

TY SEGALL

Bio

TY SEGALL HAS HIS FINGER ON IT. A finger on it, digging into your vinyl, since 2008. But to get to the start, go back a little further, back to 2005 Laguna Beach — a cell phone call from a friend who has something Ty would love to hear: live, distorted Rock and Roll from inside a Coachwhips practice space. Transduced through a satellite, no less. Hold up the phone. Yeah, it's 2005 and Ty's gonna move to SF. Get outta high school and move up there. Good thing too cause the Epsilons were rad but the Traditional Fools were a beer soaked painters cap drying in the sun, son. Until one day when Ty is the only Fool to show up to the show and it's one of those moments- local history takes a turn and the world ain't gotta wait much more, now. Ty plays the show one man band style and goes home and plans the rest: the records you got, tunes in your head, the unpretentious display of rock wealth. The tours, the bands, endless shows, the honorable way. Mikel Cronin, unicorn towel, Eric Bauer's recording world, more tours. Memphis magnet and home of beautiful SF — a cheery City State of Yoga and the push of Thee Oh Sees, fog and rain, two minutes in the Sic Alps, a snatch of 7"s, split 12"s, marathon recording, six shows in four days (two are free), a sun shower of Sour Patch Kids, it's all about the Kids — and Emily Rose, the drummer. So what do you get now? It's 2011. Ty is 23. So, do we get the comedown record? Yes and massive.

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