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MONTHLY

4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Your thoughts on Lollapalooza.

7 QUICK FIX

Fun-size stuff about Chris Knox, Africa Fete and more.

12 BEST NEW MUSIC

July's best: new albums from Teenage Fanclub, Incognito, Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments, Van Morrison and Seam.

33 REVIEWS

The music world is full of choices. We figured we'd make yours a little easier.

49 FLASHBACK

Post-punk classics reissued on CD.

50 METAL

July's Pick: Clutch.

51 SINGLES

July's Pick: the Mekons.

52 DANCE

July's Pick: the *Two A.D.* compilation.

53 HIP-HOP

July's Pick: Masta Ace Incorporated.

54 ON THE VERGE

A first look at Jennifer Trynin, The Presidents of the United States of America, Tracy Bonham and Dirty Three.

55 TOP 75

Alternative radio by the numbers.

56 MIXED MEDIA

A movie about the Black Panthers, a comic book about a reluctant superhero, a book of academic essays about hip-hop, and more.

59 ON THE CD

Everything you need to know about this month's disc, at a glance.

61 FEEDBACK

What do you have to say for yourself? Mail, fax or email and let us know.

62 JUST OUT/DIRECTORY

A list of forthcoming releases, and addresses of labels whose records appear in this issue.

63 TECH

Perry Farrell shows his *Teeth* on CD-ROM.



THIS MONTH'S MODEL

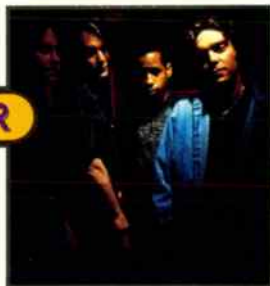
14

Steel Pole Bath Tub is scarred but standing up. Interview by David Sprague.

16

ON THE COVER

Soul Asylum lets its bright light shine. Interview by Eric Gladstone.



SUMMER SECTION

21

A guide to this year's Lollapalooza line-up, plus tips on how to get there (or anywhere else) from dozens of bands.

65

TAMPA, FL

Home's Eric Morrison guides you around Tampa Bay.



What rock star would you invite to dinner and why? Bonus points: what would you serve?

Tell us what you think, by mail, fax (516-466-7159) or e-mail (cmj@cmjmusic.com).

In the May issue, we asked what you thought of Lollapalooza and what it means. Here's what you said:

In regards to the question "is Lollapalooza a Woodstock festival/roadshow or a cash machine?": It's two mints in one. Let us not forget that with a little organization and perhaps an eye opened a bit wider, the original 1969 Woodstock would have been a great deal like the 1994 version. Both were designed to make money, and to their credit, the organizers learned some lessons from the first one and made a profit on the second. Commercialism has always been at the heart of rock 'n' roll.

What Lollapalooza does is allow the music to get out in the air for summer. I brought my 15-year-old daughter to two Lollas last summer so that she could see the music live and get muddy in the mosh pit (although as a parent I was a bit concerned for her safety; it wound up being me who got the broken toe). Rock 'n' roll being played in bars is wonderful, but all-ages shows are too few. Lollapalooza is a festival for a generation. Lolla looks forward and says "see how far we've taken this, see how we've made it our own." I felt a little bit like an outsider, being 39, graying, and slightly overweight. George Clinton was confirming for me (you are only as old as you funk), but I did feel kind of funny asking for the members of Stereolab to autograph my CD. But I did, and it was sort of like an anthropological study (natives in their habitat).

I am looking forward to this summer's shows and I fully understand that I'm paying for the limos and the bottled water and I am lining a few pockets. But I'm having fun and I appreciate that.

*Dennis Hernandez
New York, NY*

Lollapalooza used to be a place where you would go to see people and musical acts that virtually no one knew about. Now, it is a place to see a music festival of mainstream fans and teens.

The OLD Lollapalooza was not so plagued by commercial interests like it is now, much like Woodstock. And like Woodstock, people who go to Lollapalooza now are trying to be "cool like the people who went to the first one."

*Tim Pintsch
via e-mail*

When I read May's question, I had to check to make sure I wasn't accidentally reading *Rolling Stone* circa 1989. Didn't romanticizing Woodstock end, like, six years ago? I prefer to reload your question by phrasing it, "Lollapalooza

has been reviled as the X-generation's Woodstock and regaled as a cash cow..."

Let's remember (from our repeated watchings of the Woodstock film on public television) that Woodstock wasn't intended to be a free concert by its promoters and backers—it just turned out that way after some freeloading hippies who didn't feel like paying the ticket price tore down the fence and walked on in. By that time, the folks running the show were too baked to give a fuck, and they had no choice but to declare it a free concert from that point on.

Perry Farrell and whoever else is running Lollapalooza are too shrewd to let that happen to their love-in. No one's crashing this concert—you can't even sneak in a boxed lunch.

Yes, people are getting rich off of Lollapalooza. That's what people who come up with highly marketable ideas and the means to execute them deserve. And at the same time, fresh new music is given wide exposure (on the second stage. On the main stage, veterans of rock are given wider exposure).

Woodstock was a generational love-in—for the folks who went and made love. Lollapalooza is a statement of a generation's purposelessness—for the moshers who show up and can just about form the statement "Uhhh... like... I feel purposeless?" And so every marketing genius may, with a clear conscience, continue to sell posters and T-shirts that portray these two events in these two lights.

*Alan McCabe
West Chester, PA*

Lollapalooza is not a cynical cash cow. If we want to see the shows there, we will pay the price. The people have to make money. If you were selling something to make a profit, would you buy it for \$100 and sell it for \$50? Fuck no. Everybody seems to want everything for free. If you want free music, turn on the radio; but if you want a concert, come to Lollapalooza. I did.

*Just4Punk
via email*

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A man is shown from the chest up, covered in bright orange body paint. He has a neutral expression and is looking slightly to the right. His right hand is raised, palm facing forward, also covered in orange paint. The background is a solid, light blue color. The text "i am an ELASTIC FIRECRACKER" is repeated five times in a white, bold, sans-serif font, overlaid on the image.

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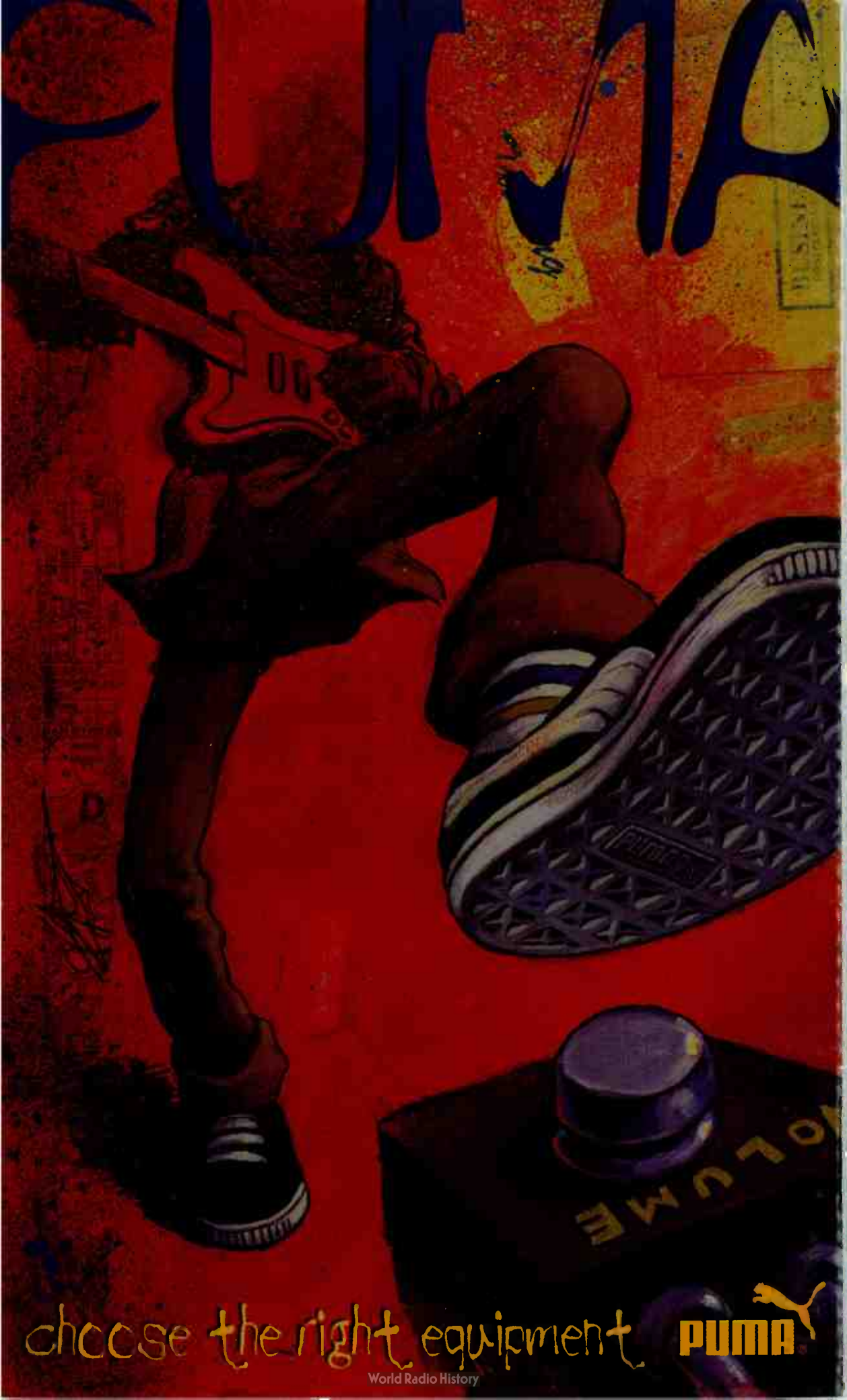
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Chris Knox: Tall Tales From Low Places

Shoes, sexism and sucking up to record companies... these are a few of Chris Knox's least favorite things. He displays the first aversion by donning beach thongs in the midst of one of New York's typically severe early-spring cold snaps, and the second in any number of impassioned songs. But it's that last trait—one that prompts him to interrupt a standard in-house performance for employees of Caroline, the label that's just given him his largest-scale US release, with a jolly "you don't have to pay attention to this... after all, I'm just the product"—that's most telling.

"Early on in life, I was cured of wanting to be a part of the proper music industry," he says. "I was in one of New Zealand's three most popular bands, we had Top Ten singles, sold out shows, and we all got dreadfully bored and reneged on all our commitments. That's

when I got the four-track and realized what it was all about."

For more than a decade, Knox has been a proponent of home taping as a way of keeping music alive, as evidenced by the incessant barrage of lo-fi, hi-inspiration releases he's unleashed both as a solo artist and as one-half of Tall Dwarfs (a "band" he formed with Alec Bathgate in 1982). Things could've turned out differently, however: After moving from his childhood home in Invercargill—one of civilization's southernmost points—Knox fell in with the wrong crowd and formed a punk rock band known as the Enemy, which in turn led him to the aforementioned chart act Toy Love.

"That's when I hooked up with Flying Nun, which was small enough then that I had to walk the streets carrying boxes of 125 albums to shops when I hadn't even been paid yet," he says with a grin. "We ended up being the satellite office, not to mention the catalyst for that Flying Nun sound; all those funny little bands going in and sounding all low-tech. It was a bit disappointing to me that a lot of the original people involved abandoned that, but at the same time, a lot of people have drawn inspiration from that place and time."

Indeed, the scene that would also produce the Clean, the Chills, and countless other Kiwi-ophile dietary staples would have been considerably different had Knox decided to take up full-time penguin-watching in Invercargill. His solo career, which was launched in 1982 with the bizarrely charming *Songs For Cleaning Guppies* album, has wended its way through moments of keen political observation (Knox proudly proclaims his adherence to P.C. status, backlash be damned) and songs of remarkably incisive psychic self-dissection.

It's appropriate, then, that his latest U.S. release, *Songs Of You And Me*, is neatly compartmentalized as implied by the title. Less unrelievedly bleak than his most recent Stateside release (*Polyfoto, Duck-Shaped Pain and Gum*), the sprawling set nevertheless abounds with emotional overload. "The songs of me are generally more fulfilling, if slightly more difficult to do," says Knox. "On this record, there's a song where I actually started to cry, and I thought that might sound a bit affected, but it genuinely wasn't, so I left it in."

He also left in a number of songs—like the harrowing "Young Female Caucasian" and "Giving Her Away"—that reconfirm his commitment to examining issues of gender in a manner as complex as anyone currently slinging guitar for a living. "As a kid, I wasn't really attracted to the things other boys were. Kissing girls was much more fun to me than rugby or throwing stones at other boys," he says. "I was able to relate better to girls until I went away to an all-boys school, which enabled me to have a delayed adolescence wherein I fucked everything in sight. Then I met Barbara, who's been my partner for 15 years now, and she convinced me how silly all those roles are."

The surface might be choppy, but Knox leavens the mood with his easy, self-deprecating attitude, frequently poking fun at his bouts with epilepsy in conversation and peppering live sets with nuggets like Abba's "Mamma Mia" (he promises a full-fledged tribute album one day). All in all, *Songs Of You And Me* is nothing short of a triumph for the (no pun on his diminutive stature intended) little guy—a most resonant statement of *bona fide* outsider status.

"I see myself and every other human being as outside," he says. "I think to pretend there is an *inside*—an ideal—is what causes people to be so fucked up. We're all just deformed things trying to be normal."

—David Sprague

ARTISTS' PERSONAL PICKS **in my room**

PETER VISSER BETTIE SERVEERT

Human League
"Don't You Want Me"

Kajagoogoo
"Too Shy"

King
"Love And Pride"

Thomas Dolby
"She Blinded Me With Science"

Midge Ure
"Dancing With Tears In My Eyes"



Tours We'd Like To See

Lollapotentate:

King, Queen, Prince, Emperor, Guv'ner, Universal Congress Of, Presidents Of The United States Of America

Africa Fete: Around The World In A Day

ARTISTS' PERSONAL PICKS **in my room**

MIKE TOBIN

STICK

Jeff Buckley

Grace

Fishing

"Darrel (bass player) and I have rods and reels. Fishing rules!"

Swans

Great Annihilator

TV: *Northern Exposure*

Jon Spencer Blues

Explosion

Orange

One of the summer's more ambitious festivals, Africa Fete is bringing a taste of the world's music to fans around America. It's a daylong (in some cases, multi-day) celebration of music from all around the world. This year's roster includes three African pop artists and one political funk band from Haiti. An underlying theme of Africa Fete is that music is a vehicle for social change and higher consciousness, and all the artists on the bill bear this concept out in their music.

On the practical side, the idea for Africa Fete was born from the sad fact that for artists from other countries, touring the United States can be a tremendous hassle, not to mention an enormous expense. Some artists, like Fela Kuti or Thomas Mapfumo, who once made fairly regular swings through the States, now tour infrequently here simply because it's such a pain in the neck. If it's hard enough for a band of four guys to make money touring in a van, just imagine how that difficulty can be compounded when you're talking about a group like Ladysmith Black Mambazo or the Drummers Of Burundi, with more than a dozen members. The financial pitfalls are only compounded by enormous travel times and other logistical problems (try finding a sound man who speaks Wolof). Tighter immigration laws have also made it tougher for musicians from other countries who don't have a big record label or management company behind them to get the necessary visas for an extensive tour.

Africa Fete is a solution. Put together by Mango Records, the world-music offshoot of Island (which itself started life as a reggae label many years ago), it's a travelling caravan of African and world music packaged into one convenient bundle. Costs are reduced by travelling *en masse*, which, in the cities where the show isn't free, does tend to trickle down to consumers in terms of ticket prices. Similar in style to the WOMAD tours which are immensely successful in Europe and Australia but have never really gained a foothold here, Africa Fete is the sort of event where you come for a day of good vibes, food and just plain relaxation, while digging the sounds of some of the planet's best musicians.

This year's lineup (subject to last-minute juggling and adjustment; as the saying goes, check local listings for details) should be the best to date. Baaba Maal, an alumni of the first Africa Fete, is currently riding high as one of world music's most high-profile stars. Touted as one of the best new African artists, Femi Kuti is the son of Nigerian Afro-pop legend Fela Kuti, and he will be bringing his Afro-funk to the States for the first time ever. Omou Sangare is a female vocalist from Mali whose live performances are show-stoppingly spectacular affairs—her vocals are truly worthy of the description "transcendent," no matter what language she's singing in. Then there's Boukman Eksperyans from Haiti, a political funk-dub-reggae outfit that unites shadings of Haitian voodoo with political themes of freedom and individuality.

Even the most cynical and grizzled world-music fans will enjoy Africa Fete—even if you don't care for the slick, technological slant that most African pop has taken in the last decade, bear in mind that most African artists still tear it up when placed on the live stage, leaving the programming and beats in the studio. But whether you're a neophyte or a die-hard aficionado of the world's sounds, Africa Fete is undeniably one of the coolest things happening this summer. —James Lien

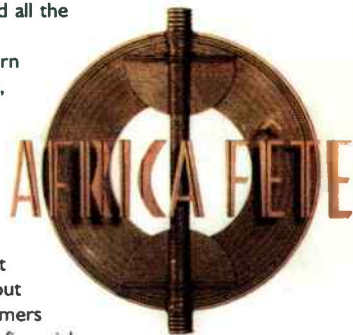


PHOTO BY CHRISTIAN JASPERS

One To Watch

Spike Jonze's *Happy Days* trickery may have made Rivers Cuomo's v-neck sweater seem socially acceptable, but director Michel Gondry is the closest thing music video has to a real *auteur*. Gondry is a superb visual stylist, creating amazingly detailed, startlingly colorful, dazzlingly kinetic looks for videos like Sinead O'Connor's "Fire In Babylon," Lucas' "Lucas With The Lid Off," Bjork's "Human Behavior" and most recently, Massive Attack's "Protection" (pictured).



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Ben Lee: 16-Year-Old Pop King

ARTISTS' PERSONAL PICKS **in my room**

DOMINIQUE DURAND

IVY

Portishead
Dummy

Divine Comedy
Liberation

Catchers
Mute

Book: Charles Baudelaire
Les fleurs du mal (The Flowers Of Evil)

Book: Carl Sagan
Pole Blue Dot

"OK, I'll talk. Our band started when we made a demo tape. I asked two other guys—some people, just my friends who'd never been in a band and I didn't know if they'd want to be—do they want to be in a band? And they said yes." Ben Lee, precocious for his 16 years but not smug, is dragging from a day full of interviews, sniffing from a cold between comments. So he recounts the oft-told history of his band Noise Addict, begun when he was barely a teen, before the first question is even posed. The trio initially attracted the interest of Steve Pav, who promotes the Australian tours of bands such as Sonic Youth and the Beastie Boys, and who also runs Aussie indie label Fellaheen Records. "One of the record companies we sent [our demo tape] to was Fellaheen, which was just starting up. And they came and saw us play at a sausage sizzle—like a barbecue—to raise funds for the local library. They really liked us, and consequently we supported Sonic Youth. And that's where Thurston [Moore, SY guitarist] heard us," Lee rattles off nonchalantly, as if the same thing happens to most teenage bands that make a demo.

Def, a sprawling, lo-fi 10" of those early demos, came out last year on Moore's Ecstatic Peace! label. Back down under the process repeated itself with the Beastie Boys' Mike D., whose Grand Royal imprint released Noise Addict's second set of demos as *Young & Jaded*, including the band's underground hit "I Wish I Was Him," a witty tribute to Lemonhead Evan Dando ("He has six different flannel shirts, Air Walks not thongs/He even understands the words to Pavement songs"). Dando—whom Lee has since met and who has been known to cover "I Wish I Was Him"—is a touchstone in more than one way: His clever wordplay and songwriterly punk informs Lee's still developing style, as do the do-it-yourself songs of Sebadoh, Smudge and the Modern Lovers, a few of Lee's favorites.

Lee got his first guitar at 10 and started writing songs almost immediately, another thing he assumes most kids do right off the bat. "I just thought it was like a natural thing that when you could play an instrument, well, you'd, like, write, you know... I wrote really bad songs [at first], like just three chords," he chuckles, with a touch of embarrassment. "Well, they're still three chords, or they're three better chords, or three chords in tune." But it was the spirit of punk rock that eventually sparked Lee's intense passion for music. "I think the big point for me was in 1992 when I saw Nirvana, and I got this feeling—it was the first time I got this feeling—of like a band that were on the one hand totally inspiring, but on the other hand, you thought you could do it? That was the first time ever, you know. At the same time you were just awestruck, you were also just inspired to do it yourself."

Lee's songwriting aptitude and increasing attention to the overall picture came together nicely on his debut solo album, *Grandpaw Would* (Grand Royal), 18 slices of homespun, irresistibly hummable teenagerliness. "Pop Queen" goes "You love the Pixies, you're the ultimate pop queen, you know what I mean," while the 50-second "Love Song" admits "I can't get it happenin' to write a love song/Always bringing in rock 'n' roll, always bringing in dumb stuff." Lee picked Brad Wood, who produced Liz Phair and Sunny Day Real Estate, among others, to produce his songs: "We were just talking about producers and stuff. And we just thought the sound of the Liz Phair record and stuff were really suitable for my kind of songs. We just asked him, like no one knew him. We just rang him up and sent a few tapes, and he said yeah." The same natural evolution put Wood, his studio partner Casey Rice and Rebecca Gates of the Spinanes on the road with Lee this spring. After Lee, perched on a stool, banged out a few tender numbers on a battered acoustic guitar, the band would join him for the plugged-in portion of the set, allowing Lee to practice singing above the din of a band.

Next on the agenda is a full album for Noise Addict, to be produced by Wood in Australia. Lee might sound like a work in progress, but at 16 he's got a jump-start on most aspiring rock stars. "I want to keep doing, you know, rock," Lee muses about the future. "I'm going to do whatever I can to put off making big career decisions. There's enough to learn all your life without putting any of it into practice."

—Lydia Anderson



Self-Defense Rock

Before the shows on its most recent tour, Team Dresch held demonstrations of women's self-defense and martial-arts techniques. Continuing its commitment to women's safety, the band has put together a compilation, *Free To Fight*, released on guitarist Jody Bleyle's label Candy-Ass. The CD includes new songs by Team Dresch, Lois, Containe, Rebecca Gates of the Spinanes, Heavens To Betsy, and others, as well as spoken-word pieces and self-defense instruction. It also comes with a 76-page book with writing and art by everyone from poet/critic bell hooks to *Naughty Bits* cartoonist Roberta Gregory. Profits from the project will be used to fund a self-defense/rock tour.

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BEST NEW MUSIC

TEENAGE FANCLUB

Grand Prix

DGC



Grand Prix is one of the prettiest records of the year. The gently chiming guitars of its third track, "Mellow Doubt," are the kicker; the sound is so warm and sweet, the melody so lulling, it's enough to get you all mushy. It's not easy, this business of melting hearts, and it's a welcome direction for Teenage Fanclub. The band has always had a knack for catchy, simply constructed pop songs, but mostly swathed them in fuzz and feedback. It made indie heroes of the band when *A Catholic Education* came out on a then fledgling Matador Records, and *Bandwagonesque* snagged them 15 minutes of MTV fame, but the edging maturity of *13* came too late—the Crazy Horse jamming and fame-baiting attitude had already begun to wear thin. *Grand Prix*, however, is unabashedly lovely. It has the confidence to join the four most romantic words in the language, "I'll drive you home," with the idea that it'd be worth stealing a car just to do it. The harmonies are stronger and richer than ever, and the crystalline production sacrifices none of the band's always-charming informality. Power-pop songwriting is equal parts craft and inspiration, and with *Grand Prix*, Teenage Fanclub may have finally struck a perfect balance.

—Scott Frampton

DATALOG: Released Jun. 6.

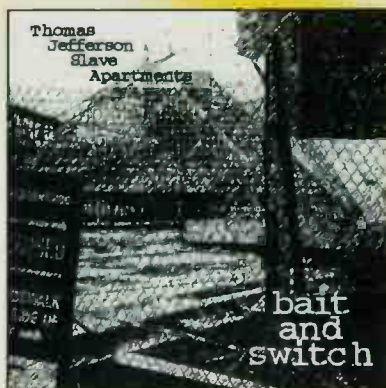
FILE UNDER: Power pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Matthew Sweet, Badfinger, Posies, mid-period Beatles.

THOMAS JEFFERSON SLAVE APARTMENTS

Bait And Switch

Onion-American



"Where do people go when they give up?/I guess I'm going to find out soon enough," sings TJSA yelper/frontguy Ron House on "Quarrel With the World," as well as he might. With *Great Plains*, House made some of the '80s' brainiest garage. Unfortunately, elaborate puns about ex-presidents weren't the order of the underground at the time, and *Great Plains* broke up well before "punk broke." For most of the '90s, TJSA has been a hobby band (that's a compliment), diffidently kicking around the Columbus, Ohio, rock microcosm, releasing a few hundred copies of its latest 7" or 12", and breaking up (at least in print) every few months. No one could have imagined that when House put down his beer long enough to get a permanent line-up together, he and his cohorts would become what they are on *Bait and Switch*: the future of rock 'n' roll! I've been told this record was done on four-track, but, admirably, it never shouts "Look, I'm lo-fi." Minimal in its lack of thick guitar overdubs or backing vocals, TJSA is maximal where it counts: in the mind, heart and gut. The slovenly essence of *eau de garage*, full-flavored as a good sauce reduction on every cut, rises most clearly on "Cheater's Heaven," which weds C&W concept (a bar "where you can cheat all night") to Buzzcocks execution; "Down To High Street," an ode to Columbus' main drag; and the incendiary thrash of "R & R Hall Of Fame," which calls for the bombing of said institution. When House shouts "Don't wanna see the shotgun of Kurt Cobain," three-fourths of the way into the finest collection of rock songs in recent memory, it's more than gallows humor. *Bait And Switch* is both a yell of dissent against the alt-rock slackness *quo* of so-hip fragmentation, and a long shout of joy at the simple pleasures of rhythm and volume.

—Franklin Bruno

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 27. "Negative Guest List" was a single last year.

FILE UNDER: Over-thirty punk.

R.I.Y.L.: Buzzcocks, the Real Kids, New Bomb Turks.

INCOGNITO

100° And Rising

Verve Forecast



Incognito was acid jazz before acid jazz had a name. The group has been around for quite a while, melding rapid-fire mellow jazz chord changes to diva-ish singing and graceful, soulful dance-music instrumentation and beats. A lot of bands have picked up on its example, but Incognito still stands out in a crowd. Its most obvious distinguishing characteristic is liberal and unpredictable use of strings where most acid-jazz groups would use horns, which gives *100° And Rising* a nice disco frisson in places—simultaneously '70s and '90s. And strings can surge in a way that nothing else can, signifying “this is dramatic” or, as on “Where Did We Go Wrong?,” taking over a song altogether and segueing into a lovely, vaguely discordant passage. The group’s also got genuine instrumental virtuosity: There’s a lot of stuff going on in the vocal-less “Jacob’s Ladder,” for instance, but the bass part is so intricate and elegantly executed that you can choose to hear it as a six-minute solo. Most of the album works that way, in fact. It’s smooth enough that you can put it on quietly and be buoyed by it, groovy enough that you can shimmy softly to it on a dance floor at two in the morning, and detailed enough that you can sit in a chair and pay attention to its crafty, sculpted structures. —Felicia Meier

DATALOG: Released Jun. 6. Originally released last year in England.

FILE UNDER: Acid jazz with strings.

R.I.Y.L.: Love Unlimited Orchestra, Lisa Stansfield, the *This Is Acid Jazz* series.

VAN MORRISON

Days Like These

Polydor-Atlas/A&M



“I put words on the page/Don’t call me a sage/I’m a songwriter.” This one lyric speaks volumes about *Days Like These*. Van Morrison is a songwriter; for 30 years now, he’s been one of the most celebrated in all of rock, and after all this time what should float his muse’s boat but a simple pride in his craft? It’s so revealing because it speaks to how Van Morrison sees himself on *Days Like These*: an artisan assuredly plying his trade. He breaks no new ground here, but that’s no reason not to rediscover what makes Van Morrison still an important, great artist. His old master’s touch wrings beauty and nuance out of the most basic of tools: R&B, soul and jazzy flourishes. For all of the modesty of “Songwriter,” his lyrics continue to be poignant and expressive, a series of succinct insights into “Underlying Depression” and “Melancholia” (both song titles), as well as the warm and lusty “Love In The Afternoon.” There is a spark of joy in each of this album’s moments of mellow perfection, and sometimes that’s the greatest statement an artist can make. —Scott Frampton

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 20.

FILE UNDER: Celtic soul.

R.I.Y.L.: *His Band And The Street Choir*, *Tupelo Honey*, *Enlightenment*.

SEAM

Are You Driving Me Crazy?

Touch & Go



It’s hard to keep up with Seam. The band has undergone six line-up changes in half as many albums, and its identity has shifted from Chapel Hill supergroup (Mac from Superchunk and Lexi from the Lilys both stinted for varying lengths) to the current Chicago band. Logistically, the only thread of continuity is founding member Sooyoung Park, whose earlier group Bitch Magnet churned out three albums’ worth of introspective noise in the late '80s. Still, the band’s deep, emotional wash of sound carries the same charge as its earliest material, and *Are You Driving Me Crazy?* offers ten songs as rich and artful as any Seam has written. Park’s lyrics always read like confused letters to an old lover for whom a flame—of love or bitterness or both—still burns. This is not upbeat and peppy puppy-love stuff. With a six-minute song that ends “I’m tired of making it work/Taking the things you say,” Seam writes for those who prefer brooding to daydreaming. The music’s building and swirling is a perfect companion to the emotional turbulence of the words. Seam charges and retreats as naturally as waves on the shore. The slope from subdued melody to all-out instrumental crush is gentle, the cliff-like drop to stillness sudden but never jarring. Park’s voice is sometimes a cool whisper, other times an angst-ridden muffle, always in keeping with the song’s feeling. There are no low points to this record, and the band’s consistency would also preclude high points but for the (uncredited) female vocalist who swoops behind Park on “Broken Bones” and “Petty Thievery.” For a band which reached maturity in the womb, Seam’s records are reliably graceful and great in their entirety, and *Are You Driving Me Crazy?* is no exception. —Megan McCarthy

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 20. On tour with Versus and aMiniature.

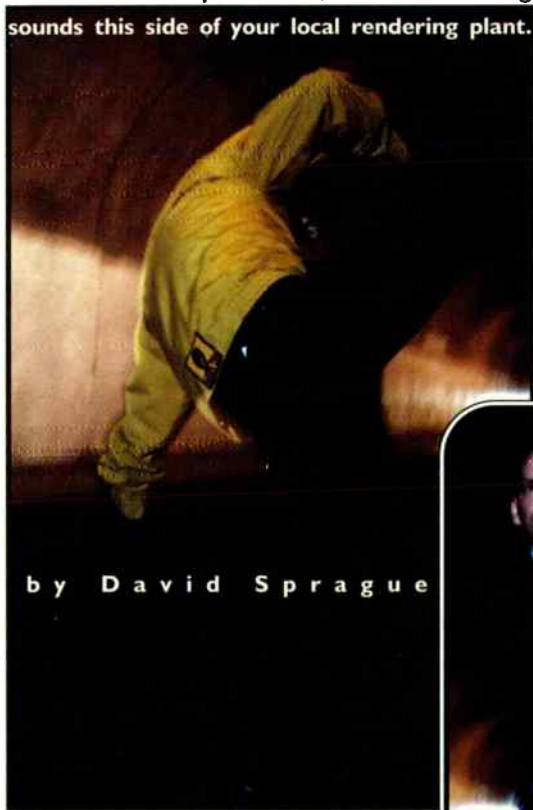
FILE UNDER: Tearful, graceful! noise.

R.I.Y.L.: Codeine, Versus, Buffalo Tom.

this month's
model

STEEL POLE BATH TUB

If you think **Steel Pole Bath Tub** has no sympathy for the marquee-keepers of the world, consider what the trio could've put hapless sign-jockeys through had it stuck to its original moniker, **Steel Pole Bath Tub Sour Boot Voodoo Milk Cult**. It just goes to show that there is a kinder, gentler side to the guys responsible for some of the more impenetrable, bowel-wrenching sounds this side of your local rendering plant.



DISCOGRAPHY

"Bee Sting" on *The Thing That Ate Floyd* compilation (Lookout)
Butterfly Love (Boner)
Split single with Melvins (Boner)
Lurch EP (Boner)
"Arizona Garbage Truck" 7"
(Sympathy For The Record Industry)
"Venus In Furs" 7" (Communion)
Tulip (Boner)
"Hey Bo Diddley" 7" (Your Choice)
"Bozeman" 7" (Boner)
"Chemical Warfare" on *Virus 100* compilation (Alternative Tentacles)
"Down All The Days" on *The Mission District* compilation (Mission Merchants)
The Miracle Of Sound In Motion (Boner)
Live In Germany (Your Choice)
"Kung Fu Love" on *Milk For Pussy* compilation (Public Bath)
Some Cocktail Suggestions EP (Boner)
"The Seventh Hour Of The Seventh Day" on *Smitten* compilation (Karate)
"Home Is A Rope" 7" (Genius)
Scars From Falling Down (Slash)
"The Charm" on *Jabberjaw 2* compilation (Mammoth)
"Surrender" 7" (Man's Ruin)
Split single with Unwound (Mission Merchants)

"We've always tried to confuse people, which has made people think we're mean or something," chuckles guitarist Mike Morasky, sipping his first pint of the afternoon. "We've always been too art to be rock and too rock to fit in the avant scene. It's always amused me when people call us things like "testosterone-rock" when we're just super goofy, kinda effeminate characters."

These dichotomies have characterized Steel Pole Bath Tub since the band's inception back in 1988. Quick to crank the volume beyond the pain threshold, they likewise swathed records—like 1989's *Butterfly Love*—in jackets worthy of a clearance sale at the local Hello Kitty emporium. "I like the idea of juxtapositions that are kind of jarring," says Morasky. "Humor is definitely a part of it, on the level that you have to accept that dark things are okay to laugh at. It probably has a lot to do with growing up in Montana, where things are really nice on the surface, but seamy underneath... incest behind a white picket fence."

In the grand tradition of fellow Montana natives like Steve Albini, Thomas McGuane and David Lynch, the Steel Pole boys dissect that underbelly with a mixture of disgust and backhanded affection—as evidenced by the more gripping sections of the newly-released *Scars From Falling Down*. "You pass through all these towns where there are 15 people and a bar and realized 'I've got to get out of here...,'" says Morasky. "I remember this kid I went to high school with who would walk around with all these blueprints and he'd tell us he was going to blow up the world, starting with Bozeman."

By the time he and Dale Flattum (basement noise tape partners since the beginning of high school) beat a path for San Francisco some seven years back, where they hooked up with kindred spirit/percussive Tasmanian Devil Darren Mor-X, they'd honed a sensibility grounded in *film noir*, pulp fiction and abrasive sonics. "We've never been conscious of pushing extremes," says the guitarist. "But, like a lot of people in our age group, I'll admit that I'm fascinated with serial killers, with the blandness of evil, but it's not on a worshipful level. I think Jim Thompson is cool. I don't think Charles Manson is cool."

That aesthetic has colored the multitude of releases that have carried the Steel Pole name over the years, not to mention assorted side projects (like Milk Cult and the Jello Biafra-augmented Tumor Circus). But while the bulk of the band's prior output has conquered through the discombobulating effect of an undertow of samples triggered by all three members, *Scars From Falling Down* emphasizes pure power.

"Slash is a real label, so they wanted us to clear samples, which would have gotten ridiculously expensive," Morasky explains. "But I think the songs were intended to be relatively straight-ahead, which for us is a total experiment." The chopped and channeled sound of *Scars* might have something to do with the recent glut of releases by Milk Cult, a sample-driven side-project that takes full advantage of Morasky's computer-geek proclivities (he's a *bona fide* systems designer "in real life").

Scars explores a number of subjects, from the oddly optimistic "Home Is A Rope," which dismisses the notion of suicide solutions ("Everything is kind of fucked up, but life is still the best option we've got," posits Morasky) to a pair of raucous songs about drinking establishments.

Being equal-opportunity imbibers, they toast New York's Three Of Cups and the Bay Area's 500 Club. Bubbling beneath it all is a socio-political savvy that allows for digs at organized religion and governmental culpability in reintroducing heroin to the U.S. market.

"We're far from political, but I think we all have this fascination with this culture and how it's accelerating out of control," says Morasky. "It's had a really profound impact on people in our age group: I don't know anyone without at least one or two holocaust nightmares. Maybe that's the new American Dream."



GREEN APPLE QUICK STEP RELOADED



green apple quick step spring 1995

may 24 san francisco
 may 25 los angeles
 may 26 san diego
 may 27 phoenix
 may 28 santa barbara
 may 30 sacramento
 may 31 san francisco
 june 1 los angeles
 june 2 san diego
 june 3 phoenix
 june 6 santa barbara
 june 7 san francisco
 june 8 los angeles
 june 9 san diego
 june 10 phoenix

june 11 long beach/o.c.
 june 13 berkeley
 june 14 san francisco
 june 15 los angeles
 june 16 san diego
 june 17 phoenix
 june 20 lawrence
 june 21 st. louis
 june 22 chicago
 june 23 detroit
 june 24 cleveland
 june 26 providence
 june 27 boston
 june 29 new york
 june 30 philadelphia

july 1 washington d.c.
 july 3 asbury park
 july 4 off
 july 5 boston
 july 6 new york
 july 7 philadelphia
 july 8 washington d.c.
 july 10 albany
 july 11 boston
 july 13 new york
 july 14 philadelphia
 july 15 washington d.c.
 july 17 new haven
 july 18 boston
 july 19 off/hoboken
 july 20 new york
 july 21 philadelphia
 july 22 washington d.c.

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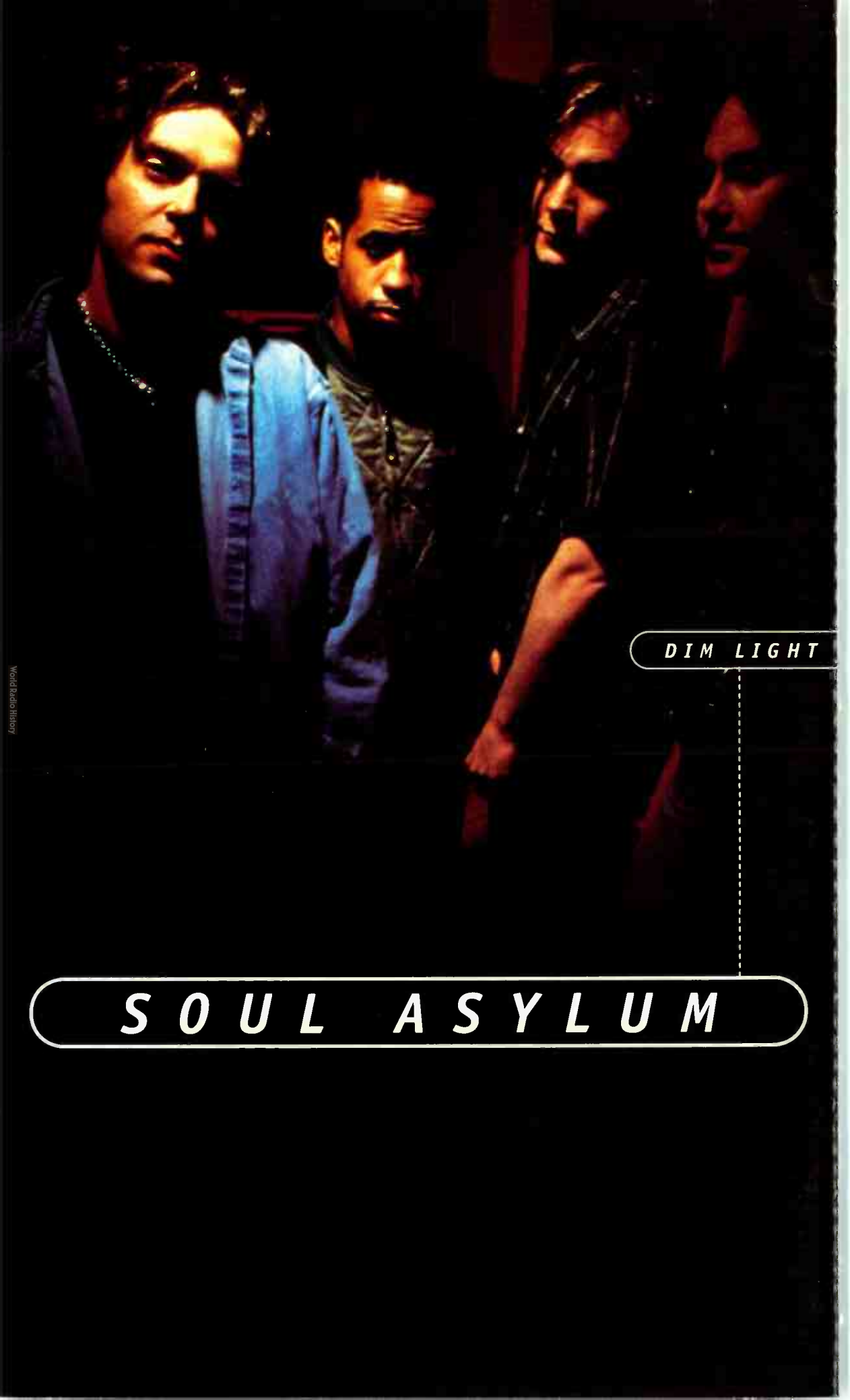


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DIM LIGHT

SOUL ASYLUM

"This is definitely the most 'Soul Asylum' record we've ever made," says Dave Pirner. "Because they should always be one more like Soul Asylum as we go along."

The air hangs heavy over the round table, snickering band members waiting for a classic Dorothy Parker-style retort. This is not the Algonquin Hotel of yore, though, but the Sony building, and Soul Asylum are holed up for that age-old ritual: telling the people all about your new album. A tub of icy beer and a carton of cigarettes have been delivered, and the quartet is ready to talk. Despite the Spinal Tap-ish sound of Dave's pronouncement, the singer and principal songwriter has a point or two about *Let Your Dim Light Shine*, their new Columbia disc.

AND OTHER DELIGHTS

One is that the more music you release, the more you establish your creative identity. The other is that, as Pirner figures, "It's more mixed up, like the records before *Grave Dancers*, only it's realized. Which is what the big breakthrough was with *Grave Dancers*."

The realization comes courtesy of co-producer Butch Vig (and hit teammate Andy Wallace)—as for "mixed up," well... "I Did My Best" and "Promises Broken" are Dylanesque country ballads; "Tell Me When" sports '70s-style mellotron; "Just Like Anyone" and "Bittersweetheart" take a page or two from Elvis Costello's classic songbook; stompers like "Hopes Up" and "Crawl" betray Vig and Wallace's thumbprints; and "String Of Pearls" and especially "Caged Rat" are weird hybrids the likes of which you haven't heard from this band since, oh, *Clam Dip & Other Delights*.

"I was reading something where you said that we were like a 'failed art band,' says guitarist Dan Murphy to Pirner. "That kind of sums it up." Well, not if you follow the common narrative on Soul Asylum, which stresses their beginning as punk trio Loud Fast Rules, their legendary live prowess and their bridesmaid status in the burgeoning mid-'80s Minneapolis scene, following punk-poppers Hüsker Dü and the Replacements. But a cursory listen through the ten years of their recorded output reveals tangents in thrash-noise, post-punk, funk-rock and psychedelia, alongside a growing talent for country-rock. Says Murphy, "It's something we heard over and over in our formative years, that we were a great live band but our records weren't that great. I think a couple of things on *Made To Be Broken* are really interesting sounding, as sound experiments..."

"High concept, novice, lower than lo-fi," Pirner cuts in, "It's the 'what not to do' handbook."

Of course, one thing allows the band to observe its early years with such calm perspective: the overwhelming success of its last album, *Grave Dancers Union*. Even devotees of Soul Asylum's early country-punk, art-punk and punky-punk would be hard-pressed to argue that the 1992 Columbia debut wasn't an

impressively constructed pop platter. And, with hits in "Black Gold" and "Runaway Train," the gazillion-selling album proved a major turning point for the band, bringing them platinum records, and even a performance at the White House.

Grave Dancers emerged from a period of some concern for those diehard fans: Having squirmed out of an unsatisfactory contract with A&M, the band secured major industry management, and Pirner even left his longtime girlfriend for high-profile celeb Winona Ryder (we've been told Dave doesn't want to discuss Ms. Ryder—despite the fact that he makes frequent references to the relationship). Consequently, the album that resulted seemed like a major departure (though songs as far back as *Say What You Will*'s "Stranger" had the same country-twang vibe). In fact, there was a shift in the band, but not what anyone expected.

Yes, were talking about the new face you've probably noticed in the band's photo. His name is Sterling Campbell, he's replaced drummer Grant Young, and he's been around longer than you might think.

"Sterling came in when we were having a hell of a time tracking *Grave Dancers*," Murphy explains. "7 or 8 days, we couldn't get a single track done in the studio. The longest week of my life. We were ready to give up on the whole thing, and Sterling came in and did 8 tracks in 3 or 4 days."

"It was like a dirty sock and I cleaned it," Campbell smiles.

"Something had to change," says bassist Karl Mueller, "and that was the thing." Though Young's drumming did appear on four of the album's tracks, and he subsequently toured with them, when it came time to make this new album, it was obvious that things weren't improving.



L-R: Sterling Campbell, Dave Pirner, Dan Murphy and Karl Mueller

"It was something that had been coming for 8 years," Murphy explains, "Over all the time we played, it just never felt really comfortable, and we were having to over-analyze everything."

"I'd walk offstage after gigs and just be so frustrated," Pirner continues. "It just wasn't fun, working hard at making music instead of really enjoying it."

So, after some less than satisfying demo sessions for the new album, "we decided to either break up the band or find a new drummer," Murphy says solemnly.

Campbell, a New Yorker who has played with a variety of what he calls "'80s decadent groups"—including David Bowie, Duran Duran and the B-52s—agreed to do another album but "took some time" before signing on permanently. Nevertheless, he says now, "I'm happy to be in a band again, and able to express my opinions, as opposed to being hired. And these guys are, as I say in New York slang, mad cool."

"Bunch of know-nothings," Pirner shoots back. Dave's smirking self-deprecation underscores the interesting personality differences in this band. Pirner still wears jeans with worn-out knees (even if he's cut and styled that infamously mangy mane) and brings a bag of alternative comics with him (everything from Dan Clowes' *Eightball* to Julie Doucet's *Dirty Plotte*). His gravelly voice and tendency to lay his head on the

table make him rather an anti frontman but when an issue strikes him, he tackles it full-on. Murphy, by comparison, is the diplomat of the group,

approachable, well-spoken and grounded—after the band considered the end with its A&M fallout, Murphy started an antiques business, and he has a secure family home life. Mueller seems the most intense; less loquacious, but eager to chime in on what matters. And Campbell, though he doesn't like to be thought of as a "studio musician," has the easygoing music-first demeanor of a veteran player.

So, the question follows, was this album easier than *Grave Dancers*, consequently, or difficult in different ways?

"Difficult in different ways," Murphy quickly replies. Though the basic tracks came quickly, with live takes on 22 songs finished in a week, he explains, "we just had to decide what kind of record we wanted to make, what we wanted to put on the records, out of the 22."

"Out of about 40 demos," Mueller adds.

And, on top of that, Dave had "10 more from that tape of Baltimore," says Murphy. "Dave was living in Baltimore for a few months," he explains. "The Baltimore shit was pretty out there... 'Caged Rat' and '(Don't Get My) Hopes Up.' 'Caged Rat' sounds more like a song [now]; it didn't when we started."

"It was pretty all-over-the-place," Pirner explains of this particular home studio session. "I have a pretty broad interest in what I like to do, so to get

'Caged Rat' on [the album], that's a real coup for me."

Though the question isn't specifically raised, one can sense the tension that comes with following a million-selling record.

"I think it's really self-conscious to figure out what you want your record to sound like before you make it," says Murphy. "We had ideas..."

"But a lot of them changed once we got in there," Mueller finishes.

"Yeah," says Murphy, "you've just got to let it fly."

Sure, why not? After all, the last time they pulled out their wild card, the result was the softer, more mature *Grave Dancers*.

"We stopped rehearsing one day," Pirner explains. "And I said 'I wanna practice without mics and without electricity, see what that's like.' So we just got two acoustic guitars and started playing in the basement. Because everything is twice removed

"I was reading something where you said that we were like a 'failed art band,' says guitarist Dan Murphy to Pirner. "That kind of sums it up."

through amps and electricity. So we practiced that way and it was a

real revelation, everybody could hear everybody else. Before that, it was just this dull roar, super fucking loud in these tiny rooms. Nobody even knew what anybody else was playing."

"It kind of came back the other way this time," Pirner adds. "Now we're using the demo process to hear the songs, and I'm not so focused on acoustic guitar."

"That was something I think Butch brought to this record," says Murphy of the man who delivered those stellar peaks of Nirvana and Smashing Pumpkins (among others). "Because we've all heard recorded guitars ad nauseam, so we thought 'we'll get an orchestra' and all this stuff, and he was like 'nah, nah, you don't want to do that.'"

"We had to give Butch a lot of shit," says Pirner about the decision to work with the producer. Though the band had known the producer, based in Madison, Wisconsin (not far from Minneapolis,

and coincidentally where Murphy went to college) for some time, Dave continues, "Butch wasn't giving me any straight answers on what we should do. He was like 'You guys should go be Soul Asylum,' and I was like 'Yeah, but you work with all these bands...,' just giving him the hardest time. 'No, you just make music and try to make it sound good, Dave.' 'C'mon, Butch, what's your secret?'"

"Every producer's got a vibe," Pirner explains, "that's what producer does, try and generate a vibe. And we've had really extreme personalities in the past." Yes, in fact, if you look through the stacks, you'll see that Soul Asylum, unlike most bands, has almost never worked with the same production team twice.

"We've never really felt comfortable," Murphy admits. "It's always been strenuous emotionally or musically, or we just weren't happy with the [last] record." Still, he adds, "Every time you work with a different producer you get a little more acquainted with what the options are, because they all have different ways of doing things."

"We've tried everything every different way," says Pirner, "and now we know how to get the right results, and it's really time-consuming."

Consequently, *Let Your Dim Light Shine* is a result of four months of six- or seven-day weeks. "A lot of that is really dumb work," Murphy explains. "Sitting and playing a barre chord that's going to be in tune... That's what separates a great-sounding records from an OK-sounding record."

"We went in pretty under-rehearsed, too," the guitarist confesses. "In kind of a good way, a lot of learning went on in the studio. The first couple times you play something and it sounds good, all of a sudden there's this discovery, 'that's how the song goes.' I think it's good to have that be while the tape's running. We used to go into records really, really rehearsed. And I guess in hindsight that's not such a great idea."

"It's just a lot simpler now," says Pirner. "I think I can present songs to the band that make sense, and there's not a whole lot of intellectualizing that you have to do about it, just play the song. 'Cause I figure if I can't explain something to the band in less than half an hour, then it's too complicated an idea for a song."

On the subject of songwriting, Pirner returns to another interesting item about the last record. "When I was 'shopping the demos' for *Grave Dancers*," he says, making bunny-ear quote marks over his head, "I was going to all these different record labels, playing it for people, and they'd all listen to the first three songs—we'd recorded it all acoustically—and say, 'So, you guys want to make a down record.' What do you mean a 'down' record? It sounded to them like we had this concept where we were going to change our sound and make an introspective, acoustic record. It was so irritating."

Speaking of a 'down' record, one could arguably say the same thing about *Dim Light*, judging not by the music so much as the lyrics. Just look at the song titles: "Misery," "Promises Broken," "Bittersweetheart," "Nothing To Write Home About"—a track that was left off was even called "Shoulda Stayed In Bed All Day." That sounds like a pretty 'down' collection.

"They're not though, man," Dave shoots back, "they're glib. If you really want to over-analyze the material, you can sit there and say 'there's a certain existential thing going on here,' but to me it's kind of a revelatory thing where you go 'this irritates me so much that it makes me laugh,' and you turn it into a rhyme, like nah nah nah nah, and then the joke's not on me. Everybody goes 'this song's called "Misery," it's a sad song...' The funny thing is I had a song called 'Happy,' and it was the most musically annoying, dissonant song I could come up with. So I wrote this song called 'Misery,' and you listen to the music and it's this fun song. That's the irony of it for me."

"That always bugged me about someone like Leonard Cohen," he continues, "people always go 'it's too depressing,' and when I listen to Leonard Cohen I think it's fucking hysterical, because the way he commands the language, you can hear all this sarcasm and irony and deep emotions that he turns into words. It's fun to listen to for me."

"Happy shit, man, nobody fucking digs it, especially coming from me. Like, on 'Bittersweetheart,' I tried to write an up-tempo song and I was getting this notion from people, 'It's kinda drippy, Dave.' C'mon dudes, I'm just trying to write something happy. And then I'll do this kind of dark joke, black humor, and everybody goes, 'that sounds a little more appropriate.' C'mon, man, it's a

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SUMMER ISSUE

We think the Cars said it best with

“Summer,
summer,
summer.”

Surf, sand, sun... When putting together a “Summer Issue,” we found that these usual warm-weather images just didn't ring true. Most of the country is hours, maybe days, away from a large body of water; most of our lives are only marginally different from the rest of the year, yet the undying themes of summer still read like a Beach Boys set list.

What summer means to us is the time when lucky music fans get to stand outside for ten hours, praying for either rain or sunshine (depending on what it's not doing), paying double-digit sums for a light snack, darting back and forth between stages, and catching bands we'll be bragging about having seen years from now. Admit it—you love Lollapalooza. And with this year's killer lineup, we love Lollapalooza all over again too.

On the next couple of pages you'll find a little guide we've put together for each of the bands on this year's Main Stage, with things to look for, reasons you'd want to see them, reasons you *wouldn't* want to, and more, plus a discography—so you can acquaint yourself with their hits before the show, or seek out their rarities after it.

Of course, what summer also means is longer days and favorable weather, which makes it that much easier to hit the road to see one of the big outdoor music festivals, or the world's largest ball of twine, or even that fabled wide expanse

of sand with water at the edge. And who better to give advice on taking to the open road than the touring bands that travel the highways of this great land of ours?

Starting on page 25, we've got dozens of bands and performers' tips on surviving and enjoying hours in a cramped space with a handful of your sweating, backseat-driving friends.

Because if you really are going to make something of the summer, it should be more than just getting there.

Stick in the tour bus

CMJ New Music Monthly's Guide To

Lollapalooza

page

22



Courtney Love

page

25

Road Trip Tips



Lollapalooza



Beck



Mighty Mighty Bosstones

What to watch for: Horns. Lots of them.
Reason to fight through the mosh pit: It'll be early and there won't be many people there, so it'll be easier than later in the show.
Reason to check out the second stage: Plaid; ska dancing.
Likely to be on the rider: Pabst Blue Ribbon.
Songs to yell for: "Detroit Rock City," "Don't Know How To Party."

DISCOGRAPHY

Devil's Night Out (Taang!)
Where'd You Go? (EP) (Taang!)
More Noise And Other Disturbances (Taang!)
Ska-Core, The Devil And More (Mercury)
Don't Know How To Party (Mercury)
Question The Answers (Mercury)

Jesus Lizard

What to watch for: David Yow's testicles, which he bares on a pretty regular basis.
Reason to fight through the mosh pit: They're one of the most intense live bands on the planet.
Reason to check out the second stage: You might get splashed with one of David Yow's bodily fluids. Icky.
Likely to be on the rider: Maker's Mark Scotch, spoons.
Songs to yell for: "7 Vs. 8," "Puss."

DISCOGRAPHY

All released on *Touch And Go*, except as noted
Pure EP
 "Chrome" 7"
Head
 "Mouthbreather" 7"
Goat
 "Wheelchair Epidemic" 7"
Liar
 Split single with Nirvana
Lash EP
 "(Fly) On (The Wall)" 7"
Show (Collision Arts-Giant)
Down



What to watch for: His adorable shaggy haircut; could be joined on stage by Jon Spencer Blues Explosion (they're on each other's records).
Reason to fight through the mosh pit: His habit of playing lots of new—and even extemporaneous—songs.
Reason to check out the second stage: He tends to not play "Loser."
Likely to be on the rider: "Mellow gold."
Songs to yell for: "MTV Makes Me Want To Smoke Crack," "In A Cold Ass Fashion."

DISCOGRAPHY

Golden Feelings cassette (Sonic Energy)
 "MTV Makes Me Want To Smoke Crack" (split 7" with Bean) (Flipside)
 "Loser" 12" (Bong Load; later re-released by DGC with different B-sides)
A Western Harvest Field By Moonlight 10" EP (Fingerpaint)
Stereopathic Soulmanure (Flipside)
Mellow Gold (Bong Load-DGC)
 "Steve Threw Up" 7" (Bong Load)
One Foot In The Grave (K)
 "Mexico" on *Rare On Air* compilation (Mammoth)
Beercan EP (Bong Load-DGC)
 "Bogusflow" on *DGC Rarities Vol. 1* compilation (DGC)
 "In A Cold Ass Fashion" on *Jabberjaw: Good To The Last Drop* compilation (Mammoth)
 "It's All In Your Mind" 7" (K)
 "The World May Loose Its Motion" on *Periscope* compilation (Yoyo)



Sinead O'Connor

What to watch for: Impassioned, not entirely articulate speeches between songs.
Reason to fight through the mosh pit: She may be the greatest natural singer in rock.
Reason to check out the second stage: *Am I Not Your Girl?*
Likely to be on the rider: Conspiracy literature.
Songs to yell for: "Fire On Babylon," "Someday My Prince Will Come."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

All releases on *Chrysalis* and all singles on CD and 12", except as noted
 "Heroin" on *Captive* soundtrack (with The Edge) (Virgin)
The Lion And The Cobra (Ensign-Chrysalis)
 "I Want Your (Hands On Me)" (single version with MC Lyte)
 "Jump In The River" (single version with Karen Finley)
 "Someday My Prince Will Come" on *Stay Awake* compilation (A&M)
I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got (Ensign-Chrysalis)
 "You Do Something To Me" on *Red Hot + Blue* compilation
 "Three Babies"
 "Mother" on Roger Waters' *The Wall: Live In Berlin* (Polydor)
 "My Special Child"
 "Silent Night"
 "Sacrifice" on *Two Rooms* compilation
Am I Not Your Girl?
Universal Mother

Pavement

What to watch for: Helicopters carrying major-label A&R guys; geeky fans arguing over who has more Silver Jews bootlegs.

Reason to fight through the mosh pit: Brilliant songs; second drummer Bob Nastanovich, always a sight to see; Steve Malkmus— indie dreamboat.

Reason to check out the second stage: They've sorta gone country.

Likely to be on the rider: Civil War history books.

Songs to yell for: "Circa 1762," "West S."



DISCOGRAPHY

Slay Tracks 7" EP (Treble Kicker)
Demolition Plot J-7 7" EP (Drag City)
Perfect Sound Forever 10" EP (Drag City)
Exact Wording Of Threat 7" EP (Drag City)
"My First Mine" flexi-disc (Ablaze! magazine)
"My Radio" on compilation 7" (Chemical Imbalance magazine)
Slanted And Enchanted (Matador)
"Greenlander" on *Volume 4* compilation (Volume (UK)); later on *Born To Choose* compilation (Rykodisc)
"Trigger Cut" 7"/CD5 (Matador)
Westing (By Musket And Sextant) (Drag City)
Watery, Domestic EP (Matador)
"David's Gone" on *A Nostalgic Glimpse Of A Victorian Country*
Childhood cassette compilation (Tangled (UK))
"Unseen Power Of The Picket Fence" on *No Alternative* compilation (Arista)
"Cut Your Hair" 7"/12"/CD5 (Matador)
Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain (Matador)
"Gold Soundz" 7"/CD5 (Matador)
"Range Life" 7"/12"/CD5 (Big Cat (UK))
Split single with Medusa Cyclone (Third Gear)
Rattled By La Rush EP (Matador)
Wowie Zowie (Matador)



Cypress Hill

What to watch for: Fatties; Could they just kill a man?

Reason to fight through the mosh pit: Contact highs.

Reason to check out the second stage: See above.

Likely to be on the rider: Boxes of Phillis Blunts, gats.

Songs to yell for: "The Punky Feel One," "Pigs."

DISCOGRAPHY

Cypress Hill (Ruffhouse-Columbia)
Black Sunday (Ruffhouse-Columbia)
two tracks on *Judgment Night* soundtrack (Epic Soundtrax)
"A to the K" on *White Men Can't Jump* soundtrack (EMI)
"Roll It Up—Light It Up—Smoke It Up" on *Friday* soundtrack (Priority)



Hole

What to watch for: Courtney bringing Frances Bean or Drew Barrymore out on stage.

Reason to fight through the mosh pit: Her legendary end-of-set dives into the audience.

Reason to check out the second stage: Her legendary habit of accusing audience members of molesting her after her dives into the audience.

Likely to be on the rider: America Online access.

Songs to yell for: "He Hit Me (And It Felt Like A Kiss)," "Credit In The Straight World."



SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

"Retard Girl" — (Sympathy For The Record Industry)
Dicknai. (Sub Pop)
Pretty On The Inside (Caroline)
"Beautiful Son" 7" (City Slang (Germany))
"Over The Edge" on *Fourteen Songs For Greg Sage And The Wipers* compilation (Tim/Kerr)
Live Through This (DGC)
"Miss World" 7" (Tim/Kerr)
"Rock Star" (alternate version) on *Jabberjaw: Good To The Last Drop* compilation (Mammoth)
Doll Parts EP (City Slang (Germany))
"Circle 1" 7" (as The Holez) (Gasatanka)

Sonic Youth

What to watch for: Lee playing guitars prepared with drumsticks and duct tape; those X-Girl fashions.

Reason to fight through the mosh pit: It's really intense when it's loud.

Reason to check out the second stage: Kim and Thurston helped pick the bands.

Likely to be on the rider: Similac.

Songs to yell for: "I Killed Christgau With My Big Fucking Dick," "Death Valley '69."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Sonic Youth EP (Neutral, reissued on SST)
Corruption Is Sex (Neutral, reissued on SST, then DGC)
"Death Valley '69" 12" (Homestead)
"Dig This!" on *Speed Trials* compilation (Homestead)
Bad Moon Rising (Homestead, reissued on DGC)
Sonic Death (Ecstatic Peace!-SST)
"Making The Nature Scene" 7" (Ecstatic Peace!-Forced Exposure)
"Flower" 12" (Homestead)
Evol (Ecstatic Peace!-SST, reissued on DGC)
Sister (SST, reissued on DGC)
"Master=Dik" 12" (SST)
Daydream Nation (Enigma, reissued on DGC)
The Whitey Album (Enigma, reissued on DGC) (as Ciccone Youth)
Goo (DGC)
Dirty (DGC)
Whores Moaning EP (Geffen (Australia))
Experimental Jet Set Trash And No Star (DGC)
TV Shit EP (Ecstatic Peace!-Forced Exposure)
Made In USA (Rhino)

Alanis

Morissette

Jagged Little Pill

The debut album.

Featuring the track

"You Oughta Know."



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World Radio History

Road Trip Tips

What do you never leave home without?

Pants, scarves, and boxing gloves. **Chokebore**

Pepto-Bismol or Immodium AD. Bad food equals a bad stomach ache which equals no fun. **Stick**

Cufflinks, iron, and hair grease. **Burdie Cutlas Wax**

Nail polish, shoe polish, 20-30 neckties. **Mike Johnson**

Q-Tips. **Michael Killozer**

The alarm clock—sometimes you need the extra alarm. Plus you can't trust the hotel clock or wake-up call. Always carry Tylenol (the big bottle) for the morning after and cramps. Always have condoms! Even though sex shouldn't be safe, you should practice safe sex. **Lords Of Acid**

The whole band. It would be a drag showing up to the gig without one of the guys in the band unless it's a horn player. All they do is whine anyway—who needs that shit. Really, they carry their horn, blow and then complain, complain, complain. I'm sorry, I just get a little emotional about it. Anyway... **Scott Amendola T.J. Kirk**

Surgical gloves, gauze pads, Saran Wrap, hamburger buns. **Neurosis**

A thick book with big words and no pictures in it, stamps, travel guitar and headphone amp. Photo of my wife, filofax, spare lanyards, photo of Henry in a lacy 1920's nightgown, lots of obscure facts about bees, and carrots for those dull moments in interviews. **Chris Haskett Rollins Band**

I never thought I'd get a chain wallet, but since we've been touring a bunch I find mine eminently useful. **Silkworm**

Alex's bass and his Royal Crown hair pomade. We never leave home without feeding the cat, and we try to never leave home without renewing the registration on the van (oops!). **Small Factory**

A duvet/sleeping bag—you can sleep in it, hide under it, it keeps you warm and it soaks up road trip smells. **Alice Lemon Catchers**

A credit card—it doesn't matter whose. Clean underwear is equally important—you never know who's going to walk in while you're changing. **that dog.**

A sense of my own worthlessness and the knowledge that all earthly actions are meaningless... **Bill Whitten St. Johnny**

Our PowerBook. The withdrawal pains we suffered from leaving our computer home were instantly halted the day we made the investment. A great tour management tool plus we have Robotron on the hard drive. **Poster Children**



Killozer

Levis, flannel, Chuck Taylors, bass. **Mike Watt**

As a general rule, we all try to leave home without as much stuff as possible, especially toiletries, in the hopes of leeching off other people, such as managers or crew people. The benefits are two-fold: a) free stuff, and b) the shaving cream explodes (and it inevitably will) in someone else's luggage. **John Faye Caulfields**

Where can you get the best road food?

Waffle House—you can get your potatoes chopped, chunked, choked, dropped, drowned, burnt, dusted, diced, divorced, and delicious and still get served by a toothless waitress named Rhonda! Or Cracker Barrel—you can get a fresh tin of Altoids on the way out. **Mike Tobin Stick**

Kill your own—slow-moving deer on dark roads. **Brian Pafumi Combine**

From A&R people. **Juned**

Creating your own food. For example, "Toe cheese puff casserole." The boys go crazy over that. It seems to give most of us terrible gas, though, but served with a nice warm sip of Schlitz, nothing beats it. **Scott Amendola T.J. Kirk**

The beauty of America is that the deeper one travels into the "heartland," the more artificial the food becomes. Best food is in towns near universities. **Soul Coughing**

Sam's Bar-B-Q in Austin, Papa Lew's Soul Food in Kansas City and Taco de Mexico in Denver. **Spell**

Ptomaine poisoning holds a higher entertainment value. I can remember rolling on the floor trying to pass bad gas a lot longer than I can remember a satisfying meal. **John Forbes Mount Shasta**

Depends on how hungry you are, or bored. Sometimes either of these factors overwhelms petty concerns like health issues, or acquired sociological traits like taste. In general: nowhere and everywhere. **American Music Club**

Taco Bell, AM/PM, and Denny's Original Grand Slam Breakfast (\$1.99) **Bracket**

Way, way, way far off the highway at some diner or Thai restaurant. Always ask the natives! **Small Factory**

In France. **Steve Hillage 777**

Rotiere's in Nashville is pretty great. In general, though, the best road food is found in any town where a label rep takes you out to dinner on a company card. **John Faye Caulfields**

Cracker Barrel has the most reliable and varied breakfast—the only meal worth eating—except we've heard rumors that they have unethical hiring practices. And if you hit a big town or city it's always a good idea to stock up at a health food store. **that dog.**

Best road food can be found at The Auto-Erotic Strangulator—they have a great salad bar and you can find them everywhere... they also deliver. **Bill Whitten St. Johnny**

Food you bring from home is always best, but Wendy's is okay. (Actually yuck.) **Suddenly, Tammy!**

The B&O Diner in Pensacola, FL. Meat plus three. **Poster Children**

Where's the best place to sleep cheap or for free?

Motel 6's are the best cheap places to stay. And as long as I don't have to worry about catching the crabs, a free place is a free place. **John Forbes Mount Shasta**

If you want cheap but safe, it's gotta be Motel 6, but if you want it cheap or even free, it's gotta be the van. **Mike Tobin Stick**

Cheap: Motel 6. Free: Rich kid's house, parents out of town. **Silkworm**

Floors... Motel 6 if nobody wants you. **Low**

There's a motel by the name of "6" that is very popular with cheap rock people. My Uncle Manny's house in Cleveland is a good place if you have no money. **Jesse Hartman Sammy**

Rest areas, near the pet area (it's usually darkest), away from big rigs. **Chokebore**

My Campex van—it's even got a bar and a dance floor. **Prodigy**

My house. Sneaking into prisons works too. Zoos are usually worth trying in major cities (the bison are usually quite docile). Avoid zebra enclosures. Also avoid punker kids who say: "My parents won't mind." **Chris Haskett Rollins Band**

At the home of someone who still lives with their folks, and their folks are gone, especially if they have a pool. For motels, stay away from the ones with 1- to 3-hour rates. Always ask for the corporate rate and lie about how many of you there are, and get the checkout time expanded. **Killdozer**

La Jolla Beach, San Diego, CA. **Soul Coughing**

In both instances I would have to say in the arms of my wife, although she has been known to charge me. Sometimes by the hour. **Spell**

Any Jersey chicks, 'cause they'll thank you for falling asleep. **Mule**

National parks are OK but the sun comes up too early. **American Music Club**

We usually sleep in the van at a rest stop or in a parking lot. The rest stops in Washington usually give out free coffee and cookies in the morning. You can't get any cheaper than that. **Bracket**

The Sahara desert. **Steve Hillage 777**

You can sleep cheaply in a condition of socially enforced non-enlightenment... but never for free. **Bill Whitten St. Johnny**

The best place to sleep cheap is a friend's floor. The price for the night is breakfast for the host. Hotel/motel rooms are the greatest cause of tour boredom: Every room looks the same. When you're staying on floors there's variety from night to night. You never know what you'll get—rabid cats, TV dinners, possessed roommates... **Poster Children**

I wouldn't expect cheap or free sleep, but I do have friends various places that will accommodate me for free. **Jimmy Scott**

In what states do you keep the closest watch on the speedometer? In what states can you floor it?

We always floor it and take our chances. But having a California license plate in some states can be rough. The same goes for having a German license plate while driving through Holland. **Kim Shattuck Muffs**

Two states that I will never speed in are Ohio and Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania has signs all along the turnpike that read "Speed Limit Still 55" with the "Still" underlined and in bolder print. Ohio just has too many fuckin' cops. You can, however, floor it through Kentucky. **Mike Tobin Stick**

Switzerland has a diabolically efficient system of cameras and computers that track your license plate and calculate your speed: I once got a speeding ticket in the mail from the Swiss police three months after leaving the country. **Joan Osborne**



Jimmy Scott

Up until about an hour ago, we would have said, "Virginia is where you can floor it." Now I'd say, "I watch the speedometer anywhere." **Killdozer**

Against better judgement, we floor it at all times. **Caulfields**

This question displays a profound lack of understanding of motor sports. For one, no driver worth the cloth to make a checkerboard flag would waste the time or money on a speedometer as the accelerator is continually against the floorboard. The only necessary gauge is a tachometer which tells the driver when to shift based on engine RPM, or sometimes tells the driver how close he or she can push the motor before it hatches. If the motor happens to melt down, it is imperative for the driver to place all blame on "That cheap ass tach" and call the label at once so a new motor can be Federal Expressed and installed without further delay. (Spell has hatched six motors this tour.) **Spell**

I live in total and continuous fear of the law. Period. Even as I write this I am sweating. **John Forbes Mount Shasta**

I try not to worry about getting pulled over, because speeding is really fun (and cool, too). **Jim Kimball The Denison/Kimball Trio**

I once got a ticket for \$175.00 in Connecticut for driving 35 in a 25 zone on a foggy night. Floor it in Florida. They want you to. **Jesse Hartman Sammy**



Mule

Speedometer? Is that the one under the Tenderloin sticker? **Mule**

Maryland is one big speed trap. **Chris Haskett Rollins Band**

Our bus only goes 50 because it's geared as a school bus. This is largely due to the fact that it is a school bus. **Bill Stevenson All**

Strictly 55: Connecticut. Our slogan for that shit-ass state is as follows: "It's a great place to bring up your kids... to be a cop!" Flooring it: Montana. No cops after 12:00 and \$5.00 speeding tickets. **Small Factory**

Watch it in California. Floor it in Germany. **Steve Hillage 777**

On our first trip through the Southwest we got a valuable driving tip from a fan. New Mexico hasn't got enough money to pay their state troopers after midnight. There is no speed limit on the overnight drive to Texas. **Poster Children**

All; none. **Mike Watt**

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World Radio History

What's the best thing to say to the nice policeman to get out of traffic tickets?

What fucking nice policemen are you referring to? *Neurosis*

Well, for us it's easy. We're from Kansas so we've got a Kansas tag. The license plate speaks for itself. The great big jumping fish decal on the back window helps too. Cops just figure we're a vanload of good ol' boys out on a fishing excursion. Like Billy Dee Williams says: "Works every time." *Mike Tobin Stick*

"Get your fucking hands up—step away from the van or I shoot." *Brian Pafumi Combine*

"Back off, or I'll blow your fuckin' head off." *Loomis Wax*

"Keep flappin' your gums, copper, and you'll get the same as your partner." *Mule*

"I thought it was in kilometers." *Juned*

Don't be a weasel. If you were speeding, pay the ticket. *Joan Osborne*

"Can I pay in cash now?" *Pegboy*

I hold out forty bucks and ask, "Excuse me, officer, how much would it cost to buy a dozen doughnuts for you and your partner?" *Killdozer*

"Would you like some of my fried pork rinds?" *Scott Amandola T.J. Kirk*

"Consider yourself lucky that I decided against outrunning you because you know as well as I do that this van is faster than your piece-of-shit state-funded Chevy... By the way, what kind of music do your kids like?... Let's see here, we got a few Tom Waits CD's, PJ Harvey, um, U2, Tripping Daisy?" *Spell*

"Hey! With a little mood lighting and some imagination, I don't look bad." *John Forbes Mount Shasta*

1) "Wow, I'm so high I didn't realize I had left half my stash with the guns on the back seat." 2) "I'm so terribly sorry. I don't speak a word of English." 3) "You know, one of the most interesting things about bees is..." *Chris Haskett Rollins Band*

Cops generally like to hear that they have nice eyes and a cute butt. Then they let you go. *Bracket*

Ask him directions, make him feel superior. *Bill Stevenson All*

We don't get tickets, we're too nice. *Low*

"Fancy a free T-shirt?" Also works at customs! *Alice Lemon Catchers*

"Gee, officer, perhaps some free CDs might change your mind; Body Count OK?" *John Faye Caulfields*

Tell him/her that his/her socks are untied and pray that he/she has a good sense of humor. *that dog.*

When I rap with police officers, I usually open with: "Do not linger in the sheep pens, fair boys, nor eat the rose for its thorn will pierce your tongue... instead listen to my counsel and you will grow to your full vigor and not return to the wretched condition of your youth..."



Rollins Band

which was characterized by humiliation, psycho-sexual violence and the torture of small animals." *Bill Whitten St. Johnny*

Being from Illinois, we are polite and respectful people, but that never seems to help. We've never gotten out of a ticket. *Poster Children*

"Would you like to try on our drummer's bra and white vinyl boots?" *Seven Day Diary*

"We're an alternative band." ('Cause they feel sorry for you for being sissies.) *Mike Watt*

What's the best way to stay awake when driving all night?

Ephedrine, or if you've gotta... No-Doz. Also a dashboard full of Mr. Pibb. Something in the stereo that rocks... like Rapeman. If you put on Jeff Buckley you might as well put your pillow on the steering wheel. *Mike Tobin Stick*



Soul Coughing

Mild doses of ephedrine, elaborate fantasies about next album as *CMJ* cover pick. *Silkworm*

Ephedrine hydrochloride 25mg (at least 3). *Brian Pafumi Combine*

Crystal meth. *Pegboy*

Methamphetamines, obviously. Otherwise, just go to sleep and when you're in the median you'll wake up. Works every time. *Mike Johnson*

Loud volume, lighting cigs one after another and launching fireworks on the drive (roman candles, bottle rockets). Have fun. I love the road. *Loomis Wax*

Get someone else to drive! Don't drive at night! Just speed the next day!!! *Tripping Daisy*

Put a thumbtack in your shoe and maybe a lizard in your underwear. *Alice Donut*

Mini-thins & Kyuss. *Juned*

Realize that you'll have to pay an extra day's rental on the van if you don't get back in time. *Joan Osborne*

Coffee and bragging. *Killdozer*

I find that you can usually take brief naps with one eye while driving since you only need one to drive. Try to limit these naps to 10-15 seconds and be fair... *Girls Against Boys*

Remember that if you fall asleep you die. *Bill Stevenson All*

Get carjacked. *Scott Amandola T.J. Kirk*

Acupuncture, or breathe hairspray. *Soul Coughing*

Focus on emotional pain. *Dave Love 666*

Jumper cable alligator clamps. *Neurosis*

Bad classic rock on the radio, the coffee, pot and chocolate combination, and driving with all of the windows down during the winter. *Jim Kimball The Denison/Kimball Trio*

Handjobs from runaways. *Mule*

Why fight it. Tickle the top of your mouth with your tongue. *Low*

Listen to commercial alternative radio and get really bitter and grind your teeth all the way to Texas. *Small Factory*

We either listen to or re-create verbatim the saga of "Shut Up, Little Man!" The story goes like this: Two old drunk guys on welfare belittle and threaten to kill each other. It's taken our lives—we plan to someday fund a stage play of S.U.L.M. to serve as our opening act. *John Faye Caulfields*

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World Radio History

Concrete Management

I fantasize about my bodyguards beating up other rock stars' bodyguards. **Bill Whitten St. Johnny**

The soundtrack from *Beauty And The Beast*; Dunkin' Donuts' coffee (the BIG one—milk & sugar). **Suddenly, Tammy!**

Sleep during the day. **Poster Children**

It is a rule of mine to stop if necessary and take lodging until I can be assured I am driving safely. **Jimmy Scott**

Are there any roadside attractions not to miss?

The cup-flipper on the West Coast is pretty amazing. They advertise it at least 500 miles away, so by the time you get to this restaurant, you're pretty much dying to see him. We've only caught him once and it was a bit of a letdown. But usually he's on a break. Oh yeah, he wears a jet-black toupee. They should advertise "Man with jet-black toupee, 500 miles." More people would probably try to see him because of that. **Kim Shattuck Muffs**

Everyone needs to see Prairie-Dog Town. It's in a city in Kansas called Oakley which is on I-70 out west near the Colorado border. You can't miss it... signs for miles. Where else can you see the world's largest prairie dog and a five-legged cow and a six-legged steer? Beats the shit out of a Niagara Falls or the Grand Canyon. Plus, you can stock up on soup-sized cans of "Kansas-style delicately smoked fish assholes"... for real! Only \$1.99. **Mike Tobin Stick**

Fred's Breads in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Gatorland in St. Augustine, Florida. **Alice Donut**

The Grease Monkey in Bothell, Wash., fireworks stands, those oil refineries outside Billings, MT; and anything on FIRE!! **Low**

"Nibbles Woodaway": the giant blue termite on Rt. 95 in Providence, RI. Niagara Falls in the winter, when there are huge natural ice sculptures. **Small Factory**

A traffic cop in a bra and white boots. **Seven Day Diary**

Don Garlett's drag museum in Florida; Brother-In-Law #2's ribs in San Francisco; Blue Hole, Santa Rosa, NM; Devil's Tower in Wyoming. **Mike Watt**

Dollywood rules!! But call ahead to make sure they're open. **that dog.**

The Mole People's burial mounds, located off of Rt. 95 in south New Jersey. **Bill Whitten St. Johnny**

South Of The Border; Dutch Wonderland (Lancaster, PA). **Suddenly, Tammy!**

The 100-foot-high statue of the Jolly Green Giant in Blue Earth, MN, rivaled only by the Corn Palace of Mitchell, SD. **Poster Children**

What's the best driving tape?

AC/DC, *Back In Black*... you have to live under a fuckin' rock not to know every riff, solo, drum beat, vocal line, stop and start on this record. Beastie Boys, *Licensed To Ill*, *Paul's Boutique*, or *Check Your Head*. Sex Pistols, Ramones, The Clash... what did I just say about AC/DC? Well, it goes for these records too! **Mike Tobin Stick**

The Germs, Sham 69, The Damned, 999, Killing Joke, Wesley Willis. **Loomis Wax**

Deep Purple, *Made In Japan*. **Pegboy**

Archers of Loaf, *Icky Mettle*; any Superchunk record prior to *Foolish*; Star Trek books on tape; Minor Threat. **Brian Pafumi Combine**

For the refinery strip along the NJ Turnpike, Captain Beefheart's *Clear Spot*, for I-71 between Louisville and Cincinnati, the Staple Singers' *Uncloudy Day*, for Highway 7 in Vermont. Gram Parson's *GP*, for I-10 in Southern California, Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan's *Mustt Mustt*, for I-84 between Portland and Pendleton Oregon, Aretha Franklin's *Aretha's Gold*, for before the gig, James Brown. **Joan Osborne**

Swordfishtrombones. **Girls Against Boys**

Duct. If someone complains about driving, use some duct tape to tape their hands to the wheel and their mouth and then pop on your Walkman or Discman or DATman (this is the '90s) and just sit back and relax. Use multiple layers of duct tape for full satisfaction and relaxation. **Scott Amendola T.J. Kirk**

Duct tape, of course. Although there is some discrepancy as to which type of duct tape is the best, we generally use Scotch brand for its superior silver sheen and extra durable cross knit fiber weave. Often referred to as "ninety-mile-an-hour-tape" for its ability to secure the front brake cooling ducts at extra-high speeds, duct tape performs many different functions and generally maintains its good look for several miles. **Spell**

Cibo Matto/George Jones. **Soul Coughing**

Gene Tracy or Jay Hickman (the kings of truckstop comedy). **John Forbes Mount Shasta**

I like ambient stuff—actually anything except what's on the radio. Then you end up just listening to the radio. **American Music Club**

- 1) ZZ Top (highways)
- 2) Stravinsky's *Rite Of Spring* (thunderstorms)
- 3) Zappa's *We're Only In It For The Money* (late nights)
- 4) Coltrane's *Interstellar Space* (deserts at night)
- 5) Sun Ra (Orange County and San Diego)
- 6) Public Enemy (any time)

Chris Haskett Rollins Band

continued on page 64



- 1) South of the Border, I-95 in S. Carolina
- 2) Wall Drug, Wall, South Dakota
- 3) Karla the Koala, on the road between Melbourne and Adelaide in Australia.
- 4) Museum of Tragedy in American History, St. Augustine, FL.
- 5) Corn Palace, Mitchell, S. Dakota.
- 6) Las Vegas.
- 7) Grassy Knoll, Dallas, TX.
- 8) Bowling Hall of Fame, St. Louis, MO.
- 9) World's Largest Buffalo, Jamestown, N. Dakota.
- 10) Carhenge, Alliance, Nebraska.
- 11) The Grotto in Dickeyville, Wisconsin. **Killdozer**

If you ever had the chance to witness Garrett scrawling his name in a snowbank with his own piss, you will certainly agree that this roadside attraction is not to be missed. In Michigan he was able to scribe the lyrics to "Thirsty And Miserable" by Black Flag in a font that would make any respected calligrapher whimper. **Spell**

The Upper-Canada micro-brewery in downtown Toronto, the walk-through Bible in Tulsa, Oklahoma at Oral Roberts University, the roadside dinosaur park in Palm Springs, California, and the laser show on the side of Stone Mountain outside of Atlanta. **Jim Kimball The Denison/Kimball Trio**

There's a graveyard near South Of The Border that has to be the least depressing one on earth. They bury all the old worn-out Pedros there. Don't miss it. **Jesse Hartman Sammy**

Corn Palace (Mitchell, S. Dakota), The Porthole (Portland, Maine) Krispy Kreme Donuts (The South), 40 ft. tall Paul Bunyan/Babe The Blue Ox statues (Bemidji, Minnesota) **Silkworm**



#4

The Barking Treefrog

Hyla gratiosa

All barking treefrogs have one thing in common. Unfortunately, none of them can remember what it is.



Isaac Hayes
Branded



Isaac Hayes
Raw & Refined



Maids Of Gravity
the debut album



Royal Trux
Thank You



King Crimson
THRAX
on tour now

A typical barking treefrog shopping list usually includes potato glue.

The barking treefrog was recently re-classified as a mammal by a drunken taxonomist.

Its easily-recognized call is "Give me a bottle of that shampoo over there!"

Barking treefrogs rarely bark, finding that a pleasant attitude gets them further.



pcinblank

LISA GERBONE

close your eyes

Available Now!

contains
"amber"
"blue frog"
"manic depressive jubilation"



Lisa is an ex-school teacher from Baltimore who has a knack for taking her short stories and turning them into songs. Album Network says "Her distinctive vocal style is a breath of fresh air."

ICHIBAN
INTERNATIONAL

simply infectious!

World Radio History

Cema
DISTRIBUTION



THE APPLES IN STEREO *Fun Trick Noisemaker* spinArt

Songs about trees, clouds and puddles never go out of style, and on *Fun Trick Noisemaker*, the Apples In Stereo stake out the territory with enough enthusiasm for ten albums. Composed of three regulars and a rotating line-up of bass players, this Denver-based band has assembled a catchy, sloppy pop debut full of happy thoughts, adorable fuzzy guitars and cute little organ solos straight from the era of Ray Manzarek. The Apples couldn't sound angry if they tried. Their musicianship is more exuberant than polished, but it supports the guileless songs perfectly. Singer Robert Schneider's adenoidal vocals do get a trifle annoying, however. (Drummer Hilarie Sidney takes over on one cut, which proves a nice contrast.) The album opens with a sample of a '50s-sounding guy telling us that the sounds on this album were transmitted via satellite, and listeners can assume that these songs were beamed to us from a parallel, more innocent, universe. For instance, on "Pine Away" Schneider longs for his yard and muses on why old folks seem so happy. Love is a constant concern, but not its more perilous aspects: on "Show The World," Schneider informs us that he gave a girl a letter and she gave him back a penny wrapped in a gummy worm, and he seems to think this is just fine. Oh well, he'll learn. —Heidi MacDonald

DATALOG: Released Apr. 25.

FILE UNDER: Pop ditties.

R.I.Y.L.: Weezer, Cub, the Beach Boys.



BIG FLAME *Rigour 1983-1986* Drag City

In the mid-'80s, Manchester's Big Flame produced a series of bracing singles, vaulting to the forefront of the jangle-strum pop scene and jump-starting the British No-Wave. Big Flame was a menacing, cheeky three-piece, purveying a tight mix of white-funk mannerisms, ringing guitars, strict rhythms, nasal cowboy vocals and absurdo-Marxist lyrics. Most Big Flame songs clocked in under two minutes; *Rigour*, a retrospective collection of the group's complete works, is still less than 40 minutes long. There's something of Gang Of Four's sly post-'68 leftism to Big Flame's sensibility, although where the Gang skewered late-capitalist conventions with ham-handed sloganeering, Big Flame's cultural critique is more oblique ("Why Popstars Can't Dance," "Breath Of A Nation"). Its sound, similarly, is less muscular, more skittish. While the band is relatively unknown in the States, its angular sound has influenced groups across the world, from the Dog Faced Hermans to Donkey to God Is My Co-Pilot. A tense, brilliant record. —Michael Vazquez

DATALOG: Released Apr. 15. Several members of Big Flame were originally the backing band for Wham! U.K.

FILE UNDER: Manic panic.

R.I.Y.L.: Gang Of Four, Primus, the Minutemen.



BIVOUAC *Full Size Boy* DGC

Though thousands of miles of ocean separate the band from its American punk-pop counterparts, England's Bivouac has taken up a song-style built on Stateside punk constructions. Its fusion of twangy, balladic vocals and dynamic guitar parts isn't something you find often in British rock—instead, it reflects the influence of American "emo-core" bands like Seaweed. The three-piece released its first EP in 1992, and its sophomore full-length, *Full Size Boy*, offers more of the same elements that made its freshman effort appealing. Singer/guitarist Paul Yeadon's vocal versatility is one of the album's greatest strengths, and his hook-laden guitar parts are catchy without being simplistic. Unfortunately, Bivouac's new songs sound entirely the same as its early ones. The band's lack of growth makes *Full Size Boy*, for the most part, disappointing to anyone familiar with the band's earlier material. Still, Bivouac's ability to craft memorable songs and deliver them forcefully is to its credit, and the band's willingness to stray from typical punk song-structures could mean that the best is yet to come. —Jenny Eliscu

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 20.

FILE UNDER: Emo-core.

R.I.Y.L.: Buffalo Tom, Seaweed, Jawbox.

R.I.Y.L.: RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE

BOREDOMS *Chocolate Synthesizer* *Reprise*

When the Boredoms' yip jump music and their pile-on of a live show first came West, they provoked that slackjawed fascination reserved for Japanese people who, like, spazz. After three convulsive albums and scads of side projects, the novelty has worn off and it's easier to hear the exuberant screaming and playing of Eye, Yoshimi and the rest as a technical feat that places them easily into the New York noisecore scene which has adopted them. Using their powerful voices like their free-skronk colleague, and sometime collaborator, John Zorn uses an alto saxophone, they drone, yelp and squeak with subtle calculation, backed by drumming that's especially intense on this record. Where past efforts, especially 1993's *Pop Tatari*, have been loose collages of punk, funk, and the occasional ripped-to-shreds Billy Joel tune, on *Chocolate Synthesizer* their madness is more methodical. Tracks like "Acid Police" combine rhythmic chanting with martial drums, while "Anarchy In The Ukk" harnesses their vocal engine to almost traditional punk riffs. —*Andrea Moed*

DATALOG: Released May 16.

FILE UNDER: Orchestrated bedlam.

R.I.Y.L.: Painkiller, Naked City, Space Strakings.



LISA CERBONE *Close Your Eyes* *Ichiban*

Lisa Cerbone's gentle, acoustic-based pop can be as quiet and plaintive as her girlish voice, or, like her thoughtfully plain-spoken lyrics, it can rear up and nip at your hand. Pop remains the operative word in describing each of *Close Your Eyes'* songs, even—and sometimes especially—when their country-folk leanings become more pronounced. The title track, for example, starts out with a Carter Family simplicity, but the spare instrumentation reveals a song as purely catchy as any '70s AM radio hit. Even though Cerbone is at her best in these quieter moments, this set's best song is the comparatively raucous "Blue Frog." The song wraps swirly guitar distortion, detritus like an odd male voice prattling on in the background and breathy vocals around a rhythm that slips in and out of high gear like a loose bike chain, and then pins it all to one great image: "there are blue frogs the size of a man's thumbnail perched on a limb, in the aquarium." It's solid writing that immediately establishes a narrative within a pretty conventional song structure. While plenty of songwriters (Juliana Hatfield comes especially to mind) voice sentiments similar to this song's "a biological accident (like me)" and "Goddamn reality," few so squarely and poignantly frame a character's perspective with a single image. —*Scott Burke*

DATALOG: Released May 23.

FILE UNDER: Poignant pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Juliana Hatfield, Aimee Mann, 10,000 Maniacs.



CHROME *3rd From The Sun/Into The Eyes Of The Zombie King* *Cleopatra*

Let's drop all pretense of journalistic objectivity right now: Chrome is one of my favorite bands, and I'm about to tell you why.

Chrome's music is essentially the inverse of the shiny metal the name implies; guitar predominates, but the sound of it—wah-wah pedals left pressed firmly flat, analog delays echoing into oblivion, phase shifters and flange pedals twisting it all out of shape—is so dark it absorbs whatever light the otherwise monstrous riffs shed on the songs. When melodies occur, they are generally carried by serrated synths that creep out from under machine-like drumming, Helios Creed's aforementioned epic guitar and horror-flick vocals that range from Creed's ghoulish rumble to partner Damon Edge's more frequent cartoon-serpent hiss. While the above elements might seem like the recipe for a psychedelic sci-fi cheese soufflé, and it occasionally degenerates into that, Chrome is brilliantly, and darkly, psychedelic in ways largely unexplored before or since.

Speaking of cheese, on this two-on-one reissue of *3rd From The Sun* and *Into The Eyes Of The Zombie King*, the latter half of the disc is much more redolent of the stuff. *Zombie King* was recorded in 1984 after Edge and Creed parted ways, and the line between the two's contributions to the band's '78-'83 heyday are starkly drawn on the records with only Edge carrying on with the name. Still, *Zombie King* provides an interesting footnote to the magnificent *3rd From The Sun* that precedes it, and the compilation is still a worthwhile purchase. —*Scott Frampton*

DATALOG: Released Apr. 26. Helios Creed still tours frequently.

FILE UNDER: Spacy guitar industrial.

R.I.Y.L.: Helios Creed, Hawkwind, Spacemen 3.



R.I.Y.L.: RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE

ARTIST FEATURED ON THIS MONTH'S CD


THE CHUBBIES *I'm The King* *Sympathy For The Record Industry*

The Chubbies aren't chubby. They aren't even plural. The Chubbies are a one-woman band by the name of Jeannette, who plays all the instruments on this debut record, sings all the multi-tracked vocals (she's got a great hiccuppy '80s-pop voice), wrote all the songs, and produced and recorded it herself. She's picked up her sonic aesthetic from the Ramones' buzzsaw-with-frets one-two-three-four who-needs-solos approach, though she eschews human drumming in favor of a harder, more exact drum machine. Her songwriting, though, is awesome quick 'n' dirty prefabricated pop of the Chapman/Chinn school—you can guess that she thinks the greatest pop moment ever was when the Go-Go's sang "but I still haven't gotten over you ye-e-et," since she approximates it about once per song. In fact, all of these songs are pretty much cut from the same mold—"Save Me" (which commits the dreaded "shelf"/"self" rhyme) and "Punk Boys" have virtually the same chorus. On the other hand, none of them wear out their welcome, individually or collectively: The 10-song album runs less than 25 minutes in all, and everything speeds by at pogo velocity. And the girl-positive words (one song is called "Boys Don't Matter (But Girls Do)") and D.I.Y. spirit are a pleasure to hear on a record this boppy. —*Douglas Wolk*

DATALOG: Released May 15.

FILE UNDER: D.I.Y. girl-pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Suzi Quatro, Divinyls, Berlin.

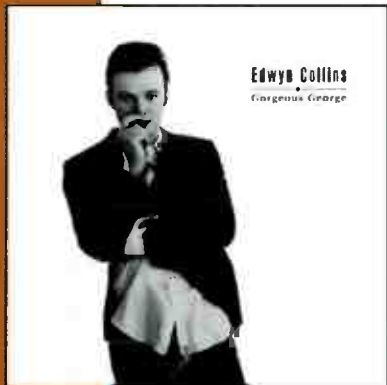

CIRCLE JERKS *Oddities, Abnormalities, and Curiosities* *Mercury*

With Southern California punk outfits like Offspring and Bad Religion finally getting famous, you can almost hear the Circle Jerks thinking, "Well, why not us?" Having been at it more than 15 years, the Circle Jerks may seem a bit long in the tooth to still be kicking up such a fuss, but oddly, punk seems to be a genre where musicians can age gracefully. Mike Watt is slouching towards 40, and outfits like Bad Religion have never sounded so immediate. But whatever commercial resurgence punk is enjoying now, it doesn't seem likely to help the Circle Jerks, who are as cheerfully offensive—and as intractably hardcore—as ever. The Jerks (newly reunited, and stealing guitarist Brad Hetson back from his gig with Bad Religion) are in predictably fine form, and *Oddities* is vintage SoCal hardcore: grinding and ceaseless, obsessed with hatred and destruction, sex and death, etc., etc. It's all pretty much what you should expect, except for the fact that *Oddities'* most torrid number, a cover of the Soft Boys' "I Wanna Destroy You," features backing vocals by Debbie Gibson. It's a moment of such dizzying pop-cultural significance that it still hasn't quite sunk in yet. —*Alison Stewart*

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 27.

FILE UNDER: Yelping, chugging punk.

R.I.Y.L.: Descendents, Black Flag, SNFU, *Repo Man*.


EDWYN COLLINS *Gorgeous George* *Bar/None*

The jagged, blue-eyed soul of Edwyn Collins, by turns smoky and searing, calls to mind the sculpture of Rodin and the way that artist used to snap off perfectly good body parts to give his work a less-than-perfect feel. Similarly, Collins punctuates many of his soulful songs with noisy distortion and acerbic sentiment. The tense but suave lead cut, "The Campaign For Real Rock," is brutalized by Collins' ripping guitar chorus. The same goes for the groovin' Motown swing of "A Girl Like You"; Collins' killer lead hook cuts across the song's texture like a razor through porcelain-white skin. Lyrically, Collins can be just as devastating. On "North Of Heaven," he sings, "Some mother's talking 'bout Guns 'N Roses as if I give a fuck/At best I think they suck/I'm too preoccupied with my memories/Not non-entities." Once of the semi-legendary Scottish soul-pop outfit Orange Juice, Collins has the flair of *Young Americans*-era Bowie, especially on cuts like "Low Expectations" and "If You Could Love Me," the latter of which also recalls the classic silk of soulman Lou Rawls. Only the clumsy guitar hook of "I've Got It Bad" comes off clunky and less than opal-smooth. Still, Collins' bite is as harsh as his bark. Extra points for the untitled hidden track, with the chorus "This music won't take you higher unless you're a moron/And that's what's bothering me..." —*Bob Gulla*

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 20.

FILE UNDER: Rough-and-tumble blue-eyed soul.

R.I.Y.L.: Orange Juice, David Bowie, Paul Weller, Bryan Ferry.

JOHN DAVIS *Leave Home* *Communion*

Leaving his Folk Implosion cohort Lou Barlow temporarily in the shadows, John Davis's second album (hence the title—a Ramones joke) establishes him as the Beat poet of the lo-fi scene. *Leave Home* is an unpolished ramble, each track a jumble of mini-songs which are often incoherent in their entirety. Many of these—probably too many—are either prefaced or interrupted by Davis's musicless declamations of free-association poetry. Whether he's singing or speaking, his voice is modulated and gentle, often with the breathiness of a *noir* seductress. At a few points, however, he drifts crankily into a Daniel Johnston-like verge-of-tears wail—not a pleasant state to be in or to listen to. Davis's one-man sound can be surprisingly full, with the plodding thuddery of bucket-style drumming boosting the quiet jangle of a folksy guitar. The production here is so D.I.Y. that you can hear Davis's hands squeaking over the frets, which adds minimalistic richness. And on those moments where he shifts into high gear, his focused bop packs a punchy spunk. Then there are songs that stand out for what they do, as opposed to how they sound on your Walkman. For instance, on the drifting "Home Sweet Home," Davis sings a *cappella*, "In those days/She was/A starshiner," sounding like an old man singing along to a tune in his own senile head. An imaginative and deliberately unfocused sophomore effort.

—Megan McCarthy

DATALOG: Released May 1.

FILE UNDER: Folk minimalism.

R.I.Y.L.: Palace Brothers, Smog, modern poetry readings.



ANI DIFRANCO *Not A Pretty Girl* *Righteous Babe*

Few artists remain as fiercely independent as Ani (AH-nee) DiFranco. She sells out concert appearances in halls of 1000 seats or more, so not surprisingly, she's been noticed and courted by record labels of all sizes. Yet she's rejected them all, choosing instead to release her albums (six to date) on her own Righteous Babe label. All of which would amount to nothing, if her music weren't so enthralling. With a distinctively ferocious guitar style and brutally honest lyrics, DiFranco blows away the stereotypes of folk music. *Not A Pretty Girl* finds her in an abundance of settings, from the gently acoustic "This Bouquet" (watch out for the thorns) to the full-on electric rage of "The Million You Never Made" to the sly, loping funk of "Worthy" to the impassioned guitar-and-vocal workout "Light Of Some Kind." Through it all, Ani DiFranco proves she's unlike any other singer/songwriter, as she drags folk music kicking and screaming into the 21st century.

—Jim Caligiuri

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 19.

FILE UNDER: Twitchy folk.

R.I.Y.L.: disappear fear, Laura Love, Michael Hedges.



KURT ELLING *Close Your Eyes* *Blue Note*

Beyond lounge, beyond space age bachelor pad music, there lies cabaret. Kurt Elling is a divinity school dropout who is pushing the concept of jazz vocals into some very strange places. Just as Frank in *Blue Velvet* distorted Roy Orbison's candy-colored sandman into a hideous portrait of the grotesque, so Elling performs a similar twist on cabaret and scat jazz vocals—at times, Elling's wordless babbling doesn't so much resemble Ella Fitzgerald scatting as it does something you'd hear echoing from the shower of a mental ward, or what might spew from Harry Connick's mouth if he dosed on acid before cranking up his big band. Elling's fragmented vocalese and bizarre poetry are so surreal that, at times, it's impossible to truly figure out his intentions: is he pulling us into his art, or putting us on? Check out the psycho stuff like the lyrics to "(Hide The) Salome": "I'm being stalked by you/Pursued by a woman determined to have her way with me." Backed by a tastefully straight-ahead trio, he taps into cabaret music's latent streaks of darkness and weirdness, bringing out twisted Brecht/Weill undertones. Is he an insane lounge singer from hell or is he a brilliant master stylist pushing the envelope of the time-honored jazz vocal idiom? Listen and decide for yourself, but you'll probably get a kick out of this, on whatever level you want to take it.

—James Lien

DATALOG: Released May 30. Chicago-based, tours national jazz club circuit.

FILE UNDER: Cabaret with David Lynchian overtones.

R.I.Y.L.: Ella Fitzgerald, *Blue Velvet*, Diamanda Galás, Combustible Edison.



Gene



Olympian

*featuring
Sleep Well Tonight*

Produced by Phil Vinal

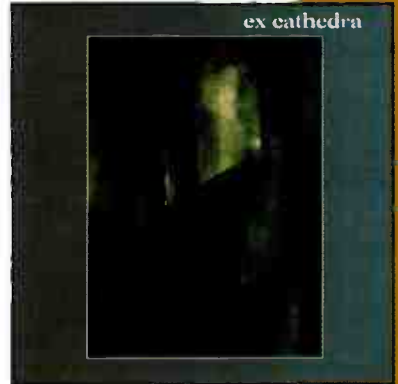


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ENGINE 88 *Clean Your Room* *Caroline* 📀

The elements are all there—three sparkling-clean chords per tune, an often-pogoing pace, a San Francisco Bay-area pedigree—but Engine 88 (formerly only Engine) is not so easily tossed into the ever-growing pop-punk heap. *Clean Your Room* reveals a band that's looking past the pop-punk formula and doing its homework on other, relatively diverse songwriting ideas (hey, there's a song on here that's *over five minutes long*), an earnest ambition that pleases these pop-punk-weary ears. For every song that rips past with adolescent abandon ("Funny Car" and "Firefly" are particularly satisfying for their pumping viscerality), there's a tune that shows Engine 88 opening itself up to a wide variety of emotional moods and colors. "Des Moines" is practically a ballad, with a melancholy chorus delivered with a heart-on-sleeve sincerity that moves the band closer to the likes of Soul Asylum than some of the band's ascetic, near-hardcore peers, and that five-minute epic ("Twenty") closes out the record with reflection, instead of an obligatory knockout punch. Watch for Engine 88 to survive the craze with a knowing shrug. —Cheryl Botchick

DATALOG: Released Jun. 6. Band includes former members of Sordid Humor and Smoking Section.
FILE UNDER: Pop-punk, no pandering.
R.I.Y.L.: Bad Religion, Hum, Soul Asylum.



EX CATHEDRA *Ex Cathedra* *Terra Nova*

One has to wonder where Ex Cathedra will find an audience. Perhaps with adults who've outgrown their Bauhaus and Cure tapes, and are now looking for something inoffensive and instrumental, yet who still want something dark and foreboding: Goth for the VH-1 generation? Strange but true: Michael Lautenschlaeger (a k a Ex Cathedra) marks off new territory somewhere between gothic ambience and new age tinkling. What separates Ex Cathedra from the doomy ambience coming from labels like Projekt and C'est La Mort is a somewhat dated sensibility—some tracks, which feature warbling soprano sax and synths with a bit too much portamento on them, decidedly evoke mid-'80s soundtrack music. (It's worth noting that Lautenschlaeger began work on this album in 1987, back when folks like Jan Hammer and Tangerine Dream were pioneers, not distant memories). However, some of the tracks, especially "Ritual," ease up on the cheese and focus more on elements such as flutes, *vox humana* choirs, and operatic vocals; these tracks work very well as either quiet background or dark foreground music. —David Jarman

DATALOG: Released: Apr. 30.
FILE UNDER: Dark atmospherics.
R.I.Y.L.: Tangerine Dream, Enigma.



GREEN APPLE QUICKSTEP *Reloaded* *Medicine-Giant* 📀

If you are familiar with Green Apple Quickstep's debut, *Wonderful Virus*, you'll have a rough idea of what *Reloaded* sounds like. Very rough. The alterna-rock promise of that debut in no way hints at the leaps and bounds by which the band seems to have grown, or the unexpected paths *Reloaded* follows. The record stretches out in any number of directions; it's as if the band blew its advance on every CD it ever wanted to hear (and a rack of guitar effects pedals) and swallowed it all whole. Green Apple's turn at saying "hope you enjoy our new direction" finds the band mining classic moments in rock—psychedelic freak-outs, Southern-fried guitar noodling, jazzy conceits, some jamming—without aping classic rock itself. It's a neat trick; imagine Lenny Kravitz with an original idea. Singer Ty Willman's voice has matured appreciably, and he finds ample opportunity to stretch himself over these songs' big swaths of guitar and bigger choruses. Luckily, the shock of hearing the disc start out with the Fillmore East psychedelia of "Hotel Wisconsin" wears off a few moments into the Jane's Addiction-style psychedelia of "No Favors," easily the best song of the band's fledgling career, and the punky fury of "TV Girl." *Reloaded*, indeed. —Scott Burke

DATALOG: Released May 23.
FILE UNDER: Melodic demi-psych.
R.I.Y.L.: Live, Tripping Daisy, Deconstruction.

HUM

YOU'D PREFER AN ASTRONAUT



GWEN MARS *Magnosheen* *Hollywood*

If you can imagine Sunny Day Real Estate singing Smashing Pumpkins melodies over Nirvana riffs with Monster Magnet's guitars, you wouldn't be far off the mark of what Gwen Mars sounds like. No, originality is not the band's paramount strength, but that's not really surprising from a band whose first-ever demo has become its debut album. The brainchild of Birmingham, Alabama-reared singer/songwriter/guitarist Mike Thrasher (son of a C&W musician), *Magnosheen* features droning riffs, heavily fuzzed-out guitars and nasily melodic vocals. Yes, at times the album's just too Pumpkins-derived for words, but the band is actually strongest when it stops sounding like its influences and you can hear it beginning to forge its own identity, as on "Play Dead." While it sounds like the band could have used a bit more development before recording its debut LP, the better moments of *Magnosheen* suggest a bright future. —Jem Aswad

DATALOG: Released May 23.

FILE UNDER: Cherubic rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Smashing Pumpkins, Catherine, Sunny Day Real Estate, Jane's Addiction.



THE ISAAC HAYES MOVEMENT *Raw & Refined* *Pointblank-Virgin*

ISAAC HAYES *Branded* *Pointblank-Virgin*

Depending on your appreciation of all-out excess, Isaac Hayes is either a sham or a genius, his work either a period curiosity best forgotten or groundbreakingly essential. Hayes has always been given more to over-the-top orchestration, slow build-ups and mushy boudoir raps than the funky, crackling, wah-wah guitar that people remember from *Shaft*. If you took a look at the bad-ass with the dashiki and chains who inspired thousands to shave their heads and were expecting heavy funk, think again.

Raw & Refined is an instrumental record, and with its easy-listening grooves and tawdry synth sounds, it should be avoided unless you enjoy what's playing during the local forecast on the Weather Channel. *Branded* fares a little better. An uneven mix of ham-fisted message songs (including Sting's "Fragile"), some cool funk, and spoken bedroom musings, it edges closer to what Hayes was known for in his prime. Still, a line like "Lady, you ring my bell/So sexy, a man on the moon could tell"—spoken over a backing track that conjured memories of the music I heard as an enterprising teenager trying to unscramble the Playboy Channel—is more likely to trigger giggles than a release of hormones. The remake of "Hyperbolicitylabicsesquedalymystic" (originally on 1969's *Hot Buttered Soul*), with a guest rap by Chuck D., is *Branded*'s most satisfying moment. And at 12 minutes, it's a pretty long moment, but not quite enough to save the record. —Steve McGuire

DATALOG: Released May 22 (both).

FILE UNDER: Easy-listening funk.

R.I.Y.L.: Barry White; the more amorphous, over-the-top Curtis Mayfield and Marvin Gaye.



"Whosoever barter or trades in independently produced free goods is like unto a snake; he I shall smite with boils and pestilence. Let no man call him friend, let no woman call him husband. Remember the independent label and keep it holy, lest the Earth be bereft of the joyous sounds they provide—the Lord God."—from the back of *Seat Records' Guided By Voices* Box Set sampler disc.

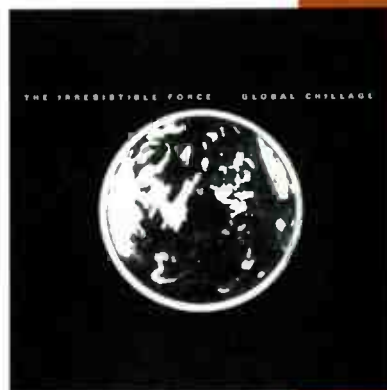
IRRESISTABLE FORCE *Global Chillage* *Astralwerks-Caroline*

I'll admit it—I'm just beginning to appreciate the cloudlike glory of ambient music. I'm waking up from a teenage angst-rock sleep, and now I have an appetite for being soothed. How appropriate it is that Irresistable Force's Mixmaster Morris has a fondness for wearing hologram attire. The essence of a hologram isn't in what's obviously visible on the surface, but what's seen when you lavish your attention on it. To truly appreciate a hologram, you've got to gaze at it, get fascinated. The same principle applies to ambient music: Quick aural glances will cheat you of the beauty there—you've got to zoom in and focus to get the complete picture. It's hard to tell where tracks begin and end, but then again, this is music to be taken in as a whole. Melodies spiral outwards, effects flare off in geometric directions like shooting stars. A mantric voice intones the words "waves... pulsing... eternal" and what sounds like bubbling water swirls hypnotically. Give your attention span a workout: Leave *Global Chillage* on all day, throw the window open and let your surroundings throw passing vehicles, conversation, car radios, new elements into the mix. I don't think that Mixmaster Morris would be insulted to know that I've been falling asleep to *Global Chillage* since the day it landed in my sweaty, relaxation-starved palms. It's an essay in blissy serenity, an ode to the joy of staying in and fractally drifting. —Robin Eisgrau

DATALOG: Released May 30.

FILE UNDER: Power ambience.

R.I.Y.L.: The Orb, Black Dog, Seefeel.



THE DEBUT ALBUM FROM THE RALEIGH N.C. BAND.

*Includes members of
Black Girls and Motocaster.*



DISH

BONEYARD BEACH

JUNE 20TH

Management: Q-Prime Inc.

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World Radio History



VARIOUS ARTISTS John Zorn's Cobra Live At The Knitting Factory Knitting Factory Works

The most endearing and enduring of John Zorn's music improvisation games, Cobra is a monthly institution at New York's Knitting Factory club, with Zorn and others as rotating directors. The ensembles seem to have been organized to ensure maximum genre clash, matching new-jazz gods like Anthony Coleman and guitarists like Mark Ribot with more classically identified types. Most of the pieces are a succession of telegraphic solos, duets and sub-ensembles that occur as various players declare and relinquish control of the piece. In the best tracks, including the two all-vocal Cobras, this initial competitive free-for-all gives way to coalition building; the piece finds a theme and ends in a truce. Listening to a recorded round of Cobra is nothing compared to watching one in progress, but this collection of recordings from about a dozen 1992 performances makes clear that long after the frantic gesturing, waving of signs, alliances and coups are over, the music is often most memorable. —Andrea Moed

DATALOG: Release: Apr. 20. An earlier 2-CD collection of Cobra recordings is available on hatART.

FILE UNDER: Irreproducible results.

R.I.Y.L.: Naked City, Ornette Coleman, Company.



CHRIS KNOX Songs Of You And Me Caroline

Few underground musicians are better prepared to weather the hazards of success than Chris Knox. His unstudied eccentricities and manifest heart, as well as his complete disregard for all forms of rock-star posturing, are an antidote to the star machine. What more is there to say about a performer who always wears the same homemade gray-blue "tank top" and cut-off shorts, and who sings all of his songs from crib-sheets? *Songs Of You And Me* finds the New Zealand singer-songwriter (one-half of the Tall Dwarfs) up to standard, belting out 21 songs of anger, love and loathing, suffused with his wry, generous vision. The songs feature characteristically simple arrangements: tape-looped percussion, Omnicord keyboard melodies, wall-of sound guitar. "Instant Mashed Potato" and "Sympathy For The Cripple" are exemplary rockers, while "Limited Liability" sounds, implausibly enough, like a cross between ELO and Suicide. *Songs Of You And Me* is all over the place, musically speaking, and the better for it. Chris Knox is as weird and as genius as ever. Bring on the arena. —Michael Vazquez

DATALOG: Released: May 9.

FILE UNDER: Home-crafted pop.

R.I.Y.L.: The Beatles, Guided By Voices, Too Much Joy, Six Finger Satellite.



SHANE MCGOWAN AND THE POPES The Snake Warner Bros.

Shane McGowan, erstwhile leader of the Pogues, here offers a Pogues record under another name—with a few notable exceptions. There's a bit of weak alterna-rock, and a mind-numbingly cheesy ballad with a young woman who lauds Shane's way of talking in return for his approval of her way of walking (imagine, if you will, Killdozer's Michael Gerald in duet with Kate Bush, backed by Simple Minds). Clearly, he's attempting to reach a new audience by expanding his repertoire, but the old repertoire is much better. The Pogues played original Irish songs at hardcore speed with rock instrumentation plus fiddle, pennywhistle and accordion, and in their better moments, the Popes do much the same. McGowan's themes are hard to make out since he's drunk, foreign and sings so fast, but hints are dropped in rousing sing-along choruses: "Whisky, whisky, Nancy whisky, whisky, whisky," "I might have fucked your missus but I never fucked your daughter," etc. Occasional slow, lilting numbers hint at such inebriation's difficult emotional aftermath. Rhythm is all-important, as ten or twelve instruments bounce along in unison. Meanwhile, Shane, bottle in hand, mumbles and shouts about such things as the perils of selling one's body for alcohol while employed in a rail yard. —Nell Zink

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 27.

FILE UNDER: Tidings of comfort and joy.

R.I.Y.L.: The Pogues, hooch, casual sex.

"I was particularly excited because, among other things, I'd like to think that I've got a pretty good head for foreign policy. After all, I took more than a few Poly Sci courses in college and I've traveled the world and elsewhere in a musical combo. And since music is the universal language, I've seen quite a few people of various backgrounds come together in the name of rock 'n' roll. Naturally, I figured I could tell Mr. Clinton a thing or two that he might find useful." —Mudhoney's Mark Arm, on visiting the White House, from Grand Royal magazine.

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MOONSHAKE *The Sound Your Eyes Can Follow* *Too Pure-American*

If you didn't know that co-frontwoman Margaret Fiedler had left Moonshake between 1993's *Big Good Angel* EP and this album, you might not even miss her (she's now leading the excellent Laika). Several female vocalists from the Too Pure stable, including Stereolab's Katharine Gifford and an unusually subdued Polly Jean Harvey (singing the bored prostitute's part in "Just A Working Girl"), keep the anima rising on half the tracks. The most effective is the unheralded Molly Burnham, resignedly reciting anti-love sentiments over a *Rain Dogs*-ish waltz-backing on "The Grind." By and large, however, singer (Dave) Callahan and sampler/drummer Mig run the show. Callahan, who sings like an enunciating Mark E. Smith, calls up scenes of urban dystopia and empty London lives, a sort of Martin Amis in mock-heroic couplets. The effect is often curiously strained, almost sentimental, as in the opening "Joker John," about a street person's makeshift funeral. But sometimes, as on "Deep Neutral," a paean to apathy-as-solution ("In a Deep Neutral state there's no race to be won"), the combination of jittery live horns, Mig's manipulated, dubby percussion, and Callahan's loser-poesy can be mildly chilling (and possibly danceable). You've heard all this "twilight of Empire" stuff before (it's a constant theme of post-war British art), but Moonshake frosts the old biscuits inventively enough to give them the smell of freshness. —Franklin Bruno

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 27. Originally released last year in England.

FILE UNDER: Dystopian dub, "guaranteed guitarless."

R.I.Y.L.: The Fall's dancier stuff, Band of Holy Joy, Great Leap Forward, Laika.

ALANIS MORISSETTE *Jagged Little Pill* *Maverick*

Alanis Morissette is one pissed-off, frustrated individual. On her first album, she can work herself up into a lather over a parent who was never proud enough of her ("Perfect"), an overly dependent lover ("Not The Doctor") or anything else that gets in her way. "I'm sure she'd make a really excellent mother... Do you think about me when you fuck her?," she snaps at an ex who's gotten a new girlfriend a little too quickly on "You Oughta Know" (which features Flea and Dave Navarro of the Red Hot Chili Peppers). She's also got one of those mannered, original voices (the woman's enunciation is from Mars) that's unpleasant for about 20 seconds and then permanently brands itself onto your cerebral cortex, like Marianne Faithfull or Dolores O'Riordan. And she's got a hell of a knack for arrangements that are slicker than a greased mink but still don't actually sound like anything you've heard lately. "Hand In My Pocket" works a drum *thwap* that sounds like it's underwater and an incongruous harmonica part together into the perfect workout mat for Morissette's vocal gymnastics; "Forgiven" is a stadium-flamenco hard rock monster of Wagnerian proportions. And by the time the *acappella* closer rolls along, you may have developed an itch that only her voice can scratch. —Felicia Meier

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 13.

FILE UNDER: Bitter blue-eyed soul-pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Seal, Cranberries, Berlin.

THE NIXONS *Foma* *MCA*

It makes sense that the Nixons sound nothing like fellow Norman, Oklahoma bands Flaming Lips and Chainsaw Kittens; playing 325 out-of-town gigs in 18 months doesn't leave a whole lot of time to take cues from hometown revivals. There's something to be said for the band's road-tested sound. The band is so totally in-synch that it makes a comfortable fit out of *Foma*'s square-peg-round-hole combination of Live's righteous ardour and Soundgarden's bottom-heavy grooves—a minor miracle, there, and beguiling in its way, too. It makes you want to forgive the band for occasionally being cloyingly ecclesiastical, or straying from its hard-rock forte and into ungainly alternapop ("Happy Song"), and makes you want to outright kiss them when "You ignorant fuck!" (from "Blind") turns out to be the most emphatic moment on the record. It may seem like the most back-handed of compliments, but it's darned impressive that a band can verge so close to so many rock 'n' roll clichés—getting riled by hypocrisy, acoustic ballads, power chords as political statements—and come out with something that'll suck the cynicism right out of you. —Konrad Vost

DATALOG: Released May 23. "Foma" is a Kurt Vonnegut term that refers to lies people invent to bolster their self-images.

FILE UNDER: Impassioned hard rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Live, Collective Soul, Soundgarden.

"Liberals will also have to step aside for Ted's gun-toting 'I Shoot Back,' not to mention 'Primitive Man' and 'Tooth, Fang And Claw,' on which he sings proudly of self-sustenance by hunting for his own food, establishing his solidarity with Native Americans and black men in Africa." — from another priceless Ted Nugent press release.



"All the people that would be in our band, it was more like the way we lived brought us into contact with each other. Now we say 'Look, we can pay you,' so we can get a person that doesn't have a death wish or something." —Neil Hagerty of Royal Trux, from an interview in the *Illinois Entertainer*.

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STEREOLAB The Groop Played "Space Age Batchelor Pad Music" *Too Pure-American*

Ambient music can be unsettling. Not only does it try to replace everyday sounds with facsimiles, but it actually revels in its artificiality and can still seem heartfelt and genuine. Stereolab is making a career out of the human capacity to appreciate machine-made sounds. Its 1993 U.K. mini-album, *the groop played "Space Age Batchelor Pad Music,"* has just been released here, and its explorations of middle-of-the-road pop are fascinating—if one bothers listening closely. The songs don't inspire such scrutiny, asking by their very titles ("Avant Garde M.O.R.," "The Groop Play Chord X") to be turned on and ignored. You might get suckered by the seeming warmth of syllable-singer Laetitia Sadier (she doesn't so much lead the "groop" as float over it). But Stereolab's uncanny talent is that songwriters Sadier and Tim Gane deconstruct songs to their most basic gimmicks *and they work anyway*: "Space Age Batchelor Pad Music (Mellow)" offers a strident, slaphappy keyboard line that might've come off of a Doobie Brothers demo 20 years ago; it changes chords to suggest a tune, but that's it—no vocals, no choruses, just one dumb hook for two minutes. Other, ostensibly purer selections—choral-sounding passages featuring Sadier and backup copies of her voice—are no less phony; Stereolab fakes beauty just as easily as it fakes pop. This really is space-age bachelor pad music, what Dr. Haywood Floyd might have heard as he floated into the space station at the beginning of 2001. If you've ever had a hankering to glide into that capsule and breathe in the positively-charged ions, Stereolab welcomes you to the age of doppelgänger passion. —Chris Molanphy



DATALOG: Released May 23. Originally released in England in 1993.

FILE UNDER: Space-age ba(t)chelor pad music.

R.I.Y.L.: Cranes, Aphex Twin, Future Sound Of London, Neu.

T.J. KIRK T.J. Kirk *Warner Bros*

Just as the road to hell is paved with good intentions, the history of jazz-rock fusion is littered with well-meaning experiments that leave the music no surer of its identity 30 years after *Bitches Brew*. Which brings us to T.J. Kirk. The T. is for Thelonious, as in Monk, the J. for James, as in Brown, and the Kirk is for Raasaan Roland Kirk; these artists' songs serve both as influences and as source material for a foursome that includes veteran guitarist Will Bernard and buzz-gathering guitarist/bassist Charlie Hunter. You might guess, rightly, that the JB sound sticks out when it rears its funky head, as on "Rip Rig And Panic/Cold Sweat," in which Brown's signature groove, however TJK lightens its touch, overpowers the Kirk. But you might not presuppose what a long way that light touch goes: On *T.J. Kirk's* best cuts, the band creates a deft alloy, smoothing the seams just enough to suggest the JB's playing Kirk and Monk without brass, piano or James. The sound relies heavily on drummer Scott Amendola, TJK's strongest asset, who attacks his skins (and his three cohorts) like a funk-ed-up Clifford Brown with fearless, scrappy stick-work. If only TJK was content to leave it at funk—but in keeping with the spirit of fusion, it had to throw rock in there. When guitarist John Schott wants to express himself, he picks up a turgid, Zeppelinesque riff and runs it into the ground, as on the ham-fisted "Shufflegate." *T.J. Kirk* is the sound of four new friends airing every influence they've ever wanted to toy with; once they're done humoring each other, they'd do well to stick to the smoothest elements of their repertoire.

—Chris Molanphy

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 27.

FILE UNDER: Funk and fusion, a fly illusion.

R.I.Y.L.: Buckshot LeFonque, Charlie Hunter Trio, Al DiMeola.

THE VERVE A Northern Soul *Vernon Yard*

Somewhere between the Allman Brothers, the MC5, and the Chocolate Watchband hovers The Verve, a British outfit intent on out-psychedelicizing modern rock's most paisley-painted, and out-dreaming its dreamiest. *A Northern Soul* follows in the Stone Roses' footsteps with relaxed, drawn-out jams and chord change after chord change of hypnotic grooves. It's an undisciplined mess much of the time, but a beautiful one, with buckets of hippy freakout spirit and musical adventure. Whether they decide to rev it up ("This Is Music") or take it down ("History") in a flourish of lush orchestration, the band's psychedelic sunbursts—of guitar, organ, drums and bass—suck the listener into their chilling exploration. When they let you down, they do it gently, so the shock of returning to a vibe-less reality isn't too traumatic. Even the sweeping song titles—"Life's An Ocean," "So It Goes," "History"—echo the epic sweep of the protracted jams and lush orchestration contained therein. Warning: Because most of the tunes here tend to wander off in typically bugged-out fashion, *A Northern Soul* is not a record for those who suffer from Attention Deficit Disorder. But for those with a supply of chill pills on hand, The Verve may be perfect company.

—Bob Gulla

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 20.

FILE UNDER: Lush, kaleidoscopic guitar epics.

R.I.Y.L.: The Stone Roses, MC5, Ten Years After.

"utterly sublime - music that can boom across the biggest dance floor, soothe an Upper East Side soiree or provide the sonic backdrop to a transcontinental cinematic drive" - Paper

"filled with sexual tension...Vanessa ekes out every ounce of emotion with her provocative vocals. At once romantic and feminist in nature, this music may excite you, it certainly will soothe you" - CD Review

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a happy record, I'm telling you, an 'up with people' kind of vibe."

OK, now I get it. Still, it does seem like Pirner will try and sneak in a social message here and there, like in the new "String Of Pearls" ("That's a fairy tale," says Dave), which might remind you of "Runaway Train."

"It's just a song," says Pirner, dismissing the issue. "And yeah, it makes me fucking laugh that it's the most depressing song I've ever wrote and it also happens to be the most popular. To me that's weird, that's what people happen to identify with."

Still harping on the "depressing" issue, Pirner points out that Murphy's song contribution, "Promises Broken," is "the depressing song."

"Me and Murph sit around and say..."

"Who can write the most depressing song?" Murphy finishes. Actually, that song, cowritten with the Jayhawks' Mark Pearlman, brings up another interesting facet of Soul Asylum, the relentless pursuit of collaborative side projects and songwriting: Mike Watt, Victoria Williams, Brenda Kahn, even Murphy's Golden Smog, a band with various members of the Jayhawks, Wilco and Run Westy Run, which at one time featured drums by Pirner.

"I think everything you learn about music is pretty much interaction with other people," says Pirner, "so any time you can sit down with someone else and play guitar, it's a good influence."

"Definitely," says Murphy. "Plus, when you're playing on somebody else's record, your responsibility level isn't nearly what it is on your record. It's relaxing—no expectations."

Pirner also collaborated with outside songwriters for two of the album's new songs (one with Steve Jordan, producer of *The Horse They Rode In On*). Though that's not unusual, it is a new thing to see on a Soul Asylum record. Perhaps the most interesting collaboration, though, was at one of Soul Asylum's warm-up shows before *Dim Light's* release, when Bruce Springsteen (who they'd met before) showed up at a New York gig and played "Tracks Of My Tears" with the band. "Literally five minutes before we were going on," says Murphy, "he came downstairs, grabbed a guitar and saw if he could remember the verses..."

"It's so reassuring for me to run into people like that," Pirner says with sincerity, "because I feel like, 'Oh, I can do this for awhile, it's not this tragic situation where I have to OD on drugs before I'm 27.' I see these guys, like when we toured with Keith Richards, and they're doing the same shit I'm doing, just having fun. I was talking to Bruce on the phone and he said 'Hey, you think I should work with Butch?' and I thought, 'Wait, I'm giving the Boss career

advice?' It's just reassuring to see that people can have a life and make music. Because it sometimes doesn't seem that possible."

Having seen the music industry work both for and against it, Soul Asylum seems to have a comfortable perspective now for what's important. "I think if you write a good song," Dan Murphy says, "you've pretty much done your work. That's what we try to emphasize, it's not really about mystique or anything, just about songs, what we're really focusing on. A lot of people get caught into technology, snare sounds..."

"Super-yawn," says Dave Pirner in his best Midwestern surfer dialect. "Or you focus on yourself as a player, which is the biggest crock of utter shit. Once you start featuring somebody's playing as better than the average hack sort of stuff...Who cares?"

"We've gotten over our musical pretensions," he continues. "I think we've tried everything there is to try, and you kind of settle on something that feels good."

Selected Discography:

- Say What You Will (Twin\Tone, 1984)
- Made To Be Broken (Twin\Tone, 1986)
- While You Were Out (Twin\Tone, 1986)
- Clam Dip & Other Delights (EP) (Twin\Tone, 1988)
- Hang Time (Twin\Tone-A&M, 1988)
- And The Horse They Rode In On (Twin\Tone-A&M, 1990)
- Grave Dancers Union (Columbia, 1992)

Compilation tracks on:

- The Bridge (Caroline)
- Sweet Relief (Thirsty Ear-Columbia)
- No Alternative (Arista)
- Clerks soundtrack (Chaos-Columbia)

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FLASHBACK

ROOTS • REISSUES • RETRO

by James Lien

PERMANENT WAVE: POST-PUNK AND NEW WAVE

When Kurt Cobain mentioned the Wipers and the Raincoats in the liner notes to *Incesticide*, it was more than just a nod to obscure personal favorite groups. Much of today's "alternative" music has its roots in the underground music of a decade or so ago, and people are starting to notice the links between contemporary music and its underground antecedents from the late '70s and early '80s. And while reissues of those influential bands' music certainly aren't racking up the sales of, say, the Abba box set, there's nonetheless a lot of cool music out there waiting to be rediscovered.

For one thing, record producer Rick Rubin and all-around Überman Henry Rollins started the Infinite Zero label to re-release their favorite obscure records. So far, Infinite Zero's re-releases have leapt all over the musical map, from blues to free jazz to spoken word (in keeping with the roving musical tastes of its founders), but the bulk of its focus has been on seminal post-punk albums from the late '70s and early '80s. After all, Rubin started out playing guitar in the noisy Flipper-esque band Hose, later evolving into a hip-hop producer when he teamed with Russell Simmons to form Def Jam Recordings. (The fledgling label's early 12"s are compiled on a forthcoming compilation, featuring L.L. Cool J's first single "I Need A Beat" and the ultra-obscure Beastie Boys rarity, MCA & Burzootie's "Drum Machine.") The label has also reissued several Gang Of Four records, as well as various projects from Alan Vega of Suicide (see below).

Meanwhile, a lot of the cutting-edge music from the turn of the '80s that's heralded as influential today—including the Bad Brains' first full-length release—came out on a cassette-only label called ROIR, and in recent years the label has begun licensing many of its important turn-of-the-'80s recordings to the Danceteria label in France to press on CD, and importing them back to the States (they're usually only a dollar or two more than domestic CDs.) If you like Stereolab or Spacemen 3 but have never heard the throbbing drones of two-man New York group Suicide, you're only getting part of the picture. Suffice it to say that Suicide probably only sold a handful of records at the time, but two or three copies of its albums no doubt wound up in the collections of those bands and plenty of others. In other cases, the links between some of these artists and today's alternative success stories are even more apparent: it's hard not to think of Lydia Lunch as the forerunner to Courtney Love, or to hear the connection between the Bush Tetras and Quicksand or Shudder To Think. Even Fugazi, as good as a band as it is, is still essentially a less funky, less swinging take on the blueprint for political, pummeling funk provided by the Ruts and Gang Of Four.

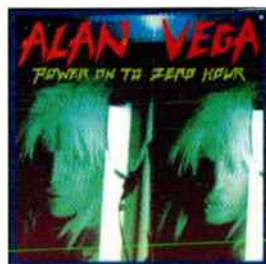
What was different about the music then that made it so influential, and what's changed in the music of today? Well, in those days (especially in New York circa '77-'83), bands drew on a wide range of influences to invent or synthesize their musical styles, whereas many of today's bands merely alter pre-established formulas for guitar, bass and drums. Bands back then were adamant about carving their own niches simply because there weren't any niches in place for them to be slotted into. Punk evolved as a way of thinking, not a style of melodic pop with loud guitars, and the music encouraged diversity at the same time that it united people into a scene. So bands like The Clash or the Ruts were able to bring reggae into their angular post-punk music, while James Chance, né James White, took elements from James Brown as well as the Velvet Underground and Roxy Music to create his bizarre underground funk/lounge act. It was a set of circumstances—punk and techno-pop coming at the end of a very indulgent musical decade—that coalesced at a time when people seemed to be looking for something different.

POST-PUNK ON CD: RECENT REISSUES

- Various Artists **Def Jam: The Early Singles** (Infinite Zero-American)
- Flipper **Sex Bomb Baby** (Infinite Zero-American)
- Flipper **Generic Flipper** (American)
- Alan Vega **Power On To Zero Hour** (Infinite Zero-American)
- Gang Of Four **Entertainment!** (Infinite Zero-American)
- Gang Of Four **Solid Gold** (Infinite Zero-American)
- James White **Off White** (Infinite Zero-American)
- The Ruts **Something That I Said** (compilation) (Blue Plate-Caroline)
- The Monochrome Set **The Best Of The Monochrome Set** (Blue Plate-Caroline)
- Suicide **Ghost Riders** (Danceteria-ROIR)
- James Chance **Live In NYC** (Danceteria-ROIR)
- Flipper **Blowin' Chunks** (Danceteria-ROIR)
- John Cale **Even Cowgirls Get The Blues** (Danceteria-ROIR)
- Various Artists **New York Thrash** (Danceteria-ROIR)



It sounds like jaded, jaundiced retrovision, but it's kind of true that a lot of today's music by comparison is narrower, less adventurous and less founded on risk-taking. White rock seems to be borrowing less and less from musical forms such as reggae or funk, and few mainstream bands really ply a specific political or social agenda. Before the Bush Tetras, a funk-punk New York quartet fronted by three women, there were no lesbian avant-funk combos playing dance music in New York clubs; before Suicide, nobody (except maybe John Cale and Lou Reed) played the same chord over and over to make a song. It's no surprise, then, that when the Bush Tetras reformed for a one-off show last April to benefit New York performance space the Citadel, their music sounded incredibly contemporary, like it could have been created yesterday by musicians a full 15 years younger. Things really haven't changed that much; only the circumstances surrounding the music's creation.



METAL



CLUTCH

Clutch

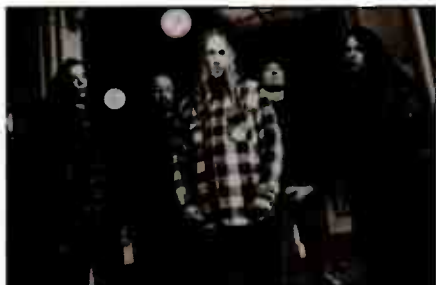
EastWest

Perhaps finding its debut album's title, *Transnational Speedway League: Anthems, Anecdotes And Undeniable Truths*, a bit unwieldy, DC's Clutch has pulled the old eponymous-second-LP trick. A vast improvement over its somewhat one-dimensional debut, this album finds the band establishing its own distinct style: too nasty to be funky, Clutch works up a powerful groove, but there's an abrasiveness about it that makes you want to get violent more than doing anything tame like dancing. Vocalist Neil Fallon's grunted, chanting vocals don't offer much in the way of melody (in fact, he sounds like you might imagine a pit bull would talk), but the riffs and chants are memorable enough on their own. Not unlike Rage Against The Machine—a band with whom they've got a lot in common without ever really sounding like them—Clutch seems to take itself a bit too seriously ("Rock 'N' Roll Outlaw" and "I Have The Body Of John Wilkes Booth" are actual song titles here), and it gets a bit repetitive after a while, but this band is well on its way.



RIFFS

Puzzling that the second major-label LP from Minneapolis's **BABES IN TOYLAND**, *Nemesister* (Reprise), sounds more like a garage recording of some new Amphetamine Reptile signing. The band's headed off on a slower, sludgier, almost Melvins-ish vibe, and although there are a few of the Babes' trademark snotty yowlers, much of this album sounds like nothing they've ever done before. The new direction may alienate some fans—and they lose major points for their completely off-key cover of Eric Carmen's "All By Myself," which tries to be funny but is just excruciating—but it's an interesting take on quaalude-rock... In a move that probably has more to do with their singer's, er, *unpredictability* than any punk revival, the original **BAD BRAINS** have reformed for the third separate time in the past ten years. Although *God Of Love* (Maverick-WB) contains several of their trademark bruising rock songs



SUFFOCATION

(and even a few fast breaks for old time's sake), it also has a lot more reggae than any of their other albums. Although the intensity level is down, the faster tracks promise that the band will be as lethal as ever when it tours this summer... For those with deadlier intentions, may we recommend **MORBID ANGEL**'s *Domination* (Giant) and **SUFFOCATION**'s *Pierced From Within* (Roadrunner). Both Florida bands (well, Suffocation's actually from Long Island, but they sound like they're from Florida) feature

"Being called a 'metal god' is nice—Elvis was only the King!" — Rob Halford of Fight



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Earache
- 25 **BAD SEED**
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MEKONS

"Untitled 1 + 2"

1/4 Stick-Touch & Go

The most famously cursed band in rock, the Mekons always sound like they're on the verge of collapse, rallying themselves together for one last effort before they expire, destroyed by a world they were too smart and too good for. As far as we know, the Mekons as an entity can't be killed, but the two untitled songs here sound like a farewell—they sum up everything the band's done over the last 18 years. "Do you know what I mean?," they chant over and over on the first one, backed by screams, disorienting dub effects and a remorseless reggae bass. The second one follows the Mekons' greatest fascination—the origins of rock and roll. This time, they trace it back to its birth: Elvis Presley's recording of "That's All Right (Mama)," which the band pastiches right down to the reverb, while Jon Langford sings, again, the Mekons' damning question: "Do you know what I mean?"

WELCOME TO JULIAN is supposedly one of the biggest indie bands in France. Stop giggling—that distinction may not mean that much in itself, but the *Bob Your Head* EP (Rosebud) is actually pretty damn excellent. The singer seems to have learned most of his English and all of his diction from old Fall records—the way he yells "I'm waiting for my punishment!" is pure Mark E. Smith—and *Slanted And Enchanted*, and the rest of the band seems to have been listening in too. But the songs and arrangements are sharp, striking and instrumentally raging, especially the title track, which tosses a two-note juggernaut around from one guitar to another before it lands on the bass and strip-mines everything around it.

Julie of Moncton, Canada's Eric's Trip has made a few solo singles under the name **BROKEN GIRL**. The latest is a three-track EP, *Nora* (Sappy), that runs less than five minutes in all, a tiny, unpretentious jewel. Lou Barlow's early home recordings are clearly a big influence; but what Julie brings to the self-revelatory sketch-song form is a tender clarity, simplicity and sadness that brings the listener close. This is the sound of a person saying, simply, what she's feeling, with only as much artifice as she needs—a melody, a few chords—to make it a song.

Also from Canada (Montreal, this time), **HOWARD NORTH**—not a person but a band—has a hot, rough low-budget single, "Song #8" (Two Peters). All four instrumentalists play sick, extreme riffs that pull in opposite directions from each other: one guitar plays spiraling harmonics, the other coughs up congealed blood, the bass is trying to batter its way out of an endless loop, and the drums expand and contract like a snake swallowing a mongoose, while somebody screams about "the process, the excess." The other two tracks veer more toward standard-issue Chicago-style punk, and the muddy mastering job doesn't help much (memo to bands: 45 *always* sounds better than 33, if you can get away with it), but this is a band to watch.

MAJESTY CRUSH and **SPARE SNARE** share the first of what looks like a series of split singles on the British label Che. Spare Snare's track is the more interesting of the two, a home 4-track recording of Split Enz's "I Got You" that plays up its paranoid-rant lyrics, warps the melody a little into something that suits the "band" (in this case, one person) better, and sets it up with Spare Snare's trademark fidelity-impaired, slightly out-of-tune, utterly nervewracking guitars. Majesty Crush's side, "If JFA Were Still Together," is graceful dreampop with a bizarre lyrical premise: that Jodie Foster's Army was not (as it was in the real world) a Southwestern hardcore band, but an actual army to protect a young actress.

If the Cure hadn't been eaten alive by its own affectations about eight years ago, it might be making singles like **POEM ROCKET**'s superb "Small White Animal" (PCP). There's a starving, lunging rock band in the foreground of the song, but there's a frightening landscape behind it, a masked and fading riff that sounds like a glass harmonica being tortured, running through the entire song and providing a base for everything else. "Milky White Entropy," on the other side, is another long, structurally tricky piece with *musique concrète* undertones that seep into and subtly change even the most straightforward parts of the song.

The German label Little Teddy is pretty much dedicated to the principle that if you combined the Shaggs, the Velvet Underground and the Television Personalities' earliest records, then recorded them playing in a cluttered garage through a balsa-wood door, you'd have the ideal pop recording—it's already released three Daniel Johnston *tribute* records, if that gives you any idea. *Candybars De La Technique* is a double-7" compilation of 28 bands from all over the world that fit the label's aesthetic, all doing songs that are a minute long or less. The results range from silly (Wimp Factor 14's musical one-liner "Hibachi") to why-did-they-do-that? (Creams' poker-faced cover of "Sleigh Ride") to ridiculous (the Tables' self-explanatory "Jailhouse Pop") to great (MOTO's rocked-up "Do You Remember") to even more ridiculous (Fondue Set's "Happiness Is Just A Flaming Moe Away").

DANCE

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Two A.D.

Waveform



In many respects, the ambient music movement has become as bloated and stultifying as the worst art-rock of the '70s, moving further away from the dancefloor towards self-indulgent electronic doodling. There are, however, a handful of producers who still seem able to breathe some life back into this moribund genre. A number of those artists are featured on this exemplary compilation, which stands out among the endless streams of ambient compilations that fill record-store racks. To begin with, the highly talented Coldcut's "Autumn Leaves" (mixed by Irresistible Force), a long-out-of-print gem, is featured here, immediately preceding the gorgeous, celestial wanderings of Sounds From The Ground. Ambient stalwarts Higher Intelligence Agency and Biosphere also contribute tracks to this second in a series of ambient collections from the Waveform label. The variation in aural textures here is impressive, from the chanted dub atmospherics of Groove Corporation to the quietly menacing "Late Night" by Insanity Sect. If you only acquire one ambient collection this year, *Two A.D.* should be it.



ELSEWHERE

The latest venture by Richard James (aka The Aphex Twin), "Ventolin" (Sire)—a set of 10 remixes of a track from his new album *I Care Because You Do*—plunges the listener into the often tortured world of the asthmatic, negotiating one allergen after the next. Named after Glaxo's infamous inhaled asthma medication, this album-length maxi-single represents some of The Aphex Twin's most extreme yet melancholy work to date. All the titles of these remixes refer to various gradations of asthmatic severity, and their dense, claustrophobic quality is startlingly evocative. Where the analog strangeness relinquishes its hold, the listener is left with a skeleton of a melody, distantly heard. The percussion rattles and shakes, and the textures change from hyperclarity to opacity in seconds. A truly pathbreaking collection of music... The woman who formerly ran Richard James' Rephlex organization in London has gone on to establish her own label, Clear Records. Over the last two months, this stable has nearly single-handedly inspired the now ubiquitous electro-funk revival. What nobody seems to be aware of is that the label's main producers, The Jedi Knights, Tusken Raiders, and Plaid, are pseudonyms for, respectively, Global Communications, Autechre, and The Black Dog, ambient producers probably well known to many of you. In turning their hand to hammering 808 histrionics, reminiscent of The Jonzun Crew, Planet Patrol and Mantronix, these folks have revived the mid-'80s' lost electro sound with a vengeance. It's remarkable that these groups are capable of re-thinking the despised yet totally brilliant video game pyrotechnics of that era. All of the label's releases to date are worth investigation... The fledgling Oxygen Music Works label in New York has just added its contribution to the growing electro revival: the exhausting *Kittens Ripped My Flesh* EP (parodying a '70s Zappa album title) by The Bass Kittens (Oxygen Music Works), four tracks of pumped-up, electro-charged instrumentals with enough energy to heat the island of Manhattan for a couple of winters. Sampled scratching, low-intensity Roland 808 bass drum hits and mock explosions dot the landscape of "Rat Patrol," while "Take It To The Street" has a bouncier quality, with pitch-bent basslines diving to and fro. Bracing stuff.



- 1 ORB
Orbvs Terrarvm
Island
- 2 MOBY
Everything Is Wrong
Elektra-EEG
- 3 FREAKY CHAKRA
Lowdown Motivator
Astralwerks-Caroline
- 4 PRODIGY
Music For The Jilted Generation
XL-Mute
- 5 APHEX TWIN
I Care Because You Do
Sire-EEG
- 6 KMFDM
Nihil
Wax Trax!-TVT
- 7 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Two A.D.
Waveform
- 8 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Trip Hop Test Part One
Moonshine
- 9 VARIOUS ARTISTS
King Of The Jungle
Instinct
- 10 BLACK DOG
Spanners
EastWest-EEG
- 11 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Hearthouse: Axis Of Vision
WHITE LBL/EYE Q/Onion-American
- 12 TOWA TEI
"Technova" (12")
Elektra-EEG
- 13 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Trance Atlantic
Trance Atlantic/Worldsend-Volume (UK)
- 14 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Ambient Systems
Instinct
- 15 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Logic Trance Vol. 2
Logic
- 16 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Fax Compilation II
Fax-Instinct
- 17 AUTECHRE
Amber
Warp/Wax Trax!-TVT
- 18 PROTOTYPE 909
Transistor Rhythm
Instinct
- 19 DIE WARZAU
Engine
Wax Trax!-TVT
- 20 VARIOUS ARTISTS
American Dream
City Of Angels-Moonshine
- 21 ARMAGEDDON DILDOS
Lost
Sire-WB
- 22 NITZER EBB
Big Hit
Geffen
- 23 D*NOTE
Criminal Justice
TVT
- 24 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Global Virus
Planet Earth
- 25 777
System 7.3: Fire + Water
Astralwerks-Caroline

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



HIP-HOP

MASTA ACE INCORPORATED Sittin' On Chrome

Delicious Vinyl-Capitol

With each of his releases, Brooklyn-born Masta Ace has kept listeners grabbing at air when they try to get a grasp of his style; his musical formula can seem simple and calculated, but he still remains an elusive target. What's even more impressive is that Ace has not distanced himself from his fans. His 1990 debut, *Take A Look Around*, was a lively, Marley Marl-produced hook-fest, while 1993's *Slaughterhouse* (which marked the incorporation of actual group members) was one of the most artistically advanced hardcore records of that year. Ace's lyrics can go from deadpan posturing to painting living images of ghetto life, and he's known for avoiding obvious hip-hop trends. His third release, *Sittin' On Chrome*, is just as imaginative as *Slaughterhouse*, but you get the feeling Ace has set a few booby-traps along the way. First-time listeners may not notice the way the songs are strung together, creating an oblique storyline of Ace and his cousin who joins him and his I.N.C. posse on some beat-heavy journeys. Cuts like "The I.N.C. Ride" and the title cut seem to dangle before you in simplistic splendor, defying you to label Ace a West Coast wannabe (he calls his sound "Brooklyn Bass"). But then the watery samples on "Eastbound" or "Da Answer" will send you in another direction. Never resorting to tired imagery of gratuitous bloodshed, Ace stays cool and collected throughout, letting the listeners and critics make the mistake of formulating a label for his art.

- 1 **ROOTS**
Do You Want More!!!!!!
DGC
- 2 **OL' DIRTY BASTARD**
Return To The 36 Chambers
Elektra-EEG
- 3 **COMMON SENSE**
Resurrection
Relativity
- 4 **SOUNDTRACK**
Friday
Priority
- 5 **MASTA ACE INCORPORATED**
Sittin' On Chrome
Delicious Vinyl-Capitol
- 6 **METHOD MAN**
Tical
Def Jam/RAL-Island
- 7 **CHANNEL LIVE**
Station Identification
Capitol
- 8 **BIG L**
Lifestylz Ov Da Poor & Dangerous
Columbia
- 9 **SOUNDTRACK**
New Jersey Drive Vol. 1
Tommy Boy
- 10 **THA ALKAHOLIKS**
Coast II Coast
Loud-RCA
- 11 **SHOW & AG**
"Next Level" (12")
Payday/frr-London
- 12 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**
Loud 95: Mudder Budders (EP)
Loud-RCA
- 13 **NOTORIOUS B.I.G.**
Ready To Die
Bad Boy-Arista
- 14 **2PAC**
Me Against The World
Interscope
- 15 **JEMINI THE GIFTED ONE**
"Funk Soul Sensation" (12")
Mercury
- 16 **THE NONCE**
World Ultimate
Wild West-American
- 17 **B.U.M.S**
"Elevation (Free My Mind)" (12")
Priority
- 18 **REDMAN**
Dare Iz A Darkside
RAL-Island
- 19 **SOUNDTRACK**
Bad Boys
WORK
- 20 **E-40**
In A Major Way
Sick Wid' It-Jive
- 21 **SMIF-N-WESSUN**
Dah Shinin'
Wreck-Nervous
- 22 **DREAM WARRIORS**
"California Dreamin'" (12")
Pendulum-EMI
- 23 **LORDS OF THE UNDERGROUND**
Keepers Of The Funk
Pendulum-EMI
- 24 **DIGABLE PLANETS**
Blowout Comb
Pendulum-EMI
- 25 **ADINA HOWARD**
Do You Wanna Ride?
EastWest-EEG

BONUS BEATS



SOUNDTRACK ROUNDUP: Using top-shelf hip-hop names on movie soundtracks has become an ingenious way to keep mediocre movies from being complete failures if the crowds don't come. That said, here is a sampling of some of the best soundtrack albums you can find for your buck. Concurrent with the film *Panther*, *Pump Ya Fist: Hip-Hop Inspired By The Black Panthers* (Avatar-Mercury) marks the triumphant return of some of hip-hop's most powerful voices. KRS-One, who offers the dense "Ah Yeah," Rakim ("Shades Of Black"), Speech ("Positive Vibe") and Chuck D. ("Pride") are just a few names that make this compilation essential listening—hey, you might even learn something, too. The two-volume soundtrack for *New Jersey Drive* (Tommy Boy) features over 30 rap artists offering nearly all new material. Volume 1 features nearly twice as much music as Volume 2, and is sparked by Redman, Total (featuring Notorious B.I.G.), Heavy D., MC Eht and Coolio. But the eight-song Volume 2 is distinguished by outstanding new cuts by Naughty By Nature ("Connections"), Jeru The Damaja and the incredible collision of mental science by O.C. and Organized Konfusion on "You Won't Go Far." The best thing about the *Friday* soundtrack (the film was written by Ice Cube and DJ Pooh) is hearing B-Real and Cypress Hill get blunted again on "Roll It Up, Light It Up, Smoke It Up," while the Isley Brothers ("Tryin' To See Another Day") and funk legends Boosie Collins and Bernie Worrell (the downright silly "You Got Me Wide Open") show that they can hang alongside new material by Dr Dre, Funkdoobiest and Scarface... Dancehall don **SUPER CAT** found crossover success on his 1992 Columbia debut *Don Dada* with cuts like "Ghetto Red Hot" and "Dolly My Baby." Also, unlike other pop-tilted dancehall crooners, Super Cat wasn't skinned for selling out the motherland. His follow-up, *The Struggle Continues* (Columbia), proves again that there's room in today's dancehall for pop ("Josephine" is addictive), hip-hop, a touch of liquid soul ("Turn"), and plenty of ghetto-consciousness ("Forgive Me Jah" and "South Central"). His accomplished, rootsy reggae flavor highlights "A-Class Rub-A-Dub" (featuring Daddy U-Roy and Sugar Minott) and "Too Greedy," both cuts helping keep him at the top of his field. Tracks begging for a hip-hop remix include "Girlstown" and "Warning," produced by Eric Sermon and DJ Muggs respectively... Word out.

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

on the verge

UP-AND-COMING ARTISTS

compiled by Lydia Anderson

Dirty Three

With acclaimed albums out by bands such as Pell Mell and Don Caballero, North America is now ready for a taste of the Dirty Three, Australia's entry into the instrumental rock sweepstakes. The furious, all-terrain rhythms welded together by drummer Jim White and guitarist Mick Turner forge a winding path for Warren Ellis' fevered violin, which takes the winding curves at an easy 80. American audiences got their first taste of the Dirty Three's charged live shows—marked by rambling, improvised spoken introductions from Ellis—last spring, when the trio toured with Pavement. Keep your eyes peeled for the band's suggestive debut, *Sad & Dangerous* (Poon Village-Forced Exposure), and its more fleshed-out and accomplished follow-up, a self-titled album on Aussie label Torn & Frayed that's sure to see a U.S. release before you can say Lollapalooza (speaking of which, look for Dirty Three on the second stage). (LA)



moods Bonham and her band are capable of drawing out—from relaxed, violin-laced wanderings to full-out angst-fests backed with hefty servings of wonderfully meaty guitars and punkish rhythms. —Aaron Clow



The Presidents Of The United States Of America



If the career of The Presidents Of The United States Of America lasts half as long as the band's 15-syllable name, they'll be in good shape. Indeed, with any number of labels beating down this Seattle band's door these days, the sentiments of the band's "We Are Not Going To Make It" ("There's a million better bands, with a million better songs") seem premature. What separates the Prezzes from other bands in their scene is not so much that the band's three members share but five strings between them (Chris Ballew is credited with "two-string basitar," Dave Dederer with "three-string guitarbass" and Jason Finn, formerly of Love Battery, with "no-string drums"), but that the band's songs are so utterly angst-free and undeniably fun. The band has been known to inspire pogoing in even the most jaded of crowds and its new self-titled (thank God) CD is every bit as infectious. —Scott Frampton

Tracy Bonham

Relocating from Los Angeles to Boston has brought good things for Tracy Bonham, including a recent acquisition of a WFNX Best Music Poll award for Best Local Female Vocalist, as well as some much-deserved attention from other contemporary Boston artists. While her six-song debut, *The Liverpool Sessions* (CherryDisc), runs a bit short, it still provides a superb example of the variety of

Jen Trynin

About a year ago, Jennifer Trynin borrowed a few thousand dollars from her brother to release a record on her own Squint label, thinking that having a CD to send to clubs would help get a few more gigs. Two weeks after its release, her answering machine was jammed with phone calls from record labels. One of the calls she returned was to Warner Bros., who re-released *Cockamamie* in June (on Squint-Warner Bros., thank you). It's pretty easy to see why Trynin is no longer Boston's secret: Her distinctively strong, fluid vocals have drawn (favorable) comparisons ranging from Joni Mitchell to Chrissie Hynde. So it seems that releasing her own CD to get gigs has worked out well—she'll be touring the country later this summer. —Scott Frampton

ARTIST FEATURED ON THIS MONTH'S CD

TOP 75

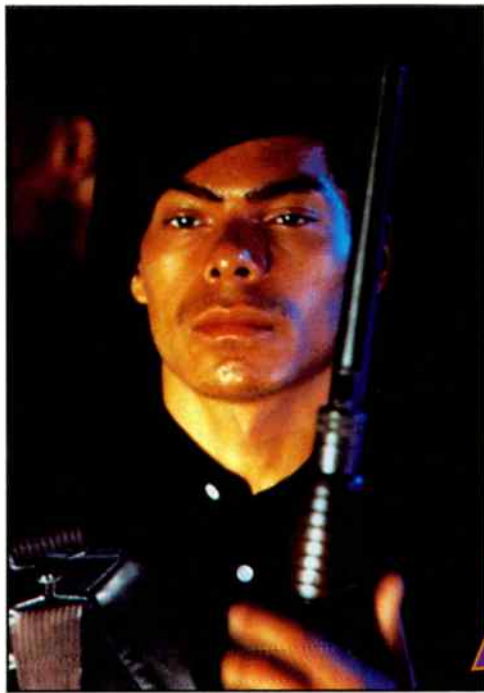
ALTERNATIVE RADIO AIRPLAY



P J HARVEY

	ARTIST	ALBUM TITLE	LABEL
1	PJ HARVEY	To Bring You My Love	Island
2	MORPHINE	Yes	Rykodisc
3	MATTHEW SWEET	100% Fun	Zoo
4	MIKE WATT	Bail-Hog Or Tugboat?	Columbia
5	JULIANA HATFIELD	Only Everything	Mommoth-Atlantic
6	ALL	Pummel	Interscope
7	SOUNDTRACK	Tank Girl	Elektra-EEG
8	ARCHERS OF LOAF	Vee Vee	Alios
9	GOO GOO DOLLS	A Boy Named Goo	Metol Blade-WB
10	MASTICA	Elastica	DGC
11	GUIDED BY VOICES	Alien Lanes	Matador
12	KMFDM	Nihil	Wax Trax!-TVT
13	HELIUM	The Dirt Of Luck	Matador
14	MUFFS	Blonder And Blonder	Reprise
15	EVERCLEAR	Sparkle And Fade	Tim Kerr-Copitol
16	PAVEMENT	Wowee Zowee	Matador
17	WILCO	A.M.	Sire-Reprise
18	RADIOHEAD	The Bends	Copitol
19	QUICKSAND	Manic Compression	Island
20	SLEEPER	Smart	Arista
21	NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN	Brainbloodvolume	Furtive-WORK
22	ATHS	Wasps' Nests	Landan
23	MUDHONEY	My Brother The Cow	Reprise
24	SUDDENLY, TAMMY!	(We Get There When We Do.)	Warner Bras.
25	SPIRITUALIZED	Pure Phase	Dedicated-Arista
26	BELLY	King	Sire-Reprise
27	FAITH NO MORE	King For A Day, Fool For A Lifetime	Slash-Reprise
28	ORANGE 9MM	Driver Not Included	EastWest-EEG
29	RED HOUSE PAINTERS	Ocean Beach	4AD
30	MAD SEASON	Above	Columbia
31	JAYHAWKS	Tomorrow The Green Grass	American
32	WAX	13 Unlucky Numbers	USA Side 1-Interscope
33	FACE TO FACE	Big Choice	Victory-A&M
34	MOBY	Everything Is Wrong	Elektra-EEG
35	SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS	The Inevitable Squirrel Nut Zippers	Mammoth
36	LA TENGO	Electr-O-Pura	Matador
37	FLYING SAUCER ATTACK	Further	Drag City
38	MONSTER MAGNET	Dopes To Infinity	A&M
39	HUM	You'd Prefer An Astronaut	RCA
40	PETER MURPHY	Cascade	Beggars Banquet-Atlantic
41	CLOUDS	Thunderhead	Elektra-EEG
42	POSTER CHILDREN	Junior Citizen	Sire-Reprise
43	BODHEADSILO	Elephantitus Of The Night	Kill Rock Stars
44	VARIOUS ARTISTS	Encomium - A Tribute To Led Zeppelin	Atlantic
45	TAB	Infrared Riding Hood	Elektra-EEG
46	BEN LEE	Grandpaw Would	Grand Royal
47	ORB	Orbvs Terrarvm	Island
48	THROWING MUSES	University	Sire-Reprise
49	MARY LOU LORD	Mary Lou Lord (EP)	Kill Rock Stars
50	CLAWHAMMER	Thank The Holder Uppers	Interscope
51	WHITE ZOMBIE	Astro-Creep: 2000...	Geffen
52	OUR LADY PEACE	Naveed	Relativity
53	JEWEL	Pieces Of You	Atlantic
54	POOLE	Alaska Days	spinART
55	BUSH	Sixteen Stone	Trauma-Interscope
56	BETTER THAN EZRA	Deluxe	Swell-Elektra
57	VARIOUS ARTISTS	Oil/skmpilation Vol. #1	Rodical
58	HAZEL	Are You Going To Eat That	Sub Pap
59	GRIFFERS	Eureka E.P. (EP)	Shangri-La
60	DIRT MERCHANTS	Scarified	Zero Hour
61	RAILROAD JERK	One Track Mind	Matador
62	LAIKA	Silver Apples Of The Moon	Toa Pure-American
63	STONE ROSES	Second Coming	Geffen
64	COLD WATER FLAT	Cold Water Flat	Fart Apache-MCA
65	HALF JAPANESE	Greatest Hits	Safe House
66	MAIDS OF GRAVITY	Maids Of Gravity	Vernan Yard
67	PSYCLONE RANGERS	The Devil May Care	World Domination
68	CAKE	Motorcade Of Generosity	Capricorn
69	MADDER ROSE	The Love You Save (EP)	Seed
70	VARIOUS ARTISTS	Threadwaxing Space Lve: The Presidential Compilation '93-'94	Zero Hour
71	BLUMFELD	L'Etat Et Moi	Big Cat
72	APHEX TWIN	I Care Because You Do	Sire-EEG
73	PHUNK JUNKEEZ	Injected	Trauma-Interscope
74	LOW POP SUICIDE	The Death Of Excellence	World Domination
75	TSUNAMI	World Tour And Other Destinations	Simple Machines

Chart data culled from CMJ New Music Report's weekly Top 150 radio chart, based on combined airplay of approximately 500 college, non-commercial and commercial radio stations reporting their top 35 most-played releases that week



PANTHER (Gramercy)

It's amazing that a feature film about the Black Panther Party wasn't made sooner. The Panther story is about as compelling as any grassroots political movement in American history, a vital part of the civil rights movement, and what the Panthers preached, as well as the image they cultivated, continues to influence today's United States. (Confrontational political rap, for example, is practically unthinkable without the Panthers.) The Panthers manipulated the media expertly with larger-than-life imagery, making their story a natural for the big screen.

Panther concerns itself mostly with the beginnings of the party though 1966 and 1967 (the Panthers struggled on, disorganized and factionalized, through the mid-'70s), attempting to show a more personal perspective, mixing fictional characters and real Panthers, and focusing on the motivations of founding members Bobby Seale, Huey Newton, and Bobby Hutton. The script by Melvin Van Peebles (his 1971 psychedelic mack epic, *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, also proved to be an unlikely but formidable influence on pop culture by ushering in the wave of '70s blaxploitation flicks) is pretty selective in its use of facts, avoiding the Party's misogyny and idealistic, unquestioning faith in Communism, and fascinating details concerning the FBI's counter-intelligence program are left out in favor of a heavy-handed, very Hollywood portrait of the FBI. It can be pretty frustrating, because the truer *Panther* stays to the facts, the more intriguing it is. Obviously fabricated portions of the film and Hollywood clichés are downright dull compared to the more bizarre aspects of the real Black Panther story, but thankfully the film keeps the action-film flash and made-for-TV melodrama under reasonable control. What really saves the film, though, are some good performances, and the fact that the script is based on a can't-lose story with a ton of built-in drama. —Steve McGuirl

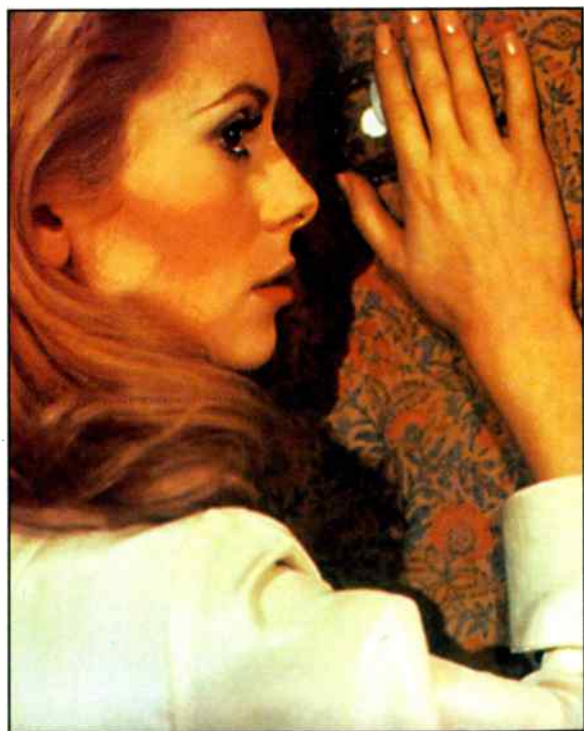
mixed media

compiled by dawn sutter

BELLE DE JOUR (Miramax Zoe)

Writer/director Luis Buñuel had an unusually extensive career creating surreal films and making social commentary. While the critics lauded him for *L'Age D'Or* (1930), Buñuel is best known for his 1927 short film, *Un Chien Andalou* (the Pixies wrote a song about it on *Doolittle*), which brought to life three dreams of artist Salvador Dali. Perhaps more suitable for the present day (considering the popularity of films such as *Exotica* and *Naked*), *Belle De Jour* (1967) is now being re-released. The film was one of Buñuel's last great works exploring one of his favorite themes, sexual aberration.

Catherine Deneuve plays Severine, a well-dressed beauty with a handsome surgeon of a husband, Pierre and a large house to keep her content—a “happy” housewife. The young woman's one problem is her sexual disinterest in her husband (whom she loves dearly), a constant frustration to herself and Pierre. In a typical bizarre Buñuel story twist, Severine decides to become a prostitute in hopes of bringing herself (sexually) closer to Pierre. Leading the double life of prostitute by day and housewife by night seems to be a suitable answer to Severine's dilemma, but eventually it destroys both her life and her husband's. Buñuel's approach in portraying the life of Severine is straightforward, using only his characteristic flashback technique to hint at her fantasies. Racy and erotic, *Belle De Jour* will continue to shock audiences some 28 years later. (DS)



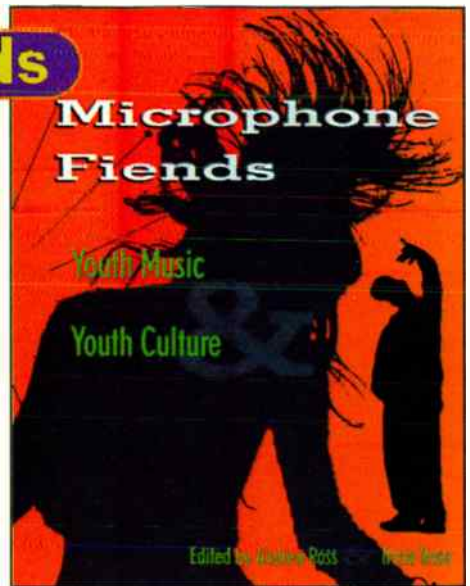
MICROPHONE FIENDS: YOUTH MUSIC & YOUTH CULTURE

ed. by Andrew Ross and Tricia Rose
(Routledge, 29 W. 35th St., New York, NY 10001)

reads

The marriage of intellectuals and popular culture (particularly when speaking of music) has historically been a troubled one, as one of this volume's editors, Andrew Ross, previously pointed out in his book *No Respect*. Thus, it is inspiring that we are now presented with this anthology of essays, named after an Eric B. and Rakim single, which aims to rectify the situation by establishing the discursive space where those steeped in post-structuralist theory, but aware of its pitfalls, engage with hip-hop, disco, rave culture and riot grrrls. It is to the credit of these essayists that rather than stifling the music of which they write, they are able to, in the words of bell hooks, "change the nature of pleasure" one experiences when listening to music. Of particular note is the pathbreaking "Discipline and Disco" by Princeton English professor Walter Hughes, in which he describes how identities are subsumed, then reconstituted, under the surveillance of the beat. NYU's Tricia Rose contributes the incisive "A Style Nobody Can Deal With," a chapter from her brilliant *Black Noise*, in which she maps the historical and political dimensions of hip-hop. Also included is an excerpt from exemplary cultural critic Greg Tate's science fiction novel, which demonstrates the same imaginative powers as his writing in *The Village Voice* over the last ten years.

—Tim Haslett



'zines

CANADIAN PENNY

Simone & Olivia, 2605 8th W, Seattle, WA 98119 (\$1)



If you ever read your best friend's diary or letters while she was out of the room, then you should send for a copy of *Canadian Penny*. This zine, put together by teenagers, is a collection of personal essays by Simone and her sister Olivia, along with a few of their high school pals, on music, school and just about any other ideas that occur to them. In issue #4, Simone writes about her new job at the library as a book shelfer and waxes nostalgic about the third grade, while Mae writes about her current fave shows on the tube. Sure, it's clique-ish, but that adds to the voyeuristic appeal to readers, and just because you don't know who The Mark Arm Guy (a Mark Arm lookalike frequently spotted at rock shows) is doesn't mean you can't understand why he's crushworthy. Reading *Canadian Penny*, you witness the troubles of teenage life today, and recall your own teen angst. You might realize that you have more in common with teenagers than you thought. The front page says that there are no parents involved and they want to keep it that way, so don't write to *Canadian Penny*, address the envelope to Simone and Olivia. (DS)

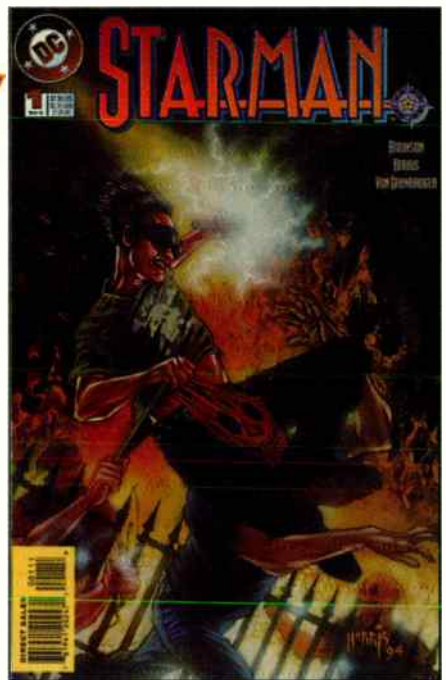
STARMAN

by James Robinson, Tony Harris
and Wade von Grawbadger (DC)

funnies

It's been running for less than a year, but *Starman* is already the best and most original new mainstream comic since *Sandman*. Jack Knight, its title character, is a middle-aged nostalgia dealer whose father, the original Starman from the '40s, has passed the "family business" down to him. He doesn't really want his father's legacy, but he can't get away from it either. Fine—that's a premise for a decent series. What puts *Starman* over the top is how beautifully writer James Robinson has planned it out—as an open-ended set of stories about nostalgia, history, and how the cultural artifacts of the past are a key to both. Opal City, its fictional setting, has a rich, strange history that's only begun to be alluded to. It's also got a striking Deco/neo-futurist visual design courtesy of penciller Tony Harris and the wonderfully eccentric inker Wade von Grawbadger, and the city's weird rippling chiaroscuro extends to everything else in *Starman*—even its palette of computer coloring effects is unique to the series. Seeds of stories are being planted now that will clearly take years to reach maturity (there have been four or five other characters called Starman in comics' history, and it's promised that they'll all turn up... eventually). Instead of stylistically taking after the comics of the past that they're evoking, Robinson and Harris have taken a harder but more rewarding route: They've made up all the rules they're using for themselves, and then thought out the specifics of the series more carefully than we'll ever actually see on the printed page.

—Douglas Wolk



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FREEWHEELERS (Warner Bros.)
LETTERS TO CLEO Wholesale Meat And Fish (Giant-WB)
ROQUE (Warner Bros.)
STIFFS Nix Naught Nothing (Onion-American)
YOU AM I (Warner Bros.)
JENNY MAE LEFFEL There's A Bar Around The Corner, Assholes (Anyway)
SPICE BARONS Future Perfect State (Silent)
ATD CONVENTION (Silent)
TEEN ANGELS "Teen Dream" (7") (Sub Pop)
THOMAS JEFFERSON SLAVE APARTMENTS Bait & Switch (Onion-American)
TH' FAITH HEALERS (Too Pure-American)
MEDICINE (American)
MOONSHAKE The Sound Your Eyes Can Follow (reissue) (Too Pure-American)

JULY 4

BROTHER CANE Seeds (Virgin)
BUSHWICK BILL Phantom Of The Rapra (Virgin)
SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS Dirt Track Date (DGC)
VARIOUS ARTISTS Helter Shelter (4 x 7" box) (Sub Pop)
CAMPFIRE GIRLS Campfire Girls (Boy's Life-Interscope)
URGE OVERKILL Exit The Dragon (Geffen)

JULY 11

SUPERSUCKERS "Born With A Tail" (7") (Sub Pop)
SIX FINGER SATELLITE Severe Exposure (Sub Pop)
PIPER CUB "Number One Sound" (7") (Sub Pop)
MIC GERONIMO Také It Like It Is (Blunt-TVT)
PSYKOSONIK Unlearn (Wax Trax!-TVT)
CAUSTIC RESIN (Up)
BUILT TO SPILL (10" EP) (Up)
INCREDIBLE FORCE OF JUNIOR (7") (Up)
GOD LIVES UNDERWATER (Onion-American)
LETTERS TO CLEO Wholesale Meat And Fish (Warner Bros.)
LICORICE Listening Cap (4AD)
LORDZ OF BROOKLYN All In The Family (Warner Bros.)
MORRISSEY (Warner Bros.)
PRETTY AND TWISTED (Warner Bros.)

JULY 18

that dog totally crushed out (DGC)
CHARLATANS (Beggars Banquet-Atlantic)
JUSTER What I See What I Think (TVT)
AFTER 7 (Virgin)
TEDDY (Virgin)
SHAGGY Bombastic (Virgin)
MARK COLLIE Tennessee Plates (Warner Bros.)
ESQUIVEL More Of Other Worlds, Other Sounds (reissue) (Warner Bros.)
FREEWHEELERS (Warner Bros.)
RBX (Warner Bros.)
ROQUE (Warner Bros.)
JANE SIBERRY (Warner Bros.)
MENTHOL Menthol (Capitol)
SHED SEVEN Change Giver (A&M)
APEHANGERS Ultrasound (A&M)

JULY 25

TENDERLOIN (7") (Sub Pop)
EMPIRE Soundtrack (A&M)
SEYMORES Piedmont (Vernon Yard)
BUTTERGLORY Downed (Merge)

All dates subject to change

by Scott Frampton

Teeth

Perry Farrell Sinks His Teeth Into CD-ROM

One of Perry Farrell's more admirable attributes, as both an artist and Lollapalooza impresario, is his affinity for publicly allowing his reach to exceed his grasp. His latest forum for this is a CD-ROM called *Teeth*. For those who remember *Teeth* as a 'zine available at last year's Lollapalooza, Farrell describes this year's model as "a natural evolution. We're going to attempt to unite the musician, the cinematographer, the fine artist, the poet, and have them work together with sound, vision, ideas and computer technology to make a brand new kind of art."

The three-disc CD-ROM, which will be sold only through the forthcoming Lollapalooza Internet Site, is planned to include live concert footage, digital audio and "surprise guest appearances" in a format resembling interactive adventure games such as *Myst*. "Our pithy little maxim is that it has the aesthetics of film, variety of a magazine and the strategy of an interactive game," says David Turin, who along with film producer/director John Linson is helming the project with Farrell.

"The ROM is broken into twelve rounds," he continues, "which appear as sort of separate cities, and then there's pathways between them, a threshold that you take to get to the different rounds. Each round has a different level of interactivity that we've fleshed out pretty fully. Perry's whole goal for it is complete action. We're not into the still screen. We will have to have a few of those, but we've investigated and believe that we're well on the path to having fully interactive footage. Today, most interactivity works on still screens. The interactivity that we're aiming at is sort of the true nature of interactivity. If you look up the word 'interactive' in the dictionary, its Latin roots mean 'to share' and 'to give back.' We're pretty stoked that this will be a creative tool that won't just be like "touch this button and you'll hear something." You create stuff here. We have a bunch of things that largely have to do with your ability to create stuff interactively by editing pieces of footage or supplying your own soundtrack, etc. We'll give you versions of creative programs that you can actually do. And there's a third level of interactivity, which is the interface with the outside world. For example, a lot of things that occur throughout the ROM are going to have to interface with the real world."

Exactly what this interface with the real world is, Turin isn't saying just yet, but hints that there may be some future outlets for what the CD-ROM helps you create. There is also a definite emphasis on making *Teeth* a practical experience—making this not just a game, but a "bouillabaisse of information" ranging from Taoist proverbs to Steven Hawking explaining chaos theory to Iggy Pop's cooking tips.

"What we've devised," Turin continues, "after looking at a lot of CD-ROMs and being pretty disappointed, is

something that has the strategy of a game like *Myst*, in the sense that as you proceed through the ROM, you have to keep careful notes on pieces of information that are thrown your way or that you uncover. They might be in the form of non-sequiturs that come from the taco vendor that you encounter along the way, they may be in the form of things you uncover behind Coke cans. There's going to be all sorts of information thrown your way that's not namby-pamby stuff. Everything from tips on how to select wine to scientific and environmental information. A real medley of everything from cooking to art to science to action sports and nature. Our goal is to give the appearance of randomness and potpourri-type stuff, but have it all make sense in the architecture underneath. It'll be a chore to get to the end of the ROM, the end of the game. There is an end destination, but it's important to keep in mind that the education is in the journey. One of the things we have built into the ROM so far is that getting to the end is a matter of not being a smarty-pants. You get penalized for being a know-it-all *and* for being an idiot. You kinda have to figure out the rhythm as you go along. You'll always be able to go backward in the ROM to catch up on the stuff you missed and there will be places where you won't be able to get any further without having completed everything you're supposed to."

It is in this way—using the CD-ROM's game-like structure to expose people to a wealth of art and ideas—that *Teeth* draws its most profound connections to Lollapalooza. While it has been billed as a "cyber-kinetic souvenir" of the festival, it is less a record of what went on during this summer's tour than the ideas behind Lollapalooza translated into another medium.

"As far as Lollapalooza is concerned, the CD-ROM does have a lot of footage gathered from Lollapalooza, but it's more about trying to incorporate the ideology of Lollapalooza into a ROM package. Perry's idea for Lollapalooza was a world's fair of sorts that kids would be attracted to by the acts, but they would be introduced to a wealth of different things once they got in the doors. We want to create that electronically. A sort of summit of the arts, electronically."

Black Sabbath, Paranoid Bill Stevenson All

It depends on weather and time of day. Rainy nights require Tom Waits. Any time is the right time for Versus. **Small Factory**

The Jerky Boys' first album. **Prodigy**

The Who, *Live At Leeds*
John Coltrane, *Ascension*
Creedence Clearwater Revival, *Bayou Country*
Wire, *154*
Mike Watt

Fleetwood Mac, *Rumours*; Soundtracks from *Star Wars* and *Mary Poppins*, Pale Saints (the "silver" one) *Suddenly, Tammy!*

Future Days by Can. **Poster Children**

The soundtrack to *Rocky* has served us well on especially long drives. It's extremely motivational and gives you room to ponder. **that dog.**

Got any good road stories?

It was pretty funny that our now-former rhythm guitarist had an affair with our roadie for three months on the road and thought that nobody knew. **Kim Shattuck Muffs**

We were on our way home from Lincoln, Nebraska. We stopped at Burger King and then hit the highway. About 15 miles out of town we get pulled over by two or three cop cars. They're all serious as shit..."Get out of the van!" They told us someone had called in a report that there was a van in said Burger King's parking lot full of kids who were wielding a rifle! So they search our van for the gun and all the one cop could find was a double-barrel sexual device that our drummer bought to try out on his girlfriend (I guess!). He comes out of the van and all eight of us and the rest of the cops are standing in the ditch along the highway when the cop holds up the device and says, "Well, it's not a gun, but you could probably hurt someone with it." We laughed our fuckin' asses off. **Mike Tobin Stick**

We were driving west over the Canadian Rockies to play a show in

Vancouver. We climbed up a hill, and on the other side was black ice. The logging truck ahead of us jackknifed and started going downhill sideways toward a 400 ft. canyon. We did three spins and went off the side. It was about a 70 degree slope, and we went down about a hundred feet until we wrapped the van around a pine tree. The mountie that showed up said most people who go down usually die. Joey fractured a disc, I broke two ribs, and Larry got a minor concussion. The gear was fine. Our roadie stubbed his toe getting out, but we all walked away. We even played our Vancouver show the next night with Kepone's help. Those guys rock. **Pegboy**

We kidnapped a girl out of a drug re-hab after a show in Minneapolis, 1987. She was 17. **Bill Stevenson All**

We're too coldly professional to engage in hijinks & shenanigans at any time, especially not while engaged in the deadly serious business of touring. **Silkworm**

Rick once got Bob (drummer #4) to lick the bug-splattered bumper of our Dodge van for five American dollars. We also have a videotape of Pete Shelley and Steve Garvey of the Buzzcocks bowling for the first time in their lives at an alley in Omaha, Nebraska. Yes, it was where we played that night—bands got to bowl free. **Poster Children**

There are many jokes exchanged on the road, and of course all are funny and keep the spirit of traveling happy. **Jimmy Scott**

Finding our drummer after a night of sleepwalking curled up wearing a bra and Pam's white vinyl boots. **Seven Day Diary**

3/94, Omaha, Nebraska: the 41st annual Mother-Son Prom and the "Coprophet Of The Year" awards banquet both took place in adjoining rooms in the same Holiday Inn convention center... I enjoyed both events... which is rare for me because I generally deplore all modes of existence... **Bill Whitten St. Johnny**

Jay threw his glove out the window, thinking it was a banana peel. He consequently wore the banana peel for a week after that. **Suddenly, Tammy!**

One time, we went to the gig, sound checked, all the equipment was there, ate, played (good gig) and went to the hotel, slept, woke up and left. **Scott Amendola T.J. Kirk**

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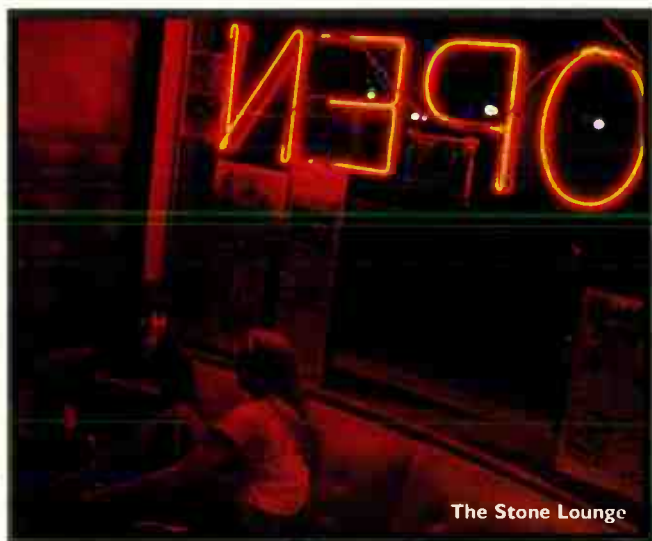
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The children of Tampa Bay fall victim to infections much too often. Ears, noses, throats, upper GI, lungs. They are becoming hospitalized more and more often, and their parents' work hours are being hampered. We will be the first city in the continental U.S. to allow our bodies to learn defense without antibiotics, and will hence enjoy the following well into the approaching millennium.



The Stone Lounge

PHOTOS BY SAMANTHA DUNSCOMBE

Living Entertainment

The Stone Lounge (Nebraska and Skipper Rd.): The best place to play in town. Cheap beer, great room for sound (although we all miss Jim Sourman, the gun-toting sound man). National acts are starting to come on a regular basis (TFUL 282, Polvo, Sebadoh), and it's a haven for local shows every other night.

Java Street (2nd Ave., Downtown St. Pete): Relatively new coffeehouse that books great local shows and gives one the opportunity to get frickin' amped up.

Club Detroit/Jannus Landing (around the corner from Java Street): Big club on the inside, big stage and courtyard on the outside. It's really a nice place with good sound, but an element of fun is missing from the vibe.

BONK Festival (various locations in April): A national conference of well-respected deranged musical geniuses performing aural art, with prepared pianos and the like.

Inanimate Entertainment

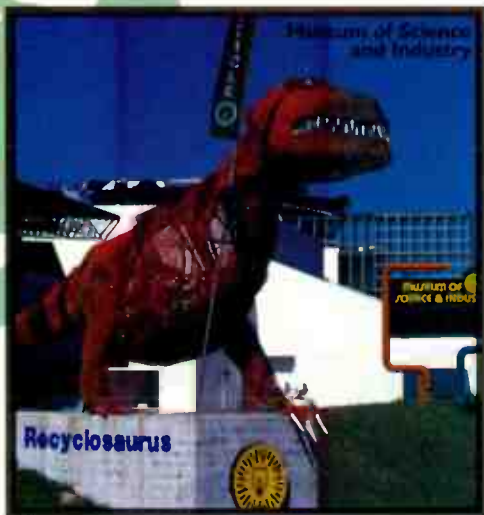
Blue Chair Music (7th Ave., Historic Ybor City): If you come to Tampa and don't check out Blue Chair, you are an idiot. Great shows at night, a film gallery in the back, and the best used vinyl, including specialty interest sections like Moog, experimental sound, and odd celebrity records. Not to even mention Cindy Wheeler's rockin' literature corner, and the nicest damn people this side of the Rockies.

The Mind's Eye Museum (Busch Blvd.): Essentially a psychedelic Raja Yoga pinball machine that you walk through and learn about the great redness.

Sweet Charity (7th Ave., Historic Ybor City): All the things you need for your lifestyle.

Salvador Dali Museum (Near the pier in St. Pete—there's lots of signs): The largest Dali collection in the world, and at least one guide that really cares a lot.

Angelica's (8th Ave. and 15th St., Ybor City): Tofu burritos for a buck, and a Frida Kahlo motif.

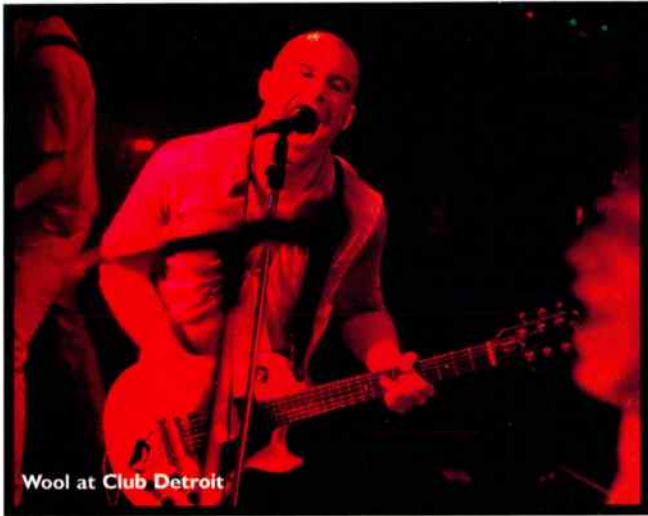


Museum of Science and Industry (5000 E. Fowler): Smaller version of Chicago's MOSI, and we have space shuttle adventures every hour. The Omnimax theater will be opening in a few months and will likely be haunted, as one of the construction workers fell from the top to the bottom. Eeeee.

Alternative Record Store (Nebraska and Fletcher): Bring your alternative music grocery list here—they've got buying power and a couple of copies of every CD mentioned in this magazine.

Big Bend Power Plant (Big Bend Rd., exit off I-75): The combination of pollution from Big Bend and the nearby phosphate mines makes for some really beautiful and, for the weaker of heart, startling sunset colors, while MacDill Air Force Base jets practice warfare overhead. And, oh yeah, you can meet Morty the Manatee there too, as the warm waters the plant creates attracts our favorite endangered species to its certain death.

Bike (2200 E. Fletcher): Can't say much about the service or selection of this used bike shop, as I've never actually gone in, but God love 'em for their constantly changing dada marquee out front. Previous highlights include, "My bologna has a first name," "Shoplifters Welcome," and "Wanted: Black Dog, Red Collar."



Radio

WMNF 88.5: We're damn proud of our community radio station. About as eclectic as they come. Folk, polka, reggae, Sunday Simcha, jazz, sonic irritations, world beat, British Isles, Pacifica report, leftist rhetoric, and the Underground Circus weeknights. And to top it all off, legendary local trio Pee Shy's own Jenny Juristo cold kickin' the brainy new music on Saturday afternoons.

WUSF 89.7: The place to hear *All Things Considered*, sometimes really great jazz at night, decent classical in the day.

WHPT 102.5: OK, so it's big and corporate and gross on the outside, but when you need an AOR fix, the POINT is the place to be.



Bands

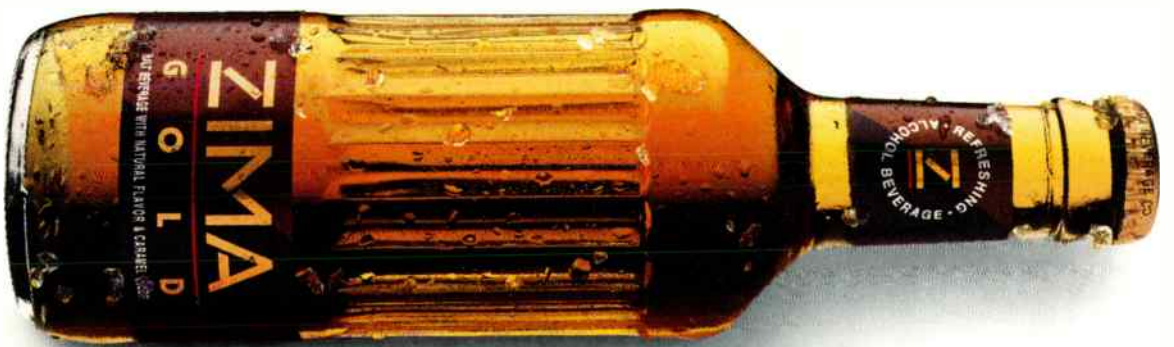
I'm running out of space, but I need to inform you that besides being the Death Metal capital of the world, Tampa Bay has some great bands. If you ever visit, it's worth your while to check some of them out, especially if you can catch: Pee Shy (you'll be hearing an album from them soon on Blue Gorilla, and you will undoubtedly fall in love), Dumb Waiters, Skinny's 21 (redhead power), Scrog, Pink Lincolns, Piss Army Orchestra, Rosewater Elizabeth, Clang, Meringue, Men Eat Rocks and a bunch more that won't fit. Just go to Blue Chair when you're in town and Edwin will clue you in.

While the rest of the country goes on full-time flu repair, we will be enjoying the best cigars, Cuban sandwiches, and lightning storms in the country.

Eric Morrison is a member of Home, whose new album is IX (Relativity).



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