



# **THE DIRTY PROJECTORS**

## ***THE GLAD FACT***

**Catalog Number: WV26 Format: CD/LP Release Date: November 4, 2003**

**UPC: 656605452623 cd; 656605452616 lp Label: Western Vinyl**

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Dave Longstreth, the precocious 20-year old behind The Dirty Projectors, has a voice that bleeds with intensity and energy. If his dry and percussive music is the lightning, then his voice cracks and booms like thunder. His is music that had to happen, and when you've heard it you'll understand why. Longstreth uses the standard rock palette -- guitars, drums, keyboards, percussion and vocal harmonies -- but he finds new and undiscovered colors in it; and the images he paints are slyly radical. All the time he relies on the truest and simplest instrument: his voice.

The Dirty Projectors' debut album, *The Glad Fact*, dwells in the sorts of emotional ambiguities and contradictions that have always tortured the sensitive ones. Each song offers a new melody that seems to have been sent from some erratic and beautiful netherworld. The music is many things at once: sophisticated and heartfelt, tender and aggressive, pleasing and miserly in its refusal to please. Longstreth's songs possess a will to surprise and deceive that constantly defies our expectation of musical -- and emotional -- resolution. The songs' broken-ness is their resolution, and their most beautiful part.

In parts, when Longstreth's voice seems torn and tattered, he seems perversely intent on wearing his used-up and empty soul on his sleeve. "Behold, I am disease"-- that is its honesty. In the album's first and title track, Longstreth sings, "I am like the begrudgingly awakened, for whom the sun is here to spite," and in the deconstructed-reggae romp "My Offwhite Flag," he declares, "I copped a feel off the wall, trying to find a light switch in the dark." The emotion is urgent and claustrophobic, and the music responds with prickly strangeness. But beneath this sort of depraved and lonely introversion, an awareness of New Love and its promise lies in hopeful anticipation. There is whimsical playfulness; there is wonder and delight at the absurdity of pleasure. Songs like "Two Brown Finches," "Off Science Hill," and "Naked We Made It" show Longstreth at his exuberant best, and they shine with an easy, funny vitality. The twisting melodies and bizarre harmonic progressions inveigle themselves into the brain; and in multiple listens, their difficulty shows itself to be as inevitable and necessary as it is beautiful and catchy.

Longstreth's voice is unmistakable and original and strong. His music is strange and new and beautiful. A fresh voice like this comes only rarely, especially in today's increasingly beurocratized indie world, so remember: music like The Dirty Projectors is why experimental independent pop music exists.



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