

Guessmen, "Back from the Bins"

Contributed by Scott Mckeating
Sunday, 10 February 2008

Guessmen nail fat pop choruses to rowdy dancefloor organic/digital hybridised beltors, cementing them into their weird rag and bone musical world. With an alleyway lyrical eye for demented characters this trio pilot the line between cartoon, narratives and character pieces. Helmed by characters with sharp collars and bloody knuckles, their chip-and-pin medicine show molarises genres till only the vitals remain.

Co-lab

Fuelled on empty tank dregs the bedridden vignette of "Troglodyte" is a bedlam of Birthday Party horns, a theme tune for something nobody wants to meet. Beginning with the sound of someone sandpapering a window into a mirror, "Animal Man Robot" comes through into our world with a swinging rockabilly shank. Made from paired down chunks of session solder, the sounds left intact are mixed into a Whirly-gig of colors, left turns, and heavy tread anthems.

The air of second-hand smoke flows through the album's darker edges, noir-esque broken sardine lid plinks and plonks bayonneting "Sunglasses" to the roof. Some of this album is plain mean, the hip-hop silhouette of a surly joker three-piece bearing over the records slower pieces. "My Sugar" has Peter Hook caught with his pants down, a bass line of low slung sleaze and synths like Vangelis in chip fat; God forbid you ever end up being this guy's sugar. Self-sampling seems to be the order of the day for Back From the Bins, demo loops providing window ledges to leap with the song from. There are seemingly familiar (but as yet unknown) samples at the neon night core of "Warning," a surprising atmosphere piece that recalls '90s laid-back Warp electronica left to float in the middle of the record. Guessmen also manage to offer a single, and unexpected, moment of reality with "Weeping Willow." This schmaltz-free and tear stained reminiscence is a shaft of sunlight of soul through the dusty window of booze.

Guessmen are exuding a joy through this album despite its noir threads. With the continual shitstorm of disposable pop music continuously restarting itself, instead of remonstrating with it or taking shelter, Guessmen are punching their weight in tunes.

samples:

- Sunglasses
- My Sugar
- Animal Man Robot