



electro-rock act. It's a lot more fun and you will smell better in the morning. Better yet, just stay at the club and listen for the dirtiest electro trio finally making their return in true filth and fashion. Dirty Sanchez bring their style of dancefloor beats and electric riffs with sex addict lyrics ["Suck it, suck it, get it wet and fuck it"]. Throw in a high-energy cover of Prince's "U Got the Look" and a song about young Asian girls ["Youth in Asia"], and we have a hell of a night in Hollywood. Just be safe while partying with Dirty Sanchez because some nights can be chock full of messy, messy surprises. **Josef Carmelo**



**Dub Trio**  
**New Heavy**  
★★★

**Dub gets a metal makeover**

[ROIR] With its sophomore album, *New Heavy*, Brooklyn's Dub Trio weighs in with 40 dark minutes of aggressive rock and spacey dub. The talented threesome has a different take on dub, using metal to spice up a genre that can get a bit repetitive. Tracks like "One Man Tag Crew" explode with raging punk rock, then dissolve into chill dub with an echoey chord at the 30-second mark. *New Heavy* marks an evolution from Dub Trio's

previous album, the mellower *Exploring the Dangers Of*, and the band's experimentation is evident in the inclusion of their first and only vocal track, the driving "Not Alone," featuring Mike Patton. While *New Heavy* can be a bit jarring at times, especially for dub fans looking for a soundtrack for stoned daydreaming. Dub Trio's melding of styles gives the sound a kick in the ass that makes for a truly heavy listen. **Dustin Glick**



**Edu K**  
**Frenético**  
★★★★

**Baile beating comes strong, but takes a toll**

[Man Recordings] Move aside, M.I.A., and sit down, Diplo, Edu K is prepped to push his way to the fore with all the subtlety of the Prodigy doing a baile funk version of the Beastie Boys' "Fight For Your Right [To Party]." Which means: none at all. *Frenético* comes complete with thumping 808 kicks, searing guitar solos and hormone-raging call-and-response anthems like "Sex-O-Matic," "Da Punk Funk" and the modestly titled "Sexxy" [that's three X's, ladies]. Of course, such ball-swinging street music doesn't usually translate perfectly into the album format, and *Frenético* starts to lag about two

thirds of the way through. But if you haven't found a booty to pop by that time, you're just setting yourself up for disappointment once the two reggaeton remixes that close the album come through the speakers. But if you've been looking for that perfect cut with the Tarzan call for your next backyard banger, "Quero Ser Ator Porno" will fill the gap nicely. **Jim Fever**



**The Fever**  
**In the City of Sleep**  
★★★

**A step down from the high stepping debut record**

[Kemado] Throw the Dead Kennedys, The Cure, Billy Idol and a few great New York garage bands into a sound blender and you've got the hyper-energetic genius that is The Fever. The "garage punk" foursome's first album was hot as hell. Full-bodied and bursting with raw energy, *Red Bedroom* had the Empire City buzzing for months — which we all know is equivalent to like, six years in New York Time (NYT). I don't know what happened with *In the City of Sleep* — the often inevitable sophomore slump? Its best tracks ["Gypsy Cab/Down On The Street," "Redhead"] sound like faded mimics of weaker moments on *Red Bedroom* and "The Secret" is totally a repeat

arrangement. Jeremy Jasper's bratty vocals still exhaustingly jolt around raucous guitar chords — an element you either come to love or hate about The Fever, who, regardless of this minor disappointment, are still one of the more intriguing bands out there. **Jen Boyles**

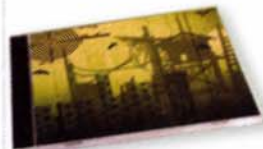


**The Fiery Furnaces**  
**Bitter Tea**  
★★

**Brooklyn's indie composers get bitch-slapped by the law of diminishing returns**

[Fat Possum] Can someone send a task force to Brooklyn to steal all of Matt and Eleanor Friedberger's Residents records? On what sounds like a hastily conceptualized pop companion to *Rehearsing My Choir*, the Furnaces blindly try to forge their overwrought musical collage into digestible tunes. When it pulls together ["Waiting To Know You," "Teach Me Sweetheart"] the effect is still a hair's breadth from memorable. Otherwise, listening to *Bitter Tea* is like watching an autistic kid play with Legos. The Friedbergers have a bag full of audio blocks they stick together without discernible allowance for form or fit. Backmasked melodies rub shoulders with chirpy electronics and Eleanor's engagingly half-flat voice, but no element has much to say to the others. Tunes race to include one idea after the next; it's not songwriting so much as creating a catalog of possibilities. Even listeners who retreat to the "experimental" defense will only mixtape the five decent tracks and torch the rest.

**Russ Fischer**



**Filastine**  
**Burn It**  
★★★★  
**Music for a nervous world order**

[Soot] One of the last men standing who can push world

music with authority [whose name isn't Diplo], DJ/rupture lives in Barcelona, Spain, where a wrong turn can send you from the courtyard of a renowned modern art museum to a back alley chocked full of Moroccan hookers and men who look like they'd have kidnapped Marion in another time. It's in this world where Rupture has befriended scores of like-minded artists, including Filastine, whose unknown origin is further obscured by the fact that he's played music everywhere from Rio to Marrakesh [where he captured a snake charmer's song on his laptop]. A subtle blend of global elements that don't need to club you like a para-military police man with their exotic rhythms, Filastine captures the uncertain feeling of moving off the tourist route, where you'll find foreign hip-hop, a French chanteuse and those charming flutes. **Jim Fever**



**Future Funk Squad**  
**Audio Damage**  
★★★★

**Very funky and very futuristic squad make a varied LP**

[Default/UK] Best known for their breakout "12" dance singles and remixes for artists like Mylo, Lamb, Moloko and the Stanton Warriors, FFS finally drop their debut artist album, which features the vocal talents of Tamra, MC Mojo, Ben Keenan and the legendary Kirsty Hawkshaw [Opus III - "It's a Fine Day" fame]. There is a little something for everyone here from the hip-hop inspired downtempo beats and rhymes of MC Mojo on "Writers Blok" to the progressive breakbeats in "Audio Damage" to the indie-electro vibe of "Towards the Sun" and "Sorcery." Tracks like "Deep Inside" and "Kissing Air" utilize lush strings and beautiful female vocals and while the album still manages to hang on to the underground dance scene it also marks the leap towards writing more song-based music with more than half the album featuring vocals or rhyming. This is definitely one to give a few good listens to. **Ben Hebel**