



BREATHLESS

Hi, Eric Tischler here. You might know me from such hurricane lamps one-sheets as *Sing Me a Song* ("intoxicating, like a long-term promise that's finally been, signed, sealed, and delivered." **Magnet**) and *Tilting at Windmills* ("On their third album, the hurricane lamps reassert that rock can be emotional without being juvenile, can be sincere without being pretentious, and can be rocking without being overbearing." **Delusions of Adequacy**). So what are lamps bass player Greg Bennett and I doing in this Jet Age one-sheet? Well, wouldn't you know it, we're in a new band called the Jet Age.

The Jet Age dawned in the wake of the lamps' 2004 tour in support of *More, More, More* ("...a strong reminder of the simple joys of a great song pared to the bare essentials and played with bucketloads of enthusiasm." **Pitchfork**). Greg was sick of living in the U.S. and lit out for Norway, prompting drummer Jason Merriman to finally enroll in grad school. Me? I had a half-dozen new songs that needed a band.

The first person I called was lamps fan Dave Meyer, who happened to be an accomplished bassist. Dave brought with him a phenomenal drummer, Pete Nuwayser. The three of us formed the Jet Age, and our first show found us opening for old lamps friends the Wedding Present. It was an auspicious debut, marred only by the fact that Dave was moving to Colorado. Dave's departure was a blow, but Greg was coming back to the States; the swap was a no-brainer.

So why not the hurricane lamps again? As in the lamps, the role of the electric rhythm guitar is to hum like a livewire, in keeping with the tradition begun by the Who and the Velvet Underground and updated by the likes of the Feelies, the Clean, the aforementioned Wedding Present, Sonic Youth, etc. And I still step up to solos that indulge my inner J. Mascis, my secret Richard Lloyd, my hidden Mick Taylor. Perhaps most importantly, as in the lamps, the song is still king.

But, where the lamps seemed to wear the tunes like a straightjacket, the Jet Age views the songs as launching pads. The change in approach is due in no small part to the astonishing dynamism Pete brings to the mix; he's like Keith Moon with the feel of Jaki Liebezeit. Pete, in turn, frees Greg to push his already notable James Jamerson-meets-Peter Hook style to the limit, making this arguably the most exciting rhythm section since Ride (in case you didn't notice, Ride had a fucking GREAT rhythm section), if not the Jam.

Thus, the Jet Age. As the Wedding Present's David Gedge will gladly tell you (over and over), the Jet Age is a much better name than the hurricane lamps, and he's right, but, more importantly, it's a better band, too—just listen.

