

A NEW BAND A DAY: THE BOOK

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INTRODUCTION

SIX MONTHS ON - NEW BANDS, ANXIETY AND A GREATLY INCREASED WPM SPEED

So we made it this far. Writing about the titular New Band A Day was always going to be a gamble. The bit of us that still mourned the guiding hand of John Peel and the other bit that gets all twitchy when it hears Scouting For Girls on the radio again came together and rolled the dice, blindly, and frankly, hopefully.

The hope was that there were enough good new bands emerging at a fast enough rate to write about only the best ones; and moreover, that the prospect of writing about these bands, every day, without fail, wouldn't be enough to drive even a partly sane person to drink, desperation, or at the very least, to suffer from some, like, *really bad* headaches, man.

If you're new to A.N.B.A.D., here's the drivel from the website that passes for the 'About' page:

A New Band A Day is designed to do two things. Firstly, to find really good new music and bring it to your attention; and secondly, to... well actually, then, just one thing.

On A New Band A Day you'll find a new band a day posted for you to investigate and see if you like. That's how we came up with the title of the blog, see. We're not rocket scientists, you know.

And despite wholeheartedly overwhelming personal idiocy, the best efforts of my hopeless ISP [*name removed on lawyer's advice*] and that feeling of panic that sets in when searching for bands and only finding duff Kooks-a-likes, the concept of A New Band A Day worked. And now it's six months later. Yikes.

So as a big thank-you to all the lovely people who [visit the site](#) in their surprising droves each day, all our many subscribers who [receive A New Band A Day by email](#), and especially to all those wonderful people who make my life that little bit easier by [recommending great bands to us](#) - this e-Book is for you.

It is a compilation of all the best bands and writing from A New Band A Day. The bands are arranged under loose headings, some of which have come from their tags from the website and may not actually have much to do with them at all. So pick any section you like and go with it. It'll kill a lunchtime or toilet break, at least.

Some of the bands contained within you'll like, some you'll hate, and some of them will make you do what *the kids* call a 'WTF', apparently. But rest assured - none of them are anything like Razorlight.

I hope you enjoy it. If you do, feel free to email on it to others so they can too.

Joe Sparrow – ANBAD – November 2008

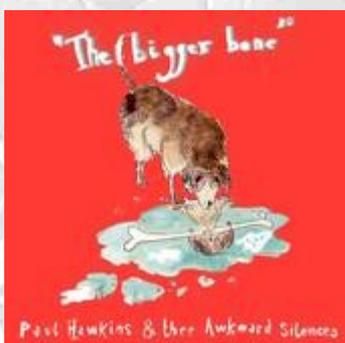
joe@anewbandaday.com



ACTUAL BRILLIANCE

PAUL HAWKINS AND THEE AWKWARD SILENCES

Weirdness is an underrated virtue in pop 'n' rock music, and for understandable reasons. It's too often, rightly, associated with acts who use a veneer of 'kooky' as an execrable cover-up for lack of talent - take a bow, Babylon Zoo. However, if these awful aberrations can be forgotten, weirdness is a Good Thing - if only as an indicator of deliberate step away from convention. Anyone with a pair of ears and a skull that isn't used as spare storage space for thoughts of semi-ironic glow-sticks, back-combed hair and slogan T-shirts, knows that the bands who tow the line and trudge the well-worn skinny-jeans-and-aimless-posturing path rarely innovate.



What really sets the pulse racing and induces involuntary grins of deee-lite is that moment when you hear something *new*, something that sounds *enough like everything else* to be bearable, and *far removed enough from exactly the same things* to be exciting, surprising and, well, *new*.

If you don't quite follow, Today's New Band, **Paul Hawkins & Thee Awkward Silences**, are a good place to start. There are a number of antecedents that his music could be favourably compared to (see the super exciting **SECOND INSTALLMENT** of today's **GLIB COMPARISON GIMMICK** below for more details), and yet his grouchy, slightly deranged vocals and frankly tremendous tunes are something that are enticingly sparkly and new.

In *The Evil Thoughts*, he chunters through a scenario about a woman who is shunning him, and the result is, indeed, slightly sinister - "*And even though I'm nice to your face, the evil thoughts form in my brain.*" An **even better** track, though, is *The Battle Is Over*, a similarly half-crazy, all-wonderful story of a man returning home from war to find his woman telling him that, whilst he, "*went away to play soldiers with your friends/I had to rely on other men*". The female vocals are sung by the fabulously-voiced **Candythief**.

Make no mistake, this is the **best song you'll have heard for a long, long time** - since, frankly, *All the Rage* by the **Royal We**. If you only listen to one new song this week, it should be this one - it's truly, brilliantly, wonderfully fantastic. **Song of the year so far, easily**. Listen to [it, and the others, here, now](#), or you'll regret it, young 'un!

TODAY'S GLIB COMPARISON: Like Nick Cave having a drunken brawl with a theoretical newly-acoustic-folk-change-of-direction Pop Will Eat Itself, whilst Shane McGowan watches, caressing his knuckle duster. And the Pixies. Again.

EX-LOVERS

In these recession-ridden times, hidden value - getting more than your bargained for - is about as good as it gets. This is especially true if you think that you've been diddled out of too much money in the first place. An example: when I went to see **Pete and The Pirates** last night, they had to prize the **£9.50** out of my clammy hand. I paid it with half reluctance and half comfort - on one hand, nine pounds bloody fifty is a lot of money to see a band that hardly dents the **Top 40**, but then on the other hand, if that band is as good as **P&TP**, who cares?



They were, indeed, great. Lovely, charming, inventive tunes with lovely, charming, inventive lyrics. They reminded me a bit of **James** - not in their sound, but in their arty contrariness. But what made me totally forget all about the cost was the fact that their support band, **Ex Lovers**, were superb too. And so, in a fit of inevitable cunning, they are Today's New Band.

Ex Lovers just work. There are so many bands that aren't quite there - a good singer with a clunky band, or a great guitarist in a band that writes sub-**Travis** dirge. But **Ex Lovers** all fit together perfectly, like [Stickle Bricks](#). And like Stickle Bricks, each bit of the band is different, and contributes something good to the whole. (No more dreadful toddler's toy analogies, I promise.)

Their gentle songs have that great indie coyness that has been hitherto trampled over in the rush for 'dancefloor' staccato beats and choppy too-cool guitars. Listen to *Just A Silhouette*, and swoon to the dreamy vocals, snappy hooks and the way it drifts into the chorus. Then - more hidden value - bathe yourself in the total absence of pretentiousness.

There's something softly defiant about **Ex Lovers** - all the songs sound like they are just about to dissolve nihilistically into warm fuzz. When I saw them last night, they were smart enough to only let that happen once or twice.

Ex Lovers play songs that do exactly what you were hoping they'd do, just when you were hoping it would happen. Thanks, **Ex Lovers**, for making that £9.50 seem like a bargain. Their songs are like soft electricity, a description which I freely accept is the most pretentious phrase I have ever typed. But it fits. [Listen to them here.](#)

THE PAINS OF BEING PURE AT HEART

Possibly the most idiotic, frustrating thing about rock music right now is its tiresome and seemingly endless ability to create new 'scenes' out of old ones. Nostalgia has infected the one thing which, in the wake of punk, would supposedly tear up the past and focus solely on the future.

Maybe bands or journalists or radio pluggers or whoever it is that *actually* makes things happen in the murky depths of rock have lost their nerve waiting for a new, exciting movement to begin and are happy to brand old ideas with the dumb, shiny sheen of a "New-" prefix. Take an undeserved bow, New Rave, New Rock, Nu-Metal and all of your unwanted friends.



Perhaps it's pop 'n' rock music's innate simplicity (See [yesterday's New Band](#), **The Gravity Crisis**, for more guff on this topic) which means that old sounds are endlessly recycled, and really, it's one of it's most endearing qualities. Who hasn't ever thrilled at the moment when a new song you hear reminds you - for a split second - of one of your favourite bands? Well, this happened to me, today, as I was listening to Today's (superb) New Band, **The Pains of Being Pure At Heart**.

After only a millisecond of listening to the cracks and explosions of drums and guitar fuzz that is the wonderful *Come Saturday*, I suddenly had a brain-flash of being 16 again, when I first heard, in quick succession, **My Bloody Valentine** and **Jesus and Mary Chain**. This is good nostalgia, the type that leaves you a bit giddy and wide-eyed with joy, and not the sort that is dreamt up by someone with an ironic haircut who's, you know, getting into this Indie music stuff, yeah?

It would be [glib](#) to say that if you like MBV and JAMC, you'll love **The Pains of Being Pure At Heart**, but what the hell, it's true. If you love songs that drive forward with breathless abandon, all fuzzy, warm and colourful as a novelty Christmas sweater, then let yourself swoop head first into their songs. The fact that they have a song about *Kurt Cobain's Cardigan* is the cherry on the icing on the frosting on the cake.

The worrying element of **The Pains of Being Pure At Heart's** ace-ness is that they'll get lumped in with the dregs of the latest music revival - the return of the dreaded Shoegaze (though by now some smug idiot has already termed it "New-Gaze" as they were riding their micro-scooters to work). This would be a travesty and must not happen. Reclaim them as your own, right now, by listening to their fantastic songs on [this Myspace page](#), [here!](#)

A NEW BAND A DAY: THE BOOK!

GLAM CHOPS

Mixing things together is one of those childlike pleasures that never leaves us as we're drawn, inexorably, towards adulthood. Presented with a table of food, what child doesn't think, "I wonder what happens if I stir *that* gravy into *that* ketchup/mashed potatoes/custard and then taste it?" It seems like only a whole load of good can come from dedicated investigating like this. The truth is somewhat harder to swallow, literally and metaphorically, and surely the real reason for the glut of knuckle-chewingly idiotic 'mash-ups' that polluted the internet a while ago.



In the non-gravy laden world of rock 'n' roll, what happens when two **rock asteroids** collide? Again, mixed results inevitably ensue. For every wonderful *Fairytale of New York*, there's a brain-auto-euthanasia-ing *Ebony and Ivory*. These collaborations should be approached with extreme caution, or dodged altogether, just in case.

Today's New Band, **Glam Chops**, is a meeting of, amongst others, Eddie Argos and David Devant - from the lovely **Art Brut** and the delicious **David Devant and His Spirit Wife**. Surely nothing can go wrong?

Well, no, nothing can go wrong. Yes, it's Glam Rock, and no, it's not changed that much since the 70's - but that's only a good thing. **Glam Chops** lovingly revisit the past, but unlike Marty McFly, don't muck around with it. *Don't Be Glum Be Glam* is just pure, mindless fun - the best kind of all. **HUGE** guitars, **HUGER** choruses and chant-along verses **VAST** enough to climb on and lever the earth out of orbit.

In *The Lord Is A Man of War*, **Glam Chops**, frankly, push the basic tenets of glam to it's mentalist conclusions, with a monster reverb-spazzed guitar solo and guitars so crunchy that they've probably been constructed purely from Tortilla Chips.

More fun than hot oil wrestling, more catchy than the airborne Ebola virus from *Outbreak* and more out of sync with today's po-faced haircut-rock posturing than Kenny Rogers, **Glam Chops** are here to change the world. Imagine a platform boot stamping on a human face - forever. Then imagine the face is Johnny Borrell's. [Or just listen to their brilliant songs here.](#)

A NEW BAND A DAY: THE BOOK!

CANDYTHIEF

Remember how [we went mental over the brilliant "The Battle Is Over" by Paul Hawkins and The Awkward Silences](#) a few days back? Remember how [we raved about the voice](#) of the guest singer, Candythief? Well, with a shuddering inevitability, **Candythief** is today's New Band Of The Day!



There's a couple of 'truisms' when it comes to discussing vocalists. The first one is to point out that sometimes you hear a voice so beautifully penetrating that it speaks to you in a different way to most others.

That sounds wonderfully mindless but it's true in the case of **Candythief**. Singer Diana's voice is the kind that would make you mix your metaphors and leave you happy to crawl over hot broken glass just to ask her to sing you to sleep at night. It's genuinely lovely - rich, dreamy and innocent enough to sound slightly dangerous.

The second truism is to say that a good voice can hide a glut of crappiness, a trick mainly seen in the enriching of average songs with a great vocal talent. The happy news is that **Candythief** sing great songs, subtle and entrancing. *A Good Day* is one of these songs. It's as light as a feather and yet as powerful as a punch on the nose. *"I feel like there's petrol in my veins, whilst fierce joy's bursting through my brain"* she sings, while guitars and violins meld into a rolling accompaniment.

Junk is similarly ace, a wandering, violin-powered drift through a happy/gloomy folk nursery rhyme. The good news is that she's just got a record deal and so, hopefully, these fabulous songs can gently slide in to as many people's ears as possible. There's honestly no reason not to listen to **Candythief's** songs, so do it here! - <http://www.myspace.com/candythief>.

A NEW BAND A DAY: THE BOOK!

INDICA RITUAL

I had one of those iPod mental tics this morning. You'll recognise the problem - wandering along, scrolling through the albums, but none of them that scam up the screen seem to be the one that's *just right* for that exact moment in time. This morning I knew that I needed a sound that was just so, something that was fast, hard and upbeat but without being gabba or screampcore. Something like a cross between early-90's period Prodigy and, I dunno, The Fall. One of those kind of moods.



Funnily enough, I couldn't find any songs that fitted hitherto-yet untested combination of cranky Mancunian miserablism and mentalist aggro-noise. In a fit of idiocy, I picked the full 10-minute mix of *So Much Love To Give* by Thomas Bangalter & DJ Falcon. After 8 minutes, I realised that my infatuation with Thomas Bangalter perhaps doesn't stretch to a full 10 minutes of the same loop over and over again, however AWESOME! it sounds to start with.

It later occurred to me that what I actually wanted to listen to was Today's New Band, **Indica Ritual**. Their song *Top Forty* is all of these things: 1) Mental, 2) Super-duper funky, and 3) Sounding like a test version of the 1973 [Tomorrow's World](#) TV theme tune that was rejected for being too 'out there'. Mostly, though, it's a superbly alert, twitchy song that sounds confident and cocky. It's modern without being arch or knowingly ironic, taking the path of least resistance to the parts of your brain marked 'fun' and 'quirky'.

Dad's Wristband nicks the ace crunchy guitar sound off the first half of David Bowie's *Low* and moulds it into a tasty, inventive instrumental. And surely *Num Lock* sounds more creative, more wild and more *new* than is plausible.

Indica Ritual are quite possibly the band you have been looking for, like, ages. They are actually brilliant, in every sense of the word. You must listen to them now, or your life will be that much poorer. [Drown yourself, laughing, in their songs right here!](#)

AWESOME WELLS

We started [yesterday](#) with a quotation, and that shaped up pretty well, so here's another one: "*The goodness of the true pun is in the direct ratio of its intolerability.*" That one was from **Edgar Allen Poe**, and it makes us think our writing has some associated respectability when really, it doesn't. In all honesty, we still haven't *totally* figured out what he's trying to say. But anyway, - PUNS! - we can't get enough of 'em at **A New Band A Day**.



So, inevitably, it's Another Day, Another World-Class Pun. Today's New Band is - wait for it - **Awesome Wells**. His music is soft, strong and long, like Andrex toilet paper, except you wouldn't want to wipe any part of your body on this - it's too good.

The Highs and Lows of... is an eight-minute long magnus opus, that starts with chanting rounds, clapping, brass and a military drumbeat and then decides that, having started with such a rich and varied sound palette, everything else may as well be thrown into the pot as well. Strings, glockenspiels, accordions and samples of big bands then all make a fleeting appearance.

On paper, this sounds like a recipe for overblown, rock-star-experimenting-with -new-solo-material- type disaster, but **Awesome Wells** clearly has a deft touch and all the sounds are massaged gently into something that is not only coherent, but hypnotically soothing.

After that, how many people would then have the audacity to cover the *Theme From Twin Peaks*? To anyone who has spent hours drawn in my David Lynch's masterpiece of TV weirdness, the song has such strongly defined emotions stitched to it that this too seems like a bold step too far, but **Awesome Wells** gets away with it in style. Removing it almost completely from it's origins and yet retaining every haunting nuance is some achievement in itself, but to then pull it away even further into new, fascinating places - as the five-minute weird-out at the end does - is evidence of a special talent.

If you combined mid-90's **Tortoise** with the entire **BBC Sound Effects Library**, you may come close to approximating **Awesome Wells'** sound. But you wouldn't come anywhere near to his precise, caring control - the sounds ebb, flow and weave together to the point where any lingering doubts are assuaged by the gleefulness of the sonic journey you've just taken. [Make yourself feel underwhelmed by your comparative lack of talent here!](#)

A NEW BAND A DAY: THE BOOK!

ENVELOPES

I watched a BBC4 documentary about Britpop the other day. It'll be on Youtube if you look for it. There's loads of documentaries about Britpop, possibly because it was such a recent popular period in music, and possibly because it's all very simple to explain: *UK bands get bored by grunge, look back to the 60's, make great songs, get coke bloated and collapse in on themselves.*

However, it ended with One Very Important Thought: that trailblazing Britpop wonders like **Suede**, **Blur** and **Pulp** ultimately didn't affect music much at all - the bands that traded in inane, emotion-lite songs with huge, soft choruses, like **Oasis** and the **Verve**, have spawned the similar big bands of today. I'm wagging my finger at you, **Coldplay** and **Snow Patrol**.



The point is that the early 90's were a fertile time for actually new, interesting music, before giving way back to cruddy average music. And so when I listened to Today's New Band, Sweden's **Envelopes**, I immediately thought of the early 90's. Possibly because their fabulous song *Sister In Love* somehow straddles the late 80's and early 90's, whilst luckily missing [Shoegaze](#) altogether - no mean feat. "*Is your sister in love?*" chants the chorus, joyously pinging from person to person in the party, kissing each on

the cheek.

The chorus is so much fun, they don't waste much time on verses and get there as soon as possible, and *Freejazz*, similarly, is a big, fun-tastic **romp** through a delirious chorus. *Party* is even cheeky enough to interpolate some of Bonnie Tyler's *Total Eclipse of the Heart*, and guess what - it works. Brilliant. If only all music could stop and deviate from here. [Listen to their great songs right here!](#)

PICK 'N' MIX BANDS

PIXEL H8

Making music's easy isn't it? Anyone can play guitar - Radiohead told us that, and if all the combined intellectualism of Radiohead says so, well, it must be true. Actually, look at it this way: Pete Docherty can play the guitar and after being arrested for the 19 billionth time for drug possession, questions must now start to be asked of his supposed intellect.



So, if making tunes is a piece of cake, why would anyone want to shun the simple methods and choose to cobble together music by painstakingly wiring bits of old Gameboys, NES consoles and Commodore 64 computers together? That is a question which may never be answered, but if the end result is anywhere near as brilliant as today's new band **PixelH8**'s music, maybe the 48K Spectrum should be the instrument of choice for truculent teenagers everywhere.

PixelH8 may or may not be a minor genius. All the sounds on his songs are made from the sounds off old consoles and computers, and must take most of his time, or sanity, to make work as well as they do. *Super Fantastic Turbo Magical* is the soundtrack to the best videogame you never played, but then any of the great songs on his Myspace page <http://www.myspace.com/pixelh8> could be.

Somehow **PixelH8** takes the noises you'll half-remember from your wasted videogame-playing youth and makes songs that are actually beautiful. For this, he truly deserves to be one of the chosen few who know the *infinite lives* POKE for Bubble Bobble on the ZX 48K Spectrum*. He definitely deserves a listen, at least. Let me know what you think!

*it's POKE: 43871 52

TOTALLY ENORMOUS EXTINGUISHED DINOSAURS

Regular readers of **A New Band A Day** will know that there are few criteria to being selected to feature. Firstly, great tunes are a must, obviously. Actually - that's the extent of the criteria. The only additional 'rule' is that a terrific, hopefully comic name, preferably pun-laden, will pretty much seal the deal. It certainly worked for previous **New Band**, the LOL-tastic [Ice, Sea, Dead People](#).



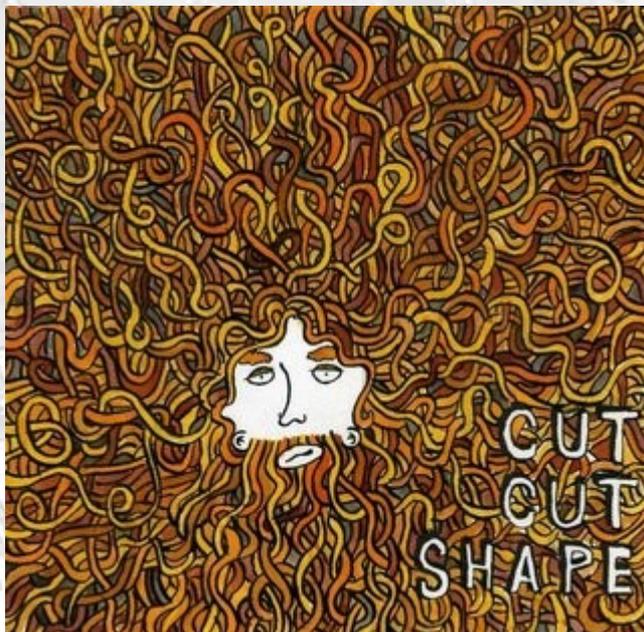
Introducing, then, today's new band, **Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs**. This is probably a good point to mention that **T.E.E.D.** aren't just a band with a novelty name - they're not **Kajagoogoo**, you know. Instead, they're a band with a great name and a great bunch of bleep-tunes on their MySpace page. Listen to them here, and try listening to *Dinosaurs Having a Party* without picturing the stumpy-armed scaly guys bopping around a swamp to the clunky Bontempi-keyboard noises.

In fact, **Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs** are all about having a whale (or should that be "[a Basilosaurus](#)"?) of a time. *Let Me Tell You* is an even better track, punching an insistent, droning shudder of a blee-ee-ee-ee-eep along to a banger of a beat. This song

is worthy of being played repeatedly at anyone's house party, dinosaur-related fancy-dress themes or not. Get Carnivorous!

CUT CUT SHAPE

The clocks going back a [single measly hour](#) confused me almost completely this weekend. On the night itself, I woke up repeatedly, churning over the bowel-loosening possibility that I might be waking up a WHOLE HOUR earlier or later than I thought. This, apparently, is of great importance to my subconscious self, much to my sleepy frustration.



If my mind boggled so pathetically at the prospect of gaining an extra hour in bed, imagine what turning back the clock 20 years or so might do. Bands manage to do this all of the time, endlessly recycling, rejuvenating and scrabbling for new scraps of interest to find new sounds and new directions, without spending all night thrashing around with worry. Perhaps it's another sign that I would have been a hopeless rock star.

Conversely, Today's New Band, **Cut Cut Copy**, have all the signs of making a very good rock band. It's hard to tell whether *Heart For You* is an of-the-moment rock song, with its angular, choppy guitars and

urgent drumbeat, or a song which shows a band deliberately not courting Cool. **Cut Cut Shape** find themselves looking back to when big echoey guitars were de rigeur and even bigger, croony vocals weren't something to be embarrassed about. Swirling and cavernous, but without any bloat or pretence, *Heart For You* is a neat calling card for their sound.

There's something incredibly satisfying about the manner in how whichever **Cut Cut Shaper** it is that delivers the vocals (it might be one or more from: **Tom, Joe, Jake, Josh or George** - which sounds a bit like the line-up from a crime-solving gang in an Enid Blyton book). It's a voice that's heartfelt, unconcerned with artifice and not at all worried about trying to force an awful faux-[Estuary Accent](#) down our throats like The Kooks, *Scouting For Girls et al.* *Crossing The Line* is a good song made better as the vocals' directness engages with you, lapel-grabbing and alive.

There's also something indefinable about **Cut Cut Shape** that, I dunno, sounds old and yet new. A hopeless description, yes, but that's about as fully formed an opinion as I feel capable of. This is hopefully due to their unusually dynamic and powerful sound, and not my unreasonable confusion that has arisen since the clocks went back, but who can know for sure? [Well, you can, young 'un, by visiting their Myspace page, right here.](#)

A NEW BAND A DAY: THE BOOK!

OREAGONIMICS

Williams Syndrome is a brain disorder. Those who have it often display likable symptoms - extraordinary love for music, unusual communication skills and a general happiness, whilst lacking in common sense and predictability. Today's New Band, **Oreaganomics**, personify all these things, playing fast, loose and carelessly with all the noise they've just realised is at their disposal.



So then *Happy Plate* is a fairground organ gone bad, wild, disordered and drifting in and out of coherency; the happy-sinister music you'd expect to be playing when the Joker appeared in the 1960's TV version of **Batman**. It's a hip-hop skip through a dream where everything is in terrifyingly bright **Technicolour**, until the buzzy lo-fi guitar ending that's as welcome as it is unexpected. *Iceberg* shuffles insistently, tramping a rough beat over and over, obliterating and then re-discovering itself again.

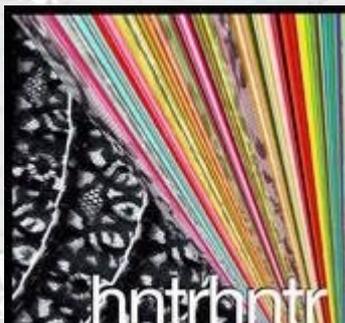
Leaping sideways just when you don't expect it, *I Feel Fine* is as washed-out as [Fabio's](#) jeans, albeit with less tightly defined buns and much more substance. It swishes back and forth like a lazy wave humping a beach, sparse and loose.

Oreaganomics give you an idea of what today's music would sound like if all records were still pressed onto wax cylinder. Spasmodic, restless and inventive, they burst with eclectic frenzy, over and over again. Great. [Let Oreaganomics melt your mind here!](#)

NOISE BANDS

HNTR HNTR

Categorisation is one of the many concepts that send the more humourless rock star into paroxysms of righteous anger - "We don't want to be pigeon-holed, maaan," they cry, whilst continuing to grind out a single style of music for the whole of their careers. Most record shops, though, bravely risk the wrath of these tortured rock 'n' roll artists, and go ahead and categorise CDs willy-nilly.



This is done mainly out of kindness, to make it all very easy for those of us who are not mouthbreathing morons to steer clear of the *Best Mum in the World...Ever!* CDs in the 'CDs For Cretins' section. Often though, even the most astute of the shop owners will struggle to categorise the bands that are so wilfully obtuse that you will often find a resulting 'Just Noise!!!!!!' section, usually just after the 'Experimental Bolivian Dub' niche.

This is probably where you'd find **Today's New Band**, Hntrhntr - a band whose love of breakneck schizo freak-out noise-mageddon is only matched by their hatred of *vowels*. The truly lovely thing about this kind of music is that it entirely polarises opinion - no-one 'kind of' likes it. You'll either find the short, frankly bonkers, [songs on their MySpace page](#) such as *brth* and *ptchbtch* to be **ZOMG!!! AWESOME!!!** or **ZOMG!!! WTF!!!**, with little room for intellectual maneuver.

brth sounds like what you'd hear if you were mummified in custard whilst being beaten to death with spanners, and *cmb1st* is what it would sound like if you suddenly fell into a space-time wormhole and found yourself 4 miles above Jupiter, descending rapidly through sulphur clouds.

They're headpoundingly brilliant, blasting your ears with sounds from your worst/best nightmares - and you'll decide whether that's a good thing or a bad thing within about 10 seconds.

EVERYTHING WE SAY IS FACT

What is it with bands splitting up so soon? It's painful to see them cut down before they've even had a chance to be in their prime. Look at the past examples on A.N.B.A.D. - the wonderful [The Royal We](#) recorded a lone, brilliant, EP and then got all grumpy and split up and then, on Monday, the super [Held By Hands](#) imploded, leaving us with just a few, lovely, sad tracks to remember them by.



So it appears that **A New Band A Day** has the reverse Midas touch - this is the second time *this week* that a band has split up just days before they are featured. And it's only Wednesday. Perhaps we should have **Bon Jovi** or **The Kooks** on here on Thursday and Friday, and see if they do the decent thing.

Therefore, take this opportunity to have a peek into the coffin of Today's New (Dead) Band, **Everything We Say Is Fact**. They slipped into a musi-coma last week, and the machine was switched off shortly after. From the sounds of their FRANTIC, mentalist music though, they lived life to the full, and must have been dragged to Noise Rock Heaven kicking and screaming, because, well, that's pretty much how their breathless songs sound.

Of all the weather patterns that get me a bit grouchy, **windy days** are up there with **fine drizzle**, but on *Ewsif Hates Blustery Weather*, **Everything We Say Is Fact** demonstrate that they REALLY hate it. Guitars grind and howl whilst the drums get punctured from the ANIMAL! ANIMAL! ANIMAL!-style treatment they receive, and, just to make sure everyone is aware of their message, there's about 3 or four false endings. Their other songs, like *Noah Won't Let Me On The Ark*, are all approached with the same forehead-stoving enthusiasm.

You could approximate **Everything We Say Is Fact's** sound and impact at home if you put all of your pots, pans and cutlery in a bin, then climbed in yourself and rolled it all down a hill. But much easier than that is to just [listen to their songs, right here, right now.](#)

INSECTICIDE LOBOTOMY

When I recently went to see **My Bloody Valentine**, the general consensus as we staggered out of the venue, wiping the blood from our ears, was that it was entirely unlike any other gig we'd ever been to. There was no moshing, no singing along and no middle-aged men standing near the back 'appreciating' the band, just a room full of shell-shocked gawpers struggling to comprehend the savage softness of the noise that was comically blowing their hair backwards and flapping their collars around.



The other universally agreed point was that the experience of having carefully constructed white noise smash your ears into submission was actually intensely calming, and we left in a strangely Zen-like state which was only later voided by cut-price rum at the [Star and Garter](#).

Still, we were left in no doubt of the powerful enjoyment to be had from ridiculous noise. Thus, push cotton wool into your ears now and prepare to be overwhelmed by Today's New Band, **Insecticide Lobotomy**.

The sounds Josh from **Insecticide Lobotomy** makes are, in effect, just noise - but put together with such care and precision that it's ridiculously enjoyable. *Rotor Disc* is the sound of you being locked inside a steel drum and then someone using a blunt circular saw to buzz you out. *Toxic Waste Drum* grinds, growls and hisses and *Late Night Practice* is deeply dark and intimidating.

The only realistic course of action you can take listening to the music is to just let go and allow it to wash all over you - a tsunami of spasmodically repetitive high- and low-end fuzz boring into your brain and removing all thoughts except acknowledgment of the noise itself. It's a great, cathartic sluicing-out of all other music from your mind, and whilst it's a tough listen at times, you'll miss it the second the sounds stop. Lovely, soft/hard, confusing stuff. [Listen to it all here!](#)

GUM TAKES TOOTH

This time of year usually requires an **anti-spring clean**. Whereas in April, the compulsion is to ditch armfuls of superfluous crud - novelty Christmas presents whose batteries have finally run out, crockery that is so chipped you keep gashing your hand every time you carelessly hold them, etc. - as of now, it's the time to feather the nest in readiness for winter. Sweep the rubbish back into your life and luxuriate in the organised chaos of clutter.



Perhaps this is a rule that could be readily applied aurally too. Summertime is all about a combination of relaxing songs to listen to in the sun and [abhorrently catchy Eurohits](#), but now we're plunging into the dark depths of Autumn/Winter, maybe we need a new (old) broom to sweep back in the grime.

Step forward, then, Today's New Band, **Gum Takes Tooth**, two bizarro noisemakers from London.

Lofty Thatch begins at a BAZILLION miles an hour and keeps its foot pressed to the floor, laughing maniacally at all the puny earthlings bouncing off the windshield. Imagine building your own **Monster Truck** out of scrap tanks, oil drums, spaceships and bazookas, and then driving the whole thing through the set of Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome - your resultant noise (and probably the peril you'd create) would sound similar to this.

Another of their noise-scapades, *Grommet Saga*, is the sound that only you can hear inside your head when a particularly drunken dentist is making exploratory drilling into your molars. Except it's a slightly more bloody experience.

Gum Takes Tooth: deliberately obtuse. The sound of the your immediate, unnerving future: [listen here](#).

SATISFYINGLY SHORT BANDS

OH!

Two heart-warming stories in the news today. **Firstly**, the final solution, as it were, to the question that has kept all of us awake for the last 50 years - did Adolf Hitler have one or two testicles? The answer, [according to UK rag The Sun](#), is - brace yourselves - **only one**. So now you know. The second story concerns the leak of those right-wing funsters [The BNP's](#) secret membership list.



The list has made all of the BNP's middle-aged xenophobes a bit hot under the collar. Far-Right political parties like the BNP go out of their way to portray themselves as serious concerns. This list has nicely knocked all that into a **cocked hat**, owing to the revealing notes next to each member's details - my favourite of which stated that one member wouldn't be renewing his membership because he objected to being told off for wearing a bomber jacket.

So now we have learned our second lesson of the day: ultra-right-wingers don't like to be told not to dress like **nightclub bouncers**. Poor things. **A New Band A Day** generally steers clear of politics, so you may be asking - what this has to do with **rock 'n' roll**? Well, not a huge amount, frankly. But after doing a quick search of the database, and finding a truly depressing number of members in my

hometown, I needed cheering up. Enter **Today's New Band, Oh!**

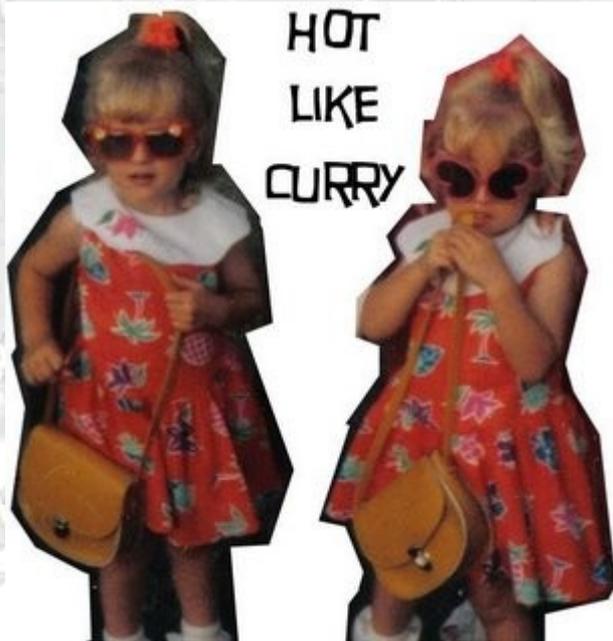
Oh! are from **Guadalajara**, which is a whole lot of fun to say out loud, and their songs are short, ethereal bursts of creativity. Listening to them sucks you instantly out of your day-to-day routine, to a happy place that feels a bit like a **warm, comfortable bed**.

Once Upon A Time is minimalist to the point of almost non-existence, a slow repetitive drone that's somewhere between a distant pealing of a bell and a slowed-down recording of a heartbeat. *Little Jerbil Life Form* ping-pongs in the unusual way you'd expect of a song with a name like that.

In some ways **Oh!'s** songs are half-formed, in the nicest way. Songs like *Happy Noaniversary* pop in from a starting point you don't hear, and unravelling before an ending they'll never get to. Their songs are self-contained and you, the suddenly docile listener, bob along with **Oh!** on their short, light, peaceful journeys. [Hold hands with them here, and forget all about everything, softly and gently.](#)

HOT LIKE CURRY

I got eyed up by two **strippers** yesterday, as I was walking through Chinatown. I say 'eyed up' - what I mean is that they broke off from their cigarette break outside the strip club, performed that glance-at-your-face-then-shoes-then-face-again routine and carried on talking about thongs or lubricant or whatever it is strippers chat about.



I suppose the reaction to their casting an eye over me was fairly non-descript - there were no deep, longing sighs or anything, but I like to think that the conversation was then all about how truly **dreamy** it would be if someone like me would lustily tuck ten pound notes into their garters instead of sleazy businessmen.

Walking away, not sure if I felt elated or mildly underwhelmed, it occurred to me that they may well have been chatting about **Quantum String Theory**, for all I knew. Perhaps they were the kind of strippers from the movies that are only doing it to pay their university fees, and actually have very incisive views

on **Foucault's** Post-Structuralist ideals. People aren't who you might assume them to be.

Take Today's New Band, **Hot Like Curry**. They say that they 'can't play their own instruments' (not strictly true) and are 'a gimmick' (possibly strictly true). They have one song, *Pigeon*. "You're so seedy - we love it really," they squeal. It's a great, pocket-sized, buzzsaw song that's worthy of two minutes of anyone's time, and then another two minutes. **Hot Like Curry** have only been in existence for about as long as it's taken me to type this, which frankly, is reason enough to feature them on **ANBAD**.

Hot Like Curry sound like a roomful of teenage girls having a **ton o' fun** with the twin powers of **guitars** and **yelping**, but who knows, they could be an offshoot from a Women's Institute music project, or teenage boys with very high voices. It could have been those two strippers. **Who cares, it's about as new and fun as any song you'll hear for, like, ages - so listen to it here!**

GRANDMASTER GARETH

Brevity, as anyone who has sat through the full-length version of [Lynyrd Skynyrd's *Freebird*](#) will testify, can be merciful. I've had power naps shorter than *Freebird*. *Freebird* is so long that you could boil three eggs, one after another, whilst listening to it. You could boil two of them during the guitar solo. If you did this at a Lynyrd Skynyrd gig, by the end of the song, you'd have enough hard-boiled eggs to throw one at each band member - which is useful, and eco-friendly.



Today's New Band, **Grandmaster Gareth**, however, could play a *bare minimum* of 10 songs during the same amount of time. **Grandmaster Gareth**, you see, specialises in one-minute long songs. He calls them, suitably enough, 'Minute Melodies'.

Remarkably, although each song is only 60-ish seconds long, each seems fully formed as a song, with snippets of stories, super tunes and a fearsome sense of fun will invade your ears. Most of the melodies in his songs are so **super-duper** that many a musician would expand them into a full song. Not Gareth, though, who has realised that short 'n' sweet means that the songs are always regarded as tasty morsels - musical tapas, if you will.

Listen to all of the songs [on his Myspace page](#) - go on, it'll only take 6 minutes - and chuckle with glee at the wall-to-wall diversity of his musical treats. **Dr. Dre's** imagined tussles with the mundanity of life pop up as a reoccurring theme in his songs, with *Dr Dre Gets Complacent* only rivaled by *Dr. Dre Buys A Pint Of Milk* for true every-day Gangsta status.

Organs, brass, computer noise samples, old clips from films and TV shows are all tossed into the mix and out pops a mini fairground meisterwerk each time. **Grandmaster Gareth**: touched by musical genius - but only for a minute. [Listen to his songs here!](#)

MI-KUHMI

I've got a headache today. That's why all the following sentences are short and childlike, to match my mindset and attention span. It was there when I woke up as a kernel of a headache - a suggestion of a headache, if you like - and has slowly bloomed into the thumping, head-in-vice throber that is located between the eyes at the moment. How unfair. This aggression *will not stand*, brain.

Fortunately, one of music's most compelling traits is the ability to, y'know, make you feel *stuff*. Feelings come from the brain, and my brain is what is hurting now. Perhaps one can affect the other. This, I fear, is classically flawed male logic, but I'm willing to put it to the test.



Popping out of the silver foil and emerging as Today's New Band is **Mi-Kuhmi**, who may or may not be minor Klingon character in Star Trek. I don't usually quote what bands have to say about themselves, but **Mi-Kuhmi's** description of the songs as, "*tiny desperate songs which talk about sadness, love, nature, future, past, happiness, bubbles, knives, chairs, everything or just nothing,*" is quite lovely.

The songs themselves are like glimpses of other songs, sound-ideas and noises that **Mi-Kuhmi** likes and wants to keep a record of, lest they disappear forever. In that respect they're very human, and very touching. They're also very short, very unusual and very non-melodic but with titles like *Kohi*, *Eki* and *Toupie*, you could probably guess that.

They're not songs. They're not supposed to be. It's aspirin to be taken aurally, twice a day, with meals - [get your dispensation here.](#)

HUMAN-COMPUTER HYBRID BANDS

WEIRD GEAR

Here's a horrible truth: the rock 'n' roll world is **overwhelmingly unfair**. Unfairer even than real life, where bad stuff happens randomly to whoever, whenever. In **Rock 'n' Roll World**, the odds are actually stacked against you if your band is one or any of the following:

1. New
2. Inventive
3. Good



This is a bit of a problem. Surely all of those things are what everyone actually wants to hear? And weren't bands like, duh, **The Beatles** all of those things and a bit of a success? Well, yes and yes. BUT - here's the trump card: **Scouting For Girls**. Not only are they a band utterly devoid of imagination, talent or likability, but they are also hugely successful.

They have sold over half a million copies of their execrable debut album. I have been clinging onto a vain hope that this figure is so inflated because an eccentric millionaire, driven crazy by the gut-

wrenching inanity of the omnipresent *She's So Lovely*, has been buying every copy available to prevent the general public from ever having to listen to it. But I think this might not be the case.

What is so galling about **Scouting For Girls'** success is that, at heart, they are a simple Indie band that plays simple Indie tunes - much [like the wonderful Pogguns did in the late 80's](#). But guess which band sold a bazillion copies of their album, and which one sold half a dozen?

Celebrate the good bands, while you can, is the moral of this story. One of these good bands is Today's New Band. **Weird Gear** have taken the soundtrack from a low budget early-80's sci-fi TV show and made it into music that is both enjoyable and danceable. This alone is some achievement, especially if you've ever sat through an early-80's BBC sci-fi show.

While the title of *Hamm Ond Cheese* is almost too pun-tastic for words, it bubbles enthusiastically along, pulsing forwards with all the electro lo-fi nerdishness you'd expect of a band that have excitedly drawn up, in mind-boggling detail, a list of every single piece of electronic gubbins they used to create the sounds.

This is all part of **Weird Gear's** charm - electro-instrumental nerds are still outsiders in the four-square guitar-drums-bass-singer world of Rock 'n' Indie. Songs like *Moulange*, synth-organic and sweeping, are so out of place with music today that they travel full circle and become vital in their opposition to the norm. [Cobble together a Dalek out of toilet rolls and papier maché and travel back in time with **Weird Gear** here!](#)

A NEW BAND A DAY: THE BOOK!

ALASALAKALASKA

Human bands are history! A bold proclamation, true, but [look at the facts in this video of robo-band The Trons](#). At the very least, **The Trons** demonstrate that even crudely-cobbled together bits of old hoovers and Meccano can make better music than **The Kooks**. Final proof then, that when computers take over the planet and they become our MERCILESS ROBOT OVERLORDS, things won't be so bad after all.



The Trons aren't today's new band, because whilst they are better than the majority of the lumpen nonsense-mongers that call themselves bands, robots just don't count. When a robot is aware enough to find that comment discriminatory, I'll alter my stance, but not before.

Today's New Band are actually **Alasalakalaska**. No, I haven't managed to say it out loud correctly yet either, and no, they're not from professional moron Sarah Palin's home state. It's a complicated name which might make them virtually impossible to ever be found via Google, but maybe that's what they want.

Actually, it's supposed to be read '**Alas, Alak, Alaska,**' which, whilst being much more coherent is actually a bit less fun to type. On that basis alone, I'll stick with the long, incoherent spelling for now.

Alasalakalaska are a strange, pleasant combo of rigid beats, flautists, wobbly vocals and catchy tunes. *Crystal Power Attack*, woozy, dreamy and echoing, left me feeling slightly drunk and happily confused as it wove its way to a clinking, jolting end.

In *Finick While Clicking It's...*, they are confident enough to bolt a lovely, looping quasi-chorus to a lovely, looping song, not worrying too much about traditional composition or structure. It sounds almost entirely *new* - it may as well have been written by a music-producing computer programme that hasn't quite been finished yet. Perhaps today's new band is **The Trons** after all.

This all means that today, I have learnt two things:

1. Perhaps **The Kooks** should lock their instruments in a room with some old washing machines and grandfather clocks, and maybe they'll release a half-decent album;
2. **Alasalakalaska** are wonderful, lilting and overwhelmingly unusual, [all of which are reasons enough to listen to their songs here!](#)

KEYBOARD CHOIR

When I was younger, I was camping by a river. It was a cloudless night, and the stars completely filled the sky. I looked up at them, trying to stop my thoughts from drifting into that terrifying corner of the mind that cheerfully, and optimistically, tries to comprehend infinity. My theory is that if you try to think about the size of the universe, then one day your thoughts will spiral away at an unstoppable exponential rate, your eyes simultaneously widening with overwhelming realisation, with the words **DOES NOT COMPUTE** flashing up before your eyes forever.



As a distraction, I fiddled with my 12-band nerd-tastic short-wave radio, trying to find **John Peel's** weekly show on the BBC World Service. Faced with such a bewildering frequencies, and lacking the fine-tuned motor skills to rotate the tuning dial, it wasn't an overwhelming surprise that I failed. Happily, at the bottom of one of the short-wave bands I found a squealing, bubbling mass of space-electro, semi-random interference noise, which perfectly accompanied my mildly hysterical gaze into of *life, the universe and everything*.

If any lesson is to be learnt from all of this quasi-hippy yapping, it's that sometimes even the most obscure sounds can fit the right occasion. Today's New Band, **Keyboard Choir**, aren't so deliberately obtuse that they sample radio static, but their songs do conjur up the same, icily distant feeling. *Bugs* samples an eerie clip from a 1960's radio recording due to be played post nuclear war, and leaves an echoing, metallic shimmer of worry behind it.

In some ways, I suppose, there is a backwards-looking stripe running through **Keyboard Choir's** songs. *Skylab's* plaintive electronic sounds are the noises glum, lonely astronauts would force out of their simple onboard computers in the 1970's. The loneliness of space and the anxiety from the confines of their mechanised life enclosure is all there.

It's rare for a band to actually get within spitting distance of the sounds that they originally wanted to make, but it does seem that **Keyboard Choir** have done it. Ethereal *and* delicate. Super. [Listen to them, here, right now!](#)

A NEW BAND A DAY: THE BOOK!

DOCTOR MY EYES

Sometimes a band's influences are obvious - not necessarily in terms of sounding like other artists, but the ideas their brains keep returning to as a starting point when making music. Paul McCartney's songs always hark back to a music-hall rumbustiousness, The Clash's angry buzz, in keeping with punk's Year Zero ethic, is brimming with 50's rock 'n' roll tricks, and Johnny Borrell clearly grew up in a locked windowless room with only Boomhouse Rats LPs for company.



Other bands influences are not so clear. Today's New Band, **Doctor My Eyes**, are an unusual example of successfully combining studio electronics and the live band in a coherent, joyful jumble.

Lungs is evidence of a thorough nerd-like knowledge of electronic music and all its build-and-release foibles. A simple robo-riff provides the foundation for what turns into a tinny, crystalline pop record that, if played loud enough, could get the most reticent of dancefloors shuffling.

The same sense of a song's structure and progression are splattered throughout *With An Alien Smile*, but here the rough and ready electronics are dropped, instead deploying the standard four-square instruments in an equally minimal fashion.

Even in songs where the bleeping and blooping is absent, the feeling is that they are a band whose template is not from the usual off-the-peg rock mindset. Their songs are electronic in spirit, if not always in sound.

Doctor My Eyes are definitely worth a listen, and certainly worth keeping your eye on, you know, just in case. [Listen, here, now!](#)

CREATIVE OVERLOAD BANDS

UNICORNS

So, two stories to tell today. Firstly, I somehow only remembered at the very last minute that I wouldn't have time to post anything today, due to innumerable computer/human interface-complications. Panic set in immediately. This is **Idiotic Moment Number 2**.

The **GOOD NEWS**, though, was that the consequences of Idiotic Moment Number 2 has been rescued by **Idiotic Moment Number 1**, which was usefully conceived and executed a few weeks ago, and then stored away for a rainy day like this. I knew this combination of a hoarding instinct and innate stupidity would pay dividends one day.



Idiotic Moment Number 1 began when I was recommended a band, who were so great I immediately began typing the review, before I'd checked small details like, "are they new and/or still functioning as a group?" only to find after writing that neither was indeed the case. This particular band has been around for a few years and split up a while ago. Durrrr.

So I saved it anyway, and now it's reprinted below for your delectation. Yum. **Enjoy the flavour of stupidity.**

Like a few bands we've featured recently, Today's New Band **The Unicorns** have our ipod generation's mix-and-match hotchpotch of influences. And sure enough, they metaphorically scroll the clickwheel and skip from one tune to

another, all within one song.

Look at their most brilliant song *I Was Born A Unicorn*. The guitar starts out as an African jangle before veering off into a garage-punk crunch. The vocals are a croon, a yelp and then a drunken sing-along. The drums pound from military to dancefloor to disco. You get the idea. From here to there and then over there too, for good measure.

See also *Tuff Ghost* - the song has the music you'd hear on a spooky Japanese-only imported SEGA game from 1989. *Jellybones* is the sound of a dial-up modem remixed into a surprisingly lush and heartfelt song.

If you can't find what you want in **The Unicorns**, you must be a **James Blunt** fan. And as that's about as [overwhelmingly good a recommendation as I could give them, why not listen here?](#)

A NEW BAND A DAY: THE BOOK!

TARTUFI

I'm jealous of **Today's New Band**. They're from **San Francisco**. I spent a month in San Francisco a couple of years ago and I'd happily give my eye teeth to go back to there RIGHT NOW. San Francisco is one of those cities where all of the things you've heard, and all of the things you haven't heard about it are true, and very visible. I was repeatedly told that it was 'very European', but it wasn't in the slightest.



It wasn't even American. It was its own, eye-rattlingly strange, determinedly varied world, packed full of crazies, stoners and professional 'characters'. I loved it, and walked around, mouth open at the shining brilliance of **EVERYTHING** I gawped at. It was all I could do from chaining myself to something very large so that I couldn't be deported when my visa expired.

Tartufi are Today's New Band. They were the band whose songs were playing in my addled mind while I was

stumbling through Haight, Chinatown or the Mission, except I didn't know it yet. Much like you'd hope from a San Franciscan band, their music is a strange mix of prog sensibilities and indie lo-fi practice. I'm aware that that sounds like a match-up specifically invented by someone who is out to spoil your fun, but it fits nicely, and **Tartufi** sound ace.

Mourning's Wake, the title of which fulfils **A New Band A Day's Weekly Pun Quotient** in one fell swoop, clinks and clanks like the sound of a miniature xylophone falling down the stairs of a doll's house. It has that welcome *Blue Monday*-esque trick of not introducing vocals until at least halfway through the song, then dashes here and there like an (admittedly oxymoronic) well-rehearsed jam. *Ebenezer You Are Rotten* further demonstrates their impatience, flipping from noise-rock to tinkling nursery rhyme and back again without care for your nervous fragility, before soaring stratospherically, all echoey guitars squeals and mad cymbal splashes.

Tartufi sound like they'd be a great band to see play live - and if you live in the US, you might be able to find out, as they're touring RIGHT NOW! [Everyone else should visit their Myspace page and experience the audio equivalent of jumping in seven directions at once.](#)

A NEW BAND A DAY: THE BOOK!

MUNCH MUNCH

There's a lot to be said for precision and organisation. **Streamline** your life for mega profit! A tidy home is a tidy mind! De-clutter your surroundings for **SUPER ZEN!** There's a reason that Chuck D is such a furious individual, you know - he hasn't tidied his Rumpus room for years.

Whilst the idea of **Chuck D** calming down purely because he's broken out the Dustbuster might be slightly* untrue, there really is as much to be said for disorganisation too. OK, so a desk chock full of papers might cause your plate of toast to fall to the floor, inevitably butter-side down; but how else would you find out whether you like the taste of floor fluff on your toast or not?



The point is that apparent chaos can have pleasant, unexpected results. Today's New Band don't seem to merely thrive on the unexpected noise that's made as they bash instruments, but have adopted it as an ethos. They're the appropriately named **Munch Munch**, chomping, as they do, through instruments, sounds and styles, all with fabulous disdain for convention.

The gloriously bonkers-named *Endolphins* is a twinkling frenzy of invention, clattering, shimmering and splashing all over the place through all of its 3 minutes - and yet there's a lovely melody that occasionally resurfaces when it feels brave enough. *Wedding* begins in barely-there chaos, all noise and no direction, before suddenly transforming into a super-fun fairground organ-led pop song, and then reinventing itself for a second time in the same song a few minutes later.

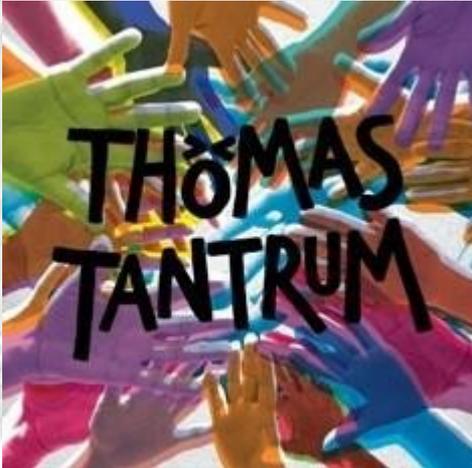
Gloriously deranged, **Munch Munch** are flailing, crazily, sticking thumbs into pies here, there and everywhere and yet managing to pull out a plum each time. Welcome back, insanity. [Embrace it wholeheartedly here!](#)

*wholeheartedly

A NEW BAND A DAY: THE BOOK!

THOMAS TANTRUM

Pitchfork, the music review website that is both pleasingly with it and, occasionally, maddeningly snobbish all at once, recently published a review of five re-issued versions of **New Order's** albums. It's a review which, for once, succinctly captures exactly what was so wonderful about them.



In contrast to **The Charlatans** (see yesterday's post) who failed to gain heroic status despite years of straining, **New Order** leapt there instantly without, seemingly, either trying or wanting to be there. I can't think of many bands who were so delightfully haphazard, arty and contrary, without any of those qualities being excruciatingly embarrassing. The only embarrassment present in **New Order's** case was the sense of awkwardness the band displayed when they suddenly realised they were, for a while, the most excitingly brilliant band in the world.

Unassuming, quiet and haphazard in their approach, they still managed to produce some of the most touching, belligerent and powerfully ecstatic music ever written. No posing, no pondering on how to achieve importance (hi, **Bono!**), just a heads-down approach to pushing boundaries and having a good time.

If you're like me, you'll already be scrolling through iTunes to find *Power, Corruption and Lies*, but before you take that trip back to 1983, how about Today's New Band, **Thomas Tantrum**?

Perhaps reminiscing about one of the greatest ever British bands immediately prior to introducing a new one is a bit unfair, but it doesn't really matter, 'cos **Thomas Tantrum** are great. Moreover, the rigid beats and polymelodies of their super song *Rage Against The Tantrum* owe a bit to New Order, so perhaps it's all a neat circle. *Rage Against...* made me think of [The Pogues](#) a bit, which is enough to make these jaded ears prick up with joy.

Whether they're veering here and there on *Warm Horse*, or making the most disorientating pop music of all time on *What What What*, **Thomas Tantrum** are a true treat. They pull together the oft-disparate strands of noise rock and sparkly pop with true aplomb, and even find time to inadvertently bait the BNP with the swirling, heady *Why The English Are Rubbish*. Brilliant. [Get confused in a kind of cute, pleasingly disarming way here!](#)

THANKS, ETC

This won't be zillion-page thank-you list like in a **Girls Aloud** CD inlay. God, Premiership Footballers or personal trainers won't get barely-literate fawning praise or be on the receiving end of mindless in-jokes. Sorry. I wish I knew any of those three groups of people so that I could say those things.

So, in their absence, a vast, infinite-vacuum-of-space-sized thanks to -

YOU, the lovely reader. Thanks for reading, subscribing via email or any other fancy-pants way, installing **ANBAD** Google Gadgets and voting for us on Digg. Thanks especially for the emails – many of the best bands I've written about have come from tip-offs.

Family and friends for their endless patience. I'm sorry for laughing at my own jokes.

Gem, for having unlimited understanding, support and confidence. You're ace.

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