

1012 nw wall st #209
Bend, OR, 97701
541-633-7169
thedirtywords@gmail.com

www.thedirtywords.com
www.myspace.com/thedirtywords

THE DIRTY WORDS



Scott Page
Bass

David Clemmer
Vocals, Guitar

Aaron Poplin
Guitar

Mike Chastain
Drums

ABOUT THE DIRTY WORDS

The Dirty Words' stage presence is a dichotomy of tightly rehearsed arrangements and visceral chaos.

While maintaining the tenacity needed for palatable rock music, the band's more upbeat songs are often able to exude the raw, athletic, and unhinged energy normally reserved for hardcore, punk, and metal acts. The slower songs receive a tamer treatment, but still retain the ability to completely engage.

With a repertoire of over twenty-five original compositions, The Dirty Words can play until they destroy every instrument in their possession, collapse on stage, or run out of material--whichever comes first.

BIOGRAPHY

When singer/songwriter/multi-instrumentalist David Clemmer met multi-instrumentalist/sound engineer Mike Chastain, it was rock at first chord. With Clemmer on vocals and guitar, Chastain on drums, and fellow band-founder Joel Shupack on guitar, The Dirty Words (to be) went through a short slew of bass players. Chastain, a more seasoned musician and artistic conceptualist, brought forth some new ideas to Clemmer and Shupack, who had played music together for years prior as old friends.

Eventually, Shupack hit the road for New York City, leaving the band behind with no accompanying guitarist, no bassist...but with a name. Having written a short story that revolved around a main character who's a drummer for a band called The Dirty Words, Shupack gave the name away, and flew off into the east.

Clemmer and Chastain, while able to hold interesting and productive practice sessions without other instruments, sought a bass player first and foremost. This is when Chastain met Scott Page, a friend-of-a-friend who just so happened to play the instrument The Dirty Words needed most. After just one introductory practice, Scott was immediately and securely in charge of the low end.

After a brief stint with a duo of saxophone players and an even shorter session with another guitarist, The Dirty Words picked up hardcore/metal guitarist Aaron Poplin, returning him to his indie rock roots. Again, after just one practice.

Over the years the band has tightened and evolved into a vehicle for a wide variety of concise but ornate, well-written songs, underscored by powerful, energetic arrangements that are products of full collaboration from each of the four members. While Clemmer is the chief songwriter and arranger, he brings the skeletal structure on which Chastain, Page, and Poplin supply the muscle, blood, and soul.

Dr. Scooter was using a meat-hook to play a washtub bass in his owl coop when he heard the distinctive sound of a Ford Focus breaking down somewhere near his creepy, caliginous midwestern rural residence. When he emerged, he discovered two musicians looking with bewilderment under the hood of their car out by the road.

"Looks like you boys could use some help," said the Doctor, snapping his fingers to summon his protective demon imp, Lhasa-Apsocus, who also answered to "The Doctor." "Reckon I can get yer sky-carriage soarin' again, for a price."

The more willowy of the musicians pushed up his glasses. "Sure, how much you want?" he asked.

"Never you mind 'bout money," said the Doctor (the human one). "What I want is something else. What do they call you boys at home?"

The more intensely interesting musician lit up a cigarette and conjured an infinite cup of coffee, answering, "They call me Blastain."

"I'm Dave," said the willowy one.

"Well I'm Dr. Slammin' Salmon Scooter. And as payment for rustlin' up a healin' spell for yer rig, I need you two to help me perform a ritual to summon the most powerful manifestation of absolute rock, the demonangel Poplinicus. Then, you must assist me and my summoned minion in creating a band that will form numerous thoughtful tunes reflecting on the human condition, in a dynamic array of sound."

Dave looked at Blastain--Blastain looked at Dave. Reluctantly, they nodded, and the Doctor (the human one) raised his arms triumphantly, his quaking palms facing the darkening sky, where there formed a maelstrom of pure evil. The Doctor (the demon one) playfully yipped.

Lo, at that moment, seven hundred owls of all species and subspecies burst forth from the owl coop, swirling around them like maddened bats, screeching and cooing as everything visible erupted into an uncontrollable static. The Ford Focus roared to life, and there, in the middle of the road, which happened to be symbolically next to a crossroads, coagulated a darkness so vivid it could blind the human soul. And from it, drenched in the marrow of a million young, came the shape of a man.

THE DIRTY WORDS

www.thedirtywords.com
www.myspace.com/thedirtywords

1012 nw wall st #209
Bend, OR, 97701
541-633-7169
thedirtywords@gmail.com