

INTERPRET MOIMIR PAPALESU & THE NIHILISTS
TITUL LEWIS NEPTUNE
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On their debut release Analogue Voodoo they gave a definition of their unmistakable "electro-rock" style - a fusion of electronica, rock 'n' roll and disco. Although Moimir Papalescu and the Nihilists presented us with a sound never before heard in this country, the role of pioneer carried them to the very summit of the domestic independent scene; it also carried them naturally beyond our borders.

So on their new album Lewis Neptune they can afford to take more chances. They can be more avant-garde, darker. Moimir draws sharper sounds out of his machines. Hank J. Manchini's guitar is given a real workout, and he and La Petite Sonja have saturated their provocative vocals in a heavier dose of irony. It's the job of saxophonist/clarinetist Peter Van Krbetz to provide the surprises, and this time he surfaces where you're least expecting him. And several of the songs are backed by the shamanic poundings of Wratislav Placheta on drums, giving them a rawer, near concert-like atmosphere.

What are the influences informing the Nihilists on this record?

Sonja: Various stories from life.

Hank: The decision to kick some ass.

Moimir: On the first album I was usually working by day. Most of the songs and themes on Lewis Neptune came to me when it was dark. So I'd say my major inspiration was night.

Hank: There's something in that. There's a connection between Neptune and Pisces - in the imagination and in dreams.

And the new record certainly shows no lack of imagination. What's more, the band can wrap their originality in a coat of purest punk and still have a flavour of country (Fireheart, Fast Car); they can do a fantastic cover of Nancy Sinatra and Dean Hazelwood's Summer Wine, while getting down to Eighties disco (Eighties Bar, Lewis Neptune Shake). And they can be more experimental, too (22:07, Fear).

On Lewis Neptune, MP and the Nihilists show what they are really made of. In so doing, they give a clear indication that their closest competition is probably somewhere in Berlin.

www.nihilists.cz
www.xproduction.cz



ALBUM TOUR

27.09. praha / palác akropolis
13.10. liberec / casta club
19.10. brno / fléda
20.10. teplice / klub božák
21.10. plzeň / pod lampou
03.11. třebič / národní dům

LEWIS NEPTUNE RELEASE PARTY

27.09. praha / palác akropolis
19.10. brno / fléda

LEWIS NEPTUNE ON AIR

25. - 29.09. radio 1 / 91,9 fm
02. - 06.09. radio student / 107 fm

LEWIS NEPTUNE PLAYER

xproduction.cz/downloads/lewisneptune
heslo: siwel



LEWIS NEPTUNE TRACK BY TRACK

01. fast car 03:30

Moimir: It's a racing car driven at over 200 k's.

Hank: I love cars and I'm scared of fire.

Sonja: I wanna be Johnny Rotten. At first the others thought my idea was a bit basic, but I reckon we've made a pretty striking song out of it.

02. fireheart 03:31

Moimir: A song for a one-fingered pianist.

Hank: We wrote this because we're into Thirties bluesmen.

03: summer wine 03:31

Moimir: Think of a beautiful girl with enormous silver spurs sharp as razors, swaying to the rhythm of this old Nancy Sinatra and Lee Hazelwood song ... in front of a cowboy.

Hank: This is a hit from the workshop of the genius of country kitsch, and it's a great song. I love the fact that we've managed to get it on the record. Years ago I wrote Lee Hazelwood a letter. I'm still waiting for his reply.

Sonja: We switched the roles - I sing what was the man's part, and the other way round. I think this gives the lyric an extra spark you can't have been expecting.

04: 22:07 03:42

Moimir: A nervy little beat that you just can't beat ...

Hank: Sonja's curse.

Sonja: It's very personal. At first I just wanted to write a lyric, and then we put it on the web.

Hank: Help Yourself We Are Dead.

05: devil in my go-go room 03:04

Moimir: Electro rock 'n' roll that'll send you straight to Hell.

Hank: The lyric came to me as I was finishing a bottle. And as I can't remember what was in that bottle, it's hard for me to remember the original intention. But I think it's supposed to be funny.

Sonja: I love Hank's falsetto!

06: shelter 02:51

Moimir: A thing of purity. A song based on a few distinctive analogue sounds.

Hank: Shelter is Sonja's revenge!

Sonja: No, it isn't! It's like a spiritual, it's about hope.

07: eighties bar 04:10

Moimir: Eighties synthesizers and the classic TB-303 give it something of the quality of a music bar where everything kicked off, but has long been over. Peter's clarinet plays an important role here.

Hank: I'd been carrying the idea for this around in my head since Analogue Voodoo. In classical terms it's something like a requiem for the electroclash scene. Or you might say, you hurt the most the one you love.

08: baby 03:25

Moimir: Rhythm, rhythm, rhythm, and then just Wall of Sound.

Hank: True love?

Sonja: Yeah, that's how I meant it. I wanted a song that was pure. Without ulterior motives.

09: five long knives 03:06

Moimir: The sound of these things is driven by Hank's Spanish guitars and Wratislav's tom-toms.

Hank: Five ways of setting yourself free.

10: holy night 03:58

Moimir: In Holy Night you can sense the atmosphere of the dance hall - though of course it's a dance hall far, far away, in another galaxy.

Sonja: It's nothing like that! Holy Night is played out in the palm of my hand, in a house with the curtains closed. And the black holes - well, that's something else entirely.

11: dead surfers twist 01:11

Moimir: The dead guitarist scrapes the strings one last time.

Hank: We hit upon this song one afternoon in the studio. Moimir was having a snack, Sonja was asleep, and the guitar was set to this archaic sound.

12: honey its country 04:28

Moimir: Now this really is country.

Hank: You're enjoying yourself, you're in a good mood. But usually it lasts for a very, very short time. This is a song about wonder and destruction.

Sonja: One of my favourites.

13: fear 04:26

Hank: If I were you, I wouldn't ask Sonja about this song.

14: lewis neptune shake 05:00

Moimir: Nihilistic disco! Amanda Lear sitting on Salvador Dali's lap; they're singing to the accompaniment of a choir of eunuchs, somewhere on the planet Neptune. And Lewis is hanging around close by ...

Hank: No Amanda, no Dali, no gang of eunuchs - come on, these guys are all dead! This is clearly a song about hope. And the end of this record really needs one. And I like a happy ending.

Sonja: If you get in trouble - SHAKE!