murmur

2025 I. 01



Yard

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Album of The Year

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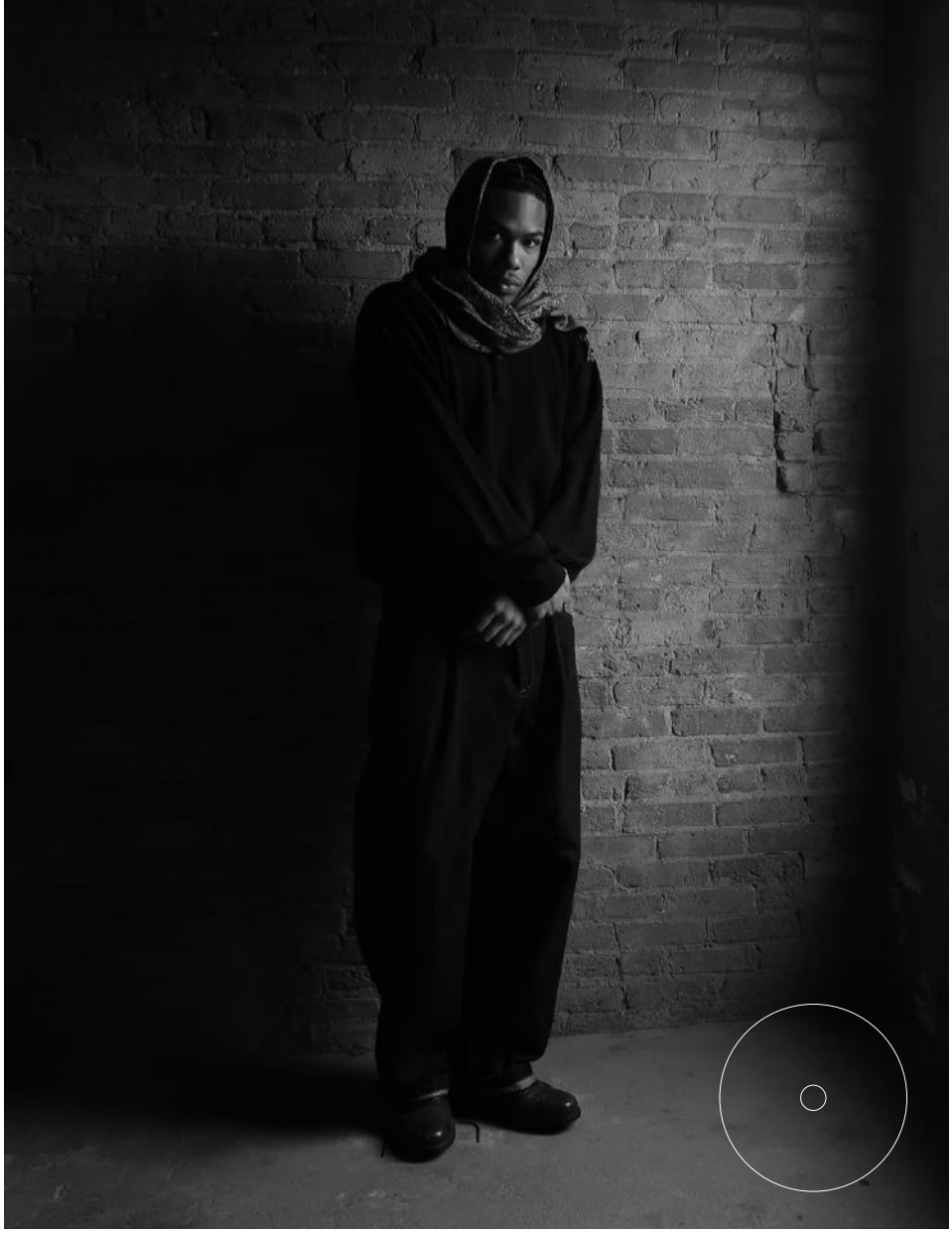
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There's a warmth that lingers in certain sounds—a softness, a haze—that doesn't announce itself but instead drifts in and settles with you. Murmur was born from that feeling. From the texture of a guitar drenched in reverb, a voice that doesn't quite say but instead suggests, a memory half-faded and half-felt. This magazine exists to amplify the quiet, the ethereal, the emotionally raw. The moments that don't scream but stay.

This issue reflects just that. We begin with a deep dive into Slow Pulp's Yard, Our Album of The Year, a record shaped in isolation, emerging from a cabin in Wisconsin. It's a sonic journal of self-acceptance, and in it, we hear something familiar: resonance. We travel back into the dreamlike world of the Cocteau Twins, where language blurs and feelings sharpen. We revisit The Sundays and Boa, hear from Feeble Little Horse, and catch the, exciting rise of Rocket.

Each piece in this issue reflects our core belief: that music isn't just heard, it's felt—and that the spaces between sound are just as meaningful as the sound itself.

Thank you for being here for the first murmur. We're glad you're listening.

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Rocket Rocket Rocket Rocket

Ready For Lift-Off

Sometimes when one door closes, another one opens. But that other door? It can take a while. Just ask Alithea Tuttle. As a teenager, the Los Angeles native was well on her way to becoming a professional dancer. She had trained her entire life in rhythmic gymnastics and would practice for hours after school at a local conservatory.

Then in 2016, it all came to a very sudden and unexpected halt. "I suffered a severe spinal injury. The doctors said there was a stress fracture in one of my lumbar vertebrae." Her dreams of becoming a professional dancer were officially over at the age of 16. Reminiscing now over a Zoom call with the rest of her band, Rocket, she recalls a long period of reckoning, of feeling like "my passion in life was gone."

Ironically, it was the pandemic – when so many career musicians had to put their lives on hold – that finally gave Tuttle the space to commit herself to something new. Her boyfriend, Desi Scaglione, had played guitar in local bands for many years, and during lockdown, he began showing her some of his newest demos with the idea that she might be interested in writing lyrics and singing.

Tuttle remembers being hesitant at first.

"Playing music was something I had flirted with in my head, but I'd never expressed a desire because I was nervous about people making fun of it or not taking it seriously,"

she tells us today.



Rocket In Concert c. Elena Saviano.

Scaglione had some reservations of his own, though his were decidedly interpersonal: "You look at other bands that have had people in relationships and we just said: let's make sure that doesn't happen to us."

Fortunately, both managed to get past their misgivings. Fast forward to now: Rocket find themselves on the precipice of a major breakthrough, with a slew of tour dates on the horizon, supporting buzzy NYC trio Hello Mary and fellow Angelenos Silversun Pickups. They were also recently added to the Las Vegas emo extravaganza Best Friends Forever Fest and hint at more festival appearances later this year. "The truth is we're still in shock," says Scaglione. "I keep my fingers crossed because I know these opportunities are hard to come by." He's not wrong and yet, listening to their spectacular 2023 debut EP, 'Versions of You,' it's easy to see why doors have opened wide.

"Rocket's songs were a combination of my favourite influences, I was stoked to be a part of it"

– Baron Rinzler

Rocket's songs feel like a revelation, especially for Scaglione, who credits pioneering DC post-hardcore band Fugazi for helping him "unlearn the way I learned guitar". His father – also a musician – had encouraged him to play from an early age, schooling him on all manner of classic and psychedelic rock. But it wasn't until the younger Scaglione stumbled onto Fugazi that he found his true gateway to a raft of heavy, '90s-era guitar sounds, from the metallic din of Helmet to the undulating, sculpted feedback of My Bloody Valentine.

Scaglione became particularly infatuated with The Smashing Pumpkins, and their influence looms large over Rocket, in case the Pumpkins-song-title-as-a-band-name bit wasn't a dead giveaway. But despite the obvious reference point, Scaglione savvily uses the Pumpkins' sound as foundation on their EP, marrying super-saturated, 'Siamese Dream'-era guitars to screaming, new wave-y power pop. That rhythmic drive will be familiar to anyone who cherishes The Cars' classic debut; Tuttle confirms it was a sad day in 2019 when she and Scaglione learned that Ric Ocasek had passed.

When it came time to form the band and play live, there was only one logical choice for a drummer. Cooper Ladomade had not only been friends with Tuttle since elementary school, but she had also been the one to first introduce Tuttle to Scaglione their freshman year of high school. Finding a second guitarist would prove to be a bit trickier, but it just so happened that one of Scaglione's older friends, Baron Rinzler, had recently returned from college and was looking for something new.

Once Rinzler heard the demos, he didn't require much convincing. **"Hearing the music for the first time just felt right,"** he says. **"It was a combination of my favourite influences that felt new and different, and I was stoked to be a part of it."**

We incorporate everything we love as musicians into something that feels uniquely our own"

– Alithea Tuttle

With the lineup set, it was unanimously agreed that Tuttle should front the fledgling group. There was only one problem:

she had to learn how to both sing and play the bass from scratch. So the band rented a practice space in June 2021 and began rigorously rehearsing their set, often getting together five days a week.

"We actually kept it a complete secret," says Tuttle. "We didn't tell our friends or even our parents." Tuttle may well have wanted to give herself an out in case her nerves got the better of her – and she very nearly succumbed.

After several months and with Rocket's first gig alarmingly imminent, Tuttle still hadn't stepped up to the mic, even in the safety of their practice space. **"Finally, Baron pulls me aside and says, 'Look, it's not scary. I'll sing the songs once and show you.' Somehow they all still had faith that I could do it, and I have to give them credit because if I was in their shoes, I don't know if I would have had the patience!"**

The band's first show was scheduled for March 2022, opening for their friends. Since rumours of the band's existence had only begun to circulate a couple weeks prior, Rocket expected only a handful to show up. But to their surprise: **"I get up on stage and everyone we ever gave a shit about is there to see us."**



Rocket New York City c. Elena Saviano

When it finally came time to properly record the songs that would comprise their debut EP, the band found themselves at somewhat of an impasse. LA studio time is notoriously pricey, and they had no outside funding from a label (Rocket are still unsigned today). They did, however, have a practice space. Scaglione's idea was to save up for a vintage Yamaha PM-1000 mixing console and to turn their space into a studio so they could record on their own, and get exactly the sound they were looking for – all without the added pressure of being on the clock. It was a fine idea, except for the fact that the console cost thousands of dollars and the band had, per Tuttle, **"exactly zero"** in the bank.

Then, one day out of the blue, Ladomade's father told them of a garage sale happening at the church down the street. "He showed us a photo of this mixing board they had for sale, and the minute we saw it, we started freaking out because we knew it was the exact one Desi wanted." After purchasing the Yamaha PM-1000 with a $100 donation they were amused to discover it had originally been the property of '70s yacht rockers, Captain & Tennille, a duo who hit it big with 'Do That To Me One More Time' and 'Love Will Keep Us Together'. Acknowledging yet another odd coincidence, Tuttle innocently offers: "I think they were a couple too."

Recorded on that secondhand mixing board in their repurposed practice space, the 'Versions Of You' EP more than validates Scaglione's DIY instincts. The skyscraping shoegaze of 'Sugarcoated' sounds epic and immense. Ditto 'Normal to Me', a last-minute addition which became Scaglione and Tuttle's personal favourite.

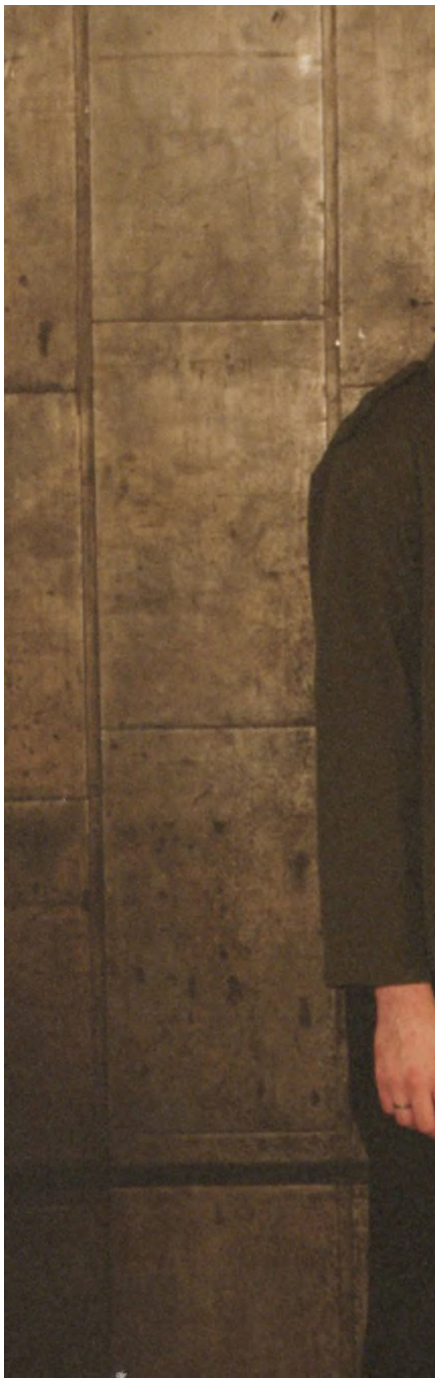
But the centrepiece is undoubtedly the propulsive 'Portrait Show', which seems to replay Tuttle's three-year journey from self-pitying what-ifs to the intra-band pep talks to her dawning self-belief. One minute, she's stuck in the past ("I'm nostalgic for a life I missed") and the next psyching herself up to take control of her future ("I'm the sharpest tool in the shed / I'm the brightest light inside your head / If I say it again, will I believe it then?"). "It started with me wondering 'Is this good enough?'" she confesses. "And then I woke up one day and realised, 'Yeah, it is.'"

Rocket show no signs of slowing down. Besides their touring schedule, they've already banked eight new songs from their first proper studio session. They are somewhat coy when asked what the new batch sounds like, but according to Scaglione, they venture well beyond their initial sonic blueprint. "Our taste varies so much that in order to keep making the music we want to make, we felt like we had to introduce some new elements to our songwriting." Tuttle adds:

"We tried not to lean on any one genre but rather incorporate everything we love as musicians into something that feels uniquely our own."

As for when the new songs will see the light of day, it's anyone's guess. They're trying to not get too far ahead of themselves. Tuttle and the rest of Rocket know all too well that sometimes it can take a minute for the pieces to fall into place.

Rocket's 'Versions Of You' EP is out now



Kristen Jan Wong for NME

Versions Of You — Track List

I. On Your Heels

II. Sugarcoated



III. Pipedream IV. Portrait Show V. Trial Run VI. Normal To Me VII. Future Memory VIII. Take Your Aim

A plea for love, diligence and not giving a fuck.!

In Conversation With Beach House



While preparing this interview we came across your recent fan Q&A on reddit. God, they know so much about you!

I know! We really appreciate our fans; I think it's cool to have that sweet relationship. It's interesting how much people get into something they really like. They enjoy knowing about stuff and knowing about the music. It's overwhelming and eye-opening as a musician. There are people caring about what you do, which is really wonderful. Especially in this world with a lot of hatred coming from everywhere, when anybody shows love on any scale—small or large—that's beautiful. Love is beautiful.

Beach House has been going strong for a long time now and what we see is your beautiful act with a beautiful product. But how do you and Alex keep each other inspired?

I think that's our friendship in general. We really are best friends; we click on many levels. We keep each other challenged; we support and surprise each other. I think that any good friendship is like that. The reasons that bands don't last long is because they grow apart, and I think that with our band it's really just about becoming closer and closer. While you get closer on all levels, your understanding of each other deepens. There is openness, there's exchange—the creativity doesn't suffer with all these levels of understanding. And, you know, tension. Not all good things come easily, there has to be consonance in order for drama to occur. Things must be difficult for things to be good. As we grow closer and closer, our work continues to thrive and exist. The centre isn't falling apart; it's becoming stronger. We just released two albums in a year because we keep going. After we finished Depression Cherry we just kept writing. We didn't ask why.

Are you hoping your music will only get stronger as your friendship grows better?

I don't know about stronger; I don't want to put pressure on anything ever. I want things to be able to exist and not put too much seriousness on them. We don't make a commercial product. Like every other bit of music, it's here for people to either enjoy or not, to find something in there, to help them understand living or dying.

We really enjoyed the talk that you had with Christopher Owens for HERO. You described yourself as being quite punk and that's interesting, coming from you.

I forget what exactly happened in that interview but I think it's the not giving a fuck. For us what makes sense is doing what we do, not over analysing it, and there is a DIY aspect, of course. We don't want to have a super comfortable existence and we enjoy the control of our own aesthetic. In that sort of expression or gesture, I think we echo a punk mentality. Also, I think we were talking about Depression Cherry being more immediate. There's something mildly political but also mildly confrontational. There's a lot in there—a lot of human things and narratives. We insist on doing things our way. We really can't be bothered with caring about what people think about it, then the art will be damaged and we'll be damaged. We'll be messed up and not be ourselves. The most badass thing you can do is just be your-fucking-self.

One might expect a Beach House concert to be gloomy or dreamy, but there's actually a lot of power in your shows. Perhaps that's that punk quality too.

Yeah, it's not all dreamy! The whole thing about 'dream pop', I don't really care about that peculiar classification. In feeling our music, I feel many things that are not 'dream' or 'pop'. Some of it is so physical; there's much more than just two words. I appreciate you saying that because it shows you're open and observing. You're using your facilities as a human being, processing stuff—not just going to the show and being, like: 'Awwww, this is chill.' Because it's not! [Laughs]

Thank you so much. Is there anything you'd like to leave us with?

Thank you for having this interview with me. It's a little hard on tour sometimes because of the crazy schedule, but I'm glad we got to talk. If I only have one thing to say, it's that at this time in history we need to really be sensitive to one another, love one another very much. I'm very grateful for all the love and support, I hope more people can feel that way.

1
Slow Pulp's Yard, Vinyl In yellow, capturing Slow Pulp's dreamy, emotionally-charged indie rock.





3
Rocket's Versions of You EP Vinyl Limited edition yellow





4
The Sundays Blind Double Set CD, featuring The Sundays' iconic, ethereal Blind album.

This collection includes unique formats and editions: Slow Pulp's Yard (yellow vinyl), The Sundays' Blind (double CD), Rocket's Versions of You (yellow vinyl), Boa's Twilight (CD), Beach House's 3-album set (Depression Cherry, Bloom, Teen Dream), FLH's Girl With Fish (cassette), and Cocteau Twins' Heaven or Las Vegas (vinyl).

5

Twilight by Bôa Atmospheric CD blending floating melodies with atmospheric alt-rock.





6

Feeble Little Horse Girl With Fish Cassette Tape: Cassette release of Feeble Little Horse's experimental indie rock debut album.



2

Heaven or Las Vegas by Cocteau Twins Vinyl: Iconic Cocteau Twins album Heaven or Las Vegas on vinyl, ethereal and immersive.



7

Beach House 3 CD Collection Depression Cherry, Bloom, and Teen Dream.

Slow Pulp **Yard**

Album Of The Year





Yard Track List

I. Gone 2	02:54
II. Doubt	02:35
III. Cramps	02:53
IV. Slugs	03:06
V. Yard	02:48
VI. Carina Phone	02:55
VII. Worm	02:28
VIII. MUD	04:06
IX. Broadview	04:05
X. Fishes	02:55

Slow Pulp
Yard, Album Of The Year

When it came time to write Slow Pulp's sophomore album, Yard, in early 2021, lead singer Emily Massey decided to isolate herself in a cabin up in northern Wisconsin. Disconnected from the world during the throes of the pandemic, Massey spent her days writing songs on the guitar and recording demos on her laptop. The cabin had no internet connection, but it did have an old CD collection left behind by the owners. That's where Massey discovered Lucinda Williams' Essence. **"It just felt like an album that I needed to hear at the time,"** Massey says of the 2001 effort, Williams' follow-up to her critically revered, Grammy-winning Car Wheels on a Gravel Road. And, as if via osWmosis, Williams' acoustic sparsity, country twang, and slide guitar seeped into Slow Pulp, a band typically characterized by loud, distorted electric guitars and bedroom pop aesthetics. As she became more enamored with Americana music, Massey laid the foundation of Yard, which the indie rock quartet released on Sept. 29.

Massey says of writing the album.

"I allowed myself to just make things that were really bad, and move on from it. I didn't have this inner critic that I normally have."

"Before, I found it really hard to write a melody and lyrics because it didn't feel like there was enough space for me to exist in there. On this record, we were really intentional about starting everything from a extremely sparse space."

"I was able to be so emotionally vulnerable as myself, I didn't feel like I had to be anything for anybody else"

That's partly because Yard inverted Slow Pulp's usual songwriting process. Whereas most of the tracks on the band's debut album and preceding EPs started with fleshed-out instrumentals, riffs and other melodic elements, Yard grew outward from small ideas and contemplation.

That shift toward minimalism wasn't just a stylistic decision—it reflected the emotional weight Massey carried into Yard. On its stunning title track, Massey's usually obscured vocals are laid bare as she laments a childhood home gone up for sale and apologizes to her younger sister for being absent. **"She had to get dragged along to all of my ballet recitals and concerts, and I never went to one of her sports games, ever," Massey says. "I think she holds some very fair resentment for that."**

Track Five ○ *Yard*

"Missed the volleyball game," the singer sighs in the first verse. **"I'm a bitch."** It's Slow Pulp's starkest and most direct song yet—and Massey's personal favorite on the



Emily Massey Live c.Anchr

"I played it for my family and we all just sat around and cried, And I don't have any other songs where it feels that emotionally intense. It's still hard to play live, I get choked up."

- Emily Massey





The intimate nature of Yard represents a shift from the more shoegaze-inflected, dreamy sounds of Moveys, which was born under less-than-ideal circumstances. When it came time to record their debut album, Slow Pulp was met with some serious challenges: Massey was diagnosed with Lyme disease and chronic mono, then had to move back to Wisconsin to take care of her parents after they were injured in a car accident. Then the pandemic happened. Moveys, which came out in the fall of 2020, was finished remotely, and its songs turned out a bit quieter and more introspective than originally intended. Yard takes those lessons and refines them, embracing the moodier, more muted side of Moveys while striking a new level of emotional potency.

There's no grand narrative surrounding Yard, just great songs. It's not necessarily a showy album, but it's one that listeners inexplicably return to, comforted by its gauze and sticky sweetness. Part of the appeal is certainly Massey, whose delivery provides these songs with a soft and pleasurable dull ache. She spins out casually devastating lines like it's nothing. Her lyrics are gutting, as she gets in her own head and gets in her own way. A lot of the songs on the album are about being an artist, filled with worry and indecision as to whether she's doing right by herself or the people around her. Isolated and focusing on her art may be to the detriment of her relationships.

Slow Pulp
Madison, WI
c.Henry Solo

On “Fishes,” she feels scared by her own ambition, grateful but apprehensive: “Fishes mounted on a wall made out of glass/ Watching me cry to a screen, saying I hope that this lasts/ Try and fail and try and fail and try it all again.”

These are concerns that extend beyond life as a musician and into more existential hauntings: Do I deserve what I have? Am I being selfish, unfair to the people that I love? Slow Pulp sits in this discomfort, using texture and open space to let Massey’s voice linger and squirm. On “Carina Phone 1000,” she catches up with someone through a series of calls, but only sporadically and never enough: “You give me another chance/ Tell me I am the perfect friend/ How do I give that back?/ You wanna tell me that?” And then there’s “Broadview,” where Slow Pulp slips into yearning alt-country as Massey hopes that she’s not doomed to a solitary existence: “Am I wrong?/ Or is it okay to stay inside and out of love?/ Tell me I’m wrong/ I’m just gonna give it a try and hope that it’s enough.”



Emily Massey And The Service Of Solitude, Portrait By Alexa Viscius

The slower songs on Yard are the beating heart of the album, expressions of Massey’s inner turmoil and discontent that are raw and deeply affecting. But the band still knows how to rock out. They strike a perfect balance between both sides of their sound on “Slugs,” a fuzzy blast of a jam that congeals around its self-fulfilling prophecy of a hook: “You’re a summer hit/ And I’m singing it.” There’s nothing overly complicated about “Slugs,” it just has a certain ineffable quality: quietly confident, a demonstration of the subtly capable force that Slow Pulp has become.

Track Four · *Slugs*

Quiet, c’mon and give me a kiss
I guess that I wasn’t over it
Perfect, all the ways I know we
Fit together, I think I want back in
Oh, when it, it all ends again
What if I tell you that
You’ll be playing in my head
‘Cause you’re a summer hit
I’m singing it
You’re a summer hit
I’m singing it
Listen, I wanna tell you how I’ve been
That I want you despite my defense
Trust in all the things I never said
I’m sorry I haven’t been honest
But when it, it all ends again
What if I tell you that
You’ll keep playing in my head
‘Cause you’re a summer hit
I’m singing it
You’re a summer hit
I’m singing it
You’re a summer hit
I’m singing it
You’re a summer hit
I’m singing it
You’re a summer hit
I’m singing it

In early November, far from the Wisconsin wilderness, Massey sits backstage at Le Poisson Rouge, a (literally) underground venue nestled in the heart of Manhattan's Greenwich Village. Her bandmates, bassist Alex Leeds, drummer Teddy Mathews, and guitarist-producer Henry Stoehr, laugh loudly in the green room just two hours before the band takes the stage for the second of three consecutive sold-out shows in New York City. The night prior, Massey commanded a crowded Bowery Ballroom and drew impassioned yelps during a three-song encore and (not one, but two!) harmonica solos. That must feel good. "It doesn't feel bad," she laughs. "We are very humbled by the whole thing."

Slow Pulp's journey to this moment has been one of patience, adaptation, and resilience. They released their first project in 2015, but the band's origins date more than a decade before that, when Stoehr and Mathews met at age 5 in a McDonald's ball pit in Madison, Wis. They became childhood friends and, at age 10, met Leeds while taking music lessons. The boys formed a band and, many years later, met Massey through the music scene attached to the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

"The three of them had a band already and asked me to join as a rhythm guitar player and backing vocalist, which is kind of funny because," Massey tosses her hair and laughs sarcastically,

"I took over!"

From a college-town indie band to one of the most emotionally affecting acts in today's scene, Slow Pulp has carved out their own niche—one that feels raw, honest, and effortlessly compelling. Yard isn't complicated. It's just a great album.

The Le Poisson Rouge Manhattan's Greenwich Village





c.Alec Basse
Teddy Mathews | Emily Massey | Alex Leeds | Henry Stoehr



The Cocteau Twins

The Strange World Of
The Strange World Of
The Strange World Of
The Strange World Of



The Strange World Of The Cocteau Twins

“We do put a show on but we don’t perform. We’re not actors. There are bands that find it easy to get on Top of the Pops and prance about”

Cocteau Twins bassist Simon Raymonde remarks in an interview for Japanese television. It’s a stereotypical response from a band who’d much rather talk about what their music wasn’t about rather than what it was. Originally being influenced by bands like The Birthday Party, Cocteau Twins may have appeared like a bunch of dour Scottish goths, but they spent their long career fighting against this image. Through sonic trial and error they cast out into the world a spiky, dissociative sound bordering on spiritual ecstasy.

The band took their name from a Simple Minds song – a twist perhaps on the protagonists of Jean Cocteau’s 1929 novel Les Enfants Terribles. Ironically the band themselves seem to become like the adolescent protagonists of Cocteau’s book, indulging in an enclosed fantasy underscored by a dark codependency, a dynamic that would be born in Grangemouth, Scotland in 1982 when guitarist Robin Guthrie met singer Elizabeth Fraser at a disco. Fraser was embarrassed at being addressed by British press as

”The voice of God”.

Complete hyperbole of course, but her unique ‘glossolalia’ singing must have appeared to be unique in the extreme and somewhat miraculous considering the musical context of the Scottish goth scene in which it appeared. Cocteau Twins are as idiosyncratic visually as as they are musically, thanks to their own penchant for filmmaking and the work of 4AD’s favoured design team 23 Envelope. But their visual dimension wasn’t ‘brand’ as you might frame it today, instead appearing as a spontaneous, druggy, synaesthetic manifestation of the music itself. The band might have appeared and sounded at a disconnect from reality, but their alternate world was no calm reverie.

Needless to say, the band’s breakup in 1997, mostly due to deep conflicts unfolding creatively and romantically between Fraser and Guthrie which would leave their relationship VW and no chance of a reformation from the band in later years.Success for them came to the fore with their 1990 release Heaven Or Las Vegas, being their last album for 4AD before moving onto the major label Capitol. Being a jointly exemplary and commercially successful album, it’s easy as a newcomer to overlook the rest of their output. And although their inner turmoil is a central theme in the band’s history, Cocteau Twins produced much material in the time they were together.





Following a reissue of Heaven Or Las Vegas alongside The Pink Opaque, there are now reissues of Head Over Heels and Treasure scheduled for release this month. Entering the UK pop charts at number 29 in 1984, 'Pearly Dewdrops' Drops' would be the first breach into the mainstream for Cocteau Twins. The single was also popular on American college radio, 4AD sold some distribution rights to the American Relativity Records who would joint release The Pink Opaque – the compilation that features this single. After having become dissatisfied with his previous band Drowning Craze, this would also be the single with Simon Raymonde on bass duties, bringing with him his own fresh approaches to production which made 'Pearly Dewdrops' Drops' song cleaner than their past material. Released in 1982, the same year as The Cure's murky, bass heavy Pornography, *Garlands* involved similar production values but lacked a drummer that could compete with Lol Tolhurt's energy, and 'But I'm Not' falls back on a snappy drum machine that takes over the entire mix. The song's title is vague, a half formed sentence and like many Cocteau Twins songs its meaning is ambiguous if not completely absent – "but I'm not what?" you'd ask.

Cocteau Twins, c. Chris Garnham
4AD Garlands' and 'Victorialand' Vinyl Reissues



The band's core lineup featured Elizabeth Fraser, Robin Guthrie and Will Heggie at this point, and they are still trying to find ways of creating space in the music, which at this point is rather muddy and gloomy sounding. Although not a standout album in the band's repertoire, the basis of what Cocteau Twins would become is clearly there already; Fraser's singing is miraculously mature at this point but could have easily become an esoteric, forgotten moment in music history if it weren't for the band decidedly moving on from the sound of this album hereafter, which would end up becoming a stylistic albatross around the band's neck in their more successful and developed years.

Garlands couldn't compete with the similar Pornography, and nothing except for Fraser's vocals distinguished it from the goth rock of Siouxsie and The Banshees or label mates Dead Can Dance. Garlands is a historically interesting album, showing Cocteau Twins more involved with the Scottish post-punk scene at the time, collaborating with Gordon Sharp of Cindytalk during their early live performances.

Collaborations do not always happen with ease, even if the end results sound as if the artists involved were well suited to each other. Robin Guthrie decided that Harold Budd would be a good person to work with on the Cocteau Twins album which would be released during the same year as and be a companion to Victorialand. Though musically this collaboration wouldn't be an immediately obvious one to them both, as it needed a creative strategy to make it work. In an Echoes podcast with Robin Guthrie, Harold Budd admits that he is a slow, deliberate player. Cocteau Twins' songs aren't describable as fast, but they are certainly more energetic than Budd's previous work. Guthrie found that he had to equally adapt to Budd's musical mannerisms, as "not being a proper musician and everything I had to tune my guitar differently to accommodate things... What I do is spend ages tweaking up a sound until I get it just how I like it... When the sound's right".



Cocteau Twins
In Session
1983
Nights At The
Roundtable

Despite the technical differences in each others' playing, the two musicians would naturally compliment each other, and Guthrie would go on eventually to work on Budd's The White Arcades. The end result of the combination of their singular approaches is an album categorisable more as ambient new age than post punk, with Cocteau Twins sounding now as if experiencing a collective dip in energy. The Moon And The Melodies however showed Guthrie's interest in working in his production skills.

Fraser was inclined to share her lyrics – as long as she didn't have to discuss their meanings – with them being printed on copies of both Garlands and Head Over Heels. Sge spoke about their meanings, telling Raygun in 1993 that the lyrics

"don't have any meanings. They're not proper... It's like the Cockney rhyming slang or something.

Writers like John Lennon. Writers that just kind of made up their own portmanteaux that caught on and people still use them. They don't mean anything, though, that's the thing.

You know all the transcendent sounds. It's all sound all the way through."

c. Sheila Rock
Elizabeth Fraser Photo Strip Duplicate

It's difficult to see how Fraser's lyrics could mean anything given that Fraser didn't sing in full comprehensible sentences, but as Fraser describes in an interview with 1FM, the process of their arrangement wasn't random, making them look more like sung collages. Her process was in fact deceptively painstaking, with Fraser taking words from foreign language books and wrote them out in columns, having "had loads of these lists around the house." It was clear early on to Fraser that she felt a freedom using this method of lyric creation that didn't seem to come as intuitively to her when singing in English. The interviewer asks Fraser to read out the lyrics to 'Whale's Tails' – a song taken from Victorialand – several times in disbelief at her intuitive ability to recall the rhythms of the words in the column, and how they fit the song, though it's the melody of the music that she uses to remember them in her live performances. Though as time progressed Fraser's lyrics would become more intelligible, and even went as far as to send her lyrics to 4AD's house designer Vaughan Oliver as part of a creative brief: "I'm very lucky actually to have a set of lyrics from the Treasure album, which Elizabeth doesn't know that I still have. She wrote out the lyrics for me which is a revelation given how she distorts and contorts those lyrics especially during that period."

Arca's early work rarely features his voice, but his highly personal-sounding, operatic vocal style on his self-titled album sounds somewhat influenced of emotion present in Fraser's own. Clues have been left in his past work as to his Cocteau Twins influence, with his sampling of the band's 'Beatrix' on Entrañas in 2016.

Cocteau Twins' music can be both soft and angry, almost in alternation, and Arca draws out the latter aspect and strains it through his emotionally invasive production.

The collaboration between Chinese pop star Faye Wong and Cocteau Twins is a small but interesting sideline in the band's history. Faye Wong was heavily influenced by Cocteau Twins, particularly Elizabeth Fraser's vocals, from 1993 onward. This admiration led to a collaboration, though it was less fruitful than the band had hoped. Wong's label facilitated the connection, and while the band appreciated her work in Chungking Express, they never worked with each other in person—her parts were recorded in Hong Kong and Beijing through interpreters. Their duet on Serpentskirt appeared on the Asian release of Milk & Kisses, but while EMI Asia saw a market for it, the band felt the collaboration benefited Wong more than them.

Head Over Heels marked a turning point in the band's visual identity—it was Vaughan Oliver's first design gig for 4AD. Oliver, who worked on album covers between 1980 and 1985, recalled, "I wasn't with 4AD because it was a record label, I was there gradually as osmosis—I used to bump into Ivo [Watts-Russell, 4AD founder] at the same clubs, we were watching the same bands."

Recognizing the label's lack of visual direction, Oliver pushed for consistency. "I would elbow [Ivo] and say, 'Hey, give us a job mate. You need a logo, you need consistency.'" While 4AD developed a recognizable aesthetic, Oliver insisted each band and album maintained its own identity. His creative briefs involved discussing lyrics, art, photo, and film inspirations with the artists.







Cocteau Twins' journey was one of artistic evolution, from resisting imposed aesthetics to fully shaping their own visual and sonic identity. Their impact extended beyond their own music, influencing artists like Prince and leaving an indelible mark on dream pop. Though their time as a band came to an end, their legacy remains timeless—haunting, ethereal, and uniquely their own.

"Cocteau Twins didn't just create music, they conjured entire soundscapes—floating, shimmering, and utterly unmoored from reality."

— Alexis Petridis

mur mur

**Twin Voice"
c. Tony Bacon,
Lorraine
Bowen
1987**



Allegheny County Pennsylvania Pittsburgh

feeble little horse

Outside a punk house in Pittsburgh called The Deli, the members of Feeble Little Horse eye a sky full of clouds that look mean and imposing. A sound system, drum set, and amps already line the wall of the little parking lot behind the duplex, located in the student-heavy neighborhood of Oakland. The stakes are perhaps higher than your typical house show—this a "secret set" for Feeble Little Horse, who, despite being college-aged themselves, have quickly become local-scene stars—and everyone is worried that the weather might not cooperate. "The rain might just pass by us," says drummer Jake Kelley, in a tone that suggests he's not convinced that is true.

As opening act Ex Pilots set up their gear, the drops of water start as a dribble and turn into a downpour. People jump into action unplugging power strips and speaker cables, a gaggle of musicians and friends rushing to get everything into the basement and the alcove under the porch. An executive decision is made to move the show inside and hope for the best—fire codes be damned.

Though Feeble Little Horse started off in basements not long ago, their following has grown to the point that they're playing 500-person clubs on an upcoming summer tour. Since their inception in early 2021, the quartet—bassist/vocalist Lydia Slocum, guitarist/vocalist Sebastian Kinsler, guitarist Ryan Walchonski, and drummer Kelley—have released an EP, modern tourism, and a full-length, Hayday. Both records—along with their forthcoming LP, Girl With Fish*—*highlight the band's commitment to adventurous guitar tones, catchy hooks, noisy atmospheres, and dry, cutting lyrics.

They make reference-heavy indie rock that pulls from all directions while feeling new, but their pop-centric approach to songwriting makes them especially accessible, and in Pittsburgh, beloved. It's this devotion that leads to more and more people joining the crowd outside The Deli. Huddled together in the rain, fans jockey for a position near the basement door, ready to rush in and post up near the makeshift stage

Earlier that afternoon, while it's still sunny and clear, Kinsler leads me up the steps of a tan brick duplex just a couple of blocks from the venue. The rest of the band is already gathered in his living room, listening to the Jonas Brothers' new single "Waffle House" on someone's phone. A box-fan hums in the window, a familiar sound in a neighborhood lined with student rentals. There's a flier for Feeble Little Horse's first show, at a storied house venue called Rothko, framed on the wall. Walchonski and Kelley are settled on the well-loved couch while Slocum lounges in a nearby armchair. Their camaraderie is easy to spot—how naturally they fall into doing a bit, how frequently they laugh.

Though Slocum is the only Pittsburgh native among them, and Walchonski moved to D.C. after graduation, they consider the city their home base. They all met here—Kelley, Walchonski, and Kinsler at the University of Pittsburgh, where Walchonski was Kelley's freshman-dorm RA, and Slocum around town at shows. "This is where we link up and record," says Kelley. "It's where the music was made and our first show was, and it's my home," says Slocum.

> **"We got established in the Pittsburgh DIY scene before anyone else was listening,"**

The scene itself left an impression on the members of Feeble Little Horse. Kinsler and Walchonski have long been fascinated by Crafted Sounds, a tape label founded in a Pitt dorm room that's at the epicenter of the local indie rock scene. Kelley recalls attending a wild show during his freshman year that sparked his desire to get involved. "I went to some benefit and Water Trash was playing, and there was a hole in the ceiling and the basement was packed. I'd never been to a house show before. People were crawling through the hole and passing drinks down. I was like,

> **"I want to play in a band in a place like this"**

The group's unique style of noise-pop also sounds like a synthesis of several pockets of Pittsburgh music. While non-local listeners might hear whispers of My Bloody Valentine, Sonic Youth, and the Swirlies, I hear the catchy shoegaze of Gaadge, the driving and dirgy post-punk of Sleeping Witch & Saturn, the vulnerability and thoughtful lyricism of Merce Lemon, and moments of sinister-yet-playful energy akin to Silver Car Crash. It's not necessarily that this is their intention, but more the subtle influence of musical geography.



Lydia Slocum
Sebastian Kinsler
Ryan Walchonski
Jake Kelley

"I've been the de facto manager for the band since we started," explains Walchonski. "I've always been very protective about bringing people in, because I worry that it can increase the pressure to do certain things that we might not be ready or interested in doing."

Feeble Little Horse began with just Kinsler and Walchonski writing songs together. These songs, which would become both modern tourism and Hayday, weren't workshopped in front of live crowds but rather crafted and recorded in the duo's insular world. They recorded modern tourism in the apartment Walchonski shared with Kelley, so it was natural that he'd jump in to record drums. It wasn't until the tail end of recording Hayday, in the summer of 2021 that Slocum was brought into the musical fold, though she'd been a part of the EP by way of making the cover art. Slocum had never played bass before, but it didn't matter. She wrote the lyrics and placed stickers on her bass guitar to correspond with the correct notes for each song, and the band began rehearsing together.

As they began to play shows that summer and fall, word spread quickly about the quartet's distinct sound and enthralling live show. When Hayday was released in October of 2021 Feeble Little Horse made the leap from a mythic local band with momentum to something bigger, receiving nods from indie rock heavies like Snail Mail and Hotline TNT. The hype turned the heads of several labels, and the band ultimately decided to go with Saddle Creek.

One would think that getting signed to the label that brought Bright Eyes and Big Thief to national recognition in your early 20s might be a jarring experience, but the four seem grounded and at ease leading up to the release of sophomore album Girl With Fish, and they don't appear to have any kind of starry-eyed or blind optimism about getting swept up by the industry. They each believe in maintaining creative control of the project, and they prefer to record the music, make the art, and run their own tours. The first step was deciding on a booking agent, which entailed **"saying no a lot"** and searching for someone who was kind and supportive of the band's goals.

The label conversation was, at times, even trickier. One potential label approached them with the expectation that all four members would put their jobs and studies on hold in order to pursue music full-time, something the band has no interest in doing. **"And they wanted us to make a fucking TikTok,"** adds Kelley with a face of disgust.

Slocum, the primary voice of the project, often writes about the yearning and disappointment within relationships, the ever-present specter of a religious upbringing, the consuming nature of desire. These aren't maybe the kinds of conversations you are having when you meet new people, but these are the Rorschach test paintings Slocum is presenting to listeners. **"I'd never be that vulnerable with someone I didn't know," she says. "But I'm not thinking about all these strangers when I'm writing."**

The religious details, in particular, stand out: a plastic Catholic priest watching from a dresser in the droning single "Steamroller," Slocum **"using her imagination to sin" in the frantic and collaged "Pocket." "I feel like when you're raised with religion, you can't walk it off, it's always there somehow," says Slocum. "I love working through it with creative stuff."**

The lyrics Slocum brings to Girl With Fish are visceral: **"Steamroller, you fuck like you're eating,"** goes the single—a gnarled simile that feels both relatable and pointed. While Slocum certainly shows softness, she never puts forth any sense of weakness. The first single, "Tin Man," is a pointed critique of people who weaponize their sadness. **"I gotta go 'cause you flash sadness,"** Slocum sings, **"I found you all rusted and leaky/Took him apart and I found nobody."**

Slocum's bass-playing and catchy vocals alongside Kelley's drumming serve as a solid foundation for Walchonski and Kinsler's experimental approach to playing guitar. While Slocum has no pedals and uses stickers to show what she needs to play during each song, the two guitarists plug into boards with a collection of pedals and the end goal of creating guitar sounds that barely resemble a guitar at all. There aren't rules, and that's the point. The record is an ambitious experiment in studio sounds and textures, best listened to through headphones or extra loud on a stereo.

The live experience, however, sheds any recording or production tools. Instead the shows are an exploration of what sounds can be made with guitars, amplifiers, and traditional drums in the context of a collaborative group of musicians. During Feeble Little Horse sets, there is an unspoken communication through each riff and transition, a knowing glance, an involuntary smile. "Feeble Little Horse as a recording band is pretty different from Feeble Little Horse as a live band, and I take pride in that," says Kelley.

FLH
"In Concert"

Before the basement is fully packed and the chaos of the night sets in, Slocum hops up on a washing machine in the basement to write out the set with the rest of the band. Each one is written on stationary shaped like a cake, and each band member's set list has a little portrait of them next to the list of songs. You get the sense that this preparation feels like a ritual or a family tradition. There's a world of hype and possibility around the band, but for them it's really about these tiny moments.

It's not quite summer in Pittsburgh, but between the rain and the mass of people packed into the basement for Feeble Little Horse's set later that night, it feels like it. It's humid, sweaty and surreal. There is cheering and clapping as the band prepares to play. There is a sea of dancing and bobbing bodies, a sense of playfulness and freedom despite the tight squeeze. Most of the people who managed to pack the room intently made sure to get into that basement, leaving more than 50 attendees to listen outside. Feeble Little Horse have clearly outgrown Saturday night house shows in Oakland, but everyone here gets to experience the magic of that intimacy just one more time.

FLH
"Backstage"




Steal my
Heart



The Sundays seemed to vanish just before Christmas in 1997. That day, on 11 December, a 900-strong crowd in Islington's Union Chapel stood unaware that they were witnessing the final public performance by one of the Nineties' dreamiest of pop groups. The band's mercurial frontwoman Harriet Wheeler, her auburn hair piled atop her head, lilted through a run of pretty earworms that sounded like The Smiths if they were fronted by Bjork. Then, after two encores, Wheeler and her bandmates – bassist Paul Brindley, drummer Patrick Hannan, and her partner and future husband, guitarist David Gavurin – threw up their hands, smiled, and left. Never, at least in pop terms, to be seen again.

We Will Never Move On From

the sundays



A few months later, the dance duo Tin Tin Out covered the group's "Here's Where the Story Ends", a melancholy ballad about lost love that hadn't quite propelled The Sundays to British chart glory in 1990. They draped the track in synthy chugging and replaced Wheeler with a woman with musical theatre vocals and Anthea Turner's haircut. It flew to No 1 in the radio airplay charts. If ever there was a sign that The Sundays didn't quite belong in the musical conversation of 1998, with its Britpop aggro and Woolworths-shelf club hits, it was this

.

Today, The Sundays remain a mystery, a cult time capsule with three albums to their name, a chunky, distressed wardrobe that looks wonderful on a Pinterest board, and an army of young fans. Their disappearance, too, has sparked one of the most enduring armchair-detective digital manhunts that doesn't involve a dead body.



The Sundays Reading Writing And Arithmetic

"Harriet Wheeler, where are you?"

asks a Twitter account that's been somewhat fruitlessly speaking to the universe since 2020.

The reasons for all this detective work lie in Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, the band's first album, which was released 35 years ago this week. A lush collection of autumnal pop, it hops along on spry basslines and jangly guitar melodies, Wheeler's ethereal vocals seeming to run and run with no destination in mind. Lyrics fade in and out until they're borderline unintelligible, then snap back into focus – it's as if she's Liz Fraser of the Cocteau Twins halfway through elocution lessons.

Gavurin once said this was deliberate. **"The mood of the music determines the diction of the lyrics,"** he told The New York Times in 1990.

"We don't tell structured stories or have specific matter that can be unlocked with a magic key. Our lyrics are more a jumble of personal impressions."

You can just about make out themes, though. Often Wheeler is defiant and headstrong, embracing singleness, street-smarts, the faith that everything will work out in the end. But then she pivots, sits sad and alone, picking up the pieces of a twentysomething freakout. **"I won the war and I feel proud,"** she sings on "I Won". **"But I don't know why it's hard to get to sleep in my house."**

Wheeler and Gavurin met while studying at Bristol University in the mid-Eighties, she the daughter of an architect, he the son of an accountant. Reviewing one of their gigs in 1993, The Independent wrote that The Sundays had found a fanbase in student circles, and it's no real surprise why, their earliest tracks steeped in the pain of young adulthood. These are songs that drift and meander and bristle with confusion – they feel juvenile in the best way, emotions raw and bruises still showing. **"It's that little souvenir of a terrible year / Which makes my eyes feel sore,"** goes "Here's Where the Story Ends". **"Oh, I never should have said the books that you read were all I loved you for."**

If anything might explain why The Sundays were so short-lived, it's the speed with which they came together. An early gig in 1988 was attended by a number of music journalists and record label representatives, and a bidding war ensued to sign them. A mere year and a half passed between their very first performance as a band and the release of Reading, Writing and Arithmetic.

"Even before we had a single out, we were on the cover of music magazines,"

Gavurin said in 1997.

"There was quite a lot of pressure on our shoulders."

Wheeler, meanwhile, told an early interviewer that The Sundays was, more or less, an odd accident.

"There was never a time I wanted to be incredibly famous or in a pop group," she said.

Perhaps the band's album and single artwork was a further clue: not once do the band actually appear on them. Instead they present abstract images of ammonite fossils, ladybirds and pears.

Bittersweet Taste Of Another Time Another Place, Love Music Video



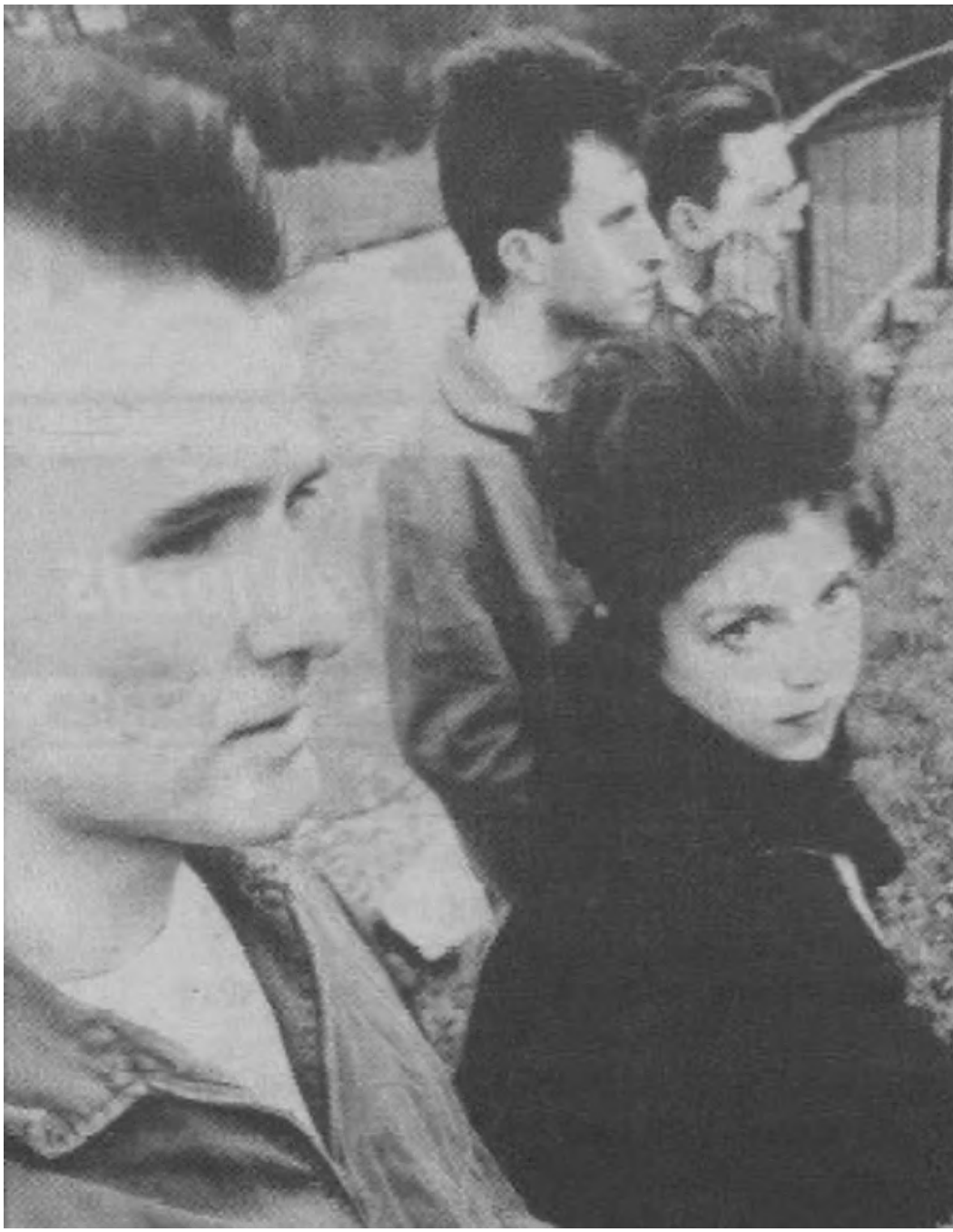
TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN

The Sundays & The Cranberries

Harriet Wheeler of The Sundays and Dolores O'Riordan of The Cranberries were often compared for their distinct yet ethereal vocal styles—delicate but powerful, airy yet emotionally resonant. Both bands emerged in the late '80s and early '90s, crafting introspective, jangly alternative pop that balanced melancholy with melody.

Yet, their approaches differed. The Sundays, with their shimmering guitars and poetic ambiguity, embraced a dreamlike, almost weightless quality. The Cranberries, on the other hand, infused their songs with Irish folk influences and O'Riordan's raw emotional intensity, often tackling themes of political unrest and personal struggle.

O'Riordan herself acknowledged the constant comparisons, even joking that she should've written a song titled "Sinead O'Connor" to embrace the inevitable.



Still, they were too good to be ignored. Reading, Writing and Arithmetic was a hit, reaching No 7 in the UK album charts, and "Here's Where the Story Ends" earned regular rotation on US college radio. A second album, the darker hued Blind, followed in 1992. On it was their staggeringly gorgeous cover of The Rolling Stones' "Wild Horses", which would end up soundtracking two pivotal moments in Nineties teen entertainment: Reese Witherspoon being brought to orgasm on a rollercoaster (sure!) in her 1996 thriller Fear, and Buffy and Angel's slow dance at the high school prom. If you missed The Sundays the first time around, your fandom probably started as a result of one of those.

Static & Silence, released in 1997, would prove to be the group's last act. It feels like a different Sundays record. Wheeler's voice is deeper and more solemn. There are trombones and funk synths on the breezy lead single "Summertime", and a beefier sound overall, sparse dream-pop traded for stadium-friendly soft-rock. The band, now with Wheeler and Gavurin's first child along for the ride, toured the world with it. Then they called time.



The Sundays
c. last.fm

Over the years, many have congregated online to swap tales of seeing the band live and ponder their current whereabouts. There have been sightings of Wheeler doing her shopping in north London supermarkets – or, perhaps, sightings of one of the many young women emulating her style today. Who is to say? David Baddiel, a friend of Wheeler and Gavurin's, once claimed they've never stopped recording, giving credence to the popular urban legend that they're sitting on years of unreleased tracks. One journalist, for Long Reads, managed to get his hands on the pair's home address in 2019 and briefly pondered door-stepping them, before thinking better of it.

"Reading, Writing and Arithmetic remains one of the greatest debut albums in British pop history." — The Guardian

"Harriet Wheeler's voice is something between a whisper and a sunrise—fragile, luminous, and utterly captivating." — NME

"The Sundays sound like The Smiths if they were fronted by Björk." — The Independent

"Their music drifts and meanders, bristling with the raw emotions of young adulthood wistful, intelligent, and timeless." — Pitchfork

It leaves the group one of those rare Nineties acts, who had hit albums and major press traction at the time, with minimal online presence in the present day. Beyond Reddit threads asking what happened to them, they are largely confined to their music, the handheld concert footage that's been posted on YouTube, and defunct fansites bearing lengthy apologies for a lack of updates. There's a bit of magic to that, though. The Sundays are a band always awaiting discovery, made for the next young person to stumble upon their records and think their words were written specifically for them. And that it'll be their cry of "Harriet Wheeler, where are you?" that might finally be answered.



British alt-rock band Bôa has lived more than a few lifetimes. The group comprised of vocalist Jasmine Rodgers, and musicians Alex Caird and Lee Sullivan, got its start as a casual jam session between local musicians in Rodgers' home studio in the early '90s. Rodgers wasn't even technically in the band at the time, but the upstairs studio they rehearsed in was attached to the home she shared with her brother Steve, and her father Paul Rodgers, singer for the classic rock bands Free and Bad Company.

"It was natural for everybody to go there and rehearse and I wouldn't stop singing downstairs," Rodgers tells Variety over a Zoom call. "I remember Alex being like, 'Do you want to, just kind of, sing?'... When we were coming up, locals knew locals and all we would do is play... I don't remember actually going out. We would go on long walks through the forest on the outskirts of London, the summary backwater, at like three or four in the morning when we were done rehearsing and it was actually quite weirdly healthy."



Listening to Bôa's 1998 single "Duvet" will give you a similar feeling. It's nostalgic and tender, painting a colorful picture of intermingling instruments that come together to build a chirpy, guitar-pop sound. It's the kind of song that would play in a romantic scene of a '90s rom-com taking place during a summer in the main character's life.

Today, "Duvet" is also the reason Bôa has reformed some 18 years after they put out their final record. The song has found a niche audience on social media and has earned seven million streams per week so far this year. It's been used as the soundtrack for over 250,000 TikTok videos — that's not counting the sped-up or remixed versions — and it's also the reason the band is gearing up to release a new album for its new-found fanbase.

"It's equal parts delicious and terrifying,"

Rodgers says. Caird adds, "We're so happy but at the same, there's a desire to really get it right. Because it's a brilliant opportunity. And I think we're just really grateful that people still want to hear new material and support us. We want to give them something good."

When Rodgers officially joined the band, members of Bôa had circulated in and out, including Steve who covered guitars and vocals until 1994. In the end, Bôa lived on with Rodgers on vocals, Caird on bass and Sullivan on drums. They released two studio albums as independent artists, "Get There" in 2005 and "Twilight" in 2001. The latter featured "Duvet," which gained its first wind of momentum being featured in an anime series called "Serial Experiments Lain" and became a huge success in Japan.

In the years that came after "Get There," Bôa remained relatively inactive, with all of the previous members going on to pursue other interests or their own solo careers. Rodgers had been a solo musician for the last 12 years and in between that time, she earned her degree in psychology. Sullivan was splitting his days between music and family, while Caird was off teaching guitar.

What happened next could only be the product of algorithmic synergy. "Duvet" by Bôa began its renaissance online in August of 2021. The band noticed the track was starting to take off when it was sampled in a song by Spanish urban-trap singer and producer Yung Beef, who worked with producers Metro Boomin and Southside in the early stages of their career.

After the track proved to have longer momentum, labels and publishing companies reached out to the band with the proposition of deals but in the end, it was Sameer Sadhu — vice president of A&R at Nettwerk Music — who caught them "at the right time for us," says Caird. "He seemed to be the most honest and out."

"It was a time when we were still trying to understand what the value of TikTok meant," adds Sadhu who discovered "Duvet" on a viral songs chart. "I saw TikTok as a momentum starter, and I knew there were alternative artists going viral that would be a better fit at an indie label. If we kept to our principles of why we sign and how we built on momentum as a label, we could really add long-term value that wasn't just about a moment."



Boa, Rob Blackham, 01



Boa, Rob Blackham, 02









Boa, Rob Blackham, 04/5

Boa, Rob Blackham, 03

During their first call together, Bôa relayed their story in full: the deep, borderline familial history, and "Duvet's" spaceless resonance. "It was clear... how much they embraced it — the anti-TikTok narrative to an extent — where this was a platform giving life to genuine songwriters in a brand new format," says Sadhu.

"They were truly so happy that people were discovering and relating to their song 20 years later, and to me, there's a lot of romance in that, which I think sometimes we overlook."

"He also was encouraging us to record new music and it became even more exciting," adds Rodgers in a light chipper tone.

"We were already jamming out on our own and had come to the consensus that 'We can still read each other. We still enjoy this."

Bôa's new record is said to be released later this year and houses a variety of sounds, but a majority of those new songs started as jam sessions, which still sound as they always have.

"We've been playing and having a lot of fun. It feels natural and good," says Lee, adding that it "definitely [has] a large connection to the last album."

"I think it's quite exciting to have that space as well — and seeing that we've developed as people and and maybe there'll be less squabbling," laughs Rodgers.

"With these guys, we just straight away go into recording. I just vocally go bigger than what I do in my solo work and lyrically, I go different. It's powerful."

With the band active on social media, the group has grown quite the fanbase — many of whom weren't even alive when the band recorded "Duvet."

"the song's magic relies on its level of relatability — it's quite an emotional song,"



Jasmine Rodgers and Alex Caird of Bôa c.Nataschia Hadley

"Still to this day, the theme of identity is something I'm always writing about and I think that resonates with some people," adds Rodgers. "And I think that's lovely. Because when I was growing up as a mixed East Asian child, I had a lot of questions as to why things were the way they were and I think those themes are timeless."

"I hope people enjoy it."

MAKKO

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