

gentlemen rogues

**GENTLEMEN ROGUES 10"**  
(SHIFTING SOUNDS)

the sound movement

**PLACES TO SEE DANGER EP**  
(SHIFTING SOUNDS)

Austin's GR likes power-pop, but there's no denying they're a classic blasting '90s indie rock band to their core. Blindfolded, you might guess their debut EP is a long lost North Carolina collectible from the Research Triangle—and not just Superchunk, though Mac and Laura could fill in if anyone got sick. All four songs are cleanly played yet they're so *loud* anyway, you wonder when they practice if multiple neighbors call the cops—even in the music friendly Texas capital. The songs are long but pile licks on top of licks, and it's actually pretty exciting.

For a totally different flavor, Australian/Japanese/British Sound Movement are more the classic English ethereal group—it's like the two groups are clashes of our respective nations' indie prototypes—playing an effects-driven, harmonic dazzle that reminds of what I still love about Blue Oyster Cult retrofitting The Byrds on "Don't Fear the Reaper." It's a gentler, subtler waves-of-guitar spell, more spacey-capacious like a fragrant flower perfume attack, allowing the imagination to run riot instead. This is even better! (shiftingsounds.com)

goat

**"DREAMBUILDING" 7"/DIGITAL**  
(STRANDED/SUB POP)

No sooner does the American cognoscenti feast on *World Music*, 2012's debut by this Northern Swedish octet (from Korpilombolo, population 529), that the Arctic Circle Nordics liberate another bone-shaking groove influenced by every continent. The trippy hippies in gaudy get-ups and mysterious masks turn acid rock guitar licks and femme-chant-crooning on its head, ascribing them, heavily, to clamorous, in-and-out, African-tinged, American funk-laden shakes from baleful bass 'n' diabolical drum patterns. Cripes! The late Stooges' Ron Asheton would love these leads, too. The b-side "Stone Goat" may be the fourth of 11 songs to feature their name in its title, but it's another train-rhythm (budda-bum, budda-bum) rumble through the jungle, as the ladies sound like they're imploring the Goddess Durga to try voodoo. An aural contact high—while wiggling! (subpop.com)

grails

**BLACK TAR PROPHECIES VOLS. 4, 5 & 6**  
(TEMPORARY RESIDENCE)

As if this Portland psych instrumental band doesn't challenge listeners enough on regular releases, they issue material farther afield on limited edition 12"s for their *Black Tar* series. The most recent two (one a split with Finland simpaticos, **PHARAOH OVERLORD**) nestle here with three unreleased cuts (i.e. Vol. 6) to form an astute cohesion of mood,

tone, and ambient hypnosis, ideal for the next Godfrey Reggio film (though he does alright with Philip Glass). The strange side two of David Bowie's 1977 LP, *Low* (with Brian Eno's clear collaborative influence) is a minor orientation for the space age timelessness of pieces such as "Invitation to Ruin" and "Pale Purple Blues," as is the Scenic catalog, or *2001: A Space Odyssey* if scored by Morricone instead of Mahler. Mostly serene but sometimes quietly agitated, lovely but lonesome, *Black Tar* is interstellar gas, dust, and dark matter. (temporaryresidence.com)

lys guillorn

**WINGED VICTORY**  
(LITTLE COWGIRL)

Shelton, CT's diffident singer/songwriter Guillorn describes her style as "avant-twang/wonky tonk/clinical blues" in her CD booklet—not bad. She'd make a capable music critic if she ever puts down her guitars, keyboards, and, on the opening, too-meeek-to-leave-the-house "Silver" (as in cutlery), lap steel. Her approach to her folksy pop with Americana twinges (right back atcha!) is unassuming, a little engine that could, singing quietly stirring tunes for the less extroverted, and decorating them with just enough drums, bass, and occasional flare-ups of disenchanting trumpet (the closing, slow-moving, ill-omened "Ghost Child"), cello, and mellotron. Her voice is at times a little wobbly, but in a way that just reinforces earnestness. You go, (little cow-) girl. (lysguillorn.com)

gun club cemetery

**GUN CLUB CEMETERY**  
(359/MVD)

pete macleod

**ROLLING STONE**  
(359/MVD)

tess parks

**BLOOD HOT**  
(359/MVD)

**ALAN MCGEE**, who's peppered my Top 40 since the '80s with Creation Records and later Poptones, is back for a third go-round with an egalitarian concept. He's invited us all to send him recordings, and promised to listen to them all (yeah?) for potential signings. If you can't see him now, he's been buried alive by his local postman. Anyway, though none of these three will set the world afire like **MY BLOODY VALENTINE**, **J&MC**, **RIDE**, **SWERVEDRIVER**, **BOO RADLEYS**, **SLOWDIVE**, **PRIMAL SCREAM**, **OASIS**, etc., there's good listening. The funny-named Gun Club Cemetery (is **JEFFREY LEE PIERCE** smiling from the afterlife?) are a ringer, led by **ALEX LOWE**, formerly of Creation's **HURRICANE #1** (with Ride's **ANDY BELL**). Guitar rockers "Get it Down" and "The Hollow Face of a Shadow Man" are *very* Oasis, though it's a Small Faces/Faces blueprint they both draw from. The quieter piano ballads are kind of boring—but when they crank classic rock they boogie well.

Those favoring Creation's initial, Byrds-y/gentler Velvets era will prefer MacLeod, whose cheerful ringing pop bears little trace of his Scottish accent—his voice is more Graham Parker. When he sings "and we all shine on," he's quoting John Lennon's 1970 #5 "Instant Karma," but his northern folk rock is The Smiths' jangly variety (viva Johnny Marr) or dBs, Triffids, and R.E.M. (Another Oasis connection: **BONEHEAD** joins him live.) MacLeod'd be a good opener for The Decemberists.

That leaves Toronto's Parks, who apparently knows **DANDY WARHOLS**, and if she doesn't she should: there's a similar cool, lysergic quality to her behind the beat, draggy neo-psych like the T-Rex-lite lumber of "Gates of Broadway"—though is that Kendra Smith or Hope Sandoval singing? Or Downey Mildew's Jenny Homer? It's a similar menthol, legato style as Sandoval in the slurry way she intones, as if to take up more space. *Blood's* hypnotic enough to make this stick. (359music.co.uk; mvdb2b.com)

heaven

**TELEPATHIC LOVE**  
(GOODNIGHT)

Pertinent genealogy: Guitarist/singer **MATT SUMROW** (**DEAN & BRITTA**, **THE COMAS**, **AMBULANCE LTD**) and drummer **MIKEY JONES** (**THE BIG SLEEP**, **SNOWDEN**) were both in **ADAM FRANKLIN's** backing **THE BOLTS OF MELODY** while the **SWERVEDRIVER** star toured 2010's *I Could Sleep for a Thousand Years*. (Jones also bashes away as Swervedriver's reunion drummer.) Now the pair team up as Heaven, and name their LP after an awesome 1980 **WIPERS** "Alien Boy" 7" b-side! (The same obscure that **VIVIAN GIRLS** covered.) But even if such impressive extraction means diddley to you, just put on *Telepathic Love* and bliss out. Like Jesus & Mary Chain gone light-shadow touch, or "The Sight of You" Pale Saints with whispery instead of boyish singing, Sumrow, Jones, and keyboardist **RYAN LEE DUNLAP** keep the tempos (mostly) Phil Spector-middling, the textures Bolts-like darkly luring, and the feel mellowed but engaged, with burbly Peter Hook bass. Telepathic, indeed. (goodnightrecords.com)

the history of apple pie

**DON'T YOU WANNA BE MINE**  
(MARSHALL TELLER U.K.)

It's only one song, but mere months after their fuzzy-warm, lush, Lush-like *Out of View*, London's THOAP definitely haven't run dry. "Don't You Wanna" is a rollercoaster riff from **JEROME WATSON** and **ASLAM GHAURI**, sort of lumbering like Wire's "I am the Fly" upon disjointed quarter note tambourine, before **STEPHANIE MIN's** rain-kissed vocals take over the chorus... and the band coalesces into another popstastic ecstasy, which seems to come natural to them. The song's four minutes feel more like two; the lack of a b-side seems criminal. Talk about leaving 'em wanting more! When's that second LP, already? (marshalltellerrecords.com)