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wrenching 'Jumpers,' the 11-minute epic 'Let's Call It Love' (with its coda of sorts, 'Night Light') and more:" [MORE](#)

Who: Sleater-Kinney
What: [The Woods](#)

Why: You tell us. How do you describe the pilgrimage of one humble group to the upper echelons of rock legend? Maybe you just use the names of others. Pearl Jam. The Beatles. Pixies. Or perhaps you simply give in and listen to that band's thunderous new effort, *The Woods*. A tangled, invigorating trap of passionate intelligence and unforgiving riffage. Sleater-Kinney's finest fusion yet. A ferocious collection of songs heading straight to 11. But forget numbers and words. It is catharsis you're going to run into whenever you run into Sleater-Kinney. Now or later.

Scott Thill, [LA Weekly](#): "I could go crazy trying to explain how songs fall from the sky into our laps," wrote Sleater-Kinney's thunderous drummer, Janet Weiss, on the band's official blog a day before their latest and finest album, *The Woods*, hit the racks. Well, I could go crazy trying to explain why L.A. audiences are afraid to rip shit up to unfamiliar songs that do the very same. Sleater-Kinney was *on* at the Fonda, , cranking through the mind-melting new anthem 'Entertain,' the heart-wrenching 'Jumpers,' the 11-minute epic 'Let's Call It Love' (with its coda of sorts, 'Night Light') and more:" [MORE](#)

Who: *Rockers*
What: [25th Anniversary Edition DVD](#)

Why: One of the best sequences found in Theodore Bafaloukos' meditation on Rastafarian culture known as *Rockers* comes when the motley crew of world-class musicians that litter the film like so many star-turn cameos get a chance to individually strut and mug for the camera to Peter Tosh's seminal "Stepping Razor." The context -- they're all preparing to "mash up" a local "Mafia" for stealing and hoarding Kingston's various commodities by raiding his warehouse and redistributing the wealth amongst the poor citizens, Robin Hood style -- is, as is the case throughout most of the film, irrelevant. This is the various Rockers' respective chance to shine, and they plan on taking up all the screen time they need to cash it in. So instead of moving the story or plot forward, as most shots and sequences do, the viewer gets a lengthy succession of Trench Town stars decked out in their finest threads walking to and past the camera in gaits that would make any blaxploitation

MASHUP: JULY 2005



Give Her Some Dap
Sharon Jones is that rare soul siren: One that refuses to abandon funk and **soul** for pointless studio gloss: [MORE](#)



Gorillaz Run Amok
The cast may have changed, but the characters in Gorillaz have created the collective's best effort yet: [MORE](#)



Magic Man
Van Morrison may still be going, but how strong? The answers lie in his 40-year retrospective *Magic Man*: [MORE](#)



Sri Lanka Represent!
M.I.A. has survived her native country's turmoil to bring you *Arular*, dance music that actually makes you **think**: [MORE](#)

MASHUP: MAY 2005



Whether it's Spoon's desire for *Fiction* or Jon Spencer newest retro-rock experiment Heavy Trash, May's not the cruelest month. It's the toughest: [MORE](#)

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SLEATER-KINNEY
"Jumpers"
From: [The Woods](#)
MP3
See Also:
[One Beat](#)

KINKSI:
"Wives of Artie Shaw"
From: [Alpine Static](#)
MP3

DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE:
"Soul Meets Body"
From: [Plans](#)
WMA : [REAL](#)
See Also:
[Transatlanticism](#)

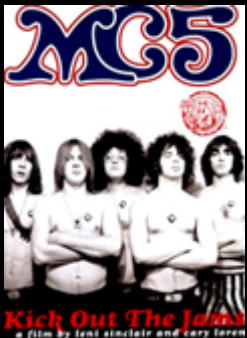
BLACK REBEL MOTORCYCLE CLUB:
"Ain't No Easy Way"
From: [Howl](#)
MP3 [REAL](#) [QT](#) [WM](#)
See Also:
[Black Rebel](#)
[Motorcycle Club](#)



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pimp jealous to the soles of his platforms. Which is cool with me, and it should be cool with you too. Because, as was the case with *Rockers'* cinematic ancestor, *The Harder They Come*, conventional film style and construction have no place in a cinema that is scrambling as much as its characters are for a couple of bucks just to get the word out: **MORE**

Who: MC5

What: *Kick Out the Jams* (DVD)

Why: Along with Iggy and the Stooges, the Motor City's MC5 was balls-out rawk's pioneering pusher, spitting out cathartic bullets like "Kick Out the Jams," "Looking at You" and more without a care for nearby eardrums. In the process, they helped birth everything from heavy metal to punk, and for that you should thank them. While this DVD may be a bit short on the details, director Leni Sinclair and conceptual artist Cary Loren ably capture the band's live-wire energy in its choppy, gritty splendor. As well as the stubborn nonconformity of John Sinclair, Leni's husband and MC5's activist manager. In other words, this relatively short DVD might not be the definitive source on the MC5's lasting influence for those late to the Detroit institution, but it certainly is one hell of a peek at a incendiary collective at its peak. For those about to rawk with the 5, we envy you.