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Jeans Team Glasslands, Brooklyn NY



By Jamie Peck

A plethora of German transplants packed Glasslands gallery Thursday night in the hopes of alleviating homesickness by dancing and scowling with their fellow country people. As a backdrop to this singles party, the **Jeans Team** delivered peppy electronic beats with a side of dark humor and existential gravitas as only a Berlin band could. Watching someone push buttons onstage is not always an invigorating experience, but Franz Schutte and Reimo Herford carried enough charisma to transform an electronic duo's live show from a DJ set into a party.



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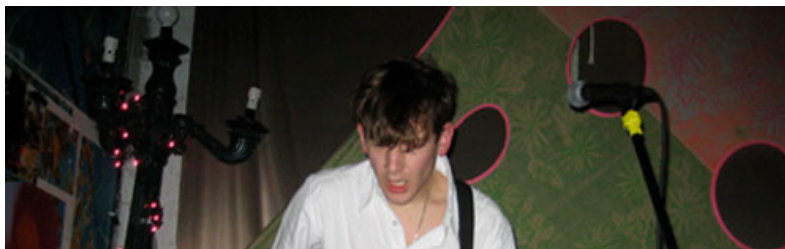
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It was a satisfactorily orderly electro: single, catchy riffs spun into evolving loops interwoven with various effects; well-timed live drumming and synths building songs to the heart-grIPPING crescendos that are the hallmark of a good techno show- the beat hits its stride and everyone goes crazy. There was also a keytar.



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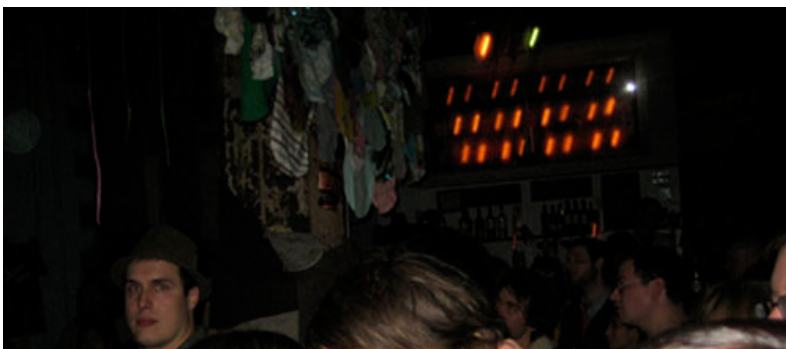
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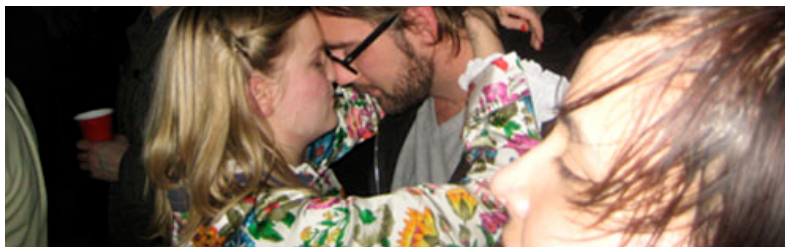
Mp3: Del the Funky Homosapien, "Bubble Pop"

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I noticed some folks befriending each other while trying to imitate the band's distinctive jig, and there's nothing cuter than homesick foreigners finding temporary respite from the crushing sadness that oft accompanies a pilgrimage to this cold, cold city. My German roommate looked especially in her element as she flung her arms and shoulders about and shouted along in her native tongue.





All this serious pep got even better when I found out the chorus to their club hit "The Tent" means this:

NO GOD, NO STATE, NO WORK, NO MONEY

NO GOD, NO STATE, NO WORK, NO MONEY

This is something I can get behind.



At the end of the show, everyone was covered in sweat and hardly anyone was smiling; it's an exhausting life or death task to prove you party the hardest. Come to think of it, the good citizens of Glasslands tend not to fuck around no matter what country they're from. They go off hard and fast in a fusillade of festivity. Perhaps we've already learned more from our German friends than we think.

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