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New-Noise Nuggets: Part Two

Jackieo - Between Worlds Of Whores And Gods

By Joanna Booth

The Manchester four-piece have recorded their debut album on Guy 'Elbow' Garvey and Peter 'I Am Kloot' Jobson's label Skinny Dog Records. Wannabe White Stripes but without the idiosyncrasy, Jackieo's shouty school of rock and roll is just a bit tired. Reverb – yawn. Trying to howl like a latterday Jagger – sigh. Differentiating between each song on the album – difficult. Defining your band as a 'PUNKTRASHBLOOZECOLLECTIVE' and employing a guitarist called No Hero – ill-advised. Being this dull – unforgiveable.

Leave Land For Water - Leave Land For Water

By Adrian Cooper

Today's letter is B. That's B as in Bristol, the Boy Lucas, breathtaking, bludgeoning, blissful and blistering. Leave Land For Water are from the first of these, were formed by the second and could be described as being the other four. They're also a lot more things besides, so let's leave the alphabetical restrictions behind. We shouldn't overlook the way that they tease new sounds out of post-rock shapes, and meld folk pastoralism with ear-splitting shoe-gazing cacophonies while retaining just a hint of the Boy Lucas's former electronic glitch. We should lay in a dark room and let the devastating power and locked-in motorik of 'The Cinder Leaves' pull off the neat trick of both pummelling and caressing us into submission. Beautiful, bruising and brilliant.

Les Rythmes Digitales - Darkdancer

By Matt Hill

Such was the impact of the mightily impressive Citroën C4 ad campaign, complete with a John Travolta-ing Optimus Prime-style motor and a suitably funky Les Rythmes Digitales soundtrack, a reissue of this 1999 classic was always on the cards. Hard to believe it's been a whole six years since it first joined The Chemical Brothers and The Prodigy as dance music that even indie kids could tolerate, but impressively, and maybe surprisingly, 'Darkdancer' has lost none of its electro charm. So, obviously, 'Jacques Your Body (Make Me Sweat)' from said advert is here in all its squelchy synth glory, but it's previous lead single, '(Hey You) What's That Sound?', that resonates brightest, a retro-feast sample-fest that leaves you beaming from ear to ear. As far as the reissue-only stuff goes, we get the



- >> www.skinnydogrecords.com
- >> www.leavelandforwater.com
- >> www.astralwerks.com/lrd/
- >> www.rumbleseat.net
- >> www.residents.com
- >> www.motivesounds.com/skoud
- >> www.clairesproule.com
- >> www.songdog.co.uk

Skoud - Systems And Drafts

By Mike Haydock

Simon Koudriavtsev (aka Skoud) spends most of his time drumming for Swedish rock band Molia Falls, yet he also has a penchant for homemade electronica in the Mum and Boards Of Canada vein. Talented git. This debut is made up of choppy, minimalistic beats and robotic bleeps, creating spacey atmospheres tinged with warmth and personality. Melodies are never far away, and 'System 20 Live Edit' is awash with them. A little more character and these songs would truly grab, but they're inventive enough to keep you interested. What's more, the piano ballad 'Requiem For The Art College' is positively moving. Four Tet fans should have a gander.

Claire Sproule - Claire Sproule

By Adam Anonymous

Landed with a name as unmemorable as Claire Sproule, is it wise for any 21-year-old singer-songwriter already so unmentionably dull to perform, and christen an album, with eponymous intent? She was, we're told, brought up listening to Tom Waits, Joni Mitchell, and Elvis Costello; so why is Ms Sproule respectively lacking in genius, charisma, or timeless pop-rock hooks? We can only conclude – like anybody not open to the idea of a fate more boring than dinner

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New-Noise Nuggets (I-Son)
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The Beta Band: A Retrospective
The Singles Revue: 26.09.05
Death Cab For Cutie: Quality Fare
Film: Last Days
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usual extra CD of remixes, which are enjoyable, if far from essential. But mainly this release is a timely reminder of the undeniable talent of a certain Stuart Price before he got mixed up with Madonna, disappeared from the credible artistic sphere and ended up doing ad spots for Sunny Delight. Guy Ritchie may well like to take note...

The Residents - Third Reich 'N' Roll

By [Jeremy Chick](#)

Ladies and gentlemen, give a warm welcome applause for The Residents; the world's most famous unknown anonymous art-concept multimedia pop group. The Residents have always inhabited this strangely bizarre world where pop music, inspirational noise and Zappa-esque imagery intertwines perfectly to form a type of music that exists outside of the borders, that constantly bewilders those who listen and perplexes those who try not to. Like The Fall they always second guess you and create something utterly compelling, yet irritatingly smug simultaneously. They hate pigeonholing and have always existed outside of the bland radio friendly world that so many other are drawn to. Seen to many as the band's best album, this bizarre album full of covers will perplex, confuse and dazzle you. And surely that's all you'd ever hope of The Residents?

Rumbleseat - Rumbleseat Is Dead

By [Mike Haydock](#)

This may be your first listen to Rumbleseat – the acoustic side project of Chris and Chuck from Hot Water Music – and it'll be your last. A mixture of tracks from their 7" records, compilations and a few new ones make up the band's tombstone. Fond farewells will be written on it – this fast-paced, drum-less acoustica is charming and welcoming; the croaking, chanted vocals are like Beefheart and Dylan on a pop fix, and the tone is stripped-back and homemade. Little touches like the harmonica on 'Trestles' warm the cockles. This is as fraught as an acoustic album can get, yet it pulls you in with its tunefulness and bare honesty.

with Dido enduring this – that she aired the first few tracks before switching off the offending stereo in utter fucking disgust. Come back Norah Jones, all is forgiven...

Songdog - The Time Of Lighting Summer

By [Nick Roberts](#)

Although Songdog have been getting good press through their reworkings of classic songs (namely The Clash's 'Janie Jones' and Bob Dylan's 'Desolation Row'), don't be fooled into thinking they are all style and no substance. 'The Time Of Lighting Summer' is a beautiful example of folk at its most emotional. The lyrics paint bohemian pictures in harmony with a smorgasbord of instruments to create a sometimes dreamy, sometimes nightmarish world. As the summer departs and the nights draw in, this will leave you languorously kicking through autumnal leaves on the walk home from work.

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