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We must presume that these two Bristolians, Andrew Hung and Benjamin John Power, got bored with regular music, and decided to make something a fair bit different. But, unlike every twat with an ibook in hand, they had some sort of cerebral vision, which we are glad they've chosen to share with us in the form of their ATP signed debut, 'Street Horrrsing' (named after a mythical equestrian sport apparently).

You wouldn't expect something that basically sounds like experimental musical clatters to sound this good, nor would you expect it to hold so much meaning. What is on offer here is more a sonic cinematic experience; it's so rich in sound that it enlivens your other senses. Maybe it's because I'm listening to this as the snow beats down on my window, but there is something so sentimental and special about this 6 track debut; maybe it's the length of the songs, most of them pushing the 8 minute boundary; maybe it's the lack of lyrical content, the band choosing instead to fixate on what would appear to be random white noise (which is probably anything but); maybe it's just that they are a really special band, who prove that experimental noise can be done, and it can be done well.

The album starts with 'Sweet Love for Planet Earth' which is all about the rainbow rhythms. It's rich in colour of sounds; it's the aural equivalent of tasting the rainbow; to the synesthetes amongst us, it's a sensory delight. 'Ribs Out' is ferocious horse clapping; 'Okay Let's Talk about Magic' is much in the realm of Russian Circles only less dark; the humming bass line and incessant feedback should sound horrible, but doesn't. 'Bright Tomorrow' is carefully controlled drone noise met with a thumping melodious beat. Imagine the beats as snow jumping across a geographical equaliser and you won't be disappointed. 'Colours Move' takes us back to the start with the same rainbow sounds we came in on, like a gust of wind that swept through someone's wind chimes.

This album is enough to send your senses into overdrive; sonic dreamscapes of the challenging kind that force your body into strange shapes during REM. Any description probably can't do this justice; it's a supremely special debut.



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