

PRESS

"TimeOut", NY May 2005

Legendary and undefinable, the veteran Russian alt-rock band Auktyon serves up a swinging, horn-driven skank that's drawn comparisons to Tom Waits and Beck – appropriate enough, but still short of describing the band's boundless, theatrical energy and instantly memorable melodic hooks.

Monica Kendrick, "Chicago Reader", 5/6/05

This Saint Petersburg eight-piece has been playing together in something like its current form since the mid-80s, and I can't imagine the typical capitalist gets it any more than the Soviet bureaucrats did. Nevertheless, the band's augmented its devoted Russian fan base with an auxiliary chapter in Portland won over by a roof-rocking North by Northwest appearance in 2000, and it's well established on the European art-rock circuit. If one wanted, one could place these guys alongside Prague's late, lamented Plastic People of the Universe in a pan-Slavic tradition of wild-ass pre-perestroika hairiness. But really, the profligate frenzy of Auktyon - very high-energy, very strangely arranged, very globally crossbred and sweatily choreographed - belongs in its own category.

Laura Sinagra, "New York Times", NY 5/6/05

These veterans of the Leningrad rock club scene known for their Dadaist lyrics and riotous stage show fuse traditional folk with frenetic punk and jazz.

Zach Dundas, "Willamette Week", Portland, OR 4/27/05

Lead singer Leonid Fedorov is something of a Leonard Cohen-style heartthrob, all husky, romantic intonation and lyrical poetry. It's tempting to concoct more elaborate analogies ("If Herbie Hancock had a Russian grandfather and jammed with Black Sabbath and the Barnum & Bailey band...") to describe the band behind him. Let's just say an exceedingly unusual mind-meld awaits.

Alex Khan, London, September 2004

Auktyon are a legend in their homeland and a cult band in continental Europe where they spend half of their time touring. In spite of having been around for more than two decades they remain an ever-developing creative laboratory. Their sound keeps changing all the time and now, complete with assorted percussion, multi-reed player, a trumpeter and a tubist, it approaches tight jazzy arrangements of Charles Mingus or Radiohead Kid A style.

"Village Voice" NY 9/29/00

Just about the only Russian rock band (lemme reiterate here, rock) to nurse out a sound that resists an easy matchup with a Western source, Auktyon are consistently and wholly original. Sure, they've traveled from psycho theatrics to lo-fi trickery to Beck and back, but with the constants (vocalist Lenya Fedorov's crusted-molasses voice, the clearly relished fret buzz, the tragicomic horns, and the truly bizarre stage presence of clowning percussionist Garkusha) still in place after 15 or so years, they are quiet simply the best music out of today's Russia.

Charlie Gillett, radio BBC London:

But a surprise is how good 'My Love' by the Russian group Auktyon sounds, with its syncopated handclaps and dissonant guitar. (CD *"World 2000"*, *HEMISPHERE*)

Scott D. Lewis, "The Oregonian" Portland, OR, NXNW 2000

Listening to the inexplicable arrangements that used time signatures and musical phrasings that were anything but Western-based, and watching the manic tambourine player/co-yelper and the tuba player theatrically slap each other on the shoulder in time to the beat, I was finally transported to a different place.

"Pulse Magazine" May 2000

Exquisitely produced underground lo-fi – is that possible? These seasoned Russian provocateurs turn in a batch of songs that combine deep subterranean grumblings of late Tom Waits with absurdist studio trickery of early Beck. The real surprise comes when you find yourself humming the choruses. (*On a US release "Sky Down the Middle"*)

John Graham, "Willamette Week" Portland, OR, NXNW 2000

Simple rule of thumb: Unique music requires no added input of the liquid sort. Rating: A

Zach Dundas, "Willamette Week" Portland, OR, NXNW 2000

The Russian in white shook like a seizure victim, vibrating in place on the Green Onion's stage. Tall, ostrich-thin and awkward, he sometimes leaned to the microphone to flap his tongue and hiss. Mostly, he let the off-the-rails momentum of Auktyon, his eight-member post-sane carnival from St. Petersburg, drive him further into the quivers. If Auktyon's ecstatic, volcanic Saturday night coup de grève captured everything right with the annual gathering of bands and music industry types, it was because it was far, far removed from the shop-talk and schmooze that mars the festival.