

FREE EXCLUSIVE COMPILATION INSIDE!!

FREE
CD

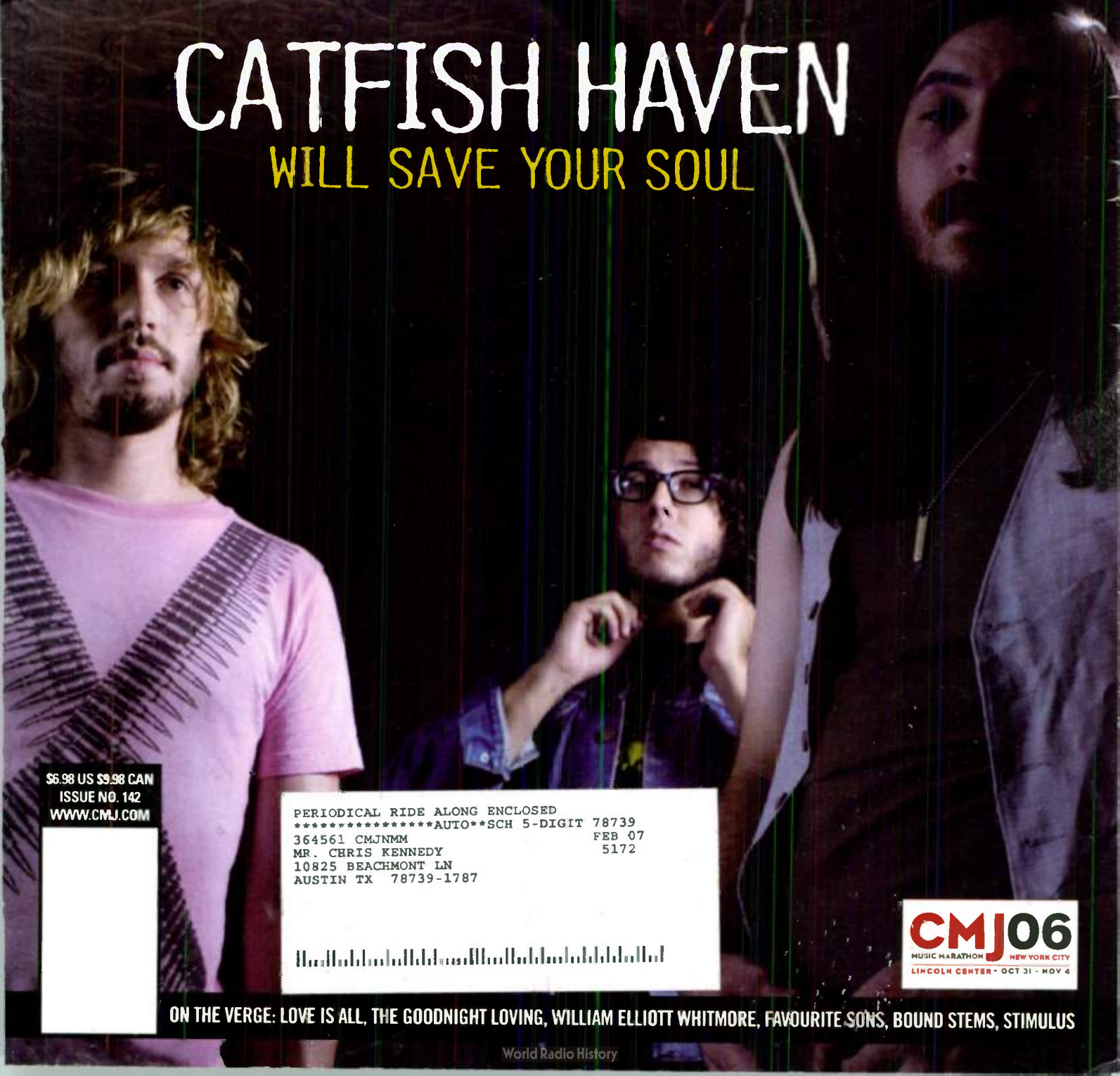
CMJ NEW MUSIC

THE BEST MAGAZINE YOU EVER HEARD

MONTHLY

INSIDE: GIRL TALK, AMERICAN HARDCORE, BLACK KEYS, FUCKED UP, DARKEL, JUCIFER, PERE UBU
PLUS, GRIZZLY BEAR AND BEIRUT: TOGETHER AT LAST

CATFISH HAVEN WILL SAVE YOUR SOUL



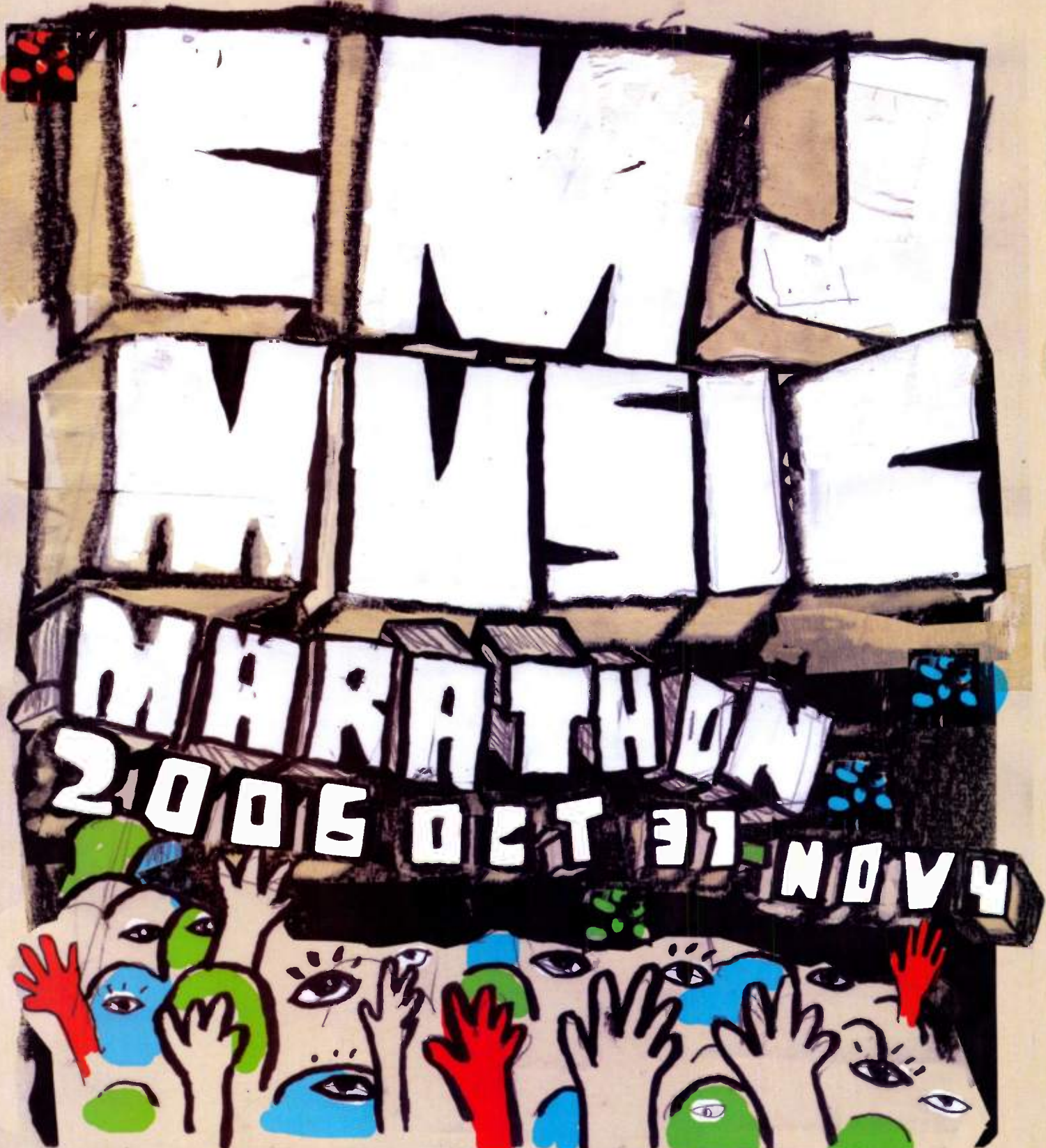
\$6.98 US \$9.98 CAN
ISSUE NO. 142
WWW.CMJ.COM

PERIODICAL RIDE ALONG ENCLOSED
*****AUTO**SCH 5-DIGIT 78739
364561 CMJNMM FEB 07
MR. CHRIS KENNEDY 5172
10825 BEACHMONT LN
AUSTIN TX 78739-1787



CMJ06
MUSIC MARATHON NEW YORK CITY
LINCOLN CENTER • OCT 31 - NOV 4

ON THE VERGE: LOVE IS ALL, THE GOODNIGHT LOVING, WILLIAM ELLIOTT WHITMORE, FAVOURITE SONS, BOUND STEMS, STIMULUS



1000+ BANDS 50 venues 5 days
New York City

CMJ06
MUSIC MARATHON NEW YORK CITY
LINCOLN CENTER - OCT 31 - NOV 4

SPIN

WWW.CMJ.COM/MARATHON



LITTLE JACKET

bodogMUSIC

Gibson

myspace.com
a place for music

World Radio History

volume

sonicbids

TOWER RECORDS
Tower.com

www.ticketweb.com
TICKETWEB
866.468.7619

It Works!



"After signing up for Sonicbids, we realized how many opportunities are out there for musicians, opportunities we might never have known about. Before we submitted our Sonicbids EPK™ to The Independent Music Awards, we didn't know much about the IMAs, much less think we would win. So we were totally psyched when we got the call that we indeed had won, and we can thank Sonicbids that we submitted in the first place."

IMA JONSDOTTIR **Andromeda4**

www.sonicbids.com/Andromeda

"The Sonicbids platform is an important and exciting example of how the music industry must adapt to recognize the ascending power of artists & bands in the New Music Business. For more than six years, musicians have used Sonicbids to enter the Independent Music Awards (IMA). Many have parlayed their IMA experience into opportunities to secure label and distribution deals, get radio airplay, perform on festival main stages, and have their music heard by a universe of more than 9 million consumer and industry listeners!"

MARTIN FOLKMAN **Independent Music Awards**

www.sonicbids.com/ima2006



TRUSTED BY OVER 80,000 ARTISTS & 6,500 EVENTS WORLDWIDE
CREATE YOUR OWN SONICBIDS EPK™ OR PROMOTER ACCOUNT: www.sonicbids.com

atlantis
MUSIC CONFERENCE & FESTIVAL
October 4-7
Atlanta, GA
2006



Nemo
Music festival

World Radio History

CMJ06
MUSIC MARATHON
LINCOLN CENTER • OCT 31 - NOV 4

BMI

Emily Haines

KNIVES DON'T HAVE YOUR BACK

AVAILABLE 09.12.06

**KNIVES
DON'T HAVE
YOUR BACK**

**EMILY HAINES
& THE SOFT SKELETON**

WWW.SOFTSKELETON.COM

AVAILABLE:
09/12/06 - CANADA
09/26/06 - USA

"A haunting collection of piano driven tracks...Haines possesses vocal and lyrical prowess that encourage listening...This is a lovely record."
"Musically, you could liken Haines' output to some of Tori Amos' more menacing material, perhaps even the starkest of John Lennon's solo output...but mood-wise, many of the songs recall the beautiful, depressive laments of The Smashing Pumpkins' overlooked fourth album, Adore." - Under The Radar

"Immediately likeable...As the daughter of the late poet Paul Haines, it's obvious that [Emily] has inherited a way with words." - V Magazine

"A decidedly quieter affair [than Metric's 'slick, hooky, electro-tinged rock'], awash in plaintive piano [and] deeply personal." - Pitchfork Media

"Emily Haines' vocals...are an enchanting mix of melancholia and punk." - Billboard

IN CONCERT

SEPT.12 - TORONTO, ON - THE GLADSTONE
SEPT.18 - MONTREAL, QC - LE NATIONAL
SEPT.19 - NEW YORK, NY - JOE'S PUB
SEPT.21 - LOS ANGELES, CA - VIPER ROOM
SEPT.22 - SAN FRANCISCO, CA - CAFÉ DU NORD

MSTRKRFT

The Looks

IN STORES NOW WWW.MSTRKRFT.COM

IN CONCERT:

Sept. 8 - New York, NY - D on Hills
Sept. 9 - Philadelphia, PA - Pure
Sept. 10 - Toronto, ON - V Fest
Sept. 14 - Orlando, FL - Firestone
Sept. 15 - Austin, TX - Factory
Oct. 14 - Atlanta, GA - Eyedrum

Oct. 27 - Houston, TX - California
Oct. 31 - Los Angeles, CA - Safari Sam's
Nov. 1 - San Francisco, CA - Mezzanine
Nov. 2, 3 - New York, NY - TBC
Nov. 4 - Chicago, IL - Smart Bar

"...Dirty robot rock that Daft Punk would be proud of. Beautifully mixed-up stuff." ★★★★★½ (four and a half stars out of five) - DJ

"...the latest case of genre-mashing dance-rock causing club floor anarchy." - NME

"The debut album...boasts the same bass rumbles and rubbery synths that made their Bloc Party and Panthers remixes underground club favorites last year." - SPIN

"...MSTRKRFT's dirty dance tracks linger like a hook-up who won't go home." - Urb



SEXOR

IN STORES NOW

IN CONCERT:

Sept. 19 - Montreal, QC - TBC (with Soulwax)
Sept. 27 - Chicago, IL - Smart Bar
Sept. 28 - NYC, NY - Hiro Ballroom

Sept. 29 - Los Angeles, CA - TBC
Sept. 30 - San Francisco, CA - Mighty
Oct. 1 - Seattle, WA - TBC

"Your indie disco needs this!"

- NME

"Hot electro from Montreal's TIGA."

- SPIN.COM

"Electronic, filthy, nasty music."

- LOADED

"...euphoric glam-pop... Think Goldfrapp spliced with Jake Shears... with a bit of Tom Ford's dress sense thrown in."

- ESQUIRE

"...A genuinely thrilling journey... a brilliant dream-state narrative"

- ID Magazine



www.tiga.ca

Also available
from
Last Gang
Records:



Metric
Live It Out



Metric
Old World Underground,
Where are You Now



Parlour
Walking in the Fog



Death From Above 1979
You're a Woman,
You're a Machine



Death From Above 1979
Heads Up



Death From Above 1979
Romance Bloody Romance



Canada



WWW.LASTGANGRECORDS.COM

World Radio History

CMJ[®] NEW MUSIC[®]

THE BEST MAGAZINE YOU EVER HEARD

MONTHLY



22



28

EDITORIAL

Editor-In-Chief: KENNY HERZOG
Assistant Editors: ERIC DAVIDSON, REBECCA RABER
Contributing Editor: KORY GROW
Editorial Assistant: JESSICA SWAREZ
Staff Writer: KEVIN KAMPWIRTH
Contributing Writers: MATTHEW FIELD,
REED FISCHER, JESSEKA KADYLA, ANDREW LEAHY, DAN MACINTOSH,
DOUG MOSUROCK, MICHAEL PATRICK NELSON, GINNY YANG
Interns: MEGAN BROWN, ERIN EBERHARDT,
AMANDA FARAH, KATIE REEDY

ART/PRODUCTION

Art Director/Designer: LAUREN DENITZIO
Production Coordinator: JASON GLASFETTER
Design Intern: DANIEL CANTADA

Publisher: ROBERT K. HABER
Sales: JOHNNY CHIBA, REV. MOOSE,
JERRY RUBINO, DAVID FINCH

THE CMJ NETWORK

CEO and President: ROBERT K. HABER
Bookkeeping: BRUNELLA LEONARDI

CMJ EVENTS

Executive Producer: JOANNE ABBOT GREEN
Associate Producer: WINIFRED CHANE
Showcase Director: MATT McDONALD
Marketing Director: WINIFRED CHANE
Marketing Manager: HOLLY BARRON

SUBSCRIPTIONS, ORDERS, CUSTOMER SERVICE

Call: (800) 414-4CMJ
Outside the US call: (917) 305-0095
Write: CMJ New Music Monthly
P.O. Box 1016, New York, NY 10114
E-mail: newmusicmonthly@cmj.com
Link: www.cmj.com/nmm

EDITORIAL COMMENT

E-mail: cmjmonthly@cmj.com

TO ADVERTISE

Call: (917) 606-1908 x236
Write: CMJ SALES DEPARTMENT
151 W. 25th St., 12th Fl., New York, NY 10001
E-mail: sales@cmj.com

GOT SOMETHING YOU WANT US TO HEAR?

CMJ New Music Monthly
Attn: Reviews
151 W. 25th St., 12th Fl.
New York, NY 10001

CULTURE SHOCK 6

We figured since none of you really responded, one way or the other, to this catch-all page's debut, it was your way of saying, "That page was so quippy and informative, I've been rendered speechless! Do it again!" Or maybe all the e-mails clamoring for more fell through the cracks during those couple of days that our server went down. Either way, get yer fill of sick song titles, trifling tribute albums and head-shaking industry happenings... if you dare.

QUICK FIX 9

The Black Keys conjure up all the reasons why being a duo makes life both heavenly and merely reminds them they don't have Metallica's chops. Also, Fucked Up swears they're totally normal; Darkel sheds light on his surroundings; David Thomas Peres down the inspiration for Ubu's latest; and Jucifer breaks down their gear.

ON THE VERGE 15

If none of these bands turn out to be remotely relevant, does that make this section our equivalent of a Best New Artist Grammy? That ominous disclaimer aside, check out these notable no-semblers: Love Is All, the Goodnight Loving, William Elliott Whitmore, Favourite Sons, Bound Stems and Stimulus.

GIRL TALK 22

Is he the white, hipster Danger Mouse or just Ratatouille around with other peoples songs? And why doesn't he understand that he's not impervious to the legal system? Rebecca Raber investigates.

AMERICAN HARDCORE 24

Matthew Field takes a look at the major-studio documentary that officially tells all screamo bands to fuck off.

ON THE COVER: CATFISH HAVEN 28

The band name might leave a fishy taste in your mouths, but this humble Chicago trio's blend of authentic soul howling and garage-rockin' good times has us salivating for more.

ON THE CD 34

Catfish Haven, Kasabian, the Zutons, Ray LaMontagne, My Brightest Diamond, Mew, La Rocca, the Roots, 1090 Club, Brisa Roché, A Bad Think, Boys Like Girls, the Majestic Twelve, Citizen Cope, John Mayer, Cibelle, Nicole Atkins

REVIEWS 36

As the result of an industry-wide boycott, there have been no new releases this month, and thus we have filled the reviews section with free cologne samples and pictures of phallic camels smoking cigarettes. Well, that and 30-or-so reviews of hot new records released this month (not to mention DVDs and reissues... although, I guess we just did).

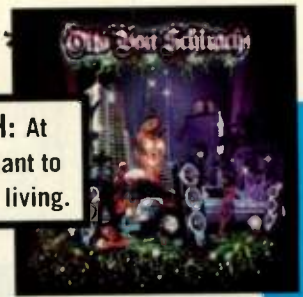
CHARTS 46

'Cause isn't listening to music a lot about seeing what other people are listening to so you know if you're listening to what you should be listening to?

EXCLUSIVE Q&A: GRIZZLY BEAR VS. BEIRUT 50

Grizzly Bear's Ed Droste and Beirut's Zach Condon shoot the shiznit with each other about music, live performance and all that other fun stuff that all of us wish we could be doing.

Issue # 142 September 2006 CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY (ISSN 1074-6978) is published monthly (except bi-monthly in January/February) by The CMJ Network with offices at 151 W. 25th St., 12th Fl., New York, NY 10001. Subscription rates are \$39.95 per year. Subscription offices: P.O. Box 1016 NY, NY 10113 / Phone (800) 414-4CMJ. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to CMJ New Music Monthly, Membership Office, P.O. Box 1016 NY, NY 10114-1036. CMJ New Music Monthly is copyright 2006 by College Media Inc. All rights reserved; nothing may be reproduced without consent of publisher. Unless indicated otherwise, all letters sent to CMJ are eligible for publication and copyright purposes, and are subject to CMJ's right to edit and comment editorially.



VON SCHIRACH: At least he doesn't want to "coffee bean" the living.

BEST SONG TITLES OF THE MONTH

- 1 Caribou—"If Assholes Could Fly, This Place Would Be An Airport" (Domino)
- 2 Otto Von Schirach—"Tea Bagging The Dead" (Ipecac)
- 3 Animal—"Too Much Pork For Just One Fork" (Unfun)
- 4 Bound Stems—"Risking Life And Limb For The Coupon" (Flameshovel)
- 5 Axolotl—"There Are Sometimes Miracles" (Psych-O-Path)

HOMAGE IS WHERE THE HEART IS

The best part about the *Girls Got Rhythm* comp (Liquor And Poker) is the best part about any cover band: the ridiculous names. Add in the "hot chick" factor and you've pretty much got cover-band gold. You want the ladies of Cheap Chick covering "Surrender"? You got it. The Ms. Fits (my personal favorite) trying to one up Metallica and NOFX with their take on "Last Caress"? No diggity, no doubt. And while it's awesome to hear women wail on classic cuts like Iron Maiden's (or in this case, the ingeniously named Iron Maidens) "Run To The Hills," most of these renditions, regardless of gender specifics, are woefully subpar. Nice gimmick, but we'll stick to the full-on live shows. >>>KENNY HERZOG



SCENE REPORT DÜSSELDORF, GERMANY

ACCORDING TO MOUSE ON MARS' JAN ST. WERNER...

THE BEST PLACE TO SEE A BAND IS:

"Salon Des Amateurs, a café/bar, which is a part of the building of the Kunsthalle Düsseldorf. . . We saw great shows there by Vert, Gonzales and members of Add N To X and danced to DJ Elephant Power."

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY RECORDS IS:

"We buy our records at A-Musik in Cologne. . . which claims the front part of the space where we also run our label, Sonig. Cologne and Düsseldorf are only 30 minutes apart, and you can perfectly share the advantages of those two cities."

THE BEST LOCAL BAND YOU NEVER HEARD OF IS:

"Minigurke ('mini-cucumber'), a weird electronic act fucking up songs with collage-like psychedelic sound excesses. He is a part of a crew called the Kies Group, an indie-rock collective with high-quality songs but unfortunately little commercial success."

Mouse On Mars' latest collection of electro-mindfucks, Varcharz (Ipecac), will likely see greater success than the mini-cucumber band. See a review of the record on page 33. >>>INTERVIEW BY KORY GROW

MPEG'D FOR SUCCESS

Remember the days when the WWF would air family friendly fare on the weekend? When it was basically a glorified Saturday morning cartoon with muscles? When they would show a low-rent green screen with the message "A WWF Musical Interlude," followed by "Mean Gene" Okerlund banging out "Tootie Fruitie" on the keys along with Captain Lou Albano and a clueless-looking Hulk Hogan on bass? Well, you probably forgot that last part. Which is why you should check out www.cantstopthebleeding.com/?p=6867. And you thought the real Little Richard was embarrassing himself with those Geico ads and his panel spot on *Celebrity Duets*. >>>KH

Take a ride on Okerlund River.



THE WHAT THE F*#@? FACTOR

Spazzcore outfit the Jonbenét, who have just released the LP *Ugly/Heartless* (Pluto/EastWest, see review on page 39), expected some negative attention for their delightfully tasteless moniker. But could they have predicted that right after being named Houston's best post-punk band by the *Houston Press*, JonBenet Ramsey's alleged killer, John Mark Karr, would be taken into custody? The band's publicist, Andrew Steinthal, got one call from a woman shouting, "You should be fuckin' ashamed of yourself asshole!" And then, a prominent magazine editor added that, "Everyone at East West/Pluto should be ashamed of themselves for allowing this to happen." Allowing what, a band to use their freedom of speech and become burdened by a morbid coincidence? For his part, Steinthal assures he's "sensitive to the band name" and he's "tread very lightly in terms of pushing people to cover this band." But, he adds, "People get all bent out of shape because they assume the band is directly linking themselves with the Ramsey case, but the reality of it is that they just like the name." The irony, of course, is that Karr has since been exonerated, while the band will no doubt continue to catch hell. >>>KH



PHOTO: PLUTO RECORDS



THE JONBENET

FASHION
GAMES
BOOKS



ELECTRONICS
MUSIC
MOVIES

A REVOLUTION IS COMING

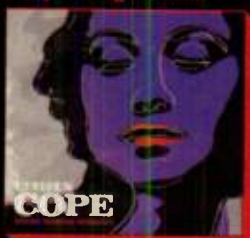
A HEART WELL ENDING
Trust Us We Lie



ALEXISONFIRE
Crisis



CITIZEN COPE
Every Waking Moment



THE HOURLY RADIO
History Will Never Hold Me



CANON POWERSHOT SD600
DIGITAL ELPH
\$299.99



JBL ON TIME IPOD SPEAKER DOCK
iPod sold separately
\$249.99



SENNHEISER MX 75 SPORT
EARBUD HEADPHONES
\$44.99



UBIQUITY TEES*



*Products may vary by store.

THANK YOU FOR SMOKING
DVD



THE NOTORIOUS BETTIE PAGE
DVD



FIG 13C. LIFESTYLE REVOLUTION KIT

ATTENTION! ESSENTIAL TO YOUR SURVIVAL

NEW YORK: TIMES SQUARE AND UNION SQUARE • LOS ANGELES: HOLLYWOOD & HIGHLAND AND WEST HOLLYWOOD
ONTARIO • ORANGE • DALLAS GRAPEVINE MILLS • ARIZONA MILLS • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DENVER
ORLANDO WALT DISNEY WORLD® RESORT • SALT LAKE CITY • SAN FRANCISCO

What's New For Fall

1.



CURSIVE 08.22.06
"HAPPY HOLLOW" CD/LP

↑ SPIN and BLENDER ↑
gave this 4 stars.
EW gave it an A-
Heard they are
coming to town.
*check Saddle Creek
site for tour dates*

2.



BRIGHT EYES 10.24.06 CD/2xLP
"NOISE FLOOR (RARITIES: 1998-2005)"

↑
Finally a collection
of hard to find bright
eyes tracks! Need
to get this.

3.



ERIC BACHMANN 08.22.06
"TO THE RACES" CD

4.



NOW IT'S OVERHEAD 09.12.06
"DARK LIGHT DAYBREAK" CD

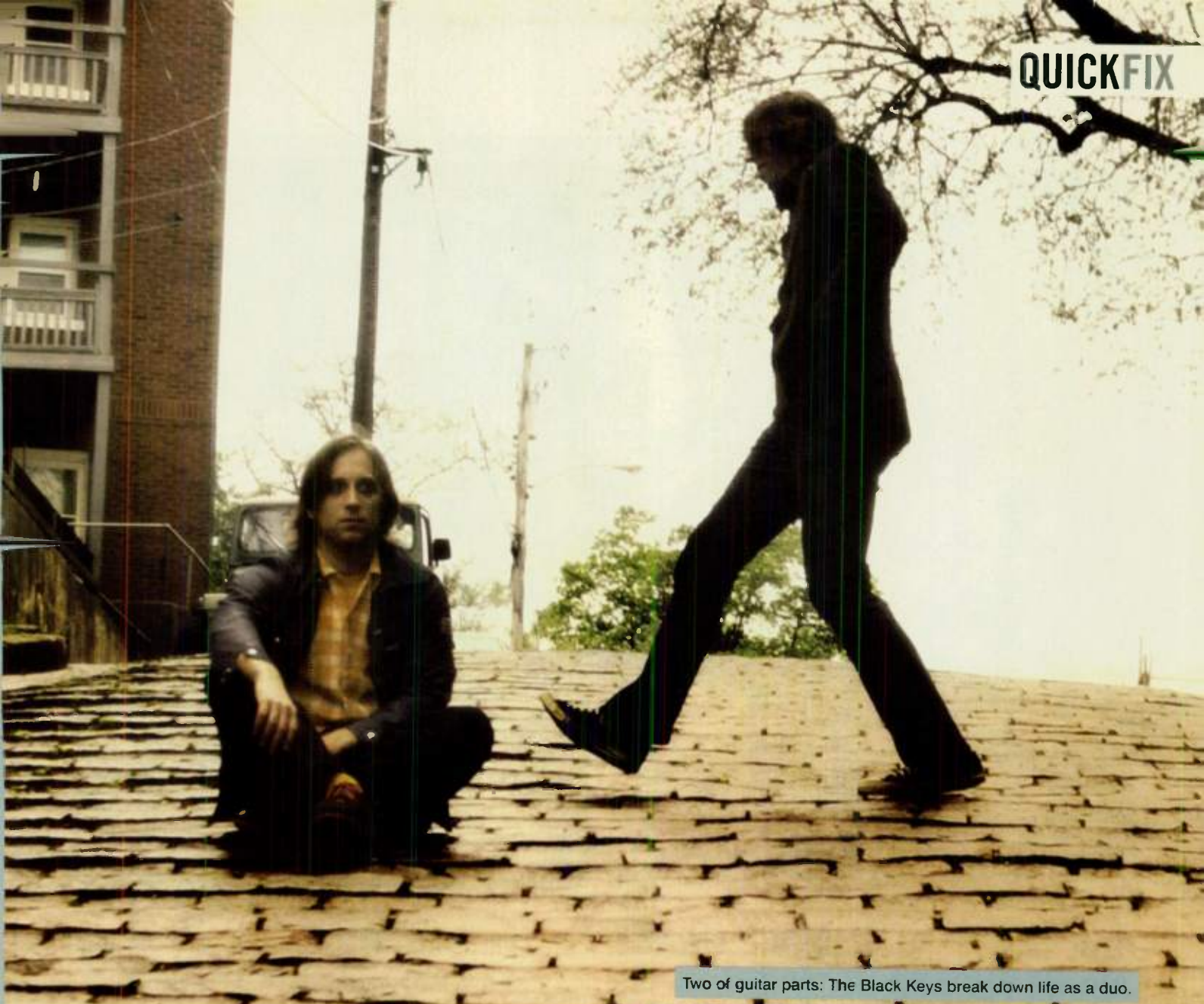
5.



LADYFINGER (NE) 09.26.06
"HEAVY HANDS" CD

SADDLE CREEK

WWW.SADDLE-CREEK.COM INFO@SADDLE-CREEK.COM



Two of guitar parts: The Black Keys break down life as a duo.

THE BLACK KEYS' FIVE BEST (AND WORST) THINGS ABOUT BEING IN A TWO-MAN BAND

INTERVIEW BY ERIC DAVIDSON

Dan Auerbach and Patrick Carney, otherwise known as Rubber City duo the Black Keys, have—along with the White Stripes—scrunched arena-sized, dinosaur-stomp blues-rock down to dive-bar dimensions, to the delight of an increasingly faithful audience. And as they've gained a patchouli-scented congregation along the way, the Keys have retained the thumbs up of raw rockers thanks to their scruffy studio smarts (they use their own, an abandoned warehouse in Akron, Ohio) and a healthy respect for the old juke joint masters. On their latest, *Magic Potion* (Nonesuch), the Keys wind out some spacier jams that still stay grounded in a tattered two-man band way, which is a good thing. Or is it? Drummer Carney assesses the pros and cons of being a dynamic duo.

THE UPSIDES

1. "More room in our bed."
2. "Less phone numbers to remember."
3. "More pizza per person per pizza."
4. "Lots of water and ham backstage."
5. "Foam '#1' hands are cheaper to buy for two people."

THE NOT-SO-UPSIDES

1. "Low laserbeam protection."
2. "Weird horse pills can cause a greater K-hole."
3. "Sunglassed tanktop dudes can become scarier."
4. "No Kirk Hammet."



Canucked in the head: Toronto's favorite Fucked Up sons swear they're totally normal.

THE LEAST FUCKED UP THINGS ABOUT FUCKED UP

ACCORDING TO FUCKED UP GUITARIST 10,000 MARBLES
INTERVIEW BY MATTHEW FIELD

"As of late July 2006, Concentration Camp brushes his teeth every day. He does this in order to maintain a healthy dental outlook and to remove the brown stains from his front incisors. Also, he is Jewish, much to the dismay of the fascist column of our fanbase."

"Mustard Gas suffers from many common illnesses. Recently, she successfully had a malfunctioning ovary removed."

"10,000 Marbles' parents made him work in traveling carnivals for a few summers as an amateur child magician. He met Camp during his last season—[he] was putting up the rides every morning."

"Mr. Jo is a classically trained pianist and flautist. He went to an alternative high school and joined Fucked Up after responding to a want ad as a part of a school project."

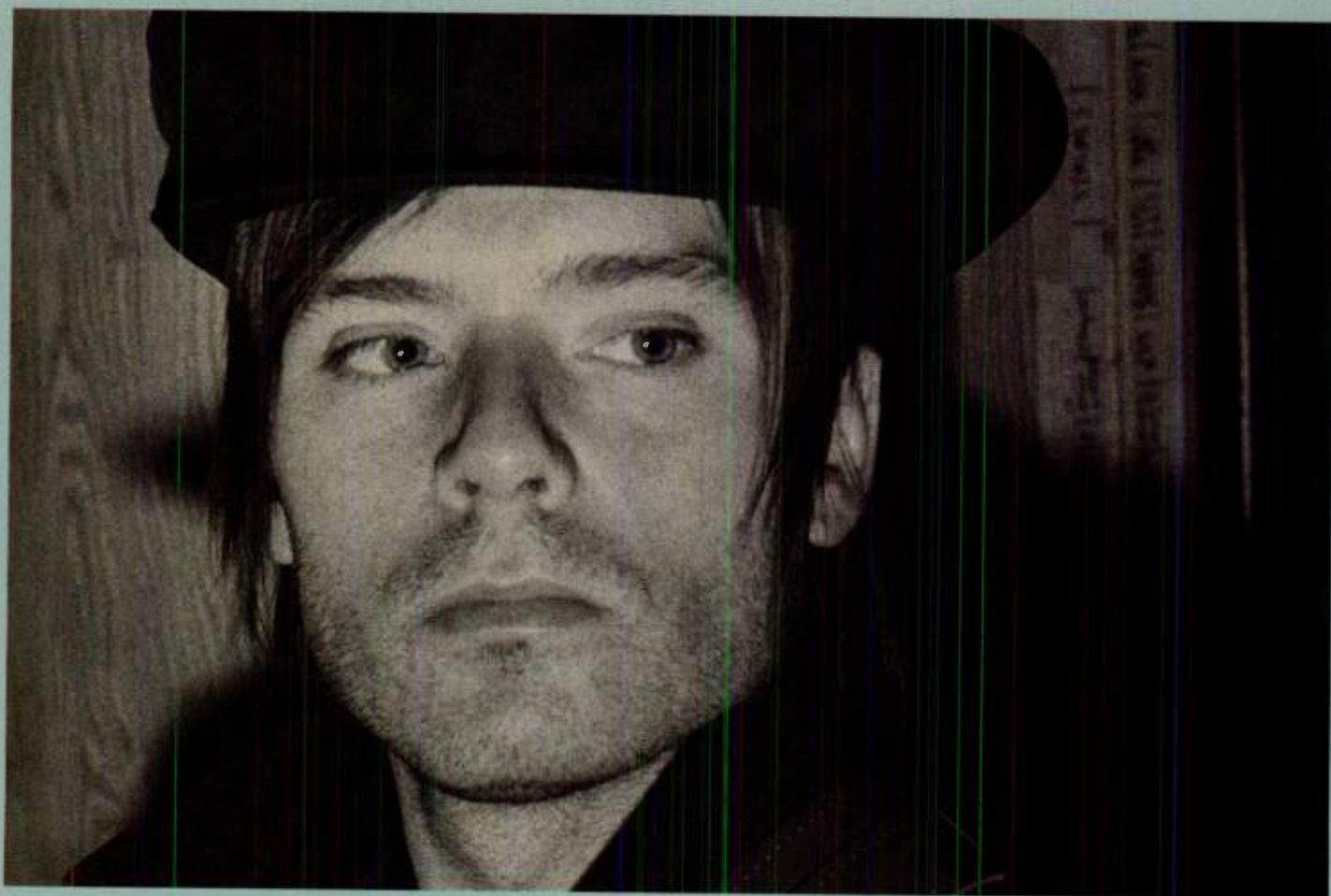
"Pink Eyes is probably the most typically normal person in the band. He's doing the man-of-the-house deal. He's been married a few times before

"RECENTLY, [MUSTARD GAS] SUCCESSFULLY HAD A MALFUNCTIONING OVARY REMOVED."

and has a kid from a previous marriage. He's getting married again this September."

"Slasher was drafted by the Carolina Hurricanes in 2002, out of college. He got seriously injured before he could really start a career and didn't really play many AHL games, and didn't ever play a game in the NHL or get a card made or anything. But he came sort of close. He plays every couple of years on the Constantines team in a charity music-oriented hockey league in Ontario."

"David Eliade is the straight-laced guy with all the trappings of normal civilized life. He's also got the most control and input in the band, so he lives his life closest to the center of the two circles. I'm not actually sure what he does for a living, but every time I've seen him he's had on really fucking expensive looking cufflinks and is always [saying things] like, 'You should check out this great band, Band of Horses.' I think he has something to do with Sufjan Stevens as well."



IN MY ROOM

WITH DARKEL (AIR'S JUB DUNCKEL)
INTERVIEW BY JESSICA SUAREZ

On his self-titled solo album, Dunckel sings in Marc Bolan-ish, accented English over languid French pop. Despite the dark textures, his subject matter is bold, from protecting the environment to destroying your TV. But Dunckel's house, located north of Paris in the 19th Arrondissement, does in fact have a very nice television. The singer gives us a glimpse into the rest of his room.

BEDROOM RECORDING

"I have a nice piano and I have a purple sofa and I like to be inspired by the purple color when I'm playing my piano. Basically what I do is, I'm playing classical music all the time and when I do [make] some mistakes, it produces some nice tracks that I'm using for my own record. So that's the way I do music—playing my own mistakes."

PLAY ON, PLEYEL

"You can mute the acoustic sound, and you have the possibility [to use] headphones. And when you play, you have the advantage of a real keyboard with some electronic sounds in your headphones. So you can play at night without disturbing the neighborhood. I love that."

KILL YOUR TV

"I hate to see people watch TV because when you watch TV you're just sort of on the sofa, captivated. Nowadays you have the Internet; it's sort of TV, but it's more interactive. You can choose your programs. You can search for new music or you can meet friends or you can see some movies. It brings you some culture. With TV, you have a very passive attitude."

DON'T KILL MY TV

"[I have] a very nice one. It's a Bang and Olufsen. It's really high-tech and well-designed. So, of course, I'm doing the opposite of what I'm singing in the songs. It's because Darkel is not me. It's a part of me, but it's not me."



Amp camp: Jucifer's Amber Valentine cranks it.

MY FAVORITE GEAR

WITH JUCIFER'S AMBER VALENTINE
INTERVIEW BY KORY GROW

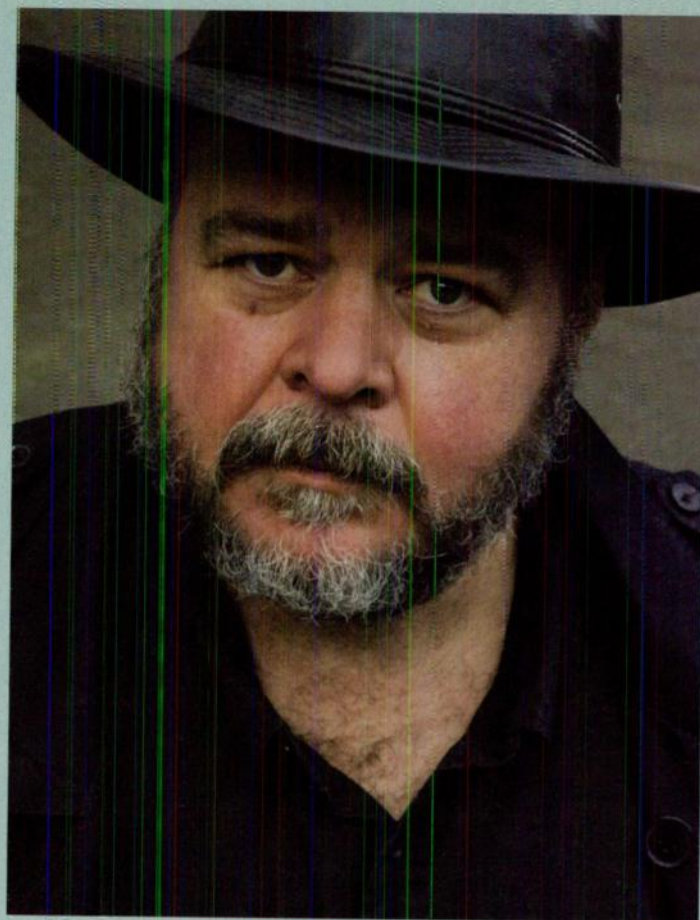
When bands first start playing concerts, soundmen try to teach them a lesson: Turn down your amps! And, if ignored, they take the amps out of the mix altogether. When Athens, Georgia's coed, post-sludge duo Jucifer started playing out in mid-1994, they fought back. "The more amplifiers we got, the more we didn't have to worry about whether the sound guy was on our side," says frontwoman Amber Valentine, simmering in the heat outside a truck stop on the Kentucky-Tennessee border. "We also get the benefit of hearing the show in a way that, I think, a lot of bands probably never do... [Soundmen] put it through the PA and make you loud, and so the people out front get to hear it, but you don't, which is kind of sad when you think about it."

Valentine's amplifier worship started at a young age when her father gave her a hand-me-down, '70s-era Peavey combo amp, fashioned to look like a Fender Twin. When she and bassist Edgar Livengood formed Jucifer in '93, only to watch their drummer leave in early '94, Livengood switched to drums, and Valentine hooked her guitar to his bass rig. That's when the obsession began, and most of the band's money went into more amps from then on.

Currently, Valentine's live rig consists of 13 amplifier heads, 17 speaker cabinets and an estimated 72 speakers. For their latest album, *If Thine Enemy Hunger* (Relapse), she picked only her best-of-the-best amps, so as not to overload the recording. Her loudest is a 1,350-watt Ampeg SVT-5 Pro. "I don't turn it past four," she says. "I don't need to." She also has a collection of amps by Hughes & Kettner, Sunn and Gallien-Krueger. Now that her backline—literally a wall of amps—is louder than any soundman's wrath, Jucifer's only battle is keeping up the rumble.

"We made a really bad error once and learned from it and have never done it again," says Valentine, recalling a gig in Olympia, Washington when they hadn't fastened her amps together properly and an amp actually fell onto her. "It didn't freak me out that much until I saw the video much later and I saw myself, crouched down really low where it would have had a really long height to fall from onto the top of my head, and then just as it started to fall, I went forward and it caught me on the shoulder... [Now] we do the jump test and make sure that everything's remaining stable."

"THE ALBUM ITSELF IS LIKE A POINTILLIST CANVAS."



Hunting for Thompson: Thomas taps noir author for Pere Ubu's latest.

BOOK CLUB

WITH DAVID THOMAS OF PERE UBU
INTERVIEW BY ERIC DAVIDSON

You might not peg a hefty, bushy-haired, grandpa slacks-wearing skunk who lives in Cleveland and goes by the nickname of Crocus Bohemian as an originator of American new wave music. But that's exactly what Pere Ubu founder David Thomas was back in 1975, a year removed from fronting pre-punk, rust-belt harbingers Rocket From The Tombs. He has since worked with a vast array of musicians in various modes (operas, theater pieces, film soundtracks, side bands), recently reformed Rocket and maniacally schleps Pere Ubu in and out of existence. Their latest, *Why I Hate Women* (Smog Veil), sounds at first like a continuation of his Two Pale Boys side project—spooky, quiet, meandering noir tales of lost souls—but with intermittent rushes of Ubu's trademark classic rock-riff dismembering. But that album title! Now before you reach for your Dworkin brand cutlery, it's a reference to an unpublished novel by Jim Thompson, that mid-century master of noir tales about lost souls. Or is it? We let Thomas himself answer that line of inquiry.

So what, in your words, is the derivation of the album title?

It comes from the title of a Thompson novel he never wrote. It's been decades since I read any of his stuff. When I set out to do an album, I came up with a backstory that's often very detailed, then I begin to develop the

sound I want and that's working in conjunction with the natural evolution of the band. It's pretty obvious to a sensitive kind of conductor like myself where the band is heading. Then it's like a pointillist painter. The album itself is like a pointillist canvas, but instead of thousands of dots, you have 10 or 12.

So were you trying to come up with what his book might've been about?

Well, I don't know what I was trying to come up with. That was the atmosphere I wanted, a kind of dark, obsessive atmosphere.

Was there ever any outline of what the plot of that book was supposed to be?

Well I have the backstory of what this album is. The backstory of the album oftentimes doesn't always appear in the lyrics or the album itself. In that backstory I come up with some psychological moment that I try to build the entire album around.

Well, I mean did you ever read anywhere about the existence of a plot or outline for it?

No no, it's entirely imaginary. Nothing to do with reality, him or anything. It's just where I started.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2 CMJ COLLEGE DAY 2006

A FULL DAY OF COLLEGE RADIO-ORIENTED PANELS, PERFORMANCES, EXHIBITORS AND SPECIAL EVENTS GIVE STATION REPS AND RADIO PROMOTERS A CHANCE TO MEET, MINGLE AND SHARE VALUABLE INFORMATION.

THE RATCHETS

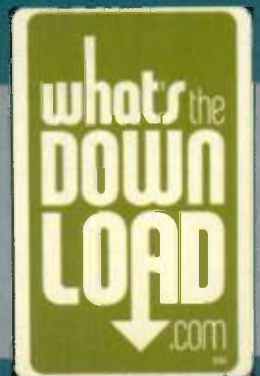


HIGHLIGHTS INCLUDE THE COLLEGE DAY BREAKFAST PRESENTED BY PIRATES PRESS RECORDS, THE MUSIC DIRECTORS' SUMMIT, AND THE SECOND ANNUAL COLLEGE RADIO AWARDS CEREMONY AT LINCOLN CENTER'S ALICE TULLY HALL.

COLLEGE DAY BREAKFAST

BROUGHT TO YOU BY PIRATES PRESS RECORDS

After days of non-stop music, films, panels, parties and networking you'll be SO ready to let Pirates Press treat you to coffee and snacks while you check out a performance by the Ratchets and the Lucky Stiffs, all at Tower Records, right next door to Lincoln Center. Visit Pirates Press at www.piratespressrecords.com. Find out more about the Ratchets at www.theratchets.com and the Lucky Stiffs at www.theluckystiffs.com.



CMJ06

MUSIC MARATHON NEW YORK CITY

LINCOLN CENTER • OCT 31 - NOV 4



Love Is All—you need!

LOVE IS ALL

“I’m not so scared of aging,” says Love Is All’s exuberant, sandy-blond 31-year-old singer Josephine Olausson, as she walks through Gothenburg, Sweden on her way to see *Strangers With Candy* (a film, ironically, also about a woman coming to terms with her age... sort of). “It’s a pain having to defend yourself ‘cause you’re 30. That’s something that really annoys me.” She tackles this confusion on her band’s debut, *Nine Times That Same Song* (What’s Your Rupture?), when she sings, “I keep the one I love in the freezer/If you wish, I’ll let you look and I’ll tease ‘er,” on “Ageing Had Never Been His Friend.” Reflecting on her lyrics, she says, “I guess the classic thing is to freeze people so that they don’t get old—like in the movies.” Similarly, Love Is All’s music seems frozen in time, mixing Olausson’s youthful Raincoats/Kleenex-inspired vocals

(the Slits’ “I Heard It Through The Grapevine” is her favorite 7-inch) with ultra-reverberated saxophones and guitar. To Olausson, her music is about confusion and coincidences, both: real and metaphysical; when the band had finished the album, they were confounded as to how they’d actually written and recorded it—for Love Is All, songs just “happen.” Partially because of their enthusiastic sound, but also because she and her bandmates look younger than they are, critics often misconstrue the members’ ages, prompting Olausson to post the following blog on MySpace: “p.s. don’t believe what anyone may write about us being young.” “They always want to have the next Arctic Monkeys or whatever,” she says. “So I think it’s nice to show people you can still have a nice time when you’re old.” >>>KORY GROW



Goodnight, And Good Rock (l to r): Loving's Colin Swinney, Zach Byrne, Andy Kavanaugh, Austin Dutmer and Andy Harris

THE GOODNIGHT LOVING

On the outskirts of the Great Lakes, in converted VFW halls, the next great American rock bands are playing their hearts out to boozing bar patrons who've got nothing to do but get lost in a riff and high on a hook. And just to be clear, that's American rock in the Feelies/Uncle Tupelo sense of the word, where blue-collar backgrounds collide with subcultural sensibilities for some potent rock 'n' roll. Milwaukee's the Goodnight Loving epitomizes this ragged glory on Cemetery Trails (Dusty Medical), largely because they're nestled far away from the industry pressure that pervades groups in coastal cities. "For the most part, a lot of bands here are pretty unpretentious. They're doing their own thing and not trying to ape anyone," says vocalist/guitarist Colin Swinney. "No one really cares what anyone dresses like," laughs fellow vocalist/guitarist Andy Kavanaugh. "And most of our friends, including us, have probably done so many incriminating, embarrassing things that I don't think anyone can afford to put themselves above anyone else." But whether they like it or not, the

Goodnight Loving is a cut above their peers who are parading around with blog endorsements and forced fashion cues. Album opener "A Dead Fish On The Banks" starts off with a deceptive alt-country twang before exploding into a blissful three minutes of driving pop that will blow the windows off your car. From there, the record flits frequently between super-charged proto-indie and foot-stomping barroom rootsiness, a dichotomy that serves their aspirations rather well; Swinney confesses that the best way for people to approach Trails is "probably getting stoned and listening to it by themselves." The band won't reveal much else, at least: beyond their ages (23-25) and their kinship as friends and neighbors. Their MySpace page, which essentially doubles as their website, is mostly sarcastic and aloof. "I don't like it when bands let you know everything about them," offers Kavanaugh. "Even on the record, for instance, I don't think we're gonna say really who wrote what songs or anything like that." Or as Swinney matter-of-factly puts it, "MySpace is dumb to begin with." >>>KENNY HERZOG



The Whitmore the less merrier: William Elliott brings banjo-backed sorrow to the hardcore scene.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT WHITMORE

Who says roots-rock can't be hardcore? While William Elliott Whitmore plays blues-inspired tunes of woe, you're more likely to see him on tour with his punk counterparts than at Bonnaroo. The Iowa native, who still calls the farm he grew up on home, was raised on his grandfather's blues records before discovering skateboard magazines and Minor Threat at age 16. "[It] became a different side to the blues coin," says Whitmore, while prepping for a gig in Newport, Wales. Having embraced the D.I.Y. spirit of punk, Whitmore sold CD-Rs of his music before being picked up by Southern Records. His latest, *Song Of The Blackbird*, is the third part of a trilogy he wrote about a 10-year period of his life that was rife with the loss of family

members and friends. "I tried to write in a universal way that everyone can hopefully understand, but it's very intensely personal," he concedes. "But I always intended it to be these three parts, three parts of the movement." And while a man with a banjo may take some hardcore crowds by surprise, the singer-songwriter has found a largely favorable response. "I think folks these days are pretty much ready for anything," he says. "And now it's kind of a cool, mixed audience. I get the old farmers with the big overalls standing next to the kid in the Misfits T-shirt. It's kind of a cool juxtaposition, and it's kind of bringing those two worlds together. It's nice to turn the punk kids on to something new the way I, as a country kid, got turned on to punk." >>> **AMANDA FARAH**



The importance of being Ernest: Favourite Sons fuse hooks with Hemingway.

FAVOURITE SONS

New York City's favorite sons are probably the Yankees. Vice Records' latest recruits, Favourite Sons, may be less macho, but they swoon with tunes that meld many of the traits Big Apple rock crowds go for: raw re-vamps of classic mid-'70s riffs, shifty moods and good-looking lads. Singer Ken Griffin, raised in Ireland, spent the '90s fronting UK whoosh-pop band Rollerskate Skinny. After their demise, he eventually ended up in NYC, where Sons guitarist Justin Tripp found him "lost and dying in a bar," according to the band's bio. "If ever I've regretted saying something," says Griffin, "it's that. [I wasn't] literally dying, I had just given up on music. And then I met these guys.... We felt we could either do the 150 gigs and all that or just record. I always find that funny because, ultimately, a record company is going to ask you to record something anyway, so I guess we sort of did it backwards." The end result is the band's self-titled debut. Swelling with dramatic hooks and Griffin's croon-to-howl, it's an album the Strokes should hope to make once they've endured a few more heartbreaks. As Griffin surmises, "I

don't have a problem approaching serious subjects. I'm not a boy. A lot of the record is about what it is to be a man—trying to balance your protective urges with your artistic ones. It's very Hemingway. I'm fishing for marlins here." At times, Griffin's voice shoots up like he's pulling in a 20-pounder. "Before, I wasn't very courageous with my voice, I'd hide it, layer it.... And I used to write lyrics [that were] lost in abstraction and metaphors. I think when you're young you think that's akin to intelligence, but as you get older you realize the power of a simple line." The intermittent vocal histrionics and pared down production let bare emotions bleed through. "I'm interested in the idea of male weaknesses, and it's tough to work out where your voice fits into that. On a very intrinsic level it's an odd thing, to be up there [singing] and everyone's looking at you. And they judge you. I don't feel particularly courageous, but, going back to that male thing, it gives me a chance for a challenge. It's that dilemma—is it manly to do these things? Does that even matter?" >>>ERIC DAVIDSON



Definitely Maybe the next big thing: The Kooks could crush Britpop's legacy.

THE KOOKS

When these barely legal boys from Brighton released their genre-defying debut, *Inside In/Inside Out* (Astralwerks), at home in England, they were instantly pegged as the new "It Band." In the short months since, their album has gone double platinum across the pond and they've not only landed on *NME*'s cover, but they've also already had to defend themselves within its pages against other artists deriding them as sellouts and copycats. It's no wonder those other bands are jealous; the Kooks' brash record—a tour of pop styles, from acoustic balladry to jangle rock to the wiry XTC homages that seem to have become Britain's most plentiful export—is exhilarating in its breadth and simplicity. "A lot of bands tend to look for a formula of how to make songs, then they stick at it and try to make loads of money out of it," says 21-year-old frontman Luke Pritchard. "We're kind of anti-that to the point [where] there are lots of different styles, lots of different ways of songwriting... We just really wanted to bring back a sense of real, good pop

music." Now they are poised to bring their cheeky singles (like the surprisingly charming "Jackie Big Tits") to America, trying where so many of their countrymen have failed. "We're not going to go over and try to be, like, the next big thing," says Pritchard. "We're just going to go and try to play as many shows as we can and try and connect with people more than anything." Though a recent article misquoted him as stating that his band could be bigger than the heyday of Britpop, the modest Pritchard (who bashfully asked a cabbie to change the station the first time he heard a Kooks song on the radio) does have faith that his band, as part of an exciting new class of young musicians, is making some remarkable music. "What we're all doing, as a generation, is much better than Britpop. I totally think that. I think albums like *Is This It* or *Up The Bracket* are far better records than (*What's The Story*) *Morning Glory?* or, I don't know, *Park Life*... And I feel part of a generation [with] a lot of people our age coming up, and it feels exciting." >>>REBECCA RABER



BOUND STEMS

Forward Bound: Success apparently does grow on trees for the Stems.

Everybody can recall those painfully dorky, pocket protector-loving high school history teachers. But imagine if that teacher was somebody like Bobby Gallivan of super-hyped Chicago indie-rockers Bound Stems. "I had kids wearing our T-shirts to class. It was a trip," Gallivan says, fondly remembering his days as a Chi-town educator. Buzz has seemingly followed the band from the very beginning, with praise rolling in from critics across the country, culminating with an *always-hallowed* *New York Times* write-up. At that point, the band decided to leave their day jobs and have just released their first full-length, *Appreciation Night* (Flameshovel). But despite a quick rush of critical success, they were sure to take their time with new material. "When we agreed to work with Flameshovel, we couldn't tour off the album right away because we all had jobs at the

time. The idea was to put out an EP first, so we went back into the studio, recorded an EP and sat on the album for another year or so and now it's seeing the light of day." The end result of their patience is a record that bounces between complex, Animal Collective-esque weirdness and Pavement-inspired grooves, with Gallivan's previous gig vividly affecting the lyrical and musical framework, and Chicago acting as the stage for various historical tales and journeys. "We have a couple songs based on my day at work," he admits. But ultimately, most of their gratitude currently goes to the label that ensured Gallivan could leave all that didactic stuff behind for a while. "Flameshovel actually was the first to respond," Gallivan says, "so it's pretty great that we get to put our record out with a label that was kind of there from the very beginning." >>>MATT PULLMAN

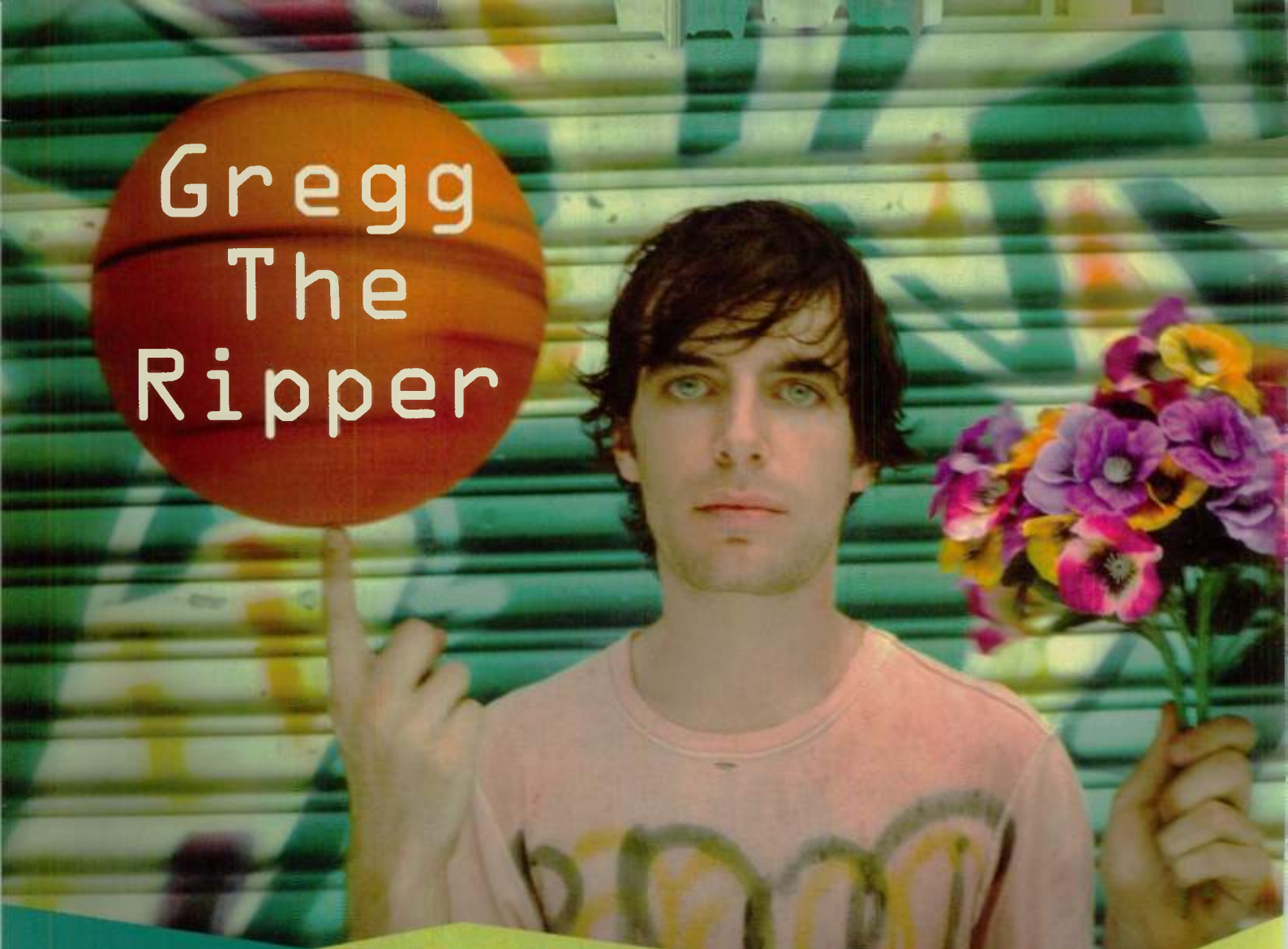


Lyrics born again: Stimulus is ready to unleash his *Scrabble*-friendly solo debut.

STIMULUS

Imagine being almost famous, but having a laundry list of exceptionally famous fans—from Damon Dash to Norah Jones. That's the curious Catch-22 that Brooklyn-bred MC Stimulus confronts with the launch of his solo debut, *King's County Tale* (Fontana), after five years of doing his thing with lauded funk/hip-hop performance troupe the Real Live Show. "It is strange at times," he concedes. "The respect of your peers is something you can't get unless you earn it on a musical level, regardless of where you stand in the business side of things. And on the business side of things, it can really burn you to say, 'What do I have to do to get on a level that these people around me are on?'" Besides, the affable and exceedingly keen wordsmith has bigger fish to fry, like overcoming attempts to pigeonhole his sound. *King's County* carries a mostly positive vibe, relying heavily on rhythmic percussion and groove over grittiness. It's a combination dangerously prone to the cumbersome

"conscious rap" categorization. "Sometimes I'm afraid about that. You'd just like people to approach your music with open arms," he says, before breaking into the hearty laugh that permeates most of the conversation. "I'd rather be called conscious than ignorant any day of the week." Far from the latter, Stimulus is engaging first and foremost for the same reason everyone from Slick Rick to Rakim once ruled listener's eardrums: *King's County* is a storyteller's record, a lyrical triumph that only further highlights the banality of most modern-day MCs' rhymes. "I always try to remind myself, when it comes to music, that pop means popular and things are popular for a reason," he responds with typical humility. "And sometimes when I hear stuff that's just really dumbed down, on a certain level, I can understand that as an art. There's a saying, I don't know where it's from, but there's a saying, 'The true genius is able to make the complex simple.'" >>>KENNY HERZOG



Gregg The Ripper

Hang The DJ: Gregg Gillis is redefining the art of the mix as Girl Talk.

Girl Talk's Pop Collage Pushes The Boundaries Of Genre And The Law

STORY BY REBECCA RABER/PHOTO BY ANDREW STRASSER

On a recent Friday night at New York City's Mercury Lounge—a venue where, all too often, dour rockers stare at their shoes during fuzzy guitar solos—the stage is strewn with glitter and overrun with pale girls in microshorts and guys with artfully disheveled hair. These skinny sophisticates, who are usually content to watch live music with arms folded, projecting an air of practiced nonchalance, are instead dropping it like it's hot with jiggly moves cribbed from rap videos and singing along with abandon. In the midst of all the bumping and grinding stands Gregg Gillis, the man behind the Girl Talk moniker. Dressed in a gray, three-piece suit, he fiddles with his Dell laptop and wipes his brow with his red tie.

"You guys got ripped off," he jokes to the crowd surrounding him. "Paying \$10 to watch a tard play a laptop." But the surging throng of spastic-yet-unselfconscious dancers obviously disagrees.

As you've probably already heard, Girl Talk's third album, *Night Ripper*,

released on the appropriately named Illegal Art label, has become the underground hit of the summer. Its sample-based, cut 'n' paste tracks perfectly capture the hedonism of the season and each contains the essential ingredients—thumping repetition of catchy, sped-up hooks and booty bass low-ends humming under singsongy choruses—for a perfect summer jam. Squeezing hundreds of recognizable samples by artists from James Taylor to Jay-Z (as well as countless more obscure ones) into 16 overstuffed, genre-melding tracks, Gillis has made a record that could, ostensibly, appeal to everyone. And since it's been nearly impossible of late to open a music magazine or blog without reading a breathless treatise on his not-a-mash-up mash-up record, it seems like it already has.

"I've been doing the Girl Talk thing since about 2000," says Gillis, "and with every album, you always push for it as much as possible and hope people listen to it, but now all of a sudden it seems like, you know, with a flip of the switch,

everyone started paying attention. And, yeah, it's absolutely everything I hoped for."

Those hopes of stardom were born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where Gillis joined his first band—the experimental noise group Joysticks—while still in high school. Before moving to Cleveland to attend Case Western University, he received his first laptop, which marked the beginning of his work as Girl Talk. Gillis was never a musician in the classical sense (though he did have a brief stint with the saxophone in the third grade and says that he now plays guitar in a side project called VIP Blowjob). His earliest music was made using tape manipulations and circuit bending, disassembling songs and destroying equipment. Once outfitted with the proper electronics, however, he began crafting sample-based tracks with his computer—but don't think that makes him a DJ.

"I own one turntable and I don't know how to beat-match records," Gillis says plainly. "I think that, traditionally, a DJ can spin records and mix them together, so in no way do I come from that scene at all. I think there are a lot of people making creative DJ music, and I don't want to take anything away from DJs... But it's just never been what I've done. [For me] it's always been sitting down and producing on a computer. Whenever a rap artist makes a sample-based track and raps over it, they don't say he's DJing someone else's music and rapping over it. They say, 'You produced that track with that sample.'"

Gillis quickly put his production skills to good use, crafting two albums of glitchy, beat-based electronica and releasing them as Girl Talk, a reference lifted from the seemingly unlikely source of early Soundgarden lyrics. But what distinguishes his most recent effort from Girl Talk's earlier records is its universal pop appeal. After all, how can you not be tickled by a song that has Nas spitting "Hate Me Now" rhymes over the Pixies' spacey cool "Where Is My Mind?" lick before crashing into the sticky sweetness of D4L's "Laffy Taffy" refrain and the anthemic Weezer guitar

solo from "Say It Ain't So"? This eagerness-to-please, Gillis explains, was born out of his performances.

"*Night Ripper's* kind of a product of my live show," he says. "I think even during the first record, whenever I was putting on a live show, I always felt the need for [it to be] fairly extravagant and entertaining. So even as far back as 2001, I used to have outfit changes and pyrotechnics and a synchronized dance squad and whatnot... The highlight was always the blatant sampling of more recognizable elements, so I think it just naturally transitioned to the point where it [became] just layering nonstop recognizable things... It's all just no filler anymore, just content."

The result is undeniably something new, the sum of which is arguably greater than its individual parts. No matter how much you love the breezy disco of the Emotions' "The Best Of My Love" or the southern rap of Purple Ribbon All-Stars' "Kryptonite," the melding of the two on "Bounce That" (which also includes samples from at least 10 other songs) makes for a stuttering, syrupy dance track whose quick edits and Aderal-deprived pulse sets it apart as a totally new musical entity.

But in an era where even Grokster-loving grandmothers are being sued for copyright infringement, Gillis, who thanks 164 artists in his liner notes but cleared none of the samples on his record, is treading dangerous ground.

"Legally, neither he nor Illegal Art should be releasing the album," says Ted Hammerman, an intellectual property attorney and the founder of Washington, DC-based Intermediary Copyright Royalty Services, which represents television producers and music production companies in copyright and transactional matters. "The reason is they are violating each author and composer's copyright in the work." Hammerman says that Gillis and his label are possibly opening themselves up to civil lawsuits that could result in being forced to pay damages to the artists and/or court-mandated injunctions against selling *Night Ripper*. Additionally, in the most severe instances, copyright-infringement cases can reach felony status and incur a prison sentence of up to five years, depending on how many copies have been sold and how much money the product has made (according to Title 18, Section 2319 of the US Code).

"[*Night Ripper*] is still an underground thing, but it makes us a little nervous," says Gillis. "But I mean, we're just hoping it doesn't come to that. I feel like I'm not really posing a threat to anyone... if anything, I think I'm promoting artists."

Gillis contends that he is making "fair use" of the samples by creating new music with them and says that he isn't hurting the original artists' sales potential.

"Fair use is a defense to infringement," says Hammerman. "It's a complex doctrine meant to allow certain valuable social purposes such as commentary or parody. Anyone trying to defend himself by blurring

out 'fair use' should ask himself why he is republishing what he is posting and why he couldn't have just rewritten it in [his] own words. Arguments like Gillis' for digital alterations, manipulation and re-contextualization intrigue me, but here's the bottom line: It's illegal to copy someone's work without permission."

"Copyright restricts artistic expression," counters Illegal Art Founder Philo T. Farnsworth (Farnsworth is a pseudonym, but the mysterious label owner will not divulge his real name). "The works we release deserve to be disseminated. We honestly believe that this is a legitimate artform that shouldn't be censored by corporate control over artistic practices."

So far, no lawsuits have been filed, perhaps because, even with the critical success he's achieved with *Night Ripper*, Gillis hasn't sold enough copies to warrant the attention. (Though sometimes all it takes is pissing off one major publisher, like EMI, who, in 2004, hit Danger Mouse with cease-and-desist orders after his release of the Beatles/Jay-Z mash-up *The*

"You would think, if it's sample-based music, that there'd be some political point or underlying message, but it's really not like that."

Grey Album.)

"It would take forever for each and every publisher linked to the tracks to settle and confirm the shares," says Jane Park, mechanical licensing manager at Spirit Music, which handles the publishing for artists like the Waitresses and Billy Squier, both of whom are sampled on *Night Ripper*. "In other words, it's way too much time and effort for an almost negligible piece of copyright that may never get settled. As publishers, we are more concerned with chasing unlicensed material with more lucrative weight."

Most interestingly, for an artist who seems to flaunt copyright laws and who records for such a provocatively titled label, Gillis feels that his music and his methods are defiantly apolitical.

"I'm not trying to make a point in any way," he says. "You know, you would think if it's sample-based music that there'd be some political point or underlying message, but it's really not like that. It's really just that this is the style of music, this is the instrument I've chosen and I've just really grown to love it."

But whether he embraces it or not, Gillis' music is as political as early punk, because there is something fundamentally equalizing about it. Anyone with a computer and a copy of Cool Edit has access to his production methods; his defiantly populist taste is inclusive enough to even incorporate samples of Paula Abdul into his music; and at his wild live performances there is literally no barrier between performer and audience. And that's just how he likes it.

"In the beginning I'm the center of attention," says a spent-looking Gillis after his New York show. "And by the end, I'm just swallowed up in the crowd."

AMERICAN Hardcore

HOW A MAJOR STUDIO BANKROLLED A MINOR THREAT OF A MOVIE, AND WHETHER IT'S JUST SCREAMING AT A WALL

STORY BY MATTHEW FIELD AND CMJ STAFF

THE AMERICAN DREAM

Ten years ago, few people would have envisioned Sony Pictures Classics picking up a film like *American Hardcore*, Paul Rachman's D.I.Y. documentary about the origins of American hardcore punk. It didn't look any more promising circa 2001, when Rachman and Steven Blush were pitching Blush's book, *American Hardcore: A Tribal History* (which was the source material and inspiration for the movie), to film-industry execs.

"They really didn't get it," Rachman recalls. "So we said, 'You know, we gotta make this movie the way these bands made their records.'" It was an ethical stance he and Blush had adopted by coming of age in the Boston and Washington, DC, hardcore scenes, respectively. In fact, Rachman got his start as a director by shooting Boston favorites Gang Green and Negative FX with a Super 8, while Blush promoted hardcore shows in DC, even losing his gig as station manager at George Washington University's WRGW radio after booking TSOL on campus.

The duo's histories with hardcore reinforced their drive to make a film that didn't just chronicle the bands they loved, but also traced the scene's trajectory and commented on its place in modern American history.

"It was really important to try and present a beginning," says Rachman. "Even myself, having been in the scene at the time, back in 1980 when I was like 18, I didn't know where it started. All I knew was that this stuff was happening." Key to that process was framing the hardcore scene within the political and social landscape of the early 1980s, a thematic strain that current audiences can no doubt relate to.

"Ronald Reagan, George W. Bush, neo-conservatives. It's a different time with different elements," says Rachman, "but still it's the same. It's a very similar

political climate."

Without studio backing, Rachman and Blush forged ahead anyway, conducting their first interviews in late 2001. But they quickly discovered that not everyone shared their enthusiasm.

"The people around me were like, 'What the fuck are you doing? Who's gonna see this movie? Who's gonna see this book?'" says Blush. "I was wondering when I wrote the book, do people care about the Necros and Die Kreuzen and Void and Negative Approach? I didn't know if people still gave a shit about it."

Clearly, the answer is yes. After five long years, *Hardcore* premiered this past January at the Sundance Film Festival, and even the elderly recognized its significance.

"We were sitting down in the back of the theater next to this 60-year-old couple," Rachman recalls. "And at the end of the screening we were heading up to the front of the theater to talk and the 60-year-old couple grabbed us and were like, 'That was incredible! I learned so much that I never knew about and it's so clear. I really know what my kids did!'"

It was at this point that Hollywood finally came calling. Sony Pictures Classics Co-President Tom Bernard confesses that the company's initial interest in the film stemmed from favorable DVD sales of 1998's *SLC Punk*, but he also believed that *Hardcore* was substantive enough to transcend its obscure subject matter.

"We felt that [*American Hardcore*] would speak to a large audience because it had the credibility that other [similar] films didn't," says Bernard, connecting the dots between the story of bands like Minor Threat and Black Flag and today's commercially viable punk scene. "Every generation has a moment. Then a new generation rediscovers it, identifies with it and incorporates it into their culture."



An early SS Decontrol show

Photo courtesy of Sony Pictures Classics Inc.

Of course, the current generation's screamo-crazed bastardization of hardcore has arguably diluted the scene's original passion and purpose, a point not lost on the filmmakers.

"It was very depressing to watch what happened over the past decade or two," says Blush. "Basically, there was this whole political agenda and social innovation that came with this culture. Yet in the end, all that really got accepted by [mainstream] culture was slam dancing and stage diving and grunting vocals." But that same cynical observation only further motivated the maverick duo to ensure that *Hardcore* saw the light of day.

"This is all about turning on new people," says Blush. "Of course we want to turn them on to the music, but also to let them know that this is more than music. That's the important part. This really was not just playing chords or showing up at a rock concert. This was a way of life." >>>MATTHEW FIELD
See Matthew's review of the film on the adjacent page.

FIVE OTHER Hardcore FLICKS, FOR BETTER OR WORSE

DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION (1981)
Maddeningly still-out-of-print masterpiece about the early L.A. punk days, featuring blistering performances from X and the Circle Jerks. Great interviews and footage of fucked up parties and pits. Funny and sad, but not quite as good as *Part II: The Metal Years*.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE FABULOUS STAINS (1981)
Never distributed well, never on video, never shown properly on TV (USA Network cut the ending and added a "happier" one), this amazing flick shows one of the more realistic-yet-surreal depictions of grubby, lonely punk tour life and is an almost frighteningly prescient vision of the rise of the riot grrrl movement. The tunes are great (Kurt Cobain once

planned to record a version of the soundtrack), and it features a cast of notable musicians (Steve Jones, Paul Cook, Paul Simonon, the Tubes) and future stars (Diane Lane, Laura Dern). Find a bootleg now!

REPO MAN (1984)
If you haven't seen this by now, please hand in your Black Flag CDs and go sit in your room for a while to think about what you've done. And you call yourself hardcore!

SUBURBIA (1984)
Decline director Penelope Spheeris got about \$1,800 from some now-undoubtedly unemployed studio head to make this meandering, fictional take on misfit teens. Pimp punk sit around and pretentiously blame

society for their broken skateboards. However, hilarious dialogue, cool get-ups and the severely weird, dilapidated suburban outer-spheres of L.A. burn through even the flattest scenes. And Flea is like 15 in it.

ANOTHER STATE OF MIND (1984)
This alternately inspiring and silly documentary follows a pre-crockabilly Social Distortion and pals Youth Brigade as they hit the road on an early D.I.Y. tour. The bands putter along in a shitty old school bus to half-baked gigs; Ian MacKaye talks punk shop while working at an ice cream stand; a skinhead dude explains mosh etiquette; Mike Ness checks his makeup in the mirror; and you get a primo primer on how tough it was to tour pre-cell phone.

>>>ERIC DAVIDSON



Corrosion Of Conformity, performing in their pre-stoner metal days. Photo: Skizz

A HARDCORE CRITICAL ANALYSIS

Toward the end of PBS' 1995 miniseries *Rock & Roll*, the timeline jumped lazily from the Sex Pistols to Nirvana, without so much as a peep about the hardcore bands in between that helped pave the road for Kurt Cobain and Co., an omission that aggravated Steven Blush, who subsequently scribed *American Hardcore: A Tribal History*. Shortly after it was published, Blush ran into friend and filmmaker Paul Rachman, and the two decided to turn Blush's tome into a movie.

American Hardcore the film provides a broader backdrop than its textual counterpart, tying its wide-ranging minutiae together to explain how and why hardcore happened. In adapting the book, Rachman and Blush quickly establish a political and social context: the ascension of the Reagan administration, coupled with a pop-cultural low tide and suburban teen disillusionment. Also unlike the book, in which Blush plays the role of omniscient narrator and commentator, those who were there tell the cinematic story—a smart decision that lends itself well to the big screen.

And while all those qualities give the picture a transcendent critical depth, scenesters will have plenty to salivate over, as the roll call of interviewees reads like a punk fan's wet dream: Henry Rollins, Ian MacKaye, HR of Bad Brains and Harley Flanagan of the Cro-Mags, among

many more, participate. But the real star of the film is the archival performance footage, which captures some superb Black Flag, Bad Brains and SS Decontrol shows, and unearthed gems like Minor Threat's first gig in a DC apartment.

Aesthetically, the film's look and approach stay true to the raw, D.I.Y. ethos of the music it covers: Rachman and Blush shot and edited all the interview footage themselves with no financial backing. There are no quick cuts, no flashy editing, no fancy graphics. The performance footage hasn't even been cleaned up and, in most cases, the original sound has been used. That's about as D.I.Y. as it gets.

If there are any flaws to speak of, one could make the case that time constraints forced most of the narrative focus on the major cities and players, and Rachman and Blush devolve into trivia as they attempt to pay lip service to those on the periphery.

But still, the most crucial element to *Hardcore's* success—and it is primarily a rousing one—is Rachman and Blush's devotion to chronological narrative. There is the first attempt of its kind to reign in and unite the histories of the various regional scenes that emerged in the early to mid-'80s. That, combined with the enthusiasm, directness and candor of the talking heads, is what makes its 90-

plus minutes so engaging for the uninitiated and informative for young punks. And in the end, it becomes more than a movie; it's a celluloid argument for this oft-glossed-over movement's place in the big picture of contemporary cultural anthropology. >>>MF

A hairless Henry Rollins goes for a stage dive.

Photo: Edward Colver



SICK OF IT ALL'S LOU KOLLER ON THE BEST POST-AMERICAN HARDCORE RECORDS

AGNOSTIC FRONT—VICTIM IN PAIN (1984)

"It came at a time when it seemed that the rest of the country was really down on the New York scene. *Pain* came out and it just shut everyone up. It showed that New York wasn't this fascist scene that they all thought it was, and it was still a powerful album without being, you know, metal. It took the raw elements of punk but it had totally its own style."

CRO-MAGS—AGE OF QUARREL (1986)

"That was a big one because they took what the Bad Brains were doing but with a more metal side. I think they showed hardcore that it could be heavy without being metal and that was very important."

QUICKSAND—SLIP (1993)

"I should have said this right before Snapcase because it kind of leads into [them]. After the Gorilla Biscuits, Walter [Schreifels] took his whole style in a new direction, and it ushered in a whole era of bands like Orange 9mm... so it's kind of like a big progression there."



SICK OF IT ALL—SCRATCH THE SURFACE (1994)

"I would say that *Scratch the Surface* was a very landmark hardcore album 'cause it did open doors for bands like Hatebreed and all of that. We opened doors by going on a major label and making the darkest, heaviest album we ever did."

SNAPCASE—PROGRESSION THROUGH UNLEARNING (1997)

"I think a lot of people talk about Refused, but what they seem to forget about was that all Refused ever wanted was to be Snapcase. And everybody forgets about *Progression Through Unlearning*. That record gave birth to a whole scene... Snapcase stood out for me because they held the hardcore traditional values of not wanting to be rock stars, but they took the music to another level and a whole new direction... I'm sure if you ask some of the bigger bands like Taking Back Sunday or whatever, somewhere along the line they're gonna say that *Progression* was one of their fucking inspirations."

>>>INTERVIEW BY KORY GROW

**AMERICAN HARDCORE:
SCENES FROM THE PIT**



Photos by Ted Baron, Edward Colver,
Fred Burger and Gail Butensky, and
courtesy of Sony Pictures Classics



Clockwise from top center: Black Flag, crowd surfer, Circle
Jerks, crowd shot, Articles Of Faith, *Hardcore* director Paul
Rachman and author Steven Blush



TILL THE SUN TURNS BLACK RAY LAMONTAGNE

IN STORES NOW



THE STUNNING FOLLOW-UP TO THE
GROUNDBREAKING DEBUT ALBUM "TROUBLE."
POISED TO BE ONE OF THE MOST
TALKED ABOUT RECORDS OF 2006.

FOR TOUR DATES AND INFO: WWW.RAYLAMONTAGNE.COM
PRODUCED, ENGINEERED & MIXED BY ETHAN JOHNS

CITIZEN COPE

EVERY WAKING MOMENT

THE NEW ALBUM FEATURING
"BACK TOGETHER" & "BROTHER LEE"



"Memphis-born Clarence Greenwood, aka Citizen Cope, delivers his most personal record yet on his third album, a diverse collection of grooves that is equal parts blues, folk, funk, and soul. Look out kids, we've got a hot one!" - *ROLLING STONE*

IN STORES NOW

FOR THE LATEST COPE MUSIC, NEWS, AND TOUR DATES, LOG ON TO:
WWW.CITIZENCOPE.COM & WWW.MYSPACE.COM/CITIZENCOPE



THE RETURN OF KASABIAN



Empire

"KASABIAN'S STURDIEST, HEADIESET MOMENT TO DATE." - NME

IN STORES NOW

ON TOUR NOW

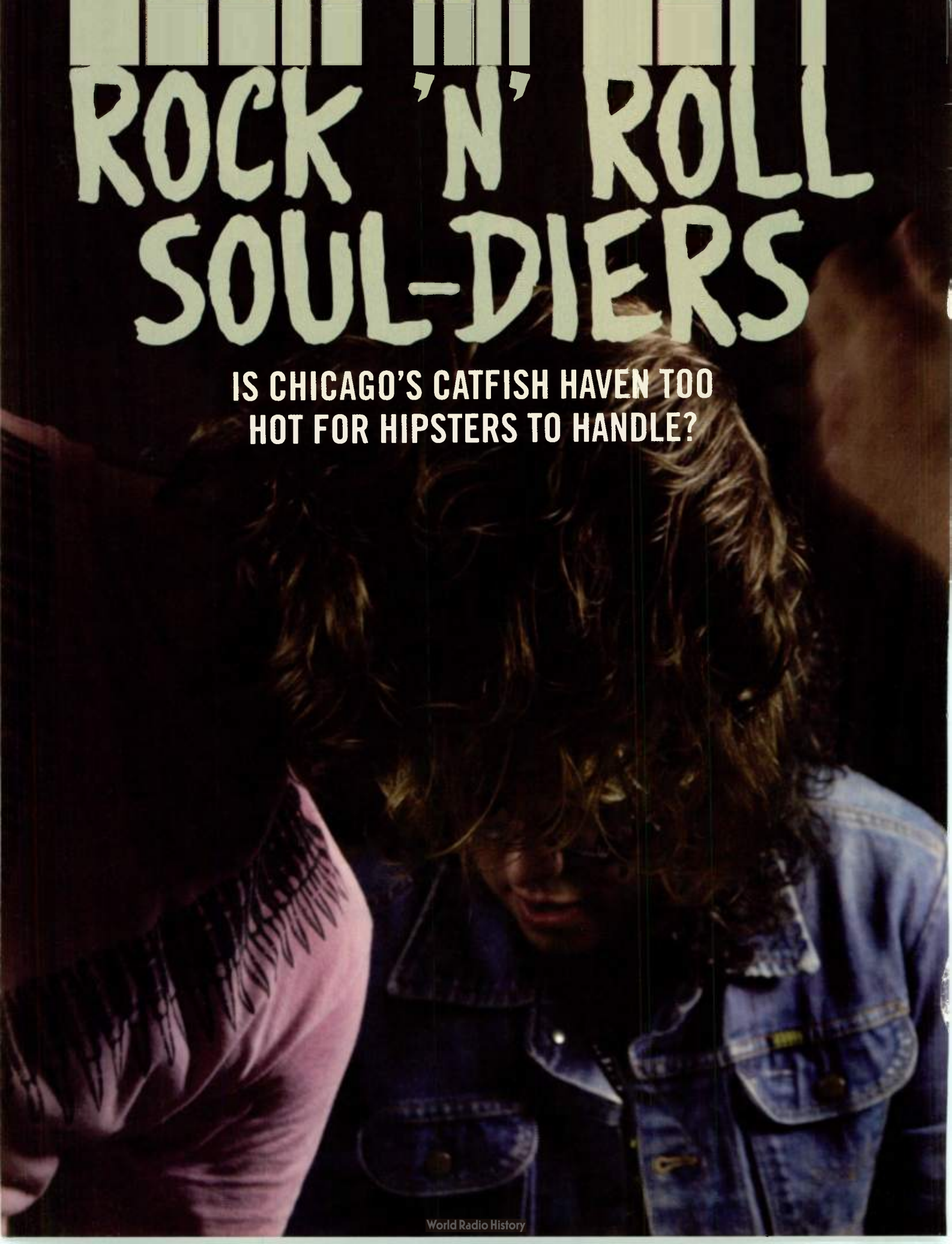
WWW.KASABIANCO.UK · WWW.MYSPACE.COM/KASABIAN · WWW.KASABIAN.COM

Produced by Jim Abbiss & Kasabian
Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 11 Mixed by Andy Wallace
Tracks 6, 8, 9, 10 Mixed by Barry



ROCK 'N' ROLL SOUL-DIERS

IS CHICAGO'S CATFISH HAVEN TOO
HOT FOR HIPSTERS TO HANDLE?





STORY BY KENNY HERZOG // PHOTOS BY CALEB CONDIT

If the college music community handed out Rookie Of The Year awards, Catfish Haven would be the arguable frontrunner. While it's been a phenomenal several months for previously burgeoning artists, not many newbies can match the trio's purity and passion. Since January, they've come blistering out of the studio gates with an EP and full-length's (*Please Come Back* and *Tell Me*, respectively, both via Secretly Canadian) worth of rousing rock 'n' soul that can best be described as a madcap musical meeting between Otis Redding and a *Niggers* box

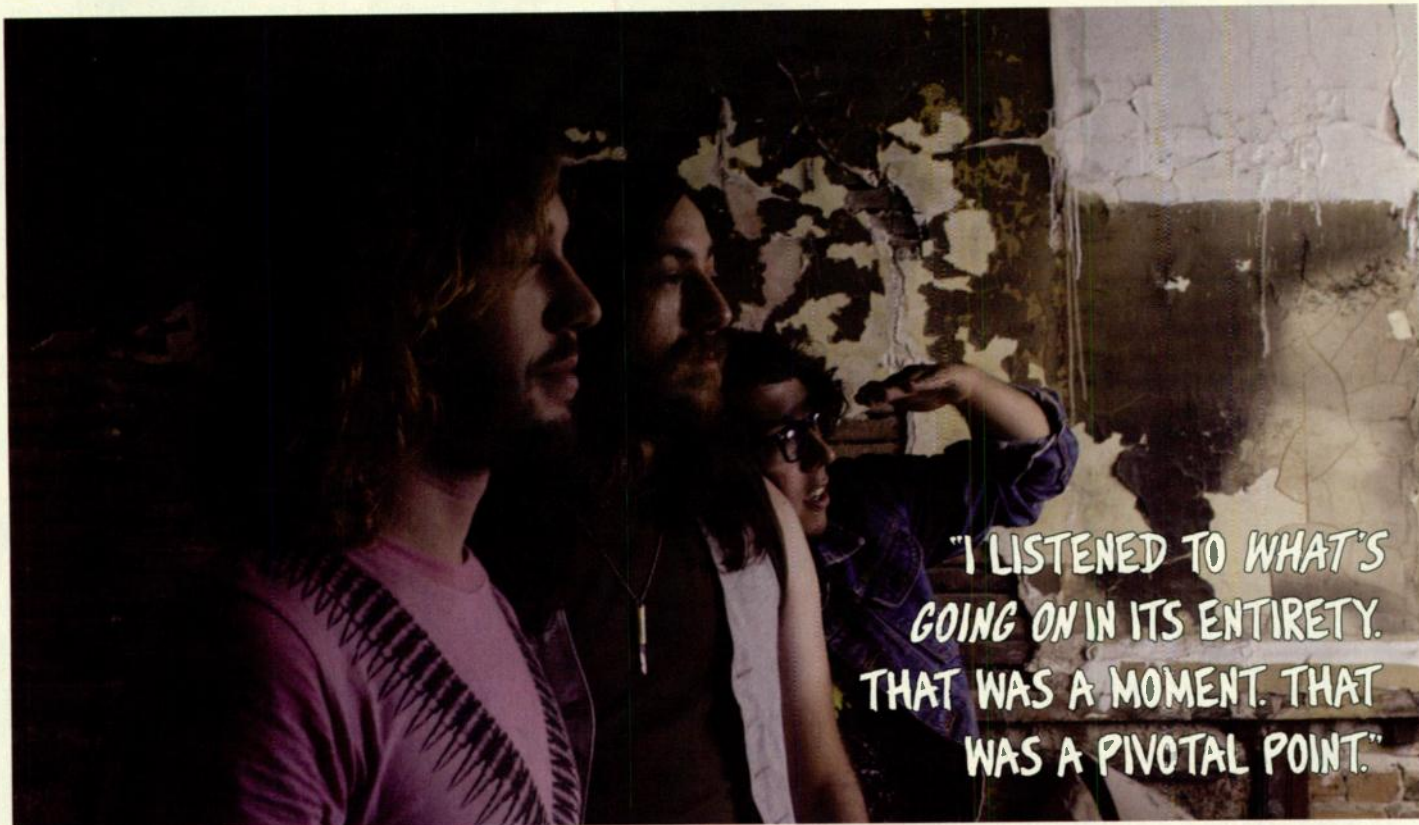
set. Or, to think about it another way, imagine John Fogerty fronting the world's fiercest garage-rock trio. But in today's wink-wink, post-this-and-that climate, their duplicitous punch could be their downfall. If only they seemed to care about such things.

"I guess it's just nice, hard-hitting, honest rock 'n' roll in its purest form," says singer and guitarist George Hunter, who's huddled around a speaker phone with bassist Miguel Castillo and drummer Ryan Faraham at Castillo's Chicago home. "We have influences that come from all over the map, for sure. I'm a huge fan of

just melody, harmony and just beautiful songwriting."

And therein lies the group's dilemma. Signed to an of-the-moment indie and having toured with the likes of the Pink Mountaintops and the Hold Steady, they are being marketed toward an audience that might sneer at the scent of authentic blues and soul, or misconstrue *Tell Me* as some kind of alien jam-band record.

"To be honest, a lot of the groups and artists I get inspiration from are from the past, that's for sure," Hunter concedes. "But I definitely don't think we're



a kind of retro-rock band or anything like that. There are certain things we definitely try to evoke in our music, as far as just like the passion and just all around keeping the groove and keeping it very consistent. We know what we're good at and we try to stick to that and push it as much as we can."

SCHOOLING FISH

It may come as a surprise to the band's detractors that Hunter, Castillo and Farnham were learning their first licks from punk and alt-rock icons like Minor Threat and the Pixies before seeing the bigger picture of rock's lexicon. It's a trajectory awfully reminiscent of now-fabled, once-misunderstood indie bands like the Minutemen, and it all centers on an almost embarrassingly earnest feeling of family and forthrightness, bred from humble beginnings. The band's very name, in fact, was inspired by the Missouri trailer park where Hunter grew up, before moving to suburban Chicago and hooking up with Castillo and Farnham.

"That's just kind of how we've always approached it, man," says Hunter, agreeing with the parallel with Mike Watt and Co. "We've been a band from day one, and we've just grown into pretty much brothers at this point. We try to give it 110 percent. Everyone's in it all the way, you know? Even if someone's slacking, someone's there to pick up someone's slack. It works out. You learn a lot about yourself and the people and all that shit, man. We haven't come to fisticuffs yet or anything like that."

After punk paved the way for the trio's musical bonding, they discovered decades worth of rock 'n' roll in Hunter's dad's record collection, cementing their fusion of old and new, borrowed and true.

Catfish's first record, the self-released *Good Friends* EP, still holds up as a promising collection of alt-country jams, but Hunter's Joe Cocker rasp and

Castillo and Farnham's rollicking rhythm section had yet to find its collective voice as an unstoppable garage-soul trio. But for their Secretly Canadian debut, *Please Come Back*, the formula finally melded.

"It was between the first and second EP that I was kind of blown away by a lot of R&B and soul," says Hunter, adding that he was a young kid on a Neutral Milk Hotel jones around the time of *Good Friends*. "I started just discovering a lot of the oldies. And I mean oldies in the best possible sense. I really discovered Sam Cooke. I think the turning point was when I listened to [Marvin Gaye's] *What's Going On* in its entirety. That was a moment, that was a pivotal point, I think. That's where I realized that I can listen to a million Beatles songs that sound perfect on record, but do any of those songs make me feel the same thing that 'Mercy, Mercy Me' makes me feel? It became a little more spiritual. I know a lot of times R&B goes hand in hand with gospel and all that shit, but I don't know, music is probably as close to religion as I get today."

And after hitting the road in support of the buzzed-about *Please Come Back*, Catfish jumped right back in the water for *Tell Me*, a fiery tour de force that polished up the dirty edges a bit while emboldening their strongest assets, notably Hunter's vocals.

"I was pushing it a lot more," Hunter says of his heartier wail. "I just kind of felt I needed to give it my all. And at the same time I was just learning more about my voice, kinda pushing the boundaries and seeing how far I could take it. I mean, I'm still not done. I think I'm still finding my voice."

LIVE BAIT

If *Tell Me* is too confusing for those fed on a diet of disaffected dance and other by-the-numbers indie fodder, the live stage is where Catfish will hopefully

wow audiences.

"It's always a lot more fun playing in front of a packed house instead of just a bunch of microphones set up in a room, with us all looking at each other with headphones on and stuff," Hunter says.

For that matter, the three-piece is finally prepared to expand as the boys head out for more heavy-duty touring.

"We're going to play with a nine-piece for the first time, so we'll see how that goes," says Farnham, excitedly. (Hunter doesn't just do most of the songwriting, but most of the spokesman work as well.) "Even just tours with the Pink Mountaintops and having a few of them come up and play with us, they kind of taught us that it can still feel right to have other people up there with us. We've tried in the past to have guitar players and keyboard players with us, but I don't know, it's never felt right up till now."

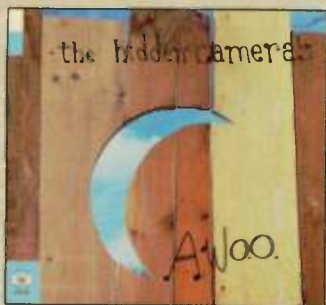
And who knows? Along with likeminded peers, Catfish could help start a movement back toward rock's vaults, where an honest groove was something to shake your hips to, not turn your nose up at.

"We respect what every band's doing, for sure," offers Farnham. "In bands like the Bellrays and My Morning Jacket and just rootsy-based rock bands, it's like fucking 40 years ago all over again. Everyone's just kind of doing their thing. It's great that people are looking back. A lot of that stuff is just so timeless; it had such an impact and there's a reason why."

And while Hunter does acknowledge that "image has really taken over a lot, which is why it seems that dance-punk bands can become an overnight success because they have a fuckin' hairdo," he adds that the most important thing driving Catfish, and maybe what ultimately makes the trio not only so vital-sounding, but vital-feeling, is the quest to "maintain our integrity and fuckin' rock."

the hidden cameras

Awoo



IN STORES **SEPTEMBER 19**

Flamboyant orchestral pop doesn't get any better than this...The Hidden Cameras combine joyful ballads and dazzling rock 'n roll tunes on their third album, *AWOO*.



arts-crafts.ca arts & crafts thehiddencameras.com

ON TOUR:

- Nov 14 Cambridge, MA. Middle East Upstairs.
- Nov 15 New York, NY. Bowery Ballroom.
- Nov 16 Salisbury, MD. Salisbury University.
- Nov 17 Baltimore, MD. Sonar.
- Nov 18 Atlanta, GA. The Earl.
- Nov 19 Birmingham, AL. Bottletree.
- Nov 21 Houston, TX. Mink.
- Nov 22 Austin, TX. Emos Jr.
- Nov 23 Dallas, TX. Gypsy Tea Room.
- Nov 25 Tucson, AZ. Plush.
- Nov 27 San Diego, CA. Casbah.
- Nov 28 Los Angeles, CA. Echo Plex.
- Nov 29 San Francisco, CA. The Independent.
- Dec 01 Portland, OR. Doug Fir Lounge.
- Dec 02 Seattle, WA. Husky Union Auditorium / U of Wash.
- Dec 09 Minneapolis, MN. Triple Rock Club.
- Dec 12 Cleveland Heights, OH. Grog Shop.

Visit arts-crafts.ca for more dates.

THE DEARS

GANG OF LOSERS

"*Gang of Losers* pulses with the energy of a band playing together in the studio, and for the first time in the group's history, The Dears have reached a place where the band's collaborative dynamic can emerge." *UTR (Summer 2006)*

The U.S. album includes three exclusive bonus tracks:

- The Highest
- Whites Only Party (Home Demo)
- There Goes My Outfit (Acoustic Version)

ON TOUR:

- Oct 4 Los Angeles, CA. The Troubadour.
- Oct 5 San Francisco, CA. LIVE 105 "Pop Scene."



IN STORES **OCTOBER 3**

Visit arts-crafts.ca for more dates.

World Radio History



BEST LINE UP MUSIC

RIYL = RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



HOWIE BECK

Howie Beck Ever

With all the ham-fisted, finger-plucking, genteel-voiced singer-songwriters pretending they can hold a candle to anyone from Tim Buckley to Elliott Smith, a record like *Howie Beck* is almost bulldozing in its beautiful quietude. Yes, it's got the proper pedigree for indie success, thanks to guest spots from the lovely Feist, fiercely underrated Ed Harcourt and Nada Surf's Matthew Caws. (And isn't still a bit weird to think Nada Surf is now lending *other* artists credibility?) But it also tucks you immediately into its breezy atmosphere with a subtle sophistication that actually falls gracefully between the aforementioned Smith and elder Buckley. While Beck's tuneful hush recalls the former, tragically depart-

ed folk-poet, the record's nuances—everything from synths to chimes and slight tropicalia influences flourish the background of Beck's largely acoustic palette—bring to mind the latter, and equally tragically departed, icon. And on songs like "Don't Be Afraid," Beck pulls off the always-nifty trick of surrounding less-than-sunshiney lyrics ("Don't be afraid if you're all fucked up/Everybody knows you'll get through somehow") with a bouncy melody and happy-seeming soundtrack, a trick oft-used by R.E.M. during their I.R.S. years. Beck is, in the end, a classic example of how you don't need to reinvent the wheel, so long as you're steering a ride worth taking. >>> KENNY HERZOG

LINK www.howiebeck.com

FILE UNDER Such A Perfect Howie Day

RIYL Elliott Smith, Tim Buckley, Big Star



FIELDS

7 From The Village Black Lab

Given the continued influx of like-minded indie musicians flooding an already bloated marketplace, a band that's difficult to place indiscriminately alongside the rest is more than welcome. British-bred Fields, thanks to their outstanding seven-song EP, *7 From The Village*, appear to be that band—at least for the moment. With a sound that can best be described as pastoral pop, Fields fill their songs with ambient blips of electronic noise, sun-soaked harmonies contributed by no less than four of the five bandmates and keyboards so fidgety they should be on Ritalin. All of this is undercut by ubiquitous, rolling acoustic

guitars—both strummed and picked—creating a sound that is reminiscent of both Sigur Rós and *Isn't Anything*-era My Bloody Valentine. "Song For The Fields" is the band at their finest, stacking vocal tracks, strings and keys on top of each other until the song memorably collapses in on itself. The group's penchant for pop doesn't get lost amidst the layering however: Standout track "Brittlesticks" is catchier than bird flu. So are Fields shoegaze? Dream-pop? Freak-folk? None of the above. Wait, all of the above. Fuck it. If you like good music, this is for you. >>> KEVIN KAMPWIRTH

LINK www.fieldsband.com

FILE UNDER Thrilling Me Softly

RIYL Boards Of Canada, Animal Collective, CSNY



MAGNOLIA ELECTRIC CO.

Fading Trails Secretly Canadian

Near the end of *Fading Trails*' first song, "Don't Fade On Me"—sort of a plodding, ragged "Don't Let Me Down" for the all-country set—Magnolia Electric Co. main man Jason Molina sings, "I thought that no one lived for nothing now/Even Christ stayed until he had run out of doubt." The song, about a world gone awry and Molina's one anchor detaching from him, seems ordinary until he reaches those two stanzas in the bridge. Although desperation has defined Molina's music since his Songs: Ohia days, "Don't Fade On Me" finds him hitting rock bottom. By questioning Jesus' humanness and what he views as society's current state of apathy, Molina has crossed a

threshold few country-ish rockers other than Neil Young and possibly Will Oldham have trodden. The rest of *Fading Trails* follows suit, with pounding songs about moving to Montgomery, lamenting haunted valleys, surrendering to faded horizons and bargaining with the devil. And although he doesn't possess Young's songcraft, the wordplay of Warren Zevon (whom he also echoes) or Oldham's self-righteous conviction, Molina radiates a zeal that most similar artists have lost by this point in their careers (well, until Young recently awoke with *Living With War*), which makes this album somewhat of a triumph. Fans should hope Molina never loses doubt. >>>KORY GROW

LINK www.magnoliaelectricco.com

FILE UNDER Unhappy Trails

RIYL Bonnie "Prince" Billy, Neil Young, Warren Zevon



MOUSE ON MARS

Varcharz Ipecac

With *Varcharz*, Düsseldorf's dorkmeister duo has created possibly the most danceable IDM record in ages. Rather than clusterfucking beats into deepest, darkest oblivion, each song has a steady four-on-the-floor rhythm that actually allows Jan St. Werner and Andi Toma to emphasize harmony and melody. And despite being on Mike Patton's mostly post-metal and spazzcore label, and the fact that Werner and Toma originally met at a death-metal concert more than a decade ago, this is their most hummable album to date. As much as songs like "Skik" and "Hi Fienilin" push the

boundaries of electronica and experimentation, "Inocular" rocks harder than any of their previous, more krautrock-inspired numbers. That said, each song still contains the space and wonder that made MOM likeable in the first place. They achieve their *coup de grâce* with "Ratphase," which meanders between bouncy, fucked up poly-rhythms that change tempo without notice and art-rocky synth interludes. And they were smart to include it at the end, because after everything that precedes it, it's nice to sit back and actually think about the music. >>>KG

LINK www.mouseonmars.com

FILE UNDER Music For Space Stations

RIYL Fennesz, Kid 606, Brian Eno

OSTINATO

Chasing The Form Exile On Mainstream



MEW

ON TOP OF OUR GAME



XIU XIU



SPARKLEHORSE



TV ON THE RADIO



THE MARS VOLTA

Be on the lookout for select albums that you may or may not have heard of at some of the nation's best indie record stores. CMJ provides fun tidbits and info on the albums while they're at your fingertips. Next time you stop by one of the locations below, check out what's up with the following artists:

Xiu Xiu
 Sparklehorse
 TV On The Radio
 The Mars Volta
 The Roots
 Yo La Tengo
 Ray LaMontagne
 The Album Leaf
 Ben Kweller
 Brazilian Girls
 Unearth
 The Zutons
 Mountain Goats
 Citizen Cope
 Kasabian
 and more!

Atomic Records
 1813 E. Locust St.
 Milwaukee, WI 53211

Boo Boo Records
 978 Monterey St.
 San Luis Obispo, CA 93401
 1800 Grand Ave. Suite 0
 Grover Beach, CA 93433

CD Central
 377 S. Limestone St.
 Lexington, KY 40508

Criminal Records
 466 Moreland Ave. NE
 Atlanta, GA 30307

Culture Clash
 3301 W. Central Ave. #9E
 Toledo, OH 43606

Fingerprints
 4612 B E. 2nd St.
 Long Beach, CA 90803

Good Records
 617 N. Good Latimer Expy
 Dallas, TX 75204

Graywhale CD Exchange
 248 S. 1300 E
 Salt Lake City, UT 84102

256 E. 12300 S
 Draper, UT 84020
 4300 Harrison #7
 Ogden, UT 84403

3843 W. 5400 S Suite D
 Kearns, UT 84118

1010 N. Main
 Logan, UT 84341

1763 W. 4700 S
 Taylorsville, UT 84118

852 W. Hillfield Rd. Suite C
 Layton, UT 84041

Grimey's
 1604 8th Ave. S
 Nashville, TN 37203

Homer's Music And Gifts
 1114 Howard St.
 Omaha, NE 68102

530 N. Saddle Creek Rd.
 Omaha, NE 68132

2457 S. 132 St.
 Omaha, NE 68144

1015 Galvin Rd. S
 Bellevue, NE 68005

126 N. 14th St.
 Lincoln, NE 68508

1228 N. 27th
 Lincoln, NE 68502

6105 O St.
 Lincoln, NE 68510

Independent Records And Video
 3030 E. Platte Ave.
 Colorado Springs, CO 80909

420 W. 4th St.
 Pueblo, CO 81003

123 E. Bijou St.
 Colorado Springs, CO 80903

5680 Hwy 85/87
 Fountain, CO 80906

3040 W. Colorado
 Colorado Springs, CO 80904

937 E. Colfax Ave.
 Denver, CO 80218

Looney Tunes
 31 Brookvale Ave.
 West Babylon, NY 11704

Music Millennium
 3158 E. Burnside
 Portland, OR 97214

801 NW 23rd
 Portland, OR 97210

Park Avenue CDs
 2916 Corrine Drive
 Orlando, FL 32803

#102A UCF Union
 Orlando, FL 32816

Record Emporium
 3346 N. Paulina Ave.
 Chicago, IL 60657

The Record Exchange
 1105 W. Idaho St.
 Boise, ID 83702

Rock-A-Billy's New And Used CDs
 8411 Hall Rd.
 Utica, MI 48317

Sea Level Records
 1716 W. Sunset Blvd.
 Los Angeles, CA 90026

Shake It!
 4156 Hamilton Ave.
 Cincinnati, OH 45223

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

2209 NW Market St.
 Seattle, WA 98107

514 15th Ave. E
 Seattle, WA 98112

Twist And Shout
 300 E. Alameda Ave.
 Denver, CO 80209

Waterloo Records And Video
 600-A North Lamar Blvd.
 Austin, TX 78703

And more!

REVIEWS

ADEM

Love And Other Planets Domino



Listeners who devoted some time to *Homesongs*, the 2004 solo debut from Fridge member Adem Ilhan, came away feeling like

they unearthed a diamond in the rough: a spare and affecting work whose lo-fi construction belied a vastness and attention to detail that would have done Pink Floyd proud. *Love And Other Planets* doesn't vary greatly, and while it may not necessarily improve on the mark set by *Homesongs*, it's another gem. Ilhan's voice bears a striking resemblance to Chris Martin's, and though the comparison may be an unwelcome one, Adem's elegant songs seem to aspire to emotional peaks comparable to those scaled by Coldplay. As the album's title suggests, love is a predominant theme here, but Ilhan is celebratory rather than mournful, and his kitchen-sink instrumental approach (glockenspiel, thumb piano, accordion, handclaps-as-rhythm-section) builds an intricate, miniature frame for his celestial-sized themes. Though it falls under the "folk" rubric, *Love* is a headphones album; Adem's estimable magic is in the minutest details. >>>MICHAEL PATRICK NELSON

Link www.adem.tv

File Under Star-crossed love songs

RIYL Shugo Tokumaru, Neutral Milk, Nick Drake

ARLING & CAMERON

Hi-Fi Underground Challenge



Taking a break from house and kitsch music, Arling & Cameron dive into electro-pop on their fourth release. If the

Dutch duo wanted listeners to "get naked [and] shake it" as requested in the opener, they should've created faster beats. Perhaps the lo-fi video on their website is meant to be an instructional dance clip for the song "Shake It." Otherwise, the high-energy first half of *Underground* is worthy of a secret level in *Super Mario World*. Maybe their next venture should be videogame soundtracks, since they've already tackled television shows and commercials (with *The Sopranos*, Gap and Audi topping the list). From there, they drop the electronics and shift toward softer, less danceable beats. Compared to the deep and raspy vocals on tracks like "I Don't Need It" and "Open," "Change" comes off as jarringly calm and soothing—ditto for the instrumental closing track, "Slow Food." Overall, *Underground* is like a night at the club: First the tracks make people dance their hearts out, but at some point the fun must crawl to an end. >>>JESSEKA KADYLAKE

Link www.arlingandcameron.com

File Under Electro-cash-in

RIYL Goldfrapp, Imogen Heap, Car ads

JOSEPH ARTHUR

Nuclear Daydream Lonely Astronaut



Joseph Arthur's 2004 release, *Our Shadows Will Remain*, marked a career high for the NYC-based singer-songwriter—the

album's soaring sonic grandeur fulfilled potential only hinted at on the artist's prior efforts. After such a triumph, it's easy to view *Nuclear Daydream*, Arthur's fifth full-length (and first for his own Lonely Astronaut label), as something of a regression. Where *Shadows* was jagged and intense, *Daydream* feels safe and soft. But that doesn't make the album any less worthwhile. Featuring some of Arthur's strongest songwriting to date, *Daydream* is easily Arthur's most consistent collection—there are none of the mid-album lulls that weighed down prior releases—and arguably his most beautiful. Arthur has not backed away from Big Issue lyrical themes, but he delivers his heavy messages in memorable melodies and captivating arrangements that can seem simple but reveal layers and depths on repeated listens. While it may be a slight step backward, Arthur makes every inch of his journey an important one. >>>MPN

Link www.josepharthur.com

File Under Grown-up symphonies to God

RIYL Spiritualized, Neil Young, Flaming Lips

BOBBY BARE JR.'S YOUNG CRIMINALS STARVATION LEAGUE



The Longest Meow Bloodshot
The 11 tracks on *The Longest Meow* were recorded by an

11-piece band in 11 consecutive hours. If that sounds odd, consider the frontman: the charismatic, beer guzzling offspring of country music icon Bobby Bare, who secured a Grammy nomination for his (then) 5-year-old son with the father-son duet "Daddy What If?" Bobby Jr. has been part of the Nashville circuit since he was a toddler, and *Meow* mixes southern-fried rock with all the ragged immediacy of a marathon recording session. The result is a virtual drive through the American heartland, with members of My Morning Jacket riding shotgun and a cracked-voiced Bare Jr. behind the wheel. The singer covers the Pixies' "Where Is My Mind?" with coffeehouse guitar strums, gets passionately unintelligible during "Uh Wuh Oh" and creates a miniature opus of reverb and distortion on "The Gun Show." The bar-band orchestration sounds nice and big, just like an 11-piece should, and *The Longest Meow* roars from start to finish. >>>ANDREW LEAHY

Link www.bobbybarejr.com

File Under This one goes to 11

RIYL Drive-By Truckers, My Morning Jacket, Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers

THE JONBENÉT

UGLY / HEARTLESS

IN STORES NOW



WWW.THEJONBENET.COM
WWW.PLUTORECORDS.COM



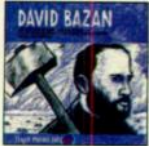
IN STORES 9/26/06

WWW.IMPERIALROCK.COM
WWW.PLUTORECORDS.COM



DAVID BAZAN

Fewer Moving Parts Eat My Flesh, Drink My Blood



No one has ever questioned David Bazan's preternatural abilities as a songwriter, especially Bazan; dude's got a legion of followers,

yet he may be his own biggest fan. With his first foray into solo territory, Bazan is out to prove that he does not need any Pedro The Lions or Headphones to foist his ersatz-Christian ruminations onto anyone willing to listen. The disc, although containing 10 tracks, is essentially a five-song EP, with each of the five tunes given both full-band and acoustic treatment. At the very least, it's comforting to hear that Bazan's ear for melody is as sharp as ever on the fleshed-out versions (on which he plays every instrument himself), but the most telling moment on the album comes on "Fewer Broken Pieces" when he sings, "I still run the show/Don't you forget it." As always, Bazan has some intriguing things to say, we just don't need to hear them twice in one sitting. >>>KEVIN KAMPWIRTH

Link www.davidbazan.com

File Under Bazanadu

RYL Vic Chesnutt, John Prine, Surfan Stevens

DAN BERN

Breathe Messenger



Raised in the rural Midwest by Eastern European parents, folkster Dan Bern learned to immerse himself in Americana

while writing about it with an outsider's eye. *Breathe* finds the songwriter assuming the roles of multiple characters, from the aimless artist in "Trudy" to the title track's alcoholic wannabe Messiah. "I walked on water and—ok—sank/Turned wine into whiskey and drank, drank, drank," Bern jokes in a Dylan-esque croon, neither critical nor condoning of the song's preachy boozehound. He simply presents *Breathe's* folk-rock stories like an unbiased narrator, with swells of background harmonies and tangled guitars backing these tales of depression, manhood and dusty love. Once a Dylan disciple, he now mixes the traditional guitar 'n' harmonica combo with a full band, a mini-choir, pop smarts and—perhaps Bern's biggest strength—a humorous and often sardonic slant to his storytelling. *Breathe* is an updated version of his purer folk roots, proving his tales are still worth telling. >>>AL

Link www.danbern.com

File Under Slow-Berning folk

RYL Loudon Wainwright III, John Hiatt, post-'66 Dylan

CHANNELS

Waiting For The Next End Of The World



Dischord

"It's tricky to relax when you're bracing for impact," warns J. Robbins on *Waiting For The Next End's* kickoff track, "To

The New Mandarins." Drums rumble like tectonic plates, guitars chime in uneasy unison and Channels' apocalyptic worries are made clear before the first minute passes. It's the kind of frenzied intensity that's impossible to sustain over a 12-track album, but these indie veterans (including members of Jawbox and Kerosene 454) don't mind if their album is top-heavy. They just want to warn us about dangerous neighborhoods, soulless workforces and how "little empires rise and fall." The trio succeeds, too, as an anxious feeling arises from this Baltimore adaptation of early '90s alt-noise. The co-ed harmonies in "Unreal Estate" recall Alice In Chains, and Janet Morgan's bass sounds wider and murkier than the Wishkah River. If you prefer your armageddon with a side of guitar distortion, there's no need to change this channel. >>>AL

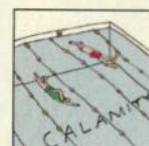
Link www.channelsband.com

File Under It's The End Of The World As They Know It

RYL Jesus Lizard, XTC, Jawbox

THE CURTAINS

Calamity Asthmatic Kitty



Before Chris Cohen became a jarring force as Deerhoof's guitarist, he recorded with an earlier incarnation of the Curtains. Post-

'Hoof, Cohen has gone all Robert Pollard and reformed the band with entirely new players, while retaining the name. Plus, Cohen's delicate voice and non-sequitur-soaked pieces like "The 1,000th Face" and "Tornado Traveler's Fear" bear more than a passing similarity to Pollard's. Even without his Deerhoof bandmates, Cohen still apes *White Album*-era George Harrison hooks and inserts avant-jazz overtones. Liner notes say *Calamity* is primarily a solo affair, but Yasi Perera (Syrinx) adds vocals for the psychedelia oddity of "Invisible String," chamber-pop specialist Nedelle contributes harmonies to sweeten the mix and Half-Handed Cloud's John Ringhofer layers tracks like "Spinning Top" with trombone. "I would like to try," Cohen sings on "Old Scott Rd," "Because the magic's turned to brown/I will turn it back around." He doesn't need to elaborate on how or why, because the language of *Calamity's* instrumentation does the talking for him. >>>REED FISCHER

Link curtains.suchfun.net

File Under Secret Window dressings

RYL Deerhoof, Tortoise, Guided By Voices

Michael Nace
AND
THE NACE FAMILY
present

The Good Work of the Dead

...a voyage into a fresh, unmarked genre of music.
A masterwork of music that crosses over the
boundaries of folk, bluegrass, jazz, and psychedelia.
— Insound

● 12" LP NOW AVAILABLE FROM IONIK RECORDINGS ●

R
www.ionikrecords.com

(the rebel sounds of) **FRISCO DISCO #2**

THE KOHL HEART

1. KISS OR DEATH
2. KISS OR DEATH (REMIX)
3. THE BREAK UP (REMIX)

EVERY MOVE A PICTURE

1. BEANS OF LIFE
2. SOL (REMIX)
3. SOL (REMIX)

Introducing the second in this dancefloor smashing limited edition vinyl 12" series.

Feat. Remixes by members of
Ima Robot, Paradise Boys,
and Mount Sims

Out on PrinceHouse Records

www.princehouserecords.com

www.thekohlheart.com
www.everymoveapicture.com

Prince House
RECORDS

THE 1090 CLUB



"SHIPWRECKED ON SHORES"
IN STORES 9/19/06

ON TOUR WITH THE PHOTO ATLAS

- 09/18/06, Cheyenne WY @ Ernie November (In store)
- 09/19/06, Casper WY @ Sonic Rainbow CDs (w/ Photo Atlas)
- 09/21/06, Billings MT, Level 504 Gallery (w/ Photo Atlas)
- 09/22/06, Billings MT, The Carlin (w/ Photo Atlas)
- 09/23/06, Missoula MT, The Elks Lodge (w/ Photo Atlas)
- 09/25/06, Fresno CA, Club Fred (w/ Photo Atlas)
- 09/26/06, San Francisco CA, Café Du Nord (w/ Photo Atlas)
- 09/28/06, Hollywood CA, The Knitting Factory (w/ Photo Atlas)
- 09/29/06, Phoenix AZ, One Place Venue
- 09/30/06, Long Beach CA, Alex's 90801

andrew paley WHITE ROOMS



A series of songs captured in the "White Rooms" sessions, andrew paley of The Static Age has created a solo masterpiece. Produced by Matt Squire (Panic! at the Disco, Receiving End of Sirens, The Explosion, Thron)

In stores early 2007

www.myspace.com/papertigers

the spores

imagine the future

"...imagine garbage on electroshock therapy." - LA Times
"sonically interesting sexy and artistic" - treble

IN STORES NOW

www.myspace.com/thespores



© Siltbeach Records
2006. All rights reserved.
1090 PBL CA 90705
1090@1090.com

DJ KRUSH

Stepping Stones: The Self-Remixed Best—



Lyricism Sony Japan
In a bit of voluntary revisionist history, Japanese turntable legend DJ Krush is releasing a trio of self-remixed discs in

'06, with this batch focusing on his past collabos. Krush's ambient-electro hip-hop is an adequate audio feast, but the rhyme spitters still dictate the tracks' hypnotic magnitude. And as is the case any time El-P shows up, Producto puts his peers to shame, this time with a fierce performance on "Vision Of Art." On the opposite end, the Esthero-backed "Final Home" suffers from her less-than-stellar vocal showing, and Black Thought's shortcomings as an ultramagnetic MC are exposed under "Meiso"'s strange brew of Pharrell-esque percussion and ambient dub. Krush's finest moment might be the Mr. Lif-guested "Nosferatu," whose beat skips along with giddy glitchiness over sinister clanking and ominous whooshes and whispers. This import is worth the search, but it's results are destined to vary, even if they never outright fail.

>>>KENNY HERZOG

Link www.mmj.org.jp/sus/krush/

File Under Glitches and flows

RIYL Cannibal Ox, Bill Laswell, Radiohead's *Amnesiac*

ECSTATIC SUNSHINE

Freckle Wars Carpark



The debut album from Baltimore-based dueling guitar duo Matthew Papich and Dustin Wong could be the soundtrack of

pure hell for guitar salesmen. Imagine that jerk with the ponytail at your local Sam Ash being forced to listen to every riff he's heard for a week, daisy-chained together into songs with no other accompanying instrumentation or vocals—snaking surf licks morphing into gentle strums imploding into twittering skree slipping into contrapuntal melodies with cross rhythms galore. Dude would be foaming at the mouth long before the album's 15-minute halfway point. The duo is much too easy on the ears to be tagged noise and too whimsical for snooty highbrow artiness. Papich and Wong's riff-hopping would wear thin near the umpteenth switcharoo if weren't so damn catchy. The album's textural palate doesn't extend far beyond crystal clear and trebly fuzz, and there are few, if any, overdubs. The bare-bones textures call attention to just how giddy, and potentially annoying, the dual guitar romp can be. >>>MATTHEW FIELD

LINK www.carparkrecords.com

FILE UNDER Hella riffastic

RIYL Orthreim, Lightning Bolt, John Fahey

GRIZZLY BEAR

Yellow House Warp



Brooklyn's Grizzly Bear named their between-albums EP *Sorry For The Delay*, which was a taste of things to come as well as an apology

for delaying the release of *Yellow House*. They had nothing to apologize for—the new material is worth the wait. Grizzly Bear's gift for swathing gorgeous melodies in layers of reverb and texture, well explored on their debut full-length, *Horn Of Plenty*, is fully realized on their sophomore album. Layers of atonal strumming, crashing drums and a cheerless refrain of "Chin Up, Cheer Up" smother "Lallabye"'s sparkling melody. "Marla," a waltz by songwriter Ed Droste's great aunt, receives the Grizzly Bear treatment, courtesy of some dramatic strings (provided by Final Fantasy) and the ubiquitous echo. But the band also contrasts their busy clatter with more conventional folk-pop, like on "The Knife," which sounds like a Beach Boys song stretched and bent like taffy, slow-melting but still sweet. >>>JESSICA SUAREZ

Link www.grizzly-bear.net

File Under Bear Neccessities

RIYL Microphones, Animal Collective, Beach Boys

EMILY HAINES

Knives Don't Have Your Back Last Gang



Emily Haines is primarily known as the frontwoman for Metric and as a part-time Broken Social Scenester. Though her

BSS work hints at her range, it's surprising how well Haines' voice translates to quieter, introspective material. Without Metric's bombast and electro-dance beats, Haines sounds a little hollow and exposed, but on *Knives*, she makes that emptiness sound confident, even defiant. Haines grew up playing piano, using the instrument as a way to feel grounded between touring and recording with Metric, so it's no surprise that she sounds so comfortable here. Opening track "Our Hell" has the simple, direct chorus, "Our hell is a good life." On "The Lottery," she sings about "sexual suicide" over a simple piano melody and a few strings. As she deadpans, "Lets commit it," her voice fades behind the strings, resigned. Her dark lyrics can be traced back to her family: Haines' father Paul was a renowned Canadian poet who passed away during the writing and recording of *Knives*, a death that appears more as a dull ache than a sharp pain across these 12 tunes. >>>JS

Link www.emilyhaines.com

File Under Haines, Her Way

RIYL Broken Social Scene, My Brightest Diamond, Tori Amos

HELLA

Acoustics 5RC



It takes a moment to recover from the discovery that Hella is able to recreate its spastic, seemingly spontaneous freak-jazz/rock in acoustic form with relative ease. Fortunately, *Acoustics* makes for an enjoyable enough listen to speed along the recouping process. Zach Hill bashes his drums with as much determination as ever, and Spencer Seim does nothing if not shred his guitar. Without the feedback of electric amps, it's easier to pinpoint the incredible talent Hella wields with its instruments. At its most stripped-down moments, the record sounds as if the group decided to spend a couple of weeks as counselors at some summer camp, producing this around the campfire. At its most spazz-tastic, it's hard to tell there's even a difference from the band's typical plugged-in instrumentation. Brash and immediate, *Acoustics* is just as exciting as Hella's prior output, despite not bringing new material to the table. >>>MEGAN BROWN

Link www.hellaband.com

File Under Acoustic free-spazz

RIYL Faust, Deerhoof, Glenn Branca

INTELLEKT & DIRTY DIGITS

Intellektual Property (Revised) ATF



A quick listen to *Intellektual Property* could be deceiving. With two old school-sounding MCs, harmonized choruses, plenty of Eric B.-styled scratching and nods to jazzy forbearers with scale-climbing stand-up basslines and cymbal-splashing beat-keeping, one might say, "Eh, more post-Native Tongue whatever." And after a look at their picture, one might say, "Ah, and two whiteboys to boot." But this shit is good. Repeated spins good. It certainly falls in the Jurassic 5/Ugly Duckling school of free-flowing rhymes about good times, but its overall musicality is what sets the record apart. Maybe that's why this duo has shared stages with both legendary rhyme slingers like Guru and forward-thinking sound mashers like Prefuse 73. Between Digits' crispness on the tables and Intellekt's impressive nonchalance on the mic, *Intellektual* eases along with the fluidity of a great mixtape more than an LP of separate songs, a rather hefty compliment in an era where few rappers can sustain the entirety of an hour-long album. >>>KH

Link www.intellektanddirtydigits.com

File Under Whitecred

RIYL Ugly Duckling, Paul's Boutique, Gang Starr

THE JONBENÉT

Ugly/Heartless Pluto/EastWest



Invigorating upon first listen but increasingly listless upon further examination, *Ugly/Heartless* comes commendably close to picking up the Blood Brothers' baton and masterminding searing post-hardcore. All the elements are there: spazzy, violent vocals, dramatic time signature shifts, grindy interludes, poised breakdowns and general hyper-speed mania. What it's missing is what the Blood Brothers and earlier contemporaries like Botch possessed in spades: a greater sense of artistic purpose and a prevailing musicianship and songwriting prowess that carries the ability to impress beyond hardcore's subgenre sector. Some of the Jonbenét's more innovative moments come during unexpected, genuine rock grooves, like in the middle portion of "Eating Lightning Pt. II." But in the end, the innovation factor never reaches its potential, hence *Ugly/Heartless* is a record you'll turn to for pure visceral catharsis, a level on which it will deliver, however fleetingly. >>>KH

Link www.thejonbenet.com

File Under Murder Music

RIYL Blood Brothers, Botch, Orchid

LADYFINGER (NE)

Heavy Hands Saddle Creek



The latest collective to join Saddle Creek's Midwestern brood keeps things fast and furious on its debut effort. Ladyfinger (ne)—the "ne" stands for Nebraska—rams *Heavy Hands* with chugging guitars and vocals that shift from taut restraint to aggressive howls within the span of a verse. The ominous lyrics match their riffs, occasionally reaching emo-dramatic heights. "When it comes to love, my heart is the desert and yours is the sun/Let it dry and crack my skin till the blood runs," Chris Machmuller rails in "Case of Shame." While they're clearly passionate, it's hard to tell what exactly is making the Omaha natives so angry. "Play without a mask and run through the night/It's a sweet distraction in this hopeless life we live," Machmuller asserts in "One Thousand Tongues," which is far more dour than it is incendiary. With their lack of scope, these metal aficionados are merely raging against the mundane. >>>GINNY YANG

Link www.ladyfingersucks.com

File Under Stiff Little Ladyfingers

RIYL Sparta, the Sword, Queens Of The Stone Age

Canada's International Music Convention

Showcase Applications Now Being Accepted!

Deadline: October 15th, 2006



www.sonicbids.com/cm2007

ROGERS WIRELESS

CANADIAN MUSIC WEEK

Conference • Festival • Awards • Trade Show

www.cmw.net

March 7-10,
2007
Toronto Canada



FACTOR Canada TM

It is acknowledged that the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Department of Canadian Heritage (Canada Music Fund) and Canadian private radio networks.



International Trade
Canada

Commerce International
Canada

CAAMA

Critical Association for the Advancement of Music & the Arts

REVIEWS

LONDON SINFONIETTA

Warp Works & Twentieth Century Masters Warp



The concept behind this high-brow compilation is almost as difficult to absorb as the music itself. So stop trying to understand something that's simply over your head and take the music for what it is.

Warp Works is a collection of collaborations between the London Sinfonietta orchestra, Aphex Twin, Squarepusher and other Warp artists. The idea is to recreate the aforementioned experimenters' works with abstract symphonics and put new twists on the compositions of classic avant-gardists like Steve Reich and Karlheinz Stockhausen... Once again, just listen to the discs. And for the most part, the songs themselves will appeal strictly to the avant-garde. Even then, they occasionally become grating (Steve Reich's "Violin Phase"), but on the flipside, the lay listener will find moments of accessible appeal and beauty (mostly in the form of Aphex Twin reconstructions). Just remember, you've been warned: Despite a tantalizing premise and a quality pedigree of artists, this is for adventurous ears only. >>>KH

Link www.warprecords.com

File Under Not quite Warp-speed

RIYL John Cage, Brian Eno, Björk

MEWITHOUTYOU

Brother, Sister Tooth & Nail



One of the most appealing things about Christ-core outfit mewithoutYou has always been their seemingly effortless

ability to defy categorization while still making music that sounds familiar. 2004's *Catch For Us The Foxes* posed a band meddling in everything from post-punk guitar rock to over-reaching screamo pop to their trademark heart-on-sleeve, Jesus-loves-me meanderings. Well, fear not You-heads: *Brother, Sister* offers more of the same, but shows that MWY by no means needs to shriek and thrash their way through every song. While the twisting two-guitar interplay, palatial keyboards and omnipresent low-end keep things moving, this time around lead singer Aaron Weiss seems content to sound as nasally vulnerable as he does terrifyingly overbearing. This, weaved amidst lines like, "Open wide my door/My Lord, my Lord/Open wide my door to whatever makes me love you more," simply showcases a band extrapolating a theorem they've already proven. >>>KH

Link www.mewithoutyou.com

File Under What would Jesus do without mewithoutYou?

RIYL At The Drive-In, Underoath, pubescent Conor Oberst

NOW IT'S OVERHEAD

Dark Light Daybreak Saddle Creek



Now It's Overhead has always stood out from the rest of its Saddle Creek labelmates, and not just because they are from Athens,

Georgia instead of Omaha. Andy LeMaster (NIO's frontman, sole songwriter and producer) eschews the plaintive emotive warblings of Conor Oberst, the precious twinkling of Azure Ray and the dramatic gusto of Cursive, displaying more in common with the Nebraskan label's gothy stepchild the Faint, minus the coked-up dance rhythms and aggressive sexuality. Like almost every other band that released a debut album in 2001, NIO loves the Cure, but instead of imitating Robert Smith's icy synths and hiccupped singing, they've absorbed his theatrical darkness and spread it out over swirling, reverberating space rock. The atmosphere is still moody—guitars echo and resonate under LeMaster's smooth croon as it commingles with dreamy, girlish voices—but his songwriting is more direct and his production cleaner than before, which can be refreshing, but also leaves things sounding too stark.

>>>REBECCA RABER

Link www.nowitsoverhead.com

File Under "LeMaster And Servant"

RIYL Spiritualized, the Cure, R.E.M.

TARA JANE ONEIL

In Circles Quarterstick



In her visual art, Tara Jane O'Neil paints fading, abstracted portraits of morose-looking animals and people that are often

trapped, like the birds sitting in orbs on the cover of her latest, *In Circles*. In many ways, her stark, alt-folk songs sound tantamount to her paintings' look: fuzzy, echo-laden and oddly sorrowful. "The Louder" dances hopelessly between hope and despair, and her vocals quieted compared to everything else. In fact, her words become so obscured by the instrumentation throughout the entire album, it only adds to the confusion. Blood On The Wall's Miggy Littleton plays on the instrumental album closer "This Beats," giving it a shimmering quality (something she no doubt learned in *Ida*) that takes the place for O'Neil's missing vocals. The album's emotional high point, "Blue Light Room," soars with pedal steel highlights and O'Neil's opening lyrics, "Take some space away from me/And look at the space in between," underscore her New Age-y yearning. In musical emotion, as with the painted kind, nothing is concrete. >>>KORY GROW

Link www.tarajaneoneil.com

File Under *Circles* takes the square

RIYL *Ida*, Joni Mitchell, Cat Power

SNAKES & MUSIC

THEIR NEW ALBUM
isabelle
Featuring members of
the Jazz June

Performing at this year's
CMJ Music Marathon

MVDaudio
www.DVDNote.com

ORIGINAL AUDIO
RE-MASTERED

CD

The Truth by La Rocca

Produced and Mixed by Tony Hoffer
(Delle and Sebastian, Beck, Supersax)

ALBUM OUT NOW.

dangerbird records

larocca.ie • dangerbirdrecords.com

PAGE FRANCE

Hello, Dear Wind Suicide Squeeze



Originally issued in 2005 on Baltimore's Fall Records, *Hello, Dear Wind's* wider release will bring more religion-fueled toasts and flames. However, there's a lot of middle ground between a traditional spiritual like "Swing Lo, Sweet Chariot" and Neutral Milk Hotel's "King Of Carrot Flowers Part 2," in which Jeff Mangum repeats, "I love you Jesus Christ" with questionable sincerity. Page France singer/guitarist Michael Nau isn't afraid to tackle (and reinterpret) biblical themes while backed by glockenspiel-toting Elephant 6 fans somewhere in that gap. A close listen to songs like "Jesus" reveals imagery that comes directly from Nau and not a prophet ("Jesus will come through the ground so dirty/With worms in his hair and a hand so sturdy"). There would be a lot less back-and-forth about France in the first place were it not for catchy moments like "Junkyard"—with just a simple acoustic guitar hook and keyboard, percussion and bells rising and falling around him, Nau punctuates how he wants us to hear him when he declares, "I'm the truest song that was never true." >>>RF

Link www.pagefrance.net

File Under French licks

RIYL Neutral Milk Hotel, Danielson, Apples In Stereo

THE RAPTURE

Pieces Of The People We Love Universal



All of the haters have been waiting three years, readying their claws, for the Rapture's third release. This record should confirm for them that the post-punk redux of the early aughts is outmoded, proving how silly and empty those clanging cowbells and disco eighth notes really were. *Pieces Of The People We Love* will, however, shock them. The dated, steely cool and high-hat drive of *Echoes* are gone and in their place are some honestly funky basslines, skronking saxophones and confident, winding guitars. Luke Jenner's oversexed yelp has mellowed into actual (if a little British-sounding) singing and, on many songs, is bolstered by a lusty, soulful backup chorus. Some tracks, like "Down For So Long," showcase the Rapture's DFA-bred rhythmic chops while embracing the reverberating, spacey sound of early Blur. Others, like first single "Get Myself Into It" and fellow standout track "The Devil," sound like the Clash as produced by Nile Rodgers. Which could be the exact definition of funk-punk, except this record is so much more. >>>RR

Link www.therapturemusic.co.uk

File Under Not Yet Losing Their Edge

RIYL LCD Soundsystem, Bloc Party, Black Market Clash

THE SHYS

Astoria Sire



There is a swelling plethora of shag-coifed, tight jeans-wearing, greasified boy bands in the current quasi-garage rock landscape, from the Kooks to Roman Candle and Adored. Either a new flood of these bands is being signed or all the post-Jet signees are still trickling out the labels vaults. But Sire's got a good track record, so *Astoria* comes with a patina of possibilities. "Call In The Cavalry" is straight-up Hives heaving, but fun for what it is. There's defibrillated Mott The Hoople anthemetics ("Waiting On The Sun") and latter-day Madchester sway ("The Resistance") for the NME-scanning set, and as much sure-footed Stones usurping as one could reasonably expect at this point. These lanky lads also avoid pop-punk hair gel 'n' mascara cartooning, and Kyle Krone's got some scabble to his nodes. Still and all, the radio-ready production (which is odd, since there ain't much radio playing slashing guitar rock 'n' roll), with every little sound fixed just raggedly right, doesn't allow for the kind of 'bout-to-wipe-out excitement such brazen bravado stands and falls down drunk on. >>>ERIC DAVIDSON

Link www.theshys.com

File Under Libertines leaving on a Jet plain

RIYL the Kooks, the Killers, the Hives

STEFY

The Orange Album Wind-Up



It's become trendy for a lot of bands to channel the '80s, but when '80s influences are served up as mostly forgettable synth-pop tunes with juvenile lyrics, the results are like, totally not awesome. Too much of *The Orange Album*, Stefy's debut, consists of the group doing pale imitations of classic decade-of-decadence acts, whether it's copying the intro to Eurythmics' "Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of This)" on "Chelsea," attempting to mimic Missing Persons and Berlin on "Cover Up" or echoing the chorus bridge of Howard Jones' "Things Can Only Get Better" on "Love You to Death." Lead singer Stefy Rae is no Annie Lennox, and too often her mind-numbing lyrics spout clichés you'd find in the diary of an adolescent girl. Just so we know that Stefy is actually living in this current decade, the band name checks Gwen Stefani and TiVo in "Orange County," which sounds like it was written for MTV's *Laguna Beach*. But even the airheads on that reality show might sneer at *The Orange Album's* biggest flaw: trying too hard to be cool. >>>CARLA HAY

Link www.stelytheband.com

File Under '86 it

RIYL Missing Persons Berlin Eurythmics

NOW AVAILABLE ON HOWLER RECORDS

kin' Rocks!
You Won't Moan
Follow Your F

Alice Donut
Fuzz

MONSTROUS
MOTHER NATURE'S SLAVES

Monstrous
Mother Nature's Slaves

Holy S

Check them out at:
www.howlerrecords.com

HOWLER RECORDS

ARMA SECRETA A CENTURY'S REMAINS



IN STORES SEPTEMBER 26
distributed by stickfigure



REVIEWS

TEETH OF THE HYDRA

Greenland Tee Pee



The promise of mid-'90s, silkscreened, basement post-hardcore is fulfilled. Teeth Of The Hydra brings together Matt Miner and Matt

Bailey—both ex-members of Columbus, Ohio apocalyptic thrash/sludge beast Three Studies For A Crucifixion—with former Party Of Helicopters and Harriet The Spy member Jamie Stillman, to play massive, dirge-ridden, horror-stuffed metal. *Greenland* follows their amateurishly recorded, impossible-to-find debut with a capable take on both kinds of stoner rock: mid-tempo flailing against some mythical, man-slaying beast, and slowed-down blues riffs punctuated with dynamic shifts. These are tried and true formulas, but these boys handle them better than just about anyone in the field today, and bring a sense of '80s underground metal filth into the mix. With epics like "The Garden Of Rotten Teeth" ballasting flights of higher-velocity fancy, *Greenland* finds Teeth Of The Hydra tightening their screws to the point of sharp, searing pain, and most fans of all things heavy wouldn't have it any other way.

>>>DOUG MOSUROCK

Link www.teepeerecords.com

File Under High, On Fire

RIYL Pelican, Melvins, Slayer

TWO DOLLAR GUITAR

The Wear And Tear Of Fear: A Lover's Discourse



Smells Like

Has '90s nostalgia saturated the present day to the point where it can support Nth-tier mopesters like Tim Foljahn's Two Dollar

Guitar once more? After a six-year absence, those involved probably hope so, but times have changed, and the world-weary, sunrise-watching music of this project hasn't grown substantially. If anything, Foljahn is a master of tone, of setting a scene. That *The Wear And Tear Of Fear* (his fifth album to date) brings to mind lonesome country artists of a different era—and a much higher pedigree—speaks volumes of his ability to wring emotions out of something so spare. However, it's being able to endure his somnambulant, so-lonesome-I-could-cry balladry that is the sticking point here. His arrangements are thicker than pomade and don't have enough going for them in the moment to sustain all but catatonic interest, creating a bumper that brings the listener down to its level, rather than making the audience thankful for what they got. >>>DM

Link www.smellslikerecords.com

File Under Prozac Attack

RIYL Kris Kristofferson, Townes Van Zandt, Codeine

TV ON THE RADIO

Return To Cookie Mountain Interscope



Questionable title aside, Brooklyn's TV On The Radio have crafted a record full of the brilliant melancholia they only hinted at

on their debut full-length, *Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes*. Sure, this is the same trio that once fused doo-wop and new wave synths two years prior, but on *Cookie Mountain* they've grown up immeasurably. From the stuttering jazz drums of "I Was A Lover" to the wall-of-clang closer "Wash The Day Away," they've taken all the potential talked about by critics and anted up further for their major-label leap. Fanboy David Bowie even drops by on "Province," and you know they wouldn't fuck up that opportunity. Always a better studio band than live group, TVOTR employs CD-skipping glitches and layers upon layers of bubbling static, which only contrast Tunde Adebimpe's yelps for the better. On both "Dirty Whirl" and "Wolf Like Me," the group has finally realized just what should come after post-punk anyway—misting, compact melodies that could be hits while doubling as the soundtrack for their world domination. This is art. >>>KG

Link www.tvontheradio.com

File Under Pressure, pressin' down on them...

RIYL Peter Dinklage, Pere Ubu, Prince

WOLF EYES

Human Animal Sub Pop



Despite Detroit trio Wolf Eyes' sheep's clothing noise-rock routine and indie-rock label connection, they're not so different

from any metal or hardcore band. The CD version of *Human Animal* even features a bonus track (screw you, vinyl loyalists): a cover—their first—of upstate New York hardcore punkers No Fucker's "Noise Not Music." But what makes this song different from the rest of the album's static-laden, Italian-horror-soundtrack smoke and mirrors is the eighth-note cacophonies that, in any other context, would sound like every other crustcore throwback. The rest of the album conforms to the experimental noise mangling they've mastered for close to a decade—something like Masami Akita clanging pots and pans with Yoshimi inside an amplifier—and the very metal song titles ("Lake Of Roaches," "Rationed Rot," "Leper War," "The Driller") with which they've flirted incessantly. So, for what it's worth, it's one of the year's best noise-metal albums, on par with Levaithan and Xasthur for vehemence. No matter the genre, their fans will like it for what it is. >>>KG

Link www.subpop.com

File Under Music not noise

RIYL Goblin, Merzbow, Bastard Noise

09.19.06

APPRECIATION NIGHT

by Bound Stems

CHICAGO ILL

ANDOVER
(She counts the footfalls 'til she sleeps. She

JUDAH JOHNSON
BY WHERE I BE

10.03.06

MAKE BELIEVE
OF COURSE

10.17.06

THE END
OF THE WORLD

YOU'RE MAKING IT COME ALIVE

Maritime and Russian Circles live here, too.
1658 N Milwaukee no276 Chicago IL 60647 USA • www.flameshovel.com

MY BRIGHTEST DIAMOND BRING ME THE WORKHORSE

AUGUST 22nd 2006

The Curtains
Coming soon!

Shapes and Sizes

Sufjan Stevens

asthmatickitty.com **asthmatic kitty records**

XIU XIU

The Air Force 5RC



Some bands spell out exactly what is breaking their hearts and haunting their dreams. With Xiu Xiu, it's more like a big inside joke

about pain and suffering. *The Air Force*, produced by Greg Saunier (Deerhoof), is as melodically accessible as '04's *Fabulous Muscles* but opts for distressing-but-cryptic lyrics instead of explicitly graphic images. Caralee McElroy feigns independence on the plucky/gloomy "Hello From Eau Claire," with a voice strangely reminiscent of Kimya Dawson's casual, needy delivery during the Moldy Peaches' heyday. On *The Air Force*, the California outfit continues to deliver challenging, beautifully miserable music, boasting dark synths and frantic vocals that will never end up on a Valentine's Day mix tape. The occasional straightforward references to sex, violence and death, sung with manic breathlessness by Jamie Stewart, are reminders that this is still Xiu Xiu, and no matter how strangely danceable a song of theirs might seem it's still meant to make you cry. >>>MB

Link www.xiuxiu.org

File Under Suicide watch

RIYL Joy Division, Kimya Dawson, *Lord Of The Flies*

YO LA TENGO

I Am Not Afraid Of You And I Will Beat Your Ass



Matador

Let's not kid anyone: Yo La Tengo's 2003 album, *Summer Sun*, was a mostly boring collection of mel-

lowed-yellow indie yawners (save "Summer Of The Shark"), which only makes their latest more exciting. Starting with the ragged, 11-minute guitargasm "Pass The Hatchet, I Think I'm Goodkind," the Hoboken, New Jersey trio has recorded their most vital album in close to a decade—and easily their best album title... ever. Finding the perfect balance between upbeat, AM-radio-influenced rockers ("Mr. Tough," "I Should Have Known Better") and scratchy-guitar cuts like "Watch Out For Me Ronnie," no song sounds like the one preceeding it. Drummer Georgia Hubley's twee musings subsequently make the perfect complement for her husband/frontman Ira Kaplan's brown-acid, *White Album* lullabies. For those with long attention spans, the two best songs come last. "Point And Shoot" masters their surf-guitar fetish right down to the Farfisa, and "The Story Of Yo La Tengo" may be their best epic yet. For the most part, they make good on the album title's promise. >>>KG

Link www.yolatengo.com

File Under Promises and threats

RIYL Pavement, Lungfish, Sonic Youth

WHY I HATE WOMEN

PERE

UBU

UBU ON TOUR!
 Sun, Oct 29
 Los Angeles, UCLA,
 Royce Hall. **Double**
Bill: Underscore to
 'X, The Man With
 X Ray Eyes; **plus** a
 Pere Ubu Concert Set
 Mon, Oct 30
 San Francisco,
 Bottom Of The Hill

new, irony-free™ recordings on

smogveil
RECORDS

www.smogveil.com

1658 N. Milwaukee Ave. #284 • Chicago, IL 60647 • 773.706.0450

Dashboard Saints

NEW ALBUM

LITTLE BITS & PIECES

now available

"The Dashboard Saints transform Rock, Latin, Folk, and Country all into one sound."

**Check out alt-rock tracks: "Back In The Day" and "Highwire"

**Also, latin rock tracks: "Out Across The Water" and "Cuba Libre"

www.cdbaby.com/dashboardsaints
www.dashboardsaints.com
 For contact: sales@dashboardsaints.com

CMJ BLAST

CMJ'S EXCLUSIVE E-MAIL WITH NEWS, REVIEWS, NEW RELEASES, CONTESTS, AND MORE

SIGN UP NOW!

www.cmj.com/blast/

INFORMATIVE
 INDISPENSABLE
 IN-DEPTH
 IN YOUR INBOX



CARIBOU

Start Breaking My Heart/Up In Flames Domino
Dan Snaith has moved on since being forced to change his *nom de recording* from Manitoba to Caribou under threat of lawsuit from one Handsome Dick. But that doesn't mean his fans have. Those hungry for the dreamy psychedelia and swirling, jazzy post-rock of his earlier albums must return dutifully to the M section of their alphabetized CD collections to find *Start Breaking My Heart* and its triumphant follow-up, *Up In Flames*. Lucky for them, those albums have now been re-released as double discs, rife with bonus material and proudly displaying the name Caribou across their covers. It's strange, after the big splash that *Flames* made with its exuberant, messy live instrumentation, to revisit Snaith's quiet, restrained debut. But *Start Breaking* surprises, and its extras include Manitoba's best non-album single, "If Assholes Could Fly, This Place Would Be An Airport." *Flames* is still the better album—its warmer, more fully realized melodies best the rhythmic but reserved electronics of its predecessor—but both are worthy of places in your collection. Especially now that you can file them both under C. >>>REBECCA RABER



DEAD MOON

Echoes Of The Past Sub Pop

You either get Dead Moon's music or you don't, but if you do get it, you get it bad. Fans of these Clackamas, Oregon mainstays are rabid (and mostly live in Europe), and the band has repaid them in kind with one of the most singularly devoted careers in underground music. Leader Fred Cole started out in the mid-'60s (his fourth band, Lollipop Shoppe, appears on the first *Nuggets* box set), then masterminded a mess of heavy gutter-psych combos until he and his wife, Toody, settled on this scraggly power trio in 1987. Most of their 20-plus records and countless singles have been self-released on their Tombstone label. They're cult gods in the Northwest, so it makes sense that Sub Pop would release this two-CD best-of, with all 49 tracks chosen by Cole himself. It's an amazing witches brew of '60s garage trash, anthemic AC/DC groove-pound and dark blues soul-diving, all led by Cole's gut-aching warble. Their ragged looks and hardscrabble production won't prepare you for the depth of feeling and rock-genre mashing they conjure up with the ease of swigging Jack Daniels. >>>ERIC DAVIDSON



IKE YARD

1980-1982 Collected Acute

This retrospective on early Factory Records band Ike Yard epitomizes the term "collector's item." Stuffed to the gills with engaging liner notes about the group and the general scene at the time, there's more literary material to chew on than there is substantive music to magnetize your ears. The biggest surprise for listeners new to their atonal synths, percussive anti-rhythms and icy-detached vocals might be that they hailed from New York and not the UK. Clearly inspired by stateside no-wave as much as post-punk from across the pond, the "songs" on *Collected* are a window into an era that viewed the early '80s as a time to deconstruct guitar rock even further than punk stripped down the excesses of arena dinosaurs. It's funny to think about, since most current bands bringing back that approach attack it from a largely superficial angle. Regardless, if you're a devotee of Factory and the litany of obscure, formerly buried, Wire-inspired recordings coming out, Ike Yard is a worthy library addition. Otherwise, stick to your PiL records. >>>KENNY HERZOG



DAVE VAN RONK

Going Back To Brooklyn Hightone

If you've influenced Bob Dylan, you've basically impacted the entirety of modern pop music. Dylan, after all, was an immediate and key influence on everyone from the Beatles to Bruce Springsteen, whose trickle-down effect on today's artists is, of course, immeasurable. Yet to many, Dave Van Ronk remains an obscurity. Aside from getting Dylan on his path to stardom after he arrived on the East Coast, New York folk-scene legend Van Ronk (who passed away in 2002, no doubt prompting this, the re-release of an earlier compilation containing all his original songs) helped define the sound and aesthetic of one of America's most important musical movements. The songs on *Going Back To Brooklyn* are bare and bluesy, Van Ronk's gravelly, Louis Armstrong-inspired voice (it's not hard to imagine where Tom Waits found his muse after hearing some of these tracks) wailing equally thought-provoking and giddily lunatic poetry over acoustic strumming, often sounding like an Irish crooner-cum-American beatnik street performer. But one thing's for sure: You don't have to have been swilling whiskey in the West Village 30 years ago to feel the power of the a cappella protest song "Luang Prabang," one of the most volatile of its, or any, era. >>>KH



R.E.M.

And I Feel Fine: The Best Of The I.R.S. Years 1982-1987 EMI
Arguments about R.E.M.'s relevance and DeNiro-esque level of late-career blemishing can be put to rest with this excavation of early material. Since there already were I.R.S.-era compilations (*Eponymous* and *The Best Of R.E.M.*), this first disc is superfluous, unless you've never heard the early, pre-PETA PSAs stuff. If that's indeed the case, you'll be smacking your indie-pop head wondering where these tunes have been all your life. But it's the second CD that earns its keep. Not just a B-sides collection (there's *Dead Letter Office* for that), even hardcore fans will be wowed by the extremely rare tracks, including an exciting gaggle of circa-'83 live cuts and scraggly demos of "Just A Touch" and "Bad Day" that prove these now-Triple A-relegated paragons did saucily spring from a rowdy Athens, Georgia scene. That said, most of the extras lean toward more moody, creaky credence offered up for the jangly bedroom Byrds that currently flutter around the indie landscape, probably figuring R.E.M. was just that band that did "Everybody Hurts." >>>ED



SEBADOH

Sebadoh III Domino

Though this reissue of Sebadoh's 1991 slacker salvo arrives as the replenishing of an iconic indie rock ground-breaker, the fact that their classic 7-inch from the same year, "Gimme Indie Rock" (included among the second CD of singles and demos), was already parodying the genre shows the ground had been paved. It's also easy to forget that at that point, "indie rock" basically connoted any band of white 20-somethings with guitars doing the noisy lo-fi D.I.Y. thing. Actually, Sebadoh seemed mostly like a bitter basement retreat after leader Lou Barlow's departure from Dinosaur Jr; a scroungy, sullen extension of post-Hüsker Dü/R.E.M. jangle-reclamation. But thanks to Sebadoh, Pavement and Guided By Voices all concurrently shoving loads of Maxwell D-90s into their 4-tracks right around then, we have since settled on indie rock as what's offered up here: clanky instrumentation, droll vox and extraneous fuzzies scattered around ironic, sometimes somber reworkings of rock's seemingly receding heydays. Alternating clunky Beatles hooks, fast or flabby instrumentals, acoustic bedroom naval-gazing and back again, the template for nearly every fuzz-pop band since is cultivated here. >>>ED

KEY:



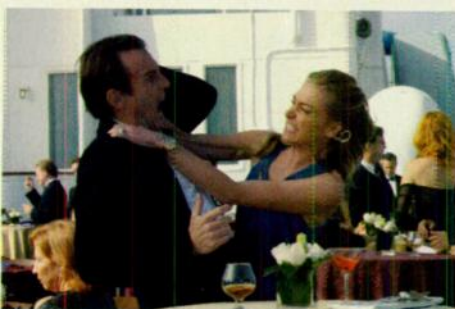
BUY



RENT



RECYCLE



ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT— SEASON 3

(FOX)



Aware of the series' impending doom, *AD* masterminds Ron Howard and Mitch Hurwitz pulled out all the stops for Season 3. There's the frenetic, loose-ends-tying final four episodes; the hilariously postmodern "S.O.B.s," in which the Bluth family holds a fundraiser to save their business and hopes the Home Builders Organization (get it, HBO?) will assist them; and cheeky guest spots by Charlize Theron, Richard Belzer and, in a hilarious bit of stunt casting, Scott Baio (who replaces Henry Winkler as the family lawyer, get it?) and Justine Bateman (who plays Jason Bateman's long-lost sister, get it?). Sure, one could quibble that the plot particulars get out of control, even for this high-concept sitcom. But that would be splitting hairs, as the beloved cult hit's last hurrah introduces one ingenious twist and turn after another, never forgetting to keep the low-brow laughs coming amidst the complex in-jokes. TV this smart and uproarious comes along as often as descending comets, nevermind on network TV. **Go. Buy. Now.** >>>KENNY HERZOG



THE CLASH—RUDE BOY

(Sony)



The usual spiel about this 1980 docudrama is that it's only salvageable for the great, early live footage of the Clash. Sure, if you're expecting crazy safety pins 'n' spit-tin' footage, it'll drag. But if you bear in mind that most British punk fans were intensely bored, reactionary losers, it's a rightfully meandering chronicle of their aimless lives. Despite having the dumb luck to get tossed on a Clash tour as an ersatz roadie, lead character Ray Gange (played by ersatz actor Ray Gange) can barely be roused from his catatonic drift. As Gange explains in one of numerous enlightening extra interviews, he and the crew had fun but were confused and, yes, the whole thing did sort of stumble to completion. The faux-documentary style also carries a whiff of pretentious sociological contrivance, though that too epitomizes the post-modern conundrums that would dominate '80s art. Nevertheless, images of the still-WWII-ravaged British fringes and its overall dusty atmosphere do well at conveying the time

and place. Oh, and that Clash footage? Even cooler than the hype. >>>ERIC DAVIDSON

BRIAN ENO— 77 Million Paintings (Rykodisc)



In its fully realized form, *77 Million Paintings* is a multimedia, conceptual work in which Mac and PC owners can download a constantly evolving series of, well, 77 million paintings by Eno that were formerly limited to gallery installations. This teaser DVD features a hearty sampling of the shapeshifting works, which morph into each other gradually while accompanied by Eno's ambient soundscapes. Eno also discusses the ideas behind the project. In his mind, there's a dual purpose: taking his pieces out of the limited, bourgeois setting of a gallery, and making captivating art out of our modern technological devices, so that a home computer monitor is no longer a static space sucker. It's an intriguing core of ideas, but not exactly groundbreaking, and frankly, at least in theory, not leagues beyond your basic trippy dorm-room-wallpaper software. There's no doubt Eno understands the stoner-culture level on which many might approach these works, but it's a risk he's obviously willing to take to turn people's living rooms into breathing platforms for creativity. >>>KH

ISIS—Clearing The Eye

(Ipecac)



Perhaps no metal band has grown up more noticeably in recent years than Isis. Their 1998 *Mosquito Control* EP borrowed heavily (no pun intended) from Neurosis' early '90s catalog, but in the time since, Isis has matured into its own prog-metal force. Their first DVD, *Clearing The Eye*, features concert footage from all periods of their gestation: 2001 gritty CBGB performances, a beautifully shot 2003 show from around the time of their *Oceanic* album and modern-era Isis at a 2005 Tokyo concert. Since some of the footage was not shot professionally, the band likely won't convert any new fans with this disc, but it surely will satiate those awaiting the band's next album. Extras include a creepy, surveillance-themed video for *Panopticon*'s "In Fiction," an extensive discography,

photos from tours and not much more. By skimming on the frills (thank God there's no "hanging out on the tour bus" footage), the concert clips will warrant the most plays, and as can be expected, each performance is exquisite. Plus, who knew frontman Aaron Turner changed his hairdo/goatee combo so much? >>>KORY GROW



THE VICE GUIDE TO TRAVEL

(Vice)



We would have totally reviewed this DVD like *Vice* magazine would, but we sold all our homophobic, sexist, racist and anti-Semitic jokes to Mel Gibson (yowza!). And thank goodness for that, because surprisingly, the publishers of this irreverent Montreal zine have put together an entertaining collection of short films—more *Dos* than *Don'ts*—investigating some of our world's more embarrassing moments. Particularly engaging sequences include *Vice* co-founder Shane Smith poking around Chernobyl for mutant boars; Smith interviewing a Bulgarian who sold a dirty bomb to a French journalist; Trace Crutchfield's examination of drug lord-financed parties in Brazil; and Derrick Beckles's journey to Paraguay in search of Nazi war criminal Josef Mengele's old stomping grounds, Nueva Germania. Also, be sure to check out David Cross and *Vice* co-founder David McInnes' trip to China to mock a statue of Mao, as well as a swastika-laden music video by the Black Lips' Old King Cole Younger that eerily resembles a Muslim martyr film. Holy shit, this is actually sort-of-maybe journalism! Perhaps. >>>KG

THE KITSCH KORNER

THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD

(BCI Eclipse)



A young Harvey Keitel in his film debut, a pre-mega-fame Earth, Wind & Fire and a Starland Vocal-esque band of '70s stereotypes all in one as-yet-unearthed home-video gem? Pinch me, I'm *kvelling*. This 1975 flop was actually directed and produced by *Superfly* bankroiler Sig Shore and contains similar, if less violent, messages about the seedy underbelly of American capitalism—in this case, the record industry, which was really kicking into super-exploitive gear at the time. Keitel plays a big-time producer looking to break EWF, known only—and absurdly—in the film as the Band, but his label makes him ditch the R&B act for perky family group the Pages. While the acting is uniformly, outrageously bad and the production values make *Troll 2* look like *The Wizard Of Oz*, the script actually harbors moments of cutting insightfulness and the EWF soundtrack gives things a bit of meat. Keitel and EWF collectors already have their impetus, but for the rest of viewers, the unintentional comedy factor is off the charts, while the overall picture manages to be surprisingly thought provoking. >>>KH

CMJ RADIO TOP 50

PERIOD ENDING 8/28/2006
WWW.CMJ.COM/NMR/

COMPILED FROM CMJ'S REPORTING POOL OF COLLEGE AND
NON-COMMERCIAL RADIO STATIONS

TW	LW	ZW	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	2	1	6	SUFJAN STEVENS The Avalanche: Outtakes And...	Asthmatic Kitty
2	3	5	2	5	M. WARD Post-War	Merge
3	2	1	1	7	THOM YORKE The Eraser	XL
4	9	9	4	5	THE KNIFE Silent Shout	Mute
5	5	3	1	11	SONIC YOUTH Rather Ripped	Geffen
6	6	7	6	7	MUSE Black Holes And Revelations	Warner Bros.
7	18	33	7	3	RATATAT Classics	XL
8	15	64	8	3	CURSIVE Happy Hollow	Saddle Creek
9	42	-	9	2	MOUNTAIN GOATS Get Lonely	4AD
10	12	12	10	5	MEW And The Glass Handed Kites	Columbia
11	28	142	11	3	NOUVELLE VAGUE Bande A Part	Luaka Bop
12	7	6	5	6	CUT CHEMIST The Audience's Listening	Warner Bros.
13	4	4	4	5	FRENCH KICKS Two Thousand	StarTime International-Vagrant
14	16	14	14	5	COMETS ON FIRE Avatar	Sub Pop
15	14	22	14	4	PRIMAL SCREAM Riot City Blues	Columbia
16	13	11	11	6	LONG WINTERS Putting The Days To Bed	Barsuk
17	178	-	17	2	YO LA TENGO I'm Not Afraid Of You And I Will Beat Your Ass	Matador
18	17	37	17	3	SEBADOH III	Domino
19	22	19	19	4	JIM NOIR Tower Of Love	Barsuk
20	20	18	2	11	HOT CHIP The Warning	Astralwerks
21	21	35	21	4	ANI DIFRANCO Reprieve	Righteous Babe
22	49	81	22	3	DIRTY PRETTY THINGS Waterloo To Anywhere	Interscope
23	64	-	23	2	THERMALS The Body, The Blood, The Machine	Sub Pop
24	25	31	24	4	VELVET TEEN Cum Laude	Slowdance
25	24	32	24	4	MATTHEW FRIEDBERGER Winter Women/Holy Ghost Language School	859
26	10	8	4	8	JOHNNY CASH American V: A Hundred Highways	American-Lost Highway
27	8	16	8	5	MONSIEUR GAINSBURG REVISITED Various Artists	Verve Forecast
28	19	13	9	8	MICHAEL FRANTI AND SPEARHEAD Yell Fire!	Anti-
29	53	49	29	4	DAEDELUS Denies The Day's Demise	Mush
30	26	34	24	5	ERASE ERRATA Nightlife	Kill Rock Stars
31	11	10	10	5	FLOGGING MOLLY Whiskey On A Sunday	Side One Dummy
32	76	-	32	2	BROADCAST Future Crayon	Warp
33	23	24	21	6	JURASSIC 5 Feedback	Interscope
34	45	79	34	3	RADIO BIRDMAN Zeno Beach	Yep Roc
35	65	-	35	2	WOODEN WAND AND THE SKY HIGH BAND Second...	Kill Rock Stars
36	30	15	9	7	CSS Censei De Ser Sexy	Sub Pop
37	40	42	37	5	EARLY NOVEMBER The Mother, The Mechanic And The Path	Drive-Thru
38	-	-	38	1	HELLOGOODBYE Zombies! Aliens! Vampires! Dinosaurs!	Drive-Thru
39	41	56	39	5	SIX ORGANS OF ADMITTANCE The Sun Awakens	Drag City
40	57	50	40	4	NOBODY AND MYSTIC CHORDS OF MEMORY Tree Colored See	Mush
41	38	43	38	5	SLEEPY JACKSON Personality (One Was A Spider One ...	Astralwerks
42	31	17	17	5	WHITE WHALE WWI	Merge
43	55	-	43	2	HEADLIGHTS Kill Them With Kindness	Polyvinyl
44	54	63	44	4	OH NO! OH MY! Oh No! Oh My!	Self-Released
45	47	62	45	4	KAKI KING Until We Felt Red	Velour
46	32	25	25	7	RISE AGAINST The Sufferer And The Witness	Geffen
47	61	-	47	2	EASY STAR ALL-STARS Radiodread	Easy Star
48	52	51	38	5	JUNIOR BOYS In The Morning [EP]	Domino
49	44	36	21	20	TAPES 'N TAPES The Loon	XL
50	29	26	25	6	GOLDEN SMOG Another Fine Day	Lost Highway



SUFJAN STEVENS



M. WARD

CMJ RETAIL TOP 20

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	-	OUTKAST Idlewild (75791)	LaFace
2	-	DANITY KANE Danity Kane (83989)	Bad Boy
3	-	LAMB OF GOD Sacrament (83385)	Epic
4	1	CHRISTINA AGUILERA Back To Basics (82639)	RCA
5	-	J DILLA The Shining (76)	BBE
6	3	RICK ROSS Port Of Miami (698402)	Def Jam
7	4	GNARLS BARKLEY St. Elsewhere (70003)	Downtown-Atlantic
8	-	CURSIVE Happy Hollow (94)	Saddle Creek
9	-	GOV'T MULE High And Mighty (21555)	ATO
10	-	MOUNTAIN GOATS Get Lonely (72614)	4AD
11	6	THOM YORKE The Eraser (40200)	XL
12	-	KELIS Kelis Was Here (83258)	LaFace
13	2	OBIE TRICE Second Rounds On Me (684402)	Shady
14	5	SLAYER Christ Illusion (44300)	American
15	9	TOM PETTY Highway Companion (44285)	American
16	-	PARIS HILTON Paris (44138)	Warner Bros.
17	7	LYFE JENNINGS The Phoenix (96405)	Columbia
18	8	BREAKING BENJAMIN Phobia (162607)	Hollywood
19	13	RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS Stadium Arcadium (49996)	Warner Bros.
20	-	TRAXAMILLION Slapp Addict (5)	Slapp Addict Productions


CMJ A.I.M.S. TOP 20

(ALLIANCE OF INDEPENDENT MEDIA STORES)

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	-	OUTKAST Idlewild (75791)	LaFace
2	-	LIVE AT KEXP VOL. 2 Various Artists	Self-Released
3	-	MOUNTAIN GOATS Get Lonely (72614)	4AD
4	1	THOM YORKE The Eraser (40200)	XL
5	5	GNARLS BARKLEY St. Elsewhere (70003)	Downtown-Atlantic
6	-	CURSIVE Happy Hollow (94)	Saddle Creek
7	-	M. WARD Post-War (280)	Merge
8	-	TORTOISE A Lazarus Taxon (70152)	Thrill Jockey
9	-	RATATAT Classics (40196)	XL
10	-	THERMALS The Body, The Blood, The Machine (703)	Sub Pop
11	3	SLAYER Christ Illusion (44300)	American
12	-	J DILLA The Shining (76)	BBE
13	-	LAMB OF GOD Sacrament (83385)	Epic
14	2	JURASSIC 5 Feedback (690602)	Interscope
15	4	SILVERSON PICKUPS Camavus (20008)	Dangerbird
16	9	TOM PETTY Highway Companion (44285)	American
17	6	JOHNNY CASH American V: A Hundred Highways (276902)	American-Lost Highway
18	8	ANI DIFRANCO Reprieve (52)	Righteous Babe
19	10	LONG WINTERS Putting The Days To Bed (54)	Barsuk
20	7	REGINA SPEKTOR Begin To Hope (44112)	Sire-Warner Bros.

AS TALL AS LIONS

As Tall as Lions

Triple Crown/East West  Most of this self-titled sophomore release can be easily ignored. The intricate vocal lines woven with monotonous melodies quickly become tedious. Finally, after 10 dream-like tracks, the album arrives at a poppy secret song filled with catchy gang-vocals singing about simply "going through the motions" of love. Seems as though they handled this album like they handle their love life. >>>JESSEKA KADYLA

JAY BENNETT

The Magnificent Deal Rykodisc 

Maybe this sounds like sacrilege, but Bennett's latest post-Wilco solo work is a tad more engaging than his former outfit's recent efforts. It's not better, more vital or more artistically significant, just a more enjoyable listen, essentially finding a slightly quirky middle ground between the alternately plaintive and rockin' tendencies represented on Wilco's *Being There*. Maybe Bennett was a bigger eye of that band's creative storm than we all thought. >>>KENNY HERZOG

COACH FINGERS

No Flies On Frank Locust Music 

This outskirts-of-the-Big-Apple bunch (featuring a few dudes from the NYC experimental collective No Neck Blues Band) concocts an indie/folk twaddle with thankfully no "bedroom" production loafing. Imagine Man Man gone warbly, flower power la-la and then check your patience. The waffling "hick" accents can grate soon after the first couple tunes. The village idiots of freak folk, or Mojo Nixon? >>>ERIC DAVIDSON

THE COLOUR

Devil's Got A Holda Me Rethink 


Despite chicanery like the "u" in the band name and Wyatt Hull's faux-Brit-inflected croon, the Colour is an American band that will, in fact, come to your town and help you party down. While channeling all the '70s rock grandeur of Grand Funk Railroad, the Colour also ardently advertises its garage/punk affectations. But this four-song EP is innocuous at worst, simply showcasing another competent band teetering through the post-Strokes malaise >>>KEVIN KAMPWIRTH

SIMON DAWES

Carnivore Record Collection 

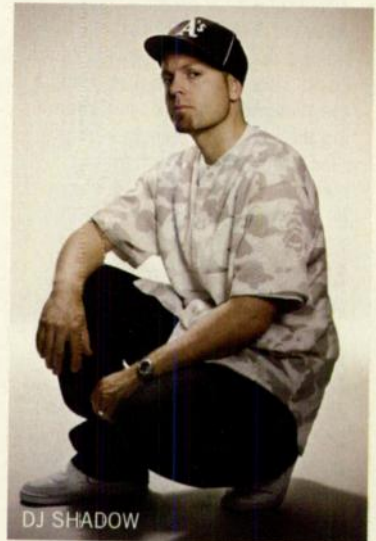
Geography IQ is at an all-time low these days. But even dumb guys know that Malibu is not London. SoCal's Simon Dawes—a band, not a man—is willfully ignorant of their national origins, because they channel Brit acts like the Kinks and the Small Faces. They also pen memorable lyrical lines like, "Smoking cigarettes at your wedding/Looking like Jimmy Page" ("Salute The Institution"). This makes *Carnivore* the perfect aural Atkins Diet. >>>DAN MACINTOSH

DJ SHADOW

The Outsider Universal 

Diversity is always good in theory, but when one stylistic stab is more potent than another, it serves to highlight a record's jarring disparity rather than emphasize its strong points. If Shadow would have stuck with the hyphy hotness that book-marks *The Outsider*, his first classic in a decade may have been born. Instead, we're left with a few dope

tracks that devolve into an overlong "statement record" best served up as an invigorating fragment. >>>KH



DJ SHADOW

THE DRAFT

In A Million Pieces Epitaph 


Renewed with "New Eyes Open," *In A Million Pieces*, the debut from Hot Water Music offshoot the Draft, is much looser and better-executed than HWM's latter-day discography. That group's revered post-punk still resonates but styles shift frequently and smoothly, ranging from dub on "Let It Go" to a ska-influenced chorus on "Wired." With the Draft, these guys are having fun again and their rejuvenated spirit helps create an overwhelmingly solid, forceful debut. >>>MATT PULLMAN

DR. DOG

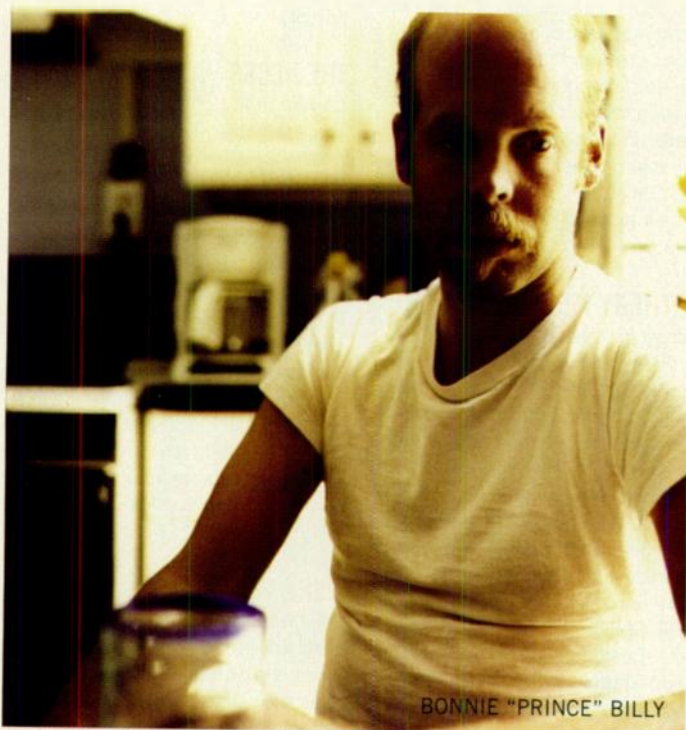
Takers And Leavers Park The Van 

There are plenty of romantic overtures and California dreams on Dr. Dog's latest set of pop gems. These revivalists don't just make with declarations of love, they package them with handclaps, chirping birds and washes of vocal harmonies. But it's raw sentiments like, "I don't want to die in your arms/I just want to die," in the bluesy organ dirge "Die Die Die," that make this EP a quirky keeper. >>>GINNY YANG

THE END OF THE WORLD

You're Making It Come Alive 

Flameshovel Given the over-saturation of the Brooklyn scene, it's as easy to overlook one fledging band as it



BONNIE "PRINCE" BILLY

BEENIE MAN

Undisputed Virgin 

Beenie Man survived an attempted robbery this year and a severe car crash in 2004, but is he as *Undisputed*, or for that matter, "dangerous" as he claims in the title track? Doubtful. Tinny beats and preschool-level Casio melodies make his flow hard by comparison. That aside, Beenie Man has the self-confidence to sound serious all the time. Don't avoid this CD because of Beenie's history of anti-gay lyrics; don't buy it because it's weak. >>>JESSICA SUAREZ

BONNIE "PRINCE" BILLY

The Letting Go Drag City 

Will Oldham's alter ego returns with another slew of delicate, often wistful melodies. While songs like "Big Friday" are too delicate for words, there is a balance, especially in standout track "The Seedling," which has a darker intensity. The orchestral backings nicely fill the sparse acoustic tunes, and Dawn McCarthy's vocals blend well with Oldham's, though sometimes drown him out. Fans will be pleased, and it's a fine intro for newcomers to "Prince." >>>AMANDA FARAH

is to over-hype another. Hopefully this foursome will land somewhere in between, as their debut album warrants a spot on those "Ones To Watch For" lists. All stacked guitars and astute songwriting, the band's sound immediately recalls the Walkmen and Mazarin, meaning their alloyed melody-through-discordance approach to four minute indie-rock tunes is at once embryonic and familiar. >>>KK

ENVY

Insomniac Doze Temporary Residence Just as Boris's *Pink* reflected that Japanese trio's love of the Deftones' *White Pony* (imagined or otherwise) in only the best way possible, metal countrymen Envy gaze at their shoes long enough to let their *Loveless* roots show. Too bad Neurosis, Isis, Cult Of Luna, Pelican, Burst and Mono all beat them to the punch. >>>KORY GROW

GREAT LAKES

Diamond Times Emyrean *Diamond Times* is no-frills indie-pop that's hard to come by these days. Unlike other recent fractured/fey faves like Architecture In Helsinki, Great Lakes eschew quirky vocals and sonic effects in favor of straightforward tunes with a smooth-voiced singer. Some alt-country undertones alternate with just enough of a horn section to expose the group's Elephant 6 leanings. While their music might be less complex than others of their ilk, they craft endearing hooks that outweigh the retro simplicity. >>>KATHERINE REEDY

HEAVENS

Patent Pending Epitaph Take Alkaline Trio, subtract their big-guitar punch, and you're left with Heavens, the new electro-flavored side project from the Trio's primary frontman, Matt Skiba. At times, *Patent Pending* sounds like a deliberate attempt at maturity from Skiba, but his trademarks—gory goth lyrics and sugar-pop melodies—are intact. It's hardly a revelation, but for any fans of Skiba's "real" band, it's a well-constructed, highly recommended diversion. >>>MICHAEL PATRICK NELSON

HIDDEN CAMERAS

Awoo Arts & Crafts It seems that almost every English-speaking country has its very own left-of-center orchestral pop troubadour. The Scots have Stuart Murdoch; the Americans have Stephen Merritt; and the Canadians have the Hidden Cameras' Joel Gibb. On this, his third album, Gibb proves that, with his slyly straightforward lyrics, deliciously dirty mind and gorgeous, glowing, Phil Spector-sized production, he more than deserves to be in such lauded company. But with flamboyant songs that are joyous instead of melancholic, Gibb actually merits a category all his own. >>>REBECCA RABER

KASABIAN

Empire Columbia A group that looked to be the next big UK fly-by-night gets less cocksure and more anthem-swathed on their sophomore release. Kasabian stands out a bit from other hagg-haired, sharp-hooked British boys thanks to bigger ambitions, whether it's arena-stomped grandiosity ("Empire") or a preponderance of electronic dance-otics ("Burn My Side," "Stuntman"). This is the sound of swaggering suaves raised more on Chemical Brothers than Glimmer Twins. >>>ED

KIDS IN THE WAY

Apparitions Of Melody: The Dead Letters Edition Flicker Kids In The Way is part straightforward rock band/part evolving screamo act. *Apparitions Of Melody: The Dead Letters Edition* shows artistic growth since *Safe From The Losing Fight*, which was characterized by too many generic rock anthems. These songs are just plain better, as exemplified by the lyrics on "Fiction" ("We're making fiction of our lives/Burning pages as we write"). There's even a guitar-powered take on Tears For Fears' atmospheric "Head Over Heels." >>>DM

KUNEK

Flight Of The Flynns Playtime While at times a bit too dramatic, bordering on Coldplay-ish quasi-atmosphere in its attempt to be transcendently emotive, most of *Flight* hits the mark for crescendo-

ascending prettiness. And if you like symphonic piano interludes, you'll simply fall in love with back-to-backers "Oh Noble Eric" and "Section 2," which solidify this 12-song set as one of the year's finer diamonds in the rough. >>>KH

MEDESKI SCOFIELD MARTIN & WOOD

Out Louder Indirecto One has to wonder if "Miles Behind," the second and standout track on *Out Louder*, is a sly reference to Mr. Davis, 'cause it smacks of the trumpeter's fiery *On The Corner*-era funk, as John Scofield's guitar simply blazes over blitzkrieg percussion. Elsewhere, things are less than invigorating, and while this material is no doubt a toss-off catapult to more interesting live variations, you're still best off seeking out Scofield and MMW's prior collaborations or their top-shelf individual studio work. >>>KH

METHENY MEHLDAU

Metheny Mehladau Nonesuch If you hear all laid back, instrumental jazz as one indiscriminate, adult-contempo cloud, *Metheny Mehladau*'s not gonna change your mindset on an entire genre. But for those who can pick up on the delicate nuances of Pat Metheny's fret work and appreciate the way it mingles with Brad Mehldau's mellifluous piano-key stroking, this collaboration is a cooled-out success. Besides, if it's hip enough for Wilco-Stephin Merritt-Black Keys-label Nonesuch, then it should be for you too. >>>KH

MUMMER

SoulOrganismState Klein The aptly named nu-jazz ensemble Mummer (it means "a masked or costumed merrymaker") is a super-group of sorts, consisting of ex-Mum member Stefan Jungmair and three uber-talented voices: Betty Semper, Wayne Martin and Angel Rice. While calling this an electronic album wouldn't be inaccurate, the vocal contributions are clearly the focal point. The music is equal parts house, dub and MJQ-style compositions, but let's face it: Take away the vocals and there's no record here. >>>KK

MUSHROOMHEAD

Savior Sorrow Megaforce Records Cleveland's Mushroomhead has always resembled more of a Tim Burton-designed Slipknot than a chest-beating Godsmack. Their m.o. is simple: de-tune guitars till they sound like broken lawnmowers, then amp the cheesball electronics till the dye-job goth audience doesn't feel alienated. This latest disc isn't surprising—overly dramatic lyrics about suffering, grinding industrial touches and decent riffs caked in face paint abound. But when they hit their stride, as on the melodramatic "Cut Me," you almost forget Mushroomhead ever feuded with Slipknot. >>>ROBBIE MACKEY

THE NECKS

Chemist RER The first Necks record with separate tracks, *Chemist* continues the trio's exploration of minimalism and long-form improvisation. Their careful approach is part jazz, part trance and part sheer ambience, with repeated blips and blops giving way to gradual swellings of organ and chiming guitars. When music is this deliberate, the sudden appearance of a noodling piano can sound like an orchestra's entrance. And when all that repetition dissolves into cathartic, all-instrument breakdowns, these three tracks can sound downright ethereal. >>>ANDREW LEAHY

PERE UBU

Why I Hate Women Smog Veil We'll leave the title controversy under the wheels of this indie-rock machine's unassailable history of lefty art-living. David Thomas and his shifting cast drift around most folks' ideas of a "band," but when Thomas pulls it together, it's always worth a listen. *Why* creeps around spookily like Thomas' Two Pale Boys side project, but also wrings out ribald riffs that contrast all the tales of lonely, desperate souls. >>>ERIC DAVIDSON

PINK SPIDERS

Teenage Graffiti Geffen Remember the story of how NBC execs put a random search of "cute" words into a primitive Apple and out spat the name "Punky Brewster?" This Nashville trio is a kind of candy-punk version of said suburban legend. Basically, they're

the Briefs leaning more Sum 41 than the Damned. And it doesn't take a computer to figure out these guys won't need the label promo budget to pay for their new/vintage T-shirts anymore. >>>ED

RED SPAROWES 

Every Red Heart Shines Through The Red Sun Neurot

Members of Neurosis and Isis return with their second kaleidoscopic explosion of psychedelic instrumental metal. The best part is that you can't really play the blame game—like, "Cult Of Luna totally ripped off Neurosis and Opeth"—because they're already a fine-tuned, musical killing machine. Also, this confirms that only bands that are named after birds (hey there, Pelican) can play smart instrumental. >>>KG

PETE ROCK 

Underground Classics Rapster

From the moment the first beat starts bangin', *Underground Classics* puts any doubts about the bravado of its title to rest. The crazy thing is, most of the material here is from latter-day

Rock joints, some of which weren't even released stateside, and featured rappers like The UN as opposed to Nas, Run D.M.C. or some of the larger artists Rock produced. And now that MCs like Ghostface have brought respect back to the harder-hitting style of East Coast hip-hop, Rock's creative cannon rings through as not just groundbreaking for its time, but still slightly ahead of it. >>>KH

DANI SICILIANO 

Slappers !K7


It is a rare musician (and, sadly, an even rarer female musician) that makes two great albums in one year, but Dani Siciliano has quickly followed up her rich pop performance on Herbert's *Scale* with her own sleeky sophomore effort. Siciliano has a jazz chanteuse's sense of cadence and diction, and her voice, which morphs effortlessly from tough and bluesy to sultry and airy, sounds equally natural on dance tracks as it does blowing through the electronica honky tonk of "Why Can't I Make You High?" With that kind of vocal malleability, it's no wonder she's busy! >>>RR

SLUMBER PARTY 

Musik Kill Rock Stars

Their minimalist pop's already about as laid back as it gets, but a newfound fondness for psych drones gives Aliccia Berg and crew's fourth album a soothing haze. So call in sick to work, pack a picnic lunch, lie in the park and listen on repeat all day.

>>>MATTHEW FIELD

SNAKES & MUSIC 

Isabelle Universal Warning

A surprisingly potent record full of infectious indie-pop that's catchy in a late-'90s Superchunk sort of way. Unfortunately, it can also drag along like late-'90s Superchunk. But feel good rockers like the opening title track and "Sinking Ships" have a no-strings-attached bliss factor that's hard to totally ignore. >>>KH

SOCCER TEAM 

"Volunteered" Civility & Professionalism Dischord

DC duo Soccer Team follows a tried-and-true indie formula: bedroom navigation through a number of lo-fi,

low-rent pop styles, be they quirky pop, teary-eyed ballads, hyper-tense college jangle or windswept instrumentals. A slight album at best, its charms are hard to locate amidst the casual vibe. Fans of K Records acts like Lois will find something to enjoy here; the rest will most likely let this one go. >>>DOUG MOSUROCK

WOVEN HAND 

Mosaic Sounds Familyre

On his third solo album, former 16 Horsepower frontman David Eugene Edwards mixes Eastern melodies, passages of dark unintelligible speech and refrains of "Alleluia" in an enormous, hollow (in sound and emotion), folk-inflected tone-poem. Edwards draws his often over-wrought religious imagery and themes from a more hell-conscious mindset than his optimistic Christian-indie brethren (Danielson, Sufjan Stevens) and comes across like a soul-shaking preacher in the wilderness. This is nihilistic music for fervent believers. >>>KR



**YOUR MUSIC MAKES A DIFFERENCE
HELP ROCKWORKS REBUILD THE GULF COAST!**

CALL FOR BANDS!

**A NEW KIND OF CHARITY,
LOOKING FOR THE BEST
BAND IN AMERICA!**

**SUBMIT YOUR BAND TO
ROCKWORKS SHOWCASE AND
WIN THE CHANCE TO PERFORM LIVE IN NYC
AT THE 2006 CMJ MUSIC MARATHON!**

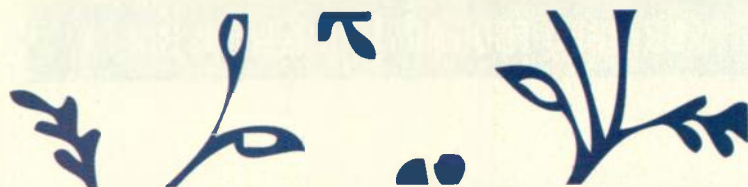
CMJ06
MUSIC MARATHON
COMMUNITY CENTER • 100 ST. NIV 4

ROCKWORKS
BUILT TO REBUILD

**TO REGISTER PLEASE GO TO
WWW.ROCKWORKS.US/SHOWCASE**

FLUID AUDIO NETWORKS

BEAR-RUIT



AN OFF-THE-CUFF Q&A BETWEEN GRIZZLY BEAR'S ED DROSTE AND BEIRUT'S ZACH CONDON

Grizzly Bear's Ed Droste has found a kindred spirit in Zach Condon, the 20-year-old wunderkind behind blog favorite Beirut. And why not? Despite the stylistic differences between Droste's whispery, experimental folk and Condon's rousing gypsy rock, the two men and their respective groups have much in common. Both bands began largely as solo projects, both are now based in Brooklyn and both fill out their songs with layers of unusual instruments like ukeleles, horns and accordions (Beirut) or marimbas, harps and banjos (Grizzly Bear). Both have also recently released excellent records. Earlier this summer, Beirut's debut, *Gulag Orkestar* (Ba Da Bing), made a splash just as the band was playing their first shows ever, and Grizzly Bear's *Yellow House*, their sophomore effort and first album for hip electronic label Warp, is due out this month. So, the twosome obviously had a lot to talk about. >>>REBECCA RABER

Ed Droste (Grizzly Bear): So did you write the whole album in New Mexico and then move here [to New York]?

Zach Condon (Beirut): Actually yeah, 90 percent of it I wrote at home in my bedroom and then all we recorded here was the drums in the studio.

Droste: And you wrote it all yourself?

Condon: Yup!

Droste: So your album seems sort of like a world tour with your titles...

Condon: Yeah, it really is... I mean it was kind of a joke when it came down to titling. I don't know if anyone has been noticing, but at the live show, I've noticed that people sometimes steal the setlist and then post it on their blog and have a bootleg of a new track and take that title as gospel, even though it's a joke. I never have names for things until way after I've finished them. For instance, there was this new song, "Zebra Safari," [that] we just arbitrarily named and now on the Internet people are saying, "I love that new song 'Zebra Safari.'"

Droste: Yeah, I know, titles are weird. Some of our songs have gone through several permutations. For instance, we had a track that we kept calling "Yolk" even though the actual lyric was "Yoke," but we felt weird naming a song after an antiquated farming device, even though there was mention of it in the song, so we ended up changing it last minute to "Central And Remote," which I think works much better. [Laughs]

Condon: Yeah it's funny, it's like, "Zebra Safari" is not the real name, guys."

Droste: Looks like you are getting handy with Googling yourself.

Condon: [Laughs] Yeah, it's true. But the other thing is that my dad, he's always trolling around discovering stuff and sending me links, and my label will send me links, so I sort of just can't stop reading in that trainwreck sort of way.

Droste: Trainwreck? It's been pretty uniformly positive except for the inevitable lazy comparisons to Neutral Milk Hotel, which aren't necessarily even bad, just inaccurate in my opinion. Plus, you gotta have some bad press, otherwise everyone will just be all, "Why aren't you getting any hate?" So they'll take it upon themselves to give a little hate, but you know it's just the way it is.

Condon: Oh yes, I do. Backlash. Actually, about the titles, it's not really a world trip, but it's more a reference to World War II.

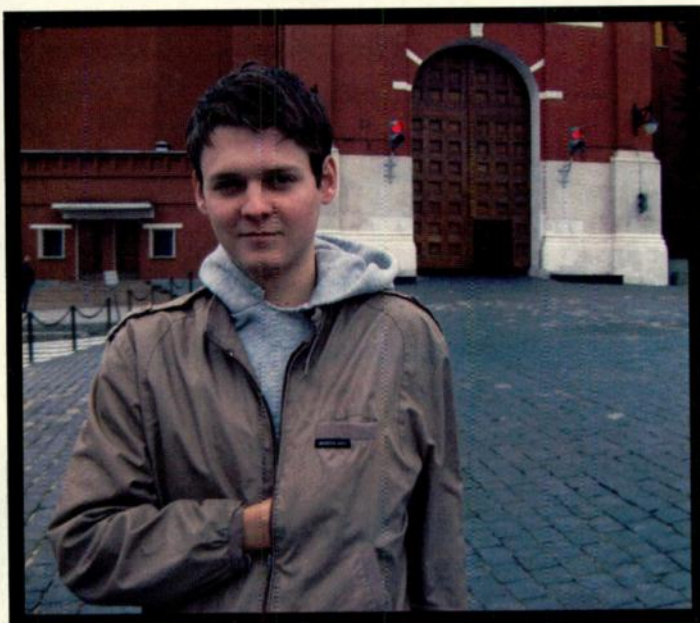
Droste: Really? How so? Is it just in your head? So do the song titles have anything to do with the song?

ZC: Yeah, vaguely—sometimes.

ED: Sorry if this is a redundant question you are getting all the time.

ZC: Actually, no, not that many people ask about the titles. I get the most boring questions from the European journalists.

ED: I know, you have to be really careful with your bio. Whatever they say in there, you will be directly quoted on. I once remember reading a review of ours that pla-



Beirut's Zach Condon (above) and Grizzly Bear's Ed Droste (second from left in adjacent photo) get at the nitty gritty of being young, talented and indie.

giarized our bio. So strange to me. Why bother writing it? Just link to the bio!

Condon: I know, I had this Spanish interview, and the guy was like, "So I think this sounds like Neutral Milk Hotel, you think yes?" And then I'd be put on the spot and say, "I can hear that, I guess," and then he'd go on to the next song and say, "I think this one sounds a bit like Rufus Wainwright, you think yes?" and I'd just say, "Uh, sure." And he went through the whole album and made track-by-track comparisons.

Droste: That's annoying, I don't even think you had those in your bio and you were plagued with them. Our former label, when we were just beginning, wanted to drop some big buzz names to compare us to, and to this day people still compare us to them, even though I don't think we sound anything like Animal Collective—other than that we harmonize—but I mean it's not like they invented it. And then I read Beach Boys things for them or us and it's like, "Look, no pop band invented vocal harmonies. There was no creator..." But enough about that. I'm curious about your live show. It must be really hard to suddenly get all this attention and be forced to put on a live show.

Condon: I think we are going to be able to get almost all our people that play with us this fall, so that works out well.

Droste: Wow, I can't imagine touring with that many people. For us it was all



"I SUPPOSE IT'S MUCH BETTER TO BE LAUNCHED FROM A BLOG THAN A COMMERCIAL."

—ED DROSTE

about trying to figure out a way to recreate the songs for a live setting, in a way four of us could do ourselves because our songs are really layered in the recordings. But without a sampler or 10 people on stage, it's really hard to get that exact sound, and honestly, I'm sort of glad we don't because I always prefer going to shows where I see something a bit different from the album... What did you do when you were alone back in Albuquerque?

Condon: Oh man, I was so young and I wasn't even allowed to be in the club. They'd make me wait back in an alleyway and then say, "You're on kid!" And then I'd play and go back to the alleyway and someone would usually slip me a beer.

Droste: [Laughs] Playing sober is the worst. I think we always play better with at least a beer or two in our system.

Condon: Right, right. Yeah I think it's necessary to loosen up a little bit. I mean, at the Northsix show [in Brooklyn], I remember seeing the crowd and knowing it was sold out and feeling this feeling in my stomach of just, "Whoa, that's a lot of people out there" and cramping up, feeling kind of sick.

Droste: Is that why you close your eyes when you sing? I read that somewhere.

Condon: Yeah, I never open my eyes, do I? Do you?

Droste: Yeah, my problem at first was that I was sitting originally, in our old setup, and I'd just look at the ground, afraid to look out. Then we started to stand and it was much harder to get away with standing and not looking out into the audience, so I just slowly got used to the idea of looking out there. Next step eye contact, but maybe that's creepy.

Condon: Seems you guys are getting some notoriety lately. I love this picture on

the cover of the new album. Are you happy with the label?

Droste: Yeah, relieved and excited. Just glad to be involved with a real label, one that is big, with a team working on things, where, without you realizing it, there are all these gears in motion. While someone is working on licensing, another person is doing radio, etc. It's just so efficient, not to mention we are just really in love with Warp as a label and the people there.

Condon: Is Warp in America too?

Droste: Yeah, they have an office here too, which is great. And, actually, it was the guy here that really pushed for us to get signed with them. Which reminds me, I wanted to ask you about your label, Ba Da Bing, which, pretty much up until you, hasn't had any big releases.

Condon: I couldn't have ended up at a better place as a young, naïve artist and I know [it] will do us right, so it's really perfect.

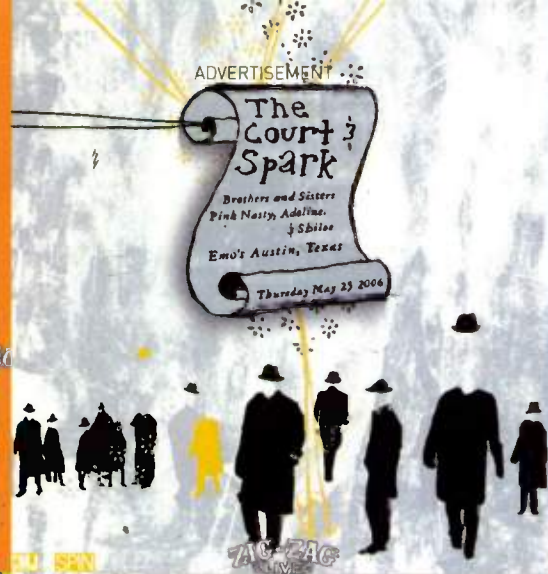
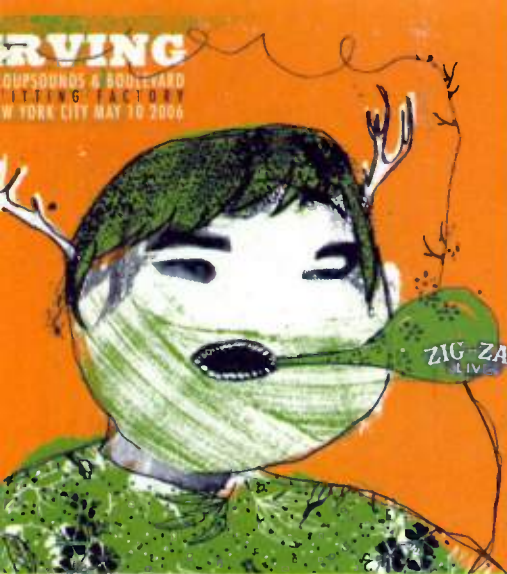
Droste: It must have been so crazy for them after all that blog stuff happened.

Condon: Yeah, it really was. We had to get all these interns to stuff envelopes, sending out mail orders, since it wasn't really available. I loved it for a few weeks, feeling like a real professional: "No, I won't do that show." or, "I want more money for that song." [Laughs]

Droste: I can imagine. Is there a song in a car commercial?

Condon: Oh no, we don't have a publishing company. I was just kidding.

Droste: [Laughs] Car commercials—there's that or blog buzz. I suppose it's much better to be launched from a blog than a commercial.



SPIN ZigZagLive.com **CMJ**

The Spring 2006 Zig-Zag Live tour included Aberdeen City, Art Brut, Asobi Seksu, Beirut, Brothers and Sisters, Cloud Room, Constantines, The Court & Spark, Favourite Sons, Guillemots, Irving, Oakley Hall, Oh No! Oh My!, Ponys, Rogers Sisters, and more!

Check out ZigZagLive.com for all the info on the Fall Tour, as well as album reviews, music news, and Zig-Zag® cigarette paper updates.