

## Mungolian Jetset – *Schlungs* Out October 11th on Smalltown Supersound



### TRACKLISTING:

1. 2011 - A Space Woodysey
2. Moon Jocks n Prog Rocks
3. Shelton`s On A Bender
4. Bella Lanay
5. Ties n Downs
6. We Are The Shining
7. Moonstruck
8. Smoke n Mirrors

***“Ten minutes of chugging, grooving disco-funk from the imaginary-empire-building Norwegian electro duo “pretending we’re in Weather Report” - MOJO Magazine about the Moon Jocks 12”***

Mungolian Jetset is back with a debut, cheekily masked as their third effort, but seriously, this is their first album of totally original compositions. Here is the undiluted Mung, neatly naked wrapped behind a pair of strobostatic glasses, like a mature and experienced buxom page3 wench from a 25th century comic book.

Infamous for their epic translations, collaborations and remixes for artists such as Lindstrøm, Mari Boine, Nils Petter Molvaer and others, they have already firmly developed their own unique sound, that is equally progressively disco and psychedelically intoxicating, as it is hilariously cheesy but imbued with a mysteriously deep resonance from some far-off planet’s core.

Rather than delivering another full-on take of the epic entertainments that have become the staple of their reputation ( or notoriety, depending on who's talking ), they have now taken more scoops of melody, popstastic whimsy and lighter shades of oddness, to hybridize with their already mutated sound. The result is "Schlungs", a series of 8 separate entities united by their sheer MUNGNESS. The epicness remains, but now sits alongside pieces that are more direct, mainlining the exuberant folly that is the sound of Mung; however, this is Mung directly into the frontal lobe.....

Lyricaly, "Schlungs" involves tales of fatal alien abductions and ghosts of murderous (but snazzily-dressed) transvestites, as well as confessions of dark and illusory multimedia desires and dispatches from the borderline state of the all-consuming hyperrealism of the Internet. Characters from the fringes of reality with odd-sounding yet somehow familiar names wander through the streets of Mungville, and usually break into ecstatic dance before their end is met. This is what would have happened if William Burroughs had been given a backdrop of disco instead of bebop. Instead of The Naked Lunch, this is The Naked 7-11 Hotdog.

The musical scope remains Mung-laden, but with an extra meta-weave of pop to it, perhaps more as in pop culture, or even pop art (if you want to be clever about it). There are drunken synths and obscure samplings of the psychedelic past, bleeping and squeaking through a jungle of tree frogs. Contemporary choirs sits alongside funky guitars, ethereal soundscapes and chipmunged vocals ( as well as guest vocals by Dominique Leone and Carsten Loly) but there are also hummable hooks, sexy, sassy urban beats, and tunes you can chew your bubblegum to. Well, even tunes you can sing-along to. It’s not really karaoke, more like harakaraoké, and though the music is even sweet n sourly nostalgic at times, it is always viewed through the schlunglishly bespectacled left-eye of the Mung.

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