

<http://recordcollectormag.com/reviews/photon-band-pure-photonic-matter-volume-1>

Sound and DiFuria

Essentially the pet project and designated divertissement of erstwhile Lily, Art DiFuria, Photon Band music has been intermittently pinging our way from Philadelphia since the release of 1994's Superstard/ Sitting On The Sunn single. If we're to be coldly analytical about this, Pure Photonic Matter Volume 1 – the sixth Photon Band album, if you're willing to include the 2001 mini-LP Alone On The Moon – doesn't necessarily bring anything new to an already overstocked and creaking table. Its combination of sweetly diffident vocals and landmass-crumbling guitar cleaves to a classic American indie archetype, summoning clangorous echoes of Sugar, The Posies, Dinosaur Jr, Sonic Youth, Pavement and Hüsker Dü, just off the tops of our balding heads.

Nevertheless, it's still an eminently superior product of its kind: it hooks itself into you like a lamprey, fashioning instantly memorable motifs from seemingly innocuous passing fancies. In the course of the gorgeous, Springsteenbaiting Don't Feel Bad ("a suicide rap, whatever the hell that is"), its faint melodic similarity to Talk To The Animals is arrestingly allowed to blossom into a full embrace. From Eternity (To Here), starting out as a primal ballad in Velvets-third-album vein, surges into a blinding burnout, and the twinkling instrumental Went To The (Space Bar) launches an improbable charm offensive.

4 stars 4 stars 4 stars 4 stars

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