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The inside of The Vogue nightclub in Indianapolis is dark and humming with activity. People peer down from the balconies, and surround the stage, chatting and sipping beer. Stage lights cast a golden glow on the sea of waiting faces. A long, loud howl erupts from the crowd of 500 announcing Houndmouth’s arrival. The musicians smile as they walk onstage, greet the audience and take their place by their instruments. Organist Katie Toupin, dressed in a geometric-patterned dress, stands in contrast to the super casual look worn by her bandmates. Lead singer and guitarist Matt Myers, in worn Nike sneakers and holy jeans, stores a bottle of Bulleit Bourbon near an amplifier. Drummer Shane Cody and bassist Zak Appleby both don worn-in hats and t-shirts. Shane’s impressive beard is all but hidden behind the drum kit. The New Albany band dives right into their set hammering out bouncing chords and riffs. Katie swivels on her tip-toes and leans over the organ, long brown hair falling in her face. Zak and Matt face each other and smile, shuffling their feet to the music. The audience moves along, bobbing their heads. By the end of the show they’ll be cupping their hands and yelling for an encore.

They’ve appeared on national television and performed all over the country, but these Hoosier musicians are all about staying humble and true to their roots.
It's just another day in the life of Houndmouth.

Malley Lamea, a friend of the Shane’s from college, drove eleven hours from Brooklyn to Indianapolis to watch Houndmouth perform. Luke Denton, who went to high school with Zak in Clarksville, crosses his fingers as he says he thinks they are “one song away” from a huge break. The bandmates poke fun at each other and give shout-outs to family members who have come to support them on the road. They play through most of their debut album, “From the Hills Below the City” and surprise the audience with tracks from Below the City and surprise them with tracks from their own show. Since they went to a show when they were late to a show, it was a show that was well attended.

Houndmouth beer on tap – a bit too pretentious for them. Matt brags about the Stetsons and Butch t-shirt he scored at a thrift store across the river. The bandmates and law-breaking outlaws in their songs feel far away.

Talking music is on everyone’s mind, but first thing’s first. “I hope we’re putting all this on the band tab,” says Zak throwing a joking glance at their manager, Chris Thomas. He gives an approving nod. But who are these rockstars? They had “made it,” right? “I mean, I still get ramen noodles at the grocery,” admits Shane. And they’re not quite sure what “making it” means to them anyway.

At the New Albannian Pizzeria and Public House, the guys are smiling and sipping beer at a table in the center of the restaurant. Evidently, they aren’t tired of each other even after traveling in a six-seater van during their tour. Glad in flannel shirts and blue jeans, they avoid ordering the Houndmouth beer on tap - a bit too pretentious for them. Matt brags about the Stetsys and Butch t-shirt he scored at a thrift store across the river. The bandmates and law-breaking outlaws in their songs feel far away.

Back in their hometown of New Albany, it’s easy to lose your sense of time. Rolling down Main Street is a journey of aesthetic contradiction. Tucked between exhausted brick buildings and mom-and-pop stores is renovated real estate like the shining new Nathanium. Hopeful entrepreneurs watch their ventures sink or float in this Ohio River Valley town, but an assortment of boutiques and new restaurants suggest a sense of revival.

Holliden notes it is generally embraced by people over 20, “who have grown up a bit.” This genre is a cyclical phenomenon and reemerges when music becomes a show about new technology and looks, like the Beatles’ “Carry that Weight.” At one point, Katie takes up the drums, Shane plays lead guitar and Zak banges on the organ. During one of Matt’s knock-based and bluesy guitar solos, he jumps onto Shane’s kit, balancing precariously on the bass drum while Zak shakes his head and smiles. Fans chimed in with the harmonies during “Hey Rose” and cheer for the band’s new material. After coming back on stage for an encore, the show ends with the opener, the Wheeler Brothers, and Houndmouth sharing microphones for a joyful rendition of Bob Dylan’s “I Shall Be Released.”

Family, friends and curious new fans greet the band after the show. People flock to the merchandise table to pick up albums, posters and t-shirts. A man taps Matt on the shoulder. “Can I get your Houndmouth?” he obliges and searches for a Sharpie. The band will mingle with the crowd for a few more hours as they return to Chicago to do it all over again. It’s just another day in the life of Houndmouth.