HELLO AND WELCOME to the interactive version of Filter Mini. We’re best viewed in full-screen mode, so if you can still see the top of the window, please click on the Window menu and select Full Screen View (or press Ctrl+L). There you go—that’s much better isn’t it? [Mini stretches, yawns, scratches something.] Right. If you know the drill, go ahead and left-click to go forward a page; if you forget, you can always right-click to go back one. And if all else fails, intrepid traveler, press the Esc key to exit full-screen and return to a life more humble.

Keep an eye on your cursor. While reading Mini online, you will notice that there are links on every page that allow you to discover more about the artists we write about. Scroll over each page to find the H-O-T-T hotlinks, click ’em, and find yourself at the websites of the artists we cover, the sponsors who help make this happen, and all of the fine places to go to purchase the records you read about here. Thank you for your support of this thing we call Filter. Good music, as they say, will prevail.

-Chris Martins, Editor-in-Chief
Letters, inquiries, randomness: mini@filter-mag.com
Advertising and suchlike: advertising@filter-mag.com

We Love You...Digitally
FROM THE EDITOR:

Four out of five Germans agree; when asked whether or not they want a brand new issue of Filter Mini, the clamor begins: “Nine! Nine! Nine!” Yeah, they love us over there. So to avoid disappointing any chief Kaisers, we’ve assembled an extra-fine ninth issue with a little added filmic flare in honor of the Sundance Film Festival. Read on to discover what all that means (and what mechanical pony rides have to do with Michel Gondry). And when you’re done here, visit filtermini.com to catch up on anything you’ve missed (i.e., Issue 8 where Space Ghost interrogates DangerDoom, TV on the Radio geek out with Why?, Madness talk classics, and Gang of Four break down the fine art of breaking microwaves). Good Music Will Prevail.

SEND ALL LETTERS TO:
mini@filter-mag.com or 5908 Barton Ave., L.A., CA 90038

CONTENTS

SPOTLIGHT
4 IMOGEN HEAP, TWO GALLANTS
5 MELLOWDRONE, JASON COLLETT, MATES OF STATE

SCENE
6 MAGNET’s Guide to Bergen, Norway

FLASH
8 FILTER FASHION

FEATURES
10 ELBOW Still Believe
12 THE STROKES: Waiting for Some Action
16 In the Doll Factory with STEPHEN SODERBERGH
18 A Sketch from The Science of Sleep: MICHEL GONDRY

REVIEWS
20 ONE-LINERS
22 CD REVIEWS
28 FILTER RADIO

PUBLISHERS:
Alan Miller & Alan Sartirana

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:
Chris Martins

ART DIRECTOR:
Eric Almendral

SCRIPTS:
Catherine Adcock, Tunji Balogan,
Todd Berger, Steven Chen, Bryan Chenault, Beny Eisen, Matthew Eppler, David Fear, Paul Gatta, JR Griffin, Patrick James, Pat McGuire,
Sam Roselman, Tristan Staddon,
Carrie Tucker

MARKETING:
Danielle Allaire, Mike Bell,
Bryan Chenault, Penny Hewson,
Leslie Madill, Pat McGuire,
Mark Mueller, Gur Rashal,
Eli Thomas

THANK YOU:
Heather Bleemers, John Broen, Rene Caranza,
Steven Dewall, Adam Drucker, Charles Fleming,
Dan Fraver, Eric Fredericks, Greg Jacobs, Mikel Jilbert, Greg LaGambina, Tom Manning, Rich and Dani Marine, the McAlpin Family, the Oakland Bus Area, Badie Parker, Stephen Rendall, Meredith Skone, BayBlues.org, Michel Gondry, Raffi Aflak, Bob Lerner, Dave Holmes, Darin Harmon, Parker, Darrin Sproles, Wendy Kirkland Sartirana, Momma Sartirana, the Rapheal, SC/PR Sartirana, the Masons, Pete-O, Boy, the Parkos Family, Chelsea & the Biffins, Shaye & Donna @GoldenTooth, Skynce, Wok/Tamo and the SF crew, Shuppy, Phunotor, Pipes, Dana Dymoote, Christian P, Mike Williams, Lisa O’Hara, Lexey Barger, Michael Suter, Andrew Colbergs.

EDITORIAL INQUIRIES:
5908 Barton Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90038
mini@filter-mag.com

ADVERTISING INQUIRIES:
advertising@filter-mag.com
West Coast Sales: 323.464.4718
East Coast Sales: 646.202.1683

Filter Mini Magazine is published by Filter Magazine LLC, 5908 Barton Ave., Los Angeles CA 90038 Vol. 1, No. 9, January/February 2006.
Filter Mini Magazine is not responsible for anything, including the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork should include a self-addressed envelope or package of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage.

©2006 BY FILTER MAGAZINE LLC.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
FILTER IS PRINTED IN THE USA.

WWW.FILTERMINI.COM
WWW.FILTER-MAG.COM
**Imogen Heap**

*by Bryan Chenault*

You probably haven’t heard of Imogen Heap. And you’re probably not sure how to pronounce her name (it’s IM-uh-gene, or Immi for short). But if you watch hugely popular American TV shows or gushed over Natalie Portman in that Zach Braff Jossy movie, you’ve definitely heard her music. First with side-project Frou Frou (and Garden State soundtrack standout “Let Go,” which almost stole the show from the Shins) and now back on her own, the 25-year-old triple threat (singer/songwriter/producer) has mastered scene-setting mood music, cooing coldly through a vocoder on “Hide and Seek” and emoting over warm, playful Postal Service-y blips on “Goodnight and Go.” After years of perseverance through financial freefall (recently re-mortgaging her London flat) to make her second solo record *Speak For Yourself*, Heap has hit the made-for-TV mother lode by breathing Björk-like beauty into backdrops for closing moments both doe-eyed and depressing (see *Six Feet Under* and *Six Feet Under*, respectively). Featured in some seven movies since 2001, she seems quite happy sticking to the art of the soundtrack. Just don’t call her Kenny Loggins.

**Two Gallants**

*by Patrick James*

“Adam is probably Corley; I’m definitely Lenehan,” says Tyson Vogel of Two Gallants. Fittingly, this half of the San Francisco duo (the latest addition to the Saddle Creek roster, and the least incestuous in years) is talking to us from Ireland. The literary counterparts that he mentions are none other than the pint-grubbing delusional Dubliners who meander through James Joyce’s short story, “Two Gallants.” By invocation, this approach to naming necessitates some potent material. Appropriately, *thee* Two Gallants (think: Les Savy Fork) showcase an edgy form of melancholy characterized by the balance that accompanies a well-matched pair: simultaneously tender and aggressive, wandering and driven, narrative and emotive. Currently on separate U.K. sojourns (not unlike the characters in Joyce’s story, who talk, separate and reconvene amidst a backdrop of heavy themes), Two Gallants are touring Europe through February before returning to the States.

**Mellowdrone**

*by Matthew Epler*

To put out a debut album that’s simultaneously humorous and brooding, dance-inducing and fragile, lo-fi and downright hookish takes a certain kind of man. Jonathan Bates, aka Mellowdrone, is a Venezuela-born, Miami-raised, Berklee grad who calls Los Angeles home. As a child in the comfort of his bedroom, he taught himself Van Halen riffs; as an adult in the middle of a year and a half long bout of couch-surfing, Bates recorded *Box* in the living room of a friend and consequently found himself with a major label recording contract. A certain kind of man indeed. “I’m not trying to reinvent the wheel,” he says, “I just want to ride it for a little while.” Ride on, fair strummer, into, well, whatever blazing sunset you next face.

**Jason Collett**

*by Pat McGuire*

When God himself (aka George Burns) declared, “Happiness is having a large, loving, caring, close-knit family…in another city,” Jason Collett must have said, “OK.” The lynchpin of the Toronto indie cooperative, Collett has been hammering around in the city since the late ’80s, serving as studfinder for his Radio Mondays songwriter showcase, and now supplying the caulk for the Broken Social Scene/Arts & Crafts collective. He’s also a hell of a carpenter (seriously; he shelved the music thing for a few years), just like his idol Nick Lowe, the Jesus of Cool Troubadours. Collett’s new “solo” record *Idols of Exile* is branded by his Tom Petty/Costello-style ditties and features members of BSS, Metric, and Stars. “So many in our scene have grown up together, so working closely is second nature. The bar remains pretty high because we’re constantly inspired by one another’s work. It’s good having that kind of family to kick you in the ass.” Oh Jason, you devil.

**Mates of State**

*by Todd Berger*

Ah, the modern married couple. Date nights. Ikea trips. Club tours in support of the new album. Well, maybe that’s just Mates of State. After fleeing the “cut-throat” Kansas music scene, lovebirds Kori Gardner and Jason Hammel headed west for San Francisco. They landed day jobs—Kori a teacher and Jason a cancer researcher—but quit after fans started gobbling up the catchy two-piece rock pop from their night gigs. Unfortunately, some naysayers thought the band wouldn’t last. “When I did put in my notice,” Hammel says, “a doctor came up to me and said, ‘You’ll be back here in less than a year.’ I’m happy to report it’s been almost five.” Their Barsuk debut (album number four, in fact) is out in March.
I’ve always thought of Bergen as an unnatural fit for the name of a Norwegian city. I mean, Murphy Brown was alright and all, but would you really want to live inside that woman’s tough, craggy exterior? It doesn’t really matter, of course, because you’re not Magnet mastermind Even Johansen and you haven’t made a record. The Tourist, that blends the impeccable pop smarts you don’t have with some of the most delicate arrangements you’ll hear this year. In short, Johansen’s instincts—like the city he, Annie, Sondre Lerche, Erlend Oye, Royksopp and Kings of Convenience hail from—possess a certain, well, magnetism all their own. So it’s important that we cavalier western types get our facts straight before waxing poetic about his strip of sun-starved Scandinavia. “Bergen does not have an ice hotel,” he confirms. “The warm hospitality would make that impossible.” But it does rain so much that city streets are lined with vending machines that sell umbrellas. Mini caught up with Johansen to discuss what else makes his Hordaland a home.

The Best...

…view of the city?
The best way to see Bergen is to take the cable car to the top of Mount Ulriken, and paraglide over town from there. It’s the rainiest city in Europe, so go on one of the annual 38 days with clear blue skies. The paraglide view can only be described as Mordor-esque. It’s dangerous and a little over the top.

…local talent we’ve never heard of?
Toy Toy is my co-producer’s band and is a slice of naive electronica we all wish we knew how to do. Marvellous! Honorable mention to Datarock and Kaptein Kalber.

…place to see live music?
Garage for rock, Ole Bull theater for pop, Hulen for indie and Madam Felle for shite. I’ve never been there myself, only read the listings for what’s coming up. But Rune Rudberg (who Wikipedia claims is responsible for saying, “Several doctors believe I’m immune to venereal diseases”) would be a frequent performer there.

…late-night record store?
Platekompaniet is a nationwide chain much like a smaller Virgin Megastore, where the mood isn’t all that chilled. Middle of town, mid-price, middle of the road. Looks and feels like stress for a converted country-boy like myself.

…place to eat dinner without breaking the bank?
Brød & Vin, an oriental menu with a Norwegian interior, happy students and drunk musicians.

…place to kiss someone for the first time?
Watching the Independence Day parade at seven in the morning with ambitions of marrying whomever you’re snogging.

…weekend getaway?
Voss ski resort. It’s about an hour on the train from the center of town. Good slopes and snowboard facilities. Biathlon, the type of cross-country skiing that includes two to four stops to shoot at a bull’s eye on a disc in the distance, was born there as well. Go figure.

…motherfucking fjord?
There are approximately 10 fjords within swimming distance from town, so pick your choice depending on your swimming skills.

…vintage clothing store?
Fretex. Salvation Army’s very own thrift shop. My best find at Fretex is a red warm coat so cool it can only be worn one season before you have to pass it on to a friend. I will be wearing it again in 2007.

…place to spot a tourist?
It’s much harder not to spot one. At night they’re a little more difficult to see though. Tourists have slight difficulty in wrestling an umbrella when the north wind is blowing from all angles. That’s how you pick ’em out.
Filter Fashion

FRED PERRY:
Striped Polo
fredperry.com

ETNIES:
Sheckler
etnies.com

BEN SHERMAN:
Solid Union
Jack Tie
bensherman.com

MAVI:
Lindy (top)
and Hunter
mavi.com

AUDIOPHILE:
Logo Woven Blue
filter-store.com

PUMA:
puma.com
Booze, Film, Soup and Love

Elbow Still Believe by Benjy Eisen

One week ago Guy Garvey was in Ireland, plastered on Guinness, playing epic dream pop to a packed medieval church. Today, the singer of Elbow is back at his house, taking telephone calls and being all chummy-like. But somehow it all feels right. Because no matter what else you read about it (the politics, the grandiosity, the darkly tinged majestic beauty), Elbow’s latest album, Leaders of the Free World, is about coming home. It’s also, says Garvey, “about a love affair, in great part.”

To write and record Leaders, Elbow rented a very large room in a local Manchester studio for the better part of a year. The blokes then decided to create their own modern English bohemia, inviting an entire artist colony known as the Soup Collective to have their run of the place. The result? Drug-induced freak-outs? Exceedingly large food delivery bills? Perhaps. But also:

- An exercise in subtlety.
- A blend of different styles, making for warmth and comfort of home. Yes, a proud mound in a small town.
- And if the band itself was a movie…

Then we would be The A-Team pilot.

What character would you be?

I’m quite good friends with Dirk Benedict, who played Face in The A-Team. But I think I would probably be Hannibal. No, Craig [Potter] would be Hannibal, because it’s usually Craig’s plan. Yeah, maybe I’d be Face—I couldn’t forget the chicks and I’m shit at fighting, as well.

Your tunes feel like they could each be a short film. Do you write songs with a cinematic back-drop in mind?

Well none of us are classically trained musicians, and we talk about our songs in terms of feel and space and distance. We talk about them very three-dimensionally, we see them as journeys. And that works with films, you know? I mean, I know they’re not always chronologically done, but we try to make sure the song leaves you somewhere other than where you started. Certainly, when we construct a record we consider it in terms of acts. We divide records of 11 songs, generally speaking, into two acts and a reprise. Which, I guess again, is a lot like theater or film. It’s storytelling.

Who are the Soup Collective, how do you know them, and why are Elbow fans going to care?

Mark Thomas, who leads the Soup Collective, is a very old friend of ours. He made our earliest promo videos and he accompanies us on tour, running live visuals behind us, showing short films that he’s made for the songs. He made the DVD that has accompanied the last two albums as well. This time around, we wanted a DVD that was made at the same time, in the same place, as the record. We got to assemble a team of the best artists around. We just said, “Make short films for every song on the record.”

We gave the Soup Collective the opposite of what promo video makers usually get—usually they get a lot of money and no time. Soup made the creative atmosphere in the room, and we were sharing the wealth to a degree, although we did end up falling out with the record label over how much they charged. But, above anything else, there was a symbiosis between the lyric writing and the visuals the boys were playing with. It created a working atmosphere in the room, which was then captured on the film. I’m at odds on certain tunes to say which came first: the video ideas or the songs. In those respects, I was trying as hard as I could to go for a kind of new media that is still eluding everybody: you have music videos, you have film soundtrack, and we wanted to do something in between.

Elbow rented a very large room in a local Manchester studio for the better part of a year. The blokes then decided to create their own modern English bohemia, inviting an entire artist colony known as the Soup Collective to have their run of the place. The result? Drug-induced freak-outs? Exceedingly large food delivery bills? Perhaps. But also:

- An exercise in subtlety.
- A blend of different styles, making for warmth and comfort of home. Yes, a proud mound in a small town.
- And if the band itself was a movie…

Then we would be The A-Team pilot.

What character would you be?

I’m quite good friends with Dirk Benedict, who played Face in The A-Team. But I think I would probably be Hannibal. No, Craig [Potter] would be Hannibal, because it’s usually Craig’s plan. Yeah, maybe I’d be Face—I couldn’t forget the chicks and I’m shit at fighting, as well.

Your tunes feel like they could each be a short film. Do you write songs with a cinematic back-drop in mind?

Well none of us are classically trained musicians, and we talk about our songs in terms of feel and space and distance. We talk about them very three-dimensionally, we see them as journeys. And that works with films, you know? I mean, I know they’re not always chronologically done, but we try to make sure the song leaves you somewhere other than where you started. Certainly, when we construct a record we consider it in terms of acts. We divide records of 11 songs, generally speaking, into two acts and a reprise. Which, I guess again, is a lot like theater or film. It’s storytelling.

Who are the Soup Collective, how do you know them, and why are Elbow fans going to care?

Mark Thomas, who leads the Soup Collective, is a very old friend of ours. He made our earliest promo videos and he accompanies us on tour, running live visuals behind us, showing short films that he’s made for the songs. He made the DVD that has accompanied the last two albums as well. This time around, we wanted a DVD that was made at the same time, in the same place, as the record. We got to assemble a team of the best artists around. We just said, “Make short films for every song on the record.”

We gave the Soup Collective the opposite of what promo video makers usually get—usually they get a lot of money and no time. Soup made the creative atmosphere in the room, and we were sharing the wealth to a degree, although we did end up falling out with the record label over how much they charged. But, above anything else, there was a symbiosis between the lyric writing and the visuals the boys were playing with. It created a working atmosphere in the room, which was then captured on the film. I’m at odds on certain tunes to say which came first: the video ideas or the songs. In those respects, I was trying as hard as I could to go for a kind of new media that is still eluding everybody: you have music videos, you have film soundtrack, and we wanted to do something in between.

We asked Elbow’s resident cinephile for his five favorite soundtracks:

**Guy Garvey Scores**

**We asked Elbow’s resident cinephile for his five favorite soundtracks.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Film</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Composer 1</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Composer 2</th>
<th>Composer 3</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Mission</td>
<td>(1986)</td>
<td></td>
<td>“Just a great blend of different styles, making for a very exciting film soundtrack.”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaws</td>
<td>(1975)</td>
<td>John Williams</td>
<td>“Love the soundtrack.”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
IT’S TRUE. DESPITE many claims to the contrary, in 2001, every new band in the world wished they were the Strokes. Solely on the strength of great hairdos, cool last names and an album that clocked in at about a half an hour, those lucky bastards landed in the highly enviable position of being simultaneously adored by the media, the fans and tastemakers alike. Yet a year and a half later, the band found itself in the slightly less enviable position of having to follow all that up—to somehow become the saviors of rock and roll they never claimed to be. “We felt like we had to catch up with our credibility at that point,” is how Nick Valensi puts it.

“I heard somebody say something once that was pretty interesting,” says Fabrizio Moretti. “The first record is like 90 percent talent and 10 percent luck, and then for every record afterwards, success depends on a hundred percent talent, ’cause you’ve already had the luck of getting there.”

While 2003’s Room on Fire tragically did not alter the events of human history, it was a perfectly respectable rock album that proved even more that the Strokes could not only play spectacular and restrained rock, but do it in a way that merges pop seamlessly...
with loungy bravado. Now that the air has cleared, it’s much easier to parse the talent (of which there is plenty) from the luck on their third album, First Impression of Earth. New producer David Kahne brings a heft and breadth to the sound, while the band swaggers forth, cool and deliberate, like the premature veterans they are.

Do you think of media hype as mostly good or mostly bad?

Nikolai: I don’t really think of it. Sometimes it can be helpful. Sometimes it can be harmful. Sometimes it’s just noise.

Nik: Why do they gotta be so high-voiced?

Albert: The pitch is this, like, [in a high voice] “I really want it!”

And in that accent—where does it come from?

Albert: San Diego.

Fabrizio: And it comes full circle too. It’s kinda disgusting. You see bands influence other bands, and then they have their own new aspect, like the fuckin’ makeup in the eye kind of thing—the “I’m just done crying and I was wearing a lot of mascara”—and then the bands that influenced them from the beginning start doing that! It becomes this ocean of confused originality, and you don’t know who’s copying who.

Albert: It’s so boring.

Fabrizio: I mean, I don’t want to sound objectionable, but I do hope this record can be accepted by the music on it and a little shift can happen. Like, as miniscule as it has to be or as huge as it has to be, hopefully, there can be a shift.

Albert: You won’t even know in the long run really when we look back.

Fabrizio: Yeah, it’s funny ’cause who knew that we would be where we are now, you know?


I’m curious about your relationship with the culture of MTV. Has MTV asked you to do things that you’ve turned down?

Julian: Their position is definitely, “We don’t need you, but you need us.” And I think we’ve always been more naive. I think we’re getting along better and understanding each other better.

Nikolai: We broke up for a while and got back together.

Julian: I was excited for the “Hard to Explain” video and I went to show it to the MTV guy and he was like, “Yeah, you guys should maybe put yourselves in it a little more, though.” And I was like, “God, you’re really busy. Go back to programming your fucking bullshit.” I didn’t say that. I was just thinking.

Fabrizio: There have been plenty of occasions like that. There was an offer for us, like “24 hours of the Strokes in a hotel room,” and we knew that they’d put their spin on it. Everybody kinda knows; the elephant in the room is that MTV has become less about celebrating music and more about celebrating fame. I think I’ve seen more Pimp My Ride videos in the past month.

You’re shooting the video for “Juicebox” tomorrow. What’s that going to be about?

Fabrizio: It’s gonna be us at a radio station where David Cross is our disc jockey, or our representative there. And he’s gonna, I don’t know, bring some hilarity to the video. And then our song will be the catalyst for some crazy action outside the room.

I saw the casting sheet. Sounds like a lot of making out.

Nick: Making out, different strange scenarios around the city.

Fabrizio: Blowjobs.

Nick: Couple of blowjobs, some rim jobs. Couple of donkey punches and dirty sanchezes.

Fabrizio: Cleveland steamers.

Nick: One or two Cleveland steamers. We can’t guarantee.

Albert: Clam chowder.

Nick: That might not make the cut though. You know how MTV is.

Fabrizio: What’s clam chowder? Just clam chowder?

Have you run into Lou Reed recently?

Julian: Funny you should ask, ‘cause actually, four nights ago...

Nikolai: We went to the Rolling Stone party, and we were both invited.

Julian: I think Nick said hi to him, and at first he was giving him that cold Lou Reed look, and Nick knew he’d just be getting it all night if he didn’t explain. He was like, “Remember? From the Strokes. We did an interview together for Filter.” And after that, he warmed up. Of course, he was like, “Oh yeah.”

Fabrizio: He was telling us about “Lou’s Views.” He said that whenever he wore contacts, he wouldn’t be able to read properly, so he and this Italian designer made these glasses that were like reading glasses, but that would flip up whenever he had to read.

Nick: No, they were like normal glasses for all the time, but when he needed to read something close up, he would just flip it up.

Fabrizio: That’s what I just said, yeah.

Nick: They’re not reading glasses.

Fabrizio: No, I said he flips it up for when he has to read.

Albert: What are they, bifocals?

Fabrizio: No, he’s got regular glasses, and it flips up to read.

Albert: Okay, so he uses no glasses to read?

Fabrizio: No glasses to read.

Albert: Right, I was gonna say. They’re pretty funny frames too. I thought they were pretty cool.

Nick: That’s what’s called “Lou’s Views.” He makes these glasses. He patented them.

Fabrizio: Right behind him was like 10 Mao Zedong Andy Warhol pieces. And he looked back and he was like, “Yeah, it’s too bad I don’t own one.” And I was like, “Didn’t you have the opportunity to?” He’s like, “Eh, it’s more like I went to Andy Warhol University. It’s not that I have any of his pieces.” And I was like, “But you’ve got one of the greatest record covers.” He’s like, “Duhm skippy.”
by Dave Kehr

Say what you will about Steven Soderbergh, but you can’t call him predictable and you can’t call him timid. The first part of his story is common knowledge: Soderbergh makes a low-budget character drama called Sex, Lies and Videotape, it jumpstarts the modern American independent cinema movement in the late ’80s, he wins many awards, etc. Then the filmmaker makes a follow-up called Kafka (good), another called King of the Hill (very good), and after several years admittedly finds himself in a rut.

Feeling as if he has nothing to lose, he makes a movie with some old friends and calls it Schizopolis—a surrealistic sketch comedy that touches upon modern ennui, Scientology, dentistry and the uselessness of language. Hardly anybody sees the film, but those who do are baffled. In making a silly chunk of cinema for nobody but himself, Soderbergh recharges his creative battery. He then makes a series of movies ranging from groovy pulp (Out of Sight) to big-budget star vehicles (Traffic) and capped at a certain budget level, and they’d distribute the storyline around that. My job was to create an environment in which they were comfortable. It’s a weird thing to suddenly find yourself in a movie. That’s where the digital aspect was helpful, because it was just a crew of 12, you can shoot with available light and have three or four cameras running at a time without causing chaos.

The film feels so off-the-cuff, but obviously when you’re casting, say, the local grocer from down the street, improvisation is pretty much out of the question...

It was kind of a controlled improvisation. Based on the conversations we’d have with the cast, we’d start integrating our own experiences into the characters. So when we’d do a scene, I’d give a direction like, “Okay, here’s where you talk about working in the nursing home.” They were being told what to talk about, but I wouldn’t tell them how to talk about it. I have so much admiration for these actors; they were incredibly fucking brave.

Especially Debbie Doebereiner.

Oh, yeah! The whole interrogation scene at the end... Debbie knew she was going to be spoken to about an “incident,” but we didn’t give her specifics. So we just sat there: Debbie, two camera operators and me, all perfectly silent for five minutes. Then I gave the cue for the detective to come in and start talking to her. She had no idea how he was going to approach this. You could feel her getting uncomfortable as it played out; when the detective showed her these pictures that we’d prepared for the sequence, Debbie started getting visually upset. She later said that she’d forgotten she was actually being filmed.

You’ve mentioned the influence of European movies on your work. When you were thinking about putting this cycle together, was there a concerted effort to make these as anti-narrative, anti-Hollywood as possible?

Yes and no. The good news is that when you’re doing something on this small a scale, you don’t have to be bound to the rules that govern big-budget films. Although, I’ve certainly made bigger films that didn’t adhere to the Hollywood way, it’s a great luxury to be able to go off in the corner and monkey around without the loaded economic pressure.

If you could change anything about Hollywood right now, what would it be? Wow! [Sighs] I think the economics of it need to change. It’s just screwed up, and there will have to be a rethink of how the system works really soon.

Do you honestly think that’s possible? I think it’s already starting to happen in very small ripples. The film I’m shooting now, The Good German, is a bit of a strange movie, but the financial deal we set up with Warner Brothers is modest enough that it allows us to go out on a limb. And that is going to have to become the norm soon, or else the whole compensation versus the box office thing is going to fall apart. It’s easy to lose sight of why you make films when there’s all this noise around you. This cycle of films is part of that as well. Just strip everything down to the essence and go...
Michel Gondry's upcoming film The Science of Sleep stars Gael Garcia Bernal as the day-dreaming artist Stéphane who falls for Stephanie (Charlotte Gainsbourg) and struggles to keep the world of his imagination from unraveling their burgeoning romance. Gondry last directed Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind, for which he won an Academy Award for screenwriting. He has also directed countless music videos for artists such as the White Stripes, Radiohead and Björk, many of which are compiled on the DVD release The Work of Director Michel Gondry that also includes a book of his stories, drawings and photographs.
One-Liners: A miniature take on selected Filter Magazine reviews

(Please visit Filter-Mag.com or pick up Filter Magazine’s Holiday Issue for full reviews.)

**Patti Smith**

*Horses/Horses Live*

Columbia Legacy

Re-release done right: with feral emotion, haughty French poems and raucous live material.

**Johnny Cash**

*The Legend of Johnny Cash*

Hip-O

A beginner’s listening kit to one of the greatest truth-telling voices of the past 50 years.

**Hot Chip**

*Coming on Strong*

Astralwerks

The lyrical sex of Prince, the electro-beat sex of Portishead and the white-boy sex of Kings of Convenience all writhing in perfect harmony.

**Bonnie “Prince” Billy**

*Summer in the Southeast*

Drag City

A generous and rollicking live release covering as many shades and moods of the Appalachian folkmaster as can fit on a disc.

**Wilco**

*Kicking Television...*

Nonesuch

Wilco’s rock-arrangement masterwork and improvisatory genius rolled out over two discs.

**Kate Bush**

*Aerial*

Columbia

Like Sisters of Mercy shot full of estrogen; so British, so matronly, so prog-infused, so Kate.

**Bell Orchestre**

*Recording a Tape...*

Rough Trade

Decorative post-rock: a rich and stately affair from members of the Arcade Fire.

**Jenny Lewis**

*Rabbit Fur Coat*

Team Love

Even solo, Jenny is willing to RiLo your Kiley, just as long as you’re okay with pillow talk about God and Emmylou Harris.

**The Darkness**

*One Way Ticket to Hell...*

Atlantic

Warning: Side effects may include power-ballad head explosions, cock-rocker solo fatigue, tongue stuck in cheek and debilitating shame.

**Pilotdrift**

*Water Sphere*

Koch

Cult leader Tim DeLaughter’s quest for maximum eccentricity stalls with his pilot protégés (the man-robe is a must, people).

**Ian Brown**

*The Greatest*

Koch

Stoned driving music from former Stone Roses frontman with a hyperbolic title. ‘Nuff said.

**Fiery Furnaces**

*Rehearsing My Choir*

Rough Trade

Final proof that Grandmas make way better cookies than neo-prog concept albums.

**Neil Diamond**

*12 Songs*

Columbia Records

A high profile non-comeback, replete with Rick Rubin’s beardtastic production and a near-lethal dose of trite, dripping sentimentality.

**Beastie Boys**

*Solid Gold Hits*

Capitol

Label board meeting: “Fans already own these songs, how can we sell them again? New packaging!”

**Nirvana**

*Silver: The Best of the Box*

Geffen

Just because you dress a corpse up in shiny new plastic doesn’t stop it from being dead.

**The Movies**

*The Films Self-Titled EP*

“Push the Heart”

Devics - “Push the Heart”

{ out March 7th }

Available on iTunes and at www.filter-store.com

*Magnet - “The Tourniquet”*

{ out Feb 14th }

www.homeofmagnet.com

*Also available on iTunes and at www.filter-store.com*
CD Reviews

Nina Simone
Forever Young, Gifted and Black: Songs of Freedom and Spirit
Silk and Soul
RCA/Legacy
The High Priestess of Soul takes you to church with a pair of expanded and remastered albums from ’67, and one new compilation of her fiercest protest songs. Newcomers to Nina’s brand of heavy, elegant jazz-blues-soul-spiritual-folk will want Sings the Blues and Silk and Soul (her first two albums for RCA) to hear her wrap her velvet-and-sandpaper vocals around tunes by Willie Dixon and Burt Bacharach, and the sublime “Turn Me On” (currently a Norah Jones staple). The hardcore devotees will need the new comp, Forever Young, Gifted and Black, which culls rare, unreleased and unedited live and studio cuts, including the title track and the incendiary “Mississippi Goddamn.” Alicia Keys provides appropriately worshipful liner notes on the latter; if you don’t feel the spirit while listening, you need a long talk with your personal Jesus. PAUL GAITA

Tarkio
Omnibus
Kill Rock Stars
At its best, Colin Meloy’s college band puts down banjo-laden nuggets of string-scared twang and proto-Decembrist charm. At its worst, this two-disc set reimagines the Dave Matthews catalog through the overactive mind of an obsessive lit major. For the disc set reimagines the Dave Matthews catalog through even quicker, Pop-punkers Sugarcult, punk-poppers Motion City Soundtrack and pop-rockers All-American Rejects come to mind. In fact all varieties of keyboard-infused, sugar-high, pop-something is represented here. That’s either a sign of extreme genius, or extreme confusion. The Lashes have yet to prove which side of the fence they’re on. JR GRIFFIN

Various Artists
I Am the Resurrection: A Tribute to John Fahey
Vanguard
Hear ye, hear ye, pretentious hipsters. For a change of pace, quit fretting about your resurrected post-punk reissue cult and cancel tonight’s plans for the debauched dance party of ironic moves busted. Instead, pick up this splendid tribute to acoustic innovator extraordinaire, John Fahey. Discover his influential scope via reverential reinterpretations by the likes of M. Ward, Grandaddy, Calexico and Devendra, because unlike that pomp, Fahey’s library of classical harmonies and groundbreaking eclectic, eccentric and sometimes electronic experimentation is something actually worth resurrecting. PATRICK JAMES

Maximo Park
Missing Songs
Warp
Ever been to a White Elephant holiday party where you find yourself the lucky recipient of a re-gift that’s totally awesome? You just can’t understand why anyone in their right mind would pass on a Big Mouth Billy Bass or a translucent plum-colored Foreman Grill, and yet, there it is, brushed aside, brushed off and rewrapped with sloppy disregard. On Maximo Park’s Missing Song, the band re-gifts a collection of B-sides and non-LP tracks so solid that it makes one wonder if there’s something secretly wrong with the tracks. Like maybe you’d get the album home and discover it doesn’t properly drain all the grease. TODD BERGER

Centro-Matic
Fort Recovery
Misra
Centro-Matic head honcho Will Johnson is the prolific poet laureate of the Texas bar-band sausage-rock crowd, and his latest effort finds him boasting more meat than a Longhorn frat party. Fort Recovery’s superb “In Such Crooked Time” borrows heavily from Beck’s “The Golden Age,” and “Calling Thermatics” could be the best Son Volt song Jay Farrar never wrote. Volt-like or not, the golden age of Centro-Matic is now, as the 12 songs on FR sum up the progress the band has made over its decade long existence. Dude, where all the white women at? PAT MCGUIRE

The Lashes
Get It
Red Ink/Columbia
These Seattle pretty boys have burned through more drummers than Spinal Tap (11, and hopefully not counting), and they burn through comparisons even quicker. Pop-punkers Sugarcult, punk-poppers Motion City Soundtrack and pop-rockers All-American Rejects come to mind. In fact all varieties of keyboard-infused, sugar-high, pop-something is represented here. That’s either a sign of extreme genius, or extreme confusion. The Lashes have yet to prove which side of the fence they’re on. JR GRIFFIN

Robert Pollard
From a Compound Eye
Merge
Maybe you scratched Pollard off your must-listen list after you witnessed him half a bottle deep into a Guided By Voices show, mumbling and stumbling through an increasingly offensive set. But presuming you judiciously chose a few tracks to enjoy this solo long player, you might update your suppositions, or at least your iPod. Yeah, more likely your iPod. Pollard jumps from proto-GBV to Guided By The Many-Tracked Voice of Brian Wilson without a hitch, but the album is slogged to death elsewhere. CATHERINE ADCOCK

Wolf & Cub
Steal Their Gold
Astralwerks
A couple years past in a land they call Down Under, some rock and roll hoodlums scooped the breadwinners of the day (the “The” day) and, if nothing else, ended up stealing a good bit of the bullion. That was Jet circa 2003. Fellow Aussies Wolf & Cub bite a whole different movement (U.K’s angular invasion), but these kids make a convincing- and highly danceable—argument. This EP sends up fighting words to Futureheads and Co. Steal their gold? It’s entirely possible. BENJIE ISEEN

Swearing At Motorists
Last Night Becomes This Morning
Secretly Canadian
Rock chuds are all the rage this season (as are Guided By Voices spin-offs, it seems), but Dave Doughman and GBV’s Don Thrasher have been Swearing At Motorists for more than 10 years now. And with good reason (erm…besides the fact that most motorists are dicks).
Last Night Becomes This Morning is a seamless rock concoction of nuanced transitions, punchy hooks and plaintextly wistful styling that seduces the listener through its sincerity and pulse. Moreover, the album is a pleasantly compelling argument for S@M’s subtle staying power. PATRICK JAMES

Various Artists
Elizabethtown Soundtrack, Volume 2
RCA

Cameron Crowe, how you bore me. You had me with the Singles soundtrack, and Vanilla Sky was alright, but this totally unnecessary second collection for your “poor man’s Garden State” is like listening to “Light My Fire” in the dentist’s office waiting room. Just had to get that third Tom Petty song on there? Why, because we haven’t heard “Learning to Fly” since? Tha Liks return with the hazy fervor of frat house super seniors. Yes, Firewater is yet another record dedicated to the art of getting shit-faced, so the album features a bevy (and more) of odes to the forty-ounce. But single “The Flute Song” is more infectious than a post-keg social disease, and the trio boasts an improved mic presence. Though it lacks originality, Firewater goes down smooth; a straight up West Coast party record, brash and belligerent, no chaser. TUNJI BALOGAN

Ris Paul Ric
Purple Blaze
Academy Fight Song
Ris Paul Ric = Chris Paul Richards; ex-Q and Not U; known punkster; bedroom folkie; closet bohemian. Purple Blaze = a collection of electro-acoustic songs that share headspace with such similarly silly-named singers as Sufjan Stevens and Devendra Banhart, but with more massage oil than patchouli. The disc is cleverly concoction of nuanced transitions, punchy hooks and plainly compelling argument for S@M’s subtle staying power. Moreover, the album is a pleasingly wistful styling that seduces the listener through its sincerity and pulse. JR GRIFFIN

The Tha Liks
Firewater
KOH

On their fifth (and reportedly final) album, The Tha Liks return with the hazy fervor of frat house seniors. Yes, Firewater is yet another record dedicated to the art of getting shit-faced, so the album features a bevy (and more) of odes to the forty-ounce. But single “The Flute Song” is more infectious than a post-keg social disease, and the trio boasts an improved mic presence. Though it lacks originality, Firewater goes down smooth; a straight up West Coast party record, brash and belligerent, no chaser. TUNJI BALOGAN

Mellowdrome
Box
3 Entertainment/Red Ink

Last seen roaming the world as a one-man band shilling quirky indie-folk jams, Mellowdrome (aka Jonathan Bates) has gone all legit thanks to the backing of a major label and a real band. Thankfully, the change hasn’t tarnished his charm, if slightly too reverent, Beck/Radiolab/Beatles concoction. Here we get an all-encompassing tour of Bates’ headtrip as older tunes get a pinch of new life (like the now ironic A&R hatin’ “And Repeat”) and fresh jams benefit from the thicker structure. But is wonderfully strange and intimate; cuddle up with it and you’ll see. J.R. GRIFFIN

The Plastic Constellations
Crusades
Frenchkiss

The Plastic Constellations = Ris Paul Ric = Chris Paul Richards; ex-Q and Not U; known punkster; bedroom folkie; closet bohemian. Purple Blaze = a collection of electro-acoustic songs that share headspace with such similarly silly-named singers as Sufjan Stevens and Devendra Banhart, but with more massage oil than patchouli. The disc is cleverly concoction of nuanced transitions, punchy hooks and plainly compelling argument for S@M’s subtle staying power. Moreover, the album is a pleasingly wistful styling that seduces the listener through its sincerity and pulse. JR GRIFFIN

NINE INCH NAILS
The Downward Spiral

10th Anniversary Deluxe Edition includes 13 B-sides, remixes and rarities. Deluxe Edition includes 2 hybrid SACD/CD’s: Disc One includes the original album in SACD Surround Sound (remixed by Trent Reznor), and newly remastered SACD Stereo and CD Stereo program. Disc Two includes new bonus material in SACD Stereo and CD Stereo. Featuring the previously unreleased demos “Ruiner,” “Liar” and “Heresy”

Parental Advisory/Explicit Content

DELUXE Edition

NINE INCH NAILS
THE DOWNWARD SPIRAL

2 SACD/CD SET

IN STORES MARCH 7th
PREVIEW THE ALBUM NOW AT:
www.quango.com/macfs/d/s/bitterswet

FEATURING SHANA HALLIGAN AND HIRAN MAHANI (OF SUPREME BEINGS OF LEISURE)
FROM SUFLRY AND EXOTIC TO BRASS SASS AND BOMBASTIC FLAIR
SHANAS SEXY VOCALS PAIRED WITH KIRAN’S PROGRAMMING MAKE FOR AN ALBUM THAT WILL ENDURE ITSELF TO FANS OF PORTISHEAD, ZERO 7, SERGE GAINSBOURG, AND EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN.

THE MATING GAME

www.quango.com
www.bitterswetmusic.com

© 2006 Universal Music Enterprises, a Division of UMG Recordings, Inc.

UNIVERSAL MUSIC ENTERPRISES

Send Materials To:
FTP .filtermmm.com
FTP

SEND MATERIALS TO

FILTER MINI
ISSUE
PUBLICATION

For ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ON THIS GROUND BREAKING SERIES

UNIVERSAL MUSIC ENTERPRISES

DELUXE EDITION - NIN
ARTIST/SUBJECT

NINE INCH NAILS

© 2006 Universal Music Enterprises, a Division of UMG Recordings, Inc.

ARTIST/SUBJECT

The Animal Years
V2

Remember when ’90s outfits lambasted folk’s overabundance? Well, to the chagrin of washed-up grungies like Cracker singer David Lowery, what the world needs now is another folk singer–jury still out on Lowery’s need for a hole in his head. Enter Josh Ritter, straight outta Idaho and into your iPod. Ritter’s universally themed episodic lyrics layered over mellifluous accords (kinda Death Cab for Cat Stevens) muse modern melancholy meanderings. PATRICK JAMES

Josh Ritter
The Animal Years
V2

In the horror classic House on Haunted Hill, Vincent Price invites a group of random people to spend the night inside an abandoned asylum. With two young writers and a young film director, the movie becomes the ultimate horror film when the group of friends are started on a murder spree by the original occupants of the house. The film follows the group as they try to survive the night and escape the asylum's many dangers. Despite its horror elements, the film is also a commentary on the idea of being trapped in a situation and the consequences of one's actions. The film is known for its atmospheric tension, clever plot twists, and the use of sound to create an eerie and unsettling atmosphere. The film's success is due to its combination of horror and psychological thriller elements, making it a classic in the horror genre.
night in a spooky mansion. On the *Ramblin’ Man* EP, a mysterious host seems to have invited Isobel Campbell (formerly of Belle & Sebastian) and Mark Lanegan (formerly of Screaming Trees) to perform spooky songs in a down-and-dirty alt-country band. In an unusual mishap, however, our guests were accidentally sent different lyrics sheets. The result is enjoyably haunting. **TODD BERGER**

**Ryan Adams**

29

*Lost Highway*

Usually it isn’t until an artist is long gone that we’re privy to every single song he/she ever recorded. Not so with the very much alive Ryan Adams, although some probably wish they could fast forward through the masterful miscreant’s living days and enjoy his music posthumously. 29 marks his third release in eight months, and this time it’s all about Ryan, piano-ing bleary-eyed and boringly through his very own “Me” decade: his twenties. **PAT MCGUIRE**

**The Elected**

*Sun Sun Sun*

Sub Pop

Some gals get all the luck; some guys get all the mustache. Such is the story of Rilo Kiley—actual songwriting credits withstanding and, well, irrelevant—and now that the band’s two principles are exploring their softer sides, it’s time we check in with the wizard behind the curtain (that curtain being, of course, Miss Lewis’ luxuriant red tresses). Blake Sennet’s The Elected have been kickin’ around for two albums now but the results aren’t getting any less uncertain. Like Bright Eyes for beginners, with a little bit of Elliott Smith thrown in for good measure, *Sun Sun Sun* would be a fine score for a mid-’80s television drama. **CATHERINE ADCOCK**

**Rhett Miller**

*The Believer*

Verve Forecast

This respected Old 97’s frontman could probably get away with pinching off an album between breakfast and lunch like Ryan Adams does (ahem), but he lets his tunes stew for a spell and they benefit from it. His emotions run deeper, his homespun rave-ups have more spunk, and when his downer duet with Rachel Yamagata (“Fireflies”) hits the jukebox, alcoholics everywhere will sob like babies. Plus, his hair is way better. **JR GRIFFIN**
The Filter Recommended Radio Chart is Filter's compilation of our favorite college, indie, modern rock and adult album alternative stations around the country that we know will always bring you what Filter loves best: Good Music. This list of top-20 singles of the week is made up of the most played songs of our select stations. Read on, and check filter-mag.com every week to see what Filter and the in-the-know programmers across the country deem best.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1. MY MORNING JACKET</th>
<th>&quot;Off The Record&quot; (ATO / RCA)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2. DEPECHE MODE</td>
<td>&quot;Precious&quot; (Reprise / Sire / Mute)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE</td>
<td>&quot;7/4 (Shoreline)&quot; (Arts &amp; Crafts)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. BETH ORTON</td>
<td>&quot;Conceived&quot; (Astralwerks / EMI)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. LADYTRON</td>
<td>&quot;Destroy Everything You Touch&quot; (Rykodisc)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. THE WHITE STRIPES</td>
<td>&quot;The Denial Twist&quot; (Third Man / V2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. IMOGEN HEAP</td>
<td>&quot;Hide And Seek&quot; (Megaphonic / RCA Victor)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. FRANZ FERDINAND</td>
<td>&quot;Do You Want To&quot; (Domino / Epic)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. COLDPLAY</td>
<td>&quot;Talk&quot; (Capitol)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. CLAP YOUR HANDS SAY YEAH</td>
<td>&quot;The Skin Of My Yellow Country Teeth&quot; (Self Released)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE</td>
<td>&quot;Soul Meets Body&quot; (Barsuk / Atlantic)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. SIA</td>
<td>&quot;Breathe Me&quot; (Astralwerks)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS</td>
<td>&quot;Twin Cinema&quot; (Mint / Matador / Beggars Group)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. CAT POWER</td>
<td>&quot;The Greatest&quot; (Matador / Beggars Group)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. ALLENTOUSSAINT</td>
<td>&quot;Yes We Can Can&quot; (Nonesuch)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. SPOON</td>
<td>&quot;Sister Jack&quot; (Merge)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. HOT HOT HEAT</td>
<td>&quot;Middle Of Nowhere&quot; (Sire / Warner Bros.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. BECK</td>
<td>&quot;E-Pro&quot; (Interscope)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19. NEIL YOUNG</td>
<td>&quot;Far From Home&quot; (Reprise)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20. KATE BUSH</td>
<td>&quot;King Of The Mountain&quot; (Columbia)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

THE LEGEND OF

CASH

FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER!

21 OF HIS GREATEST SONGS
ON ONE CD SPANNING HIS ENTIRE CAREER


Features hits from his years with
Sun, Columbia, Mercury and American.

The first compilation to include
American Recordings!

Includes His Greatest Hits –
“I Walk The Line,” “Folsom Prison Blues,”
“Ring Of Fire,” “Jackson” & “Hurt.”

IN STORES NOW!

AVAILABLE AT