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INTERVIEW INSIDE!*

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NEW MUSIC[®]
M O N T H L Y



BEN KWELLER • THE LIVING THINGS

BEN KWELLER 20

Between signing to a major label at the age of 15, touring with Death Cab, quietly selling hundreds of thousands of records and making the new *On My Way*, Ben Kweller somehow finds the time to hug all the fans, pet all the doggies and nurse flea-bitten kittens back from the brink of disaster. Let's face it: This kid is a-goddamn-dorable. Kara Zuaro pinches his cheeks.

LIVING THINGS 16

When anti-Bush comments earned Lillian Berlin a Texan gun to the back of his head, Living Things found out the hard way that some people are only down for freedom of speech when you're saying what they want to hear. With *Black Skies In Broad Daylight*, they make it clear that they won't be silenced. Tom Lanham brings the flak jackets.

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David Bazan's opinions got him into trouble on his last foray as Pedro The Lion, alienating fans and making for some uncomfortable after-show confrontations. With the help of TW Walsh, he turns his focus inward and finds his *Achilles Heel*. Trevor Kelley listens without prejudice.

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You got a pocket fulla money? Burn it with these: David Mead, the Damnwells, Colder, Battles.

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Ben Kweller, Morrissey, Dilated Peoples, RJD2, Sloan, cLOUDDEAD, Jolie Holland, Buddhahead, Bohren & Der Club Of Gore, Sly & Robbie Meet The Mad Professor, the Cardigans, the Talk, Amen, Cosmo.

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Cee-Lo Green weighs in on moral travesties, blasphemy and being the best Cee-Lo he can be; read about the five records that make Danger Mouse feel better when he's getting sued by the biggest record company in the world; Tony C And The Truth hold down the compound; Sebastian Bach is down with Dio; and Jennifer Charles of Elysian Fields falls prey to this mysterious "caring" thing that's been going around Tough Love.

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Industrial-strength info: The music biz by the numbers.



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WEIRD RECORD NUTTY DREAD

You hate to kick a guy committed to non-violence, but the tepid reggae-rock of hyper-positive Chad Nellis (a.k.a. Shaka Buku) ironically makes you want to hurt somebody. If the fact that a white ex-college football player/real estate salesman/snowboarding enthusiast from Colorado now calls himself Shaka Buku (it's inspired by Buddhism... ooh, mystical) isn't irksome enough, check out his bio (all 4,000 words of it) where he speaks of his struggles with learning to perform music. "To suck at something like singing, which he had virtually no clue how to do, or playing guitar was mentally depressing his spirit." He claims Gandhi as an influence, and true to that, Nellis' CD *Reggae Rock Hop* (Empower) is to reggae what Gandhi was to... well, reggae. His motivational-speaker vibe, laced with a buffet of trendy spiritual teachings, makes the whole thing come off like a Christopher Guest parody. If only it were as funny and not as sad. Yes, we're mean. We should be more positive. Maybe our heart chakra is blocked? >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

GEAR SIZE COUNTS

Most laptop recording interfaces are bigger than the laptop itself, and you'd often be better off recording into a RadioShack cassette recorder than plugging into a laptop's stock mic input. Having once blazed the trail of affordable multi-track cards for desktops, Echo Digital Audio does the same for laptops with the Indigo IO (\$179, www.echoaudio.com), a credit-card-sized interface that adds an actually listenable, downright warm-sounding stereo input and output to your laptop. Installation is a breeze—just stick it in the side—and it even gives you eight virtual outputs to keep from taxing your processor when running multiple programs. If you're recording an eight-piece band you'll need heavier guns, but if you're aiming to be the next Her Space Holiday, you've just found your foot in the door. >>>TOM MALLON



5 RECORDS THAT MAKE
DANGER MOUSE FEEL LIKE
A CAPITAL CRITTER

5 SPOT

1. Can, *Delay... 1968*

Malcolm Mooney sounds like he's freestyling all the fucking lyrics on this thing. He just sounds out of his fuckin' mind.

2. The Coral, *Magic And Medicine*

They have another album that got packaged with this over here. I just paid \$20 for an import mini-album overseas and it fucking comes with it for free over here. Fucking typical.

3. Kanye West, *The College Dropout*

I was in Tower Records... "I heard this Kanye is supposed to be dope. Well it's 10 bucks, fuck it." I liked the bear suit he has on. He's really taking advantage of his situation and saying some cool shit, and he really doesn't have to do that.

4. The Olivia Tremor Control, *Black Foliage: Animation Music*

[OTC's] John Fernandes and I worked together at Wuxtry Records in Athens. John was telling me basically how the entire record has an ongoing melody that, if you hum it, fits anywhere. It's pretty sick.

5. The Roches, *Another World*

I found it in a thrift store during Christmas time, it was the silliest looking cover and only 25 cents. When I get nervous before a show, I put that on and it just loosens me up because it's so silly.

DM And Jemini's Twenty Six Inch EP (Lex) is avant-floss at it's finest. By the way, when Danger Mouse listens to The White Album now, it's "like being friends with a girl after you slept with her."
Interview by Christopher R. Weingarten.

NEWSFEED: Le Tigre sign to Strummer/Universal, get on Lollapalooza, plan to unleash fall album, destroy patriarchy, get that ca\$h! • The Mars Volta's



CEE-LO GREEN

THE SOUL MACHINE ON...

FREAKS OF THE INDUSTRY

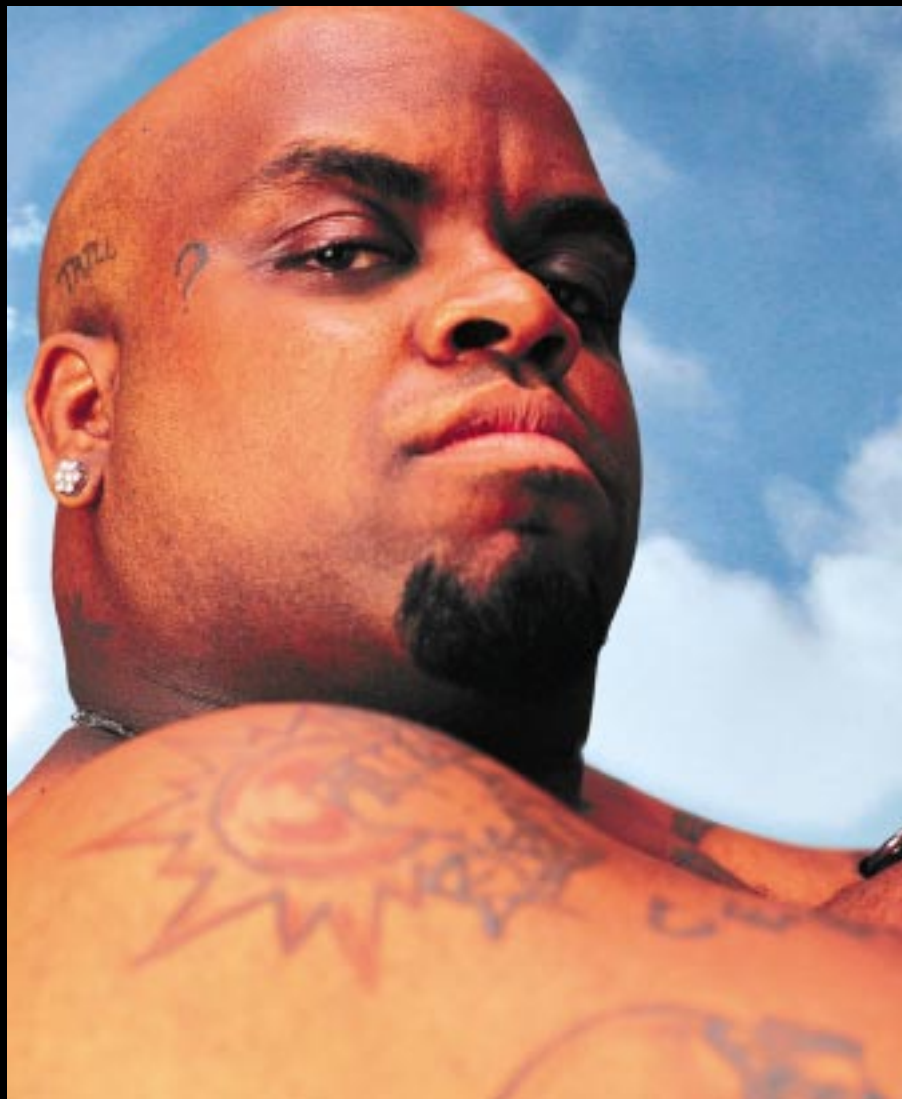
[The last Goodie Mob album] was a moral travesty. It was blasphemous. I hated it. And I let people know. 'Cause it was so beneath our bar, I was ashamed of it. I hate that people ever had to waste their money, their time, their energy. I knew it wasn't gonna be pleasing in the sight of our fans that really depend on the Goodie Mob to be the last real hope. I needed to make sure I signified what my intent was for music. That's why I had to do that with these two solo albums, to reaffirm and reassure people that what they loved about me, what they needed from me, I still have to offer. I didn't lose it in the dog-eat-dog world of the recording industry. I've interacted with an industry such as this that will ultimately, and can ultimately, bend the integrity of the best of them. I still have a whole lot of integrity. And it's quite impressive, 'cause this industry eats you.

THINGS SO COMPLICATED

Ultimately a lot of our job is to kind of entertain the simple-minded. And that's not an insult, because simplicity is not a lesser law than complexity, it is equal. The Nellys, the Chingys and the Ludacrises, those guys master simplicity. And that's no joke. But it's easier for someone who's naturally complicated to complicate even further, so I'm having a trial of my own... It's cool being the only one, but it's lonely.

FAITH LO MORE

I don't question the faith at all. I'm not gonna stop believing. This album's out, but Arista closed for good. My album is out there with no safety net, no marketing, no promotional dollars behind it. It's just out there. I'm gonna endure. Because a lot of the adversity I've endured, I've only come out shining. So it's almost like, "Gimme some, if that's the case. Give me more of it... *Bring the pain.*" My music comes from a lot of pain. I'm not some happy-go-lucky guy. That's why people fear God in that sense. You almost don't even want to deal with it. That's why ignorance is bliss. You're not held



accountable or responsible for anything, you just don't know any better. But, to know is a gift and a curse. But on top of all that, I'm a regular guy. I really am. I'm a regular guy, man, but God has allowed me to see, and has bestowed upon me a wisdom. Believe me, I'm in as much awe as you may be. Half of the time, man, I'm just like, "Damn." I don't truly know what I've done to deserve it.

SIMPLY THE BEST

Yeah, I say I'm the best in the regard of there's only one me, I'm the only Cee-Lo Green. I don't have any competition doing what I do. I'm the incomparable Cee-Lo Green. I have no meet nor match. So therefore, I'm the best me that'll ever be. Anybody trying to beat me at doing what I do, and being me, they're gonna lose.

Interview by Christopher R. Weingarten.

JEFF KROLL

Omar Rodriguez-Lopez to release *A Manual Dexterity*, a film and soundtrack of the same name • **Handsome Boy Modeling School** to drop new impenetrably complicated >>>

"Imagine a more full-on version of the Eels or Son Volt, with all the infectious qualities of U2 and Oasis when they still sounded fresh..."
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- *No Depression*

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The triumphant return of this internationally acclaimed alternative folk rock heroine. Mary Lou Lord's *Baby Blue* is a diverse, multi-genre album co-written with Mick Saloman of The Bevis Frond.


Mary Lou Lord

BABY BLUE



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"...emotional commitment, vulnerability and unforced intimacy." - *Q Magazine*

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Tough Love

JENNIFER CHARLES OF ELYSIAN FIELDS

As the breathy voice of Elysian Fields and Dan The Automator/Mike Patton's *Lovage* project, Jennifer Charles has probably scored a number of your debauched lovemaking sessions. So we figured, while she's wrapping up the new *Dreams That Breathe Your Name* (Diluvian), why not have her deal with your debauched lovemaking problems as well? *Debauch us some more, please: lovelorn@cmj.com.*

Years of constant bombardment about STDs has made me completely paranoid. To the point where I absolutely will not touch my boyfriend without his having a condom on. I mean, at all. Obviously this bothers him. We've both been tested but I'm still freaked out—you never know when someone has cheated on you! What can I do to rid myself of this paranoia?

—Vanessa, Cambridge, Massachusetts

Sounds like your fear of STDs brings up feelings of helplessness in you. Where is that coming from, and why are you equating sex with disease? I think you need to recognize that your fears are phobic and not rational. Separate your anxiety from the truth; you can be sexual with your boyfriend and do lots of sexy exploring together without exchanging body fluids, and when you feel like you want to go further, just have safe sex. Or for even safer sex, wrap yourself in saran wrap and rent *The Boy In The Plastic Bubble*.

My friend Greg is the horniest bastard I've ever met. Every time we meet a group of girls he's lewd and disgusting and chases them away. He



even does this to my female friends. Other than that he's cool and we get along good. Still he's fucked up my chances with a shitload of girls. Would I be a dick to just avoid him for the rest of my life?

—Anthony, New York, New York

Lewd and disgusting, eh? Just because he is horny shouldn't ruin your chances with women. Women are generally good at separating the wheat from the chaff. If his behavior truly is inappropriate, I would have a serious talk with him when the two of you are alone. Tell him that his behavior makes you feel uncomfortable and that you think he is being disrespectful towards women, and to save the crude stuff for the private puppet shows with his old sweat socks.

My third anniversary with my boyfriend just passed. A week before, my toaster broke. You guessed it, I got a toaster for our anniversary. Mind you it's a very nice toaster, but a) this means he waited until days before to think of a present and b) it's a fucking

toaster! And he can't understand why I'm bothered by it. Am I being a jerk for being mad?

—Sue, Bridgewater, Virginia

No, you are not being a jerk. First of all, there is no need to be justified, feelings are irrational, and that is just that. Perhaps he can't see why you are bothered by getting a beautiful, high-tech toaster when you needed one so badly; he might have been relieved to find something that you actually needed and would use, but I'd bet that if you told him how it made you feel to get something as utilitarian as a toaster (my guess is it brought up feelings of unimportance and neglect), he would probably understand that. Try to open up a discourse about the whole anniversary thing, talk about your feelings of disappointment with him, and your feelings of anticipation and expectation. He can then talk about his feelings of (I suspect) pressure, fear, cluelessness in how to please you... When you communicate with your partner, you give birth to infinite anniversaries, and that is something truly worth celebrating over some hot morning toast.

concept album this summer • ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead gather in Austin home studio, work toward fall release, continue to mislead people with their genre-



IN MY COMPOUND

WHO: Tony C of Tony C And The Truth

WHERE: His compound in Hudson, New York, two hours north of New York City

WHY: The gravelly vocals and blue-collar grooves of Tony C's *Demonophonic Blues* (Lava) would be equally at home hanging out with Morphine or Kid Rock. Plus, he has his own fuckin' compound. >>>TOM MALLON

SELF-CONTAINMENT

It used to be a barn, now it's a recording studio/house. We've got a couple campers outside where the band lives while they're here. We've got a tour bus parked in the driveway, we've got everything you could imagine here.

ALOHA FROM HUDSON

I'm a big Elvis fan, so everybody gives me Elvis shit. I've got hundreds of Elvis things: I've got a velvet Elvis, a full life-sized Elvis, Elvis painted on a board, Elvis postcards and 45s, collector's plates, Elvis everywhere. The velvet Elvis is Vegas Elvis, like *Aloha From Hawaii* with the hair and everything, but he's still skinny. The [life-sized] Elvis is young Elvis.

SASQUATCH, WE KNOW YOUR LEGEND'S REEEEEAL

Our lead guitar player is a Bigfoot freak, so there's Bigfoot stuff all over the place too. Somebody painted him a beautiful Bigfoot painting for Christmas. We've got a GI Joe hanging on the wall [too], fighting a Yeti.

SPORTS COMPLEX

Outside we've got horseshoes and a barbecue pit, a grill, a picnic table. We've got a whole gym outside, we've got punching bags and all that shit, 'cause I boxed for a real long time and our guitar player used to train boxers. So we've got a bunch of boxing gear, big bags of gloves lying around. We got a wiffleball field outside too, we got a pitcher's mound and a backstop. We've got guns too: Shotguns, rifles. We've got coyotes and coons, vermin like that. We also shoot beer cans and whatnot.

OFFICE COOLER

PERKS FOR US JERKS

After over 10 years of bombastic breaks, jazz-inflected squiggling, cinefunk and general cut-uppery, seminal avantronica label **Ninja Tune** celebrates with three mammoth releases: *Zen CD*, a two-disc "greatest hits" (highest U.K. chart entry? Thirty-seven!) of unfuckwithable tracks (Kid Koala! Amon Tobin! DJ Food!); *Zen RMX*, a two-disc remix comp of unfuckwithable remixers (Squarepusher! Four Tet! Luke Vibert!); and *Zen TV DVD*, with 35 videos—Coldcut And Hexstatic's "Timber" features the best chainsaw solo since Jesse James Dupree crowned himself the "Lumberjack." *Nrrrr!*



Sneaking whiskey into the rock club ain't ever been easy, and clearly bag-makers JanSport understand our pain. Their new **Airlift EXOS** backpack boasts fancypants design concepts that conform to your body, making the bag feel lighter and more comfortable than those average bulky sacks, but its real glory is in the three-liter beverage reservoir nestled within. Sure, it was clearly meant for hikers and whatnot (or judging by the exoskeletal design, thirsty man-sized crabs), but life is all about repurposing.



Two of our favorite iconoclasts, **Four Tet** and **Hella**, split a mind-fucking little piece of Canadian wax (Ache). Side A has tender Brit electroweirdo Four Tet corraling free-jazz drum tussle into a gentle IDM freakout. Side B has Sacramento prog-punk Hella corraling human IDM drum tussle into an oppressive free-jazz freakout. True story: We played the whole damn thing on the wrong speed before realizing it.



So the Suicide Girls Burlesque tour came to town, you dropped your wad ("wad," of course, meaning "cash") and seeing some ill-pierced soft-core left you a little empty inside. Ferchrissakes, don't *confront* your porn addiction, go to **burningangel.com** instead—where beautiful punk girls get downright hardcore and thankfully break the unwritten punk-porn beanpole rule. But we're really just fans of the snazzy new Web design... we swear.



Released with letterpress lyrics and a hand-mounted photo, the debut album from **Nina Nastasia**, *Dogs*, was as delicate and grandiose-minded as her tender, violin-scraping dusty-trail songwriting. Originally released on her own Socialist Records, the costly package drove it quickly out of print... and delicious irony ensued. Touch And Go is re-releasing this booming, Steve Albini-engineered tenderfest or, should we say, *is letting the Dogs out*. Man, we haven't said that in a while.



confusing name • **Neurosis** finalizing eighth full-length, *The Eye Of Every Storm*, with producer Steve Albini for June 29th release • **Clinic** slates their new *Winchester Cathedral* >>>

THE MIX

TITLE: Riddle Of The Eighties

MADE BY: death drives a stick (a.k.a. Michael Andersen of Vancouver, British Columbia)

1. **FIREHOSE**
Riddle Of The Eighties
2. **Hüsker Dü**
Terms Of Psychic Warfare
3. **The Fall**
Frenz
4. **Pere Ubu**
Breath
5. **Captain Beefheart**
Hot Head
6. **Yo La Tengo**
The Way Some People Die
7. **Sonic Youth**
Catholic Block
8. **R.E.M.**
Gardening At Night
9. **Game Theory**
Nine Lives To Rigel Five
10. **The Replacements**
I'll Be You
11. **Meat Puppets**
Lost
12. **Mekons**
Club Mekon
13. **Jesus And Mary Chain**
In A Hole
14. **Dinosaur Jr.**
Repulsion
15. **Pixies**
Caribou
16. **Grant Hart**
2541

It's about time we had a Canadian. Talk about it in the Mix forum at www.cmj.com.



SEBASTIAN BACH

JACK OWEN

ROCK ARGUMENTS... SETTLED

THE ARGUMENT: Should Black Sabbath have broken up after Ozzy left?

Sebastian Bach, famous dude

Nope. Dio did a great job on *Heaven & Hell* and *Mob Rules*; and Glenn Hughes did a great job on "No Stranger To Love." Those vocalists did not try to copy Ozzy, they were original in their own right, so I think they both made a valuable contribution to the Sabbath legacy.

Jack Owen, guitarist, Cannibal Corpse

Of course not. They are musicians for a living. All they know how to do is play. It's in their blood. They would have kept going as a three-piece if they had to. And we wouldn't have had *Mob Rules* or *Born Again*, two of the better Sabbath records in my opinion. After Dio and Ian Gillan were out of the picture, maybe Tony should have taken longer than three years to look back at what he had achieved, and thought a bit before jumping into albums like *Headless Cross*, *Seventh Star* and *TYR*.

THE VERDICT: We wouldn't want to be caught contradicting Cannibal Corpse... but the threat of having our entrails eaten is less scary than going on public record saying something nice about Dio.

Sebastian Bach's first DVD is *Forever Wild* (Spitfire). Cannibal Corpse's latest is *The Wretched Spawn* (Metal Blade).

LIVING IN THE WILD WILD WEST

RED DEAD REVOLVER (ROCKSTAR FOR PS2, XBOX)

If you can pull yourself away from the endless pain parade of Ennio Morricone remix CDs for a moment, Rockstar Games has an update on the Wild West that you'll actually want to play. **Red Dead Revolver** takes the *Grand Theft Auto* developers all the way back to the 1880s, when men were men—men on horses, men with spurs and bad attitudes, men with intense character AI and sick graphics and lighting effects. As always, Rockstar's attention to detail is tops: The scorching high-noon sun obscures your vision; pop an enemy in the leg and he'll stagger around holding his knee; chain hits together and the bodies fly like rag dolls, giving you a home where the buffalo roam, and the blood of the wicked spills all day. >>>TOM MALLON



for August 23 • The WB is planning a biopic based on the Kurt Cobain biography *Heavier Than Heaven* • They Might Be Giants' 10th record, *The Spine*, ready for summer release

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DAVID MEAD

Playing music is a surefire way to prolong adolescence. But singer/songwriter David Mead has let himself grow up, and he has no regrets. "I love being married, being settled," the babyfaced Mead intones, grinning while wife Natalie waits in their hotel room. "I don't worry about things I used to worry about." The last few years have been eventful for Mead, who skipped New York City after a rather hard-living few years, heading back to his hometown of Nashville sans contract with longtime label RCA. Back home, he found a sense of calm, a clear musical focus, a new label and Natalie. The result of his years of change and soul-searching is *Indiana* (Nettwerk America), an exquisite piece of mellow pop that bears resemblance to classic songwriters like Paul Simon and Cat Stevens. It's his most natural work, effortless falsetto coos arcing over

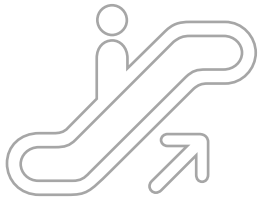
acoustic strums and mournful strings, but it wasn't a record he imagined making. "I always intended to do this Elvis Costello kind of thing where you have a unique whole-band sound," he says. "[But on earlier records], I felt like 'David Mead sings David Mead,' like I was doing an impersonation of myself." He's since stripped down the songwriting and lyrics, and it radiates an intimacy that's gripping—"Nashville" very simply and honestly conveys the confusion of feeling misplaced, "Indiana" how un-glamorous touring can be. The openness was a long time coming, but it's helped build an undeniable emotional magnetism. "Growing up white middle-class, there was no drug addiction, I wasn't dating anyone famous, so I felt like I had to intentionally put that into the music," he admits. "Now I've become comfortable writing about myself... just me and my boring life." >>>NICOLE KEIPER



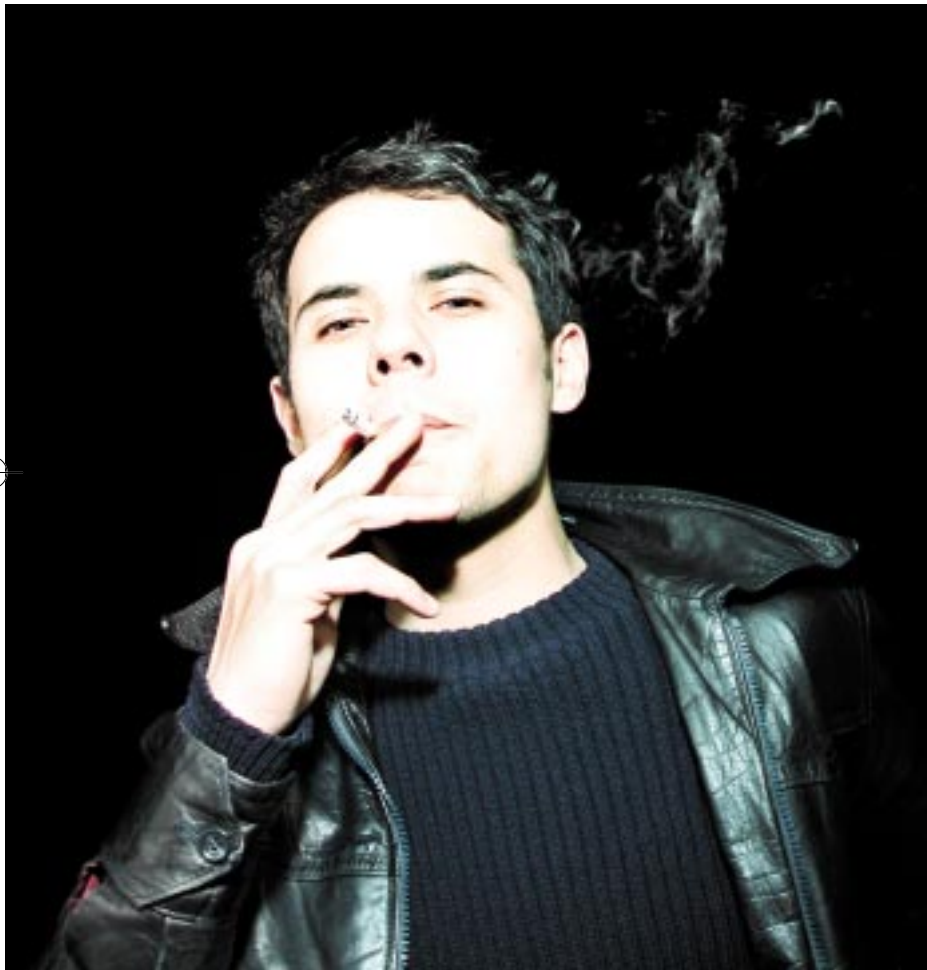
THE DAMNWELLS

According to songwriter Alex Dezen, his is the ultimate New York band. The Damnells' acoustic-alternative doesn't seem to fit the NYC garage-overflow sound, but with its four members originally hailing from all over the U.S. and convening in the big city a few years ago, the band represents a more important New York characteristic. "We're a genuine melting pot and it ends up we just fit in all the better," Dezen says. But the Damnells set their sights outside Manhattan, as well: From a modest start two years ago, they began rocking hot venues in the Northeast, quickly gaining ground by joining tours with Cheap Trick, Josh Rouse and the Old 97's. Attention from touring and 2002's *PMR + 1* EP led to a deal with Epic, who've released *Bastards Of The*

Beat, a debut LP rich with texture and sharp melodies. With a cast notably including former Whiskeytown drummer Steven Terry, the band upholds a rugged sincerity, equally smacking of the *Anthology Of American Folk Music* and the sparkly pop charm of Matthew Sweet or, for what it's worth, Better Than Ezra. Infectious catch-alls like "The Sound" and "Sleepsing" charge with busting choruses and harmonies, and "Newborn History" could've fallen straight off the Wilco truck. Dezen thinks there's something for everyone, particularly in their live show. "It's a miracle that people even come out to see shows anymore," he says. "People go out to be a part of something, so we give them something to be a part of. When we play a show, I promise, we'll try." >>>KATIE HASTY



COLDER



Come home from your exhausting day job, make some beats in your spare time, end up onstage at Carnegie Hall. The French equivalent of this fairy tale came true for Marc Nguyen Tan, the principal character of Parisian one-man band Colder. By day he designed TV promos for the likes of the Eurosport channel; after hours he cooked up the somnambulist basslines, Suicide-ish vocal meanderings and Krautrock-via-Joy Division hypnosis of *Again* (Output). A few demos in the right hands eventually landed him his very first live gig—at the Elysee Montmartre, a 200-year-old theater that has hosted everyone from heroes of the French Revolution to Evanescence and Britney Spears. “I’ve never been that scared. I couldn’t sleep for three days before, I was super-stressed,” Tan says of going from his bedroom to a 1,500-capacity venue. “It was a really strange experience. I can remember that when I was playing, there was this table next to me with my laptop [on it]. I was grateful to the guy who put the table there because I could [lean] on it; if the table wasn’t there I would have fallen on the ground.” The development of a full live band and tours supporting the Rapture and Liquid Liquid have taken the edge off, though: There’ll be no fainting when he does his first tour of America later this year. “It’s getting better,” he laughs. “We’re scared but we’re enjoying it.” >>>TOM MALLON

COURTESY OF OUTPUT RECORDS



Everybody else in the band, when they describe what we sound like, they just go *beepbeepboopbebeboobeepboobeepbeep*," blorps Ian Williams of Battles in a cartoonish falsetto, mimicking a fatal *Space Invaders* move. Fair enough, considering the sound of Battles—a tapping, blipping, hyper-syncopated staccato-but-rocking post-math somethingorother—is as indescribable as it gets. Featuring John Stanier (Tomahawk, Helmet) on drums and no less than three members on loop pedals—synth/guitarist Williams (the tangled fingers behind revered polyrhythmists Don Caballero), guitarist Dave Konopka (Lynx) and loop guru Tyondai Braxton (Narnack)—Battles is a multilayered construction of Lego-esque sound-blocks, heard on three releases this year: the "Tras" single (Cold Sweat), *EP C* (Monitor) and the tentatively titled *EP A* (Dim Mak). "I was trying to do more with less in this band," says Williams between scarfing "a whole fucking pineapple," "not as much ornate baroque-ness." This fullness is accomplished with a formidable setup as complex and delicate as a Faberge egg: loop pedals that can run totally out of sync with Stanier's skeletal drumming, wires cascading everywhere like noodles, chained amps that hum if not grounded properly ("It's complicated," says Williams, "but we're retards"). So can things go haywire? "The very first show we played... we did have a crash," Williams says. "But when you play more 'out-there' music, does anybody ever know when you fuck up?" >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

BATTLES



Don't mess with Texas, goes the old adage. And the words rang truer than a mission bell for one out-of-his-Midwest-element musician named Lillian Berlin, who—after a recent Dallas concert with his family punk-metal band Living Things—wound up staring down the barrel of an incensed local's gun. He didn't realize he'd messed with conservative Texas when he slagged George W. Bush from the stage, but the Lone Star state was about to mess with Berlin, big time.

Raised along with his two bandmate brothers by an outspoken activist mother and a traveling Astro-turf salesman father, Lillian's mouthing off started him toward trouble early on. The long-haired, ebony-clad singer/guitarist glances down at his lunchtime salad and smiles, impishly: "The thing that I figured out early on," he explains, looking up with a fierce, furrow-browed glare, "was that if you accumulate a police record before you're 18, at 18 it's all wiped off. I knew this when I was 14, so I made sure that I just did whatever the fuck I wanted." In the little St. Louis suburb of Maryland Heights where he and brothers Eve, 21, and Bosh, 19, were raised, he adds, "[We] disrupted the community so much that our Mom would just throw us in the basement." Where, naturally, they took out their frustration on musical instruments—Lillian on guitar, Eve on bass and Bosh on drums.

Their informed upbringing and rebelliousness both play out well on *Turn In Your Friends & Neighbors* (the trio's '02 debut EP) and the new *Black Skies In Broad Daylight* (on the now-defunct DreamWorks). On *Black Skies*, Lillian Berlin's snarling Iggy-gargled baritone belts out scathing socio-political commentaries like "Bombs Below," "Standard Oil Trust" and the prophetic "Born Under The Gun," supported by the thunderous backbeat of his powerhouse sibs. Some anthems decry the Iraq occupation, others our blind dependence on fossil fuel. Still others—like "End Gospel" and "No New Jesus"—are based, Berlin says, "in our Mom's more spiritual side; she believes in End Times and the Book Of Revelations, and I believe that it actually could be the end of the world sometime soon. And politics is pretty much all we heard or read about in our house—it was all Noam Chomsky and books like that, so I've never really written about anything else. That's the stuff that inspires me."

Three possibly reservist jarheads in Dallas didn't get the message at all. As well as Lillian can piece it together, the ringleader caught their concert in town that fateful night, then gathered a couple of buddies and followed the iconoclast when he left the club. "And the stuff I'd said wasn't even that crazy," he recollects. "Just stuff like, 'Dead boys fighting on foreign soil, in the name of God and oil.' But it rubbed this motherfucker the wrong way, and he attacked me, pulled out a gun, put the gun to the back of my head and threw me on the ground. Then he ran through all this shit about people getting executed, and 'We'll execute you like they do in Iraq—if you ever come back here, you'll be dead.' Then he took the gunhandle and whacked me in the side so hard it broke my fucking rib."

A homeless man witnessed the incident from across the street and headed over to help. The assailant began firing at him; he kept right on coming. The trio fled, Lillian says, "and this homeless dude helped me up the street, back to the club, where I filed a police report." Local authorities "listed it as a 'mugging,' even though they hadn't taken my wallet and credit cards. Unfuckingbelievable." The next night, the Living Things were scanning the balcony of their venue for the thugs. "They said, 'We'll find you if you're in Texas,'

and, hey—you never know." Another worry in Lillian's mind, though, is that his Dallas dustup might get co-opted in the wrong hands. "I can envision the future," he mutters. "And see live concerts turning into airports at the very moment an Eminem or some other enormous figure gets shot at in a live venue. And if concerts become like airports, then people aren't gonna want to go to shows anymore. Then concert sales will go down and musicians are gonna [suffer] and I just smell it, I fucking smell it, right around the corner. And that would suck, because you go to shows for release, and if they start taking that right away too, we're moving slowly toward a police state," he sighs, while his brothers sit virtually silent at his side, wolfing down their food. The elder Berlin has such a booming voice and commanding rock-star presence that the kids can't really get a word in edgewise. They seem content to let him speak for them.

And talk Lillian does, on diverse, liberal-themed topics like Bush's mishandling of 9/11, the Patriot Act and that weapons-laden

UNDER THE GUN

On the new *Black Skies In Broad Daylight*, Living Things pull out the big guns, using brash and fierce rock 'n' roll to shout out gripes with the American government. Which, speaking of guns, showed them just how dangerous making protest music can be.

boogeyman Saddam Hussein. It's all been turned into right-wing propaganda, he believes. So Living Things have launched a propaganda campaign of their own: They've anthologized eye-opening anti-Bush articles into pamphlets that they toss from concert stages; their website also features links to countless causes they support. They reckon rockers have a responsibility to educate their crowds, make them aware that the only good vote is a truly informed one.

The elder Berlin believes that Bush will be elected for a second term, and that Living Things will still be leading the protest brigade against his erratic policies. "I think it's destiny for him to come to power again, because you have to have an end before you have a beginning," he concludes, adding that yes, Living Things will return to Dallas on tour again. "America has gotta fall before it can be picked up, before it can be reborn again. And we're not anti-American—I love America. I just don't like what we've become right now—the United Slaves Of America. I hope we can be part of the coming change." **MMM**

STORY: TOM LANHAM • PHOTO: FLORIA SIGISMONDI

Under Pressure



TW WALSH, DAVID BAZAN

Pedro The Lion's David Bazan has ticked off kids in chatrooms and churches with concept albums about greed and guilt. But after years of fretting over consequences, *Achilles Heel* emerges with an even more confounding concept: figuring it for yourself.

When interviewing Pedro The Lion's David Bazan, there will without fail come a point when he starts interviewing you. It's kind of his thing: Over the course of three critically acclaimed albums—his 1998 debut *It's Hard To Find A Friend*, and two succeeding concept discs, 2000's *Winners Never Quit* and 2002's politically fueled *Control*—he's made an art of asking other people life's big questions. Bazan's latest release, *Achilles Heel* (Jade Tree), was made while he struggled with turning those questions on himself, recalibrating his place in the world (buying a house, freaking out, making a baby) and searching for a proper band (permanently inviting former solo artist Tim "TW" Walsh to join him). The resulting album is both the most scattered and focused of his career, filled with songs that carry on his indie-folk torch-bearing and lyrics that ask you to draw your own conclusions. "This record isn't *the one*," Bazan admits, while driving around his new neighborhood in the outskirts of Seattle. "But I have peace now."

What feels different about this record?

The writing process was a lot looser. On the other records, the criteria was so strict. This time around when I'd have a questionable line in a song I'd think, "Why should I change that?" With *Control* every possible response occurred. People were really appalled by some of it. I probably lost 20 percent of our fanbase. For some people, with the sorts of things they enjoyed and the kind of cultural associations they had, I'd gone too far. People came to the shows on that first tour and pinned me up against the wall for it. After the second tour behind the record, I stopped going out and talking to people. It became draining.

How do you think you reacted to that?

Control was awfully preachy. This record is definitely less outwardly focused. I feel like there's a lot more room for interpretation. All the rest of them, I had an idea of what I was trying to say. With this record, that wasn't part of the process. For a lot of people I know, it took a while to get that. [Death Cab For Cutie's] Ben Gibbard didn't like it at all. It took him six to eight listens before he got it. He told me, "When I first listened to it, it was just so straightforward." Then one day he said to me, as if it were a surprise, "I

really like it!" I don't expect everyone to come around to the record like that, and I don't even know what you think of it, but at first did you think that? Did you wonder, "What are they doing?"

Honestly... yeah, I did.

[Laughing] Really, why?

At first it was hard to understand why you would write a song like "Bands With Managers" that's about bands with managers. It was head-scratching.

It was for me, too.

Is your contract with Jade Tree up now?

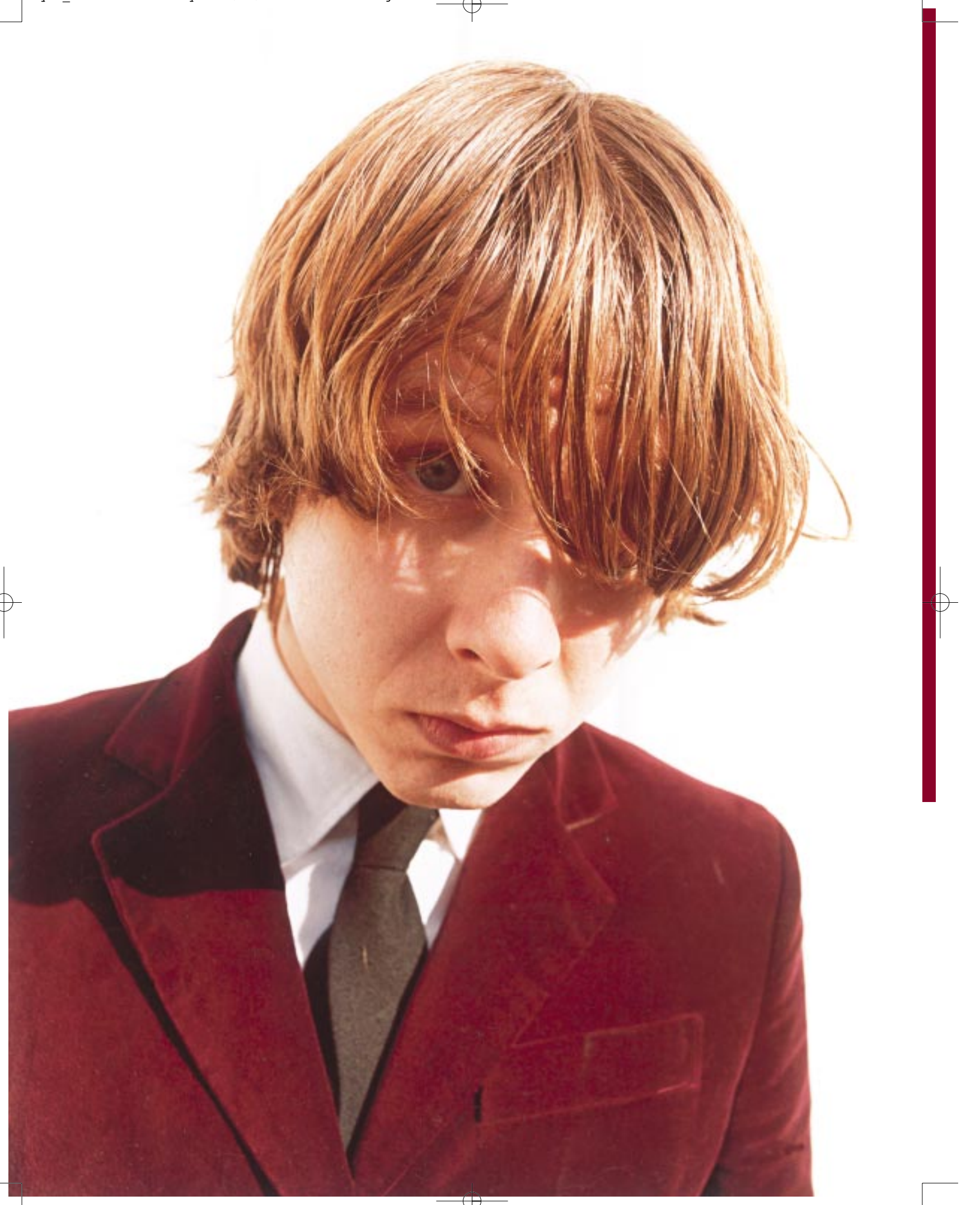
It was supposed to be. But in between the last record and this record I got myself into some debt, so I asked Jade Tree for an advance. As they were writing the check they said, "You may want to consider resigning." So I signed for two more records. That was really short-sighted. I'm not saying that I don't like being on Jade Tree, but not having the time to make that decision...

It forced you to make this album at more of a crossroads.

I was having a bit of an identity crisis while making the record, actually. I needed to figure out what it is I like to do and whether or not I could still do that in a way that was sustainable. When we took *Control* out and played it amped up, by probably the 20th show I realized, "Wait, we're in an emo band now?" That wasn't what I wanted. Then it became a revolving door where I was singing these songs with guys who are my friends, but it wasn't their passion. Early on, I didn't think anyone understood the kind of records I wanted to make more than I did. When I got down to it, I thought I was the only one who understood what went into this. I'm not as interested in that now.

How did you come out the other end of that?

Both Tim and I look at the record the same way now: It was a step that we needed to take. I needed to figure out what I was doing and I needed his help. Now I have a better understanding of that. If it's going to sell or not, I don't know. I just know that I can go into my studio every day and have a blast.



HUG THIS ReCoRD

STORY: KARA ZUARO • PHOTO: MICHAEL WARING

The exuberant, focused and raw-edged pop of Ben Kweller's *On My Way* shows he's maturing as a songwriter, like we always knew he would. But he still can't shake the little boy who just wants to pet the nice doggies and kitties. Ain't he adorable?

ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S 

Ben Kweller's odds were 50/50: The wolves would eat him, or they wouldn't. And either way, it was going to be captured on film.

Okay, not exactly. But the concept for the cover of Kweller's new album, *On My Way*—three wolves flanking the slight, shaggy-haired singer, decked in a sweater vest and cowboy boots, '70s-style—depended upon Kweller's animal magnetism; trainers warned him that it was hit or miss if the wolves would take a liking to him during the photo shoot, and that if they didn't, things would get ugly. Fortunately, Ben Kweller is indeed as loveable as he looks.

"If they didn't like me, we would've had to shoot them separately and Photoshop me in, which would have been a nightmare," Kweller explains. "But luckily they did, and I liked them, and they let me pet them, and they were so sweet," Kweller coos, marveling at length about the wolves' bushy tails and beautiful yellow eyes.

Sitting in his plush tour bus parked outside a St. Louis club on the Mississippi River, Kweller smokes Camel Lights and sports a tiny-but-tough leather jacket, tight jeans and a white belt cinched around his

narrow hips—a fashion move likely inspired by his former tourmates, the Strokes. He's in the middle of a co-headlining tour with Seattle indie-rock superstars Death Cab For Cutie, preparing for the release of *On My Way*, his third LP, and readying himself to take on another pack of wolves: the music press. The odds of them liking him, however, are weighted in Kweller's favor.

The BK tour machine is no small-time operation. A friendly crew loads and unloads his band's equipment, and a fatherly tour manager delivers bottled water on cue. The members of Death Cab For Cutie are giddy about traveling on a tour bus for the first time, but are also drenched in sweat at midnight, pushing their own amps out of the

club. It doesn't feel quite as indie rock in the BK bus—but then, Kweller's never been one to confine himself to the indie scene.

In high school, he fronted a grunge band called Radish, which, hailed as the next Nirvana (or at least the next Silverchair), signed to Mercury Records while Kweller was just 15, and mounted a world tour. Kweller, in a sense, grew up on a major label.

When Radish broke up in the late '90s, Kweller moved from his parents' house in Greenville, Texas to his girlfriend Lizzy's in Connecticut—they met in Boston when Kweller was 17 and had been flown there to audition a new bass player for Radish. The couple relocated to a cozy neighborhood in Brooklyn a year later, and Kweller recorded

“Evan Dando took me under his wing, and that was my biggest confidence booster.”



PHOTO: MICHAEL PALMIERI



“I would say that I might not be such a good role model.”

Freak Out, It's Ben Kweller—which includes an endearingly dorky acoustic take on Vanilla Ice's “Ice Ice Baby”—and burned copies on his home computer. One landed in the hands of former Lemonhead Evan Dando, who invited Kweller to open his solo tour.

“Evan took me under his wing, and that was my biggest confidence booster,” he recalls. “Moving to New York, I pictured it being very intimidating—like every band for themselves. When I met Evan, it just alleviated all of that and helped me realize that it would be possible to find my own place.”

Kweller is a natural performer, whether he's on stage, recounting the five year history of his relationship with Lizzy (who he recently married) in a sprawling thousand-word monologue, or sharing a poignant tale about a kitten he recently rescued from a dumpster.

“It was so sad because we just fell in love with this kitty, but he had fleas and all sorts of everything,” he laments. On its first visit to the vet, the kitten was diagnosed with a fatal feline disease called panleukemia. “It was the worst-case scenario for any kind of living creature,” Kweller says, explaining that all they could do was quarantine him so as not to infect their elder cat, and give him “the will to live.” “We have a little laundry room, so I set up my sleeping bag and just slept with him every night. He slowly got better. That was six months ago, and he forgot all about that shit. He's the happiest kitty you ever met. He loves life!”

This is Ben Kweller, in a nutshell. It's hard to trust, at first, that he's completely genuine, the way he doles out hugs to everyone he meets. But Kweller is the kind of person who will cuddle a diseased kitten on a laundry room floor, or hug a fan, a rock journalist, or a local St. Louis fly fisherman long enough for the hug-ee to release, think about pulling away, then realize that the affable singer isn't anywhere near finished. He has a lot of love to give, and with the release of *On My Way*, he's going to have a lot more people to give it to.

The album is Kweller's second for ATO, the imprint of RCA Records started by Dave Matthews. His relationship with the label, formed after one of the shows with Dando, has been a fruitful one—2002's *Sha Sha* has sold more than 100,000 copies, bolstered by tours with Jeff Tweedy, Juliana Hatfield and Dashboard Confessional, as well as his

New York buddies the Moldy Peaches and the Strokes.

Over a three-night stint at New York's Village Underground, Kweller, then a goofy, curly-haired kid in a beat-up T-shirt and droopy corduroys, captured the sold-out crowd's attention by sprinting back and forth with a guitar that seemed bigger than he was (a tactic that he still uses—especially when he plays his old tunes), and belting out quirky couples-skate anthems from behind a keyboard. After the third show, Kweller was approached by ATO's Michael McDonald.

“He told me all about the label and how it was gonna be artist-driven and career-oriented as opposed to just one-hit bullshit, and it just sounded perfect,” he says. “I had already been through the huge bidding-war catastrophe that can happen to young bands.”

It's certainly not unwarranted that, at 22, Kweller will speak of the perils of “young bands” from the position of a knowing elder. He's been at it long enough to consider himself an old hand, and his maturity shines through on *On My Way*—if *Sha Sha* led some of Kweller's youthful fans out of the clutches of adolescence, then *On My Way* will guide them through their first rollicking years of college. Where he used to write precious ditties about how “butterflies are passive-aggressive and put their problems on the shelf,” nowadays, Kweller's more inclined to just rock out and let things develop.

“It's way different from the days of me as a young songwriter,” he says. “Sitting at the piano when I was 10, I'd get my paper and pen, and I'd be like, ‘Okay, today we're gonna write a song about a kite and the string breaks and it goes into the forest and we have to go chase it.’ You know what I mean? I'd come up with a story before I got started on the song because that's what you think as a young writer—you've got to come up with what you're gonna say or it's not a real song. But now, for me, it's just all about not forcing it, and it's more exciting for me on a personal level to just spit it out and see what happens.”

The result of this newfound technique is tough choruses in place of passive-aggressive butterflies; his ballads still hover between retro-pop and sensitive rock, but songs like “Ann Disaster,” built on garage-y two-chord riffs, are ragged and confrontational (though a little more Mick

Jagger than Sid Vicious), with infectious roaring choruses like, “I know what you want/ You want a piece of me.” The recording of *On My Way*, helmed by Ethan Johns (producer of Ryan Adams' solo work and son of legendary producer Glyn Johns), emphasizes the visceral feel of the new songs. According to Kweller, Johns told the band, “I'm gonna set you up just like my father set up the Rolling Stones in 1964.” That is, the band in one room, facing each other, with no headphones. The vocals aren't necessarily pitch-perfect since Kweller couldn't hear his own voice, but the tracks are raw, candid and more like his live sound than any of his past recordings.

Johns' production style brought Kweller's work closer to the feel of the artists he appreciates most—the Beatles, the Velvet Underground, Neil Young and Bob Dylan. Even the minimalist CD art for *On My Way* references his love of that era. “You know when you get CDs that were originally released in the '60s or '70s on vinyl, and they put them out on CD, and they just came in that generic silver—like Bob Dylan CDs?” He pulls out his new disc, a replica of that format. “Actually, this is a template for a lot of the '70s RCA artists, like Dolly Parton and John Denver and Elvis. But I don't know how many people will get that—most people will probably look and be like, ‘Man, that's such a cheap-looking CD.’”

On My Way certainly targets an older crowd, but Kweller continues to take the attention of his many younger fans to heart. Support from teen magazines helped round up a stable of high school-aged devotees who populate his online message board with odes of love, devotion and Passover greetings; when the St. Louis show is over, teenagers swarm Kweller's bus and, despite the bad cold he's nursing, the singer toughs it out outside, taking every photo, signing every autograph, giving every long-lasting hug. But Kweller has grown up as much as his sound, cute and cuddly as he is—which means he feels a certain responsibility to those young fans, too.

“I would say that I might not be such a good role model in that I smoke cigarettes once in a while and, you know, drink,” he admits. “If there's anything that kids are taking from me, I hope it's my messages about following your heart in life and staying true to yourself and keeping your head up in rough times. That's the kind of role model I'd like to be.” **NMM**

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ISSUE 123

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11. **THE CARDIGANS** "For What It's Worth"

Long Gone Before Daylight

www.thecardigans.com

The Cardigans appear courtesy of Koch Records.

See Review p. 38.

12. **THE TALK** "Good Songs"

It's Like Magic In Reverse

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13. **AMEN** "Oblivion Stereo"

Death Before Musick

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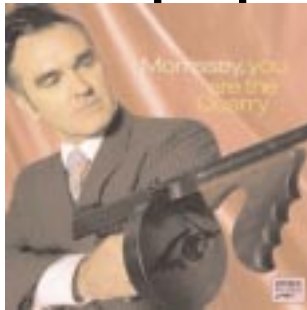
Cosmo appears courtesy of Ginger Girl.

1. **BEN KWELLER** "On My Way" *On My Way*
www.benkweller.com
Ben Kweller appears courtesy of RCA Records.
See Cover Story p. 20.
2. **MORRISSEY** "Irish Blood, English Heart" *You Are The Quarry*
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3. **DILATED PEOPLES** "This Way" *Neighborhood Watch*
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4. **RJD2** "Exotic Talk" *Since We Last Spoke*
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5. **SLOAN** "Rest Of My Life" *Action Pact*
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6. **CLOUDDEAD** "Rifle Eyes" *Ten*
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7. **JOLIE HOLLAND** "Old Fashioned Morphine" *Escondida*
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8. **BUDDAHEAD** "When I Fall" *Crossing The Invisible Line*
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9. **BOHREN & DER CLUB OF GORE** "Constant Fear" *Black Earth*
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Bohren & Der Club Of Gore appear courtesy of Ipecac Records.
See Review p. 37.
10. **SLY & ROBBIE MEET THE MAD PROFESSOR** "Finger On The Pulse"
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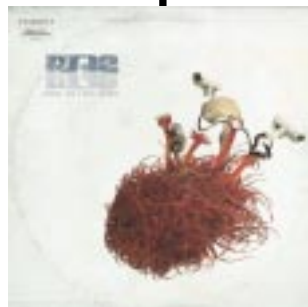
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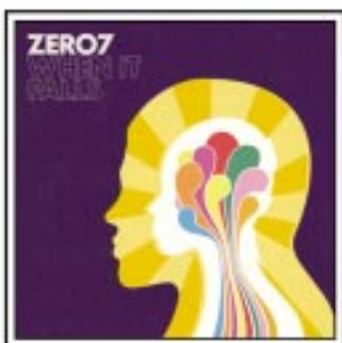
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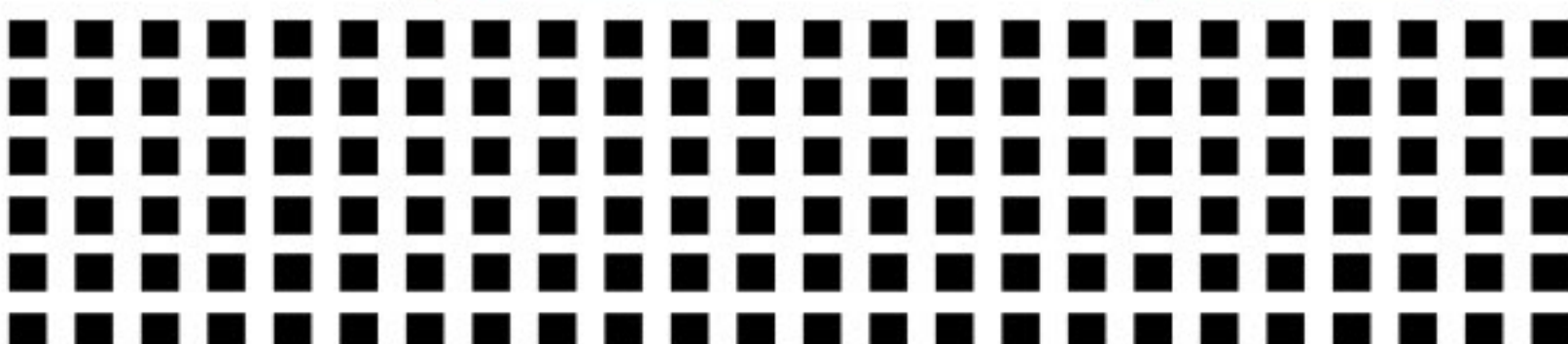
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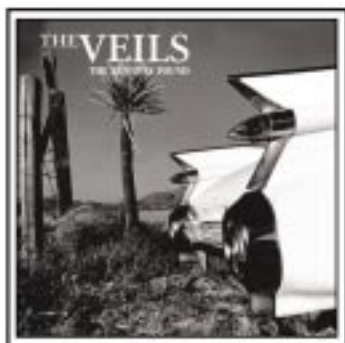
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DEVENDRA BANHART

GREY DELISLE

DYKEHOUSE

JASON FORREST

JOLIE HOLLAND

MATT MARQUE

PASSAGE

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



DEVENDRA BANHART

Rejoicing In The Hands Young God

Art-school refugee Devendra Banhart's 2002 debut, the 22-word title of which begins *Oh Me Oh My...* and challenges Fiona Apple for flaccid surrealist whimsy, was the outsider-art album every insider loved that year: a loose collection of poorly recorded songs and song fragments sung by a high-voiced balladeer and strung together into semi-coherence by former Swans mastermind Michael Gira. *Rejoicing In The Hands*, Banhart's terrific follow-up, is plenty weird compared to straight-laced indie folksters like Damien Jurado and the late Elliott Smith, but its delicately picked acoustic guitars and warm, casual, actually-cut-in-a-studio production make for a far less challenging listen than *Oh Me*. At points, Banhart's quavering vocals—imagine Billie Holiday if she did her undergrad at Brown—even manage to evoke a sense of disturbed calm familiar to Cat Power fans. And the occasional splash of instrumental color from members of Gira's Young God stable lends his warbling valuable emotional depth. Of course, parsing Banhart's lyrics remains akin to chasing a rainbow-colored unicorn down a red-curtained rabbit hole—"Each strand of her hair is really insect eyes," he sings over zither-like plinks, "and each hole in her tongue is always occupied by the milk of the sun"—but his Neverland has become a bewitching vacation spot. >>>MIKAEL WOOD

Link
www.younggodrecords.com
File Under
Fractured art-folk
R.I.Y.L.
Cat Power, Jeff Buckley, Entrance



GREY DELISLE

The Graceful Ghost Sugar Hill

The only thing separating Grey DeLisle's third CD from one of gram-gram's ol' 78-rpm platters is the lack of LP crackle. Then again, *The Graceful Ghost*, for all its haunt and honey, crackles like an ice block dropped in a FryDaddy. DeLisle's old-timey story songs are vibrant, charming, sepia-toned portraits of characters real (herself, her husband Murry Hammond of the Old 97's, Johnny and June Carter Cash), imagined and somewhere in between (the Civil War soldier whose letter she borrowed for the spoken passage on "Tell Me True"). She makes them tangible with a mixture of hillbilly soul and Southern-belle elegance that is sad, sexy and sublimely loyal to traditional country, folk and gospel. The discreet, eclectic instrumentation (DeLisle's auto-harp, producer/player Marvin Etzioni's mandolin/etc., Hammond's guitar, Sheldon Gomberg's upright bass) and arrangements are perfect as support and subordinates to DeLisle's pipes and uncanny songwriting; no note is wasted, nothing shines brighter than DeLisle. It's an ethos akin to the work of her idol, June Carter Cash—and the quality ensures that, in coming decades, *The Graceful Ghost* will stand proudly as a peer to June's *Press On*. >>>RANDY HARWARD

Link
www.greydelisle.com
 File Under
 Graceful, ghostly
 R.I.Y.L.
 Loretta Lynn, Gillian Welch,
 June Carter Cash



DYKEHOUSE

Midrange Ghostly International

Now that the increasing availability of affordable high-grade recording equipment has bestowed upon us more cloistered IDM records than even the most committed file-sharer could ever consume, the world's at-home engineers have turned their attention to other forms: garage bands captured live in actual garages, MCs dropping rhymes in their pajamas, depressive folkies gathering around the kitchen table. On his second album, *Midrange*, multitasking Michigander Mike Dykehouse adds to the cornucopia with his miniaturized version of classic shoegaze guitar-pop, which he made by layering ribbons of sweetly distorted noise from his Fender Jazzmaster over dazed, grooving beats constructed on the iMac in his bedroom. Unlike stuff by genre kingpins My Bloody Valentine and Slowdive, you don't really get swallowed up by Dykehouse's songs; there's none of the big-room ambiance that ironically gives *Loveless* its claustrophobic swirl. But Dykehouse applies to *Midrange* the expertise he accumulated making his own cloistered IDM record, 2001's *Dynamic Obsolescence*, so each track offers a world of whirring, clicking sound: the stutter-stepped trickles of fake harpsichord in "Western Lands"; the concussive, cotton-wrapped rhythm programming of "Drown Inside Of Me"; the gooey vocal harmonies of "Lost Holiday"; the ringing guitar bends in "Burden Of Proof." It's perfect for examining through headphones in the same place Dykehouse made it. >>>MIKAEL WOOD

Link
www.ghostly.com
 File Under
 Snow-days shoegaze
 R.I.Y.L.
 Manitoba, the Notwist, M83

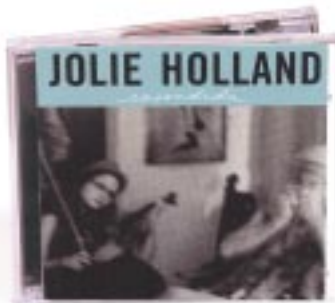


JASON FORREST

The Unrelenting Songs Of The 1979 Post Disco Crash Sonig

Negativland, Plunderphonics, the Evolutionary Control Committee—giddy mixtape fodder, sure, but fuck art, let's dance! Jason Forrest is a situationist with a set of razor-sharp turntables at his disposal, and while *Paul's Boutique* and *3 Feet High And Rising* were sample collages of other-worldly momentum, Forrest has made the funkiest copyright-infringement-for-the-sake-of-copyright-infringement record, well, ever. Formerly DJing under the decidedly situationist pseudonym Donna Summer, this Debord-referencing king of recycled art (pardonnez-moi, "détournement") goes straight for the ass instead of the quasi-political joke—taking songs from the ickiest classic-rock playlists, eking out the most delicious riffs and reconstructing them with the glitch-sizzle of Kid606 and the booty-moving ability of Basement Jaxx. "Satan Cries Again" is Creedence Coldcut Revival doing a hippie sway, the hustle and a slamdance at the same time, while "180 Mar Ton" is a jungle-tinged tribute to Styx, capturing all of their bombastic licks in laser-lit glory. The Who, Steely Dan, Electric Light Orchestra, Rick Wakeman, um, Talking Heads... they're all hanging out, playing their toughest riffs and nothing else. It is the sound of pure balls—cocky, brash, loud, obnoxious and with no sample clearance whatsoever. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

Link
www.cockrockdisco.com
 File Under
 "Surrender" in a blender
 R.I.Y.L.
 Coldcut, Kid606, Plunderphonics



JOLIE HOLLAND

Escondida Anti-

Jolie Holland makes you proud to be an American—and not that jingoistic fighter-jets-soar-over-a-NASCAR-race kind of American. Think Tom Joad, Bessie Smith, Jack Kerouac, Loretta Lynn—risky, poetic, big-hearted, beautifully flawed Americans. As on her demo/debut *Catalpa*, Holland rarely looks past 1960 for her musical inspiration. If that sounds limiting, ask Bob Dylan whether he thinks it's been a drawback for him. She reaches way back to the 1860s for "Faded Coat Of Blue," a Civil War ballad, but in a way that makes you think of present-day soldiers dying pointlessly and loved ones grieving deeply. What makes it work is Holland's Beat-poet melancholy and restlessness bounding around in all that jazz and blues and country (she's moved from Texas to New Orleans to California herself). The freewheelin' "Goodbye California," makes you want to keep driving west into the Pacific in search of something more while her off-the-beat phrasing (compare to Billie Holiday if you must) chases you down and keeps you off-guard. The hazy fix "Old Fashioned Morphine" namechecks William S. Burroughs, with musical nods to Willie Johnson and the spiritual "Wade In The Water." Lyrically and musically it's one of the simplest tracks on the record, but also the most revealing when you consider the profound mix of influences and references contained within. >>>STEVE CIABATTONI



MATT MARQUE

Nothing Personal Truckstop

Bet you guessed that *Nothing Personal*, Chicago singer/songwriter Matt Marque's third LP, is actually quite intensely personal, what with the indie rock and the irony and so on. But what you may not have guessed is how spectacularly that openness and sincerity plays out here, since Marque's been a bit of a sleeper thus far (figuratively and literally). Like Nick Drake on a Pinback kick, *Nothing Personal* takes breathy autumnal folk songs and works them into a steady nod with electronic rhythms and full, lush accompaniment, and Marque's voice, like Drake's, has a sexy-sleepy bend to it. His vocal patterns often sound as if he's actually channeling the late Brit-folk cult hero's cadences, but considering that very few singers have come close to approximating the beauty in that morose delivery, it's a very welcome likeness. "Close As I Can" feels like the *Blue Screen Life* follow-up that Pinback should've made, and, well, so does "Undertow." But this isn't meant to infer that Marque is just a deft copier—there's a distinct personality to the way he meshes earthiness and technology, and, most importantly, his songwriting. Marque's arrangements show a subtle pop sensibility on par with Folk Implosion-Barlow, which makes *Nothing Personal* not only a great mood-setter, but also a disc that begs an intimate attachment. >>>RENEE FALK



PASSAGE

The Forcefield Kids Anticon

The Dadaist, avant-hop Anticon boys haven't really been making "the rap music" as of late—with Why? having his Sea And Cake and eating it too, and cLOUDDEAD reminding the O.G.s about Flying Saucer Attack—and Passage's spectacular god-knows-what debut (think Sole-via-Nelly rap/singing over Beck-via-OMD) walks the line between their familiar loquacious rap-ramble and some new transcendent indie Moog swoosh. Passage emotes about education, race and loneliness in those Anticon-oclastic beat poetics that ride the fence between astute imagery and non-sequitur. Either way, Passage certainly is passionate about whatever the fuck he's singing about, shouting to the heavens (with glorious Eminem double-tracked demi-harmony vocals, natch) "Jesus Chrysler cut me a break/ Lay off the feelings and the spiders in the sink/ And leave the depression in the wild/ A missing man without a car alarm stuck in his knee or a pager in his palm!" There are too many great moments to mention: an infectious clang here, a video-game sample there, the austere hospital-room folk of "Old Aunt Mary," the Suicide death-funk of "Free Luv, From Left Field," the TMBG-meets-Laurie Anderson "The Unstrung Harp," a triumphant march called "The Unspectacular Whiteboy Slave Song": *The Forcefield Kids* has all sorts of glorious fuckeduperry, and Passage attacks them all with equal aplomb. You can officially stop hating on these guys now. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

Link
www.jolieholland.com
File Under
New teacher in the old school
R.I.Y.L.
Gillian Welch, Hank Williams,
Will Oldham

Link
www.mattmarque.com
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The sleeper must awaken
R.I.Y.L.
Nick Drake, Pinback,
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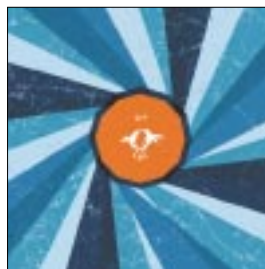
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REVIEWS

27

FRED ANDERSON & HAMID DRAKE
 THE BETA BAND
 BLOCKHEAD
 BOHREN & DER CLUB OF GORE
 CASINO VS. JAPAN
 THE CARDIGANS
 THE CATHETERS
 COLDER
 DILATED PEOPLES
 GET FUCKED
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 DAVID MEAD
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 NEKROMANTIX
 JOANNA NEWSOM
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 PEDRO THE LION
 SAM PHILLIPS
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 RJD2
 PETE ROCK
 THE SILENT LEAGUE
 SLOAN
 PATTI SMITH
 THE STREETS
 SULTANS
 THE THERMALS
 TWEAKER
 WE RAGAZZI
 SHANNON WRIGHT



27

Let The Light In Hydra Head

The members of Boston's 27 have always dwelled in a musical twilight realm. Having done time in hardcore powerhouse Anodyne and the mid-'90s alernapop group Dirt Merchants, they now play temperamental indie rock, bringing their wistful lyrics and moody guitars to metal labels like Relapse and Hydra Head. This yin-and-yang marriage of opposites boosts 27's mystique with both crowds. *Let The Light In* covers several sub-genres, from trip-hop to hardcore lite, and throughout, the band maintains the signature emotional swagger that pre-

dated Denali. The darker side of *Let The Light In* introduces the disc with "The Cause," which evolves into a crushing pseudo-Neurosis/Isis guitar riff, its heaviness contrasted by singer Maria Christopher's soft soprano. Changing the mood, the next song "Every Day" sounds commercial enough for Michelle Branch, as Christopher pines for someone "who'll make the rest of the world go away." "Try (Part 2)" then shifts into a lounge-y/trip-hop crossover, featuring jazzy piano samples smart enough for a Supreme Beings Of Leisure or Portishead disc. The disc closes menacingly with "April," its screaming chorus reinforced by the verses' sparse instrumentation and Christopher's best Sarah McLachlan. While 27 may sound like a musical Sybil, bouncing from personality to personality, their many faces help them appeal to the indie and metal crowd alike. >>>KORY GROW

Link

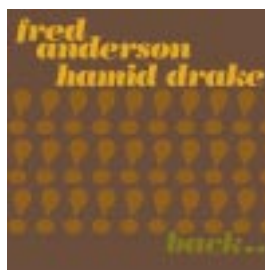
www.hydrahead.com

File Under

Multiple genre disorder

R.I.Y.L.

Denali, Isis, Portishead



FRED ANDERSON & HAMID DRAKE

Back Together Again Thrill Jockey

Chicago-based tenor saxophonist Fred Anderson and drummer Hamid Drake have been involved musically, and as friends, for 30 years. They've evidently tossed around the idea of doing a sax/drum duo album for some time—*Back Together Again* sees it finally come to fruition. Anderson's done this before on *Duets 2001*, a record he cut with former Sun Ra Arkestra drummer Robert Barry. Like that record, his new duo disc is not for everyone: Casual jazz fans may find it too minimalist and, indeed, a tenor saxophone and a drum kit do have their sonic limitations. For anyone who's a true jazz-head, however,

this Anderson/Drake duo is very cool. Anderson is a fluid, articulate sax player with a warm sound; he has a particularly keen sense of when to play and when to sit back and dig the space between notes. Drake sounds like the perfect conspirator in this groove, deriving a wide spectrum of moods behind the kit. His work on the shadowy African tune "Lama Khyenno" not only reinforces the dark colors of Anderson's playing, but also seems to resonate with the very tone of the tenor sax. Drake's playing on "Black Women" is loose and abstract; a fine counterpoint to Anderson's speculative sax lines. This is a mesmerizing, creatively powerful duet album. >>>PHILIP VAN VLECK

Link

www.hamiddrake.com

File Under

Dynamic duets

R.I.Y.L.

Duets 2001, Sonny Rollins, Wayne Shorter (Miles Davis Quintet era)



THE BETA BAND

Heroes To Zeros Astralwerks

Around the time they released their three celebrated debut EPs and their 1999 self-titled full-length (which drummer Robin Jones once described in retrospect as a "crap record"), Scotland's Beta Band would've made a great iTunes group. Unrepentant music nerds, they filled their songs with as many stylistic detours and record-store references as singer Stephen Mason's adenoidal stoner croon could support; in an effort to capture a sense of fin-de-siècle spectacle, the outfit made point-and-click pop before every home in Middle America became its own Best

[Link](#)

www.betaband.com

[File Under](#)

Controlled chaos

R.I.Y.L.

Radiohead, A Band Of Bees,

Gomez

Buy outlet. Curiously, now that the world's caught up to them, the Betas have retreated a good deal from the grab-bag variety that endeared the act to John Cusack in *High Fidelity*. So in place of post-Beck hipster pastiche, *Heroes To Zeros* offers pretty, tuneful guitar-pop only occasionally ornamented with acid-squelch bass burble, crystallized music-box tinkle and high-fat Stevie Wonder keyboard funk. In the surging, U2-ish opener "Assessment" and the lazily drawled "Wonderful," which echoes the trippy Beach Boys song that shares its name, the transformation works fine; in fact, the U.K.'s search for the next Radiohead could do with more stuff like this. But *Heroes* sometimes feels too controlled for its own good, like a random trawl through Apple's Britpop bin. >>>MIKAEL WOOD



BLOCKHEAD

Music By Cavelight Ninja Tune

Tony "Blockhead" Simon's résumé is a who's who of indie/college hip-hop. He produced much of Aesop Rock's *Labor Days* album and *Daylight* EP, collaborates with Atmosphere, Murs and Mike Ladd, and released a hip-hop/comedy album on Def Jux. Thankfully, *Music By Cavelight* is miles away from all that, taking on the Ninja Tune style of cinematic downtempo with abundant flair. Instead of smacking samples around hodge-podge like his peers, Blockhead is all about meticulous sound placement. The best comparisons are with Amon Tobin or DJ Shadow, but unlike

[Link](#)

www.ninjatune.net

[File Under](#)

Downtempo trip-a-delica

R.I.Y.L.

DJ Food, DJ Shadow,

Amon Tobin

those two, who pack their soundstages with grandiose, overwhelming jazz-and-hip-hop arias, Blockhead spaces his sounds more conservatively. The result is a careful balance of intensity and snappiness. "You've Got Maelstrom" is a perfect example: At first, it billows out like a macabre smoke plume with a laconic, bland beat, but then breaks into a steady chug with an old-school thug rhythm and dueling jazz trumpets that give way to a charming piano break. Overall, *Music By Cavelight* sticks closer to the visual suggestiveness of a film soundtrack than hip-hop; "Sunday Séance," "A Better Place" and "Cavelight" veer closer to the psycho-visual suggestiveness of Thievery Corporation and early Future Sound Of London than to the grittiness of the Anticon, Mush or Lex crews. It's a dazzling listen. >>>HEATH K. HIGNIGHT



BOHREN & DER CLUB OF GORE

Black Earth Ipecac

Exploring the darker half of mankind's heart, German ensemble Bohren & Der Club Of Gore bypass the über-dramatic trappings of metal and goth, instead exploring noir emotions through eerie lounge and jazz. Combining the stark ethereality of *Felt Mountain*-era Goldfrapp with the downtempo melancholy philosophy of doom metal's finest (their website links to Finland's Skepticism and Germany's Trouble), the band's subdued piano/sax interplay is comparable to the output of David Lynch's soundtrack guru, Angelo Badalamenti. Its name pays homage to

[Link](#)

www.ipecac.com

[File Under](#)

Triplet Peaks

R.I.Y.L.

Angelo Badalamenti, early

Goldfrapp, Barry Adamson

the Dutch instrumental group Gore (and "Bohren" meaning "drilling"), manifesting its sinister influence in Bohren's macabre music. A subtle sax solo, brushed drums and translucent piano adorn "Destroying Angels," which could easily conjure images of a seedy Humphrey Bogart film, set in a smoky cabaret. The Raymond Chandler vibe continues on "Skeletal Remains," a programmatic exercise replete with another tasteful sax solo and gently cascading keys. Album closer "The Art Of Coffins" is a 12-minute requiem ranging from subsonic bass to largo hi-hat strikes and dark keyboard pads; you can almost feel that final breath escaping as the lid closes down. *Black Earth* aurally captures those hard-to-explain emotions like acrimony and remorse, while never coming across as pretentious. >>>KORY GROW



CASINO VERSUS JAPAN

Hitori + Kaiso Attacknine

Casino Versus Japan's music feels like being caught in a light spring shower—but instead of water, it's little jello blobs pelting your shiny happy face. From Wisconsin, CVJ's Erik Kowalski shot to fame within the underground electronic music community when monster SUV-maker Hummer picked up one of his bucolic ambient groove tracks for their first round of globetrotting commercials. As much Boards Of Canada electronic dreaminess as it is indie shoegazer pop, CVJ divines a fine line between the concrete world of digital experimentation and flat-out shimmering melodies. Out on the wondrous SoCal imprint Attacknine, *Hitori + Kaiso* steps back a bit from 2002's concept-driven *Whole Numbers Play The Basics* by releasing various ambient pieces from 1998-2001 in a two-disc set much like one of his obvious influences, Aphex Twin. The first disc plays out richly, with nearly every track clocking in longer than those on *Whole Numbers*, with particular attention paid to repetitious melodies composed of dark analog synth sounds building up slowly like stalagmites. The second disc is the gem, however, working through countless guitar-and-effect variations; thick with heavy chords and echo, these mesmerizing cuts could be lost Cocteau Twins instrumentals. *Hitori + Kaiso's* melodramatic range further situates CVJ as one of this country's most promising young electronic artists. >>>HEATH K. HIGNIGHT

[Link](#)

www.attacknine.com

[File Under](#)

Ambient guitar indie-pop

R.I.Y.L.

Boards Of Canada, mid-period

Cocteau Twins, early Aphex Twin



THE CARDIGANS 

Long Gone Before Daylight Koch

The Cardigans are one of those strange musical phenomena: a band that soars to fame, only to find the spotlight taken away just as things are getting interesting. Their last album, 1998's *Gran Turismo*, saw them shrug off the cheery pop that made them famous in favor of soul-searching melancholia with a cold electronic pulse. Now, following a break for solo projects from frontwoman Nina Persson (A Camp) and bassist Magnus Sveningsson (Righteous Boy), *Long Gone Before Daylight* finds the Swedish stars regrouped, refreshed

and once again resplendent. The disc marks a return to a more organic approach, signaling that main musician Peter Svensson may no longer be as smitten with his samplers. But aside from a few bursts of light, things remain as introspective and pleading here as on *Turismo*. "I've seen you/ I know you/ But I don't know how to connect," laments Persson on lilting opener "Communication," as the emotive power of the disc instantly sinks in. More upbeat moments, such as "A Good Horse" and "Live And Learn" do a nice job of countering some of the desperation, but the true beauty lies in the starkness and yearning of tracks like "Couldn't Care Less" and "Please Sister." And really, who needs a spotlight when you have such a natural glow of your own? >>>DOUG LEVY

Link
www.cardigans.com

File Under
Bitter-Swede symphonies
R.I.Y.L.
A Camp, Ivy, Aimee Mann



THE CATHETERS

Howling... It Grows And Grows!!! Sub Pop

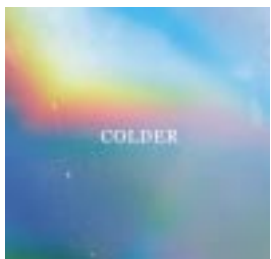
Safer than the Dead Boys but cleaner than the Stooges, the Catheters are as unapologetic as either on their third full-length, *Howling... It Grows And Grows!!!* The Catheters dodge the pretense of some contemporary retro-rockers, effectively marrying the grease-on-the-floor rock of the pre-grunge Sub-Pop set with a dash of Dead Boys' delinquency. Both in form and content, *Howling* conveys the fidgeting urgency of youth (the album barely crests the 35-minute mark). Brian Standeford's vocals carry the requisite garage growl of Green River's Mark

Arm or the Hives' Pelle Almqvist, and the rest of the band follows suit with their grimy, driving delivery. But despite the ragged approach, the Catheters don't abandon melody. The rousing "Ravenous Animal" showcases the band's ability to construct a scorching yet catchy track; other highlights include Standeford and Derek Mason's bratty guitars on "Brave Drum," the dirty bassline and steady, boot-stomping drums of "No Natural Law," and the frayed vocals and riff of the finale, "We Are So Cold." Far from cold, the Catheters exert themselves feverishly on *Howling*, proving that, like former tour-mates the Murder City Devils, they're unafraid and able to deliver their own blend of young-punk boom-swallower-swallower. >>>BRAD ANGLE

Link

www.thecatheters.com

File Under
Four-chord skuzzy brat-rock
R.I.Y.L.
The Hives, Dead Boys, the Stooges



COLDER

Again Output

These days, there's nothing unusual about taking the sounds of the early '80s as a sonic template, and it would be easy to dismiss Colder's *Again* simply as ersatz Joy Division if not for the fact that it's also firmly grounded in the European club sounds of the early aughts. Parisian Marc Nguyen Tan, the graphic designer/video producer who records as Colder, starts with the dark, mechanized rhythms and deep-voiced croon of Joy Division circa *Closer* and melds them with dry, digital glitches and thumping bass. Nguyen's voice has a limited range, but he's expressive in his intimate monotone, especially on

the obsessive "Silicone Sexy" and the eerie "Confusion" (not the New Order song, incidentally). Although he experiments with dub effects on "One Night In Tokyo" and with Kraftwerk-like repetition on "Version," his heart and soul are in edgier, rumbling tracks like "Where" (which could be summoning the ghost of Ian Curtis when it asks, "Where are you?") and "Crazy Love," which brilliantly affixes a rubbery bassline to arid, martial beats and ends up a potential club anthem. *Again* is no novelty; it's a sterling debut that blends elements of post-punk, Krautrock and Kompakt-style IDM into something as suitable for dancefloor participation as for solitary contemplation. >>>STEVE KLINGE

Link

www.outputrecordings.com

File Under
Unknown pleasures
R.I.Y.L.
Joy Division, Schneider TM, Massive Attack, the Rapture, Can



DILATED PEOPLES 

Neighborhood Watch Capitol

To Dilated Peoples, the purpose of a neighborhood watch is to "watch for criminals, and watch for cops"; in short, trust no one. Theirs is a kind of netherworld—populated neither by mainstream angels nor ghetto thugs—that might as well be a metaphor for DP's career. As widely respected underground-rap avatars, they don't need to go pop or tinker with their formula, but their old-school turf can feel like a prison. On *Neighborhood Watch*, their third major-label release, DJ Babu, Evidence and Rakaa find themselves halfway between the ghetto and the stars, trying on a few pop moves to keep their trench from becoming a rut. It's not a totally game-changing release, but the Peoples emerge with a fine record and their dignity intact. Evidence and Rakaa are easy, precise MCs, on-point as ever, even when revisiting old themes. Musically, *Watch* boasts a wealth of chewy hooks, grounded by Babu's no-frills scratching. Despite an array of producers, the album sounds amazingly coherent. The lone standout is, natch, the single: a supremely hooky, gospel-fueled Kanye West production, "This Way," that's ultimately a retreat of West's masterpiece, Talib Kweli's "Get By." If it wins DP a few new listeners, bully for them, but it's Babu's lower-tech, itchy-scratchy hooks that ultimately carry the album. >>>CHRIS MOLANPHY

Link

www.dilatedpeoples.com

File Under
Newly scrubbed old-school
R.I.Y.L.
Jurassic 5, Talib Kweli, Mos Def



GET FUCKED

Get Fucked Level Plane

The story behind Philadelphia's Get Fucked plays like some bizarre episode of VH1's *Bands Reunited*: Nearly a decade after their breakup, the original members found themselves living within a four-block radius of each other. The group had gone their separate ways in 1994, eventually forming bands like Neil Perry, Turmoil, LickGoldenSky, Tornado Of Knives and the Now. Their newfound proximity left them with no alternative but to finally lay down their long awaited self-titled debut, a gripping eight-song disc that calls to

mind early Gravity Records powerhouses Heroin and Honeywell. It begins with "Inside The 8lb. Dorm Fire," a devastating tune that swelters with unbridled intensity from the opening muted feedback to the final, panic-stricken gasp—a suitable introduction for the 17 minutes of combustive drumbeats and guitar spasms that ensue. Added to the mix are Alexander T's manic, larynx-shredding screams, which are integrated as another instrument of distortion among the overwhelming torrent of blissfully chaotic, anxiety-inducing noise. Even after a 10-year hiatus, Get Fucked have created a pertinent and exhilarating record that would make any grind fanatic wish this were more than a part-time project. >>>TRACEY JOHN

Link

www.level-plane.com

File Under

Soundtrack for a panic attack

R.I.Y.L.

Heroin, Honeywell, Orchid



HINT HINT

Young Days Suicide Squeeze

The follow-up to last year's *Sex Is Everything* EP, Hint Hint's debut full-length *Young Days* is a hyper collection of twitchy new wave and swerving, darkly rhythmic post-punk. Peter Quirk is a menacing snake of a singer, imbuing each number, like the pounding "Natural Collegiate" or the driving "Senator Blues" with his own idiosyncratic vocal twists. With his spasmodic delivery, Quirk can come across like a twisted art-school version of Midnight Oil's Peter Garrett, and set against the deft and creative precision of keyboardist Leona Marrs, he navigates

the band's compositions with a prowling intensity. Elsewhere, "Same Skies" is a cagey dose of percussive jungle rock that benefits from bassist Gabe Carter and drummer Jason Lajeunesse whipping weird funk and a horny backbeat that becomes the song's emotional center. "Long Branch, New Jersey" is filled with grind and snarl; and the catchy "Leviathan," which showcases guitarist Dean Hudson's inventive riffs, has a turbulent beauty. With some of the jumpiest, most appealing vocals around, buoyed by innovative, textured instrumentation, Hint Hint are a truly refreshing find. >>>ALEX GREEN

Link

sexiseverything.com

File Under

Quirky new wave

R.I.Y.L.

Killing Joke, Gang Of Four,

Pretty Girls Make Graves



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THE ICARUS LINE

Penance Soirée V2

These Hollywood goth-punk goofballs have earned more acclaim for their heavily hyped misbehavior than for their somewhat-less-hyped slash-and-burn noise-rock. I mean, when guitarist Aaron North smashed open a glass case containing one of Stevie Ray Vaughan's instruments at Austin's Hard Rock Cafe in 2002, did anyone in the room even care what he was gonna play with it? *Penance Soirée*, the band's crunch-tastic V2 debut, is their attempt to change that score. Well, in part: The taste for depressing trash talk and boneheaded punk-as-a-sport rivalry that defines

Buddyhead.com, the extravagantly mean-spirited website North runs with L.A. gadfly Travis Keller, is reflected here in hollow songtitles like "Up Against The Wall" and "Spit On It," and the CD's hilarious back-cover photo could challenge Good Charlotte's lock on this year's Serious Scowl Award. But in brutal *Penance* parties like "On The Lash," which layers leather-jacket guitar fuzz over Apache-helicopter bass throb, and "Caviar," which relocates Primal Scream's dank English dance-punk to seedy Sunset Boulevard, the Icarus Line transcend their well-manicured image and tap into a timeless tradition of lightning-rod rock 'n' roll bullshit. Or if they don't quite transcend it, they entertainingly use it for evil, not good. >>>MIKAEL WOOD

Link

www.theicarusline.com

File Under

Noise-rock nonsense

R.I.Y.L.

Primal Scream, Hot Snakes,
Soundgarden

ILLOGIC

Celestial Clockwork Weightless



Link

www.weightless.net

File Under

Ill rhyme-schemo-hop

R.I.Y.L.

Juggaknots, Roosevelt
Franklin, Aesop Rock

Illogic raps like a three-year-old telling a story: chunks of text yammered out with no regard for predictable cadences, pauses interspersed at improbable angles, emotions spilling out in full force. This is not to say that his flow is childish—on *Celestial Clockwork*, his third LP, the Columbus MC proves he's one of the most formidable Midwest rhymespitters around. Treading the same lovelorn and introspective storytelling ground as Roosevelt Franklin, Illogic pours out his heart like a marching band drum cadence, his relentless quasi-monotone

all batter and no patter, sounding like a more leisurely Aesop Rock (who appears on the Jean-Jacques Perrey-slick "Time Capsule" with Vast Aire). Production for the entire thing is handled by Blueprint, fresh off his RJD2 collabo and college-radio smash Soul Position, whose stuttery beats reverse underground hip-hop's unwritten law that it is the *beats* that are solid and the *rhymes* that explore twisted syncopation. Like a hi-fi MF Doom or a lo-fi RZA, Blueprint laces tracks with trembling organs, copyright-ignoring Who samples, wah guitars, honking sax solos and just plain noise. Lyrically and musically, these two explore all sorts of cosmic slop (and plenty of emo confessionals... Slug's on here too) using their distinct styles to power their flying saucers, resulting in a bent indie-hop endeavor that never gets too spacey for its own good. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

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LOS LOBOS

The Ride Hollywood

Loading up the guest stars is all too often a transparent attempt to generate or revive commercial success (see: Santana). Not so with relentlessly creative roots-rockers Los Lobos, who invite a disc's worth of name players along for *The Ride*. The collaborations (on both old and new material) are sensible and satisfying, with the sitters-in given free artistic reign but never failing to let Los Lobos be Los Lobos. The band from East Los Angeles digs deep into bluesy gospel with the riveting take-me-to-Jesus pleadings of Mavis Staples on "Someday," a powerhouse number

juiced with Lonnie Jordan's B-3 organ. Bobby Womack, with the help of Rev. Charles Williams on keyboards, casts a similar spell on a track pairing "Wicked Rain" with a muscular cover of Womack's 1970s soul-stirrer "Across 110th Street"; so does Little Willie G., with "Is This All There Is?" Richard Thompson turns in a shuffling folk-rocker, "Wreck Of The Carlos Rey," while Elvis Costello takes on a downbeat version of "Matter Of Time." Tom Waits and Martha Gonzalez share vocal duties on the oddball "Kitate," all experimental guitar skronk and trombone-spiked mariachi music. Still, the tune most likely to be blasted from car windows this summer is "Rita," a chugging mid-tempo blaster complete with a melancholy, Technicolor chorus and stacks of raucous-to-warping guitars, including Greg Leisz on pedal steel. Thirty years strong, Los Lobos is still in its prime. >>>PHILIP BOOTH

Link

hollywoodrecords.go.com/

loslobos

File Under

Real rock roots

R.I.Y.L.

Houndog, War, the Band



MACHA

Forget Tomorrow Jetset

Though the naysayers were hard to hear over the hype, one of the charges levied against Sofia Coppola's jetlag romance *Lost In Translation* was that her film's Tokyo idlers never interact with the city. They're pure tourists, confounded by foreignness, molecules unshifted by engagement with the new. Much rock or pop that steals from "world music" is similarly colonial in outlook; Macha is one of the few exceptions proving that there's much to be gained in a genuine exchange of cultural ideas. Macha's last proper album, 1999's *See It Another Way*, was

a keen-eyed travelogue in sound—intimate, immersed in its game-lan landscape, yet rooted in the band's own post-rock moorings. Kai Riedl and Joshua McKay went to Indonesia, picked up zithers and vibraphones, and returned to Athens, Georgia *changed*. New record *Forget Tomorrow* is similarly generous; this time, the band's drone and Krautrock obsessions make room for electrified Joy Division-esque abrasion and slither and, as a result, this album rocks a little harder than the last one. But the band's transmutation of new wave via non-Western arrangements and instrumentation performs the rarest of cultural tricks: Making the foreign sound familiar, and rendering the familiar strange. >>>MAYA SINGER

Link

www.jetsetrecords.com

File Under

Found in translation

R.I.Y.L.

Can, My Bloody Valentine,

Seaworthy



DAVID MEAD

Indiana Netwerk

David Mead could make a lot of people jealous: He's handsome, clever and can write the hell out of a pop song. Still, it's not like gold records line the halls of his summer estate: Earnestly confessional pop gems delivered with vocal finesse, like those found on his third album, *Indiana*, don't exactly bring the bling. The lovely acoustic opener "Nashville" finds its narrator driving home, lamenting that his destination isn't as exciting as London or New York; this geographical fatigue sets the tone for *Indiana*, as most of it seems to have been written from behind the steering wheel. On the

breezy title track, which namechecks more American destinations than Howard Dean in a froth, Mead sings "So you wanted some tales/ Of my wild exploits/ I had a couple of drinks in Cincy/ And some drugs in Detroit," laying it on thick for the seduction: "I'm the king of the highway/ Let me conquer your heart." Later, the campfire hymn "New Mexico" is pure falsetto-fueled longing for a long-idealized destination; the piano-tinged "Bucket Of Girls" is gorgeous; and "Queensboro Bridge" is a weary ballad about staying put. *Indiana* isn't only about traveling the roads one has to take to get from the past to the future; it's about knowing when and who to leave behind when you go. >>>ALEX GREEN

Link

www.davidmead.com

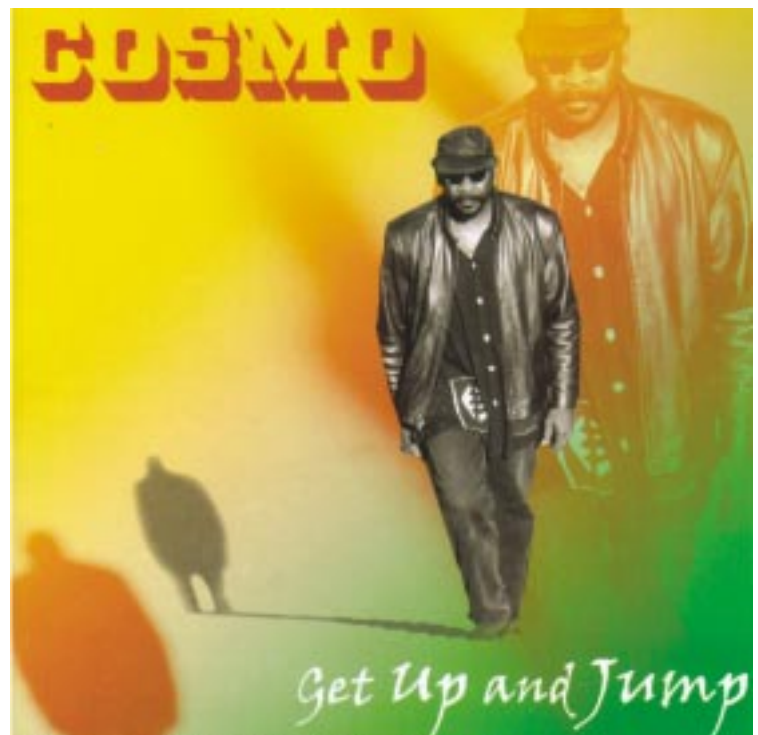
File Under

Mead is murder

R.I.Y.L.

David Poe, solo Paul

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MF DOOM
Special Herbs Vols. 5 & 6 Nature Sounds

If you're not a bin-scraping backpack fanatic, chances are slim that you're familiar with MF Doom's *Special Herbs* series. These EPs (often packaged as "double volume" single CDs) collect instrumental versions of tracks the New York rapper/producer previously released with vocals, plus rarities and a smattering of new material. While they're certainly a must for that MF Doom karaoke night on everyone's calendar, only diehard heads will be rushing out to get a copy—which is not to say *Special Herbs Vols. 5 & 6* isn't a funky good time. What's interesting is

how closely Doom's tracks, which borrow from heavy '70s soul, crime-action soundtracks and underground hip-hop, approximate hook-driven soul-jazz. The man behind the metal face, former KMD member Daniel Dumile, manages to say plenty with a well-placed snare hit, synthesizer leads and basslines that wander, creep and wriggle. The bonus features include a video for "My Favorite Ladies" that is little better than a student film of Doom strolling through the streets of New York, and live performance footage of "All Outta Ale," which is more like a home movie. While Doom disciples will probably thrill at all of this, other backpackers would do better with one of his more traditional releases. >>>NEIL GLADSTONE

Link
www.mfdoom.com
 File Under
Heavy, metal
R.I.Y.L.
Erick Sermon, Mos Def,
Blackalicious



MIRAH
C'mon Miracle K

Though she is frequently likened to Björk, Mirah Yom Tov Zeitlyn isn't favored by the comparison. Fans of the Elfin One's more aggressive sonic adventurism who were guided to Mirah's excellent second album, *Advisory Committee*, likely scratched their heads at the LP's lo-fi ambience and demure melodies, and wondered whether critics were giving extra credit to the inventive electro-folk arrangements of songs such as "Mt. St. Helens" just because that kind of experimentation is (frankly) still rather rare from female artists. But in one respect, as Mirah's latest LP makes clear again,

the Björk comparison is apt: Mirah is a songwriter with an exceptional ability to rise above the immediate matter of her songs and both in sound and sense, stretch her arms to the infinite. On *Advisory Committee*, that talent was reflected in the heroic fantasia of opening track "Cold Cold Water," for example; here, she does it again and again in songs that seem small but canvass universes. Frequent collaborator Phil Elvrum (the Microphones) helps out yet again with his nuanced mix of loops and industrial 0skronk against Mirah's acoustic guitar and vocal melodies as steely and as delicate as filaments. Likewise, the result is electric. >>>MAYA SINGER

Link
www.kreco.com
 File Under
Coffee-house folk gets the
transfiguration treatment
R.I.Y.L.
Cat Power, Tanya Donelly,
the Postal Service

built on the foundation of true emotional music: richly atmospheric, disarming in naked simplicity and soaring to the organic thresholds of the greatest indiepop. In performance and on their new self-titled release, the autumndivers explore a hybrid of textured hypnotic rock think galaxie 500 with more juice; think british '90s pop with a shade less shoegazing - new haven register

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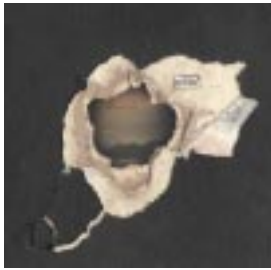


MISSION OF BURMA
ONOFFON Matador

Twenty-two years' hiatus melt away at the nine-second mark of *ONOFFON*, when Mission Of Burma drummer Peter Prescott unleashes his first shriek of pent-up adrenaline. *ONOFFON* would have fit logically as an on-time follow-up to 1982's *Vs.* (Burma's only proper full-length studio release), linked by Clint Conley's galloping basslines and Roger Miller's ferociously jagged yet prog-informed guitar. But Burma hasn't quite been frozen in time—the trio judiciously employs new elements like female backing vocals (fellow Bostonian Tanya Donelly on the penultimate "Falling") and strings (on the chaotic "Wounded World"). The reconstituted band is a more egalitarian lot, with Prescott's increased contributions bearing strong resemblance to his pounding late-'80s work fronting Volcano Suns. "Prepared" exhibits a sensitivity more in keeping with Conley's recent Consonant project than prototype Burma. If *ONOFFON* has a shortcoming, it's a dearth of rib-sticking anthems in the mold of "That's When I Reach For My Revolver," which is perhaps why the band dusted off two of Conley's early compositions ("Hunt Again" and the standout "Dirt," neither of which had previously received proper studio treatment) to up the melodic quotient. Their rolling batch of reunion shows proved that time hadn't sapped their fury. *ONOFFON* demonstrates it further, ranking alongside Television's 1992 self-titled disc as a rare "comeback" effort that compares favorably to a legendary band's peak output without simply mimicking past glories. >>>GLEN SARVADY

Link
www.missionofburma.com
 File Under
Second comings
R.I.Y.L.

Fugazi, Volcano Suns, Versus,
the Mars Volta, Constantines



MÚM

Summer Make Good Fat Cat

Somewhere in Reykjavik, the members of a rockabilly band are shaking their heads. It must be a hard lot, thereabouts, plying a trade in hip-hop, or being into ska, or wanting to sound like MC5—and the death-metal migration from Iceland to Norway must number in the fives, perhaps even the tens per year. Because where Iceland is concerned, at least from the perspective of people who live anywhere else, there's only one sound going: weird, lunar, subliminal. Björk set the template post-Sugarcubes, then promptly shrugged its boundaries, but the tradition has

been carried forward by Gus Gus, Sigur Rós and—perhaps the subliminally weirdest moonbabies of all—Múm. Múm's particular take on the Icelandic mood is to tie together Warp Records-style glitchiness, acoustic folk and Kristín Anna Valtýsdóttir's Tinkerbelle vocals. When the strategy works, it *really* works: The best tracks off of debut *Yesterday Was Dramatic - Today Is Okay* and 2002's *Finally We Are No One* prowled around your head like ghosts long after the songs themselves had stopped playing. New LP *Summer Make Good* is less haunting by far. Múm almost seem to be camping themselves here. The dark atmospheric are less subtle, Valtýsdóttir's overlaid vocals sprinkled overgenerously with faerie dust. It's so Icelandic, this record sounds *inbred*. >>>MAYA SINGER

Link

www.fat-cat.co.uk

File Under

Iceland, Iceland Babies

R.I.Y.L.

Boards Of Canada, Isan, Dntel



NEKROMANTIX

Dead Girls Don't Cry Hellcat

"Trifling" seems like a pretty caustic word to throw at a band that's as musically talented as Danish trio Nekromantix, but there's not much else to say, critically speaking anyway, about *Dead Girls Don't Cry*. Thematic ingenuity has never been much of a concern for psychobilly bands, and bassist/lead singer Kim Nekroman and company seem perfectly happy exploring the finer points of the post-production shenanigans of Hollywood monsters ("Where Do Monsters Go?"), morbid cookout ingredients ("What's On Your Neighbor's BBQ") and insomniac serial killers ("Moonchaser") while letting the rollicking instrumental stomp act as the real selling point of the album. While Nekroman's side gig—his wife's band, the HorrorPops—stays (comparatively) fresh by honing in on the more cartoonish lifestyle aspects of the genre, Nekromantix's fixation on B-movie schlock gets pretty tiring, even if the context gives a whole new spin to otherwise-trite lines like the title track's "Now you're mine for eternity/ My love for you will never die." And while nothing here is outright bad, it says something when the biggest creative stretch comes on the pair of slide-guitar-and-chorus chants that bookend this album, which would be mere afterthoughts anywhere else. >>>CHAD SWIATECKI

Link

www.hell-cat.com

File Under

Scary movies that aren't

R.I.Y.L.

Turbonegro, HorrorPops,

Reverend Horton Heat

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JOANNA NEWSOM

The Milk-Eyed Mender *Drag City*

Upon first hearing Joanna Newsom's voice thrash a birthing cat-sized hole through her harp, it's hard not to claw the headphones from your ears and cry to the heavens, "My God, what is she doing to those words?" Newsom has been playing harp since she was eight, and she's studied Celtic, Senegalese, Venezuelan and Western Classical techniques. The harp is beautiful, dreamy, like a harp should be. But the voice... Why would anyone sing like this? Is she doing it on purpose? Is she just trying to fuck with us? Newsom should expect many similar reactions (helpful hints for auraliza-

tion: the diction of Stina Nordenstam, the accent and playful phrasing of Victoria Williams and the scrappy power of Lil' Orphan Annie). But don't give up on it, because you'll quickly discover that this first impression is akin to how much you hated your first swig of beer. Her voice soon grabs you, demonstrating that it's the perfect vehicle for her unique and creative lyrics, obviously indebted to but not cribbed from Williams and Björk. The sparseness of accompaniment (mostly solo harp, sometimes piano or harpsichord) creates an intimacy with this voice, and makes clear that this is no gimmick. Newsom has created her own unique space, a world many will likely wish to inhabit with her. >>>JOE KERN

Link

www.dragcity.com

File Under

Dreamy harp music,
now cliché free!

R.I.Y.L.

Victoria Williams, Joni Mitchell,
Björk, Cherubim And Seraphim

THE ONE AM RADIO

A Name Writ In Water *Level Plane*

The One AM Radio is a band ahead of its time by at least a few hours. Hrishikesh Hirway's hushed, dreamy melodies are the sort you might stumble upon left of the dial, deep into the pre-dawn fog. His pastoral flavors bring to mind British tunesmiths like Neil Halstead, but the One AM Radio more closely resembles a male cousin to Azure Ray's bedroom therapy, tape loops supporting gently plucked acoustic guitar and intimate vocals straining not to wake anyone in the next room. Hirway pulls out all the stops on opener "What You Gave Away," layering trumpet, cohort Jane

Yakowitz's violin and diced backing vocals atop keyboards and an insistent rhythm track. It's easily *A Name Writ In Water's* most ambitious and immediate moment, but it's joined by plenty of more modest pleasures. Yakowitz's violin punctuates many tracks, and drives a pair of glitchy instrumentals that encroach on Notwist turf. Hirway's flatmates had apparently risen by the disc's second half, allowing him to dabble with a full-band dynamic that culminates in the twee stylings of "Those Distant Lights." The title of the elegiac "Drowsy Haze" may prove prophetic—*A Name Writ In Water* could be a real sleeper. >>>GLEN SARVADY

Link

www.theoneamradio.com

File Under

Dreampop around the clock

R.I.Y.L.

Neil Halstead, Azure Ray,
Nick Drake, Iron & Wine,
High Llamas, Galaxie 500



ERLEND ØYE

DJ-Kicks !K7

Although fans may be waiting around for the next Kings Of Convenience record, member Erlend Øye has made it clear he is having no trouble keeping busy. On the tail of his solo debut, *Unrest*, which came out last year, the Norwegian indie-pop fave has been invited to contribute his talents to !K7's long-running, widely adored *DJ-Kicks* series. Admitting up-front to only having had his paws on a set of tables for a few months, Øye comes off as no novice, displaying deft mixing and, more importantly, a seasoned DJ's talent for

compiling a broad, engaging tracklist that introduces the new and revitalizes the old or unusual with fresh context. From the breezy but gorgeous Jürgen Paape opener to remaking the '80s cheesecore of Braxe and Falke's "Rubicon" to Minizza's mix of the KOC staple "Winning The Battle, Losing The War," Mixmaster Erlend shows he a fearlessly unconventional range. But the most remarkable innovation is that on half the tracks, Erlend himself sings along, sometimes using his own unreleased material. This move could have come across as either naïve or ego-driven, but you need only hear a mix of Röyksopp's "Poor Leno" crossbred with Erlend's turn of the Smiths' "There Is A Light That Never Goes Out" to realize he's onto something. In contrast to some of the *DJ-Kicks* discs—so smooth and flawless as to be almost soporific—whatever Øye might lose in unevenness, he gains doubly in originality. The result is a set that grows on you with each listen. >>>KARL WACHTER

Link

www.erlendoye.com

File Under

Get yer Øye-yas out

R.I.Y.L.

Tiga, Kings Of Convenience,

Röyksopp



PAGODA

Dearly Departed Lazyline Media

"Sweet dreams are made of these," coos Pagoda's Ben Licciardi on "Down To The Road," barely rising above a whisper. The tracks on the Washington, D.C.-based group's debut record are short and sweet and provide a warm, fuzzy soundtrack for life's most reflective and dreamy moments. Pagoda packs the album's 30 minutes with light, airy, layered guitar pop, taking a page from New Zealand rockers such as the Clean and the Verlaines as well as '70s rock icons like Big Star. Opener "Cajun Pride" is an entirely instrumental affair, echoing guitars seamlessly intertwining with plucks of a lap steel and barely there drumbeats. Disc highlight "Superbreakout" is among the album's poppiest tracks, drawing influence from the Clean's earliest efforts; the song's instrumental outro finds the band at their tightest and most comfortable, gradually piling on reverb, distortion and hollow drums that increase in power and prominence as the track comes to a close. "Ham On White" adds a '70s-rock-meets-countrified-folk flavor to the album, while the ironically titled "Piano Song" focuses more on noisy guitars instead of tickling the ivories and once again buries Licciardi's mysterious vocals. *Dearly Departed* is at times eerie, but as a whole is a beautiful and refreshing debut. >>> CAROLINE BOROLLA

Link

www.pagodamusic.net

File Under

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R.I.Y.L.

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PEDRO THE LION

Achilles' Heel Jade Tree

"Bands with managers are going places, bands with messy hair and smooth white faces," croons David Bazan on the opener of his latest album as Pedro The Lion. This is not to say that bearded and close-cropped Bazan is going nowhere: In fact, the most recent incarnation of Pedro finds him moving forward, happily collaborating with his friend T.W. Walsh on an album that is somewhat more contemplative and mellow than 2000's *Winners Never Quit* and more accessible than 2002's dark *Control*. *Achilles' Heel* sets a mood of exuberant melan-

choly similar to that of Bazan's solo live shows. These songs are also some of his most personal writing yet, in that they flesh out musical ideas absent from previous albums. Anchored by Walsh's instrumentation, Bazan creates songs full of character and life. For example, the aggressive harmonies of "Keep Swinging" stand out and force listeners out of the easy lull of Pedro's sound. Unfettered by the heaviness of another concept album, Bazan manages to express his joy in songwriting through the music; even while he sings laments about relationships and the state of modern lives, the instrumental themes are upbeat and somehow eager. Like a good anthropologist, Bazan looks unflinchingly at his subjects and then takes listeners to them—they're going places together. >>>JESSICA HILBERMAN

Link
www.pedrothelion.com
 File Under
 Less rock, more talk
 R.I.Y.L.
 Coldplay, Mark Eitzel, Idaho



SAM PHILLIPS

A Boot And A Shoe Nonesuch

"I was broken when you got me/ With holes that would let the light through," Sam Phillips sings, over unadorned guitar and alternately booming and slapping drums on "How To Quit." It's the first of many smart, evocative lines on *A Boot And A Shoe*, which continues in the stripped-down vein of *Fan Dance*, her 2001 comeback disc, also produced by longtime collaborator (and husband) T-Bone Burnett. Call the tune an apropos introduction to the singer/songwriter's personal, musical psychodrama. On her sixth solo album since leaving Christian pop, Phillips maintains her usual high

standards of songcraft: Oft-brilliant lyrics reflecting complex twists of fate are allied with achingly beautiful turns of melody. That doesn't mean some of these pieces aren't hum-worthy, as evidenced by the chorus of "All Night," which may or may not be about a female stalker. Beatlesque flashes bolstered by sudden minor-to-major lifts and understated strings light up several pieces, including the brief but gorgeous "I Dreamed I Stopped Dreaming"; Chris Bruce's floating electric guitar limns "Open The World"; and antique pump organ colors "Reflecting Light." "Infiltration," jumping with flapper-era bounce, offers another perfect line—"If you're a dead man, then stick to being dead—worthy of stowing away." Her spiritual flaws resurface on "Hole In My Pocket," a backbeat-punchy hymn to faith in transition. As for Phillips' musical salvation: It's assured. >>>PHILIP BOOTH

Link
www.nonesuch.com
 File Under
 Unplugged passion pop
 R.I.Y.L.
 Elvis Costello, Rickie Lee Jones, Bruce Cockburn



THE REPUTATION

To Force A Fate Lookout!

Elizabeth Elmore's first post-Sarge record was the whip-smart and venomously sweet stroke of pop-rock genius one would have expected. Her sharp insights and accusations—not to mention hooks—were never more potent in her previous, critically adored band, and *The Reputation* was hailed as a grand reemergence of a thrilling talent. But however brilliant, it also seemed like a test-run, somewhat incomplete (perhaps because Elmore was just getting back in the game she'd abandoned in order to complete law school). Two years later,

with *To Force A Fate*, Elmore has logged more actual and figurative miles and worked out all the kinks. Her songs are carefully and exquisitely realized, written just to completion—perfection without polish. Her ubiquitous themes of betrayal and conflict have neutralized, finding fault with the author as well as her peers and paramours (see "Follow-Through Time"). The arrangements evince a compositional ear akin to Elvis Costello's with strings, horns and keys getting nearly as much ear time as guitar-bass-drums, and the performances are consummately pro, but raw like betrayal. It's a stunning work that sees the Reputation fulfilling Sarge's much-ballyhooed promise, and delivering a magnum opus right at the stroke of follow-through time. >>>RANDY HARWARD

Link
www.reputationmusic.com
 File Under
 Thrill repute
 R.I.Y.L.
 Belly, Blake Babies, Liz Phair



RETISONIC

Return To Me Silverthree

When post-hardcore outfit Bluetip broke up in 2001, frontman and principle songwriter Jason Farrell could've thrown in the towel to pursue his graphic design work (he's made over 70 album covers, most notably for Fugazi and At The Drive-In). Instead, he teamed up with ex-Garden Variety drummer Joe Gorelick and ex-J Majesty bassist Jim Kimball to form Retisonic. Although the band cites an assortment of influences (Cheap Trick, Gary Numan, the Damned, the Who, Queens Of The Stone Age), their first full-length, *Return To Me*, bears an evident D.C. punk foundation—not surprising since Farrell worked with Ian MacKaye while Bluetip was on Dischord Records. But unlike Bluetip, Retisonic make full use of vocal harmonies to offer a more solid, melodic sound. The album opener "Give Up" starts with punctuated guitar blips and leads into Farrell's tuneful crooning. Similar brusque staccato beats and punk riffs abound throughout the unusual song arrangements; even more unusual are the angst-ridden lyrics that Farrell belts out with exceptional clarity. Though a bit hard to get into at first, after a few listens, Retisonic's hooks are bound to get stuck in your head, whether you like it or not. >>>TRACEY JOHN

Link
www.retisonic.com
 File Under
 Familiar sounds of Dischord
 R.I.Y.L.
 Fugazi, Bluetip, Q And Not U



RJD2

Since We Last Spoke Definitive Jux

It's Round Two of the Musical Fight of the Century—White Boy Indie Hip-Hop Revolutionary (RJD2) versus Establishment Hip-Hop—and the judges are calling another draw. In the quest to stuff Definitive Jux's superstar boy into an oversized hip-hop ring, the mainstream press is unable to settle on whether to prop RJD2 or dog his ass like other white hip-hoppers. So let's ditch the hype: *Since We Last Spoke*, like its lauded predecessor, 2002's *Dead Ringer*, employs rabid use of samples, breaks

and downtempo vibes like Missy or Snoop. But coming to the purely subjective does-it-feel-like-hip-hop question, *Since We Last Spoke* steps off the street beats for what might otherwise be called traditional musicality. "Since '76," the album's shining star, pulls in Cubano horns and contemporary salsa threads to turn out a hot little number that's sure to swing with the Latin-lovin' crew—but with no bling. The follow-up track, "Ring Finger," miscegenates go-go guitar with a trap set mixed like the cool-bop grooves of Joe Morello—again, no bling. Anyone hoping RJD2 would distance himself from that other White Boy Indie Hip-Hop Revolutionary, DJ Shadow, will be disappointed by the title track's surfer-rock 'n' breaks catchiness. It's clear RJD2 is bobbin' and weavin' better than most, so perhaps the real bout is raising expectations of hip-hop beyond the mediocrity of mass commerce. >>>HEATH K. HIGNIGHT

[Link](#)

www.definitivejux.net

[File Under](#)

Hip-hop?

R.I.Y.L.

Automato, DJ Shadow, Boom Bip



PETE ROCK

Soul Survivor II BBE/Rapster

Considering that *Soul Survivor II* features 15 rappers on just as many tracks, hip-hop logic practically dictates that the material will be uneven. Let's analyze the variables: The only holdover from producer Pete Rock's previous *Soul Survivor* guest-a-thon (released in 1998) is his former partner, C.L. Smooth, who drops by for three appearances (the two have also been performing together live as of late). Rock's production is a tight, subdued, ol'-school machine; his passengers are another story. Some settle into the shotgun seat for a cushy, R&B-driven ride, others try to grab the wheel, derailing

[Link](#)

www.bbemusic.com

[File Under](#)

A new class of ol' school

R.I.Y.L.

Wu-Tang Clan, Slum Village,

Lyricist Lounge

the album temporarily into a muddy ditch. Black Ice opens up the proceedings with a brilliant state of the rhythm nation address delivered over a spacey guitar freakout; Rock unleashes heroic horns for RZA and GZA, who meet the challenge with barreling delivery; and on "No Tears," Leela James' sinewy singing helps the producer lay down a punchy number every bit as soul-stirring as the tracks he regularly samples. But not all the collaborations are as cohesive: J-Dilla's monotone flow makes the accompanying scratchy guitar track seem awkward and stiff, and Krumb-snatcha raps like he's standing on the bridge of an overstocked yacht. Adding it up, *Soul Survivor II* leaves one yearning to hear Rock focus on the few co-creators (such as James, C.L. Smooth and Talib Kweli) who instinctively click with his classic soul sensibility. >>>NEIL GLADSTONE

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THE SILENT LEAGUE

The Orchestra, Sadly, Has Refused File 13

If the Silent League's moniker conjures up dusty visions of a mysterious but influential group working to affect the world in ways we could never guess, well, you're not far off. The band serves as a vehicle for the songs of Justin Russo, former touring keyboard player for Mercury Rev, but he's far from alone. The liner notes to *The Orchestra, Sadly, Has Refused*, the League's debut, list over 20 contributors (including Interpol's Sam Fogarino and Russo's brother, Hopewell frontman Jason). In the live setting, the lineup is a bit more manageable, but

with all the strings, horns, bells and whistles (well, not real bells and whistles... we don't think, anyway), the Silent League could be on its way to becoming a sort of downbeat, choirless counterpart to the Polyphonic Spree. There's no missing the disc's highlight, the sweeping "The Catbird Seat"—it sounds like something Wayne Coyne might write in a cave, during a lightning storm, backed by a host of spectral, hooded musicians. The prettier, less-threatening stuff is top-notch, too: Closer "Hey You Hurray" elicits chills in a much different, more Nick Drake-y way, but stresses the point that there's something to love in every song. So, if these guys really do end up with as much hidden influence as their name implies, rest assured, you're in safe hands. >>>DOUG LEVY

Link

www.silentleague.com

File Under

Major league prospects

R.I.Y.L.

The Flaming Lips, the Sleepy

Jackson, Mercury Rev



SLOAN 

Action Pact Koch

Since 1991, Canada's Sloan has been exporting fantastic pop-drenched rock platters that have received little American appreciation or recognition. Perhaps trying to break that trend, the fiercely independent foursome decided to forsake their long-standing setup on their seventh studio effort by hiring their first full-time producer, Tom Rothrock (Badly Drawn Boy, Beck, R.L. Burnside). The result is a streamlined Sloan—a lean, mean poppy rock machine perhaps aided by a shift from their Toronto home to Rothrock's Los Angeles studio. *Action Pact* is heavily

influenced by two of the biggest B-monikered pop bands in history, the Beatles and Big Star, yet it manages to steer clear of copycat syndrome. Sloan ain't no *School Of Rock* vehicle parked in the past; they rock like the present is the only moment that matters. The double-barreled wallop of openers "Gimme That" and "Live On" prove that: Both are straight-ahead, big, dumb rockers of the first order. But Sloan can also bring the cheeky, chiming charm of Teenage Fanclub on *Action Pact*, along with an angular New Wave bent reminiscent of Spoon. Other stellar additions include "Reach Out," the propulsive "False Alarm" and the charming "Fade Away," which closed out the Canadian-released version last year. >>>JEFF BROWN

Link

www.sloanmusic.com

File Under

Music for Stacy's mom

R.I.Y.L.

Urge Overkill, Spoon,

Teenage Fanclub, Redd Kross



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PATTI SMITH

Trampin' Columbia

Patti Smith has now released as many albums since coming out of self-imposed exile as she did in the first phase of her illustrious career. If the albums since 1996's *Gone Again* haven't matched her groundbreaking early work (nothing short of a classic could), they have at least been worthy updates from an artist who has always had something vital to express. *Trampin'*, her first album of new material since 2000's *Gung Ho*, finds Smith in an often optimistic frame of mind as she sings the praises of her heroes, writes parables of redemption and

celebrates the power of rock 'n' roll. She mixes compact lullabies like "Cartwheels," "Trespases" and the title track (a spiritual associated with Marian Anderson and the album's sole cover) with abstract homilies like the nine-minute "Gandhi" or the 12-minute "Radio Baghdad," which begins in quiet poetry before exploding into an improvisatory series of venomous declarations about "rob[bing] the cradle of civilization"—it's no "Radio Ethiopia," but it's a commanding performance nonetheless. From the bluesy opener "Jubilee" and the biting "Stride Of The Mind" to the pretty love song "Mother Rose," to the celebratory "My Blakean Year" and "Peaceable Kingdom," *Trampin'* is a worthy update from one of rock 'n' roll's still-relevant elders. >>>STEVE KLINGE

Link

www.pattismith.net

File Under

Never too old to rock 'n' roll

R.I.Y.L.

Nick Cave, PJ Harvey,

Carla Bozulich



THE STREETS

A Grand Don't Come For Free Vice

Jay-Z said the streets is watching. In the case of Mike Skinner's *Streets*, the only thing he's watching is the telly—and probably while smoking a spliff. On his critically lauded debut, *Original Pirate Material*, Skinner vowed to push things forward as he rapped about "birds" and "geezers" in a thick cockney accent. With his follow-up, *A Grand Don't Come For Free*, Skinner has made an oddly intimate concept album about a day in his life—essentially a Brit-hop 24 (minus Jack Bauer and Russian Gulag towel torture). More a conversationalist than a rapper, Skinner uses the album's 11 tracks to rail about a dissolving relationship amidst numerous pints and plumes of smoke. If this all sounds too precocious, well, it is, but it's also brilliant in its execution. Skinner is masterful, not only in his phrasings and descriptions, but in the way he matches the mood to the beat. On "Such A Twat," he wrestles with guilt as a mix of stuttered drums and ringing cell phones echo his confusion. Then there are the tear tracks of violin that stain the album's emotional epicenter, "Dry Your Eyes." The beats still rely heavily on two-step and garage, but the mechanical patter of drums only serves to make Skinner's words painfully human—a necessary element on an album that revels in the heartache of lost romance. >>>ANDY DOWNING

Link

www.the-streets.co.uk

File Under

A heartbreaking work of

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R.I.Y.L.

Dizzee Rascal, Tricky, *Eternal Sunshine Of The Spotless Mind*

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SULTANS

Shipwrecked Swami

"There's no chance for us ever leaving town," Sultans frontman John "Speedo" Reis sings in the chorus of "I Can't Change." Clearly Reis isn't talking about himself, as he is quite a busy man, dividing his time between playing in Rocket From The Crypt and Hot Snakes and running Swami Records. He somehow also managed to find the time to release the Sultans' sophomore record, *Shipwrecked*. While his instantly recognizable raw, raspy vocals make it obvious from the get-go that this a Reis project, the Sultans steer clear of the horns and

keyboards that RFTC rely heavily on. Instead, they take inspiration from late-'70s power-pop and punk-rock mainstays to create fun, party-time rock 'n' roll. Opener "It Meant Nothing" is a perfect blend of '70s punk and garage rock, with driving guitar and a continuously chugging backbeat that will appeal to fans of the Ramones as well as the Strokes' *Is This It*. The bounce-along bassline and infectious melodies in "Try To Forget You" allow influences from early RFTC to shine through, clocking in just shy of two minutes. *Shipwrecked* is another amazingly solid effort from one of the hardest working people in indie rock. >>>CAROLINE BOROLLA

Link

www.swamirecords.com

File Under

Reis never sleeps

R.I.Y.L.

Ramones, the Real Kids,

Rocket From The Crypt



THE THERMALS

Fuckin A Sub Pop

Fuckin A packs all the ferocity of a young Mike Tyson tearing forth at the sound of the opening bell. Cramming 13 songs into an unrelenting 28-minute squall, the Thermals have improved upon their debut, *More Parts Per Million*, by cranking up the intensity. The Portland, Oregon residents recorded their sophomore effort in just four days—and it sounds like it—but the lo-fi production gives the songs an extra layer of grime that suits the shattered pop-punk execution. "How We Know" builds from a staccato bassline and tinny drums to a battered,

bruised, Buzzcocks-worthy flare-up, with Hutch Harris choking out wounded feedback from his guitar. "Every Stitch" hits with the wet thud of a back-alley punch, Kathy Foster's bouncing bass anchoring the cut even as Harris' sinewy voice tries desperately to tear loose from the squalor. If the album has a fault it's that, like their debut, the sound is often eerily familiar. "Let Your Earth Quake, Baby" has the booze-soaked feel of early Guided By Voices and "A Stare Like Yours" moves with Wire's spastic tick. But when the band locks in, like on the slash-and-burn anthem "God And Country" and the high-speed crash of "Our Trip," the sound is gloriously sloppy—and all their own. >>>ANDY DOWNING

Link

www.subpop.com

File Under

Fuckin' A it rocks

R.I.Y.L.

Early Guided By Voices,

the Buzzcocks, Wire

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www.crowmedicine.com
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TWEAKER

2 a.m. wakeup call Waxploitation

Chris Vrenna did the lion's share of the sound-design work on *The Downward Spiral*, so it's not really fair to dog him for occasionally sounding like Nine Inch Nails. Since exiting NIN in 1996, Vrenna has made a name for himself as an in-demand remixer and video-game soundtrack composer, but his true love is the guest-vocalist-laden Tweaker. His second record under that name explores more song-oriented terrain than his 2001 debut, the cinematic *The Attraction To All Things Uncertain*, but still finds him searching for his own sound. "Ruby" sets up a creepy juxtaposition of acoustic plucking and screeching, far-away synths for Will Oldham's weary vocal, but eventually explodes into a blast of NIN/Manson guitar bombast and discord; Robert Smith's choked vocal on "Truth Is" is an interesting turn for the singer but smacks of Depeche Mode's late-'90s electro-sleaze. While these tracks are admirable, Vrenna (and new guitarist Clint Walsh) are much better off when blazing their own path: "Pure Genius" is just that, with a drugged-sounding David Sylvian stealing the show over disorienting organs and Vrenna's menacingly swinging 5/4 beat, and the hissing turntables and ancient piano of "Crude Sunlight" are the perfect setting for Elysian Fields' Jennifer Charles' heavy breathing. If Vrenna makes as much progress between now and his third album as he has since *Uncertain*, he may shake those NIN comparisons yet. >>>TOM MALLON

Link

www.tweaker.net

File Under

Beat my guests

R.I.Y.L.

Nine Inch Nails, later Depeche Mode, Mellowdrone, Splattercell



WE RAGAZZI

Wolves With Pretty Lips *Suicide Squeeze*

It starts off innocently enough. Colleen Burke's moody piano tangos with Alianna Kalaba's drum kit to kick off "Walking Before All Shadows" and for 16 seconds it sounds like Chicago's We Ragazzi opted to make *Wolves With Pretty Lips* its mediation on what Spoon would sound like if Britt Daniel took downers. Then we're clobbered from the left by a completely amelodic guitar line and thumped on the right by a sub-Corgan vocal whine urging, "Let's put everything that we own in the bouleva-a-a-ard..." The culprit?

[Link](http://suicidesqueeze.net/weragazzi.html)
suicidesqueeze.net/weragazzi.html

File Under

Geek chic
R.I.Y.L.

Les Savy Fav, Archers Of Loaf,
the sound of lightsaber battles

We Ragazzi leader Tony Rolando, who for the next 34 minutes oozes the kind of awkward machismo not seen since Anthony Michael Hall's heyday. Rolando's distinctive voice and guitar are the stars of the show here and at first that seems like the record's downfall, but the raw confidence of lines like "There's a place we can be, if you want to get in the bushes with me" ("When Young Loves Have No Place To Go") soon makes these songs untouchable. Before long Rolando's been crowned homecoming king, dates your sister, gets you to take notes while he cuts pre-calc and makes you clam up when he coos; "I don't wanna listen to you talking/ I just wanna hear myself scream." Bow down. >>>CHAD SWIATECKI



SHANNON WRIGHT

Over The Sun *Quarterstick*

When Shannon Wright pulled the plug on her indie-rock band Crowdsell in 1998, the word was that she was sick of the music biz. Of course, she subsequently released five solo albums on Quarterstick Records; perhaps the reports of her sickness were greatly exaggerated. *Over The Sun* finds Wright thoroughly on top of both her brooding songwriting and performing chops, handling all the instruments except drums. *Over The Sun's* nine tracks owe a great deal more to indie rock than any sort of folk music one can imagine. "Black Little Stray" is emblematic of the ruling vibe. The song is dissonant and loosely structured—

[Link](http://knowwave.com/shannonwright)
knowwave.com/shannonwright

File Under

The Wrightness of it all

R.I.Y.L.

Diana Darby, Ani DiFranco

basically a punk dirge—and Wright's sparse lyrics are tantalizingly obscure. "Black Little Stray" segues seamlessly into "You'll Be The Death," a tune with a raw emotional edge and a set of lyrics that might well be the internal monologue that precedes an attempted suicide. *Over The Sun* yields no song more depressingly elegant, however, than "Avalanche." Wright accompanies herself quite beautifully on piano, and the song, which is nearly bereft of lyrics, is really about the emotional weight of her piano playing, which evokes moods both desolate and angry. This is an awfully strong and distinctive collection of songs. >>>PHILIP VAN VLECK

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WWW.CMJ.COM/HOTTOPIC/

SHOCK (JOCK) AND AWE WILL THE FCC'S STERN WARNING QUIET COLLEGE RADIO?

Bad news for people who like crude jokes: In the wake of the nipple-ripple created by Janet and Justin (plus Bono offering a festive "fucking" at the Golden Globes last year and Howard Stern, er, being Howard Stern), lawmakers eager to appease the folks back home have submitted (just in time for election year!) the Broadcast Decency Enforcement Act Of 2004. The bill proposes beefing up fines for broadcast indecency from simple slaps on the wrists to punishing blows to the head. A \$495,000 fine issued in early April is the reason Clear Channel dropped Howard Stern's anally fixated chatter from several markets.

While the fine takes a nice bite out of the Clear Channel swear jar, the entertainment giant can surely afford it and recover in no time. Your favorite college or community radio station is another story. A single fine could knock a station off the air, cause it to lose its license or throw university administrators into an overprotective panic and potentially jeopardize crucial funding. In most cases, all it takes is a single complaint. As a result, stations around the country are becoming increasingly wary of what they play and what they say.

Nina Wilson, the Director of College and Specialty Radio Promotion for Space 380 Music, ran Texas Tech's KTXT in Lubbock for years. "From my own experience, I feared the university administrator who happened to turn on my metal radio show more than the FCC prior to this current fiasco," she says. "I have seen old guys with a pen and paper who have no reason to actually tune in to *Cannibal Corpse* do more damage to college stations than the FCC. Decency is something that cannot be decided by one person or a committee. First and foremost, stations need to be aware of what their base community and listeners will tolerate."

The muscle-flexing by the FCC and lawmakers might raise some cash and satisfy conservative voters, but it may be most effective simply as a scare tactic. "The FCC's tactics are short term band-aids to philosophical issues that are more important: civility and intelligence and freedom of expression. But their broadening interpretation of obscenity has definitely increased our awareness of how language is used," says



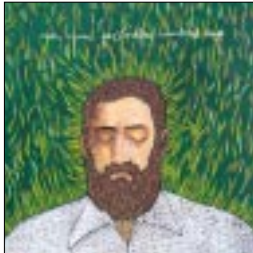
Modesty Mouse: FCC Chairman Michael Powell

Bruce Warren, program director at Philadelphia's WXPB. Warren's view is tempered by the fact that the station actually *did* lose its license in 1977 as a result of a landmark obscenity case. A call-in show called *The Vegetable Report* asked people to discuss interesting things they've done with vegetables. You don't need to be Howard Stern to figure out where that went. "But there's one stakeholder here and that's your listeners, and if you're willing to put your license at risk because you want to push the limits of what the FCC is going to say is obscene or not obscene, then that's your issue," Warren says. "We're going to run our station and our listeners are going to respect us for our civility and our passion, and if we need to play songs with obscene words to get that point across then that's what's going to happen." Still, Warren isn't going to be foolish. He has submitted a list of songs to his FCC lawyer to advise him on which tracks may be problematic, and will listen very closely to his advice. "Do we stop playing blues songs where guys are singing about how delicious the *jelly roll* is?" he asks. "No, but this is a pretty scary environment we're living in."

So, is it OK to say that a song was "kickass" on the radio, but not OK to use other forms of ass? Tax dollars and legislators' time will no doubt be wasted either way.



#1
MODEST MOUSE



#2
IRON AND WINE



#3
TV ON THE RADIO



#4
BEN KWELLER



#5
DEERHOOF

Chart information is based on combined airplay reports from CMJ's panel of college, commercial and non-commercial radio stations. Statistics are compiled from point totals tabulated from positions (1-30) of artists on airplay reports, then multiplied by station code factor (based upon market size, market impact and market reach). Visit www.cmj.com/nmm. © 2004 The CMJ Network, 151 W. 25th St., 12th Floor, New York, NY 10001.

CMJ RADIO 150

PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 496
VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1					MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
2					IRON AND WINE Our Endless Numbered Days	Sub Pop
3					TV ON THE RADIO Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes	Touch And Go
4					BEN KWELLER On My Way	ATO-RCA
5					DEERHOOF Milk Man	5RC-Kill Rock Stars
6					BLONDE REDHEAD Misery Is A Butterfly	Beggars Group-4AD
7					CALEXICO Convict Pool	Quarterstick-Touch And Go
8					DESCENDENTS Cool To Be You	Fat Wreck Chords
9					OF MONTREAL Satanic Panic In The Attic	Polyvinyl
10					FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
11					VON BONDIES Pawn Shoppe Heart	Sire-Reprise
12					VINES Winning Days	Capitol
13					SNOW PATROL Final Straw	Interscope
14					SONDRE LERCHE Two Way Monologue	Astralwerks
15					TORTOISE It's All Around You	Thrill Jockey
16					TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS True Love	V2
17					GET UP KIDS Guilt Show	Vagrant
18					DAVID BYRNE Grown Backwards	Nonesuch
19					SUFJAN STEVENS Seven Swans	Sounds Familyre
20					RATATAT Ratatat	XL-Beggars Group
21					ONELINEDRAWING The Volunteers	Jade Tree
22					FIREWATER Songs We Should Have Written	Jetset
23					SEACHANGE Lay Of The Land	Matador
24					THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS Indestructable Object	Barsuk
25					EAGLES OF DEATH METAL Peace Love Death Metal	AntAcidAudio
26					WEEZER Weezer (Blue Album)	Geffen
27					BRIGHT EYES/NEVA DINOVA One Jug Of Wine, Two Vessels	Crank!
28					JOLIE HOLLAND Escondida	Anti
29					CLOUDDEAD Ten	Mush
30					LIARS They Were Wrong, So We Drowned	Mute
31					N.E.R.D. Fly Or Die	Virgin
32					MADVILLAIN Madvillainy	Stones Throw
33					WALKMEN Bows And Arrows	Record Collection
34					ETERNAL SUNSHINE OF THE SPOTLESS MIND Soundtrack	Hollywood
35					COCOROSIE La Maison De Mon Rêve	Touch And Go
36					ELF POWER Walking With The Beggar Boys	Orange Twin
37					AMBULANCE LTD LP	TVT
38					LALI PUNA Faking The Books	Morr Music
39					JEM Finally Woken	ATO
40					LANSING-DREIDEN The Incomplete Triangle	Kemado
41					AIR Talkie Walkie	Source-Astralwerks
42					DESTROYER Your Blues	Merge
43					THE BLAM Caveat Emptor	Self-Released
44					MUSE Absolution	Warner Bros.
45					ERLEND ØYE DJ Kicks	!K7
46					RASPUTINA Frustration Plantation	Instinct
47					HURT PROCESS Drive By Monologue	Victory
48					STEREOLAB Margerine Eclipse	Elektra
49					XIU XIU Fabulous Muscles	5RC-Kill Rock Stars
50					AUTOPILOT OFF Make A Sound	Island

CMJ RADIO 150

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TW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
51	MIRAH C'mon Miracle	K
52	JOHN WILKES BOOZE Five Pillars Of Soul	Kill Rock Stars
53	MURS Murs 3:16: The 9th Edition	Definitive Jux
54	MATT POND PA Four Songs	Altitude
55	KILLERS Somebody Told Me	Island
56	MY MORNING JACKET Acoustic Citsouca	ATO-RCA
57	ZERO 7 When It Falls	Elektra
58	RUNNER AND THE THERMODYNAMICS Runner And The Thermodynamics	Ace Fu
59	SULTANS Shipwrecked	Swami
60	THE OWLS Our Hopes And Dreams	Magic Marker
61	AVEO Battery	Barsuk
62	THE HISS Panic Movement	Sanctuary
63	DEAD KENNEDYS Live At The Deaf Club	Manifesto
64	PARIS, TEXAS Like You Like An Arsonist	New Line
65	NELLIE MCKAY Get Away From Me	Columbia
66	TRANS AM Liberation	Thrill Jockey
67	MORRISSEY "Irish Blood, English Heart" [single]	Sanctuary
68	OLYMPIC HOPEFULS The Fuses Refuse To Burn	2024
69	LIVING END Modern Artillery	Reprise
70	CLUTCH Blast Tyrant	DRT Entertainment
71	NOW IT'S OVERHEAD Fall Back Open	Saddle Creek
72	OLD TIME RELJUN Lost Light	K
73	ARCHITECTURE IN HELSINKI Fingers Crossed	Bar None
74	SHORE The Shore	Maverick
75	FROM BUBBLEGUM TO SKY Nothing Sadder Than Lonely Queen	Eenie Meenie
76	BEAUTIFUL MISTAKE This Is Who You Are	Militia Group
77	RAINER MARIA Anyone In Love With You (Already Knows)	Polyvinyl
78	ANGELA MCCLUSKEY The Things We Do	Manhattan
79	DILATED PEOPLES Neighborhood Watch	Capitol
80	CORAL Magic And Medicine / Nightfreaks And The Sons Of Becker	Deltasonic-Columbia
81	DIOS Dios	Startime International
82	DIVERSE One A.M.	Chocolate Industries
83	SLEEP STATION After the War	Eyeball
84	PHANTOM PLANET Phantom Planet	Daylight-Epic
85	PULLEY Matters	Epitaph
86	ON!AIR!LIBRARY! On!Air!Library!	Arena Rock
87	CARINA ROUND The Disconnection	Interscope
88	EYEDEA AND ABILITIES E&A	Rhymesayers-Epithaph
89	BUTCHIES Make Yr Life	Yep Roc
90	ELECTRELANE The Power Out	Too Pure-Beggars Group
91	KNIFE IN THE WATER Cut The Cord	Aspyr
92	MOONBABIES The Orange Billboard	Hidden Agenda-Parasol
93	RETISONIC Return To Me	Silverthree
94	CASUAL DOTS Casual Dots	Kill Rock Stars
95	BAD PLUS Give	Columbia
96	BONNIE PRINCE BILLY Sings Greatest Palace Music	Drag City
97	TURN-ONS East	Childstar
98	FINLEY QUAYE Much More Than Much Love	Epic
99	BLACK HEART PROCESSION/SOLBAKKEN In The Fishtank 11	In The Fishtank
100	MISSION OF BURMA ONoffON	Matador

1 YEAR AGO



CAT POWER
You Are Free
 (Matador)

POSTAL SERVICE
Give Up (Sub Pop)

MASSIVE ATTACK
100th Window
 (Virgin)

5 YEARS AGO



SLEATER-KINNEY
The Hot Rock
 (Kill Rock Stars)

BUILT TO SPILL
Keep It Like A Secret
 (Warner Bros.)

SEBADOH
The Sebadoh (Sub Pop)

10 YEARS AGO



NINE INCH NAILS
The Downward Spiral
 (Nothing-TVT-Interscope)

SOUNDGARDEN
Superunknown
 (A&M)

GREEN DAY
Dookie (Reprise)

15 YEARS AGO



XTC
Oranges And Lemons (Geffen)

ROBYN HITCHCOCK 'N' THE EGYPTIANS
Queen Elvis
(A&M)

ELVIS COSTELLO
Spike (Warner Bros.)

20 YEARS AGO

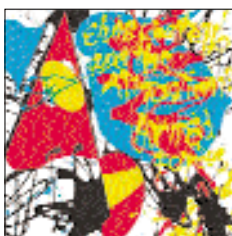


TEARS FOR FEARS
Songs From The Big Chair
(Mercury)

SMITHS
Meat Is Murder (Sire)

HOWARD JONES
Dream In Action (Elektra)

25 YEARS AGO



ELVIS COSTELLO
Armed Forces (Columbia)

THE POLICE
Outlandos D'Amour (A&M)

FABULOUS POODLES
Mirror Stars (Epic)

CMJ RADIO 150

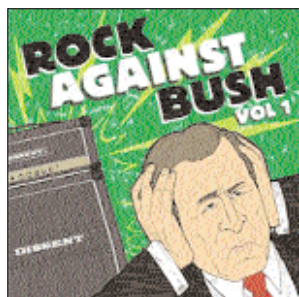
PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 496
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www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
101	MARCY PLAYGROUND MP3	Reality Entertainment
102	GREYBOY Soul Mosaic	Ubiquity
103	SQUAREPUSHER Ultravisitor	Warp
104	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home	Blue Note
105	LOUQUE So Long	Everfine-Lava
106	REUBENS ACCOMPLICE The Bull, The Balloon, And The Family	Western Tread
107	WALKER KONG Transparent Life	Magic Marker
108	BLACK KEYS The Big Come Up	Alive
109	SIMPLE KID #1	Vector
110	METAL BOYS Tokio Airport	Acute
111	GLAD VERSION Smile Pretty Make Nice	Self-Released
112	SMUGGLERS Mutiny In Stereo	Mint-Lookout!
113	AUDIO LEARNING CENTER Cope Park	Vagrant
114	LOSTPROPHETS Start Something	Columbia
115	MADCAP Under Suspicion	Victory
116	CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE Sanctuary	Real World
117	DEVENDRA BANHART Rejoicing In The Hands	Young God
118	PERE UBU One Man Drives While The Other Man Screams (Live 1978-1981)	Hearthan
119	VOLCANO, I'M STILL EXCITED!! Volcano, I'm Still Excited!!	Polyvinyl
120	SHANNON WRIGHT Over The Sun	Quarterstick
121	50 FOOT WAVE 50 Foot Wave	Throwing Music
122	INCUBUS A Crow Left Of The Murder	Epic
123	KITE-EATING TREE Method: Fail, Repeat...	Suburban Home
124	ERIC CLAPTON Me And Mr. Johnson	Reprise
125	MARY LOU LORD Baby Blue	Rubric
126	TANGLE EYE Alan Lomax's Southern Journey Remixed	Zoë-Rounder
127	VAN HUNT Van Hunt	Capitol
128	EL-P High Water	Thirsty Ear
129	STARSAILOR Silence Is Easy	Capitol
130	JOANNA NEWSOM The Milk-Eyed Mender	Drag City
131	SARAH HARMER All Of Our Names	Rounder
132	LEATHERFACE Dog Disco	BYO
133	PARTICLE Launchpad	Or Music
134	PRESTON SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY Monsoon	Matador
135	MINUS STORY The Captain Is Dead, Let The Drum Corpse Dance	Jagjaguwar
136	DEFINITIVE JUX PRESENTS III Various Artists	Definitive Jux
137	COOPER TEMPLE CLAUSE Kick Up The Fire And Let The Flames Break Loose	RCA
138	LOVELESS Gift To The World	Q
139	JENS LEKMAN Rocky Dennis	Secret Canadian
140	SLATS Pick It Up	Latest Flame
141	LAMBCHOP Aw Cmon / No You Cmon	Merge
142	DAEDELUS Of Snowdonia	Plug Research
143	TRACKS AND FIELDS Various Artists	Cargo Music
144	LOCATION IS EVERYTHING, VOL. 2 Various Artists	Jade Tree
145	VESTALS The Vestals	Warming House
146	HANG UPS The Hang Ups	Trampoline
147	JUCIFER War Bird	Velocette
148	MOUNTAIN GOATS We Shall All Be Healed	4AD-Beggars Group
149	BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE Bee Hives	Arts And Crafts
150	PATRICK WOLF Lycanthropy	Tomlab

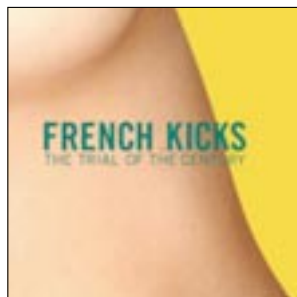
RADIO 150 ADDS

COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS
BEING SPUN BY STATIONS.
PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
www.cmj.com

POSITION	TOTAL ADDS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	169	ROCK AGAINST BUSH Various Artists	Fat Wreck Chords
2	146	FRENCH KICKS Trial Of The Century	Star Time International
3	139	SECRET MACHINES Now Here Is Nowhere	Reprise
4	108	FEVER Red Bedroom	Kemado
5	84	MISSION OF BURMA ONoffON	Matador
6	81	VEILS The Runaway Found	Rough Trade
7	75	MUM Summer Make Good	Fat Cat
8	69	JERSEY Generation Genocide	Virgin
9	64	BRAZIL A Hostage And The Meaning Of Life	Fearless
10	64	KICKS Hello Hong Kong	TVT
11	55	TRACKS AND FIELDS Various Artists	Cargo Music
12	54	!!! / OUTHUD Lab Remix Serious Vol. 2	GSL
13	51	OXFORD COLLAPSE Some Wilderness	Kanine
14	50	LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose	Interscope
15	42	CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN Sampler	Cooking Vinyl
16	40	KOMEDA Kokomemedada	Minty Fresh
17	39	MARTINIS Smitten	Distracted
18	34	ONE AM RADIO A Name Writ In Water	Level Plane
19	27	UNITED STATE OF ELECTRONICA U.S.E	Mannheim
20	27	MEOW MEOW Snow Gas Bones	Devil In The Woods



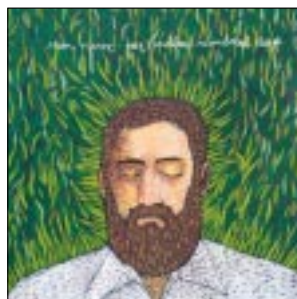
ROCK AGAINST BUSH



FRENCH KICKS



**#1
MODEST MOUSE**



**#2
IRON AND WINE**

CORE RADIO

BASED ON CMJ'S MOST INFLUENTIAL STATIONS
PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 100
VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
2	IRON AND WINE Our Endless Numbered Days	Sub Pop
3	CALEXICO Convict Pool	Quarterstick-Touch And Go
4	TV ON THE RADIO Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes	Touch And Go
5	DEERHOOF Milk Man	5RC-Kill Rock Stars
6	BLONDE REDHEAD Misery Is A Butterfly	Beggars Group-4AD
7	OF MONTREAL Satanic Panic In The Attic	Polyvinyl
8	BEN KWELLER On My Way	ATO-RCA
9	TORTOISE It's All Around You	Thrill Jockey
10	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
11	SUFJAN STEVENS Seven Swans	Sounds Familyre
12	SONDRE LERCHE Two Way Monologue	Astralwerks
13	DESCENDENTS Cool To Be You	Fat Wreck Chords
14	DAVID BYRNE Grown Backwards	Nonesuch
15	VON BONDIES Pawn Shoppe Heart	Sire-Reprise
16	TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS True Love	V2
17	SEACHANGE Lay Of The Land	Matador
18	RATATAT Ratatat	XL-Beggars Group
19	COCOROSIE La Maison De Mon Rêve	Touch And Go
20	GET UP KIDS Guilt Show	Vagrant
21	VINES Winning Days	Capitol
22	SNOW PATROL Final Straw	Interscope
23	THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS Indestructable Object	Barsuk
24	ELF POWER Walking With The Beggar Boys	Orange Twin
25	EAGLES OF DEATH METAL Peace Love Death Metal	AntAcidAudio
26	LIARS They Were Wrong, So We Drowned	Mute
27	MADVILLAIN Madvillainy	Stones Throw
28	FIREWATER Songs We Should Have Written	Jetset
29	ONELINEDRAWING The Volunteers	Jade Tree
30	DESTROYER Your Blues	Merge
31	CLOUDDEAD Ten	Mush
32	LALI PUNA Faking The Books	Morr Music
33	BRIGHT EYES/NEVA DINOVA One Jug Of Wine, Two Vessels	Crank!
34	MIRAH C'mon Miracle	K
35	JOLIE HOLLAND Escondida	Anti
36	ETERNAL SUNSHINE OF THE SPOTLESS MIND Soundtrack	Hollywood
37	AIR Talkie Walkie	Source-Astralwerks
38	ZERO 7 When It Falls	Elektra
39	JEM Finally Woken	ATO
40	ERLEND ØYE DJ Kicks	!K7
41	STEREOLAB Margerine Eclipse	Elektra
42	RASPUTINA Frustration Plantation	Instinct
43	TRANS AM Liberation	Thrill Jockey
44	JOHN WILKES BOOZE Five Pillars Of Soul	Kill Rock Stars
45	LANSING-DREIDEN The Incomplete Triangle	Kemado
46	OLD TIME RELIUN Lost Light	K
47	XIU XIU Fabulous Muscles	5RC-Kill Rock Stars
48	WEEZER Weezer (Blue Album)	Geffen
49	FROM BUBBLEGUM TO SKY Nothing Sadder Than Lonely Queen	Enie Meenie
50	MURS Murs 3:16: The 9th Edition	Definitive Jux

HIP HOP

PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 171
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
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TW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	MADVILLAIN Madvillainy	Stones Throw
2	DIVERSE One A.M.	Chocolate Industries
3	MURS Murs 3:16: The 9th Edition	Definitive Jux
4	EYEDea AND ABILITIES E&A	Rhymesayers-Epithaph
5	VISIONARIES Pangaea	Up Above
6	CLOUDDEAD Ten	Mush
7	AZEEM / VARIABLE UNIT Mayhemystics	Wide Hive
8	DILATED PEOPLES Neighborhood Watch	Capitol
9	DEAD PREZ RBG	Columbia
10	DEFINITIVE JUX PRESENTS III Various Artists	Definitive Jux
11	ROOSEVELT FRANKLIN Something's Gotta Give	Third Earth
12	KANYE WEST The College Dropout	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
13	BEANS Now, Soon, Someday	Warp
14	DJ SIGNIFY Sleep No More	Lex
15	IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE Revolutionary Volume 2	Viper
16	TIME MACHINE Night Lights	Glow In The Dark
17	N.E.R.D. Fly Or Die	Virgin
18	DANGER MOUSE The Grey Album	Danger Mouse
19	EL-P High Water	Thirsty Ear
20	YOUNG GUNZ Tough Luv	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
21	PIPI SKID Funny Farm	Peanuts And Corn
22	AUTOMATO Coup De Grace	Capitol
23	DIZZEE RASCAL Boy In Da Corner	XL-Matador
24	CHARIZMA AND PEANUT BUTTER WOLF Big Shots	Stones Throw
25	CYPRESS HILL Till Death Do Us Part	Columbia
26	CEE-LO Cee-Lo Green... Is The Soul Machine	Arista
27	NAS Illmatic: 10th Anniversary Platinum Edition	Columbia
28	SLUM VILLAGE Selfish	Capitol
29	TY Upwards	Big Dada
30	OPUS Breathing Lessons	Mush
31	HALFTOOTH RECORDS PRESENTS: YOU DON'T KNOW... Various Artists	Halftooth
32	ROYCE DA 5'9" Death Is Certain	Koch
33	LIL' FLIP U Gotta Feel Me	Columbia
34	GHOSTFACE KILLAH The Pretty Toney Album	Def Jam-IDJMG
35	SWEATSHOP UNION Natural Progression	UNDERWORLD
36	PSYCHE ORIGAMI IS ELLIPSIS	Arcthefinger
37	ANTICON LABEL SAMPLER: 1999-2004 Various Artists	Anticon
38	MAIN FLOW "She Likes Me" [12-inch]	Brick
39	DJ JS-1 Won't Stop	Echelon
40	GROUCH AND ELIGH No More Greener Grasses	Legendary

Chart information is based on combined airplay reports of Hip Hop releases from CMJ's panel of college, commercial and non-commercial radio stations.

ADDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS

1	MADVILLAIN Madvillainy	Stones Throw
2	AZEEM / VARIABLE UNIT Mayhemystics	Wide Hive
3	N.E.R.D. Fly Or Die	Virgin
4	DIVERSE One A.M.	Chocolate Industries
5	CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED Road Trip	TD Harry Music

LOUD ROCK COLLEGE

PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 248
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
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TW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	IN FLAMES Soundtrack To Your Escape	Nuclear Blast
2	FEAR FACTORY Archetype	Liquid 8
3	MACHINE HEAD Through The Ashes Of Empires	Roadrunner
4	SOULFLY Prophecy	Roadrunner-IDJMG
5	CANNIBAL CORPSE The Wretched Spawn	Metal Blade
6	ALL THAT REMAINS This Darkened Heart	Prosthetic
7	EXODUS Tempo Of The Damned	Nuclear Blast
8	MARTYR AD On Earth As It Is In Hell	Victory
9	CLUTCH Blast Tyrant	DRT Entertainment
10	SATYRICON Volcano	eatURmusic-Red Ink
11	36 CRAZYFISTS A Snow Capped Romance	Roadrunner-IDJMG
12	VEHEMENCE Helping The World To See	Metal Blade
13	DEICIDE Scars Of The Crucifix	Earache
14	SUFFOCATION 3 Song Sampler	Relapse
15	HYPOCRISY The Arrival	Nuclear Blast
16	PSYOPUS Ideas Of Reference	Black Market
17	GRIP INC. Incorporated	Steamhammer
18	GOD FORBID Gone Forever	Century Media
19	JUDAS PRIEST Metalogy Sampler	Legacy-Columbia
20	FROM A SECOND STORY WINDOW Not One Word Has Been Omitted	Black Market
21	BRING YOU TO YOUR KNEES: A TRIBUTE... Various Artists	Law of Inertia
22	DISMEMBER Where Ironcrosses Grow	Candlelight
23	KATAKLYSM Serenity In Fire	Nuclear Blast
24	SCARS OF TOMORROW Rope Tied To The Trigger	Victory
25	ICED EARTH The Glorious Burden	Hunter-SPV
26	SCARLET Cult Classic	Ferret
27	EYES OF FIRE Ashes To Embers	Century Media
28	PROBOT Probot	Southern Lord
29	ZEKE Til The Livin' End	Relapse
30	FOLLY Insanity Later	Triple Crown
31	SOIL Redefine	J
32	SKINLAB Nerve Damage	Century Media
33	MY DYING BRIDE Songs Of Darkness, Words Of Light	Peaceville
34	DISILLUSION Back To Times Of Splendor	Metal Blade
35	UPHILL BATTLE Wreck Of Nerves	Relapse
36	INTO ETERNITY Buried In Oblivion	Century Media
37	PRO-PAIN Fistful Of Hate	Candlelight
38	WALLS OF JERICHO All Hail The Dead	Trustkill
39	MORTAL TREASON A Call To The Martyrs	Flicker
40	IMMORTAL SOULS Ice Upon The Night	Face Down

Chart information is based on combined airplay reports of Loud Rock releases from CMJ's panel of college, commercial and non-commercial radio stations.

ADDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS

1	131 BLACK LABEL SOCIETY Hangover Music Vol. VI	Spitfire
2	129 BAD ACID TRIP Lynch The Weirdo	Serjical Strike-Red Ink
3	116 SLIPKNOT 2 < VOL. 3	Roadrunner-IDJMG
4	103 VOMITORY Primal Massacre	Metal Blade
5	65 HEARSE Armageddon Mon Amour	Candlelight



FEAR FACTORY



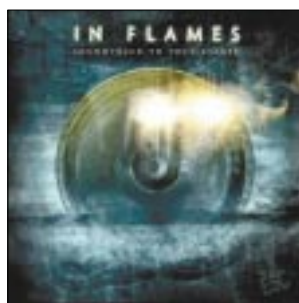
SOULFLY



ALL THAT REMAINS



CLUTCH



IN FLAMES

LOUD ROCK CRUCIAL SPINS

PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 73
VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	PS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	225	FEAR FACTORY Archetype	Liquid 8
2	191	SOULFLY Prophecy	Roadrunner-IDJMG
3	188	ALL THAT REMAINS This Darkened Heart	Prosthetic
4	180	CLUTCH Blast Tyrant	DRT Entertainment
5	179	IN FLAMES Soundtrack To Your Escape	Nuclear Blast
6	165	MACHINE HEAD Through The Ashes Of Empires	Roadrunner-IDJMG
7	160	36 CRAZYFISTS A Snow Capped Romance	Roadrunner-IDJMG
8	125	CANNIBAL CORPSE The Wretched Spawn	Metal Blade
9	120	SOIL Redefine	J
10	115	GRIP INC. Incorporated	Steamhammer
11	113	PROBOT Probot	Southern Lord
12	110	EXODUS Tempo Of The Damned	Nuclear Blast
13	108	GOD FORBID Gone Forever	Century Media
14	104	SCARS OF TOMORROW Rope Tied To The Trigger	Victory
15	96	MARTYR AD On Earth As It Is In Hell	Victory
16	95	SATYRICON Volcano	eatURmusic-Red Ink
17	90	SKINLAB Nerve Damage	Century Media
18	84	DEICIDE Scars Of The Crucifix	Earache
19	76	PRO-PAIN Fistful Of Hate	Candlelight
20	75	VEHEMENCE Helping The World To See	Metal Blade
21	75	DAMAGEPLAN New Found Power	Elektra
22	72	BRIDES OF DESTRUCTION Here Come The Brides	Sanctuary
23	71	SEEMLESS Seemless	Losing Force
24	68	ZEKE Til The Livin' End	Relapse
25	64	JUDAS PRIEST Metalogy Sampler	Legacy-Columbia
26	61	SUFFOCATION 3 Song Sampler	Relapse
27	60	PRONG Scorpio Rising	Locomotive
28	59	LYZANXIA Mindcrimes	Reality Entertainment
29	58	FROM A SECOND STORY WINDOW Not One Word Has Been Omitted	Black Market
30	56	SCARLET Cult Classic	Ferret
31	55	BYZANTINE The Fundamental Component	Prosthetic
32	52	PSYOPUS Ideas Of Reference	Black Market
33	52	DISMEMBER Where Ironcrosses Grow	Candlelight
34	51	HYPOCRISY The Arrival	Nuclear Blast
35	50	SKILLET Collide	Lava
36	50	LOSTPROPHETS Start Something	Columbia
37	49	BREAK THE SILENCE Near Life Experience	Hopeless
38	47	STRIPPING THE PISTOL Stripping The Pistol	Zoid
39	47	KATAKLYSM Serenity In Fire	Nuclear Blast
40	42	PRO-PAIN Run For Cover	Spitfire
41	42	BLINDSIDE About A Burning Fire	Elektra
42	42	ICED EARTH The Glorious Burden	Hunter-SPV

Chart information is based on pure spins reports of Loud Rock releases from CMJ's panel of commercial block shows and select college and community radio stations.

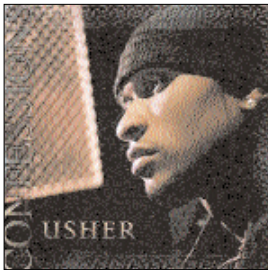
ADDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS

1	32	SLIPKNOT 2 < VOL. 3	Roadrunner-IDJMG
2	27	BLACK LABEL SOCIETY Hangover Music Vol. VI	Spitfire
3	25	HEARSE Armageddon Mon Amour	Candlelight
4	22	VOMITORY Primal Massacre	Metal Blade
5	17	W.A.S.P. The Neon God	Sanctuary

**BREAKOUT 5
ALBUMS TO WATCH**



MODEST MOUSE
Good News For People Who...
Epic



USHER
Confessions
Arista



ERIC CLAPTON
Me And Mr. Johnson
Reprise



KANYE WEST
The College Dropout
Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG



NORAH JONES
Feels Like Home
Blue Note

CMJ RETAIL 50

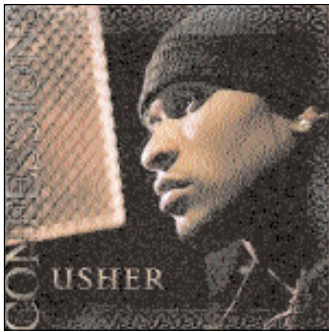
PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
www.cmj.com

TW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
2	USHER Confessions	Arista
3	ERIC CLAPTON Me And Mr. Johnson	Reprise
4	KANYE WEST The College Dropout	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
5	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home	Blue Note
6	LIL' FLIP U Gotta Feel Me	Columbia
7	GUNS N' ROSES Greatest Hits	Geffen
8	AEROSMITH Honkin' On Bobo	Columbia
9	HOOBASTANK Reason	Island
10	N.E.R.D. Fly Or Die	Virgin
11	OUTKAST Speakerboxxx/The Love Below	Arista
12	BOB SCHNEIDER I'm Good Now	Shockorama
13	JET Get Born	Elektra
14	MAROON5 Songs About Jane	Octone
15	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
16	KILL BILL: VOLUME TWO Original Soundtrack	Maverick
17	JANET JACKSON Damita Jo	Virgin
18	BEN KWELLER On My Way	ATO-RCA
19	JOE SATRIANI Is There Love In Space?	Epic
20	BOB DYLAN The Bootleg Series Vol. 6: Live 1964-The Philharmonic Hall Concert	Legacy
21	J-KWON Hood Hop	So-So Def-Arista
22	YEAH YEAH YEAHS Fever To Tell	Interscope
23	SUGARCULT Palm Trees And Power Lines	Fearless-Artemis
24	TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS True Love	V2
25	NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC! 15 Various Artists	Capitol
26	EVANESCENCE Fallen	Wind-Up
27	JOSS STONE The Soul Sessions	S-Curve
28	DILATED PEOPLES Neighborhood Watch	Capitol
29	CROSSFADE Crossfade	Columbia
30	IRON AND WINE Our Endless Numbered Days	Sub Pop
31	ALICIA KEYS Diary Of Alicia Keys	J
32	BLONDE REDHEAD Misery Is A Butterfly	Beggars Group-4AD
33	TORTOISE It's All Around You	Thrill Jockey
34	PUNISHER Soundtrack	Wind-Up
35	GODSMACK The Other Side	Republic
36	TWISTA Kamikaze	Atlantic
37	JEM Finally Woken	ATO
38	BLACK EYED PEAS Elephunk	A&M
39	DARKNESS Permission To Land	Atlantic
40	LOS LONELY BOYS Los Lonely Boys	Or Music
41	WILLIAM HUNG Inspiration	Koch
42	MADVILLAIN Madvillainy	Stones Throw
43	MUSE Absolution	Warner Bros.
44	JAY-Z The Black Album	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
45	DROPBOX Dropbox	Universal Records
46	YELLOWCARD Ocean Avenue	Capitol
47	SNOW PATROL Final Straw	Interscope
48	POSTAL SERVICE Give Up	Sub Pop
49	LIVING LEGENDS Creative Differences	Legendary Music
50	DJ KAYSLAY Streetsweeper, Vol. 2: The Pain From The Game	Sony Music

Logo represents priority titles throughout the Music Monitor Network.



MODEST MOUSE



USHER

IN-STORE PLAY

Based on what clerks are playing while you browse

MODEST MOUSE
TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS
SUGARCULT
VINES
FRANZ FERDINAND
IRON AND WINE
DIOS
BEN KWELLER
BLONDE REDHEAD
TV ON THE RADIO
CALEXICO
MODEST MOUSE
MADVILLAIN
ZEKE
TORTOISE

MAJOR CHAIN

Based on sales figures from national record chains

USHER
ERIC CLAPTON
NORAH JONES
MODEST MOUSE
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC! 15
JANET JACKSON
WILLIAM HUNG
EVANESCENCE
GUNS N' ROSES
MAROON5
KILL BILL: VOLUME TWO
AEROSMITH
KANYE WEST
HOOBASTANK
JOSS STONE

MUSIC MONITOR NETWORK

COMPILED FROM THE COLLECTIVE
 PIECE COUNTS OF ALL MUSIC MONITOR
 NETWORK STORES
 PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
www.cmj.com

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1		USHER Confessions	Arista
2		JOE SATRIANI Is There Love In Space?	Epic
3		J-KWON Hood Hop	So So Def-Arista
4		MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
5		KANYE WEST The College Dropout	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
6		HOOBASTANK Reason	Island
7		LIL' FLIP U Gotta Feel Me	Columbia
8		GUNS N' ROSES Greatest Hits	Geffen
9		NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC! 15 Various Artists	Capitol
10		GODSMACK The Other Side	Republic
11		AEROSMITH Honkin' On Bobo	Columbia
12		TWISTA Kamikaze	Atlantic
13		PUNISHER Soundtrack	Wind-Up
14		DROPBOX Dropbox	Universal Records
15		ERIC CLAPTON Me And Mr. Johnson	Reprise
16		SUGARCULT Palm Trees And Power Lines	Fearless-Artemis
17		OUTKAST Speakerboxxx/The Love Below	Arista
18		MAROON5 Songs About Jane	Octone
19		DILATED PEOPLES Neighborhood Watch	Capitol
20		JET Get Born	Elektra
21		NORAH JONES Feels Like Home	Blue Note
22		EVANESCENCE Fallen	Wind-Up
23		G-UNIT Beg For Mercy	Shady-Interscope
24		BLINK 182 Blink 182	Geffen
25		DJ KAYSLAY Streetsweeper, Vol. 2: The Pain From The Game	Sony Music

A.I.M.S.

COMPILED FROM THE COLLECTIVE PIECE
 COUNTS OF ALL ALLIANCE OF INDEPENDENT
 MEDIA STORE MEMBERS
 PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
www.cmj.com

TW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
2	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
3	IRON AND WINE Our Endless Numbered Days	Sub Pop
4	TORTOISE It's All Around You	Thrill Jockey
5	BLONDE REDHEAD Misery Is A Butterfly	Beggars Group-4AD
6	BEN KWELLER On My Way	ATO-RCA
7	SNOW PATROL Final Straw	Interscope
8	USHER Confessions	Arista
9	MUSE Absolution	East West
10	JEM Finally Woken	ATO
11	TV ON THE RADIO Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes	Touch And Go
12	ERIC CLAPTON Me And Mr. Johnson	Reprise
13	N.E.R.D. Fly Or Die	Virgin
14	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home	Blue Note
15	JET Get Born	Elektra
16	OUTKAST Speakerboxxx/The Love Below	Arista
17	MADVILLAIN Madvillainy	Stones Throw
18	SUFJAN STEVENS Seven Swans	Sounds Familyre
19	AEROSMITH Honkin' On Bobo	Columbia
20	KANYE WEST The College Dropout	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
21	MAROON5 Songs About Jane	Octone
22	YEAH YEAH YEAHS Fever To Tell	Interscope
23	EVANESCENCE Fallen	Wind-Up
24	DARKNESS Permission To Land	Atlantic
25	AUTOPILOT OFF Make A Sound	Island

TRIPLE A

PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 35
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	CALEXICO Convict Pool	Quarterstick-Touch And Go
2	DAVID BYRNE Grown Backwards	Nonesuch
3	TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS True Love	V2
4	IRON AND WINE Our Endless Numbered Days	Sub Pop
5	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
6	SONDRE LERCHE Two Way Monologue	Astralwerks
7	BEN KWELLER On My Way	ATO-RCA
8	TANGLE EYE Alan Lomax's Southern Journey Remixed	Zoë-Rounder
9	ZERO 7 When It Falls	Elektra
10	JEM Finally Woken	ATO
11	JOLIE HOLLAND Escondida	Anti-
12	NELLIE MCKAY Get Away From Me	Columbia
13	PARTICLE Launchpad	Or Music
14	CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE Sanctuary	Real World
15	OF MONTREAL Satanic Panic In The Attic	Polyvinyl
16	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home	Blue Note
17	ERIC CLAPTON Me And Mr. Johnson	Reprise
18	OLLABELLE Ollabelle	Columbia
19	SUBDUDES Miracle Mule	Back Porch
20	GREYBOY Soul Mosaic	Ubiquity

NEW WORLD

PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 113
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS True Love	V2
2	OUMOU SANGARE Oumou	Nonesuch
3	WASIS DIOP Everything Is Never Quite Enough	Triloka
4	GIPSY KINGS Roots	Nonesuch
5	ABYSSINIANS AND FRIENDS Tree Of Satta	Blood And Fire
6	CAETANO VELOSO A Foreign Sound	Nonesuch
7	SERGEANT GARCIA La Semilla Escondida	EMI
8	WORLD REGGAE Various Artists	Putumayo
9	DUB SYNDICATE No Bed Of Roses	Lion And Roots
10	FEDERICO AUBELE Gran Hotel Buenos Aires	ESL
11	EEL-A-MOUSE Mouse Gone Wild	Sanctuary
12	TAHITIAN CHOIR Rapa Iti	Triloka
13	OUTERNATIONALISTS Ethnomixicology	Six Degrees
14	SAHARA LOUNGE Various Artists	Putumayo
15	SUSAN MCKEOWN Sweet Liberty	World Village-Harmonia Mundi
16	YOUSOU N'DOUR 7 Seconds: The Best Of Youssou N'Dour	Columbia Legacy
17	DA LATA Serious	Palm
18	CESARIA EVORA Club Sodade	Bluebird-Arista Associated Labels
19	THE ROUGH GUIDE TO AFRICAN RAP Various Artists	World Music Network
20	BARRY BROWN Rich Man Poor Man 1978-1980	Moll-Selekta

RPM

PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 171
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	GREYBOY Soul Mosaic	Ubiquity
2	CLOUDDEAD Ten	Mush
3	ERLEND ØYE DJ Kicks	!K7
4	SQUAREPUSHER Ultravisitor	Warp
5	OUTERNATIONALISTS Ethnomixicology	Six Degrees
6	CHROMEO She's In Control	Vice
7	FUNKSTORUNG Disconnected	!K7
8	TIM DELUXE The Little Ginger Club Kid	Underwater
9	AIR Talkie Walkie	Source-Astralwerks
10	LOUIE VEGA Elements Of Life	Vega
11	JOHN BELTRAN In Full Color	Ubiquity
12	JAMES LAVELLE Global Underground: Romania	Global Underground
13	DAEDELUS Of Snowdonia	Plug Research
14	RATATAT Ratatat	XL-Beggars Group
15	EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN Perpetuum Mobile	Mute
16	ZERO 7 When It Falls	Elektra
17	ZENTERTAINMENT 2004 Various Artists	Ninja Tune
18	GIRL TALK Unstoppable	Illegal Art
19	MANHUNT Soundtrack	Rephlex
20	CHEMLAB Oxidizer	Invisible

JAZZ

PERIOD ENDING 4/20/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 127
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	WYNTON MARSALIS Magic Hour	Blue Note
2	BAD PLUS Give	Columbia
3	BRAD MEHLDAU Anything Goes	Warner Bros.
4	FRED HERSCH TRIO +2	Palmetto
5	EL-P High Water	Thirsty Ear
6	FRED ANDERSON / HAMID DRAKE Back Together Again	Thrill Jockey
7	DIANA KRALL The Girl In The Other Room	Verve
8	TED SIROTA'S REBEL SOULS Breeding Resistance	Delmark
9	KALAPARUSH AND THE LIGHT Morning Song	Delmark
10	ANDY BEY American Song	Savoy
11	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home	Blue Note
12	DAVID BERKMAN QUARTET Start Here, Finish There	Palmetto
13	STICKS AND STONES Shed Grace	Thrill Jockey
14	MYLAB Mylab	Terminus
15	CHICAGO UNDERGROUND TRIO Slon	Thrill Jockey
16	CURTIS FULLER Up Jumped Spring	Delmark
17	DAVE DOUGLAS Strange Liberation	Bluebird
18	CLAUDIA ACUNA Luna	Maxjazz
19	RAY VEGA Squeeze Squeeze	Palmetto
20	NEW YORK ELECTRIC PIANO New York Electric Piano	Self-Released



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CORPORATION
THE ROOTS**

**THE POSTAL SERVICE THE SHINS
BUILT TO SPILL**

**THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS
SLEATER-KINNEY**

**CAT POWER THE LONG WINTERS
THE BLACK KEYS**

**THE DECEMBERISTS GARY JULES
DONAVON FRANKENREITER**

**ALEXI MURDOCH
PRESTON SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY
FRUIT BATS**

**NELLIE MCKAY
DJ CHERRY CANOE**



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THE Gorge**

George WA

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SIRIUS

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and
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IN STORES 5.25.04

SLOAN ACTION PACT

FEATURING "REST OF MY LIFE"

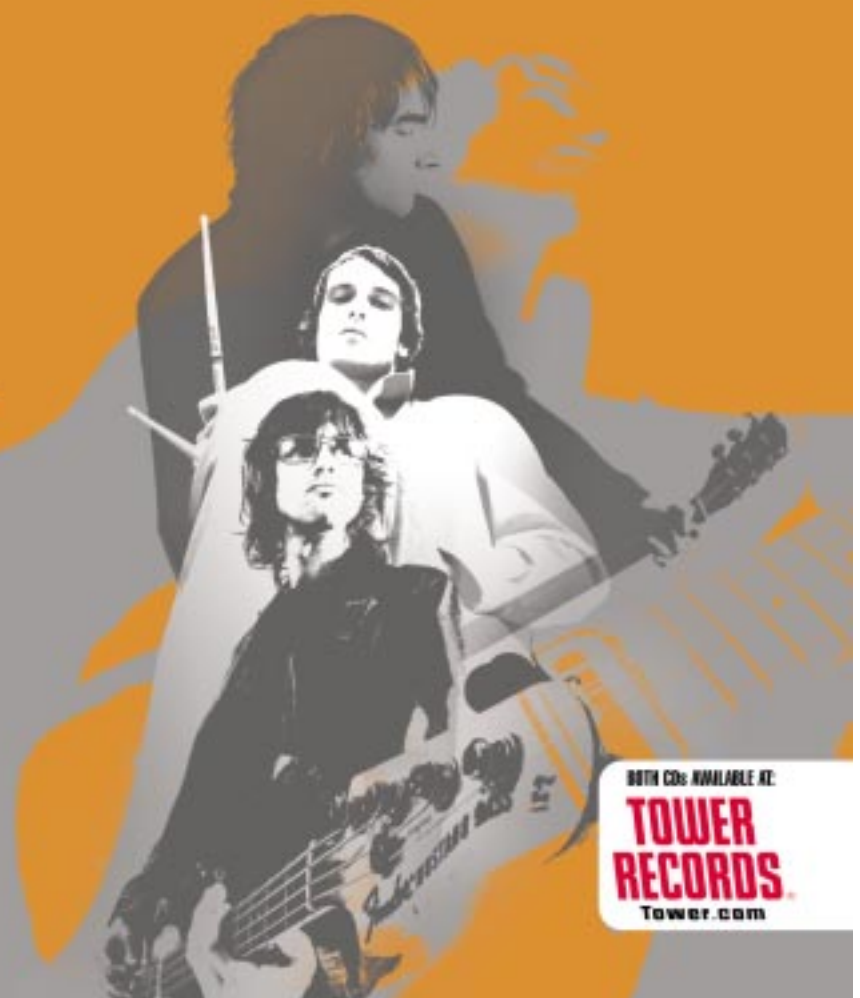
IN STORES 5.11.04

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