

Who is Andrew W.K.? The answer could be "Who Knows?" Or the answer could be yet to come. Or it could be that "Andrew W.K." is simply a title used to identify the efforts made by one man, on the behalf of many, to enjoy life to the fullest. It also could be said that Andrew W.K. is the sonic essence of people coming together, in certain spaces at certain times, to expend energy and celebrate in an atmosphere of total freedom. Whether it's at a concert, or in the seclusion of one's own bedroom, it's a feeling - a pure physical feeling of euphoria, excitement, love and energy. It's a space each and every one of us can open in our lives for freedom, pleasure and fun. It's a challenge to live up to our own potential and to recognize that life is too short for second thoughts, second-guesses, recrimination or regrets. It's the realization that the only thing that can ever stop us from trying to translate our dreams into reality is ourselves. And it's a reminder that we have a duty to squeeze every drop of joy we can out of every day we live. Finally, Andrew W.K. is a family of people dedicated to making the most of the opportunities life presents them. A bunch of people using this music as a tool, gaining energy and inspiration from it, and putting it to work in their own way. It's a full-on confederation-of-fun, which is open to anyone and everyone who wants to come and join this never-ending party.



Of course Andrew W.K. is also a person. A man who has set himself the goal of making the most exciting music he can. And that music itself has a goal. The music wants us to feel good and to be happy, to give us butterflies in the stomach, to pump adrenaline through our veins. It wants to send that strange electricity up our spines, to make our scalps tingle and our feet dance. This music wants to be your friend, pure and simple. It's here to love you unconditionally. If you are willing to put your faith in it, it will never let you down. This music is a dynamo, a perpetual motion machine, a source of unending and unstoppable power. If you are feeling down, the music is here to embrace you and tell you that everything is already okay. If you're riding high, the music is here to support you, and push you on to even greater heights. It's yours in every way shape and form.

Although this music is a product of Andrew W.K., the person, he does not place himself above it. Instead, he derives the same pleasure, excitement, and hope from it that his most ardent friends and fans do. This is not an exclusive club. There's no red velvet rope in front of the door. There's just a steep cliff overlooking a whirlpool of liquid electricity. And it's asking us to throw caution to the wind, and our bodies into the vortex. Can we let go of security and certainty and revel in the chaotic unknowable experience that life truly appears to be? This music wants us to.



How can we cultivate our passion? It's not a question of regaining something lost. The spark is in all of us. It's a pilot light just waiting for us to give it the gas. The music can help. The music is a product of enthusiasm, love, and belief. The very D.N.A. of this music is encoded with pleasure, passion, and truth. It's like a tapestry - a million, million filaments of enjoyment woven together to create one perfect expression of joy. Each song is comprised of layer upon layer of igneous exhilaration and sedimentary intensity, compressed, and sandwiched together into a mountain of euphoria. It is absolutely immense, a gargantuan wave of molten ecstasy pulsing in our ears, setting our hearts and brains aflame. The music transmits its exuberance and joy to us directly. It is 10,000 volts shot through jumper cables crocodile clamped to our sense of pleasure.



This music is meant to be consumed. It's a font of eternal energy, and it's strengthened by our sharing of it; not diminished. It's not something we need to hoard, or jealously guard. It's not private property; it's public energy. The person who found this six years ago is no more or less important than the person who found it six seconds ago, or the person who will find it six years from now. Once you put your faith in this, it cannot be taken from you. It will live inside you. Even if Andrew W.K. himself were to denounce these songs, it could not besmirch or belittle them. Nor would it lessen the enjoyment we derive.

Do you believe in possibility? Do you believe in the possibility of a world that's huge, and strange, and full of astonishment? Is it possible to imagine a world where all we experience is new, and inspires us with awe? A place where we have no difficulty in believing that there is a real presence in all things, no matter how they appear; a place where we can get so focused on the pleasure in this presence that we literally vibrate with excitement just thinking about it. True passion denies us the need to qualify or justify our likes and dislikes to other people or to even ourselves. We can love things for their intrinsic values, and for reasons that are ours and ours alone, and for reasons that we allow to change, develop, and deepen.



But what about Andrew W.K.? The person. The man with the white t-shirt and jeans, long wet hair and sometimes bloody face. Shouldn't we be talking more about the person who actually makes this music? Well, first let's get some solid facts on the table.

Andrew F. Wilkes-Krier is born May 9th 1979. He's born in Stanford, California, but soon his family moves to Michigan. His mother enrolls him in piano lessons at the age of four. At the age of eight he is caught attempting to pass off homemade rare baseball cards as the real thing to a local collectibles shop - he's grounded for the summer. He spends time cutting up, organizing and filing away pieces of paper in his bedroom. While he stays up all night, he dreads piano recitals, yet still pushes himself to master the b-flat minor scale. He gets a digital keyboard and in junior high school makes his first tape of songs. Throughout junior high and high school he plays keyboards and drums in various south-east Michigan bands. He also continues to record solo music. Various other ideas take shape in these years; writing, photo-montage, magazines, sculpture, mail fraud, theft, vandalism, self-tattooing, dozens of part-time jobs, and the manufacture and distribution of counterfeit footwear all consumed Andrew W.K.'s time.