

few low-key Denham vocals on the set ("Listen Up" is an equally witty piece of vocal business). "Dyna Moe" swings thanks to Denham's supple, mile-wide organ riffs and Bryan Sutton's fretwork, while Al Anderson turns up on an imaginative treatment of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Denham wanted to make a record recalling those classic Blue Note and Prestige sets of decades long past, and he has succeeded. This is no museum piece, just in-the-pocket jazz that percolates and breathes and feels resoundingly good — precisely the way Denham's heroes did it.

— Bill Dahl

YEAH YEAH YEAHS
Show Your Bones
Interscope (B0006337)

There's this sound on *Show Your Bones*, Yeah Yeah Yeahs' second album, that says they have something to live up to. It says something's bigger than them and that there's an obligation to follow it wherever it leads. That something is "Maps," the breakout single from the NYC trio's 2003 debut, *Fever To Tell*. The unexpected MTV *Total Request Live* hit and prom-time plead clicked with indie hipsters (who've lauded the band ever since its self-titled 2001 EP) and iPod-packing teens. Who can blame them? With Nick Zinner's guitar jingle-jangling and Karen O's yelp turned down to breathy vulnerability, "Maps" is irresistible.

Apparently, Yeah Yeah Yeahs feel that way too, since half of *Show Your Bones* digs around for a follow-up. The lo-fi dissonance of *Fever To Tell* is expanded here to include pop conventions such as handclaps ("Way Out") and sweeping choruses, which make the cliff-scaling "Dudley" sound like a lost new-wave relic.

Yet, they haven't quite abandoned their old sound. The jagged discord of "Phenomena" and the way Karen O plays around with repetition on "Cheated Hearts" are down-home comforts, in a broken-glass-in-the-meat-loaf kinda way. Karen O still howls her way through half



Courtesy of Interscope/by Aliya Naumoff

Yeah Yeah Yeahs

the songs, and we still have no idea what she's talking about most of the time (she writes like her brain's operating at twice the speed of her hands, which can't keep up and omits verbs and other adjoining words here and there). Searching for another "Maps," The Yeah Yeah

Yeahs discover a pocket of sounds they probably never knew they were carrying around.

Note: This release is also available on LP.

— Michael Gallucci

A TRIGGERING MYTH
The Remedy Of Abstraction
The Lasers Edge (LE 1044)

The duo known as A Triggering Myth may make some of modern prog's most intriguing instrumental records these days, but they don't do it alone. For their sixth album, *The Remedy Of Abstraction*, keyboardist Tim Drumheller and keyboardist/acoustic guitarist Rick Eddy enlisted the members of the exploratory jazz-rock trio McGill Manring Stevens (guitarist Scott McGill, bassist Michael Manring, and drummer Vic Stevens), as well as violinist Akihisa Tsuboy from the Japanese fusion band KBB. The result is an album that fans of Happy The Man and Soft Machine — and those who simply enjoy challenging, moody music — should hear.

All nine songs on *The Remedy Of Abstraction* were composed by Drumheller and Eddy, but the presence of their guests resounds in songs such as the jazzy and slightly disjointed opener "Now That My House Has Burned Down, I Have A Beautiful View Of The Moon," the jarring intensity of the equally oddly titled "When Emily Dickinson Learned To Lunge" and the guitar freak-show that is "Shakespeare's Strippers." Meanwhile, Tsuboy shines with electrifying solos on "Not Even Wrong" and the title track. The folksy fusion of that song gives way to elegant acoustic guitars and piano solos on "Her Softening Sorrow," spacey synths on the brief "Rudyard's Raging Natural" and majestic meanderings on "The Last Resort." Renowned cover artist Travis Smith's evocative imagery of a burning home with a human silhouette in the doorway heightens the drama of this subtle yet powerful disc.

Drumheller and Eddy deserve credit for advancing a sound that blurs the boundaries of contemporary jazz, classical, rock, fusion and electronic music.

— Michael Poppe

(DVD Reviews from page 36)

Gorham, and Eric Bell. This isn't a morose gathering but rather a hard-rocking celebration. Even Thin Lizzy without Lynott's singing and bass playing are still hard to beat, and this set certainly does justice to the band's durable catalog. Moore does a credible job of handling vocal chores, while Noyce's bass work provides a great example of his own rocking style, while incorporating appropriate references to Lynott. "Jailbreak," "The Boys Are Back In Town" and "Black Rose" never sounded so good. Moore and the other guitarists pull out the stops and provide some amazing axe-work throughout the night. The closing number, Moore's "Parisienne Walkways," has been covered by Lynott, as well as ELP's Greg Lake, but has never been done as well as here and is a powerful conclusion to a night of good music and superb musicianship. Aside from Gorham, members of the current Thin Lizzy are conspicuously absent here, but they aren't missed. While a statue may now be part of the Dublin scene, Moore and company

have made sure that Lynott's real legacy, his music, remains very much alive.

— Conrad L. Stinnett

SMALL FACES
Under Review
Chrome Dreams (CVIS395)

Small Faces' *Under Review* has the look and feel of a TV documentary, a bit like VH1's *Behind The Music*, albeit Anglicized. Thus, unlike *Behind's* rather sensationalized breathless style, *Review* employs extremely knowledgeable friends and veteran music journalists to intelligently explore Small Faces' career, milieu, influences and music, all bringing with them a decided note of authority to the project.

For hard-core fans, however, there's little new said here. The Small Faces' story is well-substantiated, with little dispute to be found in the band's comet-like career. The interest then lies in the rare footage that's sprinkled throughout the documentary, which includes a plethora of live performances pulled from the archives of German television. But if that's the plus, it's also the minus, because none of this fascinating footage is shown in full, rele-

gated instead to brief snippets between narration and interviews.

The extras include a quiz and discography, but that doesn't provide much more meat to this rather lean dish. Enjoyable, yes, but essential only for those whose collection must be complete.

— Jo-Ann Greene

THIRD WORLD
Music Hall In Concert
Uncut/Music Video Distributors (225)

Celebrating two decades of making the world a happier place through reggae music, in 1993 Third World embarked on a global tour and were captured on film on stage in Europe near the beginning of the excursion.

Although the original band members emerged from Jamaica's reggae scene, Third World immediately removed themselves from that scene, preferring to stand alone and aloof, a stance they reinforced by their unique sound, a heady blend of reggae, rock and funk, all of which is on show here.

Even at their most exhilarating, World's songs have always been permeat-

ed with easygoing atmospheres, which explains why the 60-minute show contains a nine-song set list. But that list spans the years, from a couple of early hits to numbers off their most recent *Committed* album.

Third World had freshened up their sound along the way via infusions of contemporary stylings, from the toasting that fuels "Reggae Ambassador" to the compulsively danceable beats that fire up their 1978 smash, "Now That We've Found Love." Funky rhythms, blazing lead guitar, thundering drum solos, sumptuous R&B — the band offered it all up here, even, courtesy of the phenomenally talented Cat Coore, a reggae concerto for cello, which cheekily employs the melody from Chaka Demus & Pliers' current dancehall smash "Murder She Wrote."

Twenty years in and World's irresistible music and uplifting messages of peace, love and unity continued to bring sell-out crowds to their feet. More important, however, their love of the music and performing hadn't faded a bit, and their joy in bringing reggae to the people remained absolutely infectious.

— Jo-Ann Greene