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NEWMUSIC

MONTHLY

SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE



tricky kind of blue

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brian jonestown massacre: another kool-aid acid test
rufus wainwright. ska against racism. rock en español. 52 reviews

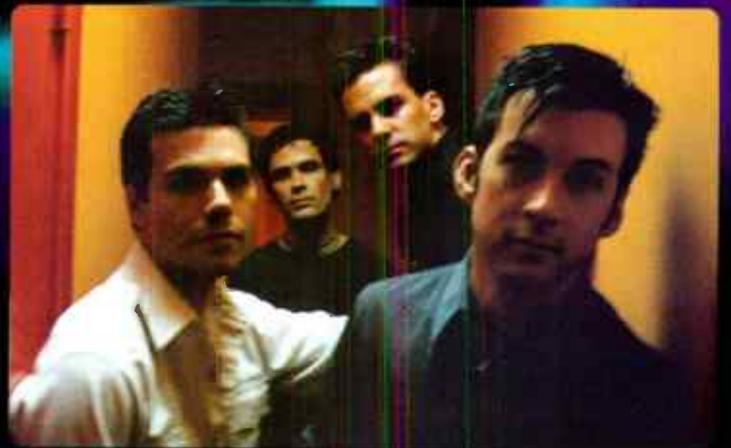
World Radio History

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS

FREAK*ON*ICA



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LIMITED EDITION COLORED VINYL ALSO AVAILABLE



KISS MY SOUND SYSTEM
EAT MY HEADACHE



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"I've got a chance to express myself. Now for me to worry and run around trying to make a certain record, what I think people want, that's ridiculous. I don't mind losing some fans." The trip-hop posterboy holds court with Kurt B. Reighley.

SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE!

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL HALSBAND

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on the cd

This month's CD includes **Tricky** duetting with Polly Jean Harvey, the **Indigo Girls** remixed by Rage Against The Machine's Tom Morello, hip-hop from **Gang Starr**, retro-garage pop from **Brian Jonestown Massacre**, ska from **Skanic**, delicious new sounds from **Soul Asylum**, **Versus** and **Rufus Wainwright**, and a world of pop sounds from Somalia's **Maryam Mursal**, Sweden's **Komeda**, Brazil's **Amon Tobin** and Venezuela's **Los Amigos Invisibles**.

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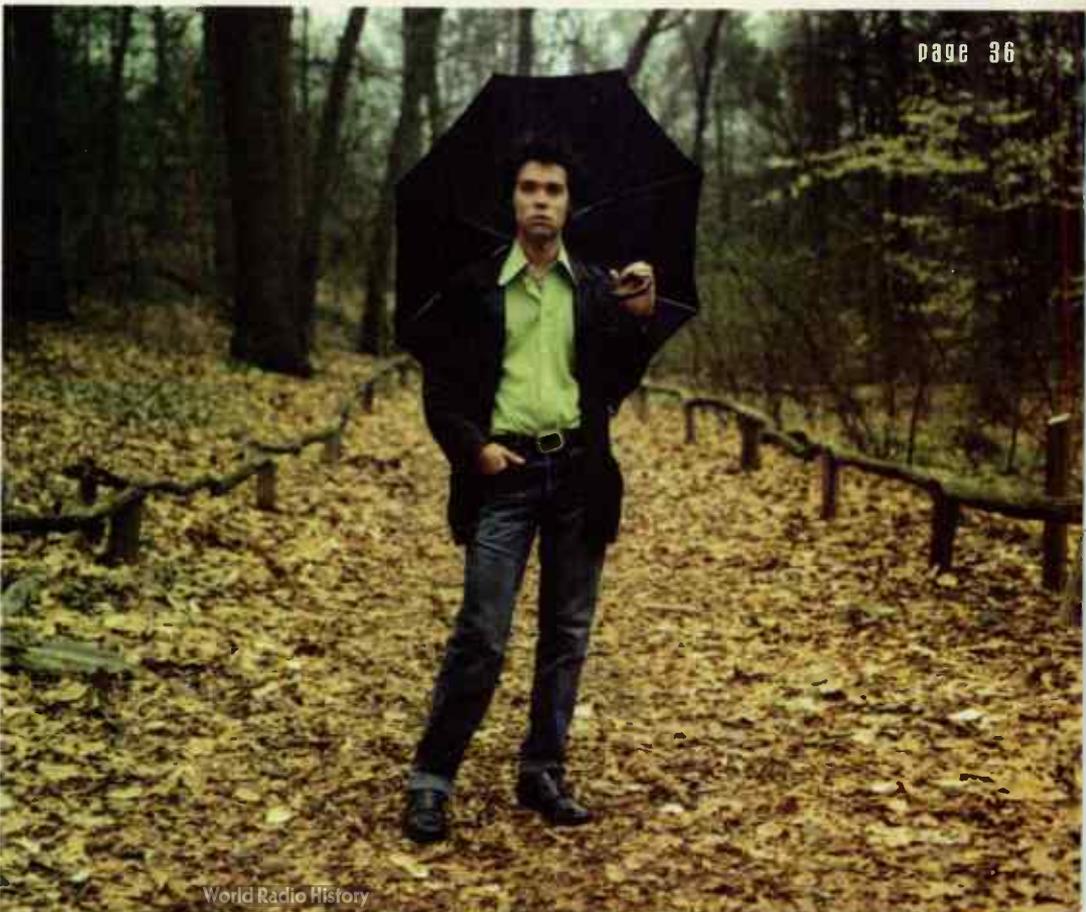
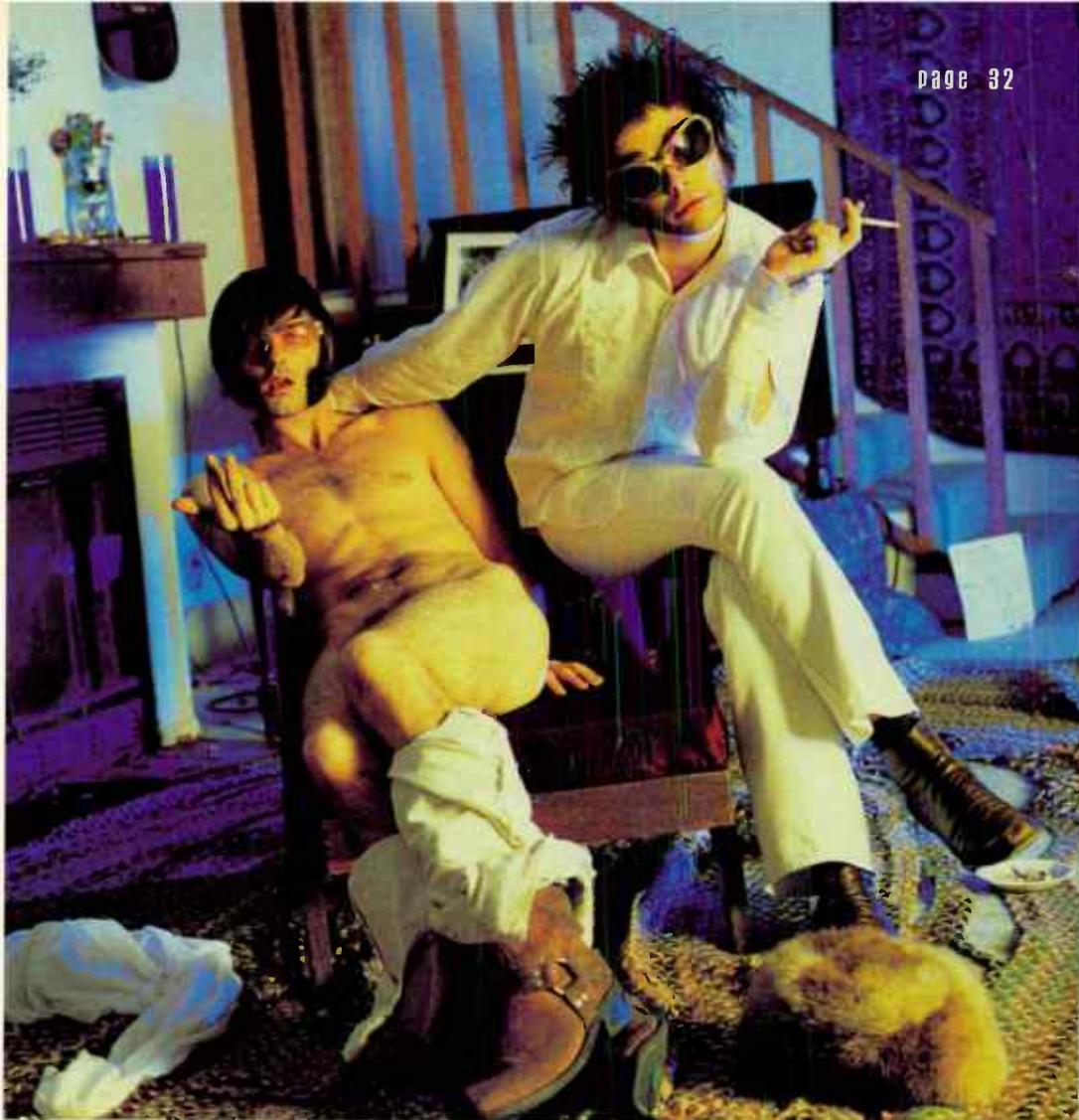
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TOP: BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAURA BYRNES BOTTOM: RUFUS WAINWRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHED BY DENNIS KLEINMAN



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SONY

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magnificent bastards

Thanks to *New Music Monthly* I'm slowly building a CD collection of a wide variety of new music. Also, *New Music Monthly* lets me read about a band before I actually go out and buy their CD. The only complaint I have is that the reviewers at *New Music Monthly* are way too nice. If a band really sucks, just go ahead and write about it. I realize *New Music Monthly* is the bastard child of the music industry machine, but heh, tell it like it really is. I'm not gonna name names and actually say a particular band is shitty (pardon my French). Music is a personal experience and my opinions are no better than somebody else's. Keep up the good work! I just bought the May issue and it has some excellent tracks on it. Especially Ultraspank and Far!

Jeff Boyce
St. Louis, MO

Your French is pardoned, but please, we're a family magazine. Say "crap-ass." By the way, we're not bastard children so much as poor relations who show up on the music biz's doorstep now and again looking for box sets. (And there's some honest confusion with the CMJ New Music Report, a music industry trade magazine and our sister publication.) Mostly, we run positive reviews not because we're too nice or beholden to corporate big wigs, but because one of the ideas going into this was that we'd try to tell people about the best music we could find. So if we only have room to talk about 50 records, we'll choose the ones we and the reviewers like the best. Of course, there are bound to be times when you disagree with our assessments, positive or negative, but just remember that I'm right and you're wrong.

>>> Ed.

courtship of eddie vedder

Just wanted to let you know how cool it was that you got an interview with Eddie Vedder. I know he is a tough cookie to get hold of. I liked how there were no specific interrogations, just a normal chat between Vedder and Garofalo. It was very interesting to hear their P.O.V. on random subjects that would normally not be touched on in a formal mag interview. Keep up the good work, anything with Pearl Jam is always a plus!

Twinkl075@aol.com

unhappy medium

It was great hearing about how much Eddie cares about the cultivation of college radio. When I was in college a few years ago, I never paid much attention to our radio station. I just wasn't into the musical variety thing. Now that I'm out and working, I can really appreciate listening to the local college station as opposed to all the playlisted drivel that has El Niño'd the airwaves. The one thing I didn't like about the interview, however, was the interviewer. I think Janeane voices a wonderful take on life sometimes, but in this interview, all she did was bitch about how the media turns everything you say into a negative. News flash! The media has been doing that for as long as there's been a medium to do it through! If you're going to interview someone as influential as Eddie Vedder, bring something new to the table for god's sake. Don't just sit there and cry about how everything sucks and how it's everyone else's fault but yours. If you're gonna bitch, come with a solution. Thankfully, Eddie dotted the interview with some positives because he, too, is "over that. Just over it." Next time you want to interview Eddie Vedder, *New Music Monthly*, let me do it. I'm a writer. And a bigger fan of life.

Harris Davis
Hdavis@lhc.a-p-l.com

I, too am a fan of life, but as a music critic, I only really enjoy its earlier material before it sold out. And before you judge Janeane, consider this: Is it inconceivable that Eddie could've slipped her a mickey while she was tending to her dog? Or that "Spin The Black Circle" is actually about his powers of hypnotism? That this "dog" wasn't a dog at all but a deep-cover Epic Records operative? That even though we featured his stupid bar in our magazine, I've yet to be offered a free drink by this so-called "Brendan"? The truth is out there, so I'm staying home.

>>> Ed.

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**Brit bands.
Burt Bacharach.
Big fun.**



Music From The Motion Picture

shooting **fish**

featuring:

Dubstar The Wannadies **Space** David McAlmont

The Supernaturals **Silver Sun** The Bluetones

Supereal Pass on Star

Strangelove **The Divine Comedy** Symposium

and classics from **Jackie DeShannon** and **Dionne Warwick**

add n to x **show your work**

"When we play live, we're a rock band," says Barry Smith, who co-founded London's Add N To X in 1994 with fellow synth lover Ann Shenton. Whereas the complex rhythms and impressive sonic layering of many electronic acts' digital studio work are reduced to on-stage knob-fiddling come showtime, Add N To X puts on what is perhaps the most physical show of any strictly electronic band. Smith stalks the stage, synthesizer in hand, and has been known to fling it to the ground in moments of heightened intensity. Shenton and a third synth player, Steve Claydon, lean into their Moogs, twisting and turning, as if they could suddenly be blown away. "I want people in our crowds to be creating new dances," explains Smith. "I want them to feel the physical force of, and be persuaded by, synthesizers. To know that they rock out."

In concert, Add N To X uses multiple Moogs and two live drummers. While the group's recent debut, *On The Wires Of Their Nerves* (Mute), is dark, heavy and intelligent, its live shows are raw displays of electronic war: three futuristic musicians grappling with unpredictable analog equipment, and furious drum assaults driving the tempo. "People who use analog equipment have been accused of being anachronistic," says Smith. "It might be obsolete, but it's definitely not outdated."

Add N To X has an unabashed love of '70s sci-fi kitsch. The group opens its shows with "Demonseed," a synth-based interpretation of the sci-fi classic in which Julie Christie is impregnated by a super computer. The cover of *On The Wires* is also a play on the film. As Smith describes it, "We are receiving Ann's birth to a Moog, and at the same time, she has received an incredibly awful stomach wound. The only thing we can think of to mend it is to shove another synthesizer in." Shenton thinks people might get the wrong idea about the band's view of technology. "We don't want to meld with the machines," she says. "We concentrate on what's happening between these very different structures—a soft human and a hard machine." Claydon, whose soft voice is used to horrific effect when run through a vocoder, concurs: "It's almost as if they are angry at us for trying to subvert them."

Add N To X's instruments might provide a constant struggle, but the band wouldn't want it

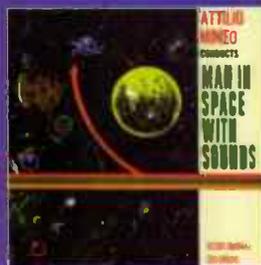
any other way. "It's the end of the century," says Smith. "What's more relevant to society—a guitar? They existed in a very industrial age in the '50s, so the guitar fit into that soundscape. Synthesizers and electronic music fit into the late 20th century soundscape because of all the



car alarms and beepers and buzzers and phones and faxes. The electronic nature of the whole world—that's true replication of our normal soundscape." >>> William Werde

weird record of the month

It sounds like it could have been the soundtrack to a seriously tweaked episode of *Star Trek*, but Attilio Mineo's *Man In Space With Sounds* (reissued by Subliminal Sounds) was, in fact, the soundtrack to a way more unusual event—the Seattle World's Fair. Mineo's "outer space easy listening" compositions were piped into various exhibits at the 1963 event, including the "Mile-A-Minute Monorail," "Boeing Spacearium" and the Bubbleator, a 150-passenger, spherical clear plastic elevator that guided fair-goers through "dazzling demonstrations of what tomorrow's science holds in store." The sci-fi exotica is pretty strange, but what's even weirder is the cardboard-stiff narrator, who on "Gayway To Heaven" describes in his film-strip voice, "the fabulous gayway, where you guide your own rocket."



buzz word

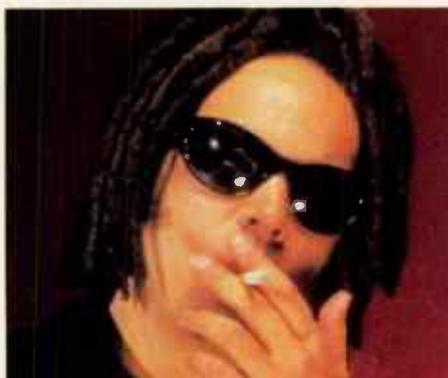
crossover

Refers to the phenomenon of artists earning popularity beyond their original musical, or marketing, niche. Hip-hop, electronica, country and metal artists who make music that is palatable to mainstream audiences are considered to have "crossover potential," and hence the nascent "crossover marketing" departments at some major labels.

label profile

New York City's Asphodel Records was founded in the late '80s by Mitzi Johnson and Neut Humon to release material from Blue Rabies, Johnson's experimental folk/punk/classical music outfit. The label (named after a flower that in Greek mythology grows along the river Styx) began releasing the work of other left-of-center artists in 1994. "Asphodel is dedicated to working with artists that dissolve the assumed and artificial boundaries that exist between specific musical genres," says label manager Erik Gilbert. Since its inception, Asphodel has provided a home for ground-breaking material by confrontational civa Diamanda Galas, several members from the NYC "illbient" electronic scene, including DJ Spooky and We, and most recently, the hip-hop, cut-and-paste turntable teams X-ecutioners and Invisible Skratch Pikls. A complete catalog can be found at the label's website: www.asphodel.com.

>>> M. Ty Comer



in my room

SWERVEDRIVER

adam franklin

- BLONDE REDHEAD
Fake Can Be Just As Good
- SPEAKER BITE ME
Inner Speed
- TRUMAN CAPOTE
(book) In Cold Blood
- AIR
Moon Safari
- JOHN COLTRANE
My Favorite Things

versus just like old friends

After three cosmopolitans, Versus guitarist James Baluyut is ready to break his silence. Well, almost. He reaches across the remnants of a strawberry shortcake mountain at SoHo's Bar 89, grabs the tape recorder and starts speaking directly into it, very quietly.

"We do a little fusion of the worlds here," he says, giggling. "Pat [Ramos, the band's new drummer] and I are from staunchly new wave origins. Things like U2, The Cure, Echo And The Bunnymen, New Order and early OMD are all very important to us. We're melding that with Richard [Baluyut, guitarist] and Fontaine's [Toups, guitarist] older sensibilities—arty-punk, Wire, The Clash, Mission Of Burma. It melds into this amalgamation of [musical styles from] then, and even before then."

Regardless of the particular fusion of Baluyut brothers' sensibilities, Versus's sound remains remarkably unchanged. The band's third proper full-length, *Two Cents Plus Tax* (Caroline), finds the always cosmopolitan New York foursome making minor refinements. They've added strings to the sing-along "Dumb Fun," a salsa beat to "Jack & Jill" and a country guitar twang to "Spastic Reaction." Richard's lyrics seem less oblique and more honest, even if not as heartbreakingly revealing as Toups's songs. But mostly they demonstrate mastery of their trademarked sound, exploring the tension between dissonance and lull, between drag-racing verses and crashing, careening choruses.

Versus has settled into a comfortable middle-age groove, and its members quite like it there. "It's kind of like when you're going out with someone for a really long time," explains Richard, who started Versus with Toups over six years ago. "At first it's really exciting. You have sex a lot. After a while, it's not so visceral, but it becomes deeper and feels more rewarding."

As one of the mid-'90s preeminent indie-rock bands, Versus once seemed headed for the post-Nirvana goldrush. Instead, the band has spurned interested major labels, and taken its time making records, which Richard believes contributes to *Two Cents'* confident feel.

"In the past we were young and ambitious. We wanted to be really popular and spent a lot of time thinking about that stuff," he says. "Now I think we're more self-assured, a little more comfortable. The lyrics on this record are almost unconscious, which is what I like about them. Other times they weren't so natural."

For Toups, however, the saddest songs seem second-nature, and her composed delivery makes a song as angry and bitter as "Never Be OK" all the more affecting. She's single now, commenting, "The last break-up was pretty heart-wrenching," but just as calmly explains "Then you always have to wonder, 'When am I going to meet someone?' and you can write 'Oh! I'm alone in the world.'"

>>> David Daley





in my room

SLEATER-KINNEY
carrie brownstein

- MECCA NORMAL
Who Shot Elvis?
- YO LA TENGO
I Can Hear The Heart Beating As One
- VARIOUS ARTISTS
Anthology Of American Folk Music
- THE NEED
The Need
- KARP
Karp



in my room

SILVER JEWS
david berman

- U.S. MAPLE
Sing That Editor
- JACK BRUCE
Things We Like
- GEORGE STRAIT
Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
- DICKS
1960-1986
- JOHN OSWALD/GRATEFUL DEAD
Grayfoldid

heartworms tainted love

Archie Moore likes life out of the buzz bin.

The Heartworms' sparkling third album, *During* (Popfactory), might be Moore's most inspired creative effort yet—high praise for the heart and soul behind Velocity Girl's sublime swirl of '60s psychedelia and '80s Britpop.

Nevertheless, Moore doesn't expect to land on magazine covers again. There won't be a video, let alone the *120 Minutes* world premieres that new Velocity Girl clips garnered. He's not waiting for Volkswagen to use a Heartworms song in their advertising, as they did with Velocity Girl. And that's perfectly copacetic with him.

"I just want to make records that I like," says Moore. "I'm definitely not expecting to make money or a big name for the Heartworms. That's ultimately not why I do anything. It's all about making music that satisfies me."

Despite that creative satisfaction, it took two years fraught with frustration and emotional upheaval to make *During*. The band thought the album was finished before Velocity Girl split in late 1996, but an early version of it was rejected by both Sub Pop and Darla, the latter of which released the Heartworms' fuzz-pop debut *Space Escapade* and their atmospheric bliss-



ROY, SECOND FROM LEFT; MOORE, FAR RIGHT

DALE SHAW

out EP *Enemies*. This devastated Moore. Then, as the Washington, DC, foursome re-recorded the album, Moore and Heartworms partner Trish Roy broke up after years of living together.

Perhaps it's the extra effort and turmoil of the heart that makes *During* the Heartworms' most complete album yet. It's an obvious labor of love with nods to the Beatles' *Rubber Soul* and the Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds* that neatly brings together the band's radiant melodic side and its love of ambient soundscapes, nifty instrumentation and studio experimentation.

The album title responds to mumblings over earlier Heartworms albums, especially *Enemies*, where some were confused by Moore's drift from Velocity Girl's pure pop to more ambient sounds. "People made comments about us lamely trying to become part of some space-rock scene," remembers Moore. "We definitely do pop songs, rock songs. We're not post-rock or anything like that. We're *during* rock."

Then again, the title might also refer to making an album during a painful break-up, though *During* doesn't chronicle intra-band love decay as does, say, Superchunk's *Foolish*.

"That will be the next record," quips Roy.

"No, that will be my solo record," cracks Moore.

Despite the jokes, both readily admit the deterioration of their relationship contributed to *During*'s downcast tone.

"We're not going to write 'You done me wrong' songs," says Moore. "It's not a country album."

"Actually, that would be a lot of fun," interjects Roy. "My Lover Took Me Out With The Trash."

>>> David Daley

tours we'd like to see

when life gives you lemons...

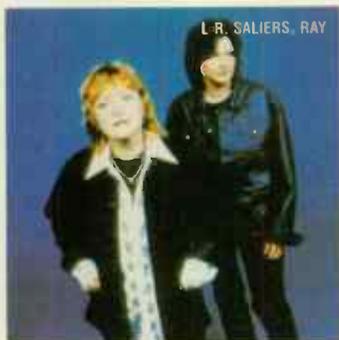
All Natural Lemon-Lime Flavors, Lime, Emily's Sassy Lime, Lime Spiders, Lemons, Lemon Pipers, Lemon Kittens, Mighty Lemon Drops, Lemonheads, Golden Lemons, Orange Juice Mix, Orange Peels, Orange 9mm, Orange Juice, Blood Oranges, Tangerine Dream.

indigo girls

Fresh off the release of the "Shed Your Skin" remix done by Rage Against The Machine's Tom Morello, the Indigo Girls are headlining several Lilith Fair dates in June and July, and will be hitting clubs with the Rolling Thunderpussy Review in late August. Amy Ray chats about the impetus behind female-themed tours. >>> *Lydia Vanderloo*

Q: Tell me about the Rolling Thunderpussy Review.

A: About five years ago we were touring, and Siouxsie from Siouxsie & The Banshees was with us on the road, because her partner Budgie was playing drums with us. And [we were also touring with] this other folk singer named Ferron from Canada. And we were all singing on stage together, and it was weird: this person from this serious post-punk sort of world, and this staunch folk singer and us, together doing a Neil Young cover or something. And I was like, "Man, we ought to get all the women we know from different bands, and just form a band and go on the road and play rock clubs, like a socialist experiment." So we're forming a traveling ensemble based loosely on Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue, which was in the '70s, when he and Joan Baez and a bunch of musicians did a series of shows together called the Rolling Thunder Review, and we're calling it the Rolling Thunderpussy Review



because it's all women. It's only ten shows and it's rock clubs, not big places. It's going to be the same basic lineup, but we're going to have guests, and we're going to use a couple of different girl punk bands to open the shows—one group will do five shows, the other group will do five shows.

Q: Do you worry that tours like this one and Lilith can, in

some people's minds, marginalize women in some way, like put them all in the same category?

A: Well, I think the point of the Rolling Thunderpussy Revue is that women make a lot of different kinds of music. I do have concerns about the ghettoization and marginalization of women musicians in general, and how it's seen as a trend. But I think for us we are kind of looking at it outside of that experience, and saying, "Well, we know that happens and it's a concern of ours, but this tour is much more about us within the women's community breaking down our own prejudices." Because I know that even during Lilith, I experienced that tendency, to see a mainstream artist and automatically judge them by what they looked like—a woman, who I'm supposed to be a supporter of! So I would judge them myself with my own prejudices, and it would be like the opposite of what a man's prejudice might be. It would be like, "Well, they're beautiful, they must not be talented." I caught myself thinking this way, and I was like, "This is bullshit!" I think that although I have concerns about the marginalization of women, I am in the spirit of women having their own space sometimes.

The Maxell Mix Tape

We all **MAKE UP TAPES** of our favorite songs. They're driving companions, records of ill-spent summers, letters to girlfriends or boyfriends, whatever. What's your favorite mix? **Tell Us.** And if we pick your entry, the kind folks at **Maxell** will send you a **bunch of goodies.**

This Month's Winner is

Lisa Chalk !!

Mississauga, Ontario

SIDE ONE:

Jeff Buckley
Grace
Red House Painters
Mistress (Piano Version)
Gravel Berries
wonder where You Are
Tonight?
Pulp
Do You Remember The First
Time?
Lloyd Cole
Like Lovers Do
McAlmont/Butler
Yes
Divine Comedy
Europe By Train
Portishead
Over
Mercury Rev
Kiss From An Old Flame
Mekons
Heart Of Stone
Sinead O'Connor & Shane
MacGowan
Haunted

SIDE TWO:

Dead Can Dance
The Carnival Is Over
Morrissey
Moon River
Medicine
Aruca
Jane's Addiction
I would For You
Pond
Cinders
Galaxie 500
Flowers
Swervedriver
Duel
Grant Lee Buffalo
Mocking Birds
Ani DiFranco
Untouchable Face
Screaming Trees
Dollar Bill
Dinosaur Jr
Get Out Of This
Chris Connolly
Anyone's Mistake
Treble Charger
Red

Just send your mix (track listings only) to: CMJ New Music Monthly, 11 Middle Neck Rd., STE. 400, Great Neck, NY 11021; also fax us at 516.466.7159 or email at cmjmonthly@cmjmusic.com.

Mix it up!

CMJ NEW MUSIC



maxell



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LIZ PHAIR.

SPINANES

Arches And Aisles

Sub Pop

It makes one's head spin to hear how much the Spinanes have evolved in just three albums. *Manos*, their 1994 debut as a guitar-drum duo, achieved a perfect merger of rock muscle and pop sweetness, which was refined on 1996's *Strand*, with its light, sophisticated melodies and expanded mix of instruments (e.g. organ and conga drums). Now it seems like *Strand* was an intermediate point on the way to *Arches And Aisles*, the fullest realization to date of frontwoman Rebecca Gates's songwriting aesthetic. *Arches And Aisles* is her first album without drummer Scott Plouf; in his place is a hand-picked, rotating cast of guitarists, drummers and keyboardists. For all that, what emerges is a single persona conveyed in 11 loose-limbed, alluring songs. What ties it all together is the newly direct, sexy sensibility she brings to every song. "In the cold sweat of makeout/You stand so close," she sings on "Love, The Lazee"—which turns out to be foreplay for a ballad called "Slide Yer Ass." That song ends with the lines, "I'm waiting on your call/I don't wait for anyone at all/So lose the pose, come a little closer." It's a Mae West kind of move, and like in the movies, the calculation of it only makes it more seductive.

>>> *Andrea Moed*



RELEASE DATE
MAY 12.

FILE UNDER
A DIFFERENT KIND OF
TENSION.

R.I.Y.L.
TRICKY, PORTISHEAD, BOMB
THE BASS.

MASSIVE ATTACK

Mezzanine

Virgin

Massive Attack revolutionized pop music with its 1991 debut *Blue Lines*, giving birth to the woozy genre dubbed "trip-hop." The group has launched the careers of Tricky, Nicolette and Shara Nelson, given Everything But The Girl a much needed booster shot, and inspired a legion of imitators: good, bad and otherwise. Massive Attack could be forgiven for resting on its laurels. And on first listen, *Mezzanine* sounds like the Bristol trio is doing just that. But the band's charms have never been obvious. By concentrating on a very focused palette of sounds and moods for their third full-length, the three have fashioned their subtlest record to date. And their darkest. The constrictive air of claustrophobia throughout contrasts vividly with the Spartan construction. On every cut, something sinister simmers beneath the incessant pulse of the muted beats and haunting performances of reggae crooner Horace Andy and newcomer Sarah Jay. Even guest Liz Fraser's normally wet, surging vocals seem brittle when anchored by the metronome ticks of "Teardrop," words slowly falling from her lips like melted wax crawling down the side of a candle. Occasionally, the tension rises, as in the swelling guitars of "Angel," but release never comes. *Mezzanine* grasps you gently but firmly, sinks its teeth in deep, and refuses to let go until you surrender completely.

>>> *Kurt B. Reighley*



RELEASE DATE
JUNE 1.

FILE UNDER
NEW RECIPES, CLASSIC
INGREDIENTS.

R.I.Y.L.
DAVID HOLMES, RONI SIZE,
BARRY ADAMSON.

AMON TOBIN

Permutation

Ninja Tune

One thing seems certain after listening to *Permutation* closely; Brazilian producer Amon Tobin has an amazing record collection... or a day job in a vintage vinyl boutique. The follow-up to last year's *Bricolage* ripples and swells with scratchy strains of jazz, bossa nova, dub and drum 'n' bass. There's a cinematic feel to the 70-minute odyssey, but not because Tobin dips into established soundtrack clichés; rather, the album's fluid mixology hearkens back to an era when movie scores disseminated jazz and Brazilian pop to wider audiences. Yet Tobin's muse also has one foot in turntable culture, bringing seemingly disparate elements in and out of the mix with the inventive finesse of a seasoned house or hip-hop DJ. "Nightlife" starts with a smattering of xylophone, pizzicato strings and finger cymbals, and shuffles along its merry way for several minutes before blossoming into a full-blown rendition of Ravel's "Bolero." On cuts like "Bridge" and "Escape," Tobin mates rhythmic dexterity with a wide melodic range of percussive timbres, displaying a deft, fundamental understanding of the groove absent in most of today's beatjacks. Like an invitation to dance with a dark-eyed stranger, the music of *Permutation* is intoxicatingly daring, yet hauntingly familiar, and offers a wealth of surprises if you'll dare to succumb to its charms.

>>> *Kurt B. Reighley*

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT

R.F.T.C.

Interscope

You can stop bringing flowers to the grave of rock 'n' roll because it's officially been resurrected. Rocket From The Crypt's latest album is—hands down—the best 40 minutes of balls-to-the-wall rock music I've heard in ages. Elements of '50s proto-rock and '60s R&B have been creeping into Rocket's music for years but with *R.F.T.C.*, the San Diego band finally makes the hybrid of those two styles its singular m.o. It's not just the sextet's matching outfits and frontman John "Speedo" Reis's physical similarity to a post-'68 *Comeback* Elvis that harken back to rock 'n' roll's heyday: "Dick On A Dog" is peppered with admonitions to "shake, shake, c'mon shake it up," and "Made For You" features a classic call and response exchange between frontman Reis and the rest of the band ("Do you see my bullseye?/Yeah, I see your bullseye"). The backing vocals and horn parts are finally being used to full effect, tooting in their own voices rather than supporting the already beefy guitar parts or Reis's equally beefy voice. It all gels best on "Break It Up," where a guitar part that sounds like an unmuffled Harley revving its engine supports Reis's snarly vocals, which lockstep in time with the rhythm until he reaches the syncopated refrain, "I'm a fool, I'll never be true to you." In a word: perfect.

>>> *Jenny Eliscu*



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 2.
FILE UNDER:
ROCK 'N' ROLL, RESURRECTED.
R.I.Y.L.:
THE DELTA 72, MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES, SOCIAL DISTORTION.

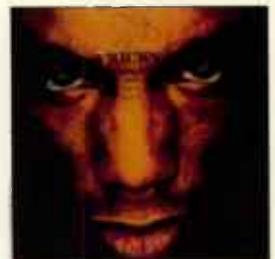
TRICKY

Angels With Dirty Faces

Island

Something is definitely wrong here, and it's not just that Tricky sounds as if he's actually about to burst half the time. Far removed from the languid beats of *Maxinquaye*, his debut, and, to a lesser extent, '96's *Pre-Millennium Tension*, *Angels With Dirty Faces* sounds cramped, hurried and frustrated—apt, since Tricky now lives in New York City. The opener, "Mellow," is about as close as you get to the old stuff, devolving quickly into 5/4 blues, jungle-like rhythms and as is his style, choral pieces. Tricky's lyrical focus has become more economic. "I looked down in my wallet/Goddamn it, I've been bought," sings his alter-ego, Martina Topley-Bird, on "Singing The Blues." Record companies really take it on the chin; on "6 Minutes," he sings, "In this industry full of vomit/My voodoo makes 'em sick," and on, uh, "Record Companies," a sort of state-of-hip-hop address, he suggests that labels "love when [artists] kill themselves/It boost up the record sales." But mostly Tricky's just good and scary. "Analyze Me" offers cause for his weirdness ("My mother committed suicide when I was four or five/I love Mike-o was killed by a psycho") and "The Moment I Feared" occurs when a prison guard takes off his trousers and "greases [him] where no-one dared." He's evil and he's icky, and he's made an album that will freak people out for years to come.

>>> *Andrew Beaujon*



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 2.
FILE UNDER:
EVIL-PENETRATED TRIP-HOP.
R.I.Y.L.:
MASSIVE ATTACK, PORTISHEAD, MATERIAL.

KOMEDA

What Makes It Go?

Minty Fresh

The two-girl/two-boy Swedish art band Komeda makes quirky, new wave-inspired music that brilliantly spoofs rock music, culture and lifestyle at the same time that it happily joins all the other products on the retail shelves. The group's second US effort, *What Makes It Go?* is a bubbling, blipping masterpiece, taking the buzzing synths and slacker attitude of the Rentals and injecting it with some high social critique. Yet Komeda's salvos are more simple and fun than, say, actually figuring out what a Stereolab song is about, or poring over the lyric sheet of someone like Robert Wyatt. There are moments that are purely ridiculous, and others that are purely joyful. "Flabbergast" mines the basic Komeda formula, with a pre-programmed funky synth pulse and singer Lena Karlsson's thin, high singsong voice lecturing the listener, "Be a rebel and be sexy/Be a good mother, faithful wife/Be creative and exciting." Then there's "Curious," where it's possible to picture the group as a musical team of social scientists, wearing lab coats and strap-on synths, dancing around the lab singing about people's impulses and tendencies. With its mix of playful Swedish new wave and potentially highbrow messages, Komeda still proves that pure pop will always triumph, no matter what the accent or social context.

>>> *James Lien*



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 9.
FILE UNDER:
MENSA NEW WAVE.
R.I.Y.L.:
RENTALS, STEREO LAB, DEVO.



creeper lagoon

Singer/guitarists Sharky Laguana and Ian Sefchick had been playing together since high school in Cincinnati, but it wasn't until last year, when their band Creeper Lagoon advertised for bandmembers who were into "Guided By Voices, The Fall, Hank Williams, My Dad Is Dead, and sampling," that they hooked up with bassist Geoffrey Chisholm. Along with drummer David Kostiner, the band, now based in San Francisco, adeptly fuses its influences on its debut album, *I Become Small And Go*, released on the Dust Brothers' Nickelbag Records. Take, for example, the resoundingly catchy "Empty Ships," one of three album tracks remixed by Dust Brother John King: It starts out in a Grifters-ish fashion with a strummy guitar, far-away sounding vocals and a drum machine backbeat, which all sound captured on a home recording deck, but after 30 seconds the song slips into a hi-fi sonic explosion that couldn't be more radio-ready. Although Laguana and Sefchick like to talk about their interest in sampling, which does give a fresh spin to their tunes, it's the melodies bursting out of their songs that make Creeper Lagoon one to watch, and one to remember. >>> *Lydia Vanderloo*



skanic

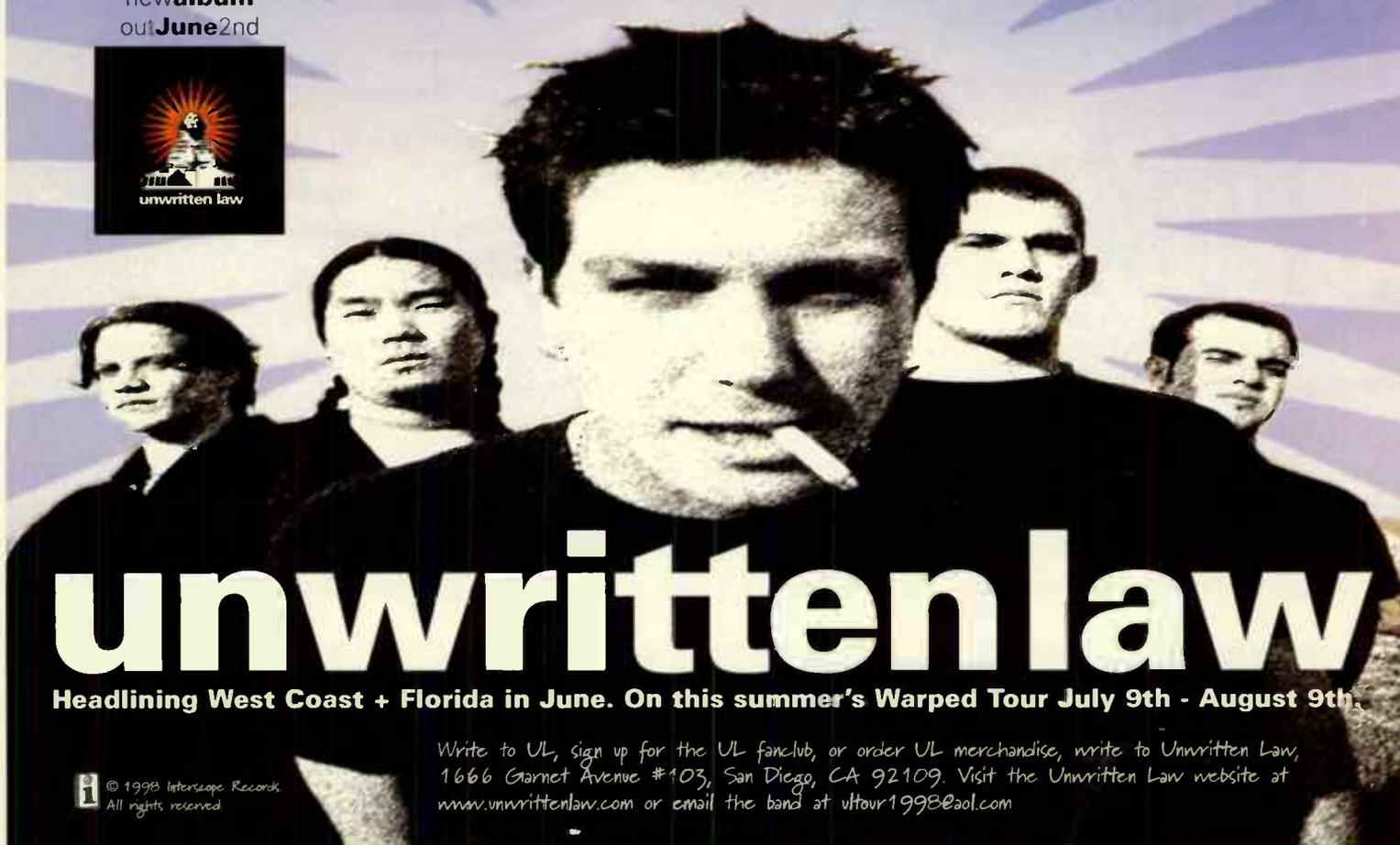
The stage is unspeakably hot, the walls are practically dripping with humidity, the floor and the very boards of the stage itself are bending under the weight of the bodies flying around—that's the kind of life that the members of Skanic want to live. Since forming in 1995, this nine-piece San Diego ska band has bounded onto stages in front of packed houses from southern California down to Tijuana, Mexico, armed with only its high-energy brand of this traditional music form. Skanic is a little rougher and edgier than a lot of its contemporaries, but not just in a punk way: the group is also preserving a bit of the street toughness of the original Jamaican flavor that other, more Madness-inspired modern ska bands tend to shy away from. And when Skanic occasionally dips into reggae chink-a-chink, it's lean and mean, as fast and vicious as one of those alarmingly realistic knife-fight sequences out of the movie *The Harder They Come*. The band is currently a West Coast phenomenon, but the release of its debut album, *Last Call* (which includes an R&B-infused cover of Nirvana's "Breed"), on New York City's Moon Ska label should broaden its reach. >>> *James Lien*



pink martini

If life is a cabaret, Portland, Oregon's Pink Martini is the band in the existential orchestra pit. Led by a Harvard-educated classical pianist who wears sharkskin suits and knee-high Doc Martens, this 14-piece ensemble draws from a breathtakingly expansive collection of sources, turning compositions from Ravel's "Bolero" to '60s Japanese film diva Akihiro Miwa's "Song Of The Black Lizard" into Pink Martini-flavored dance tunes. Thomas M. Lauderdale founded the band in 1994, enlisting a hot jazz guitarist, a Spanish opera singer and a New York-based pop vocalist. Pink Martini soon became the, ahem, toast of Portland, getting asked to entertain at weddings, city ceremonies and rock clubs alike, and offering the mic to guest vocalists such as director Gus Van Sant and Dandy Warhols' frontman Courtney Taylor. Last year, Lauderdale assembled his unwieldy collection of musicians to record *Sympathique* (Heinz), a self-released debut that encompasses Latin jazz, swing, French cabaret and straight-up samba. It's become a sensation, with sales zooming past the 10,000 mark and hinting that Pink Martini is just beginning to shake and stir. >>> *Richard Martin*

newalbum
out June 2nd



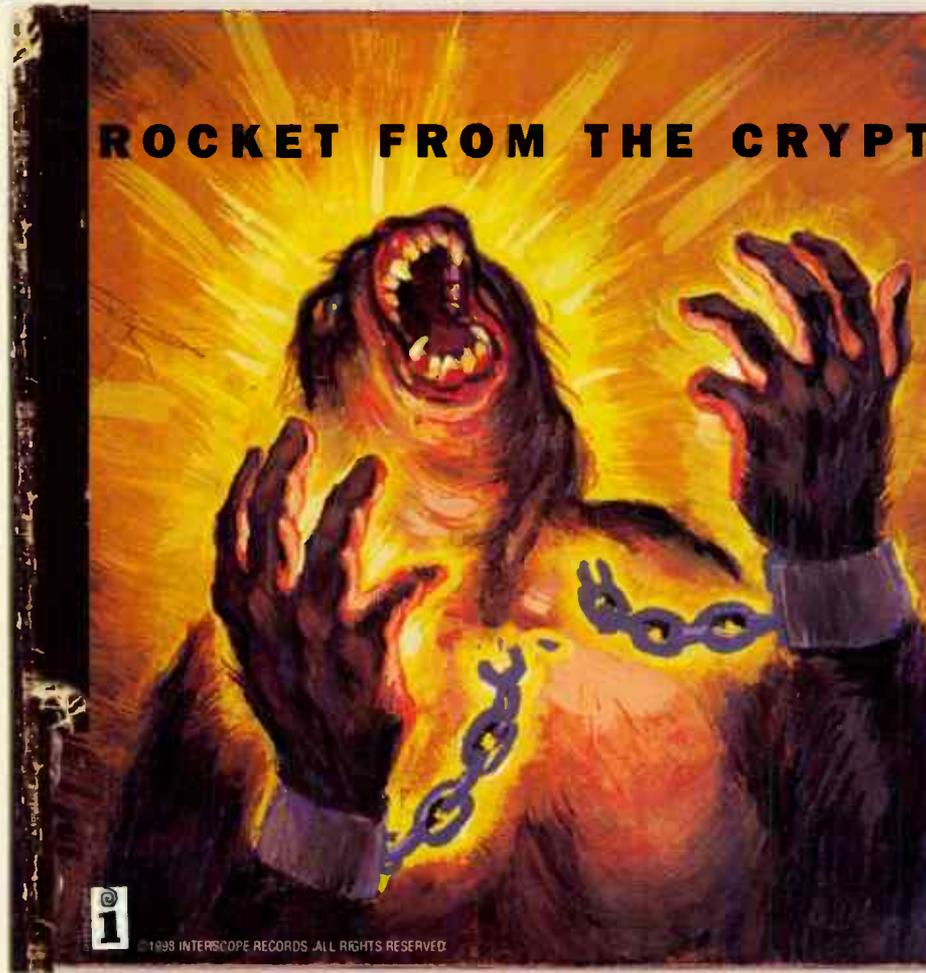
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ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT



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NEW ALBUM

RFTC



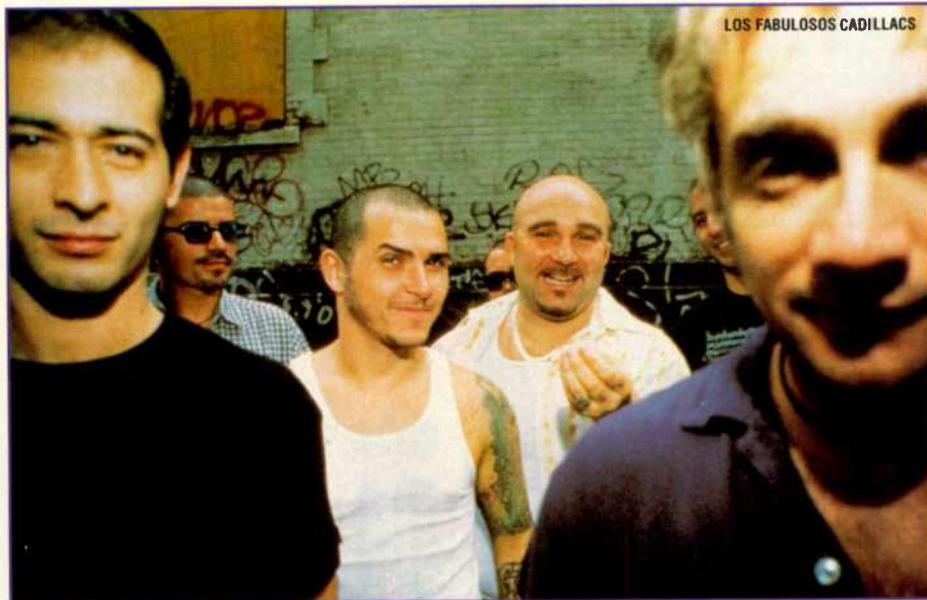
OUT JUNE 2

ON TOUR WITH
THE FOO FIGHTERS THIS MAY
HEADLINING TOUR THIS JUNE

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rock en español

IN A RECENT DOCUMENTARY ABOUT THE HISTORY OF THE AFRO-CUBAN DANCE GENRE SALSA, AGELESS SALSA QUEEN CELIA CRUZ PLAINLY STATES: "THE TERM 'SALSA' WAS A COMMERCIAL FABRICATION TO MARKET *EL SON* IN THE UNITED STATES." ¶ THE SAME PHENOMENON APPLIES TO THE BURGEONING *ROCK EN ESPAÑOL* MOVEMENT, WHICH HAS STEADILY FORGED A MARKET IN LATIN AMERICA AND IN THIS COUNTRY FOR MORE THAN TWO DECADES. LATIN ROCK MADE ITS MARK AS FAR BACK AS RITCHIE VALENS AND REMAINS AS VIVID IN THE AMERICAN MAINSTREAM AS SANTANA AND LOS LOBOS. STILL, THE QUESTION REMAINS AS TO EXACTLY WHAT CONSTITUTES *ROCK EN ESPAÑOL*. ADDING TO THE CONFUSION, SOME BANDS THAT AREN'T ROCK BUT DO SING *EN ESPAÑOL* ARE SNEAKING IN TO THE MIX.



Rock en Español is rock sung in Spanish, plain and simple. So if it is rock 'n' roll, why does the language matter? Most rockers contend it doesn't, even though cultural loyalties might dictate otherwise.

Rockeros from Iberia and North America to the tip of South America say they have been enjoying a broader spectrum of rock for years. Even while Latinos were being weaned on British and American rock, they still had access to rock in their own language. There are as many styles of *rock en Español* as rock in English, but the most exciting rock from Spanish-speaking countries is *rocanrol* fused with music of Latin origin—tango, salsa and indigenous sounds, for example.

When the Grammy Awards announced a category for this loosely defined genre this year, the Academy made a fine choice for a title, Best Latin Rock/Alternative Performance. And even as this year saw no homegrown product represented among the nominees, the recognition of Latin alternative rock alone added fuel to an already raging scene in Los Angeles, the official capital of *rock en Español* in this country. *¡Al Borde!*, a bi-weekly newspaper dedicated to covering the scene, lists 110 local bands. Five-year-old *La Banda Elástica* magazine and *Retila* magazine, along with *¡Al Borde!*, are helping to establish the scene by documenting its history and growth.

"The industry likes to pigeonhole things to market and sell," says Argentine producer Gustavo Santaolalla, who has produced some of the biggest bands to come out of the scene, including Grammy-nominated Molotov and Café Tacuba. "That's where the label *rock en Español* comes

from. Eventually *rock en Español* is something that will get mixed in to rock as a whole, and it won't be necessary to segregate it any longer."

As the identity of Latinos continues to be defined in the United States, *rock en Español* is gaining momentum and popularity in the major US hubs, despite a lack of support from commercial radio. Meanwhile, Latin American rockers have invariably begun to embrace Spanish-language modern rock in their own countries, displaying support with mega-concerts that attract hundreds of thousands of fans.

"We've been doing what we've always been doing, playing rock 'n' roll in our language," says Alex Lora, singer of Mexico's longest-running group El Tri, a 30-year-old blues-rock band that last summer drew an audience of 150,000 people in Lima, Peru. Argentina, Colombia and Spain have held similar events in recent years.

An excellent point of departure to examine *rock en Español*, that is to say Latin alternative rock, is to look at the Grammy nominees: Mexico's El Tri, Café Tacuba and Molotov, Colombia's Aterciopelados, and the winner, Argentina's Los Fabulosos Cadillacs.

Los Fabulosos Cadillacs' 11th CD in its 15 years together, *Fabulosos Calavera* ("Fabulous Skeletons") (BMG US Latin), integrates a modern sound that reflects some of the musical chaos taking place in Buenos Aires, blending *bolero*, *son*, samba, tango, reggae, hip-hop and even thrash metal into ska-punk, with a psychedelic flair. The Cadillacs formed during the 2Tone revival even as their country battled with England over the domination of the Falkland Islands. Although not directly credited with influencing the throng of Latin ska bands

>>> Continued on page 18

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Facility COLUMBIA

>>> Continued from page 16

that have crept all the way up to Mexico and the United States, the band paved the road for other groups fusing indigenous sounds with ska-punk. At their sharpest, the Cadillacs' lyrics unleash some of the fiercest political commentary toward a shamed military government—criticism that's applicable to many Latin American nations recovering from brutal dictatorships.

Mexico's Maldita Vecindad ("Damned Neighborhood"), which has been around almost as long as the Cadillacs, and the younger band Tijuana No! also fit under this particular umbrella. Both groups have a ska-punk foundation but, more importantly, manage to seamlessly meld Latin music and world beat into their aggressive sounds. Maldita's now classic 1991 album *El Circo* ("The Circus") (BMG US Latin) set the standard for intelligent rage rock.

Tijuana No!, a US-Mexico border band that's had notable success in Los Angeles, builds upon its brand of incendiary rebel rock with its recently released third album, *Contra-Revolución Avenue* (BMG US Latin). Considered the most political of Mexican bands, Tijuana No! has performed benefits for Zapatista rebels and has publicly lamented the fall of Peru's Tupac Amaru. The group's three singers tackle corruption in Mexico's government and in California's anti-immigrant stance. The band benefits immensely from the folksy, melodic vocals of Cecilia Bastida, who provides one of the few female voices in this male-dominated scene.

The Cadillacs, Maldita and Tijuana No! were included on last year's compilation album *¡Reconquista! The Latin Rock Invasion* (Zanya-Rhino), which contains some of the most important bands of the late-'80s and '90s. Unfortunately, most of the bands on the CD have disbanded since its release.

Mexican sensation Café Tacuba (named after a famous café in Mexico City) has achieved enormous attention here with its own fusion of traditional Mexican music styles infused with an electro-pop sensibility. The band's 1994 album *Re* has been called the "Mexican White Album," and its 1996 *Avalancha De Exitos* ("Avalanche Of Hits") (WEA Latina) broke into some mainstream US markets last year.

In the same vein is Colombia's most important rock export: Aterciopelados (which means "Velveties," or "Velvet Ones"), who mix folksy *rancheras*, *boleros* and tango on a solid rock foundation. Trained as a folk singer, Andrea Echeverry has become the poster-child of the new Latin feminist movement, with her



Three albums to start your own rock en Español collection:

- CAFÉ TACUBA
Re (WEA Latina)
- LOS FABULOSOS CADILLACS
Fabulosos Calavera (BMG US Latin)
- VARIOUS ARTISTS
¡Reconquista! The Latin Rock Invasion (Zanya-Rhino)

song "Florecito Rockera" ("Little Rock Flower") off the Velveties' 1995 hit album *El Dorado* (BMG US Latin). The band's critically acclaimed follow-up, *La Pipa De La Paz* ("The Peace Pipe") (BMG US Latin), toned down the band's rocky edge in favor of memorable pop hooks and an alluring Latin melodicism.

Maná helped break open the US and Latin markets in the early '90s with *Donde Jugarán Los Niños?* ("Where will the little boys play?") (WEA Latina), a radio-friendly album with all the essential catchy pop ingredients. A tropidance rock outfit from Guadalajara with a sound reminiscent of the Police, Maná hasn't deviated musically from that 1992 album, and the band remains on the top of the pop music charts with its 1997 album *Sueños Líquidos* (WEA Latina).

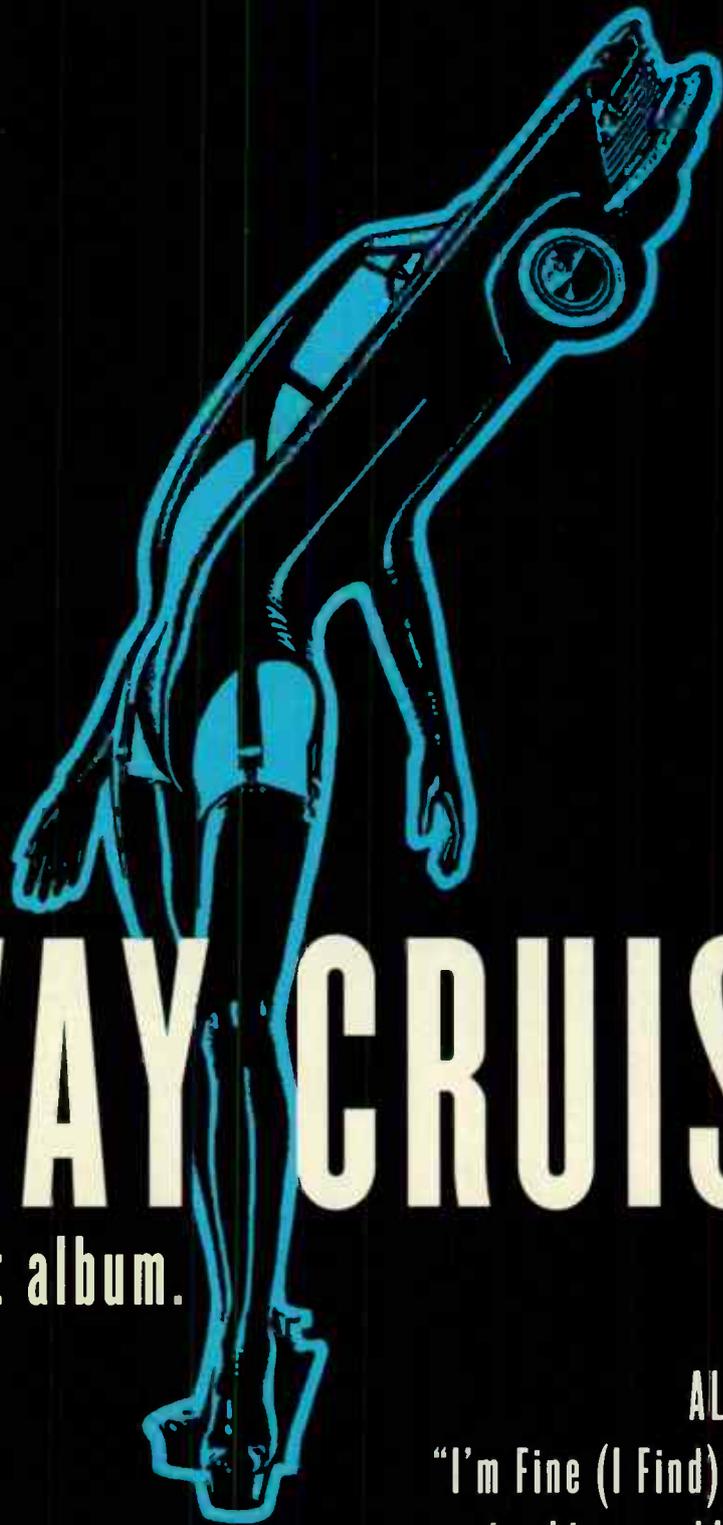
Other melodic Latin fusion rockers that have garnered mass appeal in the scene include Mexico's Jaguares, driven by singer-songwriter Saul Hernandez, founder of seminal tropical rock band Caifanes. With its sweeping indigenous themes and masterful guitar work, last year's Don Was-produced *El Equilibrio De Los Jaguares* ("The Balance Of The Jaguars") (BMG US Latin) must have been on the Grammy's long list. And although the recently disbanded Argentine group Soda Stereo—a Grammy-caliber band for more than a decade—doesn't integrate Latin sounds into its updated power pop, its 1996 CD *MTV Unplugged* (BMG US Latin) proved the band deserves its place in the pantheon of Latin alternative rock.

In Mexico, local rock shows came to a halt after a Woodstock-style concert in 1971 frightened national authorities, who essentially banned live rock (in any language), which they deemed as subversive, for nearly 15 years. With its 30th album on the way, El Tri is the only band that survived from that era, playing at underground *hoyos funky* ("funky holes") and appealing to Mexico's working class with its signature blues-rock. Often called the Mick Jagger of Mexican rock, El Tri's Alex Lora is the self-proclaimed father of *rock Mexicano*. "I spawned every Mexican band," he said after a concert in Los Angeles in support of his band's most recent CD *Cuando Tú No Estás* ("When You Aren't Here") (WEA Latina). Lora's ability to move large crowds hasn't been equaled by any other contemporary *rockero*; and while his style of rock may lack the sophistication of some of the other bands mentioned here, he has in fact spawned various waves of *rock en Español*.

In contrast, the youngest of the Grammy bunch is the Mexico City rock-rap collective Molotov, which is at the forefront of Latin American hip-hop. Produced by Santaolalla, *¿Dónde Jugarán Las Niñas?* ("Where Will The Girls Play?") (Surco-Universal Music Latino) features two bassists, a heavy metal guitar sound and four vocalists, which together recall the Beastie Boys' early sound. Lyrically, the Molotov crew employs Mexican colloquialisms

>>> Continued on page 76





GETAWAY CRUISER

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Born: Dec. 14, 1970 Hometown: London Bats: Both Throws: Right

COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

Year	Collaborator	Project
1990	William Orbit	Single "Water From A Vine Leaf"
1995	Red Snapper	Two singles
1995	Chemical Brothers	Tracks for <i>Exit Planet Dust</i>
1997	Chemical Brothers	A track for <i>Dig Your Own Hole</i>
1998	Terry Callier	Tracks for her <i>Best Bit</i> EP (Dedicated)

The "Nothing Better To Do But Look At The Back Of Baseball Cards" Game.

Fly Out



Beth's debut album *Trailer Park*, released in the US last year, has earned the English performer fans on both sides of the Atlantic. With her earthy, folky vocals, acoustic guitar strumming and predilection for electronic backdrops, the Londoner plays the pivot in the folk rock/electronic double play combination. See her at the Lilith Fair dates in the Mid-Atlantic region in July.

Dedicated Records • Beth Orton SECOND BASE

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MASSIVE ATTACK

VIRGIN RECORDS PITCHER

Date Of Birth: 1987 First LP: 1991 New album: *Mezzanine* (Virgin)
Members: Grant Marshall (Daddy Gee), Robert del Naja (3D), Andrew Vowles (Mushroom), Past Guests: Horace Andy, Tracey Thorn (Everything But The Girl), Nicolette, Tricky

Did You Know? ? ? ?

The members of Massive Attack were once in the Wild Bunch with Nelle Hooper and Shara Nelson, who left the group for *Soul II Soul* in 1987.

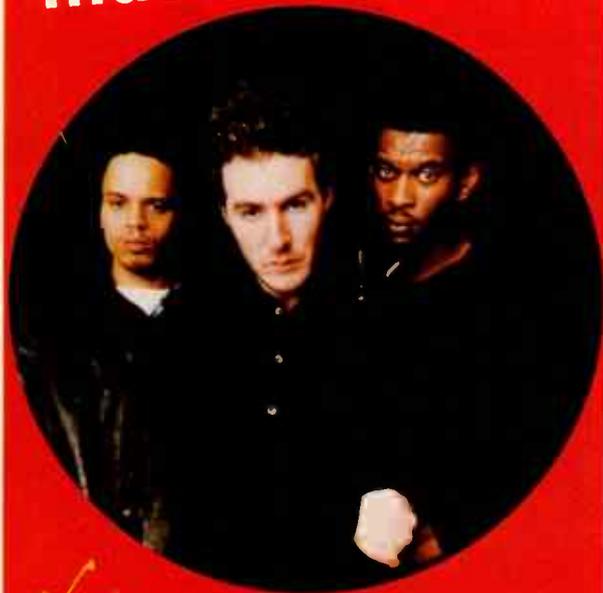
Hard-throwing Massive Attack proved sophomore slumps don't happen to everyone: 1994's *Protection* was a commercial and artistic success. The Massives have had a busy (and lengthy) off-season, and this year they've added two new pitches to their repertoire, more guitars and a more live feel on *Mezzanine*, their highly anticipated third album. The band that spawned trip hop's "Bristol Sound" will tour North America with The Verve in July and August.

COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	ALBUM	IP	BB	SO	ERA
1991	<i>Blue Lines</i>	298	124	263	2.36
1994	<i>Protection</i>	120	100	106	4.65
1995	Cover of "I Want You," with Madonna on Marvin Gaye tribute Contributed to <i>Batman Returns</i> soundtrack	175 281	165	179	5.26 3.27
1997	"Wire," a track on <i>Welcome To Sarajevo</i> soundtrack	201	109	174	3.83
1998	<i>Mezzanine</i>	224	133	124	5.70

THE BANDS OF SUMMER

massive attack



VIRGIN RECORDS
PITCHER

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LIMP BIZKIT

Catcher Interscope Records

Date Of Birth: 1994 Hometown: Jacksonville, FL Went Pro: 1996 Members: Fred Durst (vocals), Sam Rivers (bass), John Otto (drums), Wes Boreland (guitar), DJ Lethal



Singer Freddy is a tattoo artist who has worked on Fieldy and Head of Korn.

In just a few short years, Limp Bizkit has risen from rookie-league ball to The Show. After being discovered by fellow "new metal"-heads Korn, the Florida quintet scored big when its indie-released debut album, *Three Dollar Bill, Y'all\$*, was picked up by Interscope. Now that Limp Bizkit has finished up its "Ladies Night In Cambodia" tour with Clutch and Sevendust, it'll spend the summer co-headlining the second OzzFest tour with Tool and Megadeth.

COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

Debut Album	<i>Three Dollar Bill, Y'all\$</i>	.210
Originally released	1996, on Flip Records	.246
Reissued	1997, on Interscope Records	.293
Produced by	Ross Robinson (Korn, Sepultura)	.261
DJ Lethal's other team	House Of Pain	.198

CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

1998 ROOKIE STAR



KID KOALA

NINJA TUNE RECORDS • 38

Kid KOALA

third base Ninja Tune Records



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Kid Koala credits his rhythmic flair to the Chinese childhood rhymes his father sang to get him to do household chores. "For some strange reason, those rhymes often weasel their way into my scratch improvisations," he says. The speedy Kid has pushed back the release of his forthcoming album in order to join one of this season's strongest line-ups and tour with Money Mark opening for the Beastie Boys.

DID YOU KNOW?

Ninja Tune signed Eric based on what they heard on "Scratchcratchratchatch," a tape he made at home. Part of it wound up on the 1997 10 "Scratchhappyland" (Ninja Tune).

Real Name: Eric San
Age: 23
Born: Vancouver, BC Canada
Pet Fish: Easy Ride, the puffer
Junior League Award: Voted best bug collector at Evans Lake Camp in the fifth grade

COMPLETE REMIX WORK RECORD

September 1997	"More Beats & Pieces" by Coldcut
February 1998	"Vad Forgive Me" by DJ Vadim
April 1998	"Carpel-Tunnel Syndrome" with Money Mark



LIMP BIZKIT
INTERSCOPE RECORDS CATCHER

BLUE NOTE



MEDESKI MARTIN & WOOD

of

THE BANDS OF SUMMER

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MEDESKI MARTIN & WOOD
outfield BLUE NOTE RECORDS

Born: 1990 Hometown: New York, NY (with a rehearsal shack in Hawaii)
Went Pro: 1991 Members: John Medeski (keyboards, organ), Billy Martin (drums), Chris Wood (bass)

With John's organ grooves and keyboard freakouts driven by the rhythm section of Chris and Billy (not that Billy Martin), Medeski, Martin And Wood can hit, run and especially field, drawing huge crowds at outdoor festivals throughout the US. After posting strong numbers with four LPs on Gramavision-Rykodisc, the trio of got called up to Blue Note in 1997. *Combustication* is the band's seventh instrumental effort, and an all-star contender.

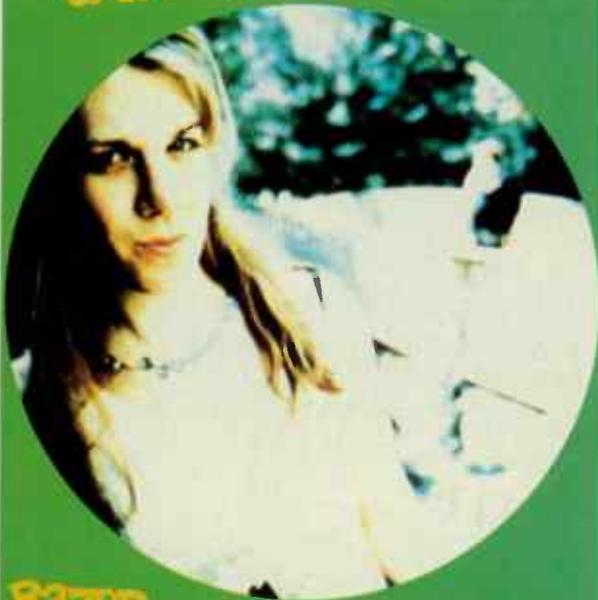
COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

Player	Began playing	No. of collaborations before MM&W
Billy Martin	11 years old	20
John Medeski	In diapers	25 (approx.)
Chris Wood	Pre-teens	13

?? DID YOU KNOW? ??

The band recorded part of its album *Shack-man* at its rehearsal shack in Hawaii using solar power.

dar williams

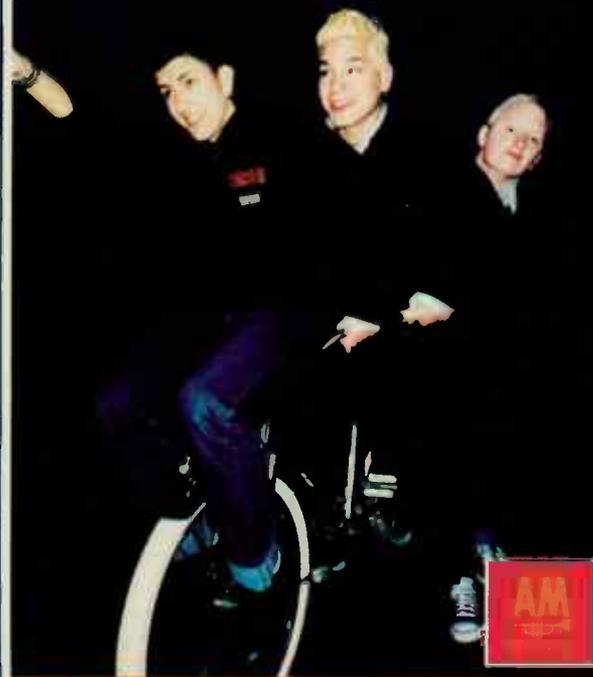


RAZOR & TIE

RAZOR & TIE RECORDS
OUTFIELD

THE BANDS OF SUMMER

MxPx



OUTFIELD

A&M RECORDS

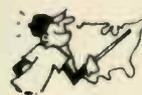
714

DAR WILLIAMS

RAZOR & TIE RECORDS OUTFIELD

Date Of Birth: 4/19/67 Hometown: Northampton, MA
Wrote first song at: 11 Went Pro: 1993

?? Did You Know? ??



Dar would rather be eating sushi in Vancouver.

Following her recent appearance on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* (performing "Turn, Turn, Turn" with Pete Seeger), Dar hit the road for a summer packed with festival appearances. A steady hitter, she compliments any line-up: In early June she'll be headlining the Guinness Fleadh tour (sharing the top of the marquis with Richard Thompson and Sinead O'Connor), before joining up with the Newport Folk Festival On The Road Tour in July, and hitching onto the Lilith Fair at the end of August.

COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

Year	Album	Label	No. Of Tracks	No. Of Musicians
1993	<i>Honesty Room</i>	Razor & Tie	13	10
1996	<i>Mortal City</i>	Razor & Tie	11	16
1997	<i>End Of Summer</i>	Razor & Tie	11	22



CHERRY POPPIN' DADDIES

Designated Hitter

Mojo Records

350

MxPx

A&M RECORDS • OUTFIELD

DATE OF BIRTH: 1994 HOMETOWN: BREMERTON, WA
WENT PRO: 1994 MEMBERS: MIKE HERRERA (BASS, VOCALS),
TOM WISNIEWSKI (GUITAR), YURI RILEY (DRUMS)

WHAT WAS MxPx'S ORIGINAL NAME?



After five years as a minor league slugger, Washington's MxPx has been called up to the majors. Following three indie records, the trio will release its fourth long-player, *Slowly Going The Way Of The Buffalo*, on A&M. These three young turks are only 21 years old, but they've already sold hundreds of thousands of albums, gallivanted around the country several times (with clubhouse mainstays like No Doubt and Reel Big Fish) and filmed a bunch of videos. Catch the band on the Vans Warped Tour during July and August.

COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	ALBUM	# OF MINUTES	AVG. AGE	% OF LIFESPAN
1994	<i>Pokinatcha</i>	48:28	17	.0005427%
1995	<i>Teenage Politics</i>	45:48	18	.0004804%
1997	<i>Life In General</i>	43:44	20	.0004128%
1998	<i>Slowly Going The Way Of The Buffalo</i>	31:58	21	.0003533%

Interscope Records

Date Of Birth: 1980
Hometown: San Diego, CA
Went Pro: 1991
Related Projects: Drive Like Jehu, Pitchfork, Back Off Cupids
Members: Speedo (lead vocals, guitar), N.D. (guitar), Patey X (bass), Atom (drums), J.C. 2000 (trumpet), Apollo 9 (saxophone)

'Break It Up' from Rocket From The Crypt's new album, *R.F.T.C.*, is a tape-measure homer for this group of highly touted prospects. The band that long ago nixed its pledge to never play a venue with a real stage will spend the entire summer (following a late spring jaunt with the Foo Fighters) on a full-scale US tour. Rocket still upholds its promise of free admission to those bearing tattoos of its insignia, and these days, that may be your only way to guarantee entry into one of the band's packed gigs.

MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

Year	Album	Stat
1991	<i>Paint As A Fragrance</i> (Headhunter)	Followed by half a dozen 7" releases
1993	<i>Circa: Now!</i> (Headhunter-Interscope)	Added Apollo 9 on sax
1995	<i>Scream, Dracula, Scream!</i> (Interscope)	Added J.C. 2000 on trumpet
1998	<i>R.F.T.C.</i> (Interscope)	Features producer Jim Dickinson on keyboards



ROCKET FROM THE
CRYPT

INTERSCOPE RECORDS

Date Of Birth: 1989 **Hometown:** Eugene, OR **Went Pro:** 1990 **Members:** Steve Perry (vocals, guitar), Jason Moss (guitar), Daniel Schmid (bass), Tim Donahue (drums), Dana Heltman (trumpet), Sean Flannery (tenor sax), Ian Early (baritone and alto sax), Dustin Lanker (keyboards)

COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

Year	Album	Coollest Song Title
1993	<i>Ferociously Stoned</i> (Sub Par)	"Diabolic Tastemaker"
1994	<i>Rapid City Muscle Car</i> (Sub Par)	"Ding-Dong Daddy Of The D-Car Line"
1996	<i>Kids On The Street</i> (Caroline)	"Flower Fight With Morrissey"
1997	<i>Zoot Suit Riot</i> (Mojo)	"No Mercy For Swine"

The "Nothing Better To Do But Look At The Backs Of Baseball Cards" Game.

Strike Out



Oregon's Cherry Poppin' Daddies are swanky dressed gents who were working the retro swing vibe long before the form's current revival began. This year, the Daddies' hit one into the bleachers with their greatest hits album, *Zoot Suit Riot* (Mojo), which recently popped up on *Billboard's* chart. The Daddies' songs have also appeared on various soundtracks, including *Kissing A Fool*, *Meet The Deedles* and *BASEketball*. This summer, after finishing a tour with Los Fabulosos Cadillac, they'll play the main stage of the Vans Warped Tour.

Mojo Records • Cherry Poppin' Daddies on

THE BANDS OF SUMMER

LIZ PHAIR

SHORTSTOP

MATADOR-CAPITOL



Born: Apr. 17, 1967 **Hometown:** Chicago, IL
Throws: Right **Bats:** Right

Liz's 1993 debut *Exile In Guyville* sparked a feminist revolution in rock. After that all-star rookie season, more women with guitars stepped up to the plate and industry execs and music fans alike started to root for the "other sex" in rock. Back with her third album, Liz will take to the stage for the first time since the spring of '95, playing Lilith Fair dates in July and August in the South and Midwest.

COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

Self-released cassette tapes:	2
Albums out:	2
New album:	<i>Whitechocolatespaceegg</i> (Matador-Capitol).
Release date:	August 11
First single:	"Johnny Feelgood"

DID YOU KNOW?
 Liz Phair's *Whitechocolatespaceegg* was the first album by a female rock artist to be certified gold in the U.S. (March 1998)

RUB EDGE OF COIN OVER BLANK SPACE.



LIZ PHAIR

shortstop MATADOR-CAPITOL

WORLD CUP FEVER

THIS SUMMER, THE EYES OF THE MUSIC WORLD WILL LARGELY BE TURNED TO FRANCE TO WATCH SOCCER. CHRIS NICKSON TRANSLATES THIS PHENOMENON INTO AMERICAN.

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To most Americans, “sports” is appropriately plural, consisting of a mix of baseball, basketball, football and hockey (mix and match at your discretion), but for the rest of the world, it’s a word: soccer, fútbol, football. Which is why the globe’s top national teams, having spent the last 18 months fighting for a place through the qualifying rounds, will be in France, all hoping to be the ones hoisting the Jules Rimet trophy.

Soccer taps the passions no other sport can touch. It’s why people pay \$30 to sit out in the cold, watching 22 men kicking a ball around. It’s why the highlight of Oasis’s career was playing at Maine Road, home of the team idolized by the brothers Gallagher, Manchester City. Why the organizers of the Glastonbury Festival have installed a huge TV screen so that a weekend of music won’t get in the way of any important matches. And why New Order was so chuffed to be asked to write England’s theme song for Italia 90, “World In Motion.”

The game is a lingua franca, crossing national boundaries, classes, languages and cultures. It’s the most athletically demanding and—at its best—the most graceful sport in the world. For 90 minutes two teams give their all—the South Americans with their rippling beauty, the physical Europeans, the African nations which can surprise everyone. No time outs, no padding. There are no certainties; it is, as the cliché goes, a game of two halves. And one winner. No, more than one—all of the people, all over the world, who’ll be crowding into bars or tuning in on television sets to watch the progress of the teams, all the way through to the final in July. They all know it’s a glorious game. But why, and how, does soccer inspire people so deeply? Here’s what some key players on the music scene had to say about their favorite sport.



GARY STRINGER, REEF
STRONG UP FRONT, GOOD GOAL TALLY

Stringer has supported Wolverhampton Wanderers all his life, and feels that “football, supporting a team, gives you an identity, a sense of place. It lets you know where you’re from, and that’s important. And it’s amazing to see the skill of the players, the flow of the game, particularly when it’s end-to-end stuff.”



ALICE NUTTER, CHUMBAWAMBA
WINGER, GOOD SPEED, PENETRATING CROSSES

Chumbawamba has written a song for this year’s World Cup, but while England wants it to be its official anthem, the band is keeping it “for the real football fans, the ones who love the game.” For Nutter, the beauty of the sport is “the skill and the ballet, in a way the most homophobic man can appreciate, and also that shared unity of being in a crowd. Whenever I’ve been to [English national stadium] Wembley, no matter who I’ve been to see, I’ve cried. You get that crowd emotion, and it’s a great feeling. The mob isn’t always ugly.”



JON LANGFORD, MEKONS, WACO BROTHERS, SOLO ARTIST
SOLID CENTER HALF, DOESN’T LET ANYTHING GO BY

Langford grew up in Newport, Wales, and came to love soccer while watching not-so-good Newport County play week in and week out. It was, he says, “as accurate and poignant a representation of the working-class experience as any poet, folkie or painter could muster up, played out in the pissing rain with the relentless choking routine of daily life. Feather cuts, Doc Martens, *Clockwork Orange*, Bowie, Slade... It made us feel good about where we came from just by providing a venue where we could take the piss out of the whole mess.”

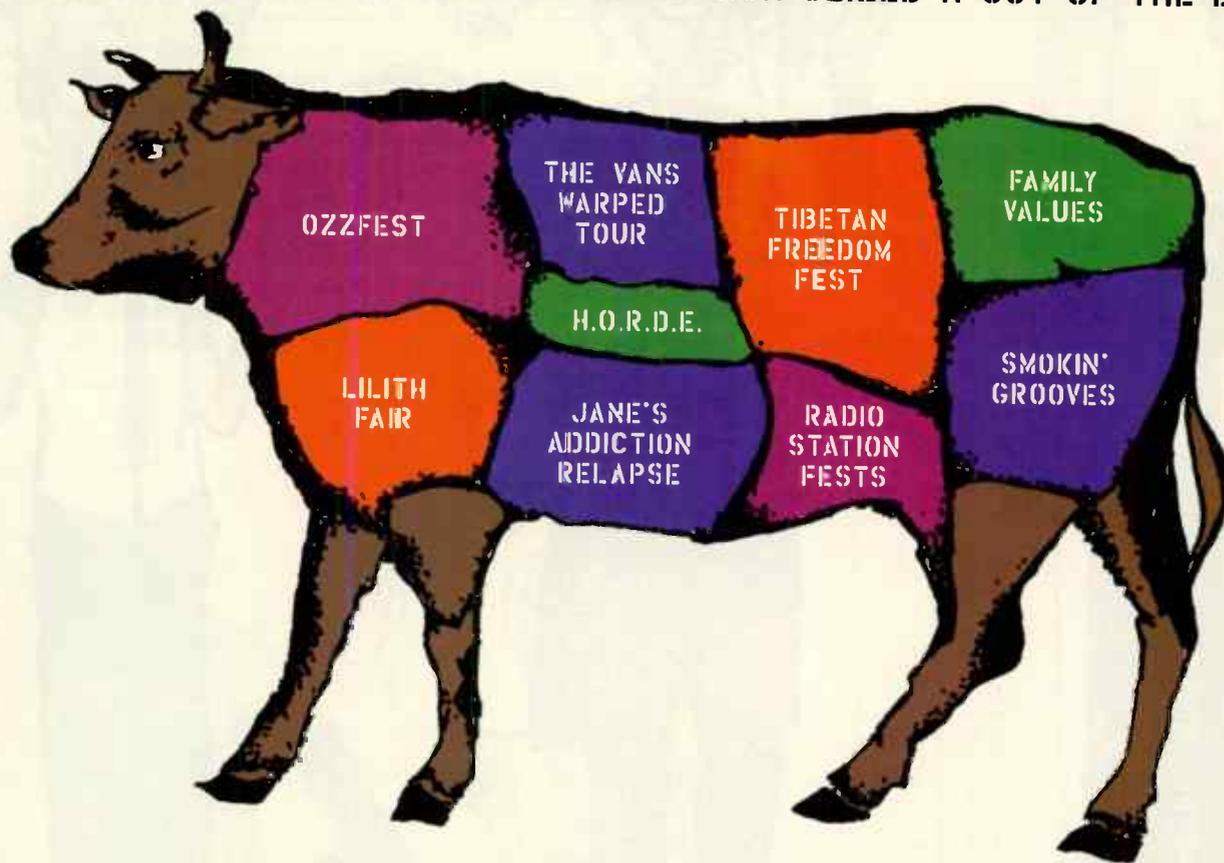


BUSTER BLOODVESSEL, BAD MANNERS
GOAL—WHERE ELSE?

Sometimes it goes beyond just being a fan. Bloodvessel now sponsors a non-league team in Margate, where he makes his home and runs his hotel, Fatty Towers. “The other lot come out with United Dairies or something on their shirts, and ours say Bad Manners. It’s a great feeling to watch them run onto the pitch.” Growing up in North London, he was indoctrinated into soccer at Highbury, the home of Arsenal. “My Dad loved them so much that when he died, we had his ashes scattered in the goalmouth.”

CARVING THE LOLLAPALOOZA CASH COW

AFTER SEVEN YEARS, ALT-ROCK'S BIGGEST SUMMER EVENT HAS BEEN FELLED BY YOUNGER TOURS THAT HAVE EACH SEIZED A CUT OF THE BEAST.



1 OZZFEST

Summer time and the living is heavy. For all the freethinking alt-rock types that for many typified Lollapalooza's audience, there was an equal number of mosh pit maniacs looking for rock in as many decibels as possible. Former Lolla standout Tool will headline this year.

2 THE VANS WARPED TOUR

Cogito ergo shred. The Lollapalooza concept always blurred music with lifestyle. The Warped tour exploits the natural connection between hard/fast music and the skate crowd without making it into some quasi-political statement. It's also grown to include bands like the Reverend Horton Heat and Cherry Poppin' Daddies.

3 TIBETAN FREEDOM FEST

Down for the cause. The free-form spirituality and inclusive, PC feel of Lollapalooza now exists for a weekend of all-star walk-ons and the most eclectic bill on the planet, organized by former Lolla headliners the Beastie Boys. This year they'll be joined by a cast of heavy-hitters, including fellow Lolla grads Beck and Sonic Youth.

4 H.O.R.D.E.

No longer Hippies On Recreational Drugs Everywhere. The idea that a large, national tour could draw crowds to see bands like Smashing Pumpkins along with an eclectic assortment of other sounds has been utterly usurped by the better-organized H.O.R.D.E. Recently, the gathering has traded in the extended jamming and love-in vibes of Blues Traveler's yearly nationwide traipses for alt-rock faves like the Pumpkins, Paula Cole and Fastball.

5 FAMILY VALUES

Children of the Korn. Last year's headliner Korn has set up its own summer jaunt, bringing along the like-minded bands Orgy and Limp Bizkit.

6 SMOKIN' GROOVES

Give up the funk. Hip-hop and funk frequently made their way into the Lollapalooza line-up (Ices Cube and T, Snoop Dogg), but less often into the hearts of the tour's core audience. The pan-urban approach of this House Of Blues-sponsored event includes former Lolla main-stagers Cypress Hill. At least they won't make P-Funk play in the daytime.

7 RADIO STATION FESTS

Commercial alternatives. Half of the Lolla allure was its event status. Now, nearly every commercial alt-rock station puts on its own all-day event, with national headliners and local acts, with KROQ's Weenie Roast and WHFS's HFStival as the models.

8 JANE'S ADDICTION RELAPSE

Once more into the breach. Without Jane's Addiction, no one would have had to learn to pronounce that ridiculous name anyway, and Perry Farrell was always its (occasionally erstwhile) spiritual guide. When the mostly reunited Jane's played large halls last fall to promote *Kettle Whistle*, the band forwent any chance of breathing life into the tour with which it had once been synonymous.

9 LILITH FAIR

Quiet grrrls. Balancing ideals and commerce, Lilith Fair is really a re-thought, femme-centered, better Lollapalooza. And judging from last year, Sarah McLachlan and co. it right, providing an alternative to the testosterone that so many of these all day fests have become, and keeping the focus on the music rather than gender politics.



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BY CHRIS NICKSON PHOTOS: CHRIS TOLIVER

AS THE FIRST NATIONAL ALL-SKA TOUR BRINGS THE MESSAGE OF INCLUSION TO PREDOMINANTLY WHITE AUDIENCES, IS ANYONE LISTENING TO MORE THAN THE BEAT?

SKA AGAINST RACISM



THE GYM IS BUSTLING WITH PEOPLE. BANDS ARE SOUNDCHECKING. IN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR, MERCHANDISE TABLES ARE BEING SET UP TO SELL T-SHIRTS AND CDS. ANTI-RACIST ACTION HAS A BOOTH, STACKED WITH LITERATURE.

A community college in Auburn, Washington, between Seattle and Tacoma, might not seem like the most auspicious place to begin the massive Ska Against Racism tour—spanning 36 dates in 45 days—but the modest setting belies the fact that this is a big deal. Over the course of six hours, eight bands will take the stage, including the Blue Meanies, Five Iron Frenzy, the Toasters and Less Than Jake. Not only do these bands represent the first nationwide all-ska tour, an indication of just how far the music has come, they're also united by a cause.

Compared with, say, the 2 Tone movement in Britain (the "second wave" of ska), or even a lot of Prince Buster's releases in ska's early Jamaican days, ska in America has been very apolitical. For a long time it was just seen as party music.

Mike Park, head of Asian Man Records and a former member of Skankin' Pickle, put this tour together, and came up with the concept behind it. "I was in Skankin' Pickle until '96, and the last couple of years I've just been doing my label," he explains. "I wanted to play, so I began brainstorming as to how I could play without actually having a band. I thought I could ask my friends to just play the music behind me, but a lot

one of the reasons 2Tone never did well here in the late '70s is that people were really scared of the issues it raised."

"When I was in high school, I was into 2Tone, and I always associated it with black and white unity," Park continues. "Now with this popularity of ska, you don't really associate it with any kind of 2Tone, political thing. There's nothing wrong with any of the silly bands, but for myself, on this tour, I wanted to push the issues, and hark back to the 2Tone movement."

Now that ska has come of age in America, maybe it really is time for it to become more politically active, and given ska's cultural background, raising awareness about racism is an obvious place to start. Anti-Racist Action will be at every venue, Park says. "Artists For A Hate-Free America wanted to be on the whole tour, but they couldn't get the funding. And the Museum Of Tolerance just wanted to have their name associated with it, and asked if we could publicize their name, putting their logo on posters. I know we're not going to stop the problem, but it's a step in the right direction, and it's not going to hurt. We're letting the concert speak for itself. Hopefully the kids will go to the Anti-Racist

"ANYTHING THAT MAKES YOU THINK ABOUT THE ISSUE OF RACISM IN AMERICA IS WORTH DOING."

— ROB "BUCKET" HINGLEY

of my friends are in pretty popular bands now, so why not do something special with this and make it something worthwhile? Ska Against Racism is so much more powerful than the Skankin' tour."

There's no doubt that racism is a hateful, divisive thing that we as a society should work towards eradicating. The question is, what can ska do to put an end to it? "I think anything that makes you think about the issue of racism in America is worth doing," offers Rob "Bucket" Hingley of the Toasters, who also runs the Moon Ska label. "Anything that makes people get off their ass is good. In a lot of places in the country, this tour is very political. And that's a shame, but it's reality."

The crowd lining up outside is virtually all young and all white. That's the way it is at nearly every ska show, which makes you wonder if that somehow negates the whole idea of racial unity. "The crowds are predominantly white," Park agrees. "But it's wrong to say that because your crowd is mostly white you cannot have a Ska Against Racism concert. I think most of the bands are bringing in pretty good kids, and it's getting the idea 'against racism' out there. Having it on a flyer and on the radio just emphasizes the fact that we're against it. And ska music should be against racism."

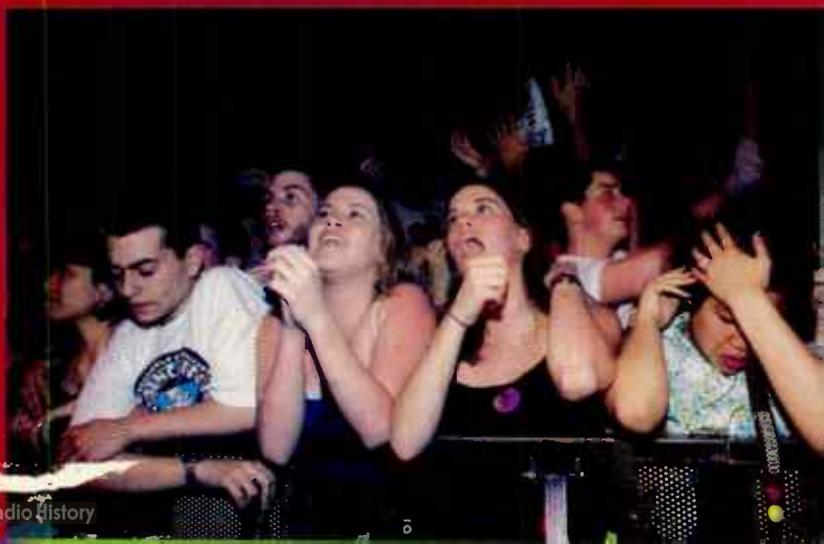
The promoters of this tour are intent on spreading their message across the country, reaching people where they live, in places the big tours don't normally hit, towns like Helena, Montana; Ames, Iowa, and Harrisonburg, Virginia. "I'm not sure how the itinerary was worked out, but we weren't being promoted to the Enormo-Domes in the big cities," Bucket says. "Instead, there are a lot of college venues and community center type places. It's a little disappointing in a way, but it does indicate that people are wary of tours with very political concepts. I believe that

Action booth and join a chapter, or if there isn't one in their area, maybe they can start one. We want to get a lot of people involved."

This leads to another question, which is the so-called "bleaching" of ska. Ska began as a purely Jamaican musical form, but now 38 years later, in America, it's almost exclusively white—both among bands and audiences, many of whom know little about the music's roots. "It's always been the case, though," Bucket points out. "Bob Marley made the great music, and UB40 made all the money. Do people really believe Bill Haley wrote all those songs? It's important for me, having played ska music for all these years, that people get it right. Eighty-five percent of the kids who listen to ska music are white; they need to be educated."

"I think it's important to have a knowledge of the roots," Park

>>> *Continued on Page 77*



L-R: NEW COMBE, GION



World Radio History

REYON

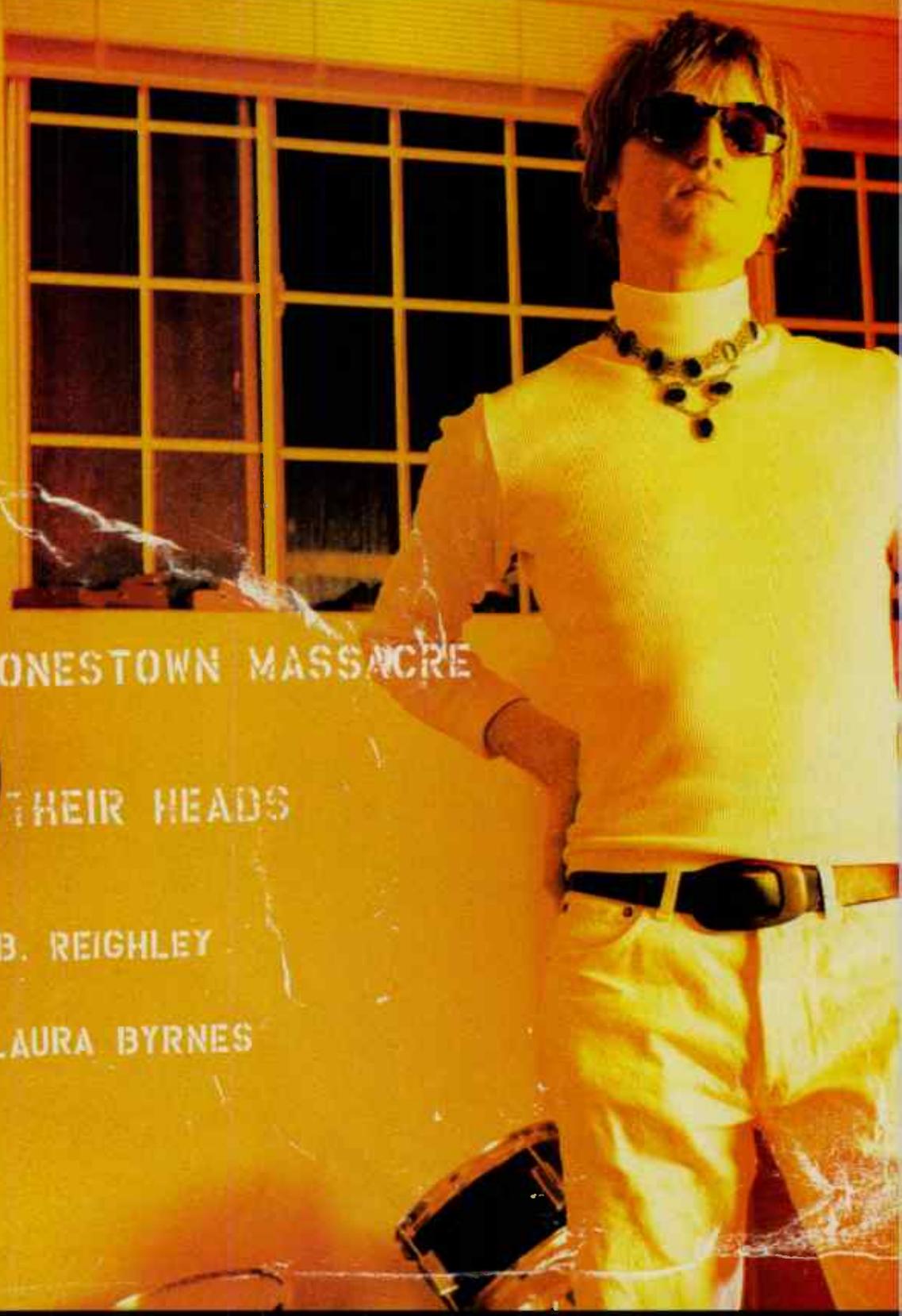


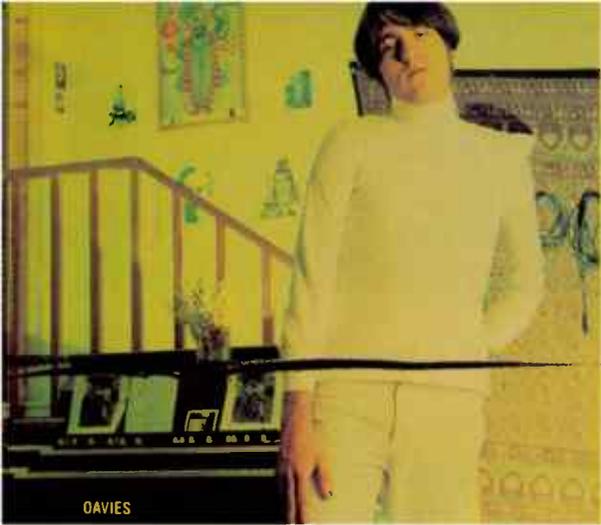
BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE

OUT OF THEIR HEADS

BY KURT B. REIGHLEY

PHOTOS: LAURA BYRNES





DAVIES

THE Brian Jonestown Massacre encampment is a ramshackle house hidden in Los Angeles. You climb the overgrown walkway and enter a living room strewn with musical instruments. Individuals—band members, employees and devotees—wander about. Red wine flows freely. A video crew is taping the proceedings for a documentary. In a word: chaos.

Inspired by the Byrds, the Animals and especially vintage Rolling Stones, the BJM sound shoots straight from the heart of rock 'n' roll. Yet the band's haphazard way of life confounds the ordered system the music industry encourages. In concert, the group is occasionally brilliant on a life-affirming level; its recorded catalog, including *Methadrone*, *Take It From The Man* and *Give It Back* (all on Bomp!), captures this visceral genius less often.

Although the Massacre's TVT Records debut, *Strung Out In Heaven*, has been in the works for over a year, the only new music available is a stream of constantly evolving demo tapes. Biographical details are scarce and sketchy. Even confirming the line-up proves challenging. At this writing it's comprised of Anton A. Newcombe (guitar, production, all instruments), Joel Gion (tambourine, percussion, vibe), Matt Hollywood (bass, guitar), Jeff Davies (guitar, slide guitar) and Dean Taylor (guitar), but the band has had more than 30 members over the course of its existence. Writing a coherent story on the Brian Jonestown

the Beatles, who had more pull over the youth of America than any world leader could ever hope to hold. Once the suits tapped that off, they took over the whole business. It's no longer a situation where some cats come out with music, then they're on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, and the next thing you know some Dad is getting mad because his daughter's humping the air."

The members of the BJM aren't interested in MTV, but—despite their reputation as hardcore party animals—they're also savvy enough to sidestep vanishing in the mire of rock mythology. "I like to rebel against the whole rock 'n' roll lifestyle more than anything else, the perceptions that people have," explains the reclusive Anton. "Everything seems to be about perception, and what you're supposed to be doing—partying all the time and schmoozing—destroys you."

"The music should always be the music," adds Joel. "What goes on around that is added fanfare. We wouldn't be doing what we do, acting the way we act, were it not for the music being so important." The band doesn't regret being barred from every notable venue in its former hometown of San Francisco ("we deserved that," giggles Joel), threatening managers with violence, resorting to guerrilla tactics to record its albums... or charging \$5,000 worth of room service champagne to its label in a single day. "These things happen," Joel continues, "because we're willing to go to whatever lengths, and deal with situations in a way

I DON'T THINK THAT SPONTANEOUS YOUTH CULTURE SHIT FLIES ANY MORE. WHEN YOUTH CULTURE BECOMES AMAZING IS WHEN EVERYBODY SAYS 'I'M JUST DOING MY OWN THING.'

Massacre is, to quote *The Sound Of Music*, like trying to "catch a cloud and pin it down."

Then it hits you. Clouds weren't meant to be nailed down, and neither is the Brian Jonestown Massacre. Both work best when you step back, watch them with an open mind, and let your imagination run wild. You can't choreograph a happening, baby. What's important about BJM is that it exists, a constant spanner in the works.

With an almost childlike (albeit troubled) demeanor, Massacre mastermind Newcombe—who writes and produces all of the band's material—cuts a charismatic figure. "I don't think that spontaneous youth culture shit flies any more," he admits. "It's obvious that what's out there is what's meant to be out there. When youth culture becomes amazing to me is when everybody says 'I'm just doing my own thing.' But it's never going to be like that again, because that's what was dangerous; it was spontaneous."

Joel agrees. "In the '60s, you had bands like the Rolling Stones and

a normal band wouldn't, because the music isn't as important to them."

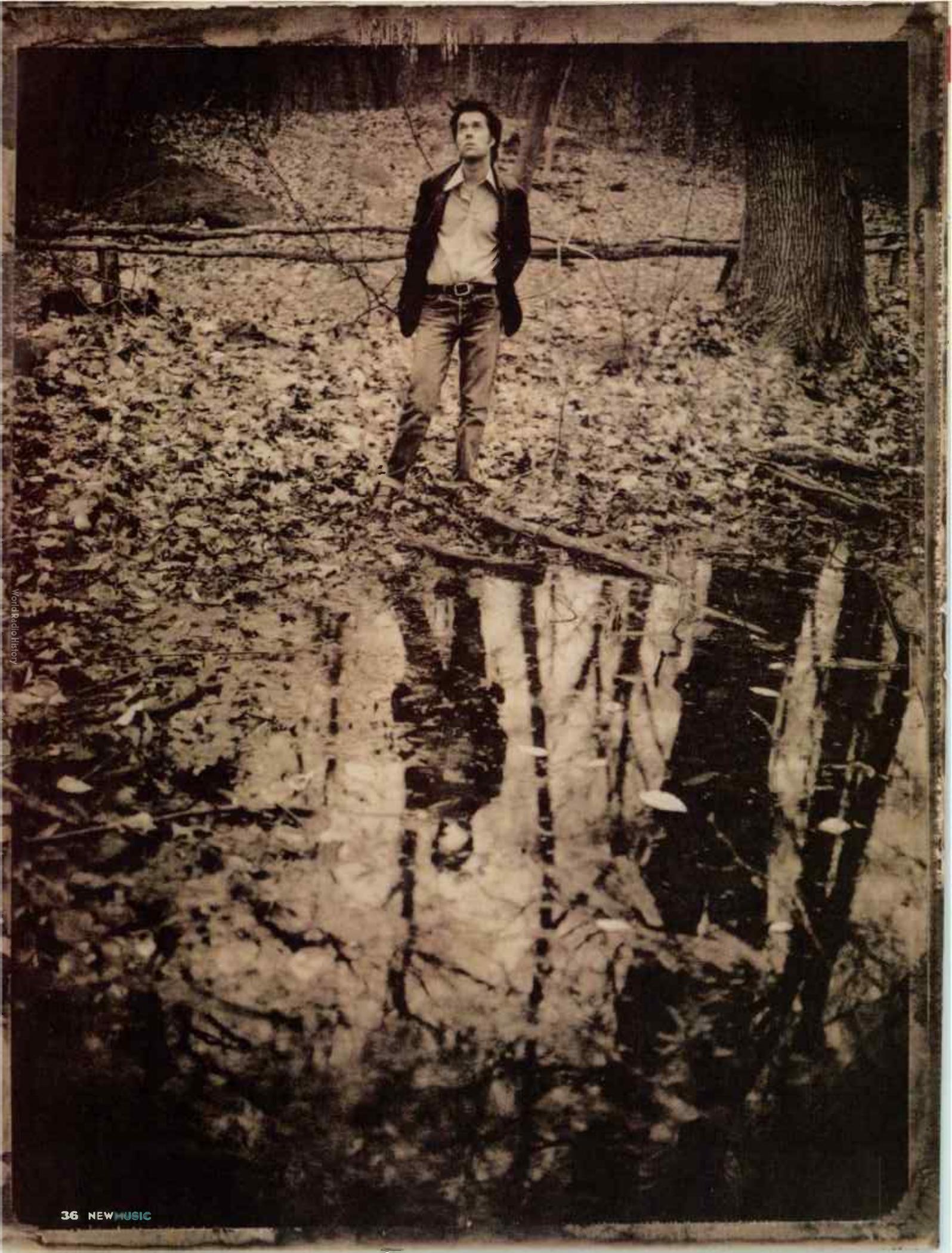
In a sense, the tambourine man's role in the band is the BJM word made flesh. His tangible contributions are minimal, yet his groovy but menacing presence is essential live. "Hopefully I'm a middleman between the audience and the band, setting an example that you're not required to do this or that to play on stage. You can just go up there and be yourself. And if you do it honestly, you can be up there in a lawn chair with an umbrella in your drink, and that may be the most righteous thing."

The emperor may not be wearing any clothes, but he's still the king. You just haven't realized how much power he wields yet. And perhaps, neither has he.

"Life ain't that easy," concludes Joel. "When you're actually trying to do something [different], you get a lot of little spies sticking their toes in your path. But it's good to be tripped up. Because then you learn how much it hurts to fall on your face. Next thing you know, you know how to do a little dance down that road, rather than walk and get tripped."

end

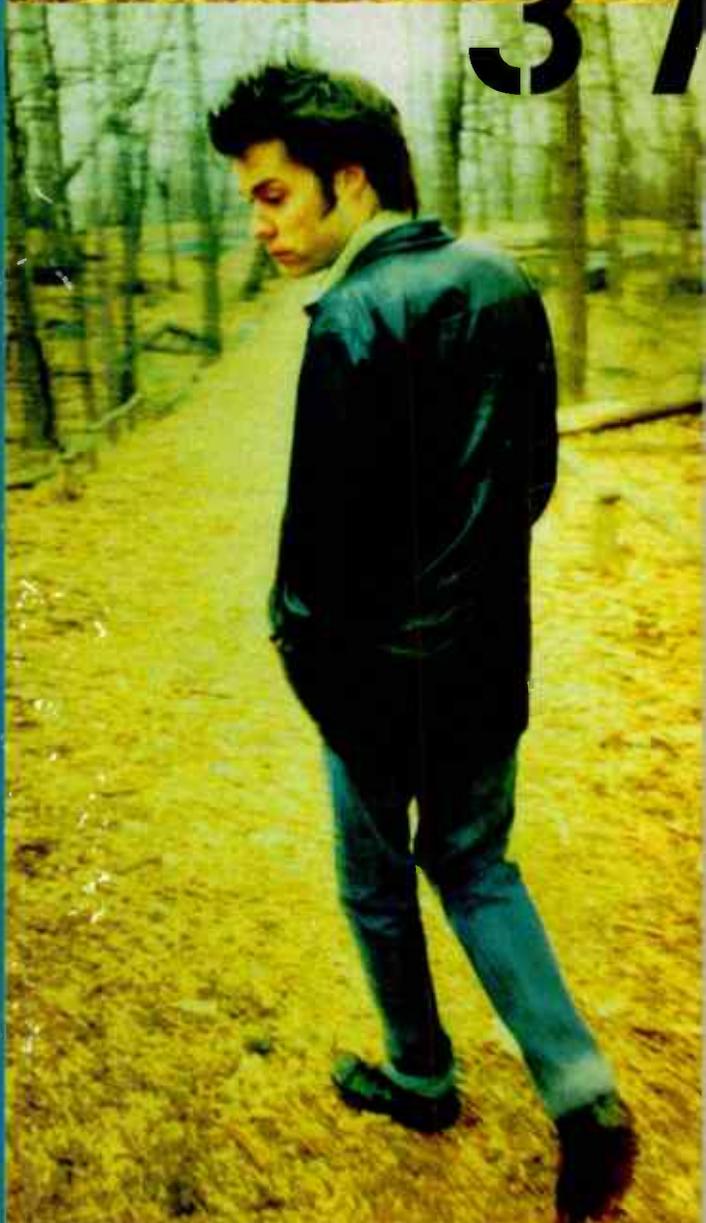




World Radio History

by franklin bruno photos: dennis kleinman

rufus
wainwright
tell me
something
good



"I'm just in town for a few days, for the show, and to suck in the essence of the city," explains Rufus Wainwright, as he lounges in the lobby of Manhattan's Soho Grand hotel the day before a highly anticipated showcase performance. A Montreal native (and current LA resident), Wainwright is musing on the difference between this junket and his previous New York experiences: "I actually took a crack at doing the New York thing a few times and failed miserably. I was trying to make a little money here and there and sing at the same time, and I just ended up running home to mom in Montreal. I think I was trying to live a pop lifestyle before I had written any pop songs."

If there's one thing Wainwright has done in the interim, it's write songs—whether they're pop songs is another matter. The 12 on his eponymous debut (DreamWorks) are ached over at every step, polished to a high gleam, and built to last. With their glittering, piano-band accompaniment, these unabashedly dramatic songs often bear marks of Wainwright's love of lieder, a form of European piano-and-voice composition that attempts to fuse vocal melody and lyric poetry for maximum emotional impact. "I'll tell you, I toil over the piano arrangements. I love spending months and months on one little phrase, going note by note by note...."

"These songs are lieder-ish, a little bit. I'm a huge opera fan as well, and I love Gershwin and Cole Porter and all the great songwriters. That's just the music I've always listened to and enjoyed the most. But they're not classical songs—they're still written to show off my pop sensibility." Even Wainwright's most complex, multi-part songs are made accessible by indelible melodies and the pliable, blues-inflected voice in which they're delivered. But with Gershwin and 19th century lieder-master Franz Schubert (who gets name-checked in "Imaginary Love") hovering in the background, this record fits the notion of pop as a disposable commodity about as well as Proust's *Remembrance Of Things Past* would fit on an airport magazine rack.

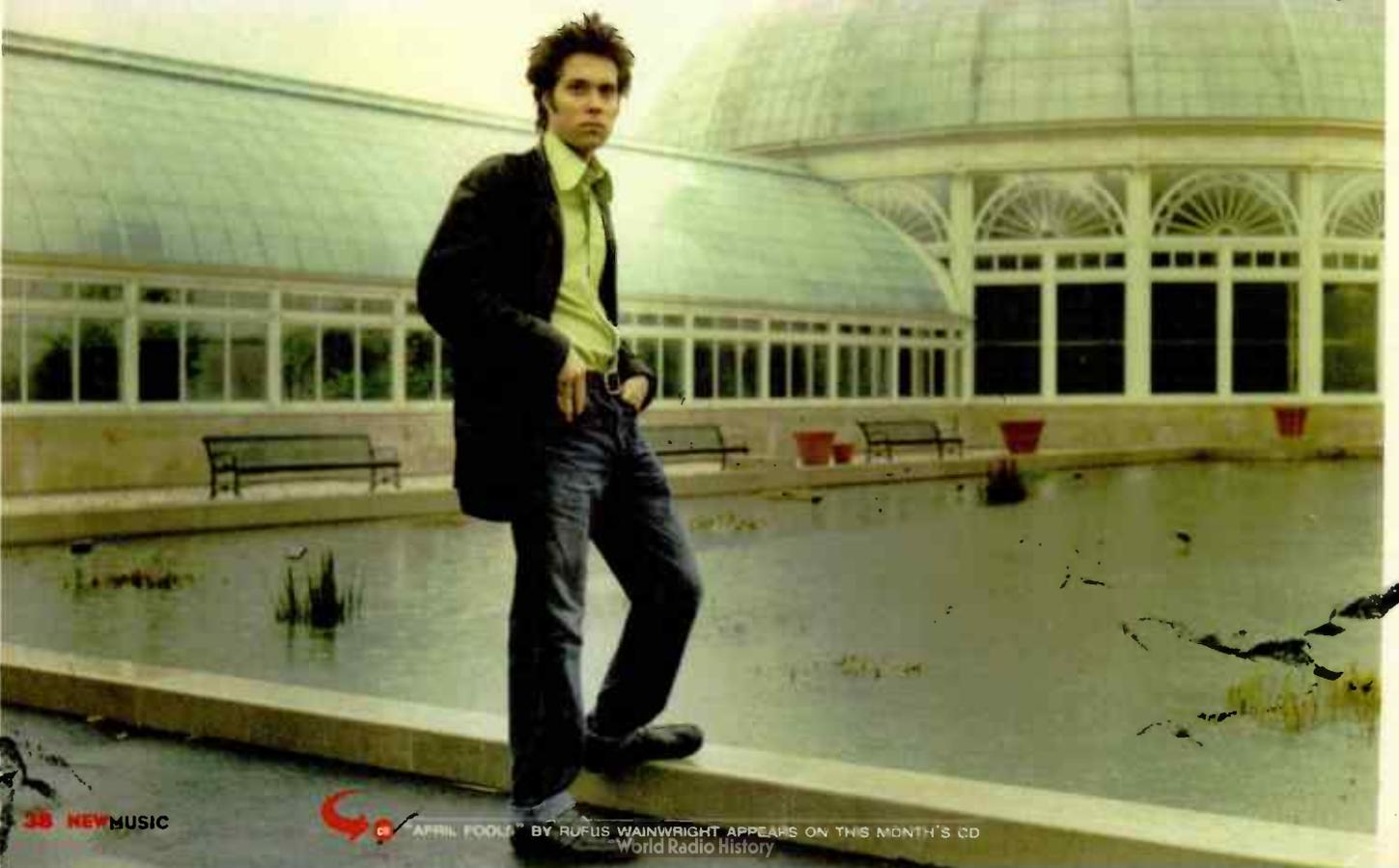
"I grew up in Canada, and that's not exactly a musical-loving culture. I mean, Canadians don't break out singing in the middle of conversations. But I would come down here [to New York] where my father was, he would take me to a show, and I would sort of bask in it for a while. But I was always sort of retro." Sure enough, some songs flirt with archaic sonic ideas, such as the Rudy Vallee-fied through-a-megaphone vocals on "Matinee Idol," a vaudevillian ditty about movie-star mortality that could as easily be

about Rudolf Valentino as River Phoenix, its alleged inspiration. But mostly, the record mixes contemporary and venerable pop production techniques, with unclassifiable results. Imagine a Mitchell Froom/Tchad Blake tribute to Hoagy Carmichael (another Wainwright favorite), or Van Dyke Parks's *Song Cycle* with stronger singing. (In fact, Parks contributed several string arrangements to the album, and was responsible for putting Wainwright's original piano-only demo into the hands of DreamWorks honcho and former Warner Bros. A&R legend Lenny Waronker.)

The recording process, helmed by Jon Brion (best known for his work with Aimee Mann) and executive produced by Waronker, was as painstaking as the songwriting. Wainwright explains: "It took two years. I basically had to move to Los Angeles. Everyone wanted it to be perfect, so we were allowed to re-record things, and we did about 62 different songs—about ten were covers. A lot of the production ideas stem from my piano parts, but it was a long, organic process. I think I had a lot of ideas about the arrangements, but they all changed."

Given his parentage, it shouldn't be such a shock that Wainwright has hit one out of the park in his first big league at-bat. The father who took him to Broadway shows is the sardonic, vastly underappreciated songwriter Loudon Wainwright III. (As an infant, Rufus featured prominently in the elder Wainwright's pro-breastfeeding ditty "Rufus Is A Tit Man.") And his mom is Kate McGarrigle, who, with sister Anna, made some of the 1970s' purest folk-pop. Neither one is your run-of-the-mill rock star parent, and both are favorites of many fellow songwriters. "My mother was always wonderfully critical of me, she never cushioned anything. It was tough to grow up with, but hard knocks are probably the best thing for any musician.

>>> *Continued on page 76*



summer stampede

Lenny Kravitz "5"



the new album
featuring
**"If You
Can't Say No"**

Massive Attack "Mezzanine"



the new album
featuring
**"Risingson" and
"Teardrop"**

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Rosemont Horizon
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44

tricky

angelo upstart

by kurt b. reighley photos: michael haleband

proclaimed the face of new music for the millennium, the genius of the moment climbs off the pedestal, and with *angels with dirty faces*, finds himself south of heaven.



the world needs rules. without them, we'd all just be

a bunch of anarchists clad in A-in-a-circle T-shirts looted from the local punk boutique, running around like so many decapitated chickens. Like all big businesses, the music industry sustains itself by following certain guidelines. If Artist X is terrifically successful, expect countless A&R meetings to begin booming with the chorus "bring me the next Artist X!"

But rules require exceptions. That's what distinguishes Artist X in the first place.

When he first bowed on Massive Attack's *Blue Lines* in 1991, Tricky may have seemed like an inconsequential grain of sand lodged in a mildly noticeable place. By the release of his debut solo album *Maxinquaye* in 1994, he'd matured into a highly prized black pearl. Four years later, with his third album *Angels With Dirty Faces* (Island) and a flurry of activity at his Durban Poison label, Tricky continues to confound the rules.



tricky—the artist formerly known as x—pays no mind

to what the folks in A&R and marketing cry every time they have this month's genius on their hands. He never has. Their fanfare just honks like a gaggle of squawking geese in his seasoned ears. "Everybody is The Next Bob Marley, The Next Jimi Hendrix," he sputters. "Before they've had time to write songs and prove it. Please! Bob Marley touched millions of souls with just an acoustic guitar and his voice." Contenders don't need comparisons to the classics, he insists.

From a purely aesthetic perspective, such kudos are distracting at best, and often a short cut to a creative dead end. What new talents really need is a lifetime of experience to draw on, and clear channels for the music to speak through them. "I had a warm welcome on *Maxinquaye*, but now anybody can get a warm welcome. Anybody can be the Next This or That. And if that's true, it makes you think 'Why do I even bother?'"

"Nothing means anything," he sighs. "It blows my mind."

In the past seven years, Tricky hasn't stopped revealing musical facets to anyone who will listen. The narcoleptic grooves and eerie patchwork samples of *Maxinquaye* set standards countless imitators have tried to match ever since. But our hero was already shifting gears by the time the album had achieved critical mass, following up with the raw collaborations found on 1996's star-studded Nearly God project and the *Tricky Presents Grassroots* hip-hop EP. *Pre-Millennium Tension*, the second "proper" Tricky album, fused old school rap ideals with the immediacy of punk rock, as the artist consciously attempted to discard the unwanted title King of the Slow Beats.

But chart positions and press clippings shouldn't affect a musician's creativity. Tricky understands that the greatest artists have historically followed a singular vision and let the marketplace find them, rather than fashioning their wares to suit consumer trends. Tricky tries to pay the philistines no mind, though he readily admits he is often discouraged that so much mediocre crap clogs eardrums 'round the world. "You know how you leave school, and there are certain jobs that are easy work? It seems like the music industry has become like that," he says. "Making records is going to be like working at McDonald's in 20 years."

The man once christened Adrian Thaws is enthusiastic and opinionated. He even comes across as fairly confident. But as he shovels forkfuls of steak and fries into his mouth at a downtown New York eatery, he certainly doesn't come across as unduly cocky or affected (although he does turn a few heads among the moneyed lunchtime set). His actions are motivated almost exclusively by his love of music. "Someone who's pretentious is not going to make an album that's going to touch your soul," Tricky has remarked on more than one occasion. *Angels With Dirty Faces* won't radically alter the course of your life. But it will make you think, primarily about music: the space it occupies in our lives, how it is packaged and sold, and what drives people to create it.

"I've got a chance to express myself," he observes. "Now for me to worry and run around trying to make a certain record, what I think people want, that's ridiculous." He doesn't fear the consequences, either. "I don't mind losing some fans. People shouldn't worry about that." Unfortunately, not all popular musicians understand that concept early enough to benefit from it. "Look at Depeche Mode," he points out. Tricky's been a fan of the band's sound and its songwriting for years. "They sold millions and millions of records. But I read somewhere that they said they were influenced by me on their new album... and they didn't sell any records!"

He laughs. "That's backwards. And it's unfair. People love them so much that they want the same thing off them all the time. They've only been giving audiences one side of their personalities, so people love that one side. When they try and show another side, people don't buy it."

angels with dirty faces was recorded primarily during

a spell in New Orleans last year. "I use music now as an excuse to travel," Tricky admits. "I'm the sort of person who won't have a holiday." Now when it comes time to record an album, he deliberately chooses locations to record he might otherwise never visit for long. After the initial





"what I'm trying to do is write songs like bob marley and kurt cobain. that's got nothing to do with technology, just melody and words."

flush of activity, the tracks were tweaked and reworked in the Bahamas, New York, wherever. Ideally, the finished product would have been available much sooner. A summer '98 release date wasn't what Tricky had in mind, for he worries the dark character of the music won't sit well with the escapist mood of the season. He blames the delay on his decision to go out with Lollapalooza last year, a choice he now regrets. "I hate being around hundreds of artists all day," he says, shaking his head. "Too many egos in the same place."

The most immediately striking song on the new album is "Broken Homes," a duet featuring PJ Harvey and Tricky claustrophobically flanked by a gospel ensemble. The idea for the tune came to him almost immediately after the murder of Biggie Smalls (a.k.a. The Notorious B.I.G.) in March of 1997. But it wasn't the actual cold-blooded killing that inspired him. "What really blew my mind was that Biggie Smalls was a public figure, and everybody knew he had children." The murderer surely must have been aware of this, yet willfully orphaned two youngsters. "They knew they were taking a father away from his kids." His outrage is palpable as he recounts the story; after all, he has a three-year-old daughter.

While Polly Jean's fractured croon proves a perfect foil to Tricky's aspirated rasp on the track, he didn't write it with her in mind. Yet by bypassing his longtime cohort Martina Topley-Bird for the chore (though he stresses that "everybody knows Martina is my singer, and she always will be"), he hoped to make a point.

Tricky frets that people think of him predominantly as a producer, a studio wizard, but not a versatile songwriter. Despite the applause for Nearly God—with its contributions from heavy-hitters like Björk and Neneh Cherry—he felt compelled to prove that he can compose tunes of lasting merit. "What I'm trying to do is write songs like Bob Marley and Kurt Cobain. That's got nothing to do with technology, just melody and words." Thus when people recognize Harvey's voice on "Broken Homes," yet realize it doesn't sound like her standard fare, perhaps they'll appreciate what Tricky can craft in service of other voices.

"Maybe then they'll wake up and realize I can write songs with melodies," he grins. "Pretty ballads." Indeed, while Tricky may not concede to the whims of popular taste, few things inspire him more than a challenge. After lunch he'll head into the studio to remix "6 Minutes," a menacing number that simultaneously disses the mainstream industry while blowing his own horn ("Durban Poison artists are the smartest"). Specifically, he's adding a more straightforward rap and a female R&B vocal to the loping beats. The singer anticipates that urban radio outlets will decline to play the tune in its original form, because of Tricky's disturbing delivery. "But take that off, and put a rap on, and then tell me it ain't hip-hop. You cannot tell me that is not black!"

"I'm trying to do it every different way, till you quit saying no," he insists.

The cookie-cutter conformity of most contemporary rap and R&B makes it woefully easy for him to tailor a tune in this manner, and he makes no secret of his dissatisfaction with this state of affairs. He laments that in becoming the sound of young America, hip-hop compromised most of its innovations. "I never thought I'd see the day this would happen to hip-hop. It's narrow-minded, and it's gonna stop breathing," he says. "Hip-hop used to be the most alternative music. Look at Public Enemy!"

Tricky's music owes just as much to rap as to rock, but in some minds the two factions cancel one another out. "The racial divide here is crazy," he complains of the stylistic gulfs facing artists like himself, Skunk Anansie or David McAlmont, who color outside the lines. "I've been very lucky over here," he concedes. "Not that I've broke America, but I've got a high profile. But what's mad is now I'm going backwards." When *Maxinquaye* came out, he didn't think in terms of segregated markets. "And I got an alternative crowd with it, through pure luck. Now I'm trying to get black radio, and that's even harder."

If he really wanted to pull one over on the Luddites, he could just record a paint-by-numbers track under an alias, or as a white label. "I know I could fool people," he says. But because stylistic formulas are so firmly entrenched, he estimates he could do that in nearly any genre now. "Especially with a jungle tune." Although elements of drum 'n' bass surface fleetingly on *Angels*

With Dirty Faces, Tricky opted to keep the influence minimal; he feels like the shelf life for the sound is still pretty brief. Besides, the market only seems capable of handling it in bite-sized portions. "First Goldie, then Roni Size... next year it'll be somebody else."

While he hasn't listened to Goldie's sophomore outing *Saturnz Return*, he concurs that his former rival for Björk's hand seems more concerned these days with being the jungle V.I.P., rather than laying down the brand of innovative beats required to remain king of the swingers. "You don't need to be a celebrity to be a musician," he opines. "It gets in the way. But some people just get tripped up."

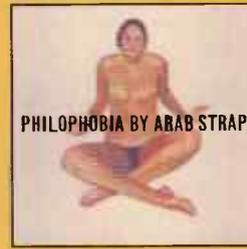
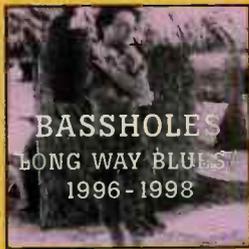
That's the message at the center of "Money Greedy" (also slated for eventual single release), although the track isn't specifically an attack on hip-hop's propensity for displays of financial gain as a measure of success. "It comes from seven years of dealing with [all] artists, not just hip-hop artists."

If somebody noteworthy invites Tricky to collaborate on an exciting project, or to experiment in the studio, he gets excited about the art first. He knows the lawyers and managers can sort out the Benjamins afterwards. "I ain't thinking about money," he insists. "That comes later. I still get excited about doing things."

But even Tricky can't elude all the rules. Hence the album's closer, the venomous "Record Companies," rife with criticism for profits made at the expense of nurturing black artists, ending hip-hop violence, or ceasing promotion of negative stereotypes. There's no getting past the ugly aspects of the business part of music business. "It makes more money than the arms industry," he sighs. "We're all like Muppets in a puppet show. We're modern day minstrels. Pull the right strings, we dance, and they make money."

tricky hopes that his own label, durban poison, will prevent some younger artists (plus a handful of older ones he admires) from being fettered by industry standards. "What's good is I've made all the

>>> *Continued on page 76*



Bassholes • Long Way Blues/1996-1998 LP/CD

Cornelius • Fantasma LP/CD

Sportsuitar • Happy Already LP/CD

Arab Strap • Philophobia LP/CD

Lyres • AHS 1005 CD

On Fyre CD

Lyres Lyres CD

A Promise Is A Promise CD



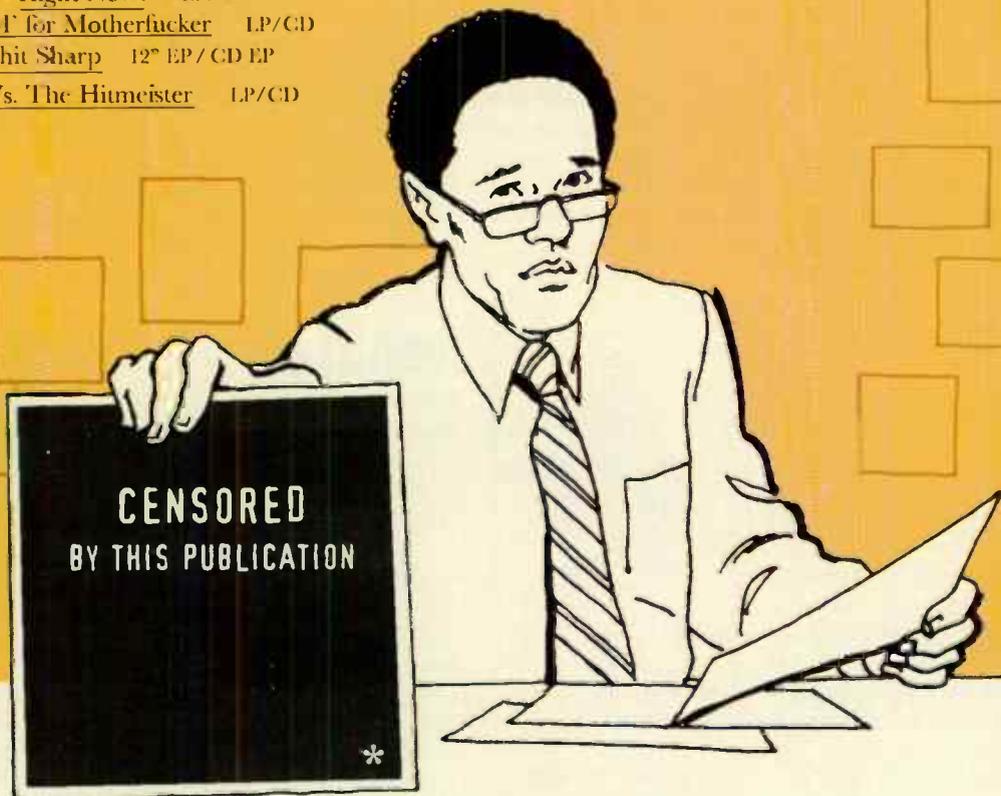
Pizzicato Five • Remix Album: Happy End of You DBL LP/CD

Pussy Galore • Right Now! LP/CD

Dial 'M' for Motherfucker LP/CD

Sugarshit Sharp 12" EP/CD EP

Solex • Solex Vs. The Hitmeister LP/CD



* **Various Artists** • Singles Going Home Alone CD

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Listen Responsibly

10 MINUTE WARNING

10 Minute Warning
Sub Pop

If you went to college in the late-'80s/early-'90s, this record might well trigger flashbacks to the beer-soaked evenings you went out to see Cat Butt, *Swallow* or whichever Seattle band was in town. Most likely, you left wondering what the fuss was about, but there you were the next week, giving that oddly compelling mix of hardcore and '70s hard rock another chance. But 10 Minute Warning—which, no matter what it does, will always be known as the first band of Duff McKagan from Guns N' Roses—was around before Mudhoney, before Soundgarden, hell, even before Green River. And while the band's decision to reform in the post-grunge era with a new singer (Christopher Blue) may seem strange, nostalgia has sped up to the point that the grunge revival might be just around the corner. The record itself is more or less indistinguishable from any number of records from that period—the guitars are meaty, the drums are heavy, and you can pretty much hear the band members tossing their hair. And the novelty of seeing a heavy-metal icon like Duff up close might make 10 Minute Warning a good live choice this summer. On home speakers, however, there's little to recommend this recording. "I'll give you room for your disdain," sings Blue on "Erthe." Yeah, like nine tracks worth.

>>> Andrew Beaujon



RELEASE DATE:

MAY 12.

FILE UNDER:

GRUNGE REDUX.

R.I.Y.L.:

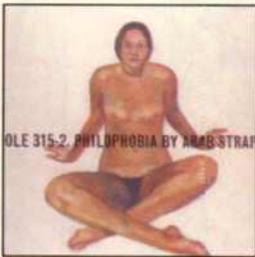
MUDHONEY, MOTHER LOVE BONE, GNR'S *THE SPAGHETTI INCIDENT?*

ARAB STRAP

Philophobia
Matador

Everybody has his favorite drinking music—but what about a soundtrack for the morning after? *Philophobia*, the first domestic release from Falkirk, Scotland's Arab Strap, is almost tailor-made to serve as hangover music. It's quiet, and guaranteed not to make your headache feel worse. But more importantly, it's a collection of queasy and sluggish minor-key ballads, simply constructed and oozing with pathos. The lyrics, delivered by Aidan Moffat in a mumbly burr, are simultaneously pained and above-it, older and wiser, looking backwards with sober remorse and regret. Some of the tracks (especially "New Birds") are bass-driven pieces reminiscent of Midwestern slow-rockers like Seam or Smog; the single, "The Night Before The Funeral," starts with early New Order's primitive keyboards and studied melancholy, until a trumpet kicks in. But most of the songs are in the same vein as those of the Tindersticks—baritone sing-speak on top of lightly orchestrated dirges. Except where the Tindersticks evoke put-on-some-velvet pour-some-brandy sophistication, Arab Strap is more about the aftermath, of stains on dinner jackets and vague boozy memories of romantic traumas. It's disheveled and disorganized (especially Moffat's rants), and at the same time, it's stark, sophisticated and honest.

>>> David Jarman



RELEASE DATE:

MAY 19.

FILE UNDER:

SOMBER, SLIGHTLY TATTERED ELEGANCE.

R.I.Y.L.:

TINDERSTICKS, NICK CAVE, JOY DIVISION.

TORI AMOS

From *The Choirgirl Hotel*
Atlantic

The titles of Tori Amos's albums have gotten progressively more cryptic and oblique over the course of her career as an emotionally scarred, piano-playing songstress, and so have her songs. The naked—perhaps a little too naked—confessionals of her 1991 debut *Little Earthquakes*, which featured a chilling first-person account of her own rape ("Me And A Gun") sung a cappella, gave way to veiled references to masturbation ("Icicle") on '94's *In The Pink*, and then to the almost impenetrable impressionism of '96's *Boys For Pele*. On *From The Choirgirl Hotel* Amos continues building layers of mystery into her Delphian reveries with idiosyncratic syntax ("Sleepovers mean get some pie/You're only popular with anorexia" is what she seems to be singing on "Jackie's Strength"), slurred words ("Cruel"), and stream-of-consciousness prose like "She's your cocaine/she's got you shaving your legs" ("She's Your Cocaine"). It's not what she says so much as how she says it—in the warm, breathy voice of a fevered seductress—think of a less angelic Kate Bush or Fiona Apple with more, uh, experience. That, in tandem with the sensually contoured techno-folk aural backdrop, conveys an intense and alluring sense of intimacy. So even when there's no way of telling what a song is about, you're still left with the feeling that Amos is revealing the deep, dark secret of her very being.

>>> Matt Ashare



RELEASE DATE:

MAY 5.

FILE UNDER:

DRAMA QUEEN DREAM POP.

R.I.Y.L.:

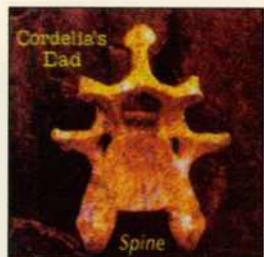
KATE BUSH, FIONA APPLE, SARAH MCLACHLAN.

CORDELIA'S DAD

Spine
Appleased

If traditional American music has a future, it's probably Cordelia's Dad, a former rock band that discovered the joys of the traditional American vocal form of shape-note singing and fiddle tunes and became an acoustic marvel with copies of *The Sacred Harp* in hand. These days, the group is saving its original songs for lo, the electric band that includes three-quarters of its members; *Spine*, the first record that's really close to what Cordelia's Dad is doing on stage these days, is all the band's own arrangements of songs they've learned from older musicians, recordings or books. The foursome brings dazzling exuberance to this material, along with interpretive thoughtfulness. "Knife" is a cute, bawdy little tune; slowing it down to a dirge, titling it after a prop that turns up in a few lines, and presenting it in accordionist Cath Oss's uncertain whisper makes the point that when it was written, sex was much more loaded and dangerous. Most of the singing here, though, is group harmony or guitarist Tim Eriksen's resonant melisma, so strong it can carry long, slow songs unaccompanied. Cordelia's Dad is reverent about its sources, but not too reverent; it understands why these songs have lasted so long, and it's breathing new life into them.

>>> Douglas Wolk



RELEASE DATE:

APRIL 28.

FILE UNDER:

THE LIVING AMERICAN TRADITION.

R.I.Y.L.:

CARTER FAMILY, ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC, EARLY FAIRPORT CONVENTION.

DANIELSON

Tri-Danielson
Tooth And Nail

If the idea of a falsetto preacher boy squealing out of tune and bellowing along with a family choir doesn't appeal to you, you're probably not gonna go for Danielson. Nor will you if you're not into performances in which all members are costumed in nurses' outfits, smiling and dancing in sync while said Bible-thumping Eagle Scout testifies—all part of the Danielson shtick. But since you haven't stopped reading yet, you've just got to check out Danielson, comprised of five siblings and a friend, because the group creates a freak-o sound, one that exists as an island. Guitars, bells, banjos, recorders, keyboards and hand-claps galore creatively intermingle and battle jerky start-and-stop rhythms and some of the most creative and inspired sounds around. Although lofty in its aspirations, Danielson's second Kramer-produced recording (after a gloriously underproduced debut) is beginning to wear thin under the weight of Daniel Smith's vocal style; it's getting harder and harder to find a heart inside the falsetto, and while obviously passionate and swollen with love, the message is at times clouded by the medium. But the entirety of *Tri-Danielson* is worth it for a few absolutely remarkable songs, most notably the closer, "Lord Did You Hear Harrison."

>>> Randall Roberts



RELEASE DATE:
MAY 19.

FILE UNDER:
BIBLE THUMPING EAGLE
SCOUTS.

R.I.Y.L.:
HALF JAPANESE, KING
MISSILE, WEEN.

DOLDRUMS

Feng Shui
VHF

Virginia-based trio Doldrums pulls out all the stops on this shimmering collage of varied approaches to contemporary art-rock. The group's second full-length, *Feng Shui* is an ambient, but in no way mellow, disc, a thoughtful tour of slowly-shifting soundscapes which give way to others at the drop of a drone. The disc starts off slowly, with a smattering of percussion (it sounds like either firecrackers popping off or a Tinguely sculpture falling apart) and a delicate layer of shifting guitar feedback, segueing into near-silence. Next comes the psychedelic belly-dancing music: "Left In An Airport Giftshop" (indexed as tracks two through four), is a reverb-drenched, faux-ethnographic exercise with high-pitched vocals mercifully mixed low. It then turns into a delicious raga-rock guitar feast after some experimental dub-minded techniques in the middle. The real highlight is "Ascending Copper Mountain" (tracks five through seven), where bowed guitars provide mesmerizing, microtonal variations augmented by a juicy drum loop which evolves into an organic, gradually progressing, delightful mess of modulating, overlapping tones. Doldrums' open-ended, free-form sound is informed by the most inventive elements of krautrock, space-rock, rocking minimalism and art-punk.

>>> Mike McGonigal



RELEASE DATE:
APRIL 14.

FILE UNDER:
ART-COLLAGES ROCK/
NOT-ROCK.

R.I.Y.L.:
BOWERY ELECTRIC, FLYING
SAUCER ATTACK, POPUL
VUH.

DJ CAM

The Beat Assassinated
Inflammable-Globetrotter

If self-described "abstract hip-hop" artist DJ Cam can be characterized by anything, it's his love of phat, booty-shaking beats and old-school cool jazz. One of the most talented and promising vets of France's electrifying drum 'n' bass/electro scenes, Cam crafts tracks that sound nothing like Dimitri From Paris, Air, Daft Punk or Laurent Garnier. Though his work actively skirts any easy categorization, the frequent comparisons between his sound and DJ Shadow's are pretty close: Both excel under the tyranny of the breakbeat. *The Beat Assassinated* is everything DJ Krush's *Meiso* almost was: a fabulous, genre-expansive celebration of old- and future-school hip-hop, with rapping by guest stars who understand this music and fit their styles to it. One of two tracks featuring NYC's celebrated Channel Live, "Broadcasting Live" has groovy, throw-your-hands-in-the-air group chanting atop delicious, minimalist electronics that sound like flowing water, snatches of ultra-precise turntable dexterity, and one trumpet trill lovingly punctuating it throughout. A big surprise is Dadou's musical rapping in Cam's mother-tongue on "L'Invasion." Other tracks delve into garage, hardcore techno, reggae and, especially deeply, American acoustic jazz. If the whole is a bit schizophrenic at times, it never strays far from what Cam intended it to be: a classic club hip-hop album. >>> Mike McGonigal



RELEASE DATE:
MAY 12.

FILE UNDER:
HEAVY, JAZZ-FUELED
BREAKBEATS WITH
RAPPING.

R.I.Y.L.:
DJ SHADOW, MC SOLAAR,
SOURCELAB COMPILATIONS,
DJ KRUSH.

DON CABALLERO

What Burns Never Returns
Touch And Go

After a rumored break-up and a couple of sabbatical projects (Thee Speaking Canaries, Storm & Stress), Pittsburgh's Don Caballero is back with its third long-player. Like Dr. Carl Sagan's science-as-salvation manifestos, Don Cab's poly-everything instrumental workouts have always pulsed with a populist heart. But *What Burns Never Returns* finds the trio charting some strange territory via weird phrasing and heavily treated guitars that stop just shy of total pop-purest alienation. Still, the bombast always has a purpose, and *What Burns* proves once and for all that the band is nothing if not passionate about the math-rock niche it's carved for itself. All the signature Don Cab sounds are still intact—jagged, discordant and at times strikingly beautiful dual guitar gymnastics (particularly on the album closer "June Is Finally Here"), thunderous Keith-Moon-with-a-Berklee-degree drumming and swooping but grounded bass runs. Also as usual, all three instruments trade leads, but there's nary a solo on the disc. Yes, this is heavily premeditated stuff (and downright heavy, too; check "Delivering The Groceries At 138 Beats Per Minute," the group's meatiest track to date), but it's all played with the abandon of a whirling dervish. Don Caballero remains perhaps the only band that can appeal to Mötley Crüe fans and PhD candidates alike. And that's no small feat.

>>> Matt Hanks



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 9.

FILE UNDER:
A-PLUS MATH ROCK.

R.I.Y.L.:
ROBERT FRIPP,
BREADWINNER, THEE
SPEAKING CANARIES.

DRAGONFLY

Timestream
Sweet Mother

Timestream is the first full-length release on Sweet Mother, a Seattle electronic label that specializes in mellow, bobbing grooves. (A bunch of its singles were collected last year on the excellent compilation, *Free Activation Series Vol. 1*.) Dragonfly, though, tends to be a little too mellow. Only one of the disc's ten tracks makes it in under the four-minute mark, and most of them tend to go on nodding their heads for ages—the first 45 seconds or so of each one establishes the basic mood, and then the group rides it out. That's not bad, if you're looking for a passive listening experience, and in fact, a lot of the sounds are really nice: smoothly funky digital and analogue synth stuff, with solos carried by Fender Rhodes, Farfisa and clavinet, and occasional dub treatments and sound effects. But the members of Dragonfly are texturalists who only act like melodists. It's impossible to remember how any of these tracks go, or what differentiates them (aside from two to which Om Johari contributes perfunctory, poetry reading-style raps and pretty good singing). They'd make great background music for movies—they make great background music for other stuff, too—and they're just itching for a good rapper to make them into a long-hot-summer stormer. But when they're in the foreground, there's just not enough there.

>>> Douglas Wolk



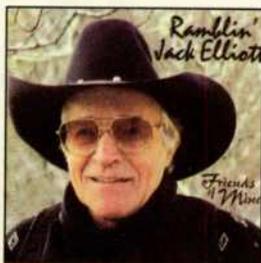
RELEASE DATE:
APRIL 7.
FILE UNDER:
SMOOTH GROOVES, HIPSTER DIVISION.
R.I.Y.L.:
WE, BEASTIE BOYS' *THE IN SOUND FROM WAY OUT*, '70S ELECTRONIC FILM SCORES.

RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT

Friends Of Mine
HighTone

Jack Elliott earned his sobriquet: His 40-year resume of rambling includes actual cattle-rustling, being a primary influence on a youthful Bob Dylan and playing Carnegie Hall concerts. Elliott is a living connection between the black-and-white dustbowl world of Woody Guthrie and the '60s folk scene that spawned Dylan and others, not to mention a few stray connections to the Beats and even the Gram Parsons-spawned "cosmic American" country. *Friends Of Mine* is an unusual premise, sort of a country-folk equivalent to Frank Sinatra's *Duets*. Most of the tracks team Elliott with like-minded fellow travelers and a host of those who have been influenced by him, including Tom Waits, Peter Rowan, Emmylou Harris, Nanci Griffith, Jerry Jeff Walker, Bob Weir and Guy Clark. Much like Bob Dylan's '90s folk records, this album's acoustic tone and Elliott's lonely, gravelly vocals stand in sharp contrast to the streamlined sheen of most records made for mass consumption today. In a world where few bands make it past their third album, and even fewer seem to have any appreciation for songs that actually say something, Ramblin' Jack Elliott is a force to be reckoned with.

>>> James Lien



RELEASE DATE:
MARCH 17.
FILE UNDER:
TOPICAL FOLK ROCK.
R.I.Y.L.:
JOHNNY CASH UNPLUGGED, WILLIE NELSON, RECENT BOB DYLAN.

FARMER NOT SO JOHN

Receiver
Compass

Don't be fooled by the ill-fitting name, which evokes *Hee Haw*-style hayseed-jokery: Nashville's Farmer Not So John sits squarely in the singer-songwriter acre of the alt-country cornfield. Nearly everything about *Receiver* smacks more of *Austin City Limits* than Opryville. Mark Linebaugh's dour songs flirt with the down-in-the-mouth lyricism of country-biz outsiders like Townes Van Zandt and James McMurtry. The images evoked by lines like "I'm crushing rocks with flowers/shake my opinions free" aren't especially lucid, but they steer well clear of Music Row boilerplate. Richard McLaurin, the band's other core member, is the guitar-slinger/arranger extraordinaire, weaving webs of acoustic picking and lap steel that make Linebaugh's words and tunes sound more rootsy than they actually are. If *Receiver* were just the work of this duo, it would be a solid, even striking, listen. Unfortunately, though, this is a full-band affair, and Linebaugh and McLaurin's subtler tunes ("Undertow") get buried under too much rhythm guitar and Sean B. Read's session-guy drumming. Even the more impressive moments of instrumental interplay here (Clive Gregson's organ on "Fuse") rarely serve the songs. In this uncomfortable combination of craftsmanship and slickness, Farmer Not So John is Nashville all over.

>>> Franklin Bruno



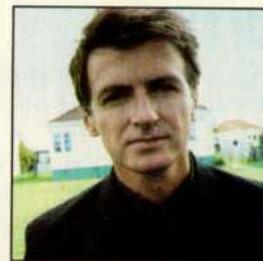
RELEASE DATE:
MAY 19.
FILE UNDER:
DOWNBEAT ALT-COUNTRY.
R.I.Y.L.:
JAMES MCMURTRY, ROBERT EARL KEEN, PETER CASE.

NEIL FINN

Try Whistling This
WORK

For the best part of 20 years now, Neil Finn has been writing sublime pop songs. From Split Enz's "I Got You" all the way through Crowded House, he seemed able to pull them out of a hat—sentimental without being maudlin, and utterly cliché-free. His last project, the Finn Brothers (with brother Tim), was a ramshackle detour, but *Try Whistling This* sees him firmly back on track from the moment "Last One Standing" comes out of the speakers. It could almost be Crowded House, its chorus unlikely but glorious, bringing everything together. It's not, though, and as the album progresses, it becomes obvious that old Neil has taken a slightly more adventurous tack (maybe harking back to the Enz's glory days?), letting a few idiosyncrasies slip in, as on "Twisty Bass." The '90s are in here, too, in the form of drum loops and noise as accents. But one thing Finn can never shake off is his extraordinary sense of melody. That's his blessing, along with a distinctive singing voice. Everything he touches turns to wonderful pop. If Noel Gallagher could write songs this good, he might not be as rich, but he'd probably be more artistically satisfied.

>>> Chris Nickson



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 16.
FILE UNDER:
GLISTENING POP MUSIC.
R.I.Y.L.:
CROWDED HOUSE, SPLIT ENZ, WORLD PARTY.

FLICK 

The Perfect Kellulight
Columbia

Finally, a band that gets right the Cheap Trick/power pop/post-Beatles sound that many outfits emulate but few understand. Maybe Flick's modest Midwest background or the relatively young age of its four wide-eyed members accounts for this, but these Missouri mop-tops take hooky alt-rock into countless twisted directions, à la Rick Nielsen at his most warped, "Mandocello"/"He's A Whore" best. And it doesn't sound forced. Even when guitarists/brothers Oran and Trevor Thornton blatantly ape the Fab Four, as on the pillowy "The End," they toss in all sorts of sonic oddities, such as cars vrooming by and the grating bleep-bleep of a delivery truck backing up. Like Cheap Trick, Flick borrows heavily from the British, albeit a later generation of influences—you can pick up Blur, Oasis and Radiohead, respectively, in "Wishing Well," "Maybe Someday" and the echoey "Electric Pear." Dig beneath the surface, however, and the maturity peels away to reveal an insecure whippersnapper of a lyrical core: "I wanna take you out/If it's the last thing that I do/I wanna take you out/I hope you want me to." Amid all the glittery guitar jangle you'll almost forget that these are kids, barely out of high school. And that's Flick's secret weapon: They just don't know any better than to make charming, disarming music like this.

>>> Tom Lanham

R.I.Y.L.—RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 30.
FILE UNDER:
PERKY UK-INSPIRED POWER POP.
R.I.Y.L.:
CHEAP TRICK, OASIS, EARLY BEATLES.

BILL FOX

Transit Byzantium
SpinArt

There are rip-off artists, and then there are people who hear a specific band or musician and think, "Yes: *that's* the way music should be." Bill Fox falls into the latter category with *Transit Byzantium*, an album-length mash note to '60s Bob Dylan—specifically the Dylan era that produced "Desolation Row." Fox used to be in the Mice, often cited by Guided By Voices' Robert Pollard as one of his favorite bands, and a few songs make that evident, especially the very GBV-ish doodle "Sycamore." Mostly, though, *Transit* is straight-up early-years Bob, from the Minnesotan shake Fox puts on his vowels to the way-too-familiar wheezy harmonica on the traditional "Mary Of The Wild Moor." The record's saving grace is the simple, unhurried catchiness of Fox's melodies: the tune to "Lay You Down" fits as comfortably next to "Baby, Let Me Follow You Down" as "I'll Give It Away" does next to "I Threw It All Away." Unfortunately, he can't sustain a lyric the way his model can. Song after song has a single striking line or sneaky hook, surrounded by less inspired rhymes and filler. Still, it's hard to object to a songwriter whose idea of a joke is starting an original lyric with "If there's anything that you want/If there's anything I can do..."

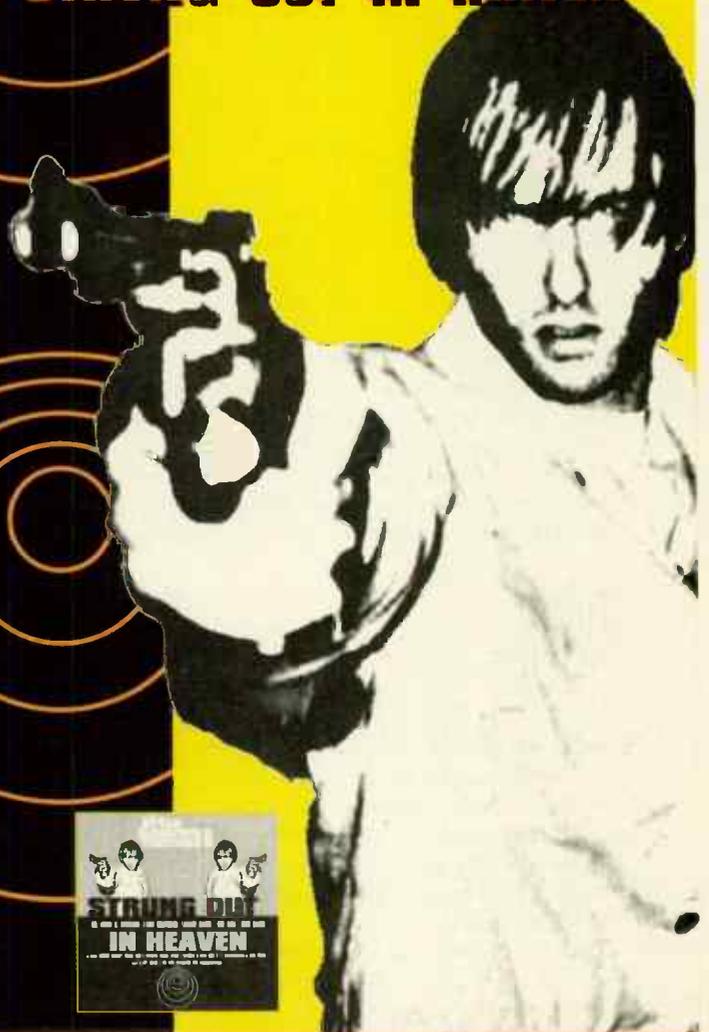
>>> Douglas Wolk



RELEASE DATE:
MAY 5.
FILE UNDER:
HIGHWAY 61 RE-REVISITED.
R.I.Y.L.:
ANOTHER SIDE OF BOB DYLAN, ROBERT POLLARD SOLO, ELLIOTT SMITH.

the **brian jonestown massacre**

STRUNG OUT IN HEAVEN



Get Ready for the Revolution, Baby!



MITCHELL FROOM



Dopamine
Atlantic

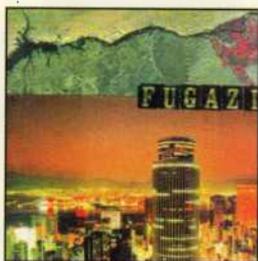


RELEASE DATE:
MAY 19.
FILE UNDER:
POP-STYLED SOUND
ARCHITECTURE.
R.I.Y.L.:
LATIN PLAYBOYS, RECENT
SUZANNE VEGA, SOUL
COUGHING.

Mitchell Froom must have two of the gentlest hands on the planet. Each track on this remarkable debut contains proof: Nimble, lilting sounds seep from his fingers as he strokes the chamberlain, Hammond, orchestron, harmonium and piano. These instrumental flourishes float underneath the many guest vocalists who write and sing the accompanying words—Lisa Germano, Los Lobos' Louie Perez, Soul Coughing's M. Doughty, Mark Eitzel, Suzanne Vega, Sheryl Crow, Cibo Matto's Miho Hatori and Ron Sexsmith. Froom, who has been known primarily as a producer, has worked with many of these artists before, and the very real threat with this sort of project is a loss of identity amidst all the egos. Any fear of convoluted or confusion, though, is squashed by dazzling, imaginative percussion and the wide swath of organic sounds. Fans of Froom's Latin Playboys project (with production collaborator Tchad Blake and Los Lobos' Perez and David Hildago) will find a similar terrain here, a curious, masterful soundscape that identifies and isolates each tiny noise, molds it, and gently places it in the song. *Dopamine* is a marvelous record, singular in its style and richness, and highly recommended for anyone who appreciates the glory of beautiful sound that seems to exist in another world altogether. >>> *Randall Roberts*

FUGAZI

End Hits
Dischord

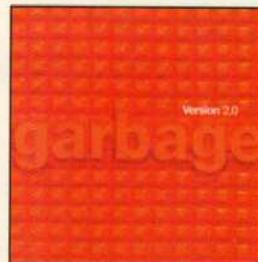


RELEASE DATE:
APRIL 27.
FILE UNDER:
ANGULAR PUNK.
R.I.Y.L.:
GANG OF FOUR, MIKE WATT,
JAWBOX.

Fugazi will probably always be known more for what it stands for than what it sounds like, if only because it's managed to unwaveringly personify the ideals of DIY punk better than anyone else. But what's really impressive is that the band has done so without backing itself into a narrow stylistic corner. Fugazi's concept of punk isn't predicated on loud, fast rules or inextricably tied to the sound of overdriven guitars—indeed, on its last CD, 1995's *Red Medicine*, the group responded to the alterna-rock explosion with the line "I realize I hate the sound of guitars." Well, singer/guitarists Ian MacKaye and Guy Picciotto haven't abandoned their instrument of choice on the new *End Hits*, but they do pick up where *Red Medicine* left off in terms of diversifying their assault and downplaying the importance of the powerchord rush. "No Surprise" is based on a clean, jangly six-string figure reminiscent of R.E.M.'s "Gardening At Night," the relatively subdued "Recap Modotti" and "Closed Caption" are rhythm section jams overlaid with noodling leads, and even the bristling anthem "Caustic Acrostic" is accented by melodic arpeggios. Over the years MacKaye and Picciotto have traded literal politicking for an abstract sort of impressionism—"Five Corporations," for example, targets the malling of America without resorting to empty sloganeering. And that simply makes it easier to notice what a great rock band Fugazi really is. >>> *Matt Ashare*

GARBAGE

Version 2.0
Almo Sounds



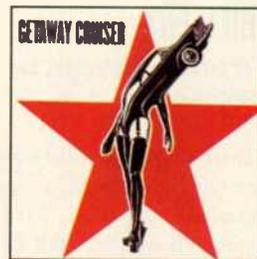
RELEASE DATE:
MAY 12.
FILE UNDER:
ALTERNAPOP: THIS YEAR'S
MODEL.
R.I.Y.L.:
THE CURE, SIOUXSIE AND
THE BANSHEES, BECK.

In computer talk, a new model number on a piece of software indicates a serious overhaul. Garbage's *Version 2.0* should really be titled *Version 1.5*—the interface is basically the same, and the underlying code hasn't been reprogrammed. But why add gewgaws to a product that worked fine in the first place? Three years ago, when grunge superproducer Butch Vig and his pals formed Garbage with Scottish singer Shirley Manson, they nailed the music zeitgeist, marrying the waning guitar sound to a style no one had yet labeled electronica. After a tour and a year together in the studio working on this followup, Vig, Manson, et al. at last cohere as a band, and their songs have grown more organic, even poppier. "I Think I'm Paranoid" and "When I Grow Up" sound utterly dewy-sweet before the guitars kick in; Vig is moving closer to the Cure/Siouxsie vibe for which he's often professed his love. Also more organic are the "borrowings"—slight samples and smart allusions: the single "Push It" takes its chorus from Brian Wilson's classic ballad "Don't Worry, Baby," and "Special" is fashioned from two Pretenders songs. As before, the versatile Manson is Garbage's star, trying on different voices like a girl modeling clothes from her mom's closet; let's just thank the boys for providing her with a good selection of matching pumps. >>> *Chris Molanphy*

GETAWAY CRUISER



Getaway Cruiser
550



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 2.
FILE UNDER:
PURE POP WITH A HIP-HOP
JONES.
R.I.Y.L.:
LUSCIOUS JACKSON,
GARBAGE, MADDER ROSE.

An alloy of urban pop and industrial rock with a coat of hip-hop paint, Detroit's Getaway Cruiser turns out to be a cooler ride than it first seems. Best not to judge the Cruiser by its scrap-metal chassis: chirpy lead singer Dina Harrison, whose colorless vocals nearly peg the group as yet another female-fronted, robotic electronica collective. Instead, peer under the hood at the humming engine—a polyrhythmic four-piece band, led by songwriter-brothers Chris and Drew Peters. Their omnivorous musical ideas are based in pop but encompass an array of acoustic and digital sounds—the songs have a techno veneer but the structure and punchy guitars of straight-ahead rock. Ideas that shouldn't work often do: Covering Tony Toni Tone's love jam "Let's Get Down" on guitar and accordion ends up oddly funky, as the accordion is offset by a clapping beat. Elsewhere, "(I Find) I'm Fine" offers a pulsing beat offset by an ethereal guitar blend that recalls Garbage, and a catchy guest rap from Pras of the Fugees; but you'd better like that title, because it's basically the whole chorus, and Harrison's repetitive preening doesn't help. Expertly producing Getaway Cruiser are professors-of-phat the Butcher Brothers, whose only unwise decision was placing the vocals front and center in the mix. >>> *Chris Molanphy*

R.I.Y.L.—RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE

GRANT LEE BUFFALO

Jubilee

Slash-Warner Bros.

On *Jubilee*, Grant Lee Buffalo infuses pure pop pretensions with studio savvy and hard-edged songwriting. Singer Grant Lee Phillips has always possessed one of the more interesting voices in modern rock, and since the departure of bassist Paul Kimble last year, Phillips is now the undisputed leader of the Buffalo herd. Along with drummer Joey Peters, Phillips has surrounded himself with a particularly talented supporting cast including bassist John Rothschild, pedal-steel whiz Greg Leisz and manic pop guru Jon Brion on a variety of instruments. On "Truly, Truly," Phillips sweetly croons his testimony over an expansive wall of sound replete with layers of crashing guitars. He employs his impressive vocal range with dynamic restraint, nurturing an evocative tenor before exposing his keening falsetto. This disc benefits greatly from producer Paul Fox's careful craftsmanship as well as background vocals from the likes of Robyn Hitchcock and Michael Stipe. Peters's propulsive percussion seems to ignite Phillips at every turn and the tandem's sonic empathy is at the heart of this recording. Phillips's confident songwriting ranges from robust pop symphonies to crunching rock 'n' roll and introspective balladry. Grant Lee Buffalo has gone through some significant changes and has come out sounding stronger than ever. What better reason for a *Jubilee*? >>> Mitch Myers



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 9.
FILE UNDER:
CINEMATIC STUDIO POP.
R.I.Y.L.:
WALLFLOWERS,
WATERBOYS, TOM PETTY.

KATE JACOBS

Hydrangea

Bar/None

Kate Jacobs, on her third album *Hydrangea*, compiles her family records. She's taken journals, diaries and photos (*those records*, not the vinyl kind) and written songs, and the result is a very personal and quirky album. Think about what happens when a friend shows old family photos: Sometimes it's easy to get caught up in the story because the pictures are fascinating; sometimes it's hard to see what the fuss is about, although the friend's sentiment is understandable. *Hydrangea* can have both effects simultaneously, especially when the stories supersede the songs, which are a mixture of catchy folk tunes, sweet lullabies and family sing-alongs. Songs like "Honeybees" or "Hope Is A Weed" have the wide-eyed innocence and simple melodies that children love, but they also have lyrical twists for adults. Children's choirs even appear on hymn-like interludes, which may be enough to scare off some listeners, but they cohere as part of the family history, with the stories of the Spanish Civil War and Russian doctors and recurring relatives. Wisely, Jacobs enlisted guitarist Dave Schramm and some Continental Drifters to help tell her stories; they keep the setting homey and comfortable. If you're willing to immerse yourself, *Hydrangea* has stories, and songs, worth hearing. >>> Steve Klinge



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 23.
FILE UNDER:
SENTIMENTAL STORY
SONGS.
R.I.Y.L.:
NANCI GRIFFITH, VICTORIA
WILLIAMS, KATE AND ANNA
MCGARRIGLE.

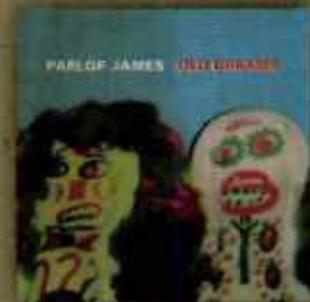
parlor james old dreams



the debut album
out now

check out
"house of flesh and bone"
on this month's sampler

produced by malcolm burn



BAP KENNEDY

Domestic Blues
E-Squared

Steve Earle has quickly set up a cottage industry with E-Squared Records: He signs artists he likes, and he likes artists who sound like Steve Earle (examples: the V-Roys, Cheri Knight). In Bap Kennedy, formerly of Ireland's Energy Orchard, Earle's found someone to revive his own great acoustic comeback album *Train A Comin'*. He's not disguising this connection; he summoned most of the same players from that effort, let Peter Rowan's mandolin drive the after-hours song-circle sound in the same way, and even let Kennedy cover one of his tunes ("Angel Is The Devil") in a very similar version. Where does that leave Bap Kennedy in all this? It's hard to tell. He's the songwriter of very Earle-y songs, and very good ones at that, and he's a world-weary vocalist who knows how to balance sincerity (in songs like "I've Fallen In Love" and "The Backroom") and rowdy humor: "You only come around at night... Serves me right/Never invite a vampire into your home" ("Vampire"). He could be Earle's Dublin doppelganger, although only on the "hidden" version of Ewan MacColl's "Dirty Old Town"—which begins as a field-holler duet with Earle—is Kennedy's Irish accent apparent. Although *Domestic Blues* is an echo of Kennedy's mentor's voice, it's an echo with appealing reverberations.

>>> Steve Klinge



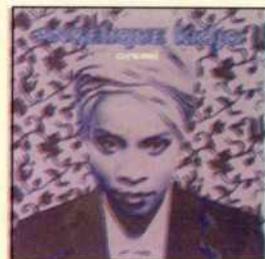
RELEASE DATE:
MAY 19.
FILE UNDER:
BACK-PORCH COUNTRY.
R.I.Y.L.:
STEVE EARLE, GUY CLARK,
PETER CASE.

ANGÉLIQUE KIDJO

Oremi
Island

One of this decade's most popular Afropop crossover artists, Benin-born diva Angélique Kidjo makes another kind of crossing on her latest album: from the cosmopolitan club scene of her Paris home to the smooth hip-hop and R&B of American radio. She follows the route pioneered by dance music artists from the Manu Dibango to Talvin Singh, who gained American audiences for once-obscure "world music" on the strength of large European followings and—most of all—throbbing bass beats. Kidjo takes this strategy into the pop arena on *Oremi*, combining jazzed-up, funk-ed-up African stylings, swinging beats, and her own approach to tried-and-true R&B formulas. Unfortunately, neither the songwriting nor the grooves are fresh enough to succeed on pop terms. The bumping "Never Know" would hardly be out of place on *Showtime At The Apollo*, but its only distinction comes from its South African backing vocals, not its forgettable hook. On the poppier side, songs like "Babalao" recall Peter Gabriel's adult contemporary-friendly production numbers from the late '80s—lots of instruments, lots of choral voices, and little substance. *Oremi* is perfectly pleasant at every turn, but it's far from an innovative mix of African roots and African-American developments.

>>> Andrea Moed



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 16.
FILE UNDER:
CROSSOVER WORLD
GROOVE.
R.I.Y.L.:
ERYKAH BADU, NENEH
CHERRY, LATE '80S PETER
GABRIEL.

KEROSENE

Teenage Secret
Caipirinha

Frankfurt producer Roger Cobernuss has previously recorded under a variety of aliases, including Ultrahigh, H.E.A.D. (with Khan) and Zulutronic (with Jammin Unit of Air Liquide). As Kerosene, Cobernuss stirs classic acid timbres in with idiomatic lounge music flourishes for an aural pastiche that straddles the two sounds. Although *Teenage Secret* is his first full-length solo offering (with able assistance from Dr. Scissors on two selections), he does a remarkable job of sustaining interest across these 11 cuts. Amidst the laid back, loping rhythms, certain elements—such as the honking saxophone on "Your Muscles"—stick out sufficiently to continuously jar the listener, with occasional amusing snippets of sampled dialog added for garnish ("When You're A Young Girl"). A few of the distorted bass lines ("Supercrash") are even weirdly reminiscent of Tones On Tail. Sidestepping most clichés of film music, tracks like "The Demolition Orchestra" approach a kind of audio noir with their dissonant brass sonorities, an effect titles like "Mambo Of Terror" only serve to reinforce (and is that shower curtain on the cover a nod to the Bates Motel?). *Teenage Secret* may be "wallpaper music," but of the most disturbing stripe; these swirling patterns are definitely more Peter Max than Martha Stewart.

>>> Kurt B. Reighley



RELEASE DATE:
APRIL 21.
FILE UNDER:
UN-EZ LISTENING
R.I.Y.L.:
THE ORB, MOUSE ON MARS,
ELMER BERNSTEIN
SOUNDTRACKS.

LENNY KRAVITZ

5
Virgin

Lenny Kravitz has been infuriating critics and pleasing fans for nearly a decade. Possessing nary an original brainwave in his skull, he doesn't just ride the coattails of his idols, he swipes their wardrobes, figuratively and literally. Sure, "Are You Gonna Go My Way" is defined by the music it plunders, but that song will likely be one of the few from this decade to earn tenure in the classic rock pantheon. And there's something to be said for that, isn't there? Let's hope so, because Kravitz learned the hard way that familiarity eventually does breed contempt. After the very public flop that was 1995's *Circus*, Kravitz makes an adventurous (by his standards) stab at redemption on his newest album *5*. Lyrically, Kravitz continues to mine the quasi-hippie muck he's famous for ("It's the new millennium, yeah/Can we find a reason/To live another season?"), but musically he's charted a new, dare I say forward-thinking, course. *5* finds Kravitz trading his signature one-man power trio antics for introspective, groove-centric sparsity. But unlike Sly Stone's *There's a Riot Goin' On*—the obvious template for *5*—which employs similar means to a darkly inspired, categorically despondent end, Kravitz's songs just sound half-finished. He aims for Sly, but achieves Philip Bailey. And with the veil of nostalgia removed, the discrepancy between the two is more pronounced than ever.

>>> Matt Hanks



RELEASE DATE:
MAY 12.
FILE UNDER:
RETRO-FUTURISTIC FUNK.
R.I.Y.L.:
ISLEY BROTHERS, LATE
EARTH, WIND & FIRE,
MAXWELL.

MAKE-UP

In Mass Mind

Dischord

Like Shudder To Think before it, the Make-Up fills the “fly in the ointment” slot on Dischord’s label roster. It’s not hardcore or straight edge, and most incompatibly it invests significant energy in creating image and artifice, claiming to spearhead a burgeoning musical movement called “gospel yeh-yeh.” James Canty (brother of Fugazi drummer Brendan) coaxes an impressive range of sounds from his guitar, from fuzzed out psychedelia to ringing single notes recalling surf and Booker T.-style funk, and contributes vintage organ licks to boot. For better or worse, however, the unavoidable center of attention is singer Ian Svenonius, who shrieks and testifies so histrionically he makes Jon Spencer sound like Leonard Cohen. It’s his dominating presence that draws love/hate reactions, and nothing on *In Mass Mind* is likely to move many to the opposing camp. The compressed, tinny mix seems less lo-fi than an attempt to recreate the vibe of a ’60s soul record, but it’s doubtful the Make-Up will be mistaken for an R&B act anytime soon. In the final analysis, the so-called “gospel yeh-yeh” sound can be best compared to the Blues Explosion taking on Wilson Pickett instead of early Stones. A bizarre blend, but if that sounds up your alley, the Make-Up does it quite well. >>> *Glen Savvady*

R.I.Y.L.—RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



RELEASE DATE:
APRIL 16.
FILE UNDER:
OVER-THE-TOP INDIE SOUL
INTERPRETATIONS.
R.I.Y.L.:
JON SPENCER BLUES
EXPLOSION, THE DELTA 72.

MIMI

Soak

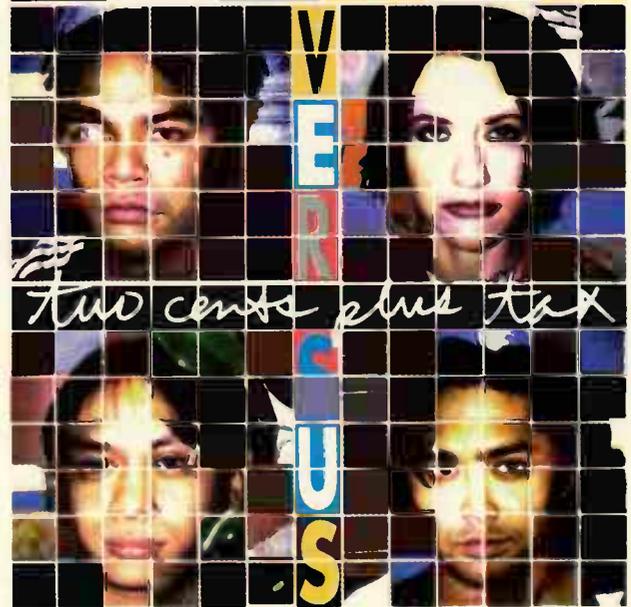
Luaka Bop-Warner Bros.

During her late '80s tenure with Hugo Largo, an eclectic downtown NYC quartet rounded out by two bassists and violin player Hahn Rowe, singer Mimi Goese was often likened to 4AD canaries Elizabeth Fraser and Lisa Gerrard. Like both of those singers, she utilized her distinctive, swooping voice more as an instrumental color than a straightforward means of articulating lyrics or melodies, although the character of Goese’s individual sound was edgier, more manic. On her debut solo LP (with four cuts produced by Hector Zazou, the remainder by Rowe) she’s flattened out some of the more extreme eccentricities of her delivery without compromising her unique appeal. While her lyrical style remains intensely personal, sly couplets like “I believe in you/I’ll be leaving you” and the road trip imagery of “I Spy” are more engaging than before. Musically, the ever-shifting dynamics of *Soak* seesaw between twinkling tranquility (“Thrilled To Pieces”) and gripping displays of barely suppressed distress, while the arrangements acknowledge both the legacy of Hugo Largo and the state of contemporary electronic music (drum ‘n’ bass nuances surface repeatedly). Yet regardless of whatever else is going on around her, Goese’s voice—commanding yet never pushy—holds the spotlight, even on a questionable but appealing retread of Soundgarden’s “Black Hole Sun.” >>> *Kurt B. Reighley*



RELEASE DATE:
MAY 12.
FILE UNDER:
CELESTIAL CABARET.
R.I.Y.L.:
PORTISHEAD, LAIKA, BJÖRK,
HECTOR ZAZOU.

VERSUS



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treat her like a show cat



the seymores

Produced by David Lowery
(of Cracker and Camper Van Beethoven)
and John Morand.

On tour with Son Volt this Spring.

caroline rec

<http://www.vernon-yard.com/seymores/>



MONSTER MAGNET

Powertrip
A&M

New Jersey quintet Monster Magnet isn't exactly unplugged on *Powertrip*, but it's packed away the flangers and phasers in favor of a sharper sound and syncopated precision. Frontman Dave Wyndorf reportedly wrote this batch of songs in response to his growing disgust with America's consumer culture. To study up, he holed himself up in a motel 10 miles outside of Las Vegas, forcing himself to write a tune every morning before going into town "to watch naked women and see everyone lose their money," according to the press release.

As a result, there's a certain similarity to many of the song structures, though they're not quite redundant. For the most part, Wyndorf lays down an energetic, old-school metal riff and lets it ride. What keeps these cuts from becoming tiresome is Wyndorf's improved vocals. He shouts less and finds ways to vary his approach to the handful of notes he's singing over. Though he intends *Powertrip* to be an attack on materialism, it's hard to imagine that lines like "I need a fistful of medication just to keep it in my pants" will win him a panel seat next to Noam Chomsky anytime soon. *Powertrip* is fast and fun—perfect theme music for those summer music festivals where you can watch half-naked women and see everyone lose their money.

>>> Neil Gladstone



RELEASE DATE:

JUNE 16.

FILE UNDER:

RETRO METAL.

R.I.Y.L.:

IGGY AND THE STOOGES,
URGE OVERKILL, FU
MANCHU.

MTV'S AMP 2

Various Artists
Astralwerks

"Back with another one of those block-rockin' beats!" became a universal call to the dancefloor last summer, turning the Chemical Brothers into posterboys for rock-friendly electronic music. The Grammy-winning track appeared alongside cuts from Prodigy, Underworld and Orbital on the first *Amp* compilation, which captured a crucial moment in the development and popularity of electronic music. *Amp 2* ups the ante by focusing on a specific goal: to prove the mutual pilfering of sounds and styles between hip-hop and electronica. The album pairs masters of each genre—Method Man and Prodigy, Goldie and KRS-1, Air and Beck—on collaborative remixes that often stretch the connection. Because both styles favor scratching, sampling and a desire to get bodies moving, the matings result in fluid, largely unforced tracks like "Sharks & Mermaids," which threads Kool Keith's nutty rap through Hardkiss's sinewy grooves. Rock also makes a notable impact, on Luke Vibert's Pitchschifter remix, Propellerheads' live drum infusion and the surfy guitar line that propels Fatboy Slim's wicked "Rockefeller Skank." In fact, this cross-pollination of sounds and styles points to the essential vibrancy of electronic-based music in 1998. *Amp 2* emerges as an engaging, up-to-the-minute chronicle of one of pop music's most fertile fields.

>>> Lydia Vanderloo



RELEASE DATE:

JUNE 16.

FILE UNDER:

THE STATE OF THE
ELECTRONIC NATION.

R.I.Y.L.:

CHEMICAL BROTHERS,
PRODIGY, FATBOY SLIM.

ROY MONTGOMERY

**And Now The Rain Sounds
Like Life Is Falling Down
Through It**
Drunken Fish

Like watching raindrops trickle down a window on a gloomy afternoon, listening to Roy Montgomery's latest quasi-psychedelic guitar opus is a melancholic experience that, over time, gently lulls its listener into a hypnotic state of both introspection and warm numbness. Montgomery has been quietly honing his craft as a guitar player, songwriter and occasional vocalist since his work with New Zealand's the Pin Group in the early '80s, but it wasn't until his two recent solo instrumental records that he really began to prove himself an exceptional sound manipulator, taking a rich expanse of guitar textures and layering them with all the aesthetic sensibility of an expressionist painter. *And Now The Rain* is a real coup for Montgomery, a complex, sprawling landscape of droning, strummed and needling guitar tones with an emotional and sonic depth that belies its simple make-up. Occasionally he works some piano, e-bow or his own deep, haunting voice in to the mix, but for the most part it's just Montgomery following his muse with six strings, leading us into the outer reaches of the stratosphere with every subtle shift and swell in his playing.

>>> Colin Helms



RELEASE DATE:

APRIL 28.

FILE UNDER:

SPACEY PSYCHEDELIC
FOLK.

R.I.Y.L.:

FLYING SAUCER ATTACK,
BARDO POND, LOREN
MAZZACANE CONNORS,
DAMON & NAOMI.

MARYAM MURSAL

The Journey
Real World-Caroline

Somali singer Maryam Mursal doesn't straddle the line between traditional African music and Western pop. The veteran singer skips gaily from side to side alongside it, kicking sand on top as she goes so that you no longer care where the border is. Borders have played a big role in Mursal's life: Years ago she and her family fled her war-torn homeland on a hard journey east across Africa to Djibouti, where she was eventually given asylum by Denmark. In Danish musician Søren Kjær Jensen and producers Simon Emmerson and Martin Russell (Afro Celt Sound System), Mursal has found unlikely, but sensitive collaborators. The festive, traditional music she was singing 30 years ago in Mogadishu was known as Somali jazz, and the stew she cooks up on *The Journey* retains that bubbly African core, despite programmed drums, sampled horns and a Danish backing band. Egyptian percussion master Hosaam Ramzy helps by adding rippling beats between the funky rock grooves. Vocalists from Mursal's traditional Somali outfit, Waaberi, lend tight, silky backing vocals that have the spirited resonance of a gleeful gospel choir, but the main reason *The Journey* sails is Mursal's supple voice and its ability to charge any rhythm with sinewy soul.

>>> Steve Ciabattini



RELEASE DATE:

APRIL 7.

FILE UNDER:

TOP OF THE AFRO-POPS.

R.I.Y.L.:

BAABA MAAL, ANGÉLIQUE
KIDJO, SALIF KEITA.

NAFTULE'S DREAM

Search For The Golden Dreydl
Tzadik

How to revive a vanishing cultural music and keep it alive and vital? It's a tough question, and a harder task: If you try to replicate the music exactly as it was once played, making your music stale and museum-like to the modern ear. On the other hand, how much well-intentioned hybrid "world beat" music is essentially traditional sounds glued onto trendy breakbeats or cheesy new age synths? For a crash-course in how to accomplish this lofty goal, check the explosion of young, energetic musicians throughout the Northeast who in the last decade have reclaimed the intense, circular, celebratory, clarinet-led sound known as klezmer, originally performed at Jewish weddings in Eastern Europe. The members of Boston-based Naftule's Dream, who have played the music reverently in groups like the Klezmer Conservatory Band, play klezmer melodies with a lighthearted but respectful, jazzy vigor reminiscent of NYC's best downtown art-jazz musicians. Their versions of "Nakhes Fun Kinder (Joy From Children)" and "The Farshtunkene Hobo (The Stinky Hobo)" recall the Charlie Haden Liberation Music Orchestra's treatment of traditional South American music. Gorgeous folk melodies are passionately played, then slip into propulsive, inventive and lyrical group improvisation, which then loops back to lovely song. It's a pretty brilliant approach. >>> Mike McGonigal



RELEASE DATE:
MARCH 10.
FILE UNDER:
SWINGING KLEZMER IMPROV.
R.I.Y.L.:
NEW KLEZMER TRIO,
MASADA, KLEZMATICS.

BEN NEILL

Goldbug
Antilles

Ben Neill is the mad scientist of dancefloor jazz. By melding rhythmic drum programs with his careening "mutantrumpet" (don't ask), synthetic keyboards and various electronic embellishments, Neill successfully enlivens the ambient-minimalist sound constructions found on *Goldbug*. While cameo appearances by DJ Spooky and Helmet's Page Hamilton certainly add to the glamour of Neill's third CD, the essence of this creation is found within the man's complex internal dialogue. *Goldbug* is digitally enhanced and encompasses a beat-driven sonic vocabulary that includes a full range of contemporary throbs and subharmonic patterns. In spite of an ongoing obsession with uptempo software, Neill's music exudes a contemplative, peaceful nature, even at its most pulsing. Comparisons with fusion-era Miles Davis are inevitable whenever Ben Neill plays his horn over a customized funk vamp, but that doesn't make him a derivative musician by any means. Still, there's an anonymous quality to Neill's current foray into electronica that prevents *Goldbug* from achieving the level of his previous record, *Triptycal*. An inventive and stimulating voyage into modern instrumental music, *Goldbug* touches all the right bases before coming home to rest.

>>> Mitch Myers



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 16.
FILE UNDER:
AMBIENT FUNK.
R.I.Y.L.:
DJ SPOOKY, HOWIE B,
FUSION-ERA MILES DAVIS.

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PARLOR JAMES

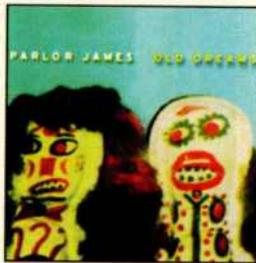


Old Dreams

Sire

There's a good bit to be learned about Parlor James by knowing what its members did previously and to whom they're related. There's Amy Allison, daughter of Mose Allison, the jazz pianist and singer who wrote "Young Man Blues." Whatever second-generation rocker curiosity she lends the band is contrasted by the experience of partner Ryan Hedgecock, who as one of the original members (along with Maria McKee) of Lone Justice, has been in the alt-country trenches for a decade and a half. In fact, parts of *Old Dreams*, such as "Everything And Nothing Too" and "Why Must It Be," are eerily reminiscent of that band, almost enough to make it seem like Hedgecock just slotted Allison into the spot formerly reserved for McKee. Producer Malcolm Burn, long known to production credit readers as Daniel Lanois's right hand man, lends *Old Dreams* just enough of a sculpted touch to add intrigue, but not so much that the songs are drowning in a wash of reverb and "ethereal" overdubbing. As a result, the album has a little bit of a modern-day *Songs From The Big Pink* feel about it, evoking classic and simple albums like R.E.M.'s *Murmur*, the Replacements' *Let It Be*, or even Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours*, which isn't a bad path for Parlor James to be on.

>>> James Lien



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 23.

FILE UNDER:
RUSTIC ALTERNATIVE ROCK.

R.I.Y.L.:
LONE JUSTICE, RECENT
RICKIE LEE JONES, GILLIAN
WELCH.

PLASTIKMAN

Consumed

Minus-NovaMute

Here's a "book" to judge by its cover: The enveloping black backdrop offsets a reflective, blueish-blackish stripe that, from different angles, provides a gamut of textures, or virtually none. That's the music of *Consumed*, the first release in four years from Richie Hawtin (a.k.a. Plastikman): beautifully modest in concept yet complex in design. *Consumed* is music for the head, not the feet—masterful minimal techno, a helix of mind-bending loops pulling and prodding at a sparse electronic core. Hawtin's formula is consistent, slowly increasing then deconstructing the tempo and presence of rumbling bass lines, all the while developing ambient synth noises into steady rhythms. There is drama in this simplicity—seemingly every loop of every track reveals a tiny sonic tweak, always moving, always progressing. That all the rhythm and structure changes are, at first, barely noticeable is a testament to the subtlety of Hawtin's production skills. But it's his musical imagery that makes *Consumed* so compelling: The clacking steel of "Cor Ten," railroading over the swirling bass, defers to "Convulse," where aquatic echoes capitulate to harder, crisper ones, each beat resonating in the consciousness like a tiny explosion. *Consumed* is a lot from a little, at times lolling innocently, at times wickedly mental.

>>> William Werde

RELEASE DATE:
MAY 19.

FILE UNDER:
MIND-MELTING MINIMAL
TECHNO.

R.I.Y.L.:
APHEX TWIN'S AMBIENT
WORKS, JUAN ATKINS,
KRAFTWERK.

PERE UBU

Pennsylvania

Tim/Kerr

It's often said that "you can't go back." No one seems to have explained this to Pere Ubu, a band birthed in America's heartland during punk's infancy, a band whose menacing art-punk noise referenced both Dada and the Count Five, put through a Stooges filter. After several years of inactivity, Ubu regenerated in the late '80s in a form that felt familiarly abrasive, but with a thick, sugary surface. *Pennsylvania* continues in the dark, brooding fashion of 1995's *Ray Gun Suitcase*, but isn't as easy to listen to as that rather difficult album. *Pennsylvania* brings on the abrasion by the bucketful, and is impenetrable enough that its riches will not be imparted on the first listen. Or the third. Perhaps even the 13th. What *Pennsylvania* requires is time: Time to grow on you, get to know you, get established in your record collection and get comfortable enough to want to share its wisdom. Just bear in mind that *Pennsylvania* is a wary, suspicious creature and will only share that wisdom in time-released doses as it grows to trust the serious fan. Once it does so, however, you'll be thankful.

>>> Tim Stegall



RELEASE DATE:
APRIL 12.

FILE UNDER:
CRANKY AVANT-GARAGE.

R.I.Y.L.:
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART,
CLAWHAMMER, EARLY
SONIC YOUTH.

ROBERT POLLARD

Waved Out

Matador

Pollard's second outing under his own name sounds a lot like his wonderful longtime band, Guided By Voices, which rattled Ohio's basements for most of the '80s and '90s with prolific, slapdash, fiendishly catchy, often home-recorded, guitar rock. The best of these 15 stripped-down tracks fold sinuous vocal melodies over guitar riffs that rip their way through whole songs. Pollard's reedy, regular-guy singing, his Who-inspired chords, and his trademark verbal oddities haven't changed. His lyrics can sound surreal and random, but they can also turn painfully clear, reproachful and desperate, as in "Wrinkled Ghost": "This trip is a task too long, I insist you take the driving." Some songs thrive under sinewy rock-band arrangements; others consist only of Pollard singing and playing electric guitar, with found objects—rolls of dimes, kitchenware?—for percussion. The slightly fuzzy recording makes most of the tracks sound more honest, and stronger. *Waved Out* measures up to the old work's saddest moments. All of the songs are about loss, and even the jazzy brush-drums, piano bits and whimsical carnival organ near the record's end suggest the weariness the words spell out: "Dance," Pollard requests, "before everyone leaves." GBV fans may miss the two-guitar richness, and the in-your-face strangeness, of that band's best moments, but they'll find plenty of solid songs here to console them.

>>> Steve Burt



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 23.

FILE UNDER:
GRITTY, DEJECTED GUITAR
POP.

R.I.Y.L.:
GUIDED BY VOICES,
SEBADOH, MATTHEW
SWEET, EARLY WHO.

PRESSURE DROP

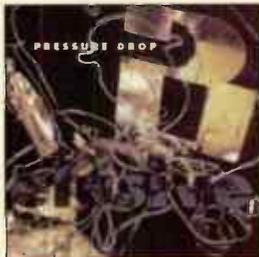


Elusive

Hard Hands-WORK

When the UK electronic outfit Leftfield launched its Hard Hands label in the mid-'80s, no one was ready for moody, downtempo, reggae-influenced music of the sort the group was making. Nevertheless, the group assembled a roster of highly talented artists, including Pressure Drop, whose first full-length record is now available in the US. Pressure Drop's skill lies in the subtlety and power of its music, which never overwhelms but rather enters your bloodstream like a languorous, warm narcotic. The melancholy and grandeur of "Foetus," the album's only instrumental track, bears out the patience and complexity which defines the group's singular aesthetic, with its cello and violin runs floating in the ether, suspended above ominously beautiful synth chords. A poignant tale of imminent madness, "My Friend" is supported by off-kilter oboe and slippery guitar figures, suddenly turning violent and noisy as its violins increase in speed and war drums bring up the rear. Despite the diverse instrumentation and tempo changes, *Elusive* never sounds over-produced or contrived; rather the density of its arrangements rise organically, drawing the listener into a twilight world in which hurt and sadness are only redeemed by flashes of spiritual ecstasy. This is a wondrous album of extraordinary delicacy and force. >>> *Tim Haslett*

R.I.Y.L.—RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 2.
FILE UNDER:
SONG-DRIVEN,
ORCHESTRAL, DOWNTempo
ELECTRONICS.
R.I.Y.L.:
MASSIVE ATTACK,
MORCHEEBA, LEFTFIELD.

PRISSTEENS

Scandal, Controversy & Romance

Almo Sounds

You've got to love any record that comes off like a house party, and this one's a peach: a real tits-up three-kegger where roommates and Ramones 45s alike are cranking full blast. New York City's Prissteeens have managed to clear a space wherein they can be loud and trashy *and* perfect pop craftspeople at once. Fueled by ex-Devil Dogs drummer Joe Vincent's nitrous oxide-fueled pummeling, the Prissteeens then add massive sheets of tube amp crunch and Dick Dale reverb, provided by a pair of six-stringers who understand the importance of both Johnny Ramone and Billy Childish. Piled on top of that are vocals bent towards sugar and snot. The framework: songs that dress up like undiscovered Brill Building gems for Halloween. Like their West Coast cousins the Muffs, the Prissteeens make music that could've been sired in either '65 or '77, albeit with more East Coast, Factory-style pop influences than the Muffs' British Invasion obsessions. *Scandal, Controversy & Romance* is an instant classic, one of those perfect debuts where every cut is a hit, even if Murray The K is no longer around to spin the puddin' out of it and Gloria Stavers isn't around to see that 16 is saturated with fabulous Prissteeens pix and fax. >>> *Tim Stegall*



RELEASE DATE:
MAY 12.
FILE UNDER:
FABULOUS TEENAGE POGO
HITS.
R.I.Y.L.:
MUFFS, RUNAWAYS, THEE
HEADCOATEES.

MITCHELL FROM DOPAMINE

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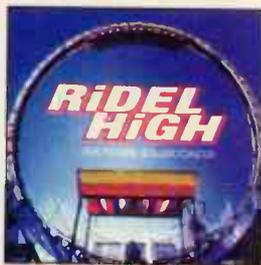
RIDEL HIGH

Emotional Rollercoaster

A&M

Good power pop should sound effortless, and Ridel High works really hard at its power pop. The band's got the hooks, the soaring choruses, the buzzing guitar and the chiming leads, but can't quite fit them together. Witness songwriter and vocalist Kevin Ridel stretching in the choruses of "Mouthful Of You"; he knows that those high notes will raise the charm-meter, and he knows that he can't quite hit them, but he tries anyway. It's a cute song (cute can be good in power pop), but it misses the pop-perfection that effortlessness brings and that the band finds in the catchy and easy "180." The awkward moments intrude because the songs are so tightly wound and constructed that a payoff should come right around the corner, especially in the songs that find the band grasping for anthems. "Self-Destructive" begs for the listener to sing along with the chorus, but something goes wrong when the lead-in line arrives, without a trace of irony: "Breaking up for the moment really sucks." Ugh. Granted, the band writes great titles—"Her Perspective From My Perspective," "Another Song About Lying," "Places People Hide Their Money"—although only the middle one lives up to its promise. It's frustrating because *Emotional Rollercoaster* works with the right pieces but hasn't solved the power pop puzzle.

>>> Steve Klinge



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 9.
FILE UNDER:
OVERPOWERED POP.
R.I.Y.L.:
WEEZER, POSIES,
FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE.

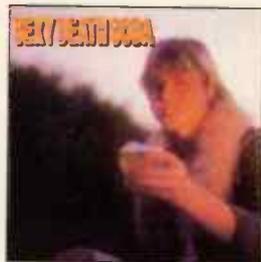
SEXY DEATH SODA

California Police State

Bong Load

Sexy Death Soda sounds quintessentially Southern Californian, informed by '60s AM pop, psychedelia (equal parts Owsley Sunshine and that bad Woodstock brown acid), and the kind of sun-fried surrealism derived from weirdo beach breaks up and down the 101. So don't be shocked by *California Police State's* shambolic textures or Salvador Dali references ("the razor will cut across your eye"). Don't fret that guitarist Donnie Pleasure used to toil for a group called Manson Family Values. This is tough but loopy, irony-laced Los Angeles. Founded by former Liquor Cabinet members Steve "Steaksauce" Hanft and Lisa Demerol, SDS delivers an unadulterated glimpse into the cracked-dashboard interior of sun-baked LA life. As much as the quintet pays homage to the past (the Beefheart cover "Plastic Factory") and occasionally recalls the best moments of "paisley underground"-era LA, it finds just the right balance in the present, too, especially in the six-string synergy of Pleasure and second guitarist Rob Taylor. Their arid, Left Coast takes on Television's Tom Verlaine/Richard Lloyd guitar duels fuel the best parts of the disc, as the band's mix of surf music (the reverb-drenched "Sick Tube"), Gonzo-twang ("When The Money Falls"), and hallucinatory pop ("Janitor Strike") defy expectations at every curve in the road.

>>> Mark Woodlief



RELEASE DATE:
MAY 19.
FILE UNDER:
SMOGGY LA DADAIST POP.
R.I.Y.L.:
TELEVISION, DREAM
SYNDICATE, POSSUM DIXON.

SELECTOR DUB NARCOTIC

Various Artists

K

Dub Narcotic is the Olympia, Washington, studio established five years ago by Calvin Johnson, founder of both K Records and Beat Happening. *Selector Dub Narcotic* is a wonderful sampler featuring 23 unreleased tracks from bands he's produced in his hive since 1993. The focus is on the Northwest scene, but the disc includes contributions from out-of-towners Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Beck and the Make-Up; there are also three variations on the same jam from Johnson's own Dub Narcotic Sound System, which also acts as "house band" for a couple of contributors. The compilation carves a wide berth, incorporating some rap and even an honest dub track, but there's something approaching a common thread in the jangly, rough-hewn pop favored by the K stable. Several highlights emerge from relative unknowns: the Young Marble Giants-cum-Liz Phair simplicity of Star Athena, the basic but inspired '70s punk bashing of the Panties, the all-too-short pure pop of Jason Traeger and the Bartlebees. The peak is a peppy duet from Heavenly's Amelia Fletcher and Johnson, who raises his register a notch from the usual basso profundo croak that approaches parody. *Selector Dub Narcotic's* few duds are more than offset by the joy of discovery, and at 73 minutes, it's not asking much to tap the skip button a couple of times.

>>> Glen Sarvady



RELEASE DATE:
MAY 19.
FILE UNDER:
WINNING INDIE-ROCK
COMPILATIONS.
R.I.Y.L.:
BEAT HAPPENING,
HEAVENLY, LOIS.

SLAYER

Diabolus In Musica

American-Columbia

From its ominous, throbbing beginnings, *Diabolus In Musica* is a 40-minute trip into the dark, sometimes politically/socially conscious innards of Slayer. It's a rough trip, but that's what Slayer fans expect from this seminal, 15-year-old lineup. And at a time when, for better or worse, one-time thrash compatriots like Megadeth and Metallica are practically mainstream, Slayer has lost none of its teenaged, testosterone-fueled anger and raging riffing, if new songs like "Perversions Of Pain" and "Love To Hate" are any indication. Slayer is not sinister to the point of being cartoonish, as is the case with quite a few extreme and death metal outfits; this band is the real deal, and whether lyrics such as "I hate your church.... I'll see you burn," and lines about a "killing spree" seem, depending on your point of view, either banal, bothersome or picket-worthy, Slayer is unrepentantly rocking. Fans of such consummate Slayer LPs as *Reign In Blood*, *Seasons In The Abyss* and *South Of Heaven* will appreciate this 11-song collection of baleful, brutal and wonderfully rendered fierceness, almost as much as the fact that *Diabolus In Musica* probably won't make Slayer the next thrash metal band to be accepted by the mainstream.

>>> Katherine Turman



RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 9.
FILE UNDER:
PARENT-SCARING THRASH-
METAL.
R.I.Y.L.:
EARLY METALLICA AND
MEGADETH, PANTERA,
MORBID ANGEL.

SONGS: OHIA

Impala

Happy Go Lucky

The songs on *Impala* drizzle out slowly like cold maple syrup. Songs: Ohia's frontman, Jason Molina, hesitates ever so slightly before each guitar strum. Geof Cumming's drum parts amble along at a weary, clippety-clop pace. Molina's lyrics sketch out tales of lost faith, suicide and breakup. Even when you're not sure what he's moaning about, his achy delivery is enough to assure he's miserable about something. Phrases such as "Hangman's water is often sweeter on these Western roads" are so oblique you could spend half the afternoon with your head next to the speaker trying to decipher the story he's narrating (maybe that line is from a horse's point of view, but it's hard to know for sure). Still, his resignation is convincing and you believe that whatever he's mulling over has had him up for days on end. The melodies, like the lyrics, are reminiscent of those discussions you have with yourself when you're walking on an isolated back road: They ruminate and repeat, spiraling over and over again, occasionally breaking free, and then finding their way back to where they started. Chances are you've heard indie-folk bands like this before, but Molina's pining falsetto makes Songs: Ohia a little better than the rest.

>>> Neil Gladstone

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



RELEASE DATE:
APRIL 21.
FILE UNDER:
DOLEFUL INDIE-FOLK.
R.I.Y.L.:
PALACE, SMOG, ACOUSTIC
NEIL YOUNG.

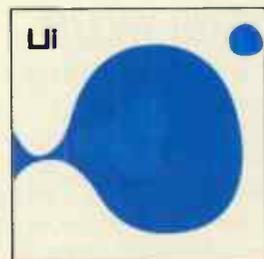
UI

Lifelike

Southern

Led by multi-instrumentalist Sasha Frere-Jones, New York City trio Ui has been around since 1992, performing progressive, rock-oriented instrumental music with the focus on the bass guitar rather than its six-string cousin. Dwelling on drowsy, deliberate compositions that utilize sampling and hard-disc editing as well as an oblique/unique sound aesthetic, Ui stands apart from many other post-rock ensembles in its capacity to maintain a compelling groove. While some of Ui's tone-poems may plod occasionally, its up-beat excursions are inventive, humorous and vaguely danceable. Painstakingly constructed, *Lifelike* represents 18 months of the band's activity. Bassist Wilbo Wright, drummer Clem Wadlmann and engineer/co-producer Greg Frey all contribute mightily to the finished sounds of Ui. While masquerading as punk-funk cousins to the downtown jazz scenesters of NYC, Ui is no Lounge Lizards phenomenon. Still, in addition to his fluid bass lines, Frere-Jones plays some downright elemental guitar licks as the trio employs uncommon time signatures and leans heavily towards collective improvisation. There are plenty of overdubs and some ambitious mixology going on here, but the music is rarely busy and is actually quite sparse at times. Looks like it's time to smash your head on the post-rock.

>>> Mitch Myers



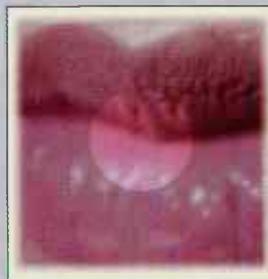
RELEASE DATE:
APRIL 6.
FILE UNDER:
SUSTAINED POST-ROCK
GROOVES.
R.I.Y.L.:
TORTOISE, STEREO LAB, REX.



MARYAM MURSAL

"THE JOURNEY"

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Available April 7



VARIOUS ARTISTS

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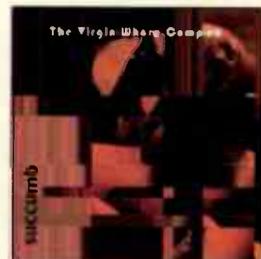
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REVIEWS

VIRGIN-WHORE COMPLEX

Succumb

Emperor Norton



RELEASE DATE:
MAY 26.
FILE UNDER:
SIMPLE YET SOPHISTICATED
POP.
R.I.Y.L. I:
BELLE AND SEBASTIAN,
HOLIDAY, PREFAB SPROUT.

Not only is the rock critic-created genre "orchestral pop" a vague construction—encompassing everyone from fans of the Beach Boys to fans of Bacharach and Mancini—but it conjures up terribly misleading imagery, like overblown rock stars seeking high-culture credibility by shrieking their hits while a platoon of tuxedo-clad musicians saw away behind them. How about calling it "breezy-pop" or "sophisto-pop" or something like that? That way, intelligent, stripped-down bands like the Virgin-Whore Complex might be invited to the party as well.

This Bay Area band's songwriting harks back to the sunny-day psych-pop of the late '60s (*Pet Sounds*, *Abbey Road*) and decades of lounge-pop before that, but it's manifested in low-key indie-rock arrangements. Classic-pop-minded bands like the High Llamas or Magnetic Fields come to mind while listening to the Complex, but with most of the heavy ornamental goop peeled away. Instead, the melodies are often carried by organ, piano, vibes, flute or a single viola, topped off with descending girl/boy harmonies. The resulting confection is sometimes too light and airy to leave much of an impression. But when it's dead-on, as with "Cool Brunette's" early-Billy Joel-tinged piano and wry lyrics, or their cover of the Kurt Weill classic "Coldest Night Of The Year," it's delicious.

>>> David Jarman

DWIGHT YOAKAM

Long Way Home

Reprise



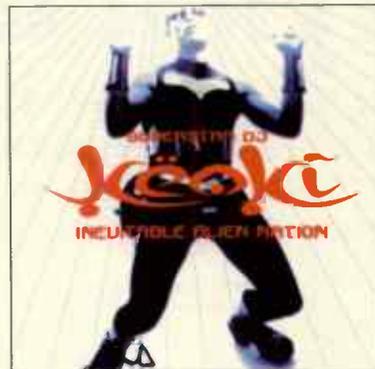
RELEASE DATE:
JUNE 9.
FILE UNDER:
HONKY-TONK COUNTRY.
R.I.Y.L. I:
BUCK OWENS, LEFTY
FRIZZELL, ROY ORBISON.

Nashville exile Dwight Yoakam was insurgent country long before *No Depression* put a name on roots rockers too rough around the edges for the Grand Ol' Opry. And it's a tribute to just how little things have changed in Nashville that 15 years after Yoakam first made a name for himself around LA, he remains grittier than most big name country clubbers, especially since the now 41-year-old singer/songwriter has mellowed a bit with age. He's still a "Honky Tonk Man" at heart: Both he and

his longtime cohort, producer/guitarist Pete Anderson, are devoted to the old-school C&W of Lefty Frizzell and Buck Owens. But the melancholy moods and mellifluous melodies on *Long Way Home* also bring to mind the more refined country-pop stylings of Roy Orbison, especially when tasteful strings and vibes join acoustic guitar and pedal steel in the backdrop of "Yet To Succeed," and Yoakam indulges in a little bittersweet falsettoing. Even the uptempo tunes here are laced with sorrow, regret and lovelorn sentimentality—Yoakam calls himself a "fool" 35 times in the three swinging minutes of the opening track, "Same Fool," and on the sunny sounding "That's Okay" he explains, "This is just the way I look when I'm feeling like a fool." Hearing Yoakam croon his way into one of Anderson's sharp guitar solos is still as uplifting as ever.

>>> Matt Ashare

It's arguable whether SUPERSTAR DJ KEOKI is more famous for his antics on or off the turntables. Recognized as techno's primary "bad boy," the veteran DJ has basked in the limelight since his early days as resident soundsmith for Disco 2000, Manhattan's most famous and famously debauched club event. But the vicious rumors surrounding sex and drugs often overshadowed Keoki's rock 'n' roll turntable tactics, which, like the man himself, are sleek and sassy, and always demand the crowd's undivided attention. Most DJ figureheads are serious to the point of constipation, but Keoki's appeal lies in his fabulous, free-spirited attitude, which allows his sets to remain fun without becoming frilly, never taking themselves too seriously, despite their musical and technical superiority. *INEVITABLE ALIEN NATION* (Moonshine) is Keoki's latest techno opus, a 15-track DJ experiment whose energy lies in the juxtaposition of a wide assortment of tracks shimmied into the 73-minute mix. Flowing from abstract beat excursions (Coldcut) to funky-electro breaks (Rainbow Bridge) to techno-house attacks (Rumpus) to big-beat breaks (Junkie XL), this set takes chances whenever it can and will surprise listeners at every turn... Progressive house and trance were once styles only worshipped on UK soil, but adventurous American clubs are slowly picking up on these vibes, feeding patrons with sweeping acid lines, accelerated tempos, gorgeous soundscapes and romantic melodies. Minneapolis-born JERRY BONHAM is one of the American DJs introducing domestic ears to the sound, as resident of the San Francisco's pioneering club event, Spundae. *INTERPRETATIONS* (Spundae), the first DJ mix CD released by a weekly US club, reveals Bonham as the scene's best kept secret. His 21 years behind the decks are apparent as the disc moves seamlessly from one energetic trance anthem to the next, dropping recent favorites by Paul Van Dyk, Armin and Binary Finary, building momentum as it goes. Bolstered by Bonham's smooth-as-silk mixing, this collection of hard-to-find, A-grade tracks is one of the finest trance discs ever pressed this side of the Atlantic. Acquire at once.



>>> M. Tye Comer



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COMING SOON ON IGNITION - THE INFAMOUS SPRING HEeled JACK

lynyrd skynyrd

AS FAR AS MUSICAL HANG-UPS ARE CONCERNED, LYNYRD SKYNYRD IS AN UNUSUAL ONE FOR ME, BECAUSE IT DOESN'T DATE BACK TO MY IMPRESSIONABLE DAYS OF YOUTH. AS A TEN-YEAR-OLD, BUYING MOTÖRHEAD AND AC/DC RECORDS AND EYEING THE PLASMATICS, I WASN'T WON OVER BY SKYNYRD. TO LITTLE ME, THEY WERE THE SAME '70S HARD-ROCK-FOR-BAD-STEREOS AS AEROSMITH AND BOSTON. TO THIS DAY, I CAN STILL BARELY SPELL THE BAND'S NAME.

I had seen Skynyrd play in 1993 at the unlikeliest of juke joints, Radio City Music Hall, my first and only exposure to New York's far-underground Confederate flag-waving cowboy subculture. The 20-minute wait for an encore of "Free Bird" turned out to be an emotional slow-burn that brought a lot of the people around me to tears. A little later, I was stupidly in love with a Texas girl, who opened my eyes to grits and Southern sorrow. These seeds gestated in my noise-soaked mind for a couple more years. About 18 months ago, I walked into a used record store with a pile of brand new indie rock CDs and became the proud owner of the Lynyrd Skynyrd box set.

Lured by forces unknown, I discovered that the Alabama band is the nail that Southern rock hangs its hat on, a source of purity. I can put it up next to Roni Size, Black Flag, Bill Monroe, Raymond Scott and Slayer, and it doesn't lose its identity. I will trade any number of unopened wishy-washy Beck and Sonic Youth records for that quality, of music that will not break down.

I can summarize the highlights of Lynyrd Skynyrd in one side of a tape. "Saturday Night Special," "I Ain't The One" and "Simple Man" are vulnerable prayers and loose-lipped warnings. On the box set, the 1970 demo track "Junkie" is like a loose cousin to the Stooges' "Dirt," also touching on the frazzled sizzle of Blue Cheer. Numbering ten in their prime, these are hairy ass-kickers and tough bitches, doing what comes naturally with Gibson guitars.

Ronnie Van Zant put a down-to-earth human face on the image of a '70s rock star. Instead of tooting around in battle with the Centaurs of Eternicus, like so many of his contemporaries, he insisted on putting a dark mythic face on American rebellion. "Working For MCA" is an anthem for towing the hard line on a major label. "Was I Right Or Wrong?" is a cry to the heavens from a man who makes his name and returns home to rub his parents' face in it, only to find them dead and buried.

I had always wrongly associated Skynyrd with redneck politics. Once I actually listened to the music, I was embarrassed to discover that "Sweet Home Alabama" boos the governor and his sympathizers; and that "Saturday Night Special" is a chilling first person plea for gun control: The band's jab at Neil Young—"Well Watergate does not bother me, does your conscience bother you?"—is more clever than Young's ill-informed moaning about the men of Alabama.

The band's contemporary influence is relatively understated. Three Day Stubble, from San Francisco by way of Houston, has done a good job of synthesizing the guitar interplay. Doo Rag and Half Japanese cover the same songs. Anything good about Urge Overkill was a witty imitation of Skynyrd's three-guitar slam. Most prominently, New Orleans' Eyehategod has resurrected the stomping boogie in a pure evil brew that shares inspiration with Black Flag and Black Sabbath.



I'm to the point now where I'd like to decorate my chest with the altered Jack Daniels logo T-shirt popular among stoners in my junior high. I'll vouch for the box set, the *Free Bird* movie soundtrack and *Pronounced Leh-Nerd Skin-Nerd*, but about half of the band's output still doesn't sound very good to me. A lot of *Street Survivors* is close to being Huey Lewis And The News. Every record has a lot of good time boogie-woogie that panders to jukebox crowds, and ill-advised salutations to the blues. Once you've reinvented a form, it doesn't make any sense to go back.

The South has been made the butt of America. If things weren't the same in 1965, Ronnie Van Zant wouldn't have sung with the passion and anger he did. Sadness permeates this band—between hypodermic injection and plane wreck they faced loss and misunderstanding. If "Free Bird" were your soul's only balm, wouldn't you hang on to it for a few extra verses?

BY IAN CHRIS TE

BUZZOV-EN

...At A Loss

Off The Records

During its tenure on Roadrunner Records a few years ago, Buzzov-en was recognized more for its predilection for pills than its poisonous Southern grind. The band's fate seemed just a little too high-pitched to be believed. Whatever



changes have visited it since, its new incarnation rectifies the situation, and closes the gap between Buzzov-en and fellow Dixie-oriented bile-mongers Eyehategod. Like Eyehategod, this three-piece sludgecore crew likes lengthy pieces of feedback and background noise dialed in from shore-wave radio. In the foreground are acrimonious vocals and a suffocating swamp of slowly unrolling sickness sounds (see "Whiskey Fit"), briefly perforated by spastic spurts of bass and drums (as on "Crawl Away"). The tortured enthusiasm and the dreadlocks point to a dropout's embrace of the path of least resistance, the

thread that unites Buzzov-en with Sleep and Deer Hoof. It's a slithering, cannabis-inspired slerp inherited somewhere a long time ago from C.O.C. and the Bad Brains, and it's one of the downbred hybrids that most resiliently defies commercialization. It's simply too difficult to unravel these coarse chords for the mainstream to even bother, which is exactly why you will find it appealing.

Soilent Green shares guitarist Brian Patton with Eyehategod, and also a direct approach to dirge. The explosive three-song *A String Of Lies* (Relapse) finds a barking groove in a way that chunkier bands Pro-Pain and Crowbar never can. The unpredictable slides are similar to Brutal Truth, but here there is nothing gumming up the works. The band blows right up on you, like a direct, sensory-assaulting challenge... Dwell Records follows up its Celtic Frost tribute with *A CALL TO IRONS: A TRIBUTE TO IRON MAIDEN*. Absu, Angel Corpse, Viral Remains and Opera IX are in the house, but nobody provides any radical re-interpretation or even much above strict Xerox copy of the Maiden's original metal text. In other misguided nostalgia news, diminutive diva DIO has released *Inferno: Last In Live* (Mayhem), a double-CD set of songs from his days with Dio, Black Sabbath and Rainbow. Like any man treading water for ten years, he sounds a little underexcited, but very well practiced... Virginia's AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED is something like AC: The Next Generation. On *Honky Reduction* (Relapse) the twosome of Jay Randall and Scott Hull roars through 26 tracks of anti-everything noise-grind, some of it kinda funny and some kinda not. The drum machine takes some of the human push out of the mix, but these guys seem smart enough to get somebody to beat on things behind them before recording again... Hard jungle record of the month is *QUANTUM MECHANICS*, a five-EP compilation from London's Renegade Hardware label. Regrettably, most of the tracks feature repetitious two-step beats, but the overall approach is true science fiction. "Strontium Jazz" by Future Forces, Inc. (revised here by Dillinja) is a textbook example of jungle with spikes—Celtic Frost reified for the digital age. On Dom & Roland's dirty remix of Genotype's eerie "Extra Terrestrial," a churning bass line unrolls at a speed St. Virus would call slow, while damaged marching snares roll rapidly up top. When the break finally comes, it is utterly flattening—a tech-stepping triumph of disco pessimism.



metal

tgg

- 1 SOULFLY
Soufly / Roadrunner
- 2 CANNIBAL CORPSE
Gallery Of Suicide / Metal Blade
- 3 CLUTCH
The Elephant Riders / Columbia-CRG
- 4 STUCK MOJO
Rising / Century Media
- 5 MORBID ANGEL
Formulas Fatal To The Flesh / Earache
- 6 PRO-PAIN
Pro-Pain / Mayhem
- 7 ULTRASPANK
Ultraspank / Epic
- 8 IRON MAIDEN
Virtual XI / CMC International
- 9 MOTÖRHEAD
Snake Bite Love / CMC International
- 10 FAR
Water & Solutions / Immortal-Epic
- 11 CONVERGE
When Forever Comes Crashing / Equal Vision
- 12 KING DIAMOND
Voodoo / Metal Blade
- 13 COALESCE
Give Them Rope / Edison
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Battle Hymns / Hollywood
- 19 BLOODLET
The Seraphim Fall / Victory
- 20 ORANGE 9MM
Ultraman Vs. Godzilla (EP) / Ng
- 21 OVERCAST
Fight Ambition To Kill / Edison
- 22 SOILENT GREEN
A String Of Lies / Relapse
- 23 LORD BELIAL
Enter The Moonlight Gate / Death-Metal Blade
- 24 STABBING WESTWARD
Darkest Days / Columbia-CRG
- 25 UNSANE
Occupational Hazard / Relapse

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



ADVENTURES IN STEREO's gentle, loop-based songlets have rarely cracked the two-minute mark, so their new *Down In The Traffic* EP (Creeping Bent) is a shocker—sandwiched between the 90-second title track and the 45-second “Down To The Sky” is the epic “Down In The City,” almost seven minutes long, which expands on their trademark production tricks to include a coiling, biting guitar solo, dynamic growth and some amazing horn arrangements. Further listening reveals that the first and third tracks are actually brief variations on aspects of “Down In The City,” and that all kinds of instruments are concealed within the density of the mix. The centerpiece sounds like it’s coming through a transistor radio with messed-up EQ late at night, with splices as audible as the ones in the Beach Boys’ “Heroes And Villains,” but that really works as a suggestion of a pop song so grand that it can only really be understood as a magnificent ruin. It’s the culmination of everything AIS has done to date.

hiss & crackle

Austerity and asceticism in electronic music didn’t start with the advent of breakbeats—back in the ’70s, Suicide was doing creepy drone-pulses that presaged a lot of things that are happening now. That band’s vocalist, ALAN VEGA, has just teamed up with the Finnish duo PANASONIC for a 12” single, “Medal” (Blast First UK), that recaptures the feel, rather than the sound, of those early Suicide records. Vega growls phrases that hint at the horrors of war without quite spelling anything out, while Panasonic spatters out ultra-high-end and ultra-low-end bursts of toneless sound—the last 20 years have raised the bar for which electronic sounds sound abnormal and scary, but Panasonic sails right over it. The B-side’s “No Home Kings” and “Fun In Wonderland” are even less beat-wise and more eerie.

THE FALL’s Mark E. Smith recently won the British music weekly NME’s “Godlike Genius Award” for “unique services to music,” and to celebrate, the band’s released a killer new single, “Masquerade” (Artful UK)—a reworking of a song from its recent album *Levitate*. It’s the most interesting integration of electronica into The Fall’s riff-and-repeat rock strategies to date, with a delicate piano part that nicely counterbalances Smith’s distinctive sneer. It’s a bumper that the group has become infected with the British disease of releasing multiple versions of a single with different extra tracks on each; if you have to pick, get the one with the orange-and-blue sleeve, which appends two new songs the band’s been playing on stage lately, “Calendar” and “Scareball,” and a lengthy live version of *Levitate*’s standout “Ol’ Gang.”

A few quick drops of the needle: After too long a break and a few scares about whether it would ever play again, KARP is back with a new single, “Prison Shake” (Up)—no relation to the band Prisonshake. The band gets

MOGWAI

Fear Satan

Eye Q (UK)

“Fear Satan” probably used to be a rock song (of sorts) at some point, but the four long remixes on this single demonstrate just how far a field a mixer can take the elements of a recording—they’re barely identifiable as coming from the source material. The show stealer isn’t even the mix by Kevin Shields of My Bloody Valentine, great as it is—a 13-minute wonder that builds on the natural overtones of a guitar sound, both harsh and sweet, layering and alternating them over a brief drum-and-cymbal fill to make a tumbling, twitching avalanche. It’s



Surgeon’s mix, a phenomenal variation on the kind of piece for which Rhys Chatham or Glenn Branca needed an orchestra of live guitars, building a slow crescendo for six minutes out of a single-sampled chord (with keyboard tones playing around it as it starts to grow), then shifting with a shocking impact to another chord, just for a few moments, right near the end.

Mogwai itself does a remix with amplified electronic buzzes lying in parallel to the course of a flute part, underscored by a three-note guitar obbligato and human breathing sounds, and p-zing, no stranger to making tracks out of unusual source material, comes up with a piece that would be drum ‘n’ bass if it had bass, rather than heavenly-treated guitars.

more metalloïd all the time, and despite a mastering job that makes it sound nowhere near vehement enough, there’s some impressive bellowing and banging going on... Paul Lukas, the guy behind the brilliant zine *Beer Frame: The Journal Of Inconspicuous Consumption* and a similarly inspired column in *Spin*, has assembled a brief, utterly charming five-song compilation called *Object Lessons: Songs About Products* (Inconspicuous). Among other treats, it’s got the Mountain Goats singing the praises of the moral life and how it leads to being able to get Golden Boy peanuts in the next world, Men & Volts honoring the Brannock Device for measuring shoe sizes, and a Nothing Painted Blue song in which *New Music Monthly* contributor Franklin Bruno rhymes “Miracle Thaw” with

“empirical law” and “the spirit’s willing but the flesh is raw.”



BY JAMES LIEN



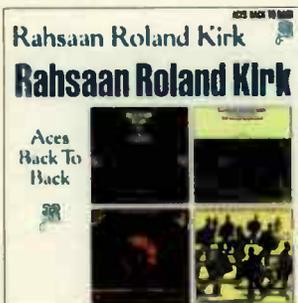
DINO VALENTE was one of the founding members of the Quicksilver Messenger Service. By 1968 the idyllic flower-power heyday of the San Francisco scene was over, replaced by hard drugs, unsanitary squalor and people like Charles Manson running amok in the Haight. In the midst of this rapidly disintegrating dream, fresh out of a four-year jail hitch for a drug bust, Valente quit the group he'd founded

and went into Columbia Studios to record his lone solo album, just reissued by Koch. Riding primarily on Valente's weary voice and his heavily-reverbed 12-string guitar, this is heavy, come-down folk for dark nights. Conceptually, it's very deep—nearly every song is written in the second person, wearily addressed to an unnamed female "you," almost as if the record were a cosmic precursor to Bob Dylan's most recent album. As he sings jadedly to this unnamed flower girl about how she's been deluded and ripped off by other guys, you can't help but wonder if it's really a metaphor for the whole '60s experience. With hints of Tim

inthebins

Buckley and Scott Walker, this unassuming record deserves its reputation as one of those albums spoken of reverentially in whispered tones, like Skip Spence's *Oar*, Leonard Cohen's *Songs From A Room*, Love's *Forever Changes* or Big Star's *Sister Lovers*.

For a little while now, the relatively new reissue label 32 Records has been quietly releasing some of the most excellent archival jazz recordings available, including the awesome organ/guitar funk salvo of **GRANT GREEN**'s 1977 opus *Iron City*, and ludicrously superb four-CD sets from **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK** (*Aces Back To Back*) and **YUSEF LATEEF** (*The Man With The Big Front Yard*). The latter two sets collect together four albums from each artist's Atlantic tenure. There's also a sublime live two-CD set by ultra-cool funk/groove guitarist **PAT MARTINO**. Virtually anything on this label is really good.



As anyone who's seen it knows, **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, starring Frank Sinatra and released at the height of Cold War tensions in 1962, is one of the more astounding movies ever made. What's not as well

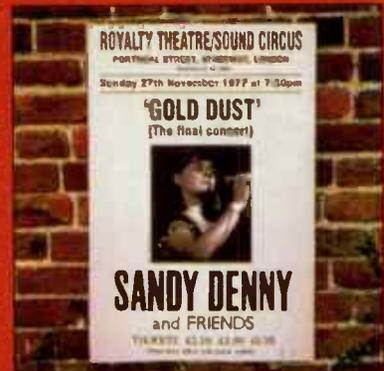
known is that the composer of the film's soundtrack, David Amram, has been a tremendously influential musician in his own right, from the '50s on: He backed up Jack Kerouac at the first-ever beat jazz poetry reading in 1957, he pioneered the introduction of "world music" elements into jazz and modern classical music, and he even performed a private music concert for Lord Buckley the night the great regal raver died. Recently

SANDY DENNY

Gold Dust—Live At The Royalty: The Final Concert Island

Although there is something wonderful about having your all-time favorite records be a secret from the world at large, Sandy Denny has been a cult figure for far too long. Starting out in the '60s with the Strawbs, Denny soon joined monster folk group Fairport Convention with Richard Thompson, before moving on to a solo career in the early '70s. As one of the premier voices of "folk rock" of the late '60s and '70s, Denny was a tremendous influence on the currents of the times

(perhaps her closest brush with fame with American audiences came when she was heard on Led Zeppelin's "Ballad Of Evermore"), and her influence is felt right up to today (Tom Amos anyone?). Twenty years ago last April, Denny suffered a brain hemorrhage after a fall



down some stairs and died at the age of 31. This live concert recording was made on November 27, 1977, at the Royalty Theater in London, with a stellar backing band of brilliant folk-rock musicians. Far from wimpy, this music is deep and sturdy in a Fairport vein, and with the extra immediacy of live performance, some of it actually sounds better today than some of her '70s studio productions. As a last performance, it is rather creepy—Denny's voice is haunting enough anyway, but listening to these songs with the knowledge that five months later she would be gone forever makes them truly riveting.

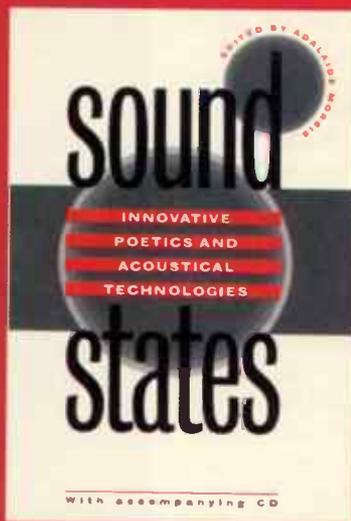
released for the first time ever by the Premier label, Amram's music for *The Manchurian Candidate* is a brilliant melange of '50s cool jazz, Rod Serling-esque orchestral tension and bizarre Chinese musical juxtapositions, suggesting the convoluted subconscious workings of the minds of the brainwashed soldiers depicted in the film. It's the ultimate soundscape to match a mind-numbing suspense thriller packed to the brim with espionage, card games, assassinations, strangers on a train and mind control. After a mysterious two-year delay, **VAN MORRISON'S** *Philosopher's Stone* has hit the streets. It's a two-CD set for Polydor compiling rarities and unreleased tracks from the years 1971-1988. From the sound of things, it would appear that most of these tracks were probably left off Van's albums not because they were inferior or imperfect, but because back then albums were only about 40 minutes long, and something had to go.

BOOKS

SOUND STATES INNOVATIVE POETICS AND ACOUSTICAL TECHNOLOGIES

Edited by Adalaide Morris
(University of North Carolina Press)

Poetry as a live art form, in its more dissonant and rhythmic dimensions, is music for some and not for others. This unusual collection of essays addresses the relationship of radical poetics to experimental musical forms, and ranges from pieces on Cecil Taylor and James Joyce to King Tubby and John Cage by writers such as Nathaniel Mackey, who's been exploring the links between jazz and black poetry for years. Head and shoulders above most arid academic treatises on music, *Sound States* is accompanied by a superbly assembled 29-track CD, which is reason enough to purchase the book. It spans a diverse set of sonic experimentalists, including Hugo Ball, Italian Futurist F.T. Marinetti, Henri Chopin, Lee Perry, Mutabaruka, the poet H.D., Rashaan Roland Kirk, Sonny Rollins and many others. Music remains the "blind spot" in a lot of academic scholarship, something that novel projects like *Sound States* seek to correct.



>>> Tim Haslett

HARRY PARTCH ENCLOSURE 3

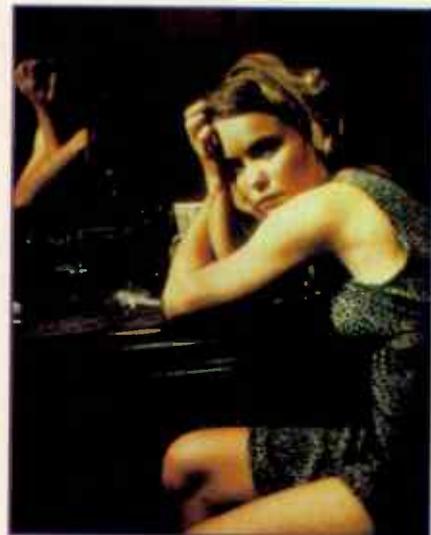
Edited by Philip Blackburn
(American Composers Forum)

Harry Partch was a classical composer unlike virtually any other. Rejecting conventional musical structures and practices, he created his own tonal systems, built his own instruments (such as the Cloud Chamber Bows, the giant Bass Marimba, the Two-String Ektara and the Harmonic Canon) and created weird, eerie sounds unlike virtually anything else on the planet. *Enclosure 3* is essentially a coffee-table scrapbook of Partch's life and work. It includes what must be every article written about the composer during his lifetime, and an exhaustive selection of his private and public notes, jottings, letters and photos. There are programs from his live concerts, original typed or scribbled manuscripts for staging his music and, of course, numerous rejection letters from the various organs of the classical music establishment. The book captures the strange, luminous beauty of the white-haired man who sought to make music that transcended his own times and plumbed "the eternal mysteries." (*Enclosure 1* is a video, and *Enclosure 2* is a four-CD set of Partch's music and speech; both were released several years ago, and they're all superb.) A quote: "Over the summer of 1959 Partch had continued work on the bass marimba. A family of chipmunks made homes in two of the resonators, some mice made nests in his typewriter, and something put a pound of yellow split peas and raisins in his dresser drawers."



>>> James Lien

MOVIE



HIGH ART

(October Films)

Syd (Radha Mitchell), a young junior editor at a photo magazine, has a career that's not going anywhere too fast. Then she meets her upstairs neighbor, Lucy (Ally Sheedy, in what's clearly intended as a showcase role to return her to the public eye), a famous photographer who dropped out of sight ten years before, and Syd attempts to resuscitate Lucy's career, whether Lucy likes it or not. But Lucy has her own plans for Syd, and before too long their professional relationship becomes thoroughly entangled with their personal lives. It's a little weird to see '80s brat packer Sheedy playing a pushing-40 cokehead, but her performance is dead on the mark; unfortunately, the same can't be said of Mitchell, whose character stumbles through the entire movie in a daze. Patricia Clarkson, though, eats up the screen as Lucy's drug-addled girlfriend Greta, a faded actress who doesn't quite grasp that she can no longer go back to Germany and work with Fassbinder any time she likes. Art fans should watch the screen carefully for shots by famous photographers, living and dead, incorporated into the covers and layouts for the movie's imaginary magazine.

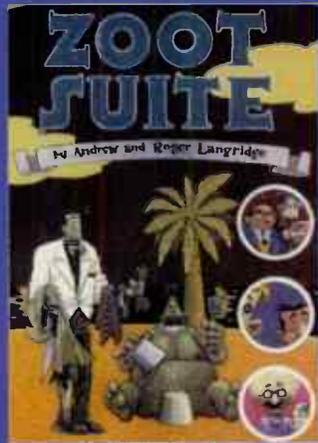
>>> DW

keep an eye out for . . . *The Algorithmic Stream* (stream.mcma-east.siu.edu/what.html), a website that broadcasts—continuously, live, over RealAudio—a mu

COMICS

ZOOT SUITE

By Andrew and Roger Langridge
(Fantagraphics Books)



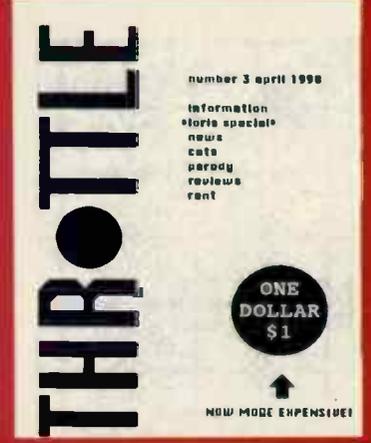
Zoot, a short-lived series by New Zealand brothers Andrew and Roger Langridge, was one of the cleverest, most original comics of the early '90s: an absurdist anthology whose central serial, "The Journey Halfway," was an Ionesco-like exercise in hilarious frustration, with a plot that kept getting farther and farther afield. It was sort of fitting that it was never completed (its title is a reference to Zeno's paradox that it's never possible to reach a destination because you always have to go half of the remaining distance first), but a little frustrating. The Langridges have started to turn up here and there again (including a stint on the underrated kids' comic *Gross Point*), and this volume collects highlights from the six original issues of *Zoot*, and a conclusion of sorts to "The Journey Halfway." Other delights include a brief serial called "The Redoubtable Tarquin Investigates Mysticism And The Sublime In Women's Art In Aotearoa," an illustrated dictionary of the many terms French has for forgotten meetings, and any number of sly jokes: "We regret that this evening's performance of *Waiting For Godot* has had to be cancelled because the actor playing Godot has failed to turn up... Please collect your complimentary tickets for tomorrow's performance on your way out."

>>> DW

'ZINE

THROTTLE

Throttle, a 16 page 'zine out of St. Louis, is a wonderfully utilitarian bit of literature. Its minimal size, an itty 4"x5", dictates frugality; there is no space to waste, so the writing's got to be concise. Like a glossy with a fraction of the budget (and none of the gloss), *Throttle* contains a mixture of features and recurrent sections—news, cats, reviews



(of everything from art to the *Mortal Kombat* movie) and rants—but what makes the 'zine so gratifying is its wit and density. An essay entitled "From This Day Forward, Everything I Do Is Going To Be Funky" leaps from brief thought about the universal hatred of the Spice Girls and New Kids On The Block to an amazing discussion of pop music and race ("In the name of race transcendence and in a spirit of hope, then, I offer this heartfelt statement: TLC is crap"). "A Volvo That Could Save Your Kaczynski" examines an ad with the slogan "A Volvo that could save... your soul"; the reader then follows the meandering, increasingly angry piece as it travels from the TV to the gates of hell and ends up parked in front of the Unabomber's cabin. Whew. You can get four issues of *Throttle* "in stunning, un-browsed black and white" by sending \$5 to 327 N. Taylor Ave. #205, St. Louis, MO 63108-1969.

>>> Randall Roberts

VIDEO

RHYMES WITH SELTZER

RICHARD MELTZER READS SOME STUFF

Even the most foolhardy and freakish among us will find the idea of two hours of Richard Meltzer on video a sick thought. Meltzer is a fringe institution: The free-form writing style, semi-smug tone ("I know three-fourths of everything worth knowing," he says in one piece) and perpetual shit-eating grin of his landmark writings—early rock criticism in *Rolling Stone* and *Creem*, landmark books *The Aesthetics Of Rock* and *Gulcher*, essays for the *L.A. Reader* and a confusing stab at a novel, *The Night (Alone)*—are uniquely wiggled-out, and this video shoots through his brain like a bullet. It includes footage of a tour around his apartment, various public access cable appearances, readings and loads of time spent with Meltzer sitting in front of a camera, drinking Bud and wading through mounds of his poetry, grabbing anything that piques his interest and reading it aloud. His style is pure chaos: loose, hilarious, in-yer-face guy-ramblings on masturbation, Lester Bangs, pizza, condoms, boxing, sex, jazz... whatever. The glory of his writing lies in his ability to examine each subject with equanimity, elevating the mundane and deflowering the flowery, and *Rhymes With Seltzer*, although it lapses into tedium after about an hour, is an insightful (if apparently illicit) one-sided conversation with a remarkable mind.

>>> Randall Roberts



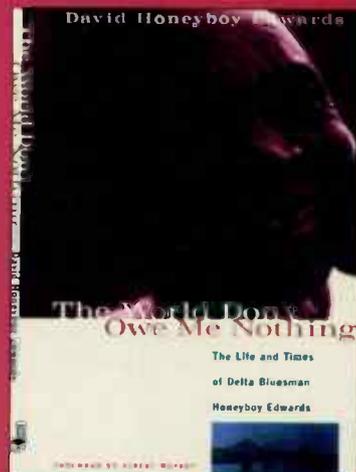
THE WORLD DON'T OWE ME NOTHING

The Life And Times Of Delta Bluesman Honeyboy Edwards

By David Honeyboy Edwards as told to Janis Martinson and Michael Robert Frank
(Chicago Review Press)

Born in 1915, David Honeyboy Edwards was first-hand witness to the history of classic Delta blues—as a young pup he rolled and tumbled with the likes of Tommy Johnson, Charlie Patton, Sunnyland Slim and even Robert Johnson, and he's still going strong today. This book is one of the better oral accounts of blues history, told in detail by someone who lived it and remembers—right down to taking the authors to the very intersection in Greerwood, Mississippi, where he first heard Robert Johnson play the guitar. While many of the men who have lived the blues are prone to exaggeration and self-aggrandizement when asked about their history, Honeyboy's account is even-handed, thoroughly believable, and packed with intimate information about the world of the blues. Of course, there are traces of the familiar “as told to” syndrome; Honeyboy trots out clichés from mjos and white lightning to selling one's soul to the Devil, and sometimes you can't help but think that he's playing it up because he knows it's what his interviewers want to hear. But he usually offers a kernel of insight beneath even the most generic blues imagery. When he describes playing at the crossroads and carrying scorpions in his pockets, he simply says, “That was our thing at the time,” and it suddenly makes even the most remote and mythical aspects of the blues seem real.

>>> James Lien

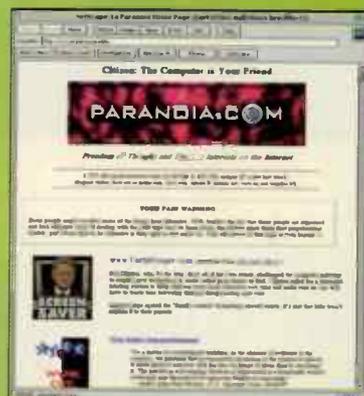


PARANOIA

www.paranoia.com

More than 160,000 different visitors a week can't be wrong—a little deranged or drug-addled, perhaps, but not wrong. That's one way to approach the anti-all-things-authority conglomerate that is paranoia.com. It's no coincidence that the first item on the site is an unapologetic disclaimer touting its “right to be offensive.” More than 90 members call the server home, and their pages run the gamut from true gems to utter dross. Read up on the Church of Euthanasia, a movement rallying around suicide, abortion, cannibalism and sodomy as methods for reducing over-population. Or follow the plight of hacker Christopher Matthew Lamprecht (a.k.a. Minor Threat), still in prison and banned from the Internet for life by a federal judge. You could even make a quick few dollars by accepting @!\$!ark's inducements to orchestrate elaborate practical jokes, such as an offer of \$100 to “alter an ad for a trendy, major-name clothing brand so that it shows a model smoking or peddling crack cocaine.” Paranoia is at times gross, patently offensive, hilarious, enlightening, disturbing, brilliant and, above all else, a reminder that, for better or for worse, there is still plenty of freedom on the Internet.

>>> William Werde

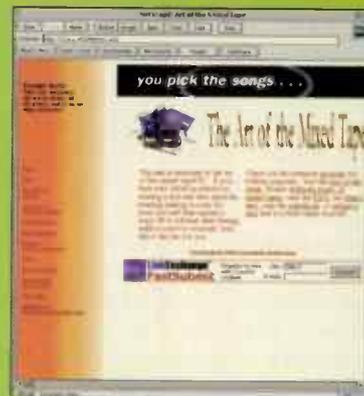


THE ART OF THE MIX

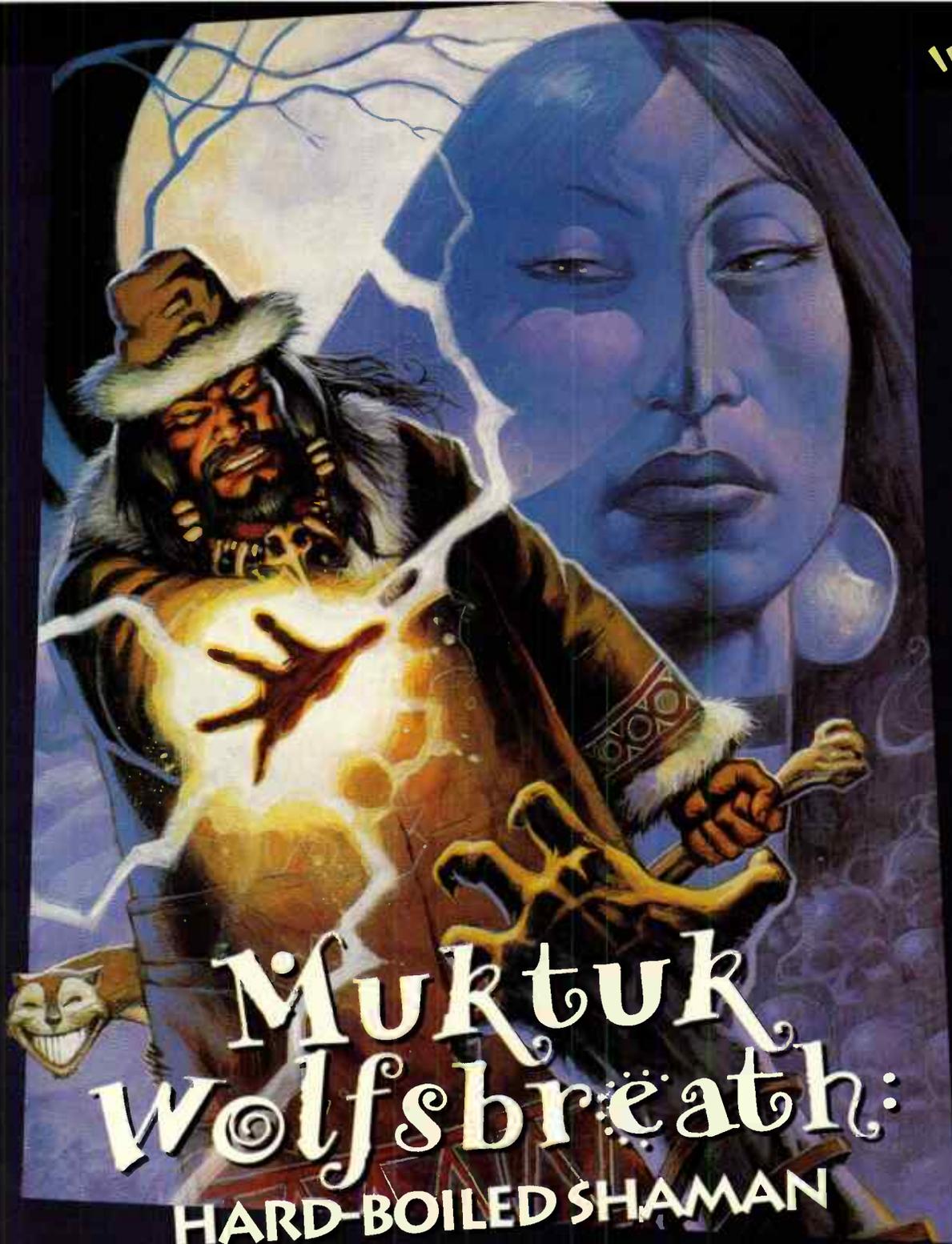
www.artofthemix.org

Everybody likes mix tapes, but for some people, they're not just a fun way of killing an afternoon, they're a way of life. The people behind the Art Of The Mix site are clearly in the latter category. The site is an archive for mixes, or rather for their track listings—browse through them by category or mix-master for tapes you'd like to trade for, or submit your own 90-minute wonder. It's also got a mixed-tape taxonomy, references to mixes in popular culture, a “featured mix of the week,” and an extensive guest-book.

>>> DW



>>> Palms), a book with selections from Stanley Burns's collection of pre-1939 medical photographs, many of them unbelievably disturbing, but strangely fascinating.



Muktuk Wolfsbreath: HARD-BOILED SHAMAN

"She looked better than any shaman should, with her round, pale face, flowing hair, and the kind of figure that made a man want to kill big game. But what I really noticed was her power."

WRITTEN BY **TERRY LABAN**
ILLUSTRATED BY **STEVE PARKHOUSE**
COVERS BY **ALEX HORLEY**

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World Radio History

VERTIGO
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#1 REVEREND HORTON HEAT
Space Heater

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.

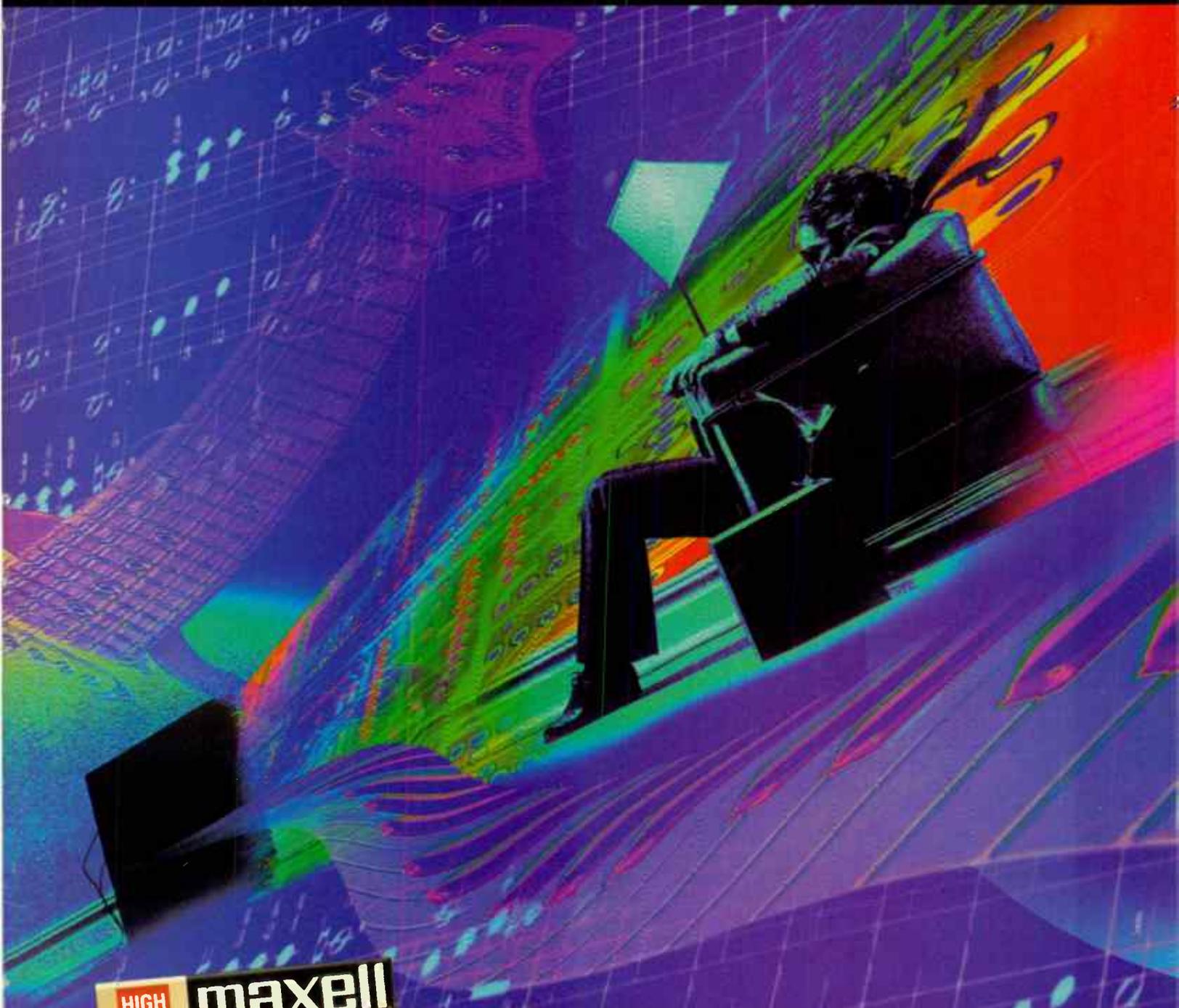
CMJ

www.cmj.com

artist	title	label
1 REVEREND HORTON HEAT	Space Heater	Interscope
2 TUSCADERO	My Way Or The Highway	Elektra-EEG
3 BUFFALO DAUGHTER	New Rock	Grand Royal
4 PROPELLERHEADS	Decksandrumsandrockandroll	DreamWorks
5 ANI DIFRANCO	Little Plastic Castle	Righteous Babe
6 SUICIDE MACHINES	Battle Hymns	Hollywood
7 TORTOISE	TNT	Thrill Jockey
8 PULP	This Is Hardcore	Island
9 SUPERDRAG	Head Trip In Every Key	Elektra-EEG
10 NEUTRAL MILK HOTEL	In The Aeroplane Over The Sea	Merge
11 YO LA TENGO	Little Honda (EP)	Matador
12 FIREWATER	The Ponzi Scheme	Jetset
13 BIG BAD VOODOO DADDY	Big Bad Voodoo Daddy	Coolsville/EMI-Capitol
14 MORCHEEBA	Big Calm	China-Sire
15 SPECIALS	Guilty 'Til Proved Innocent!	Way Cool-MCA
16 CORNELIUS	Fantasma	Matador
17 DIRTY THREE	Ocean Songs	Touch And Go
18 FAR	Water & Solutions	Immortal-Epic
19 RICHARD DAVIES	Telegraph	Flydaddy
20 SWERVEDRIVER	99th Dream	Zero Hour
21 BRAN VAN 3000	Glee	Capitol
22 TRANS AM	The Surveillance	Thrill Jockey
23 SEAN LENNON	Into The Sun	Grand Royal-Capitol
24 DAMON & NAOMI	Playback Singers	Sub Pop
25 SPACEHOG	The Chinese Album	Hi Fi-Sire
26 POLARA	Formless/Functional	Interscope
27 JUNKIE XL	Saturday Teenage Kick	Roadrunner
28 CLUTCH	The Elephant Riders	Columbia-CRG
29 AVAIL	Over The James	Lookout!
30 WANK	Get A Grip On Yourself	Maverick
31 GASTR DEL SOL	Camoufleur	Drag City
32 FRANK & WALTERS	Grand Parade	Setanta
33 UI	Lifelike	Southern
34 CURVE	Come Clean	Estupendo-Universal
35 FUGAZI	End Hits	Dischord
36 SAMIAM	You Are Freaking Me Out	Ignition
37 MAKE-UP	In Mass Mind	Dischord
38 GANG STARR	Moment Of Truth	Noo Trybe-Virgin
39 FUEL	Sunburn	550
40 SOLEX	Solex Vs. The Hitmeister	Matador
41 LONG FIN KILLIE	Amelia	Too Pure-Beggars Banquet
42 JESUS LIZARD	Blue	Capitol
43 HEPCAT	Right On Time	Hellcat-Epithaph
44 AIR	Moon Safari	Source-Caroline
45 ARTO LINDSAY	Noon Chill	Bar/None
46 FASTBALL	All The Pain Money Can Buy	Hollywood
47 BRAID	Frame & Canvas	Polyvinyl
48 SEMISONIC	Feeling Strangely Fine	MCA
49 SPOON	A Series Of Sneaks	Elektra-EEG
50 MARS ACCELERATOR	Frankfurt: Telephonics	Rx Remedy
51 SOUNDTRACK	Meet The Deedles	Mercury
52 ROYAL TRUX	Accelerator	Drag City
53 BEN HARPER	Live (EP)	Virgin
54 GAUNT	Bricks And Blackouts	Warner Bros.
55 HALO BENDERS	The Rebels Not In	K
56 BEVIS FROND	North Circular	Flydaddy
57 PUSH KINGS	Far Places	Sealed Fate
58 SCRAWL	Nature Film	Elektra-EEG
59 GOD LIVES UNDERWATER	Life In The So-Called Space Age	1500-A&M
60 VARIOUS ARTISTS	We Can Still Be Friends	Magic Marker
61 FOIL	Spread It All Around	Mute
62 STABBING WESTWARD	Darkest Days	Columbia-CRG
63 WINDY & CARL	Depths	Kranky
64 JOHN WESLEY HARDING	Awake	Zero Hour
65 GETAWAY PEOPLE	Getaway People	Columbia-CRG
66 PITCHSHIFTER	www.pitchshifter.com	DGC
67 MONO	Formica Blues	Mercury
68 GARY NUMAN	Exile	Cleopatra
69 KRISTIN HERSH	Strange Angels	Rykodisc
70 SERVOTRON	Entertainment Program For Humans	Lookout!
71 2 SKINNEE J'S	¡Supermercado!	Capricorn
72 BANGS	Tiger Beat	Kill Rock Stars
73 BONNIE RAITT	Fundamental	Capitol
74 SOUNDTRACK	Lost In Space	TVT
75 MARY LOU LORD	Got No Shadow	WORK

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World Radio History

the scene is now

>>> Continued from page 18

and veers between Spanish and English in its humorous brand of social criticism.

Mexico's other top billed hip-hop group, Control Machete, joins Argentine group Illya Kuriaki & The Valderramas, the two-sister team Actitud Maria Malta, and Spain's Latino Diablo in forging the newest generation of rockers in the Spanish-speaking world. Spanish singer Enrique Bunbury, former vocalist of the super-group Heroes Del Silencio, has brought electronic rock to the *Español* mix. He recently released *Radical Sonora* ("Radical Sound") (EMI Latin). In a similar vein is Plastilina Mosh, a labelmate from Mexico, which is releasing its techno-pop debut release, *Aquamosh* (Capitol).

Just below the surface, New York's King Changó, signed with David Byrne's Luaka Bop label, is at the vanguard of Latin ska. Along with LA's Voodoo Glow Skulls (on Epitaph) and Los Olvidados, which has released an independent CD (*Sin Futuro*), these three groups give a world beat feel to their ska-punk amalgam.

Newly formed independent labels on both US coasts, Grita! in New York and Aztlan Records in San Francisco, are beginning to act as farms for the majors with their slowly growing catalogs. Grita!, founded by Jay Ziskrout (former drummer of Bad Religion), houses bands that remain largely in the underground in their respective countries, but which have respectable followings: Argentina's Todos Tus Muertos, Germany's Niños Con Bombas, Spain's Los Más Turbados and LA's Psychotic Aztecs. The musical range spans from rasta-punk to cutting edge melodic rock.

Aztlan's catalogue includes a broad range of bands that were the core of the West Coast scene, LA in particular. The label's strongest bands include melodic rock group Maria Fatal, whose second CD *Pasiones Y Torturas* was produced by Johnette Napolitano last year; Power pop group Pastilla, which recently signed with BMG US, and San Francisco's ska-punks Orixia.

Although Brazil's Sepultura and Quiet Riot bassist Rudy Sarzo have helped open a niche for heavy metal and thrash metal, these harder-edged styles are largely relegated to the underground. LA's Fungus and Encrucijada, Spain's Angeles De Infierno and the elusive Brujeria, which helped define the "satanic Hispanic" scene, are some of the better known bands.

With attention from MTV, and MTV Latino in particular, *rock en Español* has proliferated quickly. "The future of this so-called *rock en Español* movement will be to filter the mediocre from the material that can compete globally—this will be difficult," said Fustavo Cerati, former singer/guitarist of Soda Stereo, during a break from recording a Police song *en Español* with Andy Summers. "Because artists make rock in Spanish, it doesn't mean that it's necessarily good." end

rufus wainwright

>>> Continued from page 38

"The earliest song on the record is 'Beauty Mark.' I wrote it about my mom when I was 17. I wrote it as a showoff thing, to show her I was talented. She had been criticizing my arrangements for a while, that they were too precious or too florid—she was probably right. So I wrote that song to prove that I could swing a little, be a little more straightforward." (The song also contains the album's most explicit mention of Wainwright's homosexuality, in the couplet "I may not be so manly/But still I know you love me.")

The common ground between the father's conversational singer-songwriter mode and the son's imagistic flights of high-romantic fancy is hard to spot, except for a shared belief in the power of language. "On my father's side of the family, there's a real thing with words. I think we're all repressed writers in a way. My grandfather was a *Life* columnist who never got to write his novel, and my father always wanted to be an actor, as much or more than a singer, and that has to do with literature. With me, I don't know what will happen. I think I want to be a great opera librettist."

Rufus Wainwright's own lyrics aren't his father's direct confessions, though they're equally vulnerable, full of references both local ("Sally Ann" is the Canadian nickname for the Salvation Army), and utterly private. A strong escapist strain runs through "Barcelona," written before the singer had ever visited the city, and "Damned Ladies," in which he gives advice to a series of tragic opera heroines: "Desdemona, do not go to sleep/Brown-eyed Tosca, don't believe the creep."

"I essentially want the lyrics to be visions of things, subconscious ideas that I place and you can relate to however you want. I have to admit, there's a fair bit of coming home after the bar after putting yourself emotionally through shit and allowing yourself to get upset over something and then writing about it. With the words and the melodies too, sometimes I'm up there singing and I really do think to myself, 'I don't see how anybody can get this.'"

And now Wainwright is in the unenviable position of seeing if anyone does—get it, that is. His young but well-funded label's largesse has let him pour two years into a gorgeous, highly personal record, with the kind of budget that indie orch-pop contenders like Eric Matthews or the High Llamas can only drool over. Given the knowledge that his songs are more challenging (and more rewarding) than typical chart fodder, is he worried about fulfilling DreamWorks expectations? "I try to minimize the impact, but yeah, they have massive hopes. My strategy is that this could either be car music, or Sunday cleaning-up-the-house music. Actually, a lot of people say it's pretty good sex music. I'd pin it to the in-between moments in life, which we *all* have, I don't care how popular you are." end

tricky

>>> Continued from page 44

mistakes for them already, in a way," he says of his burgeoning roster. "I'm almost their shield. None of them have to talk to any corporate people." Which isn't to say they don't have meetings; they just aren't an important focus.

Originally slated to go through Island Independents, Durban Poison is now aligned with DreamWorks. Although to date the label's only release has been the *Nearly God* album, it now has a small full-time staff and a handful of records in the can. It's taken a while for the whole enterprise to build a full head of steam, but artist defection hasn't been a problem. "A lot of these people stuck with me when I didn't really have a label deal."

That loyalty has a lot to do with the artists he's been signing; most of his charges are close friends and family. "So I see them all the time. It's not like I have to run after them. And all of them I respect a lot." Former Massive Attack member DJ Milo, for example, is his best mate. "I could release anything Milo gives me, because he's very strong. The majority of my artists could give me a DAT, and I could release it without listening to it."

Thus he's also spared the headaches of a lot of A&R rigmarole. "Basically, they're all running their own careers, like I run my career. If somebody hasn't got ideas, I can help. But people know what they want. And it ain't no trouble getting these people into the studio."

As the dust settles at Durban Poison, one artist no longer associated with the label is Grace Jones. "I loved her, but it's too much like hard work," Tricky admits sadly. "I realized that I need young artists, who are hungry and building careers. She costs a lot of money, just to have her around. She's a star. And I'm not in a position to be getting people limos." There are, however, four finished tracks the two artists recorded together sitting in the Durban Poison closet. But although Tricky swears they're "wicked," don't expect to see them released commercially any time soon. "I'd have to give her something like 20 grand. She wants big money. A young artist could make two albums for how much this EP would cost me."

But at least one of the rumored projects affiliated with the label is ready to go. *A Product Of The Environment*, a spoken word album on which UK underworld types recount their nefarious affairs, will be released shortly. And as reported in the British music press, the profits will be going to boys clubs and hospitals. "We were going to give the money to a big charity," he recalls. But a participant in the project who's worked closely with fund-raisers dissuaded Tricky from that course of action. "He says the trouble is, you go to these big events where they pay a director to run it, and you don't know where the money is going. With a dialysis machine, you can go visit the hospital and see it. You know it's

there. You can actually see the equipment you bought for the boys club."

Of course, there was some concern about the source of the funds, too. "Some of these charities were pompous and didn't want the money, because it came from gangsters telling stories," he scoffs. "That's ridiculous. Starving kids aren't worried where the money's coming from."

Another project that's ready to go is the first record from the Baby Namboos. "It's like the '90s Happy Mondays. It's two of my cousins from Manchester, and two of 'em from Bristol. And my sister's singing on some of it."

As you might surmise from that bit of evidence, family is extremely important to Tricky. His great uncle, the gangster Martin Godfrey, inspired the *Environment* concept. Both the suicide of his spirited mother (for whom *Maxinquaye* was named) and the murder of his cousin Michael crop up on the lyrics of the new "Analyze Me." Recently, Tricky even invited the cameras of England's Channel Four into his family home in Bristol's Knowle West neighborhood, where young Adrian Thaws grew up under the same roof with four generations of mixed race relations. As he proclaims in the documentary *Naked And Famous*, "the mongrel is the most intelligent one in the litter." His family's mixed heritage and skin tones are sources of great pride to him, no matter what slings and arrows he and his kin have endured.

But these days, the most important family member in his life is Maisey, his three-year-old daughter with Topley-Bird. "She's into her manipulative stage now," he admits, grinning again. "She really plays on it. She's very theatrical—crying, anything to get her way. She's a bit spoiled, but that's what you do." When the band hits the road again in a few weeks, she'll come along with her parents.

But her father isn't sure if all this is turning out like he'd hoped. "Unfortunately, she's decided

she's going to be a singer now. She's always talking about being on stage, and she'll muck around on guitars."

He shakes his head at the prospect. "I don't want this to be a business for her." **end**

ska against racism

>>> *Continued from page 29*

agrees. "A lot of bands don't. When I was young, starting out, I wasn't musically mature enough to do that. Now I know, in my head, that I can play rocksteady, bluebeat, 2Tone, ska-punk. I know how it works. A lot of these bands don't know about the early days of Bob Marley, or the Skatalites, Desmond Dekker, everybody. They should know, at least get their ears to hear it, and have it influence their music."

In many ways, both Bucket and Park feel commercialism is the culprit. "I think ska's success has weakened the music," Park offers. "There's over-saturation, so many bands that are just not ready to play, their hearts not into the music. They're doing it because it's the thing to do. When I started in Skankin' Pickle, and we were touring in '89-'90, the Toasters and Let's Go Bowling were the only other bands on the road. We'd play these cities and there'd be nobody there."

"I think it has a lot to do with the way music is marketed in America," complains Bucket. He places a lot of the blame on major labels, which he says deliberately sell ska to a young, white audience, more or less denying blacks the chance to hear something that's a part of their heritage. "You have all these sub-genres. 'Contemporary urban' is going to be 'black music,' and 'ska music' is going to be 'college alternative,' which is white music. And a lot of the people playing in ska bands now are coming from a punk rock background, not a ska background. I do think

you have to set Rancid apart, though, because they have a very good idea where they came from, and they take the time to make people aware of it. I wish there were more bands like that. This tour, really, gives people a chance to know that there is this underlying issue."

The Toasters are one of the few mixed-race ska bands, in the 2Tone tradition. They're also one of the few with black fans, largely because they've crossed over into the largely black reggae market. "The Toasters are black and white," Bucket explains, "and we're perhaps lucky in having a member who's well known in the reggae community [Jack Ruby, Jr., son of the legendary producer], so that helps us cross over a bit. A lot of bands aren't in the same position as us, either musically or ideologically."

At the same time, however, like every musical form, ska has progressed. There's ska-punk, ska-core, you name it, and those elements reflect the background of the (mostly) white kids playing it. "If you grabbed Toots And The Maytals from '62 and brought them here, told them this was ska, they wouldn't know what to make of it," Park points out. "The music's evolved. It's progressed, and it's going to keep progressing. Ten years from now there's going to be a band doing something so different with ska."

But what is the real future for ska in America? Ska is firmly entrenched in the white mainstream—for now. If the next No Doubt album, which will be a commercial benchmark, does as well as *Tragic Kingdom*, ska will get bigger. If not, many bands and fans will probably lose interest. That doesn't mean ska will necessarily become less white, but those who do stick around will have the knowledge and commitment, and give respect to the roots. And sometimes the younger generation can surprise you. Bucket recalls: "At the end of our set, I had a kid, about eight years old, come up to me and say, 'These other guys owe you.'" **end**

Komeda

What Makes It Go?

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The Week Never Starts Round Here Matador

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kansas city, missouri

>>> *Continued from page 82*

Jazz is still a mainstay in KC, as the newly opened Jazz Museum at 18th & Vine proves (474-8463). The Museum, which shares a space with the equally stimulating Negro Leagues Baseball Museum, opened its doors last summer with an all-star gala, featuring Tony Bennett, Al Jarreau and Billy Dee Williams. Meanwhile, the refurbishment of the area (initiated for Robert Altman's film *Kansas City*) has only helped Club Mardi Gras (19th & Vine, 842 8463). A dozen other venues support the jazz community; among the best are Jardine's (4536 Main, 561-6480), The Phoenix (302 W. 8th, 472-0001), and Club 427 (427 Main, 421-CLUB). As the scene has diversified, so has the KC sound. It was once characterized by heavy alternative acts such as Molly McGuire (formerly on Epic), Season To Risk (formerly on Columbia) and Shiner (on HitIt!), but now it's become more broad-based.

With the jazz/swing sextet Dave Stephens Swing Sensation pulling in 200-plus people on Sunday nights at The Hurricane, KC audiences have officially declared themselves open to hybrids of all kinds. Local musicians in the swing vein include the Malachy Papers, Mr. Marco's V-7, and the Budinskis. Purveying a rootsier, "insurgent country" sound are bands like Sandoval, Rex Hobart, and Mike Ireland & Holler (on Sub Pop). And the solid pop songcraft practiced by established bands such as Outhouse (on Mercury), Frogpond (on TriStar) and Cher U.K., as well as by newcomers the Get Up Kids, Exit 159 and Farewell Bend, still holds a revered place in the scene.

/// shops

While the Plaza offers upscale shopping, for the more eclectic-minded shoppers, Westport is *the* place to go. Zowie (4041 Broadway, 531-8801) deals in all the accouterments your body might require before hitting the clubs. Though a bit pricey, Zuni (415 Westport Road, 931-9864) is unparalleled in its selection of great looking swanky wear for men. The best retread threads in town hang on the racks of Revue (561-6059), which shares a building with the retro stuff bonanza known as Boomerang (1415 W. 39th, 531-6111). Don't enter the doors thinking you'll walk away empty-handed.

The locus of the alternative scene has to be Recycled Sounds (Main & Westport Road, 531-4890). Run by music fanatic Anne Winter, the shop celebrated its 10th anniversary this past May. Whether you need to buy a hard-to-find indie release, a Mark Arminski or Derek Hess rock poster, or your favorite 'zine, Recycled is still the best place, and practically the *only* place now. For movie lovers, the best art house selection in town comes courtesy of Tivoli Theatre (425 Westport Road and 4050 Pennsylvania, 383-7756), whose five screens in two buildings are always showing something strange and wonderful.

/// eats

What surprises people most about Kansas City is the number of culinary options available. While the city is probably best known as a meat town—and you can get an incredible steak at Hereford House (20th & Main, 842-1080) or mind-bending barbecue at Arthur Bryant's (1727 Brooklyn, 231-1123)—it is the array of affordable ethnic cuisines that makes the town such a great food spot.

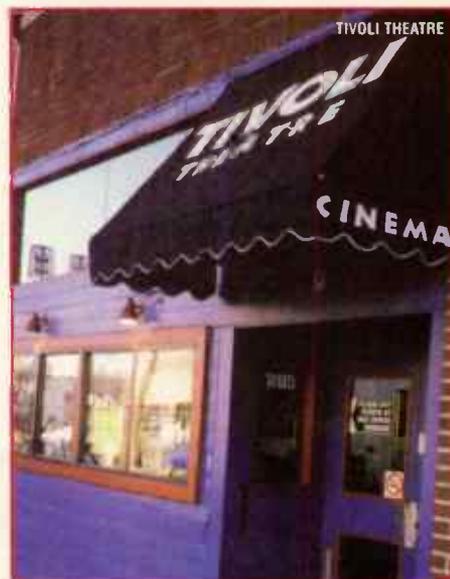
Ground zero for the food-lover is the West 39th Street corridor, a five-block stretch of Vietnamese, Mediterranean, Ethiopian, Italian, Mongolian barbecue, Cajun, vegetarian and diner fare where national chain restaurants wither on the vine. Atop the list are: d'Bronx (3904 Bell, 531-0550), a New York style deli with incredible pizza, mile-high sandwiches and delicious potato knishes; Otto's Malt Shop (3903 Wyoming, 756-1010), where the burger-fries-and-a-malt meal is raised to a fine art, and The Nutty Girl (1701 W. 39th, 756 5650), which serves healthy vegetarian sandwiches and any mix of fruit juices you can dream up. On 39th Street you'll also find the Cantata No. 211 Cafe (1615 W. 39th, 531-1111), where you can satisfy your cappuccino, backgammon and Internet joneses all in one stop.

In Westport, breakfast begins at The Corner (4059 Broadway, 931 6630), with a slice of raspberry coffee cake or a coronary-inducing "scrambleful" of eggs, potatoes, bacon and veggies of your choice. For lunch, McCoy's Public House (4057 Pennsylvania, 960-0866) offers the city's best reuben and pints of fresh-brewed (on the premises) India Pale Ale. For cheaper drinks, you can stop across the street at Kelly's (500 Westport Rd., 753-9193), housed in Kansas City's oldest building. And let the evening draw to a close with dinner at Zola (4113 Pennsylvania, 561-9191) and a fine scotch and a cigar at Harry's Bar & Tables (501 Westport Rd., 561 3950).

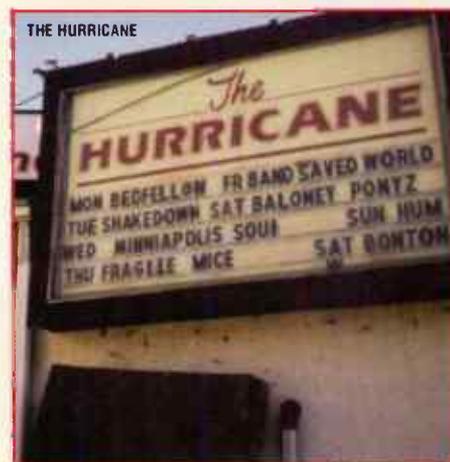
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Jeffrey Drake is the managing editor and music columnist for PitchWeekly, as well as the most frequently carded member of the Budinskis.

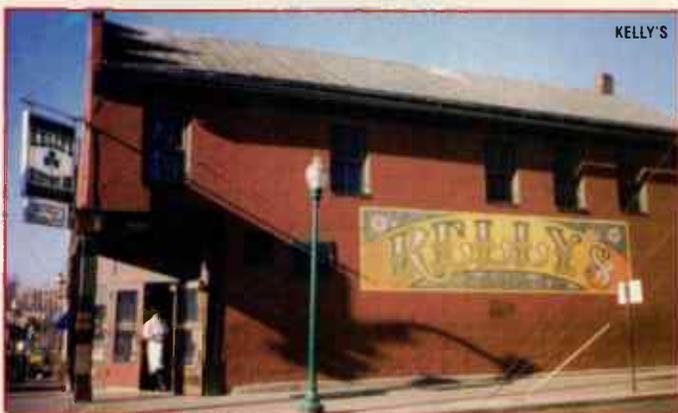
BY JEFFREY DRAKE

kansas city, missouri

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THE NUTTY GIRL



KELLY'S

/// sights

The most tourist-friendly spot in Kansas City is The Plaza (753-0100), an outdoor shopping area modeled after a Spanish marketplace, complete with courtyards, sculpture, fountains and outdoor cafes. Come Thanksgiving, the already aesthetically pleasing architecture of the 75-year-old marketplace is accented by Christmas lights, making it one of the most breathtaking sights in KC.

The Nelson-Atkins Museum (4525 Oak, 751-1278) shouldn't be missed, with the country's finest selection of Asian art, a terrific outdoor Henry Moore sculpture display and gigantic badminton birdies (by Claes Oldenburg) scattered on its expansive lawn. A walk across the street to the Kemper Museum of Contemporary Art & Design (4420 Warwick, 561-3737) is also highly recommended.

/// clubs

Kansas City still lacks a mid-sized hall, a 400-1,200 seater. While the mostly country Beaumont Club (4050 Pennsylvania, 561-2668) has tried to fill that hole, recently booking acts like Sheryl Crow, the Reverend Horton Heat and Primus, there's no sign whether the club is willing to step up to the plate on a more regular basis.

With its outdoor and indoor stages, The Hurricane (4048 Broadway, 753-0884), in the eclectic retail and entertainment mecca of Westport, is the heart of KC's alternative world. The club features a circular bar and a staff that pours mean martinis, a wide variety of high quality beers (including the local brews of the Boulevard Brewery) and—the lifeblood of tight pop foursome Go Kart—Jaegermeister. A mix of national acts (from Junior Brown to Supersuckers to Today Is The Day) and locals fills the club six nights a week.

On Monday nights, the 13-year-old blues standby Grand Emporium (3832 Main, 531-7557) hosts alternative acts of all stripes. Few places in town exude as much history as the Emporium, with its show poster-plastered walls. And even though acts like Ronnie Dawson, Mem Shannon and Marcia Ball are the club's bread and butter, it's also a frequent stop for weird polka kings Brave Combo, folk storyteller James McMurtry and punk divas Red Aunts.

Also important, especially to developing bands, is Davey's Uptown Rambler's Club (3402 Main, 753-1909). The Club's recent annexation of what used to be an Italian steak house next door was a vast improvement. It's easily the biggest risk-taker in town, booking nascent versions of many local acts. Punk bands such as the heavily tattooed Main Street Saints, Sex Offenders, Aberdeen and Dragqueen have played here, as have many solo acoustic acts and smaller indie touring acts. Some locals, such as truckstop punksters Cretin 66, won't play anywhere else.

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