

REFLECTOR

BOOKMARK:

Do's & Don'ts:
10 Years of Vice Magazine's Street Fashion Critiques
 New York's darkened dive bars may have replaced those glaring fluorescent classrooms, but after spending a couple hours with *DO's & DON'Ts: 10 Years of Vice Magazine's Street Fashion Critiques*, you'll feel like you never really left high school. Head hipster Gavin McInnes, *Vice's* founder and commentator for the magazine's ruthless monthly fashion tribunal, leads you through city streets and nightclubs, magnanimously rewarding the stylish and cruelly ridiculing those who try too hard. don't try hard enough, or whose personal style is simply too ridiculous to comprehend. McInnes is a master of spotting and exploiting weakness, and his vicious wit hits its target harder than any school bully's sucker punch to a flabby young gut ever did. (Although you hate yourself for it, you can't help but laugh with him at the sartorial misery of a bald guy in a woolly vest and no shirt, while smugly thanking God that you're not in the poor man's flip-flops. But then you stumble upon a don't that you do, and somehow that one's not quite as funny. You think back to every flash bulb that's illuminated your drunken visage and worry that you may be appearing in this book's next edition. *DO's & DON'Ts* will have you vowing that you will never, ever, let anyone take your picture again. *Vice* is evil. The very best kind of evil.)

KATHERINE KLIZNIK



SPACE INVADER
 Based on an "investigation and a reflection on today's social and nutritional habits," CAMPER's Guillem Ferrer and architect Marti Guixe have collaborated in creating FoodBALL, the pure rice/water yin yang of fast food. Just as their shoes offer "comfort, design, irony [and] humor," CAMPER insists that the tasty items on their FoodBALL menu, made with all natural ingredients and packaged in 100 percent biodegradable material, promote an "aim to share food culture...from the earth to the table." Although, based on the space concept devised by Guixe for the eatery's debut location in Barcelona's funky Raval district, you may ask, "What table?" In CAMPER FoodBALL, there are no tables or chairs, just stadium-style seating where diners can relax while watching huge video screens transmitting scenic images from Mallorca, and listening to the sounds of the sea. If the lure of rice balls filled with chicken, chickpeas, beans, seaweed, anchovies, vegetables, or wild mushrooms isn't what draws you in, then surely the soothing eating experience and fabulously strange space will. CAMPER's FoodBALL is located at Elisabets St., 9, 08001 Barcelona. Or see www.camper.com.

MARINA CASHDEN

THE BLACK KEYS

Rubber Factory
 (Fat Possum/Epitaph)

The Black Keys are Dan Auerbach (vocals, guitar) and Patrick Carney (drums), of Akron, Ohio. *Rubber Factory*, their third album, is infused with dirty soul, fuzzy din, and loose-goose goodness; on some tracks like "When The Lights Go Out," the subtle drumming and bluesy vocals set the scene for a slow striptease. Rhythm changes and strange new musical surprises—thanks to Junior Kimbrough-inspired slide guitar and fuzzi pedals—are scattered throughout, but are featured prominently on "10 a.m. Automatic," "All Hands Against His Own," and "Grown So Ugly." The album's eerily submerged quality comes from the atmosphere of their old rubber factory recording studio, Sentient Sound, and the recycled magnetic tape on which the tracks were laid down; the boys aptly recorded their solid blues-rock over North Mississippi radio commercials for fried chicken joints. The quality of sound suffers a little as a result, but in the end, most tracks resonate where it hurts—the heart, the groin—like all great, gritty blues should.

JENNIFER LEONARD



K-Os

Joyful Rebellion
 (Astralwerks)

As the likelihood of a full-fledged Fugees reunion narrows down to nothingness, hip-hop fans hankering for the warm, humanist politics, feel-good flow, and confident musicality of that band's still-vibrant work could do worse than to investigate *Joyful Rebellion*, the aptly titled second album by the Canadian rapper/singer/producer K-Os. On his debut, 2002's *Exit*, K-Os (known to his peripatetic Jehovah's Witness parents as Kevin Brereton) presented his positive lyrics and expansive, "real" instrument sound as a more wholesome alternative to the hip-hop mainstream. Here he seems less concerned with that differentiation, which is a relief; it gives tracks like "The Love Song" and "Man I Used to Be" a loose, kinetic energy lots of underground rappers misplace on their way to the automated superiority machine. Instead, K-Os keeps the thematic focus tight, giving his stuff a personal, handmade feel that boosts the redemption-seeking "Hallelujah" and the self-analyzing "Dirty Water." "I don't wanna change the world," he sings in "Crucial," a swinging cousin to "The Seed (2.0)," the scruffy soul-rock gem by his old tour mates the Roots. That's the key to his success: Brereton knows change starts at home, but isn't afraid to peek outside for inspiration.

MIKAEL WOOD

