

Divine Heresy

Bleed the Fifth Century Media
Street: 08.28

Divine Heresy = Fear Factory + extra heaviness + leads and solos

As much as former Fear Factory guitarist **Dino Cazares** may want to get away from his roots, there is no escaping them. Then again, why would he want to? He created a guitar sound and helped establish the style of that same guitar sound playing in time with machine-gunning double-bass drums, something that has been repeatedly copied in many bands since. In all honesty, there are parts with the debut of his new band, Divine Heresy, that sound exactly like Fear Factory, then there are parts that sound nothing like his former band. For example, the man that was once known for never playing a guitar solo or even using leads has brought them front and center on *Bleed the Fifth*. I truly never thought I'd hear solos or leads like this coming from Dino. Let's not count out the other members of the band—you have drummer **Tim Yeung** of **Vital Remains** and **Hate Eternal** blasting away, along with newcomer vocalist **Tommy Vext** doing a sort of **Burton C. Bell** meets the **Meshuggah** vocalist thing. All in all, with *Bleed the Fifth*, you have an extremely strong debut effort that will appeal to more than just fans of Fear Factory or **Brujeria**. This is the best Dino has ever sounded on guitar and I hope he keeps it going.
—Bryer Wharton

Edward Ka-Spel
Dream Logik Part One
Beta-lactum Ring Records
Street: 07.19

Edward Ka-Spel = Psychic TV + Pierre Schaeffer Picasso's wife, Françoise Gilot (a painter herself) once said that great artists make the rules, not break them. **Legendary Pink Dots** founder Edward Ka-Spel is one such artist who came out of nowhere in 1980, presenting an aesthetic of modern-meets-avant-garde electro-acoustic music that didn't fit anywhere. 27 years, over 70 releases with LPD and 20 solo records later, Ka-Spel is still following the same ambiguous muse. *Dream Logik Part One* is a study in analog and digital synthesis, field recordings, samples, multi-effects processing and new languages for guitar and voice. Still a merchant of minimal ideas, Ka-Spel prefers one or two sounds per track, mutating and spinning them via knob-twiddling and post-production. For example, on "Backyard," he constructs a percussive texture of clicks and tamed distortion with modular synth wire, shaking before pausing then unleashing oscillator dive-bombs and whatever room ambience his microphone picked up that day. Anyone familiar with Ka-Spel's oeuvre will read this as par for the course, however, he still knows how to mine unique explorations in his world—an abyss that few can touch.
—Dave Madden

Einsturzende Neubauten

Palast Der Republik
MVD Audio

Street: 07.17

Einsturzende Neubauten = destroyed buildings + postmodern decay + fucking great recording equipment



This live document, recorded last year in the legendary Palast der Republik in Berlin, shows that Einsturzende Neubauten, much like their contemporaries **Throbbing Gristle**, have not slowed down or dried up over the course of their long career; indeed, they sound as vital as ever. Part of this can be credited to the engineers who made this one of the best-sounding live albums I've ever heard, but also to the band, who balance strangely beautiful abstract soundscapes and clanging, militaristic noise-beats with a sense of dynamism and intelligence that comes from years of focus and consideration. What's more, they avoid the usual trappings of live albums by putting thought into the placement and pacing of the songs, resulting in an experience more akin to listening to a great full-length album rather than just a collection of "hits." Even if you're not into the whole industrial thing (like me), this is well worth checking out.
—Jona Gerlach

The Fire the Flood

Truth Seekers
No Sleep Records

Street: 08.17

The Fire the Flood = They wish they sounded like the RIYL on their promo (Botch, Coalesce, etc.)

New rule: if your promotion company wants to use past bands that are 100 percent better than your band as a reference point for your sound, you should have to clear it with said band first. In the case of TFTF, Coalesce and Botch (perhaps two of the finest heavy bands of the past 10 years) are referenced as being similar to TFTF. It's not that they're not in the same vein, it's the difference between a Little League team and the New York Yankees. Yes, both are baseball, but only one is pro league—the other gets to eat orange slices at Pizza Hut after the game. Look for TFTF at your local Pizza Hut, and don't forget a knife to cut the orange slices.
—Peter Fryer

Himsa
Summon in Thunder
Century Media

Street: 09.18

Himsa = The Haunted + Darkest Hour + Heaven Shall Burn

Without fail, Himsa has yet to disappoint me. Last year's *Hail Horror* was a favorite for the year and ultimately showed the more brutal side of the band. *Summon in Thunder* is a sort of cohesive blend of said album and the record before it, *Courting Tragedy and Disaster*. It maintains that heaviness that *Hail Horror* so bluntly brought to the table, but adds the more melodic portions that were prevalent on CTAD. Don't let that statement fool you, though there is nothing rehearsed with the new record; everything is brand-spanking new. If the guitars on this new offering don't blow your mind, please get your hearing checked. I've followed Himsa from the get-go, seeing them before they were known to the world in Seattle, with a fond memory of standing in the front row and being greeted by the vocalist **Johnny Pettibone** yanking on my now shaved goatee. There is no question that this band has matured and gotten so much better with time, as any good band should. *Summon in Thunder* is just another success story in a chapter of a band that rose from the underground. I can't stress enough the intricacies of this band, how hearty and enjoyable the record is. Again, as I've said before about other bands, this is something to be experienced firsthand, no question. Talent and power, thy name is Himsa.
—Bryer Wharton

Jenny Hoyston

Isle Of
Southern Records

Street: 09.15

Jenny Hoyston = Erase Errata + Kim Gordon + Julie Dorian



Sounding more like a collection of cutting-room floor rarities and B-sides off other releases, Jenny Hoyston's first proper solo release is an erratic mix CD of styles and collaborators. While I can appreciate the eclectic taste that Hoyston has to offer, it comes off as confused and distant as **Gary Coleman** in a turbulent sexual relationship. Songs such as "ruff ... ruff ... /rainbow city" and "even in this day and age" come off as either limp-dicked and druggy singer/songwriter minutia or tired classic open-mic night material. Granted, there are other aspects of this album to appreciate, like its dancier and more garage side, the songs "i don't need 'em" and "bring back art," but as a whole, this album is an *Isle of Suck*.
—Erik Lopez

Hurtlocker

Embrace the Fall
Napalm Records

Street: 09.25

Hurtlocker = Destruction + Pantera
How a band from Chicago gets signed to a label from Austria is a story to tell another day. I reviewed last year's *Fear in a Handful of Dust* album from these guys and sort of passed it off; something about it just didn't catch my attention and it seemed sort of run-of-the-mill. Well, Hurtlocker, thanks for taking my perceived notions of you guys and flushing them down the toilet. *Embrace the Fall* is a thrash-metal masterpiece in its simplicities and complexities. The record blazes along like a five-alarm fire with no hope of being extinguished. The speedy riffing reminds me a lot of German thrash greats Destruction, but then there are some breakdowns that sound like they came straight from Pantera's *Cowboys From Hell* record. Add that to a batch of the band's own creativity and you have a formula for a thrash metal album not to be dismissed by anyone, critic or fan. I love to be proved wrong by a band and Hurtlocker have done just that. So guys, here is my formal apology for not giving you the credit you deserved before, because I went back and listened to *Fear in a Handful of Dust* after eating every morsel of this new offering up and caught what I missed. No hard feelings, right?
—Bryer Wharton

Kathryn Williams
Leave to Remain
Cheap Lullaby



Street: 08.28

Kathryn Williams = Beth Orton + ?
The honest truth is, I don't really care for a lot of folk music, or at least, that is what I keep telling myself. Certainly I only liked **Lou Rhodes'** album so much because she was in **Lamb**. My ever-growing Joni Mitchell collection? Well, she isn't exactly folk, right? Then Kathryn Williams waltzes in with *Leave to Remain* and I'm forced to draw comparisons between her and **This Mortal Coil's** *Blood* in an attempt to justify the fact that I really love these songs. Maybe it's because **Kate St. John** lent her talent, **Dream Academy** were passably brilliant when they brought it all together. Maybe it's the way Kathryn's voice carries a certain rasp and yet still comes across as young and innocent. Singing in a whisper, an intimacy comes unexpected and quickly. She sounds like a rainy day spent in bed with a lover; warm and all-consuming.
—ryan michael painter