



The Letter, 2008; (and below) Daybreak, 2006, by Anwen Keeling.



Grocery, 2009, by Anthony Lister.



RED-HOT EXHIBITIONS

Anwen Keeling — Shadow of a Doubt, March 21-April 16.

There's a strangely arresting, voyeuristic quality to Anwen Keeling's latest body of work. The aptly titled series, *Shadow of a Doubt*, has classic Hollywood 1940s film-noir feel and the seductive paintings evoke intrigue, drama, lust and betrayal. Invest in one of Keeling's blonde Hitchcockian heroines while you can. *Liverpool Street Gallery, 243a Liverpool Street, East Sydney, New South Wales, (02) 8353 7799; www.liverpoolstgallery.com.au*

McCulloch Gallery — Collector's Choice 3, April 22-May 11.

If Melbourne's NGV is the grown-up madam, then McCulloch Gallery is its younger, racier and sexier sister. The atmosphere at this inner-city space is akin to that of a cool *boite*, its patrons the young, hip and beautiful. This month, wunderkind curator Alex McCulloch hand-picks star pieces by some of Australia's most exciting and respected talent for Collector's Choice 3. Expect an outstanding medley of genres from artists including Bill Henson, Tim Storrier, Anthony Lister, Jasper Knight and Jason Benjamin. *McCulloch Gallery, 8 Rankins Lane, Melbourne, Victoria, (03) 9670 7850; www.mccullochgallery.com.au*

# Culturati

By Jeanne Carey

## HOT TUNES

### Yeah Yeah Yeahs: *It's Blitz!*

*It's Blitz!*, the long-awaited third album from the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, does not disappoint. If anything it reveals a surprising new dimension to the cooler-than-thou trio.

This new LP is more polished than their 2003 debut *Fever to Tell*, but loses none of their impatient energy. *It's Blitz!* showers you with Karen O and the boys' screeching, sex-ridden rock on tracks *Dull Life* and *Zero* (the first single), while *Skeletons* and *Little Shadow* mix sliding strings, anthemic drums and synth with gasping vocals to haunting effect.



The Yeah Yeah Yeahs are definitely growing up, but everyone will still want to party with Karen O. — *Hannah Beesley*

## THE REVIEW

### Black Lips: *200 Million Thousand*



Atlanta's Black Lips are a throwback to old-school shambolic rock fare, and were recently ousted from India for nudity, offensiveness and general anarchic tour mayem.

Their new album, *200 Million Thousand*, is a rough ride through America's southern roots, detouring via LA's hard-rock mecca and settling back for a long night at New York's CBGB, featuring punk vocals backed by jangly hippie-esque guitar riffs and dark bass hooks.

Imagine The Doors, the Ramones and Ween merging in one sonic mega-band and you come pretty close to the Black Lips sound. This album is heavier on production qualities than the band's previous offerings, but remains a full garage-band experience purely for adults. *Short Fuse* is a nostalgic ramble, while the almost folksy *Starting Over* has muddy Velvet Underground overtones. In an era of over-production, this pared-back, drunken romp is a refreshing reworking of four-on-the-floor rock'n'roll. — *Natalie Apostolou*

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