

THE PONY'S

Celebration Castle

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PURVEYORS OF FUZZ-FUELED MELODIC ROCK N' ROLL.



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FUCK IT TAPES
spring 2005
meneguar-rapider than horsepower-dead machines-no omega sail-holy mountain-mannequin-gospel-nonhorse-the woods bent outta shape/ drunken boat-holy bible-hair police+ more

tallboy records

presents the new cd by

The Sugarplastic

tallboyrecords.com



Will
the Sugarplastic

man who wrote "Raping a Slave"?

D: [smiling beatifically] I am shocked, once again, in a pleasantly happy way. He's aging well, into something elegant and striking in his own way. Kinda like Nick Cave.

C: It is really beautiful, and represents the third risky, radical creative breakthrough SUCCESS that we've heard this session. So exciting to be in the presence of artists when they're going for it like this.

Boredoms

Seadrum/House of Sun
(Vice)

C: And now...would you believe...NEW BOREDOMS! Yoshimi sings a capella...and then this...[wave of drums crashes in]. Forty-five minutes, two tracks, completely different from each other. It says one thing: "Fuck off (in a good way). We are Boredoms. And we cannot be denied. We will now share this with you."

D: [musing] We appear to be living in magical times. Please place this on infinite repeat while I unclog every stuck nerve ending in my elderly body. Boredoms... is...life.

Brain Donor

Brain Donor
(MisterE/Revolver)

D: I don't whether to pump my fist in the air or punch myself in the face.

C: Who would have guessed that Julian Cope would be making this sort of rubber-burning rock'n'roll what, 25 years down the line?

D: His head is out on the highway. And he's stuck in sixth gear.

C: Julian calls them a stupor group. Doggen, the guitarist, plays in Spiritualized, as does drummer Kevlar. They wear neon facepaint and have empty thought balloons over their heads. They're like the Rutles version of the Stooges: songs that are just as good, with better lyrics. Dig the song titles: "My Pagan Ass," "Shaman U.F.O."

D: [shimmering] My pagan ass! My pagan ass!

C: This is a compilation CD, selections from the Brain Donor's two previous discs that were only released in the UK. Now America can welcome Brain Donor with open heads.

D: If these gentlemen are really donating their brains, I need to go to the brain bank and get one.

Turbonegro

The ResErection DVD
(MVD)

D: Aha, Turbonegro! "IT'S DEATH TIME!" They ARE rock 'n roll! In the gay sailor style of Norway!

C: I will explain D's outburst of Turbonegro passion to the gentle readers of Arthur. This is Turbonegro's *Some Kind of Monster*, the story of "how the bandmobile went off the road in 1998," and what happened next. Could Hank von Helvete

recover from heroin addiction and assorted mental problems and don the black cape and Alice Cooper makeup again? Could the Absolut-guzzling band of self-professed "death punk" godfathers successfully re-buddy after four years apart? Would anyone care? Would—

D: OF COURSE PEOPLE CARE! This is Turbonegro! [Singing] "Whoa-oh-oh/I've got ERECTION!"

C: The other difference between Turbonegro and Metallica is that Turbonegro seem quite comfortable being gay. I do not know if they are actually gay, but they play a gay band onstage and on camera with a great deal of affection and commitment and sense of humor. Fear of a Gay Planet is the general concept.

D: [Watching Hank show off a vat of cod liver oil outside the local maritime museum where he worked for a couple of summers.] This is better than *A Mighty Wind!*

C: We visit Hank's seaside sanctuary, where he lived for four years, rebuilding his life. "The only thing that kept me alive were my grandparents and my belief in God," he says, then compares himself to Napoleon in exile: "I was supposed to be emperor of

Europe, but I'm kept prisoner of reality." We do not know if he is joking, which is how the entire film is, it's as outrageously straight-faced as comic atrocities like *Alan Partridge* or *The Office* or *League of Gentlemen* or—I'm feeling generous—Neil Hamburger in his most sublimely awful, banal

moments. That kind of rare, supergenius thing. I don't know if I'm doing it justice...? [looking on screen] But Hank is now showing us around his hometown: "Let's stroll in the realm of dry fish..."

D: I still think they based their entire sound on the Dictators!

C: Hank's real stage name should be Gruesome Dick Manitoba.

D: They are like the Hives' evil reverse twins.

C: The Hives give 1000% every time, but as Happy Tom says here, Turbonegro give 50, maybe 60 percent. The interviewer asks if they may get 80% this time? "I don't think that's

ever happened," says Tom. D: It's a cracker! A classic! [Thinks hard.] It's This Is Spinal Tap—by Chris Morris!!!

BBO

Tie Your Noose
(Bomp!)

C: Now here's a one-man garage band, doing it and doing it well. Makes the two-piece garage band seem passé.

D: Does that mean he practices in a one-car garage?

C: Fire up the grill, this is a fatback slab of that raunchy, rib-rocking goodness. It's like Bob Log

