

VICES I ADMIRE

Contact
PR Director / Booking: Mark Towne 303.886.4657
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"The full-length passionate album in itself is a strict split-down-the-middle tie between a CD I'd want to make love to and want to make war to and can only be described in one word: raw."
- 1/1/2010, Stephanie Giesler, Colorado Music Buzz

History

Vices I Admire is an alternative/indie rock band dedicated to writing honest and passionate music.

Dave Curtis, Mickey Dollar and Mark Towne met in 2002 while studying at Colorado State University in Fort Collins, Colorado. During that time they balanced college-life with rehearsals, performances, a few DIY regional tours and the release of their first album, *Plan B*. (recorded at The Blasting Room, 2005).

In 2007 Vices I Admire relocated to Denver and parted ways with original bassist, Robert Marston. 8 months and 21 candidates later, Vices I Admire welcomed former The Fray member, Daniel Battenhouse, onto the team. The addition of Battenhouse revitalized the group and together they worked around the clock to produce their new album, *The Politics of Apathy*.

...*Politics*... was recorded at Colorado Sound Studios from May to June this year. JP Manza engineered and Ian Pinder produced. The album shares the brooding philosophy of Modest Mouse and the raucous energy of Rise Against; tracks like the dance-pop inspired, "Sweetest Girl" and the anthemic head-banger, "Kiss Kiss", showcase the musical maturation and diverse talent of Vices I Admire.

"[*The Politics of Apathy*] will force you to tap your foot, sing along and then hit the repeat button so you can do it again."
---10/21/09 JP Manza,
Engineer, Colorado Sound

The Plan

Since its release on January 1, 2010, *The Politics of Apathy* has garnered positive reviews and airplay from all around Colorado and a few places across the nation. The band intends to steadily draw in new fans and listeners through systematic distribution of the disc to media outlets which cater to their particular demographic.

Also, the band is allowing fans and potentials to download *The Politics of Apathy* through www.vicesiadmire.com for any price at all, starting as low as 1 cent. The download includes all the album artwork at 300dpi and fully tagged, fully awesome, high quality MP3s of the music. Happy listening!

www.vicesiadmire.com myspace.com/vicesiadmire band@vicesiadmire.com
"[Vices I Admire] break all the rules and push the limits and get away with it."
- 2/1/2010, Molly McCowan, Scene Magazine

Pictured left to right:
Mark Towne: Drums
Mickey Dollar: Lead Guitar/Vox
Dave Curtis: Lead Vocals/Guitar
Dan Battenhouse: Bass/Vox



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"This package from Vices I Admire has a great mix of precise musicianship, very emotional and polished vocals, well-written lyrics and sonic colors from many places in the musical rainbow."
-- 1/1/2010, James (JJ Rocks) Johnston,
StCroixMusic.com



The Politics of Apathy, 2010
Track Listing:
1 Keep Killin' Me 2 Heartbreaker
3 Sweetest Girl 4 It Is
5 Denouement: An Intermezzo
6 Kiss Kiss 7 ...go the spoils
8 Apathology 9 Monster



{ VICES
I ADMIRE }

VICES I ADMIRE IS (LEFT TO RIGHT): DAVE, DAN, MICKEY, MARK

BIOGRAPHY

Biography

Vices I Admire is an alternative/indie rock band dedicated to writing honest and passionate music.

Dave Curtis, Mickey Dollar and Mark Towne met in 2002 while studying at Colorado State University in Fort Collins, Colorado. During that time they balanced college-life with rehearsals, performances, a few DIY regional tours and the release of their first album, *Plan B*. (recorded at The Blasting Room, 2005).

In 2007 Vices I Admire relocated to Denver and parted ways with original bassist, Robert Marston. The band continued to write new material and develop as musicians while they searched for Rob's replacement.

8 months and 21 candidates later, Vices I Admire welcomed Daniel Battenhouse onto the team. The addition of Battenhouse revitalized the group and together they worked around the clock to produce the material that would engender their new album, *The Politics of Apathy*.

...*Politics*... was recorded at Colorado Sound Studios from May to June of 2009. JP Manza engineered and Ian Pinder produced. The album shares the brooding philosophy of Modest Mouse and the raucous energy of Rise Against; tracks like the dance-pop inspired, "Sweetest Girl" and the anthemic head-banger, "Kiss Kiss", showcase the musical maturation and diverse talent of Vices I Admire.

The Politics of Apathy was released on January 1, 2010 at the Bluebird Theater in Denver CO. The band has since played multiple shows in support of the release and have begun recording their next album slated for release in Spring 2011.

For event inquiries or further information contact Mark at 303.886.4657 or at mark@vicesiadmire.com. EPK available at vicesiadmire.com/.

DISCOGRAPHY



CD Title: *The Politics of Apathy*

Release Date: 2010-01-01

Recorded at Colorado Sound Studios in Denver, Colorado

Engineer: JP Manza (Franz Ferdinand, Matisyaho, Yo Flaco)

Mastered by Phillip Klum (NIN, Alanis Morissette, Jay-Z)

All songs written & performed by Vices I Admire
Produced by Ian Pinder & Vices I Admire

Total running length is 36:11

Radio

Thus far *The Politics of Apathy* has received airplay on Clear Channel's 93.3FM (KTCL) 90.5 KCSU, KRFC and Radio 1 190 in Boulder.



CD Title: *Plan B*

Release Date: 2005-12-06

Recorded at Blasting Room Studios in Fort Collins, Colorado

Engineer: Andrew Berlin
Mixed and mastered by Jason Livermore
(Rise Against, NOFX, Less than Jake)

All songs written, performed and produced by Vices I Admire

Total running length is 25:11

Radio

Plan B received airplay on Clear Channel's 93.3FM (KTCL) and 106.7 (KBPI); Colorado State University's KCSU and Fort Collins' KRFC.

Quotes

"The full-length passionate album in itself is a strict split-down-the-middle tie between a CD I'd want to make love to and want to make war to and can only be described in one word: raw."

- 1/1/2010, Stephanie Giesler, Colorado Music Buzz

"This recording has intensity, emotion and solid song writing."

- 12/17/2009, Brian Rutherford, Music Emissions

"This package from Vices I Admire has a great mix of precise musicianship, very emotional and polished vocals, well-written lyrics and sonic colors from many places in the musical rainbow."

- 1/1/2010, James (JJRocks) Johnston, StCroixMusic.com

"[*The Politics of Apathy*] will force you to tap your foot, sing along and then hit the repeat button so you can do it again."

- 10/21/09, JP Manza, Colorado Sound Studios

"... a group of crazy, intense performers... Obviously a band that has succeeded in creating a core fan-base, [Vices I Admire] is recommended for raw, revved up music and edge-of-chaos intensity."

- 5/1/05, Tim Van Schmidt, Scene Magazine

Press

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Schild, Matt. (2009, December 22nd). Localized: Vices I Admire - The Politics of Apathy. The A.V. Club Denver/Boulder (The Onion).

Rutherford, Brian. (2009, December 17). Vices I Admire: The Politics of Apathy. Musicemissions.com

Eyl, Eryc. (2009, December 15th). Steal this track: Vices I Admire. The Denver Post Reverb Blog Sullivan, Charlie (2009, May 4th). Vices I Admire, Back in Action. Colorado Music Buzz.

Herrera, Dave (2009, March 31st). Vices I Admire finally finds new bassist. The Westword

MicControl Blog (2009, March 30th). Vices I Admire: A New Bassist. A New Album. A New Era. <http://miccontrolblog.com/2009/03/30/vices-i-admire-a-new-bassist-a-new-album-a-new-era/>

Neth, Alex (2007, November 9th). What We're Doing this Weekend... Vices I Admire. The Rocky Mountain News.

Barrer, Kaitlin (2007, July 4th). The Virtues of Vices: This is the year for one Fort Collins-born band— "if not, maybe it's next year. Fort Collins Weekly.

(2007, June 18th). Local bands to grab Warped Tour spotlight. North Denver News.

Johnson, Geoff (2006, November 19th). Family band - Not the Partridge Family, not the Jackson Five, but Vices I Admire keeps it in the family. The Rocky Mountain Collegian.

General Information

Vices I Admire is an alternative/indie rock band dedicated to writing honest and passionate music.

Members

David Curtis - Lead Vocals, Guitar

Mickey Dollar - Guitar, Backing Vocals

Dan Battenhouse - Bass, Backing Vocals

Mark Towne - Drums & Percussion

- The name Vices I Admire was inspired by the following quote:
"He has all of the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire."
Sir Winston Churchill
(November 30th, 1874 - January 24th, 1965)

- The band was founded at Colorado State University in Fort Collins, Colorado in September of 2002 under the name "Plan B." The band opted to change their name to avoid legal issues. Their first EP is titled *Plan B* in honor of their former name.
- "Keep Killing Me" is featured on the soundtrack to *Tottori Dynasty*
- All 4 members have bachelor's degrees: Towne studied Psychology, Curtis studied English, Dollar studied Music, and Battenhouse studied Business Administration.
- Battenhouse has the distinction of being the Fray's first bassist and appeared on their *Movement and Reason* EPs
- Vices I Admire has earned a slot on the Denver date of the Warped Tour 3 years in a row.
- Vices has shared the stage with Tickle Me Pink, Johnny Hickman (of Cracker), A Static Lullaby, The Classic Crime and Hed P.E. and FILTER
- The band is entirely DIY: booking, management, and marketing are all in-house.
- "The Politics of Apathy" has received airplay @CMJ charted stations across the country since its release in 2010 (charts available upon request)..
- The song "Monster" is featured on the soundtrack to *Vitreous Floaters*
- Vices won the \$5,000 grand prize for the song "Poor Boy" in an online competition run by ourstage.com.
- Vices CD Release brought 417 people through the door of the Bluebird Theater (maximum capacity 550) on New Year's Day.
- Vices I Admire has made it into the top 10 for the last 2 years in channel 93.3's Hometown for the Holidays contest.
- Vices I Admire won the 8th installment of WeAreListening.org's "Breaking the Band" contest in March 2010 and was rewarded with a radio promotions / licensing partnership with Tinderbox Music

8 Apathology

This is my best impression of how the guilty hang. A confession invented by the peculiar page, witness the grace of the game and save your praise for the savior to raze this stage. And I would hand me over happily, see, I've earned my cover most carefully by them sticks and stones that owned important place and time and feed me alibis for my disappointing prosody that promised me the word not the paperback progeny re-posed and re-purged, is it loose, dilute, aloof, suffused with the proof of better second tries? Yeah, but I don't mind that beat, 'cause it's a melody. Muse, divine me an art and buy me an artistry. See, I will give you every lonely piece of me and never want for mine.

I am all out of time, I'm all out of you too

This is my best impression of how the innocent crawl. Walk to run first or first stand then fall. Just remember the real course, and driving is easier pursued by the second hand. And this is my best impression of going belly high, see me don't give in, don't give up, do I? No, I am defiant of the factory molds and the fate proven partially blind. Call it the circle made whole, get what the beast deserves or whatever you want my friend, it's just if I'm hard to see, then it's hard to breathe. I've got a pulse that won't pretend, that I don't mind that beat, 'cause it's a melody. Muse, divine me an art and buy me an artistry. I will give you every lonely piece of me and never want for mine.

I am all out of time, I'm all out of you too

This is my unreasonable demon soothed. One possible dream removed. My challenge to fill the room by one silent voice—improved. An empty victory don't bother me by the loss, I'll be a little less empty when I've recovered the cost of the page—ever curious, divine and delirious, my invective invested is inviting a series of axioms to list: don't count your love by the kiss, your fame by the risk, don't own the boast over the bliss. This is how I get older I guess.

5 Denouement: An Intermezzo

Come and make me a part of your story. She has a name (an old word) she has a name fantastic and utterly unknown, for it is old: the first word strangled from the void was never spoke again. Whether right is right or wrong, she'll turn you to the empty parts, she'll fill your belly with regrets, old manacles are faithful yet. She wounds, she wounds, she has a name. She is the beating drum that marks her by the bodies she collects. She is always, she is ever, she is the scourge of kings and devourer of light, she is the lust to dine on flesh, oh she'll watch as you perform, for her you'll die to speak to her once more. Give me a love that makes me real, hold down my breath for me—another lonely world to fall in—give me a love that makes me real, I would write it on my arms: your misery's a gift, your plague—a comedy.

6 Kiss Kiss

Process me, produce the proper symmetry to put me in charge of reinventing the mute. Put me in party to the scheduled lie and give me your right hand but live by your left, make me murder every mountain and remove every paradise.

There are evil voices in my head
(They tell me the improbable arithmetic of closing my eyes and counting the cards [keep 'em busy by counting the cards])

See how this wears me out? How close am I (now) to another dull mystery: are we the graveyard or the ghost? I have a motive. My motivations are a matter of fault—all your fault.

There are evil voices in my head

They say, "You're wrong" again. You are every bit as wrong as you were before, when you first divined your word for love (now you wear it on your tongue). Saturate your lips and kiss someone. You're beautiful.

Poison be my guide. Prepare me for my proudest work: prostitute for my bride. Nothing'll heal me but the severed limb, nothing will cure me like the cancer borne. Fail me, fail, fail me fail me not, I suffer every eager infection.

There are evil voices in my head

They say, "You're wrong" again. You are every bit as wrong as you were before, when you first divined your word for love (now you wear it on your tongue). Saturate your lips and kiss someone. You're beautiful.

1 Keep Killin' Me

If you thought that I was afraid, well have no doubts. The trouble is, you cannot figure me out. And you've too many reasons—you want to know my dis-ease, huh? Well, that's just the nature of fools (that is the prize for the rules): get me to report, but never recognize.

Keep killin me baby, put your feelings aside, keep solving me slow with your skin, tell me, who am I?

You'll never really ever get enough and you broke my heart. But I'm weakest when I am up and you have always owned the weakest part of me. And you've too many reasons— you want to know my dis-ease, huh? Well that's just the nature of fools (that is the prize for the rules): get me to report, but never recognize.

Keep killin me baby, put your feelings aside, keep solving me slow with your skin, tell me, who am I?

I'm not ready, but have I gone too far? Get stuck in a lie and all you'll hear is "let it go away".



Lyrics

from their brand new album
The Politics of Apathy

2 Heartbreaker

What's your name? Tell me your secrets. Reasonable regrets, no preface or pretense, just c'mon lay down with me. Cut yourself from the stone, that you milled in the doorway here and keep every problem you want my dear, I'll make it perfectly clear: all I desire is your physical pain. Like when you crawl to me, open aversion is just for show, I'd give a warning but I think you know—it doesn't matter where you go—I'll be recording every casual shame. Now you know me.

And I'll tell you all about the politics of apathy. I'll get you drunk on a word and walk you down the street. I'll be uncomfortably warm, read me unreasonably well. I'll put your name on the list you'll be unable to sell. I am the heartbreaker.

There are those who impersonate their feelings of love, who draw their deficit courage from the red badge of another warm body embraced by the bed. And I'm just so damn sure that I'm not your enemy, I'll never say what you meant to me or pretend I'll be anything other than this weekend's release. And now you know me well: I'll fill you up just to empty you out. But, a criminal? No, I'm not, just the child of a lesser god (one who's both perverse and profane). Now you know me.

And I'll tell you all about the politics of apathy. I'll get you drunk on a word and walk you down the street. I'll be uncomfortably warm, read me unreasonably well. I'll put your name on the list you'll be unable to sell. I am the heartbreaker. I'll get you outta my head. I am the heartbreaker.

7 ...go the spoils

Your episodic aphorisms plague me like the poor decision to play the disinterested listener. I'm like the old child that's grown an earache—full of manipulated tones, tired pragmatics that practice spitting verbs at their perfect prisoner. And you navigate that skill with an aristocratic arm, yeah, you brew your toxic fantasy with predatory charm, you are an a-theatric amateur who drools over every word but can't memorize one single part. And you'll get what can't be got, ain't gonna never be received. If you turn your back, boy, then you'll never leave.

You're a product of my ministry, you are crushed on open arms, you will drown in open air prepared to heal your anemic heart. Old vulture, gnarled nemesis, old cavity re-tooled I want to drive a nail through your eyes so I can get a better view. A part of me longs to wash the past, yeah that part of me is weak, a part of me works to find the faults that part of me won't seek. Carry me home, you improbable ghost, I would rot by your flesh, I will gnaw on your bones—are you calling out my name? Elutriate and evanesce. I would gorge myself on praise if you praise this.

How do you smile? You are a mystery to me. You taught me by moving slow, you do not so quickly proceed. Still you're warm and gray, a quilted memory, you market yourself by the faded company you keep. And you were already here—a shadow on my tongue—yeah, you were already here and all alone like me. You are a blister from too much sweet, you're an ulcer from too much wine. You are dead, I know that you're dead, were you ever really alive?

4 It Is

I am master of few and I am lover of less and I've gotten weaker with age and I am buried by guilt and I'm the simplest form: a plastic face, but well dressed—another sad impersonation of intrigue. Would if I could swallow words, but the melody cries out for a blanket, hold her under water, keep her 'til heart stops, until she sleeps at last.

I am full of contempt and you are worse than money and all I dream are big things and if I ache it's for time and if I'm old then I'm prime and if I'm dead then all my body's blood has run out and all the easy breath gone dry. Pardon my weak resolve, but the memory cries out for a stronger voice to hold the waters back, to put the dead to rest, to push the night aside.

My catalogs breed paper entrails to know me by.

Here it is: another fool for a king, another king turned fool for a day. Here it is: another world for your own, another chance to ruin or live with what you know. Pursue me, victory—talismans and healing words—triumph is fleeting and failure is forever so hedge your bets on a promise to your pulse.

Here it is: another glorious boast, another requiem to soul's misery. Here it is: another wretched outcast denying self so desperately. Here it is: another slow dirge, another slow decay. Here I am: another mess to clean up, another warrior who wants to go back home. I want to go back home.

You wear the martyr, I'll wear his makeup and we'll pretend we're both okay. You make me happy, but I am bored now, I left the disguise on all day.

3 Sweetest Girl

She gets her moves right from the front page and begs me, ooh I've got the sweetest girl. She is the product of uncertainty. The treasure I sought, a wonder grinning and gold, so much for the soft words she never told: that I would have to wait so many steps behind.

Forgive me, I don't mean to trouble you, I will move the parade an inch behind the starting line. Forgive me I don't mean to trouble you but I feel so miserable.

Now she likes to touch only when I'm sleeping, it keeps me dreaming of a sweeter girl. One with a generalized impurity. She's abruptly the queen, suddenly fit for the crown, probably the reason she don't need me now. But I prefer things much more spiritual, so I'll stay a step behind.

Forgive me, I don't mean to trouble you, I will move the parade an inch behind the starting line. Forgive me I don't mean to trouble you but I feel so miserable.

She gets bored. If there were a photographic record you could watch her as she pulls the rope to move back the floor and let the world fly out from under me. I'll act my age, but if there's any you but I feel so miserable.

reason, then I reason it's a reasonably good time to stage my routine routine: melodramatic love affair.

Forgive me, I don't mean to trouble you, I will move the parade an inch behind the starting line. Forgive me I don't mean to trouble you but I feel so miserable.

We're all miserable

9 Monster

I'm just so sick and tired of playing the game. Forever meting and deleting all the simple mistake. Here I am, god, help me I am slave to a name not possible or possibly the person that I'll become. See, everybody's borne in battles but I'm trying to breed out, by never doubting that in doubting I've created the doubt: if I'm about the best bred to lead the canon'ed devout then can I realize and factualize my fictional account of how I'm born again? Forgive this life loving friends and friends don't give a damn for damning is the means to end. I've been trained to live lost in a hole, where poison could equate to control, is controlled by my hand, here it is, here I am.

Dn dah.

What we don't know yet we'll never find in our books. So let's spread our legs and all take a look at truth for once where wants are wound by how we're pound for pound bound to like to fuck. I believe in what the conscience has ruled: credulous a must, allow my heart be fooled. Just as well, I'll be stuck to sell my delight in licking sweat to swallow hell, oh well. I'm born, again, I'll build a life fucking friends and friends won't give a fuck for fucking is the latest trend. I'll give my statue a shell, trust my unconscious is well and controlled by my hand, here it is, here we am.

Dn dah.

Don't pin me up. Don't you know my cross you'll never carry? Don't nail me up. Why don't you buy my cross? You'll never bear it.

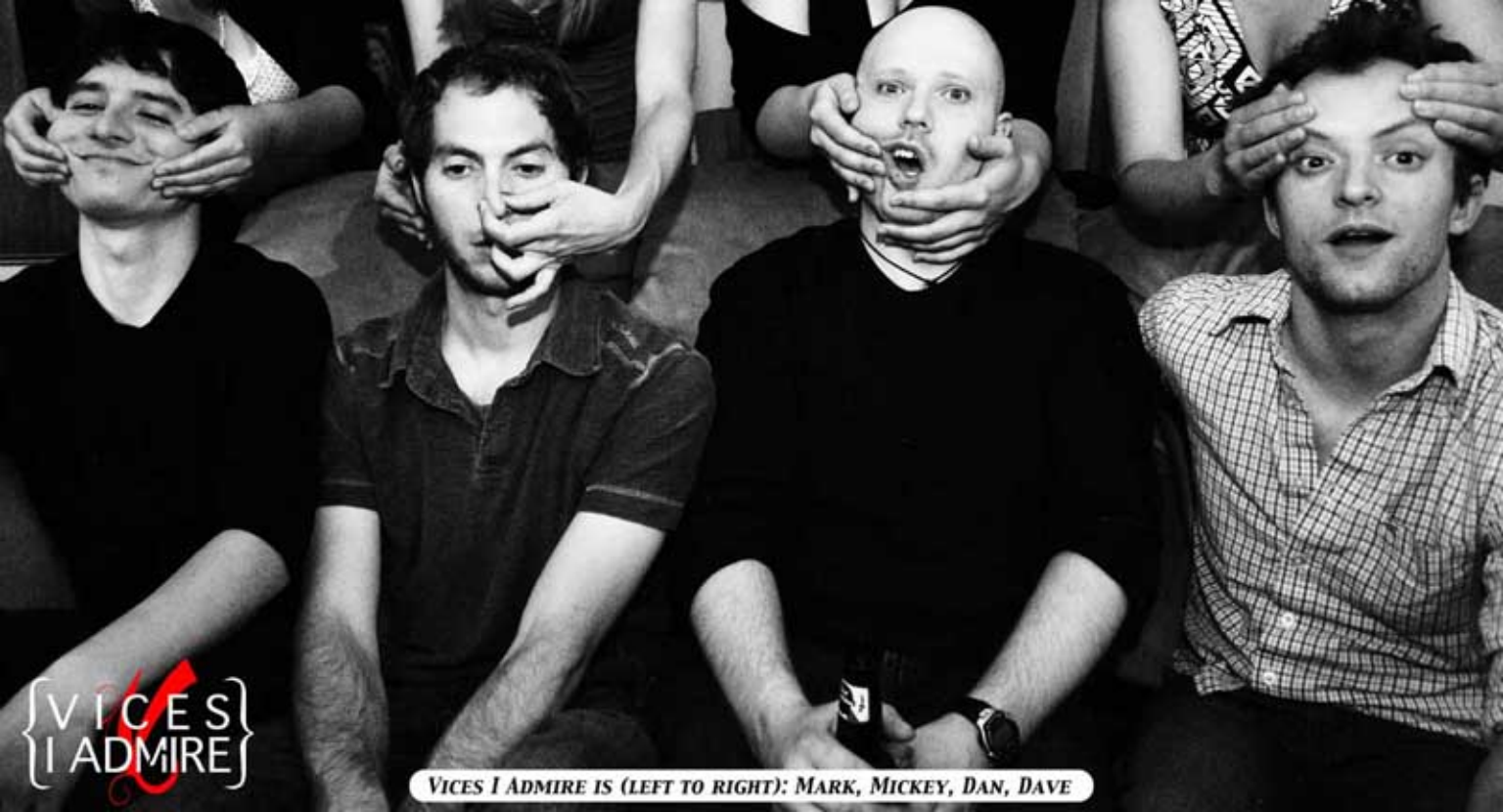
When I'm the god of failure you'll love me later, and heaven dissolves for me

CONTACT

Questions? Comments? Contact Dave at 719.331.8679 or email at dave@vicesiadmire.com

Visit Vices I Admire at vicesiadmire.com or myspace.com/vicesiadmire.





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VICES I ADMIRE IS (LEFT TO RIGHT): MARK, MICKEY, DAN, DAVE