

PRAISE FOR LADYHAWK'S SHOTS



In all honesty, and without exaggeration, I've listened to Shots nearly every day.
-Carrie Brownstein, NPR

It's a winning rethink, salvaging the best bits of a musical style that's too easily dismissed.
-SPIN

Too honorable and magnificent for anyone to consciously ignore.
-BEYOND RACE

Evocative and sublime.
-MOJO

Shots is remarkably full of life.
-ROCK SOUND

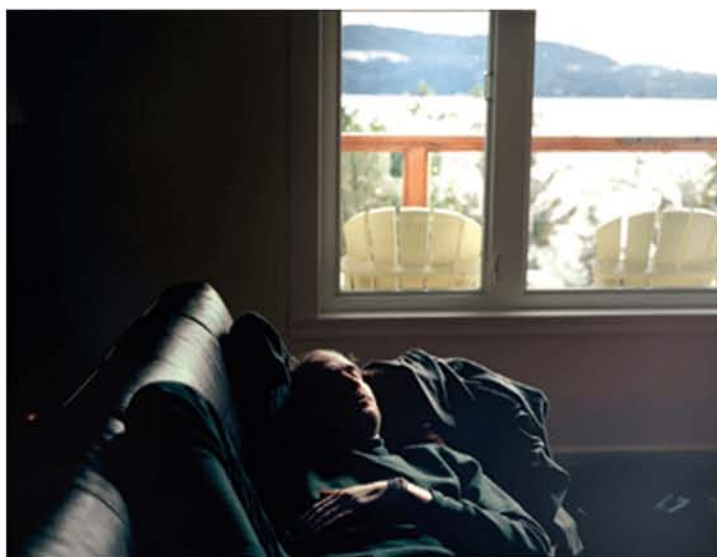
When the peaks come, they're transcendent.
-NME

This one is a slow burner, every song a fresh hit of a bummed-out, classic-rock-inspired glory with guitar abuse that ranges from gentle fingerpicking to Dinosaur Jr. shred and shimmering, My Bloody Valentine-esque space riffs.
-COLOR MAGAZINE



SINCE FOREVER

Ladyhawk stay young and stay drunk,
whether you listen or not



D

uffy Driediger

sits in the only diner in downtown Vancouver that he likes, talking about how he was so hung over the last time he was here that he had to run to the bathroom connected to the kitchen to throw up. "Everyone was looking at me," says the guitarist and lead singer of the band Ladyhawk. For Ladyhawk everywhere in Vancouver has a story like this, one that doesn't really go anywhere and usually involves incapacitation or empty bottles. It's like the city itself has become a well-worn flannel for them. In a sea of sports bars and shitty pizza joints, the Templeton diner stands out as one of the few places in the area worth returning to, mostly because it's clean and isn't frequented by young assholes in baggy Jcos. Across the street is a store that sells Slipknot T-shirts and in the distance ten cranes stand next to the skeletons of future buildings, chipping away at the formerly uninterrupted expanse of Northwest sky.

All four members of Ladyhawk live on the eastside of Vancouver. There were points when they lived together, but now they've mostly moved in with their girlfriends—a sign of growing up, despite the fact that they all deny they are growing up. In their music, Ladyhawk take all the tiny self-discoveries that come with finding your place in the world and then turn them into dirty guitar jams. They are drunken reflections on life's dissatisfactions: adult in their acceptance of pain, but adolescent in their directness. "We're a pretty emo band," Driediger says. "I'm kinda embarrassed. I don't know if I would be a fan of our band if I wasn't in it."

Ladyhawk began, unofficially, in Kelowna, British Columbia, about four hours northeast of Vancouver. Driediger along with lead guitarist Darcy Hancock, drummer Ryan Peters, and bassist Sean Hawryluk spent their teenage years living near each other, but didn't form Ladyhawk until they all migrated to Vancouver because it was time to move somewhere, anywhere, bigger. After re-recording their self-titled album because they didn't like how it sounded the first time, they shopped it around, eventually getting signed by Jagjaguwar and releasing it to little fanfare. "There are not that many Ladyhawk fans out there," Driediger admits. "In every crowd there are like five people that are really stoked, [but] I'd rather play a shitty show in some kid's basement in Fargo to like 15 super stoked kids."

Since the first album's release in 2006, Ladyhawk went on to make *Fight For Anarchy*, a vinyl-only EP that was recorded under a mushroom haze and virtually ignored by everyone. *Shots*, Ladyhawk's new album, is a confluence of their previous work, finding them trying to deal with getting older, but now turned more inward. Instead of the outside world becoming too much for Driediger, he grapples with his religious background through the same boozy lens that all Ladyhawk songs are filtered through. "I went to bible school for a year after high school," Driediger says. "I used to believe it really intensely and now it's not part of my life anymore. But it still is. It's still where I come from." On "I Don't Always Know What You're Saying" he mumbles, *And the heavens, they just opened up onto nothing/And a voice called down and said, You can come if you want to*. The song ends with no resolution. Driediger still has questions, but maybe that's all he needs. Without the answers he can put off growing up just a little longer.

Walking through Vancouver from downtown towards Peters' apartment, the city quickly dissolves into a dense cluster of flagrant drug use: addicts shoot up in alleys in the middle of the afternoon or shake from withdrawal outside of community centers. There's something unquantifiable in the area's fucked-upness and how it affects the rest of the city, whether its residents choose to acknowledge it or ignore it completely. It has turned the character of Vancouver into something similar to Seattle in the grunge years—a total mess of dirty, unhinged music and working-class people trying to meld their ruminations on life and death and relationships and everything else into something tangible.

At Peters' attic-like apartment he's tall enough to nearly hit the low ceilings. Driediger and Hancock slump in their chairs, and Hawryluk is at work in the woods. He might come by later, but he's also deep into a particularly engrossing game of *Dungeons & Dragons*, so no one really knows when he's going to show up. Although all the members of Ladyhawk have some sort of day job (Driediger does shirt screenprinting, Hancock works construction but used to cut hair, Peters bartends at a dive called Pat's Pub and Hawryluk is a forester) they avoid them as much as possible, usually practicing once a week and spending the rest of the time with their girlfriends or hanging out with each other. "At this point, us even playing music is a miracle," says Peters. "All of our friends from high school have houses and kids and mortgages and shit like that. This is literally all I can do. I have no skills, but it makes me happy. And I have to be happy."

Not too long ago, the Vancouver music scene was thriving. Stephen McBean was creating druggy rock monoliths with Black Mountain and Pink Mountaintops, the New Pornographers jumped into the wake of Hot Hot Heat's quickly rising (and then falling) star just as Dan Bejar went off to create epically verbose songs as Destroyer full time. Plenty of smaller bands were kicking around, developing the Vancouver sound—grimy dive bar rock that is catchy in its darkness and drunkenly self-defeating. At some point, most of those bands got too big for the city or broke up. "It seems like a wasteland," Driediger says of the community now. "I don't want to say it's dead, but there isn't a lot going on." Hancock echoes this sentiment, "It's a small city that the rest of the world barely pays attention to. At least within itself you think it could be something." But it isn't, and it maybe never really was. Still, Ladyhawk is here, looking for chances to leave the city for any reason, yet always coming right back.

With *Shots*, they went home to Kelowna, choosing to record the album in a gutted farmhouse. As with all their previous recorded work the whole process was a struggle. "I always had this feeling of impending doom, that this is it, I might not ever be able to write any more songs," Driediger says. "I didn't feel like it was flowing." But eventually *Shots* was finished, despite the constant

"VANCOUVER IS A SMALL CITY THAT THE REST OF THE WORLD BARELY PAYS ATTENTION TO. AT LEAST WITHIN ITSELF YOU THINK IT COULD BE SOMETHING."—DARCY HANCOCK

"THIS IS LITERALLY ALL I CAN DO. I HAVE NO SKILLS, BUT IT MAKES ME HAPPY AND I HAVE TO BE HAPPY."—RYAN PETERS

"I DON'T KNOW IF I WOULD BE A FAN OF OUR BAND IF I WASN'T IN IT."—DUFFY DRIEDIGER

DRUMMER RYAN PETERS.

BASSIST SEAN HAWRYLUK

GUITARIST DARCY HANCOCK.

presence of a camera crew filming the band for *Let Me Be Fictional*, a documentary by Ladyhawk fans Mona Mok and Rob Leickner that, while compelling, is mostly unnecessary. But it makes sense that it exists, as those who care about the band do so passionately. In typical self-doubting Ladyhawk fashion, the band is worried that it exists at all. "It's a panicky feeling," Driediger says. "You like to have some degree of control over how you are portrayed. I don't think it portrays us in any bad light, but I'm just like, People will think that we are so boring. It's lame to be a band that nobody knows or cares about that has a movie about them." For all the band's nervousness and confusion about why the film even exists, they don't really need to worry. It captures the most basic essence of Ladyhawk: four dudes who happen to make shredding music together drinking and hanging out. And in my two days with them, this is exactly what they do, too. They see folky Seattle bleaters the Cave Singers play a show, they eat ultra dense Chinese food, they drink carefully portioned well drinks and complain about the Canada pour laws, and on a late night walk through Vancouver, Peters says he wishes they had Netflix in Canada, expressing near shock that there is *actually a service that sends your movies to you*.

One night while Hancock sits in the mostly empty Pat's Pub and Peters works behind the bar, Driediger comes in and slumps down with his BLT. At the next table over is a group of old men who look like they've been there forever, and don't plan on leaving any time soon. A couple of them get up and head to the glassed-in smoking area in the middle of the bar, which makes them look like they're in the reptile house at the zoo. Soon members of Black Mountain and Blood Meridian show up, necessitating a move to a long bank of tables. Hancock leans over and says, "You want to see the Vancouver music scene? This is it." Everyone here is friends with everyone else, and although the circle has dwindled, there is still a warmth in the room. Amid the fears and self-doubt and lack of career confidence, Ladyhawk will always have each other to fall back on.

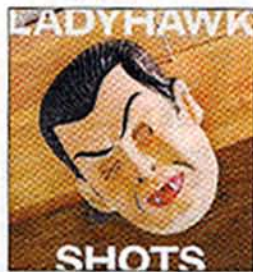
Earlier in the day, walking through the city, Driediger said, "I'm 30 years old, I have a shitty job and I'm basically exactly the same as I was when I was 17, but at least I got a band." And maybe that's enough for now. **F**

"I'D RATHER PLAY A SHITTY SHOW IN SOME KID'S BASEMENT IN FARGO TO LIKE 15 SUPER STOKED KIDS." —DUFFY DRIEDIGER

SINGER AND GUITARIST
DUFFY DRIEDIGER.



THE L MAGAZINE



Ladyhawk Shots (Jagjaguar)

Jokes about the proliferation of Canadian indie-rock bands had gotten old by the time Ladyhawk dropped their first record

in 2006, but two years later, it still hasn't gotten any less impressive how consistent the bands trickling down from up north tend to sound. That first release pegged Ladyhawk as a sort of boozier Wolf Parade, embracing the same dark, heavy guitar work, but stretching it out to include sloppy, Neil Young-style solos. As its title might imply, *Shots* is just as boozy as its predecessor, another moody guitar album recorded in an audibly spacious old house. It's a familiar sound, but it's clearly meant to be, especially as the references bleed through: 'Night You're Beautiful' lifts its backing vocals from 'Walk on the Wild Side,' 'Fear' quotes the Beatles, and 'Corpse Paint' calls to mind the black-and-white makeup worn by black metal bands. The rest draws from a balanced combination of early-90s alternative and Southern rock—the same ground they trod the first time around, but the kind that hasn't worn out yet.

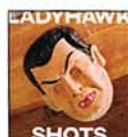
Mike Dougherty

Ladyhawk
Shots
Jagjaguar

Ladyhawk recorded *Shots* in Canada in a turn-of-the-(previous century farmhouse under siege by encroaching suburbia. Essentially, the themes visited in the British Columbia-based band's 2006 self-titled debut—mall culture angst and the footloose follies of youth—are still present, but *Shots* represents a wiser, undoubtedly weathered, yet equally rambunctious band. Gone are the odes to jackknives and skating rink-family van backdrops, but even the touch of cynicism that comes with being a couple of years older doesn't dissuade this four-piece from dealing with life's increasingly heavy shit loudly and lightheartedly. Album opener "I Don't Always Know What You're Saying," with its chugging bass line, splashing cymbals and indecisive guitar interplay, offers immediate evidence. Thankfully, the band doesn't let polish or technical proficiency interfere with Labatt-enhanced emotional delivery. Concerns for the future of rock and roll are laid to rest when the group borrows Lou Reed's "do-do-do" colored girls, and Duffy Driediger howls, "And I shed my clothes / And I shed the day / And I thrust myself, huh, into you night," before a thunderous outro threatens to incite a Marshall stack avalanche on "Night You're Beautiful." It is three minutes of bliss. More inebriated and less bookish than Stateside contemporary The Hold Steady, these bonus room rockers are neck and neck with cheaper prescription(less) pharmaceuticals in the derby to determine the finest Canadian export to hit U.S. soil, ever. —David Eduardo

FILTER MAGAZINE

LADYHAWK Shots



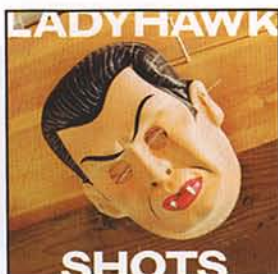
JAGJAGUAR

Looking at the back cover of *Shots*, the four blanching, bearded, beer-covered and disrobed members of Ladyhawk immediately have my empathy. Though dirty rockers already get a pass from the sterilized masses if they bring magic (though psychologists trump the power of pheromones), Ladyhawk cleans up nicely when it comes to the songwriting. Duffy Driediger sings in the key of Beck and Handsome Furs/Wolf Parade's Dan Boeckner, while the rest of the music is largely guitar-driven, Southern-rock riffing that takes cues from sanitary charmers such as New Pornographers and Neil Young. While *Shots* never delivers on its promotional material's promise of ushering in an uninhibited Bacchanalia, it doesn't crash either. As the song "(I'll Be Your) Ashtray" indicates, Ladyhawk is perpetually in the mood to get grimier. CAMERON BIRD

76%

BRM

GROUNDBREAKING MUSIC + CULTURE



LADYHAWK Shots (Jagjaguar)

Ladyhawk's sophomore album is emotionally resplendent, but never overindulgent. Mixing fast-paced, raucous songs with mellow, wistful tracks, much like they did on their self-titled debut, *Shots* is a mirror for the whims of the soul, containing the motifs of death ("Corpse Paint" and "Faces of Death") and romantic longing/realization (the line, "I know there is no such thing as endless love"). On "Night You're Beautiful," with what sounds like Lou Reed's "do do do's" from "Walk on the Wild Side" in the background, a brave electric guitar weaves around and around dynamic vocals and fresh distortion. With striking and spontaneous guitar solos, gentle acoustics, and the ability to switch between such utter quiet and jam-packed sound, *Shots* is too honorable and magnificent for anyone to consciously ignore.

—ALTERNATIVE AMY

FLAGPOLE MAGAZINE



GENRE | AMERICANA-INDIE

VERDICT | PASS THE BOTTLE, I'M DEPRESSED

LABEL | JAGJAGUAR

RELEASE DATE | 3.4.08

JAGJAGUAR.COM

For decades America has been under attack by an insidious cabal bent on infiltrating the homeland. And they're nearly impossible to detect ... they're Canadians. Making things worse, these Canadians are highly skilled at imitating our culture and serving it back to us, Neil Young being only the most egregious example. British Columbia's Ladyhawk takes many of their weebegone lyrical and music cues from that model, touring the dusty back roads that lead from Young's invented heartland to a scruffy Americana of a more recent indie vintage. This is a record about the quiet loneliness of self-immolation broken up by moments of shouty, noisy, rock, defiance where the idea that a ripping guitar solo and busted harmonies can prop up a busted life. It's an ass pocket of whiskey—a midnight highway sense of rock bedlam—disheveled, ambling and broke down as most of this fucked-up country. We probably deserve as much.

VICE



LADYHAWK Shots Jagjaguar



OK, settle down there, Vancouver. You are coming dangerously close to smothering us in your giant bushy beards. Yeah sure, it's fun to "rock out" with your "bros" and, yeah, I guess shaving is for "the man," but sloooooow down. You are gonna swing the pendulum back over to electronic music long before its scheduled comeback. We should have at least two more years before the electroclash revival ("electroclash" perhaps? I just coined that!) so let's just relax and not release 5,000 albums a day. I mean, does nobody in Vancouver have a day job?

CYRIL BONAVIA

SPIN

Ladyhawk Shots ★★½

JAGJAGUAR

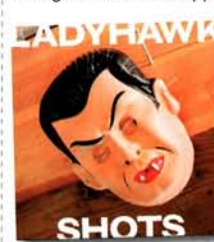
Rescuing a beleaguered genre from its jam-band kidnappers

On its long, cold journey to Ladyhawk's home in southern Canada, Southern rock took comfort in melancholy, stopped in Kentucky to get some tips from My Morning Jacket, and lost most of its swagger. On this Vancouver band's second album, they embrace the beleaguered genre's big guitar bravado, tempering it with boozy balladry (the lovely, simple "[I'll Be Your] Ashtray") and ornery indie rock (the squalling "Night You're Beautiful"). It's a winning rethink, salvaging the best bits of a musical style that's too easily dismissed. JOSH MODELL

dig

BOSTON'S WEEKLY

★★★
Canadian rockers who seriously dig Crazy Horse To say Ladyhawk offer a pretty straightforward rock trip makes them sound unadventurous, which they probably are, but also doesn't really do justice to the sheer head-nodding, play-loud-and-prosper enjoyment this offers. Taking their cue from soupy



'70s Neil Young crossed with Pavement at their most accessible, Ladyhawk are a less-stoned version of the sort of heavy riffage favoured by their Vancouver neighbours Black Mountain - there's even a heavy debt to the Beatles in "Fear". The slow, focused but increasingly cacophonous "Corpse Paint" is what they do best, while epic closer "Ghost Blues" leaves you wanting more. PETER SHEPHERD

LADYHAWK

★★★
SHOTS

(JAGJAGUWAR) www.jagjaguwar.com



It takes a little time to see into the heart of Ladyhawk and order their raucous elements into something that coheres. Much of the talk around them has been of Neil Young and Crazy Horse, and *Shots*, recorded in two weeks in an abandoned farmhouse in British Columbia, certainly carries the spirit of *Tonight's The Night* in its moments of acid nakedness and its preference to leave corners unsmoothed.

However, as things become clearer it is plain that influence is two or more removes away; what haunts *Shots* is the spirit of SST Records, mixed with the toxicity of early-90s Seattle. Elements of Watt, Westerberg and Cobain riddle this music, and they seem to be the real foundation of Ladyhawk's controlled yet rampant furies;

opener 'I Don't Always Know What You're Saying' manifests an unhinged Replacements vibe while giving us a first experience of the extraordinary drum, ragged harmony, and guitar sounds that will predominate.

It's all about claustrophobia and escape but the songs don't climax so much as burst out. ('I'll Be Your Ashtray' seems to be wading in treacle until an exploring guitar carries the song to its end. Then the final 'Ghost Blues' turns into the epic adventure threatened, and deferred, throughout.

Nick West



Ladyhawk

★★★★

Shots JAGJAGUWAR

Black Mountain pals' second album hits the spot.

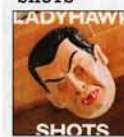
Though they might sound like they're named after a Manowar covers band, Vancouver's Ladyhawk have a lightness of touch that might otherwise elude a band who wear loincloths on-stage. Friends and neighbours of Black Mountain, the four-piece relocated to an abandoned farmhouse in British Columbia for just two weeks to record *Shots*. Brevity obviously suits them as the results are both evocative and sublime. Recalling Dinosaur Jr's drive as adroitly as some of Neil Young's darker notions, Ladyhawk (who wouldn't want to see that name written in flames?) can play as fast and loose (I Don't Always Know What You're Saying; You Ran) as they can bowed and bloody (Corpse Paint; Faces Of Death) and when they stretch out on the 10-minutes-plus Ghost Blues it's to their credit that not a moment is wasted.

Philip Wilding



LADYHAWK 'SHOTS'

[8]



For an album recorded in an abandoned farmhouse in a cold Canadian winter, 'Shots' is remarkably full of life. Things get off to a raucous start when 'I Don't Always Know What You're Saying' kicks in, the band not sounding totally unlike compatriots Arcade Fire. From then on in it's a solid exhibition of genuine songwriting talent, character, and an exuberant love for music as an undulating, expressionist art form, in the raw, bluesy swagger of 'Corpse Paint' ('paint it on, you'll be gone before long'), the slower, balladic 'Faces Of Death', the frantic yet melodic 'You Ran', and the walk-on-the-wild-side of 'Night You're Beautiful'. Inspiring stuff!

FOR FANS OF: Arcade Fire, The Stills, Wilco, Bright Eyes

www.ladyhawkcladyhawk.com
TARIK ALGIN

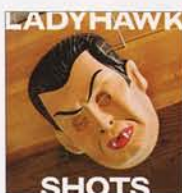
LADYHAWK

SHOTS Jagjaguwar



So what's left at the end of the party? A nagging sense of guilt, a mystery stain, the knowledge that thousands of braincells have perished in a Somme-like slaughter? At least Black Mountain labelmates Ladyhawk have put their Olympian hedonism to good use on 'Shots'. Recorded during a two-week drink'n'drug orgy in an abandoned farmhouse in their hometown of Kelowna, British Columbia, their album all but oozes ill health. "My hand is shaky, but I can't feel anything" sighs singer Duffy Driediger in 'I'll Be Your Ashtray' - sounds like some party. However, thanks to their impeccable influences (the narcotic Stones roar of 'Goats Head Soup', Neil Young's 'On The Beach') this entry into the arena of the unwell comes with a strung-out grooviness. When the peaks come, as on the euphoric 'Night You're Beautiful' and the final blazing outro to 'Ghost Blues', they're transcendent. **Paul Moody**

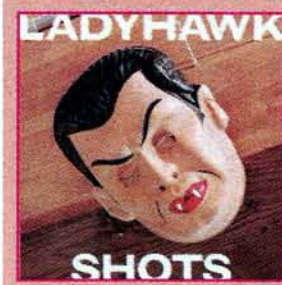
DOWNLOAD: 'NIGHT YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL'



LADYHAWK
shots
(jagjaguwar)

I feel like Ladyhawk are the working-class heroes of my generation. From Neil Young to the Tragically Hip, every era seems to turn out some drunk Canadians who head into the dark night of the soul to capture the average man's blues without any rockstar bullshit. For Ladyhawk, life's made of one heartbreak after another, the suburbs you never want to see again, and the teenage memories that you keep revisiting, no matter how humiliating they are. If their first album was already a hungover downer, this one is the blind-hammered night terrors. With song titles like "Fear," "Corpse Paint," and "Ghost Blues," you know this is best enjoyed in a dark place while pumping your fist into either the air or a wall. It's also much, much better than their debut. That album mostly hung on its awesome single, but this one is a slow burner, every song a fresh hit of bummed-out, classic-rock-inspired glory with guitar abuse that ranges from gentle fingerpicking to Dinosaur Jr. shred and shimmering, My Bloody Valentine-esque space riffs. If you ever hit rock bottom, line up a round of *Shots* and hit back. —Saelan Twerdy

LADYHAWK
Shots
Jagjaguwar
Canada's Ladyhawk return with 'Shots', a commendable second album of well-wrought riffage that drowns dying love in endless tumbler of rye, bought across some fornicated bar in a godforsaken town. Or Kelowna, British Columbia, to be exact. You'll like this if you'd want Neil Young to be the hoary barfly who slaps you on the back in consolation, and buys you the last nightcap to send you on your lonely way home.



No. 016

May 2008

FREE

The Stool Pigeon