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South, Elbow, Zero 7**



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THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS 42

On the long side of 30, Tom Rowlands and Ed Simons are over the hill. One side of the hill, the suits who wanted them to save the record industry; on the other side, the adoring fans who just want to dance now that the "electronica" revolution has sputtered. They're not that famous and that's the way they like it. Richard A. Martin helps the aged.



REMY ZERO 24

Being dropped by Geffen and Alyssa Milano couldn't destroy Remy Zero; it only made them strong enough to release "Save Me," a song so good it bewitched not one but three major television networks. Richard A. Martin changes channels.



THE X-ECUTIONERS 26

Endless delays are a hip-hop occupational hazard, and the X-ecutioners are no exception: It took them three years of tweaking to finish *Built From Scratch*, enlisting everyone from Inspectah Deck to Kool G Rap along the way. Jessica Koslow watches them graduate from the ol' school.

FOUR TET 28

Fridge's Kieran Hebden found better living through software and became Four Tet, the sound of a digital folk band creating Krautrock whilst trapped in a laptop. Piotr Orlov learns all about "the next shit."



FUGAZI 30

Fugazi has a reputation for being press-shy, so when they start talking you'd better shut up and listen. With this oral history, told by the band and the fans who lived it, we did just that.

MELODY MAKERS 36

The new British invasion won't be marked by mop tops and screaming girls: Swirling atmospheres, sonic experimentation and lovelorn melodies are the order of the day. (And falsetto. Lots of falsetto.) See what you have to look forward to in a post-*Kid A* world.

SOUTH

England's new Great White Hopes are barely old enough to drink, but with a little help from Mo'Wax kingpin James Lavelle, they've made the next Album Of The Year. Nicole Keiper checks their ID.

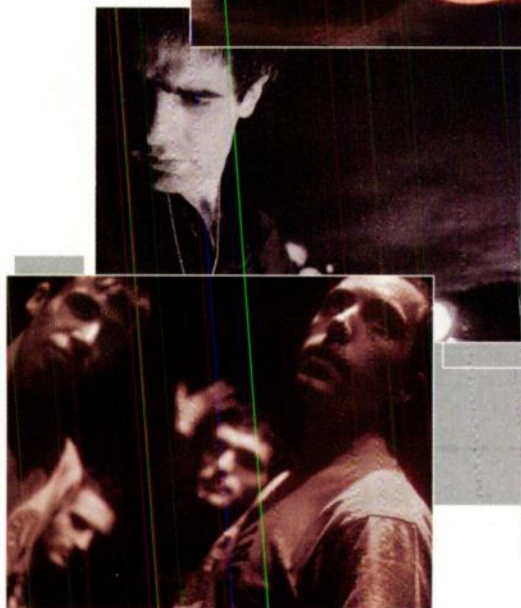
ZERO 7

Henry Binns and Sam Hardaker ain't no stinkin' rock band, but their soulful trip-hop has struck a chord with everyone from Radiohead to the folks who hand out the Mercury Prize. Scott Frampton gets tickets to the producers.

ELBOW

Ten years, two labels and innumerable toilets cleaned in the making, Elbow's bittersweet symphonies are turning Madchester into Sadchester. Tom Mallon sheds a tear.

THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS, THE X-ECUTIONERS AND SOUTH: BOB GREEN; REMY ZERO: JAIMIE TRUEBLOOD; FOUR TET: JASON EVANS; FUGAZI: GLEN E. FRIEDMAN



ON THE VERGE 20

New upside your head: Chris Lee, Koop, Mates Of State, Nitin Sawhney.

ON THE CD 59

The Chemical Brothers, 2, Remy Zero, Elbow, Clairvoyants, Dakota Floyd, 34 Satellite, Stephanie Dosen, Etikemic, Matt Pond PA, Mates Of State, Chris Lee, Rocky Votolato, Her Space Holiday, Hadacol, Carbon Leaf, the Grassy Knoll, Handful Of Dust.

QUICK FIX 14

A dingo took Kasey Chambers's baby, Rinôçerôse hits the beach, Dashboard Confessional sifts through your emo-tions, Puff Daddy gets executed, Ming & FS scratch their CDs and Copernicus feels the nothingness.

THE SCENE IS NOW 68

The Neptunes straddle the line between style and substance, and their crunky beats have backed up everyone but your mom and Bonnie Raitt. And Bonnie Raitt's on the phone.

LOCALZINE 72

Gainesville, Florida: The Man can't keep this punk-rock town down.

GEEK LOVE 74

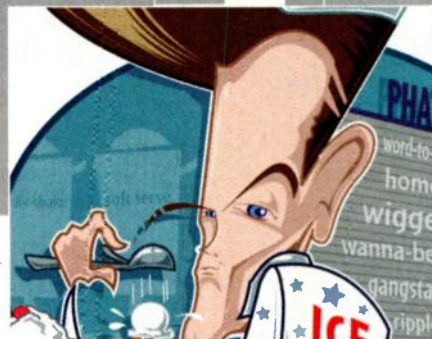
Tom Mallon is totally Vanilla. (Ice, that is.)

REVIEWS, CHARTS SERVICES

BEST NEW MUSIC 49

REVIEWS 52

JUST OUT 66



KASEY CHAMBERS: CARLOTTA MOYE; THE NEPTUNES: TERRY RICHARDSON; GAINESVILLE: DAVE CONE; VANILLA ICE ILLUSTRATION: NICK MEOLA

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and then there was **1**

THE AMERICAN MUSIC AWARDS®
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photo: Jennifer Almen / Merge.com

Congratulations to Carbon Leaf.

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Ryan's hopeless

Am I the only person in the country who thinks Ryan Adams is a conceited numbskull who writes boring, derivative, cliché-ridden songs? Who the hell does he think he is? It's easy to be prolific when you don't have any original ideas. And I stopped bragging about how much alcohol I drink around 10th grade, Ryan. Get over yourself.

Arthur M. Schupbach

Arthur, you might get an argument about the "boring" songs, but even those of us who enjoy Gold and think that Adams is really talented acknowledge (and regularly joke about) his conceited numbskullery. Even those of us who don't think he's the cutest thing, like, ever. —ed.

Nice sentiments we really don't deserve

As an occasional subscriber since the old days, and a returning subscriber since September, I must thank you for the efforts the staff at CMJ have put into the best music mag in the world. Without CMJ, I would never have heard Veruca Salt, PJ Harvey, or countless others who have become so important to me. New York area radio sucks so bad—from Britney to classic rock, with very little in between. Without CMJ, I would lapse into a musicless coma, waiting for Nirvana. Your efforts are very much appreciated—I can tell it is a labor of love. Please keep the music coming, and I promise I will stop complaining about the wait—because it's well worth it.

Tim Lohnes

Hey, someone asked if the check's in the mail to that guy, and I had to laugh. Like we could ever get something in the mail on time. Ha, ha...ugh ha ha...uh ha, sniff, sob, sob. —ed.

Coffee underachievers

Thank God I don't look in your magazine to see what bands are coming to town or when they'll be playing. Look, I don't care about what has already happened. I want to know what is next. What new album is coming out that I don't have or what show is coming that I might want to catch—not what album has been out for three months and is already in the "buy one, get one free" bin. I certainly don't want to wade through tour information that is months old already.

Seriously, what do all of those editors do,

if not edit? Put down the Starbucks coffees, people, and do some fucking work. Do not even tell me that it is 9-11 related. Everything from Katie Couric's bad hair days to poor milk production from dairy cows has been blamed on the Taliban. Give it a rest already. Thousands of people did not die in NYC, D.C. and PA so that your so-called editors could run last month's music news and blame it on the War in Afghanistan. Last month? How about 3 months ago. You have 8 "contributing editors," 5 people with "editor" or "editorial" in their titles and 4 interns. Someone should know how to read a fucking calendar.

Celeste A. C. Gaver

I suppose it's fair to assume that the magazine hasn't gotten to people on time because the editors are lazy. And I understand being angry, too. Hell, I'm angry. This sucks, working on something with no real assurance of when people will get to see your work. But that's my problem. Yours is the deplorable service we've offered to our customers. It's something that we're in the process of fixing, but I'm not asking anyone to believe that until they see it. If I have one regret, it's if anyone mistook the piece that ran in place of the letters section in the October '01 issue as us using the events of September 11th as an excuse, as the letter above seems to indicate. The thought sickens me. Everything else—fine. I don't drink coffee, but fine. We felt something sincere should be said in place of the usual monkeyshines of this page, so that's what we tried to do. Aside from the heinousness of using the tragedies of that day as a smoke screen for our lassitude—a thought that makes me sick—I wouldn't want anyone to take pity on us for our struggles. Struggle we have, surely, but I only want you to keep subscribing to the magazine because you get some value from it. Some might think this enterprise is worth supporting—the idea of CMJ—and may want to give us points for perseverance when we should've been dead twice already. But the fact is that we're a business, and you should expect from us a level of service that you'd want from any other business. Because one of the things that's been very clear through all this is that this is a business—period.

So for those of you still out there, thanks. We hope to make it up to you. If I have any response to the letter above, it's that I would say if you're getting the magazine to see what bands are coming to town, you've picked the wrong one. While sometimes ads will list tour dates, we haven't offered that as an editorial service since the earliest days of the magazine. Oh, and our editors do indeed edit, they just don't run printing presses or drive delivery trucks. —ed.

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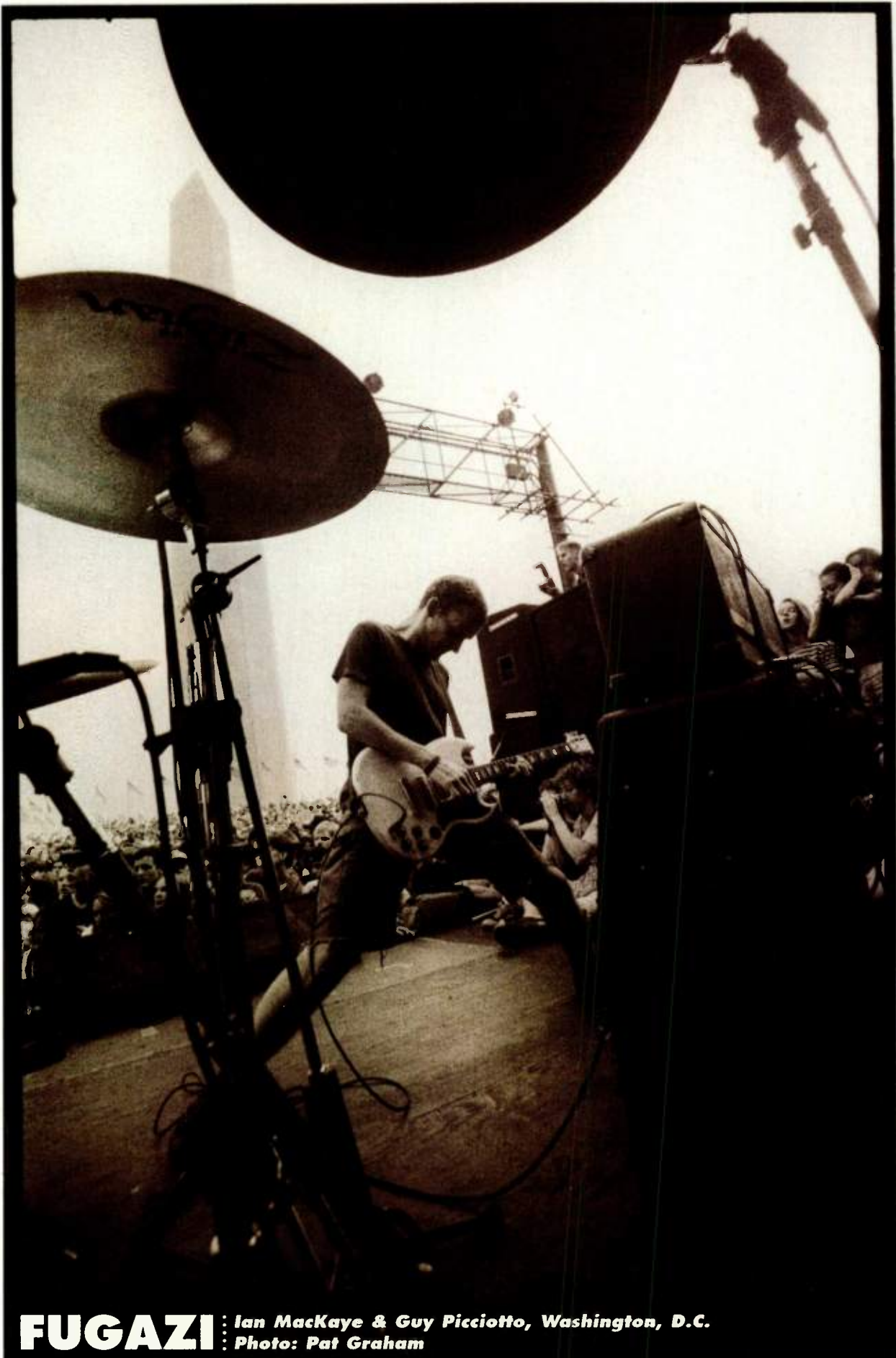
"2's organically derived harmonies engage with an effortless hummability."

The Aquarian

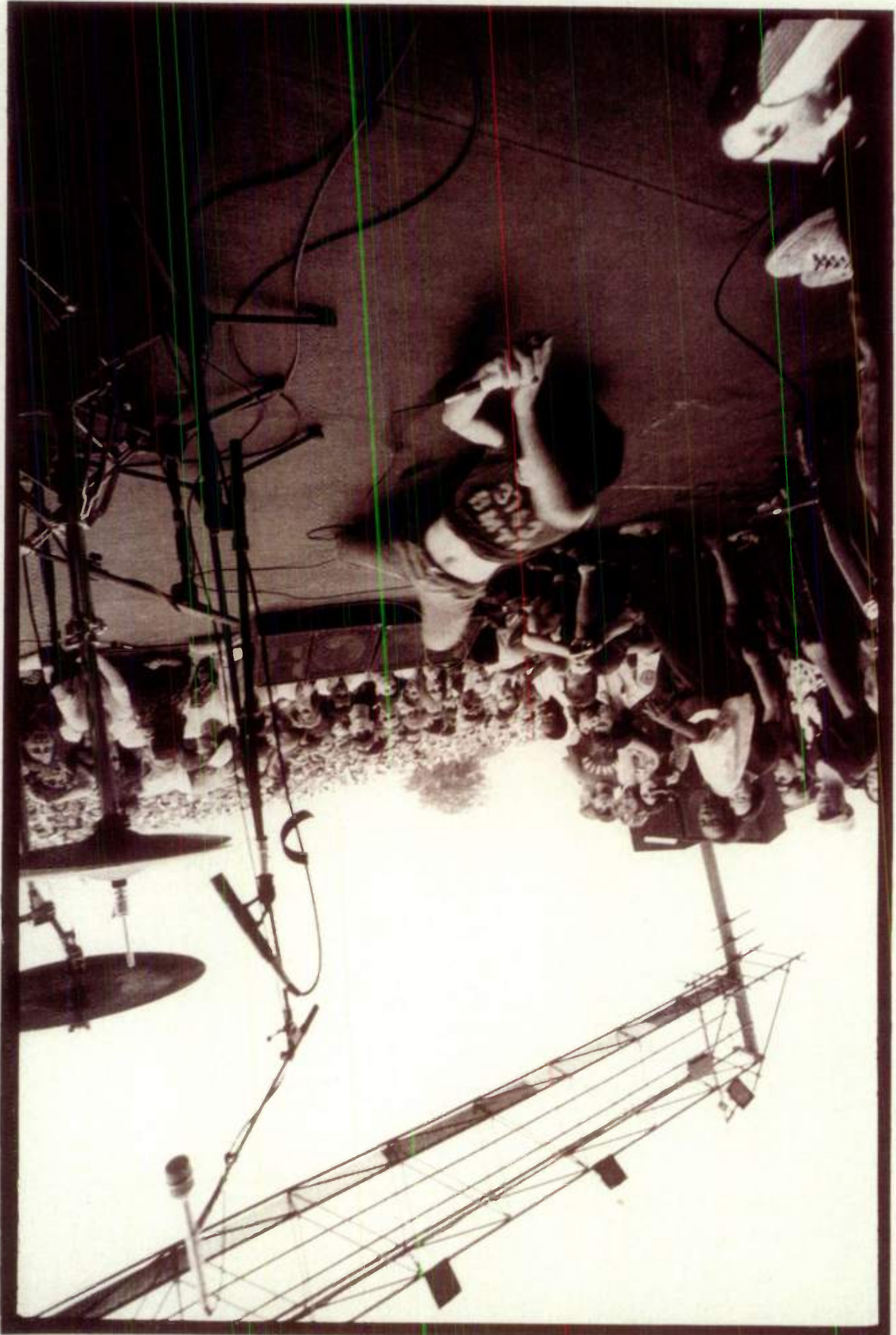
**Self-titled debut 6-song EP in stores now.
Check out our song "Angel" included on the sampler
CD in this issue.**

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please see our website: www.2universe.net and
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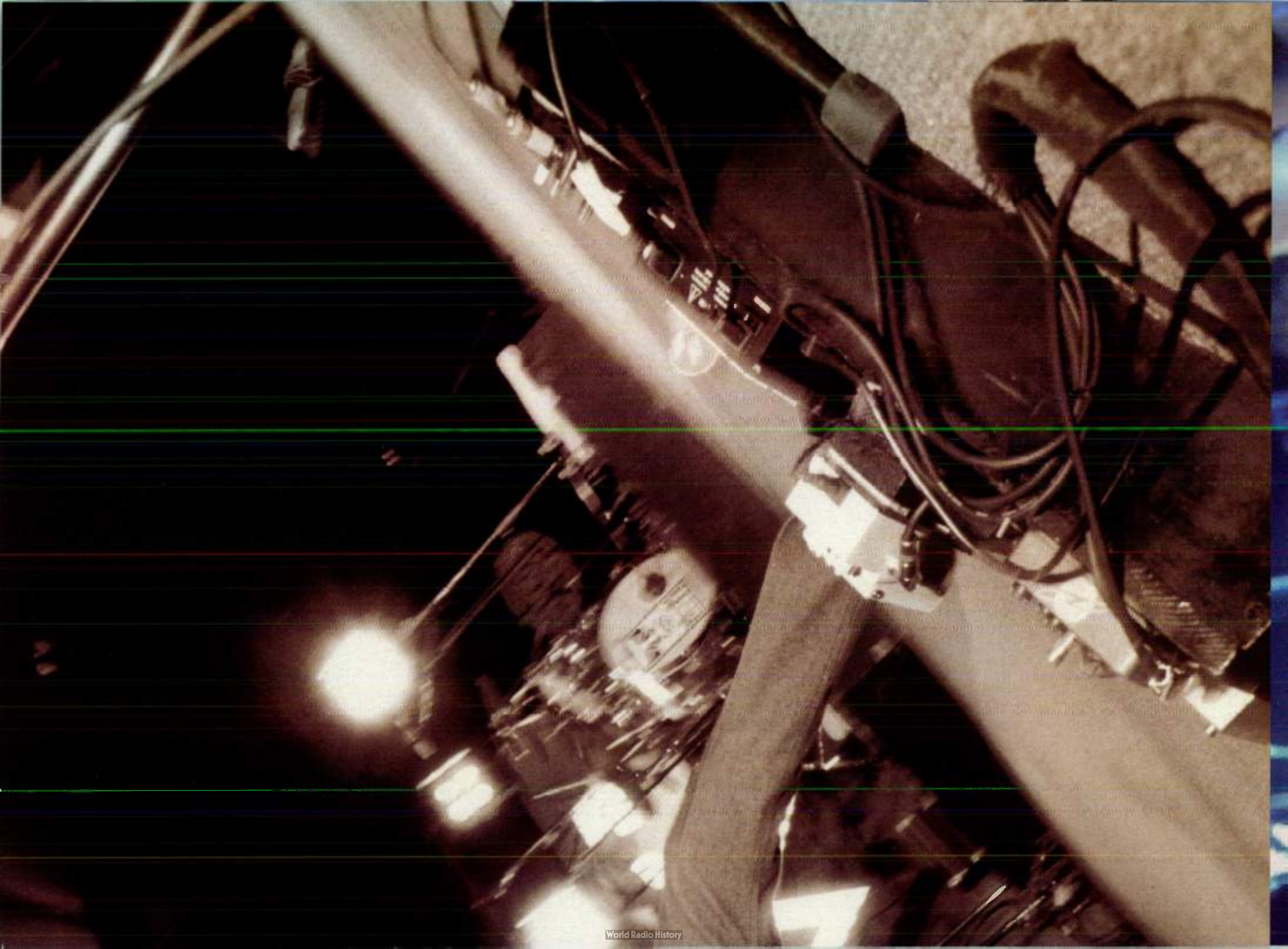


FUGAZI : Ian MacKaye & Guy Picciotto, Washington, D.C.
: Photo: Pat Graham





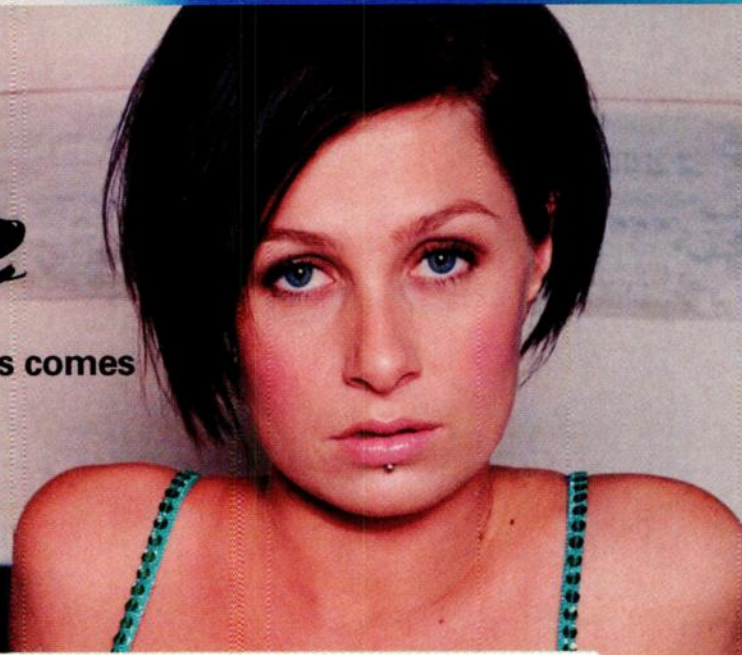
WEEZER : *Brian Bell, Phoenix, Ariz.*
: *Photo: Kevin Scanlon*



Answer Me

Outback country crooner Kasey Chambers comes clean about showering and *Seinfeld*.

Kasey Chambers is all about surprises. She's an Australian country star with piercings who's devoted to American classics like Hank Williams and Emmylou Harris. She grew up traveling around the outback, hunting foxes and singing around campfires with only her parents and brother for company. A song from her 1999 debut, *The Captain*, was featured on *The Sopranos*, but she's never seen the show. Instead, the 25-year-old is a rabid *Seinfeld* fan. She sings as sadly as the achiest Patsy Cline but admits to worrying that being in love and happy will ruin her career as a heartbroken crooner. Her growing legion of American fans includes Dwight Yoakam and Lucinda Williams, who praised *The Captain*. After the release of Chambers's impassioned follow-up, *Barricades & Brickwalls* (Warner Bros.), they may feel her breathing down their necks. >>>AUDREY VAN BUSKIRK



CARLOTTA MOYE

What's the biggest misconception Americans have about Australia?

I don't think most Americans know we have really good country music here. But the biggest is that we're not riding around on kangaroos. I get the feeling people think there are kangaroos everywhere. Though where I used to live there were kangaroos, rabbits and dingos everywhere.

Do you miss your childhood?

I do think about it a lot. I wouldn't want to live there again. I was very lucky to have that childhood, but not having to hunt for your food is nice. And I like showers too much to go back.

I hear you're a *Seinfeld* fan. Favorite episode?

I spend a lot of time watching *Seinfeld*. I have them all on tape. I take the tapes and a player everywhere. I like "The Whale," where George makes out he's a marine biologist. But I watch it so much it changes.

What's changed in your music since *The Captain*?

The biggest difference is [*The Captain*] was written by a teenager and *Barricades & Brickwalls* by someone in their early 20s. There's quite a big difference in how you view life. Also, this one goes to more extremes. When we play grunge it's way grungier, when we play country it's way countryier.

You sing some pretty sad-sounding songs about happy topics like success and love.

When I'm writing a song I'm not really thinking "write an uptempo song" or anything. Sometimes I wish I had more control. "The Mountain," in particular, I don't even remember writing. I was going through an emotional time. And during "Falling Into You" I had just fallen in love with my boyfriend. I was trying to keep up with the sad country songs though I felt quite happy.

"Not Pretty Enough" is in part about the dominance of mainstream radio. Can it really be as lame in Australia as it is in America?

We're lucky that we really don't have a dominant country radio station, but the music industry in Australia is very similar to America except much smaller. I knew going into this that playing the kind of music I do I'm never going to be a big star. I knew I'd never have big hits. I'm OK with that.

SPOT



Five things that make Princess Superstar back that thang up

1. Jay Dee, *Welcome 2 Detroit*
I'm so sick of so much hip-hop. [This] is exploratory. It's loose, and it's not adhering to the typical hip-hop verse-chorus thing.
2. Missy Elliott, "Get Ur Freak On" white label remix
It's a bootleg of [that song] over AC/DC's "Back In Black." It's amazing because it goes perfectly over the beat and the killer guitar. It's kickass.
3. Black Sheep, *A Wolf In Sheep's Clothing*
One my favoritest records of all time. It's this amazing combinaton of sex and humor that I could only aspire to. It's my staple.
4. DJ Assault, "Ass N Titties 2001"
This is a classic. It's just bangin'. The beat is killer, but you're not really listening to the beat, you just want to hear him say "ass and titties" over and over.
5. Fugazi, *The Argument*
They're one of my favoritest bands of all time. Plus their industry ethic is so admirable. I've always copied their ideals.

You probably won't hear Fugazi's influence in the sex-hop of *Princess Superstar Is...* (Rapster-!K7).





Self-made Men

Grand Theft Auto III
(Rockstar for PS2, Xbox)

Going from mook to crook can be a dangerous pursuit, so keep your nose clean with *Grand Theft Auto III*, which lets you experience all the thrills of outrunning the po-po from the comfort of your La-Z-Boy. Become a well-connected mob errand boy by performing everyday office tasks like transporting corpse-ridden trunks to the auto-crusher or planting bombs in unsuspecting thugs' cars. Add massive, fully explorable levels and celebrity voice acting from goodfellas like Joe Pantoliano (*The Matrix*, *The Sopranos*) and Michael Madsen (*Reservoir Dogs*) to the mix and you have the perfect excuse to train for your membership in the "books." >>>JOE FORTUNATO

Oh yeah! Operation:
Enduring Our Freedom is in
the motherfucking house!



****WORD OF MOUSE****
The Comedies Of War

In these troubled times, we all need someplace we can turn, a place where caustic wise-assery questions our every value. Hence, *Get Your War On*, a comic found at <http://mnftiu.cc/mnftiu.cc/home.html>, where office workers

discuss their priorities in terms of "Operation: My Ass Enduring Without Anthrax" and blurt "I can't believe Jesus and Allah are fighting again! Someone's gonna get their eye poked out!" As soothing as a lullaby.



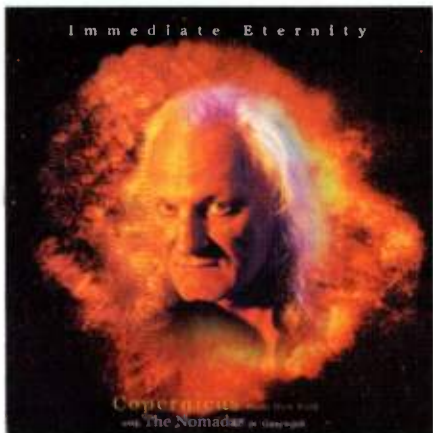
BOB GREEN

My Favorite Gear

Ming + FS scratch the hell out of their CDs.

Ming + FS made their name straddling the line between ol' school hip-hop, drum 'n' bass and experimental electronica. With their recent live shows to promote *The Human Condition* (Om), they've taken on the task of blurring the lines between live performance and DJing, mixing turntable beats with improvised live instrumentation. One of their secret weapons is Pioneer's CDJ-1000, which turns any CD into a scratchable vinyl platter. "We're live musicians, we work in the studio and we like to try to bring it out on the road," says Ming

(a.k.a. Aaron Albano to FS's Fred Sargolini). "[With this,] we can do live stuff that we haven't pressed up yet; instead of doing dub plates we can just bring this and do new tracks [on CD-R]." The CDJ-1000 recreates all the scratch effects of vinyl in a digital format, provides flawless tempo adjustment *without* adjusting the pitch, automatically calculates BPMs, allows the DJ to set loop points, and even saves cues that you can revisit later in the mix. The only thing it won't do is scratch for you. Enthuses Ming, "It beats the shit out of turntables, doesn't it?" >>>CAM'RON DAVIS



Weird Record

Celestial Insanity

Searching for the meaning of life? Copernicus has found it—or, lost it, as it were. "Life does not exist," he urges on "Feel The Nonexistence," "feel the nothingness!" This fun and more is available on *Immediate Eternity* (Nevermore), his sixth record, where Copernicus (a.k.a. Joseph Smalkowski) peels back the layers of the cosmos and overturns ancient mysteries with Shatner-defying bombast. The result is the rantings of a maniac ("I will not return to dust! I am dust! Everything is atomic dust!") over a porno-worthy backing of new-age funk. But will he feel the non-existence of his record sales? >>>IAN SIMS

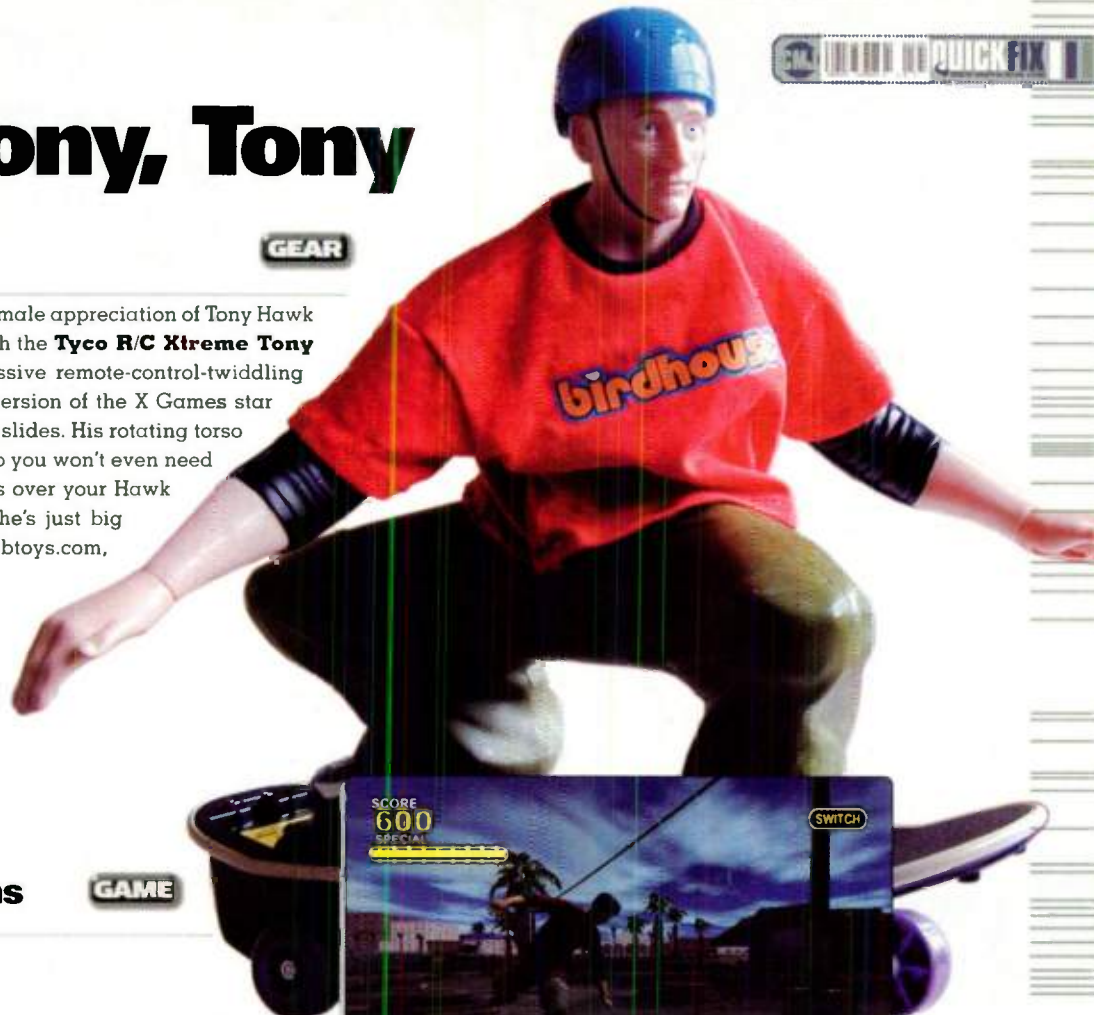
<< NEWSFEED - Staind, Incubus and the upcoming Chris Cornell/Rage Against The Machine project have been tossed around for a possible Lollapalooza 2002 • The Gap recently offered the Beta Band \$10,000 apiece to use the group's music in an ad. The Betas told them to stuff it • System Of A Down frontman Serj Tankian will release a mostly lyric-free solo disc in 2002 • Pete Rock has returned to

Tony, Tony, Tony

Tony's Mini-me

GEAR

Looking to take your single-white-male appreciation of Tony Hawk that one last step past sanity? With the **Tyco R/C Xtreme Tony Hawk Skateboard**, your obsessive remote-control-twiddling fingers can guide a wee plastic version of the X Games star through tic tacs, manuals and tail slides. His rotating torso lets tiny Tony recover from falls, so you won't even need to get off the couch until it knocks over your Hawk shrine. And at about a foot tall, he's just big enough to cuddle with. (www.kbtoys.com, \$69.99) >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN



Hawk For Chickens

GAME

Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 2x
(Activision for Xbox)

All you Airwalk wearers too afraid to damage your lilywhite nobleman's hands on an actual skateboard, take heed. *Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 2x* is miles away from *Skate Or Die*, using the Xbox's advanced processors to deliver 24 beautifully rendered environments (everything from *Pro Skater 1* and 2 and five new Xbox levels) for you to maul, spanning abandoned airplane hangars and hip London nightclubs. Burst through windows, grind off impossibly high pipes and watch the blood fly when you eat a heapin' helping of pavement. This compilation is the first Hawk release for Xbox, to be followed by the even more advanced *Pro Skater 3*, already burning up the PlayStation 2, later this year. >>>TOM MALLON



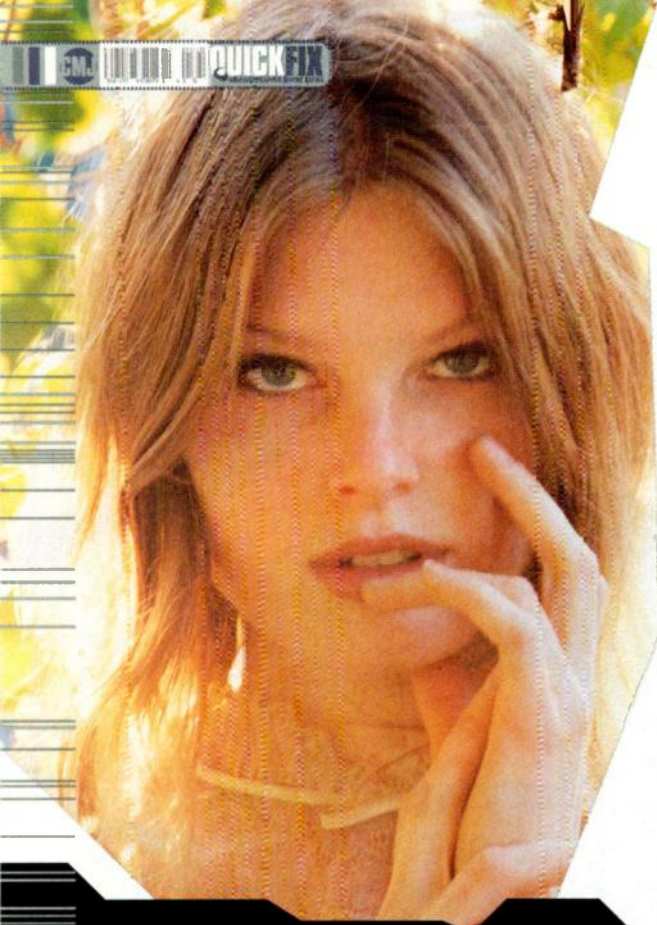
Sounds from topographic oceans

GEAR

The rise of bands like Sigur Rós, Radiohead and Godspeed You Black Emperor! can only mean one thing: Prog rock is back! Hop on board with the newly reissued, now-MIDI compatible Echoplex Digital Pro, the device that once helped your favorite bespectacled guitar mae-

stros create their mind-warping textures. Record sounds in real time, run up to nine loops at once, flip 'em backwards and even overdub live onstage. The only thing it won't do is cultivate a mysterious, difficult personality for you. (\$1150, www.gibson.com.) >>TOM MALLON

the studio with former partner C.L. Smooth • Squashing breakup rumors, Blur has entered the studio to record their seventh album • Over 32 songs are in the running for the upcoming fourth Foo Fighters album; meanwhile, Dave Grohl played almost all the drums for the next Queens Of The Stone Age record • Les Rythmes Digitales/Zoot Woman mainman Jacques Le Cont (a.k.a. Stuart Price) has won



IN MY ROOM

Who: Miranda Lee Richards

Where: Her home in Los Angeles

Why: Her debut, *The Herethereafter* (Virgin), delivers a folky update of the dream-pop sound. (Plus, she used to be a model, and we're very lonely people.)

Italian stallions

There's a picture of Rudolph Valentino over my bed. There's a song from the '70s and the lyrics go, "Her name's Miranda, she bakes brownies for the boys, she's a Rudolph Valentino fan."

I am the warrior

There's a weird statue that my boyfriend's grandma gave him from her travels around the world. It's a statue of a warrior; it might be a conquistador. He's got a beard, and a shield and a sword. But he's Caucasian. But he has a beard. I think it was from Central or South America.

Rock 'n' roll wall of fame

I have a Beatles lunchbox, a framed picture of Bob Dylan and a Jim Morrison Christmas ball, believe it or not. We have a signed print of the *Abbey Road* sessions, and the 1963 "All My Loving" sessions, signed by Ringo Starr. I also have pictures of Marianne Faithfull and Mick Jagger. This photographer who took pictures of the Rolling Stones in the '60s shot some of the pictures that are in my album, and he came over to my house and was like, "I took that picture! And I took *that* picture!" I was kind of embarrassed; I didn't mean to set up a shrine to this guy's work.

Madonna's producer of the month contest • A posthumous Joey Ramone solo album, *Don't Worry About Me*, is expected to appear Feb. 19 • Further disgracing the KISS name, Gene Simmons has announced plans for a KISS Broadway musical, three TV shows, a feature film called *Groupies*, KISS condoms, KISS Casinos, KISS cruises and a new *Maxim*-inspired magazine called *Gene Simmons' Tongue* • >>



TOUGH LOVE

Chris Carraba of Dashboard Confessional

Dashboard Confessional's *The Places You Have Come To Fear The Most* (Vagrant) was so good it was released twice last year. It's also a wellspring of romantic musings that lovelorn folks love to sing along to. Who better, then, to help you with your troubled love life than Dashboard's Chris Carraba? *When your friends' advice just won't cut it, turn to a rock personality: lovelorn@cmj.com.*

A girl I loved last year is getting into my life again, and I'm starting to get the same feelings I had earlier. She's very insecure and that was the major thing that tore us apart. This isn't some kind of kiddie, "I love you, you love me, let's be in love" thing. If she asked me to marry her tomorrow I would. I think she just wants to be friends, but I also want to be more. What should I do?
—Daniel, Reidsville, N.C.

If "just friends" is the tone of the new relationship, then stick to that. I think it's unlikely that someone who is insecure in oneself can be secure in a relationship. Don't force the more-than-friends thing. She needs you as a friend to encourage her to feel good about herself, but not to feel good about herself because of you. Good luck.

My ex-boyfriend Colin and I decided when we broke up in November that if we weren't seeing anyone by Valentine's Day, we'd spend it together. I still like him, and I wouldn't mind spending a romantic night with him again, but we weren't the best couple. Like, when we'd go to a show or go shopping, he'd often wander off and leave me alone, and he didn't like to talk after we had sex. My girlfriends keep telling me to stay away. What should I do about Valentine's Day?
—Mary, Portland, Ore.

Find a date that leaves you some hope for the future, or spend it with some friends, not with a guy who is seeing you as a convenience or a consolation prize.

This girl I've been dating at school just told me she had a one-night stand with someone when I was out of town last weekend. I might not mind, because I fooled around with another girl while I was away (kissing only). My problem is that she slept with a woman. She says she's just experimenting and isn't bisexual or anything. I'm thinking I should just break up with her. How do you think I should respond?
—Ed, Middletown, Conn.

I think your relationship is faulted. Regardless of what the gender either of the people that she or you are fooling around with, you're both cheating on each other. Move on, and next time don't cheat on your girlfriend, dummy.

Why should I even bother with love?
—J.R., Stillwater, Okla.

You don't really have a choice: It's just going to bother with you when you're not looking.

Love,
Chris





I N M Y L I F E

Beach Blanket Beret

Rinôçerôse likes to... how do you say? Hang ten.

Black-clad Frenchmen dabbling in guitar-driven house don't normally inspire visions of an endless summer. But rather than take cues from smoky Parisian nightclubs, guitarist Jean-Phillipe Freu, mastermind for the Montpellier-based Rinôçerôse collective, finds his muse carving waves on a longboard. "Surf could be kind of inspiration, because it's a really mystic sport," he says. Sirens may lure Rinôçerôse's music out to sea: "Maybe sometimes I have ideas to make a surf album, little bit like the Beach Boys did with *Pet Sounds*. Something really strange and mystical, I would like to do that thing. Surf can be transferred to dance music." >>>IAN SIMS

If the sharks don't get you, the thumping kitsch of Rinôçerôse's Music Kills Me (V2) will.



COURTESY OF COMPOST RECORDS

KOOP

Koop's Magnus Zingmark looks like he's recovering from a rough night at a punk club, dressed in a beat-up leather jacket and black jeans, sporting an unkempt mohawk. But he and partner Oscar Simonsson aren't punks, and Magnus is simply jetlagged after an all-night flight from his native Sweden. The duo is in New York promoting *Waltz For Koop*, which masterfully updates '60s vocal jazz with subtle electronic colorings, cutting and pasting and the occasional sample. Among its guest singers is Terry Callier, who stopped by to record the loungey "In A Heartbeat" during a trip to Stockholm. Zingmark perks up when talking about the album, excitedly describing his desire to use the "swing rhythm and

the walking bass." Simonsson, more stylish in black and white checked slacks and a well-coiffed 'do, gets an energy burst when discussing Koop's unusual interpretations of vocal jazz. "Vocals are the most important thing," he says. "Everything else supports the vocals." Simonsson, a pianist, met Zingmark, a DJ, at a club in their native Uppsala in 1992, bonding over a mutual love of jazz. One of their first recordings found its way to downtempo moguls Jazzanova, who signed the duo to Compost. It's remarkable that Koop settled on such a swingin' sound in rock and pop-oriented Sweden. But as Zingmark proclaims, "We've developed on our own. We haven't watched anybody else." >>>RICHARD A. MARTIN



SUKI DHANDA

NITIN SAWHNEY

To respect people, it's not a cheap process," Nitin Sawhney says of his journey around the world to make *Prophesy* (V2). The disc, his fifth but the first to see significant Stateside distribution, incorporates Indian classical, flamenco, R&B, drum 'n' bass, samba, Soweto schoolchildren and a Chicago cab driver—at first glance a skillfully rendered but not altogether unique ethno-techno fusion. Only Sawhney, who's remixed Sting and Paul McCartney, didn't just manipulate samples in his South London studio. He went to where he thought he'd find the

soul of the music, playing the title track on his guitar at dawn and dusk at every stop. Along the way, he met Nelson Mandela, jammed with Aborigines and Native Americans and found the essence of his record. "I don't look at it as kind of putting together lots of disparate sources, or mixing things or fusing things," he says. "I think it's much more about really bringing out what is intrinsically in common between all emotional expression. And I think that that's what I'm trying to do: I'm trying to find that kind of common essence in musical language." >>>SCOTT FRAMPTON



MARIAH ROBERTSON

MATES OF STATE

Rock is just another facet of domestic life for Mates Of State. "Going to band practice is like sitting down for dinner," offers Jason Hammel, one half of the San Francisco indie-pop duo. He and bandmate Kori Gardner got hitched last July, honeymooned in Tahiti, and returned home only to pack up their van with his drums and her organ for a four-month tour. "We've basically been together 24/7 since the day we got married, and it's working out," Gardner says. Throughout MOS's sophomore effort, *Our Constant Concern* (Polyvinyl), their voices spar and harmonize, breaking away with meandering melodies and seamlessly reunite-

ing. The resulting sound is much bigger than two kids singing and shouting to an organ and a drumbeat; it's vast and fragile—a bit like love. Post-couple bands like Quasi and the White Stripes, whose music has outlasted the members' marriages, mystify the Mates. "I don't see this relationship ending, but we would probably break up the band before we broke up the relationship," explains Hammel. Gardner, returning from the other room, replies to the same question with the finesse of a *Newlywed Game* champ: "Breaking up but keeping the band together? I can't figure that out for the life of me. I just don't think we'll break up." >>>KARA ZUARO


DREW GOREN

CHRIS LEE

almost got beat up because I had a jean jacket with Circle Jerks, the Germs, the Smiths and Depeche Mode on it," grins singer Chris Lee, spinning a yarn born of his North Carolina childhood. "It was complete sacrilege to have those four bands on a jacket." Watching Lee speak, topics tumbling into each other and bursting with colorful details, it's obvious he's of the millennial country-boy camp that bred Ryan Adams—part irresistible Southern charm, part rebellious art-punk eclecticism. Lee's love of Hank Williams and Black Flag parlayed itself into the "chainsaw honky-tonk" band the Pine State Boys, but his solo career spotlights his passion for soul and R&B. Lee's self-titled debut and the new *Plays And Sings Torch'd Songs, Charivari Hymns*


and *Oriki Blue-Marches* (Smells Like) showcase soaring blue-eyed soul that makes him the obvious successor to Jeff Buckley's throne. His "Lonesome Eyes" is as heart-wrenchingly earnest as anything on *Grace*, Lee's voice bulleting with similar pleading beauty. Somehow, he's managed to remain unimpressed with himself. "On a certain level," Lee admits, "I can't stand these records. They're not done, in some ways I don't think they're any good." This comes from being a "horrible perfectionist"—something that, given the *actual* quality of his first LPs, speaks well for the third he'll be recording for NYC label Misra next year. "I'm glad I did [those records]," he offers, "but they're steps to something, hopefully, much better." >>>NICOLE KEIPER

 ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD

february 2002 23



**SENDING OUT AN
S.O.S.**



Remy Zero needed saving. Then came "Save Me."

STORY: RICHARD A. DEWITT • PHOTO: JAMES THORP/GOOD

Cinjun Tate has just collapsed. He and his band, Remy Zero, were up all night partying after opening for Pete Dinklage, and they've spent the morning smiling for MTV2's cameras in an otherwise closed, posh Manhattan nightclub. But Tate's moment of respite is brief: He's lifted off the velvet sofa, herded out the door, and pointed toward a restaurant. His bandmates and handlers need him to be nourished, because the afternoon schedule is filled with more TV appearances.

It's fitting that this rush of activity is the result of an edifying song called "Save Me," from the band's third album and first for Elektra, *The Golden Hum*. It's also fitting in the sense that the song has saved Tate's band. Remy Zero has been together for a decade, and Tate, Cedric LeMoyne, Jeffrey Cain, Shelby Tate and Gregory Slay are tighter than most families; most of them moved from their native Alabama to Los Angeles around the time that Tate married *Charmed* star and Internet vixen Alyssa Milano—a union that lasted for most of 1999. (He's coy about the affair: "I was shocked. I kind of knew what I was getting into but I had no clue what I was getting into.")

Away from the cameras, Tate lets off steam. "Our world around us is so obscured and psycho and you have all the relationship issues and you're always crazy. We live an obscure crazy life. I meet more people in a day than any of my friends have ever met in their lives, so it's like, how do I relate to them?" he says.

Tate has reason to be so conflicted. In his recent past, he's had more ups and downs than a mall escalator. He went from frontman for

an earnest rock band that's earned favorable comparisons to U2 to fodder for the tabloids as Milano's husband. Then Geffen dropped Remy Zero following the modest success of the song "Prophecy," from their second album, *Villa Elaine*. Elektra picked up the band and got them in the studio with famed producer Jack Joseph Puig, who helped No Doubt and Green Day become household names. In 2001, "Save Me" became the first single from *The Golden Hum*, the theme song to the WB Network's hit show *Smallville*, part of the soundtrack to NBC's *Third Watch* and a promo ditty for UPN's *Roswell*. One song, three TV shows.

Tate is less conflicted about the song's near-ubiquity. "There's not an ethical situation at all," he says. His mate LeMoyne hastily adds his theory: "It seems to be a new pathway for music to be exposed—in TV and in advertising, along with the Internet. The traditional outlets, especially for music that's outside the mainstream, have dried up. I guess we're one of those bands who straddle the line of being mainstream or not. A lot of opportunities have popped up for exposure and we're happy to be a part of it."

For his part, Tate is ecstatic to the point of being wiped out. Still, he has his friends to lean on; they were there for him when Remy Zero looked lost, and now that they've been saved.

"Every up and down, it all seems like we're in the same situation," Tate explains in a moment of Zen clarity. "We can have no money or a lot of money: What transpires among us remains the same." **NMM**

CEDRIC LEMOYNE, CINJUN TATE, GREGORY SLAY, SHELBY TATE, JEFFREY CAIN

EW ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD

february 2002 25



STAY OF X-ECUTION

It took awhile, but Rob Swift and his New York turntable crew can finally show off what they *Built From Scratch*.

STORY: JESSICA KOSLOW • PHOTOS: BOB GREEN

In the beginning, there were the pioneers: Kool Herc, Grandmaster DST and Grand Wizard Theodore, the inventor of the scratch. And then there was...the X-ecutioners. Standing in a circle around a turntable and flanked by their forefathers on the cover of their first major-label release, *Built From Scratch* (Loud), the highly skilled turntablists formerly known as X-Men are on a mission.

"Our cover [a remake of Public Enemy's classic *Yo! Bum Rush The Show*] shows the progression, the lineage of DJs," explains Rob Swift, mouthpiece of the scratch masters. "We are their offspring. And we tried to create a hip-hop album that exposes the turntable as the nucleus of everything."

This was no easy proposition. The X-ecutioners took more than three years to complete *Built From Scratch*, splitting time between the studio and working things out on the road while touring with the likes of Souls Of Mischief.

Swift sheds some light. "As the album progressed we realized that songs we did earlier could sound better, and we caught ourselves working them over again. But now we're ready. We're definitely ready," he proclaims.

Swift and his cronies Mista Sinista, Roc Raida and Total Eclipse have spent nearly a decade leading up to this point. "We've done a lot of growing within the group. This is our first major release. And our fans are used to mixtapes and CDs. This time we're going to reach people that aren't normally exposed to us. We want everything to be right."

The crew enlisted hip-hop heavyweights like Dan The

Automator, Kool G Rap, Xzibit, Large Professor, Pharoah Monche, Big Pun, Inspectah Deck, DJ Premier, Everlast and even nü-metal mainstay Linkin Park to fill out their tracks.

"We were in the studio and our A&R brought Linkin Park's *Hybrid Theory* to us. He said what they do is similar in a lot of ways to what we do. We fell in love with what we heard," assures Swift.

"We're not afraid to experiment. They sound dope and they think we're dope. It was a no-brainer."

Another unusual collaboration was with Tom Tom Club's Tina Weymouth for a scratch version of their classic "Genius Of Love."

"Their song is a hip-hop classic," Swift enthuses. "They really enjoyed our twist on it, which meant a lot, because that song is hip-hop. To have them turn around and show such support for us mixing the song is an honor."

Another highlight is "3 Boroughs," in which each DJ scratches eight bars of phrases chosen from different records that big-up their borough; Swift and Sinista are from Queens, Raida's from Harlem in Manhattan and Eclipse hails from Brooklyn. The NYC anthem is so hot it might even make Mayor Bloomberg holla.

"All four of us were blessed with a talent for music," Swift says. "But none of us were fortunate enough to grow up with a bass, piano or violin. We couldn't express ourselves with normal instruments. It forced us to use the turntable as an instrument. We're trying to educate people about what it is to move a record back and forth. And how important the sound is to hip-hop." **NMM**



The Next Shit?

Four Tet steps out with abstract symphonies cobbled together on laptops and turntables.

STORY: PIOTR ORLOV • PHOTO: JASON EVANS

On the Friday after Thanksgiving, in the sweat and smoke of New York's Knitting Factory, a few hundred headz gather to celebrate the beats and wax manipulators of Ninja Tune's Solid Steel tour and nod some pounds off to the sounds of DJ Food.

But it's 24-year-old Londoner Kieran Hebden (a.k.a. Four Tet), with a single turntable and a Powerbook, who is taking charge. He nonchalantly plays a couple of records in their entirety before moving over to fidget with his laptop, cut and recut samples into an abstract symphony of textured twitches—13-fingered acoustic guitar flourishes here, the echoes of a dozen didgeridoos there. Suddenly, a bassline arrives, in comes a fat hip-hop beat, and the whooping and hollering begins.

"The next shit!" someone declares. Later, a representative of Domino Records, Four Tet's label, informs me that tonight's performance of "the next shit" was "about 80 percent improvised."

Pause, Four Tet's second album, is also very much the next shit. But where Hebden refers to his live show as "aggressive electronics with some small madness in there," the album is "electronic music [that] doesn't really sound it a lot of the time." Cooked with precision out of a grocer's list of sampled sounds, it has little to do with the 21st-century laptop noise or progressive art-techno usually made of these ingredients. Instead, it's a digital folk quilt, spun together by a fearless post-Eno musical archivist, making soundtracks for Happy Meals.

"Essentially, I found myself hunting record stores for a record that I was dreaming about, of a traditional folk band playing Krautrock," Hebden explains. "Music that Neu made, but done on acoustic guitar, banjo and accordion, or something. Once

that idea popped into my head, I knew that's what I had to do for my record, and from there on I've never been so focused."

Which says a lot, because ever since he formed the great British post-rock trio Fridge with schoolmates Adem Illhan and Sam Jeffers in his teens, Hebden has been focusing and gorging on music. Fridge spent the late '90s alongside Mogwai as one of England's brightest instrumental-rock hopes—and most of 2000 as Badly Drawn Boy's backup band—but it was spending his student loan money on a computer that made his solo Four Tet alias come to life. "Friends gave me musical software, and suddenly I had the ability to do loads of things I'd wanted to. And it just suddenly took off," he says.

Four Tet's 1999 debut, the dub-jazz fantasia *Dialogue*, came out of listening to a lot of "intense, cosmic, spiritual jazz" and disaffection with the U.K.'s "jazz-y" dance music scene. ("I made it to really try to piss off people like Gilles Peterson...but he was the first person to embrace it and played it on his show every day.") Since then, Four Tet's sound has spread through innovative remixes of artists as diverse as Aphex Twin, His Name Is Alive, Pole, Kings Of Convenience and David Holmes.

And Hebden's voracious appetite for music and all its possible combinations can't be stopped there. "The one thing I haven't had the chance [to do] is work with good American rappers. People like the Neptunes are doing all sorts of weird shit, these guys get to work with some really great vocalists like Kelis and Busta [Rhymes]. Someone like Busta Rhymes, that would be my absolute dream." He pauses, and changes his mind. "Nah, Ol' Dirty Bastard, that would be my dream collaboration." **NMM**





FULL DISCLOSURE

Since the release of their self-titled debut EP 14 years ago, Fugazi has been one of the most discussed and least understood bands in punk, known as much for their \$10 CDs and \$5 shows as for their music. To commemorate their sixth record, *The Argument* (Dischord), we shut up, took a look back and let them—and a host of friends and admirers—do the talking.

Nice New Outfit

Ian MacKaye, vocals/guitar: I was in a band called Embrace, and Brendan [Canty] and Guy [Picciotto] were in a band called Rites Of Spring. Joe [Lally] was starting to play music with friends. Around 1984, there [had been] a lot of frustration within the D.C. punk scene, or at least our part of that tribe. It seemed like most of the people who were sticking out at that time were people who wanted to fight a lot. It was not a particularly inspiring way to spend your time, going to shows only to watch guys beat people up for wearing yellow shoelaces and that sort of stuff. It was decided among a lot of us that instead of trying to arm-wrestle all these guys for the domain, we'd just let them have that domain and we would start another scene for ourselves. And this was really spearheaded and largely ignited by [Brendan and Guy's old band] Rites Of Spring, who were one of the greatest live bands I ever saw.

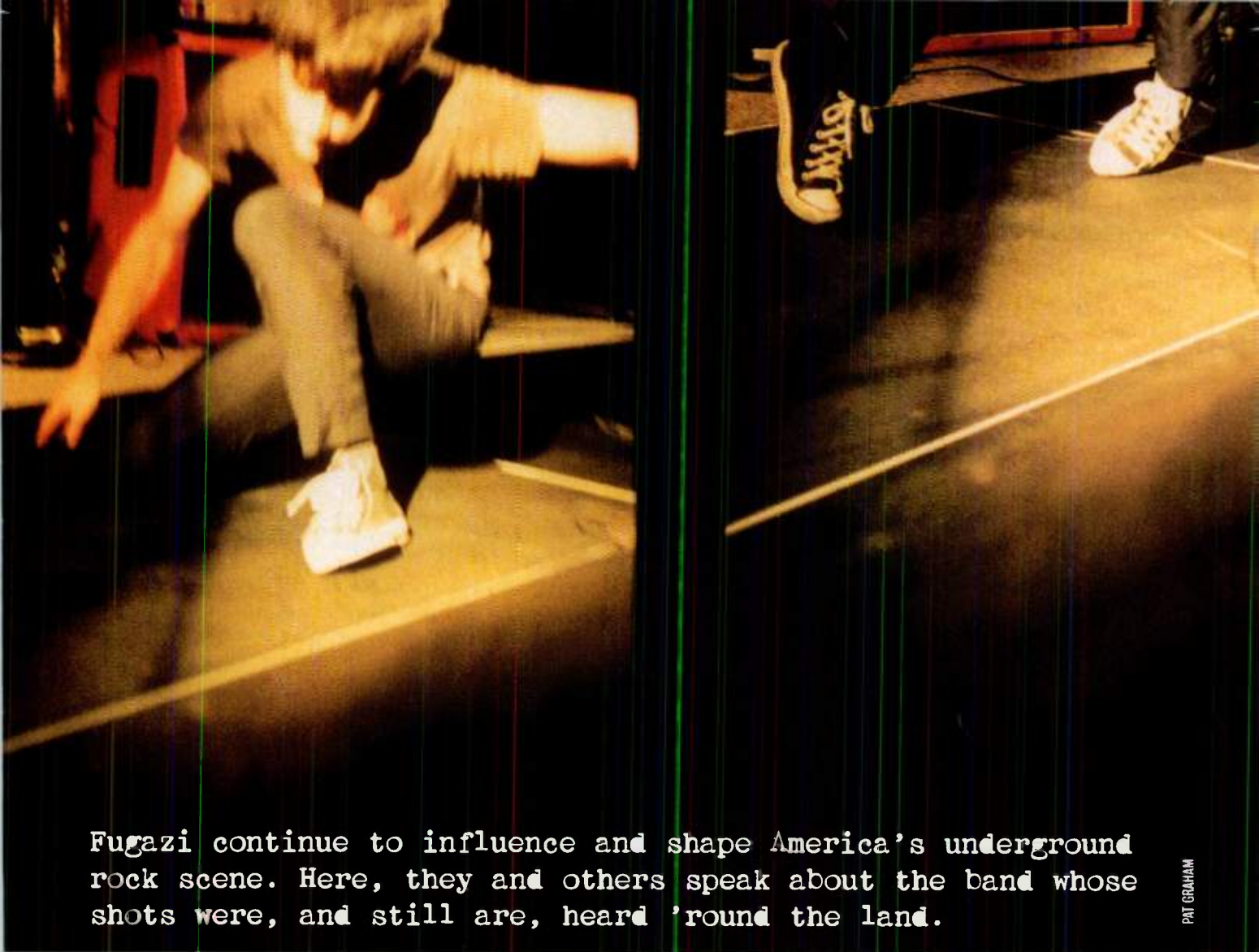
Thurston Moore, Sonic Youth: Ian called me up as soon as Embrace folded—it was, if I remember correctly, three in the frikkin' morning—and said, "Dude! I got it! Fugazi!" He went on to explain how he could win the N.Y./D.C. war by naming his new band after a goddamned limousine company run out of

midtown NYC. It would negate all the rock-star NYC bullshit as well as add a whole new gestural juxtaposition to his developing political polemic.

Guy Picciotto, vocals/guitar: Fugazi had kind of a protracted labor. Joe and Ian started playing together in 1986 in Ian's basement. They had a really patient approach, not wanting to rush the formation of a group, so they played with a bunch of different people and wrote songs together for a long time. Brendan and I were playing in a band called Happy GO Licky, the fourth or fifth band we'd been in together since becoming friends in our mid-teens. Brendan started playing with Joe and Ian on his off time. By September 1987 the three of them were playing their first show, which I saw from the audience.

Ian MacKaye: Two shows later, since Brendan and Guy were in so many bands together, and we were all good friends and Guy had nothing to do, we were like, "Why don't you come on and be our roadie or sing or do whatever you want. We'll write some songs." We were just trying to keep it open, 'cause if you keep your options open, evolution can occur.

Guy Picciotto: Fugazi had a very relaxed open-door policy and various people would join them onstage playing a trumpet, or percussion or whatever, depending on the show. It was very loose and that was the spirit in which I first started singing and dancing with the band. Once the decision to tour and record came around in 1988, my position started to solidify and I more officially joined the group (though it still wouldn't be until *Repeater* that I would start to play guitar in the band as well).



Fugazi continue to influence and shape America's underground rock scene. Here, they and others speak about the band whose shots were, and still are, heard 'round the land.

PAT GRAHAM

Ian MacKaye: Brendan and Guy obviously had quite a reputation around Washington from Rites Of Spring. [But] Rites Of Spring never really played outside of Washington; I think they did two shows outside of Washington. I had been in Minor Threat, and Minor Threat was already an extremely well-known band. So there was a lot of concern about it being pitched as "Ian MacKaye's new band." And I think one of the reasons we became so fused together, the four of us, is that we toured for a year before we put out our first record. The idea was to not take advantage of whatever kind of pull, whatever promotional aspects of the fact that I could use my name—"Oh, look, this is Ian MacKaye of Minor Threat's new band." Instead we just went on tour with no record and played art galleries and coffeehouses and little, tiny shows. And we just worked. We decided to go put the music first.

Jenny Toomey, Tsunami and founder of Simple Machines: The early shows where they broke down the barriers between audience and performers were remarkable. In clubs and huge theaters they used to invite the audience up onstage to dance and the songs were consciously built around grooves so dancing was surprisingly possible. You really felt like you were part of the music.

All Origins Are Accidental

Guy Picciotto: The basic template of what we wanted to do on a practical business and political level was set pretty much from the beginning and it was just kind of a shared consensus. Music-wise, it's been kind of the opposite: We've always tried to push ourselves to resist a creative template so that we can find

ways to stay challenged and forward-moving.

Ian MacKaye: Every time we put something out, people think, "Oh, it's weird, and really different, and quite a departure," and then it becomes just part of the regular canon by the time the next record comes out. When we put out, say, *End Hits*, it was universally critiqued—sometimes positively, sometimes negatively—as being too experimental and weird. When "Waiting Room" came out, everyone thought that was totally bizarre reggae music. It didn't make any sense 'cause it was contextual. It's not like we have a static landscape in this world, you know? Things are changing all the time. I like the fact that we're provoking a response from people and I'm glad that people feel like we're moving the bar forward or up. If that's what they're thinking, it makes me happy. But in my mind, we've been doing it since the beginning.

Guy Picciotto: Basically we approached [*The Argument*] the way we've approached them all—booked some time at Inner Ear, the studio we always use, and just hoped for the best. The material on this album was kind of all over the map in terms of how it was written. A couple of songs were actually among some of the oldest pieces of music we'd ever written, others were newish songs that we had been playing live for over a year, and still others were arranged in the studio almost spontaneously. The biggest surprise was probably how much we opened up the process of recording, bringing in a lot of outside assistance, which hadn't really been our *modus operandi*. For instance, we brought in a cellist and backing vocalists, we mastered it ourselves with the assistance of Chad Clark, who also helped us do some remote piano recording, and most

importantly, we had our longtime roadie Jerry Busher play percussion and second drums on the majority of the tracks. All of that was new for us and I think it gave the session more of an uncharted waters thing.

I've Got My Own Business

Guy Picciotto: I think a lot of people think we just pulled these business policies out of thin air and insisted on them as a badge of some kind of self-righteous purity. The truth of the matter is that a lot of the band's business practices were kind of standbys of the D.C. hardcore punk scene that we came out of. You've got to remember that when we started forming bands and hanging out in the early '80s, we were all like 14-17 years old, so these things had a very specific practical resonance to us. Things like insisting on all-ages access to the gigs or keeping the door price down was really just about hooking up your friends and making sure they could get into the shows without breaking the bank to do it. These things were staples of the scene that we were part of and were kind of second nature. The only real innovation with Fugazi was that we purposely retarded our development so that as we got older we didn't just forget about the relevance of those policies—we actually just became more hardcore about their enforcement.

Jenny Toomey: They are the model. Simple Machines was absolutely modeled on Dischord. Any questions and really tough problems we had we went directly to the source and 99 percent of the time we got immediate, unique, effective, generous and dependable advice. Politically...they wrote the book. Songs that think and cook, that groove and move.

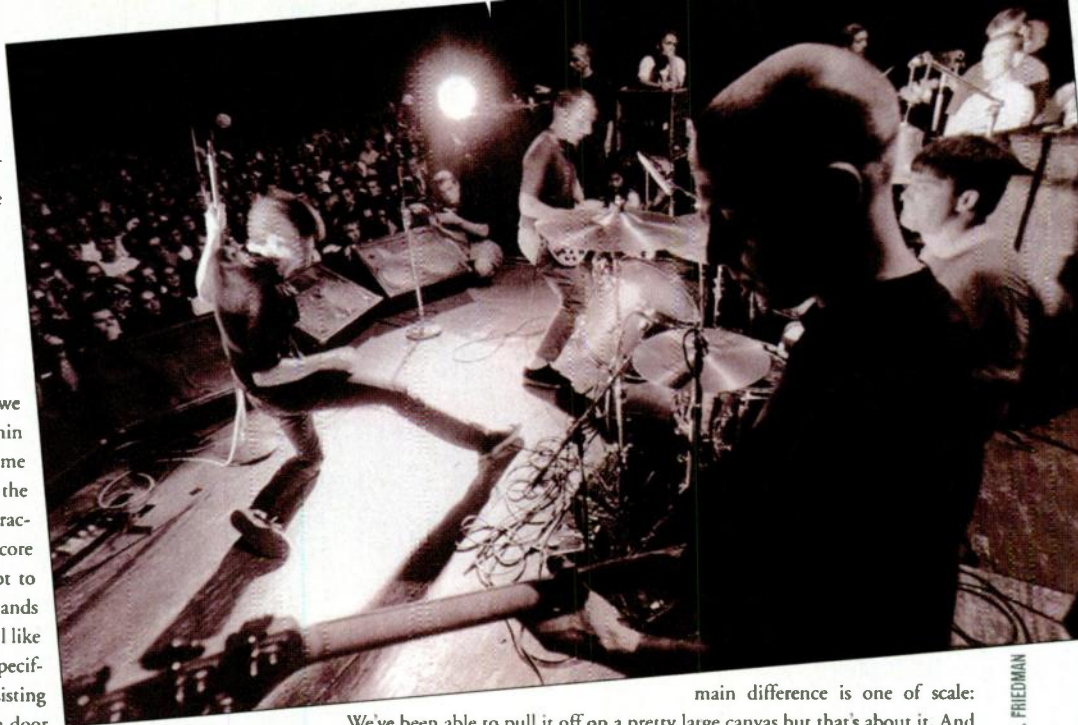
Henry Rollins, Black Flag/Rollins Band, founder of 2.13.61 Records/Books: I like what they stand for and what their basic approach is. It's only about the music. Not the merchandise or the profit margin. You can't mess with that.

Guy Picciotto: I think a lot of people see these "rules" as being limiting and restrictive but they are really the reverse—they buy us the freedom to create. They are the foundation that allows us to make the music. That's the thing people miss. It's not like we're trying to do some sociological experiment about business ethics with the music as an incidental sidebar. The music is the whole point and the other stuff just allows us to get there in a free frame of mind.

Conor Oberst, Bright Eyes/Desaparecidos: On top of just being a great band, what they stand for from a business standpoint has in many ways shaped the way that I and my friends think about the music industry. We more or less try and emulate with Saddle Creek what they have done with Dischord. We have so much respect for the way that they handle themselves as a band and a business. They have been a constant reminder that you can succeed on your own terms and make a living playing music without making money more important than art.

Mike Watt, The Minutemen/FIREHOSE: Ian is a very big inspiration to me. He personifies walking the walk and not just talking the talk—I dig him much.

Guy Picciotto: I don't think we invented this method or approach. A lot of the time, I think we get singled out like an oddity or a Dodo bird or something almost as a way of not really taking it seriously as an approach or recognizing it as a thread in the culture. There are plenty of bands and independent labels out there that have operated or continue to operate in much the same way. The



GLEN E. FRIEDMAN

main difference is one of scale: We've been able to pull it off on a pretty large canvas but that's about it. And again, the point has never been to shine our own halos or to serve as exemplars of the True Way—we just work this way because it's what we want to do, it makes us comfortable and that allows us to make our music. Do I think other bands can do it the same way? Absolutely, and many do. Do I think other bands are necessarily fucked if they don't? No.

Jack Black and Kyle Gass, Tenacious D: JB: "Before we do anything, we always ask ourselves. 'What would Fugazi do?'" KG: "And then we charge twice as much."

We Need An Instrument

Jem Cohen, director, *Instrument*: In early 1988, the band was visiting me in Brooklyn, and I showed them some raw Super 8 footage shot from my apartment window that I found powerful and disturbing. They responded by playing an instrumental practice tape of a new song they were writing—the music that became "Glue Man." (Actually, I can't even remember if they might not have played the music first, and I "answered" by screening the footage. In any case, it was a direct, spontaneous call and response.) They went back to D.C., I sent them some words, and Guy wrote some of his own. Over the next year, I edited the footage into a film and Guy consolidated our words into the lyrics. Ian and I then built a soundtrack for the film by deconstructing the song's 16-track masters and adding some samples. For me, it was an early attack on music video, a format that had rapidly dissolved into formulas and hype, but something I still held out some hope for. I was interested in making a short film that got to the heart of a song without replicating it and without trying to sell anything, and I wanted to ask questions about how something disturbing could be tackled in a form usually given over to promotion. I guess it was really an "anti-music video." The whole thing was easily and organically collaborative, and it definitely set up the possibility for our future work, something where the musicians and the filmmaker really met half way.

Guy Picciotto: It's kind of like a *National Geographic* documentary; when the cameras pack up and leave, the giraffes and lions just get back on with their business

Jem Cohen: It was grueling, but they are some of the funniest people I know, so the hang was also pretty hilarious. At one point in the movie, the studio bit where Guy and Brendan are sampling "You ate all my chocolate," I was quite literally on the floor laughing and I just couldn't get the camera focused. We still used it. At another point, the studio session devolved into an elaborate, insane



Guy Picciotto, Ian MacKaye; photo: Glen E. Friedman

ritual of people barreling down the hall carrying hand tools in a sort of synchronized dance. I have some footage of that somewhere, but it didn't make the cut. It's true that there were times I was sweating in some corner trying to load my somewhat primitive camera and cursing the whole effort. Sometimes I felt like a jerk for not helping the band load out because I was barely keeping my own shit together.

End Hits

Kathleen Hanna, Bikini Kill/Le Tigre: When I was like 20 years old I went to Seattle to attend a workshop by my favorite writer Kathy Acker and ended up opening for her as a reader. After my first frightening night of that I walked over to some club where I heard a bunch of my Olympia friends might be 'cause some band called "Fugazi" was playing. Once inside I stood in amazement as Guy swung around on these pipes above the stage like he was the guy from *Footloose*. Seriously, he was like made of plastic, moving his body in all these crazy spastic jerks. I couldn't take my eyes off of him—he was like a coked-up

style, and Guy fell off in some twisted soul frenzy later that night; it was his birthday. Damage.

Jem Cohen: They are funny people, often ridiculous. That's something that people, from a distance, really missed out on over the years. There are a lot of misconceptions. They love for audience members to dance, to go crazy, just to do it without injuring the person next to them, which isn't really that much to ask.

Thurston Moore: When the band played Maxwell's like the second or third time, they stopped in the middle of "Repeater" to try and cool out the bone-head slammers—but to no avail. At which point all of Fugazi said, "Hey you want us to demonstrate a New Jersey slam pit?" and proceeded to circle dance and chase away every ding-dong in the front row, allowing all of us mellow intellectuals to move forward and dig the rest of the set.

Kathleen Hanna: Since my first awestruck experience with them I have gotten to know them more as people/friends and I just wanna say that Ian is one of the fun-



JIM SAHJ

Freddie Mercury. And then they played "Suggestion," which just blew my mind. I had never heard punk dudes singing about shit that went on in my life before and it really moved me that they cared. So I stood there and cried. It meant a lot. A whole lot.

Mike Watt: [My most memorable Fugazi experience is] playing (in the FIREHOSE days) with them at RISD in Providence. They wiped the floor up with us. They were incredible.

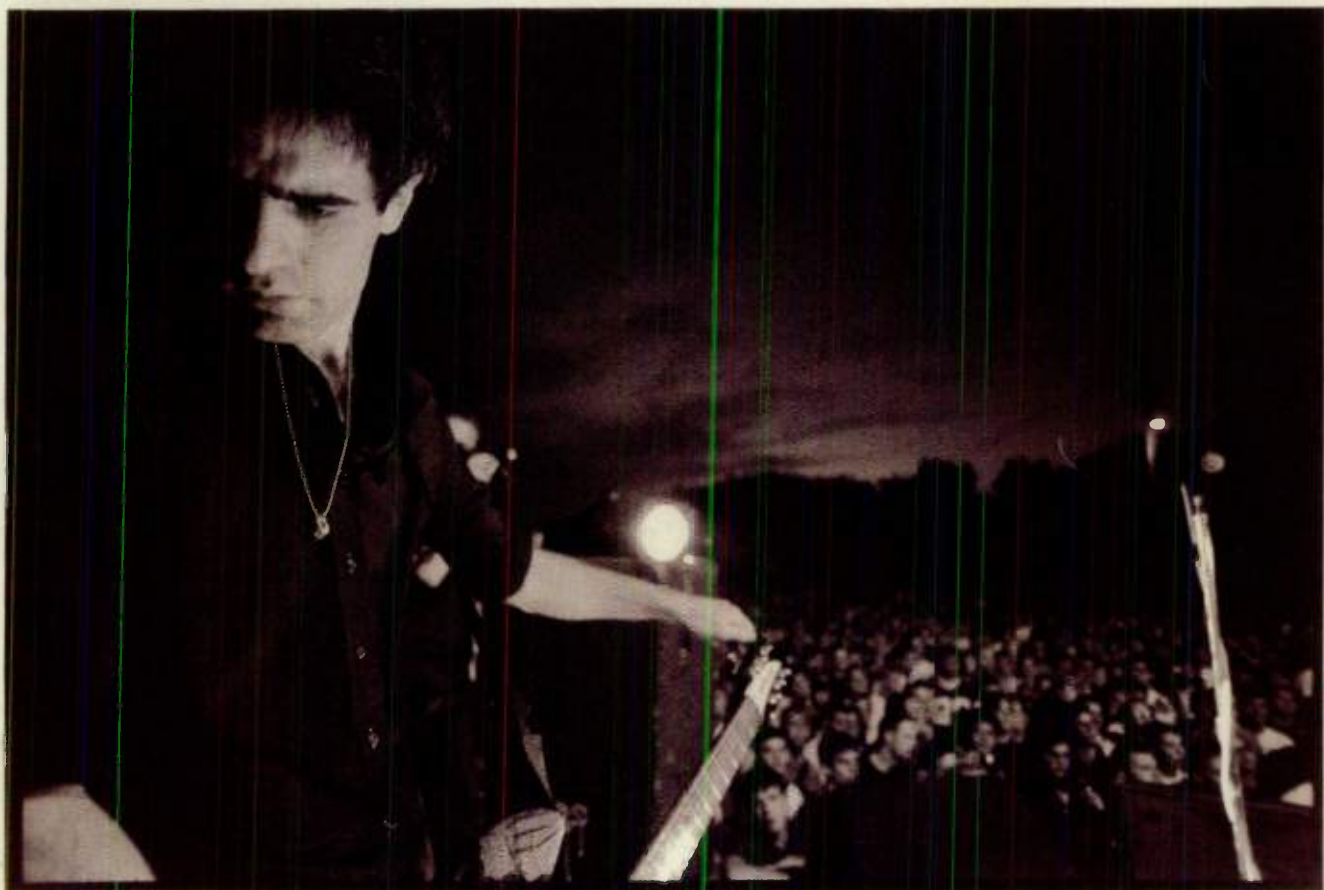
Damon Locks, Trenchmouth/The Eternals: Fugazi is a fantastic band. I have seen shows where they had to fight with the audience the whole time; I have seen shows where it seemed the entire room was of one mind. I have seen a lot of Fugazi shows and I have been disappointed by none.

Craig Wedren, Shudder To Think: The entire Northeast tour that [we] did with Fugazi sticks in my mind and in my heart. The first memory is of a hockey rink we played. It looked just like the back photo on *Kiss Alive*, and I thought, "Wow, we've really made it." The stage was quite high, old-school auditorium

niest human beings I have ever met. It cracks me up when he is portrayed as this hard-ass, stressed-out, no-fun dude, 'cause he is really the Rip Taylor of punk!

Jenny Toomey: People write them off or diminish their remarkable qualities by turning them into a phenomenon. They are "the exception that proves the rule," "the benchmark," "the anomaly"...all these rarefied titles that just remove them from the truth of their simple, difficult, daily gestures. When you put their work in the context of humans and not deities you can really understand how important they are. They sound good because they practice. They play good because they don't hold back. They create new structures because they think about the effects of their actions. They stick to their plan because they built it out of love and they like it. They make fun of themselves because they have a great sense of humor. They take themselves seriously because this is their life. They give back because this is their community. It's a recipe that anyone can follow. Shit, it's almost a self-help book. *Everything I Ever Needed To Know...I Learned From Fugazi*. Well, almost. **NMM**

Compiled from interviews by Nicole Keiper, Tom Mallon, Richard A. Martin and Piotr Orlov.



Guy Picciotto; photo: Glen E. Friedman



Thoughtfully strummed guitars. Plaintive, sensitive vocals. Addictive rhythms. But most of all, melody, sweet melody. That's been the U.K. rock style ever since Radiohead set the standard in 1995 with *The Bends*.

In recent years, a cadre of smart new groups have launched a new British Invasion that's decidedly less rowdy than the ones that featured notorious freaks like Keiths Moon and Richards, or Ian Brown and Bobby Gillespie, or the Gallaghers and Damon Albarn. Coldplay, Travis, Doves and others landed first, whetting American appetites for more from the land of the Union Jack. But 2002 is poised to be the biggest year yet, as bands expand the British rock vocabulary, drawing on their homeland's predominant electronic scene. Part one of two.



South Of Heaven

With *From Here On In*, the three 22-year-old lads in South have an early candidate for record of the year, damn them.

STORY: NICOLE KEIPER • PHOTO: BOB GREEN

South are obsessed with sound. The three young men have just visited the Empire State Building, but they don't comment about the gravity of standing atop New York City's tallest landmark shortly post-September 11, or the humbling sight of Manhattan's lights from 102 stories up. They're only concerned with the noises. →



ZERO 7

STORY: SCOTT FRAMPTON • PHOTO: JAMES BURNS

It seemed quite ridiculous to us and still does," Zero 7's Sam Hardaker says of the reaction he and partner Henry Binns have had to their sudden stardom. Not really part of the wave of melodic, somewhat mellow U.K. guitar rock just now cresting on these shores, Zero 7 is beginning to experience the same sort of hipster and critical buzz that earned them a Mercury Prize nomination for *Album Of The Year* back home in England. The duo thought *Simple Things* would be, Hardaker says, "at best a reasonably well-known record, but within a certain circle of record buying people—people who dig a certain kind of music that we're into, that go to the record shops that we go to." But its warm soul vibe is a good bit more universal than that, and helped along by a trio of guest vocalists,

its mix of sultry intimacy and rhythmic undertow is just too beautiful to ignore.

Typically, bands resist being lumped into scenes, and Zero 7 is no exception, though for atypically self-effacing reasons. "We feel personally that we've made an achievement for ourselves," Hardaker says, "but it doesn't, in the wider world of music, warrant that sort of coverage." So while they'll note the difference between bands like Coldplay, Starsailor and South (namely, that they're bands and Hardaker and Binns are a couple of producers), they don't mind the company. "It's been quite a fruitful period," Binns says. "There's been quite a few things this year that have been really good. We're kind of stuck in our little studio, but I do feel there's a bit of a vibe going on."

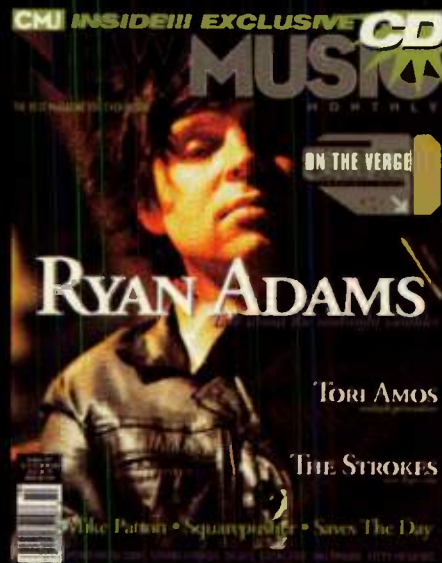
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World Radio History



World Radio History



Chemicals In Balance

The Chemical Brothers are exactly where they want to be—**Come With Us** invites you along.

STORY: RICHARD A. MARTIN • PHOTOS: BOB GREEN

 ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD

february 2002 43



they've continued to put out critically acclaimed and commercially successful singles and albums, they haven't exactly reached the A-list status of fellow dance/rock crossover icon Moby, and their music hasn't become synonymous with any one genre, the way Paul Oakenfold is now the guru of trance. For most ambitious guys in their 30s, this would cause consternation or bitterness. For the Chemical Brothers, it's yet another thing to shrug off. After all, this is the group that was supposed to make electronica the new rock, the group whose second album was supposed to dig the record business out of its doldrums.

Rowlands offers a diplomatic survey of that moment in history. "It was nice that people were interested and excited about what we were doing," he says. "The fact that it didn't bring up the share price of some multinational corporation doesn't matter to us really. That's someone else's business."

"You can do things to make yourself a minor celebrity. You make a choice."

As for being recognized, the two insist that it's more gratifying facing a dancefloor of sweaty souls than getting their photo in the society pages. "You can do things to make yourself a minor celebrity," Rowlands attests. "You make a choice." Simons adds, "I'm really happy with how our career's gone. I can't think of a single regret. In America, we've always got somewhere to play, and I look around and I haven't felt the need to get more success. I'm quite happy when our record comes out. Superstardom doesn't interest us. I like being known; when I go to the pub I like the door person to recognize me so I don't have to go in the queue. That's the long and short of it."

Coming from some rock stars, such humility might sound like a sham, but the Chemical Brothers aren't rock stars—even if they do regularly incite thousands of fans to scream and shriek and dance. They're two guys getting on with their lives, making the music they want to make and, coincidentally, connecting with millions of listeners. Many of these listeners would probably devote themselves more fully to the Chems if Simons and Rowlands would expand their visibility, if they'd cultivate more of an image. The duo could also try to assert its place as innovators, as artists who rose from the underground to sell boatloads of records and influence a new generation of electronic dance-music fanatics and open-minded rockers. They could form side projects or take experimental diversions. They could do lots of things, they argue, but all they want to do is be the Chemical Brothers.

"We don't have other interests," Simons says emphatically. "We don't think, 'What do we need to do to legitimize our music?' We really enjoy the Chemical Brothers, making records and going out and playing to people. That's all we do, and it's quite a lot to do, but there isn't the feeling that we need to do something else."

Rowlands nods in agreement. "The Chemical Brothers is not the route to doing something else. It's not like I'm doing this so one day I'll be able to do a film score or something. This is it. This is enough. This is everything we want right here." **MM**

AMERICAN MUSIC AWARDS® *Coca-Cola* CMJ
present

CARBON LEAF *Unsigned Heroes*



PHOTOS BY LESTER COHEN AND STEVE GRAVITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM

A hard-working band from Virginia outlasts hundreds of unsigned acts to win the inaugural American Music Awards® Presents The Coca-Cola New Music Award.



No unsigned band had ever performed live on the stage of the American Music Awards in the show's 29-year history, but thanks to the creation of a new award category created by Coca-Cola, Dick Clark Communications and CMJ, all of that changed. On January 9, 2002, thousands in attendance at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles and millions of viewers worldwide saw Carbon Leaf perform its song "The Boxer" in acceptance of the first-ever American Music Awards® Presents The Coca-Cola New Music Award.

Before winning the award, the Richmond, Va. band was accustomed to bringing their blend of Celtic, bluegrass and rock to a few hundred fans at a time at venues up and down the East Coast. Carbon Leaf's members all still have their day jobs.

Last summer, the band was just one of nearly 1,000 artists that submitted music to www.newmusicaward.com, a site aimed at discovering the best unsigned act in America. The field was whittled down to 50 in August, and then to 10 artists who performed at the 2001 CMJ Music Marathon in October. From there, five were chosen for a college tour that touched down in New Jersey, California, Ohio, North Carolina and Texas. Three bands survived the tour and played at a showdown at L.A.'s El Rey theater just days before the AMA telecast. AMA founder Dick Clark, CMJ CEO Bobby Haber and Los Angeles' KCRW's Nic Harcourt made the final call, naming Carbon Leaf the victor.

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PHOTOS BY LESTER COHEN AND STEVE GRAVITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM



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"Selecting just one to win this competition was extremely challenging," said Dick Clark, creator and executive producer of The American Music Awards. "I personally congratulate Carbon Leaf for its incredible, unprecedented accomplishment."

Goal No. 1 for the band now: find a new manager. "I can't wait to fire myself," jokes Barry Privett, the band's lead singer and default manager. The right management will help the band get to the next level. "I'm hoping we can start reaching out beyond the East Coast. We'd love to look for the right record deal and get some tour support."

Finding a deal shouldn't be hard. Since the award, the band has been swamped with phone calls and e-mails from the music industry and well-wishing fans. "I have about 450 e-mails I need to attend to, and our website has crashed because of our message board," Privett reveals. But sales of the band's fourth and most recent self-released CD *Echo Echo* aren't crashing. In fact, they've sold out on many of the websites that sell the CD—and even managed to crack Amazon.com's Top 30 sales list.

"We're very humbled by this award and this opportunity," says Privett. "It's an amazing thing that CMJ, Dick Clark and Coca-Cola did. They didn't need to attach their name to some unproven band that could screw up on national television. So we're still in a dreamland."

For free downloads and more: www.newmusicaward.com

THE ANNIVERSARY

Your Majesty

Vagrant



Sooner or later, the hands of time leave their greasy prints on every band. Some hold fast to their original vision and find themselves on the fast track to irrelevance. Others, however, simply get better, sharpening their respective edges in the search for the perfect sonic statement. Then there's the Anniversary. What a difference a year can make: Their new album, *Your Majesty*, is so removed from the sound of their 2000 debut, *Designing A Nervous Breakdown*, that it's difficult to draw any line of comparison. Where the poppy, moog-drenched emo-punk of *Breakdown* exploded with youthful exuberance, *Your Majesty* smacks like a hot British import circa 1965. Sporting a cover that evokes *Revolver* and a title that may be a statement of deference to the Queen, you may be inclined to believe that this Kansas quintet spent most of last year in London, listening to nothing but Invasion-era British rock. From the epic pop of "Sweet Marie" to the lazy jangle of "Crooked Crown" and the sultry groove of "Death Of The King," the Anniversary channel the spirit of bands like the Kinks and Mott The Hoople and inject it with their own raw energy, making this a welcome—if unexpected—addition to their catalogue. Every band grows up; thankfully not every band gets old. >>>JASON KUNDRATH

Link

www.anniversaryrock.com

File Under

Emo gets its Kinks out

R.I.Y.L.

The Kinks, Koufax,
the Get Up Kids, the Faces

DE LA SOUL

AOI: Bionix

Tommy Boy

With the second installment of its *Art Official Intelligence* trilogy, De La Soul has upped the ante once again, branching out musically and lyrically. As is de rigeur these days, De La taps a plethora of guest producers (Dave West, Kev Brown and Slum Village's Jay Dee) and vocalists (Goodie Mob's Cee-Lo, Slick Rick and Cuban singer Pariquo Hernandez, the latter's contribution giving a unique old-school Cuban vibe to "Watch Out") to complement its message and sound. If *Mosaic Thump* could be categorized as a good time, party-groove album, *Bionix* is more lyrically focused. No longer camouflaging their lyrics and messages with metaphors and a large vocabulary, Dave (the artist formerly known as Trugoy The Dove) and Pos shoot straight from the hip. The lighter side of *Bionix* may turn off old school De La fans disappointed with what may be perceived as triviality in some tracks (and a new raunchiness in "Pawn Star"). But songs like "Held Down," with lyrics like, "And when I'm watchin' the news/ And my daughter walks in and chooses to ask/ Why were all those people on the floor/ Sleeping covered in red?/ I told her they were looking for God but found religion instead," will remind them that De La *always* brings more to the table than Cristal and ice. >>>LISA HAGEMAN



Link

www.delasoulonline.com

File Under

Native Tongues at 30

R.I.Y.L.

A Tribe Called Quest, Mos Def,
Common



FELIX DA HOUSECAT

Kittenz And Thee Glitz

Emperor Norton

Electronic music geeks may furrow their brows in dismay, but it was Felix Da Housecat's unabashed paean to techno-fied new wave that recently picked up *Muzik* magazine's 2001 Album Of The Year award. This all but confirms that the new new wave—set in motion by a kick in the ass from its '80s cousin, electro—has clawed its way to the forefront of the dance music movement, capitalizing on that scene's tendency to coddle revivalist trends. But *Kittenz* is this year's pick of the litter for good reason. With a penchant for felines and misplaced vowels, Felix's whimsy shines throughout the record. This lightheartedness hardly detracts from the hard, electro-morphed music he builds into a swirling stew of punchy basslines, orgiastic analog bleeps, nostalgic melodies and the occasional skip into Body & Soul. The grit of Chicago house is at its sizzling best here, sent to boot camp with a hard techno finish, while other tracks play the '80s card. The intensity culminates in the brassy hi-hat symphony "Control Freq," which features Junior Sanchez. But just when the pace gets a little too hectic, Felix rolls a surfed-up, no-wave bassline and smokes it with some rockin'-in-the-garage flavor. "Maybe one day you can visit my condo on a big hill, you know, like, 9-0-2-1-0" deadpans French sexpot Miss Kitten in vox Teutonic, echoing a general anti-celebrity theme throughout the album. But she's only shooting irony in the foot, because with *Kittenz*, Felix and his clique is already there. >>>ADRIENNE DAY

Link

www.emperornorton.com

File Under

That '80s beat

R.I.Y.L.

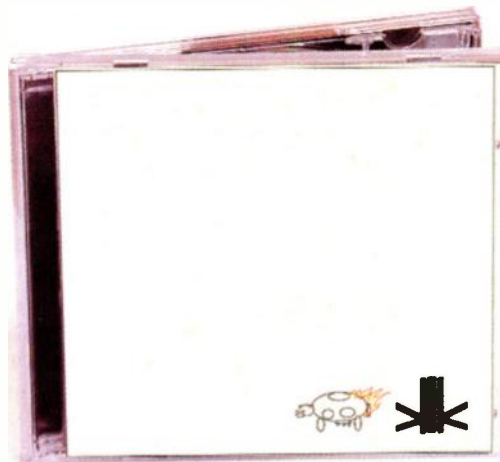
Daft Punk, Giorgio Moroder,
Fischerspooner

KENNA

New Sacred Cow

Flawless-Geffen

For future reference, here's a rule of thumb to remember: The more you sound like a suburban version of Seal, the more you need someone like, say, Chad Hugo from the Neptunes to co-produce your debut album. Fortunately, Ethiopia-born, Virginia-raised Kenna went to high school with the estimable hip-hop/R&B trackmaster. Those are most definitely Hugo's clattering beats slamming all over *New Sacred Cow*, though the rest of the recording sounds like nothing you would imagine coming from N.E.R.D. Central (much less from Fred Durst's vanity imprint). It sounds, in fact, like a return to high-gloss '80s pop, all synths and sensitivity and head-back, eyes-closed, heart-on-sleeve belting in a rich, emotional tenor. ("Sunday After You" could be a *Violator*-era Depeche Mode outtake.) Make no mistake about the irony content here: Kenna does his thing for real and possesses a very real gift for melody and vocal drama that polishes the paranoid gleam of the implosive power-ballad "Hell Bent" and makes "Vexed And Glorious" (!) ripple like a white silk scarf in a video-shoot breeze. Kenna's lyrics flow a little less smoothly; clichéd, overwrought corn like "Give me a ride on a zephyr" won't get you very far these days. Still, the total conviction of Kenna's performance helps push a few of the tracks beyond over-the-top. The meaty beats help a lot too. >>>LEE GARDNER



Link

www.flawless-records.com

File Under

Spandau Ballet gets drunk

R.I.Y.L.

Seal, PM Dawn, the Neptunes

MATT POND PA ★**The Green Fury**

Polyvinyl



With two outstanding yet relatively low-profile full-lengths and an equally impressive pair of EPs already under their belt, Philadelphia's Matt Pond PA have climbed aboard the Polyvinyl Records ship to release their newest batch of lush, string-laden pop songs. *The Green Fury* was recorded by longtime producer and musical collaborator Brian McTear, and it sees the band plodding forward with an apparent we'll-do-this-until-someone-notices attitude. Thankfully, the band's signing to indie-on-the-rise Polyvinyl (home of emo-pop heavyweights Rainer Maria) shows that slowly, people finally might be. Standing alongside frontman Matt Pond's acoustic guitar and shaky vocals are Jim Hostetter, Eve Miller and a host of other musicians who provide the orchestral touches that beautifully augment Pond's mopey leanings. Unlike countless bands currently using strings to flesh out their sound or simply provide a bit of atmosphere, MPPA seem to almost focus on them explicitly. *The Green Fury's* strongest tracks ("Measure 3," "Promise The Bite") feature string arrangements that function like rock lead-guitar lines, creating a sound that's as soothing as it is rocking. A perfect cross between their less restrained debut, *Deer Apartments*, and last year's pensively quiet *Measure* (both released by Philly's File 13), *The Green Fury* will have you asking "How have I never heard this band before?" >>>MIKE CONKLIN

Link

www.mattpondPA.com

File Under

Orchestral pop with a rock flare

R.I.Y.L.

Belle And Sebastian,
recent Superchunk**NATHANIEL MERRIWEATHER****Lovage: Music To Make Love To Your Old Lady By**

75Ark

So you say you just finished your tour at the Handsome Boy Modeling School, and you wanna use those ladykiller moves to get some action? Just pop in Dan "The Automator" Nakamura's latest alter-ego collaboration, a collection of would-be nookie tunes by Nathaniel Merriweather called *Lovage: Music To Make Love To Your Old Lady By*. That's right, put down the crack pipe and free your mind for one bizarre concoction of the Automator's suave downtempo '70s groove thang mashed up with vocals and songwriting by Jennifer Charles (Elysian Fields) and that master of gentlemanly demeanor himself, Mike "Faith No More" Patton. If nothing else, *Lovage* is proof positive that Nakamura's friends put total faith in his collaborative vision, which includes the throttlingly successful Gorillaz project. After all, tracks like "To Catch A Thief," "Lifeboat" and "Strangers On A Train"—in addition to hijacking the names of three great Hitchcock films—stretch the limits of Charles's bankable sultriness and Patton's edgy vocal under-acting. But it somehow holds together under Nakamura's deft sonic direction. Toss in the impeccable Kid Koala's hip-hop lounge swooning on "Everyone Has A Summer" and Gorillaz collaborator Damon Albarn waxing scientific about the "Lovage" herb, and you have a bizarrely fruitful concept piece that would be Tim Meadows's Lady's Man's wet dream come true. >>>HEATH K. HIGMIGHT



Link

www.75ark.com

File Under

The other bootylicious

R.I.Y.L.

DJ Shadow, the Herbaliser,
Sabres Of Paradise

REVIEWS

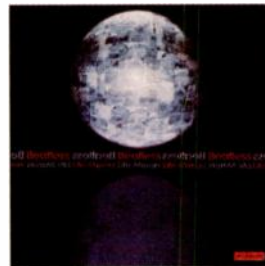


BAD RELIGION

The Process Of Belief Epitaph

Although the 21-year-old Bad Religion has undergone some drastic changes in the past year—their drummer since 1992's *Generator*, Bobby Schayer, sustained a career-ending injury, the quintet became a sextet with the return of original guitarist Brett Gurewitz and the band returned home to indie powerhouse and Gurewitz's own label, Epitaph—these absurdly prolific punkers have managed once again to barely stray from the sonic style of their previous releases. On their 12th full-length, newly enlisted stick-wielder Brooks Wackerman (*Vandals*, *Suicidal Tendencies*, *Pressure 4-5*)

anchors the band now, making Bad Religion heavier and tighter than ever before, especially on blink-and-you'll-miss-it speed rockers like "Can't Stop It," "Prove It" and "Supersonic." But like every album since their superior 1993 Atlantic debut, *Recipe For Hate*, *The Process Of Belief*'s hyper beats-per-minute yield to poppy gems. This time around, singer Greg Graffin hits those same sweet notes on the anthemic "Epiphany" and on the head-nodding tempo of "The Defense," which is propped up by staccato call-and-response vocals. Microscopic alterations from 2000's *The New America* aside, this is no doubt a Bad Religion album replete with the same melodic, lyrical and thematic ingredients they've had since their inception in 1980. "Oozin' Aahs" still wrap themselves around Graffin's stark commentaries—the way they always have, the way they always will. >>>DYLAN P. GADINO



BEATLESS

Life Mirrors Ubiquity

Broken beat is a new genre (or quasi-genre) centered in West London, although its central protagonists—4 Hero's Dego McFarlane (of 2000 Black Records) and New Sector Movements' IG Culture, who runs the Main Squeeze imprint—have shied away from both the generic and geographical pigeon-holing. This brings us to the debut album from Beatless, which is being touted as one of the first domestic releases to fall under the broken-beat umbrella, due to its explicit attempt to forge classic American soul with U.K. breakbeat traditions. While *Beatless* (*Talkin' Loud*

A&R officer Paul Martin and versatile techno-jazz producer Alex Attias (who also goes by the names Mustang, Catalyst and Plutonia) shares its allies' interest in '70s soul, '80s electro-funk and '90s break-beat science, *Life Mirrors* stands very much on its own. The singles "The Truth" and "Love From The Sun" have already stood out for their unorthodox incorporation of gospel choruses, deep-house chords and two-step-inspired swing. But tracks like the Quasimoto/Madlib-fronted "Dominant" and "Rock On" show that Beatless also have a handle on an uncategorizable brand of hip-hop. The chant-and-flute-driven "I-Wa" is spacious, studio-born Afrobeat in the vein of Tony Allen And Doctor L—lush and mind-expanding. Six further tracks plant their feet firmly in earthy, avant-R&B (witness "Revival") but remain just as starry-eyed. >>>PHILIP SHERBURNE

Link

www.badreligion.com

File Under

Punk's Cal Ripken

R.I.Y.L.

Anti-Flag, Pennywise,

Propagandhi

Link

www.ubiquityrecords.com

File Under

Future soul

R.I.Y.L.

Psyco On Da Bus, Common,

Chateau Flight





BLUETIP

Post Mortem Anthem Dischord

There's nary an indication that Bluetip's *Post Mortem Anthem* is essentially a collection of leftovers, spanning six years and about as many drummers. In fact, from the tense beginnings of "Spooky" to the relaxed dissolve of "Japan," it plays like a proper new album. Consisting of five rarities and five previously unreleased tracks, this album captures the last remaining material recorded with founding Bluetip guitarist Dave Stern, who unceremoniously left the band in 1999 after extended creative differences with co-founding singer/guitarist Jason Farrell. But before he packed his axe, he helped this D.C. hardcore band create

some admirable, uh... D.C. hardcore. It is an urgent and melodic sound, fueled by pounding rhythms, raw guitars and Farrell's passionate drawl. A proud member of the Dischord family (who were content to title their debut full-length *Dischord No. 101*), they've worked under the direction of Ian MacKaye and DeSoto's J. Robbins to produce music that clearly reflects those influences. Yet, where MacKaye's Fugazi or Robbins's Burning Airlines would punch you in the face, Bluetip offers an open-handed slap that certainly grabs your attention but doesn't quite knock you on your ass. And besides a few standout tracks such as the explosive "Newport" and an inspired cover of the B-52's "52 Girls," *Post Mortem Anthem* is hardcore that is consistently pleasing but rarely exceptional. >>>JASON KUNDRATH

Link

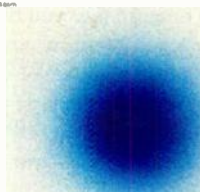
www.dischord.com/bands/bluetip.shtml

File Under

D.C. hardcore, over easy
R.I.Y.L.

Fugazi, Burning Airlines, Swiz

POINT
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www.cornelius-sound.com

File Under

Dr. Zaius bossa
R.I.Y.L.

Fantastic Plastic Machine,
Kahimi Karie, Planet Of The Apes

CORNELIUS

Point Matador

Keigo Oyamada, a.k.a. Cornelius, hasn't put out a full-length since the ghostlike grooves of 1998's *Fantasma*, keeping busy running his own Trattoria label in Shibuya and crafting remixes and multimedia art. But he's finally released a second domestic LP, *Point*, and while it isn't miles ahead of his last, it does mark Oyamada as a more seasoned studio technician. Much less wear-your-influences-on-your-sleeve, *Point* is literally more down to earth. Wonderfully organic and sprinkled with what might be jungle field recordings, the album is mature and contemplative, taking time to enjoy the

view. That said, Cornelius's influences haven't departed: There's the ever-present bossa nova ("Nowhere"), and continued fascination with Texas Instruments-era futurism and Brian Eno ("Tone Twilight Zone" could be something off *Another Green World*). If *Fantasma* was Brian Wilson and My Bloody Valentine's Kevin Shields trying to catch a jet out of Rio, *Point* is Eno spending a few days contemplating bossa nova while visiting the Amazon. At times, studio wizardry drowns out some of Oyamada's wide-eyed passion, but *Point* still showcases the emotive glimpses of beauty that mark the Trattoria imprint. From the superb cover of Ary Barosso's standard "Brazil" (replete with Speak 'n' Spell vocoder vox), through the movingly bubbly "Drop," to the West-End 12-inch funkiness of "Another View Point," this one's like sippin' on a cool, tall caipirinha in Osaka. >>>GABRIELE CAROTI



DABRYE

One/Three Ghostly International

Besides Detroit's sprawling electronic scene, two of the Motor City's more popular exports are hip-hop and, well, motors. Dabrye (the alter ego of rising Detroit IDM-er Tadd Mullinix) revels in the grit of both, sounding like he's cruising in a broken-down Michigan-made junker, blasting murder-city beats on the radio and driving out of town until the signal is drowned in a sea of static and distortion. In fact, most of *One/Three* sounds like a painstakingly crafted Motor City hip-hop affair played through a series of busted speakers, feeble radio signals,

dissected distortion pedals and computerized transmogrification devices. Seamlessly linking Mo'Wax-ian instrumental hip-hop and glitchy IDM sputter, Dabrye can rock a funky beat just as deftly as he can turn one into a pile of gentle fuzz. Opener "The Lish" funks and crackles like a Jay Dee record dipped in a vat of sulfuric acid, while "We've Got Community" warbles about like a quirky Tribesque jam after a few spins in the dryer. Even a moment of sonic clarity, the sublimely funky "How Many Times (With This)," manages to jumble tender guitars and snappy breaks into danceable-yet-confounding stutter-step tape collage. Dabrye's squelch-hop is a perverse party where everybody dances while contemplatively stroking their facial hair. Get your think on. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

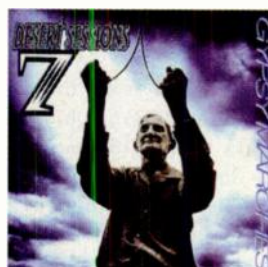
Link

www.ghostly.com

File Under

Detroit glitch city
R.I.Y.L.

Jay Dee, Marumari,
Boards Of Canada



Link

www.qotsa.com

File Under

Jammy jams
R.I.Y.L.

Kyuss, Masters Of Reality,
Queens Of The Stone Age

DESERT SESSIONS

Volumes 7 & 8: Gypsy Marches/Can You See Under My Thumb? There You Are

Rekords

In the stoner-rock/jamcore genre, Queens Of The Stone Age mastermind Joshua Homme is nothing short of a guitar god—a six-string deity. Homme doesn't show off his solo skills, but he is certainly a young turk who can manipulate his strings to churn out dry, thick 'n' sexy jams. The *Desert Sessions* series is a vehicle for Homme and fellow QOTSA members to jam with other immensely talented musicians, and volumes 7 and 8—titled *Gypsy Marches* and *Can You See Under My Thumb? There You Are*,

respectively—are certainly greater than the sum of their parts. These editions feature a varied crew of contributors, from Screaming Tree Mark Lanegan and drummer Samantha Maloney (of Shift, Mötley Crüe and Hole) to guitarist Alain Johannes (who appeared on Chris Cornell's solo album) playing musical chairs with their instruments. With "Nenada," "Polly Wants A Crack Rock" and "Don't Drink Poison," be prepared to put up your feet, break out the glass bong and crank the speakers. Caution: If you suffer from a case of ADD, pass on these Sessions; the songs here are often formless, lengthy and goofy, suited more for bong hits than air-guitaring. But the *Desert Sessions* are much more than Jeff Spicoli's brand of pot rock—Homme and Johannes's disortion pedals and PhDs in axe-ology will lull your sorry ass into a riff-induced coma. >>>AMY SCIARRETTO



THE DISTILLERS

Sing Sing Death House Hellcat

It's not often enough that you'll discover a female singer with a voice that attacks like a brass-knuckled fist to the face. Courtney Love had a fierce singing style before she fell flat into alt-rock, Joan Jett ran roughshod over rock 'n' roll, and Betty Blowtorch's Bianca Butthole could have battled Axl any day. The Distillers' Brody Armstrong (wife of Rancid's Tim Armstrong) has an amazingly brutal voice, a rough, raw set of pipes that sound like she's gutting a new piece of her past with every breath. On *Sing Sing Death House*, the Distillers'

second album, Armstrong tackles a variety of topics, from L.A. wastelands to her fucked-up childhood, with a primal scream that packs the strength of a hundred wrecking balls. Her low, crazed howls perfectly counter the band's razor-sharp punk—mid- to fast tempo, guitar-heavy, old-school-sounding stuff that's catchy and sing-songy in some places, hardcore and nasty in others. Songs like "Sick Of It All," "I Am A Revenant" and "City Of Angels" turn society's shit into shining new anthems, with Armstrong leading the call to action. *Sing Sing Death House* is not only one of the best punk albums of the new year, it's also a step in the right direction for raging women to bring their lethal charms to the mic. >>>JENNIFER MAERZ

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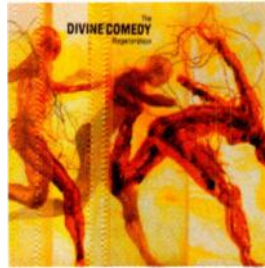
www.thedistillers.com

File Under

Feral female-fronted punk

R.I.Y.L.

Hole's *Pretty On The Inside*,
the Black Halos, Joan Jett



THE DIVINE COMEDY

Regeneration Parlophone-Network

Divine Comedy architect Neil Hannon has swapped his velvet suits and silk cravats for a shaggy 'do and trainers, but his image isn't the only thing that's changed. On *Regeneration*, Hannon sets aside his curlycued cabaret shtick to make a darker, more straightforward rock album with some help from Radiohead producer Nigel Godrich. For the first time, the backing musicians sound like a band—never mind that the band they sound like is Radiohead. "Lost Property," a dreamy, rambling ode to misplacement that could've come straight from *OK Computer*, is just one of the many songs shaped by the influ-

Link

www.thedivinecomedy.com

File Under

Gorgeous guitar pop from

Noel Coward-ish top

R.I.Y.L.

Radiohead, Coldplay,
early Bowie

ence of the famous fivesome. While nothing on *Regeneration* has the immediate pop appeal of Casanova's "Something For The Weekend," the album still has plenty of dizzying highs. Hannon's voice soars on the Bowie-esque paean to destructive behavior "Bad Ambassador"; the sublimely sweet "Perfect Lovesong" proves he hasn't lost his Burt Bacharach jones; and "The Eye Of The Needle" shows he still has a knack for witty social criticism on par with Dorothy Parker ("The cars in the churchyard are shiny and German/ It's strangely at odds with the theme of the sermon"). This bleak and beautiful collection is proof that the young dandy has grown up. >>>MICHELLE KLEINSAK



DUB PISTOLS

Six Million Ways To Live Geffen-Interscope

When last we heard from the Dub Pistols, it was late 1998 and big beat was having its turn as the next big thing. But the door kicked in by Fatboy Slim and the Chemical Brothers eventually proved too narrow for also-rans like the Dub Pistols to fit through, and the group's U.S. debut, *Point Blank*, foundered. *Six Million Ways To Live* is not a great leap forward by any stretch, but free of any scene's gravitational field, the group's eclectic collection of complementary sounds—from lite hip-hop to radio-friendly beats to dancefloor-friendly pop—is pretty

pleasing. Especially nice is the way the disc succeeds on two levels. Frontloaded with the beats-based pop of tracks like "Official Chemical," the disc is a satisfying left-of-TRL listen; those tracks also serve as the disc's carnival barker, cajoling you into the funhouse of atmospheric hip-hop and moody dub that makes up the last two-thirds of the record. "3am" throbs with "Riders On The Storm"-like electric piano and "Crazy" flexes some reggae muscles, featuring Horace Andy in a tasty piece of dub. While the rapping is so-so, and this isn't the place to look for cutting-edge electronic music, *Six Million Ways To Live* is a well-tended plot in the middle ground. >>>FRANK MANSFIELD

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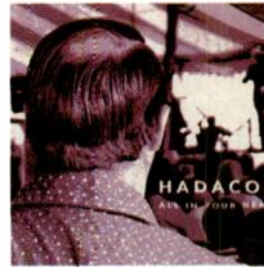
www.dubpistols.org

File Under

Shimmy shimmy techno pop

R.I.Y.L.

Stereo MCs, Freestylers,
Fatboy Slim



HADACOL

All In Your Head Stewfoot

Hadacol, named for an alcohol-laced elixir that sponsored early Hank Williams radio shows, released a debut, *Better Than This*, of serviceable alt-country in 1999 on the Checkered Past label. A couple years down the road, they're back with *All In Your Head*, and the Missouri group's artistic growth is evident. Every tune on the CD except "Little Sadie" is an original, penned by either Greg or Fred Wickham, and it's their fine songwriting that defines the excellence of this album. The songs revel in the conjunction of country, rockabilly and rock, and

Link

www.hadacol.com

File Under

The elixir of alt-country

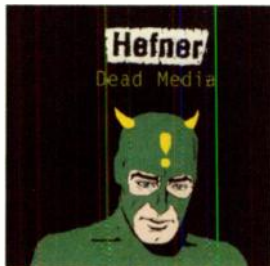
R.I.Y.L.

Uncle Tupelo, Slobberbone,
The Derailers

the musicianship of Wickham, Wickham, Brian Baker (drums) and Richard Burgess (bass) is more than up to the task of putting some soul in their sound. Ponder Fred Wickham's lyrical sensibility on the bedraggled "Already Broken": "Up every morning, walk out the door/ Pick up your shovel, dig some more/ It's a long day, workin' in your own grave." Is it possible to not be down with this sentiment? From the lovely ballad "Someday" to the buoyant "Be With You" and the vivid storytelling of "Watch It Burn," the Wickhams have authored a batch of songs that stake Hadacol's claim as a serious player in the alt-country scene. Missouri is the Show-Me state, and Hadacol has done just that with *All In Your Head*. >>>PHILIP VAN VLECK

DVD COLLECTIBLES

That's Music To My Eyes!



HEFNER

Dead Media Too Pure

Hefner's Darren Hayman is an acerbic, absurd and affecting wit. Songs about masturbation, banker's wives with peppermint gum and American astronaut Alan Bean are like Monty Python filling in for Jonathon Richmond. Saved by his English heritage, Hayman, like Python and those twee intellectual faux-simbletons of the British Isles, comes off cheeky instead of geeky. Add the twinkling, dance-club bounce of an arsenal of analog synths, keyboards and drum machines and Hefner's fifth full-length release is the noisy, nostalgic, pure pop rave-up you've been waiting for since video killed the radio star. As Hefner

Link

www.hefner.com

File Under

Electronic pop with miles of smiles R.I.Y.L.

Gary Numan, the Busy Signals, the '80s

releases go, *Dead Media* rides the electronic edge with a fervor that would make Gary Numan proud while staying true to the Pavement-ripped guitar jangles of earlier releases and even managing to branch out into the arena of urbanized alt-country by working in some sly, lonesome pedal steel. To wit, the banging new/no-wave bop of "Trouble Kid" tracked next to "Junk," a mournful quitter's anthem full of regretful twang and indie-rock atheism—somehow it works marvelously. Had the confluence of country and city and the confidence of the quickly turned phraseology arrived separately, they might not merit such a deep appreciation, but in blending the aesthetics and bending the genres, Hefner have created a delightful pop album: that is both retro and futuristic. >>>LAURA CASSIDY LEARMONTH



HER SPACE HOLIDAY

Manic Expressive Tiger Style

Slowly but surely, Her Space Holiday's Marc Bianchi is becoming the indie man's Radiohead. Last year's *Home Is Where You Hang Yourself* found him exploring the depths of melancholy over minimal guitar strums and subtle electronic accompaniment, but *Manic Expressive* is the work of a mopester who's learned to use the studio to his full advantage. The sparse songs of *Home* have given way to lushly orchestrated (via sampler) electronic compositions that demonstrate Bianchi's growing skills as a songwriter, arranger and producer. Witness the alternately lilting and soaring strings of the title tracks (the

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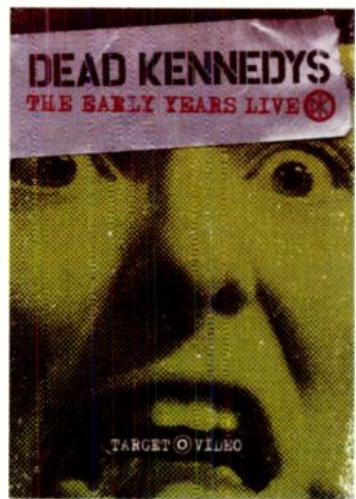
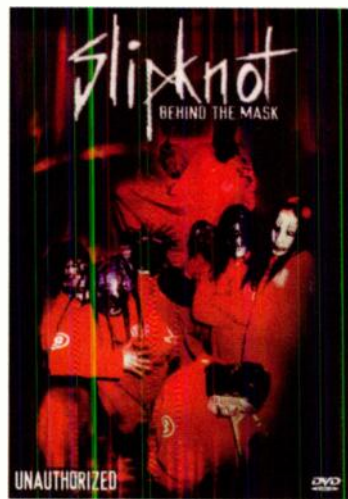
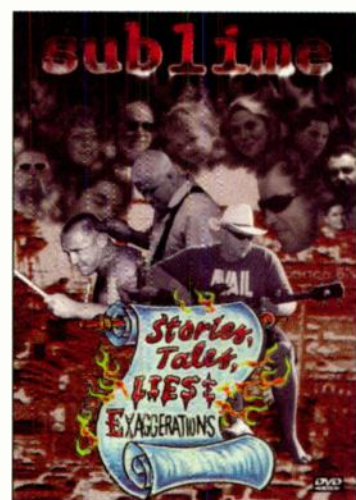
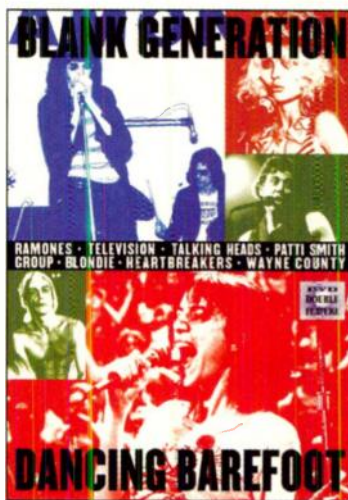
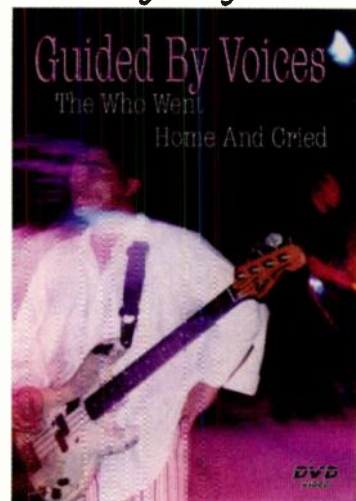
www.herspaceholiday.com

File Under

The home studio is where the heart is R.I.Y.L.

Radiohead, Grandaddy, Sparklehorse, Spiritualized

album's intro and outro), the circular melodies of the "Bittersweet Symphony"-esque "The Ringing In My Ears," or the Wagner-worthy dissonance at the end of "Polar Opposite." Perhaps most impressive is Bianchi's ability to co-opt drum 'n' bass and IDM textures into a mope-pop format and make them catchy at the same time. The end of "Key Stroke" makes melody out of digital squelching, thumps and camera noises; the tender "Perfect On Paper" uses crunches and tortured, unrecognizable samples for percussion. Much like Radiohead's recent output, it isn't all gold—experiments like "Spectator Sport" (a conversation with a journalist about Bianchi's private life over a bed of dreamy guitars and Timbaland-y beats) fall flat—but *Manic Expressive* is definitely a blueprint for greater things to come. >>>TOM MALLON



PBS: Punk Broadcasting System

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Blank Generation / Dancing Barefoot

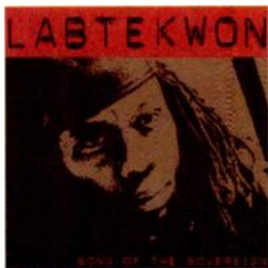
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LABTEKWON

Song Of The Sovereign *Mush*

Labtekwon's biggest problem appears to be the fact that no one knows who the hell he is...and they should. It can be argued that this Baltimore MC is the most unjustly slept-on rapper in underground hip-hop. With *Song Of The Sovereign*, Lab's Mush Records debut, he has the potential to expand his audience tenfold. The ironic thing is, *Sovereign* is a compilation album, a career retrospective that reflects material he's been recording since '93. Labtek's delivery is varied, coming at you hard and knowledgeable like KRS-One one moment, laid back like Q-Tip the next, and ruminating like a beat

poet at others, dropping verses replete with "Five Percent" ideology and "labteknology." "Why all my role models get assassinated/ Why was my forefathers castrated/ As the ozone thins, it gets colder/ I don't belong here, I was stolen/ You're goddamn right there's a chip on my shoulder." To his credit, however, Lab doesn't alienate listeners with his black-man-as-original-man rhetoric, appealing instead to anyone willing to listen through his scholarly approach and intellect. And unlike many MCs with a lot to say, he uses the sound of his voice and the ebb of his flow to add to the musicality of his songs. Musically, Lab keeps it sparse with simple, heavy basslines and between-verse embellishments. With *Song*, this *Sovereign's* words don't get lost. >>>LISA HAGEMAN

Link

www.dirttyloop.com/Labtekwon.html

File Under

Hip-hop with something to say

R.I.Y.L.

KRS-One, Common,

Asheru & Blue Black



LALI PUNA

Scary World Theory *Morr Music*

On *Scary World Theory*, Lali Puna, the German quartet founded by Valerie Trebeljahr and now staffed by members of the Notwist, Console and Tied And Tickled Trio, filter their romantic blues through an '80s Casio, swath the results in deep midnight shadow and then buoy the snippets of sadness using melodies so thick and verdant they fog up your glasses. (Their 2000 debut, *Tridecoder*, even converted Radiohead into hardcore fans.) The Velvets drone of the title track, for example, does double duty: Its looped discordant twang soundtracks a dark dream with a spook

worthy of New Order's saddest, but it also coalesces with a minimal click rhythm into a film-noir groove of Broadcast proportions. But *Scary World's* moments of reverie are as daydreamy as they are maudlin. On "Bi-Pet," when Trebeljahr Nicos "Born, bored, discovered/ All the things we do are pin-up sweet" over a mélange of chimes, minor synth chords and a handclap that would have made OMD blush, the effect is a spellbinding contemplation that walks the line—now this scene's hallmark—between ambient soothing and a faraway longing. It's oblique, for sure, but you can't not feel it, and in bridging that gap between organic and electronic, abstract and concrete, Lali Puna reveal their true identities as popsters of the highest order. >>>ERIC DEMBY

Link

www.morrmusic.com

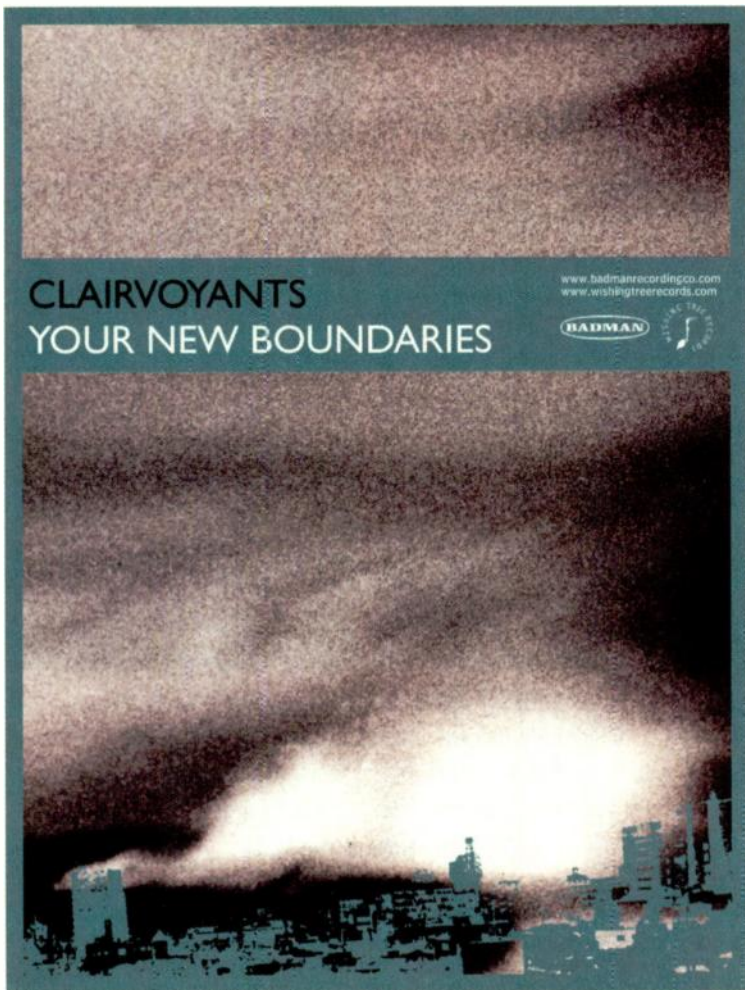
File Under

Techno-pop noir

R.I.Y.L.

Broadcast, Felt,

Hermann & Kleine



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LO FIDELITY ALLSTARS

Don't Be Afraid Of Love *Skint-Columbia*

The Lo Fidelity Allstars are the rock band on Skint, the U.K. label home to Fatboy Slim, and the one most associated with big beat. Which is less to say that they're not that rock—this is more or less beside the point—but that they approach a record with a DJ's sensibility. So the party keeps flowing throughout *Don't Be Afraid Of Love*, regardless of what genre the group is trafficking in from song to song. To wit: "Lo-Fi's In Ibiza" sounds like the music for a Chris Kattan sketch on *Saturday Night Live*, but it comes bumping out on "Deep Ellum...Hold On (Feat. Jamie Lidell)," a

slice of post-Parliament keyboard-bassline funk, and ricochets into the mid-tempo hey-baby jive of "Somebody Needs You (Feat. Greg Dulli)." On record, however, the idea of keeping most of the people moving for most of the time usually plays as inconsistency—lulls aren't absorbed by trips to the bar. At their best, the Lo-Fis straddle the line between the sofa and the dancefloor: "Feel What I Feel" is '80s pop radio chopped up and reinvigorated, with a hook so big it's both irresistible and kind of grating, and "Sleeping Faster" is a slick piece of club thump that also works on headphones. *Love* is well done, but better with an occasional trip for a refill. >>>FRANK MANSFIELD

Link

www.lofidelityallstars.com

File Under

Meaty, big beaty and bouncy

R.I.Y.L.

Fatboy Slim, Dub Pistols,

A Night At The Roxbury





THE MEKONS

Fear And Whiskey Quarterstick-Touch And Go

"Despots beware! This is the start of our freedom!" goes the blood-curdling cry at the end of "Trouble Down South," from the Mekons' *Fear And Whiskey*. Revisiting the 1985 album, available now for the first time on CD, reveals not only the dawn of Mekon greatness but also the debut of a new, virulent strain of country rock; *Hotel California* it ain't. Born in the Leeds punk scene a few years earlier, the Mekons understood the brotherhood between punk and that dangerous side of country (calling their own label Sin in homage to Sun, no doubt). The record is a terrifically confused

bundle of noise, unloading 10 tracks of anthemic punk, new-wave fight songs and countrified tunes that stagger between Celtic bliss and an Austin bar brawl. And still there was room for a cover of the country gem "Lost Highway" and pieces like "Psycho Cupid," where Shelagh Quinn flatly recites a "surrealist soap opera" over noirish, VU backing. The album may not jar listener's ears today the way it did back then (hyperbolic rock scribe Lester Bangs once called them "the most revolutionary group in the history of rock 'n' roll"), but there's plenty of greatness and revolution afoot. Fierce tracks like "Abernant 1984/85" delivers a cow-punk sucker punch that still manages to level a slew of alt-country pretenders. >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

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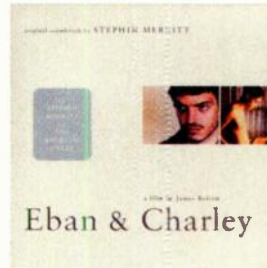
www.ellipsis.com/mekons

File Under

Rebel yells

R.I.Y.L.

Pogues, X, Gang Of Four, the Fall



STEPHIN MERRITT

Eban & Charley Merge

What sets Stephin Merritt apart from so many indie phenoms is that instead of wallowing in the meager cultural terrain apportioned him by the pop music machine, he expands it. If Britney Spears and Madonna won't cover his songs like they should, the 6ths is at least an outlet insuring that Odetta and Sarah Cracknell will. Here, his ever-bulging songbook finds another context as compositions for a film about an intergenerational gay romance. Of 16 tracks, though, only six are real songs. The rest is vengefully spare soundtrack atmospherics, including versions of "O Tannenbaum" and "Greensleeves" with

Link

www.mergerecords.com

File Under

Six synth symphonies for the

silver screen

R.I.Y.L.

Magnetic Fields, the 6ths,

Momus

cavernous piano chords and seven minutes of synthetic rainfall as a finale. And fine as the typically demo-style songs may be (especially "Poppyland," which gets permanently implanted in your memory jukebox upon second listen), three clock in under two minutes. So if you can download them from your favorite file-sharing program, it's worth knowing that this disc exists, but only as a reminder that soundtracking is a pretty pathetic showcase for the talents of most pop musicians west of long-lost Indian film scorer Vijaya Anand. Finally, this is what's so depressing about *Eban & Charley*: Its failure is a banal one. Pray the Hollywood musical returns to restore this man's prodigious talents to their proper use. >>>KEVIN JOHN



THE MIGHTY FLASHLIGHT

The Mighty Flashlight Jade Tree

Mike Fellows is a genuine eccentric, an endearing weirdo with a musical manner that's wholly unpredictable and a personality to match. His career trajectory has been somewhat of a spastic pinball game: He mashed the bass in the late-'80s seminal post-hardcore band Rites Of Spring, then shifted into place as the Drag City roster's default contributor (playing with Will Oldham, Royal Trux and Smog, among others) before dubbing himself the Mighty Flashlight and releasing this self-titled debut of

meandering, lo-fi slow-country lullabies. Mighty Mike's newest offerings seem out of place given his beginnings, and they don't fit the Jade Tree roster mindset, either. But that's this music's charm. Fellows sloppily strums and picks an acoustic guitar throughout the LP, at times mixing in some random piano plinks, squelching samples, rudimentary Casio beats, cat purrs and the sounds of people yelling and clapping from the next room over. His voice slouches off-key at intervals and he flubs a good portion of the fingerpicking, but it all feels as though he meant it that way. There's a laid-back charisma to *The Mighty Flashlight* that would've been ruined had it been polished at all. As it stands, the album's a little weird and random, but fascinating just the same—a lot like Fellows himself. >>>NICOLE KEIPER

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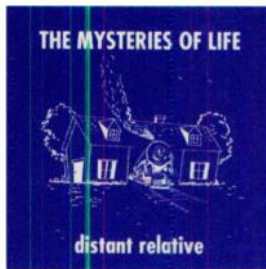
www.jadetree.com

File Under

Lo-fi slow-country freakouts

R.I.Y.L.

Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Gram Parsons, Palace



THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE

Distant Relative No Nostalgia

The Mysteries Of Life are models of easygoing simplicity. Their songs lock into jangling riffs or small acoustic guitar figures and ride them for all they are worth—and in the Mysteries' hands, they are worth a great deal. Led by guitarist Jake Smith and his wife, Blake Babies drummer Freda Love Smith, the Mysteries are Bloomington, Ind., neighbors with simpatico strummers the Mary Janes and the Vulgar Boatmen, whose Dale Lawrence helps here. Compared to 1998's *Come Clean*, *Distant Relative* (the Mysteries' third album and their first on their own No

Link

www.nonostalgia.com

File Under

Jangle and strum

R.I.Y.L.

Luna, Young Marble Giants, the Folk Implosion

Nostalgia label) is a stripped-down affair, with fewer layers of guitars and a dry, spacious production. It pares the songs close to the heart, and the result is a collection of crystalline gems. "3 Things At Once" rolls gently on little more than some percussive tapping and close-miked acoustic guitar picking; when a five-note piano line joins at the end, it's a lovely, almost dramatic, moment. "Boy-Girl-Boy-Girl" repeats its title hypnotically atop a stuttering electricguitar line. Even the occasional electronic touches—some loops to drive "I Just Bet," the keyboards on "All My Might"—only counterpoint Jake Smith's summery, lilting melodies. *Distant Relative* is full of understated pleasures. >>>STEVE KLINGE



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CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

The Chemical Brothers

Remy Zero

Elbow

Chris Lee

Mates Of State • Matt Pond PA

FEBRUARY 2002 • ISSUE 99

14. CHRIS LEE "In Yellow Moonlight" *Plays Torch'd Songs, Charivari Hymns & Oriki Blue-Marches (Smells Like)*

The largely unrecognized king of white-boy soul can't go unrecognized much longer: Lee's new album exquisitely captures his Buckley-esque radiance. (See On The Verge p. 23.)

15. ROCKY VOTOLATO "Crabtree And Evelyn" *Burning My Travels Clean (Second Nature)*

Miss Ryan Adams's stripped-down heartbreakers? Try Northwest-via-Texas transplant Votolato for a fix of heartfelt and gentle acoustic laments.

16. BREAKING PANGAEA "Wedding Dress" *Cannon To A Whisper (Undecided)*

Pennsylvanian trio Breaking Pangaea craft heartfelt and earnest post-hard-core, minus the cookie-cutter effect and plus some balls.

17. THE GRASSY KNOLL "The Innocent Criminal" *Happily Ever After (Emigre-sixtyonesixtyeight.com)*

Like some comets you know, sonic reducer the Grassy Knoll is a single entity, a once-every-few-years phenom and an explosion in sound.

18. ETIKEMIC "Chalk" *Etikemic (Etikemic)*

From the source, Etikemic traffics in "dance, Latin and funk with a Jazz thang...an amalgam of various influences seamlessly blended together with a touch of soul."

19. HANDFUL OF DUST "The Unbearable Lightness Of Being" *Produced To Consume (AudioSurge)*

"Your only hope is to disconnect yourself from the world that hates you anyway." So go the shiny, happy sentiments of this noise-mongering New Jersey outfit.

cut along dotted lines, fold and insert into jewel case



1. THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS "Star Guitar" *Come With Us* (Astralwerks)
The return of the block-rocking beat kingpins, bowling you over with trance-delicious nonsense. (See Cover Story p. 42.)

2. 2 "Angel" 2 (Albertine)
The Everly Brothers signed to Creation? That's the aspiration of these modern classicists who, with 2, look to revive the lost art of the rock duo.

3. REMY ZERO "Bitter" *The Golden Hum* (Elektra)
Remy Zero gives you all the moody power of '90s U2 without any of the bloated props, swooning egos or massive fly glasses. (See Feature, p. 24)

4. ELBOW "Newborn (Radio Edit)" *Asleep In The Back* (V2)
The latest heirs to the "New Radiohead" throne deliver soaring vocals, lilting piano arpeggios and a sense of slightly bent sonic experimentation that would make Papa Yorke proud. (See Feature, p. 39.)

5. CLAIRVOYANTS "To Harm" *Your New Boundaries* (Wishing Tree-Badman)
Sparse Massachusetts rock parading influences like 14th Century troubadour John Dowling, German Leider (art songs) and quieter Velvet Underground. Slow and haunting.

6. 34 SATELLITE "Spaceman" *Stop* (Hideaway)
This Colorado outfit usually bounces back and forth between Replacements-inspired pop and delicate guitar pluckery; "Spaceman" finds them in the midst of an atmosphere-laden ballad with just a hint of country twang.

7. STEPHANIE DOSEN "Weak" *Weak* (STA)
For fun, try to gauge what had a bigger influence on this self-effacing acoustic songstress—her classical training, or singing along to Olivia Newton John records while playing a Shaun Cassidy Hardy Boys-model plastic guitar.

8. DAKOTA FLOYD "Hazy" *Dakota Floyd* (Rags To Records)
From Cleveland with love, this female-fronted alt-pop trio takes you to the heart of twang and to its post-punk edges.

9. MATT POND PA "Canadian Song" *The Green Fury* (Polyvinyl)
Symphonic, lush and slouchy pop, crafted by frontman Pond and his troop of supporters—who, despite the song title, are all from Philly. (See Best New Music p. 51.)

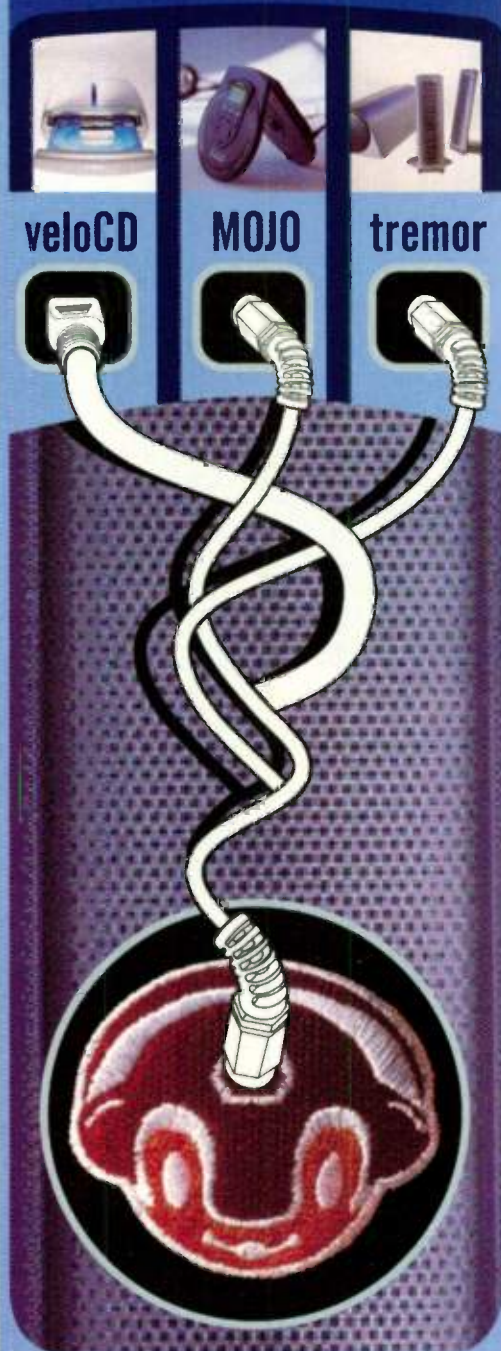
10. HER SPACE HOLIDAY "Key Stroke" *Manic Expressive* (Tiger Style)
One-man band Marc Bianchi serves up another batch of delicately popping beats, swirling synths and moped-out vocals. Only this time he's turned into a computer. (See Review p. 55.)

11. MATES OF STATE "Hoarding It For Home" *Our Constant Concern* (Polyvinyl)
San Franciscan husband-and-wife duo who traffic in lush melodies that call to Quasi and call-and-response vocals that hint at Rainer Maria. (See On The Verge p. 22.)

12. CARBON LEAF "The Boxer" *Echo Echo* (Self-released)
A mix of Celtic roots, modern rock and pop from the winners of the first AMA New Music Award. They even play pennywhistles! Listen and find out what a bouzouki sounds like.

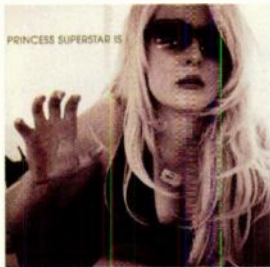
13. HADACOL "All In Your Head" *All In Your Head* (Stewfoot)
Missouri forest-fire honky-tonkers named after a post-war, alcohol elixir that may or may not have had redemptive powers; they do! (See Review p. 54.)

 **TDK**



love
connection

www.tdk.com



PRINCESS SUPERSTAR

Princess Superstar Is... Rapster-1K7

New York's self-styled "cunning linguist," this Princess is a real hip-hop queen bee, a lyrical diva stinging haters and slinging lovers with sharp rhymes and lethal humor. She's also a D.I.Y. superstar, and she shines on her fourth album with a mix of sexed-up exploits and guest spots from Bahamadia, Kool Keith, Mr. Len of Company Flow and pop folkstress Beth Orton. The catchiest songs on this album are the Princess's character sketches, and "Bad Babysitter" is her best act yet. The track is every parent's nightmare—the story of a horny teenager trying on the folks' minks and

popping pills, threatening the kid that he'll "die of sickle cell," and giving her boyfriend head on the couch. For the chorus, she coos, "I'm a bad babysitter, got my boyfriend in your shower/ Woo! I'm makin' six bucks an hour." "Keith 'N Me" is a twisted love affair with Kool Keith where she admits, "I'm kinkier than pubic hair," and on "I Love You (Or At Least I Like You)," she switches to telling Jzone she's a "dirty little hottie." No matter who she's in bed with, though, Princess is always on top, calling all the shots with her wicked wit and slamming down the funky beats with style. >>>JENNIFER MAERZ

Link

www.princesssuperstar.com

File Under

Jenny Piccolo of hip-hop

R.I.Y.L.

Handsome Boy Modeling School,

Nathaniel Merriweather

Presents... *Lovage*, Kool Keith



JOHN SCOFIELD

Überjam Verve

Like his previous employer, Miles Davis, guitarist John Scofield lets his sidemen build the sound of an album and then embellishes it with his own artistic voice. This goes for both the guitarist's straight-ahead jazz efforts with many of the genre's finest and his electric groove work with younger players on the jam-band circuit. *Überjam*, as the title implies, is in the funkier vein of recent albums like *Bump* and *A Go Go*. Syncopated beats, funk basslines and chicken-scratch rhythm guitar provide the backbone, but this time out his young backing trio also brings in elements of drum 'n' bass on tracks like "Jungle Fiction" and the title track and even a not-so-good rap on "I Brake For Monster Booty." Much cooler is opener "Acidhead," which has Indian-flavored sitar samples, John Medeski's whacked-out keyboard tinklings and trippy dub production values. Scofield pulls things in a different direction for the more traditional jazz sounding "Tomorrow Land," giving the ballad a warm, tender feel that wouldn't be out of place on a Grant Green album. Not quite matching the quality of the mighty *A Go Go*, *Überjam* nevertheless does add many new wrinkles to Scofield's already rich musical legacy, making this an interesting new chapter in the book of Sco. >>>TAD HENDRICKSON

Link

www.johnscofield.com

File Under

The godfather of groove

R.I.Y.L.

John McLaughlin, Karl Denson,

Carlos Santana



CIRCULATORY SYSTEM

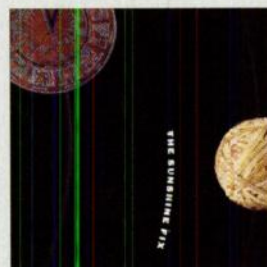
Circulatory System Cloud Recordings

THE SUNSHINE FIX

Age Of The Sun Emperor Norton

Over the course of two albums and numerous EPs, the Olivia Tremor Control built an impressive shrine to late-'60s psychedelic rock, one that deified and deconstructed the houses of Harrison and the Hollies. The Athens, Ga. conglomerate not only proved that budget-breaking ambitious symphonic pop can be recreated with limited means and a gaggle of multi-instrumentalist friends, but those materials could also be morphed and spliced with modern technology into sound sculptures that turn a Magical Mystery Tour into a glorious bedroom-rock getaway rather than a staid museum field trip. Now that OTC's master architects, Will Hart and Bill Doss, have gone their separate ways (the band is officially on hiatus) and released albums without their old partners, seeing what each brought to the drafting board is a little easier.

Much about the self-titled Circulatory System album suggests that Hart may be attempting to reconstruct OTC without Doss. The 20-plus guest musicians listed in the credits also include several oft-used cohorts, including OTC's Peter Erchick and John



Link

www.thesunshinefix.com

File Under

Endless Summer of Love

R.I.Y.L.

The Box Tops, Beach Boys,

World Party

Fernandes and Neutral Milk Hotel's Jeff Mangum. Even the cover—a surrealistic patchwork of pastel colors and dreamy-eyed birds—recalls the landscapes he painted for records released by his previous outfit. On this cloudland, Hart has erected the musical equivalent of a Frank Gehry building, so full of shimmering curves and sharp corners it's hard to believe it all holds together. The majestic and rollicking pop hooks are there, yet they're rarely allowed to languish or return before a half-speed breakdown or oboe interlude noses into the frame. The textures and arrangements are brilliant and difficult, thrilling but also unnerving.

Doss's new project, the Sunshine Fix, stands more like an old psychedelic church. Angelic harmonies stream through the stained glass images of Brian Wilson and Roger McGuinn. The gently striding piano melts underneath a buzzing guitar lead in a manner that's comforting and reminiscent of many other houses of worship where the incense is fragrant and comforting. With a name like the Sunshine Fix and about half of the songs referring to the sun or light ("Mr. Summer Day", "Le Roi-Soleil"), you hardly need the architectural plans to hear the psychedelic-surf chord changes. The tunes are pleasant enough, and a few, such as "Sail Beyond The Sunset" are wonderful, but the range of flavors is so limited it's hard not think that Doss has become stuck in the time machine that too many others are.

While Olivia Tremor Control may have suffered from too many ideas and too many cooks, Hart's penchant for schizophrenic structures balanced out Doss's love of '60s-pop hooks. Without that tension, neither of these albums is quite as intriguing as Olivia Tremor Control. Judged on their own merits, they're both good, but not much more. >>>NEIL GLADSTONE



THE SECONDS

Y 5 Rue Christine

In a mere 23 minutes, Brooklyn's Seconds manage to recall everything that was good and fun about both the early CBGB's scene and noisy Chicago post-punk. Y is bursting with nervous energy the likes of which you haven't heard since David Byrne first stuttered his way around the electric guitar, and is packed to the brim with angular hack-and-slash riffs that would be right at home on a Jesus Lizard LP. This is no-frills, herky-jerky punk: every instrument mixed bone dry, free of Marshall-stack distortion, the vocals howled with Lux Interior-style abandon and no song

daring to venture above three minutes. "Not About Love (It's About Love)" thunders along at a breakneck pace, unintelligible howling floating on top of airtight guitar/bass interplay; the syncopated rhythms of "Oh No It Ain't So" are so tight they may as well be hermetically sealed. It's not all four-on-the-floor either: "X" and "2 Face Chang" demonstrate a grasp of weird time signatures and polyrhythms that you've been missing since David Yow & co. packed up shop. True, Y is so short that if you blink you might miss it, but it serves as a nice reminder that somebody out there remembers how good punk was before the poppers went and ruined it. >>>TOM MALLON

Link

www.5rc.com

File Under

No-pop punk

R.I.Y.L.

The Jesus Lizard, early Talking Heads, Television



SMOG

Rain On Lens Drag City

A riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma—that's Smog-man Bill Callahan for you. On his new album, *Rain On Lens*, he tosses off lines sucker-punch direct, then clouds the glass with oblique verses a la "I'm a bit like the peep hole that falls in love with all the eyes." Though subject to fits of lacerating honesty, Callahan has always taken care to hide his soul in plain view. In the blackly perverse "Your Woman Things," for example, from *The Doctor Came At Dawn* (1996), Callahan sang of fashioning an effigy of the woman who's left him from the things she's left behind, but his lament was

sincere, rendered in pliant melody. Ever prolific, Callahan's gotten away with flooding his niche market with three records in three years by means of subtle shapeshifting. *Knock Knock's* (1999) verdant country-rock hardened into four-on-the-floor beats, amped-up guitars and a Johnny Cash vibe for last year's *Dongs Of Sevotion*, and *Rain On Lens* is flintier yet, featuring Callahan's prickliest songs since *The Doctor*. Dirty guitar riffs dominate, so it takes more than the usual few listens for the album's minor-key tendernesses (most notable in "Short Drive" and "Live As If Someone Is Always Watching You") to settle in. The beauty of *Rain On Lens* doesn't come easy, in short, but it stays with you. >>>MAYA SINGER

Link

www.dragcity.com

File Under

Stripped-down rock in a

Prozac-free zone

R.I.Y.L.

Arab Strap, Lou Reed, Bonnie Prince Billy

THE COMP PILE (Our guide to compilation CDs) BY CAM'RON DAVIS

TITLE	Sounds From The Verve Hi-Fi (Verve)	Indie Rock Unites (Firetone)	Flying Side Kick: Home Alive Compilation II (Broken Rekids)	Cinamaphonic 2: Soul Punch (Motel)	Scratch: Original Motion Picture Soundtrack (Transparentmusic)
CONCEPT	Thievery Corporation revisits choice cuts from the venerated jazz giant's vaults.	Unknowns band together to benefit the Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation.	Sequel to the popular comp once again raises money to teach women self-defense.	Discover hidden breaks and grooves inside incidental music that never saw commercial release.	Music inspired by the turntablist documentary, packed with interviews from the film.
TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC	You're so hip you can't see past your pelvis.	You only like them if no one's heard of them.	Safety-conscious rockers	Crate-diggers and beyond	Hip-hop historians
NAMES TO DROP	Stan Getz & Luiz Bonfá, Sergio Mendes & Brazil '66	Brain Rakes, the Churchills, the Push Stars	The Gossip, the Black Halos, Amy Ray & the Butchies	Dick Hyman, Syd Dale, Piet Van Meren (who?)	Mixmaster Mike, DJ Disk, X-ecutioners
SUMS IT UP	"Something Else Again" (Richie Havens)	"Give 'Im A Hand" (I-Decline)	"Fighting Spirit" (Ecowar)	"Mile High Swinger" (Alan Hawkshaw)	"Turntable Transformer" (Cat Five Vs. Snayk Eyez)
VERDICT	The perfect soundtrack to your next three-martini get-together.	Close your eyes and it's almost like walking through Brooklyn.	The names may have gotten smaller (no Pearl Jam this time) but this packs just as much punch as its predecessor.	Excellent around the house music...if you happen to be Superfly.	Live performances and rare studio cuts make this a must-have for anyone itchin' for scratch.



SUB.BIONIC

You I Luv/// Extasy

L.A.'s Sub.bionic sneaks up on you. You don't feel it at first, but as the reveries of *You I Luv///* drift by—filigrees of acoustic guitar poking through the dewy-morning vibe, guileless lyrics like "What you probably need is a backrub" lodging in your brain—it occurs to you that this is a pop record. It's pop made of wisp and gauze, but pop it is, defined less by stylistic touchpoints in these rather formless songs than by the vague sensations of musical pleasantness they impart. The melodies lope along under layers of haze, and when one of the hooks traveling in elliptical orbits

through the songs clears away the diaphanousness, there are (brief) moments where the record rocks. "God In Neutral" is an intimate acoustic number that plays like overheard conversation; "Love Trans Holistic Bottle" is a simple tune made of complicated parts, buoying Jimmy Tuckett's Robert Smith-like plaintive bleat; "Gun Shy" takes a half-minute to announce its presence with some backward guitar, then two and a half more to launch into the fleeting rock crescendo that's the biggest moment of the record. "Plum (And The Outro)" is probably the most conventional tune here, and maybe the best, but the whole thing is pretty nice, with "nice," like "pop," being nothing of a backhanded compliment. >>>FRANK MANSFIELD

Link

www.subbionic.com

File Under

California dream pop

R.I.Y.L.

Travis, the Cure, Coldplay



NOBUKAZU TAKEMURA

Sign Thrill Jockey

With *Sign*, Japanese electronica purveyor Nobukazu Takemura edges ever closer to the melodic accessibility of the recordings he made under the Child's View moniker. *Sign* is a much more unified affair than 2001's mercurial *Hoshi No Koe*, which flitted between mellow cut-and-paste and neo-classical chamber music, among other things. *Sign* takes its cue from the title track, a previous version of which actually appeared on *Hoshi No Koe*. The song makes extensive use of electronically generated voices singing simple melodic lines over an amiable stop-start rhythm, and is as close as Takemura gets to a pop

song. The bulk of the album is taken up by the half-hour-plus "Souvenir In Chicago," where Takemura is accompanied by past and present members of his former tourmates Tortoise. The first half of the epic piece wouldn't sound at all out of place on Tortoise's *Millions Now Living Will Never Die*, but the climax finds Takemura deconstructing the band's open-ended sonic vistas into a carnival of cartoon-like electronic frenzy. Throughout *Sign*, Takemura's execution and choice of tones displays a sense of humor sorely missing among many of his peers. For the visually minded, there's a bonus disc containing a full-length animated video for "Sign," created by Katsura Moshino, the artist with whom Takemura has worked on designing a new robot dog (yep, that's right) for Sony. >>>JIM ALLEN

Link

www.thrilljockey.com

File Under

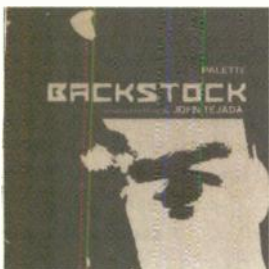
Experimental electronica with

hooks and humor

R.I.Y.L.

Telefon Tel Aviv, Mouse On

Mars, Plone, B. Fleischman



JOHN TEJADA

Backstock Palette

Backstock is a milestone for L.A.'s John Tejada. He's gained a strong underground reputation for clean, minimal Detroit-style techno and tech house, recorded for such respected DJ-specific labels as A13, Ferox, Multiplex, R&S, 7th City and Immigrant, and run the successful Palette imprint for five years—but *Backstock* is Palette's first CD and Tejada's first mix disc. What we get, nicely, is a brisk taste of Palette's crisp, cool techno flavor: thick, dancefloor-focused beats and synths from Palette's back catalog that fall somewhere between Jeff Mills's aggression and Richie Hawtin's clinical precision. In addition to more recent, driving

cuts like the electro-heavy "Dropped Frames" or the Berlin dub-leaning "6 Hits Of Sunshine" and "Blue Is Bashful," *Backstock* also contains evidence of Tejada's collaborative energies (with Titonton Duvante), and an unreleased rough reggae jammer, "Tub." Tejada himself is not as interested in producing a Pro Tools-perfect mix as he is capturing the feel of a truly live set, so there are occasional instances of on-the-fly glitches in *Backstock*—making it something of an artifact instead of a deliberate, dully spotless mix. For instant access to rare vinyl-only underground techno, *Backstock* is a no-brainer. >>>WEATH K. HIGHLIGHT

Link

N/A

File Under

Fromage-free techno

R.I.Y.L.

Richie Hawtin's *Decks, Effects*

And 909, Luomo's *Vocalcity*,

Thomas Brinkmann's

Soul Center 2

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MIXED SIGNALS

BY RASPBERRY JONES

DJ FOOD & DK

Now, Listen!

Solid Steel-Ninja Tune

What it is: A skilled mad scratcher's deep-crate collage of beautifully eclectic grooves—best mix-tape ever!

Why you want it: A decade ago, the good folks at Ninja Tune started a Monday evening BBC radio show called "Solid Steel," where their roster of DJs/producers can go and mix records in the irreverent Ninja style. The "Solid Steel" mixes are now part of turntable lore (archived at Ninjatune.net), and this first widely released mix makes it abundantly clear why. Not only do DJ Food and DK redefine how musically diverse a mix can be (participants include the English Beat, X-ecutioners, Herbie Hancock, Boards Of Canada, Blackalicious, author Ray Bradbury and many others), but the high-I.Q. party groove is never lost in favor of thematic jokiness. Buy it!

R.I.Y.L.: Cut Chemist, Coldcut, Four Tet

RICHARD HINGE

Munich Manhattan

Disko B-Shadow

What it is: Northern European nightclubbing, in the shadow of Bambaataa and the Motor City.

Why you want it: For a decade, Munich's Disko B has been among a handful of continental labels showcasing the best of techno in all its forms. For Shadow's label-spotlighting *Shadow Mix* series, Conrail Records owner Hinge weaves the cream of the Disko B roster—I-F's electro nuggets (including the glorious "Space Invaders Are Smoking Grass"), Jay Denham's Detroit soul bombs, Patrick Pulsinger's Viennese acidic funk—into a furor, at times side-stepping into gems like Dakar & Grinser's tech'd up cover of "I Wanna Be Your Dog."

R.I.Y.L.: Chemical Brothers, Juan Atkins, Thomas Brinkmann.

VIKTER DUPLAIX

DJ Kicks

IK7

What it is: It's Philly's house! The true sounds of an eclectic dancefloor.

Why you want it: The City Of Brotherly Love = soul, and few of Philly's current producers understand the deep applications of this equation as well as Vikter Duplaix. Having apprenticed under Jazzy Jeff and Kenny Gamble and worked on records by the likes of the Roots, D'Angelo and King Britt, Duplaix's a skilled scientist behind the mixing desk. His contribution to the *DJ Kicks* series proves as much. Sliding gently between smooth, pan-global dancefloor maneuvers (4Hero, Ashley Beedle remixing Shawn Lee, P'Taah), soulful jazz abstractions (Herbert, Nepa Allstars, Erykah Badu) and next level hip-hop (Spacek, De La Soul), Duplaix keeps the vocals up front, his formula retaining the town's musical sexiness.

R.I.Y.L.: Gilles Peterson, Miguel Migs, Joe Clausell



Link

www.ipeccac.com/tomahawk.php

File Under

Down with the sickness

R.I.Y.L.

Faith No More,

the Jesus Lizard, Cows

TOMAHAWK

Tomahawk Ipeccac

"This beat could win me a Grammy," Mike Patton screams on "POP 1" with at least a modicum of irony. Since the breakup of Faith No More, Patton has occupied his time with musical projects that won't be placing gold trophies on his mantle any time soon: As singer, composer and orchestrator for Fantomas and Mr. Bungle, he's posited himself as a sort of avant-Brian Wilson, and there seems to be no limit to his vocal gifts and perverse vision. With Tomahawk, featuring Duane Denison (ex-Jesus Lizard), John Stanier (ex-Helmet) and Kevin Rutmanis (Melvins, ex-Cows), Patton shoots coun-

try-fied twang through Faith No More's more straightforward rock tendencies, spinning seedy tales of hitchhiking ("101 North"), cross-dressing ("Flashback") and "scumbags and fag hags" ("Point And Click"). In keeping with Fantomas's recent album of movie themes, *The Director's Cut*, there's a pervasive (albeit more subtle) cinematic quality to Tomahawk, the resultant atmosphere akin to David Lynch on speed—in fact, both "Honeymoon" and "Sweet Smell Of Success" have an eerie spaciousness reminiscent of the *Twin Peaks* theme. As further evidenced by lines such as "Keep your eyes shut and it'll go down quicker" and "Make a meal of your asshole" (from "Laredo" and "God Hates A Coward," respectively), there's much that's unsettling and unwholesome about Tomahawk. But Patton and his cohorts make the depravity sound thoroughly appealing. >>>DANA BUONICONTI

TWEAK

Hybrid Organics Straight Ahead



Link

www.straightaheadrec.com

File Under

Nicola funk

R.I.Y.L.

Hidden Agenda, 4 Hero,

As One

dominate the bulk of the album: a lattice of cymbals, rat-a-tat snares, congas, even the odd whistle to lend an ecstatic Carnival touch. "Nocturne" is likely to appeal to the Kruder & Dorfmeister crowd, with rolling tablas and thrumming standup bass. But the album's biggest surprises also offer its greatest gratification, in the form of two sultry R&B tracks. Smooth-crooning Pete Penicka fronts both songs, hinting at Stevie Wonder in his easy vocal glide, while Boehler sets up the genre with standard elements—squelching bass, G-funk keys, unobtrusive strings—and then gleefully knocks over the whole house of cards by throwing on accents like over-driven guitar and tympani. And let's not forget the alpine horn—hybrid, organic and tweaked indeed. >>>PHILIP SHERBURNE



VENDETTA RED

White Knuckled Substance Loveless

There's no denying the power of a catchy hook, and Seattle's Vendetta Red are well aware that a memorable chorus can save a song from the dregs of dull repetition. On their debut full-length, the band (who, the rumor mill has it, recently signed to Epic for \$3 million) has managed to craft some unforgettably upbeat moments that elevate their emo-punk sound towards uninhibited sing-alongs. Vocalist Zach Davidson has a startling range that allows him to recreate the melodic glory of early Sunny Day Real Estate and just as easily lapse into the charged up screams that give *White*

Link
www.lovelessrecords.com
File Under
Pop-afflicted post-emo
R.I.Y.L.
Hot Water Music's pop side,
Thursday, singing along
whilst finger-pointing

Knuckled Substance its gritty appeal. Hardcore throwdowns like "Shatterday" are packed with mantra-like group vocals, and the disc's low-key moments are pulled off with equal grace as they incorporate moody piano and whispered sentiments (before kicking things up a notch with the inevitable rocked-out payoff). The disc occasionally stumbles into the unfortunately trite realm of emo-boy introspection, but the bouncy counterpoint of aggressive rockers like "All Cried Out" balance the proceedings and leave a disc that, despite some mild imperfections, has legitimately rewarding moments. At their best, Vendetta Red bring to mind a cramped basement show punctuated by chilling screams, driving rhythms and an irresistible musical honesty. >>>PETE D'ANGELO



ZMRZLINA

Zatastrophe Vol. 3 Incidental

San Franciscan art-rock assemblage Zmrzlina named itself after the Czech word for "ice cream," but if the group was a bowl of ice cream, it'd be an intimidating confection indeed, full of contradictory tastes that one couldn't fathom tasting great together. The flavors they savor arose from earlier undergrounds: Can's hypnotic Krautrock swagger, the Fall's angular shards and wry delivery, Zappa's electro-acoustic fascinations, Captain Beefheart's scattershot rumble, Eric Dolphy's free-sax skronk (courtesy of Tom Waits reedman Ralph Carney), X's rockabilly-infected thrash and more sloppy Velvets-isms than you can shake a Stroke

Link
www.zmrzlina.com
File Under
Art-rock psycho-delia
R.I.Y.L.
Thinking Fellers Union Local
#282, the Fall, White
Light/White Heat

at. The band tosses 'em into the blender and sets it to "art." Wily hooks and approachable grooves float to the top, but Zmrzlina constantly throws alien elements in the mix. "Supermarket Radio" ignores the fact that it's secretly a dance number by opening with a minute and a half of unsettling musique concrète and fudging with foreign harmonies and turntable noise. "Kill The Martini Drinker" is perfect art-punk thrash enhanced by a violin solo and articulated noisebursts, while "Schoolgirls" walks mellow post-Breeders harmonies down drum-machine sputter until frantic Eugene Chadbourne-esque guitar molestations shatter the glass. With its countless oddball leanings, Zmrzlina is a nutty treat tastier than any musicians that actually have ice creams named after them. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

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 KAZU MATSUI Bamboo *Narada*
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FEBRUARY 1

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 GOGO AIRHEART Real Live Kill...Ripe From The Vine (7-inch) *GSL*
 KUNG FU KILLERS Burning Bush (7-inch) *TKO*
 KYLESA Point Of Stillness/Judgment Day (7-inch) *Prank*
 LOCUST/MELT BANANA Spitt (7-inch) *GSL*
 ONE AM RADIO I Think This Is My Exit (7-inch) *Troubleman Unlimited*
 ORTHRELM Asr'stir Vieldtriox (CD5/12-inch) *Troubleman Unlimited*
 PANTHERS Are You Down? *Troubleman Unlimited*
 RADIO 4 Gotham! *Germ Blandsten*

FEBRUARY 5

34 SATELLITE Stop *Hideaway*
 ATJAZZ Labtunk *Mantis*
 DAVID BENOIT Fuzzy Logic *GRP*
 DENNIS BROWN Dennis Brown In Dub *Heartbeat*
 COHEED & CAMBRIA Second Stage Turbine Blade *Equal Vision*
 DE AMSTERDAM KLEZMER BAND Limonchiki *Knitting Factory*
 DEEPSKY In Silico *Kinetic*
 LOUISE GOFFIN Sometimes A Circle *DreamWorks*
 HERBERT Around The House *K7*
 ROB ICKES What It Is *Rounder*
 JOSH ROSEMAN UNIT Cherry *Knitting Factory*

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 MITCH RYDER & THE DETROIT WHEELS Breakout!! (reissue) *Sundazed*
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 VARIOUS ARTISTS This Land Is Your Land, Songs Of Freedom *Vanguard*
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 LINK WRAY & THE RAYMEN Sunky! The Epic Sessions '58-61 (2CD) *Sundazed*
 EARL ZINGER (12-inch) *K7*

FEBRUARY 11

90 DAY MEN To Everybody *Southern*
 GLEN WASHINGTON Burning Fire *VP*
 SEAN NA NA My Majesty *French Kiss*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS Cookin' Vol. 8 (2x12-inch) *Good Looking*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS Looking Back Vol. 4 *Good Looking*
 TW WALSH Pollen Songs *My Pal God*

FEBRUARY 12

APHEX TWIN Classics; Selected Ambient Works 85-92 (reissues) *PIAS America*
 MISSTRESS BARBARA Relentless Beats Vol. 2 *Moonshine*
 GEORGE BENSON Body Talk (reissue) *Epic Legacy*
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 GRASSSKIRT Hey Music Lover *Netwerk*
 CHRIS ISAAC Always Got Tonight *Warner Bros.*
 JB'S Reunion...Bring The Funk Down *Instinct*
 ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM Stone Flower (reissue) *Epic Legacy*
 ROY JONES JR. Round One: The Album *Virgin*
 JAMES KING Thirty Years Of Farming *Rounder*
 THE KLEZMATICS Jews With Horns; Possessed (reissues) *Rounder*
 CHRISTOPHER LAWRENCE Mind Eraser (12-inch) *Moonshine Blue*
 RILEY LEE Yoga/Tranquility *Narada*
 MARILYN LERNER & DAVE WALL Still Soft Voiced Heart *Traditional Crossroads*
 TONY LEVIN Pieces Of The Sun *Narada*
 FRANK LONDON & LORIN SKLAMBERG The ZMIROS Project *Traditional Crossroads*
 LOS DE ABAJO Cybertronic Chilango Power *Luaka Bop*
 IDRIS MUHAMMAD Power Of Soul (reissue) *Epic Legacy*
 N*E*R*D In Search Of... *Virgin*
 NEW BREED Stop The Music *Uprack*
 PAT METHENY GROUP Speaking Of Now *Warner Bros.*
 NELSON PEREZ Disco Down (Disco Kidz Remix) (12-inch) *Moonshine Red*
 DJ RIBS Ah Yeah/Liftoff (12-inch) *Moonshine Green*
 RIZWAN-MUZZAM QAWWALI A Better Destiny *Real World*
 SAMHAIN Samhain Live *Emergine*
 SANCHEZ Stays On My Mind *VP*
 SECTOR The Yellow Room *Shadow*
 DJ SPINNA Raiding The Crates *Shadow*
 SUB.BIONIC You I Lovill *Warner Bros.*
 TOSCO Honey *IK7*
 JAI UTTAL & THE PAGAN LOVE ORCHESTRA Mondo Rama *Narada World*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS 12 Tales *Instinct*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS CTI: The Master Collection (2CD) *Epic Legacy*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS Mississippi Blues *Putumayo*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS World Library: India *Rounder*
 GLEN WASHINGTON Burning Fire *VP*

JOHN WHELAN Celtic Roots *Narada World*
 EDGAR WINTER The Best Of Edgar Winter *Epic Legacy*

FEBRUARY 18

LESS THAN JAKE Goodbye Blue And White *Fueled By Ramen*
 TEENAGE FANCLUB AND JAD FAIR Words Of Wisdom And Hope *Alternative Tentacles*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS The Freedom Archives - Prisons On Fire: Attica, George Jackson And Black Liberation *Alternative Tentacles*

FEBRUARY 19

AIR Everybody Hertz (EP) *Astrawerks*
 ALIEN CRIME SYNDICATE XL From Coast To Coast *The Control Group*
 APOPTYGMA BERZERK Harmonizer *Metropolis*
 THE BAD LUCK 13 RIOT EXTRAVAGANZA With Friends Like These, Who Needs Enemies *Resurrection A.D.*
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 CABARET VOLTAIRE Voice Of America (reissue) *Mute*
 CABARET VOLTAIRE Red Mecca (reissue) *Mute*
 CABARET VOLTAIRE The Living Legends (reissue) *Mute*
 CAN Cannibalism I; Ege Barnyasi; Monster Movie; Tapo Mago (reissues) *Mute*
 THE CHIEFTAINS Boil The Breakfast Early; The Best Of The Chieftains; The Chieftains 7; The Chieftains 8 (reissues) *Columbia Legacy*
 CUB COUNTRY High Uinta High *Jade Tree*
 DIMITRI FROM PARIS After The Playboy Mansion *Astrawerks*
 THE DOUBLINERS The Best Of... *Columbia Legacy*
 BETH HIRSCH Titles & Idols *K7*
 DAMIEN JURADO AND GATHERED IN SONG I Break Chairs *Sub Pop*
 LAMBCHOP Is A Woman *Merge*
 TOMMY MAKEM & THE LANCEY BROS. The Best Of... *Columbia Legacy*
 MILEMARKER Frigid Forms Sell *Jade Tree*
 MOUNTAIN BROTHERS Self, Volume 1 *Ground Control-Nu Gruv*
 JOEY RAMONE Don't Worry About Me *Sanctuary*
 RINOCEROSE Music Kills Me V2
 PETE SEEGER Greatest Hits (reissue) *Columbia Legacy*
 SOUNDTRACK Queen Of The Damned *Warner Bros.*
 TINDERSTICKS Trouble Every Day *Beggars Banquet*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS Rareworks, Vol. 2 *Astrawerks*

FEBRUARY 26

ALTAN Blue Idol *Narada World*
 ATOMSPILT Microstar *Shut Eye*
 CANNIBAL CORPSE Gore Obsessed *Metal Blade*
 CAPLETON Still Blazing *VP*
 CAITLIN CARY While You Weren't Looking *Yep Roc*
 CHER Living Proof *Warner Bros.*
 CLUB 8 Spring Came, Rain Fell *Hidden Agenda-Parasol*
 CONJURE ONE Conjure One *Netwerk*
 AJA DAASHUUR Before The Beginning *Extasy*
 DRESSY BESSY Sound Go Round *Kindercore*
 VIKTER DUPLAIX Sensuality (12-inch) *K7*
 EXTOL EP *Solid State*
 FEW LEFT STANDING Wormwood *Solid State*
 GORILLAZ G-Sides *Virgin*
 GREAT BIG SEA Sea Of No Cares *Zoë*
 HELL MACH 4 Origami Rockets *Moodswing*
 KEOKI Misdirected Jealousy *Moonshine*
 KIDNEYTHIEVES Zerospace *Extasy*
 JIMMY KING Live At Monterey *Bullseye Blues & Jazz*
 CHRISTOPHER LAWRENCE Around The World *Real World*
 RILEY LEE Yoga/Tranquility *Narada*
 RAMSEY LEWIS & NANCY WILSON Meant To Be *Narada Jazz*
 ERIC LICHTER Palm Wine Sunday Blue *Hidden Agenda-Parasol*
 LASSE LINDH You Wake Up At Sea Tac *Hidden Agenda-Parasol*
 KYLIE MINOGUE Fever *Capitol*
 STANTON MOORE Flyin' The Koop *Blue Thumb*
 ALANIS MORISSETTE Under Rug Swept *Maverick*
 REVEREND HORTON HEAT Lucky 7 *Artemis*
 ROCKFOUR Another Beginning *Rainbow Quartz*
 THE RURALS Sweeter Sounds *Peng*

SLEEPING FLIES You Are Superior *Kindercore-EWB*
 SOUNDTRACK Roswell *Netwerk*
 GARRISON STAR Songs From Take Off To Landing *Back Porch*
 STILL BREATHING September *Solid State*
 SWITCHED Subject To Change *Virgin*
 OMAR FARUK TEKBILEK Alif Love Supreme *Narada World*
 TELEFUZZ Sleep *Netwerk*
 TOWER OF POWER Greatest Hits *Epic Legacy*
 UNDEROATH The Changing Of Times *Solid State*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS Border Crossing *Immigrant*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS DubItte *Shadow*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS The Flip *VP*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS Giddeon *VP*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS This Is Solid State Vol. 3 *Solid State*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS Welcome To The Family *Drive Thru*
 SHERRI YOUNGWARD Six Inches Of Sky *BEC*
 EARL ZINGER Put Your Phazer... *K7*

MARCH 4

THE GHOST This Is A Hospital *Some*
 THE GOOD LIFE Black Out *Saddle Creek*
 KARATE Cancel/Sing (EP) *Southern*
 KNODEL Dawn Of The Butterfly *My Pal God*
 DJ ORION/AVID NATION/J-LAZE/RANTOUL Sax Appeal (2x12-inch) *Good Looking*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS Looking Back Vol. 5 *Good Looking*

MARCH 5

MICHAEL BLAKE Elevated *Knitting Factory*
 BUSY SIGNALS Pure Energy *Sugar Free*
 CRYBABY No Means Yes *Two Sheds*
 EARTH, WIND AND FIRE That's The Way Of The World: Alive In '75! *Columbia Legacy*
 ECHOBRAIN EchoBrain *Chophouse-Surfdog*
 JOSHUA GABRIEL Movement No. II: R For The NM 372
 RICHIE HAWTIN DE9: Closer To The Edit (CD5) *Mute*
 WILLIAM HOOKER Black Mask *Knitting Factory*
 KAITO Morngba Underground (EP) *Devil In The Woods*
 PARK AVENUE MUSIC To Take With You *Devil In The Woods-Sugar Free*
 PLAYGROUP Playgroup *Source-Astrawerks*
 POP UNKNOWN The August Division *Sessions*
 PREVENT FALLS A Newer More Shattered You *Equal Vision*
 PSYCHEDELIC FURS Forever Now; Psychedelic Furs; Talk, Talk, Talk (reissues) *Columbia Legacy*
 QUETZAL Sing The Real *Vanguard*
 RAE & CHRISTIAN *K7*
 REGENCY BUCK Incoming *DreamWorks*
 TOOTS THIELEMANS & KENNY WERNER Toots Thielemans & Kenny Werner *Verve*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS Evangeline Made: A Tribute To Cajun Music *Vanguard*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS Lazy Dog, Vol. 2 *Astrawerks*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS Midnight Snack, Vol. 1 *NakedMusic-Astrawerks*
 VARIOUS ARTISTS My House In Montmartre *NakedMusic-Astrawerks*
 VNV NATION Futureperfect *Metropolis*

MARCH 12

30 SECONDS TO MARS *Virgin*
 GATO BARBIERI The Best Of... *Columbia Legacy*
 BENETT Welcome To The Jungle *March*
 CALIBRETTO Adventures In Tokyo *Tooth And Nail*
 CALIFONE Sometimes Good Weather Follows Bad People *Perishable*
 JOHNNY CASH Carryin' On With Johnny Cash And June Carter; The Fabulous Johnny Cash; Hymns By Johnny Cash; Orange Blossom Special; Ride This Train (reissues) *Columbia Legacy*
 EELS Soulfucker *DreamWorks*
 ELITE FORCE Crew One/Killer Elite (12-inch) *Moonshine Green*
 FINCH What It Is To Burn *Drive Thru*
 HAYDEN Skyscraper National Park *Badman Kinky Netwerk*
 PINA KOLLARS A Quick Look *Narada World*
 DAVID LANZ David Lanz—The Romantic *Narada*
 LP Progress (12-inch) *Moonshine Blue*
 MASTERS OF THE HEMISPHERE I Can't Believe The Volume *Kindercore*
 MTUME The Best Of... *Epic Legacy*
 MICHAEL NYMAN Film Music '980-2001 *Virgin*

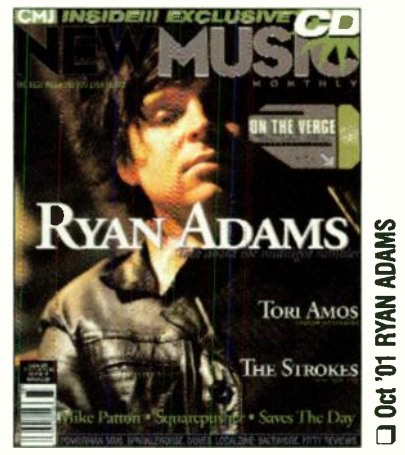
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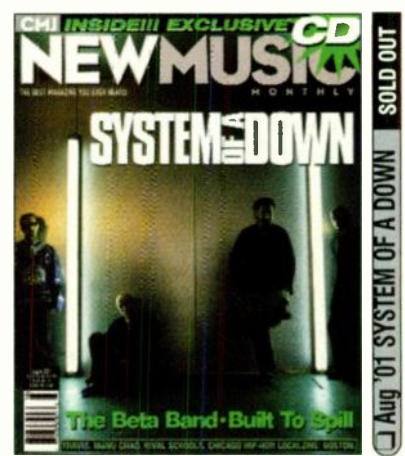
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The Scene is...Neptunes



CHAD HUGO, PHARRELL WILLIAMS, SHAY

The Neptunes are responsible for damn near every Top 40 song on the charts—but you still might not know who they are. Pack a lunch: We're about to school you.

STORY: PIOTR ORLOV • PHOTOS: TERRY RICHARDSON

You may not know the Neptunes, but you've certainly heard the Neptunes.

Hip-hop producers turned music futurists, Pharrell Williams and Chad Hugo have spent the past few of their 28 years creating hits for megastars as far-flung as Jay-Z ("I Just Wanna Love Ya"), Britney Spears ("Slave 4 U"), Limp Bizkit (the newly remixed "Nookie") and No Doubt (the fetching new "Hella Good"), as well as dozens of smaller fish. In the process, the two are remaking the sound of modern Top-40 radio into something zestier and more experimental, blending hip-hop's rhythmic grit, soul's smoothness and pop's hooks into music at once thoroughly unclassifiable and commercially hot.

Now, with a genre-busting soul-rock album entitled *In Search Of...*, recorded under the moniker N*E*R*D, Hugo and Williams are looking to completely eradicate genre boundaries. "The new, urban, hip Steely Dan," is how Hugo describes the feel they're after, but Becker and Fagen never funk-rocked this hard, or whipped 15 years worth of old and new school into their sound. Williams and Hugo just might hold the key to the future of music.

Their diverse musical path was born of a life-long collaboration and one big break. Virginia Beach residents, Williams and first-gen Filipino-American Hugo met in band class. According to Chad, the community atmosphere was ripe for creativity: The local school system "stressed the music program, the mayor supported [it], and our high school band

was always battling other bands," and everybody "listened to a lot of different shit." The two started hanging out at Hugo's house, jamming after class (Chad on piano and Casio, Pharrell on the drums), bonding over the "futuristic sounds" of Herbie Hancock's "Rockit," Prince and the "jazz-funk" hip-hop of the Native Tongues.

Their break came in 1991, when the duo's entry into a local high-school talent show was observed by new-jack R&B producer Teddy Riley. "He dug us, picked us up and wanted to sign us," recounts Chad. "We recorded [a demo] but nothing really happened as a group. Actually, that was when we started producing more."

"We were doing both things, but we had to make a choice," remembers Pharrell. "I wanted to be an MC and a producer. But I chose [to concentrate on] being a producer, 'cause I love music far more than rapping."

After working on songs for Riley's rump-shaking Wrecks-N-Effect project and Blackstreet's eponymous debut, Chad and Pharrell dubbed themselves the Neptunes (for both local, oceanic and far-off planetary symbolism), doing stints producing and writing for smooth R&B vocal groups (SWV, Total, Keystone) and random rappers (MC Lyte, Noreaga, Mase). But their reputations as high profile hitmakers were cemented in 1999 with Ol' Dirty Bastard's "Got Your Money," a sprightly R&B-infected jam with Kelis singing the chorus, and Hugo and Williams playing the

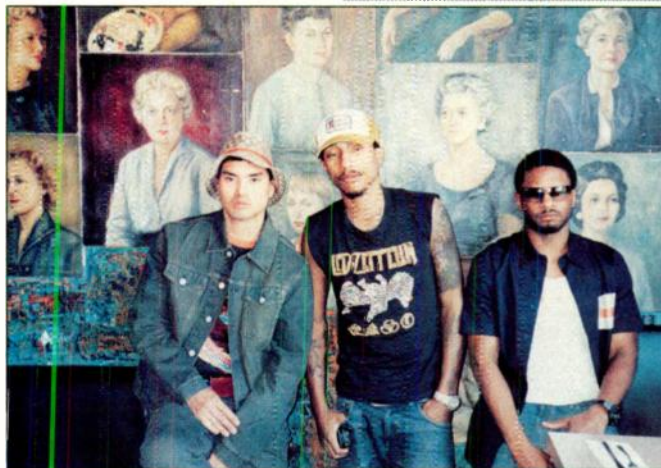
off-kilter staccato grooves that have become their trademark. Since then, a laundry list of hip-hop and R&B's biggest names (Puffy, Babyface, Mary J. Blige), kiddie-pop celebs (Britney, N'Sync, Backstreet Boys) and an increasing cadre of alt-rock and electronic artists (Garbage, No Doubt, Air) have asked the duo to shine some magic on their work.

The Neptunes rock so many simultaneous projects nowadays they're almost a machine. "Yeah, we just crank the shit out," laughs Hugo. But there is a loose magic to their creative process quite unlike the mercenary attitudes of most superstar producers. "We never have a schedule—whatever goes, goes. We try to keep everything laid-back; that's the way music has to be made. You don't wanna stick to any systems. If you have spontaneous urges to lay [a track] down, then you go and do it then and there."

Sci-fi soul princess Kelis, a friend and frequent Neptunes collaborator, not only confirms their methods but thinks it's part of the charm of Williams and Hugo's work. "When I record [with them], I go down to Virginia Beach and we live in a house on the beach, staying there, waking up, working, going to sleep, just chilling. It gets really intense when the music does; other days it's relaxing." But make no mistake: "It's always about the music, which is the point, and there's no heated argument without joking. They're both nerds. It sorta fits; they're quirky little guys who come up with great ideas."

Their newest great idea is an album of music without category. N*E*R*D—which stands for the spiritually assured thought that "No one Ever Really Dies" ("you're gonna go some place else, whether it's hot or it's a beautiful place," says Williams)—is a collaboration with their old Virginia Beach friend Shay and Spymob, a four-piece with "a real Todd Rundgren meets Steely Dan sound." But it isn't just studio-ready smooth pop. On *In Search Of...*, N*E*R*D organically explores rock and R&B elements from a post-hip-hop perspective, bringing a Neptunes esthetic into a different context, and a lyrical focus (politics, a broad view of sexuality, class dimensions with a twist) currently unavailable elsewhere.

"We wanted to step out," says Hugo about N*E*R*D. "You know music is blending more and more now and people only know us for hip-hop productions. With this project we didn't wanna stick with hip-hop, limit ourselves to just drum machines and keyboards. We wanted a live feel, to reach more people with rock music not just the typical hip-hop listener." But, he adds, "if you like Neptunes beats and have an open mind, you'll dig this



shit." When finally released—it has been skipping around on the Virgin Records release schedule for almost a year—*In Search Of...* could make people rethink hip-hop's influence on other popular musics and vice-versa.

But even without the album, the Neptunes already have enough recipes and ideas ready to make their mark on 21st Century pop. They recently signed a deal with Arista to develop music for their own Star Trak imprint, which already includes Spymob, a Virginia rap duo called the Clipse and a group called Torque that Williams describes as "some Steppenwolf shit."

Beyond that, new production universes beckon. Williams dreams of producing country music—"I don't care what black kids you go to, or how gangsta you are, you know 'just two good ol' boys, never meaning no harm...'"—Bonnie Raitt and Chris Isaak. Hugo seems more pragmatic: "I wanna work with some more rock bands, I'd like to do some shit with Rage [Against the Machine]. But you know, it's a new day and age, there's probably some talent coming up that I don't even know about, that'll want to work with us."

Yet, listening to Williams, one wonders if any future genre-shifting experiment will be enough to quell the Neptunes' aspirations. "God has given me what he's given me so I can always make music—whether it's hot or not. I'm thankful for it, though, and I'm gonna continue to try to create good music. Some music will have dark messages, but for the most part I just want to have monumental songs that help change the world. That's what I want to do."

NEPTUNES (a selected discography):

Worldwide Hits:

- Ol' Dirty Bastard, "Got Your Money"
- Mystikal, "Shake Ya Azz"
- Jay-Z, "I Just Wanna Love Ya"

Current Smashes:

- Britney Spears, "Slave 4 U"
- N'Sync, "Girlfriend"
- Limp Bizkit, "Nookie" (Neptunes remix)

Classics to be:

- N*E*R*D, *In Search Of...* LP
- Kelis, *Wanderland* LP
- Daft Punk, "Harder Better Faster Stronger" (Neptunes remix)
- Kenna, *New Sacred Cow*

TOP 75



SMASHING PUMPKINS
 ROTTEN APPLES - GREATEST HITS
 (VIRGIN)

#1

5 YEARS AGO

TRICKY

Pre-Millennium Tension (Island)

BUILT TO SPILL

Perfect From Now On (Warner Bros.)

DJ SHADOW

Entroducing (Mo' Wax-ffrr-London)

BJORK

Telegram (Elektra)

RED KRAYOLA

Hazel (Drag City)

10 YEARS AGO

TEENAGE FANCLUB

Bandwagonesque (DGC)

NIRVANA

Nevermind (DGC)

LIVE

Mental Jewelry (Radioactive)

U2

Achtung Baby (Island)

PIXIES

Trompe Le Monde (4AD-Elektra)

ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1 SMASHING PUMPKINS	Rotten Apples - Greatest Hits	Virgin
2 THE AVALANCHES	Since I Left You	London-Sire
3 THE GET UP KIDS	Eudora	Vagrant
4 SOUNDTRACK	I Am Sam	V2
5 THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS	Come With Us	Astralwerks
6 BAD RELIGION	The Process Of Belief	Epitaph
7 CRANES	Future Snags	Instinct
8 NEIL HALSTEAD	Sleeping On Roads	4AD
9 HEFNER	Dead Media	Too Pure
10 THE ANNIVERSARY/SUPERDRAG	Split EP	Heroes And Villains-Vagrant
11 SOUTH	From Here On In	Kinetic
12 MOTH	Like A Bitterly Cold Different (EP)	Virgin
13 DE LA SOUL	AOL Bronx	Tommy Boy
14 SNEAKER PIMPS	Blood Sport	Tommy Boy
15 BELLE AND SEBASTIAN	I'm Walking Up To Us (EP)	Matador
16 STARSAILOR	Love Is Here	Capitol
17 NATHANIEL MERRIWEATHER	Love's Music To Make Love to Your Old Lady By	75Ark
18 LANGLEY SCHOOLS MUSIC PROJECT	Innocence And Despair	Bar/None
19 RADIOHEAD	I Might Be Wrong Live Recordings	Capitol
20 THE STROKES	Is This It	RCA
21 DILATED PEOPLES	Expansion Team	ABB-Capitol
22 AZURE RAY	November	Saddle Creek
23 BREAKING PANGAEA	Canon To A Whisper	Undecided
24 CORNELIUS	Point	Matador
25 FU MANCHU	California Crossing	Mammoth
26 APHEX TWIN	Drukqs	Warp-London/Sire
27 EVELYN FOREVER	Good To Be Alive	Airplay
28 VARIOUS ARTISTS	Cinematic 2: Soul Punch	Motel
29 PRINCESS SUPERSTAR	Is	Rapster-!K7
30 HEY MERCEDES	Everynight First Works	Vagrant
31 GARRISON	Be A Criminal	Revelation
32 SOUNDTRACK	Vanilla Sky	Reprise
33 THE CURE	Greatest Hits	Elektra
34 CHUCK E. WEISS	Old Souls & Wolf Tickets	Slow River-Rykodisc
35 SOMETHING CORPORATE	Audiobow (EP)	Drive-Thru
36 SILVER JEWS	Bright Light	Drag City
37 JIM O'ROURKE	Insignificance	Drag City
38 DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE	The Photo Album	Barsuk
39 THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY	A New Morning: Changing Weather	Burning Heart-Epitaph
40 AND YOU WILL KNOW US BY THE TRAIL...	Relative Ways/Homage (EP)	Interscope
41 34 SATELLITE	Stop	Hideaway
42 DUNGEON FAMILY	Even In Darkness	Arista
43 VARIOUS ARTISTS	Give The People What We Want: Songs Of The Kinks	Sub Pop
44 THE JULIANA THEORY	Munc From Another Room (EP)	Tooth And Nail
45 VERMONT	Calling Albany	Kindercore
46 MASTERS OF THE HEMISPHERE	Permanent Strangers EP	DC/Baltimore 2012
47 LE TIGRE	Feminist Sweetstales	Mr. Lady
48 LIFE WITHOUT BUILDINGS	Any Other City	DC/Baltimore 2012
49 VAL EMMICH	The Fifteen Minute Relationship	Childlike
50 RYAN ADAMS	Gold	Lost Highway
51 CONCRETE BLONDE	Group Therapy	Manifesto
52 THE DETACHMENT KIT	They Raging: Quieter Army	Self-Starter
53 ANTIPOP CONSORTIUM	The Ends Against The Middle (EP)	Warp
54 PINQ	Quiet Games For Hot Weather	Major 7
55 MELISMATICS	Postmodern Rock	Hygh Tension
56 VARIOUS ARTIST	Irma On Carnival	Irma
57 THE COUP	Party Music	75Ark
58 MORSEL	Para Siempre	Small Stone
59 ZERO 7	Simple Things	Quango-Palm
60 BEN KWELLER	EP Phone Home	ATO
61 SKATING CLUB	Skating Club	Lowly
62 INCUBUS	Morning View	Epic
63 KINGS OF CONVENIENCE	Versus	Astralwerks
64 ANNARAY	Theodore	Troy's Bagels
65 KIDNEYTHIEVES	Phi In The Sky (EP)	Extasy
66 TENACIOUS D	Tenacious D	Epic
67 VERONICA	Hope For A Brighter Future	Militia Group
68 NO DOUBT	Rock Steady	Interscope
69 FUGAZI	Argument	Dischord
70 HOOD	Cold House	Aesthetics
71 PAPA M	Whatever, Mortal	Drag City
72 MERLE HAGGARD	Riots: Volume 1	Anti-Epitaph
73 GRANFALON BUS	Exploded View	Future Farmer
74 OCEAN'S ELEVEN	Soundtrack	Warner Bros.
75 THE FRAMES	For The Birds	Overcoat

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. The death of dogma is the birth of reason. - Immanuel Kant

LOUD ROCK TOP 25



1	ROB ZOMBIE The Sinister Urge	Geffen
2	ENTOMBED Morning Star	Koch
3	SEVENDUST Animosity	TVT
4	GWAR Violence Has Arrived	Metal Blade
5	MUSHROOMHEAD XX	Republic-Universal
6	MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD Nothing In Vain	Trustkill
7	BOLT THROWER Honour, Vain, Pride	Metal Blade
8	KREATOR Violent Revolution	SPV
9	KITTIE Oracle	Artemis
10	SLAYER God Hates Us All	American
11	SCAR CULTURE Inscribe	Century Media
12	MY DYING BRIDE The Dreadful Hours	Peaceville
13	KITTIE Live In Hell (EP)	Artemis
14	DIABOLIC Vengeance Ascending	Olympic
15	GREEN CARNATION Light Of Day, Day Of Darkness	The End
16	MUDVAYNE The Beginning Of All Things To End	Epic
17	OZZY OSBOURNE Down To Earth	Epic
18	DREAM THEATER Selections From Six Degrees Of Inner Turbulence	Elektra
19	SOILENT GREEN A Deleted Symphony For The Beaten Down	Relapse
20	THERION Secret Of The Runes	Century Media
21	DRY KILL LOGIC Rot (EP)	Roadrunner
22	BURNT BY THE SUN Soundtrack To The Personal Revolution	Relapse
23	SYSTEM OF A DOWN Toxicity	American-Columbia
24	BORKNAGAR Emoiric.sm	Century Media
25	BANE Give Blood	Equal Vision

RPM TOP 25



1	THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS Come With Us	Astralwerks
2	DEEP DISH Global Underground: Moscow	Boxed
3	APHEX TWIN Drukqs	Warp-London/Sire
4	BENT Programmed To Love	Ministry Of Sound
5	SANDRA COLLINS Cream	Kinetic
6	AVALANCHES Since I Left You	London/Sire
7	VARIOUS ARTISTS Irma On Canvas	Irma
8	PARKS AND WILSON Painting On Silence	Bliss
9	DJ COLETTE Our Day	Nettwerk
10	ATJAZZ Labfunk	Mantis
11	VARIOUS ARTISTS Awaken	Immergent
12	VENETIAN SNARES Doll, Doll, Doll	Hymen
13	RICHARD HINGE Munich Manhattan	Shadow
14	QUIVVER Vol. 5 - Transport	Kinetic
15	APHRODITE A Coupla Trickz (EP)	V2
16	RURALS Sweeter Sounds	Peng
17	DJ TIESTO In My Memory	Nettwerk
18	PRODUCERS Positive Influence	Prime
19	BONOB0 Animal Magic	Ninja Tune
20	NOOKIE In @ The Deep End	Good Looking
21	HERBIE HANCOCK Future 2 Future	Transparent
22	DJ FOOD AND DK Now, Listen!	Ninja Tune
23	FLANGER Outer Space	Ninja Tune
24	GROOVE ARMADA Goodbye Country (Hello Nighclub)	Jive Electra
25	CONTROL.ORG Manipulate	DSBP

HIP-HOP TOP 25



1	DE LA SOUL AOI. Bionux	Tommy Boy
2	BLACKALICIOUS "Paragraph President"	Quannum-MCA
3	NAS Stillmatic	Columbia
4	DILATED PEOPLES Expansion Team	ABB-Capitol
5	THE COUP Party Music	75Ark
6	WU-TANG CLAN Iron Flag	Wu-Tang-Epic
7	EYEDEA AND ABILITIES "Blindly Firing"	Rhyme Sayers
8	REKS Along Came The Chosen	Landspeed
9	DUNGEON FAMILY Even In Darkness	Arista
10	LUDACRIS Word Of Mouf	Def Jam
11	SAUL WILLIAMS Amethyst Rock Star	American
12	ANTIPOD CONSORTIUM The Ends Against The Middle (EP)	Warp
13	OUTKAST Big Boy & Dre Present Outkast	Arista
14	MR. LEN Pity The Fool	Matador
15	VARIOUS ARTISTS Superrappin' The Album Vol. II	Groove Attack
16	LIFESAVAS "Head Exercise"	Quannum
17	VARIOUS ARTISTS Urban Revolutions	Future Primitive
18	AESOP ROCK Labor Days	Def Jux
19	MOBB DEEP Infamy	Loud
20	NATHANIEL MERRIWEATHER Loveage: Music to Make Love To...	75Ark
21	POISON PEN "Top Of The Food Chain"	Brick
22	URSULA RUCKER Supa Sista	!K7
23	MUDKIDS 32-Until	Stray
24	JAY-Z The Blueprint	Roc-A-Fella
25	JA RULE Pain Is Love	Def Jam

Compiled from CMJ New Music Report's weekly Loud Rock charts, collected from CMJ's pool of progressive radio reporters. Amy has moved on and Rob Zombie's is still on the chart.

Compiled from CMJ New Music Report's weekly RPM charts, collected from CMJ's pool of progressive radio reporters. The first silver rogue that encountered the first fool - Voltare

Compiled from CMJ New Music Report's weekly Hip-Hop charts, collected from CMJ's pool of progressive radio reporters. Zeal without knowledge is fire without light. - Thomas Fuller

GAINESVILLE, Florida



DAVE CONE

STORY: CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

For a college town, Gainesville sure can feel like an outtake from *Rock 'N' Roll High School*—you know, the 1979 cult classic in which dastardly Principal Togar completely prohibits the rock at hallowed Vince Lombardi High School. The humid, mosquito-bitten central Florida locale affectionately known as “Hogtown” isn’t fighting any crotchety ol’ principals, but the bass-ackwards city commission has effectively proclaimed a war on culture—under the various guises of wars on underage drinking, drugs, etc.—that’s sent the local music scene spiraling towards oblivion. In the last two years, the Gainesville City Commission outlawed fliers on public utility poles (ghettoizing gig advertisements to a handful of barely visible kiosks) and launched the disastrous “anti-rave ordinance,” forcing a 2 a.m. closing time on bars and clubs that serve booze. Dance clubs that don’t serve alcohol were somehow (velvet) roped into the 2 a.m. curfew as well. The county commission even briefly bounced around the idea of enforcing an archaic law that would require already-broke Gainesville musicians to purchase \$105 occupational licenses. That’s right, playing and dancing are illegal! Who knew that the chilling prophesies of *Footloose* could come true?

Although this has been devastating for local music of all breeds, Gainesville punk rock (the town’s most notorious export besides football, serial killers and lovebugs) remains remarkably unfazed. Eschewing the clubs affected by the 2 a.m. ordinance, shaggy-haired-and-unfortunate-tattooed punk, hardcore, metalcore and emocore bands converge at surrogate jury-rigged performance spaces. By day, the **Civic Media Center** (1021 W. University Ave., 373-0010) is a counter-culturalist library of anti-establishment lit; **Wayward Council** (807 W. University Ave., 335-0800) is a non-profit, volunteer-run hipster record boutique; and **The Ark Warehouse**

(22 NE 11th St.) is, well, a dirty old warehouse—all moonlight as ersatz stages for gutter-punk catharsis. Unorthodox venues have kept the punks above water, and distribution from local labels like No Idea and Fueled By Ramen haven’t hurt either.

Artists not in the fast-and-loud in-crowd have been suffocating in the wake of the city’s Orwellian stranglehold on culture, however. Shows have been harder to promote and attendance has been dwindling—but Gainesville’s fringes still remain vibrant. **The Side Bar** (15 SW 2nd St., 373-4454) is regularly packed with patchouli-soaked neo-hippies in search of jammy freakouts; **Market Street Pub** (120 SW 1st Ave., 377-2927) magnetizes fans of punchier pop punk, ska and rockabilly; and **The Purple Porpoise** (1728 W. University Ave., 376-1667) goes the populist route, offering chicken wings and a genre-hopping grab bag of radio-ready local talent on “Local’s Only” Thursday. Despite the waning popularity of rave culture in G-Ville, **Simons Club** (8 S. Main St., 375-7300) still draws beat fiends and their quickly dissipating spinal fluids to get hallucina-jiggy to local DJs or bigwigs like Josh Wink and the Crystal Method.

But the melting pot of Gainesville musical culture is located, symbolically enough, in midtown. **Common Grounds Coffeehouse** (919 W. University Ave., 372-7320) is the home of Gainesville’s struggling underground experimentalists, impenetrable noisemakers, pop artist(e)s, math-rockers, post-rockers, art-rockers, navel-gazers, shoe-gazers and chin-strokers of all varieties. The courteous bean-slinging *baristas* at CGs constantly book national acts like the Dismemberment Plan, Wesley Willis and Eugene Chadbourne. Plus, they mainly profit from coffee sales, so they’re technically immune to the 2 a.m. ordinance. Just don’t get caught dancing.



PAT LAVERY

SQUEAKY AT THE NOW-DEFUNCT COVERED DISH



DAVE CONE

TERRELL'S BAR-B-QUE

OUT WITH THE IN CROWD



DAVE CONE

CHARLIE SCALES OF HYDE & ZEKE RECORDS

Bill "The Button" Bryson of **THE CAUSEY WAY**
 "There's a great little soul-food shack right by my house called **A & B Soul Food** (104 NE Waldo Rd., 335-5446). It's like a little stand and you just walk up to it. You can get greens and macaroni and cheese and black-eyed peas and smothered pork chops and oxtails and fried chicken and all that good stuff. **Terrell's Bar-B-Que** (1130 NE 16th Ave., 367-1400) is just a trailer a guy sets up every Thursday, Friday and Saturday up at the parking lot of the Dollar General on 16th Ave. They've definitely got the best barbecue in town. It's really good, but I try not to eat that kind of food too often. You gotta take a nap afterwards!"

Tom Reno of **THE MERCURY PROGRAM**
 "**The Top** (30 N. Main St., 337-1188) is really just a bar and a restaurant with a pool table. It's like that basic. The jukebox is really cool because something will start playing and if it's really, really bad they'll skip it. I don't know if they do that or the thing just skips purposely on all the bad songs. They serve stuff like tofu burgers, but then they also have crazy jerk chicken, just really weird, obscure things that are all homemade recipes. And they serve food 'til midnight, so that's kind of cool."

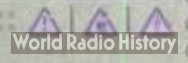
LOCAL LOGIC: GAINESVILLE'S BEST

- CHEAP EATS: **Hare Krishna Student Center** vegetarian lunch (\$3, UF Plaza of the Americas, 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m. on school days)
- MEXICAN RESTAURANT NAMED AFTER COUNTRY-ROCK ICONS: **Burrito Brothers Taco Co.** (16 NW 13th St., 378-5948)
- BIKER BAR TO SEE TOP-SECRET LESS THAN JAKE SHOWS: **Eddie C's Pub** (1315 S. Main St., 378-9185)
- PLACE TO CATCH DJs SPINNING BUILT TO SPILL AND TAHITI 80: **Full Circle** (15 N. Main St., 377-8080)
- BLACK BEAN PESTO DIP: **Emiliano's Café** (7 SE 1st Ave., 375-7381)
- BLACK BEAN BURGER: **Home On The Range** (401 NE 23rd Ave., 372-5889)
- ART-FILM, ART-PLAY OR ART-BEVERAGE: **Hippodrome State Theatre** (25 SE 2nd Place, 373-3104)
- BIG-ASS SINKHOLE: **Devil's Millhopper** (4732 Millhopper Rd., 955-2008)
- HOME TO A WHOLE FUCKLOAD OF BATS: **University of Florida Bat House** (Museum Rd., across from Lake Alice)
- CAFÉ FOR COFFEE AND STRATEGO: **Maude's Classic Café** (101 SE 2nd Place, 336-9646)
- FOUR-EGG TO SEVEN-EGG OMELETTE AT 4 A.M.: **Carla Café** (2226 NW 6th St., 376-4453)
- WALL TO TAG: **34th Street Wall** (34th Street, between SW 2nd Ave. and Radio Rd.)
- LAP DANCE (AND PANCAKES): **Café Risque** (17035 SE County Rd. 234, 466-3803)
- SUNDAY AFTERNOON TUBIN': **Ichetucknee Springs** (U.S. 27, 5 and a half miles north of Fort White, 904-497-2511)

All phone numbers are in the 352 area code.

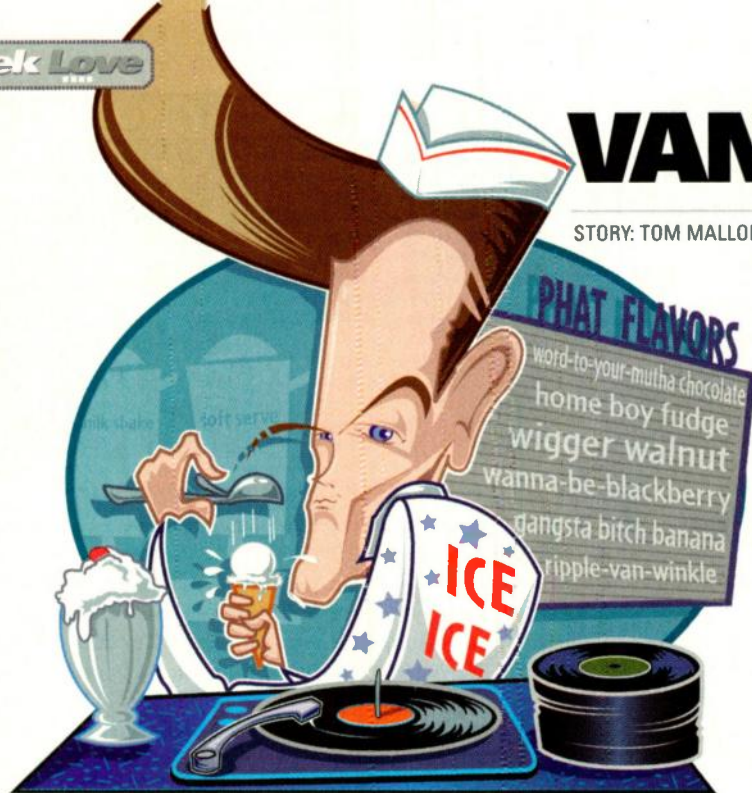
Vinnie of **LESS THAN JAKE**
 "Go to **Hyde & Zeke Records** (1025 W. University Ave., 376-1687) to search for old '70s and '80s rock 'n' roll. That's a giver. It's just one of those spots that not only means a lot, but it's run by people who are really cool and have helped the music scene for fuckin' over a decade. As far as food is concerned, **Caribbean Spice** (1121 W. University Ave., 377-2712) is the \$2.65 lunch that is the shit. It's cheap. Cheap cheap cheap cheap. And that's important. When you're broke and you can scrape together, through your couch, like three bucks, and you're full? You're stoked. Best carrot cake in the world. You get cocoa bread, Jamaican meat patty or veggie patty, dessert, drink: \$2.65 plus tax. Stoked."

Jason Black of **HOT WATER MUSIC**
 "**Paynes Prairie State Preserve** (US 441, 10 miles south of Gainesville, 466-3397) is a pretty nice place to just go hang out, chill out and watch the sun come up. It's not like the actual proper national park (home to bison, wild horses and nearly 300 other animals), it's just a little dock outlet thing that kind of looks over the low-lying wetlands/swamp-type thing. When the water level's decent, there's usually a couple of gators sitting out there. Kind of a fun thing to do, [is] to take people from out of town to go see gators, because everyone usually can't believe that they actually exist. You can get really close to 'em. A couple years ago, we had some floods, and there were gators getting hit on the road. The water level was just high enough and they were sunning themselves right in the middle of the street and getting completely flattened by cars. That's gotta be a bit of a mess, I imagine, for the car as well."



VANILLA ICE

STORY: TOM MALLON • ILLUSTRATION: NICK MEOLA



N.Meola

Hello and welcome to the Tom Mallon Radio Show. I'd like to tell you all a little about my new favorite song... It's called 'Ice Ice Baby.' Word to your mother."

That's my prepubescent 11-year-old voice coming out of the speakers on the most embarrassing tape I've ever made. "This song is dope," I enthuse, dubbing the entire song onto the tape. When it finishes, I cut back in, squeaking, "Man, that song was so dope, I'm going to play it again. Word to your *mutha*." After five replays, my 7-year-old brother stops in for a guest appearance to express his approval, and he too is bestowed with a sage, "Word to your mother."

The world of Ice's *To The Extreme* fascinated me. His tales of the surely mean streets of Miami put my 11-year-old suburban Catholic-school style to shame. Ice had a "nine." His homies—the VIP Posse—always had his back and they were great dancers to boot. His hair was perfect, always headed skyward at a sharp 45-degree angle. He sported massive jackets with slogans emblazoned across the back. He had his own DJ, cleverly named DeShay, who sliced like a ninja and cut like a razor blade, so fast that other DJs were moved to say, "Damn."

It wasn't all tough times though—Ice always found time to party, and those parties were packed with "fly girls." But sometimes even a party was the scene of trouble, and he was well-stocked with one-liners in case anyone required an impromptu clowning. "I'm the coolest of cool, kickin' cools silly fools," he reminded wannabes on "It's A Party." "Your posse's takin' a dip and Vanilla's the pool."

Then came Ice's crossover—his leap to the silver screen. In *Cool As Ice*, he portrayed an outlaw with a heart of gold (no stretch for this smooth bad boy). He was just as cool as his name, jumping fences on his Dayglo yellow motorcycle, breaking both hearts and the very laws of physics in the process. In *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret Of The Ooze*, when his concert is interrupted by fighting mutants, Ice doesn't lose his composure. In fact, he's so inspired by the situation that he turns to his band, and with a simple, "Yo fellas, I got an idea," communicates an entire new song to them, dance routines and all—telepathically.

His world infected my brain. I imagined myself kickin' it just like Ice, with my friends Ron and Matt making up my posse. When

I found out what a nine was I'd get one, along with a jacket afire with catch phrases.

The unfortunate reality was that Ron and Matt weren't very good dancers, and my hamfisted rapping couldn't compete with Ice's flow. Eventually I did what most non-football playing teenage boys do: became dark and surly and brooded over my existential pain. There was no more room for Ice's brand of party rhymes. I was seduced by the dark side: heavy metal.

While I grew my hair and wore black, I denied that I had ever been associated with the rapidly disgraced Ice. I looked the other way as his second record tanked, deaf to my former idol's cries for acceptance. I laughed along with all the others at stories of Suge Knight shaking him down for the rights to "Ice Ice Baby," secure in the knowledge that my worn-out cassette of *To The Extreme* was hidden far beneath a pile of well-loved Metallica and Pantera CDs.

Years later, I was in college, a full-fledged music snob headed for a career in the glamorous world of music journalism, and better rap by Public Enemy and Ices like Cube had made its way into my collection. Ice had reinvented himself as a skate thug, rude and tattooed, belching out nü-metal schlock. In my favorite record store, I stumbled across a bargain-bin CD copy of *To The Extreme*, and from behind a \$1 price sticker, the old Ice's accusatory look challenged me to try him again. I took him home once more and realized why Ice managed to move more than 13 million copies worldwide. Sure he was a shitty rapper, and he didn't really come from the mean streets of Miami, and his real name was, most unfortunately, Robert Van Winkle. But his brand of non-threatening pop rap was a hell of a lot of fun, and served me a reminder that even an indie-rock snob needs a little cheese in his diet.

Today, I am proud to say that I own and enjoy *To The Extreme*. But I still burned the radio show tape, just in case. Word to your mother.

Tom Mallon is Editorial Coordinator at CMJ New Music Monthly, and still takes himself way too seriously as a member of the NYC mope-rock band Come Down.



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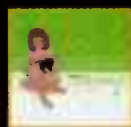
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