

ALBUM REVIEWS



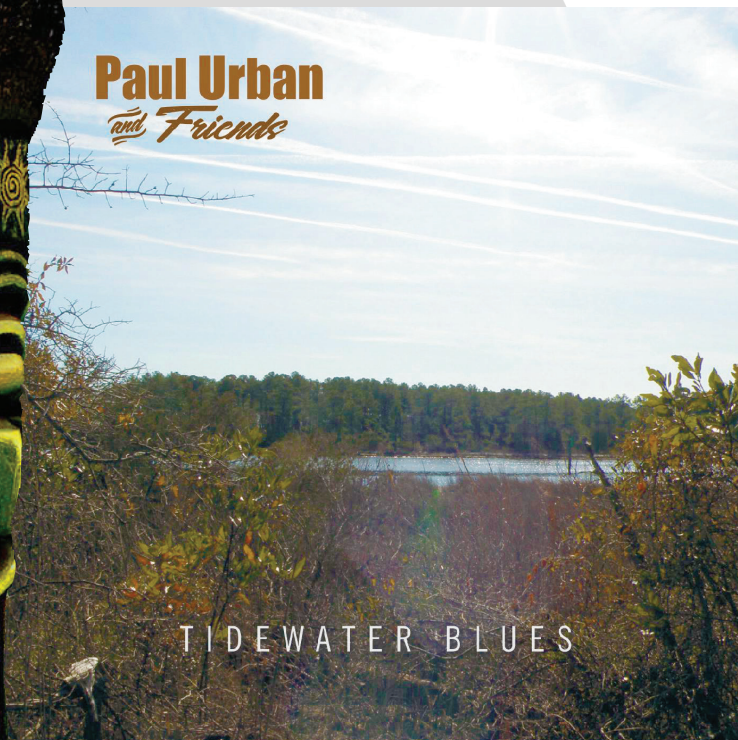
ALBUM TITLE: ZEDDEMORE

One lonely night coming back from a solo sesh at Spanish House I noticed the power running out in the Combi. Aw shizzy, the fuel indicator was on E. With no coin to my name, I knew I didn't have any Monet to buy Degas to make the Van Gogh. As I slept in the front seat sniffing the fumes from my fresh ding repair from E.T., I remembered Johnny B had shot me the new Zeddmore CD. So like Black Flag, I Slipped It On In. This is Zeddmore's debut EP, following up on the heels of the release last year of their first single "Don't Fear My Love." All of their previous bands have released CDs. Local 518, Jacie and the Knick Knacks, Grindstone, The Heart Ring, etc... You may have heard of these Renaissance Artists from Melbourne who display a musical palette not heard of in many a Starry Night. The CD itself holds together with a theme of Perpetual New-Age Romanticism. The first song, I Do, is an example of Classical Realism that reverberates with a catchy beat and instantly gets your head bobbing with a fun punk kinda feel. Fear My Love, the second cut, has a post-BSSM Chili Peppers Expressionism. If you didn't know better, you might think that was Flea plucking the bass, but no, it's local pride Brian Roberts. This is followed by Break Through, which captures essences of Rage Against the Machine in an Edvard Munch Fauvist style. The vocal range of Bradley Burton is the vocal equivalent of Pablo Picasso, but I assure you he will never be called an assho. Another head-banger for sure. The fourth cut, Taboo, starts out with a Fishbone-esque groove that melds into a world of its

own. The Photorealism is evident as he sings of getting crazy; it had me ready to cut off my ear and mail it to Romeo Pomodoro. This song will really take you into another realm. Alex Petrosky on the drums is phenomenal. Road to Redemption, the final cut, starts out like a cross between a sci-fi movie and some old Kraftwerk, then melds into some Transcendentalist plane that makes you feel like you are floating into a galaxy far away. The Guitar work by John Bridges is incredible and compliments the other band members well. These guys play together like a well-oiled machine. The only bad part was at the end of the last song I feel like I just bought a Banksy, only to have it shredded before my eyes, because I just wanted the CD to keep going and going and giving me more and more. But do not fret, like a Robert Mondavi Special Reserve 1997 or an Opus 1, this libation will age well and gets better with time. The more I play it, the more I like it. It is actually my favorite CD right now. So go ahead and grab a copy. At five samolians for a download, you won't go Baroque like I did. And if you see me sleeping in the Combi on the side of A1A, wake me up before you Gogh Gogh. I'll probably be like Dali, barely able to afford some Surreal. CDs/Vinyl @ Zeddmore.com



Paul Urban *and Friends*



ALBUM TITLE: TIDEWATER BLUES

Legendary Blues Guitar Maestro Paul Urban does it again on his latest barn-burner "Tidewater Blues." Having put in decades paying the cost to be the boss, this hoodoo man tears the frets off of the axe from the Barrelhouse to Beale Street. The Urban Blues Band on this CD has a 4-man lineup featuring Julian Burrell thumping the killing floor on Bass, Tyler Bevington tickling the ivories, and Dwight Epps banging the skins. And of course Mr. Paul Urban like a steel-driving man on guitar and vocals. If you think the thrill is gone, pop this baby in and you will be a lemon-squeezin' daddy in no time. On the cut Down, he laments "when you push your soul, in a deep dark hole, the light don't shine, inside your mind"...that's some deep stuff there way down low country. In Hurricane Woman, he isn't singing about the latest blast from Florence or Michael, but about a female that be done put a mojo on yo ass. In Cant' Do This he tells about a woman who is out there being a backdoor Santa

to everybody but him. Sounds like it might be time to break out the black cat bone for her. He knows he aint fattenin' no more frogs for snakes. In Jessie, he pays tribute to a close friend Jessica Lauren Hiltale with a blistering instrumental lamenting a friend taken from Earth long before her time. Julian's Jam is another instrumental that flows like bootleg liquor in a juke joint from Hialeah to Highway 51. He slows it down in See My Tears singing about how he has put that old garbage out. In Tears In The Ocean he once again lets his guitar prowess shine as he plays like he has 10 fingers on each hand. Paul counts among his influences Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson 2, Duane Allman, Johnny Winter, and Jeff Beck. So if that sounds like your kind of Blues and I know it does, you will wanna run out and get the CD at paulurbanmusic.com

Reviews by Dr. Joseph G. Smith
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