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= January 2014 =



PHOTON BAND - PURE PHOTONIC MATTER VOLUME ONE

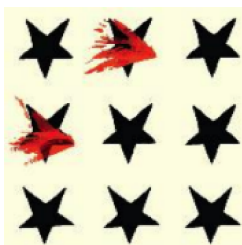
(LP from MVDaudio.com)

Ironic it may be to lead off 2014's reviews with a release that dates back to the late summer of 2013, but time is a measure of durations of events as well as the intervals between them and Photon Band's latest is a stone-cold psychedelic classic by whichever artificial means you apply to measuring it. Or at least, that's my excuse for having been too busy with Woolf Music to attempt to do this album justice when it first came to my attention. Trust me though: this is a record which in 15 years or less collectors will be failing over one other to lay claim to.

The Philadelphia-based Photon Band (which for all incense and porpoises is Art di Furia, who plays guitars, bass, vocals and drums

as well as singing throughout and writing all the material) beautifully melds distortion-laced riffs, acid-drenched guitar licks and fuzzed-out chord changes, often within the confines of a single song (side 2's lead-in track 'Soundings in Fathoms' is a particular favourite here), and throws into the mix gorgeous analog electronics effects and phased-loop guitar parts such as on the aptly named 'Found in Space' which closes out side 1. Along the way you stumble across such unexpected gems as the hard-driving rawk of 'Posi-Vibe' (a personal favourite) and the fabulous 'What you See', wherein Art throws shadow-puppets across the wall with his vocal imagery.

It's this diversity which lies at the heart of the success of this album; or rather, it's the brilliance of Art di Furia himself which is at the root of it. Either way I love it. A timeless classic which, like many a fine wine, will only improve with age. **(Phil McMullen)**



PONTIAK – INNOCENCE

(All formats from Thrill Jockey www.thrilljockey.com)

27th December 2013 and Santa Claustrophobia has me weighed down to the extent that I am even contemplating an early return to the Place of Paid Employment (shudder). There is nothing else for it, then, but to busy one-self in the more pleasurable and sedate if downright less lucrative pastime of music reviews.

Thanks, then, to all that is holy (and speaking of which, thanks, by the way to the old guy in the white beard, for replenishing the s(t)ocks) for the recent missive from those inestimably fine people