



By **Stephanie King**

Some people consider LCD Soundsystem's *Sound of Silver* to be a modern classic. I don't. At least not all of it.

But I do consider tracks 3-5 - [North American Scum](#) , [Someone Great](#) and [All My Friends](#) - to be some of the best music released this century, perhaps because these tracks are rather atypical of LCD Soundsystem. Yes, there is the glossy production, the uber-cool sound, and the whiff of angry ambition that underpins James Murphy's output. But there's also a rare depth of feeling that overrides LCD Soundsystem's usually arched eyebrow.

New, and it would appear final, album *This is Happening* feels like a return to the ironic yet anthemic dance of the debut album; a manifesto of detached disco for those deemed too cool for school. Murphy is a genius when it comes to creating impeccably tasteful party tunes, but for all its apparent playfulness, any real sense of fun can feel forced when dressed up as something so shiny and slick.

So, despite the video's brilliantly sinister pandas, the gurning assonance of [Drunk Girls](#) makes for a laboured listen. Fortunately, [Pow Pow](#) is a triumph.

With its pitter-patter drums, minimalist, funk-ridden basslines and sparkly instrumentation, *Pow Pow*

s like the gorgeous lovechild of

[Losing My Edge](#)

and

[Once In A Lifetime](#)

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*Pow Pow's*

hip, knowing tribal beats sound like the tougher, more sober dance partner to Beck's

[Midnight Vultures](#)

, with James Murphy providing a bitter, comic rant over a glittering club track. No one can sneer or drawl quite like that stubbly New Yorker.

## Song of the Week: Pow Wow - LCD Soundsystem

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Of course, as clever and catchy as it may be, it is still an LCD Soundsystem track, which, aside from a few anomalies, is generally characterised by style over sincerity. However, *Pow Pow's* chorus adds a shimmy of much-needed naughtiness to this sleek, lacquered floor-filler for the urbane city-slicker. Like the screams in

[\*Daft Punk Is Playing At My House\*](#)

, when it comes to the crunch, there's really only one reason this scores the Song of the Week spot, and it comes down to the juvenile pleasure of spitting

*pow, pow, pow-pow, pow, pow-pow-pow-pow*

As sublime as *Sound of Silver*? I think not. But damn good fun? Absolutely.