

"The Collective Effort Of Abigail Craine" The Inside Connection

"It's been a long time since I rocked and rolled," pretty much because I had no good reason to. Between the breakup of the Smashing Pumpkins, and N'Sync selling, like, 30 gazillion albums, I was about ready to jump off the Empire States Building. OK, maybe I wouldn't jump, but I was going to go out and buy a Britney Spears album. You know, just for the articles, I mean, the music. (Yeah, right – like you don't own a life-size poster of her too.) Anyway, back to my crusade for the Holy Grail.

If you're anything like my, you start fishing through your old CD collection and reminisce about the good old days when that one particular band inspired you to get up in the morning. You play it over and over again, recalling all of those nostalgic feelings. You wake up to it and ahhhh. And on your way home from work, just as you get stuck at the red light in midtown without a care in the world, thinking about your 401K plan worth well over \$2,850.23, dreaming of the one fine day when you can retire in about 200 years, BANG!!! You look up and there's a billboard larger than Jennifer Lopez's ass, and it has five snot-nosed bastards with more money than God staring down at you with big, fat Kool-Aid smiles as if to remind you of the fact that you're getting old and your life sucks.

Well, I'm here to tell you that's not entirely true. Yes, your life may very well suck, but chances are you're not that old. It's just your music. Even though you're in musical limbo right now, I don't want you to despair. I am here to save the day. I have traveled the universe far and wide, to the ends of the earth, and found what you've all been waiting for – right here in the village.

The name is Abigail Craine, an electronic rock band collective of Rob Lucchesi and Lori DeJesu, that I found fortunate enough to cross paths with one fateful night this summer while they were doing a show at the

Bitter End. I just happened to stop in for a beer with a buddy of mine when I was overcome by these sounds that instantly grasped my 4-year-old level attention span for over an hour. I was without words for the entire set. Song after song, they just kicked ass. I just wanted it to be true. And it was.

Since I have to put it into words, the best way to describe Lori DeJesu's vocals is this: Kind of like Shirley Manson with Alanis' passion, but with a sound all her own that is surely to be recognized one day as Lori DeJesu's without comparison. She's also responsible for writing the lyrics, which is another feat surely deserving of commendation once you hear them.

Rob Lucchesi, who created the band about a year and a half ago, is responsible for just about everything else. He writes all the parts for all the instruments, thus following in the footsteps of some of rock's greatest bands. He may be a little bit of a control freak, but hey, Trent Reznor and David Grohl haven't done too shabbily. He was actually nice enough to hook me up with a CD after the show, which hasn't left the CD player in my car since then.

It's electronic pop-rock, if you will, but goes way beyond that. It's kind of what Billy Corgan was trying to do with the *Adore* album, but couldn't quite make us understand. I guess it's true that sometimes it takes a woman's touch, because even before you realize that most of what's going on is coming from a synth, you are already enveloped in the song. It really is amazing how much emotion is translated through this album, which is a rarity with electronic bands.

With so much of the European dance influence making its way onto our shores, one can understand why people wonder if rock is dead. Abigail Craine gives us the answer to that question. Just one listen is all it takes. There's definitely something for everyone.

John Suracci