

Flight of the Conchords “Flight of the Conchords” A Self-Titled Bio.

How do you get someone to fall in love with you? Well, looking good helps, certainly. It’s almost impossible to overstate the importance of the “physically attractive” factor within the love equation. But, what of the nugatory remainder? That miscellaneous two to two-and-a-third percent of the whole, which remains invisible to our Earth mirrors but accounts for one man’s ease of contentment and dooms another to a life sentence of solitude.

I mean to say, what’s up with that?

Take as our case study, the world-famous New Zealand comedy and music duo, **Flight of the Conchords**. Undeniably, they’ve got the goods in the face department. (“Those lips! Those eyes!”) And yet, with our nation’s recent emphases on proper diet, exercise, steroid abuse, and cosmetic surgery -- that beauty stuff’s as common as commas. No, the two antipodeans possess some unutterable and ultimately powerful Else. An eldritch other, which has brought every woman of my acquaintance to discuss these two rogues in terms and tones more suited to the great classics of romantic literature. (Specifically, I’m thinking of certain titles I keep on an upper shelf, behind some luggage, in a plain cardboard box cleverly labeled “tax info”.)

If near-universal wanton desire is any barometer of success, then truly, this is the era of **Flight of the Conchords**.

“Wherefore now? Why not sometime later? Next week, for example.” It must be now, weary traveler, because as those selfsame troubadours have phrased it, “It’s Business Time”.

We begin with the two men in their younger years – Bret McKenzie and Jemaine Clement, students in Wellington, New Zealand and the year of **Flight of the Conchords** genesis, 1998 A.D. From here, things move quickly: regional shows, wider exposure, international comedy festivals, awards, respect, admiration, an eponymous HBO television series, and the captured hearts of a nation at large. (That was quick.)

Therefore, like any *Zeitgeist* worth its *Gewicht*, only one additional step rings logically sound: The Record Deal.

In the mid-summer of 2007, Sub Pop Records released a six track Grammy Award-nominated (it's true!) CDEP, "*The Distant Future*". Simply put, it destroyed.

Thus, it hath come to pass that a full-length album, helpfully titled "*Flight of the Conchords*", has been recorded and very likely – in some form or another – accompanies this piece of paper or digital detritus.

The record: produced by Mickey Petralia (Beck "*Midnight Vultures*", Ladytron "*Light & Sound*") in Los Angeles and New York. It features fully fleshed out and professionally recorded versions of **Flight of the Conchords** concert and television favorites, rendering pointless all the inexpert fan-made audio transfers (the modern-day equivalent of holding a microphone up to the television speaker and shouting at your mom to be quiet), which have burgeoned hard drives the world over. The songs are heard here in expanded but reverent arrangements. Bret and Jemaine's trademark acoustic guitars lead the blitz, backed by a diverse array of instrumentation and production technique.

Agreed, the album sounds legitimate and musically, it's incredible, but, as early man asked of God, "Does it funny?" Happily, yes. If amazing, delightful, and hilarious is your idea of funny, then prepare for undisappointment! These 14 songs pay homage to Pet Shop Boys, censorship, Marvin Gaye, sexism, Shabba Ranks, and backhanded compliments. To be blunt, if you can't find a *rire ou sourire* in the FSL study guide of opening track, "*Foux de Fafa*", then, please notice, *vous êtes malade*.

You, if you do exist, have most likely already transferred the head with the heels for our two gentlemen and need no further encouragement from my quarter to celebrate the release of their first full-length studio album. It must be nice to have someone to love, even if that love will never be returned. It must feel something like being alive. I'll never know. These cold metal claws were programmed to perform only two functions: writing record company bios and killing humans. TTFN.