

fROOTS

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LES TRIABOLIQUES

Rivermudtwilight World Village 468088

Justin Adams, Lu Edmonds and Ben Mandelson, the three members of Les Triaboliques, stare out of the CD cover photo shrouded in darkness, their faces starkly lit. Appropriate for a group who describe their music as "dusk-core" and "twi-fi" Those expecting the Bo Diddley-isms of Adams's collaboration with Juldeh Camara or the sunnier charms of Edmonds and Mandelson in Blue Blokes 3 are in for a gentle surprise. This is music in a minor key, drawing on African, Arabic, blues and folk idioms for a pleasingly nocturnal set that brings to mind Ry Cooder, Marc Ribot and (especially) Adams's pre-Camara solo work.

Most of the material was composed by the trio, aside from a couple of traditional tunes and a cover of *Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood*. Highpoints include the gently haunting closing track *Phosphor Lane* and the more urgent *Black Earth Boys*, but pretty well everything chugs along, aided and abetted by percussion contributions from producer Rob Keyloch and the peerless Salah Dawson Miller. Everything's kept in a low light: I first listened to this album with a glass of wine in my hand one rainy evening and it sounded just right. If you're in the mood for that kind of thing, then purchase, uncork and enjoy.

www.myspace.com/lestriaboliques; distributed by Harmonia Mundi.

Jamie Renton