

by Corey Fogel

I am a musician living in Oakland, CA. I play drums, compose, and improvise in many musical and performance art capacities. As a soloist, I create long, surreal, narratives of unorthodox sounds and awkward, vaguely familiar motions. I accompany dance, film and other media. I also choreograph visual/gestural installations. Most of my creations rely heavily on improvisation within a framework of that is born out of unpredictable encounters with materials, instruments, circumstances, personas, and general aesthetic interests.

In 2001, I completed my Bachelors in Music: Jazz from Arizona State University. In 2004, I completed my Master of Fine Arts in Integrated Media/Music from Cal Arts; There I collaborated with and under Leo Smith, Mark Dresser, Sara Roberts, Willie Winant, Tom Leeson, Nick Didkovsky, Vinny Golia, and John Oswald. I like to play with Ezra Buchla, Anni Rossi, Andre Vida, Jacob Koller, Brian Allen, in such bands as The Mae Shi, Brainkiller, Back Ted N-Ted, and some others. I've recorded with my friends Gowns, Treasure Mammal, Carla Bozulich, The Mountain Goats, Whitman, and Bob Bruno.

by Adam Overton

Corey Fogel is relentless. His musical magic derives from patiently waiting, finding and preserving moments of serenity and infectious rhythm, then skeptically smashing that symmetry as soon as he gets a whiff of any magical complacency. He is against mythology's illusions and desires a blunter Now: honest, bare and pre-teen. He "says" what other musicians are afraid to "say" with a seriousness commingled with humor, wrapped so subtly that the two are often confused; he speaks his mind [seemingly] regardless of context, reveling in the uncomfortable adrenaline glow of a conversation that cannot recover from his bringing up that one unspeakable Word. Corey plays not with drumsticks but with judges' gavels, fervidly passing judgment upon music with easy answers and excuses, presenting instead a frenzy of objection, counter-argument, and expert witness. He plays with the spirit of a Jewish grandmother whose warm and nurturing embrace is swiftly exchanged for a razor-lipped critique, who easily confuses her subjective reality for our objective one - and it hurts because far too often she is half-right, and you still desire her soup. "You should eat more," says his cymbal. "You better marry a nice Jewish girl," says his snare drum. And yet he is not without an impeccable caress that keeps his codependent compatriots like us coming back again and again for the splendors of musical make-up sex. Corey takes his music too seriously, too anti-heroically, and looks us deep in the eyes expecting the same from us - and it turns us ON. We desire his attention, his bashful grin, his sexy non sequiturs, his parallel universe where we-should-know-better. And in the end deep down we all understand what big long drumsticks mean...