

# D Reviews

Silverhawk  
Westward  
Blun Eyed Crow Music Records

Silverhawk = R.E.M (anything after Green) + poser crap + Guided By Voices (with an identity crisis)

Apparently, Silverhawk is a band that is a mixture of **The Beatles**, **Guided By Voices**, and **R.E.M.** Hmhhh... sounds like shit to me. However, on their latest platter, the band is having an identity crisis and wants to change their sound completely. After listening to their disc, I have to say they sound like a mediocre alt-country band that still writes indie-pop and power-pop songs. If you want to write a disc with a country western feel to it, you emulate **Johnny Cash** and **Hank Williams**, not **Guided By Voices** and **Wilco**. Unfortunately, I could see people buying this and then rushing out to JMR to buy a country shirt and pre-made smashed up cowboy hats. Quit trying to repackage your boring alt-country and indie-pop into something that looks cool because I'm going to call fucking posers on you every time. —Keolar7

Tegan And Sara  
So Jealous

Vapor/Sanctuary

Tegan And Sara = Juliana Hatfield + The Butchies

The 24-year-old Canadian twin-sister duo Tegan And Sara return after their U.S. debut four years ago with a record that truly encompasses youth. Lyrics such as "I feel like I wouldn't like me if I met me" are all over the place in every song, exhibiting the perfect identity crisis that all young people feel as they come of age. Many critics have played the "young lesbian" card with these guys, but it's completely unfair to limit them to their sexuality. Whether or not you're into sugary pop/anti-folk songs about self-image and young alienation, you have no choice but to identify with the catchiness and perfectly blended vocal harmonies that pour out of this bittersweet release. This is a perfect album for sitting in your room and celebrating with friends at a sleepover, only to end up crying alone the next day after your significant other breaks up with you. —Chuck Berrett

UNKLE

Never, Never, Land

Global Underground Records

UNKLE = DJ Shadow + Moby + New Order

After spending five years doing god knows what, the incredibly well-connected **James Lavelle** finally began working on new UNKLE material. Considering the success of 1998's *Psyence Fiction*, crawling into the woodwork of the music industry seemed a strange move. But, assuming people are still paying attention, UNKLE has returned to the States with an 11-track sample-heavy mood opus that our British brethren had in their stereos last year

(as if five years wasn't long enough). For the most part, the wait was not without payoff. In addition to Lavelle's dark-pop sensibilities, the album's diverse sound is greatly assisted via guest spots by **Josh Homme** of **Queens of the Stone Age** and members of **The Stone Roses**. Despite the occasional spillover into the realm of naïve late-90s house music (a tendency not helped by **Global Underground**'s dance-happy reputation), the beats and ambitions remain fresh.

—J. Thomas Burch Esq.

Upsilon Acrux

Volucris Avis Dirae-Arum

Planaria

Upsilon Acrux = Tortoise + Robert Fripp + John Zorn

I have no idea what *Volucris Avis Dirae-Arum* means; I suspect it has something to do with boxing promoter Bob Arum, who also promoted Evel Knievel's jump over the Snake River Canyon. Nor do I care. What I do know is that Upsilon Acrux is exceedingly good at what they do. Pigeonholed as prog, they actually have more of a free jazz foundation. The double drummers (on horn-shaped, fiberglass drums) are sweet, as are the aluminum guitars, Moogs and Korgs. Don't know what in the hell I'm talking about? Don't worry; neither do I. But it's got a good beat, and I can bug out to it. Seriously, not only is it beautiful that music like this gets made, I love the fact that it's distributed; moreover, I get to review it. Best song: "When Satan ruled the ocean, Jesus made my fish tank boil." —MC Wolk

Wives

Erect the Youth Problem

Gold Sweat

Wives = Total Shutdown + Form of Rocket + Le Shok + Hose, Got Cable

Boasting the drumming mastery of Jeremy Villalobos (ex-**Neon King Kong**) alongside a devastatingly loud bass and guitar blast — **!\$ Guitar Wolf** or **Lightning Bolt**, Wives mix the musical genius of art-rock bands with the minimalist punk style of **Black Flag** or **Minor Threat**. The cocktail mixes perfectly, and the resulting album is artistically groundbreaking yet stays in touch with raw punk energy and simplicity. Setting themselves apart from other screaming art rock bands, Dean Spunt's vocals are reminiscent of early youth crew hardcore such as **Gorilla Biscuits**, but has the

punk rock honesty and intelligence of **The Talking Heads**. Any person who has been to a Wives show becomes directly involved in the show, with band members energetically dancing and pulling audience members into the frenzy. —seven5grroryan

Yowie  
Cryptology

Sl in Craft Records

Yowie = The Flying Lutenbachers + Ruins

In Australian aboriginal legend, the first human tribes to enter the island continent were met by throngs of ape-men. Though the humans prevailed, a descendant of the ape-people called Yowie (presumably akin to the American Bigfoot) is said to roam the outback to this day. This sense of unsolvable mystery permeates Yowie's new album. Yet, like many of their Midwestern noise-rock predecessors, St. Louis' Yowie present a ferocious yet antithetically whimsical assault on the aural status quo. Perhaps the best comparison lies in the early work of **US Maple**, a band known for their aura of violent silliness. But without vocals, the unique sound's destructive nature gobbles up innocent songwriters (and their pithy, unending complaints) even quicker.

—J. Thomas Burch Esq.

DVD Review

Devo

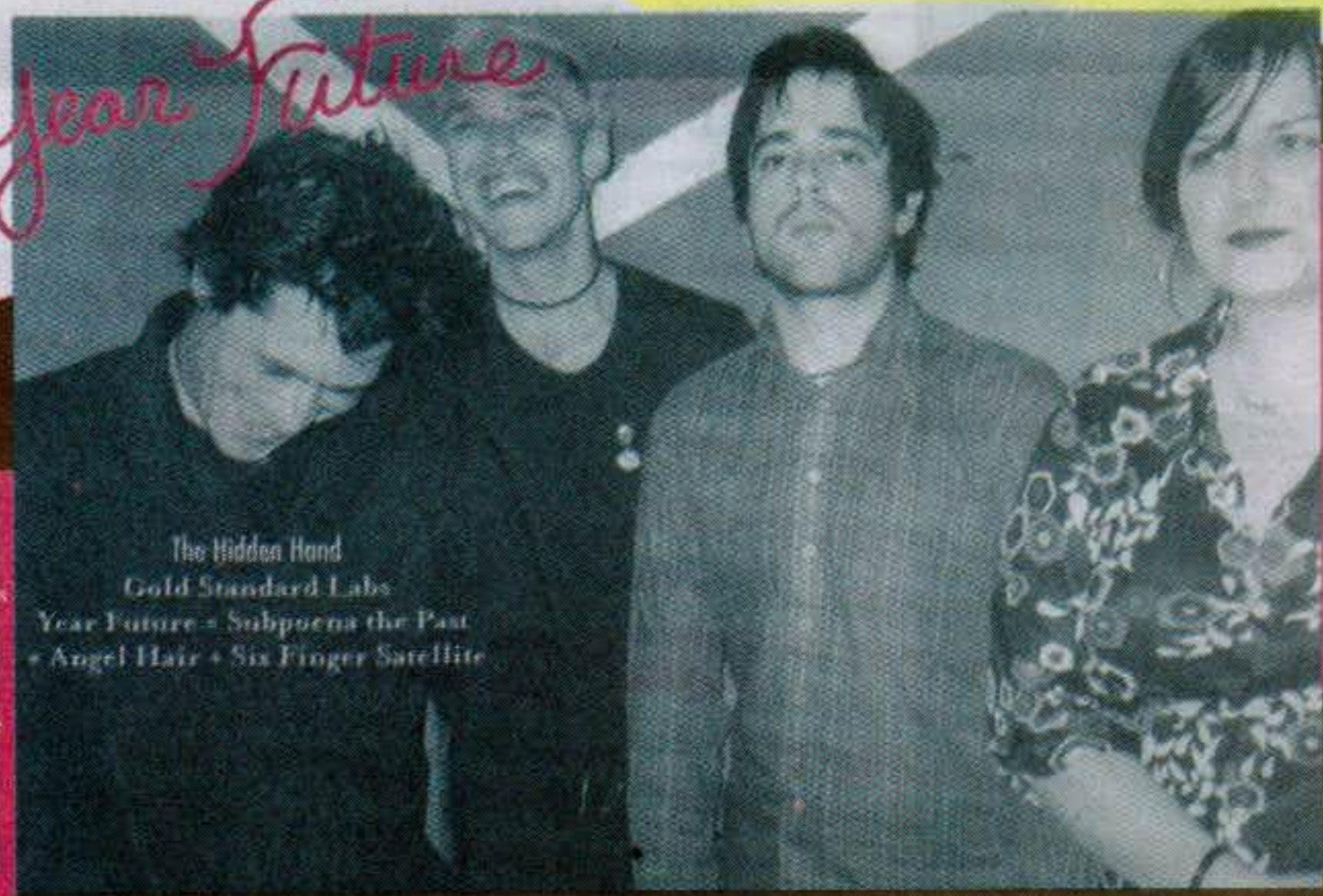
Live in the Land of the Rising Sun: Japan 2003

Music Video Distributors

Devo = Devo

The fine nation of Japan is often deserving of applause for making boring American products more interesting. They have succeeded once again in bringing out the best in an over-the-hill Devo. Though it is hard not to find enjoyment in any Devo performance, the primary interest of this film lies in the band's fanatical Japanese fanbase. There is something quite inspiring in witnessing a theatre full of homemade energy-dome helmets bobbing in unison. There is something innocently hilarious in hearing awkward meetings between the band and Japanese press, or the constant fervor of linguistically flawed sing-alongs. Or, if you're still in doubt, the gleeful irony of a band preaching de-evolution finding tremendous success in the most technologically advanced nation in the world makes you want to watch the film again and again. —J. Thomas Burch

a year future



The Hidden Hand

Gold Standard Labs

Year Future = Subpoena the Past + Angel Hair + Six Finger Satellite

*The Hidden Hand* is by far Year Future's best material ever, yet does not compare to some of vocalist Sonny Kay's earlier projects (i.e., **The VSS** or **Angel Hair**). Still, this EP shows a lot of potential for this band, as they are quickly defining a style for themselves. Year Future's sound is definitely not rehashed material, which is amazing considering the extensive history of the band members. Pulsing bass lines and jagged rhythms dominate the soundscape and define the dark edge that is consistent with Sonny Kay's echoing vocal style. The most disappointing aspect of this EP is its extremely short length—three songs in total. More of a 7" than an EP, this teaser doesn't provide enough material to truly form an opinion whatsoever; however, if the forthcoming full-length album is of the same caliber as this EP, we are all in for a treat. —seven5grroryan