

MUSIC REVIEWS

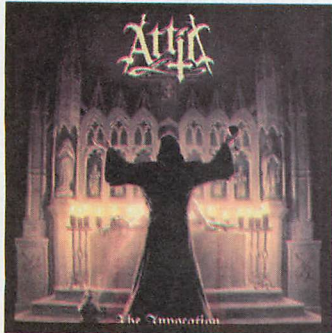
Attic

The Invocation

Ván Records

Street: 12.07.12

Attic = Mercyful Fate + Portrait



The Invocation sounds like a long-lost King Diamond album, complete with falsetto vocals shrieking out gothic horror lyrics and dramatic organ interludes. This is Attic's first full release, and it's a sincere tribute to classic horror-metal spookiness. Arcane oaths, ghostly apparitions and occult heresy abound on *The Invocation*, and **Meister Cagliostro's** high vocals sound surprisingly similar to the King himself at times. Even though this album treads familiar territory, Attic show promise in their whole-hearted imitation of Mercyful Fate. What this album lacks in originality, it more than makes up for in a keen sense of its source material, and an unflinching adherence to a style that tested the boundaries of '80s heavy metal. —Henry Glasheen

Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits

Trainwreck to Narnia

Rooftop Comedy Productions

Street: 12.17.12

Bobby Joe Ebola = They Might Be Giants + Crimpshrine + Brian Posehn

They're back, and they've never been in finer form. San Francisco folk-punk-metal-rockers Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits have dropped an album that would have made my Top 5 list for 2012 had it been released earlier, or had my deadline not been so far before the year ended. For the unfamiliar, I

have championed these guys since meeting them in 2010 when they played a two-man show at *Raunch* where they blew the tits off of all 10 people in attendance. While most people would too easily dismiss Bobby Joe Ebola, and *Trainwreck to Narnia*, simply as "comedic punk," there is more to the band than appears at first blush. Their "comedy" is socially conscious, and they pander to absolutely nobody. While tracks like "Censor the Word," "Bone Dagger" and "The Last Child Soldier" won't be winning Grammy awards anytime soon, Bobby Joe Ebola has released an excellently crafted and presented album that is worthy of far more attention than folks in this town have ever bestowed on them. —Gavin Hoffman

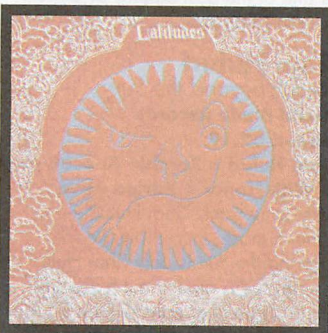
Chelsea Wolfe

Prayer for the Unborn: A Tribute to Rudimentary Peni

Latitudes Records

Street: 01.29

Chelsea Wolfe = David Lynch/(Cat Power + PJ Harvey)



Diehard fans of '80s UK anarcho-punk band **Rudimentary Peni** may be surprised that Chelsea Wolfe's bleak, atmospheric take on their songs was recorded in their same studio with the same producer. Wolfe fans don't need to know or enjoy Peni's rapid punk to get into these covers—Wolfe remakes the songs completely her own. They aren't merely covers: They're starting points for what sound like original Chelsea Wolfe tracks. Wolfe's brooding, bluesy buzzsaw and haunting vocals make the originals even more nervous and uneasy.

Prayer opens with the scorching "A Handful of Dust" before waltzing doom-folk takes on "Echo" and "Black on Gold." The title track here becomes a dark, post-punk incantation. What she brilliantly births from the Peni tunes is a ghostly layering embedded in **Nick Blinko's** lyrics. The whole affair covers seven tracks in less than 12 minutes, so whether you're a fan of Peni, Chelsea Wolfe or both, give these tracks a listen. —Christian Schultz

Einstürzende Neubauten

Live At Rockpalast 1990

Made In Germany Music

Street: 12.17.12

Eintürzende Neubauten = early Swans + Ton Steine Scherben

Live At Rockpalast 1990 is a CD/DVD set taken from Einstürzende Neubauten's performance at Germany's Rockpalast festival. With that in mind, I would advise watching the DVD at least the first time—and every time, when possible—that you wish to experience this music. The sources of the band's sound are often strange, interesting sights. Neubauten built instruments out of whatever hardware and machinery they had available. The instruments they had, and acquired over time, were usually played with said hardware and machinery. The music on this set sounds like the apocalypse beginning above a steel mill, while a towering beast inside narrates the event. Still, I'll happily take vocalist/guitarist **Blixa Bargeld's** vocalizations here, backed by absolute instrumental and mechanical chaos, before submitting again to the experience of hearing his calm, unsettling interpretation of **Kylie Minogue's** part in **Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds'** "Where the Wild Roses Grow." —T.H.

The Evens

The Odds

Dischord Records

Street: 11.20.12

The Evens = Fogazi + Bikini Kill

How is it that **Ian MacKaye** is 50 and still this good? When did **Amy Farina** and MacKaye find time to produce this album? I don't expect



an answer, but I expect you to get off your ass and buy this amazing album. Purely acoustic with dual harmony, this album invites the listener to participate. Several times, I caught myself pseudo-jamming on my way to work: providing backup vocals to Farina in "King of Kings" or index drumming to "Architect's Sleep." Sorry, brutal dudes, but it isn't a **Minor Threat** album, and **Ted Leo** has no influence on this set of 13 songs. This album is a transition in this couple's career—it's still angry, it's still fast, but they've got a kid now, so it is natural to write about that (see the song "Kok" or "Warble Factor"). They've managed to transcend their previous venture and form something completely unrelated—how hardcore is that? —Alex Cragun

Foxygen

We Are the 21st Century Ambassadors of Peace & Magic

Jagjaguwar

Street: 01.22

Foxygen = Rolling Stones + of Montreal + MGMT

In early 2011, the classic rock-obsessed duo, Foxygen, handed off a CD-R of what would become

