

Quick Fix Freite The Willys Rasputina The Roots Flying Nun US!

CMJ

NEW MUSIC

Kula Shaker

Pet Shop Boys

Red House Painters

Congo Norvell

Lemonheads'

Evan Dando

"that's how bad it got"

Best New Music

Future Sound Of London

John Parish and Polly Jean Harvey

Pest 5000

Jon Spencer Blues Explosion

King Chango

\$4.99 US/\$7.99 CAN NOV. 1996



Over 40 reviews including: Descendents, Billy Bragg, Wesley Willis, Archers Of Loaf, They Might Be Giants, John Cale, Graham Parker



NEUROTIC OUTSIDERS

Steve Jones, John Taylor
Duff McKagan & Matt Sorum

FIRST TRACK: "JERK"

produced by Jerry Harrison

in stores September 10

September 5 New York City
September 6 Boston
September 7 Washington DC
September 8 Toronto
September 13 Detroit

September 14 Chicago
September 15 Dallas
September 16 Phoenix
September 18 Los Angeles

A&R Direction: Guy Oseary

Management: Anita Camarata Eclipse Entertainment • John Reese/Big F.D.

www.worldradiohistory.com

World Radio History





24



16

18



20

FEATURES

16 PET SHOP BOYS

Neil Tennant talks about making dance music with words that count. Interview by Douglas Wolk.

18 CONGO NORVELL

Sally Norvell and Kid Congo Powers order another round. Interview by Kurt B. Reighley.

20 KULA SHAKER

The young British sensations discover their spiritual side. Interview by Tom Lanham.

22 ROBYN HITCHCOCK

The legendary British weirdo discusses surrealism and filthy ducks. Interview by Tom Lanham.

24 ON THE COVER

Evan Dando of the Lemonheads talks frankly about what life's been like since we last heard from him. Interview by Tom Lanham.

30 RED HOUSE PAINTERS

Mark Kozelek stretches out a little. Interview by Kurt B. Reighley.

DEPARTMENTS

4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

We suggested that Fiona Apple was the next big thing. But what did you think?

6 QUICK FIX

Frente, the Lilys, the Roots and other doses of instant gratification.

14 ON THE VERGE

Up and coming, as they say: Cub, Buffalo Daughter, the Pulsars and Skeleton Key.

52 MIXED MEDIA/MULTIMEDIA

Movies, comics, 'zines, web sites and books—for that well-rounded entertainment experience.

55 TOP 75

75 records played a lot on college and alternative radio, in convenient numerical order.

56 FEEDBACK

Mail, fax or email and let us know your opinion.

57 ON THE CD

Impress strangers at cocktail parties with the lowdown on this month's artists.

60 JUST OUT/DIRECTORY

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

61 LOCALZINE

Elizabeth Elmore and Rachel Switzky of the band Sarge expose the hidden treasures of Champaign-Urbana, Illinois.

MUSIC REVIEWS

12 BEST NEW MUSIC

November's best: new albums from John Parish and Polly Jean Harvey, Pest 5000, Future Sound Of London, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion and King Chango.

34 REVIEWS

We steer you towards the new records you'll like—and away from the ones you won't.

47 SPECIALTY PAGES

Flashback Pick: Mississippi John Hurt; Metal Pick: Samael; Singles Pick: The In Out; Dance Pick: Alex Reece; Hip-Hop Pick: Roots.

LETTERS

Apple sauce

This girl is 18 years old, never played live, only got signed because the record company was afraid of losing the next Alanis and she gets four pages and the cover of *CMJ*? Now you guys are bullshittin' me. I'll have to think twice when my subscription renewal comes due if you keep trying to force-feed us like this.

P. D'Abbraccio
Johnston, RI

I just want to say thank goodness that somebody is giving credit for talent where credit is due. I bought Fiona Apple's album after reading a favorable review, thinking, "she better not be a Tori Amos wannabe." To my pleasant surprise, she has her own compelling, sexy style, and is a great musician and lyricist (her CD has constant rotation in my player), unlike the untalented, boring, overplayed, oversold, and waaaaay overestimated Ms. Morissette. Thanks for recognizing her magic, *CMJ*.

Courtney McLean
via email

I must admit that I'm jealous of the speed with which Fiona Apple has started her music life. I just gotta say this, though: Fiona, if you're reading this, *please, please, please take control of your career*. Otherwise you'll end up just like all the other commodity-product follow-in-the-wake-of bands out there: a flash in the pan. I'd hate to see your talent wasted.

Pete Nuwaysar
via email

Nothing's more annoying than starting a sentence with "Question"

Question: what comes first, the music or the ads? In other words, do you cover the bands featured in each issue and then get advertising bucks from the labels or (as I'm starting to suspect) is it more like whoever is advertising gets the feature? I realize that you do cover bands that don't necessarily advertise in that particular issue (though almost always in subsequent issues) and that's nice to see, if only infrequently. But the amount of borrowed interest in your magazine is starting to make me nauseous.

Lately, your magazine is scarcely any different from *Rolling Stone* or *Spin*: featured bands that are anything but new, and that hardly need your support. Now you're even doing that whole "hip fashion Gen-X merchandise advertisement" thing (i.e. "Cool Things For Summer," July '96). It's downright embarrassing.

Don't you understand: as far as music goes, Soundgarden doesn't need your help. The Smashing Pumpkins don't need your help. The Cure doesn't need your

help. And I don't need your help to know that these mega-buck bands have a new album out. All I have to do is walk down the street, or turn on the T.V., or walk into a record store and be overwhelmed and sickened by their monstrous point-of-sale material to know that...

Jim Gibson
Princeton, NJ

So Jim thinks we're all on the take and that bands with lots of promo posters in record stores shouldn't be written about. Okay, fine. And I bet he's got a great theory about who killed JFK, too. —ed.

The city gets windier

I got your September issue today and was elated to see Chicago as the city for the Localzine section (it's my city). I then got royally pissed after reading the intro at the top in bold. It made it seem like we riot at every chance we get. True, the last national [political] convention was ugly, as were the Bulls' celebrations for championships 1, 2 and 3 but number 4 was nothing like those events... And if this intro part of the review was also by Mr. Giampino, *bad CMJ* anyway. Publish city reviews that are most similar to each other, not ones that stick out because they say what you want to hear.

Mark H.
Chicago, IL

Apparently Mark H. skimmed over the line "Chicago is a city of bountiful positives." But yes, the intro to the Chicago Localzine was Mr. Scott Giampino's; in his inimitable style, he replies:

Whoa, ease back on the reins there, chief. I remember a time when I took everything literally and couldn't take a joke. I was four and my dad was beating me with a strap while singing a Puccini opera. The whole time my mom was wearing clown make-up and doing a headstand.

Then we moved to Chicago and the pigs gave my dad a ticket, but it was less money than a normal ticket 'cuz the cop liked my dad's mustache. It was then that he uttered those words that have stuck in my head ever since: "Son, remember, if you're gonna 'review' a city in CMJ, you may have to appeal to the lowest common denominator."

P.S. Name the time and place and we'll box.

The hardest working letter in show business

Your editor sounds like a sex machine!!

Black Nicholas
via email

Get up —ed. Get on up —managing ed. Get up —ed. Get on up —managing ed.

CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY STAFF

Publisher
Robert K. Haber

Editor-In-Chief
Scott Frampton

Associate Publisher
Marianne P. Stone

Managing Editor
Douglas Wolk

Senior Art Director
Alley Rutzel

Traffic Coordinator
Jenny Eliscu

Contributing Editors
Lydia Anderson
Tim Haslett
James Lien
Glen Sansone

Director of Sales and Marketing
Amy Tesch

Sales Manager Consumer Products
Khris Kline

Sales Manager Music Industry
Robert Schmerler

COLLEGE MEDIA INC.

President
Robert K. Haber

Executive Vice Presidents
Joanne Abbot Green
Diane Turofsky

General Counsel
Alex Ellerson

Executive Assistant
Zoey Tidal

HOW TO REACH US

Customer Service
Subscription inquiries and address changes
CMJ New Music Monthly
Customer Service
PO Box 57414
Boulder, CO 80322-7414
or call 1-800-414-4CMJ
(outside the U.S. call 1-303-678-0439)

To Subscribe
Call 1-800-CMJ-9997 or write to the customer service address listed above.

Editorial Comment
Fax: 516-466-7159 or email cmjmonthly@cmjmusic.com
Please do not use email for customer service problems or inquiries.

CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY (ISSN 1074-8929) is published monthly by College Media Inc. with offices at 11 Middle Park Road, Suite 400, Great Neck, NY 11021-2301. Subscription rates are \$3.95 per year. Subscription offices: PO Box 57414, Boulder, CO 80322-7414 / Phone (303) 414-4CMJ. Periodicals postage paid at Great Neck, NY and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to CMJ New Music Monthly, Membership Office, PO Box 57414, Boulder, CO 80322-7414, (CO) New Music Monthly to copyright 1996 by College Media Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reproduced without consent of publisher. Unless indicated otherwise, all letters sent to CMJ are eligible for publication and copyright purposes, and are subject to CMJ's right to file and construct indexes by

weezer

pinkerton



QUICK FIX

in my room
artists' personal picks



POLLY BORLAND

frente

the tall poppy syndrome

Success can be a wonderful thing, but there's no guarantee it won't spoil once you get it home. Frente, the four-piece Melbourne outfit that charmed the music world with a spare, acoustic cover of New Order's "Bizarre Love Triangle" back in 1994, found out the hard way. "This was my first band," says singer Angie Hart, hunched over a boardroom table, scarfing down most of a pepperoni pizza. "I only started when I was 17. After the tour, when we went home, we were complete victims of the 'tall poppy syndrome'—you know, if one flower rises above the rest they cut it off—and there was this terrible backlash. I was devastated. It killed me. I would go into clubs, and bands that I loved would be giving me the look—'who doe she think she is'—and we were the uncoolest band in the world."

Guitarist Simon Austin, wide-eyed and enthused, nods along. "People took 'Bizarre Love Triangle' a lot more seriously than the spirit in which it was recorded. We wanted to build this slowly and logically, and by the fifth album have some kind of profile in

the States. But it's a very classic Frente thing to do things backwards."

Temperamental and admittedly naive about the workings of a band, principal songwriters Simon and Angie have often found themselves groping in the dark about what the next step should be. After the success of their debut, *Marvin, The Album*, which spawned not only "Bizarre Love Triangle" but the quirky, pretty "Labour Of Love" and went on to sell a million copies worldwide, Frente (which also includes drummer Alastair Barden and new bassist Bill McDonald) did what seemed logical: toured incessantly and finally collapsed back home after a year abroad.

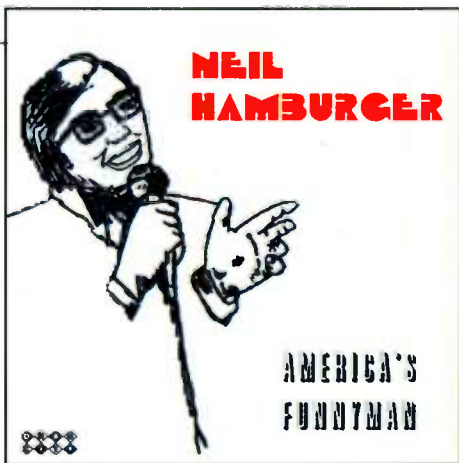
Once home, the band took a several-month break to rejuvenate. "We had to come home and be normal and boring for a while," recalls Angie. But a writer's block ensued, and by the time the band moved to Spain to record its follow-up, *Shape*, only four songs were ready to go, and the two songwriters found little time to leave the studio. "We basically put ourselves into the pressure-cooker," remembers Simon. "We fought a lot, and we laughed a lot. We've always had great strife—and unstrife. We're very close, but when you have that close of a friendship you don't have any barriers, any politeness, to either stop yourselves either really loving each other or beating each other up."

"Every song we end up happy with," adds Angie, "is one we can look back at and say 'oh, we had a really big fight that day, and that's a really beautiful song.' It's just something we have to do."

"The record," says Simon, "is about the unconscious and the subconscious, and the personality that's there before you begin to edit it, before it turns into something comprehensible by other people—those little moments when you sit there in ecstasy or something, before you catch yourself and go 'oh, come on now.'" **RANDEE DAWN**

weird record of the month

The cover of Neil Hamburger's *America's Funnyman* (Drag City) makes it look like a really bad comedy album of the kind fourth-rate stand-up types used to sell at their gigs. In fact, it is a *mindbogglingly* bad comedy album, or rather a hysterically funny meta-comedy album. The concept is that it's a live recording of the aforementioned sort, by an exceptionally lame nightclub-comedy guy working the airports and lounges of the Southwest circuit, making one utterly pathetic joke after another and bombing unmercifully. The liner notes explain: "You probably don't know that Neil was going through a difficult divorce while making the record, but managed to 'crack the crowd up' even as his own 'personal life' and strength was showing signs of 'cracking up' itself!" Neil Hamburger is better known as Gregg Turkington, the twisted genius behind Amarillo Records (see Various Artists, pg. 35). **DOUGLAS WOLK**



cardigans

Beck
Odelay

Metallica
Load

Elvis Presley
"Anything from '68-'70"

Frank Zappa
Strictly Commercial

Papas Fritas
Papas Fritas

< QUOTE >

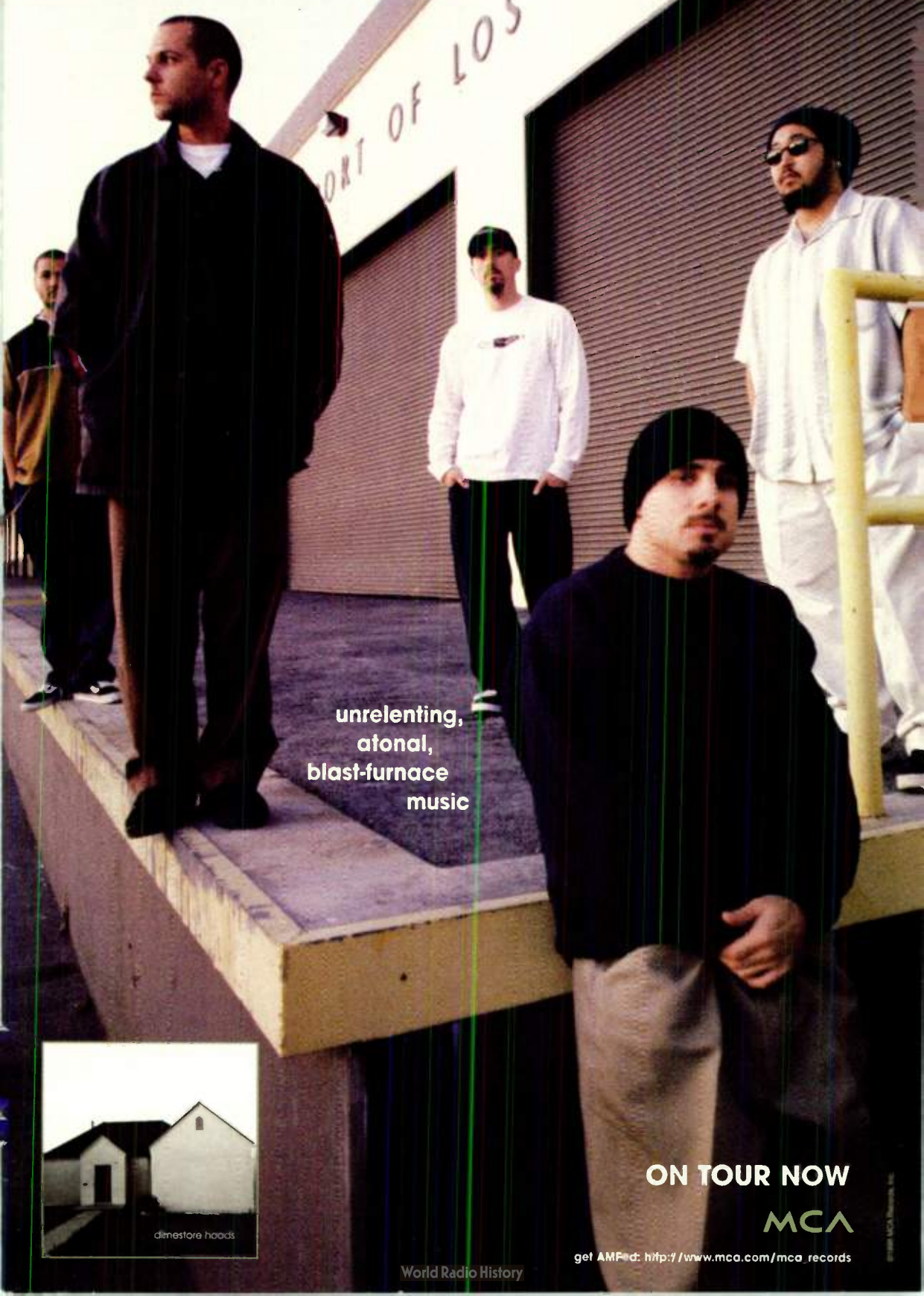
"I don't think that any rock 'n' roll band should tell the truth in their bio. That's for country and western people!"
—The Rev. Horton Heat, from an interview in *Hits*.

< /QUOTE >

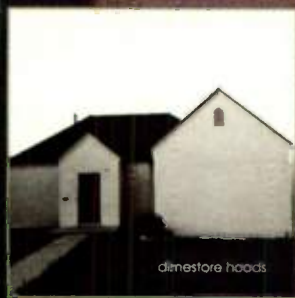
inspirational verse

"I think I spent the dog food money/But he'll love me just the same/But if you really love me baby/ Help me scrape the mucous off my brain"
—Ween, "Help Me Scrape The Mucous Off My Brain"

dimestore hoods



unrelenting,
atonal,
blast-furnace
music



dimestore hoods

ON TOUR NOW

MCA

get AMP'd: http://www.mca.com/mca_records

World Radio History

©1998 MCA Records, Inc.

QUICK FIX

mix tape

by Hugh Brown

"This is called 'Clara's Life in Kerrisdale.' Kerrisdale is a just-too-cool suburb of Vancouver that likes to think of itself as the center of life. It's not, though. Kitsilano is, and that's where Clara lives."

SIDE ONE

- Soul Coughing**
- Super Bon Bon
- Spearhead**
- Hole In The Bucket
- Camper Van Beethoven**
- Take The Skinheads Bowling
- Mary Margaret O'Hara**
- A New Day
- Michelle Shocked**
- Winter Wheat
- Dick Dale & His Del-Tones**
- Hava Nagila
- Catatonia**
- Whale (live)
- McFadden's Fiends**
- SOAS
- Incognito**
- Barumba
(Daniel Maunick's Rem x)
- Velvet Underground**
- Heroin
- Sebadoh**
- Skull

SIDE TWO

- Guided By Voices**
- Buzzards And Dreadful Crows
- Front 242**
- Headhunter vi.o
- The Second Great Unknown Songwriter**
- Down To The Forest
- Del Tha Funky Homosapien**
- Mistadobalina
- The Triffids**
- Trick Of The Light
- The Great Unknown Songwriter**
- Panther In Michigan
- Soul Coughing**
- Soft Serve
- The Panhandlers**
- Dream
- The Tragically Hip**
- Ahead By A Century
- Peter Gabriel**
- A Different Drum

Made a good mix tape lately?
Tell us about it. Just mail, email
or fax us the track listing

random fact

Smashing Pumpkins' *Mellon Collie And The Infinite Sadness* has been certified seven times platinum, making it the biggest-selling double-CD ever.



the lilys

doom and bloom ☺

"My record company thinks I'm retarded," chirps Kurt Heasley. The frontman and main songwriter for the Lilys has just gotten off the phone with a label representative angry with him for spending too much time recording a new B-side. "They just want me to record something on a boombox, they don't care," he adds with upbeat energy that belies his true feelings.

The intricate sound stylist is used to the agitation by now: While recording the band's new album, *Better Can't Make Your Life Better* (Ché/Primary-EEG), he forced the record company to double the studio time and budget. "We got into the studio, tried to put down basic tracks, and I quickly realized we were lost," he explains. The entirely new batch of band members he'd recruited from Boston—including Monsterland's Thom Mouahan on bass—hadn't heard the songs, and the arrangements were too complex to learn in a day.

A one-month recording schedule quickly turned into two, and an \$8,000 budget became \$17,000. "They think indie," says Heasley of Ché's purse strings;

label profile

Flying Nun Records U.S.A.

For 15 years, New Zealand's Flying Nun label has put out consistently excellent pop records, somehow digging up dozens of great bands from a country where people are outnumbered by sheep 10 to 1: the Chills, the Verlaines, the Clean, Tall Dwarfs, the 3Ds and the Dead C. are only a few of the groups who made their name on Flying Nun. Aside from a few American licensing deals, though, their records have been frustratingly hard to find in the States. Now they've finally opened a U.S. branch. The initial domestic releases will include new records from Martin Phillipps & The Chills, Alec Bathgate, the guitar-overdrive duo Snapper, and the late, great Able Tasmans, as well as *Abbasolutely*, a collection of Flying Nun bands covering Abba songs (Tall Dwarfs' version of "On And On And On" has to be heard to be believed). The company also sells most of its parent label's back catalogue by mail order. For a catalog, send a stamp to P.O. Box 3470, Chapel Hill, NC 27515.

"I think music." Plans to include a big band were scrapped and replaced with xylophone and trumpet players. Samples of clarinet and bassoon were added later. Money arguments between Heasley and the label persisted, and by final mixing time the songwriter claims he was a nervous wreck and 50 pounds underweight from eating only garlic.

"At the end there was no money, no cigarettes, no pot and no coffee," he recalls, "I was hallucinating, I was so delirious." All this might sound like the makings of a musical disaster, but *Better Can't Make Your Life Better* is easily the best record the Lilys have ever made. "We originally wanted to sound like Badfinger backed by the London Philharmonic Orchestra," says Heasley. In the end, he redefined the Lilys' style from earlier records' shoegazer wall-of-fuzz and spacey rambling to well-crafted, mid-'60s-style bubblegum rock, heavily influenced by the Kinks, Monkees and Zombies.

The songwriter may not be a great accountant, but he's no fool. Ask him about various '60s pop records and he can ramble on about which equalizers, pre-amps and mics were used in the production. He's just as quick to discuss alchemy, Goethe or the scales preferred by Gilbert and Sullivan, and he's built up quite a reputation for being hyper-analytical. One fawning journalist from an English music tabloid recently asked if he considered himself an "obsessive genius." "I'm genius about my obsessiveness," he remarks snidely, reconsidering the question. "I'll obsess about anything—Pop Tarts, Oldsmobiles—I love it!"

He figures the new album will be appreciated most by little children, aged eight and nine, and isn't sure if the old Lilys fans will love it. "Maybe we'll have to have two types of Lilys shows from now on," he considers, "one for Lilys fans from '90-'95 and another for those from '95-'99." NEIL GLADSTONE



For *The Ether* (Columbia), but Rasputina's labors have begun to pay off.

Creager assembled the ensemble by placing a newspaper ad seeking kindred spirits. She landed winsome Julia Kent, a classically trained player who'd earned her wings playing with the sprawling Motherhead Bug. A bevy of damsels waltzed in and out of the third chair as Rasputina honed its captivating live show via intimate gigs. Recently, Kent and Creager finally found a suitable equal fit for a permanent membership in their "Ladies' Cello Society," Polish emigre Agnieszka Rybska. "Agnieszka is new to the country, and from a very different background," notes Melora. "She's not jaded, and everything's new. That rubs off on me. I really like having that around, because I don't like to be too cynical about things."

And though Melora may wander her own halls in more comfortable garments, the constricting corsets are as crucial to Rasputina's live show as their cellos. "It's really important to dress, because performance is performance to us," she explains. "We don't dress like we're at home." Regardless, she is highly aware of the technical advantages to ditching the restricting undergarments. "It would make it much easier, but we have a tendency to make things harder, for whatever reason." The physical discipline makes for tighter (pun intended) playing, due to the intense focus required. "We're comfortable with some bad feelings going on," admits Melora. "The corsets provide us with some fright, which adds an edge to the performance." **KURT B. REIGHLEY**

rasputina

ladies' cello society

Dismissing Rasputina as merely idiosyncratic is as daft an understatement as labeling gorgonzola just another stinky cheese. As any true aesthete will recognize, a band of three striking young women playing pop songs on cellos isn't your everyday garage ensemble. Couple that with the fact that the Manhattan trio performs in Victorian corsets (though their drummer doesn't), and you're dealing with an act that rates the adjective "peerless." "Girls work hard for small rewards," croons founder Melora Creager on "My Little Shirtwaist Fire," the opening cut on the group debut *Thanks*

eyvind kang

the wered

The long-awaited debut album by Seattle's Eyvind Kang, *7 NADEs* (Tzadik), recently caused a stir in the experimental-music community. For a few years, the 25-year-old composer-violinist had stolen the show on records by other musicians, from jazz guitarist Bill Frisell to alt-rock group Juned to world-improv trio Sun City Girls. *7 NADEs*, though, was unlike any of his previous appearances, an elegant and wide-ranging collection of his compositions encompassing genteel big-band pieces, screaming white noise, '80s-power-ballad-style slickness and more. But what exactly is a NADE?

Kang knows, but he's cagey about explaining it. "I think that there should be some sort of sense of passage, of time passing—that's what I feel like a NADE should be. One thing, and it changes to another. It's related to how Sun Ra talks about the Word, but he says it should be spelled 'wered,' as in 'we were,' put into action. NADE itself is closely related in sound to two other words that I like: 'nadir' and also the Spanish 'nada'... It can be anything as far as instruments and sounds—it's how it fits together that's NADE-like." **DOUGLAS WOLK**



in my room

artists' personal picks

richard baluyut versus

Dead C.
Eusa Kills

Cat Power
What Would
The Community Think

E.L.C.
A New World Record

Throwing Muses
Limbo

Kiss
Destroyer

THE BIZ

music industry
parlance, explained

"DROPPED"

When a label releases a band from its roster of artists, and itself from its obligations to the band (to release and promote albums), generally without releasing the band from its financial obligations to the label that band has been *dropped*. Often, this occurs because a band or artist's future record sale will most likely never cover the costs incurred in the label's release and promotion of its record(s) (see "recoupable," August issue), but occasionally, it is part of a cost-cutting move that may have little to do with the band or its potential sales performance. (Extra Fancy, for example, was dropped 10 weeks after the release of *Sinnerman*.)

uninspired verse

"It's no secret that we're as close/As sweaty velcro"
—Type D Negative, "My Girlfriend's Girlfriend"

QUICK FIX



MICHAEL LAVINE

the roots

do they want more? ●

It's a rainy Monday night in Philadelphia, and the Roots' powerhouse drummer, Ahmir, is taking his turn spinning discs at the retro lounge Silk City. Suddenly, he scratches the record to a halt and then kickstarts the crowded dance floor back into action with "Push Up Your Lighter," a track from his band's new album, *Illadelph Halflife Vol. 3* (Geffen). Heads begin nodding, behinds bumping and compliments flying. Everyone in the room knows who it is, even though the track is brand new. Where better to test out material than with hometown friends?

For *Illadelph Halflife*, the Roots embraced the machine that they were once pitted against, and made an album by sampling themselves playing live and then looping it. The result is a melodic hip-hop collage reminiscent of Marvin Gaye's *What's Going On?* Breezy keyboard and saxophone drift through the upper register. Hub's bass electrifies the sub-woofers with tight hooks. Rappers Mahlik and Tariq cut overrated MCs down to size in track after track. But if the Roots are abandoning their jazzy

instrumentation for psychedelic trip-hop, are they doing so in favor of commercial accessibility? Certainly, guest appearances by Q-Tip, Bahamadia, Dice Raw, Raphael of Tony! Toni! Toné!, D'Angelo, David Murray and Cassandra Wilson don't hurt their crossover potential.

"We always wanted to be considered a hip-hop band rather than jazz rap," explains Ahmir, after he's done DJing for the evening. "With *Do You Want More?!!!!??!*, we'd done the live record thing. We played the whole thing live—I doubt we'll ever do it again. It was time for us to move on." Freed to experiment in the studio, Ahmir borrowed production ideas from Jimi Hendrix and the Beatles. On "Panic," he flipped the recording tape over and played the piano parts backwards, and on another track rapper Rahzel recorded his vocals through a headphone speaker. Eighty songs in all were committed to tape in the year and a half it took to make the album; 20 survived.

Fellow member Mahlik—fed up with the stress and redundancy of life on the road—decided to quit the live band in the middle of the last summer's European tour. "I think the rest of the guys felt some kind of betrayal because I did it in the middle of tour," he says, but tempers that by noting that everyone in the band respected his decision. Ahmir certainly did. He considers Mahlik the "MVP" of the new record. "I think he had so much time when he got home to think about things that he was able to come up with some of his finest lyrics to date," the drummer says.

Mahlik figures he's going to do shows occasionally in the future, and will continue to record with the group, but he's also working on solo material. As for the future of the Roots, Ahmir wants to continue to change things around. For the next album, new keyboardist Kamal may be trading in his Rhodes piano for a six-string. Will there be Roots rock 'n' roll? NEIL GLADSTONE

in my room

artists' personal picks

scott lucas
local h

Rolling Stones
Sticky Fingers

Misfits
Box Set

My So-Called Life
(TV Show) "All 19 episodes"

Soundgarden
Down On The Upside

Nada Surf
Zen Brain

"And Matthew
McConaughey"

< QUOTE >

"I hope you like this record,
but it's not like my life's over
if you don't."

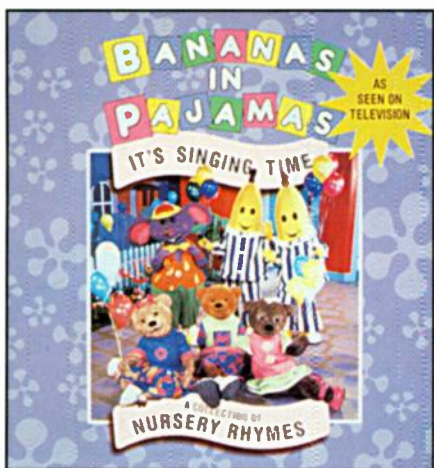
—Rob Crow, from the press
release for his new album
Lactose Adept.

< /QUOTE >

tours we'd like to see

Cat And Mouse:

Cat Power, Modest Mouse,
Family Cat, Jacob's Mouse,
Stray Cats, Boomtown Rats,
Scruffy The Cat, Eek-A-
Mouse, Multiple Cat, Mouse
On Mars, Pussycat Trash,
Rats Of Unusual Size,
Spatcats, Good Rats,
Curiosity Killed The Cat, Rat
At Rat R



cool thing

bananas in pajamas

A certain purple dinosaur's monopoly over the minds of a young generation may finally become extinct: we infinitely prefer the antics and shenanigans of *Bananas In Pajamas*, two seven-foot yellow fruits who originally began life as a five-minute Australian kid's TV show. While Barney's sing-alongs are cloyingly touchy-feely and employ all the subtlety of a cult indoctrination, the B's in P's are much more tasteful and witty. In each episode the two bananas, B1 and B2, get together with three bears and a scheming rat to play pranks on each other, invent games, commit social *faux pas*, and go to the beach at least once per episode. The show also borrows liberally from slapstick comedy, with the Bananas doing double-takes to the sound of kettle drums every time they have a good idea. *Bananas In Pajamas* is in its second year of national syndication, now on over 120 PBS stations in the U.S. JAMES LIEN



chimera

back to earth

One thing you shouldn't do is compare Chimera to the Cranberries. They've heard it before, and they really don't want to hear it again.

"The only thing we have in common with them is that we both have a female singer and we're both Irish," guitarist Ted Laverty says in exasperation. And it's true; they don't sound alike. If you have to look for analogies, try the Cocteau Twins with the amps turned up, or the Sundays with crunch.

"The Sundays? That's interesting," muses singer Eileen Henry. "I'm aware of the Sundays, and I like Harriet Wheeler's voice, but it's not something I've ever really listened to. We have their first record, but that's as far as it goes. I'm not sure I get the comparison, because they have a soft-spoken, mellow approach to the music, and I don't think we do."

In 1993 Chimera issued its first album, a piece of work that owed far more to My

Bloody Valentine than anybody else. "Well, we do like our big noises," bassist Steve Emerson laughs. It flopped. Heavily. "It wasn't a pleasant experience," Ted recalls. "The most logical thing for us to do at that point would have been to quit, call it a day, and get real jobs. But we're quite stubborn people, we actually believe passionately in what we do, so we just started from scratch, raised some money and started our own little studio, working and writing."

The fruit it bore was 1995's *The Day Star* EP, four songs that emphasized melody and space. That, in its turn, proved to be merely an appetizer for the new *Earth Loop* album (Grass), recorded partly in Cork, partly at home and partly in the band's own studio.

It's warm, friendly, and open, a vast contrast to the somber sonics of the first record. "I think our writing has changed since then," Eileen offers. "The melodies are stronger, the guitars are more focused, so all the elements have come together, and that gives the voice and the guitars more space. We're better at what we do. As a band, we're stronger for all the things we've come through. There are never any jangling egos. We all have the same purpose and the same direction. All those things help."

At the nub, though, is Chimera's philosophy, an acknowledgment that chasing fame simply doesn't work. "We write to entertain ourselves," Ted announces firmly. "Not for MTV, radio, press, or anybody else. The most important thing is the song. That's more important than any member of the band. All our egos are subservient to it." *CHRIS NICKSON*

random five

lousy movies with great soundtracks

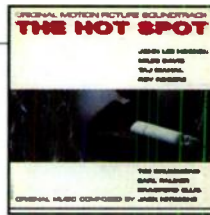
The Hot Spot. Miles Davis and John Lee Hooker with help from Taj Mahal. That's it in a nutshell.

A Rage In Harlem. An R&B extravaganza: original versions of "Dust My Broom," "Church Bells May Ring," "Bo Diddley," and Johnny Ace's "Pledging My Love," plus new songs by Little Richard, LaVern Baker and Little Jimmy Scott.

Less Than Zero. Roy Orbison sings Glenn Danzig. Need we say more? How about "Bring The Noise," "Goin' Back To Cali," the Bangles' "Hazy Shade Of Winter"...

Party Party. Highlight: Bananarama doing the Sex Pistols' "No Feelings." Runner-up: title song by Elvis Costello & The Attractions. Also-ran: Sting covering Little Richard and Little Willie John.

Porky's Revenge. No kidding. Classic-rock dinosaurs cut loose and have some fun. If you liked the Honeydrippers, don't miss Robert Plant and the Crawling King Snakes doing "Philadelphia Baby."



in my room

artists' personal picks

dean wareham

Luna

Bobbie Gentry
Touch 'Em With Love

Papas Fritas
Papas Fritas

Vladimir Nabokov
(Book) Lolita

James Ellroy
(Book) American Tabloid

Stereolab
Emperor Tomato Ketchup



promo item of the month

Sometimes you have to love promo swag for its sheer literalism. Girls Against Boys "Superfire" single = lighter. Bravo, Touch And Go.

random fact

It is because of a conflict with a band already using the name, and not an apparent conversion to Islam, that Bush is known in Canada as Bush X.

inspirational verse

"It may not look like much/but when he pumps that clutch/he'll make you think you're in reverse."
—The Angels,
"(You Can't Take)
My Boyfriend's Woody"

best new music

[the five best releases this month]

john parish & polly jean harvey



dance hall at louse point

JOHN PARISH AND POLLY JEAN HARVEY / *Dance Hall At Louse Point* / Island ^{cc}

By all rights, *Dance Hall At Louse Point* shouldn't be much of anything—a one-off collaboration between Harvey and the guitarist from her pre-fame band Automatic Dlamini, who wrote all the music here. But Harvey is probably the fastest-growing artist in rock, and *Louse Point* seems to have hit just the right point on her growth curve. It's almost frighteningly great, as powerful and rich as *To Bring You My Love* but much easier to listen to in its entirety. Harvey has been working on her voice, and the results are stunning, both technically (her howling falsetto on "City Of No Sun" will make your hair stand on end) and artistically. She's turned into a great interpretive singer—of her own words and others—and proves it when she

slows the old standard "Is That All There Is?" to a crawl and wrings it for every drop of passion and horror it's worth. Parish's music is a splendid surprise, too, with a distinctly different setting for every track (Led Zep-ish heaviness, hyper-compressed treble attack, whatever it takes) and

vivid guitar playing offset by resonant, prickly organ textures. But Harvey is the star here, indulging her drama-queen extremism, broadening her lyrical range and basically sliding her tongue into listeners' ears. If this is her idea of a between-albums quickie, it's hard to imagine what the next P.J. Harvey record is going to sound like. *DOUGLAS WOLK*

DATALOG: Released Sep. 24. First single "That Was My Veil."

FILE UNDER: Hyper-dramatic art songs.

R.I.Y.L.: Patti Smith, Sinead O'Connor's *The Lion And The Cobra*.

PEST 5000 / *interabang(!)* / Derivative



The word "pest" comes from "pestilence"; while the shorter word refers to something only peripherally annoying, at its root it alludes to something seriously contagious. Similarly, Canadian quintet Pest 5000 makes music that hangs just within your field of vision, and only gradually do you feel it penetrating deeper. Exuberant but subtle, clattery but delicate, Pest's far-out mini-symphonies fuse guitars with strings, all manner of keyboards, a wild panoply of percussion (the liner notes list "shaky things") and whatever else was lying around (walkie-talkie, vacuum cleaner). Picture a primitive tribe coming across an abandoned studio, not being able to distinguish the instruments from the appliances, but making cool music anyway. All this

clever racket is enough to distract you from the lyrics, which are pretty great too. Pest takes an adroitly cynical view of love, especially the annoying care-and-feeding rituals of a relationship. "Cold Feet," about marriage, and

"Punch Pad," about making up, are spiked with sharp couplets: "I'm not dressing up my frustrations in smiles and nods anymore/I'm not tiptoeing around the living, breathing fuckup you are anymore." On "Philosophically Dyslexic," one of two unlisted tracks that close the album, singer Patti drops this sly insult: "You'd be a funny limerick/Except that you're a haiku." On that score, Pest 5000 would be a sonnet in iambic pentameter: a delicate ornament encasing a pearl of truth. *CHRIS MOLANPHY*

DATALOG: Released Sep. 3.

FILE UNDER: Catchy cacophony.

R.I.Y.L.: Olivia Tremor Control, Stereolab, Bettie Serveert.



The name Future Sound Of London has always been part audacity, part description. With *Dead Cities*, the group lives up to the promise of both. As a description, it puts the group's eerily organic synthesized sounds into a context: The feeling is simultaneously familiar and alien, suggesting not so much the London of the next millennium, but its remnants in the one after. As bleeps, gurgles, throbs, drum machine beats, rushes of wind, wood flutes and the tinkling of children's laughter sweep over the disc, they collect into rhythms, leitmotifs and oblique structures. The disc moves to the rhythm of chaos, both destructive and creative, taking the familiar—our civilization, our world—and breaking it down into fragments just recognizable enough to inspire wonder. As for audacity, you've got to admit that the group is on to something: "Quagmire" and "My Kingdom" are impressive tangles of sound, and "Hard Killing" and "We Have Explosive" are some of the best examples of making this sort of difficult music danceable since Front 242's "Headhunter." FSOL has emerged from its recent experiments, where it reduced music to a collection of textures, with a better sense of not only what constitutes sound, but song. *Dead Cities* is both high-concept and immediate, and FSOL's most complete and accessible piece of music. *SCOTT FRAMPTON*

DATALOG: Release date: Oct. 29.

FILE UNDER: Archeological ambient techno.

R.I.Y.L.: Aphex Twin, Brian Eno, Front 242, Chemical Brothers.

JON SPENGER BLUES EXPLOSION / *Now I Got Worry* / Matador-Capitol



The Blues Explosion's records have always been good—even great—but they haven't caught enough of the immediacy of the Hardest Working Band In Show Business's sweat-drenched live shows. *Now I Got Worry* opens with Jon Spencer screaming straight into your face at the top of his lungs. So much for immediacy problems. Spencer is practically exploding with charisma—when his slap-back-reverbed voice spits out "you-you-you-got-to-hear-me" on "Wail," he could make everyone in the room forget they showed up with a date. (Further evidence: the feral, explosive "Get Over Here," less a demand than a performative statement.) His commanding, fake-Southern-inflected tones are so exaggerated they're a caricature, but they also tap into something primal and damn effective. As for the other Blues Exploders: Judah Bauer can fire off a murderous guitar groove while making it sound like he's drag-racing on a cobblestone street; and Russell Simins is the hardest drummer in rock, and probably the second-through-fifth-hardest drummers too—and he plays his own breakbeats. There are a couple of guests (Rufus Thomas, no stranger to tough soul himself, shows up to sing "Chicken Dog"), and some wild shit going on musically—a tape cut-up on the bridge of "2 Kindsa Love," a drum machine on "Eyeballin'," and a bare-bones cover of Dub Narcotic's "Fuck Shit Up," of all things—but it all just sounds raw, raw, raw. *DOUGLAS WOLK*

DATALOG: Release date: Oct. 15.

FILE UNDER: The hardest soul band around.

R.I.Y.L.: James Brown, AC/DC, Reverend Horton Heat, R.L. Burnside.

KING CHANGO / *King Chango* / Luaka Bop-WB 



King Chango is easily described as what it is in the most literal sense: a ska band on Luaka Bop. Take the basic bluebeat rhythms common to all contemporary ska, and add the pan-cultural aesthetic of David Byrne's boutique label—including sounds that touch on all of the Caribbean and much of Latin America—and you have *King Chango*. The futbol-loving octet (soccer balls bounce all through the CD booklet) rifles through salsa, reggae, dub, mariachi and Afro-pop, but manages not to get lost in all the genre-hopping: what the band's doing is never more noticeable than *how* it's doing it. King Chango's style is comfortably its own, and its self-named "Latin ska" proves a winning combination. Lyrics are sung in English, Spanish and patois, and all the fusions of styles feel as natural and gentle as a trade wind. What's also nice is that this warm-weather pop is no Club Med—the sounds all stay faithful to the band's inspirations. Perhaps best of all, though, is how refreshing it is to hear ska liberated from the protective confines of the ska purists, who've kept the sound, not to mention their ties and lapels, on the straight and narrow for too long. *SCOTT FRAMPTON*

DATALOG: Released Aug. 27.

FILE UNDER: Latin ska.

R.I.Y.L.: English Beat, Gypsy Kings, No Doubt, Mano Negra.

CUB

Vancouver trio Cub has been pegged as the nucleus of the indie-pop sub-genre

"cuddlecure," due to its peppy tunes and ultra-cute lyrics, but these gals have transcended the trappings of such a tiny pigeonhole with their third album, *Box Of Hair* (Mint-Lookout!). "Freaky," the album's first single and video, ripples with singer/bassist Lisa Marr's snarling vocals, rife with sassy attitude, and the vigorous, unrelenting rhythms she pounds out with drummer Lisa G. On "Box Of Hair," Cub could be Joan Jett's kid sisters messing around in the basement, while the moody "Riverside" shows them capable of taking on a more reflective tone. But even as the Cub ladies slip easily between crunchy rockers and sweet poppy tunes like "Magic 8 Ball," they flaunt their inherent understanding of girl group harmonies, icing their punky songs with an irresistible pop edge. Cub may be cute 'n' cuddly, but just try to hold 'em down! (LA)



BUFFALO DAUGHTER

Like its mismatched name, Buffalo Daughter doesn't make much literal sense. Sugar, Moog and Yumiko, the three Japanese women comprising the band, construct songs from electronic and organic instrumentation, sprinkled with samples and Sugar's heavily-accented vocals. Their U.S. debut, *Captain Vapour Athletes* (Grand Royal), skips from the Flying Lizards-ish single "Cold Summer" to the driving post-Sonic Youth rock of "Silver Turkey" to the moody soundscape "Big Wednesday," and then tapers off into some very non-linear electronic noodling on its last three tracks. While dabbling in rock, electronic and experimental styles, Buffalo Daughter offers music's essential ingredients in a primitive, but stimulating form, often requiring listeners to piece them together themselves. You may need to bring an open mind to your first encounter with Buffalo Daughter, but the charm of the band's recordings won't be lost on anyone interested in alternative rock's bulging perimeter. (LA)



PULSARS

Chicago studio wizard Dave Trumfio has flexed his musicianly muscles with several groups, including Ashtray Boy and the Mekons, but he makes his most powerful statement yet with the Pulsars, on which he's joined by his brother Harry. After releasing one 7", the group was snapped up by Almo Sounds, which has just released the five-song EP *Submission To The Master*. Being a producer (he's recorded numerous local and national acts at his Kingsize Studios) has given Dave a knack for creating a crisp, punchy sound for his tuneful songs, which he fleshes out with irresistible harmonies, horns and organs. If we had to pick from the five, we'd single out the two-minute nugget "Owed To A Devil" as having the most hit-potential for of its sing-along chorus, bouncy beat and loser-friendly, sarcastic lyrics. The Pulsars' first full-length won't be out until next year, but you might want to keep an eye peeled for the Trumfios on tour before then. (LA)



SKELETON KEY

Skeleton Key has been described as Cop Shoot Cop-meets-Soul Coughing-meets-They Might Be Giants. Is the band really some sort of aggregate of those three others? Not really, but it does give you an idea of the band's clangy, heterogeneous sound, and how hard it is to describe. The New York foursome's songs—some punchy, some loping, some frantic—are all driven by a combination of drummer Stephen Calhoun's



powerhouse rhythms and the spare-parts percussion of Rick Lee, over which the skronky guitar lines of (sometime singer) Chris Maxwell and bass player Sanko's low-end thud intertwine. After gaining a rep as a live band opening for the likes of the Jesus Lizard, Morphine, Helmet and Cibo Matto (with whom Lee also plays in Butter 08), and releasing an EP on Motel, Skeleton Key signed to Capitol, and has a full-length due in February. SCOTT FRAMPTON

Who says the English are an uptight lot?



Squeeze Piccadilly Collection



Robyn Hitchcock Greatest Hits
Backlot Collection

Best Of Compilations

from a few most curious & talented U.K. denizens



<http://www.amrecords.com>
© 1995 AM Records. All rights reserved.



Pet Shop Boys

this is neil talking



BRAD BRANSON

On the phone, the Pet Shop Boys' Neil Tennant affects a bored-playboy voice, but it's betrayed by his unconcealable enthusiasm for records, clubs, countries and everything else. He and partner Chris Lowe aren't doing very much right now, he says: just finishing up a video (at Orlando's Wet & Wild theme park directed by Bruce Weber), remixing a single or two from their new album *Bilingual*, polishing off a half-dozen B-sides (including one called "How I Learned To Hate Rock And Roll"), writing and producing the odd song for Tina Turner, things like that. More than 10 years into their career, the PSBs still combine trashy fluff and emotional depth like nobody else; like champion divers, they work impossibly hard to get it to seem easy.

As *Bilingual's* title suggests, it's an internationally flavored record—specifically, it's strongly influenced by Latin pop and dance music. Tennant wanted to get away from the Englishness of earlier records, he says: "In England, pop music has been very insular the last few years—musically, it's about the past: Oasis, the Beatles, tons of people basing their music on the Smiths now. Pet Shop Boys have always been an international group, in terms of our audience: we sell records in Brazil and Taiwan as well as the U.S., Germany and England. We also toured South America and really liked the music we heard there. At the same time, we'd been to a concert and heard a Scottish group called Sheboom. They're a project of 70 women who make samba drums in Glasgow, and they play them—70 women banging their own drums, and it sounded great. So we took the samba idea and got it played by these Scottish women." Sheboom ended up

playing on three tracks, and being sampled on a fourth. "That gave us a sort of Latin feel, but British as well—that sums up what the record's about."

The sound of *Bilingual* has been worked on long and carefully: it's pure dance-floor ear candy on the surface, but there's lots of interesting stuff going on if you pay attention. Besides Latin percussion, the standard-issue lush synth-pop and a couple of piano ballads (including "It Always Comes As A Surprise," which Tennant notes with obvious pleasure that George Michael likes) it's got a few more international surprises: a Russian folk choir on "Red Letter Day" ("conducted by Victor Popov—such a great name!"), and a couple of tracks produced by American DJ Danny Tenaglia.

Given all that, it may be surprising that Tennant says the Pet Shop Boys' priority isn't the sound, but the song. "From the first, we've been songwriters who try to work in the medium of dance music. Which is more difficult these days, because dance music is less and less about songs. It's sort of changing lately, I've noticed—I hear people doing remixes, and miraculously these days actually use a bit of the song... A lot of dance music is a bit boring at the moment. I think the influence of drugs on dance music has, whether you like it or not, led to a lot of it being fantastically boring and repetitive, unless you happen to be out of your head on ecstasy or whatever your favorite drug is."

Tennant's lyrics are aimed at *listeners*, not dancers: they're in the Cole Porter/Noel Coward tradition, simple but erudite, full of wordplay and allusion. The drag-queen monologue "Electricity" namedrops '70s obscure Disco Tex And The Sex-O-Lettes ("He's got that record where he goes 'my chiffon is wet! my chiffon is wet!' You remember that record? We did the bump to that record, that's how long ago it was"). And the title of "Up Against It" comes from pioneering gay playwright Joe Orton's '60s comedy, though that was all but an accident: "Chris had written this piece of music that I thought was great, and I couldn't think of any words for it—I needed a four-syllable phrase. I was sitting in my front room, and I had a copy of 'Up Against It' and I thought, 'ah, that'll do.'"

But beneath the wit and flash, Tennant's lyrics have become more personal and heartfelt over time, to the point where he names himself in "Single." "I've always wanted to say my name in a single. You remember the group ABC? They had a great record, 'The Look Of Love,' where Martin Fry said 'my friends say to me, 'Martin, one day you'll find true love.'" The Human League had one at the same time, "Love Action"—"this is Phil calling." I wanted to have one where I said 'this is Neil talking.'" Then he takes a breath and heads back into arch detachment. "That song isn't autobiographical, actually, it's about a Euro businessman, very glib, very concerned with his own privileges, trying to pick up chicks or something. And actually a bit pathetic." ★

by Douglas Wolk

PACKED FOR 1996

Virgin

PLANT SERIES

This month Virgin presents the

Corkscrew Hazel

Color

The Corkscrew Hazel is the color of Root Beer.

Fragrance

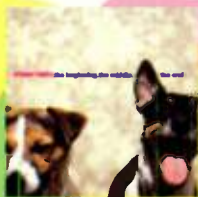
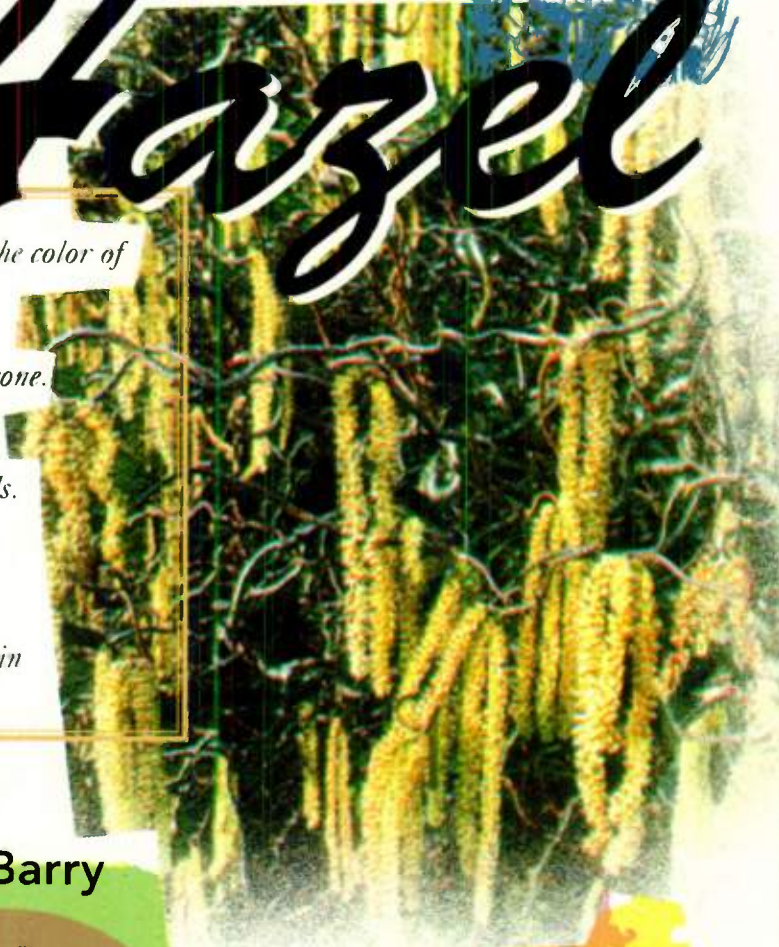
It smells like an empty ice cream cone.

Habitat

Street corners and pool halls.

Uses

To conceal cosmetic defects in masonry walls.



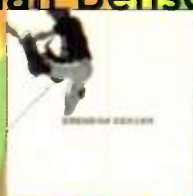
Kristen Barry

featuring "Created"

The Beginning. The Middle. The End.
on tour always

Brendan Benson

One Mississippi
featuring
"Sittin' Pretty"



featuring "When She Was Happy"

Pluto

On tour now!

Sex Pistols

Filthy Lucre Live



Coming soon: The Rutles!

The tour's over; now get the glorious result.

World Radio History

© 1996 Virgin Records America, Inc.

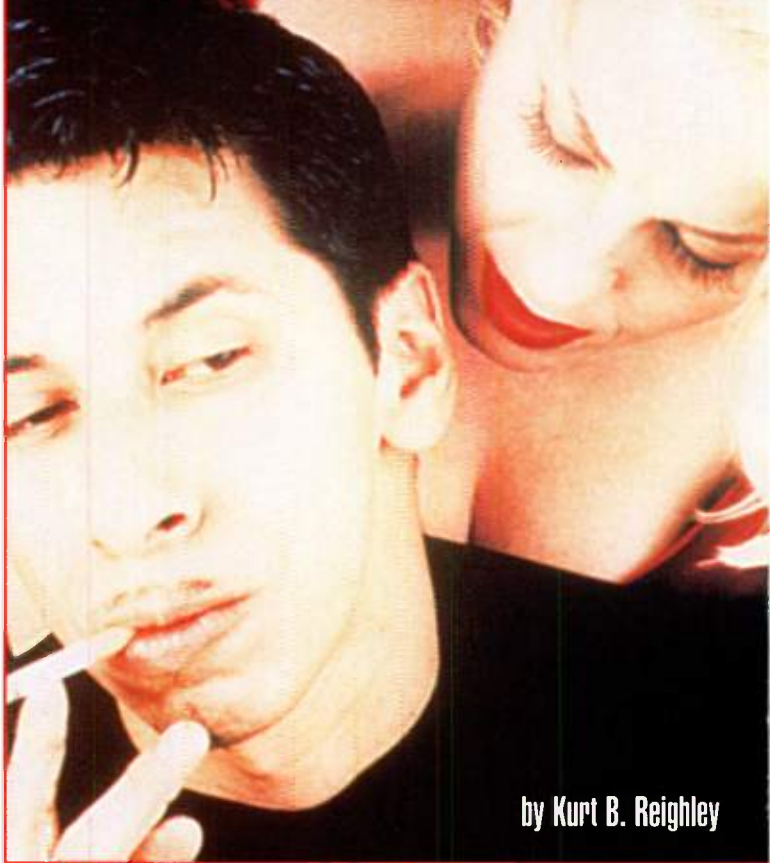
<http://www.virginrecords.com>

Virgin

Like the old saying goes,

"Men... you can't live with 'em, and you can't shoot 'em" (well, you can, but most aren't worth going to the chair over). But you can write songs about them — powerful, melodramatic songs, full of rage and passion, that lay them wide open for the deceitful bastards they are. Which brings us to *The Dope, The Lies, The Vaseline* (Priority), the second full-length from acclaimed *noir* combo Congo Norvell. Over the course of 12 cuts that grab you by the collar and shake you till you're dizzy, Kid Congo Powers, Sally Norvell and their accomplices dissect the rocky emotional terrain of a couple who may, or may not, be in love.

music to
dismember
him by



by Kurt B. Reighley

PHOTO BY ROCKY SHENCK

Congo Norvell

The follow-up to their 1994 debut *Music To Remember Him By*, an exploration of loss, mourning and the tragedy of AIDS, began to take shape one fateful evening last year (although Kid jokes they've been working on it "for the past 37 years"). "It was a specific night when we got drunk," remembers Sally. "We saw Marianne Faithfull at a book signing, and Kid was so star-struck that he crashed his car." (If further proof of Kid's devotion is required, *The Dope...* features a disturbing cover of the young Faithfull's hit "Summer Nights") "And then we went and sat at this bar where the bartender is the unnamed subjects of a couple of the songs..." Oh, and has anyone involved slept with this bartender? They both grin slyly. "I'm sure lots of people have slept with him," demurs Sally.

"So were having Pernod martinis... oh, they're great," she continues. Kid was trying to make the best of a long-term relationship, Sally was struggling to keep her marriage from unraveling, and both of them felt they were stacking sandbags to stop a tsunami. "It's the nature of relationships—they don't work as well over time," says Sally. "And even when they do, there's this quiet rage that goes on in people that are supposed to be happily together, and I was really curious about that."

So they sat down to writing material that explored the psychology of a dissolving love affair, and looking to other artists who'd mined the same territory, drawing special inspiration from films like "A Touch Of Evil" by Orson Welles, "Bitter Moon" by Roman Polanski, and John Cassavetes' "Faces." "Now there's a study!" exclaims Kid of the latter.

"Talk about the roof caving in!" concurs Sally with a cackle. "And the fact that he worked with Gena Rowlands for so many years, you know that was like a house of cards. No locks on any of the doors."

As so often happens in these cases, as Congo Norvell began penning sweeping new tunes like "The Girl Who Would Be King" and the vengeful "Murder," they began to notice related episodes of synchronicity in their personal lives. "And a lot of things were prophetic," adds Kid. "I'm usually about a year ahead of myself in songwriting. I write something, and then next year it'll come true."

“...there’s this quiet
rage that goes on
in people that are
supposed to be
happily together...”

Perhaps the most riveting new composition is the somber "November (The Ballad of Mark and Travis)," a reflection on another mutual friend lost to AIDS. "I really felt like Travis was standing next to me when we did that track," admits Sally. But when she's performing live, her heart and soul soaring out over the audience, she often tries to choke back the myriad characters that inhabit the songs of Congo Norvell. "Sometimes you have to seriously try and get them out of there," she explains. "It gets a little crowded. Especially some of them, like 'November' and 'Lullaby,' if there's a reason that night that they're really hard to sing, I usually have to think of something really banal while I'm singing it. Because I couldn't get through it if I didn't."

Thus, a little older, hopefully a little wiser, Congo Norvell have embarked on a new stage in their career. They recently relocated to New York City, where they feel the cultural climate suits them better. And original members Mary Mullen and Kristian Hoffman have moved on, replaced with new sidemen that have given *The Dope...* a sound that Kid characterizes as "more male."

So how does that affect Sally, who, despite her ability to cut through a song with a swagger that makes most cowboys look like ballerinas... well, one look at Sally in her low-cut dresses on stage, and there's no denying she's all woman? "I've definitely got more boy energy going on right now," she admits. "For one thing, I've got a four-year-old boy who I have to run around and play Godzilla with all day long." She chuckles. "I'm Momzilla." ★

Jane Jensen

Comic Book

Whore

The Debut Album
Out Now

Produced by Craig Kafton
Management: Frank Volpe Management
fliprec@mindspring.com ©1996 Flip Records

Kula Shaker

Inside a tiny club called the Foundry, in the working-class British city of Birmingham, a strange scene was unfolding. The house was so far beyond sold out it was scary—kids were standing on the bar, on the T-shirt vending displays, on any available cocktail table where they could find purchase. And the band onstage—London's latest pretty-boy heartthrobs, Kula Shaker, led by the high-cheekboned son of actress Hayley Mills, Crispian—were quickly working the throng into a frantic lather. That's when it started to happen.

BHAGAVAD GUITARS

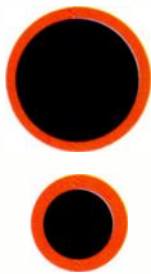
Writhing to the beefy Yardbirds-meets-Middle-Eastern guitar-idelica, several shirtless males tightly wedged up front regularly: a) juttied their pint-glass-wielding forearms in the air above the crowd; b) violently jerked the drink to and fro, until liquor sprayed across a 10-foot radius; c) then, after all concerned were suitably doused, tossed the glass—and we're talking *real* glass here—straight up toward the rafters. Where she lands, nobody knows. Over and over again, lads stumbled to the Foundry doorway for air, dripping sticky trails of booze behind them. What kind of group could get fans so rabid that they waived their physical safety? The wildest, most hard-rocking new miscreants in the high-decibel land?

Not exactly. Kula Shaker is—to put it mildly—the last thing you'd expect from the land that gave us Oasis, Blur and the whole sunny Britpop lot.

Back in London the next day, when 23-year old Mills, all blond bangs and saucer-sized eyes, sits down to talk about his overnight success, he's wearing all the requisite scenester duds—Beatle boots, stripey trousers, shiny Mod shirt. But that's where all similarities end. He doesn't mind if the audience goes hyper at his shows, but with Kula Shaker—and its ornate Hindu-inspired meditations like "Govinda," "Into The Deep" and the breakthrough overseas hit "Tattva"—the frontman wants to generate a completely different brand of excitement. One that has nothing to do with lager, loudness or loutish behavior.

"The thing is, there's an invisible revolution going on, more of a spiritual understanding of life," posits Mills, who became fascinated with India's Hindu culture upon his first visit there three years ago. "It's a resistance to all of this," he gestures out the window, toward London's traffic-jammed Oxford Street. "But it isn't media-oriented, and that's why it's invisible. Because the media is the main part of our culture right now—it's what keeps everyone informed, it's what's shaping their consciousness. But this spiritual revolution *won't* stay invisible for very long, and once it becomes visible people are going to be freaking out. The people who are into it are gonna say 'Yes! It's starting to happen—here we go!' Like the top of a bobsled about to take off."

Worried? Don't be, Mills says. "Armageddon is just a division between the people who want [the revolution] and the people who don't... And then you get the moment. I wouldn't see it as a judgement day or anything like that, but it's definitely the point in time where the cleaning starts. And for some





PAUL COOK

people, that will be a beautiful experience and it will only increase their faith. [How this relates] to Hinduism [is that] Hinduism is actually the most esoteric, complex form of paganism, and in paganism, everything has a spirit—the river has a spirit, the trees have a spirit, we have a spirit, God is a spirit. But it's all talking the same stuff—you can't fuck Mother Nature,

because she has a spirit. And she'll only put up with so much before saying 'You've been naughty.'

"Tattva"—included on the band's surreal album, *K* (Columbia)—means 'truth' in Sanskrit, the language in which Mills sings the track's addictive mantric chorus over a dreamy tabla 'n' sitar-flavored pop arrangement. "Govinda" and "Temple Of Everlasting Light" go even farther East, achieving a spicy, hypnotic groove. Other numbers rely on straightforward blues licks that are straight out of the late '60s. Which—through no coincidence—is a time Mills holds somewhat dear. He explains, "There's a scientific analysis of time that puts time as a natural element. Now, I'm not a scientist, and I don't understand it, but amongst the New Age people and the scientists, they all think that time is a flexible thing with density to it, and that time also slows down at certain points. And in 1967, time slowed down and people were experiencing huge leaps in consciousness in very short periods of time. But now people are experiencing nothing, and life is just going—*whoosh!*—right on by."

How has Mills gotten hip to this lofty vibe? Many ways, he admits. Through books, constant world travel, enlightened acquaintances, even a bit of LSD ("It helped accelerate my seeking after another stage of truth") now and then. His mother encouraged him to pick up guitar and express himself because "half our family doesn't have proper jobs—they have circus jobs. So it's the

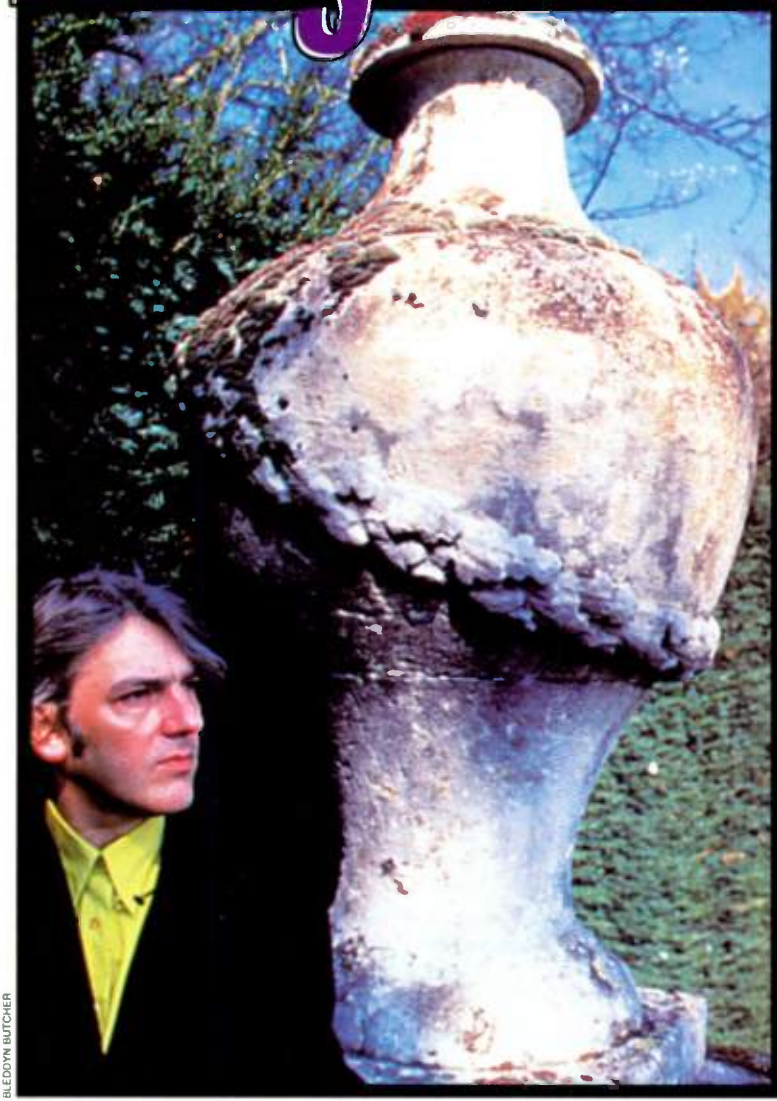
family business, isn't it? Getting out and jumping through the hoop."

"And here's something that threw me when I came across this concept," he relates. "If the soul is eternal, then it has no end. The Bhagavad Gita says it is imperishable—fire can't scorch it, water can't wet it. But the most fascinating thing is, something that is eternal, that will always be and always has been, that means you've always existed. There was never a time when you did not exist—that's what understanding your eternal nature is, and what understanding your part of God is, as well."

What's lesson No. 1 in the Kula Shaker *Veda*? Letting go of ego and self, says Mills. "You're not the controller—that's the first step in understanding your part in the universe and your own part in Armageddon. You're *not* in control—all you can do is play your part. And we're playing the part of people in a rock band, but the script's already been written. The future dictates the past, everything is already happening." Which sounds suspiciously like the final *Catch-22* of *12 Monkeys*. Maybe it *is*, hints Mills, curling his legs underneath him on the hotel room chair in classic yoga position.

"If there is such a thing as a divine being or a divine source to all that is or ever will be, then it knows everything—it's omniscient. And if it's all-knowing, then it knows the future. So all you can do is play your part and do the best you can." ★

Robyn Hitchcock



elixir vitae

by Tom Lanham

policemen 15 years ago, but they lowered the height limit because they were so desperate for cops.

"So these two short policemen chased the duck into an alley and we all watched them pick it up. We all watched because they were *the police*. Then a van arrived, and they took the duck away to the river, to drop it in the Thames. And then

If you want to discuss the wonderfully oddball *Moss Elixir* album with its creator—the instantly likeable British yarnspinner Robyn Hitchcock—you'd better buy some popcorn and pick out a comfy seat. This guy has more surreal, and incredibly long-winded, tales than Grandpa Simpson. For example, sandwiched between charming *Moss* curiosities like "Heliotrope" and "I Am Not Me" sits a dreamy little acoustic piece called "Filthy Bird," which posits, while chorus strings scree like seagulls, that "a happy bird is a filthy bird." Which, naturally, reminds Hitchcock of a story. Or two.

Filthy birds, he explains from his poolside chair at a posh Hollywood hotel, have waddled into his life "twice in central London recently. We'd just been to see *Philadelphia*, the Jonathan Demme film, and we saw a duck right in the middle of Charing Cross Road, just walking across the road. And it was a filthy duck, it had some oil on it and it didn't look like it had the energy to take off. And people noticed this duck. Pretty soon, two policemen turned up and they weren't very tall—they were the kind of guys who wouldn't have been

about a year later, we were almost in the same place, and a very sad bird was lying on the ground, a dirty pigeon that the others had rejected. My girlfriend and I were standing there, and only one other person had noticed this bird, and he came up and wrapped it in newspaper and took it away, saying 'I'll look after this.'" A worried look suddenly creases the singer's boyish features. "I hope he wasn't a pervert or a sadist..."

So "Filthy Bird" is urging us to be kind to our fine-feathered friends? Hitchcock shakes his head no. "The song has more to do with the fact that you can only really be happy in this world if you enjoy evil, if you can accept a lot of brutality. Basically, you have to be sick to be satisfied with society as it is now, or even to be satisfied with the way the human being operates. What we have here is disease shot through with beauty. There are billions of little intricate things to celebrate in life, but I feel that the main carcass of humanity is beginning to stink us off the planet, and it's only a matter of time before we go. I just hope we don't take everything with us. Um, *that's* what the song is about."

BLEDDYN BUTCHER

DISCOGRAPHY

With the Soft Boys

- Wading Through A Ventilator EP (UK Raw) 1978
A Can Of Bees (UK Two Crabs) 1979 (Rykodisc) 1994
Underwater Moonlight (UK Armageddon) 1980 (Rykodisc) 1994
Two Halves For The Price Of One (UK Armageddon) 1981
Invisible Hits (UK Midnight Music) 1983 (Rykodisc) 1994
Live At The Portland Arms (UK Midnight Music) 1983
The Soft Boys 1976-81 (Rykodisc) 1994

Robyn Hitchcock And The Egyptians

- Fegmania! (Slash) 1985 (Rhino) 1995
Gotta Let This Hen Out! (Relativity) 1985 (Rhino) 1995
Element Of Light (Glass Fish-Relativity) 1986 (Rhino) 1995
Globe Of Frogs (A&M) 1988
Queen Elvis (A&M) 1989
Perspex Island (A&M) 1991
Respect (A&M) 1993
The Kershaw Sessions (UK Strange Fruit) 1994
Greatest Hits (A&M) 1996

Robyn Hitchcock solo

- Black Snake Diamond Role (UK Armageddon) 1981 (Rhino) 1995
Groovy Decay (UK Albion) 1982
I Often Dream Of Trains (UK Midnight Music) 1984 (Rhino) 1995
Groovy Decoy (Glass Fish-Relativity) 1986
Invisible Hitchcock (Glass Fish-Relativity) 1986 (Rhino) 1995
Eye (Twin/Tone) 1990
Gravy Deco (Rhino) 1995
You & Oblivion (Rhino) 1995
Moss Elixir (Warner Bros.) 1996
Mossy Liquor: Outtakes And Prototypes (Warner Bros.) 1996

That's Hitchcock's secret—letting his thoughts, however strange, tumble out in pure streams of consciousness. So many thoughts that he had to add a vinyl-only postscript to the Warner Brothers release schedule: *Mossy Liquor (Outtakes And Prototypes)*. A greatest-hits collection on A&M is also hitting stores this fall, chronicling a zany, brainy career that began two decades ago with the Soft Boys. Over the years, one thing has become clear: If it's a subject no other artist would dare attempt—ghosts, mollusks, half-human hybrids, what have you—Hitchcock will find a way to sculpt a song around it.

Mention that his lilting, sing-song ditty "DeChirico Street" feels like surrealism meeting *The Phantom Tollbooth*, and the composer is off again, tangent-hopping. The children's-lit reference makes sense, he smiles, "because I write for adults as children, basically. I don't write as a man of the world. Even Raymond Chandler might've posed as being world-weary, but in a way, his world was almost like a child's world, because it was exotic and exciting. And surrealism is a 20th-century expression, but what it really is, is dreaming, and I suppose people like Bosch had it years ago. I think the surrealists deliberately juxtaposed things that were going to be jarring, but with my way of working, things glide through one after the other like they do in a dream and you don't have any power to control that." And since his work is an extension of the dream-state, Hitchcock cheerfully draws a logical conclusion: "My mental health is practically guaranteed by producing this stuff!" ★

john parish & polly jean harvey

dance hall at louse point

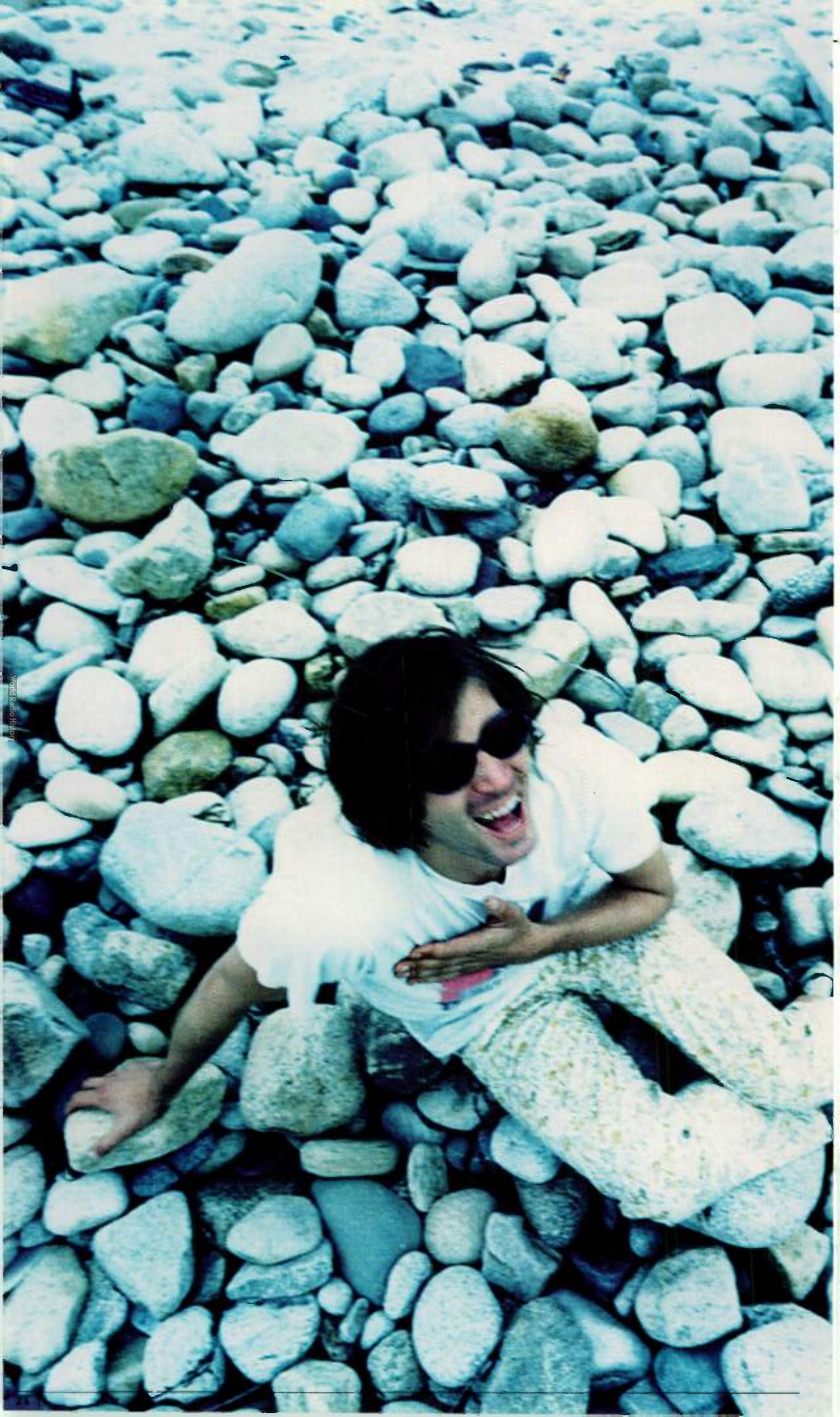


Eleven new songs
written and produced by
JOHN PARISH & POLLY JEAN HARVEY
Music by **JOHN PARISH**
Words by **POLLY JEAN HARVEY**
Engineered by **HEAD**
featuring **THAT WAS MY VEIL**
and **IS THAT ALL THERE IS?**

Management:
PAUL McGUINNESS and SHEILA ROCHE
PRINCIPLE MANAGEMENT

©1996 Island Records Ltd.



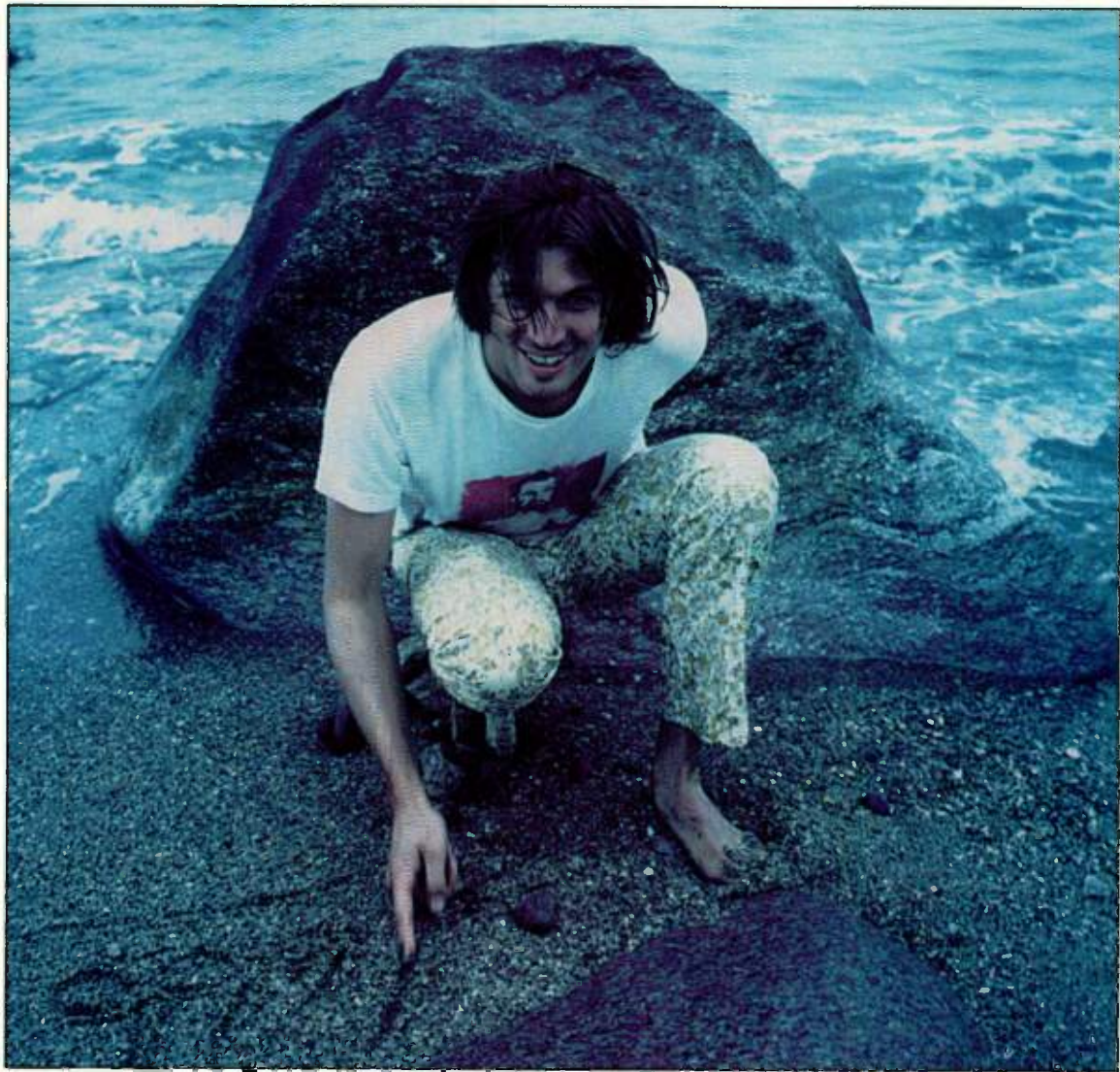


Worldwide Photos



The Le monhe ads On The Ro cks by Tom Lanham

World Radio History



The bird is bobbing with the waves. Every few minutes it dives, only to resurface seconds later with a fish. But what species is it? Gannet? Grebe? "Oh, no, that would be a cormorant," decides Evan Dando, squinting at this sleek black angler from his driftwood perch on a deserted Martha's Vineyard beach. He's been birdwatching for years. He's upset that famous bird illustrator Roger Tory Peterson recently passed away; he has Peterson's field guide upstairs at the summer house he's renting right across this sandy stretch of road. "I just love birds!" he declares. "Birds are definitely that combination of beautiful and scary, and it's weird: sometimes you think they're not related to you because they can fly away."

Dando also has a birdfeeder at his place, and there he's spotted goldfinches, catbirds, warblers, tufted titmice, even the subject of his fifth grade class paper, the golden eagle. And did you know, he authoritatively offers, that "in Australia the magpies attack you in the springtime? The kids all go to school with little plastic ice cream bowls on their heads and wait for the bus, because the magpies go for your head and draw blood. The typical cute Australian thing is three different-sized bowls, sitting by the front door for the kids to wear while they wait for the bus." Looking out on the increasingly charcoal horizon, Dando suddenly gets excited. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" he stammers as a still larger bird flaps slowly along the coastline. Then: dejection. "Aw, it's only a seagull. Sometimes they'll fool ya. I saw a snowy egret flying today—they're so pretty. This one's

flying differently than a seagull, but they can definitely fool ya. And there are some *big* seagulls down here."

Ostensibly, Dando is here on this gnarled log on this privileged stretch of seashore to discuss *Car Button Cloth*, his new album as the virtual one-man-band, the Lemonheads. But he gets carried away, studying the birds. And right now, knowing the difference between a kestrel and a curlew is as important as the size of your bowl during magpie season. It's immediate. It's all around him. It *matters*.

"See that rock out there?" Dando is pointing to a shell-encrusted crag, slapped by the tide, that looks about as comfortable as an iron maiden. "I used to swim out to that rock, and it'll get ya 'cause it's full of sharp barnacles, but it's worth it." Last summer, he continues, he spent a lot of time paddling over to that pointy outcropping. "You can go sit on the rocks and cry—that's why the water's all salty, I guess. You can sit on the rocks, have a good time, and get cut up by barnacles." A few years ago, Dando was named one of the 50 Most Beautiful People by *People* magazine. The Lemonheads' '92 release, *It's A Shame About Ray*, went gold; '93's *Come On Feel The Lemonheads* beamed the singer's boy-next-door mug into countless new homes via the Buzz Bin clip for "Into Your Arms," and the sunny, nonsensical song defined Dando's wry, winning way with a fluffy pop hook. Today, he's 29. Today, all his fame means nothing. Today, he's feeling as dark as the skies overhead.

What moved Dando to tears on that rock? "Just all

the fucked-up shit in the world," he frowns, absentmindedly toying with the frayed cuffs of his long-sleeve T-shirt. "And it's been a little bit weird, ya know? But I always was a sensitive guy—you can cry about how beautiful something is, or you can cry about how fucked-up and miserable and useless and pointless it all is." He nods toward the ocean. "Especially if the scenery's beautiful—it makes it all the sadder. Or when you don't feel a part of it at all—you're looking at all this beautiful stuff and thinking 'This has *nothing* to do with me whatsoever.'" As if on cue, the tide creeps closer.

When Dando—whose cuteness landed him several TV commercial spots as a kid—thought the Beautiful People bit had gone too far, when hundreds of girls regularly screamed for him at Lemonheads in-store appearances, he responded accordingly: "I totally cut all my hair off and disappeared. You know what 'evanescence' means? Disappearing! Look in the dictionary!" This afternoon, Dando doesn't seem particularly aware of his appearance. His hair is shaggy and unkempt, his chin is prickled with three-day stubble, and his jeans are rumpled and paint-spattered. But the charisma shines through. He's got a defeated, self-deprecating manner that's as honest as it is innocent.

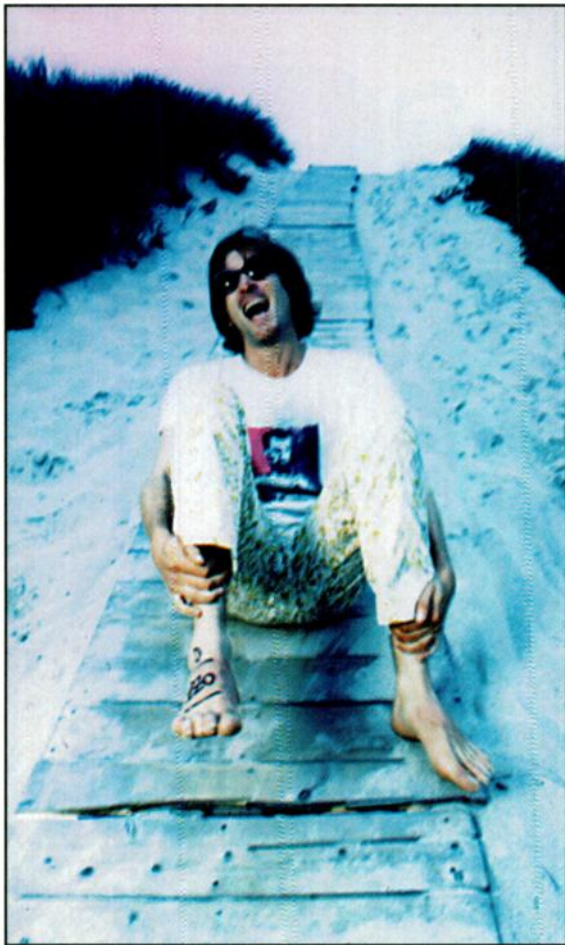
Car Button Cloth was named for three objects that Dando—during a gradeschool what-floats experiment—saw sink like stones. It's a metaphor for his tortured existence. Why is he tortured? "Because there's no other way. No matter how great your life gets, all this horrible stuff keeps happening, to people you don't know, to people you *do* know, to people you've met only a couple of times. *And* to yourself. But it's not about the stuff that happens—it's about the sheer sadness of having to pick one kind of shampoo or something. I get sad and freaked out about everything—it's in my nature. Ever since I was about four, I started to figure out that I just couldn't cope. I can get through, you know, and I try to be conscientious, but it almost kills me, just trying to stay out of people's way. It's so hard, because I always feel like I'm completely in the way."

In many ways, Dando has lived a privileged life: The son of a '60s fashion model, he was raised in Boston and spent a good deal of his teens surfing, skating and skiing. There was an aura of trust-fund-baby lurking around him when he formed the Lemonheads a decade ago. Was he just kidding around when he cheerily remade Suzanne Vega's "Luka" and Simon & Garfunkel's "Mrs. Robinson"? Or was he a serious musician? Either way, the tabloids have quickly ferreted out scandals. ("Evan Dando smoked heroin!" glared one headline.) How did he reach the rehab decision he awkwardly celebrates in *Car Button Cloth's* "Hospital"? Getting handcuffed by the police in an Australian airport was a good starting point.

"I shouldn't talk about this, everyone tells me I shouldn't," frowns the now-clean singer. "But it's true. I lost my freaking mind, because I was strung out on smack and forgot that I needed to take heroin. I flew to Australia and shot up a bunch of speed the first night without sleeping, then the next night I did two hits of Ecstasy, and the next night I did a really strong hit of acid." Sound like a fab party? Far from it, Dando warns. "Then the withdrawal symptoms started kicking in and I started thinking about weird shit, like how it says 'In God we trust' on the dollar bill and how my ticket home said 'not for use in magnetic strips.' I lost my mind completely.

ONLINE™
CMJ

<http://www.cmjmusic.com>



that'll comfort you when you're thinking about the empty, endless nothingness void. But it'll definitely put you there if you keep doing 'em—it's so funny." Nowadays, Dando prefers drinking—especially Baltics, a CBGB's-invented concoction of Stoli and grape/grapefruit juices. "And then you put a Swedish Fish in 'em, and they get all cold and you drink 'em at the end." He's already licking his chops in anticipation. "It's de-licious! A great drink!"

Dando has drawn himself away from the abyss long enough to complete not only *Car Button Cloth* (with current Lemonheads lineup of drummer Murph and bassist Bill Gibson) but material for David Johansen's new movie and even his own cameo role in an indie film, *Heavy*. He doesn't want to end up like Roky Erickson or Syd Barrett, he says. "No way—I wanna hold on." And his plan is remarkably simple. "I wanna stay out of the news. I wanna stay out of jail. And I wanna stay out of the insane asylum. All four of those!" He chuckles at his own dig at dementia, then paraphrases it: "I've got two words for you—I don't wanna end up in that hospital again!"

The wind is kicking up, and the Lemonhead is having difficulty getting his cigarette lit. "Watch this!" he yells, then pulls his windbreaker over his head. A muffled voice issues from inside: "This is called an Enjoyment Pit! I can come outta the ocean with a lit cigarette! I can do that!" Jacket down, and sure enough, the guy is puffing like a chimney. You've got to admit it. Dando is a talented fellow.

If the Lemonheads had rocketed to super-stardom, Dando believes it would have destroyed him. Literally. He likes the fact that *Car Button Cloth* is merely another piece in the journey-to-platinum puzzle. And as he

"I've got two words for you— I don't wanna end up in that hospital again!"

"I left all my luggage at my friend's house and went to the Sydney airport with my knapsack, my passport and my ticket and tried to get on the plane ten days early and forgot to pay the taxi fare." Next thing he knew, he was handcuffed and dragged to a room for interrogation. "And I was bleeding all over the place, because I was trying to get out of the handcuffs, and I'm sure there's nothing more horrible to a decent policeman, because they get so much negative shit. But these guys spared me, man, and that was it, my brink, and why I ended up in the hospital. I was bleeding all over handcuffs—that's how bad it got."

Now, he has his own private system of checks and balances that work toward his survival: "When you start getting really stupid and evil, you always get the signs, you always can feel the correction coming. You get sick, you break your leg, you hurt your knee trying to destroy your rental car, which is what I did. I was trying to kick my rental Crown Victoria into nothingness, but it didn't work and I just hurt my knee and incurred \$4,000 worth of damage on the rental car. Then you learn: 'I hurt my knee—I'm gonna quit doing this stupid shit!'"

"But you know what makes me the saddest of all, is that I just love life so much. But you're set up—there are a lot of dangers out there, lots of horrible stuff happening all over the place, and I love life. It's so paradoxical—the reason why people take drugs is because they're afraid of dying. I did it to have fun, of course, but when things get really bad it's the only thing

watches the cormorant retrieve a final fish, then take flight for parts unknown, he quietly notes, "My goodness! I'm looking and I'm feeling, but I'm just an animal, too. That's all. When I die there's not gonna be anything, and I don't mind, either. I'm an animal that's just here having a look around before I have to go. And when I go, I'll be gone forever."

But what about Lemonheads music? Doesn't that leave a deep, indelible mark? Dando smiles. "Yeah, and that's why I'm doing it. Because when I'm dead, there will be nothing more for me, I don't think—I don't believe in the afterlife in any way. So that's why I work so hard—I'm trying to make a lasting contribution to music. And that'll all burn up eventually, too. But at least it might make some people laugh or think or... or... something." And Dando's tentative, hopeful phrasing is—with some irony—lost in the roar of the sea and foam. ★

DISCOGRAPHY

- Laughing All The Way To The Cleaners 7" EP*
(Amory Arms-Huh-Bag) 1986
- Hate Your Friends* (Taang!) 1987
- Creator* (Taang!) 1988
- Lick* (Taang!) 1989
- Lovey* (Atlantic) 1990
- Favorite Spanish Dishes EP* (Atlantic) 1990
- It's A Shame About Ray* (Atlantic) 1992
- Come On Feel The Lemonheads* (Atlantic) 1993
- Car Button Cloth* (TAG-Atlantic) 1996

CMJ

NEW MUSIC
MONTHLY

SUBSCRIBE NOW

12 MONTHLY ISSUES
12 CDS
ALL FOR ONLY **\$39.95**

CMJ New Music Monthly is the only music magazine that lets you hear today's hottest music while you're reading it. We include an exclusive compilation CD in every issue serving up over 70 minutes of the month's newest music. So while you're reading our opinions, we give you the chance to form your own.

If you're not satisfied with your first issue, simply write cancel on your invoice and you owe nothing!



1-800-CMJ-9997

OR BETTER YET, SEND IN THIS FORM AND WE'LL BILL YOU LATER! CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY P.O. BOX 57412 BOULDER, CO 80322-7412

payment enclosed

canada US\$49.95 (INCLUDES GST)

bill me

credit card: mastercard visa american express discover

card # _____ exp. date ____/____/____

signature _____

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

**33% off
newsstand**



Red House Painters: — Aging Gracefully —

"I had a girlfriend who was doing a project for school, and she needed to interview someone about their creative process," recalls Mark Kozelek, the creative force behind San Francisco's Red House Painters. "It was really difficult for her to get what that is out of me, because I don't understand it myself. When I think back to songs I've written, a lot of times I don't remember how long it took me to write them, or if I was stuck on a chorus. I just know that something happens to me, where I know that I have to sit down and write. This is all I can do. I can't watch TV, I can't lay in bed, I have to write.

"It's just like when you're hungry and you know you've got to eat," he continues. "You might not remember how many times you chewed, or what exactly you ate, but you did it. That's how I am with my songs. It's just something that comes out of me, totally naturally."

Songs For A Blue Guitar (Supreme-Island) was recorded quickly by Kozelek—complemented by guitarist Phil Carney, bassist Jerry Vessel and drummer Anthony Koutsos—early in 1996, with a

minimum of fuss. As a result, the musical ideas sound especially fresh. "With all the other records, I labored over them in both ways, before and during," he claims. "With this record, I got something that breathes a little more, it's more raw. I made and produced those other records, but I was over-analytical. If you put those old Red House Painters records on, and then compare them with some old Van Morrison or Neil Young records,

there's a certain stiffness there."

Along with Kozelek's poetic lyrics and the band's moody melodic tableaux, the new album also retains the luxury of song lengths. Eight out of 11 cuts are over five minutes long, and two of them (including a cover of Paul McCartney's "Silly Love Songs") clock in at more than ten. "There are people that write books that are longer than others," Kozelek shrugs. "There's no way to make a movie like *Scarface* an hour and a half long. It's the same thing with my songs. A song like 'Medicine Bottle' [from 1992's *Down Colorful Hill*], there was so much shit going on in me that there was no way you can chop that up."

"That's why we left 4AD," he adds, touching on a

by Kurt B. Reighley



WILLIAM HOWARD

"It's just like when you're hungry and you know you've got to eat. You might not remember how many times you chewed, or what exactly you ate, but you did it. That's how I am with my songs."

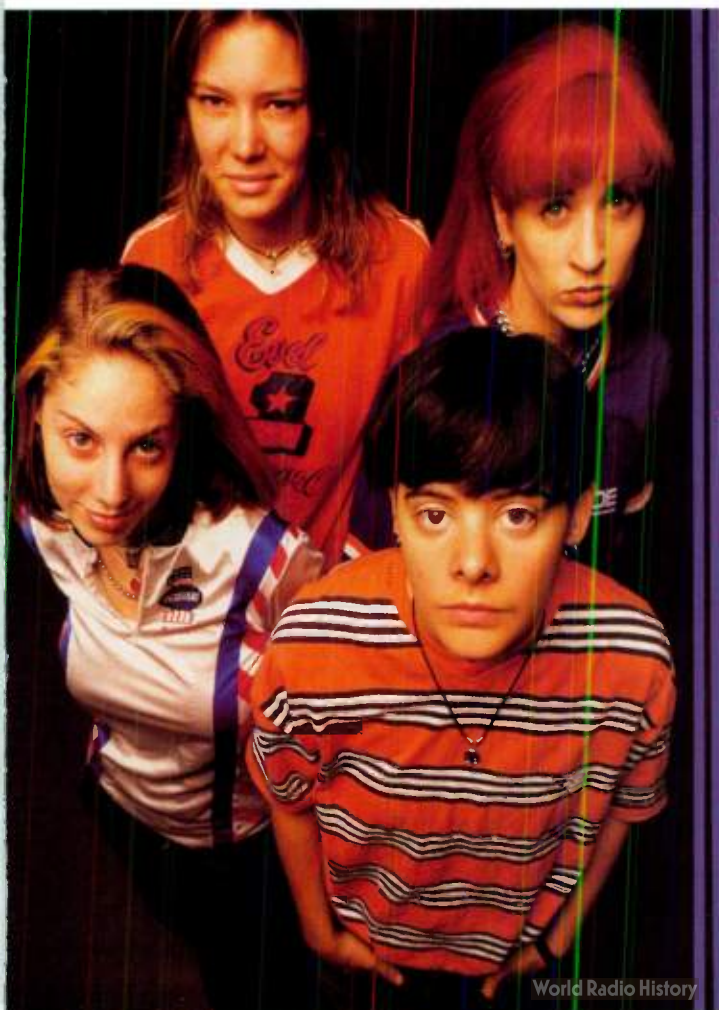
subject he's grown weary of discussing: the band's departure from the label that released its first four records. "With the last record that we made [1995's *Ocean Beach*], I was told to take 'Make Like Paper,' which is a 13-minute song, and try to turn it into a five-minute song, 'clean it up' a little. I don't know what the hell for, they just thought it was too long and wanted me to shorten it. That's something I can't do." He'll make modest nips and tucks to placate the radio guys, but that's it.

And while there's no accounting for how devotees incorporate his highly personal songs into their own lives, he tries not to get worked up by even the most passionate ones. "In the past, I remember making a few comments in the press that I just couldn't stand fans that bothered me," he admits. "But at the same time, there's nothing that makes my day more than walking down the street and some kid recognizing you and coming up and saying 'Your music means a lot to me.' That doesn't happen

every day."

"The older you get, the more you learn who you are, and what you're capable of, and not capable of, and it's different," he muses. "Every kid I meet who's 21, they think they know exactly where they're going. Then a couple years go by, and it gets more difficult, because you haven't come to that place that you thought you were going to. I feel like I'm at this age where I'm just starting to get over this hump. I'm starting to figure out who I am more, and it's easier to live that way."

"When I look back on some of the songs from my early twenties, that shit was real to me then, but now it's just over the top. An example is a song like '24' [from *Down Colorful Hill*]. '24 keeps breathing in my face like a mad whore,'" he sings. "A friend of mine who was 30 years old said 'That is really pretentious. 24 and you're whining like an old man.' I've grown up a little bit from that time. You turn 28 or 29, you start looking like your dad, getting a little fat, and it's like '24 wasn't a bad age to be.'" ★



World Radio History

Frogpond

Count To Ten

The Debut Album

Produced by
A.P. Alexakis

TRISTAR MUSIC
©1996 TriStar Music



You Dial, We Deliver

You've read the review, you've heard the track, and now little beads of sweat are forming on your brow...you gotta have that new CD, right? So why wait? Buy it now. With CMJ Record Shop, you can have today's newest alternative releases delivered directly to your door faster than you can say "music megastore." No more mats, long lines or clueless checkout clerks. Just a friendly person in a brown suit showing up at your door to hand you your favorite new releases. Spend your time listening to music, not searching for it. Call the CMJ Record Shop today!

To Order Call

1-800-896-6499

November Reviews

On The CD

PRICE CODE	ARTIST	ALBUM	RECORD LABEL
K	AFRO CELT SOUND SYSTEM	Volume One: Sound Magic	RealWorld-Caroline
K	AMY RIGBY	Diary Of A Mod Housewife	Koch
I	ARCHERS OF LOAF	All The Nation's Airports	Allas-EEG
J	BILLY BRAGG	William Bloke	Elektra
F	BLINKER THE STAR	A Bourgeois Kitten	A&M
I	BOREDOMS	Super Roots 6	Reprise
E	BUFFALO DAUGHTER	Captain Vapour Athletes	Grand Royal
H	DESCENDENTS	Everything Sucks	Epitaph
G	DIRTY THREE	Horse Stories	Touch And Go
D	FACE TO FACE	Face To Face	A&M
E	FAILURE	Fantastic Planet	Slash-Warner Bros.
E	FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE	Fountains Of Wayne	TAG-Atlantic
H	FREAKY CHAKRA VS. SINGLE CELL ORCHESTRA	Freaky Chakra Vs. Single Cell Orchestra	Astralwerks-Caroline
J	GRAHAM PARKER	Acid Bubblegum	Razor & Tie
H	HOLIDAY	Ready, Steady, Go!	March
I	JIM LAUDERDALE	Persimmons	Rounder
F	JOE MORRIS ENSEMBLE	Elsewhere	Homestead
I	JOHN CALE	Walking On Locusts	Hannibal-Rykodisc
R	KAIA	Kaia	Chainsaw-Candy-Ass
L	KULA SHAKER	K	Columbia
I	LILYS	Better Can't Make Your Life Better	Primary/Che-EEG
L	MARTIN PHILLIPPS & THE CHILLS	Sunburnt	Flying Nun USA
F	MULTIPLE CAT	"territory" shall mean the universe	Zero Hour
L	OBLIVIANS	Popular Favorites	Crypt
L	SUKIA	Contacto Espacial Con El Tercer Sexo	Nickelbag
L	THE HEADS	No Talking Just Head	MCA-Radioactive
L	THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS	Factory Showroom	Elektra
J	TOLEDO	Fishnets & Cigarettes	Moonshine
G	WANDERING LUCY	Leap Year	K
I	WESLEY WILLIS	Fabian Road Warrior	American
I	YATSURA	We Are Yatsura	Primary/Che-EEG

PRICE CODE	ARTIST	ALBUM	RECORD LABEL
I	FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON	Dead Cities	Astralwerks-Caroline
H	JANE JENSEN	Comic Book Whore	Flip
J	JOHN PARISH AND POLLY JEAN HARVEY	Dance Hall At Lounge Point	Island
I	KING CHANGO	King Chango	Luaka Bop-Warner Bros.
I	KRISTEN BARRY	The Beginning. The Middle. The End.	Virgin
L	KULA SHAKER	K	Columbia
J	LEMONHEADS	Car Button Cloth	TAG-Atlantic
I	LILYS	Better Can't Make Your Life Better	Primary/Che-EEG
F	MULTIPLE CAT	"territory" shall mean the universe	Zero Hour
J	NEUROTIC OUTSIDERS	Neurotic Outsiders	Maverick
J	PUSHERMAN	Floored	Ignition-Epic
J	ROBYN HITCHCOCK	Greatest Hits	A&M
J	ROOTS	Illadelph Halflife Vol. 3	DGC
L	SARGE	"Dear Josie Love Robyn" (7")	Mud
E	SENSE FIELD	Building	Warner Bros.
L	SOUNDTRACK	Wipeout XL	Astralwerks-Caroline
J	SQUEEZE	Picadilly Collection	A&M
J	SUSANNA HOFFS	Susanna Hoffs	London
I	TERRELL	Beautiful Side Of Madness	Point Blank-Virgin
L	THE HEADS	No Talking Just Head	MCA-Radioactive

Ordering Information

PRICE CODES*
 A \$7.97 or under B \$8.97 C \$9.97 D \$10.97
 E \$11.97 F \$12.97 G \$13.97 H \$14.97 I \$15.97 J \$16.97
 K \$17.97 L CALL FOR PRICE
 *plus any additional sales tax

SOUND DELIVERY P.O. Box 1862 / Woodland, CA 95776

Call Toll Free (Within the USA & Canada): 800.896.6499
 Outside the USA & Canada call: 916.661.3395
 Operators available: 7:00am - 7:00pm P.S.T.

STANDARD SHIPPING (UPS) FEDERAL EXPRESS 2-DAY
 1-2 items - \$4.00 Up to 7lbs - \$5.25
 3-4 items - \$4.50
 5-7 items - \$5.00

ORDERS OVER \$150 SHIPPED FREE
 No item will be shipped until its official release date. Shipping charges subject to change without notice. Please call for international rates.

BROUGHT TO YOU BY



Best New Music

November Top 75

IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

PRICE
CODE



H FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON
Dead Cities *Astralwerks-Caroline*



J JOHN PARISH AND POLLY JEAN HARVEY
Dance Hall At Louse Point *Island*



H JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION
Now I Got Worry *Matador-Capitol*



I KING CHANGO King Changó
Luaka Bop-Warner Bros.



L PEST 5000 Interabang(?)! *Derivative*

- J** A TRIBE CALLED QUEST Beats, Rhymes And Life *Jive*
I ALTERED BEATS Assassin Knowledges Of The Remanipulated *Axiom-Island*
I ASH 1977 *Reprise*
I BARRY ADAMSON Oedipus Schmoedipus *Mute*
J BECK Odelay *DGC*
J BETTER THAN EZRA Friction, Baby *Swell/Elektra-EEG*
J BOOTH AND THE BAD ANGEL Booth And The Bad Angel *Fontana-Mercury*
C BRENDAN BENSON One Mississippi *Virgin*
E BUFFALO DAUGHTER Captain Vapour Athletes *Grand Royal*
E BUTTER 08 Butter *Grand Royal*
L CALLIOPE I Can See You With My Eyes Closed *Thick*
F CATHERINE WHEEL Like Cats And Dogs *Fontana-Mercury*
F CHAINSUCK Angelscore *Wax Trax!-TVT*
I CHIMERA Earth Loop *Grass*
J CONNELLS Weird Food & Devastation *TVT*
D CUB Box Of Hair *Mint-Lookout!*
J DEAD CAN DANCE Spiritchaser *4AD-WB*
H DEADBOLT Tijuana Hit Squad *Headhunter-Cargo*
B DELTA 72 The R&B Of Membership *Touch And Go*
J EELS Beautiful Freak *DreamWorks-Geffen*
C ELECTRIC SKYCHURCH Together *Moonshine*
F FIGGS Banda Macho *Capitol*
I FIRESIDE Do Not Tailgate *American*
I FRENTE Shape *Mammoth-Atlantic*
H GASTR DEL SOL Upgrade & Afterlife *Drag City*
H GOOD RIDDANCE A Comprehensive Guide To Moderne Rebellion *Fat Wreck Chords*
F GUV'NER The Hunt *Merge*
H HIS NAME IS ALIVE Stars On E.S.P. *4AD*
H HOLIDAY Ready, Steady, Go! *March*
I INCREDIBLE FORCE OF JUNIOR Let The World Fall Apart *Up*
I JASON FALKNER Author Unknown *Elektra-EEG*
I JAWBOX Jawbox *TAG*
H JEREMY ENIGK Return Of The Frog Queen *Sub Pop*
F JIMMY EAT WORLD Static Prevails *Capitol*
J KMFDM Xtort *Wax Trax!-TVT*
J LES CLAYPOOL AND THE HOLY MACKEREL Highball With The Devil *Interscope*
G LONG FIN KILLIE Valentino *Too Pure-American*
H LOW The Curtain Hits The Cast *Vernon Yard-Caroline*
J LYLE LOVETT The Road To Ensenada *Curb-MCA*
J ME'SHELL NDEGEÓCELLO Peace Beyond Passion *Maverick-Reprise*
L MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO Subliminal Sandwich *Nothing-Interscope*
I MELVINS Stag *Mammoth-Atlantic*
I NEARLY GOD Nearly God *Durban Polson-Island*
L NY LOOSE Year Of The Rat *Hollywood*
I OLIVIA TREMOR CONTROL Dusk At Cubist Castle *Flydaddy*
I ORANGE 9MM Tragic *Atlantic*
J PATTI SMITH Gone Again *Arista*
L PEST 5000 Interabang (?)! *Derivative (Canada)*
G PLACEBO Placebo *Elevator Music-Caroline*
D QUEERS Don't Back Down *Lookout!*
J RASPUTINA Thanks For The Ether *Columbia-CRG*
I RED HOUSE PAINTERS Songs For A Blue Guitar *Supreme-Island*
J REVEREND HORTON HEAT It's Martin! Time *Interscope*
I ROBYN HITCHCOCK Moss Elixir *Warner Bros.*
F ROME Rome *Thrill Jockey*
H SCARCE Deadsexy *A&M*
I SCENIC Acquatica *Independent Project-World Domination*
I SCRAWL Travel On, Rider *Elektra-EEG*
J SCREAMING TREES Dust *Epic*
I SEBADOH Pharmacy *Sub Pop*
H SIX FINGER SATELLITE Paranormalized *Sub Pop*
I SLEEPER The It Girl *Arista*
I SOUL COUGHING Irresistible Bliss *Slash-WB*
J SOUNDTRACK Trainspotting *Capitol*
K SOUNDTRACK The Crow: City Of Angels *Miramax-Hollywood*
J SOUNDTRACK Supercop *Interscope*
F SPEEDBALL BABY Cinéma *Fort Apache-MCA*
H SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS Hot *Mammoth*
J SUBLIME Sublime *Gasoline Alley-MCA*
I THROWING MUSES Limbo *Throwing Music-Rykodisc*
D TRICKY Tricky Presents Grassroots (EP) *Payday/frr-Island*
J VARIOUS ARTISTS Sweet Relief II: Gravity Of The Situation *Columbia-CRG*
J VARIOUS ARTISTS MOM: Music For Our Mother Ocean *Surfdog-Interscope*
H VERSUS Secret Swingers *Caroline*
J WEEN 12 Golden Country Greats *Elektra-EEG*

reviews

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

"Also of note, we will be starting a new release show this Sunday, August 22nd 9PM. This will be a weekly feature, and for \$500.00 we will play all of your new releases for an hour. The top 5 cuts from each week will then battle it out on our nightly feature Thumb Or Finger?, weeknights at 9PM. The winner each week will almost certainly be added to our playlist." —from a fax sent out to record labels by radio station WXPS, as reported in Hits.

In This Issue:

AFRO CELT SOUND SYSTEM / Volume One: Sound Magic / RealWorld-Caroline
 ARCHERS OF LOAF / All The Nation's Airports / Alias-EEG
 BLINKER THE STAR / A Bourgeois Kitten / A&M
 BOREDOMS / Super Roots 6 / Reprise
 BILLY BRAGG / William Bloke / Elektra
 BUFFALO DAUGHTER / Captain Vapour Athletes / Grand Royal
 JOHN CALE / Walking On Locusts / Hannibal-Rykodisc
 DESCENDENTS / Everything Sucks / Epitaph
 DIRTY THREE / Horse Stories / Touch And Go
 FACE TO FACE / Face To Face / A&M
 FAILURE / Fantastic Planet / Slash-Warner Bros.
 FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE / Fountains Of Wayne / TAG-Atlantic
 FREAKY CHAKRA VS. SINGLE CELL ORCHESTRA /
 Freaky Chakra Vs. Single Cell Orchestra / Astralwerks-Caroline
 THE HEADS / No Talking Just Head / MCA-Radioactive
 HOLIDAY / Ready, Steady, Go! / March
 KATA / Kata / Chainsaw-Candy-Ass
 KULA SHAKER / K / Columbia
 JIM LAUDERDALE / Persimmons / Rounder
 LILYS / Better Can't Make You Life Better / Primary/Ché-EEG
 JOE MORRIS ENSEMBLE / Elsewhere / Homestead
 MULTIPLE CAT / "territory" shall mean the universe / Zero Hour
 OBLIVIANS / Popular Favorites / Crypt
 GRAHAM PARKER / Acid Bubblegum / Razor & Tie
 MARTIN PHILLIPPS & THE CHILLIS / Sunburnt / Flying Nun USA
 AMY RIGBY / Diary Of A Mod Housewife / Koch
 SUKIA / Contacto Espacial Con El Tercer Sexo / Nickelbag
 THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS / Factory Showroom / Elektra
 TOLEDO / Fishnets & Cigarettes / Moonshine
 WANDERING LUCY / Leap Year / K
 WESLEY WILLIS / Fabian Road Warrior / American
 YATSURA / We Are Yatsura / Primary/Ché-EEG



AFRO CELT SOUND SYSTEM / Volume One: Sound Magic / RealWorld-Caroline

These global music fusions can be tricky beasts. Most of the time they end up as neither fish nor fowl—witness *Graceland* or the work of Transglobal Underground, for example. To become equal to, and especially greater than, the sum of the parts requires a good deal of subtlety. Luckily, producer Simon Emmerson has that; he's worked on any number of albums that have helped expand the definition of world music. Helping him on this project are others used to crossing cultural boundaries—Ayub Ogeda, Munu Katche, Caroline Lavelle, piper Davy Spillane, the members of Shooglenifty—making for a wealth of musical talent. Most importantly, the hybrid is never forced. Reel meets dumbek in the most natural manner, and show that in some atavistic manner they must have encountered each other before. Even the Irish *sean-nos* singing blends effortlessly with the African instruments. The balance moves from one continent to the other as the music dictates. Sometimes you'll want to dance, other times quietly sip your Guinness and listen. What it all boils down to is an album that works superbly, showing that while technology is making Earth a smaller place, that's a cause for celebration, not alarm. CHRIS NICKSON

DATALOG: Released Sep. 24.
 FILE UNDER: Cultural fusion you can dance to.
 R.I.Y.L.: Outback, Jah Wobble, Baka Beyond.

ARCHERS OF LOAF / All The Nation's Airports / Alias-EEG

The title track of the Archers Of Loaf's fourth full-length record follows so closely after "Strangled By The Stereo Wire," the album opener, that you'd never realize it's a different song without checking the jewel box: same tempo, same key, same fuzzed-out guitar. And while the rest of the tracks are more clearly demarcated, they float past at a remarkable keel, as if they were an extended suite instead of a collection of discrete songs (an impression heightened by the album's several instrumental cuts, including the piano-only album closer). Given the trad line-up, the Archers' sound is remarkably distinctive: Eric Bachmann's vocals are as raspy and gnomic as ever, and bassist Matt Gentling and drummer Mark Price burble just below the surface, more for accent than momentum. Above it all, Eric Johnson's dissonant, strangely melodic guitar bleats like an elephant seal. But while the band's components remain constant, its overall dynamic has changed. *All The Nation's Airports* is the first album the Archers haven't recorded live in the studio, and although the production is crisper than 1995's

DATALOG: Released Sep. 10.
 FILE UNDER: College guitar rock.
 R.I.Y.L.: Pavement, Sebadoh, Sonic Youth.

Vee Vee, the focus on sounds and textures shifts the attention away from the individual songs. The disc meanders along at a pleasant lope, but none of the songs will compel you to cue it up again immediately, or lodge themselves in your brainpan while you're doing the dishes. ERIC GROSSMAN



various artists soundtracks, compilations, etc.



Sweet Relief II: Gravity Of The Situation (Columbia) is, as its title suggests, the second in the series of albums to pay for medical relief for musicians. This one finds Vic Chesnutt's songs being covered by an

all-star cast, including R.E.M., Soul Asylum and Smashing Pumpkins. There are a couple of nice surprises—a duet between Joe Henry and his sister-in-law Madonna, the first recording in years by Mary Margaret O'Hara—but the only really terrific track is Garbage's "Kick My Ass." It's a good cause, though... **Wipeout XI** (Astralwerks-Caroline) is a new kind of soundtrack—a soundtrack to a video game. It's a fairly up-to-the-moment state-of-pop-techno compilation, with a couple of recent hits (like the Chemical Brothers' "Loops Of Fury"), some just-released things (Future Sound Of London's "We Have Explosive"), and a couple of pieces unique to it (Underworld remixing the Chemical Brothers, Orbital's "P.E.I.R.O.L.")... ROIR has reissued the **Max's Kansas City 1976** compilation, which chronicled the scene around the quasi-legendary New York City club, with four bonus tracks from later Max's compilations. Unfortunately, "also-ran" is too kind for most of the contributors—the records were considered a letdown when they were originally released—and none of the tracks were actually recorded live at Max's. Suicide's "Rocket U.S.A." and Pere Ubu's "Final Solution" can both be found on better albums too... Best album title of the month belongs to **You Can't Boar Like An Eabla When You Work With Turkrys**, a bargain-priced collection of tracks on the very weird San Francisco label Amarillo. The most familiar names are probably Sun City Girls (who contribute a ridiculous cover of "Me And Mrs. Jones") and Thinking Fellers Union Local 282, but there are also a lot of examples of the creepy novelty stuff the label specializes in (Totem Pole Of Losers, Harvey Sid Fisher, Anton LaVey), as well as a track by the superb, underrecognized rock band Dieselhed... **Funky Tales** (Excello-AVI) collects '67-'76 funk singles and unreleased tracks by mostly unknown Southern types. Some of them are deservedly unknown, but there are some gems, like Bobby Powell's fabulous "Thank You For Talkin' To Me Africa" ripoff "Your Good Good Loving" and Jimmy Brown's instrumental take on "Chain Of Fools." James Brown fanatics should note the presence of three post-JB tracks by howlin' soul diva supreme Marva Whitney.



ZERO HOUR Zero Hour Records, Inc.
<http://www.zerohour.com>

Available at fine pet stores everywhere.

THE CATS ARE OUT OF THE BAG.*

THE MULTIPLE CAT
"territory" shall mean the universe

Check out "My Planet"
on this month's sampler!



ZERO HOUR Zero Hour Records, Inc.
<http://www.zerohour.com>



BLINKER THE STAR / A Bourgeois Kitten / A&M

Twenty-two-year-old Jordon Zadorozny, who was Blinker The Star by himself last year, has broken out of the "Man as Band" syndrome, by adding more members: bassist Peter Frolander and drummer Colin Wylie. The 13 songs on *A Bourgeois Kitten*, with its Van Halen-inspired cover, are a schizophrenic tour de force. From "The Pick," which features acoustic guitar over Casio keyboard rhythms, to the monster rock guitar and drum sound of the title track, to the Manchester-inspired blender rock of "Black Eyes," Blinker The Star takes on every species of alterna-hit and bests it. Zadorozny doesn't pioneer any new ground here, though with the drum machine and jazzy beat of "Earman," he may be the first to blend The Cure's influence with Steely Dan, and with

DATALOG: Released Sep. 17.
FILE UNDER: Star bright.

R.I.Y.L.: Foo Fighters, Soundgarden, Swervedriver, East River Pipe.

positive results at that. Nor is he a lyrical master, and his depth level is typified by "My Dog," a simple paean to boy's best friend. What Blinker *has* made is a record full of catchy and full-bodied songs that you would never guess were sung, written, and played by the same lone individual (with a couple of friends). And that, in this age of egotism posing as musical genius, is a real refresher. **MEGAN MCCARTHY**



BOREDOMS / Super Roots 6 / Reprise

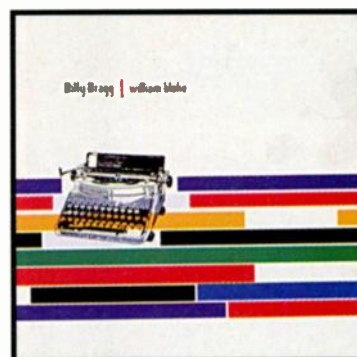
The last thing Americans heard from Japan's freakout masters the Boredoms was last year's sprawling, screaming masterwork *Chocolate Synthesizer*; before that was *Super Roots*, an EP of bizarre little sound-sketches. And now there's *Super Roots 6*, a mostly instrumental record that's restrained, quiet, even pretty—not words one tends to associate with a band whose members jump *over* each other on stage. (Where'd the other numbers go? To Japanese-only releases. *Super Roots 2* is improvisations, 3 is one monolithic riff repeated for half an hour, 5 is an hour-long wash of noise, and 4, in typical Boredoms fashion, doesn't actually exist.) These 17 little pieces with numbers for names, assembled more or less solo by

DATALOG: Released Sep. 3.
FILE UNDER: Pretty weirdness.

R.I.Y.L.: Holger Czukay, Goldie, Aphex Twin.

vocalist Eye, play with rhythms and keyboard sounds, and they're *very* minimal—"0(x12)" is actually silent—but ambient they're not. For one thing, it's almost impossible to concentrate on anything else while *SR6* is playing: Either these rhythms have deliberate, distracting

imperfections in them, or they're jarringly regular (like "7," probably the first-ever acoustic gabber-house track). For another, there's the human factor, the thing that's always kept the Boredoms easy to love no matter how far out they got. A lot of the things that sound like synthesizers on settings nobody's ever tried before turn out to be Boredom-voices, making wordless, joyful noises. **DOUGLAS WOLK**



BILLY BRAGG / William Bloke / Elektra

Billy Bragg hasn't made a record in five years, since *Don't Try This At Home* (the one that had "Sexuality" on it), and he's, well, a little rusty. Almost every track on *William Bloke* has moments that will make you think "yes, that's a good idea"—ace ska horns on "Goalhanger," the soft, Costello-ish soul of "From Red To Blue"—and not one of them is the kind of Great Song he used to turn out with breathtaking ease. His genius used to lie partly in the tension between his love songs and his political songs, but now the "ideological cuddle" is getting a little uncomfortable: hooking a song with "I've got socialism of the heart" would be great if it worked, but it doesn't, really. The main reason is that his dizzily inventive passion and

DATALOG: Released Sep. 10. First single "Upfield."
FILE UNDER: An even newer England.

R.I.Y.L.: Recent Elvis Costello, Epic Soundtracks, Marshall Crenshaw.

revolutionary fervor has turned to a sort of warmish affection and mild distaste, and left a deposit of affectations in its wake. When he keens "I'm begging you to *sty*," you have to giggle, and when he goes on "...out of my wye," you realize he's just being glib. And the populism he's trying for

(see the title) is belied by big horns-and-strings arrangements. The sound of his voice and inimitable guitar playing is still an irrefutable comfort, but I wish, I wish, I wish he'd care. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

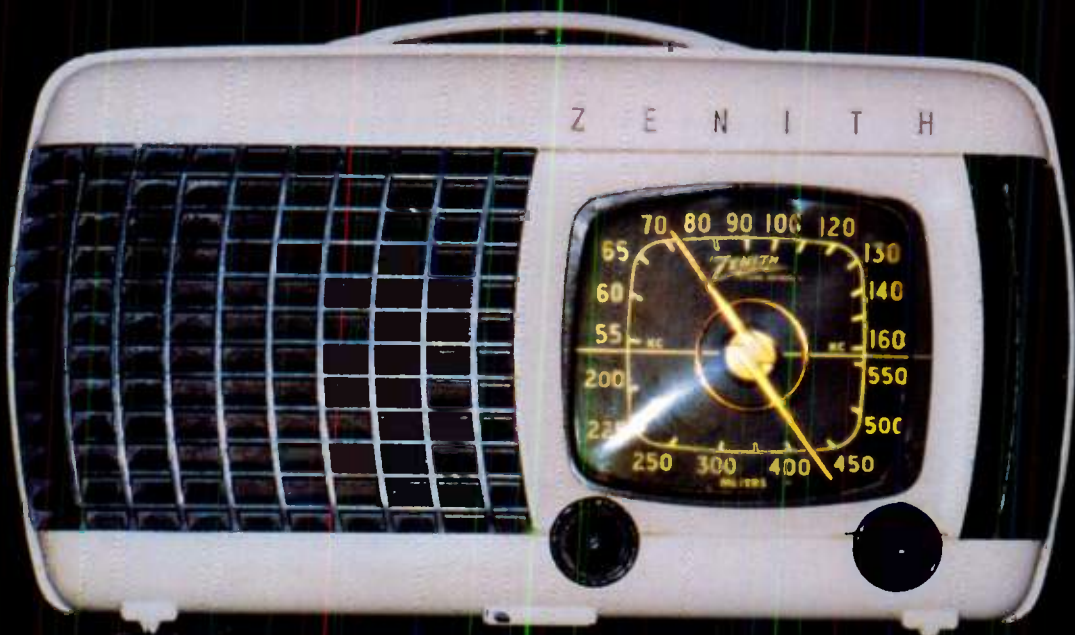
second thoughts

Sometimes it takes a while to figure out what a record really means. In *Second Thoughts*, we look back at albums that came out a while ago, now that we've had some time to think about them.



OUTRAGEOUS CHERRY / *Stereo Action Rent Party* / Third Gear

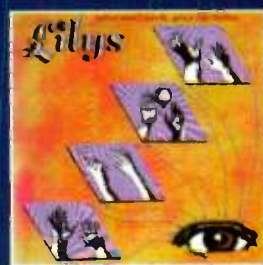
Doing an album that's entirely covers of other people's songs solves one problem for a band—writing songs—and opens up a couple of other ones: avoiding obviousness and making every song sound like the coverer rather than the coveree. The neo-country-ish group Outrageous Cherry, which previously hadn't distinguished itself much, pulls the trick off gorgeously on its second album. Only heavy-duty record collectors will recognize more than a couple of these; the most familiar is probably the Smiths' "Reel Around The Fountain," whose gently sobbing rhythm the band seizes on and wrings for all it's worth. Special credit goes to the exquisite production by Warren Defever (*His Name Is Alive*), which suspends the performances in lush, viscous echo and noise: "Song From The Bottom Of A Well" is a particular gem, spattering piano and drums with guitar parts so distorted and fragmented that they sound like bursts of pitched static. In fact, the album comes off like a product of Defever's retro/experimental Time Stereo collective, right down to the hand-cut Zip-A-Tone design on its cover. *Stereo Action Rent Party* sounds more like a single performance than a collection of covers, unified by the band's lazy grace and the high, lonesome wistfulness of 14 songs that have ended up in a place where, against the odds, they all belong. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

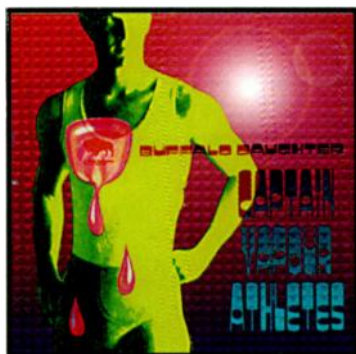


Better can't make your life better
the high-fidelity, neo-garage return of

The Lilys

Featuring "Cambridge California",
"A Nanny In Manhattan" & "Paz En El Hogar"





BUFFALO DAUGHTER / *Captain Vapour Athletes* / Grand Royal

Somebody should create a dance to accompany "California Blues" from Buffalo Daughter's romping debut. The beat is so contagious that it's just itchin' to be co-opted; if it's used correctly (maybe something with bouncy duck waddles and finger tentacles), some magical, universal breakthrough seems possible. The whole of *Captain Vapour Athletes* is bounding with this joyous rhythm, as if the studio were a playground teeming with birdies and balloons. The band has approached the idea of creating music with the unfettered excitement of a kid in a candy store and the curiosity of a kid with a chemistry set. What makes it work so well, though, is the inherent bounce of the songs; at their base is rubber, and at their heart are Moogs, guitars, and furious beats. The band's cut-and-paste aesthetic constructs a curious sensibility out of skewed parts, creating a completely integrated mish-mash. Sounds are crammed piecemeal into an audio trash compactor, and the resulting brick is dense with disorder: excursions into Moog wildness and sonic bric-

DATALOG: Released Aug. 26.

FILE UNDER: Moog heaven.

R.I.Y.L.: Cibo Matto, Beastie Boys, Boredoms, Dick Hyman.

a-brac galore. *Captain Vapour Athletes* is filled with a creative mayhem that paints a huge smile over the music, and the result is a blast. **RANDALL ROBERTS**



JOHN CALE / *Walking On Locusts* / Hannibal-Rykodisc

Even if he hadn't played viola in the Velvet Underground, John Cale would matter forever: The muted orchestrations, misted-over tunefulness and high-class disillusion of early solo records like *Paris 1919* led a generation of songwriters astray, and made Cale one of the very few piano-centered singers with pith, force and bite. About half of these songs stand up to those. The landscape Cale's articulate drifters move through this time around is the Everglade South of boats, bourbon and carnies; fiddle, accordion and steel guitar fit right into the rundown mood of songs like "Set Me Free" (in which the only thing genuinely liberated is a rabbit from a "carnival lady's" hat). Only Cale, in his expert dejection, could build a pair of songs around a reverbed, slick electric piano, haul in a sax line or kettledrums and flute, and make the results not only non-cheesy but abjectly appealing. David Byrne co-wrote one song, and may be to blame for the congas, backup singers, syncopated tics and dispiriting cultural tourism that sink

DATALOG: Released Sep. 24.

FILE UNDER: World-weary professional songwriter-pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Richard Thompson, Randy Newman, early Cale.

several others. But away from Byrne's "Crazy Egypt" we return to Cale's home ground, sharp, sparsely orchestrated life stories of sad people: the runaway who vanishes into "Gatorville And Points East" is someone you won't be likely to forget, if only for the pinprick string-quartet-pop riffs that leave and lose her there, as catchy as they are intelligent and improbable. **STEPHEN BURT**



DESCENDENTS / *Everything Sucks* / Epitaph

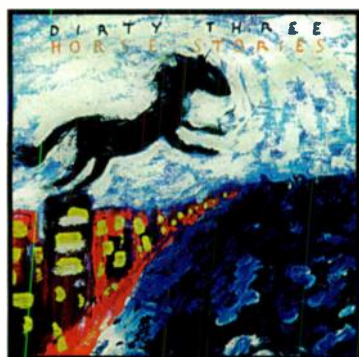
All? No, Descendents. Yup, the influential quartet has re-formed, complete with its original frontman, Milo Auckerman—the man who inspired more than one of my high school chums to swear he'd name his first-born Milo—whose decision to pursue higher education split up the band back in 1987. (All formed out of the ashes and has gone through three singers in eight records since then.) While the sheer existence of a new Descendents album is more amazing than the thing itself, *Everything Sucks* is still pretty fine. Auckerman's still got the raspy edge on his voice—that hint of vehemence that divides Descendents from All—but he doesn't quite muster the same froth as back in the day, and when he tries, it occasionally sounds forced. Even so, these songs

DATALOG: Released Sep. 24.

FILE UNDER: Never Never Land punk-pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Down By Law, All, 7 Seconds circa "Sister."

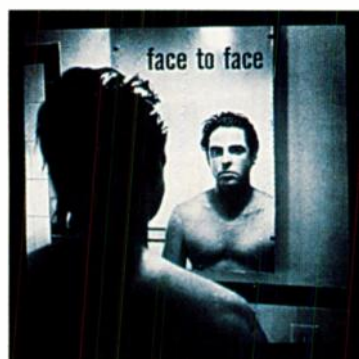
don't demand that brand of angry zeal: They're primarily crisp, bouncy punk-pop tunes delivered at a typically Descendents bee-in-the-bonnet energy level. These four guys are power-pop virtuosos—pay particular attention to bassist Karl Alvarez and drummer Bill Stevenson, one of the most dynamite rhythm sections the genre has ever known. Alvarez's lightning-quick fingers are a perfect match for Stephen Egerton's solo-heavy guitar playing. Tunes like "I'm The One" and "I Won't Let Me" are so fucking catchy that your mother will sing them in the car like that damn "Macarena" song. But you can't really blame her, can you? **JENNY ELISCU**



DIRTY THREE / Horse Stories / Touch And Go

Australia's Dirty Three aren't foxes, they're a hedgehog—they've got one *big* trick. They really only know one song, and they play it amazingly well. On last year's protracted American tour, Warren Ellis's wild, lyrical violin solos (backed by the gentle-to-savage crescendos of drummer Jim White and guitarist Mick Turner, as well as Ellis's, uh, body English) and boozed-out song introductions convinced a lot of audiences that they were seeing one of the most dramatic, powerful bands ever. The Three earned their rep: all three of them are extraordinary musicians, they're covering territory nobody else has even staked out, and Ellis, in particular, has stage presence to burn. Anyone who saw them twice, though, probably saw the same set twice, right down to the between-song patter—a dangerous sign. *Horse Stories* is their third and best-recorded album, including a lot of the highlights of their tour: "Sue's Last Ride," "At The Bar," "Warren's Lament." But most of these songs are very similar, and almost every one relies on build-and-climax dynamics. (Superb exception: "Red," which is basically four straight minutes of climax.) If you know the Dirty Three already, don't expect anything new, but if you don't, you have a treat in store. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

DATALOG: Released Sep. 10.
FILE UNDER: Instrumental violin-rock drama.
R.I.Y.L.: Tom Waits, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds.



FACE TO FACE / Face To Face / A&M

Hey! Are you a white male aged 15-17, irritated about living the middle-class lifestyle in a West Coast suburb, sporting baggy pants and a pierced ear, who uses a skateboard as primary transportation and still lists Mountain Dew as drug of choice? If so, you may disregard the rest of this review, if not the rest of this magazine. Simply proceed to the nearest music retailer and purchase Face To Face's latest album. It rocks earnestly, it rocks catchily, and it's hardcore, man. On the other hand, perhaps you're now well into your twenties, and your alienation has progressed into a jaded resignation; perhaps a stint in college radio taught you some connoisseurship/elitism. Face To Face will do nothing to surprise you. Anyone remembering Hüsker Dü, Naked Raygun, or even Stiff Little Fingers won't even blink at any of the SoCal foursome's nimbly popped basslines, pick slides, hyperadrenalized drumming, 'whoah' backing vocals, or exhortations towards independent thinking, as well-executed as they might be. But that doesn't mean that, for you, there's nothing to be gained from Face To Face. If you turn it up loud enough, preferably while air-guitaring around the living room or driving at hare-brained speeds down the freeway, it's still an undeniable reminder of the uncynical, visceral pleasure that flows from the fusion of energy and volume, regardless of who's done it before. **DAVID JARMAN**

DATALOG: Released Sep. 10.
FILE UNDER: Straightahead pop punk.
R.I.Y.L.: Seaweed, Bad Religion, SNFU.

THE SOUND OF THE BEAT

15th ANNIVERSARY COLLECTION

15 great songs by 15 artists selected by 15 of **THE BEAT'S** contributing writers.

the RIGHT STUFF

THE SOUND OF THE BEAT

The **BEAT** Magazine's **15th Anniversary Collection** featuring **REGGAE AFRICAN CARIBBEAN & WORLD MUSIC** selected by contributing writers of the world's leading global music publication.



FAILURE / Fantastic Planet / Slash-Warner Bros.

Dominated by winding, romantic melodies and thick, post-grunge guitar grooves, Failure's *Fantastic Planet* fills the air with a dense cloud of sound. The Los Angeles band's third release grinds away with a few subtle winks at rock's distant past (the girth of Black Sabbath is a big influence), but also churns with the more familiar wanderings of alternative rock's present (imagine Bush with a more sensitive, less cynical Gavin Rossdale). Like a transparent overlay of "Paranoid" pulled taut over "Glycerine," *Fantastic Planet* maintains a sedated, yet excitedly awake energy level that douses melodies with equal doses of paranoia and euphoria. The lethargic groove of "Sergeant Politeness" and "Smoking Umbrellas" suggests a creeping claustrophobia and an imminent loss of control. "Blank," "Dirty Blue Balloons," and "Solaris" slowly lose their kick as if falling under the spell of a powerful sedative. "The Nurse Who Loved Me" and "Another Space Song" prove to be the disc's highlights: gorgeous, yet lucid moments where

DATALOG: Released Aug. 20.
FILE UNDER: Soothing post-grunge power pop.
R.I.Y.L.: Bush, Replicants, Tool.

hallucination and reality are almost indistinguishable. They're some of the most powerful, mood-altering pop songs you'll hear all year. *M. TYE COMER*



FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE / Fountains Of Wayne / TAG-Atlantic

The best pop requires a sense of spontaneity; for Fountains Of Wayne, spontaneity comes... erratically. Winsome, pointedly sweet guitar simplicity with some genuinely lovely melodies and New York-centric lyrics vie with the uneasy sense that that's exactly what the band intended in the first place. The Fountains walk a fine line between dippy, archaic pop conventions à la late '70s David Cassidy (the mindless "I've Got A Flair") and just being as endearing as a newborn babe, with songs nobody can criticize and remain fully human (the evocative, soothing "Sick Day"). Of course, if your pinnacle of achievement puts you at the newborn-babe point, it doesn't say much for your lyrics, which with Wayne are often twee ("Joe

DATALOG: Released Oct. 1.
FILE UNDER: Slacker pop.
R.I.Y.L.: Cracker, Gigolo Aunts, Matthew Sweet.

Rey") or overly obvious, as on "Please Don't Rock Me Tonight," a slowly-paced anti-anthem request that falls like a flat joke. Then again, few debuts sport the kind of infectious twitchy glory that "Survival Car" has, whipping by with reckless abandon in just over two minutes. That's the other requirement of the best pop, that it comes across as a disposable, quick shot of sugar in your ear—and with songs averaging three minutes tops, Wayne has that down pat. *RANDEE DAWN*



FREAKY CHAKRA VS. SINGLE CELL ORCHESTRA / Freaky Chakra Vs. Single Cell Orchestra / Astralwerks-Caroline

As you might guess from the title, this album is where Daum "Freaky Chakra" Bentley engages in a Jamaican-style "soundclash" with fellow San Franciscan Miguel Angelo "Single Cell Orchestra" Fierro. It's not an attempt to write an electronic symphony—best left to charlatans like Goldie, that—just a couple of friends trading parts through a mixer and having a grand old time. Unfortunately, we, the listeners, aren't friends with these guys. Fairly interchangeable for its first four "songs," *FCvSCO* only approaches being engaging with "I Want To Fall," with lambent strings over the just-this-side-of-Casio rhythm that permeates the album. It isn't a matter of not being there or not being stoned; this record is just boring. The beats are lame, the sounds hackneyed, and the ideas non-existent. Except for a couple of freak high points—Bentley's Cornershop remix, Fierro's...well, actually SCO has always been pretty bad—the careers of

DATALOG: Released Sep. 10.
FILE UNDER: Techno soundclashes.
R.I.Y.L.: Orbital, Spacetime Continuum.

both these young geniuses have never lived up to the hype that surrounds them. Blissfully unaware of dance music since 1993, Bentley and Fierro slog along grandly, showing off the best of bedroom techno like a quaint small-town parade. And it's hard to stand and watch and pretend that these cats aren't walking around naked. *ANDREW BEAUJON*

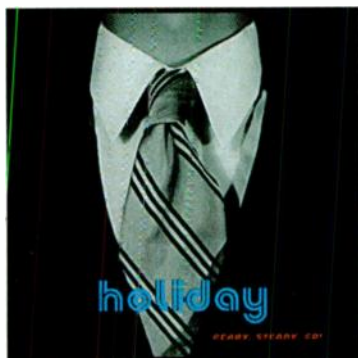


THE HEADS / No Talking Just Head / MCA-Radioactive ●

The best band to emerge from the New Wave, Talking Heads were finally done in by the friction between "Renaissance Man" David Byrne and his hype-weary bandmates. Now the depth of that acrimony is revealed, as Tina Weymouth, Chris Frantz and Jerry Harrison, as The Heads, have released *No Talking Just Head*, an album that supposedly has Byrne all fired up. Despite, or perhaps because of, its bitter inspiration, the album finds Tina, Chris and Jerry doing fine without David. They're not alone, though; along for the ride are 12 guest vocalists—from fellow CBGB alumni like Debbie

DATALOG: Released Oct. 8.
FILE UNDER: Return in light.
R.I.Y.L.: Talking Heads, *Tom Tom Club*, B-52's.

Harry and Richard Hell to modern faves like Black Grape's Shaun Ryder and INXS's Michael Hutchence. On the whole, the album is mighty funky—if Weymouth and Frantz proved anything with their groovy side project Tom Tom Club, it was that they deserved much of the credit for the rhythms on such Talking Heads classics as *Remain In Light*. Several songs cast the singers against type: Harry howling on the industrial-esque title track; Maria McKee purring on the dance romp "No Big Bang Of A Man." But the best songs recreate the Talking Heads vibe with a new Byrne at the helm: Mr. Hell, Violent Femmes' Gordon Gano, Live's Ed Kowalczyk, and XTC's Andy Partridge all make fine stand-ins, playing white-boy foil to the Heads' take on Afro-American rhythms. *CHRIS MOLANPHY*



HOLIDAY / Ready, Steady, Go! / March

Nadine, Yale University's music journal, has always billed itself as "The Magazine That Wishes It Were A Band." That motto might have to be amended a bit, as Holiday, a band composed almost wholly of Nadinees, moves beyond its early singles to a second album on Chicago's March label. You might guess that a gaggle of self-styled critics would be prone to navel-gazing; if so, the lint they've pulled out is fuzzy and pretty to look at—even if it is all one color. Holiday plays taffy-pop sweet enough to employ an entire guild of dentists, and *Ready, Steady, Go!* finds them thickening an already sticky batter with flavors like Moog, flugelhorn and Wurlitzer. Even without the studio frills, Calvin Chin's tap-tapping drums and Josh Gennet's whispered loverboy vocals (to girls named Sandra, April and Victoria) keep the band from ever fully rocking out. But that tension can be Holiday's greatest asset: "How Do You Know?" for instance, charges in with guitars that elegantly cop Liz Phair's "Fuck And Run" and then dissolves in a sea of chewy-gooey synths. By leaning toward '60s pop and avoiding anything that smacks of modern rock, these smarty-pantses keep the pundits at bay. Rather than dazzle them with brilliance, Holiday baffles them with bull. Clever move, guys. *CHRIS MOLANPHY*

DATALOG: Released Sep. 15.
FILE UNDER: Frilly, silly, pop!
R.I.Y.L.: The 6ths, Heavenly, the Beatles if John and George had quit in 1966.



KAIA / Kaia / Chainsaw-Candy-Ass

Olympia, Washington's Kaia is best known for her role in the pop/punk/self-defense coalition that is Team Dresch, although she's also been releasing singles on her own and with her band Adickdid since 1993. "Finally a Dyke Album For the Whole Family" is written on the back cover of *Kaia*, and that's kind of fitting: It sounds more like an old-fashioned folk album or new children's record than another blast of Team Dresch ferocity. Songs like "Mudball," an ode to a pet cat, and "Julie Of The Wolves," named after a kids' book character Kaia had a crush on when she was 10, are innocent ruminations on love. Get past the kid stuff, and there are two beautiful teenage numbers here, "16" and "19." "Say what you mean or leave me alone/I ain't got the time to sit here and grow old," she sings on the latter, and throughout the record, she sounds like she's in a hurry to spill her guts about everything. Musically, it's just Kaia's evocative voice and her guitar, with double-tracked vocals on "Delilah" about the only sign of "production" here. *TOM ROE*

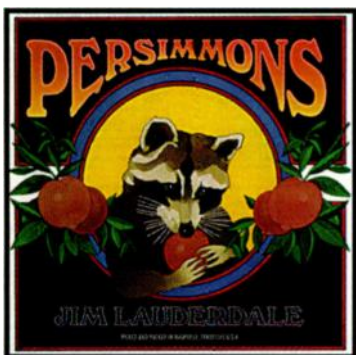
DATALOG: Released Aug. 27.
FILE UNDER: Simple, three-chord folk 'n' roll.
R.I.Y.L.: Team Dresch, Lois, Danielle Howle.



KULA SHAKER / K / Columbia ●

DATALOG: Release date: Oct. 22.
FILE UNDER: Manchester redux, with a hint of Asia.
R.I.Y.L.: Inspiral Carpets, Charlatans U.K.

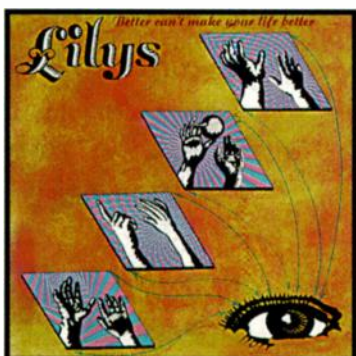
In the realm of British dance-pop, the lifecycles between stardom and geekdom, ghettoization and regentrification, approach those of the mayfly. When bands like Kula Shaker appear out of left field, it's hard to tell whether they're coming or already going. A quick listen to *K* leaves the listener with nagging memories. What with all the spacy vocals, sparkly wah-wah guitars, Hammond organs, and funky-drummer-on-Thorazine beats, it could easily have been sandwiched between the Stone Roses and the Charlatans on someone's CD changer circa 1990, as background music for Ecstasy-addled, bowl-haircut-clad teens as they went about their hugging and teeth-brushing. But then, isn't it time for the first wave of Mancunian revivalism? After all, five years is a couple generations in U.K. music. And Kula Shaker does try to add a few twists; notably, tabla and sitar crop up in a few places. South Asian influences don't amount to any sort of political statement, though, as they are with Cornershop. Here, they seem more a facile attempt to draw out the old Eastern mysticism/psychedelia analogy. *K* comes the closest to being successful on "Govinda," a particularly dance-y yet woozy and blissful cut that offers a paean in Sanskrit to the similarly-titled god. *DAVID JARMAN*



JIM LAUDERDALE / Persimmons / Upstart

DATALOG: Released Sep. 3.
FILE UNDER: Neo-traditionalist country-rock.
R.I.Y.L.: Gram Parsons, Jayhawks, Son Volt.

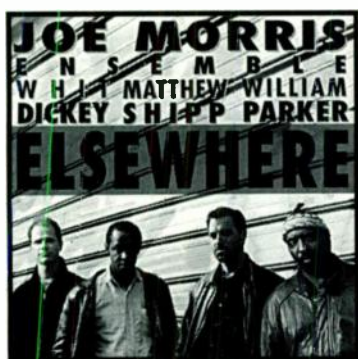
Persimmons illustrates an age-old artistic problem: How do you acknowledge your influences without letting them overtake you? Lauderdale writes likable and affable country rock songs that display a modest and off-handed charm. He's firmly steeped in the Gram Parsons tradition, where the related tropes of rock and country are fused, though not quite as equals. Parsons' trick was to inject just enough rock sensibility to re-energize traditional country frameworks, without letting them be overrun by rock's adrenaline rush. Most of today's "alternative country" bands have taken Parsons' achievements to heart, but in the spirit of continued renewal and contemporary rock mores, they also tend to temper their music with more of a rock bite. Lauderdale, though, is a traditionalist, with the courage (or is that foolhardiness?) to try to re-create the feel of Parsons' two early-'70s solo albums. Emmylou Harris even makes a guest appearance on *Persimmons*, making the Gram Parsons link concrete, but it's to Lauderdale's credit that their duet is one of this record's finest moments. Lauderdale has a keen grasp of the heritage he's plundering, and if he sometimes resorts to imitating his musical forebears, he rarely makes the mistake of merely engaging in sincere flattery. *GREG MILNER*



LILYS / Better Can't Make Your Life Better / Primary/Ché-EEG ●

DATALOG: Released Oct. 1.
FILE UNDER: Reworked mod pop.
R.I.Y.L.: The Kinks, early Rolling Stones.

The music of the Lilys has gone through an inversion since last year's *Eccsome The Photon Band*. Melodies once buried deep inside loosely structured excursions are now the structure itself. Gone are the sprawling sheets of guitar, and in their place is neatness and brevity. Actually, this transformation is pretty shocking; only the band's name is the same. As in the past, though, its kin are British, but those of a few decades ago rather than a few years. The Lilys of 1996 draw inspiration from the invasion sound of the '60s, when the song was everything, and the more precise the melody the better. The songs on *Better Can't Make Your Life Better* roll along, short and thick with organs, maracas, rollercoaster harmonies, "shoop shoop" and "la la la" backups, and a certain ache in leader Kurt Heasley's more prominent voice. The melodies hit with a similar pinpoint accuracy, but have a sandy texture that Ray Davies wouldn't have tolerated in 1967. Total makeovers often signify flakiness or trend-chasing, and the more skeptical listener will toss this aside as just that. But if *Better* is approached on its own terms, without the baggage of the band's history, the album can be heard as an inspired change of direction, and a worthy step toward something more concrete. *RANDALL ROBERTS*

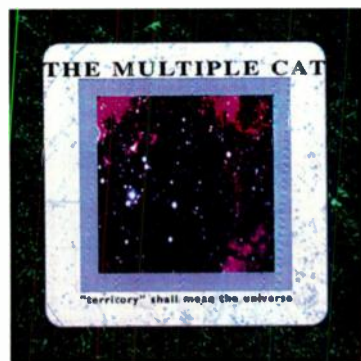


JOE MORRIS ENSEMBLE / Elsewhere / Homestead

The word "atonal" denotes music that was not written in a specific key. To most people, it also means time to turn and run. Of course, all free improvisation is atonal, and much of it is arguably arrhythmic and ultimately anaesthetic. Most improvisers, however free they wish they were, quickly find a key and a rhythm and stay there (Ornette Coleman, Sonic Youth, the Dead). Others go to great lengths to avoid this by playing raw noise. But atonal music with odd rhythms can be supremely beautiful—there's no need to suffer to be an avant sophisticate. This record contains the kind of busy, arrhythmic, atonal improv that, turned up, becomes classic Headache Music: punishing, endless, Japanese... Luckily, it's not turned up. Joe Morris's guitar is soft and sweet as Les Paul's. The hushed drums cede their percussion responsibilities to pianist Matthew Shipp's left hand. From beginning to end, the sounds unfold musically, with an almost lilting, circular quality. The snatches of melody that sneak in may reveal what drove Morris to improvisation—they're romantic and ironic, as if remembered from somewhere (a wedding band in Jersey?) he'd rather forget. His fast, technical single-note style could get tiring, but instead it neatly fills the harmonic spaces created by Shipp's clever, bass-heavy piano playing. *NELL ZINK*

DATALOG: Released Aug. 13.
FILE UNDER: Free jazz.

R.I.Y.L.: Art Ensemble Of Chicago, Albert Ayler, Frank Zappa.



MULTIPLE CAT / "territory" shall mean the universe / Zero Hour ●

Shining out from the middle of Multiple Cat's debut long-player like a bright constellation in a star-filled sky is "Sad, Sad, Sad." The shambling pop number is the album's Orion the Hunter, a cosmic guide directing the listener to the album's fine points. In fewer than three minutes, that wistful tune's lithe vocal melody and jangling guitar illuminate the otherwise elusive beauty behind the rest of "territory" shall mean the universe. The song's poppiness is inescapable and, even with its hint of distortion, there's something about its unrepentant bounciness that will make you want to start the record over again and, in doing so, listen like it's the first time. "Oh, so it's a pop record," you'll say as you smile and nod your head; from then on, navigating through Multiple Cat's fuzzed-out guitars, Atari-type sound effects and Pavement-style vocals is no sweat. The extra trimmings—echoey female backing vocals, tandem guitar lines with sharply bent notes, endlessly shuffling drum parts—that might otherwise threaten to overpower territory's gentle pop simplicity are welcome flourishes once they're understood in the proper context. Right around the middle of the record, you'll find its best number, but if you squint your eyes just so, you can find a wonderful pop song at the heart of most of the album's 11 tunes. *JENNY ELISCU*

DATALOG: Released Sep. 23.
FILE UNDER: Jangle pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Sea And Cake, Pavement, early Seam.

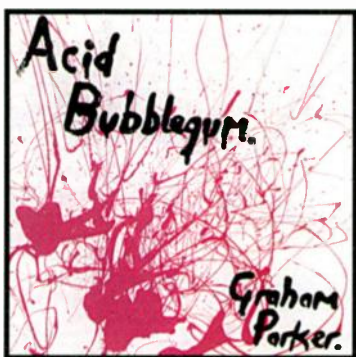


OBLIVIANS / Popular Favorites / Crypt

Spewing forth an unholy mix of 45 years of gutter rock raunch like Joe Hill Louis, Hasil Adkins, the Sonics and Johnny Thunders through cheap amps, a crappy drum kit and bad breeding, Memphis' Oblivians take the promise of early rock 'n' roll, punk and rhythm-and-blues and play it as though it could be your last good time; your last dance not of the night, but forever. A soundtrack for balling the jack in the midst of Armageddon, *Popular Favorites* is far from a departure from the band's slew of singles and 1994's *Soul Food*, but listened to in its entirety, it's more varied than you'd expect. The approach is the same throughout—distortion, swagger and the lowest of fidelity rule—but tempos and styles are mixed up nicely. The record goes from the amped-up, beat-up blues of the Wynonie Harris-associated "Christina," to the "Blitzkrieg Bop"-cop of "Strong Come On," to the surprising "Bad Man" (it actually has a melody and minor chords!), to the lascivious John Lee Hooker-style boogie of "Do The Milkshake." Comparisons to recent trash-rock gods like the Cramps and the Gories are inevitable, and although the Oblivians are never quite as transcendent as those bands could be in their day, *Popular Favorites'* best moments come pretty damn close. *RILEY PUCKETT*

DATALOG: Released Sep. 10. 7" single of "Strong Come On" available.
FILE UNDER: Punk-blues from the gutter.

R.I.Y.L.: Gories, Sonics, Blues Explosion's *Crypt Style*, *Back From The Grave*, *Stompin'* and *Savage Kick* series.



GRAHAM PARKER / Acid Bubblegum / Razor & Tie

If nothing else, Graham Parker has to be given credit for his hard-headedness. The elements of the lyric voice Parker wedded to his incisive, white-soul vocal delivery 20 years and 15 albums ago haven't changed much since: compressed pot-shots, righteous indignation, and black-and-white finger-pointing. This one-sided approach is by turns either effective and accurate (as on the anti-media "They Got It Wrong (As Usual)") or self-serving ("I don't appeal to the masses/and they don't appeal to me"), even paranoid—in "Impenetrable," Parker dreams that he's being burned in effigy! To be fair, certain songs here dig deeper—the lengthy "Character Assassination" spreads the blame for a dysfunctional relationship evenly.

DATALOG: Released Oct. 1.
FILE UNDER: New wine in old bottles.
R.I.Y.L.: Joe Jackson, Freedy Johnston, Hall & Oates.

What's puzzling about the last decade or so of Parker's career is the ongoing marriage of vitriolic sentiments to well-crafted but unchallenging, sometimes bland music. The production here is not quite slick enough to subvert radio into airing Parker's bile, but not aggressive enough for

the music to stand on its own terms. Too often, one listens through the arrangement to get to the songs buried within. Two exceptions: "Get Over It (And Move On)," a throwaway which cops Neil Diamond's "Cherry Cherry" riff to good effect, and the lush, deceptively tender "Girl At the End of the Pier"—don't worry, she throws herself off. *FRANKLIN BRUNO*



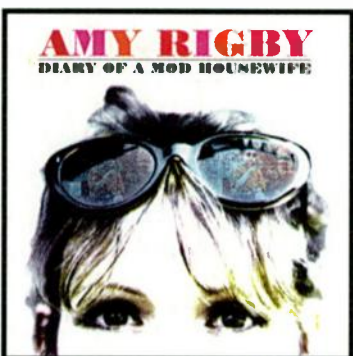
MARTIN PHILLIPPS & THE CHILLS / Sunburnt / Flying Nun USA

The last time we heard from Martin Phillipps, he was the singer/guitarist for the Chills. Now he's the singer/guitarist/keyboardist for his new band, Martin Phillipps & The Chills—a telling difference. Sometime around the final Chills album, *Soft Bomb*, he started believing he was the creative genius that people told him he was, and that's been nearly fatal to the shy fragility of his songwriting. He's given up trying to keep a steady backup group (understandable given the original Chills' 387 or so lineups), and while Fairport Convention's Dave Mattacks and Dave Gregory aren't exactly anonymous session hacks, they don't feel like a real band, either. The damnable thing is that *Sunburnt* has the sound of *Brave Words*, the band's best album—the delicate piano, Phillipps' calmly aching voice, the soft, trebly production—but the songs fall far short of that record's risk and passion. Most of the melodies are pleasant while they're playing and impossible to remember afterwards, and the lyrics are practically parodies

DATALOG: Released Oct. 10.
FILE UNDER: Melting ice cubes.
R.I.Y.L.: Tommy Keene, early R.E.M., Van Dyke Parks.

of good Phillipps ("Dreams Are Free" includes the line "uh-oh—my heart's been hit" 14 times). If he'd never made his great records, *Sunburnt* would be a nice diversion, but as it is, it's a heartbreaking letdown. *DOUGLAS WOLK*

of good Phillipps ("Dreams Are Free" includes the line "uh-oh—my heart's been hit" 14 times). If he'd never made his great records, *Sunburnt* would be a nice diversion, but as it is, it's a heartbreaking letdown. *DOUGLAS WOLK*



AMY RIGBY / Diary Of A Mod Housewife / Koch

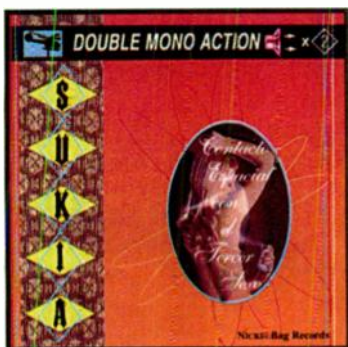
Amy Rigby was once 1/3 of the underrated folk-pop group the Shams, whose records' slick production never quite fit the pretty simplicity of their songs. For her first solo album, she's hooked up with producer Elliot Easton (from the Cars). This time around, the country-rock sheen hits the spot, with pedal steels, raw acoustic slashes and big rattly snares, and Rigby rises to the opportunity with some of her best songwriting to date. For the most part, she's dealing with the eternal men-vs.-women conflict—which, in the great country tradition, she kind of gets off on. On "20 Questions," backed with a relentless "Tombstone Blues"-style groove, she interrogates a lover who's stumbled home late "smelling like a perfume insert"; of course, her next-to-last question is "what time do you have to get up in the morning?" "Don't Break The Heart," which Mono Puff covered a couple of months ago, turns up here in a far superior version—in their hands it sounded like a novelty, in hers it bears down like a standard. Her voice is kind of

DATALOG: Released Sep. 10.
FILE UNDER: Country-rock.
R.I.Y.L.: Roseanne Cash, Dylan's *Brining It All Back Home*, Liz Phair.

thin, but she knows what to do with it anyway, and her phrasing is terrifically original. When she slows down, her songs can turn lugubrious, but... is it bad to say that she's adorable when she gets angry? *DOUGLAS WOLK*

thin, but she knows what to do with it anyway, and her phrasing is terrifically original. When she slows down, her songs can turn lugubrious, but... is it bad to say that she's adorable when she gets angry? *DOUGLAS WOLK*

SUKIA / Contacto Espacial Con El Tercer Sexo / Nickelbag



DATALOG: Released Sep. 24.
FILE UNDER: Moog fun in the sun.
R.I.Y.L.: B-52's, Devo, Towa Tei.

Swirling flutes, Moogs and a woman singing "Feelin' free" are interrupted by the sound of a buzzer and a guy groaning "spank me." Yes, it must be 1996, when the fat analog bleeps of the Moog actually sound fresh again. If they ever make an *anime* film about Mexican wrestlers, Sukia should handle the soundtrack. Not only are they one of Beck's favorite bands, but *Contacto Espacial Con El Tercer Sexo* is the first record from the label started by production team the Dust Brothers. Given the company they keep, it should come as no surprise that Sukia's sound mixes banal samples of instructional records and newscasts with fuzzy Casio drum beats, live horns and Moog squeals and grunts. The result is kind of like what the lounge revival would have sounded like if it had taken place in 1982. But, after all, lounge music and new wave synth-pop are among the few kinds of music that are meant to not do much more than make you smile. When the Devo-like "Touching Me Touching You" breaks into a synth hook the likes of which haven't been heard since mousse was new, it's a giddy return to a time when pop music was allowed to be cheerful. As the '80s revival hits full stride, expect Sukia to be right in step. *HEIDI MACDONALD*

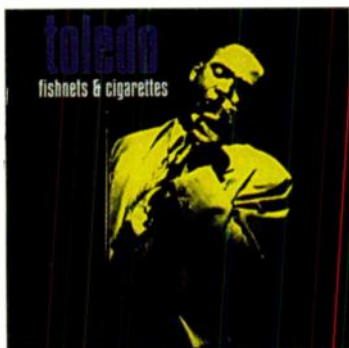
THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS / Factory Showroom / Elektra



DATALOG: Released Oct. 8.
FILE UNDER: Geek-pop.
R.I.Y.L.: Mono-Puff, Captain Sensible, children's records.

I have no idea if They Might Be Giants have any intention of breaking up any time soon, but *Factory Showroom* might be a good place to call it a day—to quit while they're still, barely, ahead. "I'm not dead/And I won't be 'till my head falls off," one of the Johns sings (12 years on, it's still impossible to tell Linnell and Flansburgh apart). But the quicksilver wit and unstoppable melodies of their early records are increasingly replaced by bludgeoning rock arrangements and unfunny whimsy ("XTC vs. Adam Ant/The future will decide"). They get points for covering Cub's "New York City," but lose them again for neutering the song's dizzy sexiness. And too many of their own songs here are the kind of half-a-joke knockoffs they used to stick on singles as bonus tracks—which, even more ominously, is where two of them first showed up, years ago. Still, parts of *Factory Showroom* incandesce brightly. "S-E-X-X-Y" is a funk parody with hysterical swooping disco strings; "I Can Hear You," recorded on Thomas Edison's original wax-cylinder equipment, is an elegantly condensed meditation on the history of lo-fi voice-transmitting equipment ("I can supersize that/Please bring your car around"). The record closes with "The Bells Are Ringing," a classic TMBG combination of rapid-fire patter, snare drum and tinnitabulation. Clever, clean and sad, it sounds like the end of something, and if we're lucky, maybe it is. *DOUGLAS WOLK*

TOLEDO / Fishnets & Cigarettes / Moonshine



DATALOG: Released Sep. 24. Toledo is an award-winning choreographer.
FILE UNDER: Junkie acid-jazz.
R.I.Y.L.: Tom Waits, Raymond Chandler, *This Is Acid Jazz*.

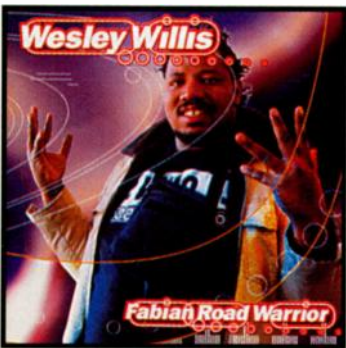
Toledo's hoarse, pitted half-scat vocals are hardboiled jazzbo cool, the smoky meeting place between Charles Bukowski and Charlie Parker. His musical accompaniment is equally rooted in colorful stylization: a swinging jazz percussionist, some slinky piano and organ, restless outbursts of squawking sax. On top of all this, Toledo seems unable to avoid seedy characters in his lyrics, making him sound almost *exactly* like Tom Waits with a beat band in tow. It's a fun, well-conceived exercise in pure hipster nostalgia—stiff drinks, long-legged dames and hardluck tales from the gritty underbelly of 1940s Los Angeles. "It's a good fuck between bruised eyes/It's downtown," he whispers, warbles and scats across "Downtown," pushed along by dark, edgy sax and trumpet lines and an ominous standup bass. "Saxface" dips into a hearty bit of acid-jazz, held in place by the raw, street-bred soul of Toledo's voice. Taken in short doses (say, the time it takes to smoke a cigarette), *Fishnets & Cigarettes* is a perfect, late-night mood-setter, a slice of all-but-forgotten underground cool. Too much (and the album's hour length nearly is) may cause you to choke on your own martini. *COLIN HELMS*



WANDERING LUCY / Leap Year / K

Wandering Lucy practices a familiar brand of lilting, fragile indie-pop, judiciously mixing comforting pop moves with whatever razor's edge it can muster. The shambling rhythms, simple guitars and soothing vocals all suggest a certain intimacy and honesty. These songs are structured so simply, and executed in such an off-handed manner, that Wandering Lucy sometimes runs the risk of sounding terminally slight. But it's always a trick to turn your lack of formal prowess into a virtue, and the band pulls it off at least half the time on *Leap Year*. Songs like "Marthy's Tune" and "Peach" find the group moving along at a pleasant momentum, shying away from typical tension-release dynamics in favor of a nice, steady climb—they've obviously spent some time listening to the Feelies' *The Good Earth*. Wandering Lucy falters when it decides to get cute, or when it lets its minimalist approach take the place of real songwriting. "I Have No Love" and "Bizeum" feature naive-sounding vocals annoyingly distorted into the red, and "Thrillville" tries to build an entire song around a tremolo pedal—not an easy task. When Wandering Lucy accepts its limitations, rather than using them as some sort of badge of honor, its music is often quietly arresting, and much more effective. *GREG MILNER*

DATALOG: Released Aug. 13.
FILE UNDER: Minimalist guitar-trio pop.
R.I.Y.L.: Beat Happening, Spinanes, Jale.



WESLEY WILLIS / Fabian Road Warrior / American

The major-label debut of eternal Chicago club presence Wesley Willis means that more people than just every band blowing through the Windy City will get to hear his unique style of rocking out. If you've heard one of his records before, well, this one's exactly the same. If not: every song is nearly identical musically and melodically, with Willis identifying a simple concept—usually a band's name—and explaining how they've "rocked a horse/monkey/lion/Saddam Hussein's ass." He then repeats the band's name (or a catchphrase: "Rocket To Russia" or "Shoot My Jam Session Down") followed by a long instrumental break, occasionally punctuated with ugly sound effects. Then he repeats what he did before, adding ad jingles such as "rock over London" or "make a run for the border." Willis can either be interpreted as the latest in a line of urban outsider artists descended from Basquiat, or the supreme send-up artist of his day, parodying what passes for rock criticism these days with dead-on accuracy.

DATALOG: Released Aug 20. A new album, *Feel The Power*, is due out Oct. 15.
FILE UNDER: Schizophrenic ad copy.
R.I.Y.L.: Daniel Johnston, novelty records.

Or he could just be some crazy guy from Chicago. Musically, you'll either regard this as a gross waste of your time or the perfect way to break up a mix tape. *TOM ROE*



YATSURA / We Are Yatsura / Primary/Ché-EEG

Yatsura (formerly Urusei Yatsura), a Scottish band named for a Japanese cartoon character, loves all things loud and cheesy, be they pinball games ("Pachinko"), Beat Happening's Calvin Johnson ("Pow R. Ball"), or two-note guitar hooks (well, the whole album, actually). Spaceships, comic-book conventions, and plastic ashtrays drive these spazzes. *We Are* is a hopped-up trip to the Coney Island of their minds, with just a few slower numbers when they wobble off the roller coaster for a few moments, balancing the swirling junk food in their stomachs before launching again into speedy, sugar-heavy pop. It's the sound of youth, but it's also largely the sound of the not-unmined Pavement/Superchunk axis: The singer is a ringer for Stephen Malkmus, and you can practically hear the band jumping up and down as they stomp through their sugar highs. But just because someone forgot to take his originality pills on recording day doesn't mean this album won't sound great blaring through tinny car-stereo speakers; it's only too bad that we didn't

DATALOG: Released Sep. 16.
FILE UNDER: Sugar pops.
R.I.Y.L.: Pixies, 3Ds, Superchunk.

have it in time for this summer. *ANDREW BEAUJON*

IN THE BINS



MISSISSIPPI JOHN HURT

The Complete 1928 Sessions

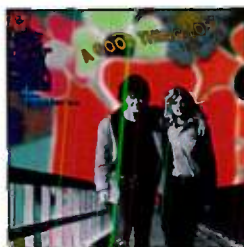
(Okeh-Legacy)

In 1928, Mississippi John Hurt sang the words, "Avalon, that's my hometown." When Northern blues researchers started tracking down old Delta bluesmen in the early '60s, somebody decided to look up Avalon on an old Carroll County road map, and that's right where they found him, sitting pleasantly on his front porch as if he were expecting them to show up. After his rediscovery, Hurt went from playing on his porch to Carnegie Hall, but this little CD collects all of his 1928 recordings. Listen to him sing and gently fingerpick his guitar, and you're really listening to something from a little bit before the blues—he was born in 1893, and the roots of his gentle ballad style hearken back to folk songs and parlor music of the turn of the century. Hurt had an uncanny knack for singing about the most horrific of events in a lilting, singsong voice, recounting death, dishonesty, murders and mayhem with chilling placidity and calm. Rooted underneath it all was a down-home morality and deeply felt wisdom. Hurt's music glows in its little details, as when he sings, "Angels laid him away/They laid him six feet under the clay"—if you've ever been to Mississippi, and seen the red clay that's literally an inch under the grass everywhere you turn, the lyric is somehow even more chilling.

This issue's Inspired Lyric Of The Month comes from a bartender in a country song: "Don't tell me your troubles/I got cares of my own/Be thankful you're living/Now drink up and go home!" The line lends itself to the title of **Drink Up And Go Home: Sun Country** (AVI), which compiles loads of rare '50s sides from the country catalog of the legendary Sun label—needless to say, the whole album is full of infidelity, both audio and marital. If you thought that weird Sun echo sounded spooky on Elvis' voice, you should hear it on Charlie Feathers, the man who taught him how to sing. Then there's the rockabilly nutcase who wants to "Jump Right Out Of This Jukebox"—he likes making records because it means he can be in thousands of bars at once, able to be on hand wherever there's a cracking good time going on.



Two funk-jazz titles on Verve that might sneak by you if you're not paying attention: an expanded edition of **Roy Ayers'** 1972 gig *Live At The Montreaux Jazz Festival* (previously only available as a vinyl Japanese import) and **Hugh Masekela's** poorly-titled *The Lasting Impressions Of Ooga Booga* (see, it combines two albums, *The Lasting Impression Of Hugh Masekela* and *The Americanization Of Ooga Booga* onto one CD... oh, never mind), recorded live in swinging '60s sound at the Village Gate in Manhattan. The lasting impression of this CD is that the music's great, but the original Verve cover art was a lot cooler than the reissue's ugly dayglo painting that makes Hugh look uncannily like the albino reggae star Yellowman.



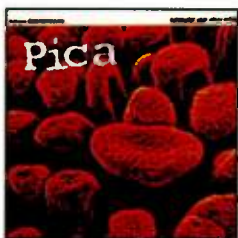
I Got You Babe: Fans of '70s bubblegum and AM radio's glory days should check out March Records' reissue of **The Poppy Family's A Good Thing Lost 1968-73**. The Canadian husband-and-wife duo of Terry and Susan Jacks (later, Terry would go on to have a hit with "Seasons In The Sun") were a prototype for '70s pop, like Abba's guy-girl harmonies and the Carpenters' soft pop, with an eerie undercurrent of darkness somewhere beneath the pop surface. My favorite parts come in the later songs, when the once-happy couple were splitting up—Terry would write these simpering, wounded, I'm-nothing-without-you songs and then give them to Susan, who had to smile and sing them to him onstage.

Hardly a month goes by without a new exotica reissue cropping up. **101 Strings' Astro-Sounds From Beyond The Year 2000** (Scamp) is just as appalling/appealing as you'd think from its title. Recorded in the twilight netherworld where easy-listening collides with LSD-25, it treats us to a morass of psychedelic wah-wah freakouts, aphrodisiacal bongos and sleazy boudoir violins. Just think of it as the soundtrack to your own personal '60s B-movie, where you can be the go-go girl in the glow-in-the-dark bikini.

But the best exotica record this month is **Run Rhythm Run** (Heartbeat), 18 instrumentals culled from obscure little Jamaican singles recorded at Treasure Isle studios in the '60s. It's not reggae—it's something totally beyond description. Take, for instance, "Psychedelic Reggae," where the keyboardist, playing little more than a toy organ, makes it sound like Sun Ra playing a reggae version of the "Close Encounters" theme. One can't imagine any other explanation other than people sitting around getting completely out of their heads and making groovy music. It's magic. Listen to this CD once and you'll never hear Booker T. & The MGs the same way again. There's no other record like it on earth.

RIFFS

Pica's *The Doctors Ate The Evidence* (Release) is a vibrant and colorful example of the ongoing campaign to market noise to the metal scene. An onslaught of feedback and samples is leavened by toy sounds, juicy



screeches, bubbling, sick gulping, and other clutter that gives more stimulating input to the mind than just plain harshness. On a more one-dimensionally destructive score, Release is also responsible for the suave new album from Japan's **Masonna**, heavily entitled *Mademoiselle Anne Sanglante Ou Notre Nymphomanie Aureolé...* After giving away the last three **King Diamond** CDs, only to have

my friends grin and thank me later, I paid special attention to his latest, *The Graveyard* (Metal Blade). Sure enough, this is peculiar and enjoyable entertainment. The nutty Dane, reviled by many as a campy clown who hasn't made a decent record in 10 years, has developed a perverse but strikingly original formula. His famous falsetto and overacted split-personality vocal stylings have come to utterly dominate every second of his music. He crams in paragraph after paragraph of loony lyrical literature, leaving only enough space for dualing hypersolos by Andy La Rocque and Herb Simonsen. Though the music is unrelentingly melodic and stunningly produced, song structures are so baroque that all substance blends together in an hour-long melange of slick, funny gibberish. It's obvious: King Diamond will be the first black metal floor show in a Las Vegas casino... Devourers of experimental metal should know that the jagged jungle team of **Fierce & Nico** is tearing up the skyscape with a horror-packed 12", "Input," on England's NNV Records. All the industrial-ambient desolation of Scorn is intensified here with solid power jungle beats and gruesome drilling bass. Tons of metalheads are going for gabba these days, but jungle is by far a more creative and chaotic synthetic music, and this particularly dark turn is the most soulful bleakness to come from the U.K. since Ice and God got their start.

METAL TOP 25

- 1 **ORANGE 9MM** *Tragic Atlantic*
- 2 **TYPE O NEGATIVE** *October Rust Roadrunner*
- 3 **SLAYER** *Undisputed Attitude American*
- 4 **MELVINS** *Stag Mammoth-Atlantic*
- 5 **KMFDM** *Xtort Wax Trax!/TVT*
- 6 **GODFLESH** *Songs Of Love And Hate Earache*
- 7 **BIOHAZARD** *Mata Leao Warner Bros.*
- 8 **PRONG** *Rude Awakening Epic*
- 9 **PRO-PAIN** *Contents Under Pressure Energy*
- 10 **CANNIBAL CORPSE** *Vile Metal Blade*
- 11 **SOUNDTRACK** *The Crow: City Of Angels Miramax-Hollywood*
- 12 **PANTERA** *The Great Southern Trendkill EastWest-EEG*
- 13 **MERCYFUL FATE** *Into The Unknown Metal Blade*
- 14 **MADBALL** *Demonstrating My Style Roadrunner*
- 15 **WHITE ZOMBIE** *Supersexy Swingin' Sounds Geffen*
- 16 **CARCASS** *Swansong Earache*
- 17 **SOUNDTRACK** *Escape From L.A. Lava-Atlantic*
- 18 **HEADCRASH** *Overdose On Tradition Discovery*
- 19 **SEPULTURA** *Roots Roadrunner*
- 20 **ICED EARTH** *The Dark Saga Century Media*
- 21 **BILE** *Teknowhore Energy*
- 22 **REFUSED** *Songs To Fan The Flames Of Discontent Victory*
- 23 **AMORPHIS** *Elegy Relapse*
- 24 **ANCIENT** *The Carnian Chronicle Metal Blade*
- 25 **MOLLY MCGUIRE** *Lime HitIt!-Epic*

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



SAMAEL Passage Century Media

Maybe it's the majestic peaks of the Alpine landscape that inspire the few metal bands from Switzerland (like Young Gods and Celtic Frost) to such epic ambitions. Encouraged by the success of their third album, *Ceremony Of Opposites*, and subsequent Gary Numan-influenced *Rebellion EP*, the Swiss adventurers of Samael present their tightest, most lavish set of progressive death metal yet. The band has improved both the dynamics and the complexity of its choir-laden anthems, turning in a polished metal album that gives purists something to rally around. The quartet, led by electro-whiz XY, puts a sophisticated face on Germanic singalong death metal, using keyboards to blend in the influence of Continental folk and pop music, from Europe to Laibach. With "Vorph" (shortened from Vorphalack) barking in time to syncopated crunch rhythms and synthesized horns, there is even a glimpse of catchy bulldog ska in the mix. All *Passage* lacks is melody as gifted as its orchestration and diversity. Otherwise, this is the kind of band that captures a lot of people's imaginations. The band's dramatic majesty may be a little too pompous for some, but that same operatic prowess ensures that black cotton Samael t-shirts will be a promising franchise for years to come.

HISS & CRACKLE



THE IN OUT "Lawn Trousers"

Viscera-Versa

"Lawn Trousers," the third awesomely messy single by Boston's The In Out, is its subtlest so far, meaning that it doesn't headbutt you in the face like the first two. Instead, it moves with a slow, brutal inevitability, while Todd Nudelman delivers his lyrics in a voice half poetry-attack, half drawling *sprechstimme*. They don't make much sense—"nice weights/nice denim headboard/nice head"—but they sound great. The B-side, "Get Yr Own Friends!" is a little more acerbic and a little less developed, though its slurred swagger is still a joy to hear. The single's also worth hearing to demonstrate the difference between inspiration and imitation. The In Out is still obviously inspired by The Fall of Totale's *Turns* and *Dragnet*, and it's easy to draw comparisons from the little endlessly repeated, irresistible riffs, and from Nudelman's cynical poetry-spieling and savage overenunciation. But the band has mostly shaken off the specific Fallisms of earlier records to develop its own particular strengths: the way every note on David Pierce's guitar hangs in the air like a threat, the way the tempo of "Lawn Trousers" slows down to emphasize the lyrics or surges forward again to get to the chorus, Nudelman's bare-bones start-stop bass lines.

A year or so, a mysterious band called **Cha-Cha Cohen** made one great, ferocious single, then disappeared again, rumored to have broken up. Well, the band did break up, but then it got back together, and the first fruits of CCC's reunion are on a self-titled EP (Chemikal Underground) that somehow crams four longish, unpredictable, mostly amazing songs onto a 7". These songs are expansive but dense, piling riff onto riff while singer Jaqi (formerly of the Dustdevils) declaims her cryptic lyrics ("six years too late/six years too soon") in a voice given depth and texture by the ravages of time and exhaustion. Special credit goes to whomever's playing slide guitar, mining the bottleneck for all the sneering force it can summon up.

Chicago's Skin Graft label has been promising a series of AC/DC tribute singles for years—a smart move, since the Australian band's no-frills riff-rock and definition-of-heavy rhythms inspired most of the rock action on Skin Graft's roster anyway. The first two have just come out together under the title *Sides 1-4*, and they're mostly worth the wait. Shellac does the retitled "'95 Jailbreak" as, essentially, the ultimate Shellac song: stylized, dry and hard like a 500-pound block of cherry wood, with Bob Weston tuning his bass down to nearly subaudible frequencies. Beyond that, Big'N throws itself bodily into "T.N.T.," and U.S. Maple falls a little short on an extended "Sin City." But Brise-Glace (in this case Jim O'Rourke solo) steals the show: "Angus Dei Aus Licht" is a razor-blade-assisted and razor-sharp cut-up of some of Angus Young's greatest moments, overlaid and repeated like mantras.



Two singles this month pay homage to the glory that was the early-'80s incarnation of the Television Personalities. **Further's** "I Wanna Be A Stranger" (Kirbdog) is a pretty par-for-the-course example of the band's fuzzy, hissy Californian noise-pop, but the B-side is a sweet gesture. Taking its title from a line on the back of the TVPs' *And Don't The Kids Just Love It* album—"They Said It Couldn't Happen Here... And It Didn't"—the song is in the born-too-late-to-be-the-Mod-inside-me style of Dan Treacy and his wistful band, right down to the off-key backing vocals and a final chorus ripped off from "Geoffrey Ingram." The Canadian bass-and-drum pop duo **Duatang's** "The Message" (Mint), meanwhile, has an arrangement that owes, well, a lot to the TVPs' greatest single, "Three Wishes," though they're not the songwriters Treacy is. Swell Maps, the TVPs' sister band (both groups have included bassist Jowe Head), have just gotten a little tribute of their own, too: A one-sided, mail-order-only single on VHF has covers of the Maps' "Read About Seymour" (played straight by Wingtip Sloat) and "Vertical Slum" (rocked up by Rake).



Walt Records doesn't put things out very often, but when it does, they tend to be special. The latest release is a double-7" compilation, *Extra Walt!*, with graphics tweaking the Blues Explosion's *Extra Width* and Matador Records (where Walt owner Dan Varenka used to work). It's got eight mostly slow, mostly sad, mostly sonically blurry songs by bands from all over the U.S., some by familiar names (Portastatic, Moviola) and some by newcomers (Trailer Bride, Bird Feet Feelings). The best, though, is "The Dragon #1" by Led Byrd, a new project of Helium's Mary Timony and Ash Bowie (also of Polvo), which expertly combines guitar and voice with the unnerving sounds of a very cheap keyboard and an even cheaper drum machine.

HIP-HOP YOU DON'T STOP

The widening influence of jungle and drum-and-bass has led to a renewed interest in hip-hop among dance music scenesters. Folks like the Chemical Brothers have been sneaking hip-hop in through the back door, dropping wild cut-and-scratch tracks on audiences who aren't expecting it. At the same time, much of the new U.S. underground hip-hop movement, while maintaining its raw, overmodulated edge, is receiving a warm welcome on dancefloors from which hip-hop has been banished for some time. *Shoot Tha Pump* (Concrete-Deconstruction) is a compilation of just such tracks, culled from the vanguard of progressive East Coast hip-hop and pressed into service for those who've grown tired of the 4/4 kick. Opening with DC's neo-go-go raconteur DJ Kool, whose "Twenty Minute Workout" is as exhausting as it sounds, the collection moves from the beats, breaks, and loops of the Crooklyn Clan's boisterous "NYS Anthem" to the stomping vocal demands of DJ Mister Cee's "Where Is Brooklyn At?" The recently revived cut-and-scratch impresario Chuck Chillout, one of the masters of old-school turntable manipulations, returns with the gruff "Back Into Time," which hits harder than a sock full of dimes.



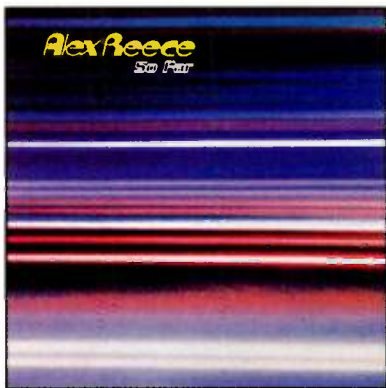
Tough, danceable hip-hop is back, and *Shoot Tha Pump* is a good place to start... There is an unmistakable, though far more languid, hip-hop influence at work on the brilliant *Frosty* compilation (Waveform), which moves from the eclectic jazzy stylings of "Fuzz" by The Egg to the rumbling, distant echoes in Howie B's "Birth." Beach Flea, long a part of the British "headz" jazz world, offers its 12-minute intoxicant, "F For Fake."

Frosty is music best heard between five and six in the morning, after you've spent the night listening to the rambunctious *Shoot Tha Pump* on continuous repeat.

DANCE TOP 25

- 1 ELECTRIC SKYCHURCH Together *Moonshine*
- 2 ORBITAL In Sides *ffrr-London*
- 3 ORB Auntie Aubrey's Excursions Beyond The Call Of Duty *Deviant (UK)*
- 4 MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO Subliminal Sandwich *Nothing-Interscope*
- 5 HARDFLOOR Home Run *Harthouse-Eye Q*
- 6 PHOTEK The Hidden Camera (EP) *Astralwerks-Caroline*
- 7 L.T.J. BUKEM Logical Progression *ffrr-London*
- 8 SINGLE CELL ORCHESTRA Single Cell Orchestra *Asphodel*
- 9 VARIOUS ARTISTS Frosty *Waveform*
- 10 KMFDM Xtort *Wax Trax!-TVT*
- 11 SCORN Logghi Barogghi *Scorn-Earache*
- 12 ALTERED BEATS Assassin Knowledges Of The Remanipulated *Axiom-Island*
- 13 LOOP GURU Amrita...All These And The Japanese Soup Warriors *World Domination*
- 14 BATTERY Distance *COP International*
- 15 FUNKI PORCINI Love, Pussycats & Carwrecks *Ninja Tune-Shadow*
- 16 UNDERWORLD Second Toughest In The Infants *Wax Trax!-TVT*
- 17 TIMESHARD Hunab Ku *Planet Dog-Mammoth*
- 18 VARIOUS ARTISTS Digitized *Logic*
- 19 HIGHER INTELLIGENCE AGENCY Freeloater *Waveform*
- 20 SCAR TISSUE Separator *21st Circuitry*
- 21 DOWNLOAD The Eyes Of Stanley Pain *Netwerk*
- 22 SPAHN RANCH In Parts Assembled Solely *Cleopatra*
- 23 MUSLIMGAUZE Gun Aramaic *Soleilmoon*
- 24 DJ SPOOKY Songs Of A Dead Dreamer *Asphodel*
- 25 SKINNY PUPPY Brap *Netwerk*

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



ALEX REECE

So Far

Quango-Island

The awkwardly dubbed "jazzy drum-and-bass" field has put forward Londoner Alex Reece as its mascot. Reece has commented that he has greater affinities with be-bop, cool jazz, and the sweeping, melancholic sound of early Detroit electronics than with jungle's hit-and-run hip-hop and reggae strikes. His decidedly taciturn sensibility can still provide breathtaking moments of suspense: "Pulp Fiction," the track for which he's best known, has a bass line that winds its way around your spine, moving rapidly to your feet before shooting straight back to the head. The crisp, stentorian sax licks glide just above the bass line's surface like a hovercraft, and the vocal wind-downs add to the languid and explosive quality of the track. "Feel The Sunshine," on which Reece ventures into vocal work, has a slightly more urbane texture—one gets the uneasy feeling that if the track were about 100 beats per minute slower it could pass for "smooth jazz." The productive tension between the breakneck and easy-listening qualities of Reece's work keeps your attention throughout. Just when you think "Jazz Master" is going to disappear into Spyro Gyza land, it comes back with a nail-biting round of percussion and a smothering bass line. *So Far* is a lot of fun, and there's far more here than first meets the ear.



ROOTS

Illadelph Halflife Vol. 3

DGC

While many hip-hop and jazz artists were exploring the common ground between the genres, Philadelphia's Roots went one step further by combining them, approaching the languages of rap and jazz as equal counterparts instead of distant relatives on *Do You Want More?!!!!!!* Eschewing samplers and turntables in favor of a live band, the Roots had the tricky task of winning respect as qualified rappers despite folding their rhymes in abstract, yet forceful jazz motifs. On *Illadelph Halflife*, the group has, praise God, decided not to make the same record twice. Busting out of the shady corner of a jazz club, Malik B. and Black Thought have made an album that's an unrelenting display of chest-beating rhymes at the fore, with occasional bizarre production twists tossed in for depth and complexity. Right off the bat, "Respond React" keys the listener into its cerebral street style: With titanic beats and a light, melodic layer of jazzy sounds, the cut, like much of the album, features atmospheres in which Malik and Black Thought exhibit their supreme skills, presenting universal hip-hop themes while illustrating life on South Philly streets. Although it's not immediately evident, this is a deep, complex work for the group, and it's the Roots' insatiable desire to grow that makes this such a triumphant release.

[by Glen Sansone]

hip-hop

BONUS BEATS

Chuck D's revolutionary rhetoric in Public Enemy helped hip-hop realize its ability to heighten social awareness and promote pro-active ideals. When "the noise" sputtered out following a production shift on *Apocalypse 91... The Enemy Strikes Black*, PE suddenly sounded uncharacteristically ordinary, and subsequent releases suffered, even though Chuck never lost the fire in his belly. Now he's solo, free from pseudo-militant henchmen and Flavor Flav's comic relief. *Autobiography Of Mistachuck* (Mercury) pretty much picks up where Public Enemy left off: Chuck's raw, untempered rage saddled with uneven, average-at-best beats. The best parts come when he takes shots at his peers, media and community ("No," "Talk Show Created The Fool" and "Niggativity," which sounds like a half-baked "Welcome To The Terrordome"), and when Isaac Hayes appears on "But Can You Kill The Nigger In You?..." The rapping of **House Of Pain's** Everlast is the aural equivalent to being attached to the bumper of a jeep at 50 MPH. His vocal cords sound like they undergo routine abuse just to maintain their rough sound. There are plenty of rough edges to be found on *Truth Crushed To Earth Shall Rise Again* (Tommy Boy), but none open any new wounds. Everlast (who no longer shares the mic with Danny Boy) is still pissed off by the same things: crews without the skills to pay the bills, MCs who don't keep it real, disingenuous record labels and chicks who lace his L (a k a marijuana cigarette) with dust ("What's That Smell"). Still, within the sparse, syrupy beats and testosterone fantasies, Everlast pulls off some fantastic one-liners, like "I'll freak ya like Carrie on prom night"... Two enduring female MCs get back to business as **MC Lyte** releases the party-ready *Bad As I Wanna B* (EastWest-EEG), and **Yo Yo** flips *Total Control* (EastWest-EEG). Lyte benefits from the production punch of Jermaine Dupri and R. Kelly, who put a smoother spin on her naturally rugged raps, while Yo Yo (who teams with Lyte on "One For The Cutie") returns to a glassy West Coast sound, and features a handful of guests. Word out.



HIP-HOP TOP 25

- 1 A TRIBE CALLED QUEST *Beats, Rhymes And Life* **Jive**
- 2 DE LA SOUL *Stakes Is High* **Tommy Boy**
- 3 NAS *It Was Written* **Columbia-CRG**
- 4 OUTKAST *Alliens* **LaFace-Arista**
- 5 SOUNDTRACK *High School High* **Big Beat-Atlantic**
- 6 RAS KASS *Anything Goes"/"On Earth As It Is"* (12") **PatchWerk-Priority**
- 7 BIG SHUG *"Crush"* (12") **Payday/frr-London**
- 8 DJ HONDA *DJ Honda* **Relativity**
- 9 JAY-Z *Reasonable Doubt* **Roc-A-Fella/Freeze-Priority**
- 10 LOST BOYZ *Legal Drug Money* **Universal**
- 11 GHOSTFACE KILLER *"Daytona 500"* (12") **Razor Sharp-Epic**
- 12 HELTAH SKELTAH *Nocturnal* **Duck Down-Priority**
- 13 COMMON *"The Brich In You"* (12") **Relativity**
- 14 SOUNDTRACK *America Is Dying Slowly* **Red Hot/EastWest-EEG**
- 15 ROOTS *"Clones"/"Section"* (12") **DGC**
- 16 GOODIE MOB *Soul Food* **LaFace-Arista**
- 17 BEATNUTS *"Find That"* (12") **Violator-Relativity**
- 18 PHARCYDE *Labelocalifornia* **Delicious Vinyl-Capitol**
- 19 NINE *Cloud 9* **Profile**
- 20 BIZ MARKII *"Studda Step"* (12") **Cold Chillin'-Epic Street**
- 21 WHORIDAS *"Shet Callin' And Big Bullin'"* (12") **Southpaw-Delicious Vinyl**
- 22 CHINO XL *Here To Save You All* **American**
- 23 SADAT X *Wild Cowboys* **Loud-RCA**
- 24 BUSTA RHYMES *The Coming* **Flektra-EEG**
- 25 M.O.P. *"Stick To Ya Gunz"* (12") **Relativity**

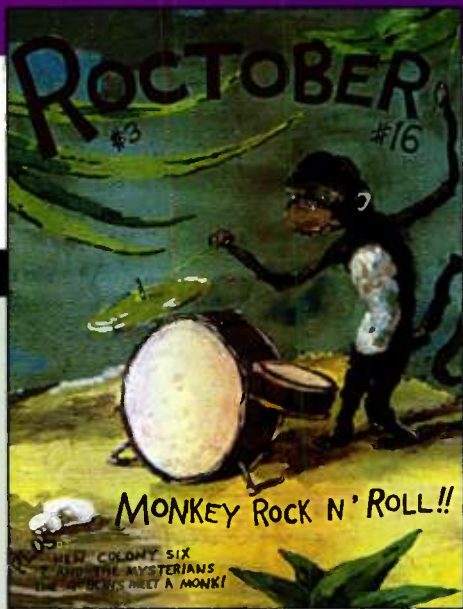
Compiled from the CMJ New Music Report's weekly Beat Box charts, collected from CMJ's pool of progressive radio reporters.

ROCTOBER

(\$3 from 1507 E. 53rd St. #617, Chicago, IL 60615)

It's not often that you find a zine that's passionate about '60s-style rock 'n' roll that isn't also unbearably cynical. Jake Austen's *Roctober*, though, is a joy to read: scholarly, casual and easily delighted, with a longstanding fascination for bands that play wearing masks. (It's also got lots of short comic strips, most of which are really crudely drawn but charming anyway.) The most recent issue, #16, has a long feature article on "Monkey Rock 'N' Roll": songs about monkeys, bands that played in monkey suits, Elvis Presley's pet chimpanzee, the lemur in that Mariah Carey video, and the like. There's also a brief history of the New Colony Six (with an appreciative review of their reunion show at a banquet hall/synagogue in Chicago and reprinted NC6 Fan Club letters from the '60s), an interview with the guitarist from ? And The Mysterians, an analysis of Sammy Davis, Jr.'s appearances on *The Mod Squad*, and a million one- or two-line record reviews. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

ZINES



HYPE!

(CFP Distribution)

Hype! hypes the story of the Seattle music scene in ways we've heard before: (Legitimately) alienated kids become celebrities, discover that capitalism eats everything in ways that they have always known and hated, and get sad. The film is at its best covering the genealogy of the most recent generation of Seattle's regional sound. One man's sardonic 30-second lesson in grunge chord structure is brilliant; another's fabulously obsessive computerized flow chart maps the zero degrees of separation among Seattle band members. These moments build a platform for *Hype!*'s documentation of the difficult negotiations between a regional scene and the unexpected attention of the multi-national record industry.

Still, the film seems unable to put any spin on the ambivalence over punk celebrity that Kurt Cobain's suicide sadly rendered with greater performative force. If you believe that something important is at stake in that ambivalence, it can be annoying to watch the film describe people's feelings of conflict without really nailing what the problem is. No one will have much sympathy for Eddie Vedder's insipid discussion of the difficulties of being rich and famous. (Maybe someone should've directed a question to the painfully silent and less celebrated woman sitting next to him throughout the interview.) Other commentators, like Soundgarden's Kim Thayil, are more articulate, describing ill feelings about complicity with capitalism with more clarity. *Hype!* skirts the major analysis that it gestures toward, but, in the miasmatic American absence of language describing economic relations, which envelops grunge as surely as it envelops almost everything, the film succeeds at documenting what the great dilemma of punk rock *feels like*. **LIZA JOHNSON**

FLICKS





ODDVILLE

by Jay Stephens (Art Ick Productions)

COMICS

Why do all the people Jay Stephens draws, not to mention his cats, birds, and squirrels, have vacant white circles for eyes, like Little Orphan Annie? Perhaps it's because Stephens thinks of them as a kind of matched playset of iconic little action figures that he lets loose on the toy town Oddville, yielding the cross-product of chaos so familiar from his *Sin* and *Land Of Nod* comic books. Oddville reprints a series of Stephens' strips that previously appeared in a bunch of small alternative weeklies. Together, the strips tell the rather strange story of Daisy, the flying baby with the weird shape coming out of her head, who evades misguided superheroes, radio-controlled robots, and an entire trigger-happy town on the way to... nothing in particular. On its own, each four- or six-panel installment manages to both advance said story and deliver a deliciously nihilistic gag. (Sample punchline: "Don't fool yourself, kid! Violence isn't as hilarious as it looks. Well, maybe I'm wrong.") In the process, Stephens unleashes a misunderstood giant monkey, a hapless grunge band turned zombies, the Supertronic Flying Cat Stunner™, and a host of other unlikely sprites. He delights in throwing together a new, random combination of his characters in each strip, as if to see how many panels it takes for mayhem to ensue. About one generally does it. **ANDREA MOED**

CLUB CULTURE

by Sarah Thornton (Wesleyan University Press)

READS

Dance music's durable, vertiginous culture has escaped intellectual consideration outside of a few academic journals. Sarah Thornton, who wrote her dissertation under the tutelage of the established rock intellectual Simon Frith, offers an historical narrative/sociological contribution to this non-existing academic field. Through the lens of French sociologist Pierre Bourdieu's concept of "cultural capital," *Club Culture* sets its sights on British rave and club culture of the late '80s, and investigates the construction of the value applied to ideas like "authenticity," "mainstream" and "underground." Thornton looks closely at the way dance music's audience is formed and how it's received, never drifting far from the social contexts in which the music is experienced. Academic criticism of popular music is almost always saddled with the burden of representing a movement that has changed beyond recognition by the time the literature is produced. Thornton's book evades that peril: its author lived in the club world for quite some time, and the book was published soon after being written. *Club Culture* initiates an important line of inquiry into a vital, previously neglected subculture. **TIM HASLETT**



CURTIS'S CHARM

(Strand Releasing)

FLICKS

The charm of *Curtis's Charm* is that it feels like a Jim Carroll story in a way the star-struck Hollywood version of *The Basketball Diaries* never did. Instead, this film of a latter-day Carroll short story moves comfortably at an everyday pace, yet each moment reveals more than most. In hands not as gentle as first-time director John L'Ecuyer's, the black-and-white hand-held cameras might seem obtrusive and pretentious. Instead, the pace and mood are natural; the drugs and druggies are neither romanticized nor preachily denounced. The three principal actors—Maurice Dean Wint in the title role, Callum Keith Rennie as Jim Carroll, and Rachel Crawford as Curtis's wife—are equally unobtrusive, allowing the story to unfold without forcing anything to happen. It's a small story, with no greater goals than to make each moment count. **TOM ROE**

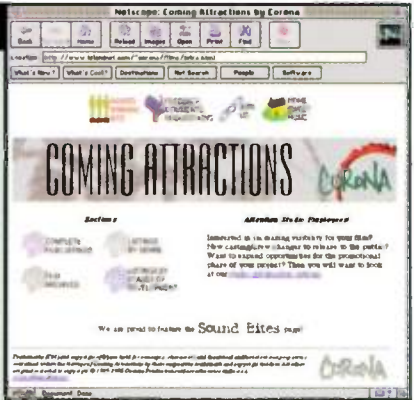
MULTI-MEDIA

COMING ATTRACTIONS BY CORONA

(<http://www.islandnet.com/~corona/films/intro.html>)

ONLINE

When you come upon a web page as text-heavy as this, you know it's either a) the hobby of an obsessive fan, or b) the hobby of a bunch of obsessive fans. In this case, it's b). *Coming Attractions* is a Vancouver-based repository of info on upcoming films, with very few graphics but plenty of info (although there are occasional links to pages of pictures). Upcoming film listings are a staple of the Hollywood trade papers, but *Coming Attractions* goes one better by including rumors and speculation from jacked-in "insiders." Here you will find all that is known of such matters as rumored films (*Rain Man 2*), films trapped in development hell (*Godzilla*), credits of greenlighted films, and so on. Conveniently cross-referenced by genre, the listings provide plenty of production information, but the often dizzying spiral of rumors and gossip about such things as Sigourney Weaver's role in *Aliens 4* provides the real fun. The site is updated constantly, so regular visits are a great way to waste spare time. HEIDI MACDONALD



STALE

(<http://www.stale.com>)

ONLINE

If you've paid any attention to the Web for the last few months, you've almost certainly run across *Slate* (www.slate.com), the heavily hyped, Microsoft-funded, print-metaphor-quagmired, not-so-bad-after-all political webzine. A bunch of very funny writers with lots of time on their hands have produced *Stale*, a dead-on parody that skewers *Slate* and its corporate parent methodically, mercilessly, and expertly. ("Should be fun," says the end of the introductory editorial. "Join us or die.") Some features are nearly word-for-word parodies of their *Slate* counterparts (to which they have links); some are amusing but serious refutations of *Slate* articles; and some tweak the entire premise of sections of *Slate* ("Our first diarist is fourteen-year-old Debbi Meyer. Our second diarist will be Anais Nin"). *Stale* has some serious points to make about Microsoft's hegemony in the computer world, the ridiculousness of the Web trying to play to the strengths of print media rather than its own, and the narrowness of most political discourse, but it gets them across in a constant stream of giggles. DOUGLAS WOLK



BREATHLESS

(<http://www.humnet.ucla.edu/humnet/phll/grads/rohrbaugh/contents.html>)

ONLINE

When I hear "My So-Called Life web-zine," I reach for my—well, I don't quite know *what* to reach for. The one episode I saw appeared to revolve around Angela's friend's drinking problem, and had all the insight of an *Afterschool Special*. But apparently some intelligent people have seen something I missed, as *Breathless* is a witty collection of essays in which a few *MSCL* obsessives use the show's characters and relationships as diving platforms for explorations of their own lives that veer between the hyper-analytical and the touching. Yes, there's some unintentionally hilarious prose ("The expressive radiance of Claire Danes' face, comparable to Maria Falconetti in Dreyer's *The Passion Of Joan Of Arc...*"), but there's also Guy Rohrbaugh's elaborate explanation of why he doesn't identify with geeky Brian Krakow as he would in most films, and Claudine Ise's articulate essays on why women fall for inarticulate ciphers and the doomed nature of the love letter: "Words can never be the whole truth. Our bravery in attempting to use them, despite their failure, is what ultimately matters." Recommended for the fan and non-fan alike. FRANKLIN BRUNO



	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1	SEBADOH	Harmacy	Sub Pop
2	SOUL COUGHING	Irresistible Bliss	Slash-WB
3	VERSUS	Secret Swingers	Caroline
4	THROWING MUSIS	Limbo	Throwing Music-Rykodisc
5	BECK	Odelay	DGC
6	REVEREND HORTON HEAT	It's Martin Time	Interscope
7	LOW	The Curtain Hits The Cast	Vernon Yard-Caroline
8	BUTTER 08	Butter	Grand Royal
9	CUB	Box Of Hair	Mini-Lookout!
10	CATHERINE WHEEL	Like Cats And Dogs	Fontana-Mercury
11	SIX FINGER SATELLITE	Paranormalized	Sub Pop
12	RED HOUSE PAINTERS	Songs For A Blue Guitar	Supreme-Island
13	HOLIDAY	Ready, Steady, Go!	March
14	SOUNDRACK	Trainspotting	Capitol
15	MELVINS	Stag	Mammoth-Atlantic
16	SOUNDRACK	The Crow, City Of Angels	Miramax-Hollywood
17	LES CLAYPOOL AND THE HOLY MACKEREL	Highball With The Devil	Interscope
18	BUFFALO DAUGHTER	Captain Vapour Athletes	Grand Royal
19	SUBLIME	Sublime	Gasoline Alley-MCA
20	DEAD CAN DANCE	Spiritchaser	4AD-WB
21	HIS NAME IS ALIVE	Stars On E.S.P.	4AD
22	ROBYN HITCHCOCK	Moss Elixir	Warner Bros.
23	BARRY ADAMSON	Oedipus Schmoedipus	Mute
24	LONG FIN KILLIE	Valentino	Too Pure-American
25	ASH	1977	Reprise
26	GUV'NER	The Hunt	Merge
27	SCARCE	Deadsexy	A&M
28	ORANGE 9MM	Tragic	Atlantic
29	OLIVIA TREMOR CONTROL	Dusk At Cubist Castle	Flydaddy
30	CHAINSUCK	Angelscore	Wax Trax!-TVT
31	CHIMERA	Earth Loop	Grass
32	A TRIBE CALLED QUEST	Beats, Rhymes And Life	Jive
33	SCREAMING TREES	Dust	Epic
34	BOOTH AND THE BAD ANGEL	Booth And The Bad Angel	Fontana-Mercury
35	KMFDM	Xtort	Wax Trax!-TVT
36	NEARLY GOD	Nearly God	Durban Poison-Island
37	SOUNDRACK	Supercop	Interscope
38	DELIA 72	The R&B Of Membership	Touch And Go
39	JASON FALKNER	Author Unknown	Elektra-EEG
40	PLACEBO	Placebo	Elevator Music-Caroline
41	SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS	Hot	Mammoth
42	FRENTE	Shape	Mammoth-Atlantic
43	JEREMY ENIGK	Return Of The Frog Queen	Sub Pop
44	EELS	Beautiful Freak	DreamWorks-Geffen
45	FIRESIDE	Do Not Tailgate	American
46	QUEERS	Don't Back Down	Lookout!
47	JAWBOX	Jawbox	TAG
48	SPEEDBALL BABY	Cinema	Fort Apache-MCA
49	JIMMY EAT WORLD	Static Prevails	Capitol
50	SLEEPER	The It Girl	Arista
51	VARIOUS ARTISTS	Sweet Relief II: Gravity Of The Situation	Columbia-CRG
52	SCENIC	Acquatica	Independent Project-World Domination
53	RASPUTINA	Thanks For The Ether	Columbia-CRG
54	ME'SHELL NDEGE'OCHELLO	Peace Beyond Passion	Maverick-Reprise
55	TRICKY	Tricky Presents Grassroots (EP)	Payday/frr-Island
56	FIGGS	Banda Macho	Capitol
57	VARIOUS ARTISTS	MOM: Music For Our Mother Ocean	Surfdog-Interscope
58	ELECTRIC SKYCHURCH	Together	Moonshine
59	CONNELLS	Weird Food & Devastation	TVT
60	MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO	Subliminal Sandwich	Nothing-Interscope
61	INCREDIBLE FORCE OF JUNIOR	Let The World Fall Apart	Up
62	BRENDAN BENSON	One Mississippi	Virgin
63	SCRAWL	Travel On, Rider	Elektra-EFG
64	WEEN	12 Golden Country Greats	Elektra-EEG
65	ROME	Rome	Thrill Jockey
66	CALLIOPE	I Can See You With My Eyes Closed	Thick
67	ALTERED BEATS	Assassin Knowledges Of The Remanipulated	Axiom-Island
68	GOOD RIDDANCE	A Comprehensive Guide To Moderne Rebellion	Fat Wreck Chords
69	LYLE LOVETT	The Road To Ensenada	Curb-MCA
70	PEST 5000	Interabang (?)	Derivative (Canada)
71	GASTR DEL SOL	Upgrade & Afterlife	Drag City
72	BETTER THAN EZRA	Friction, Baby	Swell/Elektra-EEG
73	DEADBOLT	Tjuana Hit Squad	Headhunter-Cargo
74	PATTI SMITH	Gene Again	Arista
75	NY LOOSE	Year Of The Rat	Hollywood

Chart data culled from CMJ New Music Report's weekly Top 200 radio chart, based on combined airplay of approximately 500 college, non-commercial and commercial radio stations reporting their top 30 most-played releases that week.

FEEDBACK

MAIL: CMJ New Music Monthly, 11 Middle Neck Road, Suite 400, Great Neck, NY 11021-2301
 FAX: 516-466-7159 / Email: cmjmonthly@cmjmusic.com

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

What do you think about the CMJ New Music November CD and Magazine?

What can we do to make the magazine and CD better?

PLEASE CIRCLE YOUR RATING FOR EACH TRACK
 5 - Borderline genius 4 - I'd buy it 3 - Decent 2 - So-so 1 - Trash it
CHECK THE BOX TO THE LEFT IF THIS CD INTRODUCED YOU TO THIS ARTIST

<input type="checkbox"/>	1. LEMONHEADS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	2. KULA SHAKER	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	3. PUSHERMAN	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	4. JOHN PARISH AND POLLY JEAN HARVEY	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	5. ROOTS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	6. KING CHANGO	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	7. THE HEADS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	8. KRISTEN BARRY	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	9. LILYS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	10. ROBYN HITCHCOCK	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	11. FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	12. SENSE FIELD	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	13. NEUROTIC OUTSIDERS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	14. SUSANNA HOFFS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	15. MULTIPLE CAT	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	16. PHOTEK	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	17. TERRELL	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	18. SQUEEZE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	19. JANE JENSEN	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	20. SARGE	5	4	3	2	1

1. Are you...?
 Male Female
2. How old are you?
 under 18 35-44
 18-24 45+
 25-34 What's it to you?
3. Where did you buy this magazine?
 subscription newsstand
 record store bookstore
 other _____
4. How many CDs do you buy per month?
 0-2 6-10
 3-5 more than 10

5. Where do you usually buy your tapes/CDs?
 Store _____
 City _____
 State _____
6. What radio station(s) do you usually listen to?
 Call Letters _____
 City _____
 State _____

CMJ

NEW MUSIC

BACK ISSUES

Fill in the gaps in your CMJ New Music Monthly collection for only

\$6 PER ISSUE

(add \$2.50 shipping & handling for first magazine, \$1.00 for each additional per order. Checks/M.O.'s must be made in U.S. dollars drawn on a U.S. bank.)

ISSUE	COVER STORY
<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '94	Liz Phair
<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '95	Throwing Muses
<input type="checkbox"/> Feb '95	Veruca Salt/Elastica
<input type="checkbox"/> Mar '95	Belly
<input type="checkbox"/> Apr '95	Faith No Mcre
<input type="checkbox"/> May '95	Juliana Hatfield
<input type="checkbox"/> Jun '95	Chris Isaak
<input type="checkbox"/> Jul '95	Soul Asylum/Special Summer Issue
<input type="checkbox"/> Aug '95	Primus
<input type="checkbox"/> Sep '95	Urge Overkill
<input type="checkbox"/> Oct '95	Flaming Lips
<input type="checkbox"/> Nov '95	Sonic Youth
<input type="checkbox"/> Dec '95	Smashing Pumpkins/Holiday Gift Guide
<input type="checkbox"/> Jan '96	Rocket From The Crypt
<input type="checkbox"/> Feb '96	Presidents Of The USA
<input type="checkbox"/> Mar '96	Iggy Pop
<input type="checkbox"/> Apr '96	Oasis
<input type="checkbox"/> May '96	Guided By Voices
<input type="checkbox"/> Jun '96	Everything But The Girl
<input type="checkbox"/> Jul '96	Beck
<input type="checkbox"/> Aug '96	D-Generation/Special NYC Issue
<input type="checkbox"/> Sep '96	Fiona Apple: Next Big Thing
<input type="checkbox"/> Oct '96	Tracy Bonham

OFFER GOOD IN NORTH AMERICA ONLY
 NO CASH PLEASE • SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED
 Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

SEND THIS ORDER FORM TO:
 CMJ Back Issues Dept., 11 Middle Neck Rd. #400,
 Great Neck, NY 11021
 or CALL (516) 466-6000 ext. 120

_____ issues @ \$6 ea. = \$ _____
 Shipping & Handling = \$ _____
 TOTAL AMOUNT = \$ _____

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

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

Credit Card # _____
 Exp. Date _____

ON THE CD

HOW TO USE THIS PAGE

1. Cut along dotted line.
2. Fold in half.
3. Slip into our CD holder or a jewel box.
4. Hold can upright 2 to 3 inches from injured area and spray until wet.

ON THE CD

[HTTP://WWW.CD4LESS.COM](http://www.cd4less.com)

CHEAP Import and indie CD's at
<http://WPMusic.com> or (610)645.9762



C/Z RECORDS MAILORDER

Moonshake, Melvins, 7 Year Bitch, Silkworm, Built To Spill, Treepeople, The Gits & lots more!

Credit card orders call toll free: 1-800-MERC-VAN or write for a free catalog: 4756 U. Village Pl. NE #469 • Seattle, WA • 98105
 CDs - \$12 / Cassettes - check out our web site:
<http://www.musicwest.com/cz/>

It don't get much better than this!

<http://www.panhandler.com>

1996 CMJ Directory \$99
 Get in touch: 516.466.6000, ext. 162

Get Your Songs Published! Send songs to:
 EXODUS MUSIC, P.O. Box 432,
 Rockingham, NC 28380

BANDS & SOLO ARTISTS, be featured on a proposed TV show, send demo & press kit to:
 Mike Arbouet, Clockwise Productions, 99 Rulland Road, Hempstead NY 11550

CMJ INVENTORY CLEARANCE SALE!!!

(We've got too many in stock and need more room.)

Mail this coupon in with your CMJ New Music Monthly Back Issues order and get \$3 off each when you select any of these issues: Liz Phair, Chris Issak, Flaming Lips.

MUSIC WANTED

A national cable network is producing new shows for the 18-24 audience and craves fresh music from indie and unsigned bands. Send CD/DAT format ONLY to 331 W. 57th St., New York, NY 10019

DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR

Their debut CD, "Morado." Upbeat, introspective, alternative. \$11.00 from Great Disdain Records, PO Box 0314, Baldwin, NY 11510,
<http://www.iuma.com>

New Mucky Pup, Fierce Nipples, more.
 Write for catalog. Crustacean, Box 37384, Milwaukee, WI 53237

Your Local Music Store SUCKS!

Find What You Want Right On Your Computer!

New & Used CD's, Imports, Indies, T-shirts, Posters Release Dates, Record Reviews, Special Orders Find us at: <http://www.rsabbs.com/tunes/>
 Don't have a computer? Call 609-983-2566

VINYL CD'S TAPES BOOKS VIDEOS NEW USED RARE IMPORT INDE

<http://www.RocksOnLine.com>

ROCKS IN YOUR HEAD

157 PRINCE ST. NYC, NY 10012 (212) 475-6729 OPEN 12-9
 email: RoXpress@ix.netcom.com

The local record store you always wished you had in your town. Now you can visit us anytime on our web site. We've been selling exciting music in Soho, New York City, since 1978. You'll dig our selection of vinyl lp's, cd's singles, t-shirts and videos. Check it out: free shipping with your first order—anywhere.

★ SUB POP ★

Don't forget to pick up the new one from SEBADOH It's called "Harmacy" SP 370 LP/CS/CD

For a catalog subscription send \$1 to Sub Pop Records Dept. cmj: PO Box 20645, Seattle, WA 98102 order on-line! <http://www.subpop.com> -800-SUBPOP1 loser@subpop.com

CLEOPATRA RECORDS

NEW RELEASES OUT NOW!

INDUSTRIAL

FLA vs DIE KRUPPS / Mix Wars
 PROJECT PITCHFORK / Best Of

GOthic

THE WAKE / Nine Ways
 XTIAN DEATH / Prophecies
 SWITCHBLADE SYMPHONY
 BIG ELECTRIC CAT

PUNK

Burning Ambitions 1 & 2
 Punk & Disorderly

AMBIENT / TRANCE

Kraftwelt & LCD

Write for our FREE 100 page Catalog of Punk, Gothic, Industrial, Trance, More!
 8726 S. Sepulveda STE D-82 LA, CA 90045
cleopatra@tunenet.com
<http://www.hallucluet.com/cleopatra>

out now BILL POPP AND THE TAPES new release INSIDES



COMPARED TO REM, BEATLES AND XTC
 Alternative Popp at it's best. Send check or money order for \$13 payable to: 121st Street Records Inc., 22-18 121 Street, College Point NY 11356.

Check out our web page.
<http://kspace.com/popp>
 or for more info call 718-359-4110
 or email billpopp@webspan.net

RELEASE YOUR OWN CD'S!

300 CD's
 \$1,590
 with black & white inserts

- FREE Graphic Design • Ready In 3 Weeks
- Major Label Quality • No-Fine-Print Guarantee

Call today for your FREE, 1996 full color catalog:
1-800-468-9353
 24 HOURS TOLL FREE
<http://www.discmakers.com>

609-663-9030 **DISC MAKERS** 609-661-3458 FAX

SELL YOUR MUSIC!

with custom promo cards

Full Color Promo Cards
\$95
 500 copies

- Promote Record Releases & New Bands • Perfect For Recording & Sound Studios
- Feature Instruments & Accessories • Use For Trade Shows, Special Events & Promotions
- Call Now For More Information & A Free Sample Kit!

Modern Postcard
1-800-959-8365

JUST OUT

A LISTING OF LABELS WHOSE ARTISTS APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

OCTOBER 8

SLIM DUNLAP Times Like This *Medium Cool-Restless*
GOLDEN PALOMINOS Dead Inside *Restless*
MATTHEW SHIPP 2-Z 2.13.61
RAILROAD JERK Get It On *Matador*
LOIS Infinity Plus *K*
HEAVENLY Operation Heavenly *K*
SUPER FURRY ANIMALS Fuzzy Logic *Epic*
THRONEBERRY Guerrilla Skies *Alias*
CHUG Sassafras *Alias*
JENNYANYKIND Revelator *Elektra-EEG*
SWEET BABY It's A Girl *Lookout!*
CHOKEBORE A Taste For Bitters *Amphetamine Reptile*
NIRVANA From The Muddy Banks Of The Wishkah *DGC*
DONOVAN Sutras *American*
MAGIC DIRT Friends In Danger *Warner Bros.*
IRIS DEMENT Wasteland Of The Free *Warner Bros.*
CATHEDRAL Super Natural Birth Machine *Earache*

OCTOBER 15

JOSEPHINE WIGGS EXPERIENCE Bonbon Lifestyle *Grand Royal*
KIM SALMON Hit Me With A Surreal Feel *In The Red*
CHAINSAW KITTENS Chainsaw Kittens *Scratchie-Mercury*
BLACK 47 Green Suede Shoes *Tim/Kerr-Mercury*
DJ SPOOKY Necropolis 2: Surface Noise *Knitting Factory Works*
JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION Now I Got Worry *Matador*
BOYS LIFE Departures And Landfalls *Headhunter-Cargo*
MARTIN DENNY Primitiva/Forbidden Island *Scamp-Caroline*
SOUNDTRACK Wipeout XI *Astralwerks-Caroline*
NOTWIST Notwist (EP) *Zero Hour*
SEELY Julie Only *Too Pure-American*
MOTORHEAD Overnight Sensation *CMC*
DIE KRUPPS Metal Morphosis (81-92) *Cleopatra*

OCTOBER 22

VERBENA Souls For Sale *Merge*
ALAN VEGA, BEN VAUGHN & ALEX CHILTON Cubist Blues 2.13.61
WILCO Being There *Reprise*
CARCASS Wake Up And Smell The Carcass (singles compilation) *Earache*
DREAM SYNDICATE Out Of The Grey *Atavistic*
SWANS Soundtracks For The Blind *Atavistic*
DIAMANDA GALAS Schrei X Live *Mute*
UK SUBS Self Destruct Punk Can Take It Too *Cleopatra*
LEMONHEADS Car Button Cloth *TAG-Atlantic*
URINALS Noise Archive #2 *Amphetamine Reptile-Atlantic*
MICHELLE SHOCKED Anthology *Mercury*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Harmony Of The Spheres *Drunken Fish*
JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION Get With It *In The Red*

OCTOBER 29

HEATMISER Mic City Sons *Caroline*
VARIOUS ARTISTS In Defense Of Animals: A Benefit Compilation *Caroline*
FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON Dead Cities *Astralwerks-Caroline*
SPACETIME CONTINUUM Remit Recaps *Astralwerks-Caroline*
LUSCIOUS JACKSON Fever In Fever Out *Grand Royal-Capitol*
APPLES IN STEREO Science Faire *spinART*
VARIOUS ARTISTS On-U Sound A Dub Experience *Cleopatra*
THE CULT High Octane *Reprise*

NOVEMBER 5

HANDSOME *Epic*
GNOMES OF ZURICH 33rd Degree Burns *Amphetamine Reptile*
SIMPSONS The Yellow Album *Geffen*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Global Grooves *Geffen*
BODEANS Blend *Reprise*
BARENAKED LADIES Rock Spectacle *Reprise*

A&M
1416 N. La Brea Ave.
Hollywood, CA 90028

Almo Sounds
360 N. La Cienega
Los Angeles, CA 90048

American
3500 W. Olive Ave., Ste. 1a-50
Burbank, CA 91505

Atlantic/IAG
75 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, NY 10019

AVI
10390 Santa Monica Blvd.,
Ste. 210
Los Angeles, CA 90025

Candy-Ass
PO Box 42382
Portland, OR 97242

Capitol
1750 N. Vine St.
Hollywood, CA 90028

Caroline/Astralwerks
114 W. 26th St., 11th Fl.
New York, NY 10001

Century Media
1453-A 13th St.
Santa Monica, CA 90404

Chainsaw
PO Box 1151
Olympia, WA 98507

Chemical Underground
35 Barnsborough St.
Leeds LS4 2Q4 UK

Columbia/Epic/Legacy
550 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10022

Crypt
PO Box 140528
Staten Island, NY 10314

Deconstruction
PO Box 18015
Encino, CA 91416

Derivative
PO Box 42031
Montreal, PQ H2W 2T3,
Canada

**EEG/Elektra/EastWest/
Primary/Sire**
75 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, NY 10019

Epitaph
2789 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90026

Flip
8733 Sunset Blvd., Ste. 205
West Hollywood, CA 90069

Flying Nun USA
PO Box 3470
Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Geffen/DGC
9130 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Grand Royal
PO Box 26689
Los Angeles, CA 90026

Homestead
150 W. 28th St., Ste. 501
New York, NY 10001

Island/London/Quango
825 Eighth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

K
PO Box 7154
Olympia, WA 98507

Kirbdog
PO Box 286
Santa Rosa, CA 95402

Koch
2 Tri-Harbour Ct.
Port Washington, NY 11050

Lookout!
PO Box 11374
Berkeley, CA 94712

March
PO Box 578396
Chicago, IL 60657

Matador
676 Broadway, 4th Fl.
New York, NY 10012

Maverick
8060 Beverly Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90048

MCA
70 Universal City Plaza
Universal City, CA 91608

Mercury
825 Eighth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

Metal Blade
2345 Erringer Rd., Ste. 108
Simi Valley, CA 93065

Mint
PO Box 3613
Vancouver, BC V6B 9V6,
Canada

Moonshine
8525 Santa Monica Blvd.
West Hollywood, CA 90069

Motel
210 E. 49th St.
New York, NY 10017

Mud
905 S. Lynn
Urbana, IL 61801

Nickelbag
3512 W. Sunset Blvd., #200
Los Angeles, CA 90056

Razor & Tie
214 Sullivan St., 4th Fl.
New York, NY 10012

Release
PO Box 251
Millersville, PA 17551

Reprise
4309 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, CA 91505

ROIR
611 Broadway, Ste. 411
New York, NY 10012

Rounder/Heartbeat
1 Camp St.
Cambridge, MA 02140

Rykodisc
Shetland Park
27 Congress St.
Salem, MA 01970

Scamp
104 West 29th St., 4th Fl.
New York, NY 10001

Skin Graft
PO Box 257546
Chicago, IL 60625

Third Gear
PO Box 1886
Royal Oak, MI 48068

Tommy Boy
902 Broadway, 13th Fl.
New York, NY 10010

Touch And Go
PO Box 25520
Chicago, IL 60625

Verve
825 Eighth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

Virgin
338 N. Wootchill Rd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90210

Viscera Versa
59 Hull St., #20
Boston, MA 02113

VHF
PO Box 7365
Fairfax Station, VA 22039

Walt
89 Fairview Ave.
Port Washington, NY 11050

Waveform
PO Box 1310
Mill Valley, CA 94942

Zero Hour
14 W. 23rd St., 4th Fl.
New York, NY 10010



▶ CHAMPAIGN-URBANA

[by Rachel Switzky & Elizabeth Elmore]

Amid the sprawling cornfields of the Midwest, a couple hours south of Chicago, lies Champaign-Urbana, home of the University of Illinois and the largest Greek system in the world. Therefore, rule number one of our little journey is to avoid Campustown at all costs.

The nightlife here starts in downtown Champaign on Tuesdays at the **Blind Pig** (6 Taylor Street, Ch./351-7444) for dollar pints of Leinenkugel. A staple of the local scene, it's a comfortable bar with about 70 brands of beer from all over the world, the best bartenders in town and a couple hundred of your closest friends. The rest of the week, the Pig hosts all types of bands, from world music to blues to rock. In the past year, the Grifters, Velocity Girl, and Jawbox have all graced the stage. Every few months, local boy Jim Asnis spins out the disco, and all the kids drop their indie rock posturing to dance the night away. During the day, the Pig serves up a selection of soups, salads, and cold sandwiches.

When we need a break from the music, we head on down a few blocks to the **Esquire Lounge** (106 N. Walnut, Ch./398-5858). If you don't mind the peanut shells on the floor, it's the best place in town to relax with friends and have a beer. You can also head around the corner to **Gypsy** (105 N. Market, Ch./359-4977). The downstairs is usually crowded and very trendy, with glowing walls and assorted couches, but the upstairs is a great place to hang out and play pool. When you get the urge



University Of Illinois

to slip into something swank, they also have lounge nights. If you want a break from the scene and are willing to brave Campustown, you might try **Deluxe** (522 E. Green, Ch./352-1209) for more pool, or **Murphy's Pub** (604 E. Green, Ch./352-7275) for cheap pitchers of beer, great greasy food, and the best bathroom graffiti in town. Across the street, **Mabel's** (613 E. Green, Ch./328-5700) occasionally has bigger bands like Pavement and Throwing Muses, although recently it's mostly has-been glam metal bands like Quiet Riot.

If you're in the mood to dance, the place to hit is **Chester Street** (63 Chester, Ch./356-5607). Affectionately known as C-Street, this place has a great sound system, a variety of "nights" including disco, techno, industrial, and just plain dance music on the weekends. C-Street is gay-friendly but the farthest thing from exclusive.

If you're in need of new threads, downtown Champaign will definitely hook you up. **Dandelion** (75 Chester St., Ch./355-9333), **Carrie's** (204 N. Neil, Ch./352-3231) and **Le Shoppe** (110 E. University, Ch./398-1520) are all vintage clothing shops, each with its own flair. If upscale is more your thing, we'd advise that you try **The Gallery** (112 W. Church, Ch./356-8741). Housed in an old bank, they even use an old safe as their jewelry department. For all the skater boys and girls, **Big Wheel** (502 E. John, Ch./384-4864) is the place to go for boards, Vans, X-Girl and everything else.

Just about the only cool thing in Urbana is **Parasol Records** (905 S. Lynn, U./344-8609) run by the illustrious Geoff Merritt and his staff of extremely knowledgeable indie rocksters. We think it's one of the best record stores in the world. Although Parasol Records is primarily mail-order and distribution, as long as you don't come in asking for Pearl Jam, they'll probably let you rifle through their amazing selection of vinyl and CDs.



Ernie's

Parasol Records also houses three record labels: Mud, Parasol, and Spur. Mud Records has been home to bands such as Mother (now Menthol), Hum, and Hardvark; its lineup currently includes the Suede Chain, Braid, Castor, Beezus, Angie Heaton, and (ahem) Sarge. Merritt also operates **That's Rentertainment** (516 E. John, Ch./384-0977), a video store with an amazing selection of international and independent films along with the usual fare, and **Toon Town** (502 E. John, Ch./328-0296), a comics and cartoon collectibles emporium. And he's about the nicest guy in the world.

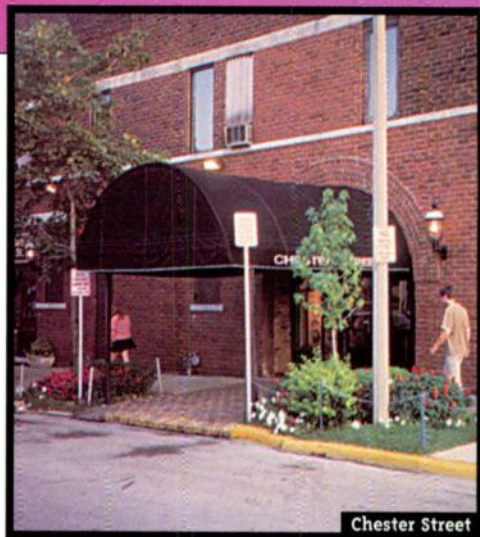
Other record stores of note include **Record Swap** (606 1/2 E. Green, Ch./351-9047) and **Periscope** (219 N. Neil, Ch./398-4237). Record Swap has a great assortment of major and indie label bands as well as a good used section. Besides music, the uniquely painted Periscope Records carries vintage clothing and hosts Ernie's Club Twang, a venue for local and touring acts to do lo-fi instore appearances.

In a college town, you can't go a block without hitting a coffee shop. The **Espresso Royale** (117 W. Oregon, U./337-6160) is home to the black-clad English grad student type, whereas at the **Champaign Espresso** (602 E. Daniel, Ch./328-1112) you might have to fight off a few Tri-Delts. Unfortunately, neither of these allow smoking, so if you're feeling nicotine pangs, you can down your coffee at the **Daily Grind** (502 E. John, Ch./337-5511). If you're on the downtown Champaign circuit, the place to stop is **Cafe Kopi** (109 N. Walnut, Ch./359-4266), a low-key hangout off campus.

Food in this town was pretty drab until recently, when three ethnic restaurants opened their doors. **Radio Maria** (119 N. Walnut, Ch./398-7729) is decorated with the owner's artwork, and the culinary fare is constantly evolving, featuring an eclectic mix of foods from the Middle East to Africa. **Nitaya** (134 W. Church, Ch./359-5540) is a new Thai restaurant that we love. **Basmati** (207 W. Clark, Ch./351-8877) features mostly Indian and a little Mideastern cuisine that's a little more expensive but worth it.

Other favorite local places to eat include **Fiesta Cafe** (216 S. First, Ch./352-5902), where both of us have ended up a tad tipsy off the margaritas (cute waiters, too!), and **La Bamba's** (410 E. Green, Ch./344-6600), featuring "burritos as big as your head." When you're suffering from that muggy Midwestern heat, head on over to **Delights** (508 E. Green, Ch./352-2697) for homemade ice cream and yogurt mixed with your choice of a bazillion different toppings.

The music scene here ranges from bands which have gone on to sign to major labels (Poster Children and Hum) to the Champaign Punk Collective, a group of high school and college



kids dedicated to bringing all-ages punk shows to town. Most of the bands are close friends, and the established bands have a long history of helping the younger ones out. Braid is Champaign's emo-core darling, with powerfully tense and complex music, while Castor's textural compositions are a little more subdued, although the band's live shows are growing more and more intense. The Bludgers satisfy this town's roots-rock contingent. Up-and-comer Angie Heaton has brought girl perspective onto the scene; she and her backup band the Gentle Tamers play rockin' pop with a country twinge and extremely honest, conversational lyrics. Other bands to watch are Lanterna, Beezus, Three Hour Tour, Bantha, and Free Range Chicken.

Two great showcases of Champaign-Urbana talent not to be missed are Band Jam and the Great Cover-Up. Band Jam is a free annual outdoor show featuring ten local bands, put on by Starcourse, a U of I student group. In August, the Blind Pig hosts the Cover-Up, a benefit for local charities where eight to ten local bands pick the band of their choice to cover in a short set. (This year, our band played Billy Idol songs.) If you're in town at the right time of the year, it's a great chance to watch your friends get drunk and make fools of themselves in the name of a good cause.

So, if you ever feel like making a pilgrimage to the Heartland, be sure to stop through Chambana. We're nicer than those big-city kids, and the fresh air will do you good. ★

Elizabeth Elmore and Rachel Switzky are in the band Sarge. "Our drummer Russ Horvath took some of the pictures." All phone numbers are in area code 217.



Blind Pig

Susanna Hoffs

Features the new Single
All I Want from
her eponymously
titled album

IN STORES NOW

TIM ANCTIL AND RON STONE FOR
GOLD MOUNTAIN ENTERTAINMENT



©1986 London Records

KULA SHAKER



“**K**”
Debut album **K** in stores in America
Tue. Oct. 22, 1996
On tour in November.



Includes the song
TATTVA

Kula Shaker lead vocalist/guitarist Crispian Mills speed-spirals chords out of his guitar that explode like aural fractals against Alonza's funkadelic bass licks and Jay's vintage Hammond organ squeals. "Grateful When You're Dead" becomes a huge throbbing multi-dimensional monster, "Tattva" spins in from another universe and sucks your toes, "Long Way Home" turns its lolloping groove into a howling acid trip, and by the time "Govinda's" stunningly hypnotic mantra's kick in, the sophisticates are sweat-drenched and dancing on the tables in arms-extended dizzy-adelic delirium. K-raze scenes, dude.
- Live review - NME June 8, 1996.