



**IF**

**INSIDE:  
SOUNDGARDEN RETURNS  
A FEW WORDS FROM THE BLACK LIPS  
REVIEWS: MGMT & MORE**

**VOL. II  
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# GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF RACE AND TRAP

**WORDS: MAT MANUSZAK**

**BILL SIMONS**, ESPN.com's wildly popular, usually entertaining, and sometimes correct columnist, has become rather lazy lately, often eschewing his column in favor of a 90-minute monstrosity he calls "The B.S. Report." I generally avoid these podcasts, but recently Chuck Klosterman was on.

Klosterman is a best-selling author whose books usually intertwine sports, rock, and pop culture in ways ranging anywhere from soundly logical to batshit insane, but he's always interesting. One topic that Klosterman brought up was college basketball: specifically,

why Duke is the most hated team in college basketball. Even more specifically, Klosterman wondered, did it have anything to do with Duke's propensity for featuring skilled white players?

Who are some players that are hated in college basketball? Certain names immediately pop into my mind from recent years: Duke's J.J. Redick, North Carolina's Tyler Hansbrough, Duke's Greg Paulus, and Syracuse's Eric Devendorf. Last year, popular sports blog The Big Lead listed the top 5 most hated players in college basketball as Devendorf, Paulus, Redick, Duke's John Scheyer,

and Tanzanian UConn big man Hasheem Thabeet. Yet, a University of Virginia study found that 61% of college basketball players are African-American: why, then, are a disproportionate number of the most hated players white?

To answer the question, I'm going to bring hip-hop into the equation. African Americans largely created hip-hop, and they've dominated the genre ever since. Many of these artists came from impoverished, urban environments, but many who listen to hip-hop are white, suburban teenagers and college students.

Now, I'm coming from an extremely limited viewpoint here as a white college student from the suburbs (albeit a rather diverse suburb), but it appears that hip-hop's popularity among white teenagers springs from a desire to experience something different than one's personal experience. When I found myself listening to hip-hop as a 13 year old it wasn't so much out of appreciation for the music as it was an attempt to form some sort of "street cred." Listening to hip-hop made me feel like I was experiencing something special. Ever since hip-hop was introduced, white rappers have been greeted with contempt. In hip-hop, that which is white seems to many to be inauthentic. White rapper Asher Roth who experienced a comfortable upbringing, and is despised by most rap fans because of his seeming lack of authenticity. Now, Roth is a massive asshole who often raps about petty subjects, but that doesn't change the genesis of my argument: a white kid listening to white people rap isn't cool or edgy or sexy.

Yes, there are certain white players who would be hated if their skin color were

blue or purple: Devendorf allegedly hit a female student, Redick thrived on being hated, and if you haven't seen Morrison's creepy moustache try not to.

This analogy could be expanded even further in music. It's not just hip-hop in which people alter have on a musical taste that seems alternative to what that person should like. Like hip-hop, and like watching basketball,



a lot of listening to music is an attempt to create a sort of alternative image of oneself. Immediately, this calls to mind the commercial that ran a few years ago during which an apparent "punk" is listening to stereotypically "punk-ish" music as he skips into a seemingly random straight-laced, white collar office building. But when he sits in a desk chair and takes off his headphones, he reveals himself as a typical boring man with a boring office job. Of course, I have no idea what

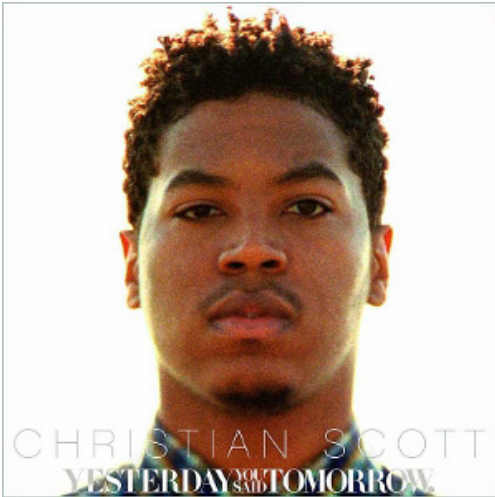
exactly the product was, but the point is that this commercial illustrates how people listen to music.

Another example is MSNBC news anchor Brian Williams. On the surface, Brian Williams just seems like a better-looking version of Peter Jennings: white, boring monotone, with a bland comb-over. But Williams also hosts a periodic podcast in which he trades his double-breasted

suit and tailored pants for flannel and skinny jeans and interviews indie bands like Deer Tick and Great Lake Swimmers. If Brian Williams just listened to Billy Joel and Barry Manilow with his Chardonnay on a Friday evening, he wouldn't necessarily be hated for it,

but it would contribute to his boring, white bread image.

Perhaps I'm reaching here, or maybe I'm crazy. But in all my experience as a fan of rap and basketball, it seems that white basketball players are despised far more than any others, and before now I'd never stopped to ask why. The answer lies somewhere between inauthenticity,, hip-hop, J.J. Redick, Chuck Klosterman, Brian Williams, and podcasts.



**Christian Scott**  
*Yesterday You Said Tomorrow*  
 (Concord Jazz)

*Yesterday You Said Tomorrow* is an album that toys with its listeners' expectations, in part, by fully living up to them. "K.K.P.D." is a hell of an album opener, driven by the hard-driving percussion of Jamire Williams, a constant highlight throughout the CD. And when Christian Scott lays his trumpet tone down, it's remarkably consistent how often he recalls the greats of Jazz' golden age in the '50s and '60s. But it is guitarist Matthew Stevens that opens the record, and with a country riff rather than a jazz motif. It's a play on expectations that comes to a head early in the record when Scott adapts Thom Yorke's "The Eraser" for his quintet. Through a dusty mix and remarkably understated playing from his peers, Scott reinterprets Yorke's vocals brilliantly on trumpet. The muted tone introduced on "K.K.P.D." becomes even more of a focal point here, with Rudy Van Gelder applying a lo-fi aesthetic to the proceeding that only helps evoke the soul of the track. In many ways, after six minutes even Yorke diehards may have to conclude Scott's laid down the track's definitive recording.

"The Eraser" stands as an axis upon which listeners, especially those less well-versed in jazz (like myself), can rest their understanding of the album. As many of the track titles imply, while Scott's cut an instrumental album of incredible quality he's also set out to make a statement on various political issues of the past few years, from the Jena 6 killings to police-as-white-institution (K.K.P.D. stands for Ku Klux Police Department) and the declining amount of inspiration Americans seem to derive from the "American Dream." Much of this will probably go over listeners' without liners and press materials, but those familiar with

Yorke's lyrics on "Eraser" will hear how Scott interprets those themes of bad memories and actions festering and propagating from lack of attention rather than fading away as the "erasers" would hope. Combined with his Louisiana roots, much of this instrumental politicalization of jazz reminds me of Wynton Marsalis, though Scott doesn't possess his more polarizing characteristics, mainly because Scott is open to forms of music other than golden age post bop jazz.

Scott's band, meanwhile, is wonderfully capable of handling whatever task is assigned to them, whether that be the elongated waltz of "After All", the somewhat aggressive stance of "Jenacide" or the more rock-oriented "The Roe Effect". Williams and pianist Milton Fletcher, Jr. deserve the bulk of the praise here, but bassist Kristopher Funn always seems to find himself in pocket and the guitar tone of Matthew Stevens never detracts from what's going on around him whenever he shows up. At twenty-six years old, Scott's cut an album that shows all the professionalism of Ahmad Jamal's 2010 release *A Quiet Time*, no small feat for an artist fifty years his minor. And more importantly he's helped make jazz feel like a sound that's not simply the country of old men. It's not often that jazz circles see a truly notable release hit shelves anymore, but *Yesterday You Said Tomorrow* certainly deserves that level of praise. It's the kind of jazz that could one day be looked upon as a modern classic of the form.

- David Amidon



**RJD2**  
*The Colossus*  
 (RJ's Electrical Connections)

The thing about RJD2's 2002 debut release *Deadringer* that makes it so appealing is how organic it is. Despite the meticulous production and seamless composition, it pays proper respect to each individual layer and instrument. Some tracks you wouldn't even have guessed a DJ had created. Like most good DJs, RJ (real name Ramble John Krohn) is a music fanatic in every sense of the word, as passionate about listening to music as he is making it. And his unique ability to fuse seemingly disparate musical elements with such grace has gained him quite a handful of accolades over the past eight years and three albums. In his latest release, it's simple to tell where RJ keeps it up and where he lets us down.

*The Colossus* is his fourth LP, making him a bona fide veteran, and this one he consciously made "as collaborative as possible", after 2007's *The Third Hand*, with which he had virtually no help. If the first few minutes of the album don't blow you away, you're

not alone. It kicks off with the single "Let There Be Horns", a lackluster instrumental track that would have worked much better as an intro than an entire four-minute song. Next is "Games You Can Win", another drawn-out track whose influx of subtle background bells makes for not-so-subtle harmony to go with Kenna's lullaby vocals. "Giant Squid" drags you along until "Salud 2", a 50-second out-of-place explanation of RJ's fourth album. Why it was the fourth track and not the first is beyond me. A third of the way into the album I was ready to give up and write it off as a failure.

It's a good thing I didn't stop listening there. "We got the glow/We got the glow/Future's good when there's nothin' else left to know," proclaims Krohn in the first track on the album that recalls his soulful work of old, with a groovy disco beat and those old fashioned foreground drums that we all know and love. The heavily layered psychedelia of "A Spaceship For Now" gives us something completely new, a testament to RJ's ingenuity even at the ripe age of 33.

The rest of the album is a success, even despite a few lagging tracks. "A Son's Cycle", for instance, features sluggish vocal performances by The Catalyst, Illogic, and NP and the short "Gypsy Caravan" is unremarkable. On the other side of the spectrum is "Crumbs Off the Table", a chill song featuring Aaron Livingston, complimentary horns, and a "Ruby Tuesday"-esque flute sample in the background. Those are the kind of subtleties with which the DJ made himself a household name. "Tin

Flower" has the feeling of an early RJ song from the get go - not that I was looking for another *Deadringer*. Just something that got me as excited, and the album's most cohesive ensemble (we're still talking about "Tin Flower") does just that.

The album's brilliant end "Walk With Me" is reminiscent of a 60's feel-good song (possibly Grass Roots or Three Dog Night). Is it a specific song or just a general feel? This I cannot say, though I swear there's a certain song on the tip of my tongue. The track is also the strongest evidence of Krohn's ability as a vocalist, and it would be the perfect way to wrap the album up were it not for the fade back into "Let There Be Horns." But let's just forget about that and revel in the splendor of the album's last 40 minutes. It's a shame that a few apples can spoil the bunch, but the album's finish is far from rotten.

- James Passarelli



**MGMT**  
*Congratulations*  
 (Columbia)

Listening to MGMT's new leaked album *Congratulations*, I can't help but hope that the duo is still tinkering with, mixing, and remastering the nine-song collection. The songs come off as raw and unfinished-sounding, as nearly every song seems to either be lacking a layer or awkwardly melded together. The clean and catchy keyboard melodies that dominated "Kids" and "Time to Pretend" of MGMT's first full-length album *Oracular Spectacular* are largely gone; replaced by soft-strummed acoustic melodies. *Congratulations* has little of the pop-rock power of *Spectacular*, abandoning the largely-loved, disco-like style of "Electric Feel" instead going with a mellow soft-spoken sound epitomized in *Congratulations*' fifth song "I Found A Whistle."

As I listened to the album I kept waiting song after song for that hit, only to be disappointed song after song with more reserved melodies. "Flash Delirium," *Congratulations*' first released single departs a bit from the rest of the lighter, blander tracks. However, where the other songs lack in pop and variation, "Delirium" overdoes it a bit, combining shaky and overly present voice-distortion with multiple track overlays and an airy flute-solo. I am at once both overwhelmed and underwhelmed by the release. And while the album does indeed deserve the criticism, I can't help but feel I do MGMT a disservice. Maybe I'm looking too much for a *Spectacular* repeat. Maybe MGMT's new

sound isn't bland but, on the contrary, bold and new. The album certainly deserves merit, as MGMT didn't attempt to merely replicate the success of their first album. They faced the fear of the sophomore slump head-on, attempting to offer listeners an unmistakably new "MGMT" sound.

And the album truly does have its successes. The high point occurs in the album's dream-like ballad "Siberian Banks." The song glides between melodies and movements with playfulness and repose. And isn't it great that the album's most impressive and catchy song is a full twelve-minutes-long? The song alternates between salsa-like, flowing rhythms and sing-songy breaks. While I doubt the 12-minute bit will garner itself a single release, the song is no doubt the best of the album. The album's ebullient finale, aptly sharing its name with the album title, offers similar hit-potential with its catchy rhythm and looping bass line. Both songs offer an easy-listen that I wish was present in the rest of the album. While much of the album is lacking, these two songs offer a redeeming recompense.

In the end those are the only two tracks that deserve any "congratulations" the album's authors bestowed upon it. And I still can't help but hopelessly wait for the zani-ness and power-pop sound with which *Oracular Spectacular* was comprised.

- Kevin Fitzgerald



## She and Him Volume Two (Merge)

Last year saw groups like Animal Collective and Dirty Projectors reach new heights of creativity and renown. Broad audiences were not only exposed to, but embraced genres that a few years ago might have been deemed, for lack of a better phrase, “too weird.” Don’t get me wrong, I loved *Merriweather Post Pavilion*. But when every band this side of Williamsburg is trying to re-write “My Girls”, it can get nauseating to say the least. Enter She & Him, the retro-folk brainchild of actress/indie goddess Zooey Deschanel and M. Ward. She & Him sound like a much-needed vacation from the endless stream of lofi/surf/noise/punk/haze groups that are popping up like moles nowadays in the indie scene. This is simultaneously the group’s most amicable attribute and their worst limitation. Their new record, *Volume Two*, exemplifies that. People commonly use the term “good for what it is” and I cannot think of a more appropriate tag for *Volume Two*.

*Volume Two* essentially continues the same idea of 2008’s *Volume One*, so if you liked their debut you’ll be smitten with their new release. On the other hand, if the ret-

ro, squeaky-clean vibe wasn’t working for you then, it certainly won’t work now. As you might expect, the songs ooze of early 60’s country-rock influences and sound as if they could have been recorded at Sun Records. Album opener “Thieves” is a melancholy ballad about estranged lovers and contains the lines “a love like ours is terrible news.” Such a romantically bleak song might get you down if not for the next track, first single “In The Sun”. Although not as strong as previous single, “Why Do You Make Me Stay Here?” from Volume One, it shines (pun intended) as an album standout.

“Don’t Look Back” sounds like a prime candidate for a second single. The song’s catchy chorus and especially heartfelt lyrics are some of the strongest on the album. She & Him is a band stuck in the past (in the best way possible), which is why the track “Sing” seems to be slightly out of place. It starts, “talking on the phone, and watchin’ Cribs”, a line that’s sure to cause a double take. If there’s one band that I wouldn’t expect to reference MTV Cribs in a song, it’s She & Him. That little speed bump aside, tracks like “Home” and “Lingering Still” make the rest of the album very strong. The final track is the a capella, “If You Can’t Sleep,” and it aptly ends the album with its soft, lullaby sound and Deschanel’s comforting voice. It’s enough to put you to sleep in a good way.

*Volume Two* does have legitimate standouts, but I’m not sure what to think about the fact that I enjoy the two covers on the album more than any other tracks. Covers on *Volume One* seemed like filler, but on *Volume Two* the two beautifully arranged covers serve a purpose in the greater scheme of the album. Ward and Deschanel trade vocals on the NRBQ cover, “Ridin’ In My Car” and truly make the song their own. Extremely true to the

original, it still sounds as if Deschanel could have easily penned it. The second cover is “Gonna Get Along Without You Now,” originally written by Milton Kellum in 1951. The song sounds as if Kellum wrote it with Deschanel’s cuteness and sass in mind. Here I got the sense that Deschanel is figuring out how to purposefully use her sex appeal as an element in her songs.

Deschanel sounds as if scientists genetically engineered her to make the indie-lovers swoon. She’s the girl next door in skinny jeans and a “stupid 1960’s haircut,” to quote *500 Days of Summer*. Phrases like “Orpheus melted the heart of Persephone” and the “u-huh, hmhm” chorus of “Gonna Get Along Without You Now” make her irresistible. But Deschanel’s undeniable cuteness aside, the girl actually knows how to write a damn good song. She clearly has a formula to her craft: one part romantic conundrum, one part sassy female narrator, add a retro country-rock soundtrack with a dash of M. Ward and you get a She & Him song. That’s not to say that the formula doesn’t result in some great songs. I just wonder not only how long Deschanel and Ward can keep this up, but also how long they can keep the public interested. Like I said: “good for what it is.”

If you’re looking for a nice, sweet record that conjures images of sunny days and simpler times, then look no further. If you’re looking for something to set the world on fire then I think you’re in the wrong place. *Volume Two* shines as a more than adequate follow up to *Volume One*, and She & Him easily avoid the dreaded “sophomore slump.” Will I be listening to *Volume Two* a few years down the road? Probably not. But who cares about the future when dealing with a band so entrenched in reviving the past?

- Bryant Kitching



## The Tallest Man on Earth

*The Wild Hunt*  
(Dead Oceans)

Pretty much everyone, from Bruce Springsteen to Dashboard Confessional's Chris Carrabba (don't worry, I had to look that one up), has gone on a solo acoustic tour, but few artists consistently carry that element into the recording process. Even fewer do it as deftly as Kristian Matsson. Working under the sobriquet The Tallest Man on Earth, the Swedish rambler catches ears with his grainy vocal delivery, eccentric finger-picking style, and free-flowing, metaphor-heavy poetry. And whether he likes it or not, it's those same characteristics have rendered his name almost synonymous with The Never Ending Tour. Just about everything anyone's written about Matsson is spotted with Bob Dylan references. And with stanzas like "Well it's a season of thunder/And the season of rain/All the little angels are growin' wings of pain/And I see no point in askin'/There's no point of concern/When I steal those wings, well I know I'll have to burn," who

can blame them?

But three and a half years after the release of his self-titled EP, I think it's time to abandon the comparisons (or at least accept them with a grain of salt). Perhaps everyone's been so caught up in all the praise they haven't stopped to think that maybe such allusions do him a disservice. Dylan's obviously a key influence for Matsson, and he's not about to reject comparisons to one of the forefathers of rock 'n' roll. But one thing is certain. Matsson is his own artist. And as much as his stripped down songs hearken back to the days before mp3's, nothing about his style feels borrowed. And his second full-length release *The Wild Hunt* lets us know just how comfortable the Tallest Man is with that style. He knows what he's good at, and he's not about to tamper with it.

The album's first and title track immediately sets the same jovial mood you'll find in many of his earlier songs. The song breathes anticipation of a future escape, Matsson telling us, "I left my heart to the wild hunt a comin'/I live until the call/and I plan to be forgotten when I'm gone/yes, I'll be leavin' in the fall." It may be his choruses that stick in our heads, but it's his verses that leave us speechless. The sheer volume of his poetry makes it all but impossible to pick out just a few favorite lines, but I'll do my best. "I got sixteen hundred tigers now tied to silver strings/when they go out in the pastures, oh the mighty heart will sing" goes "Thousand Ways." And then, of course, there's the story of a man's

ambitious dreams to in "The King of Spain", a song Matsson's been performing live for the past couple years. The lyrics seem so effortlessly composed, and that's what's so special about The Tallest Man on Earth. His songs are surely meticulously crafted, both musically and lyrically, but we don't sense any planning. Each time the songs play like they're improvised, like they reflect present emotions, not feelings resurfacing from the past.

The whole album seems to anticipate something, whether it's a change of climate or scenery or some escape to Matsson's alternate literary reality. The only time the album that shows signs of lagging is on second and third tracks, "Burden of Tomorrow" and "Troubles Will Be Gone", but it quickly returns to form with the heartfelt strummer "You're Going Back." And while *The Wild Hunt* thrives on the familiar, it closes with something altogether new - "Kids on the Run", a pure piano ballad, emphasizing further the album's theme of childish escape. No matter how therapeutic song and dance may be, sooner or later we all have to come back down to reality. But for a half hour or so, we can let loose in Matsson's world.

- James Passarelli

## AN INTERVIEW WITH THE BLACK LIPS



### INTERVIEW: COLIN KENNEDY

Atlanta psychedelic garage flower punk foursome (and I'm not sure if that genre definition does them any justice) have never been known for holding back. Their riff-packed live shows include heavy moshing, even during the Lips' slow-paced doowop numbers. Are they gay? Not in the least. Does that stop them from making out on stage? Of course not! If you're familiar with these guys' discography, then you know they're not just a novelty act. 2009 saw another stellar release from the now-veterans, but they never stay off the road for long. A short time ago they ended up at The Slowdown in Omaha, Nebraska. That's where IF's Colin Kennedy found band members Joe Bradley and Cole Alexander.

**Inflatable Ferret:** So let's start off by talking about the label Vice, how do you guys like the label?

Cole Alexander: I love it, its awesome. We were on a lot of smaller labels before Vice, so it was good to get out to a lot more people and have like wider distribution, but we love it.

**IF:** Who is your favorite label that you've worked for thus far between Bop, In The Red...

CA: Well, we've done Bop records, In the Red records, and an assortment of other smaller labels. We've done some other stuff for Dusty Medical, kind of like a one-off live record, we've done some 7 inches for Norton, we had our own label for a while called Die Slaughterhaus but it's kind of on hiatus now.

Joe Bradley: But they've all been great, I really have nothing bad to say about any of them.

**IF:** Are there any "left field" type of influences that your fans might now expect?

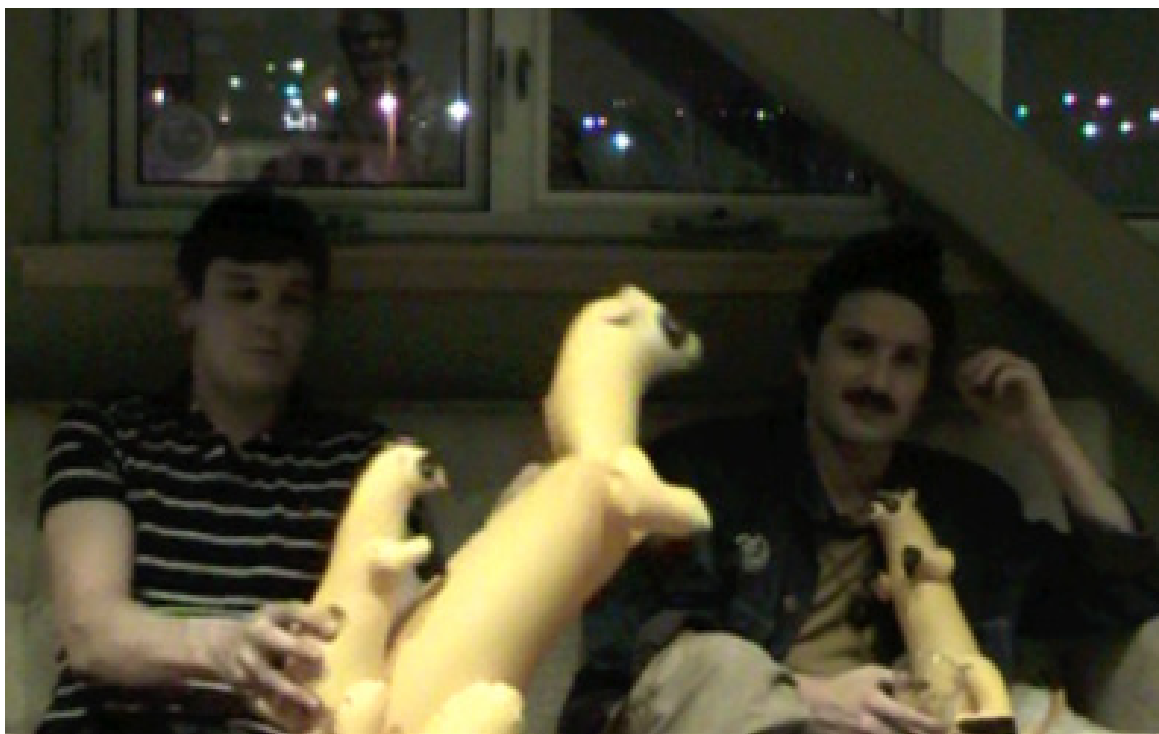
JB: Chipper Jones, the switch hitter.

**IF:** Haha, right on.

CA: But yeah, we like classical music, I mean I guess you could say

it's an influence. We've started using samples during our live shows. We use an Edgar Varese sample on "Short Fuse." What's the name of the other composer we use?

JB: Um, yeah we got Johan De Meij. He did a symphony for *The Lord of the Rings* it's like five movements that came out before the movie did, basing the music on his experience with the books. We use movement 5: "Hobbits" on the intro to that.



**IF:** Nice. You also used a sample from [at least I think it was] the Brian Jonestown Massacre that you used on the song with GZA: "The Drop I Hold."

CA: Yeah, it was Jim Jones that took everyone down to Guyana and had a mass suicide, and some kid's dad was in the FBI and they were using those tapes and he had brought them home in the late 70's and that kid made a dub copy on the inter-

net they have audio archives, so I scored it from that.

CA: And I listened to the whole thing - it was like 45 minutes, but that part really stuck out to me because it was like "Ok everybody is gonna kill themselves," but this one lady was like "No, I don't want to die. And my baby too, I don't want my baby to die, I want us to have a choice." And the other lady was like "I don't know about you, I'm ready for this lets do

it brothas and sistas!!" She just had so much conviction, the lady that wanted to die; we had to put her on there.

**IF:** Oh wow, but it's a great song. Probably one of my favorites off the album. You also worked with Bradford Cox on "I Saw God."

CA: Yeah, King Khan was on that too just not as loud. They just did some little background vocals, might not be easy to pick them out but they're

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**"Budweiser...yeah, it's not so much the best beer but when you get it really cold and really carbonated it just hits the spot."**

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**IF:** For sure, for sure. I've heard people think you [Cole] look like John Frusciante of the Red Hot Chili Peppers, and you [Joe] look like Colin Hanks. Do you look at these as compliments or put-downs?

JB: Who is Colin Hanks?

**IF:** Tom Hanks son. He was in *Orange County*.

JB: *Orange County*? I don't really watch TV.

CA: Is that *The OC*? I like the show.

**IF:** No, no it's the movie that came before the show, with Jack Black. He looks like the kid from there though.

JB: You think I look like Jack Black? Yikes!

CA: No, not Jack Black. Well if we don't know what he looks like...

JB: I've heard that I look like Josh Hartnett.

**IF:** Oh, a teenage heart throb. Nice.

CA: Frusciante though, I mean for RHCP he seemed like the coolest one, but I don't know if that is a compliment. I guess it's not an insult, but whatever.

**IF:** I hear ya. There is a lot of homoeroticism in your shows. Is that an expression or reflection of anything or is it just kind of like an avant garde thing or what?

CA: Yeah, just kind of avant garde.

**IF:** So I hear you guys like to shotgun beers.



# CLASS IN SESSION

## SOUNDGARDEN STRIKES BACK

WORDS: STEVE DICKINSON

THE WAIT is finally over. Soundgarden (yes Soundgarden) is reuniting after what most fans would agree was a long thirteen years. The Seattle-based band that has released five studio albums, won two Grammy awards with singles "Black Hole Sun" and "Spoonman" and sold over twenty-million records worldwide is coming back together after a long absence from the music world. Soundgarden front man

Chris Cornell made it official when he announced on Twitter that, "The 12 year break is over and school is back in session." The news may have come as a surprise to many Soundgarden fans. Twelve years is a long time, enough time for Cornell to release three albums with Audioslave as well as three solo albums. It had seemed as if Cornell along with his fans had moved on from the grunge days of

Soundgarden. After twelve years it is understandable that most fans would come to terms with the fact that a reunion was highly unlikely, especially after Cornell stated in a 2008 interview, "...if I wanted to sell out, I would just try to get one of my older bands back together." Naturally, a reunion after a quote like that should raise some eyebrows but despite fan's doubts and Cornell fear of selling out, here it is...a reunion.

Although the band had never seemed likely to take the final step toward getting back together, there had been some hints leading up to the big announcement. In March 2009, band members Kim Thayil, Matt Cameron and Ben Shepa-

rd rocked out onstage without Cornell during a Seattle show on Tom Mo-

rrello's Justice Tour. Following the demi-reunion, Cornell told a reporter, "If I was there, I probably would've gotten up onstage." He went on to say that a real reunion was not out of the question. With all of the stars starting to align, it only seemed a matter of time before the big announcement that one of the most influential grunge bands of the 80's and 90's would be taking the stage once again.

So what can fans look

forward to now that the grunge pioneers have officially announced their reunification? As far as shows are concerned, Soundgarden has only officially stated that they will be one of the headliners at Lollapalooza on August 8th. However, it is

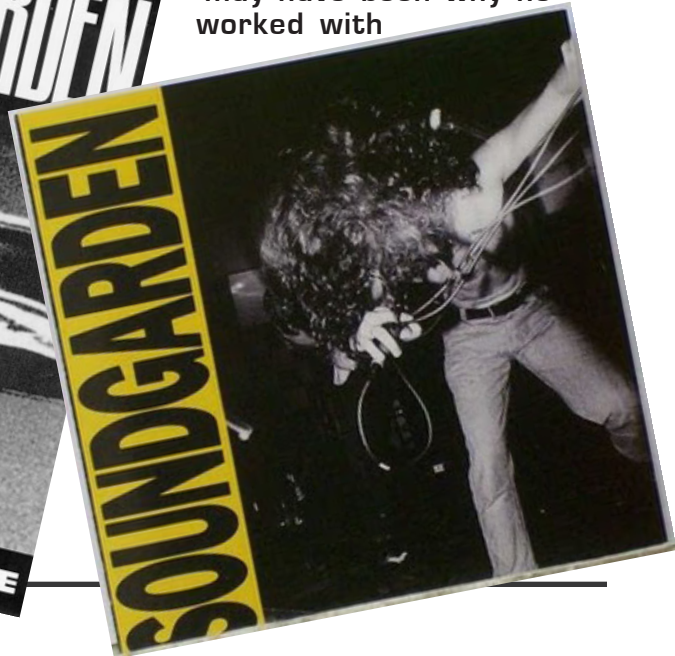
**"If I wanted to sell out, I would just try to get one of my older bands back together."**

than answers. The website does not really say anything aside from

speculated that they may also be headline the Reading and Leeds festivals across the pond. As for a full out reunion tour, not much has been alluded to. Can't get to Chicago this summer? No worries, the Seattle boys are releasing a limited edition, orange (yes orange) seven-inch vinyl reissue of their SubPop debut single "Hunted Down" with the song "Nothing To Say." On April 17th they are due to release "Spoonman" live at the Del Mar Fairgrounds in San Diego,

CA from a 1996 performance. The song is available for download on Soundgarden's homepage. It's also probable that a B-sides compilation is on the way.

It seems that Soundgarden's reunion has raised more questions than answers. The website does not really say anything aside from the aforementioned posts, and there's no doubt many fans will expect a new album. Is this a one shot deal or are they here to stay? One major question is how Cornell's vocal chords going to hold up to the much... louder repertoire of Soundgarden. After years of screaming at the top of his lungs it is doubtful he will be able to hit the same high-flying notes he was hitting back in the 90's. During Audioslave's live performance in Cuba, Cornell unfortunately sounded like an emphysema patient choking on a mozzarella stick. His clearly declining vocal prowess may have been why he worked with





Timbaland, who undoubtedly worked his pop producer magic on Cornell's voice on his third solo album, ironically titled *Scream*. Whereas Cornell's performance may be questionable, there's no reason why the rest of the band shouldn't deliver a solid performance.

Thayil and the gang have all been keeping themselves loose with some projects here and there and have been known to scatter a few Soundgarden tracks into their sets. Many Soundgarden fans have feared a reunion. With Chris's vocal prime having long since passed, it's almost certain the band will not pack the same punch their fans were accustomed to hearing. Maybe this is a chapter in their career that is better left unwritten. Soundgarden rocked our faces off for a solid thirteen years before going out with a bang in 1997 with their final album *Down on the Upside*. They came and went without hitting a sour note or ever leaving a bad taste in our mouths. Our memories of Soundgarden are in danger of being tarnished by what could be a disappointing reunion aimed at winning back Cornell's fans who were left plugging their ears in disbelief after *Scream*. But who knows? Is it unfair to write off the reunion of one of the 90's' biggest rock bands as a ploy to win back lost fans or make some more dough before calling the quits? Maybe Soundgarden can spark a fire under the waning rock scene's backside. If school back in session, hopefully Soundgarden can teach us something that will make us want to come to class.

# 80 MINUTES OF MUSIC



THIS VAST ARRAY of tunes sculpted by none other than James Passarelli and myself displays the creativity of what we consider an untapped goldmine in the music industry. Yupp. We speak of integrating those things producing oxygen, called trees into songs. A challenge yes. But impossible? These next 22 artists beg to differ. Having lived where the holiday originated for 19 years, it's my distinct privilege to introduce IF's 80 minutes of music in honor of Arbor Day.

## 1 Animal Collective 3:19 "Must Be Treeman"

This one is sure to get you back in touch with nature with the right supplements...

## 2 U2 5:23 "One Tree Hill"

While research is still in progress, many scientists believe if water somehow ceases to exist, there's a good chance Bono's voice could become an ideal substitute for life to continue on.

## 3 Leomn Tree 3:14 "Fool's Garden"

Employing similarities to music in the Sega Genesis video game Aero the Acro-Bat, this catchy beat and crazy music video even had Tim Burton befuddled.

## 4 Matisyahu 4:20 "Chop Em Down"

Discovery Channel's American Loggers requested we throw this one in. Sorry Tree Huggers.

## 5 Radiohead 4:50 "Fake Plastic Trees"

We couldn't have lived with ourselves if we hadn't included this classic track by one of the world's most enthusiastic environmental activists. I don't know about you, but I don't want Thom Yorke sneaking into my house demanding my opinion of the climate crisis.

## 6 Dandy Warhols 3:49 "Whipping Tree"

After listening to this song for the first time and reading the correlating comments below the video on

YouTube, things became clear in light of some intelligent soul. "This song is the epitome of a good high...and different shades of sunlight." – Thanks "StrangeMagic64"

## 7 Pearl Jam 4:01 "In My Tree"

This tune sure helped in making Pearl Jam familiar with trees. At least as far as paper goes.

## 8 Trevor Hall 3:20 "Lime Tree"

Craving a Corona with lime and not of age? Try a 12oz of dose of Trevor Hall.

## 9 Calexico 3:50 "Two Silver Trees"

Any band involved with a record label called Our Soil, Our Strength is worthy of making an Arbor Day playlist.

- 10** **KT Tunstall 2:48**  
**"Black Horse and Cherry Tree"**  
 This woman is no stranger to the creation of a hit song. Check out "Suddenly I See" if your ears appreciated the first suggestion.
- 11** **Wolfmother 3:29**  
**"Apple Tree"**  
 Alice Cooper described Wolfmother as "a teenage Jimi Hendrix, Steppenwolf kind of band." IF's stance? The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.
- 12** **Dar Williams 4:13**  
**"Holly Tree"**  
 I'm pretty sure this chick is writing songs for the sole reason of getting put on IF's 80 Minutes segments.
- 13** **Buffy Sainte-Marie 2:34**  
**"The Dream Tree"**  
 Short, but sweet. No relation to the vampire slayer, by the way.
- 14** **Snoop feat. Kid Cudi 4:26**  
**"That Tree"**  
 Rap veteran Snoop Dogg has finally teamed up with rising star Kid Cudi, only to create a story of two lumberjacks earning money in pursuit to
- buy back their van. Impressed?
- 15** **Meadowlarks 1:13**  
**"The Flowering Tree"**  
 Far too short-lived, the Boston foursome left behind one of the greater 1 minute 13 second tracks of the century.
- 16** **Paul McCartney 3:20**  
**"Little Willo"**  
 "You... you.. you remember when you were with The Beatles?...That was awesome!"
- 17** **Moondog 2:19**  
**"Tree Trail"**  
 Gorgeous melody from one of music's greatest innovators. Despite his blindness, Louis Thomas Hardin saw this tree trail better than anyone.
- 18** **The Mountain Goats 2:20**  
**"Earth Air Water Trees"**  
 Breaking News: John Darnielle has announced the replacement of "fire" with "trees" as one of the four classic elements.
- 19** **The National 4:24**  
**"Cherry Tree"**  
 Nature hasn't made me
- this sad since Mother Willow got chopped down in Pocahontas III. Shit, I forgot to write "Spoiler Alert."
- 20** **Sufjan Stevens 4:13**  
**"All the Trees of the Field Will Clap Their Hands"**  
 Memorable featured song in 'Driving Lessons' with Rupert Grint. Nothing more be said.
- 21** **The White Stripes 3:04**  
**"Dead Leaves and the Dirty Ground"**  
 I always knew Jack and Meg had something against trees, but I never thought they'd stoop to this level. Still, we had to throw them on here.
- 22** **Bone Thugz 5:31**  
**"Family Tree"**  
 Representatives of the Midwest hip-hop scene, Bone Thugs' "Family Tree" proves those damn genealogy pop up ads are unnecessary.

**- Hans Larsen &  
 James Passarelli**