus Torabi's Believers Roast imprint, and *Sleep Furiously* showcases their ongoing sonic evolution and the pin-sharp dexterity of their songwriting. Taut and snappy on *When Scouts Go Bad*, elegant but unsettling on *The Rhetorician*, wide-eyed and fearless on the sprawling *Direct* and breathtakingly inventive on the twinkling mathcore of *Wheezyboy*, this is an album that basks in its own adoration of limitless creativity. Most importantly, Thumpermonkey's music is ridiculously exciting; the blazing light of punk rock filtered skillfully through the cerebral prog prism. **DL**

CLASSIC ROCK MAGAZINE place 'Direct' in their top ten "Experimental" prog tracks of the last 40 years

Direct THUMPERMONKEY

2012

Every time I listen to this I punch the air with euphoria. It's complex but accessible, noisy but melodic, and they bring out the Gentle Giant intricacy with riffs that make you want to jump up and down.

STEVE DAVIS - ESOTERIC MUSIC DJ (AND PART-TIME SNOOKER PLAYER)

Sleep Furiously will very likely end up my album of the year. There isn't a dud in sight, but special mention must go to *Direct*, a track that's truly impossible to nail colours to any genre mast. Suffice to say, it's a total monster and gyrates superbly from the heaviest, most intelligent bass riffs oozed out by Sam Warren on his five-string Fender Splatablaster to the beautiful vocals and superb lyrics of Michael Woodman.

Then there's *Sleeve*, a track of anthemic status, containing more atmosphere than a Russ Abbot tribute band. My only complaint is that *Sleeve* should have been the last track on the album. The reason? Once nirvana has been reached, where do you go to next?

Sleep Furiously was recently launched at a superb gig at the Buffalo Bar in Islington. Support bands Stars In Battledress were their usual sublime selves, and Godzilla Black were astonishing.

So it was with some relief and huge joy that Thumpermonkey kicked primate ass! If you think they're great on disc then prepare to be blown away by their stage presence. Apart from being a superb guitarist, Rael Jones is hugely entertaining onstage. Ben Wren quietly goes about his job of whacking things and keeping the ship on an even (or should that be uneven) keel, while Sam Warren stands up front, piling on the pressure as Michael Woodman steers us on a wondrous journey.

If there's one thing you need to do before the end of the year, it's buy this album. If you're lucky enough to do two things, book up to see Thumpermonkey live.

"...the comparable doffing of musical caps can be made with the heavyweights new and old of the progressive rock fraternity..."

GOD IS IN THE TV.

"...It's a lot of things, and greater than the sum of its parts: unashamed proper prog, lifted, by an avant sensibility, out of cheesy traps, yet swapping the harsher elements of experimental and avant rock for something more melodic, for refined guitars and real singing..."

ORGAN MAGAZINE.

"...listening to their new record, "Sleep Furiously", I'm not entirely sure if they're in any way normal people....a mighty impressive job, and no mistake."

SUBBA CULTCHA.

ROCK A ROLLA MAGAZINE 'SLEEP FURIOUSLY' REVIEW

THUMPERMONKEY SLEEP FURIOUSLY (BELIEVERS ROAST)



Formed in London in 2003, art-rock quartet Thumpermonkey offer deliciously, fiendishly inventive rhythms, big-boots guitar

noise and a mellifluous tenor redolent of a young Peter Gabriel. Stylistically, they're not only all over the shop, but crashing through the display window and rampaging naked through the customers-only car park. However, they're at their strongest when they're corrupting the heavy stuff, e.g. the unassailably twisted, high-impossible verse riff of *Wheezyboy*.

MATT EVANS

PROG MAGAZINE: LIVE GIG REVIEW

THUMPERMONKEY

VENUE	HIGHBURY BUFFALO BAR, LONDON
DATE	10/01/13

Oh January, you are surely the cruelest month for gigs. People are either skint, sick or weather-bound. Some promoters bravely attempt to bring a little live joy, so a big thanks is due to Guided Missile and Resonance FM's *Other Rock Show* for their tenacity tonight. Support bands Quadrilles and Honey Ride Me A Goat are missed in a Prog post-deadline flurry (we'll find you another time!), but we still get a good spot next to the bar and stage (it's that small a venue) to take in

a Thumpermonkey full frontal. After two years of the usual suspects bigging them up - you know who you are - it's time we discovered the London quartet, up close.

As the ORS's Marina spins some great discs in the weird time sigs that are the crux of her radio show and they noodle from Yes' *Going For The One* into a 45-minute set, the first things we note about Thumpermonkey are a) they look like a renegade *University Challenge* team b) we have no idea what their lyrics are about apart from their obsession with ancient civilizations, as guitarist/vocalist Mike introduces "another song about Aztecs" and c) they are very entertaining

to watch despite having no actual monkeys in the band (see also: Chimp Spanner, Sleepytime Gorilla Museum). Opener *Abyssopelagic* is a superb start, a gently spiky song about controlling relationships (we think) that ends with some serious head-bobbing and metallic bite. From this arresting jump-off we can see how this brainiac colossus-in-waiting have turned nu-prog heads; their ideas are relentlessly articulate, dizzyingly limitless, and played with bootcamp-honed skill.

Wheezyboy is up next, kick-ass Crimson crunchy and catchy as lice on this ape-shaped brute as they segue into *Pigheart*, sparkling with shades of Gentle Giant and

Field Music, guitarist Rael picking delicate and brutal forms from his Fender assault weapon. *When Scouts Go Bad* signals a bouncy, Cardiacs-y turn and *I Don't Know If This Is A Matter for Wardrobe Or Hairdressing* twists 10cc's pop cunning into a terrific Oppositionally-syncoated swing. It's all quite overwhelming until *Whately* grooves out somewhere between Sleep and Slapp Happy, then we are roused by the angular nip of *Deficit* and the jazzy disorientation of sacrificial lullaby *Toxcatt*.

It's over. In front of us a much older man is yelling enthusiastically for more. We must respect our elders. We join in.

JO KENDALL