

# COLLISIONVILLE

## TO WIT:

*New LP drops May 16 on Booplet Records*

It was April 2022 and the sun was shining all over East Oakland, but it wasn't warm. We loaded our gear into Sharkbite Studios to start recording our fifth LP. Scott Evans from Antisleep greeted us at the door, a little too handsome for my taste, but his beard told me he had a sense of humor about it. He pointed microphones at our drums and speakers and twiddled knobs for two days. There were stupid little trinkets decorating the walls, watching our every move, making sure we didn't get too comfortable.

Cory Snavely was all business sitting at his drum kit. His business was keeping time and socking your ears around. He and I knew we were about to lose Conor Thompson. Conor had been thrashing away at his bass guitar for us for fourteen years with the strength of an ox, and now he wanted to live in a big house with a long, curving driveway and Greek columns out front. You need ten million dollars to buy a house like that in Oakland, and Conor didn't have ten million dollars, so he was moving to Eau Claire, Wisconsin. But not before we drained a good part of his soul into the Pro Tools.

By the time we were done at Sharkbite, we had eight songs full of Cory's drums, Conor's bass, and my guitar. We were ninety percent done after two days, so naturally it took three years before we finished the other ten percent (two more songs and a bunch of overdubs). There was a banjo. There was an upright bass. We collected a favor from a hard swinging piano player by the name of Tommy Carmine (on "Give Back the Rose"), and indebted ourselves eternally to David Phillips for his steel guitar playing, pretty like a ballerina on a Swiss mountaintop (on "Why Can't We Always Be Falling in Love?").

Just when we thought it was in the can, Vinnie Reeder came bursting through the door, with his scruffy face and haunting eyes, carrying an acoustic guitar like some ragamuffin out of a dustbowl documentary. He put the real final touches on a few numbers, and then abandoned his good sense and took the job as our new bass player.

We gave all the tracks to Jack Endino. He had a gift for telling you you're an idiot and making you feel like he was doing you a favor. He also had a gift for getting all the sounds in the right place.

Some of these songs tell the story of a hare-brained heist. Others take different paths. See if you can sort it out. Make sure you don't miss "Hospital Bill," "How Will I Know if the Devil Gets You?," and "Sandbox." And try not to follow our example, or else you'll be sorrier than a chattering monkey at a meditation retreat.

*[With apologies to Raymond Chandler]*

[CLICK HERE TO LISTEN TO "HOW WILL I KNOW IF THE DEVIL GETS YOU?"](#)

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*"Northern California's Collisionville fuses a loud, post-punk sound with down-home Americana to create sardonically sincere songs that are well put together and streaked with the humor that eludes more self-serious bands." -Eliot Van Buskirk, Wired Magazine*

*"...[Collisionville] have created a palette that reflects the sonic landscape between the Lost Highway and the Big Sky sound of western punk rock, in bands like X, The Meat Puppets, and Social Distortion." Joe Hughes, No Depression*

**For booking, interviews, reviews, or other coverage: [sp@collisionville.net](mailto:sp@collisionville.net)**

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