

Mrrr

1. June 2007
a sound of endless delight



it has never been easier or cheaper

SICK
SHIT



hullo now.

welcome to mrrr issue one, as extra virgin as olive oil.

mrrr happened because:

- we are self-indulgent, and shameless, and wish to inflict ourselves on other people.
- we like art and music, and good deal of irreverence.
- some of us are jobless, and have plenty of time to put this together.

mrrr is not alot. it isnt polished, professional nor pompous.

it is not a grandiose effort to elevate the local arts scene.

it is sometimes incoherent.

it doesnt promise you free beer, nor breasts.

nonetheless, it should make for good frivolous reading.

endless delights!

CHERIE TAN

SUPREME EDITOR

june 2007

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we appreciate all sorts.

RANDOM MSN CONVERSATIONS VOL. 1

cherie - dont sleep in the sun without me, dont stand in the roaring rain
says:

HABA WHO WAS IT WHO SAID THAT THEY SHOW
THE ENDANGERED ANIMAL PORN

cherie - dont sleep in the sun without me, dont stand in the roaring rain
says:

POSSUM PORN OR SMTH

phantom boy says:

DO U KNOW THE HORSE PENIS IS
BLOOOOOOOODY BIG

cherie - dont sleep in the sun without me, dont stand in the roaring rain
says:

OH YA NOW I REMEMBER

cherie - dont sleep in the sun without me, dont stand in the roaring rain
says:

THESE POSSUM DIDNT WANT TO MATE

rongjun says:

....

cherie - dont sleep in the sun without me, dont stand in the roaring rain
says:

SO THEY SHOWED THEM POSSUM PORN





lee shuxian

http://users.livejournal.com/_vitabrevis

ATAS

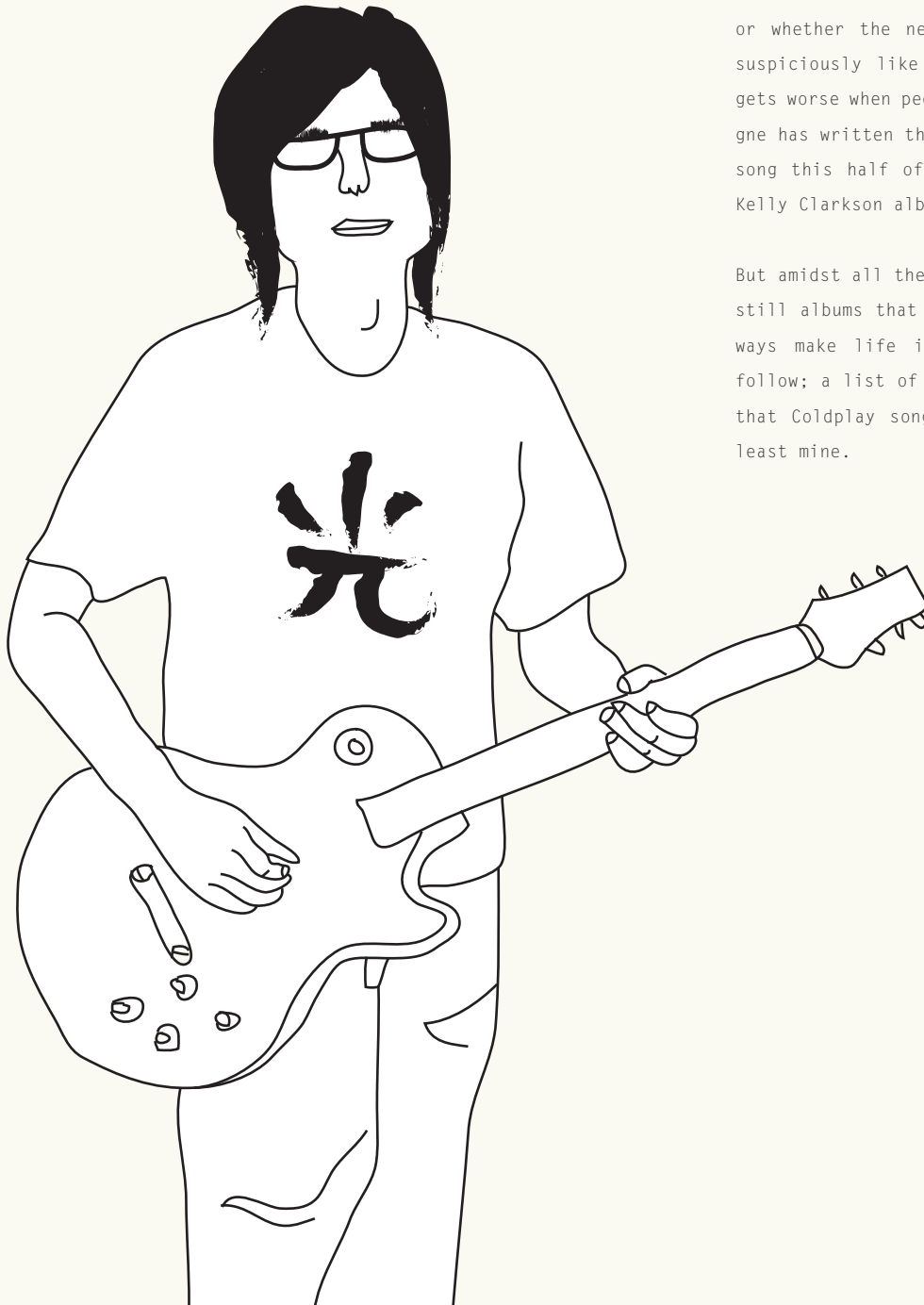
ahbeng
talking
arts

with ang guangzheng

6 Albums That Make Life Bearable In 2007

Now that the first half of 2007 has flown by pretty nonchalantly, the side effects of hearing new music should start to rear its ugly head. Opinions are regularly shown the door, first listens turn into lasting impressions; fist-fights are exchanged over which Arcade Fire album is their true masterpiece (neither); or whether the new Arctic Monkeys album does sounds suspiciously like their first one (it does). And it gets worse when people refuse to admit that Avril Lavigne has written the single catchiest and most annoying song this half of the year, and we still have a new Kelly Clarkson album in the works.

But amidst all the hype and disappointments, there are still albums that in their own magical and unforeseen ways make life in 2007 slightly more bearable. To follow; a list of 6 releases that should, like God in that Coldplay song, put a smile on your face, or at least mine.





THE OBSERVATORY - A FAR CRY FROM HERE

The new one by our local heroes may not be as listenable and immediate as past efforts; there's no "Sea of Doubts" or "Hearts and Souls". Instead, riffs seem to go nowhere, vocal melodies absent themselves and songs meander and twist until they bleed into one other, but that's where the album works; as a cohesive and concise whole. And yes the lyrical content is still as bleak.

Clearly meant to be devoured in a single setting; this unified approach to each song creates a constant yet familiar feel and mood throughout, like a progressive rock record, yet it still feels effortlessly diverse and strangely in sync.

Live, the band is a different beast altogether, thanks to newly acquired veteran drummer Ray Aziz (whose brother, Dean, drummer for Concave Scream shook hands with our dear editor and she has not washed them since), now they possess a real groove and step, confident and tight, with the new songs sounding especially spectacular.



65 DAYS OF STATIC - THE DESTRUCTION OF SMALL IDEALS

Why is post rock so good? I'd tell you it's because of bands like 65 Days of Static who continue to up the ante and push the limits of sonic exploration. Not that there isn't bad post rock, there's lots, with the same tiresome moves and predictable stunts.

How is 65 days of Static different then? Well, for one, they've recorded their entire new album without using a slice of compression, which means the piano which is supposed to sound softer sounds softer, while those distorted guitars that come crashing in will naturally sound louder, much louder.

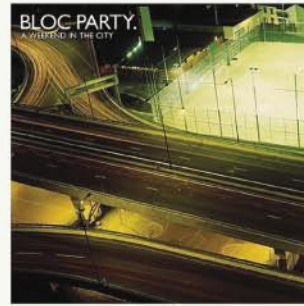
In the modern recording era, almost every recording has compression in them, either to make the song sound larger or smaller, but usually larger. In reality this distorts and subjects it to artificial boosting resulting in an almost too pristine recording, effectively killing off any warmth or dynamism that the song might have had.

Just listen to any of the Killers or Franz Ferdinand's stuff and you'll notice the volume is almost always constant regardless of how much you adjust it. That is why my friends, The Destruction of Small Ideals almost feels like a well-loved Beatles record, with all the subtleness and warmth intact.



THE NATIONAL - BOXER

Hands down, a proper candidate for album of the year. For starters, it has taken up the greater part of my life since I “received” a copy 3 weeks ago. I actually went out and bought the album, I’ve been READING through the lyrics like poetry, and I’ve managed to devour every single live set that there is. The best word to describe this is “grower”, It may not hit you right at the beginning but soon you’ll find yourself sucked into its vortex. A moody masterpiece if there was ever one.



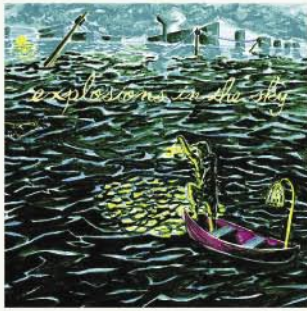
BLOC PARTY - A WEEKEND AT THE CITY

Silent Alarm was an angular and erratic affair, A Weekend at the City is slightly more focused and polished. The band sounds more assured and confident of their new material and very eager to show off their new found maturity; stretching songs past the 5 minute mark, falsettos, massive stadium rock like guitar riffs, and an extremely vocal Kele dedicating an entire album to the eternality and wastefulness of youth.

In that respect, he has really blossomed into a genuine spokesman for the jilted generation, addressing their fears and highlighting their concerns through cryptic declarations of the uniformity and uncertainties that plague our era. He makes believe he’s the only one who sees everything but realizes this is just youthful endeavor at work; nothing is ever certain, and nothing really changes.

While some songs are rightly magnificent, the album does feel somewhat overproduced, a case of too many hands spoiling the broth. Most of the studio wizardry tends to distract and mislead, instead if you’d listen to the band live, you get a feeling that they could have recorded everything live and it would have even toppled the mighty Silent Alarm.





EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY -
ALL OF A SUDDEN I MISS EVERYONE

Despite charming everyone with 2003's *The Earth is Not a Cold Dead Place*; the backlash was swift and merciless but not unexpected. Well, its not that the new one isn't good, it's just not as majestic and gut wrenching as the previous one. Alright, to be brutally honest, some songs sound more like fragments of unfinished products than actual tunes. Sure, the melodic sensibilities are still present, the long patient build-ups still rewarding yet on a whole, it feels uneven, aimless even.

So why is it in the list? Because Explosions in the Sky are absolute monsters on stage, for every live show I've listened to has yet to disappoint. They play with such blinding energy and forcefulness that you fear for their health. Their setlists read like greatest hit packages; old songs hold their own along side new ones, each one blending seamlessly into the next.

And could they even be considered an emo band (gasp!)? Well if you look at their song titles, the argument is pretty valid; "All of a sudden I miss everyone", "The only moment we were alone", "Your hand in mine" are all valid contenders for emo-est track. But emo here doesn't refer to black eyeliner and long hair; it actually stands quietly for emotion, that sudden rush of blood to your head when the first guitar crashes through the speakers.



WILCO - SKY BLUE SKY

Two words, Impossible Germany, the one song which made me fall for Wilco all over again.

I was there when *Hotel Yankee Foxtrot* (HYF) dropped in the 2002, but eventually saw the album for what it was; An almost perfect collection of songs capturing a band waking up to its potential and embracing the obscure and experimental. The songs were often heartbreaking as they were funny, and it was pop, just slightly more complex.

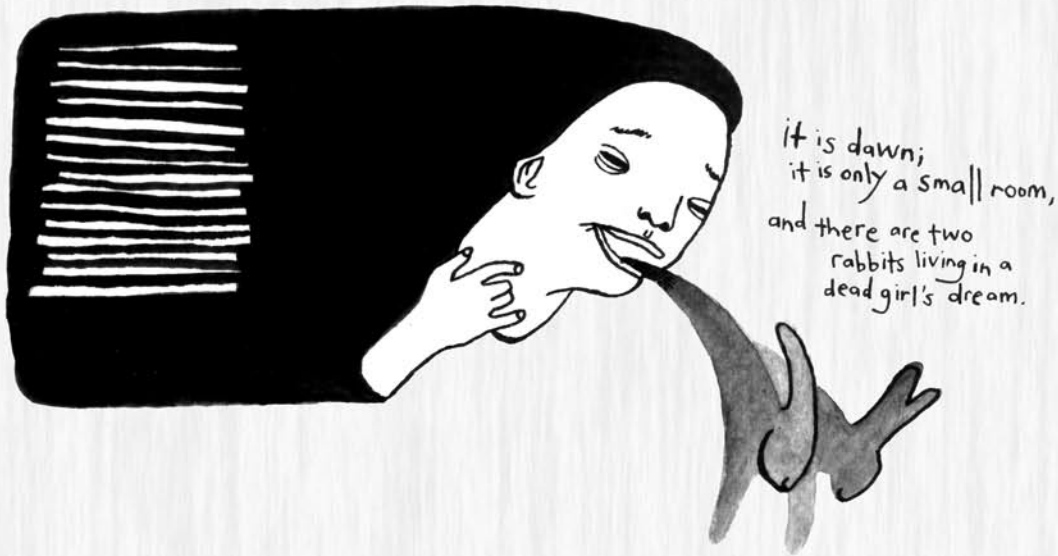
My disappointment would come with *A Ghost was Born* (AGIB), their next record which was deliberately difficult to get into. I felt cheated, not because I actually bought the album but there was nothing on it that seems to be worth listening to. For the next few years, I continued to wear out my copy of HYF while AGIB sat silent in its plastic case.

I guess it was a good thing that I didn't give up on them, because when they released a live album in 2005, I went absolutely ape. Songs on AGIB begin to make sense; those on HYF sounded even better, and all this just with the addition of a new guitarist!

So I happily began to track the progress of the band, savaging whatever live bootlegs that I could find. And on one of those was *Impossible Germany*, a sprawling tune of wonder and beauty, with 3 intertwining guitars and an impossibly sublime outro, I was in love again.

So for now, they can do no wrong, even if the new album does sound like a 70s classic rock record, or if some of the lyrics recall primary school compositions, it's all alright.





it is dawn;
it is only a small room,
and there are two
rabbits living in a
dead girl's dream.

Consider the garden and its lush cruelty,
we think to ration beauty, and shut our eyes against the spectacle. This is a place for when the day has
lost its light, and now it pulls a coy velvet blanket over its naked shoulders and wanders away barefoot
over a forest so urgently purple and silver. Every leaf is itself a wild, daring dream,
an acoustic whisper against our skin.

The vanity of belief is that one day we shall hold this
thing again in our hands, that hell was worth it,
that such enduring magnificence was only a flower
out of our own imagination. Here is a green hollow
where a rabbit could lie and dream of her first love,

and here is the person you love, standing out like a dead

Cruelty is the living sister of hope;
the garden is cruel, it denies that
our hearts have ever suffered.



branch against
the sky.



perhaps she fell into the gap.
Either way, her body lay mild and cooling on
the sheets while the rabbits found a sudden yearning
for worlds wilder. They were not fenced in.



Rabbits also dream.
In their garden they walk
upright like men,
and wear masks.



end of chapter 1.

cherie is a freelance illustrator
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**8 out of 10
men try their
best to muffle
their peeing
sound when
at the place
of a female
friend.**



The Remote Control
by Joycelyn Yik

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same twisted mind,
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