

Privilege*

SELECTED NOTICES FOR PRIVILEGE

“With *Privilege*, Parenthetical Girls have forged what is arguably one of the most astonishing works of pop songwriting in this or any other year—a record that rubs shoulders with the upper echelons of pop music’s storied history, and very probably the angels themselves. *Arguably.*”

—Britt Daniel, *Spoon*

“Music is pointless. Life is meaningless. Death is rushing towards us constantly. Everything is falling apart. Still, *Privilege* by Parenthetical Girls has emerged from the chaotic void and taken the form of a raft.”

—Phil Elverum, *Mount Eerie*

“*Privilege* is riveting... [like] a dream of walking on a foot-long fluffy cashmere carpet, or flying thru the monster size, ice cream-shaped cloud.”

—Satomi Matsuzaki, *Deerhoof*

“We never meant you any harm.”—*Parenthetical Girls*

Unconventional is probably the most succinct way of putting it. Obsessive, eccentric, indulgent: they’re all equally fair. If Parenthetical Girls have learned anything over the course of their bewilderingly unorthodox discography, it’s that they are—for richer or for poorer—a necessarily singular pop group. It’s a peculiarity that they’ve learned to embrace—a single-minded conviction that pours itself over every corner of their latest album, *Privilege**.

Having taken pop extravagance to its logical conclusion with their critically acclaimed, orchestral pop opus *Entanglements*, *Privilege** finds a newly emboldened Parenthetical Girls giving the orchestra their leave—a brazen reinvention as immediate as it is inspired. Returning to its core membership of vocalist/creative director Zac Pennington and producer/arranger Jherek Bischoff (composer and collaborator with **David Byrne**, **Amanda Palmer**, **Xiu Xiu**, etc.), *Privilege** retains the group’s signature ambitions—visceral intimacy, camp austerity, lurid eloquence—while confidently embracing the perfect pop pastiche their previous records only alluded to. Anchored by Pennington’s distinctively lilting vibrato, *Privilege** is a cascade of grim particulars and gallows humor—an unflinching treatise on privilege, indiscretion, betrayal, sex and class politics, failure, and resignation. This is Parenthetical Girls in fighting trim: unbridled, unambiguous, and with a new creative candor that’s felt in both its words and music.

Originally recorded and self-released as a sequence of five self-contained, extremely limited 12” EPs (each heroically hand-numbered in the blood of the group’s members, and available only through direct mailorder) the ambitious *Privilege* series was a grand and unequivocally impractical achievement. *Privilege** condenses the 21 recordings of the original series to a single, 12-track, **remixed and remastered** statement of purpose: a bold, strikingly cohesive pop clarion call that further solidifies Parenthetical Girls’ place amongst the most surprising and uncompromising pop groups at work today.

TRACKLIST: 1. Evelyn McHale 2. The Common Touch 3. Careful Who You Dance With 4. For All The Final Girls 5. The Pornographer 6. Sympathy For Spastics 7. Weaknesses 8. A Note To Self 9. Young Throats 10. On Death & Endearments 11. The Privilege 12. Curtains

DVD featuring 7 promotional films, blood draw documentation, live performances, & other ephemera



ARTIST: PARENTHETICAL GIRLS

ALBUM: PRIVILEGE*

US RELEASE DATE: FEB. 19TH, 2013

UK/EU RELEASE DATE: MAR. 4TH, 2013

US LABEL: MARRIAGE RECORDS/

SLENDER MEANS SOCIETY

UK/EU LABEL: SPLENDOUR

US PR: DANIEL GILL/FORCEFIELD PR

UK PR: RACHEL SILVER/SILVER PR

FORMAT: CD+DVD/LP+DVD

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Privilege*

~Further accolades for *Privilege*~

"Never has the band's signature mix of dark themes and rococo sounds gelled more remarkably... stunning."—*Interview Magazine*

"a wildly ambitious swirl of hyper-literacy, orchestral grandeur and incredible intimacy." --*L.A. Times*

"...a lilting pop sensation... synths, sex and inevitably defeat are inherent and [*Privilege*] captures a band hitting their stride." --*Drowned In Sound*

we've included the words because we believe them to be important.

EVELYN McHALE—When you got crippled by that car/When we was martyred monthly & scarred by the way that we are/We nearly broke your mother's heart/Stay close & pray she never knows/How we both fell apart/Sure, we were cynics from the start/Spell-bound, still *Safe As Houses*/now pander we down for your hearts/We never meant you any harm/Still, though we thought not to be caught, how the thought made me hard/Sure, we look loathsome from afar/Hateful & hollow, smug & smart/Well don't we look the part?/Sweetheart, remembered for your art/Train those charms toward the charts & we'll be stars just the way that we are/How do we simply carry on?/Sweetness with wrist gone lifeless/Save one tacky tryst on that lawn/How long must we be strung along?/& might all thy ill-will be undone/By the sum of one song?/So you got crippled by that car/No longer martyred monthly/Though scarred by the way that we are/Sweetheart, those sycophants ain't far/Take those drones by the stones/& we'll be stars just the way that we are

THE COMMON TOUCH—I came out of my mother/Renowned for compounding numbers/Came out of my mother/With a head blessed for figures/& with yours now above me/Both long & unlovely/I think we can safely say/Such sums must become me/A kiss as disingenuous as this/You know what I am/So let's not pretend/You're short on grace/But you've an empty space/That I fit just right/Yes, I fill just right/I came out of my mother/As pure as power/You're delicious & desperate/& God knows where your dress went/Still smug & smart/Well bless your precious heart/Would I stay the night?/Might I stay the night?/Forgive me if I respectfully decline/Because there's just no time/& I've got my pride/While wealth & waste may breed expensive taste/It's true what they say: take pleasure from the simple things you pass along the way/Should fortunes fade, of course they'd do the same/We feign no fainter praise/But pity not the pretty things you break along the way/There's pleasure in the simple things you break/Take pleasure from the simple things you break

CAREFUL WHO YOU DANCE WITH—He's eager to leave/Squeeze six in this taxi's backseat/He's animal grace/He's heartbreak in spit-take/& we run these streets/With tongues neatly tucked in our cheeks/We're easy to please/We're equally cheap meat/Be careful who you dance with/Somebody's bound to get his head kicked in/This wasn't how we planned it/Now don't go asking where we've been/We're all reckless romantics/Why fight the function we've been furnished with?/There's no good way to say this/Best just to take in on the chin/Left limp in the wrist/Trade spit with this celibate kid/They know where you live/You know who I've been with/& kicked in the ribs/Some kid with his sibilant lisp/He knows what he did/& the lads left him lifeless

FOR ALL THE FINAL GIRLS—Lay your burden length-wise/Bind his wrists with zip ties/Tell yourself: "Don't dwell on what he tells his wife"/You're not the first, so what's the fuss?/Didn't our mother love us enough?/Gee, aren't we the easy mark?/Heart left in some car park/Pinned & prone/You had to burn those clothes/Were we once lovely from the front?/Could be a cousin touched us too much/Lost-little-girl's eyes/Welts that swell up plate-size/Some men just melt/& well, who could help themselves?/What awful things his bed springs sung/Hasn't our promise cost us enough?

THE PORNOGRAPHER—Oh lost love of mine/Who gentlemen objectified/I've seen the price & Christ, I sympathize/But then what was I?/Whose charmless arms you slept inside/Who prays one day we make this same mistake twice/I've learned all my lines & marked all the cues/So boys stand aside/Before I've thought this through/I've been over this a thousand times/The gist of this I've thrice revised/But hard as I've tried, I'm helpless to describe/Because there stood I/With what's left of these looks of mine/Tone deaf & dumb, my tongue too occupied/So Love's come to town/Now you know what I'm obliged to do/Cruel to be kind, But I'm still fond of you/Because you're just like us/Who tarnish everything we touch/Hands out in front with blood up to the cuffs & I've seen enough

SYMPATHY FOR SPASTICS—Bred & wed of ruddy, wretched men/I bet you've got it in for them/Their crass, sun-tanned, uneducated hands/You've always found a place for them/This greedy grace that permeates girls my age/I'm not ashamed to say: Even on their knees/It's the sad, simple dignities that charm the pants off me/Blue blood, well-hung & just a touch too young/For all the gifts God's blessed me with/She's thick as shit & pregnant with the myth/Of a noble proletariat/As you take to task/This great, guiltless gilded class... Well please, don't make me laugh/& bless these men of means/Whose key-bumps of ketamine/Still sweep you off your

feet/As we have been so we will always be/& I gather what you think of me/So I won't defend, nor condescend/Just know you've got my sympathy

WEAKNESSES—Can't you be still for just one second?/There now, clear the hair out of your face/& try to fit your fingers 'round your waist/Piece of cake/Oh god, you look great/I know he'd know some perfect thing to say/Though I don't suppose they'd notice /If we're a little late/Let them wait/& anyways, remember who was there to square your zipper back in place/Done in by books & bother/& of fondness for another/Well, no one waits forever/Untoward in more than one direction/These questions open-ended by design/We'll best these indiscretions given time/Provided I might stay another night/I know he knows, and that's all I'm gonna say/I suppose though that I've noticed/You've never said his name/More dour on the hour/& duller by the day/But no heart is always in the wrong place/Oh honey, sure I'm flattered/So forgive me for this candor/But what is it you're after?/If I'm business as usual/& you practice your birth control/Tell me, is this as tawdry as it sounds?/Can't we be weak for one more second?/I'd reckon this is tough to justify/But I've never done one pure thing in my life/Oh nevermind/Just guide these hallowed hips of mine inside those equine thighs

A NOTE TO SELF—Swallow your pride/We're getting older, you & I/& shorn are those short-hairs we held them by/For such a short time/Walk toward the light/I know you think we failed at life/But smile with your eyes like you're satisfied/& try to act polite/You meant what you said/& they put a price upon your head/These places your therapist fears to tread/Well I bet you knocked him dead/This cascade of curls/Us GRRRLs, we're not long for this world/Rounds of applause & self-sabotage/I guess you've cottoned on/Save your breath/& what did you expect?/You had your shot/Well parish the thought/Bare your neck/But with all due respect/We never had the heart to make you stop/(This dream is all you've got)/So who's left to blame?/Boys raised with hyphenated names?/Or middle-class slags of a certain age?/Well I guess I rest my case/Lift with your knees/They know we've nothing up our sleeves/& if speed just makes chalk dust of my back teeth/At least I've said my piece/Save your breath/& what did you expect?/You lost the plot/Well parish the thought/Bare your neck/& with all due respect/You're mine/until the seatbelt sign goes off/Who says dead men don't talk?

YOUNG THROATS—He's life-like when the light strikes right/But no less charmless otherwise/Surprised with where my interest lies/I tried to bite my tongue this time/But tonight, Christ, can't you see my hands were tied?/& on my mother's life/Suppose that I might throw this fight?/God knows I truly tried/Come on, let's get this over with/I've dreamt of this in triplicate/Though trust must have its Privileges/That just don't enter into this/Jesus Christ, look at the size of it!/Your lips clenched like a fist/What promises you wet them with/Brace yourself & this won't hurt a bit/& who could help but long for more than this?/I crossed myself before I crossed your lips/& cling like Hell to something much like this

ON DEATH & ENDEARMENTS—Gentlemen, please rise/In light of why we're gathered here tonight/This is it/Though I'm shit with goodbyes/Suffice to say that I haven't much time/So how I chose & choose/To make use of this life allotted me/Well you few know & knew/& each played to me begrudging accessory/So I should think it wise/In debt to your unseemly sacrifice/To see that when I die/None of my sordid scenes come to light/For me, I see no need/To catalogue what deeds I may have done/If we're all agreed to keep/These terms of my demise unclarified/History, She will surely forgive me/& history, She will think of me fondly/Time was I/Had half a mind to just apologize/In days less dignified/Before I knew what to and not to do/& sure, of course/There's shame in certain things I may have done/But shame is not remorse/& pandering's the one thing even I can't afford/Measure me in grief/Survived in score by prideful progeny/& I, though sometimes weak/Still shudder to speak these secrets we keep/For their sake, let me stay/Ostensibly this saint I seemed to be/For now, my nose is clean/So bury these peculiarities with me/History, She will surely forgive me/& history, She will scarcely forget me/So no tearful goodbyes/In light of why we're gathered here tonight/To you whom I confide/Suffice to say, well I haven't much time

THE PRIVILEGE—Give my best to your sister/I guess they sent her to some specialist/She was always this strange, heart-sick autistic kid/But I suppose she made the most of it/Drove herself to the doctors/Thank God your father never caught wind of it/They said she'd caught something awful/But that she's made it through the worst of it/Bring me the head of my love life/Hopes rise waist high/It's never quite like the first time/But I don't mind tonight/Praise the prodigal father/The boys, they grew into embarrassments of men/Raised up of soft constitutions/I know he left you to the savages, but save it for your analyst/Don't know if you remember/Your face was lovely, like a woman's then/A less than confident lover/You said you'd never fall in love again/Bring me the head of my love life/It's all gone cockeyed/Honey pie, heartbreak's your birthright/But I don't mind tonight/Forget my friends from the city/They better bury me in Everett/Leave what's left beneath the bridge beside the sea/I guess it's time I'd gotten over it/So much for elegant women/God bless those broad-stroke sentimentalists/& though I know your heart's not really in it/I'll just keep paying for the Privilege

CURTAINS—Under a sky of patent leather/Together just one last night/& when it's time, just remember/That these were your reasons why/A slap on the wrist/There are fates worse than this/Though none that spring to mind/If you close your eyes/& think it over/It's better we said goodbye/Let's not talk of love/Exhausted by the thought/As if love was enough/I held my breath/You held my interest/Mysterious marks around my chest/& when it comes, I will miss this/From navel to neck/I pursed my lips/You kept my secrets/Enough hope to hang us both with/Then in the end/We begged forgiveness/& they left us for dead/So let's not speak of love/Or make-believe we're more than the parts of the sum/Dearly departed, look what we started/They looked at you sideways, always the bridesmaids/Who rubbed who the wrong way, who fell in the first place/Who paid for the Privilege, & who fell to pieces/Let it go/& Let's not talk of love/Exhausted by the thought/Wasn't love enough?