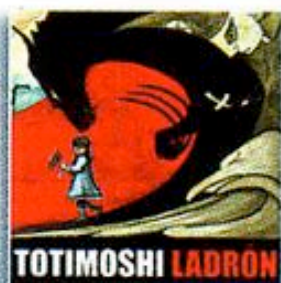


TOTIMOSHI

Ladrón

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Whatever "Totimoshi" is supposed to translate as, what it really means is, "Godzilla's balls."

That's because this decidedly *non*-Japanese Bay Area power trio are heavy and swelling with sludge (much like Godzilla's theoretical issue). On Totimoshi's fourth full-length, they continue down the unlikely sonic path that has them scratching the edges of metal, punk and classic rock, yet never step far enough into any genre ghettos to be slapped with something as crass as a label. As a result, the band sound best alongside genreless anomalies like Melvins and Helmet—and appropriately enough, Helmet leader Page Hamilton produced *Ladrón*. On previous albums, Totimoshi were quite adept at mixing melody into music as thick as whale jizz (two ridiculous semen references, yes!) much like Mr. Hamilton's band, and that hasn't changed. The most interesting feature of the production here is guitarist/vocalist Antonio Aguilar's tone—a snarling beast never succumbing to heavy metal sterility. The previously converted will be satisfied with *Ladrón*, while the curious will find it as good a place to start as any. **(CRUCIAL BLAST; crucialblast.net)** *Rex Reason*