

The Caribbean EP (Little Voice)

Press Clippings



The especially quiet "Impure" expands slowly like ripple sin water, with gorgeous little sounds peeking subtly through the backdrop. This is a startling debut for the Caribbean, and should prove a solid start to building a following larger than that of the Townies.

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The Caribbean's self-titled EP gives us six songs with a gentle, riveting atmosphere. One noteworthy aspect of this CD is how much it opens up when you listen with headphones or with your head real close to the speakers. Songs that seemed haphazard or messy when the CD was on in the background made perfect sense up close. Yet while your proverbial "headphones album" is filled with so many sounds that you need closeness to capture them all, the Caribbean do a lot with a few instruments, mostly acoustic guitar, bass and drums. It's a sparse setting used to create a warm, enveloping musical architecture, at once comfortable and edgy. A band with a distinct sound is rare these days, when so many musicians seem to cobble a sound together from two or three obvious sources. That makes this CD something worth searching out and spending some time with, for sure.

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The Caribbean will not hit you over the head, at least, not musically-speaking. There are no obvious hooks, but you will catch yourself staring just a bit too long into this hushed trios gorgeous melodies and drifting just a touch too close to the ether from the subtle rhythmic sway. Relaxed and cushy, with interesting progressions, lovely melodies, and laid-back and pleasant vocals, these six-songs are buds possessing great promise.

Sometimes, as on the nearly still and beautiful "Impure," the songs display the band's flowering musical array... Most importantly, though, these songs never wither on the stem, and if you are in the mood to wear a flower in your hair and stroll about the palisades, these songs are ripe for the plucking.

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Big Orange Crayon

... remains clever while avoiding falling into any of the cloying traps that you might expect it to. Overall it's a pretty rich and rewarding pop experience.

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Okay, time to wash out that coffee pot and put the records back on the shelves, closing down to the strains of the eponymous CD by Washington's The Caribbean who make a kind of late night drawling out of joint edgy folk-implosion rock. It all kind of falls away from you, like walking streets late at night with the memory and echoes of words and faces lingering just out of reach. Like your life just got slightly detuned and your TV has in-built snow. Silver-blue, walking in Riverside Park and looking at the mist on the Hudson...

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Delusions of Adequacy



The Caribbean is a trio out of Washington, DC with members that have, supposedly, been around in other bands. But that's not important, apparently. The artwork on this disc is completely gray, and the pictures on the back are washed out. Ah, how important artwork is. Because the sound of this album is not washed out but is definitely music to listen to on gray and rainy days. And the EP finishes with "Soundproofing Makes a Practice Space," a dreamy, swirling soundscape, practically melting in your ear (not in your hand), so beautiful and soft. Ooo...it makes me want to drift to sleep. I can't help but wish for more. Some of these songs sound just about half complete, washing over me but just leaving me wet. The ones that are more developed are just short of perfect, unique in their own style of being such soft and subtle pop songs. But they're all pretty and perfect for those rainy days and Sundays that always get you down.

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AIRCRASH

The first thing that clued me into the slick sounds this record would hold for me was the fantastic silver & blue packaging! the caribbean combine the best aspects of chicago style art rock, sharp lyrical wit & endless pop savvy to create an incredible and wonderfully textured sound. one can imagine the painstaking work that must go into each recording, making sure each sound is right, and all the background noise works. fans of the flaming lips, take note: here's something even better.

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The Caribbean, a loose collective of renegade refugees from the Washington, DC area, have filled their self-titled CD with indie-acoustic melodies for the weary soul. Michael Kentoff's sing-talk vocals (think Mercury Rev's Jonathan Donahue's voice put through an aquatic filter) are resolutely at the forefront of the CD's comparatively upbeat opener, "Edge Patrol". On the remaining five songs, Kentoff's voice appropriately implies a

quizzical innocence that's attuned to such acoustically expansive songs as "Toronto Make-Believes" and "Heaven Knows," which are littered with subtle, plinking keyboards and sharp, leading percussion. The lilting lament "Never the Good Fireman" is great not because its killer app is a memorable chorus, but because the song's denouement has one constant: a simple female voice harmonizing around the repetitious bass and Kentoff's voice. The disc's 16:39 playing time seems like a short ride, but I suppose that's why there's a "repeat" button.

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ReadyssetAesthetic

The Caribbean supposedly have some longtime DC scenesters in the band. I think maybe some folks from the late-great Smart Went Crazy may be part of this but all that is left unsaid and it certainly doesn't matter since this has little to do with that signature DC sound that we've all come to know. The six songs on this EP are smart, very calm and laidback, melodic folk-pop that at times reminded me of Mercury Rev in a rather subdued, quiet mood. It's good stuff and better than a fuzzy blanket on a rainy day.

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D'une voix confiante et lente, six petites situations imagées sont racontées avec justesse et un brin d'humour, soutenues par quelques couches de guitares sèches, des percussions originales, différents bruits concrets et des effets tournoyants. Ce trio de Washington cause un intérêt dès les premières secondes par l'originalité de cet enregistrement. Les effets sur la voix donnent une dimension un peu plus folle que la simple exécution des chansons. Les mots sont lancés de façon assez lâche, laissant beaucoup de place au voyage musical, bien que le tout ne se termine que trop vite. De l'excellente recherche, un travail en studio bien poussé et bien pensé, basé sur des chansons planantes : ça rappelle

un peu les débuts de Beck. Anciennement des Townies, le chanteur Michael Kentoff me confie qu'un album complet (LP) est déjà terminé et sera disponible en janvier 2001.

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Enter Magazine (Ireland)

A slinky little number, this, to shuffle around your house to on a hot summer's day. Michael Kentoff, Tony Dennison, and Matthew Byars make up the tropical trio that are Caribbean and serve up a sort of indie version of lounge core post-easy listening that brings the music of the sexy Sixties into the 21st century with a caress and a coo. Typical of these bloody post-rockers, Caribbean insist on giving their songs titles like 'Soundproofing Makes A Practice Space' and 'Never The Good Fireman'. Boys! This 6 track EP is also the only record I've come across to be recorded in Montgomery County, Maryland. And it sounds just like you'd imagine record done there would sound like! And also nothing whatsoever like it. In other words, it has that special indefinable quality about it.

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