6 THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 2004

Diversions

Wacky Walkmen revive Jones clears second LP snare classic New York vibes

BY PHILIP MCFEE ASSISTANT ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

When Sony first came out with the Walkman 20 years ago, the clunky tape-decks-to-go were nothing short of beastly.

In the following years, the com-pany churned out line after line of portable players, each time pack ing the streamlined packages with more bang for the buck.

Now, in the 2004 rock arena, with the release of their sophomore album *Bows + Arrows*, the Walkmen have both streamlined the garage-influenced scene and continued the long-running New York tradition.

For listeners seeking more vari-ation in the Strokes' three-minute steadfastness or wishing that the arty, seven-minute Interpol song would just end already, the

Walkmen are the prescription. The blossoming quintet pack a great deal of complexity into their most recent effort while somehow managing to uphold the classic

New York chord change-phobia. In 2002, the group's debut, Everyone Who Pretended to Like Me Is Gone, introduced listeners to a sound reminiscent of classic New York noise acts like the Velvet Underground.

Their style is unique, but it suf-

MUSICREVIEW THE WALKMEN **BOWS + ARROWS**

fers from a familiar geographic setback.

New York acts have been stricken by a disease. No two successive releases by any band can differ musically. The Strokes' albums Is This It and Room on Fire aren't exactly night and day, and the Walkmen fall symptom to the same syndrome.

Although Bows + Arrows retains a similar sound, it's a more Arrows olished effort - as evident in the first two tracks.

On the opener, "What's in It for Me," lead singer Hamilton Leithauser's soaring rasp co-ops a Bob Dylan-esque slur but remains articulate. The airy number meanders along, a mix of Dylan's Empire State weariness and Interpol's echoing down tempo tracks.

The follow-up track, the fast-paced standout "The Rat," channels anger through the unlikely combination of combo organ and shoegaze-esque wall-of-sound gui-tars. The effect is simultaneously peculiar and effective — typical of the Walkmen's take on indie rock.



Throughout, the quintet revives the classic fury of the garage move-ment, combining it with epic guitar work

Heavy strummers such as "Little House of Savages" are tough to beat, while slower tracks such as "138th Street" pull in the reigns.

Although not as rife with riffs as those of their New York brethren, the Walkmen's tracks shift modes frequently enough to stay fresh. And, once *Bows + Arrows* hits

track seven, it's cut after cut of memorable licks as the group

dashes for the finish. The repetitive Walkmen, though lacking skip protection, put out anything but empty rehash.

Contact the ASE Editor at artsdesk@unc.edu.

BY TANNER SLAYDEN STAFF WRITER

The sophomore jinx has claimed How many people bought Alanis Morissette's follow-up to Jagged Little Pill, and how many recent reggae acts have made it to round two?

Now, a new offbeat singer/songwriter, Norah Jones, is facing every musician's Achilles' heel.

After winning eight Grammy Awards and selling 18 million copies of her first LP, Come Away With Me, Jones has to get over the slump that is a running theme in shows like "Behind the Music" and in nature: what goes up, must come down.

But her ascent might not be over

yet Jones' second attempt, Feels Like Home, shows her maturity and growth as a musician. Although the LP has its share of turnoffs, no one should expect Jones to become the next Tracy Chapman.

It begins on a bright note with "Sunrise." The angelic pop song sets the mood as well as the tempo for the rest of the album.

Listeners shouldn't expect slow and delicate tunes such as "Don't Know Why." Although retaining the mellow feel of *Come Away* With Me, Jones picks up the tempo, adds more southern rockinspired guitar riffs and replaces

her quiet jazz sound with a more country-and-blues tone. Her musical intonation not only es south - it goes back a couple

of decades. She goes from jamming with Dolly Parton to covering a Tom Waits song to playing a jazz com-position by Duke Ellington.

Adding to the schizophrenia, she infuses her signature live aura. In songs such as "In the Morning" and "Above Ground," the reheared is de law the uter the

rehearsal ended up being the take. With tracks that have random improvised sounds and solos, Jones has made a record that feels like a live LP. This free musical environment,

usually only captured on live recordings, somehow has made her deliberately simple style interest-

But her low-key approach isn't completely saved by her spontane-ity, and she gets caught in the toomellow trap.

The equation is clear and sim-ple. Thirteen breezy, dragging tracks in a row equals sleep. It's also difficult for the male sex

to relate to the album. Some of the songs are about Jones' personal love stories, and men probably will lose interest at lines that say, "My girlfriend tried to help me / get you off my mind."

There are more masculine things to do than listen to Norah

lorah Jones

MUSICREVIEW NORAH JONES FEELS LIKE HOME +++

But some of these love songs lose their meanings because of one disappointing fact: This quirky artist only contributes about half of the lyrics

Even though she donates more vords to this record than any other of her projects, there is something about not writing your own songs that is very Backstreet Boys. Which isn't bad.

Wait – yes it is.

But her growth spurt on this CD shows that she has the potential to make it past the second round curse. She might even win all the Grammy Awards next year. Who knows?

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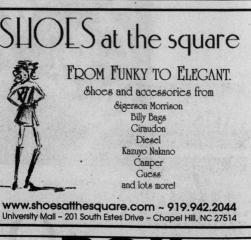
claimed hottest label on the streets churns out some of most exploita-tive tripe on the shelf. West should be forgiven for his deal, but he shouldn't have jump the Jigga-

contrived bandwagon. Instead, he apologizes: "Golly more bullshit ice rap/ I gotta apol-ogize to Mos and Kweli ... Always said if I rapped I'd say something significant/ But know I'm rappin bout money, hoes and rims again."

Sadly, Roc-A-Fella has wrapped its hands around his creativity. Dropout is plagued by stupid skits and rhymes about how Roca is super neat. A characteristically vapid cameo from Jay-Z almost ruins "Never Let Me Down." Let's hope Jigga has truly scribed his last epitaph and bows out without don-ning another nickname.

But really, West could have spit rhymes about sharpening his pen-cil and this album would still end up being one of the most listenable of 2004.

> Contact the ASE Editor at artsdesk@unc.edu.



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