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Titus Andronicus

Local Business

XL Recordings

Street: 10.22

Titus Andronicus = Japandroids + Fang Island + Andrew Jackson Jihad

Titus Andronicus' 2010 album *The Monitor*, which was kind of—but not really—about the Civil War, should've been horrible. Yet, with over 30 musicians involved, songs ranging from five to 14 minutes in length and pop culture references intertwined with lofty themes, it was amazing. Recorded with a more stable lineup and without the constraints of a pseudo concept album hanging over it, *Local Business* is a much more humble affair. While it never reaches the levels of excellence found on *The Monitor*, the new album is still an enjoyable listen. The opening salvo of "Ecce Homo" and "Still Life with Hot Deuce on Silver Platter" showcase the album's more straightforward style—*Local Business* is much more Replacements than Hüsker Dü—though frontman Patrick Stickles' exuberance and wit still shine through the Jersey-fied guitar solos and keyboard passages. The band's sense of energy gets the better of them on the eight-minute meanderer "My Eating Disorder," and "(I am The) Electric Man" is annoying as fuck, but the positives still outweigh the negatives on *Local Business*. —Ricky Vigil

Therapy?

A Brief Crack Of Light

Blast Records

Street: 09.11

Therapy? = Ozzy Osbourne (vocals) + Pearl Jam

Part of me wants to make a joke about needing therapy after this album, but that would be a terrible pun and I would get my keyboard privileges revoked. I'm almost willing to admit that I might have missed the point of the album, considering *A Brief Crack Of Light* is the 13th effort from Irish rockers Therapy? Moments of slightly grungy hard rock are promising, such as the beginning of the song "Plague Bell," but the slurring vocals mixed with an awkward tempo ruins everything shortly after. It's like a 90s-era grunge band ended up being the creepy drunk guy who stayed at the party after everybody left. Dude, it's been decades—it's time to stop drooling your lyrics and sober up. I will, however, highly recommend their track, "Marlow"—it is very catchy, and also, instrumental. —Matt Brunk

Tori Amos

Gold Dust

Deutsche Grammophone

Street: 10.02

Tori Amos = Kate Bush – Joni Mitchell

While highly debatable which songs should/could have been included in this classically orchestrated collection spanning her career—as the prodigious Ms. Amos celebrates her 20th anniversary as a solo artiste—there's no denying that her producer's keen ear likely guided her choices. I'm not complaining, especially on one of my all-time faves that is the title track, as this otherworldly gorgeous take accentuates its beauty and only deepens my love for it. The two most surprising entries are Posse's "Programmable Soda" and Midwinter Graces' "Star of Wonder"—not to mention lead track "Flavor"—but the already-known-as-being-orchestrated cuts like "Winter," and especially "Yes, Anastasia," sound startlingly fresh with new arrangements by the great John Philip Shenale, and the bold playing of the Metropole Orkest under the direction of Jules Buckley. But surely, the loveliest surprise of all is Amos' new vocal takes, especially her playful enunciation. —Dean O Hillis

Ty Segall

Twins

Drag City

Street: 10.09

Ty Segall = Thee Oh Sees + Mikal Cronin + Coachwhips

If we've learned anything about Ty Segall within the past year, it's that he doesn't allow the garage rock genre to constrain him. On *Twins*, his third LP of 2012, he meticulously combines the various paths he explored on *Slaughterhouse*, *Hair* and last year's *Goodbye Bread*. The album bounces through a variety of styles—acoustic ballads like "Gold on the Shore" and a 60s

