

...Even Billy." The music video uses a shaky camera that zooms in and out really fast while Dreu Hudson walks around screaming as its greatest special effect, so really, you're better off not spending any time to watch it. The only downside to this release, besides the included music video is the lagging and dragging noise in between several of the songs. Other than that though, Her Candane have done well for themselves with No Battle! -Jeremy C. Wilkins

### Monsoon Season

*The Last Commute*  
Harl Recording Co.  
Street: 01.01  
Monsoon Season = Sting + Late night NPR  
Jazz - any shred of relevance

Nothing strikes fear into the heart of SLUG reviewer faster than when a band compares itself to someone as musically worthless as John Mayer. What's even sadder is listening to the album and realizing that it is far worse. "Wonderland" it is not. If 21st-century jazz rock is your thing, then grab your fretless bass, loosen your tie, and sing along to *The Last Commute* with all of our balding, middle-aged friends. On the other hand, if you require your music to actually rock, then skip this watered-down Steely Dan record with its weak vocals and tired hooks and listen to something better - like almost anything else. -Jack Sauteurs

are recorded with more clarity and avant-gardeness. Track three would be the best example of the latter, with what sounds like toy percussion playing atonally against a bluesy type guitar while droney voices shudder along. Add in a little throat singing and you are taken on a strange, eerie journey through some type of cold, barren wilderness. There is a lot of atmosphere on this album that is recorded too well to be considered a local recording. The performances are very engaging, and it is nice to have such a visceral experience while listening to music. It is freezing out! -Andrew Glassett

### Thunderfist

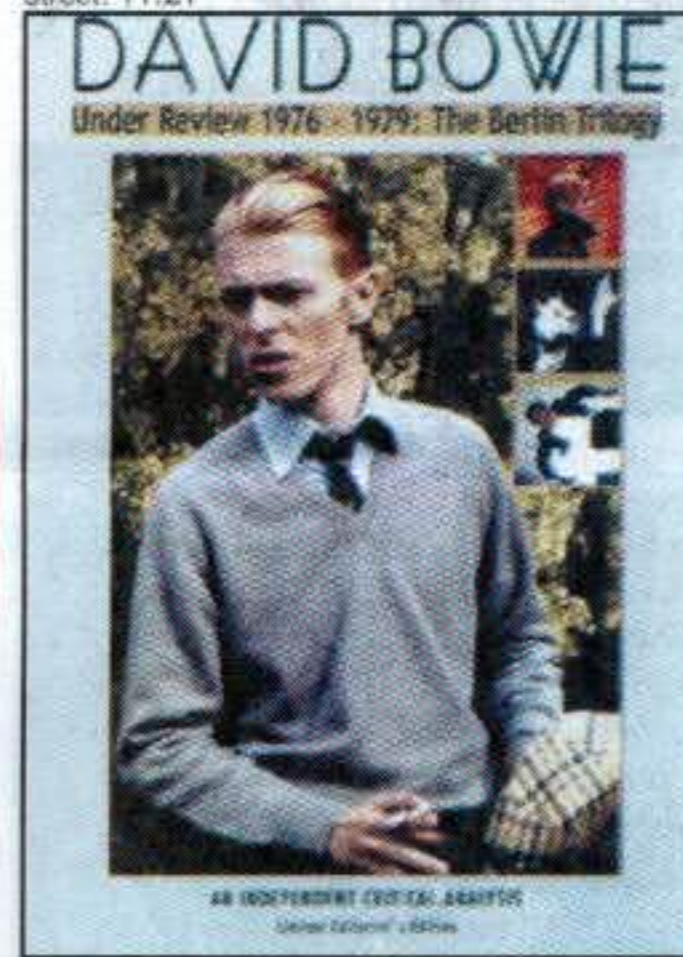
*Too Fat for Love*  
ECG  
Street: 01.2007  
Thunderfist = Lemmy + Spork + 1,000 cases of PBR

Legendary scene vets Thunderfist know how to write hard-rockin' anthems for the wild ones; tight as a snail's ass and twice as raunchy. After nearly a decade of putting out albums that would give the Supersuckers a run for their money, it's no wonder Thunderfist have songwriting cinched. This album delivers in spades, the best stoner-love song being the fat-ass riffage of "Bottom Feeder," the best song title "My Dick is a Foot." Mick Mayo fuels the songs with turbo-charged pummeling thanks to 18+ years of bass skillz; Erik Stevens anvils mercilessly with crushing drums, Jeff Haskins & Mike Sasich commit nonstop catchy guitar riffs and Jeremy Cardenas adds acidic wit and hedonistic abandon that'd make Dorian Gray blush. There was a year or so when I thought



### David Bowie: Under Review - 1976-79 The Berlin Trilogy

MVD Visual  
Street: 11.21



David Bowie's Berlin trilogy, the albums *Low*, *Heroes* and *Lodger*, marks a significant aesthetic shift in rock music - at least that's what the critics of this DVD (and fans ranging from Trent Reznor to Anthrax to Billy Corgan to me) want you to believe. At the very least, it was a noteworthy change in Bowie's career where he 1) cast off "characters" (i.e. Thin White Duke, Ziggy Stardust) 2) embraced the idea of weirder epic tracks he previously hinted at on *Station to Station*'s ten-minute title track (released just before *Low*). Fresh off the film *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, Bowie also

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longed for anonymity, a "fresh start" (read: no more cocaine) and a place where he could reinvent himself yet again. Berlin. Here, he kept a hermetic lifestyle, producing a recently-broke Iggy Pop and touring as a keyboardist in his band, ingesting a diet of Steve Reich, Philip Glass and kraut rock, popping up for air now and then on programs such as Bing Crosby's Christmas special and Marc Bolan's *ITV* (Bowie was Bolan's last guest before the latter's death), and bringing iconic weirdos such as Brian Eno and then-retired Robert Fripp into his bubble. The fact that Bowie was so tightlipped during this era makes for a lot of speculation and confusion, mirrored in the commentaries on this documentary (though the filmmakers do clear up the fact that underrated producer Tony Visconti, not Eno, was responsible for Bowie's sound during this time). Perhaps it's an editing issue, but the film is based a little too much on "perhaps..." statements, substituting fact for dry hypotheses based on, say, a single offhand comment by Bowie in 1977. I suppose that's the pay-dirt of theorists, but it inspires boredom during a 90-minute movie about an already mellow subject. Don't get me wrong! I personally love these albums, and though the guests (everyone from UK music critics to members of Neu!) do their best to show appreciation and demonstrate knowledge about these years, you should plan on multiple viewings before you make it through without nodding off. -Dave Madden