

# Mp3 Sushirobo - Drawings And Garbage Structures



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Retro futuristic new wave sci-fi rock with guitars from another planet. 12 MP3 Songs ELECTRONIC: Pop Crossover, ROCK: 80's Rock Details: Denver Post, 7/23/2004 Space Rock Rocks Special to The Post Just when your jaded ears lead you to believe that all indie rock bands are starting to sound alike, along comes Seattle's Sushirobo to set you straight. I'll certainly be in the audience tonight at the Hi-Dive, eager to see if their live show is anywhere near as refreshing as their latest release, "The Lighthearted Feeling of Sushirobo." On paper, the quartet seems like your average rock band: Arthur Roberts on vocals, Dave Einmo on guitar, Clay Martin on bass and Barry Shaw on drums. But pop in the disc and prepare for a pleasant surprise. The four create psychedelic space rock, and the album is a collection of inspired, glitchy sounds and catchy melodies. They love guitar effects but eschew the modern laptop versions in favor of analog effects pedals. Fuzzy bass lines, eerie melodies and off-kilter vocals add dimension to their trippy rumblings, but sharp lyrics and rhythmic hooks keep the strangeness in check. Songs like "Last Call" are plucky, funky and danceable. "Organ Donor" goes off on a noisy, lo-fi jaunt, and "Shiva the Destroyer" tells a tale of ex-girlfriend angst that perfectly fits the music's moody funk. Let's hope the live show doesn't burst my love-this-band bubble. Either way, this one will certainly stay in the CD player rotation for weeks to come. --Kat Valentine Sushirobo, tonight at the Hi-Dive with Evaluation and Manos. 7 S. Broadway, 9 p.m., 720-570-4500. The Examiner (San Francisco) 7/29/2001 Sushirobo with The Flight Orchestra The comparisons between Sushirobo frontman Arthur Roberts and John McCrea of Cake were inevitable. The two share a similar, deadpan half-rap/half-sing style. But the Seattle foursome take Cake's quirky indie-pop sound, an intelligent but infectious brew of groovy, funk-inducing bass lines and woozy, warped guitar riffs, and run with it, making a beeline for even headier, experimental electronica territory. Sushirobo is on the road supporting its latest release, "The Light-Fingered Feeling of

Sushirobo" (Pattern 25 Records). Read more at [sushirobo.com](http://sushirobo.com). 8 p.m. Sunday at Hotel Utah Saloon, 500 4th St., San Francisco. -- Bill Picture Pitchfork Media Daily News 7/19/2004 Sushirobo Tour the West You'll pay for the whole seat-- but you'll only need THE EDGE Miles Barger reports: Run for cover!! !!!!!

The fiendish monster that is Sushirobo is coming for your town! After epic battles with Mothra, Godzilla, and King Geedorah, Sushirobo will be making an appearance on the skyscraper nearest you in an epic musical beatdown the likes of which have never been witnessed by my non-Japanese eyes! And it's all happening SUNDAY SUNDAY SUNDAY!!! (Day may vary; check listing below.) This just in: Sushirobo isn't really a Japanese B-movie monster. Rather, they are a musical quartet hailing from Seattle. Not as exciting, perhaps, but definitely more germane to these pages. The band's most recent release, *The Light-Fingered Feeling of Sushirobo*, was released in October 2003 on Pattern 25 Records and has done moderately well for itself, making it all the way to #11 on the CMJ Radio Add charts. The band, which was nominated for Seattle Weekly's 2004 Music Awards Best Rock/Pop Band honor, cites modern electronic experimentation and art-punk as its core influences, and they'll be displaying these influences in all their glory on this tour.

SUNDAY!: The Oregonian Nightcrawler Friday, July 16, 2004 By JOCELYN MARSHALL

Brave new music Drawing inspiration from late 1970s art punk, Sushirobo puts a modern twist in its sound by favoring electronic improvisations. The Seattle group has been around since 2000, experimenting with different sounds in creating a futuristic indie-rock style. Working within the traditional four-piece rock format, the group still finds a way of inventing new psychedelic post-punk tunes. The title of the new album, "*The Light-Fingered Feeling of Sushirobo*," sums it up. 9 p.m. Tuesday, Sabala's at Mt. Tabor, 4811 S.E. Hawthorne Blvd.; \$7. The Fresno Bee (Updated Friday, July 30, 2004, 6:33 AM) Band geeks get their day in the sun Sushirobo dispels the dreary image of Seattle music. by Mike Osegueda

Think music from Seattle, and Kurt Cobain and grunge come to mind immediately. That's just the way it is -- and probably how it always will be. It's hard to escape that all-consuming image of Seattle's music scene. But Sushirobo is trying. "For a decade in the post-Seattle boom, it was so dreary," says Arthur Roberts, the lead vocalist/guitarist of Sushirobo. "It was against these unspoken rules to do anything for fun or entertainment value. Instead, everything had to be cathartic. Now everything seems to be a lot more colorful and a lot more adventurous." Adventurous is right, at least as far as Sushirobo is concerned. Like the name suggests, the music is raw and experimental with electro-rock influences. The band sprang up during an era of guitar-driven indie rock with singer/songwriters using their lyric book as a

confession booth. Sushirobo's approach? Don't be so serious. Don't be contrived. The group creates songs by recording jam sessions, reviewing the tapes and putting the good ideas together into songs. "I stopped being Leonard Cohen," Roberts says, "and that just made everything easy." Sushirobo performs at 7:30 p.m. Saturday at Royal 8 Billiards in Madera. Tickets cost \$5. Daily Aztec (San Diego) 3/11/2004

The Light-Fingered Feeling of Sushirobo Kinda like: The Dismemberment Plan, Smart Went Crazy

Sushirobo is one of the worst names a band could possibly come up with. Once you get past that, however, the unfortunately monikered Seattle band is quite an enjoyable quirky bunch. Mixing weird sound effects with post-punk guitars, Sushirobo comes off sounding like a more mild-mannered cousin to The Dismemberment Plan, with some sci-fi influences thrown in. On its debut, The Light-Fingered Feeling Of Sushirobo, the band keeps a steady groove throughout, whilst dropping references to Hinduism and pop culture trends. Feeling is a strong debut from a band that shows potential of great things to come. If only they had the sense to change their name. --Jeff Terich Sushirobo plays The Casbah on Monday, March 22. For more information, call (619) 232-HELL Denver Post, 7/23/2004 buzzworthy I got them old punk art blues By Anne Lynn Special to DenverPost.com Friday, July 23 Q: How many old-school punks does it take to change a light bulb? A: You wouldn't know. You weren't effing THERE, man. As much as that genre fits snugly into the butt of many, many jokes, the spirit is still alive and well in D-town.

Seattle's Sushirobo, a band that describes itself as "Inspired by the art-punk bands of the late '70s/early '80s as well as more modern electronic experimentation, creates retro futuristic, jet-fueled music for analog robots." That in itself is reason to go. Also, can you add the following quotes to the "A Few Highlights Section" at the top of the Sushi review page. Add these right above the Campus Circle quote: "Give this Seattle quartet a spot on your dance card." All Music Guide, August 2003 Working within the parameters of the traditional four-piece rock outfit, Seattle's Sushirobo creates warm, analog quirk pop. The Light-Fingered Feeling of Sushirobo sounds more 1978 than 2003, with wobbly melodies, strange guitars, and simple, driving Neu! beats. Think Devo, think Wire, think Pere Ubu. Tracks like "Last Call" have a candy-colored, retro-futuristic sheen matched with a propulsive electricity. Even odder is the fact that these robotic funk tunes (like "New Laboratory Assistant," which would fit nicely in a vintage Godzilla flick) were built almost entirely from experimentation and improvisation sessions without any electronics. Over the course of the entire album, the sound can become a little homogeneous, and songs like "Community Theater" are more than a little monotonous, but overall, The Light-Fingered Feeling of

Sushirobo is a unique and inventive album that sounds unlike most music being made today. - Charles Spano *The Stranger*, August 2003 Since appearing in 1999, Sushirobo has continually been described as "weird" or "unorthodox," as if the band were some sort of intergalactic message sent out to communicate with aliens (they've been described as that too). But *The Light-Fingered Feeling of Sushirobo* (Pattern 25), the band's newest release, is almost too comical and playful for such a weighty connotation. The music leaps and jerks like a marionette being yanked in several different directions by overzealous children: Rhythmic and repetitive guitars pull to the left, funky bass lines pull to the right, and toneless vocals pop up over the top, full of cynical wit and dry humor. In fact, the band seems strung together only by the taut and minimal drums. This proves that somewhere deep down in its cold, metallic heart, Sushirobo is a pop band, and should be treated as such--with the nerdiest robotic dancing you can muster. TIZZY ASHER *Amplifier*, May-June 2002 Imagine that in 1978 a probe was launched into space. It contained items intended to give aliens a picture of life on earth at that time. Among those items were albums by Devo and Wire and a postcard of the Space Needle. Twenty-odd years later we've received a response in the shape of a CD from a race known as the Sushirobo. They claim to be from Seattle (must have been that postcard) and they even claim among their numbers Arthur Roberts. Judging by the eccentric, retro-futurist sound of *Drawings and Garbage Structures*, these extraterrestrials enjoyed our late-'70s musical artifacts considerably. They've even learned some useful phrases in English: "Rat or Mole?" asks the title of the album's standout track, a number that encapsulates their genius for melding woozy out-of-whack guitars, wobbly, slightly bent melodic hooks, and rigid, metronomic beats. Just imagine Pink Flag or Chairs Missing performed by aliens. This is quirky addictive, caffeinated angle-pop from another dimension . - Wilson Neate *Portland Mercury*, July 24, 2003 Seattle oddballs Sushirobo just dropped *The Light Fingered Feeling of Sushirobo*, and it's as much skronked-out *Dismemberment Plan* as it is an exercise in Floydian funktronic theory. Most of the band's songwriting is done in jam-session style, and the disjointedness shows--but in a neat, underwater drugfest way, not in a crappy way. The live show should prove interesting, given that lots has to happen for the translation of effects-heavy recorded material to come off sounding less like a syntactically incorrect Sony instructions manual and more like a rock show. JOAN HILLER *CMJ Weekly*, March 11, 2002 Since electronic music's potential integration with other genres is currently at a sky-level limit, going for a space-age sound without relying on complex programming seems as foolhardy as attempting to drive a Saturn to Jupiter. Ladies and gentlemen, take

heed - SushiRobo is floating in space without a single glitch or computerized bleep. The full-length debut from the Seattle foursome (fronted by ex-Posies bassist Rick Roberts) is packed with atmospheric warped guitar sounds that would provide the perfect soundtrack to Logan's jog. "Drawings and Garbage Structures," though, is at its heart a rock record, and a rather adroit one at that. Intergalactic noodling aside, the album ultimately works because of its accomplished songwriting. "Young Lions (with Whistle Report)" weaves no less than three insanely catchy hooks together to produce a song that's so punchy and melodically sound, it might as well have been played by a spacesuit-clad Dismemberment Plan. "Structures" is robotic without sounding sterile, and rolled up tightly without seeming the least bit fishy. -- Richard M. Juzwiak Alternative Press, June 2002

Schizoid leftfield pop full of hooks. SushiRobo throw the gauntlet to garage bands who see the future as filled with three chords, a bridge and a chorus. On Drawings and Garbage Structures, the Seattle band make the kind of leftfield pop that could either be a blues deconstruction or punk rock as imagined by Salvador Dali, depending on your viewpoint. What's remarkable about tracks like "Fruit Flies," "Royal Taster of Food" and "Grass Pagoda" is that they, along with most of the album, retain their tuneful hookiness despite the schizoid execution. Did I mention lyrics with haiku economy and lethal wit? - Andrew Lentz Amplifier, May-June 2002

Imagine that in 1978 a probe was launched into space. It contained items intended to give aliens a picture of life on earth at that time. Among those items were albums by Devo and Wire and a postcard of the Space Needle. Twenty-odd years later we've received a response in the shape of a CD from a race known as the SushiRobo. They claim to be from Seattle (must have been that postcard) and they even claim among their numbers Rick Roberts. (Now we know the truth: abduction was the reason for his departure from the Posies.) Judging by the eccentric, retro-futurist sound of Drawings and Garbage Structures, these extraterrestrials enjoyed our late-'70s musical artifacts considerably. They've even learned some useful phrases in English: "Rat or Mole?" asks the title of the album's standout track, a number that encapsulates their genius for melding woozy out-of-whack guitars, wobbly, slightly bent melodic hooks, and rigid, metronomic beats. Just imagine Pink Flag or Chairs Missing performed by aliens. This is quirky addictive, caffeinated angle-pop from another dimension. - Wilson Neate Devil in the Woods, Issue 4.1 4 stars.

Former Posies bassist Rick Roberts trades his four-string for what the liner notes of Drawings and Garbage Structures claim is a guitar. It's hard to tell, since his violent stabs at melody sound like nothing currently being dragged out of a guitar. Roberts avoids a messy sonic pileup, thanks to more than a few

rousing choruses and a dose of the joyful malevolence that keeps rock 'n' roll alive. A sharp response to those who think indie rock isn't capable of a few new tricks. - Adam Lauridsen Swizzle-Stick, March 2002

Wacked-out robo-rock that's every bit as odd and alluring as Enon's "Believo!" or Brainiac's back catalog (though not as frantic) while maintaining some of the rock-friendly hooks of the Presidents of the USA and Beck. Sushirobo fuck around with sounds, with the whole business of rock and roll and create space-pop with a twisted and dark edge. Led by ex-Posies guitarist Rick Roberts, who is backed by three members of Spyglass, it wouldn't surprise me one bit to find out that these guys play shows in tin-foil costumes and refer to each other by sci-fi robot names. The four songs that kick off the CD are my favorite ("Garbage Structure", "The Candidate", "Rat or Mole?", and "Fruit Files") though a deeper dig into the CD reveals additional gems like the surfy-space pop of "The Bluer Their Eyes" - which, for some reason, reminds me just a bit of the Police - and the album's closer "Grass Pagoda" which could be a sparse, stripped-down Failure song. -- Chip Midnight Seattle Weekly, May 30, 2002

Though it's led by former Posies bassist Rick Roberts, Sushi Robo is more than a few miles removed from that band's pretty pop aesthetic. You might argue it's light years away. Pardon the out-of-the-stratosphere simile-it's just that Sushi Robo specializes in a decidedly otherworldly brand of music. Equally steeped in the sci-fi fantasies of Phillip K. Dick and the art-punk leanings of Magazine, the group's recently released debut, Drawings and Garbage Structures, doesn't so much play as it floats by on a cloud of keening guitar effects, synth gurgles, and bubbly basslines. While they're a tempting bunch to try and tag, the quartet's sound is too jagged to lump them in with the latest crop of electro-pop revivalists (though they've obviously worn out the grooves on their Gary Numan LPs). In the end, the band's intentionally inscrutable noise is, for most, going to be a love/hate proposition. So let's dispense with the semantics and clumsy genre hybrids; just go check out the band. -Bob Mehr In Music We Trust, March 2002

In Music We Trust, March 2002 Slightly-psychedelic pop with a quirky, space-pop twist, SushiRobo's Drawings and Garbage Structures is a bubbling piece of pop treat. From the swirling guitars to the electronic tingled sounds that bounce around, through the layered melodies, the band creates a record full of moving sounds and visions that will leave you craving more. -- Alex Steininger Impact Press, April 2002

Former Posies bassist Rick Roberts traded in his bass for a guitar and a microphone to front SushiRobo. However, his influence as a bassist is quite evident, since the songs on this, their second release, are quite heavy on the groovy elements. Some electronic effects and other noises are injected into these poppy, indie rock tunes. (AL) Salt Lake City Underground

(SLUG), February 2002 Yo, fuzz-flaps, recognize game when it's in yer face! Allow me to introduce the hottest new genre buzzwords (with an emphasis on the buzz): Can you say "acid-pop"? How about "bubblegrunge"? This debut from these Seattle tripsters is a refreshingly intoxicating mish mash of Pink Floyd-esque psychedelia and 70's stadium rock tossed in with copious spurts of lo-fi electronic obfuscation. I like this disc because it makes me feel high even when I ain't. Whenever that is. -Shame

Shady INK 19, February 2002 I didn't really like this record on first listen, but I was in a bad mood that day -- had to drive two hours through a rainstorm, spilled my coffee, etc. -- so I wrote it off on technicalities: too much of a New Wave retread, lyrics that try to be deep but just aren't ("The bluer their eyes/The darker are their lies/The bluer their eyes/The duller are their minds"), and an unbearably pretentious credit line for the group's main man: "Words and song structures by Rick Roberts." Come on, now, Rick -- song structures? Didn't your time as a member of The Posies cure you of make like that? And that "No Synthesizers" tag on the booklet: haven't seen bragging like that since Queen's A Night at the Opera. Get outta here. But now I just listen to the damned thing over and over, even when I don't have to. There's something to this group after all. They're tighter than grandpa's undies, due to the fact that the other three members of the group are all in the interesting trip-pop combo Spyglass; they bury some interesting frickin' noises in the mix; Roberts sounds pretty convincing as a boy chanteuse. There's a whole lot of Gary Numan floating around in here, and I'm a sucker for Gary Numan. But ultimately, I can't really quantify what it is about this album. Sure, "Rat or Mole?" is just a disguised rip-off of The Nails' "88 Lines About 44 Women" -- but the chorus rocks! And yeah, "Young Lions (With Whistle Report)" is The Tubes crossed with a bad Police cover band (probably called "Invisible Sun") fronted by Max Fischer -- but it rocks! And no one really needed a "musical de-re-construction" of "I'm in Love With a German Film Star," by The Passions, an ultra-obscure Britwave band -- but that kinda rocks too. Shit. Okay, fine, this is a fun record that doesn't get all hung up on "integrity" or "meaningfulness" or any of those outdated canards.

Are you happy now? -- Matt Cibula Suite101, March 1, 2002 The Scoop: A slick album that fully executes almost everything their debut EP hinted at. SushiRobo marries the avant garde of 70's art rock with the modern fascination with machines and electronics. The result is an album with a definite party vibe, but it's a party set in the future. And there are some strange birds on the guest list (i.e. "Royal Taster of Food"). Highlight Track: I don't know what the hell "Rat or Mole?" is about, but it's damned cool. The vocals bring to mind the quirky delivery of M. Doughty, while the chorus will stick to your brain like peanut

butter. Honorable Mention: "Fruit Flies" is even more catchy and much more peppy. Listen to all the layers; there's more at work here than in your average addictive pop song. -- Adam McKibbin Baby Sue, February 2002 Really NEAT stuff here... In the world of reviewing music we must admit that there are WAY TOO MANY BANDS out there that all sound virtually IDENTICAL. It's unfortunate to be sure...but it IS a fact of life. The only silver lining is that when something comes along that really is unique and original...it stands out like a SORE PORK CHOPPER. Accordingly, SushiRobo is the sore pork chopper of the week. Despite the band's name, their music sounds nothing like robots OR sushi. Instead, these guys write solid, heavy pop tunes with extremely meaty hooks and a sturdy backbeat. This band's guitars are particularly intriguing. Instead of slamming out power chords or playing monotonous feedback, the guitarists run their rods through synthesizers...coming up with waves of stuff that often sound NOTHING like guitars (or keyboards for that matter). Add it all together and you have a band with a different sound...and yet their tunes are accessible enough to sing along with while driving your car backwards on acid. (Some of the band's tunes sound something like early Squeeze mixed with very early Gang of Four and Joe Walsh...but not exactly.) Sometimes things border on psychedelia ("Royal Taster of Food" is quite trippy) but for the most part the band concentrates on hummable skewed hard pop ("Garbage Structure," "Young Lions," "The Bluer Their Eyes"). The vocals kicks ass and the production is astounding. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. (Rating: 5+++)

Media Plus , mid-March 2002 Fronted by former Posies bassist, Rick Roberts, this quirky and jerky band will make your head feel like a bobble-head while your feet do a keen shuffle and your heart feels something odd. Eat cosmic candy to it, then dance in slo-mo. 20 / 25 -- David Paul Wyatt Perko High Bias, March 3, 2002 Like the bastard children of the Residents (how difficult would it be to file a paternity suit against one of them?) who've discovered an old cache of Gary Numan albums, Seattle's Sushirobo isn't necessarily what you might expect if you're at all familiar with the sweet (and very traditional) power pop of leader Rick Roberts' former band the Posies. Eerie gurgles and spacey whooshes, taut, dry guitar and disaffected vocals are the modus operandi on Drawings And Garbage Structures. Sometimes creepy and often infectious, don't be surprised to find yourself singing along with "Rat Or Mole?" and its insistent chorus, "Are you a rat or a mole?" In fact, several tracks (like the shimmering "Garbage Structure" with its repeated "Is there someone you wish was dead?") might incite the listener to accompany Roberts' robotic delivery, although what you're actually singing is mostly inscrutable, "The Bluer Their Eyes" being one of the more straightforward. It's all good



fun and invoking their name might stump your music snob friend, but it's doubtful that not having heard Drawings And Garbage Structures will be a deathbed regret. It will perhaps bring some comfort to those who haven't known what to do with themselves since the breakup of Soul Coughing. -- Tom Demalon

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