

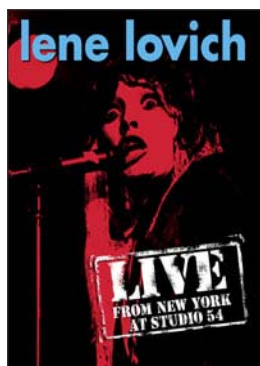


- [Left of the Dial Magazine](#)

October 21, 2007

[Lene Lovich/Live in NYC at 54 St. Studio: MVD](#)

Filed under: [Reviews](#) — leftofthedialmag @ 6:25 pm



In an age of videos killing radio stars, the Clash fussing on Broadway, and squiggly Basquiat graffiti, Lene Lovich was a girl from another planet, a slightly less askew version of avant-garde pop, dominated by Laurie Anderson and Nina Hagen. However, this did not make her second-rate. In fact, her big hit “Lucky Number,” by far her most FM-friendly pop readymade, did little justice to her exploratory nature, whimsy, and neon-bathed post-urban shtick. In fact, beware the loony extended keyboard solos on this disc, which turns the cogent prowess of the song into a free-for-all! Aiming for a vocal matrix with styles resembling modulated ambulance sirens, mutant bird songs, and bleating Dada sound-pomes (the song “Bird Song” does give it away!), Lovich comes across as crooked music for an age suffering disco blues and serious post-punk malaise. Looking like a precursor to Bjork, meaning a gothy bag-lady glamour puppet, she is a sorcerer, a conjurer, and she is bemusing as Adam Ant indulging in faux decadent cabaret. The music is all surface movement – shimmering and skittering organ, rivet-gun drumming, fluid guitars — an amalgam of surf, kitsch, jungle, and new wave. Sure, at times the footage is awash and bleeding, or full of muted video chromatics, and occasionally the images pixilate due to what may be an odd transfer from the original master. The sound is a bit muddled, but the multiple angles and limber editing keep the pulse and action on pace, and the crowd seems ever eager to disappear into her deep den of well-constructed pseudo-madness. In all, it’s an hour’s worth of early 1980’s mishmash eccentricity.

[Comments \(0\)](#)

June 26, 2007

[X27/Antilove: Narnack](#)

Filed under: [Reviews](#) — leftofthedialmag @ 10:48 am



With a Steve Albini honed soundscape, this echoes all his previous efforts, from razor ghost guitars to Led Zeppelin thudding drums to space is the place audio verite vibes (think late Nirvana, Slint, Jawbreaker, Shellac and plenty more). Though they were once heralded as a kind of neu dance punk that could ham it up with the Yeah Yeah Yeahs and the Fall, this feels very 1990s, like a side-swiping, dynamic take on the old Amphetamine Reptile sound, without the gas station machismo and gruff, blunt, Midwest all-noise trips. Think of the band Tar, or again, Slint, or even Bitch Magnet, for people who secretly listen to Lene Lovich on the sly. On the finest moments, like the skittish, inflected, girly gone bad moments of “Inside out World,” there is an atmospheric resonance and Siouxsie Sioux dischord, where everything feels a bit bewitched and otherworldly. (Un)pop for a post-video tube generation. ([more...](#))

[Comments \(0\)](#)**October 13, 2006****[Marianne Faithful/Before the Poison: Anti](#)**Filed under: [Reviews](#), [Editorials](#) — leftofthedialmag @ 12:12 pm

As Marianne Faithfull enters her treatment for breast cancer, let us make sure she remembers how we wait, each breath measuring a poem hung up on our tongue, as she settles in for well-heeded healing and recovery. In the beginning of the world, there was Marianne Faithfull, or so it seems, the Rolling Stones-era, leather-clad songstress never quite known to America's appetite, who re-surfaced in 1979, the year of Rachel Sweet, Lene Lovich, and Patti Smith, as the elder and more protean proto-punk, burdened by the years but intransigent as any child of lurid neon and mother's little helpers could be in a time when poplar culture was cleft apart like spoiled, post Johnny Rotten rotten fruit. Now, she sings, without a trace of being lined with fault or irony, "Am I a fool/because of you" and you have the terrible succulent feeling that she is looking at you with soft knives in her eyes. This is not the time and place to wax philosophical and completist about her career, which has spanned more than my lifetime and is better left to the ragged glory of books, including her own biography "As Tears Go By," or better yet, to the literary gyroscope of Will Self, whose liner notes invade this album's booklet with Anglophilic intelligence and accuracy. Like Lou Reed, she is beloved, though not always easy to listen to, not because she fails at art, but because sometimes art fails her. Sometimes it can't match her cragged, barbed voice, the burnt and eerie nerves and nuances. [\(more...\)](#)

[Comments \(0\)](#)

- [Check out our John Stabb benefit!](#)

- **Categories:**

- [Uncategorized](#)
- [Reviews](#)
- [Features](#)
- [Editorials](#)

- **Archives:**

- [November 2007](#)
- [October 2007](#)
- [September 2007](#)
- [August 2007](#)
- [July 2007](#)
- [June 2007](#)
- [May 2007](#)

- [April 2007](#)
- [March 2007](#)
- [February 2007](#)
- [January 2007](#)
- [December 2006](#)
- [November 2006](#)
- [October 2006](#)
- [September 2006](#)
- [August 2006](#)
- [July 2006](#)
- [June 2006](#)

-

- **Recent referrals**

- In the past