## Superchunk Re-emerges With Polished Sheen

Like Time Out Chicken 'n Biscuits or the Cat's Cradle, Superchunk is a Chapel Hill institution. And like most institutions, it got

that way becau it did something [reviews] sistently well.

stalwart rockers have been cranking out their

distinctive brand of amped up power-pop for more than a decade now, wowing audiences across the country and the

ble for catapulting Chapel Hill onto the national cool map with its 1990 single "Slack Motherfucker." On Here's to Shutting Up, the band's eighth full-length album, Superchunk continue its commitment to excellence. The record also continues Superchunk's evolution so evidenced by 1999's Come Pick Me Up.
The record's rich, layered composi

tions – at times beautiful, at times rocking, at times both – are the sounds of a nd confident in its maturity.

For the past two albums Superchunk has gradually turned down the volume, replacing kinetic energy with increased ingenuity. With Here's To Shutting Up, the band has arrived at what it was striving for before — a fully developed new Superchunk sound. The distorted guitars, driving bass and bombastic drums are still there, but now strings, organs, acoustic guitars and even a lap steel fill things out.

McCaughan's voice, which reached a surprisingly high falsetto on Come Pick Me

Up, has dropped a few notes. Even though it's still higher than anything on older albums it works well on this record. The falsetto seemed a little strained and not sure on Come Pick Me Up, but McCaughan ems confident in his vocal range now.

Not only that, he has reached a new level of songwriting. The slacker anthems and rockers of *On the Mouth* or other releases have been completely replaced with contemplative, superbly constructed lyrical compositions com plete with multilayered harmoni

Among the most noticeable depar-ires from the Superchunk canon is the laid-back country rocker "Phone Sex." The violin, lap steel and a driving 3/3 almost sound more like seytown than Superchunk. Whiskeytown Harmonies drip like syrup over the infectious melody, and the eerily appropriate (but completely coincidental) chorus – "Plane crash footage on TV/ I know, I know that could be me" – make the song even more memorable.

Heavy on the keyboards and strings, "The Animal Has Left its Shell" and "What Do You Look Forward To?" slow the tempo down even more for two of the band's best ballads. Making a kind of indie-easy listening, it's a testament to Superchunk's range that they can rock so hard yet still make music your par-

ents could make out to.

But there's still rock aplenty on *Here's to Shutting Up.* "Rainy Streets" has all the anthemic immediacy that makes the band's live audiences pogo up and down like coked-up kangaroos. Likewise for "Out on the Wing" and "Art Class." The main difference between these and rockers from older albums is that instead of pulling out all the stops. Supershunk has pulling out all the stops, Superchunk has precisely calculated notes and structure to achieve a paradoxically maximum yet restrained rock value.

There are those who will say that

Superchunk has lost whatever gift it had, that they're past their prime. But Superchunk is just getting its second wind.
Yes, the band is an institution. But

unlike most institutions this one is constantly looking forward and evolving. And it rocks harder than a Time Out sausage biscuit ever could.

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Here's to Shutting Up, Superchunk's eighth studio album, combines the band's traditional rock sound with layered production techniques.

## Gibbs Band Cranks Out Backwater Brilliance; Bad Ronald Offends With Monotony

Emma Gibbs Band Out of the Country

\*\*\*\* The Winston-Salem-based Emma Gibbs Band maintains its interesting and joyful mix that's ultimately neo-country

FEDERAL THEATERS

r the young city boy.
On its fourth album, Out to the

IARDBALL FGD Daily 3:15, 5:25, 7:35, 9:45

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THE MUSKETEER FGB Daily 3:10, 5:15, 7:20, 9:45

RAT RACE TO Daily 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, 9:45

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Country, the band blends facets of every genre from country to bluegrass to classic rock. The album comes off with a cool, casual and eclectic sound made

But the musical talent, lyrics and members have matured, creating a

famous by its third album SevenEven.

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BEN STILLER

PG-13

ZOOLANDER

Throughout the album, the band's members sing about their tired bodies, tattered clothes and traveling blues in a life long journey. Balanced between head-bobbing folk beats ("Hole in the Dark," "Engineer") and tranquil instrumental interludes ("'99 flood," "Never Been to Heaven"), the album is smooth and seamess yet youthfully intense

"Black Road," in particular, stands out with its fervent guitar solos and light-hearted lyrics – all with a sound that is characteristically Emma Gibbs.

Will Straughan's vocals come across as powerful and versatile, equally capable of country twangs and hopeful moans. Complementing his graceful mandolin scales are Drew Cannon and Richard Upchurch's dueling guitars, leaving plenty of room for enchanting solos and tunes that stretch out and weave back together.

walling lap-steel creates a psychedelic country tune supported by driving bass and drums, played by Jeff Remsburg and George Wallis respectively. Above all, Brent Buckner's harmonica sings intense, which is the state of the st ly, making you want to dance and just sit back and relax at the same time.

Not conforming to any specific genre yet exceptional for that exact reason, Emma Gibbs Band sounds like a back-water Bob Dylan, comfortable on any

lost and lonely lopsided porch.

Out to the Country showcases the band's talent and individuality in a hypnotic album that the band will showcase at its CD release party at 9:30 p.m. Friday at Raleigh's Lincoln Theatre. Both the show and the new album should keep country-hungry city boys happy for awhile.

By Nick Parker

**Bad Ronald** Bad Ronald

\*\*☆☆☆

While sex and drugs may be a big part of rock 'n' roll lyrics, bands usually don't make them the whole ball of wax.

Pity no one told that to New York based rap-rock outfit Bad Ronald. The group's self-titled debut album essen-

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RAT RACE (RGI)

tially revamps the same two songs over and over – one about getting high, the other about getting laid.

Most of the band's vocals are ridicu-lously repetitive – they'd be funny if they so dull. The subject matter covers only drug use, casual sex and binge drinking, making the tracks blur into one another like an alcohol-fogged spring break. Women are described mostly in terms of breasts, butts and the sexual acts they're performing at a given time

The utter lack of variety wears very thin very fast. Kaz Gamble provides a bit of lyrical oomph with his varied delivery, but the rest of the vocals are crap, pure and simple.

So Bad Ronald seems to offer nothing more than your bog-standard angry te boy rock. But ignore the lyrics and listen to a few seconds of "Let's Begin (Shoot the Sh\*\*)," and the music's individuality begins to shine through as '80s-style electronic keyboards take over. The big hair gives way to hard-core thrash with the rock version of "Let's Begin" that ends the album, when the easy '80s groove and turntable work is replaced by solid guitar and bass.

The band covers a lot of musical ground. Tracks like "All A Dream" crank out like old-school punk, and they even cover Beethoven with an electric guitar rendering of "Ode To Joy" rounding out the song "Lost On Tour."

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But decent music and redoing the classics don't redeem the album completely - the random use of turntables and electronics gets old after a while.

In spite of its generic rap-rock feel, Bad Ronald has some, albeit buried, degree of musical talent. But it's clear the band does have a lot of maturing to do. By Graham Parker

30 Odd Foot of Grunts Bastard Life or Clarity \*\*☆☆☆

It has been said that everybody wants to be a rock star, and apparently that proposition extends to the highest echelons of Hollywood.

Keanu Reeves and Kevin Bacon have blazed the way for movie stars who can't resist getting their groove on, and now "Gladiator" Russell Crowe follows suit with 30 Odd Foot of Grunts.

Since the band actually existed before Crowe became famous as an actor in the '90s, it's unfair to accuse TOFOG (the band's preferred nickname) of being a vanity project. But it seems unlikely that the group would be reaping the benefits of an American record release without

its burly, Oscar-winning frontman.

TOFOG plays Aussie folk, a configuration of blues and rock that would sound right at home among the drunks and sawdust of an Outback pub. The songs all sound generally the same and are driven by meat-and-potatoes guitar, drums and Crowe's gravely baritone.

But the down-home sound the group strives for never really comes across. For a record that would benefit from a more hard-edged, unpolished feel, the pro-

duction of the album is too precise, leav-ing many songs feeling stale and flat. The album's single, "Things Have Got To Change," is a toe-curling embarrassment, burdened by corny emotional build-ups of Crowe belting out lyrics

that would make Bryan Adams cringe. Likewise, songs like "Wendy" and "Memorial Day," in which Crowe pens his most personal words, tend to be the most unconvincing efforts. More often than not, the music fails to conceal the

throwaway "emotional" lyrics. But occasionally the group gets it right. "Swept Away Bayou" is a juke joint foot-stomper that finds energy in its quick, rolling pace and the welcome presence of

But this could all be a moot point, since most people won't be listening to TOFOG for the music.

Obviously the main attraction here is Crowe, and it will be his name that earns TOFOG any attention at all. For a per-former who has made a name for himself by tackling memorable roles, it's a shame that his music is quite the opposite.

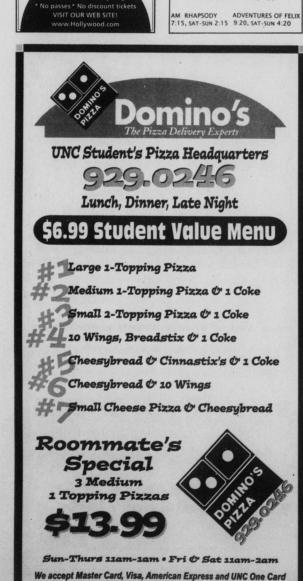
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