



sense of structural integrity: check out how “Missing Lion Returns” veers from whiplashing hardcore beats and dissonant diminished chords to lockstep riffing to an extended melodic breakdown, complete with soaring female vocals. It sounds ridiculous on paper, but in reality becomes a revelatory bit of songcraft. Vocalist Gene Fowler veers between a high-pitched yelp and a guttural death-metal growl; both are completely unintelligible, and in any event the vocals are mixed so low they become simply more texture. That’s the only liability here, if you want to think of it that way – but even if this were an instrumental album you’d still have blistering moments like the Helmet-on-speed break on “Not Your Choice” and the slow-burning build-up and crushing drop of “Life At Stake.” In a word, mesmerizing. (Matthew Van DeWitt)
myspace.com/wetnursenyc

THE WHORE MOANS

Hello From the Radio Wasteland! CD – Mt. Fuji
It is unlikely that garage punk will ever go out of style. Seattle’s The Whore Moans are a case in point. You can’t help but like the simple, raunchy anthems of their second release, *Hello From the Radio Wasteland!* The muddy guitars are distinguished from the low end thanks to post-punk bass sensibilities. The vocals are wicked and raw, more smoke damaged than alcohol damaged (this is an important distinction!). The band draws from all things rock, especially The Clash and other proto-punk bands. While they don’t take many chances, they pull off vintage sounding songs that sound fresh. A few numbers like “Fingers and Martyrs” include welcome additional instrumentation. The biggest surprise is a brief nod towards a Ronettes song at the end of “Rise and Shine.” As an album, *Radio Wasteland!* is a tad on the long side (I like my punk records short) but almost every song is worthwhile. It’s damn good. The Whore Moans create great music that any fan of rock can appreciate. (Nick DeMarino)
myspace.com/thewhoremoansuck

WILD LIGHT

Adult Night CD – StarTime International / Columbia / Sony BMG
After a number of years gigging and weathering tides of fluctuating buzz, New Hampshire quartet Wild Light have finally released their debut album, *Adult Nights*. Boasting Tim Kile, co-founder of The Arcade Fire, Wild Light play refreshing rock that will draw comparisons to his former band but perhaps only because you know of the association now (I shouldn’t have mentioned it!). The potty-mouthed “California On My Mind” may contain anthemic stadium-filling bridge vocals reminiscent of those

employed generously by Arcade Fire and a harmonica wheeze often blown by that band’s new guardian angel Bruce Springsteen but it also has a strong life of its own, sounding, if anything, like Scottish emotive pop heroes Frightened Rabbit. *Adult Nights* should not attract or repel anyone because of the association between the two bands but should draw fans for its strong set of songs. There is no questioning the group’s potential and *Adult Nights* gives plenty of reasons for the band to be confident. Addressing power pop, British smart rock like Elvis Costello or XTC (especially on “Call Home”), and the laid back sensibilities of The Tyde or Mojave 3 there is no reason that Wild Light cannot make the logical jump off the bubble and into a more popular sphere of gated communities with drawbridges and moats. (David Nadelle)
myspace.com/wildlight

WOMAN

Mazes 12” – Endless Latino
Hailing from Texas, Woman bring a repetitive and raw sound expected from the Texas punk scene. Having some vague similarities to The Fatal Flying Guilloteens, Woman play a more accessible and straight ahead brand of punk rock. This four-song 12-inch, the first for the Endless Latino label, features an awesome silk-screened cover with embossing on the sleeve. There is certainly something to be said about an album that has an aesthetically pleasing appearance; it heightens your expectations and prepares you for something really good. Unfortunately, Woman did not quite meet my heightened expectations. While the band plays an interesting concoction of noisy repetition and melody, the echo-drenched vocals seem to take away from the primal rhythms of the music. The band themselves sound somewhat like Black Eyes and Gang of Four mashed together, though the vocals completely change the dynamic. Vocal repetition, a lack of dynamics, and a general lack of excitement make this mini-album a bit boring to listen to. While I hate to sound as though I condemn this record completely, there are some good riffs in there and I’ll definitely give it another listen. (Bryan Levine)
enslesslatino.com

WOULD-BE-GOODS

Eventyr CD – Matinée
Since Jessica Griffin released the Would-Be-Goods’ debut *The Camera Loves Me* on él/Cherry Red in 1988, they’ve remained shrouded in obscurity. Seekers of twee British indie-pop should trace the branches of the musical family tree back to Would-Be-Goods and see what great company Griffin kept: songwriter Simon Turner (King of Luxembourg), 1960s pop-god

Keith West, and The Monochrome Set, among others. On their fifth album, *Eventyr*, the band now features members of Adam and the Ants, The Monochrome Set, and Thee Headcoatees. After 20 years of existence, the band still races through pristine pop songs in an innocent urgency. When Griffin is not giving us an eerie look around her town (“The Ghost of Mr. Minton”), she’s whisking us away to different lands of art (“In Bohemia”) and love (“Venusberg”), where state of mind overpowers perception of reality, clouding the listener in romanticism and idealism, the place of great pop music. Album highlight “Temporary Best Friend” jangles along in pure crystal pop about how “never is better than now and then,” fighting the need for attachment. Before taking a chance on *Eventyr*, however, start with *The Camera Loves Me* and see what the Would-Be-Goods are capable of, then relish in the personality of their other four albums. (Devon Williams)
would-be-goods.com

WRECKLESS ERIC & ARMY RIGBY

Wreckless Eric & Amy Rigby CD – Stiff
Of course we may never know much about the interpersonal relationship between Amy Rigby and “Wreckless” Eric Goulden, but judging by this newly recorded piece of evidence, the two decisively goofy singer-songwriters are a match made in musical heaven. Goulden is a veteran of that scene, having achieved his greatest successes in the late 1970s on Stiff Records’ original iteration, alongside folks like Elvis Costello and Nick Lowe. Rigby, while having been on the scene since the ‘80s, didn’t truly make her name until the mid-‘90s, by which point Goulden’s thick cockneyed deliver had largely fallen out of favor amongst the record-buying public. The tracks on *Wreckless Eric & Amy Rigby* alternate between songs penned alone and collaborations – the album’s highlights are those that fall into the latter category, like the leadoff track “Here Comes My Ship” and the penultimate “Round,” successfully playing off of both artists’ similar but unique strengths. The greatest moment, however, may be the final track, the ridiculously charming cover of Johnny Cash’s “I Still Miss Someone.” (Brian Heater)
myspace.com/wrecklessericamyrigby

YAHOWA 13

Sonic Portation CD – Prophase Music / MVD Audio
If not for the seemingly constructed – although, most assuredly real – back story, it’s very possible that the attention lavished upon Yahowa 13 and their spiritual guide, Father Yod, might be drastically different. Encompassing psychedelic norms, unknowingly developing alongside Krautrock bands and sporting similar guitar tones, Yod and his band left the continental U.S. to make Hawaii their home. Yod, though, would die in a hang gliding accident relatively soon after the move. And with his unifying presence gone, members of the band and his cult soon dispersed. It’d been 30 years time since Yahowa 13 performed, but this latest disc seems to be able to defy time and sound as if it is, in fact, some dug up artifact of a bygone era. And while a few clichéd troupes arise on “Traveling Ohm,” the bit of funky guitar strumming isn’t pervasive enough to distract from the enormous groove the band reaches. The album moves along, each track sharing stylized psych solos and tempos making it difficult to figure which song you’re listening to. But to a certain degree, that’s the inherent charm in a recording like this. The unity felt amongst each player, who possess similar outlooks on not only music, but life in a grand granola kinda way, results here in a 21st century acid burned outing for all you primitive savages. (Dave Cantor)
yahowha13.com

ZOMBI

Spirit Animal CD – Relapse
Bassist/synthist Steve Moore and drummer/synthist A.E. Paterra are Zombi. The duo hails from the Iron City of Pittsburgh, where they have hung their musical shingle out as purveyors of new-school prog rock. That is a double-edged sword, at best. *Spirit*