

Twin Shadow's strong '80s vibe never overshadows his 21st-century creativity.

GROOMER: ANDREW FITZSIMONS; ILLUSTRATION BY ZOHAR LAZAR

THE SYNTH LORD A NEW POP PRINCE

WHEN GEORGE LEWIS JR., aka Twin Shadow, announced he was signing with Warner Bros. Records last fall, he half-joked about grabbing coffee with his new label-mate Prince. They'd have plenty to talk about: Like Prince, Lewis is a talented multi-instrumentalist (guitar/keyboard/drums) with a bold artistic vision. (Also like Prince, he's a sexy motherfucker; both of Twin Shadow's two acclaimed indie albums prominently feature his striking mug staring soulfully into the camera.) His major-label debut, *Eclipse*, is out in March and boasts the most vital work of the 31-year-old singer-songwriter's career. Recorded in part at a converted chapel in LA's Hollywood Forever Cemetery, it continues the strong synth-pop vibe of his previous efforts without descending into throwback New Wave mimicry. Much of that stems from Lewis' own sense of ambiguity. "I've always felt alien and everyman at the same time," says the Dominican-born, Florida-raised, Los Angeles-based (we're done, we promise) musician. "I'm not rock and roll, I'm not hip hop, I'm not R & B." That in-between-ness makes for a singular sound, one that lets him experiment with genres at will. It's also allowed him to remix everyone from Sky Ferreira to N.E.R.D. His mad science is on full display on the album's recombinant second single, the melancholy but assured "Turn Me Up." The power-ballad reverb wouldn't be out of place in a *Top Gun* montage, but Lewis' hybridizing touch makes it unmistakably the sound of a new millennium—or, to stick with the Prince theme, of a new power generation. —MARK YARM

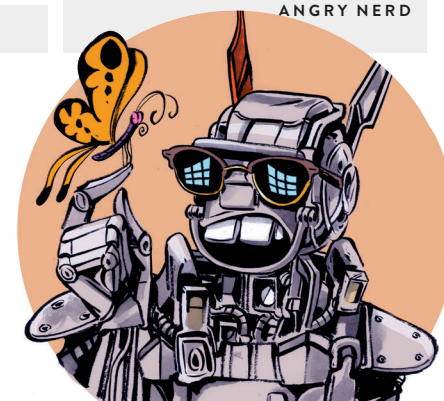
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MAR 2015

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ANGRY NERD



I'VE MET MY MATCH!

SOMEHOW, only one thing about robot movie *CHAPPIE* makes me furious: Who decided on that capitalization style? LiveJournal users from 2004? Other than that, everything about Neill Blomkamp's new flick is exactly what we need to get robot-human relations back on track. The titular droid is made of recycled parts and is thus about 14 Rotten Tomatoes points more relatable than the ones in Will Smith's *I, Robot*. (Asimov's Eighth Law: Robots shall not ape the design of first-gen iMacs.) But the aesthetic pales next to the political: *CHAPPIE* won't be hoodwinked or bamboozled by Hollywood's organopatriarchy! His intelligence is innate, not conferred by a magical lightning strike like that hack Johnny Five. He's not a comic-relief servant like R2-D2, *Space Camp*'s Jinx, or V.I.N.CENT from *The Black Hole*. And he's not a hardwired hypermenace like ED-209, Gort, or *The Black Hole*'s Maximilian. Instead, he's an innocent in the mold of icons like the Iron Giant or WALL-E—a steel Pinocchio who gradually learns about the evil that men do (like making *The Black Hole*). Yes, I'm concerned that *CHAPPIE* learns to be human from gooney-bird South African rap group Die Antwoord; that's like learning to write a satisfying third act from M. Night Shyamalan. But overall I'm charmed. Looks like I'll have to find a different cinematic target for my keen and exac—why, hello there, *Paranormal Activity: The Ghost Dimension*! You got here just in time!



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