

## Mp3 The Sexies - Smiling Politely



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Frantic pop melodies, ticklish harmonies, and educated verse make this LA-based band's first LP seem like the musical equivalent to an impish grin. 14 MP3 Songs POP: Beatles-pop, POP: Power Pop Details: It is dark. Amidst the flickering shadows cast on mahogany walls by dozens of freshly-lit candles, you see Silverlake thrift-store hipsters, Westside Chads and Jennifers, hopeful Hollywood superstars, and the occasional lovey drunk mingling and laughing and smiling politely at each other's best witty anecdote. The room is practically humming with the buzz of anticipation as the mix CD featuring the Beatles, Kinks, Strokes, White Stripes, Stones, and an early Willie Nelson song playing on the house P.A. fades and is replaced by the light hum of amplifiers coming from behind the heavy velvet curtain that hangs in the room's largest corner. You can't help the grin that splits your face as the curtain slowly parts and your favorite band breaks into the opening riffs of the upbeat "Orange House" at a near-deafening volume. Maybe it's the way the candles start flickering in time to the music from the rush of air blown off the stage by the kick drum and the bass cabinet or maybe it's the flood of adrenaline brought on by dancing maniacally to your favorite band's mod rock stylings or maybe it's just the strength of your half-full martini but, whatever it is, it's taken you out of the room and into the romanticized visions of your favorite band's songs. You shake your booty alongside the London swingers and Spanish birds that all have a fondness for your "Wide-Brimmed Hunter's Cap". As they play "Letter to Elizabeth", you are with Elizabeth Short herself as she shakes her hips suggestively to the music, unaware of the shadow that lurks behind her. You fly next to Lindbergh during the reserved bridge of "the Fall". Just as you begin to settle into your dream, "Just Don't Get It" snaps you back to the here and now and you laugh and scream in rock ecstasy and spill not a drop of your martini. The show ends too early for you and the Silverlake thrift-store hipsters, Westside Chads and Jennifers, hopeful Hollywood superstars, occasional lovey drunk, and even

your favorite band so they announce that as soon as they've packed up the gear, everybody's going to a warehouse downtown where the show shall continue. No question; you're there. You can't talk about what went down in that old building between the hours of midnight and four-thirty, but you can say that you hope it all goes down again. You listen to your favorite band's CD for the third time in twelve hours as you drive home and you smile to yourself. You feel different, as though you've changed somehow. You remember hearing stories of explorers and adventurers and how they often returned from their explorations and adventures feeling as though they'd touched something beyond the reach of everyday experience. You think you can finally relate. Upon your arrival home, your hand brushes against something on your shirt as you remove your seatbelt. You look down to see a button. You don't remember putting it on. Using an awkward technique involving the pulling of the lower end of your shirt combined with a swan-like craning of your neck, you manage to read the blocky black letters upside down. They read, "I have seen the future... and it is sexy!"

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