

born



ruffians

Midland, Ontario. Back when this place was a wilderness, eight Jesuit priests were slaughtered by Iroquois; then canonized.

Midland gave you saints. Then kept quiet. For 350 years. Until three Born Ruffians -- darker, louder, and more magical in life than any saint is in death -- came down from the hills to kick some ass.

That was in 2002, and since then the Born Ruffians -- Luke LaLonde, Mitch DeRosier and Steve Hamelin -- have been razing bigger and bigger stages without looking back.

In fact first they look down, starting every show in a huddle. There some occult energy is summoned, deemed good, and exploded into a set of writhing, jagged pop songs as beautiful and dangerous as shards of broken glass.

Through it all -- a bewitching throb of cascading drums. You'd swear they were on the war path, till a pure rock and roll howl and sharp guitar hooks bring you back to the indie universe. Amidst the shouts and claps and the odd trombone slur, a tenderness somehow shrouds the whole thing -- there's something saintly about them after all.

It didn't take long for this fiery spectacle to get noticed, and interest has been pouring in from all corners, especially the U.S. and U.K. Born Ruffians have in turn bottled their spark, recording an EP in a studio modeled on their communal living room, chucking out three quarters of the material, and sealing the rest in an EP slated for release this October on Warp (North America) and XL (UK).

It's a bold and direct EP, and one that keeps looking forward to lands these Born Ruffians will conquer yet.

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