

high and sit around in my undies while drinking daiquiris and blasting fuck-off track "Knock 'Em Out," thanks to Lily, it feels like July again. **CARRIE TUCKER**



HELLA
There's No 666 in Outerspace **78%**
IPECAC

Meet the newly revamped Hella, known for years as two guys—Spencer Selm, Zach Hill—whose sobbingly brilliant melding of the Minutemen and Don Caballero made progressive punk-jazz sound like the best idea in the world. On *666*, the duo's become a five-piece, with a real singer whose Bixler/Enigk croon makes this heady brew an easy-enough swallow for new recruits. No one outside of Lightning Bolt can pound their way into an infernal abyss of rhythmless funk like these guys, but Hella's old guard are likely to be widely pissed. **JONATHAN PRUETT**



THE TWILIGHT SINGERS
A Stitch in Time **86%**
ONE LITTLE INDIAN

Since the Twilight Singer's 2006 release of *Powder Burns*, something has changed. Namely, that brooding crooner Mark Lanegan has been hanging out more than usual and, well, he and Greg Dulli have really hit it off in a smoking-in-the-boys-room kind of way. Gearing up for their release as the Gutter Twins,

these two are already starting trouble on this EP with a hypnotic cover of Massive Attack's "Live with Me" and the attitude-fueled "Flashback"; elsewhere fellow libertine Joseph Arthur helps channel Marvin Gaye on "Sublime." *Nitty and gritty.* **COLIN STUTZ**



GILLES PETERSON & PATRICK FORGE PRESENT...
Sunday Afternoon at Dingwalls **66%**
ETHER

It's fitting that this is titled *Sunday Afternoon...* The sense of letdown at the end of a weekend when you realize you've wasted most of your time is an apt metaphor for the listening experience. Continually holding onto the hope that the next track will be that hidden jazzy gem that redeems the filler before it is a futile exercise. There are several good songs (mostly confined to the second disc), but not one adequately compensates for the lack of inspiration pervading the rest of the mix. Here's looking to next weekend. **JEREMY MOEHLMANN**



GREENSKEEPERS
Polo Club **88%**
OM

Polo Club is a departure for OM, a label famed for its über-soul house mixes a la badasses Mark Farina and Kaskade. But draw closer,

emilie simon
 the flower book

Includes the hits
Fleur De Saison,
Flowers and Desert

"Singing in English and in French, she is casting wide for an audience. She won't be waiting long." — **MOJO**

"The variety of sound is endless... full of texture and mystery." — **BPM**

"...a subtle pop record with sophisticated electronic elements and a flirty vibe." — **Paper**

"Already a star in her native France [Emilie] has an old world elegance that stands out from the crowd." — **Interview**



Milan www.myspace.com/emiliesimonmusic
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The Frames

the Cost

Recorded live in the studio, "The Cost" is easily The Frames best record to date. Armed with some of the best songs they've ever written, the band set out to capture the legendary passion and dynamics of their concerts and they have fully succeeded. Delicate folk melodies weave through blasts of big guitars and artful noise to cinematic effect.

From the Sunday Dublin Tribune:
"...The familiar themes of desperation, tainted hope and rudderlessness drive the songs, particularly 'People Get Ready', to something of epic proportions... Their best record to date, by some distance."

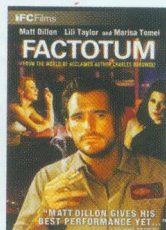
The Frames "the Cost"
In Stores Feb. 20, 2007

ANTI-

www.anti.com
www.theframes.ie

dear reader: self-destruction, love, fame and cowboys are addressed via vocals sincere in tone, sardonic in composition and riveted together in patchwork mimicry of Byrne, Ferry and Ramone. Most cuts would be well-received in a club but are rendered with real instruments on the main. It's like a jar of peanut butter swirled with jelly, except with a lot more "spreads" in the arsenal. MARK VON PFEIFFER

dvd



Factotum

85%

IFC FILMS

Bukowski acolytes will either love or loathe Matt Dillon's portrayal of Chuck's fictional alter-ego in Norwegian director Bent Hamer's take on this story of love and art among the lowlifes. Dillon doesn't quite approach Mickey Rourke's Hank Chinaski from *Barfly*, but he's got the burnt-out nobility and looks good with a drink in his paw; Marisa Tomei, Lili Taylor, and the late, lamented Adrienne Shelly are more successful as velvet-and-sandpaper distractions. PAUL GAITA

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