

**FREE EXCLUSIVE COMPILATION INSIDE!!**

**FREE CD**

# CMJ NEW MUSIC

THE BEST MAGAZINE YOU EVER HEARD

MONTHLY



**INSIDE:**

**AND JUSTICE FOR ALL: AN ED-UCATION IN BANGER'S ELECTRO**

**BONDE DO ROLE: BAILE ON THE ROCK**

**PATTON OSWALT: LOVES TO GRAB ROBERT EVANS' BALLS**

**GOGOL BORDELLO: NOMAD HATTERS**

# DATAROCK

**HAVE DANCE IN THEIR PANTS**

\$6.98 US \$9.98 CAN

ISSUE NO. 148

WWW.CMJ.COM

PERIODICAL RIDE ALONG ENCLOSED

\*\*\*\*\*AUTO\*\*SCH 5-DIGIT 78739

434951 CMJNMM

JUL 08

MR. CHRIS KENNEDY

5256

S 107 251

10825 BEACHMONT LN

AUSTIN TX 78739-1787



**ON THE VERGE: ARTHUR & YU, LOS CAMPESINOS!, PISSED JEANS, MEG BAIRD, WATAIN, 1990S**

# CMJ IS PROUD TO BE AN OURSTAGE PARTNER,

helping give a strong voice to deserving artists. These are just a few of the many talents that grabbed CMJ's attention in the month of June. Upload your own material at [www.ourstage.com/go/cmj](http://www.ourstage.com/go/cmj) for a chance to be featured next month, win cash prizes or even a performance at this year's CMJ Music Marathon in New York City.



## INDIE/ALT



**TEN MINUTE  
TURNS**  
Sad Animals

With driving rhythms that are backed by some serious horn action, Ten Minute Turns reminds you to dust off your dancing shoes with their tight harmonies and sharp lyrics in "Sad Animals."

RIYL: Spoon, Of Montreal, They Might Be Giants

WEB: search Ten Minute Turns at [www.ourstage.com](http://www.ourstage.com)

## HIP-HOP



**SUM MAJERE  
OF THE LONE  
WOLF**  
Paranoid

Lone Wolf is suspicious like Mr. Lif with spitting reminiscent of Blackalicious. Paranoid shows promise.

RIYL: Sun Zoo, Gift Of Gab, Aesop Rock

WEB: search Sum Majere of The Lone Wolf at [www.ourstage.com](http://www.ourstage.com)

## ACOUSTIC



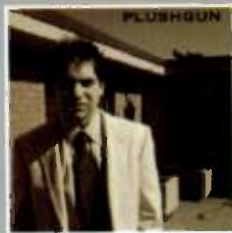
**MICHAEL  
LEVITON**  
Summer's  
The Worst

Leviton's acerbic lyricism is offset by his jangly, upbeat ukulele playing.

RIYL: Jens Lekman, Magnetic Fields, the Boy Least Likely To

WEB: search Michael Leviton at [www.ourstage.com](http://www.ourstage.com)

## POP



**PLUSHGUN**  
Just Impolite

"Just Impolite" is radio-friendly romantic synth-pop.

RIYL: Albert Hammond Jr., the Shins, the Postal Service

WEB: search Plushgun at [www.ourstage.com](http://www.ourstage.com)

## ELECTRONIC



**THE WEATHER  
INSIDE**  
Streets  
Of Jerusalem

Typical electronic groove, light and lofty, "Streets Of Jerusalem" is a pleasant and melodic journey.

RIYL: Air, Rio En Medio, Sia

WEB: search The Weather Inside at [www.ourstage.com](http://www.ourstage.com)

## ROCK

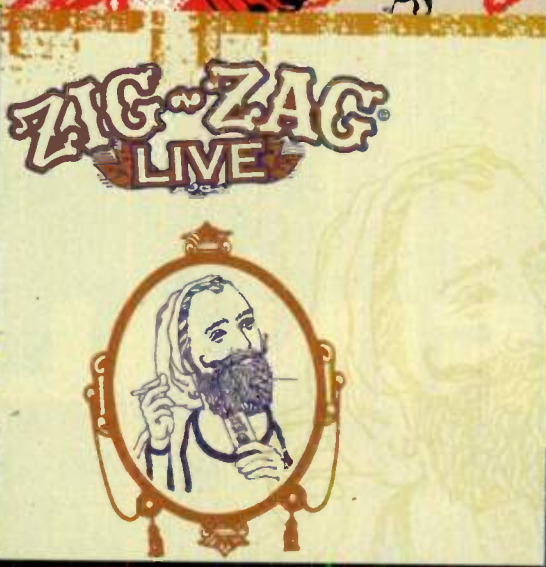
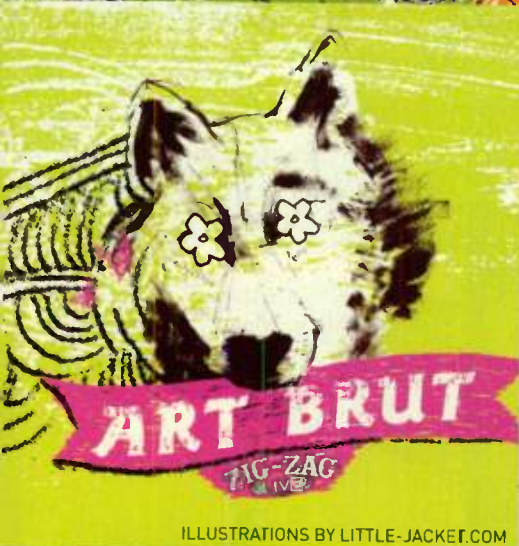
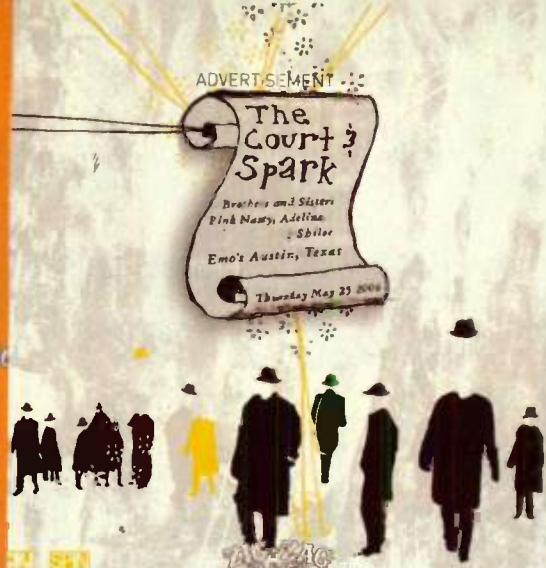


**MASON PROPER**  
My My  
(Bad Fruit)

Mason Proper is a pop/indie rock band from Michigan that infuses their songs with experimental noise and catchy melodies.

RIYL: Modest Mouse, Rogue Wave, the Shins

WEB: search Mason Proper at [www.ourstage.com](http://www.ourstage.com)



SPIN ZigZagLive.com CMJ

The Spring 2007 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.

*The new album from infamous Sleaze-Rock Legends*

# FASTER PUSSYCAT

**"THE POWER AND THE GLORYHOLE"**

with tracks like "Sex, Drugs and Rock and Roll", "#1 With A Bullet" and the title track, Faster Pussycat reclaim their title as the most dangerous, fervid rock and roll act around.

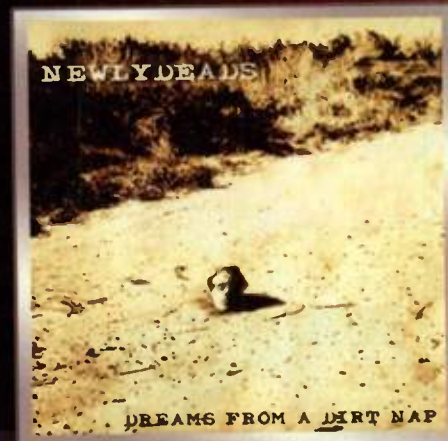


*A 10 Year Anthology of Industrial Goth-Rock from Hollywoods own*

# NEWLY DEADS

**"DREAMS FROM A DIRT NAP"**

a gritty, glammy barrage of atmospheres fills this 18 track trainride to hell. Decadent soundscapes engulf songs such as "Submission" "Night of the Living Dead" and "Six Feet Deep".



*The Underground Electronic Enigma Returns*

# FINAL CUT

**"TRIPP SIXX FIXX"**

"Tripp Sixx Fixx" marks the return of Final Cut to the scene. Low-ended love as only Final Cut can provide, come along for the ride. From the upcoming album "Method of Operation".



# CMJ NEW MUSIC

THE BEST MAGAZINE YOU EVER HEARD

MONTHLY



PAGE 22



PAGE 32

## EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief: KENNY HERZOG

Managing Editor: REBECCA RABER

Associate Editor: ERIC DAVIDSON

Assistant Editor: KORY GRGW

Staff Writer: KEVIN KAMPWIRTH

Senior Book Critic: ANDREW LEAHEY

Contributing Writers: LISA DONNELLY, TOM DUFFY, MATTHEW FIELD,

REED FISCHER, E.M. GALLAGHER, RON HART,

LORA KOLODNY, DAN MACINTOSH, ELENA MARINACCIO

DOUG MOSUROCK

Interns: LEE BAINS, TAYLOR MASON

## ART/PRODUCTION

Art Director/Designer: LAUREN DENITZIO

Production Coordinator: JASON GLASTETTER

Design Intern: ELIZABETH GRANT

Publisher: ROBERT K. HABER

Vice President, Content: REV. MOOSE

Sales: JOHNNY CHUBA, DAVID FINCH, ALONZO SMITH

Bookkeeping: BRUNELLA LEONARDI

CMJ NETWORK, INC.

CEO and President: ROBERT K. HABER

## CMJ EVENTS

Executive Producer: JOANNE ABBOT GREEN

Vice President, Artists & Events: MATT McDONALD

Associate Producer/Marketing Director: WINIFRED CHANE

Showcase Manager: PETE D'ANGELO

Marathon Marketing Director: ROSEMARY RAPOSO

## SUBSCRIPTIONS, ORDERS, CUSTOMER SERVICE

E-mail: [newmusicmonthly@cmj.com](mailto:newmusicmonthly@cmj.com)

Write: CMJ New Music Monthly

P.O. Box 1016, New York, NY 10114

Link: [www.cmj.com/nmm](http://www.cmj.com/nmm)

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

E-mail: [cmjmonthly@cmj.com](mailto: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](mailto: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

Karl Blau pulls a Postal Service—just without the benefit of Seth Cohen's blessing; British nursing home residents stand up for their "Generation," albeit while sitting down. Doc Martens causes Joey Ramone to lose his religion; and Mark Sultan clues us in to Montreal's status as the doo-wop capital of the world.

## QUICK FIX 8

Talking to Peter Dinklage about guitars is like talking to God about people. Unfortunately, God was on tour with his band Creation and unavailable for press. Also, Minnie Driver takes us sea-sighting; Patton Oswalt kisses our ass and Gogol Bordello tries to find a native tongue.

## ON THE VERGE 14

We really just call it that because you're literally on the verge of reading about them in the magazine. It's got nothing to do with the bands' actual potential one way or the other. That being said, give some love (and your hard-earned iTunes money) to the following up-and-comers: Arthur & Yu, Los Campesinos!, Pissed Jeans, Meg Baird, Watain, 1990s.

## AGAINST ME! 20

There's a point where punk rock needs to preach beyond the choir. Or is there? Depends on who you ask. Fortunately, Lee Bains was able to question controversial genre practitioner/Against Me! frontman Tom Gabel, whose band's major-label debut, *New Wave*, has the potential to reach millions with its music—but more importantly the message behind it.

## ED BANGER/JUSTICE 22

The roster of French electro label Ed Banger might be daft, but don't dare limit them to comparisons to a certain Punk outfit from their home nation. Rebecca Raber chats with label boss Pedro Winter and Justice's Xavier De Rosnay to dissect how backgrounds in pop, hip-hop and metal have translated to Parisian techno ecstasy.

## PHAROAAHE MONCH 24

It has to raise Pharoaahe Monch's ire to watch Axl Rose waste away 15 years between records on his own madcap volition. The Queens MC's waited nearly a decade for the label dust to settle so he could unleash his second solo LP. He tells Reed Fischer about the *Desire* to keep writing and rhyming.

## ART BRUT 26

Shocker of the month: Art Brut, a group of hyper-literate Brits, digs the Hold Steady, a band of hyper-literate Americans. Elena Marinaccio speaks with singer Eddie Argos about morphing from snotty punk to pop superstar posing.

## BONDE DO ROLE 28

Even MTV's gotten on board with the shantytown funk of Bonde Do Role, if only pronouncing it (bon-gee dough ho-lay) wasn't like solving a Rubik's Cube. But whatever you do, don't call them Cansei De Ser Sexy. Although as Rebecca Raber discovered, sexy certainly applies.

## BAD BRAINS 30

It's not exactly Poison regrouping or hell freezing over for the Eagles, but there's an undeniable, eyebrow-raising cringe-factor to the original Bad Brains lineup converging for *Build A Nation*. Do H.R. and crew still rock for light, or are they merely light on the rock? CMJ's Kenny Herzog and Matthew Field indulge in a point/counterpoint.

## ON THE COVER: DATATOCK 32

Fredrik Sarøea, one half of the Norwegian dance-rock duo, is only happy when it rains. Which is a good thing, since his hometown of Bergen makes Seattle look like Maui. And is the reason his music still sounds like an '80s synth band from California.

## ON THE CD 34

Datarock, Justice, the Mooney Suzuki, Switches, Runaway Diamonds, the Winter Sounds, the Midway State, the Beast Of Eden, Casey Desmond, Pipsqueak, They Shoot Horses Don't They, Chris Pureka, Smile Smile, Thrushes

## REVIEWS 38

Speaking of hell freezing over, you know the musical landscape is getting slippery when Marilyn Manson's latest is one of the year's most memorable. Fellow pasty-faced rock god Jack White's got a new one as well, and Sonic Youth shows the nation it's not *Daydream*-ing with a deluxe reissue. Elsewhere, Warner Bros. shows its personality of cult with a multi-DVD rollout of the mid-century cinema's best-worst, and a *SPIN* scribe takes a stab at summarizing the grunge years—despite being barely old enough to drink.

Issue # 148 July 2007 CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY (ISSN 1074-6978) is published eight times per year by 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 10114. 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 © 2007 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.

## BEST SONG TITLES OF THE MONTH

- 1 Horse The Band—"I Think We Are Both Suffering From The Same Crushing Metaphysical Crisis" (Koch)
- 2 Mick Turner/Tren Brothers—"Help Mr. Rabbit, I Can't Get Out" (Drag City)
- 3 Bonde Do Role—"Bondallica" (Domino)
- 4 Parkas—"Crucifixion Blues" (Saved By Radio)
- 5 Pig Destroyer—"Girl In The Slayer Jacket" (Relapse)



Bonde Do Role: Indulging their inner Ulrich.

## WHAT THE F\*#@? FACTOR

### SCENE REPORT EVERYWHERE, THE WORLD

#### ACCORDING TO TRAVELING TRASH-DOO-WOP TROUBADOUR MARK SULTAN

##### THE BEST UNDERGROUND BAR IS:

Kontrolpunkt in Berlin. The entrance is a sewer that glows from a green light below it. You squeeze in to a crusty punk paradise of cheap beer, stench and speed. My buddy Matt Muscle took me there the first time. Like fuckin' *C.H.U.D.*!!! Great!

##### THE TOWN WHERE GIRLS ACTUALLY LOVE '50s DOO-WOP IS:

Surprisingly, there are a lot of 'em around the world I've seen. It still makes 'em cry, makes 'em dance, but this title goes to Montreal, a place where punk, garage and doo-wop are as comfortable on a mixtape as french fries, gravy and curd cheese are on a plate.

Mark Sultan's *The Sultanic Verses* is out on *In The Red*. >>>INTERVIEW BY ERIC DAVIDSON



### HOMAGE IS WHERE THE HEART IS

Karl Blau is the Northwest's answer to Bob Pollard. In addition to his solo work, dude's collaborated with everyone from Laura Veirs to Phil Elevrum, the latter of whom was also part of Blau's band D+, along with Bret Lunsford. On *Dance Positive (Marriage)*, Blau takes the words from nine D+ songs, the lyrics of which were written by Lunsford, and re-works the music to fit his individual brand of dub/drone-inspired electro-pop. He also enlisted a solid crop of Northwest musicians to fill out the tape, including SunnO))) and Earth's Steve Moore on sythns and Sufjan Stevens' drummer James McAlister. The end product shapes itself around Blau, though, as he takes the reins on Lunsford's words, feeding them through his grainy larynx, tripping them up over leaden, staccato beats and running it all over a low tape hiss... the only other memory of the lyrics' original form. >>>KEVIN KAMPWIRTH



From John Wayne pushing Coors Light to Fred Astaire hawking Dirt Devils, advertisers have a long and repugnant history of using dead celebrities to sell their products. The latest campaign causing controversy comes courtesy of shoe manufacturer Dr. Martens and their (former) ad agency Saatchi & Saatchi. The spreads, which originally ran in the British publication *Fact Magazine*, featured Kurt Cobain, Joe Strummer, Joey Ramone and Sid Vicious standing amidst clouds and an ethereal glow while sporting Docs and implying that the punk icons are now contentedly traipsing around heaven in steel-toed boots. Courtney Love was the first to object to the images, and Ramones brother Mickey Leigh recently spoke out against them as well, pointing out that, aside from the fact that Joey never wore the shoes, he was also, in fact, Jewish. Love, meanwhile, probably just wants to know where her royalty check is. >>>KK



### MPEG'D FOR SUCCESS

It's hard not to laugh the first time you YouTube the video for the Zimmers' cover of the Who's "My Generation." They are, after all, a geriatric ensemble rock group from Britain whose oldest member is 100 and whose lead singer is a 90-year-old bespectacled man named Alf. It's even harder not to laugh as it codas with a half-dozen seniors gingerly smashing acoustic guitars on the ground (presumably because electrics were too heavy). The band sprang initially, though, from a recent BBC documentary aimed at exposing the feelings of abandonment and isolation of the country's elderly, which is also explained in a follow-up YouTube posting by one of the Zimmers' own. That's when it's easy not to laugh, when we're reminded how English and American cultures excel at treating our elderly as outcasts rather than as elders. >>>KK



# It Works!



After signing up for Sonicbids, we realized how many opportunities we might never have known about. We submitted our EPK™ to The Independent Music Awards and we were totally psyched when we won. We can thank Sonicbids that we submitted in the first place."

**IMA JONSDOTTIR Andromeda4**

[www.sonicbids.com/Andromeda](http://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 five years, musicians like Andromeda4 have used Sonicbids to enter the Independent Music Awards (IMA)."

**MARTIN FOLKMAN Independent Music Awards**

[www.sonicbids.com/ima2007](http://www.sonicbids.com/ima2007)



Sonicbids is trusted by 100,000 musicians and nearly 10,000 promoters worldwide. Open a free Promoter Account or begin your trial Artist Account today at [www.sonicbids.com](http://www.sonicbids.com)

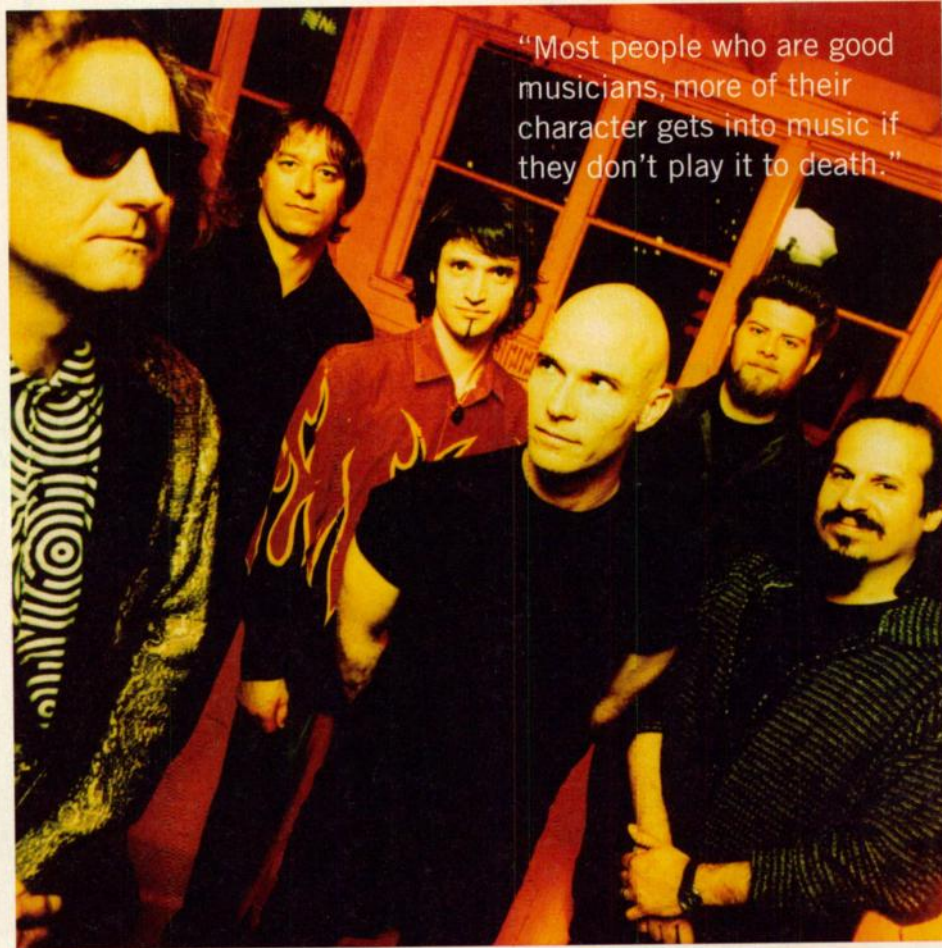
**DISC MAKERS**

 **The John Lennon**  
SONGWRITING CONTEST

**MUSIC**  
CONNECTION  
MAGAZINE

**BMI**

World Radio History



"Most people who are good musicians, more of their character gets into music if they don't play it to death."

## MY FAVORITE GEAR WITH PETER BUCK

INTERVIEW BY KENNY HERZOG

It's sort of difficult to limit a conversation with Peter Buck to just one thing. After all, the man is the musical mastermind behind R.E.M., produced Uncle Tupelo and the Feelies, and collaborated with the Minus 5, Robyn Hitchcock and, currently, Tuatara. So when he picked up the horn from his home in Seattle, the discussion did veer briefly into that band from Athens, but mostly concentrated on the variety of instruments he dabbled in for Tuatara's roots-rock-meets-world-music opus, *East Of The Sun* (Fast Horse). That, and the one piece of equipment that has yet to call him master.

**You play multiple instruments on *East Of The Sun*. Can we run down their significance?**

It's not that different from the R.E.M. stuff. I just bring down my toys. I usually use a Rickenbacker as my main guitar. I think on this record I kind of only played ukulele and banjo as my extra instruments, although the banjo is a six-string shaped like a guitar, so I don't have to actually learn how to play banjo. I play dulcimer a little bit. I bought one like 15, 20 years ago and it's kind of like a real simple instrument; it's very evocative. It's an old mountain instrument but you can make it sound kind of psychedelic. I played for about a week and I got about as good as I ever got, which is, you know, not all that great, but it's a cool instrument.

**Was any one your favorite to utilize while making the album?**

You know, not that I can really think of. This record was just like everything else—you've got a song and you try to figure out what you're supposed to do on it... It was a little difficult this time because none of us knew what

**Tua-tara! Tara! Tara! : Peter Buck (second from left) has almost as many instruments as side projects.**

the vocals were going to sound like because we were farming out all the material... so it was just kind of a matter of, "Well, OK, this is how I wrote it, it has this instrument on it, I should put on another guitar." It was kind of haphazard.

**Is there any instrument you still haven't tackled that seems appealing?**

Yeah, I'm not a keyboard player at all... I was probably 35 before I ever lived in a house where there was even a keyboard around, so for me, I tend to just use it as a tool; I'll sit down and come up with stuff, but I always try to hand it over to someone who is a better player, because, literally, I can't play. I can just come up with some things.

**Well, you have always seemed to prefer things with strings.**

I tend to do most of the string stuff just because I like playing it. I'm not good at any bowed instrument. I've got one bowed instrument that I play and it's kind of like a Swedish thing, but mandolin and dulcimer and guitar and bass are kind of similar enough that you can pick them up and fiddle around and figure something out on them.

**Looking back at the last quarter century, is there anything you understand now in the studio that you wish you did in 1982?**

When I first started recording, R.E.M. was a really young band. We knew what we were doing, but also it was the first time in the studio and we would just go in and knock the songs out. I kind of prefer that... I think that most people who are good musicians, more of their character gets into music if they don't play it to death.

PHOTO: Mark Van S.





"IT SEEMS LIKE A FAIRLY IMPOVERISHED ATTITUDE TO HAVE TOWARD ANY ARTIST."

Sea Change: Driver shifts creative gears.

## BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME MINNIE DRIVER RETURNS TO HER FIRST PASSION INTERVIEW BY DAN MACINTOSH

**Minnie Driver—yes, *that* Minnie Driver—is best known as an actress. But most people probably don't realize she began her career as a singer-songwriter, having signed to Island back in the '90s. She's now come full circle with *Seastories*, which marks her second release on Zöe-Rounder, and she chatted with us via cell phone from France about being taken seriously in both mediums. That, and working with a guy who's nearly as busy as she is: Ryan Adams.**

**What made you initially change directions toward music?**

You know, when you're like 19 [or] 20, you just throw it all at the wall and see what sticks. And I was just doing as much as I could to try and make a living. I auditioned for a movie and I got it. I love music and I love acting. I was just trying to make a living, that's all.

**Why did you call the new CD *Seastories*?**

I live by the ocean, and everything I write is really inspired by that, by the sea. Most of the songs came to me while I was either running or walking on the beach by my house, so it was a natural title.

**What was it like working with Ryan Adams and the Cardinals?**

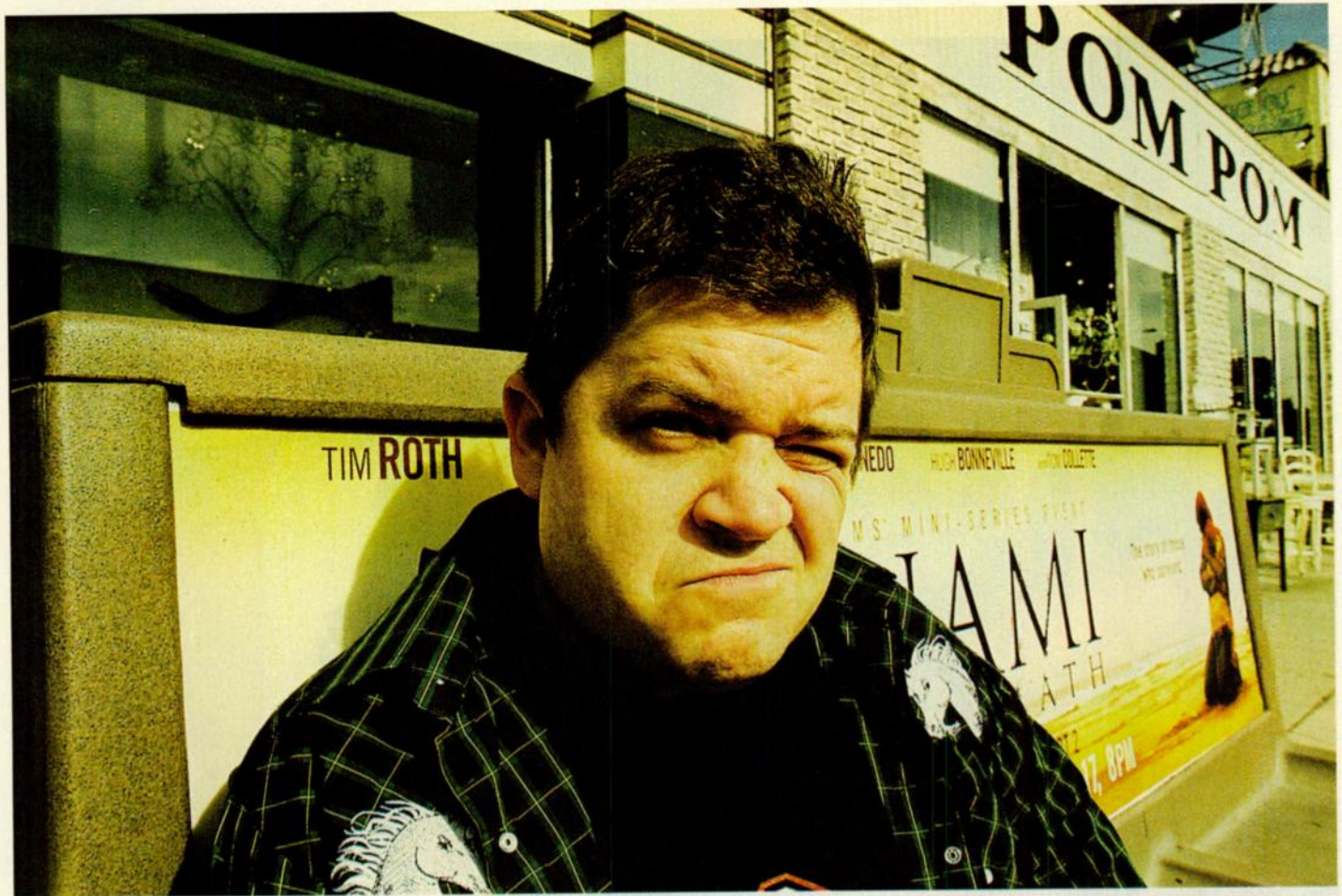
The Cardinals are an amazing band. They're just really good people and really industrious. Ryan Adams is a really prolific and talented songwriter. We didn't really work together for that long, as it turned out, but he was kind enough to lend me his band, which was great. They're really fantastic.

**Adams is closely associated with the alt-country scene and many country elements also seep into your new CD. Did you listen to much country growing up or is this new for you?**

I never really listened to a lot of country. I listened to a lot of Bob Dylan, but I [also] listened to a lot of Dolly Parton growing up, and loved her, and still do to this day. I listened to some old Hank Williams and old Patsy Cline, but nothing too modern.

**Do you get any resistance from people who know you best as an actress?**

I did a little on the first record, but it seems like a fairly impoverished attitude to have toward any artist if you haven't listened to their work or watched their movies.



Patton—in general: Oswalt marches us through the minutiae of his home.

## IN MY ROOM WITH PATTON OSWALT

INTERVIEW BY ERIC DAVIDSON

While most know him as Spence Olchim on *The King Of Queens*, Patton Oswalt made his moniker trolling the brick-walled rooms of the stand-up circuit for the last decade-plus, coming up with the most acidic social slob-servations since David Cross' most brazen moods. With *King* ending its run, Oswalt's free to hit the circuit again on the heels of his second CD, *Werewolves And Lollipops* (Sub Pop). Upon trying to explain the premise of this piece, however, we found that he's clearly had enough time to be reading *CMJ*.

### The basic crux of the article is....

Dude, I know "In My Room." I love the magazine. I've got it since '95. I miss the "Geek Love" section though. I would've done an article about Phil Collins' *No Jacket Required*, about how it's a guilty pleasure of mine. It was like punk for walled-off suburban kids. Like, "This guy's a pretty fuckin' angry dude. He sings about, like, homeless people, and this song's about a dude in a mental hospital." It's really dark. He's punk man. The guy wears sneakers with a suit. He's fucking crazy!

### So, this is more or less *CMJ*'s version of *Cribs*.

That's perfect, because a lot of the musicians you cover could only afford a one-room apartment. "Oh, in my room? Let's see: bed, hot plate, uh..."

### So what room are you in right now?

My office. Straight across from me are two original Shag paintings. On the

shelf to my left I have a complete collection of BFI books of classic films. And propping them up is a Jerry Lewis life mask. And in front of that is a tennis ball that a friend of mine stole from Robert Evans' personal tennis court.

### Oh my god, no way!

My friend was cleaning his house, and there were all these tennis balls in the rain gutter and he grabbed one for me. The initials "R.E." are stamped on it. I also have *Hellboy* and *Blade Runner* replica guns. I've got a complete collection of the Richard Stark "Parker" novels in hardback, except for *Deadly Edge*. I haven't been able to find that in hardback yet. If anyone's reading this and has it, I want it! I have a battered copy of Michael Weldon's *Psychotronic Encyclopedia Of Film*, where I've marked all the movies I've seen—but only in theaters, with the date and theater I saw them in. I have a shitload of books. I have the complete John D. MacDonald "Travis McGee" series. The complete Raymond Chandlers. I have the complete James Ellroy hardbacks.

### Have you ever talked to that guy?

No, but I went to a reading of his, and he said one of my favorite quotes: "It says in the Bible, 'Judge not lest ye be judged.' You know what that means to me? That means if you're willing to be judged, and judged harshly, judge on motherfucker!" He signed my copy of *White Jazz*, "To Patton, Beware the comedy of the patriarchy on the skids." I took that to heart.

# INSTANT KARMA

THE AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL CAMPAIGN TO

# SAVE DARFUR



FEATURING NEW RECORDINGS OF CLASSIC JOHN LENNON SONGS BY

**GREEN DAY • U2 • R.E.M.**  
**LENNY KRAVITZ • BLACK EYED PEAS**  
**CHRISTINA AGUILERA • JACK JOHNSON**  
**CORINNE BAILEY RAE • REGINA SPEKTOR • AND MORE**

**IN STORES JUNE 12** SAVE LIVES NOW - GO TO

[www.instantkarma.org](http://www.instantkarma.org)



World Radio History

"PEOPLE ALWAYS SAY, 'OH, BACK IN THE DAY. FUCK THAT, IT'S TODAY!'"



Planet Caravan: Gogol's (left to right) Thomas Gobena, Elizabeth Sun, Eliot Ferguson, Pedro Erazo, Eugene Hutz, Oren Kaplan, Pam Racine, Yuri Lmshev and Sergej Rjabtzev

## WHAT'S THIS SONG ABOUT?

### WITH GOGOL BORDELLO'S EUGENE HUTZ

INTERVIEW BY TAYLOR MASON

During the early months of '07, Eugene Hutz and his boisterous gang of gypsy-punks, Gogol Bordello, were hard at work on the follow-up to 2005's *Gypsy Punks Underdog World Strike*. Mixing and mastering tracks for *Super-Taranta* (SideOneDummy) at New York's Integrated Studios (a sophisticated hub with a panoramic view of the Hudson River) was quite the process for the band, who came into the studio with a handful of songs written mostly in the back of a tourbus over the last year. And though it's been daunting—Hutz confesses that two days and nearly 30 takes were devoted to perfecting single tunes—the charismatic ringleader is ready to continue the group's "cultural crusade," one rowdy, sexually charged tune at a time.

Do you have a favorite track from *Super-Taranta*?

They all really are, because our band was never about trying to come up with enough songs for an album. It was always about let's try to narrow it down to the size of an album. So out of more than 30 songs, we selected 15 as best as we could, so it's like 15 out of the best. "American Wedding" and "Super Theory Of Super Everything" are songs that are goddamn fucking humor central and it's just that side of Gogol Bordello. "Forces Of Victory" and "Ultimate" are so fucking intense or driven that it feels like the core of Gogol Bordello, just unbelievable intensity.

Let's break down some individual songs, beginning with "Ultimate."

It's like a trans-Siberian western, if I must say so. Like the Russian Bad Brains, it was actually recorded at the same studio as *I Against I*. Sort of like conquer the world music. People always say, "Oh, back in the day." Fuck that, it's today!

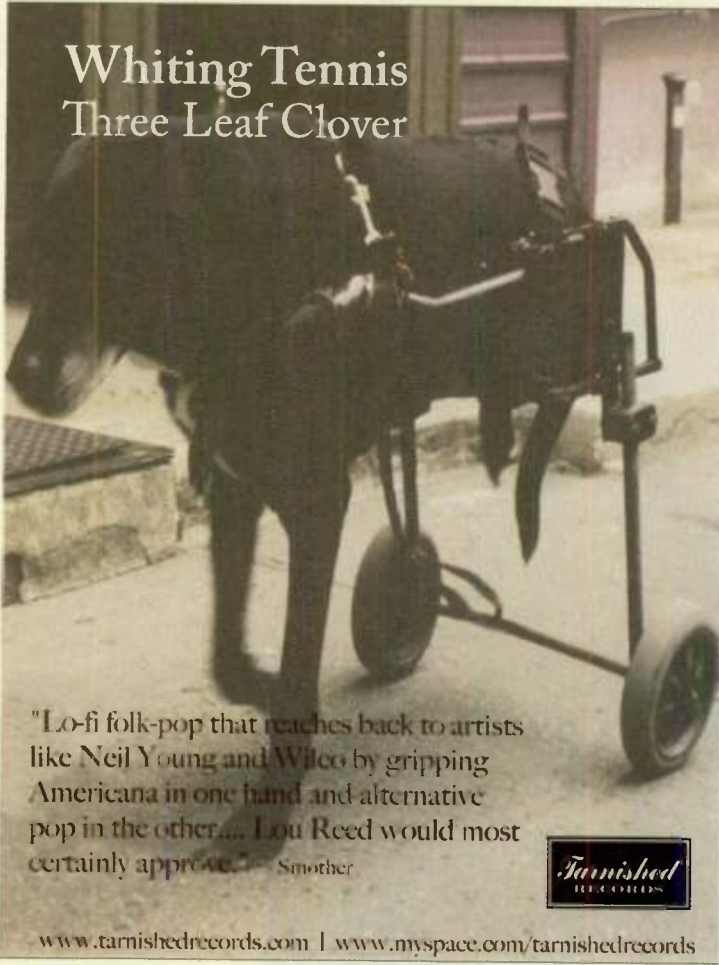
And "Wonderlust King" is sort of autobiographical, right?

Almost everything is autobiographical, but "Wonderlust King." I guess I could only write it at this point in my life with quite a bit of mileage behind [me], as I grew more confident about my feelings. For a long time I was thinking that my addiction to traveling wasn't necessarily healthy, and maybe it isn't healthy. I don't really insist that everybody should do it because there are pretty rough aspects of it as well. Another thing is that, at certain points, I kind of started to think that the people who are not pursuing that are majorly stealing from themselves. So it's like taking a piss on people who never leave their hometown, and I mean, some people maybe can't, but you know, for those who can.

And "Forces Of Victory"?

It's a journey, like the union of souls, human connection in the purest form. This one's gypsy death metal—System Of A Down, here we come! I also took the verse, "I can't go on/ will go on" from Samuel Beckett. It's like an answer to clinical loneliness.

# Whiting Tennis Three Leaf Clover



"Lo-fi folk-pop that reaches back to artists like Neil Young and Wilco by gripping Americana in one hand and alternative pop in the other... Lou Reed would most certainly approve." - *Smoother*



[www.tarnishedrecords.com](http://www.tarnishedrecords.com) | [www.myspace.com/tarnishedrecords](http://www.myspace.com/tarnishedrecords)

# Playing artists as rich and famous as you are.



**770 AM** and **106.5 FM** in Minneapolis/St. Paul  
and [www.radiok.org](http://www.radiok.org) everywhere.


## THE MOONEY SUZUKI Have Mercy

"THE REBIRTH OF GARAGE"  
-ALTERNATIVE PRESS

"...THE NATURAL EVOLUTION OF  
A QUALITY ROCK 'N' ROLL BAND"  
-HARP

"...NOTHING SHORT OF A MIRACLE..."  
-PITCHFORK

IN STORES AND ON TOUR NOW

ELIXIA [WWW.THEMOONEYSUZUKI.COM](http://WWW.THEMOONEYSUZUKI.COM)   
[WWW.MYSPACE.COM/THEMOONEYSUZUKI](http://WWW.MYSPACE.COM/THEMOONEYSUZUKI)  
[WWW.ELIXIARECORDS.COM](http://WWW.ELIXIARECORDS.COM)

# MOONEY SUZUKI

## SWITCHES



heart tuned to D.E.A.D.

"Scientists could not sweat night and day in laboratories and not reline rock 'n' roll into three minutes like these Southern upstarts do"  
-*TIME*

The debut U.S. release *Heart Tuned To Dead* coming this fall featuring "Drama Queen"



[www.switchesmusic.co.uk](http://www.switchesmusic.co.uk) [www.myspace.com/weareswitches](http://www.myspace.com/weareswitches)

© 2004 Switches Records. All rights reserved.



Camera shy no longer: Grant Olsen and Sonya Westcott

## ARTHUR & YU

**W**ho knew that Craigslist wasn't just for finding cheap furniture and missed connections? Obviously, Seattle-based dream-folk duo Arthur & Yu; the band owes its birth to the community website. Two years ago, Bay Area transplant Sonya Westcott, formerly of Rogue Wave, placed an ad on the Seattle section of the site, and Grant Olsen, a secret-bedroom-tape maestro who had just moved to town after teaching English in Prague, replied. "I knew I wanted a female to sing with because I had a bunch of harmonies in mind and a bunch of songs that I knew would be better for a girl to sing," says Olsen, who had previously been too shy (or "chicken shit," as he puts it) to share his music publicly. "So I just got lucky. She had a lot of the same taste." The woozily beautiful product of their collaboration, *In Camera*, is not only the duo's debut, but is also the first release on the new Sub Pop imprint Hardly Art. "The first person who approached us about it

was [Sub Pop president and co-founder] Jon Poneman," says Olsen. "And growing up as a kid with all those early Sub Pop records and 7-inches, it was hard to keep a cool head around him." Full of sleepy-sexy melodies and wistful boy-girl harmonies that evoke Lee Hazlewood/Nancy Sinatra collaborations, the record's intimate vibe is no accident. "These home recordings were meant to be demos," says Olsen. "But when the [label] people got a hold of it, they didn't want us to change anything, which is kind of cool." Recorded in Olsen's apartment with only a Mac mini and a slew of "cheap instruments" (most of which he plays himself), and bolstered by Westcott's whispery, Jane Birkin-esque soprano, *In Camera* is so cozy and homemade that there are even a few unintended guests. "If you listen to the record," laughs Olsen, "there's a part where you can hear the downstairs neighbor slam the roof of his apartment to tell me to shut the fuck up." >>>REBECCA RABER

PHOTO: Greg Lutze



PHOTO: Grace Deville

Peasant-ville: Los Campesinos!'s (left to right) Ellen, Aleks, Neil, Harriet, Gareth, Tom and Ollie

## LOS CAMPESINOS!

It should be noted right off just how significant the exclamation point in Los Campesinos! actually is. The name may simply mean "the peasants" in Spanish, but these seven Cardiff University kids from Wales are anything but simple, and no doubt flaunt this moniker with tongues lodged firmly in cheeks. They've even gone so far as to drop their given last names in deference to their collective namesake, leaving us with Aleks, Ellen, Gareth, Harriet, Neil, Ollie and Tom Campesinos! And yes, the exclamation point stays. "Originally, we had some sort of Decemberists-inspired urge to dress up as peasants, but on a more superficial level we just liked the way it sounded," says Tom, the crew's lead guitarist. "And we added the exclamation mark because it seemed to suit the energy of the music we were playing." All gimmickry aside, their music is what ends up making the lasting impression and has charged the buzz they've been receiving across Europe since forming in 2006, leading up to their forthcoming mini-LP, *Sticking Fingers Into Sockets* (Arts & Crafts). A messy aggregate of layered, spindly guitars, boy/girl vocals, handclaps, toy pianos, brass and smartass lyrics, LC! most closely resembles a mash-up of early Pavement and Architecture In Helsinki. "We never really had a specific idea of the sound we wanted to be making and we did these long, over-the-top instrumentals starting out," says Tom. "But if we did have any sort of direction in mind it was towards pop, but, like, skewed pop." The band even recorded a cover of Pavement's "Frontwards," albeit an espresso-fueled run-through replete with female vocals, but it manages to retain the original's tossed-off stupor. Having not spent much time in the studio and still being relatively new to playing live, LC! is very much a work in progress. But that's also the space in which they've always felt most comfortable and, for the time being, they'll continue to revel in what it means to be a band that plays with caprice rather than caution. "We're just naturally more shambolic and scratchier, and we're cool with that," Tom says. "The bands we like are the ones where the emphasis is on the energy rather than hitting the right notes all the time. We're not completely polished live, but we're working on it."

>>>KEVIN KAMPWIRTH



# THE WINTER SOUNDS

PORCELAIN EMPIRE

FEATURING THE SINGLES:  
 "WINDY CITY NIGHTS"  
 "POOR SAILORS" &  
 "THE GREAT FORGOTTEN"

"FEROCY MELODIC INDIE ROCK  
 THAT DOESN'T SHORTCHANGE LISTENERS  
 ON LAYERS OF SUBSTANCE OR INSTRUMENTATION."  
 —ALARM MAGAZINE

IN STORES NOW!



THEWINTERSOUNDS.COM  
 MYSPACE.COM/THEWINTERSOUNDS



No shirt, no jacket, but definitely shoes: Pissed Jeans are crazy, but not stupid.

## PISSED JEANS

**S**urly late-'80s bands like the Reverb Motherfuckers, the Bastards or Lubricated Goat were aware that their sludgy sounds and shlubby attire would get them banished by "tastemakers." They were content to reside far enough on the fringes to make all the gunked-up noise they pleased. Philadelphia fuzz-bombers Pissed Jeans carry on that temeritous tradition with their debut, *Hope For Men* (Sub Pop). Though drummer Sean McGuinness won't be carrying anything until he finds some new shoes. "I've always been a sneaker guy myself," says McGuinness, on a desperate kicks quest somewhere in Chicago. One would think upon hearing *Hope's* monstrous, messy roar that McGuinness would play drums caveman-style. "No," he explains, "I don't do that. I'm not for shoeless. It tears up the bottom of your feet, man. You don't have any control and your feet sweat. I think that's for the birds." And as far as assuming the band's members are

intense devotees of the grumbling, post-hardcore haranguing they're usually compared to, McGuinness aims to settle that score too. "At least that gives someone an idea about it, that's fine. We get stuff like, 'Sounds like Fang, sounds like Drunks With Guns.' I don't think we sound like any of those bands. We're a punk band in my mind. Not because of the style of music we play or because our music sounds like the bands that were described as punk before. It's because we have to take three cars and scramble last minute to get our equipment to shows and we still make it and we still play. We're punk because we're down for anything." Maybe even down for a switcheroo on the "no shoeless drumming" rule. Calling back the next day in a huff, McGuinness exclaims, "Man, I saw Trans Am last night, and the drummer played without shoes and was really ripping it up! I'm too big of a pussy to play without shoes, but maybe I should look into this shoeless thing." >>>ERIC DAVIDSON





A bloody good time: Watain's Erik Danielsson

## WATAIN

PHOTO: Black Metal Militia

Erik Danielsson has a bone to pick with MTV. When the erstwhile music channel's website interviewed Danielsson about his black metal band, Sweden's great black hope Watain—which includes guitarist P. Forsberg and drummer H. Jonsson—and their highly anticipated first US tour, the writer asserted that the band did not support “church burnings, murders or desecrations.” Not so. “It should be clear that we support all actions that move against the currents of the creator,” says Danielsson via e-mail from his home in Uppsala (incidentally also the hometown of director Ingmar Bergman, whom the singer praises for capturing “the emotional coldness and solemn silence of Scandinavian mentality”). “I was very surprised that they could twist my words into [saying] that we did not support church-burning, but the interview was done via phone, so hopefully—for them—it was just a misunderstanding.” Further clarifying his point, regarding a statement he made saying that war should be waged just to kill and not to liberate, he provides this equation: “People die = Watain happy.” With the band's third full-length, *Sworn To The Dark* (Ajna), finally seeing a US release, threats—whether serious or in jest—remain one of the

group's driving forces, whether they're of Satanism, nausea or bodily harm. Perhaps the greatest danger to hesitant listeners, however, is that they might like the group's blend of classic black metal (e.g., Darkthrone, Dissection, Mayhem) and elements of Danielsson's dark, experimental influences like Diamanda Galás (just look at his picture!) and Fields Of The Nephilim. In Europe, Watain's concerts have become legendary for their use of real pigs' blood (legally obtained, we assume, although they can challenge us along with MTV if we're wrong), which adds to the band's sickening effects, but Danielsson justifies it as a way of “corresponding with the darkness of the beyond... as a gateway between the living and the dead.” With such polarizing elements to their music, fans seem to either love or hate Watain, with scant middle ground. “The people that misinterpret us are those who do not have the intelligence or guts to look deep enough... Watain is probably a band for those who want a bit more than shallow everyday-metal nonsense, those who dare to venture a bit further into the terrible realms of black metal madness. The rest might as well shoot themselves. Take someone you love with you.” >>>KORY GROW



ON THE  
VERGE



Her soul is Baird: Meg strips things down for her solo debut.

## MEG BAIRD

**M**eg Baird has a Peter Parker-like duality. Despite the mild-mannered photographer's desire to be a normal guy, Parker will always be Spiderman, because his gifts allow him to make the world a better place. While Baird's aspirations aren't quite as lofty, her different musical personalities are nearly as wide-ranging. She is currently balancing three separate projects: her solo career, the Baird Sisters—a collaboration with her sibling Laura—and the psych-folk outfit Espers, which she also co-founded in 2002. "It tends to sort itself out pretty easily, as far as what songs to put where," Baird says from her home in Philadelphia. "All these things have such a distinct voice." With Espers, Baird lends her windswept falsetto to their menacing, layered drone. However, her debut solo LP, *Dear Companion* (Drag City), displays the singer's more low-key side, relying on just her voice, finger-picked acoustics and gently placed dulcimer. Aside from two originals, the album is primarily a collection of traditional folk songs, like "The Cruelty

Of Barbary Allen," and covers, like Baird's take on Jimmy Webb's "Do What You Gotta Do." "It was really just something I wanted to try," she says of the record's motif. "[Folk] will always be a base for me, but for the next record I doubt there will be as much traditional material." Though her solo work is distinct from that of Espers, it eerily imparts the same sense of mysticism and antiquity. "It's really very easy to maintain both and hear the different sounds in my head," she says. "In Espers especially, by now we've come up with sort of a common language that we talk about music in and what we're going for." Her contributions to both Espers and the Baird Sisters will continue, with both projects currently plotting new records, but Baird has no intention of *Companion* being a one-off. "The solo stuff's pretty new, but I like the variety and I kind of depend on it," she says. "With a band, you can just really fill up the room differently. I guess I'll see what I can come up with in solo work that would be as interesting as Espers." >>>KEVIN KAMPWIRTH

PHOTO: Aaron Iglar



They love the '90s (left to right): Michael McGaughrin, John McKeown and Jamie McMorrow.

## 1990s

If you're confused by the braggadocio of "Cult Status" from this Scottish band's debut, *Cookies* (World's Fair), be aware that two-thirds of 1990s cemented said status as half of the great late-'90s agit-pop group, Yummy Fur. The other half ended up in Franz Ferdinand. "[Franz's] Paul [Thomson] and Alex [Kapranos] were in the Yummy Fur," explains drummer Michael McGaughrin. "I used to run a studio with Alex... I remember him coming in with a copy of *Melody Maker* with an article about LL Cool J liking the Yummy Fur, and I thought, 'Who is this guy?' And two years later he's on *Top Of The Pops*." Meanwhile, McGaughrin was busking bars with variform indie rockers V-Twin. "We were more sort of rock 'n' roll," says McGaughrin, "and [Yummy Fur] were a bit uptight and angular. But I think [singer/guitarist] Jackie [McKeown] has loosened up a bit now. We're all just a bit sick of that kind of music. And this music came out of having a good time." Indeed, *Cookies* is about as fun a power-pop record as is likely to land this summer. "We had this idea of having a band," recalls McGaughrin, "but ended up just going to parties and coming up with daft lyrics. We just were sort of

having a laugh together." 1990s' "laughs" are crisply captured choppy riffs and playful, sometimes bawdy lyrical lobs. After a recent New York show with countrymen Sons And Daughters, their irreverent 'tude got them in a hot loch. "That's what that gig was for, to get people over to Scotland. And Jackie was up on stage saying, 'I don't know why you wanna go to Scotland, this place is amazing. I would stay here.' And then in the *Sunday Post* in Scotland there was a big headline saying, 'Scots Rock Act Slights Nation At New York Gig! 1990s Say Scotland is Rubbish!'" And now that the band is considering a move to NYC or Oklahoma, one might think they're done with kilts. But *Cookies*' sizzling summation of recent Scottish indie rock history says they're proud of their traditions, even if their forbearers fail in other non-musical ways. "I've just been out playing tennis," says McGaughrin. "I end up playing with a lot of 'indie superstars.' I was playing [the Pastels'] Stephen Pastel yesterday. And I sometimes play Gerry from Teenage Farclub, and Stuart from Belle & Sebastian. I'm probably better than everyone I play. But then, everyone else I play is rubbish." >>>ERIC DAVIDSON



# VITAL WAVE

WITH THEIR MAJOR-LABEL DEBUT,  
AGAINST ME! ARE STUCK BETWEEN PUNK  
ROCK AND A HARD PLACE

STORY BY LEE BAINS // PHOTO BY JANETTE BECKMAN

New model army: Against Me!'s (left to right) Tom Gabel, Andrew Seward, Warren Oakes and James Bowman

**“That’s a lot [of] what this record was about: figuring out who we are now.”**

Punk rock is an ornery beast. Since the first time some pundit reduced the Ramones’ frenetic stomp and Television’s art-school intricacies to that simplified term, the question has run rampant: How do you define a genre that, by definition, abhors definition? And how can a subculture so hell-bent on staying underground still strive to change the world without simply preaching to the choir?

This question is particularly pertinent to Against Me!, who, with their fourth full-length, *New Wave* (their first for major label Sire), have fallen in and out of that dubious genre’s stylistic parameters over the years. In the early Oughts, the four scruffy, black-clad boys from Florida stormed their way into America’s all-ages clubs with their twangy guitars and shout-a-long choruses, leaving thousands of grinning, sweaty kids to declare that this, *this*, was their band. Definitions be damned—their raucous, literate, folksy din *was* punk rock.

Over the years, though, as their legion of fans expanded and the Gainesville quartet endured two label changes, some of those star-struck young punks have come to forsake the personally political battle hymns that once inspired them. Against Me!, according to some, has abandoned their punk rock status.

“It’s tough, because we’ve been put in a position of choice in a weird way,” reflects singer/guitarist Gabel, from his hotel room during a tour stop in San Francisco. “[When] you change labels and the venue sizes start going up, people give you a great deal of criticism, and a lot of times that criticism comes out as, ‘You aren’t punk anymore.’ So then you’re left wondering, ‘Well, where the hell do we fit in?’... I think that’s a lot [of] what this record was about: figuring out who we are now.”

## SAY WHAT YOU MEAN

As evident from its title, *New Wave* does indeed deal with the theme of re-imagining, of innovation. The title track leads off with the declaration, “We can define our own generation” and then Gabel asks his peers, “Are you ready for brand new directions?” With a driving mid-tempo rhythm section and a buzzing lead guitar that would strangely seem at home on an early Oasis record, the song does promise a new Against Me!, one that maintains its standby picket-line hollering, but also draws from a deeper well of rock.

As far as politics go, however, exactly *how* Against Me! is innovating isn’t entirely clear. In the record’s only track that explicitly deals with the war in Iraq, the winkingly titled “White People For Peace,” Gabel never articulates a definite stance. Instead, its lyrics shoot through the additively syncopated tune with a nearly journalistic quality, and its chanting chorus simply cries, “Protest songs try and stop the soldier’s gun.” But can they stop it?

“You have a lot of things right now where there’s the way things are and then there’s the way things could be,” says Gabel. “And now’s as good a time as any to take over and get excited about things, and to get out there and be active and do stuff.”

And on the record, Against Me! inarguably has something to get off its chest. In “Piss And Vinegar,” you can practically hear Gabel roll his eyes as he wails, “I’ve heard the hype about your band/I’ve seen your video playing on the TV,” and demands music that’s “[a] little less professional/A little more upfront and confrontational.” With echoes of Paul Westerberg’s sneer in the Replacements’ “Seen Your Video” (“I’ve seen your video/We don’t want to know”), Gabel takes a stab at musical peers who don’t mean what they say and don’t say what they mean. What, though, does the new Against Me! say and mean?

In short, it’s complicated. “Americans Abroad,” a stomping reflection on touring in Europe, demonstrates that complexity. Just as its music defies punk rock definition with its country-and-western snare rolls and bluesy chord progression, the song’s raspy shouts do not offer a neatly rebellious perspective on nationalism. Momentarily climbing into the punk pulpit as he lambastes the “golden arches rising above the next overpass” and “profit-driven expansion into foreign markets,” Gabel hurriedly takes his seat in the pew as he admits, “I hope I’m not like them, but I’m not so sure.”

“I think [it’s] completely the case and I think [it’s] something I’ve struggled really hard to maintain: a feeling of skepticism,” says Gabel of his tendency to point an honest finger inward. “I was really taught from the punk scene in general to question everything, you know? And perhaps that’s what makes those punk kids so uncomfortable. For an underground community so accustomed to casting a critical eye on the outside world, it must be disconcerting for one of their own to turn that eye in on itself.”

Maybe that careful contrarianism is what keeps Against Me! going. After all, the group’s very name spells out the punk virtue of standing up for yourself in the face of an unwelcoming world. That politicization of the personal is laced through *New Wave*, surfacing even in “Borne On The FM Waves,” Gabel’s downright gorgeous duet with Tegan Quin (here without Sara). As her warm, clear coos mingle with his raspy paramilitary growl, the two chronicle a suffering long-distance romance as they sing, “Too much momentum/This room feels like it’s going to explode... You have to fight to stay in control of the situation.” Even relationships are politicized in Gabel’s vernacular.

## ECLECTIC DIALECTIC

That being said, Gabel becomes noticeably frustrated when it comes to criticism of Against Me!’s politics. Speaking about the gap between politically charged underground scenes and more indifferent mainstream fare, Gabel attests, “There’s a big divide... A good criticism I hear often is that there’s not enough people in the mainstream that care about something like [the war in Iraq] or say anything about it. But... if you were to have a band like Fall Out Boy... come out and be completely against the war and be really vocal about it and do charity shows or do awareness-raising events, you would still probably have the underground criticizing them for it... You’re kind of in a no-win situation, where it really isn’t about a lot of the things people say it’s about; they just want the divide.”

For the record, Gabel isn’t about divisions; he’s about exposing them. When the notion comes up that on their unlikely tour with crusty metal slayers Mastodon, artsy hardcore outfit Cursive and grimy emo slingers Planes Mistaken For Stars, the other bands’ fans might turn their noses up at Against Me!’s straightforward, song-driven approach, Gabel simply exclaims, “But that’s great!... I like the fact that each band is different and will bring out a different crowd of people. You’ll have an integrated, mixed crowd of different types of folks.” In that crowd of intermingling sweaters and Slayer shirts, Gabel believes, music has the power to unify. “Well, you know, I think it only makes for a better scene,” he says. “What makes me excited is sharing things with people. And sharing bands that I like with folks is rad.”

With all the eclecticism underlying its impassioned catchy ruckus, from the snarling riff of “Animal” to the disco groove of “Stop,” *New Wave* flattens the walls of punk’s limitations, showing punk rock and the rest of the world what each has to offer the other. Elaborating on the promise of innovation in opening title track, Gabel’s marine metaphor hobs to the surface again in the unifying message of closing track “Ocean.”

“If I could have chosen where God would hide his heaven,” Gabel sings, “I’d wish for it to be in the salt and swell of the ocean/Carried by the currents through all continents’ shores/Reaching into the depths where the sun’s light is never shown.” In short, while the world around him may be torn into warring fragments, Gabel sees a potential reconciliation in it, too. Maybe, through sharing music with that diverse crowd of kids, Against Me! can be a balm on the world’s wounds.

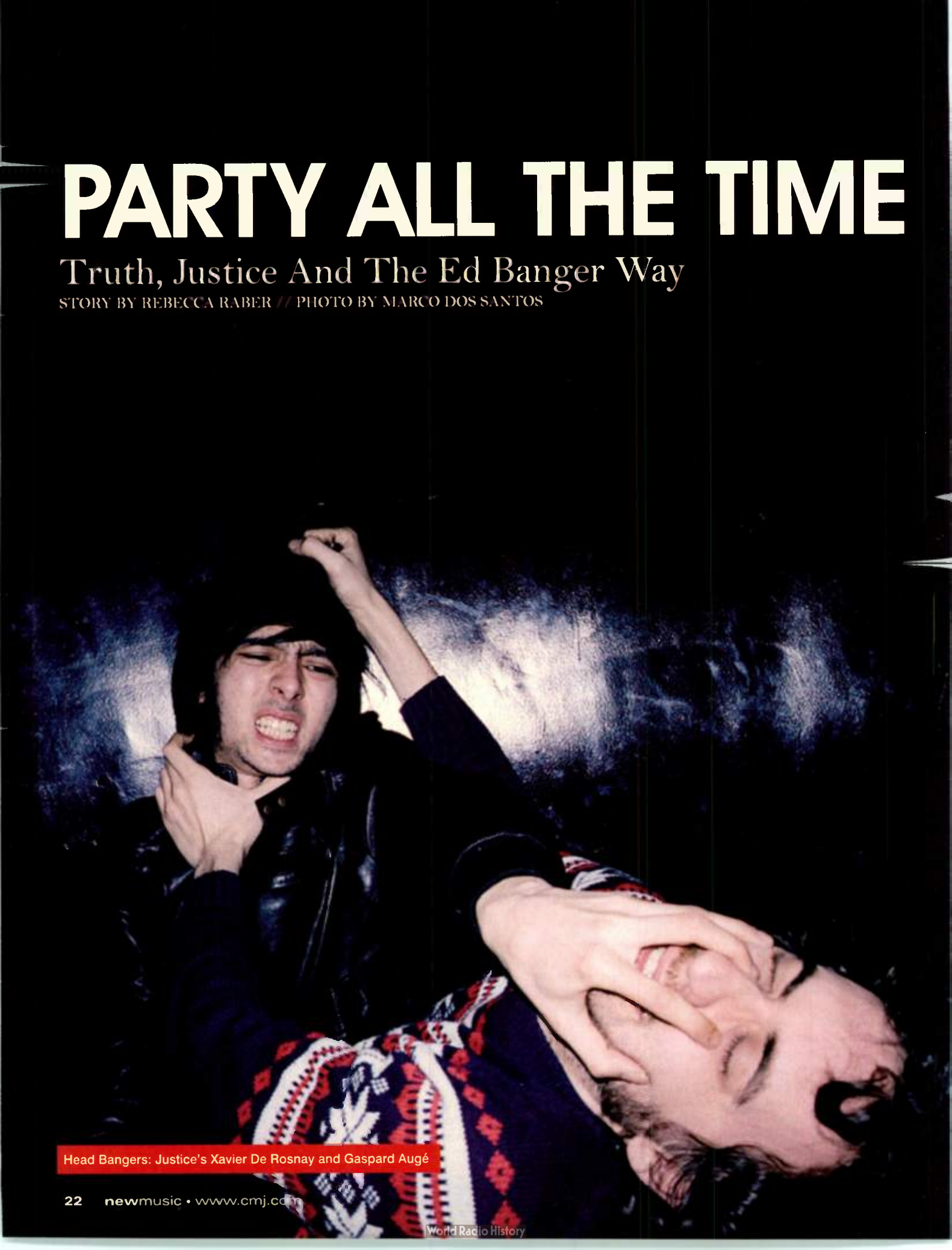
And it’s their simultaneously critical and communal attitude that allows Against Me! to open punk’s doors to any kid that discovers them on the radio or, dare it be said, MTV. And furthermore, beyond any major-label marketing muscle, they’ve carved out this opportunity on the strong backs of *New Wave*’s songs themselves.

In talking about their best record to date, Gabel—as always—remains detached. “I think we’ve just gotten better over the years,” he says humbly, adding with an audible smirk that such progress “is good because we’ve been playing a lot. You’d hope we’d get better.”

# PARTY ALL THE TIME

Truth, Justice And The Ed Banger Way

STORY BY REBECCA RABER // PHOTO BY MARCO DOS SANTOS



Head Bangers: Justice's Xavier De Rosnay and Gaspard Augé

Probably the first time many Americans—at least those who don't spend hours scouring the Net for rare, imported 12-inches—heard of the cult French record label Ed Banger and its flagship artist Justice was after last November's MTV Europe Awards in Denmark. (Who knew MTV could still break bands?) Justice—the Parisian electro duo of Gaspard Augé and Xavier De Rosnay—won the Best Video prize for their remix of the Simian track, "We Are Your Friends," beating out Kanye West in the process. When the notoriously overconfident rapper jumped onstage and let loose a profanity-laden tirade ("If I don't win, the awards show loses credibility," he is reported to have said), it splashed the little-known winners onto hundreds of headlines in the US.

"It was a present we couldn't even expect, you know?" says Pedro Winter, founder of Ed Banger, who heard about the commotion while on tour in South America with Daft Punk, which he also manages. "It was the best promotion ever... It was so funny and so crazy, and we can only thank [West] for having so much vodka in his blood and being so funny."

It's fitting that Winter, who also records as Busy P, finds the drama so humorous because it is that very lightheartedness and sense of frivolity that pervades all the acts on his label and, perhaps, the new wave of French music in general.

"I don't take life and my business seriously," he says. "But I do [take] fun seriously. I mean, I spend a lot of time at the office in order to make fun possible, to get enough money and get enough connections to have fun."

Ed Banger, which Winter started in 2003 on a whim and named, in part, for his love of the show *Headbangers Ball*, has had quite a lot of fun this year. In January, they released their first compilation, *Ed Rec Vol. 1*, in the States through a new partnership with Vice; and the overseas release of DJ Medhi's hip-hop album, *Lucky Boy*, this spring marked the previously vinyl-only label's first foray into CDs. Winter, in his Busy P mode, along with Justice, DJ Medhi and electronica artist Sebastian, also undertook a North American tour in March, spreading the gospel of Ed Banger across our continent. And now, with the American release of Justice's Vice-backed full-length—which is represented not by a proper album title but, in almost Prince-like fashion, the image of a cross—they are primed for one hell of a celebration.

"They definitely are amazing ambassadors for the label," says Winter. "The Justice guys, like me, they like to party and... they don't take themselves too seriously... [Also] with their music, they mix all this energy and all this electronic and techno music with the image of rock stars—you know like leather jacket, cigarettes, rock attitude? And I think this is what we missed in the electronic scene. Back in the day, in '96, all the French artists had no face; they didn't show themselves in pictures, everybody would hide behind the music. You couldn't put a poster of an artist in your room. Nowadays, and this is what

we want to do with Ed Banger and with Justice, you can get Justice posters in your room like a typical '70s rock band you love."

## THE FRENCH DISCONNECTION

It is hard to talk about Justice or Ed Banger without mentioning the late-'90s, specifically '97. It is practically Year Zero for French music, as it's the year that Daft Punk broke onto the international scene with their full-length debut. That roboto-faced duo looms so large on the Parisian music scene that De Rosnay flat out refuses to discuss them. ("I'm sorry," he says politely on the phone from London, where he's due to perform in a few hours. "No offense to you, but do you mind if we don't talk about Daft Punk?") Since *Homework*, Daft Punk have been France's most popular musical export. But this new generation of Ed Banger musicians, which was weaned on those records, is nonetheless hoping to change that perception.

"The common bond [in the scene] is that this is all people who don't have a dance music background. All these people are coming from more pop music or

"I don't take life and my business seriously, but I do [take] fun seriously."  
—Pedro Winter

hip-hop or R&B and definitely not from techno and house," says De Rosnay. "Even if we love that music, we are all kids of the '90s, raised on the pop music of the '90s, and the rock music and hip-hop are part of the pop music from this style."

Infusing thumping electronic rhythms with thrilling rock squall, funky basslines and jaded French cool, Justice, like a Gallic LCD Soundsystem, have won over indie rock fans phobic of dance clubs. Unashamed to name-check both Jay-Z and the Strokes, the duo comes from a scene that is equally enamored of hip-hop culture—De Rosnay peppers his broken English with phrases like "big ups"—and rock swagger, and they distill those different influences into danceable music that isn't, strictly speaking, dance music.

"We are lucky in France [because we are] able to break the boundaries and have a party with different styles of music in one night," concurs Winter. "When you go to Berlin, for example, you have minimal techno music all night long and that's it. When you go to the US, they are more into rock and then you can only play rock... And luckily in France, you can have a rock concert, then some DJs, and in the middle of the DJ set, you can listen to hip-hop."

Three months after forming in 2003, Justice signed to Ed Banger, and later that year they released "Never Be Alone," the original 12-inch single of the Simian

remix that would later be called "We Are Your Friends." Winter credits much of his young label's success to that release, which he calls a generational anthem.

"Most of the vocal tracks in techno music are nonsense or abstract, you know?" says De Rosnay of his band's first single. "Like most of the time it's talking about 'jack your body' or 'dance to the music'... and things like that, [which] makes no sense. And the other part of vocal techno is, 'Let's fuck in my limousine,' or like, 'Champagne and cocaine!' [But] this one is just a really simple message about love and friendship, so I believe that's why people like to sing it."

Because of the song's easy-to-understand English-language lyrics, courtesy of Simian vocalist Simon Lord, and its universal message, it became the label's first international hit. In fact, Winter says that, in general, Ed Banger does 80 percent of its business outside of France. Part of that is logistics—"The world is much bigger than France," he says. "Even Texas is bigger than France."—and part of that is their homeland's snobbish attitude towards its own artists.

"It's really French and really very Parisian to hate what is coming from Paris, you know?" says De Rosnay of his hometown. "We play a lot of really cool parties in France, but people are not as enthusiastic as in the USA or in other countries. They are not hostile, but... they are not here to

party. They are more here to check if what they [have been] hearing about for a year is cool or not. It's kind of funny, but the reaction in other countries is much more immediate, and people are just coming to listen to music and party, which is really cooler for us."

## THE KAN-VERSION

In the end, it's completely fitting that the single that spawned it all is about friendship. After all, Ed Banger's roster—and the Parisian scene in general—is one based on a loose network of pals who like to have fun. "I think the common thing, which is really specific to the scene, is that [it] is just made of people that make music for fun and make funny, non-intelligent music," says De Rosnay. "As long as everybody will keep on making fun things and having fun, it's going to be cool."

In fact, thanks to Justice's invigorating, inviting electro and the label's camaraderie, this posse is adding new members all the time. Including a certain superstar who once wasn't too pleased with Justice.

"Since [November], we met Kanye West," says Winter. "And I can't say we become friends now because we are not real friends, but I think we're going to become friends. I think he's a real nice, super-talented guy. And I think I can even tell you that we might have some project together. But we'll see where life will bring us."



# EVERYBODY TALK ABOUT POP MUZIK

## How British Post-Post-Punks Art Brut Learned To Turn Up The Radio And Hold Steady

STORY BY ELENA MARINACCIO // PHOTO BY DAN MONICK

Boy meets girl. Boy kisses girl. Boy interrupts heavy petting to turn up the radio. Boy leaves girl for not discussing his favorite new song.

"It's something I keep doing and getting in trouble for," says Eddie Argos, Art Brut's tall, dark and formerly mustachioed lead singer, in his thick, quick-tongued English accent. "I've always done that, like... 'Stop, stop, one second, listen to this,' during a kiss." Just another date foiled by the power of pop.

Surprisingly, this continuing incident inspired the opening salvo to the British meta-punk band's second album, *It's A Bit Complicated* (Downtown). "Honestly, I love pop music, so I wanted to write a love song for pop music," says Argos excitedly, almost breaking into song in his famous deadpan delivery. "It's as much about loving pop music as it is about annoying girls." With Nick Hornby-esque lines like "And I can't say I'm not/Enjoying the kissing/But I have a sneaking suspicion/That you're not really listening," the first minute alone of "Pump Up The Volume" should proffer up enough lyrical proof and poppy grooves to convince fans and franchises alike that Art Brut are a

bit more complicated than mere rock 'n' roll novelty.

For Art Brut, whose seemingly simple and oh-so-po-mo self-concept revolves solely around the very idea of being in a band, following up their critically acclaimed 2005 debut, *Bang Bang Rock And Roll*, may have seemed a daunting task for its five members and a certainly worrisome wait for its fans. Trumping concerns of wearing its novelty thin, the energetic quintet had never planned out their first album or even written songs before, with *Bang Bang's* 15 tracks all recorded live, on the spot. But apparently, if a group's intention is to capture the feeling of being a 15-year-old kid obsessed with pop music, recording an album is like attending sleepaway camp, and writing songs is like fun schoolwork.

"It was like undoing a puzzle—I've never had to do that before," says Argos. "We work quite well under pressure, because we only had two months to do it. I think if we hadn't had the pressure to do it we'd still be recording it now. It was a bit like homework—I was asking for extensions. I was like, 'I'm sorry, I've not done it... yet.'"

Case in point: When lead guitarist Ian Catskillin lost his London apartment in the middle of producing the album, he decided to move into the studio where he surreptitiously recorded many of *Complicated's* doo-wop-inspired backing vocals late into the night after the rest of the band had gone home.

"We ended up just calling the studio 'Ian's flat,'" Argos says. "So he put in the backing vocals, and it's funny because he did it without telling us. We were like, 'Ah, that's very good!' He'd turn up now and again and put different backing vocals on something, because he was living there. And Dan [Swift], the producer, was there, so between the two of them they were fiddling with it. And I liked that. It was a very small studio, so we were like a little gang."

Catskillin's background vocals, the elemental horns on "Sound Of Summer" and the overall poppier context of *It's A Bit Complicated* shows the band's crucial growth from punk rock snarl to pop superstar swagger. When naming the new album, all Art Brut had to do was consult their stress levels.





**"If we sat in a car and we were talking, we'd definitely be talking about pop music. But it's only really because I'm thinking about myself, and I'm interested in pop music."**  
—Eddie Argos

"I think the subject matter is a bit more complicated this time," says Argos. "My feelings are a bit complicated, so I was trying to work them out. I was saying that I'm a bit complicated and the album is a bit more complicated. We've added a bit more guitar, and it was a bit complicated recording it. We kept saying when we were recording, 'Oh, it's a bit complicated—it's not very complicated, okay? Just a bit...' Most of the songs are about when you're leaving home and stuff—that whole period in your life. And that's a bit complicated, too, isn't it?"

Of course, speaking to Argos about his new album is a bit complex in and of itself. The singer states that his self-conscious lyrics are not, in fact, self-conscious on purpose—it's not musical music criticism. "With the lyrics, I'm just trying to be conversational," he says. "I want them to be about me as much as possible. If we sat in a car and we were talking, we'd definitely be talking about pop music. But it's only really because I'm thinking

about myself, and I'm interested in pop music"


Whether making out with girls or interrupting his own live shows where he is inevitably singing about making out with girls, Argos just wants to talk some tunes. Music is everything to him, whether it's his or someone else's. On a mini-tour along the East Coast this April, Argos commanded audiences to fall in love with his latest fixation, the *Hold Steady*.

"I'm obsessed with the *Hold Steady*," Argos gushes. "I've gone a bit bonkers for them. And it's good because in the past, I've been obsessed with bands that maybe the rest of my band don't like, but we all love the *Hold Steady*... Because I'm obsessed I've been looking at them on YouTube. There's a video of them singing [Springsteen's] 'Rosalita' with Bruce Springsteen... They look so happy to be standing there next to Bruce Springsteen."

Since Art Brut are notorious for changing up song

lyrics and revamping tune structures at their live gigs, the complicating feature for fans will be realizing that their new favorite songs from the album have long-since-been-completely altered. "We've got such short attention spans," Argos admits. "We've already changed some of the words and the music. I don't really see things as being finished. But that's actually why most of the songs are true stories—we can't fake 'em, you know? I like that they're all true and that they can be updated and I can change my opinion... I found it really hard the first time."

Now that Argos committed every lyric he had to the new album, just how complicated will the next one be? "I wish our first album had been called *It's So Fucking Simple*. We'll see how it goes. Maybe it'll be very complicated." Argos pauses and then remembers his band's renewing wellspring of inspiration, exclaiming, "It'll be called *I Love The Hold Steady*, that's what it should be called. And all of the songs will be about the *Hold Steady*."



“You can pretty much do anything in bed.”

Dynamite with a Laser beam: Bonde Do Role's Rodrigo Gorky, Marina Vello and Pedro D'Eyrot

# AS NASTY AS THEY WANNA BE

## Bonde Do Role Bring In The Noise, Bring In The *Baile Funk*

INTERVIEW BY REBECCA RABER // PHOTO BY MARIANA JULIANO

When Philadelphia-based DJ/producer Diplo called his protégées in Bonde Do Role the Beastie Boys of Brazil, he wasn't kidding. Much like how, in the early days, Mike D, Adrock and MCA brought the sound of the inner city to the suburbs with punk vulgarity, the trio of Rodrigo Gorky, Pedro D'Eyrot and Marina Vello are poised to be the international ambassadors of *funk carioca*, the playfully foulmouthed sound of Rio's shantytowns or *favelas*, despite hailing from a city 500 miles to the south. The filthy-fun three-piece from Curitiba first made a name for themselves on Diplo mixtapes and, later, as the first signings to his Mad Decent imprint. He was enticed by the group's take on *funk carioca* (or *baile funk*), which melds Miami bass, rapped, dirty Portuguese lyrics and a trash-rock sensibility that is equally indebted to hair-metal debauchery and dance-pop accessibility. Though their debut full-length, *With Lasers* (Domino), is devoid of the joyously cheesy, recognizable samples of their early singles, the record is still full of booty-shaking beats and unabashedly campy grooves that will be sure to fill dancefloors and make people sweat all summer. Corresponding via e-mail, the band answered some of our questions (most of their responses being attributed to the collective members), setting straight everything from the pronunciation of their name to exactly how nasty those Portuguese lyrics really are.

OK, so settle this once and for all: How do you pronounce your band's name?

Bonde Do Role: Hmmm, let's try. It's bon-gee dough ho-lay... I think that sound[s] close.

*Funk carioca* originated in Rio, so what kind of relationship did you have with that city and that

music while living in Curitiba?

Gorky: Well, of course, it's in the name (*carioca* means "from Rio"—like "New Yorker," for instance). I can say for myself, because I was raised in Rio and lived most of my life there, I got all that [music] really close. But even if you're not from Rio, if you like the music, you can always go after it, right?

Do you still live in Curitiba, or have you moved to the big city since your international success?

Gorky: We're completely homeless now. We all came back to our parents' house[s] to save money on rent.

How did the three of you first meet each other?

D'Eyrot: Me and Gorky were both DJs in Curitiba and we were both starting to produce tracks, so we kind of became roommates. Then Marina showed up afterwards when we were looking for a girl to sing. She was a friend's cousin in Curitiba.

Have you always played *funk carioca*?

BDR: Not at all. We were a pretentious electro-rock band, trying to follow KLF's rulebook. But as a joke, we started doing *funk carioca* tracks to play while we were DJing, and people started to like it more and more, so we erased the whole electro thing and started doing funk tracks out of fun.

Because of the lighthearted party mood of your songs, people could assume that you aren't serious about making music.

BDR: We weren't serious. I think our goal is still to have fun, not make a musical statement. But with the album coming out, we see that there's so much to do with *funk carioca* and we really want to continue working on a good blend with other rhythms we like, from cheesy heavy metal to Eurodance.

Is there a difference between the way your music is received at home in Brazil and here in North America or Europe?

BDR: Yes, but the main difference is that people here [in Brazil] understand what we're singing about. Some people love it, some hate it.

What is it about *baile funk* that you think connects with your fans outside of Brazil who may not understand your lyrics literally?

BDR: The dirty beats. They're lovely, aren't they?

How did you meet Diplo? Were you familiar with his music?

BDR: We were all familiar with his work and kind of fans of him, but after we met him (it was through [a] friends network—you know, friend of a friend of a friend), we really became big groupies.

What is your relationship with Mad Decent now that your full-length is out on Domino?

BDR: It's actually a co-label thing between Mad Decent and Domino. Even though it's a great idea of Wes[ley Pentz, aka Diplo]'s, Mad Decent is still a small label and they've already [done] so much for us.

For those of us who don't speak Portuguese, what are the songs on *With Lasers* about?

They're usually about sex and partying and more sex.

So what's the filthiest lyric on *With Lasers*?

People say it's dirty, but it's not all that. Miami bass in the '80s had the same kind of themes we have on the record. I think the filthiest [lyric] is also the funniest—it's about having sex, no matter what hole you're having.

What made you decide to call the record *With Lasers*?

BDR: We have this belief in Brazil that everything is better with the addition of lasers. Imagine if your cat had lasers, he'd be a supercat and he could destroy the sofa without even scratching [his] nails on it!

The record is devoid of the recognizable samples that made your first singles (like "Jaboticaba," which famously sampled *Grease's* "Summer Lovin'") so popular. Why?

BDR: Copyright issues, my friend. We decided to keep on doing the sampling-based tracks for our gigs only (and consequently they'll be on the Internet), where the songs on the album were completely done by ourselves.

And since you were originally DJs and MCs, who plays what instrument?

Gorky: I did the guitar riffs (even though I didn't record them, I'm not a virtuoso). And we all worked on the beats, along with other people like Diplo, Egg Foo Young and Radioclit.

How do you write songs? Is it collaborative?

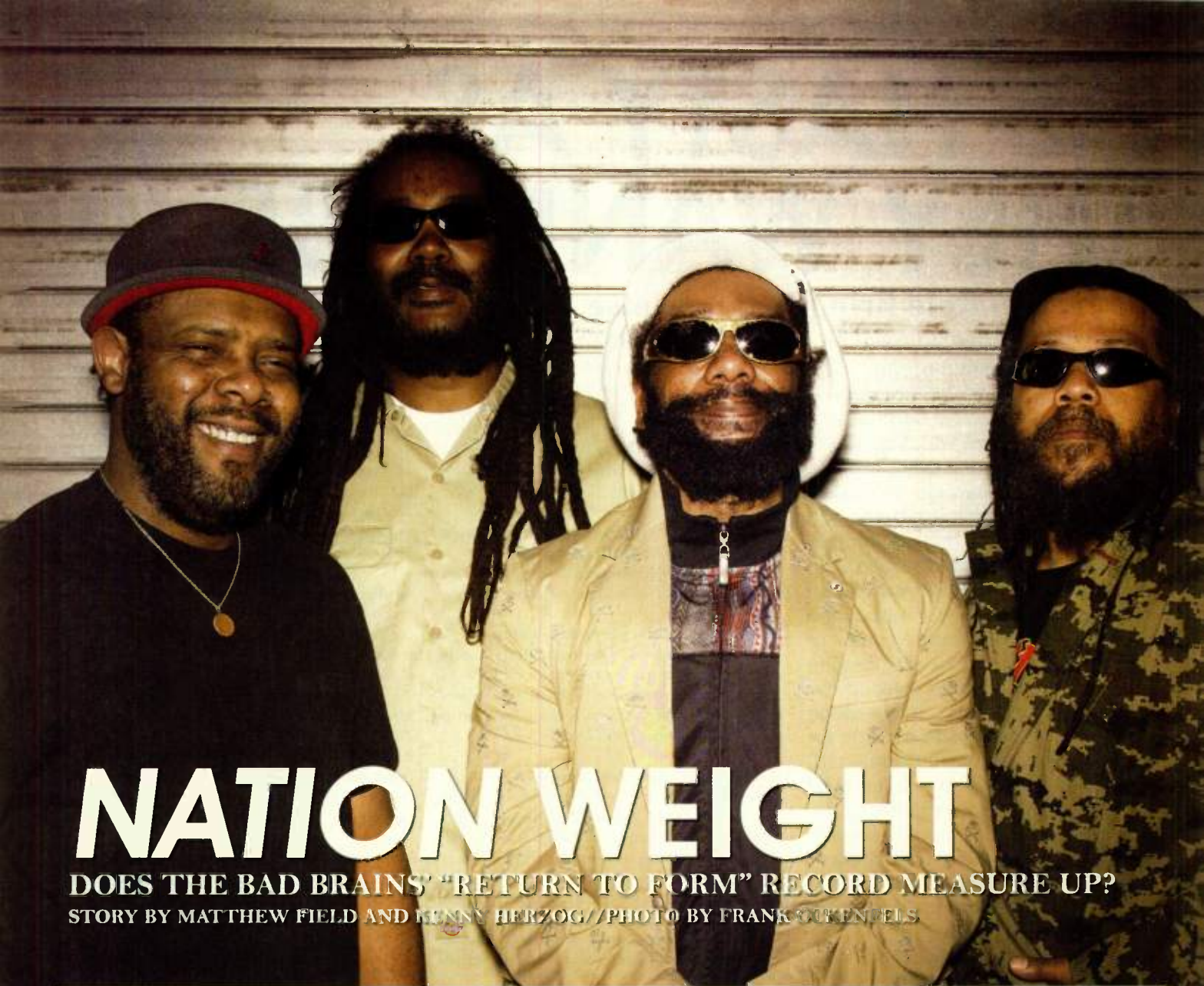
BDR: The writing process usually involves us three, a cheap PC and a lot of alcohol. The rest is pure mystery.

Your live shows are such big parties. What you can do to celebrate afterward to top the party you've just thrown onstage?

BDR: Well, celebrations are taken to bed, the best place ever. You can pretty much do anything in bed—from sex to food, work—even interviews.

What is the biggest misconception about Bonde Do Role?

BDR: The biggest? Well, people seem to think that we sing in Portuguese, but it's just that our English is so bad that people think it's Portuguese.



# NATION WEIGHT

DOES THE BAD BRAINS' "RETURN TO FORM" RECORD MEASURE UP?

STORY BY MATTHEW FIELD AND KENNY HERZOG//PHOTO BY FRANK OUKENIELS

A quarter-century after their debut, self-titled cassette and arguably 21 years since their last relevant hardcore album (*I Against I*), the Bad Brains have lured H.R. from whatever crazy-coma he'd been slumbering in, teamed up with the Beastie Boys' MCA (who served as producer) and put out 14 tracks of *Rock For Light*-reminiscent punk rock/reggae fusion with *Build A Nation* (Megaforce). Or at least in the eye and eyes of some. *CMJ NMM* Editor-In-Chief Kenny Herzog and Contributing Writer Matthew Field sat down to debate.

**Kenny Herzog:** You think, firstly, that the delay on H.R.'s vocals is a plus?

**Matthew Field:** I wouldn't like it as much if the delay weren't there, because he's not a good singer.

**Herzog:** But that's the thing. They're clearly putting the delay on his vocals to obscure the fact that he was just emotionlessly drooling out whatever he could, so it's an intent to give the illusion that these vocals have more depth and vigor.

**Field:** I think that sonically, it adds an interesting texture. You have the clanging, gross-sounding bass. You have this crackly, crisp guitar and then you have like the warble of the delay that adds a really cool sonic texture to it. That's what I get out of it.

**Herzog:** Sounds to me like we're rationalizing. We both know that the reason they

use the delay was because his vocals don't have the same visceral quality that they did on *Rock For Light*. And I went back and listened to *Rock For Light* back to back with *Build A Nation* and it was like looking at a picture of your grandmother when she's 25 and then looking at her horrid 85-year-old face in front of you and it making you sad. And they didn't use the delay on the reggae songs, which is even further illuminating the fact that they needed to do something so that his voice wasn't buried under, like you said, the clanging bass.

**Field:** That's my favorite part of the record, the production. It sounds like it was recorded in 1982.

**Herzog:** Isn't there something a little, I guess I'll use the word depressing again, about forcing the authenticity of that sound?

**Field:** I can see that. I think that it is a bit contrived. But at the same time, it's a punk record. It's not supposed to sound clean. And I think that it's refreshing to hear a punk record in 2007 that doesn't sound like crisp, ProTools production.

**Herzog:** And you know Adrock has enough savvy and reverence for this band and that he was probably pretty persistent about maintaining a certain anti-luster on the record.

**Field:** Yeah. I mean, it's the idea. It is a little bit weird that it sounds 20-plus years too old. But looking at what punk rock sounds like now, it's refreshing to me that the

guys who started this whole thing are still able to put out a listenable record.

**Herzog:** But if we're just getting to the point where we're saying, "Well, it's awesome that it's listenable," what's the essential point of its existence? It's not generally necessary or imperative for the public.

**Field:** I don't think that it's going to be anything more than one of the more interesting footnotes in the band's history. But, I think as far that goes, it's the best sounding, most listenable record they've done since *I Against I*, or maybe some of the better songs off *Quickness*.

**Herzog:** And now it's kind of gone full circle on *Build A Nation* where you have, for the most part, these blistering hardcore songs that just inexplicably break into horrible, *God Of Love*-esque metal breakdowns.

**Field:** You know, maybe it's the guilty pleasure that kind of comes with seeing bands imitate the old Bad Brains. And then as hardcore has progressed, the Bad Brains have to come back and imitate themselves and maybe it's like a weird, inside joke with myself. I mean, they could write a record like this every week until they drop dead, and I think it goes to show that there's just something attractive about a shitty, fast, bad sounding punk record. For them, maybe it's just a handful of friends playing music together who happen to love playing music. I doubt that they're expecting any kind of commercial success with this.

**Herzog:** I don't think they wanted to do something successful in the mainstream sense, but I think they were smart enough with this project to pander to the audience that already exists, to put a little extra change in their pockets and a little cachet in their reputation.

**Field:** It's the great rock 'n' roll swindle pulled off very poorly. It's kind of like that train wreck thing, where you can't not watch it.

**Herzog:** Oh, I can't not listen to it though.

**Field:** There's still some pretty cool riffs on there.

**Herzog:** There are some cool riffs, but you've got the weird ghost-from-the-future vocals and then it goes into these horrible mid-tempo metal breakdowns. And I just can't stress enough that I think if they smooshed together the reggae songs into one EP, this would be a much more worthwhile return to form for them and something I would actually be interested in purchasing, as opposed to this token accumulation of a handful of reggae tracks amidst a majority of hardcore tracks.

**Field:** I think their reggae has always been real take it or leave it. If a new band were to put out a 7-inch that had all of *Build A Nation's* hardcore songs on it, I think people would be into it.

**Herzog:** I was actually making the complete opposite point.

**Field:** I think the hardcore scene has been so starved for new ideas that something as retarded as a delay effect might be gimmicky enough to catch a few people's ears.

**Herzog:** But when you're basically propping up a guy

on strings and forcing him to rattle off some whispered, token hackneyed lines about universal peace... I don't think I paid attention to more than a single couplet at a time.

**Field:** They got the dude to do an entire record. I think is an entire feat in itself. It's not the best thing. You know, it's admirable in that, "Look, grandpa hasn't shit himself in two hours" kind of way.

## "There's just something attractive about a shitty, fast, bad sounding punk record."

—MATTHEW FIELD

**Herzog:** Well, he shit the bed with this record.

**Field:** Yeah, yeah... I don't think that they could say or do anything that will change their role in the great overall history of punk and popular music.

**Herzog:** So why bother with this?

**Field:** Why not? That's my thing. They're old punk rockers. Why the fuck not?

**Herzog:** They're going to make so much money off merchandise.

**Field:** And I think that's what's enjoyable, is that somebody, somewhere is going to pay way too much money for a ticket for a festival to see them play these songs, to see them play half of a set, because you know that they're not going to make it through the whole tour.

**Herzog:** And are they going to put a delay on his vocals live?

**Field:** He'll probably mumble like he did last time I saw them play, and the band will walk off the stage and somebody somewhere is getting ripped off, and I think that's funny.

**Herzog:** I wonder if this is similar—granted on a more sub-cultured level—to the way older Rolling Stones fans looked at younger people first going to see them in the late on the *Bridges To Babylon* tour. With that look of, "How sad that they're just going to support this artist's conscious bilking of their fans just because they can."

**Field:** I think that somewhere, in the back of somebody's head in the band, it's like, "Why not? I can't be an accountant. I will never have a normal day job. If I can get some jackass to shell out enough money for a concert ticket or enough money for a T-shirt, why the hell not?"

**Herzog:** Right. I just feel that even while a song like "Let There Be Angels" from the new record is pretty good, never in a million years would I opt to put that song on a mix or a playlist before I would put the worst song from their pre-'86 catalogue instead.

**Field:** Oh, I agree. I think that if this were the last record they would ever do, I think it's possible for someone to

say, "It's really not that bad," as disposable punk goes. I mean, right now, to some extent with punk rock being as big as it's ever been, they're just like one of the thousands of bands that puts out an incredibly mediocre record. And there's a certain tragedy to that, that the band that inspires all these bands is just as mediocre as they are.

**Herzog:** Any groundbreaking artist that keeps

persisting winds up imitating the artists they influence, which is a really sad thing. But, as you said, if this were the Bad Brains' last record, it would actually refurbish their legacy, because where they left off prior was pretty piss poor. I think you're also coming at this from having much more current, personal investment in the sustenance of the hardcore scene and it's overall history, where as I'm probably looking at it with more clinical detachment.

**Field:** Yeah, I definitely think so.

**Herzog:** Punk, like hip-hop, is roughly 30 years in. And when original rock 'n' roll was that far along, the most mediocre versions of the original products could get airplay on radio and sell millions of records for no reason. I don't think punk and other sub-genres are above that anymore.

**Field:** And again, it's like, why not? Why shouldn't the dudes who started it at least try to cash in a little bit? It might not be a conscious effort, but what else are they going to do?

**Herzog:** I'll relent and agree with you on that, but as far as the record in and of itself, remember how Michael Jackson had *Bad* and Weird Al put out *Even Worse*? Well, maybe the Bad Brains should call this version of themselves *Even Worse Brains*. I agree with the sociological context of everything, but speaking purely on the record, eh.

**Field:** Yeah, but at the same time, in and of itself, nine-tenths of punk is just "eh." Is it going to be worth the 16 dollars that you pay for it new? Probably not. But if you're selling CDs and you got credit at the store, why not?

**Herzog:** Because you can go to the other aisle and get *Rock For Light* or the live record.

**Field:** But chances are you probably got those. I don't know. I think it's kind of like a footnote. It's interesting in that sense.

**Herzog:** Yes, I also think that in 20 years, it will be interesting to discuss this appendage to the Bad Brains discography that they put out for no reason in 2007 that was bizarrely not that bad, all things considered.



# DATAROCK CAN DANCE IF THEY WANT TO...

WITHOUT LEAVING THEIR FRIENDS BEHIND

STORY BY KEVIN KAMPWIRTH // PHOTOS BY BENT RENÉ SYNNEV

About 250,000 of Norway's 4.5 million inhabitants reside in Bergen, a picturesque, coastal city on the country's west side also known as the "City Of Seven Mountains" for the high peaks that enclose it. With its rich cultural history, tourist appeal and bustling port, it's not dissimilar from any number of other European harbor towns, aside from one distinguishing factor: It rains in Bergen, on average, 250 days a year. "Last year we had 100 days of rain in a row," says Fredrik Saroea, one half of the dance-rock duo Datarock, who hail from the precipitation-soaked region. "The crazy thing is you get used to everything. I've never bought an umbrella in my life. I don't give a fuck, it's no problem at all, because it's a tiny town and you're not exactly walking for hours in the rain."

Saroea's climactic indifference is no doubt accentuated at the moment by the fact that he's relaxing in his backyard on a rare sunny day. But he also quickly delivers the impression that he's generally nonplussed by such matters. Speaking in fast, articulate English, his words coated with a diluted Norwegian lilt, Saroea's enthusiasm is infectious. He laughs manically and often, and it's this same energy that so readily seeps through his band's music and will likely make Datarock's first LP, *Datarock Datarock* (Netzwerk), one of the most talked about releases of 2007.

In late 2003, the band released its inaugural EP, *Computer Camp Love*. Its same-named single vaulted the pair to the center of the Norwegian dance-

rock scene and subsequently to some of the largest festivals across Europe. The song is about as close an encapsulation of Datarock's music as exists. Set in place by a steady kick drum, Saroea's wittily puerile lyrics—which reference *Grease* and concern trying to get laid at computer camp—run over a creepy Korg riff that seems cribbed straight from the playbook of Mark Mothersbaugh.

In this regard, the band has no apparent qualms with wearing their influences on their track-suit sleeves. Their lyrics in particular, all of which Saroea pens, are rife with Western pop culture references, almost all of which seem to spring from the early '80s.

"I don't even know why," Saroea says. "The things I tend to write about are things that I find particularly interesting or funny. It's not like I have a hang-up on the '80s, because most of the shit happening in the '80s was horrible, but a lot of [it] I do find extremely interesting. It was the first computer generation, the fall of the Berlin Wall, Apartheid, the Cold War, etc. On top of that you have family advisors, psychoanalyzation and feminism becoming an essential part of society. Like, *E.T.* is just as much about a guy whose parents are divorced as it is about a weird-looking extraterrestrial."

## START MAKING SENSE

Saroea and his musical partner, Ketil Mosnes, who goes by the stage name Ket-III, met seven years ago through mutual friends. At the time, both were

students, frequented the same clubs and were in the civil service, which is the alternative to the military in Norway. Though they had been in other bands—Ket-III leaned toward punk, while Saroea meddled in thrash metal—they had never played together before deciding to form a duo.

"It wasn't a very ambitious thing," Saroea says. "We just wanted to have some fun. There was a local label that wanted to release our songs, and six months later we released a 10-inch and the ball started rolling." In a town where more than 10 percent of the population is students, this sort of thing is not uncommon because, as Saroea says, "It's a pulsating young city where you can start playing for an audience even though you're pretty unknown and new."

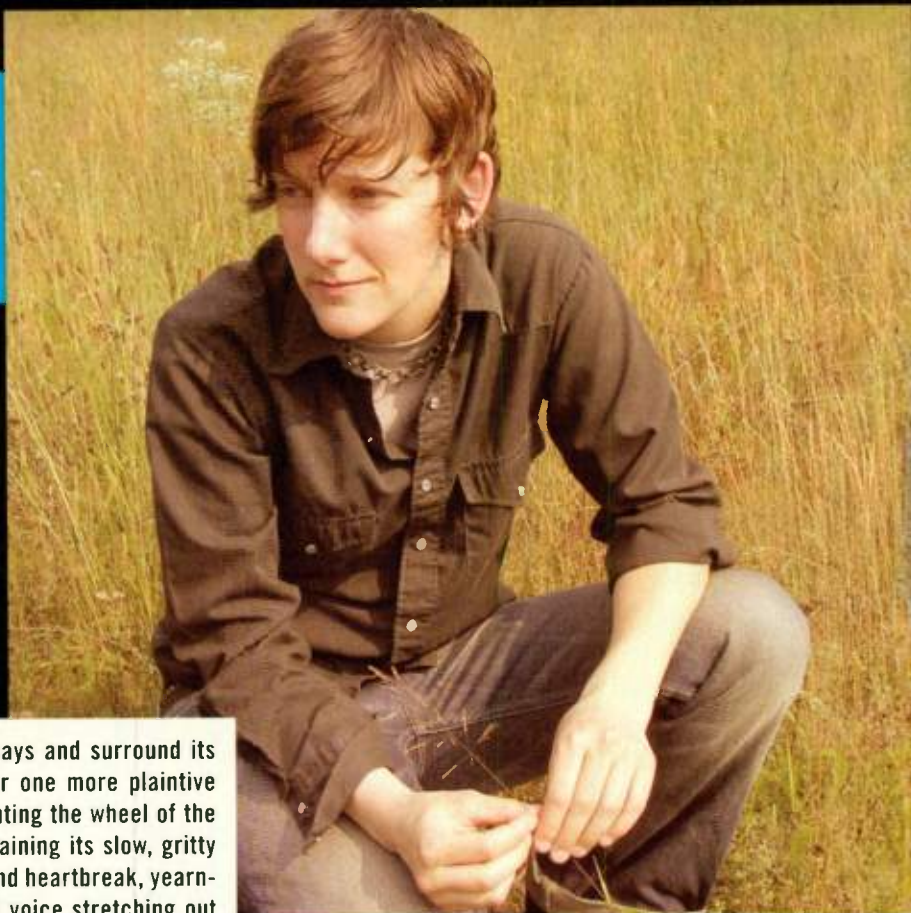
The two did just that, and, rooted in a mutual appreciation of lo-fi funk and electro-clash, began playing at friend's parties. "It really had the feeling of an actual social scene and not just a too cool, pretentious club scene," Saroea says. "Everybody started making lo-fi stuff on their inexpensive software and their shabby computers and we did too. Our first release was recorded at home on cracked equipment. It was never produced, mixed or mastered. It was just put on a fucking vinyl and sold."

Datarock's first real mainstream exposure came in December 2000 at a club party hosted by Norwegian pop diva Annie, who also hails from Bergen. Initially, they were lumped into the experimental scene because

# CHRIS PUREKA



Congratulations to Chris Pureka, this month's *OurStage.com* selection. Each issue, CMJ will choose one lucky winner from *OurStage.com* for a spot on our CD compilation. For your chance to be considered, upload your music and videos at [www.OurStage.com/go/cmj](http://www.OurStage.com/go/cmj).



The vast plains that envelop America's highways and surround its dustbowl towns always have enough room for one more plaintive voice. Chris Pureka isn't interested in reinventing the wheel of the singer-songwriter tradition so much as maintaining its slow, gritty rotation across the gravel of horizon-gazing and heartbreak, yearning and self-reflection. She might be a young voice stretching out from the Northeast, but the songs on *Dryland* are possessed by an old soul that's seen that's seen thousands miles of skyline whip across her mind.

- 01 Datarock Computer Camp Love 3:08 (Netzwerk Music Group)
- 02 Justice D.A.N.C.E. 4:01 (Vice Records)
- 03 The Mooney Suzuki 99% 5:11 (Elixia Records / Templar Label Group)
- 04 Switches Drama Queen 2:59 (Interscope Records)
- 05 Runaway Diamonds Itty-Bitty Thoughts 3:05 (Dreamy Draw Music)
- 06 The Winter Sounds Windy City Nights 3:25 (Livewire Recordings)
- 07 The Midway State Change For You 3:29 (Interscope Records)
- 08 The Beasts Of Eden Signs 3:37 (Expansion Team Records)
- 09 Casey Desmond Feel Any Better 3:32 (Sound Museum Records)
- 10 Pipsqueak Sweet Liquor 2:03 (Ladies Choice Records)
- 11 They Shoot Horses Don't They A Place Called LA 4:05 (Kill Rock Stars)
- 12 Chris Pureka Compass Rose 5:34 (Sad Rabbit Music)
- 13 Smile Smile Sad Song 5:04 (Smile Smile)
- 14 Thrushes Aidan Quinn 3:24 (Birdnote Records)

## DATAROCK JUSTICE MOONEY SUZUKI SWITCHES MIDWAY STATE CASEY DESMOND

Did you purchase or receive *CMJ New Music Monthly* with a broken CD? Here's what to do: Within four months of the cover date on the issue with the damaged CD, please return the broken disc to: CMJ, Attention: "CD Replacement," 151 West 25th Street, 12th Floor, New York, NY 10001. A new CD will be sent out to you upon receipt of your returned CD. Thanks for listening!



# ON TOP OF OUR GAME



**FEIST**



**STRAYLIGHT RUN**



**ART BRUT**



**WHITE STRIPES**

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:

Feist  
Ben + Vesper  
Test Your Reflex  
Von Südenfed  
Satellite Party  
Straylight Run  
Fountains Of Wayne  
Polyphonic Spree  
Two Gallants  
Mooney Suzuki  
White Stripes  
Metric  
Bad Brains  
Rocky Voltato  
Art Brut  
and more!

## STORES:

### Atomic Records

1813 E Locust St.  
Milwaukee, WI 53211

### Boo Boo Records

978 Monterey St.  
San Luis Obispo, CA 93401

### CD Central

377 S Limestone St.  
Lexington, KY 40508

### Criminal Records

466 Moreland Ave. NE  
Atlanta, GA 30307

### Culture Clash

4020 Secor  
Toledo, OH 43623

### Fingerprints

4612 B East 2nd St.  
Long Beach, CA 90808

### Good Records

617 N Good Latimer Expy  
Dallas, TX 75204

### Graywhale CD Exchange

248 S 1300 E  
Salt Lake City, UT 84102

256 East 12300 S

Draper, UT 84020

### Graywhale CD Exchange

4300 Harrison #7  
Ogden, UT 84403

3843 West 5400 S Suite D  
Kearns, UT 84118

1010 N Main  
Logan, UT 84341

1763 W 4700 S  
Taylorsville, UT 84118

852 West 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 North Saddle Creek Rd.  
Omaha, NE 68132

2457 S 132 St.

Omaha, NE 68144

1015 Galvin Rd. S

Belleue, NE 68005

2737 100th St

Urbandale, IA 50312

### Homer's Music And Gifts

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

### Jackpot Records

203 SW 9th Ave.  
Portland, OR 97205

3736 SE Hawthorne

Portland, OR 97214

### Looney Tunes

31 Brookvale Ave.  
West Babylon, NY 11704

### Luna Music

433 Massachusetts Ave.  
Indianapolis, IN 46260

### Luna Music

1315B W 86th St.  
Indianapolis, IN 46204

### 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 Archive

1880 E Ave.  
Rochester, NY 14610

### 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

### 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

2508 E. Colfax Ave.  
Denver, CO 80206

### Waterloo Records And Video

600 A North Lamar Blvd.  
Austin, TX 78703

## AND MORE!

**“Datarock is adding sex to new wave!” —Fredrik Saroea**

they borrowed from many different genres, but would soon start to gain a foothold in a sound that was no more definable, but just distinctly theirs. Most current comparisons liken Datarock to acts like Devo, the Happy Mondays and the Talking Heads, but those are ultimately misguided generalizations, much like when any young songwriter with a cracked voice and acoustic guitar is pegged as “the new Dylan.”

What impresses Saroea most about his yardstick artists is not necessarily their way with an instrument, but their overall aesthetic. “What’s most interesting about Devo and the Talking Heads is the way they were bands,” he says. “I think it would have been tremendous amounts of fun being the Talking Heads, the way they looked, the way they did their shows, the way they collaborated with Brian Eno, Fela Kuti—just the way they sort of changed music.”

As the two continued to develop a more consistent sound, their live show—which by 2003 had become a thing of local legend—began to evolve. Starting out, they employed a wealth of samples and effects, first running their beats off of a MiniDisc and then through an iPod. Aspiring to be more interactive live, they began to rely heavily on actual instrumentation to push the songs, with Saroea on guitar, drums, keys and lead vocals and Ket-III on bass, keys, effects and backup vocals. Now, they only call upon pre-recorded beats for a couple of songs during the set, which also commonly features up to four additional supporting musicians.

It was also around this time that they began to appear on stage in their now-trademark matching red track suits and oversized, black Porsche sunglasses, an idea that sprang from a music video they made in which 35 extras in identical such uniforms were utilized. “We really started wearing them live so we wouldn’t have to think about what we were going to wear on stage,” Saroea says. “It’s great because you can just put on that suit and those glasses and then you’re an entertainer. Devo had their suits, we have ours.”

One of the first things you notice upon encountering Datarock’s music is the overt sexuality that surrounds everything they do. Not only are their songs sonically super sexy (albeit in a Disco Stu sort of way), but copulation pervades Saroea’s lyrics. Take any one song from the new LP (“Sex Me Up,” for instance), and you’ll be hard-pressed to find a virginal element.

“I suppose we’re having fun with a few stereotypes,” Saroea says. “I think, at least in the part of society I’m part of, sexuality is not a taboo anymore and there are very few strong feelings about others’ sexual orientation. And what’s dance music all about? It’s all about sex. And what about new wave? How sexy was new wave? I don’t think a lot of people think that the Talking Heads were that sexy. Datarock is adding sex to new wave!”

## NORWEGIAN WOULD-BES

Saroea is up and about now, out of his chair and walking around town looking for a good place to shoot photos that will accompany a feature about the band in a Norwegian publication. Gulls shriek ceaselessly in the background, drowning out his voice momentarily, before an “Oh fuck!” trumps the birds. He has stepped on a derelict board with a protruding nail, but quickly allays any worry, exclaiming that “I was saved by my Vans shoes!” before laughing feverishly for at least 30 seconds. He continues walking, and goes back to the subject of their hometown.

“If we have to go to any other cities in Norway, we rarely stay more than 24 hours because traveling from Bergen is easy,” he says. “It’s nice to live in a place you can call home. I think being an artist would be completely different if I was like, ‘Yes, I’m an artist now. I’m moving to New York.’ Like, I met the guys from !!! and I just assumed they were from New York, but they all moved from different places in America. Sometimes you have to move somewhere to be able to do what you want to do, but we were lucky enough to be able to stay back home.”

Many of Bergen’s other notable artists prefer

to stay close to home as well. The city has sired an impressive stable of heavyweights, including Burzum, Kings Of Convenience, Röyksopp, Sondre Lerche, the aforementioned Annie and, reaching back a bit, composer Edvard Grieg. The lack of wanderlust for local artists does have its drawbacks, though. Similar to Iceland, where for every Björk there’s been a thousand Bag Of Joys, most of the area’s music never reaches beyond the country’s borders.

“Most of the bands from here never really get to tour the UK or US, I suppose, but everybody has ambitions of getting their music distributed outside of Norway,” he says. “You can either make music for potentially 6.5 billion people, or you can make music for 4.5 million people. So what do you do? You sing in English.” Aside from providing Norwegian bands with a sense that their music does, in fact, have a chance at being globally embraced, Saroea concedes that the words to their songs—“the clichés” as he calls them—just sound better and have more meaning in English.

Another aspect of Bergen’s musical climate that differs from the US is that there is no real “big business” of music present in Norway. As a result, Saroea and Ket-III decided to start their own label, Young Aspiring Professionals, in 2003. “[Bergen] is just more removed from the more business side of pop music,” Saroea says. “So, out of the blue you have a few successes like Röyksopp, but they did it all themselves, no A&R or anything. Everything’s always been friends and a well-functioning social environment, not business driven.”

Still tramping around, searching for the right spot to shoot, he suddenly cuts in eagerly. “Oh! I have to go,” he says, before distancing himself from the mouthpiece and shooting off some rapid-fire Norwegian. In five seconds, the line is dead without further explanation. Evening is approaching, and perhaps Saroea’s located a spot where the light is just right and is running to it before night can take over. Tomorrow, after all, the forecast is calling for about a 90 percent chance of rain.

THEY SHOOT HORSES  
DONT THEY ?



PICKUP STICKS

3 new CD KRS460 CD

killrockstars.com

# CMJ BLAST

news • reviews •  
CHARTS • new  
release info •  
**GET IT NOW!** AND MORE

SIGN UP AT [www.cmj.com/blast](http://www.cmj.com/blast)  
for advertising rates contact: [sales@cmj.com](mailto:sales@cmj.com)

## Gore Gore Girls

*Get The Gore*

"Reflecting garage-guitar-and-haircut-in-the-vein-of  
Holly Golightly, the Chakers and the Pipettes"  
—PLAYBOY

ON TOUR NOW!

## THE DETROIT COBRAS

*Tied & True*

"You should hope and pray that they play your party"  
—SPIN

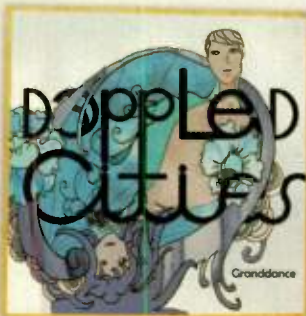


www.bloodandrecords.com

## DANGEROUS BIRD RECORDS

IN 2007

DAPPLED CITIES



OUT JUNE 5

Debut from the celebrated Sydney  
ALIS band, featuring "Five Five Five"

SEA WOLF



OUT NOW

On tour with Silverman Pickups April and May

ALL SMILES



OUT NOW

All Smiles is  
Jim Parrich's of Granddaddy


THE ONE AM RADIO



OUT NOW

"The compositions simply feel colossal. The  
maps he draws are beautiful"  
—Pitchfork / 7.7 out of 10

COMING SOON FROM DANGEROUS BIRD RECORDS. MUSIC FROM: EULOGIES AND ERIC AVERY

 dangerbird records

[dangerbirdrecords.com](http://dangerbirdrecords.com) | © 2007 dangerbird records, llc 2659 griffith park boulevard box 610 los angeles ca 90039

# BEST NEW MUSIC

RIYL = RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



**LINK** [www.amiina.com](http://www.amiina.com)  
**FILE UNDER** Bells (and whistles)  
orchestre  
**RIYL** Múm, the Clogs, Sigur Rós

## AMIINA

### *Kurr* Ever

Amiina may have made their name as a string quartet, collaborating with fellow Icelanders Sigur Rós, but on their debut, the strings seem conspicuously absent. Actually they do make brief appearances—gentle cellos and sweet violins meander underneath many of the dreamlike songs on *Kurr*—but the album's delicate lullabies are driven by twinkling pianos, glockenspiels and xylophones. And each track, though glacially spare and seemingly simple, is actually replete with whole orchestras of unusual instruments. The whine of wine glasses caressed by damp fingertips and the ghostly whale call of singing saws—along with the exotic timbres of the celest and kalimba—add to the mystery of these tracks, as each meticulously constructed melody bleeds into the next. Though there are barely any vocals on the album and many of the meandering songs top out at the five minute mark, it would be a mistake to think of Amiina as post-rock.

Instead of mathematical interest in time signatures and navel-gazing guitar noodling, Amiina take a decidedly more feminine, instinctively expansive approach to their ambient textures. Mechanical understanding of music composition and technical proficiency seem unrelated—though the band, all of whom are classically trained, have both in spades—to the magic of these otherworldly songs. It's as if by kismet Amiina have captured the elusive musicality in spring air rustling through a crystal chandelier or the surrealist fog of sleep lifting. To single out an individual track from the rest seems unfair, as they are best understood together. *Kurr* plays out like an aural fairy tale; it's glittering music-box melodies are full of the kind of childlike wonder that many will be too cynical to enjoy. But if you can give yourself over to the (literally) fantastic journey, you will be transported to an enchanting happily ever after. >>>REBECCA RABER



**LINK** [www.bishopallen.com](http://www.bishopallen.com)  
**FILE UNDER** Newer Slang  
**RIYL** The Shins, Beulah, Bright  
Eyes

## BISHOP ALLEN

### *The Broken String* Dead Oceans

A few years ago in *Garden State*, Natalie Portman offered Zach Braff a band that would supposedly change his life. While Bishop Allen aren't necessarily the Shins, their music is deserving of similar sentiments. In 2006, the indie pop duo took on the Pollardian task of releasing a new four-song EP every month of the year. It was an impressive feat, not just in scope and ambition, but also because it epitomized DIY; the band recorded, produced and released all 12 on their own dime and time. *The Broken String*, the official full-length follow-up to their 2003 debut, *Charm School*, features 10 reworked songs from the EPs and two new additions. While this, at first mention, may seem something of a cop out, the fact remains

that they weren't given the exposure they deserved the first time around. With this new LP, the Brooklyn-via-Boston outfit—which Justin Rice and Christian Rudder founded a decade ago while students at Harvard—settles into a stabilized lineup for the first time in their career, adding drummer Cully Symington and Rice's girlfriend Darbie Nowatka on vocals. As far as the songs are concerned, well, you almost have to try not to like them. To fans of the band, it will play as a greatest hits comp of their 2006 catalog. Although the new versions lose some of their lo-fi charm, it's glaringly evident that their music sounds best when every instrument and note is allowed to breathe with the benefit of some fuller production. This is an album

that's ultimately for first-time listeners anyway. The band's mainstays—hooky guitar lines, handclaps, slapped-at piano keys, bright brass, lyrics about searching twenty-somethings—

—are still present, but merely Windexed. These songs won't change your life as much as they'll make you realize how little things actually need to change. >>>KEVIN KAMPWIRTH



## LIGHTNING DUST

*Lightning Dust* Jagjaguwar

If there's a unifying theme on *Lightning Dust*, both literally and metaphorically, it's the obfuscation of the sun, be it by clouds, or night or simply by shutting one's eyes. It's the musical equivalent of napping in a cave, which, not surprisingly, is the setting used to record some of these songs. This side project of Black Mountain's Amber Webber and Joshua Wells exorcises many of the same demons as their other band, but does so without the range of instrumentation. Most of the record, which is framed in minor keys and terse arrangements, poses Webber's Grace Slick-inspired vocals over Wells' funereal piano work and gently brushed guitars. It's this intentional understatement, though, that gives the songs their impact. Reverb and echoes swaddle nearly every note, save the jaunty, 90-second

"Wind Me Up," which provides the only sunny respite on an otherwise dark collection. With its brevity and placement in the song sequence (third out of 10), the track seems to imply that although there is brightness, it's ultimately fleeting. The most affecting moments are when the two share vocals, as on "Jump In," where Wells asserts, "I can see blue skies that rip through your eyes, beautiful," to which Webber answers, "If these blue skies turn grey, will you turn and walk away, I know," all placed over a sea chanty piano line. Even when the idea of escape from this world is offered, as on closer "Days Go By," when Webber breathes, "Escape while you can/Into the halls of the deserts with no end," it still seems rather hopeless. If you've never heard shadows used as an instrument, now's your chance. >>>KK

LINK [www.jagjaguwar.com](http://www.jagjaguwar.com)  
FILE UNDER Devils And Dust  
RIYL Black Mountain, Palace Music, Espers



## ULRICH SCHNAUSS

*Goodbye* Domino

Four years ago, rock fans who had never paid much attention to Deutschland electronica imports were won over by German producer Ulrich Schnauss' *A Strangely Isolated Place*. Departing from the burbling, icy sound of his debut, Schnauss opted instead to fill his sophomore effort with swooning My Bloody Valentine references, ticklish OMD synth-pop allusions, swirling Slowdive-worthy guitars and dreamy buried vocals, which gave newbies something to keep them afloat in a sea of mostly instrumental music. Subsequently, his long-time-coming follow-up has been highly anticipated, and luckily it doesn't disappoint. Though not as sunny or beat-heavy as its predecessor, *Goodbye*'s moody sound washes and soaring melodies perfect Schnauss' shoegaze-influenced sound. Unlike other artists that he's often compared to (Boards Of Canada come to mind), he has managed to create electronic music that eschews glitchiness and coolly controlled sterility, ignoring Spartan impulses in favor of languid, lush layers of sound.

"Stars," for instance, is practically a Cocteau Twins single, swaddling Judith Beck's muffled Elizabeth Fraser-ish vocals in a cloak of glossy synth drones, hard-edged rhythms and fuzzy, echo-laden effects. The quietly vibrating "In Between The Years," however, represents the opposite end of the Schnauss spectrum—the roomy track hums along for almost four minutes of (at times barely audible) shimmering keyboards—proving that, while the record is genre-inclusive, he hasn't lost touch with his more ambient roots. Each track—even the more spacious, airy ones—is like an onion made up of layer upon layer of intricately interlaced noises. (Not surprising, given that, at times, there are more than 100 audio tracks playing concurrently.) Peeling back each tier of psychedelic guitar, undulating synths and even whooshing quietude reveals a core of warmth and humanity that's intrinsic to the record's theme: if before Schnauss was *Strangely Isolated*, he's now said *Goodbye* to everyone and is all alone. >>RR

LINK [www.ulrich-schnauss.com](http://www.ulrich-schnauss.com)  
FILE UNDER Hear Seefeel  
RIYL Seefeel, Slowdive, Cocteau Twins

## BAND-ON-BAND ACTION

THE SHARP THINGS' PERRY SERPA SIZES UP: THE WHITE STRIPES'

*Icky Thump* Third Man-Warner Bros.

I fully expect a smack in the eye for saying Jack and Meg's latest opus is about maturity, but really, it is. Just to explain though, I'm not talking about maturity as in Rod Stewart rasping his way through Cole Porter tunes. Jack White has found humor. It always existed to some degree, but *Icky Thump* has it in spades. And so it is that when the twisted title track kicks in with its "Sweet Emotion" throb and fractured Jimmy Page crunch, one may tend to squint momentarily in confusion before realizing, yes, he is serious. Its cacophony is colored wonderfully and cut with guitar passages that sound sort of like Peter Dinklage losing his marbles. Next comes an incredible classic rock anthem, "You Don't Know What Love Is (You Just Do As Your Told)," proving you can't go wrong with any tune that's one part Joe Walsh and one part Pete Townshend. With nearly every song on this brilliant long player, Jack and Meg traverse

the massive ocean of rock music as effortlessly as the Concorde, throwing in transporting mash-up moments of Black Sabbath and the Police ("Bone Broke") or the Stones and Derek And The Dominoes ("300 M.P.H. Torrential Outpour Blues," which also features a fucked-up, two-bar refrain that would make Glenn Branca smile). But "Little Cream Soda" is the real centerpiece, with its sad lyrical lament thrust through a rifle-quick spoken-word treatment. Everything that *Icky Thump* longs to be exists within it. Now a dude with some notches in his belt, Jack looks back to a simpler time when he didn't have to deal with all the success, failure and bullshit that warping badly creates. "Oh, well," he offers glibly, but you know there's a deep well of regret beneath it all. And if you've had your heart broken once or twice, you won't know whether to laugh, cry or smack someone in the eye. Ah, maturity. >>>PS



LINK [www.whitestripes.com](http://www.whitestripes.com)  
FILE UNDER Earning their Stripes  
RIYL The entire rock canon

To read one of our critics' take on the Sharp Things' latest, see page 41.



"†"

VII.X.VII

# Justice



[www.vicerecords.com](http://www.vicerecords.com)

World Radio History

available at





## RYAN ADAMS

*Easy Tiger* Lost Highway

Ryan Adams has finally reached a poetic plateau, 32 years and nine albums in, returning from brief experimentation with moody jams to the masterful sounds of *Heartbreaker* and *Gold*. Backed by his trusty band, the Cardinals, Adams continues to touch hearts with woeful tales of love-gone-wrong. This time around, though, he owns up to his faults, sounding, dare we say, responsible? Utilizing *Easy Tiger's* 13 tracks to spotlight his diversity, Adams delivers a little bit of everything, from the blues-y jam-out "Goodnight Rose," to the sweet, swamp-centric pickin' of "Pearls On A String." And though each track is strikingly different from the next, the album as a whole plays out with collective cohesion. While fans of *Gold* will no doubt love the Top 40-friendly, Sheryl Crow-accompanied "Two" (which hosts the choice Adams confession, "I got a really good heart/I just can't catch a break"), the real gem of *Easy Tiger* is, without question, "Halloweenhead." Sounding quite a bit like Warren Zevon on "Werewolves Of London," the track is an eccentric, freak-flag-waving rock-out, the new anthem for diehard fans. Welcome back, Ryan. >>>TAYLOR MASON

Link [www.ryan-adams.com](http://www.ryan-adams.com)

File Under Ryans, Tigers and bares, oh my!

RIYL Neil Young, Warren Zevon, *Heartbreaker*-era Adams



## THE ALIENS

*Astronomy For Dogs* Astralwerks

As if denouncing their Scottish heritage, these Aliens sound as though they've spent decades holed up on the dark side of the moon. Psychedelic guitar rock and Sly Stone-styled funk are swirled together on *Astronomy For Dogs*, the first proper release from these former Beta Band members. The tie-dyed debut also benefits from a healthy dose of identity crisis, as vocalist Gordon Anderson alternately asserts, "We are the Aliens," "I am the robot man" and "I am the unknown" during the album's first three tracks. Such lyrics reveal a familiar semi-schizoid behavior and set the stage for the music's multi-personality disorder. Indeed, the Aliens' tunes switch from pre-marijuana Beatles to post-*Revolver* acid trips, Merseybeat ditties to extended jams, acoustic-based folk to funkadelic samples and digital percussion. It's a veritable interplanetary hodge-podge of genres, but the Aliens emerge unscathed by not taking themselves too seriously. Anderson simply sounds ecstatic to be in the biz again, having spent the majority of the past decade in a mental hospital, and his bandmates attack the songs with similarly manic glee. Even the weighty, candid ballads like "Honest Again" are oddly buoyant, gaining strength from the retro-futuristic production that channels vintage Brit-pop and sci-fi movies in the same breath. >>>ANDREW LEAHEY

Link [www.thealiens.co.uk](http://www.thealiens.co.uk)

File Under Intergalactic Planetary

RIYL David Bowie, late-period Beatles, Pink Floyd



## BEASTIE BOYS

*The Mix-Up* Capitol

Apparently coming to the realization that their best rhymes were left at the drive-thru on the cover of *Ill Communication* following the embarrassment of 2005's *To The Five Boroughs*, MCA, Adrock and Mike D make a welcome return to the instrumental funk they surprised their fans with on *Check Your Head*. According to the Beasties, *The Mix-Up* was supposed to reflect the influences of such Carter-era new/no-wave acts as the Slits, Gang Of Four and early PiL. Close fellas, but no cigar. Although you can clearly hear strains of the aforementioned on tracks like "Suco De Tangerina," "Off The Grid" and the vaguely Fugazi-esque "The Rat Cage," the majority of tracks on this set don't stray too far from the original formula of their prior instrumental work. The official "fourth" Beastie, Money Mark, makes a grand return to the B-Boy fold here, blessing tracks like "14th St. Break" and "Electric Worm" with his indelible keyboarding techniques, while longtime touring percussionist Alfredo Ortiz replaces former Beastie bongo man Eric Bobo. This is definitely the group's most realized live-instrument work since 1995's hardcore EP *Aglio E Olio*, or at least their mythical country album, *Country Mike's Greatest Hits*, both of which definitely deserve follow-ups as well. Keep those mics in the attic for good, guys. You were starting to repeat yourselves. >>>RON HART

Link [www.beastieboys.com](http://www.beastieboys.com)

File Under Mildly instrumentally challenged

RIYL Richard "Groove" Holmes, Yesterday's New Quintet, Eno-era Devo



## CHILD ABUSE

*Child Abuse* Lovepump United

Coming off a commendably gnarly split EP with *Miracle Of Birth* last year, Brooklyn's Child Abuse have the pleasure of getting their debut full-length cherry popped by Genghis Tron frontman Mookie Singerman, who happens to be head honcho at Lovepump United. Singerman knows how to pick 'em too. The trio's sinister, keyboard-driven spazzo-grind complements the upstart label's harsh-as-high-minded aesthetic, and *Child Abuse* is easily Lovepump's most cohesive and engaging release to date. Though sure to draw immediate comparisons to keyboard-dependent ragers like the Locust and An Albatross, Child Abuse's songs average about twice as long as either of those groups, and they also forgo the former's shticky antics and boast twice the chops as the latter, despite having half as many band members. For a time-lapsed peek at Child Abuse's jazzy nuances and mathy intricacies, look no further than the instrumental jamdown "Supplicant," with "I Hate Me" and "Penile Jihad" representing their electro-throb-throb prowess at a more proper breakneck pace. Generally, synth-oriented textures and wonky rhythms make for thrilling detours from the straightforward shred 'n' blast approach to grindcore, and if Child Abuse punctuated their album with just a few more hints of heaviness, it would sound as menacing as their name. Instead, their overt artiness pads the ass a little too much, giving just enough protection from the buckle end of the belt. >>>MATTHEW FIELD

Link [www.soundsofchildabuse.com](http://www.soundsofchildabuse.com)

File Under Domestic powerviolence

RIYL Parts And Labor, Boredoms, Dillinger Escape Plan



## CHROMEO

*Fancy Footwork* Vice

Chromeo are like those windbreaker suits that we find hideous, yet whose sound we love when our legs rub together. These two Prince/Cameo/Gap Band-worshipping Canadians have now reached album number two and it's too bad their image belies their music. From the *Wizard Of Oz*-referencing winged-monkey intro (this time it's "Chro-me-o-ohhh-ohh") to the album closer/late-night jam "100%," the duo has nailed the Purple One's peak era from the Roger Troutman-like voice effects right down to the nebulous '80s R&B vowel ("100 percen-tah!"). The robot infused vocals and slap bass in the pizza-topping-turned-pet-name "Tenderoni" create a cheesy and irresistible four-minute musical pickup line. But the NKOTB-circa-"The Right Stuff" vocals on "Bonafied Lovin' (Tough Guys)" might clear the dance floor (it's still too soon to revisit that). The title track will win over most of the diet-Coke-and-vodka crowd, but it's the Daft Punk fans that will truly appreciate this groove-based single. Call it ironic, moronic or iconic—this duo is as serious about their throwback breakbeats as Tenacious D and *A Night At The Roxbury* were about their respective genres. While Chromeo's sincerity is still up for debate—would any "serious" musical group make such a big deal about being "the only successful Arab/Jew partnership since the dawn of human culture," as their bio touts?—their mirror-ball spinners are perfect late-night foot fodder. >>>USA DONNELLY

Link [www.chromeo.net](http://www.chromeo.net)

File Under Party Like It's 1982

RIYL Daft Punk, Prince, LCD Soundsystem



## FRIDGE

*The Sun* Temporary Residence

Fridge are proof of the adage that absence makes the heart grow fonder. The six-or-so years separating their previous release, *Happiness*, and this, their fifth full-length, have seen guitarist Kieran Hebden and bassist Adem Ilhan garner individual acclaim—as beat composer Four Tet and electro-folkie Adem respectively—and drummer Sam Jeffers contribute to each of his bandmates' solo albums. Over a decade ago, Fridge became one of the UK's leading post-rock bands, and given their experimental nature, their extracurricular musical tangents have only expanded their talents for improv. At the same time, since the three members' improvisational skills have grown separate from one another, it's easier to identify who is doing what. The jazzy, skittish drums on "Oram" could fit easily on any Four Tet release, and the just-under-the-surface wooshy static and bippy sounds on "Clocks" could creep into one of Adem's folk tapestries. But no matter how many bells and whistles they layer on top, percussion remains the true star. Even the album cover shows a circle holding a triangle, a mallet, small cymbals and other handheld percussive devices. Even the most pre-post-rock (er, just plain rock) songs like "Eyelids" carry self-actualized, driving rhythms, which makes sense. Good thing, since it may have to satiate fans for another six years. >>>KORY GROW

Link [www.brainwashed.com/fridge](http://www.brainwashed.com/fridge)

File Under Bang On A Can

RIYL Tortoise, Four Tet, Mogwai



## THE GO

*Howl On The Haunted Beat You Ride* Cass

This Detroit band's halfway heady days of "Jack White used to be in the band," A&R sleaze sniffing are long gone, as are any expectations for them to revamp their sound much. But lo and behold, they have. The best part of their brazenly retro, pre-punk Motor City style was always the sublimated pop pimples. And with their fourth album, they really work that into a loopy bubblegum chomp. Multi-tracked harmonies, jangly guitars, lifted Beatles melodies and lots of mid-tempo la-la-ing stroll along, so that on tunes like "Invisible Friends," "Caroline" and "Mary Ann," you'll swear you've mistakenly stumbled onto one of those *AM Gold* late-night commercial collections. We're talking Partridge Family outing here, and in the best-possible, though still not-as-funny-as-Redd Kross kind of way. Who knows how many original Gos we've got left here after a near three-year layoff, but some fuzz 'n' stomp has survived the transition ("Down A Spiral," "Help You Out," "So Long Johnny"), if only enough to feel like latter-day Beach Boys on a wrong left-turn pit stop on Lake Huron's oiliest shore. Near the end, "She's Prettiest When She Cries" gets sparse and languid, not so much in the shoulda-beens getting tired mode, but like a band maybe finally finding its footing. >>>ERIC DAVIDSON

Link [www.cassrecords.com](http://www.cassrecords.com)

File Under AM GO-Id

RIYL Flamin' Groovies, Big Star, Terry Jacks



## INTERPOL

*Our Love To Admire* Capitol

If you had to designate a soundtrack for a hazy drive along the California coast, *Our Love To Admire* would be it. Primarily guided by Carlos D's sinister bass and Paul Banks' coaxing croon, Interpol's major label debut settles in like a heavy marine layer. In the process of elaborating on the themes of *Turn On The Bright Lights* and *Antics*, Interpol devilishly fuses their love for the macabre with richly textured instrumentals. The only noticeable sign of major label impact on *Our Love* is the tangibly higher production quality and broad spectrum of instrumentation (check out the Johnny Cash/"Ghost Riders In The Sky"-centric closing track, "The Lighthouse"). Lyrically speaking, the group departs from their previously simplistic rhetoric, and while it may not be utterly Shakespearean, the contemplative morbidity throughout the album is consistently chilling, most notably on "Rest My Chemistry," a drug-addled, night-off anthem in which Banks darkly confesses, "Haven't slept in two days/I've bathed in nothing but sweat/And I've made hallways scenes for things to regret." Tracks not to ignore include "No I In Threesome," a catchy ode to a ménage à trois, and "Pace Is The Trick," a song rooted in exploring the mysticism of the feminine psyche. >>>TM

Link [www.interpolnyc.com](http://www.interpolnyc.com)

File Under Mr. Darkside

RIYL The Chameleons, Joy Division, Mazzy Star



## JENIFFER GENTLE

*The Midnight Room* Sub Pop

On the band's fifth album, but first without founding member and drummer Alessio Gastaldello, Jennifer Gentle is now strictly the project of Marco Fasolo, who wrote and produced the album by himself in addition to playing all instruments. Having holed himself up in an old house in Northern Italy, Fasolo further stretches the boundaries of psychedelic rock, something that JG has always done. As opposed to 2004's *Valende*, though, this shit sounds downright spooky, like a bad acid trip at a carnival. Fasolo's greatest strength lies in the way he's able to pull unconventional sounds from conventional instruments, an effect he induces by using no shortage of effects pedals. But he also tosses in kazoos, funhouse keyboards and his voice—a shrill, whiny thing that sounds as if he keeps a helium tank next to him at all times. For all of his flourishes, though, the music remains audibly minimalist because he tends to fragment the vocal and instrumental passages, resulting in a call and response interaction between himself and the studio. The effect works best on songs like "Take My Hand" and "Mercury Blood," on which he's able to find a balance between the music and words that isn't disorienting. But, for the most part, this album is like a Ferris wheel that won't slow down long enough to let you get off: all colliding lights, repetitive sounds and circular progress. >>>KK

Link [www.jennifergentle.it](http://www.jennifergentle.it)

File Under Midnight special

RIYL Vetiver, Feathers, Syd Barrett



## TALIB KWELI

*Ear Drum* Blacksmith/Warner Bros.

Brooklyn-based MC/CEO Kweli emerges with 16 new tracks on his just-launched Blacksmith imprint, covering a range of lyrical topics and underground hip-hop styles with great success. Earlier tracks like lead single "Say Something" stick to nostalgia and bravado. The campy-yet-soulful "Country Cousins" and the gospel-backed "Hostile Gospel" show he has as much of a flair for melody as he does with words. Later tracks bristle with edgy production. Amidst an intriguingly minimalist minor groove on "More or Less," Kweli flows a scene-critical rant over strings and tambourines, calling for "more community activists, less pigs/More schools less prison/More history less mystery/More Beyoncé less Britney." Yet, searching for more meaning in hip-hop doesn't require Kweli to abandon his roots or sanitize his lyrics. He invites KRS-One to riff on "The Perfect Beat," which bounces on ska grooves and recounts the tale of two established rappers staying in the hunt for a sound that's fresh and meaningful on the streets. The record closes with a few love songs, notably the Prince tribute "Hot Thing," full of syncopated bass kicks, handclaps on the ones and fours and sultry backing vocals—a perfect summer bbq soundtrack. >>>LORA KOLODNY

Link [www.talibkweli.com](http://www.talibkweli.com)

File Under Black Star still shining

RIYL Musiq, Kanye West, the Roots



## MARILYN MANSON

*Eat Me, Drink Me* Interscope

Finally, Marilyn Manson has made an album for people who roll their eyes at the sight of black fingernail polish, fishnet stockings and safety-pinned lips. He may still look like an attention-starved high school sophomore (or Paul Pfeiffer from *The Wonder Years*), but with *Eat Me, Drink Me*, his sixth album, he's finally made good on his onetime goth-rock promise. Partnering exclusively with ex-KMFDM/Shotgun Messiah guitarist Tim Sköld, our favorite Willy Wonka look-alike sings 52 minutes worth of Bauhaus-worshipping industropop that, were it not for Manson's nails-on-a-chalkboard squawk, would easily surpass his former mentor Trent Reznor's current place on the charts. Moreover, his love songs might appeal to listeners beyond romantically inclined young Transylvanians (although his themes still sometimes drift into Lugosi territory). When he sings, "I don't mind you keeping me on pins and needles" on "Heart-Shaped Glasses (When The Heart Guides The Hand)," Sköld plays a catchy, stabby guitar/keyboard part, which leads into another almost-normal love theme: "Don't break my heart, and I won't break your heart-shaped glasses." And although he occasionally lapses into stupid lyric territory, such as the "fuck you" chorus on the equally stupidly titled "Mutilation Is The Most Sincere Form Of Flattery," the rest of the album is worth a misstep or two. Alienating a fanbase with subversive musical focus has rarely sounded so good. >>>KG

Link [www.marilynmanson.com](http://www.marilynmanson.com)

File Under Giving the devil his due

RIYL Nine Inch Nails, Lacuna Coil, recent Paradise Lost



## MEAT PUPPETS

*Rise To Your Knees* Anodyne

This may be titled *Rise To Your Knees*, but for bassist Cris Kirkwood, its very existence amounts to a resurrection from the dead. He was arrested for attacking a security guard a while back, which earned him time in the poky for felony assault. Now, with drugs and incarceration (hopefully) behind him, it is pure joy to have both Kirkwood brothers together again. And while a reformed Meat Puppets is better than no Meat Puppets at all, this first step back is nevertheless a mild disappointment. The work's overall tempo is mostly sludgy, dragging, druggy rock. Vocalist Curt has never exactly been Mr. Excitement, but these days he sounds ready to hibernate for the winter. Meat Puppets appear to be stuck in a rut, rather than into the groove. But even though *Rise To Your Knees* lacks the twisted desert funk of early tracks, the plucking of what Cris calls a guit-jo on "Tiny Kingdom" proves this trio still knows how to throw a few musical curves. The closing song is ironically titled "Light The Fire," and if someone can just spark a white hot flame under the Meat Puppets, their next one might be the fine steak we expect. >>>DAN MACINTOSH

Link [www.meatpuppets.com](http://www.meatpuppets.com)

File Under Carnivorous puppetry

RIYL Nirvana, Dinosaur Jr., Pixies





## THE POLYPHONIC SPREE

*The Fragile Army* TVT

To see The Polyphonic Spree live is to immediately understand the band's appeal, as there's something undeniable in the sheer spectacle of 20-plus musicians preaching an omnidominational Gospel Of Love while wearing matching outfits.

Distilling such energy into an album is no easy task, though, even for the largest pop ensemble this side of the Trans-Siberian Orchestra. Enter *The Fragile Army*, the third release from frontman Tim DeLaughter and his co-ed band of symphonic rockers. They're back in black, literally, having traded in their disciple-esque robes for dark military garb that represents a move toward something more secular. Admittedly, the Spree's theatrical music has always been more about *Godspell* than actual God, but *Army* is more earthly and grounded than previous efforts. Consider DeLaughter's lyrics: Once goopy with quasi-religious optimism, they're now concerned with love and hope during wartime. DeLaughter's music has similarly evolved, relying less on mantra-like repetitions of nature worship and embracing more conventions of modern-day pop songcraft. Tracks like "Running Away" still maintain a certain level of spiritual uplift, but they do so with hummable hooks and tasteful brevity. In fact, this is standard procedure on *Army*: The troops are rallied, the action is fierce, and potential naysayers are killed (with kindness, mind you) in tiny, three-to-four-minute nuggets of harmonies, harps and horns. This group's earlier aims certainly weren't misses, but *Army* is the Spree's first bull's eye. >>>AL

Link [www.thepolyphonicspree.com](http://www.thepolyphonicspree.com)

File Under Pacifist Army

RIYL the Flaming Lips, Free Design, Hair



## DIZZEE RASCAL

*Maths & English* XL

On the 21-year-old MC's third album, Dizze Rascal's hip-hop studies show evidence of steadily advancing. The London-based grime superstar still spits thick-accented wisecracks over beats fit for destroying mailboxes. But individual and artistic growth is apparent on "Sirens" (a guitar blast of cop enmity as refined as Jay-Z's) and "Hard Back (Industry)." The latter is Dizze's pearls-of-wisdom manifesto for his successors, including such warnings as, "Buy a house before you buy a car" and, "Find a record label that's not full of pricks." Save "Pussy'ole," which rides a tried-and-true Lyn Collins sample (the groundwork for Rob Base and DJ E-Z Rock's "It Takes Two") for your most reviled. Other ribald gems include "Suck My Dick," accented with a "Yankee Doodle" flute interlude, and the bangin' "Where's Da G's" featuring UGK's Bun B and Pimp C, on which Dizze proclaims, "All I see is hype." However, appearances by buzz-worthy folks like Lily Allen and the Arctic Monkeys' Alex Turner suggest a little of Dizze's own hype has taken root, and with uneven results. Turner's vocals on "Temptation" give the track a rock-tinged, Chemical Brothers feel, and Lily and Dizze calling out fake gangstas in "Wanna Be" isn't far removed from Gwen/Akon. Both tracks appear in the album's closing minutes though, preventing any major disruption, and leaving the effort worthy of high, but not perfect, praise. >>>REED FISCHER

Link [www.dizzeerascal.co.uk](http://www.dizzeerascal.co.uk)

File Under Thin Dizze

RIYL Wiley, Roll Deep, the Streets



## RATATAT

*Ratatat Presents Remixes Vol. II* Self-Released

If the Beastie Boys have found new life in old instruments, perhaps Ratatat are best off messing around with rehashed rhymes. The New York duo's Daft Punk-with-Nintendo guitars shtick is endearing, but lacks the one essential element *Vol. II* tosses into the remix: dope MC. As proven on the pair's inaugural '04 mixtape, the subtle integration of their indie-electro into JBL-jolting beats and can't-miss flows creates a near-perfect, if unlikely symbiosis. Producer Evan Mast and axe-man Mike Stroup strip the originals of their excess, corralling such diverse talents as Notorious B.I.G., Devin The Dude and U.G.K. around tightly-wound funk guitars and synths that fall somewhere between the Neptunes' candy-coated lines and Timbaland's textured touch. The guys clearly find delight in upping the energy on Jigga and Beanie Siegel's "Glock Nines" and lurching mischievously around Biggie's barreling rasp on "Party & Bullshit," as one of Stroud's meatier riffs rips across the late legend's vocal viscosity. As can be expected, things slow down to a syrupy crawl for the likes of Slim Thug, T.I. and Bun B on "Three Kings," with Stroud's day-glo riffage highlighting the hook and Mast's lo-fi Dr. Dre synths creeping across the verses. The fact that Ratatat truly make these tracks their own is both a credit to their hip-hop acumen and an argument for their continued absorption of the art form. >>>KENNY HERZOG

Link [www.ratatatmusic.com](http://www.ratatatmusic.com)

File Under rap-atat

RIYL Paul's Boutique, Notorious B.I.G., Girl Talk



## ST. VINCENT

*Marry Me* Beggars Banquet

Listening to *Marry Me*, it's not entirely clear which St. Vincent multi-instrumentalist Annie Clark identifies with most—there's Vincent Of Saragossa, patron saint of vinegar makers; Vincent Ferrer, plumbers; Vincent de Paul, lost articles and spiritual healing. Instead she seems too secure in her near-operatic soprano and self-confident lyrics to seek divine intervention. Not once does this waifish, Kate Bush look-alike seem unsure of her arty pop-folk, nor does she seem meek or humbled on her almost-childlike choruses. On the first part of "Jesus Saves, I Spend" (again, not really welcoming the whole Catholic thing), she's done away with all instruments, excepting drums (played by Man Or Astro-man? skinsman Brian Teasley), in lieu of a vocal "bump-bump-bump-bah" for the chords. It's the sort of clever instrumentation that comes from years of singing into tape recorders alone and listening to Björk and, well, Kate Bush records (and here, she's gotten some help from David Bowie pianist Mike Garson). Traces of her previous work with Polyphonic Spree surface in the aforementioned choruses, which are anthemic and tabernacle-like and, when taken from that band's Moonie-like fervor, complement the album's dramatic, almost Gainsbourg-ish cabaret fair. Her closing number is titled "What Me Worry?" and that *Mad* sentiment, set to jazzy instruments, sums up her attitude on life. Saintry help or not, she's made a great album. >>>MG

Link [www.ilovestvincent.com](http://www.ilovestvincent.com)

File Under This woman works

RIYL Kate Bush, Polyphonic Spree, Sufjan Stevens



## TEGAN AND SARA

*The Con* Sire

If there's one thing that Tegan And Sara have always excelled at, it's the ability to write a damn catchy tune. The pair have more hooks than a tackle box. Their consistency from album to album and song to song, though, has been less than reliable. Their last, and strongest release, 2004's *So Jealous*, was both a critical and commercial success mainly because the Canadian twin-sister team shook off most of the languid folksy meanderings that clouded some of their earlier work and focused on writing terse, springy pop songs. *The Con* is pretty much a continuation of that album, both in the girls' predilection for prickly guitar lines, paddle-handed keyboards and multi-tracked vocals, and because it practically pleads with the listener to simply enjoy its idiosyncrasies. As usual, though, there are a few great songs amongst the filler. "Back In Your Head," held down by a piano line that sounds like a reworked "Chopsticks," and the elegiac closer "Call It Off," show what terrific music the girls can make at both ends of the spectrum. But "Relief Next To Me" is the jam, this record's "Walking With The Ghost," for the sake of comparison. Suppose it's testament to the fact that T&S will always have at least one ace in the hole, and even Jack White can't better this one. >>>KK

Link [www.teganandsara.com](http://www.teganandsara.com)

File Under Twins' peak

RIYL Cal Power, New Pornographers, Sleater-Kinney



## TOMAHAWK

*Anonymous* Ipecac


Over the past half-century or so, a diverse range of artists, ranging from Cher to Johnny Cash to Anthrax, have paid homage to the plight of the American Indian. But it's only fitting that the band who named itself after the natives' weapon of choice could deliver one of their most genuine tributes. *Anonymous* derives from group leader Duane Denison's recent fascination with Native American culture following a tour of national Indian Reservations with Hank Williams, III. In turn, he was inspired to research old Indian culture, where he discovered transcribed lyrics of traditional songs from a book series dating back to the presidency of Theodore Roosevelt. Thirteen of those songs have been reconfigured here by Tomahawk, now whittled down to the trio of Denison, drummer John Stanier and singer Mike Patton following the sudden departure of bassist Kevin Rutmanis. The arrangements shift from doggedly faithful renderings ("Mescal Rite 1," "Ghost Dance") to drastic reconfigurations that stand out as some of the band's heaviest work to date, most notably the powerful "Sun Dance" and "Red Fox." All the selections, however, have been crafted with the utmost respect for their original sentiments. In other words, this is the real wampum, not that new-agey flute cheese you hear at your local weekend crafts fair. >>>RH

Link [www.ipecac.com](http://www.ipecac.com)


File Under Native-ity scenes

RIYL Mothers Of Invention, Mr. Bungle, Emile Berliner


## BOTTOM OF THE HUDSON

**Fantastic Hawk** Absolutely Kosher   
Bottom Of The Hudson's take on indie rock might as well be called Bottom Of The Orchestra Closet considering Fantastic Hawk's liberal use of oboe, glockenspiel, string parts and other embellishments. Eli Simon's songwriting knitted with guitars and drums works equally well, with flourishes reminiscent of Robert Pollard ("Rusty Zippers") and James Mercer ("Perfect Distillation"). The slow-building title track alone will keep this one at the top of your stack. >>>REED FISCHER


## BUFFALO TOM

**Three Easy Pieces** New West   
The comeback CD from these '90s flannel-of-national-Indian-Reservations-rock-faves from Boston opens with "Bad Phone Call," an extremely good My Morning Jacket imitation—right down to its crying vocal harmonies. Guitarist Bill Janovitz and bassist Chris Colbourn are more melodic/less noisy than they were in the old "Dinosaur Jr." days, but still exude plenty of passion. These heart-on-sleeve songs will go over well for anyone still awaiting a Replacements reunion. >>>DAN MACINTOSH

## CHOW NASTY

**Super Electrical Recordings** Omega   
If you're game for some silly, suck-on-this, indie-gutter disco goof-off excursion. "Back On The Streets" and "Ungawa"'s bongo and trumpet prancing will deflect eye-rolls if spun past 2 a.m. The Miami bass stink of "Floor Is Bouncing" and "Lazy Eyes" aren't nearly as rump-shakey as the garage go-go of "A Tale Of Two Titties" and "Hot Sticky Nikki." Though a debut, the band is 10 years old, so this breakfast cereal commercial take on the Blues Explosion kind of makes sense. >>>ERIC DAVIDSON

## DJ KENTARO


**Enter** Ninja Tune   
DJ Kentaro follows up his triumph at the 2002 DMC World DJ Championship with his first proper release of original material: 16 crackling tracks of frenetic chop-and-run turntablism, seamlessly spanning oodles of musical genres without so much as an ounce of tired ironic posturing. Pharcyde and Fat Jon of Cincinatti's Five DeeZ, as well as fellow Ninja Tune-affiliates Spank Rock and New Flesh all

make appearances atop this Japan native's innovative collection of beats. >>>ELENA MARINACCIO

## JOHN DOE

**A Year In The Wilderness** Yep Roc   
Always a master at scuffing up roots genres with his legendary punk band X (and perhaps inspired by their latest round of reunion gigs), John Doe returns with a fevered collection (his seventh solo CD), ranging from country barn-burners to bashing punk. Kathleen Edwards' soaring vocals on "The Golden State" are what most have kept Doe warm during his year out there in the wilderness. >>>TOM DUFFY

## MIKE ERRICO

**All In Tallboy 7**   
The first thing you'll notice upon listening to this record is how serious Errico wants you to take

## ROBERT FORSTER/GRANT MCLENNAN


**Intermission: The Best Of The Solo Recordings 1990-1997** Beggars Banquet   
As Brisbane legends the Go-Betweens went on hiatus for most of the '90s, founders Grant McLennan and Robert Forster pursued solo careers. Neither strayed too far from their band's formula, and each of the compilations in this two-CD collection could hold its own against the Go-Betweens' canon. When McLennan died of a heart attack last year, indie rock lost one of its pioneers. Rest in peace. >>>KORY GROW

## JASON ISBELL

**Sirens Of The Ditch** New West   
The solo debut from the youngest of the Drive-By Truckers' songwriting trio is less Ronnie Van Zant than Townes Van Zandt. Tinged with country-soul,

The Moon's Dante DeCaro (formerly of Hot Hot Heat and currently of Wolf Parade) fool you. This self-titled debut is no ramshackle keyboard-pop odyssey. Full of harmonicas, banjos and DeCaro's Dylan-ish whine, the album blends a weirdo Appalachian (via Vancouver Island) vibe with more traditional folk arrangements for an opus that's as charming and rustic as the barn it was recorded in. >>>REBECCA RABER

## KING WILKIE

**Low Country Suite** Rounder   
Once hailed as saviors of traditional bluegrass, Virginia's King Wilkie have broadened their rustic palette. Stompin' country and melancholic folk take the wheel on *Low Country Suite*, which combines the Appalachian twang of Wilkie's homestate with subtle nods to Nick Drake and Rodeo-era Byrds.



him. On the fifth LP of his decade-plus career, the singer/songwriter cranks out punchy power chords and years into the microphone like an angst-ridden teenager despite the fact that he's now middle aged. He does have the part down, though, even if these efficient, well-written tracks occasionally come across like refried Audioslave. >>>KEVIN KAMPWIRTH


*Sirens* gracefully moves from the snappy power-pop of "Brand New Kind Of Actress" to the plaintive Americana of "In A Razor Town." Just on its own merit though, "Dress Blues," Isbell's gorgeous protest eulogy for a soldier killed in Iraq, makes the record worth its wax. >>>LEE BAINS

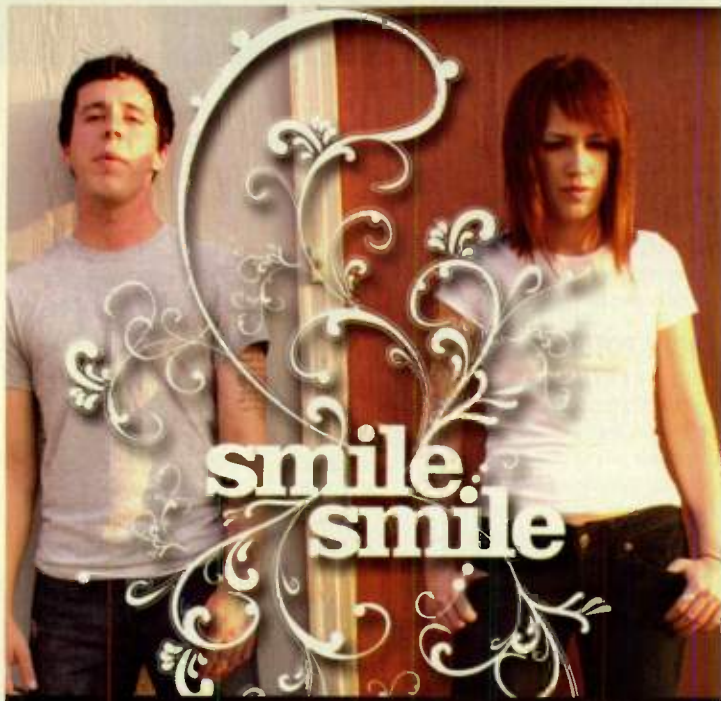
## JOHNNY AND THE MOON

**Johnny And The Moon** Kill Devil Hills   
Don't let the lineage of Johnny And

Come for the lullabying harmonies of opening track "The Raising of the Patriarchs," stay for the sepia-toned pastoral numbers that end this sophomore effort. >>>ANDREW LEAHEY

## MEMPHIS

**A Little Place In The Wilderness** Good Fences   
The sophomore effort from this Stars side project is full of lilting, dreamy songs that are as pretty (though



smile.  
smile



debut full length  
**Blue Roses**  
now available

[www.smilemusic.com](http://www.smilemusic.com)

# STRAYLIGHT RUN



## THE NEEDLES THE SPACE

the *NEW* album **IN-STORES JUNE 19TH**

Featuring the single  
"Soon We'll Be Living In The Future"

"One of the Most Anticipated Albums of 2007"  
- *Alternative Press*

**ON TOUR WITH SPARTA NOW!**

Exclusive version containing two  
additional songs only available at



[www.straylightrun.com](http://www.straylightrun.com)  
[www.universalrepublic.com](http://www.universalrepublic.com)

© 2007 Universal Republic Records, a Division of UMG Recordings, Inc.



N O D I S G U I S E



CASEY DESMOND

**CASEY DESMOND**

ON SALE NOW VISIT  
[WWW.CASEYDESMOND.COM](http://WWW.CASEYDESMOND.COM)

## NOW AVAILABLE FROM ROIR



### DUB TRIO COOL OUT AND COEXIST

"Dub Trio rips it to shreds  
with their potent blend of  
bilsteringly heavy rock &  
dub conventions."  
- XLR8R

**LIVE!**

"The Sonic Youth of dub."  
- DUB-O-RAMA

### ESSENTIAL DUB V/A

includes:

BAD BRAINS, RAS MICHAEL,  
BILL LASWELL, OKU ONJORA,  
DUB TRIO, 10 FT. GANJA PLANT,  
BADAWI, TWILIGHT CIRCUS,  
NINEY, ALPHA & OMEGA,  
& more!



### 10 FT. GANJA PLANT PRESENTS

"Refreshingly urgent  
and transcendent."  
- The Beat

"Smokin' 70's-style Jamaican dub!"  
- JamBands.com

w/ 2 bonus tracks!

- CALL OR EMAIL FOR A FREE CATALOG OR POSTER -



[www.roir-usa.com](http://www.roir-usa.com)  
info@roir-usa.com / 212.477.0563

less immediately catchy) as you'd expect, given the band's pedigree. Chris Dumont's downbeat, jazzy arrangements temper the big, bright pop impulses of Torquil Campbell, who, stripped of Stars' new wave keyboards and bouncy rhythms, indulges in quietly wistful and wintry

tousled troubadour. Throughout *Age*, his raspy voice is complemented perfectly with soulful horns, country twang and a bit of good ol' fashioned rockabilly. Clocking in at only 33 minutes, Lowe manages to convey more breadth than many artists cover in twice the time. >>>TD

and antique songwriting should certainly receive some more attention now that the style is musically chic. *World* only reinforces singer/cellist Melora Creager's bid as one of the more creative songwriters of the past decade. >>>KK

## THE THIEVES OF KAILUA

**The Thieves Of Kailua** Mill Pond For those wishing Michael Leviton had a whole band behind his ukulele woo-tunes, wait no further. While residing in Seattle, these Don Hos must have nightly dreams of surf, sand, and... Stereolab? Tunes like "On The Waikiki," "Crystal Green," and the title track dance around circa-1954, seaweed-fed fires of ukuleles, bongos and Dobros, but add an undertow of bachelor pad exotica atmosphere featuring girly loolooos, horn hints and some witty words. >>>ED

## TRAVELING WILBURYS

**The Traveling Wilburys Collection** Rhino Nobody ever did quite officially figure out what *Traveling Wilburys Vol. 2* was, did they? Most say its Tom Petty's *Full Moon Fever*, while others cite *Rock On!* by Del Shannon (who was rumored to have been Roy Orbison's replacement). This long-awaited reissue of *Vol. 1* and *Vol. 3*, complete with scant bonus tracks but a killer DVD documentary/videography, does little to solve the mystery. One thing is clear though: The original version of "Handle With Care" still trumps Jenny Lewis' hatchet job every time. >>>RON HART

## VEGA4

**You And Others** Original Signal Think of the cover art for this album as a metaphor for this band's music: two trees in a forest, one slightly larger than the other, bound together by what appears to be a large rubber band. Vega4 is the smaller tree, while the bands they unabashedly impersonate (Snow Patrol, Killers, Coldplay) represent the larger tree to which they are bound. Cut the cord already guys. >>>KK

## WOODEN WAND

**James & The Quiet** Ecstatic Peace Singer/songwriter James Totl returns with *Wooden Wand's* most consistent and aptly titled album to date. Lo-fi acoustics and haunting rhythms are capped off with the smartly sparse production of Sonic Youth's Lee Ranaldo. The Sonic Youth ties don't end there though, as Steve Shelly took a seat at the drum kit and *Quiet* marks *Wooden Wand's* debut for Thurston Moore's label. >>>TD



## ROCKY VOTOLATO

**The Brag & Cuss** Barsuk There isn't much to say about the Seattle-based folkie's sixth solo LP that won't sound vacant for lack of previous overstated modifiers. Yes, there is banjo, mandolin and acoustic guitar. Yes, there is *Votolato's* vinyl-scratched, Oberstastic drawl. Yes, there are songs about whiskey. So what? All this was there on 2006's *Makers*, and what we're given is an album that everyone already knows *Votolato* can make, which, even to his fans, will come off as a Pyrrhic victory at best. >>>KK

## THE SHARP THINGS

**A Moveable Feast** Bar/None Taking its title from the transitory manner in which it was recorded in different kitchens, basements and living rooms throughout New York City, the third LP from this 11-piece ensemble is their most consistent group effort yet. With their layer cake harmonies, grandiose arrangements and frontman Perry Serpa's Steve Winwood-esque delivery, the band packages all the best things about '70s AM radio and early British pop and tinges it with their own flair for dramatics. It's nerdy music inspired by nerdy music that somehow sounds cool. >>>KK

## TELEPATHE

**"Sinister Militia" 12-inch** The Social Registry Brooklyn psych-rock duo Telepathe (that's pronounced "telepathy," for all you non-mind-readers) has recorded a perfect 12-inch: two mystical, heavily reverberated almost-rockers with remixes by !!!/LCD Soundsystem's Tyler Pope and Matmos' Drew Daniel. While Telepathe's purgatorial whispers and moans on "Sinister Militia" have a creepy/sexy quality, it's the way Pope turns it into an acid-dance song that makes it click. Daniel's remix of the precious piano plucker "Islands" re-ups it with a hip-hop beat and fun guitars. Psychic or not, it's hard to predict a better pairing. >>>KG

storytelling for an album that's cozy like a fluffy comforter on a snowy day. >>>RR

## MINUS STORY

**My Ion Truss** Jagjaguwar The Minus Story's last release, 2005's *No Rest For Ghosts*, was a giant step forward for the Lawrence, Kansas-based outfit in every aspect, most notably in that it sounded like the Minus Story making a Minus Story record, as opposed to the Minus Story making a Flaming Lips record. Their asymmetrical approach to dream-pop is evident as breezy pianos run alongside squeamish guitar distortion and frontman Jordan Geiger's Ben Gibbard-y groan, all without a hint of idolatry. >>>KK

## NICK LOWE

**At My Age** Yep Roc The "Jesus of Cool" returns with a collection of mostly somber songs. Lowe has long left behind the pub pop of his earlier recordings, and has seamlessly made the transition to

## O'DEATH

**Head Home** Ernest Jenning O'Death's rabid brand of old-timey music owes just as much to Charlie Daniels-style fiddle as it does Ralph Stanley's gospel bluegrass—and don't forget Shane MacGowan. Beards, blisters, banjos and beer banded about in Brooklyn these days rarely amount to more than a condescending cartoon of an Appalachian family reunion. But hearing this NYC clan rip through "Down To Rest" and "O Lee O," O'Death avoids the ironic pratfalls. >>>RF

## RASPUTINA

**Oh Perilous World** Filthy Bonnet While Joanna Newsom and Devendra Banhart are seen as the torchbearers of the "freak-folk" movement, Rasputina can plausibly be called its progenitor. Unable to fit tidily into one genre for most of their 15-year career, the band's use of stratified string arrangements, idiosyncratic vocals

**FASHION  
GAMES  
BOOKS**



**ELECTRONICS  
MUSIC  
MOVIES**

FIG 13C.

GET YOUR FAVORITE  
**WARPED**  
BANDS

2007

ON SALE NOW\*

<p><b>THE AUTOMATIC AUTOMATIC</b> Not Accepted Anywhere <b>\$10.00</b></p>  <p style="text-align: right; font-weight: bold; color: red;">SAVE \$3</p>	<p><b>BOYS LIKE GIRLS</b> Boys Like Girls <b>\$10.00</b></p>  <p style="text-align: right; font-weight: bold; color: red;">SAVE \$3</p>	<p><b>BAYSIDE</b> The Walking Wounded <b>\$11.99</b></p>  <p style="text-align: right; font-weight: bold; color: red;">SAVE \$3</p>	<p><b>CUTE IS WHAT WE AIM FOR</b> The Same Old Blood Rush With A New Touch <b>\$11.99</b></p>  <p style="text-align: right; font-weight: bold; color: red;">SAVE \$3</p>	<p><b>FAMILY FORCE 5</b> Business Up Front Party In The Back (Diamond Ed.) <b>\$11.99</b></p>  <p style="text-align: right; font-weight: bold; color: red;">SAVE \$3</p>
<p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg); font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold;">NEW RELEASES</p>	<p><b>THE STARTING LINE</b> Direction <b>\$11.99</b></p>  <p style="text-align: right; font-weight: bold; color: red;">SAVE \$3</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-weight: bold;">AVAILABLE JULY 31ST!</p>	<p><b>YELLOWCARD</b> Paper Walls <b>\$14.99</b></p>  <p style="text-align: right; font-weight: bold; color: red;">SAVE \$4</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-weight: bold;">AVAILABLE JULY 17TH!</p>	<p><b>PEPPER</b> To Da Max <b>\$13.99</b></p>  <p style="text-align: right; font-weight: bold; color: red;">SAVE \$3</p>	<p><b>PEPPER</b> Kona Town <b>\$13.99</b></p>  <p style="text-align: right; font-weight: bold; color: red;">SAVE \$3</p>

\*Select titles on sale until 8/29/07. While supplies last. Prices may differ online @ virginmega.com.

FIG 13C. LIFESTYLE REVOLUTION KIT

**ATTENTION!**  
**ESSENTIAL TO YOUR SURVIVAL**

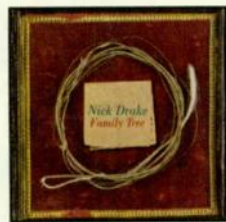
NEW YORK: TIMES SQUARE AND UNION SQUARE • LOS ANGELES: HOLLYWOOD & HIGHLAND AND WEST HOLLYWOOD • ONTARIO  
 ORANGE • SAN FRANCISCO • DALLAS GRAPEVINE MILLS • ARIZONA MILLS • DENVER • ORLANDO WALT DISNEY WORLD® RESORT



## DAVID BOWIE

*Young Americans (Special Edition)* Virgin

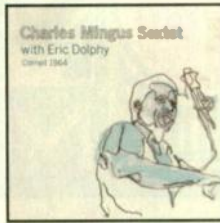
You could consider *Young Americans* a mildly contested piece of rock 'n' roll real estate. Featuring the first in a long line of appearances from Carlos Alomar, this love-it-or-hate-it foray into kitschy blue-eyed soul bridges the gap between Bowie's earlier alien-themed albums (*Ziggy Stardust*) and his subsequent alien-sounding music (the *Low*-era trio of Brian Eno collaborations). This semi-suspended sense of structure is mirrored in the record's sequencing, with only the opening title track and the closing John Lennon collaboration and hit single "Fame" firmly grounded in soul-pop soil, the body of the album left swinging over waves of R&B vocal-backing (Luther Vandross is featured here), crests of crunchy sax work from David Sanborn and, of course, Bowie's affected-yet-restrained blues croonery. The three bonus tracks feature a forgettable disco mix, "John I'm Only Dancing Again," and the completely redeeming "It's Gonna Be Me," while the bonus disc includes new mixes from Tony Visconti and classic cuts from *The Dick Cavett Show*. >>>ELENA MARINACCIO



## NICK DRAKE

*Family Tree* Tsunami LG

Nick Drake may have a 2000 Volkswagen commercial to thank for his high profile, but it is his family that has truly kept his legacy alive. In the 33 years since his death, they've overseen his estate and even welcomed fans into their home to play them reel-to-reel tapes of Drake's early years. And now they have compiled 28 of those rare, youthful tracks, representing quite a wealth of new material for the Nick Drake obsessive. Many of the bluesy songs amassed here show young Nick interpreting the work of others (Jackson C. Frank, Bob Dylan, his mother Molly), proving that one of his greatest strengths was always the tenderness of his voice and the intimacy of his finger-picking. But the 11 original compositions on the album showcase his preternatural sense of melody and a comfort with the folk idiom, proving that the real draw of this disc is its portrait of the artist as a young man. >>>REBECCA RABER



## THE CHARLES MINGUS SEXTET

*Charles Mingus Sextet With Eric Dolphy: Cornet 1964* Blue Note

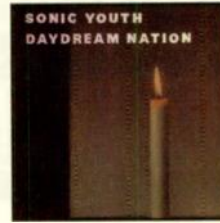
This new release from the Mingus Sextet with Eric Dolphy delivers insights into the state of jazz in 1964. Here, the genre teeters on the edge between swingy, big band standards ("Orange Was The Color Of Her Dress...") and some almost primitively voiced, experimental fare ("Fables of Faubus"). Dolphy's alto sax shrieks and cries in contrast to Clifford Jordan's mellow tenor. Raw, percussive experimentation from Dannie Richmond (drums) Jackie Byard (piano) and Mingus, as always, makes every moment of even the longest tracks intriguing. Recorded at Cornell University, the double-disc's nine live tracks range in length from the brief, slinky "Sophisticated Lady" to an impressive, meandering "Meditations" (31:36). Dolphy, who had been recording with Coltrane a few years earlier (*Live At The Village Vanguard*), and Mingus are particularly well matched in their bubbling, 17-minute rendition of Ellington's theme song (penned by Billy Strayhorn), "Take The A Train." >>>LORA KOLODNY



## NAPALM DEATH

*Scum Earache*

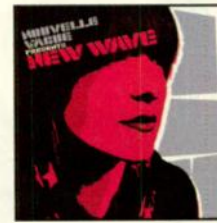
Two decades ago, Napalm Death legitimized punk's amphetamine-enhanced cousin, grindcore, with this gloriously haphazard release. Sides A and B were recorded by different lineups, with only drummer Mick Harris connecting the two. The song "You Suffer" made *Guinness World Records* as the world's shortest song (0:01316 long!). And with crummy sounds and different tunings on each side, its discordant cacophony only added to the threat. Shockingly, British zeitgeist DJ John Peel loved it. Despite its inconsistencies, *Scum* remains the grindcore archetype: barked vocals, raunchy guitars, whirlwind drumming (they invented the blastbeat!) and eye-blinkingly fast songs. No wonder its members, none of whom are still in the band, garnered success later in Jesu, Carcass, Godflesh, Cathedral and Drop Dead. This reissue comes with a DVD of Harris stomping through Birmingham's disarmingly green suburbs tracing Napalm's origins, but since he's the only participating bandmember, it falls short, save a story about how he and bassist Nik Bullen busted through doors at gigs just for the hell of it. Worth it for novices, but stalwarts will feel shorted (no pun intended). >>>KORY GROW



## SONIC YOUTH

*Daydream Nation: Deluxe Edition* Geffen-UME

Almost two decades have passed since *Daydream Nation's* release and Sonic Youth still hasn't matched its intrigue, experimentalism or noisy beauty. It had all the makings of a legend: two LPs containing 12 songs, one-third of which were singles (even "Providence"—Thurston Moore's dreamy mash-up of Mike Watt's phone messages—made the cut), enigmatic symbols representing each band member and fuzzy album photos showcasing the group's '60s-influenced thrift-store chic. It was their last for an indie and their first to crack CMJ's year-end radio Top 20 chart. This re-release contains the original album, Lee Ranaldo's demo of "Eric's Trip" (with different lyrics) and covers of Beatles, Captain Beefheart, Neil Young and—of course—Mudhoney songs. Sure, other non-album songs exist, but this is a mostly satisfying collection. The real treat, however, is disc two's live versions of every track (despite coming from different shows). Moore introduces "Silver Rocket" with, "This song is for my good friend Andy Warhol," which, in a way, encapsulates everything exciting about the band at that time. >>>KG



## VARIOUS ARTISTS

*Nouvelle Vague Presents New Wave* District 6

After two albums of bossa nova versions of new wave hits, *Nouvelle Vague*—or more precisely, bandmembers Marc Collin and Gilles Leguen—are flipping their formula. Acting as archivists instead of musicians on their "new" album, they've rounded up 24 covers of classic rock songs (think: "People Are Strange" or "I Heard It Through The Grapevine") by new wave/post-punk icons like *Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark*, *Joy Division* and the *Slits*. Some of these tracks are familiar favorites—Devo's skittering, yelped take on "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" from their Eno-produced debut is a classic. And others, like Belgian band *Polyphonic Size's* sexy-robot version of "Mother's Little Helper," have been lost to the years, but are just as worthy of landmark status. Though some of the choices veer away from the album's stated aesthetic (since when is Nico "new wave?"), each track on the double-disc is a welcome addition to the canon, and together make for a stylish collection of rock standards by new wave standard-bearers. >>>RR

# DVD REVIEWS



Monday

## THE BOOKS

Playall (Self-Released)



Anyone who's seen the Books in concert is already acquainted with the audio/visual excursions that the duo incorporates into their performances. As a band whose main concern lies in the way found sounds can be manipulated and layered over one another, it's only natural that they'd have an inclination toward the visual manifestation of collages as well. In a live setting, this works. Watching how the two mesh cello, acoustic guitar, bass and samples over random footage of everything from nature scenes to black and white stock of men in fedoras is, at the very least, captivating. But, it's captivating only for its interactivity. Remove the performers, and what we're left with are a series of moving images mashed up with a Books album, which is essentially what this DVD is. It includes some of their better songs ("Take Time," "Tokyo"), but sitting in your living room watching this will be the cinematic equivalent of watching *Star Wars* on a laptop. The message is there, but the experience is lost. >>>KEVIN KAMPWIRTH



## NOCTURNO CULTO'S THE MISANTHROPE: THE EXISTENCE OF... SOLITUDE AND CHAOS

(Tyrant Syndicate-Peaceville)



Black metal, the kind of music director Nocturno Culto makes in his legendary band Darkthrone, is often labeled "misanthropic" in reviews. To the untrained ear, the albums are harsh, grueling and aggressive. But it really does have much to do with these Scandinavians' distaste for society. In a way that's what this film embodies. Those hoping for a "movie" need not apply; this is a slow, vaguely Bergman-esque exploration of isolationism, more an art film than anything with a plot, containing strange scenes of a person dragging a coffin through the snow. The dialogue is sparse, including an old man reading from a book about Norwegian kings.

The highlights, however, include short performances by Aura Noir, Gallhammer and even Darkthrone in rehearsal footage and some live, late-'80s clips. The film's best revelation comes from a member of black metallers Svartahrid: "It was never important to make music that other people like." That quote, like *The Misanthrope*, will only resonate with hardcore fans.

>>>KORY GROW



## SEINFELD—SEASON 8

(Sony)



After Larry David's exit, Jerry was finally free to indulge all his Abbott-and-Costello whims. And while there's no shortage of over-the-top moments, the plots can veer toward the slapstick and the central characters' rapport between can feel a bit exhausted, there's a surprising wealth of classic episodes, scenes, sayings and turning points from these oft-forgotten later installments. "The Yada Yada Yada," "The Bizarro Jerry" and "The Abstinence" in particular show Jerry and main writers like Peter Mehlman at the height of their insightful powers (even if "Abstinence" is a bit of a contrived mash-up of prior plots). Thing is though, as with all previous *Seinfeld* sets, this box is indispensable because of its show-stopping array of extras. The 20-plus-minute minidoc, *Jerry Seinfeld, Submarine Captain*, in particular, is surprisingly in-depth, as the cast and crew frankly discuss the merits and pitfalls of the show's last two seasons. There's no arguing the show's mid-life superiority, but there's similarly no disputing the absolute necessity of owning its entire lifespan on DVD. >>>KENNY HERZOG

## THE KITSCH KORNER

### THE CULT CAMP CLASSICS

— VOL. 1-4 (Warner)



Ah, the revisionist satisfaction of mid-century pop culture. Despite the perpetuation of the sterilized myths of the early Cold War era, DVDs like these remind us of the fuming suppression of sexual desire, rampant blood lust and cool claymation that was the everyman entertainment of the pre-1960s. Of these four volumes with three movies apiece, most appallingly appealing are the sword-and-sandal epics. Greased-up manly bulges, toga-clad babes, pagan orgies, homoerotic torture and a... Peter Bogdanovich commentary? See: the sick car chases of *Hot Rods To Hell*; a surprisingly jarring British *Godzilla* knock-off (*The Giant Behemoth*); the crappy caveman costumes and nightmare facial tics of Joan Crawford's last film, *Trog*; and the way-groovy goofy lingo and LSD trips of *The Big Cube*. Not the usual no-budget run-throughs, half of these were actually well-financed and feature top-notch directors like Howard Hawks and Sergio Leone grabbing paychecks with gusto, and fading stars like Zsa Zsa Gabor, Rory Calhoun and Lana Turner grabbing gin swigs between takes. So go check out the sleaze your hypocritical elders snuck in on their Saturday afternoons. >>>ED

KEY:



BUY



RENT



RECYCLE

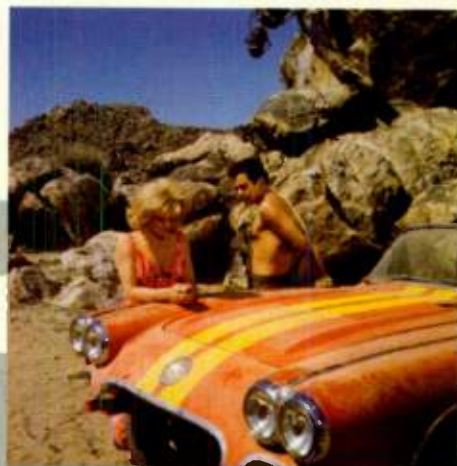


## THIS IS TOM JONES: ROCK N' ROLL LEGENDS

(Time Life)



You either get the sleazy cool of Tom Jones or you don't, and on that rests the potential enjoyment of this three-DVD set of episodes plucked from Tom's ABC variety show. It ran from 1969-'72, so it ain't like the fondue stops bubbling at his amazing hip thrusts. The bizarre stage backdrops (like the churchly steeples during a sexy(?) gospel medley), garish period threads (neon-green dye manufacturers will become winsome upon viewing) and cornball humor suffice for that era's assimilations of hippie "cool." Now, perhaps a simple "best-of" would've been preferable, as listening to the "Next week's guests are..." outros are aggravating considering the time wasted on many below the Borscht Belt "comedy" skits that can't even be saved by a very young Fred Willard. But all's forgiven when Tom wails away on his hits and does some amazing duets (Janis Joplin, Aretha Franklin), which are great reminders of his pre-granny-enshrined profile. And actual live performances from the Who and Little Richard don't hurt. Plus the orchestra is a top-shelf BIG band, with horn blasts cribbed from the Stax stuff Tom loved, but ultimately trimmed down so the Vegas ladies would keep tossing those undies. >>>ERIC DAVIDSON

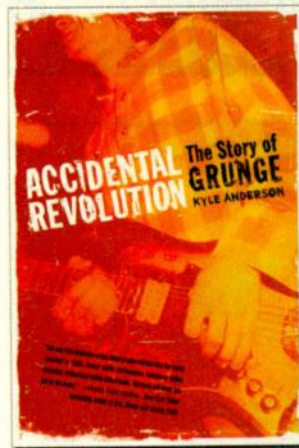


## ACCIDENTAL REVOLUTION: THE STORY OF GRUNGE

By Kyle Anderson

When *Nevermind* surfaced in 1991, Kyle Anderson was in elementary school. This doesn't disqualify the well-meaning *SPIN* staffer from writing about a genre that shaped his youth, but it does beg some additional research. Had Anderson interviewed those who helped shape the Seattle scene, *Accidental Revolution* could take strength in its objective authenticity. Instead, Anderson focuses on his own interpretations of the period, resulting in 200-plus pages of "firsthand" knowledge from someone who wasn't a teenager until after Kurt

Cobain's death. There's a predictable emphasis on Pearl Jam and Nirvana here, as well as some essential background on such early trailblazers as Green River and Mother Love Bone. Anderson's repeated slogging of Stone Temple Pilots and Bush grows tiresome, however, as he often seems to confuse personal opinion with fact. If such a one-sided book had to be written, it should've been penned by Jonathan Poneman or anyone else who weathered the Seattle storm alongside *Revolution's* heroes. >>>ANDREW LEANEY

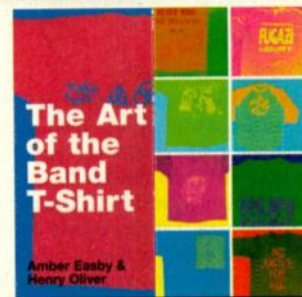


## THE ART OF THE BAND T-SHIRT

By Amber Easby And Henry Oliver Simon Spotlight

With its compact size and pop-culture appeal, *The Art Of The Band T-Shirt* could be mistaken for the sort of breezy fare sold at Urban Outfitters. There's more to this quick read than vibrant colors and pretty pictures, though, just as there's more to band T-shirts than exorbitant vintage-shop prices. Easby and Oliver treat their cotton-spun subject with respect, using sharp photography to exhibit 200-plus selections from Motörhead and Madonna to Martha And The Vandellas. There are some rare finds here, including

the first band shirt ever (an Elvis promo tee from 1956) and a self-screened original by Beck. Also notable is the book's running commentary, often provided by the artists themselves, which cross-examines the T-shirt's role as fashion statement, merchandising tool and iconic art. Simply snapping pictures of these well-preserved tops would've been an easy way out, but the smart combination of fashionista eye candy and historical text saves *The Art Of The Band T-Shirt* from being relegated to the coffee table. >>>AL



## ATOMIC YGGDRASIL TAROT

By Daniel A.I.U. Higgs Thrill Jockey

Best known as the lead singer for Baltimore minimalist post-punkers Lungfish, Daniel Higgs has also enjoyed a career in art, doing album covers for metal bands Spirit Caravan and Leviathan, and as a tattoo artist. This book, introduced by a quote from (the un-Googleable) Elias Ra, "Our actions are God's food." It's the sort of mystical statement only Higgs could find (either Ra is entirely arcane or doesn't exist at all) and its symbiosis between religion and humanity fits both the book's abstract Joan Miró-like art and Higgs' acrostic poetry, which seems to

express his opinions on a given word just as quizzically. For instance, "peace" becomes: "Perfect Extinctions As Corpses Entwine." The accompanying music CD is a noisy collection of Indian-influenced electric guitar drones, bouncy Jew's harp plucking and upright piano pounding, all recorded to a cassette. It all comprises an enigmatic piece (that ties into Norse mythology, with *yggdrasil*, the "world tree"), beautiful in its own right, and anything less from Higgs would be disappointing. >>>KORY GROW

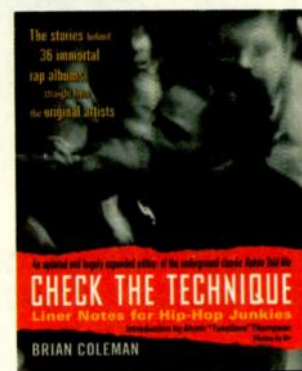


## CHECK THE TECHNIQUE: LINER NOTES FOR HIP-HOP JUNKIES

By Brian Coleman Villard

Hopefully, hip-hop will keep evolving to where Coleman can expand upon the core idea of *Technique* ad infinitum. The book is basically an update of *Rakim Told Me*, which collected interviews with early MC legends for a look at the genre's first wave of classic LPs. *Technique* takes things further into the '90s, with chapters devoted to Wu-Tang's *36 Chambers*, Fugees' *The Score* and Mobb Deep's *The Infamous...*, among others. Coleman clearly engenders the trust of his subjects, as everyone from Luther Campbell

to the GZA separates myth from reality with at times confounding candor. It could be argued that Coleman himself is more conduit than story crafter, but merely inducing these no-frills interviews is an art unto itself. And if you're not overly invested in the complete orated history of Schoolly D's *Saturday Night! The Album* or Ice-T's *Power*, it's still an insane amount of quick-read fun to absorb these legends' track-by-track breakdowns (which conclude each chapter) of their most influential LPs. >>>KENNY HERZOG

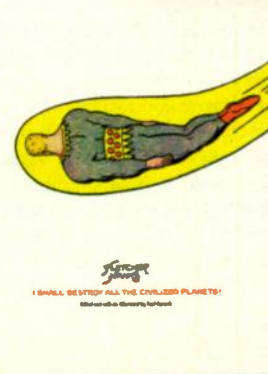


## I WILL DESTROY ALL THE CIVILIZED PLANETS

By Fletcher Hanks Fantagraphics

Rescued from pop art's garbage heap is this cool collection of lost 1940s stories from "the Ed Wood of comics." There's scant info about this pulp fringe dweller, but what editor Paul Karasik has amassed is sorted out in a sublime coda. Hanks' best heroic creation, Stardust, is of an era where über-crudely illustrated, bottom-rack superdudes could do everything with no need for fun-debunking "real" explanations. Stardust and the three other heroes herein don't just fly, they "travel on highly accelerated light waves in a tubular spacial." And they don't just toss the massively jawed

baddies in the klink, but send them to unspeakable hells that surreally match their dastardly deeds. Non-super-human characters are either slack-jawed bystanders or powerless lumps literally left floating in the air from some evildoers atomic whatzit. But *I Will Destroy* digs deeper than freaky histrionics (albeit in that charming, unbeknownst Woodian way) into melancholy acceptance that this world is intrinsically screwed, and chances are we'll probably have to have a brawny being from outer space swoop in and figure shit out for us. >>>ERIC DAVIDSON





## CMJ TOP 200

VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT  
WWW.CMJ.COM/NEWMUSIC/AIRPLAY

PERIOD ENDING 7/03/2007  
CONTRIBUTING RETAILERS THIS WEEK: 30

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1					WHITE STRIPES Icky Thump	Warner Bros.
2	15	—	2	2	SPOON Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga	Merge
3	1	1	1	9	WILCO Sky Blue Sky	Nonesuch
4	3	2	2	7	NATIONAL Boxer	Beggars Banquet
5	7	93	5	3	BEASTIE BOYS The Mix-Up	Capitol
6	6	9	6	4	METRIC Grow Up And Blow Away	Last Gang
7	5	8	5	4	THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS The Else	Idlewild-Zoë
8	4	3	3	8	BATTLES Mirrored	Warp
9	107	—	9	2	POLYPHONIC SPREE The Fragile Army	TVT
10	13	21	10	4	QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE Era Vulgaris	Interscope
11	16	17	11	4	BONDE DO ROLE Bonde Do Role With Lasers	Domino
12	8	6	3	11	FEIST The Reminder	Cherry Tree-Interscope
13	14	18	12	6	VOXTROT Voxtro	Playlouder
14	11	7	7	8	DUNGEN Tio Bitar	Kemado
15	10	11	10	5	ART BRUT It's A Bit Complicated	Downtown
16	18	13	13	4	ARCHITECTURE IN HELSINKI Heart It Races [EP]	Polyvinyl
17	31	26	17	4	MATT POND PA If You Want Blood [EP]	Altitude
18	21	19	18	7	HANDSOME FURS Plague Park	Sub Pop
19	19	64	19	3	TIM ARMSTRONG A Poet's Life	Epitaph
20	9	5	1	9	ELLIOTT SMITH New Moon	Kill Rock Stars
21	17	14	14	4	CAKE B-Sides And Rarities	Upbeat
22	48	—	22	2	SONIC YOUTH Daydream Nation	UME-Geffen
23	—	—	23	1	GOGOL BORDELLO Super Tarant!	Side One Dummy
24	26	39	24	3	WOODEN WAND James And The Quiet	Ecstatic Peace
25	12	4	2	9	BJORK Volta	Atlantic
26	128	—	26	2	BAD BRAINS Build A Nation	Megaforce
27	55	144	27	3	INSTANT KARMA: THE CAMPAIGN TO... V/A	Warner Bros.
28	20	16	3	11	ARCTIC MONKEYS Favourite Worst Nightmare	Domino
29	27	59	27	4	VON SUDENFED Tromatic Reflexions	Domino
30	22	15	13	7	BLACK MOTH SUPER RAINBOW Dandelion Gum	Gravface
31	45	69	31	3	PISSED JEANS Hope For Men	Sub Pop
32	33	58	32	4	BLITZEN TRAPPER Wild Mountain Nation	Self-Released
33	30	47	30	4	JOHN DOE A Year In The Wilderness	Yep Roc
34	—	—	34	1	BAD RELIGION New Maps Of Hell	Epitaph
35	29	36	17	9	SEA AND CAKE Everybody	Thrill Jockey
36	65	155	36	3	RASPUTINA Oh Perilous World	Filthy Bonnet
37	42	74	37	3	STRAYLIGHT RUN The Needles The Space	Universal Republic
38	174	—	38	2	RYAN ADAMS Easy Tiger	Lost Highway
39	24	10	2	14	BRIGHT EYES Cassadaga	Saddle Creek
40	35	24	15	9	CUENTELE God Save The Clientele	Merge
41	23	12	5	10	BLACK REBEL MOTORCYCLE CLUB Baby 81	RCA
42	47	32	22	9	ELECTRELANE No Shouts, No Calls	Too Pure
43	52	66	43	3	MAPS We Can Create	Mute
44	34	49	34	5	JEFF BUCKLEY So Real: Songs From Jeff Buckley	Legacy
45	32	41	32	5	IMMACULATE MACHINE Fables	Mint
46	38	45	38	5	A BAND OF BEES Octopus	Astralwerks
47	57	—	47	2	TWO GALLANTS The Scenery Of Farewell	Saddle Creek
48	58	75	48	3	GET HIM EAT HIM Arms Down	Absolutely Kosher
49	54	55	37	5	PIPETTES Your Kisses Are Wasted... [EP]	Cherry Tree-Interscope
50	25	20	12	10	RUFUS WAINWRIGHT Release The Stars	Geffen



WHITE STRIPES



SPOON

## CMJ RADIO SELECT ALBUMS

Important: In order for your music to be eligible for appearance on CMJ RADIO SELECT ALBUMS, you must submit Mediaguide-compatible albums, EPs and singles (including remixed and edits). Please visit the "Submit Music" tab at [www.musicguide.com](http://www.musicguide.com) or [www.cmj.com](http://www.cmj.com) for more information and follow the instructions for submission.

PERIOD ENDING 7/03/2007

POWERED BY: Mediaguide

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL	
1	1	10	1	9	471	WHITE STRIPES Icky Thump	Warner Bros.
2	5	15	2	5	365	SPOON Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga	Merge
3	2	1	1	13	362	WILCO Sky Blue Sky	Nonesuch
4	3	2	2	12	280	FEIST The Reminder	Cherry Tree-Interscope
5	4	3	1	25	262	MODEST MOUSE We Were Dead Before The Ship Even Sank	Epic
6	12	29	6	7	241	INSTANT KARMA: THE CAMPAIGN TO... V/A	Warner Bros.
7	47	9	7	12	235	ROSEBUDS Night Of The Furies	Merge
8	14	13	8	6	208	NATIONAL Boxer	Beggars Banquet
9	28	—	9	2	195	BEASTIE BOYS The Mix-Up	Capitol
10	10	5	3	12	194	BRIGHT EYES Cassadaga	Saddle Creek
11	11	4	1	24	192	ARCADE FIRE Neon Bible	Merge
12	9	11	4	11	190	BJORK Volta	Atlantic
13	8	7	5	20	186	AMY WINEHOUSE Back To Black	Universal
14	25	19	14	3	178	QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE Era Vulgaris	Interscope
15	46	73	15	3	171	POLYPHONIC SPREE The Fragile Army	TVT
16	15	21	15	4	171	A BAND OF BEES Octopus	Astralwerks
17	18	8	3	17	169	LCD SOUNDSYSTEM Sound Of Silver	Capitol
18	13	14	9	11	167	ARCTIC MONKEYS Favourite Worst Nightmare	Domino
19	33	38	19	6	157	RYAN ADAMS Easy Tiger	Lost Highway
20	16	12	11	6	149	BATTLES Mirrored	Warp

## CMJ A.I.M.S. TOP 20

(ALLIANCE OF INDEPENDENT MEDIA STORES)

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	—	RYAN ADAMS Easy Tiger (876002)	Lost Highway
2	1	WHITE STRIPES Icky Thump (162940)	Warner Bros.
3	—	BEASTIE BOYS The Mix-Up (54085)	Capitol
4	2	POLYPHONIC SPREE The Fragile Army (2990)	TVT
5	3	QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE Era Vulgaris (903902)	Interscope
6	—	BAD BRAINS Build A Nation (1048)	Megaforce
7	8	NATIONAL Boxer (80252)	Beggars Banquet
8	4	WILCO Sky Blue Sky (131388)	Nonesuch
9	6	BLUE SCHOLARS Bayani (12)	Rawkus
10	9	BATTLES Mirrored (557490)	Warp
11	14	TOMAHAWK Anonymous (89)	Ipecac
12	13	FEIST The Reminder (008819)	Cherry Tree-Interscope
13	10	AMY WINEHOUSE Back To Black (842802)	Universal
14	11	SHELLAC Excellent Italian Greyhound (562530)	Touch And Go
15	7	ELLIOTT SMITH New Moon (60455)	Kill Rock Stars
16	—	ADAM FRANKLIN Bolts Of Melody (1025)	Hi-Speed Soul
17	—	WE ARE THE FURY Venus (30011)	PureVolume
18	17	ROCKY VOTOLATO The Brag And Cur's (64)	Barsuk
19	—	METRIC Grow Up And Blow Away (200940)	Last Gang
20	—	PDX POP NOW! 2007 Various Artists	Self-Released



# CMJ07

OCTOBER 16-20 NEW YORK CITY

MUSIC MARATHON & FILM FESTIVAL

REGISTER AND SUBMIT BANDS NOW AT [WWW.CMJ.COM/MARATHON](http://WWW.CMJ.COM/MARATHON)