



WORST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: COLD

seems way more boring than, say, *Risk* or *Dungeons and Dragons*, and I still don't know where the connection is between board games and dance music, but some of these jams are actually pretty hot.

ERIK LAVOIE

Trüby Trio 1



Elevator Music Compost

If Steely Dan were given a cutting-edge drum machine, seven hundred pounds of the finest hash money can buy, and accommodation in the Brazilian outback, they might come up with something akin to this queasy, lightweight, and self-indulgent sonic whoopee cushion. Anatomically, *Elevator Music* is equal parts cheap funk, sex, and impotent jazz, all half-heartedly imbued with a world music vibe that would work splendidly as the soundtrack to a pornographic remake of a 1970s Roger Moore Bond film.

ERIK LAVOIE

Giorgio Marauder 10



To Hell with Everyone 7" Mirex

I am telling you right this second that this dude (AKA: END) is the best producer of fucked-up break-beat exotica noise music on the planet! These three stunning tracks prove he's not fucking around. And if you don't believe me, believe Jane Birkin, who chants "Go fuck the rest of the world" on the title track. Then you'll be freaking out. This one might be hard to track down, but it's totally worth it, I swear!

ERIK LAVOIE

Aspera 0



Oh Fantastica Jagjaguwar

What do the Artist Formerly Known as Prince, the circus, German drinking songs, and electroclash have to do with each other? Absolutely nothing. Well, then, why the fuck would anyone pretend that it makes sense to mix a little of each into an entire album? It's not even witty or ironic.... Maybe next time these douche-bags could try something a little more basic: sugar, flour, eggs, chocolate chips, butter, vanilla, etc. It's kind of impossible to fuck up a batch of cookies.

ERIK LAVOIE



The Locust 7



Plague Soundscapes Anti

The Locust is still one toe over the line of shtick and way more interesting than actually enjoyable. If that's the point—and I think it is—*Plague Soundscapes* rules. It's ugly, uncomfortable, and sets the standard for a genre that has barely begun to exist. Even though ADD hardcore kids everywhere love these grinding, stream-of-consciousness tantrums, the pervasive self-importance really chafes. The band's bio places them at "the center of controversy" because Justin Pearson wants to "change the way people look at music." Whoa, dude!

ERIK LAVOIE

Dying Fetus 10



Stop at Nothing Relapse

I used to get mad and carve pentagrams in my arm because so many people were turned off by death metal. But then I realized that, as with anything, a lot of it really does suck ass. When done right, though, it's like the God of the Old Testament is sporting spiky bracelets and calling you Ezekiel and making you beg for a loincloth or a clay pot filled with sand. In other words, Dying Fetus will make you Born Again.

ERIK LAVOIE

Minor Threat 10



First Demo Tape Dischord

These guys were like 10-years-old when they made these recordings in a basement in Arlington, VA. What a bunch of little badasses. Classics are here, like "Minor Threat" and "Bottled Violence", but if you have the Minor Threat discography you are already set. Unless you want to be a record nerd, like me. Then you'll love this.

ERIK LAVOIE

Earl Shilton 10



Two Rooms (Full of Insects) Invisible Spies Records

This is one of the best metal records we've received here at *VICE* for Christ-only-knows how long. Earl Shilton is really just Alex, who used to play drums in Bolt Thrower, and on *Two Rooms* he deftly traipses through speed, death, black, sludge, prog, pop, Viking, symphon-

ic, and abstract heavy metal. And yes, usually when someone leaps subgenres so much, it is artsy and annoying. With Earl Shilton, however, it displays virtuosity and total mastery of the steed of metaldom. We are literally gagging to see the Earl Shilton live show, which includes Alex's little brother on bass and his 16-year-old sister on drums! That is going to be fucking killer.

ERIK LAVOIE

Glenn Branca 9



The Ascension Acute

If five guitars droning amid prehistoric drum rhythms in a bristling, effervescent wave of electric speed isn't your idea of heaven, you need to get with it, like, quick. This is what Yngwie Malmsteen might have done if he ever stopped using his guitar as an extension of his dick. OK, not really. But you get the idea.

ERIK LAVOIE

Dysrhythmia 5



Pretest Relapse

2 + 2...BANG! 4. Whoa! 7 x 12...SQUEEEEEEEEEK!! 84! Square root 121...bad-dap-bap-dap...dap-d-d-dap...!! Bands don't get much more math than this...

ERIK LAVOIE

The Means 9



Community Horse Reptilian

When you hear "rock n' roll," you imagine songs with catchy choruses about good times and romance. But when you hear the Means, you imagine a