

IF

**VOLUME II
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**INSIDE: IF'S ALL-LOLLAPALOOZA TEAMS
INTERVIEW WITH MEXICAN
INSTITUTE OF SOUND
ALBUM REVIEWS
80 MINUTES OF MUSIC
FIT FOR A KING**



IF STAFF

Editor-in-Chief

James Passarelli

Layout

Kathryn Freund
James Passarelli
Ainsley Thedinger

Featured Writers

Bryant Kitching
James Passarelli
Ryan Waring

Photography

- Cover photo courtesy of
Lollapalooza Music Festival

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courtesy of
Lollapalooza Music Festival
(except pages 2 and 6)

Web and Logo Design

Greg Ervanian
Rob Schellenberg

CONTACT US

Tom Kutilek: tom@inflatableferret.com
Hans Larsen: hans@inflatableferret.com
James Passarelli: james@inflatableferret.com
Ryan Waring: ryan@inflatableferret.com
General Inquiries: info@inflatableferret.com

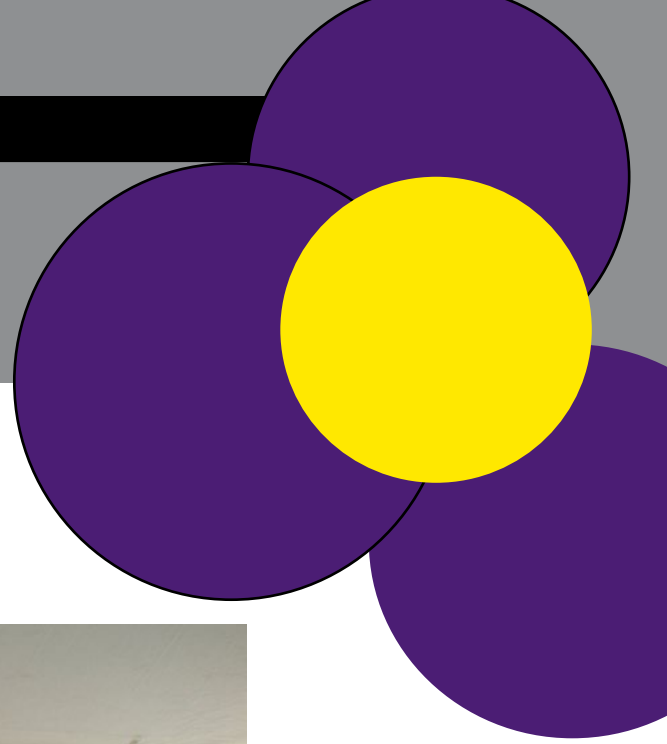
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VOLUME II

No. 7



< 08



^
11

02 All-Lollapalooza
Hans Larsen and James Passarelli choose Lollapalooza's best musical performers.

08 Interview
IF learns a bit about Camilo Lara a.k.a. Mexican Institute of Sound.

11 Album Reviews
Read reviews for Arcade Fire, Carl Broemel, and The Walkmen

14 Playlist
IF puts together 80 minutes of music fit for royalty.



2010 ALL-LOLLAPALOOZA TEAM

WORDS: JAMES PASSARELLI AND RYAN WARING

ONE OF OUR FAVORITE THINGS to do at IF is to rate festival performances. But at 2010's Lollapalooza we came to a different conclusion – maybe individual artists aren't getting their due credit. So, this year we decided to focus in on the most common instruments and choose who played them the best. We're proud to present our first ever All-Festival list: the first and second All-Lollapalooza teams.

GUITAR

FIRST TEAM: ALBERT HAMMOND JR. (THE STROKES)

The highlight of Lollapalooza came around 8:45 on Friday, when The Strokes sauntered on stage fifteen minutes late. They more than made up for their tardiness with a loud, hour-long reminder of why they ended up on just about everyone's Best of the Decade lists. Though frontman Julian Casablancas' gut-wrenching vocals were spot-on, it was the NYC band's unforgettable guitar riffs that made the night, well, unforgettable.

SECOND TEAM: NICK VALENSI (THE STROKES)

The first team, second team decision was tough, but one thing was clear. Both Strokes guitarists were All-Lollapalooza. With seamlessly executed solos and excellent balance between Hammond Jr. and Valensi, The Strokes put on a clinic for future rock stars. Let's just hope they were watching...and listening.



VOCALS

FIRST TEAM: AMBER COFFMAN (DIRTY PROJECTORS)

I was floored how spot on Coffman's vocals on the intricate "Stillness Is the Move" were. After her melodious backing of "Useful Chamber," her honey pot voice was a no brainer for this selection.

SECOND TEAM: B-REAL (CYPRESS HILL)

One of the most memorable voices in rap came through once again, making for the most (for lack of a better word) bumping show of the weekend. The Cuban/Mexican-American MC's blatant use of and references to marijuana were enough for everyone to share the high. I even saw a couple of Chicago's finest singing along, dancing along to the feel-good rhythm. Cliff and company (a company of about ten) dazzled the crowd with their haphazard one-legged hops and hilarious spin moves.

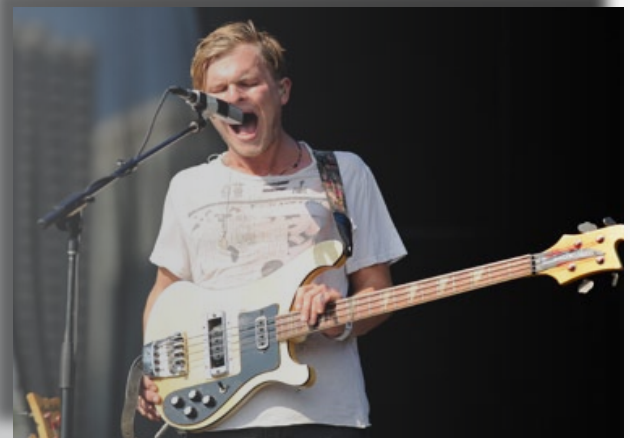
BASSIST

FIRST TEAM: IRA WOLF TUTON (YEASAYER)

Definitely the most underrated of the three Yeasayers, Tuton's delectable bass lines lie at the core of every song they put out, from "ONE" to "2080." But he's not a one-trick pony - Tuton also added luscious falsetto backing vocals throughout the set.

SECOND TEAM: CHRIS TAYLOR (GRIZZLY BEAR)

Don't be fooled by the name. Grizzly Bear is most certainly a tame act. As crisp and ornate as the focus may be, however, bassist Chris Taylor splendidly achieves such while providing quite an energy boost.



BAND LEADER



FIRST TEAM: WINN BUTLER (ARCADE FIRE)

Arcade Fire certainly doesn't seem like the most personable band, but Butler was undoubtedly the humblest and warmest front man of the weekend, confessing his trepidation playing new material to such a large audience and embracing the crowd's ability to keep pace with the lyrics. How was his performance, you ask? Well what do you think?

SECOND TEAM: JIMMY CLIFF

While the rest of the mindless Lollapalooza zombies (not that I look down on them or anything) I made sure to catch the last half of the reggae legend's set. I was elated to find a few hundred fans joyously dancing along to the feel-good rhythm. Cliff and company (a company of about ten) dazzled the crowd with their haphazard one-legged hops and hilarious spin moves.

DRUMMER

FIRST TEAM: PAT CARNEY (THE BLACK KEYS)

The Black Keys' sound problems caused me to leave just three songs (all of which I liked, by the way) into their set. Still, denying Carney this award would be a sin. The rambunctious drummer is the bread of the now-rock star duo – it's a wonder how he can even walk after each brutal torturing of his drum kit.

SECOND TEAM: GRIFFIN GOLDSMITH (DAWES)

Dawes absolutely rocked the Sony Bloggie stage. A huge part of that success is due to Goldsmith's versatility, anchoring the rhythm section while providing occasional vocals. That game face is the cherry on top.



KEYS/SYNTHESIZER

FIRST TEAM: ARMANDO FIGUEROA (LOS AMIGOS INVISIBLES)

If there's one thing that defines the Venezuelan disco-jazz group it's their frantic keyboards. Figueredo pulled through with an energetic performance that encapsulated the band's lighthearted spirit.

SECOND TEAM: BEN GOLDWASSER (MGMT)

I almost feel as if Ben Goldwasser is the Andrew Ridgeley to Andrew VanWyngarden's George Michael. I don't really mean that. Goldwasser is more like MGMT's John Paul Jones: underrated, but honestly each the key to his band's success (No pun intended).

TALK BOX

FIRST TEAM: P-THUGG (CHROMEO)

Few musicians at Lollapalooza had more charm than the potbellied P-Thug, Canadian plastic funk duo Chromeo's soft-spoken half. Never singing without his talk box, P-Thug brought fun harmony to an already playfully ridiculous table, one that consisted of backup dancer/singers The Chromettes and Chromeo's trademark leg-stand keyboards.



SECOND TEAM: TIM HOEY (CUT COPY)

I'm still not quite sure what Tim Hoey is really singing in "Feel the Love", and to be perfectly honest, I don't think he does either. If he does, he's keeping it a secret. You know what's not a secret though? The fact that Cut Copy was one of the standout performances of the entire weekend.

UTILITY

FIRST TEAM: RÉGINE CHASSAGNE (ARCADE FIRE)

I don't know what's more difficult: pronouncing her name or keeping track of each instrument change she makes during a single performance. Talk about underrated. As great as Butler is, the biggest treat during an Arcade Fire show is Chassagne's coup of the front (wo)man duties

SECOND TEAM: ERIC HARVEY (SPOON)

Spoon is quite versatile on stage, and whenever they need an extra instrument Eric Harvey is happy to take on the duty. Be it guitar, piano, percussion, or vocals, Harvey is an absolute workhorse without whom frontman Britt Daniel wouldn't look nearly as smooth and collected as he does.



MEXICAN INSTITUTE OF SOUND

AN
INTERVIEW
WITH

It would make perfect sense for music that heavily incorporates the sounds of its creator's home country to make listeners from other countries feel a little left out. But Camilo Lara (aka Mexican Institute of Sound) doesn't strive to make sense – his sights are set on a loftier goal: the perfect fusion of traditional Mexican rudiments with brazen electronica. And if he hasn't quite perfected it in three albums' time, he's damn close. Pick up any of his records and you'll tap your feet uncontrollably. Check out his live performance, and you'll be frantically waving a Mexican flag in the air, wondering how you even wound up there. A music fanatic and infamous record hoarder, Lara's first musical contributions came in the form of remixes before he decided to start building his own songs. In the past few years he has developed a spirited live show that gives a new pulse to his already vigorous beats. We met up with him behind Perry's Stage at Lollapalooza a few hours before he took the stage.



Inflatable Ferret: Where in Mexico are you from?

Camilo Lara: I am based in Mexico City. I'm one of the few Mexicans still living in Mexico.

IF: [laughs] When did your love of music start?

CL: I started buying records when I was six or seven. And I've been working in the music business forever, and I'm a compulsive record shopper, so basically forever. I started doing remixes for friends, and someone told me, "You should do your own music", so I started doing that.

IF: And when was that?

CL: Like, five or six years ago. I got an old computer and an old Protools, and I started doing remixes. And a label in Spain told me, "Hey, we love your remixes. You should release your own music." So, I sent them my demos, and when they heard it they were like, "Oh, it's so bad. You should keep on working on that." So, I went to my computer, which was a secondhand computer, and I didn't

have any memory left – it was completely full. I couldn't create new music. So, I waited a little bit, and put the exact same music in a different order on a CD. And they heard it, and they were like, "Oh, this is amazing!" And they released my record. So, after that, I decided since I had a record out I should get a band, and I've released three records.

IF: And you're working on a new one, right?

CL: I'm working on a new one that's coming out next year.

IF: You mentioned having a band, and I think it's interesting because you're at Perry's Stage this year. It seems like pretty much everyone who plays at that stage is just a DJ.

CL: People always think I'm a DJ, but I'm a stinky DJ. I am so bad. It was funny – we were the only ones who actually had a sound check because we're the only ones playing real instruments. But I like the energy more with a live band. And it's a mix – it has some dance floor elements, and it's pretty energetic. But it's great to have a drum player and a bass player.

IF: Who are some of your favorite artists at Lollapalooza?

MIS: Um, I wanted to see Hockey. I love them. I think they have great songs – they write beautiful pop songs. I also like Yeasayer? Is that how you say it?

IF: Yeah, Yeasayer.

CL: And also Arcade Fire. I want to hear the new album – I haven't heard it yet, but I think they're really good. And I'm good friends with Didi Gutman from Brazilian Girls who's playing right now and the Cypress Hill guys. It's just sad that you can't manage to see anything when you're performing. I played at Coachella last year, and I really wanted to see My Bloody Valentine, but I couldn't make it. So painful.

IF: It's tough because there's so much going on and so little time.

CL: Yeah, I also wanted to see The Strokes. And Devo. I'm starting to do music with Mark Mothersbaugh from Devo. I asked him to stay and join me on stage, but he didn't want to. [laughs]

IF: Who are the main influences on your particular sound?

CL: Well, I started listening to the



“When I sent my demos, they were like, ‘Oh, it’s so bad.’ So, I waited a little bit and put the exact same music in a different order on a CD. And they were like, ‘Oh, this is amazing!’”

early stages of 90’s electronica, like a lot of Manchester. Happy Monday and The Stone Roses. A lot of hip-hop like De La Soul, A Tribe Called Quest. And a lot of cumbia, because in Mexico you can hear it on the street or wherever. I want to create more hardcore electronic stuff, but every time I do I end up sounding like cumbia, so I got used to going with the flow and letting cumbia influence me.

IF: Yeah, my Mexican friends have just recently been introducing me to the Mexican music scene, and it seems like there’s so much coming from Mexico, even though you don’t think of Mexico as a huge music country.

CL: Yeah, I mean, we suck at everything except cinema, conceptual art – we have a lot of conceptual art – and music. There is an explosion of indie – a lot of radio stations, a lot of independent labels releasing records. It’s a pretty vibrant scene.

IF: Who do you think are a few particular Mexican artists you think might be underappreciated?

CL: I like Nordic a lot. They are great and do very unique things. There is a guy called Silverio who is really amazing. This guy does this kind of really twisted and sick reggaeton. And it’s funny because there is music from Monterrey, music from Tijuana, and music from Mexico City. So there

are a lot of different scenes, and I guess we all have in common that we have grown up listening to the same music, and we keep on listening to new music from our neighborhoods. Like the cumbia, or the Nordic guys listening to music from north of the country. So when you put it all together it gives you a good idea of what Mexico is. The U.S. is so close that we also hear the same things you guys hear.

IF: What’s your favorite place that you’ve ever played?

MIS: Um, we did Roskilde Festival in Denmark, and it was amazing. And we also did Bonnaroo.

IF: Oh, was that this year?

CL: Yeah, and it was amazing be-

cause there were not so many Mexicans. So, it was interesting to see people who were not related to our music in that sense dancing like crazy. I mean, this show is going to be very exciting because there are Mexicans, but I’m sure that a huge piece of the audience will not be Mexican. The show is very punk rock – it’s very energetic and crazy.

IF: Yeah, I’m excited to see it. So, does music hold some spiritual significance to you? Do you feel like it holds some sort of greater power or is just something you do because you love it?

CL: For me, music is citizenship. It’s the only way you connect with other people. You feel related to people in Germany or Japan or France. And that’s my community – the people that enjoy the same music as I do. It’s a unifier. Through music I have met my best friends. You travel and you’ll connect with people in places you would never think, because you have some similar point of view in life.





Arcade Fire *Suburbs* (Merge)

To borrow a bit from *Mad Men*'s Don Draper, "Nostalgia. It's delicate, but potent." No matter what you thought of their sophomore release *Neon Bible*, you wanted to hear another *Funeral*: grand melodies, sobering themes, and undeniable magic. Arcade Fire's third full-length release *The Suburbs* recalls those sentimental childhood memories, reopening that old wound they exposed on their glorious debut. Don't let that lead you to believe the Canadian group's latest record is some ersatz *Funeral* littered with sensational verses to pull the wool over the eyes of what might now be indie rock's largest fan base. Not entirely. *The Suburbs* is by no means regurgitation. As Arcade Fire has matured as a band, so too do the parts and sum of *The Suburbs* show signs of aging, for better or worse.

The narrative finds itself smack dab back in the neighborhood series from *Funeral*. Winn Butler's recounting is less naïve; he's grown up and gotten a little wiser, but still just as wont to offer his foreboding social critique

as before. Whereas previously the power was out in the heart of man, the businessmen now drink our blood. Meet the new 'hood, same as the old 'hood.

But the disenchantment on *The Suburbs* feels credible. There's no metamorphic "Wake Up" to give the delusional youth a sonic smack on the back of the head. Instead we're left with the muttering and grumbling of "Rococo," in which our narrator resignedly harangues the pretentious youth not so unlike him two records ago. Butler never sheds that bitter disposition, and any traces of optimism are feigned like a forced smile. Tracks like "Ready to Start," despite that titular confidence, are smothered with insecurities that betray a little engine that can't. The chorus captures the mood of the album, "If I was scared, I would/ And if I was pure, you know I would/ And if I was yours, but I'm not." Worse more, "The Suburbs" and "The Suburbs (continued)" bookends capture the perpetuity of this disappointment. Not much remains but regret, and in these instances, Arcade Fire brilliantly capture the iconic ad man's musing on nostalgia.

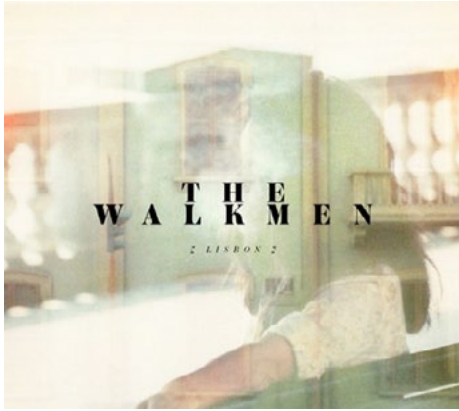
But these moments don't comprise the entire album. Over a full sixteen tracks, that sort of gut-wrenching pessimism shunts even the more self-loathing of its listeners. Moreover, Butler's diatribes drone on like a codger's longwinded "Back in My Day" speech towards the end of the album. I get it. You're concerned about the youth. Thankfully, Arcade Fire's reliably variable arrangements, and even unprecedented dabbles outside of their niche give the drone some much-needed volatility. Their gorgeous baroque pop is

still the lynchpin of their sound, but *The Suburbs*' arrangements are much more restrained than on their previous two albums. There's a heavy emphasis on guitar to produce a dad-rock feel in tracks like "Wasted Hours" and "City With No Children" that complement the mid-life crisis lyrical motif, a trait best exhibited in the harmonic melody of "Modern Man." "Suburban War" too pleasantly evokes the bounce of Association guitar licks from the 60's.

The rest of the bulky track list offers a glimpse outside the group's heretofore range. "Empty Room" begins with characteristic orchestral strings before quickly shifting to a distorted shoegaze ambience, while "Month of May" swiftly cranks the tempo with a boastful guitar riff Frank Black could have written. The most drastic addition is the synth-fueled thump of "Sprawl II (Mountains Beyond Mountains)," The track's buzz has garnered apt comparisons to Blondie's "Heart of Glass," but is most prominent for deservedly showcasing the immensely talented Regine Chassagne, whom *The Suburbs* dubiously fetters.

This new range, along with their continued mastery of arrangements, gives *The Suburbs* the grandiosity Arcade Fire seek. Butler's commentaries are evocative, but in the end they're oversaturated. And yet the musical pastiche Arcade Fire have composed continues to conjure up vivid memories throughout its length. And it makes sense that the music can do what the lyrics cannot. After all, nostalgia can't really be put into words, it has to be felt.

-Ryan Waring



The Walkmen
Lisbon
(Fat Possum)

I'm pretty sure everyone was surprised by The Walkmen's last album, *You & Me*. By 2008 the band had seemed all but destined to fade into relics of their old selves, the way of fellow New York City brethren The Strokes and Interpol. Instead, The Walkmen ditched the NYC cool-guy image, added a horn section, and matured into one of the most critically acclaimed success stories of the year. They proved that they had the power to reinvent themselves while taking musical risks. With their latest effort, *Lisbon*, I would have been thrilled to see yet another side of The Walkmen, knowing that they still have the ability to surprise. However, the album sounds more like the one that preceded it than anything else the group has released. That is by no means a bad thing; *You & Me* was a great record after all. Nor do I mean to say that *Lisbon* is a direct extension of *You & Me*. In interviews, lead singer/songwriter Hamilton Leithauser noted *Lisbon's* sparse and stripped down, though simultaneously heavy, rock. The album, in many ways, ends up sounding like a more focused attempt at what The Walkmen

were going for on their last record.

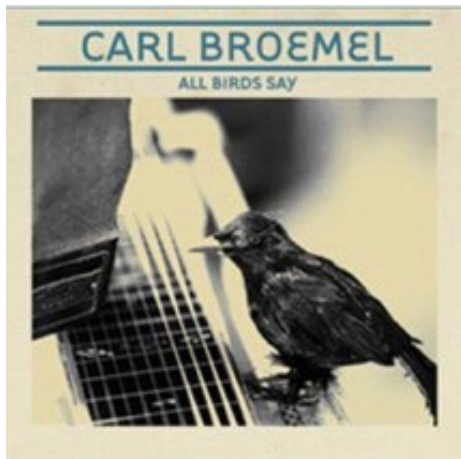
The first taste most of us got of *Lisbon* was the beautiful, horn-heavy, "Stranded." Leithauser sounds world-weary and heartbroken as he sings, "If you don't want me, you can tell me, I'm the bigger man here" against a backdrop of superbly mournful horns. The track's slower pace and moodier content recall much of *You & Me*, but fits well on *Lisbon*. If "Stranded" had been put on *You & Me* it would have been lost in that album's considerably larger track list (14 versus *Lisbon's* 11), similar to underrated gems like "Red Moon." This is one of the reasons that *Lisbon* may appeal to a wider audience than *You & Me*. It is a much more straightforward and crisp record. It sounds like The Walkmen cut out all the fat that was left from their last release. "Stranded" is not the norm on *Lisbon* though, which as a whole dials down the horn section considerably. Instead, The Walkmen stick primarily with a simpler, clean guitar/drum/vocal setup, evoking a lo-fi, even punkish feel at times. The first minute of "Angela Surf City" sounds like it's about to burst at the seams, until finally doing so with explosive force, recalling older all-out rockers like "The Rat" or "Little House of Savages."

In this way The Walkmen give fans a little of everything on *Lisbon*. Yet the album overall remains more introspective than theatrical, all while being less morose than *You & Me*. Even the track, "Woe Is Me" could be the album's sunniest track, despite a title that suggests the contrary. The song has a retro bounce that recalls The Beach Boys or The Byrds. There aren't too many outright "hooks" that would cause me to classify any of the tracks on

Lisbon as catchy, but there is still plenty to keep one coming back for more. That being said, the tail end of the album fizzles out rather disappointingly. Here, on tracks like "While I Shovel Snow" and the title track, the quiet, moody disposition borders on the monotonous. I'm undecided about whether this is a case of too much of a good thing, or if The Walkmen are straying off the mark all together. I often found myself losing interest as *Lisbon* wound down. I would have liked to have heard another horn led track in the vein of "Stranded." The horns only make it into the title track as background accents, not a primary instrument.

On *Lisbon*, The Walkmen sound as if they are settling into a groove. Musically and thematically, the album is rather straightforward; The Walkmen aren't hiding. This is either good or bad depending on how much you like their low-key, relaxed new sound. I am fine with the tranquility of most of the songs. However, breezy tracks like "Juveniles" or "Torch Song" are best heard within the larger context of the album, and when they are contrasted with harder rocking shots in the arm like, "Angela Surf City" or "Victory". It's interesting that after The Walkmen became primarily known for their now-classic single, "The Rat," they have become such an album band. *Lisbon* is a warmly well-rounded album and perhaps it is a sign of a mature band coming into the sound that will likely define their next releases. On "When I Shovel Snow," Leithauser pretty much sums it up when he gently croons, "There's no life like the slow life."

-Bryant Kitching



Carl Broemel
All Birds Fly
 (ATO)

Carl Broemel doesn't need to prove that he's talented. His six years and counting with Kentucky's most successful music outfit of the 2000's should have put that question to rest by now. Still, regardless of his talents and contributions, it must be nearly impossible not to feel overshadowed by My Morning Jacket frontman Yim Yames' enormous persona and double Y's.

I would call *All Birds Say* Broemel's coming-out party, if that term were not already painfully over-used. Instead, let's just think of it as nothing more than the product of a musician's inevitable yearning for individualist expression. And if history has taught us anything, we know that underappreciated guitarists in big time bands are often well suited for solo careers - think John Frusciante and George Harrison. A far cry from Frusciante's avant-garde and Harrison's classic rock anthems, *All Birds Say* lies somewhere between country folk and pure pop. It's draped in the deceptive kind of drift pop melodies and Broemel's calm vocals

that invite references to inferiors like Jack Johnson and Matt Costa. But stick with it for a few listens, and the album is sure to pay off. The lyrics are more satirizing, if not smarter, than either of the aforementioned, and smooth, precise orchestrations bring depth to the album that erases any link to Broemel's less serious counterparts.

If you're looking for a clearer explanation of the meaning of the album name, you'll have to ask Broemel personally. The instrumental one minute, thirty-three second title track serves as an introduction to the easy "Life Leftover", which makes fine use of soft snares and subtle organ. It's probably the best example of the album's greatest strength: never do any of the numerous instruments (ten of which Broemel plays himself) detract from any song as a whole. "Life Leftover" sets the unchanging mood for the entire record. Broemel's self-harmonies and nebulous steel pedal guitar make "In The Garden" one of the album's most listenable songs. It grows on you with each play, and single "Carried Away" follows in suit. Though Broemel never changes his style, his melodies are skillfully varied.

Besides "All Birds Say" of course, Broemel's voice is the center of attention at all times on the album, and that decision is positive for the most part, especially on "Questions" and "On the Case." "Questions" is a standout on the album, Broemel boasting the same lazy, lilting vocals that you'll find backing up Yames on later My Morning Jacket records. "I know that something's off, but I can't stop," he sings on "On the Case", a sad commentary on people's mis-

use of time and money, a moral transgression in which Broemel admits to taking part.

His vocals are impressive, but often overused. The same self-harmonies that breathe life into "In the Garden" become wearisome as the album progresses. Just about every track makes use of them, with less than a hundred percent success rate. "Different People" is Broemel's most memorable track, but for all the wrong reasons. It kicks off with a promising trombone, but the moment Broemel opens his mouth disaster ensues. "There's a lot of different kind of people in the world," goes the painfully obvious chorus before Broemel begins a pointless and almost endless list of different religions. The attempt at a peace song is foolish and forgetful - if only you could forget it. On the whole, though, the album is a perfectly acceptable debut for the singer and multi-instrumentalist.

It's easy for band members to try too hard to make their solo forays worthwhile; Broemel understands that with persistence and quality writing he'll get his due recognition. *All Birds Say* gives us no glorious insight or groundbreaking writing. It gives us just what Broemel promised: a soft, sometimes playful, meditation on how his mind works.

-James Passarelli

80 MINUTES OF MUSIC

FIT FOR A KING



AS WE LOOK BACK on the clammy month of August, we remember the man after which it was named. What would Octavius be listening to if he were still around to boss us around? Probably not the following songs. But if IF ruled the world, this would be our summer playlist, and not playing it would be punishable by death. We give you 80 Minutes of Music Fit for a King

Playlist: James Passarelli
& Ryan Waring

1 Arcade Fire 4:42 "Crown of Love"

This track off Arcade Fire's brilliant debut is a perfectly paced jog into a sprint. Or in regal terms, perhaps a trot into a gallop.

2 Tallest Man on Earth 3:26 "King of Spain"

The v-necked rasp-happy duke of indie folk tells us his dream of becoming king.

3 Pixies 1:34 "Palace on The Brine"

This brief track is a layover at the Great Salt Lake on the Pixies' globally inspired fourth album *Trompe Le Monde*.

4 Memory Tapes 4:32 "The Green Knight"

Dave Hawke's mélange of ebullient bongos, distorted bass, and staccato synth conjures images of a foreign, even interstellar knight whose sole purpose is to make the people dance.

5 People Under the Stairs 4:32 "San Francisco Knights"

A soothing guitar riff and mellow chorus perfectly set the mood for this City by the Bay tribute, taken from The Animals' "San Franciscan Nights."

6 Sleigh Bells 3:49 "Crown on the Ground"

Sleigh Bells' sharp, penetrating guitar intro sets off a fury of bottle rockets headed straight towards your ears. It only turns into a grand finale show from there.

7 David Bowie 3:19 "Queen Bitch"

1971's *Hunky Dory* was written half a decade before it's time. "Queen Bitch" in particular is a seminal fusion of two genres still in utero: punk and glam rock.

8 King Crimson 9:25
"King of the Crimson Court"

We'd be remiss if we didn't include these prog legends and their trademark nine-minute epic.

9 Stevie Wonder 3:54
"Sir Duke"

The horns in the intro essentially shout precisely what Mr. Wonder exclaims in the song's chorus. You can feel it all over.

10 FT (The Shadow) Government 5:14
"Noble Flavors"

Droning bass and thick guitars make this Minnesota punk anthem royally kick ass.

11 Andre Ethier 4:05
"Infant King"

This under-appreciated blues ballad is certainly fit for a spin in any castle or court

12 The Decemberists 5:09
"The Infanta"

Colin Meloy ostentatiously presents the infant queen as she contentedly sits "in her palanquin on the back of an elephant" on 2005's *Picaresque*. Thanks for not overdoing it, Colin.

13 Andrew Bird 4:34
"Scythian Empires"

Everyone's favorite classy bard delivers careful orchestration what is probably the song on this playlist most fit to be played in for a nobleman.

14 7:00 "The Good, The Bad, and The Queen"

Contrary to popular belief, The Good, the Bad, and the Queen is not the name of the band. The real band, comprised of Damon Albarn, Paul Simonon, Tony Allen, and Simon Tong, has no name...now that's post-modern

15 The Beatles 0:23
"Her Majesty"

McCartney's half-minute ditty off *Abbey Road* is one of the first hidden tracks. And its brevity hasn't prevented thousands of words of analysis.

16 The Smiths 6:23
"The Queen is Dead"

The sensuous title track from The Smith's universally acclaimed 1986 release is both fleet-footed and chilling.

17 Townes Van Zandt 2:59
"All Your Young Servants"

Always the bearer of bad news, TVZ brilliantly belittles the high and mighty, scoffing, "There's dust on your silver and cracks in your crystal, all your young servants have drifted away."

18 Wild Beasts 4:00
"All the King's Men"

Just one of the English youngsters' many chilling and evocative songs, and one of the most memorable, at that

