

# Disagreeable

1 December 2022 | Jonah D, editor-in-chief

## What We're listening to:

Album: Vivian Girls | Vivian Girls

A vague swath of the best and brightest hooks, covered deep in the muck of distortion, volume, and endearing ineptitude. It doesn't matter if the beat doesn't hold when you can hit the harmony!

Track: Ready For the Floor | Hot Chip

In vague rebellion of traditional structures, Hot Chip defies the expected with a seemingly random flow of daisy chained hook after hook, crafting one of the sweetest and catchy pop songs of recent history.

Track: I'd Rather Be With You | Bootsy Collins

The biggest slice of funk this side of Parliament, fashioned by the 70s version of Thundercat (minus the whole 'being viral' part). The half-buried wah-wah will leave you listening to it on repeat.

## Reviews:

Bellbottoms [track]

1994

Jon Spencer Blues Explosion

Author: Jonah Dayley

Picture this: You love Led Zeppelin, but they aren't back in style yet. The 1970s are sort of a dirty word, in fact. Dancing isn't cool, but you still like the feeling of sweat dripping down as you move like there's no tomorrow and jump around in unison with a hundred others. Everyone around you spends their entire lives doing the standing still, which you honestly can't stand. Can't they just get up and do something?! I mean, feeling lazy sometimes is understandable, but slacking off everything... I dunno. You have a lot of stuff going on, with life, all these, um, /feelings/ that you need to get out. You need to get them out somehow, so once you heard of the blues you /knew/ that's where you needed to be. And so, you have a band now. You like to think of yourself as cool in an oddball sort of way, but you really just mess around with your friends a few times a week and get paid for some reason. Until something brilliant hits.

One day after a few hours of jamming out in a basement, you realize the powerful cocktail of the hard rock you bang out to, the disco you secretly skate to, and the goofball-ery that sort of follows you around. You tell all your friends. 'Hey, uh, this amazing thing just happened. I need you to come down here right now. This is crazy happening down here'. Apparently, no one has anything better to do, so they all show up in an hour or so. You play the opening chords and your friends just jumps out of the crowd, way into the air; 'Stop! You /need/ to record this right now! There's lightning in this room.' Someone pulls out a four track from a cabinet after a minute, and they let it roll through. You breathe a few times, steady yourself, and play your best show ever. The energy is palpable as a silent crowds whoops without noise and dances compulsively as you scream over and over, "Bellbottoms! Bellbottoms! Be-e-e-ell-bottoms!"

No one ever forgot that day.

Emergency and I  
the Dismemberment Plan  
1999

Highlights: Memory Machine, The Jitters, Back and Forth

TL;DR

Listen to this album right now. No, *Really*.

Full review:

Spanning the breadth and depth of pretty much every possible influence, the Dismemberment Plan produced 3 albums in 2 years, each exponentially better than the last. The third of those was this, which I will boldly declare as the best album from 1999, period. In a world of late-stage 90s alt-runoff and, ahem, *Limp Bizkit*, the Dismemberment released this dissonant and infinitely catchy blast of alien rock. As you can expect from such an important record, it made little to no impact on release, with no one other than thoughtful rock critics even paying attention to it. They missed their chance to get on board with it before it's true importance could be seen.

The Dismemberment Plan hailed from Washington D.C., a musical Babylon, with the ancient roots of 'Go-Go' funk entrenched deep, along with the iconoclastic Dischord record label, populating the 80s and 90s with the most musical hardcore bands the world have ever seen. Travis Morrison spent his life steeping in these, plus random drifts of thrift store records that swam into his life. He formed the Dismemberment Plan in 1993, the name taken from a stray phrase in the movie *Groundhog Day*. The Plan released a string of records, each one bounds better and more mature than the last. Then, in 1999, came this. All the best elements of everything they had ever done were combined together into their greatest whole. With spazz-rock flavored funk buoyed by a synth and lyrics about how it feels to break down in your 20s, the Dismemberment Plan is able to boil down an entire generation within 39 minutes. And they were able to do so in a way that even now, a teenager listening to it 23 years later is able to understand it and still be able to hum along.

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