

ON THE FREE 21-SONG CD SAMPLER
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THE RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS

To The Confusion of Our Enemies

VOLCOM

It's high time, for true crime...or at least high time this band got some radio play. With their third full-length 'commercial' release (not counting *Backsides*—essentially a contractual fulfillment CD of outtakes on which today's "The Art of Getting Fucked" appears in rawer form), the Gamblers have made a good faith effort to be a teensy bit more radio-friendly. Don't fret—for them this is the musical equivalent of showering before meeting your mom. Two seconds into the first track, "True Crime" and oh, yeah, it's definitely the same fucked-up boys you know and love. "My head's not screwed on right!" Blazing guitars and anthemic hooks make this band one of the best live bets in the country, and it's a shame they aren't well known beyond the rock circuit/circus. For this go-round big-time producer Mudrock takes a gamble on making a few songs radio-ready. "On Again, Off Again" is at first listen a harmless pop-punk tune that's getting spins as a first single, but what modern American teenager (or adult, for that matter) can't relate to the emotional rollercoaster of going on and off his meds? "Year of the Rooster" brings in some horns for a little RFTC homage, and recognizes that the truth of love is compromise—"we both get what we want...more blood." "The Gamblers Try Their Hand at International Diplomacy" is another smoker, while "Rent Is Due" is a fist-pumping crowd-pleaser with a yak-a-yak-a-yak-a HEY! Like the Heartbreakers and Ramones before them, the Gamblers manage to observe, criticize, and lampoon modern culture, love, and rock 'n' roll itself while conveying a dark sense of humor and an authentic sense of self-imposed isolation. I don't mean to be a spoiler, but with closer "Black Nothing Of A Cat"... the protagonist ends up alone. All without long-winded pretension, and without being dumbly obvious. Rolling high stakes and losing without pity, with all of us singing along. G, A, M-B-L-E-R! —Miss Bonnie

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