

THE DEAR HUNTER

HQ: Boston, MA

CHECK OUT: *Act I: The Lake South, The River North EP*
(TRIPLE CROWN/EAST WEST, triplecrownrecords.com)

ROCKS LIKE: Dredg, Gatsbys American Dream, Say Anything

CASEY CRESCENZO ORIGINALLY CONCEIVED

the Dear Hunter several years ago during a break from touring with his band, the Receiving End Of Sirens. By last May, Crescenzo had become so overworked with TREOS' internal affairs and the pursuit of his own musical interests, he'd let what he calls "a shopping list" of health maladies (stomach and throat ulcers, pancreatic and kidney failure, burst lung capillaries and "slight brain damage that mirrored early stages of Alzheimer's") go untreated long enough to leave him extremely ill. Soon after, Crescenzo was no longer in TREOS. "They decided that I didn't really have a place in that band," he says softly. "I guess I've realized there's no comfortable way to begin anything and there's no comfortable way to end anything."

Undaunted, Crescenzo pressed ahead, applying his penchant for storytelling to the ambitious soundscapes he'd been developing, playing all of the instruments except drums along the way. The resulting cinematic carousel tracks a boy (the Dear Hunter) as he falls in love with a call girl; only he's not familiar with the notion of prostitution and must eventually make some kind of peace with it or, presumably, himself. Outside the box enough for you? Wait until all 79 minutes of *Act II* arrive this spring, accompanied by a book that's definitely not for children. "Even if it's not totally new or pushing the envelope, it is somewhat different than the bulk of what's going on," says Crescenzo. "The only place I want to be is in a position where I can make the music I want to make and tell the stories I want to tell." [TS]

