

PRESS KIT

KADANE BROTHERS

BIO / PRESS HIGHLIGHTS / FEATURES

BEDHEAD

THE NEW YEAR



BIOGRAPHY

Matt and Bubba Kadane first started playing music together at some point between the Iran hostage crisis and the Falklands War. Their first public appearance was in the spring of 1983, at a rock festival put on by Wichita Falls High School in Texas. Throughout the 1980s they worked on their musicianship and songwriting and in Dallas in 1991 formed the band **Bedhead**, which went on to make three lps, two eps, and three singles. **Bedhead** stood apart from the music scene in the early 90s. They played in more than one tempo and time signature, grew beards, and used three guitars, bass, and drums for the sake of varied expression rather than volume. In 1998, after a European tour that included feature appearances on national TV and radio, at the peak of their career, and by common consent one of the most innovative and influential bands of the decade, they broke up. Almost immediately the Kadane brothers wanted to record another record, in part to get on tape the last new songs they had performed with **Bedhead**. Their first idea was to record by themselves and later assemble a live band. But realizing this arrangement still meant they would have to teach a band a new set of songs, they decided to bring other musicians into the recording process. The band that developed in this almost accidental way is **The New Year**, which, since 2001, has put out two critically acclaimed full-length records, toured throughout the US and Europe, and had their music used in TV, films, and videos. In addition to these groups, Matt and Bubba have under their own names recorded a soundtrack and placed music in two feature-length films. Matt currently lives in upstate New York. Bubba lives in Dallas.

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THE END IS NEAR

Originally released 5/18/2004

TG 256 CD/LP



"The End Is Near"
is one of the
best records
of the year,
from one of
the century's
best bands.

Reviews of
THE END IS NEAR

Chicago
New City Weekly

★★★★ The power of The New Year is difficult to explain to the uninitiated. Let's just say they play more perfect notes than anybody. Their music is an amazing nexus where surgical precision, ace musicianship, and thrifty minimalism intertwine joyously. *The End Is Near* is a true return from these Texas hall-of-famers. **Austin Chronicle**

★★★★ The New Year comes back tugging at heartstrings again with *The End Is Near*, and like its predecessor, you simply cannot listen to it any other way than from beginning to end, just holding on for the emotional ride. **The Stranger (Seattle Weekly)**

The Texas-raised brothers have been crafting lush albums that hide their genius until several months later, when you realize the band's interlaced guitar melodies are firmly lodged in your head....[*The End Is Near*] effortlessly picks up the glowing torch of 2001's *Newness Ends*....Every note seems to hum with an underlying subsonic force. **Magnet**

The New Year's brooding second album, *The End Is Near*, is an antidote for the surfeit of holiday saccharine and commercialized bonhomie....The Kadane's greatest gift is...to convey life's somber side with tricky melodies and phrases that lodge in the brain. **Washington Post**

You won't be able to tear yourself away from it. **CMJ**

The New Year delivers huge hooks, metronomic riffs and driving drumbeats, all of which enhance the Kadanes' amplified whispers on *The End Is Near*. **Alternative Press**

A moody masterwork. **San Antonio Current**

The End Is Near is a bold and consistently surprising sophomore effort **Exclaim (Canada)** While the songs on *The End Is Near* merit multiple listens, they don't sound calculated or manipulative. The music follows the lyrics, largely avoiding the verse-chorus-verse structure. In lesser hands, this structure can lead composers to lose track. Movements fail to connect to one another and the song turns into a disjointed procession of one thing after another. For the Kadane brothers, however, the motif thrives. They have an ear for timbre and melody, as well as a sense of the right parts to repeat in a song. Often, their vaunted instrumental passages are simply a single melody repeated over the course of several minutes, and they have the luxury of doing this without worrying about shattering the construction of the song. **Dusted**

All killer, no filler **The Big Takeover**

The Kadane Brothers... Is paralyzing sociophobia hereditary? Is brilliant songwriting in the blood? These two geniuses beg the question and answer it resoundingly at once. Yes. A thousand times yes. This album is further example of their attention to detail and their happy quest for the perfect sad song....[This] is a great album, no matter who wrote it. But the fact that it is yet another great record by a great set of songwriters means something. There is still hope for music in the world, even if it doesn't start until the New Year. **Indie Workshop**

These guys know how to create tension. **Tampa Tribune**

The New Year's sharp observations carry an authoritative weight, making the grim nature of the subjects they grapple with all the more unsettling. **Rockpile**



NEWNESS ENDS

Originally released 2/20/2001
TG 220 CD/180gram LP

THE NEW YEAR

*A subtlety that's
irresistible.*

Reviews of NEWNESS ENDS

MOJO (UK)

The overall sound is monumental and thoroughly seductive, and best of all, it doesn't sound like rehashed grunge, warmed-over metal - or anything else, really. The New Year has created a style which, if this were the best of all possible worlds, could make them stars. **Time Out New York**

A sweet and doleful record peppered with wry couplets. **NME (UK)**
"One Plus One Minus One Equals One" is the sort of mumbled hymn that

marmoset-looking character from Bright Eyes would give important teeth for. **Pitchfork**

The New Year make contemporary American music. Modern-day Americana that deserves appreciation from as many as possible. **Pop Matters** 10 out of 12 **FakeJazz.com** They weave an intricate web of guitars, bass, and vocal lines that displays the maturity of each of the musicians as well as refined songwriting that has stayed the test of time. **Splendid**

★★★★ **Winnipeg Sun** ★★★★★ **Austin-American Statesman** ★★★★★ **Tower Pulse**

An addicting earful. **Columbus Alive** Credit should go to the Kadane brothers who had the vision to dismantle a successful group, refine the key components and reassemble it better. The New Year for the new millennium. **Comes With A Smile**
In the course of three minutes, vocalist Matt Kadane sings of houses as bankrupt museums, the unseen consequences of friends, the brevity of harmony. For added weight, he lets each syllable loll on his tongue before letting it

slowly roll off. **The Absolute Sound** Unflinching precision in both technique and transmission of emotion. **Village Voice**

So, yeah, the New Year sounds an awful lot like Bedhead, but who can really complain? Bedhead was one of the most unsung but beautiful indie-rock bands of the '90s. **Billboard** ★★★★★ It's such a treat to hear that sound again, the crushing power of restraint, the celebration of the commonplace that marks the gorgeous music of Matt and Bubba Kadane. **Austin Chronicle** The Kadane brothers' best magic trick is to build thick, ornate arrangements, often requiring a third guitar to fill in the cracks, that nevertheless evoke the quietest of solitude. **New York Press** The brothers Kadane led the now defunct Bedhead, and if you thought the slowed-down, understated indoctrinations of that band possessed quiet powers that magically defied their mellow first impressions, wait till you hear what Matt and Bubba are up to now. **Seattle Weekly**

The New Year's songs are a stunning union of noise and calm. Even the guitar rave ups that ended both the main set and the encores were glacial rather than explosive. **Washington Post**

**TRANSACTION DE NOVO**

Originally released 2/10/1998
TG 226 CD/180gram LP

Bedhead has delivered some of the most lush, gorgeous guitar music of this, or any other decade.

Pitchfork

Reviews of

TRANSACTION DE NOVO

9.6 (out of 10)

Over the course of a couple of albums and EPs, Bedhead has delivered some of the most lush, gorgeous guitar music of this, or any other decade.

One gets to wondering if these people have ever played

a bum note, let alone a dud song. **Pitchfork**

Bedhead continue to work like minimalist sculptors of sound. Their style is often sparse, but it's effect is monumental. On this

release, Bedhead do not pull any fancy new tricks out of their bag, rather, they do what is far more rare and cherished these

days -- continue to fulfill their promise. **Raygun**

Restraint. Intelligence. Control. On their third full-length album

Bedhead continue to work like minimalist sculptors of sound. Their style is often sparse, but it's effect is monumental. On this

release, Bedhead do not pull any fancy new tricks out of their bag, rather, they do what is far more rare and cherished these

days -- continue to fulfill their promise. **Raygun**

Every lonely snare crack and lethargic minor chord is

an attempt to strip pop music to its essence, to do with a solitary note what punk bands do with distortion-laden sprays

of rage. But what might, in lesser hands, sound merely mopey is transcendent here. **Salon**

Bedhead makes music you may suspect was created somewhere far from the surface of the Earth. Yet it's like

they're operating from sub-ground. Sometimes it feels like they're coming up from below, quite mystic and sort of giving you shivers.

So slow, so good that it hurts. **Luna Kafe** *Transaction de Novo* offers more beautiful melodies and perfect moments created by

men who carve beauty out of rock and roll's most primitive tools. **Option** The lines of music and lyric

come as suggestions, solemn and serious, but not grave or definitive. Therein lies the

album's central greatness: the music's ability to conjure worlds of ideas within a dynamic whisper. It's

a thrilling quiet, the kind that demands and rewards attention. **Alternative Press**

A perfectly paced album. **The Onion**

★★★★ **Vox (UK)** There's a high degree of attention paid to detail, and the songs sound like cultivated jewels. Running

throughout *Transaction de Novo* is a very distinct sense of melody that's seldom heard. Bedhead's consistency is admirable, and the

end of the album leaves you wishing for more. **Magnet** A Bedhead record of trademark subtlety, both beautifully articulated and

stylistically mature. **Tucson Weekly** Bedhead craft three-guitar textures that hover at the edge of consciousness. **Village Voice**

Before you know it a song will grow into an ethereal symphony. **Dallas Morning News** A starkly beautiful

collection of songs. **Washington City Paper**

You will not find a better album this year. **Pop Culture Press**

Transaction de Novo uses arrangements that make a bass sound like a guitar ("Exhume") and a guitar sound like a cello

("The Present"); it uses skittering rhythms that sound almost unplayable ("Psychosomatica"). And, as with all of the band's records,

it does all that in the service of subtly intricate tunes, songs in which three guitar melodies braid and crescendo toward precise

emotional peaks. In its own understated way, this quintet does most everything with conventional instrumentation that its more

ostentatiously ambitious peers need technology or shtick to approach. **New Times Los Angeles**

BEHEADED

Originally released 6/18/1996

TG 225 CD/LP



Bedhead has, with "Beheaded," finally made the landmark album that will secure its place in the musical history of this decade.

Reviews of **BEHEADED**

Magnet

Beheaded is one of those albums during which it is possible simply to lie on one's bed and contemplate its melancholy. **NME (UK)**

Most indie-rock signifiers of angst are dispensed with: no atmospheric tape hiss, no conspicuous use of the word "fuck," no urgency whatsoever. The emotions that do fill the album - desire, doubt, confusion - feel travel-weary; no longer struggled with, they've been respectfully, wholly surrendered to. The result is an eviscerated yet tranquil sound....hauntingly lucid melodies, coiling and engulfing with the power of a truly fatal seduction. **Art Forum**

Their most seductive record. So intimate you feel you shouldn't even be listening...a band so gentle, they make The Aphex Twin sound jittery in comparison, a band so melancholy and pure, they make Leonard Cohen sound like Elton John.

The three guitars seem to be creating layers of silence, rather than noise. Mesmerizing. **Melody Maker (UK)** 9 out of 10. Well-versed in melody and subtlety, Bedhead travel the road between intimacy and alienation to a place where even the gentle sways of their slow Texan waltzes are shrouded in loneliness and despair. **Mirror Weekly, Montreal** ★★★★★ **NOW, Toronto Weekly**

Astonishing. The music literally explodes - songs begin with mumbled, half-intelligible lyrics and the faint sound of three guitars whispering in unison, then slowly and imperceptibly build towards a gorgeous climax. **Dallas Observer** It's amazing how much emotion can be wrung out of music so seemingly simple. **Twin Cities Reader**

Bedhead hits you like a cotton sledgehammer. But unlike other Wall of Quiet bands (Low, Codeine), Bedhead swaps minimalism for an intriguing, fleshed out songcraft. **Chicago Tribune** A guitar-texture band that never lets the drone overshadow its extremely catchy songs. **New York Press**

play concert halls - lavish and grand old rooms built for symphony orchestras. **LA View** Bedhead's live performances create the aura one might expect at a Dylan show in the 60s, with cigarette smoke drifting toward the lights above an enraptured audience. **Willamette Week**

Bedhead's laid-back style and penchant for atmospheric blues licks have turned the Lone Star State's guitar community on its collective pentatonic ear. **Guitar Player** By relying on smart understatement instead of overbearing cleverness, Bedhead reveals itself to be a rarity among rock bands: One with something to say, and an ability to say it well. **New Times Los Angeles**

The brilliance of many of their songs is built on the slow, glorious rise of guitar noise, five-minute trips from silence to feedback-drenched cacophony. **Salon**

Bedhead's sophomore full-length represents another stop on the road to slow-burning, soaring, indie rock/pop perfection. **All Music Guide** Bedhead is an important band, no doubt about that. **Pop Culture Press**

WhatFunLifeWas

Originally released 4/4/1994

TG 224 CD/LP



*Probably the
best album to
come out of Dallas
since the heavily
boot-legged live
set by the Velvet
Underground*

Reviews of WhatFunLifeWas

Dallas Morning News

★★★★ It didn't seem like it at the time, but with the appearance of this, Bedhead's debut, and Low's own first album some months later, the zeitgeist of post-grunge indie rock started to shift toward something more reflective and restrained. **All Music Guide**

★★★★ **Austin American-Statesman** An easy call for album of the year...remarkable. **Boston Rock**
A remarkable quintet. **Billboard** *WhatFunLifeWas* is a definitive statement about the possibilities of
rock instrumentation...reassuring and horrifying in the space of just a few moments. Brilliant. **Creative Loafing, Atlanta**
There's just no way to keep from pressing the repeat button

by the time the disc gets to its closer, "Wind Down." **Magnet**

Jackpot! **CMJ** I was paralyzed. I kept waiting for it to let up, but it just doesn't. **Popwatch**

There's not a bad song in the bunch, and when Bedhead manage to combine all of the elements just so, these
guys are as good as anyone. **Alternative Press**

It's rare to find albums that reward careful listening but do not
demand it. **The Stranger (Seattle)** Bedhead gives simplicity a surprising elasticity, demonstrating that even
simple musical elements can always be broken down further. **Chicago Reader** A masterful meld of folk-rock romanticism
and strum-trance minimalism. **New City Chicago**

★★★★ Sleeper hit of the year. **Charlotte Observer**

You'll wonder how three guitars can make so little noise and make it sound like so much. **Select (UK)** There's
a real beauty in the way Tench Coxe and Bubba and Matt Kadane create a noise that's both fragile and tough. **Dallas Observer**

Euphoric guitar chords meet and greet and spin off in a zillion directions at once, finally agreeing on a spot many
chords and drum rolls later. **Fort Worth Star-Telegram** Bedhead are singular artists whose genius has yet to be
fully appreciated - but often lies in restraint and craft that are rare gifts, indeed. **Weekly Alibi (NM)**

Bedhead evidently uses no gearboxes, its clean sonic sheets conveying enough tension and intensity to render
effects unnecessary. **Trouser Press**

Bedhead creates a feeling of intimacy, as if they were playing a living room
show just for you and a few friends. **Option** If you think David Bazan came up with Pedro The Lion's sound all by
himself, you've never listened to Bedhead. Actually, if you think half of the slow moving folk music of today is completely original
and groundbreaking, you've never listened to Bedhead. If you think of yourself as a connoisseur of fine downtrodden

melodies but still have a gaping hole in your album collection where Bedhead's albums should be... you're not
really as in touch as you thought you were. Do yourself a favor and head to your local record store this weekend. And don't think
you'll find any of their releases in the used bin... but I'm sure your friendly storeowner would be

happy to order in a copy for you. **Indieworkshop.com**

**4SONGCDEP19:10**

Originally released 10/25/1994
TR29 CD/12" EP

THE DARK AGES

Originally released 2/20/1996
TR42 CD/10" EP

*They make each
chord change
sound like the
earth turning
on its axis.*

Reviews of 4-SONGCDEP19:10 & THE DARK AGES EP

Single of the Week (*The Dark Ages*):

simply beautiful. **Melody Maker (UK)**

Mesmerizing...edgy and blissfully lulling.

Washington Post

★★★★ Words fail to describe the sheer beauty this quintet wreaks with its three guitar, "more-is-less" sonic interplay. **Alternative Press**

Jackpot! **CMJ**

In "The Dark Ages," singer Matt Kadane summed up the emotional paralysis of a break-up with one perfect couplet: "I can't stand the way I was that day/Speechless, with so much to say." Then, in time-honored rock-and-roll fashion (when the world of ordinary language began to reach its limits) the guitars rose up in a torrent and drove the feeling home. If a record heard by fewer people worldwide than live in Bartlett can be considered a classic, "The Dark Ages" was and is such a record. **Memphis Flyer**

Bedhead gives us one of the most beautiful and brooding songs of the year on this excellent three-song EP. **The Big Takeover** Sometimes an EP is all it takes, and while Bedhead aficionados will likely mention other songs or releases as better starting points, for brevity and impact *The Dark Ages* perfectly captures the gently stripped-down feeling of power and hush that the group made its own. At 15 minutes long, it's worth every second. **All Music Guide**

Reviews of LEPIDOPTERA/LEPER 10"



The hail-and-farewell of the best band Texas has seen this decade, and a perfect dyad for a single: two songs, each as limited in motion-and therefore as significant in their smallest gestures-as a Samuel Beckett play, each with a subject that's the other's object, and one formed by turning the sheet music for the other upside down. **New Times Los Angeles** The sound of each discrete instrument, clear and direct, compellingly articulates the tension and beauty of "Lepidoptera." **Salon**

MACHA LOVED BEDHEAD

Originally released 4/25/2000

TWA027CD



The result is a near-perfect merging of opposing musical minds that allows each group to retain its identity.

Reviews of**MACHA LOVED BEDHEAD****LA Weekly**

Bedhead's beauty breathes more bizarrely, while Macha's fog slows to intoxicating speeds. **Pitchfork**

Who would've thought a one-off, long-distance collaboration between two bands could result in some of the most compelling material either band ever recorded? **Austin Chronicle**

The swirling beauty of these tracks, made to shimmer by skilled male vocals, brings off a mixture of passion and sadness that, heard again and again, seems like the soundtrack to all those great dreams you wake from and immediately forget. **Splendid**

The result is a near-perfect merging of opposing musical minds that allows each group to retain its identity. **LA Weekly**

For anyone keeping score, *Bedhead Loved Macha* is a Bedhead record. Because as wonderful as Macha's embellishments are -- and even as unthinkable as they would have been to Bedhead themselves -- it's Bedhead that, for the moment, steals the show, if only because this record is such a dramatic wave goodbye. **Salon**

★★★★ Bedhead sent a tape of song skeletons to the brothers Macha. Macha finished the songs, and the result approaches divinity. After I heard it the first time, I was so excited it was all I could talk about. I became a missionary for Bedhead Loved Macha. **The Stranger (Seattle Weekly)**

This is hazy, undulating music that sounds and feels like a beautiful mirage. The cool part is that it's real. In fact, the grand, swirling expanse of "Hey Goodbye" and the magnificent momentum of "You and New Plastic" suggest a supergroup whose brotherly intuition is matched only by their collective capacity for the sublime. **Boston Phoenix**

The songs on *Macha Loved Bedhead* are a delicate fusion of styles and substances — chilling and comforting, somber and uplifting, song-oriented and ambient. **Philadelphia City Paper**

The two bands blend effortlessly, creating beautiful pop soundscapes. **The Big Takeover**

Here's a poignant collaboration between two pairs of brothers fronting two inventive art rock outfits. Matt and Bubba Kadane of Bedhead sent unfinished songs to their old friends from Wichita Falls, TX, Joshua and Mischo McKay, who had since moved to Athens, GA, and started their own band, Macha. Strangely enough, all four of them used to be in a high school band together and this project was culmination of their desire to work together again.

The Macha brothers took the Bedhead song structures through to the completion of this six-song EP and in the meantime Bedhead, the band, split up, making the recording somewhat of a eulogy.

The result is a series of lovely lilting slow pop songs that compares well with the best work created by both Bedhead and Macha. **Exclaim (Canada)**



Reviews of **HELL HOUSE**

I can't say for certain if any one of these tracks approaches the brilliance of *Bedhead* or *The New Year*, *Music From The Film Hell House* is a thoroughly captivating listen despite its fleeting presence. **Splendid**

A music score by ex-Bedhead brothers Bubba and Matthew Kadane adds a haunting vibe to the holy-rolling proceedings. **SF International Film Festival** Usually in a film like this, the filmmaker edits the film to make the subjects look like buffoons. [Director] Ratliff's style is admirably poker-faced. He affords his subjects their dignity and lets them speak without cutting their sentences on awkward beats or juxtaposing their words with ironic images. **Aboutfilm.com**

The brothers created a haunting all-instrumental soundtrack to the film, which followed the creation of a "hell house" -- a modern-day, live-action, fire-and-brimstone sermon replete with actors, extensive lighting equipment, and full audio-visual tech crews -- while showing an intimate portrait of the people who fervently believe its message. **Tone Vendor**

The soundtrack to George Ratliff's Christian scarefest *Hell House* is handsome, reminiscent of contemporaries Windsor for the Derby, and the vast air of *Yo La Tengo* when they were actually pretty good. Complementing the film beautifully, the *Hell House* soundtrack doesn't have a purpose besides being incidental music, but

in that, it wins. **Stop Smiling Magazine** "Christy" sounds like someone crying and it makes me wonder what it plays behind in the film. The most fully realized track, the gorgeous "Harvest", sounds like it could be on a *Bedhead* album and is almost worth the purchase alone...I want to see this overly religious Texan movie a lot more all of the sudden... and I want to hear the Kadanes do this kind of thing again. **Hipinion.com** The score by Matthew and Bubba Kadane of the band *Bedhead* is appropriately minimalistic and adds a nice touch to the overall tone of the film. **DVDtalk.com**

Underscored by haunting music from Dallas boys Bubba and Matt Kadane (*The New Year*), *Hell House* offers plenty of horrors itself -- ones that have less to do with scripture than mass psychosis. **Philadelphia City Paper**

After making the round of film festivals, including the Toronto International Film Festival, Austin's South by Southwest, and the San Francisco International Film Festival (where it won a Golden Gate Award), the documentary went into a theatrical run and was then released on DVD by Plexifilm.

Hell House DVD and soundtrack CD released by Plexifilms www.plexifilm.com

Label www.touchandgorecords.com **Booking** www.flowerbooking.com **Band** www.thenewyear.net

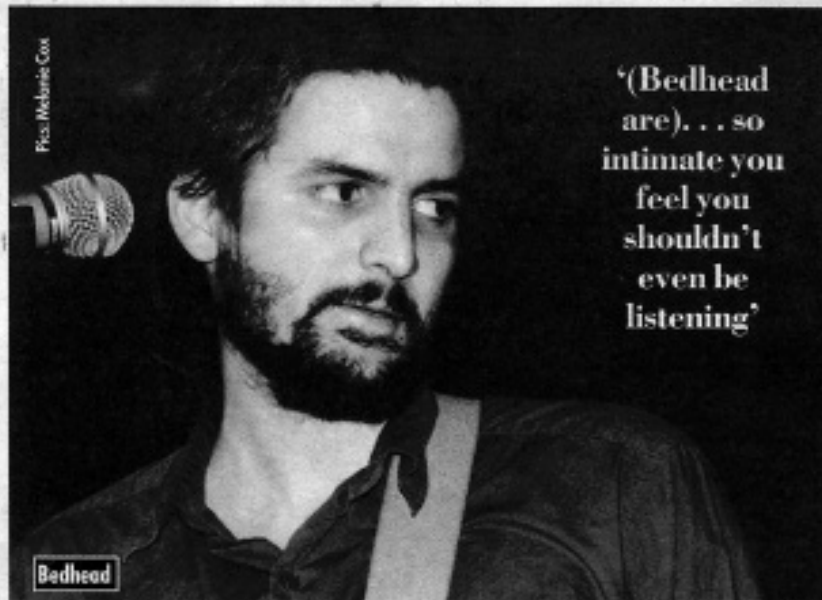
*Complementing
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**Stop Smiling
Magazine**

KADANE BROTHERS

MELODY MAKER

'HEAD START TO HAPPINESS



'(Bedhead are)... so intimate you feel you shouldn't even be listening.'



Tunes to rattle your neighbours' teeth to. ... And let's keep f***ing the silence [they, we ain't gonna get too many other chances here]. Yeah, f*** it. I wanna get lost. I want some sonic torture. I want some more NOISE! And let's face it, the psychedelic, shape-changing Sixteen Deluxe go crazy apeshit whether they're on acid, uppers, dope, speed, or not. And they're also, by popular acclaim, the LOUDEST band in Austin. Like, LOUD [can we get these capital letters any larger?].

Chris' and Carrie's vocals interlock like two skeletons dancing, the 30 plus effects pedals cause the guitars to get denser and denser

**BEDHEAD/SIXTEEN DELUXE/
MY DAD IS DEAD/STARFISH**

LIBERTY LUNCH, AUSTIN

OK. Listen up. This world's too f***ing noisy. Too much extraneous matter being slammed into our heads every second of the day. The mass needs sorting. Silence. Give me some f***ing silence.

Give me the gracefulness of Bedhead, a band who slow everything right down, who linger over their chords, who make their sound so intimate you feel you shouldn't even be listening. A band so gentle, so strung out, they make The Aphas Twin or Codeine sound jittery in comparison, a band so melancholy and pure, they make Leonard Cohen sound like Elton John. The three guitars seem to be creating layers of silence, rather than noise. Or rather, just something very quiet, but very beautiful. They cover The Stranglers' "Golden Brown" and make it sound like silver teardrops falling. Clearly unsuited to be the headlining band at local indie label Trance Syndicate's fifth anniversary party, they're mesmerising, nonetheless.

Investigate their self-titled EP: it's the best sleep therapy around. Yeah, too noisy, too f***ing noisy... we don't need bands who show off their maleness, who run us ragged with tempestuous

emotion. We want bands who are scarily in control of their feelings [with jagged guitars and clipped phrasing], bands who remember the cool white boy funk of early Eighties UK bands like Josef K. and Orange Juice.

Such a band are the homely, disturbing My Dad Is Dead. Named thus as it was the most honest name mainman Mark Edwards could come up nearly 10 years ago, My Dad Is Dead's relatively straightforward pop tunes vary from wry and charming to f***ing ambittered. He sings like the guy from Wall Of Voodoo, but let's not hold that against him. He writes lyrics like he's stuck inside some particularly mundane movie—but turns this matter of factness into a triumph of empathy. Or something.

Recommended listening? The richly sonorous "For Richer, For Poorer" LP. Give me some time to think, remember!

Yeah, too noisy, too f***ing... Starfish, I just love. A hometown band (via Olympia, Washington) who understand the sheer THRILL of playing live and then drinking five six-packs of beer, and turn it up LOUD! F*** the silence, I want to celebrate! Their debut LP was co-produced by Bob Mould, and although this goes some way towards indicating the explosive power of their male/female-led tunes, Starfish are in no way as lame as Sugar. No f***ing way. Instead, they EXPLODE and LEAP and YELL with POP BUOYANCY. Yowza!

as the lights spin round wilder and wilder, songs are reduced to long torpid riffs of sonic dissonance, hooks are left screaming in mid-air, guitars squeal and haze out... their album is called "Backfeedmagnetbabe", in case you needing any further pointers.

Outrageous!
EVERETT TRUE

BEDHEAD have the emotional directness and the power of MARK LUFFMAN. What more could they desire?



down the line. "We told the kids more you try to get into... from us, the more this article is gonna suck. We'd much rather you write what you think."

OK, Bedhead are one of the more bewitching of a clutch of American bands quietly redefining country music by redesigning its musical simplicity and emotional directness with the bruised beauty of Valley pop music. From Palace to Lambchop, there's a strongly normal revolution taking place. "Yeah, you get an affinity with some bands, but we don't feel part of a movement. We're resistant to that. Our music isn't a tool for conservatism."

Still, with their most seductive record so far imminent, Bedhead are about to make a lot of friends. "With 'The Dark Ages', we just hope that people will want to sit down and listen to it all the way through."

That's what friends are for, Bubba.

'The Dark Ages' is out now Monday on Trance Syndicate

Bedhead communicate with each other via simultaneous translation

... BUT THINGS DON'T SOUND ANY DIFFERENT

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Following the breakup of slowcore pioneers Bedhead, Matt and Bubba Kadane have soldiered on as **THE NEW YEAR** in their quest to fill the world with beautifully depressing music. But as the brothers explained to Dan Bergevin, getting people to make the connection is harder than expected. Photo by Jason King.



"Towards the end, I really started to hate the name Bedhead," admits singer/guitarist Matt Kadane, who

formed the band with his brother, singer/guitarist Bubba, in 1991. "Toni & Guy had come out with their Bed Head line, and I didn't want our band name to signify hair products."

The end for the Dallas quintet finally came in August of 1998 after a lengthy tour in support of *Transaction de Novo*, Bedhead's third LP, but just a year later the Brothers Kadane were back in the slowcore saddle. With help from drummer Chris Brokaw (Come, Codeine), bassist Mike Donofrio (Saturnine) and guitarist Peter Schmidt (Bedhead), The New Year and their debut album, 2001's *Newness Ends*, were born.

"We were a little uneasy about the super-positive implications of [the band name], but we tried to undercut those implications with the album titles," says Matt. "The New Year is the name we'll take to our graves, because it's such a pain in the ass to think of a different one."

Not surprisingly, *Newness Ends* sounded like a natural progression from what the Kadanes had been doing in Bedhead. Rhythms were tinkered with and some relatively upbeat material was included, but in the end Matt and Bubba weren't interested in drastically changing their sound.

"When I have said that *Newness Ends* could have been the fourth Bedhead record, I was saying that that was the record Bubba and I were going to make anyway," says Matt. "So in a way I think of us as having made five records, with our new album as the fifth."

That new offering, *The End Is Near* (Touch And Go), opens with the title track ("The end's not near, it's here/ Hallelujah, spread the cheer"), which makes it abundantly clear that the Kadanes still don't want to mess with the formula they perfected in Bedhead—the intertwining guitars of Matt, Bubba and Schmidt suck you in with intricate melodies accented by the slow-motion rhythm section. To be fair, *The End Is Near*—which introduces

Macha's Josh McKay into the mix on various instruments—is a bit less experimental than *Newness Ends*, and a few noticeable differences make sure the album doesn't sound like a rehash, including the mellow funk of "Chinese Handcuffs" and the symphonic finale in "Stranger To Kindness." Some tracks are as murky as ever, exploring such themes as growing old ("18") and superficial relationships ("Sinking Ship"). As always, the Kadanes have made a record full of slow, depressing music that is beautiful enough to put a smile on your face. It truly is the bastard child of indie rock and the blues.

The End Is Near took awhile to make, and with the guys scattered across the country, the slow production schedule is sure to be in effect for some time to come. With Bubba still living in Dallas and Matt nearly 2,000 miles away in Boston, the writing process is long and arduous, which actually ends up benefiting their meticulously crafted music.

"We write the songs by sending tapes back and forth," says Matt. "That's partly why it takes us so long to make records. I also think we would release some pretty lame records if we made albums yearly, so ultimately I think we're better off."

One significant way The New Year aren't better off is in the moniker department—despite having retained the sound that has led many people to refer to them as slowcore pioneers, they've noticed a significant decrease in turnout at their live shows. The band hopes that people will eventually make the connection.

"We were kind of naive about the name change," admits Matt. "We thought since Bedhead was broken up we'd just start a new band and everyone would know it was us. But it's never that way. It's amazing what's in a name." ♪