

# the poop 05 BY JIM MEYERS

## the rant 05

OK, first of all, there are some things that need to be addressed. I've tried haranguing strangers on the streets and in bars but mostly I just frighten people. My POOP people will certainly accept my spleen bleeding, right?

I just don't get the appeal of some of the darlings of the criterazi. What is supposed to impress me about the "work" of Colin "Bright Eyes" Olberst?



I spent time last year working with learning disabled and troubled third graders. They displayed more emotional depth, honesty and coherency than this sad clown. And

what is the deal with Lucinda

Williams? I know a lot of you love her, and that's all well and good. But why? Does she remind you of the crack whore you lost your virginity to? She sings like a cancer addled neutered cat in heat.



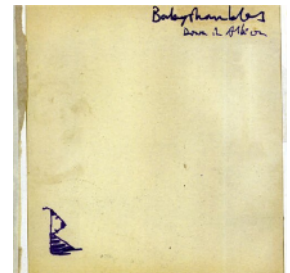
"Oh, it's all about the lyrics", you reply. Really? Chew on this nugget, "Tangerines and persimmons/And sugarcane/Grapes and honey dew melon/Enough fit for a queen." Wow, so deep I almost drowned in the puddle of puzzling plenitudes, the empty epiphany of effluence. However, I think I've finally solved the riddle that is Coldplay. They are my three-year-old niece's Maggie's favorite band. I asked her why and



she replied, "Because, Uncle Jim, they make me sleep." Mouths of babes and all that. ■

## the rave 05

My favorite record of the year was **Babysambles Down In Albion**. Strong emphasis on the shambles part, not surprisingly. I don't think it's all due to Pete Doherty's well-reported drugs



problems (is being rich, famous, talented and having chemical fueled debauched sex with Kate Moss really that big of a problem?) but rather a (semi) conscious and deliberate approach. It's beautiful and messy and chaotic and so simple it's complex. Much like life.

Just came out domestically. I had to score the import early I had such a serious jones. **Discover a Lovelier**

**You** was yet another stellar effort by my beloved Joe

Pernice and **The Pernice**

**Brothers**. Flawless but far too short. Much like life?

The live CD **Nobody's**

**Listening/Nobody's Watching** is exquisite as well. Speaking of



flawless, **The New Pornographers Twin Cinema** was so perfect it made me nervous. I have an inherent distrust of Canadians. Jack White produced **Brendan**

**Benson's** power-poptastic **The**

**Alternative to Love**, an album destined for cult classic status.

Pick it up now for future hipster points. Sure to be available cheap in used and cut-out bins much to my confusion and chagrin.



Mr. White's day job graced us with the **White Stripes Get Behind Me Satan**, which rocked igneous

## books05



There was a veritable avalanche of great rock books released this year. The best, by far was **Bob Dylan's Chronicles Volume One**. All I really wanna do is baby read volume two. From the why didn't I think of that department comes the **33 1/3** series. Buffalo Tom's Bill Janovits chronicles the recording of *Exile on Main Street*, while (my beloved) Joe Pernice produces a spot on fictional(?) account of what it was like growing up when *Meat Is Murder* meant more than anything else . . . but her. Both are brilliant. Can't wait for The Mats *Let It Be*. The drummer from Semisonic (*Closing Time*), of all people, wrote the fascinating and hilarious ***So You Want To Be A Rock and Roll Star: How I Machine Gunned a Roomful of Record Executives and Other Tales From a Drummers Life***. ■

## shows05



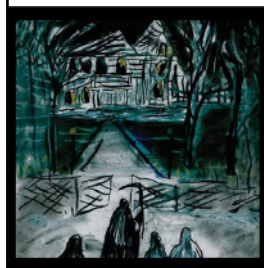
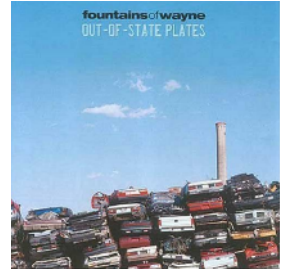
By far the most significant musical event of el cinco was the **Pixies** show at The Egg. I was in the fourth row and feared Joey Santiago might melt my skull with squalls of feedback. The apprehen-

sion over the inevitable tinnitus increased as Black Francis announced that "ear protection" was available at the concession stand. Then, much to my shock and awe, the mighty Pixies proceeded to play an entirely acoustic set. It turned out to be a "secret" show so they could practice for the Newport Folk Festival where they would be performing acoustic for the "first time ever." Francis beseeched the crowd, "Don't tell anyone about this or we'll get sued." He worried about the night descending into a chaotic riot in a "a reverse Dylan incident." They engaged in stage banter that seemed to shock even the band. "Joey, this is the first time I've ever seen you on stage with a microphone", said Kim Deal. "We're playing the folk festival, and I figured they like people to talk, so I'm, um, working on that," he replied. Then melted my skull acoustic style. Perhaps the best show I've ever seen. ■

## the *rave* cont.

style despite mostly eschewing guitars.

**The Fountains of Wayne *Out of State Plates*** collection of ephemera and oddities produced the best song they ever recorded (The **INSANELY** catchy *The Girl I Can't Forget*, download it now or forever be without joy) as well as a goose-bump inspiring (seemingly) irony free cover of *Hit Me Baby...One More Time* that captures a pathos that neither Mrs. Federline nor



the Euro-trash song hacks who birthed the original abortion could have ever imagined or intended. **Ryan Adams** released an anachronistic mash note to The Dead that would have been

exceptional had his hubris and ego not splayed it across four (!) disappointing discs. Make an iPod mix, forget he's an ass and pretend you're the one kissing Parker Posey. The best single I heard in the Five was **Welcome To Jamrock** by **Damion "Jr. Gong" Marley**. The best heavy



reggae since Black Uhuru *Red*. I really enjoy **The Gorillaz** also. Not my usual sandbox but I dig it. Oh, I almost forgot **Iron and Wine/Calexico's** EP. My wife thinks it sounds like Jimmy

Buffet. I still love her. And I have to mention the almost impossibly energetic **Rosalita** from **Bruce's** live DVD ***Born to Run*** deluxe thing. Life affirming. Thank Pat Robertson for PBS. ■

**Thanks for playing.**

— J I M M E Y E R S