with little lasting value as its beauty begins to fade or its dull personality

begins to outshine its appearance.
Such is the case with Monstre
Cosmic, the third album from

Monade, a side project for Stereolab chanteuse Laetitia Sadier.

Monade's silk-smooth tones

coast effortlessly through the

album's 51 minutes as Sadier's

admittedly gorgeous voice carries the songs enough to deliver ample

amounts of pretty, but the lack of

dynamic builds or explosive cli-

maxes in the arrangements makes

LADYHAWK



thursday, march 6, 2008

Vancouver rock outfit Ladyhawk's immediately accessible sound feels at home in the nearby Seattle scene. There must be some thing in the Pacific Northwest's air and not just the notably influential heavy rain.

The group's balanced control is consistent throughout the quartet's third album, Shots, and nothing feels uncomfortably jarring or overpowering in the least.

The disc features intelligent dia-logue between rhythm and lead guitars and expert transitions through a range of tempos. It's a fine record that, at its core, is a lesson in successful rock writing on all fronts.

Ladyhawk shines clearest with winning vocal harmonies emerging at the climax of ever-building chord progressions, notably on the chorus of the alluring 10-minute capper "Ghost Blues.

Song titles allude to dark times Fear," "Corpse Paint," "Faces of ("Fear, Death") and Duffy Driediger's vocals sound clearly troubled, but coupled with passionate, distorted jams, there's often a sense of hope in his strained timbre.

It's almost haunting enough to warrant a move to Canada, but better experienced vicariously while wishing for more precipitation.

-Edwin Arnaudin

FLAT DUO JETS



Functioning as the soundtrack to "Two Headed Cow," a documen-

tary film about Flat Duo Jets front-

man/North Carolina legend-of-sorts

Dexter Romweber, Two Headed Cow

(the album) plays as a prized bootleg

the Flat Duo Jets to pour out of the

speakers like that delectable rock-

drinks and cigarette smoke that

mechanical propulsion from drum-

one helluva testament to the last-

ing power of the Jets' and classic

American rock 'n' roll.

It's an exhilarating listen, and

-Bryan Reed

mer Crow

makes a perfect chaser to tinnitus Romweber's gritty rockabilly guitar work glitters, laid atop the

how concoction of sweat, spilled

of a cult-favorite at its liveliest.

TWO HEADED COW A PICTURE OF THE THREE OF US AT THE GATE TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN ****



THESE UNITED STATES

To hell with audio books From now on, whenever you are in need of some culture but are too lazy to put on your bifocals, allow These United States to do it for you.

The recording is rough but clear enough for the greaseball energy of Jesse Elliot leads some 30 odd musicians through his half-hour musical novella, A Picture of the Three of Us at the Gate to the Garden of Eden.

With tales of employment, love and loss, Elliot pens an everyman's story accompanied by guitar and uncomplicated arrangements. A Picture also embraces the lost art of liner notes by including every lyric, so you can follow along the same way as with The Audacity of Hope.

Overall the album is too simple for its own good, but drunken warbles and the thought that you

could make that record, too, make melt into each other, making for it some of the most easily relatable music you'll hear.

-Benn Wineka



Funneling all the jittery, anxious energy of indie rock into exaggerated bursts of joy-pop exuberance seems to have be a trend as of late.

With Red Yellow & Blue, Toronto's Born Ruffians prove that they're no ngers to the sugar-buzzed charm that frantic, trebly guitars, sharp rimshots, hip-shaken basslines and yelped vocals delivering deceptively simple ditties can create.

On "Little Garcon," frontman Luke LaLonde feebly croons, "I don't mind just what you do/As long as it's with me too," with an adolescent nervousness that makes the purity of the sentiment all the

more endearing.

The only problem the Ruffians' ce on their debut longplayer is that its 11 cuts begin to

an overlong experience.

But the songs are good and iPods can skip tracks, so it doesn't really matter that much.

WHITE HINTERLAND PHYLACTERY FACTORY



No doubt looking to cash in on Regina Spektor's pop-cross-over success, Casey Dienel (as White Hinterland), parlays a similar quirky charm into her LP, Phylactery Factory.
It's got all Spektor's tricks, with

Dienel's lacy vocals dancing grace-fully over her rapid-fire piano tinker-ing and brushed snare that give the record the same jagged intimacy.

And it makes for a delightful

listen. It's easy to get swept up in the sheer beauty of Dienel's voice, which renders lyrics unnecessary.

It's the type of voice that would sound amazing singing anything, and when coupled with the gorgeous arrangements, White Hinterland has truly made a record to be admired.

It's just too bad that Regina Spektor did it much better.
-Jamie Williams

MONADE **MONSTRE COSMIC**

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it all ignorable: elevator music for the hopelessly hip. -Bryan Reed

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DIVESTAFF

Bryan Reed, Editor 843-4529 | dive@unc.edu

Jamie Williams, Assistant Editor

*** CLASSIC

Edwin Amaudin, David Berngartt, Rachel Brody, Melissa Brown, Jordan Lawrence, Rachael Oehring, Benn Wineka, Catherine Williams, staff

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Album From the Vaults R.E.M. - Murmur. The Georgia band's essential debut stands the test of time **New Clients Only** 3 TANS

with the swirling jangle and enigmatic vocals that make songs like "Radio Free Europe" and "Moral Kiosk" college rock classics. Plus, it was recorded in N.C., and that's pretty cool. Movie Rental Pick:

"The Big Sleep": Humphrey Bogart stars as private detective Philip Marlowe in this 1946 film-noir murder mystery, revered for its complex plot and stirring

Something Random:

Take a nap: You look tired. Why not just kick back for a couple hours and get some glorious midday shut-eye? All those papers and exams jammed in right before spring break are exhausting, I hear ya. Who couldn't use a little

Events:

Today

The Cave | The former Flat Duo Jets frontman brings his gritty, greasy rock 'n' blues to Chapel Hill's oldest tavern. A staple act at a staple bar - it don't get much better than this. 10:30 p.m. \$5. 21 and up. Say Hi

Local 506 | Seattle's Say Hi (used to be Say Hi To Your Mom) puts just enough quirked-up melodrama in his electronically augmented pop-rock to keep it engaging, and never annoying. Local openers, The Nothing Noise are no strangers to quirked-up melodrama either, though their sound relies more on stringed instruments of the acoustic persuasion. 9 p.m. \$8.

Chatham County Line CD Release Cat's Cradle | Chatham County Line injects its bluegrass with all sorts of stuff, drawing connections between traditional icana and contemporary sounds like it's easy. The Everybodyfields open the show with a brand of country that nestles just as closely to soulful Southern Gospel. 9:15 p.m. \$12 in advance. \$15 at the door.

Local 506 | Born Ruffians bring overwhelmingly fun tunes and wound-up energy all the way from Canada. You already know about local openers Hammer No More The Fingers because they're awesome at playing indie rock like it ought to be — loud and fun. 9 p.m. \$8 in advance. \$10 at the door.

Jack Sprat | Raleigh's Gray Young plays with swollen dynamics in its brand of melodic post-rock. The band's EP, Kindle Field, is a brief offering, but shows plenty of promise in its earnest-ness. Citified and Tin Star play first. 9 p.m. \$12. SPRING BREAK! WOOOO!

Anywhere | School's out. Do something

Saturday

Men/Hey Willpower!
Local 506 | Pinkie Swear throws the par-tay with Men (members of Le Tigre) headlining and Hey Willpower! bringing neadming and hey winpower bringing an ample supply of geeky dance-pop jams. The Ex-Members, taking the open-ing slot, also promise to get the booties moving with their dance-demanding electro-pop. 10 p.m. \$10 in advance. \$12 at the door.

SPRING BREAK! WOOOO!

Anywhere | School's out. Do something

Movies in the Union: No movies this week. Spring break! Woooo!

> Contact the Diversions Editor at dive@unc.edu.





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