

free-form drums and drawn-out, simmering, sophisticated, eerie scraping that one might hear in a Japanese horror movie, and half a discordant, creepy but ethereally beautiful, delicate creation of glass. Like *ISIS*, sunnO))) & Boris seem more driven to paint slow noise soundscapes to evoke half-forgotten truths rather than to accommodate their invisible audience with anything akin to recognizability. The haunting vocals of Jesse Sykes lullabize "The Sinking Belle (Blue Sheep)" and grand, Viking-like horns and gongs amidst abrasive synth buzz evoke alpha and omega in "Akuma No Kuma." —Rebecca Vernon

### Tall Hands

Self-titled  
Pulse  
Street: 10.24  
Tall Hands = The Velvet Underground + The Velvet Underground + The Velvet Underground - the vitality of the source

Tall Hands gets a little more rambunctious, as far as guitar speed-jangle, than the Underground, but ... that's about the only difference. The Lou Reed enigmatic scowl-voice is here (minus larger-than-life-personality), plunky piano, the ethereal guitar washes on slower ballads ("Medici"), and the repetitious, hypnotizingly droney riffs with one chord change for the chorus sans change in drum pattern, speed, or emotional intensity. You could throw in a couple comparisons like The Jesus & Mary Chain and maybe Bowie, but that isn't really necessary when you're, like, almost an exact replica of a predecessor ... without the advantage of saying you were there first. —Rebecca Vernon

### That Handsome Devil

Self-Titled  
Stardust Records  
Street: 11.01  
That Handsome Devil = Al Green + Outkast + Goldfinger



That Handsome Devil plays grimy jazz-pop-hop that could accompany a lowbrow detective movie. Unfortunately, the detective that comes to mind is *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*. As much as it hurts conjuring up the imagery associated with that movie, it's necessary as a representation. These guys really hit bottom when they try to infuse humor in a hip-hop, blues track entitled, "Dating Tips," which uses *Wile E. Coyote*-type sound effects to administer sexual innuendos; sounds like, "Boiing!" It really is unfortunate that all this had to happen because the next track is actually listen-

worthy. It's comparable to what happens when you watch said horrible movie in juxtaposition with *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*: The residue of *Jim Carrey's* "Reehuhreeaally!" can ruin a perfectly good scene. These dudes are in their thirties and still spike their hair. Something's amiss here. —Spencer Young

### This Moment In Black History

*It Takes A Nation (Of Assholes To Hold Us Back)*  
Cold Sweat Records  
Street: 10.31  
This Moment In Black History = Loiter Cognition + Bad Brains

*It Takes A Nation (Of Assholes To Hold Us Back)* is a jolt of high-energy punk-rock injected with elements of thrash that the current music scene is in dire need of. This Moment In Black History combines humor with socially-conscious lyrics, resulting in satirical songs about real things, reminiscent of the *Dead Kennedys*. The squelching feedback from the amps compliments the chuggy guitars, bassy drums and high-pitched vocals, which in turn create something rawer than a chicken that has been cooked in the microwave. This Moment In Black History crams 14 amazing songs into this release in a few minutes over a half-hour. My favorite tracks were "Lets Talk About A Civil War," "Larry Pulled a Knife On Jesus" and the *Easter Monkeys* cover of "Nailed to the Cross." —Jeanette Moses

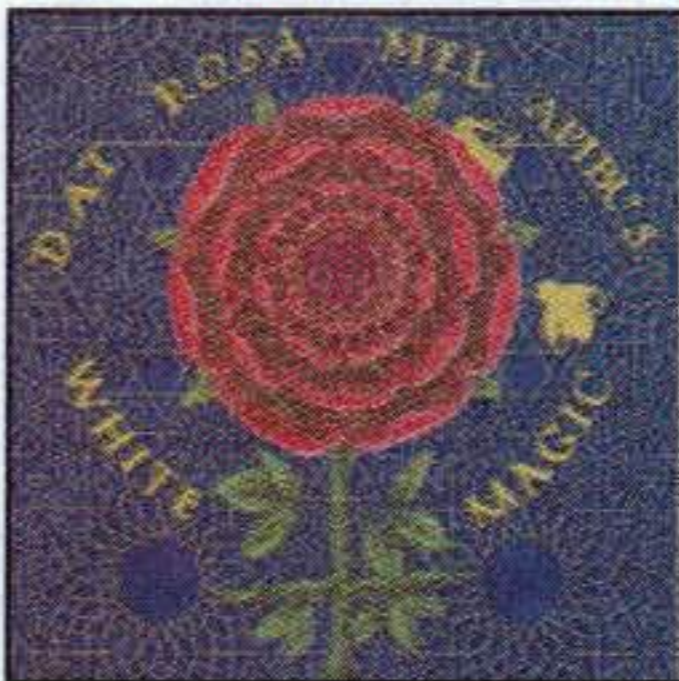
### Various Artists

*Trustkill Takeover Volume II*  
Trustkill  
Street: 10.31  
TTVII= unreleased songs

Oh Trustkill records, how we love to loathe thee. You've taken hardcore from the streets to Hot Topic. But then you released the new *This is Hell* album, and it all got confused. Which brings us to the new comp. 16 bands. 16 tracks. All new. Crowd response?! "enh" followed by a shrug. Remember when compilation CDs stood for something? Now they are just a cheap marketing tool. This aside, there are a few good tracks on this, and credit must be given for having new recordings from the participating bands. I still don't understand *18 Visions* becoming *Guns N Roses*, and will anyone ever take *Walls of Jericho* seriously? (Derivative!) But, a few tracks are decent. *The Fight Paris* song is listenable (even though it seems like *Ron Jeremy* wrote the lyrics). This is Hell offer a mediocre track by their standards, but it's still a cut above. I think I'm one of two people that liked the last *Open Hand* record, so the prog-ness is a welcome addition. *Throwdown* needs to realize that pop was at the heart of the *Misfits* and so *Misfits* covers without melodies are booooooring. *First Blood* offers their machinegun beats, and there are some emo-ish mopers lurking about on this as well. If you are at the mall and have nothing else to drop your 5 bones on, this wouldn't be an awful investment. Personally, I'd buy a hot dog on a stick for the money. —Peter Fryer

### White Magic

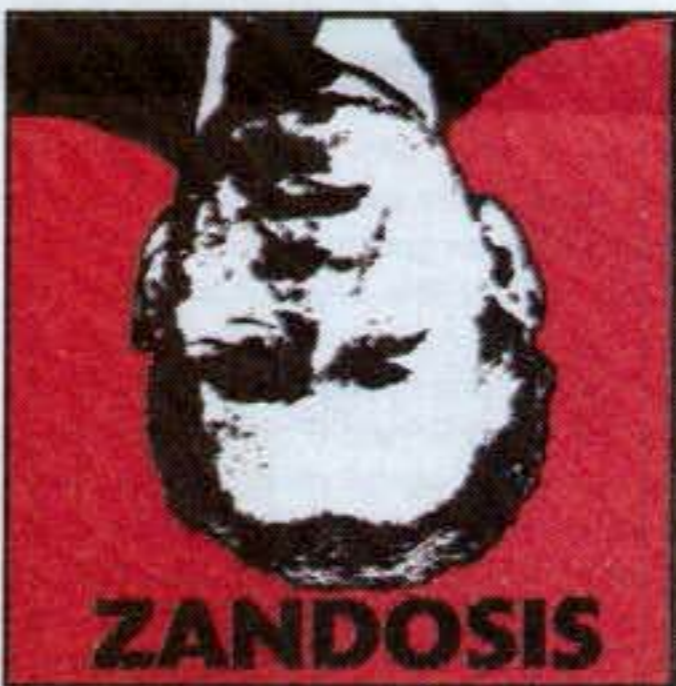
*Dat Rosa Mel Apibus*  
Drag City  
Street: 10.14  
White Magic = Quix\*o\*tic + Nico + Faun Fables



With the rampant breeding of folk genres spawned from *Devendra Banhart's* dirty womb, we spin the wheel and what we get ... wait for it ... "goth-folk!" Though it can be a tad misleading with ocean-side songs like "Hear My Call," the trio's sound is essentially tinted with a dark gypsy dance. The melodies lilt and tilt with songs like "Childhood Song" and the vocals are that same self-assured female-takes-all *Chan Marshall* rebuttal. But hark! The herald angel's DO sing! The point of separation (aside from nifty packaging that includes a medieval maze and embossing) is the collateral for the same old nu-folk is the cohesive unity of story – not the same old personal introspection that has come to typify a "revitalized" genre. Thanks White Magic for banishing with your twenty-sided CD the evils of bad neo-folk. —Erik Lopez

### Zandosis

*George W. Bush Go Straight to Fucking Hell*  
Stickfigure Records  
Street: 11.01  
Zandosis = Anti-Flag + Crass – Musicianship



Political music isn't always a bad thing. Most lyricists cleverly veil political ideals within their string of poetic repetitions. In this case, Zandosis bypassed that with clever song titles like, "George Bush Go Straight to Fucking Hell." Although appropriate, using the cantor of an angry 14 year old mall punk doesn't scream wit. I suppose this could be forgiven with something, anything that wasn't completely boring. Too bad they fucked that up too. —Ryan Powers

# DVD REVIEWS

*The Dwarves*  
Fefu: Special Edition Directors Cut  
Greedy Media  
Street: 09.26

*The Dwarves* = punk rock + female and male nudity + more punk rock + more female and male nudity  
If you like the Dwarves this DVD is no shock at all. It is chock full of full male nudity culled from a collection of live footage of the band throughout the years. The whole thing circles around the "Fefu," music video; what is included on the DVD are the "clean" and "dirty" versions of the video both graphic enough to ensure that the video will never be featured on MTV. The "Fefu" song actually stands for Fuck, Eat and Fuck You Up and the video features the Internet's favorite pin-up punk rock girls: the *Suicide Girls!* The *Suicide Girls* attempt to say that they were the first punk rock pin-ups and forget the numerous current copycats. Basically, if you are easily offended then you probably don't like the Dwarves. The live footage is interesting but features a hell of a lot of frontal male nudity, so for both sexes this DVD does not discriminate. Though, generally, if you are a straight guy seeing this much sausage can be frightening. Then again if you watch porn you see the same thing so what does it matter. —Bryer Wharton

*Kill Your Idols*  
Directed By: Scott Crary  
Palm Pictures  
Street: 08.29

*Kill Your Idols* is first time director Scott Crary's attempt to trace a New York sound from the early vestiges of the short lived "movement" No-Wave to now. Attempt? You may wonder as you read this review. The reason being is that Crary is well intentioned enough to start his documentary talking to the luminaries of the No-Wave scene such as *Glenn Branca*, *Lydia Lunch*, and *Arto Lindsay* to name a few but after a half an hour of them glorifying their excess filled days and then bitching and moaning about the current scenes insincerity and fashion sense, the documentary goes down hill. Its positive points lie in that it does a great job paying tribute and tracing the line of descent of current bands such as *the Liars*, *Black Dice* and *the Yeah Yeah Yeahs* from the bursts of energy that were *No New York* but it does so at the expense of having to listen to those bands awkwardly justify their lineage. It is awesome to see the old bands talk about their experiences from way back when and see clips of their live shows but it sucks to hear the new bands open their mouths and their Versace acid wash jeans in the same breath. —Erik Lopez

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