

NEW MUSIC

THE BEST MAGAZINE YOU'VE EVER HEARD

MONTHLY

SPECIAL ISSUE:

LOVE YOU LIVE

20 PAGES OF PHOTOS

FEATURING:

CHEMICAL BROTHERS,
FOO FIGHTERS,
STONE TEMPLE PILOTS,
RONI SIZE,
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL,
BEN HARPER,
BASEMENT JAXX,
THE DONNAS,
OLIVIA TREMOR CONTROL,
BIS AND MORE...

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

THE BATTLE OF MEXICO CITY

FEB 2000 \$5.98 US \$8.98 CAN



HOW WE DO IT LIVE, WITH:

FLAMING LIPS, SLIPKNOT, DEATH IN VEGAS, THE BETA BAND, THE ROOTS

CONSPIRACY

BY

CONSPIRACY

BY

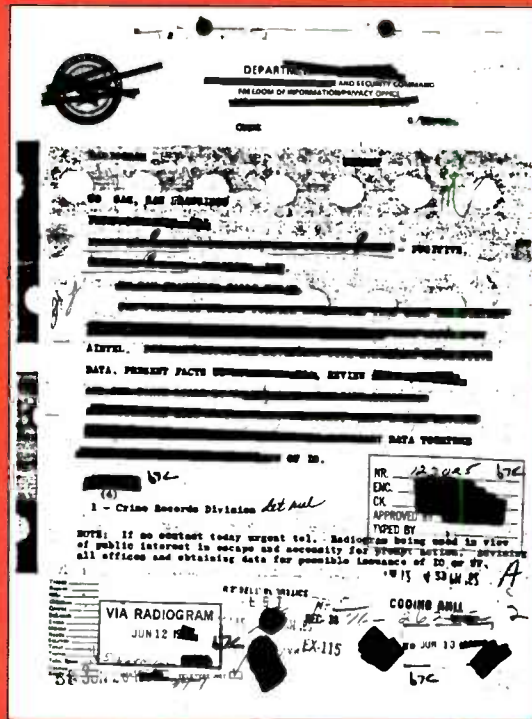
Live365.com

Internet Radio's "Dirty" Little Secret

Unregulated
Unformatted and
Downright
UN-AMERICAN

Attention upstanding citizens!!!

Be warned that a new form of radio -- digital crack is more like it -- is about to be unleashed upon an unsuspecting nation. Called Live365.com, it is nothing less than a plot to lure an entire generation of young hearts and minds into an incredibly hypnotic world of sonic addiction. Once they've got us hooked, the powers-that-be will start pumping the happy juice into the water supply and using our fillings to manipulate our brain waves.



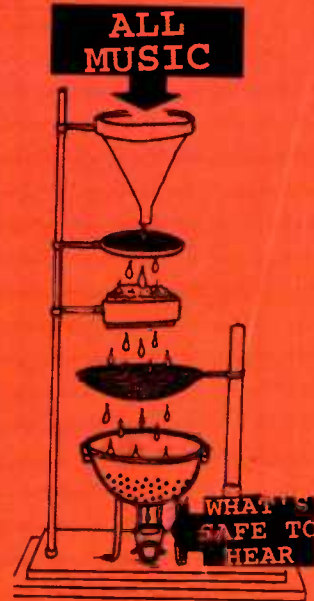
As this confidential document clearly shows, Live365.com's Internet radio scheme just may be the brainchild of the Freemasons (the government behind the government).

FACT 1

Live365.com is many times more powerful than regular radio!!!!!!!

Regular radio plays the same music over and over and has big blocks of commercials to break everything up. There's no way you can listen to it for any extended period.

Live365.com, on the other hand, has a ungodly amount of stations with something for everyone. Any time, day or night. Plus, they even let you broadcast your own radio. With no license and no rules
Probability of moral decay??? 100%!!!



FACT 2

Live365.com is FREE to broadcasters and listeners alike. Hmm, can you think of any other place where everything is free? Say, Russia for example!!!!

FACT 3

***Live365.com begins with the word live and live spelled backwards is evil!!!

LIVE EVIL

That's right, pure evil 365 days a year. And don't even get us started on the "com" part. Can you say Audio Abomination!?



****Will you sit on the sidelines while the radio revolution rages???

Stand up for America!!!
Give those ~~vermin~~ vermin a piece of your mind at www.live365.com
Be sure to stuff cotton in your ears (And DON'T look directly at the monitor).



Paid for by the citizens against live365.com



Wrong for America



CONTENTS



ON THE COVER

A RAGE IN MEXICO CITY 34

Tom Morello gives us a photo tour of Rage Against The Machine's landmark Battle Of Mexico City concert. Photos by Kristin Callahan.

FEATURES

FEMI KUTI 26

It's a revolution, and you can dance to it: Fela Kuti's son also rises as the impish prince of politically minded Afrobeat. Bill Werde does the *Shoki Shoki* and spins himself around.

SCRITTI POLITTI 22

Just when "A Perfect Way" made the mid-'80s safe for intelligent pop, Dick Clark went and ruined everything. Kurt B. Reighley rediscovers the long lost Green Gartside.

POWERMAN 5000 30

The former MC Spider takes his affection for hip-hop and his brother Rob Zombie's love for scary B-movies (and crunching guitars) to make a sci-fi spookhouse that rocks that house. Carly Carioli blasts off.

LOVE YOU LIVE 2000 40

Our valentine to live music, from the out-of-this-world Chemical Brothers to the under-state-supervision Stone Temple Pilots—plus more one-night stands than Vince Neil had before he got fat.

ON THE CD 91

Love—exciting and new. Come aboard, we're expecting you: The The, Dismemberment Plan, Suicide Machines, Snapcase, Crazy Town, Femi Kuti, Baby Namboos, Clinton, Millencolin, Errortype: Eleven, American Football, Saturnine, Toog, Songs: Dhia, Drunk, Babylon Whores, Scotty Hard, Lektrogirl, Blackalicious.

ON THE COVER AND HERE: Rage Against The Machine photographed by Kristin Callahan.

CMJ FEBRUARY 2000 • ISSUE 78
NEW MUSIC
MONTHLY



RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE
THE BATTLE OF LOS ANGELES

\$9⁹⁵

**LOOK AT
THAT
*%#&!@★
PRICE.**

BUY.COM

Why Buy Anywhere Else.

COMPUTERS

SOFTWARE

ELECTRONICS

BOOKS

VIDEOS

GAMES

MUSIC

CLEARANCE

World Radio History

CONTENTS

DEPARTMENTS LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 8

QUICK FIX 12

The The's Matt Johnson takes a look at his *NakedSelf*; new rules for American Football; Kid Koala hates Qantas, loves turntables; Michael Hutchence goes posthumously solo with the help of producers from Black Grape and Gang Of Four; and The Jungle Brothers, Native Tongues who will house you.

ON THE VERGE 20

Avoid the rush and check out Errortype: Eleven, Jazzanova and Dieselboy.

LIFE/STYLE MUSIC TO THE EYE 79

The Heavyweight collective brushes off the beat.

IN MY LIFE 81

Prolapse's Mick Derrick digs the underground.

FASHION BUG 82

Brooklyn's Ladybug Transistor takes a short bus to Carnaby Street.

GAMING 85

Putting your pedal to the metal and your foot on the ball.

FILM 86

Bosnia and the *Beautiful People*.

BOOKS 87

Ann Powers' bohemian rhapsody.

LIGHTREADING 88

Going, going ... Gon.

ELECTROMEDIA 89

Make room for Mahir.

LOCALZINE 96

Get cooped up in Annapolis, Maryland with Jimmie's Chickenshack.

GEEK LOVE 98

To be young, gifted, black, and obsessed with *Annie*.

REVIEWS, CHARTS AND SERVICES

BEST NEW MUSIC 18

REVIEWS 56

TOP 75 72

METAL 73

HIP-HOP 75

DANCE 74

SINGLES 76

FLASHBACK 77

JUST OUT 78

FEEDBACK 92

DIRECTORY/INDEX 93



16 Kid Koala



96 Localzine



98 Geek Love



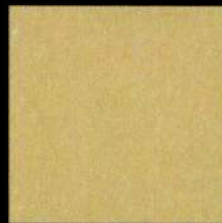
30 Powerman 5000



20 On The Verge

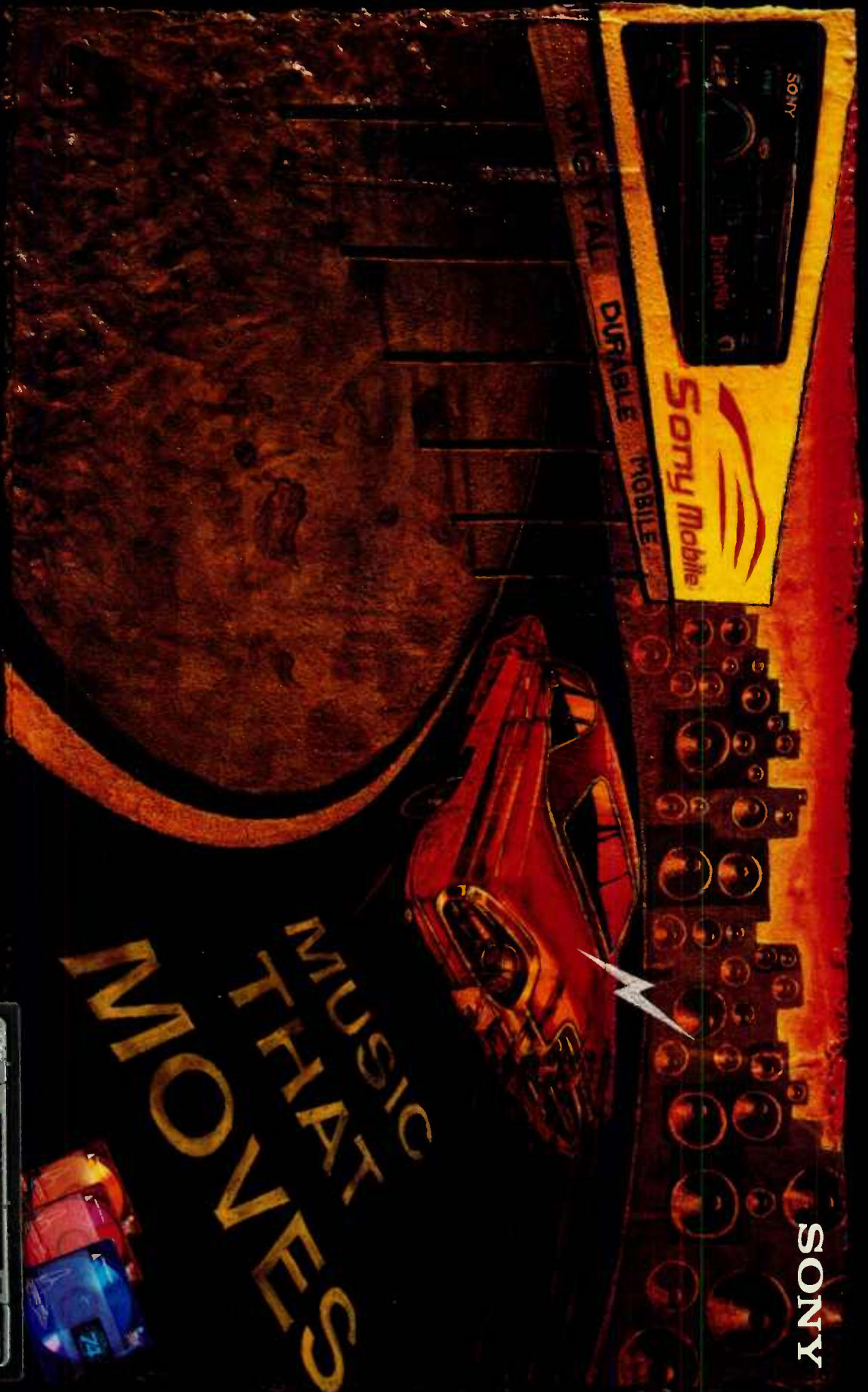


70 The Scene Is Now



CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY (ISSN 1074-6978) is published monthly by ChangeMusic Network, Inc. with offices at 565 Fifth Avenue, 29th Floor, New York, NY 10017. Subscription rates are \$39.95 per year. Subscription offices: P.O. Box 57414, Boulder, CO 80322-7414 / Phone (800) 414-4CMJ. Periodicals postage paid at Great Neck, NY and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to CMJ New Music Monthly, Membership Office, P.O. Box 57414, Boulder, CO 80328-7414. CMJ New Music Monthly is copyright 1999 by College Media Inc. All rights reserved; nothing may be reproduced without consent of publisher. Unless indicated otherwise, all letters sent to CMJ are eligible for publication and copyright purposes, and are subject to CMJ's right to edit and comment editorially. I'm ready to conquer El Toro...

©1999 Sony Electronics Inc. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. All rights reserved. Sony, Sony Mobile, the MD Walkman logo and The Absolute Best Way To Record Your Music are trademarks of Sony.



SONY

MUSIC
THAT
MOVES

THE SONY MINIDISC CAR DECK ALLOWS YOU TO RECORD YOUR MIXES AT HOME AND PLAY THEM ON THE ROAD. MINIDISC'S HARD OUTER SHELL KEEPS YOUR MUSIC SAFE FROM SCRATCHES AND PROTECTS THEM FROM THE HEAT. FOR MORE INFORMATION, LOG ON TO WWW.SONY.COM/MD HEAR HUNDREDS OF YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS ON MD. VISIT YOUR LOCAL MUSIC RETAILER AND CHECK OUT WWW.SONYMUSIC.COM/MINIDISC



SONY MD • THE ABSOLUTE BEST WAY TO RECORD YOUR MUSIC™

LE SUCKHOLE DU PRINTEMPS

In following this near endless blather about the merits of hip-hop versus alt-rock (which seems to have started many months ago with a pair of tits sported by DJ Rap, which I may add, though I'm gay, I thought were kind of pretty, though I thought the song stunk). I would like to put my vote in for 'Who gives a fuck?' Both hip-hop and alt-rock strike me as being in a real state of crisis, that is to say both seem to have nowhere left to go except disappearing up their own suckholes of nostalgia. (My apologies to Beck. I like his suckhole!) I would like to say at this time there is one brand of music that is sadly never represented in your magazine: that broad style of music commonly known as classical! While group after group name-checks Philip Glass and Steve Reich, you never hear any classical performers on the CD. Could it be *CMJ New Music Monthly's* embracing of hip-hop leaves no room for dead (or living) white guys? Or is it the rocker in you that took "Roll Over Beethoven" to heart? I think maybe 100 years ago one of your CDs featured something from Philip Glass' label, which means classical music is only represented at 0.0001% in your magazine. Get with the program! Even Spike Lee digs Aaron Copland! Korn can suck my cock! Stravinsky RAWKS!

Wayne Berry [whitenoz@netscape.net]

The funny thing is, we just found a dead white guy while going through four months of mail that had piled up in my office. Turns out, he was a freelance copy editor who expired while fact checking "Classical Score: Composers' Bedroom Secrets." Never take sex tips from a minimalist. —ed.

HERBALIZER

I have to laugh when I read the letters in the magazine each month. The funny thing is the fact that many of the subscribers think that the music you put the CD should be geared especially to their musical tastes, and that no one else counts. Do you guys put these sob stories in the mag for comical purposes? I find it really hard to believe that these types think of nothing else but their own selfish needs. Come on, folks, this magazine has been doing the same thing for your music-listening interests from day one. Yes, things do change, but if things didn't change, we'd all be as stale as the stories that keep saying the same thing. Too much hip-hop, too much punk, too much of this band, too many commercials? Uhhh ... hello ... this is a demo disk (that word by the way, is in the dictionary.)

G-herb [GroovyHerb@aol.com]

It's nice to see a letter from Herb. Everyone says the Art Director's clothes smell like him, but I never see him around. —ed.

LAI D IT OUT REAL GOOD

I've been an avid reader of your magazine for a few years now. I have always enjoyed the content. In the past, however, the layout and overall design quality of the magazine was less-than-appealing to me. I have noticed in the past few issues that there has been a noteworthy improvement in these areas, so kudos to you and keep up the good work.

Lindsay Parker [jacksobsession@aol.com]

Oh, and Herb has also been getting a lot of credit for the design of the magazine. Hell, why else would half the staff spend so much time on the fire escape with him?—ed.

IN DOUBLY

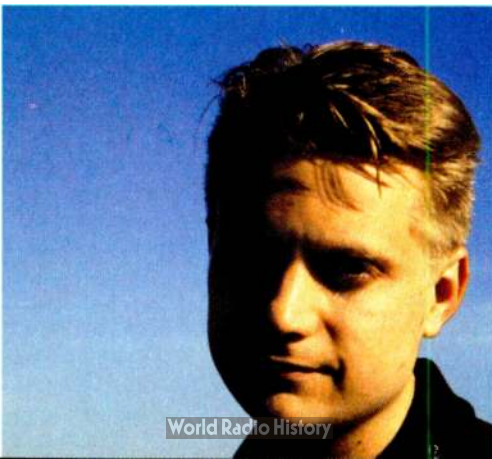
I couldn't believe I'd finally met someone who also doesn't like onions in their food (Dec. issue, first letter). My mom used to chop them up and mix them into the hamburger meat, thereby depriving me of choice. Anyway, now I feel obliged to respond to your response to Mark Bradshaw's letter.

Rule of thumb is that people who respond to an exaggerated claim by citing the double theory are themselves guilty by the same factor. So your claim of seven hip-hop tracks out of 19 [on the CD] and Mark's claim of over 14 rap and "related" genres are probably both wrong. But I'm not about to go back to that issue and start counting. Mainly because I don't know what Mark means by "related." Suffice to say I sympathize with his sentiment and I empathize with your desire to attempt a balance with the music you offer. I remain dedicated to purchasing *CMJ* on a monthly basis.

Todd Hersey [qbit@hotmail.com]

Todd, my mom got me with the onions pre-mixed into the hamburger, too. It's taken a while, and watching some movies on the Lifetime channel together, but we're getting through it. I can't help but think that methodically picking through my food to excise the things I dislike set me up for this sorry career path.—ed.

THE FOURTH BEASTIE BOY...



World Radio History

STAFF

EDITORIAL

Editor-In-Chief: SCOTT FRAMPTON

Managing Editor: NEIL GLADSTONE

Assistant Editors: BILL WERDE
DYLAN SIEGLER

Reviews Editor: MATT ASHARE

Editorial Assistant: NICOLE KEIPER

Editor-At-Large: KURT B. REIGHLEY

ART

Art Director/Designer: MERV

Assistant Art Director: KIM APLEY

CONTRIBUTORS

Contributing Editors:

IAN CHRISTE, AARON CLOW, BRIAN COLEMAN,
M. TYE COMER, JOHN ELSASSER, TIM HASLETT,
JAMES LIEN, DOUGLAS WOLK

Contributing Photographers:

KIM APLEY, CHAPMAN BAEHLER, KRISTIN CALLAHAN,
DANNY CLINCH, DIANE COLLINS, JAMES CRUMP, DAVID
GOLDMAN, WENDY IDELE, DENNIS KLEIMAN,
CHARLIE LANGELLA, MERV, BRENDAN MORAN, JOE
QUINTO, EBET ROBERTS, RAHAV SEGEV, TIMOTHY SOTER,
JEFFERSON STEELE, JOHANNA ST. MICHAELS

Interns:

KENYON HOPKIN, STEPHEN MERCIER, DANIELLE KRAMER

HOW TO REACH US

SUBSCRIPTIONS

ORDERS, INQUIRIES, ADDRESS CHANGES,
CUSTOMER SERVICE

call: (800) 414-4CMJ

outside the US call: (303) 678-0354

write: CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

P.O. BOX 57414

BOULDER, CO 80322-7414

email: cmjmusic@neodata.com

On The Web:

<http://www.cmj.com/NewMM/nmmsub.html>

EDITORIAL COMMENT

fax: (516) 466-7159

email: cmjmonthly@cmj.com

TO ADVERTISE

call: (516) 498-3133 or (516) 498-3111

write: CMJ SALES DEPARTMENT

11 MIDDLE NECK RD., STE. 400

GREAT NECK, NY 11021

email: sales@cmj.com

GOT SOMETHING YOU WANT US TO HEAR?

send submissions to: CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

11 MIDDLE NECK RD., STE. 400

GREAT NECK, NY 11021

ATTN: REVIEWS

FIND US ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB AT:

www.cmj.com/NewMM

Are you **Holding?**

Aphex Twin

Cductive.com is the leading distributor

The Make Up

of independant music on the internet,

Junior Communist Club

representing hundreds of labels across the

Aphrodite

dance/electronic, hip hop/urban and indie rock

Coldcut

genres. From twisted four-track producers

Elliott Smith

to established indie giants, Cductive

Of Montreal

represents the most diverse selection of

Sleater-Kinney

new music online. Whether you want to

The Olivia Tremor Control

download MP3s, make your ultimate mix CD

The Donnas

or just explore music, Cductive is the

Jon Spencer Blues Explosion

place to be. Open your browser, strap on

DJ Vadim

your headphones and prepare to qualify.

...and thousands of other great artists.

For mad holiday specials visit:
www.cductive.com/holding

C D U C T I V E
the sound of the underground

DownloadMusic ▶

www.cductive.com

THE HEAD-ON COLLISION OF
HIP-HOP AND HARDCORE.

CRAZY TOWN



THEIR DEBUT ALBUM
"THE GIFT OF GAME,"
IN STORES NOW.

PRODUCED BY JOSH ABRAHAM AND
BRET "EPIC" MAZUR FROM CRAZY TOWN
WWW.CRAZYTOWN.COM WWW.COLUMBIARECORDS.COM

© 1999 SONY MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT INC.

CMJ
NEWMUSIC
MONTHLY
ISSUE 78 FEBRUARY 2000

STAFF

COMPANY

Publisher: ROBERT K. HABER
Associate Publisher: MARIANNE P. STONE
Senior Director of Sales & Marketing:
MEGAN FRAMPTON
Advertising Sales Director: CHRIS KLINE
Director Of Sales: ROBERT SCHMERLER
Sales Operations Manager: HAYLEY LAWSON
Sales Representative: B.J. BERNARD
Assistant Director of Sales & Marketing:
MATTHEW ANELLO
Sales & Marketing Assistant: GREG CORRAO
Subscription Manager: LYNN SPECTOR

CHANGEMUSIC NETWORK, INC.

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

EDITORIAL COMMENT

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

TO ADVERTISE

call: (516) 498-3133 or (516) 498-3111
write: CMJ SALES DEPARTMENT
11 MIDDLE NECK RD., STE. 400
GREAT NECK, NY 11021
email: sales@cmj.com

FIND US ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB AT:
www.cmj.com/NewMM

 The
Audit
Bureau
Member

RED HOT + LISBON
FIGHTING AIDS AROUND THE WORLD

"A"
ENTERTAINMENT
WEEKLY



A TROPICAL JOURNEY THROUGH SOUND AND TIME
"ENCHANTING!...RED HOT IS ALWAYS ON THE CUTTING EDGE"—TIME
"STUNNING! SUBLIME! AN INTOXICATING SONIC BANQUET"—BILLBOARD
"A GORGEOUS COMPANION TO RED HOT + RIO"—INTERVIEW
"WONDERFUL!"—NEWSWEEK "ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST"—NY TIMES
40 ARTISTS FROM 11 COUNTRIES CREATE AN EXOTIC
SOUNDWAVE BENEFITING AIDS RESEARCH AND RELIEF
A RED HOT AIDS BENEFIT ALBUM ON SALE NOW

CDNOW



World Radio History

cdnow.com

www.redhot.org

PEEL SLOWLY AND SEE

On *NakedSelf*, **The The's** Matt Johnson strips away inhibitions and lays his soul bare.

story: COLIN HELMS photo: JOHANNA ST. MICHAELS

"My life is halfway through/ And I still haven't done what I'm here to do," Matt Johnson laments on his new album *NakedSelf*. It's harsh critique from a man who, under the cloak of The The, has recorded 10 albums (three of which remain unreleased), sold three million records worldwide, and received substantial critical acclaim, all before the not-so-geriatric age of 38. Then again, self-doubt and artistic creativity have never been mutually exclusive character traits—just ask Hank Williams or John Lennon, two of Johnson's musical heroes.

"You get that sense that your life has slipped off track," Johnson says, explaining the lyric's gestation. "Just generally, the way you wanna be in life, the big decisions you wanna make. It's really about karma. A sense that you're going to do something."

On *NakedSelf*, The The's first release of original material in seven years and debut for Trent Reznor's Nothing label, Johnson is clearly doing that something. Having progressed through the environs of pristine techno-pop, moody balladry and aching country-blues over the past 20 years, the ex-pat Englishman now finds himself immersed in an ominous black cloud of menacing guitar clamor and acoustic bleakness. Gone are the keyboards and harmonicas that formerly softened the bite of his lyrical outrage, allowing the band the occasional brush with U.K. chart success. Rather, *NakedSelf's* exposed-nerve sonics only serve to illuminate the mix of anger, criticism, turmoil and hesitant hope that comprises Johnson's emotionally- and politically-charged songwriting. On "SwineFever" he lambastes a society driven by over-consumption, and on

"BoilingPoint," he decries the media's bastardization of language. Elsewhere, Johnson strikes a much more personal stance, sweetly reflecting on love's fleeting beauty in "WeatherBelle," or embracing his lifelong emotional scars in "PhantomWalls."

He says the record's dark, restless character was an attempt to get back to his roots. "Not to say that the other albums weren't heartfelt. But there was sort of a nothing-to-lose attitude about this album. The industry's moved so far to the right, there's nowhere left to go for people like me. It's become very marginalized, which is fine. If you find yourself out on the margins, you can really let loose and do what you want to do."

Since the release of The The's last proper album, 1993's *Dusk*, much has changed in Johnson's life. Aside from his relocation from London to New York, the musician experienced the end of one relationship and the beginning of another, while testing out fatherhood for the first time.

"I guess there were certain events in my personal life that changed me somehow," he confirms. "I didn't care too much what people thought in the past, but now I don't care at all. I've reached the state that I've always wanted to reach, and maybe it's an age thing—you know, you've been around the block so many times and you've seen what the industry's about and it ceases to be important to you. There's a certain freedom about that. You reach this sort of Zen state, if that's the right term, where you just hold everything lightly—success and failure and the prospect of both. I've got tremendous hunger and I'm starting to hone in on a place where I want to be."

QuickFix

IN MY ROOM

DARYL TABERSKI is the lead singer of hardcore band Snapcase ★, which just released the new album *Designs For Automotion* (Victory). "There's a little more melody this time around," says Taberski. "But it's still heavy. It's still Snapcase." Taberski has severe allergies, so he avoids clutter in his Buffalo, New York bedroom.



700 or 800 CDs - "Everything from '60s soul and R&B to hip-hop and hardcore metal. One of my favorites is *Rock For Light*. Bad Brains was a big influence on me. Also *Marvin Gaye: The Master*, '61 to '84 and *The Who: 30 Years Of Maximum R&B*. But the only thing I have to listen to music to is the Sharp boom box I got for Christmas from my parents like 12 years ago. It's really square and the cassette doors don't close."

Postcards - "An old photo of Howlin' Wolf, the blues guitar player. He's screaming into a microphone. And a photo of The Clash. It's older. They have the rockabilly look going. Another of my favorite bands."

Oso the dog - "My six-month-old chocolate lab. Oso means "bear" in Spanish. My girlfriend takes care of her when I'm on the road."

***Narcissus And Goldmund* by Herman Hesse** - "It's about a boy who goes to a monastic school. He finally accepts that he's going to lead a different life. It's about his struggles between what he thinks is pure and clean, and overcoming his guilt of wanting to be wild."

An old Buffalo Evening News newsstand - "It's wooden, from the '70s. I keep books and magazines in it. It looks like a seat, with empty space underneath. It looks like you'd just keep a stack of newspapers in there, and sit on it."

In addition to what's listed here, one of the unique things in Boss Hog frontwoman **CRISTINA MARTINEZ'S** bedroom is lucky hubby Jon Spencer of Blues Explosion renown. The two of them live with their two-year-old son (Martinez asks we withhold his name) in Manhattan's Gramercy Park area. Boss Hog's *White Out* (In the Red) will be released on Valentine's Day.



Gibson G-20 amp - "A little amp just to sit down and play guitar with. Jon does more than I do, but I do too. We also have a Marshall hip amp that you put on your belt."

Prokofiev's Peter And The Wolf - "We have a British Symphony version, and also the version by David Bowie. [My son] will request one or the other. He knows the difference. I'm not a big David Bowie fan, though."

Las Vegas Grind, Vol. 3 - "[My son] really likes "Bogatini" by The Four Instants. It's sort of a rockabilly Baroque song. We always wanted to cover it. It's really cool because it has this insane drum break in it, and [my son] is really into drums. He has his own drum kit."

Sexing The Cherry by Jeanette Winterson - "It's a book of short stories of love and woe. She also wrote a book I really like called *Written On The Body*."

Iron four-poster bed - "I have Austrian neighbors, and I threw a party for their daughter's christening. Their priest came over, and he was kind of a weirdo. He was drunk the whole time, and liked to dance. This guy walks into my bedroom, sees the bed, and was like 'OH HO HOOOO! I know what you do here!' He thought I must chain myself to it all the time. Not that that doesn't happen."

Tom Waits Mule Variations (Epitaph) - "I saw him play in New York City a couple of months ago. He's so amazing and charismatic. "The House Where Nobody Lives" makes me cry every time I put it on."

VOICES CARRY:

Gang Of Four's Andy Gill and Black Grape's Danny Saber turn **Michael Hutchence's** last recordings into an album.

A little more than two years after he hanged himself in a Sydney hotel room, INXS frontman Michael Hutchence has a solo record coming out. Hutchence left the album's music half-finished, so Danny Saber of Black Grape fame and Gang of Four guitarist Andy Gill took over as the work's spiritual guides. Saber, Hutchence's close friend and songwriting collaborator, says he wasn't daunted by the task: "I kind of feel like I knew where he wanted it to go."

The result is *Michael Hutchence*, an elegant piece of radio-ready trip-pop that doesn't stray too far from the lizard-king swagger that helped INXS pack stadiums. Even though Hutchence wanted to stretch himself musically, Saber says that he didn't want to deny his sex symbol status. "If anything he was trying to go further with that," Saber says. "'Cause that's who he was. That's what was so great about him. He wasn't trying to be anything that he wasn't ... I don't want people to think that he was this tragic fucked-up figure, because he wasn't."

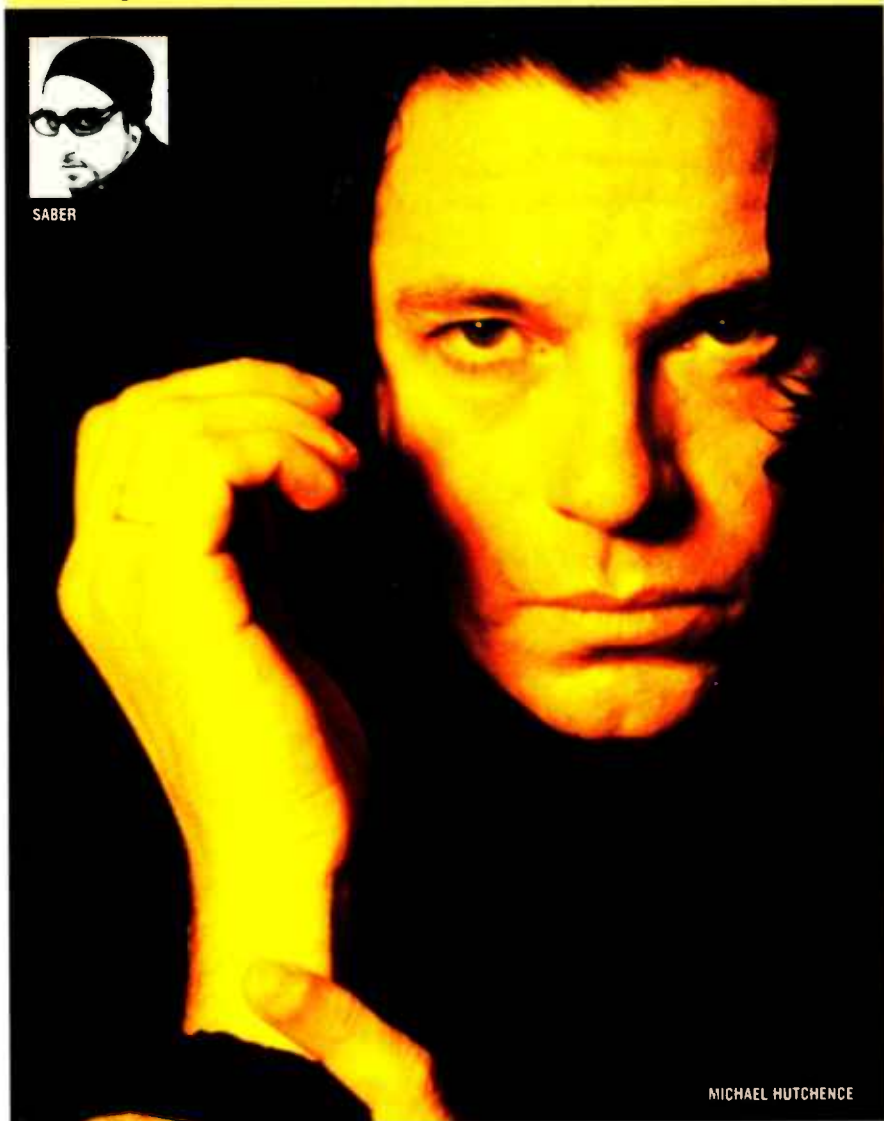
But will anyone beyond diehard fans and curiosity seekers ever hear the record? Given INXS's slow fade-out and radio's current fascination with a bratty, frat boy leering that makes Hutchence's brand of rock god seem as quaint as hair metal, it's hard to say if there is any room for his smoldering, almost debonair machismo on current airwaves.

Saber doubts that that would've concerned Hutchence: "He didn't give a fuck about any of that. Which is really important in this day and age, 'cause everything is so fucking marketed. He was the real shit."

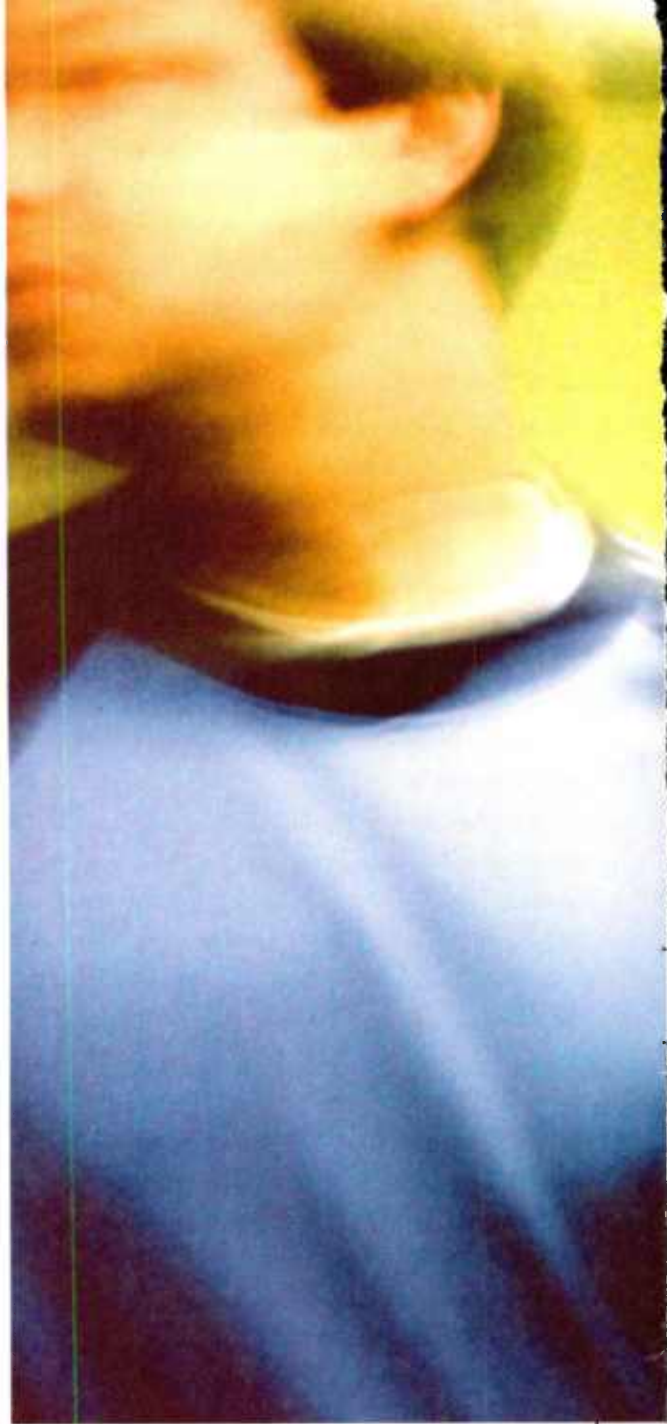
>>> Carlene Bauer



SABER



MICHAEL HUTCHENCE



WEIRD RECORD:

For Chicago experimental duo Jack The Dog, the Lord is their German Shepherd.

Patron saint? Bernard, of course. How else to explain *Missa Canibus*, or Mass Of The Dogs (Uvulittle), a 57-minute sonic ritual written in the form of a Catholic Mass about dogs? By the 15th track, which blends dissonant piano with a chant from the book of Ecclesiastes ("A living dog is better than a dead lion"), you have to wonder how long the duo of Carrie Biolo and Jeff Kowalkowski (yes, Jack was an actual dog who died in 1997) scoured the Bible for tidbits of canine Catholicism. Musical irreverence and the Catholic church may not mix (just ask Sinead O'Connor), but that doesn't stop *Missa Canibus* from kneeling before the altar and giving praise, doggie style.

>>> Rich Albertoni



PICKUP GAME:

It takes a four-track, a moody trumpet and a lot of jokes to play **AMERICAN FOOTBALL.**

"I find it painful that anytime I read anything about us that they have to say emo," bemoans American Football guitarist Steve Holmes. "[It's] not insulting, but just kind of like, 'Oh, great.' I try to write interesting songs that aren't all chords and 4/4. And then we're just 'emo.'"

The emo tag probably comes less from their tranquil music than singer/bassist/guitarist Mike Kinsella's previous work with Joan Of Arc and Cap'n Jazz. If this is emo at all, it's emo turned down several notches. The airy guitars seldomly distort and are frequently overshadowed by brooding trumpet melodies courtesy of drummer Steve Lamos. Often the vocals furnish ambience while guitars shepherd the melodies.

What started as a side project for Kinsella and college roommate Holmes has evolved into an outlet for Holmes' four-track recordings.

Though American Football is gaining notoriety, the group has never been a serious, full-time commitment. "Steve [Lamos] used to say it's the greatest band that never was, because we're always half-assing things," notes Holmes. Even the name of the group is a bit of a goof. Lamos'

girlfriend spotted a flyer in Dublin announcing: "Come see American Football, the most overpaid athletes in the world." An impulsive decision, sure, but no more than anything else on the band's self-titled release on Polyvinyl.

"The titles of the songs were all sort of invented literally two hours before we finished the artwork," recalls Lamos. "People ask me about these songs, and I don't know what they're talking about. We just called them, like, the B song or the C-sharp song."

The band seldom plays live, and these days songs are mailed to Lamos at school (where he's pursuing a Ph.D.) so he can add drum tracks.

What's the appeal of a band that is little more than a fascinating basement project?

"It's all about six degrees of separation," jokes Lamos. "One time I met one of the guys from Sunny Day Real Estate, who now is in Foo Fighters, who used to know Kurt Cobain. So really, I'm really close to Kurt Cobain in a lot of ways, and I'm only two degrees from Billy Corgan. [If people knew that] I think we'd be on the gravy train." —Mike Magnuson

LABEL PROFILE:

When Greg Shaw began Bomp Records 25 years ago, his aim was to combat his mid-'70s musical malaise by championing the first true music alternative. "I thought that maybe my label would inspire people to pursue music outside of Donna Summer and Rod Stewart," says 50-year-old Shaw. Bomp's inaugural single, The Flamin' Groovies' "You Tore Me Down," soon gave way to the label's first full length, Iggy Pop's post-Stooges debut, *Kill City* and later, Devo, The Plimsouls, and The Romantics. Bomp rarely sought more than one recording with any act. Instead, it remained punk and power-pop's springboard to the big time, breaking bands without major label affiliation or any marketing umph. Recent success stories include The Brian Jonestown Massacre, now signed toTVT. Beachwood Sparks and Small Stone wait in the Burbank, California-based label's holding pen. "We're supporting the same kind of classic punk rock we always have," says Shaw. "If we can come up with one artist a year that will go on to have an impact and make a difference to the people who really care about music, I think that's really defining for the label."

BOMP!

>>> Dylan Siegler

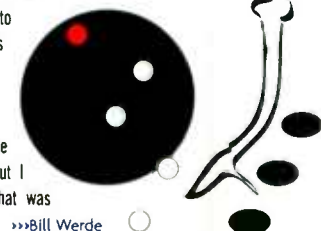
THREE TIMES DOPE?

If the concept of buying three identical albums—each of which sounds like alien communication—seems strange to you, you're in good company. DJ Olive, a major player in New York's Illbient scene, recalls his label's initial reaction to his new project. *Composition 11*: "Liquid Sky was like, 'What?! What do you want to do?'"

The triplicate offering features 50 tracks ranging from singular drum loops and vocal snatches to just really weird sounds ("My girlfriend eating a carrot," suggests Olive).

Olive has been working on this concept of DJ tools for eight years. "You use three turntables, and mix them for 10 to 20 minutes," he prescribes of his sound palettes. "I've done shows with hip-hop DJs and drum 'n' bass DJs ... everyone does something different."

He plans to eventually release a compilation of these efforts. "I want to create these open-ended compositions for things like modern opera, or create a score for ballet that's played live by turntablists. The Invisible Skratch Piklz or Rob Swift, these guys are so incredible as musicians playing the turntable. But I wanted to broaden the lexicon of what was being said."



>>>Bill Werde

TURNTABLE MARSUPIAL

KID KOALA makes music out of the magnetic poetry on the fridge in his head.



Do not, under any circumstances, drive under the influence of Kid Koala. "People come up to me, saying, 'Yo, Koala, I was rocking your tape, driving my car,'" shares the Koala. "I'm like, 'No, man! Don't do that!' Remember when someone got shot and they blamed the music that was playing? I don't want to be anywhere near a situation like a 40-car pile-up caused by someone listening to my music."

Koala laughs at his own faux warning, but he may have a point. Unlike some DJs who've turned scratching into rote turntable mechanics, Koala's works are mesmerizing blends of creativity, complexity, and most of all density. On his long-awaited debut album, *Carpal Tunnel Syndrome* (Ninja Tune), Koala stacks and layers his songs with ridiculous depth, mixing sprinkles of found sound, dramatic sonic shifts, nimble needle burn and always, a generous dose of humor. For example, at the center of his song "Fender Bender" is the angry babbling of a traffic argument—road rage translated into Kid's play.

Despite the orchestrated precision of his compositions, Koala claims that most of his work is the result of mental ramblings through a compendium of samples he stores in his head. "I never go out thinking, 'I'm going to do a dance song.' It always starts with something that already exists, like a spoken word sample or a frog record or something. If a theme comes out of it, I sort of just go with it to a point of being ludicrous."

Based in Montreal, Koala draws a lot of his music from music shop sweeps for random records and the DJ work he does with Bullfrog, a local live funk/jazz combo. "That's where I get to try a lot of stuff, no pressure, just riff some stuff off and they react to it and give me ideas," says Koala.

In trying to explain the concept behind *Carpal Tunnel*, Koala fumbles for descriptors. "It's not dance music, it's not club music, it's not head-bop music, it's not depressed chill-out music. I imagine, if you work in a really busy, greasy spoon restaurant, with a million orders coming in all the time, it'd be good for that. There's a lot of stuff we're throwing at you—you better be prepared for that."

» Oliver Wang

? & A: JUNGLE BROTHERS

The Jungle Brothers' literate, funky 1988 debut *Straight Out The Jungle* made it possible for artists like De La Soul and A Tribe Called Quest to imprint their style on hip-hop, and the cross-over success they found in the classic Todd Terry collaboration "I'll House You" and Urban Takeover's drum 'n' bass remix of "Jungle Brother" has given the J Beez staying power with a whole new audience. On *VIP*, their fifth disc, they look to expand their audience once again, this time with Propellerhead's Alex Gifford at the production helm. >>> Richard Thomas

Q: You worked with Alex before on a single. What was the whole album experience like?

Afrika: The master key to everything was the chemistry between Mike, Alex and myself in the studio. There was a lot of personality that was compatible, a lot of humor, inspiration and positive energy. Alex had a vision for what he wanted the song to be about once we chose the track. It was a new, fresh landscape for the Jungle Brothers and for Alex as well.

Mike G: And with the skills that he has, he was able to really look at the songs and find the rhythms. We wanted to keep feeding our dance floor friends. They was givin' us so much love and we just want to bang it out to them as much as possible as well as feed our contemporary hip-hop heads. We trusted him and he came through in the clutch.

Q: Most of the album is on the up-tempo tip, which keeps with the J Beez's vibe.

Afrika: I think it's because we came up on hip-hop in the breakbeat era. It's easier to write songs when the beat is marchin' forward. You can hear those drums and it jumps your thinking a little bit. It also keeps you in a good vibe when you're recording your vocals. Make the words come out naturally from your heart as opposed to sitting down and analyzing everything you want to say.

Mike G: Free your ass and your mind will follow, you know. We come from that day where we're not afraid to flaunt it.

Q: How has the rap game treated you after all these years?

Afrika: Five or 10 years ago, you were building your own train track, pioneering a new landscape. Now if you want to stay fresh and viable, you go along for the ride and see where it's goin' ... and work on building yourself a more modified train.

Mike G: You got to know who you are as an artist. Be sure and happy of who you are and stand your ground. You have to stay up with the times, but you have to express yourself so people can know it's genuine. For Jungle Brothers it's just about makin' that feel-good music. That's where *VIP* came out of.

Q: And you've got plans for a movie?

Afrika: A lot of this album and our live performance is a plot to promote the personality of Mike and I. Like "what are the concepts that I can put these two guys in?" Can I do a [*National Lampoon's Vacation*] or an *Up In Smoke*? What would Afrika and Mike be like in these scenarios based on how they met and how they interact with each other.

Q: It's really represented on the album cover.

Afrika: When I saw the cover, I said to Mike, "It looks like we're two Cubans that just got off the boat." The goal is to cross the group over to a new audience; like these are the new guys on the block. We might be the old guys back in the hip-hop, halcyon days but here we are on new land, side by side with Sugar Ray and Smash Mouth. You can see that. "Damn, these guys are foreigners. They came from some place and they crossed over here and they're true to themselves ... and it looks like they're up to some shit."

Maxell CMJ NEW MUSIC MINI-DISC MIX!

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

**Win a Kenwood MiniDisc Recorder
and 10 Maxell MiniDiscs.**

Mix by Darin Eriksen San Francisco, CA

SIDE ONE

Gang Of Four
To Hell With Poverty
Air
Californie
Trashmonk
Girl I Used 2 Know
Tears For Fears
Sowing The Seeds Of
Love
Beanfield
Keep On Believin'
Beck
Diamond Bollocks
Liz Phair
Headache
Young Marble Giants
The Taxi
Robyn Hitchcock
Driving Aloud (Radio
Storm)
The Cardigans
It's War
2K
Fuck the Millennium
(radio edit)

SIDE TWO

Magnetic Fields
Take Ecstasy With Me
Pulp
Sorted For E's and Wizz
John Lennon
#9 Dream
Visit Venus
Planet of the Breaks
(Arrival)
Shantel
Here She Comes
Moby
Porcelain
Spacelings & Baseheads
Never Trust A Coward
Basement Jaxx
Stanley
New Order
Ecstasy
The Sea And Cake
Window Lights
R.E.M.
Chance (Dub)

© 1998 Maxell Corporation of America



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

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

maxell KENWOOD



THE BABY NAMBOOS ★

Ancoats 2 Zambia
Durban Poison/Palm Pictures

Tricky's always been a collaborative guy, from his early days pioneering the trip-hop sound with the Bristol-based Wild Bunch/Massive Attack crew, to his remixing and producing efforts (for everyone from Bjork to Elvis Costello), to 1999's *Juxtapose* joint project with Grease and Cypress Hill's DJ Muggs. Now he's hooked up with The Baby Namboos, featuring cousin Mark Porter on guitars and keyboards, plus old mates Leo Coleing on vocals, Julian Brooke on bass, and Mad-dog on drums. This, the second release from Tricky's own Durban Poison imprint, harks back to the trip-hop of yore—darker and heavier than the languorous trip-pop that's become the genre's more prominent sound. Drum machine beats are punctuated by a pastiche of eclectic sounds—snippets of nervous, sinister laughter, for example—with the relentless echo of hypnotically-repeating synth phrases. Most striking are the vocals from Aurora Borealis (a.k.a. Zoe Bedeaux), whose wonderfully pained, raspy crooning and whispers on the songs "Holy" and "Play with Me" make her sound like The Selecter's Pauline Black or Banshee Siouxsie Sioux singing the Tricky songbook. On the standout "Provoked," Borealis and Tricky duet like twin halves of a whole, delivering lyrics that reflect the album's ultimately uplifting message: "You won't give up." » James Oliver Cury

OUT:

January 11.

FILE UNDER:

Dark, heavy trip-hop.

R.I.Y.L.:

Tricky, Massive Attack, Roni Size, Monkey Mafia.



BLACKALICIOUS ★

Nia
Quannum Projects

Blackalicious's full-length debut spotlights the illustrative rhyming skills of verbally omnivorous emcee Gift Of Gab, who spends the disc slaying demons and climbing walls like Peter Parker, plummeting to Earth like the Unknown Stuntman, locking his hip-hop competitors in the iron maiden and cruising the ocean floor. He even mentions "penetratin' in a Winnebago," and that's the type of ride this disc's mix of kicked-back plushness and restless forward motion best resembles. Producer Chief Xcel's heady beats dust off saloon piano, dancehall Tabasco-funk, Pete Rock-ish sax and (on "If I May") some gorgeous Ernie Isley-esque guitar; together, the duo flips the soulful introversion of their UC Davis homeboy and Quannum Projects cohort DJ Shadow (who guests on "Cliffhanger") inside out, recasting indie-rap anti-commercialism as a template for proactive spiritual uplift. It's essentially the same thing Mos Def's shooting for these days, but Mos spends his whole album feeling around for a moment of clarity like Gab's line, "If life is a prison, then the music is the yard time." The result is something truly rare: a prog-rap joint with a bump you can't refuse, its bus stop philosophy cogent enough to "clean the mucus out your grill like Benadryl." » Alex Pappademas

OUT:

February 15.

FILE UNDER:

Philosophic prog hip-hop.

R.I.Y.L.:

Latyrx, DJ Shadow, Freestyle Fellowship.



THE DISMEMBERMENT PLAN ★

Emergency & I
DeSoto

On *Emergency & I*, D.C.'s The Dismemberment Plan has finally distanced itself from the Dischord alumni it was weaned on by integrating the agit-grooves of Jawbox and Fugazi with its own brand of neurotic next wave, creating something that sounds suspiciously like a masterpiece. Originally recorded for release by Interscope (the band was dropped before it came out), *Emergency & I* plays like a modern epic with singer Travis Morrison as urban poet, pondering existential and romantic ennui. The Plan's signature tension surfaces in the angular spasms of "I Love A Magician," and ambushes the beautiful instrumental harmonies of "A Life Of Possibilities" with a dissonant climax. But the standout track is the sputtering, spastic "Girl O'clock," where Travis's anxiety-attack vocals are melded with jangly guitar riffs and Eno-esque bleeps and whirs. It's a crowning example of a band staying true to its influences while asserting its own idiosyncratic vision. "What Do You Want Me To Say?" is the album's most convincing anthem, with its herky-jerky verses leading up to a rousing sing-along chorus that's a tribute to D.C.'s other homegrown genre, go-go. » Steve Gdula

OUT:

November 24.

FILE UNDER:

Melodic agit-pop.

R.I.Y.L.:

Fugazi, Candy Machine, Brainiac, Jawbox.



MORPHINE

The Night
DreamWorks

Morphine's 1992 debut *Good* threw a lot of people. Sax, drums, two-string slide bass, and no guitar—was this jazz or something? What should have been clear to everybody at least by the time of 1993's *Cure for Pain* was that, as frontman Mark Sandman had been saying all along, Morphine was a verse-chorus-verse pop band, and a damned good one, with loping melodies and loose-limbed rhythms that matched Sandman's insouciant baritone and hipster persona. Forty-six-year-old Sandman's onstage death of a heart attack in Italy last summer ended the defining chapter of the band's history (though drummer Billy Conway and saxophonist Dana Colley plan to soldier on in some form), but not without leaving behind this gem of an album. *The Night* expands the Morphine palette with piano, cello, and organ, all keyed to Morphine's trademark "low rock" sound. A female backing chorus provides occasional R&B counterpoint to Sandman's lead vocals. It's a blue-black nighttime album alright, dreamy on one listening, ominous the next. The funkier numbers suggest Dr. John hoodoo, while the love song title cut has a touch of Leonard Cohen goth. And "Top Floor, Bottom Buzzer" is Morphine party music at its best. A dandy legacy indeed.

>>> Jon Garelick

OUT:
January 25.
FILE UNDER:
Low rock.
R.I.Y.L.:
Leonard Cohen, Chet Baker,
Treat Her Right.



RAY BARRETTO & NEW WORLD SPIRIT + 4

Portraits In Jazz And Clave
RCA Victor

RCA has presented legendary 70-year-old conguero and bandleader Barretto's label debut in an ideal, prestigious context. There are the requisite big-name guest stars—trombonist Steve Turre, sax man Joe Lovano, bassist Eddie Gomez, and Barretto's old bebop running buddy, guitarist Kenny Burrell. The repertoire is also blue chip, with extra points for avoiding the obvious. Coltrane's "Like Sonny" and Wayne Shorter's "Go" join the (by this point) familiar Ellington and Monk for Barretto's Latin-ization of the beat. But he also throws in Ellington's expansive, rarely covered "Oclupaca" (from *The Latin American Suite*). Manuel de Falla's "Canción Del Fuego Fatuo," with its combination of martial snare beat and mournful melody, will take most jazz listeners back to its appearance in Miles Davis and Gil Evans' *Sketches Of Spain*. Such firepower and programming alone is enough to make the album worth a visit (Burrell and Gomez, in particular, shine), but it's the arrangements that really up the ante. "The De Falla," for one, is a moody, sustained ensemble piece, with varied solo textures set against moaning horn choruses. This former jazz salsa crossover star has reentered the discography with an album serious jazz fans can sink their teeth into. >>> Jon Garelick

OUT:
January 11.
FILE UNDER:
Latin jazz.
R.I.Y.L.:
Jerry Gonzalez & The Fort Apache
Band, Milton Cardona, Chico O'Farrill.



SONGS: OHIA

The Lioness
Secretly Canadian

Jason Molina's baby must've done a bad, bad thing. "Being in love," he moans on "Being In Love," "means you're completely broken." *The Lioness* is a concise rumination on love as a game played between predator and prey. In the title track, his gal's hungry like a wolf: "Want my last look to be the moon in your eyes/ Want my heart to break, if it must break, in your jaws/ Want you to lick my blood off your paws." Backed on the first half by a modest rhythm section and occasional organ, and on the second simply by himself on guitar, Molina scares up a wisp of a sound, delicate and ephemeral, as if his songs might be blown about like tumbleweeds at the slightest hint of a breeze. His keening, high-lonesome vibrato testifies to the power of loaded silences—exploring a secret language of glances, knowing looks, telling gestures, tangled shadows. On "Nervous Bride," Molina sounds something like an indie-rock diva, a cross between Karate and Sadé. On "Coxcomb Red" his sweet taboo is a girl with the sun in her arms and fire and lightning on her breath for whom "every kiss is a goodbye." Here and elsewhere he hints at country in the way PJ Harvey hints at the blues—with an anthropomorphic longing that renders all else unbearable. >>> Carly Carioli

OUT:
January 24.
FILE UNDER:
Jungle love.
R.I.Y.L.:
Pedro The Lion, Palace, Karate.

JAZZANOVA

As the first generation of ravers goes geriatric, expect more beats aimed at the after-party. Case in point: Jazzanova, a German collective of house music producers and DJs heavily influenced by the Berlin acid jazz scene as well as German electronic experimenters ("You know, like Tangerine?" says producer Claas Brieler). Jazz permeates the act's records, particularly their drum sounds and woodwinds, giving their modern dance beats a soothing, organic feel. The group accepts comparisons to down-tempo wizards such as Thievery Corporation and Kruder And Dorfmeister ("They take their inspiration from dub and we take more of our influences from jazz," explains Brieler), but tries to stay outside that genre umbrella. "Everything that is not 4/4," says Brieler, referring to the universal time signature for house music, "people say it's down-tempo. But if you listen to tunes like 'Caravelle,' it's not down-tempo. It's just different." The six-member group has released two EPs, *Caravelle* and *Fedime's Flight* (JCR-Studio K7), and played their first five American shows last November. Look for a return engagement when Jazzanova's full-length debut is finished later this spring. **---DNI Words**

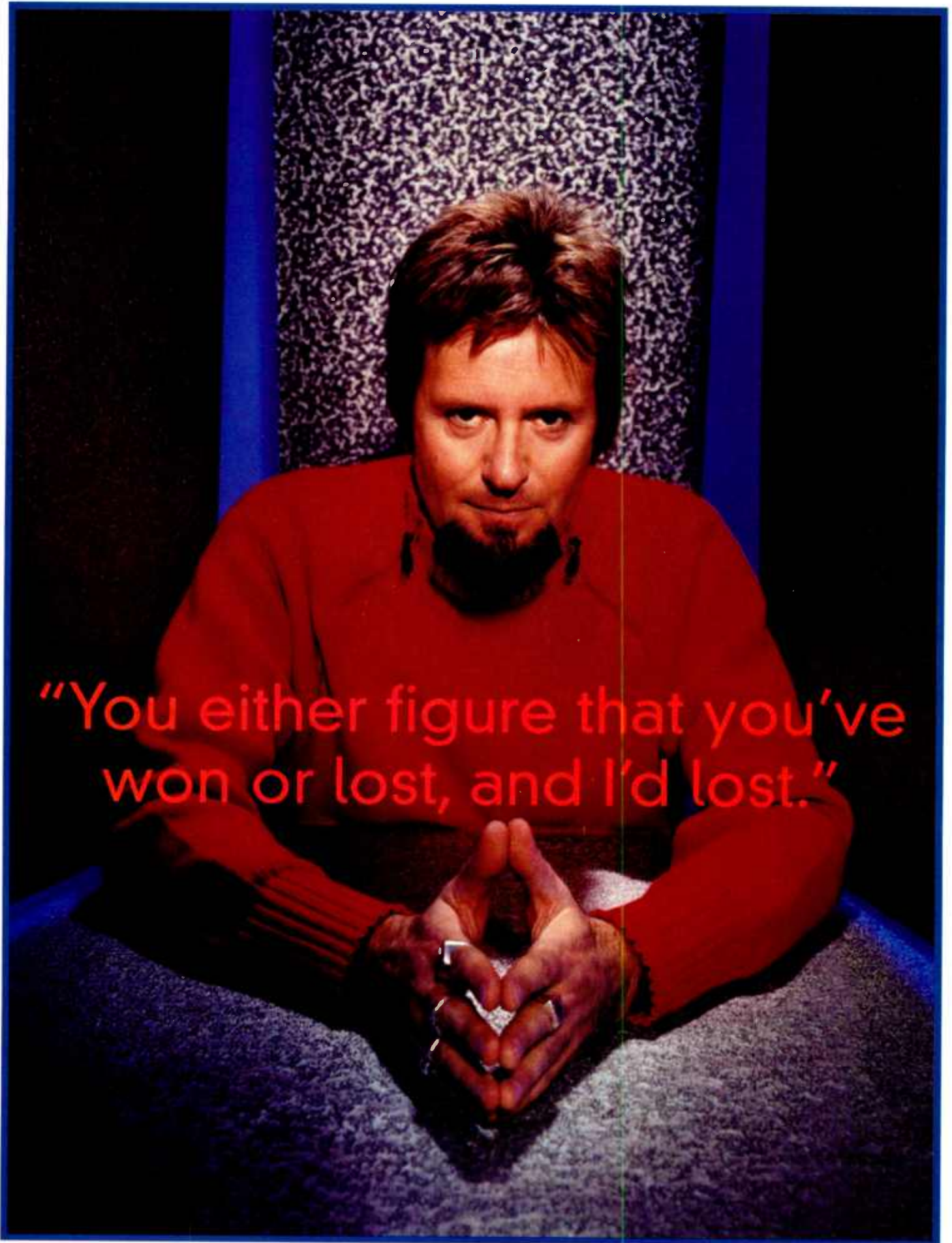


ERRORTYPE: ELEVEN ★

Since their 1997 inception, New York's ErrorType:11 has gotten a lot of flack for their decidedly un-indie attitude inside the *very* indie emo scene. "[Bands with that attitude] realize they're not capable of doing any better," says their self-described "arrogant asshole" singer/guitarist Arty Shepherd. "But everybody wants to play an arena. I don't care who you are, everybody wants to be a star. We want to be this scene's little arena rock band. Of course, we'd like to be the world's arena rock band, but we take it one step at a time." With their second full-length album, *Amplified To Rock (Some)*, the band's come one step closer, capturing the lost art of the rock anthem with guitars that downshift from churning to shimmering and back, behind Shepherd's part-croon, part-yelp. They have no plans to curb the bravado any time soon, either: "I'm just buying time to go out and fuckin' save the world from the wretched sounds of Limp Bizkit," Shepherd says. "We're saving rock one song at a time." »»» Nicole Keiper

DIESELBOY

Frequently billed as "America's No. 1 jungle DJ," Dieselboy (Damian Higgins) keeps his ego in check. "I refer to myself as *one* of America's most *well-known* jungle DJs," he says modestly. Higgins has raised his profile in the UK-dominated scene with four mix CDs in as many years (with another on Moonshine due in March), constant touring, and a shared victory with UK legend LTJ Bukem at the 1998 Global DJ Mix Awards. But a drum 'n' bass artist's mettle is tested by the mighty 12-inch, and Dieselboy is just getting started. His third and latest single, "The Descent," (Palm Pictures), recorded with veteran UK producer Technical Itch (Mark Caro), rivals the best in tech step, a style of dark, aggressive jungle with techno touches. Due later in 2000, his debut longplayer will likely feature UK junglists Usual Suspects and Decoder, and hip-hop duo Styles Of Beyond. The album should help Higgins crack the tight-knit UK producer ranks. "I think that I have a better chance than most people over here," he says, citing his partnership with the established Caro. "It's a way to come in the back door and get these people's attention." »»» Tricia Romano



“You either figure that you’ve won or lost, and I’d lost.”

GREENPEACE

After years of wine and poses, **Scritti Politti's** Green Gartside again finds a perfect way, this time with bigger beats.

(or, *American Bandstand Killed My Band*: The ugly truth of how Dick Clark kept **Scritti Politti** silent for nearly a decade.)

STORY: KURT B. REIGHLEY PHOTOS: WENDY IDELE

Promising pop careers can end abruptly for any number of reasons. Some artists find religion; others fly into the sides of mountains. Fifteen years ago, British band Scritti Politti blessed the world with the sublimely-crafted *Cupid & Psyche 85*, which spawned five UK hits. The percolating single "Perfect Way" met with US success twice (the second time thanks to Miles Davis' instrumental rendition). Yet, after Scritti's 1988 follow-up, *Provision*, leader Green Gartside closed up shop. No farewell concerts, no ugly lawsuits, just gone. A pair of 1991 one-off collaborations with British Electric Foundation and dancehall star Shabba Ranks aside, Green has remained silent until now.

Anomie & Bonhomie, only the fourth Scritti Politti full length since the group's inception in 1978, is remarkable for many reasons. Despite going AWOL, Gartside found himself still welcome at his old label, Virgin Records, sparing him the round of rejections other '80s icons—Gary Numan, for example—have suffered. More importantly, the 11 tracks of *Anomie & Bonhomie* (which loosely translates as "despair and delight") sound as innovative as anything recorded by Scritti's earlier incarnations. While *Cupid & Psyche 85* connected the dots between Gang Of Four, Noël Coward, and Shalamar, the new disc offers a refreshing fusion of underground hip-hop, reggae, and grunge, all shot through with Gartside's inimitable cooing.

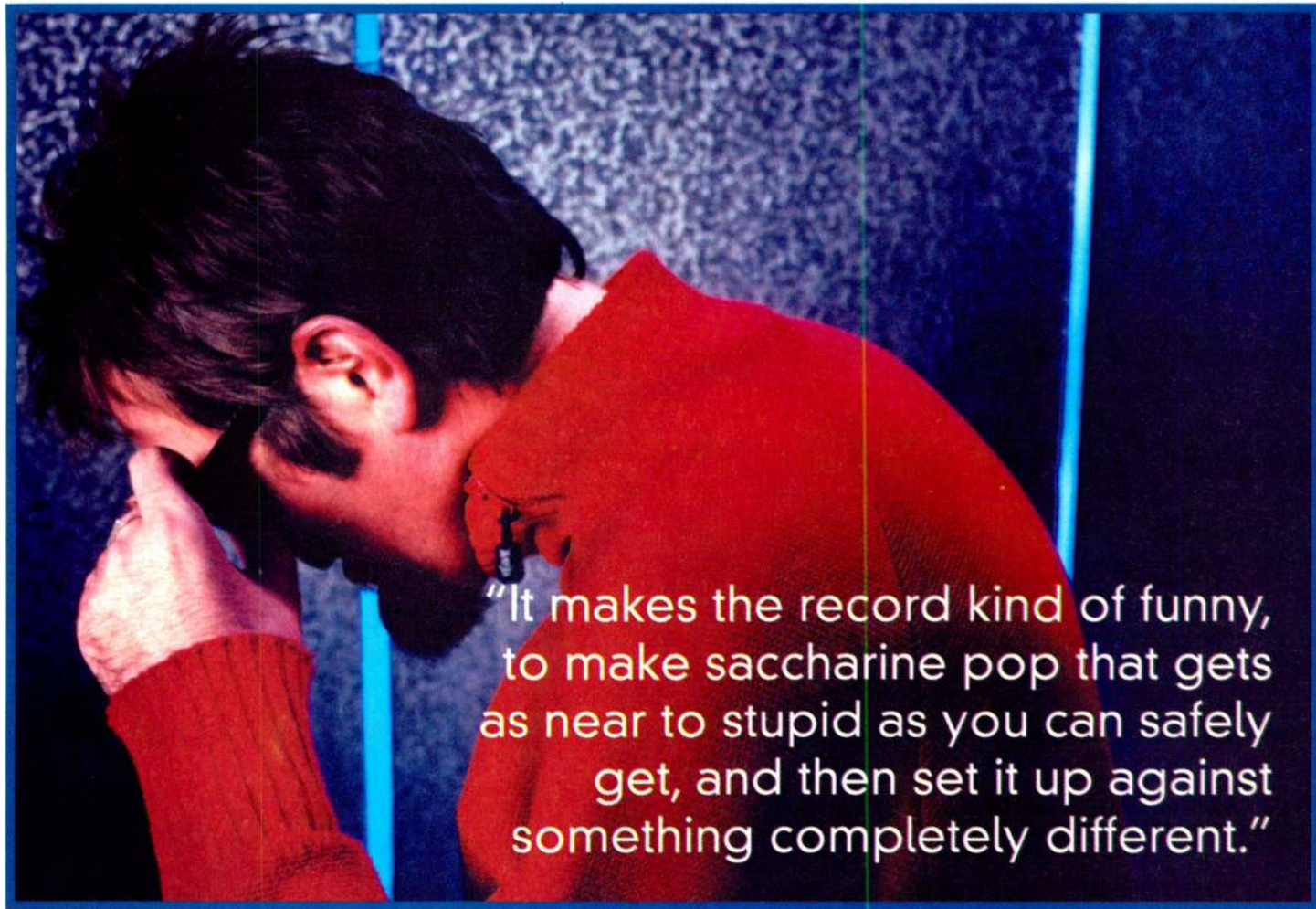
Basking in the afternoon LA sunshine, Gartside recalls the moment when he realized Scritti Politti was doomed: a performance of "Perfect Way" on *American Bandstand*. After the band mimed their big hit, Dick Clark cornered Gartside for "two or three questions of stultifying banality," he says. *Cupid & Psyche* garnered praise for infusing polished pop with thought-provoking philosophy and politics; the lyrics were miniature masterpieces of semiotics. Gartside had somehow gone from singing about French Deconstructionalists ("Jacques Derrida," on 1982's *Songs To Remember*) to defending his existence to America's oldest living teenager. The idiotic prattle that fell from his lips appalled him.

"Irony? Forget it," he sputters. "There's no place for any irony to resonate, no place for any charm or wit. Game over, basically." A sigh quietly escapes. "You either figure that you've won or lost, and I'd lost."

Instead of stepping back from the action, Gartside forged onward. Today, he insists the band—then rounded out by drummer Fred Maher and keyboard whiz David Gamson—never intended start their next album so soon after the first flush of success. But unfortunately, the other preferred avenue for maintaining career momentum—a lengthy tour—wasn't an option. After fruitless weeks in a rehearsal room, they'd realized their inability to translate the heavily sequenced songs into versions humans could play ("We were disastrous") and cancelled dates already booked.

Attempting to surpass the pristine precision of *Cupid & Psyche*, Gartside and co-producer Gamson meticulously pored over every finger-snap and syllable that went into *Provision*. But technical finesse couldn't compensate for the album's lack of warmth. The old Scritti brilliance wasn't completely extinguished; any band that can snag airplay for a song that rhymes "Gaultier pants" with "Immanuel Kant's" is still a few steps ahead of Cutting Crew. But Gartside considered the record "substandard."

"At some point, that little voice starts asking you, 'Why are you doing this again? How much fun is this?' By the time we got to the end of going



"It makes the record kind of funny, to make saccharine pop that gets as near to stupid as you can safely get, and then set it up against something completely different."

around the world promoting *Provision*, it was a deafening yell: 'Fuck off! That little voice was very angry. So I stopped.' He purchased a stone cottage in the Welsh countryside, stopped talking to his band mates, and vanished down the rabbit hole. Game over, indeed.

For the next decade, Green was happy hiding out in the sticks. Money wasn't a great concern (he doesn't drive or own a car). "As long as I could drink red wine, read books and buy records, I didn't need anything else." He paid afternoon visits to country pubs, occasionally trekked into London for new hip-hop and reggae wax, and whiled away six or seven years without care.

"As nice as it was, you literally come to realize that, although you're in a position where you can live this arguably idyllic life, you're doing a bit of avoidance on a massive scale. By the time boredom with the hills, fields and rivers had set in, that coincided with me wanting to make music again." His '80s R&B fixation had waned; now hip-hop got his juices flowing. "Wanting to make beats again got me back into the dreaded music room."

Gamson, who produced *Anomie*, helped Green flesh out the new demos in New York. Then, in a marked departure from Scritti's studio-bound writing process of old, he dragged the singer out to Los Angeles to rehearse the songs with a band. Gartside played a lot of his own guitar parts, which bear evidence of his fondness for Foo Fighters and Pavement. Bassist Me'Shell NdegeOcello, guitarist Wendy Melvoin of Wendy & Lisa fame, and rappers Mos Def and Lee Majors rank among the album's all-star lineup.

The irony of an artist once perceived as the pinnacle of squeaky-clean enlisting stalwarts from the hip-hop underground isn't lost on Green. "It's a big step away from the kind of people they would normally work with. But I like that. It makes the record kind of funny, to make saccharine pop that gets as near to stupid as you can safely get, and then set it up against something with a completely different set of concerns."

Yet in between the rolling rhymes and blistering licks, Green's light-as-helium voice still rings out sweetly. That unmistakable instrument remains the essence of all things Scritti Politti, as it has since Gartside jettisoned his early post-punk leanings with "The Sweetest Girl" in 1982.

"When I started making records, I sang with an English accent, which I assumed was kind of unaffected. But I don't think there's any such thing as an unaffected voice. Obviously, from my political and philosophical concerns, I believe that nothing is unmediated, straightforward, uncomplicated, unambivalent. People always thought perhaps the [human] voice was, but I didn't buy into that."

"I'd been thinking about those issues in the hiatus between [*Songs To Remember*] and *Cupid & Psyche*," he continues. "Without consciously deciding to sound different, all the necessary adjustments were going on in the back of my mind. So when next it came time to stand in front of a microphone, a significantly different voice emerged, as 'natural' as anything that had preceded it. It's far more uncertain of age, geography, even gender."

From the rip-roaring opener "Umm" (with its angular refrain "I wrote you a letter and I told you you were dead") to the wistful ballad "Brushed With Oil, Dusted With Powder," *Anomie & Bonhomie* is decidedly more laid back than the first three Scritti albums. While the album sounds immaculate, the notorious perfectionism isn't quite the razor-toothed beast it was before; Green has no intentions of following Brian Wilson and Scott Walker down that slippery slope. "There's an awareness that that way madness lies, that you can get into listening for things in songwriting and production that bats are never going to hear."

How all this will translate into the *Anomie's* reception Stateside is anybody's guess, but Green aims to not get bent out of shape over the "business" end of being back in the music business. "I drank enough red wine in the last decade to have killed off enough brain cells for me not to be quite so troubled," he announces with a broad smile. MMM

The way to download.

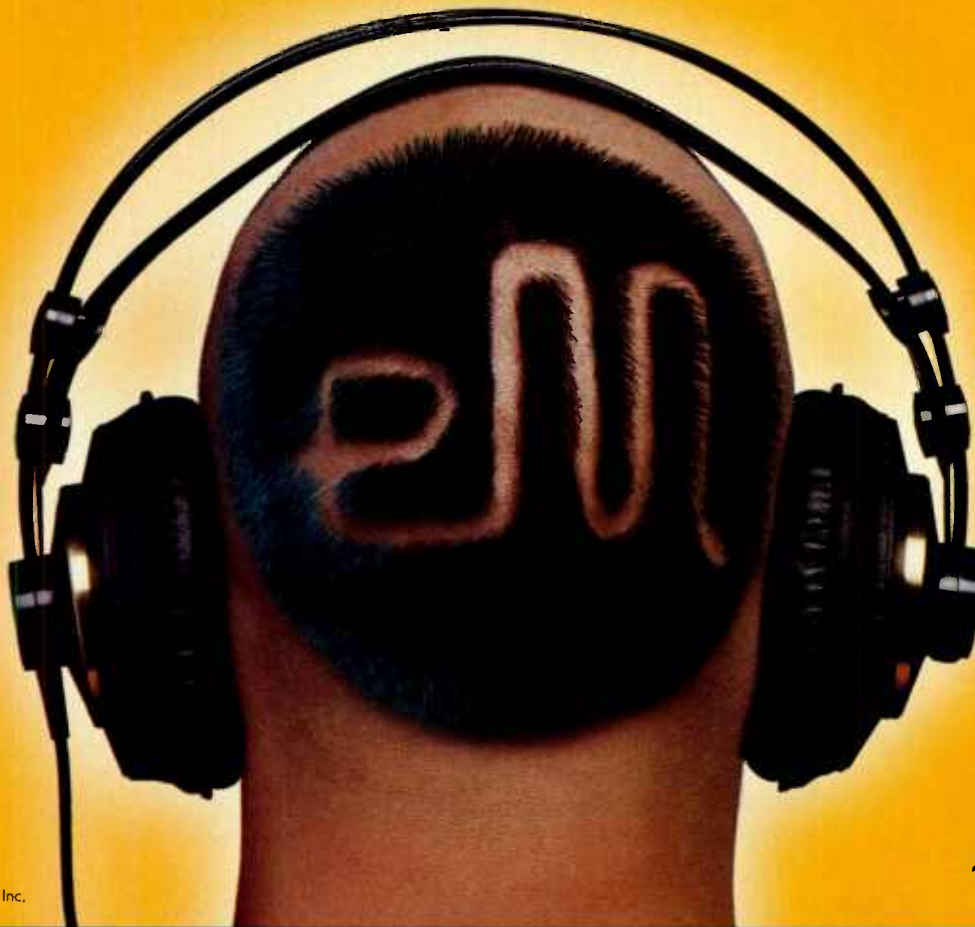
So, there's this new way of listening to music. EMusic.com. A new site with thousands of MP3 downloadable music choices. Where you can sample and download alternative, rock, hip hop, jazz, blues and more. By the song or the album.

Artists you've heard of, the coolest indie labels, new things to discover.

All for less than the cost of a CD.

EMusic.com is downloadable music.

Created by people who know and love music as much as you do.



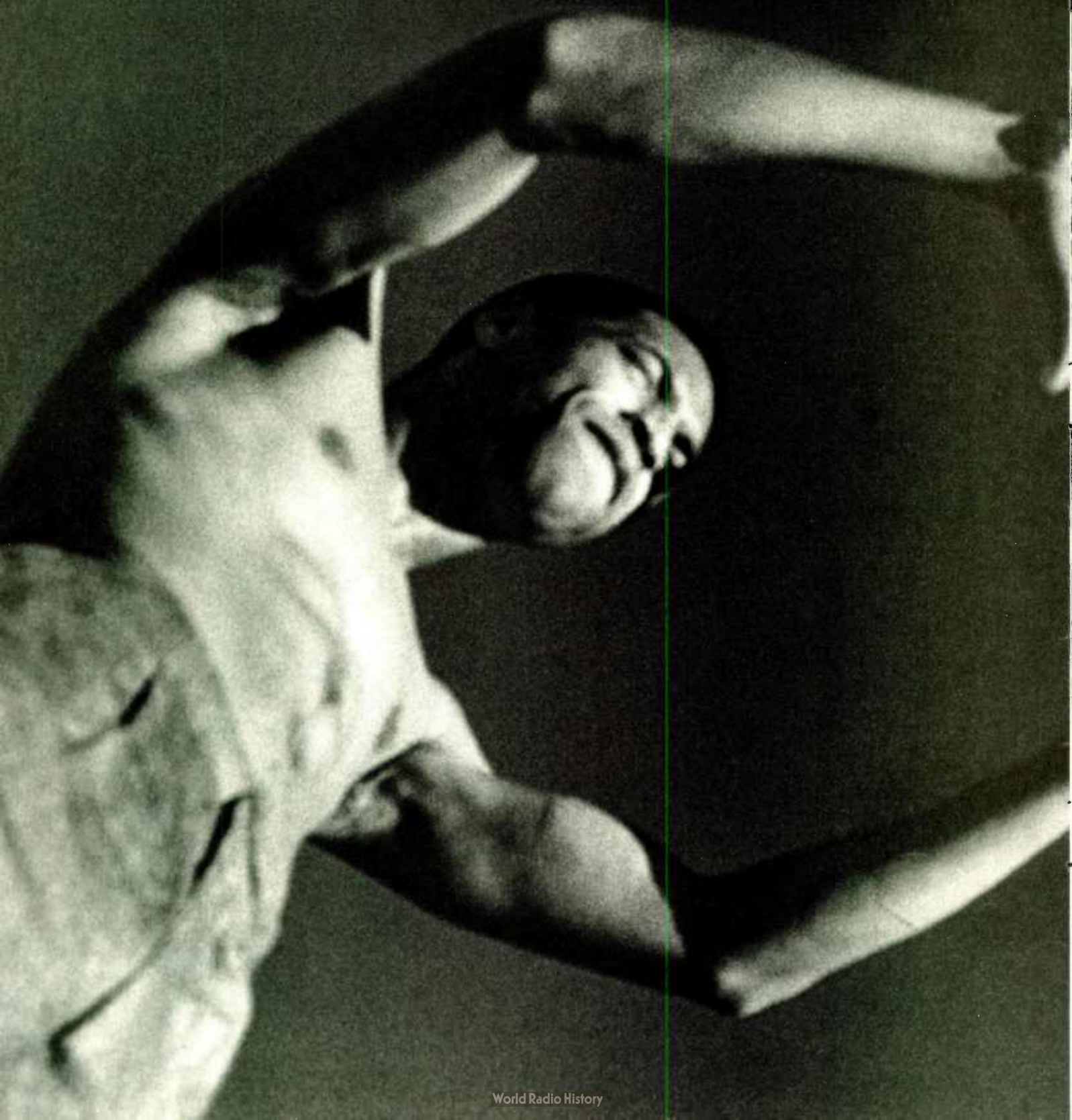
©1999 EMusic.com Inc.


emusic

www.emusic.com

World Radio History

SHAD



OW BOXING



Fela's son, **Femi Kuti**, must spar
with his father's legacy to
become the new Afrobeat king.

STORY: BILL WERDE PHOTOS: CHARLIE LANGELLA

When Femi Kuti's father, Fela, died of AIDS in 1997, more than a million people lined the streets of Lagos, Nigeria. They were paying their respects to the man who almost single-handedly created Afrobeat, a hybrid of tribal beats and groovy basslines, soul, funk and political awareness. He was more than just a musical innovator; he was, for many, the voice of the working poor. Over the course of a career which began in the '60s, Fela taunted leaders of military regimes in Nigeria and paid for his instigation and vocal dissent with broken bones and jail time.

"The police came out and said they had no robberies in two days," laughs Femi. "The [thieves] were all at his burial! All the armed robbers were his friends. Life was difficult for them. And he talked about the difficulties. Everybody loves this man."

In his late 30s, Femi looks the spitting image of a young, healthy Fela, but his ties go beyond biology. Femi has embraced a life of politics and music, and in so doing has embraced the role of torchbearer, with all its baggage and forced comparisons.

Fela was an eccentric man. He walked the streets of Lagos in his underpants; he was rarely without a giant spliff and he once married 27 women in one ceremony, "legitimizing" his relationship with those who were part of "Kalakuta Republic," his artistic commune.

"27 wives, 27 problems," laughs Femi. The younger Kuti eschews the weed and women of his father's lore. In New York to promote his latest album, *Shoki Shoki*, Femi's brightly colored, traditional African garb cuts a radiant swath through the sterile lighting, black leather and smoky glass of the conference room. He

"The prayer of every African father is the son must be greater.

The father always sets the standard. Now the son has to go higher."

is full of energy, always waving his hands to emphasize a point, and has an ever-present smile. But in conversation, his bright exterior is betrayed by the brooding words of a man who knows the ugliness of political upheaval and the pressure of legacy.

Living up to Fela's reputation hasn't always been easy for Femi. When the father first saw his son perform in 1989, he dismissed it as nonsense. "When he criticized me, when everybody was criticizing me, I think everybody in Nigeria thought I should forget about music. But I was determined, man." Two years later, Fela saw his son again and changed his opinion: "It was all praises."

Given this storied relationship, it's ironic, if understandable, that MCA is releasing *The Best, Best, Best Of Fela Anikulapo-Kuti*—the first in a series of Fela re-issues—to coincide with Femi's record. On *Shoki*, Femi uses many of the same instruments and sounds heard in his father's expansive catalog, but sets the metronome up a few notches. The tracks, with their blaring horns and Femi's sax solos, jostle and bounce relentlessly, where Fela's grooves were more subdued. But like his father, Femi uses his music to camouflage messages of bitter disappointment and desperate entreaties for his countrymen. A 1969 Los Angeles meeting with Black Panther radicals shaped much of Fela's political and musical identity, and Femi's beliefs, too, are steeped in Afrocentrism.

He dismisses the regard and dependency Africans have for Anglo culture. "In all the African countries," he says, "I see Europe. I see America. All the skyscrapers. The buildings. The road. The streets. Traffic lights. That's America! I want to see our architects going to work, drawing up African buildings and African streets. The African environment has to reflect on the African society." Last year, Femi started the international organization, MASS (Movement Against Second Slavery) to raise awareness of African conditions among Nigerian youths as well as a global community of leaders and intellectuals.

Femi love is tough love, though. He laments the inability of many African countries to repay loans, or to contribute in a more positive fashion to world affairs. "There is nothing Africa has to offer," he says solemnly, at one point. But these sort of dark pronouncements come easily for Femi. "If we want to be honest with ourselves, there is really nothing good to say about the world today," he says later.

But even when speaking of bleak realities and political struggle, Femi has an almost childlike ability to emotionally turn on a dime. "I like undoing shoelaces," he says, when things have gotten too serious, and makes a furtive grab for one of mine. He's sheepish when he realizes my laces are double-knotted. "My friends hate me for that," he says with his 100-watt smile.

When he flashes that broad grin, the world-weary diplomat is gone, and the bandleader reappears. Femi's shows, like his father's, are a rush of music and color. A bare-chested and fit Femi pours himself

into his sax as his 16-member collective of musicians and dancers, Positive Force, conducts its acrobatic workout around him. "There is a limit to what music will do," acknowledges Femi. "At the end of the day, you want to have a good time being on stage. Even in Africa, with all the problems, we still have time for sex, for partying. We should not pretend as if it's all bad."

The "greatest interest" in Femi's life is the progress of his son, four-year-old Made (MAH-dee). "He just picked up a trumpet on the bus in Liverpool," he says, beaming. "We're all tired, and he just goes 'Baruppaddupdup!' A trumpet, man! It's one of the hardest instruments around."

Femi wasn't close to his father for much of his childhood, and was a young man before becoming his understudy. As a father, Femi wants to encourage his son from an early age, and there is no attempt to shield Made from the weight of his family legacy. Made's name means "the child has come to take his rightful place." Femi told his pregnant wife that she was carrying the greatest musician of our time.

"If he does not want to play music," acknowledges Femi, "he's going to have the toughest time. All my father's fans will be like, 'Are you going to play music? If I become great, they are going to reference to me, too. Every journalist. Everyone of my friends. People who don't even know me, his own friends, are going to encourage him to play music."

"I do not believe we are sent to this world to do what we are not meant to do," says Femi. "If he was not capable of doing it, why would whatever brings us here, lead him to be my son, to make his life such a difficult life?" Femi stops and smiles. He's no longer speaking solely of his son, and his face shows he knows it.

"The prayer of every African father is the son must be greater," says Femi.

"The father always sets the standard. Now the son has to go higher." **KWH**

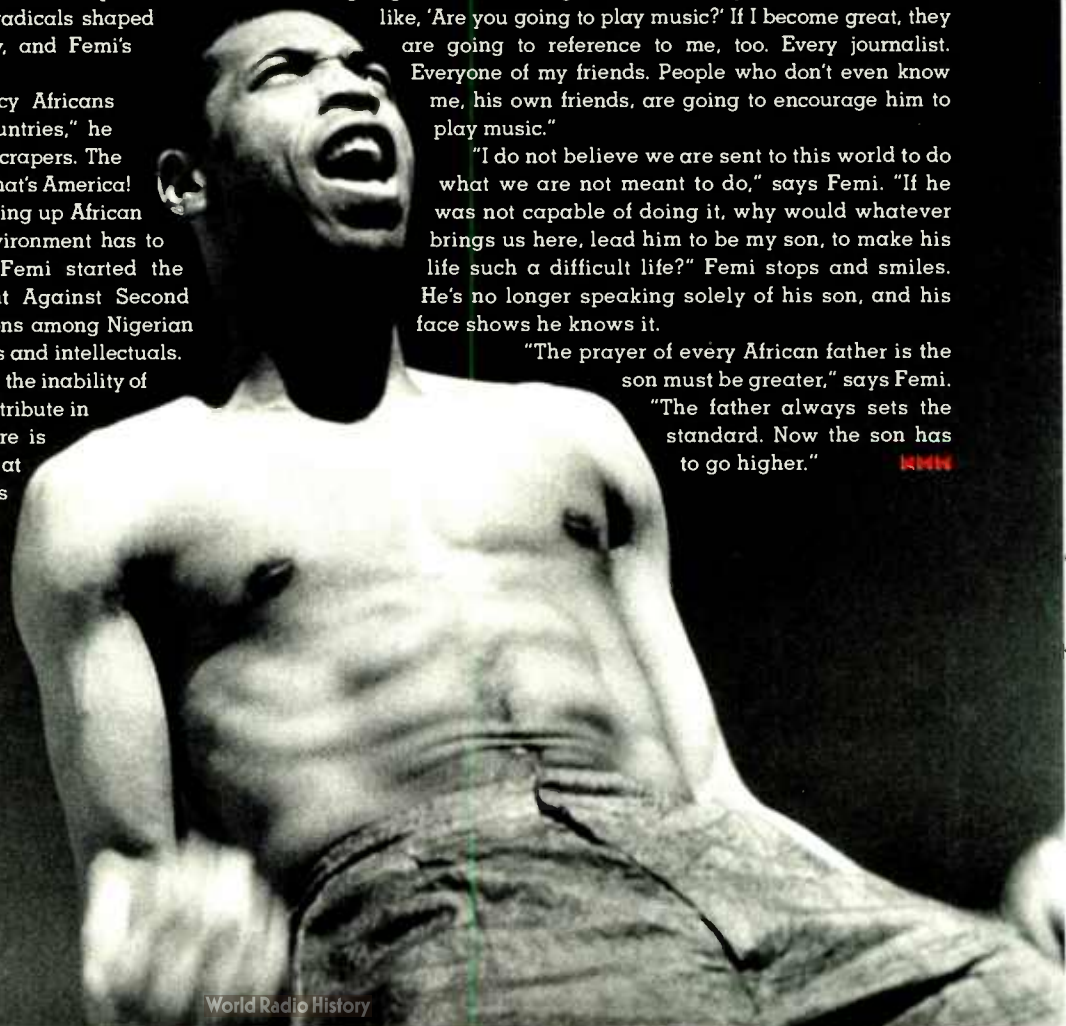


Photo: William Hawkes; Hair: Christophe; Makeup: Ashley Shandera

GIVE **FUR** THE COLD SHOULDER

Pamela Anderson Lee for People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals

PETA 501 FRONT ST., NORFOLK, VA 23510 • 757-622-PETA • www.peta-online.org

World Radio History



THE BROTHERS MC

ON ANOTHER PLANET

For **Powerman 5000**, otherworldly metal runs in the family.

STORY: CARLY CARIOLI PHOTOS: CHARLIE LANGELLA

"**Y**our future has arrived," announces a baritone out of the darkness at the Tsongas Arena in Lowell, Massachusetts. "Are you ready to go?" The kids in the pit are frothing. Powerman 5000 bounds on stage in front of a banner festooned with Martian spacemen and plunges into "Supernova Goes Pop," the second track off its gold-selling sophomore album, *Tonight The Stars Revolt!* (DreamWorks).

Gussied up in post-apocalyptic jumpsuits like a lost laser tag team stranded on *Forbidden Planet*, they hammer out sleek, metal machine music embroidered with short, sharp shocks of crunching rhythm guitar and precise techno beats. Lead guitarist Adam 12 summons whirs and bleeps out of his effects, replicating the sounds of a theremin and punch-card computer. Frontman Spider One wears his banana-blond hair in a fright wig pompadour, his limbs dangling at odd angles as if being yanked by an unseen puppeteer.

Powerman 5000's affection for classic futurism inspires déjà vu, but the band's future has arrived, courtesy of the hit single "When Worlds Collide" and a guest spot on the suitably gargantuan soundtrack *End Of Days* alongside Korn, Limp Bizkit, and Guns N' Roses. They packaged *Revolt!* to look like dog-eared 1940s science-fiction pulp (the cover blurb screams, "The Supreme Excitement of Our Time!"); the video for "When Worlds Collide" has the band battling a Ming the Merciless clone in thinly-veiled reference to the Buster Crabbe *Flash Gordon* serials of the 1930s.

"I definitely wanted to make an otherworldly-sounding record," explains Spider. "I found myself digging up all the old '50s and '60s sci-fi movies like *The Day The Earth Stood Still* and *Forbidden Planet*, and engrossing myself in the past's vision of the future. That was the inspiration behind the record: we'd make a futuristic album but represent a future that doesn't exist anymore."

Repackaging vintage 20th century space-age fantasy as a springboard into the new millennium has proven popular with nü-metal audiences unfamiliar with Cold War-era nuggets like *It Came From Outer Space*, *This Island Earth*, and *The Man From Planet X*. Powerman has done for the science fiction aisle at the video shop what Spider's brother, Rob Zombie, has done for Bela Lugosi horror serials.

Spider and Zombie have shared similar tastes since childhood. As kids growing up in the Boston suburb of Haverhill, Massachusetts, they'd dress up at Halloween as their favorite members of KISS.

"We'd make a graveyard in the back yard," Spider reminisces, "Like, dig graves and put fake gravestones in the ground. But we used to do shit like that all year round. We'd make haunted houses in the basement and charge 10 cents for the neighborhood kids to come through, and then jump out and beat on them."

Given the two pop culture fiends' common fondness for late-night creature-double-feature fare, it's not entirely surprising to find a bit of overlap in their respective rock 'n' roll enterprises. Still, Spider chafes at the notion that he's simply tailgating his brother's Dragula.

"I think there's just an association there for people who are too lazy to look deeper into what we're doing—or into what Rob's doing," he says. "Yeah, it's coming from a similar place, and it's a rock band, and we play guitar, bass, and drums with some sequencing. But I dunno—like, get off my back and get on Static-X or something."

Initially, at least, Spider and Zombie charted very different musical courses. While his brother was establishing the formative, sludge-metal version of White Zombie in New York City in the '80s, Spider fronted a local hardcore combo called Vital Interest. By 1990,



"We'd make haunted houses in the basement and charge 10 cents for the neighborhood kids to come through, and then jump out and beat on them."



though, he'd caught the hip-hop bug and built a fan base in Boston under the name MC Spider. His 12-inch single, "Much Evil" (Evil-Aurora), came in handmade sleeves splattered with fake blood.

"I wanted to be Ice T," he recalls. "That was my thing. We did some crazy shit, stuff that was out of control. I go back and listen to those things sometimes and the production value made Public Enemy sound like *nothing*. We were so into it—the amount of samples and loops we would do—and it got more and more into straight-up hip-hop. And then I got so saturated to the point of doing so much sampling and sequencing that I totally missed that feeling of a live band—just the power of a guitar."

Powerman 5000's first two releases—the 1994 EP *True Force*, on the Boston-based indie label Curve Of The Earth, and the 1995 full-length *Blood Splat Ratings System*, on the New York label Conscience—bridged rock and hip-hop with a tattered mish-mash of funk and psychedelia. Spider rapped laconically about suicidal superheroes, NASCAR pile-ups, and sideshow freaks, often sounding closer to G. Love than Rage Against The Machine. Still, a sizeable East Coast following embraced the band, and after near misses with RCA, Capitol, and Maverick, Powerman signed with DreamWorks. The label quickly issued a re-mastered version of *Blood-Splat* as *Mega!! Kung Fu Radio* and sent the band out on the road with a succession of headliners, including Marilyn Manson and Limp Bizkit.

With the addition of guitarist Mike Tempesta—brother of drummer John Tempesta from Rob Zombie's band—Powerman took a dramatic

turn away from hip-hop and toward the new-wave-inflected, retro-futurist death-disco of tunes like "Automatic" and "Nobody's Real." The former suggests elements of Devo and the latter sounds almost as much like the Cars as the band's cover of "Good Times Roll." In retrospect, Spider admits it feels like they've finally gotten things right.

"After touring for a year, we really sort of figured out what we do well and what we don't do well," he says. "I consciously steered away from some of the rap-influenced elements, because—I hate to say it, it sounds terrible—but I feel like we almost pioneered that so many years ago, and I certainly didn't want to come off sounding like a second wave of that style of music. So, I figured we'd just totally change what we do, and just put the emphasis on writing some good songs."

And making some good videos. Having just completed the video edit for single "Nobody's Real," Spider says they created delusions of the electric head.

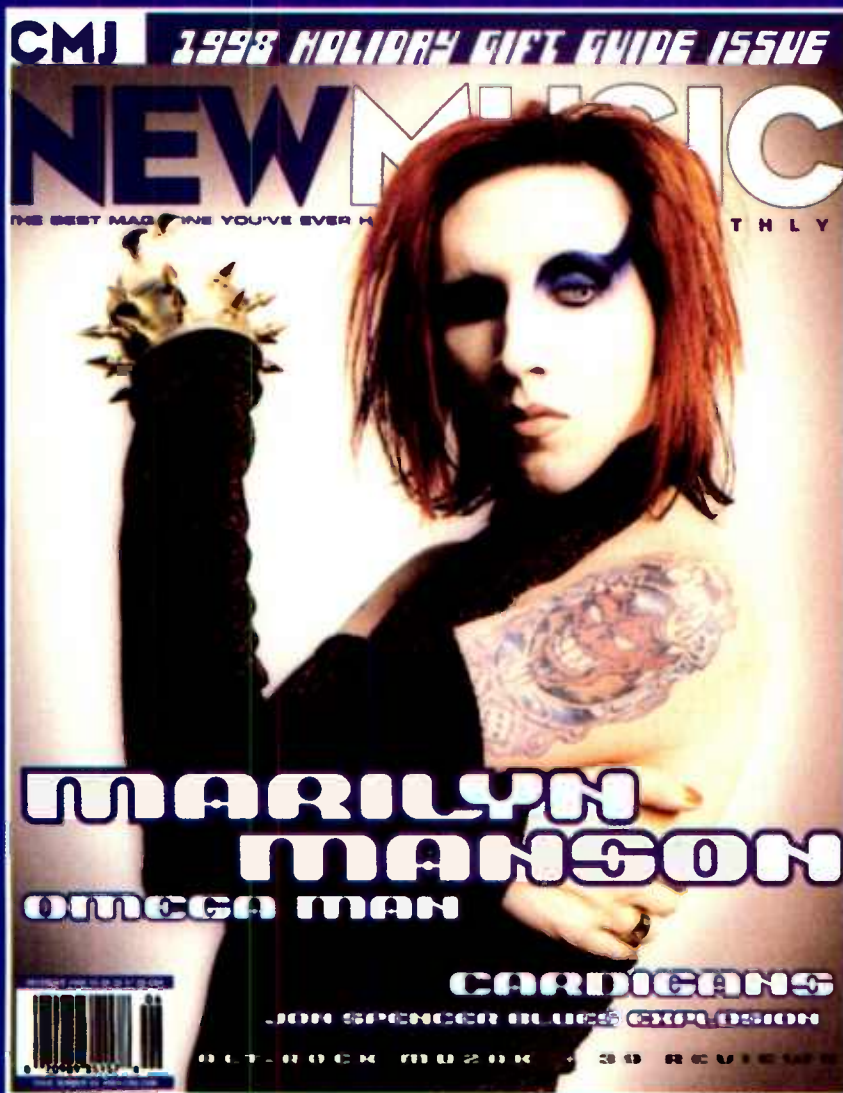
"There's a panel in the CD artwork where you can send away for the 'helmet of death.' It's like the little ads in the back of a comic book. The idea of the helmet is you put it on and it blasts Powerman music and blocks out the world as you know it. So we use that as a starting point—we have this helmet that a little kid puts on and it blasts him into the world of Powerman, and we're inside the helmet playing, and then the helmet starts freaking out and he sees all his friends kicking his ass and yelling at him and girls teasing him and stuff."

Not bad for a guy who got his start spooking the neighbors for chump change.

NMM

USE YOUR MIND. TRUST YOUR EARS.

SUBSCRIBE.



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

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

CALL 1-800-414-4CMJ

12 monthly issues + 12 cds for only \$39.95

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Payment enclosed Bill me VISA MasterCard American Express Discover

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

SPECIAL SAVINGS!

check one:

1 year \$39.95 2 years \$34.95/year 3 years \$29.95/year

All Subscription prices are in US DOLLARS. Canada add US \$10.00 per year (includes GST).

SEND PAYMENT TO:

CMJ New Music Monthly
P.O. Box 57414
Boulder, CO 80322-7414

5L991

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

A RAGE IN

¡RABIA CONTRA LA MÁQUINA!

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE RALLIES THE PEOPLE OF THE SUN.

The cavernous, government-run sports stadium was vibrating like a gigantic tin can. Five-thousand noisy, sweaty kids were packed inside, with nearly another thousand seething outside the doors, determined to witness Rage Against The Machine's landmark Mexico City coming out party. Years of scheduling mishaps had kept Rage away, and nothing could quell the throng outside. It wasn't long before the fans stormed the doors, just in time to catch the first chords of "Testify," from the band's the new album *The Battle Of Los Angeles* (Epic). Singer Zack de la Rocha's many ties below the border—from his ancestry to his active support of the Zapatista rebels' fight for indigenous rights—give Rage Against The Machine special resonance in Mexico. While the band believes most fans get their message, there's no question that Mexican kids feel the Rage.

STORY: **TOM MORELLO**
AS TOLD TO DYLAN SIEGLER
PHOTOS: **KRISTIN CALLAHAN**

Mexico City was part of this tour's kickoff, and it turned out to be one of the best shows we'd every played. Our intention on the tour was to bring the battle hymns from *The Battle Of Los Angeles* to each city around the planet, so this was *The Battle Of Mexico City*. Considering Zack's activist work with the Zapatista rebels—and we're all in agreement in supporting their struggle—this was bound to be an incredibly intense and dramatic show.

IN MEXICO





ABOVE: Zapatista leader Subcomandante Marcos introduced the Mexico City show via video—it was quite dramatic. The video started with the rebels riding out of the jungle on horseback, then moved on to them telling jokes and playing guitars, pretending to be rock stars. And they talked really positively about Rage Against The Machine. I couldn't understand most of it, but the kids roared periodically so I could tell they were in agreement with his message.



Zack's lyrics really draw a tether between us, a US rock 'n' roll band, and some of the issues they face in Mexico. "Testify," which opened the show, was Rage Against The Machine's first beat to ever drop in Mexico City. The crowd went crazy for that. "People Of The Sun" was also a big crowd-pleaser, and that's written specifically about Mexico, as are "Maria" and "Without A Face."



I'd never been to Mexico City before, personally, and as a band, we'd only played in Tijuana. We spent a lot of time with the fans on this trip. And though I don't speak Spanish, they spoke enough English that we were able to communicate.

The level of political danger in these kids' lives is so much greater than in most of the US. So the chorus, "Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me" seemed to really resonate in a different way with these kids than with suburbanites in Ohio. We even instigated a mini-riot outside—there were 8000 people inside the venue and 3000 outside rushed the door. It was like they won their own Battle Of Mexico City, because a few more kids got to see the show.



We were going to donate the proceeds from the show to the Zapatista rebels, but Subcomandante Marcos sent a letter through one of the major newspapers in Mexico asking us to donate the money to victims of the recent floods that have struck the country. It was an incredibly magnanimous gesture, and it really showed the spirit of what the rebels are about.



LEFT: I'm a bit of a student of the Russian Revolution, so Trotsky's tomb was a place I had to check out. When he was fleeing from Stalinist purges in Russia, he came to this house in Mexico—and inside is the desk where he was eventually killed with an axe. The descendants of all his cats and rabbits also live at the house, which was kind of weird. While Trotsky was in Mexico, he had an affair with Frida Kahlo, and we also went to Casa Azul, which was her house. Then we had to check out the third-biggest pyramid on earth, the Pyramid Of The Sun at Teotihuacan, which pre-dates the Aztecs. It makes you think—at a time when Europeans were making primitive buffalo drawings on cave walls—this was a people advanced enough to build a giant pyramid.

LOVE YOU LIVE 2000

Our visual valentine to live music. Plus, some of today's most innovative performers explain how they take it to the stage.



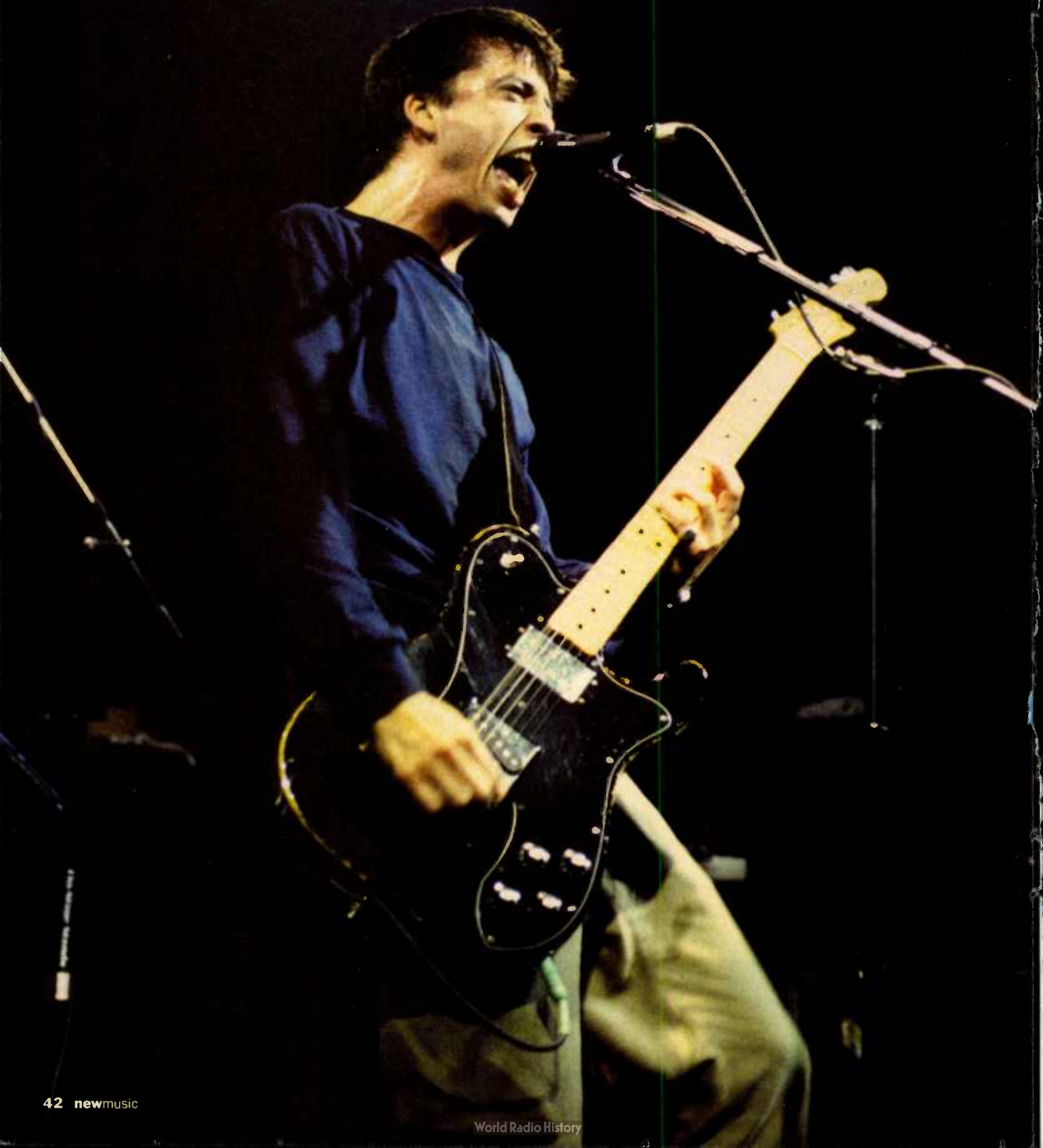
CHEMICAL BROTHERS
09.16.99-HAMMERSTEIN BALLROOM
PHOTO: CHARLIE LANGELLA



ALL VENUES LOCATED IN NEW YORK CITY UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED.

february 2000 41

FOO FIGHTERS
09.17.99-BOWERY BALLROOM
PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS



STONE TEMPLE PILOTS
08.12.99-LAS VEGAS
PHOTO: CHAPMAN BAEHLER



EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
11.24.99-HAMMERSTEIN BALLROOM
PHOTO: BRENDAN MORAN





THE BETA BAND:

GOING OUT WITH A BANG

PHOTO: JAMES CRUMP

Big endings are always a challenge: popular options for closing a show include finally playing a big hit, igniting a shower of flashpots and sparklers, or covering some unexpected rock chestnut. For The Beta Band, going out with a bang means banging on anything in sight. Over the course of the evening, the four members manipulate and maneuver through a crowded setup of more than 50 instruments, alternating from synths to guitars to keyboards to drums and random noisemakers that even the band members don't have names for. But the evening of unpredictable rock grooves ends in "The House Song," a grand finale in which each of the Betas gets primal.

"There's two drum kits," Robin Jones, the band's nominal drummer, intones through a thick Scottish burr. "And a whole lot of percussion: bongos and congas. Someone will join in on cymbals—and anything

else that happens to be in the way. It becomes like a competition to try and outdo each other." Even though the band maxes out a 48-channel mixing console when playing "The House Song" live, much of the track's charge doesn't come from technology.

"There are so many things that can be done when recording that can't be done live, like having 500 instruments playing at the same time," he says of the song, which he concedes "comes across quite weak" on *The Three EPs* (Astralwerks). "We tried using two drum kits on the recording, but it sounded like one. It didn't have the power."

All the would-be drummers in his band make Jones think about job security. "I get sensitive about it," admits Jones, laughing. "It's a constant, annoying fear in the back. But I do other things as well. I try and challenge them by playing piano and stuff like that." ...Bill Werde

BEN HARPER
11.04.99-ROSELAND
PHOTO: CHAPMAN BAEHLER



BASEMENT JAXX
09.17.99-TWILO
PHOTO: CHARLIE LANGELLA



DEMOLITION DOLL RODS
11.05.99-WESTBETH THEATER
PHOTO: BRENDAN MORAN



FLAMING LIPS:

PHONING IT IN PHOTO: DAVID GOLDMAN

Playing bombastic symphonic pop live isn't easy. You can hire an orchestra to back up your band. You can use synthesizers. Or you can do what The Flaming Lips did on The Music Against Brain Degeneration Tour: play live instruments and sing along with recorded tapes.

The Lips' frontman Wayne Coyne worried that fans wouldn't feel the music in this setup. "My favorite way of listening to our music is to put on headphones while the music is blasting through the speakers, that way you get to feel the music pounding you physically, but you also get to hear the intricate things," he explains.

So Coyne began to wonder if it were possible to have an entire audience listen to the songs from *The Soft Bulletin* (Warner Bros.) the way he liked to hear them. One early morning after a marathon practice, an idea struck: transmit the music via shortwave to fans outfitted with radios and headphones. Coyne began testing out transmitters, setting them up on his roof and broadcasting Flaming Lips albums over the neighborhood airwaves. After scrutinizing more than a dozen different low-cost handheld radios, the band bought 500 Sony receivers to lend to audience members. The broadcasting system is relatively simple, according to Coyne; they bought their transmitter from a science electronics mail order catalogue. The hard part is distributing and collecting the headphones.

"Some nights we lost none," he says. "Other times, people would mistakenly walk out with the radios and FedEx them to us the next day. For some reason, both times we played Dallas we lost over 30 pairs."

Although there was occasionally interference with the Lips' signal, most reactions to the project were overwhelmingly positive. Coyne plans to use headphones again on The Flaming Lips' American tour this February, though he doesn't expect he'll revolutionize the touring industry.

"I never envisioned that anyone would say, 'Throw away your loudspeakers! People are going to be listening to concerts on headphones from now on.' A lot of people don't go to concerts to listen to the music, they go to show off their haircuts and look at girls."

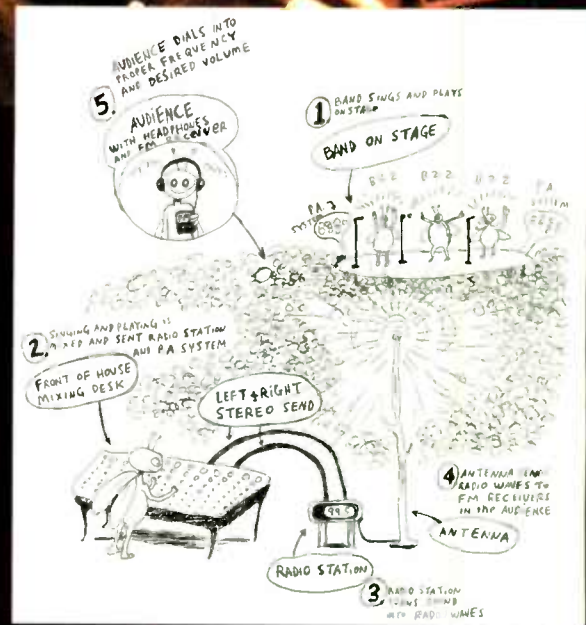


ILLUSTRATION: FLAMING LIPS FRONTMAN WAYNE COYNE

»»Neil Gladstone

DEATH IN VEGAS: TWISTING THE KNOBS AND NIGHTS AWAY

PHOTOS: TIMOTHY SOTER



Increasingly, electronic musicians are taking to the stage and facing a big hurdle: entertaining a crowd with the visually un-dynamic art of knob twiddling. Tim Holmes, one half of Death In Vegas, explains that preparing for their recent tour began with the recording of their album *The Contino Sessions (Concrete-Time Bomb)*.

"We knew we were going to gig it live," he says, "so we made it so that we wouldn't have to rely on backing tapes." The duo tours with a live drummer, two guitarists, and Primal Scream's horn section. The "brain" of the operation is the Akai MPC-60 sequencer, which triggers two Akai S-3000 samplers and five 1970s Roland analog synths (two SH-09s, two SH-101s and an MC-202, for the tech-heads among us).

"It also provides a click for the drummer," explains Holmes of the MPC-60. "It effectively starts each song for us, and from then it's hands on." Which means that Richard Fearless and Holmes plays their synths, samplers and keyboards as any musician plays their instrument. Only instead of hitting, say, a certain note in E-flat, the duo is as likely to play a percussion combination, a filtered bleep or a vocal sample.

"That way we can change things according to the mood of the crowd or how we feel, or extend songs, extend certain sections," says Holmes.

The final piece of the puzzle for Death In Vegas is the huge screen that stretches behind the duo onstage, displaying eye candy like colorful geometric patterns or noir film clips. "The visuals are absolutely essential to our performances ... I like it when your attention never fixes on anything for any length of time."

One thing your eye won't fix on is a singer. Mostly, the band plays without the vocalists who appeared on *The Contino Sessions*: Dot Allison, Iggy Pop and Bobby Gillespie. Their contributions are either converted to instrumental affairs, or if the vocals were minimal, keyed via sampler. Holmes admits he prefers to have the singer in person, particularly Dot Allison.

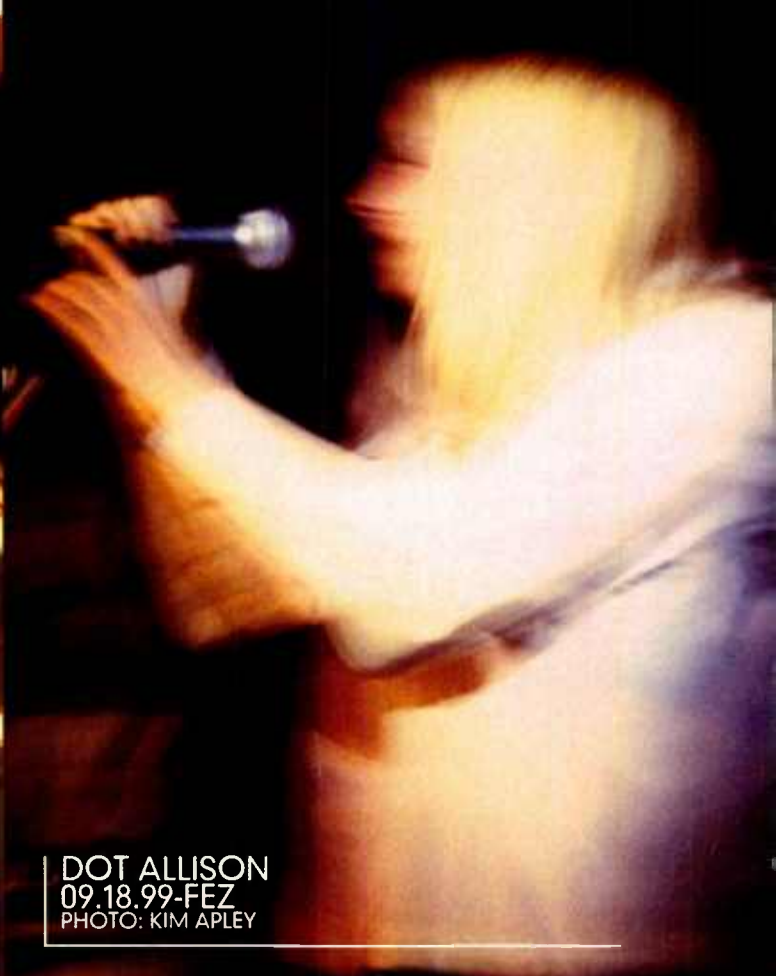
"There's nothing better than standing behind Dot. She comes out with a little black dress on, and stands there and plays electric guitar, and sings. It gives us more of a personality and presence." And, he adds with a laugh, "she's nice to look at as well."

» Bill Werde





RONI SIZE
09.17.99-WESTBETH THEATRE
PHOTO: BRENDAN MORAN



DOT ALLISON
09.18.99-FEZ
PHOTO: KIM APLEY



HELLACOPTERS
03.11.99-CBGB
PHOTO: RAHAV SEGEV



Attention music fanatics. Introducing the free internet service that lets you store, share and play all your MP3

A large crowd of people at a concert, with a woman in the foreground looking towards the camera. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting a night concert. The crowd is dense, and many people are looking towards the stage. The woman in the foreground is wearing a dark top and has her hair pulled back. The overall atmosphere is one of excitement and energy.

You've been touched by music,

but have you ever been possessed by it?

acks. myplay.com, the center of your digital music universe.

World Radio History

BIS
09.18.99-BOWERY BALLROOM
PHOTO: KIM APLEY



THE DONNAS
09.17.99-LIFE
PHOTO: RAHAV SEGEV



SLIPKNOT: MASK-A-RAID

PHOTO: JOE QUINTO

"We keep ourselves hidden because we don't want to be a fucking parody of a rock 'n' roll cliché that I think music has become."

If Stephen King conjured up a hard rock band, chances are it would be something like Iowa's children of the corn, Slipknot. The group's furious mix of hip-hop beats, industrial clangs and thrashing power guitar is plenty ominous. Band members never greet the public without donning coveralls and surreal masks that seem imported directly from the Twilight Zone.

Slipknot has been incognito since day one: drummer Joey Jordison wore percussionist Shawn Crahan's clown mask at the very first practice. Depersonalizing themselves even further, the musicians are identified by number: 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. "We keep ourselves hidden," explains Jordison, "because we don't want to be a fucking parody of a rock 'n' roll cliché that I think music has become."

—Bill Vuerck

Since the band seems fond of numbers, we spoke with Jordison (number 1) to get the truly important figures on taking it to the stage undercover.

The number of masks Joey Jordison takes on tour: 30
"I wear a Japanese Kabuki mask. On Halloween when I was five years old, my mother came around the corner wearing the exact same mask that I wear now. It scared the fuck out of me, and stuck with me ever since."

The number of times a Slipknot member pukes on stage, per tour: 3 or 4.

"I have thrown up in my mask and inhaled it during the first song. There's vomit-inducing pain all the time. We puke in our masks because our nervous systems get cranked up so much, but the amount of oxygen going to our brain is nil."

The number of times a member passes out from heat exhaustion, per tour: 20.

"Everyone passes out two or three times per tour. It never happens 'til the end of the show. People are like, 'I don't know how you do it with the mask on, let alone one-piece wool coveralls in 110 degree heat.' But it's the music that drives us, and we've built up a tolerance for it."

The number of stitches Shawn Crahan (number 6) received on the Ozzfest tour: 28.

"He slit his eye open during the second song [ironically, "Eyeless"] and he had to get 10 stitches. He threw a mic stand and the butt end came down and smashed him in the eye. The next show, he did it again, on the same song. This time he had to be taken off stage while we were still playing and he got 18 stitches."

THE ROOTS: WHY THINGS DON'T FALL APART

PHOTO: DANNY CLINCH

On the new concert album *The Roots Come Alive* (MCA), it sounds like every Roots show is an effortless crowd-rocking jam session. Tina Farris, The Roots' road manager, knows different. Not only does Farris have to cajole the band into doing sound check ("I get into a lot of arguments"), but she also takes care of little details like getting Cap'n Crunch for drummer Questlove and spring water for bassist Hub ("If it's tap water they won't have it"). With so many friends dropping by the dressing room, kicking guests out is nearly a nightly task: "I don't have time to bullshit with groupies." Then there's the simple fact of being one woman trying to corral six men: "It's just hard with all that testosterone." Farris admits a certain amount of pouting, eye rolling and just plain quitting from time to time is necessary to keep everyone in line ("If I stop working, things will fall apart"). So, why bother? Replies the onetime Roots groupie: "I get to work with the hottest band around."

>>>Neil Gladstone

The top 10 complaints Tina Farris hears at every Roots show (as compiled by Ahmir "Questlove" Thompson):

10. From Tariq (Black Thought): "Turn me up in the monitors, turn Scratch down."
9. "This is not *spring* water."
8. "How do I say in French, 'Hook me up with the girl in row number four?'"
7. "Please tell the lighting guy that green doesn't work on us."
6. "I said Cap'n Crunch, not *Crunchberries!*"
5. "Well, Princess [the former road manager] used to..."
4. From Hub: "How is it that Ahmir's sticks always come on time, but when it's time for my replacement bass strings, they're never here?"
3. "Tell him to turn me up *now*, I don't care what they say!"
2. "If *that* band is allowed to play for two hours, why can't we play for two hours?"
1. "Do we *have* to do the show?"





KRUDER & DORFMEISTER
03.11.99-IRVING PLAZA
PHOTO: TIMOTHY SOTER



BRATMOBILE
09.17.99-THREADWAXING SPACE
PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS



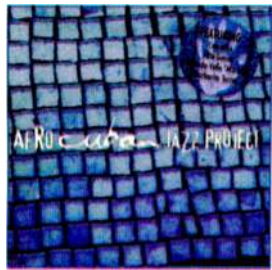
OLIVIA TREMOR CONTROL
10.30.99-KNITTING FACTORY
PHOTO: BRENDAN MORAN

ALEX GOPHER
09.17.99-TWILO
PHOTO: CHARLIE LANGELLA



QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE
09.16.99-WETLANDS
PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS





AFRO CUBAN JAZZ PROJECT

Descarga Uno Circular Moves

In all the fuss over the septuagenarian singers of the Buena Vista Social Club, one could easily forget that Cuba is home to a lot of hot young musicians as well. This fiery session actually spans three generations by featuring one Buena Vista veteran, lute man Barbarito Torres, and one singer who goes back a few decades, Cascarita. But the balance tilts toward younger lions, like violinist Lazaro Dagoberto González, and vocalist Osdalgia. The music has a brisk, contemporary feel, although the term Afro-Cuban jazz suggests more improvisational experimentation than

the session delivers. The textures and rhythms here are classic, and the arrangements are built around singing, as in most Cuban pop. But in the spirit of the *descarga* (i.e. jam session), the players really stretch out, and some of them are monsters. There's something tremendously satisfying about hearing a saxophone, piano, or paired-string *tres* peel off into oblique, angular harmonies over a cruising Cuban dance groove. We get percolating, percussion-heavy rumba, sensuous *son*, *danzon*, and *bolero*, and a rich selection of up-tempo workouts, *guaracha*, *descarga*, and *conga*. Rural charm and urban flare flow together seamlessly in this refined, sweaty session. If there's any justice out there, some of the Buena Vista buzz will rub off on releases like this one.

»» Banning Eyre

OUT:
October 15.
FILE UNDER:
Cuba, the next generation.
R.I.Y.L.:
Cubanismo, Afro-Cuban All Stars, Buena Vista Social Club.



ARLING & CAMERON

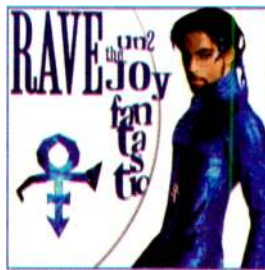
Music For Imaginary Films
Emperor Norton

The invocation of "imaginary soundtracks" is generally a warning sign, code for "unfinished instrumental sketches." Producers Gerry Arling and Richard Cameron, though, have a specific kind of movie in mind: a '60s spy flick whose plot slams on the brakes every five minutes to include a scene of the Good Life featuring lots of miniskirts and beehive 'dos. *Imaginary Films* is a modern update on scores by the likes of Francis Lai and John Barry; if the lyrics to songs like "W.E.E.K.E.N.D." are pretty inane, that's sort of the point. A & C love

making high-speed genre U-turns, as when "Hashi" abruptly shifts from a brassy mock-*Goldfinger* bit of opening-credits music into deep digital dub, or when the slicked-back disco of "Let's Get Higher" opens up for a touch of house keyboards. "Milano Cool" appropriates the guitar sound of Wes Montgomery's '60s jazz, graces it with hints of skidding breakbeats, a horn riff, and a deeply cheesy flute solo, and sends it out on the catwalk for four minutes with no fear that it'll totter on its stiletto heels. There's more than a touch of kitsch here, but Arling and Cameron are careful about the critical details of their production, and their playful orchestrations can sound like a '60s lounge and a '00s club at the same time.

»» Douglas Wolk

OUT:
January 11.
FILE UNDER:
Shagadelic, baby.
R.I.Y.L.:
Pizzicato Five, Soul II Soul, Un Homme Et Une Femme.



THE ARTIST

Rave Un2 The Joy Fantastic
NPG Records/Arista

In nearly every style other than hip-hop, Prince is the funk Doctor Octopus with the most limber tentacles, astoundingly and teasingly good at almost everything. So the knowledge that he and his early-'90s New Power Generation band could never quite hack hip-hop has gotta be a thorn in The Artist's pride. But on *Rave Un2 The Joy Fantastic*, the ex-Slave's most satisfying collection since the *Girl 6* soundtrack, he's no longer gunning for an MC battle crown (Chuck D and a gruff-riding Eve handle rhyme duties instead) or trying to pass his oversized vision off as

mere retro-funk workhorsing (like he's done at recent marathon club dates). Instead, we're reintroduced to the self-sustaining Prince of '80s myth, the one who nurtured an indelible aesthetic by listening to nothing but his own jams, from gospel-house with Parliament funk undertones to crunchy power-pop à la "I Could Never Take The Place Of Your Man." The most aching ballad is about his "favorite protegee"; second-runner-up "Man O War" murmurs characteristic enigmas like "I've been tryin' to make you happy baby/ Ever since we were sophomores." And throughout, the rejuvenated maestro's guitar drips languorous cotton candy, moist shudders and libidinous magma the way only an instrument shaped like intertwined male/female symbols conceivably could.

»» Alex Pappedemas

OUT:
November 9.
FILE UNDER:
New Power funk and pop.
R.I.Y.L.:
Prince, Parliament-Funkadelic.



BERNARD BUTLER

Friends & Lovers Creation/Columbia

Bernard Butler's back to doing what he does best: playing with a band. Although *Friends & Lovers* is ostensibly the former Suede guitarist's sophomore solo album, Butler's regular touring trio (keyboardist Terry Miles; bassist Chris Bowers; drummer Mako Sakamoto) are on hand to lend support and offer restraint—both of which were missing on his lavishly produced but mostly torpid 1998 debut, *People Move On*. The biggest difference between this disc and its predecessor is that *Friends*, well, rocks out a lot more (in a British guitar-hero-with-good-hair kinda way). As an axeman, Butler's always been

capable of both disarming delicacy and cock-of-the-walk crunch. But he's had to grow into the role of singer/songwriter, so it's gratifying to discover that here, he's hit a creative growth spurt at the same time that he's pared back the wandering opuses that bogged down his last disc. The title track finds Butler in a feisty, electric mood, craving love over a snake-charming guitar groove that never lets up; "No Easy Way Out" is a tear-stained ballad that recalls the comedown melodrama of the Stones' *Goat's Head Soup*. Meanwhile, the disc's one epic indulgence, the eight-minute-plus "Has Your Mind Got Away?" works well, suggesting that even when Butler falls back on his old ways, he's still bringing something new to the table.

»» Jonathan Perry

OUT:
January 18.
FILE UNDER:
Brit-pop guitar heroes.
R.I.Y.L.:
Suede, The Verve, Oasis.

CHAPPAQUIDDICK SKYLINE

Chappaquiddick Skyline Sub Pop

It would be fair to call western Massachusetts-based Joe Pernice the King of soft-core, if only that didn't sound so nasty. Pernice's vocal melodies on his latest release, *Chappaquiddick Skyline*, are so gauzy it sounds as if he might unravel—a fragile, beautiful quality he developed during his evolution toward Brian Wilson-dom (not for nothing is one of these songs titled "Theme To An Endless Summer"). A side project which includes most of the members of his current band, The Pernice Brothers (whose debut, *Overcome By Happiness*,

is a dazzling, orchestra-embellished pop gem), *Chappaquiddick Skyline* continues in the pop vein of the Brothers but with more stripped-down arrangements. The string section here is limited to a few brief cameos, and some moments are as sparse as Pernice's former group, the gently twangy Scud Mountain Boys. It's a record of glorious cast-offs that didn't fit on *Overcome*; "Courage Up" could be a Raspberries' mini-ballad, and the cover of New Order's "Leave Me Alone" offers insight into Pernice's magic—like that '80s Brit band, he makes cool music sound warm, with songs that evoke icy Northeast mornings but feel as bright and burning as the winter sun.

>>> Meredith Ochs

CLINTON

Disco & The Halfway To Discontent Astralwerks

Tjinder Singh and Ben Ayres of Cornershop have been working on their side project Clinton for a few years, and aside from one cryptically-labeled single, it hasn't escaped their woodshed until now. Maybe it should have stayed in there a little longer. The emphasis of Clinton is on retro dance grooves, but the band's idea of "disco" is mostly an excuse to not finish writing compositions. That's a pity, because so many of these tracks start as cool little grooves and almost instantly run out of ideas. Four minutes of beat-box-augmented Indian film music and some

sex noises ("G.T. Road") don't merit multiple listenings on their own, though they'd make a good starting point for a song; ditto for the horn-and-moog flourish that underscores "Buttoned Down Disco," for the cheap synth riff of "Giddian Di Rani," and for the Fatboy Slim-style cut-and-paste of "Welcome To Tokyo, Otis Clay." Too many tracks seem like tamer variations on things Singh and Ayres already tried on Cornershop's *When I Was Born For The 7th Time*; the only real exception is "The Hot For May Sound," which grooves and shimmies like an old Boz Scaggs disc and eventually drifts into airy, organ-driven gospel. But Clinton is visiting styles, not inhabiting them: when Singh sings "baby, you can't deny it" through a Vocoder, he's just striking a pose.

>>> Douglas Wolk

DATACH'I

[rec + play]

Caipirinha

The artists at the vanguard of recent electronica have been the ones who've separated "intelligent dance music" from the demands of the dance floor. Datach'i, the electro-pseudonym of 22-year-old Joseph Fraioli, belongs to the next wave: he's one of the first artists to altogether cleave the ear-grabbing techniques and high-pressure beats of new electronics from the idea of regular rhythm. Fraioli has beats of every stripe in his repertoire, from booming Miami bass to grinding crackles, but he uses them like a free jazz drummer, making waves and ripples rather than grooves. [rec + play] is a

constant push-pull war between his impulses to build up structures and to tear them down. He pelts cheerful, bleepy little tunes and timbres with spattering breakbeats in no particular meter, waves of digital hiss and distortion, hyper gabber patterns degraded into crackling piles of kindling, and shimmering Oval-ish textures that never settle on a specific pitch. Like cartoon ducklings sauntering across a minefield, the prettiest sounds generally make it to the end undamaged; their purpose is to give context to the chaos around them. Some of the identifiable noises Fraioli drops in are grubby from overuse—can we declare a moratorium on samples of children's songs and porn films?—but he's onto something that could become really exciting.

>>> Douglas Wolk

DRUNK

Tableside Manners

Jagjaguwar

After their third album, last year's *Raised Toward*, the members of Drunk scattered across the planet, only to reconvene in Virginia for *Tableside Manners*, a disc that sounds like the reunion of old companions who've been apart for a while—tentative but comfortable. The group's kept its best habit, a respect for a space: every song and arrangement is pared down to its essence. Of the 13 musicians listed on the album, only a few are ever audible at the same moment, and very often they'll simply pause and let a note resonate from a guitar, or a vibraphone, or a singing saw,

blooming like a single flower in a vase. Rick Alverson murmurs his elliptical, minimal lyrics like they're just marking time, though they take some thought to parse: "Why not just leave?/ Turn your back on me?/ Ticket the wound for bleeding?/ Cite the stole's constriction?" trickles out of his mouth, but on examination, it's unbelievably bitter. Drunk's songs move almost arthritically, shying away from too-easy chords and choruses and climaxes. The result is that when the band does do something dramatic, it means a lot: the dynamic crest near the end of "Queen Of Venice" is overwhelming in the context of the album, surrounded by moments where the band is gently groping toward one another, one carefully chosen note and word at a time.

>>> Douglas Wolk



OUT:

January 18.

FILE UNDER:

Soft rock—a style, not a radio format.

R.I.Y.L.:

Colin Blunstone, Elvis Costello's mellow side (especially if you find him unbearable of late).



OUT:

November 2.

FILE UNDER:

Spastic electronics.

R.I.Y.L.:

Early Squarepusher, Lesser, Alec Empire.



OUT:

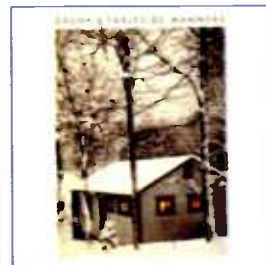
January 26.

FILE UNDER:

Half-hearted Anglo-Asian disco.

R.I.Y.L.:

Cornershop, Tranquility Bass, Talvin Singh.



OUT:

January 24.

FILE UNDER:

Subdued, poetic meditations.

R.I.Y.L.:

Palace, Bedhead, Archer Prewitt.



VARIOUS ARTISTS

End of Days

Geffen

Although it's been on lengthy hiatus, the highly profitable cross-marketing dalliance between W. Axl Rose and Arnold Schwarzenegger resumes with this indistro-metal confab. But while Arnold and Axl are the disc's driving marquee stars, both seem to be taking their cues from the dominant cultural moment instead of making it their own. Whatever fever had been building toward a new G N'R disc may be somewhat dulled by "Oh My God," on which Axl is content to stay semi-buried beneath foggy techno-goo, and his hired Guns make like an '80s metal outfit trying to interpret '90s nü-rock.

OUT:

November 9.

FILE UNDER:

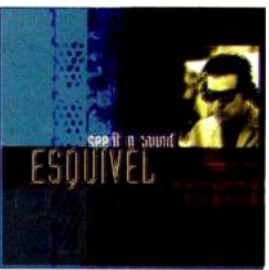
Y2K-Tel: millennial hits.

R.I.Y.L.:

Korn, Limp Bizkit, White Zombie.

Beyond that, we get previously unreleased Korn ("Camel Song") and what might be Limp Bizkit's first actual song—an ambient new wave ballad in the Sisters Of Mercy tradition titled "Crushed." Everlast's "So Long" cloaks post-Columbine social realism in trenchcoat mafia grunge and a first-person chorus guaranteed to get trotted out the next time some kid offs his homeroom ("I think I'm gonna die today/ Everyone that hurt me's gonna pay"). Already primed for just that sort of eventuality, Eminem steps back into Slim Shady mode for "Bad Influence," his tastiest bit since "My Name Is," in which he pisses on Brandy and Ma\$e, punches a hooker in the mouth, and admits to a paranoia so choice he thinks the No Limit tank is flipping him off. Talk about an appetite for destruction.

>>> Carly Caroli



JUAN GARCÍA ESQUIVEL

See It In Sound

Buddah/BMG

Available for the first time since it was buried by RCA in 1960, *See It In Sound* is Mexican keyboardist, arranger, and bachelor pad experimentalist Juan García Esquivel's *Smile*—a lost classic of big band Latin tweekery and sound effects magic that's more a testament to compositional vision than stereo-action gimmickry. Esquivel attempts to graft the head of Henry Mancini onto the body of Spike Jonze while taking jungle cruises into self-directed exotica (elephant snorts, squawking birds, hillside war gurgles), all in the name of making music a visual experience for

the ears. *See It's* tracks go down like mini-movies. We see "The Peanut Vendor" on a busy street of screeching brakes and honking horns, and on "Cumana," we meet the enigmatic nightclub duo of Fernando And Lupita as they unveil their latest dance routine. But *See It's* masterpiece of aural synesthesia is Esquivel's re-working of Ary Barroso's "Brazil." Instead of letting us hear the song first hand, Esquivel puts us behind the ears of a woman as she walks and takes cabs from club to club, making us imagine what she sees based on the sound of what she hears.

>>> Josh Kun



THE ESSEX GREEN

Everything Is Green

Kindercore

Yes, it carries the Elephant 6 imprimatur, so you're right to expect that The Essex Green draws inspiration from the '60s. But *Everything Is Green* puts its own spin on the retro formula of the Apples In Stereo/Olivia Tremor Control-led collective, bypassing the Beatles/Beach Boys pop axis to float onto trippier terrain. There are strong hints of early Pink Floyd and the Zombies, particularly in the band's use of warbly Farfisa organ. The more down-to-earth tunes recall the days when British youth regularly dabbled in psychedelia mixed with Celtic folk. Originally from

OUT:

December 7.

FILE UNDER:

'60s psychedelic folk homage.

R.I.Y.L.:

Ladybug Transistor, Syd Barrett-era Pink Floyd, Fairport Convention.

Vermont, the now NYC-based group features Sasha Bell and Jeffrey Baron of The Ladybug Transistor, and fans of that band will likely approve. Both units approach the '60s with a mannered reverence, but The Essex Green jettisons the Transistor's Bacharachian structures in favor of a poetic, wandering minstrel vibe. Bell earns this outing's MVP honors, contributing the flute and organ that give The Essex Green its distinct sound. Her lead vocals also grace several tracks (including the Velvets-like standout "Tinker") with a warm delivery reminiscent of Barbara Manning. Pretty swell stuff in any era.

>>> Glen Sarvady



FAZE ACTION

Moving Cities

F-111/Warner Bros.

Thanks to the integration of live strings, organic percussion, and unconventional structures, Faze Action tracks like "In The Trees" (one of two older tunes amended to the US version of *Moving Cities*) have been praised in England for breathing fresh air into the smoky confines of clubland. That this duo's domestic debut fails to reveal marked aesthetic development since its 1997 masterpiece *Plans & Designs* is hardly a catastrophe. Peppered with echoes of seminal underground singles by The Peech Boys and producer Arthur Russell (Loose Joints/Dinosaur L), it's easy to

OUT:

November 2.

FILE UNDER:

Woooo Built On Sand.

R.I.Y.L.:

Masters At Work, Groove Armada, Basement Jaxx's "Fly Life," Arthur Russell.

imagine "Got To Find A Way" and "Space Disco" popping up in a DJ set by Paradise Garage legend Larry Levan. Rhythmic extravaganzas like "To Love Is To Grow" (with vocals by ex-Orange Juice/Style Council sideman Zeke Manyika) evoke an era when King Sunny Adé records were club staples. But with an average running time surpassing six minutes, some songs stretch ideas thin. And although "Heartbeat" offers a down-tempo respite from the friskier fare, it sounds eerily like Basia covering "Midnight at the Oasis." Overall, *Moving Cities* stands head and shoulders above most contemporary house music; it only comes up short when measured against Faze Action's previous achievements.

>>> Kurt B. Reighley



FEAZE
Morning Wood

Mud/Parasol

The three 15-year-old girls who make up Feaze, rooted in Urbana, Illinois' Girlzone community group, are classic suburban punks, constructively playing out their anti-social tendencies with an enthusiasm that compensates for instrumental inexperience. At least that's how the story's supposed to go. Full props for self-determination and confidence, but *Morning Wood* is as promising and frustrating as the phenomenon it's named after, mixing straight-shooting teen snot with poorly conceived tracks that youth alone doesn't excuse. The winners wed boxy, angular riffs to multi-tempo

structures, giving full weight to Kayla Brown's appealingly sludgy guitar and Tonie Sadler's strong drumming—the tom-tom action on "Denial" is downright heavy. There's not enough breathing room here for Brown to over-emote, a tendency the more sedate "Gone" and "Thousands" indulge to an unfortunate degree. In terms of lyrics, Feaze gets points for the mama-don't-know anthem "Once So Sweet And Innocent" ("We cuss/Yeah we're sluts"), but none for *Very Special Episode*-level treatments of homeless dropouts and teen alkie. "Rage," the album closer, wouldn't have been improved by better chops—a bad metal jam is a bad metal jam. But what the hell: If you spent four days in a studio when you were 15, how good would your album be?

»» Franklin Bruno

OUT:
November 16.
FILE UNDER:
Precocious punk.
R.I.Y.L.:
Bratmobile, Sarge, The Zeros.



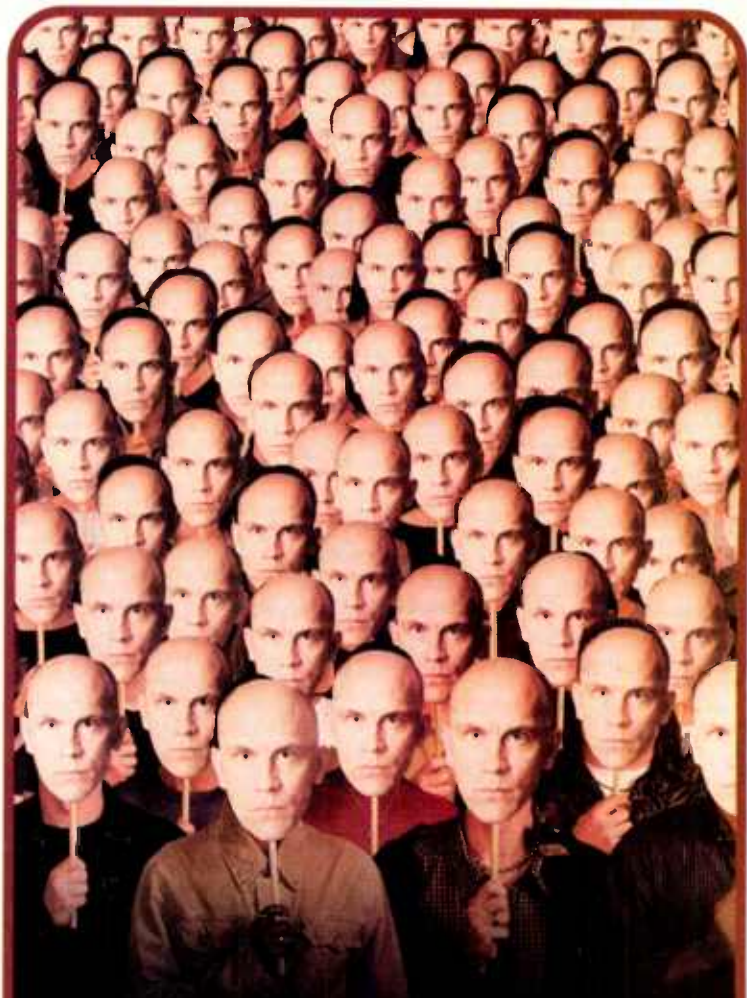
ROBBIE FULKS
The Very Best Of Robbie Fulks
Bloodshot

Contrary to what the title might suggest, *The Very Best Of Robbie Fulks* is not a greatest hits retrospective. In fact, most of the previously unreleased tracks on this, the Chicago-based country singer's fourth CD, are of new or recent vintage. What the title does accurately suggest, however, is that Fulks is back to his old irreverent tricks. Having flirted with major label respectability and straightforwardly sincere songwriting on '98's *Let's Kill Saturday Night*, his first and last for Geffen, he's returned to the hokey jokey tone of his first two raucous

Bloodshot discs. *The Very Best* finds Fulks bringing his wicked wit to bear on the twisted 'n' twangy country love song: "Sleepin' On The Job Of Love," "Parallel Bars" (a combative duet with Kelly Willis in which a couple stay together by drinking separately), and "Love Ain't Nothin'" depict relationships on the rocks or headed that way. "Roots Rock Weirdos" mocks rockabilly revivalists—the ones with "a little Doc Pomus in their hearts and dark pomade in their hair"—but Fulks seems to know he's part of that crowd. The fictional liner notes claim it's a song that appeared on a single called "I Loathe My Fans," which is nothing more than an insurgent country crooner's way of saying thanks.

»» Steve Klinge

OUT:
January 18.
FILE UNDER:
Insurgent country.
R.I.Y.L.:
Junior Brown, Wayne Hancock, NRBQ, Southern Culture On The Skids.



the SOUNDTRACK to
BEING JOHN MALKOVICH
a film directed by Spike Jonze.

Featuring an original motion picture score
by CARTER BURWELL
(*The Three Kings, Fargo*).

Enhanced CD Includes videos of rare trailers
viewable on your computer



ASTRALWERKS
www.astralwerks.com
www.beingjohnmalkovich.com



APOCALYPSE ON TAPE

MARILYN MANSON

The Last Tour On Earth
Nothing/Interscope

GUNS N' ROSES

Live Era '87-'93
Geffen/Interscope

Not counting Gwar, it's hard to think of a band who would benefit more from the wider use of CD-ROM audio-visual interfaces than Marilyn Manson, particularly when it comes to a live recording like *The Last Tour On Earth*. Because, as anyone who's seen Manson will attest, set designs and how much ass is exposed at any given point in a performance are integral parts of the Manson experience.

But while *Mechanical Animals* found Manson relying more on his bandmates, live group chemistry remains less important than other sorts of chemical stimulation when it comes to what makes Marilyn Manson go 'bang.'

That said, *The Last Tour On Earth* does a bang-up job of documenting the controlled sound and fury of Manson's dope show. You get solidly played versions of all the hits (from *Smells Like Children's* "Sweet Dreams" to *Mechanical Animal's* "I Don't Like The Drugs"), some amusingly transgressive stage banter about beaches of cocaine and cops who suck dick, and the mechanized thrash of one new studio track ("Astonishing Panorama Of The

Endtimes") tacked onto the end. Still, you're better off with the *God Is In The TV* video comp, where you'll find all 13 of Manson's music videos and an hour of footage from the Rock Is Dead tour.

CD-ROM wasn't even an option back when Guns N' Roses first rolled out its version of the dope show. And mainstream metal had yet to develop the techno-industrial complex that appears to have afflicted that latest version of GN'R. So Axl, Slash, and co. simply stuck to hard rock's ass-kicking basics—solid, hooky songwriting, heroic guitar playing, and "Help! My pants are too tight" vocals—on their trip to the top.

Live Era '87-'93 chronicles the on-stage portion of that journey with 22 gritty sonic snapshots. In his own colorful way, Axl may have once been a Manson-style lightning rod for controversy, but back then GN'R was a real band in the classic Aerosmith/Stones vein. That's reflected here in the rough-hewn, warts-and-all versions of rockers like "Nightrain" and "Mr. Brownstone." It's what makes *Live Era* more than just the souvenir that *Last Tour On Earth* is and it's what has me wishing Axl would kick the Korn and take GN'R back to the jungle.

>>> Matt Ashare



OUT:

November 23.

FILE UNDER:

Dope shows.

R.I.Y.L.:

Nine Inch Nails, Bauhaus, Ziggy Stardust.



OUT:

November 30.

FILE UNDER:

Dope shows.

R.I.Y.L.:

Aerosmith, Metallica, Kiss.



SHELBY LYNNE

I Am Shelby Lynne

Island/Def Jam

Pop singers from the South have long shown the ability to cross musical boundaries, blending rock and country with soul to create memorable, earthy sounds that land somewhere in the middle of the pop heartland. It takes a distinctive voice or great songwriting to pick a face out of this crowded soundscape, and Alabama-bred Shelby Lynne brings both to the sixth release of her elliptical, hard luck journey. Lynne made a minor splash when she first hit Nashville in the early 1990s, recording a duet with George Jones and opening shows for Willie Nelson and Randy

OUT:

January 11.

FILE UNDER:

Southern Comfort.

R.I.Y.L.:

Lucinda Williams, k.d. lang, Julie Miller.

Travis. But she says she didn't like Nashville's ways, and vice versa. *I Am Shelby Lynne* is a stylistically diverse set that taps Curtis Mayfield's layered soul here and a Beatles-esque use of strings and horns there, and the threads that hold it together are Lynne's seductive, sly drawl and evocative songwriting. Just one cut—set-opener "Your Lies"—suffers from an overdose of studio trickery, but even so, it's catchy. Lynne twists up impressive imagery involving dark emotions, rural roots and foolish men on tunes such as "Why Can't You Be," which has the edgy, authentic quality of associated with another of producer Bill Bottrell's artists, Sheryl Crow.

>>> Bill Koppik



BOB MARLEY

Chant Down Babylon

Tuff Gong/Island

Nobody else would have dared try this. But the children of Bob Marley, led by Rita and Bob's youngest son Stephen, went back to 12 of their father's classic tracks, rubbed away most of the immortal Wailers' music, substituted new hip-hop-tinged backing, and invited in some of their favorite rappers and rockers—including Lauryn Hill, Chuck D, and Steve Tyler—to interweave their own vocals with studio outtakes by the late reggae star. Rapper Guru updates Marley's tribute to a street fighter in a smoothed-out "Johnny Was." Lauryn Hill brings lush harmonies and '90s's sensuality to Marley's nookie number,

OUT:

November 16.

FILE UNDER:

Marleyphanalia.

R.I.Y.L.:

Bob Marley, Lauryn Hill, Ziggy Marley.

"Turn Your Lights Down Low." MC Lyte reworks "Jammin" with wonderfully warped new guitar work by Wailer guitarist E. "Chinna" Smith. And Steve Tyler and Joe Perry pump "Roots Rock Reggae" into roots-rock-reggae overdrive. There are some rough moments: dancehall king Rakim makes an incoherent jumble of "Concrete Jungle"—though perhaps that was his aim. But for the most part, the young Marleys and their hip-hop hackers manage to cross-wire tracks that really stand up. Time will tell whether *Chant Down Babylon* realizes Bob Marley's dream of penetrating the African-American market, or drifts into obscurity alongside other posthumous Marleyphanalia. Either way, it's a bold effort.

>>> Brianrig Eyre



MELANIE C.

Northern Star

Virgin

The Spice Girls have shown tremendous finesse in choosing solo projects suited to their established personae. Scary teamed with Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott, Baby cooed on the Pokémon soundtrack, and Ginger bounced back as an ersatz Shirley Bassey. But Melanie C. (née Chisholm; a.k.a. Sporty Spice) seemed destined to outshine them all. Like ex-Take That boy toy Robbie Williams, she boasts a raw yet likeable voice and smart-alecky spiritedness—plus a flair for filling out a track suit. Would that *Northern Star* proved a fraction as flattering. Precariously straddling UK indie rock and featherweight

pop, these twelve Chisholm co-compositions never gel, despite six producers. Even William Orbit, whose experience with Blur and Madonna seems the ideal pedigree, can't salvage "Gol," while Rick Rubin renders "Ga Ga" into third-rate Garbage. Other collaborators include orchestral arranger Craig Armstrong (*Massive Attack*), songwriter Billy Steinberg ("Like A Virgin"), ex-Goldie cohort Rob Playford, and TLC's Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes, but an army of cooks can't conceal that the main course is underdone. When she's singing lyrics like "I couldn't live without my phone/ And you don't even have a home" (from "If That Were Me," her paean to the homeless), it's tough to recall Chisholm's charms. The '60s swing of "Suddenly Monday" and Armstrong's majestic "Feel The Sun" indicate Sporty's capable of better, but *Northern Star* is just a stellar letdown. >>> Kurt B. Reighley

OUT:

November 9.

FILE UNDER:

Bland Spice.

R.I.Y.L.:

Spice Girls, Madonna's *Ray Of Light*, Garbage, Robbie Williams.



METALLICA

S&M

Elektra

There's always been a strain of Wagnerian opulence to heavy metal, a certain triumphant egoism that's part and parcel of its grandiose gestures whether or not it harbors genuine classical aspirations. That said, Metallica was never quite that kind of metal band. Not that the band has never been complex or long-winded, but having come of age with Motörhead and hardcore, Metallica's most difficult work retained a guttural, unfinished tone. Even as the act has veered ever closer to standard rock formula, it's remained impenetrably dense, and that turns out

to be the biggest impediment on this two-disc set, a document of their performance with the San Francisco Symphony. With Metallica rarely straying from their usual full-spectrum bombast—the only concession to the orchestra is to play just a hair slower than their usual manic pace—there's simply no room for the symphony. And since Metallica doesn't lend itself to operatic fury, the "orchestral" arrangements are forced in the direction of pure camp: vamping disco strings, over-enthusiastic marching band brass, and easy-listening windchimes. Elevator metal anyone? >>> Carly Carioli

OUT:

November 23.

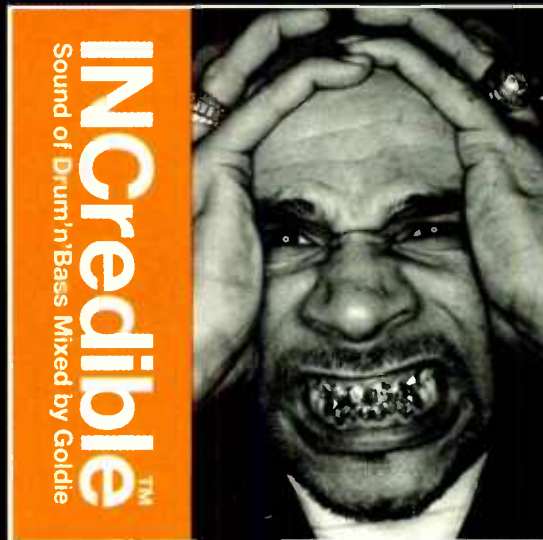
FILE UNDER:

Unchained melody.

R.I.Y.L.:

Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir," *Apocalyptic*.

ALREADY MIXED. JUST ADD VOLUME.



GOLDIE

"INCredible™ Sound of Drum'n'Bass Mixed by Goldie"

A 2-CD mixed set featuring tracks by Doc Scott, Alex Reece, Digital, Goldie, Dillinja, Grooverider and more.

In Stores Tuesday January 4



LO FIDELITY ALLSTARS

"On The Floor At The Boutique"

All New Mixes by the Lo Fidelity Allstars

A mix of choice funk, chopped up hip-hop, inspirational soul and rollercoaster breakbeats, paying testament to the sweaty Brighton club that launched the Big Beat party.

In Stores January 2000



"Ovum," "Ruffhouse," "Columbia" and "INCredible" are the exclusive trademarks of Sony Music Entertainment [UK] Ltd. / Goldie. © 1999 Sony Music Entertainment [UK] Ltd. / Lo Fidelity Allstars. © 1999 Skint Records

www.ovum-rec.com www.INC-redible.com

www.skint.net www.columbiarecords.com www.lofidelityallstars.net

CLINTON

DISCO AND THE HALFWAY TO DISCONTENT



SPECIAL U.S. VERSION
OF THE DEBUT ALBUM BY
TJINDER AND BEN FROM
CORNERSHOP

FEATURING TWO BONUS TRACKS,
FULL ALBUM LYRICS,
AND SPECIAL PACKAGING.



reviews



ALANIS MORISSETTE

Unplugged

Maverick

For all her emotional impact, Alanis Morissette has never been really loud. Therefore this "unplugged" offering, recorded at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, isn't much of a departure from her two fully-orchestrated records: Morissette, backed by her quintet, still flies or falls on her expressive, often overblown vocals, and they're simply more to the fore with a semi-acoustic accompaniment. On strong songs such as "You Oughta Know," that can translate to added depth; a vulnerability becomes apparent in the quavers underneath what was first heard as

OUT:

November 23.

FILE UNDER:

Less is less.

R.I.Y.L.:

Jewel, Tori Amos, Patti Rothberg.

angry, hysterical ranting. Unfortunately, the sparer production also highlights the songs themselves, and few measure up to that breakthrough hit or the delicately pretty "You Learn," the other tune that most notably gains dimension by losing stridency. Instead, the simple, repetitive nature of many of these numbers (particularly "No Pressure Over Cappuccino," one of the set's three previously-unreleased songs) becomes embarrassingly apparent: they're all statement, no development; all cry and no wolf. Even that staple of emotive contemporary rock women, the miked-to-echo Tori Amos-style piano as used in the new "These R the Thoughts," grows annoying, as if it were striving too hard to replace the star's trademark tirade.

» Clea Simon

P.J. OLSSON WORDS FOR LIVING



P.J. OLSSON

Words For Living

CZ/Columbia

For better or worse, this debut by Michigan-born P.J. Olsson may well be a prototype of what we can expect singer/songwriter records to sound like in the coming millenium: high-tech production, unshakeable choruses, and generous helpings of introspective/incomprehensible lyricism that's as old as *Blonde On Blonde* and fresh as *Odelay*. Beck is an obvious precursor to Olsson's loops and stream-of-bong imagery ("Seal this note with my juicer/ Use the liquid from your womb") in the rhythmically striking "Visine," while "Thorazine" seethes a la Bush, with cryptic references to "lithium, hell, and hand

OUT:

February 8.

FILE UNDER:

Slick millennial troubadour.

R.I.Y.L.:

Soul Coughing, Seal, Beck.

cream." The singer's hippie-dippy side gets some play on the opening "Good Dream," which features the hard-to-argue with sentiment, "I want the opposite of Adolf Hitler." But Olsson's lyrical confusion and musical gloss are far less distinctive than his voice, a pliable instrument that delivers light, breathy raps and soul-falsetto tear-jerking with equal ease. In fact, the album's most satisfying moment comes on "Ready For A Fall" (already product-placed on the "Dawson's Creek" soundtrack), which drops the busy beats and lets Olsson's voice shine through an understated acoustic arrangement. Sure, it's 'well-crafted,' rather than 'innovative,' but it's a cut above average prom-fodder, and several above the strenuously arty moves that make up the bulk of the disc.

» Franklin Bruno

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



WILLIAM ORBIT
Pieces In A Modern Style **Maverick**

It's not the best sign that techno whiz William Orbit's first solo venture after bringing Madonna from burning up to frozen as the producer of her *Ray of Light* is a reworking of "serious" music by the likes of Handel, Gorecki, and Cage. But miracles do happen in the world of electronic pop, and Orbit's already proven that he's capable of working magic. Unfortunately, this time Orbit chooses to trace his heritage back to Walter Carlos instead of Walter Murphy—that is, he mires these static re-sets in new age cutesy-pie, which may be even worse than new age

pretension. Only the Ravel gets anything resembling a living beat, so that when, say, Beethoven's "Largo From Triple Concerto" is given a mildly imaginative makeover by Orbit, it tends to blend blandly into a string of Tomorrowland melodies. Then there are the ones that seem to have taken no imagination whatsoever, like Barber's "Adagio," which still sounds exactly like the version in *Platoon* after four listens. That Orbit should betray his formidable talents as a remixer by embalming the classics comes as absolutely no surprise given the dismal track record of pop-classical fusions since the heyday of Yes. Next time Madonna needs a mix tape for yoga class, she should keep it to herself.

*** Kevin John

OUT:
 February 1.
FILE UNDER:
 Classical Music for Airports.
R.I.Y.L.:
 Howie B, Post-70s Eno, Beethoven.



STAN RIDGWAY
Anatomy **New West**

Stan Ridgway, best known for his stint fronting Wall of Voodoo, has relaxed. On *Anatomy*, he has given over the vocal ticks that once made his half-croaked monologues an acquired, if distinctive, taste. What's surfaced in place of the sardonic snarl of Voodoo's one true hit, "Mexican Radio," is a pleasant baritone with a penchant for low-key, downbeat songs that stop just this side of enervation. Death and darkness continue to enthrall Ridgway: when he sings of "beauty in decay" it sounds less like regret than discovery, his sparsely orchestrated pieces decomposing, so to

speak, into iridescent washes of sound. It's vaguely disturbing, but intriguing nonetheless. In this context, his recent film soundtrack work seems to be as much an influence as his well crafted 1995 solo outing, *Black Diamond*—the chiming bell echoes of "Deep Blue Polka Dot" wouldn't be out of place backing Fritz Lange. Three instrumentals more directly descended from his film work provide ambient breaks to his grim vignettes, but the standouts on this moody outing are the unabashedly pretty opener "Mission Bell" and the menacing "Valerie is Sleeping," with its hints of love gone horribly wrong.

*** Clea Simon

OUT:
 October 19.
FILE UNDER:
 Dark sides.
R.I.Y.L.:
 Robyn Hitchcock, Brian Eno, Cowboy Junkies.

THE COMP PILE (Our guide to compilation CDs)



TITLE: Listen Picks—Volume 1 (Razor & Tie)	Capitol Radio (Capitol Radio)	¡Viva CuBop! (CuBop-Ubiquity)	Return Of The DJ Vol. III (Bomb)	Tommy Jeans Mixtape Vol. 1 (Tommy.com)	Flag: A Hush Records Primer (Hush)
CONCEPT: Downloadable music site Listen.com makes a mixtape of their wares.	Highlights of Saturday night DC indie-punk radio show.	The best of an Afro-Cuban jazz label.	More turntable wizardry from the label that started it all.	Tracks from all the plays that made Mr. Hilfiger a rich man.	Concept: Portland, Oregon rootsy, acoustic pop label introduces itself.
TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC: Your zeal for technology lowers your musical standards.	You lament the current state of radio on an hourly basis.	You shake bootay like no one's business.	You shun air guitar for air turntables.	Your tastes in music and fashion match. So two years ago!	Lazy stoners, melancholic loners and "mainstream pop sucks" moaners.
NAMES TO DROP: Pavement, Sleater Kinney, Kelly Willis.	UK Subs, Monorchid, Pietasters.	Dropthe ... act. You don't know these people. But you should. (Bobby Matos, Snowboy, Pucho & The Latin Soul Brothers.)	DJ Faust, Shortee, DJ T-Rock.	Puff Daddy, Mobb Deep, Dru Hill.	We leave you to ponder what "popular in Oregon" really means.
SUMS IT UP: "Best Of The Worst" (Pretty Mighty Mighty)	"Rebel Radio" (UK Subs)	"The Creator Has A Master Plan" (Bobby Matos). ¡Arriba!	"Brain Confusion" (Eddie Def & Extrakd)	"Paid" (Destiny's Child)	"Honey" (Paul Hixon Pittman)
VERDICT: Once-vital artists (Public Enemy, Smithereens), hopefuls (Supreme Beings Of Leisure) and stuff you've already heard: www.nothankyou.com.	If punk is dead, call this record Lazarus.	Viva la Cubop! If this is what we're missing, let's work things out with Castro.	A rock, pop and hip-hop chop-shop. Arguably the best of this series to date.	A who's-who of what's wrong with hip-hop today. Stoopit—and stupid—unoriginal boasts and beats.	Soothing melodies and lingering guitar chords: if your local record store missed this one, hit www.hushrecords.com.



THE ROOTS
The Roots Come Alive MCA

"Yeah, but you gotta see 'em live." That was the fan mantra back when the Roots were laying down overly-debonair borderline-Buckshot LeFonque tracks in the studio, but making converts in concert. Up until last year's *Things Fall Apart* cut a triumphant joint-custody deal between the jazz fest and the hip-hop stank basement, between grad school and Schoolly D, this band just couldn't make their live superpowers stick to tape. That's basically the problem with the crew's tour souvenir *The Roots Come Alive*, which forgets the lessons Ted Nugent taught Biz Markie and offers

OUT:
November 23.
FILE UNDER:
Dope shows.
R.I.Y.L.:
Black Star, Mos Def, OutKast.

"Double Live" without the "Gonzo." Black Thought's Rasta call-outs on "The Ultimate" are swell, and drummer Questlove keeps time like Patek Phillippe, filling beats to the brim with rimshots. But I'm betting the actual shows this record's supposed to capture left Paris/New York/Zurich reeling from the excess spilled in Roots sets nightly—raw-fusion bass solos, turntable karaoke, the cover-band roof-burner "Hip-Hop 101." Here, only "You Got Me," which escalates the relationship-rap suspense until Questlove fires all of his guns at once and explodes Jill Scott's pulse-pounding Aquarian vocal vamps into swirling hyperspace, hints at what the big deal is.

»» Alex Pappademas



SATURNINE ★
American Kestrel Motorcoat/VictoriaLand

Saturnine convenes another meeting of the Dead Poets Society with this languid album of jangly schoolboy pop, the fourth from the New York City-based band. A sample lyric from the Byrds-like "Neither Lost Nor Stayed": "The stars are out tonight/ The moon is shining bright/ The wind blows through the grass/ I watch the children laugh." Yes, unless you're a morose sophomore who can't get a date, this CD is going to hurt. That said, this precious exercise in "June/moon" rhyming does at times lift its weary head. "Hollidaysburg" gallops along pleasantly, the clean-toned

OUT:
January 1.
FILE UNDER:
Indie ennui.
R.I.Y.L.:
Haden, early R.E.M., The Byrds.

guitars of Jennifer Baron and singer Matt Gallaway ringing blithely over the steady drumbeat. In "Tallis Canon" there's an entrancing weave to their guitar lines and the pleasing harmonies built around Gallaway's gentle voice; the combination works its way to a psychedelic swirl. There's a naive style of drumming employed throughout that's either charmingly amateurish or simply weak—a matter of taste. And while the guitars do dare to roar a bit on "Miles Was" at the album's end, by then it's too late. We've endured so much of Gallaway's tepid lyrics and the band's weak-kneed posture that it's hard to believe they made it to the finish.

»» Ted Drozdowski

NEW FROM PALM PICTURES

THE DEBUT ALBUM BY

THE BABY NAMBOOS

A NCOATS ZAMBIA

ON TRICKY'S DURBAN POISON IMPRINT

"MANIC, HYPNOTIC AND OFTEN ANGELIC" - ID

THE BABY NAMBOOS WEAVE BEAT-MAD ROOTS AND CONSCIOUS VIBES TOGETHER WITH THE DUB-HEAVY BOSTON SOUND.

IN STORES 01.11.00.

www.spunk7.com, thebabynamboos



SAVATH + SAVALAS
Folk Songs For Trains, Trees And Honey Hefty

The presentation of *Folk Songs For Trains, Trees And Honey* somewhat misleading. First of all, Savath + Savalas isn't a duo, but a single bedroom-based musician by the name of Scott Herren (he also makes music under the moniker Delarosa + Asora). And the music has little to do with folk songs. Instead the disc is a short suite of instrumental, mainly electronic pieces that are just melodic and intriguing enough to coddle world-weary ears. That's partly due to the organic instruments Herren sprinkles in with the synth and laptop static and

OUT:
February 15.
FILE UNDER:
Laid-back post rock.
R.I.Y.L.:
Boards of Canada, Tortoise, Autechre.

fuzz. The loping "F Ride + Blues" juxtaposes live drums with what could pass for Internet connection static. The friction between the two generates a fluid sense of movement, one echoed by track titles such as "Transportation Theme" and "Journey's Homes"—the latter, with its acoustic guitar centerpiece, could be an in-between on a Stereolab or High Llamas album. A real bass line pulses through "Binoculars," lending structure to the mix of blipping noises, flutes, and the other textural embellishments. Herren has quickly mastered the more compelling end of the post-rock spectrum, and it will be fascinating to see where he ventures next.

»» Lydia Vanderloo



SOUTH PACIFIC

Constance

Turnbuckle

OUT:

January 25.

FILE UNDER:

Ambience with a kick.

R.I.Y.L.:

Baiter Space, Sonic Youth, Mogwai.

Bloody Valentine) from his guitar. The pummeling repetition of the rhythm section and play-at-maximum-volume assault brings to mind a less powerchord-driven Baiter Space. This approach works best on "Parallel Lines," which sucks the listener into a vortex with a snappy bass line, while a swirling organ sample creates a near-hallucinogenic sense of disorientation. In less successful moments the basic patterns become redundant rather than accretive, sometimes resembling looped snippets of a Sonic Youth castaway. *Constance* wisely dispenses with drones at various intervals, so it rarely grates. And a subtle sense of humor peeks through the dark, arty veneer of this mostly instrumental collection: South Pacific actually titles one of the 13 vocal-less tracks "Instrumental."

»» Glen Sarvady



THE SUICIDE MACHINES

The Suicide Machines

Hollywood

OUT:

February 15.

FILE UNDER:

USDA prime pop-punk.

R.I.Y.L.:

Green Day, Offspring, Blink 182.

Seems like time and experience has brought a few changes to the Suicide Machines. Initially a very bratty bunch of ska-punks, they're growing up—and along the way they just happen to have discovered songwriting. Which is not to imply they're overly mature now. But *The Suicide Machines* is a remarkably compelling pop-punk album, where the best bits are the pop parts rather than the expected punk. There are even—gasp!—synth strings and horns, not what anyone would have expected from this band even a year or two ago. Sure, "Sometimes I Don't Mind" is a goofy love song to a dog, but it's also a structurally solid pop tune with well wrought hooks and melodies. And it's no fluke: "The Fade Away" and "Extraordinary," among others, share similar qualities. Of course, no one grows up all at once, so you can't fault the Suicide Machines for indulging in a little messy punk stuff from time to time, on rants like "Reasons" and "I Hate Everything." But ska has almost completely vanished from the Suicide Machines' bag of tricks. It pops up only in the campy version of Lynn Anderson's old hit, "I Never Promised You A Rose Garden"—a well-positioned, lighthearted closer to an otherwise heavyweight disc.

»» Chris Nickson

SKINT IN SPACE



SPACE RAIDERS

Don't Be Daft

Medicine/Skint

SUPER_COLLIDER

Head On

Medicine/Skint

OUT:

November 2.

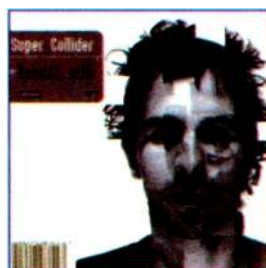
FILE UNDER:

Big beats, funky breaks.

R.I.Y.L.:

Pigeonhed, Lo-Fidelity Allstars,

Fatboy Slim.



OUT:

November 2.

FILE UNDER:

Clam up and get down.

R.I.Y.L.:

Fatboy Slim, Headrillaz,

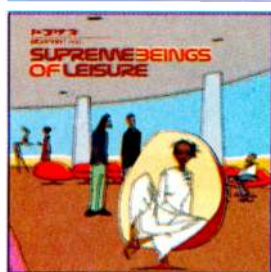
DeeJay Punk-Roc.

Can it be that Skint Records, the big beat boutique that started it all with Fatboy Slim, isn't quite so party-hearty these days? Among the label's latest signees, there's at least one that doesn't quite skank like Rockafeller: The duo Super_Collider includes producer Cristian Vogel, who's created some of the most uncompromising experimental techno of the late '90s. Now, it appears, he and the equally serious Jamie Lidell just want to get funky. For *Head On*, the two leave Stockhausen in the dust and connect with their inner Princes. Whiplash beats, synthetic cowbells, and a menacing, tech-step-style rumble create an urgent atmosphere; imagine a tipsy DJ trying not to trainwreck as he segues from "Little Red Corvette" to "Bloodclot Artattack." The only problem is Lidell's voice, which has the smarmy, blue-eyed-soul intonations of a jam band frontman. At least the duo manipulates the tone, pitch, and reverb on his vocals, treating them like just another ingredient in the sonic stew. But still, his singing gives most of the songs, including the sneaky hit "Darn (Cold Way O' Lovin)," the aura of backwards-

masked Doobie Brothers. The one mainly-instrumental track, "Under My Nose," shows the heights Super_Collider could reach if Lidell stepped away from the microphone.

One listen to Skint's other new act, Space Raiders, will dispel any notion that the label's transforming itself into another esoteric electronic label like Mille Plateaux or +8. Like their most famous labelmate, the Raiders like to loop an old blues shout until the lyrics become an abstraction, then insert the noise of a harmonica, Jew's harp, or other old-timey instrument before breaking it all down and dropping out the beat while the wheezy bit continues. This template shapes four songs in a row, ending with "Dance," the most obvious club hit you'll ever hear, with two computerized voices intoning "Dance like a woman/ Dance like a man" and "Dance like your brother/ Dance like your dad." The Brighton trio sounds most original when lacing its bombastic beat freak-outs with snippets of glam rock. For a few cheeky moments, the Raiders even dabble in hazy synth-pop ("Laidback"), but then it's back to another joyfully mindless dancefloor anthem. *Don't Be Daft* really taps the motherlode with "Monster Munch," a big beat remix of Sweet's "Teenage Rampage" that introduces the old synthetics to the new synthetics in a rush of fist-pumping glory.

»» Jackie McCarthy

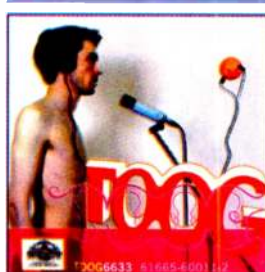


SUPREME BEINGS OF LEISURE
Supreme Beings Of Leisure
 Palm Pictures

According to Supreme Beings of Leisure guitarist/programmer Rick Torres, "Anyone who has an orgasm" will enjoy his band's music. That's a lot to live up to, but if these Beings feel up to the task, more power to them. Their self-titled debut owes a lot to chanteuse-fronted electronica acts like Garbage or the Sneaker Pimps—it's full of lithe beats, alluring vocals, and streamlined hooks. Singer/lyricist Geri Soriano-Lightwood's tales of lost love and eerie attractions are sometimes at odds with the backing

OUT:
 February 8.
FILE UNDER:
 Relaxed, smoldering trip-pop.
R.I.Y.L.:
 Garbage, Sneaker Pimps, Portishead.

tracks. "Strangelove Addiction," for example, seems far too perky for its sentiment, though "Under The Gun," despite hauling out the hoary old spy movie vibrato-guitar sound, comes closer to a music/lyric synergy. The band toys with drum 'n' bass rhythms on "Ain't Got Nothin'" and "Sublime" (the addition of sitar riffs to the latter is effective if not exactly original), but when the beats get more pedestrian, as on the house-style "You're Always The Sun," things get less-than-compelling. If Supreme Beings Of Leisure never quite reach the heights of trip-hop champs Portishead, it may in fact be for lack of trying—they are the Supreme Beings Of Leisure, after all, and there's definitely something appealing, if not exactly inspiring, about their relaxed approach to moody pop. » Ben Auburn



TOOG
6633
 Le Grand Majestery

If you've seen Momus on his recent US tours, you've also seen Gilles Weinzaepflen (a k a Toog), a deadpan sidekick adding toy theremin to the Mad Scotsman's late-capitalist cabaret. 6633 comprises Toog's own mostly sequenced ditties, which are as droll and stylish—though not as pervy—as his better-known pal's. There are stabs at programmed hardcore à la Atom & His Package ("Fable") and near-straight Bacharachism ("Mon Pantalon Blanc"), but most songs combine Debussy-for-beginners piano parts with several layers of jarring, jokey counterpoint. "L'amour Dentaire" ("Dental

OUT:
 January 4.
FILE UNDER:
 Digital Baroque.
R.I.Y.L.:
 Momus, Magnetic Fields, Sparks.

Love") samples—what else—dental drills, while "La Prefere" ("The Favorite") sets the synths on "bark" as the singer loses out to his married lover's dog. Though Toog's dry, undramatized delivery begs the obvious Serge Gainsbourg comparisons, as do his treatments of American myth (the gunslinger dub of "X'tern" and sexual jealousy ("L'Homme Qui Vient"/"Tomorrow's Man"), his best songs go beyond Continental decadence into childlike surrealism, as on "Jonas," in which a pet fish swallows the singer's father. Of course, it's all sung in French, so Anglophone audiences will have to spend some time with the (thoughtfully bilingual) lyric sheet to grasp the persona behind these microchip chanson, and to decide whether lines like "Our matrimonial relationship is going badly" are equally stilted in their original tongue. » Franklin Bruno

EAST TIMOR
 Benefit Album

Featuring: Self*Optiganally Yours
 Smoking Popes*Mudkids*Jailbait
 Blue Moon Boys*Hillbilly Hellcats
 Idiot Flesh*Dead Letter Auction
 Uz jsme doma*Over the Rhine
 Catharsis and the Humdrum
 Cataract Falls*Ramona and Beezus

All profit to Community Aid Abroad.
 Visit www.Imp500.com for details.
 Thank you.



\$10p.p. from Idols of the Marketplace
 P.O. Box 50138 Ft. Wayne, IN 46805



TWO DOLLAR GUITAR
Weak Beats And Lame-Ass Rhymes
 Smells Like Records

Ignore the self-deprecating title: *Weak Beats And Lame-Ass Rhymes* contains precious few of the latter and none of the former. (Okay, one: the Casio samba of "White Ape.") Instead, it's a welcome return to Two Dollar Guitar's band-playing-songs territory after 1998's side trips into solo recording (the pseudonymous *Hotel Opera*) and instrumentals (*Train Songs*). Half the album is as slack and sad as ever, with "Solitaire" and "Stones Vs. Zep" channeling the selectively flat vocals and religious imagery ("Waiting was my cross to bear") of *Songs From A Room*-era

OUT:
 January 17.
FILE UNDER:
 Slack and sad.
R.I.Y.L.:
 Smog, Leonard Cohen, Loudon Wainwright, III.

Leonard Cohen. Long-time rhythm section Steve Shelley (Sonic Youth) and David Motamed (Viewmaster) are invaluable in getting this stuff over, transforming the two-chord "T-Shirt" into a Velvets/Yo La Tengo rave-down. Even better are the choice vocal assists, most notably Phyllis Rosenweig's Nico-esque turn on "Green Room," a chamber-pop gem that also features recent Beck and Tom Waits tour guitarist Smokey Hormel. But even when he's alone at the mic, Tim Foljahn breaks fresh ground on the topical "Wilding" and the hilarious "Everybody's In A Band," which decimates wannabe rockers, screenwriters, and actors ("All your feces is/ Masterpieces") before turning the accusation back on himself: "And I'm guilty of all of this." Guilty or not, this album contains Foljahn's most varied and assured work to date. » Franklin Bruno

GOLDIE may not have invented drum 'n' bass music, but he reigns as the genre's first and biggest superstar. The Scottish-Jamaican beatsmith melded frantic breakbeats, ambient washes and R&B

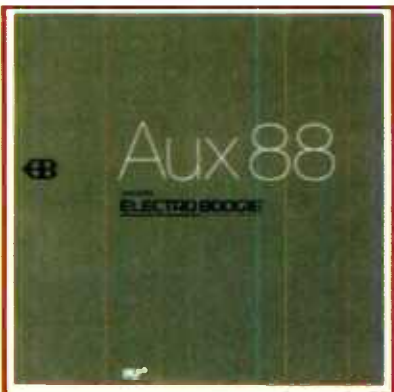
melodies—not to mention his stalwart bravado, intimidating gold fangs, and unavoidable charisma—to provide the underground scene with a face the mainstream could remember and a sound the masses could revere. Also the head of the highly respected Metalheadz record label, he is most noted for taking breakbeat music out of the club and into the living room with his highly influential 1995 debut release *Timeless*. His latest offering,

INCredible Sound Of Drum 'N' Bass Mixed By Goldie (Ovum-Ruffhouse/Columbia) finds the golden boy of breakbeat returning to his roots. The 2-disc DJ mix revisits some of the form's most powerful and popular den-to-dancefloor singles of the past six years. In accordance with the blend of rapid-fire, bass-heavy rhythms and serene, melodic atmospherics Goldie incorporates into his own productions, this 26-track mix consists of key cuts from a roster of his similar-sounding influences and proteges. Luminaries such as **Roni Size, Grooverider, Alex Reece, DJ Die, Doc Scott, Optical, and Matrix** are included, as well as a few of his own early productions, such as 1993's "Terminator" and 1994's "Manslaughter." Riding a similar groove on each of the discs, Goldie the DJ proves to be almost as impressive and expressive as Goldie the producer, exhibiting smooth and subtle mixing skills and fluid track organization. His touch allows the journey to flow from its jazzy, uplifting beginnings to its dark and damaged conclusions without a hint of commotion or confusion in the transition. *INCredible Sound Of Drum 'N' Bass* is a noteworthy, accessible album that brings novice drum 'n' bassers up to speed and woos professional steppers with its nostalgic overview... The late-'90s reemergence of the early-'80s electro sound has not only pointed the spotlight back on the grandfathers of the scene (**Kraftwerk, Afrika Bambaataa**, etc.), but has also provided some

of the more recent champions of the synthetic funk sound with some long overdue exposure. Since 1993, the Detroit collective **AUX 88** has been receiving props in underground circles for its "techno bass" style, which integrates elements of early Detroit and New York electro, bottom-heavy Miami bass and analog Midwest techno, creating a vibrant, updated version of the classic street-smart sound. Aux 88's work as a production crew remains

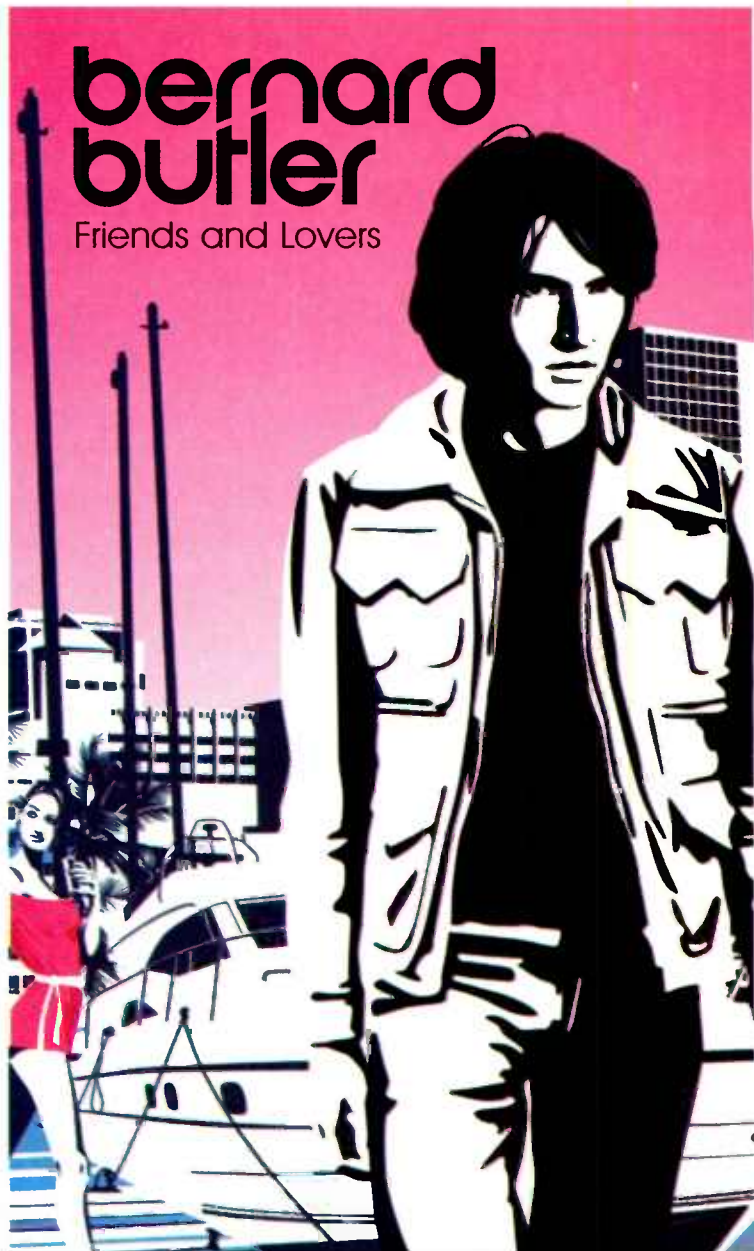
unparalleled, and the team's new mix CD, **Aux 88 Present Electro Boogie (Studio K7)**, is the third volume in the label's Electro Boogie series. The set presents several of the outfit's own trailblazing productions as well many from like-minded Motor City producers, including **DJ K1, Mikroknex, Underground Resistance, Drexciya, DJ Assault** and **Dopplereffekt**. The assault is upbeat and unapologetic, riding an undercurrent of artificially intelligent drum rhythms and minimal top-line melodies. The result is an engaging hour of futuristic grooves geared to turn the party up to high and get your body rocking along to the revolution. Once again, Detroit is recognized as the center of the techno universe.

INCredible
Sound of Drum 'N' Bass Mixed by Goldie



bernard butler

Friends and Lovers



The new album featuring I'd Do It Again If I Could

Written and Produced by Bernard Butler

"Butler leaves the doubters without an inch in which to maneuver."

- Dave Thompson *Alternative Press*, November 1999

In Stores Tuesday, February 1



www.bernardbutler.com
www.creation.co.uk
www.columbiarecords.com



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

A JOYFUL NOISE?

Christian Metalcore

Zao's loud-as-hell, slaughterhouse metal makes the work of Slayer sound lightweight by comparison. But once your ears adjust to the thrashy, demented riffs and vocals so guttural and intense that you'd bet your soul that the band's singer is Satan himself ascending from the bowels of hell to wreak havoc upon the earth, you'll hear lyrics like "Jesus, my Lord and Savior / Though my mind wonders / Of what I have not seen, heard, or conceived / I will turn my focus to you."

Welcome to Christian metalcore, which praises the Lord Jesus Christ while sounding wholly demon-possessed.

Based on the formula that brutal music plus shocking imagery equals happy rebellious youth, Satan and metal have enjoyed a long and fruitful relationship. But positive spirituality is no stranger to punk and hardcore—remember that Bad Brains were Jah-loving

bands such as For Eden and Focused. Ebel says that "not every member of every band is Christian nor is every staff member, but the lyricist or person guiding the direction and philosophy of the band has to be Christian. We're not trying to entertain just Christians. We want people from all walks of life and beliefs to appreciate and listen."

Bob Tomlinson is a 25-year-old lifelong Christian who owns and operates SOFA (Serving Our Father Always) Records. His is a complete ministry label, which means "anything that has the SOFA label on it is aimed at spreading God's love," he says. Most of the artists on the label are punk and hardcore, but the label is not limited to those styles of music. "If a rap band with a good ministry came to us, we'd work with them," says Tomlinson.

"In the Psalms, it says 'Praise the Lord with crashing cymbals and trumpets.' To me, that sounds like loud music."

Rastafarians, and hardcore group Shelter praised Krishna. Today's mainstream rock and pop acts like Creed, Jars Of Clay, and DC Talk are also doing their part to spread The Message, but this new strain of loud righteous rock is an eyebrow-raising anomaly. Christian metal has come a long way since Stryper. It's vicious and fast, and it's spreading the Gospel.

Typically, a "Christian band" is one composed exclusively of Christians who seek to glorify the Lord with their music. Simple. Bands like Living Sacrifice and Selfminded, however, blur the lines by tackling spiritual dilemmas in a more subtle fashion. God and Jesus are the first to be thanked in the liner notes, but the lyrics deal more with personal dilemmas and individual spiritual conviction than straight-up Christian dogma. Zao's latest takes a more circuitous route to glorifying Christ. *Liberate Te Ex Inferis* (Solid State), translated as "Save Yourself From Hell," is themed around Dante's *Inferno* and the circles of hell as found in *The Divine Comedy*. Christ's name, these bands contend, needn't be invoked in every phrase to get a positive message across.

For unabashedly evangelical bands like Pennsylvania-based, female-fronted Pink Daffodils and Sacramento screechers Anguish Unsaid, subtlety is not an option. "Our mission, our purpose," says Anguish Unsaid frontman Brian Faucett, "is to spread the Gospel through our music." Hence, lyrics like "Unite, we stand for the Lord" are a necessity. Pink Daffodil lyrics are similarly direct: "Jesus, only you can cleanse my heart."

Every year, a residential Christian community in Chicago called JPUSA (Jesus People USA) sponsors the Cornerstone Festival, a Christian Woodstock. The four day music fest draws 20,000 worshippers to its more than 10 stages, welcoming all kinds of Christian message bands, from punk to indie rock to hardcore to metal.

Tapping into the same market is the most successful label to cater to Christian bands, Seattle's six-year-old Tooth & Nail Records, whose metal-focused imprint, Solid State, is home to bands like Training For Utopia, Warlord and Zao. The label is run by Brandon Ebel, a Christian who was turned on by early Christian metalcore

No scene would be complete without infighting. Since the music sounds like secular metal and hardcore, non-Christian kids attend the shows for the sound and the fury, but not necessarily the message. Most of the kids at a Christian metal show look like typical rock fans, only some wear crosses around their necks. The main distinguishing characteristic among fans is that some went to church last week and others didn't, which doesn't matter to fans of sheer heaviness, but is a point of contention for true believers. Much like militant straight-edge shows, where the drug-free rockers are furious at those drinking and smoking around them, devout Christian kids get miffed at non-Christians for not taking the message to heart. Training For Utopia gets some flack, for example, because they have secular members, but the band says it never set out solely to minister. Guitarist Don Clark points out that just as in any other scene, "Kids want their favorite bands to be perfect in their eyes."

Of course, disgruntled kids aren't the only ones voicing their disapproval: many Christian fundamentalists consider Christian metal to be the work of the devil. Jim Doster, pastor of Lighthouse Baptist Church in Gloucester, New Jersey says that Christianity and heavy metal are mutually exclusive extremes that can never be reconciled. "The Bible teaches us to make melody in our hearts," says Doster. "If it's Christian, it cannot be rock. The rock beat is designed to stimulate the flesh, while worship music is designed to stimulate the spirit. While the lyrics may be wonderful, the vehicle is not in harmony with what God speaks of in the Bible. That euphoria is lost in the loudness. Just because you mention God in the lyrics doesn't make it holy."

Kyle Fisher, bassist for San Diego, California-based Christian metalcore band No Innocent Victim, says he knows the status quo of Christianity probably doesn't approve. "They're so caught up in religion," he says. "This is my calling, the hardcore scene. Those who disapprove just sit in church pews. We are active. In the Psalms, it says 'Praise the Lord with crashing cymbals and trumpets.' To me, that sounds like loud music."

NMM



NO INNOCENT VICTIM



LIVING SACRIFICE



ZAO



TRAINING FOR UTOPIA

1	HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL	So...How's Your Girl?	Tommy Boy
2	LUNA	The Days Of Our Nights	Jericho-Sire
3	DAVID BOWIE	Hours...	Virgin
4	MAKE-UP	Save Yourself	K
5	PRIMUS	Antipop	Interscope
6	CHARLATANS UK	Us And Us Only	MCA
7	HIGH LLAMAS	Snowbug	V2
8	FOLK IMPLOSION	One Part Lullaby	Interscope
9	GET UP KIDS	Something To Write Home About	Vagrant
10	NINE INCH NAILS	The Fragile	Nothing-Interscope
11	RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE	The Battle Of Los Angeles	Epic
12	GOMEZ	Liquid Skin	Virgin
13	STEREOLAB	Cobra And Phases Group Play...	Elektra
14	ANI DIFRANCO	To The Teeth	Righteous Babe
15	JOHN LINNELL	State Songs	Zoë-Rounder
16	MAGNETIC FIELDS	69 Love Songs Vols. 1-3	Marge
17	THE CLASH	Live From Here To Eternity	Epic
18	NO USE FOR A NAME	More Betterness!	Fat Wreck Chords
19	PILFERS	Chawalaleng	Mojo
20	SISTER SONNY	Lovesongs	Jetsat
21	311	Soundssystem	Capricorn
22	BEN HARPER AND THE BRONZED COMMANDERS	Burn To Shine	Virgin
23	FOO FIGHTERS	There Is Nothing Left To Lose	Roswell-RCA
24	LEFTFIELD	Rhythm And Stealth	Columbia
25	RONDELLES	The Fox	Teenbeat
26	ZAP MAMA	A Ma Zone	Luaka Bop
27	SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE	Live	Sub Pop
28	SAVES THE DAY	Through Being Cool	Equal Vision
29	FLIN FLON	Boo-Boo	Teenbeat
30	JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION	Xtra Acme USA	Matador
31	INCUBUS	Make Yourself	Immortal-Epic
32	BIG BAD VOODOO DADDY	This Beautiful Life	Coolsville-Interscope
33	JAPANESE CAKES	If I Could See Dallas	Kindercore
34	DISMEMBERMENT PLAN	Emergency & I	De Soto
35	MOGWAI	EP+2	Matador
36	BECK	Midnite Vultures	DGC-Interscope
37	JUNE OF 44	In The Fishtank	Konkurrent-Touch And Go
38	SQUARE PUSHER	Selection Sixteen	Nothing-Interscope
39	VARIOUS ARTISTS	Everything Is Nice	Matador
40	STONE TEMPLE PILOTS	No. 4	Atlantic
41	LE TIGRE	Le Tigre	Mr. Lady
42	COUNTING CROWS	This Desert Life	DGC-Interscope
43	PROMISE RING	Very Emergency	Jade Tree
44	CAUSEY WAY	With Loving And Open Arms	Alternative Tentacles
45	RUSTIC OVERTONES	Volume Up (EP)	Arista
46	FRANK AND WALTERS	Beauty Becomes More Than Life	Setanta-Red Ink
47	WEDDING PRESENT	Singles 1995-97	spinART
48	HANG UPS	Second Story	Clean-Restless
49	TRAM	Heavy Black Frame	Jetsat
50	BEASTIE BOYS	The Sounds Of Science	Grand Royal-Capitol
51	LIVE	The Distance To Here	Radioactive
52	OUR LADY PEACE	Happiness...Is Not A Fish That You Can Catch	Columbia
53	KAHIMI KARIE	K.K.K.K.K.	Le Grand Magistry
54	AT THE DRIVE IN	Vaya	Fearless
55	KINCAID	Plays Super Hawaii	Kindercore
56	KID LOCO	Presents Jesus Life For Children Under 12 Inches	Atlantic
57	ESSEX GREEN	Everything Is Green	Kindercore
58	MUSE	Showbiz	Maverick-Taste Media
59	BANJO SPIDERS	Banjo Spiders	Spinning
60	ALEX GOPHER	You My Baby & I	V2
61	ARCHER PREWITT	White Sky	Carrot Top
62	UNWOUND	A Single History	Kill Rock Stars
63	GRADE	Under The Radar	Victory
64	MOS DEF	Black On Both Sides	Rawkus
65	THE FAINT	Blank-wave Arcade	Saddle Creek
66	3 1/2 SOUVENIRS	Twisted Desire	RCA Victor
67	TORI AMOS	To Venus And Back	Atlantic
68	QUASI	Field Studies	Up
69	DJ KRUSH	Kakusei	Red Ink
70	FEEDER	Yesterday Went Too Soon	Echo-Elektra
71	DIVINE COMEDY	A Secret History...The Best Of The Divine Comedy	Setanta-Red Ink
72	GUSTER	Lost And Gone Forever	Hybrid-Sire
73	HELLACOPTERS	Payin' The Dues	Sub Pop
74	PAPA M	Live From A Shark Cage	Drag City
75	MARCY PLAYGROUND	Shapeshifter	Capitol



#1 HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL
SO...HOW'S YOUR GIRL?
Tommy Boy

FIVE YEARS AGO

1. LIZ PHAIR

WHIP-SMART

(MATADOR-ATLANTIC)

2. R.E.M.

MONSTER

(WARNER BROS.)

3. VERUCA SALT

AMERICAN THIGHS

(MINTY FRESH)

4. JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION

ORANGE

(MATADOR)

5. SMASHING PUMPKINS

PISCES ISCARIOT

(VIRGIN)

TEN YEARS AGO

1. KATE BUSH

THE SENSUAL WORLD

(COLUMBIA)

2. CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN

KEY LIME PIE

(VIRGIN)

3. JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

AUTOMATIC

(WARNER BROS.)

4. PRIMITIVES

PURE

(RCA)

5. RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

MOTHER'S MILK

(EMI)



Chart data culled from *CNJ New Music Report's* weekly Top 200 radio chart, based on combined airplay of approximately 500 college, non-commercial and commercial radio stations reporting their top 30 most played releases that week. And you get that feeling ... that familiar feeling ... that something rank is going down.

TOP 25

- 1 DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN
Calculating Infinity RELAPSE
- 2 CANNIBAL CORPSE
Bloodthirst METAL BLADE
- 3 DANZIG
6:66 Satan's Child EVILIVE-E-MAGINE
- 4 GRADE
Under The Radar VICTORY
- 5 STUCK MOJO
"Reborn" (CD5) CENTURY MEDIA.
- 6 WILL HAVEN
WHVN REVELATION
- 7 TYPE O NEGATIVE
World Coming Down ROADRUNNER
- 8 PRIMUS
Antipod INTERSCOPE
- 9 RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE
The Battle Of Los Angeles EPIC
- 10 MISFITS
Famous Monsters ROADRUNNER
- 11 S.O.D.
"Seasoning The Obese" (CD5) NUCLEAR BLAST AMERICA
- 12 COAL CHAMBER
Chamber Music ROADRUNNER
- 13 AMEN
Amen ROADRUNNER
- 14 DREAM THEATER
Scenes From A Memory EASTWEST/ELEKTRA
- 15 INCUBUS
Make Yourself IMMORTAL EPIC
- 16 KITTIE
Kittie 3 Song Sampler NG-ARTEMIS
- 17 GOOSEFLESH
Chemical Garden DIGITAL DIMENSION
- 18 OVERKILL
Coverkill CMC INTERNATIONAL
- 19 ROB ZOMBIE
American Made Music To Strip By GEFEN-INTERSCOPE
- 20 SLIPKNOT
Slipknot ROADRUNNER
- 21 BRUCE DICKINSON
Scream For Me Brazil CMC INTERNATIONAL
- 22 KORN
"Falling Away From Me" (CD5) IMMORTAL EPIC
- 23 SEVENDUST
Home TVT
- 24 SODOM
Code Red PAVEMENT
- 25 AMON AMARTH
The Avenger METAL BLADE

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

>>> **Darkthrone's** latest release, *Ravishing Grimness* (Moonfog) is the most approachable of all the band's albums. As a footnote on the back cover states, "Darkthrone are artists of the true black metal unlimited," and the group's previous output has ranged from neo-noise Burzum worship (*Transilvanian Hunger*) to anguished, dank primitivism (*Panzerfaust*). The new record is stirring and large, but with punky instincts that keep everything real. History and expert familiarity combine here in a display of easy destructive beauty. The music beneath the walls of distortion is slightly more forward than usual, but it's



PICKU

true to unnerving form. The big difference is that *Ravishing Grimness* can be listened to casually, whereas the band's previous aesthetic statements were intense and extreme to a degree that would demand detachment from anything called normal life. All of this talk ducks a description of what Darkthrone actually sounds like: an arcane black übermetal with evil guitar vectors that emphasize unexpected wrong tones—in a word, fantastic.

>>> An experiment that has many true believers skeptical, **Peccatum** is the highly theatrical side project of **Emperor** guitarist/vocalist Ihsahn and his wife, Ihriel. The group is completed by Ihriel's brother, Lord PZ, and concerns itself with a sonic Grand Guignol of dark literary morality plays. The gang switches in and out of black metal and electronic-based classical music more often than **Mr. Bungle** prays to **Frank Zappa**, and seems equally dead set on defining a legitimate metal avant garde. Ihsahn and Ihriel share operatic and folk vocals on *Strangling From Within* (Candlelight), producing a remarkably developed footnote to Ihsahn's great career as a hard poet.

>>> In the 1980s, one of many points of honor of true metal was that it was new music, constantly striving to change, evolve, and surprise. Evidently, at some point it became good enough for a sizable portion of the public, judging by the glut of tribute albums and retro-sounding revival acts. Among the latter, at least **Hammerfall** and **Cranium** actually improve on the formulas of classic speed metal. The consummate role-players in Sweden's **Defender** (including Cranium's bassist), as much as they want to summon **Manowar**, sure sound a lot like the decrepit leather-clad remains of D&D bangers **Omen** on this debut, *They Came Over The High Pass* (Necropolis). For those of you who don't grasp the depth of that insult—it's pretty bad...

Substance D is a Los Angeles new metal trio whose *Addictions* (Noise) deals obsessively with the mundane subject of drug abuse, a metaphor for waste. While merely cranking up the ingredients of the **Fear Factory** loop formula, the music-industry-damaged Substance D nonetheless excels in the Pro Tools department. The editing is top-notch: every scream and screaming guitar sample is optimized for visceral effect, and the sum total of each track leaves the more obviously tech-happy **Static-X** in the dust.

NEWS

The big metal migration of 2000 begins as Milwaukee MetalFest expands its national franchise to San Antonio, Los Angeles, and Asbury Park, New Jersey. Promoter Jack Koshick's brand of reckless hype and overbooking will continue to piss off bands and delight rabid fans through the new "Metal Mania Series." Expect 100 bands per weekend, last-minute cancellations, and success that defies the current downturn in concert industry receipts. The annual Milwaukee weekend was a remarkable international phenomenon that drew headbangers from Japan, Europe, Australia, and anywhere in North America with an interstate highway and an amphetamine supply. How the character of the events will change remains to be seen.

>>> The Frankfurt-based Mille Plateaux label is now enjoying wide US distribution, making the imprint's records not only more accessible but a lot

more affordable. This comes at a time when the label's roster is also becoming more diverse, effectively making it the most forward-looking electronic label in the world. Its reputation will in no way be harmed by the enormously wide-ranging and exciting *Clicks & Cuts* compilation,

PICK!

spanning two CDs or three LPs. This collection is truly a "state of the art" manifesto, bringing together a strong collection of analog minimalists and maximalists currently operating in the US and Europe. With previously unreleased tracks by **Ester Brinkmann**, **Vladislav Delay**, **Pole**, **Pan Sonic**, **Kit Clayton**, **Jake Mandell**, **Panacea**, and **Kid 606**, there could be no better way to start the year than with this mesmerizing collection. Operating on electronic music's current guiding principle of "less is more," *Clicks & Cuts* demonstrates that a massive groove can exist within an impossibly limited acoustic range.



PAN SONIC

>>> There is no end in sight in the rapidly expanding field of underground North American electronic music. The infamous, 1000+ member IDM internet mailing list (short for "intelligent dance music," a term born at roughly the time when the first **Aphex Twin** EPs emerged in 1993-94,) has now effectively hatched an entire generation of bedroom electronic musicians. A quick glance at the list's archives makes quite clear that this phenomenon is comparable to the early, heady days of punk's D.I.Y. ethic: forget the record labels and release the music yourself. It's awfully refreshing to see that spirit reanimated in the face of transnational major label consolidation. But the rules have changed in favor of the artists. I'm talking of course, about the Web, and the ease with which an artist can deliver music to a global audience. Two emergent labels drawing considerable interest are **Obliq** and **Kracrive**. The former's *Obliq*

Recordings compilation contains a wealth of ingenuity from erstwhile obscure names like **Multicast**, **Ted Sturgeon**, and **Finder**. Operating in a post-Aphex milieu, these artists are pushing electronic grooves to a completely new level. The same can be said about the auspicious debut album by **Colongib**. *Mapping Music* draws on the melodic structures of early **Autechre** and **Black Dog**, but inverts them in a wholly original manner, keeping the production nicely dirty and lo-fi. Like **Boards Of Canada** or **Pilote**, this is techno in a pastoral mode, recalling rural landscapes seen through the windows of a high-speed train.



NEWS

There were rumblings last year that a new **Photek** (a.k.a. Rupert Parkes) album was in the works, and the album is indeed imminent. Last year's three singles on Parkes' new Photek Productions label (recorded under the name Special Forces) were, as might be expected, years ahead of everyone else working in the beleaguered drum 'n' bass genre. *Zero Degree* will compile them with seven new tracks that are going to overshadow even the recently-released **Matrix** album... The thirst for news about forthcoming releases on the Warp label is never satiated. No fear: the imprint has some gems planned for the first half of the new year, including a collaborative single from Miami's **Push Button Objects** and **DMC/ITF** (International Turntablist Federation) champion **DJ Craze** for the *Metro Dade* EP, which is rumored to also include **Plaid** remixes. Another massive talent from Miami's Schematic crew, **Richard Devine Coleman**, is completing work on a full-length album for Warp. His output thus far has represented some of the most challenging electronic music in North America... Look for **Pole** to return to tour the US this summer on the heels of new material due out this spring.



DJ CRAZE

TOP 25

- 1 **APHRODITE**
Aphrodite GEE STREET-V2
- 2 **LEFTFIELD**
Rhythm And Stealth COLUMBIA-CRG
- 3 **DAVE RALPH**
Tranceport II KINETIC
- 4 **BREAKBEAT ERA**
Ultra-Obscene XL/1500/A&M-INTERSCOPE
- 5 **SASHA**
Xpander (EP) DECONSTRUCTION-ULTRA
- 6 **SQUAREPUSHER**
Selection Sixteen WARP/NOTHING-INTERSCOPE
- 7 **HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL**
So...How's Your Girl? TOMMY BOY
- 8 **DJ SPOOKY THAT SUBLIMINAL KID**
Subliminal Minded The E.P. OUTPOST-BAR/NONE
- 9 **YELLOW NOTE**
Yellow Note Vs. The Daleks LIQUID SKY
- 10 **PULSE LEGION**
One Thing METROPOLIS
- 11 **DJ KRUSH**
Kakusei RED INK
- 12 **ALEX GOPHER**
You My Baby & I SOLID-V2
- 13 **ANDREA PARKER**
Kiss My Arp MO'WAX-BEGGARS BANQUET
- 14 **SDUNDRACK**
Fight Club RESTLESS
- 15 **KEVORKIAN DEATH CYCLE**
A + O [m] METROPOLIS
- 16 **PEACE ORCHESTRA**
Peace Orchestra G-STONE-STUDIO K7
- 17 **FRESHMAKA**
I Am The Freshmaka MOONSHINE
- 18 **KID LOCO**
Presents Jesus Life For Children... ATLANTIC
- 19 **T-CISCO**
The Destructive Edit UBIQUITY
- 20 **RICHIE HAWTIN**
Decks, EFX & 909 M NUS/NOVAMUTE-MUTE
- 21 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**
Warp 10 Sampler WARP-MATADOR
- 22 **PLONE**
For Beginner Piano WARP-MATADOR
- 23 **JOHN DIGWEED**
Bedrock ULTRA
- 24 **LES RYTHMES DIGITALES**
Darkdancer WALL OF SOUND-ASTRALWERKS
- 25 **MING & FS**
Hell's Kitchen OM

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

TOP 25

- 1. M.O.S. DEF
"Mr. Fat Booby" Rawkus
- 2. HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL
"Magnifying" Tommy Boy
- 3. ROOTS FEAT. JAGUAR
"What You Want" WARCOLUMBIA-ONE
- 4. DR. DRE FEAT. SNOOP DOGG
"Skill O.R.E." AFTERMATH-INTERDROME
- 5. NOTORIOUS B.I.G.
"Dead Wrong" BAD BOY/ARISTA
- 6. JURASSIC-5
"Roadwire" INTERDROME
- 7. RAKIM
"When I Be On The Mic" UNIVERSAL
- 8. D.I.T.C.
"Thick" Tommy Boy
- 9. PHARDAHE MONCH
"Simon Says" Rawkus
- 10. NAS
"Neotradamus" COLUMBIA-ONE
- 11. METHOD MAN/REDMAN
"Fear It Off" JOT JAM-ARISTA
- 12. DI'DIRTY BASTARD
"Got Your Money" ULTRA/ARISTA
- 13. KRUMBSNATCHA
"Killer In Me" WEA
- 14. DILATED PEOPLES
"Triple Optics" NO WAYZ-UNDISCORDED
- 15. RUN DMC
"Dream Royal" ARISTA
- 16. CHOCLAIR
"Let's Ride" Priority
- 17. BAEKWON
"Live From NY" Jive
- 18. Q-TIP
"Breathin' And Stoppin'" ARISTA
- 19. Q-TIP
"Ultimate Thing" JOT JAM
- 20. DA GRASS ROOTS
"Thematics" CONCEPTION
- 21. PEANUT BUTTER WOLF
"Definition Of Hit" STONES THROW
- 22. QUANNUM MOS/BOULG OF MISCHIEF
"Extrovertista" QUANNUM
- 23. INSPECTAH DECK
"Show And Prove" Jive
- 24. AKROBATIK
"Play Yee Say Word" JOT JAM/ARISTA
- 25. ICE CUBE FEAT. MACK 10
"You Can Do It" Priority

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

>>> Few hip-hop records you'll ever hear will equal the bizarre hilarity of the *It's Very Stimulating* EP (WordSound) by **MC Paul Barman**. The concept alone is funny: a precocious, nasal, suburban smart-ass with a lisp makes a rap record. But don't laugh too hard, because Paul Barman's got skills. Need proof? **Prince Paul** produced the record. After critical successes with *Prince Among Thieves* and *Handsome Boy Modeling School*, you don't think he'd be taking a chance on some weak MC, do you? Lightning-fast anecdotes filled with ambiguously homoerotic sexual fantasies inspired by years of undergraduate frustration help mark the twisted path on these five songs. Barman uses words



like "stultifying" and spits lines like "gobble this obelisk" and "my rap talk's the backdrop from laptop to blacktop." The music is catchy and right-on: Prince Paul at his finest. Barman's EP is so funny and so out-there, it's almost breathtaking—or maybe that's just the gasps between the giggles.



MC PAUL BARMAN

>>> On the opposite side of the spectrum is the full-length debut of producer **Scotty Hard**, *The Return Of Kill Dog E* (WordSound), which explores a dark sonic realm called "sludge hop." Dense, muffled beats and sounds are his specialty, accompanied by a range of MCs including fellow sludger **Sensational** ("Pockets Fat"), **Sebstop** ("Modus Operandi" and "Spittin' In The Eye Of The World") and **Sayyid** of Anti-Pop Consortium (who rocks "Dark Blocks" and "Bubble In The Haze") ... The Bay Area's **Blackalicious** has blessed us with two releases in one year, the latest being *Nia* (Quannum). More pensive and spiritual than the group's previous work, the cuts here still have the old quirky abstraction that fans have always loved but the lyrics display a much deeper side of the rap psyche, at times skillfully achieving the hippie-hop that Spearhead and Speech try their best to attain. Producer Chief Xcel tries new things here (the '80s electro/R&B of "You Didn't Know That Though" and the tear-jerking piano ballad of "Sleep"), succeeding much more often than not... *Connect The Dots* compiles great underground tracks from both coasts, emphasizing the work of producer **Mums The Word**. Definitely leaning towards the left side of the country, **LMNO's** "Streetwise" and "Stick Up The Stuck Up" (with **2Mex**), **Kombo's** "God Bound" and **DJ Rhettmatic's** "How Long Have You Been Listening..." are all Mums-produced and top-notch. However, **Motion Man's** "Duck Duck Duck" (produced by **Kutmasta Kurt**) and Brooklyn's **Pumpkinhead** with the brutal "Wack MCs" steal the show... Take a pass by **CDuctive.com** to download MP3 tracks from their *Rare And Rugged*, a collection of ten cuts that range from the loose and lyrical **Mood Swingaz** ("The Blessing") and the galloping posse cut "Dr. EZ's Cool Fantastic Part I" by **Anonymous** to harder stuff like Pumpkinhead's "Dynamic Remix" and **Eminem and Royce 5-9's** "Scary Movies."



NEWS



COMPANY FLOW

There are some great hip-hop serials coming out these days. Stone's Throw Records has instituted a 45 rpm single series (remember them?) that collects some strange and solid one-off tracks by artists ranging from the demented **El Captain Funkaho** and **Quasimoto** (the latter with a Stones Throw album on the way) to the rare groovin' **Breakestra** and DJs like Montreal's **A-Trak**. Check out www.stonesthrow.com to watch the story unfold ... Grand Royal Records is smack in the middle of their Blow Up Factor series, featuring six artists ranging from well-knowns (**Beastie Boys**, **Company Flow**) to need-to-be knowns like Boston's **Mr. Lif**, **Prunes** and New York's **Mike Ladd** (about to drop a full-length on Ozone) and **Saul Williams** (the spoken-word/rap genius featured in the film *Slam*, who's currently at work on his own debut album for American with none other than Rick Rubin).

>>> Cast your mind back to the early '80s—after the decline of disco, before indie-rock took off—when the likes of **ESG** and **The Big Boys** were coming up with taut, odd groove records where the beats were generated by real instruments, and Arthur Baker and **The Clash** were running guitar-rock records through dub production to heat up the dance floor. Two Berkeley-based groups which share two members, **Out Hud** and **!!!**, have revived that vibe all by themselves on a tremendous new split 12"

(released by Zum). **Out Hud** (which includes a couple of former members of the fabulous teen hardcore band **Raoooul**) is a low-end-heavy instrumental quartet built around bass and cello. Justin VanDerVolgen (of **!!!**) mixes **Out Hud**'s three numbers into spacious, hard-snapping groove tracks, with guitar parts reduced to feathery prickles, cello lines drifting through them, and percussion that cracks like stone and abruptly vanishes. The eight members of the live groove-punk band **!!!** (five of whom play percussion) realize that the more reserved the funk, the hotter it is. Their side is devoted to a single track: "Instinct," a long, hot-and-bothered jam that starts like a skinny punk variation on '70s funk outfit **Graham Central Station**, then shifts gears into walloping rock dub.

>>> One of the great indie-dance crossover singles of the same early-'80s period was **Delta 5**'s astonishing kiss-off round "Mind Your Own Business." It's been covered before, but the new single by **Chicks On Speed** (EFA) has not one, but two of the most interesting reinterpretations of it to date. One side makes its mechanical bump and stagger even more robotic, as the group's three singers enunciate the words as metallically as they can manage and the instrumental parts are emulated with **Depeche Mode**-ish clanks and a hissing drum machine. The other side is a wildly different version, with a liquid funk-guitar groove, free-form sax solos, echo chamber vocals, a mock-**Barry White** basso *profundo*, some **Digital Hardcore**-style distortion and a couple of buckets of sound effects. Nicely done.



>>> **Gerty Farish** has called it quits, but it's released a final 7" EP, **Deadly Attackers** (Menlo Park)—a very cute six-legged cartoon octopus (hexapus?) brings the title to life on the cover. This guitar-and-Casio duo cranked up their keyboard's rhythm-speed dial to the point where the members seem to have had a problem yelling "1-2-3-4" fast enough. G.F. had some of the driest humor ever to grace vinyl (title of instrumental: "Vinyl Pants Move To New York To Wear Us"), and their crunch-plus-tootle combination is somehow satisfying as rock and adorable as whimsy.



>>> The last couple of **Simon Joyner** albums have had songs that plod on at tremendous, meticulous length, but his 7" EP **The Motorcycle Accident** (Roomtone) packs in four songs and two poems in the more compact and atavistically recorded style of his early records. Joyner is a master of the moaning, existential horror native to the singer-songwriters of the '60s (and the record's title suggests that this is another one of his young-buck attempts at becoming a new Dylan). Like a lot of his models, his voice is a bit pitch-challenged, but it's worth it to hear the way he draws out a home-wrought shudder in lines like "If she loves you, you will know it/ By the way she tells you to go to hell."

>>> **Broadcast** works slowly—its four-year career has produced three singles, an EP and a couple of compilation tracks. Still, the



Out Hud



!!!

latest of those singles, "Echo's Answer" (Warp) is, as usual, worth the wait. There's nothing to it but a brief lyric sung in a pellucid voice and a few wafting synth tones that ripple like leaves on a pond, but every note and word raises questions: is this the Echo of the Narcissus story? Where did the rhythms the song suggests go? Is there more to the picture than these gorgeous fragments? "Test Area," on the other side, suggests displaced parts of a song in a different way, a frothing surf of percussion with bass hums and murmurs that drift in and out of the mix.

>>> A few quick drops of the needle: **The Muffs** covering Elvis Costello's "No Action" (Sympathy For The Record Industry) seems like a natural, but the band interprets it way too literally—right down to the drum flourish at the end—and Kim Shattuck doesn't tear into the tune the way she does with her own songs. The cover of the Pandoras' "You Lie" on the flip is much better, swaggering like hyped-up Mersey-core... Fans of **Bablicon**'s *In A Different City* should hunt down the "Chunks Of Syrup Amidst Plain Yoghurt" single (Pickled Egg) for its excellent flip-side, "Silicon Diodes." It's the kind of multi-part sound collage (Japanese chatter, boinging sheet metal, electric piano, electronic buzz, loose-jointed drumming over bachelor-pad harmonies) that could turn into a pretentious mess but comes out composed like a flower arrangement... **Sarah Dougher**'s "The Old Way" (Heartcore) is one of her prettiest and most wrenching songs, with a lyric that's balanced and weighted like formal rhetoric, backed up with a mesh of interlocking guitar parts. It's backed by "The World's Greatest Haircut," a fine, rather cryptic acoustic track by **Butchies** frontwoman **Kaia**.





THE METERS

>>> **The Meters** were more than a just a very good instrumental funk band of the late 1960s. Each two minute instrumental tune on a Meters 45 was like stepping out of reality and into an imaginary little world, one the band created with its rubbery, minimalist cartoon funk. Crafted for jukeboxes, Mardi Gras, parties and any excuse for dancing in their hometown of New Orleans, the heart of the Meters' early sound laid in the fact that the four genius players—Art Neville, George Porter, Jr., Leo Nocentelli and Joseph "Zigaboo" Modeliste—each placed his indelible stamp upon the simple formula of instrumental funk. Together they made guitar/bass/organ/drums seem like earth/air/fire/water, working a telepathic musical interplay that even **Booker T. & The MGs** could never equal. Particularly, drummer Modeliste created one of the most idiosyncratic drum styles ever articulated—one crack of the snare and you just know it's him. Borrowing heavily from the beat of Jamaica to the south, Modeliste would throw each element of the kit into sharp contrast—cymbal, kick drum, and that crackling snare, all flying around, over, under and inside the groove. Hearing the albums *Look-Ka Py-Py*, *Message From The Meters* and *Struttin'* reissued with bonus tracks by Sundazed is a funk fiend's dream indeed.

>>> It barely needs mentioning that one of the most important bands in the history of the known world was **The Clash**. Epic has now reissued and remastered the band's catalog of seminal albums in deluxe editions—I checked it out, and whaddaya know, they really do sound noticeably better than the old CDs, at least when you listen to them as blaringly loud as I do. They also include all the all-important pictures, lyric sheets and inside sleeve notes (remember the



NEWS



BOB MARLEY

Fans of the late **Bob Marley** who had never scored a copy of his luscious *Songs Of Freedom* (Island) box set can take heart in the fact that it was re-issued late last year. Originally limited to a million sets worldwide, the set had lapsed out of print and become somewhat scarce, fetching ever higher prices on the top shelf in used record stores and in online auctions ... Here's a record whose title is definitely better than the actual music it contains: Hip-O's recent collection of *Hair Band Essentials* ... Peeking ahead to Valentine's Day, Columbia has rolled out a whole series of romantically-themed compilation albums from their catalog, each bearing the snappy title *Love Songs*. There are love songs from **Miles Davis**, **Louis Armstrong**, **Dave Brubeck** and soft-soul purveyors like the **Manhattans**. But why not ones from such love-oriented Columbia artists as **Judas Priest** and James "Blood" Ulmer?

edition of "Armageddon Times" newspaper that came with *Sandinista!*?). Their first album underwent substantial changes when being prepared for audiences across the pond, and now both the US and UK versions are available.

>>> With his inscrutable shades, preternatural wailing voice, and constant, unmoving hairstyle, **Roy Orbison** was unlike any other rock 'n' roller. The *Authorized Bootleg Collection* (Orbison Records) is a four-CD box set of live recordings from various phases of the Orbster's lengthy and august career. Predictably, the early stuff is the best, and the last disc is nearly worthless, but hearing four near-identical live versions of "Crying" and "Dream Baby" helps

drive home exactly how bizarre and over-the-top his tragic and maudlin persona really was. And his voice, like his hair, was eternal.

>>> When **Skinny Puppy** first came on the scene, there weren't nearly as many pigeonholes and genre names for the music they made. Nettwerk has just released two fairly self-explanatory but important retrospective collections from these wicked forefathers of goth/techno/industrial/proto-electronica, called *Singles Collect* and *B-Sides Collect*. Buy these discs for the next youth who you're told likes **Marilyn Manson**.



>>> **Ravi Shankar** will always be the name one associates with Indian classical music. So here's a tip for you: If you want to hear some Indian music, but don't know which of the thousands of Indian CDs to buy, *West Meets East: The Ravi Shankar Collection* on Angel Records is the only one you'll ever need to own. It's that simple.

>>> Trivia: Did you know that wild and furry Muppet drummer Animal once acknowledged **Gene Krupa** as his favorite drummer during an interview with Muppet News anchor Kermit The Frog? It's true. And the Chiaroscuro label has just released a neat little Gene Krupa CD, *Live At The New School (1973)*, complete with creepy cover painting in R. Crumb style. Make no bones about it, Krupa could be the proverbial wildman on the skins, even with emphysema, tinnitus, alcoholism and even full-blown leukemia, right up until the very end—he expired mere weeks after this concert was taped. Inspirational liner note: "[Before the concert] ... he'd take a handful of painkillers with a glass of scotch, he'd had his transfusion and was ready to go."

JANUARY 4

GHOSTFACE KILLAH Supreme Clientele *RZA-Epic*
GOLDIE The Incredible Sound Of Drum 'n' Bass *Ovum-Ruffhouse*
JAGGED EDGE J.E. Heartbreak *So So Def*
MANDY MOORE So Real *550*
SOUNDTRACK Any Given Sunday *Atlantic* —A mix of new and previously released tracks from Hole, DMX, Kid Rock, Missy Elliott, P.O.D. and more
YUNGSTAR *Epic*

JANUARY 11

AMBROSIA Ambrosia *Warner Bros.* —Reissue
AMBROSIA Life Beyond L.A. *Warner Bros.* —Reissue
AMBROSIA One Eighty *Warner Bros.* —Reissue
AMBROSIA Somewhere I've Never Traveled Before *Warner Bros.* —Reissue
AMYTH The World Is Ours *Warner Bros.*
ARLING & CAMERON Music For Imaginary Films *Emperor Norton*
JENNIFER BROWN Vera *RCA*
ERRORTYPE: ELEVEN Amplified to Rock *Some*
LAUREN HOFFMAN From The Blue House *Free Union*
ERNESTO DIAZ-INFANTE & ROTCOD ZZAJ Imagined Existence *Zzaj Productions*
KITTIE Spit *Artemis-Ng* —Debut full length from teenage Canadian girl rockers
LAZYCAIN July to October *Doghouse* —EP
'NSYNC No Strings Attached *RCA* —Follow up to Bill Werde's favorite band's self-titled debut
ONE STAR The Jelly Is Set! *March* —Japanese electro CD single with exclusive tracks. The title track is remixed by the Gentle People, "Triangulum" is remixed by Figurine, and there's a brand new song, "Molobok." Their first full length is due in February
P.Y.T. Something More Beautiful *Epic*
KURT ROSENWINKLE The Enemies Of Energy *Verve*
SOUNDTRACK The Big Tease *Meanwhile-Virgin...* —Compiled and produced by Nellee Hooper (Romeo + Juliet), featuring tracks from Blondie, Ruff Driverz, Groove Armada, Day One, Fantastic Plastic Machine, Dean Martin and Julie London, and more
SPRING Baby Blue *Spring* —This single contains 3 exclusive non-LP b-sides, and the album track "Baby Blue," and is their first US release which will be followed by a full length in February
JUNE TABOR A Quiet Eye *Green Linnet* —British folk singer with the Creative Jazz Orchestra
VARIOUS ARTISTS Moshi Moshi: Pop International Style *March* —Sequel to the Pop American Style comp, it features 40 international pop bands on two CDs, including Girifredo, Secret Goldfish, Aden, One Star, Le Mans, Cinnamon, Spring and more
ZEN MAFIA *RCA*

JANUARY 17

WILL OLDHAM Ode EP *Drag City*
WILL OLDHAM Lost Blues II *Drag City*
FLYING SAUCER ATTACK Mirror *Drag City*
ROYAL TRUX The Radio Video EP *Drag City*
TWO DOLLAR GUITAR Weak Beats And Lame-Ass Rhymes *Smells Like*

JANUARY 18

50 TONS OF BLACK TERROR My Idle Hands *Beggars Banquet*
AUSTRALIAN JAZZ QUARTET The Australian Jazz Quartet At The Varsity *Drag Rhino*
CALEXICO Descamino *Quarterstick* —An EP of remixes and a precursor to their upcoming album in late spring
GEORGE CARTWRIGHT The Memphis Years *Cuneiform*
NICK CAVE And The Ass Saw The Angel *Mute*
CHAPPAQUIDDICK SKYLINE Chappaquiddick Skyline *Sub Pop*
THE CHARLATANS UK VS. THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS *Beggars Banquet*
JOHN COLTRANE The Bethlehem Years *Rhino*
COYLE & SHARPE Audio Visionaries *Thirsty Ear*
THE CULT Love *Beggars Banquet*
THE CULT Electric *Beggars Banquet*
THE CULT Pure Cult *Beggars Banquet*
SAMMY DAVIS JR. Sammy & Friends *Rhino*
THE DRAGS Set Right Fit To Blow Clean Up *Estrus*
ELLIOTT If They Did... *Revelation -7"*
ROBBIE FULKS The Very Best Of Robbie Fulks *Bloodshot*
ERIC GAFFNEY Cold Weather b/w Twilight *Sub Pop* —Sub Pop singles club 45
SUE GARNER WITH RICK BROWN Still *Thrill Jockey*
STAN GETZ *Verve* —Reissue
IN MY EYES Nothing To Hide *Revelation*
JESUS LIZARD Bang *Touch & Go* —Singles and rarities compilation
DJAM KARET Burning The Hard City *Cuneiform* —Full length reissue.
DJAM KARET Suspension & Displacement *Cuneiform* —Full length reissue

KINGSBURY MANX Kingsbury Manx *Overcoat*
KREIDLER Weekend *Mute*
LO-FIDELITY ALLSTARS On The Floor At The Boutique *Skint-Columbia*
ERIC MINGUS Um ... Er ... Uh ... Some —Jazz great Charles Mingus' son
MODEST MOUSE Building Nothing Out Of Something *Up*
MUDHONEY March To Fuzz *Sub Pop* —2-CD or 3-LP comprehensive collection of greatest hits, B-sides and rarities with 52 tracks
NON Receive The Flame *Mute*
TARA JANE O'NEIL Peregrine *Quarterstick* —Former member of Rodan/Sonora Pine plays all the instruments on this, her debut LP.
OSCAR PETERSON *Verve* —Reissue
RICHARD PINHAS/MAURICE DANTEC [SCHIZOTROPE] The Life & Death Of Marie Zorn *Cuneiform*
CHUCK PROPHET Hurting Business *Hightone*
ZACHARY RICHARD Silver Jubilee: Best Of Zachary Richard *Rhino*
SHOOTZY GROOVE High Definition *Reprise-Kinetic*
NINA SIMONE *Verve* —Reissue
SIX BY SEVEN The Things We Make *Mantra*
SKULL CONTROL Zzzzzz *Touch & Go* —Posthumous CD-EP
SOFT MACHINE Noisette *Cuneiform*
SOUNDTRACK Down To You *Epic*
STORM & STRESS Under Thunder and Fluorescent Lights *Touch & Go* —Their second full length
SUICIDE 1st Album *Blast First-Mute*
SUICIDE 2nd Album *Blast First-Mute*
TURING MACHINE A New Machine For Living *Jade Tree* —Mixed/produced by DFA aka James Murphy (Trans Am, June of 44, Les Savy Fav, Rachel's) and Tim Goldsworthy (former knob-twiddler of the remix posse U.N.K.L.E.)
THE QUADRAJETS When The World's On Fire *Estrus*
ZACHARY RICHARD Silver Jubilee: Best Of Zachary Richard *Rhino*
RICK RIZZO & TARA KEY Dark Edison Tiger *Thrill Jockey*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Caravana Cubana: Late Night Sessions *Rhino*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Heart Beats - Prelude To A Kiss: Romantic Themes *Rhino*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Heart Beats - Love Plus One: '80s Love Songs *Rhino*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Smooth Grooves: After Hours *Rhino*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Smooth Grooves: Jazzy Soul Vol. 1 *Rhino* —New volumes of Rhino's Smooth Groove Series. This one features tracks from Al Jarreau, Shirley Jones, Quincy Jones, Maze and more.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Smooth Grooves: Jazzy Soul Vol. 2 *Rhino* —Features tracks from Teena Marie, The Crusaders, Kool & The Gang, Patti Austin, Grover Washington, Jr. with Patti LaBelle and more.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Smooth Grooves: Jazzy Soul Vol. 3 *Rhino* —Features tracks from the Ohio Players, Miles Jay, Peabo Bryson, Ronnie Laws, Michael Franks, Regina Belle and more.
VARIOUS ARTISTS United We Funk *Rhino*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Schoolhouse Rock In A Lunchbox *Rhino* —Special packaging.
VARIOUS ARTISTS Our Souls Have Grown Deep Like The Rivers: Black Poets Read Their Work *Rhino*
SARAH VAUGHAN *Verve* —Reissue
BEN WEBSTER *Verve* —Reissue
ANDY WHITE andywhite.compilation *Thirsty Ear*
KATE WOLF Weaver Of Visions: The Kate Wolf Anthology *Rhino*

JANUARY 25

BLACK KALI MA You Ride The Pony (I'll Be The Bunny) *Alternative Tentacles*
DRUNK Tableside Manners *Jagjaguar*
EARTHLINGS? *Man's Ruin*
LARD '70s Rock Must Die *Alternative Tentacles* —Features ex-Dead Kennedy's frontman Jello Biafra and Ministry's Al Jourgensen.
PACHINKO Splendor In The Ass II: Electric Boogaloo *Alternative Tentacles*
PITCHSHIFTER UN-UK *Alternative Tentacles* —Mini LP/Mini CD.
ROBOTS Day Of The Robots *Man's Ruin*

JANUARY 25

ALPHAVILLE Salvation *Metropolis*
APOLLO 440 Gettin' High On Your Own Supply *550*
CINNAMON Vertigo *March* —Louis Philippe arranged strings on this Swedish duo's second U.S. album
CLANNAD Greatest Hits *RCA* —Reissue
THE CLASH The Singles *Epic*
COCO LEE Just No Other Way *550*
DJ ME/DJ YOU Rainbows & Robots *Emperor Norton* —The full length follow up to Simple Machine Rock
THE FORTY FIVES *Ng*
FUTIQUE Go Low *Shadow* —Third release from Taylor Dupree (Prototype 909, Human Mesh Dance, SETI) and Sawas Ysatis (Highrise, Omicron)
SUE GARNER Still *Thrill Jockey*
BONEY M. GOLD *RCA*
GUY Guy III *MCA* —Reunion album
H20 Faster Than The World Home Movie *Epitaph*
IRELAND FOREVER *RCA* —Reissue
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE/JEFFERSON STARSHIP *RCA*

KHAN Passport *Matador*
LAPTOP TBD *MCA*
SHELBY LYNNE I Am Shelby Lynne *Island-Def Jam*
M2M *Atlantic*
THE MADD RAPPER Tell 'Em Why You Madd *Columbia*
JOHNNY MATHIS Mathis On Broadway *Columbia*
MURDERERS Murder Inc. Compilation *Island*
NERF HERDER How To Meet Girls *Honest Don's*
NONPHIXION Black Helicopters *Matador* —12"
PAVEMENT Slow Century *Matador* —VHS/DVD
NICHOLAS PAYTON Nick@Night *Verve*
PRIMER 55 Introduction To Mayhem *Island-Def Jam*
RICK RIZZO/TARA KEY Dark Edison Tiger *Thrill Jockey*
RUN DMC Crown Royal *Arista* —Includes collaborations with the Beastie Boys, Sugar Ray, Aerosmith and Kid Rock.
SCRITTI POLITTI Anomie And Bonhomie *Virgin*
SIANSPHERIC Else *Sonic Unyon*
BEANIE SIGAL The Truth *Rockefeller-Def Jam*
SNAPCASE Designs For Automation *Victory*
SO PLUSH *550*
SOUNDTRACK Backstage ... Hard Knock Life *Mercury* —A mix of both new and previously released tracks from Lil' Cease, Da Brat, T-Boz, Prodigy and more
SOUNDTRACK Mambo Kings *Elektra*
BARBARA STREISAND Timeless *Columbia*
MARY TIMONY Mountains *Matador* —Solo record from the voice of Helium
VARIOUS ARTISTS Fire & Skill, The Songs Of The Jam *Epic*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Putumayo Presents Louisiana Gumbo *Putumayo* —Includes tracks from John DeLafosse, Lynn August, James Booker, Percy Mayfield, the Neville Brothers and more
VARIOUS ARTISTS Putumayo Presents Zydeco *Putumayo* —Features tracks from Rosie Ledet, Beau Jocque, Keith Frank, the Creole Zydeco Farmers, Buckwheat Zydeco and more
VARIOUS ARTISTS The Shadow Masters: Drum 'n' Bass *Shadow* —A follow up compilation to 1998's Best Of Shadow Trip-Hop release, this features tracks from Cuyo (Amon Tobin), Magnetic (James Hardway), Justice, Ultralights and others

JANUARY 26

CHET BAKER Baby Breeze *Verve* —Reissue
CLINTON Disco & The Halfway to Discontent *Astralwerks* —Debut from Cornershop members Tjinder Singh and Benedict Ayres' new project

JANUARY 31

LEE HAZLEWOOD 13 *Smells Like*
LEE HAZLEWOOD Cowboy In Sweden *Smells Like* —Reissue

FEBRUARY 1

AKA GENERATOR *Epic*
ANASTACIA *Epic*
THE APPLES IN STEREO Look Away *spinART* —Five song CD single, featuring "Look Away," which will appear on their full length later this spring, and four bonus tracks that appeared on the Japanese release of Her Wallpaper *Reverie*
BABYFACE Stranger *Epic*
ERIC CARMEN The Bethlehem Years *Rhino*
LIZ CARROLL Lost In The Loop *Green Linnet*
COLONIAL COUSINS *550*
FEMI KUTI Shoki Shoki *MCA*
I-BORN The Listening *Reprise*
J. MAJESTY *Some*
AMEL LARRIUEX Infinite Possibilities *550*
LUCY NATION On *Maverick*
MIAMI SOUND MACHINE *Epic*
ONE STAR Triangulum *March*
WILLIAM ORBIT Pieces In A Modern Style *Maverick*
MICHAEL PENN MP4 *Epic*
SHANDOZIA ShanDozia *Warner Bros.*
SHANTALLA Shantalla *Green Linnet*
FRANK SINATRA All The Way *Reprise*
THE SMUGGLERS Rosie *Lookout!* —Includes covers of songs written by Brownsville Station, The Kinks, and Dr. Frank, as well as a special tribute song to The Donnas
SOUNDTRACK The Beach *Sire*
SPLASH FOUR New 7" *Lookout!* —French band plays garage rock
SPRING The Last Goodbye *March* —Debut full length
MARK TURNER Ballad Session *Warner Bros.*
TINA TURNER Twenty Four-Seven *Virgin*
VARIOUS ARTISTS House Compilation *Warner Bros.*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Millennium Disco Party: The Divas *Rhino*
VARIOUS ARTISTS VH1: That's Rock 'n' Roll *Rhino*
VERBOW *550*

FROM STREET TO CENTER STAGE

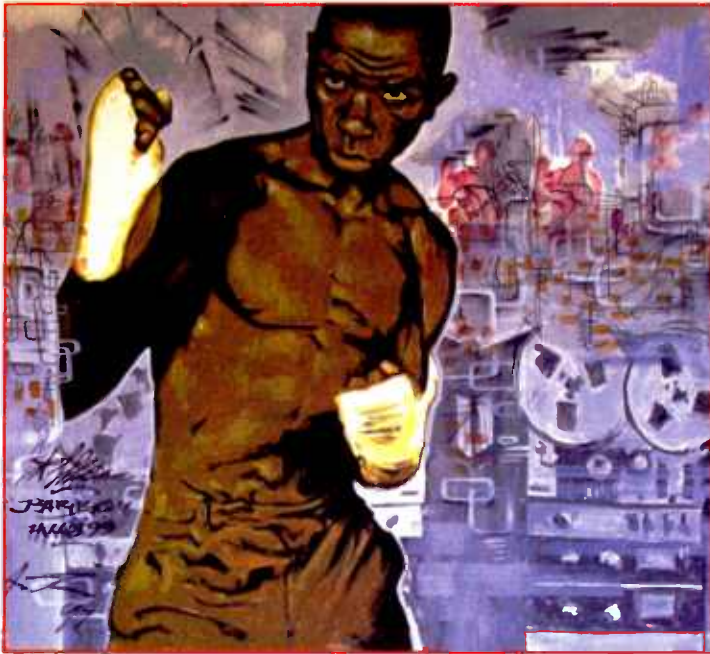
THE HEAVYWEIGHT
COLLECTIVE TURNS GRAFFITI
INTO PERFORMANCE ART.

WORDS: NEIL GLADSTONE

Wandering through New York's Roxy one evening this past fall, it was hard to move without running into some sort of artist. On the cavernous club's mainstage, Afrobeat shaman Femi Kuti writhed and chanted, exhorting the audience with horn stabs and effervescent rhythms. Upstairs, in a private room, Fantastic Plastic Machine kneaded wax into kitschy fantasia. By the bar, record business bullshit artists blathered on about high-powered connections, in between puffs and over-the-shoulder glances.

Arguably the most intriguing artists in the room

FROM STREET TO CENTER STAGE



AMON TOBIN - MONTREAL

were poised silently in front of a six-foot canvas tacked up near the bathrooms. The members of Montreal's Heavyweight collective took in the scene and translated it to a painted collage of congas, bongos, speakers and cumulus colors.

The idea of "live painting" may not be new—certainly experimental artists have improvised for audiences before: remember Leroy Neiman painting a mural in the ABC studio during the '76 Olympics? And there's that guy who does five-minute paintings with toilet paper. Yet the members of Heavyweight—graffiti head Dan Buller, classically trained painter Gene Starship and graphic designer Tyler Gibney—give new meaning to the term "performance art." At last year's Montreal Jazz fest, the trio suggested to the promoter that they would paint portraits of the musicians and DJs as they performed. Amon Tobin, Spacetime Continuum and Herbaliser were just a few of Heavyweight's subjects during that run.

"Audiences liked the organic feel of our work and seeing something develop over the course of three hours rather than being bombarded by videos," explains Starship. It was also a savvy way to promote a collective that often blurs the line between art-for-its-own-sake and commercial work. They do plenty of flyers for Montreal clubs and have started getting more requests from musicians for cover art.

Impressed by the experiment, Herbaliser invited Heavyweight on tour for five weeks across North America, during which the trio

"Like DJs, we sample icons of the past and remix them into our own versions"



HERBALIZER - BURLINGTON

completed 20 pieces. The works range from portraits of DJs blasting away in front of the Millennium Falcon to Muhammad Ali boxing in front of a wall of speakers. There are also images photographed in the '50s and '60s by South African Malick Sibidé and re-imagined on a hip-hop canvas.

"Like DJs, we sample icons of the past and remix them into our own versions," explains Starship.

Audiences aren't the only people responding positively to the mix. Sportswear company And 1 hired the street-inspired production house to make the cover for a compilation tape they released and Herbaliser used Heavyweight's surreal, graffiti-inspired artwork on record covers.

"We represent visually what they're trying to do musically," figures Buller, who acknowledges Heavyweight is a partly commercial venture—and that it's often difficult to tell where the line is drawn between 'pure' art and the money-making variety.

Music has long been an inspiration for the three artists, but painting live takes the preoccupation to a whole new level. It also imposes several constraints—most significantly the members of Heavyweight must conceive, design and paint a work within three hours.

"It's a very unique way to paint—it influences the process," says Buller. "I've always liked painting under pressure. That's something imbedded in me because of my years doing graffiti ... that anxiety is kind of a fuel."

"But it relieves the anxiety, too," interjects Gene. "It puts you in this responsive art mode. You're kind of blurting things out, but also putting your full trust in the moment, like a jazz artist freestyling." The vibe of the audience also inspires the energy of the brushstrokes and colors.

Heavyweight is organizing a tour of their artwork and hopes to tour with more musicians in the near future.

"How else is a painter supposed to get groupies?" jokes Starship.

For more information about Heavyweight, check out their web site, hvw8.com.

GOING UNDERGROUND

"It used to be the horrible, sandal-wearing hippie types who became archaeologists," observes Prolapse's Mick Derrick in a gooey Scottish burr. "Now it's more like people who get drunk and like to have a laugh and don't want to work an office job." The 31-year-old Derrick has been uprooting artifacts since he was a boy scraping through back yards near his parents' Glasgow flat. He later went on to study Roman and medieval archaeology at Glasgow University ("I've always been into the Black Death and things like that") and now travels from site to site around England as an archaeologist supervisor. Although he scrapes around castles nearly a millennium old, he has little interest in finding the Holy Grail. "When you're working these sites now, you're usually digging up the lowest common denominator," he explains. Recent treasures include fishweirs (Derrick is pictured cleaning one at Castle Donnington) and a baby's skeleton ("that was great"). Prolapse boasts not one, but two archaeologists (guitarist Pat Marsden is the other), which explains the band's occasional lyrical references to excavation sites and archeology lingo like "getting levels." The career choice has also shaped Derrick's view on life. "You realize that people were a lot cleverer than you give them credit for and probably a lot happier than they are now because there was a lot less [materialistic] crap floating around then," he pauses momentarily, and then adds, "they were also sacrificing babies, so I guess it wasn't all hunky-dory." [»»Neil Gladstone](#)



LADYBUG TRANSISTOR

The members of Brooklyn's **LADYBUG TRANSISTOR** wear the '60s on their sleeves, and we're not just talking about their fashion. While dropping musical references to Lee Hazlewood and Jan & Dean, the band likes to keep it twee in vivid colors, eye-popping prints, and detail-attentive thrift shop finds. "In the past, fine art was reflected in everything from fashion to furniture to pop music," says multi-instrumentalist Jennifer Baron. "That's fascinating to me, especially since everything now is mass-produced." The band's royal blue modified school bus puts the Partridge Family to shame—not only does it house the insect-inspired radio that gave The Ladybug Transistor its name, it makes every tour a Pop Art explosion. "We get a lot of other drivers taking a second look," laughs flautist Sasha Bell.

PHOTOS:
DENNIS KLEIMAN

STYLING:
NATALIE COULTER

GROOMING:
LORAINÉ ABELES

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTISTS AS A YOUNG BAND

The gang loads the blue bus with ladybug paintings they use as stage props. Jennifer wears a hot pink wool coat (purchased on tour in an Ohio thrift shop, \$6) and light blue knit hat (from Jenny Martin Antiques, \$10).

CHELSEA MORNING, BROOKLYN STYLE

Left: Jennifer serves the sunny side up in an Emilio Pucci button down robe (\$225) over a cream silk nightgown (a hand-me-down from one of Sasha's distant relatives). Sasha cuts the mustard in a blue Pucci striped nighty (\$250) and violet chiffon scarf (\$15). Gary pulls himself together with a turquoise Lilly Pulitzer cat tie (\$42). All items from Resurrection unless otherwise noted.



THE BUG THAT BITES

Gary opens wide in a blue and yellow Lilly Pulitzer men's jacket (\$225 from Resurrection). Jennifer raises an eyebrow in a Lilly Pulitzer flowered skirt (Resurrection) and pink plastic tiara (\$1.99, Daffy's).

LADIES AND THE VAMP

Right: Jennifer croons a tune in a red abstract print wool dress with scalloped sleeves (\$40). Gary harmonizes in a gold alpaca button down sweater (\$25). Sasha tickles the ivories in a black wool knit dress with suede pockets (\$40). All items pictured are from Cobblestones.





BUGGING OUT

Who needs instruments when you've got style? Sasha rocks a green wool coat with faux fur trim (purchased on tour in Chicago).

Resurrection can be contacted at 212-228-0063 or 212-625-1374; Cherry On Orchard 212-358-7131; Jenny Martin Antiques 215-629-3940; Cobblestones 212-673-5372.

WIREFY SPINDELL

(Winstar Cinema)

Thirty-six-year-old New Yorker Wirey Spindell is freaking out about his impending marriage. What has he become?! Through a series of flashbacks, we



learn that Spindell humped neighbor boys and chugged wine at age 7, dropped acid and played varsity basketball in high school, and took dance and shot heroin at Bard. Fine, except it's hard—no, impossible—to believe the cool, Jim Carroll-esque kid grew up to become a self-absorbed hipster wannabe frat boy. Eric Schaeffer—who, aside from playing the adult Wirey, wrote, directed and produced this

fractured affair—further diminishes whatever cool clout he got from the scruffy comedy *My Life's In Turnaround*, mostly by thinking he can act.

HOLY SMOKE

(Miramax)

The buzz about *Holy Smoke* is that there's more T&A here than at Hugh Hefner's mansion on New Year's Eve. Sure, Kate Winslet, who put the "tit" in *Titanic*, sashays around in the buff (attention *Celebrity Skin* editors!) But there's plenty to



get wild about here besides the occasional nudity. Harvey Keitel, looking as if he raided Merle Haggard's wardrobe, is a slick, "spiritual" expert who attempts to deprogram a young Australian woman (Winslet) after she joins a cult. Isolated in an Australian outback hut, the two square off with unexpected results. Director Jane Campion (*The Piano*), who wrote the screenplay with her sister Anna

Campion, raises the bar for the battle of the sexes. And Winslet and Keitel respond with riveting performances—with or without their clothes.

THE BIG TEASE

(Warner Bros.)

In this candy-assed mockumentary, Craig Ferguson (Drew's boss on "The Drew Carey Show") plays Scottish hairdresser Crawford Mackenzie. His dream: to



compete in the World Freestyle Hairdressing Championship. Chronicling his own quest for the Platinum Scissors Award, Mackenzie hires a documentary film crew to follow him to the L.A.-based competition. Despite a cute premise, all hopes for grins in *The Big Tease* are quickly dashed by lame stereotyping about publicists, gays and, of course, hairdressers. Ferguson, who co-

wrote the script, is likable enough, but doesn't get much help from his dull cast—we've seen better timing among the celebrities on "Hollywood Squares." As is, Ferguson could make Crawford Mackenzie the centerpiece of a sitcom, albeit a low-rated one.



BOSNIA MADE BEAUTIFUL: JASMIN DIZDAR CONSIDERS THE INFLUENCE OF REFUGEES ON ENGLAND.

Beautiful People follows the lives of four London families whose destinies intertwine after unexpected encounters with Bosnian refugees. In examining how people are touched by birth, death and prejudice, Bosnian-born writer-director Jasmin Dizdar strips away pretensions of class, heritage, and education from various people, whether they be soccer hooligans or doctors.

"I do hate pretentiousness and all that crap," explains Dizdar, 38, now a British citizen residing in London. "I love people who tell me a simple story in an honest way. There's no hiding behind background or heritage."

The filmmaker grew up in an industrial Bosnian town, raised by his grandmother. "She was the one who taught me the beauty of looking at people's similarities," he says. "This was the old woman who attracted all levels of society. Everyone loved her: academics, street cleaners, priests. They would all come to our house. I would just observe the various people having a great time socializing with my grandmother. That was a great experience."

Movies were an important part of Dizdar's childhood. Although, given his working-class surroundings, the boy didn't have many cinematic choices.

"It was a boring place to live. We had two cinemas, but most of the films we got were B pictures and spaghetti westerns," he recalls. "Occasionally I would see a Spielberg film and say, 'I want to make one as well.' But I couldn't because everything around me was dreary and uninspired."

Overcoming his meager surroundings, Dizdar founded a film club, creating his first short at age 18. He made 14 more shorts and studied film at the prestigious FAMU in Prague. Dizdar has lived in London the past 10 years, though he only started writing the *Beautiful People* script four years ago.

"It was hard for someone who doesn't speak English to break into the film industry," says Dizdar, who directed several works for the BBC and authored a book on Milos Forman. Once he mastered the language, Dizdar constructed a cultural-spanning story with dozens of colorful characters and a sense of humorous irony that unfolds in an economical 100 minutes. Quite an ambitious debut.

"When I finally got to do my first film, there was an explosion of all these ideas that I wanted to say before ... I wanted to put everything in it."



US
LIKE
WEIRD

BOHEMIAN TAPESTRY: ANN POWERS' BRUSH WITH THE FRINGE.

Weird Like Us (Simon & Schuster) takes a journey with self-defined bohemian Ann Powers, chronicling her life as a music writer and member of the outcast tribe. Starting with her rock 'n' roll roots in late '70s Seattle (where she was the youngest writer at that town's hip weekly, *The Rocket*) her book focuses mainly on her shared housing alternative lifestyle and make-yer-own-damn-family living in the (then) cheapskate Mission District of San Francisco. In her late teens, Powers, piss poor and riding high on rebellion, eschewed the life of the college student, moving to San Francisco "to be among the poets."

She's traveled a long way from teen rock reporter to pop critic for *The New York Times* and other publications such as *Rolling Stone* and *Village Voice*. Powers considers herself an emissary from the underground to the public-at-large. "I feel like I walk between the worlds pretty well," she says.

Hipsters, outcasts, scenesters, activists, slackers, swingers, rebels and punks are all labels for bohemian culture and life beyond the mainstream where counter-cultures thrive. A life that, despite the rumors of its death, has proved resistant to corporate raiders looking for the Next Big Thing. She argues, "every form of representation is a misrepresentation ... there's so many different ways people hook into their bohemian life." Her examples include a friend who's an IBM 9-to-5-er during the day and a devoted Haight Street music scenester every night and her 16-year-old cousin who digs emo-core.

For Powers, Bohemia was living with a group of friends who shared food, clothes, and what little they had, without putting limits or boundaries between them. Sound like a nightmare of fights over possession? In most households, yes. Powers' home, though, "treating things casually allowed us to consider our shared assets abundant, even though in the normal world they hardly amounted to much."

She calls her mix of essay and memoir in *Weird Like Us* a series of "fables," because she wanted to "phrase [bohemian life] in terms of values." Shared values—be they social, sexual or spatial—are the basis of any community, she figures, and Bohemian values are just as solid as the next.

Powers delves deep into music, with a chapter on Sub Pop and the changing face of indie rock, reveling in the way hip-hop and dance music have blown the barriers of sound. Although she takes issue with the elitist attitudes of cultural and musical progressives who don't want outsiders to join their tribe, she argues that closed circles are necessary in order to generate independent ideas. Still, *Weird Like Us*, with its intellectual arguments and deeply personal insights, seems like a rock 'n' roll book. Rock on.

»»Kristin Keith

FLYBOY ACTION FIGURE COMES WITH GASMASK

By Jim Munroe (Spike)

If you've ever spent too much time milking free refills while poring over literature, chances are you've spied a Ryan Slint in the next booth. He's a fun guy to kill time with: brimming with snide repartee, his one-liners come laced with self-deprecation, pop culture winks and sound bite insights. When Slint pronounces "the dildo is the perfect symbol for the sexual liberation of women," the statement comes off as cute, especially coming from a virgin undergrad who's fallen deeply for the punk rock waitress at his local diner. In his novel debut, *Flyboy Action Figure Comes With Gasmask*, former *Adbusters* managing editor Jim Munroe has created a likeable reality where the protagonist's dealings with his mother's cancer, the vengeance he seeks via a guerrilla anti-smoking billboard campaign and the ability to transform into a fly (hello Bruce Banner!) come off as just a backdrop for the zingers—much like many college careers.

»»Neil Gladstone



MISS WYOMING

By Douglas Coupland (Pantheon Books)

Tired of L.A. life, semi-sleazebag movie producer John Johnston drops off the fast track and wanders the desert, nearly dying of heatstroke. Lying in a hospital bed later, John has a typical light-at-the-end-of-the-tunnel experience complete with a voice that imparts the sense of wonder he went to the desert to find. That somewhat typical setup is the only thing that's typical in *Miss Wyoming*, Douglas Coupland's seventh novel. John's angelic voice turns out to be sitcom star Susan Colgate, re-running on a hospital TV within earshot of his near-deathbed. Clinging to his plastic epiphany, John returns to L.A. to wring whatever meaning he can from the former beauty pageant star. From this tangled web of fluff, Coupland forges a rock-solid book about two damaged selves clawing to a escape out of late-'90s crap culture.

»»Harry Thomas



BLACK TALK: WORDS AND PHRASES FROM THE HOOD TO THE AMEN CORNER

By Geneva Silverman (Houghton Mifflin)

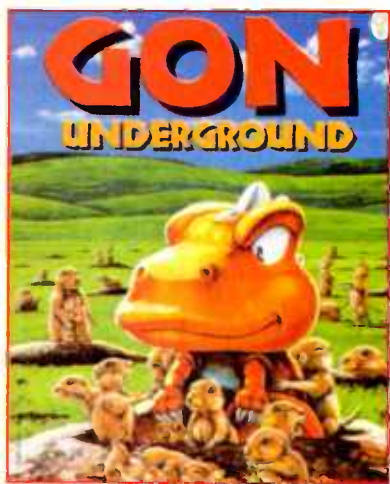
So, homes, you want the foe-one-one on street lingo, but you don't want to fess the flow? Geneva Smitherman, professor of English and director of the African American Language And Literacy Program at Michigan State University has revised her reference book of African American Language to include 300 new terms, many born of the hip-hop community (such as "gangsta limp" and "funky fresh"). More than just a list of definitions, many of the entries in *Black Talk* delve into the etymological history that spawned these terms. Word.

»»Neil Gladstone



WAKE UP TO THE GON

Masashi Tanaka's Gon series is a comics genre unto itself. Originally serialized in the Japanese magazine *Weekly Morning* and reprinted in America by Paradox Press, the wordless stories follow a scowling little dinosaur as he explores the animal kingdom around him. The latest one to see print here, **Gon Underground**, is the longest and most broad-scale Gon story to date—a full-length paperback in which Gon dives into a hidden world below the surface of the Earth, full of bats, giant spiders and creepy-crawlies of every description. The animals and insects are drawn with convincing attention to anatomical detail, even when they're



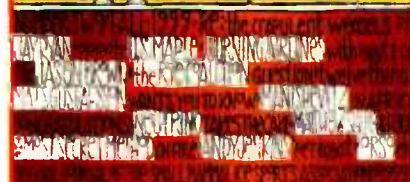
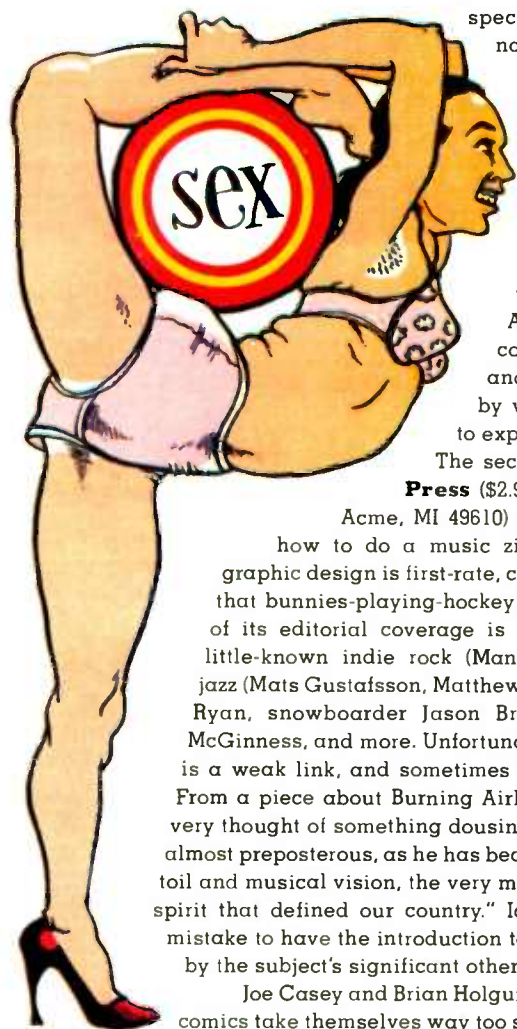
cutely anthropomorphized, and Tanaka pulls off some beautiful set-pieces (like a huge image of Gon sleeping in an underground cavern, surrounded by a flurry of lightning bugs). His real specialty, though, is narrative flow: for all the minute cross-hatching of his pen-and-ink work, *Gon Underground* moves like a racing prairie dog, with whooshing motion lines everywhere in the manga tradition. And even its complicated comedy and action routines flash by without a single word to explain them.

The second issue of **Copper Press** (\$2.95 from P.O. Box 1601, Acme, MI 49610) is an object lesson in how to do a music zine almost right. The graphic design is first-rate, clear and creative (love that bunnies-playing-hockey cover), and the range of its editorial coverage is impressive: good but little-known indie rock (Manishevitz, U.S. Maple), jazz (Mats Gustafsson, Matthew Shipp), illustrator Jay Ryan, snowboarder Jason Brown, designer Ryan McGinness, and more. Unfortunately, the writing itself is a weak link, and sometimes painfully pretentious. From a piece about Burning Airlines' J. Robbins: "The very thought of something dousing J.'s creative flame is almost preposterous, as he has become, through his hard toil and musical vision, the very model of the pioneering spirit that defined our country." Ick. And it's always a mistake to have the introduction to an interview written by the subject's significant other.

Joe Casey and Brian Holquin believe mainstream comics take themselves way too seriously, at the cost of

the dizzying scope they had in the '50s and '60s. Their new series, **Mr. Majestic** (WildStorm), is an attempt to fix this problem with a combination of cosmic grandeur and extreme silliness. In the first issue, their hero moves the entire solar system, and two issues later, he takes on a group of fanatical anti-human robots who believe that any machine larger than a toaster oven is sacred (the problem is solved by holding a vintage film projector hostage: "You wouldn't dare! You would commit mecha-cide, just to save the life of a fleshie?"). Ed McGinness's artwork is broadly cartoony, almost in the style of the *Superman* TV cartoons, and the overall vibe barely conceals the great big grin on its face.

It's a matter of historical inevitability: any magazine, no matter whether it covers hip-hop, chess tournaments or European cuisine, will eventually run a special "Sex Issue." That time has come for the Bay Area music zine **Cool Beans** with #11 (\$5.95 from 3181 Mission #113, San Francisco, CA 94110). The sex part is mostly gratuitous, actually—was it really necessary to devote ten pages to the "Unisex, Omnisexual Purity Test" every college student in the last ten years has seen, or a guide to finding porn on the Internet? But there's a great article on WWF homoeroticism, and some nifty non-sexual content: a long, amusing column about going to an open-air metal festival in Germany, and an entertaining interview with The Rondelles. The latter also appear on the CD enclosed with issue #11, as do Thingy, I Am Spoonbender, a bunch of other San Francisco bands, and the infamous Swedish Iron Maiden karaoke singer Anton Maiden.



ALL DAY PUCKER

The hall of history's greatest lovers is a small one, but come this Valentine's Day it'll include another resident: **Mahir Cagri**, the most famous kisser on the Internet. Not too long ago, Cagri's home page (members.xoom.com/_XOOM/primall/mahir/index.html) was the apotheosis of an inept personal site: blurry snapshots, awkward English come-ons ("Who is want to come TURKEY I can invite... She can stay my home...") and bad HTML. Then his URL got passed around the Net, and Mahir's bold-faced "I kiss you!!!!!!!" became a running joke among the Web-savvy. He got thousands of e-mails, press coverage all over the world, and a whole lot of photos of people with signs saying "We kiss you too!" Mahir could have simply enjoyed his fame. Instead, he's directed visitors



www.members.xoom.com/mahirdance/getdown.html .com

yet be kissing all over the world.

Some people just can't get any love at all, of course. Brandon and Ric, creators of the Web comic strip "**Superstar Car Wash**" (very similar to Max Cannon's "Red Meat," incidentally), not only haven't had sex with anyone in ages, they're having a contest to see which of them will break their celibacy first—and posting the results on the Web (home.kscable.com/bwhite/contest/contest.html). As you can guess, this isn't helping them much, but one of their rules is that it doesn't count if they sleep with someone who knows about the contest. The daily log is kind of painful ("Nov. 16, 1999: Brandon gets some digits from a chick"). The real hilarity is the letters they've gotten from the site's visitors, offering advice for meeting women, good-luck wishes and suggestions that maybe, for instance, Ric would have better luck if he didn't live with his parents.

Perhaps they'd have better luck if they followed Mahir's example and studied kissing. **TheKiss.com** is a warehouse of smooching resources and related links (scattered amid way too many HTML flowers-and-candy e-commerce ads) such as an e-kissing booth, a kissing FAQ, and "**Rachel's French Kiss**" site, which purports to be a guide to French kissing techniques yet is little more than a vehicle for Viagra ads.

Much more fun is **Lynn's Kiss Dominion** (www.kissdominion.com) put together by a huge fan of KISS—the band, not the act. "The Lynn Chronicles," her photographic history of her obsession (including pictures of her handmade stuffed Gene Simmons figure), must be seen to be believed. She's even got RealAudio files of songs by her own band The Oath, including one called "Tongue." One suggestion for her site—the photo at www.passport.ca/~oracle/mahirkiss.gif.



Guest Of The Week:

Sarah Michelle Gellar!

www.kissdominion.com

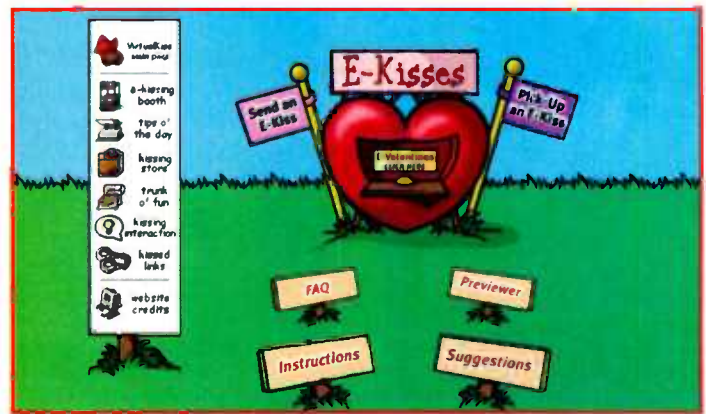
to a page with a long note, asking them to consider what they can do about warfare, starvation, pollution and the situation in Chechnya. He invites all his readers, men and women, to visit him in Turkey, and says "As a world's citizen, I love all of you. And thank you all." Now, that's a great lover.

The return of affection has heated things up quite a bit—there are so many Mahir tribute sites, you need a directory to keep them straight. The **Mahir! Portal** (kiss.to/mahir) indexes a huge, hilarious variety of them, including the **Mahir Dance** (his photos animated in the style of the infamous Hampster Dance—there are several of these, but members.xoom.com/mahirdance/getdown.html is the best); a musical setting of Mahir's legendary text (at www.mp3.com/mahircagri—it gets funky when it reaches the "I like sex" bit); variations of the original home page with photos of Bill Clinton, Barry White and Pee-Wee Herman substituted for Cagri's lanky figure, and many more. Proprietors offer Mahir mugs, T-shirts and mouse pads for sale, with proceeds going to benefit Turkish earthquake victims. And if you'd prefer a different portal, somebody else has set up another one at www.emahir.com. He may



Bookmark this page!
Lynn's KISS Dominion will be updated frequently.
This is a fan based non profit site.

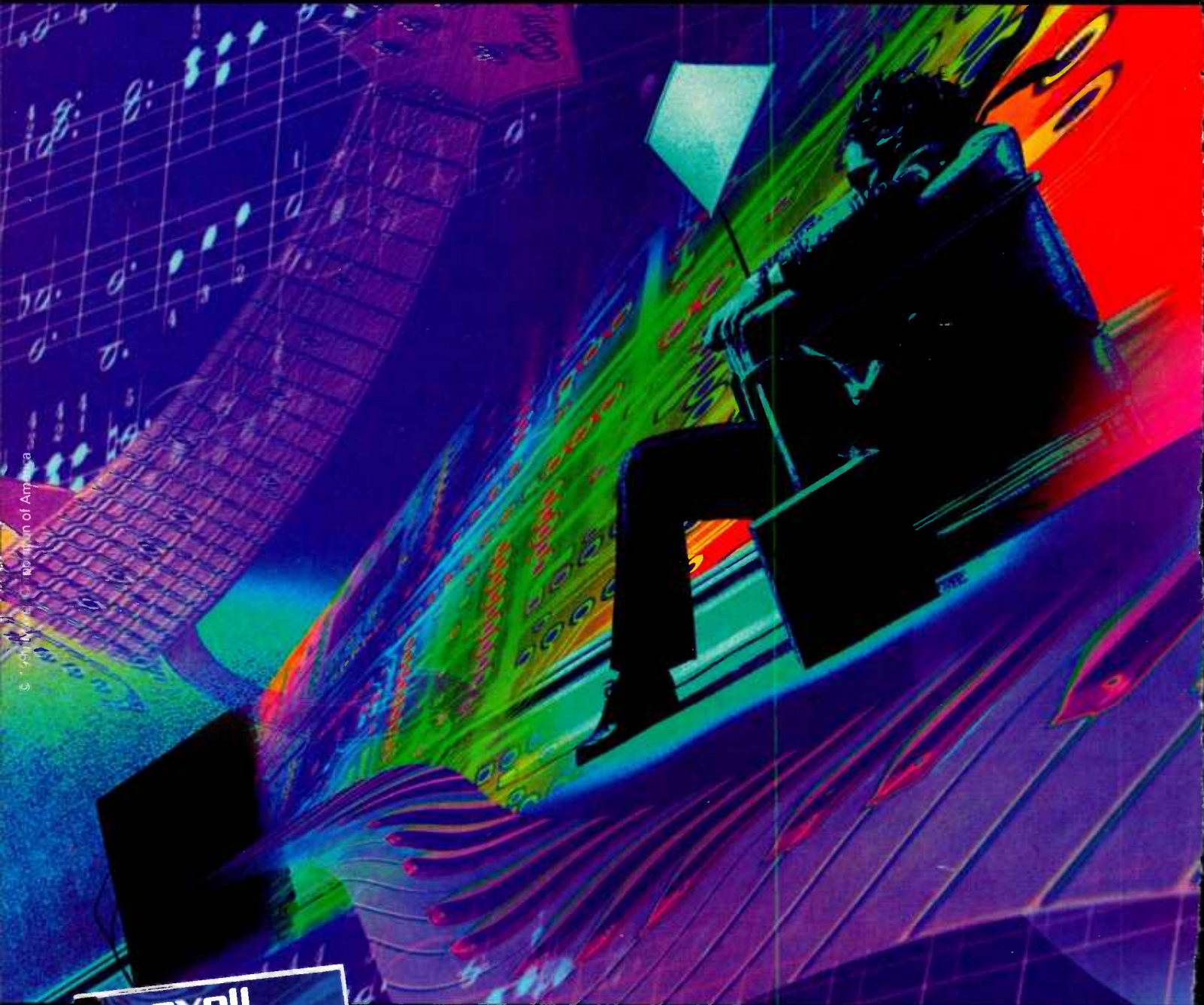
www.kissdominion.com



www.thekiss.com

TO THE POWER OF MAXELL

MUSIC



© 1997 Maxell Corporation of America



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

RAISE YOUR MUSIC TO THE POWER OF MAXELL.

maxell 



BABYLON WHORES



LEKTRoGIRL



BLACKALICIOUS

15 "When I go to a movie, I can't stand if I feel like I'm being manipulated. If the background music comes in formulaically to manipulate me—to make me feel pathos or something—I just shut off immediately," says Rick Alverson, **DRUNK**'s singer/songwriter. "It's bad art and it's irritating. So with songwriting, I'm trying to explore new ways of doing it. Something that has depth through simplicity." "**Dorothea**" comes from the Virginia-based band's fourth album, *Tableside Manners* (Jagjaguwar) (See Reviews p. 57.)

16 Helsinki's **BABYLON WHORES** deliver a brand of metal they call "Death Rock," but they've used William Blake poems as lyrics. They call their guitar tone "piss dirty," and their vocals "Elvis from Hell," but singer Ike Vil often waxes philosophical. What's the point of this combination? "To fulfill a 16th century prophecy," Vil says. "It's a dirty job but someone's got to do it." If that doesn't really explain it to you either, maybe "**Hand Of Glory**" (from the band's new full length, *King Fear* on Necropolis) can shed some light.

17 "Hip-hop is so bad right now!" asserts Brooklyn-based, Canada-born hip-hopper **SCOTTY HARD**. "That's why we need me, a 35-year-old white guy from Canada, to bring it back." On his concept-heavy debut solo joint *The Return Of Kill Dog E* (WordSound), Hard traces the steps of a "mythical gang-banger" through an "opera/comic book/ghetto fantasy" featuring guest rappers, accordians, and plenty of intoxicants. "**Days And Nights Of Wine And Roses**," the album's centerpiece, finds our villain superhero so drunk, says the composer, "he passes out in a urinal at the end of the track." (See Hip-Hop p. 75.)

18 "Every song is a story or portrait, every sound has a real life of it's own" says Hobart, Tasmania's **LEKTRoGIRL**—born Emma Davidson. "I can't listen to other people's music without a whole narration to go along side it." She does the same for her own "broken, electronic but not minimal" music, saying that her "**Progressive Euro Track**" (from *I love My Computer* on Replex) is "for girls with brushes drying their hair, dancing on lit floors with tears in their eyes like thousands of girls before and thousands of girls to come."

19 Listening to California hip-hop duo **BLACKALICIOUS**' new LP *Nia* (Quannum), it's hard to believe that Chief Xcel and Gift Of Gab didn't always get along. But back in high school, the two couldn't even agree on who was a better MC, Ice-T or Too Short. "We was young, you know, it was an ego thing," Gab said in a recent interview. The pair have clearly worked things out—the act's first full length keeps the Solesides tradition alive with 18 seamlessly soulful, bouncing rap ditties, like "**Deception**," ripe for the underground and beyond. (See Best New Music p. 18.)

1 Over **THE THE**'s 20-year career, vocalist Matt Johnson has worked with a revolving camp of musicians. On their first album of original material in seven years, *NakedSelf* (Nothing)—from which "**ShrunkenMan**" is taken—he's swapped the lineup again, to the "most powerful group [he's] ever had," and headed towards a more simple sound. "A lot of work went behind that stripping down," he says. "In music today, the possibilities are endless and it's easy to get swept away in a tidal wave of technology and lose sight of what you really want to express." (See Quick Fix p. 12.)

2 D.C. natives **THE DISMEMBERMENT PLAN** say they weren't aiming for conventional rock on their latest melodically-tweaked manifesto, *Emergency & I* (DeSoto). But for frontman Travis Morrison, there's always room for exceptions. "When musicians are opening up new musical territory for themselves, it's always kind of neat to hear them stop for a bit and really nail something powerful and direct," he says of the band's Zeppelin-meets-Weezer opus "**What Do You Want Me To Say?**" "It's definitely the most straight-ahead rock song on the record, and I like it for that." (See Best New Music p. 18.)

3 "All three [of our] albums are very different," says Jason Navarro, who sings in Detroit's **SUICIDE MACHINES**. "I don't mind bands that make the same album twice, but that's not what we're about. Moving forward is important to us, and to our fans. That's why we've played shows with all sorts of different bands—hip-hop, punk, everything. We're trying to break down barriers with the music." You can hear their shift towards a more pop-oriented element on "**Sometimes I Don't Mind**," from their third album on Hollywood records, *Suicide Machines*. (See Reviews p. 67.)

4 "There's a lot more diversity from song to song," says Daryl Taberski, vocalist in Buffalo, New York's **SNAPCASE** of tracks on their newest release, *Designs For Automation* (Victory). "There's a lot more tempo changes, a lot more intensity changes. Lyrically, this album is about searching for new challenges in life, facing things you're afraid of and actually living life to your fullest potential." *Designs*—which features "**Energy Dome**"—is the straightedge/vegan hardcore quintet's third full-length album.



THE THE



SUICIDE MACHINES

how to use this page

1. Cut along dotted line.
2. Fold in half.
3. Slip into our CD holder or a jewel case.
4. Microwave on HIGH for 2-3 minutes or until hot, stirring once. Refrigerate unused portion.

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

Return the damaged CD to:

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

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

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

Mail: CMJ New Music Monthly, 11 Middle Neck Road, Suite 400, Great Neck, NY 11021-2301
 FAX: 516.466.7159 e-mail: cmjmonthly@cmj.com



ERRORTYPE: ELEVEN



AMERICAN FOOTBALL



SATURINE

10 "You have to just appreciate the people that are there to see you, and if it's five people or if it's fuckin' 500, you just rock out," says Arty Shepherd, singer and guitarist in New York's **ERRORTYPE: ELEVEN**. "I close my eyes, I'm at Madison Square Garden. It doesn't matter if I'm in Joe Shmo's basement in Kansas or at a sold out show. It's like a fantasy world, it's like I live in a big gigantic dream, because I've been doing it for so long I'm fuckin' delusional." **"Better Than The Superbowl"** comes from their second longplayer, *Amplified To Rock (Some)*. (See On The Verge p. 8.)

11 "I really like tracks 1 and B, because I think they represent some of our best work," says Steve Lamos, drummer for Chicago's **AMERICAN FOOTBALL** of the band's self-titled debut on Polyvinyl. "When people ask me to talk about the best things we've done, I'll point them there first. Ironically though, I can't tell you the names of them. We'd always call them shit like 'Five in C' or 'Seven in C.' Very functional, but not very artsy." Singer/Guitarist Mike Kinsella (Joan Of Arc/Cap'n Jazz) added the artsy later on, and the aforementioned track 1 became **"Never Meant."** (See Quick Fix p. 15.)

12 On their fourth full length, *American Kestrel* (Motorcoat)—from which **"Peace And Rest"** is taken—New York City's **SATURINE** has made a conscious shift towards a more pop-driven edge. "The whole thing about this record, as opposed to the earlier ones, is that it's not supposed to be depressing," says singer Matt Galloway. "It's supposed to be more fun, and I think that comes across. The songs are faster and catchier—they're more tuneful, less drone-y. I wanted it to be a more positive listening experience." (See Reviews p. 65.)

13 Frenchman Gilles Weinzaepflen, known most commonly as Momus' sidekick, is also known as **TOOG**—for an odd variety of reasons. "The 'T' from Toog is the cross; the 'G' is from Gilles. Between God and Gilles, the two 'O's are spectacles to watch the world with," he says. "Other meaning is: Toog reverse is Goot which sounds like 'Gut' in German, gut means good. But Goot with a German pronunciation Is Got and that means God. Golh isn't far." His American debut, *6633 (Le Grand Magistry)* includes **"Pepites (Nuggets)."** (See Reviews p. 68.)

14 Jason Molina, otherwise known as **SONGS: OHIA** isn't much for giving out career advice. "Nobody ever gave me any advice that I listened to," he says. "People who are self-motivated can do whatever the hell they want. I'm perpetually broke. I'm constantly working and losing jobs because of music, always doing what I thought I would never do. I can't say one way or the other what somebody else should do who wants to put out records." The singer/songwriter has just released his fourth album, *The Lioness* (Secretly Canadian), which contains **"Tigriss."** (See Best New Music p. 19.)

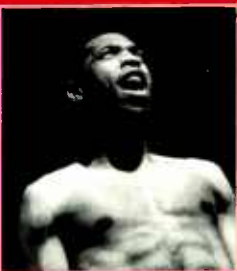
5 "It was my calling in life," says vocalist Shifty Shellshock of his forming Los Angeles' **CRAZY TOWN**. "I wanted to incorporate rock and rap like it had never been done before. I don't know how you would classify our music. Sometimes you may think it's purely rock, sometimes just hip-hop. But listening to the whole album, we're expressing whatever kind of music through a hip-hop mentality. We're some hip-hop kids that needed to rock, rather than some rock kids that needed to rap." The seven-man band's debut album, *The Gift Of Game* (Columbia), houses **"Darkside."**

6 "Sex and politics go hand in hand," offers Nigerian musician/activist **FEMI KUTI**, heir to the musical legacy of his father, Afrobeat hero Fela Kuti. "But politics rules life; if you have bad politics, you have a bad sexual life," he laughs. Explore that eventuality with a listen to **"Beng Beng Beng"** from Kuti's triumphant latest full length, *Shoki Shoki* (MCA)—the track's upbeat, percussion-driven groove is so lascivious, it could probably help some notable US politicians get their ya-yas out. (See Feature p. 26, Reviews p. 60.)

7 The history of **THE BABY NAMBOOS** starts in New York in 1998, when Mark Porter (beats and programming) was visiting a cousin—who happened to be trip-hop mainstay Tricky. At Tricky's urging, Porter pieced together a full band (with two vocalists, bass and drums), and headed out to Manchester to record *Ancoats 2 Zambia* (Palm Pictures-Durban Poison), from which **"Get Your Head Down"** is taken. "It was tough and at times we were close to backing out," Porter says, "but we've definitely come up with something that we can be proud of." (See Best New Music p. 18.)

8 **CLINTON** members Tijnder Singh and Benedict Ayres were last heard in the Anglo-Indian funk-rock band Cornershop. Under their splinter project guise, they've just released *Disco & The Halfway To Discontent* (Astralwerks-Luaka Bop)—home of **"People Power In The Disco Hour"**—which takes a new spin on disco culture. Says Singh, "The reason so much of the album's about disco is that I've always thought that it was something that people got excited about and put a lot of their energy into, at the expense of being socially and politically aware. I want people to take the energy they produce on the dancefloor outside into the streets." (See Reviews p. 57.)

9 Swedish punks **MILLENCOLIN** got their name by twisting the English word for a skateboarding trick. Once they started working the English language into their lyrics, their invented slang found its way there, too. "Sometimes we take two words and make one word of them, make something more of it," guitarist Mathias told *Thrasher*. Bassist/singer Nikola says, "On our first demos, I... just wrote down words, strange words—blah, blah, blooh, and said 'Here's the lyrics.' I spend more time on them now, but I still try to just write down what comes up in my head." **"No Cigar"** comes from their fourth record, *Pennybridge Pioneers* (Epitaph).



FEMI KUTI



THE BABY NAMBOOS



MILLENCOLIN

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ENOUGH ABOUT YOU, LET'S TALK ABOUT ME:

1. I am: male female
 2. I am: under 18 25-34 45 & up
 18-24 35-44 beyond age

3. And I buy _____ CDs per month:
 0-2 6-10
 3-5 more than 10

Please rate your reaction to each track:

- 5 = love
- 4 = just friends
- 3 = pleasant ambivalence
- 2 = benign indifference
- 1 = nausea

Check box if this CD introduced you to the artist:

<input type="checkbox"/> 1. THE THE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 2. DISMEMBERMENT PLAN	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 3. SUICIDE MACHINES	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 4. SNAPCASE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 5. CRAZY TOWN	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 6. FEMI KUTI	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 7. THE BABY NAMBOOS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 8. CLINTON	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 9. MILLENCOLIN	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 10. ERRORTYPE: ELEVEN	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 11. AMERICAN FOOTBALL	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 12. SATURINE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 13. TOOG	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 14. SONGS: OHIA	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 15. DRUNK	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 16. BABYLON WHORES	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 17. SCOTTY HARD	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 18. LENTROGIRL	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 19. BLACKALICIOUS	5	4	3	2	1

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

Which section in the magazine do you read first?

<input type="checkbox"/> Cover Story	<input type="checkbox"/> Best New Music	<input type="checkbox"/> Reviews
<input type="checkbox"/> Letters To The Editor	<input type="checkbox"/> Quick Fix	<input type="checkbox"/> On The Verge
<input type="checkbox"/> Life/Style	<input type="checkbox"/> On The CD	
<input type="checkbox"/> Other _____		

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

How did you get CMJ New Music Monthly?

Subscription Newsstand Record Store
 Bookstore Other _____

Would you like to hear from our advertisers?

<input type="checkbox"/> Maxell	<input type="checkbox"/> TDK	<input type="checkbox"/> Buy.com
<input type="checkbox"/> TimeX	<input type="checkbox"/> G-Shock	<input type="checkbox"/> Mp3.com
<input type="checkbox"/> Listen.com	<input type="checkbox"/> Rioport	<input type="checkbox"/> EMusic.com
<input type="checkbox"/> USA Films		

Do you own (check all that apply)?

<input type="checkbox"/> Computer with CD-R burner	<input type="checkbox"/> Mini-disc recorder
<input type="checkbox"/> MP3 files on your computer	<input type="checkbox"/> CD-R burner
<input type="checkbox"/> MP3 player (Diamond Rio)	

KEY: **AW** (label) /where covered/ Web site

!!! (Zum) Singles p. 76
Dan Allison (Arista) Love You Live p. 49, Life/Style p. 79
www.bugjuice.com/dotalison/index.html
American Football (Polyvinyl) Quick Fix p. 15, On The CD p. 91
www.students.uiuc.edu/~slamos/directory.htm
Anguish Unsaid (BettieRocket) The Scene Is Now p. 70
Arling & Cameron (Emperor Norton) Reviews p. 56
emperornorton.com/artists/arlring-cameron/index.html
The Artist Formerly Known As Prince (Arista) Reviews p. 56
www.beautiful-strange.co.uk
Aux 88 (Studio 7) Mixed Signals p. 69
Bablicon (Pickled Egg) Singles p. 76
Babyton Willores (Necropolis) On The CD p. 91
www.kolumbus.fm/melatron/kfear
Baby Nambos (Palm Pictures-Durban Poison) Best New Music p. 18, On The CD p. 91
Ray Barretto (RCA) Best New Music p. 19
Basement Jaxx (Astralwerks) Love You Live p. 43
www.astralwerks.com/basementjaxx
Beta Band (Astralwerks) Love You Live p. 44
www.compsc.man.ac.uk/~jimhobbs/betaband/main.htm
Bis (Grand Royal) Love You Live p. 52
internettrash.com/users/bis
Blackalicious (Quannum) Best New Music p. 18, On The CD p. 91
www.fly.co.uk/soleside.htm
Bratmobile (Lookout!) Love You Live p. 55
Broadcast (Warp) Singles p. 76
Bernard Butler (Columbia) Reviews p. 56
Chappaquiddick Skyline (Sub Pop) Reviews p. 56
Chemical Brothers (Astralwerks) Love You Live p. 40
Chicks on Speed (EFA) Singles p. 76
The Clash (Epic) Flashback p. 77
www.angelfire.com/ov/clash
Clinton (Astralwerks) Reviews p. 57, On The CD p. 91
Colongit (Kracive) Dance p. 74
Crazy Town (Columbia) On The CD p. 91
www.crazytown.com
Darkthrone (Moonfog) Metal p. 73
www.darkthrone.nu
Dalach'i (Caipirinha) Reviews p. 57
Death In Vegas (Concrete-Time Bomb) Love You Live p. 54
www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Lobby/1543/div.html
Defender (Necropolis) Metal p. 73
Demolition Doll Rods (Matador) Love You Live p. 46
Dieselboy (Palm Pictures) On The Verge p. 8
www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Alley/4181
Dismemberment Plan (DeSoto) Best New Music p. 18, On The CD p. 91
www.dismembermentplan.com
DMX Krew (Rephlex) Reviews p. 76
Sarah Dougher (Hearcore) Singles p. 76
my.voyager.nev/jimmy/sarah.html
Drunk (Jagjaguar) Reviews p. 57, On The CD p. 91
home.soi.no/~rogandre/Drunkhome.htm
Errortype: Eleven (Some) On The Verge p. 8, On The CD p. 91
www.errortype11.com
Juan Garcia Esquivel (Buddah-BMG) Reviews p. 58
Essex Green (Kindercore) Reviews p. 58
stratfordprojects.com/essexgreen
Everything But The Girl (Atlantic) Love You Live p. 43
www.ebtg.com
Faze Action (Warner Bros.) Reviews p. 58
Feaze (Mud) Reviews p. 58
Flaming Lips (Warner Bros.) Love You Live p. 47
www.flaminglips.com
Foo Fighters (RCA) Love You Live p. 42
www.foofighters.com
Robbie Fuiks (Bloodshot) Reviews p. 59
www.robbitfiks.com
Gerty Farish (Menlo Park) Singles p. 76
Goldie (Ovum-Ruffhouse-Columbia) Mixed Signals p. 69
members.xoom.com/joldie/goldie.html
Alex Gopher (V2) Love You Live p. 55
www.alexgopher.com
Guns 'N Roses (Geffen-Interscope) Reviews p. 62
hem.passagen.se/jarmo/gnr/gnrindex.htm
Scotty Hard (WordSound) Hip-Hop p. 75, On The CD p. 91
Ben Harper (Virgin) Love You Live p. 45
www.virginrecords.com/ben_harper
Hellacopters (Sub Pop) Love You Live p. 49
www.hellacopters.com
Michael Hutchence (V2) Quick Fix p. 14
www.v2music.com/michaelhutchence/home.html
Japancakes (Kindercore) Reviews p. 59
Jazzanova (Compost) On The Verge p. 9
Simon Joyner (Roomtone) Singles p. 76
members.tripod.com/simonjoyner
Jungle Brothers (Gee Street) Q&A p. 17
home.ici.net/~tessier/jeez.htm
Kaia (Hearcore) Singles p. 76

Khan (Matador) Reviews p. 60
Kid Koala (Ninja Tune) Quick Fix p. 16
www.kidkoala.com
Kruder & Dorfmeister (Studio K7) Love You Live p. 55
www.yl.com/home/KruderDorfmeister
Gene Krupa (Chiaroscuro) Flashback p. 77
www.geocities.com/BourbonStreet/Delta/3898
Femi Kuti (MCA) Feature p. 26, Reviews p. 60, On The CD p. 91
Lektrogiri (Rephlex) Reviews p. 61, On The CD p. 91
Lo Fidelity Allstars (Columbia) Reviews p. 61
Shelby Lynne (Island-Def Jam) Reviews p. 62
www.geocities.com/Nashville/3139
Marilyn Manson (Nothing-Interscope) Reviews p. 62
www.marilynmanson.net
Bob Marley (Island-Def Jam) Flashback p. 77
www.bobmarley.com
MC Paul Barman (WordSound) Hip-Hop p. 75
Melanie C (Virgin) Reviews p. 62
www.tornado.pair.com/melaniec/melaniec.html
Metallica (Elektra) Reviews p. 63
The Meters (Sundazed) Flashback p. 77
www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Hall/3814/meters.html
Millencolin (Epitaph) On The CD p. 91
www.burningheart.com/millencolin
Alanis Morissette (Maverick) Reviews p. 63
www.alanismorissette.com
Morphine (Rykodisc) Best New Music p. 19
The Muffs (Sympathy For The Record Industry) Singles p. 76
www.rotodesign.com/muffs
No Innocent Victim (Victory) The Scene Is Now p. 70
www.sdhxc.com
Olivia Tremor Control (Flydaddy) Love You Live p. 55
www.qartman.com/burainville/olivia.htm
P.J. Olsson (Columbia) Reviews p. 64
www.pjolsson.com
Roy Orbison (Orbison) Flashback p. 77
www.orbison.com
William Orbitt (Maverick) Reviews p. 64
www.williamorbitt.com
Out Hud (Zum) Singles p. 76
Peccatum (Candlelight) Metal p. 73
www.angelfire.com/pj/peccatum
Photek (Photek Productions) Dance p. 74
www.astralwerks.com/photek
Pink Daffodils (Sofa) The Scene Is Now p. 70
www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Club/2901/pinkdaf.html
Powerman 5000 (DreamWorks) Feature p. 30
www.5000volt.com/PMSK
Prolapse (Cooking Vinyl) In My Life p. 81
www.myspace.co.uk/prolapse
Queens Of The Stone Age (LooseGroove) Love You Live p. 55
Rage Against The Machine (Epic) Feature p. 34
www.ratm.com
Stan Ridgway (New West) Reviews p. 64
www.stanridgway.com
Roni Size (1500-Mercury) Love You Live p. 49
The Roots (MCA) Love You Live p. 48, Reviews p. 64
www.okayplayer.com/enter.html
Saturnine (Motorcoat) Reviews p. 65, On The CD p. 91
Savath & Savalas (Hefty) Reviews p. 65
Scrivi Politti (Virgin) Feature p. 22, Reviews p. 66
Ravi Shankar (Angel) Flashback p. 77
www.ravishankar.org
Skinny Puppy (Netwerk) Flashback p. 77
www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Alley/5317/skinnyuppy.html
Slipknot (Roadrunner) Love You Live p. 53
www.slipknot1.com
Smith & Mighty (Studio K7) Dance p. 74
Smugglers (Lookout!) Reviews p. 66
Snapcase (Victory) On The CD p. 91
www.snapcase.com
Songs: Ohia (Secretly Canadian) Best New Music p. 19, On The CD p. 91
www.webworks2000.nev/osiris80/songs_ohia_main2.htm
Southpacific (Turnbuckle) Reviews p. 66
www.turnbuckle.com/southpacific.htm
Space Raiders (Medicine-Skint) Reviews p. 67
Stone Temple Pilots (Atlantic) Love You Live p. 46
www.stonemplepilots.org
Substance D (Noise) Metal p. 73
Suicide Machines (Hollywood) Reviews p. 67, On The CD p. 91
www.suicidemachines.com
Super Collider (Medicine-Skint) Reviews p. 67
Supreme Beings Of Leisure (Palm Pictures) Reviews p. 67
www.sbleisure.com
The The (Nothing-Interscope) Quick Fix p. 12, On The CD p. 91
www.thethe.com
Toog (Le Grand Magistry) Reviews p. 68, On The CD p. 91
Training For Utopia (Solid State) The Scene Is Now p. 70
www.hxc.com/trainingforutopia
Two Dollar Guitar (Smells Like) Reviews p. 68
listen.to.two.dollar.guitar
Zao (Solid State) The Scene Is Now p. 70
www.angelfire.com/wv/zao

420 Records 1901 Ninth Ave. San Francisco, CA 94116-1330 • members.aol.com/four20rec/index.html
Epitaph 2789 Sunset Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90026
www.epitaph.com
1500 10900 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 1230 Los Angeles, CA 90024
www.1500records.com
Angel Records C/O Capitol Records, 1750 N. Vine St. Hollywood, CA 90028
www.angelrecords.com
Arista 6 W. 57th St. New York, NY 10019
www.aristarec.com
Astralwerks 104 W. 29th St., 4th Fl., New York, NY 10001
www.astralwerks.com
Atlantic 1290 Ave. Of The Americas, New York, NY 10104 • www.atlantic-records.com
Bar/None P.O. Box 1704, Hoboken, NJ 07030
www.bar-none.com
Bettie Rocket 3912 Portola Dr. #207, Santa Cruz, CA 95062
www.bettierocket.com
Bloodshot 912 W. Addison Chicago, IL 60613
www.bloodshotrecords.com
BMG 1540 Broadway New York, NY 10036
www.bmg.com
Bomp! P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510
www.bomp.com
Caipirinha 1120 Fifth Ave. #15A, New York, NY 10128
www.caipirinha.com
Candlelight 2 Elgin Ave., London W9 3QP, England
www.candlelightrecords.com
Capricorn 83 Walton St. Atlanta, GA 30305
www.capricornrecords.com
Chiaroscuro 830 Broadway New York, NY 10003
www.chiaroscurojazz.com
Columbia 550 Madison Ave. New York, NY 10022
www.columbiarecords.com
Compost Ohlmüllerstrasse 8/Rgb., D-81541 Munich, Germany • www.compost-records.com
Def Jam 825 Eighth Ave., 24th Fl., New York, NY 10019
www.islanddefjam.com
DeSoto PO Box 60335 Washington, DC 20039
www.desotorecords.com
DreamWorks 9268 W. 3rd St., Beverly Hills, CA 90210
www.dreamworks-records.com
EFA C/O Triage International 133 W 25th St. Ste. 8E New York, NY 10001
Elektra 75 Rockefeller Plaza New York, NY 10019
www.elektra.com
Emperor Norton 102 Robinson St. Los Angeles, CA 90026
www.emperornorton.com
Epic 550 Madison Ave. New York, NY 10022
www.epiccenter.com
Flydaddy 10 Abbott Pl., 5th Fl., Providence, RI 02903
www.flydaddy.com
Gee Street 14 E. 4th St., 3rd Fl., New York, NY 10012
www.geestreet.com
Geffen 9130 Sunset Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90069
www.geffen.com
Grand Royal P.O. Box 26689 Los Angeles, CA 90026
www.grandroyal.com
Heartbeat 1 Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140
www.rounder.com/heartbeat
Heartcore Columbia University Station, P.O. Box 250636, New York, NY 10027
www.hearcorerecords.com
Hefty 1658 N. Milwaukee #287, Chicago, IL 60647
www.heftyrecords.com
Hollywood 500 S. Buena Vista St., Burbank, CA 91521
www.hollywoodrec.com
Interscope 10900 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 1230, Los Angeles, CA 90024
www.interscoperecords.com
Island 825 Eighth Ave., 24th Fl., New York, NY 10019
www.islanddefjam.com
Jagjaguar 1703 N. Maple St., Bloomington, IN 47404
www.jagjaguar.com
Kindercore 632 Carlton Ave #1, Brooklyn, NY 11238
www.kindercore.com
Kracive c/o Christopher Graves, 18 Springvale Dr. Hollis, NH 03049
www.kracive.com
Le Grand Magistry P.O. Box 611, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48303-0611
London 825 Eighth Ave. New York, NY 10019
www.polygram.com/london
Lookout! P.O. Box 11374 Berkeley, CA 94712
www.lookoutrecords.com
Loose Groove 417 Denny Way, Ste. 200, Seattle, WA 98109
www.loosegroove.com
March P.O. 578396 Chicago, IL 60657
www.well.com/user/dragster/march.html
Matador 625 Broadway, 12th Fl., New York, NY 10012
www.matadorrec.com
Maverick 8000 Beverly Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90048
www.maverickrc.com
MCA 70 Universal City Plaza Universal City, CA 91608
www.mcarecords.com
Menlo Park P.O. Box 1652, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276
www.menloparkrecordings.com

Mercury 825 Eighth Ave. New York, NY 10019
www.mercuryrecords.com
Mille Plateaux Weserstrasse 7 60329 Frankfurt, Germany
www.milleplateaux.com
Moonfog Arbeidersamfunnets Plass 1 0181 Oslo, Norway
www.moonfog.com
Motorcoat 1818 Sherwood Drive, Beloit, WI 53511
www.motorcoat.com
Mud 905 S. Lynn St., Urbana, IL 61801
www.parasol.com
Necropolis P.O. Box 14815 Fremont, CA 94539-4875
www.necropolisrec.com
Netwerk 1650 W. 2nd Avenue, Vancouver, BC Canada V6J 1H4
www.netwerk.com
New West 1043 Grand Avenue, #262 St. Paul, MN 55102
www.newwestrecords.com
Ninja Tune 1757 Richardson, Box 6109 Montreal, PQ, H3K 1G6 Canada • www.ninjatune.net
Noise 12358 Ventura Blvd. #286, Studio City, CA 91604
www.noiserecords.com
Nonesuch 75 Rockefeller Plaza, 8th Fl. New York, NY 10019
www.warnerclassics.com
Nothing 2337 West 11th St., Ste. 7 Cleveland, OH 44113
www.nothingrecords.com
Oblig Recordings 1141 Independence Drive Larkspur, CO 80118
www.oblig.net
Orbison 1625 Broadway, Ste. 600, Nashville, TN 37203 • www.orbison.com
Palm Pictures 4 Columbus Circle, 5th Fl., New York, NY 10019
www.palmpictures.com
Pickled Egg 19 College Ave., Leicester LE2 0JF, England
www.pickled-egg.co.uk/pickled-egg
Polyvinyl Post Office Box 1885, Danville, IL 61834-1885
www.polyvinylrecords.com
Quannum 436 14th St., Ste. 212, Oakland, CA 94612
www.quannum.com
RCA 1540 Broadway New York, NY 10036
www.bmg.com/labels/rca.html
Rephlex P.O. Box 2676, London N11, U.K.
www.rephlex.com
Rhino 10636 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90025 • www.rhino.com
Roadrunner 536 Broadway, 4th Fl., New York, NY 10012
www.roadrunnerrecords.com
Roomtone P.O. Box 747 New York, NY 10156
www.roomtone.com
Rykodisc Shetland Park, 27 Congress St., Salem, MA 01970 • www.rykodisc.com
Secretly Canadian 1703 N. Maple St. Bloomington, IN 47404
www.secretlycanadian.com
Skint PO Box 174, Brighton BN1 4BA, UK
www.skintrecords.com
Smells Like P.O. Box 6179 Hoboken, NJ 07030
www.smellslikerecords.com
Sofa 4643 Kendrick St. Philadelphia, PA 19136
Solid State PO Box 12698 Seattle, WA 98111
www.solidstaterecords.com
Some 122 West 29th Street Fourth Floor, New York, NY 10001 • www.some.com
Studio K7 210 Fifth Ave. New York, NY 10011
www.studio-k7.com
Sub Pop P.O. Box 20645 Seattle, WA 98102
www.subpop.com
Sundazed P.O. Box 85 Coxsackie, NY 12051
www.sundazed.com
Sympathy For The Record Industry 4450 California Pl., Ste. 303, Long Beach, CA 90807 • www.sympathyrecords.com
Time Bomb 31652 Second Ave., Laguna Beach, CA 92677 • www.timebombrecordings.com
Triloka 306 Catron Santa Fe, NM 87510
www.triloka.com
Turnbuckle 163 3rd Ave., PMB 435, New York, NY 10003 • www.turnbuckle.com
V2 14 East Fourth St., 3rd Fl., New York, NY 10012
www.v2music.com
Victory 1837 W. Fulton St. Chicago, IL 60612
www.victoryrecords.com
Virgin 338 N. Foothill Road Beverly Hills, CA 90210
www.virginrecords.com
Warner Bros. 3300 Warner Blvd., Burbank, CA 91505
www.wbr.com
Warp The Ballroom, Cavendish Bldg., Sheffield, S1 4EU, England
www.warprecords.com
WordSound 86 Cambridge Place #2, Brooklyn, NY 11238
www.wordsound.com
Zum P.O. Box 4449 Berkeley, CA 94704

classifieds

Classified Rates: Display \$200 per column inch (1 inch min.). Payment must accompany all orders. We accept VISA, MC, Amex, Discover, checks & money orders. To advertise, call (516) 498-3133.

WWW. INDIEMUSIC .CO.UK

save

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

Why pay import prices at your
local record store
when you can buy at local
prices on the net?

From the latest new releases
to rare collectables, including
indie, punk, grunge, C86 etc.

JAMMIN' 99

Free CD and hat!
...Just send \$2.50 for s&h.
Come see bandcity at:

www.bandcity.com

CHROME CD Cases DJ Bags
Messenger Bags



303.292.0194 www.recordbags.com
Custom Designs • Private Label • OEM
Any Fabric • Any Quantity • Quick Lead Time

**BECOME A
RADIO DJ!**

Free info: 888-723-4637
www.djbook.com

CMJ Online
new music first

DAILY REVIEWS
AND NEWS.

Plus trivia,
upcoming release
schedules, links to
labels, artists and
Internet
broadcasters, and a
searchable archive
of more than
30,000 reviews.

www.cmj.com

PENILE ENLARGEMENT

FDA Approved Vacuum Pump or Surgical.
Gain 1-3". Permanent, safe. Resolve Impotence.
Insurance Reimbursemt.

FREE BROCHURE

Dr. Joel Kaplan 312-458-9966

Latest Enlargement Info: 900-976-PUMP(\$2.95/min)
www.drjoelkaplan.com

SELL YOUR MUSIC!



Create Your Own Full Color Custom
Promo Cards To Market Your Instruments
& Accessories • Great For Recording &
Sound Studios • Feature Record Releases
& New Bands • Perfect For Trade Shows,
Special Events & More! • Call Now For
More Information & A Free Sample Kit!

Modern Postcard™
1-800-959-8365

© 1993 Modern Postcard. All rights reserved.

deep elm records for the working class

NEW cd releases available now:

pave the rocket / taken in
brandtson / letterbox
triple fast action / cattlemen don't
muckafurgason / tossing a friend
what's mine is yours: emo diaries II compilation
a million miles away: emo diaries II compilation



records for the working class

16 song sampler • only \$5 ppd

songs by appleseed cast, triple fast action, ember,
pave the rocket, brandtson, flanders, wall mink,
pop unknown (ex-mineral+school) & muckafurgason

Coming Soon: wait now / goodnite (live 17 songs)

Coming Soon: appleseed cast / end of the ring wars

www.rocktetch.com/deeplm

deep elm records • post box 1965 • ny ny 10156 usa
212-522-3337 • poprmy@aol.com • cds \$12 ppd BS (+\$1 Cdn+\$3 Fax)
visa-mc / check / cash / mo • SUPERFAST mail order ships NEXT DAY
CATALOG: send e-mail or stamp for hardcopy • TOLL FREE: 888-882-2800



**Your Zines
Printed Cheap**

We're a growing group of independent
publishers of alternative magazines, zines
and comics. We gang press runs to
achieve volume discounts for members.

Quantity	16 Pages	32 Pages
1000	\$275	\$490
2000	\$375	\$630
3000	\$430	\$740

Call for a quote!! Free brochure & samples
We do Newsprint, Glossy Covers, Colors
Small Publishers Co-Op
(941) 922-0844 spcoop@flnet.com

SUBSCRIBE
TO CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

CALL
1-800-
414-
4CMJ
& GET 12
MONTHLY
ISSUES
+ 12 CDS
FOR ONLY
\$39.95

USE YOUR MIND. TRUST YOUR EARS.

Girls Girls Girls

Totally live & waiting

900-226-0334 x4679

\$3.99/min 18+

Serv-u 619-645-8434

QUICK RELEASE

* Hot Samples *

1-800-374-7113

ADULTS OVER 18

LIVE HORNY GIRLS

1-800-689-6253

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

FILL IN THE GAPS IN YOUR CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY COLLECTION FOR ONLY \$8 PER ISSUE

(add \$3.50, shipping & handling for first magazine, \$1.00 for each additional per order. Checks/M.O.'s must be made in U.S. dollars drawn on a U.S. bank.)

ISSUE	COVER STORY	ISSUE	COVER STORY
<input type="checkbox"/> Sep '94	Velocity Girl	<input type="checkbox"/> Jul '97	Squirrel Nut Zippers/ Special Summer Issue
<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '94	Liz Phair	<input type="checkbox"/> Aug '97	Sarah McLachlan
<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '95	Throwing Muses	<input type="checkbox"/> Sep '97	Prodigy
<input type="checkbox"/> Mar '95	Belly	<input type="checkbox"/> Oct '97	Trent Reznor
<input type="checkbox"/> Apr '95	Faith No More	<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '97	Portishead
<input type="checkbox"/> May '95	Juliana Hatfield	<input type="checkbox"/> Dec '97	Foo Fighters/ Holiday Gift Guide
<input type="checkbox"/> Jun '95	Chris Isaak	<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '98	Mary Lou Lord
<input type="checkbox"/> Jul '95	Soul Asylum/ Special Summer Issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Feb '98	Goldie
<input type="checkbox"/> Aug '95	Primus	<input type="checkbox"/> Mar '98	Ben Folds Five
<input type="checkbox"/> Sep '95	Urge Overkill	<input type="checkbox"/> Apr '98	Eddie Vedder & Janeane Garofalo/Q&A Issue
<input type="checkbox"/> Oct '95	Flaming Lips	<input type="checkbox"/> May '98	Pulp
<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '95	Sonic Youth	<input type="checkbox"/> Jun '98	Garbage
<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '96	Rocket From The Crypt	<input type="checkbox"/> Jul '98	Tricky
<input type="checkbox"/> Feb '96	Presidents Of The USA	<input type="checkbox"/> Aug '98	Smashing Pumpkins
<input type="checkbox"/> Mar '96	Iggy Pop	<input type="checkbox"/> Sep '98	Rancid
<input type="checkbox"/> Apr '96	Oasis	<input type="checkbox"/> Oct '98	Rob Zombie
<input type="checkbox"/> May '96	Guided By Voices	<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '98	Beck
<input type="checkbox"/> Jun '96	Everything But The Girl	<input type="checkbox"/> Dec '98	Marilyn Manson
<input type="checkbox"/> Jul '96	Beck	<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '99	Beth Orton
<input type="checkbox"/> Aug '96	D-Generation/ Special NYC Issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Feb '99	Ani DiFranco
<input type="checkbox"/> Sep '96	Fiona Apple: Next Big Thing	<input type="checkbox"/> Mar '99	SOLD OUT Kurt Cobain
<input type="checkbox"/> Oct '96	Tracy Bonham	<input type="checkbox"/> Apr '99	SOLD OUT Blur
<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '96	The Lemonheads	<input type="checkbox"/> May '99	Ben Folds Five
<input type="checkbox"/> Dec '96	Luscious Jackson/ Holiday Gift Guide	<input type="checkbox"/> Jun '99	SOLD OUT DJ Fergie
<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '97	Marilyn Manson	<input type="checkbox"/> Jul '99	Chemical Brothers
<input type="checkbox"/> Feb '97	Future Of Music Issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Aug '99	SOLD OUT Limp Bizkit
<input type="checkbox"/> Apr '97	Chemical Brothers	<input type="checkbox"/> Sept '99	MOS DEF - The New Hip-Hop
<input type="checkbox"/> Jun '97	Grand Royal		



January '00 KID ROCK



December '99 FOO FIGHTERS



November '99 BECK



October '99 BUCKCHERRY

SEND THIS ORDER FORM TO:
 CMJ Back Issues Dept.,
 11 Middle Neck Rd. Ste. 400
 Great Neck, NY 11021
 or CALL (516) 466-6000 ext. 100

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Phone (_____) _____

I'm paying by: Check M.O.
 VISA MC AmEx Discover

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Cardholder's Name: _____

Signature: _____

_____ issues @ \$8 ea. = \$ _____

02/00 Shipping & Handling = \$ _____

TOTAL AMOUNT = \$ _____

- OFFER GOOD IN NORTH AMERICA ONLY
- NO CASH PLEASE
- SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED
- PLEASE ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY



JIMMIE'S CHICKEN SHACK



Jimi HaHa, of Jimmie's Chicken Shack, grew up just outside of Annapolis and has called the smallish city of about 50,000 home since he was 17. He admits that Annapolis wasn't exactly a destination for many people when he was younger, but things have definitely improved.

"The music scene has totally changed," says Jimi. "When I first moved there, there were mostly people playing Jimmy Buffett covers at the local bars. Now some places have open mike nights just for original stuff."

In addition to being the capital of Maryland since 1694 (and even, briefly, capital of the U.S. back in 1783), Annapolis proclaims itself the "sailing capital of the world."

If you only spend a few hours in Annapolis, you'll think all it has to offer is a nice walk and plenty of gift shops. But stick around after dark on any night of the week, and you'll get to hear plenty of good, original music borne out of a tightly knit, growing community of local musicians.

"You don't see that on the surface, with all the historical stuff, but there's really a talented artist community: writers, painters, musicians," explains Jimi. "There'll be parties with **Clones Of Funk**, **Mary Prankster**, **Good Charlotte**, or even the **Motor Morons**—these guys play tool grinders and weed whackers, really cool stuff. Everyone's always passing each other's work around and helping each other out."

Even some musical talents who go national stick around. Guitarist Al Pettaway co-wrote that hit "Girl You Know It's True" for Milli Vanilli, but didn't sell out for the bright lights of Hollywood or Broadway. He purchased the Annapolis gas station where he was working (and they say money can't buy happiness). His name is a regular on the local music calendar.

This quaint port city is not as isolated as it might appear. "There's a real transient aspect," says Jimi. "Sailors come from all over the world and add a different perspective." For residents who really want a change of scenery, Washington, D.C. and Baltimore are both only 40 minutes away by car.

SOUNDING OFF

Jimi's top choice for music and grub is **Acme Bar & Grill** (163 Main St., 280-6486): "I'm there pretty much breakfast, lunch and dinner," he says. The Acme's menu consists of American bar food, and its musical lineup features local favorites such as the **Geckos**, **Meg Murray** and **Brian Ewald**, and **Doug Segree**. Sets are now limited (at least officially) to acoustic, after complaints about volume piled up from guests at the bed and breakfast next door. Jimi and his bandmate Ché Lemon used to wash dishes at **The Rams Head Tavern** (33 West St., 268-4545), so playing onstage there was always a thrill. The club hosts many of the better-known acts that come to town, such as The Fabulous Thunderbirds and Arlo Guthrie. Jimi has even surprised the crowd with an unscheduled acoustic set. Before you lose control, be wary of the no-dancing rule.

Many of the best shows are only advertised by word of mouth. While there's a notable underground punk movement in Annapolis, you need to find a knowledgeable local for the insider info. Farm parties are big in Eastern Maryland and some groups rent out schools and churches.

THE MEAL DEAL

If Jimi isn't at the Acme, he's probably grabbing some late-night sushi at **Tsunami** (51 West St., 990-9868), just a few doors down. It has soothing deep blue walls and a clean, uncluttered look. For Italian food, Jimi recommends **Maria's** (12 Market Space, City Dock, 268-2112). The owners of Maria's recently opened the more casual **Mangia** (81 Main St., 268-1350), just across Market Square. Raw bars and crabs abound in Maryland, and **Buddy's Crabs and Ribs** (100 Main St., 626-1100) has good seafood, plus something for the (gasp!) non-seafood eater in your crowd. The sign outside the **Market House**, in the middle of Market Square, bills it as "the crown jewel of the city dock" (Annapolis is big on such titles). If low-cost

sandwiches, crab cakes, and fried chicken qualify as jewels, then this tiara comes with tartar sauce.

ON THE AIRWAVES

WRNR (103.1 FM) is definitely a local favorite—unfortunately, you have to be within 20 miles of downtown Annapolis to get a clear signal. This free-form progressive station lets the DJs plan their own shows, so local music is mixed in with the latest from Tom Petty, Tom Waits and Widespread Panic. **WHFS** (99.1 FM) is now one of the two leading “alternative” stations in the D.C.-Baltimore area, but back when it was a tiny operation in Annapolis, it used to be a lot like today’s WRNR. The station has “grown as alternative music has grown,” according to Jimi. Local music is featured at about 9:45 on Sunday nights on “Dave’s Noisy Neighbors,” a five-song set during the “Now Hear This” new music show.

SHOP TALK

“Make it cute” seems to be the running theme to Annapolis shop names, which include Hats In The Beltry, Fit To A Tee, The White House (which sells only white clothing), and The Black Market (no, we don’t have that in blue). Jimmie’s favorite place to browse is a friend’s store, **Evolve** (189 Main St., 267-0800), a full-service board shop—snow, surf, skate, take your pick—that sells Vans, gear from Da Kine, and comfy flannel PJs. If you’re looking for touristy stuff, you’ll find tons of it all over town. For your sweet tooth, check out **Uncle Bob’s Fudge Kitchen** in A.L. Goodie’s General Store (112 Main St., 263-3032). If that’s not enough, **The Sweet Factory** (118 Main St., 295-0382) is right next door.

Local music can be found at **Oceans II Records** (149 Main St., 263-8744), which has been in business for just over 20 years, and claims to cater to “what people ask for and not the profit margin.” **The Record And Tape Exchange** (901 Bay Ridge Road, 267-0462) is just out of walking range of historic Annapolis, but as the name implies, it’s been in business a long time.

LOOK IT UP

If making a phone call is too archaic, a large proportion of Annapolis businesses are online. The Acme Bar & Grill (www.angelfire.com/md/acme); Rams Head Tavern (www.ramsheadtavern.com); and the Middleton Tavern (www.middlelontavern.com) all have their entertainment calendars on their sites. Evolve (www.evolveboards.com) and Mangia (www.wlandmarks.com/mangia) are also connected.

All the phone numbers in this article are in the 410 area code.

When Jennifer Huergo isn’t picking up crabs for the farm party, she’s writing about ballistic missile technology at the National Technology Transfer Center.



Annie

STORY: ALIYA S. KING ILLUSTRATION: NICHOLAS MEOLA



“I’d seen enough Miss America pageants to know better than to think a black girl could be Annie.”

Annie on Broadway in 1978, I felt a kindred connection. Annie was tough, she didn’t take no for an answer, and she stood up to bullies. Except for the standing up to bullies part, I felt like Annie and I were one and the same. My severely unruly hair was a dead ringer for hers (although I, alas, was a brunette). Annie wore the coolest mismatched aprons and skirts—and boy, could she sing! The story itself thrilled me: a young orphan spends the week with a filthy rich billionaire who ends up adopting her and living happily ever after. My home life was fine, but it sure couldn’t compare to *that*.

After I saw *Annie* on Broadway, I belted out the lyrics I could remember in my bedroom mirror nightly. In third grade, I auditioned to sing “Tomorrow,” Annie’s signature song, in a school tribute to Broadway show tunes. Ms. Wise, my music teacher, winced her way through my performance and my singing career came to an abrupt halt. But my love for *Annie* endured.

When the movie version of *Annie* came on network television, prefaced by an hour-long segment on the making of the movie, I was mesmerized. At 10 years old, I was the same age as most of the girls auditioning for the role, including Aileen Quinn, who eventually beat out the other contestants. I’d seen enough Miss America pageants to know better than to think a black girl could be Annie. I enjoyed the movie nonetheless. In high school, I cut class and went straight home any time the movie came on television. In college, I missed a final exam in Biology 101 to catch it on cable. One weekend, during my junior year, I overheard my friend Elise humming “It’s The Hard Knock Life” (my favorite *Annie* tune) in the dorm laundry room. Soon, we were both belting out “Tomorrow” in perfect harmony, at the top of our lungs.

What Elise didn’t know was that I didn’t just share her innocent interest—I had a full-fledged delusional fascination. Elise mentioned “having the soundtrack on vinyl at home.” I instantly vowed to become Elise’s best friend—solely so I could, at some point—go home with her for some cockamamie holiday, make my way to her childhood bedroom, and ever-so-lightly suggest that we play that *Annie* record. I’d just happen to have a blank cassette tape in my pocket to dub the soundtrack. If I couldn’t see the movie whenever I wanted to (it wasn’t yet available on video), I had to have that goddamned soundtrack. Finally, four years out of college and teaching U.S. History at my high school alma mater, I received *Annie*—finally available on video!—as a birthday present from my sister.

These days, I live, eat and breathe hip-hop music. But secretly, I still watch *Annie* on the weekends and I’m not above acting out my favorite scenes for my roommates when they’ll let me. Last year, I was finally able to come out of the proverbial closet. And ironically, it was all thanks to rap artist Jay-Z. On his chart-topping, triple-platinum sophomore album, he borrows the title, hook and sample of “It’s The Hard- Knock Life.” Now, I can sing my favorite show tune at my desk and no one is the wiser. Leapin’ lizards!

When Aliya S. King isn’t dancing down “Easy Street,” she’s staff reporter at The Source.

G-SHOCK

SHOCK RESIST

ELECTRO LUMINESCENCE

FLASH / BEAT



Idlewild rockin' out @ CMJ

Idlewild ©Rahav Segev

WELCOME TO THE NEW MILLENNIUM! G-SHOCK G-SHOCK IS THE PROUD SPONSOR OF CMJ MUSICFEST

THE BIGGEST MUSIC INDUSTRY EVENT IN THE WORLD.



For more information and the retailer nearest you visit www.gshock.com. For ordering information go to www.gfactory.com

World Radio History

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Find out more about Salem events at 1-800-433-4000.

Call limited to smokers 21 years of age or older. Slide Box availability limited.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

It's hot.



Step Inside