

CHERRY GLAZER

The Underground Rock Sensation Averted a Shark Attack Through Quick Thinking with a Speargun¹

Written by Brent Smith Photographed by Easton Schirra Styled by Leah Adicoff



This page: Left to right: CLEOLA dress, PARI DESAI top, and TOPSHOP socks; CLOUD HUNTER dress and top; NIKE sneakers, and VANS socks.

Opposite: left to right: STAUD jumpsuit, and DADY BONES crown, STAUD jumpsuit.

Hair & Makeup: Luisa Ruiz



The world might be burning, but underground music is on fire. I have borne witness. Indie rock lives in a behemoth warehouse that sits on the banks of the L.A. River.

The skyline is wrapped in dark clouds as I exit the 101 and turn onto E 7th Street. Out of the drizzling fog looms Downtown Rehearsal, a veritable rock'n'roll sanitarium. This is my rendezvous with native noise pop outfit Cherry Glazerr.

Taking the elevator lift to the second floor, I nervously skulk down the building's long, empty hallways. Its hundreds of studios rupture at the seams with bands wailing away behind the endless rows of closed doors. Security cameras shadow my every move.

I uncover their rehearsal space: Room 231.

They had just finished jamming, and sit autographing a big stack of posters of their new LP, *Apocalipstick*, which depicts a lipstick rocket blasting off in a futuristic Hollywood Babylon. The cover's illustration by cartoonist Malachi Ward pairs nicely with the band's surf noir sound, and acts as a window into a mysteriously androgynous landscape, eagerly awaiting invasion by its audience.

I'm welcomed with Looney Toon smiles and ecstatic banter, halfway through a conversation in which Sasami Ashworth (synth) asks Tabor Allen (drums) if he would ever get a vasectomy. He's slow to answer. "You can always reverse it," she assures.

The room's packed to the walls with equipment, gearing up for their upcoming tour. I manage to sneak a seat on the cluttered couch, sticking my hands in small puddles of spilt beer. It's a stark contrast to the acropolis backdrop of the Hollywood Hills, where the band wrapped their photo shoot.

It's been three years since Cherry Glazerr burst onto the scene — *Fabulous Stains*-style — with *Hazel Princess*: a tuned-down bedroom dreamland of alien princesses, pizza monsters, and grilled cheese. Its success wasn't something vox/guitarist Clementine "Clem" Creevy counted on.

Creevy has the name of a sugary character

in an Annie Proulx novel, but a voice akin to a neon-tinged lounge singer in a Philip K. Dickian wasteland. Her crooning offers reprieve and solace to the dead-end kids on East Hollywood sidewalks who can barely swing a cover charge.

"I was a little bamboozled by their presence at first," she tells me through oversized cat-eye frames that slide down her nose. "Now I'm used to the fan base, and can see it in a more casual way."

Apocalipstick's arrival reflects a maturation, not only sonically, but in the suffragette ethos of the band itself. It's representative of the intellect emanating from L.A.'s fuzzed out garage scene, currently dominated by female-fronted acts.

Cherry Glazerr's current incarnation knocks down the confined bedroom walls of teenage past, and confronts an outside world in dire need of visionary reconstruction. Feminist battle cries are matched with fierce riffs and rambling guitar solos — new territory bravely charted by Creevy.

"There's no one 'right' way to do feminism," she affirms. "It's an amalgamation of ideas. No two people have the same experiences. Everybody's feminism is different. At its foundation, I see it as a dismantlement of the white supremacist, capitalist, patriarchal power structure."

Is this what the view's like at the end of history? Are we witnessing the Return of the Divine Feminine? The Goddess archetype is defined by "anima," the spark of inspiration, catalyst of change, siren of desire. The future is androgynous: equivocal and unshaped, like wavicles dancing in the static of potentia. Our future is fuzz, thus our music is fuzz. All is fuzz.

Inter-sectional critique spills out of Creevy as easily as faded chord patterns.

"To use feminism and women supporting women for capitalist gain goes against the foundation of feminism — at least my feminism. It's kind of a neurotic place to be. So, it sucks when fashion companies are like, 'We want to shoot you two girls being friends.' I doubt boys in bands are ever propositioned like that."

"It's more dialogue that just needs to happen," Ashworth chimes in, "a critical thinking that always needs to be used anytime there's some intersection of marketing or capitalism, and feminism."

It can be condescending on one hand, while speaking to the unique qualities of female dynamics on the other. The first track on the album, "Told You I'd Be With the Guys," speaks to solidarity.

"That's our showing of what we truly believe," Creevy spits. "We don't have to play pretend in front of a camera to show what we mean. Our art exists as our explanation, as our belief system, as our deepest feelings, thoughts, passions, and personalities. That's all in our art. People have a hard time just looking at the art."

Ashworth and Allen joined Creevy a little over a year ago, and things instantly clicked for the triad.

"It's involuntary. We can't help but to make music. We jam and we make songs."

Despite preconceived notions of break-ups, there was no fallout in transitioning to a new lineup from the original (one to which fans had grown attached). "There's no drama in music," Creevy continues, "Musically, it was the best thing that could have happened to me — to play with awesome players, that's what you want as a musician."

"A band can be a delicate relationship," Allen explains. "People come and go, their lives take different directions."

"A band is like a marriage," Creevy adds.

Cherry Glazerr is a good microcosm — an amiable 2:1 ratio that maintains its own equilibrium. For now, the focus for Creevy is on the front lines with fellow sisters-in-arms.

"Female friendships are beautiful, and intense. They're also complicated because women need to stick together, like a survival tactic. It's tough... I reject competition and jealousy with my female friends. It sometimes makes my relationships not as intimate, because it's not what girls are used to. I try to base relationships around experiences, or music. At the end of the day, we girls always have music."

¹ Although local reports described a speargun, it was in fact a harpoon²

² The world's largest manufacturer of harpoons is the Pacific island of New Zealand, where the harpoon is called the "hookstick"