

Mp3 Tris McCall - Shootout At The Sugar Factory



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synthpop freakout; ten musical impressions of hudson county, new jersey. 10 MP3 Songs POP: New Wave, ROCK: Punk Details: From the blistering opening statement of purpose, the perfectly descriptive "Scatter My Ashes On The New Jersey Turnpike", McCall's love for (and, at the same time, jaded view of) his state is front and center....McCall clearly doesn't take himself too seriously: "Dancing to Architecture" references the ironic comparison (variously attributed to Elvis Costello and Frank Zappa) that dismissed writing about music as being akin to the song's titular activity. In addition to a nice set of female backing vocals, the song sports a horn line that helps to make the outro chorus transcendent. Other standouts include the dismissive "Go Back To West New York", in which a disco beat underpins a solid synth-pop structure; the nerd-prog "The Man From Nantucket"; the take-no-shit honest rant "Another Public Service Announcement" (which should be adopted as the official anthem of New Jersey's anti-littering effort post-haste; and the pure '80s synth-channeling of "Night Bus". How good is this album? It's almost good enough to make me get up from my comfortable Brooklyn couch and go check out Jersey City. Almost. And folks, that's saying something." -- Brett McCallon, *Splendid* With *Shootout At The Sugar Factory*, the militantly pro-Jersey Tris McCall has made one of the strangest and most beguiling indie records of the year. North Jersey's favorite son offers "ten musical impressions of Hudson County," and each one is smile-inducing power pop from the Scott Miller school thereof--no shock, since Miller produced Tris' last record. "A Commuter's Prayer" is a painfully realistic sketch of life in the NYC area post-9/11. "Every night I walk out to the Palisade/Just to check on the city and make sure it's ok," McCall sings, managing to make civic pride and responsibility sound like the punkest thing to come along since spitting on people. While the keyboard-heavy arrangements recall Missing Persons and Berlin at times, it also sounds like there is a closet prog-rock fan hidden in there somewhere, especially on album opener "Scatter My Ashes

On The New Jersey Turnpike." A major album from a major D.I.Y. talent. -- Mike Cimicata, *Hoboken Rock City* Favorite TV shows: I think Tris might catch VH-1 during their Remember-the-'80s video collections. "The Night Bus" nicks the smooth electronic beat of Berlin's "The Metro": an apt lift, though "The Metro" didn't break into urgent rhythmic shouts, and it didn't have such odd and unsettling tunes from a whistly synthesizer lead. "The Night Bus"'s main character is a new trainee investor at Morgan Stanley: he's watching all these strange non-whites at their rituals around him, and it's hardly surprising that he's nervous. If he keeps his mouth shut, and keeps his interpretations to himself, maybe he'll do nothing rash, and Bonfire of the Vanities won't break out.... Favorite colors: Tris doesn't discriminate by color. "Dancing to Architecture" applies its buzzy old Human League synthesizers to booty-shaking funk, with soul-music falsetto in the background. "Go Back to West New York"'s evolving drones and mechanical coolness are as art-school German as its perky bridge melody is Nintendo, while the song's backbone is disco. Yes, yes, someone once told you that disco is evil. Dance anyway. -- Brian Block, *ePinions* Of particular note here is how McCall can move, often without stumbling, from the fun (i.e., the melodramatic Space Invaders intro to the album's opening track) to the more straight-faced or intense (that song's closing minute, with its pounding refrains). That doesn't mean McCall is by any means cold, calculated or stoic. Quite the opposite, Shootout at the Sugar Factory shines brightest when it's willing to tap its feet with the listener and have a good time. McCall's sense of humor, clever asides, and skewed observations may be one of the strongest assets to the record's ability to get the listener engaged by lightening them up and just playing with them. -- Justin Vellucci, *Delusions Of Adequacy* Fans of McCall's earlier work may be initially be put off by his sudden desire to rock out with a full band, but repeated listening demonstrates how good that decision sounds. Lyrically he's never been in finer form, and this is one of the most accessible things he's ever done, so if you can find it, scoop it up.... -- *Dead Angel*

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