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QUICK FIX 5

!!! share the love, love, love and advice about dancing in the dark; Jesse Hughes of Eagles Of Death Metal and Sage Francis settle an argument and it turns out they're not as stoned as you think they are; and in the Office Cooler, call us old-fashioned but we still get hot over vinyl and the printed word.

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Somebody didn't read this month's rock argument very closely: Burning Brides' *Leave No Ashes* blows smoke in your face and knocks you on your ass. Chad Swiatecki takes it down into his lungs.

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The last few years for Wilco read like a *Behind The Music* script: Band screwed by label. Bandmembers fired. Record is a surprise smash. Another member quits. Singer checks into rehab. As Wilco takes its new *A Ghost Is Born* on the road, Jeff Tweedy works toward making the music the headline again. Steve Ciabattoni narrates.

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Tough Love

!!!

Dancing and sex, one might argue, are very similar activities, except for the whole wearing-clothes and being vertical thing. So it logically follows that the boys from !!!, whose new *Louden Up Now* (Touch & Go) is an irresistibly dance-y bit of post-punk indie-rock asskicking, would have some worthwhile things to say about your filthy sex lives. For the record, saxophonist/percussionist Allan Wilson does in fact keep his clothes on whilst dancing. In public, at least. *Hit us, doomed lovers: lovelorn@cmj.com.*

My roommate and I have been sleeping together this whole semester. We never talked about a relationship or anything like that. I just figured we were hooking up. We're done with school in three weeks, now she's being all mopey because I didn't want to continue some long-distance thing. The past few weeks have sucked, with her hiding in her room and being a bitch. The best part is, it's her name on the lease and I really fuckin' need my security deposit back. I've been thinking about lying to her about dating to get my security, then bustin' the fuck out. I think she deserves it for treating me like shit for more than a month. What do you think? —Nottellinmyname, Washington, D.C.

Hmm... this calls for the "40 test," as developed by my friend Nic. It's simple enough: Obtain a 40-oz. of your favorite malt liquor, drink it quickly, and ask yourself the same question you asked me. Why, you ask, is this test appropriate? Because I have no fucking idea what to say to you—you sound like an insensitive prick who totally ignores the fact that having intimate relations with someone requires something more than no



communication. Are you 18 months old? Get wasted and figure it out yourself. Godspeed. Why can't you just think you're in love with your sister's boyfriend or something? Keep it simple, people.

I think I'm in love with my sister's boyfriend. He's 10 years older than me (three older than her) and he and I have way more in common than the two of them do. I think he might be feeling something too. If I tried something, do you think she could ever forgive me? —Stacey, Omaha, Nebraska

Ah... now what is it with younger sisters and their sister's boyfriends? Probably you look up to your sister, think she's got great taste, so of course you're smitten with her beau. There's no getting around it, no discreet way of "scratching that itch"... Sol Unless prohibited by Nebraska law, I suggest a three-way orgy. That's right: a sexual orgy. Involving the three of you. Having sex. One guy, two girls. Hot and raw. That is to say, hot, safe and raw. By safe, I mean the man wears a condom. Over his penis. Over his hot, hot penis.

I'm kinda straight-laced but I like a lot of indie music. I go to a lot of local punk shows and there's this one really cute punk girl... tons of piercings, tattoos, the whole thing. I see her all the time, and I've got this huge thing for her but I'm afraid if I try and talk to her she'll see that I wear khakis and tell me to fuck off. Do you think she will? —Mark, Freeport, New York

Can I make a movie about this? I'll call it *Here Goes Nothin'!*, and Blink-182 can do the soundtrack, with Avril Lavigne singing. Listen: Nothing is hotter to a punk girl than getting hit on by that preppy guy that dissed her in high school. Be that man. Figuratively. Furthermore, khakis, as well as many other nerdly accoutrements, are completely rockable. Look at me: I wear elf shoes. Hasn't stopped me from dancing. Like your mom says, "It's not what you rock, it's how you rock it." Well said, Mom. Damn, your mom is smarter than you are. J/K ;-)

Love,
Allan

OFFICE COOLER PERKS FOR US JERKS



We couldn't say it better than the press release: "Art kids and rockers can finally hug and maybe make out in a pool of sweaty pheromones." We wouldn't go around hugging any stinky Brooklyn art kids, but we do recommend multi-drummed urban tribal noisedance nightmare Aa, whose debut EP *big A, LITTLE a* (Narnack) is a gloriously packaged one-sided 12-inch on clear vinyl, complete with haunting hand-screened (and hand-crayoned) *Dr. Moreau* inserts, handmade cover art and pheromones galore.



SAGE FRANCIS

JESSE HUGHES

ROCK ARGUMENTS... SETTLED

THE ARGUMENT: Does one play better music when they are on drugs?

Sage Francis, straightedge disaholic

Errr. Ahhhhhhhh. No. Maybe they write better music when they are on drugs (and that's a whole other discussion), but the only thing drugs help people do in the performance world is hit home runs. I have seen way too many shows ruined because the performer is like, "Yo, I need to hit a blunt before I can get open." It's a crutch that doesn't even work. From what I have seen, the only thing drugs really do is make the performer *feel* like they are playing better. Selfish cunts.

Jesse "The Devil" Hughes, vocalist/guitarist, Eagles Of Death Metal

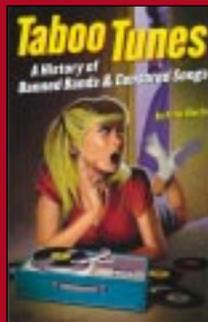
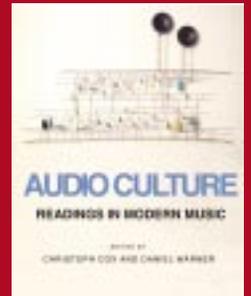
No. One may be *inspired* to play music, one may get in touch with certain demons that channel the music, but one cannot play music better when they're on drugs because mentally, it promotes an environment of inconsistency. A drug is a thing that simply reacts to all the other shit you put in your body, so it may not do the same thing every day and therefore makes you inconsistent as a performer and a bad friend. The end of the argument.

THE VERDICT: When the dude from a band called Eagles Of fucking Death Metal tells you drugs are bad, that means they're probably pretty bad, dude. Get a hobby or something, hippie.

Sage Francis has hella bootlegs out on his own Strange Famous Records and can be heard on the new Bad Religion album The Empire Strikes First (Epitaph). Eagles Of Death Metal's latest is Peace Love Death Metal (AntAcidAudio).

Audio Culture: Readings In Modern Music

(Continuum) is an indispensable primer full of the theories behind noise, free-jazz, minimalism, 20th-century composition, ambient, avant-garde and all the other crazy shit your square-ass friends can't believe you actually like. With writing and interviews from all the players in question (quoting Stockhausen is five points in hipster bingo), this book deconstructs all the essential ideas: Cage's themes, Eno's strategies, Zorn's games... and Merzbow's undying love of porno.



In the immortal words of poet laureate Luther Campbell: "Is this not America? This is not China! This is not Russia! This is not the place where they brought down the wall!" Celebrate what's left of our freedom of speech with the pretty self-explanatory (and impressively alliterative) *Taboo Tunes: A History Of Banned Bands & Censored Songs* (Backbeat). Finally Pope John XXII gets his comeuppance for banning all those descants in the 1300s!

The ear-shredding metal mavens at Robotic Empire are shooting out four incredibly limited remix 12-inches with various wackos re-interpreting the deadly sludge of the world's heaviest post-rockers, Isis. *Oceanic Remixes Volume 1* (sold-out, suckers) features members of 27, Dälek and Phantomsnasher going nuts, and the other three volumes (Fennesz, Kid606, Buzz Osbourne, Justin Broadrick, etc.) are due later this year.



You've gotta be bored of all that dance-punk by now, so allow us to point you in the complete opposite direction: breathy melodic subtlety. Saso's *I Can Do Nice* (Melted Snow), available only in the U.K. at the moment, out-Talk Talks Elbow, and often out-atmospheres Sigur Rós, too. It's like whispers in your ear from a sexy, sexy stranger, as opposed to the cheap grapes we've been getting all year. Check www.saso.co.uk.

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holy happy hour

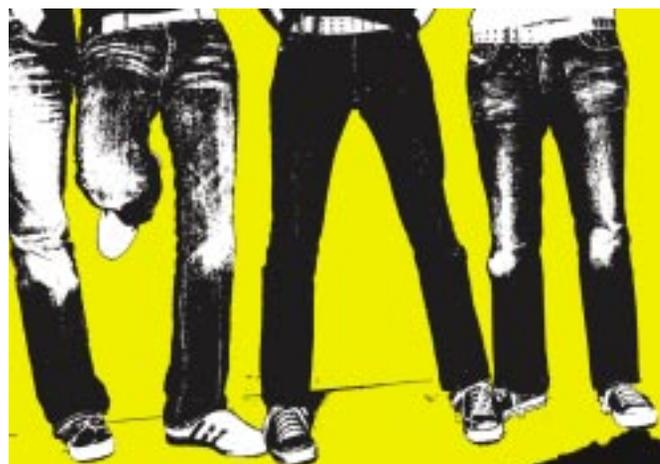
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Plain White T's

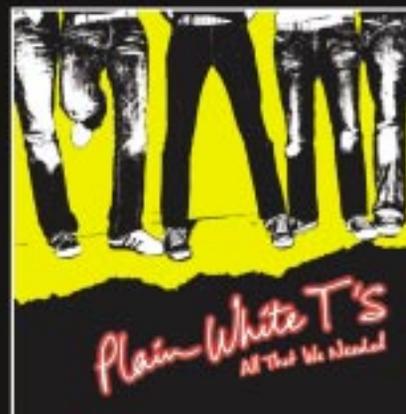
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SECRET MACHINES



The title of Texas trio Secret Machines' thunderous post-punk/prog-rock bow, *Now Here Is Nowhere* (Reprise), fits their dark, mysterious sludge-goopy processions—but may likewise describe the dilapidated digs in a hardscrabble neck of Brooklyn that the band drove cross-country in a sweaty U-Haul to occupy. Sighs guitarist/vocalist Ben Curtis, "We arrived in the pouring rain, were locked out of our apartment, there was no heat, no hot water. We laid down our mattresses, three in a row, and loaded in. And when we finally did get power, we'd get bowls of water, put 'em in our microwave, then race into the bathroom for a warm bath." Their plan: Pack into a rental truck, head to the music mecca and conquer showbiz from their rented loft—but the

Big Apple wasn't so rosy. The three soon got jobs, Ben at a coffee shop, keyboardist (and Ben's little bro) Brandon at a café and drummer Josh Garza at a hip music store. "Stimulants, sustenance and musical equipment: done," Brandon smirks. After rent, they survived mainly on Grape-Nuts topped with soy milk—all of which, believe it or not, helped inform their unique Zep/Floyd-retro sound. "At one end of that apartment we had our equipment, at the other end was our stereo," notes 25-year-old Ben, decked like a proper frontman in a black dress jacket. "It could've been a prison," reckons Brandon. "But for us, this was a really good opportunity to focus and learn how to play together. It's all we really had to do, but it's also all we really wanted to do." >>>TOM LANHAM



FIERY FURNACES

Eleanor Friedberger looks tired, sitting in a New York City restaurant and trying to explain why her band's second album is so remarkably different from their critically acclaimed debut. "Are you sure you don't want to talk to Matt?" she pleads. "It's his 'masterpiece.'" Released less than a year ago, the Fiery Furnaces' debut *Gallowsbird's Bark* was often referred to as the same thing, if only because it seemed like the work of a band that had been lived in (fitting, seeing that the Matt she's referring to is her older brother and co-songwriter). But this was a band that still had some living to do, a fact that became clear when the only description critics could come up with for the duo's homemade blues and big-city folk were comparisons to the White Stripes, a band they had little in common with other than having a male and female in their publicity photos. "I still feel like nobody knows who we are," Eleanor says with a sigh. "Matt always says that 'we barely exist.'" The release of their sophomore disc *Blueberry Boat* (Rough Trade) should change all of this, defying their debut's tested sound with so many genre-hopping twists and turns that there's no way a quick magazine profile could accurately describe it. "It's so rare to see a band with something to hold on to," she insists. "We're always asking ourselves, 'How are we going to be different?'" >>>TREVOR KELLEY



PRINCE PO



If I come to your house and there's no hot sauce—I don't care if the store is 10 miles away—I'm leaving to go get it," says saucespitter Prince Po, over both the phone and a hot oven, hooking up some baked chicken, homemade mashed potatoes and string beans for his nephews. "A lot of food comes out on my albums 'cause I'm always in the kitchen." Food Network addict Po has been cooking up grub for seven years—about the time since last cooking up rhymes with Organized Konfusion, the early '90s crew that paved the way for conceptual-yet-streetwise abstractionists like Wu-Tang and Cannibal Ox. Po's solo venture *The Slickness* (Lex) bridges his underground loyalty (rhyme tangles; Madlib and Jel beats), his street cred (a move towards party-rockin'; a Raekwon cameo) and his love of preparing chow. Chef Po's "Love Thang" (sliced and diced by Danger Mouse) will cause more rumbles in your stomach than your loins ("You can feel it in your soul like fish and grits, but I had to throw a little hot sauce on it/ Baby I sop up your biscuits with this gravy"). "That's why I ain't got no girl," says Po. "I do too much by myself. A lot of women say, 'I love for him to cook for me,' but then their lazy ass won't get up to do the dishes!" >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

SIMPLE KID



Just sing about what's on your street in front of you," implores the Irish-born Ciaran McFeely, dubbed Simple Kid by an "intensely intellectual" homeless guy he befriended in Santa Cruz while traveling the coast and sleeping in carparks. A bit of an urban anthropologist, McFeely observes the rituals of gray-suited work-a-days and analyzes them in the perceptive *Parklife*-esque ethnographies of his airy folk-pop debut, *Simple Kid #1* (Vector), recorded over many long nights in his manager's office. "After about a month," he recalls, "I hadn't seen daylight or another human being in so long that I started to really go stir crazy. [The song] 'Love's An Enigma' was totally born out of getting stoned and looking out at daylight coming up and all these office people, throngs of them, and I was sitting there, bloodshot and playing my synth." The rousing Britpop track "The Average Man" interrogates those who mistake dissatisfaction for ambition, and "The Commuter" ponders the regular person's fading quest for a bit more poetry through Super Furry rock splendor. "I think all of my songs are about limitations and how we all feel, 'Oh, I wish I was...'" he says. "It's kind of a come-down, realizing you're not actually Superman—coming to terms with actually being Average Joe." But the bemused Kid need not worry about being average much longer. "I often wonder, when I play gigs and there are loads of 16-year-old girls in the front, 'Are you really here to see me? I'm talking about working in warehouses and having a 9-to-5 job and getting older. Do you really want to hear about this?'" >>>CHARLES SPANO

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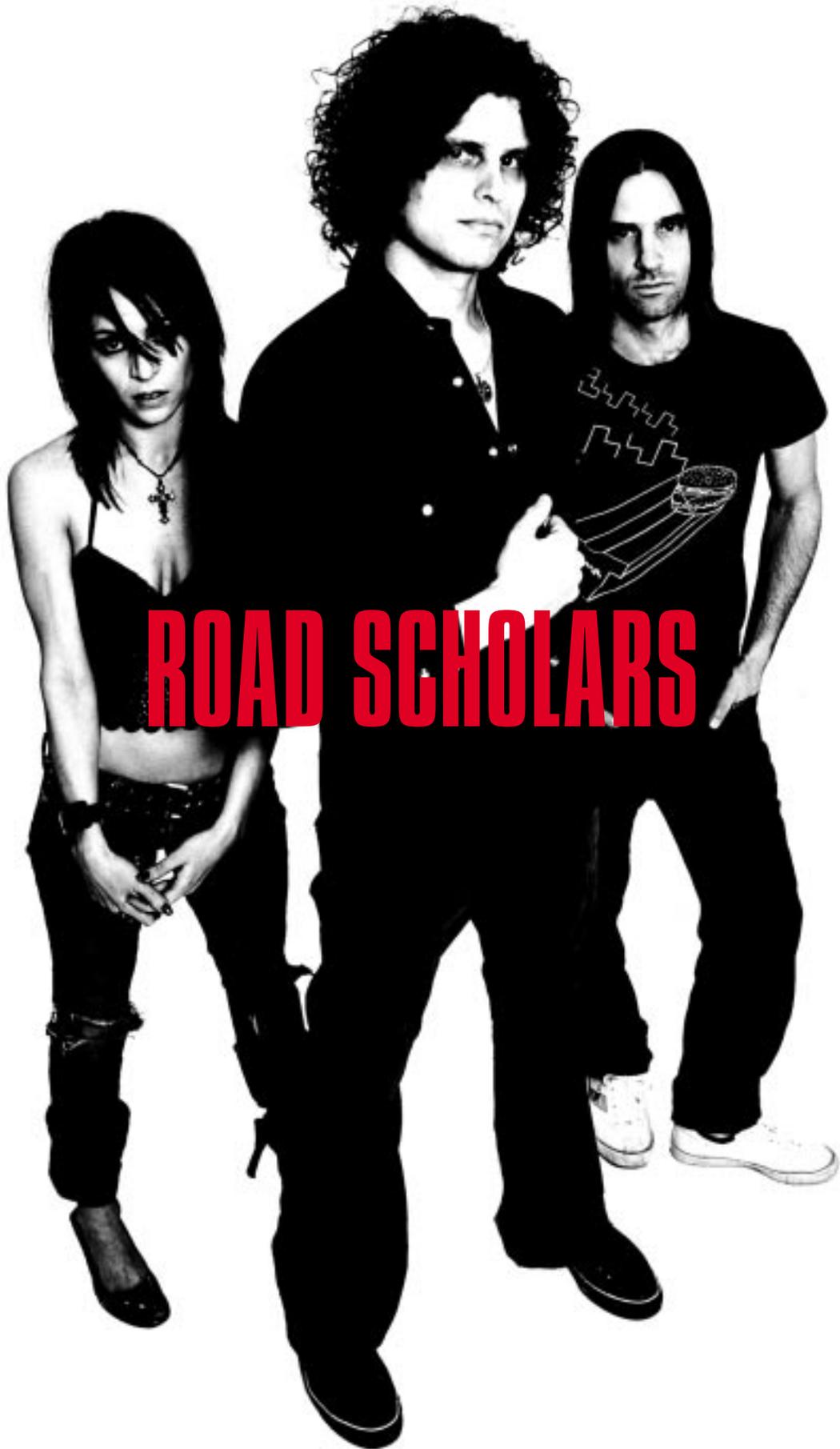
Photo by Mike Waring

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Two years of road-dogging took Philly trio Burning Brides from dive bars supporting local yokels to theaters supporting Queens Of The Stone Age and A Perfect Circle. On their second full-length, *Leave No Ashes* (V2), they smoke their competition when it comes to making rock that approaches Nirvana and nirvana.



If fast-food cups could talk, the one on the table next to Dimitri Coats' outstretched legs could tell a helluva story. There's no beverage inside—when said container is upended at Ocean Way Studios in North Hollywood, where Coats' band Burning Brides is recording, nothing spills. The words written in black marker on the plastic top ("DO NOT TOUCH! PROPERTY OF BRIDES") suggest that the cup now serves a different, higher purpose. "Check this out," prods the singer/guitarist, a devilish grin creeping across his face as he snaps off the lid to reveal dozens of the mossy green marijuana buds that helped fuel his creative engine while recording the new *Leave No Ashes* (V2).

"George [Drakoulias, producer] introduced us to Tom Petty and I got this from him. In a recording situation I smoke a lot of pot, from the moment I get in to the moment I leave. It's a really important creative tool for me and a good way to jump into the character of the song. I can do it live, but there it's more of a situation where you have to be in shape because it takes a lot of lung power to really get into it. But when I get in the studio, it's pretty much constant."

If Coats sticks to his clean-on-the-road gospel, then he spent half of 2001, all of 2002 and half of 2003 smokeless, since that stretch of time saw his band take its melodious stoner rock on a Homeric journey around the globe in support of their debut, *Fall Of The Plastic Empire*, released by indie label File 13. The disc's 10 driving *Bleach*-like tunes are infused with the confidence of a band looking out from its practice space with firm plans to take over the world. *Plastic's* promise—coupled with Coats' entertainingly grandiose pronouncements that his band (rounded out by bassist/girlfriend Melanie Campbell and drummer Jason Kourkonis) was "one of the 10 best in the world," whose sophomore effort would rival AC/DC, Guns N' Roses and Nirvana—led to a bidding war, a *Plastic* re-release on V2 Records and big expectations for *Ashes*.

"It took us from having recorded that ourselves for \$5,000 in a motorcycle garage in Philly to opening for Queens Of The Stone Age, Audioslave, playing Lollapalooza, getting on the radio and MTV, playing on Conan O'Brien... all from a record we jacked on our credit cards. Now we're in a situation where we have a budget and a producer and shit like that, and I think this record will put us on

the map wherever we need to be."

All over the map would be more appropriate. With a dozen songs that explore the last 30 years of rock and heavy metal, *Leave No Ashes* finds the trio trying hard to make a large, deep footprint in history despite sounding unsure of its musical footing at several turns. Three-minute rockers "Heart Full Of Black" and "Century Song" beef up the band's lean rockers with overdubs and effects that enhance their punch, but the near-Britpop of "From You" or Seattle sludge of "King Of The Demimonde" seem an ill fit, even if Coats sees no folly in letting his muse run amok in a big studio.

"I feel like we've delivered what will ultimately be a classic rock album, the kind of album I grew up listening to and I would get stoned and put on a pair of headphones and feel like, 'Wow, I'm going on a little journey here,' where every song is different from the next. If a song was softer and more beautiful, we went for it. If another song was really fucked up and evil, we went for that. I don't care if that means there's eight harmonies on it, an organ and a theremin or tubular bells. Whatever it took, we're gonna make this song as massive as it can be."

That grand vision sounds appropriate coming from a Julliard dropout, which is where he met Campbell and made a rock star out of her with a steady diet of records—Velvet Underground, T. Rex, the Pixies and Black Sabbath among them—that suggest making a landmark record for the ages is all they ever had in mind. Such naked ambition coupled with genuine songwriting talent is refreshing in the face of scads of rockers who succeed in spite of themselves, but the sometimes overblown sound of *Leave No Ashes* is bound to put off fans won when the band was an underdog that seemed a Butch Vig recording session away from changing the world.

Still, Coats makes no apologies. "The way you've got to look at it is this; do you want to have the rocking-chair syndrome where you're 70 years old sitting on a rocking chair on your porch thinking, 'Well, I really wanted to do this... that was my dream but I didn't really have the guts to go for it.' One of the things about being an artist of any kind is the odds are against you, and you have to put all the chips on the table. It'll ruin everything, but you have to put the blinders on, so that anything that's not within your eyesight of that carrot is fucked." **NMM**

WILCO



Story: STEVE CIABATTONI
Photos: DANNY CLINCH

LIVE THROUGH THIS

“I JUST WANTED TO DIE.”

Jeff Tweedy almost got his wish. In the spring of 2004, his juggling act of constant painkillers, vomit-inducing migraines and paralyzing panic attacks came crashing down on top of him just weeks before the release of *A Ghost Is Born* (Nonesuch), his fifth studio album with Wilco.

Flash back to 1991. In the middle of redefining roots and rock with Jay Farrar in Uncle Tupelo, Jeff Tweedy stopped drinking. “That was a really good thing, but it created this idea that I could quit other things, and that as long as I wasn’t drinking I’d be fine,” Tweedy explains while driving around Chicago, where he lives with his wife and two young sons. “The problem was that I just found other things to self-medicate with. And I even knew better when a doctor said, ‘You gotta take these painkillers because they’re the only thing that’ll work on those migraines.’”

The migraines never really went away, but Tweedy’s inherent addictive personality knew exactly what to do with the Vicodin and the other prescriptions. “I was taking painkillers around the clock because I didn’t even want to find out if I still had a headache,” Tweedy says. Still, he figured he’d lick this painkiller thing the same way he got sober. Surely now, at age 36, he was wiser and more grounded than that punk kid who gave up drinking 13 years ago—he’d simply cut out the meds and his body would fix itself. “The real problem came when I did quit,” he says. “I got so phobic about putting things into my body that I decided to stop taking all of my medications.” This included the pills for his severe panic disorder as well, another chronic problem he’d been struggling with for years. “I got it into my head that I wanted to be pure, but I completely destroyed my brain chemistry because once it’s had a bunch of opiates, it stops making its own chemicals that create that sense of well-being. So I was spending whole days in a state of panic where every second took like a year.” The panic eventually got so bad that Tweedy wound up in the emergency room two days in a row. The first time, they shot him up with tranquilizers and sent him home. But on his second visit (after another helping of tranquilizers), he was referred to a treatment facility that dealt with dual diagnosis, specifically addiction and mental illness. “Sign me up,” was Tweedy’s response. “I want to be locked up. I want someone to knock me out because I can’t function.”

Tweedy’s wife dropped him off, and the rehab began. “I’m not ashamed at all of getting help,” Tweedy says. “The biggest revelation in recovery is that you’re not alone. You’re experiencing something that someone else has experienced who has actually turned their life around. But when I went in, I was hopeless about the mental health side of things. I didn’t think I would ever be normal again.”

“Normal” is open to interpretation, but on the other side of rehab Jeff Tweedy went from begging for death to saying: “I feel a lot better. It was one of the most hellish experiences of my life and one of the best things I’ve ever done at the same time.” There was a side effect, however: The stay in rehab meant a handful of Wilco’s early tour dates for *Ghost*, including a key slot at the massive Coachella festival, were scrapped. Tweedy had never missed a show in his life.

When the tour did start, and eventually rolled into New York for a sweaty gig at Irving Plaza, it was a very different Tweedy—and a very different band.

Only Tweedy and bass player John Stirratt remain from Wilco’s original lineup, formed 10 years ago. Once the new record was done,

Leroy Bach (who had assumed the role of chief multi-tasker after Jay Bennett’s bitter departure in 2002) felt he’d had enough. Stirratt’s pal from side-project the Autumn

Defense, Pat Sansone, was brought in to pick up the slack on guitar, keys and whatever else was needed. On stage, Sansone and Stirratt are on Tweedy’s left; their playing is as solid as solid can be. They’re *Last Waltz* good—alternately rowdy and tender and soulful. As if by design, on Tweedy’s right-hand side is the more noticeable evidence of this new Wilco. Over a locked, one-chord groove, avant-jazz six-string ringer Nels Cline scrapes at his guitar, creating a dialogue with Tweedy of angular, expressive blasts during the 10-minute jam “Spiders (Kidsmoke).”

It’s one of the more sonically jarring pieces from *Ghost*, and tonight it’s sounding even looser. More intense. Riskier. Behind Cline, Mikael Jorgensen mucks about with keyboards and wires and knobs and a laptop. In a nutshell, it sounds like Neil Young

And Crazy Horse jamming with Kraftwerk, with the full understanding that only one of the bands will emerge alive when all is done.

Directly behind Tweedy, keeping Wilco’s left and right brain together, is drummer Glenn Kotche, who showed up in 2001 after Ken Coomer was fired at the start of the recording of critical darling *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*—the album that prompted Reprise Records to break up with Wilco by saying: “It’s not us, it’s you.” Kotche’s appearance has been a major catalyst for Tweedy in his album-to-album quest to reimagine Wilco beyond its alt-country preconceptions. “I can’t even begin to count the ways that Glenn has influenced the band, he’s so open-minded and enthusiastic,” Tweedy says as if he’s 14 again and just met the other kid in his high school who wore out their brother’s copy of *London Calling*. “Glenn has this wide-eyed wonder at the world, and his playing sounds like he does. That’s a hard thing to fake. I respond to that by having more wide-eyed optimism than I might have and the band as a whole has responded. They’ve been challenged by Glenn’s technical side and his sense of adventure.”

When it’s suggested that there’s been trouble in the past with Tweedy being truly collaborative with other members, he takes care to preemptively clarify: “It’s

WILCO'S
A GHOST IS BORN
ISN'T ABOUT
JEFF TWEEDY TRYING
TO BREAK
ANYONE'S HEART.
THIS TIME, HE WAS
TOO BUSY PUTTING
HIS OWN PIECES
BACK TOGETHER.



Glenn Kotche, Jeff Tweedy, John Stirratt and Mikael Jorgensen

**"I ALWAYS
THINK THE
BEST LINES
ARE THE
ONES I FEEL
MOST
UNCOMFORTABLE
WITH."**

always been my band, but I really want to share it. To me, real collaboration comes when everybody is committed to playing with one mind and everybody is feeling free and invested in the process of making music. That's the part I value the most and the part that is completely accurate when I say that this is a band—that's why it's called Wilco—and not just a vehicle for me and my songs," he punctuates.

In his stark documentary *I Am Trying To Break Your Heart*, filmmaker Sam Jones captured much of the personal and music business drama surrounding the making of *Yankee* (more of the band's history is revealed in an absorbing new book, *Learning How To Die*, by Chicago music scribe

Greg Kot). Tweedy has no problem opening up about being jilted by Reprise, Jay Bennett's exit and all the rest of it, but really, it's old news.

The keys to Wilco's success (and Tweedy's mental health) are certainly not in the past. "The way you keep music interesting is by risking and throwing away the stuff that worked for you in the past and finding the new stuff that might work just as well or better," he says. "I don't really think of it as taking it to 'another level,' I think of it as making the record that is the most accurate depiction of how you see the world at that moment. How you've grown and changed [as a band] and in how you think about music differently. You naturally want to make a different record each year."

If *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* was the most ambitious thing Tweedy and Wilco had done in the studio, then *A Ghost Is Born* is the most adventurous thing the group had done even before recording had begun. "Last time we used a lot of sonic things to create environments for lyrics and this time we let musical devices like chord changes and keys and playing do all of the things that we spent more time in the studio manipulating the last time around," Tweedy explains. The approach pays off in that the record is more visceral and less claustrophobic, both on more somber tracks like "Hell Is Chrome" and in the speedy, punked-up "I'm A Wheel." "A lot of people think that's a really stupid rock song," laughs Tweedy. "And your point is?" The track has exactly the kind of rawness and immediacy he strived for the whole record. Sonic Youth's new fifth wheel, Jim O'Rourke, who Tweedy calls one of his closest friends (if not *the* closest), served as co-producer for *Ghost*, providing Tweedy with a good kind of enabling. "Jim played a really traditional role I don't imagine a lot of producers play anymore," Tweedy says. "He sat behind the board and said 'That was great' or 'That was shit' or 'Why don't you try it a little slower?' We really wanted that this time, because we spent a lot of time in the control room on the last record. After we learned how to play *Yankee Hotel*

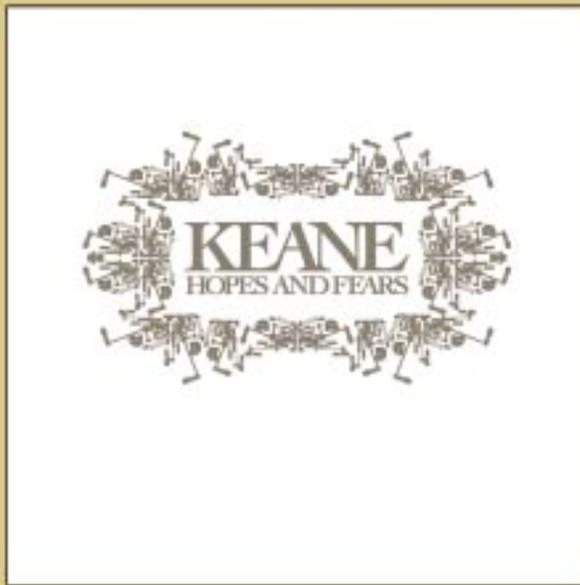
Foxtrot on the road, I wished we had recorded it that way. This time, we basically finished a record, learned it and then went to New York and made it."

Credit O'Rourke as well for encouraging Tweedy's guitar-playing id. The guitar solos or bursts on "Spiders (Kidsmoke)" and "At Least That's What You Said" are the boldest artistic statements on the album. "It's about the emotional content of the attack and the playing. More about phrasing than notes," Tweedy says, trying not to think too hard about something that's meant to be more innate, more primal. Nestled among those barbaric yawps of guitar are Tweedy's increasingly imagistic lyrics like "Spiders are filling out tax returns... on a private beach in Michigan." The germs of much of the new lyrics can be found in notebooks filled with Tweedy's poems (his first collection, *Adult Head*, was published earlier this year through Zoo Press). "I try to finish my poems so they look good on the page, and then I end up cannibalizing them for lines for songs," Tweedy explains. "Then the meter gets shifted around and I find more rhyming sequences that are musical. I write more free verse on the page, but with lyrics it's so much more fun to have a rhyme."

For some fans, Tweedy's opaque lyrics have become a source of debate, if not annoyance. For instance, the opening line of *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* ("I am an American aquarium drinker") is a hot fan-club debate. Even listeners who worship the record cry, "Dumbest opening line, ever." Tweedy laughs, "I think it's a pretty self-evident line. I always think the best lines are the ones I feel most uncomfortable with. I don't think it matters what it means. It means whatever somebody feels when they hear it. And what I felt like when I heard it was that it sounded like it was coming from someone who was very confused."

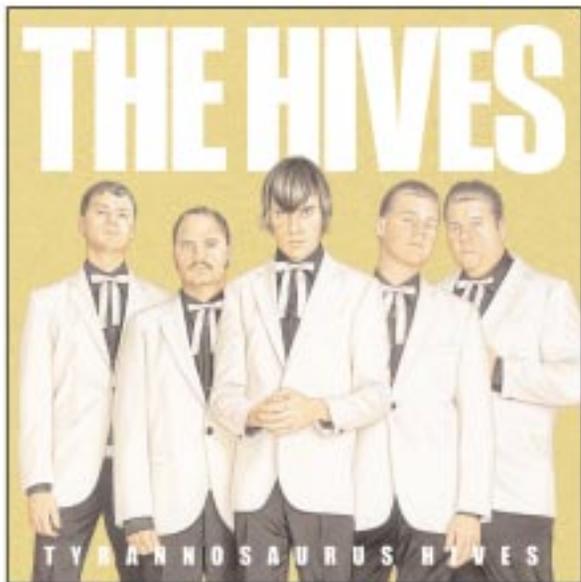
When he steps out onto the stage, Tweedy doesn't really care if listeners get the meaning he's after. He's just happy to be back to work and that anyone is listening at all. When he checked into rehab, the release date of *A Ghost Is Born* was pushed back a few weeks. Just as they did with *Yankee*, Wilco began streaming the record on its official site prior to the release. But also, just like last time, downloadable MP3s from the advance of the new record had found their way to the Web and to the hard drives of Wilco fans worldwide months ahead of the on-sale date. "Yes, there are people out there stealing music, but the people who really, really love music want to be treated like patrons of the arts. They want to be treated like fans and not consumers and a lot of them really want to do the right thing," says Tweedy, noting that many fans who downloaded the album donated money through a site called justafan.org; that money was dispersed not to Wilco but to charities like Doctors Without Borders. Realizing there's not much the band could do to stop the spread of the record, Tweedy looked at it in the best way possible. "I think that's cool what they did. Most of the uproar about downloading comes from record companies and really, really rich bands. I sympathize with them to a degree that they're being stolen from, but I've existed with a very different relationship with it because I've depended upon playing live for a living for a long time, and the more people who hear our music the easier that is to happen. I'd rather have somebody listen to our record and like it and not buy than have nobody listening to our record at all. Because I want people to hear the music. That's why I made it." **NMM**

IN STORES NOW!

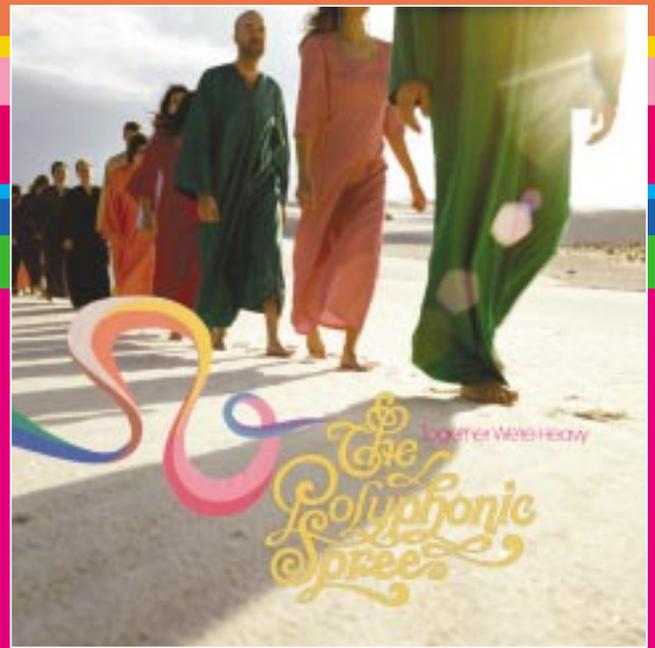


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• Pre-registration ends October 6, walk-up thereafter

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NEWS TO US



#1 COLLEGE RADIO
SONIC YOUTH
Nurse ratchets up to #1

WILCO
BOOOO YAA!

A GHOST IS BORN IS MOST ADDED

RJD2

Regains #1 Hip Hop
Suck on that, Lord Vader!

BEASTIE BOYS

#1 AT RETAIL
RHYMES ≥ GRAY HAIRS

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DANIEL JOHNSTON: DRAWS DUCKS... AND STAR SUPPORT FOR CD

ALERT 871 Lo-fi naïve-core icon Daniel Johnston—despite being very much alive—will be toasted by a host of college-rock heroes on a benefit compilation called *The Late, Great Daniel Johnston: Discovered Covered*. The two-CD set on Gammon Records (the folks who brought you the equally naïve and lo-fi Langley Schools Music Project) is due September 21 and will feature 18 Johnston songs covered by his many admirers, followers and collaborators, including Tom Waits, Jad Fair, Beck, Calvin Johnson, Eels, TV On The Radio, Teenage Fanclub, Bright Eyes and Sparklehorse. The second CD will feature the original versions (plus one more song) recorded by Johnston, many of which were only available on cassette. “Daniel Johnston is the purest and most unpretentious artist of our generation,” said Sparklehorse’s Mark Linkous, who served as the project’s co-executive producer alongside with Gammon honcho Jordan

Trachtenberg. The CD will benefit Johnston, a uniquely gifted songwriter/cartoonist, who suffers from severe bi-polar disorder. The goal is to enable Johnston, 42, to move out of his parents’ house into his own residence and to provide appropriate care. The rest of you have no excuse—put down the Playstation, wipe the Bugles crumbs off your Wrens T-shirt, get out of your folks’ basement and make something of yourself already.



More than 300 people ventured out into a miserable, rainy Denver day to catch former Allman Brothers peach-eater and current Govt. Mule geetar player Warren Haynes perform a set of tunes inside Twist And Shout Records. “There was that rare warm glow enveloping the store,” says buyer Dawn Greaney in a T&S e-mail missive. “Maybe it was the music, maybe it was the beer, or maybe, just maybe it really was something magic.” Well, if there’s anything “magic” enveloping the store when there’s a room full of hippies, then you know damn well the Taco Bell next door saw some pretty amazing business. Wait, dude, what were we talking about? Oh, yeah. Warren’s new album is called *Live At Bonnaroo* (ATO-RCA), which is available for all those of you who didn’t already tape-trade it.

ELENI MANDELL
Afternoon

“This is a woman whose heart has its scars and whose talent knows no limits.”
PASTE

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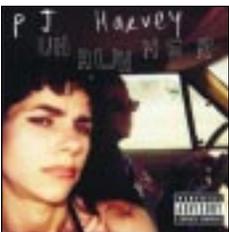
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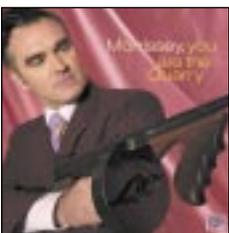
SONIC YOUTH



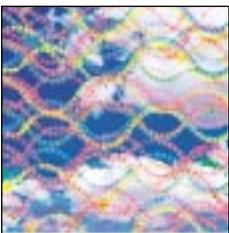
MAGNETIC FIELDS



PJ HARVEY



MORRISSEY



!!!

Chart information is based on combined airplay reports from CMJ's panel of college, commercial and non-commercial radio stations. Statistics are compiled from point totals tabulated from positions (1-30) of artists on airplay reports, then multiplied by station code factor (based upon market size, market impact and market reach). Visit www.cmj.com/nmm. © 2004 The CMJ Network, 151 W. 25th St., 12th Floor, New York, NY 10001.

CMJ RADIO 150

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 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 392
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TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	1	1	6	SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse	Geffen
2	2	2	2	7	MAGNETIC FIELDS i	Nonesuch
3	7	132	3	3	PJ HARVEY Uh Huh Her	Island
4	3	4	3	6	MORRISSEY You Are The Quarry	Attack-Sanctuary
5	5	11	5	4	!!! Louden Up Now	Touch And Go
6	8	19	6	4	HELIO SEQUENCE Love And Distance	Sub Pop
7	4	3	1	10	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
8	10	73	8	3	RJD2 Since We Last Spoke	Definitive Jux
9	6	5	4	7	BETA BAND Heroes To Zeros	Astralwerks
10	14	13	10	5	BAD RELIGION The Empire Strikes First	Epitaph
11	13	15	11	4	LES SAVY FAV Inches	Frenchkiss
12	19	20	12	4	STREETS A Grand Don't Come For Free	Vice-Atlantic
13	16	18	13	4	HAYDEN Elk-Lake Serenade	Badman
14	12	14	12	7	MATT POND PA Emblems	Altitude
15	22	31	15	4	A.C. NEWMAN Slow Wonder	Matador
16	9	7	2	10	MISSION OF BURMA OnOffOn	Matador
17	20	17	17	8	GOMEZ Split The Difference	Virgin
18	15	9	8	7	PEDRO THE LION Achilles Heel	Jade Tree
19	17	6	4	10	LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose	Interscope
20	21	12	11	10	PATTI SMITH Trampin'	Columbia
21	11	10	10	7	THERMALS Fuckin A	Sub Pop
22	18	8	8	9	SECRET MACHINES Now Here Is Nowhere	Reprise
23	37	106	23	3	DJ SHADOW Live! In Tune And On Time	Geffen
24	38	70	24	3	BLACK EYES Cough	Dischord
25	57	—	25	2	ANIMAL COLLECTIVE Sung Tongs	Fat Cat
26	46	164	26	3	JESSE SYKES AND THE SWEET HEREAFTER Oh, My Girl	Barsuk
27	25	26	24	7	CATHETERS Howling... It Grows And Grows!!!	Sub Pop
28	27	27	19	8	MCLUSKY The Difference Between Me And You Is That I'm Not On Fire	Too Pure-Beggars Banquet
29	63	76	29	4	MISS KITTIN I Com	Astralwerks
30	24	33	24	7	AUF DER MAUR Auf Der Maur	Capitol
31	—	—	31	1	KILLERS Hot Fuss	Island
32	30	28	28	5	LOW A Lifetime Of Temporary Relief	Chairockers Union
33	31	49	31	5	SQUAD FIVE-0 Late News Breaking	Capitol
34	70	—	34	2	GIFT OF GAB Fourth Dimensional Rocketships Going Up	Quannum Projects
35	54	38	35	4	JAY FARRAR Stone, Steel And Bright Lights	Artemis
36	159	—	36	2	WILCO A Ghost Is Born	Nonesuch
37	—	—	37	1	BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs	Capitol
38	79	—	38	2	NINA NASTASIA Dogs	Touch And Go
39	60	191	39	3	ROYAL CITY Little Heart's Ease	Rough Trade
40	41	36	27	8	OZOMATLI Street Signs	Concord
41	77	—	41	2	BEBEL GILBERTO Bebel Gilberto	Six Degrees
42	28	43	28	5	RACHAEL YAMAGATA Happenstance	RCA Victor
43	40	142	40	3	TANGIERS Never Bring You Pleasure	Sonic Unyon
44	45	50	44	4	KILL ME TOMORROW The Garbage Man And The Prostitute	Gold Standard Laboratories
45	47	37	37	5	PIEBALD All Ears, All Eyes, All The Time	Side One Dummy
46	75	65	46	5	FELIX DA HOUSECAT Devin Dazzle And The Neon Fever	Emperor Norton
47	23	23	18	6	LES SANS CULOTTES Fixation Orale	Aeronaut
48	39	89	39	3	ELENI MANDELL Afternoon	Zedtone
49	44	42	42	8	LOS LOBOS The Ride	Hollywood
50	33	32	26	10	DEVENDRA BANHART Rejoicing In The Hands	Young God

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TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
51	32	45	32	5	RYAN ADAMS Love Is Hell	Lost Highway
52	191	—	52	2	CALL AND RESPONSE Winds Take No Shape	Badman
53	121	—	53	2	TIGER ARMY Ill: Ghost Tigers Rise	Hellcat
54	26	16	2	10	OF MONTREAL Satanic Panic In The Attic	Polyvinyl
55	165	—	55	2	MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE Three Cheers For ...	Warner Bros.
56	48	39	39	6	LOLA RAY I Don't Know You	Red Ink-DC Flag
57	117	—	57	2	BURNING BRIDES Leave No Ashes	V2
58	29	21	6	9	ROCK AGAINST BUSH VOL 1 Various Artists	Fat Wreck Chords
59	53	61	53	4	MIDLAKE Bamnan And Slivercork	Bella Union
60	52	59	52	5	YESTERDAYS NEW QUINTET Stevie	Stones Throw
61	62	64	61	5	HAWTHORNE HEIGHTS The Silence In Black And White	Victory
62	59	52	52	6	SLOAN Action Pact	Koch
63	88	91	63	4	DELAYS Faded Seaside Glamour	Rough Trade
64	67	68	64	9	CONTROLLER.CONTROLLER History	Paper Bag
65	36	29	28	7	JUANA MOLINA Tres Cosas	Domino
66	55	66	49	7	DEAR NORA Mountain Rock	Magic Marker
67	102	137	67	3	DAVE ALVIN Ashgrove	Yep Roc
68	34	25	18	8	DIVISION OF LAURA LEE Das Not Compute	Epitaph
69	—	—	69	1	GRAVENHURST Flashlight Seasons	Warp
70	—	—	70	1	BLACK DICE Creature Comforts	DFA
71	119	—	71	2	JIM WHITE Drill A Hole In That Substrate...	Luaka Bop
72	81	78	72	5	ATHLETE Vehicles And Animals	Astralwerks
73	49	100	49	4	THIRD UNHEARD... Various Artists	Stones Throw
74	98	99	74	6	HINT HINT Young Days	Suicide Squeeze
75	103	116	75	4	REAL TUESDAY WELD I, Lucifer	Six Degrees
76	94	69	46	8	SAM PHILLIPS A Boot And A Shoe	Nonesuch
77	66	95	66	4	KEANE Hopes And Fears	Interscope
78	35	40	18	10	MIRAH C'mon Miracle	K
79	51	55	38	5	DETACHMENT KIT Of This Blood	French Kiss
80	111	—	80	2	DANIELSON Brother Is To Son	Secretly Canadian
81	64	46	46	6	NEW YEAR The End Is Near	Touch And Go
82	71	60	56	6	PINK GREASE This Is For Real	Mute
83	76	77	76	4	HONORARY TITLE Anything Else But The Truth	Doghouse
84	42	48	10	10	JOLIE HOLLAND Escondida	Anti
85	69	34	13	9	ASOBI SEKSU Asobi Seksu	Friendly Fire
86	65	44	44	6	ARTO LINDSAY Salt	Righteous Babe
87	105	114	87	4	TAPES N TAPES Tapes N Tapes	Ibid
88	152	—	88	2	PAPER CHASE God Bless Your Black Heart	Kill Rock Stars
89	126	159	89	3	SIXTOO Chewing On Glass & Other Miracle Cures	Ninja Tune
90	116	—	90	2	PLEASURE CLUB The Fugitive Kind	Brash
91	61	51	45	6	FREEZEPOP Fancy Ultra-Fresh	Archenemy
92	177	—	92	2	JOSH ROUSE The Smooth Sounds Of Josh Rouse	Rykodisc
93	95	107	93	4	KINISON What Are You Listening To?	Atlantic
94	134	—	94	2	DECEPTIKON Lost Subject	Merck
95	86	57	53	6	MARITIME Glass Floor	DeSoto
96	142	—	96	2	JESSE MALIN The Heat	Artemis
97	72	134	72	3	TWO LONE SWORDSMEN From The Double Gone Chapel	Warp
98	82	41	14	13	DAVID BYRNE Grown Backwards	Nonesuch
99	90	105	90	6	CHARLIE MARS Charlie Mars	V2
100	89	118	89	3	LEGENDARY PINK DOTS The Whispering Wall	ROIR

CMJ RADIO 150

PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 392
VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
101	—	—	101	1	ALBUM LEAF In a Safe Place	Sub Pop
102	97	58	47	6	DYKEHOUSE Midrange	Ghostly International
103	96	147	96	3	BLUE-EYED SON West Of Lincoln	Enie Meenie
104	138	187	104	3	TO ROCOCO ROT Hotel Morgen	Domino
105	50	22	10	9	FRENCH KICKS Trial Of The Century	Startime International
106	118	113	106	4	THE CURE End Of The World CD5	Elektra
107	68	104	68	6	JAMIE CULLUM Twentysomething	Verve
108	85	80	80	4	THRICE The Artist In The Ambulance [Bonus EP]	Island
109	84	122	84	6	SCATTER THE ASHES Devout/The Modern Hymn	Epitaph
110	106	199	106	3	AUTHORITY ZERO Andiamo	Lava
111	115	86	36	11	MUSE Absolution	Warner Bros.
112	120	157	112	3	SKINNY PUPPY The Greater Wrong Of The Right	SPV
113	43	24	4	10	CALEXICO Convict Pool	Quarterstick-Touch And Go
114	133	182	114	3	ETTA JAMES Blues In The Bone	RCA Victor
115	129	126	115	4	J.J. CALE To Tulsa And Back	Sanctuary
116	91	88	88	6	COWBOY JUNKIES One Soul Now	Zoë-Rounder
117	137	—	117	2	MOCO Out To Go	Pit Pony
118	74	81	63	7	ANGELIQUE KIDJO Oyaya!	Columbia
119	56	35	7	10	ARCHITECTURE IN HELSINKI Fingers Crossed	Bar None
120	73	72	72	5	APES Tapestry Mastery	Birdman
121	87	84	80	5	PASSAGE The Forcefield Kids	Anticon
122	197	—	122	2	SOVIETTES II	Adeline
123	140	56	5	16	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
124	83	67	36	9	KOMEDA Kokomemedada	Minty Fresh
125	—	—	125	1	DESPISTADO The Emergency Response	Jade Tree
126	—	—	126	1	BY DIVINE RIGHT Sweet Confusion	spinART
127	110	109	109	4	SHARKS AND MINNOWS The Cost Of Living	Two Sheds Music
128	—	—	128	1	CHUMBAWAMBA Un	Koch
129	127	136	127	4	FASTBALL Keep Your Wig On	Rykodisc
130	—	—	130	1	LA. TOOL AND DIE Fashion For The Evildoer	AAJ
131	101	79	79	4	UNICORNS 2014 [EP]	Suicide Squeeze
132	143	172	132	3	GHOST This Pen Is A Weapon	Drag City
133	108	30	26	9	FEVER Red Bedroom	Kemado
134	122	54	4	12	BEN KWELLER On My Way	ATO-RCA
135	163	152	116	7	JIM GUTHRIE Now More Than Ever	Three Gut
136	—	—	136	1	SENR HAPPY I'm Sorry	Q Division
137	125	93	70	6	SHANTI PROJECT COLLECTION 3 Various Artists	Badman
138	149	—	138	2	DAVID GRUBBS A Guess At The Riddle	Drag City
139	167	130	97	5	GOOD LIFE Lovers Need Lawyers	Saddle Creek
140	—	—	140	1	PHOSPHORESCENT The Weight Of Flight [EP]	Warm
141	124	129	75	10	CHOMSKY Let's Get To Second	Aezra
142	58	62	58	8	BROKEN SPINDLES Fulfilled/Complete	Saddle Creek
143	114	90	38	10	OLYMPIC HOPEFULS The Fuses Refuse To Burn	2024
144	112	111	76	7	OCEANSIZE Effloresce	Beggars Banquet
145	107	83	83	8	MOCEAN WORKER Enter The Mow!	Hyena
146	—	—	146	1	THE FALL The Real New Fall LP	Action
147	100	119	93	6	WASHINGTON SOCIAL CLUB Catching Looks	Badman
148	—	—	148	1	MIGALA La Incredible Aventura	Acuarela
149	173	—	149	5	VETIVER Vetiver	DiCristina
150	156	133	133	4	CUT COPY Bright Like Neon Love	Modular

RADIO 150 ADDS

COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS.
PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004
www.cmj.com

POSITION	TOTAL ADDS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	238	WILCO A Ghost Is Born	Nonesuch
2	213	BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs	Capitol
3	129	SAHARA HOTNIGHTS Kiss And Tell	RCA
4	103	THE FALL The Real New Fall LP	Action
5	63	PLASTIC CONSTELLATIONS Mazatlan	2024
6	61	GAMITS Antidote	Suburban Home
7	53	X-ECUTIONERS Revolutions	Columbia
8	41	SALVATORE Tempo	Racing Junior
8	41	JONATHAN RICHMAN Not So Much To Be Loved As To Love	Vapor
10	37	FORTY FIVES High Life High Volume	Yep Roc
11	34	EMPEROR X Tectonic Membrane...	Snowglobe-Discos Mariscos
12	33	TROUBLE WITH SWEENEY Fishtown Briefcase	Burnt Toast Vinyl
13	31	TRAINDODGE The Truth	Ascetic
14	27	VANDALS Hollywood Potato Chip	Kung Fu
15	26	FIREWORKS GO UP You're Welcome	Baryon
16	25	SO MANY DYNAMOS When I Explode	Skrocki
17	22	UMPHREY'S MCGEE Anchor Drops	SCI Fidelity
18	15	LANGTRY As Upon The Road Thereto	Soft Abuse
19	14	PART CHIMP Chart Pimp	Monitor
19	14	ZACK HEXUM The Story So Far	Trauma

TRIPLE A

PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 41
VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	4	1	5	MAGNETIC FIELDS i	Nonesuch
2	7	—	2	2	PJ HARVEY Uh Huh Her	Island
3	5	5	3	5	SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse	Geffen
4	2	3	2	9	LOS LOBOS The Ride	Hollywood
5	3	1	1	9	PATTI SMITH Trampin'	Columbia
6	12	8	6	5	MORRISSEY You Are The Quarry	Attack-Sanctuary
7	13	19	7	3	DAVE ALVIN Ashgrove	Yep Roc
8	4	2	1	9	LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose	Interscope
9	9	6	5	8	OZOMATLI Street Signs	Concord
10	11	7	5	8	SAM PHILLIPS A Boot And A Shoe	Nonesuch
11	16	—	11	2	BEBEL GILBERTO Bebel Gilberto	Six Degrees
12	8	9	8	6	COWBOY JUNKIES One Soul Now	Zoë-Rounder
13	20	14	13	4	JAY FARRAR Stone, Steel And Bright Lights	Artemis
14	30	—	14	2	WILCO A Ghost Is Born	Nonesuch
15	14	18	14	5	J.J. CALE To Tulsa And Back	Sanctuary
16	10	10	4	7	BETA BAND Heroes To Zeros	Astralwerks
17	6	11	6	7	ANGELIQUE KIDJO Oyaya!	Columbia
18	27	—	18	2	ETTA JAMES Blues In The Bone	RCA Victor
19	33	—	19	2	RJD2 Since We Last Spoke	Definitive Jux
20	23	40	20	3	ELENI MANDELL Afternoon	Zedtone

CORE RADIO

BASED ON CMJ'S MOST INFLUENTIAL STATIONS
PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 112
VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WK	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	2	2	1	6	SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse	Geffen
2	1	1	1	6	MAGNETIC FIELDS i	Nonesuch
3	7	—	3	2	PJ HARVEY Uh Huh Her	Island
4	3	4	3	6	MORRISSEY You Are The Quarry	Attack-Sanctuary
5	4	11	4	3	!!! Louden Up Now	Touch And Go
6	12	73	6	3	RJD2 Since We Last Spoke	Definitive Jux
7	9	18	7	3	HELIO SEQUENCE Love And Distance	Sub Pop
8	5	6	3	7	BETA BAND Heroes To Zeros	Astralwerks
9	6	3	1	11	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
10	10	9	9	3	LES SAVY FAV Inches	Frenchkiss
11	21	35	11	4	A.C. NEWMAN Slow Wonder	Matador
12	15	17	12	4	HAYDEN Elk-Lake Serenade	Badman
13	17	20	13	4	STREETS A Grand Don't Come For Free	Vice-Atlantic
14	8	5	2	9	MISSION OF BURMA ONOffON	Matador
15	23	21	15	4	BAD RELIGION The Empire Strikes First	Epitaph
16	16	16	16	6	MATT POND PA Emblems	Altitude
17	11	7	4	9	LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose	Interscope
18	14	8	8	9	PATTI SMITH Trampin'	Columbia
19	19	12	12	5	GOMEZ Split The Difference	Virgin
20	32	66	20	3	BLACK EYES Cough	Dischord
21	36	—	21	2	ANIMAL COLLECTIVE Sung Tongs	Fat Cat
22	13	13	11	6	THERMALS Fuckin A	Sub Pop
23	44	—	23	2	DJ SHADOW Live! In Tune And On Time	Geffen
24	20	15	9	7	PEDRO THE LION Achilles Heel	Jade Tree
25	43	—	25	2	JESSE SYKES AND THE SWEET HEREAFTER Oh, My Girl	Barsuk
26	67	—	26	2	GIFT OF GAB Fourth Dimensional Rocketships Going Up	Quannum Projects
27	61	75	27	3	MISS KITTIN I Com	Astralwerks
28	18	10	10	8	SECRET MACHINES Now Here Is Nowhere	Reprise
29	—	—	29	1	NINA NASTASIA Dogs	Touch And Go
30	24	23	14	9	DEVENDRA BANHART Rejoicing In The Hands	Young God
31	—	—	31	1	WILCO A Ghost Is Born	Nonesuch
32	27	22	22	5	LOW A Lifetime Of Temporary Relief	Chairkickers Union
33	37	33	19	7	OZOMATLI Street Signs	Concord
34	69	—	34	2	BEBEL GILBERTO Bebel Gilberto	Six Degrees
35	54	40	35	3	JAY FARRAR Stone, Steel And Bright Lights	Artemis
36	34	37	34	4	KILL ME TOMORROW The Garbage Man...	Gold Standard Laboratories
37	—	—	37	1	BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs	Capitol
38	33	—	33	2	ELENI MANDELL Afternoon	Zedtone
39	29	34	29	8	LOS LOBOS The Ride	Hollywood
40	28	25	16	7	MCLUSKY The Difference Between Me...	Too Pure-Beggars Banquet
41	22	24	17	6	LES SANS CULOTTES Fixation Orale	Aeronaut
42	42	55	42	4	MIDLAKE Bamnan And Silvercork	Bella Union
43	41	—	41	2	TANGIERS Never Bring You Pleasure	Sonic Unyon
44	35	42	35	5	AUF DER MAUR Auf Der Maur	Capitol
45	64	64	45	3	YESTERDAYS NEW QUINTET Stevie	Stones Throw
46	—	—	46	1	ROYAL CITY Little Heart's Ease	Rough Trade
47	—	—	47	1	KILLERS Hot Fuss	Island
48	47	32	30	5	CATHETERS Howling... It Grows And Grows!!!	Sub Pop
49	31	—	31	2	THIRD UNHEARD... Various Artists	Stones Throw
50	R	—	50	3	FELIX DA HOUSECAT Devin Dazzle And The Neon Fever	Emperor Norton

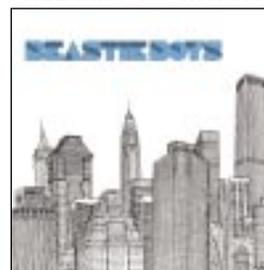
CMJ RETAIL 50

PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004
www.cmj.com

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	—	BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs	Capitol
2	1	VELVET REVOLVER Contraband	RCA
3	—	PHISH Undermind	Elektra
4	5	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
5	2	PJ HARVEY Uh Huh Her	Island
6	7	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
7	4	311 Greatest Hits	Volcano
8	6	USHER Confessions	Arista
9	—	KILLERS Hot Fuss	Island
10	14	LOS LONELY BOYS Los Lonely Boys	Or Music
11	3	SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse	Geffen
12	9	SLIPKNOT Vol. 3 (The Subliminal Verses)	Roadrunner-IDJMG
13	13	LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose	Interscope
14	21	D12 D12 World	Shady-Interscope
15	61	SHINEDOWN Leave A Whisper	Atlantic
16	18	KANYE WEST The College Dropout	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
17	16	STREETS A Grand Don't Come For Free	Vice-Atlantic
18	17	BEBEL GILBERTO Bebel Gilberto	Six Degrees
19	11	AVRIL LAVIGNE Under My Skin	Arista
20	12	METHOD MAN Tical 0: The Prequel	Def Jam-IDJMG
21	8	BAD RELIGION The Empire Strikes First	Epitaph
22	—	CHRISTINA MILIAN It's About Time	Island
23	26	WARREN HAYNES Live At Bonnaroo	ATO-RCA
24	10	!!! Louden Up Now	Touch And Go
25	—	UNDEROATH They're Only Chasing Safety	Solid State
26	20	PRINCE Musicology	Columbia
27	32	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home	Blue Note
28	24	HOOBASTANK Reason	Island
29	15	MORRISSEY You Are The Quarry	Attack-Sanctuary
30	36	JUVENILE Juve The Great	Cash Money
31	31	JAY-Z The Black Album	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
32	29	BLACK EYED PEAS Elephunk	A&M
33	27	OUTKAST Speakerboxxx/The Love Below	Arista
34	72	ERIC CLAPTON Me And Mr. Johnson	Reprise
35	30	GEORGE MICHAEL Patience	Epic
36	28	NEW FOUND GLORY Catalyst	Drive-Thru
37	23	EIGHTBALL AND MJG Living Legends	Bad Boy
38	22	WARPED TOUR COMPILATION 2004 Various Artists	Side One Dummy
39	47	MAROON 5 Songs About Jane	BMG-Octone
40	40	YEAH YEAH YEAHS Fever To Tell	Interscope
41	34	JET Get Born	Elektra
42	41	PETEY PABLO Still Writing In My Diary: 2nd Entry	Jive
43	39	DIANA KRALL The Girl In The Other Room	Verve
44	—	SEETHER Disclaimer II	Wind-Up
45	—	REGGAE GOLD 2004 Various Artists	VP
46	37	ALANIS MORISSETTE So-Called Chaos	Maverick
47	19	MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE Three Cheers For Sweet Revenge	Warner Bros.
48	44	RACHAEL YAMAGATA Happenstance	RCA Victor
49	—	FLEETWOOD MAC Live In Boston	Reprise
50	51	ROCK AGAINST BUSH VOL 1 Various Artists	Fat Wreck Chords

Logo represents priority titles throughout the Music Monitor Network.

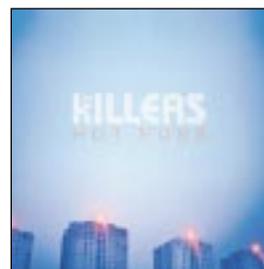
BREAKOUT 5 ALBUMS TO WATCH



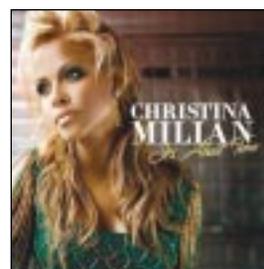
BEASTIE BOYS
To The 5 Boroughs
Capitol (84571)



PHISH
Undermind
Elektra (62969)



KILLERS
Hot Fuss
Island (84571)



CHRISTINA MILIAN
It's About Time
Island (222302)



UNDEROATH
They're Only Chasing Safety
Solid State (83184)



PJ HARVEY



BEASTIE BOYS

IN-STORE PLAY

Based on what clerks are playing while you browse

- PJ HARVEY**
- !!!**
- BEASTIE BOYS**
- SONIC YOUTH**
- WILCO**
- KILLERS**
- A.C. NEWMAN**
- DJ SHADOW**
- VELVET REVOLVER**
- MAGNETIC FIELDS**
- MODEST MOUSE**
- BEBEL GILBERTO**
- BETA BAND**
- SIMPLE KID**
- BAD RELIGION**

MAJOR CHAIN

Based on sales figures from national record chains

- BEASTIE BOYS**
- VELVET REVOLVER**
- DIANA KRALL**
- USHER**
- NORAH JONES**
- AVRIL LAVIGNE**
- PHISH**
- GEORGE MICHAEL**
- LOS LONELY BOYS**
- MODEST MOUSE**
- FRANZ FERDINAND**
- DEAN MARTIN**
- CELINE DION**
- ERIC CLAPTON**
- SHREK 2 SDTK**

MUSIC MONITOR NETWORK

COMPILED FROM THE COLLECTIVE PIECE COUNTS OF ALL MUSIC MONITOR NETWORK STORES

PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004

www.cmj.com

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	—	BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs	Capitol
2	1	VELVET REVOLVER Contraband	RCA
3	—	PHISH Undermind	Elektra
4	3	USHER Confessions	Arista
5	5	D12 D12 World	Shady-Interscope
6	4	SLIPKNOT Vol. 3 (The Subliminal Verses)	Roadrunner-IDJMG
7	2	311 Greatest Hits	Volcano
8	16	LOS LONELY BOYS Los Lonely Boys	Or Music
9	9	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
10	13	JUVENILE Juve The Great	Cash Money
11	—	CHRISTINA MILIAN It's About Time	Island
12	49	WARREN HAYNES Live At Bonnaroo	ATO-RCA
13	—	KILLERS Hot Fuss	Island
14	—	XAVIER RUDD Solace	Universal
15	8	EIGHTBALL AND MJG Living Legends	Bad Boy
16	14	PETEY PABLO Still Writing In My Diary: 2nd Entry	Jive
17	11	KANYE WEST The College Dropout	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
18	7	METHOD MAN Tical 0: The Prequel	Def Jam-IDJMG
19	25	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
20	57	SHINEDOWN Leave A Whisper	Atlantic
21	—	UNDEROATH They're Only Chasing Safety	Solid State
22	18	JAY-Z The Black Album	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
23	12	AVRIL LAVIGNE Under My Skin	Arista
24	22	BULLYS WIT FULLYS Gangsta Without The Rap	Git Paid
25	34	OUTKAST Speakerboxx/The Love Below	Arista

A.I.M.S.

COMPILED FROM THE COLLECTIVE PIECE COUNTS OF ALL ALLIANCE OF INDEPENDENT MEDIA STORE MEMBERS

PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004

www.cmj.com

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	—	BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs	Capitol
2	—	PHISH Undermind	Elektra
3	1	PJ HARVEY Uh Huh Her	Island
4	4	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News	Epic
5	2	SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse	Geffen
6	3	VELVET REVOLVER Contraband	RCA
7	—	KILLERS Hot Fuss	Island
8	7	LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose	Interscope
9	5	!!! Louden Up Now	Touch And Go
10	9	STREETS A Grand Don't Come For Free	Vice-Atlantic
11	11	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
12	15	MAGNETIC FIELDS i	Nonesuch
13	14	MORRISSEY You Are The Quarry	Attack-Sanctuary
14	10	JAY FARRAR Stone, Steel And Bright Lights	Artemis
15	26	RJD2 Since We Last Spoke	Definitive Jux
16	13	PEDRO THE LION Achilles Heel	Jade Tree
17	R	REUBENS ACCOMPLICE The Bull, The Balloon, And The Family	Western Tread
18	17	A.C. NEWMAN Slow Wonder	Matador
19	8	JAY FARRAR Live EP	Transmit Sound
20	23	LOS LONELY BOYS Los Lonely Boys	Or Music
21	6	311 Greatest Hits	Volcano
22	—	DJ SHADOW Live! In Tune And On Time	Geffen
23	29	ROCK AGAINST BUSH VOL 1 Various Artists	Fat Wreck Chords
24	12	BAD RELIGION The Empire Strikes First	Epitaph
25	18	JESSE SYKES AND THE SWEET HEREAFTER Oh, My Girl	Barsuk

HIP HOP

PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 145
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	2	3	1	5	RJD2 Since We Last Spoke	Definitive Jux
2	1	4	1	3	GIFT OF GAB Fourth Dimensional Rocketships...	Quannum Projects
3	3	1	1	5	YESTERDAYS NEW QUINTET Stevie	Stones Throw
4	4	6	4	5	THIRD UNHEARD... Various Artists	Stones Throw
5	5	2	1	13	MADVILLAIN Madvillainy	Stones Throw
6	6	5	5	10	GHOSTFACE KILLAH The Pretty Toney Album	Def Jam-IDJMG
7	9	8	6	8	TIME MACHINE Slow Your Roll	Glow In The Dark
8	14	14	8	10	NAS Illmatic: 10th Anniversary Platinum Edition	Columbia
9	7	13	7	7	PASSAGE The Forcefield Kids	Anticon
10	8	9	4	10	DEAD PREZ RBG	Columbia
11	13	7	2	14	MURS Murs 3:16: The 9th Edition	Definitive Jux
12	10	11	2	14	DIVERSE One A.M.	Chocolate Industries
13	25	—	13	2	DJ SHADOW Live! In Tune And On Time	Geffen
14	12	19	12	4	STREETS A Grand Don't Come For Free	Vice-Atlantic
15	17	30	15	3	SIZZLA Jah Knows Best	RAS-Sanctuary
16	21	39	16	3	JOHNNY FIVE Summer	Basement
17	18	22	15	7	LIVING LEGENDS Creative Differences	Legendary Music
18	15	10	3	10	AUTOMATO Automato	Coup De Grace
19	—	—	19	1	DUJEIOUS City Limits	Third Earth
20	23	17	15	6	ROOTS "Don't Say Nuthin" [12-inch]	MCA

NEW WORLD

PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 105
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	5	35	1	3	BEBEL GILBERTO Bebel Gilberto	Six Degrees
2	1	1	1	8	ANGELIQUE KIDJO Oyaya!	Columbia
3	2	2	2	9	OZOMATLI Street Signs	Concord
4	3	3	3	8	JUANA MOLINA Tres Cosas	Domino
5	6	13	5	3	YOUSOUU N'DOUR Egypt	Nonesuch
6	4	6	4	7	OJOS DE BRUJO Bari	World Village-Harmonia Mundi
7	8	4	4	6	ARTO LINDSAY Salt	Righteous Babe
8	7	9	7	5	NUOVO LATINO Various Artists	Putumayo
9	12	8	2	10	CAETANO VELOSO A Foreign Sound	Nonesuch
10	9	5	4	10	WOMEN OF AFRICA Various Artists	Putumayo
11	15	14	11	9	LOS AMIGOS INVISIBLES The Venezuelan Zingason Vol.1	Luaka Bop
12	14	28	12	3	SIZZLA Jah Knows Best	RAS-Sanctuary
13	10	7	7	8	AFRO CELT SOUND SYSTEM Pod	Real World
14	11	12	1	14	TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS True Love	V2
15	25	20	15	3	SPANISH HARLEM ORCHESTRA Across 110th Street	Red Ink
16	16	11	3	12	GIPSY KINGS Roots	Nonesuch
17	19	19	17	4	VINICIUS CANTUARIA Horse And Fish	Bar/None
18	17	16	1	15	OUMOU SANGARE Oumou	Nonesuch
19	20	15	15	3	STATE OF BENGAL VS PABAN DAS BAUL Tana Tani	Real World
20	—	—	20	1	LILA DOWNS Una Sangre One Blood	Narada

RPM

PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 142
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	2	1	6	FELIX DA HOUSECAT Devin Dazzle And...	Emperor Norton
2	7	28	2	3	QUANTIC Mishaps Happening	Ubiquity
3	2	1	1	8	MOCEAN WORKER Enter The Mowo!	Hyena
4	5	20	4	4	RJD2 Since We Last Spoke	Definitive Jux
5	3	5	3	4	MISS KITTIN I Com	Astralwerks
6	13	10	6	3	DECEPTIKON Lost Subject	Merck
7	15	14	7	5	FLUKE Puppy	One Little Indian
8	4	4	4	4	TWO LONE SWORDSMEN From The Double Gone Chapel	Warp
9	17	12	9	3	COTTONBELLY X Amounts Of Niceness	Wrong
10	28	29	10	4	KASKADE In The Moment	Om
11	6	7	4	10	FUNKSTORUNG Disconnected	!K7
12	26	33	12	3	DJ SHADOW Live! In Tune And On Time	Geffen
13	18	38	13	3	SKINNY PUPPY The Greater Wrong Of The Right	SPV
14	10	8	4	6	TRAX RECORDS 20TH ANNIVERSARY Various Artists	Trax
15	12	9	9	7	PAN SONIC Kesto	Novamute
16	9	11	6	7	ARMAND VAN HELDEN New York: A Mix Odyssey	Tommy Boy
17	11	13	11	5	DJ TIESTO Just Be	Nettwerk
18	23	—	18	2	LOS AMIGOS INVISIBLES The Venezuelan Zingason Vol.1	Luaka Bop
19	25	23	19	3	TO ROCOCO ROT Hotel Morgen	Domino
20	22	17	8	8	FRANKIE KNUCKLES A New Reality	Def Mix

JAZZ

PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 129
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	4	1	4	BEN ALLISON Buzz	Palmetto
2	4	3	2	7	JOHN SCOFIELD TRIO Live: EnRoute	Verve
3	2	2	2	8	FRANK KIMBROUGH Lullabluebye	Palmetto
4	3	1	1	10	DIANA KRALL The Girl In The Other Room	Verve
5	7	8	5	7	JAMIE CULLUM Twentysomething	Verve
6	22	—	6	2	QUINCY JONES AND BILL COSBY The Original Jam...	Concord
7	13	35	7	3	GREG OSBY Public	Blue Note
8	5	5	3	10	BILL CHARLAP TRIO Somewhere: The Songs...	Blue Note
9	35	—	9	2	MULGREW MILLER Live At Yoshi's	Maxjazz
10	6	6	4	8	JOE LOVANO I'm All For You	Blue Note
11	8	7	7	7	HIROMI Brain	Telarc
12	10	9	9	5	HENRY KAISER AND WADADA LEO SMITH Sky Garden...	Cuneiform
13	21	29	13	3	TOMASZ STANKO QUARTET Suspended Night	ECM
14	12	26	12	9	RUSSELL MALONE Playground	Max Jazz
15	9	10	7	9	STEFON HARRIS Evolution	Blue Note
16	25	28	16	3	SPRING HEEL JACK The Sweetness Of The Water	Thirsty Ear
17	15	14	4	14	EL-P High Water	Thirsty Ear
18	16	20	5	10	ED THIGPEN SCANTET #1	Stunt
19	17	17	10	9	BLUE NOTE REVISITED Various Artists	Blue Note
20	14	34	14	3	DAVE BRUBECK Private Brubeck Remembers	Telarc

LOUD ROCK COLLEGE

PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 190
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	1	1	9	KILLSWITCH ENGAGE The End Of Heartache	Roadrunner-IDJMG
2	29	—	2	2	ATREYU The Curse	Victory
3	2	3	2	5	SLIPKNOT Vol. 3 (The Subliminal Verses)	Roadrunner-IDJMG
4	15	—	4	2	MOTORHEAD Inferno	Sanctuary
5	3	2	2	9	DEATH ANGEL The Art Of Dying	Nuclear Blast
6	9	—	6	2	HEAVEN SHALL BURN Antigone	Century Media
					#1 DEBUT	
7	—	—	7	1	UNEARTH The Oncoming Storm	Metal Blade
8	6	6	6	6	BEYOND THE EMBRACE Insect Song	Metal Blade
9	4	4	1	10	IN FLAMES Soundtrack To Your Escape	Nuclear Blast
10	7	7	5	10	SUFFOCATION Souls To Deny	Relapse
11	8	8	5	10	SATYRICON Volcano	eatURmusic-Red Ink
12	5	5	2	10	MARTYR AD On Earth As It Is In Hell	Victory
13	10	14	10	5	CRISIS Like Sheep Led To Slaughter	3D
14	11	10	10	3	FEAR MY THOUGHTS The Great Collapse	Lifeforce
15	—	—	15	1	KITTIE Until The End	Artemis
					UP 22 POSITIONS	
16	38	—	16	2	OTEP House Of Secrets	Capitol
17	12	16	8	6	MISERY SIGNALS Of Malice And The Magnum Heart	Ferret
18	13	9	2	15	FEAR FACTORY Archetype	Liquid 8
19	—	—	19	1	EIGHTEEN VISIONS Obsession	Trustkill
20	14	17	14	5	FINNTROLL Nattfodd	Century Media
21	18	22	18	5	TWELVE TRIBES The Rebirth Of Tragedy	Ferret
22	25	—	22	2	1349 Beyond The Apocalypse	Candlelight
23	17	11	11	5	A18 Dear Furious	Victory
24	—	—	24	1	ALABAMA THUNDERPUSSY Fulton Hill	Relapse
25	30	34	6	12	ALL THAT REMAINS This Darkened Heart	Prosthetic
26	28	13	10	9	BLACK LABEL SOCIETY Hangover Music Vol. VI	Spitfire
27	—	—	27	1	NEUROISIS The Eye Of Every Storm	Neurot
28	26	15	15	6	INSOMNIUM Since The Day It All Came Down	Candlelight
29	35	—	29	2	SCATTER THE ASHES Devout/The Modern Hymn	Epitaph
30	16	12	12	4	BACKSTABBERS INC. Kamikaze Missions	Trash Art!
31	21	19	19	4	MONSTER MAGNET Monolithic Baby!	SPV
32	33	29	29	4	NONPOINT Recoil	Lava-Atlantic
33	40	—	14	10	PSYOPUS Ideas Of Reference	Black Market
34	27	—	17	5	SUFFOCATION Surgery Of Impalement	Relapse
35	—	—	35	1	TODAY IS THE DAY Kiss The Pig	Relapse
36	R	—	18	7	VOMITORY Primal Massacre	Metal Blade
37	—	—	37	1	VENOMOUS CONCEPT Retroactive Abortion	Ipecac
38	32	21	6	10	VEHEMENCE Helping The World To See	Metal Blade
39	R	39	4	12	SOULFLY Prophecy	Roadrunner
40	31	35	3	15	DEICIDE Scars Of The Crucifix	Earache

Chart information is based on combined airplay reports of Loud Rock releases from CMJ's panel of college, commercial and non-commercial radio stations.

ADDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS

1	101	CANDIRIA What Doesn't Kill You...	Red Ink
2	97	KITTIE Until The End	Artemis
3	86	NEUROISIS The Eye Of Every Storm	Neurot
4	61	VENOMOUS CONCEPT Retroactive Abortion	Ipecac
5	58	FORSAKEN Traces Of The Past	Century Media

LOUD ROCK CRUCIAL SPINS

PERIOD ENDING 6/22/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 55
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	PS	LWS	+/-	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	2	1	5	185	237	-52	SLIPKNOT Vol. 3	Roadrunner-IDJMG
2	2	1	1	9	169	229	-60	KILLSWITCH ENGAGE The End...	Roadrunner-IDJMG
								#1 DEBUT	
3	—	—	3	1	154	—	D	ATREYU The Curse	Victory
4	3	3	1	10	147	223	-76	IN FLAMES Soundtrack To Your Escape	Nuclear Blast
5	—	—	5	1	142	—	D	KITTIE Until The End	Artemis
6	—	—	6	1	140	—	D	MOTORHEAD Inferno	Sanctuary
7	4	4	3	8	136	195	-59	DEATH ANGEL The Art Of Dying	Nuclear Blast
8	—	—	9	1	134	—	D	UNEARTH The Oncoming Storm	Metal Blade
9	5	7	5	5	134	144	-10	BEYOND THE EMBRACE Insect Song	Metal Blade
10	13	8	1	10	121	100	21	MACHINE HEAD Through The Ashes Of Empires	Roadrunner
11	—	—	11	1	108	—	D	OTEP House Of Secrets	Capitol
12	8	13	8	5	106	126	-20	TWELVE TRIBES The Rebirth Of Tragedy	Ferret
								UP 9 POSITIONS	
13	22	35	13	4	95	86	9	MONSTER MAGNET Monolithic Baby!	SPV
14	19	15	12	10	88	90	-2	SATYRICON Volcano	eatURmusic-Red Ink
15	12	5	1	15	88	104	-16	FEAR FACTORY Archetype	Liquid 8
16	6	6	3	10	85	134	-49	MARTYR AD On Earth As It Is In Hell	Victory
17	20	34	18	3	81	89	-8	FEAR MY THOUGHTS The Great Collapse	Lifeforce
18	11	28	12	4	81	104	-23	HIGH VOLUME: A STONER... Various Artists	High Times
19	17	49	17	3	78	93	-15	HEAVEN SHALL BURN Antigone	Century Media
20	14	18	8	5	76	99	-23	AMEN Death Before Musick!	eatURmusic-Columbia
21	21	32	21	4	70	88	-18	NONPOINT Recoil	Lava-Atlantic
22	24	12	2	13	68	82	-14	SOULFLY Prophecy	Roadrunner
23	18	21	18	5	66	91	-25	CRISIS Like Sheep Led To Slaughter	3D
24	10	11	1	18	64	110	-46	GOD FORBID Gone Forever	Century Media
25	16	14	11	9	61	94	-33	BLACK LABEL SOCIETY Hangover Music Vol. VI	Spitfire
26	33	23	11	14	58	57	1	EXODUS Tempo Of The Damned	Nuclear Blast
27	15	16	15	7	57	95	-38	FLAW Endangered Species	Republic
28	29	26	5	16	56	59	-3	36 CRAZYFISTS A Snow Capped Romance	Roadrunner
29	23	19	17	8	55	85	-30	DOWNSET. Universal	Hawino
30	—	—	30	1	51	—	D	CANDIRIA What Doesn't Kill You...	Red Ink
31	39	29	9	7	50	43	7	SUFFOCATION Souls To Deny	Relapse
32	26	31	19	6	50	70	-20	SCATTER THE ASHES Devout/The Modern Hymn	Epitaph
33	48	—	15	9	47	35	12	SKINLAB Nerve Damage	Century Media
34	32	41	20	4	46	57	-11	HEAVILS Heavilution	Metal Blade
35	31	10	3	11	44	57	-13	ALL THAT REMAINS This Darkened Heart	Prosthetic
36	42	46	36	3	43	38	5	JUDAS PRIEST Metalogy	Legacy
37	40	44	37	3	41	41	0	ALABAMA THUNDERPUSSY Fulton Hill	Relapse
38	37	37	9	10	40	44	-4	PRO-PAIN Fistful Of Hate	Candlelight
39	28	22	16	6	40	62	-22	MISERY SIGNALS Of Malice And...	Ferret
40	27	20	20	5	39	70	-31	A18 Dear Furious	Victory

Chart information is based on pure spins reports of Loud Rock releases from CMJ's panel of commercial block shows and select college and community radio stations.

ADDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS

1	36	CANDIRIA What Doesn't Kill You...	Red Ink
2	34	KITTIE Until The End	Artemis
3	24	NEUROISIS The Eye Of Every Storm	Neurot
4	23	FORSAKEN Traces Of The Past	Century Media
5	20	HASTE THE DAY Burning Bridges	Solid State

SPARTA



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CMJ NEW MUSIC
MONTHLY

THE CURE
THE FEVER
THE HIVES

KINGS OF CONVENIENCE

THE ROOTS · SPARTA · KEANE

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1. THE CURE "The End Of The World" from *The Cure* courtesy of Geffen Records
2. THE FEVER "Gray Ghost" from *Red Bedroom* courtesy of Kemado Records
3. THE HIVES "Walk Idiot Walk" from *Tyrannosaurus Hives* courtesy of Interscope Records
4. KINGS OF CONVENIENCE "I'd Rather Dance With You" from *Riot On An Empty Street* courtesy of Astralwerks Records; see Reviews.
5. SPARTA "Breaking The Broken" from *Porcelain* courtesy of Geffen Records
6. KEANE "Somewhere Only We Know" from *Hopes And Fears* courtesy of Interscope Records
7. AUTHORITY ZERO "Revolution" from *Andiamo* courtesy of Lava Records
8. STOCKHOLM SYNDROME "Empire One" from *Holy Happy Hour* courtesy of Terminus Records
9. UMPHREY'S MCGEE "In The Kitchen" from *Anchor Drops* courtesy SCI Fidelity Records
10. PHOENIX "Everything Is Everything" from *Alphabetical* courtesy of Astralwerks Records
11. THE HELLOCOPTERS "Carry Me Home" from *By The Grace Of God* courtesy of Liquor And Poker
12. THE ROOTS "Don't Say Nuthin'" from *The Tipping Point* courtesy of Geffen Records
13. THE HEAD SET "A Regular Bonnie & Clyde" from *Ask Her Twice* courtesy of The Head Set

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REVOLUTIONARY SOUNDS



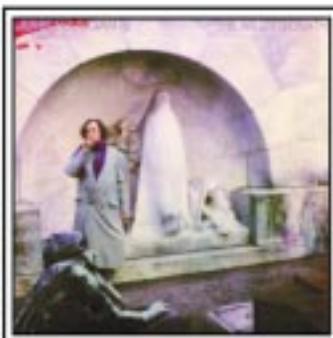
Burning Brides
Leave No Ashes

BY DATE: 8/25 - 9/2



I Am the World
Trade Center
Cover Up

BY DATE: 8/25 - 9/2



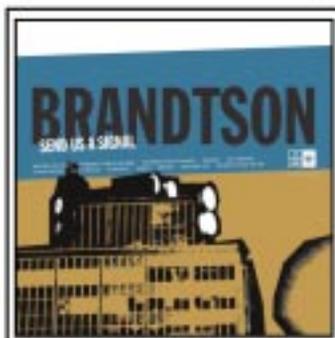
John Frusciante
The Will to Death

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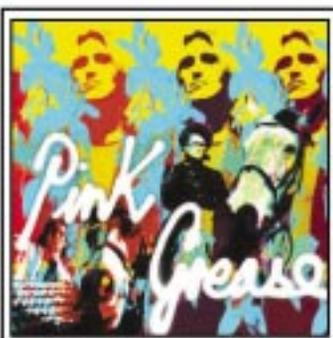
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Autumndivers

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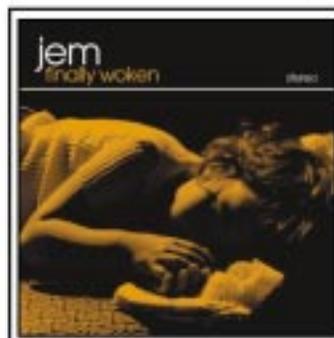
Pink Grease
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Crossfade
Crossfade

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Jem
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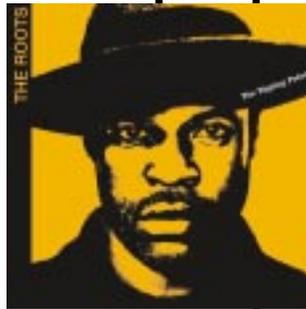
VIRGINMEGA.COM

WELL HUNG ARTISTS

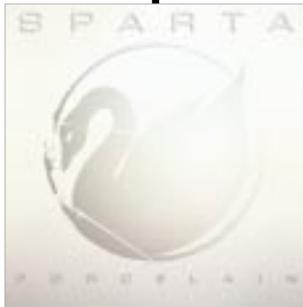
THE VOTES ARE IN*



THE HIVES
Tyrannosaurus Hives
(Interscope)



THE ROOTS
The Tipping Point (Geffen)



SPARTA
Porcelain (Geffen)



THE CURE
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DOPESTYLE 1231

KutMasta Kurt Presents... Dopestyle 1231

Waxploitation

If Massive Attack focused more on lyrics and the "hop" part of their trip-hop sonic gumbo, it might sound like the claustrophobic cyphers on the debut album by Dopestyle 1231. The latest combo to emerge from the fertile crescent of California's Bay Area, MC Dopestyle and DJ Tom C throw off the backpacks in favor of tales of drugs—looking at both sides of their use and trade atop the funereal beats and church bells of "Granulated Sugar"—followed by Dopestyle's

metal-guitar-fueled descent into solitary madness on "Lone Ramblin'." Underground legend and executive producer KutMasta Kurt lends his pedigree without locking in a strictly old-school feel, and brings cohort and Ultramagnetic MC Kool Keith on board for the pimp slap of "Wedgie." Other guests fare better than Keith, though, especially Cannibal Ox's Vast Aire and Del Tha Funkee Homosapien's cartoonish drawl on "Size Double D." But everyone who stops by does so in service of the duo's juxtaposition of the pretty and the pretty gruesome, a place where mixing gentle piano and grim sentiments like "stab you with a microphone 'til all you stupid white rappers bleed" ("Darkspell") makes perfect sense. >>>CHAD SWIATECKI

Link

www.waxploitation.com

File Under

Cretin-hop

R.I.Y.L.

Gravediggaz, Flatlinerz,

Tricky, Lovage



EYVIND KANG

Virginal Co Ordinates Ipecac

Sure it's the most pillowy-soft thing ever released on Ipecac, sure it's the most accessible record from a composer with folks like Bill Frisell, Sun City Girls and Laurie Anderson totally on his Tzadick—but Eyvind Kang's highest-profile release to date has no shortage of fuckedupness in its unsettling beauty. Building on quasi-Indian scales and the lessons of the minimalist (wash, rinse, repeat, repeat, repeat) composers, Kang and his 22-piece orchestra (which includes Europe's Playground Ensemble, Kang's otherworldly violin and Ipecackler Mike Patton) bring this post-millennial monsterwork to a silently transfixed Bologna audience. The 19-minute "Doorway To The Sun" fuses myriad influences into a hypnotic wash: minimalist shimmers of sexy atmosfuckery open the piece like Tony Conrad or La Monte Young putting microtones on tail; marimbas and strings putter in redundant chatter like the pulse-based work of Steve Reich or Terry Riley; finally Mike Patton's baritone chanting flips it like a goth reading of "A Love Supreme." The shorter pieces sound like Philip Glass for short attention spans: the three-minute "Harbour Of The NADE" uses only two alternating notes, the drama arising though addition of instruments and tension from the spacing and silence. While remaining gentle and peculiar throughout, *Co Ordinates'* drones, pulses, ragas, microtones and modes are diverse and unpredictable, making a maximalist record with minimalist techniques. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

Link

www.ipecac.com

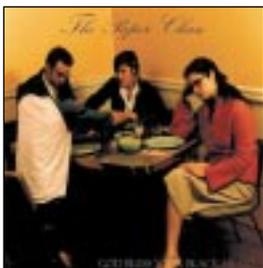
File Under

Minimalism with maximal prisms

R.I.Y.L.

Tony Conrad, Steve Reich,

Fantômas's *Delirium Cordia*



THE PAPER CHASE

God Bless Your Black Heart Kill Rock Stars

God Bless Your Black Heart, the third album from Texas avant-sluggers the Paper Chase, has just about everything we like about albums around these here parts: squonky John Cagey slap and trickle, dissonant carnival-on-the-high-seas piano spanking, thunderous fucking drum propulsion and huge, dramatic choruses... all tumbling out of the wash like Skeleton Key jacking Shellac. Few bands can proudly walk the line between obscurant and populist like these wackos: Album highlight "One Day He Went Out For Milk And Never Came Home" has those Steve Drozd-copping-John Bonham drums building a

levee while nervous strings and guitar doodling break it, the gang playing with some knobs for the fuck of it, distorting shit for no good reason, some found sample garbling in and out... don't run screaming just yet, such Paper-shredding messes are almost always broken up by a pop hook ejaculating out like a melodic phoenix arising from ashes of skronk. Thus is the dualism that makes this record equally desperate and triumphant. Footsteps, screams, cries of anguish, hissy movie clips, vocalist John Congleton wailing in a histrionic whine like Milo Aukerman having a Doorsgasm... all this negative energy is harvested, relished and amplified before being blasted out by a big, tremendous chorus and some giant drums. And, hey, isn't that why we like rock music in the first place? >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

Link

www.thepaperchaseband.com

File Under

Big black songs fucking about

R.I.Y.L.

Skeleton Key, Sleepytime Gorilla

Museum, *Transmissions-era*

Flaming Lips



MARTINA TOPLEY-BIRD

Anything Palm

By the time trip-hop went away, it was hard to imagine missing it. The Bristolian mash of dub, electronica and noirish soul was a victim of its own success: Diluted and overexposed, employed as the slinky background noise for selling shoes and cocktails. But when trip-hop died, it left a void: sex. Think back to Shara Nelson's vocals on "Safe From Harm," off Massive Attack's *Blue Lines*, or Beth Gibbons on Portishead's *Dummy*; these were the female voices that taught Gen X the meaning of "sultry," and anyone who thinks that Norah Jones has jumped into the breach hasn't had much seducing to do lately. But the best voice of all, channelling Billie Holiday through a streetwise toughness all her own, was Martina Topley-Bird, Tricky's gal on Maxinquaye and *Pre-Millennium Tension*. Gone since then, Bird came back last year with her Mercury Prize-nominated solo debut *Quixotic*, renamed *Anything* for its Stateside release. No less a horn-dog than ex-Afghan Whig Greg Dulli has been propounding the record's pleasures, and he's right—*Anything* is hot without being facile about it, teasing cabaret blues through songs that otherwise sound like old-school R&B, ragga, and (yes) trip-hop. The opening title track alone should fire up the pheromones, then "Sandpaper Kisses" rolls out for the kill. Oh, baby. >>>MAYA SINGER

Link

www.martinatopleybird.com

File Under

Sexual healing

R.I.Y.L.

His Name Is Alive, Tricky,

Zero 7, Morcheeba



BAD RELIGION

The Empire Strikes First *Epitaph*

National prosperity doesn't suit Bad Religion: After blazing through the Reagan and Bush 1.0 years with a string of politically charged punk classics, the burgeoning e-economy of the mid- to late-'90s gave singer Greg Graffin little to rail against as his band spun its wheels through an Atlantic Records contract. Given that, our in-the-shitter financial picture and war-fomenting government is perfect to fertilize the band's resurgence. Though never named, Dubya lands squarely in Graffin's sights as he attacks American jingoism ("Social

Suicide," "Let Them Eat War") and "nation building" ("God's Love") with a passion and verve absent in his voice for too long. That urgency spreads to the whole band, underscoring the blazing start of "Sinister Rouge" and peaking when pop culture takes a beating on the anthemic "Los Angeles Is Burning." *The Empire Strikes First* (how long do you think they've been sitting on that title?) reaches its thematic apex on the title track, as Graffin laments that "even 10 million souls marching in February couldn't stop the worst." Come what may in November, it's good to know Bad Religion still fights through the worst of times. >>>CHAD SWIATECKI

[Link](#)

www.badreligion.com

File Under

Tuneful tirades

R.I.Y.L.

Break The Silence, Anti-Flag, Propagandi, Michael Moore films



CATTLE DECAPITATION

Humanure *Metal Blade*

Following up 2002's *To Serve Man* with bovine tongue placed firmly in cheek, Cattle Decapitation continues its quest to offend damn near everybody. *Humanure* stinks up ideals with a band name and defecating-cow cover art sure to piss off animal rights activists; gets the meat-eaters by turning around and offering lyrics defending vegans; drops a song called "Bukkake Tsunami," sure to raise FCC eyebrows; and delivers enough blastbeats and guitar solos to piss off hardcore kids who bought this thinking the Locust's rhythm section was in the band (it no longer is). Travis Ryan's belched "veggie-gore" vocals tremble more than ever on "Bukkake Tsunami,"

[Link](#)

www.metalblade.com

File Under

Make your own joke, using the words "human," "manure" and/or bukkake"

R.I.Y.L.

Cannibal Corpse, Necroticism-era Carcass, Andrew "Dice" Clay

while Josh Elmore's guitar solos erupt in stuttered bursts resembling said tsunami. "Applied Human Defragmentation" begins with Carcass-like guitars and quickly decays into later-Napalm-Death-style breakdowns replete with vomited vocals (a notable song title off Cattle D's *Homovore* album was "Diarhea Of The Mouth"). A chilling 10-minute soundscape entitled "Men Before Swine" ends the disc; staged in a slaughterhouse, the band plays ominous lo-end feedback over pigs squealing as they meet their (supposed) demise. While *Humanure* doesn't pave any new roads to hell, Cattle Decapitation's reputation for gore-grind with a PETA agenda puts a new face on death metal's already severed head. >>>KORY GROW



DELAYS

Faded Seaside Glamour *Rough Trade*

Unlike their influences, Britpop and dream-pop legends of the late '80s/early '90s—think Cocteau Twins or the La's—Southampton, England's Delays make it no secret that they're trying, and hard. With no less lofty a goal than to become the perfect pop band, Delays have made audacious inroads toward that end with their debut, *Faded Seaside Glamour*. Lead singer and songwriter Greg Gilbert defines the band's sound just seconds into the album with his unearthly and staggeringly delicate falsetto, which effortlessly careens through the catchy melodies and spot-

on harmonies featured in nearly every song. "Nearer Than Heaven" is the obvious single, a workhorse of songwriting that combines a soaring melody with tight vocal harmonies and jangly guitar hooks. Another gem is the instantly accessible, '60s-pop flavored "Hey Girl," with a sweetly nostalgic vocal and arrangements reminiscent of the Byrds' "Mr. Tambourine Man." Unfortunately, the record loses momentum along the way due to its relentlessly homogenous production. But while the very earnestness and unabashed energy of this band may ultimately cause the best songs to fall short of the quasi laid-back perfection of, say, the La's' "There She Goes," there's still plenty of time for Delays to ascend to pop paradise—and *Faded Seaside Glamour* hints at a speedy ascent. >>>KARL WACHTER

[Link](#)

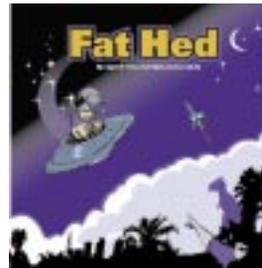
www.thedelays.co.uk

File Under

Shoegazing exuberance

R.I.Y.L.

Cocteau Twins, the La's, the Hollies, the Byrds



FAT HED

Night Train To Babbleon *Dope Discs*

The odds are pretty good that at some point during the fall semester, a freshman at Berkeley will beg his poli-sci professor to let him do a term paper analyzing the lyrics of Fat Hed's *Night Train To Babbleon*. Supposedly, Fat Hed's righteous father was reading Noam Chomsky essays to his son as bedtime stories, which may explain rhymes like "Ralph Nader on the escalator" and "Carlos Castaneda on the cross-fader," but doesn't really account for the flubbery bounce of these tracks. For that, you must look toward that other great American thinker, George

[Link](#)

www.fathed.net

File Under

Peace, love and boho-rap

R.I.Y.L.

Digital Underground, KutMasta Kurt, Ugly Duckling

Clinton, and his band of merry funkateers. Given those touchstones, you may be expecting the second coming of Native Tongues, but don't get your hopes up. While Fat Hed has certainly freed his mind, his music tends to be more cute than cutting edge. With a showman's flow that occasionally suggests Fozzie Bear and swing-jazz tracks that are as much Benny Goodman brass as Bootsy Collins bass, you could almost call a couple of tracks here vaudevillian rap. That's not to say *Night Train To Babbleon* isn't a lot of cosmos-trippin' fun, it just tends to be a little frothy for a Bay Area rapper who makes shout outs to left-wing kingpins. Tune in and let the summery tunes roll like suntan lotion off your back. >>>NEIL GLADSTONE

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THE FONTAINE TROUPS

TFT *Teenbeat*

The self-named trio fronted by ex-Containe/Versus member Fontaine Troups deals up Breeders-fed power-pop incarnate: smart melodies, guitars summoning a conservative amount of feedback, Troups' sweet-to-smoky vocals charting between Tanya Donnelly's highs and Kim Deal's lows... which all mixes up into a disarmingly pleasant (if slightly innocuous) debut. But what *TFT* lacks in originality, the FTs compensate for in tight execution and self-assured songwriting. The punchy chorus and name-checking of Troups' Williamsburg, Brooklyn haunts in "TFT" offer a unique

glimpse into the FT personality, while the clever "Who Told You" expands on it with a charming falsetto chorus. "Sister" is a down-tempo shoegazer, and "Shoegazer" features sleepy-eyed cooing—and then there's the jaunty cadence and female-to-male call-and-response vocals of "Nico," which could stand as the theme to a Reality Biting alterna-sitcom of your choice. It's nice to hear a Billburg band cop sounds from mid-'90s college rock as opposed to the swath of neo-garage and new/no wave regurgitators, and *TFT* reveals that the Fontaine Troups have some winning—if not entirely mind-blowing—elements: solid vocals, proficient players and indie-pop sensibility. But, it's likely that this disc will just whet the appetite, and send you rummaging for those old *Pod* or *The Real Ramona* cassettes. >>>BRAD ANGLE

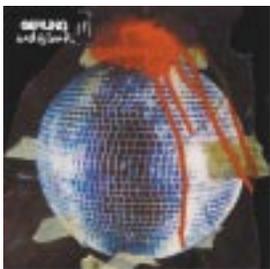


THE FUCKING AM

Gold *Drag City*

The latest exercise in teamwork from Trans Am and the Fucking Champs is a bombastic romp that picks up the slack from 2001's disappointing *Trans Champs* and proves that this pairing really was as good an idea as it seemed on paper. The Champs' metal riffing actually gets a chance to shine this time around, and the vocals are kept to a minimum, allowing the six-headed juggernaut a chance to explore some territory that neither act ever reaches on its own. Grooved-out guitar harmonies, blustering syncopations from two of indie rock's better drummers, and a subtle sense of humor on tracks like

"Doing Research For An Autobiography" are the main attraction, and fans of either band should be able to spot their heroes under the surface. Toss in a funky '80s throwback, metal jams that eschew irony in favor of nods to Iron Maiden, and a three-part exercise that tears apart the same theme with acoustic, electric and tripped-out treatments, and *Gold* becomes nearly unstoppable. There's a palpable sense of freedom and enjoyment here, and considering the heady endeavors these bands usually involve themselves in (be it a political agenda or just some serious Hessian thrashing), their hyper-technical efforts almost seem like a paid vacation. It may have taken two tries to pull off, but the Fucking Am nailed it. >>>PETER D'ANGELO



GERLING

Bad Blood!!! Fenway

Australian trio Gerling, essentially, are just punks who wanna dance, and on their third album, *Bad Blood!!!*, they cut and paste dashes of electronica, house and punk into a genre-defying workout. From the whirling stomp of opener "Blood On The Microphone Part 1" (immediately followed, incidentally, by an equally menacing "Blood On The Microphone Part 2"), to the wailing bliss of "Newwave Machine" to the disco sneer of "Who's Ya Daddy?," Gerling's experimentation yields dizzying results. Recorded at their own G.E.R.L.O.G. studios, the band seam-

lessly mixes frenetic beats with loud guitars and snarling vocals. Their skill as genre-benders is most obvious on the ninth track, "We Got Venom," a feverish house jam with a rough and snotty punk-rock attitude; placed earlier in the tracklisting it would have made one hell of a thesis statement, but one track away from the end of a 10-song album, it's an even stronger declaration: "We knew we could mix up anything, and now you know it, too." It'd be nearly impossible to pinpoint Gerling's pedagogy, but you get the best sense of it in the Strokes-influenced "In The City," when singer Darren Cross indicates that the trick is to "Fuck shit up/ Start over again." Reckless, vicious and utterly charming. >>>ALEX GREEN

Link

www.gerling.net.au

File Under

Get down Down Under

R.I.Y.L.

Sonic Youth, the Avalanches



BEBEL GILBERTO

Bebel Gilberto Six Degrees

When Bebel Gilberto's debut, *Tanto Tempo*, arrived in 2000, it pushed Brazilian-electronica crossover into high gear: Its sensual blend of bossa nova, samba and downbeat clicked with audiences far beyond world music, and a remix album kept her profile high. In the four years it's taken her to complete the follow-up, the tides of music have swept a long way past her original template, but Gilberto doesn't attempt to play catch-up with the trends—on her new self-titled disc, much of the inspiration is her own, often in collaboration with close

friends, like keyboardist Didi Gutman and producer-keyboardist Marius de Vries on the gossamer textures of gentle lullabye "Next To You." There's less obvious homage to the styles that made Brazil, though the album does open with a simmering cover of Caetano Veloso's classic "Baby." The album focuses heavily on acoustic arrangements behind Gilberto's sensuous voice, but the most successful tracks here are the ones that delve deeper into electronica, like the spare "Cada Beijo" or the brooding darkness of "Céu Distante." There's plenty to latch onto in the playing and especially the singing, but still, *Bebel Gilberto* doesn't possess the sparkle of its predecessor; the tone is simply too even throughout. Gilberto demanded to be heard her first time out; this time, she seems more content to be in the background. >>>CHRIS NICKSON

Link

www.bebelgilberto.com

File Under

Copacabana cocktail

R.I.Y.L.

Caetano Veloso, Cibelle,

Zuco 103

THE WAXWINGS

LET'S MAKE OUR DESCENT



ON TOUR JUL/AUG 2004

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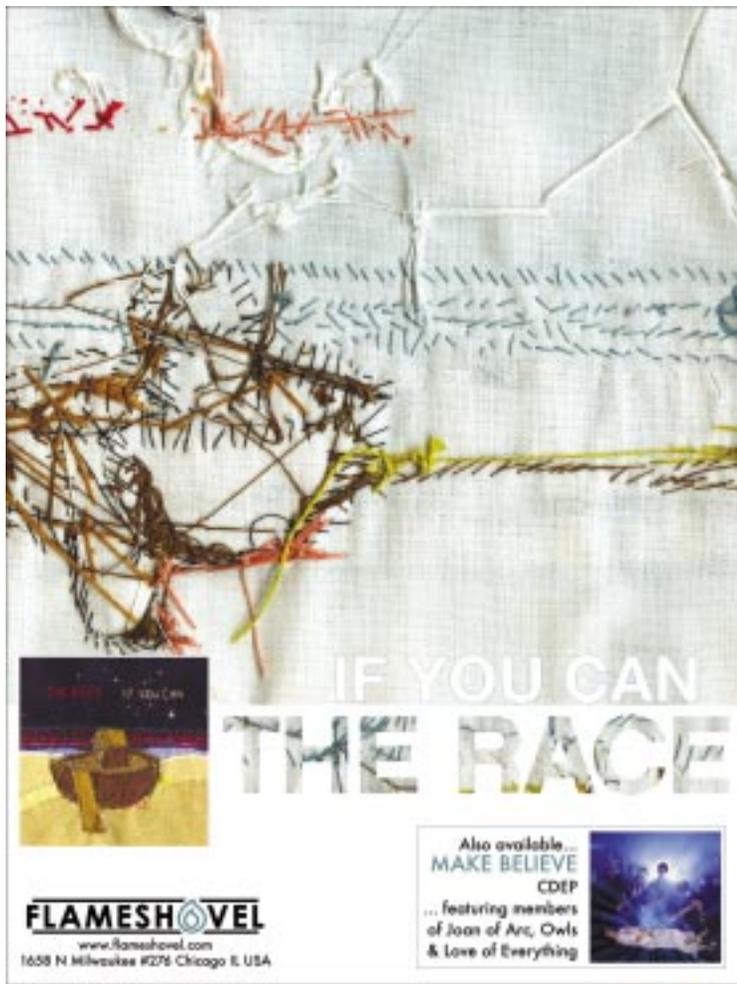
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THE GOOD LIFE

Lovers Need Lawyers Saddle Creek

The Good Life has always been an outlet for singer Tim Kasher to create happy-sounding-but-actually-bitter pop, while his more directly angst-ridden songs go to his full-time band, Cursive. *Lovers Need Lawyers*, a six-song precursor to the band's upcoming third full-length, blends the two together more than ever before, downplaying the Good Life's previous flirtations with electronics and focusing more on straightforward pop. The album opens with the country-tinged "Leaving Omaha," once again bringing up the regionalism that seems to

saturate most Saddle Creek releases. Like the rest of the EP, the track concentrates on broken relationships, but it's shot through with a streak of hopefulness and joviality that makes it dark but charming at the same time. *Lawyers* boasts more diversity than the Good Life's previous efforts, ranging from the upbeat, piano-driven "Always A Bridesmaid," where Kasher shows off his best Robert Smith impression, to the elegant, folk-influenced epic "For The Love Of The Song," to the intense "Friction!," a two-minute-long punk jaunt that could easily pass for a Cursive outtake. *Lovers Need Lawyers* will be the perfect summer soundtrack for broken-hearted indie kids. >>>CAROLINE BOROLLA

[Link](#)

www.saddle-creek.com

File Under

Breaking up is hard to do

R.I.Y.L.

Cursive, Spoon, Beulah

HAIR POLICE

Obedience Cuts Freedom From

What if Throbbing Gristle took everyone up on that whole "punk" thing they were sometimes lumped into? Well, some of these frecky unwashed noiseniks that seem to be popping up everywhere nowadays—drawing small but loyal crowds to their Merzbow-via-Pussy Galore skronk-offs—look like punks, hold guitars like punks and, quite frankly, smell like punks; all somehow conjuring the guttural sludge grind of Gristle and making kids mosh to it. New York's Sightings are as suave with a wall of alien skree as Sonic Youth in their embryo, Air Conditioning

(from somewhere in the dirty South) is gloriously aimless, but the most Black-Flag-circle-pit-inducing of the lot is Lexington, Kentucky's Hair Police, who up the ante from last year's pulseless split EP with Viki (on Load Records, natch) by getting louder, meaner and more fist-pumping. Somewhere between power-electronics and hardcore (there's drums buried somewhere under them thar oscillators), Hair Police may have the howls and cries of industrial sad-sacks like Whitehouse or Swans, but are actually tons of fun. "Let's See Who's Here And Who's Not" sounds like the end of any song on the Melvins' *Gluey Porch Treatments* if it were dragged out for three minutes and run through a broken distortion pedal, and "Open Body" is as brilliant a two-minute retard-punk tantrum as anything Half Japanese coughed up in their earliest days. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

[Link](#)

www.freedom-from.com

File Under

Black Flag, white noise

R.I.Y.L.

Sightings, K.K. Null,

Whitehouse



THE HELIO SEQUENCE

Love And Distance *Sub Pop*

Com Plex was the perfect title for the Helio Sequence's debut: The Portland-based duo crafts a brand of organic, shoegaze-influenced, avant-electronic music that can't be digested properly without some heavy brainwork. Similar to its predecessors, the band's new *Love And Distance* plants its roots firmly in psychedelia and '80s shoegaze, intertwining elements of Britpop throughout. But the duo's also continued to improve upon their recipe, expanding their horizons this time by adding acoustic guitars and a double drum kit. The shimmering guitars

Link
www.theheliosequence.com
File Under
Love, distortion and electronics
R.I.Y.L.
My Bloody Valentine,
Dykehouse, Modest Mouse,
Pinback

of "Repeater" recount the complex textures of *Loveless*-era My Bloody Valentine, topped with whirring keyboards, galloping drumbeats and Brandon Summers' breathy and catchy chorus vocal harmonies. The harmonica-driven "Everyone Knows Everyone" works in electronic bleeps reminiscent of old-school Nintendo sounds, while the laid-back, dreamy guitar-pop track "Don't Look Away" is among the album's most hook-laden, demonstrating that the time drummer Benjamin Weikel spent playing on Modest Mouse's *Good News For People Who Love Bad News* has made a positive impact on his other band's musical output. *Love And Distance* is a record rife with diversity and innovation, which will help it appeal to IDM fans and indie rockers alike. >>>CAROLINE BOROLLA



Bebel Gilberto's debut release *Tanfo Tempo* created a worldwide cultural phenomenon. Her long awaited new release, *Bebel Gilberto*, recorded by producer Marius de Vries reveals Bebel as an artist with a sound and voice all her own.

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KID606

Who Still Kill Sound? *Tigerbeat6*

Miguel Depedro's anything-is-possible imagination and complete absence of anything resembling an attention span have made him the premiere scatter-brained stepchild of the laptop set. The Kid's latest effort, *Who Still Kill Sound?*, cements his position further with a shamelessly catchy party throw-down that essentially functions as part two of last year's *Kill Sound Before Sound Kills You*, drawing inspiration from pop culture (*Bring It On*, *Boogie Nights*, the Atlanta Falcons), techno godfathers (Kraftwerk, the Orb) and orthodontics (the monosynth ebb of "All I Wanted For

Link
www.brainwashed.com/kid606
File Under
Child's play
R.I.Y.L.
Roni Size, Jason Forrest,
A Stroke Of Genius

Christmas Was My Braces Off" was apparently recorded by a 17-year-old Depedro after a round of dental work). It's the sound of Kid606 purging his hard drive and distilling his influences into an unabashedly rave-ready mix-up. The chaotic formula doesn't always work: An unfinished Cex remix (title: "Cex Remix I Forgot To Finish") tries to succeed on subversive humor alone, but the song is barely even a sketch. Likewise, "Pregnant Cheerleader Theme Song" sounds like any kid (the lowercase kind) could have mashed it up in an hour on their parents' iMac. Still, the best material here is as inventive and kinetic as anything in Kid606's increasingly diverse catalogue. "Yr Inside The Smallest Rave On Earth" segues effortlessly from acid to jungle to breakbeat, while a pair of ragga jungle slammers find the Kid, for once, intensely focused. >>>ANDY DOWNING

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KINGS OF CONVENIENCE

Riot On An Empty Street Astralwerks

Kings Of Convenience crafted their entire first album from a single Simon & Garfunkel song, "So Long Frank Lloyd Wright." No criticism there, as both that song and Kings' album, *Quiet Is The New Loud*, are composed of the kind of peaceful melancholy that makes an afternoon sitting on the living room couch a transcendental experience. *Riot On An Empty Street*, Erlend Øye and Eirik Glambek Bøe's second antipodally titled album of new material together, lightens the mood and ups the diversity by copping a few bossa nova rhythms and basslines to go with those

Brazilian chords, and conjuring, well, other Simon & Garfunkel songs. But further, creeping into Norse nooks of this gentle folk is an echo of... Tears For Fears? Dude, what the hell? Only once do they veer precariously close to failure (lowercase "f") in this direction, at least, in an homage to the Casio Euro dance-pop of the funkless '80s (sans Casio, thank Thor), "I'd Rather Dance With You." Altogether, the Kings have proven their mettle by making both styles their own and making *Riot* a single statement. They can now wear black turtle-necks to a coffee house gig and do a video in a distorted checkered funhouse. >>>JOE KERN

Link

www.kingsofconvenience.com

File Under

Quiet Riot

R.I.Y.L.

Simon & Garfunkel, Tears For Fears, Elliott Smith, Kate Bush

MARAH

20,000 Streets Under The Sky Yep Roc



Apparently you can go home again. After their sophomore near-break-through *Kids In Philly*, the quartet Marah (essentially brothers Dave and Serge Bielanko and a rhythm section *du jour*) pulled up stakes for Ireland and Wales, burning bridges as they fled the City of Brotherly Love. *Float Away With The Friday Night Gods*, a brazen lunge for the brass ring, enlisted Oasis/Verve producer Owen Morris but diluted the Bielankos' rootsy yet glammy charms. The car alarms and street sounds of opener "East" announce that the boys are back in town for *20,000 Streets Under The Sky*, recorded in the same Philadelphia garage that spawned their first two discs. *20,000 Streets* finds Marah with more early E Street swagger than ever and a newfound soul emphasis to boot, in both the Marvin Gaye party vibe of "Goin' Thru The Motions" and the street corner doo-wop of "Pizzeria." The banjos that threatened to pigeonhole early efforts are silent, save for a glorious return on the rave-up "Pigeon Heart." It'd be naïve to expect another ramshackle high-wire act like debut *Let's Cut The Crap And Hook Up Later On Tonight*, but Marah still makes the unexpected flow effortlessly—check the flute intro to the twangy "East" or the Sex Pistols bombast that seamlessly gives way to "shimmy shimmy ko ko bop" girl group chants on "Freedom Park." Marah paves *20,000 Streets*' assured, accessible sound with plenty of genre-smashing thrills. >>>GLEN SARVADY

Link

www.marah-usa.com

File Under

The kids are back in Philly
(and have cut the crap)

R.I.Y.L.

Ryan Adams, Faces, Black Crowes, Drive-By Truckers

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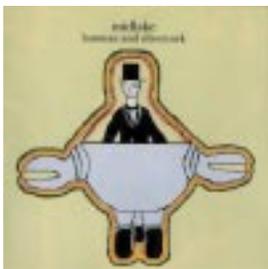
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MIDLAKE

Bamnan And Slivercork Bella Union

It'll probably annoy all five guys in Midlake that every review of *Bamnan And Slivercork* will make some sonic comparison to Grandaddy—but maybe this one will actually make them feel better about it. Brought to you by Bella Union, the label run by Cocteau Twin Simon Raymonde, the debut full-length from this Denton, Texas outfit is the kind of album you wish Grandaddy would have made last time around. Nothing against Grandaddy, but where they often gets stuck in a samey rhythms/mood groove, the woozy keyboard and vocal

haze created by this group of music school geeks is cut with more oddball sonic gestures and rhythms, making it one of the year's best finds this side of *The Soft Bulletin*. Trippy, beautiful and unsettling at the same time, the album often has the strummy sunniness of the Polyphonic Spree (sans the cultish glee) and the space-cadet vibe of the Flaming Lips, especially on the epic "Balloon Maker." There's a theremin-like keyboard solo on that track that'll blow a few chemically-altered minds on headphones. While it'd be wrong to endorse substance abuse here (or at least overtly in print), there's no harm in applauding and recommending Midlake's woozy space pop for all heads looking to be expanded. >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

[Link](#)

www.midlake.net

File Under

Texas, messed with

R.I.Y.L.

Grandaddy, the Polyphonic

Spree, things that oscillate

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MISERY SIGNALS

Of Malice And The Magnum Heart Ferret

Fans of heavy music may cringe at the word "metalcore," but Misery Signals do a lot more than provide the usual mosh-inducing amalgam of hardcore and metal—the quintet's full-length debut (produced by metal mastermind Devin Townsend of Strapping Young Lad) contains the much-needed passion and inspiration that the ever-expanding genre often lacks. As former members of Compromise and 7 Angels 7 Plagues, two groups that unexpectedly disbanded in 2002, Misery Signals carry some emotional scars that are beyond the standard fodder of the scene. "The Year

Summer Ended In June" is a mournful tribute to former bandmates killed in a van accident, in which singer Jesse Zaraska manages to make his piercing, raspy screams affecting and articulate. *Malice* is also filled with other tender moments amid the hammering double bass, fast-fingered guitar work and brutal mosh parts: "Worlds & Dreams" is a soothing instrumental interlude that actually doesn't compel you to hit the "skip" button, while the closing track "Difference Of Vengeance And Wrongs" teeters dangerously towards emocore with clean vocals and harmonizing riffs. All in all, Misery Signals effectively meld sorrow and aggression in a way that makes you want to mosh and weep at the same time. >>>TRACEY JOHN

[Link](#)

www.miserysignals.net

File Under

Melancholy metalcore

R.I.Y.L.

7 Angels 7 Plagues,

Bleeding Through

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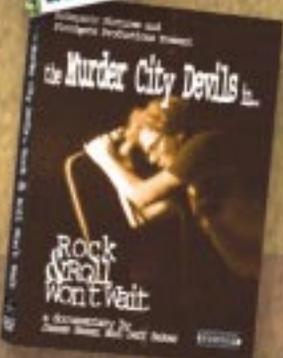
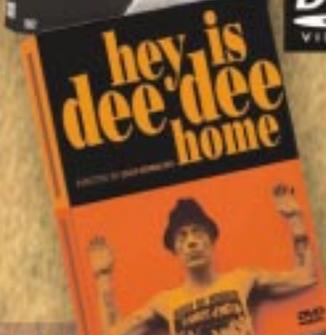
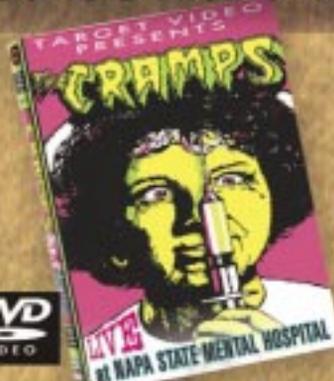


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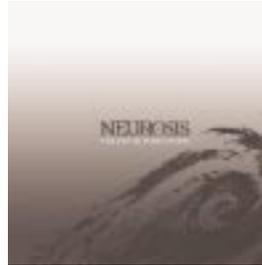


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File Under

Cascading torrents of depression

R.I.Y.L.

Soundtracks For The Blind-era

Swans, Isis, Pink Floyd

contrasted by crushing noise), Neurosis spends most of this disc amidst ominous acoustic guitars and minimalist synths fitting of its foreboding title. The almost 12-minute title cut pulses with dark keyboards and whispery cymbals, while singer Steve Von Till incoherently moans, eventually screaming, "Time brings 'em all home, to the eye of every storm," as the band commences its signature Sabbathian riffs. "A Season In The Sky" dabbles even more in prog territory akin to *Damnation*-era Opeth, if the Swedish black metallers would trade their technicality for transcendent, yet expressive animosity. Guitarist Scott Kelly plays resilient Mahler-esque chords on "Shelter," balancing its torrents of sadness with hopeful persistence. Weather patterns permitting, Neurosis' next disc will wreak more havoc than ever, before the storm finds an aftermath. >>>KORY GROW



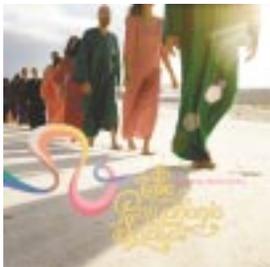
PATTON OSWALT

Feelin' Kinda Patton *United Musicians*

"I watched a man shave his balls," admits Patton Oswalt on *Feelin' Kinda Patton*. After wrinkling the skin on the back of your neck, the comedian explains how he discovered the self-groomer sitting next to a Casino hot tub with an electric razor absentmindedly buzzing away. "When did shaving your balls get to be boring?" exclaims the Virginia native, wondering whether ball-shaving isn't more appropriate when you're surrounded by women in leather masks and midgets tossing heroin-soaked grapes into your mouth.

By now you've probably realized that Oswalt may be observant, but he's not exactly genteel—imagine *The Daily Show* hosted by a drunken Carlos Castaneda, and you might get a sense of how Oswalt stretches a reference to PAAS Easter-egg coloring kits into a 10-minute rant about '70s knockoff kits like "Shake 'n' Egg," which made the Easter treats look so glittery they could have dropped out of David Bowie's ass. Many of the rambling bits will land particularly well with Gen Xers who recall cultural milestones such as the Stella D'oro Breakfast Treats commercial that featured a middle-aged couple noshing away at 3 a.m. "These cookies appeal to people in their mid-50s trapped in failed, hateful marriages," sneers Patton. Such perceptions make obnoxious insight a good thing. >>>NEIL GLADSTONE

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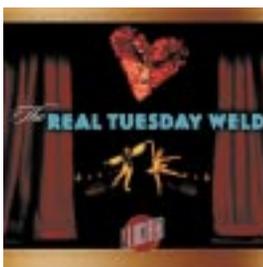
THE POLYPHONIC SPREE

Together We're Heavy Good-Hollywood

Everything about the Polyphonic Spree is big. With nearly two dozen members, the Texas band is part high-school choir, part marching band. With huge choruses, the outsized songs—three on *Together We're Heavy* pass eight minutes, and all the songs blend together into one symphonic sprawl—always sound like anthems. And the sentiments are broad and relentlessly upbeat: "You've gotta be good, you've gotta be strong, you've gotta be two thousand places at once," leader Tim DeLaughter and his cast of thousands

Link
www.thepolyphonicspree.com
File Under
The power of positive singing
R.I.Y.L.
The Flaming Lips, Hair, the Langley Schools Music Project

preach in "Two Thousand Places." Coupled with the choir robes the band wears and the tendency towards hippy-dippy proclamations, there's something patently ridiculous about the whole enterprise. But that's also the charm. *Together We're Heavy* is just as exuberant and bombastic as *The Beginning Stages Of...*, and it picks up, literally, where the Spree's debut left off: The songs are designated as sections 11 to 20 of the continuing saga, and mantras from the first album such as "Hey, it's the sun" reappear. Produced by DeLaughter and Eric Drew Feldman (Captain Beefheart, Frank Black), *Together* balances the multitude of voices and instruments with remarkable clarity, particularly on "Hold Me Now." "It's the feel-good time of day," the Spree sing in "Suitcase Calling," amid French horns, tympani, pedal-steel guitars and what sounds like a theremin. *Together We're Heavy* is a feel-good kind of album. >>>STEVE KLINGE



THE REAL TUESDAY WELD

I, Lucifer Six Degrees

Londoner Stephen Coates, a.k.a. the Real Tuesday Weld, is a pop talent with his head stuck both in 1920s jazz cabarets and today's DJ haunts—places fit for an obsession with the fine lines between glamour and vice, love and loss—which he melds together by mixing samples of '20s and '30s jazz and swing with Serge Gainsbourg-style sexy lounge and modern electronic beats. Coates' last album, *Where Psyche Meets Cupid*, chronicled a melancholy love affair, but the new *I, Lucifer* twists the melancholy a bit further, beginning with the story of a

Link
www.tuesdayweld.com
File Under
Cabaret-tronica
R.I.Y.L.
Serge Gainsbourg, Thievery Corporation, Sondre Lerche

break-up and exploring the darker side of love. Like Lucifer's search for morality in the book of the same name, Coates is looking for "romantic redemption for the defiantly damned," and in his search he covers quite a bit of musical territory, from the crooning lounge ballads of "Someday (Never)" and "Someday (Soon)," to the upbeat pop of "The Eternal Seduction Of Eve." In essence, *I, Lucifer* is a lounge-pop album for the retro set, but the surprise hit of the disc is the wacky "Bathtime In Clerkenwell," a combination of scat gibberish, a swing riff and a driving bassline that grooves enough to convince a number of high-profile DJs, including Fatboy Slim, to move a dancefloor with it. >>>LACEY TAUBER

THE FEVER

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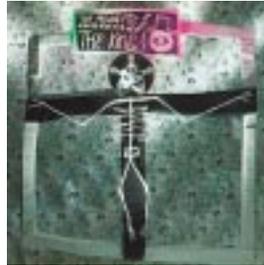
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THE RESIDENTS

The King & Eye: RMX Cryptic-Euro-Ralph

In 1989, everybody's favorite creepy group of tuxedo-wearing anthropomorphic eyeballs, the Residents, recorded an album of barely recognizable, clattering, dissonant Elvis covers. To you Elvis purists out there: Keep walking—nothing to see here. But, if you like to be challenged by music and value its ability to make a valid statement about culture, then you may want to give the original—and German remixer Paralyzer's modern update—a spin. From the industrial clatter of "Little Sister" to the metal take on "Devil In Disguise," the Residents manage to

capture the pain and, in their own words, "Freudian aspects" of the lyrics, all while challenging Presley's deification by American pop culture. Paralyzer's remixes give each song a 21st century context: At a time when pop music is more vapid than ever and its stars are turning to B-grade reality TV shows or catering to the fantasies of creepy old men for notoriety, it's fitting to hear the music of the original pop star envisioned in a way that strips away the veneer and leaves only the seedy underbelly. Pop music, even our most beloved standards, does not always have the happy history we'd like to believe, and the Residents aren't afraid to show us the dark side. >>>BRAD FLICKY

[Link](#)

www.residents.com

File Under

The King is dead (and reborn)

R.I.Y.L.

Elvis, Devo, Negativland

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RHYTHM OF BLACK LINES

Human Hand, Animal Band

Gold Standard Laboratories

For every act that manages to balance musicianship and songwriting, there are hundreds more that sport the chops but fall flat with the other half. The Austin quartet Rhythm Of Black Lines is among the latter—the band's *Human Hand, Animal Band* does not want for ambition, oozing creativity from the surrealist album art to the loosely connected thematic thread that binds the album's 10 tracks (the band summarizes the acid-flashback plot as "the essence of the first touch between two humans"), but like fellow Texans the

Mars Volta, Black Lines are too intent on displaying their virtuosity to land a well-written song. The incorporation of composer/deconstructionist Peter Stopchinski, along with Sarah Nelson and Leigh Mahoney of the Tosca String Quartet, fleshes out the band's orchestral sound, but does little for its overall appeal. Songs build from low swells to tidal waves of feedback before meandering into extended jams, the band sacrificing melody to flex their technical prowess with patience-testing drum fills and jazz fusion freakouts (not to mention frontman Clint Newsom's unremarkable vocals). *Human Hand* does have its moments: "One Red Eye" builds to a raucously shrill stomp and "PJS" swirls into an epic 12-minute sandstorm of strings. But it's the album's obvious lack of a knockout punch that really makes an impact. >>>ANDY DOWNING

[Link](#)

www.rhythmofblacklines.com

File Under

Lines lacking rhythm

R.I.Y.L.

The Walkmen, the Post,

Three Mile Pilot



ROBOTNICKA

Spectre En Vue Bloodlink

It's hard to take a band seriously when they've got a song titled "Bidip-Bip? Dip-Bidip!" and their singer prattles like a giddy French schoolgirl. Nevertheless, *Spectre En Vue*, the full-length debut from Dijon, France's Robotnicka, is a collection of mind-boggling electro dance-punk proper for either a toddler's birthday party or a revolution. Vocalist Cecile Goubet's bizarre, childlike babbling may incite a few giggles at first, but while she and her bandmates play spastic (yet danceable) synth-driven melodies that rival the Locust, she's actually

spewing scathing admonitions of capitalism and the Bush administration: "No compromise! We rendezvous at twelve! We're transporting our friends from the capitalist shelves." Goubet's anarchist rage finally escalates in "Relief (Doomed To A Violent Mummyfication)," where her feverish yelps culminate into a full-fledged tantrum not unlike an undisciplined youngster at the checkout line. *Spectre En Vue* also includes a few instrumental tracks; "Last Ninja II: Central Park," replete with electronic blips and keyboard slides, plays like the soundtrack to the forgotten '80s arcade game it's named after. Full of laughs, quirks, and rebukes, *Spectre En Vue* is the most enjoyable retort to "Freedom fries" we've gotten yet. >>>TRACEY JOHN

[Link](#)

www.robotnicka.org

File Under

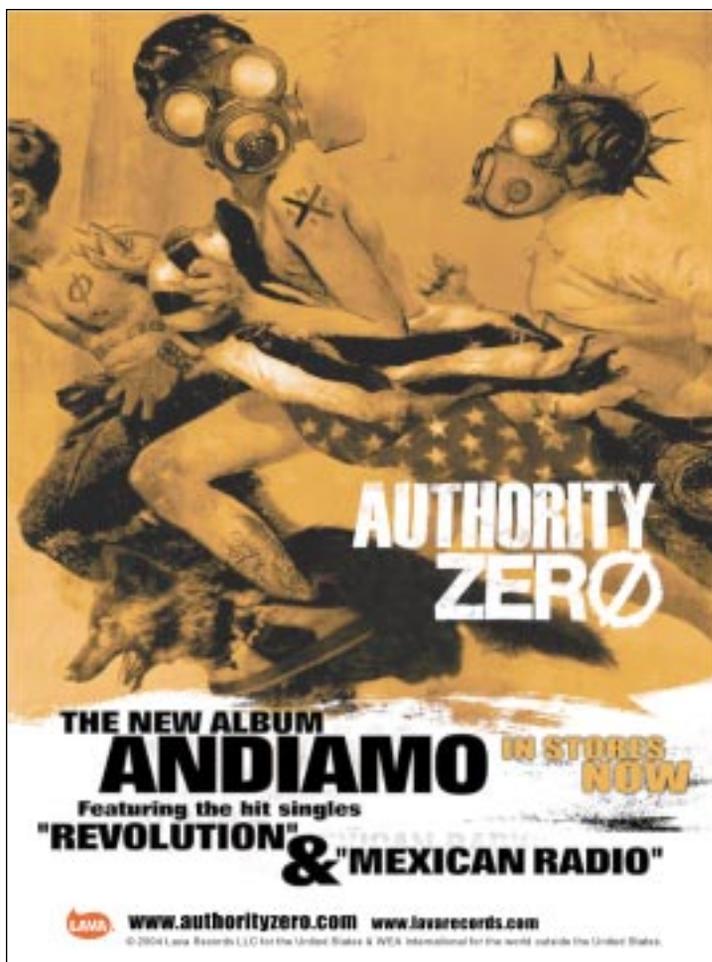
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R.I.Y.L.

The Locust, Le Tigre,

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GRAHAM SMITH

Final Battle March

Graham Smith is gamely fending off a case of Ben Lee Syndrome. As Kleenex Girl Wonder, Smith was responsible for one of the finest bedroom indie-rock albums ever recorded by a high schooler (1997's *Graham Smith Is The Coolest Person Alive*), quickly following it from college with the impressive if overly long *Ponyoak*. Like Australian wunderkind Lee, however, Smith has struggled to overshadow his teen hallmarks. Retiring the KGW moniker in tribute to a recently deceased bandmate and childhood friend, *Final Battle* delivers a higher wheat-to-chaff ratio than Smith's recent

outings. His reliance on buzzing acoustic guitar and a pitch-challenged voice bears passing resemblance to Neutral Milk Hotel but a better benchmark is Guided By Voices' Robert Pollard, another prolific DIY sort in dire need of an editor. Smith's voice envelops all but seconds of *Final Battle's* 42 minutes with angst-ridden tales of ex-girlfriends, seldom resorting to conventional repeating choruses. This effect can be numbing, even though he varies the acoustic strumming with occasional blaring power chords ("Can You Do It Quickly Enough?"). Just when the lo-fi assault lapses toward sameness, he tosses off a pop masterpiece like the infectious "The Heat" or the crunchy pogo of "The Nondescript." Graham Smith remains a quintessential compilation tape candidate; *Final Battle* houses enough gems to justify patience through his excesses. >>>GLEN SARVADY

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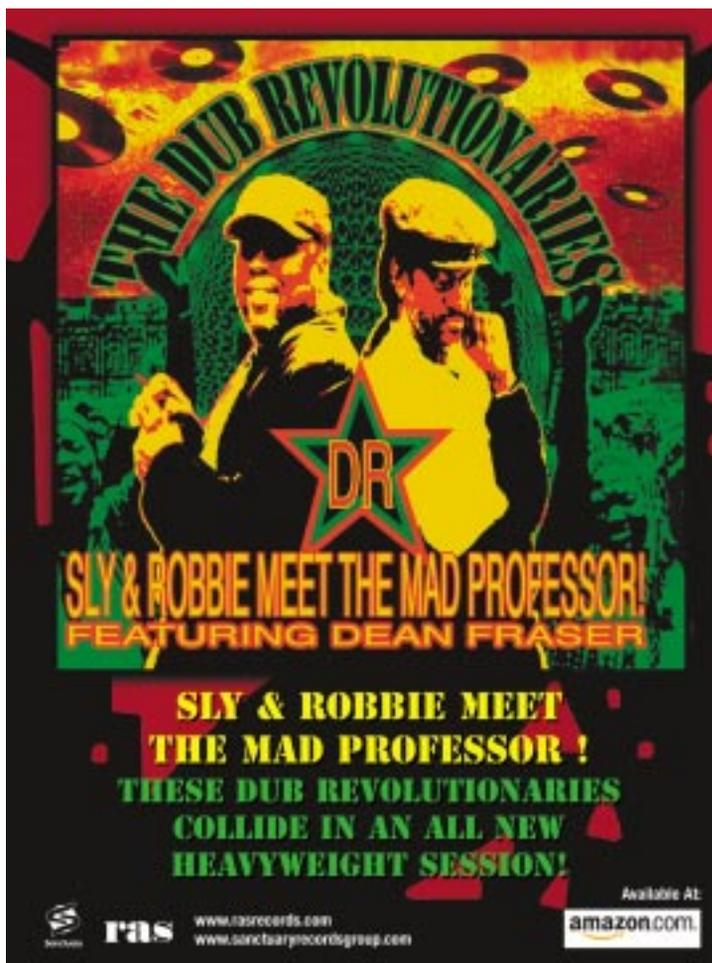
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Lovesick bedroom indie rock

R.I.Y.L.

Neutral Milk Hotel, Guided By

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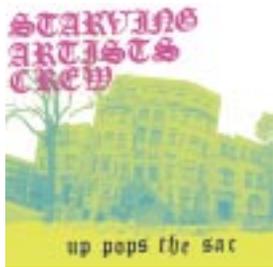


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STARVING ARTISTS CREW

Up Pops The SAC *Fat Beats*

Does anybody still starve for hip-hop? Perhaps the key word in the name Starving Artists Crew is art—this Detroit foursome may not be pretentious artistes, but they are dedicated. Finally releasing their full-length debut after five years of rhyming and scheming (and the occasional single), the SAC have the leanness of underground hip-hop coupled with a bit of wit and some pleasant, old-school hooks. What's enjoyable about *Up Pops The SAC* is the balance between three adept, smooth-flowing MCs (SP, IQ and Brainstorm) and gifted DJ

Phisyx, who never lets his wizardly scratching overshadow his chewy melodies. There's not a lot of innovation here—if this is "underground" hip-hop, it's by category, not by style—but that's not to say the SAC's verbal triumvirate aren't adept lyricists and often dazzling rappers. "SAC Swagger" is a straight-up old-school homage with clever tempo changes, while "Organic Chemistry" and "Artistry Redux" are lounge-cool electro jams with tag-team flow. Less entertaining are the requisite LP skits, which poke fun at the MCs' white-boy backgrounds, lampooning their khaki-clad rawk-fan peers who sing along with Eddie Money and tell their rap-listening friends to "turn off that noise." The SAC guys are so legit, you wonder why they felt the need to acknowledge their whiteness, even to poke fun. >>>CHRIS MOLANPHY

[Link](#)

www.starvingartistscrew.com

File Under

Unfussy flow

R.I.Y.L.

Jurassic 5, Beastie Boys,

People Under the Stairs



TRACY + THE PLASTICS

Culture For Pigeon *Troubleman Unlimited*

Tracy + The Plastics is video artist-turned-feminist-performance-artist Wynne Greenwood, and on her newest album, *Culture For Pigeon*, she combines minimal programmed beats and vocals that flit between octaves to create high-energy synth/drum machine-punk. She avoids the retro-kitsch of electroclash that you might expect by using an overriding lyrical theme of humans' relationship with technology—it works well, even if it often comes off as obtuse, and more often slightly creepy. "This record," she writes in the liner notes, "is about finding soul again in... machines and

[Link](#)

www.tracyandtheplastics.com

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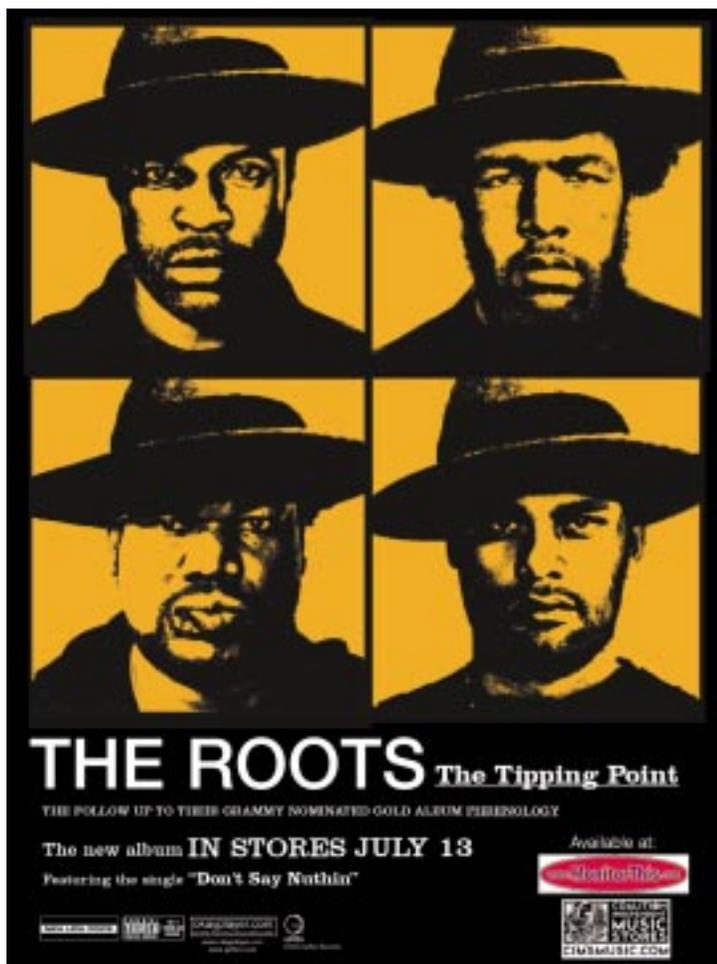
Feminist art-punk dance party

R.I.Y.L.

Le Tigre, Anna Oxygen,

Peaches

totally participating in the creation of a culture." For live shows, Greenwood created alter egos Niki and Cola, a.k.a. "the Plastics"; she films herself as the two characters, projects them on a screen and interacts with them as Tracy. Also slightly creepy—but a brilliant way of circumventing the solo-electronic-performer live-show snooze. Video art corresponds with each song, and *Culture For Pigeon* is the first of her albums to include a DVD of that material; you may not want to watch them more than once, but they help put the music in Greenwood's intended context—which, come to think of it, could as easily be a dance party as a museum (Tracy + The Plastics recently performed as part of the 2004 Biennial at the Whitney Museum Of American Art in New York). It'd be an enjoyable accompaniment to either—and you can't say that about too many records. >>>LACEY TAUBER



THE TROUBLE WITH SWEENEY

Fishtown Briefcase *Burnt Toast Vinyl*

Joey Sweeney peoples his songs with quirky characters and telling details, but he never lets the story get in the way of the song itself. He knows that hooks are more important than bon mots, but there are plenty of both on the Trouble With Sweeney's *Fishtown Briefcase*, the six-song successor to last year's charming *I Know You Destroy*. Sweeney and company romp through sunshiny pop, full of jangles and *joie de vivre*, handclaps and harmonies. "We are so simpatico," sings Sweeney in "The Amazing Malcolm Smith (And His Off-Roading Motorcycle)," voicing

[Link](#)

www.thetroublewithsweeney.com

File Under

Charismatic character studies

R.I.Y.L.

Clem Snide, the Go-Betweens,

Wings, Jonathan Richman

Steve McQueen's alleged homosexual crush on the motocross star. "L.T.W.T.M.S." is an acronymically disguised Wings cover done straight, and "Evelyn Rochman" is a rollicking tale of a boy enthralled by an older woman who's versed in Richard Hell and the Modern Lovers; it rings truer than "Stacey's Mom." And when Sweeney sings on "The City Let Me," "Got so sick of indie-rock 'cause it felt so white and privileged, and privileged is just another drag," it's hard to know just how complicit he is, since the layers of bright guitars are indie-rock conventions. A "Fishtown briefcase," incidentally, is a handled 30-pack of cheap beer named for a Philly neighborhood. TTWS's new six-pack (plus a video chaser) contains both cheap thrills and lasting pleasures. >>>STEVE KLINGE

KINGS OF CONVENIENCE
RIOT ON AN EMPTY STREET



KINGS OF CONVENIENCE RIOT ON AN EMPTY STREET

Norway's kings of mellow pop Eirik Glambek Bøe & Erlend Øye follow their now-classic debut "Quiet Is The New Loud" with another tour de force of reflective, thoughtful songcraft.



Features "I'd Rather Dance With You"
and "Misread."



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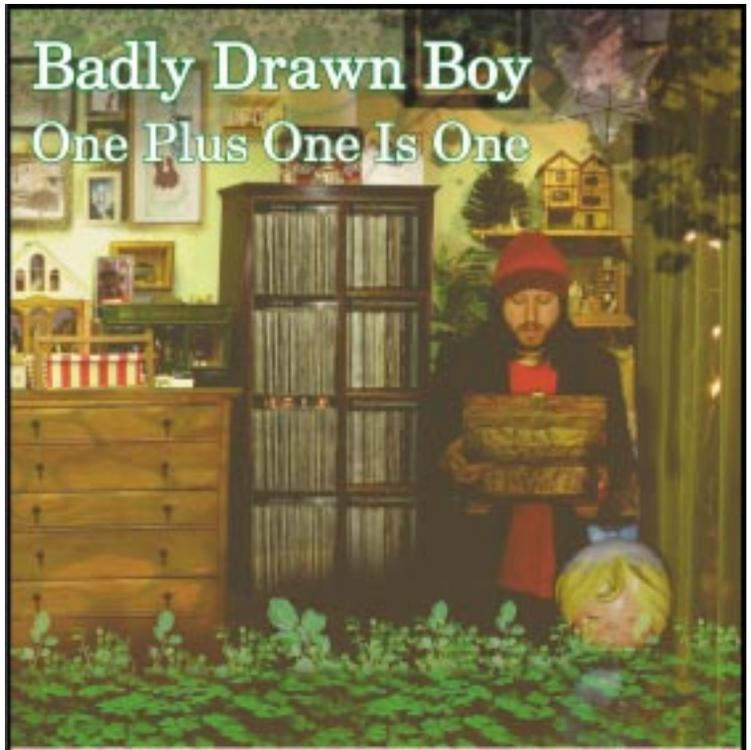
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