

Margot & The Nuclear So and So's || Rot Gut Domestic

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Margot & The Nuclear So and So's *Rot Gut Domestic*

Label: Mariel Recordings

Released on: March 20th, 2012

Grade: 2 out of 5 meatballs

Reviewed by: Lindsey Shaw

If Margot & The Nuclear So and So's wanted their album, *Rot Gut Domestic*, to depict a life span, then they've nailed it. Commencing with inspired energy found in a hospital delivery room, then going on to trudge through some depression, and at times down right banality, this installment eventually ends with a bang (as we all hope for). Their latest collection of work sandwiches a little bit of pain balanced by some peaks with reputable pieces of music. Overall, it lends hope to a group that may need to stay at the musical drawing board a little longer the next go around.



Opening with the song "Disease & Tobacco Free," which is strong and almost arena worthy, there's a twinge of metal on the forefront and a professional resurrection of grunge, eliciting slight influences from Foo Fighters. Here the kid has hope. Yet, reality always sets in.

Stumbling, as most children turning into teenagers do, the album explores gothic incantations with peripheral metal, only to be confused by teen-bop lyrics of lust on songs like "Shannon." Quite hard to keep up with — the adolescence might need to be grounded at this point. Yet, what's proven is the band's range, with infusions of folk, rock, metal and some country.

Sometimes the effects of growth are so daunting that the aid of pharmaceuticals is inexorable, and true to its name the song "Prozac Rock" lends the perfect cathartic pitch. Then, on an ostensible comedown, the album's tone turns dark and somber with "A Journalist Falls in Love with Deathrow Inmate # 16," and it's almost as though it could play during a funeral procession. This must be the equivalent of an overdose scare in college.

"Fisher of Men" revives the band's rock tempo with seething lyrics like "I hate my friends" to spark needed intrigue, but a flatlining of mood yields a need for further resuscitation. "Arvydas Sabonis" somewhat delivers, and it is asserted in the song that they miss this character. At this point I know why; Arvydas must be the missing link to their album. He is the buddy from childhood that can help pull any mess together in a time of need.

Another necessary influx is shared with "Coonskin Cap," which is my favorite track. The follow-up song galvanizes the trend albums take building momentum in order to finally deliver in the end; however, a certain pulse is still absent.

In life we bargain with or pander to evil and good, which is signified in two tracks at the end. "The Devil" then "Christ," appropriately back-to-back, both provide the essential last jolts of muscle, feeling, and electricity before fading out.

If there's an afterlife giving our spirits a second chance at getting things right, then whatever Margot & The Nuclear So and So's puts out next will be their equivalent of reincarnation. The soul is there — it just needs a tad more nurturing.

