

Evan Mix's Chips Forboy is a Wild Adventure Down the Rabbit Hole

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by Joe Mitchell -

Evan Mix

Chips Forboy

Evan Mix Music

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Curiouser and curiouser.

Is there something in the water of Floyds Knobs, Indiana? Is there something in the air there? I have no idea and, until now, never before had a care. Never been there. Is there a *there* there? My inner Gertrude Stein is on tenterhooks. Can someone with information drop us a line or a Facebook post? Inquiring minds gotta know.

Why all this sound and fury, *sturm und drung* about a Lexington, Kentucky suburb strewn somewhere north of the Ohio River?

Well, I blame Evan Mix, of course.

And it signifies something, methinks.

After listening to the solo artist's latest album, *Chips Forboy*, I'll have to admit that I've gone all *Alice in Wonderland* about the southern Indiana 'burg, and no amount of symbolic logic and mathematical probability can rescue me from my predicament.

Have I gone mad? I'm afraid so.

Curiouser and curiouser.

Chips Forboy just showed up in my inbox with a label on it saying "Listen to Me".

I did.

It led to only more: *curiouser and curiouser!*

Are there other musicians and "out there" artists like Mix within the confines Floyds Knobs? Is there a "scene" there? If there is, Floyds Knobs may become the next "must-go-to" music city not just for the ecstasy and glow stick crowd, but everyone else who's tired of seeing and hearing the same old crap get all the Grammys and airplay. If there's not a scene in Floyds Knobs, I'll say a visit to see Mix perform would be well worth the trip. Honestly, I'm not sure what Evan Mix is doing, but whatever it is, it's sure has had my ears hooked for the last month or so. You can say I've gone down the rabbit hole in pursuit of it, and now I'm ten feet tall and stuck in this damn rabbit hole. I think I'm gonna be late for work.

How would one describe Mix? I dunno. Mad Hatter? White Rabbit? Chesire Cat? He is one of those artists that transcends easy to peg genres and may just be genre of his own. Isn't that where the best music comes from anyway? I think he has to be heard to be believed.

Who in the world is this Evan Mix? Ah, that's the great puzzle.

I can only attempt to describe it, and that would be but a frail effort at best. There's rap, dance, trance, hip-hop, electro-clash, and just flat-out weird stuff that can only be likened to Syd Barrett meets Grimes on a rainy night on the road to perdition after stopping late in the afternoon to bask in the waning sun and indulge in some fishing. Yes fishing. Yes. Call it trip-hop goes [Andy Griffith Show](#) or [Mayberry, RFD](#), though that may be too confining and unfair to Mix. Intrigued? Yeah, he had me from the very get-go on the album, at the first mention of wanting to make "a 10 out 10 album, the *Citizen Kane* of Music."

Chips Forboy is a [concept album](#). What is the concept? Well, are you sitting down? The whole album revolves around the proposition of "What if music were food, and we humans no longer needed to grow and raise organic matter for sustenance, and we could just play music and get all the vitamins, nutrition, energy, protein, etc. that we needed?" Nuts? Crazy? Outlandish? Yes, but Mix, don't ask me how, manages to present his musical thesis without seeming absolutely ridiculous. Sure, it's funny, as it's intended to be, but there's a serious side, too, an economic statement: If musicians, like most other artists, cannot make a living from their art under present economic conditions, maybe it's time to evolve so that a direct, rather than indirect living can be made from their art. Look at it as musicians as farmers after some Darwinian adjustments to the human race.

Is this a great or classic album, the *Citizen Kane* of music that Mix set out to make? No. Most likely it is not; not to my ears anyway. Mix even admits the album's ultimate shortcomings in the final track of the album as he intones, "This is not the *Citizen Kane* of Music." But, hey, even though it's not 10 out of 10, *Citizen Kane*, it is a very good album that would be a worthwhile listen for more adventurous listeners. I'd say it's closer to *Touch of Evil*, or even the *Third Man* if you want to run with Mix's Orson Welles comparison. Those are both very good movies, if you're willing to suspend disbelief and go along with a "brown-faced" Charlton Heston as a Mexican-National in the former. Let's just say that *Chips Forboy* is at least a 7 out of 10 and that's more than good enough to keep me listening to this offering, and eagerly anticipating what Mix has cooking in his Indiana studio to unleash on the world next.

Keep an eye on this guy, if only for your own safety.

A raven may be like a writing desk, but Mix certainly is not. His notes are anything but flat. They may be comestible, though.

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