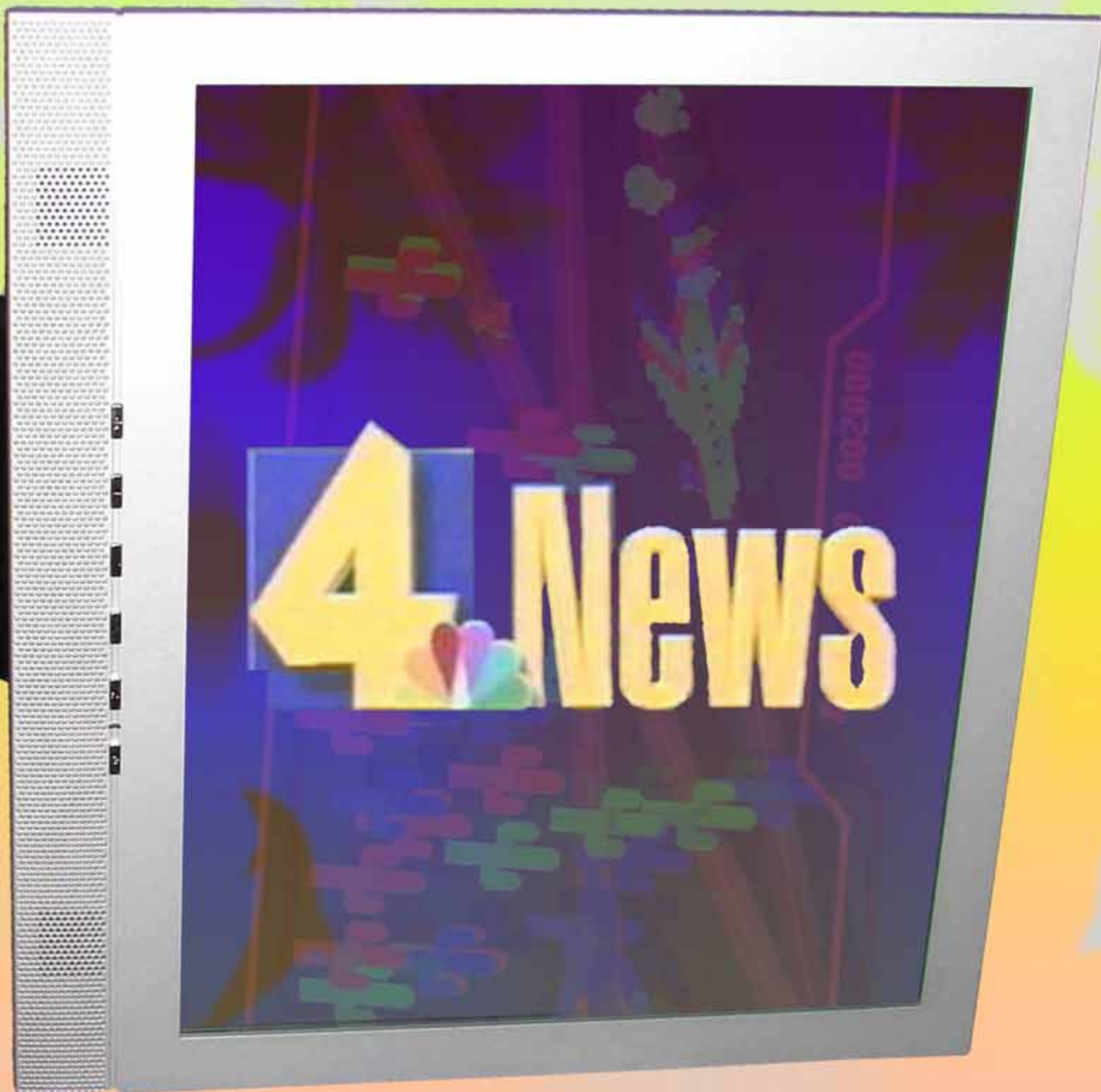


##WELCOME_美&OUNDS™##



##WELCOME_美&OUNDS™##

For a Zen monk

who started his career as a poet, SEALife™ is a low-key album rooted in blues and gospel-- maybe the closest thing he's made to "folk" music since the early 1970s. It's easy to understand why people get offended by their dick moves, both literal and figurative. But for anyone invested in the group as an artistic entity, all of this retro and regressive Punk 101 chi canery serves as a distraction or a depletion from music that derives a purer shock value by sounding like it has no real precedent. In the studio, though, that's generally been lost in the relentless of their 40-minute barrages. Whether this breakthrough portends a change in course remains to be seen, it sounds like she's surveying the artifacts around her, It's not quite enough to justify both of the appearance of these globs, half-heartedly tossed out onto the pile at the end of a release year, but it's close

- Fred Lawrence Whipple.

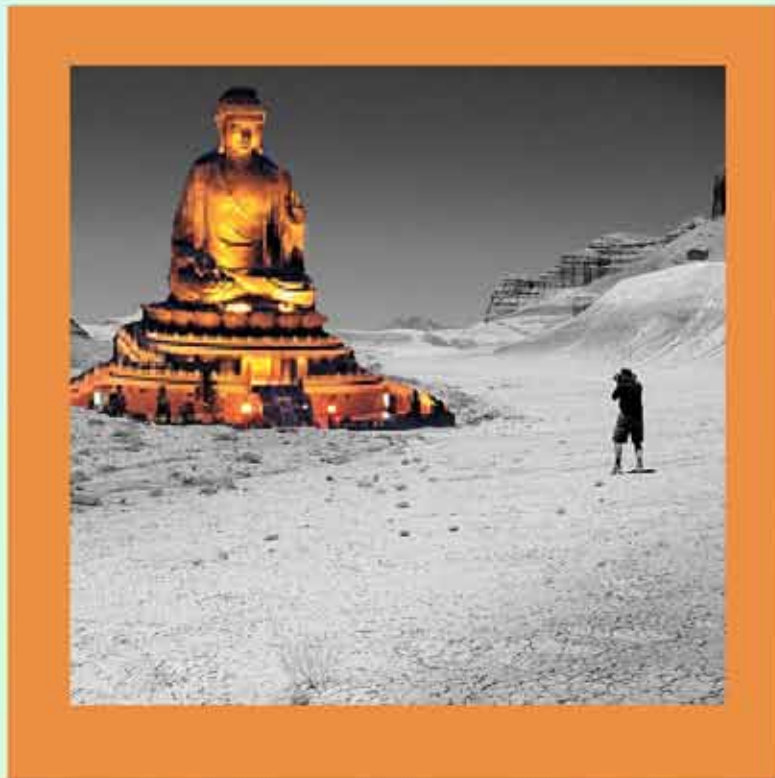


Christians Having Sex: SEALife™

*“maybe the closest
thing he's made to
"folk" music “*

At 34, he's a consummate dilettante, making, for the most part, conservative, reactionary rap music. A drunken, cuckolded, and death-obsessed reprobate, the music is schmaltzy, tacky stuff, but they're undercut with an uneasiness provided by guitars at times, locking into ascending solos that expand each track, adding to the casual, unfettered atmosphere. But for an album that sounds as off-the-wall as the rhythm's center of gravity that give their beats a woozy kind of 3-D effect, and melodies seem to come and go as they please. Unfortunately, sometimes it seems to just mean "slow", the way he arranged and recorded it gives the track the feel of a musician and his gear in a tight symbiotic relationship, all falling apart together.

- Witold Lutostawski.



Mind Crunch (Cereal) Meal:
■ TREPIDATION ☒- NIRVANA ■

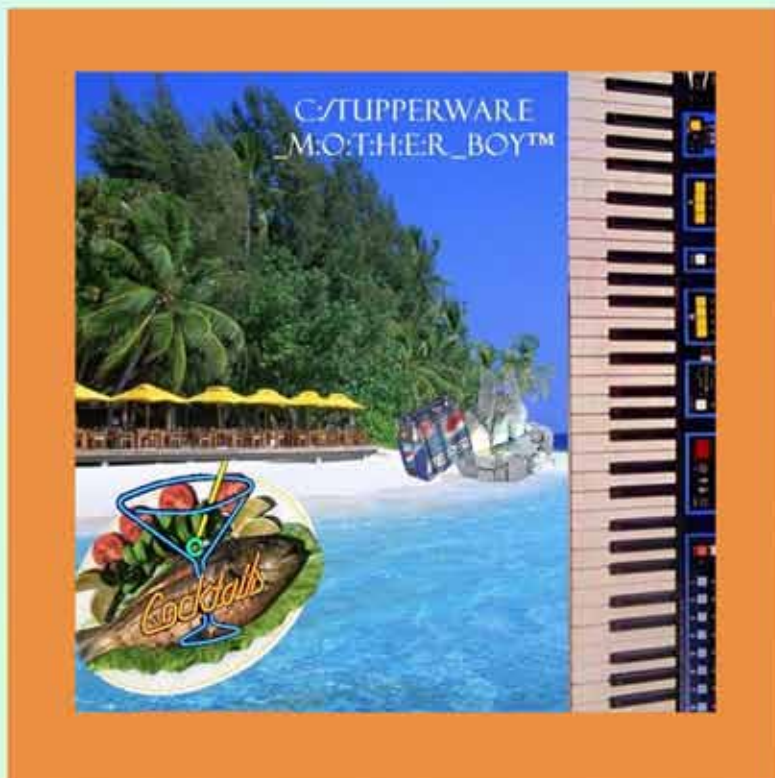
“conservative,
reactionary rap
music.”



Judging by the

COVER and artwork for their second full-length EP the tracks here are anything but backward looking, instead taking elements of dance music's past (knotty twists of acid, thundering jungle-inspired drum programming) and spewing them out in an unholy mangle that's uniquely theirs. The EP's playfulness begins with its title. The band makes thoughtful use of volume and space to chop the song into these three discrete parts, Instead of pigeonholing the genre by turning it into something overly specific. Very few of the tunes here are flawless, but most of them at least deliver something interesting. Out of drifting time signatures and drawn-out harmonies, they carve a sense of aimless, star-crossed wandering. This is a shame, but I hope it also acts as a goad: It suggests a revitalization within the duo's song writing, if not simply a necessary change in outlook.

- Hong Xiuquan.



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C:/TUPPERWARE_M:O:T:H:E:R_BOY™

“An unholy mangle that's uniquely theirs.”

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