



## *Domestic Disturbances*

(release date: 1/10/12)

I know it sounds stupid, but I only recently realized that the tanking U.S. economy has been threatening to really fuck up my life. My job security for the last 8 years has been sketchy (although I've managed to stay employed), a time period that happened to kick off around the birth of my son and encompassed the birth of my daughter. Feeling like I had no control over the resources I needed to keep my family fed, clothed, and sheltered exhausted me emotionally, and that stress seeped into every aspect of my life. I didn't connect any of these dots until new music came to me after the release of '09's *in "Love"*; I noticed some songs had a strong existential bent, while others suggested separations and reconciliations. Still, I was determined to not write yet another rock opera and, while these themes were the most explicitly autobiographical in recent memory, there was, mercifully, no split with my wife, and thus there was a gap in any narrative I might try to piece together.

As it happened, a year ago my fortunes changed completely and I found myself in a wonderful job. Around the same time, two women who I'd loved before I met my wife reached out to me; one after 7 years of silence, the other after 15 years. Suddenly, I could visualize a (fictional) dramatic conflict linking the autobiographical themes I'd written about. Thus, another rock opera; thus, *Domestic Disturbances*.

1. "I Am an Agent" – Perhaps an unlikely opener, this song was written around the Bonham-esque beat Pete came up with during our UK tour with the Wedding Present (I can't think of a less Zeppelin-y band). Not a Besnard Lakes-ian spy fantasy but an attempt to capture our protagonist's paranoia as The Man starts to turn the screws at the office.
2. "I Want To Touch You" – Written around a Greg riff, I think of it as a musical ode to the Feelies (and, in the end, Television), who bewitched me in the '80s with their cameos in Jonathan Demme movies. The stress at work seeps home, and our protagonist recognizes the growing distance between himself and his wife.
3. "You Can't Turn Around" – My attempt to triangulate Keef, the Velvets, and David Kilgour. While he struggles at home, our hero's ex contacts him. His Spidey sense tingles ...
4. "Hey, Captain" – I've described this as the MC5 covering "Papa Was a Rolling Stone" (modest I ain't). The first song written for this record, I initially thought it was condemning my then-boss but realized it was a more existential plea to God for some help charting the scary course I felt I was on.
5. "Left For Dead" – Our hero's relationship with his wife continues to deteriorate, giving me the perfect opportunity to invoke this record's My Bloody Valentine's tremolo swoop (one per). If I may: I love the coda.
6. "Change I Can Believe In" – A taste of the math rock Pete and I both enjoy. Our hero's wife is getting fed up with his paranoia and subsequent withdrawal. Any resemblance to a critique of the spineless bastard who's been selling us out from the comfort of the White House during the last 3 years is purely intentional.
7. "Some Nights" – Listen to that snare drum! While the missus rages, our hero hears the siren call of his ex ...
8. "I Want You" – ... but does not succumb. The second song I wrote for the record, I had a very vivid image of a man and woman locking eyes at a party and leaving together, but it was a reunion rather than a hook up.
9. "I Can Still Make You Laugh" – Keef again, this time—if I may—with the wonderfully Raymond Carver-esque Silkworm (not Bottomless Pit). Make-up sex is great, but how do you chart the future? Talk it out. Carefully.
10. "Sometimes" – I like to have one unabashed love song per record; here's this one's, a promise from our hero that he'll remember the strength in his marriage.
11. "I Won't Forget" - Finally, the obligatory Swervedriver swipe (with Who love on the choruses). Our hero also affirms that he needs to have faith in himself.
12. "Home" – The third song I wrote for the record, although the lyrics came late; I thought of this as the Dinosaur Jr. song, then added some Swervie flava on the choruses. One last love song as our hero and his wife look back on their travails. Just 'cause I'm a cynic don't mean I'm not a romantic. Thanks for listening. -Eric



www.sonicboomerangrecords.com ↑ www.thejetage.net  
label@sonicboomerangrecords.com ↑ info@thjetage.net  
301-655-4792 ↑ 11200 Markwood Dr., Silver Spring, MD 20902

## Praise for *in "Love"*

"From dynamic opener "I'm Starting to Wonder," with its Velvets-meet-Husker Du vibe through the irresistible armada of Townshendesque riffage (and cowbell!) of "I Couldn't Tell You" to the jangles-and-tremolo-strafted high-velocity shoegaze of "Lead Me Where You Dare" (the title's a nod to another one of Tischler's faves, Swervedriver), these ten tunes power their way into your cranium even as they sink their serrated melodic hooks deep... [T]he story line packs its own punch... It's a wholly believable tale of idealized love and how that love ultimately reverberates in the real world ... With this release the Jet Age - chief songwriter Tischler on guitar and vocals, bassist Greg Bennett, drummer Pete Nuwayser - have decisively come into their own as purveyors of some of the brainiest, brawniest pop around, and Tischler has also hit an impressive new level as a literate, provocative songwriter." **Fred Mills, Blurt 8/10**

"Tischler takes the Jet Age's familiar Who-influenced power trio down a dark road, exploring the crippling, fickle, indefinable nature of love. It's a tribute to Tischler's unblinking fearlessness ..." **Portland Mercury**

"Album three is the charm for this D.C. manic-power trio. It's as lyrically ambitious as 2008's *What Did You Do During the War* ... Like his lyrical heroes, Pete Townshend and Wedding Present's David Gedge, Tischler is unfailingly honest about the double edges involved in flouting societal mores—both from within and without. This he sets to the band's notable Dinosaur Jr. / Ride / Swervedriver / Who grungy-shoegaze / punk-mod-soul-powerpop maelstrom, punctuated by monster drummer Pete Nuwayser's flying fills ... One could sure have an affair with this blasting, catchy, thoughtful record." **Jack Rabid, The Big Takeover 65**

## Praise for *What Did You Do During the War, Daddy?*

"[A] heart-pounding rocker ... all of the riffs are stellar." **Pitchfork (8.0)**

"[T]he Jet Age have crafted a concept album that would make Pete Townshend smash his guitar in a jealous rage. *What Did You Do During the War, Daddy?* is a scathing polemic on the current state of affairs in American politics, but more importantly, it's punky power-pop, loaded with energy, aggression, tons of melody, and not an ounce of fat." **The Portland Mercury (pick for the week)**

"[T]he Jet Age manages to mix the hyper jangle of the Wedding Present with the cruise-control melodies of Swervedriver and the heaven-scraping majesty of the Who circa 1970. There's a clear, pure voice and vision in the midst of that mess of hero worship." **The Onion (Austin), recommended**

"The Jet Age are an incredible power trio who play with the same kind of revolutionary angst that made bands like The Replacements and The Wipers so powerful in their day." **The Run-Off Groove**

"Compelling in its convictions and streamlined in its storytelling, *What Did You Do* is just the sort of album Ted Leo ought to be making." **Pitchfork (Forkcast)**

"There is more than a little Pete Townsend and Ray Davies in the Jet Age's auteur Eric Tischler ... The narrative is complex but any whiff of pretentiousness is squashed by the trio's frantic energy and raw power-pop attack." **Creative Loafing**

## Praise for *Breathless*

"As consistent as the Lamps were across their five albums, the Jet Age's *Breathless* marks a huge step forward, from Tischler's songwriting to the musicians' performances to the production and overall ambience. Lamps devotees, don't worry; Tischler is still unleashing bright shards of his trademark riffery and serving up literate epistles in his Roger Daltrey-meets-Robert Smith voice. But on tracks such as taut thumper "Ride On" (a showcase for the hyperkinetic rhythm section), the blazingly visceral "I Gave Up On Justice And Reason" (a Who homage) and the eight-minute "Big Deaths, Little Deaths" (jammy, but immaculately crafted), the Jet Age already has a cache of anthems... with this debut, [the] band has clearly hit an early high." **MAGNET 73**

"Good songs played by a straightforward rock trio will always find their way into people's playlists, regardless of what's big at the moment. The Jet Age provides exactly that on *Breathless*." **Pitchfork (7.3)**