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The Beeps have called their debut record 'Music for Awkward Situations', but there is nothing awkward about their orchestration. This seven piece, globetrotting (with members from the US, Argentina, Australia and the UK!) band have made a soundtrack to the life of some sultry, scooter driving, sunglasses-all-the-time being.

This is a record you play while mixing drinks in Italian boots. The flutes are rivaled by Sue Krush's come-hither voice, which copulates with the trombone styling so very subtle and majestic. There are a bundle of beats on this album, hopping from jazzy to salsa and somewhere sleepy and cozy right in between. Percussions seem to bring everything together and push the mood. Nothing is overbearing here, piecing together a sexy vibe that doesn't take much to enjoy.

Visualize a scene in a spy movie where the cat-eyed temptress seduces the well-suited secret agent in the swinging, low-lit nightclub. Imagine them hopping on a plane furnished in white plastic and black velvet. These are the songs that are playing in the background, loud enough to hear but without being distracting. With just enough gusto to make you want to know more, this atmospheric record swims through sex and comes out the other end with a South of France suntan.

Lyricaly, someone is up to something. When you get down and listen, words like this shouldn't sound so pretty. 'The Jesus Song', swoons, "Getting down with Exodus/Jesus he likes angel dust", loving you all the right ways. In 'We'll Keep the Peace', a runaway dizzy tune, "We'll keep the peace/by shooting everyone that we can" is just a part of the chorus. Krush uses her voice as an instrument of grace, and though the lyrics are clever they aren't even necessary to enjoy the music.

The only drawback? This record is far too short, but can be played on repeat without getting old. At 37 minutes and 10 swiftly interlaced tracks, it's over before you can say, "Come home with me."

With impeccable musical training and a taste for the less intrusive sense of sound, this record may leave drink stains on your nightstand and expensive lingerie on your floor. Whether you want to dance close to it, reproduce Mondrian's to it, or save the world from some criminal mastermind while listening, The Beeps have given you the soundtrack for the fantastic.



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