

MILK&R

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ACCELERATING MUSIC AND CULTURE

WET CONFETTI
LAUGHING, GASPING

Rice Bird/US/CD

Six years ago the words "Gang of Four" meant shit-nothin' to anyone but hack music crits like us and the dorks behind the counter at your neighborhood record store. But in the post-Rapture world, the name gets dropped in press releases for fucking pop records. In the case of Wet Confetti, however, a Go4 mention makes sense—Dave Allen produced the band's rollicking *Laughing, Gasping*, a totally fine, entirely okay, thoroughly passable slab of brooding p-punk that owes as much to the Gang as it does to modern acts like *Pretty Girls Make Graves*. Not bad but nothing special. *Robbie Mackey*



After Silence
By Martin De Leon
THE OUTER ORBITS OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC



Years fade and turntables stay the same age. 2006 may be dead but bizarre rock, synthetic beats, and messy underground weirdness are here to stay. I peeked into tomorrow and found some new kids running in circles to the loud thump of 808s.

London's **Lily Allen**, one such youngster, is a future-pop lady with rich, lustful vocals and a post-urban ethos. "Smile," the boppy single off her debut album *Alright, Still* (Capitol), mixes DJ Premier-style drums and a jumpy melody with Allen's silky voice. Two D&B remixes from **Soundboy** add even more depth to her debut.

Three members deep, Brooklyn's **Mixel Pixel** has its hands in videos, art, and noisy pop. Their new album, *Music For Plants* (Kanine), displays Blonde Redhead-esque moments on "You're That Kind of Girl," where singer Kaia Wong's harmonies and slow beats only begin to hint at the greatness of this record.

Scotland's **The Twisted Sad** is also poised for greatness—or at least some tiny bit of recognition. The quartet subtly cites My Bloody Valentine and fellow Scotsmen Mogwai as references for the pretty guitar noise on their brilliant self-titled

adorable, blazing lead singer Akiko Matsuura.

Philly is great. You can live cheap and form a band like the **Icy Demons**, whose excellent *Tears of a Clone* (Eastern Developments) makes post-rock fun again. They build on folksy rhythms but end up sounding like Tortoise with a great singer—which is a good thing.

But California is still where the freaks live. **Hecuba** is an unsigned band from L.A. and they use Casio beats to make their folk into bling. *Music of the Sadness and the Gladness*, their debut album, makes Devendra Banhart look like he belongs in *XXL*. "I want peace and money," sings Isabella Albuquerque, trading in hippie values for synthetic beats on "Get It." Psychedelic R&B is the new sound, haven't you heard? Check www.myspace.com/hecubahecuba to find out more.

Another West Coast gem is Portland, Oregon's **Wet Confetti**, a modern version of Gang of Four. Go4 bassist Dave Allen even produced the band's *Laughing, Gasping* (Pampelmoose) album. I also found Brooklyn's best band: **Telopaths**, a girl-boy duo like The Blow, proves my earlier assumption about psychedelic (white) B&B ruling the

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