



Margot & the Nuclear So And So's

“You Look Like the Future, Baby” (*Slingshot to Heaven* Rarities)

A.

Lazy (demo)
 Your Sister's House
 Bleary-eye-d Blue (living room demo)
 Nixon
 Vivian
 Ziggy Stardust

B.

Bummer
 Heart of Darkness
 Bust Up Fantasies (demo)
 Beatin' Off in Public
 You Win (living room demo)
 Blame the World (demo)

Richard Edwards: vocals, guitars, keys

Tyler Watkins: bass

Heidi Gluck: keys, bass, vox

Kenny Childers: guitars, vox

Ronnie Kwasman

Chris Fry: drums

Casey Tennis: percussion

Kristen Reilly: vocals

*All songs written by Richard Edwards

(Mice & Margot Music, ASCAP) except:

“Ziggy Stardust” by David Bowie,

“Heart of Darkness” by Mark Linkous

**All songs recorded and mixed by Tyler Watkins

at Queensize Twin Aire and Richard's house except:

“Your Sister's House,” “Bummer,” and

“Beatin' Off In Public” mixed by Paul Mahern at White Arc

Mastered for vinyl by Tyler Watkins at Postal Recording

Slingshot to Heaven

His fearlessness defines Richard Edwards. You can hear it in his voice. There's a backbone even in the falsetto, defiant and resilient. You are in awe of it. You can't help but be in awe of it. And it strikes you as funny sometimes that Richard so often sings of spaceships and aliens because that voice sounds like it might be coming from outer space.

He names his fucking band Margot & the Nuclear So And So's. Who does that? It takes you a while to listen to them because the name so stymies you. And then a friend plays you the Daytrotter Sessions version of “Broadripple is Burning,” and you're hooked, kicking yourself for not having discovered this guy sooner. And then another friend introduces you to Richard, like personally, and Richard's kind of what you'd imagined - enigmatic, brooding, darkly comic. When you marvel at the perfection of “Broadripple,” Richard glowers. He dismisses the song out of hand, this song that most writers would trade their strumming arm to have written. He says it came too easily, and this scares you. Maybe there is a deeper level of creation that Richard knows and you don't. Maybe the pain is not an unfortunate byproduct but is, in fact, THE WHOLE FUCKING POINT. And then suddenly Richard isn't what you'd imagined at all. He goes on and on about jerk chicken. He's plucking a knock-around acoustic, but super into an NBA game in which he has no vested interest. He strums a series of hanging and diminished chords, and goofs on the vapidity of the basketball announcers. And he might as well be a

bored teenager, of which there must be millions in Indianapolis, making his own fun in the middle of America. It just so happens that his fun is breaking your heart with music.

And then you get a link to an advance of the new Margot record that hasn't even come out yet. But the idea of listening to it scares you. We live in a post music-industry world. There's no money left. No lottery tickets. We just make music because that's what we do. And what if this new record sounds like a guy punching the clock? What if your new friend has made a record that is just, you know, okay? But then you listen. And again. And again. How can this be? He's got every reason to be afraid - a wife and daughter to provide for, a problem gut that keeps him from eating or sleeping or sitting up straight, a jaded world that doesn't seem to give a shit about anything. And he still shows no fear. *Slingshot to Heaven* is perfect. And sick and twisted. And so beautiful. Kids smoke crack cocaine. A lover offers a neo-nazi back rub. A girl swallows light beams. The protagonist (because now you're thinking of this record as a novel), always pining for westward movement, stops in Memphis to hit on a long-legged blonde. This guy is so cool he can get away with the line, “you are the apple of my eye, let's be a pair.” Jesus. And then he's by the pool in LA, meeting a couple of girls and picking one to fool. And then he's home alone, smoking in the house and missing someone. And then he's singing his kid to sleep. Even she is there, his adorable kid, one more creep in this

alien landscape. This world terrifies you, but less and less with each listen, which is, in itself, scary.

You hear Richard tell someone that “Broadripple” is a gateway drug, intended simply to get the listener to hear Richard's new song “Lazy.” So you go back and listen to “Lazy” more closely and you realize that this fearlessness that defines Richard is a life lesson. And you vow to learn this lesson: to eschew fear in favor of laziness and unnamed half-chords; to build saucers out of sheets and blast off; to hang around, fucking off all day.

yrs,

Rhett Miller

Solo artist and lead singer of Old 97's.

“Heart of Darkness” - Sparklehorse
By Mark Linkous / WB Music Corp o/b/o Spirit Ditch Music (ASCAP)

“Ziggy Stardust” - David Bowie
By David Bowie (PRS) / BMG Blue (BMI),
Screen Gems - EMI Music Inc. (BMI), Tintoretto Music (BMI)

Painting (reverse side) by Stacy Novak | <http://stacynovakart.com>

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You Look Like the Future, Baby (*Slingshot to Heaven* Rarities)

Lazy (demo)

*I got obsessed with moving to California. I felt sick and dissatisfied with my life. Felt like a failure. For the first time in my life, I wanted something resembling success. The whole deal. Decent place to live, near the water, a car I could drive, a guitar that worked properly, a body that was sturdy. Maybe hotels on the road. I'd had enough of truck stop parking lots. I started having dreams about past and future lives. I saw the cover of *Slingshot to Heaven* in a dream. I was very caught up in the idea of reincarnation. All of these songs started coming out and they were sort of loosely part of the same story. Very unlike *Gut* in that way. I was just seeing this whole world in my head, a universe where these songs lived. Sort of similar to how I felt during some periods of writing *Animal*. "Lazy" is probably the song I'm most proud of, but it underwent some revision. The early incarnation was more or less a literal story about a sex worker who's boyfriend mooches off of her and plays Xbox all day. Were this still *Rot Gut*, that concept would not have been revised.*

Your Sister's House

Wish I had the attention span to write more story songs, although a lot of them are probably long and boring. Wanted this one on the record but couldn't find a spot where it didn't jack with the flow. Our old percussionist Casey came up with a sick groove.

Bleary-eye-d Blue (Living room demo)

*I can't remember when we came to the decision to record the album ourselves at our space, but I imagine it was mostly a realization that A. we had no money, and B. that we wanted to spend more time in the studio building the sound of an album, and it would be much harder to do that were we paying for a producer. Tyler suggested we use tape alone and banish all computers from the studio. He was sick of looking at screens while making music and thought it would also provide a challenge that would keep us from reverting to habits. It was a good call. Leading up to the recording, Kenny and I did a lot of these demos on my couch, tinkering with the arrangements. These demo sessions also helped inform the sound of the album. It was during one of them we thought to ask Heidi to come be part of the band for the album. *Slingshot to Heaven* is about, among other stuff, the desire to re-shape the past so it's neat that many of the musicians were people from my distant musical and personal past. I'm glad I finally got to make something with Heidi and Kenny. It was a beautiful experience, and one that could never be replicated, though we did try.*

Nixon

*We sure recorded a lot of songs for *Slingshot*. I had a whole vision for why this was called "Nixon" but I must've lost the notebook I wrote it all down in, because I can't for the life of me track it down.*

Vivian

Chris carries this song, which was abandoned after it became apparent that it wasn't gonna be part of the album vibe. Thematically, though, it does fit in well. Past lives feature prominently in this one. A tune about a cult and an awesome lady.

Ziggy Stardust

Recorded at my house for a compilation.

Bummer

Think HG and Kenny wanted this one on the record but I thought it was too jovial. Recorded a way dark version with Deck a few months prior but it's a shitty fidelity. I like this one, though. Just didn't see a place for it on the record. Good example of the energy in the room during these sessions. We stayed up almost every night 'till 5 or 6 am, drinking beer, smoking cigarettes (sigh), telling stories, catching up on one another's lives, plotting future albums. It was like summer camp.

Heart of Darkness

Recorded for a very ill-fated compilation. On our dime.

Bust up Fantasies (demo)

Wanted this on the record, saw it as a sort of sister song to "Bleary-eye-d blue." There's a half finished version of it somewhere. Wish we had gotten around to it. The chorus could've been heavy as hell and maybe the record could've used one more like that.

Beatin' off in Public

*Nice song, but it's about masturbation and insanity. Would've fit well on *Rot Gut*. My friend Tom made a mock tracklist and ended it with this song. What a fucked up way of telling the listener, "everything you've heard before this was a dream". I can't imagine ending a record that way. Might as well just punch my customers in the face.*

You Win (Living room demo)

Another one I wish we had gotten around to doing in the studio. I rewrote it into a song called, "she loves her lobster". Had a bunch of lyrics about kids not behaving in Kroger. I don't know what was going on with that version. I should dig it up. It's mortifying.

Blame the World (demo)

Kind of a manifesto.