



### **The Dust Dive, *Asleep or Awake Walk***

Following a current that streams over any territory it encounters, not wanting to dam it for fear of ruining its natural beauty, the Dust Dive follow the meanderings of their muse, and their muse can sometimes be intimate and unsettling, resting in corners after an overdose of inactivity; sometimes coy, alienating; prettily disillusioned; or claustrophobic and intense, like the dark closet that singer Bryan Zimmerman, singing-into-a-tin-can, might live in. This album is like slowly waking up, and realizing you are still asleep – in a Peter Greenaway movie. Found-sound textures, strains of violin and hypnotic tinny finger-picked guitar, a swing hinge in need of oiling, and the oblique and nature-allusive lyrics, like patient trails to the next turn-off, draw you into this southern night music, making you just sit there and stare. Maybe that's not quite for everyone, but I've been looking for some tranquil mood music for a while, and found a lot mind-numbing stuff instead. While it has its lulls, and the main voice veers sometimes irremediably into Malkmus territory, this is a lucid liquid lyrical offering from gorgeously-named Dust Dive. - *Emily Johnson* *Issue 22 (2005)*