

MARK LANEGAN

Not Afraidof the Dark

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NGER ESCAPE PLAN
Newsom • Carina Round • Killers

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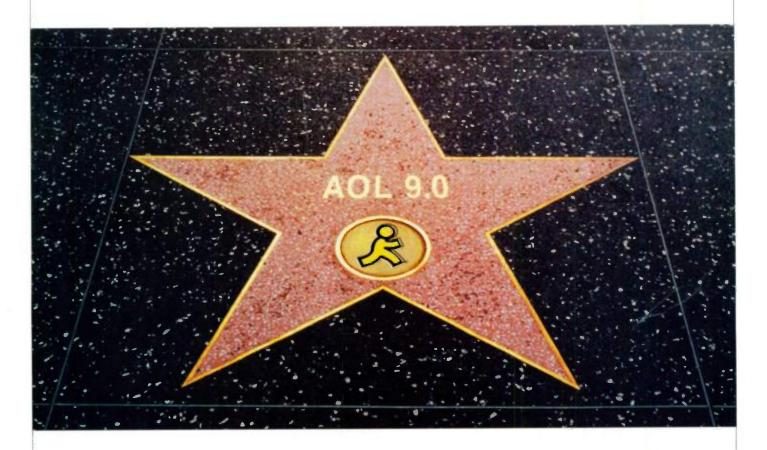
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CMJ ISSUE 126 NEWMUSIC MONTHLY



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ON THE COVER: MARK LANEGAN 16

Lately, Mark Lanegan's been propping up the bare-bones rock of Queens Of The Stone Age; on the new solo *Bubblegum*, he exhumes a few skeletons of his own. Tom Lanham follows him to the dark side of the spoon.

RADIO 4 12

Brooklynite dance-punkers Radio 4 mean to save the world through the power of dance with their new *Stealing Of A Nation*. Sert of like *Cop Rock*, only the soundtrack is kickass, and the fees are in public office. And it doesn't suck. Charles Spano gets footloose.

THE DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN 14

The only thing this brainbusting Jersey math-metal troop attacks harder than their guitars, drums, microphones and fans is... chicken. Christopher R. Weingarten licks his fingers. (Even more than usual.)

QUICK FIX 5

The Finn Bros. sing the praises of their cult; Neurosis' Steve Von Till shows us his junk; and in the Office Cooler, JBL helps you give some shitty soundmen their walking papers, and some pasty indie-rockers bring out a whole lotta threesomes. What a sexy, sexy issue.

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John Flansburgh and Barsuk Records get a MoveOn; plus the music biz by numbers.

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Radio 4, Sahara Hotnights, Faithless, Ari Hest, the Dillinger Escape Plan, Cake, Trent Dabbs, Funeral For A Friend, Slow Motion Reign, Instruction, Killradio, Zao, Rise Against, Autumdivers, Slang, Sparky Dog, Human Television.

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CORRECTION: In this July issue's review of awesome goth-hopper Dopestyle 1231, we incorrectly listed a lyric as "stab you with a microphone 'til all you stupid white rappers bleed." The line should be "iti all you stupid wack rappers bleed." Our interns have all been stabbed in the face with a microphone for their questionable fact-checking skills. Our ap-logies to Dopestyle... we still hate whitey though!

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over there!!! World Radio History





THE FINN BROTHERS ON...

SIBLING RIVALRY

Neil: We use that tension to write complex music. And anyway, I'm also always up for a good wrestle.

BROTHERLY ADVICE

Tim: I give it to him whether he asks for it or not.

Neil: I don't have to take it though.

BEING A ROCK SUPERSTAR

Neil: I'd rather have a cult following than have a large crowd in attendance, a crowd that's there just for that one hit they heard on the radio. Our audience seems to know all the words to our songs, which is an honor. That being said, I wouldn't mind a hit.

MOST CERTAINLY NOT BEING LAZY DURING THE 10-YEAR BREAK BETWEEN 1995'S FINN AND THE NEW EVERYONE IS HERE (Nettwerk), THANK YOU VERY MUCH

Tim: We've been doing some solo work and we've been keeping busy. It wasn't like we were doing nothing. And now we live near each other, as well, which makes it easier to record.

LYRICAL INSPIRATO

Tim: We wrote the music in a broader stroke, nothing specific in mind.

Neil: That being said, some of the lyrics on the new album were very specific. Like "Disembodied Voices"...

Tim: That song's about Neil and I, when we grew up and we would lie down in the dark at night. That song is about the yearning to re-experience youth.

THE BENEFITS OF PARTNERSHIP

Neil: Well, it's pretty awkward doing a photo shoot on your own, you should know. Now I have someone else sitting there and posing awkwardly with me.

THE NEW ZEALAND-AMERICA LOVE AFFAIR CONTINUES

Tim: We're very much looking forward to playing in America and we can assure you maximum energy. **Neil:** Within reason, of course. We're not as young as we used to be.

Interview by Arye Dworken.

OFFICE COOLER PERKS FOR US JERKS

ages of Brian Eno reissues arrived—let's just say it was the first (and hopefully last). "No Pants Tuesday." Astralwerks brings back the bert pop genius and proto-ambient experiments of Here Come The Warm Jets Taking Tiger (Acuntain 'By Strategy) Another Green World and Before And After Science with these crystal-clear remass. lished his own diany skip out on the liner notes? Get to work, stacker.



We usually run screaming from football Hopbastank, New Founc Glory or Yellowcard while randomly picking plays Videogarnes fees your pain and has raided

jults of America's best indie hip-thop labels for ESPN NFL 2005 (\$49.95, PS2 and Xbox). RJD2, Mr. Lif. People Under The Stairs, Aceyacne and more will supply the

Twenty-four hours a day, mysterious shortwave radic transmissions from God-knowswhere dependably blast out all kinds of cryptic shit, synthesized voices meding sets of phonetic letters and numbers, creepy digital noises, looped marches. Maybe the fourdiscreasing of The Conet Project: Recordings Of Shortwave Numbers Stations





eight eight!"), but this cult classic is worth a spin for sound-hunters and conspiracy theorists. Note: Don't sample this unless you have Wilco money. Yankee... Hotel... Substantial out-of-court settlement.

If you've been wanting to bust your local club's sound guy in the face with way. .BLs E-System is a portable (well everysystem complete with a Soundcraft mixer two 400-watt speakers and a pair of AKG microphones. Our only compaint is that it doesn't good looker -- more info at www.ibl.com.





2004 is the year of the great indie-rock threesome: Sandwiched between Merge's yummy 3-CD 15th anniversary retrospective, two pivotal bands take three discs to make their case for the Indie-Rock Half. Not unlike the Soft Boys, quasi-legendary archindies the Homosexuals made some remarkably functul contributions to London's post-curk scene in the late '70s/early '80s, Astrai Glamour (Morphius) tells the story in 81 tracks... not that there's anything wrong with that Ahoy. Shrimp Boot's Something Grand (AUM Fidelity) unloads 51 tracks of previously unreleased material of the Sea And Cake, along with Exile In Guyville producer Brad Wood on drums, laid







TREMORS

GARAGE ROT

You wouldn't want to be in there in an earthquake. The couple of people that work with us, I tell them, "I don't know what to tell you if there's ever an earthquake, you just better get the fuck out as fast as you can, 'cause you'll be buried in there."

I think [our neighbors] eye our garage suspiciously whenever the door's open. It's probably not legal, having all that [clutter]. It's got laundry in the corner, a packing/shipping corner, a studio corner, and 14-foot shelves filled with records everywhere. It's Neurot Recordings' warehouse. It's rows and rows of T-shirts and all the Neurot Recordings releases. There's tons of strange gear just piled in one corner. It's impossible to see from one side to the other-total nightmare. It looks just like code-breaking, a packrat nightmare. It's claustrophobia.

MUSIC FROM AIRPORTS

We are right under the path of a small independent airport, there's like one every minute; everybody and their brother's fucking Cessna, stunt biplane or helicopter We had a few sneak into the project we did a couple years with the A Sunal Never Sets DVD. Tribes Of Neurot did an acoustical space manipulation record by repeating Alvin Lucier's "I Am Sitting In A Room" exe play something into a room and record it, then take that through the room, and you do successive generation element is the acoustic space. But over time they what, so you can't tell it's a plane.

new

IN MY ROOM

WHO: Steve Von Till of Neurosis

WHERE: His suburban garage/recording studio/record label

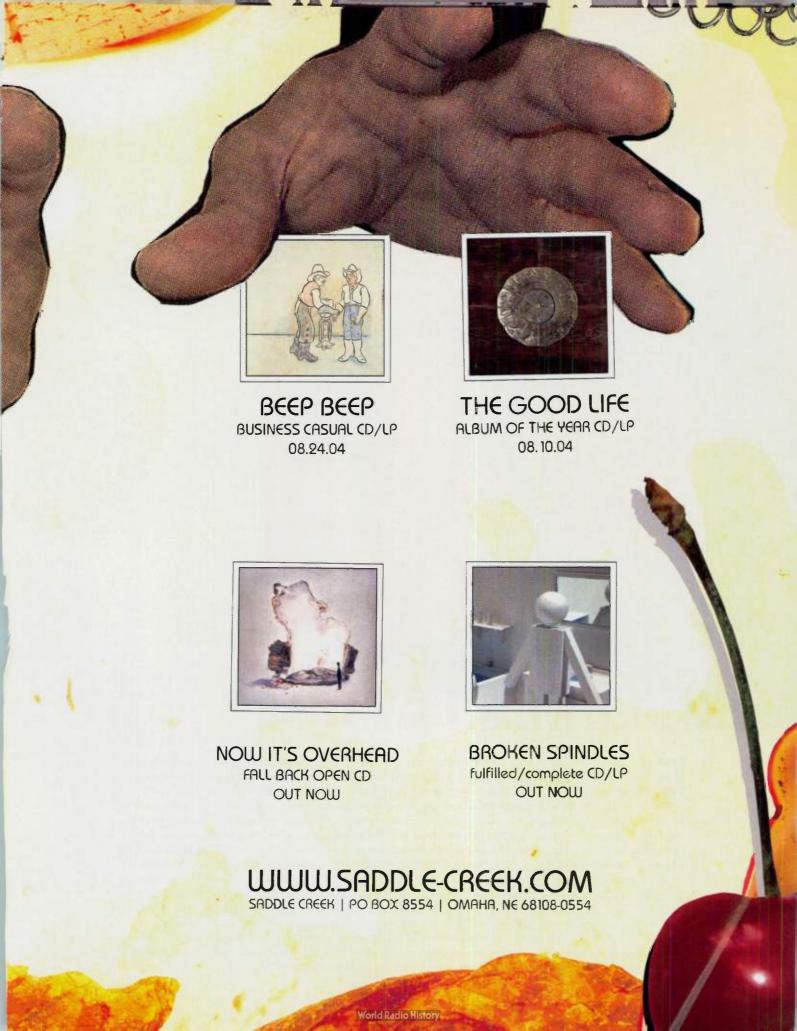
WHY: The Bay Area psych-metal collective recently released a crushing new disc, The Eye Of Every Storm (Neurot). >>>KORY GROW



THE FAINT

WET FROM BIRTH

9.14.04



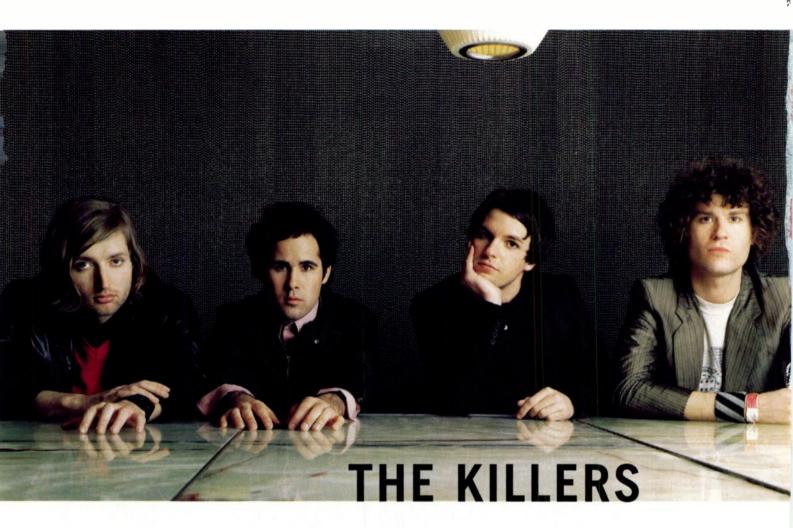


Ifin? Sure," says deliriously bent avant-folkstress Joanna Newsom about her pixie-ish appearance—fresh off stage, a petite assemblage of gems and tatters. "I used to get made fun of in school because I had really pointy ears. But now I don't mind them, I just let them do their thing and point away." Newsom's debut, The Milk-Eyed Mender (Drag City), finds its unsettling beauty in its ability to stick out in fascinating ways, a hopelessly original document culled from Newsom's many idiosyncrasies: an untrained voice somewhere between curious child and sexy crow, her feverishly syncopated pawing on a giant harp, her obsessions with the dusty folklore of Appalachia and the most convoluted rhyme schemes ("The hexes heat convertly/ Like a slow, low-flying turkey/ Like a Texan drying jerky/ But his meaty mitts can't hurt me") this side of Biggie Smalls. Rhyming "disaster" with "poetaster" and dropping old-weird-America science like "a thimblesworth of milky moon," Newsom's quirky sophistication bucks the "childlike" albatross often hung around her tunes. "The initial thing that makes me write those songs is a non-intellectual, intuitive, passionate, almost-stream-of-consciousness thing; but I truly believe that there are endless, endless, endless ways to say the same thing. And as long as it's gonna get said, I feel that it can get shaped into the forms I appreciate. But I would very much hope that it doesn't have a sense of over-cleverness, because I'm not interested in weird references and... gadzookery. I'm interested in heart." >>>charistophers & weinggarten



o stay home yowling along to Physical Graffiti, music-obsessed teen Carina Round cut class as often as possible, hiding in a huge wardrobe in her bedroom. "I'd say 'bye' to my mom, shut the door as if I were leaving, then stay in that wardrobe until she went to work," snickers the 24-year-old British punk-blues belter. "I can't describe what I felt when I first heard that Zeppelin disc... 'This is it. This... is... it!" Upset neighbors finally ratted her out, querying her mother about the din shaking their apartment complex every weekday. "Finally I was like, 'Mom, this is bullshit—music is what I really wanna do," the college dropout reflects. "Once she got her head 'round that, she was so, so supportive." Round's earned a few other backers since the release of two PJ Harvey-ish albums of her own, The First Blood Mystery and the new The Disconnection (Interscope). Marilyn Manson asked her to sing a duet, Lou Reed dropped by backstage to praise her at a recent New York show, and on stage at L.A.'s Spaceland, the auburn-haired Round wrestled with her huge acoustic guitar while audience members Gina Gershon, No Doubt's Tony Kanal and early Round supporter Dave "Eurythmics" Stewart cheered on. It wasn't "Kashmir," exactly, but it was close. "For eight years in the U.K., I've worked my ass off," Round declares. "I put a record out by myself because the industry over there has its head in the sand. Now it seems like there's such a buzz about me, I'm like, 'Uhhh... what the fuck is going on?" Carina Round is tinally out of the closet for good.





ith melancholy melodies and cavern-echoed croons, Hot Fuss—the Island debut from the new wave-ish Killers—sounds decidedly British. Oddly enough, the quartet hails from the most blatantly American metropolis: Las Vegas. Sin City? Oh yeah, grins frontman Brandon Flowers. As a bellhop for the Western-themed Gold Coast Hotel And Casino, the singer witnessed enough sleaze to fill a couple of tawdry pulp novels. Blackjack-playing MILFs—occasionally a few at a time—regularly propositioned the monkeysuited lad. Once, a man attempting suicide only managed to shoot out his eye before crawling from his room into a blood-soaked hallway. "And I remember when these people called down to ask me to bring some condoms up," Flowers adds. "When I walked in, people were doing it on both beds and on the floor. And nobody stopped except the girl who answered the door, gave me 20 bucks and said "Thanks!" Flowers had to grab artistic inspiration where he could: After a Hard Rock Café show by Oasis, he was moved to form his own band. Within days, he'd teamed up with guitarist Dave Keuning. "I truly love Oasis," he purrs. "Their Masterplan [b-sides collection] is one of my favorite things ever; I went through such a huge phase I almost got an Oasis tattoo." Which just might explain the Killers' cool Anglophile edge. Thanks to overwhelming U.K. success, Flowers eventually ditched the hotel gig to tour England and Europe. But not before he milked it for all it was worth: "My big thing at work was, if I had an idea I'd call Dave's phone and leave a message. From my phone at the bell desk! I used that phone to call in many of our best ideas." >>>TOM LANHAM

BROOKLYN BEST



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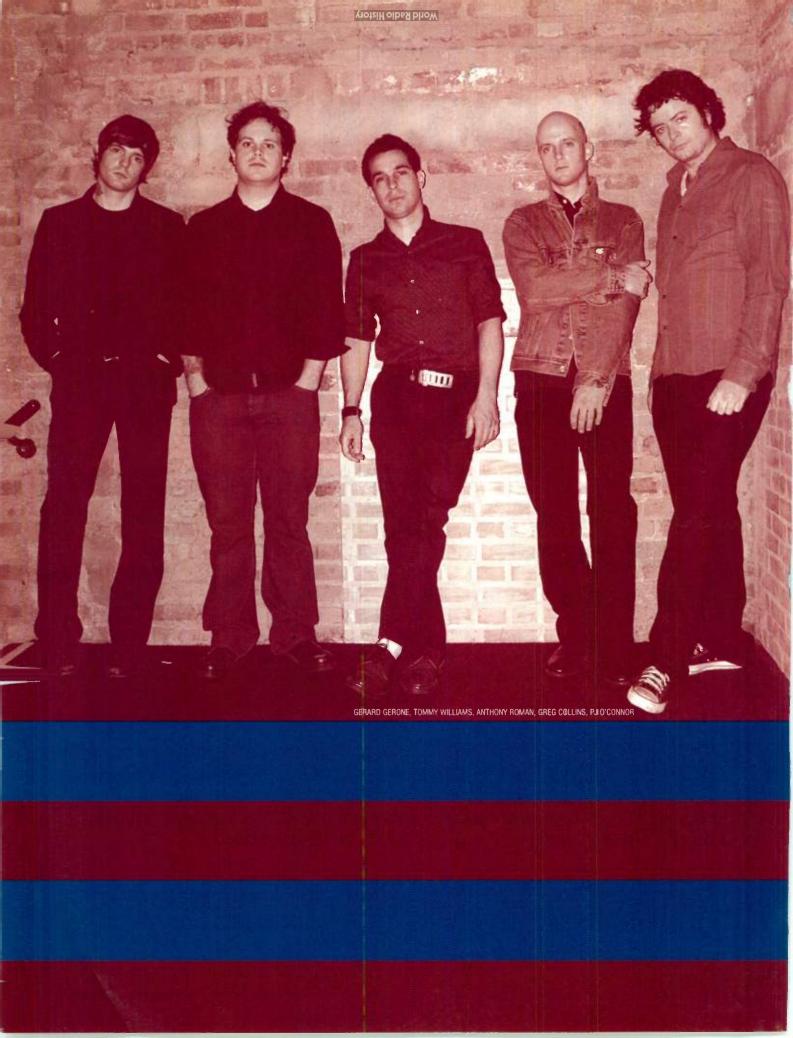
Photo by Mike Waring

Look for THE HEAD SET at a featured showcase at this year's CMJ Music Marathon.

Congrats as well to our two runners-up! TRIPLE CREME and RAINATION who will also be invited to perform at this year's CMJ Music Marathon.

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RADIO 4 RHYTHMNATION

With the dance-punk call-to-arms *Stealing Of A Nation*, Radio 4 mean to free your mind and your ass at the exact same time.



adio 4's Stealing Of A Nation might be the party album of the year, a groove-thick combination of dance beats, meaty dub bass and punk intensity. But there's an entirely different meaning waiting in songs like "Party Crashers": This album was conceived to engage club kids not just in ass-shakin', but in dissent, revolution and questioning authority—this is also the third-party album of the election year.

"Everyone tries to be so vague and it's so non-committal," criticizes vocalist and bassist Anthony Roman. "Say something! We've been accused of being too direct." Stealing Of A Nation—named for Jacob Miller's 1978 reggae anthem "Healing Of The Nation"—indeed gets right to the point, referring at ance to the 2000 election and the war against Iraq, and, as Roman explains, about how our democracy is being sold wholesale. "What made America special," he insists, "is being stolen from us by the powers that be."

"Do your life justice," Roman pleads on the album's centerpiece, "Nation," delivering a message that could represent an outsider political campaign the way Fleetwood Mac's "Don't Stop" embodied Clinton's. But the album (their first for Astralwerks) is more than a stump speech with beats. It aims to mobilize people in the voting booth, but remains contagious enough to motivate them on the dancefloor.

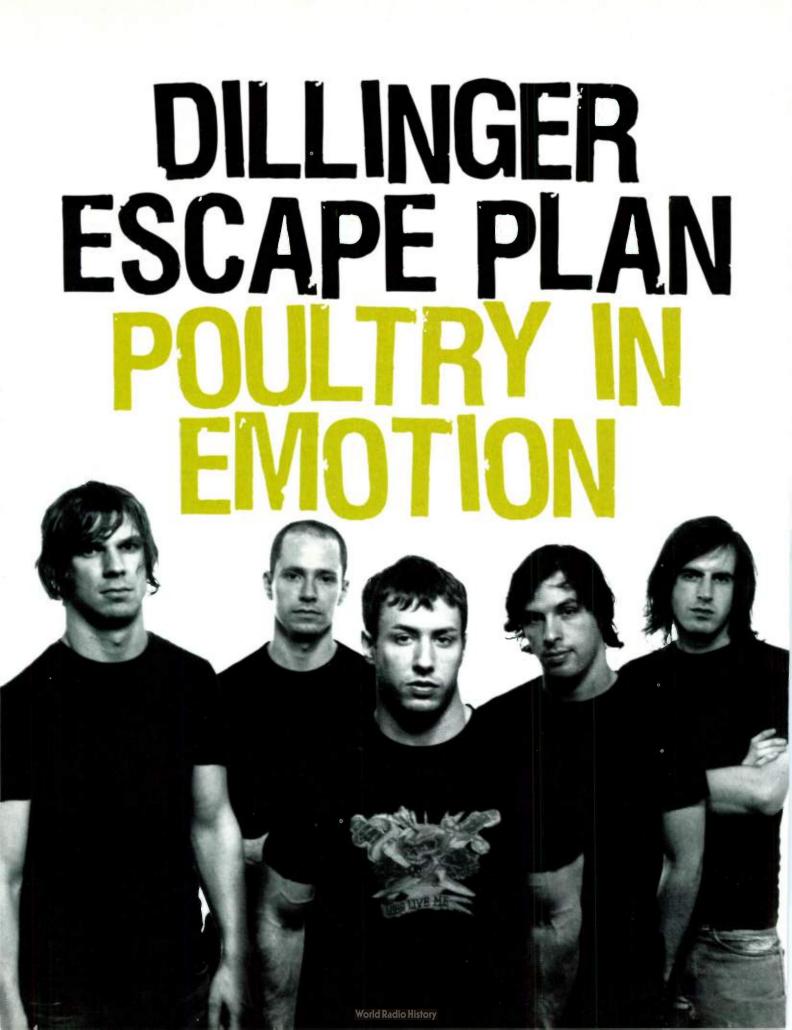
"No Reaction" is as abrasive and catchy as something off PiL's Second Edition, with Greg Collins' and PJ O'Connor's relentless percussion driving the sweaty aggression and the sinewy techno glitches of Gerard Garone's keyboards. "Absolute Affirmation," a Replacements-esque rocker, gives Tommy Williams' guitar some heft and gives the Brooklyn rock scene a run for its money with a feel-good tale of

Saturday night thrills. But Roman claims that it's the band's inability to play straight-up rock or dub that makes the songs quintessentially Radio 4. "Thom Yorke said that songwriting is aiming and missing," he quotes. "These songs came naturally but it was kind of like an attempt at something different. Like how the Clash's inability to play disco made something new."

The band started as a lean art-punk group in the tradition of Gang Of Four, Wire and PiL (from whom they borrowed their name). But after the success of their spindly debut The New Song And Dance, Roman opened a small record store in Brooklyn specializing in dub and postpunk, right next door to a café that played house and techno. The music from the two stores blended into one, and so began the dance-punk revolution. Combing the endless energy of house and punk with the politicized temperament of reggae, Radio 4 crystallized the practical role of dance as a form of resistance—every New Yorker grocving to the club-anthem single "Dance To The Underground" was making a political statement against the tyranny of Mayor Giuliani's nightclub crackdown. Where much of New York rock was content with 'yrical navel-gazing, the band used its singing voice as a call-to-arms. "I think that music from most countries outside of America is political," considers Roman. "It's just so American to talk about yourself. It's a very American way of thinking—'Lemme talk about me for awhile."

Roman confesses, though, that they're often accused of preaching liberal views to the converted. He concedes, "How many right-wing people are going to be at a Radio 4 show? But the idea is to get people thinking and get a conversation going. We're just trying to represent the people." NMM

STORY: CHARLES SPANO . PHOTO: STEPHEN CASSIDY



We'd say that math-metal mindfuckers THE DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN have been running around the globe for the last five years like chickens with their heads cut off... but that would just make them hungry.

here was a piece of half-eaten fried chicken and there was a bunch of pigeons picking at it... which doesn't make sense to me because that's cannibalism," says Ben Weinman, guitarist for sadistically convoluted metalcore deconstructionists Dillinger Escape Plan. "But the pigeons were eating this chicken and [Greg] shooed the pigeons away, picked up the chicken and ate the fucking chicken off the ground!"

Ben couldn't be happier with his band's new singer, Greg Puciato. Well, "new" in the sense that Miss Machine (Relapse), the long-awaited follow-up to 1999's rabidly adored Naked City-via-Bad Brains mindfuck Calculating Infinity, is the first time they've recorded with the guy, who joined in 2002 after Dillinger heard his vocal gymnastics blessing an instrumental they posted to their website. For a while, stubborn hardcore kids at shows would yell for Dimitri Minakakis, the original DEP yelper—with one heckler at Puciato's sweaty, strobe-filled first show at the 2002 CMJ Marathon being the unlucky recipient of a hurled stage monitor to the face ("Honestly, that moment was the moment I knew it was right," laughs Weinman). But, tour after tour, Puciato won them over by being an incredible frontman and personality—the type of guy that would take a shit in a towel and throw it into a London festival crowd as an artistic statement. The type of guy that fought a pigeon for a piece of street chicken. "And then kissed his girlfriend on the mouth," adds Weinman.

"The dude just eats constantly, that's all he does. Constantly. He brings three shirts with him on tour and a giant suitcase filled with tuna. He eats three cans of tuna between every meal, at least three or four cans of tuna, just out of the can with a fork. I think he's just constantly hungry and he drinks water all day. Otherwise he'd die of mercury poisoning. It can't be healthy eating all that fish."

And touring entire months without a day off, the same songs, the same venues, the same five guys with a suitcase full of Starkist? That's healthy? Five years ago, Weinman abandoned a girlfriend of six years and a high-paying web job to devote his life to the flailing 20-limbed Dillinger

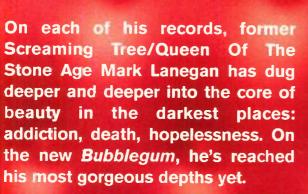
monster. Taxing tour schedules and unwavering devotion has made Ben feel less like the New Jersey psych grad who started the most impossible-sounding band on earth to "create that CD that we never really had in our collection," and more like a person he plays on TV, little more than a picture and some quotes that accompany an article.

"My life consists of everything surrounding this band," he says. "I'm not even Ben, I'm just 'Ben from Dillinger." That's all. I have no ties to anybody in my life that doesn't know me as that, except for my parents. At all. It's almost like if I took the band away, I just wouldn't exist." Ben From Dillinger starts looking at his life in the third personanother episode of The Weinman Show-now the kid that played weirdo time signatures and punishing hardcore to escape the trappings of suburbia is starting to see how the other half lives. "You don't have the same kinds of things in common with people anymore. You start to sit there and envy people who have normal lives, to a degree. And those people just envy what you do. It's just seems kind of different when I talk to my old friends. The kind of concerns they have are just so different than mine. They're leasing some kind of awesome Lexus truck and they have their two weeks vacation, and every other day they have to work. You just can't relate to people the same way. You can't."

Of course this affects their relationships with the opposite sex—the main lyrical thread through Miss Machine, an album that not only makes their mathbook-melting riff vivisections even more bludgeoning, but experiments with actual melodies, sounding like a post-screamo Nine Inch Nails, Tomahawk or non-sucky Incubus.

Despite the bleak and endless slog, Dillinger finds moments of undiluted joy. But, as a moment from their European trek with System Of A Down shows, when you love chicken as much as Puciato does, joy comes by the bucketload. "Some dude threw this big piece of chicken at him, thinking they were getting one on him. He was so excited, he just stopped singing, sat down, ate the whole fucking thing. He was so happy, he almost forgot he was supposed to be singing."

STORY: CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN . PHOTO: J. HUBBARD



Story: TOM LANHAM • Photos: STEVE GULLICK

his, then, is darkness. Grim and soul-swallowing, delicious and decadent. The absinthe-hazed bohemian Baudelaire, murmuring sepulchral lullabies to his demonic "Lethe" in Les Fleurs du Mal. The scythewielding Red Death banging skeletal fingers on the chambers of Poe's poor opium-addled brain. The rising of the eldritch Old Ones from within the shadowy mindscapes of Lovecraft. A steel-eyed Robert Mitchum, relentlessly tracking two runaways in Night Of The Hunter (and singing all the while for extra shivers). Oh yes—and ex-Screaming Tree Mark Lanegan, snarling across the hellish, clank-percussioned horizon of "Methamphetamine Blues," a dirgelike track from his deceptively-dubbed new Bubblegum (Beggars Banquet).

First, amid the bleak cacophony, a wicked cackle rises up from this raspythroated rake. Then, a Mitchum-ish invocation: "Wake up, wake up children, don't ya hear me comin'?" Then, a plea from the plains of perdition: "I don't wanna leave this heaven so soon." The children hear him coming, all right. And all across the village, they've closed their closet doors tight and checked twice beneath the bed, because this ain't no fluffy, green Monsters, Inc. beastie. This is Lanegan, darkness personified, so murky you couldn't pick him out of a police lineup or—like the family from Frailty—even catch him on surveillance tapes. And he sings of illicit substances like crystal meth with the same horror/fascination with which filmmaker Jonas Åkerlund attacked the subject in his head-spinning Spun. So Lanegan is that greatest of vicarious delights: the pleasure-seeker who stares so longingly into the abyss that he eventually tumbles in, howling all the way down. Darkness is his advantage; darkness is most definitely his talent. You may not want to snort a septum-searing line of speed after listening to the man's music, but you'll feel like you already have.

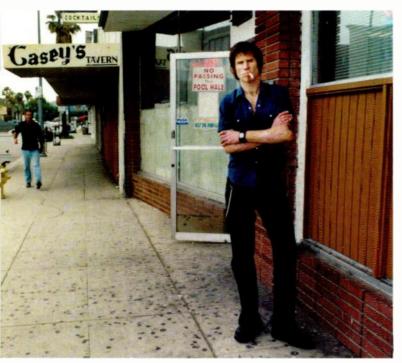
In Bubblegum's sinister heavy-metal single "Sideways In Reverse," Lanegan moans paeans to something that "fights like a bitch and kicks like a horse" and confesses to being a "dead high wire, well, make a connection." The language of this siren song is also dark, almost gutter-level—a vernacular steeped in the streets. And it's no joke, no tough-guy posturing. Lanegan is Robert Mitchum. And with unusually self-deprecating wit, he'll admit that "every one of these goddamn songs is about [drugs], and when I'm talking about love, it's not a human love." He laughs, low and rumbling, like thunder threatening to blacken all your skies. "But that's just me. And luckily, some people can connect to this shit, this music, that aren't junkies. But I always figured that I was making this music for my own people." You either get it or you don't, he says.

"Methamphetamine Blues' has got a little bit of speed psychosis going on in there, but that's probably because I was awake for a few days when I did it."

The way the late-thirtyish Lanegan talks about himself, you'd think he was some sewer-hopping C.H.U.D., possibly one of those compressed alternate-universe outcasts from *Phantasm*. With good reason: A U.K. critic, noticing his hooded gaze and plethora of body art, dubbed him the Scariest Man In Rock. At a recent European festival, Lanegan was so taken with the blues-punk duo the Kills that he strolled backstage to compliment them. Upon seeing him, the band cowered in a corner. "And I just kept right on moving," Lanegan sighs. He has several running jokes on the situation. The tattoos running down to his knuckles "are just so no one will sit next to me on the bus," he snickers. What do they read? "Youthful Indiscretion," he deadpans drolly. And his addictions—which have run the gamut from liquor to cocaine, crack, crystal and finally, heroin—led one of his old record companies to paraphrase a book/film classic: "They actually used to call me, not The Man With The Golden Arm, but the Million Dollar Arm. But wow! Fuck! It's just been a blur. But it's a good one though, 'cause I'm still standing."

How did Lanegan begin his descent into the maelstrom? It could've all started in high school, when the Washington-bred lad drank too much tequila during a Saxon concert at the Yakima Speedway. He awoke, mid-show, to find the ugliest girl in school openly fucking him on the bleachers, while his classmates watched, horrified, from the seats above. He never drank Cuervo again. "And I knew I had a problem with alcohol early on, because other guys didn't go haywire on it quite like I did," he assesses. When pressed, Lanegan can trace the Dorian Gray darkness back even further to his preteen years. "It was that morbid curiosity, that unhealthy fascination," he now understands. "I remember the first time I saw pictures of guys with tattoos, I was like, 'I wanna be covered with that shit, too!' And the first time I heard about heroin, I was like, 'You know what? I'm gonna be a heroin addict too!' And I wasn't even 10 yet—it was a really weird thing." Before long, Lanegan had begun a debilitating dance of death with heroin that would last a full decade. He'd already watched his older brother struggle to shake the beast ("He was the kinda guy who might show up and take your TV set every year—that's how you knew he was back in town"), to no avail. So Lanegan wound up "homeless up there in the fucking snow and ice, on and off for about a year. Some people would let me stay with 'em every now and then, but then somebody else would come by, looking for me to kill me for burning 'em on drug deals. Shit like that. You know-penny-ante shit that people do when they're out there. Like borrowing my guitar player's shit and selling it. So toward the end," he coughs, "I wasn't in any glamorous place, that's for sure."





Lanegan heard several warning bells—like getting busted in San Francisco for crack-cocaine possession (the charges were later dropped)—but he didn't heed them. Still later, he says, "I was in more trouble with the law and they gave me a break, but I was also in trouble with the other side of the fence." Fortunately, one of his few remaining well-wishers tracked him down through a pawn shop he frequented. "He sent me some literature about this program for guys like me that would fly me to California. So I got there, the guy picked me up and took me to a rehab, where I really didn't plan on going. And that was the beginning of me changing my way of thinking. It didn't happen for good that time," he clarifies. "It took two more beatdowns. So I haven't [been clean] as long as I'd like. But today I'm good, my quality of life today is really good, and I'm okay with that."

On the surface, Lanegan's life might've appeared quite calm. From their late-'80s efforts on SST through to major-label breakthroughs like '91's Unde Anesthesia and '92's Sweet Oblivion, the Seattle-based Screaming Trees both courted that city's then-burgeoning grunge movement and (through neo-psychedelic guitarwork and astral-plane lyrics) neatly circumnavigated it. Meanwhile Lanegan palled around with Kurt Cobain-even recorded with him-and counted Alice In Chains frontman Lavne Staley as one of his closest friends. Their untimely ends shook him to the core, but still he pursued his bad habits, although the public had yet to brand him a user. By the time the Trees called it quits with Dust in '96, Lanegan had already released two funereal exercises in Gothic folk, The Winding Sheet and Whiskey For The Holy Ghost. As a promotional perk, his label sent out Holy Ghost shot glasses. The irony was there in spectral spades. Lanegan got married, divorced, and word of his dark deeds began to surface. His ex-wife, he chuckles, used to tell folks that he was blessed with multiple personalities—all of them bad. "And another girl said, 'You know what, Mark? You're always a lampshade, never a light.' But I looked at myself as an escapist. All these things we've been talking about? They're just means of escaping whatever reality we might be in right now. At times I may have thought I was a dandy or an aesthete, but not any more. I've realized I just have a sick mind. I saw this special on the Discovery Channel where they said that the closest thing to the mind of a serial killer is in artists and visionaries. And I have to say, if something else had gone a little bit wrong with me, maybe we'd be burying bodies in the back. Once sex gets linked up with death, you've got Ted Bundy."

Historically, however, some of the best art has been fueled by both mindaltering substances and the desperate visions they incur. When you listen to be deviled blues guitarist Robert Johnson sing, it sounds as if he truly did have a hellhound on his trail. Ditto for equally tortured jazz artists like Charlie Parker—

"The first time I heard about heroin, I was like, 'You know what? I'm gonna be a heroin addict too!' And I wasn't even 10 yet."

you can almost hear that monkey on their back, shrieking through their instruments. The same goes for more modern troubadours like Nick Cave, Tom Waits, Leonard Cohen, whose words positively drip with decadence. You don't need to be told these performers once lived sordid, streetwise lives. You simply put on one of their albums and hear it.

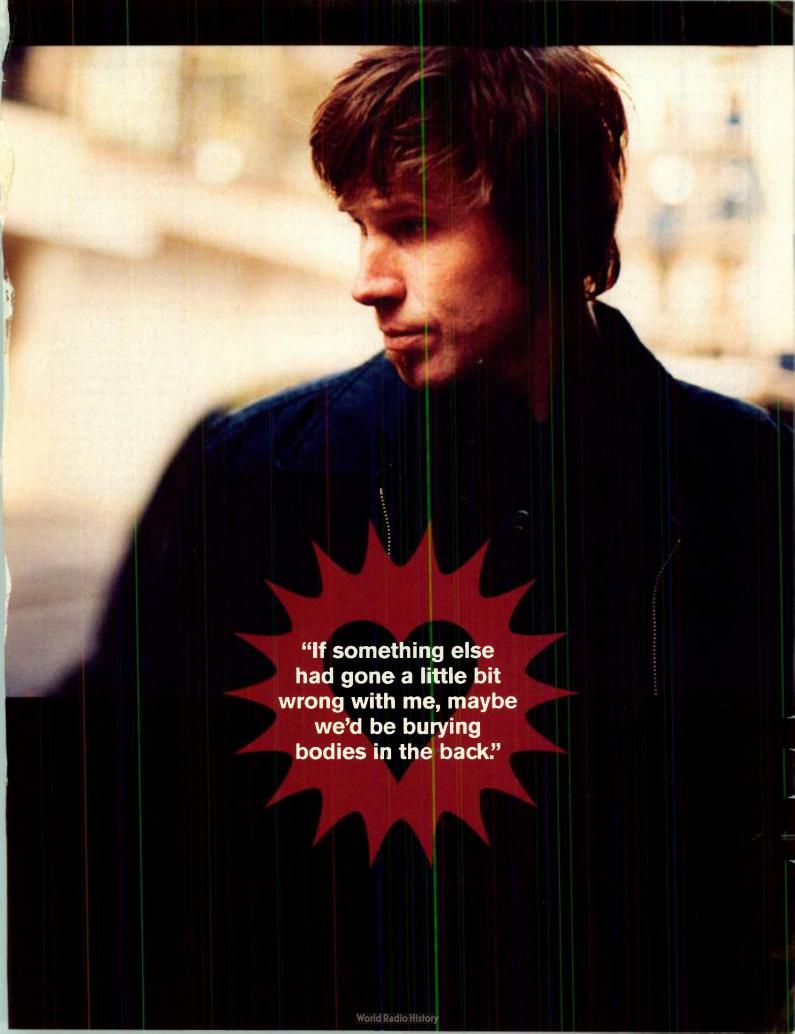
"That's why that shit still rings true," declares Lanegan, who now calls Hollywood home. "More true for me than a lot of current rock music. I mean, I know very little about contemporary folk music or blues, but most of it that I've been exposed to I've found kinda hokey and cheesy and not real. So I'd rather listen to Robert Johnson just about any day of the week. Or old Appalachian murder ballads—I love that shit." Another ominous Lanegan laugh. "And it's been a constant source of inspiration for me—you can rewrite that shit a hundred million times. God knows I have! Uh, in my own way, y'know, lift a line here or there."

Bubblegum certainly taps into that retro folk-blues vibe. With, of course, several volts of hard-rocking adrenaline, perhaps a by-product of the singer's recent work with Queens Of The Stone Age. The set starts slow, on the elegiac Syndrum/organ rhythm of "When Your Number Is Up." "Turn out the lights/Don't see me drawn and hollow," Lanegan intones with the gravity of a pall-bearer. The protagonist will almost—but not quite—die. "It starts off on a dark note, but gets lighter as the song goes on," its author explains. "So this seems like my most lighthearted record. Uhhhh... to me, anyway."

"Hit The City" (with guest PJ Harvey) feels like Nebraska-era Springsteen after one too many stimulants, and the rest of the somber disc-"Bombed," "Strange Religion," "Can't Come Down"—follows a similarly Gothic-folk path. Wreathed in Lanegan's world-weary smoky breath (a coarse, granulated sound that comforts as it grates), the songs sound like surrender. Like a traveller collapsing on a friendly couch after an exceptionally long journey. The issue can't help but be addressed: Are consciousness-expanding experiences a necessary evil for an artist? Lanegan isn't sure. He was dabbling in narcotics, he says, back when he worked at a Texaco station, when he worked at various Washington eateries, and even when he was combing fields with combines. "And this is not to say that I promote drugs in any shape or form, because I don't, and I know that they don't work for me anymore. But I gotta say, with the speed, I did find that I got a lot done. Very meticulously. I mean, I cleaned the house to perfection." Lanegan pauses before a key delivery. "But speed might be the only drug-maybe marijuana sometimes, when I was a kid-that really helped enhance my creativity. Cocaine and heroin? They just made it impossible to work. And I know, because I stayed with that stuff right up until all my tickets were punched. I looked around and saw that all my friends had died, and I wasn't that much older than most of them. The old gang wasn't there anymore, and neither was anybody else 'cause nobody wanted to hang out with me in the places where I hung out towards the end. I mean, there are no old, successful junkies."

That's the lesson taught by every rehab around the world: You use? You die. Simple a choice as light over perpetual darkness. But, to paraphrase an old *Star Wars* adage, the lure of the dark side is strong. An older, wiser Lanegan believes now that you might be able to visit the dark side when you're younger. "But the trick is to just not stay there for half your life. I've found that it doesn't work too well—most guys who stay there that long just don't ever come back, y'know?

"Besides, I'm almost 40, man—I'm just too old for this shit. Inside, though, I still feel like I'm a teenager back at the Yakima Speedway." Where that homely hussy saw her advantage and took it? Lanegan guffaws, an oddly upbeat sound this time. "Yeah, she took it! She took a drunken young man to task! And those, my friend, are your most important life lessons." NMM



| CMJ Music Marathon 2004 Registration Form | | |
|--|---|---|
| Name: Company/Call Letters/Affiliation: Title/Occupation: Address: City: State: Daytime Phone: () | | CMJ Music Marathon 2004 Oct. 13 – 16, 2004 New York, NY Javits Center |
| City:State: | | Online Registration: www.cmj.com/marathon |
| Email: How did you hear about CMJ Music Marath | | Last day to pre-register: October 6, 2004 (walk-up registration thereafter) |
| ☐ CMJ Mailing ☐ CMJ website ☐ Othe ☐ Ad in CMJ New Music Report ☐ Ad in | | Y The name and affiliation on your badge will appear exactly as they are on this form. |
| Age: Under 18 18-24 25-34 35- Sex: Male Female Type of business: Band/Artist Book College/Non-commercial radio Co Internet/Multimedia Co. Managem | | Y Signed waiver statement mandatory |
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| Publicity Press Retail Outlet Trade Organization Other: Record Label: Major Indie Onl I want to be listed in the online directory of | Software/Technology Student | Y Please bring a photo ID when picking up your badge. College students must bring their valid student ID. Badges will not be issued without proper ID. |
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| Student Registration (must have valid ID): \$200 (before July 1) \$225 (before \$245 (before October 1) \$295 (after Pre-registration ends October 6, walk-u | r October 1) | Y All contact information will be listed in the online directory of registrants unless otherwise specified. Y Badges are non-refundable. No refunds or credits will be given. |
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| Expiration Date : // Name (as it appears on card): | | On-site registration: (All badges must be picked up |
| Cardholder's signature: | | during one of these times.) Wed. Oct. 13: 10am – 8pm |
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THE NEW MUSIC REPORT

Since 1978, the CMJ Network has been the primary source for information and chart data on college. non-commercial and commercial alternative rad o airplay.

Musicians And McSweeney's Get A MoveOn

WILCO'S GHOST IS A whitechocolateyspaceyegg FIERY FURNACES THEIR TASTY BURNS TAKE MOST ADDED

> The Tipping Point tips the scales at Retail

THE HIVES TYRANHOSAURUS MAKES A JURASSKICKIN' #1 DEBUT()

SOUND OFF ON ON MUSIC, POLITICS AND MORE:

ALERT 875 John Flansburgh of They Might Be Giants isn't afraid of the "L" word. "I'm a knee-jerk liberal from way back, but I'm pretty moderate in an old-fashioned way," he says. "But what's happening now is not what was happening five years ago. We're living through a horrible time. As a citizen there are very few times when I've felt so compelled to step up and try to affect change." So Flansburgh, along with author Dave Eggers¹² of hipster intelligentsia publishing house McSweeney's, worked with MoveOn.org to create two fundraisers in the form of a CD called The Future Soundtrack For

America (Barsuk) and companion book The Future Dictionary Of America. The CD features a mix of live and previously unreleased music from They Might Be Giants, Death Cab For Cutie, R.E.M., Elliott Smith, Tom Waits, Yeah Yeah Yeahs and more. The satirical book boasts an equally impressive line-up including Jonathan Franzen, Stephen King, Joyce Carol Oates and Kurt Vonnegut.

"We reached out to MoveOn because I think everybody involved appreciated that there was something thoughtful about MoveOn's approach. The fact that it's a citizens group was important to us. Everything about it was an interest-

ing education," says Fiansburgh, who had to deal with the intricacies of compiling mostly unreleased music as well as managing the guidelines that govern Political Action Committees.

"What's interesting to find out is how restricted that activity is, and for good reason. You don't want religious groups, mainstream or fringe, getting involved in funding public policy, or foreign governments lobbying our elected officials for influence. I'm happy that those regulations are there," he says, taking care to note that he is not a representative of MoveOn. "It makes you realize that democracy and the setup of this country is really special, and when it works it's a really remarkably progressive idea. We need to protect it. A lot of basic things about what's good about this country are being challenged, and we need to all rally together and get a brand new president. If there's anything that could give people clarity on the current adminis-



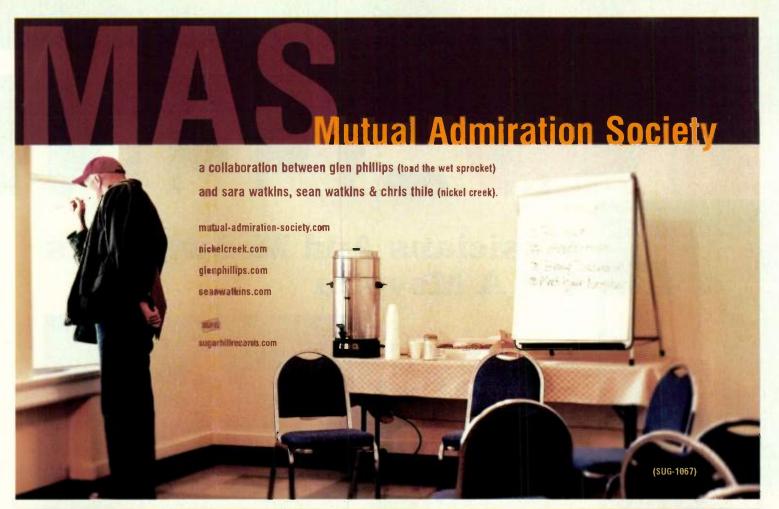
BUSH IS NOT THE BOSS OF THEM: Linnell and Flansburgh

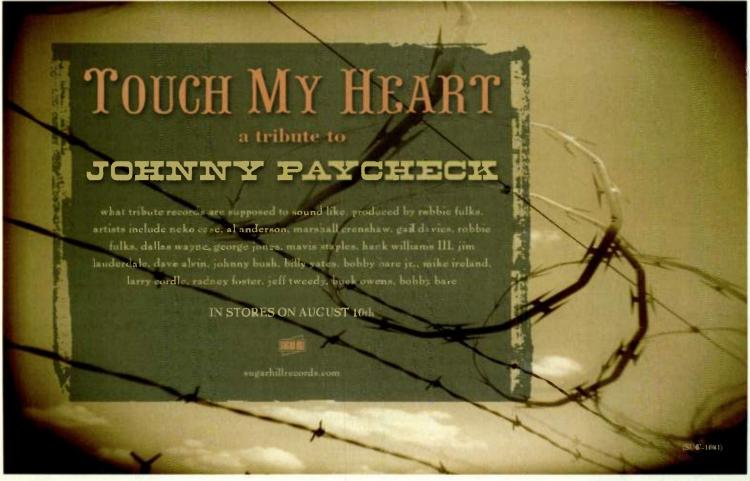
tration it's the events of the past year and a half. We are in the most useless war of all time and it's going to be a mess for a long time."

While Flansburgh's hopes for regime change are quite direct, the political messages listeners can take from the music on the comp aren't always so overt. In many ways, the compilation and what it supports is the message "I generally hate it when rock performers tell people how to think," he says. "What's interesting about many of the songs here is that because they're under the umbrella of MoveOn, it allows the poetry of the songs to jump out at you in a way that you might not get from a regular listening experience. For example, the Jimmy Eat World cover of Guided By Voices' Game Of Pricks.' You can only listen to it in one way when you hear it on the MoveOn record," he says. "And the record opens with [a cover of the Zombies'] 'This Will Be Our Year' by OK Go, and that's the point here. It was a tie last time. That was probably the most coherent day of the Bush administration. If only they could bring the kind of clarity that they brought to manipulating the election to actually running the country."

The compilation is music for America's future, but Flausburgh and TMBG partner John Linnell opted to reach back to the 1800s to cover "Tippecanoe And Tyler Too," William Henry Harrison's political chestnut. "It's the original campaign song. It swept the nation," notes Flansburgh. "It's a creative song and it's mean-spirited in a terrific way that I think people have forgotten. A campaign song can really dig into the competition. There's nothing wrong with hating the opposition."

>>> STEVE CHEATTONE





TOP 5



WILCO



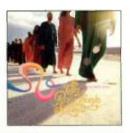
PJ HARVEY



BEASTIE BOYS



THE CURE



POLYPHONIC SPREE

Chart information is based on conbined airplay reports from CMJs 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.mmj.cam/mm. © 2004 The CMJ Network, 151 W. 25th St., 12th Floor, New York, NY 10001.

CIMJ RADIO 200 ENGLISH TO THE WEEK SET OF TH

| LABEL | ARTIST + TITLE | WKS | PK | 2W | LW | w |
|------------------|--|-----|----|-----|-----|----|
| Nonesuch | WILCO A Ghost Is Born | 5 | | | 0 (| 1 |
| Island | PJ HARVEY Uh Huh Her | 7 | | 2 | 2 | |
| Capitol | BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 |
| Geffen | THE CURE The Cure | 4 | 4 | 19 | 9 | 4 |
| Good-Hollywood | POLYPHONIC SPREE Together We're Heavy | 5 | 5 | 10 | 5 | 5 |
| Geffen | SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse | 10 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 6 |
| Gammon | I AM THE WORLD TRADE CENTER The Cover Up | 4 | 7 | 20 | 13 | 7 |
| Rough Trade | BELLE AND SEBASTIAN Books [EP] | 2 | 8 | _ | 15 | 8 |
| Definitive Jux | RJD2 Since We Last Spoke | 7 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 9 |
| Narnack | THE FALL The Real New Fall LP | 5 | 10 | 12 | 11 | 10 |
| Matado | A.C. NEWMAN The Slow Wonder | 8 | 11 | 13 | 14 | 11 |
| Island | KILLERS Hot Fuss | 5 | 12 | 15 | 12 | 12 |
| Nonesuch | MAGNETIC FIELDS | 11 | 2 | 5 | 8 | 13 |
| Astralwerks | CONCRETES The Concretes | 3 | 14 | 35 | 23 | 14 |
| RCA | SAHARA HOTNIGHTS Kiss And Tell | 4 | 15 | 23 | 19 | 15 |
| Touch And Go | III Louden Up Now | 8 | 5 | 9 | 10 | 16 |
| Yep Roc | REVEREND HORTON HEAT Revival | 4 | 17 | 29 | 20 | 17 |
| Sub Pop | ALBUM LEAF In A Safe Place | 5 | 16 | 18 | | 18 |
| Merge | OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER: 15 YEARS OF MERGE RECORDS Various Artists | 2 | 16 | 18 | 16 | 18 |
| Attack-Sanctuary | | | | - 1 | | |
| | MORRISSEY You Are The Quarry | 10 | 3 | 11 | 18 | 20 |
| New Wes | OLD 97'S Drag It Up | 2 | 21 | - | 92 | 21 |
| Sub Pop | HELIO SEQUENCE Love And Distance | 8 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 22 |
| Reprise | MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE Three Cheers For Sweet Revenge | 6 | 23 | 26 | 25 | 23 |
| Epitaph | BAD RELIGION The Empire Strikes First | 9 | 7 | 7 | 17 | 24 |
| Geffer | SPARTA Porcetain | 2 | 25 | - | 42 | 25 |
| Hellca | TIGER ARMY III: Ghost Tigers Rise | 6 | 26 | 31 | 28 | 26 |
| Vice-Atlantic | STREETS A Grand Don't Come For Free | 8 | 12 | 16 | 22 | 27 |
| Fat Car | ANIMAL COLLECTIVE Sung Tongs | 6 | 21 | 24 | 21 | 28 |
| Interscope | HIVES Tyrannosaurus Hives | 1 | 29 | - | - | 29 |
| Geffen | DJ SHADOW Live! In Tune And On Time | 7 | 21 | 21 | 27 | 30 |
| Geffen | ROOTS The Tipping Point | 1 | 31 | - | - | 31 |
| Warp | GRAVENHURST Flashlight Seasons | 5 | 24 | 32 | 24 | 32 |
| Frenchkiss | LES SAVY FAV Inches | 8 | 11 | 14 | 26 | 33 |
| Team Love | TILLY AND THE WALL Wile Like Children | 5 | 34 | 45 | 36 | 34 |
| 2024 | PLASTIC CONSTELLATIONS Mazatlan | 4 | 35 | 64 | 53 | 35 |
| Epic | MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News | 14 | 1 | 17 | 35 | 36 |
| Yep Roo | FORTY FIVES High Life High Volume | 4 | 37 | 57 | 37 | 37 |
| Columbia | MIDTOWN Forget What You Know | 3 | 38 | 126 | 54 | 38 |
| V | BURNING BRIDES Leave No Ashes | 6 | 39 | 54 | 46 | 39 |
| Virgi | GOMEZ Split The Difference | 12 | 17 | 25 | 33 | 10 |
| Luaka Bop | JIM WHITE Drill A Hole In That Substrate And Tell Me What You See | 6 | 38 | 46 | 38 | 11 |
| Barsuk | JESSE SYKES AND THE SWEET HEREAFTER Oh, My Girl | 7 | 26 | 34 | 30 | 42 |
| Vapor | JONATHAN RICHMAN Not So Much To Be Loved As To Love | 4 | 32 | 38 | 32 | 13 |
| spinARI | SUNSHINE FIX Green Imagination | 1 | 44 | _ | | 44 |
| Self-Released | ROGUE WAVE Out Of The Shadow | 3 | 45 | 112 | 58 | 45 |
| Kocl | CHUMBAWAMBA Un | 5 | 46 | 72 | 49 | 46 |
| spinAR1 | BY DIVINE RIGHT Sweet Confusion | 5 | 47 | 59 | 65 | 47 |
| Six Degrees | BEBEL GILBERTO Bebel Gilberto | 6 | 39 | 39 | 48 | 48 |
| Columbia | X-ECUTIONERS Revolutions | 3 | 49 | 97 | | |
| | V-FOOTIOISEUD HEADINIONS | 3 | 49 | 3/ | 94 | 49 |



DEBUTS



THE HIVES



THE ROOTS



SUNSHINE FIX



FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND



FIERY FURNACES

CIMJ RADIO 200 ENDINE 7/20/2004 CONTRIBUTING REPORTES IN THEIR EN WEW WWW.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

| TW | LW | 2W | PK | WKS | ARTIST + TITLE | LABEL |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|--|-----------------------|
| 51 | 31 | 30 | 27 | 5 | BLACK DICE Creature Comforts | DFA |
| 52 | 44 | 53 | 44 | 7 | DAVE ALVIN Ashgrove | Yep Roc |
| 53 | 72 | 66 | 53 | 5 | FROM FIRST TO LAST Dear Diary, My Teenage Angst Has A Body Count | Epitaph |
| 54 | 85 | 94 | 54 | 3 | BOOM BIP Corymb | Lex |
| 55 | 29 | 22 | 13 | 8 | HAYDEN Elk-Lake Serenade | Badman |
| 56 | 61 | 197 | 56 | 3 | GERLING Bad Blood | Fenway |
| 57 | 69 | 93 | 57 | 3 | HEADSET Space Settings | Plug Research |
| 58 | 39 | 41 | 25 | 6 | NINA NASTASIA Dogs | Touch And Go |
| 59 | 63 | 87 | 59 | 4 | MINISTRY Houses Of The Molé | Sanctuary |
| 60 | 64 | 61 | 60 | 6 | PAPER CHASE God Bless Your Black Heart | Kill Rock Stars |
| 61 | 68 | 63 | 61 | 6 | PLEASURE CLUB The Fugitive Kind | Brash |
| 62 | 34 | 44 | 34 | 6 | CALL AND RESPONSE Winds Take No Shape | Badman |
| 63 | 57 | 48 | 38 | 7 | ELENI MANDELL Afternoon | Zedtone |
| 64 | 50 | 75 | 50 | 5 | RACHEL GOSWELL Waves Are Universal | |
| 65 | 55 | 40 | 2 | 14 | | 4AD-Beggars Group |
| 66 | 1 | | | | MISSION OF BURMA ONOFFON | Matador |
| | 80 | 81 | 66 | 6 | JESSE MALIN The Heat | Artemis |
| 67 | - | _ | 67 | 1 | FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND Casually Dressed And Deep In Conversation | Ferret |
| 68 | 71 | 69 | 68 | 7 | SKINNY PUPPY The Greater Wrong Of The Right | SPV |
| 69 | 43 | 37 | 37 | 7 | ROYAL CITY Little Heart's Ease | Three Gut-Rough Trade |
| 70 | - | - | 70 | 1 | FIERY FURNACES Blueberry Boat | Rough Trade |
| 71 | 98 | 103 | 71 | 3 | COHEED AND CAMBRIA Live At Ła Zona Rosa | Equal Vision |
| 72 | 47 | 27 | 4 | 11 | BETA BAND Heroes To Zeros | Astralwerks |
| 73 | 89 | 125 | 73 | 5 | QUANTIC Mishaps Happening | Ubiquity |
| 74 | 45 | 28 | 12 | 11 | MATT POND PA Emblems | Altitude |
| 75 | 83 | - | 75 | 2 | FOR STARS It Falls Apart | Future Farmer |
| 76 | 81 | 52 | 32 | 9 | RYAN ADAMS Love Is Hell | Lost Highway |
| 77 | - | - | 77 | 1 | LONGWAVE Life Of The Party [EP] | RCA |
| 78 | 144 | _ | 78 | 2 | THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS The Spine | Zoë-Rounder |
| 79 | 73 | 91 | 73 | 4 | COMMUNIQUE Poison Arrows | Lookout! |
| 80 | 95 | 161 | 80 | 3 | THIEVERY CORPORATION The Outernational Sound | ESL |
| 81 | 40 | 33 | 28 | 9 | RACHAEL YAMAGATA Happenstance | RCA Victor |
| 82 | 87 | 80 | 80 | 5 | DESPISTADO The Emergency Response | Jade Tree |
| 83 | 60 | 88 | 60 | 4 | SALVATORE Tempo | Racing Junior |
| 84 | 133 | | 84 | 2 | BRANDTSON Send Us A Signal | Militia Group |
| 85 | 76 | 60 | 60 | 8 | KEANE Hopes And Fears | Interscope |
| 86 | 56 | 84 | 56 | 3 | ATOMIC 7 En Hillbilly Caliente | Mint |
| 87 | 77 | 73 | 29 | 8 | MISS KITTIN I Com | Astralwerks |
| 88 | - | _ | 88 | 1 | F-UPS F-Ups | Capitol |
| 89 | 51 | 50 | -11 | 14 | PATTI SMITH Trampin' | Columbia |
| 90 | 70 | 58 | 42 | 12 | LOS LOBOS The Ride | Hollywood |
| 91 | | _ | 91 | 1 | MICHAEL FRANTI AND SPEARHEAD Songs From The Front Porch | iMUSIC |
| 92 | 74 | 55 | 55 | 4 | TRACY AND THE PLASTICS Culture For Pigeon | Troubleman Unlimited |
| 93 | 142 | | 93 | 2 | FAITHLESS No Roots | Arista |
| 94 | 59 | 65 | 8 | 13 | SECRET MACHINES Now Here Is Nowhere | Reprise |
| 95 | 101 | 99 | 95 | 5 | SENOR HAPPY I'm Sorry | |
| 96 | 169 | | 96 | 2 | KEN STRINGFELLOW Soft Commands | Q Division |
| 97 | 52 | 42 | | 8 | | Yep Roc |
| | | | 30 | Ì | JAY FARRAR Stone, Steel And Bright Lights | Artemis |
| 98 | 88 | 78 | 77 | 6 | JOSH ROUSE The Smooth Sounds Of Josh Rouse | Rykodisc |
| 99 | 158 | - | 99 | 2 | LOS MOCOSOS American Us | Six Degrees |
| 100 | 183 | _ | 100 | 2 | TROUBLE WITH SWEENEY Fishtown Briefcase | Burnt Toast Vinyl |

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|-----|-------|-----|-----|-----|---|--------------------|
| TW | LW | 2W | PK | WKS | ARTIST + TITLE | LABEL |
| 101 | (148) | - | 101 | 1 | NANOOK OF THE NORTH The Taby Tapes | Parasol |
| 102 | 90 | 68 | 61 | 6 | BR. DANIELSON Brother Is To Son Se | cretly Canadian |
| 103 | 62 | 43 | 8 | 11 | PEDRO THE LION Achilles Heel | Jade Tree |
| 104 | 96 | 96 | 96 | 4 | SO MANY DYNAMOS When I Explode | Skrocki |
| 105 | 122 | 119 | 88 | 10 | COWBOY JUNKIES One Soul Now | Zoë-Rounder |
| 106 | - | _ | 106 | 1 | VIBRATION Ear To The Ground | вс |
| 107 | 113 | 165 | 107 | 5 | QUINCY JONES AND BILL COSBY The Original | Concord |
| 108 | 162 | - | 108 | 2 | DENISON WITMER / RIVER BENDSAnd Flows | Tooth And Nail |
| 109 | 109 | 152 | 109 | 4 | VANDALS Hollywood Potato Chip | Kung Fu |
| 110 | 97 | 108 | 96 | 7 | BLUE-EYED SON West Of Lincoln | Eenie Meenie |
| 111 | 114 | 100 | 65 | 7 | SIXTOO Chewing On Glass And Other Miracle Cures | Ninja Tune |
| 112 | 106 | 137 | 106 | 5 | EIGHTEEN VISIONS Obsession | Trustkill |
| 113 | 99 | 51 | 51 | 6 | SOVIETTES | Adeline |
| 114 | 182 | _ | 114 | 2 | ANTIBALAS AFROBEAT ORCHESTRA Who Is | Artemis |
| 115 | 67 | 49 | 49 | 13 | CONTROLLER.CONTROLLER History | Paper Bag |
| 116 | 141 | 122 | 116 | 4 | EMPEROR X Tectonic. Snowglobe-I | Discos Mariscos |
| 117 | 123 | 194 | 117 | 3 | GAMITS Antidote | Suburban Home |
| 118 | | | 118 | 1 | VELVET TEEN Elysium | Slowdance |
| 119 | 82 | 70 | 19 | 12 | MCLUSKY The Difference Between Too Pure-Be | eggars Banquet |
| 120 | 165 | _ | 120 | 2 | TRAINDODGE The Truth | Ascetic |
| 121 | | _ | 121 | 1 | AEROC Viscous Solid Ghos | stly International |
| 122 | 116 | 176 | 116 | 5 | THE RACE If You Can | Flameshovel |
| 123 | 117 | 107 | 106 | 5 | MIGALA La Incredible Aventura | Acuarela |
| 124 | 124 | 153 | 124 | 3 | GUTTERMOUTH Eat Your Face | Epitaph |
| 125 | | | 125 | 1 | MITTENS Mittens | Man With A Gun |
| 126 | 200 | _ | 126 | 2 | FREE MORAL AGENTS Everybody's | GSL |
| 127 | | | 127 | 1 | MOCK ORANGE Mind Is Not Brain | Silverthree |
| 128 | - | | 128 | 1 | DOCTOR MIX AND THE REMIX Wall Of Noise | Acute |
| 129 | 84 | 146 | 84 | 4 | MOTORHEAD Inferno | Sanctuary |
| 130 | 147 | 120 | 49 | 8 | THIRD UNHEARD Various Artists | Stones Throw |
| 131 | 78 | 85 | 10 | 14 | JOLIE HOLLAND Escondida | Anti |
| 132 | 75 | 92 | 26 | 14 | DEVENDRA BANHART Rejoicing In The Hands | Young God |
| 133 | 136 | 90 | 70 | 8 | TAPES N TAPES Tapes N Tapes | Ibid |
| 134 | 118 | 162 | 118 | 3 | SPILL CANVAS Sunsets And Car Crashes | One Eleven |
| 135 | 112 | 139 | 112 | 3 | FIREWORKS GO UP You're Welcome | Baryon |
| 136 | | | | 7 | TANGIERS Never Bring You Pleasure | Sonic Unyon |
| | 79 | 36 | 34 | | LORETTA LYNN Van Lear Rose | Interscope |
| 137 | 91 | 67 | 4 | 14 | AUTHORITY ZERO Andiamo | Lava |
| 138 | 105 | 123 | | | | Sanctuary |
| 139 | 132 | 110 | | | J.J. CALE To Tulsa And Back | Concord |
| 140 | 66 | 62 | 27 | 12 | OZOMATLI Street Signs | |
| 141 | 148 | 159 | | 4 | UMPHREY'S MCGEE Anchor Drops | SCI Fidelity |
| 142 | 120 | - | 120 | | MYSTIC CHORDS OF MEMORY Mystic Chords | |
| 143 | 159 | - | 143 | | FAN MODINE Homeland | Grimsey |
| 144 | 108 | 56 | | 7 | BLACK EYES Cough | Dischord |
| 145 | - | - | | | ROOTS OF ORCHIS Crooked Ceilings | Slowdance |
| 146 | 104 | 113 | | | N. LANNON Chemical Friends | Badman |
| 147 | 178 | 131 | | | JUANA MOLINA Tres Cosas | Domino |
| 148 | - | - | 148 | | LISMORE We Could Connect Or We Could Not | Soft Abuse |
| 149 | 195 | - | 149 | | CAVIAR The Thin Mercury Sound | Aezra |
| 150 | - | - | 150 | 1 | LETTER KILLS The Bridge | Island |

$\begin{array}{c} \text{CIMIJ} \\ \text{RADIO} \\ 200 \end{array} \begin{cases} \begin{array}{c} \text{PERIOD ENGINE 7/20} \\ \text{CONTROLLING REPORT } \\ \text{Victor Address A SEPCING } \\ \text{WWW.cmj.com/n} \end{array} \end{array}$

| | | | 4 | CU | O Cwww.cmj.com/nmi/airpiay | 30 (A070)3 |
|-----|-----|-----|------|-----|---|------------------|
| TW | LW | 2W | PK | WKS | ARTIST + TITLE | LABEL |
| 151 | 127 | 17 | 61 | 3 | HAWTHORNE HEIGHTS The Silence | Victory |
| 152 | 93 | 71 | 71 | a | BATTLES EPC | Monitor |
| 153 | 134 | 134 | 37 | 9 | PIEBALD All Ears, All Eyes, All The Time | Side One Dummy |
| 154 | 138 | 111 | 72 | 7 | TWO LONE SWORDSMEN From The Double Gone | Chapel Warp |
| 155 | 152 | 150 | 150 | 3 | ROBOTS IN DISGUISE Robots in Disguise | Recall |
| 156 | 167 | _ | 156 | 2 | MULTI-PANEL Alone in The Field | Unschooled |
| 157 | 86 | 105 | 115 | 5 | DIRTY PROJECTORS Slaves Graves And Ballads | Western Vinyl |
| 158 | B | 149 | 5 | 19 | FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand | Domino |
| 159 | 125 | 79 | 10 | 11 | THERMALS Fuckin A | Sub Pop |
| 160 | 151 | - | 151 | 2 | STOCKHOLM SYNDROME Holy Happy Hour | Terminus |
| 161 | 115 | 145 | 88 | 6 | DAVID GRUBBS A Guess At The Riddle | Drag City |
| 162 | 15. | | 15a | 2 | TRES CHICAS Sweetwater | Yep Roc |
| 163 | 135 | 173 | 135 | ž. | ELA Stapled To Air | Third Earth |
| 164 | - | - | 164 | 1 | DR. JOHN N'Awlinz Dis Dat Or D'Udda | Blue Note |
| 165 | - | - | 165 | -1 | TODD SNIDER East Nashville Skyline | Oh Boy |
| 166 | 187 | - | 166 | 2 | PHISH Undermind | Elektra |
| 167 | _ | _ | 164 | 1 | MILTON MAPES Westernaire | Aspyr |
| 168 | 100 | 138 | 18 | 14 | MIRAH C mon Miracle | К |
| 169 | R | 148 | 148 | 2 | BOBBY BARE JR. From Your End Of The Leash | Bloodshot |
| 170 | R | 144 | 14 | 8 | SCISSOR SISTERS Scissor Sisters | Universal |
| 171 | 146 | 174 | 188 | 3 | BRIEFS Sex Objects | BY0 |
| 172 | 102 | 86 | 62 | 8 | DELAYS Faded Seaside Glamour | Rough Trade |
| 173 | R | 124 | 104 | 6 | TO ROCOCO ROT Hotel Morgen | Domino |
| 174 | 179 | - | 174 | 2 | NICK DRAKE Made To Love Magic | Island |
| 175 | 111 | 76 | 24 | 11 | AUF DER MAUR Auf Der Maur | Capitol |
| 176 | 139 | 196 | 114 | 7 | ETTA JAMES Blues In The Bone | RCA Victor |
| 177 | - | - | 17 | 1 | LARS FREDRIKSEN AND THE BASTARDS Viking | Hellcat Hellcat |
| 178 | 130 | 163 | 130 | 7 | NUMBER ONE FAN Compromises | Pat's |
| 179 | 156 | - | 149 | 8 | VETIVER Vetiver | DiCristina |
| 180 | R | - | 157 | 3 | COTTONBELLY X Amounts Of Niceness | Wrong |
| 181 | 188 | 181 | 181 | 3 | BODEANS Resolution | Zoë-Rounder |
| 182 | 110 | 83 | 46 | 9 | FELIX DA HOUSECAT Devin Dazzle | Emperor Norton |
| 183 | 150 | 166 | 150 | 3 | NEUROSIS The Eye Of Every Storm | Neurot |
| 184 | 180 | 200 | 160 | 3 | LORI MCKENNA Bittertown | Signature Sounds |
| 185 | R | 104 | 93 | 7 | KINISON What Are You Listening To? | Atlantic |
| 186 | 189 | - | 186 | 2 | AVETT BROTHERS Mignonette | Ramseur |
| 187 | - | - | 187 | 1 | LEO KOTTKE Try And Stop Me | RCA |
| 188 | 131 | 109 | 80 | 8 | THRICE The Artist In The Ambulance [Bonus EP] | Island |
| 189 | - | - | 189 | 1 | ATREYU The Curse | Victory |
| 190 | 145 | - | 145 | 2 | MARAH 20,000 Streets Under The Sky | Yep Roc |
| 191 | - | - | 191 | 1 | UMBRELLA SEQUENCE Sparkler Cliche | Self-Released |
| 192 | - | - | 142 | 1 | SWINGIN' UTTERS Live in A Dive | Fat Wreck Chords |
| 193 | 199 | 175 | 175 | 3 | BROTHER ALI Champion [EP] | Rhymesayers |
| 194 | 140 | 106 | 46 | 12 | SAM PHILLIPS A Boot And A Shoe | Nonesuch |
| 195 | 171 | 188 | -171 | 3 | TRAGEDY ANDY It's Never Too Late | Pop Smear |
| 196 | - | - | 196 | 1 | RICHIE HAVENS Grace The Sun | Stormy Forest |
| 197 | - | - | 197 | 1 | GUNSHY No Man's Blues | Latest Flame |
| 198 | 128 | 116 | 116 | 6 | MOCO Out To Go | Pit Pony |
| 199 | 121 | - | 121 | 3 | DJ SPOOKY Celestial Mechanix | Thirsty Ear |
| 200 | R | 164 | 152 | 4 | POOR BOY: THE SONGS OF NICK DRAKE Various | Songlines |



RADIO 200 SEING SPUN NY STATIONS ADDS FENGING 7/20/20/04 www.cmj.com

| LABEL | OS ARTIST + TITLE | TOTAL ADD | SITION |
|-------------------|--|-----------|--------|
| Rough Trade | FIERY FURNACES Blueberry Boat | 179 | 1 |
| Jetset | MACHA Forget Tomorrow | 134 | 2 |
| Victory | TAKING BACK SUNDAY Where You Want To Be | 113 | 3 |
| Red Ink | MIKE WATT The Second Man's Middle Stand | 99 | 4 |
| Maverick | THE SHORE The Shore | 97 | 5 |
| Absolutely Kosher | PIDGEON From Gutter With Love | 64 | 6 |
| Sidecho | MC LARS The Laptop EP | 52 | 7 |
| Relapse | DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN Miss Machine | 46 | 8 |
| 4AD | TANYA DONELLY Whiskey Tango Ghosts | 46 | 9 |
| urce-Astralwerks | PHOENIX Alphabetical Se | 44 | 10 |
| Self-Released | SCREENS The Screens | 42 | 11 |
| Lex | PRINCE PO The Slickness | 41 | 12 |
| Militia Group | LOVEDRUG Pretend You're Alive | 36 | 13 |
| Arista | CITIZEN COPE The Clarence Greenwood Recordings | 33 | 14 |
| Blue Note | DR. JOHN N'Awlinz Dis Dat Or D'Udda | 26 | 15 |
| Gern Blandsten | THE FLESH Sweet Defeat | 25 | 16 |
| Wildside | DSUPER Straight To The Sun | 25 | 16 |
| Epitaph | NIKOLA SARCEVIC Lock-Sport-Krock | 21 | 18 |
| Primary Voltage | BABY STRANGE Put Out | 19 | 19 |
| Sub Pop | COMETS ON FIRE Blue Cathedral | 18 | 20 |

TRIPLE

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| LABEL | ARTIST + TITLE | WKS | PK I | 2W | LW | TW |
|----------------|--|-----|------|----|----|----|
| Nonesuch | WILCO A Ghost Is Born | 6 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Island | PJ HARVEY Uh Huh Her | 6 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Yep Roc | DAVE ALVIN Ashgrove | 7 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 3 |
| Good-Hollywood | POLYPHONIC SPREE Together We're Heavy | 4 | 4 | 9 | 6 | 4 |
| New West | OLD 97'S Drag It Up | 2 | 5 | - | 17 | 5 |
| Six Degrees | BEBEL GILBERTO Bebel Gilberto | 6 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 6 |
| Capitol | BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs | 4 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 |
| Geffen | SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse | 9 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 8 |
| Zoë-Rounder | COWBOY JUNKIES One Soul Now | 10 | 8 | 16 | 14 | 9 |
| Geffen | THE CURE The Cure | 2 | 10 | - | 25 | 10 |
| Hollywood | LOS LOBOS The Ride | 13 | 2 | 6 | 10 | 11 |
| Definitive Jux | RJD2 Since We Last Spoke | 5 | 12 | _ | 20 | 12 |
| Six Degrees | LOS MOCOSOS American Us | 2 | 13 | - | 32 | 13 |
| Sanctuary | J.J. CALE To Tulsa And Back | 9 | 11 | 11 | 13 | 14 |
| Koch | CHUMBAWAMBA Un | 4 | 15 | | 35 | 15 |
| Nonesuch | MAGNETIC FIELDS | 9 | 1 | 3 | 5 | 16 |
| Luaka Bop | JIM WHITE Drill A Hole In That Substrate And | 5 | 12 | 13 | 12 | 17 |
| Zedtone | ELENI MANDELL Afternoon | 7 | 14 | 20 | 38 | 18 |
| iMUSIC | MICHAEL FRANTI AND SPEARHEAD Songs From | 1 | 19 | - | - | 19 |
| Gammon | I AM THE WORLD TRADE CENTER The Cover Up | 3 | 20 | 25 | 30 | 20 |

CORE PERIOD ENDING 7/20/2004 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THE WEE WWW.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

| TW | LW | 2W | PK | WK | ARTIST + TITLE | LABEL |
|----|----|----|----|-----|---|-----------------|
| 1 | 9 | 1 | 1 | 5 | WILCO A Ghost Is Born | Nonesuch |
| 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 6 | PJ HARVEY Uh Huh Her | Island |
| 3 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 5 | BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs | Capitol |
| 4 | 5 | 10 | 4 | 4 | · · | Good-Hollywood |
| 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 10 | SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse | Geffen |
| 6 | 13 | 22 | 6 | 3 | THE CURE The Cure | Geffen |
| 7 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 4 | THE FALL. The Real New Fall LP | Namack |
| 8 | 12 | 12 | 8 | 8 | A.C. NEWMAN The Slow Wander | Matador |
| 9 | 9 | 21 | 9 | 3 | I AM THE WORLD TRADE CENTER The Cover Up | Gammon |
| 10 | 14 | | 10 | 2 | BELLE AND SEBASTIAN Books [EP] | Rough Trade |
| 11 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 7 | RJD2 Since We Last Spoke | Definitive Jux |
| 12 | 18 | 29 | 12 | 3 | CONCRETES The Concretes | Astralwerks |
| 13 | 7 | 4 | 1 | 10 | MAGNETIC FIELDS i | Nonesuch |
| 14 | 10 | 9 | 4 | 7 | III Lauden Up Now | Touch And Go |
| 15 | 17 | 17 | 15 | 5 | KILLERS Hot Fuss | Island |
| 16 | 19 | 26 | 16 | 3 | REVEREND HORTON HEAT Revival | Yep Roc |
| 17 | _ | | 17 | 1 | OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER Vanous Artists | Merge |
| 18 | 11 | 7 | 7 | 7 | HELIO SEQUENCE Love And Distance | Sub Pop |
| 19 | _ | | 19 | 1 | OLD 97'S Drag It Up | New West |
| 20 | 16 | 16 | 16 | 6 | ANIMAL COLLECTIVE Sung Tongs | Fat Cat |
| 21 | 15 | 18 | 15 | 4 | ALBUM LEAF In A Safe Place | Sub Pop |
| 22 | 22 | 28 | 22 | 4 | SAHARA HOTNIGHTS Kiss And Tell | RCA |
| 23 | 21 | 14 | 9 | 7 | LES SAVY FAV Inches | Frenchkiss |
| 24 | 20 | 15 | 13 | 8 | STREETS A Grand Don't Come For Free | Vice-Atlantic |
| 25 | 23 | 13 | 3 | 10 | | ttack-Sanctuary |
| 26 | 30 | 20 | 20 | 6 | DJ SHADOW Live! In Tune And On Time | Geffen |
| 27 | 36 | 56 | 27 | 4 | FORTY FIVES High Life High Volume | Yep Roc |
| 28 | 35 | 47 | 28 | 5 | DAVE ALVIN Ashgrove | Yep Roc |
| 29 | 29 | 11 | 11 | 8 | BAD RELIGION The Empire Strikes First | Epitaph |
| 30 | 31 | 36 | 30 | 4 | TILLY AND THE WALL Wild Like Children | Team Love |
| 31 | _ | _ | 31 | 1 | ROOTS The Tipping Point | Geffen |
| 32 | 25 | 35 | 25 | 4 | JONATHAN RICHMAN Not So Much To Be Loved As To Love | Vapor |
| 33 | 40 | 23 | 12 | 9 | GOMEZ Split The Difference | Virgin |
| 34 | 38 | 33 | 33 | 6 | BEBEL GILBERTO Bebel Gilberto | Six Degrees |
| 35 | 27 | 45 | 26 | 6 | | annum Projects |
| 36 | 26 | 38 | 26 | 4 | GRAVENHURST Flashlight Seasons | Warp |
| 37 | 20 | 30 | 37 | 1 | SUNSHINE FIX Green Imagination | spinART |
| 38 | 28 | 30 | 25 | 1 6 | JESSE SYKES AND THE SWEET HEREAFTER Oh, My Girl | Barsuk |
| 39 | 49 | | 39 | 2 | SPARTA Porcelain | Geffen |
| 40 | 41 | 44 | 40 | 4 | MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE Three Cheers For Sweet Revenge | Reprise |
| 41 | | | | | BLACK DICE Creature Comforts | |
| 42 | 24 | 25 | 21 | 5 | | DFA |
| | 46 | 72 | 42 | 3 | HEADSET Space Settings | Plug Research |
| 43 | 32 | 43 | 32 | 5 | JIM WHITE Drill A Hole In That Substrate | Luaka Bop |
| 44 | - | ~ | 44 | 1 | HIVES Tyrannosaurus Hives | Interscope |
| 45 | 34 | 39 | 17 | 5 | NINA NASTASIA Dogs | Touch And Go |
| 46 | 57 | 34 | 2 | 13 | MISSION OF BURMA ONOFFON | Matador |
| 47 | 62 | - | 47 | 2 | QUANTIC Mishaps Happening | Ubiquity |
| 48 | 53 | 49 | 48 | 4 | TIGER ARMY III: Ghost Tigers Rise | Helicat |
| 49 | 56 | 70 | 49 | 3 | MINISTRY Houses Of The Molé | Sanctuary |
| 50 | 48 | 37 | 30 | 6 | ELENI MANDELL Afternoon | Zedtone |

CMJ RETAIL 50 { www.cmj.com

| TW | LW | ARTIST + TITLE | LABEL |
|----|----|---|---------------------------|
| 1 | _ | ROOTS The Tipping Point (257302) | Geffen |
| 2 | 2 | BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs (84571) | Capitol |
| 3 | 1 | LLOYD BANKS The Hunger For More (282602) | Interscope |
| 4 | 7 | MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News (87125) | Epic |
| 5 | 3 | WILCO A Ghost Is Born (79809) | Nonesuch |
| 6 | | JIMMY BUFFETT License To Chill (62270) | RLG-BMG Heritage |
| 7 | 6 | JADAKISS Kiss Of Death (274602) | Ruff Ryders-Interscope |
| 8 | 5 | VELVET REVOLVER Contraband (59794) | RCA |
| 9 | 4 | THE CURE The Cure (287012) | Geffen |
| 10 | _ | NOTORIOUS B.I.G. Ready To Die (285200) | Bad Boy |
| 11 | 8 | FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand (27) | Domino |
| 12 | - | POLYPHONIC SPREE Together We're Heavy (162423) | Good-Hollywood |
| 13 | - | SPARTA Porcelain (281802) | Geffen |
| 14 | 11 | KILLERS Hot Fuss (84571) | Island |
| 15 | 9 | USHER Confessions (52141) | Arista |
| 16 | 14 | LOS LONELY BOYS Los Lonely Boys (80305) | Or Music |
| 17 | 10 | LL' WAYNE Tha Carter (153702) | Universal |
| 18 | | DEVIN THE DUDE To Tha X-Treme (42038) | Rap-A-Lot |
| 19 | _ | WIDESPREAD PANIC Uber Cobra (84698) | Sanctuary |
| 20 | 13 | PJ HARVEY Uh Huh Her (275102) | Island |
| 21 | _ | FIERY FURNACES Blueberry Boat (83239) | Rough Trade |
| 22 | 15 | D12 D12 World (240402) | Shady-Interscope |
| 23 | | THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS The Spine (431041) | Zoë-Rounder |
| 24 | _ | METALLICA Some Kind Of Monster [EP] (48835) | Elektra |
| 25 | _ | LARS FREDRIKSEN AND THE BASTARDS Viking (80467) | Hellcat |
| 26 | 12 | BREAKING BENJAMIN We Are Not Alone (162460) | Hollywood |
| 27 | 28 | SHINEDOWN Leave A Whisper (83566) | Atlantic |
| 28 | 19 | KANYE WEST The College Dropout (203002) | Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG |
| 29 | 21 | ANGIE STONE Stone Love (56215) | J |
| 30 | 29 | AVRIL LAVIGNE Under My Skin (59774) | Arista |
| 31 | 18 | SPIDER-MAN 2 Soundtrack (92628) | Columbia-Sony |
| 32 | 20 | THIEVERY CORPORATION The Outernational Sound (75) | ESL |
| 33 | 27 | SUPKNOT Vol. 3 (The Subliminal Verses) (618388) | Roadrunner-IDJMG |
| 34 | 32 | BEBEL GILBERTO Bebel Gilberto (1101) | Six Degrees |
| 35 | 24 | 311 Greatest Hits (60009) | Volcano |
| 36 | 37 | MAROON 5 Songs About Jane (50001) | BMG-Octone |
| 37 | 34 | KEANE Hopes And Fears (250702) | Interscope |
| 38 | 23 | ATREYU The Curse (218) | Victory |
| 39 | 36 | BLACK EYED PEAS Elephunk (000699) | A&M |
| 40 | 16 | DAVE MATTHEWS BAND The Gorge (61633) | RCA |
| 41 | 22 | BRANDY Afrodisiac (83633) | Atlantic |
| 42 | 25 | JUVENILE Juve The Great (171802) | Cash Money |
| 43 | 17 | RUSH Feedback (83728) | Atlantic |
| 44 | | BEENIE MAN Back To Basics (95173) | Virgin |
| 45 | 31 | SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse (254912) | Geffen |
| 46 | 51 | MUSE Absolution (668587) | Warner Bros. |
| 47 | 30 | GUNS N' ROSES Greatest Hits (171402) | Geffen |
| 48 | 41 | PRINCE Musicology (92560) | Columbia |
| 49 | 35 | BELLE AND SEBASTIAN Books [EP] (33253) | Rough Trade |
| 50 | 26 | UNEARTH The Oncoming Storm (14479) | Metal Blade |

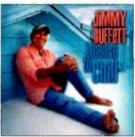
Logo represents priority titles throughout the Music Monitor Network



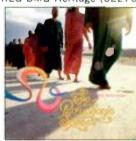
BREAKOUT 5 ALBUMS TO WATCH



THE ROOTS The Tipping Point Geffen (257302)



JIMMY BUFFET License To Chill RLG-BMG Heritage (62270)



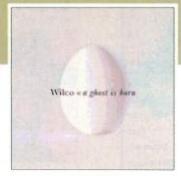
POLYPHONIC SPREE Together We're Heavy Good-Hollywood(162423)



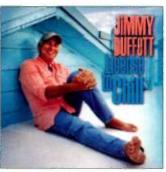
SPARTA Porcelain Geffen (281802)



DEVIN THE DUDE To Tha X-Treme Rap-A-Lot (42038)



WILCO



JIMMY BUFFET

IN-STORE | MAJOR PLAY

Based on what clerks an playing while you brows

CHAIN

based on sales figures from national record chains

WILCO

KEANE ROOTS

HIVES **KILLERS**

FIERY FURNACES

THE CURE **MODEST MOUSE**

PJ HARVEY

POLYPHONIC SPREE

CONCRETES

SONIC YOUTH

SECRET MACHINES

SPARTA

!!!

JIMMY BUFFETT

ROOTS

DE-LOVELY SDTK

LOS LONELY BOYS

BEASTIE BOYS

USHER

MODEST MOUSE

SPIDER-MAN 2 SDTK

VELVET REVOLVER

FRANZ FERDINAND

AVRIL LAVIGNE

A CINDERELLA STORY SDTK

WILCO

LLOYD BANKS

MAROON 5

MUSIC MONITOR NETWORK

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| TW | LW | ARTIST + TITLE | LABEL |
|----|----|---|-----------------|
| 1 | | ROOTS The Tipping Point (257302) | Geffen |
| 2 | 1 | LLOYD BANKS The Hunger For More (282502) | Interscope |
| 3 | 2 | BREAKING BENJAMIN We Are Not Alone (162460) | Hollywood |
| 4 | 3 | JADAKISS Kiss Of Death (274602) Ruff Ry | ders-Interscope |
| 5 | 4 | LIL' WAYNE Tha Carter (153702) | Universal |
| 6 | | JIMMY BUFFETT License To Chill (62270) RLC | G-BMG Heritage |
| 7 | = | DEVIN THE DUDE To Tha X-Treme (42038) | Rap-A-Lot |
| 8 | 7 | USHER Confessions (52141) | Arista |
| 9 | 8 | D12 D12 World (240402) | hady-Interscope |
| 10 | 6 | VELVET REVOLVER Contraband (59794) | RCA |
| 11 | 5 | BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs (84571) | Capitol |
| 12 | = | SPARTA Porcelain (281802) | Geffen |
| 13 | | NOTORIOUS B.I.G. Ready To Die (285200) | Bad Boy |
| 14 | 21 | SHINEDOWN Leave A Whisper (83566) | Atlantic |
| 15 | 13 | SLIPKNOT Vol. 3 (The Subliminal Verses) (618388) Roa | drunner-IDJMG |
| 16 | 10 | JUVENILE Juve The Great (171802) | Cash Money |
| 17 | = | WIDESPREAD PANIC Uber Cobra (84598) | Sanctuary |
| 18 | | METALLICA Some Kind Of Monster [EP] (48835) | Elektra |
| 19 | 12 | MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News (871) | 25) Epic |
| 20 | 29 | AVRIL LAVIGNE Under My Skin (59774) | Arista |
| 21 | 9 | THE CURE The Cure (287012) | Geffen |
| 22 | 14 | KANYE WEST The College Dropout (203002) Roc-A-Fella- | Def Jam-IDJMG |
| 23 | 20 | SPIDER-MAN 2 Soundtrack (92628) | Columbia-Sony |
| 24 | 27 | PETEY PABLO Still Writing In My Diary 2nd Entry (41824) | Jive |
| 25 | 15 | LOS LONELY BOYS Los Lonely Boys (80305) | Or Music |

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| TIAL LIAN | ARTIST + TITLE | LABEI |
|--------------|--|------------------------|
| 1 _ | POLYPHONIC SPREE Together We're Heavy (162423) | Good-Hollywood |
| 2 _ | ROOTS The Tipping Point (257302) | Geffen |
| 3 1 | WILCO A Ghost Is Born (79809) | Nonesuch |
| 4 | FIERY FURNACES Blueberry Boat (83239) | |
| 5 - | SPARTA Porcelain (281802) | Rough Trade |
| 6 3 | BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs (84571) | |
| | THE CURE The Cure (287012) | Capitol Geffen |
| 7 2 | | |
| | PJ HARVEY Uh Huh Her (275102) | Island |
| | MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad New | • |
| | KILLERS Hot Fuss (84571) | Island |
| 11 11 | ALBUM LEAF In A Safe Place (70640) | Sub Pop |
| 12 8 | BELLE AND SEBASTIAN Books [EP] (33253) | Rough Trade |
| 13 14 | KEANE Hopes And Fears (250702) | Interscope |
| 14 — | THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS The Spine (431041) | Zoë-Rounder |
| 15 12 | | Universal |
| 16 — | JIMMY BUFFETT License To Chill (62270) | RLG-BMG Heritage |
| 17 — | LARS FREDRIKSEN AND THE BASTARDS Viking (80467) | Hellcat |
| 18 17 | JADAKISS Kiss Of Death (274602) | Ruff Ryders-Interscope |
| 19 9 | SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse (254912) | Geffen |
| 20 10 | FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand (27) | Domino |
| 21 15 | HELIO SEQUENCE Love And Distance (633) | Sub Pop |
| 22 19 | BEBEL GILBERTO Bebel Gilberto (1101) | Six Degrees |
| 23 13 | LLOYD BANKS The Hunger For More (282602) | Interscope |
| 24 | DEVIN THE DUDE To Tha X-Treme (42038) | Rap-A-Lot |
| 25 16 | VELVET REVOLVER Contraband (59794) | RCA |



HIP HOP VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

| LABEL | ARTIST + TITLE | WKS | PK \ | ZW | LW : | W |
|------------------|--|-----|------|----|------|----|
| Quannum Projects | GIFT OF GAB Fourth Dimensional. | 1 | ij | | | t |
| Definitive Jux | RJD2 Since We Last Spoke | 9 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Capitol | BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs | 5 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 |
| Rhymesayers | BROTHER ALI Champion [EP] | 7 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 |
| Geffen | ROOTS The Tipping Point | 2 | 5 | - | 20 | 5 |
| Third Earth | DUJEOUS City Limits | 5 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 6 |
| Paladin | AWOL ONE Awol One | 2 | 7 | | 9 | 7 |
| Geffen | DJ SHAĐOW Live! In Tune And On Time | ō | 2 | 8 | 7 | 8 |
| Stones Throw | YESTERDAYS NEW QUINTET Stevie | g | 1 | 5 | 5 | 9 |
| Plug Research | HEADSET Space Settings | 3 | 10 | 16 | 14 | 10 |
| Columbia | X-ECUTIONERS Revolutions | 5 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 11 |
| Vice-Atlantic | STREETS A Grand Don't Come For Free | 8 | 6 | 6 | 10 | 12 |
| RAS-Sanctuary | SIZZLA Jah Knows Best | 7 | 12 | 15 | 12 | 13 |
| Columbia | NAS Illmatic 10th Anniversary Platinum Edition | 14 | 7 | 12 | 19 | 14 |
| Stones Throw | THIRD UNHEARD Various Artists | 9 | 3 | 11 | 11 | 15 |
| Lex | BOOM BIP Corymb | 1 | 16 | - | - | 16 |
| Glow In The Dark | TIME MACHINE Slow Your Roll | 12 | 6 | 20 | 17 | 17 |
| Baby Grande | SHARKEY Sharkey's Machine | 1 | 18 | | - | 18 |
| Stones Throw | MADVILLAIN Madvillainy | 17 | 1 | 13 | 13 | 19 |
| Basement | JOHNNY FIVE Summer | 7 | 16 | 26 | 23 | 20 |

NEW CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEE VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR EN WWW.cmj.com/nmr/airplay CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 100 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT

| | _ | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|-----|---|---------------|
| TW | LW | 2W | PK | WKS | ARTIST + TITLE | LABEL |
| | | | n | 7 | BEBEL GILBERTO Bebel Gilberto | Six Degree |
| 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 7 | YOUSSOU N°DOUR Egypt | Nonesuc |
| 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 12 | ANGELIQUE KIDJO Oyaya ¹ | Columbi |
| 4 | 6 | 8 | 4 | 6 | TARIKA 10 Beasts, Ghosts And Dancing With History | Trilok |
| 5 | 13 | 18 | 5 | 4 | ANTIBALAS AFROBEAT ORCHESTRA Who Is This America | 2 Artemi |
| 6 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 13 | LOS AMIGOS INVISIBLES The Venezuelan Zingason Vol.1 | Luaka Bo |
| 7 | 10 | 23 | 7 | 5 | GREECE: A MUSICAL ODYSSEY Various Artists | Putumay |
| 8 | 15 | 30 | 8 | 3 | LOS MOCOSOS American Us | Six Degree |
| 9 | 12 | 10 | g | 5 | MIRIAM MAKEBA Reflections | Heads U |
| 10 | 5 | 9 | 5 | 5 | LILA DOWNS Una Sangre One Blood | Narad |
| 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 7 | SIZZLA Jah Knows Best | RAS-Sanctua |
| 12 | | | 12 | 1 | OMARA PORTUONDO Flor De Amor | Nonesuc |
| 13 | 7 | 5 | 4 | 11 | OJOS DE BRUJO Bari World Village-H | armonia Mun |
| 14 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 13 | OZOMATLI Street Signs | Conco |
| 15 | 9 | 13 | 4 | 10 | ARTO LINDSAY Salt | Righteous Bal |
| 16 | 14 | 6 | 3 | 12 | JUANA MOLINA Tres Cosas | Domin |
| 17 | 19 | 14 | 7 | 9 | NUEVO LATINO Various Artists | Putuma |
| 18 | 16 | 12 | 12 | 7 | SPANISH HARLEM ORCHESTRA Across 110th Street | Red Ir |
| 19 | 26 | 17 | 17 | 7 | MENTO MADNESS Various Artists | 1 |
| 20 | 20 | 26 | 20 | 6 | SHIYANI NGCOBO Introducing Shiyani Ngcobo World | Music Networ |

RPM

PERIOD ENDING 7/20/2004 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 149 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

| TW | LW | 2 W | PK | WKS | ARTIST + TITLE | LABEL |
|----|----|------------|----|-----|---|-----------------------|
| 1 | E | | | | THIEVERY CORPORATION The Outernational Sound | ESL |
| 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 7 | QUANTIC Mishaps Happening | Ubiquity |
| 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 7 | SKINNY PUPPY The Greater Wrong Of The Right | SPV |
| 4 | 4 | 6 | 4 | 5 | SASHA Involver | Global Underground |
| 5 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 8 | KASKADE In The Moment | Om |
| 6 | 14 | 13 | 6 | 4 | FAT JON Lightweight Heavy | Exceptional |
| 7 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 8 | RJD2 Since We Last Spoke | Definitive Jux |
| 8 | 16 | 34 | 8 | 3 | RYUICHI SAKAMOTO Chasm | iTunes.com-KAB |
| 9 | - | - | 9 | 1 | THE ORB Bicycles And Tricycles | Sanctuary |
| 10 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 7 | COTTONBELLY X Amounts Of Niceness | Wrong |
| 11 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 7 | DJ SHADOW Live! In Tune And On Time | Geffen |
| 12 | 7 | 2 | 1 | 10 | FELIX DA HOUSECAT Devin Dazzle And | Emperor Norton |
| 13 | 19 | 16 | 13 | 4 | I AM THE WORLD TRADE CENTER The Cover Up | Gammon |
| 14 | 12 | 14 | 10 | ? | TO ROCOCO ROT Hotel Morgen | Domino |
| 15 | 25 | 18 | 15 | 6 | LOS AMIGOS INVISIBLES The Venezuelan Zingason | Vol 1 Luaka Bop |
| 16 | 6 | 8 | 3 | 8 | MISS KITTIN & Com | Astralwerks |
| 17 | - | - | 17 | 1 | AEROC Viscous Solid | Ghostly International |
| 18 | 20 | 26 | 18 | 3 | RODNEY HUNTER Hunter Files | G-Stone |
| 19 | 28 | 38 | 19 | 3 | BOOM BIP Corymb | Lex |
| 20 | 11 | 15 | 6 | 7 | DECEPTIKON Lost Subject | Merck |

JAZZ-

PERIOD ENDING 7/20/2004 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 119 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

| TW | LW | 2W | PK | WKS | ARTIST + TITLE | LABEL |
|----|----|----|----|-----|---|-----------------|
| 1 | | | 1 | 6 | QUINCY JONES AND BILL COSBY The Original Jam | Concord |
| 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 8 | BEN ALLISON Buzz | Palmetto |
| 3 | 5 | 13 | 3 | 3 | BOBBY WATSON Horizon ReAssembled | Palmetto |
| 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 11 | JOHN SCOFIELD TRIO Live EnRoute | Verve |
| 5 | 6 | 9 | 5 | 11 | JAMIE CULLUM Twentysomething | Verve |
| 6 | 27 | A | 4 | 5 | MCCOY TYNER Illuminations | Telarc |
| 7 | 7 | 6 | 4 | 6 | MULGREW MILLER Live At Yoshi's | Maxjazz |
| 8 | 14 | 7 | 1 | 14 | DIANA KRALL The Gir' In The Other Room | Verve |
| 9 | 34 | 14 | 9 | 3 | HAPPY BIRTHDAY NEWPORT Various Artists | Sony |
| 10 | 8 | 5 | 5 | 7 | GREG OSBY Public | Blue Note |
| 11 | 10 | 18 | 7 | 11 | HIROMI Brain | Telarc |
| 12 | 18 | 22 | 12 | 3 | BILL TAPIA Tropical Swing | MoonRoom |
| 13 | 12 | - | 12 | 5 | LARRY CORYELL Tricycles Favor | ed Nations Cool |
| 14 | 17 | 17 | 14 | 5 | JAZZ ON THE LATIN SIDE ALL STARS The Last Bullfighter | Saungu |
| 15 | 22 | 33 | 15 | 4 | BENNY GREEN/RUSSELL MALONE Bluebird | Telarc |
| 16 | 31 | 19 | 12 | 13 | RUSSELL MALONE Playground | Max Jazz |
| 17 | 11 | 10 | 4 | 12 | JOE LOVANO fm All For You | Blue Note |
| 18 | 26 | 11 | 11 | 4 | GEORGE SHEARING Like Fine Wine | Mack Avenue |
| 19 | 25 | 26 | 13 | 6 | OLIVER LAKE Dat Love | Passin Thru |
| 20 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 7 | SPRING HEEL JACK The Sweetness Of The Water | Thirsty Ear |



LOUDROCK CHARMACHING REPORTERS THEN WEE COLLEGE

| TW LW 2W PI | V LAUV C | ARTIST + TITLE | LABEL |
|-------------------|----------|---|------------------|
| 1 2 3 1 | | UNEARTH The Oncoming Storm | Metal Blade |
| 2 1 1 1 | | ATREYU The Curse | Victory |
| 3 4 6 3 | | KITTIE Until The End | Artemis |
| 4 3 2 2 | | MOTORHEAD Inferno | Sanctuary |
| | | #1 DEBUT | ounday, |
| 5 5 | 5 1 | DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN Miss Machine | Relapse |
| 6 5 10 5 | | MINISTRY Houses Of The Mole | Sanctuary |
| 7 6 4 1 | | KILLSWITCH ENGAGE The End Of Heartache | Roadrunner-IDJMG |
| 8 10 11 8 | | OTEP House Of Secrets | Capitol |
| 9 11 14 9 | | FORSAKEN Traces Of The Past | Century Media |
| | | UP 8 POSITIONS | oomar, moana |
| 10 18 16 1 | 0 3 | SUSPERIA Unlimited | Tabu |
| 11 7 5 2 | | SLIPKNOT Vol 3 (The Subliminal Verses) | Roadrunner-IDJMG |
| 12 14 15 1 | | EIGHTEEN VISIONS Obsession | Trustkill |
| 13 15 40 1 | | ZAO The Funeral Of God | Ferret |
| 14 12 13 1 | | CANDIRIA What Doesn't Kill You | Red Ink |
| 15 9 7 6 | i | HEAVEN SHALL BURN Antigone | Century Media |
| 16 19 1 | 1 | A PERFECT MURDER Unbroken | Victory |
| 17 24 — 1 | | CATTLE DECAPITATION Humanure | Metal Blade |
| 18 16 24 1 | | TWELVE TRIBES The Rebirth Of Tragedy | Ferret |
| 19 13 17 1 | 3 5 | NEUROSIS The Eye Of Every Storm | Neurot |
| 20 — — 2 | 0 1 | FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND Casually Dressed And | Ferret |
| 21 21 8 2 | 13 | DEATH ANGEL The Art Of Dying | Nuclear Blast |
| 22 27 — 2 | 2 2 | ACACIA STRAIN 3750 | Prosthetic |
| 23 20 19 5 | 5 14 | SUFFOCATION Souls To Deny | Relapse |
| 24 23 — 2 | 3 2 | JUNGLE ROT Fueled By Hate | Olympic |
| 25 17 9 6 | 10 | BEYOND THE EMBRACE Insect Song | Metal Blade |
| 26 30 20 1 | 1 14 | IN FLAMES Soundtrack To Your Escape | Nuclear Blast |
| 27 29 18 1 | 0 9 | CRISIS Like Sheep Led To Slaughter | 3D |
| 28 33 30 2 | 8 6 | HEAVILS Heavilution | Metal Blade |
| 29 - 2 | 9 1 | MEGADETH The System Has Failed Sampler | Sanctuary |
| 30 — — 3 | 0 1 | ONLY CRIME To The Nines | Fat Wreck Chords |
| 31 3 | 1 1 | FROM FIRST TO LAST Dear Diary, My Teenage Angst | Epitaph |
| 32 25 29 8 | 3 10 | MISERY SIGNALS Of Malice And The Magnum Heart | Ferret |
| 33 37 34 1 | 9 8 | MONSTER MAGNET Monolithic Baby! | SPV |
| 34 38 - 1 | 1 8 | A18 Dear Furious | Victory |
| 35 28 21 1 | 7 5 | VENOMOUS CONCEPT Retroactive Abortion | Ipecac |
| 36 3 | 6 1 | FORENSICS Things To Do When You Should Be Dead | |
| 37 — 3 | 7 1 | PIGMY LOVE CIRCUS The Power Of Beef | Go-Kart |
| 38 3 | 8 1 | PETTIT PROJECT Cheerockracy | Sonic Unyon |
| 39 R — 2 | 2 3 | 1349 Beyond The Apocalypse | Candlelight |
| 40 R 27 2 | 5 4 | TODAY IS THE DAY Kiss The Pig | Relapse |

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 113 DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN Miss Machine Relapse 105 OTEP House Of Secrets Capitol CATTLE DECAPITATION Humanure Metal Blade 4 MEGADETH The System Has Failed Sampler 95 Sanctuary

LOUD ROCK FERIOD ENDING 7/20/2010 CRUCIAL CRUCIAL VIEW ARDUAY REPORTERS. IN SPINS www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

| TW | LW | 2W | PK \ | WKS | PS | LWS | +/= | ARTIST + TITLE | LABEL |
|----|----|----|------|-----|------------|-----|-----|--------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 | 4 | 5 | 1 | 5 | 212 | 143 | 69 | KITTIE Until The End | Artemis |
| 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 210 | 171 | 39 | ATREYU The Curse | Victory |
| 3 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 5 | 186 | 159 | 27 | UNEARTH The Oncoming Storm | Metal Blade |
| 4 | 5 | 7 | 3 | 5 | 180 | 139 | 41 | MOTORHEAD Inferno | Sanctuary |
| 5 | 7 | 3 | 1 | 9 | 165 | 130 | 35 | SLIPKNOT Vol. 3 | Roadrunner-IDJMG |
| 6 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 13 | 157 | 149 | 8 | KILLSWITCH ENGAGE The End Of | Roadrunner-IDJMG |
| 7 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 4 | 135 | 122 | 13 | MINISTRY Houses Of The Molé | Sanctuary |
| 8 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 134 | 133 | 1 | CANDIRIA What Doesn't Kill You | Red Ink |
| 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 5 | 122 | 114 | 8 | OTEP House Of Secrets | Capitol |
| 10 | 10 | 12 | 8 | 9 | 119 | 105 | 14 | TWELVE TRIBES The Rebirth Of Tragedy | Ferret |
| 11 | 11 | 10 | 1 | 14 | 112 | 92 | 20 | IN FLAMES Soundtrack To Your Escape | Nuclear Blast |
| 12 | 16 | 14 | 5 | 9 | 98 | 74 | 24 | BEYOND THE EMBRACE Insect Song | Metal Blade |
| 13 | 13 | - | 13 | 2 | 94 | 88 | 6 | 2A0 The Funeral Of God | Ferret |
| 14 | 22 | 26 | 1 | 14 | 84 | 60 | 24 | MACHINE HEAD Through The Ashes | Roadrunner-IDJMG |
| 15 | 15 | 16 | 15 | 3 | 83 | 74 | 9 | SUSPERIA Unlimited | Tabu |
| 16 | 12 | 13 | 1 | 19 | 81 | 89 | -8 | FEAR FACTORY Archetype | Liquid 8 |
| 17 | 14 | 11 | 11 | 7 | 74 | 86 | -12 | HEAVEN SHALL BURN Antigone | Century Media |
| 18 | 23 | 49 | 18 | 4 | 72 | 56 | 16 | HASTE THE DAY Burning Bridges | Solid State |
| 19 | 17 | 23 | 17 | 5 | 69 | 68 | 1 | EIGHTEEN VISIONS Obsession | Trustkill |
| 20 | 30 | 15 | 3 | 12 | 66 | 44 | 22 | DEATH ANGEL The Art Of Dying | Nuclear Blast |
| 21 | 28 | 34 | 12 | 14 | 65 | 46 | 19 | SATYRICON Volcano | eatURmusic-Red lnk |
| 22 | 19 | 21 | 1 | 22 | 63 | 62 | 1 | GOD FORBID Gone Forever | Century Media |
| 23 | 33 | = | 3 | 13 | 62 | 40 | 22 | MARTYR AD On Earth As It Is In Heil | Victory |
| | | | | | | | | UP 26 POSITIONS | |
| 24 | 50 | - | 24 | 2 | 60 | 26 | 34 | PIGMY LOVE CIRCUS The Power Of Beef | Go-Kart |
| 25 | 27 | 19 | 18 | 7 | 58 | 47 | 11 | FEAR MY THOUGHTS The Great Collapse | Lifeforce |
| 26 | 34 | | 26 | 2 | 57 | 39 | 18 | ACACIA STRAIN 3750 | Prosthetic |
| | | | | | | | | #1 DEBUT | |
| 27 | - | - | 28 | 1 | 56 | | D | DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN Miss Machine | Relapse |
| 28 | 42 | 20 | 8 | 9 | 56 | 33 | 23 | AMEN Death Before Musick! ea | atURmusic-Columbia |
| 29 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 4 | 56 | 48 | 8 | FORSAKEN Traces Of The Past | Century Media |
| 30 | 20 | - | 21 | 2 | 56 | 62 | -6 | A PERFECT MURDER Unbroken | Victory |
| 31 | 24 | 35 | 20 | 8 | 55 | 49 | 6 | HEAVILS Heavilution | Metal Blade |
| 32 | R | 45 | 17 | 11 | 49 | _ | 18 | DOWNSET. Universal | Hawino |
| 33 | 39 | - | 35 | 2 | 49 | 36 | 13 | CATTLE DECAPITATION Humanure | Metal Blade |
| 34 | 29 | 30 | 21 | 8 | 49 | 45 | 4 | NONPOINT Recoil | Lava-Atlantic |
| 35 | 26 | 39 | 3 | 15 | 49 | 47 | 2 | ALL THAT REMAINS This Darkened Heart | Prosthetic |
| 36 | 49 | 31 | 13 | 8 | 46 | 27 | 19 | MONSTER MAGNET Monolithic Baby! | SPV |
| 37 | 38 | 18 | 18 | 9 | 46 | 36 | 10 | CRISIS Like Sheep Led To Slaughter | 3D |
| 38 | 37 | 24 | 24 | 4 | 43 | 36 | 7 | NEUROSIS The Eye Of Every Storm | Neurot |
| 39 | 32 | 17 | 2 | 17 | 42 | 43 | -1 | SOULFLY Prophecy | Roadrunner |
| 40 | 31 | 29 | 4 | 18 | 3 9 | 43 | -4 | CLUTCH Blast Tyrant | DRT |

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.

| A 3 | - | \sim | |
|-----|---|--------|---|
| IAI | Ш | 5 | COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS |
| | _ | \sim | |

| 1 | 39 | OTEP House Of Secrets | Capitol |
|---|----|--|---------------|
| 1 | 39 | DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN Miss Machine | Relapse |
| 1 | 39 | CATTLE DECAPITATION Humanure | Metal Blade |
| 4 | 35 | MEGADETH The System Has Failed Sampler | Sanctuary |
| 5 | 16 | HATESPHERE Ballet Of The Brute | Century Media |

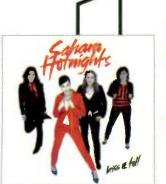
58

HOLLYWOOD ROSE Roots Of Guns N' Roses

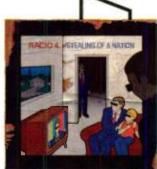
Cleopatra

WELL HUNG ARTSTS

THE VOTES ARE IN*



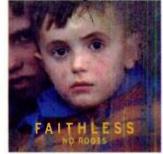
SAHARA HOTNIGHTS Kiss & Tell (RCA)



RADIO 4
Stealing Of A Nation (Astralwerks)



DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN Miss Machine (Relapse)



FAITHLESS No Roots (Arista)

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2457 S 132 St. Omaha, NE 68144

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6105 O St. Lincoln, NE 68510

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Shake It! 4156 Hamilton Ave. Cincinatti, OH 45223

Soric Boom Records 3414 Fremont Ave. N Seattle, WA 98103

2209 NW Market St. Seattle, WA 98107

514 15th Ave. E Seattle, WA 98112

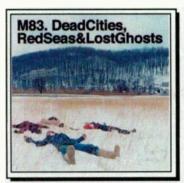
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Waterloo Records And Video

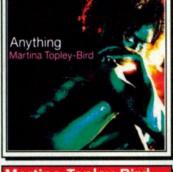
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ISSUE 126 CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

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- 2. SAHARA HOTNIGHTS "Hot Night Crash" from Kiss & Tell courtesy of RCA
- 3. FAITHLESS "Mass Destruction: P*Nut and Sister Bliss Mix" from No Roots courtesy of Arista
- 4. ARI HEST "They're On To Me" from Someone To Tell courtesy of Columbia
- 5. DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN "Panasonic Youth" from Miss Machine courtesy of Relapse
- 6. CAKE "No Phone" from Pressure Chief courtesy of Columbia
- 7. TRENT DABBS "It's Not Like That" from Quite Often courtesy of Terminus
- 8. FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND "Juneau" from Casually Dressed & Deep In Conversation courtesy of Ferret
- 9. SLOW MOTION REIGN "Flashbacks" from Slow Motion Reign courtesy of Columbia
- 10. INSTRUCTION "Breakdown" from God Doesn't Care courtesy of Geffen
- 11. KILLRADIO "Do You Know (Knife In Your Back)" from Raised On Whipped Cream courtesy of Columbia
- 12. ZAO "The Last Revelation (The Last Prophecy)" from The Funeral Of God courtesy of Ferret
- 13. RISE AGAINST "Anywhere But Here" from Siren Song Of The Counter Culture courtesy of Geffen
- 14. AUTUMDIVERS "Turnaround" from Autumdivers courtesy of Online Rock
- 15. SLANG "Escalator" from More Talk About Tonight courtesy of Terminus
- 16. SPARKY DOG "The Machines Ascend Skyward Towards The Heavenly Spheres" from I Am The Machines Vol. 1 courtesy of Sparky Dog
- 17. HUMAN TELEVISION "I Forgot" from All Songs Written By: Human Television courtesy of Gigantic Music



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Stockholm Syndrome

Holy Happy Hour

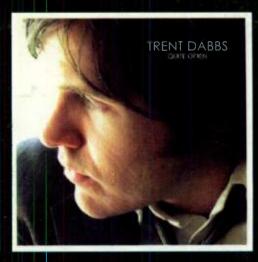
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King Elementary

Sun of Kudzu

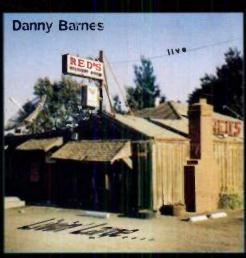
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Slang

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THE GRIS GRIS
MOUSE ON MARS
THE ROGERS SISTERS

ADEM

= ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD R.I.Y.L. = RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



ADEM Homesongs Domino

h, the bedroom producer—the introspective artist locked away in solitude, pouring his heart out over anything lying around that makes a cool sound. Not that Adem Ilhan has always been a hermit; in fact, as the bassist in Brit post-rockers Fridge, he's spent plenty of time working with other people. But it's only by retreating into himself that Adem not only matches the musical eminence of his higher-profile bandmate, Kieran Hebden (a.k.a. Four Tet, who helped mix Homesongs), but reminds us of exactly why Badly Drawn Boy's debut album knocked us for a loop almost five years ago. Adem plays acoustic guitar, but he's just as adept at building a song around a xylophone or glockenspiel—the sole constant being a musical minimalism that lets his soft, endearing voice remain the wistful centerpiece. Musically, there are enough familiar aspects here to make you feel like Adem is someone you already know: At his most grandiose, as on the slow-building "These Are Your Friends," he recalls a more mellow Chris Martin; at his most jolly ("Everything You Need"), he comes off like the English Sondre Lerche; and at his most somber (see the slide-guitar riddled "Cut"), well. he's powerfully, remarkably himself. Certainly proof that you could be making much better use of your bedroom-assuming, of course, you also have the talent and insight Adem displays here. >>>DOUG LEVY

> Link www.adem.tv File Under Home, sweet home R.I.Y.L.

Badly Drawn Boy, Coldplay, Sondre Lerche



THE GRIS GRIS

The Gris Gris Birdman

he Gris Gris sure love the garage rock... but don't really deal in songs, per se. Well, they have one especially good one, "Mary #38," which would sound like a brilliant White Stripes rip if it had distortion and didn't sound like it was recorded in a gymnasium. But no, the Gris Gris really love the sound of garage rock-that classic psychedelic reverb on 13th Floor Elevators tracks that made every pulse sound like the sky was opening up and bleeding, those echochamber vocals on the Nuggets records that made every whisper sound like an apotheosis or a drug fit, those guitar solos of questionable origin that howl in epileptic terror, those damn tambourines. Moving from Texas (the birthplace of psych) to California (the breeding ground of psych), Gris Gris' Greg Ashley has gone through great pains to create a monstrous reverb with no real point of reference that conjures up all kinds of signifiers (Phil Spector? Velvet Underground? The Seeds? Neutral Milk Hotel?), and it's pretty damn cool to boot. From the "Psychotic Reaction" rip of "Plain Vanilla" to the "Pale Blue Eyes"-meets-Can throb of "Raygun," that awesome, drugged-out, blissful reverb proves that it's the star of The Gris Gris over and over again. With the damn tambourines coming a close second. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN



MOUSE ON MARS

Radical Connector Thrill Jockey





THE ROGERS SISTERS

Three Fingers Troubleman Unlimited

antasies are nice/ But they're just fantasies," sputters Jennifer Rogers matter-of-factly on the Rogers Sisters' Three Fingers. The Brooklyn hipster-rock trio aptly (and eagerly) explores their '80s fantasies throughout the disc, indulging their fetish on the Cars sound-alike "Freight Elevator" and wearing Pat Benatar-via-Williamsburg haircuts on the sleeve. As Jennifer (guitar) and her sister Laura (drums) both previously played in feminist math-rock quartet Ruby Falls, and bassist Miyuki Furtado cut his teeth in Gerty (named after Gertrude Stein), the Rogers Sisters are no strangers to politics. 2002's Purely Evil prominently featured King George Bush The Second on its cover (presumably accusing him of being just that), and they point some more fingers on Three Fingers. "Check Level" questions Bush's homeland agenda and "keeping the terrorist at bay," ending the song with Furtado screeching, "We're the voice/ The voice of America," atop a Vapors-esque guitar line. But the disc's pinnacle, "The Secrets Of Civilization," expertly balances the Sisters' political agenda with everything they learned from the Reagan years: B-52'sish call-and-response (including retrosexual Kate Pierson shrieks), a phased drum intro à la Prince's "Kiss" and a string section better than anything Duran Duran could ever dream of. But even if the Rogers Sisters get most of their rock 'n' roll fantasies from VHI Classic, aren't fantasies the best part of retro-rock anyway? >>>KORY GROW

Link www.birdmanrecords.com File Under Roky II R.I.Y.L.

Strawberry Alarm Clock, the Count Five, Soledad Brothers Link
www.mouseonmars.com
File Under
Indefinable dance music
R.I.Y.L.
Daft Punk, \(\mu\)-ziq, Autechre

www.troublemanunlimited.com
File Under
Tin roof... rusted!
R.l.Y.L.
The B-52's, Toni Basil, Ruby Falls

RGVIEWS A GIRL CALLED EDDY

BITTER BITTER WEEKS

BEEP BEEP

THE CHINESE STARS CIRCUS VS. ANDRE AFRAM ASMAR CLINIC **VARIOUS ARTISTS: Confuse Yr Idols** (A Tribute To Sonic Youth) TRENT DABBS TREVOR DUNN'S TRIO CONVULSANT E.S.T. **FAITHLESS** DIAMANDA GALÁS **DAVID GARZA GUIDED BY VOICES** THE MOONEY SUZUKI **PHOENIX** THE PINK MOUNTAINTOPS VARIOUS ARTISTS: Por Vida: A Tribute To The Songs Of Alejandro Escovedo **RILO KILEY SAHARA HOTNIGHTS SCISSOR SISTERS SONS AND DAUGHTERS TOMMY STINSON** UNBUNNY **VIKTOR VAUGHN VELVET CRUSH** THE WHIRLWIND HEAT



Link www.agiricallededdy.com File Under

Past presence

Almee Mann, Burt Bacharach, Marianne Faithfull

A GIRL CALLED EDDY

A Girl Called Eddy Anti-

Sounding like a cross between Nico's sing/speak huskiness and Dusty Springfield's understated soulfulness, singer Erin Moran (a.k.a. A Girl Called Eddy) puts her own melancholic stamp on the 11 tunes of heartbreak and loss housed in her self-titled debut. The songs sport soaring melodies and doleful, intelligent lyrics—think Burt Bacharach composing for Nancy Sinatra with the Velvet Underground as backing band, or Ennio Morricone and Tom Waits writing saloon songs for Marianne Faithfull. Producer/Pulp touring guitarist Richard Hawley

lends his backing band, Low Edges, who provide a stellar backdrop that echoes the best of pop music from 40 years ago, augmented with a 21st-century polish. There's not a weak track here—several of these gems could be hits, including "Tears All Over Town," which slowly builds to an operatic Orbison-esque climax, "The Long Goodbye," with its big chiming guitar hook and instantly memorable chorus, or the blend of Bacharach and Beatles accented by a deliriously unhappy string orchestra called "People Used To Dream About The Future." Despite being much too young to remember the '60s herself, Moran sure has done her homework. >>>J. POET



Link
www.ilovebeepbeep.com
File Under
Nerve-damaged new wave
R.I.Y.L.
Les Savy Fav, Q And Not U,
the Rapture

BEEP BEEP

Business Casual Saddle Creek

In an era choked with faceless post-punk bands playing herky-jerky guitars, Chris Hughes, singer/guitarist for Omaha's Beep Beep, has developed a simple formula for being heard over the din of mediocrity: Wail really loudly. Hughes sounds like he's being electrocuted for most of Business Casual's 27 minutes. which just happens to be the perfect compliment for the band's nervy, danceable quitar serration. On tracks like "Misuse Their Bodies" and "Electronic Wolves," the usual circa-1979 suspects are invoked (Gang Of Four, Talking Heads, Joy Division), but Beep Beep tempers their old-school jones with some rest-

less-as-hell new-school Dischording. The strident vocals and tense rhythms of "Oh No!" suggest a less percussive Q And Not U, begging the question of whether the band's name was cribbed from that band's debut (No Kill No Beep Beep). Similarly, Hughes' voice has a habit of climbing up into the atonal yowling that both Black Eyes and the Rapture fought to copyright last year. What makes Beep Beep work is the smooth synthesis of all these somewhat obvious influences into a cogent, respectable whole. If Beep Beep haven't quite figured out how to capture Q And Not U's urgency or Gang Of Four's manic screech, they seem more than willing to learn, making Business Casual a promising voice in the otherwise blasé post-punk crowd. >>>JOE MARTIN





www.bitterbitterweeks.com
File Under
Rainy-day fund
R.I.Y.L.

Big Star, Rufus Wainwright, Mercury Rev, Red House Painters

BITTER BITTER WEEKS

Revenge My Pal God

A bitter week might be when your dog dies and your girlfriend leaves you. But a bitter, bitter week would be when your girlfriend leaves you for your best friend shortly after your dog and exotic bird perish in a house fire. It's doubtful that Brian McTear was thinking so literally when he chose his recording moniker, but with his second release, Revenge, one wouldn't be rash to mistake it for a definition. This sophomore effort is elegantly produced with the same minimalist tendencies that McTear, a Philadelphia producer and studio man by day, achieved on his

2003 self-titled debut. McTear once again manages a satisfyingly full sound and range, often using only guitar, voice and a microphone. Highlights include a spirited live version of the Lucys' "Song For John"; the searing opener "Revenge," which may be the finest update the near-dead protest-song genre has heard in some time; and "Kings," a departure from the other tracks with its relatively lavish production: a proper rhythm section and a brighter pop sensibility at which, perhaps surprisingly, McTear seems remarkably adept. While it might be best to wait for the clouds to gather a bit before listening to Revenge, once you're in a suitable frame of mind, McTear's talent for penning intriguing, if sad, songs and recording them simply, but movingly, will bring joy to appreciative ears. >>>KARR WACHTER



Link www.dirtyloop.com File Under Jesus, lizards! R.I.Y.L.

Saul Williams, Mike Ladd, AWOL One And Daddy Kev

CIRCUS VS. ANDRE AFRAM ASMAR Gawd Bless The Faceless Cowards Mush

Faced with the residue of post-9/11 sensitivity and the media's endless loop of jingoist rah-rahing, even the loudest voices of Dubya dissent in America tend to be a little cautious. Your buddies extolled the virtues of Fahrenheit 9/11, but only by tempering their accolades with the caveat: "Yeah, well, Moore does skew the facts now and then." Well, Gawd Bless The Faceless Cowards ain't cautious about shit in its freewheeling post-hip-hop Bushbashing. Here Bush sucks, Saddam sucks, the biblical prophecies are true, aliens have landed and this CD is just "another artifact for

the Atlantians on planet Alien Ant Farm." Like the Last Poets fueled on David Icke books (you know, the guy who says the world is run by an Illuminati of shape-shifting lizards), California's crazin' Circus runs through woozy anti-government word splatters that touch on the obvious to the ludicrous. Whether his X-Files-addled conspiracy raps are intended as gospel, metaphor or joke is unknown... and beside the point. Both his art and politics involve info overload and swimming in streams of consciousness, so trip on the lyrics, follow his disjointed speak-rap or get lost in the gleefully aimless hip-hop/electronica beats of Andre Afram Asmar. The dizzying collage of truth and fiction, beats and noise leaves the listener pretty confused and conflicted—thus reflecting the true sensation of anti-Bush sentiment better than any other anti-Bush record this year. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

THE CHINESE SURRS



www.threeoneg.com
File Under
House of the rising jealous lovers

R.I.Y.L.

Arab On Radar,
the Rapture, Radio 4

THE CHINESE STARS

A Rare Sensation Three One G

Outpunking Radio 4, outfunking !!! and out-Rapturing the Rapture, the Chinese Stars' spasmodic disco-punk flaunts its members' previous pedigrees, which include art-punkers Arab On Radar and Six Finger Satellite. The band shaped its debut disc (last year's Turbo Mattress) like a deadly throwing star, complete with razor-sharp corners and bristly musical wit. The band's latest, A Rare Sensation, comes across more rubbery than cutting: Drawing from Gang Of Four's brazen four-on-the-floor propulsiveness, Sensation flexibly

blends elastic guitars over stabby snares and jived-up bass, and its crystal-clear production makes it easier to enjoy than Mattress. Former AoR singer Eric Paul exudes depraved sexuality and sings lascivious lyrics throughout the disc, matching experimentalist-rocker Neil Burke's (of Men's Recovery Project) phallic cover art, peppering songs like "Getting The Death Card" with salacious commentary like "I love the way she sends my teeth home to her parents... I keep taking the necessary pills because/ Antidepressants make me love her." Paul Vieira's bent-string guitar riffs on "Electrodes In Captivity" cascade into former Six Finger Satellite keyboardist/bassist Rick Pelletier's Kraftwerk-like synths so gently, the dancefloor won't miss a syncopated step as Paul recants lyrics of "passion in the slaughterhouse"—especially since they've made room for passion in the Slaughterhouse of Jealous Lovers. >>>KORY GROW



www.cliniconline.org
File Under
Internal Wrangler: Take 3
R.I.Y.L.

Nuggets, 13th Floor Elevators, the Beta Band

CLINIC

Winchester Cathedral Domino

Winchester Cathedral, Clinic's third full-length release, finds the band still exploring the same musical landscapes they laid out in three early EPs (since put together on one album)—a dreamy mix of Nuggets-era garage rock and postpunk tension. The album has everything you've come to expect from Clinic: furiously terse guitar ("WDYYB"), instrumental freakouts ("Vertical Take Off In Egypt"), haunting lulls ("Home") and droning melodica and clarinet solos that ooze the sepia tones of Ennio Morricone's Companeros score on almost every

track. The vocals are typically cryptic: Singer Ade Blackburn aims to use his voice the way Ornette Coleman plays the saxophone, shifting effortlessly from a lulling falsetto to spastic barks. What the album doesn't have is the welcome surprise of their early work. Internal Wrangler was tension on the verge of explosion, while Walking With Thee reveled in disquieting beauty; Cathedral just sounds oddly familiar, like the band is drawing on itself for inspiration. The metallic guitar reverb of "Vertical Take Off In Egypt" mirrors Wrangler's "2nd Foot Stomp," while "Circle Of Fifths" replaces the keyboard prance of Walking's "Come Into Our Room" with a furious piano coda that that pulsates like the keys are shaking off a thick layer of dust. That's not to say the album isn't exhilarating—it often is. It's just that a band so devoutly weird (the guys still don surgical masks when performing) shouldn't sound so content walking in place. >>>ANDY DOWNING

EREND HORTON HEAT REVIVAL

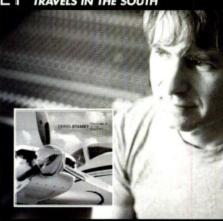


Revival is a return to RHHs roots - musical and geographical. And for you guitarheads, Jim Heath is introducing a new "top secret lick," so listen up! CD INCLUDES BONUS DVD.



CHRIS STAMEY TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH

Though he's well-known as a producer (Whiskeytown, Yo La Tengo, Le Tigre), journeyman musician (Golden Palominos, Alex Chilton, Matthew Sweet), and co-founder of kudzu-pop originals the dBs, Travels in the South is the first studio album in over a decade from pop alchemist CHRIS STAMEY. His elegant songwriting and pristine sculptures in sound make Travels worth the wait. Featuring guest appearances from Ryan Adams, Tift Merritt, Don Dixon, Ben Folds and others.



MARAH 20,000 STARS UNDER THE SKY



20,000 Streets Under the Sky is, by their own estimation, the album Dave & Serge Bielanko of MARĂH have always wanted to make. This is the sound of a band gleefully taking their lives back into their own hands.



KEN STRINGFELLOW SOFT COMMANDS

Posies co-founder. sideman to the stars and world citizen KEN **STRINGFELLOW** is equally adept at the grandeur of

Spector, the subtlety of Nilsson, the sonic invention of Lee "Scratch" Perry, and the eclecticism of everything in between. Soft Commands is his Yep Roc debut.



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Link www.narnackrecords.com File Under Sonic Youth's youth R.I.Y.L.

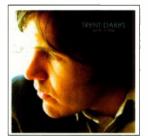
> Sonic Youth (natch), Eric's Trip, Elf Power

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Confuse Yr Idols (A Tribute To Sonic Youth)

As large as they loom as a formative influence on the last several mini-generations of underground/alternative rock, Sonic Youth don't immediately come to mind as a great candidate for a tribute album. For starters, the music they built their reputation on largely eschews typical pop structures in favor of more meandering, abstract arrangements. And then there's the issue of instrumentation: Thurston Moore and Lee Ranaldo's arsenal of oddly tuned guitars are so integral to Sonic Youth's sound that they weren't

sure they would ever play their early material again after their equipment was stolen a few years back. So it's no surprise to find so few familiar names among the dozen contributors to Confuse Yr Idols. What is surprising is how faithful so many of these interpretations are. There are a few curveballs: Mike Langlie, who records under the name Twink, turns Goo's "Cinderella's Big Score" into something that has more to do with the fairy tale than Sonic Youth. And Tub Ring give "Kool Thing" a Holiday-Inn-lounge-band makeover replete with tinkling jazzy keyboards and fake horn accents before going off on an electro-punk jag that segues into a heavy metal stomp. More typical, though, is what Elf Power do with Sister's "Kotton Krown." By replacing Moore and Ranaldo's electric chordings with acoustic guitar, and clearing away the original's fog of feedback, they reveal that there's structure even beneath Sonic Youth's more out-there experimentations. >>>MATT ASHARE



www.trentdabbs.com File Under All filler, no killer R.I.Y.L. David Gray, David Mead,

John Mayer

TRENT DABBS 🙌 Quite Often Sweet Tea-Terminus

With the sole exception of the noisy guitar jam that accents "TV Jealousy." every melancholy tale of romantic dysfunction on singer/songwriter Trent Dabbs' debut, Quite Often, falls into a lethargic, mid-tempo groove that's long on atmosphere and short on dynamic range. Born and raised in Mississippi and now making up part of Nashville's underground pop scene, Dabbs delivers his bad news in a pleasant pop/rock moan that falls somewhere along the Rufus Wainwright/ John Mayer/Robert Smith continuum. And like those artists, his words tend

to get lost in the mix-where many songwriters put a focus on making sure listeners understand what they're saying, Dabbs often goes more for mood than meaning: When he says he's "swerving out of control" in "On Heavy," he sounds as relaxed as he does on the dreamy lullaby "The Love Goes," where he invites his lover to "come over here, let's rock ourselves to sleep." Slowly recorded over the past two years with producer Dennis Herring (Modest Mouse, Counting Crows, Elvis Costello), Quite Often sparkles with a bright mix of acoustic strings and electronic accents, but in the end there's just too much frosting and not enough cake. >>>J. POET



Link
www.ipecac.com
File Under
Jazz from heli
R.I.Y.L.
Naked City, Susie Ibawa,

Fred Frith

TREVOR DUNK'S TRIO CONVULSANT

Sister Phantom Owl Fish Inecac

Hey, man. Seriously, if you don't stop smoking so much weed and staying up all night quoting The Big Lebowski with your stupid buddies with the ugly goatees, you're never gonna finish grad school. Oh yeah, and Mr. Bungle ain't getting back together, so shut upl Bungle bassist Trevor Dunn (also of disorienting riff-ticklers Fantômas and occasional conspirator with high-priest of avant fuckeduperry John Zorn) has composed a record (his second) that has all the endearing things about his previous band—Melvins-defying metal arrhythmics, a love of Carl

Stalling, passages of inspired wank—but strips it down to a tidy jazz trio. All the post-Naked City time-sig slicin' and dicin' is present (this is the guy that co-wrote "Platypus," Bungle's most schizophrenic workout), but it's made more arresting by the sparseness—drums, guitar and Trevor's meaty upright. Dunn's obviously been hanging around with downtown New York guys a lot, and his players follow suit: drummer Ches Smith tumbling about like Susie Ibarra with lots of delicious negative space and guitarist Mary Halvorson pulling out Baileyims when she's not pulling out Buzzoisms. The trio's rockist and jazzist leanings work together so flawlessly that Trevor's intrepid trio could bridge metalheads, jazz-geeks and (if they can quit gossiping on the Internet about the new Meshuggah album) even aging Bungle fans. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

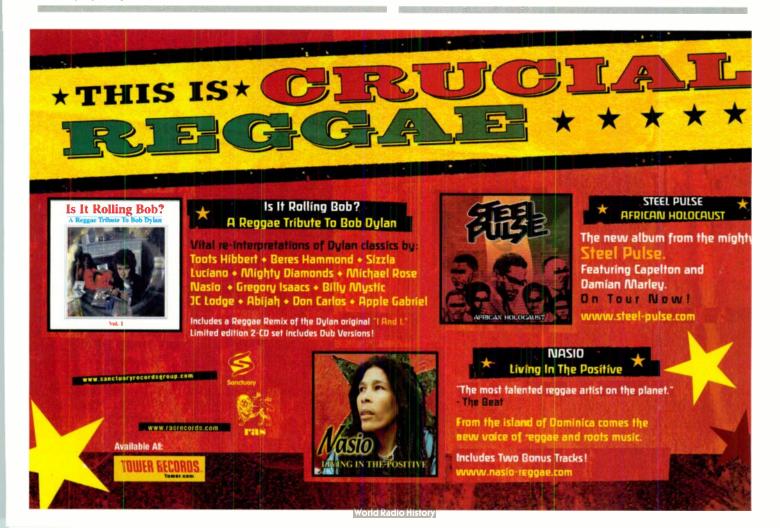


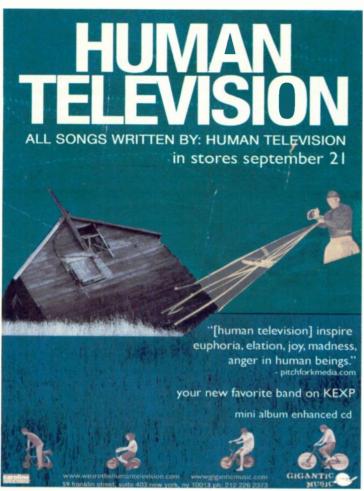
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File Under
A Scandinavian beauty
R.I.Y.L.
Brad Mehldau, Jason Moran,
Keith Jarrett Trio

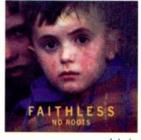
E.S.T.Seven Days Of Falling GUL

E.S.T. is the acronym for the Esbjörn Svensson Trio, a troika from Sweden whose distinctive take on jazz in the trio setting has attracted positive notices from the usual batch of jazz scribes, and, of all people, rock critics. One might ask, with some justification: What do rock critics know about jazz? Generally not much worth mentioning, but in the case of their praise of E.S.T., they're indeed on to something: Esbjörn Svensson, Dan Berglund and Magnus Öström are much closer aesthetically to Brad Mehldau or Greg Osby than Medeski Martin And Wood. So it isn't

that rock pundits have found a Nordic MMW complete with the attentive eclecticism, but rather, E.S.T.'s strong rhythmic bend is fascinating writers beyond jazz. For a helping of the more free-form, rhythm-driven aspect of E.S.T., cue up "Did They Ever Tell Cousteau?" and "Mingle In The Mincing-Machine"; fascinating tracks, but they don't really set the mood of the CD. The title track and "Why She Couldn't Come," keyed by Svensson's pensive, hypnotic piano restlessly searching for an elusive melody, express the real core feel of this record—a densely textured sound that feels quite like Sweden's very long, dark winters. Seven Days Of Falling is a consistently compelling performance and a must-listen for U.S. jazzheads—a real Scandinavian beauty. >>>PHILLIP VAN VLECK







Link
www.faithless.co.uk
File Under
Blissful Buddhist beats
R.I.Y.L.
Massive Attack, Dido,
Basement Jaxx

FAITHLESS (F)

If there's one thing you can't accuse Faithless of, it's disingenuousness. This is a band that, despite selling millions of albums worldwide, remains virtually unknown to the man on the street. Such a phenomenon can only be accounted for by the fact that, despite an open door to stardom, the British dance collective has done nothing to exploit its assets or alter its creative vision. And being that Faithless producer/mastermind Rollo's little sister Dido has sung on every one of their releases, there's a lot to exploit. However, Ms. Armstrong's appearance here, as always, is played

down in favor of the musical exploits of star-crossed cohorts Sister Bliss and Maxi Jazz. While Dido handles the chorus of a single song (the title track), Bliss delivers everything from trip-hop beats to inspired house throughout the disc, with Jazz laying his trance-inducing vocals over anything she throws his way. The single mix of "Mass Destruction" joins the Beastie Boys' recent output in using a booty-shaking groove to deliver a political message, but elsewhere things are much more subtle. In fact, with every track deliberately written in the key of C, and a careful balance set between instrumental and vocal-driven numbers, there's a linear quality at work that makes this more like a full-length composition than a collection of individual songs. >>>000G LEVY





Link www.mute.com File Under Galás, Callas: What's the difference? R.I.Y.L.

Screamin' Jay Hawkins, György Ligeti, Maria Callas, Yoko Ono

DIAMANDA GALÁS Defiziones: Will And Tools

Defixiones: Will And Testament; La Serpenta Canta _{Mute}

"You die because you are the face of the future." In her latest annihilation-opera, Defixiones, performance artist/provocateur Diamanda Galás sets Syrian poet Adonis (Ali Ahmad Said)'s poem "The Desert" to music—and his words perfectly underline her message. One of two simultaneously released double-CDs finally issued Stateside, it chronicles the genocides of Armenian, Assyrian and Greek peoples in Asia Minor that the "new European Community" denies occurred, Galás exuding too much grace and sin-

cerity throughout to seem pretentious or self-indulgent. She alternates between operatic yet soulful blues vocals ("See That My Grave Is Kept Clean," "Σαν Πεθανω στο Καραβι") and a disturbing Maria Callas-meets-Yoko Ono soprano ("The Desert"), her three-and-α-half-octave range obliquely countering minimal piano playing. The musically lighter of her two releases (though not in tone), La Serpenta Canta ("serpenta" symbolizing revenge), serves as a "greatest hits" package, where mostly New American Standards demonstrate her quivering range. Notable covers include threatening versions of Screamin' Jay Hawkins' "I Put A Spell On You," the Supremes' "My World Is Empty Without You" and a take on Hank Williams' "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" on which Galás' ghastly vocals dance like flames through stark shadows. As frightening as Galás appears, her bleak sentiments are heartfelt, often exploring the darker side of humanity to find a path to the light. >>>KORN GROW

() ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD • R.I.Y.L. - RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



www.davidgarza.com
File Under
Pop florist
R.I.Y.L.

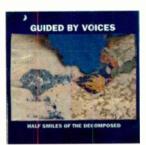
David Mead, Prince,
Crowded House, Jeff Buckley

DAVID GARZA

A Strange Mess Of Flowers Wide Open

David Garza's staggering output of 25 albums since 1989 might make one question the productivity of their own life. It also might make you curious to seek out that impressive body of work—which isn't as easy as it sounds. Major-label offerings like This Euphoria or Overdub are simple enough to grab, but many of Garza's albums were self-released limited editions whose numbers were long ago gobbled up by diehard fans. But thanks to the new four-disc, 71-song collection A Strange Mess Of Flowers, a portion of that hard-to-find material

is now available. A pop renaissance man possessing remarkable musical range and a voice that can rise to a stunning falsetto, Garza writes hook-laden songs in any number of styles, from swirling psychedelia to Mexican boleros or gentle acoustic numbers. On Flowers—which compiles a handful of highlights from his elusive discography, plus re-recorded older numbers, brand new tracks and a DVD of live performances with footage shot at various U.S. venues—there's the loopy bongo shuffle of "What Do I Know," a spoken-word synth workout in "Kickit," the techno stab of "Artcloud Cheer" and elegant Cole Porter-like "For Keeps." Throughout the collection, Garza's greatest strength—his versatility—is on fine display. >>>ALEX GREEN



Link
www.gbv.com
File Under
Elegiac farewell
R.I.Y.L.

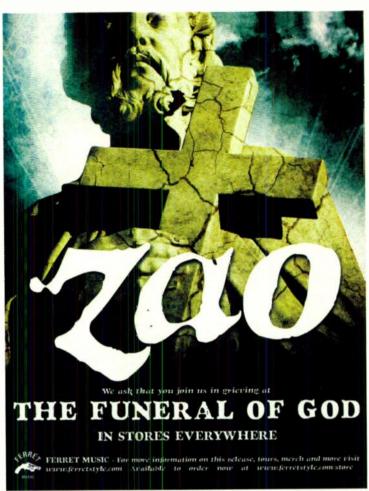
Zombies, the Who, R.E.M.

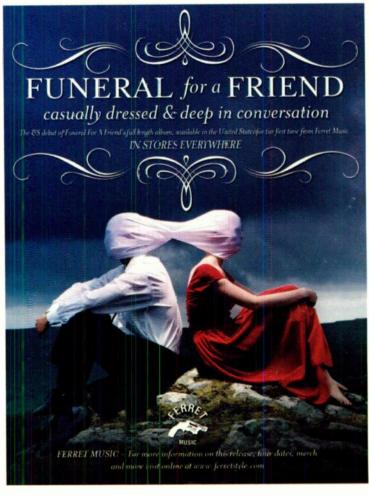
GUIDED BY VOICES

Half Smiles Of The Decomposed Matador

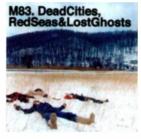
In rock, knowing how to leave is as important as knowing when to leave, and Robert Pollard nearly blew it. The late '90s were a "lost weekend" for the Guided By Voices majordomo, a bender of peripatetic GBV lineups, muscle-headed rock and big-label flirtations, like a drunk girl looking for affirmation. But Pollard has chosen to go out on top. Half Smiles Of The Decomposed, GBV's announced final album, is its third winner out of four (a semi-streak that began with 2001's Isolation Drills), and the friendliest GBV

record since 1994's Bee Thousand. And if it's not as adventurous as that landmark, or a little milder than usual, it has the strummy feeling of a farewell—Pollard's usual Who pomp joined by a Zombies-style wistfulness—and a medium-fi sound that calls no attention to itself. (Obsessive fans of the "low-fi vs. sellout" debate, look elsewhere.) True to his settled sensibility, Pollard stuck with the right lineup for the finale: the foursome from 2003's excellent Earthquake Glue, Pollard's tightest band since the heyday of Tobin Sprout. They really earn their keep here: The driving "Gonna Never Have To Die" features perhaps GBV's greatest guitar break, courtesy of ace Doug Gillard. Fired with confidence, Pollard serves up some of his most polished songs, from the anthemic "Everybody Thinks I'm A Raincloud (When I'm Not Looking)" to the elegiac "A Second Spurt Of Growth." Despite the usual mad titles, this is possibly Pollard's least quirky song collection, and it feels right: just the right blend of strange and sentimental for a last call. ***CHRIS MOLANPHY**









Link www.ilovem83.com File Under Shoegazing knob-twiddlers R.I.Y.L. My Bloody Valentine. recent Primal Scream, Tangerine Dream, Manitoba

M83

Dead Cities, Red Seas & Lost Ghosts Mute

M83 don't write songs, they compose themes—the sort of tracks that would make perfect accompaniment to the opening credits of a big budget sci-fi flick or the highlight reel for some sports triumph. Their music is weighty and impressive—and a bit self-important in its chilly earnestness. Dead Cities, Red Seas & Lost Ghosts, the French duo's second album, came out abroad in early 2003, and quickly and justly garnered My Bloody Valentine comparisons for its saturated, pounding soundscapes; it's full of slow, majestic chord progressions, usually on distorted guitars or synthesizers,

that tend to fade in and out of the foreground. The 12 pieces here blend into one undifferentiated whole that eddies from moments of cascading intensity to respites of placid calm, sometimes—as in the case of "Unrecorded"—in the course of one track. Disembodied voices (or filtered and computerized ones) surface occasionally, but only as textures or wordless, majestic choruses à la Sigur Rós ("Beauties Can Die"). Dead Cities is a powerful trip, especially when one is immersed in the textures via headphones, but its celebratory fanfares and cinematic symphonies can be as coldly distant as the galaxy that gives the band its name. >>>STEVE KLINGE



File Under The jealous sound R.I.Y.L. Ramones' End Of The Century. **Rolling Stones**, Herman's Hermits

THE MODNEY SUZUKI

Alive & Amplified Columbia

This is what envy sounds like. You can't blame New York's Mooney Suzuki for feeling like it got the short end of the stick in 2002's garage-rock bull rush. The White Stripes hoarded the critics, the Vines took over the airwaves and the Hives and Strokes ruled the hipster nation, leaving Sammy James Jr.'s quartet looking over the rims of their shades at... not much. Soundtracking a Nike commercial and authoring the title track to School Of Rock were allowable if worrisome bids at mainstream acceptance, but the Matrix-produced Alive & Amplified officially jumps the shark. The Mooney Suzuki's songs have

always had a charm and pop sensibility that suggested a little structural refinement from some radio alchemists could steer them to the gold-record promised land. Instead, Scott Spock and company buff everything to a Teflon gloss and add hand claps, guest vocalists, tambourines and a dozen other bells and whistles to unsuccessfully mask the band's worst batch of songs. Long-time fans will run screaming from the psychedelic swirls of the title track, while others ("Legal High," "Hot Sugar") miss the scruffy swagger of previous albums. With nary a pop single to be found (which, really, seemed to be the whole point of this collaboration) there's no way to view this as anything besides a career-altering mistake. >>> CHAD SWIATECKI



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Phoenix Alphabetical O The state of the sta

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www.wearephoenix.com
File Under
VH1 or beta?
R.I.Y.L.
Air, Tahiti 80, Ivy

PHOENIX

Alphabetical Astraiwerks

It has now become clear that Phoenix wasn't joking around with United's MOR-meets-disco sound—a path that often led perilously close to the gates of Steely Dan. Consider the artwork of their sophomore offering, Alphabetical, which features a stark grid of black-and-white photos interspersing band members with close-up shots of the tools of their trade: microphones, guitars, mixing boards and a manual typewriter. Given the fact that four years have passed since United, and the band's declaration that they

would trade away leisure for relentless lucubrations in their Paris studio, and the conclusion must be that making music this breezy and light as Air is indeed serious and difficult work. And fans of their debut will doubtlessly appreciate their efforts, for Alphabetical is a polished, precise and more focused album. The punchy and charismatic "Everything Is Everything" trades intriguing rhythms and intricate guitars with the silky smooth delivery of vocalist Thomas Mars. "Run Run Run," a fetching and dangerously accessible pop song, crossbreeds acoustic riffs with club beats and bleeps. Balanced out by the bittersweet "Love For Granted" and the lilting closing title track, Alphabetical is a powerhouse of fearless craft in a field now mined by VH1 pretty much exclusively for laughs. Phoenix provides more evidence that maybe there's more to the '80s than just the '80s. >>>KARK WACHTER



Link

File Under
Sexy swamp blues from a gun

R.I.Y.L.

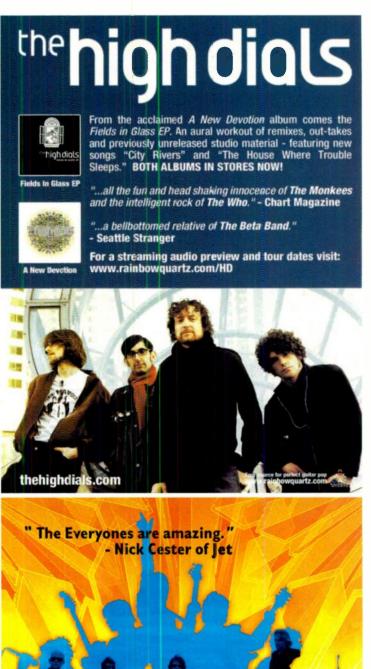
16 Horsepower, Palace Music, ZZ Top, Jesus And Mary Chain

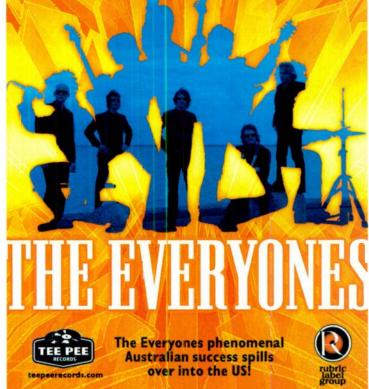
THE PINK MOUNTAINTOPS

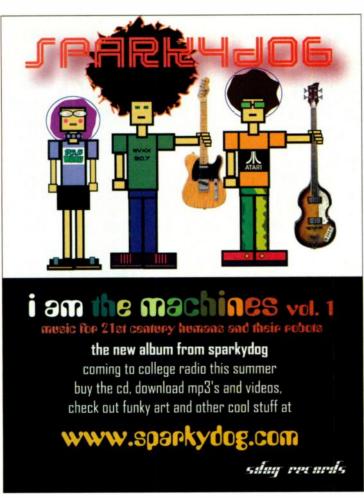
The Pink Mountaintops Jagjaguwar

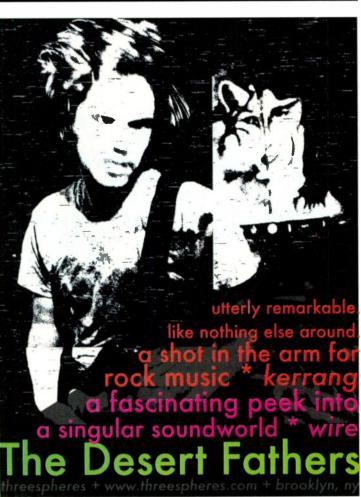
While it's a blues tradition to use thinly disguised metaphors for sex, the Pink Mountaintops prefer to skip the coded language and go directly to the down and dirty. Opening with a slow beatbox rhythm, a bluesy bassline and spooky keyboards, "Bad Boogie Ballin" finds Stephen McBean interjecting ZZ Toplike "howhs" into his lust-driven moans. And there's nothing subtle about the intent of "Sweet '69": "Let me wrap my legs around you," he sings atop an irresistible Bo Diddley beat. Essentially a solo project (Canadian McBean used to be in Jerk With A Bomb and has formed

a new band called Black Mountain), the Pink Mountaintops alternate rave-ups such as "Can You Do That Dance?" (yes, that dance, the oldest one) with molasses-slow ballads such as "I (Fuck) Mountains" that would fit in on Palace's Viva Last Blues. Mountaintops also bears the marks of the Velvet Underground (the slowly riffing meditation "Leslie"), the Jesus And Mary Chain (the duet "Tourist In Your Town" has Amber Webber playing a role reminiscent of Hope Sandoval's cameo on "Sometimes Always") and Joy Division (a thumping cover of "Atmosphere" that turns the dirge into an anthem). The album's a bit schizophrenic, but McBean's slurring, sex-addled vocals fit both the creepy ballads and the revved-up retro rockers. >>>STEVE KUNGE











Link
www.alejandrofund.com
File Under
Friends with benefits
R.I.Y.L.

Lucinda Williams, John Cale, Giant Sand, Son Volt

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Por Vida: A Tribute To The Songs Of Alejandro Escovedo Or Music

Alejandro Escovedo has had at least four lives in his music career thus far, starting with a punk-rock stint with the Nuns in the '70s, moving into his proto-alt-country fling with Rank And File, then on to triple-guitar roots-rock juggernaut the True Believers and then his solo albums, which synthesized his life's work into a series of passionate and grand song cycles. And that's not counting side projects like Buick MacKane. But he nearly ran out of lives in April 2002, when he was hospitalized with hepatitis C. The two-disc Por Vida

is both a tribute and a benefit album, with part of the proceeds going toward Escovedo's medical expenses, and it's an impressive compendium, with contributions from artists who influenced Escovedo (John Cale, Ians Hunter and McLagan), family members (brothers Pete, Maria and fellow True Believer Javier; niece Sheila E.), past collaborators (Jennifer Warnes, Chris Stamey) and fellow rootsminded artists (Lucinda Williams, Steve Earle and Son Volt, who reunited specifically for this project). Most versions stick closely to the originals, with emphasis on the serious and stirring mid-tempo ballads from Escovedo's solo albums, such as 1992's brilliant *Gravity*. The best of *Por Vida*, however, comes in the rambunctious, lively "Break This Time"—Escovedo's own appearance and his first new recording since his illness put his prolific career on hold. >>>STEVE KLINGE



Link
www.brutebeaute.com
File Under
Growing up in public
R.I.Y.L.

Neko Case, Bic Runga, the Elected, the Postal Service

RILO KILEY

More Adventurous Brute/Beaute

As Rilo Kiley's main songwriting duo is used to growing up in public (Jenny Lewis in *Pleasantville* and *Foxfire*, among others, and Blake Sennett in Nickelodeon's camp classic *Salute* Your Shorts), it's unsurprising to find them audibly coming of age on their new disc, *More Adventurous*, where they finally strike the right balance between Lewis's vocals and the band's music. Lewis creates powerful metaphors throughout the disc, a gift honed on 2002's *The Execution of All Things* and carried by her strong alternapop-meets-alt-country melodies (think

Bic Runga via Kasey Chambers). On lead track "It's A Hit," she describes George W. Bush as a chimp deploying troops from a "salt shaker," suburban life as a museum and religion as a sideshow. Throughout, the band accents her bittersweet sarcasm with vibes and lush string arrangements, adding irony to the Loretta Lynn-esque "I Never," and even subtle electronics on "Accidntel Deth" (produced by Postal Service and Dntel Macman Jimmy Tamborello). Lewis penned all but one song's lyrics, and her artistic growth finds her pouring her soul into songs like "Portions For Foxes," contrasting her own diluted morality with bornagain sexual anxiety. She begins the song urgently confessing her chain of sin, touchin' leading to sex, "and then there is no mystery left," finally succumbing to her lover's lust. Ironic CD-title jokes aside, adventure definitely proves the band's missing link, placing Rilo Kiley firmly on its way to indie-pop greatness. >>>KORY GROW





www.saharahotnights.com File Under **Robertsfors Rock City!**

R.I.Y.L. Joan Jett, the Donnas,

the Hives

Link

Scandinavia's sensible furniture and startlingly high standard of living haven't been the most interesting thing about the region for a while now: It's clearly their face-melting metal bands and frantic garage-rock acts. Among the best of the latter is all-girl, all-rock, all-Swedish quartet Sahara Hotnights, and Kiss & Tell, the major-label followup to their buzz-garnering 2002 debut Jennie Bomb, finds the Hotnights continuing in fine form: They've dropped another guitar-driven, bouncy gritand-grins album. Kiss & Tell's healthier production lifts Maria Andersson's

SAHARA HOTNIGHTS (1)

Kiss & Tell RCA

comely vocals to the forefront, without tidying the mix too much or losing the Hotnights' irresistibly delinquent sneer. Full of moxie, melody and surprisingly muscular guitar, the Hotnights shimmy from the door with "Who Do You Dance For?" and "Hot Night Crash," shake into the "oh-ooo-oh" chorus and synth-effect guitar of poppunk thrill "Empty Heart," then over to the drums-and-clapping rhythms and jagged guitar work that push the rousing "Walk On The Wire." "Stupid Tricks" strikes with its boasting chorus ("Oh when I'm walkin'...") and "Stay/Stay Away" kills with its Cars danceability. Kiss & Tell is larger and poppier than previous recordings, but this doesn't stop the Hotnights from realizing their pushy and brazen desire to break your heart and rock your world. >>>BRAD ANGLE



Link www.scissorsisters.com File Under **Cutting edge crew** R.I.Y.L.

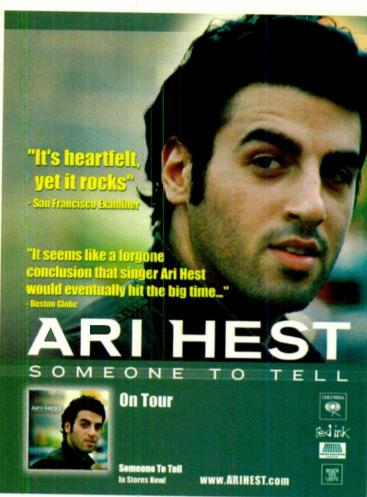
Elton John, Queen, Bee Gees

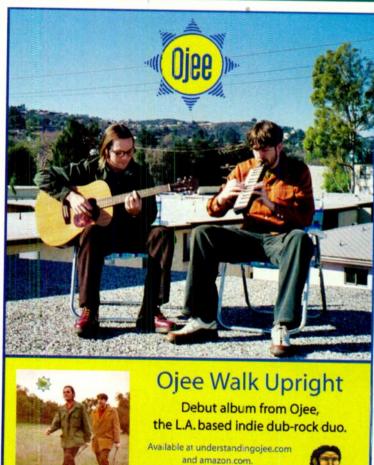
SCISSOR SISTERS

Scissor Sisters Universal

This record dropped in the dead of summer, and summer can only mean one thing: time for camp! The New York-based Scissor Sisters embrace a side of the city that's too often overlooked in favor of all the downtown rock—this year's counselors are much more likely to be found cavorting beneath a disco ball in full glam regalia than polishing off a PBR in α dark corner. Joining the tradition of bands that use the "sisters" tag despite being predominantly male (the fivepiece has one female member, Ana

Matronic), the group has already enthralled Europe with its exemplary blend of disco, pop and psychedelic rock. A surprisingly good Bee Gees-style makeover of Pink Floyd's "Comfortably Numb" was enough to get people paying attention. Far from a gimmick, the track displays a bold take on music-making—one that shines throughout this dance revolution of a debut, from the piano-rompin' "Laura" to the unforgettable "Tits On The Radio." At the center of it all, frontman Jake Shears (get it? Shears? Scissor?) veers from Elton-worthy crooning to fearless falsetto, molding his voice to each song as craftily as the band molds their over-the-top outfits to their bodies. Plus, the album's closer, "Return To Oz," is an epic storysong that easily stands up to any great operatic pop anthem of the last 30 years. You'll be writing home about this experience, all right. Only, your parents might get a bit confused. >>>DOUG LEVY





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-REVIEWS • 6



Link www.sonsanddaughtersloveyou.com File Under Scottish murder ballads make nice R.I.Y.L.

X. Arab Strap, Franz Ferdinand

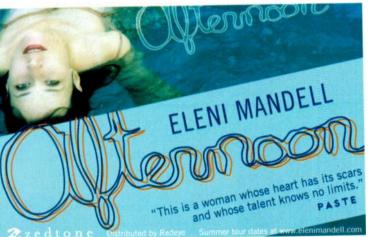
SONS AND DAUGHTERS

Love The Cup Domino

A quick glance at the song titles on Love The Cup-"Fight," "Broken Bones," "Blood," "Johnny Cash"-is enough to make one wonder if Glasgow's Sons And Daughters have rage issues. Not to worry—the band has a relatively healthy worldview (their website is called sonsand daughtersloveyou.com, after all), but like the Man in Black, they have a fondness for grim folklore and the occasional murder ballad. Essentially an EP, Cup's seven tracks clock in at just over 25 minutes. In that time, though, Sons & Daughters make an

intriguing case for why they're Franz Ferdinand's new favorite band (Ferdinand handpicked the band to open for them on their first U.S. tour). "Fight" works the sinewy male/female dynamics of X's Under The Big Black Sun, Adele Bethel and Scott Paterson trading coolly disaffected vocals while the pluck of Ailidh Lennon's mandolin chimes in to give the tune a rootsy swagger. Even better is "Johnny Cash," a song as lean and agile as a featherweight boxer. Here, the dark shuffle of David Gow's drums gallops through Bethel and Patterson's haunted yelps like Ichabod Crane making a panicked break for Sleepy Hollow. "Cash," like the rest of Love The Cup, finds warped beauty in this darkness, hinting that even something as heavy-hearted as a murder ballad can, at times, be oddly life-affirming. >>>ANDY DOWNING







Link www.tommystinson.com File Under Mini Ape Police R.I.Y.L.

The Replacements, Foo Fighters, the Clash

HORRITZ YMMOT

Village Gorilla Head Sanctuary

In the '90s with Bash And Pop and Perfect, former Replacements bassist Tommy Stinson proved he was more than just an understudy to Paul Westerberg—the catchy post-punk pop of Stinson's short-lived but criminally overlooked outfits showed him a formidable singer/songwriter with the charisma to front his own band. On his first proper solo album, Village Gorilla Head, Stinson checks in with 13 new songs of impressive range, with help from old bandmates David Phillips (Perfect), Gersh (Bash And Pop, Perfect)

and Dizzy Reed and Richard Fortus (Guns N' Roses). Whether waxing meditative (opener "Without A View") or bringing out a punchy blast of hook-laden pop ("Moment Too Soon"), Stinson has never sounded better. Village Gorilla Head benefits most from a varied musical attack: There's the affirming "O.K.," which finds Stinson accompanied with backing vocals from an elementary school chorus; the dreamy title track, which makes a foray into loopy underwater jazz; and "Hey You," which reimagines Dylan with a reggae backbeat. Elsewhere, there's the spiky and buoyant "Something's Wrong," the snarling and straightforward rock of "Motivation," and "Couldn't Wait," which could have fit on any Replacements album. Stinson is a clever lyricist, and irony-laden snippets like "Everything I took for granted/ I would gladly give it all right back," come with astonishing regularity. Energetic and engaging, Village Gorilla Head is truly refreshing. >>>ALEX GREEN



Link www.unbunny.com File Under Sweet melancholy R.I.Y.L.

Songs: Ohia, early Elliott Smith, mellow Neil Young, Wilco, M. Ward, the One AM Radio

LINBUNNY

Snow Tires Hidden Agenda

Jarid del Deo's trio Unbunny has somehow flown under the radar through a gradual migration from Washington state to New Hampshire, releasing a series of pleasingly folk-tinged lo-fi discs on a parade of small labels along the way. Influences are displayed prominently on sleeves with the band's fifth LP, Snow Tires: the stark acoustic strumming of "Nightwalking" and "I Knock Things I Haven't Tried" is a direct lift from the Elliott Smith fakebook, while del Deo's nasal voice nods to Neil Young, particularly on understated fullband workouts like the piano-laced "Nothing Comes To Rest." But what ini-

tially seems an impressive style-exercise gradually reveals Unbunny's unique charms, largely through cryptic poetry and personal lyrics. On "Pink Lemonade," del Deo repeatedly pleads, "Don't leave me with the shakes" to a melody reminiscent of the Beatles' "Don't Let Me Down." His appeals apparently rebuffed, the closing title track finds the narrator unable to summon more than a whisper as he hauls boxes from his girlfriend's garage and frets over the condition of her tires. Surveying his small town's Main Street Christmas decorations, he mumbles "Do they really think a string of colored lights is gonna rescue me?" Del Deo may not be the sunniest sort, but Snow Tires is the best kind of bummer. >>>GLEN SARVADY

ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD • R.I.Y.L. - RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



Link
www.mfdoomsite.com
File Under
Underground enigma

Kool Keith, Mr. Lif, Erick Sermon

R.I.Y.L.

VIKTOR VAUGHN

Venomous Villain Insomniac

When MF Doom spits at full force, he can conjure up more in a couplet than other rappers do in an entire album. Digest these lines: "Follow your instincts/ I told you time and time again not to swallow pink drinks." The admonishment is as perplexing as the man in the iron mask who dropped them, or Viktor Vaughn, the pseudonym under which he recorded Venomous Villain. On the heels of this year's impressive Madvillain collaboration with Madlib and the instrumental track compilation Special Herbs Vol. 5 And 6, the hardest

working producer/emcee in underground hip-hop can't be stopped—although he may want to consider giving himself a break for the sake of quality. Doom introduces the album (which, clocking in at about 33 minutes, comes off more like an extended EP) with all of the trademark elements—cinematic string swells, animated horn stabs and ominous gumshoe reproofs ("What's the trouble, Viktor?")—before the music settles into unremarkable chill tracks. A guest appearance from Kool Keith makes for a vibing groove, but it's not the League of the Superheroes détente you might have hoped for. Perhaps the wisest bit of science wriggles by in the aside: "I did it for the advance, the back end sucks." Translation: Every bit of manna an underground rapper can get from the man is a blessing, but don't expect royalties anytime soon. Venomous Villain is neither venomous nor villainous, just a modest effort from a superior talent. >>>NEIL GLADSTONE



Link
www.whirlwindheat.com
File Under
We like short songs

Early Beck, Mudhoney, Melvins' *Houdini*, short attention spans

R.I.Y.L.

THE WHIRLWIND HEAT

Flamingo Honey Dim Mak

In the grand tradition of really-shortsong experiments like the Residents' The Commercial Album (40 songs in 40 minutes) or They Might Be Giants' "Fingertips" suite (21 songs in 4:25), the Whirlwind Heat present Flamingo Honey: 10 songs, 10 minutes, written and recorded in a mere five hours. It's surprising, then, that what sounds like it would be a tossed-off experiment results in an EP far more interesting than their only full-length. Flamingo explores many more influences than their we-sure-do-like-Devo debut, 2003's Do Rabbits Wonder?: The boisterous noise of "The Meat Packers" and

"Muffles" nods to Mudhoney and Houdini-era Melvins; "No Gums," with its serpentine bassline and vaguely hip-hop beat, could be the world's most blissfully short Soul Coughing song; the goofy '80s keys, breathy chant and squealing falsetto of "H Is O" could easily lead a listener to mistake it for a Midnite Vultures b-side. The Residents' whole idea with The Commercial Album was that your average pop song is only one minute of music repeated three times, so why not forego the repetition and cram in as many songs as should be present on a 40-minute record? The Whirlwind Heat may have only delivered one-quarter of that, but because you don't get the repetition your pop-conditioned brain desires, you'll find yourself hitting "repeat" more than once when the end rolls around. >>>TOM MALLON



Link
www.velvetcrushrockgroup.com
File Under
Breakups go better with feedback
R.J.Y.L.
Matthew Sweet, Plimsouls,

Sloan, 20/20

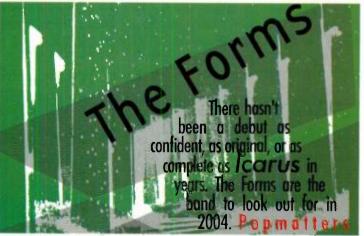
VELVET CRUSH

Stereo Blues Action Musik

Long-running duo Velvet Crush has become synonymous with a ragged brand of power-pop, despite a diverse catalog that betrays significantly broader influences. After the acoustic stylings of 2002's Soft Sounds, the Crush hit paydirt with a staple of its supposed genre: the breakup album. Paul Chastain deals with his heartbreak by lashing out at everything in sight and turning up the amps, resulting in the band's noisiest record since 1991 mini-classic debut In The Presence Of Greatness. "Do what you want, if you can live with it... if you don't give a shit," Chastain taunts on the

crunchy "Do What You Want." but by Stereo Blues' midpoint he's turned as much to introspection as accusation. "I'd give it all to see you smiling your smile," he confesses on the disc's centerpiece "California Incline," before launching into the sort of jagged guitar solo that Richard Lloyd contributed to Matthew Sweet's best work. The synth squiggles, springy guitar lines and impeccable melodies of "Here It Comes" and "Son Of Ray" recall the Plimsouls or 20/20, early '80s icons of drummer Ric Menck's adopted L.A. home (Velvet Crush has been doing the bi-coastal thing for roughly half its existence, Chastain having recently abandoned the band's original Providence, Rhode Island base for his Illinios roots). With Stereo Blues, Velvet Crush has finally made an album that keeps with its pigeonhole. And rather than a concession, it sounds like a gem. >>>GLEN SARVADDY







Dr. Demento

STORY: DAVID CROSS ILLUSTRATION: NICK MEOLA

memorize them for later re-singing. An exemplary illustration of just how pathetically dorky the show was is the fact that it made a star out of "Weird Al" Yankovic. This is true. Dr. Demento championed a homemade tape that a youngish Weird Al made and sent in to the show (Weird Al, too, was a huge fan of the Dr.'s). It was a parody of the Knack's "My Sharona" titled "My Bologna." It was as dumb as it sounds. And I loved it. (Please keep in mind that I was like 11 or 12.)

am comfortable with who I am... now. For virtually all of my childhood I was a combo platter of uncool, freak and smart-ass. It took a little while for the freak and smart-ass to overtake the uncool and thus, by a matter of physical law, turn uncool into cool. I was never the nature kid with the naturally cut (this was way before anybody "worked out") body dressed simply in jeans and a hippie leather vest, sitting on Big Rock in the middle of the Chattahoochee River strumming an acoustic guitar and singing "Your Song" through a perfect mop of lush, curly hair while 16-year-old Stevie

Nicks wannabes got their jaws loosened

were soon to engage in.

in anticipation of the transcendent sex they

But I was the kid who made them laugh. And in my harmless and eager way, I was never more of a dork, especially if I was trying to appear neither harmless nor eager. In the height of this phase of my life, the only real art form that I could relate to (besides The Six Million Dollar Man and Evil Knievel) was comedy. Some of the stuff I was into was quite heady and prescient for a kid (Lenny Bruce, Richard Pryor, the Marx Brothers), but some of it was dorky and stupid (Welcome Back, Kotter, other shit I've forgotten) and, while we all make mistakes along the way, I can't imagine a bigger waste of time and energy than that which I spent listening to Dr. Demento.

Dr. Demento was an affable retard who, once a week for a couple of hours, aired a nationally syndicated radio show that somehow made its way to suburban Atlanta in the '70s. During these few hours, Dr. Demento (see how crazy he is? He's "demented!") would play intentionally funny songs about going to the mall or football fans or whatever was in the zeitgeist at the time. It was possibly the dorkiest thing of its time, and I loved it. No, I worshipped it. I would listen to the whole show. I would write down the names of songs. I would breathlessly await the top 10 "demented" songs. I would

Ironically, knowing the lyrics to this shit would actually make me ever-so-slightly cooler. Jocks and heads wouldn't do

> something as uncool and lame as listen to two hours of parodies and silly songs about how there's too much junk food ("Junk Food Junkie" by Some Douche Bag) but I would. And I would always be there to sing a couple of lines about how I was crazy and was in danger of being committed ("They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha-Haaa!" by Another Idiot), which would get me a few laughs and another few seconds of excessively craved acceptance.

But I truly thought some of those songs were funny. That's not my fault, that's the fault of the culture at the time.

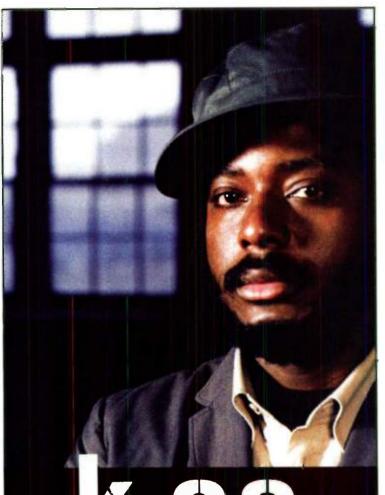
Comedy was not considered sexy or cool yet, although it was about to undergo something close to

a renaissance very shortly. But I didn't know that. I just thought it was funny. And very few people or things or situations in the white suburban redneck Baptist '70s South were funny. I knew that Monty Python was genius, but it would be years before all those aforementioned assholes caught up to me and my nerdy friends.

But in the interim, I had that dumbass Doctor and his undying devotion to "demented" humor. I appreciated his efforts at culling all this stupid shit and driving to a tiny radio station wherever it was that he lived and putting on this show when no one else in the country seemed to care. I even joined the fan club. Thank you, Dr. Demento.

Famous funny guy David Cross' It's Not Funny is out now on Sub Pop.

★ "Demented" is a word that only nerds use to intimate that they are "weird" or have a "twisted" sense of humor. If someone describes themselves as "demented," it means they are only slightly less ordinary than most other people. It's akin to the receptionist who describes herself as "fun." It means the opposite.



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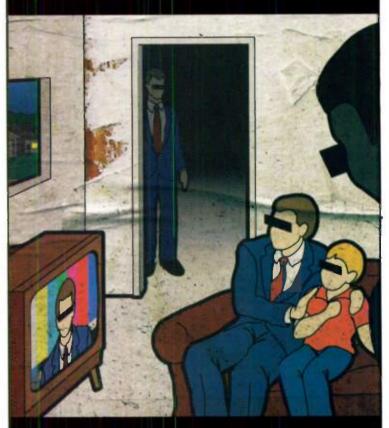






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