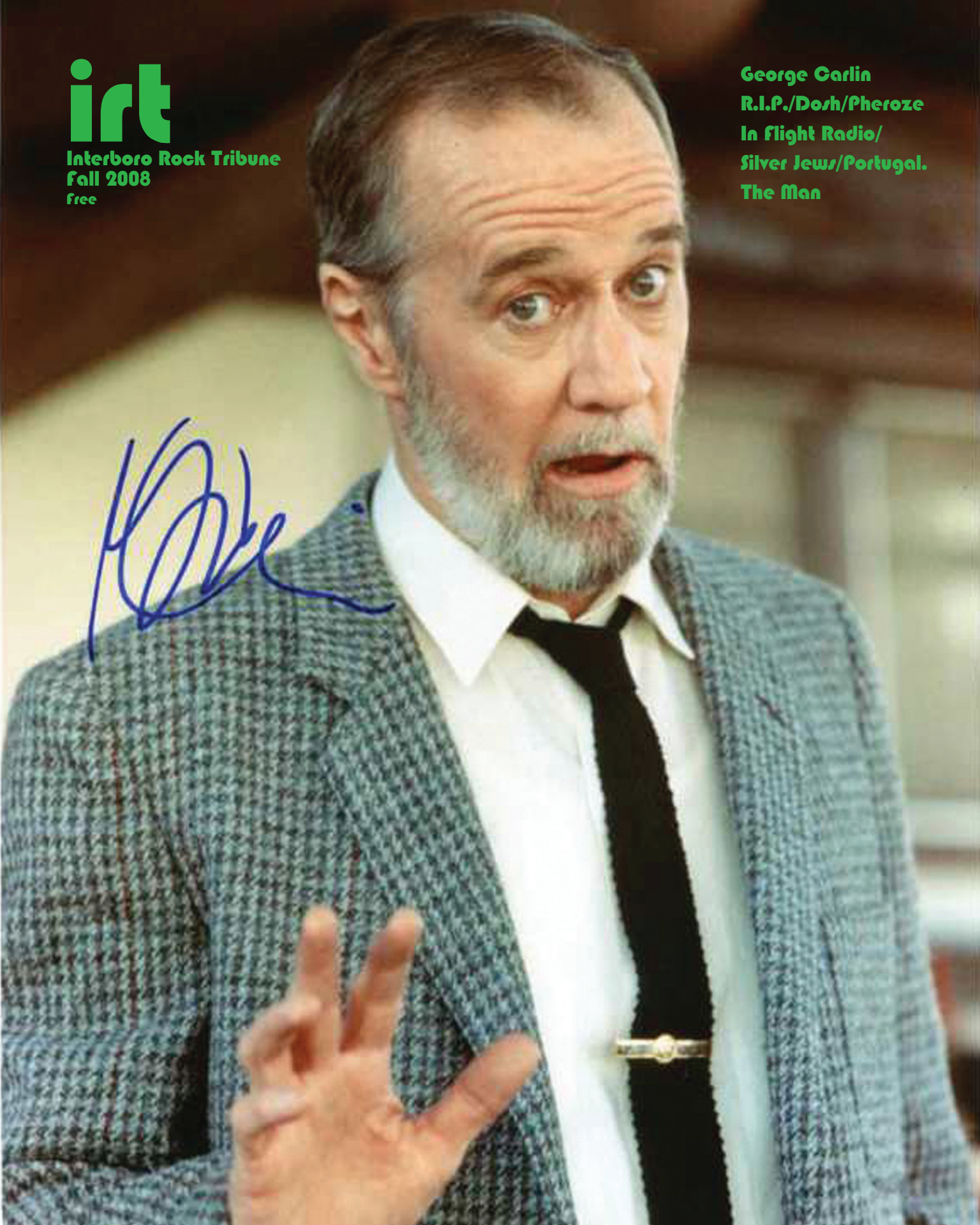


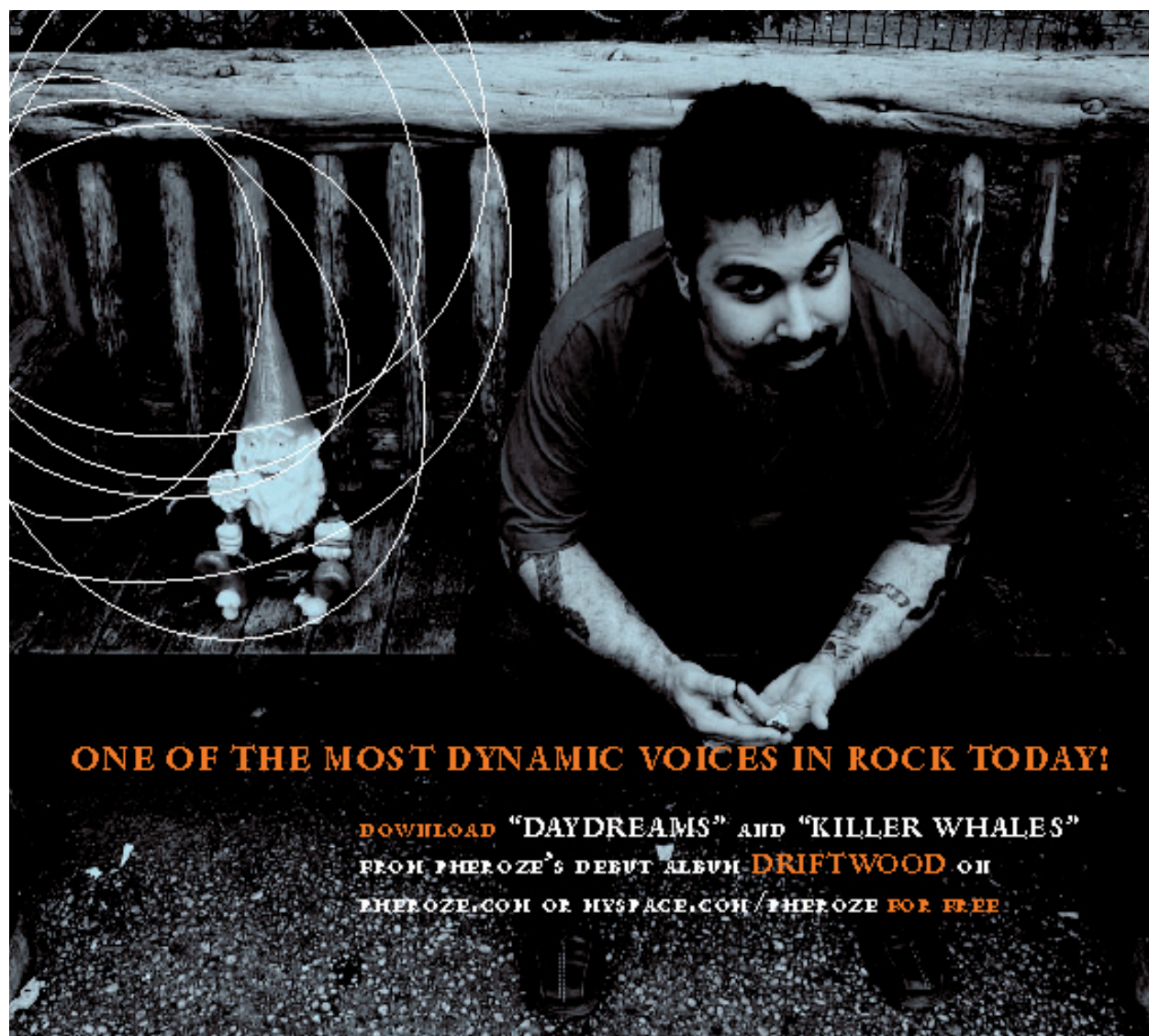
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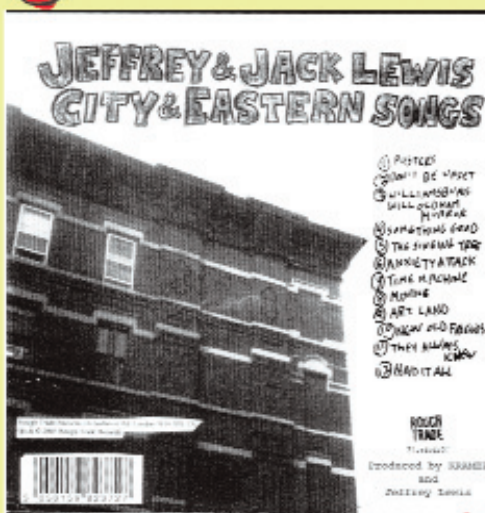


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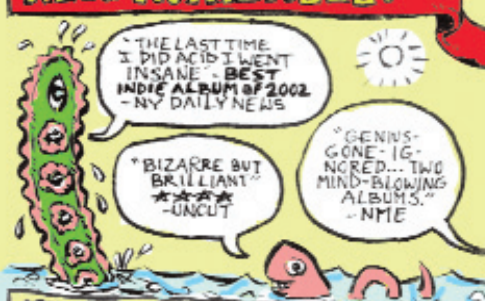


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# A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

## Dear New York,

What you are currently reading on your computer screen is the future of the Interboro Rock Tribune.

After six years, I have decided to make our next print issue, IRT no. 10, our final one in print.

It was not an easy decision, but hopefully will prove to be as wise as my advisors are telling me.



I started *IRT* after the magazine I wrote regularly for, the little-missed SHOUT NY, went under due to a combination of editorial incompetence and the wizening-up of its investors, who had finally realized the magazine for the money pit it truly was and pulled their funds. Karma is a real bitch isn't she, Ian? Somewhere, my old friend and founding SHOUT editor Afarin Majidi must still be laughing to herself.

Nevertheless, there I was without a gig, but with a bevy of great industry contacts I have cultivated since I had begun working at *CMJ* in the summer of 1998 (that is, before they were bought out by a Dot Com chop shop in 2000 and fired most of the original staff, including myself, on Sept. 11 of that year, no less). Then something of an epiphany came to me, in the form of a big stack of old copies of the *NY Rocker* handed to me by my uncle.

As I was looking at this outstanding music newspaper, which became the most influential publication of its kind during its brief but mighty run between 1977 and 1982, I thought to myself, "Why is there not a magazine of this magnitude and grit out now in 2001, as NYC is experiencing a return to the national spotlight as groups like The Strokes, the Yeah Yeah Yeahs and Liars are soaking up the saliva of both the mainstream and underground music press?" Sure, there were some local rags who've tried to be that, but the majority of the staff were city transplants from Canada or the Midwest who hardly knew Katz's Deli from Subway. I mean, Ohio's great, but I'm not gonna move to Dayton and try to school you on Guided By Voices. Get me?

I had thought that *IRT* would be a local music magazine unique in that its editors were all natives of New York, or, in the case of Freehold, NJ's second favorite son Shawn Schank, the Tri-State Area. We boasted but one transplant, associate publisher Brad Filicky, but he has been living in the area long enough to be considered a native. Regardless, we all have great stories about growing up in and around this city, especially when it comes to music, and felt confident that *IRT* provided the appropriate vessel by which to offer New Yorkers young and old not only our own stories but the stories of some of the great acts who have bred their craft within this patchwork of bridges, tunnels and islands we call home.

Unfortunately, New York City is not what it was back when I conspired *IRT* in the wake of 9/11 at the CMJ Marathon with Brad. CBGB, The Continental, Coney Island High, Sin-e, Tonic, Luna Lounge and a whole host of record shops, eateries, junk stores and pubs have since disappeared from the streets we once roamed, not to mention a good portion of downtown's original population who once read and revered *IRT*. In their place is a bunch of spoiled brat transplants from anywhere but here, living fat off their parents' corporate-funded allowances and changing the landscape of the neighborhoods I loved so dearly into something akin to one big hipster shopping mall with as much flavor and uniqueness as the Costco my fiancée and I shop at here in North Jersey.

And though we only managed to eek out 10 issues in our eight years in print, I look back at those issues with a sense of pride that all the work we have accomplished and the unique and insightful interviews we have provided to the public with such great talents, and the best is yet to come! A big warm thanks goes out to every one of you who have ever picked us up at your nearest foyer over the years or accepted a copy handed to them by yours truly, a list that includes Scarlett Johansson, Michelle Williams, Colin Quinn, Thurston Moore, Ira Kaplan of Yo La Tengo, Glenn Mercer of the Feelies, El-P, Tunde from TV On The Radio and Aesop Rock to name a few.

While we are gearing up for our final issue in print later this fall, *IRT* no. 10, with exclusive features on the likes of punk legend Mike Watt, Walter Becker of Steely Dan, Scott McCloud of Girls Against Boys/Paramount Styles, NYC jazz-bass icon William Parker, Sub Pop's 20th Anniversary, Robert Pollard and Sam Fogarino of Interpol among others, we welcome you to the pilot issue of *Interboro Rock Tribune's* future as an online PDF 'zine. We hope you enjoy it and promise you one of these at least once every other month.

Until then,

Ed.





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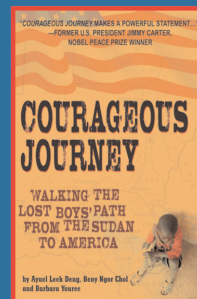


# Curious George Carlin



## THE INTERBORO ROCK TRIBUNE Vol. 6 Issue 9.5 fall 2008

THE ONLY REASON TO LOVE WASILLA  
Portugal. The Man...8  
PROPHECY OF THE Pheroze...10  
DOSH EFFECTS Dosh...14  
BROOKLYN AIRWAYS In Flight Radio...18  
IN REMEMBRANCE George Carlin...20  
MOUNTAIN MADNESS Dave Berman  
of the Silver Jews...24  
The IRT Review...26



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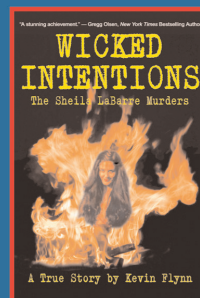
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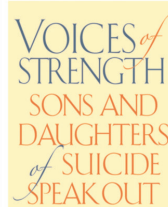
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# PORTUGAL. THE MAN

The Only Reason to Love Wasilla

Story by Patch Atomz



When John McCain announced on Labor Day weekend that Alaska Governor Sarah Palin was to be his VP candidate for the 2008 Republican ticket, it's safe to say that we as a nation were collectively shocked at the choice. One of our first thoughts at those early morning publicity shots wallpapered on the news was, "Hey, she's kinda hot." But then the news from her adopted state (she's actually from Sandpoint, Idaho) began to trickle down to the rest of the country about her true nature as a wolf-shooting, witch doctor-worshipping, global warming-doubting, book-banning, Roe v. Wade-overturning, oil addicted zealot who makes Dick Cheney look like RFK. One of the first to actually call Palin out on her shit before it became all the rage to bash her was the Alaskan rock band Portugal. The Man, a group that boasts two members who grew up in Wasilla, the small city where Palin served as mayor before dubiously winning the gubernatorial race by handily defeating an unpopular incumbent. "All through my smaller years, from a boy through to a man, I have known true Alaskans..." proclaimed guitarist/vocalist John Gourley on the group's website ([www.portugaltheman.net](http://www.portugaltheman.net)) shortly after news of the Palin VP announcement. "...We don't need a wolf in sheep's clothing... or a sheep in wolves clothing, depending on how you look at it. She has billed herself as this overly average 'hockey mom' and it is just not what I see. I see the sport hunter, the censor, choice taker, the revelations reader and the high school cheerleader. It is endlessly embarrassing to watch people fall all over this idea. This is not my Alaska. The Alaska I know." Upon reading this wonderful, insightful blog, which is still up on the group's website and we strongly encourage you to check it out, we reached out to P. TM to gain a little more insight into their views on the woman who, in less than a month, could very well (gulp) be a heartbeat away from running our already-ravaged country and her effect on Wasilla and Alaska in general in an email conversation with bassist/vocalist Zachary Scott Carrothers. However, based on the recent antics in the McCain-Palin camp, the margin of that happening is looking less and less likely. Hopefully, P. TM's amazing new album, *Censored Colors*, is out now on Equal Vision Records. -Ed.

**IRT: What was your initial reaction when you first heard the news about Sarah Palin being McCain's choice for VP?**

**Zachary Scott Carrothers:** Honestly, I thought it was a joke. I woke up and the first text I read said that she was running with McCain. I wrote a haha back to my buddy then realized I had about nine more text from Alaskan friends...shocked.

**IRT: When she was acting mayor of your town, how drastic was the change to its landscape upon her taking office?**

**ZSC:** I obviously didn't notice much at the time. I was fifteen and politics were not my biggest concern. Although she did do things that even an oblivious teenager would be aware of. I remember the sales tax raising and more cops; only looking back do I realize what was going on and why it was happening.

**IRT: What was her rationale behind not putting the polar bear on the endangered species list?**

**ZSC:** Ha. I don't think I know anyone who can answer that. It's just not rational. My guess is that it will make it easier to drill for oil. The bears live where the oil is, no one is going to let people drill in an endangered species habitat. And.... she's a trophy hunter. Weak. Polar bears are amazing animals and very rare.

There is no reason to shoot them...unless maybe if they're trying to kill you.

**IRT: How, specifically, has Alaska as a state changed under Palin's rule as governor?**

**ZSC:** I don't feel that it's changed a ton....that's the problem. We should all evolve with the times. Alaska has always been a very conservative and sheltered place. A part of me finds comfort in that, but gimme a break. Grow up, Alaska.

**IRT: You mentioned that when she served as a mayor of Wasilla, she had a librarian fired for not taking certain books off the shelf of the town library. What books were these?**

**ZSC:** I'm not sure...according to the paper, no titles were mentioned. Scandals can get out of control. The way dirt gets around, she could have been asking to remove books because the library was getting full....but I doubt it. She is a very conservative Christian. I don't understand the rational of conservative Christians.

**IRT: What's this business with her ex brother-in-law?**

**ZSC:** I believe her sister was having some custody issues. She allegedly tried to have the dude fired from his job as a state trooper. But I hear he is a real asshole anyway...That's messed up, but I don't want him to be a cop.

**IRT: What was your take on her acceptance speech at the RNC?**

**ZSC:** I actually only got to see bits and pieces. Everyone was raving how well spoken she is....duh...any politician should be. Any shitty actor is.

**IRT: How did you initially feel about this woman rising to power so fast, so quickly in your state, given the case she is not even a native Alaskan?**

**ZSC:** I wasn't too worried about Alaska...I didn't like her, but I'm probably not going to agree with anyone who governs Alaska...or anywhere for that matter. But on a national level, I don't feel she is ready, or a remotely good choice even if she was.

**IRT: In all honesty, do you think McCain/Palin has a shot at the White House in 2008?**

**ZSC:** Of course. Sadly, a whole lot of people in this country agree with those two on many subjects. I understand that. A lot of people fear change. It's normal. I understand we need both sides. Both wings to take off you know. But it should be balanced and everyone should be tolerant to the beliefs of others. Nothing is ever going to change if people don't change themselves just a bit. Jesus Christ could be president...won't matter. Half the people in the country are still going to be assholes.

**IRT: In your opinion, how has the landscape of Alaska changed on an environmental level since she was named governor?**

**ZSC:** I can't imagine she has done much damage yet...it takes a while to grasp the effects. I know that Alaska is hurting due to global warming. I've taken friends to see glaciers I used to love when I was a kid, and now they have been reduced to a few chunks of ice floating in a lake...weak.





# Prophecy of the Pheroze

**Former Death Metal Singer  
Finds New Voice as a Solo Artist**

**Story: Ed.**

In spite of New York City's unflattering corporate makeover of its Lower East Side district, there are still a few holdouts off the Bowery who refuse to go the way of CBGB and Tonic and continue to book talented local acts who fly below the radar of the neighborhood hipster cognoscenti. One such artist is the mighty Pheroze, the one-time frontman for mid-card death metal band Scar Culture whose great solo debut, *Driftwood*, finds him taking a left-hand turn into singer-songwriter territory with a sound reminiscent of System of a Down's Serj Tankian covering Jeff Buckley's *Grace*. Born in England to Indo-Persian roots, descended from Zoroastrian faith and raised in Saudi Arabia before making a move to New York in 1997, Pheroze is as well-spoken as he is well-traveled, and the IRT is pleased to present you with this exclusive interview with the most rockin' Zoroastrian to take on America since Freddie Mercury.

**IRT: You moved to NYC in 1997. Where were you previously?**

**Pheroze:** I was born in London, spent most of my youth in India and Saudi Arabia, went to high school in Connecticut and then came to New York right after that.

**IRT: What are your thoughts on how NYC has changed since you first arrived here?**

**Pheroze:** New York, more than any other city I've ever seen, is really damn good at holding a big shiny mirror up to your face and asking you to look at who you really are. The more honest you are here, the more you'll truly thrive and enjoy yourself here. I think the intention of the newcomers to New York has changed over my time here. Everyone used to seem much more interconnected. You know the most distressing thing I've noticed since I've moved here? It's that more and more people seem to regard their time in living in New York as a transition time in their life. People seem to pass through and take what they want without giving anything back. When I moved here I moved with intention to live here, to make a home here and to become part of the energy that comprises this city. This isn't a place where one can float along without focus and be happy. If you try and deny who you are, then you'll attract more of a sham lifestyle around you. Think people are rude here? I find you get treated here as you truly treat other people. Think this isn't a good place to raise a family? Then your environmental idea of family values probably errs on the side of a homogenized community rather than large-scale diverse immersion. Which is fine, but be honest about it! Finding it tough to meet people here? Then get online and look for people you think you'll gel with. They're out there, and thinking the same damn thing. The people who pass through here tend to blame the city for so much, but all this place asks you to do is be honest with yourself and take some initiative in your life. Oh, and I was pissed when they closed down Coney Island High. I saw so many great shows there. Now I will dismount this soapbox.

**IRT: When did you first start listening to heavy metal?**

**Pheroze:** Back in the early 90's a friend of mine and I shoplifted a few cassette tapes from a bootleg music store in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. I think he took Metallica's *Ride the Lightning* and I know I took Soundgarden's *Badmotorfinger*. That's when I started listening to rock and metal. Soundgarden, Metallica, Queen, Faith No More and Pro-Pain were all favorites back then.

**IRT: Growing up in Saudi Arabia, how hard was it to listen to Western music like metal? Was there any sort of underground following for metal over there?**

**Pheroze:** Public performances of any kind were illegal there. So there wasn't any live music scene whatsoever. There weren't many radio stations at the time either and whatever was there was very heavily censored. We had two TV stations, one in English and one in Arabic that would be on from the hours of 4pm to 11pm. I would discover new music when my family would go on vacation to the U.S. or elsewhere, and bring it back with me and share it with other kids at my school that did the same. It was super easy to get bootleg cassettes of pretty much any album, so sometimes I would just pick up something because I liked the album cover and see if I liked the music too. In my last two years of living there, satellite TV was available although it was illegal to have a satellite dish. But the government couldn't really block the signal, only the actual physical possession of a dish, so as long as you hid the dish well you were ok. That opened up a few music channels like Asian MTV and I got exposed to a few bands that way.

**IRT: You paid for your first guitar selling old issues of Penthouse for \$70 a pop. Was there ever a moment where you felt you almost got caught, and more importantly, what kind of guitar did you end up purchasing with the money and from where?**

**Pheroze:** I got a black strat style Epiphone with a floating Floyd Rose bridge from this small music shop inside a mall on Olaya Street in Riyadh. They only had about 6 guitars to choose from, mostly Samick's and Epiphone's. The only time I was worried about getting caught was when I brought the magazines into the country. I had rolled them up and inserted them into the liner of my jacket knowing that customs at the airport would only search the bags. It wasn't like I had a porn smuggling racket going on, just a few magazines to sell to the local kids. I was only twelve, but in retrospect it was a stupid thing to do, as Saudi Arabia really doesn't take that kind of stuff very lightly, no matter what your age.



**IRT: What prompted you to leave your metal band, Scar Culture, behind and go the singer-songwriter route?**

**Pheroze:** With Scar Culture, I didn't really write much music as we were a death metal band and I don't write death metal. The music I write would have made as much sense for that band as Dolph Lundgren in a fist-fight with Ms. Piggy in a Muppets movie, which actually makes a lot of sense now that I think about it. I would get home from tour and realize that I hadn't picked up my guitar in 3 months and that I hadn't written anything in just as long. My time with Scar Culture was so focused on the business side of things and trying to corral the people around me to strive for bigger and better and keep our spirits up. I just didn't have it in me any more to do that without also feeding my creative side. Things just kept spiraling until I couldn't really deal with it anymore.

**IRT: How do you feel about the state of heavy metal today?**

**Pheroze:** Well, the last few albums I got were by Dax Riggs, Sia, Muse and Bebel Gilberto. So that tells you how much metal I'm listening to these days! It's funny though, from the outside it almost seems like there's resurgence in the glam style of the 80's era of metal, just with a fresh coat of paint. I mean that's the only damn era apart from now that a band named Dragonforce could see any kind of commercial success! I'm super happy that old friends like Killswitch Engage who we had toured with and old label mates like Shadow's Fall are getting recognition though. They're great bands that really worked hard for their success. And I am interested in seeing how the Carcass reunion will turn out and whether At the Gates will record a new album or if they're just doing a reunion tour. The last metal record I bought was the third Down album, which is pretty great. But that's about it as far as current metal goes for me. If I feel like listening to something heavy, I'll put on something old and familiar rather than scout out new metal bands – I'm lame like that. Even back in my Scar Culture days when we were touring I was listening to a lot more of Marvin Gaye than Dying Fetus.

**IRT: I hear a lot of Jeff Buckley in your music. How did you discover his music?**

**Pheroze:** Thanks. Jeff Buckley is definitely an influence of mine. It always seemed that his voice was on the edge of breaking, like at any minute he could totally lose control over it. I love that in a musician. The summer, before I moved to New York, I took a few classes at the Berklee College of Music in Boston. One day when I went into class, my teacher told us that Jeff Buckley's body had just been found in the Mississippi river. I had never heard his music before then, but I saw the album *Grace* in a used CD store a few days later and picked it up. Because I'm lazy it took me four years to get around to listening to it, but as soon as I put it on I was mesmerized! Unfortunately I never had a chance to see him play. At least not physically. In spirit, I think I see him play all the time.

**IRT: Being of the same denomination as Freddie Mercury, I am sure you are a fan of Queen. Do you have a favorite album of theirs? Which one is it and why?**

**Pheroze:** Oh man. Would it be truly awful to say that I like their Greatest Hits CD's the best? Yeah it would. So I won't say that! On merits of musicality and performance, I'll go with *Live at Wembley '86*. It really strips them down to their core and their amazing musicianship really shines through on that live performance. The balance of making their songs tick live and their improvisation skills are captured pretty phenomenally on there. On merits of mustache, I'd have to go with Freddie Mercury's solo album, *Mr. Bad Guy*. He's got one hell of a mean looking 'stache on that album cover.

**IRT: What was the reason behind calling your album *Driftwood*?**

**Pheroze:** Because the title *Led Zeppelin IV* was already taken. And naming it *Led Zeppelin Reunion Album* would have probably gotten me sued. When I left Scar Culture and my other band Namanista, I agonized for a year on how to do my solo project before I actually started recording anything. Up until that point I had always had a band that I could rely on to help make music come to life – all of a sudden I was on my own and had to figure out the best and most honest way to create the album and music I wanted to make. Except I didn't have the resources I used to have in order to do so like label support, other musicians etc. In the end I decided to just leave it alone because I developed enough confidence to know that the best path to creating this album and getting it out there would come to me, instead of me chasing it. And sure enough it did. When I set out to think of an album title, I wanted to choose something that embodied the experience I had been through of not holding too tightly to the past in order to define what I was doing now. The word driftwood embodies the image of breaking off, floating in a foreign element and letting the will of the world take you to your destination. To keep with the theme, my next album will be called *Rubber Duck*.

**IRT: On your album, you incorporate a few instruments native to your Indo/Persian heritage. How did you choose which instruments to use and the way in which you use them on *Driftwood*?**

**Pheroze:** Growing up, I spent a lot of time in India and was surrounded by all sorts of Eastern styles of music. My ears are used to hearing the quartertones used in the Indian tonal system and it affected my natural voicing early on. So it's ingrained in me. I had a lot of different Indian percussion lying around so if it made sense to use a certain instrument within a song then I put it to use, not always in the most traditional of ways. The song "Killer Whales" is actually completely percussion based – I didn't use a drum kit at all for that song. On "Daydreams" I play an Esraj at one part, which is kind of like a small Indian cello. My favorite instrument that I used was the Gopichand, which is this hybrid string and percussion instrument that I used in "Never Lie to the Pavement" and "Daydreams".

**IRT:** Having roots in both Saudi Arabia and India, what are your thoughts on how American foreign policy is affected by both regions and how these countries view the United States?

**Pheroze:** Well, I don't really consider myself as having any roots in Saudi Arabia. I spent a good amount of my childhood there, but it's not the kind of place that lets you plant any roots if you're not native to the country. India is a different story as my parents are from there and I spent a good amount of my childhood there with family, but I still kind of think of myself as being rootless when it comes to country. I like it that way; it forces me to appreciate wherever I am at any given time. Saudi Arabia kind of has the U.S. by the balls don't they? I mean here's a country that completely pisses all over the very foundation of beliefs that America is built upon – from human rights to freedom of speech – yet the U.S. still treats them with kid gloves. Oil seems to be more important than supporting ones moral ground in that relationship. Saudi Arabia embraces the U.S. from a business perspective yet touts the U.S. way of life as being sinful. When I was growing up there, the education system only went up to the 9th grade if you were foreign because the government didn't want foreign born kids corrupting their locality. With India you're talking about the largest democracy in the world – a country that used to be 26 different kingdoms that got united into one – and a country with thousands of years of rich history. Back in the Cold War, the U.S. wanted to use India as a strategic port against Russia. I believe Nehru said no, that they wouldn't take sides in the war. So the U.S. adopted a 'if you're not with us you're against us' policy on India. It's funny because the democracy and capitalism alone puts it in a similar mindset to the U.S. in the way that India has been relatively self-sufficient when it comes to their infrastructure and economy. They have their own film industry, music industry, food industry all of which are self-sufficient and cater directly to the Indian market. It's only very recently that U.S. franchises like McDonalds and Coca Cola have been allowed to take root in India, so it'll be interesting to see how things change as it progresses.

**IRT:** Being of Persian descent, what is your opinion of the relationship between Iran and the U.S.? Do you think America is just looking for an excuse for a fight or are they justified in their paranoia?

**Pheroze:** I should probably explain my Persian roots. I've never actually lived in Iran, but my religious and cultural heritage is Zoroastrianism, which is the first monotheistic religion and originated in ancient Persia around 700BC. Back to the question though: Is paranoia ever really justified? If the U.S. government could justify their paranoia then it would be knowledge. And if they have knowledge they why the hell don't they pass along concrete knowledge to the U.S. people so that the people don't have to experience paranoia? Probably because paranoia is the government's way of keeping people in fear, and when you're in fear you don't trust yourself to make choices. It's easy to give the government all your power and say 'I don't trust myself because I'm in fear, so choose for me'. Yes, I think the U.S. needs to keep the American people in fear while this whole Iraq mess is going on so that the attention is diverted away from what a fuck up it's truly been. And Iran is a convenient way to divert some of that attention and imbue some of that fear into people.

**IRT:** Have you experienced any instances of racism since moving to NYC?

**Pheroze:** Yes. But not so much in NYC, but while touring around the rest of the country with Scar Culture after 9/11. Even then it wasn't so bad, just a few stupid instances; which always amuses me because I'm not Middle Eastern and probably look more like a random dude from New Jersey than from the Middle East.

**IRT:** Who do you plan on voting for this year in the elections and why? How do you feel this candidate can help bring a sense of peace and stability between America and the Middle East? Can there ever be a sense of peace and stability between the two?

**Pheroze:** I'm not a U.S. citizen, so I'm not allowed to vote. I get the honor of paying taxes but I can't vote. It seems Obama possesses a more global viewpoint combined with a good mixture of decision-making and compassion. I don't really see what McCain has to offer. The republicans seems to tout his Vietnam veteran and P.O.W. past as boons to his candidacy– but if that was all it took to be a great president then Rambo should be considered a prime candidate. Actually, Rambo is my prime candidate. Stallone for president! Did you see the new *Rambo*? That man is out of his mind, it's awesome. As far as peace and stability between America and the Middle East – it already exists. I mean as long as there is economic benefit to both sides like the oil trade with Saudi Arabia and business opportunities in places like Dubai and Bahrain, there's some degree of stability present between governments. The U.S. isn't at war with a region; they're fighting a fundamentalist sub-section of a religion, which is much trickier. I don't know that people have wrapped their heads around the fact that there isn't a definitive 'bad guy' in this war – you can't point a finger at a country for this like you could in the Cold War or World War I or II. This is much more scattered than that and requires a globally unifying viewpoint to be fought effectively. And maybe Rambo could help out, too.







# DOSH EFFECTS

## anticon's Resident Beat Freak Speaks Out

Story: Ed.

Martin Dosh is one of the most talented acts on the anticon roster. The Minneapolis-based drummer and one-time music teacher has been a fixture of the avant-garde hip-hop movement since 2002, first as a member of the acclaimed abstract electronic folk ensemble Fog as well as his own works under the moniker Dosh. *Wolves and Wishes* is his fourth full-length release for the anticon label. And though he had no comment about the recent federally-sanctioned wolf-hunting activities of his native Minnesota (editor's note – this interview was conducted before the news broke that John McCain was picking an actual wolf-shooter as his VP candidate), he certainly had a lot to say about the method to the avant-garde madness behind his unique spin on instrumental hip-hop, as this exclusive chat testifies.

**IRT: How did you initially hook up with anticon.?**

**Dosh:** I was in the band Fog for a long time, and I met all those guys through Andrew Broder. When Clouthead and Reaching Quiet came through Minneapolis in 2002, I gave everybody on the bus my just finished first CD, and most of 'em liked it, I guess.

**IRT: I read that you have a background in education. Do you still have aspirations to teach?**

**Dosh:** Possibly. I don't really have any education on being an educator. Teaching percussion was something I learned to do on the job. It was kind of like, throw Martin in room with 6 kids and a bunch of toys and see what you come up with. It is hard work though, and takes more emotionally out of me than being on tour.

**IRT: You taught percussion at your alma mater to students. What drummers did you concentrate on and did you implement electronics into your curriculum?**

**Dosh:** As i said above, I didn't really teach in the conventional way. I simply tried to pull ideas out of the kids and get them to compose their own pieces with drums, bells, xylophones, etc. I brought the loop pedal into class a few times to explain that, and the kids made some pretty awesome stuff with it.

**IRT: How did you initially come into creating the Dosh sound?**

**Dosh:** By accident. Getting a Tascam 424 4-track at the age of 23 was the first step, then getting an Akai Headrush loop pedal 5 years later and figuring out how to run a whole bunch of stuff through it simultaneously was the second step. None of this process was deliberate, it was all trial and error, and recording everything as i slowly learned what i was doing.

**IRT: I understand that a lot of your compositions start off on your Fender Rhodes. What is it that gravitates you to the Rhodes and who are some of your favorite keyboard players whose weapon of choice is the Fender Rhodes?**

**Dosh:** I like the Rhodes because it is a totally malleable (and easy to repair compared to Wurlitzers) instrument. Each one has its own characteristics, and if some thing doesn't sound right, it can be tweaked. Also, hitting the open tines on the top of the Rhodes is one of my favorite sounds I've stumbled across, and there is simply no other instrument that can get that exact sound.

**IRT: What initially inspired you to start sound looping?**

**Dosh:** Playing with my friend John Jindra's Headrush pedal for ten minutes back in 1999 got me irrevocably hooked.

**IRT: Some of your work reminds me a bit of Steve Reich, particularly his Six Marimbas material. Is he a particular inspiration for you? If not, who inspires you to create the music for Dosh?**

**Dosh:** I haven't heard much Steve Reich, but i get that a lot. I'm primarily inspired by drums. James Brown, The Meters, John Bonham, Elvin Jones, Mitch Mitchell, DJ Muggs, the RZA...I could go on and on.

**IRT: On your new album, am I hearing things or are there strains of African influences in there somewhere, particularly the kora music of Toumani Diabaté ? Are you a fan of African music?**

**Dosh:** Absolutely, but aside from Tony Allen and Fela Kuti, I am not terribly knowledgeable in this area. I like Tinariwen and Konono No. 1, too.

**IRT: How did you come to hook up with Andrew Bird? Were you a fan of his early stuff with Bowl of Fire and Squirrel Nut Zippers? Both of you have very similar styles in the way you loop sounds and utilize instruments. Are there any future plans for a full-on studio collaboration as Dosh/Bird?**

**Dosh:** We met when i opened for him in Minneapolis in early 2005. He was looking for a drummer/keyboardist and liked what I was doing. I do like his early stuff, and I think it's pretty cool how he has evolved over the years. I never saw him perform with the Bowl of Fire, but that was pretty dang good band. As far as a full-blown Dosh/Bird record, we've been talking about it for a long time, but there are no specific plans. Certainly not before the end of next year, as his new record is in the works now and we'll be touring a lot next year.







# Brooklyn Airways

## *In-Fight Radio Brings the Sound of England to the County of the Kings*

Story  
by Ed.

The spirit of classic British alt-rock is alive and well in the driving sound of Brooklyn's In Flight Radio, who brings a little bit of post-Fab Liverpool gloom to the streets of the Kings County. The combination of the lush vocals of Park Slope's own neighborhood beauty Peira, guitarist Saric, bassist (and AAM's college radio guru) Devin Krug on bass and Mike Dawson on the drums sounds something like Travis with a female singer and a pair of actual balls behind their rock action, as their impressive second LP, *The Sound Inside*, justifiably signifies. Peira took the time out to talk with IRT about the ascension of In Flight Radio and the massive changes going down on her hometown streets.

**IRT: What are the origins of your name?**

**Peira:** Our bass player, Devin, came up with the name of the band. He's been in several bands since he was in high school and he always came up with the names. I think it started when he was like 12 or 13 and he named the band he had with his neighbor after Def Leppard. They named the band Blind Tiger. Thankfully he came up with a better name for us.

**IRT: Where are you from in Brooklyn?**

**Peira:** Believe it or not, I actually grew up here. As did my father and my grandfather. The first few years of my life I lived above a venetian blind company in the Windsor Terrace area which is amazingly still there. The rest of my childhood, I grew up in Park Slope which is unrecognizable these days, and now I'm back in the Windsor Terrace area. Devin (bass) has lived in Brooklyn for about 10 years, Saric (guitar) is from Peru and has lived in the city about 3 years, and Mike (drums) actually lives right outside of the city.

**IRT: What are your thoughts on the Brooklyn scene today?**

**Peira:** It's actually kind of insane how much it's changed. Recently, one of the last bodegas left standing on my old corner turned into a fancy restaurant. It's too bad because that place was awesome. They had like three things in the store and a machete hanging behind the candy on the counter. Oh, I miss the good old days.

**IRT: You seem to have a heavy MySpace presence and make sure to stay in touch with everyone who leaves you comments and kudos. Any funny MySpace stories from all of your social interactions on the site?**

**Peira:** Nice of you to have noticed! We really do try to stay in

touch with our fans. After all, without them, I'd still be sitting on my couch playing for my TV. And some funny stories...hmmm...in general everyone is very nice. However, one time I got a very angry message from a thirteen-year-old in Australia or something and I decided to teach her a lesson. So I wrote back that she shouldn't say cruel things to other people in order to make her feel better about herself. I thought that she would write back something horrible, but instead she was very apologetic and said she wouldn't do something like that again. I told her not to worry and it turned into this really nice conversation. Besides that, I did also once get a friend request from someone named Cock who had a picture of a very little man riding the back of a very very large woman in a bikini. I denied the request. Should I have accepted?

**IRT: What is your favorite new club in NYC and why?**

**Peira:** New club? Hmm – it isn't new, but I love the Bowery Ballroom and would love to play there one of these days. There isn't a bad spot in the house and I've seen so many amazing shows there. When I'm in the mood for a smaller venue, I love The Rockwood Music Hall. It's got such a great vibe, and it's free so people can just walk in and check out what's going on (a rare thing in NYC).

**IRT: What club in NYC do you miss the most and why?**

**Peira:** I miss Sin-e. It was a great place to play with great sound. I was sad to see it go.

**IRT: Your music has been compared to both Coldplay and the Cocteau Twins. Where do you feel your music falls in that spectrum, personally?**

**Peira:** I think that we definitely have elements of both of those bands in our music while still maintaining our own distinct sound. Specifically, I would say that we share the emotion of Coldplay and the atmosphere of The Cocteau Twins.

**IRT: Being from Brooklyn, what are your thoughts on the radical changes going on in the more artistically-inclined neighborhoods in lieu of gentrification and re-development?**

**Peira:** Oh God, don't get me started. This could be a very long answer. I'll just say this – I don't know where all of the people that I grew up with are now. Where are the guys from the bodega on my old corner or the kids that I used to play with on my street? They are certainly not on the old block anymore amidst the million dollar condos and swanky restaurants. Listen, I'm happy for my dad that the crack house he bought in '79 is now worth something, but I do really miss the old neighborhood.





# GEORGE CARLIN

## In Rememberance

### May 12, 1937 - June 22, 2008

Story: Ed.

The thing I have heard most in regards to the shocking and untimely passing of the great George Carlin earlier this summer is from the people who always had been meaning to see him perform live but kept putting it off, thinking that he would be back around again sooner than later.

"Why the hell didn't I go see him when I had the chance?" lamented a friend of mine on the online community Multiply.com.

Carlin was scheduled to play the Borgata in Atlantic City on July 26th, and Michele and I were actually toying with the notion of going to check out the show and make a weekend of out it in AC. Having grown up sneaking peeks at his HBO specials since I was too young to hear the words that were coming out of his mouth, Carlin always fascinated me.

In fact, the night before I finished writing this, HBO2 was airing a marathon of all of his comedy specials he had done for Home Box and we had stumbled upon *George Carlin Again* from 1978 right in the middle of his rap about mortality and death. It was very odd to hear a man who had just died not even five days ago wax comedic about what goes on after one passes through the ether, and I didn't know whether or not to feel guilty about laughing. But when you come to think of it, it's probably what George would have wanted.

Hell, it could have very well been the thought that was going through his head when he was working up his death material; that someday he would die (not pass away, which according to Carlin, sounded too tame) and HBO would dust off all his old comedy specials where he ranted about mortality to give his fans a bit of levity in lieu of the tears.



Hearing George Carlin do stand-up was like opera, albeit raunchy counterculture opera. His grasp of the English language was beyond comparison. He was a verbal machine gun, spitting out rounds of wit and humor into the crowd the way Jimi Hendrix scaled off licks on his lefty Fender Strat. Even at 71, the man never missed a beat, even though his concerts were more like socio-political seminars from a funny, wizened college professor than the man who immortalized cursing with his "Seven Dirty Words" routine.

The man was a true giant of his craft, a master of funny. His death was a shock to the system to everyone who knew of him, be they rabid Carlin diehards or casual fans who ever laughed at one of his musings on life, death, politics, sex, religion, dogs, traffic, abortion and the women who are against it, marriage, planes, trains, automobiles and just about anything else you could think of that can be spun into a comedic quip.

Rest in Peace, George Carlin.

You will be greatly missed and speaking on behalf of those of us who always wanted to see you in the round but never had the chance, we can only but live with the regret and continue to wear out the grooves of our copy of *Class Clown*.



# A Random List of Classic Carlin Quotes

"As a matter of principle, I never attend the first annual anything."

"Frisbeetarianism is the belief that when you die, your soul goes up on the roof and gets stuck."

"Honesty may be the best policy, but it's important to remember that apparently, by elimination, dishonesty is the second-best policy."

"I think it's the duty of the comedian to find out where the line is drawn and cross it deliberately."

"I'm completely in favor of the separation of Church and State. My idea is that these two institutions screw us up enough on their own, so both of them together is certain death."

"I'm not concerned about all hell breaking loose, but that a PART of hell will break loose... it'll be much harder to detect."

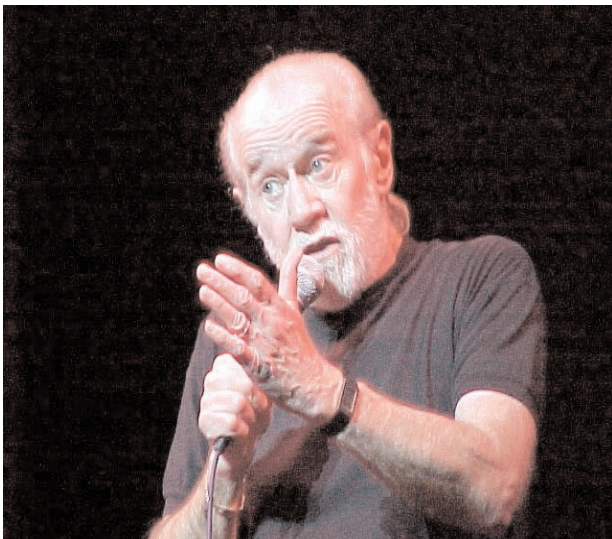
"If it's true that our species is alone in the universe, then I'd have to say that the universe aimed rather low and settled for very little."

"If lawyers are disbarred and clergymen defrocked, doesn't it follow that electricians can be delighted, musicians denoted?"

"It's never just a game when you're winning."

"Some national parks have long waiting lists for camping reservations. When you have to wait a year to sleep next to a tree, something is wrong."

"The very existence of flamethrowers proves that some time, somewhere, someone said to themselves, 'You know, I want to set those people over there on fire, but I'm just not close enough to get the job done.'"



"There are nights when the wolves are silent and only the moon howls."

"There's no present. There's only the immediate future and the recent past."

"Think of how stupid the average person is, and realize half of them are stupider than that."

"Weather forecast for tonight: dark. Continued dark overnight, with widely scattered light by morning."

"Well, if crime fighters fight crime and fire fighters fight fire, what do freedom fighters fight? They never mention that part to us, do they?"

"When someone asks you, A penny for your thoughts, and you put your two cents in, what happens to the other penny?"

"I don't have hobbies; hobbies cost money. Interests are quite free."

"I know a transsexual guy whose only ambition is to eat, drink and be Mary."

"Fun Stuff: walk into a gun store, buy three guns and a bunch of ammunition; then ask them if they have any ski masks."

"Masturbation: shaking hands with the unemployed."

"If someone with multiple personalities threatens to kill himself, is it considered a hostage situation?"

"What's all this stuff about motivation? I say, if you need motivation, you probably need more than motivation. You probably need chemical intervention or brain surgery. Actually, if you ask me, this country could do with a little less motivation. The people who are causing all the trouble seem highly motivated to me."

"Ever wonder about those people who spend \$2 apiece on those little bottles of Evian water? Try spelling Evian backward."

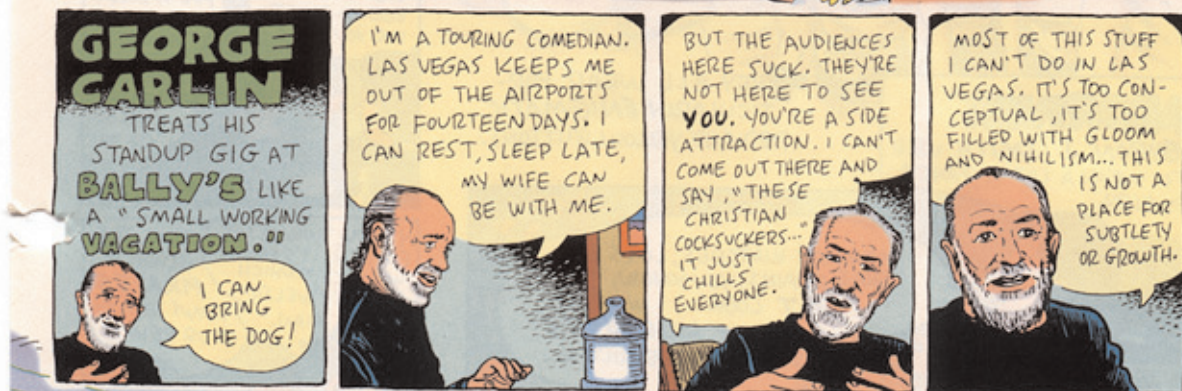
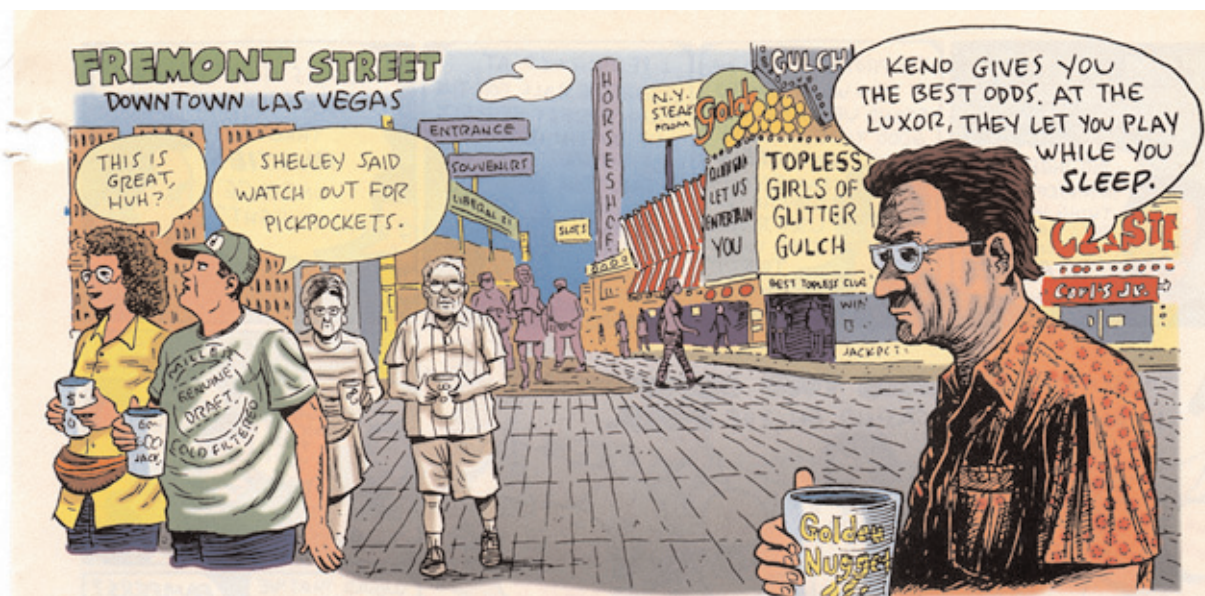
"I like Florida. Everything is in the 80's: the temperatures, the ages and the IQ's."

"The day after tomorrow is the third day of the rest of your life."

"The IQ and the life expectancy of the average American recently passed each other going in opposite directions."

"If a man smiles all the time he's probably selling something that doesn't work."







# MOUNTAIN MADNESS

## A Conversation with Dave Berman of the Silver Jews

Interview by Brian Kelly

The following email interview with Dave Berman of the Silver Jews was turned in without an introduction from longtime IRT contributor and frontman for the finest rock band to come out of Levittown, NY since the Velvet Underground, Aeroplane Pageant, Mr. Brian Kelly, in correspondence with the release of the Jews' latest Drag City classic, *Lookout Mountain, Lookout Sea*, as well as the Michael Tully-directed DVD documentary, *Silver Jew*, which makes for great viewing on a cold October afternoon. Enjoy.

**IRT:** How do you drink your coffee?

**Dave Berman:** I like it with caffeine, milk and sugar. But I only drink it twice a week or so to preserve its life-giving powers for when I really need it.

**IRT:** How old were you when you wrote your first sad song? Can you recall the lyrics?

**Berman:** I don't think I've ever wrote a really sad song. Not sad, like "hello in there" by John Prine.

**IRT:** "The Emperor of Ice Cream" vs. American Idol and the gap in between...your thoughts??

**Berman:** A Yiddish proverb: It is bitter and bad when the people are wrong. See also "the masses are asses". Der Oilem iz der goilem.

**IRT:** Who is your favorite rock guitarist? And, why is he/she your favorite?

**Berman:** Glenn Phillips, from the Hampton Grease Band, not the Glenn Phillips from Toad the Wet Sprocket. Such harm has been done to the first Glenn by the advent of the second Glenn.

**IRT:** What was it like to study with James Tate? Is there a poem you like best by him?

**Berman:** I was honored whenever he approved of what I was writing. When he was reading a poem of mine silently and he laughed, I was very happy. I like "Goodtime Jesus".

**IRT:** You speak of a "Candy Jail" on this latest release. Where can one find a Candy Jail?

**Berman:** At Opry Mills on Briley Parkway.



**IRT:** Does Franz Kafka still exist or did he die just as easily as the Beatles will?

**Berman:** I think he will exist until boredom has been completely evaporated – until the last bit of skin has been sucked into the mainframe.

**IRT:** In long tradition of songwriting, which songwriter came/comes closest to fusing poetry with music?

**Berman:** Probably Leonard Cohen's *Greatest Hits*.

**IRT:** The presidential election of 2008: Any bets?

**Berman:** Whoever wins will be History's dupe.

**IRT:** Do you have a favorite song on *Lookout Mountain, Lookout Sea*? And what was it like to make this record in comparison to the others.

**Berman:** I like "Candy Jail" and "We Could Be Looking". Making it was a lot like the last one. A hassle and a half.

**IRT:** Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen, Bill Cosby, Lou Reed, Robert Johnson or John Lennon: Who would be your first choice to discuss the art of songwriting? And what would be your first question?

**Berman:** I guess John Lennon reached the highest and furthest of any of them, but by 1976 he was one of the stupidest people on earth. Could I speak to the guy from Prefab Sprout?



**IRT:** What other forms of media do you study, aside from music and poetry, to enable your craft?

**Berman:** I claim to like contemporary painting. I always like to mention how I haven't seen a movie in years, since it drives people crazy.

**IRT:** Have you ever stolen anything before?

**Berman:** Yes. The other day I stole an strangely attractive foam mousepad from an internet café on the Rue de Clichy.

**IRT:** Can we expect another book of poetry in the near future?

**Berman:** It probably won't be poetry or near, but I'm going to make some books.

**IRT:** You've always blended dark and comedy so well...do you dress well too?

**Berman:** I one of those mysterious people born between sizes. Neither medium nor large, I exist in a node of apparel, that has kept my wardrobe unstable for as long as I can remember.

**IRT:** Do you ever listen to your own records?

**Berman:** I think that's what drunks do.

**IRT:** Can you explain, in a broad sense, the narrative arc of your songwriting from the very beginnings to what you try to do now?

**Berman:** I was waiting for a critic to do that but it doesn't look like it's going to happen anytime soon.

**IRT:** Has "Indie Rock" become yet another commodity past the point of extinction?

**Berman:** It could be a vessel for someone to put a message into. People who are indifferent to meaning in music, degrade all of our situations but it doesn't mean they can't be stopped.

**IRT:** Who is breaking the rules of songwriting best right now?

**Berman:** I think we all know the answer has to be Franz Ferdinand.

**IRT:** Do you find it strange that most people will go their whole lives without penning a single song?

**Berman:** No. It is very difficult. It is much easier to go to cooking school.

**IRT:** Any advice for a blossoming musician when considering the current state of the record industry?

**Berman:** Try to get into the Culinary Institute of the Arts. Major in Wild Game with a Minor in Sauces.

**IRT:** Do you polemic based questions are interview-inappropriate? (SEE question #9)

**Berman:** Definitely yes. This has been very fun.

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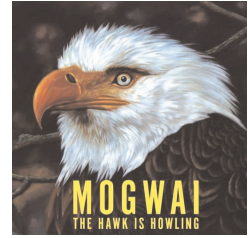


# THE IRT REVIEW

No. 9.5 Fall 2008

Editor: Patch Atomz

"We just wanted to record ten good songs. There wasn't really any specifics at all. Any time we have had aims at the beginning, it's normally just backfired, horribly." -Stuart Braithwaite, Mogwai



## MOGWAI

The Hawk Is Howling (Matador)

Review by Nicole Wertheim

So I just got done reading Pitchfork's review of the new Mogwai album, *The Hawk Is Howling*.

As a music journalist, I make a point to never read anyone else's reviews. It fucks with my head and my self-esteem because it always feels like everyone else out there who's writing about music is doing a way better job at it than I am. But this review, if it isn't a joke, is a total piece of turd. The reviewer basically took every song on the album and broke it down via mini-essays of pompous crap. When speaking about "I'm Jim Morrison - I'm Dead", the opening track, the reviewer spends more time talking about Morrison as a total genius (and giving a ton of unnecessary background information) than the quality of the actual track. Also, keep in mind that it's an unspoken word in music journalism that you don't review every single fucking track. There's no point, and the reader is going to get real bored real fast.

I don't mean to sound pretentious, but for the first time it feels like I'm better than someone else in terms of being a rock writer.

But then, of course, we come to that inevitable pitfall—what if it's all a huge joke? What if, in a totally underhanded and clever way, the reviewer is mocking the total snobbery of Mogwai fans (along with every other fucker who's a post-rock fan)? It's completely plausible, especially when you remember that Pitchfork, whether you like 'em or not, is a completely credible online source. It's referenced anywhere and everywhere, those shitters, despite how good or bad the writing is. Obviously a site with this much credibility puts its applicants through a rigorous hiring process. Bad writing like this wouldn't make the cut. My only conclusion is that it's a joke. Or someone fell through some cracks.

All that being said, the album itself? It's all right, I guess. No Mr. Beast, at least not that I've noticed so far. "Danphe and the Brain" is all right, but like aside from that the whole thing sways back and forth in the same pattern, with no jagged lines to intervene. "I'm Jim Morrison - I'm Dead" is killer-ish, but the ish is really emphasized in that sentence.

Overall? Seems like a bit of a letdown, if you ask me. It's a sad day when the Pitchfork review of the album is more interesting than the actual album itself.

**B.B. KING****One Kind Favor (Geffen)**

On his first studio album for Geffen, the 82-year-old King sounds as powerful as he ever has. Flanked by the caring production of T-Bone Burnett, who enlists a supergroup-style session group consisting of Dr. John on piano, Jim Keltner on drums and bassist Nathan East among others, *One Kind Favor* is downright better than anything King has come out with on the studio tip since 1969's *Completely Well*. He might not rip on old Lucille like he used to, but his licks remain unlike any other guitar player on earth, and on searing versions of such blues standards as Blind Lemon Jefferson's "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean" and the Mississippi Sheiks' "Sitting On Top Of The World" he sings like a man half his age. Amazing stuff. —Rutherford B. Hays

**HOWLIN RAIN****Magnificent Fiend (American)**

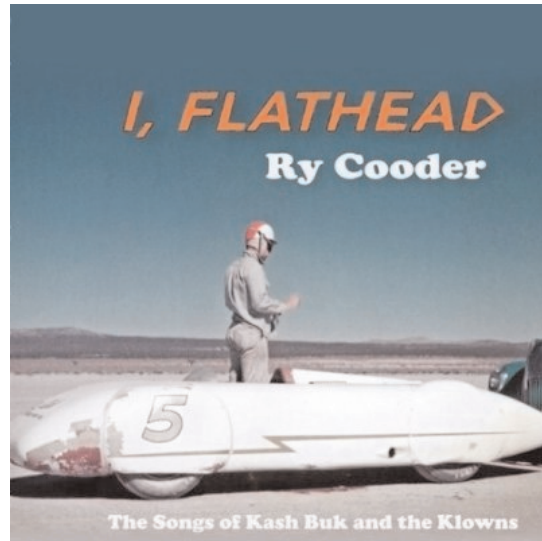
Howlin Rain went on tour with the Black Crowes not too long ago, and that must have been one of the best double bills to come down the pike in recent memory. However, how much do you wanna make a bet Comets On Fire frontman Ethan Miller's ensemble blew those birds off the stage every night, especially given the strength of the material on *Magnificent Fiend*, their debut on the Crowes' old roost, American Records. —Chester A. Arthur

**T-BONE BURNETT****Tooth of Crime (Nonesuch)**

After producing great new albums for BB King and Robert Plant and Alison Krauss this year, T-Bone returns to the studio for himself with *Tooth of Crime*, his label debut for Nonesuch. Flanked by a heavy-duty crew of stellar musicians, chief among them among them guitarist Marc Ribot and legendary session drummer Jim Keltner, the album is a moody, masterful concept piece based on the 1996 stage production by playwright Sam Shepard. Anyone who is a fan of Burnett's production on such Elvis Costello's *Spike* and his excellent work with Sam Phillips (who appears on the track "Dope Island" here) will find reason to celebrate this most exceptional release from one of America's finest chairmen of the (mixing) board. —Rutherford B. Hays

**MUDHONEY****The Lucky Ones (Sub Pop)**

Mudhoney has outlasted so many trends in music that they should and are seen as heroes and elder statesmen. They started out with a simple sound that laid the foundations for grunge. The bands last few records have expanded on the sound adding horns and going in amore pop direction, but the band's latest strips it all bare again and goes back the basics of what Mudhoney are all about. Raw, yet clear. Snarky yet mature This an album by a band who has nothing to prove to anyone but themselves and they do it for the love of it. The guitar still has muscle and Mark arm's voice still musters up angst and sarcasm. Coming from someone who was a fan when grunge first broke it's great to see somebody still keeping it real. —Brad Filicky

**RY COODER****I, Flathead (Nonesuch)**

The third and best chapter of Cooder's LA Trilogy, *I, Flathead* copes with the disappearance of his America by reminiscing about the old school California car culture that dominated the Sunset Strip back in the Eisenhower days. Easily his best rock album since *Bop Til You Drop*, *Flathead* finds Ry paying tribute to Johnny Cash, singing about a dog named Spade Cooley, paying homage to Filipino women and haggling with a Mexican repairman, all in his trademark ethnic country-jazz-a-billy style flavor. A brilliant testimonial to old California from one of rock's unsung living legends. —Grover Cleveland

**SLIPKNOT****All Hope Is Gone (Roadrunner)**

Usually bands lose their edge way before their fourth album. Hell, these days very few bands last long enough to even make a fourth album. Then there's Slipknot. Say what you will about this band, but on this new album they are just as intense as they were in '99. When they want to be. There are softer moments here that could be a sign of weakness if the band didn't grow as musicians. And I'm willing to let those moments slide when songs like "Gematria (The Killing Name)" are pure catharsis. On a bit of a side note the band is at its most political on this record. Not that that really matters. Slipknot has always been about getting the poison out, not about deep lyrics. In the end the masks and jumpsuits don't matter. What does is whether or not the band delivers. And they do. In spades. —Brad Filicky

**CHAD VANGAALLEN****Soft Airplane (Sub Pop)**

For everyone who touts Iron & Wine as the new golden boy of Sub Pop's new era, listen to this amazing album from the most underrated cat on the 20-year-old indie institution's roster and stand corrected. Though the Canadian's music may not be as neatly pre-packaged for hipster immortality as Beam's, Vangaalen's electric/acoustic musings is as animated as the illustrations he creates for his cover art. This is the music the Flaming Lips could be making if they took a pin to Wayne Coyne's inflated ego. —Ed.





### CAESARS

**Strawberry Weed (Astralwerks)**

Q&A Review by Ed.

**IRT: What is the story behind the new album's title, *Strawberry Weed*?**

**Caesars:** First it gives you nice pictures in your head, but there also is a story about the eccentric Danish millionaire Simon Spies, of Spies travels, known for a flamboyant living (public nudity, groupsex, and long long hair.). He wanted to cultivate a mix of his two favourite growing things, *Fragraria* and *Cannabis*.

**IRT: What kind of high does *Strawberry Weed* give you?**

**Caesars:** A blessed-out fruity one.

**IRT: What is Sweden's policy on marijuana? Are they as tolerant as Denmark and Holland?**

**Caesars:** Extremely intolerant.

**IRT: What albums were you guys listening to a lot during the making of *Strawberry Weed*? How did these albums inspire the creation of these twelve new songs?**

**Caesars:** Decades of indulging still buzzing in our heads. Indulging in music, that is

**IRT: How did you approach the creation of *Strawberry Weed* that differs from the way you recorded your last five albums?**

**Caesars:** No big difference, except for using an outside producer, Ebbot Lunberg (frontman for Sweden's Soundtrack *Of Our Lives*).

**IRT: The iPod commercial. Good or bad thing for Caesars?**

**Caesars:** The whole thing became a bit goofy, but so is the song, so...

**IRT: I understand that you guys don't tour America. Why is that? What is it about the US that deters you from playing shows here?**

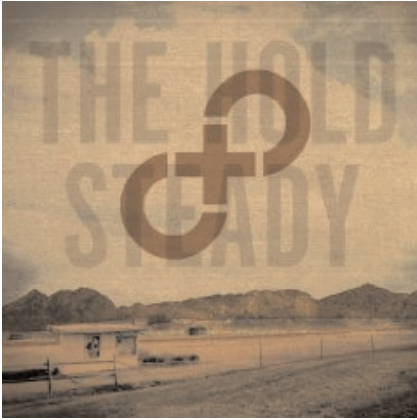
**Caesars:** USA is a very big country so it differs quite a lot. Playing gigs is pretty much the same everywhere you go. But the first time we toured the U.S., you guys just decided to bomb the crap out of the cradle of western civilization. That was a special experience. Being in a country that fights a war. With all the propaganda and shit.

**IRT: What is your favorite country to play and why?**

**Caesars:** Germany is nice, because they always treat you very good. And everything is very well organized. And Japan, because it is such an amazing and weird place.

**IRT: On Wikipedia, *Strawberry Weed* is listed as having 24 songs. But the US release only has 12. What was the reason behind halving the album and was the album intended to be a double LP all along? What is to become of the songs that didn't make the final cut?**

**Caesars:** The music business is being enigmatic again. But we are talking about releasing a box with vinyl 45's with all the songs. Stupid and expensive – but nice.



## TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY:

THE HOLD STEADY

Stay Positive (Vagrant)

### Side One:

What might be a masterpiece of modern rock, 2006's *Boys and Girls in America* seemed to articulate the well-balanced, well-written sound that The Hold Steady had been heading toward on their first two records. Two years later, after a long touring campaign that both celebrated their accomplishment and bolstered their in-concert prowess, the band returns in a sort of victory lap with *Stay Positive*. *Boys and Girls in America* was received in such a way that had you asking: how can what is essentially a party record mean so much to its listeners? *Stay Positive* reflects what it has meant to the band: "Cause it's one thing to start it with a 'Positive Jam' and it's another thing to see it all through/ We couldn't have even done this if it wasn't for you." "Positive Jam" is the first song from their first record, and so the lyric summarizes the arc of the band's career thus far. So where is the band headed now? Songs like "Lord I'm Discouraged" makes you wonder has that Hold Steady sound has gone stale? The song is a tired likeness of the poignant "First Night" from *Boys and Girls...* But *Stay Positive* is not without new directions. "One for the Cutters" holds a slow-strut jazz flavor with Victorian-style string accompaniment. "Both Crosses" has a build-and-break rodeo twang. Both songs and the directions they signal are very promising. And so in this record-as-celebration, I'm thinking: okay, I'm with you, but don't linger too long. —Michael Montesano

### Side Two:

My life has been this band / Street names'll be proof / Me and Craig Finn have been getting plowed for years / Punk rock changed our lives / I learned punk rock in Staten Island / walking down New Dorp Lane / I was a fucking herb / But I loved my headphones/ "hallelujah!" / this really is Bob Dylan to me / my story could be their songs / me as their wide-eared suburban soldier child / this band is Salvationist rock! / but I was t. thumbs, jeff gameface, brian cassidy, mike watt, john doe.../ me and Craig Finn/ staying positive. —Tom Whalen

## WOLF PARADE

At Mount Zoomer (Sub Pop)

From their earliest beginnings, Wolf Parade has been a band of refreshing integrity. It started with the self-release of their first EPs and once signed to Sub Pop, their monumental debut LP, *Apologies to the Queen Mary*, was a statement in itself. On their second time round, the band were soon dismiss major studio production in favor appointing drummer Arlen Thompson as sole engineer. After the great success of their first full release, the band withdrew to the seclusion of the Arcade Fire's church-turned-studio in Montreal. After a period of "experimentation," singer/guitarist Dan Boeckner spoke of the band's determination to move forward: "We could have easily made another *Apologies*...but what would have been the point?" That adamant disdain for complacency is somewhat misleading, however. While *At Mount Zoomer* is a great record that takes Wolf Parade in some slightly new directions, it is hardly radical or progressive. Instead we find familiar sonic landscapes with upbeat twists on the haunting atmosphere that made *Apologies*... so moving. It is Boeckner's splintered, throaty vocals that can't help but be moving. Songs like "Language City" and "Bang your Drum" most strongly evoke their previous record; "Language City" tasting somewhat stale while "Bang Your Drum" is a reaffirmation of the band's layered craft. "California Dreamer" is a new direction but a banal one. "Call it a Ritual" and the 10-minute closeout, "Kissing the Beehive," are the most forward-leaning tracks. This record solidifies Wolf Parade as one of the greats in indie-rock today, but don't buy into hyperbole. A review on the band's site likens *At Mountain Zoomer* as "this generation's *Marquee Moon*." To that I say, really Mr. Darby? I mean, really? Take the album for what it is: a rich and layered sonic tapestry that's neither stagnant nor innovative. —Michael Montesano

## WEEZER

Weezer (Red Album) (Geffen)

As any teary eyed geek rock doofus can tell you: no matter how many different colors you try, there will never be another *Blue Album*. *The Red Album* throws us a bunch of surprising elements. This album portrays a more mature Rivers Cuomo who has grown out of that awkward meek stage in his life and is on track with the rest of us cocky obnoxious slobs. It's shown pretty clear in "The Greatest Man That Ever Lived". But despite a more mature mindset, this album still brings beautiful flashbacks of classic *Blue Album/Pinkerton* days. It is about time that Weezer brings back elements of harmony into their music; I don't remember notable background vocals since the departing of the high pitched vocals of Matt Sharp which ended after *Pinkerton*. The diversity of this album will shock you. I am almost positive that like me, most of you are used to crappy attempts at albums by aging musicians, but Weezer's sixth album is actually worth a listen. —Michael Mascia





## RECENTLY RELEASED

### BELL HOLLOW

Foxgloves (five03)

There is a dark, brooding strain of British '80s rock running from the Cure and the Smiths through Chameleons to Kitchens of Distinction that, though it doesn't get as much critical respect as post-punk or shoegaze (the genres it sits between and sometimes gets lumped in with, along with the ambiguous "dream pop"), has been increasingly influential on indie rockers lately. Practitioners of this genre include the Mary Onettes, about whom you will probably hear much more once they get a U.S. release, and New York's own Bell Hollow. After Bell Hollow's enjoyable EP of two years ago, *Sons of the Burgess Shale*, the title track of which is one of my favorite songs of this decade, I was quite looking forward to their first full-length. Here it is, and it doesn't disappoint. Much of the band's allure is due to the fantastic guitar sounds Greg Fasolino gets: chiming, shimmering, billowing chords and serrating solos (check out the closing "Lowlights") that fill the soundscape over throbbing bass (Christopher Bollman) and the steady pulses of new drummer Todd Karasik (ex-My Favorite). Equally attractive are the high, keening vocals of Nick Niles; he inevitably gets compared to Morrissey, and while there's certainly grounds for that, Niles's style is without affectation. The match between the contour of the melodies and the timbre of his delivery of them is perfect. There's not a weak track here, and while those unsympathetic to the style will say it all sounds the same, those who love that sound will rejoice. —Steve Holtje

### SPIRITUALIZED

Songs In A&E (Fontana)

There's something to be said for sickness. Jason Pierce was in a rut, spending the half-decade that followed his chemical gospel gem *Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating in Space* in endless, thankless labour over batches of tunes that were, somehow, very beautiful and very dull. Then, suddenly, the rut got pulled out from under him, and Pierce got a blessing in a big black disguise: double frigging pneumonia! A spell in the Accident and Emergency ward gave Mr. Spaceman a much needed white tar injection to the third eye. The result is a remarkably fresh, dynamic, unfettered, purely moving record that no one (myself included) thought they'd see again from the mother-trucker who calls himself SPIRITUALIZED! The tunes themselves are diesel, but what is all the more impressive is that Pierce managed to foist his muse from face down on his half-death bed to eyes to the sky high in the studio without tempting the sonic swamp that make his last handful of outings so tepid. Unashamed of his beautifully broken cadence, Pierce's voice drives this thang full throttle rather than getting stuck in the sound grease. J has also quelled his expansionist impulses for the better: a third of the set's 18 tracks appear as punctuated instrumental interludes, a demarcation that sharpens and highlights the "formal" songs, limbers up the pacing, and gives a more palpable shape to the requisite sonic sun-spotting. J Spizzle, jamming econo? Never thought I'd see the day. Break a leg! —Tom Whalen

### ALBERT HAMMOND, JR.

Como Te Llama? (RCA)

On his second solo outing in a little over a year, Strokes guitarist Albert Hammond, Jr. displays more range and depth in three songs than his full-time band has over three full-length albums. Had the celebrated NYC band honed more in on the melody and structure they displayed on the title track to their debut album *Is This It?* than its breakout single "Hard To Explain", you might have something along the lines of *Como Te Llama*, a 14-song collection that takes the nucleus of the Strokes' sound and sends it spiraling toward the quirkiest ends of the new wave spectrum. Elsewhere, Guided By Bowie-flavored rabble rousers ("Bargain Of The Century"), David Lindley-esque reggae-rock ("Borrowed Time") and a beautiful instrumental collaboration with Sean Lennon called "Spooky Couch" that floats somewhere between late Zimbabwean guitar legend Joshua Dube and R.E.M.'s "Rotary Ten" are just some of the highlights on this wonderful follow-up that definitively encapsulates Hammond's immense talent as a musician and songwriter in his own right. —Ron Hart

### MY MORNING JACKET

Evil Urges (RCA)

Word on the street is MMJ light it up live. I, myself, wouldn't know: shifts at the record store and a mean indoor kid predilection see to it I don't make it out to many shows. That said (and I mean no offense to the Jacket here; I love their beards!), if and when I do leave New Paltz, I do so with the hopes of spending time in a space with LESS neo-hippie non-sense afoot (somehow, I always end up in Williamsburg, missing people who move their hips and unfold their arms; I suppose I walk a tight rope). Needless to say, an MMJ show does not fit the bill, so neither the ass-busting these guys have done scouring this stupid country in the wake of Z nor the stop-gap double live record that I can't bring myself to drop 20 plus dollars on have done much to give me My Morning wood. C'mon boys, poppa needs some studio plastic... what's this?... Evil Urges? AW SIT! I have a tendency to get so lost in the throw-back shtick of a band like this (see above) that I forget how, like a bad-ass lover, these cats know exactly what they're doing. "I can tell by the sounds you make/ when you are pleased/ you see yourself in me." MY LORD! They wouldn't even need to buy me breakfast: they could kick me straight to the curb and I'd soak in the dawn, more than satisfied. —Tom Whalen



## 13GHOSTS

**The Strangest Colored Lights (Skybucket)**

It's a relatively rare occurrence for a rock record to unlock itself with the poetic principle of unfolding contexture, where the closing moments of a "linear" art work flip some sort of cognitive or perceptive switch that allows for the bulk of the work to be reckoned with in a renewed light. In other words: the last piece of the puzzle somehow changes the whole picture. *The Strangest Colored Lights* is one such rock record. The latest from 13ghosts is, initially, a somewhat baffling listen: the songs themselves are all solid, but the album's structure and schizophrenic sonic launch pads generate a peculiar, almost disorientating effect. 13ghosts seems to be operating in a mode congruous to that of Olivia Tremor Control's *Dusk at Cubist Castle*, feeding weathered vintage rock tropes through the grinder and emerging with something inspired and bewildering. There are certainly touches of McCartney's soft-fatalist smarm, but to me this record's fragmented narrative vocations, somber mood, and astral sonics trip stronger associations with Pink Floyd's *The Wall* (if it were set in the Gold Rush rather than 80's UK). This link is solidified with the album's illuminating coda, a beleaguered solo acoustic piece that follows the final formal track. The untitled song begins as a fairy tale of two tragic artists: Carter John Liebowitz, a poet who scribbled his tomes on "the blue skins of 10,000 berries" in invisible ink only to have them eaten by foxes by nightfall, and Margaret Turtledove, a songstress who buries her jars of sound only to have them swallowed by the "kings of the underoil." The heavy symbolism of these passages soon expands as an embittered lament on the ephemeral nature of art (and, perhaps, all human work) despite its perceived status as the reservoir of memory and legacy. The final lines of the songs, seemingly directed at the Every Artist (better yet, the Every Man) appear torn between reproach, mourning, and the acceptance of the fact that "this (art) is the only magic that (we) know" and, even more devastating, "the only thing (we'll) ever be." These lines allow the album's meta-discursive tenor (both in term's of its lyrical narrative and its sonic construction) to assume a more purposive guise: both Waters' bruised, maliciously introspective, and creatively stifled narrator and Floyd's space-rock-melodrama appear on *Lights* as a series of spectral invocations set to gnarled, daringly orbit-bound folk-rock. Waters' thematic crux appears intact, though updated: the question here is not the construction of the subjective "wall" that bars humans from objective reality, but, rather, a sifting through the rubble of untold fallen defense-edifices. For 13ghosts, the Trial and subsequent collapse is a distant memory, yet one whose ripples of trauma and loss continue to pulse, in time and in tune. — Tom Whalen

## TAPES N' TAPES

**Walk it Off (XL Recordings)**

The problem of a breakout debut is that it pushes fans towards the hypercritical (see Clap Your Hands Say Yeah). Propelled by an ambient fuzztone bass, Tapes 'n Tapes crack open their second full release in a triumphant way. Second song doldrums reveals a fast developing pattern: sharper single-worthy tracks interlaced by slower, sometimes uninspired sounds that the band just coast through. The record suffers because it doesn't know what it wants to be. It could be a powerful, taut EP; it could also be a moving and atmospheric full release. It just lacks follow-through and fails to believe in itself. Bassist (pseudonym "n") delivers the most compelling performance of the album. And with flashes a brilliance, *Walk it Off* projects a still-bright but not unflawed future for this quirky Minneapolis trio. — Michael Montesano



## BLACK KIDS

**Partie Traumatic (Columbia)**

A dude who looks like a pudgy, afro'ed version of The Rock, his sister and their friends creating the kind of manic-jovial romanticism that helped make The Cure's *Wish* one of the best albums of the 1990s? From the first notes of *Partie Traumatic*, I was hooked, and the thing just keeps getting better with repeated listens. Produced by former Suede guitarist Bernard Butler, *Traumatic* wears its unrequited love for obscure Human League b-sides and Pulp's *Different Class* on its hip like a fashionable belt-buckle purchased at a flea market for a buck, and will most certainly appeal to any fan of classic Thatcher-era Britpop. This is a record tailor made for both sunny summer days and brisk winter nights, cos no weather can stop a Partie like this. —Grover Cleveland

## JAY REATARD

**Singles 06-07 (In the Red)**

Well, better than expected. When it comes to cocooning sharp power pop with a veneer of scuzz punk, Jay is no Reatard, putting two and two together like Ray Davies fronting Black Flag on this outstanding collection of singles for the In the Red label. In fact, the only thing that's mentally challenged on this collection is the judgment of whoever let the *Singles 06-07* packaging get printed with the thought that Cakeshop is in Brooklyn. Also worth checking out is Jay's newly-released singles compilation for Matador, in stores and online now. —Patch Atomz

## FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS

**Flight of the Conchords (Sub Pop)**

I am currently writing a response to "Hiphopotamus vs. Rhymenoceros" that I'm sure will incite one of the most brutal rap feuds since Nas and the Jigga man went toe to toe. Consider the gauntlet thrown down, gentlemen, as will show you a different meaning to the term, "Business Time". Oh yes, indeed. HAHHAHAHAHAHAHA! —Patch Atomz



## REISSUES

### BILLY JOEL

#### **The Stranger: Legacy Edition (Columbia-Legacy)**

Regardless of whether you were four or ninety-four, 1977 was a wonderful year in our collective lives. And if you happened to have been a resident of Long Island during that time, nothing captures the spirit of the era quite like Billy Joel's *The Stranger*. The first of an acclaimed trilogy of albums with producer Phil Ramone (which also includes 1978's *52nd Street* and 1980's *Glass Houses*, the nine tracks on *The Stranger* are loaded with poignant vignettes of working class life in the Metro area punched up by the Piano Man's historically finest display of his Beatles-meets-Tin Pan Alley pop ethos (highlighted by such beautiful tracks as the rocking title cut and the heart-stopping "Vienna"). In celebration of the album's 30th anniversary, Columbia-Legacy has released a gorgeous Legacy Edition of *The Stranger* that contains a bonus disc featuring a previously-unreleased recording of Joel's stop at Carnegie Hall during his massive 1977 tour shortly before the album's street date. And while there's some better radio broadcasts from that tour floating around the Internet (notably a great recording from his concert at Long Island University's CW Post campus), this hour-long disc is the best officially-released live recording of Joel's to date. Those who are serious fans of *The Stranger* would be wise to pick up the super deluxe edition of this reissue, which contains a killer DVD of Joel's appearance on the BBC's "Old Grey Whistle Test" from '78, a 48-page booklet loaded with classic photos from "The Stranger" era and a really cool mock-up of Billy's notebook that he wrote most of the songs for the album on. Whether it's the ballad of Brenda and Eddie, the popular steadys from "Scenes From An Italian Restaurant" who hung out at the Village Green, a public pool park located in Joel's native Hicksville or "Anthony", the salami slinger at Mr. Cacciatore's on Sullivan Street from "Movin' Out" looking to bounce from his mother's house for good, *The Stranger* represents a view of suburban New York that is all but forgotten in this day and age of shameless corporate redevelopment. Just ask the folks at the Parkway Diner. —Ron Hart

### DAVID BOWIE

#### **Live Santa Monica '72 (Virgin-EMI)**

The "Destroyer" of Bowie boots finally sees an official release, and in grand form to boot (no pun intended). Packaged in a beautiful box with extensive liner notes and assorted goodies, Santa Monica '72 is now as lovely in vision as it is in sound. Originally ripped from a radio broadcast on the late, great LA-based AOR station KMET 94.7 FM, "The Mighty Met", this show at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium is seen by many as the quintessential stop on Bowie's legendary *Ziggy Stardust* tour. Though their show itself during this tour was a theatrical spectacle of science fiction glam that surely had to be seen to be believed, this live album lets the music speak for itself. I mean, Bowie and his group, the Spiders From Mars, led by the incomparable Mick Ronson on guitar, could've been on stage looking like the Replacements circa 1984 and this music would still sound majestic. From the major chord grandiosity of "Life On Mars?" and "Five Years" to the intimate acoustics of "Andy Warhol" and "Space Oddity", this is a command performance through and through, and a must-own for any Bowie fan worth his or her salt. —Rutherford B. Hays

### RODRIGUEZ

#### **Cold Fact (Light In The Attic)**

This 1970 acid soul-folk opus from a Detroit-reared Mexican immigrant remains one of the true jewels of crate diggers everywhere, due to its ominous drug anthem "Sugar Man". Beyond that, however, the songs of Sixto Rodriguez on the outstanding *Cold Fact* offer up the dark times of the first two years of the Nixon era through a barrio-born fusion of Beatles' *White Album* psychedelia, Bob Dylan at his weirdest and *What's Going On*-era Marvin Gaye, particularly on his version of Mr. Gaye's "Inner City Blues" and the explicitly stark street anthem "Jane S. Piddy". Thank you, Light In The Attic, for bringing this album back to America. We hear it's huge in South Africa. —Grover Cleveland

### FLAT DUO JETS

#### **Two Headed Cow (Chicken Ranch)**

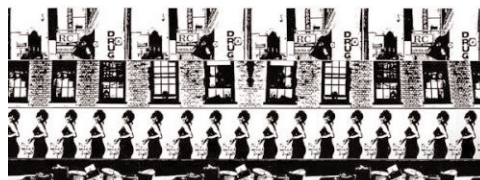
The best band to come out of Athens, GA finally gets the recognition they deserve with the release of *Two Headed Cow*, a compendium to the 2006 documentary on Flat Duo Jets frontman Dexter Romweber. These seventeen previously-unreleased tracks are culled from a 1986 recording session and features raw, early versions of several FDJ favorites like "My Life, My Love" and "Mexicali Baby" and a great cover of Ray Charles' "Mary Ann" that is not to be missed. If you really want to know where Jack White gets his guitar style from, pick up *Two Headed Cow* and do the math. —Chester A. Arthur

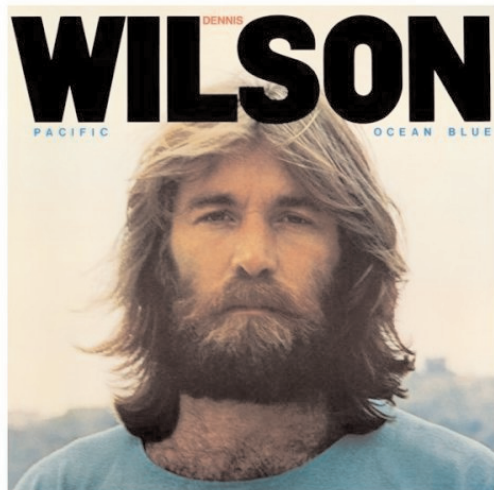
### BOBBY WOMACK

#### **The Best of Bobby Womack (Capitol)**

I believe it was the great Diamond D who said, "I'll scoop your little birdie on some Bobby Womack shit." And when you listen to this outstanding 22-track best of compilation, which focuses on the legendary soul man's funky 70s material, you will know exactly what homeboy means. "Across 110th Street" sounds phenomenal with or without that luscious close-up shot of Pam Grier's face from *Jackie Brown*, and that's just the tip of the iceberg, here. Anybody who is in search of the ultimate Bobby Womack set, check this joint out right here, son! Holla back at yo pinot! —The Cosby Kid

#### RODRIGUEZ COLD FACT





## DENNIS WILSON

### **Pacific Ocean Blue: Legacy Edition (Epic-Legacy)**

This review is a dedication to my man Eric Williams, special senior correspondent to the IRT and former manager at the record shop formerly known as Lloyd's Compact Discs in East Meadow-cum-Wantagh. When I first started going there upon moving back to Long Island to work at CMJ in 1998, the shop was the plaza across from Modell's on Hempstead Turnpike. It was there I received my master's in music knowledge, courtesy of Mr. Williams. One of the best albums he turned me on to during his time there was *Pacific Ocean Blue* by Dennis Wilson. Already heavy into 70s California rock, I had found that era's West Coast jewel in Wilson's lush, long-haired variation of the sound he helped create. The store had a bootleg copy of it as a two-disc with the *Bambu* sessions tacked on to beef up the cost. Nevertheless, I picked it up anyway and it has been in recurring rotation in my collection ever since. Now that this set is available as an actual official release, with the original artwork and a beautiful Legacy repackaging job, I can appreciate the fact this album has been with me all these years even more. Thanks, Eric. —Ed.

## BOB DYLAN

### **The Best of Bob Dylan's Theme Time Radio Hour Parts 1 and 2 (Chrome Dreams)**

If you look hard enough, the full episodes of Bob Dylan's celebrated XM radio show are available as MP3 downloads. However, it is nice to have some kind of a hard copy testament to the pioneering program, which finds Zimm and his cronies stitching together mosaics of music from all over the spectrum under the auspices of a singular theme, be it time or beer or fathers or mothers or Christmas or eyes or colors or jail or what have you. This two-volume set gets the kitchen sink aesthetic of Theme Time Radio Hour perfectly, with a hodgepodge collection that isn't afraid to segue Duke Ellington into Chuck Berry into Bing Crosby, or Carl Perkins into Bill Monroe and make it all sound sensible in each other's company; which is, after all, why the show is the modern airwaves classic that it is anyhow. —Ed.

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

### **Phantom Guitars (Psychic Circle)**

The English Channel might not exactly be the choice locale for catching some tasty waves. But that didn't stop an elite legion of UK bands to catch the surf guitar bug that bit their old underlings in the USA released into the air sometime during the Eisenhower Administration. They had names like The Falcons, the Krew Kats, The Champions, The Cougars, The Fentones and The Planets, and rocked that tremolo as effectively as their California counterparts, as this excellent anthology of this little-known side alley of The British Invasion chronicles. —Patch Atomz

## OTIS REDDING

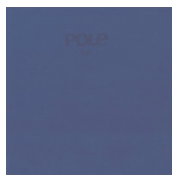
### **Otis Blue: Otis Redding Sings Soul (ATCO-Rhino)**

The title of this 1965 masterpiece always hit me as a bit redundant, especially when its an album from one of the architects of classic soul and arguably the greatest voice the genre had ever witnessed, no doubt proven across *Otis Blue's* original 11 songs. Whether he's carjacking "Satisfaction" from the Rolling Stones back to the hood or belting out one of the most beautiful love ballads in recorded history with "I've Been Loving You Too Long", Otis commanded your attention any which way but loose. This set features both the mono and stereo versions of *Blue* as well as a few alternate mixes and live cuts thrown in as bonus material. What they should have done, instead of cherry picking just a few songs off the two live albums, 1966's *Live At The Whisky A Go Go* and 1967's *Live In Europe*, is maybe dig into those cavernous archives for some of that unreleased live Otis Warner Bros. be hiding from us. Whatever the case may be, the tracks make for great filler, but the buyer might not be able to help feeling a little gypped when the inevitable reissues of those two come out after buying the originals and this *Otis Blue* deluxe. —Patch Atomz

## POLE

### **1-3 Box (Scape)**

There's something about the snap, crackle and pop of an old, dusty vinyl record that, with the right ears, sounds as soothing as the most beautiful symphony. And in that regard, Pole's Stefan Betke is the Mozart of minimalist IDM. Utilizing the atmosphere between the LP grooves and blowing them out with dub-like echoes across a trilogy of numbered and color-coded albums that remain a high water mark for the late 90s experimental electronic music boom. Collating his tri-colored trilogy of blip-hop mastery, originally released on Matador Records during their brief infatuation with electronic music in the late 90s, what Scape has made available here is a wholly-invaluable collection that sounds like King Tubby, Boards of Canada, John Cage, Terry Riley and J. Dilla jamming together all at once in a cosmic drum circle. If that's your bag, this is most definitely a box you need. —Ed.



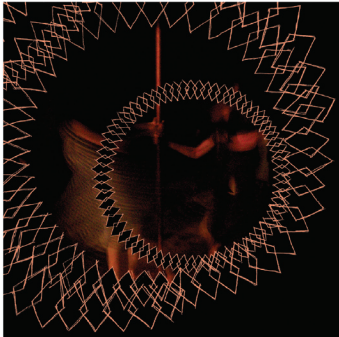


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## Coming Soon

Lesser Gonzalez Alvarez,  
Dan Deacon, Montag, Adventure



### Rings **Black Habit** CD

First Nation has become Rings. Rings is the new First Nation. This is their new record. It is called *Black Habit*.  
*Out now on Paw Tracks.*



### Beach House **Devotion** CD/2LP

Beach House has written eleven delicate pop tunes about love, feeling, and, of course, devotion. Their new album is a surefire antidote to the winter blues.  
*Out now on Carpark.*



### Excepter **Debt Dept** CD/LP

This is the sound of wartime cryptocracy. We are not trying to make money. We are trying to destroy money. You owe us this one. Get it.  
*Out now on Paw Tracks.*



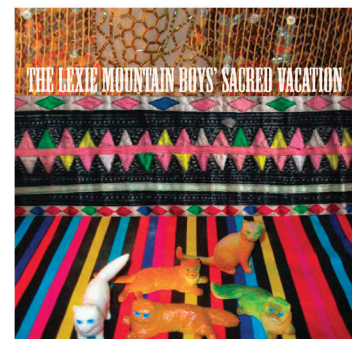
### Tickley Feather **S/T** CD

The newest addition to the Paw Tracks clan. Hypnotically beautiful lo-fi pop out of Philadelphia.  
*Out now on Paw Tracks*



### The Lines **Memory Span** CD

Compiles all the long out-of-print singles from one of the most overlooked and under-rated British bands of the post-punk/new wave era.  
*Out now on Acute*



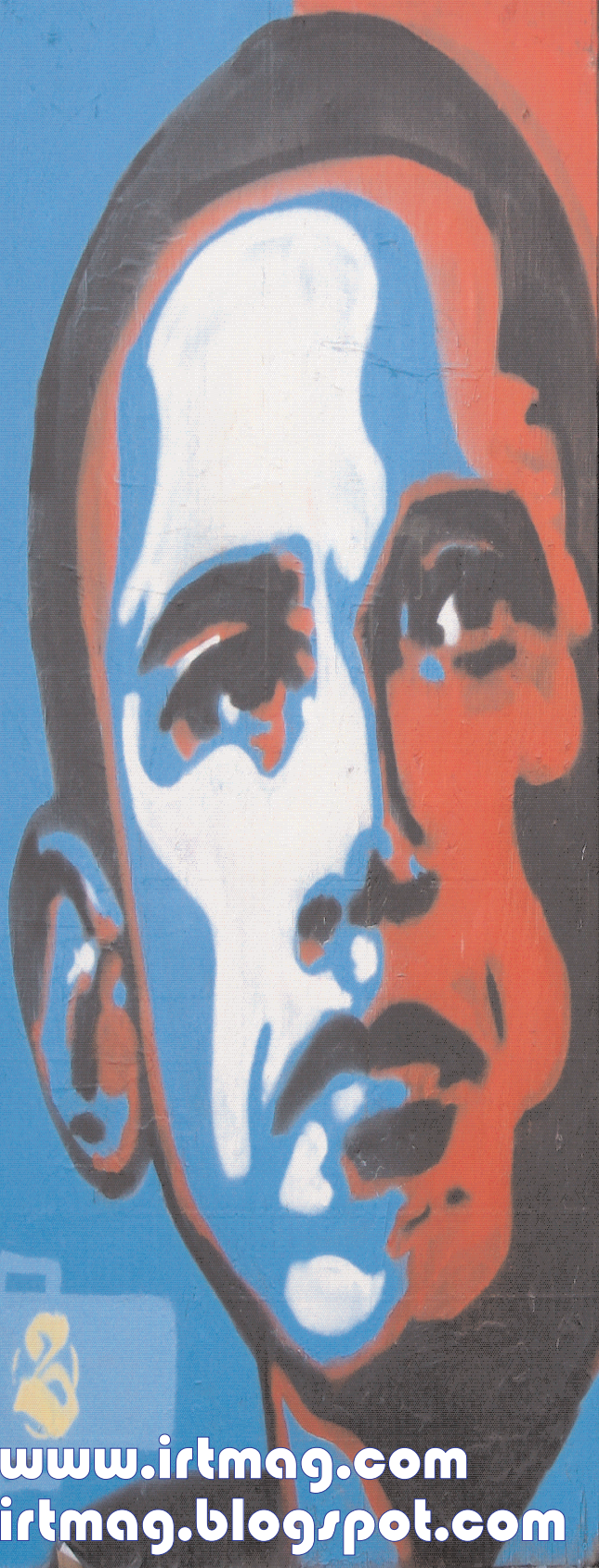
### Lexie Mountain Boys **Sacred Vacation** CD

*Sacred Vacation* is music of the soul, the pure immediate nowness of tight homies, loose sounds, and the harmonics of freedom.  
*Out now on Carpark*





urges you to vote **WISELY** on Election Day



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you to believe  
Not in my  
ability to  
bring about  
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