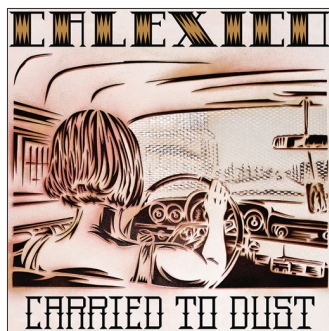


C A L E X I C O
C A R R I E D T O D U S T

<TOUCH AND GO>

A new Calexico album is seldom something new. Instead, the nouveau-Western band's albums evoke the pleasure of rediscovering a favorite book: poring over familiar passages, returning to a forgotten place. After almost twenty years of making music together, Calexico's



newest album, *Carried to Dust*, is an enjoyable embrace of nuance rather than novelty. There is comfort in the shuffling song structures, crystalline guitar strums, and melancholic horns, which revisit Calexico's border-conscious songs for the Spaghetti Western and the lonesome drifter. Joey Burns's gravelly voice calls

you closer to whisper a secret in your ear. Or tell a story. In songs like "Two Silver Trees," Burns explores the desolate space between notes—a minimal desert of sound. The album wanders into territory infused with Norteño sound from northern Mexico, soulful Spanish rhythms, and the imagery of an evolving American West. Calexico may not be new, but the band's sound is forever pushing onward.

S U I C I D E
L I V E 1 9 7 7 - 1 9 7 8

<BLAST FIRST (PETITE)>

Suicide is not for everyone, and the six-disc box set of the brutal, self-indulgent, no-wave duo of Alan Vega and Martin Rev opens up the back catalog of America's punked-up answer to Kraftwerk. With Rev rolling out repetitive keyboard lines, backed by a rudimentary drum machine, and Vega vacillating between manic screams and mutant-Elvis warbles, Suicide's sonic experiments are mantras of madness. On the one hand, the box set is essentially a field recording of Suicide in the wild, containing extremely raw snapshots of the carnage that the proto-electro punks perpetrated across Europe on their first tour



in 1977, supporting Elvis Costello and The Clash. "This is a love song from the people of New York City to you," Vega tells the audience in Paris, only a couple days after the band's June 16, 1978, performance in Brussels that instigated a riot. "He's out of his mind," an audience member yells, after Vega steals his microphone back from the unruly crowd, who boo to the beat of the Rev's endlessly looping drum machine. Suicide's revolution did not come without a fight. Yet, the box set is a labor of love for the band that presaged '80s techno and the post-punk milieu (as well as the recent electroclash era), and a fragment of a musical moment that forwarded a cultural movement.



T É L É P A T H I Q U E
L A S T T I M E O N E A R T H

<URBAN JUNGLE>

"I am not from the last century, don't wanna be," Mylene Pires, the sometimes-sweet songstress, sometimes-Ladytronic robo-talker of Télépathique, sings on "Déjà vu." But she is lying. Télépathique is so last century. From the riot grrrr talk-sing to the break beats and up-tempo catwalk keyboards, the São Paulo, Brazil-spawned duo of Pires and producer/drummer Erico Theobaldo is a smattering of late-'90s, electro-pop influence. Eschewing the typical baile funk excavated from the *favelas* by Diplo, Télépathique's playful Euro sound is Brazil-meets-Berlin. Pires and Theobaldo leave behind the self-effacing irony of the breakout Brazilian bands Bonde Do Rolê and CSS, and instead embrace the allure of the South American club. They may not have big drums and

berimbaus, but the members of Télépathique do not forget where they came from. On the club anthem, "Sex, Drugs And Funk 'n' Roll," Pires invokes the reality of Brazilian life, singing, "*In the favela we are born, in the favela we will die.*" Created solely with a laptop, a couple of mics, synths, and a guitar, *Last Time on Earth* is an unpretentious album and makes no mistake about what it is: a Brazilian take on the classic party album.

P A T T I S M I T H
+ K E V I N S H I E L D S
T H E C O R A L S E A

<PASK>

In 2005 and 2006, Patti Smith paid homage to her late lover, the immensely talented artist Robert Mapplethorpe, in two transcendent performances at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall. The beautiful double-disc set of these performances is an enraptured testimony to the life of Mapplethorpe. Smith's two-hour-long readings of work from her 1997 book *The Coral Sea* is equally imbued with the pain of losing a loved one and the pride of honoring an irreplaceable icon. Kevin Shields, guitarist of My Bloody Valentine and inimitable Franz Kline of noise, created the sonic canvas onto which Smith's story unfolds. With a cacophony of dissonance and groaning guitar,



Shields unleashes an elegiac sound poem for the twenty-first century. Delicate, and then waxing tumultuous and heavy like the sea, Smith and Shields's collaboration is an emotional monument to Mapplethorpe's rise to prominence and fall to disease.