

OVER 30 REVIEWS FEATURING: WILCO / MARILYN MANSON / LOIS

CMI

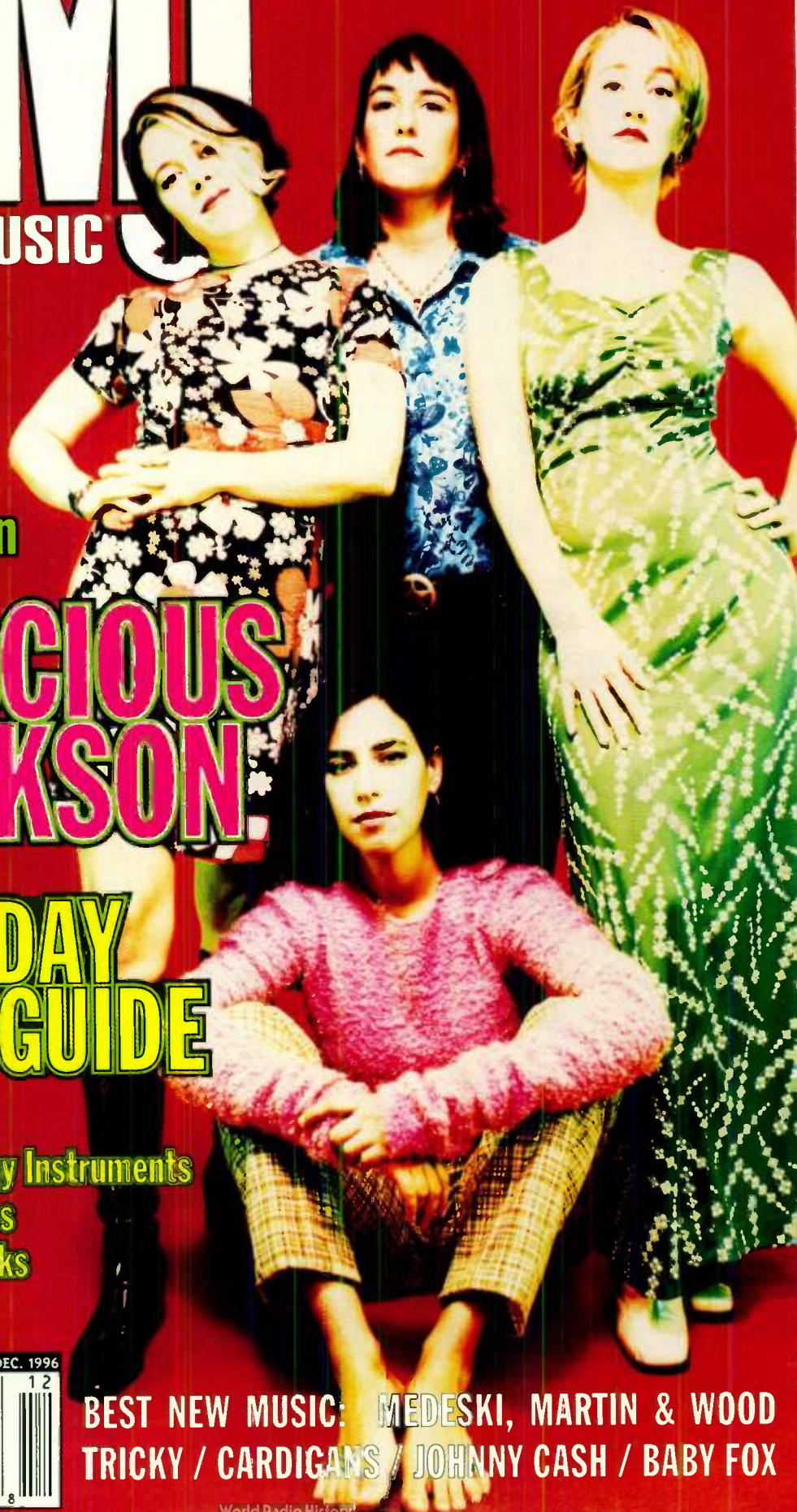
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Luscious Jackson



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The new album. Featuring "Naked Eye."

Produced by Daniel Lanois with Tony Mangurian & Luscious Jackson

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Mazzy Star Among My Swan



Featuring the single "Flowers In December," the new album *Among My Swan* is the follow-up to their platinum album *So Tonight That I Might See*



World Radio History

Daniel Lanois

Capitol

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LETTERS

Here Comes The Airplane, Open Up The Hangar

We began receiving your smart monthly several months ago, based on the suggestion of Cindy Kligerman, booking agent of hipster joint Doc Watson's Pub. We would like to know when Jonathan Fire*Eater is going to have a single on your monthly sampler. Also, we noticed that a lot of the "new generation" of labels have been represented on your samplers recently. It's exciting to see the results of the brains behind such potentially explosive labels as Outpost, Universal, ALMO Sounds and Discovery.

Please keep up the downtown, high-minded writing that has made your mag a wet source of sanity in an insane industry. PLEASE SPOON-FEED US MORE FIONA APPLE!

Peter Manning
Sonic Recording Studios
Philadelphia, PA

*Thanks to modern medicine, we haven't been a wet source of anything for quite some time. Except maybe sarcasm, which is what our estimable managing ed. thinks much of this letter is. Me, I have more faith in mankind. Maybe it's the Christmas spirit that I'm trying to fake in late September. By the way, Jonathan Fire*Eater's "When Prince Was A Kid" was featured on the December '95 CD. —ed.*

Magnapop Goes, The Weasels Say

I went to see Magnapop live because of the strength of this song ["Open The Door," June CD]. Tell their label to promote them better.

Lizz Fisher
Sacramento, CA

Funny you should mention that. Magnapop's label, Priority, decided this whole alternative rock thing wasn't working for them and folded that division of its operations, so bands like Magnapop and Congo Norvell have been dropped from the label. (Priority's main business has always been its hip-hop artists.) Hold onto copies of the October CD—Priority's decision came before Congo Norvell's The Dope, The Lies, The Vaseline was released, and so the October disc is currently the only place to hear "The Girl Who Would Be King." We'll let you know when these bands and their records find new homes. —ed.

Read The Label, Pt. 1

Sub Rosa currently has three acts that are under contract to the label, and are not just special projects [re: the Sub Rosa entry in "Labels You Can Trust," Oct., where the current roster was listed as "not applicable"]. These bands are Silk Saw,

Nūs and Lilith. Sub Rosa has the intention of moving into the area of artist development, and these projects are a step in that direction. The article on interesting small labels was great, but I wanted to give a picture of the complete scope of Sub Rosa's aesthetic direction.

Percy Howard
Nūs
Sacramento, CA

Read The Label, Pt. 2

Thank you for the kind words on our label [ibid]. I found it a very lively piece, and the people who work here tell me the article is very factual—always a plus. I did, however, want to make one point clear: Drag City was started by both myself and my (life) partner, Dan Osborn. Also, no need for suspicion about the Sundowners. I mean, I'm suspicious of the Lord, but that doesn't stop me from taking His name in vain, sometimes on an hourly basis.

Dan Koretzky
Drag City
Chicago, IL

People Like Us, They Really Like Us

I just wanted to say I enjoy your magazine. The CDs always have some good songs on them and they help introduce me to smaller bands around the world. I think the Localzine could be a couple more pages, though, and the letters column could be, uh, 6 pages. That stuff is so fucking funny. Like in the Beck issue, I think that guy talking about you guys shoveling crap is funny. I thought that guy was a shithead but that's nice you didn't tell him to go whack off.

Ian Slade
via email

Hey there and hello, you guys. I just want to start out saying you guys put out a great mag and the CDs are ferocious. As you can see, I live in Alaska, and you would not believe how long it takes for new music to get up here. So your magazines and CDs really help me stay on top of the new music scene. So I just wanted to give you guys a chilly thanx.

Jennifer Lowe
Anchorage, AK

Thanks for the opportunity to experience such a wide variety of new music every month. You are doing a great job and deserve more letters of praise. I'll probably continue my subscription forever, give or take a year. Just giving songs a chance is fun. Why do people write in to bitch? Even one great tune per CD would work, but it's at least 7 1/2 times that.

Hugh Coutandin
Kealakekua, HI

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THE CARDIGANS

the new album first band on the moon

in stores now.



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QUICK FIX

in my room
artists' personal picks

Jeremiah Green
Modest Mouse

Echo And The Bunnymen
Ocean Rain

Songs: Ohia
Songs: Ohia 7"

Afghan Whigs
Black Love

Aphex Twin
I Care Because You Do

Nick Cave
And The Bad Seeds
Murder Ballads



MARK SELIGER

those things you do

The call went out to music publishers and songwriters a year or so ago: Tom Hanks was making a movie about a one-hit wonder band in 1964, and somebody needed to write the band's hit, "That Thing You Do!" for them. Dozens, if not hundreds, of bands and songwriters wrote songs with that title that were submitted for the movie; their ranks included the Lilys, Guided By Voices, They Might Be Giants, and *CMJ* contributor Franklin Bruno. The one that ended up being used in the movie (and may well be racheting around your brain right now), though, is by Adam Schlesinger, of Ivy and Fountains Of Wayne.

Schlesinger, who had experience

writing to order from having worked in a jingle house, first heard about the challenge from Holly Green, his contact at Polygram's music publishing division. "The reason she thought to tell me was that I had written a song for her, with a friend, that was called 'Holly Green'—a kind of early Beatles parody, singing her name. They referenced certain bands that had one hit from that era, like the Knickerbockers, the Beau Brummels... that kind of stuff. They had this title, 'That Thing You Do!,' but they wouldn't say what that thing was, or anything about it..."

Schlesinger wrote three different versions of the song, then asked his friend Mike Viola, of the Candy Butchers, which he liked best. "Mike thought this one was the strong one, so we did a demo in an afternoon," with Viola singing. "We tried to make it sound like an old 7" record—we mixed it onto a cassette and slowed the cassette down a little bit so it sounded a little off, a little wobbly. We did all the background vocals into one microphone and stuff, so that it sounded kind of mono'd out."

In fact, Viola ended up flying out to Los Angeles to provide the vocals for the song in the movie, as well as the other songs the same character sings. "They tried getting this other guy to sing on it," Viola says, "and he couldn't really capture the energy that I had. And I had the energy because I was excited—I worked on the song. It's a hard thing to emulate, and why emulate it when you can get the guy who sang it?" **DOUGLAS WOLK**

THE BIZ

music industry
parlance, explained

"RIDER"

When touring bands come up with contracts for the venues where they play, they often include a rider: a list of amenities that they need to be provided backstage. Sometimes, these are pretty basic (clean towels, bottled water, meals); the more famous the band is, the more ornate the rider is likely to be (imported delicacies, Scandinavian masseurs). Some bands include ridiculous requests with their riders, like "a large bowl of MEMs with the brown ones removed"; if other parts of the contract are particularly complicated (electricity requirements, for instance), the sillier requests are often a litmus test for whether or not the important contractual requirements have been followed.



Jon Langford of the Mekons, who's an accomplished cartoonist in his spare time, was so inspired by Yum-Yum that he drew a series of Bazooka Joe-style comics. Here's one of them.

weird record of the month

Sometimes, when bands do split singles, they cover each other's songs. The Wesley Willis Fiasco and the Frogs, both of which are pretty damn weird in their own right, take that one step further on their new split on Sympathy For The Record Industry. Wesley's number is called "The Frogs"; it goes "The Frogs... the Frogs... the Frogs..." The Frogs' side is called "Wesley Willis"; it's got lots of samples of Wesley ("I'm gonna do this sucker again all the way up your ass"), and a chorus that, of course, goes "Wesley Willis... Wesley Willis... Wesley Willis..."



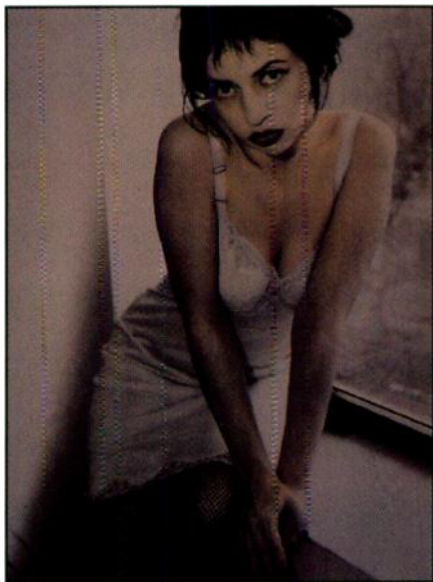
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QUICK FIX



J.K. POTTER

elysian fields

from the air

It began with an award-winning poem at age 10, "Riddle Song Of The Sun." And Jennifer Charles just kept right on scribbling. As the years went by, she began doing readings around New York, eventually curating a popular poetry/performance art series at the old Knitting Factory. Some of her work was confrontational, some romantic, she explains, because "the spectrum of emotions spans a million different shades of grey." But there's one recent life experience that won't ever wend its way to the printed page. It was "too intense, too volatile."

Over a gazpacho lunch, Charles (who now sings her surreal poems in a group called, aptly, Elysian Fields) prefaces her story with a heartfelt "I really feel glad that I'm alive." A few months ago, she was scheduled to do a photo shoot in Paris. A

flight was booked for her on Air France, and she recalls thinking, on the cab ride to JFK, "Gee, it's too bad I'm not flying TWA—I could be amassing some of those frequent flyer miles!" In a scene worthy of Rod Serling narration, the Air France flight left at approximately the same time as another Paris-bound jet—TWA's flight 800. Charles gets the chills just talking about it.

"It was shocking, because our plane was delayed for several minutes and then it took off around 8:30 PM. And I had no idea what had happened. I arrived at my hotel in Paris and there were all these messages for me at the front desk, saying 'Phone home immediately,' 'Call New York—emergency!' Everyone who knew me went through a panic situation when it was announced on the news—all they knew was that I was flying to Paris, and the news reports said they didn't know the airline at that time." Charles looks up from her soup, visibly shaken. "A Paris-bound plane? A lot of people thought I was on it."

On Elysian Fields' *Bleed Your Cedar* (Radioactive-MCA), Charles trills in a gossamer, almost trance-like voice over Gothic buttresses of dreamy guitar/keyboard interplay, venting almost every emotion but fear. As esoteric tunes like "Lady In The Lake," "Jack In The Box" and "Sugar Plum Arches" inch toward the record's ornate, 7-minute centerpiece, the otherworldly "Fountains On Fire," it's easy to peg this formerly shy poet as a star just waiting to happen. But her artistic inspiration, she insists, won't come at anyone else's expense. "I really feel for those families [of the Flight 800 victims]—it really saddens me," Charles murmurs. "And I was totally freaked out, and of course I panicked when I saw all those messages. But I don't feel the need to document this for other people for the sake of a dramatic event." **TOM LANHAM**

label profile

Astralwerks

Astralwerks is the largest and most successful U.S. electronic label, overseeing the music's slow but steady infiltration into American rock culture. Founded in 1993, Astralwerks set out to present U.S. ears with a broad scope of ambient music. Like the genre itself, the label has grown to include trip-hop, drum 'n' bass, electro and experimental ambient music. Mostly foregoing compilations in favor of artist-based releases, Astralwerks' current roster features the cream of the electro-rock crop: Chemical Brothers, The Future Sound Of London, μ -Ziq, Photek, Spacetime Continuum, Tranquillity Bass, Freaky Chakra and Soul Oddity. Recent releases include FSOL's *Dead Cities*, a Spacetime Continuum remix album, and a retrospective compilation of the 12" singles it's released, *Werks Like A 12"*. Be on the lookout for new releases by Tranquillity Bass and Photek, as well as the highly anticipated follow-up to Chemical Brothers' *Exit Planet Dust* in early 1997. **M. TYE COMER**



mix tape

This Christmas '95
by Scott Frampton

SIDE ONE

(from *How The Grinch Stole Christmas*)

Welcome Christmas

Donnie Hathaway

This Christmas

Stevie Wonder

The Christmas Song

Ramsey Lewis

Christmas Blues

Amos Milburne

Christmas (Comes But Once A Year)

Elvis Presley

Santa Claus Is Back In Town

Debbie Dabney

Heartbreak Noel

Stiff Little Fingers

White Christmas

Louvin Bros.

Shut-In At Christmas

Faron Young

You're The Angel On My

Christmas Tree

Tex Williams

The Winter Song

Merle Haggard

If We Make It Through

December

Aaron Neville

Louisiana Christmas Day

Felipe Navidad

El Pocio Pueblo De

Bethlehem

Arthur Lyman

Mele Kalikimaka

Santa & John-O

Silent Night Walkin'

SIDE TWO

The 3 Bings

We Three Bings

Super Deluxe

Johnny's Gone Sleddin' With

Queen

New Bomb Turks

Christmas (Baby Please Come

Home)

Harmony Grits

Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town

Louis Armstrong

Christmas In New Orleans

Ray Charles

Winter Wonderland

Sarah Taylor and Bill Mummy

I've Got Some Presents For

Santa

Lowell Fulson

Lonesome Christmas

Jimmy Liggins & His Drops

Of Joy

I Want My Baby For Christmas

Mahalia Jackson

O Holy Night

Dave Brubeck

Santa Claus Is Comin' To

Town

Blue Hawaiians

Christmas Time Is Here

Cassandra Wilson

Little Drummer Boy

John Fahey

O Christmas Tree/Gloria/

Jingle Bells

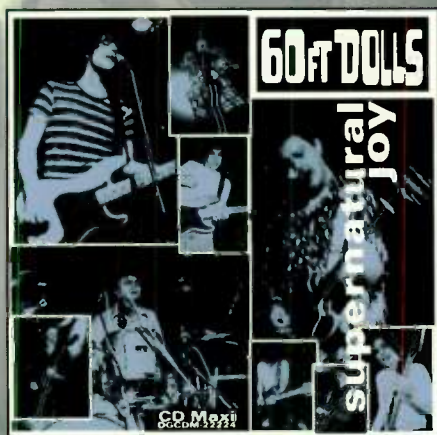
James Brown

Santa Claus, Go Straight To

The Chetto

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60 FT DOLLS

Supernatural Joy

Wales' trio of indie rock giants delivers "an adrenalized rush of punk, glam and metal" (*The New York Times*) with a melodic sensibility. They've already made *The New York Times* best singles of the year list.



PULSARS

Submission To The Master E.P.

Chicago indie producer/mixer extraordinaire David Trumfio and his drumming brother Harry "are crafting the most confident unabashed pop music around. Pure genius." – *New City, Chicago's News and Arts Weekly*

LAZLO BANE

Short Style

Short Style proclaims Boston's Lazlo Bane purveyors of high-voltage, distortion-dusted pop music. Los Angeles' leading modern rock station KROQ named them "band of the month."



Five songs, no filler!



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QUICK FIX



the fastbacks

everything and nothing changes

It's a mid-August Monday, and Fastbacks guitarist/songwriter Kurt Bloch's wireless phone isn't working. He'd fix it himself, but the only thing he can rewire is a Gibson. Drummer Mike Musberger's due back from Australia in a matter of hours. Bassist/lead vocalist Kim Warnick's flight from San Francisco has been delayed an hour, which means she's an hour late for both her job (at the band's label, Sub Pop) and her interview. We've no idea of the whereabouts of Lulu Gargiulo, guitarist and Kim's co-vocalist.

In a matter of days, the band's perfect pogo-pop will be opening a series of dates for Pearl Jam. Eddie and Co., it seems, love the Fastbacks. They had Seattle's longest

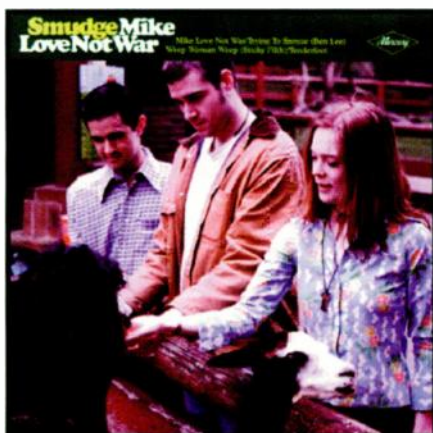
lived punk band (going on 17 years, now) play their Self-Pollution Radio extravaganza last year. Eddie Vedder even guested on the band's cover of the Who's "Girl's Eyes," appearing on the recent *New Mansions In Sound*. So how do the Fastbacks prepare to rock the world's stadia?

"Well," muses Bloch in his peculiar high-pitched rasp that brings to mind a tubercular Michael Jackson, "I guess we'll get in a van with our equipment, bring along [ex-Flop/Pure Joy/Putter and occasional Fastback] Rusty Willoughby as our tour guy, maybe a couple of boxes of t-shirts..."

Nothing changes for the Fastbacks. The core remains Bloch, Warnick and Gargiulo, playing Bloch's deceptively intricate pop constructions. "I just wish I could find some new things to write about!" he grouses. But since he tends to write when he's home, depressed and pissed-off, then he ends up writing depressed and pissed-off songs that don't sound like it: they're ridiculously sing-songy, have more hooks than your average bait-and-tackle shop, and are crammed with day-to-day details that bypass most punk-pop songsmiths. The three of them are still the same likable geeks they were at Seattle's Nathan Hale High School, still as likely to pull out a Deep Purple or Partridge Family record as a Damned record, and for the best reason in the world: Because, as Warnick puts it, "all three write really good tunes."

But everything changes for the Fastbacks, too. Especially drummers. Warnick says *Gearhead* magazine editor Mike Lavella counted 12 to date, "but there's some confusion because Richard Stuverud was with us twice." At two years running, Mike Musberger's drummership must set some sort of record for longevity. "Well, we keep him away from heavy gardening," laughs Warnick. "He can't use the edger, so it won't cut off his kickdrum foot."

Plus, sometimes Lulu's in, sometimes she's out. For the past five years, she's been more in than out. Which is good, because as Bloch puts it, "she keeps us feisty." Only illness has kept her from playing, of late, which explains Rusty Willoughby's continued sideline presence. And even Kim isn't inexpendable: Mono kept her from playing one show, so Kurt's brother Al played bass and Lulu sang. Kim watched, which was obviously bizarre for her. "I realized from that show," she says, "that we're a really strange-looking band." *TIM STEGALL*



inspirational liner note

From Smudge's "Mike Love Not War" single: "We really fulfilled a dream with this e.p. Just before we did 'Mike Love Not War,' Casey, Greg and the band had prayer sessions asking the Lord for guidance and maximum love vibes for this crucial single. It was the first time anyone used the word 'shit' in a commercial song... at least this is what we were told."

in my room

artists' personal picks

Crispian Mills Kula Shaker

Milton William Cooper (book) Behold A Pale Horse
"an ex-U.S. Naval Intelligence officer leaks the truth—or some of it!"

Ali Akbar Khan
Legacy

Neil Young
Rust Never Sleeps

Steven Rosen
Narasimha Avatar

Reef
Place Your Hands

< QUOTE >

"I measured my record collection recently. It's 45 feet long. I worked out that if I played them all back to back, I'd be dead by the time I got to 'M.'"
—Loop Guru's Salman Gita

< /QUOTE >

tours we'd like to see

The Week In Rock:
Happy Mondays, 'Til Tuesday, Wednesday Week, Thursday Group, Gavin Friday, Queen Sarah Saturday and the Sundays



random fact

The Cranberries' Dolores O'Riordan won both a public apology and a donation of \$7,500 to Warchild from the Sport newspaper in the U.K., after the tabloid printed that the singer's stage attire did not include underwear at a concert in Hamburg, Germany. O'Riordan was quoted as saying that the story was "without foundation."

MARILYN MANSON

antichrist superstar



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World Radio History

best new music

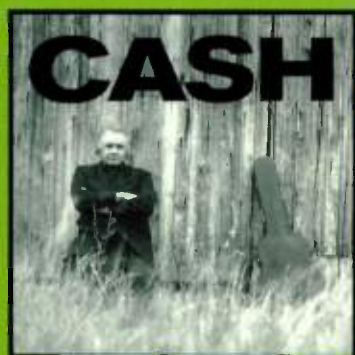
[the five best releases this month]



BABY FOX / *A Normal Family* / Roadrunner

Reggae records from the late '60s, as a rule, are a lot more fun to listen to than any since then, for one big reason: they're murky and mysterious, mixed with one hand on the "chalice," full of sounds that don't need to be there and blurring the sounds that do. *A Normal Family* is very much of the '90s, with its crystalline synthesizers and hints of guitar feedback, but Baby Fox's aesthetic mostly comes from Lee "Scratch" Perry (whose "Curlylocks" is the centerpiece of the album)—they remembered to put the murk in. While Christine Leach does the simmering-diva thing, the band supports her with slow, slinky reggae bass lines hovering in the middle of a dense broth of dub tricks, sound effects, keyboards, vinyl surface noise and dropped-in bits of old records. The tracks take a long time to get where they're going, but have somewhere to go. As with those old rocksteady records, too, some of the instruments are just a touch off-key, to keep things from becoming merely pretty, and the cold exactitude of the rhythms is transformed by the richness of the production and the warmth of Leach's voice. *A Normal Family* is deep and complicated if you're listening closely, beautiful and porously natural if you're not, and it improves with repeated play. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

DATALOG: Released Oct. 8. First single "Curlylocks."
FILE UNDER: The sound of rocksteady 1997.
R.I.Y.L.: Portishead, Lee Perry, Tricky.



JOHNNY CASH / *Unchained / American*

Next to study C&W stars like Garth Brooks, Johnny Cash looks like a weather-beaten relic, yet his message is significantly more masculine and threatening than anything Nashville's current line-dancing legions can muster. Career-wise, he could go on losing "new country" fans with his strong, simple sound, or he could enter a world where critics are moved to *jouissance* by the bumbings of Liz Phair and Jad Fair (no relation). So when the alternative-rock gravy train pulled out of the station, Johnny was firmly perched in the caboose. With *American Recordings*, produced (like *Unchained*) by Rick Rubin, people began to notice that the cool, amiable way Johnny sings, "I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die" is extremely hardcore. NIN, PJ Harvey, Nick Cave—no matter how grrr-snarly the artist, they'd have to turn that line into a remorseful scream, as if keeping open an insanity defense. Here Johnny repays his awe-struck new admirers by covering Beck ("Rowboat") and Soundgarden ("Rusty Cage," a terrific choice). Life's sordid depths are plumbed with offhand ease in "Kneeling Drunkard's Plea," a temperance number, and "I Never Picked Cotton," a nouveau-classic ode to casual robbery and murder. Johnny is backed by the able Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers, whose spare accompaniment offers no lightning leads, pedal steel solos or backup singers. So if you know what Johnny sounds like, you know roughly how this record sounds. And that's pretty great. **NELL ZINK**

DATALOG: Released Nov. 5. First single "Rusty Cage."
FILE UNDER: American music.
R.I.Y.L.: Tom Petty, Beck.

first band on the moon THE CARDIGANS



THE CARDIGANS / *First Band On The Moon* / Mercury

If you threw a cocktail party and Burt Bacharach, Brian Eno, a reanimated Karen Carpenter and a reunited Clash all showed up, this might be the only '90s album you could play that would keep them all entertained. They'd be taken by the cleverness and cheekiness of Sweden's Cardigans, a band that has raised the bar for polyester pop. On *First Band On The Moon*, the Cardigans survey lounge, bubblegum rock, disco, Eurotrash pop, and Black Sabbath (a perky, boogie-dooping cover of "Iron Man") so assuredly, the styles almost don't seem retro. Modern beats make occasional appearances, but the rhythms are overpowered by xylophones, woodwinds, sitars and a theremin, all of which sound like they belong there. Lead singer Nina

Persson purrs like a sex kitten with a whip behind her back, blunt enough to sound like she's making accusations rather than come ons. In the album's catchiest song, she proclaims, "I've been your sister/I've been your mistress/Baby, I was

your whore/Who could ask me for more?" Lines like that might stop a martini drinker mid-sip. Or not, and that's the beauty of this album: it's as smart as you think it needs to be. More plastic pop songs could stand to be this elastic. **CHRIS MOLANPHY**

DATALOG: Released Sep. 17

FILE UNDER: Wall of polyester sound.

R.I.Y.L.: Stereolab, St. Etienne, Durty Springfield



MEDESKI, MARTIN AND WOOD / *Shack-man* / Gramavision-Rykodisc

For most musicians, it's known as "the shed," the place where long hours of practice pay off—the place where a musician finds "the sound." For John Medeski (keyboards), Billy Martin (drums) and Chris Wood (bass), it's their remote solar-powered post-tour studio/getaway in Hawaii, dubbed "the shack," where it all comes together. Sprung from said shack, the band's fourth long-player is a devilish, loopy and greasy little document. The Medeski, Martin and Wood groove is a musical mutt, the spawn of a juke-joint three-way between laid-back hipster rhythm, hot-battered soul and holy-rolin' gospel glory. Though they're fully capable, MM&W rarely burn down the shack: Wood and Martin keep the heat on medium, affording Medeski room

to move. Medeski's only gimmick is a talent to mutate every possible genre into potent little jams, breathing new life into timeless time signatures. The trio's dark and dangerous take on the age-old traditional "Is There Anybody Here That Love My

Jesus" sounds more like it came from decades ahead than decades ago. Don't let the fact that they have the same instrument line-up as Emerson, Lake & Palmer frighten you: Of all the bands currently misfiled under jazz, MM&W are easily the most innovative and satisfying. **STEVE CIABATTONI**

DATALOG: Released Oct. 15; live dates with Los Lobos.

FILE UNDER: Big Kahunas of Groove.

R.I.Y.L.: Meters, Charles Brown, Squirrel Nut Zippers



TRICKY / *Pre-Millennium Tension* / Island

When his debut album, *Maxinquaye*, came out last year, conventional wisdom had it that Tricky represented the experimental wing of the celebrated Bristol trip-hop scene. So, it was something of a disappointment to find that the album, although enjoyable, prettily poppy, in a P.M. Dawn-ish kind of way, rather than difficult and innovative. But the new album delivers what the first one had merely promised. With its staggering and disjunctive repetitiveness, and its claustrophobic, paranoid attitude, *Pre-Millennium Tension* is terminally riotous, hopping inside a bad trip, as if it were forever stuck inside the death-driven car in the Specials' video for "Ghost Town," banging against the walls of its own mind. Like the first

Smiths album, *PMT* paints its humdrum alcoholic afternoons with a surprisingly rich and engaging sonic palate. And like that early-'80s album, this one is, with all its ghettoized alienation, strangely very, very English (despite

being recorded in Jamaica). It's a depressive and distorted record that's going nowhere slowly, suffering from static interference, getting caught in hopeless loops, and hitting sudden dead-ends. But it does all that with an enigmatic, sophisticated, and ultimately uplifting panache. "Quiet desperation is the English way," said Roger Waters. This is the sound of things falling apart and utterly breaking to pieces, quietly. **MICHAŁ SAPIR**

DATALOG: Release date: Nov. 19

FILE UNDER: Depressive hardcore trip-hop

R.I.Y.L.: Public Enemy, This Mortal Coil, Massive Attack, Portishead

ON THE VERGE

[compiled by Lydia Anderson]

ATARI TEENAGE RIOT

"Riot sounds produce riots" is the mantra of Atari Teenage Riot. The politically minded Berlin trio (Alec Empire, Hanin Elias and Carl Crack) formed in 1992 in response to what they felt was a lackluster, apolitical techno/rave scene. Now, the group fuses drum and bass beats with hardcore samples and live screaming to produce an explosive aural assault that's as close to punk as anything currently on the dancefloor.

ATR has both a sonic and political agenda and no qualms about using one in service of the other, raising eyebrows since the release of its first single, "Hunt Down The Nazis." Proving its rebellious nature, the band used its advance from a U.K. label to start its own label, Digital Hardcore Recordings. To make its Stateside impact, ATR has hooked up with the Beastie Boys' Grand Royal label, which has already issued the 7" single "Deutschland Has Gotta Die!," to be followed by a full-length album in November. *DAWN SUTTER*



PHILIPP REICHENHEIM

ELECTRIC SKYCHURCH

Unlike most electronic-based dance artists, who find fame and fortune under the strobe light, the Southern California quartet Electric Skychurch made its mark in the most unlikely of environments: the Mojave Desert at sunrise. The group's innovative mix of techno-wizardry, live tribal percussion, and dreamy, new-age vocals congeals into a spiritual, transcendental groove that has provided the daybreak highlight for the infamous Moontribe full-moon gatherings for more than three years. The group scored a slot at last summer's Organic Festival (performing alongside Orbital, Chemical Brothers, the Orb and Underworld), where it impressed Meat Beat Manifesto and Loop Guru, who asked the band to open a leg of their nationwide tour. Electric Skychurch's *Together* EP (Moonshine) is an open invitation to anyone able to feel the beauty of the beat. Watch for the group's new single "Dreamcatcher," followed by a new full-length in the coming months. *M. TYE COMER*



THE VAN PELT

Between the flash of lightning that warns of an oncoming downpour and the clap of thunder that follows only seconds later, there is that brief period of calm when, gripped by a sense of nervous anticipation, all you can do is hold your breath and wait for the tempest to begin. The Van Pelt lives perpetually in that moment, generating just that kind of uneasy excitement. The New York quartet has been together since late '94, but has only recently



(with the addition of guitarist Brian Maryansky) pulled all of its loose ends together and created the kind of powerful, dynamic songs that make comparisons to both Slint and Seam nearly inescapable. Vocalist/guitarist Chris Leo speaks his lyrics more often than he sings them, which works well with the songs' tense moods and plaintive guitar parts. The band's first full-length, *Stealing From Our Favorite Thieves*, was released earlier this year, and a new record (on Gern Blandsten) is due out in early January. *JENNY ELISCU*

(with the addition of guitarist Brian Maryansky) pulled all of its loose ends together and created the

CHARLES PETERSON



MODEST MOUSE

Despite the youthful age of its three members, Issaquah, Washington's Modest Mouse gives its punk-informed take on guitar pop a hefty dose of well-developed personality. Much of the group's sound

comes from guitarist/vocalist Isaac Brook's deft understanding of guitar sonics and brooding, expressive vocals, which take a cue from emo-core bands such as Sunny Day Real Estate but can't be so neatly pigeonholed. That's because of the multi-dimensional music he and bandmates Eric Judy (bass) and Jeremiah Green (drums) craft behind him; Brook's guitar lines wind circles around energetic, though often slow-paced, rhythms. The song structures are as likely to recall the Pixies' jagged edges as Built To Spill's loping rhythms and singsong melodies. This year, Modest Mouse released its debut album, *This Is A Long Drive For Someone With Nothing To Think About*, and a follow-up EP, *Interstate 8*, collecting some new tracks and some old demos (both are on Up Records). What 1997 holds for this still-budding trio is yet untold, but great things are promised. *(LA)*



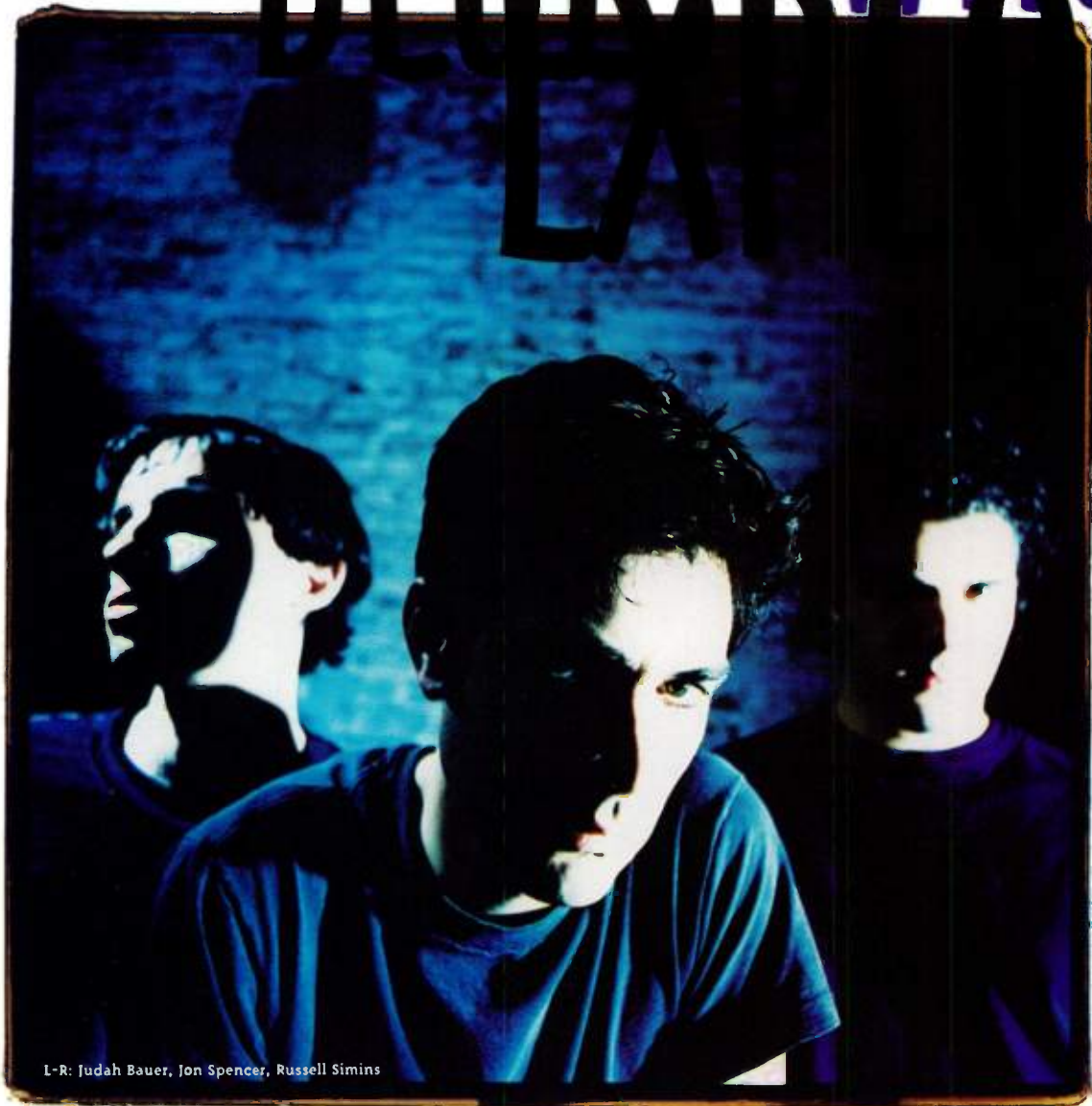
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JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION

what



L-R: Judah Bauer, Jon Spencer, Russell Simins

JUST like Elvis' first band, the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion are a trio, only this time, instead of mixing country with R&B, for the last five years they've been mixing punk rock with old-school soul revue moves, bare-bones funk grooves and gutter chic. Before the Explosion, frontman Spencer (whose lip has been known to curl in an Elvis-like pout) fronted Pussy Galore, an influential industrial-punk-noise band who were among the first to bring the sounds of the Lower East Side of New York to the world.

But even Elvis had his bad days. Of course, my interview with the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion had a lot of strikes going against it from the start. The band doesn't seem to want to do the interview, they claim

they didn't know about it far enough in advance, they're upset it's not a cover story. And to top it off, they've spent the day before running around out in the Hamptons on Long Island filming a video for "Two Kindsa Love," at their record company's behest. "I'm so sore, we were roughhousing all day," says drummer Russell Simins (who's been doing double-duty lately, playing with Cibo Matto side project Butter 08). "It's a bad video for a really bad song that was somebody else's idea..." Spencer relates. Growing instantly bored, he resorts to playing let's-antagonize-the-interviewer: "You don't like that song? What song do you think should have been the video? What does *CMJ* stand for? Who's on the cover? Did you go to college? Where did

by James Lien t me worry? TION

you go?" I answer Tulane, but inside, I'm already starting to get a little bit irked at the skinny rock star wearing eye makeup at two in the afternoon.

What I'm really thinking is this: *Cut the crap. I've been to Mississippi and hung out with R.L. Burnside, too. That's why I got this assignment. I know where you went to college. Mr. East Village Rock 'N' Roll, I've heard all the rumors about how behind the carefully cultivated image of squalid punk that was Pussy Galore, there was a well-off family paying the bills and a nice job at Details magazine. And I don't care. You don't have to show off for me.*

But instead, I soldier on. "Are you paying for lunch? Just give us the money and we'll go eat somewhere else," Spencer says, even though he picked the diner out himself. The creepy thing is that all three of the Blues Explosion's members have been decent, nice fellows to me separately on different occasions; I like their music, and I want to say something good about it. But when the tape recorder's running, they act like rock stars who've been hanging out around the Beastie Boys too long.

The Blues Explosion's new *Now I Got Worry* is the first album under a new deal between Matador and Capitol Records, a deal offered by the humongous major label presumably in part to get Spencer (who also plays in Boss Hog, led by his wife Cristina Martinez). *Worry* is not The Big Album—it's not the home-run follow up to *Orange* and *Extra Width*. It is not chock full o' hits. Maybe it's a cosmetic decision to keep a credible face with their audience while still enjoying the benefits of a major label; a step back to solidify their position. Parts of *Worry* are the most rough-sounding, ramshackle Blues Explosion since *Crypt Style*, with little of the disco strings and massive fuzz sound that *Orange* had. The songs don't seem fleshed out beyond the idea stage. A riff will run for a little while, then shift gears into something else. "Most of the songs were written before we went into the studio," Spencer relates. "We always play live in the studio, but usually everything's written out. A few of these weren't—'Sticky,' 'R.L. Got Soul,' 'Fuck Shit Up'—we just kind of did them in the studio. This one we just sorta let go."

Spencer thinks the new album is a return to what the

Blues Explosion is all about. "It's definitely more loose, and some of the sound of it is more rough and jagged. I guess because it fit the songs, maybe. It's more like some of our older records, more raucous, maybe. But it wasn't our intention at the outset to make this kinda record," he adds quickly, "it just sorta happened this way."

"Getting to know and playing with R.L. Burnside and his group really influenced us, and was something that we didn't realize until later. Not sonically, but just the attitude of the thing, the looseness or jaggedness," he recounts. Burnside is the Mississippi juke joint bluesman with whom the Explosion recorded *A Ass Pocket Of Whiskey* earlier this year. They acknowledge the bluesman on *Worry*'s "R.L. Got Soul," and send a shout out to his longtime guitar player Kenny Brown in "Dynamite Lover." "We're all into the very basic forms of music that are really good, and R.L. is a real connection to the blues that we like. The whole vibe is really intense," says Russell.

"The best stuff is just really the simplest," says quiet guitarist Judah Bauer. He's the only one who'll wear the same (gas-station) shirt on stage at the show tonight as he does for the interview. His own side project band, 20 Miles, is probably the least famous of all the Explosion side projects, but it's also probably the coolest, doing mutant fucked-up versions of juke joint Mississippi blues, with a triple-7" EP out on In The Red.

Spencer is a complicated mix of equal parts genuinely shy guy and arrogant rock star. On the one hand, there's a real reason why Elvis didn't give interviews—how can you explain a T-C-B lightning bolt, or a swiveling pelvis, or a song like "Blue Moon"? You can try and guess why he makes the records he does, you can try and figure out the motive behind the posture, but you can't really ask Jon Spencer why he wears those pointy white patent leather shoes onstage, or why he screams "Arrgwhhh!" at a particular time. The other part of that truth is that there really is a certain spark to rock 'n' roll that you can't really translate in a question-and-answer session. It is the thing itself and no more, and that suits the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion as well. ★

LUSCIOUS

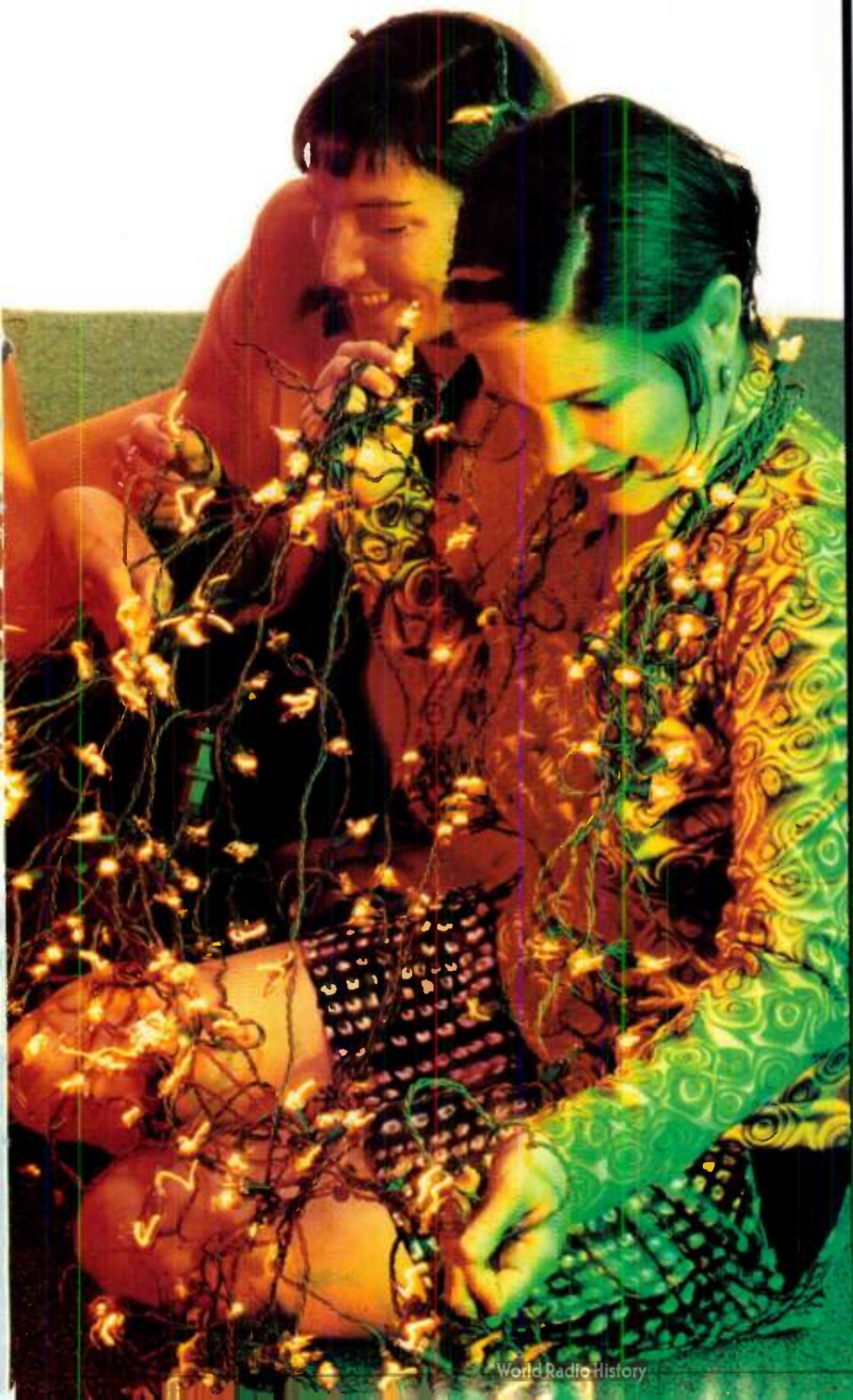
fever dreams



ACKERSON

BY HEIDI MACDONALD

PHOTOS BY JILL GREENBERG



It's a rainy night in Manhattan, and the four members of Luscious Jackson have gathered in a downtown cafe. All have just returned from vacation, so the mood is loose. ♡ Bass player Jill Cunniff writes most of the songs; she's the one who brings out the Dayrunner to plan the roll-out for the band's new album, *Fever In Fever Out* (Grand Royal). Guitarist Gabrielle Glaser tends to be the bluntest, but even when she realizes that the subject of one of her more pointed songs has entered the bar, she keeps her cool. Keyboardist Vivian Trimble has just jetted in from France, but even jet-lagged, her speech is sprinkled with words like "nonplused" that you hardly ever get to hear said aloud. Drummer Kate Schellenbach speaks softly and thoughtfully on a range of subjects. The conversation is by turns insightful and goofy: all four of them have a keen eye for behavioral quirks.

Clockwise (from top): Vivian Trimble, Jill Cunniff, Gabrielle Glaser and Kate Schellenbach.



Could four girls from the big city find happiness with the man whose name conjures an image of sage and a Joshua tree?

"Most musicians aren't rock stars, just rock schleps," says Trimble. "Schlepping around the country over and over again."

"Rock stars put a lot of time into making it look like they don't schlep," add Glaser.

"They spend a lot of money on the schlepping process," Trimble continues. "It's three-star schlepping instead of one-star schlepping. The more famous you are, the more you get to sleep during the schlep process."

"That's it!" says Glaser. "You go to sleep, and they drag you around while you're sleeping, and you wake up and do the gig."

The group may not be rock stars yet, exactly, but the women of Luscious Jackson have made their mark. They're innovative musicians whose mix of samples, hip-hop and gut-level lyrics have captured a vivid part of the zeitgeist. As one of the first bands on Grand Royal Records, they've also made significant contributions to a label whose distinctive sound is getting more and more influential.

Their share of this vibe is very, very New York. As the story goes, Schellenbach was the first drummer in a teenaged punk band known as the Beastie Boys. Producer Rick Rubin didn't think a girl had a place in the new, macho world of white-boy rap, but Schellenbach wasn't really into rapping, either, so she moved on. She later hooked up with Cunniff and Glaser

in the New York music scene of the '80s, hanging out at shows, listening to punk and hip-hop, and putting out fanzines.

"I grew up anti-rock star," says Schellenbach. "I hated Aerosmith and the Rolling Stones because they were untouchable. Now I appreciate them—the absurdity of Aerosmith is fascinating. But when I was an alienated 13-year-old, I couldn't identify with Mick Jagger. But I could identify with Poly Styrene, who had braces on her teeth. Once I found a social group, I found a reason to hang around the record store, go out and see bands. We were all definitely into the scene."

The three were eventually joined by Trimble, who brought keyboards and a background in dance to the gritty street sounds that were to become Luscious Jackson. Their first EP, *In Search Of Manny*, was the first non-Beastie release on Grand Royal, and introduced a sample-heavy, groove-driven vibe. After the release of the full-length *Natural Ingredients*, Luscious Jackson paid their schlepping dues, touring America with Lollapalooza, Europe with the Beasties, and arenas with R.E.M.

Growing up in New York seems to have a lot to do with the band's current sound. Says Schellenbach, "We were very lucky to have a vast library of sounds and bands to reference. We came up at a time when many great bands were playing. We saw a lot of great shows as teenagers. We got to hear a lot of music you probably wouldn't hear if you were growing up in the suburbs. You get into a cab and there's a Haitian cabdriver, playing Haitian French music, or you hear Indian music as you walk down the street. It's unique, and it does enter into our songwriting process."

Fever In Fever Out leaves behind a bit of urban swagger, and gains a more layered, mystical sound. While there aren't any instant .sig files like "I'm a goddess, not your mother" (from *Natural Ingredients*' "Energy Sucker"), new songs like "Why Do I Lie?" and "Don't Look Back" paint a subtler and more introspective picture.

While part of the change is natural growth, it's also due to the fact that Luscious Jackson has hooked up with a new producer, or rather a Producer: Daniel Lanois. Could four girls from the big city find happiness with the U2 and Peter Gabriel producer, a man whose name conjures an image of sage and a Joshua tree?

"It was a good collaboration, because it didn't become Daniel's project," explains Cunniff. "He helped us with our live sounds, but we still were very involved in production."

"His name didn't mean anything to us," confesses Schellenbach. "We didn't know who he was when his name came up. But when they started mentioning which albums he'd done and we were like, 'Oh, wow.' And when we met Dan, we really hit it off."

Predictably, Lanois' contributions gave the album an emotional, mysterious sound. Most of it was recorded live, giving the vocals a much more direct, almost

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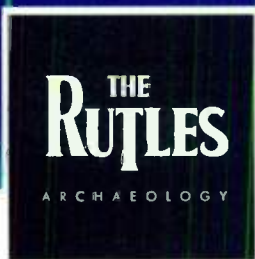
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“When I was an alienated 13-year-old, I couldn’t identify with Mick Jagger. But I could identify with Poly Styrene, who had braces on her teeth.”

confessional, edge. He brought along a few pals and gals to help out, too: Emmylou Harris sings backup on “Soothe Yourself” and “Why Do I Lie?” He also got the New Yorkers out of the city and into a studio in New Orleans for a few weeks.

“The studio was beautiful,” says Schellenbach. “Most studios are very oppressive. You’re cut off from the outside world, you never know what day it is, what season it is, you’re surrounded by dark carpeting and wood panels. Dan had a place in a mansion on the edge of the French Quarter. Each room was a different theme: the mermaid room, the Superman room, the Mexican room. You could set up your equipment at the bottom of the stairs or in a ballroom.”

“We hardly left the house, because there was a Jacuzzi, and all the rooms had balconies,” says Glaser. “But I did go for a lot of walks.”

The city also cast its spell on the songwriting. Cunniff finished writing “Mood Swing” in this moodiest of cities. “It’s kind of a smoky song. And the album title *Fever In Fever Out* comes from ‘Mood Swing,’ too. Even though we only spent two weeks there, New Orleans infuses the record. There was something about the romance of it, the ghostliness and the age.”

If anything, *Fever In Fever Out* refutes the idea of

Luscious Jackson as primarily a quasi-hip-hop band. Glaser doesn’t mince words when asked about it. “We like too many different kinds of music to be labeled as one kind of band,” she says. What about trip-hop, which could conceivably be applied to the album’s slower, dreamier pieces? “I don’t even know what that is,” she scoffs.

The amount of live playing on the album is also a breakthrough. “I think on the last record we used samples as instruments, and on this one we used our instruments as samplers, if that makes any sense,” says Cunniff.

The talk turns to a fan club that the band is putting together. The club will have a ‘zine, just like in the old days. Schellenbach is clearly in her element. “We’re going to make special fan-club-only t-shirts, and an exclusive CD. I interviewed the Lunachicks, and Ji! and Viv did interviews too.”

“I want to do a crossword puzzle!” Glaser shouts.

Clearly, the Luscious Jackson story is a happy one, at least so far. What’s the biggest fantasy the band aspires to?

“We could play on the moon!” Schellenbach suggests.

“Hm. That’s a lot of schlepping,” observes Trimble. ★

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(that's New York City to you and me) **King Chango**

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Holiday Gift Guide

A MUSIC FAN'S LIST OF PRESENTS TO GIVE AND PRESENTS TO GET THIS HOLIDAY SEASON

musical instruments

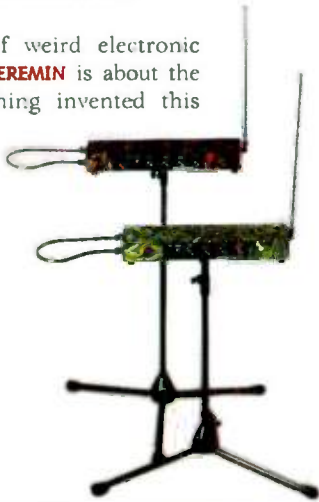


Also known as a thumb piano (the names vary depending on the size, shape and number of keys), and often made out of a large gourd, the **KALIMBA** is an exceptionally beautiful-looking and -sounding instrument, with a sweet, bell-like tone. You snap the metal keys down with your thumbs, and you can alter the tone with two holes on the sides of the instrument. A nice, handmade 12-tone kalimba sells for about \$40.

Familiarly known as the "juice harp" or "Jew's harp," the **MOUTH HARP** doesn't have much of a range—one note—but boy, can you vary the tone on it. And its "boing boing boing" noise sounds *really* cool, either by itself or with other instruments. If you can figure out how to play it without wrecking all the dental work your parents paid for, so much the better. There are \$15 "professional" ones available, but really, all mouth harps sound about the same—look around, and maybe you can find one with an interesting package, like the Snoopy mouth harps they used to make.

Got a friend who's always wanted to play an instrument well but has no musical skill at all? Get 'em the **HUMANATONE** (so called because, well, anyone who can breathe through their nose can play it), also known as a "nose flute." They sound especially... interesting... played by a whole bunch of people at once. Caution: do not make this the only present you give your sweetheart.

The granddaddy of weird electronic instruments, the **THEREMIN** is about the coolest-sounding thing invented this century, used by everybody from the Beach Boys to the Blues Explosion. The fanciest, based on Leon Theremin's original designs, cost \$2750 and are made by Big Briar, but you can buy a small domed model from Charles Collins for as little as \$140. Or



build your own—theremin kits are widely available. For more information, see the Theremin home page at <http://firstmarket.com/~bobs/theremin.html>.

The **FLEXATONE** is an odd creature. Made out of metal with wooden "clappers," it looks like some kind of peculiar toy your parents would once have had and sounds like a cross between a fire-alarm bell and a singing saw—a very loud ringing noise at a single pitch, accompanied by a hovering overtone of variable pitch. Flexatones were used a lot in the "orchestral jazz" and Latin jazz of the '50s; a nice one can be yours for about 12 bucks.

You can't buy a new **OPTIGAN** any more—they haven't been made since the '60s—but if you find one being sold used (they turn up at flea markets and kitsch stores sometimes), snap it up. The Optigan is a very peculiar kind of organ that plays its tones—including matching rhythms—off flexible, transparent discs, some of which sound like specific instruments and some of which sound like entire bands. One enthusiast has put together a terrific home page at <http://redwood.northcoast.com/~shojo/Optigan/optigan.html>, and Optigans can be heard on records by Thinking Fellers Union Local 282, Devo and Tom Waits, among others.

in my stocking artists' gift suggestions

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(Video) I'm From Hollywood

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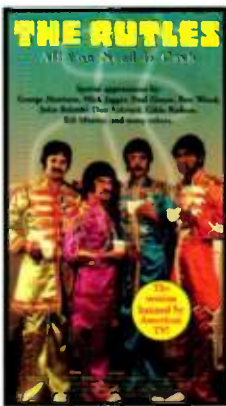
Tube tops

videotapes



The Beatles revival started a little more than a year ago, when the three-part American version of **ANTHOLOGY** was shown on TV. Now, with the release of the eight-videotape *Anthology*, you get to hear and see the story of "one of the greatest romances of the twentieth century" from the players themselves. A chronological collage narrated by the Fab Four, tour manager Neil Aspinall (and his many hats), producer George Martin and press officer Derek Taylor, the series beautifully traces the band's career, making stops for famous events, while John, Paul, George and Ringo tell the stories. The editing is brilliant, especially the juxtaposition of interview bites and old footage. One of the best quotes in the series comes from George, on Beatlemania: "They used the Beatles as an excuse to go mad, and then blamed it on us."

☉ **THE RUTLES: ALL YOU NEED IS CASH** is such a dead-on parody of both the Beatles and Beatlemania, it's easy to get lost in the exactitude of it all—the guitar sounds, the song titles ("Please, Please, Hold My Hand"), the film stocks, the trousers. The film follows the exploits of the Pre-Fab Four from the early days in Cavern Rutland, through their films *A*



Hard Day's Rut and *Ouch* and their experiments with taking tea and Ouija-board tapping, to the farewell rooftop performance of "Get Up And Go," and features cameos by Mick Jagger, Paul Simon, Dan Ackroyd, John Belushi, Bill Murray, Gilda Radner and even George Harrison. Eric Idle plays both the staid BBC documentarian and cheeky bassist Dirk McQuickly; the songs are by Bonzo Dog Band's Neil Innes, who also appears as anti-Lennon Ron Nasty. It's funny with even a cursory knowledge of the Beatles, but as an aperitif to the massive *Beatles Anthology*, it's a scream.

HEAVY METAL PARKING LOT is exactly what it sounds like: a videotape of the tailgate partiers in the parking lot of a Judas Priest concert. For years, this mindboggling 20-minute documentary has made the rounds of videotape traders; now you can finally buy your own. See some of the worst haircut excesses of the '80s! Hear a man introducing himself: "My name's Graham. You know, like graham a' dope 'n' shit?" Witness the human microcosm that is Priest's audience! (Trackshun,



317A Cambie St., Vancouver, BC V6B 2N1, Canada)

New Order's videos haven't been shown much on TV, which is a pity: the seven collected on **SUBSTANCE 1989** are almost all extraordinary and worthy of repeated viewing, from "Bizarre Love Triangle"'s fragmented, vertiginous quick-cuts (and *really* bizarre interruption) to the surreal acrobatics of "True Faith." Best of all is the video for "The Perfect Kiss," directed by Jonathan Demme: New Order seen less as musicians than clinical technicians, playing the song live in the studio with a fascinating absence of passion.

Of course, Jonathan Demme's best music film is **STOP MAKING SENSE**, the Talking Heads concert movie that even people who don't like Talking Heads like. There are no gratuitous shots of cheering crowds, just engrossing, well-considered footage of a huge lineup of the band (including a couple of Funkadelic refugees), as they gradually come on stage and play all their best songs. Not to mention David Byrne's infamous Great Big Suit.

Charm Jazz Age romantics and jazz fans alike with **STORMY WEATHER**, where occasionally hokey movie-musical conventions string together classic performances by Lena Horne, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, The Nicholas Brothers and Cab Calloway, among others. The plot isn't necessarily bad, but the performances (especially by tap duo the Nicholas Brothers) render it forgettable by being so memorable themselves.

in my stocking

artists' gift suggestions

FAST

Fun Lovin' Criminals

175-gram Frisbee

Any laser disc
(preferably letter-boxed)

Star Wars Essential Guides
To Characters And Vehicles
(two books)

Sony Playstation
"Fuck the N64, the games
cost too much—\$95 each!"

A golden retriever puppy

christmas music

Even the Scroogiest among you have to admit music plays a bigger part in people's lives during the holiday season than any other. When else do we get together to sing *anything*, let alone something as arcane as "Auld Lang Syne" or whimsically surreal as "Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer?" Therefore, music fan, don't bury your head in the wrapping paper, go forth and seek out the coolest holiday tunes; there's no reason not to make the season festive in your own cool way.

Two of this year's new Christmas releases will warm the heart of children of the 70s, but in very different ways. Now that cut-out bins have run dry of **CHRISTMAS IN THE STARS: A STAR WARS CHRISTMAS ALBUM**, Rhino has taken the mantle of preserving this



artifact of merchandizing insanity. Of the original cast, only Anthony Daniels (C-3PO) appears, unless you care to count R2-D2's bleeps and blurps. Supporting him, however, is a young John Bongiovi, just a phonetic spelling away from hair-metal fame. Songs like "What Do You Get A Wookie For Christmas (When He Already Has A Comb?)" give you the picture.

The childhood associations prompted by **ESQUIVEL's** *Merry Xmas From The Space-Age Bachelor Pad* (Bar/None) are less tangible. The giddy cocktail-hour versions of "Frosty" and "Jingle Bells" are so ersatz-exotic, they feel like vintage department store muzak, and bring on simultaneous feelings of irony-fueled sophistication and the nervous anticipation of a six-year-old you waiting to sit on Santa's lap.



Ryko's reissue of **ARTHUR LYMAN's** *With A Christmas Vibe* puts a Polynesian spin on the cocktail Christmas concept, with spectacular results. The vibraphone versions of familiar classics are often surprisingly lovely, and the disc includes a brief essay on Christmas in Hawaii and recipes for an "auld Hawai'ian Christmas." This otherwise exemplary disc is unfortunately marred by a faulty track listing, however. Also of note: **MARY MARGARET O'HARA's** aptly named *Christmas* EP includes one original, "Christmas Evermore," and sweet, country-tinged versions of "Blue Christmas," "Silent Night" and "What Are You Doing New Year's Eve?" And Rhino is also releasing **JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH CHRISTMAS**, which includes mostly played-out versions of "new wave" holiday tunes, but does include a great instrumental, "Rudolf The Manic Reindeer," by Los Lobos, and They Might Be Giants' clever and still-amusing "Santa's Beard."

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"Anna," "Denial,"
"The Hammock,"
& "What It Is"

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books



As the title suggests, *Punk* was the first American punk 'zine, beginning in January 1976. **PUNK: THE ORIGINAL** (Trans-High Corporation) collects pieces that appeared during its three and a half years of existence, as well as a few pages from the never-published 18th issue. It's all very funny, wild-spirited stuff: there are memorable interviews with Lou Reed ("Rock 'N' Roll Vegetable"), Johnny Rotten, Von Lmo and Sluggo (yes, the cartoon character), photos of Lester Bangs wrestling the Dictators' Handsome Dick Manitoba, Debbie Harry posing as "Punk Playmate Of The Month," and lots of ridiculous cartoons. Totally fun.

When it was published in '94, Peter Guralnick's **LAST TRAIN TO MEMPHIS** (Back Bay Books) was hailed as the definitive Elvis Presley biography because, rather than dredging up dirt or recycling familiar Elvis minutiae, it lovingly reveals Presley's heretofore unexamined humanity. It's the first part of a two-volume biography (the second part is still in the works), so the book's 500 pages only examine the early portion of

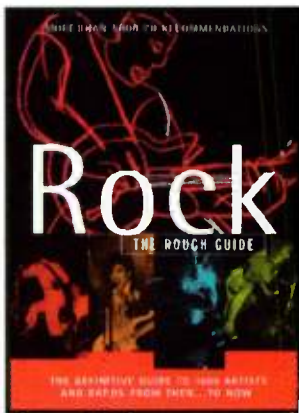
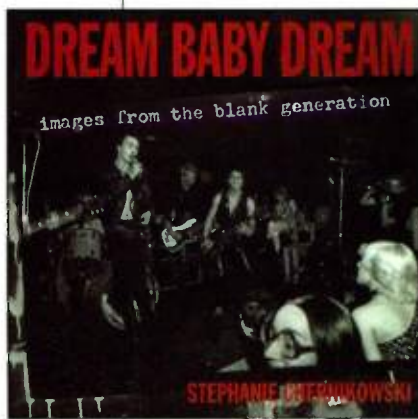


Presley's life (it ends in September of 1958 when Presley left for military service in Germany), but it provides such a unique look at the misunderstood King's life that it will leave you thirsting for more.

You've probably heard about *Smile*, the Beach Boys' legendary, never-completed 1967 album. **LOOK! LISTEN! VIBRATE!**

SMILE! (Surfin' Colours) is the definitive account of what happened—a 250-plus-page scrapbook of every newspaper and magazine article and piece of archival documentation editor Domenic Priore can find that's relevant to *Smile* and the catastrophe it became (the book has already been through several revisions). It's almost all primary sources, and almost all nervewrackingly fascinating—you get to see Brian Wilson's decline as it happens, practically day-to-day.

From its beautiful studio shots of Andy Warhol, David Byrne and James Chance to amazing live shots of the Cramps, Patti Smith and Public Image Ltd., Stephanie Chernikowski's photo-essay **DREAM BABY DREAM: IMAGES FROM THE BLANK GENERATION** (2.13.61 Publications) includes some of the most memorable characters from New York City's punk movement in the late 1970s. While the Ramones, William Burroughs and Iggy Pop (pictured with his hands down his pants and a smug grin on his face) look like they haven't aged a day since these pictures were taken, artists like Sonic



Youth, the B-52s and Elvis Costello look like mere kids, who couldn't possibly have known that they were shaping the future of rock so strongly.

Every season brings a new humongous music reference book, and this season's is **THE ROUGH GUIDE TO ROCK** (Rough Guides), published by a British company best known for its travel books. *The Rough Guide* is 1000 pages long and has roughly that many entries, covering rock, soul, hip-hop and whatever else seemed like a good idea at the time. It's more than a little Brit-centric—there are no entries for Phish or the Geto Boys,

though Flowered Up and Planxty get a half-page each, and the breathlessly ecstatic tone of some entries will be familiar to *Melody Maker* readers. But what *is* there is often remarkably thorough and surprising.

in my stocking artists' gift suggestions

JUAN GARCIA ESQUIVEL

6 Magnum Dom Perignon Champagne bottles

2 pounds of Russian caviar (frozen)

1 wooden box with Corona Habana cigars

Collection of Esquivel recordings on CD:

Space Age Bachelor Pad, Music From A Sparkling Planet, Cabaret Manana, More Of Other Worlds, Other Sounds, Merry Xmas From The Space Age Bachelor Pad

A subscription for one year to Playboy magazine

further out

The best kind of musical present to get a friend is the kind that introduces them to something cool and totally different from anything they've heard before. Here are four great aural surprises: records that travel far out into the world of experimental music, but that are still easy to listen to and entertaining.

JOHN ZORN is the king of the New York avant-garde scene, releasing an endless flurry of albums on his own, with his various groups, and on his Tzadik label. For an introduction to what Zorn's about, try *John Zorn's Cobra Live At The Knitting Factory* (Knitting Factory Works): examples of his famous improvisation game for twelve musicians, played by a dozen different groups whose differences reveal the essence of the piece.



The Seattle trio **SUN CITY GIRLS** have a kajillion releases in as many different styles; some are great, others are, uh, not. On the sprawling, mostly instrumental double-CD *330,003 Crossdressers From Beyond The Rig-Veda* (Abduction), the concept seems to be ethnic music from ports of call that have never actually existed, played with deranged gusto and infinite invention: lo-fi klezmer calypso, Cecil Taylor-influenced Egyptian folk, gamelan free improv, and more.

That a Christian-rock band from New Jersey would make one of the most wonderfully bizarre records of recent memory seems strange, but **DANIELSON'S A**



Prayer For Every Hour (Tooth & Nail) brings a smile to the face of nearly everyone we've played it for. It's a band of siblings, some pre-teen, playing their big brother Daniel Smith's songs, which

flout the normal rules of song construction in unpredictable, charming ways.

After years out of print, **GEORGE RUSSELL's** classic, hour-long orchestral jazz piece "Electronic Sonata For Souls Loved By Nature," recorded in 1967, has reappeared on *The Essence Of George Russell* (Soul Note). Pianist/conductor Russell coordinates a 21-piece Norwegian big band and a layer of taped electronic sounds. The gorgeously rich result prefigures both acid jazz and ambient techno.

rosa mota



the new album

BIONIC



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cool things



Recent years have seen an abundance of **PET GIFTS**, some of which are actually quite cool. Among the presents we recommend for your furry four-legged friends are rhinestone-studded collars, doggie and kitty placemats, or—to satisfy your pet's hifalutin' sensibilities—even flavored water (beef, chicken, tuna). For your pet-owning friends, there are a number of humorous pet care books, our favorite being Henry Beard's *French For Cats* (Villard Books), which includes such useful phrases as "I think I am going to cough up a fur ball" ("*Je crois que je vais cracher une boule de poils*").

Rock 'n' roll **TRIVIA COASTERS** make an ideal gift for the friend who is both a social butterfly and a know-it-all. The set includes 24 coasters with questions ranging from simple ("What is Bruce Springsteen's famous nickname?") to tricky ("Other than some famous musicians, who also auditioned for the Monkees and didn't make it?"), but here's a helpful hint: Why not open the container and study up on these questions, so when your smarty-pants pal tries to stump you, you'll come out on top?



Novelty **FRIDGE MAGNETS** make a super-cheap home-decorating gift. Blue Q makes a variety of kitschy magnet sets including pin-up girls, coffee stuff (mugs, sugar jar, cream dispenser, etc.), and their "White Trash Magnets"—a set that features a six-pack of beer, a tabloid, a motor home, and a bologna sandwich. Most of these sets cost about \$12, but if you're one of those do-it-yourself types, you can buy magnetic backing at many arts and crafts stores and—with some glue and a selection of cut-out pictures—you can make these on your own.



You know those big **PRAYER CANDLES** that come in tall glass containers with a picture of a different saint on the outside depending on what you're praying for? A company called Three Tacky Texans has developed a light-hearted take on these botanica staples, including prayers for a fashion victim, a blind date, a dysfunctional family, and even a "Powerful Elvis Prayer"

("I beseech thee that I may enjoy continual Elvis movie reruns..."). They're about \$12 apiece.

If you know someone who's ga-ga for those kitschy **BLACK VELVET PAINTINGS** (think of the classic "Dogs Playing Poker"), save yourself the hassle of searching thrift stores and side-of-the-road sales by making one yourself. Craft House makes a do-it-yourself, paint-by-numbers black velvet kit that sells for less than \$10. The kit comes in a variety of designs, and while some of them are too cheesy for even black velvet, there are a couple of real winners, like the black stallion kit.

An even more useful series of magnets is Sterling Publishing's **MAGNETIC COOKBOOKS**. Slap these little cardboard 10-pagers on the fridge for quick access to some simple, yummy recipes. Each book is in the shape of their recipes' principal ingredient (tomato, garlic, chili pepper, chicken) and fastens with a little velcro flap. They sell for only \$6 each.



Plainly put, tight shrinkwrap and stubborn mylar factory seals make opening new CDs an utter pain in the ass. Enter the MacTec **EZ-CD** CD opener (\$1). Simply run this plastic marvel down the side of the disc package, and its little razor blade slices through all that stands between you and your enjoyment of music.

in my stocking

artists' gift suggestions

DAVID LEWIS GEDGE Wedding Present

Caroline Cossey
(Book) *My Story*

Bernard Manning
(Video) *The Great British Striptease*

Chester Brown
(Book) *Ed The Happy Clown*

John Vartan Ensemble
Spotlight On Belly Dancing
(two complete belly-dance routines)

"Gotham City is in trouble.
Call for Batman!"
Talking alarm clock with
Bat-Signal

stuff this

Do you know someone who owns and enjoys one of the records listed in red below? Here's your gift-giving cheat sheet. Follow our suggestions, and you'll always have someone to blame if they don't like what's in their stocking.

OASIS *What's The Story Morning Glory*

Apples In Stereo *Fun Trick Noisemaker* (spinArt)
Rutles *Archaeology* (Virgin)
Kula Shaker *K* (Columbia)
Paul Weller *Wildwood* (London)
BOOK: Martin Amis *Other People*

METALLICA *Load*

Into Another *Seemless* (Hollywood)
Prong *Rude Awakening* (Epic)
Type O Negative *October Rust* (Roadrunner)
Clutch *Clutch* (EastWest-EEG)
BOOK: Weegee *Naked City*

BECK *Odelay*

Mississippi John Hurt *The Complete 1928 Sessions* (OKeh-Legacy)
Sukia *Contacto Espacial Con...* (Nickelbag)
Hank Williams *24 Greatest Hits* (Polydor)
Land Of The Loops *Bundle Of Joy* (Up)
BOOK: Allen Ginsberg *Howl*

TRAINSPOTTING *soundtrack*

Scala *Beauty Nowhere* (Touch)
Underworld *Second Toughest In The Infants* (Wax Trax!-TVT)
Lou Reed *Transformer* (RCA)
Pulp *Different Class* (Island)
BOOK: Irvine Welsh *The Acid House*

KISS *You Wanted The Best... You Got The Best*

Melvins *Stag* (Mammoth-Atlantic)
The Upper Crust *Let Them Eat Rock* (Upstart)
Fu Manchu *In Search Of...* (Mammoth)
Urge Overkill *Saturation* (Geffen)
BOOK: Pamela Des Barres *I'm With The Band*

TORI AMOS *Boys For Pele*

Ani DiFranco *Dilate* (Righteous Babe)
Fiona Apple *Tidal* (Clean Slate/WORK-CRG)
Kaia *Kaia* (Chainsaw-Candy-Ass)
Sam Phillips *Omnipop* (Virgin)
BOOK: Sylvia Plath *The Bell Jar*

JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION *Now I Got Worry*

R.L. Burnside *A Ass Pocket Of Whiskey* (Matador)
Various Artists *Excello Blues Classics* (Excello)
Speedball Baby *Cinema* (Fort Apache-MCA)
Delta 72 *The R&B Of Membership* (Touch And Go)
BOOK: Robert Gordon *It Came From Memphis*

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE *Evil Empire*

Orange 9mm *Tragic* (Atlantic)
Quicksand *Manic Compression* (Island)
Rollins Band *Weight* (Imago)
Deftones *Deftones* (Maverick)
BOOK: Noam Chomsky *What Uncle Sam Really Wants*

Jane Jensen



Comic Book Whore



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Contact: William Gibson / College Radio
(Toll Free) ☎ 885-FLIPREC
E-Mail: OU*FLIP@aol.com ©1996 Flip Records

groovy gifts by dorien "pookie" garry



HOME SPA "EQUIPMENT" • There are few better ways to spend a lazy day at home than with a whipped-up "home spa." You know: things that make you feel pretty like hair conditioner treatments (Paul Mitchell's is swell), eyelash curlers (be careful: if you do it wrong it can hurt for a minute) and other random things that are available at your local beauty supply store. With all the "mint" and "ice" products designed to make your scalp, feet and body "refreshed and tingly," the best one is

the oldest: Dr. Bronner's. Aside from making your skin feel like it's been mildly Vicks Vap-O-Rubbed, it's got all this insane babble written on the packaging. Top that all off with a "massage bug" on the ouchy tension spots on your back, and it's just like a real trip to the spa (except you don't have to trot around a bunch of other people with face goop and shower caps on, and you can watch TV the whole time).



VINTAGE WATCHBANDS • Back in the '60s, cool cats used to wear big thick watchbands that came in all different colors and sizes and looked more like belts wrapped around their wrists than actual watches. They're bound to be the next recycled wave in watch fashion, so get the old ones now while you still can. Lots of vintage clothing stores are selling them cheap out of bins, and you can get tons of different colors and leathers if you look hard enough. Slap a watch face on it, and not only does your wrist look groovy, but you know what time it is too.

METAL TOYS • First they were old but now they are new. Um, I mean they started making them again: a wide variety of animals, spaceships, carousels and monkeys on bicycles, some of which wind up and roll around on your floor. You can now find them (with old-school lookalike packaging) in most offbeat toy stores or retro shops. They are very, very neat.

MICRO JAMMERS • My parental units were hip to this one last year, but there have been so many new models since then that there's a lot of



catching up to do this year. They're mini electronic "instruments" that make a whole bunch of noise. From the rockabilly guitar to the "rap machine," there's one for everyone. You can get them at chain toy stores and they usually don't run over ten bucks, but beware: drunk people at parties will use and abuse them.

VINTAGE HATS, SCARVES AND OTHER THINGS THAT HELP IN WINTER • Every Salvation Army has a few big bins filled with these kinds of things, and when would you need them more than winter? If you're skeeved out by buying them from a smelly Salvation Army or Goodwill, you can find worthwhile ones in real stores where things come new. Think leopard print, stripes, and weird plaids that Prada is probably recreating this very moment for *mucho dinero*. They're one of those must-have-or-will-freeze winter accessories, and no one doesn't need a back-up set, especially if one is like me and loses one's mittens and hat every time one walks outside.

in my stocking artists' gift suggestions

STEVE TURNER Mudhoney

Dick Clark
(Book) To Goof Or Not To Goof

Clancy Brothers And Tommy Makem
Come Fill Your Glass With Us

500 sheets of Hammermill Tidal DP
long grain 8 1/2" X 11" 10m white paper

Play-Doh "Fix Me Up, Doc"
"Cut, operate and stitch with funny Play-Doh parts!"

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FEATURING "NOT LISTENING" by POLAK

POLAK

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KRACKHOUSE

VELVET DUGS

MR. HENRY

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BOUNDLOOP

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STAR CITY

HAZE

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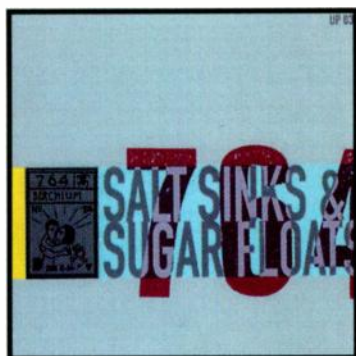
reviews

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

"You know, Wendy and Lisa were at that [1984] show in Minneapolis where we dumped on Prince so bad [playing "He's The Prince"]. And they loved it! They came up afterwards and told us that our worries were over and that we were as good as signed. That totally gave us confidence, and then, of course, nothing happened, and it's pretty much been that way ever since." —*The Frogs' Dennis Fleming*

In This Issue:

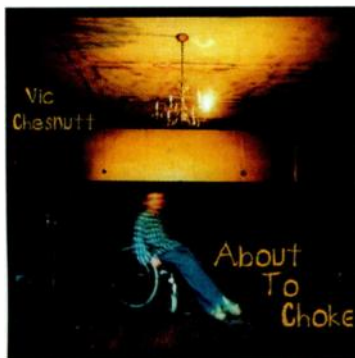
764-HERO / Salt Sinks And Sugar Floats / Up
VIC CHESNUTT / About To Choke / Capitol
FIREWATER / Get Off The Cross... We Need The Wood For The Fire / Jetset-Big Cat
FUNKY GREEN DOGS / Get Fired Up! / Twisted America-MCA
CITS / Kings & Queens / Broken
LAIBACH / Jesus Christ Superstars / Mute
LOIS / Infinity Plus / K
MARILYN MANSON / Antichrist Superstar / Nothing-Interscope
MAZZY STAR / Among My Swan / Capitol
MOMUS / 20 Vodka Jellies / Le Grand Magistery
PURE / Generation Six-Pack / Mammoth-Atlantic
RACHEL'S / The Sea And The Bells / Quarterstick-Touch And Go
RAILROAD JERK / The Third Rail / Matador
ROSA MOTA / Bionic / 13th Hour-Mute
VARIOUS ARTISTS / Safe And Sound / Big Pig-Mercury
SATISFACT / The Unwanted Sounds Of Satisfact / Up
SILVER JEWS / The Natural Bridge / Drag City
WEDDING PRESENT / Saturnalia / Cooking Vinyl
WILCO / Being There / Reprise



764-HERO / Salt Sinks And Sugar Floats / Up

Unless you're a glutton for punishment, if you're feeling even just a teensy bit glum, you should stay away from 764-HERO. Otherwise, the Seattle duo's deeply affecting debut album will make you want to crawl into bed and pull the covers over your head. The songs on *Salt Sinks And Sugar Floats* find vocalist/guitarist John Atkins (formerly of Hush Harbor) exposing every raw nerve he's got, and channeling the resulting irritation into a collection of beautiful, melancholic post-punk ballads. The record is drenched in black bile, with twisted, chillingly desperate chord tangles flowing from Atkins' guitar like the cries of a choleric infant. *Salt Sinks* is like one big self-exorcism: As Atkins shifts from plaintive whining to agitated hollering, lyrics like "You're overcome with guilt but that's part of the program" fly from his mouth like demons seizing their fleeting chance for escape. At quieter moments, the songs' sheer poeticism can be arresting: "If maps were novels, then the one that leads to you would be all verbs and adjectives," or "On a bike ride, I memorized you and the neighborhood that describes you/And it is suburbia and you're my *Quadrophenia*." Even though he's supported by only minimal drumming, Atkins' songs are so strong that anything else would be overkill. *JENNY ELISCU*

DATALOG: Released Oct. 22.
FILE UNDER: Hide the knives.
R.I.Y.L.: Hush Harbor, Lync, Built To Spill.



VIC CHESNUTT / About To Choke / Capitol

The two musicians honored by the Sweet Relief foundation with tribute albums, Victoria Williams and Vic Chesnutt, are like two sides of the same country-informed, urban-witted coin. But where Williams paints vivid scenes by standing just outside them, Chesnutt draws listeners' empathy by mucking knee-deep in his own emotions. *About To Choke*, his major-label debut, is another Chesnutt songbook ripe with passion and pathos. Although he's getting ever more accessible, it's hard to get past how personal Chesnutt's work is. It isn't just his lyrics, though God knows they're deeply felt—the opening song, "Myrtle," pulls no punches as the wheelchair-bound Chesnutt lays bare the burden of his disability in the song's last line: "It was bigger than me, and I felt like a sick child dragged by a donkey through the myrtle." Intense as those words are, it's Chesnutt's delivery—hushed, halting a bit but not overly tortured—that rams the point home. It's been this way since his first performance at an Athens club, where according to legend, only a rapt Michael Stipe recognized his talent: Chesnutt is not a taste all will acquire. But with bright, clean arrangements and some of his best vocal performances, *About To Choke* makes his musical journal as empathetic as Anne Frank's diary. *CHRIS MOLANPHY*

DATALOG: Release date: Nov. 12.
FILE UNDER: Moody Americana.
R.I.Y.L.: Victoria Williams, Uncle Tupelo, Palace.

Mo Thugs

family-Scriptures

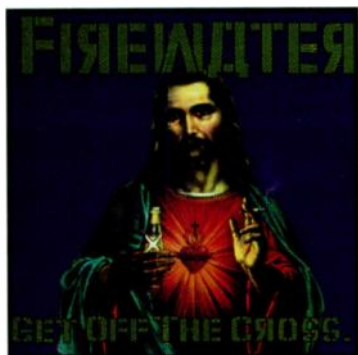


Featuring Bone

INCLUDES THE DEBUT SINGLE

Thug Devotion

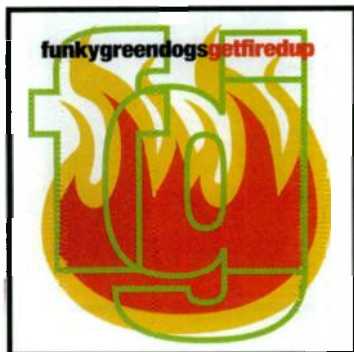




FIREWATER / *Get Off The Cross... We Need The Wood For The Fire* / Jetset-Big Cat

What kind of music do dark and brooding punk musicians really want to play? By the sound of Firewater—a band that combines bassist Tod A. (ex-Cop Shoot Cop) with guitarist Duane Denison (Jesus Lizard), percussionist Yuval Gabay (Soul Coughing) and drummer Jim Kimball (ex-Mule and Laughing Hyenas)—it seems that moody vaudeville songs lie deep in the recesses of their hearts. All the years these guys hammered out tight and punchy bad-ass rock, they were really dreaming about the minor-scale melodies of klezmer and Bertold Brecht musicals. On *Get Off The Cross*, Tod A. has tempered his gut-wrenching wail into a barrelhouse croon, and put together a set of tunes that seethe and saunter with the sounds of accordion, violin and clarinet and the harmonic flavor of the old world. "When I Burn This Place Down" takes a stab at tango, and "Bourbon & Division" reverberates with the drama of a Berlin cabaret standard. But the reverence of these tracks lays bare the technical shortcomings of the instrumentalists and Tod A. as an emotive balladeer. Like Ween's recent country album, *Get Off The Cross* ranks with this year's most perplexing pop releases. If this trend catches on, kids will be trading in their Kiss tickets to see Joel Grey reprise his role in *Cabaret* or do some of his father Mickey Kanter's klezmer tunes—now that's retro! *NEIL GLADSTONE*

DATALOG: Released Oct. 22.
FILE UNDER: Dour vaudevillian showtunes.
R.I.Y.L.: Kurt Weill, The Pogues, Tom Waits.



FUNKY GREEN DOGS / *Get Fired Up!* / Twisted America-MCA

Funky Green Dogs would be a really awful name for a teenage ska-funk band from the Midwest. But it's even *worse* for the Miami-based underground house duo that it actually belongs to. Luckily, choosing monikers appears to be the Dogs' only area of weakness. After a few years remixing tracks for Madonna, Deee-Lite, RuPaul and Deborah Harry, as well as writing a few of their own underground club sensations, Oscar Gaetan and Ralph Falcon prepare to overthrow the dance club community with their debut release, *Get Fired Up!* Commercial house music has always centered on overzealous producers and screaming divas, but FGD distill everything down to its barest necessities: a beat, a minimal melody, and some warm vocal croons. And the end results are phenomenal. "Fired Up!" is a sensational track that has caused a ruckus on every dancefloor it's touched, and "The Way," "I Came To Stomp," and "Ride" are ready to follow in its fast-shuffling footsteps. Pamela Williams is the diva on call, fast on her way to becoming the new Ce Ce Peniston. But make no mistake: Few producers could whip up such funky arrangements, yet provide enough room for the inherent groove to work its magic, and that makes the music the real star of this collection. *M. TYE COMER*

DATALOG: Released Oct. 22. First single "Fired Up!"
FILE UNDER: Underground house grooves.
R.I.Y.L.: Ce Ce Peniston, Kristine W., Black Box.

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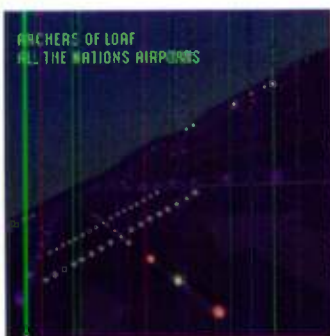
soundtracks, compilations, etc.



Rhino has released three volumes of *Hang The DJ: Modern Rock*, covering 1986-1988—the days when people who listened to this stuff and radio stations that played it had some reason to

believe they were on some kind of cutting edge. It's nice to hear perennials by New Order, R.E.M. and INXS again, but it's nicer to hear some of the songs that didn't quite make the canon of alternative-rock radio: Julian Cope's "World Shut Your Mouth," Transvision Vamp's "Tell That Girl To Shut Up," Bananarama's "Venus"... *Nothing In Common* (Casual Tonalities) ©, as its title suggests, is an extremely all-over-the-place compilation, with no guiding theme except "a bunch of songs by bands the compilers like." The only familiar bands on it are the Rake's Progress and Jon Langford's country group the Waco Brothers, but the idea is for it to function like a mix tape from a friend, and there are other bands worthy of further investigation here... Indie-pop double-CDs seem to be the flavor of the month. *Yoyo A Go Go* (Yoyo) is a live, 37-band document of the Yoyo festival that happened in Olympia, Washington in the summer of 1994. Some of these bands really shouldn't be recorded live, and even Beck seems off-key and disoriented, but there are a couple of excellent tracks, notably Neutral Milk Hotel, Some Velvet Sidewalk, and Mecca Normal's live evergreen "I Walk Alone," finally recorded with Jean Smith's infamous trick of wandering through the audience singing it... The long-running psychedelia 'zine *Ptolemaic Terrascope* needs some financial help, so 35 of its friends have come to its aid on the double-CD set *Succour* (Flydaddy). The draw is big names like Peter Dinklage, Palace and Robyn Hitchcock, though almost everything is at least interesting; like the 'zine, it's pleasant, trippy and wide-ranging within the psych world... And the mammoth, long-promised *Pop American Style* double-disc (March) is finally out, with 40 bands of the wimpier ilk (this is a description, not an insult) from all over America. Superdrag is the one really familiar name from this batch (they contribute a new song, "Sold You An Alibi"), but there are also tracks from some indie-pop perennials (Heartworms, Further) and a handful of good bands that have been underrepresented on record, like Kleenex Girl Wonder, Elf Power, Sissy Bar and Vehicle Flips.

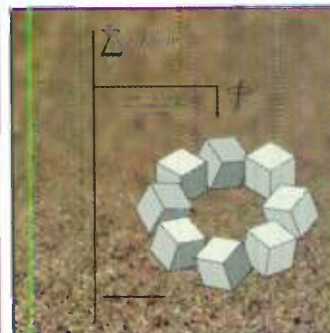
© Polak's "Not Listening" appears on this month's CD.



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The Loud Family
Interbate Concern
A098 CD



Chug
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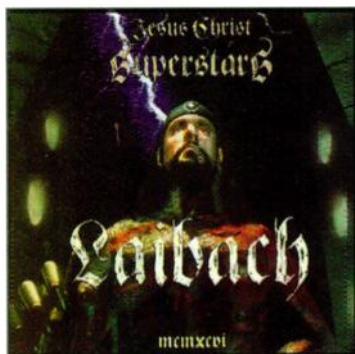
GITS / Kings & Queens / Broken

In 1993, when Gits frontwoman Mia Zapata met her untimely death at the hands of a still-unidentified murderer, the band had recorded one and a half albums—just enough to hint at their potential. This collection was recorded five years earlier, in the spring of 1988 as the Snivelling Little Rat Faced Gits were in the final throes of their academic existence at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, and somehow, the low-tech, low-key ambience really captures the rich depth of their music. Beneath its churning surface, “Tempt Me” is driven by the same kind of heartfelt melodic current that propels Springsteen’s best, the title track recalls the Clash’s rambunctious early works, and the band’s take on Iggy Pop’s “Loose” is reverently primal.

DATALOG: Released Sep. 17.
FILE UNDER: Raw rock.
R.I.Y.L.: X, Joan Jett, Magnapop.

Zapata croons angrily and rants wistfully, at times evoking the raw bluesiness of Janis Joplin, at others blending Exene and John Doe to produce a full-bodied wail with just a touch of achy country-style poignance. The album closes with a haunting rendering of Bessie Smith’s “Graveyard Blues,” the

story of a woman who dreams that she’s dead and drifting through hell. Laced with dark humor and sung with an eerie power, it’s a moving tribute to Smith and a strangely fitting epitaph for Zapata. *SANDY MASUO*

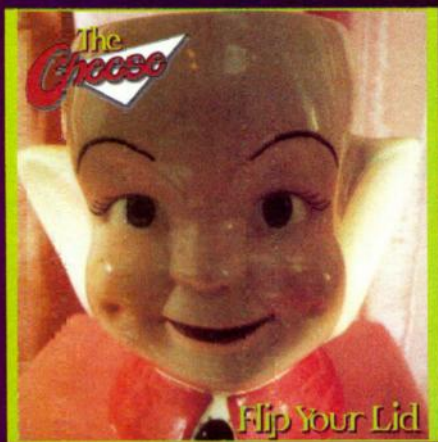


LAIBACH / Jesus Christ Superstars / Mute

Laibach has been around forever. Older than R.E.M. and larger than life, these once-ambitious Eastern European experimentalists made a series of records in the '80s that fused fascist chic with an industrial sound that also borrowed from 20th century classical composers like Ligeti and Penderecki. Controversy followed them everywhere, like the ubiquitous antlers that littered their posters and record-sleeves. Then war erupted in Yugoslavia, their homeland, and the shtick got stale: what was ominously alluring became undirected, even obscene. Laibach figured this out, belatedly, and shifted allegories, from fascism and communism to political apocalypse (on 1994’s *NATO*), and now on to Armageddon. On *Jesus Christ Superstars*, New Testament iconography and Old Testament sternness come together on tunes like “Deus Ex Machina,” techno/metal/industrial fusion with Slavic church choirs. Covers of “Jesus Christ Superstar” (tired) and Prince’s “The Cross” (percolating) provide the novelty angle.

DATALOG: Released Oct. 22.
FILE UNDER: Gothic pomp-rock.
R.I.Y.L.: Killing Joke, Moby, Emperor, Nitzer Ebb, Test Dept.

But making the connection between Christianity and hard rock is hardly a bold move: avowedly Christian bands like Stryper are more bizarre, and death metal bands have made Christian images shine with more evil. Still, Laibach has attracted the attention of murkier elements in the Christian Right, and one can assume that this record is intended for them—and black-metalheads. *MICHAEL VAZQUEZ*



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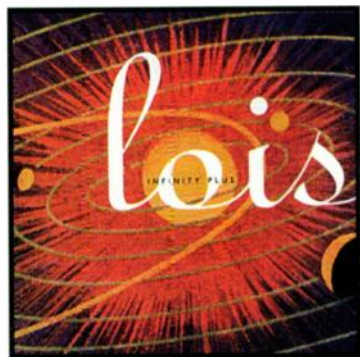
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"susan's house"
and "rags to rags"

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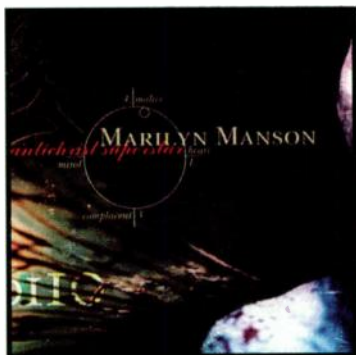


LOIS / *Infinity Plus* / K

So many songs on *Infinity Plus* are about distance that one begins to wonder if the title doesn't allude to some measure of space. Musically, it's a fair distance from Lois' previous records, too: the songs are slower, but there's certainly more to the difference than that. Our Lady of the Economical Pop Song and self-proclaimed "indie-kid" Lois Maffeo has gone more "chanteuse" here, but she hasn't become forlorn—even the sad songs are still *strong*. "Rougher," a duet with Elliot Smith, quietly opens the album on a should-be-sad-but-don't-really-care note that's indicative of much of the mood that follows. "Not Funny, Ha Ha" is one of the saddest songs here, and the most low-key: Lois manages to sing "who the fuck says less is more?" in a voice that doesn't even sound bitter. Of the few songs that carry the archetypical strummy/romantic Lois-song torch, "Capital A" is the best, with a soaring chorus and compactly pleasant musical package. The genuinely strange "Silent Auction" drifts in and out of electric guitar as curious as the

DATALOG: Released Oct. 8.
FILE UNDER: Comforting afternoon music.
R.I.Y.L.: Verlaines, Dump, Ioni Mitchell

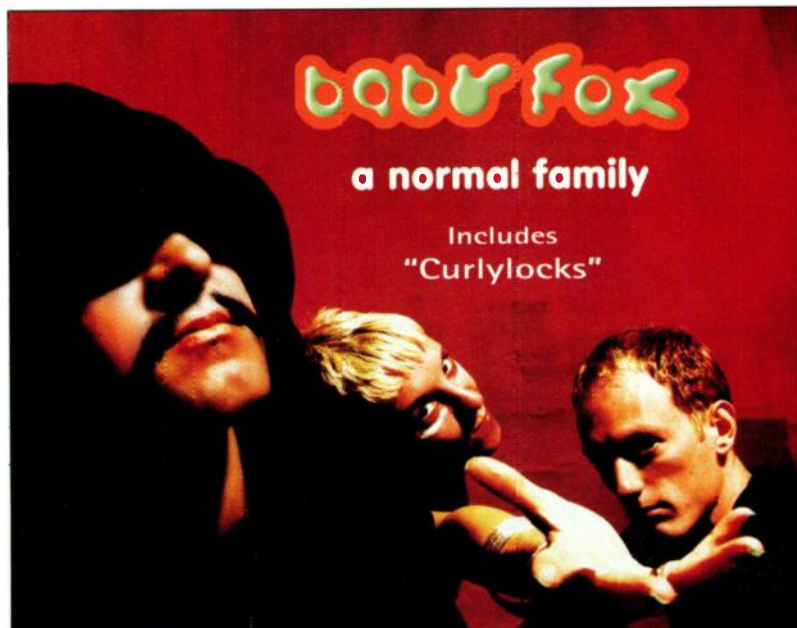
lyrics themselves. At around 30 minutes, *Infinity Plus* is uncharacteristically long for a Lois record, even though the slow songs still seem short, but like everything else she's done, it's not as long as you'd like it to be when you get to the end. *LIZ CLAYTON*



MARILYN MANSON / *Antichrist Superstar* / Nothing-Interscope

Maybe it was a general change in artistic execution. Maybe it was torture, sleep deprivation, and a recording experience so intense that frontman Mr. Manson reportedly saw his own death. Or maybe it was label head and electro-metal monarch Trent Reznor at the production helm. Whichever formula Marilyn Manson used to create the magnificent *Antichrist Superstar*, the band should consider sticking with it. It's such a conspicuously drastic improvement from the campy, "B" level horror-metal of previous efforts, it hardly sounds like the same men behind the make-up. Musically taking a big cue from the rock side of Nine Inch Nails (and little else), the Mansons take in all the angst, hellfire and damnation one band can ingest, then release it in a fierce scatological display of apocalyptic sound and fury. From the devious swing of "Beautiful People" through the seductive gloom of "Cryptochild" to the furious rant and rave of "1996," each track is punctuated by Manson's vocals, which communicate pain, passion, fear, hate and euphoria in one mighty, ear-piercing roar. It's an aural skull-fuck you'd never expect from a shock-metal entourage that previously had seemingly put its image before its instruments. *M. TYE COMER*

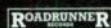
DATALOG: Released Oct. 8. First single "The Beautiful People."
FILE UNDER: Apocalyptic shock rock.
R.I.Y.L.: Nine Inch Nails, Alien Sex Fiend, Alice Cooper.

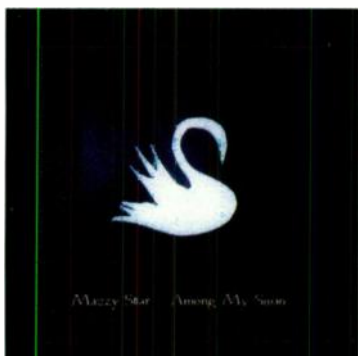


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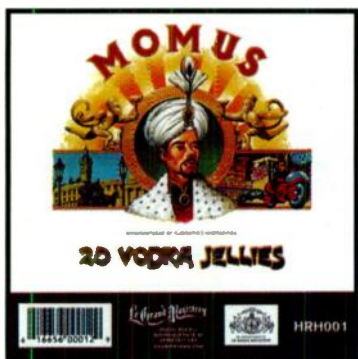
MAZZY STAR / Among My Swan / Capitol ●

It's fine that not everyone likes Mazzy Star; the band's sepulchral, echoey sound only starts to sound right at 3:00 in the morning anyway. They create such exquisite music that their lassitude is forgivable. What's not forgivable is how, in the past, they've buried their best songs ("Halah," "Fade Into You") on meandering, foggy albums. But *Among My Swan* is the first where they move beyond moodiness and toward real moods. Their third album could hardly be called upbeat—Mazzy is nothing if not languorous—but amid Hope Sandoval's wispy voice and David Roback's plinking guitars, there's a brightness trying to emerge. You hear it in the chimes that ring over "Disappear," and in Sandoval's wistful harmonica on "Flowers In December."

DATALOG: Released Oct. 29.
FILE UNDER: Monolithic but mitigated moodiness.
R.I.Y.L.: Palace, early Suzanne Vega, Cranes.

Whatever the reason, on *Among My Swan*, she and Roback sound more direct. "I've Been Let Down," a laggard country tune, isn't country the way the hymnlike "Fade Into You" was; it's folksy Americana that, if played faster, could be a raveup. Surely, Mazzy Star doesn't do raveups and never

will. But slow doesn't have to mean somber—the poignant finale, "Look On Down From the Bridge," almost caresses the listener with a hope for redemption; it's best heard while watching a sunrise. Imagine that: Sandoval and Roback, masters of distance, are meeting you halfway. **CHRIS MOLANPHY**



MOMUS / 20 Vodka Jellies / Le Grand Magistry ●

The English singer, songwriter and devastating wit Momus is one of the last proponents of the decadently romantic, intellectual aesthetic of Serge Gainsbourg and Jacques Brel; he has a cult following for his own records, and he's written overseas hits for other singers. It's some kind of crime that there's never been an album by him released in America before this one. Fortunately, *20 Vodka Jellies* is a splendid introduction: demos, B-sides and outtakes from the last six years of his career, essayed in most of his signature styles, from softly percolating synth-pop to fey acoustic guitar, with a fascinating detour for a few songs he wrote in a conscious attempt to "go grunge" (they're actually really good). In the space of 15 minutes, he does a hilariously robotic

DATALOG: Released Oct. 15.
FILE UNDER: Sly decadence.
R.I.Y.L.: Serge Gainsbourg, Elvis Costello, Pet Shop Boys.

song he wrote for a cosmetics commercial (which went Top 5 in Japan, sung by Kahimi Karie), namedrops Witold Gombrowicz and Stéphane Mallarmé, and covers the Buzzcocks' "Orgasm Addict" as trip-hop. Of the 20 songs here, maybe 12 stick immediately, and a few are irresistible:

"Vogue Bambini" (a Japanese girl dreams of getting pregnant), "London 1888" (which Momus notes "owes something to Mishima and the rest to Neil Tennant"), "Saved" (a ferociously sarcastic demo written for Butch Vig). It's an odds-and-ends collection that could pass for a greatest-hits. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

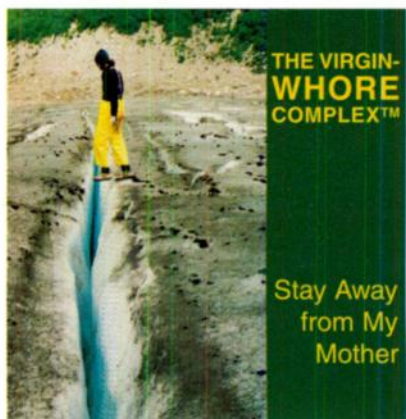
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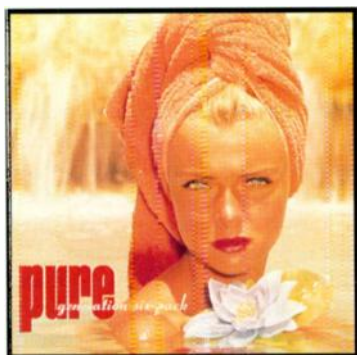
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PURE / Generation Six-Pack / Mammoth-Atlantic ●

Pure aims to capture the insects of life's everyday revelations in guitar-pop amber. The ingenuous handling of subjects both totally silly ("Nobody Knows I'm New Wave") and completely serious ("The Hammock" deals with the death of a close friend) is charming, and it makes the Vancouver quartet's debut record more memorable than its familiar-sounding punk-pop would be otherwise. *Generation Six-Pack* is dominated by crisp, catchy pop songs, and the band sticks to a reliable, well-worn formula that layers a big reverb-soaked guitar sound onto jam-out rhythms. What Pure lacks in inventiveness, however, it makes up in punch. "What It Is," "Denial" and "Anna" are perfect examples of the band's amazing hook-craftsmanship:

DATALOG: Released Oct. 1.

FILE UNDER: Big guitar punk-pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Smashing Pumpkins, Hum, Jawbreaker.

Their choruses are irresistible, and they'll stay lodged in your brain for days. But, truly, the less hooky numbers are the ones that most deserve a bit of your gray matter, so some of the grittier rockers here are the album's best moments. "Lilac" and "Monster" (both of which are deep

bows to the Smashing Pumpkins) offer a peak at the band's darker side ("Now you see/the monster lives inside of me"), and are evidence that even the best pop bands can't be happy all the time. *JENNY ELISCU*

RACHEL'S / The Sea And The Bells / Quarterstick-Touch And Go

This double album—which comes with a 56-page booklet of poetry, art and prose—is the third release in 18 months from the Chicago-based, classically-minded Rachel's (not a typo), who include Jason Noble from Rodan and have performed with members of Shellac and the Cocktails. After last winter's tribute to artist Egon Schiele, *The Sea And The Bells* finds the band employing 17 musicians, playing everything from a boatswain and musical saw to a rock 'n' roll drum kit. The album opens with the heavenly "Rhine & Courtesan," with Rachel Grimes' plaintive piano countering a lush string section that breaks down into an atmospheric middle section before rocking out again for a climatic conclusion. "The Sirens" is the most avant-

garde piece here; its noise gradually builds to a cacophony of screaming strings. "Cypress Branches" is almost ambient, with a quiet section sampling far-off geese for an eerie effect. The plaintive "Lloyd's Register" is the most expressive track among many here: Grimes' piano plays a

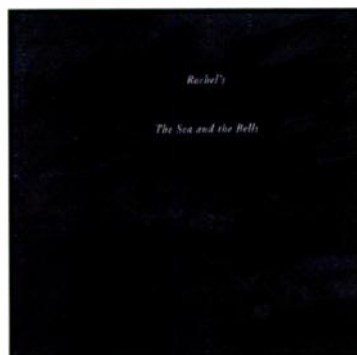
sad melody, and the large string section evokes more melancholy before concluding by counterpointing a marching beat with silence. Most of the time, though, the noise here is sadly beautiful. *TOM ROE*

RAILROAD JERK / The Third Rail / Matador

"I'm gonna pick myself up/Get up off the dirt/I'm gonna put on something nice/Like my best clean shirt," sings frontman Marcellus Hall. He could well be describing Railroad Jerk's transformation over the past few albums, from mud-crawlers on the seamy side of roots-rock colonized by fellow New Yorkers Pussy Galore, to sharp dressers schooled in the urban animal magnetism of PG's successor band, the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. On the heels of last year's excellent *One Track Mind*, they continue to strip down the rhythm section to rat-a-tat bursts of drumming and the simplest of bass lines; Hall, once again, is the center of attention. Songs like "Objectify Me" and the carefree "Another Nite At The Bar" testify to his ever-evolving Elvis

complex, as he whoops and drawls his way through these backhanded meditations on fame and personality, curling himself fetchingly around each syllable, yodeling like he was Chris Isaak or something. His exertions are matched by showy arrangements that set off every harmonica solo

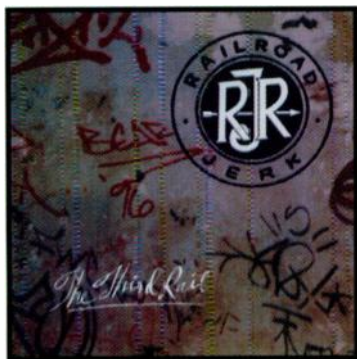
and vampy blast of organ. Fortunately, RRJ still knows how to cut up, as it does on the standout track "Natalie." The lyrics are goofy as hell ("Natalie" rhymes with "anatomy"), the band chimes in in falsetto, and the rhythm, for once, has room to stomp. It's a reminder that this durable combo is still keeping its options open. *ANDREA MOED*



DATALOG: Released Oct. 22.

FILE UNDER: Beautiful, rock-informed neoclassical music.

R.I.Y.L.: Tortoise, John Cale, Liszt.



DATALOG: Released Oct. 8.

FILE UNDER: Urban blues-rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Six Finger Satellite.

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ROSA MOTA / Bionic / 13th Hour-Mute ●

Rosa Mota was a Portuguese marathon runner who won the gold medal in the 1988 Olympic Games in Seoul. Rosa Mota, the band, runs through the same terrain of endurance, pain, and exhilaration from something that's clearly bad for you and that leaves you glorified, drained and malnourished. The subjects of their songs tend to fall down, smash against things, stick needles into their arms, and generally engage in pathologically dysfunctional relationships and plain old fucking up. The music is a similar kind of trashy and sloppy affair, nightmarish and contaminated pop, like a more visceral and desperate Versus, or Jonny Polonsky fronting a less ironic Pavement. Rosa Mota aims high, meaning to soar by sinking into the dark and dirty underneath, and indeed, at points, like "Victoria Falls," "Pigeon" and "La chienne est dans l'arbre," beauty emerges from the wreckage of their emotional miscarriages. But throughout much of *Bionic*, their bruises seem to cover no more than surface wounds, and their pain seems to carry no real depth or weight. There's a disappointing missing center where the heart of this chaotic and ambitious undertaking ought to have been. *MICHAL SAPIR*

DATALOG: Released Sep. 24.
FILE UNDER: Dirty, drugged out, and desperate art-rock.
R.I.Y.L.: Pavement, Pony, Grifters, Alice Donut.



VARIOUS ARTISTS / Safe And Sound / Big Rig-Mercury

It's been nearly two years since the infamous shootings at two women's health care clinics in Brookline, MA that took the lives of staff members Lee Ann Nichols and Shannon Lowney and injured five others. Immediately following that tragedy, and further motivated by the ever-present spectre of violence at health clinics nationwide, a fundraising project called Safe & Sound was developed to keep women's health clinics open and accessible throughout the United States. *Safe & Sound*, the album, is the latest effort toward that cause, with tracks donated by sixteen Boston area artists, including Morphine, Belly, DeluXX Folk Implosion and Letters To Cleo. Comprised of covers, b-sides, live takes and new tracks written specifically for the benefit album, *Safe & Sound* is not just a fundraising vehicle, but also a collection of rare gems from some of the most popular artists in alternative music. Many of the live takes here—including an anthemic new track by Buffalo Tom's Bill Janovitz ("Coming Down With Something") and a reckless version of "Navy Bean" by Tracy Bonham—come from nine benefit shows held in Boston immediately following the shootings. Other tracks you might have a hard time finding elsewhere include Juliana Hatfield's guitar-soaked "Waves" and Aimee Mann's pop-friendly "Driving With One Hand On The Wheel." *AARON CLOW*

DATALOG: Released Nov. 5.
FILE UNDER: Cause and affect.
R.I.Y.L.: Rock For Choice, Juliana Hatfield, Buffalo Tom



SATISFACT / The Unwanted Sounds Of Satisfact / Up ●

The curious existence and demise of new wave and goth rock is a consuming issue for many music fans, much in the way scientists ponder the extinction of the dinosaurs. Answers, at least to the first puzzle, seem to lie in Satisfact, a precocious group of youngsters who have mastered a sound that is utterly derivative of both genres, but also something all its own. Loud guitar, live drumming, and deep bass create a rock-solid foundation for Chad States' synthesizer, which alternately feeds the frenzy with electronic noise and calms it with the simplest of Casio melodies. Lead singer Matt Steinke is as grim and powerful a force as Peter Murphy or even Ian Curtis, giving a metallic and souless intonation to lyrics like, "Your function/Is dysfunction," then switching seamlessly to more human tones for emotive choruses. Satisfact would be at peace among the British Factory bands of a decade and a half ago, or perhaps as part of the more obscure German New Wave. But the band, formed a year ago in Olympia, Washington with members of Modest Mouse and Mocket, has none of those ties. Satisfact's existence is simultaneously confusing and wondrous, and the title of *The Unwanted Sounds* couldn't be further from the truth. *MEGAN MCCARTHY*

DATALOG: Released Sep. 10.
FILE UNDER: New-wave missing link.
R.I.Y.L.: Joy Division, Kraftwerk, Gary Numan.

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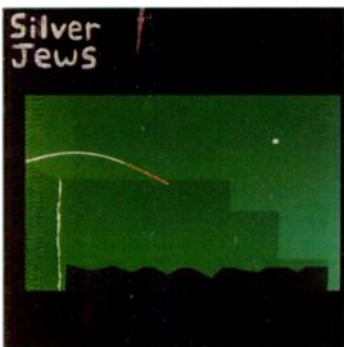
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World Radio History

SILVER JEWS / *The Natural Bridge* / Drag City



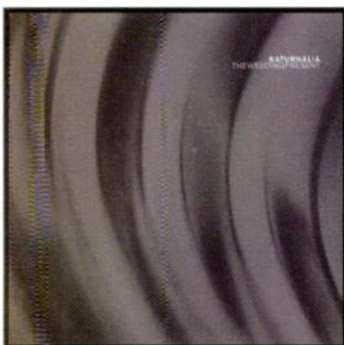
DATALOG: Released Oct. 1.
FILE UNDER: Hometown lounge.
R.I.Y.L.: American Music Club, Pavement, Leonard Cohen.

Listening to *The Natural Bridge* is like driving across an empty desert landscape with no idea where you are going, when you see a hitchhiker up ahead, pull over and pick him up. He proceeds to tell you, in no particular order, all he has seen, all he hopes to see, everything except where he is going. Eventually, his endless stream of recollections and observations become the only means of orientation you have, so that even if you reached the end of the highway, you wouldn't notice until you plowed into the sand. What exactly is the attraction of these strangely tuneless tunes with no verses or choruses, sung with amiable forthrightness by principal Jew David Berman? What makes the band's restless wash of strumming and cymbal-tickling listenable?

Most likely, the album gets over on a perverse fascination with what Berman's meandering mind will light on next. It could be a bar where a robot orders a drink, a rain of triple sec in Tchula, a benchwarmer who can't get a ride after the game, "fake I.D.'s, honeybees, the jagged skyline of car keys."

There are sidewise jokes: "Census figures come out wrong, there's an extra in our midst." By the record's end, Berman's imaginative reach is undeniable, though it may have left you too bleary to care. **ANDREA MOED**

WEDDING PRESENT / *Saturnalia* / Cooking Vinyl

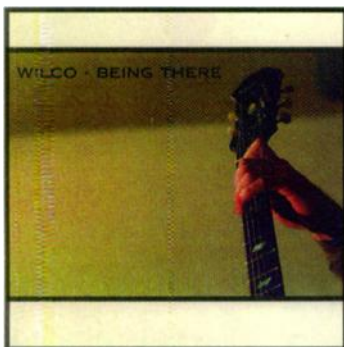


DATALOG: Released Oct. 8.
FILE UNDER: Kings of heartfelt rock.
R.I.Y.L.: Billy Bragg, Butterglory, the Chills.

For more than a decade, Britain's Wedding Present has graced the world with album upon album of carefully constructed love songs, roughly once a year. The band's readily identifiable sound involves thundering guitars and bittersweet lyrics, sung with cockneyed sharpness by David Gedge. On *Saturnalia*, the band has stripped away much of this monster pop, opting instead for a simpler and gentler approach. The guitars are in retreat, ceding to vocal interplay with Gedge's edgy lyrics soothed by a female backing vocalist. Sounding more and more like a defanged Billy Bragg, Gedge's voice is overbearing but not antagonizing, always fraught with plaintive emotion. Meanwhile, the pleasantly repetitive choruses mark each track on *Saturnalia* as distinct and memorable, with melodies that linger long after the song has ended. Each track is a slightly different package: the sweetly cloying sing-song of "Real Thing," the teary earnestness of "Montreal," and the energetic "Snake Eyes," where Gedge lets loose his

marvelous falsetto. Never completely abandoned, the guitars have their say in the opener, "Venus," a stormer in the classic Wedding Present fashion. Without a dull moment, *Saturnalia* continues one of the longest winning streaks in British pop. **MEGAN MCCARTHY**

WILCO / *Being There* / Reprise ●



DATALOG: Released Oct. 29.
FILE UNDER: Roots rock.
R.I.Y.L.: Exile-era Rolling Stones, Flying Burrito Brothers, Uncle Tupelo.

Behold Wilco's latest effort, the most lovingly crafted and willfully unoriginal record you'll likely hear all year. True to founder Jeff Tweedy's history in the roots revival combo Uncle Tupelo, Wilco has produced an expansive homage to that mystic moment at the turn of the '70s when country plus blues plus drug-added frenzy became "trad-rock." The Stones are the obvious touchpoint on *Being There* (a double album, just like *Exile On Main Street*). Seized by the spirits of Mick and Keith, the band attempts the quick rave-up "Monday" and the extended tonk-honker "Dreamer In My Dreams" in a style that can only be called "balls-out." Thing is, Wilco doesn't get over on hooks and charisma like the Stones; it approaches the genre as technicians, with a seeming army of instruments and production values that define each boom and twang and make it sound perfect. The band comes into its own on the prettier second disc, on which exquisite guitar-banjo-fiddle-piano-etc. arrangements pull roots-rock in every direction,

from sentimental ballads to Nashville pop to funk. In the end, Wilco manages to gather up much of what was great about this period in American rock, and interpret it in a way that makes you glad the band bothered. **ANDREA MOED**

In a world too cool...
they stood alone.

WE ARE...

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Pinney/Chapman WE ARE YATSURA starring YATSURA
featuring "Kewpies Like Watercolor" "Plastic Ashtray" "Siamese"
orchestrated by YATSURA directed by YATSURA released through ADA

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TOP 75

[Alternative Radio Airplay]

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1 SEBADOH	Harmacy	Sub Pop
2 ARCHERS OF LOAF	All The Nations Airports	Elektra-EEG
3 BUTTER 08	Butter	Grand Royal
4 CARDIGANS	First Band On The Moon	Mercury
5 LES CLAYPOOL AND THE HOLY MACKEREL	Highball With The Devil	Interscope
6 R.E.M.	New Adventures In Hi-Fi	Warner Bros.
7 DESCENDENTS	Everything Sucks	Epitaph
8 SMOG	The Doctor Came At Dawn	Drag City
9 SOUL COUGHING	Irresistible Bliss	Slash-WB
10 SOCIAL DISTORTION	White Light White Heat White Trash	550-Epic
11 THROWING MUSES	Limbo	Throwing Music-Rykodisc
12 WEDDING PRESENT	Saturnalia	Cooking Vinyl America
13 SUBLIME	Sublime	Gasoline Alley-MCA
14 VERSUS	Secret Swingers	Caroline
15 SPEEDBALL BABY	Cinéma	Fort Apache-MCA
16 CATHERINE WHEEL	Like Cats And Dogs	Fontana-Mercury
17 BUFFALO DAUGHTER	Captain Vapour Athletes	Grand Royal
18 BECK	Odelay	DGC
19 SOUNDTRACK	Trainspotting	Capitol
20 SUZANNE VEGA	Nine Objects Of Desire	A&M
21 CAT POWER	What Would The Community Think	Matador
22 QUEERS	Don't Back Down	Lookout!
23 NEW BOMB TURKS	Scared Straight	Epitaph
24 RASPUTINA	Thanks For The Ether	Columbia
25 DIRTY THREE	Horse Stories	Touch And Go
26 NERDY GIRL	Twist Her	No Life
27 RED AUNTS	Saltbox	Epitaph
28 LUSCIOUS JACKSON	Fever In Fever Out	Grand Royal-Capitol
29 CONNELLS	Weird Food & Devastation	TVT
30 LISA GERMANO	Excerpts From A Love Circus	4AD
31 CAKE	Fashion Nugget	Capricorn-Mercury
32 THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS	Factory Showroom	Elektra-EEG
33 EELS	Beautiful Freak	DreamWorks-Geffen
34 VARIOUS ARTISTS	Jabberjaw: Pure Sweet Hell	Mammoth
35 LOW	The Curtain Hits The Cast	Vernon Yard-Caroline
36 FACE TO FACE	Face To Face	A&M
37 HOME	Elf:Gulf Bore Waltz	Jetset-Big Cat
38 CATHERINE	Hot Saki & Bedtime Stories	TVT
39 JOHN PARISH AND POLLY JEAN HARVEY	Dance Hall At Louse Point	Island
40 BILLY BRAGG	William Bloke	Elektra-EEG
41 REVEREND HORTON HEAT	It's Martini Time	Interscope
42 ROBERT POLLARD	Not In My Airforce	Matador
43 OLIVIA TREMOR CONTROL	Dusk At Cubist Castle	Flydaddy
44 YATSURA	We Are Yatsura	Che-Primary
45 SOUNDTRACK	The Crow: City Of Angels	Miramax-Hollywood
46 GUV'NER	The Hunt	Merge
47 ROBYN HITCHCOCK	Moss Elixir	Warner Bros.
48 BOREDOMS	Super Roots 6	Reprise
49 TOOL	Ænima	Zoo
50 ROOTS	Illadelph Halflife	DGC
51 NEARLY GOD	Nearly God	Durban Poison-Island
52 BARRY ADAMSON	Oedipus Schmoedipus	Mute
53 SIX FINGER SATELLITE	Paranormalized	Sub Pop
54 WEEZER	Pinkerton	DGC
55 SATISFACT	The Unwanted Sounds Of	Up
56 GO SAILOR	Go Sailor	Lookout!
57 LILYS	Better Can't Make Your Life Better	Che-Primary
58 PEARL JAM	No Code	Epic
59 PIG	Sinsation	Nothing-Interscope
60 MOUNTAIN GOATS	Nothing For Juice	Ajax
61 JESSAMINE	The Long Arm Of Coincidence	Kranky
62 CUB	Box Of Hair	Mint-Lookout!
63 ORANGE 9MM	Tragic	Atlantic
64 KOMEDA	The Genius Of Komeda	Minty Fresh
65 SLEEPER	The It Girl	Arista
66 NERF HERDER	Nerf Herder	My
67 EAST RIVER PIPE	Mel	Merge
68 SAM PHILLIPS	Omnipop	Virgin
69 BRENDAN BENSON	One Mississippi	Virgin
70 GORKY'S ZYGOTIC MYNCI	Introducing Gorky's Zygotic Mynçi	Mercury
71 JONATHAN RICHMAN	Surrender To Jonathan	Vapor-Reprise
72 FIONA APPLE	Tidal	Clean Slate-WORK
73 THE URGE	Receiving The Gift Of Flavor	Neat Guy Immortal-Epic
74 VARIOUS ARTISTS	Germ's (tribute): A Small Circle Of Friends	Grass
75 REEL BIG FISH	Turn The Radio Off	Mojo

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.



[by James Lien]

flashback

BOX SET ROUNDUP

EMMYLOU HARRIS

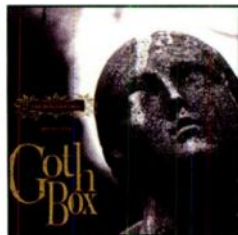
Portraits

Reprise Archives

Box sets can be like badges of honor, or Nobel Prizes: they confer due respect and class to those represented. These days, with Alison Krauss selling millions of albums and Gillian Welch and Iris Dement making headlines, it's fitting that there's a box set for alternative country singer Emmylou Harris. When you listen to this lovely four-CD set of her work, you'll realize she's nothing less than the godmother of roots music as we know it. From her duets with Gram Parsons to her countryish '70s albums to her more mood-drenched recent work, the main constant has always been the quality of her vocals: though the production style and sound have changed over the years, her voice remains a quintessential instrument for expressing emotion in a song. Long before there was a "year of the woman" in pop music, Emmylou Harris carved a path for herself that others will long follow. Lovingly prepared and tastefully presented, this box set will sit on the shelf and make you happy just to see it out of the corner of your eye. If you already know her music, it will be a joy. If you don't know her work but have heard her name bandied about an awful lot lately, check this out. It's worth it.

Long-awaited, much-anticipated, over three years in the compiling, the **Sun Ra** singles box set has finally arrived. Throughout Ra's early career, he released scores of singles in miniscule print runs (sometimes as low as 50 copies!) on his own El Saturn label, selling them only at Arkestra gigs or through a handful of stores. Today, it would be nearly impossible for any one person to piece together a complete run, but thanks to Evidence Records (which has also reissued almost a dozen other Sun Ra albums), now we can hear it all. It's incredible stuff, and not strictly jazz—it's heaps of crazy, sexy R&B, minute-long boogie-woogie piano haikus, and interstellar doo wop. The real roots of Funkadelic.

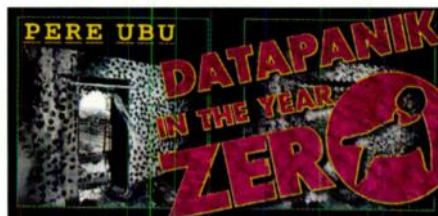
Back In Black Dept.: Cleopatra Records has just released a neat multi-artist 4-CD set entitled simply *The Goth Box*. Beginning with the Bauhaus B-side "Boys," it pretty much covers the whole gamut right up to what's happening in the genre now. In other genre box news, Rhino's *Supernatural Fairy Tales: The Progressive Rock Era* is not quite the celebration of bloated classical pomp and circumstance we expected. True, it is five very long and lavish CDs, but the presence of Can, Atomic Rooster, Aphrodite's Child and other edgier groups shows that progressive music wasn't all just people singing about Bilbo and



Frodo over 6/11 time signatures and pseudo-classical noodling. Not an essential purchase for yourself, but the ideal holiday gift for the dad or older sibling who you suspect may have been a prog-head back in his college days.

Galaxie 500 was more than just the precursor to today's Luna. The band had something that Luna will never have—it had absolutely no self-consciousness about its sound, resulting in three albums' worth of beautifully naive and uninhibited dream-rock. Consequently, the best moments on the 4-CD box set of Galaxie's collected works (Rykodisc) come when poor Dean Wareham warbles his melancholy heart out over a gently strummed chord, while rhythm section Damon Krukowski and Naomi Yang throb away behind him. The box collects their three woefully-out-of-print-until-now albums, along with a fourth disc of rarities, outtakes and miscellany. Buy it all at once and you'll be set for every rainy day for the rest of your life.

The mighty Pere Ubu was one of those bands that was considered weird at the time it came out, but if you listen to its records now, everything the band did sounds uncannily fresh and current. If somebody



made this stuff up today, it wouldn't seem the least bit out of the zeitgeist. *Datapanik In The Year Zero* is a five-CD box set collecting their first five albums and early singles, with another disc of more than an hour's worth of live recordings, and another whole disc of Ubu-related tracks culled from various solo outings, inspirations from the Cleveland scene, pre- and post-Ubu projects and the like. Personally, I find bands who hang around for years and years with tremendous and highly organized archives of unreleased material to be a little boring, but there's no denying the seminal influence of this band's early albums.

RIFFS

Before you dismiss **Danzig's** *Blackacidevil* (Hollywood) as pretentious, whiny, corporate goth-rock, give it a chance. As the first screech came blaring out from the speakers, I immediately popped the tape back out to make sure that I was indeed listening to Danzig. Sure was! Glenn and co. have completely revamped their previously doomy, gothic sound to include industrial rhythms, techno explosions, tribal grinds and blues-based riffs. Now, don't get your panties all in a bunch: Danzig is not jumping on the industrial bandwagon, the band does not sound one bit like Nine Inch Nails or Marilyn Manson, and Danzig's new sound is anything but trendy. It's chaotic, aggressive and experimental. Alice In Chains' guitarist Jerry Cantrell also appears on three tunes... Speaking of Danzig, after **Prong** was booted from the Epic Records roster, lead vocalist Tommy Victor joined Danzig as touring guitarist for the band while they opened for Ozzy Osbourne on the Ozzfest tour, which ran throughout the month of October... If you didn't catch Jacksonville, Florida's hottest new export, **Limp Bizkit** (Flip Records), opening the show on the first leg of Korn's national tour, you missed



one hell of an amazing band! Produced by Ross Robinson (Korn, Sepultura), the band's debut album, *Three Dollar Bill, Yall\$*, will hit the streets at the beginning of '97. With its mix of funky bass lines, tinges of jazzy percussion, hip grooves and massive riffs, Limp Bizkit's sound has more bite than a pissed-off pitbull. Keep your eyes on this puppy... To celebrate the reunion of frontman/guitarist Blackie

Lawless and original axeman Chris Holmes, Castle and St. Clair Records are remastering and reissuing the entire **W.A.S.P.** catalogue for release early next year. Brand new W.A.S.P. material will hit the streets sometime in March... **Bathory** mastermind Quorthon is currently working on new material for the follow-up to the band's *Blood On Ice*, in addition to his own Quorthon sophomore release, at Heavenshore Studios in Sweden. Expect to see these new releases in early '97. Stay Metal!

METAL TOP 25

- 1 TYPE O NEGATIVE October Rust *Roadrunner*
- 2 OVERDOSE Sears *Fierce-FLG*
- 3 DOWNSET. do we speak a dead language? *Mercury*
- 4 ORANGE 9MM Traagic *Atlantic*
- 5 GODFLESH Songs Of Love And Hate *Earache*
- 6 KORN "No Place To Hide" (5") *Immortal-Epic*
- 7 TOOL Aenima *Zoo*
- 8 MERCYFUL FATE Into The Unknown *Metal Blade*
- 9 MARILYN MANSON Antichrist Superstar *Nothing-Interscope*
- 10 SAMAEI Passage *Century Media*
- 11 KING DIAMOND The Graveyard *Metal Blade*
- 12 WHITE ZOMBIE Supersexy Swingin' Sounds *Geffen*
- 13 PRO-PAIN Contents Under Pressure *Energy*
- 14 MOONSPELL Irreligious *Century Media*
- 15 MELVINS Stag *Mammoth-Atlantic*
- 16 VARIOUS ARTISTS California Takeover...Live *Victory*
- 17 BIOHAZARD Mata Leao *Warner Bros.*
- 18 MOLLY MCGUIRE Lane *Hitt!-Epic*
- 19 DANZIG The 7th House (EP) *Hollywood*
- 20 SOUNDTRACK The Crow, City Of Angels *Miramax-Hollywood*
- 21 PIST-ON Number One *Fierce-FLG*
- 22 CANNIBAL CORPSE Vile *Metal Blade*
- 23 KMFDM Xtort *Wax Trax!-TVT*
- 24 IRON MAIDEN Virus *Castle*
- 25 SLAYER Undisputed Attitude *American*

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



KORN

Life Is Peachy

Immortal-Epic

Just when everyone thought that Korn couldn't possibly top its self-titled 1994 debut—which, by the way, has remained on Billboard's Top 200 chart for over a year—the crazed, funky five-piece from Huntington Beach, CA, crashes down with yet another musical masterpiece. One of the coolest things about the band's instantly recognizable sound is its total originality. Absolutely *no one* sounds like Korn. Jonathan Davis' rough, spastic howls slither and scrape around the band's expansive crunches, chugging riffs, bizarre arrangements and frantic tempo shifts. On "Cunt," a stream of insults that would make Andrew Dice Clay blush, Davis hisses and contorts his voice through the band's grinding melee. The instantly infectious chanted chorus of "A.D.I.D.A.S." reveals the supposed meaning of the old acronym; the haunting "Mr. Rogers" tells the story of a "fictitious" television personality who turns out to be a child molester. The Deftones' Chino Moreno makes a vocal appearance on the hip-hop-inflected groove of "Wicked," and Korn guitarist Brian croons out the band's wild version of War's "Low Rider," while Jonathan etches out the song's main groove with his bagpipes. Too cool. Once again, Korn has managed to create a new standard for heavy music.

HISS & CRACKLE



THIRD EYE FOUNDATION

"Universal Cooler"

Planet (UK)

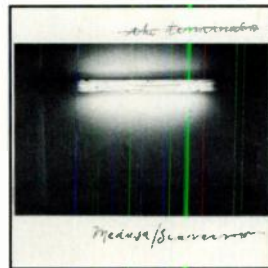
If you think the Singles column is starting to look more and more like a dance column, you're right—for some reason the vinyl rock demimonde has been picking up on the possibilities of electronics, rhythm and dub lately. On the bizarre "Universal Cooler" single, Bristol, England's mysterious Third Eye Foundation—either some kind of Flying Saucer Attack offshoot or nothing of the kind, depending on whom you ask—takes its drone-pop/nouveau-electronica hybrid to an extreme in both directions. The track is built on a few string passages from what sounds like an old easy-listening record taken apart and reconstructed into a new, creepy sequence. For the first half of the record, a single line from a Wu-Tang Clan record repeats about a million times over it; then the beat suddenly becomes quadruple-time, and we get a spattering jungle rhythm along with the strings for a few minutes until it goes back to the original muted plod. "I'm Not Getting In A Car With You," on the other side, is a less rhythmic but even more disturbing collage: bits of "safe" music turned into a sickly sound-paste, flashes of somebody talking about electrocution, and beats overheard from far away.

The Tortoise 12-inch remix parade marches on, with the latest installment (Thrill Jockey) being a splendid Spring Heel Jack mix on one side and a more scattered, layered Jim O'Rourke mix on the other. SHJ's "Galapagos 1" is a knee-to-the-groin drum-and-bass take on Tortoise's "Glass Museum"; play it at 33 RPM for a listening experience so different it's hard to believe it's the same record. O'Rourke's "Reference Resistance Gate" is a peculiar deconstruction of jungle, with multiple super-fast breakbeats dropping into and out of the mix so fast they don't seem to establish any particular rhythm, and a droning, double-stopped violin making some surreptitious appearances.

Tortoise's New York kindred spirit Ui is doing the 12-inch remix thing too: its groove-centered instrumentals and habit of hiding interesting things in the background of its mixes give its music lots of possibilities for studio reinvention. "Dropplike" (Southern) is a long, long, reverberating tunnel through some Ui track or other, reconstructed by D (also known as Darren from the fine British label Soul Static Sound) with what sounds like a sample from Tony Burrello's Dr. Demento classic "The Sound Of Worms." The other side has "Liquid Leg," another D mix, and a version of "Slow Learner" remixed by up-and-comers Ganger, a dub/improv crew with ties to the hot-new-thing punk band Bis.



The Tower Recordings' *Contact Low: Definition* EP (Audible Hiss) is another step in the evolution of a very promising band. It's not that they're great yet—they're not—but every record they make is so unlike the previous one, and so pregnant with possibilities, that the process of their growth is worth hearing. "Livingston 5 Pathogen" is the most song-like thing here, a willowy acoustic murmur garnished with flute and tape hiss; the detuned "Coop Queen Program" recalls the opening incantation of John Coltrane's *Om*. On the second side, the band reaches deeper into its bag of unidentifiable acoustic instruments and things that sound like chaos but are secretly ordered.



The Terminals are the nearest thing that New Zealand has to Joy Division: a band that makes pop songs, but taps into a very deep well of darkness. "Medusa" (Roof Bolt) is mostly propelled by a Joy Div-esque tom-tom pulse, a strangled howl of a cello solo, and a guitar part that's more coughing, static sounds than actual chords. On the other side, "Scarecrow" is a queasy moan with horror-show keyboards and a muffled riff—the band knows that monsters are even scarier when they're on the other side of a wall.

Atlanta's Flap plays as both a rock trio and as an acoustic duo, and the (much more interesting) latter incarnation has just released a terrific single, "Smash And Grab World" (Fat Boy). It's two high-speed acoustic guitars, using the techniques of the great bluegrass players in the service of some pretty far-out non-country stuff. Aside from a single spoken line towards the beginning of the A-side, it's entirely instrumental, but it's meaty and thought-provoking enough that you'll be sure you heard some words in there somewhere.

BACK INTO THE ECHO CHAMBER

The full range of dub's return to the center of dance music can be felt in every muscle upon hearing the ambitious *Mysteries Of Creation* (Axiom-Island), a 14-track selection of new dub's most surreal sound engineers, pushing basslines so deep into the reverb chamber, all that remains is their shadow. Assembled under the tutelage of longtime New York orchestrator Bill Laswell, *Mysteries Of Creation* opens up the studio to the likes of DJ Spooky, Mad Professor, Dub Syndicate, The Orb, Sly & Robbie, and Sub Dub. The extraordinary sonic and rhythmic eccentricities here make this the most compelling new dub record of the year... The electro-funk revival is now well under way. Within that field, there are those artists content to sample the past and call it the present, and then there are groups like **Aux 88**, who've gone against the grain of electro and fashioned an altogether new music. The debut long player by this Detroit team is a record Afrika Bambaataa, Roger Troutman, Juan Atkins and Derrick May would be proud of. *Is It Man Or Machine?* (Direct Beat) is a analogue travelogue through the embattled city of Detroit, filled with unexpected encounters, sudden reversals and nearly unbearable suspense. The bottom-heavy 808 bass strikes are shot through with chirping synth chords and looming strings. The straight-ahead dancefloor slammers such as "I Need To Freak" have an anxious momentum and a hint of hesitancy amidst all the injunctions to indulge at any cost. Over 19 tracks, Aux 88 retools electro's elements to an almost surreal extent... The worlds of experimental hip-hop and electronic dance music are becoming indistinguishable. Solid proof of that hybrid movement can be found in *Pure Abstrakt* (Shadow), a collection that removes the "lite" connotations associated with "trip-hop," replacing them with full-on head-nodding hip-hop break beats, overmodulated like you know they have to be. Otropic T(h)ree's "Time To Get It On" is but one of the gems here.



DANCE TOP 25

- 1 **ELECTRIC SKYCHURCH** Together *Moonshine*
- 2 **L.T.J. BUKEM** Logical Progression *Jfrr-London*
- 3 **VARIOUS ARTISTS** Frosty *Waveform*
- 4 **ORB** Auntie Aubrey's Excursions Beyond The Call Of Duty *Deviant (UK)*
- 5 **SCORN** Logghi Barogghi *Scorn-Earache*
- 6 **VARIOUS ARTISTS** Werks Like A Twelve Inch *Astralwerks-Caroline*
- 7 **ORBITAL** In Sides *Jfrr-London*
- 8 **FUTURE LOOP FOUNDATION** Time And Bass *Planet Dog-Mammoth*
- 9 **FREAKY CHAKRA VS. SINGLE CELL ORCHESTRA** *Astralwerks-Caroline*
- 10 **MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO** Subliminal Sandwich *Nothing-Interscope*
- 11 **VARIOUS ARTISTS** Digitized *Logic*
- 12 **JOHNNY VIOLENT** Shocker *Earache*
- 13 **SPAHN RANCH** In Parts Assembled Solely *Cleopatra*
- 14 **SPEEDY J** G Spot *Plus 8-Virgin (Canada)*
- 15 **VARIOUS ARTISTS** Pacific Rhythm: The First Wave *Harthouse-Eye Q*
- 16 **16 VOLT** Letdownrush *Re-Constriction-Cargo*
- 17 **VARIOUS ARTISTS** Operation Beatbox *Re-Constriction-Cargo*
- 18 **GOLDIE** Inner City Life: The Remixes *Jfrr-London*
- 19 **HARDFLOOR** Home Run *Harthouse-Eye Q*
- 20 **SCAR TISSUE** Separator *21st Circuitry*
- 21 **ALEX REUCE** So Far *Quango-Island*
- 22 **VARIOUS ARTISTS** Harthouse 100 *Harthouse-Eye Q*
- 23 **VARIOUS ARTISTS** Cup Of Tea Compilation *Quango-Island*
- 24 **PIG** Sinsation *Nothing-Interscope*
- 25 **HOWIE B.** Music For Babies *Island Independent*

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



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Source Lab 2

Gyroscope-Caroline

The Parisian jazz breaks/instrumental hip-hop underground has been growing at an exponential rate over the past two years, as an increasing number of young producers challenge the dominance of Britain and the U.S. in the slo-mo headz department. Historically, it's not at all surprising that strong jazz traces run through the Parisian sound. In the late 1950s, Paris's famed Left Bank was populated by black American expatriates, many of them jazz musicians. The city's reputation as a refuge for black artists has had a powerful spectral effect on the musical production that has since emanated from Paris. Enter the likes of MC Solaar, DJ Cam, DJ Vadim and the Yellow Productions posse: musicians who've put Paris on the map in no uncertain terms. The second stellar collection from the Source Lab organization speaks to the astonishing diversity of the music emerging from Paris right now. Jazz is everywhere in these 12 tracks, from the muted, flanged organ chords on Daft Punk's exquisite "Musique" to the tickling, buried sax on "Man + Woman = Infinity" by Dimitri From Paris. The jazz-inflected drum and bass movement has left its imprint here in the form of Zend Avesta's barrelling "Free Jah." It's a genuinely exciting exploration of a scene nowhere near its peak.



JERU THE DAMAJA

Wrath Of The Math

Payday/ffrr-ILS

Mr. Ignorance, the same one immortalized on "You Can't Stop The Prophet" from Jeru The Damaja's debut album, is in the crosshairs once again on *Wrath Of The Math*. On this sequel to *The Sun Rises In The East*, Jeru is packing even more lethal levels of confidence and venom than he did his first time around, and the songs on this awesome sophomore release reflect that in one sonic firestorm after another. *Wrath* sounds like a heap of twisted, rusty metal, bearing sharp, pointed lyrical edges as well as weighty, yet crafty, beats (courtesy of DJ Premier). Jeru battles the current bland state of hip-hop, as he expertly addresses its lack of individuality and creativity ("Whatever") and, especially on "One Day," gets so brutally honest that certain record label moguls are rumored to be angered and insulted. To Jeru's credit, it's always been his candid, heavily-enunciated rhyme style that has attracted listeners. His audacity on the mic isn't just loaded with cheap shots and false accusations: as you'll hear on "The Frustrated Nigga," "Tha Bullshit" and "Not The Average," Jeru simply chooses to call it as he sees it.

In the late '80s, way back when conscious hip-hop was the style du jour, Trenton, New Jersey's **Poor Righteous Teachers** were among the leaders of the school. Aside from attempting to raise the collective consciousness of the black community, the three members of PRT (especially Wise Intelligent) have always possessed real rhyming skills, making precision wordplay out of every denunciation of Whitey. After a long hiatus, the group is back on *New World Order* (Profile) with a sound and attitude that sounds straight outta 1989, and unfortunately, they keep sweeping accusations, stereotypes and falsehoods high on their list. The record opens with "Who Shot Pres.," which is nothing more than a sound bite of George Bush (slight clarification: he's *not* the president) followed by a gunshot—a strategy that has lost its dramatic edge over time. On "Miss Ghetto" Wise oversimplifies the crack epidemic by pointing a finger at "Whitey," while the group also sneaks in a racial stereotype (targeting Hispanics) on "New World News." When PRT aren't insulting your race or intelligence, they're actually quite good. Guests like The Fugees ("Allies"), Nine, Miss Jones and KRS-One help spice up a handful of tracks, while you'll need to separate fact from opinion to appreciate most of the rest... In the world of mackin', pimpin' and playa hatin', Vallejo, California's **E-40** is the mack daddy (read: the finest). After debuting with the brilliant *Mailman* EP, he's been releasing a steady stream of super-slick, high-bounce-factor records that showcase his uncommon, slippery-quick rhyme style (nobody says "bee-ahh-ch" better) and live, searing production. His latest release, *The Hall Of Game* (Sick Wid' It-Jive) keeps E-40 clearly separate from the flood of rap clichés and label-created "gangsters." Check "Rapper's Ball" (featuring Too Short), "Million Dollar Spot" (featuring the late 2Pac) and "Growing Up," on which his rhymes fly at a blinding rate, for evidence, and then dig out the purple jumpsuit, platform shoes and wide-brim hat and do your finest Iceberg Slim. Word out.



HIP-HOP TOP 25

- 1 **ROOTS** "Illadelph Hellfire" *DGC*
- 2 **A TRIBE CALLED QUEST** "Beats, Rhymes And Life" *Jive*
- 3 **JERU THE DAMAJA** "Ya Playin' Yaself" (12") *Payday/ffrr-London*
- 4 **OUTKAST** "Alike" *LaFace-Arista*
- 5 **DE LA SOUL** "Stakes Is High" *Tommy Boy*
- 6 **COMMON** "The Bush In You" (12") *Relativity*
- 7 **BUSH BABEES** "The Love Song" (12") *Warner Bros.*
- 8 **GHOSTFACE KILLER** "Daytona 500" (12") *Razor Sharp-Epic*
- 9 **NAS** "It Was Written" *Columbia-CRG*
- 10 **ROYAL FLUSH** "Worldwide" (12") *Blunt-TVT*
- 11 **JAY-Z** "Reasonable Doubt" *Roc-A-Fella/Freeze-Priority*
- 12 **KEITH MURRAY** "The Rhyme" (12") *Jive*
- 13 **GROUP THERAPY** "East Coast West Coast Killas" (12") *Aftermath-Interscope*
- 14 **ORIGINOO GUNN CLAPPAZ** "No Fear"/"Da Storm" (12") *Duck Down-Priority*
- 15 **SOUNDTRACK** "High School High" *Big Beat-Atlantic*
- 16 **CAPONE N' NOREAGA** "Illegal Life"/"Stuck You" (12") *Penalty*
- 17 **CHUCK D** "No" (12") *Mercury*
- 18 **BLACKSTREET** "Another Level" *Interscope*
- 19 **RAS KASS** "Soul On Ice" *PatchWerk-Priority*
- 20 **SADAT X** "Wild Cowboys" *Loud-RCA*
- 21 **LOST BOYZ** "Legal Drug Money" *Universal*
- 22 **XZIBIT** "At The Speed Of Life" *Loud-RCA*
- 23 **M.O.P.** "Stuck To Ya Gunz" (12") *Relativity*
- 24 **HELTAH SKELTAH** "Nocturnal" *Duck Down-Priority*
- 25 **BIZ MARKII** "Studda Steez" (12") *Cold Chillin'-Epic Street*

Compiled from the CMJ New Music Weekly chart. This chart, with input from CMJ's panel of progressive radio reporters.



FLICKS

▶ **BREATHING ROOM**

(Strand Releasing)

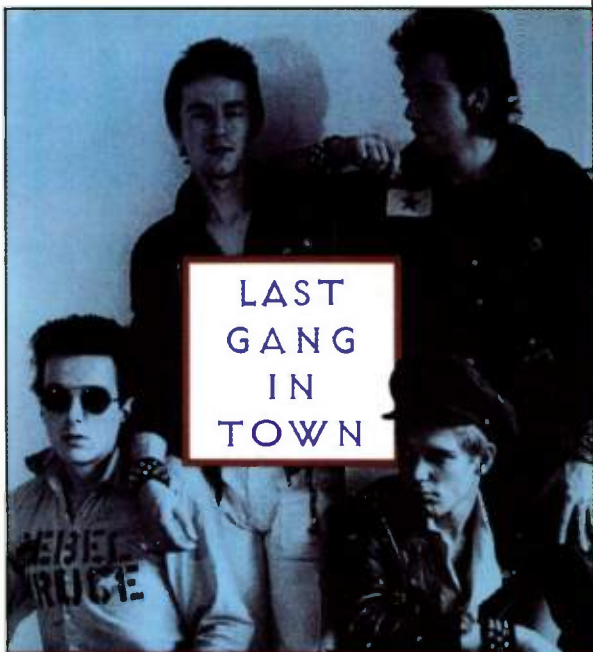
New York at Christmastime has always been a romantic film setting, and that's where first-time director Jon Sherman sets *Breathing Room*. Sherman's realistic story finds a couple at the crossroads after a year together. Much to illustrator Kathy's (Susan Floyd) dismay, her part-time teaching beau David (Dan Futterman)—who has a difficult time saying the L word—tries to get a job at a school in Vietnam. So as they're about to be separated for a year, they decide a few weeks apart might bring them together. Between the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays, they spend time apart and experiment with other relationships, in search of the truth about their bonds. And by the time Santa delivers the goods, Kathy and David are a bit more clear-headed about their romance. Sherman tells the story without Hollywood sap, with a realistic script and lush lens-work (*Nadja* cinematographer Jim Denault's streetwise style is employed here). New York's snowiest winter ever and the score by Television guitarist Tom Verlaine and Pere Ubu bassist Tony Maimone give the romantic screen action some dramatic background. **TOM ROE**

READS

▶ **LAST GANG IN TOWN**

by Marcus Gray (Henry Holt & Co.)

It's hard not to be wary of a Clash biographer who never interviewed Joe Strummer, Mick Jones or Paul Simonon. In the foreword to *Last Gang In Town*, author Marcus Gray says he was refused contact with former members of the band on several occasions. The Clash, he contends, want to be remembered for the socialist image they originally propagated rather than the truth. Gray tells the story by culling relevant quotes from existing interviews and relying on peripheral characters such as the Sex Pistols' Glen Matlock, occasional Clash drummer Terry Chimes and a host of people Strummer and Jones were in bands with before The Clash. What he finds makes you think twice about this group being the punkers who wouldn't sell out. Mick Jones never cared about politics nearly as much as being a rock star. Joe Strummer downplayed his private-school education and adopted a Cockney accent to facilitate his working-class hero pose. Paul Simonon could barely play the bass, but his skinhead roots gave the group plenty of street credibility. At 500 pages, the book suffers from too little editing. Still, *Last Gang In Town* has enough juicy tidbits about The Clash's internal disputes and backstabbing amongst early punk bands to keep the pages turning. **NEIL GLADSTONE**



LAST GANG IN TOWN

THE STORY AND MYTH OF THE CLASH



MARCUS GRAY



BIG BANG COMICS (Image)

COMICS

A handful of series in the last few years have tried to capture the flavor of the cooler '60s comics, but *Big Bang*—originally published by Caliber and recently picked up by Image—goes all the way retro, to the hilariously uncool superhero comics of the '40s and '50s. "Comics haven't been this fun in 50 years," the series' slogan goes; if you can deal with the questionable syntax, then suspending your disbelief in evil genius monkey Dr. Hy Q. Banana and the like will be a snap. *Big Bang* is written and drawn, with no perceptible irony, in the style of comics' Golden Age, by a group of writers and artists led by Gary Carlson and Chris Ecker; a few of the great early comics artists, including Green Lantern creator Mart Nodell and the late Superman artist Curt Swan, have also contributed their work. Everything is perfectly of another era, and apparently for real—an ad in a back page promises a "Junior Watchmen of America" membership kit that includes "a certificate suitable for framing! a real mask! a secret code and decoder! a super-secret spyglass! a letter from the Knight Watchman himself!" For a preview, check out the *Big Bang* web site at <http://www.xnet.com/~bigbang/>. DOUGLAS WOLK

MIDNIGHT RIDERS: THE STORY OF THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND by Scott Freeman (Little, Brown & Co.)

READS

One of the best rock reads I've had in the last couple of years has just come out in paperback—Scott Freeman's *Midnight Riders* is easily the best book about southern rock since the roadie for ZZ Top wrote his memoirs. Every notorious truth and tall tale you might want to hear about rowdy Southern rock 'n' roll is here: drug binges, backstage pistol-brandishing, bar fights, and motorcycle crashes galore. There are whole chapters on Gregg's nine-day marriage to Cher, the Scooter Herring/Gregg Allman drug trial (after a nasty bust, Gregg testified against his own road manager/bag-holder, resulting in the roadie getting a 75-year sentence), and the legendary accounting practices of their manager Phil Walden—the band earned \$8 million in one year, and he somehow ended up claiming each member was in the hole to him for \$300,000. There's even the infamous story about the forgotten roadie left to rot in jail in Buffalo after stabbing a club owner who refused to pay the band. Verdict: Duane ends up above the fray, looking like the coolest thing on earth—did you know that he, not Clapton, wrote the riff to "Layla"? JAMES LIEN



MUCKRAKER

(\$5 from Patrick Marley, P.O. Box 2571, Minneapolis, MN 55402-0571)

FINES

The seventh issue of the noise/experimental music magazine *Muckraker* comes with a 7" single that illuminates many of the articles. The most interesting inclusion is a piece on the bizarre mid-century composer and cartoon-music king Raymond Scott's 1963 *Soothing Sounds For Baby* series of albums (from which five outtakes appear on the single)—a huge influence on the likes of μ -Ziq and Aphex Twin. The magazine includes interviews with the British duo Inca Eyeball (13 of their very, very short songs are on the disc) and saxophone free-improviser Arthur Doyle, and a tour diary (and a mysterious, ringing recording) by the Shadow Ring. There are also over 20 pages' worth of helpful, descriptive reviews of the kind of noise and improv recordings (including cassette-only releases) of which one doesn't often see intelligible criticism. DOUGLAS WOLK

PYTHONLINE

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

Since the beginning of the World Wide Web, geeks have been putting up Monty Python sites, but they've all become irrelevant now: Monty Python has put up its own. Originally established in conjunction with a Python computer game made by 7th Level, PythOnline is overseen by the group's Eric Idle, and it's full of peculiarly funny bits created especially for the site. (One warning: make sure you have a very fast connection or a *lot* of time on your hands, especially the first time you visit it. Nudge nudge, wink wink, say no more.) Enter the Chit Chat Room, which offers both Real Chat and Real Chit! Read Idle's article about attending a Presidential Gala! Trade in your old star sign for a new Monty Python star sign! ("Why should you be a pushy old Aries forever, when you can become a Lobster?") Send custom-designed abuse to yourself or to an enemy! There are also multiple opportunities to buy stuff, but they're easy to avoid, and the Terry Gilliam pen-and-ink illustrations scattered throughout the site are so entertaining that even the advertising isn't annoying. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

ONLINE



DEVO PRESENTS ADVENTURES OF THE SMART PATROL

(Inscape)

Devo charter members Gerald V. Casale and Mark Mothersbaugh have returned to fuck with our heads in a new format. Bassist/songwriter Casale is the creative director and author of this absolutely twisted adventure game; singer/guitarist Mothersbaugh came on board to collaborate on the soundtrack and the three new songs. The game challenges the Smart Patrol, a musically inclined group of rebel good guys, to save Spudland from the evil Rod Rooter and a disease called Osso Bucco Myelitis ("swollen tailbone"). The trick is to catch the repugnant Turkey Monkey, who is the key to finding a cure, before Rod does. Prospective heroes must cruise around Spudland, which encompasses about a dozen different scenarios and odd, disturbing characters, including the return of band mascot Boojie Boy. The reward, of course, is the hours and hours of frustrating fun you'll get from this, not mention new Devo material. Like Devo's groundbreaking videos, *Patrol* is an eyeful, with weirdness around every corner and satirical takes on consumer culture and corporate America, among a wealth of other things. **TAD HENDRICKSON**

CD-ROM

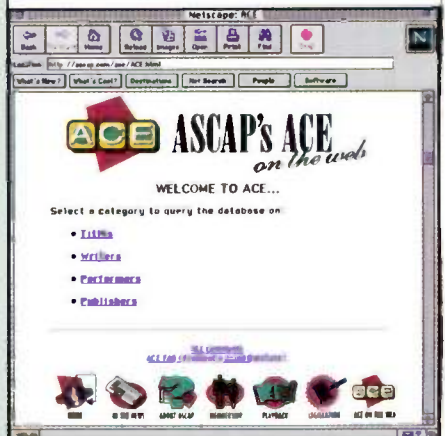


BMI AND ASCAP'S SONG DATABASES

(<http://bmi.com/reperoire> and <http://ascap.com/ace/ACE.html>)

The enormous song databases on the web sites established by ASCAP and BMI—the two biggest companies that license songs in the United States—were mostly established for professional purposes: to expedite the process of clearing published songs for performance and other uses. But they're also a pop trivia fan's dream. You can look up songs by title, writer or publisher; ASCAP's database also lists many songs' notable performers. Want to find out if your favorite songwriter has written songs you don't know about, or who wrote the number that's on continuous repeat in your head, or how many song titles start with "Monkey"? The answer is only a few clicks away. Looking up Edward Eliscu (who wrote "Great Day" and "Without A Song," and is also our Traffic Coordinator's grandfather) reveals the titles and performers of dozens of his songs; a little more research reveals that there are at least four other songs called "Without A Song," including one by (Aretha Franklin's father) Rev. C.L. Franklin. See? Hours of fun. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

ONLINE



A LISTING OF LABELS WHOSE ARTISTS APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

1/4 Stick
P.O. Box 25520
Chicago, IL 60625

550
550 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10022-3211

Alias
2815 W Olive Ave.
Burbank, CA 91595

American
3700 W Olive Ave. #1550
Burbank, CA 91505

Atlantic
75 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, NY 10019

Audible Hiss
P.O. Box 1242
Cooper Station
New York, NY 10276

Bar/None
P.O. Box 1204
Hoboken, NJ 07030

Big Cat
67 Vestry St.
New York, NY 10013

Broken Rekids
P.O. Box 490402
San Francisco, CA 94146

Capitol
1740 N. Vine St.
Hollywood, CA 90028

Caroline/Vernon Yard
114 W 20th St., 11th Fl.
New York, NY 10001

Castle
352 Park Ave. S., 10th Fl.
New York, NY 10010

Casual Tonalities
1238 N. Highland Ave.
Hollywood, CA 90038

Cleopatra
8725 S. Sepulveda Blvd.
Ste. D82
Los Angeles, CA 90045

Columbia
550 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10022-3211

Cooking Vinyl
P.O. Box 311
Port Washington, NY 11050

Curb
47 Music Sq. E.
Nashville, TN 37203

Drag City
P.O. Box 476867
Chicago, IL 60647

Epic
550 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10022-3211

Evidence
1100 E. Hector St., Ste. 302
Conshohocken, PA 19348

Fat Boy
P.O. Box 8146
Atlanta, GA 30306

Flip
8133 Sursum Blvd., Ste. 235
Hollywood, CA 90069

Flydaddy
P.O. Box 4618
Seattle, WA 98104

Geffen
9130 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Gern Blandsten
P.O. Box 356
River Edge, NJ 07661

Grand Royal
P.O. Box 26689
Los Angeles, CA 90026

Hollywood
500 S. Buena Vista St.
Burbank, CA 91521

Interscope
10960 Wilshire Blvd.
Ste. 1230
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Island
825 Eighth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

Jive
137-139 W. 25th St.
New York, NY 10001

K
P.O. Box 7124
Olympia, WA 98507

Le Grand Magistery
P.O. Box 611
Bloomfield Hills, MI 48303

London/Hfr/Payday
825 Eighth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

Mammoth
Carr Mill, 2nd Floor
Carrboro, NC 27510

March
P.O. Box 578396
Chicago, IL 60657

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

MCA
70 Universal City Plaza
Universal City, CA 91608

Mercury
825 Eighth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

Moonshine
8525 Santa Monica Blvd.
Hollywood, CA 90069

Mute
140 W 22nd St., Ste. 10A
New York, NY 10011

Planet
9 Hanbury Rd.
Clifton, Bristol BS8 2EW, U.K.

Primary
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New York, NY 10012

Profile
740 Broadway
New York, NY 10003

Relativity
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New York, NY 10003

Reprise
3300 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, CA 91505

Rhino
18035 Santa Monica
Los Angeles, CA 90025

Roadrunner
245 Lafayette St., Ste. 407
New York, NY 10012

Roof Bolt
P.O. Box 2365
Oak Park, IL 60303

Rykodisc
Shelton Park
27 Congress St.
Salem, MA 01970

Shadow
222 W. 14th St.
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Shanachie
37 E. Clinton St.
Newton, NJ 07980

Southern
3800 N. Claremont Ave., 3rd Fl.
Chicago, IL 60618

Sub Pop
1932 First Ave., Ste. 1103
Seattle, WA 98101

Thrill Jockey
P.O. Box 476784
Chicago, IL 60647

Up
P.O. Box 21328
Seattle, WA 98111-3328

Virgin
338 N. Fourth Hill Rd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90210

Warner Bros.
3300 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, CA 91505

Yo Yo
P.O. Box 2462
Olympia, WA 98502

JUST OUT

NOVEMBER 5

TINFED Hypnoscope *Reconstruction-Cargo*
SIMPSONS The Yellow Album *Geffen*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Global Grooves *Geffen*
MAD HEAD *Geffen*
GODHEADS The Rush Inside (The Reshuffle) *Hard-Cleopatra*
764-HERO Salt Sinks And Sugar Floats *Up*
DECODED FEEDBACK Overdosing *Hard-Cleopatra*
KOMAKINO Energy Trancemission *Hypnotic-Cleopatra*
BODEANS Blend *Reprise*
CHAKA KAHN Dare You To Love Me *Reprise-WB*
ROGER & ZAPP *Reprise*
MAGIC DIRT Friends In Danger *Warner Bros.*
SCREECHING WEASEL ...And Out Come The Chihuahuas!
Fat Wreck Chords
CARCASS Wake Up And Smell The Carcass (singles compilation) *Earache*
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER (3-CD set) *Griffin Music*
GAMMA RAYS "Dynamite" (7") *Teen Beat*
TRUE LOVE ALWAYS "Mediterranean" (7") *Teen Beat*
J CHURCH The Drama Of Alienation *Honest Don's Hardly Used Recordings*
JIMMY SMITH Angel Eyes *Verve*
CHARLES BROWN Honeydripper *Verve*
MARI BOINE Radiant Warmth *Verve*
SOUNDTRACK Space Jam *Warner/Sunset-Atlantic*
PACHINKO *Alternative Tentacles*

NOVEMBER 12

MOISTBOYZ II *Grand Royal*
DJ CAM *Shadow*
PATRICK DENNIS The Lost Lives Of Liam Gunn *Earth Music-Cargo*
CHRISTIAN GIBBS *Earth Music-Cargo*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Party Of Five *Reprise*
FIFTEEN There's No Place Like Home (Good Night) *Lookout!*
POTATOMEN All My Yesterdays *Lookout!*
WYNONA RIDERS Artificial Intelligence *Lookout!*
TOWER RECORDINGS The Fraternity Of Moonwalkers *Audible Hiss*
BILL ORCUTT Solo *Audible Hiss*
VIC CHESNUTT About To Choke *Capitol*
BLIND MELON Nico (enhanced CD) *Capitol*
LESS THAN JAKE Losing Streak *Capitol*
SOUNDTRACK Shallow Grave *Capitol*
LIL' KIM Queen B@#\$H *Big Beat-Atlantic*

NOVEMBER 16

CHAVEZ Ride The Fader *Matador*
PAT METHENY GROUP Quartet *Geffen*
BUSH Razor Blade Suitcase *Trauma-Interscope*
LARGE PROFESSOR *Geffen*
SOUNDTRACK Martin Guerre *Geffen*
VARIOUS ARTISTS The Sugarhill Gang Box (4-CD set) *Sugar Hill-Rhino*
VARIOUS ARTISTS Silliest Songs *Kid Rhino*
DELTA 9 Unibomber *Earache*
DOA New York City Speedcore *Earache*
DANCE HALL CRASHERS The Old Record
Honest Don's Hardly Used Recordings
NOEL HAGGARD *Atlantic*
VARIOUS ARTISTS New York Downtown: Jazz And Other Sounds
Knitting Factory Works
ANNA KARENINA *Atlantic*
RICK BRAUN *Mesa/BM-Atlantic*

NOVEMBER 26

WU-TANG CLAN *RCA*
GENESIS Box Set *Atlantic*



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December Reviews

PRICE CODE	ARTIST	ALBUM	RECORD LABEL
F	764-HERO	Salt Sinks And Sugar Floats	Up
I	FIREWATER	Get Off The Cross...	Jetset-Big Cat
I	FUNKY GREEN DOGS	Get Fired Up!	Twisted America-MCA
E	GITS	Kings & Queens	Broken
I	LAIBACH	Jesus Christ Superstars	Mute
L	LOIS	Infinity Plus	K
J	MARILYN MANSON	Antichrist Superstar	Nothing-Interscope
I	MAZZY STAR	Among My Swan	Capitol
L	MOMUS	20 Vodka Jellies	Le Grand Magistry
E	PURE	Generation Six-Pack	Mammoth-Atlantic
H	RACHEL'S	The Sea And The Bells	Quarterstick-Touch And Go
F	RAILROAD JERK	The Third Rail	Matador
H	ROSA MOTA	Bionic	13th Hour-Mute
I	SATISFACT	The Unwanted Sounds Of Satisfact	Up
F	SILVER JEWS	The Natural Bridge	Drag City
J	VARIOUS ARTISTS	Safe And Sound	Big Rig-Mercury
F	VIC CHESNUTT	About To Choke	Capitol
K	WEDDING PRESENT	Saturnalia	Cooking Vinyl
J	WILCO	Being There	Reprise

On The CD

PRICE CODE	ARTIST	ALBUM	RECORD LABEL
I	BABY FOX	A Normal Family	Roadrunner
E	BLITHE	Head Is Mighty	Alias
J	CARDIGANS	First Band On The Moon	Mercury
E	DITCH CROAKER	Secrets Of The Mule	Reprise
F	ELYSIAN FIELDS	Bleed Your Cedar	Radioactive-MCA
K	JERU THE DAMAJA	Wrath Of The Math	Payday/frr-London
J	JOHNNY CASH	Unchained	American
J	KORN	Life Is Peachy	Immortal-Epic
I	LUSCIOUS JACKSON	Fever In, Fever Out	Grand Royal-Capitol
I	MAZZY STAR	Among My Swan	Capitol
J	MO THUGS FAMILY	Family Scriptures	Mo Thugs-Relativity
E	MOE.	No Doy	550
L	MOMUS	20 Vodka Jellies	Le Grand Magistry
E	PURE	Generation Six-Pack	Mammoth-Atlantic
H	ROSA MOTA	Bionic	Mute
J	RUTLES	Archeology	Virgin
I	SATISFACT	The Unwanted Sounds Of	Up
L	THE CHEESE	Flip Your Lid	Curb
L	VARIOUS ARTISTS	Nothing In Common	Casual Tonalities
J	WILCO	Being There	Reprise
I	YATSURA	We Are Yatsura	Ché-Primary

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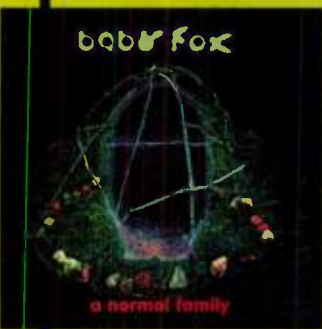
World Radio History

Best New Music

November Top 75

IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

PRICE
CODE



I **BABY FOX** A Normal Family *Roadrunner*



J **JOHNNY CASH** Unchained *American*



J **THE CARDIGANS** First Band On The Moon *Mercury*



I **MEDESKI, MARTIN AND WOOD** Shackman *Gram-avislon-Rykodisc*



H **TRICKY** Pre Millennium Tension *Island*

- I **ARCHERS OF LOAF** All The Nations Airports *Alias/Elektra-EEG*
- I **BARRY ADAMSON** Oedipus Schmoedipus *Mute*
- J **BECK** Odelay *DGC*
- J **BILLY BRAGG** William Bloke *Elektra-EEG*
- I **BOREDOMS** Super Roots 6 *Reprise*
- C **BRENDAN BENSON** One Mississippi *Virgin*
- E **BUFFALO DAUGHTER** Captain Vapour Athletes *Grand Royal*
- E **BUTTER 08** Butter *Grand Royal*
- F **CAKE** Fashion Nugget *Capricorn-Mercury*
- J **CARDIGANS** First Band On The Moon *Mercury*
- F **CAT POWER** What Would The Community Think *Matador*
- J **CATHERINE** Hot Saki & Bedtime Stories *TVT*
- F **CATHERINE WHEEL** Like Cats And Dogs *Fontana-Mercury*
- J **CONNELLS** Weird Food & Devastation *TVT*
- D **CUB** Box Of Hair *Mint-Lookout!*
- H **DESCENDENTS** Everything Sucks *Epitaph*
- G **DIRTY THREE** Horse Stories *Touch And Go*
- F **EAST RIVER PIPE** Mel *Merge*
- J **EELS** Beautiful Freak *DreamWorks-Geffen*
- D **FACE TO FACE** Face To Face *A&M*
- E **FIONA APPLE** Tidal *Clean Slate-WORK*
- D **GO SAILOR** Go Sailor *Lookout!*
- J **GORKY'S ZYGOTIC MYNCI** Introducing Gorky's Zygotic MynCI *Mercury*
- F **GUV'NER** The Hunt *Merge*
- H **HOME** Elf::Gulf Bore Waltz *Jetset-Big Cat*
- H **JESSAMINE** The Long Arm Of Coincidence *Kranky*
- J **JOHN PARISH AND POLLY JEAN HARVEY** Dance Hall At Louse Point *Island*
- H **JONATHAN RICHMAN** Surrender To Jonathan *Vapor-Reprise*
- J **KOMEDA** The Genius Of Komeda *Minty Fresh*
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- I **LISA GERMANO** Excerpts From A Love Circus *4AD*
- H **LOW** The Curtain Hits The Cast *Vernon Yard-Caroline*
- I **LUSCIOUS JACKSON** Fever In Fever Out *Grand Royal-Capitol*
- I **MOUNTAIN GOATS** Nothing For Juice *Ajax*
- I **NEARLY GOD** Nearly God *Durban Poison-Island*
- L **NERDY GIRL** Twist Her *No Life*
- I **NERF HERDER** Nerf Herder *My*
- H **NEW BOMB TURKS** Scared Straight *Epitaph*
- I **OLIVIA TREMOR CONTROL** ...Dusk At Cubist Castle *Flydaddy*
- I **ORANGE 9MM** Tragic *Atlantic*
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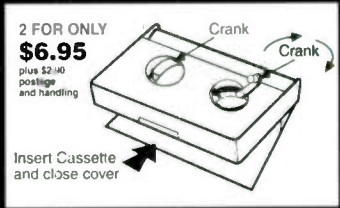
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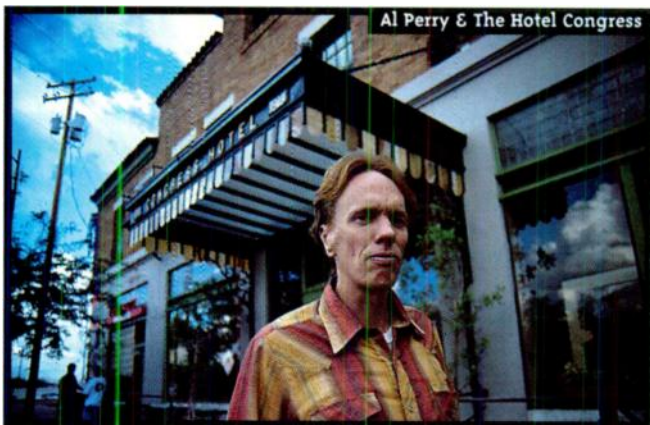
▶ TUCSON, ARIZONA

[by Joey Burns]

When most folks think of the Southwestern desert, they picture saguaro cacti (the ones with the funny arms), unbearable dry heat and tales of the Old West. Judging from today's gun-toting political climate and the cancerous sprawl of Californication, it's hard to imagine that much has changed since the days of the O.K. Corral. Tucked into Tucson's downtown district, however, lies a thriving multi-cultural community fueled by a Sonoran style of Mexican food so addictive that it's damn near impossible to leave.

For those traveling on Interstate 10, take the Broadway/Congress exit and drive straight to the **Hotel Congress** (311 E. Congress St.), the incestuous vortex of Tucson's downtown. Built in 1919 to serve the increasing number of Southern Pacific railroad passengers venturing out West, this stylish landmark once housed the infamous John Dillinger gang. Nowadays, you can find rustlers from all over the world enjoying the hotel's beautifully renovated rooms, with youth hostel accommodations as well. The hotel is like a self-contained biosphere, including the always buzzing **Cup Cafe**, the vintage Western-style **Tap Room** with its glorious old jukebox, the **Club Congress**, which features everything from disco to local and national bands, and an all-new, cyberrific cafe appropriately called the **Library Of Congress**.

Mosey on down Congress Street through the multitude of galleries, shops and cafes. Take Old Chicago Joe's tour of haunted guitars and his detour of old-school haggle at the granddaddy of them all, the **Chicago Music Store** (130 E. Congress St.). Bring a rag and see



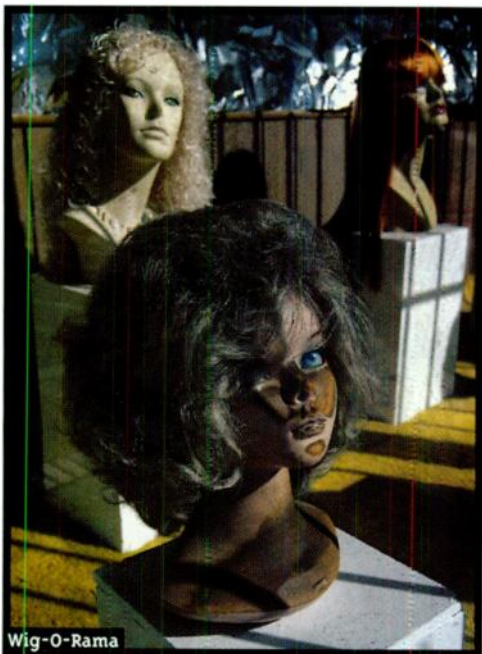
what treasures lurk beneath years of dust, or ask Joe to show you some of the secret rooms that go on forever. Inspired by your new purchase, lay down some new songs at the spacious, 16-track **Wave Lab Recording Studio** (125 E. 7th St.).

Stepping out into sun-filled sky, feel the heat soak through your carcass as your sidewalk pace drags to a slow slither. Time to refuel. For the more intimate, home-cooked atmosphere of a non-Sonoran Mexican kitchen, hang your hat at the colorful **Cafe Poca Cosa** (20 S. Scott Ave.), only open for breakfast and lunch, where the Davila family displays its panache for zesty herbs, marinades and freshly squeezed juices. For those who'd rather drink first and eat later, there's the **Grill** (100 E. Congress St.), where the neon sign reads "open later than you think."

Itching for more shopping? Try any one of the many thrift stores around here, or wig out at **Wig-O-Rama** (98 E. Congress St.) and slip into something more comfortable with help from **Mr. Lulu's** (110 E. Congress St.). For more organic, handmade fashions, chat it up with the gals at **Earth Works** (137 E. Congress St.), who specialize in industrial hemp-wear.

Within walking distance from the Hotel Congress are the shops on Fourth Ave., catering mostly to the students at the University of Arizona. **Value Village Thrift Store** (300 N. Fourth Ave.) consistently offers the best items for the lowest prices. The limitless supply of books, records, clothes and general junk will surely provide you with a token souvenir, or maybe a funky pair of shades to hide your sun-baked eyes. Hop on the classic **Fourth Ave. Trolley Car** and make a wish that all cities will bring these trains back.

Further up the street lies **Last Wax Records** (402 N. Fourth Ave.), supplying a healthy dose of Latin, Mexican, soul, jazz, country and rock, mostly on vinyl. Just off the main drag, **Toxic Ranch Records** (424 E. Sixth St.) has been filling its shelves with punk, indie rock and lots of local talent since 1988. Peruse



PHOTOS BY JOEY BURNS

the new and used bins, and find everything from '80s desert rock to current Tucson bands such as the Fells, Cortex Bomb, the Weird Lovemakers, Pork Torta, Chick Cashman And The Countrypolitans, Wise Folk Malcontent, Duarte 6 and Doo Rag.

If you don't mind climbing back into your oven-like car for more new and used record and CD hunting, check out the **Zia Record Exchange** (3379 E. Speedway Blvd.), where the illustrious music critic Fred Mills can answer all of your sonic inquiries. Still bent on finding that rare or out-of-print LP and don't mind shelling out the coin? Dive into **PDQ Records And Tapes** (2342 N. Dodge Blvd.) and get blissfully lost in the quagmire.

Recently, the music scene has kicked up some dust with the addition of a few new venues. Below the '70s-style Plaza Pub, the cozy **Airport Lounge** (20 E. Pennington St.) has taken off. Recent shindigs have included Al Perry And The Cattle, Brothers Dupre, Al Foul And The Shakes, and Johnny Good, Good, Good Times And The Shit. Lately, a lot of lesser-known local and touring bands looking to play an all-ages show have turned to **Sound Addict Records** (714 N. Stone Ave.) for support. Owners Tim and Zoe Sanborn seem to have risen to the call of not only managing a fine store specializing in more

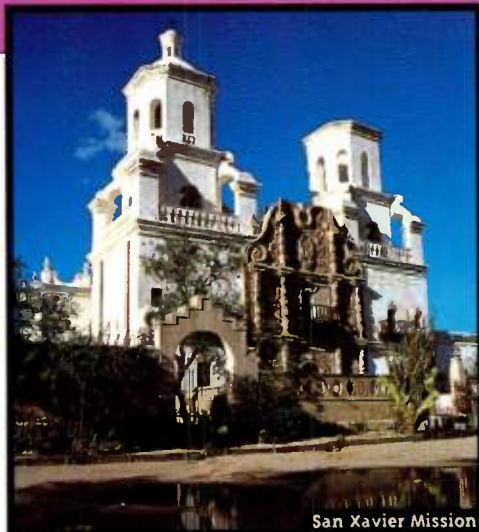


current indie-pop, ska and punk rock, but also providing a much-needed launching pad for Tucson's aspiring new musicians. **Cafe Luna Loca** (542 N. Stone Ave.) tends to gravitate towards experimental acts for kids of all ages.

I can't go on any further without mentioning the inspiration behind Tucson's music scene. For years now, Rainer Ptacek has swept listeners away with his passionate songs and hypnotic National Steel Guitar playing, not to mention being one of the nicest humans on the planet. His courageous battle with lymphoma this year acted as an unexpected catalyst in drawing our community that much closer.

60 miles north of the Mexican border, Tucson has always been recognized for its unique style of Sonoran cooking. For those who are merely passing through and don't want to mess around, head north of downtown to **Rosa's** (1750 E. Ft. Lowell Rd. #164). Die when you try her savory enchiladas and hearty salsa blended with plenty of garlic, fresh herbs and the secret combination of five different chiles from Mexico, prepared and served by three generations of Rosa's lovely family. Find out why this place has become a mecca for both locals and out-of-towners.

If you'd rather stay close to the South Side, a quick ride from the Hotel Congress down South Fourth Ave. will lead you to Mexican restaurant row. Pop into **Birreieria Guadalajara** (304 E. 22nd St. and Fourth Ave.) for a kick-ass, low-budget burrito, and dig the thump of the low-riders cruising by. If you've got time and don't mind the wait, try the always popular **Mi Nidito** (1813 S. Fourth



San Xavier Mission

Ave.), whose menu has won acclaim for years.

By now, the sun must surely be making its way over the city's surrounding mountain ranges and down through the huge expanse of blue sky. Follow Speedway Blvd. west, past the freeway and over to **Gate's Pass** for a breathtaking view of the sun setting over the **Saguaro National Monument**. A lot of people really enjoy going out to the **Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum** (2021 N. Kinney Rd.) to learn more about the area's history and amazing wildlife.

Other excursions on the outskirts of town worth seeing are the **San Xavier Mission** (1950 W. San Xavier Rd.), built in the late 18th century on the Tohono O'odham Reservation, and Winn Bundy's **Singing Wind Ranch Bookshop** (Exit 304 off I-10, N. Ocotillo Rd.), supplying volumes of Southwestern and out-of-print books. Finally, there's the gorgeous drive on Catalina Highway, which takes you from desert cactus to forest pines on the way up to Mt. Lemmon. From here, encapsulate your visit with a scenic view of the city and beyond.

Joey Burns plays in Giant Sand and Calexico.



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