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Bio information: **CHROME HOOF**

Title: **CHROME BLACK GOLD** (Cuneiform Rune 369) Format: CD / LP / DIGITAL

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FILE UNDER: NITRO-POP / SCI-FI SPACE-PROG DISCO / ROCK / ELECTRO

"...a dizzying, many-limbed whirlwind of space-funk, soul, prog, jazz and titanic doom." –NME

"...a mind-blowing energetic mix of math-rock, prog, funk, disco, and psychedelia [with] some hints of jazz and metal." –The 405

"...the subtlety of Can, the pomp of Pentagram and [Black] Sabbath, faithfully reproducing the looping musical themes of Magma and Goblin..." –Don't Panic

*The annual Chrome Black & Gold ball has begun, revelers from across the galaxy descend for this bacchanal...
The highest ranking Drobe lord raps his ceremonial cane thrice and exclaims "Let it commence", to a loud cheer...
The Hoof spring into action like the well oiled pan-galactic touring machine they have become.*

There are solo performers, duos, and bands, and then there are *concepts*, bigger than and beyond any particular singer, central instrumentalist, style, or ego. **Chrome Hoof** is one such concept, an evolving organism whose singular approach spans progressive rock, electronic dance music (especially electro), metal, funk, classical music, and more. Like **Frank Zappa's Mothers of Invention**, **Sun Ra**, **Magma**, **Trans-Global Underground**, and **Afro-Celt Sound System**, **Chrome Hoof** is an ever-developing affair, unpredictable yet with a drive and focus that makes their music (like the aforementioned icons) truly memorable. Moreover, **Chrome Hoof** serve up their sonic gumbo with a truly theatrical flair evoking the spectacles of **Devo**, **Gong**, **George Clinton's Parliament/Funkadelic**, **Hawkwind**, and **Sun Ra's Arkhestra**, transporting their audiences on a Trip Into the Beyond. The result is a one-of-a-kind crossover prog, electro-metal, synth-pop, sci-fi, space-disco, psyche-**Dalek** spectacle. And now, this British ensemble is primed to detonate **Chrome Black Gold**, its newest slab of genre-explosive rock, on the American label **Cuneiform Records**.

Beginning as a drum 'n' bass duo, **Chrome Hoof** has come a long way since its inception in 2000. Having spread its feverish, exultant gospel across Europe, headlining a multiple of festivals including a 21-piece version of the band at London's **Barbican** in 2010, **Chrome Hoof** is truly going global in 2013 via its association with internationally-distributed Cuneiform. Their prog-psych-house amalgam is primed to dizzy and delight ever newer, ever larger audiences. Formed in 2000 by **Leo Smee**, of **Miasma** and the **Carousel of Headless Horses** (an instrumental combo creating and exploring an overlap betwixt RIO, East European folk music, and film soundtracks) and long-serving bassist of Britain's doom-metal heroes **Cathedral** and brother-drummer **Milo**, **Chrome Hoof** currently features members of **Guapo** and **Knifeworld**, as well as **Shingai Shoniwa**, the front-woman of **The Noisettes**. **Chrome Hoof** combines Leo's wide-ranging musical interests, which include a *direct line* to the embryonic UK psychedelic scene. "When I was 17, I moved in with **Twink** (a.k.a **John Charles Edward Alder**, drummer for Brit-psych legends **Tomorrow** and **The Pink Fairies**). Our parents are friends with him...and I wanted to move to a local town so I could go to gigs. He had a spare room in Colchester and rather than hitching...I moved in with him. Going through his records [his personal collection] was amazing..[also] we jammed a lot and wrote a couple [songs together]."

Leo Smee elaborates on the evolution from electronica duo to the musical hydra that is **Chrome Hoof**. "Starting out as two brothers opening their doors to each others' record collections and whatever instruments and electrical boxes were at hand, we started to create music for fun. Slowly we began recruiting more members including a bassoonist, a horn section, more keyboards, harp, guitars, etc."

After an EP **Zade (Rise Above)**, **Chrome Hoof's** debut long-player **Pre-Emptive False Rapture (Southern, 2007)** found seemingly disparate musical elements not only meshing but complimenting each other. Sleek funk redolent of **Chic**, the rippling assault of the **Ruins**, the pugnacious metal of **Cathedral** and **Fantomas**, the metal/punk/funk fusion(s) of **Red Hot Chili Peppers** and **Skunk Anansie**, the wiry, funk-inspired post-punk of **Delta 5**, and the vigorous but focused classical-inspired prog of **PFM**—all can be discerned herein. These aspects, however, are measured judiciously, interwoven into a tapestry that's as sturdy as it is dazzling. While *...Rapture* introduced the world to the smorgasbord, the follow-up album, 2010's **Crush Depth (Southern)**—the title is a reference to **James Cameron's** aquatic science-fiction epic **The Abyss**—finds Smee's posse combining the ingredients in every-different way. **Depth** has all the flavors of the former with slightly more Euro-electro-dance music and electronica in the mix. "**Deadly Pressure**" includes contributions from German Kraut-rock/proto-electronica icons **Cluster**—yes, you read right—, **Moebius** and **Roedelius** themselves. Portions of "**Witches Instruments and Furnaces**" could be a dub treatment applied to **Claude Debussy's** chamber music.

[press release continued on verso]

Chrome Black Gold, Chrome Hoof's 3rd full length album and 1st recording on Cuneiform, finds founding member **Leo Smee** calling upon some of the UK's most gifted, diverse and prolific musicians. The album lineup includes band members **Leo Smee**, bass, guitar, and synthesizers; **Alex Thomas (Squarepusher, Air, John Cale, Asia, Bolt Thrower)**, drums; **Emmett Elvin (Guapo)**, keyboards; **James Sedwards (Guapo, Nought)**, guitar; **Andrew Gustard**, guitar; **Chloe Herington**, bassoon and saxophone; **Sarah Anderson**, violin and viola; **Chan Brown**, vocals, and **Emma Sullivan**, Vocoder, trumpet, vocals, and percussion. Guest musicians on **Chrome Black Gold** include vocalists **Lola Olafisoye** (frequent Hoof guest star), **Shingai Shoniwa (Noisettes)**, and **Jeff Walker (Carcass)**. **Dave Smith (Guapo)**, percussion and **Adam Bushell**, marimba also appear as guests. With the new line-up primed and ready, work began on the latest **Hoof** opus in September 2011. **Chrome Black Hoof** was recorded at **Chapel Studios** by **Ewan Davis**, and mixed and produced by Smee, with additional contributions by **Mark Caffoor** and **Daniel O'Sullivan**.

Chrome Black Gold features 11 tracks, each a unique planet forged from elements in a swirling galaxy of rock. "Enter the Drobe" marries the sweeping grandeur and dense textures of early **Yes** with the thorny angularity of the **Minutemen**. Things get (relatively) light and breezy on "Knopheria," another future classic, where sleekly surreal motifs roll out into twisted beats—think **Giorgio Moroder** meets **Steve Reich** and **Peter Gabriel**—and percussion with robustly amorous vocals from **Shingai Shoniwa**. The band build to a tension/release of outrageous magnitude before refocusing to the vastness of "When The Lightning Strikes," a panorama of clockwork-drive bass, overwhelming percussion, and impulsive pattern/motif shifts and crescendos evoking **Yes** and the **Mahavishnu Orchestra** in their respective 1970s primes, opening to a soaring guitar riff with undulating, lysergic vocals that cascade all over the mix. This song is sure to become a festival anthem, crowds becoming one, a pulsating organism as inspired frenzy takes over. "Kestrel Dawn" is an interlude-like slice of meditative minimalism, electronic tones engage in **Baryshnikov**-like **Terpsichorean** bliss before they disperse into the sweet oblivion. Pick hit: "Tortured Craft"—a magnetic reggae-flavored hook evoking **The Clash**, impish vocals, and driven by a rippling bassline; the dance-floors will be filled to enraptured capacity. This is an original and enervating work wherein pure psychedelic power is intertwined with metalloid grime and churning, ebullient cadences.

The Hoof confounds and delights at every twist and turn of this incendiary new set. On "Ultimate Sealed Unit" the **Hoof** unify merciless metallic grinding and buoyant funky throwdown. Chunks of old-school heavy metal thunder atop hints of **Phillip Glass**-style minimalism, only to break into a skittering **PFM**-like interlude midway through—note the terse but soaring, searing violin herein, giving way to a pugnacious **King Crimson**-like strut think ("21ST Century Schizoid Man"). A mixture of high progressive pomp and altered-states psychedelia is given a baroque twist on "Exo-Spektral," but once Chrome Hoof lures you into a Bacchanalian idyll they shift gears yet again into an almost primeval call-to-arms-type mantra. "Dysmonia" is a nearly-solo piano piece that is curiously pensive, a calm before the storm in the Multiverse, which prepares us for the shattering choir at the gates of heaven that is "Varkada Blues," conveyed in guttural flaming hellfire glory by **Jeff Walker** (of **Carcass** fame). An exercise in contrast, the track veers between grindcore and idyllic futuristic frolic with femme voices cooing like **Donna Summer** feeling-love in the Andromeda, before finally going supernova and the eerie spent void afterwards. **Chrome Hoof** delivers their finest, most inspired set to date, one whose ripples will surely be felt far and wide, genre lines be damned.

Chrome Black Gold is not quite "just" an album—it is a set list for a cosmic soiree, an intergalactic ball that precedes That Which Comes After...and All are Invited. **Chrome Hoof** has been impressing UK and Continental audiences for the past several years: Chrome Hoof has been headlining the **Tapestry** festival (three years in a row!); **Jarvis Cocker's Meltdown Festival**, and the **Portishead**-curated **All Tomorrow's Parties** affair, as well as the UK festivals at **Bestival** and **Glastonbury**; Belgium's **Pukklepop**, Italy's **Primavera**, and three gigs in **Russia** in 2013. They've shared bills with **Cluster**, pals **SUNN O))),** and opened concerts for forebears **Magma**. **Chrome Hoof** continue their plan to make the world go chrome—a UK excursion is being planned and, with the release of **Chrome Black Gold**, the globe shall know what Europe and Russia already know: A musical hydra is afoot, with the heads of unbridled creativity, gregariousness, danceability, and history, among others, an imposing but benign monster whose international presence will be felt for years to come.

for more info on Chrome Hoof:

www.chromehoof.com - www.facebook.com/chromehoof - www.twitter.com/chromehoof

PROMOTIONAL PHOTOS

Digital [High-Resolution] versions of these images are available for download on www.cuneiformrecords.com



TALES FROM THE 'HOOF: CHROME BLACK GOLD

Somewhere outside space and time

The annual Chrome Black & Gold ball has begun—revelers from across the galaxy descend for this bacchanal of feasting & decadence. Cosmic jesters in black & gold harlequin costumes cartwheel through the gathering throng. The house band is of course Chrome Hoof who rode into town on their tour ship the Kestrel Dawn, along with their ever extending menagerie of players. The vessel is a giant gothic galleon that slides through space, drawn by chromium sails on solar winds, its hull black as ebony. Sonic cannons made of pure gold jut out of the side of the vessel ready to repel anyone foolish enough to challenge her.

Astral gentry from all over the galaxy are in attendance. Drobe lords pull in on ornate metallic gondoliers and onyx sedan chairs carried by humanoids in shimmering renaissance clothing. Steely eyes peer through dazzling gold carnival masks. Red lasers shoot across the floor and pierce the mist that hovers over it. As the band warms up, the illuminated dancefloor responds by sending ripples of coruscating psychedelics across the great hall. Around its' edges crumbling gothic turrets twist upwards with balconies perched precariously on every crooked crevice, overhung with iridescent purple moss that hangs down to the ground, their tangled bio mechanical roots fizzing and simmering in the night. The lights from the Kestrel Dawn can be seen in the distance as it gently sways in its stellar mooring.

The highest ranking Drobe lord raps his ceremonial cane thrice and exclaims "Let it commence", to a loud cheer and much carousing from the balconies from where rockets are fired into the night exploding to form miniature nebulae.

The Hoof spring into action like the well oiled pan-galactic touring machine they have become. Highly sought after for their spectacular and unique shows of artistry, absurdity and audacity at such events, tonight will be no exception. As they begin, spirals of incandescent lunacy shoot out across the dance floor like an enormous cosmic octopus groping for prey. The band work the floor into a frenzy before breaking down into the cinematic expanse of 'When The Lightning Strikes', an epic workout of motorik bass lines and powerhouse drumming that somehow collapses into an addictive guitar riff and soaring vocals, "Returning to forever.....". This new song is surely set to become a festival anthem. The crowd is already at fever pitch, a sweaty mist enshrouding a twisted mass of limbs and tentacles. On 'Ultimate Sealed Unit,' The Hoof grind it out then break it down with supreme efficiency, spraying a big dirty rock riff all over a delicious synth arpeggio, only to slam on the brakes with a skittering interlude midway through. These woozy synth delights give the listener a chance to breathe before we head back into the melee once more.

This mixture of high progressive pomp and down and dirty rock is given a baroque twist on 'Exo-Spektral', but then flips out into a disco-not-disco daydream before stomping off into an Amazonian warrior chant. Things are lighter and breezier on 'Knopheria' - another future classic in the live arena - synth lines roll out into house inspired beats and percussion with more powerful vocals from Shingai Shoniwa. The Hoof continue to confound and delight the listener with musical opposites hurled brazenly into the mix. 'Kestrel Dawn' is a short meditative near-drone: where electronics rub up against each other in woozy abandon. Similarly, on the short solo piano piece 'Dysnomia' there is an introspective calm at one with the universe, allowing us to gather our strength for the motherlode: 'Varkada Blues' - a joint vocal effort featuring Shingai and Carcass' own Jeff Walker. Another epic exercise in darkness and light, this track veers between grindcore mentalism and space disco stomp before finally dissipating into the ether in a filigree of sky piercing lasers and delicate synthwaves.

The Great Drobe Lord raps his cane once more as the Hoof dematerialize and return to their cosmic ark, taking their unstoppable sonic gospel to the next galaxy on the tour beyond time.

[Chrome Hoof, 2013]

WHAT THE PRESS HAVE SAID ABOUT

CHROME HOOF'S PREVIOUS RELEASE *CRUSH DEPTH* (SOUTHERN, 2010)

“...the hooded band’s heady combination of Funkadelic-inspired jams, disco rhythms, doomy undertones and proggy fondness for the epic...is breathtaking in its scope. Stabbing hard funk rhythms and free-jazz flourishes define the likes of Sea Hornet and Deadly Pressure, with singer Lola Olafisoye’s icily despotic-sounding vocals providing a narrative that pulls it all together.

...**Chrome Hoof most resemble a West End musical that, even with the aid of the fine drugs and time travel, Ben Elton could never conceive of in a million years. [4 stars]** –Ben Myers, *MOJO*, July 2010

“...avant-troupe Chrome Hoof...cornered the market in carnival freak-metal. If by ‘metal’ you mean a **dizzying, many-limbed whirlwind of space-funk, soul, prog, jazz and titanic doom. ... Too nerdy to be try-hard, too sexy to be nerdy, too wide-ranging to be denied by anyone but idiots.**” –Emily Mackay, *NME*, June 14, 2010

“...‘Crush Depth’...descends once more into **an imaginary prog underworld where artful math-rockers and live disco ensembles are given equal billing.** One of the most pleasingly produced records you might hear in 2010 – helping the tracks **to throb with classic techno’s ambience and classic metal’s voracity...when Chrome Hoof fire, they smoke.**” –Noel F Gardner, *Rocksound*, July 2010

“**Progressive, psychedelic and futuristic, Chrome Hoof can be compared to the likes of T. Rex and Parliament Funkadelic on even more acid.** ... Stomping into the music industry with such originality, Chrome Hoof is here to stay.” –*Big Cheese*, July 2010

“Chrome Hoof have...done their stubborn utmost to remain outside all known pigeonholes. **A sort of fusion of Sabbath, Funkadelic, Sun Ra and the contents of the ‘70s Doctor Who costume department, Crush Depth, takes the form of a deeply bizarre prog-metal marathon powered forth on squalling brass and an incessant disco pulse. ...**” –Louis Pattison, *Uncut*, July 2010

“...Chrome Hoof’s new record... had my mind well and truly warped into another dimension. ‘Crush Depth’ is twelve tracks of **genre transcendence and complete bonkers surrealism.** There is no point during this album that makes you feel at all safe, the schizoid virtuosity, other worldly vocal acrobatics and sheer ballsy flamboyance do not allow the listener one second of complacency, and it makes for a thrilling listen. ...” –Ben, *ATTN: Magazine*, June 1, 2010

“...Whereas **psychedelic disco doom prog-rockers** Chrome Hoof’s previous two albums have been influenced by the concept of space exploration, this time they are more interested in abyssal oceanic depths. ...

The title refers to the point at which submersibles are prone to catastrophic implosion under immense cubic tonnage of water... ...the band realized that **the idea of unimaginable pressure and stress at depth is a useful metaphor for how they combine different strands of music into one well-formed acid disco metal prog whole: without exploratory bravery, Chrome Hoof’s astounding oeuvre could just be another daytrip into joyless and technical proficiency for the sake of it.** They construct something that is immensely sexual, funky, gripping, dramatic, frightening (if you’ve had the right sort of drugs anyway), imagination-fuelling, dance inspiring, spiritual and hilarious, however.

Such is the lure of Chrome Hoof’s immaculate mix of demented obsidian black doom metal, Italian horror soundtrack spook vibes, tweaking acid house, cosmic beard disco, future cosmiche and urban psych that plenty of other people risked their lives to accompany them on this foolhardy but glorious mission. ... When we’ve got a band on our doorstep who are **comparable in many respects to Sun Ra, Parliament, The Undisputable Truth, Funkadelic and T Rex...** what the hell are we waiting for? Secure the hatches, down periscope and blow the tanks. Dive! Dive! Dive!”

- John Doran, “Blow The Tanks: Chrome Hoof Interviewed & Crush Depth Reviewed,” *The Quietus*, May 24th, 2010

“...this new album is going to be a pretty extraordinary ride. ...**London’s Chrome Hoof are no run-of the mill collective. They are unclassifiable, unpredictable and wickedly unhinged.** ...overtly psychedelic and resplendently proggy blend of jazz, disco, electronica and rock.

Never a band afraid to resort to using a distorted or childish flippant vocal style (Lola Olafisoye has a tendency to sound a bit like Cyndi Lauper or Toni Basil on acid) or to scattergun the listener with short bursts of keyboard or hammered strings and skins...

Chrome Hoof...focus on...spasmodically flickering blasts of audio adrenaline designed to stimulate the senses into overload.

... **Lovers of dynamic and unique music should definitely get a piece of Chrome Hoof...**”

–John Skibeat, *The Line of Best Fit*, May 19, 2010, www.thelineofbestfit.com

“Hold on tight! This bizarre album will take you on a rollercoaster ride of psychedelic terror... **London’s most daring experimental band** “Chrome Hoof” are back... ‘Crush Depth’ has little structure...but this is what makes it listenable, taking you on a strange journey... To place Chrome Hoof within a genre would be virtually impossible, with each track on the album pushing boundaries no [one] else would even dare think of. ...bizarrely brilliant...” –Carly Page, *Subba-Cultcha*, May 2010, www.subba-cultcha.com

“**Chrome Hoof are possibly the most unique band London has to offer these days.** ... Hailing from London this 11-piece rave orchestra looks more as if they just landed from Uranus, armed of bassoon, sax, trumpet, keyboards, violin, cello, percussion, samplers, guitars, bass, drums - and five or six vocalists—not to mention the stunt men and the dancers. ...**this band will be remembered for their uniqueness and theatricality as only few contemporaries will.**... Following the brilliant 2007 Pre-Emptive False Rapture, Crush Depth proves that the band has grown up, developing its sound towards higher heights and edgier edges; Crush Depth is a mind-blowing, energetic mix of math-rock, prog, funk, disco and psychedelia...some hints of jazz and metal in it, too. ... They remind me of The Residents, for their spookiness and energy, and for the subtle use of vocals and powerful voice of Lola’s. Drums and bass constitute the skeleton on which the tracks are built up, an eclectic crescendo from no wave rhythms to manic hardcore noise... The album follows the same scheme their gigs, kicking off with a power-intro that sets the mood for the whole album

and swinging between 'softer'...tracks and more hardcore beats, building up till the final hysteric blow up. **The richness of their sound is just unbelievable.** ... [rating: 9 out of 10]"
- Laura Lotti, *The 405*, www.thefourohfive.com

"The maddest, baddest, electronic-disco-doom-funk-prog-metal band are back... **There's no one quite like Chrome Hoof...**"
-Dominic Hemy, *Wretched Spawn*, May 24, 2010

"'Experimental orchestra' Chrome Hoof seem to get weirder and more ambitious with each release. ...**if you have an ear for exploration, you can only love Crush Depth.**"
-Bram Gieben, *The Skinny*, May 25, 2010, www.theskinny.co.uk

"...**Chrome Hoof rock hard and funk hard in a crazy world of their own imagining. ... the band...looks like Sun Ra meets a George Clinton extravaganza. And that's because it is** – the album is so super-dense... Chrome Hoof weave through metal, jazz, funk, fusion and prog, becoming a dark and heady narcotic mixture. ...a real level of psychedelia...where music really alters thought patterns and pushes the brain into different realms... weaves, accelerates, reverses, builds to a heaving sweaty mass...a long and mind-warping trip. ..."
-Ross McGibbon, *Vanguard Online*, May 15, 2010, www.vanguard-online.co.uk

"It has been two years since Chrome Hoof voyaged to our...planet offering their utterly entertaining *Pre-Emptive False Rapture* and rose to acclaim, and...**these cloaked eccentrics have been on quite a journey ever since, resulting in yet another fantastical musical masterpiece.** And now...they have lost none of their bonkers energy, superhuman chops, interlocking grooves and turn-on-a-dime dynamics and have expanded their sound with the addition of dreamy prog passages, other-worldly psychedelic interludes and more vocal interplay. ...they have ramped it up to full throttle and found an extra gear that even we didn't know existed."
-*I Like Music*, May 2010

"... Whether they're forging new not-very-direct paths through the frontiers of sound or choosing just the right brilliance of sequin for their habits, **the Hoof are beholden to no trend.** ...their new opus 'Crush Depth'...is simultaneously their weirdest and most accessible record yet. ...this reckless crusade of interstellar revelry and questionable astronautics will test the very limits of your physical and mental endurance... Considering this is a band who tote a seven-foot cyborg ram on to the stage for a normal gig. Cybergod alone knows what they've got planned..."
-Eddy Lawrence, *Time Out London*, June 3, 2010

"...**Tremble, humanity, for Chrome Hoof have come...and nothing will ever be the same again.** ...Crush Depth... starts where...*Pre-emptive False Rapture*, left off, and elaborates on its groove and funkability by going back in time to a time when the future looked very different... **A prog future that knows how to get down and have fun.** ...it feels a little wider, a bit more open. There's more... well, space... A bit more complex, a bit more varied, but still carving the skies open with a fiery lance of funky doom."
- *Freq*, April 26, 2010

"... When a band list their major influences as spanning everything from Kraftwerk to Slayer, from Faust to Kate Bush, issue bonkers press releases stringing song titles together to tell tales of ocean shipwrecks, and appear to be fronted by a robot diva from space, then the music is really going to have to go some to live up to expectations.
...it appears that **they...have risen to the challenge.** ... A strong funk strain runs through much of the music... there is such a vast range of other different sounds and styles... **this is music that has clearly been a lot of fun to make...**"
- Jude Clarke, *Music OMH*, May 3, 2010

CONCERT REVIEWS

"...Chrome Hoof are **an otherworldly but London-based orchestra, and for 'orchestra' read Arkestra. ... Like Arkestra, Chrome Hoof play loose, experimental music without any sacrifice of discipline or precision. And for all their theatricality...there's no irony at work here.** ... No single genre can contain Chrome Hoof. Accordingly, the set spans doom-metal, disco-funk, caterwauling space-jazz, throbbing electro, rollicking folk and intricate ritual music. ... Throughout **seismic basslines are the songs' pulsing heart.** ...The spotlight...commanded by preening, prowling singer Lola Olafisoye..."
-Niall O'Keefe, "HEALTH/CHROME HOOF, Queen Elizabeth Hall, London," *NME*, May 8, 2010

"... What impresses...is the verve and precision with which the group slam together Prog, ensemble jazz, funk, Metal and electronics, that they avoid the bland, flavourless zone of much fusion; and that **they're killer musicians with a sense of fun to match their muscular chops.**"
- Joseph Stannard, "On Location: Ether," *The Wire*

"...**Chrome Hoof, the London based psychedelic disco outfit that sounds like Sun Ra's spaceship docked during the filming of Saturday Night Fever and someone persuaded Igor Stravinsky to be MD.**"
- Philip Clark, "On Location: Celestial Mass: Magma + Chrome Hoof & JP Massiera," *The Wire*

"... **It's hard to define Chrome Hoof, but here goes: an 11-piece progressive rock-funk-metal hybrid in metallic hooded robes, fronted by a singer reminiscent of Grace Jones and a New Orleans witch queen. Or perhaps the band an alien species might form if they heard only Black Sabbath and Donna Summer.**

The concert began with a silver-robed choir lining the back of the stage and engaging in plainsong as Chrome Hoof...built up an ominous rising crescendo... The crescendo was a build-up to the arrival of singer Lola Olafisoye. ... the encore, for which the musicians and choir came out ringing bells like cult members in a ritual procession, was joyfully uplifting. ... Under other circumstances Health's set would have been stunning, but Chrome Hoof's theatricality won the day."

– Will Hodgkinson, "Chrome Hood/Health, Queen Elizabeth Hall," *The Times*, April 28, 2010

"... The only way to describe the band is to... well, not describe them. **You have to experience the Hoof for yourself.** ..."

– *Classic Rock*, April 13, 2010

FEATURE / INTERVIEW / PREVIEWS

"**London's premier doom/prog/metal/Spamalot outfit Chrome Hoof are a national institution of sorts.**" – *Vice*, June 2, 2010

"...attempting to adequately describe, or give justice, to the sound is not helped by a dearth of previously unused superlatives. ... **It has all the subtlety of Can, the pomp of Pentagram and Sabbath, faithfully reproducing of the looping musical themes of Magma and Goblin and latterly, Ghost, the arrangements of Jean-Claude Vannier, yet it's extremely accessible. Playing live gives them the means to add a visual perspective to the already elaborate sound.** ... Energetic, aloof, entirely clad in silver hooded robes, apart from vocalist Lola Olafisoye decked out as a sci-fi Masai warrior, **it's impossible to take your eyes off the spectacle. And musically, tight and slick, testament to their gruelling writing and rehearsal sessions, louder than their recorded sound allows. Overall though, a feeling of fun; a smattering of the ostentatious but no sign of pretense.** ... Chrome Hoof make scores of new fans whenever they play. ... "Chrome Hoof is still evolving," says Milo. "... With each session we gain more and more experience. ..."

–Kenny Anyway, "Chrome Hoof reach Crush Depth," *Don't Panic*, May 24, 2010, www.dontpaniconline.com

"... Essentially the pastime of London-based brothers Milo and Leo Smee, Chrome Hoof started 10 years ago as a bastardised bedroom project intended to fuse doom metal — courtesy of Leo, also Cathedral's bassist — with the synth experiments of producer and remixer 'Kruton', aka Milo. However, it has since evolved into the sprawling pool of collaborator. ... **From the convergence of musically diverse tribes comes a sound as refreshing as it is unique...**

... Their differing musical tastes can be heard jostling for space throughout their new record. Milo, the raver, gains the upper hand on the synth-driven likes of 'Crystalline', which buzzes with schizoid, frenetic energy, and 'Sea Hornet', a sci-fi movie soundtrack in waiting. Leo takes charge during 'Third Sun Descendant', with its metal nuances, and 'Mental Peptides', a surge of disco doom. Yet the sound of Chrome Hoof remains a distinctive one — so distinctive, in fact, that their imitators are easy to spot.

... Where Invasion is a mere trio, The Hoof are as ever-expanding as the universe. ...

They're also a band unafraid of taking risks. From bringing strippers on stage at their early gigs...to somewhat inappropriate support slots with...Klaxons, **Chrome Hoof are intent on breaking the rules, albeit sometimes with a touch of humour...** "

–Ash Dosanjh, "Alloyed Forces," *The Stool Pigeon*, July 6, 2010

"The Quietus also tracked down Chrome Hoof's Milo and Leo to put the following questions to them...

Chrome Hoof: *Pre-Emptive...* was going in to record a set we already knew from playing it live... With *Crush Depth*, we started from scratch. ...

But that time allowed us to experiment with the material, rope in people who could contribute something interesting, record loads of overdubs in basements, garages, churches, toilets etc with all sorts of unusual instruments; scrap things, work into things, and basically realised this would be a good time to go all out, getting as many sonics into the album as we could - but still be coherent and focused of course (to our minds).

... **It's a heavy, rich fruitcake, which I'm sure some people will find hard to digest...the wimps.**

...We're lucky in Chrome, as all the members are here to share some good times and explore music. A good gang. ..."

- Ben Hewitt, "Blow The Tanks: Chrome Hoof Interviewed & Crush Depth Reviewed," *The Quietus*, May 24th, 2010

"...the dozen or so members of the band have decided to launch Crush Depth with the sort of blow-out bash that you and your eardrums won't be forgetting in a hurry. Not least because Chrome Hoof intend on turning the industrial surrounds of this new London Fields party space into their very own space station for the night. As well as a supersonic live performance from the band, there'll also be DJ sets from a high-end host of talent with Simian Mobile Disco, Andrew Weatherall, David Holmes and Nathan G Wilkins all adding to the ambitious, ever so slightly terrifying, melee." – Leonie Cooper, *The Guardian*, May 28, 2010

"...**The Hoof live experience is the stuff of legend...**" – *Music Like Dirt*, May 25, 2010

FURTHER READING

FEATURES: Joseph Stannard, "Arkestral Manoeuvres In The Dark," *The Wire*