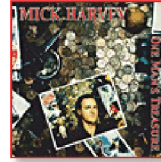




The Regulars  
That E.P.  
Interceptor Records

Roll over Greg Shaw and tell all the ghosts of garageland the news, here come the Regulars. Seven servings of teenage power pop perfection, including "Becky The Drag Queen" and let's not overlook the very much needed in this era of holiday PCness, "Jewish Xmas!"

—Dr. Robert



Mick Harvey  
One Man's Treasure  
Mute

Generally, when talk turns to the Birthday Party or the Bad Seeds, it's assumed you're talking about honcho Nick Cave. But *One Man's Treasure*, the new album by multi-instrumentalist and arranger Mick Harvey makes you realize how much of the sound of both bands is attributable to him.

Even though many of the songs are covers, Harvey hands in personal, emotionally powerful versions all his own. Harvey's guitars and keyboards are augmented by luxurious strings, creating a layered, textured, and cinematic setting for his rich, deep voice. In spots the result sounds like the soundtrack to a Satanic spaghetti western and in spots it sounds like a decadent European torch singer in the soul's own cabaret.

*One Man's Treasure* is a work of stunning beauty—from the pensive beginning of Lee Hazelwood's "First Street Blues" to the eerie torment of "Demon Alcohol"; from the vast Gothic echoes of "Bethelridge" to the blazing guitar solo intertwined with a frantic string crescendo in "Planetarium" or the dusty Wild West of Jeffrey Lee Pierce's "Mother of Earth," By the time we get to his own vibrato-drenched composition "Will You Surrender?" the answer is obvious. We already have.

—Brian J. Bowe



Black Rebel Motorcycle Club  
Howl  
RCA

On their third album, San Francisco-based Black Rebel Motorcycle Club turn their back on the Jesus & Mary Chain and Raveonettes-style fuzztone and feedback sound that dominated their first two albums and get all acoustic and jangly, and even—dare I say it?—a little folksy. Just listen to that harmonica... mon dieu! What's happened to our little black-hearted boys? Sounds like they've awakened from their adolescent mopiness and grown up a bit, and maybe even put away the Velvet Underground albums and given a fresh listen to a few of those old Beatles and Stones records—along with the "O Brother, Where Are Thou" soundtrack too! Songs like "Gospel Song," "Restless Sinner" and "Devil's Waitin'" ought to give you a clue. But the opening track, "Shuffle Your Feet," is the real soul-saver here.

—W.C. Moriarity



Anemo  
Slowburn  
City Canyons

Swirlin' around like a tornado tossed three-way between Eurythmics, Pretenders and Portishead, this is perky postmodern music made the right way: with a sexy 'n' sassy Hyndeful of heartfelt female attitude. Even better, these guys and their sweet-singin' gal pal are versatile enough to shift gears from providing punchy power pop dollops about the perils of anonymous encounters ("Johnny 5") to plaintive paeans about sunken submariners ("Kursk").