

Avenue videos this summer. And the full-length release, *Shh. Just Go With It*, by rock, boy band will be in high rotation as school students bail on remedial algebra their books to the sky as they careen convertible around the last corner toward th—or was that a movie? Regardless, the e from Marysville, Michigan have put together a tent bunch of energetic, summery pop songs some crunchy guitars, and were kind enough st one lovesick boner ballad in the mix. With that deal with breaking up, being home for end to “chase the night,” and boy meets girl, s girl, boy wants girl back but boy got drunk ed another girl while thinking of the first girl, d to be a hit with some pining teen angsters. ot a prize-winning album, but it should result nd getting some panties hurled in their irection. And if you're a young, walking that's what it's all about anyway.
[www.fearlessrecords.com] Dickson Kent



FROM FIRST TO LAST

Self-titled

There's absolutely nothing wrong, deviant, defective, amoral, obscene, vulgar,

subversive, or otherwise disrespectful about the newest album from From First to Last. It is entirely safe, content, and comfortably boring, like your parents' suburban existence. It's the musical equivalent of Wonder Bread or a package of Ho-Hos. Hell, the parents would likely allow their offspring to imbibe copious amounts of this band, maybe drive them to their next stint in town on a package tour with the likes of Red Jumpsuit Apparatus, Plain White Ts, and All-American Rejects. With this record the band return to their beginnings with guitarist Matt Good reassuming vocal duties after the departure of Heroine's frontman Sonny Moore. Good sings competently enough to carry the band's mid-tempo, tepid rock songs. Some of them manage to hit nice, almost memorable, melodic strides. Yet they lack any hint of personality. Musicians need to push their boundaries, not caress them. Maybe the major label rejected their rebellious tunes, their ragged declarations of independence. But who needs the majors anymore? Their rule is over. All it takes is a desire to write music that has never been heard before. That, a MySpace account, and the hunger to hit the road will win hearts and change minds. Let that contract run out guys, and get back to the basement. You have it in you.

[Island, islandrecords.com] Casey Boland

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THE FELICE BROTHERS

Self-titled

The Catskill Mountains of New York are more than away for the cooped-up city slickers of the . The Felice Brothers began crafting their oired folk in the same town that birthed The decades before them and the two share characteristics. They write sometimes jaunty, s forlorn roots rock pivoting on brother -told lyrical croon (indeed, ¾ of the band by blood). It makes perfect sense they er career off busking on the streets of New After a tour with Bright Eyes, Mr. Oberst up the Brothers with their first proper full-length release. Though a little bit on ide (15 songs clocking in over an hour), the onstrates the charm of a group of guys recorded in a chicken coop and also had g session interrupted by the studio being ighting. “Greatest Show on Earth” tumbles ising-along choruses, while “Goddamn You, es with a moody, dense air. The musical ment is decidedly folk/roots—accordion, n, and fiddle. Yet their trademark is Brother esque vocals. They make several songs lost tracks from Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde* (elen Fry”).

[team-love.com] Casey Boland



GOODBYE SOUNDSCAPES

Our Mutual Friend

Too bad the whole album doesn't contain the urgency and edge of the first 40

seconds of the opening track, “Doppelganger.” What could have been a great post-rock classic, influenced by a band like Chavez, ends up as a screamo track with the all-too-common—and all-too-unnecessary—blood curdling screeching. The band employed J. Robbins to produce their debut EP and the ex-Jawbox guitarist gets some good sounds out of these kids. The music is tight and the dual guitar playing of Mark Del Giudice and Brandon Bevans is particularly notable on dynamic songs like “The Mystery of William” and “Divorce Me.” As a big *Lost* fan, I was hoping for more out of the clearly *Lost*-inspired track, “Monster Eats the Pilot,” but of the five tracks on this EP, this was the screamiest of



SMALL TOWNS BURN A LITTLE SLOWER

So Begins the Test of a Man

The wife loves these guys; says they have that edge in the emo world that puts bands like Armor for p above the mundane bullshit that makes eep in adoration. Something about Small a little truer, and that alone makes them ble. PS – They're trying new things here. [deadletterrecords.com]



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Thrashing like a Maniac

Read the album title. Yep, this is thrash metal. Could have been released in the '80s with the words “metal” and “massacre” in the title instead, but that's no matter.

This is actually all new bands holding the flog of thrash high and mighty. Municipal Waste? Only the tip of the thrash-berg.

[Earache, earache.com]

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DVD REVIEWS

CANTANKEROUS TITLES \$100 and a T-Shirt

There is something absurdly meta about a music 'zine reviewing an independently made documentary about the underground 'zine culture. But really, that's how this scene has always been—a bit incestuous. And it's always cool to see that circular support



for independently produced media. That's exactly what \$100 and a T-Shirt is all about. It's not a film for the masses, but for a niche crowd that loves and cares about this culture. That said, the filmmaking is a bit sloppy, and at least something regarding the larger (and advertising-driven) world of nationally distributed 'zines—even if presented with disdain, rather than the way it's glossed over and ignored by this film—would have been nice. Still, the film is made with genuine respect for the subject matter, and the filmmakers even transcend some of their preconceptions of what 'zines should be (read the included four-page booklet).

[Microcosm, microcosmpublishing.com]

William Jones

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OVERKILL

Live at Wacken Open Air 2007

Overkill can't really be blamed for sounding like a thrash metal band out of the '80s because...well...Overkill are a thrash metal band out of the '80s. But with more than two decades of rock under the band's collective belt, there's not much evolution present. Formidable guitar riffs and solos with simple lyrics and songs like “Fuck You” drive the performance; but while the band still has the hair, smoke, and lighting for a great metal stage show, something is missing. They just don't have the passion or sense of humor of great modern metal acts (e.g. Dragonforce) or the classic set list of bands like Iron Maiden and Slayer. The footage and sound are both clear but simple in presentation, and the DVD contains no content other than the 10-song set. Meh.

[Bodog, bodoglife.net]

William Jones

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