



# LIKE A STUNTMAN

## YOY



CD / download / LP (+ Download-Code)  
Release date: October 21<sup>st</sup>, 2011

**Label: Bureau B**  
**Cat. no: BB90**  
**Barcode (EAN):**  
CD 4047179603829  
LP 4047179603812  
**Distribution: Indigo**

**Tracklist:**  
01. Symptoms Of The Ocular  
02. Yesterday Euphoria  
03. Dog Show Digest  
04. Ooze Yeah Ooze  
05. Hell No  
06. Sport  
07. Boy Campaign  
08. Sentimental Education  
09. A Decade Or Less  
10. YOY

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[www.bureau-b.com/likeastuntman.php](http://www.bureau-b.com/likeastuntman.php)

**Artist Website:**  
[www.like-a-stuntman.de](http://www.like-a-stuntman.de)

**Back catalogue:**  
Original Bedouin Culture  
BB33/ 4047179312226



### What the press said about Like A Stuntman:

- »Krautrock for the post Radiohead generation« (*Szene Hamburg*)
- »Equal parts pop and experimentation, with a sharp ear for glitchy background details. Motorik rhythms, Beach Boys harmonies, tropicalia, slacker rock and a pinch of freak folk« (*Uncut*)
- »Krautrock finally has pushed forward into a completely new and fascinating dimension« (*Westzeit*)
- »It's a flickering of pictures, a stroboscopic flashing symphony, in other words: a celebration of music (five stars out of five)« (*Musikexpress*)

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The postman rings for longer than usual. He has a poem with him, which he reads to me. Title: "Like a Stuntman"

*Symptoms of the ocular / Yesterday euphoria / Dog show digest.  
Ooze yeah ooze / Hell, no sport / Boy campaign.  
Sentimental education / A decade or less / YOY*

Y-O-Y – (or Why, Oh Why?) He speaks the final words with elongated vowels – the sound of an animal, a plant, an instrument. We listen reverently as the verse fades away. It's an autumn poem, without a doubt: a bit bumpy, its breadth not immediately apparent, but one senses that there is something right about it.

I slip the record out of its cover and put it on. Noise. Goofy dances. Washed-out pictures, pulled too soon from the Polaroid, held in the wind, faded, warped, covered with earth, immersed in ashes, swept through the water, caught in traps.

The singer sings: "My fellows say / Relax / Watch back". Relax? Take a contemplative look back? Absolutely not! The voice cracks: "Oh my God". The box containing a collection of bones and the ash bucket tumble down the stairs. Then it's off to the post office, over to the other city, lest it comes unraveled yet again. That's what the band decided, split between Frankfurt and Hamburg, and that's how it works. Decelerated acceleration. But stay nervous, and look excitedly in the mailbox every day.

This is how the vastness, the mid west, the coast and desert find their way into their world of sound. They understand the beauty of the surface – that's why their music is so iridescent. Amongst it is a crafty rustling, an oscillation, linking the songs. Sounds hover behind water, the vocal goes haywire. Discordant harmonies.

**Like A Stuntman** formed in 2001 in Frankfurt am Main. Half of the band moved to Hamburg soon thereafter. Their first album was released in 2005 on the English label Highpoint Lowlife. Then the highly praised "Original Bedouin Culture" came out on **Bureau B** in 2009. "YOY" is now their third record in eleven years. Some might say: Only? But they say: Already! Because they don't just drift along, they present themselves as something ultimate. They take the time that it takes to make an album *round*.

One can already predict the shuffling through desks for old notes and the tugging at drawers in search of the reference catalog. But someone must have carried the paper to the recycling bin, someone must have changed the locks. Don't worry, you don't need it. Turn the record over again and simply open your ears, hold you on to them, listen, and the images and words will flow by themselves.

*Andreas Reihse (Kreidler)*