

CMJ WHO'S THE MOPIEST OF THEM ALL? PHAT: DEL. FAT: KENNY ROGERS.

NEW MUSIC

THE BEST MAGAZINE YOU EVER HEARD

MONTHLY

THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES

men of respect.

Dicky Barrett's older, wiser guys put out another hit.

53 REVIEWS

ELLIOTT SMITH
company loves misery.

SLEATER-KINNEY
suffragette city.

SUPERGRASS
cheeky monkeys

2000 \$5.98 US \$8.98 CAN



PLUS:
COMMON. EELS. THE BEER CAN CRUSHING BREASTS OF ATLANTA. WE RECOGNIZE THE UNRECOGNIZED GENIUS OF TERRY CALLIER. THE ROCKINGEST FACIAL HAIR. EVER.

World Radio History

Quality music

since the
20th century

New retrospective – includes three new songs

Cracker

Garage D'Or

Daft Punk

D.A.F.T.

A Story About Dogs, Androids,
Fireman and Tomatoes



Both the DVD and VHS versions of **D. A. F. T.** includes "Rollin' & Scratchin' Live In LA." On the DVD, the viewer can choose from nine different camera positions to change the viewing angle.

D.A.F.T. A Story About Dogs, Androids, Firemen and Tomatoes features the first four Daft Punk videos from the **Homework** era: "Da Funk," "Around The World," "Revolution 909," "Burnin'," and the brand new video "Fresh," directed by Daft Punk themselves. It also contains behind-the-scenes footage, directors' commentaries, storyboards and remixes from Armand Van Helden, as well as previously unreleased remixes from Masters At Work, Ian Pooley and Roger Sanchez.

U.S. Crush



the debut album featuring
Bleed

Virgin

www.virginrecords.com
© 2001 Virgin Records America, Inc.

CONTENTS

MAY 2000 • ISSUE 81



ON THE COVER: **Dicky Barrett** of the **Mighty Mighty Bosstones** photographed by Chapman Baehler.

HERE: **Ute Lempert** photographed by Kelley Myers.

MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES 46

If Dicky's the ketchup, Nate and Joe are salt and pepper, and the rest of the band is the napkins, who's the eggman? Ted Drozdowski serves up the coo-coo-ka-choo stew.

ELLIOTT SMITH 30

Mr. Misery loves Dostoyevsky, Beckett and writing short stories with instruments and lyrics. Illyah Kuryahkin frontman Dean Wilson (a French lit grad student), translates. Plus: ¿Quien Es Más Mopey?

SUPERGRASS 34

Tune in to the latest episode of *That Supergrass Show* for giddy repartee and groovy Brit-pop by those three cheeky lads from across the ocean. Lorne Behrman directs.

COMMON 38

A rapper who knows partying and politics, but doesn't play party politics. Jonathan Palmer nominates.

SLEATER-KINNEY 42

At a time when rape-rock rules the chart, do the queens of feminist indie rock have anything to say? Plenty. Natalie Nichols holds court.

UTE LEMPERT 26

The chanteuse that has Elvis Costello, Tom Waits and Nick Cave writing three-penny operas.

GREEN VELVET 28

You don't need a velvet jones to love this producer's funky techno.

ON THE CD 99

I want to talk to the organ grinder and not the monkey: Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Supergrass, Elliott Smith, Nava, Wild Child, Spontaneous, rinôçérôse, Eels, Willard Grant Conspiracy, Miles Davis Featuring John Coltrane, North Mississippi Allstars, John Scofield, Lee "Scratch" Perry, MDFMK, U.S. Crush, Frankie Machine, UnAmerican, Wonderland.

CMJ
NEW MUSIC
MONTHLY

CONTENTS

CONTINUED

QUICK FIX 11

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien evolves, Terrence Callier discusses resolve, Eels' E solves his mice problem and Jimmy Eat World refuses to fall prey to indie posturing. Plus, Major Burns got nothing to do with that ferret face.

ON THE VERGE 20

Call your broker, their stocks are about to soar: Spontaneous, Hot Water Music and rinôçérôse.

THE SCENE IS NOW 76

Pirate radio ops who think the FCC is filled with hooligans.

LIFE/STYLE

DESKTOP GALLERY 85

How to turn your computer monitor into a canvas.

IN MY LIFE 87

Lost Straitjackets' masked marvel, Danny Amis.

THE ART OF OVERKILL 88

Former Urge Overkill frontman and fashion magnate Nash Kato helps us show that too much is never enough.

FILM 92

Lost in Spacey and no Dr. Smith in sight.

ROAD JEWELS 93

Gems that will make you want to go mobile.

LIGHTREADING 94

A 2000-page comic that says nothing.

BOOKS 95

Computer games don't kill kids' creativity, capitalism does.

ELECTROMEDIA 96

Sitcoms in cyberspace.

GAMING 97

South Park Rally, MTV Music Generator—who's playing games with the boob tube?

LOCALZINE 104

Life's a peach and then you fly (Delta) to Atlanta.

GEEK LOVE 106

Taking a gamble on Kenny Rogers.

REVIEWS, CHARTS AND SERVICES

BEST NEW MUSIC 23

REVIEWS 52

TOP 75 78

METAL 79

DANCE 80

HIP-HOP 81

SINGLES 82

FLASHBACK 83

JUST OUT 84

FEEDBACK 100

DIRECTORY/INDEX 101

M A Y 2 0 0 0 · I S S U E 8 1



PAGE 46

MIGHTY

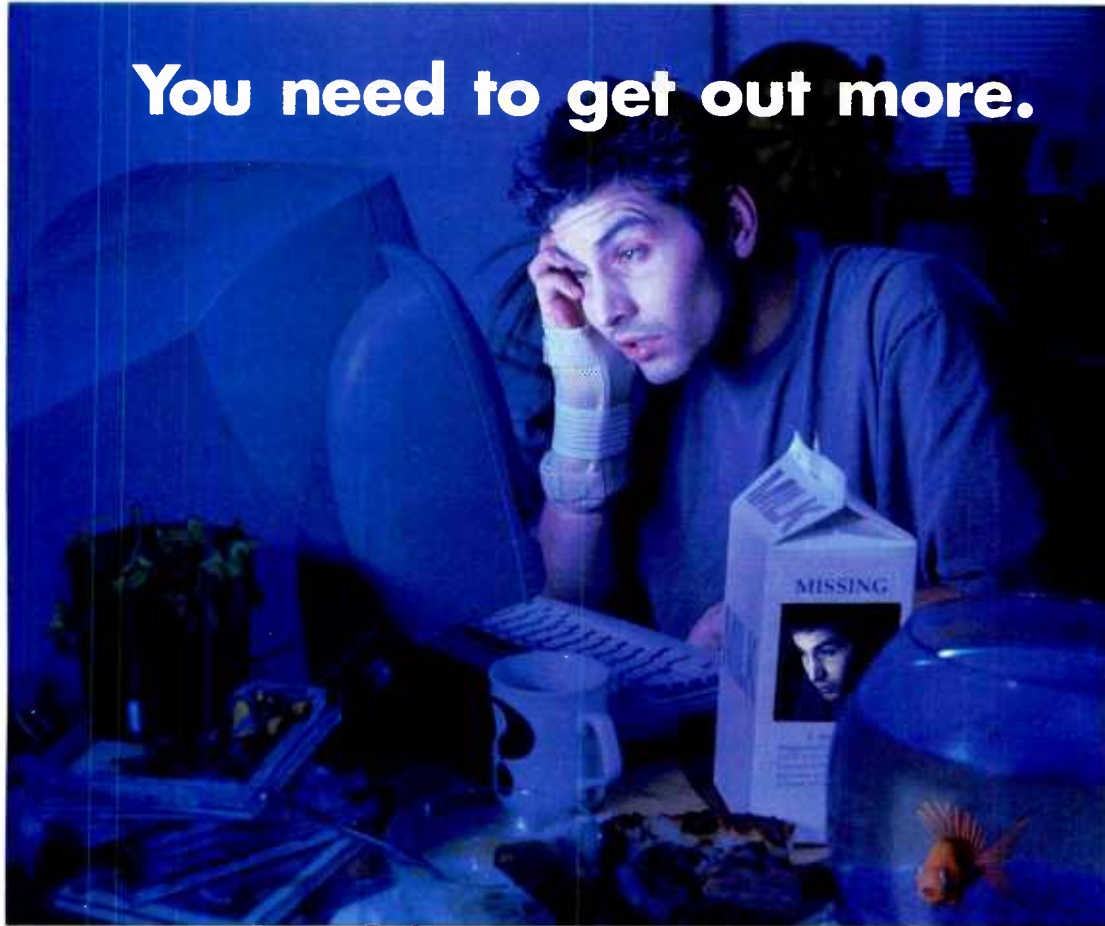
MIGHTY

BOSSTONES



CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY (ISSN 1074-6978) is published monthly by ChangeMusic Network, Inc. with offices at 565 Fifth Avenue, 29th Floor, New York, NY 10017. Subscription rates are \$39.95 per year. Subscription offices: P.O. Box 57414, Boulder, CO 80322-7414 / Phone (800) 414-4CMJ. Periodicals postage paid at Great Neck, NY and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to CMJ New Music Monthly, Membership Office, P.O. Box 57414, Boulder, CO 80328-7414. CMJ New Music Monthly is copyright 2000 by College Media Inc. All rights reserved; nothing may be reproduced without consent of publisher. Unless indicated otherwise, all letters sent to CMJ are eligible for publication and copyright purposes, and are subject to CMJ's right to edit and comment editorially. "You're sendin' the wolf. Shit, Negro, that's all you had to say."

You need to get out more.



You spend hours behind your PC downloading mp3 and jpeg files,
playing multi-player games, working perhaps.

What are you doing with all that?

More importantly, where are you putting it?
Get more out of what you bought your PC for.

Create your own CDs.
www.myhpcdwriter.com



THIN WHITE MUTE?

I love your magazine, but damn, how come no editor's response to any of the letters in the March issue? That's the first thing I read, and I expect some good hard ripping, don't go soft on me now, man.

Matt Maly
(matt.maly@bestbuy.com)

Oh, I'm so sorry about that. I've been horribly busy working on my new magazine, Scott Frampton's Living. Long lunches. Trunk shows. Sewing circles. Growing my hair out. Girl, it's been hell. By the way, I've found that that ripping you mentioned can be repaired with a simple backstitch.—ed.

MARAT SOD

Can you think of a female murderer—either historical or fictional—who before she killed her male victim (who was standing up) stared at the back of his head? For example, it's likely John Wilkes Booth stared at the back of Lincoln's noggin before he gunned Honest Abe down—but John Wilkes Booth is a man. I need to think of a woman. Charlotte Corday stabbed Marat with a bread knife while he was soaking in the tub but it's unlikely that she came up behind him. Also, he was probably not standing up.

DogBowman@aol.com

I remember some magazine cover a while back that intimated something like that about Courtney Love, but that was a far less genteel (not to mention genteel) publication than Scott Frampton's Living. And I understand the new people working there are all much nicer—I must soon invite them over for Lapsang Souchong and scones. Ladies, if you are going to murder a man, place a pillow between the back of his head and the muzzle of the gun to muffle the sound of the shot. It's a trick I like to call the "Lover's Silencer," and it's a good thing.—ed.

NO, KITTIE, THAT'S MY POT PIE!

I read your January issue rather belatedly (as well as finally listening to the accompanying CD), which is why I'm writing about it now. The Kittie song

inspired me to read your write-up of them; I was really impressed both by their sound and the fact that they're teenagers avoiding the Briney Spears route—until I got to the dreaded line, "I think equality is a good thing... but we're not feminists." Well, why the fuck not? First of all, they're wrong about Riot Grrrl, which is far from dead: New York City, among other locales, has a very active chapter. Secondly, feminism is not a dirty word, for the love of god. The sooner women realize that, the better off they'll be. If you want to rock rather than riot, fine, that's your prerogative—but don't make yourself sound like an idiot in the process.

Teresa Theophano
(New York, NY)

When kitties have been bad, sop up every bit with paper towels and use an enzyme cleaner (available in most supermarkets and pet stores) on the spot immediately. If you still think it stinks, try using an odor-removing product like Febreze. But do not use ammonia, which smells too much like what you're trying to clean up, and might encourage further feline indiscretions.—ed.

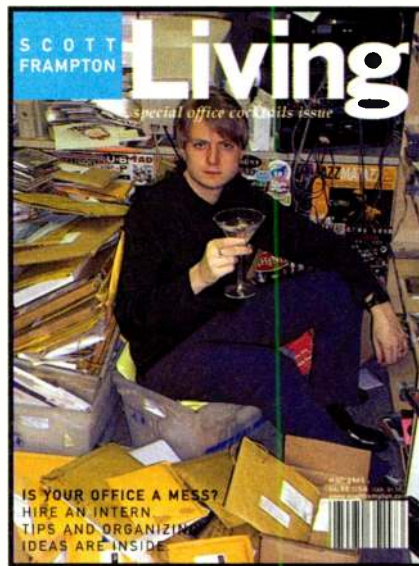
SYNTHETIC MATERIAL

I just read Michael Azerrad's article "Does Music Matter Anymore?" The section I am writing in response to is the part where the balance between art and commerce is discussed, where the conclusion seemed to be that the high commercial expectations placed on young bands after Nirvana have caused a polarization to occur, where bands fall too far to either the art or the commercial side of the spectrum, leaving nothing in the middle, where the most meaningful art takes place. While I agree with this breakdown, I don't agree that there is no music in the middle. It's not being recognized. Possibly because it's not fashionable to be in the middle. It's safer to take sides. I know personally, of one band that falls directly in the middle. They are called Beat Synthetic, they

are from Providence, [Rhode Island], and so far, you have not given them any recognition. In fact, when I read Mr. Azerrad's article, the section I am referring to above sounded exactly like the angle of one of Beat Synthetic's bios, that somewhere between the mainstream and the underground is where Beat Synthetic is most comfortable. Perhaps you could do something about this. It would be a waste if you didn't.

Herbert Zingh
Major Label Recordings And Films
(Providence, Rhode Island)

*I've long thought that teetering piles of unopened mail, copy paper boxes filled with CDs, old promo T-shirts and suspiciously discolored Tupperware give one's office the idiosyncratic joie de vivre of "the swamp." Hawkeye's tent on M*A*S*H. (Speaking of Providence, it's good to see Mike Farrell back on prime time TV and not playing a sadistic murderer or something.) But others think it bespeaks a fundamental lack of organization that spills over into the planning and execution of a magazine, making their lives hell. Just goes to show that what you find a comfortable balance may seem like a steaming pile of feces to someone else. Different strokes, as they say. It's like when you're approached by someone who appears to be interested in what you do, but is actually only concerned with promoting their own interests, or in this case a record he put out last September that none of us can remember. Scones, anyone? —ed.*



SO YOU HAVE A BABY, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT UPHOLSTERY COLORS.

STAFF

EDITORIAL

Editor-In-Chief: SCOTT FRAMPTON
Managing Editor: NEIL GLADSTONE
Assistant Editors: BILL WERDE, DYLAN SIEGLER
Reviews Editor: MATT ASHARE
Editorial Coordinator: NICOLE KEIPER
Editor-At-Large: KURT B. REIGHLEY

ART

Art Director/Designer: MERV
Designer: BRENDAN MORAN

CONTRIBUTORS

Contributing Editors:
IAN CHRISTE, AARON CLOW, BRIAN COLEMAN, M. TYE COMER, JOHN ELSASSER, TIM HASLETT, JAMES LIEN, DOUGLAS WOLK
Contributing Artists:
CHAPMAN BAEHLER, DIANE COLLINS, MATT HARTENSTEIN, DENNIS KLEIMAN, CHARLIE LANGELLA, LYTTON MARTIN, BRENDAN MORAN, KELLEY MYERS, NICHOLAS MEOLA, CHRISSEY PIPER, JOE QUINTO, ERIC REYNOLDS, DOUGLAS WOLK
Intern: MIKE CONKLIN

HOW TO REACH US

SUBSCRIPTIONS

ORDERS, INQUIRIES, ADDRESS CHANGES, CUSTOMER SERVICE
call: (800) 414-4CMJ
outside the US call: (303) 678-0354
write: CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY
P.O. BOX 57414
BOULDER, CO 80322-7414
email: cmjmusic@neodata.com
On The Web:
http://www.cmj.com/NewMM/nmmsub.html

EDITORIAL COMMENT

fax: (516) 466-7159
email: cmjmonthly@cmj.com

TO ADVERTISE

call: (516) 498-3133
write: CMJ SALES DEPARTMENT
11 MIDDLE NECK RD., STE. 400
GREAT NECK, NY 11021
email: SALES@CMJ.COM

GOT SOMETHING YOU WANT US TO HEAR?

send submissions to:
CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY
11 MIDDLE NECK RD., STE. 400
GREAT NECK, NY 11021
ATTN: REVIEWS
FIND US ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB AT:
www.cmj.com/NewMM

MILES. TRANE. COLUMBIA. COMPLETE.

MILES DAVIS WITH JOHN COLTRANE. "THE COMPLETE COLUMBIA RECORDINGS"

A stunning 6-CD Deluxe Box Set showcasing the entire evolution of two of jazz's most influential artists on studio and live recordings from October 1955-March 1961.

Featuring 18 previously unreleased tracks with over 90 minutes of new music plus all-time classics from "Kind Of Blue," "Round About Midnight," "Milestones," "Someday My Prince Will Come," and more. All meticulously remixed and 20-Bit digitally remastered from the original analog tapes.

Includes a 116 page booklet, with new liner notes, in-depth session analysis, complete discography, a detailed timeline of this period, dozens of previously unpublished photos, and more.



C6K 65833

TOWER
RECORDS • VIDEO • BOOKS
www.towerrecords.com

www.legacyrecordings.com www.columbiarecords.com

"Columbia," "Legacy" and ®, Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada. © 1999 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.





“...NOT THE END,
BUT THE
CONTINUATION
OF KMFD.M.”

mdfmrk
IN STORES NOW

AVAIL. ONLY AT TOWER RECORDS

World Radio History

CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

ISSUE 81 MAY 2000

STAFF

Publisher: ROBERT K. HABER
Associate Publisher: MARIANNE P. STONE
Advertising Sales Director: KHRIS KLINE
Director Of Sales: ROBERT SCHMERLER
Sales Operations Manager: HAYLEY LAWSON
Sales Representative: B.J. BERNARD, GREG MANIHA,
CHRIS AMUNDSON
Sales & Marketing Assistant: GREG CORRAO
Subscription Manager: LYNN SPECTOR

CHANGE MUSIC NETWORK, INC.

Chairman of the Board of Directors:
GLENN S. MEYERS
Chief Executive Officer, President, Publisher and Founder:
ROBERT K. HABER
Chief Operating Officer and Executive Vice President:
ALEX ELLERSON
Executive Vice President:
SETH TAPPER
Executive Vice President, CFO and Treasurer:
JEFFREY J. KAPLAN
Vice President, General Counsel and Secretary:
ROBERT C. LEWIS

EDITORIAL COMMENT

fax: (516) 466-7159
email: cmjmonthly@cmj.com

TO ADVERTISE

call: (516) 498-3133
write: CMJ SALES DEPARTMENT
11 MIDDLE NECK RD., STE. 400
GREAT NECK, NY 11021
email: SALES@CMJ.COM
FIND US ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB AT:
www.cmj.com/NewMM



The
Audit
Bureau
Member

Who's clicking and dragging your bottom line across **Europe?**

www.vitaminic.com
www.vitaminic.co.uk
www.vitaminic.it
www.vitaminic.de
www.vitaminic.fr
www.vitaminic.es
www.vitaminic.nl
www.vitaminic.se



With the only genuinely pan-European network across all major territories, Vitaminic is the digital downloadable music community with offices all over Europe and in the US.

So what?

It means we can sell your music to any market.

It means we can promote your music to any market .

On the Internet. The world's fastest growing audience.

That's what.

the music evolution





KURTZ



SPOTS



Sheela
Black



Coming this Spring...
CRUSH



Music from the Motion Picture
ONCE IN THE LIFE
A WORK BY LUDWIG GÖTTSCHEW

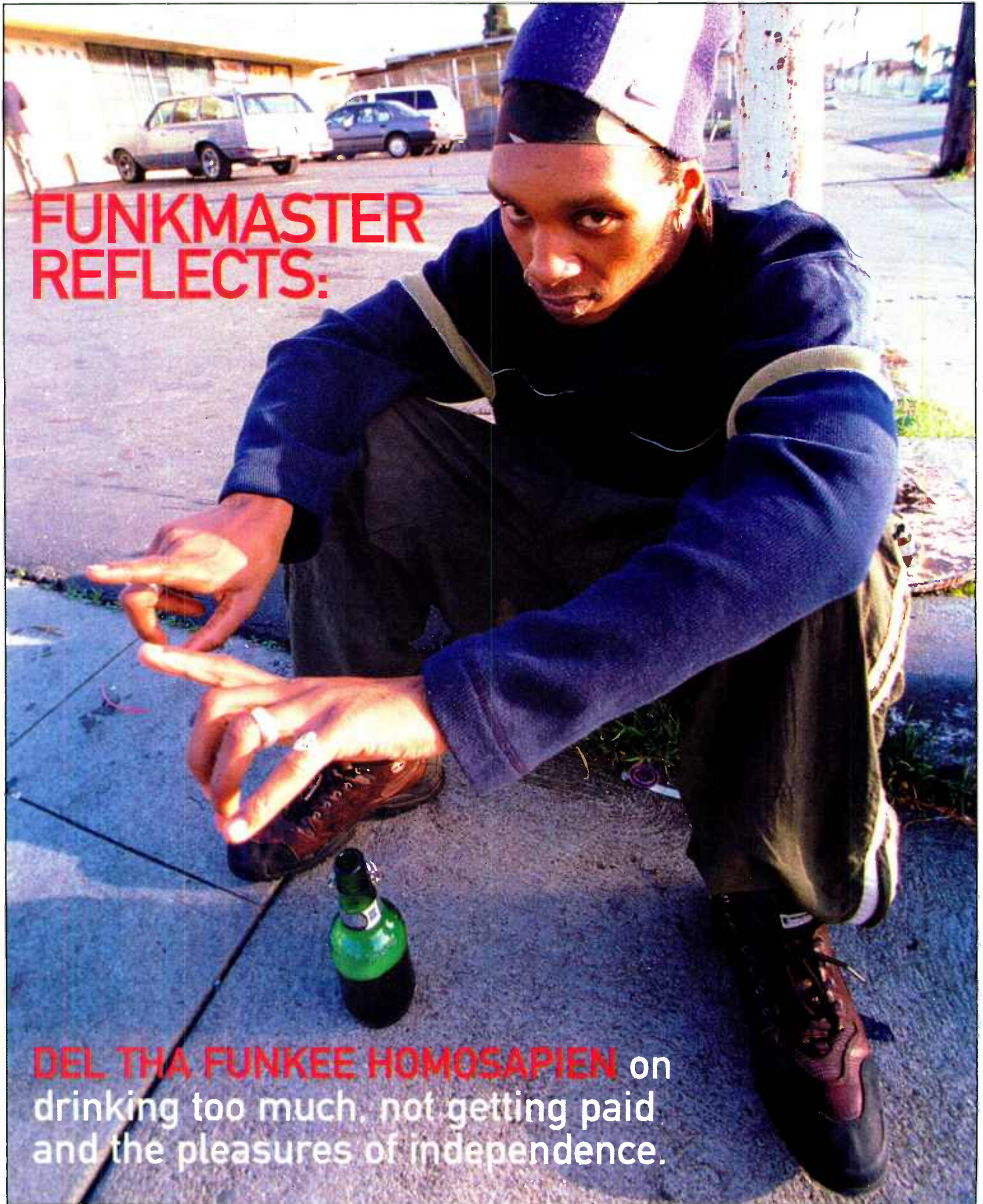


PHILADELPHIA'S NEW MUSIC DYNASTY

© & © 2000 Antra Records LLC 1515 Locust 4th Fl Philadelphia PA 19102. © & © 2000 Sheridan Square Entertainment LLC. Manufactured and Marketed by Artemis Records 130 Fifth Avenue 7th Fl, New York, NY 10011.
[Distributed by RED Distribution, Inc.] All Rights Reserved. Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws. Printed in USA.

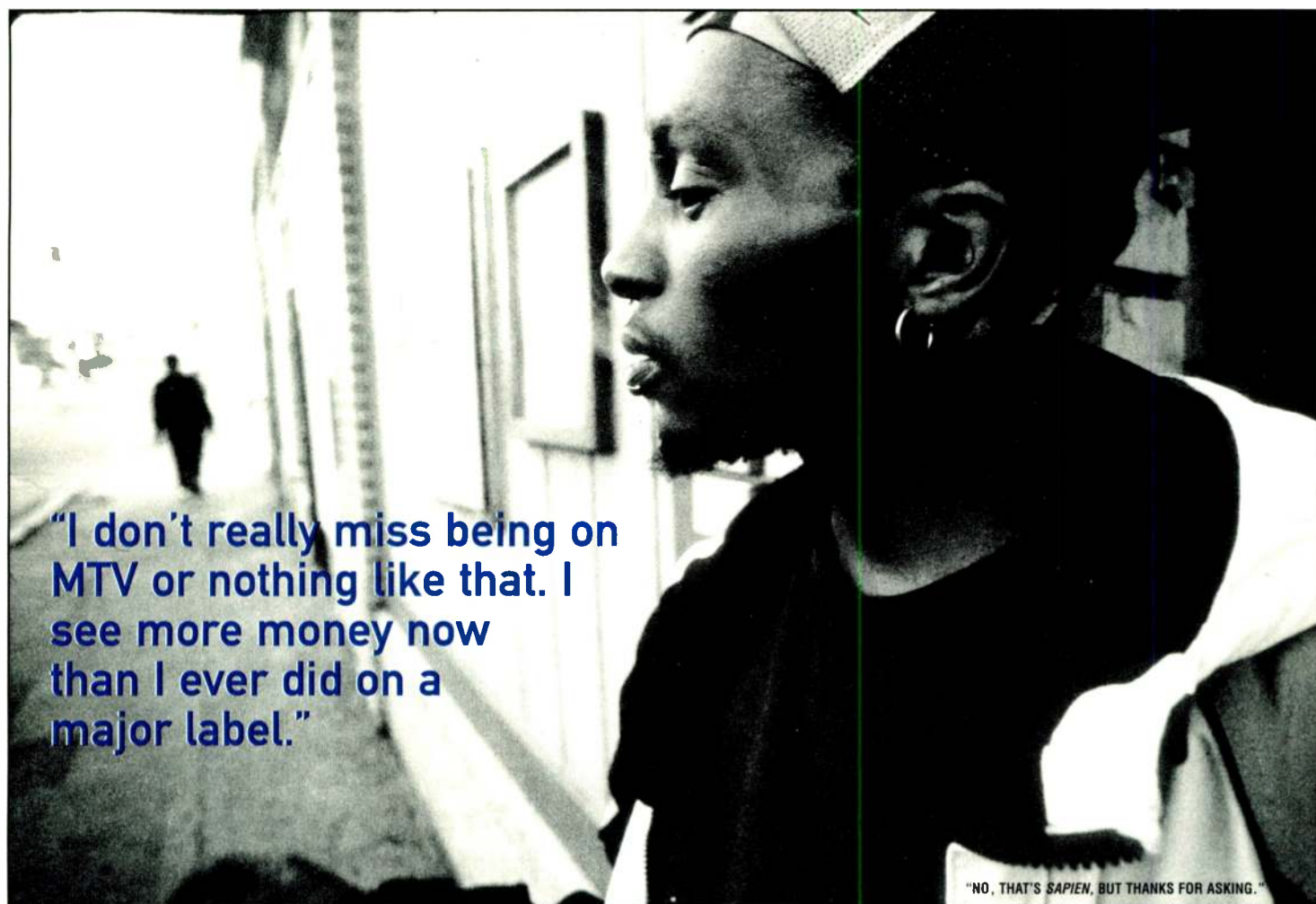
www.antramusic.com

World Radio History



**FUNKMASTER
REFLECTS:**

DEL THA FUNKEE HOMOSAPIEN on
drinking too much, not getting paid
and the pleasures of independence.



"I don't really miss being on MTV or nothing like that. I see more money now than I ever did on a major label."

"NO, THAT'S SAPIEN, BUT THANKS FOR ASKING."

STORY: JON CARAMANICA PHOTO: MATT HARTENSTEIN

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien's debut album *I Wish My Brother George Was Here* dropped at the dawn of the '90s, a time of unchecked hip-hop experimentation. East Coast versus West Coast was more about crews like New York's Native Tongues and California's Hieroglyphics (Del, Souls Of Mischief, Casual) outwitting each other in intellectual, conscious rhymes than boasting about criminal records.

Many of that era's leaders, from the Ultramagnetic MCs to A Tribe Called Quest, have since dissolved. And for a while after Del ended his relationship with Elektra in the mid '90s, he couldn't be found rocking the crowd either.

Enter *Both Sides Of The Brain* (Hiero Imperium)—not only a return to form, but a marked improvement on the silly and smart science that propelled "Mistadobalina" oh-so-many years ago. The brash, witty, almost awkward cousin of Ice Cube—only by blood, not style—has managed to persevere through a fusillade of drama that started with regular *Yo! MTV Raps* rotation and ended with a passionate, occasionally twisted appreciation for firewater and LSD.

After Del's major label deal dissolved in the mid '90s, he looked to his Hieroglyphics crew. Under the mainstream radar, they founded an independent label, Hieroglyphics Imperium, which has since become the blueprint for DIY rappers coast to coast. For Del, life on the independent circuit is calmer, the living modest and free time is spent dabbling with studio equipment, studying Japanese and avidly enjoying Japanese video games and animation.

"I don't really miss being on MTV or nothing like that," says Del, who's in his late 20s. "Right now, I'm so much more focused on my

music, that that's where I put all my time and energy. Besides, the benefits of working for yourself are so much greater. I see more money now than I ever did on a major label."

And with money comes freedom—musical and personal. The past few years have seen the Funkee one revamp his approach to both his musical career and his personal life. "People used to associate me with all these 'extracurricular activities,'" Del recalls amusedly, "but all that shit was never really a problem for me as far as my life was concerned. See, drinking was the real problem I had. All the other shit was OK. So basically I just cut out drinking almost completely. Maybe I'll have a beer or Alizé every once in a while, but getting hella tore up? Nah, I'm cool."

The newly sober Del is a more committed demon in the studio than before. Unbeknownst to many Hiero fans, Del is the production maestro behind some of the crew's greatest singles: Casual's "That's How It Is," Souls Of Mischief's "That's When Ya Lost" and his own "Catch A Bad One." "Even back then we tried to be a little creative," he jokes, but his skills behind the boards have developed considerably in the years since. He produced more than half of *Both Sides Of The Brain*, and continues to drop beats on his Hiero peers, taking heavy musical cues from Parliament, or as he puts it, "that future sound"—bleeps, high-pitched noises, and tweaked-out funk that sounds like it's coming either from a busted Atari 2600 or the Mothership itself.

"Lately I've been studying music theory, reading and writing music," Del reports. "Sampling's cool, but I want to come up with my own melodies so I can say that they're really my songs." He stops to reflect, then finishes, "Hey, to do this for a long time, you need to be getting better every year." You learn well funkee grasshopper.

NMM

6 things you should know about TERRY CALLIER

He's okay being called a "folk jazz" artist.

"It's the combination of blues, folk, rock, soul, jazz, gospel, maybe a little classical. But I may be just being obtuse," Callier says with a laugh.

This smooth guitarist went hard to the hoop against Curtis Mayfield.

"Chicago's North Side, when I was 11 or 12, was also home to Jerry Butler, Curtis Mayfield, Major Lance, Ramsey Lewis and a host of other people who were tremendously talented, who either didn't want a career in music, or got sidetracked. I played basketball with Curtis. Jerry and I were in the same third grade classroom. By the time we were sophomores at Wells High School, Jerry and Curtis [as The Impressions] had recorded 'For Your Precious Love.'"

The layoff: 1983 to 1998.

After 20 years in the music biz, Callier left to become a computer programmer and support his daughter. "It allowed me to discover other facets of my personality that didn't have to do with music." He worked for the National Opinion Research Center at the University Of Chicago, analyzing statistics from health, education and political opinion surveys. He also earned a sociology degree.

Rave revived Callier's music career!

"I didn't give music a thought until 1990," says Callier. "I got a call from Acid Jazz records in London. [An Acid Jazz DJ] was playing 'I Don't Want To See Myself (Without You)' and was getting a reaction at clubs and raves." Acid Jazz reissued the single, and Callier went on to play Europe. "When Acid Jazz first called me," recalls Callier, "I thought it was one of my friends putting me on."

John Coltrane contains multitudes.

"In the '60s, I went to this small club in Chicago and saw the Coltrane Quartet for the first time—Elvin Jones, Jimmy Garrison, McCoy Tyner. I got to the club early because I was really excited, and when I walked up to the door, I heard this hammering. I went in and there was Elvin Jones nailing his drums to the floor. What kind of music are they going to be playing that he's got to nail his drums down? The intensity of the show actually frightened me. If I could have gotten out of the club I would have left. I had never heard anything like that before in my life. There were too many people coming in, everyone was pushing in, so I just had to sit there. And after 15 or 20 minutes, I began to see and feel the patterns in this, and see what it was all about. It eventually began to dawn on me that everything in the universe was in this music. *Everything in the universe was in this music!* The good, the bad, the ugly, the evil, heaven, hell, the earth, below earth, above earth, the ocean...everything. And put it in your face. It's one thing to capture it. It's another thing to put it in your face."

Rave revived Callier's music career...again!

Rave-y folkster Beth Orton repeatedly listened to Terry Callier during the year she was recording *Trailer Park*. Then she tracked down Callier to guest on her *Best Bit* EP, as well as her follow-up album, *Central Reservation*. "There were a lot of people who were super-skeptical. I'm an African American male. She's a UK female. Beth said, 'How are we going to do this?' I told her that when Miles Davis had one of his greatest groups, he looked for a saxophone player for two years and finally decided on Wayne Shorter. People were saying, 'Wayne plays so angular and so acidic. How are you going to play together?' So Miles told them, 'He's going to try and play like me, and I'm going to try and play like him.' I told Beth that story." —Bill Werde

Terry Callier's *Lifetime* (Blue Thumb/Verve) and *Live At Mother Blues* (Premonition) are out now.

LABEL PROFILE:



Whether it's millennial kismet or nouveau entrepreneurial savvy, the shuttering of one cool hip-hop label has led to the birth of another. After the turntable-conscious label Asphodel closed last year, former GM Erik Gilbert and four cohorts took their vision of a distinctive hip-hop sound (embodied by barely-beneath-the-radar artists like Anti-Pop Consortium, Dan The Automator, the X-ecutioners' Mista Sinista, and Bay Area rapper Encore), barnacled onto a dot-com developer called nicheMusic, and started a label that believes quality and material success can once again go hand-in-hand. "People are becoming frustrated with hip-hop in the mainstream," says Gilbert, "and that's great because it opens a lot of doors. When that happens, it's inevitable that something more interesting bubbles up." Look out for the label's vinyl reissue of Dr. Octagon's legendary debut. —Dylan Siegler



ANTI-POP CONSORTIUM



"I saw his face. I remember the look on his face. It was this look of utter hate, like 'I'm going to kill you.'"

—Jordana LeSesne (the transgendered DJ/producer formerly known as 1.8.7), who was assaulted in front of a Kent, Ohio club early in the morning of February 23 after a gig. Police issued a summons to Matthew Gostlin, 26, of Akron, Ohio in connection with the attack. Jordana alleges the assailant punched her in the face, causing a split lip and bruises to her jaw and nose. She took a month's leave from DJing to recuperate.

IN MY ROOM

ANGELO MOORE OF FISHBONE



If you thought Fishbone's music was a colorful cacophony, check out lead singer **ANGELO MOORE's** North Hollywood duplex, where each wall and all the windowsills are different colors. "I wanted to make my house be all the colors of the rainbow," says Angelo. "Every time I wake up in the morning, I see beautiful colors." Fishbone's aptly named latest, *The Psychotic Friends Nuttwerx*, is out now.

MASKS

Right when you walk in the front door, you got these masks hanging on strings, from one end of the room to the other. African masks, Indian masks... I got a mask from Alaska and it has bird feathers around its edge. The masks are like the audience, like the people you see in the street, in life, everywhere.

AZTEC SUN

It's painted on the ceiling of my living room, so I can always keep the sun shining in my life. It's many different colors. Reddish-brown, brown, black, yellow. It creeps from the corner of my living room ceiling. The flames from the sun pass from the living room into the kitchen.

FELA KUTI ALBUMS

I like Fela Kuti. I haven't gotten Femi yet, but I heard it's pretty good.

BELLS

There are wind chimes and wooden beaded curtains in each doorway. Each time you pass through, you get music, bells. I like windchimes a lot. They let me know that there is always life, each time I pass from one room to another.

BEDROOM

My bedroom is all black, with silver corners. You in a coffin, man. Or a womb. You wake up in the morning in a womb. You go to sleep at night in a coffin. It keeps on starting over again with a different beginning and a different end, each day you walk out the door and start doing the hustle. That's my whole concept of life, man.



GION



STONE



FOREMAN



ALLMAN



VAN BUREN



MONKEY SEE



MONKEY OO

MAJOR BURNS

What do Martin Van Buren, Dr. Cornelius and today's counter-culture cat all have in common?

This year, designers are celebrating the return of female curves to the runway, but who's giving it up for the comeback of that oh-so-manly growth—the muttonchop? Meaty, fuzzy and freewheelin' all at once, can I get an amen for the youths of America who are turning their backs on the co-opted goatee? These holy-rolling forelocks are your ticket to slide whether heading for the highway or hitting a Hassidic temple.

"I think more people are recognizing the good things that truckers have done for America over the years," says Joel Gion, percussionist for Brian Jonestown Massacre, when asked why today's youth is quietly organizing a facial takeover (which begins at the bottom of the ears and refuses to give up until it reaches mid-cheekbone). "Our forefathers had them—I'm just doing my patriotic duty," he reasons.

Depending on whom you ask, the trendsetter could be anyone from Sly Stone to Mungo Jerry to our eighth president. "Martin Van Buren had a classy thing goin' on," says Delta 72's Gregg Foreman when asked about the impetus for his extra-wide sidelines.

Be it a bacon strip or inverse goatee, muttonchops are a statement about more than tonsorial weeds. For a musical interpretation, dig the new rump-shakin' Delta 72 album, *000 (Touch And Go)*, which shimmies with a fervor that's a little bit rock 'n' soul, a little bit primate. Because, let's face it, no one's muttonchops are quite as impressive as those of the chimpanzee. Students of pop culture would do well to dig Dr. Cornelius from *Planet Of The Apes*. "That Cornelius cat was where it's at!" exclaims Gion about the look that screams, "I'm sticking it up the nose of the man!"

This cut isn't without a drawback, though. "Not all the ladies love the fur," warns Foreman. "It's the same reason why a lot of girls don't like *Planet Of The Apes* as a movie. But I do alright." Any grooming tips, Mr. Gion? "Just let 'em ride." **»»» Neil Gladstone**



THE KISS OF DEATH

When your name's **DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE**, be prepared for unlikely suitors.

story: STEVE GOULA

If you've got "Death" in your band name, don't be surprised when metal fans prick up their ears. If your name is Death Cab For Cutie, and you specialize in intelligent lyrics about struggles with the bottle and difficult romances over clever arrangements featuring indie-pop swells and crescendos, don't be surprised when metal fans are disappointed.

Death Cab For Cutie bassist Nick Harmer quotes a review of the band's debut album, *Something About Airplanes*, from a now-forgotten metal zine: "Picture the slowest Beatles song you can imagine and multiply it by 10! Don't ever buy this record!"

In their adopted hometown of Seattle, the band gets top billing and registers impressive record sales. Those who haven't heard them, be warned: Death Cab is pretty dark.

"Even people who've been at our shows have had some very weird misconceptions about us," Harmer admits. "Some kid came up to us and said, 'You sound just like Pearl Jam, but darker—you must have had some fucked-up childhoods!'"

On the eve of the act's second album, *We Have The Facts, And We're Voting Yes* (Barsuk), Harmer isn't worried about giving the wrong impression to the uninitiated. For the upcoming single "Underwater" (Sub Pop) he worked with the label's art department to create a package that will intentionally mislead people.

The band's logo appears in a baroque, metal-type font, and a line sketch of the band members "metal-ified," complete with long hair and tattoos, is on the back of the single.

"It's the poppiest song we've ever written, very catchy and melodic, not dark at all," explains Harmer, an admitted fan of '80s hair metal. "But I wanted to stoke the fire. I want that moment of disparity where they're trying to reconcile what has happened here: 'Are they making fun of pop and they really are a metal band?'"



PICK-UP LINE: "WE'RE INEVITABLE, BABY, LIKE DEATH IN TAXIS."



IN MY ROOM

FATLIP, FORMERLY OF THE PHARCYDE

Since getting the boot from Pharcyde in '97, **FATLIP** has fallen on some hard times. On his solo debut single, "What's Up Fatlip," (on the Delicious Vinyl compilation, *Prime Cuts Volume One*) he waxes philosophical about being "washed-up like a riptide" with "no homies that got my back," the ups and downs of dating a white woman, and people suspecting he's gay. In the track's hilarious Spike Jonze-directed video, the mush-mouthed rapper exhibits a fly running man (dance staple of early '90s *Soul Train*) and gets his bicycle—complete with a decidedly un-fly baby seat—stolen by children. "It's a blues song," says Fatlip. "You just write down all your troubles." Here, Fatlip lets us in on the decadence that is his one-bedroom apartment north of Los Angeles.

COUCH-BED In the only bedroom, my babies' mother lives with the two kids. I've been sleeping on the couch for the last couple of months. So that lets you know how our relationship is going.

TWO CRATES OF RECORDS The Guess Who has this one song, "Undone." That's a good one. This is legends in here. James Brown. Prince. Barry White. Richard Pryor's *Greatest Hits*. That's my favorite one.

INCENSE HOLDER I use sage incense, and a few candles.

DICTIONARY I gotta keep my words straight, you know what I'm sayin'?

TWO STEREOS One is broken and the other one works a little bit. It's got a shortage in the speakers or something. I used to have a lot of stuff, but everything got broken or thrown out. I used to have a television, a dining room set, a coffee table. Now I got none of that stuff.



POSITIVELY GIDDY THAT WE'RE NOT CALLING THEM EMO.

SELL OUT AND SMILE

Stop whining about integrity and listen to the music, says **JIMMY EAT WORLD**.

story: NICOLE KEIPER photo: CHRISSE PIPER

We all know the indie rock rule: shun corporate entertainment at all costs, be it music, movies or TV. But after two Capitol records, a track on the *Never Been Kissed* soundtrack and one commercial for Jennifer Love Hewitt's sitcom *Time Of Your Life*, Jimmy Eat World remains post-hardcore royalty.

"I'm just so against the elitist sort of vibe in scenes," says singer/guitarist Jim Adkins. "The object of the game is to try to share your music with people, and if the producer of *Dawson's Creek* likes our songs and wants to use them for something, if he wants to support us, that's not a bad thing."

Teen melodramas aside, Jimmy Eat World has remained a fixture among 7-inch single aficionados. Enough so, in fact, that the band will be releasing a singles compilation (on Big Wheel Recreation) to combat the bartering frenzy its more obscure material induces on

eBay. (Singles fetch \$20 to \$30, while the act's teensy-pressing, self-titled debut often takes in more than \$100.)

"It's pretty ridiculous to have that," Adkins says. "I mean, I don't think those records are worth like two bucks, but people are buying them for outrageous amounts of money. It's silly."

Sales of 1999's *Clarity*—which took the brooding melodic rock introduced on '96's *Static Prevails* and channeled it into intelligent pop of Radiohead-esque proportions—were enviable by indie standards. (The record scanned 35,000 units according to SoundScan.) But Capitol dropped the band last fall. And while some hardened indie-philies might be quick to wag a finger, Adkins has no regrets.

"I wouldn't trade the experience that we had [with Capitol] for anything," he says. "I mean, I met Drew Barrymore! That alone made the whole thing worth it."

TWO OF PUS

Banking on the unbelievable success of VH-1's *Two Of Us* (or at least the nationwide tittering it caused), and the anticipation for the upcoming Sex Pistols documentary, *The Filth And The Fury*, the channel is producing a television movie about a fictional early-'80s reunion between Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious (so what if he's dead? So is Lennon). *CMJ New Music Monthly* has obtained an advance copy of the script snuck out by a PA who will undoubtedly be fired (sorry 'bout that). Competition for the lead roles has been fierce. So far the frontrunners include Macaulay Culkin as Johnny Rotten, Adam Sandler as Sid Vicious and Lisa Kudrow as Nancy Spungeon. Oliver Stone is negotiating to direct this "very special work."»» Dave Itzkoff

SCENE: THE CHELSEA HOTEL, ROOM 101

The room is scattered with half-empty beer bottles, cigarette butts and back issues of MAD magazine. A television flickers absently as the wasted, burned-out form of SID VICIOUS lies in bed, the night table littered with guitar picks and needles. There is a knock at the door.

JOHN: Sid! Come to the door, Sidney, it's John! Oh, bloody hell. ...I have a horsie to deliver to Mr. Vicious!

[Sid finally stumbles out of bed and unlocks the door. We are shocked to see that the mystery visitor is none other than Sid's old bandmate, JOHN LYDON. There is a palpable tension in the air as John awaits the first words from the former friend he thought dead.]

SID: Wuzza?

JOHN: Sid, it's me! John Lydon. Johnny Rotten?

SID: [belches]

JOHN: Of the Sex Pistols? The band you played in? I wanna be...

SID: ...On MTV [wipes snot from his nose].

JOHN: Sid, we haven't seen each other in the two years since our provocative punk rock briefly threatened to turn culture upside down before it collapsed upon itself in a brilliant display of anarchic irony!

[brief pause]

SID: Where's the horse?

...

SCENE: A BAR

JOHN and SID have taken a table at a pub to catch up on old times over a pint. While Sid's outdated spiked hair and leather jacket stick out like a sore thumb, JOHN is wearing dark sunglasses and is thus unrecognizable.

JOHN: [finishing a long story]...and then Richard Branson flew me back from Jamaica. Now I just spend me time between London and New York.

SID: Oh. Well, I was in Paris for a while...least I think it was Paris.

Oh, and this one time, I was using a payphone and after I hung up, it gave me back my dime.

[Suddenly, a FANBOY who has been watching the two approaches the table.]

FANBOY: Omigod, I can't believe it! You're Sid Vicious, aren't you?

SID: Yeah, what of it?

FANBOY: I am, like, your biggest fan! I even saw all your shows at Max's Kansas City!

SID: Oh yeah. I lobbed a whopper loogie on you.

JOHN: Hey, kid, you ever heard of Public Image Limited?

FANBOY: Erm, no. So, Sid, is it true that you're bringing the Pistols back together? 'Cause, like, I read it in *Creem*...

[John angrily grabs the FANBOY by the collar.]

JOHN: Don't you get it? The Pistols weren't just four guys who couldn't play instruments--we were a political statement! We were a historical moment that could never be duplicated, like Franco Harris's Immaculate Reception or the Hindenburg explosion.

SID: Got any Pepto Bismol? Me tum-tum hurts.

JOHN: With the exception of maybe the Bay City Rollers, there will never be another band of boys that takes the world by storm like we did! Never!

SID: [vomiting] Bleeeeeeeaargh! Oh, that felt good.

JOHN: Now go tell all your little friends you met Sid Vicious, and he was a complete arsehole.

FANBOY: [wiping vomit off of his pants] He was sort of polite, actually.

...

SCENE: THE CHELSEA HOTEL, ROOM 101

Back at SID's room, he and JOHN are watching a broadcast of Saturday Night Live

LORNE MICHAELS: [on television]...and NBC has authorized me to present you with this check for \$3,000 if the Sex Pistols will reunite on our stage.

You can divide it however you want. You can give Paul Cook \$100 and keep the rest for yourselves.

SID: [to JOHN] We should go down there.

John! With that money, we could live like kings! I could buy Nancy a sandwich grill.

JOHN: Oh, sod off. I've got to do Tom Snyder tomorrow and I need to rest.

SID: Well, let's just go down there and kick Lorraine Newman's scrawny ass!

JOHN: Yeah! Now you're talking!

[As JOHN and SID prepare to leave, in walks NANCY SPUNGEON, Sid's flighty American girlfriend, wearing a housedress and carrying bags of groceries.]

NANCY: Hey, Sidney! I'm ho-ooome!

[We hear a round of applause from an off-screen audience.]

SID [in a Cuban accent]: Nancy, have you seen our fix money? You got some 'splaining to do!

[Laughter.]

JOHN: Did you hear something, Sid? And why are you talking in that ridiculous accent?

SID: Nancy, me and John are going to be on American television. Now get out of the way.

NANCY: But I wanna be in the show! Sidney! Waaaaaaah!

[Again, offstage there is laughter and thunderous applause.]

JOHN: Where is that coming from?

...

SCENE: NIGHT, UNDER A BRIDGE IN CENTRAL PARK

On the run after murdering Nancy for spending the fix money, Sid is now a fugitive. Not knowing where to go or whom to turn to, Sid has fled to the secret meeting place that only he and John know about. John is already there waiting for him.

SID: John! I-I-I didn't forget, John! I-I-I didn't remember where we was, John, but I didn't forget! [begins to cry] I done a bad thing, John.

JOHN: It don't make no difference.

[Sid comes over and puts his head in John's lap.]

SID: John...John, tell me like you done before. Tell me about us. Tell me about the band.

JOHN: Guys like us, they got no family, and they ain't got nobody that gives a hoot 'n hell about 'em. We're gonna get a little place. We're gonna have a cow, some pigs, maybe a chicken. We're gonna have a little practice space...

SID: And I get to tend the rabbits and play the bass?

JOHN: And you get to tend the rabbits...and then there'll be a reunion tour. A live album, T-shirts...maybe we'll even bring back Glen Matlock.

SID: And I get 15 percent of the back-end!

[Gunshot. Sid's lifeless body falls to the ground. A smoking gun falls from John's hand. John quietly inspects the scene, bites his lip in sorrow, and goes off to make a horrendous rap record with Afrikaa Bambataa.]

FADE TO BLACK



Nancy

?&A: THE EELS 



E: STILL GETS THE CABLE CHANNEL'S MAIL

The Eels' last album, *Electro-Shock Blues*, ruminated on the depression that haunted frontman E (née Mark Everett) after the death of several loved ones. The follow-up, *Daisies Of The Galaxy* (DreamWorks) is a remarkably slap-happy affair. Sitting in a diner, about to discuss this new work, E listens as our waitress explains the establishment's toast policy: one slice at a time. "See, we start ya off with one, then we build up," she says. E scratches his goateed chin and you can see the wheels turning—there could be an Eels song in there somewhere. **»»Tom Lanham**

Were you worried that your depression might never end?

I wasn't really thinking of it like that. But I guess you do kinda feel like you're drowning in it. I was really happy making *Daisies Of The Galaxy*. Then when I finished it, I got really depressed again. I've just recently bounced back from it, which is good, since it's time to go out and play these songs. For a long time, I felt like "Jesus! I can't play all these upbeat songs because I'm really not in that same frame of mind anymore." See, I'm really happy when I'm making something. [*Daisies*] was like a new beginning for me, but I think what happened was, I was eventually left alone with my thoughts, and suddenly I didn't have anything to distract me. So I just had to...deal with it. And I got really, really depressed. I'm much better now.

Do you finally have some sort of closure?

Yeah. I felt like I'd gone to my last funeral for awhile. Uh, hopefully. I don't think there are any more immediate possibilities. Hopefully, I won't be going to yours any time soon.

Thanks. But some folks might throw a party once I'm six feet under.

Well, that's what I wanted this record to be, a party more than a funeral. This record definitely picks up where *Electro-Shock* left off. It's very much a sequel to that one, and that one ended on a positive note. But there are a couple of serious songs, like "Estate Sale." I could've

written a whole other album about "Estate Sale," because after my mother passed away, I had to go back—in the middle of making this record—to clean out my family's house in Virginia. Which was, of course, a horrific experience. It was the house I'd grown up in since I was two.

When did you notice your output was turning more playful?

I kinda went into [*Daisies*] with that intention. I went down to my basement every day and felt this sense of a new beginning, and I wanted to challenge myself to write some songs to fit that. For my own sanity, you know. And it was a big challenge—a happy-sounding song is much harder to write than a sad-sounding song.

But cuts like "Flyswatter" and "I Like Birds" are some of your wackiest ever, mainly because you're suddenly aware of life's minutiae again.

I built this structure in the back yard that I call "The Hut." And I go out and meditate in it, and there's always wildlife—I'm right in the middle of the city, but I've got possums and raccoons and squirrels and trees with fruit growing. I've found that if I go out there every day, it definitely pulls me back into what's important.

"Flyswatter" lists all your indoor pals in the chorus: "Field mice, head lice, spiders in the kitchen..."

My house is the all-time spider farm. That's one thing I have no shortage of—spiders. Everywhere I turn, on a daily basis, I walk through a spider web. I can tell you what they taste like—that's how intimate I am with spiders. And field mice? I've got them, too. But at least my cat can take care of them. I mean, I've got nothing against those little mice—I like 'em. But I just couldn't sleep at night, so I let the cat start killing 'em. I make him do all my dirty work—I've got bigger fish to kill.

Mice gone; E happy?

I'm happier. I'm pointing in the direction of happiness.



WEIRD RECORD

We'll resist the temptation to choose the introductory voiceover from sports announcer Bob Costas ("Music and baseball: A perfect combination!" he says with inimitable wholesome aplomb) as the best track from *Big League Rocks* (EMI-Capitol); after all, major league ballplayers are doing this to benefit The Major League Baseball Player's Trust For Children, and we're snide, not heartless. But rock songs about baseball (John Fogerty, anyone?) make us wince faster than a

Randy Johnson brushback. Pettish Yankee leftfielder Paul O'Neil drumming, in particular, on a Kenny Rogers-style romp ("You gotta know when to run, know when to slide/ It's just like baseball, the game of life") is something worth smashing a water cooler over. Also worth mentioning is Indians pitcher Mark Langston's fretwork on the Journey-like "Welcome To The Show," ("The cameras are turning on/ The papers want to know about the new phenom"). To their credit, most of the ballplayers who dare sing do it about as well as the scores of singers who try, unsuccessfully, to land on our pages. But where's the John Rocker version of "New York, New York"? **»»Bill Werde** | ed. note: Not enough Kenny Rogers? See *Geek Love* on p. 106. |



OUR PULITZER NOMINATION GOES TO...

We think *Looking For The Perfect Beat: The Art And Culture Of The DJ* (Pocket Books) is simply the most amazing book on DJ culture ever written. Kurt Reighley's tome, with its series of quoted excerpts from real, live top DJs, mixed with his cutting insights and scintillating bios of key players in the evolution of DJ culture had us laughing, crying, and at one point, holding hands and singing "Kumbaya." **Ed. Note—Kurt B. Reighley is Editor At Large for CMJ New Music Monthly.**



TRIPPIN' THROUGH CLUBLAND

With the slew of DJ comps coming out, why dig through crates to find that elusive white label? Here's a guide to help you bring home the club without filling your trunk with 12-inches. **»»Bill Werde**

Tranceport Vol. 3 (Kinetic), **Global Underground** (Boxed-Studio K7), **Northern Exposure** (Ultra): Clubland's hot sound is trance, with its pulsing melodies and dancefloor thump. *Tranceport Vol. 3* features Sandra Collins; *Global Underground* offers sets from top DJs in different cities around the globe (like John Digweed: *Hong Kong* and Underworld's *Darren Emerson: Uruguay*); Sasha and Digweed's just-retired *Northern Exposure* captured their legendary marathon sets, but will be re-named when they release their next mix on Kinetic. ☹️ (see key below)



SANDRA COLLINS LICKS TRANCEPORT VOL. 3 INTO SHAPE.

PHOTO COURTESY OF HOOK RECORDS

Plastic Compilation Vol. 3 (Nettwerk): In '97, *Plastic Vol. 1* was down with big beat; the '98 follow-up got into drum 'n' bass and trance. Vol. 3 builds on that with trance cuts from Sasha, Filter, Hybrid and others. Check the breathtaking BT remix of Sarah McLachlan's "I Love You." 🌟

Back To Mine (Ultra): The name implies, "After the party, come back to my place." The new series has DJs digging through their own crates to score their ideal afterparties. Danny Tenaglia inaugurates the disc with a garage-style mix of R&B, soul and lazy house beats. Look for upcoming efforts from Groove Armada and Leftfield. 🌟

Architettura (Caipirinha): Pretentious as an art gallery opening, this series features electronic musicians' interpretations of architecture. On *Four*, Panacea provides the generally nonlinear beats, noises, clicks and clangs as he reinvents Oscar Niemeyer's city of Brasilia as a dense and desolate album. No word yet on Goldie's interpretation of Shea Stadium. 😊🌟

DJ-Kicks (Studio K7): The formula is simple—great DJs from around the world (Kruder & Dorfmeister, DJ Cam, Kid Loco) blend funk-out hip-hop and dance tracks, including their own original material. On the latest, the Stereo MCs take the wheels and their psychedelic "Rhino" (parts I, II and III) and trip-hop selections get them—and you—connected. 🌟🌟🌟🌟

KEY:

- 🌟: chill out, kick back; grab a bag of cheesy-poofs.
- 😊: psychedelic weirdness; beware the talking kitchen appliances.
- ☹️: very emotive; no, we don't want a "face massage."
- 🌟: on the aggressive side; and can you shut up already?

We in no way endorse imbibing illicit substances. In other words, do not fry this at home.

Maxell's CMJ NEW MUSIC Music Mix!

We all MAKE MIXES. What's your favorite mix? Tell us. and if we pick your entry you

Win a bag of cool Maxell Music Stuff.

Dan Nieman University Of Michigan

Side 1	Side 2
Angelo Badalamenti	Nick Drake
Laurens Walking	Which Will
Johnny Cash	Elvis Costello
Ring Of Fire	Just About Glad
Janes Addiction And	Dido
Maceo Parker	Isobel
My Cat's Name Is Maceo	Nina Simone
Big Star	My Baby Just Cares
Watch The Sunrise	For Me
Randy Newman	Perry Farrell And The
I'm Different	American Boys Choir
Anne Dudley	Strength
The Holly And The Ivy	Sloan
Beck	Everything You've
Nicotine And Gravy	Done Wrong
Chet Baker	Mark Eitzel
I Get Along Without You	Wild Sea
Very Well	Aimee Mann
Beth Orton And Terry	Nothing Is Good Enough
Callier	The Magnetic Fields
Lean On Me	Fido, Your Leash Is
Lincoln	Too Long
Blow	Jazzanova
Rainer Maria	Bohemian Sunset
Planetary	Tara Jane O'Neil
Sparklehorse	A City In The North
Painbirds	Blind Melon
	Change

© 1999 Maxell Corporation of America

Just send us your mix (track listings only) to CMJ New Music Monthly, 11 Middle Neck Road, Suite 400, Great Neck, NY 11021. Also fax us at 516.466.7159 or e-mail at cmjmonthly@cmj.com

And hey, Check out www.maxell.com to customize your mix labels, and and for more cool stuff.

maxell





rinôçérôse

Exactly what is a rinôçérôse? Jean Phillippe Freu and Patrice Carrié, thirtysomething leaders of the French band, nicked their moniker from a mental patient's painting they saw back in psychology school. As if their professions and Montpellier, France home base don't make them unlikely enough candidates to lead any type of music into the future—let alone rock or tres-hip house—the two, along with a band that sometimes numbers in the double digits, have nevertheless amazed European audiences since 1995 with an effervescent combination of the two. Like Mogwai covering Masters At Work, the group routes house 12-inches through Brit-pop guitar textures—though Freu quickly distances himself from the trendy French house scene. "We are a band without any epoch," he insists in his broken English, offering this instead: "Imagine Pink Floyd frozen in ice coming back to life in 2000 playing the music in the clubs." On *Installation Sonore* (V2), rinôçérôse tunnels into house's deep, sustained textures fret-first, modernizing Can's run-on aesthetic like Tortoise and Stereolab. But as more house producers crash their samplers trying to sound like live bands, rinôçérôse just may be onto something bigger than critical comparisons or Freu's Pink Floyd-sized analogies can sum up. >>>Hobey Echlin



HOT WATER MUSIC

"As soon as we broke up, everything blew up," chuckles Hot Water Music bassist Jason Black, referring to the Gainesville, Florida quartet's creative implosion and simultaneous popularity explosion last year. The band's five-year odyssey, which bore four full-lengths, 10 singles, three US tours and two European tours—all with no lineup shifts—is an epic lifetime in hardcore/emo/core circles. After a few months of personal regrouping, the band reconsidered its dissolution, and last August released its fifth record, *No Division* (Some Records). The concise update on its anthemic marriage of marbles-in-mouth urgency and fractured-but-not-Fugazi riffage escalated the attention the band was already attracting. "The last year has brought stuff we've never dealt with," Black explains. "We show up to clubs [where we're going to play] and are like, 'Jesus, this place is huge.'" Besides propelling a jump from 200 to 800 kids at shows, *No Division* has sold more than 20,000 copies and the band has nabbed a spot on next summer's Warped Tour. "Each time we hit a new level, our goals change. We don't know what the line is anymore," says Black. "I don't want to do fashion shoots for *Seventeen* though." >>>Lorne Behrman

CHRISSEY PIPER

SPONTANEOUS

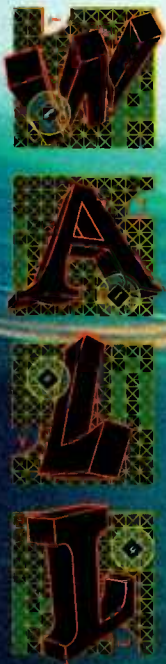
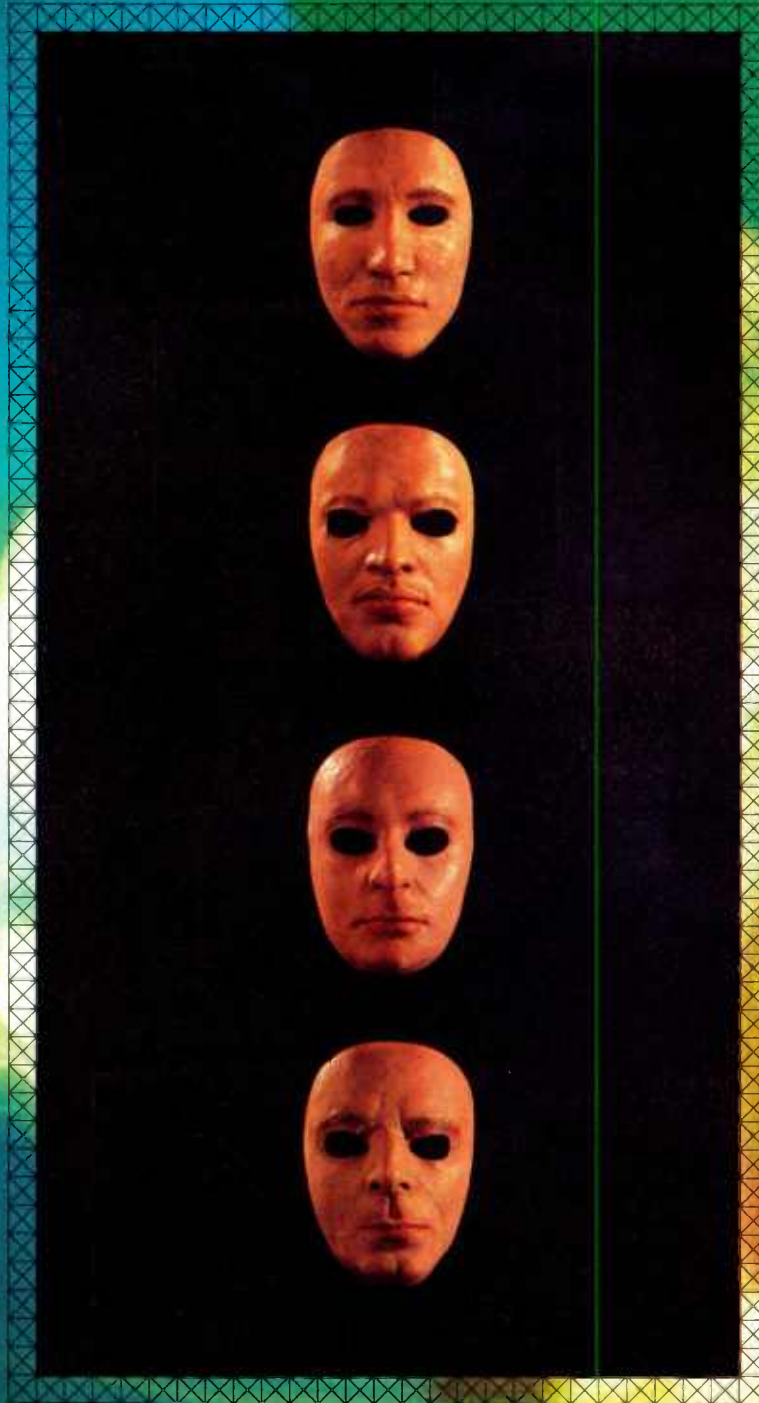
Spontaneous specializes in the sort of street-corner freestyling you don't see much of in today's rarefied high-tech hip-hop—it's a welcome return to the scrappy simplicity of beats, rhymes and life. On *Spur Of The Moment Musik* (Good Vibe), a debut laced with sparse, psycho-futuristic beats co-produced with Relative, Spontaneous drops verses and curses in a laid-back, block party style. And while some MCs focus their pens on ghetto reportage or polyglot word puzzles, he drops rhymes about classic b-boy culture. "For me, it all comes back to movies like *Krush Groove*—the whole essence of hip-hop," he says. "It wasn't about violence, or trying to preach to people—people was buggin' about the rhymes, makin' beats, dancing, laying out the cardboard." As a Chicago adolescent immersed in hip-hop culture, Spontaneous filled his notebooks with lyrics inspired by the likes of Run DMC and Biz Markie. Now in Los Angeles, he's come full circle with *Spur...*, rapping alongside veterans Kurtis Blow and Bahamadia and helping bring hip-hop out of the boardroom and back to the pavement. "It's good to see the essence coming back into the music," he says. "It will only make the next generation of hip-hop more pure and meaningful." —Matt Corwine



JOE QUINTO



**IS THERE ANYBODY OUT THERE?
THE WALL - LIVE
PINK FLOYD
1980-1981**



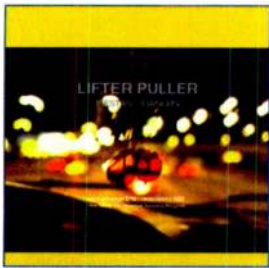
**NOW FOR THE FIRST
TIME "IS THERE
ANYBODY OUT THERE?"
- THE WALL LIVE
1980-1981" -
IS AVAILABLE AS
A DOUBLE CD
PAINSTAININGLY
RESTORED FROM THE
ORIGINAL SHOWS
AT EARLS COURT,
LONDON, 1980-81,
AND PACKAGED IN
A SPECIAL EDITION
HARD BACKED BOOK
AND SLIPCASE**

**COMING APRIL 18TH
SPECIAL LTD EDITION CD PACKAGE
WITH HARD COVER BOOK AND SLIPCASE
DOUBLE CD JEWEL CASE EDITION
DOUBLE CASSETTE**



www.thewalllive.com

"Columbia" and "Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada." © 2000 Pink Floyd Music Limited, under license to Sony Music Entertainment Inc.
World Radio History



LIFTER PULLER

Fiestas And Fiascos

Frenchkiss-The Self-Starter Foundation

OUT:

March 21.

FILE UNDER:

Literato decadence.

R.I.Y.L.:

Pulp, Lou Reed, Wu-Tang Clan.

Lifter Puller's second full-length is only six minutes longer than its 1999 EP *The Arts And The Entertainment*, but this high-concept look at the low life packs more action into half an hour than most discs twice its length. Guitarist/vocalist Craig Finn fronts and flows like a post-grad B-boy, spitting out a stream of witty, twisted couplets: "Your arms, they look like speaker cords/ You crawled out of the pager store." This approach works because Finn neither judges nor romanticizes the cast of junkies, sluts and fences he writes about. *Fiestas And Fiascos* follows the likes of *Nightclub Dwight*, *Katrina and Juanita* and *The Guy With The Eyepatch* through a street-level landscape of afterbars and drug busts, from the "ATM straight into the DEA." It's all backed up admirably by lean, muscular music that's miles beyond most current indie models, with Steve Barone's cheesed-out keyboards on top and Dan Monick's '70s-sounding drums on the bottom. There's not a weak link here, but highlights include the rough trade scenario of "Manpark" and the ugly denouement "The Flex And The Buff Result," on which Eyepatch orders Dwight killed and his club torched. I'd call this the best rock album of 2000 so far, but what does a poor scribe know? As Finn sings, "All these English majors/ They end up music journalists/ And the chicks just ain't that into it." >>> Franklin Bruno



REVEREND HORTON HEAT

Spend A Night In The Box

Timebomb

OUT:

March 21.

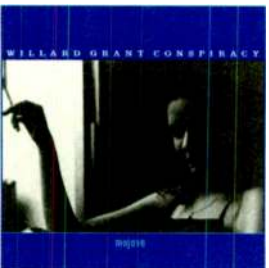
FILE UNDER:

Loveable rockabilly cretins.

R.I.Y.L.:

Big Sandy And His Fly-Rite Boys, The Blasters, Stray Cats, Evan Johns.

Remember how your mother said that a nice suit and tie never go out of fashion? Well, neither does the Reverend Horton Heat (Jim Heath). The Texas-born singer/guitarist, sometimes-actor, and purveyor of rockabilly as a lifestyle has been playing revved up garage-swamp-country-blues with gospel fervor since his 1990 debut. Even before that, though, Heath spent the better part of the '80s getting extremely intimate with his Gretsch guitar, learning the neck the way other guys memorize sports trivia. Fortunately, the Reverend's playing, though masterful, isn't as slick as his greazy hair, allowing him to work some jump blues into his latest release, *Spend A Night In The Box*, without approaching the annoying cheese of ersatz swing. It's the band's second effort recorded with a Butthole Surfer at the helm; Gibby Hanes produced an earlier album, and this time around Paul Leary puts his sonic stamp on songs like "It Hurts Your Daddy Bad" and "Sue Jack Daniels," which combine guitar crunch with upright bass thumping and snare drum rim shots. Most of the disc, however, is straightforward, nostalgically cretinous rockabilly, such as "The Bedroom Again," a honky-tonkin' two-step about sex-with-the-ex and "Whole Lotta Baby," a strip-tease grinder with a "Woolly Bully" beat. >>> Meredith Ochs



WILLARD GRANT CONSPIRACY

Mojave

Slow River-Rykodisc

OUT:

April 25.

FILE UNDER:

American gothic.

R.I.Y.L.:

Leonard Cohen, Nick Cave, Mark Eitzel, Pinetop Seven.

There's a world of difference between quiet and relaxed. The Willard Grant Conspiracy is a Boston-based collective which can swell to well over a dozen musicians yet always manages to sound like a singular force of nature. The band delivers devastatingly somber, deeply foreboding music shot through with violence and loss that's almost always quiet, and anything but relaxed. On the band's third (and best) album, WGC's principal songwriters, singer Robert Fisher and multi-instrumentalist Paul Austin, continue to explore the darkest reaches of the human heart and soul with deadly, almost frightening precision. They do add a touch of sweetness to the bitter, however, tempering their more disquieting impulses with a tender love song or two ("Color Of The Sun," "I Miss You Best"). On *Mojave*, the Conspiracy includes a stellar cast of artists, including Come's Chris Brokaw, The Silos' Walter Salas-Humara and Edith Frost, who furnish Fisher's lugubrious baritone with an elegant array of lush acoustic and electric settings brushed with percussion, mandolin, organ and violin. The cumulative effect of listening to these story-songs, steeped in rich lyrical detail that's allusive rather than conclusive (and Gothic in the Southern sense of the word), is like hearing a summer storm brewing in the dark distance. It only sounds quiet. But you know what's coming. >>> Jonathan Perry



FUNKSTORUNG

Appetite For Disctruction
Studio K7

Don't mistake Funkstorung's debut for a Guns N' Roses tribute. The title is either a sign of this German duo's wicked sense of humor or a willingness to obliterate their music's source material. I'd like to think it's the former, but as evidenced by last year's *Additional Productions* remix album, they didn't exactly leave Wu-Tang Clan, Björk, or East Flatbush Project untouched. The results left the originals lying spat out on the floor like refuse at a metal stripping plant. *Appetite For Disctruction* treads similar ground but delivers some exceptional displays of textural contrast. The beats crunch heavy on "Think" but guest singer Greenwood's vocals float sweetly, her echoing lyrics sped up to equal an Erykah Badu on helium. The voodoo drums of "Sex Smells" threaten to explode into drill 'n' bass territory, but a thin veil of breathy female whispers keeps it in check. Funkstorung shows its hip-hop influence on the title track and "Grammy Winners," which features lyrics from MC Triple H. No big stray considering the act's rhythms stem from a hip-hop/electro drum pattern, but it's the way the group marries the two styles that distinguishes Funkstorung's production. Static-riddled handclaps buzz with intensity while Triple H's lyrics are almost dismantled enough to make William S. Burroughs proud. >>> *Kuri Kondrak*

OUT:

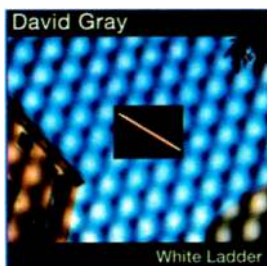
April 25.

FILE UNDER:

Blip-Hop.

R.I.Y.L.:

Boards Of Canada, Autechre, Andrea Parker.



DAVID GRAY

White Ladder
ATO

Timelessness may be the most elusive trait for a singer/songwriter to achieve, especially when the artist relies on mixed media—that is, something other than voice and guitar. Even though a flute flits around the songs on *Astral Weeks*, Van Morrison's 1968 classic never sounds dated. David Gray pulls off a similar feat on his fourth album, using today's electronic beats to augment acoustic-based songs, and yet somehow crafting a sound that should withstand the test of time. Already a huge hit in Ireland and his native UK, the Dublin musician's *White Ladder* succeeds on the strength of its individual tracks, which flow together into a stately, sophisticated album (released in America on Dave Matthews's new According To Our—or ATO—Records). Gray combines gentle guitar hooks and effusive string washes with warm, fluent beats on memorable songs like the pulsing "Babylon" and the passionately delivered "My Oh My." His articulate voice exposes just enough of a rough edge to perfect the balance between forcefulness and grace, adding a wistful underpinning to both the melancholic ruminations (the piano ballad "This Year's Love") and the propulsive pop cuts (the title track and the sprightly "We're Not Right"). As if assured of his magnificent accomplishment, Gray punctuates the disc with a nine-minute version of Soft Cell's "Say Hello, Wave Goodbye," a tender send-off from a singer/songwriter at his peak. >>> *Richard Martin*

OUT:

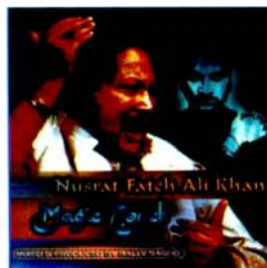
February 29.

FILE UNDER:

British folktronica.

R.I.Y.L.:

Beth Orton, Jeff Buckley, The Divine Comedy.



NUSRAT FATEH ALI KHAN

Magic Touch
Music Club

The late, great singer of the Sufi devotional song, Pakistan's Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, became something of an international rock star before he died in 1997. Among the many experimental projects he went along with during his final years was this house record, produced and mixed by celebrated London DJ and remixer Bally Sagoo. These six tracks fulfill the crossover promise of Nusrat's more heady collaborations with Michael Brooke. After all, if you're going to make a fusion with Islamic religious music and pop, why not go all the way? Sagoo's "Kinna Sohna" does just that. We get punchy hip-hop beats, live horns, snappy arranging and Nusrat crooning like a lounge singer over chord changes, and sputtering his trademark scat vocals over a clap track. The song has a hooky refrain and even a bridge. In short, it's real pop music: light-hearted, fun and full of surprises. The selections here span dub, drum 'n' bass, syrupy soul and hyper-kinetic techno. Amazingly, Nusrat sounds at home in most of these contexts, not simply grafted on for effect. Those familiar with Nusrat's enormous catalogue will recognize some of the tunes. Sagoo's presentation may offend purists, but at least it's not tepid, pretentious or overly reverential. In all, a delightful asterisk to an extraordinary life's work. And you can dance to it. >>> *Banning Eyre*

OUT:

February 22.

FILE UNDER:

Holy house music.

R.I.Y.L.:

Bally Sagoo, Talvin Singh, Badmarsh & Shri.



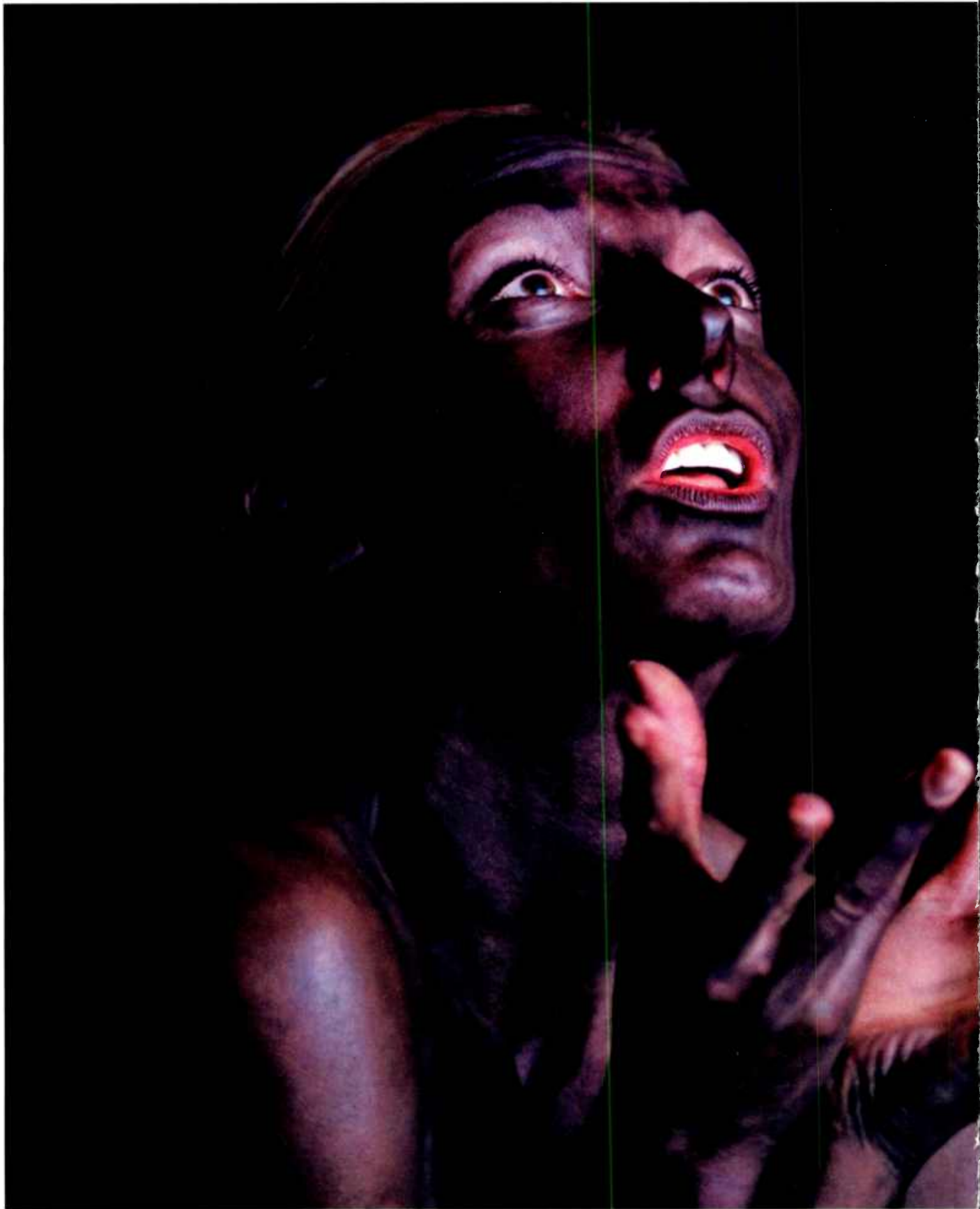
wants to be
an Avon Lady



find the music that's You

20% off all CDs all the time.

www.harmonyhouse.com



WEILL CHILD

Life has been a *kaberett* for **UTE LEMPER**. Now her new chums **Elvis Costello, Nick Cave and Tom Waits** fill out the show.

STORY: SCOTT FRAMPTON PHOTOS: KELLEY MYERS

“O utcasts, sailors, whores, bordellos, harbors, survivors, the suicidal...” says Ute Lemper, when asked what a German ex-pat with a devotion to Kurt Weill has in common with the likes of Elvis Costello, Nick Cave, Tom Waits and The Divine Comedy’s Neil Hannon. Or at least, they all love lyrics about such things.

The above-mentioned songwriters, along with Scott Walker and Phillip Glass, all contributed compositions to her Lemper’s new album *Punishing Kiss* (Universal Classics), an elegant waltz of Weimar Berlin cabaret and some of contemporary music’s more compelling figures.

It’s a dance in which Lemper definitely leads, as she does in an interview, unspooling 15-minute answers to the first two questions asked. With her back to the window of a tony-yet-homey restaurant a half-block from her apartment on Manhattan’s tony-yet-homey Upper

West Side, Lemper has the crescent-moon cheekbones of Marlene Dietrich and the fresh-scrubbed look of someone who, well, just spent 30 minutes in the shower trying to remove the body make-up left over from a photo shoot earlier in the day. She’d clearly rather be back in that apartment with her two young children—she’s leaving for Europe on the first of many trips this year within the week—but, as she says, “I have to talk about the history, how we did this.”

The “we” includes David Sefton, producer of the Flux and Meltdown arts festivals on London’s South Bank. When he thought of producing a record, he called Lemper with a proposition: “Why don’t we ask all these guys that I work with for these festivals to write songs for you?” she recalls, jackknifing her famously long legs beneath the under-sized table. “And a couple of months later he has 10 tapes on his desk and they’re all inspired. They were all familiar with my work. In a certain sense, they’re all looking for very dark stories—the whole on-the-edge life—which I know from the universe of Brecht and Weill and Eisler, Hollander... [The contributors] were all inspired by the Weimar Republic and those strange, political, satirical years in song.”

The Divine Comedy signed on as the house band; Hannon says the project “sounded like a jolly fun thing to do.” Hannon also joined in on a pair of duets, including the lone Weill song, “Tango Ballad,” and the band’s Joby Talbot handled the orchestrations. Nick Cave simply sent in a tape with him half-singing the lyrics to “Little Water Song” (“one of the pearls on the album” she says, aptly) and accompanying himself on piano, while Scott Walker came out of seclusion to direct the recording of the 11-minute “Scope J.” Costello “reached into his treasure chest” and pulled out three songs he felt would suit her. Hal Wilner, who produced the 1997 Weill tribute *September Songs*, stepped in to produce the two Tom Waits songs, “Purple Avenue” and “The Part You Threw Away.”

In between trips to Europe, Lemper will be touring major US cites with a five-piece band of New York musicians, and she’s anxious to perform this new material. She’s also anxious to get home; the weariness around her eyes has a humanizing effect on a woman whose stage presence is about as warm as a knife edge. “I just like extremes,” she says. “Because sometimes life is not extreme enough. It just drips on and on and on and on and you wish for stronger things. And on stage you can live through that.”

THE MAKE-UP... IT WASN'T OUR IDEA.

HHH



FEEL THE MATERIAL

GREEN VELVET is the man with the freaky techno touch.

STORY: KIERAN WYATT PHOTO: BRENDAN MORAN

Onstage, the man looking like an exploding pom-pom in skintight lycra, swimming goggles and a green wig growls sweet devilish nothings into a pair of headphones twisted around his neck. He fiddles with his keyboards as tough, jacking beats and incoherent lyrical rants spew forth from the speakers. The English open-air festival crowd roars its approval for Chicago's technicolor techno superhero, Green Velvet.

The man underneath the wig, Curtis A. Jones, has been spitting out sticky piles of hard funk beats and glops of verbiage since 1991. Whether on record, playing live, or DJing (under the Cajmere moniker), he's an electronic voyeur preaching to the perverted. Like many of his Chicago and Detroit contemporaries, he's lauded in Europe, but remains a purely underground figure Stateside.

The domestic release of the retrospective *Green Velvet (F-111)* may help correct that. Packed with lysergic rave anthems, it collects 10 years' worth of Velvet's wildly offbeat electronic body music.

His rambling monologues are mesmerizing. On "Flash" he cackles about nitrous oxide and "bad little boys doing bad little things" as he takes a fictional group of parents on a tour through a rave. The backing is a techno pulse that sounds like an underwater laser gun battle. Warped voice messages from deranged lovers, evil landlords and doom-mongering psychics are set to a military staccato stomp in "Answering Machine." When you discover Mr. Velvet doesn't actually own an answering machine—that he recorded all the voices himself—you begin to appreciate his twisted mind even more.

"I want to get into people's subconscious with the words and music

“It's all about escapism, about making sense out of the senseless.”

and try and captivate them," Jones explains, his conversation oscillating between serious mumbles and mischievous chuckles. "When they listen I want them to go on a journey for a few moments in time. It's all about escapism, about making sense out of the senseless."

His dialogues are freestyle riffs about the first things that come into his head, a phenomenon which has resulted in lots of extra material. Born from a desire to "make people feel awkward," he says the tracks are "just too primitive, too fucked up" to ever release.

His parents were horrified when he traded in grad school for a life of music ("They still don't get it!"), but the critics love him: he's won widespread acclaim for the two deep house labels he founded, *Cajual* and *Relief*, and early underground rave hits like "Percolator" and "Brighter Days."

As for the Green Velvet persona—suggested by the father of an ex-girlfriend—it came about when he wanted to move into harder musical territory. Jones liked the green-skinned alien motif (explored on the track "Abduction") because it was "even more ridiculous" than his Cajmere DJ alias. But even when he's not in character as Green Velvet, Jones is still "a little bit twisted." He claims he digests information differently than most people, though he's not sure why.

"Maybe my mom drank too much coffee when she was pregnant," he says. "Who knows? But I'm glad I turned out the way I did." **NMM**

ACCESSORIES, CLOTHING AND LOCATION PROVIDED BY ANTIQUE BOUTIQUE - NYC.

SINGING AND NOTHINGNESS

ELLIOTT SMITH
talks about
Beckett, Big Star
and the
importance of
empty space.

PHOTOS: CHARLIE LANGELLA

You've probably heard Elliott Smith's comments on Celine Dion and read accounts of his bouts with depression and struggles with substance abuse. So what gets the artist high these days? Books, says Smith, plus the joy of building a song you can inhabit. For this discussion of new album *Figure 8* (DreamWorks), we paired the literature-loving troubadour with French Lit grad student Dean Wilson, singer and guitarist for the band Illyah Kuryahkin, whose new eclectic psych-pop album, *Thirtycabminute* was just released by Arena Rock Recording Company.



Dean Wilson: I'd be interested to know what you're into reading. I know you titled *either/or* after the Kierkegaard essay of the same name and you've cited Proust, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky and Beckett as influences.

Elliott Smith: I take a lot of cues from books because sometimes it seems hard to find records that I really, really like, and actually books have sparked my imagination more than the music you hear on the radio or television. For some reason it seems like authors take more chances than people playing pop music, you know? Beckett put out a whole book of stories that weren't really stories, that were really just descriptions of nothing, you know, *Stories And Texts For Nothing*, trying to describe an absence of something, which is really interesting. It's to hard describe an absence. Language seems better at describing things that are there than things that aren't there.

Dean: What about Dostoyevsky? Who are the writers that make you think about music?

Elliott: Those are the two main guys. Dostoyevsky is my big favorite but that's more because of the feeling you get when you read his books. Beckett does this crazy shit with the form that I really like. It helps me when I get tired of myself to read things that people have done, or are doing, that are just really creative. It's like, "Wow, look, he's just totally making his own world in here." So, if I like a song I'm working on, but it's too rhyme-y, and I feel like it has to be rhyme-y, it's like, well, "Look at what he was doing."

Dean: Last night at your performance at [New York venue] Town Hall you played an excellent cover of the Big Star song "Nighttime." When the lyrics say "I hate it here/ Get me out of here" it reminded me of Baudelaire and his idea of "anywhere but here." His idea as a poet was to go somewhere, and not somewhere specific, but to a place that was a kind of dream.

Elliott: There's a space within a song. That Big Star song has a lot of absence of things going on in it, so there's a lot of room for someone's imagination to walk around inside that song, because there's very little going on. I like what you were saying about going somewhere. I know one Baudelaire poem, and its English translation is something like, "Get Drunk." It's not necessarily about alcohol, just sort of like "become intoxicated with something, whatever you do be sure you're intoxicated all the time with something." If there's any point to any of this, it's something like that. I mean, any point to doing something creative [whose] destination is kind of unimportant. The process and the act of going somewhere with it is pretty much the whole thing.

Dean: Your songs in their structure permit the listener to kind of step in and wait. Everybody goes through this phase where you're sort of doing a lot of improvising and exploring, and one often gets certain ideas about structure that relate to oneself. It's like a kind of architecture, like a place, that you can kind of construct. I'm really interested in the permutations of themes, the way you leave out bars to avoid predictable repetitions or create stronger emotions, and the way a motif will enter and exit or reappear in

a different form in your music. In the new material there are certain songs that seem to have endings in the middle of the song.

Elliott: I'm really glad you mentioned that. I like hearing that in songs. I like half-steps a lot and I think about these things constantly, but since nobody makes that the subject of a conversation usually I don't think about it in words to describe it. I work it all out in my head. Things like motifs and metaphors, I like those things, but I don't usually want to make one carry the whole song or have everything point back to that one thing because somehow that makes it seem just kind of small psychically. Sometimes the initial thing, something in the first verse, some image or something has to kind of go to sleep for a while, and then come back later in a changed form or a more direct form, or a more indirect one or something. The way that people usually use metaphor often times is [unfortunately] deliberate.

Dean: Let's take an example. In the middle of the song "Color Bars" from the new album, there's this groovy thing where the contra bass and strings come in and it's just this long, understated, Debussy-like section where you have the piano's pedal tone sustaining below and whole tone chords moving over it.

Elliott: I wanted the song to lock into a static moment, sort of like time was stopping, until the lyrics came back. I like it when songs change a lot but there's definitely a place for that kind of trance, like you might get if you're on a long drive, you know? When you're not talking to anyone and time kind of slows down and disappears and there's nothing around and it's kind of nice, but maybe you don't notice it's nice.

Dean: Melodically, your arranging process seems to be an integral part of making the song "bigger."

Elliott: I like it when songs can kind of turn around on themselves in a

way. I mean, people have similar moods or they may be thinking about certain things during the day, and it will feel different to them if they're talking to someone else or not. It's sort of like that inside the song, where there might be a temporary theme or something that's really not meant to carry the whole song, and might disappear and come back in a changed way. So, the mood of the lyrics has to change with it in a way. Sometimes I think of it like part of the lyrics. I might think of [an instrument] sort of like a person who, maybe they're talking in the first verse, then in the second verse a new instrument comes in, and they're kind of surprised by that and they have to wait until they've readjusted to this new setting. Then the same type of lines will come back later in the song once they've [adjusted], like they're going and then they're sort of, "Uh...wait, I lost my train of thought." Then they come back later like, "Ok, now I feel comfortable again in the song." It's fun to think of different aspects of the song as people, and whether they're going to involve themselves in this situation or not.

Dean: Sometimes your modulations are really surprising. They remind me of Coltrane or cool jazz transitions. On the one hand, they're very modular—in the sense of diatonic or blues rock modes—on the other hand, your music has the detail of European piano music, with a lot of chromatic shifts. It seems very thought-out at times.









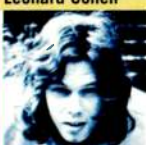

Elliott: I think about it constantly, but like I was saying, since I don't talk about it much to other people, I don't even talk about it internally. I think about it by feeling it, you know what I mean? That sounds kind of weird.

Dean: Like how a lot of writers talk about music how they wish their work could be, like, music, and not have this awful...meaning? [general laughter]

Elliott: Right, I can understand.

¿QUIEN ES MÁS MOPEY?

Some mopers we want to take care of like little brothers; some we want to mope along with like close friends back in the psych ward. Mope martyrs mope so that we may mope freely. How does Elliott Smith, the reigning "It" boy among the down-and-out, rank among gloom rock's greats: Chan Marshall (Cat Power), Nick Cave, the man Smith unseated as the Doom King, and two legendary brooders, Leonard Cohen and Nick Drake? Get out your hankies for this one, folks. »»Richard Martin

What are y'all so bummed about?	This music could be the soundtrack for...	What keeps 'em going...	Languorous lyric	Mope rating (one to five rain clouds)
 <p>Once forced into drug rehab by friends; later told press he'd try to commit suicide by jumping out of a moving car.</p> <p>Elliott Smith</p>	<p>An absinthe-drenched evening, because it creates euphoria mixed with the artsy fatalism that's become Smith's calling card.</p>	<p>Shortly after his non-lethal leap, Smith got an Oscar nomination for <i>Good Will Hunting's</i> unofficial theme song, "Miss Misery."</p>	<p>"When they clean the street/ I'll be the only shit that's left behind," from "Rose Parade."</p>	 <p>Nine out of 10 indie scenesters recommend Smith's music as a sonic tonic for your troubled soul.</p>
 <p>Spent her childhood bouncing between divorced parents; was rumored to have brief love affair with fellow moper Bill Callahan of Smog; often cries during her own gigs.</p> <p>Chan Marshall</p>	<p>A nervous breakdown that requires a two-week stay at a sanitarium.</p>	<p>She's becoming so popular in France that she may replace Jerry Lewis as <i>L'Américain Préféré</i>.</p>	<p>"Maybe if I pray to the Lord above I'll get some sleep/ But the Lord don't give a shit about me," from "They Tell Me."</p>	 <p>Her mumbling vocal style sometimes makes her sound merely pissed-off.</p>
 <p>He's Australian. Oh, and he always wears black and looks as if he's dying of consumption.</p> <p>Nick Cave</p>	<p>A dive bar where cheap whiskey is served up by a bartender with a glass eye and a bad attitude.</p>	<p>Now an ordained Mope Master, he can focus on roles in Wim Wenders films and chill-inducing literature like his novel <i>And The Ass Saw The Angel</i>.</p>	<p>"I'm sorry that I'm always pissed/ I'm sorry that I exist/ And when I look into your eyes/ I can see you're sorry too," from "Thirsty Dog."</p>	 <p>Gone is the veil of gloom that discolored early his early albums with <i>The Birthday Party</i>; some songs even verge on touchy-feely. Yeesh.</p>
 <p>Went from heroin addiction to poetry to Buddhism. (And his son Adam's album sucked.)</p> <p>Leonard Cohen</p>	<p>Sadomasochistic sex at a loft party where everyone's wearing black turtle-necks.</p>	<p>Has become something of a guru, and stands to cash in come the release of the Kurt Cobain-themed film <i>A Leonard Cohen Afterworld</i>.</p>	<p>"Like a baby, stillborn/ Like a beast with his horn/ I have torn everyone who reached out for me," from "Bird On A Wire."</p>	 <p>His lyrics are genius, twisting themselves around themes of pain and love, and his voice sounds like that of a donkey that smoked too many cigars.</p>
 <p>A brooding loner who died at the age of 36 from an "accidental" overdose of antidepressants.</p> <p>Nick Drake</p>	<p>Delusional insomnia—those nights when you're too freaked out to sleep but too tired to get out of bed.</p>	<p>N/A, unless you count his posthumous status as a mopey maestro, which has enabled his brilliant music to be used in Volkswagen ads.</p>	<p>"I was born to love no one/ No one to love me/ Only the wind in the long green grass/ The frost in a broken tree," from "I Was Made To Love Magic."</p>	 <p>Even his most melancholy songs contain flickers of light.</p>

Dean: But it's also kind of metaphysical.

Elliott: Meaning is a tricky thing, because there's a lot of music that you wish you could find anything in it that seemed like it mattered, meaning-wise. [laughs] But it can also just kind of make the song small because it's so clear what the song means. I like songs best when they're sort of like dreams. If you want to make some meaning out of a dream you can try to. You can come up with different assessments that

can all be seen as true, and say to yourself, "Oh, that's the meaning of this dream that I had," but at the same time it's not maybe all that important because you kind of instinctively understand its meaning by the way it made you feel.

Dean: Like when Joyce said my books aren't "about" something, they are the thing.

Elliott: Exactly. That's a good way of putting it.

NMM





When you've got groovy Brit-pop tunes and witty one-liners, who needs Steven Spielberg to make you the next Monkees?

THAT SUPERGRASS SHOW

STORY: LORNE BEHRMAN PHOTOS: DENNIS KLEIMAN

On the pilot episode of *That Supergrass Show*, things open up with the English trio's mutton-chopped frontman Gaz Coombes beaming over a half-naked image of himself on a Calvin Klein billboard hovering over the corner of Sunset and Vine. It's only a matter of moments before a starstruck thronch chases the overnight pin-up boy sensation down the street and he has to run home for his life.

Then Gaz's landlord, C.J. Johnson (played by Chris Rock), gets word of his tenant's windfall and wants to raise the rent. Now Gaz, Supergrass's singer/guitarist, hasn't only been moonlighting for

was a sprawling mess of paranoid, "they're-out-to-get-me" lyrics, thrashy guitars, swirling, seasick keyboard lines and apologetic acoustic guitar ballads.

America turned its back on these works and England opened its arms. Both albums went platinum in the UK, and Supergrass became *NME* and *Melody Maker* darlings.

Five years after saying no to Steven and Calvin, the trio is seated on a fat, black leather couch in an eerily hip Manhattan hotel. Candlelit at 10 a.m., the backdrop is clearly a refuge for cell phone vampires, the

“If we'd come out of the box as Steven Spielberg's Supergrass, we would have never been our Supergrass.”

Calvin, but also violating his lease by allowing his two bandmates—quick-witted bassist Mick Quinn and absent-minded drummer Danny Goffey—to crash with him and help pay the already astronomical rent. When C.J. pays the boys a visit, they try to avoid being evicted and some leap-out-of-the-window wackiness ensues.

Ah, if only *That Supergrass Show* were more than a gleam in Steven Spielberg's eye. The *E.T.* auteur proposed the idea for a *Monkees*-like sitcom starring Supergrass (he even flew the band to his Hollywood office at Universal to talk about it) capitalizing on the mania in the UK surrounding the invigoratingly randy 1995 debut *I Should Coco* (Capitol).

“We are young/ We are green,” they sang exuberantly on the album's single “Alright,” and they were. Gaz was a tender 18 and the other two in their 20s.

Who could blame Spielberg for his brainstorm? The “Alright” video featured the boys contorting their faces as if their flesh was Silly Putty and jumping up and down on a motorized bed. It also caused Calvin Klein to ask Gaz to model in his undies.

The band's teen-themed, razor-pop-laden debut was chock-full of episode possibilities, such as discovering glitzy nightlife or getting arrested for smoking pot at 15 and dealing with mom and dad when you got home. Supergrass's sophomore effort, the cynically titled 1997 album *In It For The Money* (Capitol), could have been the act's equivalent of the *Monkees'* trip flick *Head*—an alienating and artsy move designed to shatter the cuddly-cute image. Supergrass's record

type who probably love Supergrass but wouldn't exactly hang out in the band's favorite pub.

The band still oozes everyday mod cool. Danny's shag is spiky, Mick's is overgrown and Gaz's signature chops and manicured stubble distinguish him from the others. Older (Danny is 26, Mick is 30 and Gaz is 23) and two albums wiser, the band has split with Capitol, refined its sound, and released the self-titled *Supergrass* on Island Def Jam. What episodes could Spielberg have storyboarded for their third effort?

“This time it's about going to a bar and having a bad time,” Danny says laughing. There are also plenty of religious references. “Probably from listening to soul music,” figures Mick. Gaz tries to deny any religious connotations. “Jesus Came From Outer Space” is a piss-take on religion, explains Danny. Soon, the three square off about the point in believing in anything other than yourself, perhaps a tad heavy for *Must See TV*. Mick points to Lou Reed as the inspiration for “Jesus.”

It's easy to understand the confusion. All of Supergrass's music and lyrics are written piecemeal, either with the guys sitting naked by the piano (hey, that's what Danny said...but it does make that TV show seem like a bad idea) or tossing ideas around during soundchecks and rehearsals.

“The songs are schizo,” Danny states. “I find it really hard for Gaz to sing every night because sometimes we don't know what a song is about.” Gaz counters, “I know what I'm singing.” Danny offers, “Stuff like ‘Mansize Rooster’ [off *I Should Coco*] has really bizarre lyrics.” Gaz



returns, "It made more sense after some guys came up to me and said they were listening to it as they sat in their car fucking off: 'This jam is brilliant, man, it told us just how we felt at the time.' I thought, 'Well, it does mean something.' It was quite surprising."

Musically, *Supergrass* marries dreamy soundscapes and understated dance beats in a mixture of Pink Floyd desolation, Bowie-meets-Iggy soul-funk and Eno-esque shimmer.

The leadoff track and main single, "Moving," begins with strummy guitars and wistful lyrics about losing yourself on the way to your dreams. A minute into it, the band comes in behind Gaz, lifting things up with some downtrodden disco—"Got a low, low, feeling around me,"

England's had about eight months to warm up to the new vibe (the album came out last September on Parlophone in the UK). "I remember our first four gigs, thinking to myself, 'Is this working? Are we really fucking up here?'" Mick says, chuckling nervously. "People just stood there. Then you realize people are standing and watching you because they're really interested in it and they've never heard it before." Danny says, "But we saw the difference on the next tour: people jumping up and down and mouthing all the words."

America is a different story; it's always been that way. The band cites not getting promoted properly as the primary reason for switching from Capitol to Island Def Jam. "It used to disappoint me that we'd play

“We all sat in the room sheepishly and were tentative about playing each other's ideas. By the end of the writing period, we had a new song every day, and they were all top-dollar.”

sung against minor chords set to a walk-on-the-clouds groove.

"Guitars definitely took a back seat on this record compared to the one before," Mick says, explaining that strings, vibes, bicycle pumps, tympani and harpsichord filled in the void. "You mean guitar solos did," Gaz interjects, almost defensively, "I think there's loads more guitars on this one than the last one. I played more." Both are right. While there were once powerchord blasts, more subtle, Curtis Mayfield/Jimi Hendrix-style guitar textures now prevail.

"We didn't sit around and have a planning meeting beforehand. When we went to write the songs for this record, we hadn't seen each other in three months," Mick says thoughtfully. "We all sat in the room sheepishly and were tentative about playing each other's ideas. It worried me—I thought we'd lost our passion for the music and weren't going to be able to write. By the end of the writing period, we had a new song every day, and they were all top-dollar."

these really good American tours"—like 1997's outing with the Foo Fighters—"and nobody seemed to be buying the record or have heard of us," Mick says. "Although I really liked *In It For The Money*, it didn't sell very well. It didn't come across to people, and I think that's partly because we lost our humor, it was such an intense record. We had all these happy singles on *I Should Coco* and people were expecting more of the same, and we didn't deliver that. But we're in a position where we have three albums that cover lots of different points, so we're very comfortable with the band we are now."

Any misgivings about not joining up with the Spielberg empire?

"Nobody in America had heard of us at that point," replies Mick. "If we'd come out of the box as Steven Spielberg's Supergrass, we would have never been our Supergrass." Now that the band has a notable catalog, they could be ready for their closeup, Mr. Spielberg.

NMM

THE VIRGIN SUICIDES

music from the motion picture

The Virgin Suicides is a poignant and darkly funny film about adolescence and suburbia directed by Sofia Coppola. The soundtrack features timeless 70's music at its most heartrending and its most ass kicking, as well as new classics from the French band Air.

Music from the motion picture The Virgin Suicides on Emperor Norton Records.

1960s

AIR

TODD
UNDERWATER

STYX

GILBERT
SULLIVAN

10cc

AL GREEN

THE
HOLLIES

SLA

eCRUSH

Visit eCRUSH (www.ecrush.com) throughout April for your chance to win exclusive Virgin Suicides collectibles and other great prizes in the Virgin Suicides "Unrequited Love Stories" contest!



Emperor Norton Records • 102 Robinson St., LA, CA 90026 • www.emperornorton.com • info@emperornorton.com

World Radio History

COMMON SENSE

A brief discourse on hip-hop's
great black hope.



COMMON PERFORMING IN CUBA.

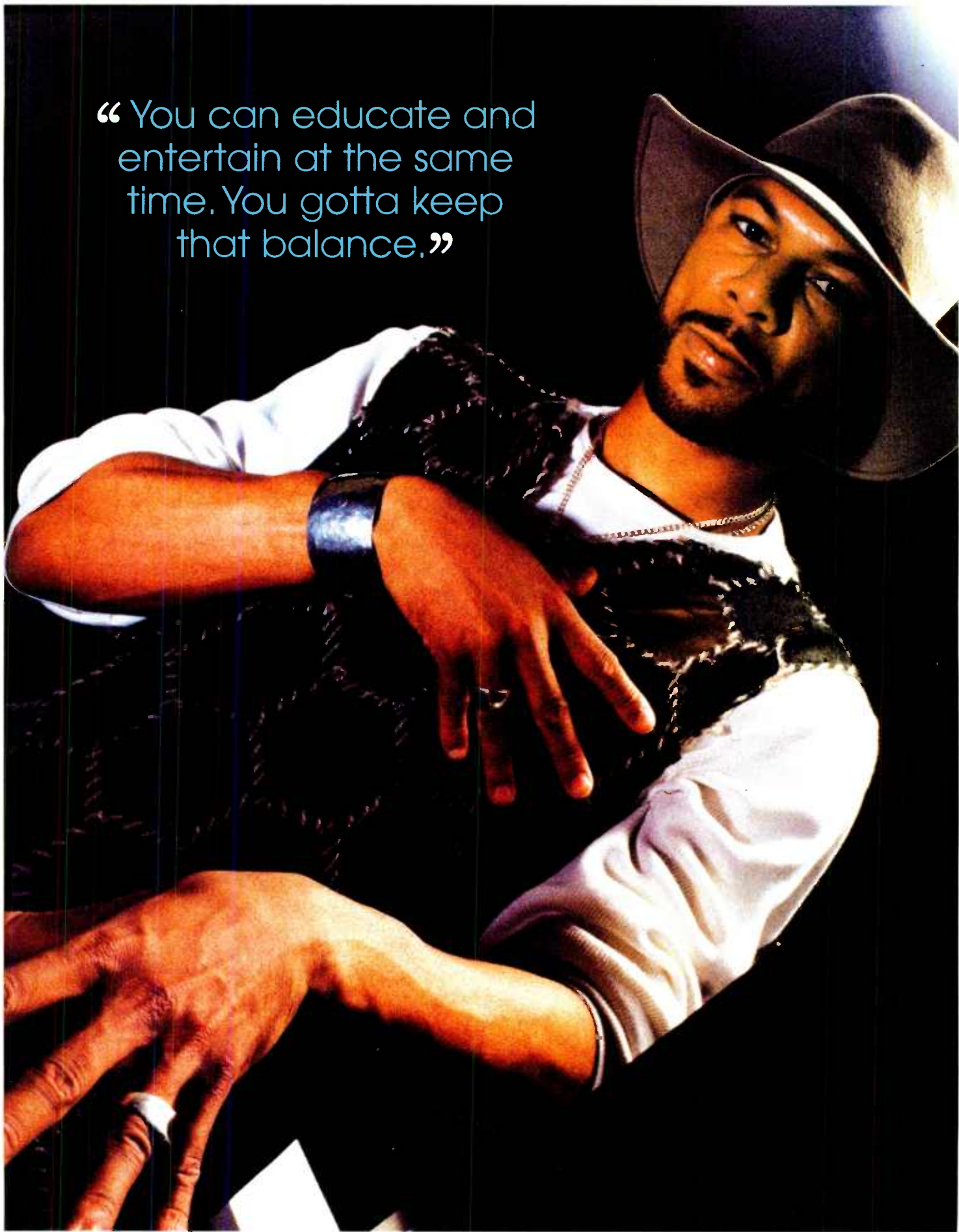
STORY: JONATHAN PALMER PHOTOS: JOE QUINTO

It's all about doing something positive for the community...

In hip-hop, few sentiments sound as disingenuous as the old "positive-for-the-community" line. It's a sound byte that is to hip-hop as "no new taxes" is to presidential politics. But Common just might be a candidate you can believe in. Thankfully, the Chicago-born rapper refrains from making empty campaign promises and his record (pun intended) speaks for itself. He's collaborated with hip-hop luminaries ranging from De La Soul to Lauryn Hill, talks with pride about his relationship with his mother (a teacher) and his father (a social worker) and also recently launched a project called Common Ground that will establish a network of youth centers in several US cities.

Now you've got a bit of Common history, so take a look at the current platform. *Like Water For Chocolate*—the rapper's fourth full-length release and his first for new label home MCA Records—is suffused with a communal vibe, with family and a stellar lineup of guest stars to rally the constituents. An avid

“You can educate and entertain at the same time. You gotta keep that balance.”





*seely
winter birds



movie fan, Common borrowed his album's title from the book and film of the same name, which deals with many of the issues that preoccupy him: love, family and home. The eclectic mix of personnel includes Lonnie "Pops" Lynn (Common's father), Femi Kuti, D'Angelo, MC Lyte, Mos Def and even exiled Black Liberation Army leader Assata Shakur.

Fleshing out the tracks is a veritable who's who of producers, including DJ Premier, D'Angelo and ?uestlove of The Roots. The mix of advisors underscores the increasing depth (and commercial viability) of a hip-hop subgenre that has more in common with the socially conscious soul of Gil Scott-Heron and Marvin Gaye than with gangsta rap sensationalism.

"To me it seems like things are getting brighter and more balanced," says Common. "You've got artists like The Roots, Mos Def, D'Angelo, OutKast, Goodie MOB, bringing it black-style like so. We're gradually pushing the envelope and raising it up to where, hopefully, God willing, you'll hear after a Jay-Z song a Common song right there. But it's a battle, because the industry is so saturated with the commercial, materialistic style of music. We're going against the grain. We've got to do it collectively to be successful."

When Common arrived on the scene a few years back—then going by the name Common Sense—he voiced his strong dislike for gangsta rap at a time when such ideology was unpopular. He became embroiled in a partisan war of words with the release of '94's "I Used To Love H.E.R.," an open denouncement of the roughneck style. The track raised the ire of Ice Cube, who retaliated on the Mack 10 track "Westside Slaughterhouse." Common shot back with "The Bitch In You" (and it's none-too-subtle line about a "bitch [who] said Cube was her favorite rapper/ So I had to slap her"). Common continues the gangsta smackdown on the new album, although a bit more playfully, and without naming names.

"You wasn't saying you was a thug before 'Pac came/ Ten years ago you had a high top like tryin' to be like Kane/ Then Snoop releasin' it became a G-thang," he rhymes in "Dooinit." On the album's first single "The 6th Sense," he continues: "I don't like it, I don't like it/ That don't mean I'm hatin'/ I just want to innovate and stimulate minds... This is rap for real/ It's something you feel."

"Those are just battle raps," Common says, downplaying any outright animosity. "That was to drop bombs once again on the industry and let people know how I felt about MCs."

This album is no call to arms, he assures: "My mission was to make some music that was funky and just *felt* good. You could party to it *and* learn from it. KRS said it best when he said *edutainment*. You can educate and entertain at the same time. You gotta keep that balance. That's what I strive to do. It's like, man, don't beat 'em over the head with knowledge. Make 'em enjoy it. Just do what you feel, and if you've got something to uplift the people, uplift them."

KOC-CD-8076

KOCH
RECORDS



Most pointedly geared for the uplift is "A Song For Assata." The track details the story of Black Liberation Army activist Assata Shakur, who has lived in exile in Cuba since 1984. Shakur was pulled over along with two BLA members in a so-called "driving while black" incident in 1973 on the New Jersey Turnpike. A struggle ensued, and one of the arresting state troopers was killed, as was one of Shakur's two travelling companions. In a highly disputed judgement, Shakur was convicted as an accessory to the slaying of the officer. She escaped prison in '79 and fled to Cuba.

"Assata"'s overtly political and complex storyline is the type of piece that has not been particularly fashionable in hip-hop for almost a decade. But the stirring and dramatic subject captivated Common.

"[Her story] really touched me," he says. "I wanted to do a song about it. I wanted people to hear that story and feel what I felt. I thought a biography about somebody would be something original to do in hip-hop."

The two met through mutual friends after Common read Shakur's autobiography. He eventually visited her in Cuba last summer, getting to know her personally, and gaining inspiration through their friendship.

"It was a blessing to get to meet her," Common says. "It was like meeting the struggle, the revolution in person."

Common has stayed in touch with Shakur, who is lobbying to have her sentence commuted so that she can return to the States. He has also subsequently returned to Cuba, where he participated in a culture and hip-hop festival known as Black August, and plans to go back again. As to his own struggle—for his music to get a shot at a wider audience—Common remains hopeful.

"I want to grow as an artist and then I want to reach the masses," he says. "I understand that everything ain't always for the masses. So I just create my music hoping that people will dig it and get into it. I do believe that this album will reach a certain plateau higher than I've ever been before."

Common and his band, A Black Girl Named Becky (the name is an in-joke about the rarity of such a person) are presently rehearsing vigorously and will hit the road this spring. The initial touring will serve to promote the album and as an awareness and fund-raising campaign for the new Common Ground community centers, the first of which will be based in Common's hometown, Chicago. Yet another gesture back to, sure enough, the community.

"Our generation's kind of left the youth behind," he says. "I had places to go when I was a shorty. I played ball at the community center. I played little league. Children need those. It's a good release for them. Something for them to do that's positive.

"It ain't like you gotta be rich to do good."

The next time you pick up a rap record, remember to vote wisely.

NMM

the Fatboy Slim/Norman Cook collection

Songs Remixed + Produced by Fatboy Slim/Norman Cook

The Fatboy Slim/Norman Cook Collection



Songs Remixed + Produced by Fatboy Slim/Norman Cook

FOR THE FIRST TIME, a selection of Norman Cook's work as Artist, Producer & Remixer that charts his climb from Norman Cook to Fatboy Slim gathered in one collection for your aural delectation.

Tracks:

- 01 Beats International - Won't Talk About It
- 02 Pierre Henry - Psyché Rock [Fatboy Slim Malpaso Mix]
- 03 Deeds + Thoughts - The World is Made Up of This & That [Fatboy Slim Mix]
- 04 Beats International - Echo Chamber
- 05 Beats International - Dub Be Good To Me
- 06 Jean Jacques Perrey - E.V.A. [Fatboy Slim Remix - Radio Edit]
- 07 Tribe Called Quest - I Left My Wallet in El Segundo [Vampire Mix]
- 08 Beats International - The Sun Doesn't Shine
- 09 Shinehead - Start an Avalanche
- 10 Wildchild - Renegade Master [Fatboy Slim Old Skool Mix]
- 11 Lunatic Calm - Roll the Dice [Fatboy Slim Vocal Mix]
- 12 James Brown - Payback - The Final Mixdown
- 13 Beats International - Tribute to King Tubby

Embrace the Hip-O at www.hip-o.com



A UNIVERSAL MUSIC COMPANY

©2000 Universal Music Enterprises, A Division of UMG Recordings, Inc.
Universal City, CA 91608 — U.S.A.



“ People would be having conversation and drinks while this woman is dying over and over again.”

FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT TO PARITY

Sleater-Kinney riffs on rape, rock and the Beastie Boys.

STORY: NATALIE NICHOLS PHOTOS: CHAPMAN BAEHLER

When Beastie Boy Adam Horovitz used his acceptance speech at last year's MTV Video Music Awards to plead with artists and promoters to help ensure women's safety at concerts, there was some eye-rolling from the audience at home. This from the boys who once graced us with, "Took her to the place/ Threw the mattress in her face"?

But the women of Sleater-Kinney, the Pacific Northwest's foremost feminist-punk trio, take a more pragmatic view. "They really do have a responsibility to make it better now," says drummer Janet Weiss about the Beastie Boys. "When they first started, even though they were just young, their language was sexist, violent and totally unaccountable." Adds guitarist/vocalist Corin Tucker: "Coming from a band like that, it even means more. Like, maybe there is hope that people can realize it's harmful."

From alternative rape-rock to boy-toy pop, testosterone in all its forms rules the airwaves and the concert venues more than ever these days. And while the Riot Grrrl movement the band sprang from may have slipped back under the media's radar, Sleater-Kinney—token indie women among the handful of modestly selling acts that consistently garner critical praise—has not.

The song "#1 Must Have" from the trio's new album *All Hands On The Bad One* (Kill Rock Stars), addresses both the dissolution of the Riot Grrrl wave in the marketplace of ideas and last summer's reported rapes at Woodstock. It vents a deep disappointment at fighting a long-term battle and seeing little change, while demanding a safer world (and more specifically, a safer rock 'n' roll culture) for women.

"This is where we work; rock is where we live," says Tucker. "That's a really horrific thing to happen in the place where you work. From the standpoint of working so long with feminist politics in our songs, it's really frustrating." Which is why providing a positive alternative for girls and women is so important. "By writing things that mean something to us, that we have fun with," says Tucker, "we connect with other people. When a 16-year-old girl comes to our concert, she feels powerful and included."

Challenging the gender status quo in rock and life has always been this band's particular superpower, and that sense of untapped potential certainly manifests itself in songs like "Male Model," which makes overthrowing the male-dominated world of rock seem not just possible, but easy. "We don't really settle for things not turning out the way we want them to," says Weiss. The band doesn't have specific criteria for knowing when something is right; it's more a gut response. "We know what we're capable of, and I feel there's no way we could tap that out," she continues. "It's a good feeling to be competent enough to know that."

It's a significant step from Riot Grrrl's who-cares-if-you-can't-really-play esthetic, and the song's mocking bravado underscores the group's sense of fun (which can become overshadowed by its members' politics). Some of the tunes on *The Bad One* do take a more serious tone. A true-life horror story inspired "Was It A Lie?" Tucker explains with quiet distress: "The thing that happened is a real, specific thing, where woman's death was filmed and played in bars, like on a loop, as entertainment." Her voice rises: "People would be having conversation and drinks while this woman is dying over and over again. I was drawing from that to talk

about voyeurism in our culture in general, and the way women are looked at, over and over again, and we're so desensitized to it."

Although not every Sleater-Kinney song directly deals with feminist issues (some, like "Leave You Behind," address heartbreak, while others, like "Pompeii," are soul-searching), the sense of empowerment embodied in such lines as "I could be demure like girls who are soft for boys who are fearful of getting an earful/ But I gotta rock!" (from "Ballad Of A Ladyman") is unlikely to endear the band to the white 18-34 male demo that holds much of the currency in the cultural marketplace.

That doesn't reflect the band's media coverage, however; S-K receives consistently favorable coverage in mainstream outlets which wouldn't usually touch an act that hasn't gone gold. "We appreciate the acclaim or whatever," says Tucker dismissively, "but it's not what inspires us." S-K's presence in big media does connect the band with new fans and provides a broader forum for their post-Riot Grrrl ideas, though. "We want to talk to mainstream media," says guitarist/vocalist Carrie Brownstein, "so that things are written about other than Limp Bizkit and Korn."

Occasionally, that means dealing with attitude. Tucker recalls a Canadian writer who was less than enthused about having to interview Sleater-Kinney for his publication: "He wrote the worst, most hideous article," she remembers. "Some people are threatened by us because of what we say, and because really respected critics like Greil Marcus think we're great." Such attention isn't going to make the trio superstars, or even more than a footnote in the larger culture, but it definitely boosts the act's credibility.

When the three are not dodging the slings and arrows of snobbish journalists or touring, they travel separate paths. Each has other projects, Tucker with folk-punk trio Cadallaca, which released a new EP, *Out West* (Kill Rock Stars) earlier this year; Brownstein with girl-rock vet Lois Maffeo in the duo Tommy and with Helium's Mary Timony in The Spells; and Weiss in her longstanding indie pop duo Quasi with ex-husband Sam Coomes. Because Brownstein lives in Olympia, Washington, and Tucker and Weiss reside 110 miles away in Portland, Oregon, even scheduling practices for Sleater-Kinney was tricky, until they created a rehearsal space in each city.

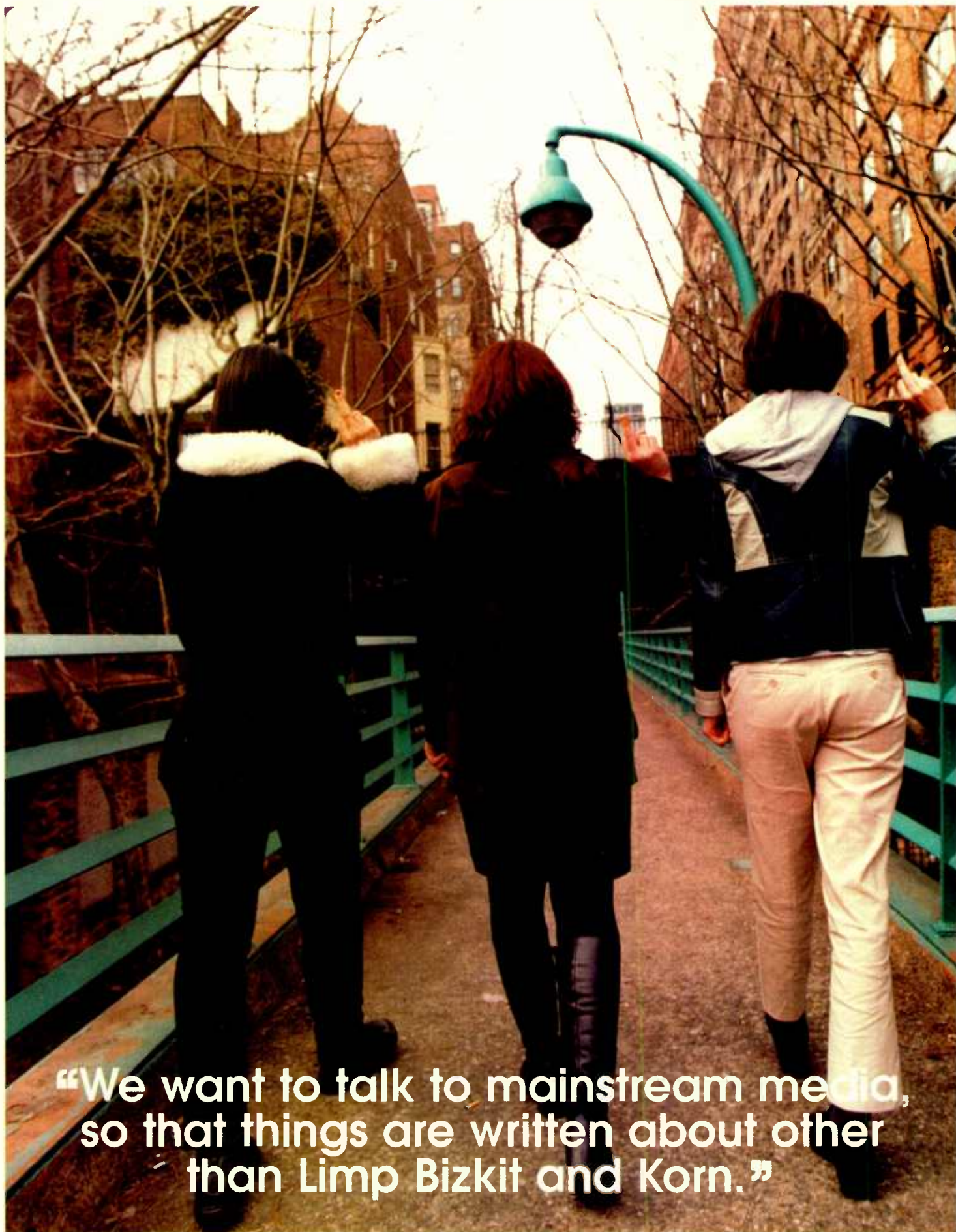
"I end up playing music a lot," says Weiss, "but that's what I want to do. When I stop, I don't feel quite the same." She even managed to do double duty when Sleater-Kinney and Quasi briefly toured together in England. "It was like my whole family was together," she says, "I mean, I could never go on a full tour with both bands; I'd be too exhausted. But philosophically we could."

For the moment, however, these three remain focused on Sleater-Kinney. Twenty-five-year-old Brownstein vaguely entertains the notion of going to grad school, "maybe when I'm in my 30s." But all feel it's key to take advantage of whatever chance they have to help change things by bringing their music to as many listeners as possible.

"We've seen other musicians who've had an opportunity, and a year later it's gone," says Weiss. "It's not like we think this is going to last forever."

"So," adds Tucker, "you have to give up your life to it while it's here."

MM



“We want to talk to mainstream media, so that things are written about other than Limp Bizkit and Korn.”



The way to download.

EMusic is 75,000 tracks of pure, open MP3 downloadable music — from artists you know and 600 worthy indie labels (with more added daily). Alternative, Punk, Rock, Electronic, Hip Hop, World, Reggae, Jazz, Blues, Soundtracks and more. Many that you can only download at EMusic. All for just 99 cents a song and \$8.99 an album. That's less than the cost of a CD.



Get \$5⁰⁰ worth of
downloadable music **FREE!**

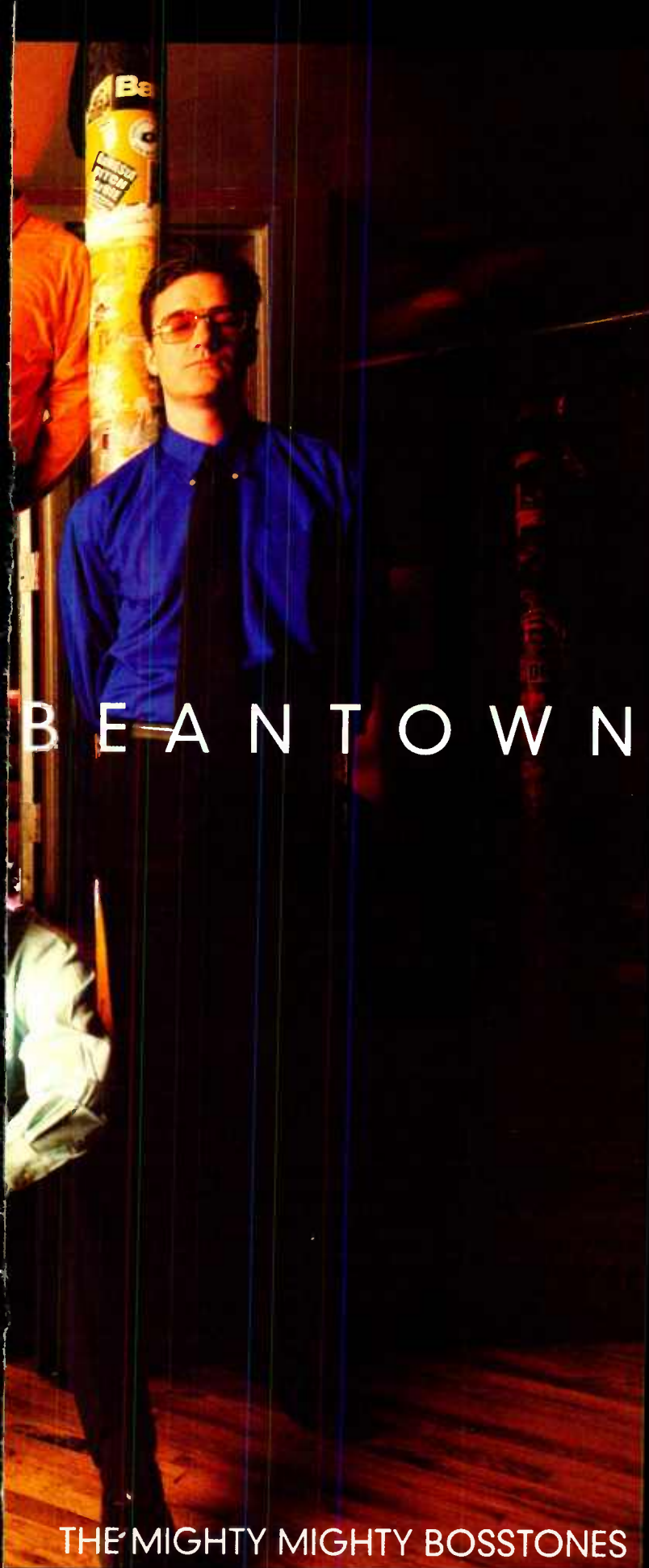
Go to www.emusic.com/promo/cmj/ today!

www.emusic.com

World Radio History



UNITED COLORS OF



B E A N T O W N

THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES

Dicky Barrett's Bosstones campaign marches on, but not without some casualties: "To tell you the truth, I'm not stoked."

STORY: TED DROZDOWSKI PHOTOS: CHAPMAN BAEHLER

Dicky Barrett, well-dressed frontman of the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, was walking through Times Square last January, just a few days after New Year's Eve. He had spent the holiday visiting some New York friends, and on this crisp winter's day, decided to take a dip in the sea of humanity, when "this guy completely went down in front of me—right to the sidewalk, screaming, bawling, crying," Barrett recounts in his friendly rasp.

"I started protecting him as hundreds of people were walking around him, yelling 'get the fuck out of the way.' I just let him stay there, and then he looked at me. I picked him up and asked, 'Are you all right?' He said, 'Yeah, I'm fine.' I asked him why he was so bummed out. He said, 'There are so many people here and I'm lonely.'

"It was real 'Eleanor Rigby' shit. I said, 'Buddy, sometimes we're all lonely.' He said, 'Maybe I went down to see if anybody would pick me up.' And I thought that maybe I was there because I care about people."

Barrett's humanitarian instincts are in evidence on the new Mighty Mighty Bosstones album, *Pay Attention* (Island Def Jam), from soul-searching tales to warm recollections of lost love and the celebration of free will. Cut for cut, *Pay Attention* is another step in songwriting evolution for the once-plaid-clad architects of the fusion of punk rock and Afro-Caribbean dance music known as skacore. Another musical stretch, too, carrying the torch of 1997's million-plus-selling *Let's Face It* a few rungs higher. Alongside the crunching punk-spiked power chords of "Over The Eggshells" and "A Temporary Trip" come horn lines that often hew closer to the spirit of Memphis soul than to the Bosstones' ska forefathers. Guitarist Nate Albert steps out of the Boston-bred eight-piece's ensemble sound more than ever, lacing blues into "The Day He Didn't Die," throwing a dizzy guitar melody into "Where You Come From," and in general summoning up bits of jazz and splashes of expressionist sonics. Such flourishes spice up his chugging downstroke attack on the pure rockers and augment the trademark hard-edged upstrokes he's parlayed to near skacore perfection during the Bosstones' 15 years of sweat-and-blood, blue-collar, white-knuckled life as a band.

All this blends to a confident balance. The music—composed as always by Albert and bassist Joe Gittleman with the rest of the



The explosion of punk-rock energy and hard-edged skank the members of the Mighty Mighty Bosstones compress into their CDs has obscured an important fact: "All of our albums have themes," Dicky Barrett explains.

"The albums I loved as a kid were all like that—cohesive. *Abbey Road*, *Toys In The Attic*, *The Clash*...

you could take them apart, but they were chained together. When you heard a tune on the radio, it would remind you of the other songs on the album."

So Barrett, expounding from his corner-pub table, is happy to lead a guided tour of the highlights of the Mighty Mighty Bosstones' catalog.



Devils Night Out (Taang!, 1990) "That was about the joy in evil—just laughing at everything, don't take things too seriously. The next one, *More Noise And Other Disturbances*, was about the quality of noise in my life and everyone else's. It was about how rock 'n' roll and being rowdy and having a good time can get you through any kind of struggle you're going through."



Don't Know How To Party (Mercury, 1993) "*Don't Know How To Party* addresses the fact that we're not who you think we are," Barrett says. "At the time it was important to clarify that we were not the world's greatest party band. We're gonna have a good time, but we're not about silly hats and wearing socks over our dicks."

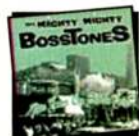
"There was a lot of pressure on us to sell records," he recounts. "Nirvana had just broke, and nobody knew shit. But we understood what was happening from our being punk rockers. I remember sitting on a couch drinking beer when we made the album and being told by record company people, 'This is not a song.' And us going, 'Oh, yes it is!' And they weren't sure, so they wouldn't fuck with us. We were holding all the cards. The guys that boosted Def Leppard to superstardom had no idea where the Bosstones were coming from."



Question The Answers (1994, Mercury) "For the most part, that album was about exploring the idea of time. Sid Vicious had been dead for 15 years. Woodstock was a little more than 10 years before Sid died. To me, punk seemed 5,000 years apart from the days of the hippies. But that all of that happened so close together blew me away."



Let's Face It (1997, Mercury) "That was about the eight of us and who we are. And *Pay Attention* is not so much about me, although I've gotta draw on my experiences, as it is about the 'one man'—the individuality of human beings. In order to truly be in this world, you've got to be inside yourself first. So these songs are about the guy at the bar and how he sees the world. You could think he's full of shit, but in a world that's got so much shit in it, he ain't so fuckin' bad."



Live At The Middle East (1998, Mercury) After *Let's Face It*, the band raided the tapes of the annual Hometown Throwdown, the annual week-long series of December Bosstones shows at the Cambridge, Massachusetts club The Middle East. The resulting live album "was a love letter to the fans, to Boston, to our friends, right down to Joseph and Nabile Sater, who own The Middle East," says Barrett. "The record company was like, 'This doesn't really capture it.' And I said, 'No kidding. You're not there. There's no kid hitting you in the back; I'm not spitting in your face.' Hey, if you can recreate your live show on an album, your live show sucks." »»Ted Drozdowski

Bosstones—recedes when Barrett's now-mellower voice needs to emerge. Then it surges like a tidal wave when it's time to rock. The 16-song disc is a small advance from the breakthrough sound of *Let's Face It*, which, like *Pay Attention*, was produced by the Bosstones' hometown compatriots Sean Slade and Paul Kolderie (The Pixies, Hole and Radiohead). Yet its melodies and clean arrangements are a sophisticated leap from the raw, howling churn of the band's signature tunes "Where'd You Go?" and "Someday I Suppose."

"You mean, 'Where's the don't-spill-the-beer-on-my-plaid-suit songs?'" Barrett jokes as we hoist a few in an Irish bar in Boston's South End. "There are songs that have more mature themes on *Pay Attention*, but I think we've earned that. We're allowed to be the older, wiser guys from the neighborhood now."

Which, truthfully, they have become. Not just by dint of time's passage, but by surviving life's pricks—a sub-theme that graces many of *Pay Attention's* lyrics.

“Okay, Dicky. We don't care that you're gonna be honest with yourself now! Let's move on!”

Barrett admits that 1998's *Live At The Middle East*, the Bosstones' last album, was a respite for the band after the nearly two years of relentless touring that followed its mainstream breakthrough with *Let's Face It*. It's not that the highway cramped the band's style. Hell, the Bosstones have been savage road dogs since the band's birth in a suburban garage west of Boston. Rather, there were personal matters that needed tending.

"It sucks that there's been changes in the band," Barrett says ruefully. "I'll tell you the truth: I'm not stoked."

The first was the replacement of saxophonist Kevin Lenear, who Barrett says has moved from Boston to New York and now has his own studio. "I miss him," says Barrett. "I always saw the eight of us eventually running across the finish line together, and then it's, 'Well done, Bosstones,' and we go our separate ways. It's mythological, but that's how I pictured it."

Lenear has been replaced by the first non-Bostonian Bosstone: California-born Roman Flysher, a 23-year-old veteran of skacore outfits *Stubborn All-Stars* and *The Hippos*.

As much as Lenear's departure has shaken Barrett's romantic all-for-one-and-one-for-all vision of the Bosstones, the reduced role guitarist Nate Albert will be playing in the band—at least for now—disturbs him far more. They've been friends and bandmates since Albert was 14 and Barrett was 20—albeit, as he notes, "a very immature 20." And Barrett allows that *Live At The Middle East* was released in part to give Albert time to decide if he could remain a Bosstone.

Albert kept his membership card, but for now can't tour. He will stay in the area to be available for his mother, who is seriously ill. He has also enrolled at Brown University.

"One of the reasons the new album is so Nate-heavy is that we were hoping, I think, that we'd be able to induce him to go on the road to play these songs. I can't imagine not being with him on tour," Barrett laments.

"Nate's family is very important to him," Barrett continues. "As a guitarist, though, Nate's a genius. So in a way this album is a tribute to Nate. He's a great guitar player and people should hear it. He's also a great guy. Nate said, 'Please, don't not tour for me. You made this album—you gotta do it.' Hopefully at some point in the future he'll be able to rejoin us."

Meanwhile, the Bosstones have pressed guitarist Lawrence Katz, another Californian, into service for the *Pay Attention* tour.

"It's been like trying to replace a brother," adds Barrett. "But we've made a great album, and I wanna go out and play." So by the time *Pay Attention* hits the stores in early May, Barrett, the two new Bosstones and



SONG-BY-SONG

(DICKY BREAKS DOWN THE NEW ALBUM.)



TATTOO U.

As lyricist for the **Mighty Mighty Bosstones**, **Dicky Barrett** instigates most of the band's songs. Typically he'll bring in words and either guitarist **Nate Albert** or bassist **Joe Gittleman**—or both—will write music for them. Or they'll already have some chord changes or a riff developed that'll match. The rest of the band helps complete the arrangements.

Only rarely is it Barrett's job to fish around in his psyche for lyrics to fit music they've developed. "The Bosstones are like this," Barrett says, grabbing a ketchup bottle and moving it to the middle of our table. "That's me. Then—" (he places salt and pepper shakers just behind the ketchup bottle) "those are Nate and Joe." Next comes a napkin holder, bringing up the rear. "And that's the rest of the band."

So when Barrett speaks about the Bosstones or the band's songs, he does so with unflinching authority. Which means the following play-by-play of some of *Pay Attention's* highlights may be taken as gospel:

"LET ME BE," a hard-edged skacore rip-up: "It's the individual man, saying, 'I'm in a world of shit right now, and you may even be responsible, so fuckin' back off,'" Barrett explains. "It came from what I was feeling, what Nate was going through, but it's about the me in all of us."

"THE SKELETON SONG," a soul-searching pop tune that brings Barrett's vocal melody to the fore: "I lived that song. It's like Scrooge seeing Jacob Marley's ghost, an awakening. While *Let's Face It* was going on, I was in a relationship with one girl and fell in love with another. I was full of myself—Dicky on steroids, larger than life. And it blew up in my face. I was on MTV, the *Billboard* chart, so sure, I thought, I can play the shell game with two women. When it came crashing down, I felt so bad. I learned something I knew all the time: the most important thing is people."

"ALL THINGS CONSIDERED," a melody-rich portrait of Bobby, an ex-Vietnam vet who charmed young Barrett and his hockey buddies with tall tales: "The guy was truly cool, even though he was a little crazy from what he'd gone through. It wasn't until I saw movies like *Full Metal Jacket* that I started to get an understanding of that war. All Bobby was doing was bullshitting us all the time; he could have been crazier."

"ALLOW THEM," a slam of corporate culture pinned to a screaming guitar riff: "We had to say something, because we've been surrounded by it for a while. There's good people in the music industry, so the idea is, don't worry about the scumbags. Give 'em enough rope and they're gonna hang themselves."

"HIGH SCHOOL DANCE," a post-Columbine shout to parents, teachers and anyone responsible for shaping children: "I wanted to say it as straight as possible, but put a little dance twist to it with a funk riff. I still can't believe this happened. At Columbine, it wasn't just one kid snapping. It was two, and then they planned it out. And at no time did any adults recognize this was going to happen. Something like this was totally inconceivable when I was in high school. Talk about our culture limping over the finish line to the year 2000. We've got to do what we can to make kids feel good."

"OVER THE EGGHELLS," a post-break-up power-riff rocker: "It's about the point when you collect your shit, get it back together and go on your way. This song and 'Where You Come From' both have apple and egg references. Eggs are where we come from. And with the apple, I think of Adam and Eve, and the Beatles' Apple Records. There's this idea of the apple being pure—it's a fresh start."

"SHE JUST HAPPENED," a remembrance of an old flame, set to an Afro-Cuban beat: "I moved to Boston the day after I graduated high school, into a two-bedroom apartment shared by three guys partying around the clock. And I fell in love with the girl who lived next door. She was beautiful and I was young and it was the kind of amazing love affair you could never have again. This song's about her."

"THE DAY HE DIDN'T DIE," an ode to Barrett's Uncle Larry that teams ska-guitar drive and one of *Pay Attention's* most touching narratives: "He was an amazing man in so many ways I can't express it. He had cancer. On Christmas Day, he told his family—the 13 of us who got together at his home every year for the holiday—'It's inevitable that I'm going to pass away. The kind of love you've shown me, show to each other.' It was as poetic as his life was. And the next day he died. I thought, 'How do I present these lyrics to the Bosstones, my friends?' You start to second guess: is this hokey horseshit? But as we recorded it, Joe said, 'I can't believe this. This is the most awesome tribute.'"

"I KNOW MORE," a punky update of Dylan's "My Back Pages": "What it's saying is that even though I thought I knew everything then, I didn't, and what I really know now is that I know zilch. Once you know you're never gonna know it all, you're free." >>>Ted Drozdowski

Dicky's long-standing homeboys Gittleman, drummer Joe Sirois, tenor saxophonist Tim Burton, trombonist Dennis Brockenborough and dancer Ben Carr will be on the road.

It's amidst the swirl of volume and screaming fans at the Bosstones' balls-out performances that Barrett seems most at home. So a few sweat-soaked, grueling crisscrosses of the country are likely to feel like a

"I always saw the eight of us eventually running across the finish line together... It's mythological, but that's how I pictured it."

breather for him, if not physically, at least from the past two years of intense self-examination that birthed many of *Pay Attention's* songs.

The album's 16 tracks can be divided into a few categories of aural narrative. There are numbers that reflect personal growth, often hard won. Most of these are the result of Barrett's admitted poor handling of two romances after *Let's Face It*. Others carry a mature, insightful perspective on life, charged with a bit of wistfulness and regret, perhaps, but balanced by knowledge gained. Barrett makes no bones about his sympathy for and friendship with Albert playing a role here, too, and helping to further spark his self-examination.

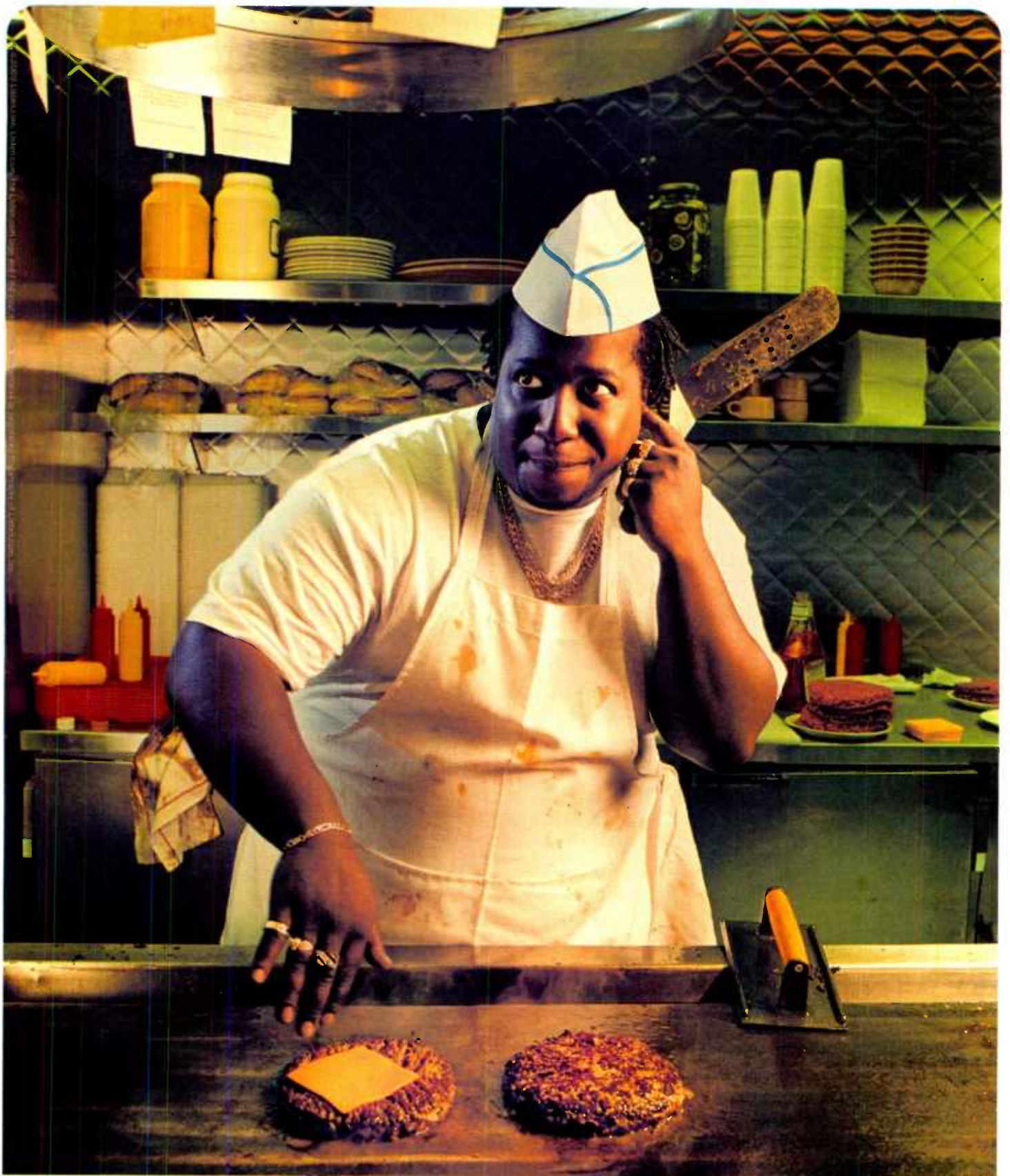
Then there's the mid-section of *Pay Attention*—hard-charging call-to-arms numbers that rail against corporate greedheads ("Allow Them"), caution about neglecting young people ("High School Dance") and celebrate self-empowerment ("Over The Eggshells"). Plus, the aforementioned Times Square incident is rolled into the teeth-baring punk-rock attack of "A Temporary Trip."

All these tunes make it obvious there's a lot more on the Bosstones' collective mind—which is, essentially, Dicky Barrett's mind—these days than spilled beer. What did Barrett's bandmates think of him dragging so much personal baggage into the studio?

"Well, they were into it," he relates. "But as we were recording I wrote 'The Skeleton Song' four times. Finally, the guys had to shut me down: 'Okay, Dicky, you're facing yourself! We don't care that you're gonna be honest with yourself now! Let's move on!'"


NMM

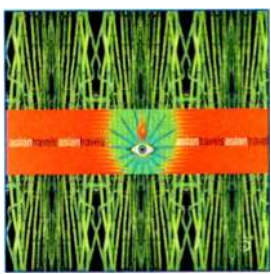





listen.com
Find your music.

THERE'S MUSIC EVERYWHERE, IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

At Listen.com you'll find links to music on the web including MP3s, videos, lots of free tracks and over 50,000 artists. Everything from hip-hop to alt rock, from country to electronica, from big names to basement bands. Find your music at Listen.com. 



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Asian Travels

Six Degrees

Talvin Singh's 1997 compilation *Anokha: Soundz Of The Asian Underground* documented the mainstreaming of South Asian DJs and the musical influences they brought to electronic music. At the time, this mostly meant merging tabla samples with jungle's nervous rattle. *Asian Travels* is a sequel of sorts to *Anokha*. It's less relentlessly trendy, perhaps because, despite a majority of tracks with four firmly planted on the floor, it's meant more for headphone listening than dancefloor dominance. The album's mixers and remixers are also more liberal in their use of classical Indian elements, which come

OUT:
March 14.
FILE UNDER:

East meets West.
R.I.Y.L.:
Talvin Singh, State Of Bengal, Transglobal Underground.

more to the fore than on *Anokha*. The sitar in Fila Brazillia's "Soft Music Under Stars" is the focal point, painted against a backdrop of spacey synths and bells. "Sweet Pain," Joi's remix of Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan and Michael Brook, allows the scat-like idiosyncrasies of qawwali singing to dominate the mix. More striking, though, are the tracks on which Indian inflections are pulled out of Western instruments, like on "Delirium," where remixers State Of Bengal give Euphoria's slide guitars a twist, coming up with a droning subversion of drum 'n' bass whose geography is truly unplaceable. >>> Andrea Moed



BILLY MAHONIE

The Big Dig

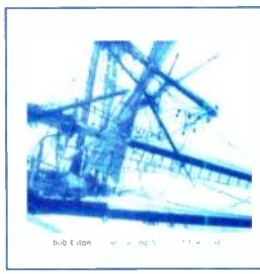
Too Pure-Beggars Banquet

Not a guy but an instrumental quartet, the UK's Billy Mahonie joins the growing ranks of rock bands without a singer. It's a distinction that instantly changes how a group is heard and where the spotlight normally reserved for the vocalist is directed. Without a human voice as a welcome mat or keyhole to its psyche, Billy Mahonie draws the listener in with its dynamics, the complex relationships that develop between the instruments: in this case, nothing more or less than guitar, bass, and drums. *The Big Dig*, the band's debut, finds each instrument pulling its own weight—the guitar with its gently

OUT:
February 22.
FILE UNDER:

Instrumental mood rock.
R.I.Y.L.:
Mogwai, Slint, Trans Am, Don Caballero.

picked leads, chunky riffs, and adrenaline-fueled spinouts and the bass and drums with sturdy-but-malleable rhythms which bolster the songs as they scoot them along. But ultimately, it's the cacophonous roar occurring when they collide that matters the most. An obvious touchstone for Billy Mahonie's progressive approach is Mogwai, whose last album barely used vocals and relied heavily on the connections and transitions within each song. Unlike Mogwai, however, Billy Mahonie isn't so beholden to soft/loud dynamic shifts, instead allowing the songs to evolve gradually. With more—and more memorable—melodic refrains, *The Big Dig* would be easier to dig, but the band does have a reputation overseas as a blistering live act. >>> Lydia Vanderloo



BOB TILTON

The Leading Hotels Of The World

Southern

OUT:
March 6.
FILE UNDER:

Poetic punk.
R.I.Y.L.:
Circus Lupus, Juno, Fugazi.

Nottingham, England's Bob Tilton was once dubbed by the British music press as "scrunchcore," a style of music unique to the group and its lead singer Simon Feirn, who made a habit of scrunching into a corner of the stage to deliver his anguished vocals. Call it a precursor of the "emo" label to describe emotionally driven punk. Ironically, the late, lamented Bob Tilton is one of the few bands who deserve the emo tag, as emotion formed the primary inspiration for their music. On *The Leading Hotels Of The World* and its forebear *Crescent* (both posthumously

released by Southern), Bob Tilton swears fealty to the upstart rhythms and snare drum swack of Fugazi and draws its compositional widgey from DC punkers Circus Lupus. The band also instills in its music a dark poetry that has rarely been heard in American emocore. In fragmented, non-rhymed verse, Feirn's lyrics capture moments of raw discovery and distress. His vivid use of natural settings anchors epiphanies, as in "You Look Like Sal Mineo" where the protagonist lies beneath a "cold dark spread of naked planets and radio signals" and recalls his lost Eden, noting that it has "grown distant from original design." Although the album's recording has the sound of a demo rather than a firmly supervised production, the lyrics of *Leading Hotels* more than make up for their slipshod surroundings. >>> Lois Maffeo



ROBERT BRADLEY'S BLACKWATER SURPRISE

Time To Discover

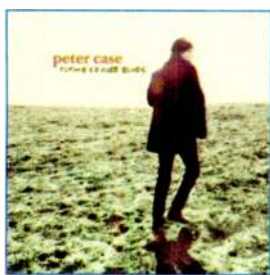
RCA

OUT:
March 21.
FILE UNDER:

Trad R&B with a nu-rock twist.
R.I.Y.L.:
Otis Redding, Bill Withers, Satchel.

Just why Robert Bradley's Blackwater Surprise will now receive more than a second glance is immediately apparent on the Detroit-based soul/R&B band's second album, *Time To Discover*. On "Higher," homeboy Kid Rock joins one time busker Bradley, who has been blind since birth, to subtly spike this effort with his inimitable urbane charm. Elsewhere though, apart from the Kid's surprisingly sweet, bluesy second shot with RBBS backing Bradley's autobiographical ballad "Tramp 2," the spotlight is more appropriately on

Bradley's Alabama-raised classic soul voice. And in the hypnotic romance of "Baby," the driving R&B funk of the title track and the many more Motown-, gospel-, and soul-inspired tracks here, he doesn't fall short of a heartfelt mark. Notably filled out by brothers Andrew and Michael Nehra, on bass and guitar respectively, Tim Diaz's subtle B-3 and piano and the knowing hand of drummer Jeff Fowlkes, *Time To Discover* is aptly named. Ditching the rootsier sound of *Blackwater Surprise* (the band's 1996 debut) in favor of some well-tooled R&B, Robert Bradley's Blackwater Surprise, with or without the Kid, is finely equipped to spread the word. >>> Linda Laban



PETER CASE
Flying Saucer Blues

Vanguard

Los Angeles singer/songwriter Peter Case may have made his name with the "Million Miles Away" Plimsouls in the early '80s, but the onetime new wave bandleader has been stripping back his sound since. On this seventh solo effort, as on 1998's excellent *Full Service No Waiting*, Case has honed his road-blues barbs to a spare, leathery and almost entirely acoustic sound that relies more on song structure than on fancy delivery. Plying his wry story-songs, Case sets his somewhat roughened voice against his own strummed six- and 12-strings, drawing in turns from the pure musicality of folk,

OUT:
April 18.
FILE UNDER:
Workingman's blues.
R.I.Y.L.:
Bob Dylan, Woody Guthrie, Dennis Brennan.

Cajun, country and blues more than from the narrative-heavy sound that defines most contemporary folk. The instrumentation lends strong tonal accents, with Case's harmonica dominating "Two Heroes" and Greg Leisz's ringing lap and pedal steels recurring throughout. But by keeping these accompaniments restrained, Case lets the melancholy melodies stand out. When the instrumentation does build, as with the sax ripostes on "Cool Drink O' Water" or the full-band attack on the Dylan-esque "Coulda Shoulda Woulda," the added sound punches up the bittersweet observations on love and longing, and then drops back neatly into the song. Like the workingman's blues of Woody Guthrie, Case writes of adult dilemmas with a self-deprecating distance, jollying himself out of self-pity with jaunty rhythms and a touch of twang. >>> Clea Simon



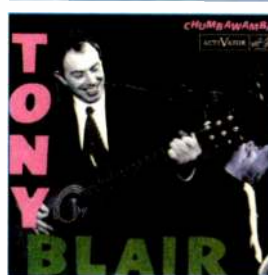
CLEM SNIDE
Your Favorite Music

Sire

Let's clear up the album-title situation right away: by calling Clem Snide's major label debut *Your Favorite Music*, the band's frontman Eef Barzelay isn't necessarily boasting that this will be your favorite music. Rather, the Israeli-born NYC-based singer/songwriter is simply paying tribute to the process by which we all discover our own favorite songs and artists. Like, for example, the Nick Drake mix tape he sang passionately about on the trio's 1998 indie disc, *You Were A Diamond*. Barzelay has a knack for treating the subject of love with both a sense of humor and

OUT:
May 5.
FILE UNDER:
Silly love songs, alt-country style.
R.I.Y.L.:
Wilco, Camper Van Beethoven, Yo La Tengo.

respect, a tendency to stumble upon hooks that sound eerily familiar on first listen, and an unrestrained voice—which some may dismiss as a whine—that cracks with emotion, matching the atonal crescendos Jason Glasser summons from his cello and Jeff Marshall coaxes from his double-bass. (For percussion, Clem Snide rarely uses more than just a snare drum.) The tunes on *Your Favorite Music* mostly land in the countrified pop corner of the indie rock world, but range from the criminally catchy "I Love The Unknown," with its rousing chorus and brisk beat, to the more typically mid-tempo tunes "Your African Friend" and "1989," in which Barzelay reels off so many clever lines that he could be a comedian—if he weren't busy making what could well become your favorite music. >>> Richard Martin



CHUMBAWAMBA
WYSIWYG (What You See Is What You Get)

Republic-Universal

The latest from Chumbawamba may start with a voice chanting, "Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!," however these merry pranksters are anything but. Their lyrics savage sacred cows—from boy bands and Disney to the Internet and the NRA—yet they're consistently married to sing-along choruses, hook-laden melodies and invigorating brass fanfares. Well aware of the public's short attention span, the UK anarchist collective keeps the proceedings brief (only four out of 22 tracks clock in at more than three minutes; many are under two) and change tack frequently,

OUT:
April 4.
FILE UNDER:
Steal This Record pop.
R.I.Y.L.:
God Is My Co-Pilot, Negativland, Dog Faced Hermans.

zigzagging through easy listening ("The Health & Happiness Show"), ska ("WWW Dot"), Appalachian folk ("Moses With A Gun"), surf ("I'm In Trouble Again"), country ("Social Dogma") and even a late-'60s Bee Gees cover ("New York Mining Disaster"). Listening to this disc—peppered with sly samples and scratches throughout—is like channel-surfing, with one critical difference: nearly every click delivers content that's thought-provoking and entertaining, even on occasional missteps like the ham-fisted single, "She's Got All The Friends." On the especially incisive "Pass It Along," Microsoft asks, "Where do you want to go today?" and they retort "somewhere you can never take me" with rousing conviction. Give Celebration, Florida (but not the track named for it) the finger and follow Chumbawamba to salvation. It's to your left. >>> Kurt B. Reighley



DIRTY THREE
Whatever You Love, You Are Touch And Go

On stage, Dirty Three violinist Warren Ellis saws at his instrument as if in a trance, his hair flying wildly while spit and sweat leap from his flailing body. The songs themselves may seem cool and measured, but the performance suggests a lack of control. You can't sense any of this when listening to the Australian trio's albums. Yet the music evokes beauty perched on the precipice of danger, which allows Ellis, guitarist Mick Turner, and drummer Jim White to keep squeezing fresh ideas out of what should be a constraining racket. Still going strong on

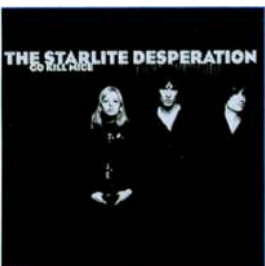
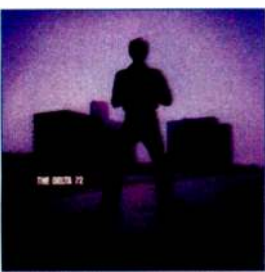
OUT:
March 7.
FILE UNDER:
Panoramic instrumental rock.
R.I.Y.L.:
Calexico, The Tren Brothers, Friends Of Dean Martinez.

album number five, the band avoids the stated themes of their two preceding albums, *Ocean Songs* and *Horse Stories*. But *Whatever You Love, You Are* maintains the Three's cohesive vision: ultra-expressive fiddle; reverberating percussion; echoing, spaghetti-western guitar. These compositions are as sharp as ever—whether building gradually, as the first lulling and then fractured 14-minute epic "I Offered It Up To The Stars And The Night Sky," or maintaining a steady, entrancing flow, as in the chiming and relaxed "I Really Should've Gone Out Last Night" and "Lullabye For Christy." Ellis has established a style and voice all his own with Dirty Three. And he's sticking with it. >>> Richard Martin

FIGHT THE MONSTER.







DELTA 72

000

Touch And Go

THE STARLITE DESPERATION

Go Kill Mice

Flapping Jet

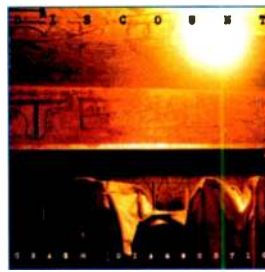
Punk has become a safety net of sorts for young, gawky-yet-stylish white kids who want to play soul music without embarrassing themselves because they're too stiff to get loose. Just call it "R&B-punk," play it hard and fast, and you've got nothing to worry about. Too often, though, bands like The Make-Up and the Blues Explosion get away with this shtick even when they just don't have the juice. Which is what makes Delta 72's third album, *000*, so refreshing—it's damn juicy. The Philly quartet has distanced itself from its punk roots just enough to stumble across easy-does-it grooves and tightly wound funk jams that are a big improvement over the soul-inflected din of their first two releases. Credit Mark Boyce (formerly of The Goats and Boss Hog), who replaces Sarah Stofa on keys, with much of the refinement. He works under and

OUT:
April 4 and February 18, respectively.
FILE UNDER:
R&B reformed punks.
R.I.Y.L.:
Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, The Make-Up, The Gun Club.

around the beat, delicately shading warm gelatin-like rhythms with sweet Booker T. organ fills on the mid-tempo numbers. And when the band ventures into rowdier R&B territory, Boyce kicks it Ian McLagan-style. Add to that the disc's clean-and-dry production, courtesy of Royal Trux's toxic twins Neil Haggerty and Jennifer Herema, and Delta 72 finds itself closer to The Black Crowes than to the Blues Explosion. And that's a very good thing.

Fellow R&B reformed punks The Starlite Desperation lube their wheels with some of the same snake oil juice that used to run through the veins of Gun Club's Jeffrey Lee Pierce. The trio left its glam-punk m.o. behind when it relocated from the Bay Area to Detroit. In this new incarnation, the group is sophisticated without being square, much like Delta 72. But The Starlite Desperation still hasn't synthesized its influences as fully as Delta 72, so *Go Kill Mice*, the band's second album, often comes across as the musical equivalent of name-dropping. The disc's title track, for example, alludes heavily to Gun Club's "For The Love Of Ivy," while "What I Want" brings to mind Television's Richard Lloyd dueling bluesily with Keith Richards.

Elsewhere, The Starlite Desperation fuses Stonesy chord voicings with Jeffrey Lee Pierce's grab bag of jangly blues tricks (not to mention a darn good approximation of his soulful warble), which beats The Make-Up's approximation of Minor Threat duking it out with Prince. It's a hell of a lot juicier, too. >>> Lorne Behrman



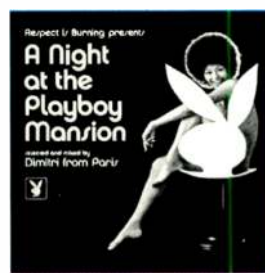
DISCOUNT

Crash Diagnostic New American Dream

Abrupt stop-start dynamics, quicksilver changes of volume and passionate subject matter are the obvious hallmarks of emocore. Less apparent, perhaps, is the tendency of many emocore singers to rely on a very narrow vocal range in which to develop melodies. A boon for vocalists with less than limber pipes, this reliance on the three note "whoa-oh-oh" is one of the genre's significant failings. And it's one that severely afflicts Discount's third CD. Singer Alison Mosshart may be a welcome genre rarity, a female singer who brings delightful new dimensions to this backpack-toting style. But, while she

OUT:
March 7.
FILE UNDER:
Emo gets grrr-y.
R.I.Y.L.:
The Promise Ring, Jawbox, Avengers.

seems to possess a healthy and expansive voice, she limits herself to emo's half-octave range. Musically, Discount have more to offer, thanks in part to J. Robbins's (Jawbox, Burning Airlines) crisp and elegant production, which deftly documents the Vero Beach, Florida band's trenchant guitar sound and overall tightness. And Mosshart's lovely cut-and-paste lyric booklet adds a nice touch to the package. Too bad she wasn't willing to bring that creative spirit to her singing. Because, as clever as Discount is at fusing of pop structures and hardcore muscle, it will take more than the radio-ready "Harder To Tell" and the Black Flag-esque "Aerial" to haul the band to the front of the crowded post-punk ranks. >>> Lois Maffeo



DIMITRI FROM PARIS
A Night At The Playboy Mansion

Astralwerks

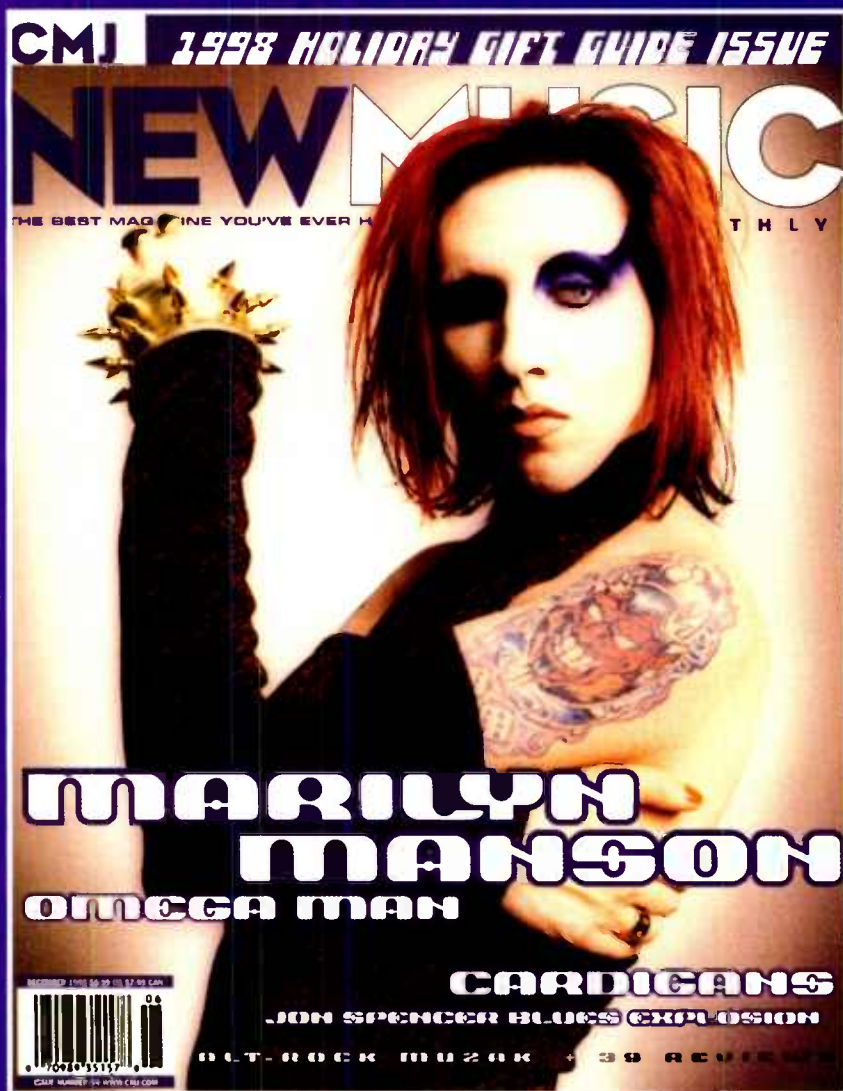
With *A Night At The Playboy Mansion*, French DJ Dimitri From Paris seems to have learned that people would rather sweat than smirk on the dance floor. He's eschewed the irony-laden lounge kitsch of his *Sacrebleu* CD in favor of old school disco and house anthems. The mix is meant to recapture the high-flying mood of the era of Playboy mansion parties, as well as the heyday of clubs like Paradise Garage and Warehouse. Dimitri starts the party with the Latin-infused "Reach Inside" and Star's Chic-like "Mecca Heads." He pumps horn breaks and conga fills into the

OUT:
April 25.
FILE UNDER:
Sweatin' to the oldies.
R.I.Y.L.:
Cassius, Respect Is Burning, Frankie Knuckles.

mix like booster shots, building the energy level beat by beat until it reaches an explosive peak in the exuberant Brazilian anthem "Outro De Lugar." From here on out he reaches for dance floor nirvana. The transcendental groove of Atmosfear's "Motivation," with its repetitive rhythms and extended instrumental breaks, is Dimitri's nod to house progenitor Frankie Knuckles. He cranks the bass up to subwoofer-rattling levels on "Give Me Love," and drops some well placed reverb and dub breaks into "I'll Be There For You," which approximates the near-spiritual ecstasy of the deck work of Paradise Garage's Larry Levan. Dimitri's only misstep comes at the very end, with Ashford & Simpson's "Found A Cure," which is more of a letdown than a proper come-down. But every party has to end, even one at the Playboy Mansion. >>> Steve Gdula

USE YOUR MIND. TRUST YOUR EARS.

SUBSCRIBE.



CMJ New Music Monthly offers what no other new music magazine can—the chance to HEAR the music at the same time you're reading about it. Each issue of CMJ New Music Monthly comes with an exclusive compilation CD. Past CDs have included such diverse artists as Beck, Prodigy, Garbage, Sarah McLachlan and many more. Packed with reviews and features, CMJ New Music Monthly also gives you the ultimate way to review the best new music around: the music itself!

A FREE trial subscription of CMJ New Music Monthly and its EXCLUSIVE compilation CD can be yours, just by returning the order form below. Return it today and get the scoop on the sounds of today and tomorrow.

CALL 1-800-414-4CMJ

12 monthly issues + 12 cds for only \$39.95

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Payment enclosed Bill me VISA MasterCard American Express Discover

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date ____/____/____

SPECIAL SAVINGS! check one:
 1 year \$39.95 2 years \$34.95/year 3 years \$29.95/year
All Subscription prices are in US DOLLARS. Canada add US \$10.00 per year (includes GST).

SEND PAYMENT TO:
CMJ New Music Monthly
P.O. Box 57414
Boulder, CO 80322-7414

5E004

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of your first issue

Grammy Winner
EVELYN GLENNIE
percussionist

Shadow Behind The Iron Sun

09026-63406-2



Pronounced profoundly deaf since the age of 12, Evelyn Glennie is well known for her unique percussive

talent - she has collaborated with artists from Björk and the King's Singers, to Nana Vasconcelos and Japanese drummers Kodo.

In *Shadow Behind the Iron Sun*, Evelyn Glennie fuses acoustic instruments - marimbas, tam-tams, car exhaust pipes, children's toys - with synthesizers and samplers to create everything from aggressive drum 'n' bass beats to serene ambient soundscapes.

"She's very unique, she's definitely a very strong and proud woman. We sat in front of each other and improvised and came up with *My Spine*." -BJÖRK

"Evelyn Glennie's musicianship is extraordinary. One has to pause in sheer wonder at what she has accomplished. She is quite simply a phenomenon as a performer." - THE NEW YORK TIMES

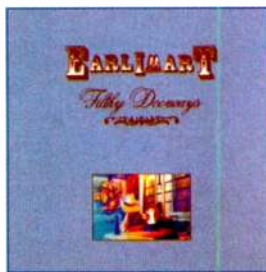


www.bmgclassics.com

The BMG logo is a trademark of BMG Music. Other Titles (Registered, Mailed) Registered(s) General Electric Company, USA, except Red Seal: BMG Music. ©2000, BMG Entertainment

TOWER RECORDS

reviews



EARLIMART Filthy Doorways

Devil In The Woods

Punk rock has come to embody a variety of musical styles since its inception, and the four musicians in Earlimart are happy to take advantage of that on their debut CD. *Filthy Doorways* merges country twang with urban angst and experimentalism and proves the band's as comfortable with slide guitar and folkie singing as they are with droning feedback and avant-noise. The band employs a number of different mechanized sounds to creepy effect, including turntable static ("Pensacola, Fla."), fluttering keyboard riffs ("Portland, Ore.") and backwards tape

OUT:

February 29.

FILE UNDER:

Punk rock, the whole gamut.

R.I.Y.L.:

The Pixies, The Knitters, Sonic Youth.

loops ("99S"). But key to even the most discordant tracks are starkly beautiful melodies, alternately brought out by or buried under delicately hushed vocals. On the more accessible end of the punk rock spectrum is the straightforward sing-along rocker "Punk Rock Mom" and the full-on twang-fest "Someday You're Gonna Love Me," which features background harmonies by X's Exene Cervenka. Elsewhere, the band gets aggro with the raucous "Kill Your Parents" and "Punk Roecker," which employs a see-we're-not-perfect false start before commencing to thrash. Unfortunately, the catchiest songs appear on the second half of the CD—long after you may have written them off as Sonic Youth wannabes with Hank Williams hearts. >>> James Oliver Cury



TIM FINN Say It Is So

Periscope-Sonny's Pop

You think that people have had enough of grown-up, not-very-silly love songs? Not ex-Split Enz/Crowded House man Tim Finn, who's still writing memorable ones. The songs he puts on solo discs tend to be softer and subtler than the ones he wrote for his old bands, so don't expect this album to knock you over at first listen. When he writes a killer hook, he's more inclined to deliver it in low-key, conversational style. Like his younger brother Neil, Tim writes mainly about the gray areas within stable relationships, and both brothers are drawn to the darker side—though Tim loosens up enough to

OUT:

February 29.

FILE UNDER:

Triple-A pop with an edge.

R.I.Y.L.:

Peter Gabriel, Robyn Hitchcock, Crowded House.

get giddy and Beatlesy on "Some Dumb Reason." More surprising is "Need To Be Right," a rewarding shift into heavier, big-drum territory. Finn's voice has deepened over the years, and on "Underwater Mountain" he's a dead ringer for The Church's Steve Kilbey—for that matter, the chiming guitar tones throughout the album are rather Church-y. Though the album was recorded in Nashville with Patty Griffin/John Hiatt producer Jay Joyce, the sound is textured and twang-free, with tasteful use of samples and drum loops. Still, Nashville balladeer Julie Miller's backing vocals on two songs are haunting enough to justify the plane fare. >>> Brett

Milano

★ ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD • R.I.Y.L. - RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



THE FLASHING LIGHTS
Where The Change Is

spinART

"Since you've been gone, I've been untrue/
Hoping that you have been untrue too,"
sings Matt Murphy at the outset of his new
band's debut, and it's not clear whether
he's addressing a lover or the loyal fans of
his old band the Super Friendz. Either
way, he and The Flashing Lights get
acquainted quickly, strumming out
instantly accessible pop tunes with
amicable hooks that practically shake
your hand and invite you in for drinks. The
quartet sounds positively giddy,
harmonizing throughout verses and
choruses, and veering between oddball
XTC-style pop excursions and toe-tapping

OUT:
March 21.
FILE UNDER:
Unabashedly upbeat Canuck pop.
R.I.Y.L.:
Sloan, Thrush Hermit, Apples In
Stereo, The Lilies.

Merseybeat flourishes. Murphy's humor adds even more spice, as
in the heavily punctuated "Talk To The Hand" and the new-wave-
accented "The Patient You Forgot To See," reminding us that he
springs from the land of comic genius. (Yes, Canada.) But it's surely
not all cold beers and catchy tunes, eh? Well, no. The Flashing
Lights will throw some listeners off, as in "Highschool," when a
brash intro straight out of The Who's playbook leads not to the
snarl of Daltry but to the politely toned, maybe even nerdy-
sounding Murphy. On the upside, *Where The Change Is* slowly
reveals a stunning depth, with sprawling rock anthems, sing-
along melodic ditties and even a few pensive moments, making
this both a welcome return for Murphy and a promising start for
his new band. >>> Richard Martin



FLOGGING MOLLY

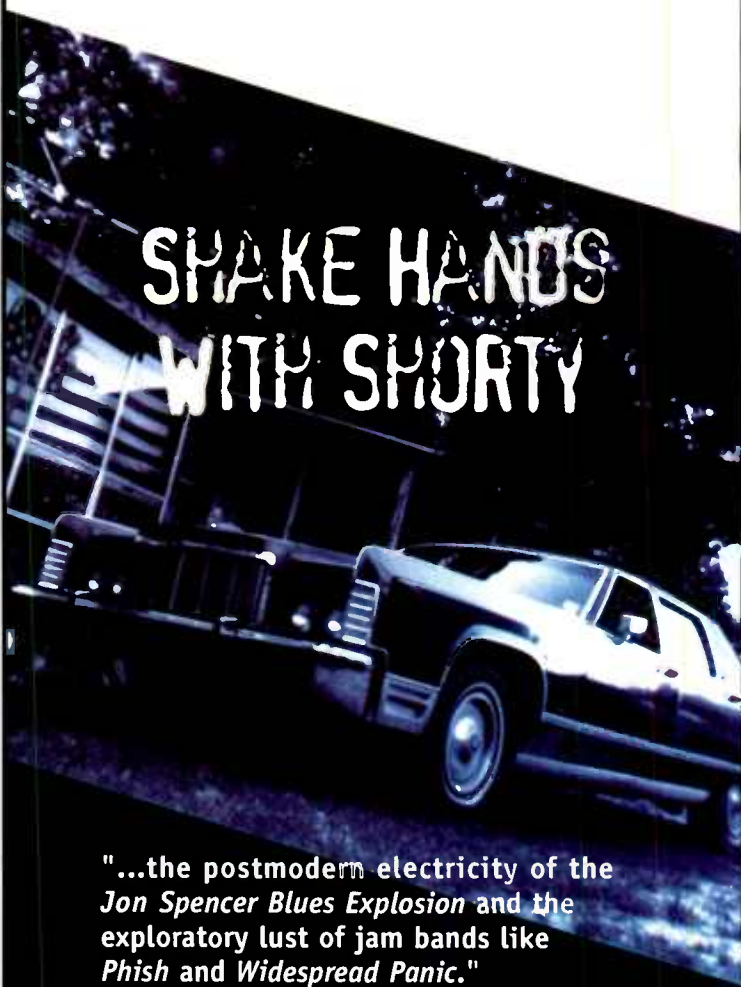
Swagger Side One Dummy

Flogging Molly has earned a following
among the West Coast skate crowd, and
has a slot on this summer's Warped Tour to
show for it. The Los Angeles septet injects
punk pacing and a quasi-trash backbeat
into traditional Celtic folk, updating the
genre the way bands like The Mighty
Mighty Bosstones and Cherry Poppin'
Daddies do ska and swing, respectfully.
The accent of songwriter/vocalist Dave
King, an honest-to-goodness Dubliner,
lends the project a certain credibility. And
engineer Steve Albini coaxes a crisp
sound from the band, allowing Bridget
Regan's homespun fiddle and tin whistle

OUT:
March 7.
FILE UNDER:
Celtic thrash.
R.I.Y.L.:
The Pogues, Black 47, The Dropkick
Murphys.

and Matt Hensley's mournful accordion to rise above the rawk.
Comparisons to those standard-bearers of Irish folk-punk, The
Pogues, are inevitable, yet on *Swagger*, Flogging Molly's second
album, the band manages to sound more authentic, fiercer and
still somehow less authentic than Shane MacGowan's crew. The
punk-rock elements often seem to be crudely grafted onto the
songs as an afterthought, as if in a last ditch effort to save the
band from a fate that would involve playing tiny Irish pubs.
Swagger is still a pleasant enough punk diversion, but the
novelty wears off pretty quickly. >>> Glen Savady

**NORTH
MISSISSIPPI
★ ALLSTARS ★**



"...the postmodern electricity of the
Jon Spencer Blues Explosion and the
exploratory lust of jam bands like
Phish and *Widespread Panic*."

— *The New York Times*

**SHAKE HANDS
WITH SHORTY**

**In Stores Everywhere
May 9th**

Sound Samples, Tour Dates, News, Stuff,
all at: www.nmallstars.com



www.tonecool.com • 1-888-553-3700 • info@tonecool.com



FRANKIE MACHINE ★
One Mammoth

Los Angeles rock act Frankie Machine's debut, *One*, includes a hard-nosed spin through Split Enz's wondrous new wave ballad "I Got You." It's not Split Enz that Frankie Machine want to be, however, it's The Foo Fighters, with the FF's "Doll" a certain inspiration (if not a blueprint) for FM's "Second Guess." And, damn, the power chords on "50/50," which follows, are so "Stacked Actors." Coincidence perhaps; after all, this is a hip band that appreciates Sinatra's performance as junkie drummer Frankie Machine in *The Man With The Golden Arm*. More congenially honest, heavy power-pop opens the album, though the song "Sell Me" is weighted with lukewarm adolescent angst—the kind of thing Green Day had down in the mid-'90s. But it isn't the fact that FM is stuck in someone else's groove that palls. Beyond obvious effervescence and adequate execution, there's nothing emotionally substantial in these songs. No doubt Frankie Machine whips up a storm in front of a half-buzzed Friday night crowd, but it's not much of a recommendation when the best moment on an album is the one cover song amongst a bunch of (hardly) originals. >>> Linda Laban

OUT:
February 29.
FILE UNDER:
Modern rock power pop.
R.I.Y.L.:
Foo Fighters, Silverchair, The Flies.



GALACTIC
Late For The Future Capricorn

Cleaning up after The Dirty Dozens and running right past The Meters, Galactic is pushing New Orleans grooves into the hip-hop age. On its third release, the mostly instrumental band struts some funk in many different guises: easy soul grooves à la Curtis Mayfield, metal-jacketed beats spiced with rapid-fire guitar from Jeff Raines and careening jazz passages driven by a fat blend of Rich Vogel's B-3 organ and Ben Ellman's saxophone. On top of the mix is intelligent use of space wobbles, turntablism, and other percussive effects. Beneath it, there is more than a trace of the Crescent City's brass bands or The Meters, the original New Orleans funkateers who cast a long shadow with soulful tracks from the '60s and '70s. Drummer Stanton Moore and bass player Robert Mercurio have a very tight turning radius, and Theryl deClouet's earthy vocals spark five of the 14 tunes. For those who have not heard The Meters, Galactic offers a perfect imitation on "As Big As Your Face." In fact, Galactic frequently wears its influences on its collective sleeve. So while this may not be a funk revolution, it's one hell of a tea party. >>> Bill Kishiuk

OUT:
April 4.
FILE UNDER:
Funking jam bands.
R.I.Y.L.:
Medeski, Martin & Wood, The Meters, Michael Ray & The Cosmic Crew.

AN ELECTRO-FUNKIFIED ALL-STAR GROOVE SUMMIT!

JOHN SCOFIELD
BUMP

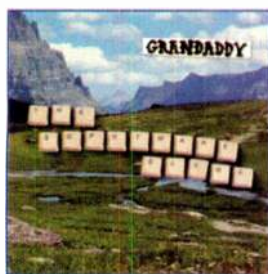
With special guests
TOP SECRET

NO, REALLY, WE CAN'T LIST 'EM... CHECK IT OUT FOR YOURSELF!

download a FREE John Scofield e-card at:
www.vervemusicgroup.com/ecards/scofield

available at
COALITION OF INDEPENDENT MUSIC STORES
CINEMUSIC.COM

visit us at www.vervemusicgroup.com
Insular Silver Award - Best Music Site



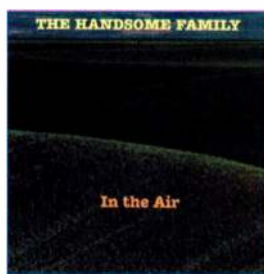
GRANDDADDY
The Sophtware Slump

V2

The title of the second album by Granddaddy is both a play-on-words allusion to the fact that this is indeed the band's sophomore effort, and an accurate reflection of one of the disc's recurring themes—namely dealing with technological fallout. It's definitely not a slump. Led by songwriter Jason Lytle, whose tender, cracked meditations on life's little absurdities are as amusing as they are dead-on, Granddaddy sounds something like Modesto, California's answer to the Flaming Lips. Lytle's parched, keening tenor bears more than a passing resemblance to Lips singer Wayne

OUT:
April 18.
FILE UNDER:
California dreaming.
R.I.Y.L.:
Flaming Lips, Neil Young, Sparklehorse.

Coyne or Neil Young circa *After The Gold Rush*, while the band's loping tempos and mellow, slightly askew orchestral arrangements suggest a stoned, rather than acid-dipped, version of Coyne's outfit of eccentrics. But it's not all soft bulletins and broken arrows, either. "Chartsengrafts" kicks up a dusty cloud of fuzzy indie rock guitars and clattering percussion; "Hewlett's Daughter" is a quirky saga about a waste treatment plant worker who fondly remembers not his old love, but her father ("Sir, I should have been your son"). Armed with scrap heap synths, tag sale guitars, and a predilection for weaving fables about folks stranded far from home ("Miner At The Dial-A-View") and depressed robots ("Jed The Humanoid"), Granddaddy's homespun yarns about human obsolescence and paradise lost are poignant and peculiar.



THE HANDSOME FAMILY
In The Air

Carrot Top

The first couple of Handsome Family albums, '95's *Odessa* and '96's *Milk And Scissors*, weren't without their charms, but both were clear-cut cases of ambition outstripping ability. Led by the husband-and-wife songwriting team of singer/guitarist Brett Sparks and bassist Rennie Sparks (he handles all the music, she writes all the lyrics), the Chicago-based trio had its sights set on playing traditional American country music, which is hard to do properly. So the act started off by keeping things simple and basic, using what they had (like overdriven guitars and feedback) to keep

OUT:
March 7.
FILE UNDER:
Country discomfort.
R.I.Y.L.:
X, Vic Chesnutt, Johnny Cash.

things interesting—sort of like a backwoods Velvet Underground with Nico on bass—and gradually the Family matured into a band fully in command of its chosen idiom. To wit: *In The Air*, whose tracks range from bluesy backporch hootenannies ("When That Helicopter Comes") and Gospel-tinged spirituals ("Grandmother Waits For You"), to waltz-time two-steps ("The Sad Milkman") and boot-stomping rockabilly-inflected fare ("In The Air"). There's a dark, vaguely surreal, Southern Gothic streak running through Rennie's lyrics, which tell of mysterious milkmen, bridge phobias, midnight murders and suicidal thoughts, all perfectly suited to Brett's deep, dark, Johnny Cash-style croon. It's proof that every now and again perseverance really does pay off.

UNAMERICAN

★★★★★

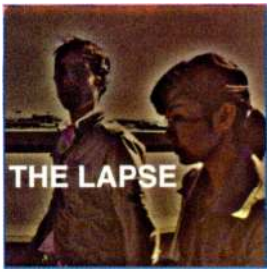
unamerican -ˌʌnə'merɪkən / adj*
British in America

OR TAKE AWAY

UNAMERICAN

www.unamericanonline.com

World Radio History

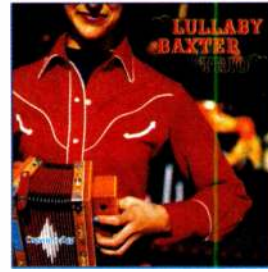


THE LAPSE
Heaven Ain't Happenin' Southern

This duo-plus-rotating-drummer, the brainchild of ex-Van Pelt guitarist Chris Leo and Toko Yasuda (also of Blonde Redhead) is less a band than a "project." This could translate into a bold departure from the smartcore strictures of the pair's former outfit, but on *Heaven Ain't Happenin'*, it mostly means a riffs-topped-with-journal-entries substitute for developed songs. With the exception of a draggy instrumental that shouldn't have left the practice room, this is respectable—if drab—post-punk built from foursquare bass, incessantly repeated guitar figures and the rare "You've got mail!" keyboard

OUT:
 March 21.
FILE UNDER:
 Po-mo emo.
R.I.Y.L.:
 Free Kitten, Long Hind Legs, The Van Pelt.

ping. The music's fine; what it accompanies isn't. "Cell Yielding Cell" and "Dragonflies" are rhythm-free prose-poems, declaimed by Leo with pained regard for their significance. (Free sample: "Mohammed sanctioned wife beating and the Protestants pardoned jerking off.") The acoustic "I Vow For Now" is the nadir, closing with a litany of exes' names punctuated by the refrain, "I thought I would die with you." By contrast, Yasuda's guileless vocals are a relief: "Hachi" is a chiming, near-pop number that combines Japanese and heavily-accented English, while "Basilico Basilica" could be subtitled *Teletubbies: Live From The Met*, ending with a call-and-response chorus of "Funiculi! Funiculi!" Unfortunately, this is an isolated moment of abandon that comes too late to save this earnest but uneven record. >>> Franklin Bruno



LULLABY BAXTER TRIO
Capable Egg Atlantic

One could be forgiven for calling the songs Angelina Iapolo performs under the name Lullaby Baxter whimsical. After all, they're unmistakably informed by nursery rhymes, both in their rhythms ("Saleslady, saleslady, sell us a hat") and their narrative devices—one is addressed to "Mr. Powder-Blue Breadbox," another is sung by a "Rooster In Love." And like nursery rhymes (think about "Ring Around The Rosie"), several songs here reveal undercurrents of melancholia and inadequacy. A few are downright creepy: in "Mama (Should I Bake A Cherry Pie And Hide You Inside?)" a daughter wonders whether to appeal to

OUT:
 March 21.
FILE UNDER:
 The Grimm Brothers' lounge act.
R.I.Y.L.:
 Oranj Symphonette, The 5000 Fingers Of Dr. T, Madeleine Peyroux.

relatives, Jesus, or pastry to keep her mother from being taken away. Still, producer Yves Beauvais's choice of sidemen is what checks *Capable Egg's* considerable annoyance potential. The members of Oranj Symphonette—most notably reed player Ralph Carney and guitarist Joe Gore, both alumni of several Tom Waits projects—hop gamely from high-life to samba to Dixieland, and much of the album's effectiveness comes from the tension between the musicians' comical assignments and the grace with which they're fulfilled. Iapolo's jazz-phrased vocals don't hurt either, though she sometimes dips into mannered Squirrel Nut hokiness. But when she and the Symphonette click, as on the elaborately arranged "The Chatterbox Chronicles," it's hard to imagine her kooky conceits being better executed than they are here. >>> Franklin Bruno

MAGNIFIED



born to be big
 - MADEMOISELLE

wow! if there is indeed
 a new modern rock,
 this is what it sounds like:
 guitar-heavy and futuristic.
 - PAPER

stand in traffic

hear it now at tvtrecords.com



KELLY HOGAN & THE PINE VALLEY COSMONAUTS

Beneath The Country Underdog

Bloodshot

THE BLACKS

Just Like Home

Bloodshot

When commercial country radio relaunched the format as home to Shania Twain and Garth Brooks types, it did so with the war cry of "This ain't your grandma's country." Not to imply that country is too sacred to mess with, but tearing out roots music doesn't leave much worth listening to. Somehow, though, "grandma's country" skipped a generation, falling on the receptive ears of kids weaned on punk who formed a similar emotional attachment to the power of singers like Hank Williams and Patsy Cline as they did to The Clash. Case in point: Kelly Hogan & The Blacks, two of the darlings of "insurgent country," as the label puts it. Hogan (ex-Rock 'A' Teens/Jody Grind) possesses a set of pipes that recall great singers like Cline. But *Beneath The Country Underdog* has the country-soul inclinations of *Dusty In Memphis*, and the lo-fi aesthetic shared by punk and early Sun Studios recordings. The Pine Valley Cosmonauts (including the Mekons/Waco Brothers' Jon Langford and Steve Goulding) provide a twangy backdrop for Hogan's voice, a sweet, powerful belt tinged with melancholy that grows fluttery in her quieter moments. Like Linda Ronstadt, Hogan is an able interpreter of cover songs with impeccable taste in material on this record,

including Willie Nelson, Johnny Paycheck and The Band. But she's also adept at bridging the gap between rural and urban music, adding swing king "Big Mike" Geier's country baritone to Stephin Merritt's "Papa Was A Rodeo" and setting Stax-style horns against pedal steel on her own Memphis-flavored "I Don't Believe In You."

At the other end of the alt.country spectrum are The Blacks, a band that mixes a crazy quilt of influences with a touch of inbred dementia. The banjo that opens the act's sophomore release, *Just Like Home*, is as backwater as they come, but most of the disc proffers the theatrics of Kurt Weill/Lotte Lenya and Tom Waits/Kathleen Brennan (whose "Goin' Out West" is covered here). Gina Black's witchy growls are as low as her bowed bass, which sounds like a cello with a bad attitude, and Danny

Black's errant trumpet could have escaped from a drunken Mardi Gras parade. But the spooky, bottleneck slide-embellished "I Asked My Mom" is a revelation: "God saves a seat for the young and the dead," sings Gina Black—maybe she means kids who take a liking to grandma's country. » Meredith Ochs



OUT:
April 4.
FILE UNDER:
Country-soul bombshell.
R.I.Y.L.:
Neko Case, Dusty Springfield, Carlene Carter.



OUT:
March 7.
FILE UNDER:
Carter Family meets Addams Family.
R.I.Y.L.:
Trailer Bride, Kurt Weill, moonshine.



KELLY HOGAN

ego trip's

THE BIG PLAYBACK
THE SOUNDTRACK TO
EGO TRIP'S BOOK OF RAP LISTS

Featuring

Da Resurrection Of 12 Rare & Out-Of-Print 80s Hip Hop Classics

From Run-DMC vs. B-Bibb, Macky Mart featuring MC Shan, Divine Force, Grandmaster Caz, Positive A, Lord Shuffaz, MC EZ & Trapp, The Buzze Boys, MC Mitchell & More!

ALBUM IN STORES
APRIL 11TH



WWW.RAWKUS.COM



WWW.EGOTRIP.COM



AMERICAN PSYCHO

MUSIC FROM THE CONTROVERSIAL
NEW MOTION PICTURE

FEATURING A RITZ OF NEW TRACKS,
COVERS, RE-REISSUES AND HITS OF THE '60'S

DOPE — *Woo (Sine Mi Remix)*

THE CURE — *Wishing Me Love*
(Re-issue by Columbia/Legacy Music)

DAVID BOWIE — *Something In The Air*
(American Psycho Re-Mix)

DANIEL ASH — *Trouble*
(Feat. Adrian Utley of Portofino)

TOM TOM CLUB — *Who Feels It Knows It*
(Remix)

COLDCUT — *American Psycho*

NEW ORDER — *True Faith*

MARRS — *Pump Up The Volume*

INFORMATION SOCIETY — *I Wanna Know What You're Thinking*

ERIC B & RAKIM — *Paid In Full*
(Coldcut Re-Mix)

HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS — *The 2nd Square*

FULL METAL RACKET — *Paid In Full*

...PLUS
MOVIE DIALOGUE
AND PORTIONS OF
THE SCORE BY
JOHN CALE



© KOCH Records • A KOCH Entertainment Company • www.kochentertainment.com • KOC-CD-8077

THE MAKERS

Rock Star God

Sub Pop



OUT:

April 18.

FILE UNDER:

Elegantly wasted rock-operas.

R.I.Y.L.:

Exile On Main Street-era Rolling Stones, The Kinks.

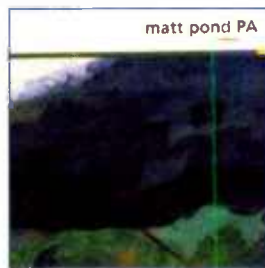
All that's left for The Makers to do is a double-live at Budokan—the Seattle quartet's seventh full-length is a sprawling 55-minute, 16-song concept album. And if you've been keeping up with the releases leading up to *Rock Star God*, this isn't shocking. After setting a new benchmark for just how white-knuckled, spastic and grimy garage-punk can be with its fifth album, *Hunger*, the band forsook its lo-fi roots with the opulent, Velvet Underground-styled *Psychopathia Sexualis*. Estrus (the only label which boasts tape hiss as its signature trait) was The Makers' home since the band's 1990 inception, but *Rock*

Star God is the band's Sub Pop debut. The feat here is that The Makers tackle 40 years of rock 'n' roll history without coming off as stylists or thieves (the rip-off of The Who's "Open Your Eyes," exempted). The disc features everything from sinister horror-rock—complete with a quavering baritone vocal delivery—to wah-drenched bongo funk; lushly orchestrated ballads with classically flavored arrangements to rustically clamorous Americana; from breezy soul ballads to chicken-necked R&B-punk. There are two brief appearances by a narrator, but The Makers don't make much of an effort to weave together a plot from song-to-song. The concept seems to have something to do with a rock star whose girlfriend's suicide plunges him down to pathetic lows, but isn't something like that always the story? »» Lorne Behrman

MATT POND PA

Measure

File 13



OUT:

March 21.

FILE UNDER:

Depression-pop with a stiff upper lip.

R.I.Y.L.:

Elliott Smith, Rex, Karl Hendricks Trio.

It's been two years since Philly-via-New England singer/guitarist Matt Pond (former frontman of indie punks Mel's Rockpile) first exposed his mooney side with the dramatically melancholy and impressively melodic *Deer Apartments* (Lancaster). The debut from his band, Matt Pond PA, the album was an admirable exercise in ways to express depression, and it took its cello lines very seriously. With *Measure*, it seems, Pond is still feeling glum. His songwriting, however, has gained a sharp, single-minded focus that defies the slacker entropy fellow acoustic-guitar-based acts like Elliott Smith sometimes embrace.

Rather than opting for Smith's under-produced Beatles references, Pond takes to the hi-fi road on *Measure*. Couching his alternately lovelorn and just plain existential sadness in once-removed literary metaphors (and stacking them on a stable foundation of resonant acoustic guitar strumming, unassuming cello, and persistent backbeats), Matt Pond PA brings to mind the measured moodiness of Toad The Wet Sprocket's last couple of albums. Pond's sweetly affected, Morrissey-esque vocals (moderate treatises more than confessional whimpers) suggest that he knows the deeper you dig, the bigger the dirtpile you'll eventually get to stand on. He confronts his inner aches and pains with articulate songs and admirably balanced arrangements that often eclipse the gloominess that inspired them. »» Dylan Siegler

★ ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD • R.I.Y.L. - RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



MDFMK ★
MDFMK

Republic-Universal

Want some noise? Then turn up the volume because those sullen industrial giants are back. For the bleary-brained, let's spell it out: MDFMK is KMFDM back'ards. Catch-up: in 1999, Europe's KMFDM disbanded after 15 years as Goth-industrial techno pioneers. Their swan song, *Adios*, was released the same day that the Columbine massacre went down. Brows were knotted, fists thumped, but life went on as usual. And indeed, MDFMK is pretty much KMFDM business as usual—still revolving around programmer/songwriter Sascha Konietzko and retaining latter-day

guitarist Tim Skold, but adding familiar KMFDM honey tones via singer Lucia Cifarelli (ex-Drill). While similarities outnumber differences, an obvious evolution has taken place, resulting in more cohesive song structure and melody and beat in more equal doses. The lyrics have softened up too, jettisoning KMFDM's anarchic bent for everyday tales of ordinary madness. That is to say, without losing KMFDM's frenzied industrial mosh factor, MDFMK is more industrial pop, evidenced by the glam rocker "Torpedoes," the metal-ized "Witch Hunt" and the throwaway dance tune "Get Out Of My Head." »» Linda Laban

OUT:

March 28.

FILE UNDER:

Industrial techno Goth-pop.

R.I.Y.L.:

Ministry, Nine Inch Nails, Thrill Kill Kult.



THE MEKONS

Journey To The End Of The Night
Quarterstick

While it may be cool that The Mekons have named their latest disc after Louis-Ferdinand Celine's famously misanthropic novel, it's also kind of misleading. The pervasive tone here is less one of disgust than disorientation, a woozy sense of lost bearings in a world that has become eternally unfriendly. Sometimes this comes across in a very explicit way, as in "Out In The Night" ("I don't know what I'm doing anymore") and "Something To Be Scared Of" ("Can never make sense/ Of what's happening to me"), but more often it's implied in the secretive imagery of the

lyrics and the way the absorbed influences—reggae, country, a hint of Ozark blues—blend in the service of an almost continuously noirish soundscape. All of this makes the band's occasional triumphs over desolation—as well as its impressive longevity—seem slightly heroic. "Last Night On Earth" offers equal parts hope and anger while "Neglect," something this band is on intimate terms with, is in the form of an actual joke with an actual punchline. And the more overtly socio-political songs—"City Of London," with a typically beguiling vocal by Sally Timms, and "Tina"—admirably substitute agitation for self-absorption. These are strong cuts, melodic and alive and effective antidotes to the rote moodiness the band sometimes falls into—though it should be noted that even the Mekons' sulks usually have decent melodies. »» Richard C. Walls

OUT:

March 7.

FILE UNDER:

Civilization and its Discontents.

R.I.Y.L.:

Late-period Clash, Robyn Hitchcock, The Fall.

*This music isn't just my story.
This is your story, too.
This is the story of rock and roll.
And this is my story.
But it isn't just my story.
Wait. Can I start over?*



From the creators of Space Ghost Coast-to-Coast, BRAK is back with his own album and his own prime-time special on Cartoon Network.

Featuring galactic guest stars

- ★ THE CHIEFTAINS ★
- ★ DIAMOND DALLAS PAGE ★
- ★ ZORAK ★
- ★ GRAPE APE ★
- and MORE!

available at



CartoonNetwork.com

www.kidrhino.com

TM & © 2000 Cartoon Network. A Time Warner Company. All Rights Reserved.



IAN MOORE
And All The Colors... Koch International

Texas singer and guitar player Ian Moore lays his lonely heart on the line in this collection of catchy angst-pop ditties, as thundering walls of guitar and edgy melodies alternate with delicate folk and blues sensibilities. *And All The Colors...* also has several touches of psychedelia, including a sitar (one of Moore's many stringed instrument specialties), white noise and other elements that might put a listener in mind of late-stage Beatles. Moore, who is apparently trying to escape a reputation from his teen years as a budding Texas guitar god, has a searing, soaring voice, ably breathing

OUT:
 March 14.
FILE UNDER:
 Roots guitar-oriented alt-pop.
R.I.Y.L.:
 Marshall Crenshaw, Gin Blossoms,
 American Music Club.

life into the disjointed but compelling imagery of his tunes. Several songs have hooks that would blend comfortably into alt-rock radio, including set opener "Float Away," "Leary's Gate" and the magnificent closing ballad, "Fickle." On that bluesy finale to *And All The Colors...*, which is Moore's fourth full-length, he nimbly adopts a soul man's falsetto and sings the hell out of this lonely man's chorus: "The only way you're gonna find your piece of mind/ Is to give it up/ And come back to me." >>> Bill Kisluk



ROY NATHANSON
The Fire At Keaton's Bar & Grill
 Six Degrees

Although the name above the title belongs to New York songwriter/saxophonist Roy Nathanson, *The Fire At Keaton's Bar & Grill*—a concept album inspired by the intimate world of neighborhood saloons—is an ensemble production. In the tradition of his band the Jazz Passengers, Nathanson enlists an all-star cast of singers and instrumentalists to bring his colorful cast of characters to life. Framed by the fluid, impressionistic runs of pianist Cyrus Chestnut, Elvis Costello turns in a casual but assured vocal turn on "Fire Suite 1," then loses a

OUT:
 March 14.
FILE UNDER:
 Jazzy barstool conversations.
R.I.Y.L.:
 Jazz Passengers, Bacharach & Costello's
Painted From Memory, Tom Waits.

bit of his cool on the funkier "Fire Suite 3." Psychedelic Furs veteran Richard Butler, who sounds like he's been laying off the Lucky Strikes lately, unreels a feverish French tango ("Last Call"), while Deborah Harry balances precariously between speech and song with acrobatic aplomb ("Cups"). But it's the performances from lesser luminaries that prove especially impressive, such as Nancy King and Charles Earland's dizzying duet "Bar Stool Paradise," which could easily pass for a lost Lambert, Hendricks & Ross vocalese gem, and a couple of saxophone quartet performances that wouldn't be out of place in a Sun Ra Arkestra set. An impressive album that manages to reconcile accessibility and artistic ambition; Nathanson definitely deserves that top billing. >>> Kurt B. Reighley

*MESSAGES FROM TWENTY-THOUSAND THIS IS MY SOUL
 WHERE I USED TO FRAMES OF MY MIND
 GROW

chantal kreviazuk
 COLOUR MOVING AND STILL
 HER NEW ALBUM FEATURES BEFORE YOU



CHANTAL'S SONGS CAN ALSO BE HEARD ON:
 • THE ARMAGEDDON SOUNDBLACK, LEAVING ON A JETPLANE
 • SONGS FROM DAWSON'S CREEK FEELS LIKE HOME

PRODUCED BY JAY JOYCE



COLUMBIA
 TRIANGLE GROUP

www.chantal-kreviazuk.com
 www.columbia.com



PRIMAL SCREAM

XTRMNR

Astralwerks

It's been easy in the past to accuse Glasgow's Primal Scream of trend-hopping: they jumped from formulaic Britpop to Manchester dance-rock on 1991's epochal *Screamadelica*, then to half-baked Southern boogie on 1994's *Give Out But Don't Give Up* and finally to loping electronica on 1997's *Vanishing Point*. So it's a minor and quite pleasant shock to find the band building on the techno-embellished rock of *Vanishing Point* instead of simply moving on to the next genre with *XTRMNR*. They've ratcheted up the intensity quite a bit this time around, with vocalist Bobby Gillespie slinging

MC5-style revolutionary indictments, sneering about "civil disobedience" in "Exterminator" and railing against America as "a military-industrial illusion of democracy" in "Swastika Eyes." The extreme, in-the-red mixes come courtesy of heavyweight collaborators, including On-U's Adrian Sherwood, Death In Vegas's Tim Holmes, Chemical Brothers and, most prominently, My Bloody Valentine's Kevin Shields. "Accelerator" may be the best MBV tune since 1991: it's a perfect wall of noise with Shields's guitar gliding at maximum decibels. That track aside, *XTRMNR* is no guitar album: it's dominated by loud, kinetic bass and keyboards, a menacing mix of abrasive squeals, block-rockin' beats and post-"Blue Monday" electropop—Bernard Sumner even drops in for the euphoric "Shoot Speed/Kill Light." >>> Steve Klinge

OUT:

April 4.

FILE UNDER:

Political techno-rock overdrive.

R.I.Y.L.:

Chemical Brothers, My Bloody Valentine, Death In Vegas.



QUICKSPACE

The Death Of Quickspace

Matador

Anyone who's been less than pleased with the tangents Stereolab has gone off on since discovering the bossa nova beat on their drum machine a couple years ago should be happy to discover Quickspace. Like Stereolab at the act's most aggressive (circa *Transient Random Noise Bursts With Announcements*) with Pixie Joey Santiago on guitar, Quickspace layers power-chord catharsis atop Krautrock drones and lays down hypnotic grooves that easily sustain eight-minute songs. A London-based five-piece led by former Faith Healer Tom Cullinan, Quickspace also deploys violin, theremin and synth embellishments on

The Death Of Quickspace, lending some subtlety to the dense guitar attack. Unfortunately, Quickspace isn't the most consistent outfit. The band's willingness to stretch songs out and challenge itself, even if it means occasionally stumbling, was a virtue of sorts on 1998's 70-minute *Precious Falling* because it led to some interesting sonic spaces. But the inclusion of two songs in multiple versions on a disc that's only 44 minutes long is a bad sign. And though vocals aren't the focus of *The Death Of Quickspace*, when Cullinan or bandmate Nina Pascale attempt to sing rather than chant or scream, the result is juvenile cacophony. Still, when Quickspace is on, it does old-school Stereolab better than anyone, including Stereolab. >>> Glen Sarvady

OUT:

March 21.

FILE UNDER:

Transient Random Noise Bursts With Cockney Accents.

R.I.Y.L.:

Stereolab, Prolapse, Th' Faith Healers.

to the teeth

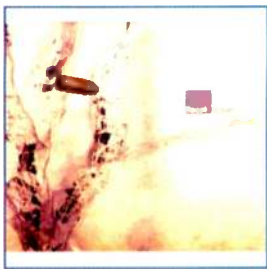
13 new songs
from
ani di Franco.

ON Tour this spring:

- April 3, Missoula, MT
- April 4, Banff, AB
- April 5, Edmonton, AB
- April 7, Vancouver, BC
- April 8, Tacoma, WA
- April 9, Corvallis, OR
- April 12, Arcata, CA
- April 13, Santa Rosa, CA
- April 14, Davis, CA
- April 15, Santa Cruz, CA
- April 17, Santa Barbara, CA
- April 18, Los Angeles, CA
- April 19, San Diego, CA
- April 22, Phoenix, AZ
- April 25, Albuquerque, NM
- April 26, Vail, CO
- April 28, Denver, CO
- April 29, Berkeley, CA (Benefit w/Utah Phillips)
- May 6, New Orleans, LA
- May 7, New Orleans, LA



how to reach us for tour info, merch, & other stuff...
write: righteous babe records, p.o. box 95,
ellicott station, buffalo, n.y. 14205
call: 1-800-on-her-own e-mail: rbrinfo@aol.com



RECOIL

Liquid

Mute

Since he last lent his considerable programming and sequencing skills to synth-pop icons Depeche Mode, Alan Wilder's own records as Recoil have grown from a between-album pressure valve to his main musical outlet. *Liquid*, like 1997's *Unsound Measures*, finds him constructing atmospheric, meticulously computer-edited settings for an array of female guest vocalists. Wilder's a control freak, but he's no egoist: he allows his frontwomen miles of breathing room and frequently leaves his sound sources (notably Steven Monty's drumming) untweaked. The results barely resemble D'Mode's bubblegloom, though

OUT:

March 21.

FILE UNDER:

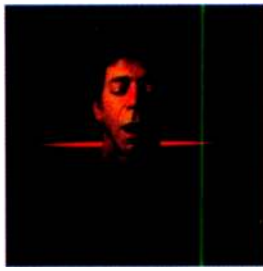
Gothitechture.

R.I.Y.L.:

Diamanda Galas, Golden Palominos,

John Cale.

they do reveal a chilly, unmistakably '80s sensibility. Anti-diva Diamanda Galas possesses the album's most recognizable voice: "Strange Hours" features her trademark glossolalia, while "Jezebel," a whore-of-Babylon country-blues, is a subtle surprise. But the collaborator who makes the most of Wilder's soundscapes is poet Nicole Blackman. On "Want" and "Chrome" ("You want a girl who sucks her thumb when she comes"), she's erotic, icy and accusatory—Laurie Anderson working a 1-900 line. Less successful tracks feature Samantha Coerbell, lost in the choppy "Last Call For Liquid Courage," and Catalonian fan Rosa Torras, who reads "Vertigen" in her native language. *Liquid* opens and closes with "Black Box," a plane-crash narrative voiced by Wilder himself, a dry, uncomfortable performance that makes this auteur's decision to let others do the talking seem both understandable and wise. >>> Franklin Bruno



LOU REED

Ecstasy

Warner Bros.

OUT:

April 4.

FILE UNDER:

Reed it and weep.

R.I.Y.L.:

Jonathan Richman, John Cale, Robert

Quine.

Well, at least this one sounds good. It is, as they say, stripped-down, with a lot of guitar, bass and drums and a very judicious use of cellos, tenor saxes and an electric violin. That a lot of the songs here rock steady in a classic rough-hewn way and with minimal garnishing gives the session an appealing directness that serves as a contrast to Reed's wavering tonality and eccentric sense of phrasing. Unfortunately, no amount of bracing guitar scuzz can disguise the fact that Reed is capable of some of the worst lyrics of any iconic rocker. Ever. *Ecstasy* is crammed with howlers, extended

metaphors that should have been chopped off at the knees and weird locutions that suggests that English is the singer's second or maybe third language. It all comes to a head on the disc's 18-minute centerpiece "Like A Possum." A song with the opposite of momentum, it manages to run out of steam before the vocal comes in and then drones on for 15 more minutes as Reed proffers such gems as "One likes muscles, oil and dirt/ And the other likes the women with the butt that hurts/ Like a possum." Not all the songs are so baroque—"Tatters" has an easy simplicity, "The Rock Minuet" piles on the sleaziness in a measured manner—and Reed rarely sounds less than sincere. But the bogus poetry level here is pretty high, making this one for the hardened fan only. >>> Richard C. Walls

THE APPLES IN STEREO

the Discovery of a World Inside the Moone
the brand new full length album

also available:
"Look Away"
maxi-single
with four previously
unreleased tracks!

THE APPLES IN STEREO
TITLE
THE DISCOVERY OF
A WORLD INSIDE
THE MOONE

contact us for a free catalog!
spinART records
PO Box 1798 NY, NY 10156
spinart@flashcom.net
www.spinartrecords.com

emusic
download the
album at
www.emusic.com

spinART



JOHN SCOFIELD

Bump

Verve

OUT:

March 14.

FILE UNDER:

Smart grooves.

R.I.Y.L.:

Bill Frisell, Pat Metheny, Kurt

Rosewinkler.

Bump follows the success of 1998's *A Go Go*, where jazz guitar god John Scofield got into the groove thing using Medeski, Martin & Wood as a rhythm section. On *Bump* he's got MMW's Chris Wood, Soul Coughing's Mark De Gli Antoni and members of Sex Mob and Deep Banana Blackout. Scofield's sound is too well-bred to conjure any of these bands—he keeps those hardworking fingernails clean and he bathes regularly. It's in those open, airy country-tinged chords he laces through a tune like "Fez," despite the title and the mysterious bass intro that seem to beg for the romantic dissipation of minor keys or

at least modal excess. But did I say the guy has brains? It's the wit and rapid juxtaposition of textures that keeps all of these tunes fresh, despite the mainstream sources—The Pointer Sisters' "Yes We Can Can" on "Three Sisters," the James Brown funk chords on "Kelpers," the Big Rawk progression that opens "Chichon." Every time you think Scofield's about to become a slick studio ax, he turns up the fuzz box, takes a harmonic left turn into some TV sitcom theme of his mind, or gives you an original insidious hook of a melody ("Groan Man"). Familiar maybe, but the guy sure wears well. >>> Jon Garelick



PAL SHAZAR

Safe

Stylus

Pal Shazar was once half of the underrated duo Slow Children, whose '80s albums brimmed with brainy lyrics and weird musical nuances that stood in marked contrast to the dumb-fun sensibility then pervading Los Angeles new wave. On her fourth solo album, Shazar, who wisely moved East after marrying former Slow Children co-producer Jules Shear, retains the neurotic charm that distinguished that band, and her singing sounds more expressive than ever. She tempers the nervous little girl whine she once favored heavily with different vocal approaches, notably the

OUT:

March 15.

FILE UNDER:

Poetry in motion.

R.I.Y.L.:

Aimee Mann, Sam Phillips, Slow Children, Jules Shear.

streak of defiance bolstering her witty tales of martyrdom on the chugging "Guilty." And her low-key incantation of the title track's verses lands a lot closer to Patti Smith territory than most spoken musings spun into song. Although hints of Portishead are audible in the opening "Departure," Shazar's hardly a drama queen; the modest, loping grooves she constructs with producer Josh Colow tug the ear subtly, the better to draw attention to her curious flights of reflection and self-analysis, such as the portrait the singer sketches of a gawky adolescent in "Pacific Ocean," a winsome seaside confessional: "White as a milk bottle/ Unconvincing when I'd swear/ If my friends were screwing, I was not aware." >>> Kurt B. Reighley



SIX BY SEVEN

The Closer You Get

Mantra-Beggars Banquet

These five lads from Nottingham made like Robin Hood in recording their second full-length, robbing from the rich and giving to the poor (i.e. themselves). Interscope dropped Six By Seven after a less-than-stellar reception to 1998's *The Things We Make*, but by then these Brits had apparently garnered enough cash and prowess to make the most of their studio time. As a result, *The Closer You Get* is a huge-sounding production with walls of guitar, a booming organ and arena-rock rhythm section. The almost orchestral arrangements suit Chris

OUT:

March 21.

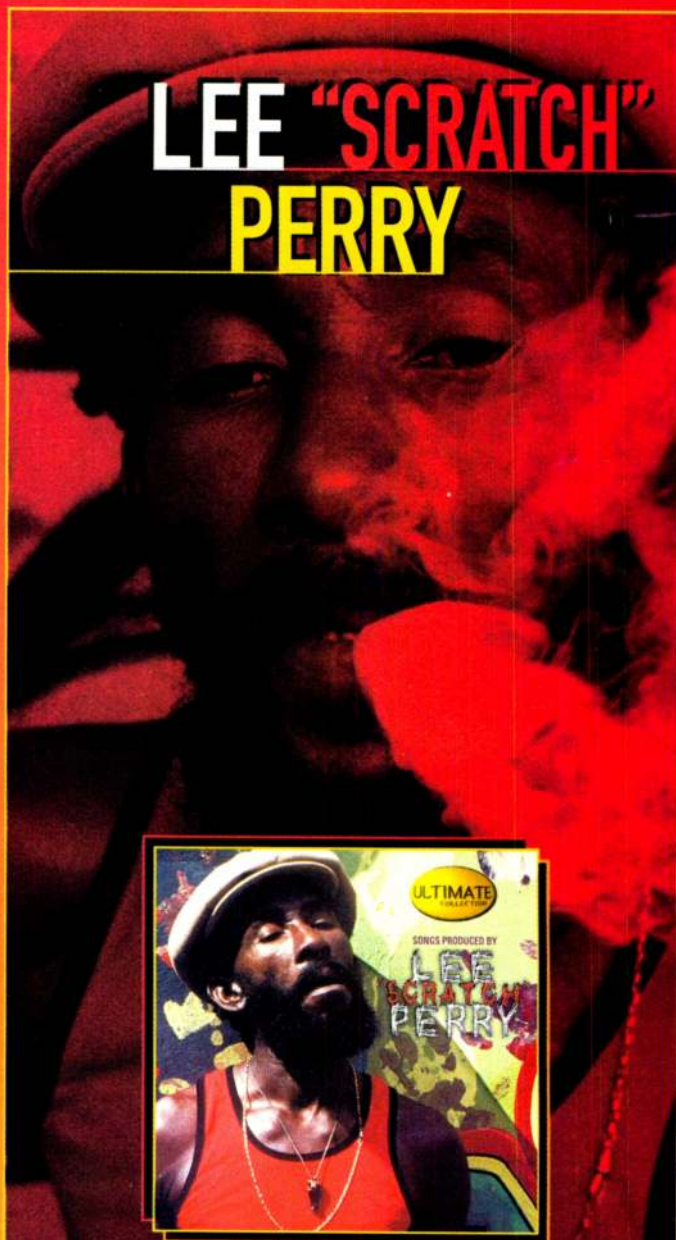
FILE UNDER:

Jittery postmodern rock.

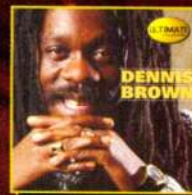
R.I.Y.L.:

Smashing Pumpkins, The Promise Ring, Jesus And Mary Chain.

Olley's impassioned vocals and underscore his epigrammatic lyrics on momentous tracks like the creeping "Ten Places To Die" and the jauntier "New Year," which could be a lost Faith No More tune. This epic stance is tough to maintain, and Six By Seven lacks the songwriting chops to pull off a real masterpiece. But the band exhibits brief flashes of brilliance, on the rip-roaring rave-up "Sawn Off Metallica T-Shirt" and on the gentle, artsy "England And A Broken Radio." "My Life Is An Accident" boasts a Sonic Youth-like economy, allowing a repetitive guitar riff, shuffled drum beat and some understated keyboards to coalesce from a quiet song into a violent one. Perhaps Six By Seven should've toyed further with this less-is-more formula rather than flaunt the ability to sound big. >>> Richard Martin



ALSO AVAILABLE:



COMING SOON:

- Steel Pulse: Ultimate Collection
- Buju Banton: Ultimate Collection
- Roots Reggae Essentials
- Dub Reggae Essentials
- Ragga Essentials

CHECK OUT HIP-O ON THE INTERNET:
WWW.HIP-O.COM



A UNIVERSAL MUSIC COMPANY



elliott smith
figure 8

the new album
in stores everywhere

april 18.

national tour begins in may.

www.elliottsmith.net



© 2000 SKG Music L.L.C. www.dreamworksrecords.com



SPRING HEEL JACK

Treader

Thirsty Ear

OUT:

March 21.

FILE UNDER:

Narrative drum 'n' bass.

R.I.Y.L.:

Aphrodite, Source Direct, DJ Die.

The element that sets Spring Heel Jack's drum 'n' bass apart from other junglists is something akin to narrative. On *Treader*, each part leads logically into the next and the result is a futuristic funkscape dotted with ungraspable sound effects that set up road blocks, create detours and generally keep the listener engrossed as the action unfolds. That's not to say that Spring Heel Jack is measurably more accessible than the rest of the pack. Sure, the raunchy noir sax in "Winter" and "More Stuff No One Saw" provides a nice melodic hook. But the act splatters "Is" with too-shrill

waves of strings (or the synthetic simulation thereof), and headphone listeners will be sorry for what the pretty soundtrack atmospherics of the title tune give way to. Despite all of Spring Heel Jack's concessions to foreground acuity, most of *Treader* still offers the necessary ego obliteration that thrill-seekers look for in a clickety-clack beat-assault when pumped up to inhuman decibel levels on the dancefloor. After all, have four terrific albums and steady remix work told us anything about who John Coxon and Ashley Wales really are? >>> *Kevin John*



STARLET

Stay On My Side

Parasol

OUT:

March 7.

FILE UNDER:

Swedish chamber pop.

R.I.Y.L.:

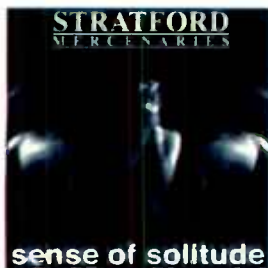
Belle & Sebastian, BMX Bandits, Wedding Present, The Smiths.

Some experiences—love, loss, being bullied in the schoolyard, more loss—are universal in any language. Sweden's Starlet knows this, and even if the band didn't do us the favor of singing their softly tormented songs in English, you get the sense you'd still understand the essence of what singer/guitarist Jonas Färm is singing about on *Stay On My Side*. And we'd feel his pain, too. Credit a deft deployment of minor chords and a lingering sense of rainy-day ennui with supplying the necessary trans-Atlantic musical translation. On *Stay On My Side*, the Scandinavian foursome moves away

from the brisk jangle-pop that marked its debut, *From The One You Left Behind*, in favor of a more subdued, spacious chamber-pop approach that refines the band's earlier, introverted odes to nostalgia, disappearing time and long-distance longing. The lovely, evocative "Scent of You" finds Färm begging an ex-lover to "Let me stay five more minutes/ Let me have some sleep/ Among your clothes. . . you don't have to lie down with me/ I've just been missing the scent of you." The feelings he sings about—grappling to come to terms with the past ("I'm Home"), blinking into the pale sun of the present ("Friends"), and trying to make sense of both in order to find a tenable future ("Moving On")—are the central flashpoints along this seamless continuum of often heartbreaking, always keenly observed, material. >>> *Jonathan Perry*



ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD • R.I.Y.L. - RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



sense of solitude

OUT:

March 13.

FILE UNDER:

Avant-garde, crusty pop-punk.

R.I.Y.L.:

Citizen Fish, Buzzcocks, Sham 69.

STRATFORD MERCENARIES

Sense Of Solitude

Southern

Crass, probably the most fiery political punk outfit to emerge from the No-Future Class Of 1977, never picked up on the subversive powers of music. Though the British hippie-punk band framed its anarchist polemics in an interestingly jarring way—with noise collages and poetry readings—it's hard to remember any Crass songs besides "Do They Owe Us Living?" 20 years later. With ex-Crass vocalist Steve Ignorant's new outfit, Stratford Mercenaries (including guitarist Gagsy from Dirt, bassist Ed Da Fed from SS Trolleys, drummer Phi Phuture from the Buzzcocks and keyboardist Mariska), it

seems as if his political agenda has become second nature and he's finally able to focus on songcraft. The British quintet's third release and first full-length, *Sense Of Solitude* is a streamlined edition of the ska-tinged, chimney art-punk Ignorant and company blueprinted with their previous six-songer, *No Sighing Strains Of Violins*. Aimless ambient experiments rear their indulgent heads twice, but pianos, noise guitars, and blipping gizmos don't overburden the hooks. "Cheap Excitement" is pure "What Do I Get?"-era Buzzcocks, only with subtle, feedback-drenched guitar melodies lending a damaged-but-beautiful edge. And once the dirge anthem "Where Is Love" shatters, a "Layla"-like piano cadence sweeps up the melodic shards, rocketing the song into goosebump territory. Overall, this is your basic classic Brit-punk distinguished by the band's elegantly eclectic approach. >>> Lorne Behrman



OUT:

April 4.

FILE UNDER:

Reconstituted Britpop.

R.I.Y.L.:

Manic Street Preachers, Oasis, Travis.

SUPERGRASS ★

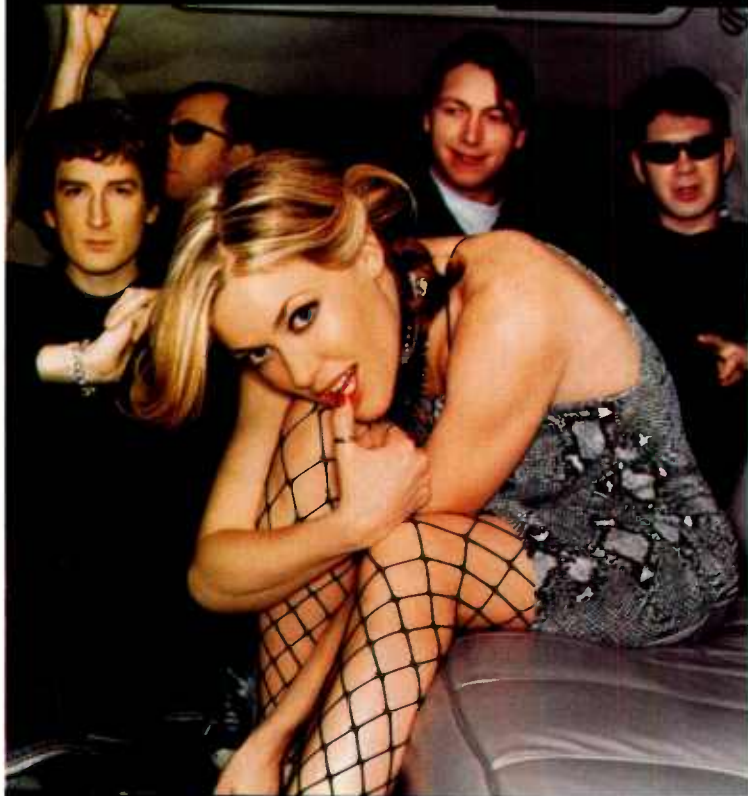
Supergrass

Island Def Jam

Already attempting a first comeback in the UK while still largely unknown in the US, Supergrass hews closely to the Cool Britannia sound that catapulted the act to stardom in 1995 with catchy hits like "Alright." That all but ensures the trio's continued US obscurity, but it also makes the band's third album a pleasure, with none of the will-we-ever-be-huge-again angst surrounding Oasis's latest. Indeed, angst was always furthest from the Grassers' minds: once hailed as the adorable brats of their mini-epoch—Supergrass was to Britpop as Silverchair

was to grunge—the boys are now veterans in their mid-20s. They've lost none of their cheekiness; their latest video has them played by Muppets. What has evolved on *Supergrass* is the breadth of their sound, if not the depth: selections range from credible glam rock ("Jesus Came From Outer Space," "What Went Wrong") to '60s British Invasion pop ("Pumping On Your Stereo") to, well, '90s British Invasion pop ("Moving"), all showing a marked improvement in songwriting and musicianship. Anyone who can remember band names like Cast and gets misty recalling the Blur-Oasis battles of the '90s will quickly warm to Supergrass. For the uninitiated, singer Gaz Coombes sounds like a cross between Billy Corgan and Thom Yorke and manages to be less annoying than either—that's got to count for something. >>> Chris Molanphy

"It's all over the front page..."



"ROAD RAGE"

the first single from
multi-platinum international sensation

CATATONIA

off their forthcoming Atlantic debut album
EQUALLY CURSED & BLESSED

PRODUCED BY TOMMY O & CATATONIA
MANAGEMENT: MRM PRODUCTIONS

Newbury Comics





THUNDERBALL

Ambassadors Of Style

Eighteenth Street Lounge

OUT:

March 14.

FILE UNDER:

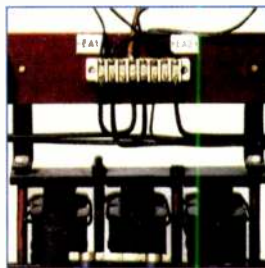
Cocktail party drum 'n' bass.

R.I.Y.L.:

Kruder & Dorfmeister, Rockers Hi-Fi, Thievery Corporation.

Steve Raskin and Sid Barcelona would like to think they're ushering us into a thrilling soundtrack of James Bond proportions (hence the Thunderball handle), but this act is missing the visual imagery to support such assertions. Much like ESL domos Thievery Corporation, this duo operates on laid-back terms but also knows how to throw down some beats. In fact, *Ambassadors Of Style* stands primarily on the strength of its club singles. "Selector" is reminiscent of More Rockers's jump-up ragga style but keeps the drums from drowning out its vocals

and warped bass notes. The propulsive rhythm of "This Girl" is matched successfully with an echoing female vocal and slick horn refrain. But when Thunderball slows the tempo, things stumble. The duo hits on a sweet groove with "Chronic Dose" but spoils it with a siren-like echo effect that begins to annoy more than it does to relax. Other tracks are built on solid templates but suffer from vapid keyboard embellishments and clichéd voiceovers. The finale, "Sid's Mellow Trip" hangs by a thread of logic—its random samples and harpsichord melody are as puzzling as the title. In the end, Thunderball isn't nearly as exciting as the name might suggest. ... Kiri Kondrak



TIED + TICKLED TRIO

EA1 EA2

Drag City

OUT:

March 7.

FILE UNDER:

Jazzy post-rock.

R.I.Y.L.:

Tortoise, Isotope 217, To Rococo Rot.

The Tied + Tickled Trio's name itself suggests its own rhythm, one with peaks and valleys, and a scenic, non-linear path. Especially since this Bavarian group is actually a septet. Brothers Markus and Micha Acher, who between them contribute trumpet, trombone, piano, bass, drums and electronics to the group, have roots in indie rock—they also play in The Notwist and Village Of Savoonga—but here, their music sprawls over a broader swath of landscape. Drawing on the jazz experimentation of the cool '60s and fusionary '70s, the echoey production

sound of '80s dub and the groovy, blender-mix of styles associated with post-rock bands like Tortoise, this second Tied + Tickled Trio album happily blurs genre lines. The results diverge somewhat in their expression, but are held together by lulling rhythmic pulses and smart horn work. On "Unwohlpol," a plodding rhythm, drawn by a deep bass line and muddy electronic beats, offers solid footing to a slowly repeating keyboard line and mellow horn interludes. "Sevastopol," though anchored by a pulsating rhythm bed, steps into the edges of minimal electronic music explored by Pole and Oval, where each scrape and fuzzy pulse is a defining element. Other songs are more organic in nature, like "Yolanda," a meditative jazz-based piece led by Johannes Enders's tender piano and saxophone playing. ... Lydia Vanderloo



P.J. OLSSON

THE DEBUT ALBUM
WORDS FOR LIVING

"among the finest examples
of new millennial pop" - Boston Phoenix

**ALBUM IN STORES
SPRING 2000**

Produced by P.J. Olsson and Jamie Candiforo, except
"Dandelion" produced by P.J. Olsson and Carl Stephenson;
"Good Dream," "Whisper In Time" and "People"
produced by P.J. Olsson and Keith Forsey

www.pjolsson.com
www.c2records.com



"C2 Records" and are trademarks of Sony Music Entertainment Inc./"Columbia" Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada. © 1999 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

THE COMP PILE (Our guide to compilation CDs)

				
TITLE: Machine Soul: An Odyssey Into Electronic Music (Rhino)	TITLE: No Categories 3 (Ubiquity)	TITLE: Jackson's Jukebox (Kill Rock Stars)	TITLE: Black Label Presents: Hip-Hop 101 (Black Label-Tommy Boy)	TITLE: Moshi Moshi: Pop International Style (March)
CONCEPT: Two-CD electronica retrospective.	CONCEPT: Eclectic label comp includes funk, soul, Cuban and house music.	CONCEPT: Olympia, Washington indie-rock label sampler.	CONCEPT: Underground hip-hop released on De La Soul's imprint.	CONCEPT: Double-CD set of indie pop selections from around the globe.
TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC: Futurists whose record collections have been left in the past.	TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC: You're a hippie-funkster. Or a funky hipster. But no humpy fistfers, please. That's kinda gross.	TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC: Like a true indie fan, you're discriminating. And broke.	TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC: You don't think props are something you use in a film or spin on an airplane.	TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC: You like your pretty music to say very little in as many languages as possible.
NAMES TO DROP: Afrika Bambaataa, New Order, Moby, Chemical Brothers.	NAMES TO DROP: Longineau Parsons, Papo Vasquez.	NAMES TO DROP: Sleater-Kinney, Ronnie Spector, Danielle Howle.	NAMES TO DROP: De La Soul, Talib Kweli, Defari.	NAMES TO DROP: The I Live The Life Of A Movie Star Secret Hideout.
SUMS IT UP: "The Robots" (Kraftwerk).	SUMS IT UP: "Operation Feed Yourself" (The Sons And Daughters Of Lite).	SUMS IT UP: "Arranged For Viewing" (Long Hind Legs).	SUMS IT UP: "Words And Verbs" (Maseo).	SUMS IT UP: "Top Of The World" (Secret Goldfish).
VERDICT: The old (Kraftwerk), the new (BT) and the bizarre (Did "Jam On Revenge" by Newcleus need to be preserved?). If you don't have these tracks already, you don't want them.	VERDICT: Ubiquity is the rare label cool enough to release so many styles of groove. This one's a winner.	VERDICT: Better than listening to label founder Slim Moon free-associate about chinchillas and coffee makers (as he's prone to do on record). A steal at \$5.	VERDICT: This isn't a De La record, but it's solid—when Royce The 5'9" flows, "I'm 'bout to blow the fuck up," at the end of "I Won't Be," he's probably right.	VERDICT: If a twee falls in the forest, does its nationality matter? Too much novelty-less US pop, but fun as a whole.



THE UNBAND

Retarder

The new album featuring
"COCAINE WHORE"
"GEEZ LOUISE"
"DRINK & ROCK"

THE UNBAND

hear it now at tvtrecords.com

W RECORDS

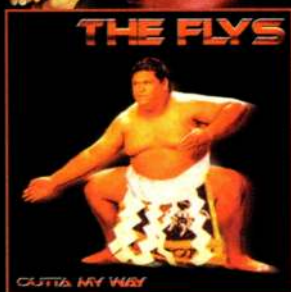
**"Unhealthy, idiotic, and irresponsible...
 Picture-perfect hard rock. ★★ ★"**
 - Rolling Stone

World Radio History

THE FLYS



The highly anticipated new album
Outta My Way
featuring the song "Losin It"
In Stores April 11th



TRAUMA RECORDS
DELIVERANCE

reviews

MARY TIMONY

Mountains

Matador



OUT:

April 11.

FILE UNDER:

Folk-tagged indie rock.

R.I.Y.L.:

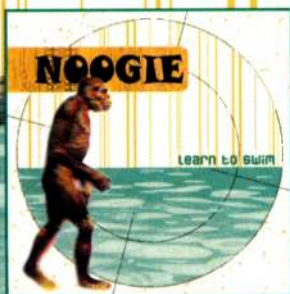
Helium, Fairport Convention, Nico.

Though a distinct baroque flair introduces ex-Helium singer/guitarist Mary Timony's debut solo disc, *Mountains* is more evocative of medieval English music. Thankfully without ye olde language, the record's muse is similar, in fact, to that which infiltrated the Stones and Velvets via the early-'60s folk revival. Despite that sidestep though, *Mountains* is fanciful, decorative yet spartan indie rock which easily recalls Helium while gracefully flowing with a newfound filmy psychedelia. The cuteness found in the otherworldly, othertimely atmosphere of the stripped-down, piano-led "The Fox

And Hound" is opposed by the more grounded, funky indie sounds of "Valley Of One Thousand Perfumes." Outstanding, though, is "The Golden Fruit," a timeless tale of the disaffected outsider with a seductive, menacing chorus that rants beautifully, "Got a plan and we're gonna do bad." Backed by drummer Christina Files (Swirlies), Timony handles most instruments here, though guests such as Tortoise's John McEntire (vibes, synthesizer) and Helium/Polvo member Ash Bowie (percussion) lend a hand. This really is Timony's baby though, showing perhaps a truer hand than she allowed herself with Helium. Or, maybe, *Mountains* is another side of the same coin. >>> Linda Laban

NOOGIE

Australia's acclaimed indie-popsters invade America with **Learn To Swim**



Featuring the song "Meantime"
In Stores Now

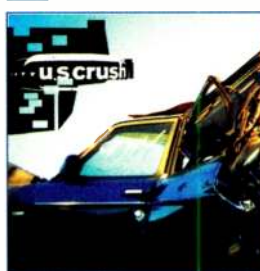
©2000 Trauma Records. All rights reserved.

TRAUMA RECORDS
DELIVERANCE

U.S. CRUSH

U.S. Crush

Immortal-Virgin



OUT:

April 11.

FILE UNDER:

Orange County punk-pop.

R.I.Y.L.:

Lit, Blink 182, Offspring.

A schizophrenic approach, perhaps, from this Orange County, California-based quintet: its lead singer is gifted with Stipe-like pipes, its twin guitars emulate Strummer and Jones, and the band is signed to Korn's label. Well, stranger things have happened. And U.S. Crush concocts an invigorating modern rock debut from disparate elements. When vocalist Denny Lake isn't sounding like Stipe, he owes a small debt to John Lydon; when guitarists Hodgie Haynes and Dave Hanson aren't playing burly '79 riffs ("Stand Up," "Underground") or slices of glam ("Same Old Story (She's So Pretty)"),

they sneak in melodic '89 jangle ("First Time," "So I Thought"). "Debutante" grafts *Never Mind The Bollocks's* "Bodies" to a Peter Buck-like riff in the chorus. Any Korn influences slide onto the 15-song album in the form of interstitial synths and sampling—more a distraction from than an integral part of a punk-pop-based songwriting structure. Signifying youthfulness despite carefully tight songcraft, U.S. Crush also recalls less-dynamic neighbors Offspring, as tracks like "Destroy" offer simplistic social commentary and clever anecdotes. With so much happening on this surprisingly diverse album, U.S. Crush could prove too clever for its own good—a Lit without a hit. >>> Mark Woodlief

★ ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD • R.I.Y.L. - RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE

In the early '90s, a scratch-happy, James Brown-loving entertainer known simply as **DJ Dan** made his first impression on the West Coast dance scene. Dan's sets, with their devastating, party-stopping dose of funky breaks mayhem, became the stuff of rave folklore, and Dan's



early DJ mix tapes remain some of the most sought after. His respect, devoted following and musical charisma have only strengthened over time; today, the San Francisco-based DJ sits with the upper echelon of DJ royalty. His spinning style has progressed from hip-hop-influenced funky breaks to disco-influenced tech-house, and his own productions end up on the tables of world-class DJs like Carl Cox before the glue on the white label has a chance to

congeal. *Another Late Night* (Moonshine) presents Dan's undiluted, peak-time synergy of hard house and bangin' techno. The 17-track offering displays Dan at his most intense, masterfully mixing hard and hypnotic cuts by Cox, Dave Angel, DJ Sneak, Christian Smith & John Selway and others into a fresh and funky bombshell that arguably stands as his best over-the-counter accomplishment to date. The inclusion of Trevor Rockliffe's pounding new take on Dan's most popular original track, "That Zipper Track," makes overlooking this gem an unthinkable offense... French producers Air and Daft Punk grab the majority of the press these days, but **DJ Cam** remains Paris's great Gallic hope. Once regarded solely as an avant-garde DJ and producer of chill acid-jazz, Cam's palette has increased to include flavors of heady hip-hop, making him the answer to Japan's DJ Krush as well as DC's Thievery Corporation. *The French Connection* (Shadow) is an accurate and alluring document of Cam's current musical mindset. Culling recent singles pressed on Paris's Artefact label, the 13-track collection is a spacey, downtempo jaunt into a serene world of spectral hip-hop and serene lounge music replete with stony MCs and lazy jazz melodies. Track blending—layering tracks over one another irrespective of beats per minute—takes precedence over beatmatching on most segues, but Cam never fumbles the flow, using several methods of scratching and other turntable trickeries to keep the offering interesting and inspirational... **Christopher Lawrence** may not be as internationally worshipped as Sasha, Paul Oakenfold, or his other European counterparts, but the influence and impact this California DJ has had on the American trance scene remains immeasurable. During his decade of DJing and producing, Lawrence has been granted such lofty titles as the "US Trance Messiah" and was even crowned "America's Top Trance DJ" by Britain's *Muzik Magazine* in 1998. His biggest achievement, however, has been the cultivation of the US trance scene through constant touring, turntable excellence and a unique take on the sound, uniting lush, progressive house hues with aggressive techno temperaments. *Trilogy Part One: Empire* (Moonshine), his first in a three-disc DJ mix series, is an excellent recreation of the driving, psychedelic dance sound Lawrence has brought to dingy warehouses, vast deserts and trendy nightclubs the world over. His 11-track mix is dense and dangerous, rising with techno-tainted stormers by Animated Rhythm, Cassidy and Icon before peaking with two of his own haunting productions, "Renegade" and "Rush Hour." *Empire* maintains a fluctuation of energy and emotion that, like the best trance discs in the import bins, comes across in an allegorical manner. Lawrence's distinctive style, however, makes the mix stand apart from the offerings of his European DJ forefathers. »» M. Tye Comer



PAY ATTENTION

THE NEW STUDIO ALBUM FROM

THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES



INCLUDES
SO SAD TO SAY



IN STORES
MAY 2



WWW.BOSSTONES.COM
WWW.ISLANDDEFJAM.COM

© 2000 THE ISLAND DEF JAM MUSIC GROUP



PUMP UP THE VOLUME

Low-power radio enthusiasts debate the FCC's new license plan.

STORY: ANITA LOUISE MCCORMICK ILLUSTRATION: ERIC REYNOLDS

We don't need no stinking license to broadcast!" declares L. D. Brewer of the Tampa, Florida-based Party Pirate low-power radio station. Even though the FCC plans to issue low-power radio licenses, past pirate radio offenders won't be getting them. When government agents break into your home with guns drawn and confiscate your equipment, as they've done with Brewer, you can bet you're offending them.

On January 20, 2000, after decades of lobbying by community radio advocates, the FCC granted approval to a new, low power, non-commercial FM radio (LPFM) service. It will consist of two classes of LPFM radio stations with maximum power levels of 10 watts and 100 watts. Ten watt stations are expected to reach an area with a radius of one to two miles, and 100 watt stations will reach listeners up to three-and-a-half miles away.

"Not only am I ineligible," continues Brewer over e-mail, "but every other individual in the 'US of AmeriKa' is ineligible as well. Current comments supplied by the FCC indicate that licenses will only be issued to non-profit organizations, schools and community groups operating as non-profits. Further, the FCC issued a plan that the points system would be used when mutually exclusive concerns apply." So, if you were planning to be able to blast punk rock out of your basement via legal airwaves you might have to think again.

Corporate consolidation in commercial radio has made small, locally owned stations almost a thing of the past. To create a space on the dial free of manufactured playlists, radio enthusiasts set up their own stations and broadcast without the benefit of a government license. Some free radio enthusiasts claim that more than 1000 pirate stations, mostly on the FM band, are on the air around the country

broadcasting to little more than their neighborhood.

Not all of these "pirate radio" operations are rabble-rousers, fighting the system. John Benjamin of Oil City, Pennsylvania, who operates the proudly gay-owned Internet broadcast station WKJCE hopes to get a license and turn his operation into a hands-on learning station, presenting learning opportunities for people in the community.

"The FCC's authorization of low power radio is a great step forward toward democratizing the airwaves," says Cheryl Leanza, deputy director of the grassroots organization Media Access Project. The organization's Web site announces, "this action will justly return a small piece of the airwaves directly to the people who own them: the citizens of the United States."

Free Radio Berkeley's Stephen Dunifer isn't so optimistic: "The recent William Kennard/FCC ruling has been viewed by many as a landslide victory, which it most certainly is not. The real issue is freedom of speech for all, rich and poor, and by granting a thousand LPFM licenses for the entire USA, while a positive gesture, doesn't really alter the balance of power on the airwaves."

While free radio enthusiasts debate the value of low-power FM licenses, the legal battles are far from over. Ever since the FCC decided to seriously consider licensing low power FM community stations, the National Association Of Broadcasters (NAB) has been doing everything in its power to block the proposal. On February 16, the NAB went before the Court Of Appeals for the District Of Columbia Circuit and begged them to put a stop to the FCC plan. The NAB claims that LPFM stations will cause signal interference for existing commercial broadcast stations.

As these battles continue, few pirates have voluntarily removed their stations from the air. Even the threat of being ruled ineligible for an LPFM license if they continue to broadcast illegally does not deter them. "In my humble opinion, anyone who really believes that the FCC will actually issue licenses of this type is fooling [themselves]," contends Brewer.

Proof of the strength of the California Bay Area's pirate radio scene can be heard on the new *Pirate Fuckin' Radio 100* compilation album, which focuses on hip-hop broadcasts (see Hip-Hop, p 81). Billy Jam, executive producer of the album, says that the government's censorship of explicit rap and hip-hop lyrics has forced many artists and fans to utilize pirate radio for their music. For him, the movement and the record are both statements for free speech.

Running a pirate radio station is risky, Federal marshals can break into suspected illegal broadcasters homes at any time and detain them while FCC agents search for and confiscate anything related to the station's operation. Pirate radio operators can also face large fines, especially if they continue to broadcast after receiving a warning from the FCC.

"LPFM has lots of enemies—in all the wrong places," said John Anderson, director of About.com's pirate radio page, referring to corporate radio lobbyists. "They still hold all the cards: money, access, and unfortunately, most of the airwaves. All of them are being put to use now to stop LPFM's implementation. This makes pirate radio more necessary now than ever before." **NMM**

RADIO FREE DESKTOP

Check out these pirate stations over the Web.

Micro Kind Radio (105 FM), San Marcos, TX (www.mediadesign.net/kindmenu.htm) A mixture of music and commentary from the Lonestar State.

Free Radio Berkeley/Berkeley Liberation Radio (www.freeradio.org) West Coast leaders in the Free Radio movement.

Radio Free Monterey (www.radiofreemonterey.org) Provides RealAudio, RealVideo and a chat site for a great community radio experience.

The Party Pirate, 102.5 FM Tampa, FL (www.ldbrewer.com/pirate/index.html) One of the most popular pirate stations in Florida, The Party Pirate gained national media attention before being busted. Read about the raid at www.tampanudc.com/bitchin.

WPKN 89.5 FM, Bridgeport, CT (www.wpkn.org/wpkn) Not a pirate, but a marvelous example of what a community radio station can do. WPKN features a superb variety of music and community programming for all interests and ethnic groups.



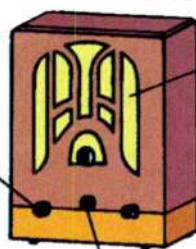
LOOT

What You'll Need To Be A Low-Power Broadcaster.

If you're fortunate enough to obtain a low-power FM license, you'll have to invest in some broadcast-quality equipment before you take to the airwaves.

Hobby Broadcasting editor Andrew Yoder says, "As far as costs go, the main cost will be the transmitter, because it will have to be type approved by the FCC.

I know that LPB was offering a complete turnkey FM station for \$30,000, but



I'm sure one could be purchased for much less—especially if used equipment is purchased. I've heard that another transmitter company is offering transmitters for around \$4000.

"Right now, it looks like the cost of a local radio station could be under \$10,000, but it will be interesting to see just how low that figure could drop," Yoder continued. "The big factor is whether other companies (like Ramsey, Veronica and Broadcast Warehouse, among others) will step in and

try to win FCC approval for equipment, which is very expensive. If someone could offer a transmitter for \$500-1000, it would make having an LPFM station affordable for most organizations.

Otherwise, the necessary equipment is just the antenna and audio equipment, which don't need to be FCC approved and can be just consumer-level equipment."

A PIRATE'S LOG LPFM Resources

Free Radio Network Shortwave and LPFM pirate radio site (www.frn.net).

Radio 4 All (www.radio4all.org) The site that connects you to the movement to reclaim the airwaves and pirate stations.

L. D. Brewer on Low-Power Radio Equipment (www.ldbrewer.com/lpfm/index.html).

Hobby Broadcasting (www.hobbybroadcasting.com).

The FCC's LPFM page (www.fcc.gov/mmb/prd/lpfm).

Media Access Project (www.mediaaccess.org).

Pirate Radio Newsgroup (alt.radio.pirate).

1	MODEST MOUSE	Building Nothing Out Of Something	Up
2	MORPHINE	The Night	DreamWorks
3	BECK	Midnite Vultures	Geffen-Interscope
4	CLINTON	Disco & The Halfway To Discontent	Luaka Bop-Astralwerks
5	TAKAKO MINEKAWA	Fun 9	Emperor Norton
6	SNAPCASE	Designs For Automation	Victory
7	VIOLENT FEMMES	Freak Magnet	Beyond
8	MDFMK	MDFMK	Republic-Universal
9	AIR	The Virgin Suicides	Source-Astralwerks
10	FU MANCHU	King Of The Road	Mammoth
11	SUICIDE MACHINES	The Suicide Machines	Hollywood
12	APOLLO FOUR FORTY	Gettin' High On Your Own Supply	Stealth-Epic
13	GOLDIE	INCredible Sound Of Drum 'N' Bass	Ovum/Ruffhouse-Columbia
14	ANNIVERSARY	Designing A Nervous Breakdown	H & V-Vagrant
15	PINEHURST KIDS	Viewmaster	4 Alarm
16	GUNGA DIN	Glitterati	Jetset
17	SONGS OHIA	The Lioness	Secretly Canadian
18	THE CURE	Bloodflowers	Fiction-Elektra
19	BABY NAMBOOS	Ancoats 2 Zambia	Palm Pictures
20	ON	Shifting Skin	Epic
21	A NEW FOUND GLORY	Nothing Gold Can Stay	Drive-Thru
22	KITTIE	Spit	Artemis
23	TURING MACHINE	A New Machine For Living	Jade Tree
24	JESUS LIZARD	Bang	Touch And Go
25	RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE	The Battle Of Los Angeles	Epic
26	SEELY	Winter Birds	Koch
27	ANI DIFRANCO	To The Teeth	Righteous Babe
28	ARLING & CAMERON	Presents Music For Imaginary Films	Emperor Norton
29	BLUE MAN GROUP	Audio	Virgin
30	FOO FIGHTERS	There Is Nothing Left To Lose	Roswell-RCA
31	BENJAMIN BUTLER	Friends And Lovers	Creation-Columbia
32	D'ANGELO	Voodoo	Cheeba Sound-Virgin
33	MARY LOU LORD/SEAN NA NA	Mary Lou Lord/Sean Na Na (EP)	Kill Rock Stars
34	SCREECHING WEASEL	Thank You Very Little	Panic Button-Lookout!
35	CROOKED FINGERS	Crooked Fingers	Warm
36	MINDLESS SELF INDULGENCE	Frankenstein Girls Will Seem...	Uppity Cracker-Elektra
37	MUSE	Showbiz	Maverick-Taste Media
38	SPACE RAIDERS	Don't Be Daft	Medicine
39	SCOUT	It Seemed Like A Good Idea...	Mod
40	DEADLIGHTS	The Deadlights	QED-Elektra
41	BLACK HEART PROCESSION	The Black Heart Procession (EP)	Up
42	JULIE DOIRON AND THE WOODEN STARS	Julie Doiron And The...	Tree
43	KINGSBURY MANX	The Kingsbury Manx	Overcoat
44	DISCOUNT	Crash Diagnostic	New American Dream
45	STORM AND STRESS	Under Thunder And Fluorescent	Touch And Go
46	FLYING SAUCER ATTACK	Mirror	Drag City
47	MATTHEW SWEET	In Reverse	Volcano
48	TAM!	Hello My Friends, Do You...	Roadrunner
49	CHAPPAQUIDDICK SKYLINE	Chappaquiddick Skyline	Sub Pop
50	LE TIGRE	Le Tigre	Mr. Lady
51	FIFTY TONS OF BLACK TERROR	My Idle Hands	Beggars Banquet
52	KNODEL	The White Hole	Spongebath
53	ELLIOTT	If They Do	Initial
54	TARA JANE O'NEIL	Peregrine	Touch And Go
55	SHEILA NICHOLLS	Brief Strop	Essex Girl-Hollywood
56	TERRY CALLIER	Lifetime	Blue Thumb-Verve
57	SOUTHPACIFIC	Constance	Turnbuckle
58	SMART BROWN HANDBAG	Just Like Driving Backwards	Stonegarden
59	DISMEMBERMENT PLAN	Emergency & I	DeSoto
60	KORN	Issues	Epic
61	RUSSELL MILLS/UNDARK	Pearl + Unlira	Instinct
62	LUKE VIBERT & BJ COLE	Stop The Panic	Astralwerks
63	INCUBUS	Make Yourself	Immortal-Epic
64	JOE STRUMMER	Rock Art And The X-Ray Style	Hellcat-Epitaph
65	WILL OLDHAM	Old Music	Drag City
66	SUBA	Sao Paulo Confessions	Six Degrees
67	SWEARING AT MOTORISTS	More Songs From The Mellow...	Secretly Canadian
68	VARIOUS ARTISTS	Fire & Skill: The Songs Of The Jam	Epic
69	CALL FLORENCE POW	These Are The Plans	Spongebath
70	DRUNK	Tableside Manners	Jagjaguwar
71	THE CLASH	Live From Here To Eternity	Epic
72	FIONA APPLE	When The Pawn...	Clean Slate-Epic
73	WARREN ZEVON	Life 'N' Kill Ya	Artemis
74	SOUNDTRACK	Pornosonic	J-Bird
75	BLOODHOUND GANG	Hooray For Boobies	Geffen-Interscope



#1 **MODEST MOUSE**
BUILDING NOTHING OUT OF
SOMETHING
Up

FIVE YEARS AGO

1. THROWING MUSES

UNIVERSITY (SIRE-REPRISE)

2. STONE ROSES

SECOND COMING (Geffen)

3. BETTIE SERVEERT

LAMPREY (MATADOR)

4. BUSH

SIXTEEN STONE (TRAUMA-INTERSCOPE)

5. WOLFGANG PRESS

FUNKY LITTLE DEMONS (4AD-WARNER BROS.)

TEN YEARS AGO

1. THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS

FLOOD (ELEKTRA)

2. PETER MURPHY

DEEP (BEGGARS BANQUET-RCA)

3. ELEVENTH DREAM DAY

BEET (ATLANTIC)

4. JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

AUTOMATIC (WARNER BROS.)

5. MINISTRY

THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE... (SIRE-WARNER BROS.)



Chart data culled from CMJ New Music Report's weekly Top 200 radio chart, based on combined airplay of approximately 500 college, non-commercial and commercial radio stations reporting their top 30 most played releases that week. Are you party-weird, or do you know someone who is? Send Polaroids to the expert, Brendan Moran (brendan@cmj.com). Neil Gladstone, for instance, is definitely party-weird.

TOP 25

- 1 SNAPCASE
Designs For Automation victory
- 2 KITTIE
Spit In Arms
- 3 DEADLIGHTS
The Deadlights EP GUNN
- 4 INDECISION
Release The Cure MCA
- 5 COALESCE 0-12
Revolution In Just Listening RELAPSE
- 6 FU MANCHU
King Of The Road MAMMOTH
- 7 CHIMARA
This Present Darkness EARLY COAST EMPIRE
- 8 SATYRICON
Rebel Extravaganza NUCLEAR BLAST AMERICA
- 9 HATE ETERNAL
Conquering The Throne WICKED WORLD-ERRACHE
- 10 AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED/CONVERGE
The Peacher Dishes RELAPSE
- 11 BOTCH
We Are The Romans HYDRAHEAD
- 12 ANNIHILATOR
Criteria For A Black Widow EMC INTERNATIONAL
- 13 GARDENIAN
Soalburner NUCLEAR BLAST AMERICA
- 14 SOILWORK
The Chainheart Machine CENTURY MEDIA
- 15 OLLINGER ESCAPE PLAN
Calculating Infinity RELAPSE
- 16 PRIMER 55
Introduction To Mayhem FAT STATIC ISLAND
- 17 SOUNDTRACK
Scream 3: The Album WIND-UP
- 18 SLIPKNOT
Slipknot ROADRUNNER
- 19 S.O.D.
Bigger Than The Devil NUCLEAR BLAST AMERICA
- 20 MOFMK
MDFMK REPUBLIC UNIVERSAL
- 21 DISTURBED
Coming Down With The Sickness GIANT REPRISE
- 22 CRO-MAGS
Revenge CRO-MAG
- 23 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Heavy Metal 2000 Restless
- 24 CANNIBAL CORPSE
Bloodthirst METAL BLADE
- 25 LOCK UP
Pleasures Pave Sewers NUCLEAR BLAST AMERICA



Compiled from CMJ New Music Report's weekly Loud Rock charts, collected from CMJ's pool of progressive radio reporters.

>>> Eyehategod was once a sort of wet poisonous plant



PICK!

polluting the atmosphere around New Orleans, and it may well take root again if rumors of a reconciliation are true. At press time, we can't bank on the camaraderie of madmen, so we'll just rejoice in the wake of *Southern Discomfort* (Century Media), a haul of rarities dating to the mid-'90s. As with many bands hurting for some direction, the best work of Eyehategod often came on willfully obscure B-sides and invisible singles, and the sound quality was none too jolly. The remastering given to down-tuned Sabbath dirges like "Blank/Shopliit" and "Serving Time In The Middle Of Nowhere" lets Eyehategod's abundant vitriol loose in a far more powerful package. Aside from the studio jams recorded during the *Dopesick* sessions, the best of these numbers are available in different versions on *Take As Needed For Pain*, but it just doesn't matter. *Southern Discomfort* runs together in an epic rant against whatever you've got, combining the crying soul of the blues with the deep sludge of doom metal and the acid taste of something chemical and sour.

>>>After a few years missing in action—or maybe inaction—intricate Earache stable graduates **Nocturnus** return with *Ethereal Tomb* (Season Of Mist), a fine-tuned CD of technical death metal. Like a lot of metal acts who outgrow the pentagrams of their youth, Nocturnus seems a little stifled by the power demands of deathliness, but I think we all know there's really no better use for a flowery guitar solo, anyway. The choppy rhythmic clatter of "Orbital Decay" is enhanced by loud, sweeping keyboard effects, leading into a promising return of evil themes and science fiction on seven more songs... Someone has retrieved lost tapes of **Metal Church** live in 1986, and I've consequently rediscovered my admiration for the intense Seattle thrash metal band. *Metal Church Live* (Nuclear Blast America) rips through most of the songs from the band's eponymous first album, which sold 70,000 copies independently before it was re-issued by Elektra. "Hitman" and the strobing "Metal Church" are punk thrash metal tracks, not because they borrow from hardcore but due to their frenzied, nervous decimation of the rules of Iron Maiden and Judas Priest. MTV hit "Watch The Children Pray" is here, but the polish has been stripped, leaving chunky, compressed, heavy guitars, bashing drums, and David Wayne's shrill, sweaty falsetto scream.



METAL CHURCH

NEWS

The influential British **Neat Records**, early '80s home to Raven, Venom and a host of one-headbang wonders, was destitute until former Tygers Of Pan Tang vocalist Jess Cox re-launched the label in 1995. He's since issued and re-issued more than 50 CDs, and 30 of them are due for stateside licensing this year on Metal Blade, Spitfire and Cleopatra. Two Neat bands—Holocaust and Sweet Savage, both covered by Metallica on *Garage Inc.*—are donning their denim and leather for US visits this spring. "I think it's more of an ever-increasing awareness that we still exist rather than a renewed interest in the genre," said Cox in an email interview. In the spirit of '81, Cox has instituted a free "metal club" called the Neat Noiseline, which earns you a catalog and keeps you abreast of the latest exploits of Algy Ward. To join, contact: Neat Records, 71 High Street E., Wallsend, Tyne & Wear, NE28 7RJ, England, fax: 0044-191-240-2580, email: miffy101@hotmail.com, or just go to www.neatrecords.com.

>>> There is perhaps no better indicator of the health



PICK!

of the North American electronic underground than the activity taking place in the city of Miami. An aerial snapshot would afford one the view of dozens of artists running about the place, recording tracks for at least three distinct labels. So it is no coincidence that *Lily Of The Valley*, a new collection of tracks from Josh Kay and Romulo Del Castillo's exemplary **Schematic** organization, is an innovative enterprise *par excellence*. Opening this 12-track comp is the 10-minute-plus "Anthracite T. Vari" by Richard Devine, one of the most forward-looking electronic composers on the planet. This wondrous, meandering track begins with the weight and density of a black hole, then slowly strips away the layers to reveal a melodic core and bare, arid rhythm. Phoenecia's three pieces here should not be overlooked, with their distended, gravelly percussion and slow, luxuriating melodies that waver like heat rising off the freeway on a hot Miami day. Also to be found here are tracks from Midwest superhero Jake Mandell, Takeshi Muto and the much talked-about Scott Delarosa, recording under the name Delarosa & Asora. Considering that many of the producers here are currently at work on full-length projects, this is a scintillating taste of what's to come.

>>> Californian analog bandit **Kid 606** has been making waves on the international electronic circuit for some time now, releasing singles for the Fat Cat, Gun Court and Vinyl Communications imprints. His brand of difficult listening tends toward electronic hardcore of the breakbeat-based variety favored by such ruffians as DJ Scud and the Ambush posse. He's named his own label—



KID 606

Tigerbeat6—after the teen idol mag, and the first release on the imprint has the Kid recruiting a host of international talent to wreck his own tracks like an illegal cable de-scrambler. "Remix" is not the word one would use to describe this immensely varied collection, which features Christoph De Babalon (of the DHR camp), Hrvatski, Aube, Lexanculpt, Matmos and Marumari... Since 1990, when Richie Hawtin's now defunct Plus 8 label released a single by then-unknown Rotterdam producer **Speedy J**, Jochem Paap's reputation has grown considerably. His new album, *Shocking Hobby* (NovaMute) is only going to garner him more attention. Since signing on to Daniel Miller's roster, he has forsaken the dancefloor altogether in favor of creating mammoth, operatic tracks which could fill a stadium. To wit: the jaw-dropping "Borax," which starts by quickly sucking all the air from your lungs,



SPEEDY J

before turning harmless and delicate. It is these stunning, unexpected reversals that force the listener to snap to attention. Speedy J isn't going to let his listeners get complacent, he simply doesn't have time to waste, and he has the talent to fashion a near groove out of the dense, glowering, hardwired undergrowth.

NEW7



Groove, the heralded "first film picked up at Sundance," and a rave movie through and through, www.groove.415.com reports that the soundtrack will include John Digweed (who also appears in the film), Mixmaster Morris, Ming & FS and a slew of other top talents. There is talk that there will be a "Groove Tour" featuring some of these DJs. The film is set to open June 9 in select cities.

The woman known only as Clair, who founded the Rephlex label with Richard James and inaugurated IDM (intelligent dance music) as we know it, then went on to form the nascent electro label Clear Records, now has her own label, **Focus Recordings**. She's recruited some of the top names in British electronic music, including Gescom (Autechre) and former Black Dog member Kurt DeGiorgio. *The Focus Sampler* is Focus's first release, featuring six tracks. With six full-length records slated for the summer and fall (distributed at domestic prices via Dutch East), look for Focus to become a force in the UK's independent electronic scene... If you're looking for some early info on

TOP 25

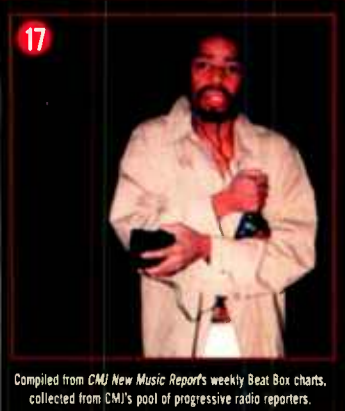
- 1 **GOLOJE**
INCredible Sound Of... OVUM-RUFFHOUSE/COLUMBIA
- 2 **BABY NAMBOOS**
Ancoats 2 Zambia PALM PICTURES
- 3 **KRUST**
Coded Language TALKIN' LOUD-MERCURY
- 4 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**
Moonshine Over America '99 MOONSHINE
- 5 **LUKE VIBERT & BJ COLE**
Stop The Panic ASTRALWERKS
- 6 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**
Tektonics OM
- 7 **TAKAKO MINEKAWA**
Fun 9 EMPEROR NORTON
- 8 **ASSEMBLAGE 23**
Contempt GASHED!
- 9 **DAVE RALPH**
Tranceport II KINETIC
- 10 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**
Om Lounge 3 OM
- 11 **AGHAST VIEW**
Truthead GASHED!
- 12 **ARLING & CAMERON**
Presents Music For Imaginary... EMPEROR NORTON
- 13 **SUBA**
Sao Paulo Confessions SIX DEGREES
- 14 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**
Future, Jazz INSTINCT
- 15 **TOSCA**
Suzuki STUDIO K7
- 16 **SPACE RAIDERS**
Don't Be Daft MEDICINE
- 17 **SASHA**
Xpander (EP) DECONSTRUCTION-ULTRA
- 18 **CLINTON**
Disco & The Halfway... LUAKA BOP-ASTRALWERKS
- 19 **GEORGE ACOSTA**
Awake ULTRA
- 20 **PAUL VAN DYK**
"Another Way"/"Avenue" (CD5) MUTE
- 21 **1.8.7**
The Cities Collection JUNGLE SKY-LIQUID SKY
- 22 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**
DJ Kicks: Kid Loco STUDIO K7
- 23 **ANDREA PARKER**
Kiss My Arp MO' WAX-BEGGARS BANQUET
- 24 **AIR**
The Virgin Suicides SOURCE-ASTRALWERKS
- 25 **BIMACHINE**
Infinity Plus A DIFFERENT DRUM



Compiled from CMJ New Music Report's weekly RPM charts, collected from CMJ's pool of progressive radio reporters.

TOP 25

- 1 CANIBUS
"2000 B.C. (Before Canibus)" UNIVERSAL
- 2 COMMON
"The Sixth Sense" MCA
- 3 JAY-Z FEAT. BEANIE SIGEL & AMIL
"Do It Again" ROC-A-FELL/DEF JAM
- 4 AGALLAH
"The Crookie Monster" GAME-LANDSPEED
- 5 OUTSIDAZ
"The Rah Rah" RUFF NATION-ATOMIC POP
- 6 DR. DRE FEAT. EMINEM
"Forgot About Dre" AFTERMATH-INTERSCOPE
- 7 DILATED PEOPLES
"The Platform" ABS-CAPITOL
- 8 GHOSTFACE KILLAH FEAT. CAPPADONNA, METHOD MAN
"Buck 50" RAZOR SHARP-EPIC
- 9 ROOTS FEAT. COMMON, MOS DEF, DICE RAW.
"Hurricane" MCA
- 10 TASH
"Night Fall" LOUD-CRG
- 11 Q-TIP
"Breathe And Stop" ARISTA
- 12 MOS DEF
"Ms. Fat Booty" RAWKUS
- 13 VISIONARIES
"Reach" FIGURE IV
- 14 DMX
"What's My Name" DEF JAM-IDJAM
- 15 D'ANGELO
"Untitled (How Does It Feel?)" CREEBA SOUND-VIRGIN
- 16 DWELLAS
"Launch A Rocket" SIMULATED-LOUD
- 17 FATLIP
"Goldmine"/"What's Up Fatlip?" DELICIOUS VINYL
- 18 THE LOX
"Ryde Or Die Bitch" INTERSCOPE
- 19 TALIB KWELI AND HI-TEK (REFLECTION ETERNAL)
"The Express" RAWKUS
- 20 RAH DIGGA
"The Imperial" ELEKTRA
- 21 BLACK ROB
"Whoa" BAD BOY-ARISTA
- 22 METHOD MAN/REDMAN
"Y.O.U." DEF JAM
- 23 KURUPT
"Callin' Out Names" ANTRA-ARTEMIS
- 24 INSIGHT
"True To The Game" BRICK-LANDSPEED
- 25 PHAROAAH MONCH
"Livin' It Up" PRIORITY



Compiled from CMJ New Music Reports's weekly Beat Box charts, collected from CMJ's pool of progressive radio reporters.

>>>It's a shame that the arrival of an intelligent



DEAD PREZ

and provocative hip-hop album is such a pleasant surprise these days. This time, Brooklyn's **Dead Prez**, and the duo's Loud debut, *Let's Get Free*, is responsible. M-1 and Sticman have quickly and concretely established themselves as an act which can (and hopefully will) help change the face of future hip-hop. With highly political, sometimes radical lyrics, Dead Prez is not without precedent. Public Enemy, Poor Righteous Teachers and X-Clan gave us doses of lyricism and political agendas years ago in their mix. But this idea-sharing is tribute, not theft. There's nothing overly remarkable about *Let's Get Free* musically, aside from stray tracks like "Hip Hop" or "African," which use deep pulse Moog tones and shifting drum patterns for effect. Lyrically, though, this album is a gem, full of anti-American diatribes and pro-African positivity that is instructive and deep without being didactic. "They Schools," "African," "Police State" and "Be Healthy" are all shining examples of how powerful rap can be, but rarely is.

>>>Before this year, Berkeley, California's **Hip Hop Slam** label was an infrequent (but always dependable) way for underground fans to keep up with goings-on in the backrooms, basements and illicit airwaves of the Bay Area. Run by pirate radio activist Billy Jam, the label has noticeably stepped up production this year, establishing itself as one of the most dynamic new independent labels on the scene in the past several years. Here's a quick rundown of some of the label's catalog (order at www.midheaven.com/ti, or email hiphopslam@aol.com): *The Shigger Fraggar Show Vols. 1-5* is a turntable freak's dream come true. Compiled from live performances on Billy Jam's "**Pirate Fuckin' Radio**" show over the last five years, each volume is full of insane cuts and lead-paint-infected humor from the best DJ group in the world, with guests Toad Man and the mysterious **Shigger Fraggar**. But *Pirate Fuckin' Radio 100* is the one Hip Hop Slam release you must own. Celebrating the 100th episode of Billy Jam's classic underground radio circus, there are tons of exclusive cuts here (classics like the late DJ Sushi's "Invasion Of The Incredible Giant Crab Sandwich," Eddie Def and DJ Killahoe's "All That Scratchin' Is Makin' Me Bitch" and ISP's "Skrtach Language") and random dopeness from Kool Keith, Peanut Butter Wolf, Zion I and even Italian underground rap from Alex & Corrispondenza. *Monostereosis* is a great album by **Live Human**, one of the most worthy groups to come out of the Bay Area recently, and features an incredible turntablist (DJ Quest), an excellent jazz bassist (Andrew Kushin) and a funky drummer and percussionist (Albert Mathias). Future jazz, no doubt. And finally, *Wax People* by Eddie Def. Def is one of the more underrated DJs on the scene today, and this album is a great intro to his capabilities, from the muffled big-beat chops on "Slave To My Soundwave" to the heavy, super-fast cuts on "Round The World."



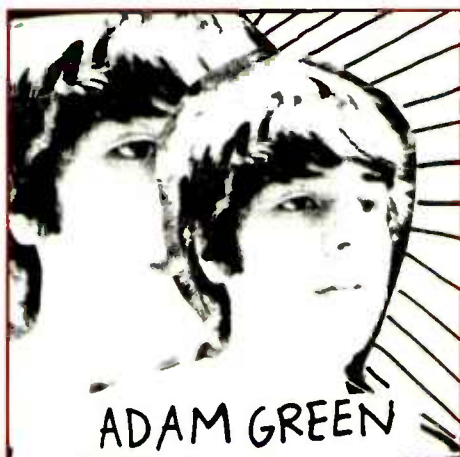
NEWZ



THE RAWKUS CREW

Rawkus is back with upcoming releases including LPs and singles by Kool G Rapp, The Beatminerz, The Smut Peddlers, Big L, Shabaam Sahdeeq and the compilations *Lyricist Lounge Vol. 2*, *Jails, Hospitals & Hip Hop* and *Soundbombing 3*. But first up will be *The Big Playback* (the 12-track audio companion to *Ego Trip* magazine's amazing *Book Of Rap Lists*), followed by **Talib Kweli** and DJ Hi-Tek's *Train Of Thought*. Check out www.rawkus.com for updates... Hip-Hop trailblazer and label magnate **Russell Simmons** has hopped on the online money train (who hasn't these days?) with a new venture: www.rs1w.com, recruiting some of the best scribes around to report on the music, culture and style of the hip-hop nation. He's got a lot of competition, but there's no doubt that Rush will do his best to keep things fresh.

>>> Adam Green is an 18-year-old



PICK!

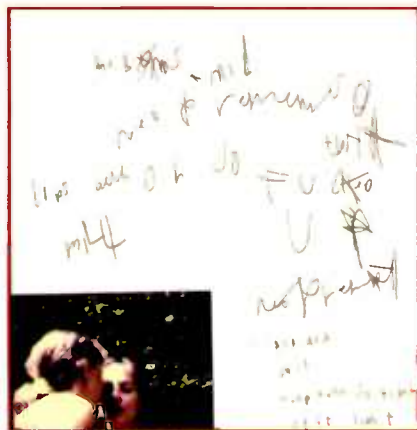
New Yorker with a great sense of tune, a hormone-distorted view of the world and something akin to a ton of Apples In Stereo and Guided By Voices records bopping around his skull. His self-titled EP (Pro Anti) is ridiculously promising; it's catchy, concise, goofy, obviously produced on a budget that couldn't pay for a load of laundry and played with only rudimentary ability. But Green makes the most of what he's got in equipment and talent, including delicious

cameos by clarinet and trumpet. "My Shadow Tags On Behind" and the cracked quasi-Southern-soul ballad "Bartholomew" sound like a saner Syd Barrett; "Dance With Me" and "Times Are Bad" have the same kind of laid-back, shuffling references to '50s pop memes that Lou Reed started mining at around the same age. Green seems pretty impressed by his own cleverness, and the teenage thing pokes through in obnoxious ways a couple of times—the title of "Steak For Chicken" rhymes with "who'm I gonna stick my dick in?"—but cut the guy a little slack while he grows up, and enjoy how spunky and memorable his juvenilia is. He's going to be embarrassed by this stuff, but you'll be glad to have heard it.

Trevor, the guy behind **hollAnd's** triangulation of synth-pop with Unrest-style simplicity, groove and lyrical horniness, is planning to make his forthcoming recordings available exclusively through his web site at www.pulcec.com. In the meantime, he's got a new CD single, "Neoprene So Tight" (Darla), with three short songs that don't take polyphony lightly. At the tracks' best moments, there's

only a single, weedy little synth line navigating perkily around his voice, occasionally joined by a beat or another keyboard or a whiff of guitar. He's reined in his penchant for deliberately abrupt edits in favor of letting his cryptic come-ons speak for themselves.

Giorgio Moroder's "The Chase" isn't necessarily a familiar name, but you'd recognize it if you heard it: it's the ur-Eurodisco instrumental, an



"NEOPRENE SO TIGHT"

interlocking set of minor-key patterns that's as classic as late-night get-up-and-boogie background music gets, created by the man who produced most of Donna Summer's hits. Jam & Spoon's bulked-up, bass-out remix (really a remake) of "The Chase" shares a single (Logic 3000) with mixes by three other big names—all, in fact, appear to be recorded-from-scratch remakes that sum up their maker. Paul Oakenfold's is a whooshy trance-azoid marathon with a beatless breakdown in the middle, Todd Terry cranks up his signature high-hat sound all the way and constructs some new riffs of his own around it with only faint references to Moroder's

original, and Junior Sanchez gives it a post-house treatment that glitters like silver lamé.

Everything But The Girl has also gone the multi-remix route with the title track of *Temperamental*—and maybe its least "songlike" song, given that its lyric is barely more than Tracey Thorn singing "I don't want you to love me" in inflection after inflection. The mixes are spread across three separate 12-inch singles (Atlantic), all splendid and surprising. The most interesting is Chris Brann's "Ananda Project Remix," which adds flotillas of hand percussion and a guitar harping on a single suspended chord, of the kind EBTG used to feature prominently back in the act's pre-dance, bossanova-baby days; Brann also contributes a "Wamdue Project Mix," whose breadth and variety recall Frankie Goes To Hollywood remixes of the mid-'80s. DJ Spen and Karizma's dubs take the song all the way back to disco, or at least to a simulacrum thereof,



TRACEY THORN

grafting on a titanic chord progression, throbbing organ and saxophone parts, and a bass line redolent of Studio 54. Even Hex Hector, who usually makes everything into cookie-cutter aerobics music, respects the spacey, gradual feel of the track.

A FEW QUICK DROPS OF THE NEEDLE

If you missed out on *Zaireeka*, the **Flaming Lips'** infamous play-all-four-CDs-at-once set, but fell in love with the deep stereo psychedelia of *The Soft Bulletin*, nab yourself a copy of the "Waitin' For A Superman" single (Warner Bros). It's coupled with stereo (as in not octophonic) versions of *Zaireeka's* "Thirty-Five Thousand Feet Of Despair" and "Riding To Work In The Year 2025 (Your Invisible Now)," which turn out to be rather lovely, expansive songs, as well as videos for three recent tunes... "Unskilled Vegetarian Remould Force" (Hot Air) is a collaboration between Dadaist sound-effects nut **Hironori Murakami** (a.k.a. Vomit Lunchs), the English cut-and-pasters **Stock, Hausen & Walkman**, and SHW's side project, **Dummy Run**. The effect is something like abstract gabber, with very short, rapid, aggressive/cartoonish noises piling up, one on top of another, in no particular rhythm; occasional verbal non-sequiturs and some spastic scat-singing add to the fun... The mysterious **Yoshié** appears to be Japanese, though she sings in Portuguese on her excellent *De Novo* EP (Trattoria-Polystar). The four songs use Brazilian music as a starting point (there's some great Hammond B-3 samba), but splinter, substitute and re-imagine its instrumentation: "Mar Lagoa" sets her pressed-flower voice within a frame of brass instruments and euphonium, and "7côlobe 8ôqui" collages in children's chants and snappy electric guitar. Beautiful stuff.

>>> Much like the proverbial "Nature

Boy" Nat King Cole once sang about, **Jeff Buckley** was one of those



JEFF BUCKLEY **PICK!**

strange and mysterious people who seem like maybe, just maybe, they came from another world entirely. The eerie vocalist (and son of an equally eerie '60s vocalist, the late Tim Buckley) was only just beginning a recording career when one day in May of 1997 he disappeared under the waves while swimming in a tributary of the Mississippi River near Memphis. Buckley once described his live performances as "little flashes of light," and in a way, that was true. Which brings us to *Mystery White Boy* (Columbia), a collection of unreleased, live soundboard recordings from '95-'96 that give us another glimpse of just how special and talented a performer Jeff Buckley was. And so we have a version of "Mojo Pin" from Lyon, France, a version of "Last Goodbye" from Paris three nights later, a mesmerizing "Dream Brother" from another night in Hamburg, though it could just as easily have been a rain-soaked spring night in Seattle. These are musical snapshots, glimpses along the way, but they're not just run-of-the-mill fading Polaroids: they're like those anomalous photos where the spirit world becomes manifest, where if you look at the background you see ghost forms, people who aren't supposed to be there, men who cast no shadow, or phantom clouds twisted into unexplainable shapes. Sometimes you never know how special a moment really is until much later.

>>> Imagine if shortly after cutting *Hot Pants*, James Brown had decided his band wasn't big enough and upped it to 32 pieces, and then decided to try and topple the government. Or if Prince turned his Paisley Park recording empire into a private high-security party compound, which the National Guard periodically assaulted. Imagine Marvin Gaye marrying 27 women at one giant ceremony. No one person in music ever had quite as much oomph as **Fela Anikulapo-Kuti**, the politically raucous Nigerian funk bandleader who carved an undeniable niche for himself as the forefather of Afrobeat. Finally, Universal has released a dozen-odd Fela albums from the '70s, among them funky classics such as *Black President*, *Expensive Shit*, *He Miss Road* and *Fela's London*



FELA ANIKULAPO-KUTI

Scene. *Expensive Shit* has a typically hilarious lyrical premise: First, Fela notes how all the various animals of the world run away from their own shit; comically pointing out that this is how animals are generally configured. Not so with the soldiers and bureaucrats of the Nigerian government. They bust Fela for drug smuggling, and then claim that he ate the drugs before the bust. They put him in a cell and wait impatiently for him to pass the drugs, while Fela laughs and taunts them for being so curiously interested in examining his scat when all the rest of God's creatures have the good sense to run away from the stuff. There is another story about Fela that also pretty much shows what he was all about. Onstage at the Apollo Theater in New York City at a late-'80s concert, he launched into a lengthy harangue aimed at a reporter who had asked him why he sang his lyrics in broken English, when in fact he was of course perfectly capable of conversing fluently. Fela chuckled and said wryly, "Man, that's good to hear. I'm glad we finally fucking broke the English language."

>>> There's good spoken word, and there's not-so-good spoken word, and then there's really great poetry. **Camille Yarbrough** fell in that last category, blending poetry with funk into a kind of mid-'70s proto-hip-hop.

Musically and poetically, you could say she was sort of a female Gil Scott-Heron, and a direct precursor to today's strong female rapper/R&B artists like Lauryn Hill or Erykah Badu. Vanguard has just re-released Yarbrough's landmark 1975 album *The Iron Pot Cooker*. Also, it's worth noting that a certain skinny English DJ named Fatboy Slim used a sample from her "Take Yo' Praise" to create the mega-smash hit "Praise You."



>>> Back in the '60s and '70s, Chicago singer-songwriter **Terry Callier** was sort of a musical forefather to Ben Harper; he combined acoustic folk music with grit, soul, funk and topical messages. Much like Harper today, Callier's performances and records tended to have a kind of powerful, hypnotic, almost magical aura about them. (Callier also gets compared often to Ted Hawkins, while I once heard him likened him to "a black Cat Stevens, only much cooler.") Premonition Records has just given us *Live At Mother Blues 1964*, an unreleased live recording of Callier at his deep-throated, folk-tinged, nightclub best. There's also a really wonderful and mellow 1969 Callier studio album called *First Light* that came out a while ago on Premonition that's well worth checking out.

>>> Smithsonian Folkways has released two key albums from its voluminous archives of significant blues recordings. Much-loved guitarist **Big Bill Broonzy's** *Trouble In Mind* and barrelhouse piano player **Memphis Slim's** *The Folkways Years 1959-1973* are two superb little sets of classic low-down blues. The packaging actually makes them look and feel like tiny album sleeves. Neat stuff.

>>> Chances are that at some point you've probably noticed the bugged-out-looking spacechick who plays drums for Lenny Kravitz. What you might not have known is that her name is **Cindy Blackman**, and she is actually a stellar jazz drummer in her own right, with a seasoned track record spanning nearly 10 years. 32 Jazz will be reissuing *A Little Somethin'*, one of her older albums, which shows exactly why the formerly dreadlocked retro-rocker dude digs her. Hint: it's for more than just her bug shades and groovy wigwork.

NEWS

It is a weird confluence that Guns 'N' Roses released the live two-disc set from the glory years at the exact same moment that Beggars Banquet reissued a slew of albums by English rockers **The Cult** (including *Dreamtime*, *Love*, and the Rick Rubin-produced retro-rock fest *Electric*). Anyone who got to the show early enough might remember that The Cult opened for GN'R on the 1987 American tour... **Johnny Cash** has personally sifted through his songbooks and Columbia Records back catalog and put together three thematic collections of some of his favorite selections. Oh sure, there's *Love Songs* for his wife, and the gospel collection *Sings Songs Of Inspiration* he can give to his preacher, but to whom does he intend to give the album simply titled *Murder*, a collection of the Man In Black's most brutal and unrelenting moments? Maybe he ought to send an autographed copy of that one to Nick Cave.



APRIL 4

THE APPLES IN STEREO The Discovery Of A World Inside The Moon *spinART*.
CHET ATKINS Guitar Legend: The RCA Years *Buddha*. —Two-CD set.
GREGG BENDIAN'S INTERZONE Myriad *Atavistic*.
BIG PUNISHER Yeeeh Baby *Loud*.
BR5-49 Coast To Coast *Arista*.
BRAID Movie Music *Polyvinyl*. —Two-CD collection that includes every song Braid ever released that wasn't on one of their three albums, plus five previously unreleased tracks; 36 total songs remastered by Braid direct from the original masters.
BROADCAST The Noise Made By People *Sire*.
TIM BUCKLEY The BBC Sessions *Fuel 2000*.
CASH MONEY Green Bullet *Touch & Go*.
CHUMBAWAMBA WYSIWYG *Universal*.
CROCODILE SHOP Order + Joy *Metropolis*.
DEEP PURPLE The Very Best Of Deep Purple *Rhino*.
DEEP RED Warner Bros.
THE DELTA 72 000 *Touch & Go*.
DIESELBOY Render *Palm Pictures*. —12-inch single.
DJ FOOD Kaleidoscope *Ninja Tune*.
THE DOUBLE U Falling Lanterns *Emperor Jones*.
SEB FONTAINE Prototype III *Boxed-Studio K7*.
THE FOR CARNATION Touch & Go.
GALACTIC Late For The Future *Capricorn*.
GREGG BENDIAN'S INTERZONE Myriad *Atavistic*.
GREEN VELVET Green Velvet *Warner Bros*.
HAIR OF THE DOG Rise *SpitFire*.
HAYSI FANTAYZEE Haysi Fantayzee *Razor & Tie*.
KELLY HOGAN Beneath The Country Underdog *Bloodshot*.
KEVORKIAN DEATH CYCLE Relax *Metropolis*. —Single.
KILLAH PRIEST View From Masada *MCA*.
B.B. KING Blues *MCA*.
SMOKIN' JOE KUBEK FEATURING BNOIS KING Bite Me! *Bullseye Blues & Jazz*. —Now that is a name for a record.
FELA ANIKULAPO-KUTI V.I.P. Authority Stealing *MCA*. —Both two-CD sets from the late Afrobeat king.
LIBERTY 37 The Greatest Gift *Beggars Banquet*.
LIL' ZANE Young World *Priority*.
THE MONKEY WRENCH Electric Children *Estrus*.
NEON HEIGHTS A View From The Heights *Studio K7*.
NEW EDITION Together And Solo: All The #1s *Hip-O*.
O Full Circle *Hollywood*.
OLD TIME RELIJUN La Sirena De Pecera *K*.
OMNIVORE Black Smoker *Studio K7*.
JOHN OSZAJCA From There To Here *Interscope*.
HOLLY PALMER Tender Hooks *Reprise*.
THE PERSUASIONS Frankly A Capella *Rhino*.
PINK Can't Take Me Home *Arista*.
PIP PROUD Oncer *Emperor Jones*.
PIZZICATO FIVE Pizzicato Five *Matador*.
ELVIS PRESLEY TBD *RCA*.
PROCOL HARUM The BBC Sessions *Fuel 2000*.
P'TAAH EP 2.0 *Ubiquity*.
RAH DIGGA Dirty Harriet *Elektra*.
JOSHUA REDMAN Beyond *Warner Bros*.
LOU REED Ecstasy *Reprise*.
RINOCEROSE Installation Sonore *V2-Solid*.
SASHA Dedicated To... *Reprise*.
SISTER 7 Wrestling Over Tiny Matters *Arista*.
SY SMITH Psykosoul *Hollywood*.
THE SMITHS The Complete Picture *Reprise*. —DVD.
SMOG Dongs Of Sevotion *Drag City*.
SNAKE RIVER CONSPIRACY Sonic Jihad *Reprise*.
SPINANES The Imp Years *Merge*. —CD-EP.
THE JOHNNY STAATS PROJECT Wires And Wood *Giant*.
STEAM Real Time *Atavistic*.
STEEL PULSE Ultimate Collection *Hip-O*.
SUBMARINE Reprise.
SUPAFUZZ All About The Rock *Gotham*.
SUPERGRASS Supergrass *Island*.
SWITCH TROUT 7" *Estrus*.

TUTTO MATTO Funkolo *Studio K7*.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Inhale: The 4:20 Stoner Rock Compilation *SpitFire*.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Keep Left *Ace Fu*. —With *Negativland*, *Olivia Tremor Control*, *Pere Ubu* and others.
STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN Blues At Sunrise *Sony Legacy*. —Collection of SRV slow blues, including two unreleased live tracks with *Albert King* in 1983, and an unreleased jam with *Johnny Copeland* at the *Montreux Jazz Festival* in 1985.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Dance Hall Liberation *Heartbeat*. —Dance tracks from *Tony Rebel*, *Louie Culture*, *Everton Blender*, *Prezident Brown*, *Richie Spice* and others.
VERSUS Merge. —CD-EP.
VIVENDO DO PAO Samba Samba! *Ubiquity*.
THE VON ZIPPERS Ape On U *Estrus*. —7-inch.
THE WILKINSONS Here And Now *Giant*.
WIRE The Ideal Copy, A Bell Is A Cup Until It Is Struck, Ibtaba, Manscape, The Drill, Documents & Witnesses (Live) *Mute*.
WIR The First Letter *Mute*. —1987-1991 reissues.
WISDOM OF HARRY 7" *Matador*.
KATE WOLF Weaver Of Visions: The Kate Wolf Anthology *Rhino*.
ZOOBOMBS Bomb Freak Express *Odeon*.

APRIL 11

THE 45's Get It Together *Artemis*.
RASHIED ALI QUARTET New Directions In Modern Music *Knitting Factory Works*.
ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND 550.
ANASTACIA Not That Kind *Epic*.
JOE ARTHUR Come To Where I'm From *Virgin*.
BABYFACE Save A Night For Love *Epic*.
BEENIE MAN Art And Life *Virgin*.
BROOKLYN FUNK ESSENTIALS Make 'Em Like It *Shanachie*.
CYRENA Epic.
DA BRAT Unrestricted *Columbia*.
MILES DAVIS The Complete Miles Davis Featuring John Coltrane *Columbia-Legacy*. —Six-disc box set.
THE FLYS Outta My Way *Trauma*.
FORTY FIVES Get It Together *Ng-Artemis*.
GREAT LAKES Great Lakes *Kindercore*.
MERLE HAGGARD Ultimate Collection *Hip-O*.
JODECI Greatest Hits *MCA*.
ION B 550-YabYum.
K'S CHOICE 550.
LAUGHTER TRAIN Epic.
THE LAZY COWGIRLS Somewhere Down The Line *Sympathy For The Record Industry*.
THE LEGENDARY MARVIN PONTIAC Greatest Hits *Strange And Beautiful*.
LENGSEL Solace *Solid State*.
CLAIRE LYNCH Love Light *Rounder*.
NATALIE MACMASTER My Roots Are Showing—Traditional Fiddle Music Of Cape Breton Island *Rounder*. —My roots are showing too, now that you mention it.
MAGNIFIED Stand In Traffic *United Producers-TV*.
PAT MCGEE BAND Giant-Warner Bros.
JOHN MCLAUGHLIN My Goals Beyond *Knitting Factory Works*.
MOE L *Fatboy*. —Three-CD live album.
MOTT THE HOOPLE Greatest Hits Live *Cleopatra*.
NEW BOMB TURKS Nightmare Scenario *Epitaph*.
NIKKI AND THE CORVETTES Nikki And The Corvettes *Bomp!*
NIXONS Latest Thing *Koch*.
NO DOUBT Return To Saturn *Interscope*.
IARLA O'LIONARD I Could Read The Sky *Real World*. —The singer from *Afro Celt Sound System*.
ON Shifting Skin *Epic*. —Ken Andrews from *Failure's* new project, featuring help from *Blinker The Star's* *Jordan Zadorozny* and *Jeff Turzo* of *God Lives Underwater*, among others.

OUTSIDERZ 4 LIFE *Virgin*.
VERNON REID 550.
RIDERS IN THE SKY Saddle Pals *Rounder*. —Featured in *Toy Story 2*, the *Riders* 'new album features hits like "Yippie-Yi-Yo And Away We Go," "Sweet Betsy From Pike" and "There's A Great Big Candy Roundup." A definite hit at parties, or if you're looking for some "mood music" (if you know what I mean, and I think you do).
JILL SCOTT Epic.
SO PLUSH 550.
STRINGS The Black Widow *Epic*.
PETE TOWNSHEND All The Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes *Atlantic*.
TRANS-SIBERIAN ORCHESTRA Beethoven's Last Night *Atlantic-Lava*.
TRAVIS The Man Who *Epic*.
THE UP ON IN Steps For The Light *Big Top*. —Features *Zach Barocas* of *Jawbox*.
U.S. CRUSH U.S. Crush *Virgin*.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Songs For The Jetset Volume 3 *Jetset*. —Features tracks from *Loveletter*, *Death By Chocolate*, *Milky*, *Tomorrow's World*, *Wallpaper*, *Daisies* and more.
WAX POETIC Wax Poetic *Atlantic*.
WOLFIE Wolfie, The Coat And Hat EP *Kindercore*.

APRIL 18

AVANT My Thoughts *MCA*.
CHAD BROCK Yes! *Warner Bros*.
BUILT TO SPILL Warner Bros.
PETER CASE Flying Saucer Blues *Vanguard*.
ALICE COOPER SpitFire.
ADRIENNE COOPER WITH ZALMEN MLOTEK Ghetto Tango: Wartime Yiddish Theater *Traditional Crossroads*.
DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE Single *Sub Pop*. —Sub Pop singles club 45.
DALVIN DEGRATE Met.A.Mor.Phic *Maverick*. —Jodeci member *Dalvin's* solo debut features his brother (and fellow Jodeci member) *DeVante*.
ECHOBOY Vol. 1 *Mute*.
EKLYPSE Warner Bros.
GLORIA ESTEFAN Latin *Epic*.
EUGE GROOVE Tender Hearted Lover *Warner Bros*.
F.A.T.E. For All That's Endured *Warner Bros*.
GROOVIE GHOULES Travels With My Amp *Lookout!*
BILL LAMEY Full Circle: From Cape Breton To Boston And Back: Classic House Sessions Of Traditional Cape Breton Music, 1956-1977 *Rounder*.
THE LAPSE Heaven Ain't Happenin' *Southern*. —Features *Chris* from *Native Nod/Van Pelt* and *Toko Lucy* from *Blonde Redhead/Van Pelt*.
LUCY NATION On *Maverick*.
THE MAKERS Rock Star God *Sub Pop*.
MENTALLO & THE FIXER Love Is The Law *Metropolis*.
BRUCE MOLSKY Poor Man's Troubles *Rounder*.
KARISSA NOEL Epic.
OREGON Vanguard Sessions: Best Of The Vanguard Years *Vanguard*.
TOM PAXTON Vanguard Sessions: Best Of The Vanguard Years *Vanguard*.
RIP DIZZY No Room To Dance *Gotham*.
THE ROCKFACETS Epic.
BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE Illuminations *Vanguard*.
SHANDOZIA ShanDozia *Warner Bros*.
MATTHEW SHIPP QUARTET Pastoral Composure *Thirsty Ear*.
SLEATER-KINNEY You're No Rock 'N' Roll Fun *Kill Rock Stars*. —7-inch.
SNOG Lies/Dear Valued Customer *Metropolis*.
TAKE 6 Live *Reprise*.
TARBOX RAMBLERS Tarbox Ramblers *Rounder*.
DAVID THOMAS Bay City *Thirsty Ear*.
TRE-O Epic.
TRIPLE 8 550.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Casino Lights/Montreux Live *Warner Bros*.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Sacred Music Of The Moroccan Jews, From The Paul Bowles Collection *Rounder*. —Two-CD set of *Andalusian Hebrew music*.

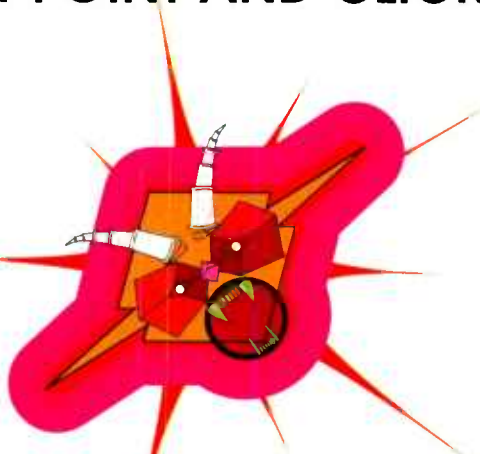
VARIOUS ARTISTS Take Me Home: Tribute To John Denver *Badman Recording Company*. —Tracks from *Low*, *Tarnation*, *The Innocence Mission*, *Sunshine Club*, *Red House Painters* and others, compiled by *Mark Kozelek* of *Red House Painters*. A portion of the proceeds will be donated to *Pets In Need*, an animal assistance provider in California.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Women's Songs From India *Rounder*. —21 songs recorded in the *Bhojpuri* and *Maithili* language regions of *Bihar* in Northern India. Except for four tracks by part-time professional singers, all the performers are musically untrained women and girls.
VOICE V Just The Beginning *MCA*.
WONDERLAND The End Of Bliss *Jericho*.

APRIL 25

AIM Cold Water Music *Grand Central-Studio K7*.
BEDHEAD LOVED MACHA Macha Loved Bedhead *Jetset*.
BOY SETS FIRE After The Eulogy *Victory*.
SHEILA CHANDRA Roots And Wings *Narada World*. —Reissue.
CHICKEN COUPE DEVILLE Songs & Smokin' Guitars *Rhino*.
CONSOLIDATED Tikkun-Survivor Demos *Orchard*.
DEVO Pioneers Who Got Scalped: Anthology *Rhino*. —They really did have more than "Whip It."
DJ KRUSH Code 4109 *Red Ink*.
GENE DUNLAP Tales Of The Phatman *Rhino*.
EMBODIMENT The Narrow Scope Of Things *Solid State*.
EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER Very Best Of Emerson, Lake & Palmer *Rhino*.
FUNKSTORUNG Appetite For Disctruction *Studio K7*.
GLOBO This Time It's Globo *Studio K7*.
DEXTER GORDON Daddy Plays The Horn *Rhino*.
ALVIN YOUNGBLOOD HART Start With The Soul *Palm Pictures*.
HEADSWIM 550.
DON HENLEY Otherwise *Warner Bros*.
IVY 550.
BB KING Makin' Love Is Good For You *MCA*.
CARMEN MCRAE Carmen McRae *Rhino*.
ONE MINUTE SILENCE Buy Now... Saved Later *V2*.
PAVEMENT Slow Century *Matador*. —VHS/DVD.
PILLS Musicisoldia *Wax Trax*.
SEX PISTOLS Sex Pistols Documentary: The Filth And The Fury - 1993 *Rhino*.
JULES SHEAR Allow Me *Zöe*.
SHELTER When 20 Summers Pass *Victory*.
SHORTHANDED Forever Yours *Tooth And Nail*.
SOMETHIN' FOR THE PEOPLE Issues *Warner Bros*.
SOUNDTRACK For Your Eyes Only *Rykodisc*. —Features a score by *Bill Conti* (*Rocky*) and the *Academy Award* nominated *Sheena Easton* theme song.
SPYMOB Epic.
TQ Epic.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Smooth Grooves: Smooth Jazz Volume 1 *Rhino*. —Features tracks from *Ronnie Laws*, *Stanley Jordan*, *Fourplay*, *Harvey Mason*, *Yellowjackets* and *Mike Manieri*. It also has the theme from *Taxi*, which is a sure-fire ticket to some lovin'. If you've tried *Kenny G* and the ladies still shun ya, move on to *Smooth Grooves*.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Smooth Grooves: Smooth Jazz Volume 2 *Rhino*. —Tracks from *Grover Washington Jr.*, *George Howard*, *David Sanborn*, *John Klemmer* and *Jean-Luc Ponty*, among others. And we all know that *Jean-Luc* is a very sexy name.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Smooth Grooves: Smooth Jazz Volume 3 *Rhino*. —Songs by *Spyro Gyra*, *Najee*, *Chuck Mangione*, *Hiroshima*, *The Jeff Lorber Fusion*, *Roy Haynes*, *Billy Cobham's Glass Menagerie* and others. *Menagerie* sounds sexy too, I just don't know why.
WILLARD GRANT CONSPIRACY Mojave *Slow River-Rykodisc*.
SCOTT WILKIE More Than You Know *Narada Jazz*.

DESKTOP GALLERY

WHO HAS MILLIONS TO SPEND ON IMPORTANT CONTEMPORARY ART? JUST POINT AND CLICK.



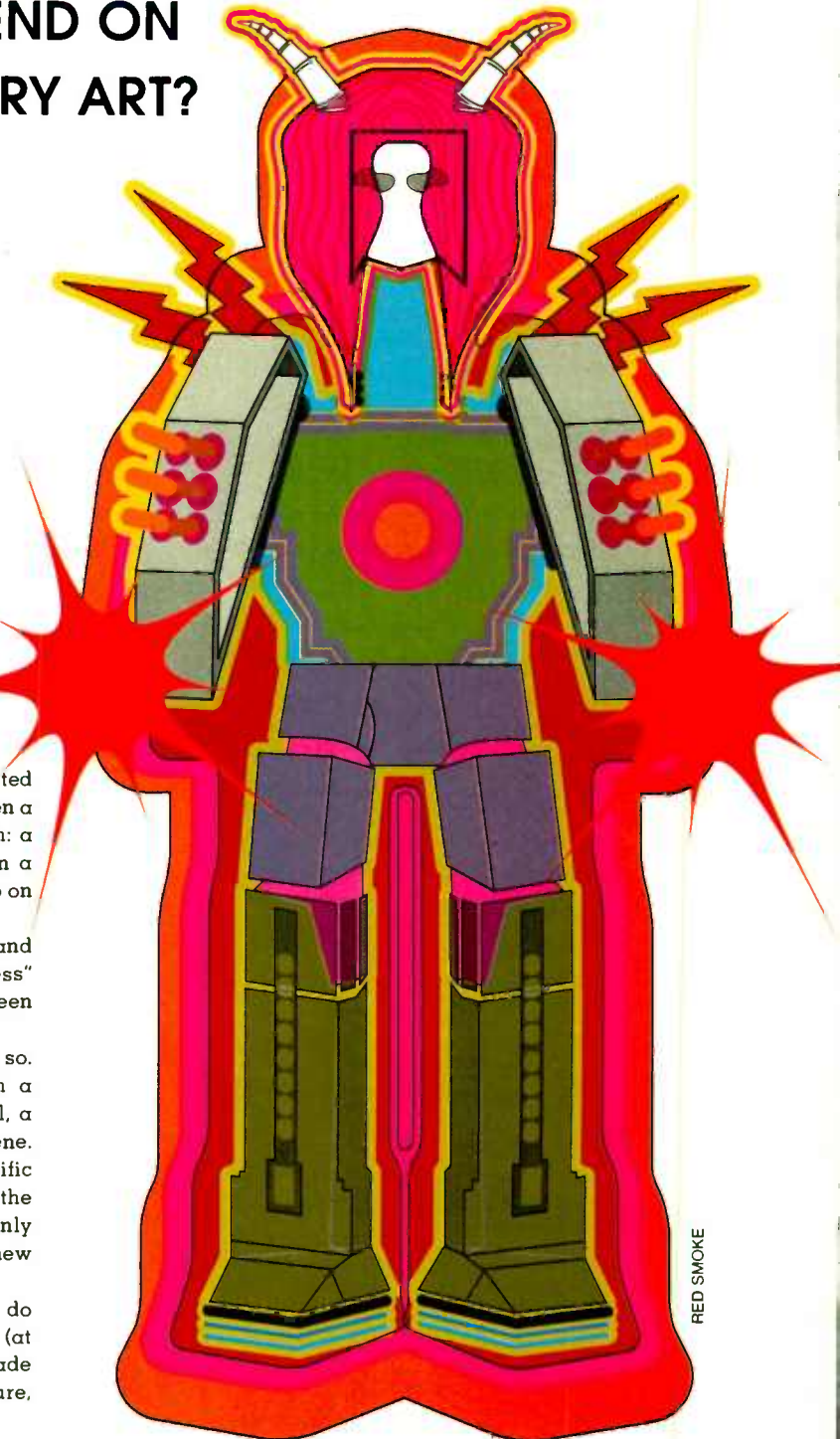
STORY: NEIL GLADSTONE

Type www.redsmoke.com into your browser and an illustrated suburban tract house with a rolling green lawn appears. Then a heart rate monitor beeps and black and white photos flash: a medicine cabinet, ketchup-dipped fries and bloody handprints on a bathroom sink. Exactly why is a Cadillac hovering like a spaceship on your monitor? Toto, we're not on eBay anymore.

The juxtaposition of ominous photographs, giddy illustration and off-putting statements such as "Youth Sector_Lost and Hopeless" suggests this information superhighway pit stop may have been designed by David Lynch or Art Spiegelman. But is it art?

New York's Whitney Museum Of American Art certainly thinks so. Curators tapped Lew Baldwin's www.redsmoke.com, along with a handful of other "Net art" sites, for this spring's Whitney Biennial, a show renowned for taking the pulse of the current American art scene. Given that there are 200 artists in the show, tossing 10 Web-specific works into the fray might not seem such a big statement, but the decision is a turning point for a barely five-year-old artform. Not only are Internet artists included, but this year, the museum created a new competitive category for them.

"That was actually a bold move because they didn't have to do that," says Ken Goldberg, whose site, *Ouija 2000* (at www.ken.goldberg.net), will be featured in the Biennial. "They made a distinction and that is a milestone. If this field does have a future, that will be a point we refer to."



RED SMOKE



At Ouija 2000, visitors participate in an update of the mystical parlor room classic in which questions are posed to the "spirit world." Goldberg's work ruminates on, as he calls it, "telepistomology," the study of "how beliefs are formed over the Internet." The ironic conceptual piece raises some theoretical questions. How does anyone trying to fiddle with the Ouija 2000 over the Internet actually know if there's a board somewhere at the site's origin? What level of trust is required by anyone who uses the Net? Is this an artistic statement or the basis for a sociological study?

Net art, explains Goldberg, shouldn't be looked at with quite the same expectations as classical painting or sculpture. Its genealogy lies in intellectually driven movements such as Dadaism, Surrealism, happenings, Conceptualism and computer art. Attempting to delineate Net art's unifying characteristics isn't easy, though. The medium enables quick juxtaposition of photographs, illustration and text, which makes for pieces that often favor eye candy and theory over narrative. Technical limitations and incompatibility issues often force the works to be simplified so they can be viewed easily on a variety of browsers, as well.

"It's opened up a new whole way of thinking about my art," says Redsmoke's Baldwin, who studied film and video at Chicago's School Of The Art Institute, and also paints, draws and works in the musical medium. He started noodling with Net art in the mid-'90s as a release from a graphic design day job.

"I used to paint all of the time; when your painting's done it's just sitting there against the wall until you get a show," he explains. "[On the Internet] I can put shit up and in two seconds it's out there for anyone to see. That's an exciting attraction."

Up-to-the-minute art exhibition, however, isn't exactly what the museums are about, and one of the great debates among the online cognoscenti is whether or not Net works belong in a museum. For many of the creators, being able to distribute art directly to your desktop circumvents the oft-patronizing world of curators, insider hobnobbing and cheap opening-night wine. While some curators are searching for top-of-the-line plasma screens to display Net art and burning CD-ROMS of HTML code, others figure these pieces don't gain anything by being in a gallery.

"It doesn't make any sense to take these things offline. You cut it off from the context it was intended," says Benjamin Weil, curator of media arts at San Francisco's Museum Of Modern Art who co-founded the online gallery at www.adaweb.com.

Net artist Kristin Lucas argues that archivists who are creating offline copies of net art to save for future generations are missing the



ABOVE: OUIJA 2000
RIGHT: ROCK AND A HARD DRIVE.

point: "I like the idea that my project has a limited life. It's implicit in the project." Lucas's work, *Rock And A Hard Drive* (which can be viewed on the Dia Center For The Arts site, www.diacenter.org) spoofs the idea of chirpy chat rooms with images of empty "waiting" areas and samples of inane dialog. Says Lucas, "We're living in a culture of samples where we reconfigure other people's thoughts and this is just one way to [comment on] that." Like lots of online art, *Rock And A Hard Drive* comments on the Internet's singular world—the waiting, the mystery, the ability to reinvent oneself in cyberspace. Online art magazines like *Rhizone* (www.rhizone.com) are loaded with essays on the topic.

Though plenty of Net artists, including Goldberg and Baldwin, say it would be great to make a living with their online art, the question is how to make that happen. *Ada'web* began as a commercial venture, but the founders soon learned that organizing a business model around online art, even one featuring commissioned works by known artists such as Jenny Holzer, wouldn't fly easily, so the developers have given up trying to make a profit.

Many curators and artists say the medium's low market value has kept it from gaining the respect it enjoys in the European art world. One gallery owner scolded Benjamin Weil because he commissioned an artist to do a work for *Ada'web*. He was told: "You're monopolizing this artist's time and in the meantime she's not making art that I can sell." Weil still hopes that Net art will be commercially viable one day, forecasting a time when art lovers can pay a subscription or per-view fee.

Many of the stigmas about Net art parallel the problems faced by video art, another medium that was initially difficult to sell and viewed as base in comparison with fine art. But where video art took about 25 years to gain mainstream acceptance, Net art threatens to do so in a fifth of the time.

"It might be too much too soon," worries Goldberg. "It might be burnt out with all of the enthusiasm. I'm wary of raising expectations too high."

After all, few artists who dabble on the Web are ace programmers, and computer geeks aren't known for making transcendent statements about humanity. Plus, many of the most impressive works are nearly impossible to download without a high-speed connection and a gazillion plug-ins.

"I argue that we have not yet seen work that fully exploits the medium," figures Aaron Betsky, curator of architecture, design and digital projects for SF MoMA, who has appropriated almost 20 websites for the museum's collection. "We've seen beautiful experiments and worthwhile attempts, but we're still waiting for people to fully master the medium."

Think about it: the next Van Gogh might be just a cubicle away.

WINE, CHEESE AND A MOUSE: NET ART SITES

Walker Art Center (www.walkerart.org) One of the first American museums to commission a Web work, it's one of the most important sites in the country for Web art.

Readme.txt (www.museodemonterrey.org.mx/english/) Benjamin Weil's ruminations about browsing online art.

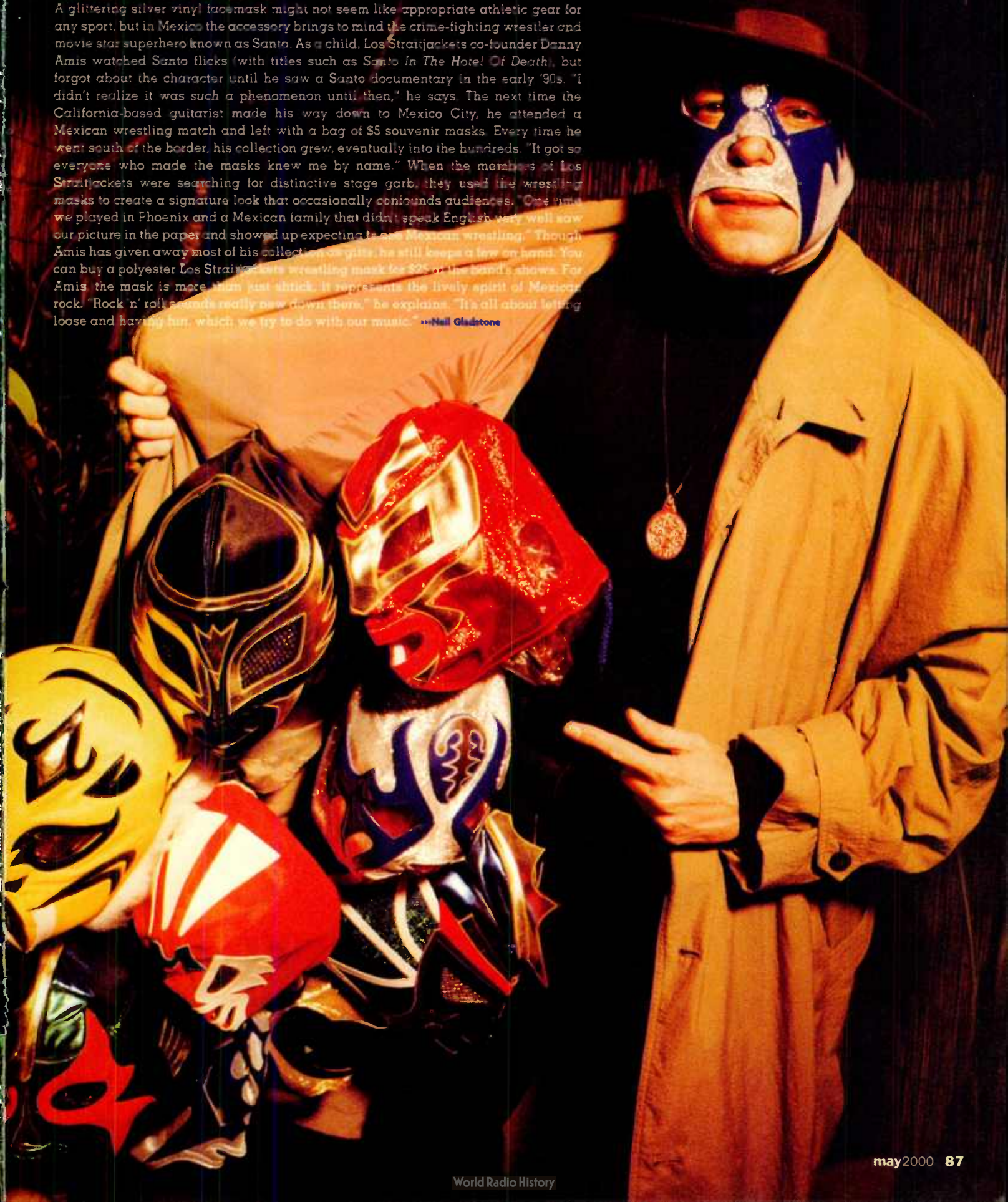
Musee d'Art Contemporain De Montreal (www.media.macm.qc.ca/homea.htm) A host of media art links from Montreal's contemporary art museum.

A Story Of Net Art (www.calarts.edu/~line/history.html) A disjointed history of the online medium.

Whitney Museum Of American Art (www.whitney.org) Check here for more info about the Biennial.

THE MARK OF SANTO

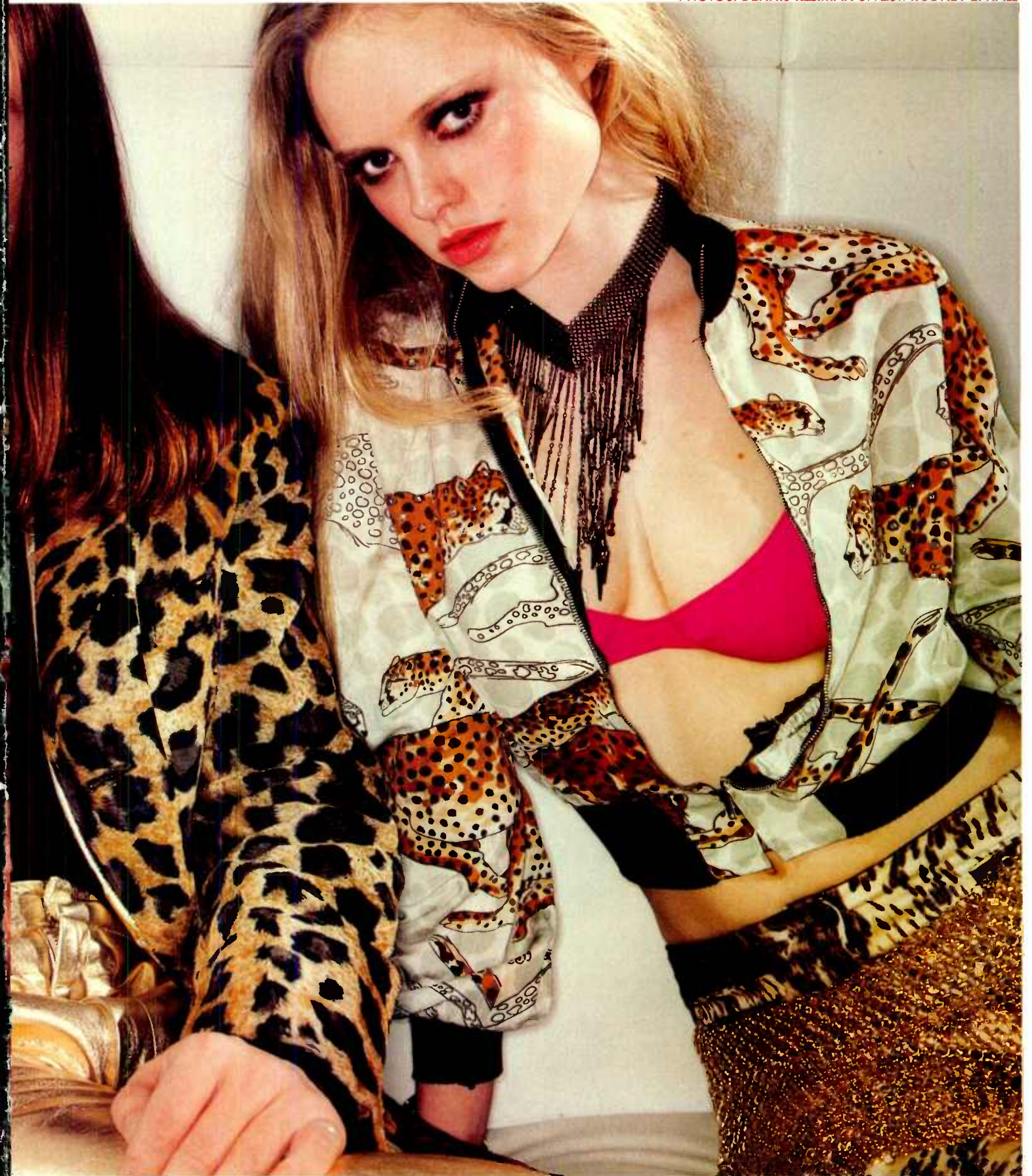
A glittering silver vinyl facemask might not seem like appropriate athletic gear for any sport, but in Mexico the accessory brings to mind the crime-fighting wrestler and movie star superhero known as Santo. As a child, Los Straitjackets co-founder Danny Amis watched Santo flicks (with titles such as *Santo In The Hole! Of Death!*), but forgot about the character until he saw a Santo documentary in the early '90s. "I didn't realize it was such a phenomenon until then," he says. The next time the California-based guitarist made his way down to Mexico City, he attended a Mexican wrestling match and left with a bag of \$5 souvenir masks. Every time he went south of the border, his collection grew, eventually into the hundreds. "It got so everyone who made the masks knew me by name." When the members of Los Straitjackets were searching for distinctive stage garb, they used the wrestling masks to create a signature look that occasionally confounds audiences. "One time we played in Phoenix and a Mexican family that didn't speak English very well saw our picture in the paper and showed up expecting to see Mexican wrestling." Though Amis has given away most of his collection over the years, he still keeps a few on hand. You can buy a polyester Los Straitjackets wrestling mask for \$25 at the band's shows. For Amis the mask is more than just a trick. It represents the lively spirit of Mexican rock. "Rock 'n' roll sounds really new down there," he explains. "It's all about letting loose and having fun, which we try to do with our music." —Neil Gladstone



THE ART OF OVERKILL



Exile in Girlville (L to R): Coralie gets cozy in Tommy Jeans white leather flame pants and a Tommy Hilfiger white leather motocross jacket. What's leather without lace? shines in a Tommy Hilfiger leopard-print frock coat and gold lamé pants (both courtesy of Andy Hilfiger's collection) and a Craig Robinson navy silk tuxedo shirt. Kristina



Here's a Passionbait "Pop Tart" bra and La Crasia red and gold lace gloves plus a customized Poison concert tee and an Erickson Beamon pearl choker. Nash Kato prowls in a vintage cheetah-print and rhinestone blouse, Passionbait "Libertine" bra, Sharagano cheetah-patterned pants and a Fausto Puglisi gold chainmail skirt.



L: Girl...You'll Be at My Place...Soon (L to R): Coralie wrestles with her conscience in a Yigal Azrouel red silk abstract-print halter, purple leather python hot pants and a purple python-print purse with brass chain. Gold bracelets and gold star ring made by Erickson Beamon; aubergine fishnet thigh-highs by Hue and rhinestone woodblock wedge sandals by Sky. Mr. Kato works the urge in his own white leather motorcycle jacket and black jeans. Kristina flies high in a Fausto Puglisi rhinestone "Rock" tiara, Susan Cianciolo-Run 9 reconstructed black cotton dress and a Passionbait "Libertine" bra. And when you're flying, you must have the right boots. These are made by Kitty.



Supersonic Storybook (where to find that Americruiser look): Tommy Hilfiger clothing available at stores nationwide (www.tommy.com), Passionbait bras at Kirna Zabete (212-941-9656), vintage tees and tops at Bon Marche (516-321-5945), LaCrasia Gloves (212-594-2223), Hue hosiery at Urban Outfitters (212-677-9350 or www.urbn.com), Erickson Beamon jewelry and boots at Barney's (212-826-8900) and Showroom Seven (212-643-4810), Yigal Azrouel at Cyber Retail (www.cyberretail.com), Sharagano Jeans (212-302-4260), Fausto Puglisi tiara at Showroom Seven and Sky sandals at Diavolina (323-936-3000).

Nash Kato's new album *Debutante* (Loosegroove) shows that he hasn't lost his taste for excess, especially when it comes to '70s-style arena guitar rock. Coralie and Kristina of Elite Models.



LOST IN SPACEY: WHEN YOU MAKE YOUR FIRST MOVIE WITH MR. AMERICAN BEAUTY, BE PREPARED.

When Kevin Spacey asked John Swanbeck to direct *The Big Kahuna*, he jumped at the chance. There was only one catch: he had to learn how to make a movie. "I had never shot a film before or even taken a film class," says Swanbeck, an experienced stage director who met Spacey in 1991 during the New York theatrical production of *Hurlyburly*. At the time, the new friends vowed to collaborate one day on the right script. The right script turned to be *Hospitality Suite*, written by Roger Rueff, a chemical engineer turned playwright. The darkly comic story revolves around three marketing reps attending an industrial lubricants convention in Wichita. After renaming it *The Big Kahuna*, Spacey made it the first project for his new production company.

Before leaving for London in early 1998 to headline in *The Iceman Cometh*, Spacey instructed Swanbeck to be ready at a moment's notice. To practice his skills, Swanbeck made a short feature. "The smartest decision we ever made," figures Swanbeck. While editing the short, Spacey called Swanbeck to inform him they would start shooting *The Big Kahuna* in three weeks. Oh, and he had to film it in 16 days in New York to accommodate Spacey's hectic schedule.

"There was no chance of a 17th day," Swanbeck says of his February 1999 shoot. "It was exhilarating. There was no time for overthinking, no time for fear. All we had time for was instinct." Set in a hotel hospitality suite, *The Big Kahuna* follows Spacey and co-stars Danny DeVito and Peter Facinelli on an emotional journey discussing weighty issues such as life, death and *Penthouse*.

Without standard cinematic tools like, say, landscapes and special effects at his disposal, Swanbeck's theatrical background proved ideal. "It was the chance to tell a story almost entirely through the acting," he says. "I would use their faces as landscapes. Our special effects would be the emotions in their eyes."

Don't be surprised if stage directors such as Swanbeck are more in-demand in the film world, especially given the accolades heaped upon Sam Mendes, the theater veteran who made his big-screen directorial debut with *American Beauty*.

"It seems that people I've been getting to know in Hollywood are attracted to those things a theater director can bring," says Swanbeck. One question: What do the Hollywood people bring?

EAST IS EAST

(Miramax)

Although his family lives in suburban London, proud papa George Khan has tried to raise his seven children according to traditional Pakistani customs. However, George meets tough competition for his ancient traditions in the uninhibited hippie-dom engulfing England's youth in the early '70s. This clash of lifestyles propels *East Is East*, a rewarding, bittersweet comedy. For most of George's impressionable teenage kids, life is about delighting in Western pleasures—discos, soccer, sausage—when their father isn't looking. He can't handle ideas and styles so foreign to his own pious value system (you know the story). Convincingly played by Indian actor Om Puri, George has a temperament that swings from affable to brutish, all the while proving that a father doesn't always know best.



BOSSA NOVA

(Sony Pictures Classics)

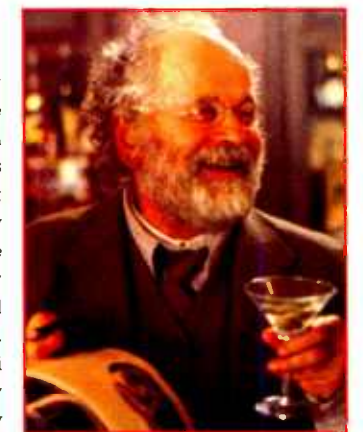
C'mon, admit it: you've gone home and, bored, started watching a frothy concoction starring, say, Jaclyn Smith or Robert Urich on Lifetime. And, despite your better judgment, you loved every minute of it. Well, get ready for *Bossa Nova*, a sudsy romantic comedy set in Rio de Janeiro. The movie follows an intersecting set of characters who are either falling in or out of love. Amy Irving (in real life, she's married to *Bossa Nova* director Bruno Barreto) plays a widowed English teacher central to the story. Sure, we could nit-pick about all the characters having apartments with stunning views or about the obvious, optimistic conclusion, but *Bossa Nova* has plenty of heart and a keen sense of humor. As a bargain matinee, it's tough to resist.



JOE GOULD'S SECRET

(USA Films)

If you're not suffering from *New Yorker* overdose resulting from the publication's 75th anniversary and a half-dozen recent books about its editors, you might want to check out *Joe Gould's Secret*. The humorously poignant story explores the dynamic relationship between *New Yorker* scribe Joseph Mitchell and bohemian-about-town Joe Gould. Besides directing, Stanley Tucci plays Mitchell, a 60 year *New Yorker* staffer who loved the city and its offbeat characters. During the 1940s, he befriended Gould (Ian Holm), a rumples eccentric attempting to write a staggering tome called *The Oral History of Our Time*. In *Joe Gould's Secret*, Tucci echoes Mitchell's affinity for the city by fashioning a warm, graceful and richly detailed period piece.



CARRY A GPS, MY WAYWARD SON

With global positioning systems getting smaller all the time, it's only a matter of months before we can each get one implanted in our respective brains so we need never be lost again. In the meantime, there are a couple of new gadgets to keep you from making that oh-so-embarrassing stop at a gas station to ask directions. Garmin's new four-inch high, handheld eTrex (\$145) will keep your cell phone from getting lonely. With functions that track speed, distance and direction, it's like a cyber-charged compass with some maps tossed in—and in case you end up dropping it into a river, it's waterproof. For those who tend to lose handheld gadgets and want a GPS that comes with a graphic equalizer, there's the new Blaupunkt RNS 149 car stereo with TravelPilot Navigation (about \$1,800), which provides digital maps from a CD-ROM—and it even knows when you've strayed from its suggested route. For those of you who want to play through your HAL 2000 fantasies in your Beemer, now's your chance.



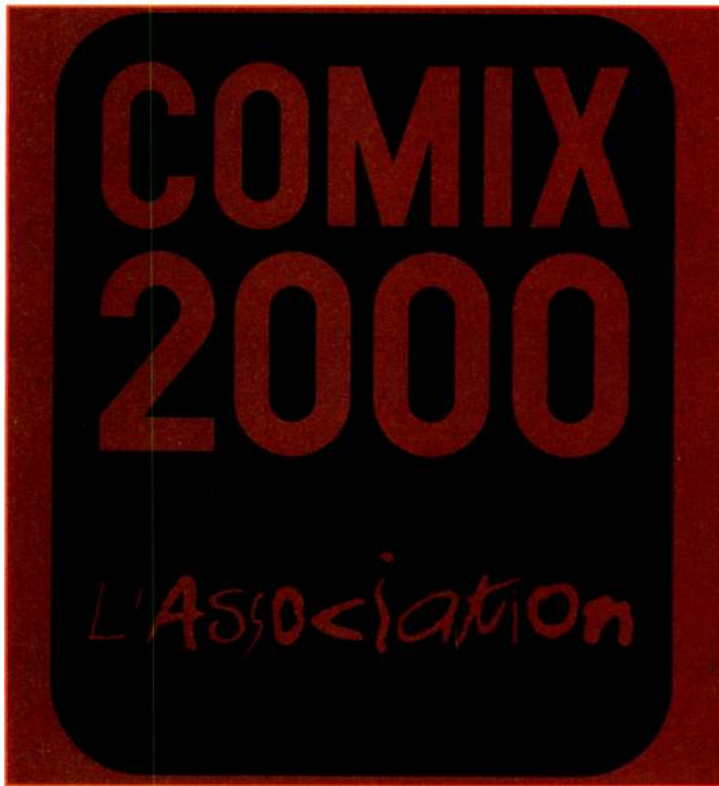
READY, SET, READ

From funny car specs to the art of Ed "Big Daddy Rat Fink" Roth, Leah Kerr's new book *Driving Me Wild—Nitro-Powered Outlaw Culture* (Juno Books, \$20.99) surveys the high-octane hot rod lifestyle that produced heroes like "Rocket Doc" Ron Jolliffe and pulp fiction such as *Hot Car Girl* ("She's Hell-On-Wheels...Fired up for any thrill"). *Driving Me Wild* won't tell you how to soup up your hemi or pick the best cheater slicks, but the pages are a fun spin through lowrider living, turbo tunage (like Ministry's *Jesus Built My Hotrod*) and fired-up flicks (*The Ghost of Dragstrip Hollow*). Author Kerr (a screenwriter who contributes to *African Americans On Wheels* and *Full Throttle*) also offers bits on the birth of the hot rod and a glossary of terms. Our bet? Any book that defines the terms "holeshot" and "oildown" will be making the rounds at the auto shop in record time.



BOOB TUBE IN THE BACK SEAT

In olden days, the best way to keep kids quiet on a long car trip was pump them full of morphine. Now there's an alternative—Back Seat Theater (\$699). Who says only airline passengers should be subjected to in-flight movies? Now back seat drivers, too, can be mesmerized with second-run features. The 6-inch color monitor attaches to car visors and can take input from variety of sources—VCR, DVD, video games or handi-cam. Sound like a recipe for an automotive tragedy? Wireless headphones keep the sound to a minimum, and well, how much more trouble can it be than all that yammering from the back seat? (For more information, call 909-272-1996 or visit www.backseattheater.com.)



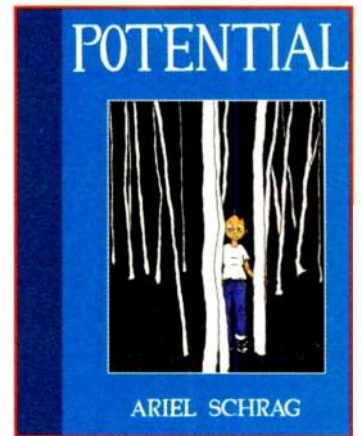
LENGTH MATTERS

The largest single comic book ever printed was conceived by the French publisher L'Association as a celebration of the end of the century. **Comix 2000** is a 2000-page hardcover anthology, featuring short pieces by more than 250 cartoonists from around the world (it's available in North America through Fantagraphics). And here's the masterstroke: it's all wordless, so anybody can enjoy all of it. A few of these artists will be familiar to American readers, like Lewis Trondheim (who contributes a two-page, 342-panel marvel of miniaturization), *Dirty Plotte's* Julie Doucet, *Acme Novelty Library's* Chris Ware and underground vet Skip Williamson. Most of them, though, are well-known only in Europe, Asia or South America, if anywhere, and they're *amazing*—the variety and quality of visual styles, themes and storytelling approaches in any given 100-page

chunk of it are unprecedented. What's amazing about the state of art cartooning, 2000 AD, is how far it's come even in the last 10 or 15 years—when something appears that recalls the look and feel of older anthologies like the '70s' *Metal Hurlant* or Art Spiegelman's *Raw*, it's a deliberately retro gesture. The editors include a useful bibliography for every cartoonist who's included, and an introductory note: they had suggested a loose theme of the 20th century, but couldn't deal

with all the submissions they got involving Hitlers and, for some reason, clowns.

Ariel Schrag is a few years into an incredibly promising career as a cartoonist, which is pretty amazing considering that she's still in her teens. Her first couple of books, *Awkward* and *Definition*, were obviously the work of a beginner, but they were driven by a palpable, overwhelming autobiographical impulse that made her develop the tools to express it. **Potential**, which documents Schrag's junior year of high school and the realization of her own sexual identity, is much longer—originally serialized over six issues, it's just been published as a single book (Slave Labor Graphics). It's also a lot more ambitious, with a visual style that changes fluidly along with Ariel-the-character's state, fluctuating from a loose, cartoony look to scribbly mayhem or something closer to photorealism depending on the moment, and also improves visibly from page to page. Schrag's terrific at capturing emotional states in a panel or a phrase. Her narrative, in fact, has more to do with emotional give-and-take than with conventional plot, although she does come up with a couple of metaphors and subplots that hold the whole thing together—the book's sections are named after the units of her biology class.

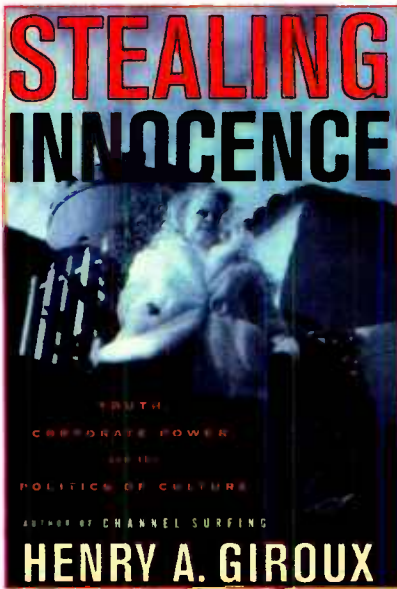


The Fader (71 W. 23rd St., Ste. 903, New York, NY 10010) is a new hip-hop zine with a big difference: it's mostly interested in parts of hip-hop culture that aren't about rap. That means design, production, style, fashion (yes, that means there's an interview about the hot sneakers of the moment) and, most of all, DJing—it lists a couple hundred DJs' current favorite spins. Though it's occasionally light on content, the second issue has a couple of solidly terrific features: a roundtable on the hip-hop/rock connection featuring Run of Run DMC, Rage Against The Machine's Zack De La Rocha and Gang Starr's DJ Premier, and a look at regional styles that explains exactly what Southern bounce and Chicago Steppers are. It's got great design, too, with ultra-heavy stock and cool, spacious layout. And an interview with designer Geology includes what is almost certainly the first printed use of the phrase, "some ill Norman Rockwell shit."



There is such a thing as too modern, though, and **Shift** falls into that trap. A new "digital culture" magazine, it cribs its overall look from *Wired* and *Details* (with the addition of gratuitous slashes, dots and underscores everywhere), its "Raw Shift" column of numerical statistics from Harper's Index, and its editorial angle from, seemingly, wherever it can find it. The January/February 2000 issue includes an "interview" with Pac-Man that should be funny but isn't, a feature on the inventor of a male masturbation device, and a not-especially-revelatory interview with the not-exactly-underexposed Dave Eggers. Only a fashion spread on net-surfers' shoes (and favorite sites) is bizarre enough to leave a real impression.





THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT: CAPITALISM IS CORRUPTING TODAY'S YOUTH, NOT COMPUTER GAMES.

According to educational/cultural theorist Henry A. Giroux, it's not pop culture that's to blame for the gun-toting, Marilyn Manson-look-alike youth of America. It's commerce. "Mainstream media critics...endlessly argue that the greatest threat to childhood innocence comes from rap music rather than from media conglomerates such as Time-Warner (which produces many rap artists)," writes Giroux in his new book, *Stealing Innocence* (St. Martin's Press). So call Giroux an "alternative" critic. "We're talking about a whole generation of kids whose economic, political and social world has become so commodified that they have no language to express themselves outside of the market," explains Giroux, a Penn State professor who explains everything with words like "commodification" and "agency." So brush up on your theoretical jargon before cracking the spine of this cultural critique.

And don't be quick to count yourself out of that generation, oh ye of commodified dissent. It's not just the Columbine kids he's talking about; this shift began in the 1980s, when the government began to "increase in funding for building prisons, but decrease funding for social services and education." As we sat mesmerized at our Atari consoles, the powers-that-be clucked their tongues in disapproval. And over the next 10 years, as the video game graphics got more sophisticated, the insults and criticisms piled on kids only got harsher.

But "there have always been people saying that kids are a menace, kids are out of control, kids are doing dope—those are the kind of things we hear in every generation," Giroux reminds us. What was different about the 1980s and especially the 1990s was that these low opinions of youth became codified into public policy and law. "Young kids are now tried as adults, we have a culture that is promoting surveillance and censorship and schools that resemble prison outposts. It's not just cultural criticism anymore. It's the law."

In *Stealing Innocence*, Giroux says that it is these laws—and corporate-created pop culture phenoms like child beauty pageants and heroin chic ads—that are stealing innocence from America's kids. To battle the evil forces of capitalism gone crazy, Giroux blows a familiar left-wing trumpet for education reform. But aside from throwing heaps of money at schools and teachers across the country, Giroux suggests that adults try actually listening to kids and putting some effort into understanding why they like *Doom* and that new Eminem record, instead of just roundly condemning it and consigning the kids and their culture to the trash heap. And beyond that? "Restructuring the economic system itself," he says, fully sincere, despite the fantastical feeling of such a notion. "I mean, envision a system where mega-corporations don't control every aspect of production and distribution and circulation of music." Mind-boggling, isn't it? **»»Ann Marie Dobosz**

THE EMPTY QUARTER

By Sharon Mesmer (Hanging Loose Press)

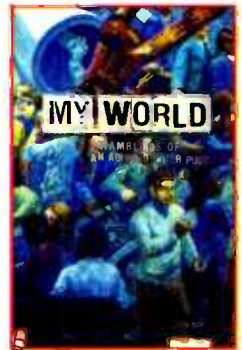
The novelist Saffire recently suggested in the *Village Voice Literary Supplement* that poets make ideal fiction writers, since they're especially attuned to the fine details of language. This point applies quite readily to the short stories of poet Sharon Mesmer. At their best ("Bon Ami," "The Hours Of A Transfigured Night"), Mesmer's stories are incandescent; lit as if from within, possessing equal parts gracefulness and grit. At their worst ("Experiment," "I Married A Bay City Roller"), they play for easy laughs, exemplifying what Mesmer (as the self-aware narrator in "Bon Ami") calls "lack of emotion and the fact that one hid behind humor, or whatever." In almost all of the sketches, characters assume a defensive cynicism that barely conceals their disconsolate longings. Like them, Mesmer seems to believe that memory is an accident; that a person can embody "the distances between things." **»»Nate Chinen**



MY WORLD: RAMBLINGS OF AN AGING GUTTER PUNK

By Jeff Ott (Sub City)

Just when we thought punk rock had simply devolved into Dookie and porn stars, Jeff Ott unleashes this collection of "ramblings" he's been releasing in zine form since 1995, proving that thinking man's punk is far from dead, it's just confused. Ott, who fronts political hardcore band Fifteen, survived the dark side of punk rock (nine years as an IV drug user) and came out with an agenda, and a lengthy one it is. *My World* ranges from how-to passages on safe needle-sharing and safe sex to educational discourse on homelessness and police brutality; all meant to reacquaint the punk movement with the "movement" side of things. The text is so comprehensive it might serve as a training manual for punks and activists alike; you'll be hard-pressed to find a social ill Ott fails to either dissect or elucidate. And true to form, *My World* is total punk, put out by Fifteen's record label—spelling errors 'n' all. **»»Nicole Keiper**

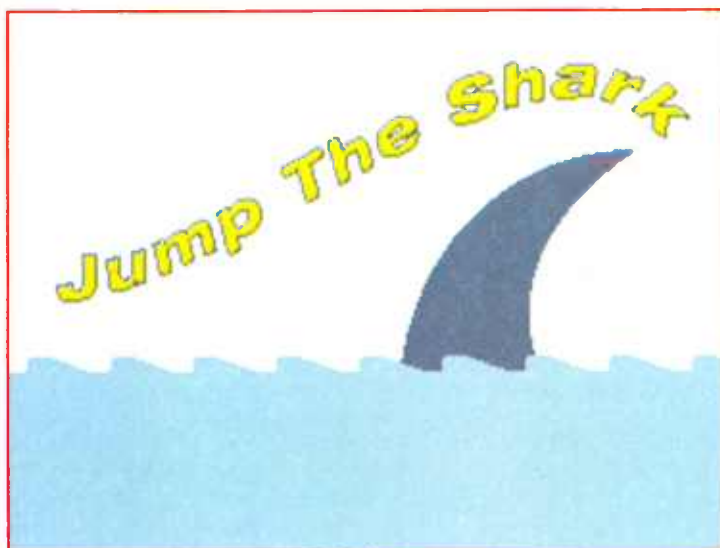


PURE POETRY: A NOVEL

By Binnie Kirshenbaum (Simon & Schuster)

Pure Poetry, Binnie Kirshenbaum's fourth novel, tells the story of the fictional wisecracking, semi-famous formalist poet Lila Moscowitz, who crams "smut and filth in terza rima" for a living. Lila spends much of this slim novel trying to get over the dissolution of her marriage to the frigid German cartographer Max, keeping a safe distance from WASP suitor Henry, rehashing her childhood wounds with her cross-dressing therapist Leon and grappling with the death of her mother, who never gave her the love she needed. It might be that Kirshenbaum has filled her novel with single-girl clichés to make a statement about form, but not even the effusive blurb from Norman Mailer (*Norman Mailer?*) can distract one from the fact that Lila's really nothing more than Ally McBeal with a fouler mouth and quicker wit. **»»Carlene Bauer**





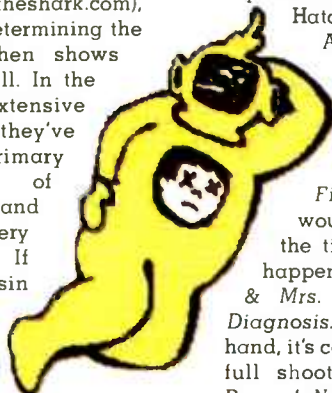
YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS

It might seem that every possible reality-TV show has been done by now, but one rich source of material has been overlooked: When Good TV Shows Go Bad. Fortunately, that gap has been filled by **Jump The Shark** (www.jumptheshark.com),



a site devoted to determining the exact moment when shows start to go downhill. In the proprietors' extensive research, they've determined the primary danger signs of imminent suckage, and they don't stop at Very Special Episodes. If the phrase "Cousin Oliver" makes you shudder, you're on the right track. Candidates for shark-jumping (as they call it) include Same Character/Different Actor, They Did It (from Sam and Diane to Dawson and Joey, it

always ruins the dynamic), Moving (consider *Laverne & Shirley* after they left Milwaukee) and, most damning of all, appearances by Ted McGinley, who singlehandedly ruined *The Love Boat*, *Dynasty* and *Married...With Children*. Anyone can post comments and votes on any show's decline—there are thousands covered on the site—and there's also a Very Special Section reserved for shows that never jumped: the



all-time champions include *The Simpsons*, both Bob Newhart shows and *Quantum Leap*.

Looking for quantum leaps in a different TV context? Look no further than **Quantum Physics: The Brady Perspective** (www.sfo.com/~costanos/QuantumBrady/). It's not as complete as one would hope, but it does explain Erwin Schrödinger's uncertainty theory by way of Tiger rather than the usual cat, quantum tunneling via Marsha's "Ouch! My Nose!" football incident, and duality in light thanks to the episode where Greg tricked his brothers into thinking they'd seen a UFO. Site creator Brian Rosenthal's home page is brilliantly called **www.thegoodnamesweretaken.com**, and it's got links to a bunch of his other sites, including one devoted to the idea of putting Prozac in Pez dispensers, another that purports to be a "Tobacco Industry Cookbook" (secondhand smoked salmon, steak tartar...), and a National Center For Missing And Exploited Socks.

On the Net, nothing that has ever flickered across a screen can rest easy in its grave. Richard Hatch—Captain Apollo from *Battlestar Galactica*—has apparently been trying to revive the '80s science fiction show with its original cast, under the name **Battlestar Galactica: The Second Coming** (in competition with a *Galactica* movie in the works from series creator Glen Larson). Hatch's site, at www.battlestargalactica.com, is remarkably comprehensive, if a little bit poignant in its evocation of past glories that weren't really all that glorious. It's even got interviews with most of the principals who appear in the trailer Hatch has made. There are fan sites, including battlestarpegasus.com and battlestar.homepage.com, whose main point is petitioning the owners of the show's copyrights to let Hatch produce his sequel.

As if the world needed more proof that serious TV buffs have lots of time on their hands, **Drew's TV Script-O-Rama** (www.script-o-rama.com/tv/tvscript.shtml) offers links to more than a hundred sites where people have transcribed scripts for their favorite shows. Naturally, pretty much every *Simpsons* and *X-Files* transcript ever is available, but who would have thought someone would take the time to write down everything that happened on 20 episodes of *Scarecrow & Mrs. King*, or 16 episodes of *Diagnosis: Murder?* On the other hand, it's comforting to know that a full shooting script for a *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood* in which Fred Rogers gets a lei made out of peanuts is only a few clicks away.

And if all this TV is getting to be too much for you, click on over to www.whitedot.org—a site dedicated to turning off televisions and doing other stuff instead. This year's **International TV-Turnoff Week** is April 24-30; why not spend your time in front of another kind of addictive cathode-ray box for a change of pace?





BATTLEZONE II

(Activision) PC

The first remake of the arcade classic, *Battlezone*, was one of the best action-meets-strategy hybrids of its day. It was also tragically overlooked by gamers. Now Activision, perhaps believing *Battlezone*'s lackluster sales were due to the game's complexity, has streamlined *Battlezone II* into a more precise vehicle with a storyline beginning where the original left off, and opens up as the player gains world-management skills and familiarization with the much-improved user interface. It might seem your hand is being held through the first few introductory missions, but as more and more responsibility is heaped on, you'll be glad. More developers should include such seamless in-game training. As high as *BZII* scores in gameplay, it can also easily claim bragging rights as having amazingly beautiful graphics. The alien terrain and pyrotechnic effects are just stunning, and the eye candy is scalable so you don't need the latest hardware to run the game. »»A.C.

THE SIMS

(Electronic Arts-Maxis) PC

SimCity was easy by comparison. Just make sure you didn't put a coal-burning power plant or sewer treatment facility near a residential area and everything was peachy in your computer village. *The Sims*, however, is more like a virtual exercise in babysitting a spoiled child, as the characters in Activision's life simulator are greedy, money-grubbing, egocentric brats who generally want the latest in technology to satisfy their over-materialistic sensibilities and impress their so-called friends. If that sounds a little harsh, consider that every item you buy for your *Sims* home is rated on qualities such as "comfort," "fun" and "social." Generally speaking, the more expensive the item, the higher it will



rate, and the more pleasure your Sims and their neighbors will get out of it, not giving you grief when it's time to clean the house or get a job. The game gives you a certain amount of cash for initial house-building and furnishing (which is actually the game's most engrossing feature), along with either a pre-selected family or a character of your own creation. After that, it's up to you to teach the Sims under your control how to relate to get a job, find a mate, start a family, and be happy and successful. There are plenty of obstacles, though. After spending hours nurturing my Sim, I watched in horror as he suddenly drowned in a tragic kitchen sink mishap. Maybe I should stick to my Tamagotchi. »»A.C.



MTV MUSIC GENERATOR

(Activision-Codemasters) PSX

The *MTV Music Generator*, one of this year's most anticipated Sony PlayStation games, isn't really a game at all. It's actually the PSX version of a MIDI sequencer that allows participants to create original rock, techno, trance or drum 'n' bass compositions. After processing the system's somewhat intimidating instruction manual, users will find that the system works similar to the real thing: Thousands of pre-recorded sound clips from *MMG*'s extensive catalog can be downloaded and reconfigured, while more advanced "players" can create even more distinguishable tracks by writing original riffs and by sampling from audio CDs. The game also features a low-res video program (providing some psychedelic eye-candy for your tunes) and a "Jam Mode" that allows two to four players to spontaneously create music in real time. But the true selling point of *MMG* is that it gives both aspiring musicians and curious dabblers the ability to compose and document completely unique pieces of music—a creative perk that rivals even reaching those hidden bonus rounds. »»M. Tye Comer



SOUTH PARK RALLY

(Acclaim) PC/PSX/N64

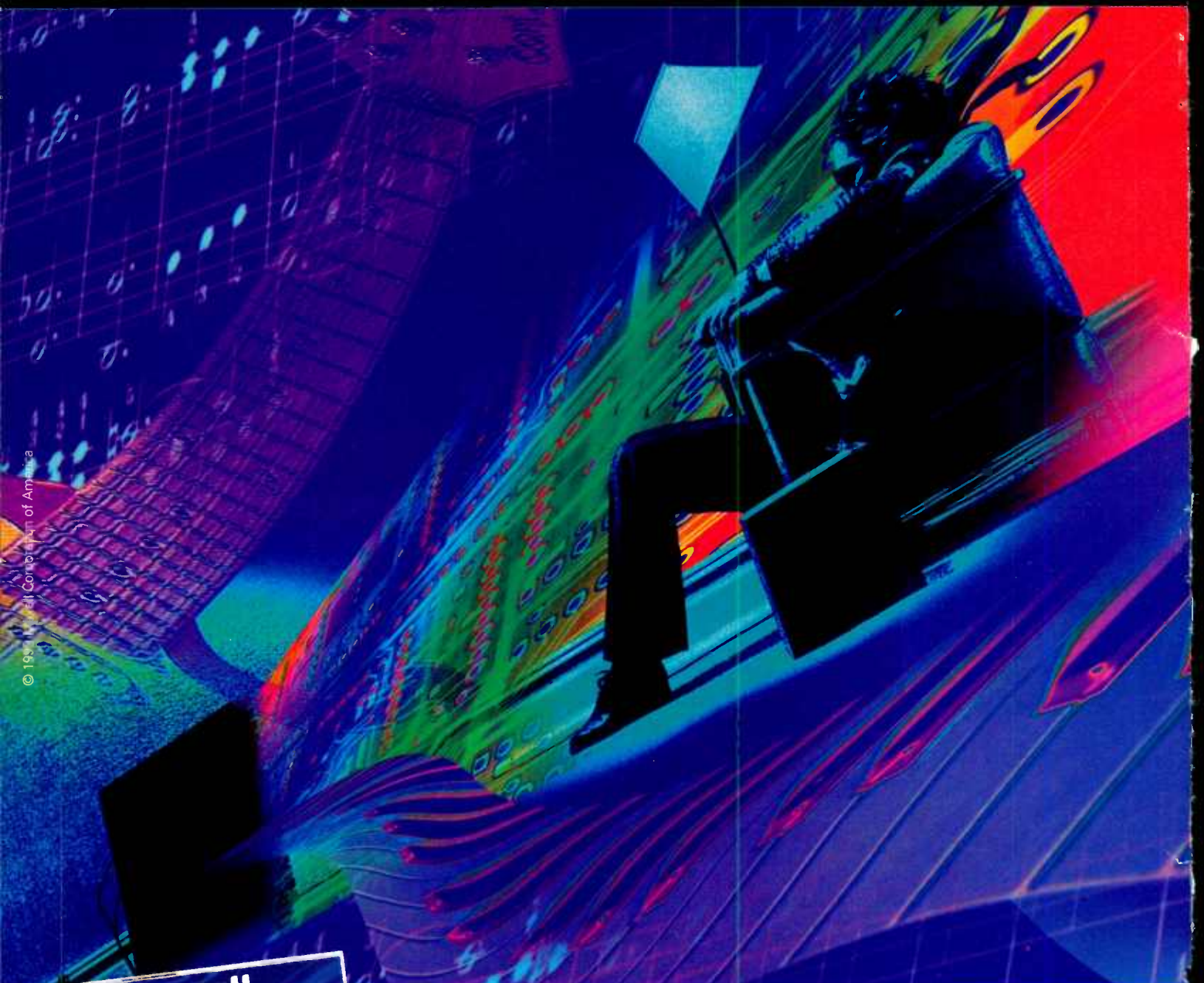
Unless the N64 or PSX versions of *South Park Rally* are significantly better than the PC version, you can consider the latest offering from the South Park franchise a near-total disaster. While *South Park Rally* features plenty of sound bytes from the show as well as the same great cutout-type graphics, winning isn't very easy and you have to win some games to unlock many of the gaming modes. One small miscalculation around a corner and Stan, Cartman, Kyle and Kenny will dash so far ahead of you that there's not a cow's chance in hell you'll ever catch up with them. *South Park Rally* has powerups and weapons to disable your opponents, but aiming them is futile unless your target is directly in front, or directly behind you. Screw you guys, I'm going home! »»A.C.



TO THE POWER OF MAXELL

MUSIC

© 1997 Maxell Corporation of America



SO CLEAR. SO PRECISE. MAXELL'S NEW CD-R MUSIC OR MINIDISC.
THE ULTIMATE DIGITAL MUSIC EXPERIENCE.

RAISE YOUR MUSIC TO THE POWER OF MAXELL.

maxell 

how to use this page

1. Cut along dotted line.
2. Fold in half.
3. Slip into our CD holder or a jewel case.
4. Autobots, transform and roll!



WILLARD GRANT CONSPIRACY



U.S. CRUSH



WONDERLAND

15 "Our music is rock that comes from a punk background," says **U.S. CRUSH**'s singer/songwriter Denny Lake, "but we're not scared to make melody and harmony important elements of the mix." The band's not scared to tell you how good they are, either. "This is our time to make it happen," Lake says. "I always knew this band has what it takes and now that we're in the right situation with the right people, there will be no stopping us." The Southern California quintet's self-titled debut (Immortal-Virgin) features "Bleed." (See Reviews p. 74.)

16 Los Angeles's **FRANKIE MACHINE** took its name from Frank Sinatra's character in *The Man With The Golden Arm*. The band is more rock 'n' roll than it is doo-bee-doo-bee-doo, though, citing influences like Black Sabbath and Journey. "We wanted to make pop hooks, but with heavy guitars prominent," says singer/guitarist Ryan Martin. "Not like Deftones-heavy, you know, but hard, combined with tons of backing vocals and melody." The quartet's debut, *One* (Mammoth) features "Sell Me," and a cover of Split Enz's "I Got You." (See Reviews p. 60.)

17 Contrary to what the band's name might suggest, England's **UNAMERICAN** has a positive attitude towards the States. "We love the music of America, and recording our album there had always been our ambition," guitarist/vocalist Steve McEwan says of the band's self-titled debut on Estupendo-Universal, which features "Mary's Son." "America is less into images and more into how good the music is," adds bassist Pete Clarke. "The place is so big, you can tour from January to December and never play the same place twice. That would suit us fine."

18 "I never wanted to become one of those groups that is only impressive on stage," says Scott Kail, vocalist for Los Angeles's **WONDERLAND**. "The records are going to last long after the band is gone, so we work hard to create good songs—songs that are statements, not just excuses to tour and perform." According to guitarist Stephen Ferrara, the tracks on the band's debut album, *The End Of Bliss* (Jericho) (including "Wonderland") are well-suited for performance too. "Our songs are like theatrical pieces, little films," he says. "Scott is the narrator."

1 "These songs are fucking great," says **MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES** frontman Dicky Barrett of the band's sixth studio album, *Pay Attention* (Big Rig-Island)—from which "So Sad To Say" is culled. "This is exactly what you need to hear, at this exact time." Cocky, yes, but the Bostonian eight-man-band has survived for 15 years, giving birth to the ska-influenced rock wave that No Doubt and Sublime rode in on. What's the key to the band's longevity? "Hard work, a passion for the music, a love for one another, and a genuine respect for the people that call themselves fans of the band. You can put those in whatever order you want." (See Cover Story p. 46.)

2 "I've got a good feeling about this track," **SUPERGRASS**'s Gaz Coombes told the *Daily Telegraph* of "Pumping On Your Stereo," from the band's new self-titled album on Island Def Jam. "It's the kind of song that would get me dancing at the school disco." The video for that track, from the London trio's third longplayer, features Coombes and his mates doing just that—in the form of floppy-limbed dancing puppets. Heard that one before? Well, according to drummer Danny Goffey, the puppets got the job done. "It's just hilarious," he said. "It's caught the essence of the song—silly, fun and lively." (See Feature p. 34, Reviews p. 71.)

3 "My voice used to really be a constant source of irritation for me because I didn't have as much control over it," says **ELLIOTT SMITH**, whose confessional baritone sounds just fine on "Son Of Sam" from *Figure 8* (DreamWorks). "A lot of my favorite singers, like Joe Strummer or Dylan, don't necessarily sing on key; some of my other favorites, like John Doe, are always kind of dead-on, and Paul McCartney sings like a bird. So it always kind of bothered me that I couldn't sing right in the middle of the note all the time, and I still can't, but I just don't care so much now." (See Feature p.30.)

4 Grammy-nominated Latin American songwriter **NAVA**—a.k.a. Rodolfo Barrera—is responsible for penning tracks on 10 platinum and 15 gold albums, but he's just now trying on the "artist" hat. Already well-known in his native Puerto Rico, Nava spent some time in the States in the '80s, touring with a Spanish language repertoire before the Latin explosion was a wrinkle in Anglo America's eyes. His new album on Ryko/Latino introduces tracks like "El Amor Los Tres" to audiences who have yet only heard his songs through artists like Jose Feliciano, Pedro Fernandez and Wilkins.



MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES



SUPER GRASS



ELLIOTT SMITH

What to do if your CD arrived damaged or if you purchased a copy of CMJ New Music Monthly and the CD was broken:

Return the damaged CD to:

**CMJ New Music Monthly
Attn.: CD Replacement
11 Middle Neck Road, Ste. 400
Great Neck, NY 11021-2301**

A new CD will be sent out to you upon receipt of your returned CD.

VISIT CMJ ONLINE AT [HTTP://WWW.CMJ.COM](http://www.cmj.com)

Thanks for using our feedback form. Since the satisfaction of letting us know what you think about the tracks on this month's CD is immeasurable, each respondent will be automatically entered to win something more tangible: a Rhino Records box set. Five winners will be chosen randomly. To respond, you may mail or fax the form below, email us, or see us online at <http://www.cmj.com/NewMusic/Feedback.html>. Contact information is on the right.

WIN FREE STUFF FROM RHINO!

Mail: CMJ New Music Monthly, 11 Middle Neck Road, Suite 400, Great Neck, NY 11021-2301
 FAX: 516-466-7159 e-mail: cmjmonthly@cmj.com



THE EELS



MILES DAVIS



MDFMK

10 Roy Carr's *A Century Of Jazz* quotes a self-effacing **JOHN COLTRANE** as being less than pleased by his early sax output with trumpeter **MILES DAVIS**: "I am quite ashamed of those early records I made with Miles Davis. Why he picked me, I don't know. Maybe he saw something in my playing that he hoped would grow. I had this desire, which I think we all have, to be as original as I could, and as honest as I could be. But there were so many musical conclusions I hadn't arrived at yet, that I felt inadequate." Sample the fruits of said "inadequate" playing on the combo's version of T.S. Monk's "Round Midnight," taken from the six-CD Columbia Legacy box set, *The Complete Miles Davis Featuring John Coltrane*.

11 Memphis brothers and **NORTH MISSISSIPPI ALLSTARS** founders Luther and Cody Dickinson are proud of their southern roots. "We would never move out of here," guitarist Luther told *The New York Times*. "If we became successful, it would be our responsibility to bring that success here. In fact, we want to open up our own juke joint in Memphis. We're going to do it: us and R.L. Burnside's sons." The Dickinsons' blues-boogie debut full-length (with bassist Chris Chew) *Shake Hands With Shory* (Tone-Cool Records) features "Shake 'Em On Down."

12 Guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** has worked with a varied mix of musicians, from Charles Mingus and Miles Davis to Gov't Mule and moe. "I guess I've had a pretty good look at some really great players," he says. "The soulfulness of your music goes up when you play with musicians at that level." "Blackout" is from his latest, *Bump* (Verve); he's put together a new group to create a mix of jazz, groove and funk. Along with members of New England jam band Deep Banana Blackout, *Bump* features Soul Coughing's Mark De Gl'Antoni and Chris Wood of Medeski, Martin & Wood. (See Reviews, p. 68.)

13 In 1968, **LEE "SCRATCH" PERRY** found the fledgling Wailers a rhythm section and pushed them from their doo-wop sound. Perry—known for bizarre antics—recently explained the origins of his dub label, Black Ark, to the *Wellington Evening Post*: "My UFO headquarter is in Titicaca, Peru, and I am Perry. You can spell, I am Perry, you put on P-E-R-R-Y, P-E-R-U is Peru. I think I am Mr. Peru, and my UFO is spaceship... I didn't want to hurt the black people so I put down an ark and called it Black Ark." It's all so clear to us now. "Roast Fish And Corn Bread [Extended Mix]" is from *The Ultimate Collection* (Hip-O).

14 "Musically speaking, this is the first album I'm really happy with," says **MDFMK**'s Sascha Konietzko of the band's self-titled album on Republic-Universal. "There were no compromises. No guitarists. And no weird people flopping around the studio in tutus. Those days are over." Fans of Konietzko's former project will be glad to hear his continued partnership with ex-KMFDM-er Tim Skold on tracks like "Get Out Of My Head." Fans of tutus will be glad to know the band's not necessarily rid of them altogether. Says Skold, "He doesn't know that I have some really cool tutus lined up. There will be some nasty surprises for sure." (See Reviews p. 65.)

5 The secret to **FATBOY SLIM**'s success is simple: "I've been doing this for 14 years. My taste in music is more accessible," he said to the *Irish Times*. "I like a nice tune, a hookline and a chorus. I'm not deliberately moody. Another thing was that whole big beat thing, which people like Tom and Ed (a.k.a. The Chemical Brothers) and Jon Carter started. I was just around at the right time." **WILDCHILD**'s "Renegade Master [Fatboy Slim Old Skool Mix]" preceded the DJ's hit Fatboy albums, and is now compiled with other remixes and songs from Cook's old band, Beats International, on *The Fatboy Slim/Norman Cook Collection* (Hip-O).

6 LA-based (by way of Chicago). **SPONTANEOUS**'s name is a self-tribute to his freestyle skills. His debut, *Spur Of The Moment Music* (Good Vibe) features guest spots by some of today's hottest MCs, as heard on "SRV1 (featuring Tash from The Alkaholiks & DJ Revolution)," but also some rhymes from an ultimate old-schooler, Kurtis Blow. And that makes perfect sense to the extemporaneous rapper: "When I watch *Krush Groove*, the whole essence of what it's about, it brings out something—the original spirit of hip-hop. Let that shit go and be spontaneous and do what you feel inside." (See On The Verge p. 21.)

7 The mix of guitar and drum machines that Montpelier, France-based **rinôçérôse** flaunts on "La Guitaristic House Organisation (Radio Edit)," and throughout the act's Stateside debut, *Installation Sonore* (V2), gives both pop and house music a much-needed push ahead. But guitarist Jean-Philippe Freu hasn't quit his university day job as a psychology lecturer. "I don't tell my students about my music," he says. "But some of them know music and find out. They interview me for fanzines." (See On The Verge p. 20.)

8 The last **EELS** release, *Electro-Shock Blues*, was motivated by the untimely deaths of frontman E's sister and mother. With his newest, *Daisies Of The Galaxy* (DreamWorks) though, he's found his motivation in life. "The funeral is over—let's go to the wake!" he says. "I needed to make something in love with life for my own sanity. It became important that I make simple, pure, sweet music." "Mr. E's Beautiful Blues" is a glimpse of E's new outlook. "This record has two songs with the word 'daisies' in the title," he says, "and neither of them has 'pushing up' before it." (See Q&A p. 18.)

9 **WILLARD GRANT CONSPIRACY** formed in Boston in 1995 to test out a friend's new studio, with no serious expectations. "It was just songs coming out, and it was fun and exciting and it felt like something special was falling together," guitarist Paul Austin says. Now on the band's third full-length, *Mojave* (Slow River-Rykodisc)—home of "Color Of The Sun"—Austin, singer Robert Fisher and their revolving contributors have apparently found a focus. "By *Mojave* we had an idea what we wanted to do and how to do it. You can hear that we're more confident putting our ideas across," Austin says. "At least I hope you can." (See Best New Music p. 23.)

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ENOUGH ABOUT YOU, LET'S TALK ABOUT ME:

1. I am: male female
 2. I am: under 18 18-24 25-34 35-44 45 & up beyond age
 3. And I buy _____ CDs per month: 0-2 3-5 6-10 more than 10

Please rate your reaction to each track:
 5 = love
 4 = just friends
 3 = pleasant ambivalence
 2 = benign indifference
 1 = nausea

Check box if this CD introduced you to the artist:

<input type="checkbox"/> 1. MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSSTONES	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 2. SUPERGRASS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 3. ELLIOTT SMITH	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 4. NAVA	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 5. WILDCHILD	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 6. SPONTANEOUS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 7. rinôçérôse	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 8. EELS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 9. WILLARD GRANT CONSPIRACY	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 10. MILES DAVIS feat. JOHN COLTRANE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 11. NORTH MISSISSIPPI ALLSTARS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 12. JOHN SCOFIELD	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 13. LEE "SCRATCH" PERRY	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 14. MDFMK	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 15. U.S. CRUSH	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 16. FRANKIE MACHINE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 17. UNAMERICAN	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 18. WONDERLAND	5	4	3	2	1

Will you be purchasing any of the discs from any of the disc's featured artists? Yes No

Which section in the magazine do you read first?
 Cover Story Best New Music Reviews
 Letters To The Editor Quick Fix On The Verge
 Life/Style On The CD
 Other _____

How many other people (besides yourself) read the magazine? _____ Listen to the disc? _____

How did you get *CMJ New Music Monthly*?
 Subscription Newsstand Record Store
 Bookstore Other _____

Would you like to hear from our advertisers?
 Maxell TDK Buy.com
 Timex G-Shock Mp3.com
 Listen.com Rioport EMusic.com
 USA Films

Do you own (check all that apply)?
 Computer with CD-R burner Mini-disc recorder
 MP3 files on your computer CD-R burner
 MP3 player



NAVA



SPONTANEOUS



rinôçérôse

LABELS OF ARTISTS WHO APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

KEY: *Artist (label) where covered* Web site

Billy Mahonie (Beggars Banquet) Reviews p. 52
www.billymahonie.com

Cindy Blackman (32 Jazz) Flashback p. 83
www.jazzcorner.com/blackman/blackmanhome.html

The Blacks (Bloodshot) Reviews p. 63

Bob Tilton (Southern) Reviews p. 52
www.southern.com/southern/band/BOBTI

Robert Bradley's Blackwater Surprise (RCA) Reviews p. 52
www.rblackwatersurprise.com

Big Bill Broonzy (Smithsonian Folkways) Flashback p. 83

Jeff Buckley (Columbia) Flashback p. 83
www.jeffbuckley.com

Terry Callier (Premonition) Quick Fix p. 13, Flashback p. 83
www.terrycallier.com

Johnny Cash (Columbia) Flashback p. 83
www.johnnycash.com

Peter Case (Vanguard) Reviews p. 53
www.vanguardrecords.com/case

Chumbawamba (Universal) Reviews p. 53
www.chumba.com

Common (MCA) Feature p. 38
www.okayplayer.com/common/index.htm

The Cult (Beggars Banquet) Flashback p. 83
www.purecult.com

Miles Davis (Columbia Legacy) On The CD p. 99
www.milesdavis.net

Dead Prez (Loud) Hip-Hop p. 81
www.sonymusic.com/labels/loud/html/ffdead.html

Death Cab For Cutie (Barsuk) Quick Fix p. 15
www.ben2.ucla.edu/~emowuss/dcfcc

Delta 72 (Touch And Go) Reviews p. 56, Quick Fix p. 14
www.southern.com/band/southern/DEL72

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien (75 Ark) Quick Fix p. 11

Dimitri From Paris (Astralwerks) Reviews p. 56

Discount (New American Dream) Reviews p. 56
www.discounttheband.com

DJ Cam (Shadow) Mixed Signals p. 75
www.sonymusic.fr/djcam

DJ Dan (Moonshine) Mixed Signals p. 75
www.djdan.com

Earlham (Devil In The Woods) Reviews p. 58
www.devilinthewoods.com/label/earlham01.htm#

Eels (DreamWorks) On The CD p. 99
www.robporter.demon.co.uk/eel.htm

Everything But The Girl (Atlantic) Singles p. 82
www.ebtg.com

EyeHateGod (Century Media) Metal p. 79
www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Hall/7547/main.htm

Fatlip (Delicious Vinyl) In My Room p. 15
www.dvnyl.com/artistspage/fatlip/fatlip.html

Tim Finn (Perscope-Sonny's Pop) Reviews p. 58
www.timfinn.com

Fishbone (Hollywood) In My Room p. 14
www.fishbone.net

Flashing Lights (SpinART) Reviews p. 59
www.flashinglights.com

Flogging Molly (Side One Dummy) Reviews p. 59
www.26f.com

Frankie Machine (Mammoth) Reviews p. 60, On The CD p. 99
www.come.to/frankiebaby

Funkstörung (Studio K7) Best New Music p. 24
multisanta.home.sprynet.com/mas/#

Galactic (Capricorn) Reviews p. 60
www.galacticfunk.com

Granddaddy (V2) Reviews p. 61
www.granddaddylandscape.com

David Gray (ATO) Best New Music p. 24
www.davidgray.com

Adam Green (Pro Anti) Singles p. 82

Green Velvet (F-111) Feature p. 28

Handsome Family (Carrot Top) Reviews p. 61
handsomefamily.home.mindspring.com

Kelly Hogan And The Pine Valley Cosmonauts (Bloodshot) Reviews p. 63
www.kellyhogan.com

Hot Water Music (Some) On The Verge p. 20
www.indiepress.com

Jimmy Eat World (Big Wheel Recreation) Quick Fix p. 16
www.jimmyeatworld.net

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan (Music Club) Best New Music p. 24
www.nfak.com

Kid 606 (Tigerbeat6) Dance p. 80
brainwashed.com/kid606

Fela Kuti (Universal) Flashback p. 83

The Lapse (Southern) Reviews p. 62
users.pandora.be/fugazi/the_lapse.htm

Christopher Lawrence (Moonshine) Mixed Signals p. 75
www.christopherlawrence.com

Ute Lemper (Universal Classics) Feature p. 26
www.estraron.demon.co.uk/utelerper/index.htm

Lifter Puller (Frenchkiss) Best New Music p. 23
www.lifterpuller.com

Los Straitjackets (Yep Rock) In My Life p. 87
los.straitjackets.com

Lullaby Baxter Trio (Atlantic) Reviews p. 62

The Makers (Sub Pop) Reviews p. 64
www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Plaza/6787

Matt Pond PA (File 13) Reviews p. 64

MDFMK (Republic-Universal) Reviews p. 65, On The CD p. 99
www.mdfmk.com

Mekons (Touch And Go) Reviews p. 65
www.southern.com/southern/band/MEKON

Memphis Slim (Smithsonian Folkways) Flashback p. 83

Metal Church (Nuclear Blast) Metal p. 79
www.metalchurch.com

Mighty Mighty Bosstones (Big Rig-Island) Cover Story p. 46, On The CD p. 99
www.bosstones.com

Ian Moore (Koch) Reviews p. 66
www.ianmoore.com

Roy Nathanson (Six Degrees) Reviews p. 66

Nava (Ryko/Latin) On The CD p. 99

Nocturnus (Season Of Mist) Metal p. 79
www.nocturnus.com

North Mississippi Allstars (Tone-Cool) On The CD p. 99
www.nmallstars.com

Lee "Scratch" Perry (Hip-O) On The CD p. 99
www.incentre.net/sleeper/scratch.htm

Primal Scream (Creation) Reviews p. 67
www.screamadelica.co.uk

Quickspace (Matador) Reviews p. 67

Recoil (Mute) Reviews p. 68
www.recoil.co.uk/techno/audio/area2.htm

Lou Reed (Reprise) Reviews p. 68
www.loureed.org

Reverend Horton Heat (Time Bomb-Arista) Best New Music p. 23
www.reverendhortonheat.com

rinôçérôse (V2) On The Verge p. 20, On The CD p. 99
www.johnscofield.com

John Scofield (Verve) On The CD p. 99
www.johnscofield.com

Pal Shazar (Stylus) Reviews p. 69
www.stylusrecords.com/NEW/ps.html

Six By Seven (Beggars Banquet) Reviews p. 69
members.aol.com/thea6x7

Sleater-Kinney (Kill Rock Stars) Feature p. 42
www.napanet.net/~lina/ask

Elliott Smith (DreamWorks) Feature p. 30, On The CD p. 99
members.tripod.com/~pitsele/elliottsmith.html

Spontaneous (Good Vibe Recordings) On The Verge p. 21, On The CD p. 99

Spring Heel Jack (Thirsty Ear) Reviews p. 70

Starlet (Parasol) Reviews p. 70
www.ewing-oil.net/starlet

Starlight Desperation (Flapping Jet) Reviews p. 56

Stratford Mercenaries (Southern) Reviews p. 71
www.stratfordmercenaries.co.uk

Supergrass (Island-Def Jam) Feature p. 34, Reviews p. 71, On The CD p. 99
www.supergrass.com

Tied And Ticked Trio (Drag City) Reviews p. 72

Mary Timony (Matador) Reviews p. 74

Trevor (Daria) Singles p. 82
www.pulcec.com

Unamerican (Estupendo-Universal) On The CD p. 99
www.unamericanonline.com

U.S. Crush (Immortal-Virgin) Reviews p. 74, On The CD p. 99
www.uscrush.com

Wildchild (Hip-O) On The CD p. 99

Willard Grant Conspiracy (Slow River-Rykodisc) Best New Music p. 23, On The CD p. 99
www.popnews.com/wgc/us/index.htm

Wonderland (Jericho/Sire) On The CD p. 99
www.wonderlandla.com

Camille Yarbrough (Vanguard) Flashback p. 83

75 Ark
 77 Chambers St., 4th Fl.
 New York, NY 10007
www.75ark.com

32 Records
 250 West 57th Street, Ste. 620
 New York, NY 10107
www.32records.com

Astralwerks
 104 W. 29th St., 4th Fl.
 New York, NY 10001
www.astralwerks.com

Atlantic
 1290 Ave. of the Americas
 New York, NY 10104
www.atlantic-records.com

ATO
 245 Eighth Ave., Ste. 162
 New York, NY 10011
www.atorecords.com

Barsuk
 P.O. Box 31016
 Seattle, WA 98103
www.barsuk.com

Beggars Banquet
 580 Broadway
 New York, NY 10012
www.beggars.com

Bloodshot
 3039 W. Irving Park Rd.
 Chicago, IL 60618
www.bloodshotrecords.com

Capricorn
 83 Walton St.
 Atlanta, GA 30305
www.capricornrecords.com

Carrot Top
 935 W. Chestnut, Ste. LL15
 Chicago, IL 60622
www.carrotoprecords.com

Century Media
 1453A 14th St., Ste. 324
 Santa Monica, CA 90404
www.centurymedia.com

Columbia
 550 Madison Ave.
 New York, NY 10022
www.columbiarecords.com

Creation
 109x Regens Park Road
 London, NW1 8UR
 England
www.creation.co.uk

Darla
 625 Scott St., Ste. 301
 San Francisco, CA 94117
www.darla.com

Delicious Vinyl
 6607 Sunset Blvd
 Los Angeles, CA 90028
www.dvnyl.com

Devil In The Woods
 P.O. Box 6217
 Albany, CA 94706
www.devilinthewoods.com/abel

Drag City
 P.O. Box 476867
 Chicago, IL 60647
www.dragcity.com

DreamWorks
 100 Universal Plaza, Ste. 477
 Universal City, CA 91608
www.dreamworksec.com

Eighteenth Street Lounge
 1212 18th St. NW
 Washington, DC 20036
www.eslmusic.com

F-111
 75 Rockefeller Plaza
 New York, NY 10019
www.f-111.com

File 13
 P.O. Box 2302
 Philadelphia, PA 19103
www.file-13.com

Flapping Jet
 3639 Midway Drive Ste. 271
 San Diego, CA 92110
www.flappingjet.com

Frenchkiss
 111 East 14th Street
 PMB #229
 New York, NY 10003

Ge Street
 14 E. Fourth St.
 New York, NY 10003
www.geestreet.com

Goodvibe Recordings
 3151 Cauhuenga Blvd.
 Ste. 103
 Los Angeles, CA 90068
www.goodvibemusic.com

Hip-O
 10 Universal City Plaza
 Universal City, CA 91608
www.hip-o.com

Hollywood
 500 S. Buena Vista St.
 Burbank, CA 91521
www.hollywoodrec.com

Interscope
 10900 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 1230
 Los Angeles, CA 90024
www.interscoperecords.com

Island-Def Jam
 825 Eighth Ave., 24th Fl.
 New York, NY 10019
www.islanddefjam.com

Juna
 7257 Beverly Blvd., Ste. 220
 Los Angeles, CA 90036

Kill Rock Stars
 120 NE State Ave., Ste. 418
 Olympia, WA 98501
www.killrockstars.com

Koch
 2 Tri-Harbour Ct.
 Port Washington, NY 11050
www.kochint.com

Legacy
 550 Madison Ave.
 New York, NY 10022
www.sonymusic.com

Loud
 205 Lexington Ave., 4th Fl.
 New York, NY 10016
www.loud.com

Mammoth
 101 B St.
 Carboro, NC 27510
www.mammoth.com

Matador
 625 Broadway, 12th floor
 New York, NY 10012
www.matadorec.com

MCA
 70 Universal City Plaza
 Universal City, CA 91608
www.mcarecords.com

Music Club
 P.O. Box 497
 Hoboken, NJ 07030
www.musicclub.com

Mute
 140 West 22nd St., Ste. 10A
 New York, NY 10011 St
www.muteitibtech.com

New American Dream
 P.O. Box 265
 Balboa Island, CA 92662
www.newamericandream.com

Nuclear Blast
 P.O. Box 251
 Millersville, PA 17551
www.nuclearblast-usa.com

Parasol
 905 South Lynn Street
 Urbana, Illinois 61801-5205
www.parasolrecords.com

Premonition
 1147 W. Ohio, Ste. 306
 Chicago, IL 60622
www.premonitionandmusic.com

Pro Anti
 Cooper Station
 P.O. Box 282
 New York, NY 10276

RCA
 1540 Broadway
 New York, NY 10036
www.bmg.com/labels/rca.htm

Red Ink
 79 Fifth Ave.
 New York, NY 10003

Reprise
 75 Rockefeller Plaza
 New York, NY 10019
www.repriserec.com

Righteous Babe
 P.O. Box 95
 Eliott St.
 Buffalo, NY 14205

Rykodisc
 4 Columbus Circle, 5th Fl.
 New York, NY 10019
www.rykodisc.com

Ryko/Latin
 4 Columbus Circle, 5th Fl.
 New York, NY 10019
www.rykodisc.com/ryko/rcounter
nallyrykolabels/rykolati/default.htm

Season Of Mist
 24 Rue Brandis
 13005 Marseilles, France

Shadow
 111 East 14th St., Ste. 338
 New York, NY 10003

Side 1
 6201 Sunset Blvd, Ste. 211
 Hollywood, CA 90028
www.side1.com

Sire
 2034 Broadway
 Santa Monica, CA 90404
www.sirerecords.com

Six Degrees
 P.O. Box 411347
 San Francisco, CA 94141-1347
www.sixdegreesrecords.com

Smithsonian Folkways
 955 L'Enfant Plaza, Ste. 2600
 Washington, DC 20560
www.si.edu/organizational/offices/folklife/folkways

Some
 122 West 29th Street
 Fourth Floor
 New York, NY 10001
www.some.com

Southern
 3900 N. Claremont Ave.,
 3rd Fl.
 Chicago, IL 60618
www.southern.com

SpinART
 P.O. Box 1798
 New York, NY 10156
www.erols.com/spinart

Studio K7
 210 Fifth Ave.
 New York, NY 10010
www.studio-k7.com

Stylus
 131 Essex St., 3rd Fl.
 New York, NY 10002
www.stylusrecords.com

Sub Pop
 P.O. Box 20645
 Seattle, WA 98102
www.subpop.com

Thirsty Ear
 274 Madison Ave., Ste. 804
 New York, NY 10016
www.thirstyyear.com

Tigerbeat6
 4744 33rd St.
 San Diego, CA 92116
tigerbeat6.com

Time Bomb
 31652 Second Ave.
 Laguna Beach, CA 92677
www.timebombrecordings.com

Tone-Cool
 6 Abbott Rd. Annex
 Wellesley Hills, MA 02481
www.tonecool.com

Touch And Go
 P.O. Box 25520
 Chicago, IL 60647
www.southern.com/Southern/label/TCH/index.html

Trauma
 15206 Ventura Blvd.
 Sherman Oaks, CA 91403
www.traumarecords.com

Universal
 1755 Broadway, 7th Fl.
 New York, NY 10019
www.unistudios.com

V2
 14 East Fourth St., 3rd Fl.
 New York, NY 10012
www.v2music.com

Vanguard
 P.O. Box 1862
 Woodland, CA 95776
www.vanguardrecords.com

Verve
 825 Eighth Ave., 26th Fl.
 New York, NY 10019
www.verveinteractive.com

Virgin
 338 N. Foothill Road
 Beverly Hills, CA 90210
www.virginrecords.com

Yep Rock
 P.O. Box 4821
 Chapel Hill, NC 27515-4821
www.redeyusa.com

classifieds

Classified Rates: Display \$200 per column inch (1 inch min.). Payment must accompany all orders. We accept VISA, MC, Amex, Discover, checks & money orders. To advertise, call (516) 498-3133.

WWW. INDIEMUSIC .CO.UK
save
\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

Why pay import prices at your
local record store
when you can buy at local
prices on the net?

From the latest new releases
to rare collectables, including
indie, punk, grunge, C86 etc.

JAMMIN' 99
Free CD and hat!
...Just send \$2.50 for s&h.
Come see bandcity at:
www.bandcity.com

CHROME CD Cases DJ Bags
Messenger Bags



303.292.0194 | www.recordbags.com
Custom Designs • Private Label • OEM
Any Fabric • Any Quantity • Quick Lead Times

**BECOME A
RADIO DJ!**

Free info: 888-723-4637
www.djbook.com

CMJ Online
new music first

DAILY REVIEWS
AND NEWS.

Plus trivia,
upcoming release
schedules, links to
labels, artists and
Internet
broadcasters, and a
searchable archive
of more than
30,000 reviews.

www.cmj.com

PENILE ENLARGEMENT
FDA Approved Vacuum Pump or Surgical.
Gain 1-3". Permanent, safe. Resolve Impotence.
Insurance Reimbursement.

FREE BROCHURE
Dr. Joel Kaplan 312-458-9966
Latest Enlargement Info: 900-976-PUMP(\$2.95/min)
www.drjoelkaplan.com

**SELL YOUR
MUSIC!**



Full Color
Promo Cards
\$95
500 copies

Create Your Own Full Color Custom
Promo Cards To Market Your Instruments
& Accessories • Great For Recording &
Sound Studios • Feature Record Releases
& New Bands • Perfect For Trade Shows,
Special Events & More! • Call Now For
More Information & A Free Sample Kit!

Modern Postcard™
1-800-959-8365

©1993 Modern Postcard. All rights reserved.

YOUR WRESTLING
SUPERSITE FEATURING
WEEKLY EPISODES OF

**TAKE
THE
BUMP**

go to:
grappling411.com

World Radio History

**Your Zines
Printed Cheap**



We're a growing group of independent
publishers of alternative magazines, zines
and comics. We gang press runs to
achieve volume discounts for members.

Quantity	16 Pages	32 Pages
1000	\$275	\$490
2000	\$375	\$630
3000	\$430	\$740

Call for a quote!!! Free brochure & samples
We do Newsprint, Glossy Covers, Colors
Small Publishers Co-Op
(941) 922-0844 spcoop@finet.com

SUBSCRIBE
TO CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

CALL
1-800-
414-
4CMJ
& GET 12
MONTHLY
ISSUES
+ 12 CDS
FOR ONLY
\$ 3 9 . 9 5

USE YOUR MIND. TRUST YOUR EARS

Girls Girls Girls
Totally live & waiting
900-226-0334 x4679
\$3.99/min 18+
Serv-u 619-645-8434

QUICK RELEASE
* Hot Samples *
1-800-374-7113
ADULTS OVER 18

LIVE HORNY GIRLS
1-800-689-6253
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

FILL IN THE GAPS IN YOUR CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY COLLECTION FOR ONLY \$8 PER ISSUE

(add \$3.50, shipping & handling for first magazine, \$1.00 for each additional per order. Checks/M.O.'s must be made in U.S. dollars drawn on a U.S. bank.)

ISSUE	COVER STORY	ISSUE	COVER STORY
<input type="checkbox"/> Sep '94	Velocity Girl	<input type="checkbox"/> Aug '97	Sarah McLachlan
<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '94	Liz Phair	<input type="checkbox"/> Sep '97	Prodigy
<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '95	Throwing Muses	<input type="checkbox"/> Oct '97	Trent Reznor
<input type="checkbox"/> Mar '95	Belly	<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '97	Portishead
<input type="checkbox"/> Apr '95	Faith No More	<input type="checkbox"/> Dec '97	Foo Fighters/ Holiday Gift Guide
<input type="checkbox"/> May '95	Juliana Hatfield	<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '98	Mary Lou Lord
<input type="checkbox"/> Jun '95	Chris Isaak	<input type="checkbox"/> Feb '98	Goldie
<input type="checkbox"/> Jul '95	Soul Asylum/ Special Summer Issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Mar '98	Ben Folds Five
<input type="checkbox"/> Aug '95	Primus	<input type="checkbox"/> Apr '98	Eddie Vedder & Janeane Garofalo/Q&A Issue
<input type="checkbox"/> Sep '95	Urge Overkill	<input type="checkbox"/> May '98	Pulp
<input type="checkbox"/> Oct '95	Flaming Lips	<input type="checkbox"/> Jun '98	Garbage
<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '95	Sonic Youth	<input type="checkbox"/> Jul '98	Tricky
<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '96	Rocket From The Crypt	<input type="checkbox"/> Aug '98	Smashing Pumpkins
<input type="checkbox"/> Feb '96	Presidents Of The USA	<input type="checkbox"/> Sep '98	Rancid
<input type="checkbox"/> Mar '96	Iggy Pop	<input type="checkbox"/> Oct '98	Rob Zombie
<input type="checkbox"/> Apr '96	Oasis	<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '98	Beck
<input type="checkbox"/> May '96	Guided By Voices	<input type="checkbox"/> Dec '98	Marilyn Manson
<input type="checkbox"/> Jun '96	Everything But The Girl	<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '99	Beth Orton
<input type="checkbox"/> Jul '96	Beck	<input type="checkbox"/> Feb '99	Ani DiFranco
<input type="checkbox"/> Aug '96	D-Generation/ Special NYC Issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Mar '99	Kurt Cobain
<input type="checkbox"/> Sep '96	Fiona Apple: Next Big Thing	<input type="checkbox"/> Apr '99	BI SOLD OUT
<input type="checkbox"/> Oct '96	Tracy Bonham	<input type="checkbox"/> May '99	Ben Folds Five
<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '96	The Lemonheads	<input type="checkbox"/> Jun '99	DJ RSOLD OUT
<input type="checkbox"/> Dec '96	Luscious Jackson/ Holiday Gift Guide	<input type="checkbox"/> Jul '99	Chemical Brothers
<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '97	Marilyn Manson	<input type="checkbox"/> Aug '99	Limp ISOLD OUT
<input type="checkbox"/> Feb '97	Future Of Music Issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Sept '99	MOS Def - The New Hip-Hop
<input type="checkbox"/> Apr '97	Chemical Brothers	<input type="checkbox"/> Oct '99	Buckch SOLD OUT
<input type="checkbox"/> Jun '97	Grand Royal	<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '99	Beck
<input type="checkbox"/> Jul '97	Squirrel Nut Zippers/ Special Summer Issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Dec '99	Foo Fighters
		<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '00	Kid Rock

SEND THIS ORDER FORM TO:
CMJ Back Issues Dept.,
11 Middle Neck Rd. Ste. 400
Great Neck, NY 11021
or CALL (516) 466-6000 ext. 100

OFFER GOOD IN NORTH
AMERICA ONLY
NO CASH PLEASE
SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED
PLEASE ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR
DELIVERY

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone (____) _____

I'm paying by: Check M.O.
 VISA MC AmEx Discover

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____
Cardholder's Name: _____
Signature: _____

_____ issues @ \$8 ea. = \$ _____
Shipping & Handling = \$ _____
TOTAL AMOUNT = \$ _____

World Radio History



April '00 TRAVIS (cover 2 of 2)



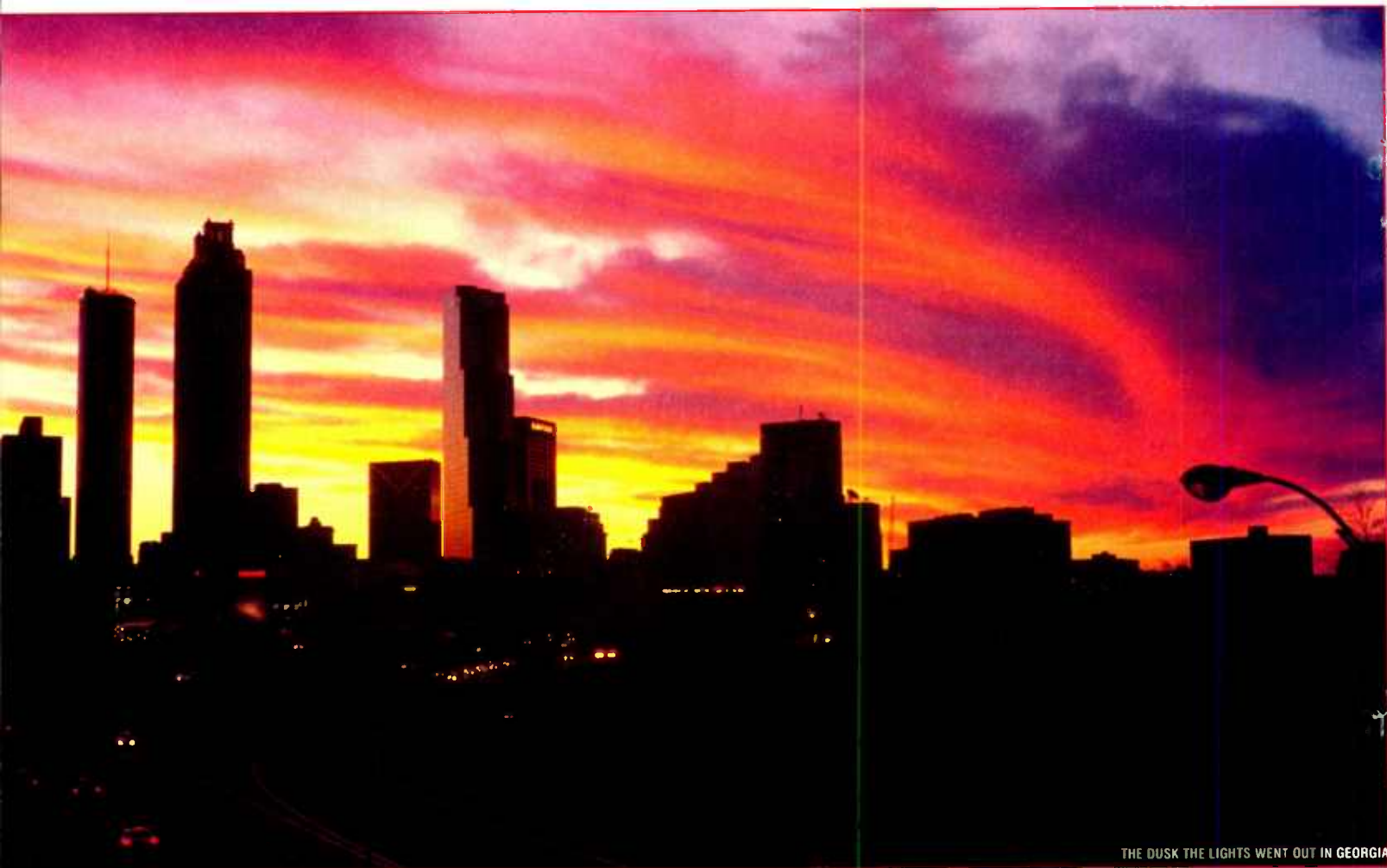
April '00 NEKO CASE (cover 1 of 2)



March '00 RUN DMC



February '00 RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE



THE DUSK THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN GEORGIA

Atlanta is a city experiencing puberty—it's growing outwardly, maturing inwardly. And just like a kid, sometimes it seems to be falling in with the wrong crowd. From the Delta hub to Ted Turner, Coca-Cola to the Cartoon Network to WCW wrestling, Atlanta has shared many natural resources with the world. Jimmy Carter, Martin Luther King, Jr., The Black Crowes, Curtis Mayfield and momentary superstar Shawn Mullins are all ours.

Maybe it's the humidity, but Little Richard, RuPaul and Ray Stevens hail from Atlanta as well. Even the kid playing "Dueling Banjos" in *Deliverance* is ours. Hey, Atlanta's even classy enough for part-time resident Sir Elton John.

Atlanta's legendary urban sprawl wins it the dubious prize of the longest average commute in the country. Our neighborhoods have personalities: Buckhead is Bourbon Street without the mystique; Midtown is all Mercedes and martini bars; Virginia-Highlands is a pleasant yuppie shopping district; Little Five Points, the classic crusty-punk hangout; and East Atlanta, the up-and-coming indie rock neighborhood combining the best of the rest.

All the while entrepreneurs—or gentrifiers, depending on your perspective—renovate and reclaim metro Atlanta. That dumpster out in front of your former loft? Next week, expect an art gallery featuring live drum 'n' bass from Aerial. The **Ballroom Studios** artists' loft (107 Luckie St. 522-2709) and alternative gallery **Eyedrum** (253 Trinity St. 687-0913) host everything from improv comedy to drum circles among the canvases.

But the lack of properly utilized space helps make the city diverse. Clubs like **Karma** (79 Popular St. NW. 577-6967) and **Nomenclature Museum** (44 12th St. 874-6344) host poetry, Deep House, funk, jazz, hip-

hop and Britpop in the same night. Because space is limited, the environment is very accepting. Whether you're jitterbugging or gettin' jiggy, crunk or punk, you're kickin' it together.

Peachtree Street runs the length of the city, with stoplights every block. But with the only alternative being overcrowded interstates, you have to have a car. Come on, be part of the problem.

The solution to gridlock boredom, however, is the most powerful student station in the country, WRAS (88.5 FM) at Georgia State University. The station's programming goes from underground hip-hop to minimal Cologne techno to any of Athens, Georgia's Elephant 6 crew.

For a more commercial "alternative," tune in WNNX, 99X. For R&B the choice is WVEE (103.3), while Hot 97.5 (WHAT) brings the hip-hop flava.

Much of the music you'll hear on any station, however, is made in Atlanta. Freaks of the week (well, *last* week) Marvelous 3, Wamdue Project (*huge* in Sweden), Outkast, Goodie MOB and the rest of the Dungeon Family all hail from Atlanta. The city's R&B production (think Jermaine Dupri) is so noted that Stevie Nicks and Sinéad O'Connor both came to get funk facelifts. But two labels really define Atlanta: LaFace and Daemon Records. LaFace has proffered TLC and Toni Braxton, among others, and Indigo Girl Amy Ray's indie Daemon supports everything from trip-hoppers pH Balance and Justin Hale to poppy Three Finger Cowboy.

But it's not just airwaves and business plans that make Atlanta's scenes. There is a strong underground presence. And I mean *underground*. One of the best venues for hip-hop is **MJQ Concourse** (736 Ponce De Leon Ave. 870-0575), actually built in an

underground garage. Check out locals The Micranots and Les Miserables alongside nationally renowned turntablists Faust, Shortee and T-Rock.

From rap to rockabilly to raves (which have really taken hold), check out the listings in free papers like *Elemental Magazine* (for hip-hop) and *Creative Loafing* (for everything). Local crews Earthtone Sound System, madlove and Team Rollers host nights, and space concerns mean that jungle is occasionally spun at the punk bar Dotties (307 Memorial Dr. SE. 523-3444).

All-ages punks patronize the goth/glam **Masquerade** (695 North Ave. 577-2007) and **513 Club** (513 Edgewood Ave. 223-5132), featuring bands like The Anti-Heroes. Grown-up punks hang at the **Euclid Yacht Club** (1136 Euclid Ave. 404-688-2582) or alt-country **Star Bar** (437 Moreland. 681-9018), where great bands like The Tom Collins, Truckadelic and Subsonics hold residency each month. Downtown is **The Tabernacle** (152 Luckie St. 659-9022), an amazing old Baptist church, and in the basement, **The Cotton Club** (874-1993), both hosting acts like Type O Negative, Macha and Ben Folds Five.

In nearby Decatur, **Eddie's Attic** (515 N. McDonough St. 377-4976) embodies acoustic music. For blues blue-collar style, try **The Northside Tavern** (1058 Howell Mill Rd. 404-874-8745). If the band has a tapers' section, it's at **The Variety Playhouse** (1099 Euclid Ave. 404-521-1786). And in East Atlanta **The EARL** (488 Flat Shoals Rd. 522-3950) books diverse bills, like instrumental music/math rockers Ocelot, Purkinje Shift and the Plastic Plan. Down the street, **The Echo Lounge** (551 Flat Shoals Ave. 681-3600) brings in nationals like Superchunk, Royal Trux and Trans Am.

Pick up local acts' records in Little Five Points at **Criminal Records** (466 Moreland Ave. 215-9511), and used vinyl at **Wax N Facts** (432 Moreland Ave. 525-2275). For ravers, there's **Satellite Records** (421 Moreland Ave. 880-9746). A little farther out, but well worth it, is **Wuxtry** (2096 N. Decatur Rd. 329-0020).

All this driving'll make you hungry. For authentic ethnic food of all types, drive the suburbs of **Buford Highway**, where there's always a menu you can't read.

For tamer Thai hit **Surin** (810 N. Highland Ave. 892-7789), **Little Bangkok** (2225 Cheshire Bridge. 315-1530) or **Malaya** (857 Collier Rd. 609-9991). **Doc Chey's** offers affordable noodles (1424 N. Highland Ave. 888-0777). For Caribbean try **Bridgetown Grill** (1156 Euclid Ave., other locations. 653-0110), or for Cuban, **La Fonda Latina** (1150 Euclid Ave., other locations. 577-8317). Not far away from any La Fonda is a **Fellini's Pizza** (1634 McLendon Ave., other locations. 687-9190). Other cheesy choices are **Mellow Mushroom** (931 Monroe Dr., other locations. 874-2291) and **Savage Pizza** (484 Moreland Ave. 523-0500), whose Silver Surfer décor and garlic tomato paste make them a favorite.

School children brought to the World Of Coca-Cola dig greasy burgers at **The Varsity** (61 North Ave. 881-1706). But a real treat is the 24-hour **Majestic** (1031 Ponce De Leon. 875-0276) after midnight. With tiled, institutional-green walls, it's a quirky diner good for planning bank robberies over apple pie.

Grab coffee and poetry with the navel-baring staff at **Café Diem** (642 N. Highland Ave. 607-7008), on the genuine linoleum of **Java Jive** (790 Ponce De Leon Ave. 404-876-6161) or at any **Aurora Coffee** (1572 Piedmont Ave., other locations. 404-607-9994). Along with Aurora, **Tortillas** burritos (774 Ponce De Leon Ave. 892-0193) and **Eats** pastas and vegetable plates (760 Ponce De Leon Ave. 873-5002) fuel and employ many of the city's bands, as well as their attitudes.

Finally, if you're not out of gas, Atlanta is not complete without feeding the other need that makes us famous: strip clubs. Mötley Crüe name-drops **Tattletale** (2075 Piedmont Rd. 873-2294), but high-class acts like Kid Rock prefer **The Clermont** (789 Ponce De Leon. 874-4783), stuck in the '50s, with faded velvet walls and poetry-reading hostess Blondie, who smashes beer cans with her breasts.

All numbers listed are in the 404 area code

Tony Ware edits *The Scene*, covering Atlanta nightlife. He doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve, but he's got his soul on his lower lip



DOTTIES. IT'S NOT JUST FOR PUNKS ANYMORE



GEORGIA STATE'S 100,000 WATT POWERHOUSE, WRAS



GET YOUR BURRITO ON AT TORTILLAS



EVERYBODY BE COOL. THIS IS A ROBBERY!

Kenny Rogers

STORY: ANN MARIE DOBOSZ ILLUSTRATION: NICHOLAS MEOLA



Cheating wives,
noble sons,
drunk fathers,
renegade
justice—Kenny
had it all, even
if it was backed
by synthesizers
and horns that
tougher country
folk would have
never touched.

Outside the windows of the tan Ford Econoline van—the one with palm trees and a sunset airbrushed on the back—is a Midwestern suburb, circa 1983. But inside the van is a dreamy microcosm: earth-toned upholstery, mini-kitchen, tiny bathroom. A convertible couch that folds out to reveal a faux wood-grain table with bench seats. My brother and I, ages 8 and 7, sit at the table, hunkered over our game of magnetic travel Connect Four. The soundtrack? It's not "Holiday" by a virginal Madonna, Herbie Hancock's fresh "Rockit," or the roller skating jams of Kool And The Gang. Instead, my brother and I are singing along to... "Islands In The Stream," by Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton. (Well, maybe it's just me singing.)

Blame it on my upbringing. My mom wasn't exactly the hippest one on the block. She may have had the coolest van, but she wasn't listening to cutting-edge new wave or even the then-outré disco. She was country all the way. And not the classy country that indie kids revere today; there were precious few Hank Williams or Johnny Cash records in her collection. No, my mom was a Kenny Rogers maniac. And I became one too.

Kenny and Dolly, Kenny and Sheena Easton, or just Kenny by himself—his messages meant something, even in grade school. I may have been a girl, but I took heed when he told me that Sometimes you gotta fight when you're a man. I learned, too, that You can't outrun the long arm of the law. On the playground, however, you gotta Know when to walk away, and know when to run. Kenny also taught me to appreciate a good twang in the guitar, a lilt in the voice, and good old melodrama. Cheating wives, noble sons, drunk fathers, renegade justice—Kenny had it all, even if it was backed by synthesizers and horns that tougher country folk would have never touched.

Don't get me wrong; I'm not claiming that I Was Country When Country Wasn't Cool. This kind of country has never been cool. Kenny's simpering style was the country equivalent of an Air Supply ballad. But it didn't matter—I wasn't interested in cred. Kenny's solid build and fuzzy, white, almost Santa-like beard were more comforting to me at that age than the visage of a cigarette-smoking, Jack Daniels-gulping Merle Haggard. I wanted to curl up in Kenny's soft, crooning voice and fall asleep on the way home from soccer practice.

I don't remember the exact moment I realized that Kenny wasn't exactly, um, rad. The angst of high school summarily relieved me of my feathered hair and cowboy boots and inspired me to stuff my feet into a pair of Doc Martens and stuff my CD player full of Ministry, Nine Inch Nails, Siouxsie Sioux, Sisters Of Mercy and whatever else the goth and industrial clubs of Detroit were cranking. My mom traded in the Econoline for a more contemporary red Aerostar minivan, and now I slouched in the passenger seat, rolling my eyes as Kenny tunes drifted out of the tape deck. I no longer wanted my heartbreak and violence and despair served up with twang and plunk. I wanted throbbing guitars, cold mechanical clangs, and preferably, lyrics sung in a deep, tortured, fake British accent. I was rebellious. I was petulant. I was hardcore.

Kenny caught up with me, though. I guess the gambler plays for the long haul. After I graduated from college, I began to drift back toward that twang. The more grown-up living I did, the more difficult it was to sympathize with Trent Reznor's tormented whining. As I plodded through dismal, dead-end dates in the big city, stretched my paltry paychecks to cover student loans and sighed my way through career malaise, I began to notice Freakwater and Wilco, Sue Garner, Neko Case and the world of indie kids like me who also felt the country blues. I found myself on subways and buses, singing quietly along with Kenny, "You picked the fine time to leave me, Lucille/ With four hungry children and a crop in the field." And suddenly, I didn't feel so bad.

For a taste of your whiskey, Ann Marie Dobosz will give you some advice

CONSPIRACY
BY

CONSPIRACY
BY

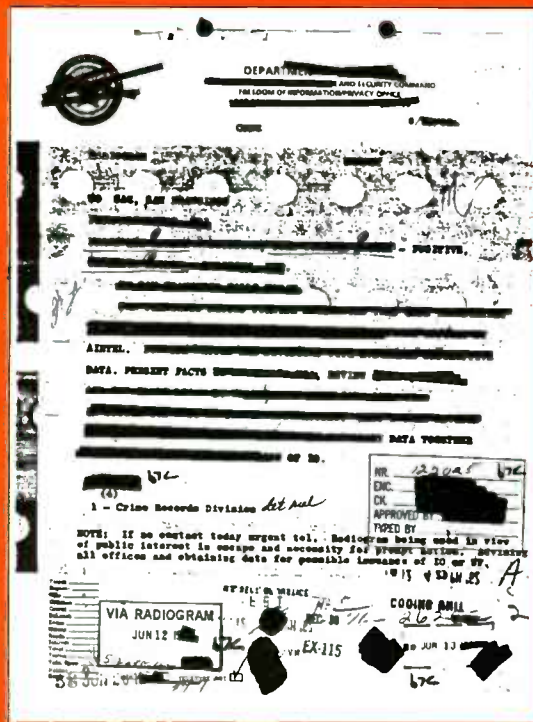
Live365.com

Internet Radio's "Dirty" Little Secret

Unregulated
Unformatted and
Downright
UN-AMERICAN

Attention upstanding citizens!!!

Be warned that a new form of radio -- digital crack is more like it -- is about to be unleashed upon an unsuspecting nation. Called Live365.com, it is nothing less than a plot to lure an entire generation of young hearts and minds into an incredibly hypnotic world of sonic addiction. Once they've got us hooked, the powers-that-be will start pumping the happy juice into the water supply and using our fillings to manipulate our brain waves.



As this confidential document clearly shows, Live365.com's Internet radio scheme just may be the brainchild of the Freemasons (the government behind the government).

FACT 1

Live365.com is many times more powerful than regular radio!!!!!!! Regular radio plays the same music over and over and has big blocks of commercials to break everything up. There's no way you can listen to it for any extended period. Live365.com, on the other hand, has a ungodly amount of stations with something for everyone. Any time, day or night. Plus, they even let you broadcast your own radio. With no license and no rules. Probability of moral decay??? 100%!!!



FACT 2

Live365.com is FREE to broadcasters and listeners alike. Hmm, can you think of any other place where everything is free? Say, Russia for example!!!!

FACT 3

***Live365.com begins with the word live and live spelled backwards is evil!!!



That's right, pure evil 365 days a year. And don't even get us started on the "com" part. Can you say Audio Abomination!?!?

LIVE 365.COM logo next to a hammer and sickle symbol.

Will you sit on the sidelines while the radio revolution rages???

Stand up for America!!! Give those xxxxxx vermin a piece of your mind at www.live365.com/ Be sure to stuff cotton in your ears (And DON'T look directly at the monitor).

LIVE 365.COM logo next to a crossed-out American flag symbol.

Paid for by the citizens against live365.com

LIVE 365.COM logo with a registered trademark symbol.

Wrong for America

SALEM
presents

©2000 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

ORB·eSM

Step Inside

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Salem Slide Box

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette by FTC method.



MUSIC



ART



COMEDY



FASHION

phase 1 • make the call



THE CALLING

OF EMERGING ARTISTS

MAKE THE CALL

Unsigned emerging artists, age 21+, will be given the opportunity to showcase their talents live and out loud in Music, Art, Comedy and Fashion for career-launching opportunities of a lifetime.

FEATURING ACCESS TO

Russell Simmons — Phat Farm, Def Jam • **Jeff Tweedy** — Sean Jean Clothing
• **Tony Touch** — DJ/Tommy Boy Recording Artist • **Coko** — RCA Recording Artist
• **Alonzo Adams** — Artist • **Sante D'Orazio** — Photographer/Artist
• **D.L. Hughley** — Comedian/Actor • **Caroline Hirsch** — Carolines Comedy Club and Comedy Hour



BY SALEM

FOR MORE INFORMATION, CALL TOLL-FREE:

1.877.ORB·e.9999

21 only open to 21 years of age or older

World Radio History