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## OS DEF

THE MUTANTES HAVE AN AXE TO GRIND


## ON THE VERGE

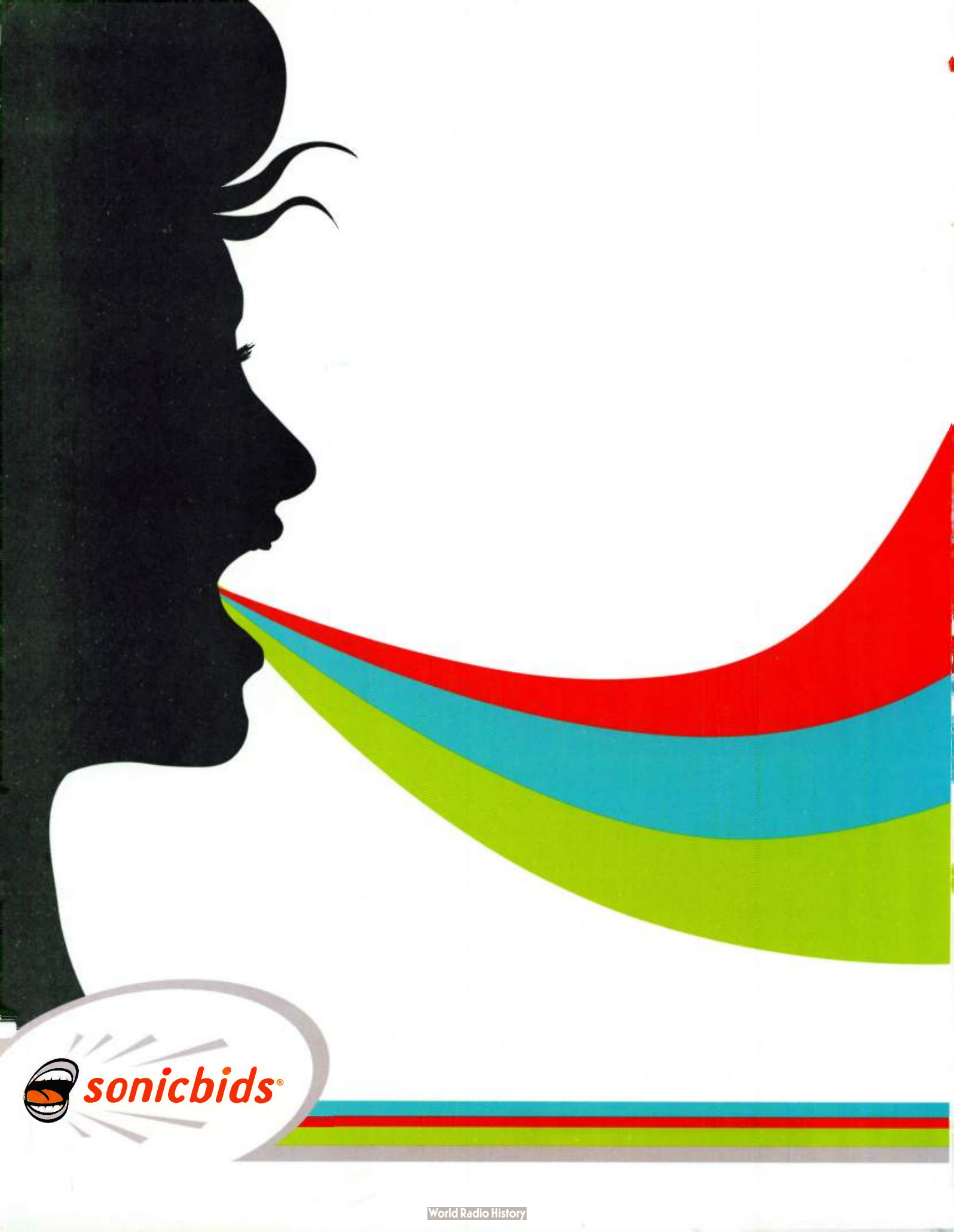
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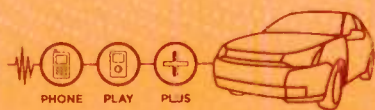
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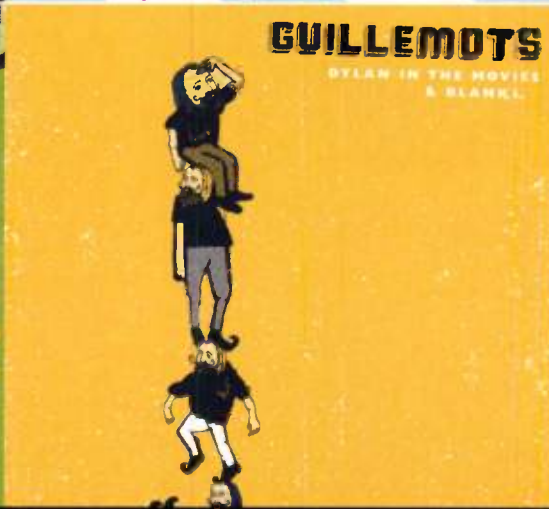
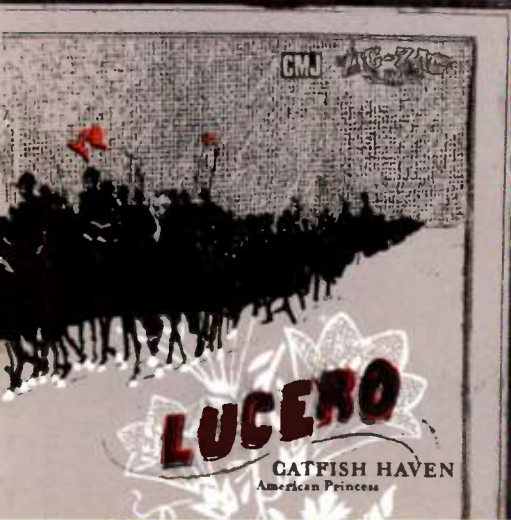
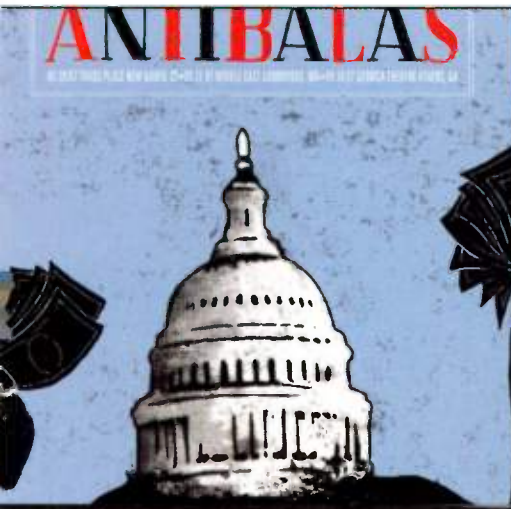
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# CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

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**QUICK FIX 10**

Prince Po gets Organized. Also, Os Mutantes' frontman talks guitar Serg-ery, translating 'Woelv's angst, and cruising through Jukebox The Ghost's tour van.

**ON THE VERGE 14**

Either these bands become huge in six months, or your money back (and by money back, we mean we'll just feel inadequate and offer our apologies): Boys Noize, David Guetta, Holy Fuck, Kate Nash, Saviours, Sally Shapiro, Vampire Weekend, Yeasayer.

**BLACK MOUNTAIN 20**

Emily Youssef sat down with the Mountain men (and woman) in their New York hotel and found out that making their debut's follow-up was a pretty arduous climb. And that the RZA is as much an influence on their righteous stoner rock as Blue Cheer.

**DAVID SHRIGLEY 22**

What began as conceptual art for music fans is now a fully formed musical tome. David Shrigley's *Worried Noodle*, once a literal blank slate of sound buttressed by art and lyrics, has now found a voice thanks to contributions from Final Fantasy, Deerhoof, Grizzly Bear, Franz Ferdinand and about 757 others. OK, just 35 others. But still, that's a lot. Rebecca Raber talked to Shrigley and some of his helpers about the ways art and music both overlap and exist in mutual exclusivity.

**2007 IN REVIEW 28**

Want to know CMJ NMM's number one album of the year? Too bad. We didn't put them in numerical order. Just to, ya know, torture you. Besides, our individual lists will, like, totally be online. But our collective list of the 25 most tubular records and individual songs are here for your perusal, curiosity and criticism. And as a special year-end bonus, we've reprised our look at the year in commercial music placement, with everyone from the Clash to Wilco helping to plug various products in 2007, and the people behind the ads explaining the connection.

**ON THE CD 46**

Sia, Mason Proper, Manu Chao, Ky-Mani Marley, Black Mountain, Lazy Eye, Father Bloody, Yeasayer, Kaspar Hauser, Josh O'Connor, Tulipomania, Threeday Threshold, Quinn Walker, Moses Mayes, Eli "Paperboy" Reed and The True Loves

**REVIEWS 48**

Yeasayer takes on Quinn Walker for some hot Band-On-Band Action, while our in-house critics tackle new releases by everyone from CunninLynguists to Light-speed Champion. And thanks to the record industry's holiday-time emphasis on gift-worthy items, *From The Archives* is stacked with impressive reissues by everyone from U2 to N.W.A. And don't even get us started on books and DVDs. Mostly because this page is out of room. But still.

**ON THE COVER: SIA 24**

As the female voice of Zero 7 and the woman behind the breakout single "Breathe Me" from *Six Feet Under*, Sia Furler has always known what she wanted artistically. But now, the folk, trip-hop and soul singer knows that she also "wants people to buy her effin' records." Lora Kolodny spent time at her sunny SoHo pad getting to know the deceptively shy chanteuse.

Cover photo and this page: Noah Kalina

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# MY FAVORITE GEAR

With Sergio Dias Of Os Mutantes Interview by Lisa Hresko

AFTER AN UNEXPECTED 2006 reunion that led to a sold-out international tour, a spot on the cover of the New York Times and the live double-disc *Mutantes Live: Barbican Theater, London, 2006* (Luaka Bop), tropicalia legends Os Mutantes have entered into a time warp. "We were so well received, it was so warm," says frontman Sergio Dias. "We are reliving what happened when we were kids." With one-of-a-kind instruments originally crafted by the eldest Dias brother, Claudio Baptista, Os Mutantes challenged the status quo. Although mad scientist Claudio is no longer building, Sergio has been carrying on this fine-tuned, enigmatic art.

## Why did the group begin to use modified instruments?

The guitar had so many things that were not invented... Nobody used to go so high in the neck. When I play the higher notes I have to take my time and play like a cello or an acoustic bass, and it's not very comfortable.

## What inspired you to start developing your own instruments about a year ago?

I decided to build a new one because the one I have is unique and after United Airlines smashed one of my guitars I said, "Uh-oh, that's a little bit dangerous."

## Did you have help from your brother?

This was my own design, but I learned everything from him... [My friend] Ernesto is a guy who knows a lot about electronics and of course [my friend] Le is a

superb luthier. The three of us are coming out with a superb instrument. It's all gold plated inside and gold plated outside. There's no interference from outside, no noise. It is single coil, so I have the brightness and beauty of the sound... It's a pretty lovely thing and it's looking so good.

## How controversial was your use of electric guitars in 1960s Brazil?

For [some Brazilians] to see guys with electric guitars, a bunch of them were extremely furious in terms of what Brazil is supposed to be, and they were so wrong. We were basically doing what the world was doing in terms of revolution; the Brazilian revolution had nothing to do with flower power or the English psychedelic [movement]. A bunch of guys really didn't understand. They would make manifests against guitars... they would ban guitars from television, which was ridiculous. You can never stop youth, you can never stop the rebellion of a new generation.



Os Mutantes' Sergio (second from right) is still Mut-ating his guitars and touring with bandmates (left to right) Ronaldo "Dinho" Leme, Zelia Duncan and Arnaldo Baptista.

Photo: Nino Andres

# What's This Song About?

With Genevieve Castrée Of Woelv Interview With Matt Kiser

DREAM POP ISN'T normally concerned with the current political climate, but that is the entire preoccupation of Genevieve Castrée on her first record for K as one-woman band Woelv, *Tout Seul Dans La Forêt En Plein Jour, Avez-Vous Peur?* ("All Alone In The Forest In Broad Daylight, Are You Scared?"). With lyrics sung in French and tackling issues of depression, rape, war and tyranny, the former Quebecer juxtaposes the heavy topics with a less dynamic, more sedate version of CocoRosie's warbling vocals, while dancing around the ethereal brooding of Sigur Rós. Castrée was kind enough to dissect the meaning behind the morbidity.

## "Drapeau Blanc" ("White Flag")

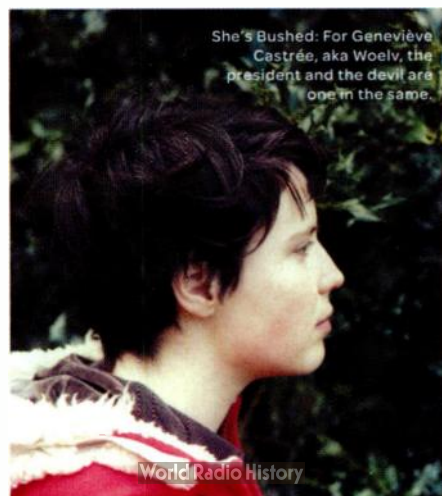
This is mostly about children throwing snowballs at each other until one of them throws a rock and they all get punished for it. We often pay for the mistakes of others. Sometimes it is no big deal, sometimes the government chooses to go to war and every single one of its citizens suffers from it.

## "La Mort Et Le Chien Obèse" ("The Death And The Obese Dog")

This song questions the existence of God. Where is he right now that we need him? It also has a thing about feeding a dog relentlessly. I was reading an article once about some people who spend so much money on their pets, more than my friends and I spend on ourselves each year. It feels like the ultimate "fuck you" to poor people. It is not even good for your pet.

## "Sang Jeune" ("Young Blood")

Everyone is a victim, one way or another. We all suffer from great injustices. We all share the same grief. Things like war should not be sad only for the people who lost someone, they should be sad for all of humanity. I wrote this song hoping to



She's Bushed: For Genevieve Castrée, aka Woelv, the president and the devil are one in the same.

World Radio History

make young people like me excited about going out into the world and trying to prevent stupidity from killing more innocents.

## "Tout Seul Dans La Forêt En Plein Jour" ("All Alone In The Forest In Broad Daylight")

Of all the devils I have been shown, the nervous ones are the ones I fear the most. Although I am not a fan of Osama Bin Laden, I must admit that I found his calm ways very graceful. He is a villain with charisma. It is easier to understand why people in desperate situations, or not even, would follow him. Once, I was reading an article describing specialists and choreographers as they studied George W. Bush when he spoke. He mumbles, says words wrong, always uses the same tone. Entire books have been written to make fun of how clumsy and ridiculous he is. Still he has been in power for seven years! He is the devil, I fear.

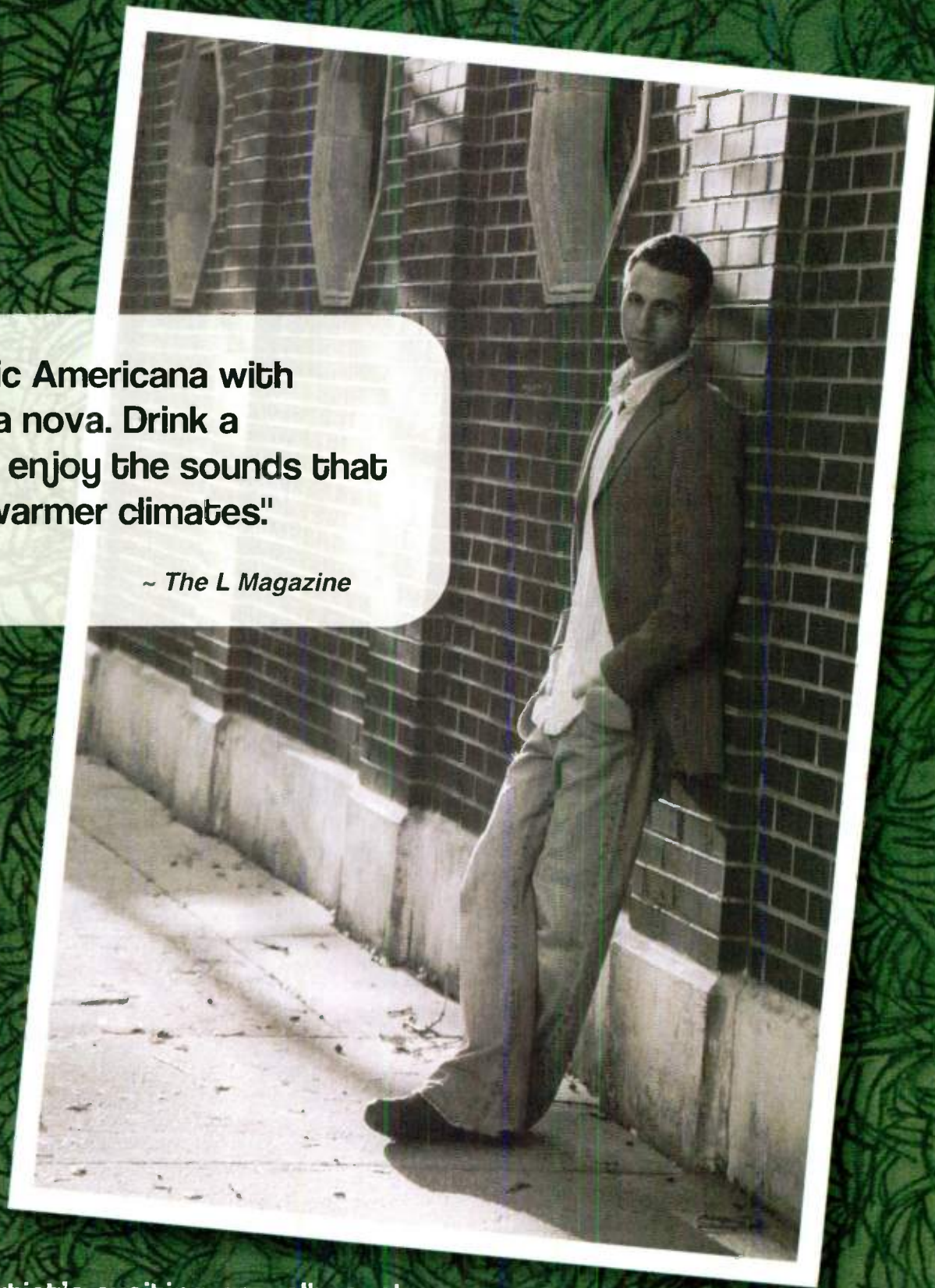
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# In My Van

With Jukebox The Ghost Interview By Rachael Darmanin

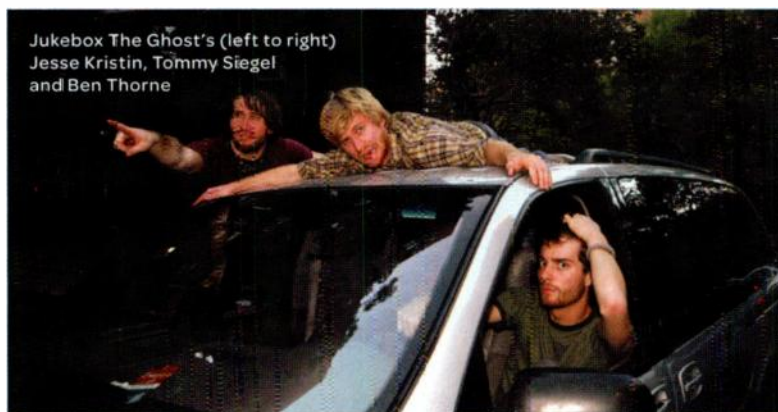
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN a gang of arsonists lights your Ford Taurus station wagon on fire and all that remains is a charred hood and a few other items? If you are the boys in Jukebox The Ghost, you accept the minivan one of your moms is offering and decorate it sparingly. The DC-based trio is traveling to support the quirky, piano-driven pop of their full-length debut, *Let Live And Let Ghosts* (This Side Up). And while they may feel they don't always measure up to their tourmates' modes of transportation they plan to make this vehicle last, and have made the ride more comfortable thanks to a collection of objects they've picked up along their path.

## Electric Kazooka

"The electric kazooka (an electric kazoo, for the uninitiated) was given to me by [our friend] Emily Axford, and has remained a constant touring staple ever since," explains vocalist/guitarist Tommy Siegel. "Rumor has it that Jimi Hendrix played the kazooka early on in his career, but found the sonic possibilities too enormous to tackle. You haven't lived until you've heard a kazooka blasting through a TS-9 distortion pedal, a Digitech Whammy and an all-tube Peavey Amp cranked up to 11. It's enough to dissolve your insides."

## Espresso Machine

"This espresso machine is a recent acquisition. It has accompanied us on our last tour with great success," says drummer Jesse Kristin. "We repay all those kind people who house us along the way with fresh brewed espresso in the morning. It is also the most cumbersome object to transport on tour."



Jukebox The Ghost's (left to right) Jesse Kristin, Tommy Siegel and Ben Thorne

## Melodica

"Acquired during an England tour this past July," recalls vocalist/pianist Ben Thornwill. "The melodica is my acoustic instrument of choice... When I'm left without my 14-foot, 1904 solid gold grand piano."

## Mullet

"The blonde mullet wig is used for one simple purpose: making people think that we have a roadie," says Siegel. "If you ever happen to meet 'Earl' at a show, give him a buck or two—he's been doing some strenuous work."

Photo: Wes Verhoeve

# MY FAVORITE PRODUCERS

With Prince Po Interview By Emily Yousef

IT'S BEEN OVER a decade and two solo albums since Prince Po was one half of '90s hip-hop group Organized Konfusion alongside Pharoahe Monch. Monch enjoyed modest success, while Po marinated a little longer until he found the right crew. The MC has since teamed up with a slew of notable producers on *Saga Of The Simian Samurai* (Threshold). The Prince explains what he looks for in a knob-turner.

## TOMC3

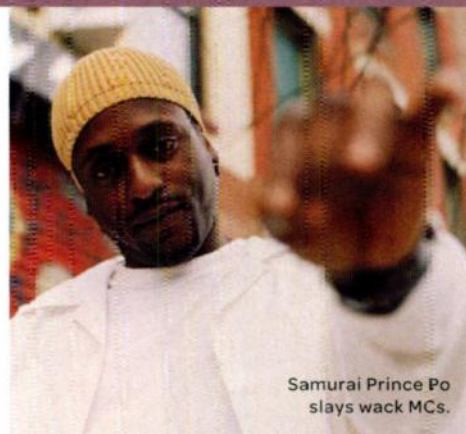
I liked the record he did with Kool Keith, Project Polaroid. Got to give credit to MySpace. Tom cut to the point in a message and said, "I want to work and I have a certain amount of money." He was humble and definitely talented. So many producers say, "I produced for Royce Da 5'9," "I produced for..." I can't care if you produced something for my mother. What are you offering?

## Danger Mouse

He's like a quiet brother. He's a workaholic and has a studio at his house. I stayed with him during *The Slickness*. That was really weird because I met him through Jemini The Gifted One, who I produced for. He's a humble, quiet type of dude. Very experimental. He has an alternative, world music swing to it. With Gnarls Barkley, I just knew that [success] was coming.

## Madlib

I've been around him the least. He'll give me like 50 beats at the same time and that makes it extremely hard to choose. At first people said, "Don't be offended if he doesn't talk to you. That's just the way he is." We ended up talking all night.



Samurai Prince Po slays wack MCs.

He's this talented dude who loves hip-hop more than a little bit. He's into music beyond the average. People don't understand that Madlib is a rock star.

## Rhettmatic

He has probably heard more real shit from me than anyone on the West Coast. Very humble, very consistent. I can call and ask him anything. He lives by what he says and you can believe him. His name is not as big as some dudes, but his heart is bigger than most of them. When it comes to the West Coast, I give Rhettmatic props. I can count on him.

## Prince Po

I'd use Depeche Mode and the Police if I could do it the right way, if I could veer off onto another plateau. I always downplayed myself on the production because I felt like two minds are better than one. I'm my worst critic on my own beats.

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# Vampire Weekend

**I**T TAKES EITHER a weighty deference to *Graceland*-era Paul Simon or a subversive sense of humor to refer to your band's music as "Upper West Side Soweto." Vampire Weekend seems to possess a little of both. The NYC-based four-piece, all of whom are 23 and met as undergrads at Columbia, are perhaps the most deservedly hyped new band of 2007. They went from playing campus house parties on the strength of a CD-R and a four-song EP, to selling out Brooklyn's Music Hall Of Williamsburg and inking a deal with XL (which released their debut in January) within a matter of months. "We just had our music out online and at shows, and it just kind of made the rounds," says Christopher Tomson, the band's drummer. "Through this whole thing, people writing about us on the Internet or whatever, it's all felt very natural. Even before all the hype, people were into it and responding to the music." The band's disparate blend of styles—which has been touted by such publications as the *New York Times* and the *New Yorker*—is what initially brought Vampire Weekend onto many people's radar. Afro-beat, reggaeton, calypso, ska, new wave and good ol' guitar-based indie rock all seep into their music, producing songs and rhythms that are as technically complex as they are maddeningly hummable. Tomson asserts, however, that none of this was really preconceived. "When we were starting out, it wasn't like, 'Oh, let's use African music,' or whatever," he says. "But it was definitely something we all listened to, and that vibe was very interesting to us, so we felt that it was definitely a worthwhile avenue to go down." Given their Ivy League pedigree, they've been hit with tags like "prep rock," something exacerbated by their stage dress (dock shoes, khakis and collared shirts) and songs about arcane grammatical references ("Oxford



Vampire Weekend's (left to right) Ezra Koenig, Christopher Tomson, Chris Baio and Rostam Batmangliel

Comma"). But, as a band that has faced one label after another in their still young career, they seem to know just how to handle it. "That's a distinction that's best left up to the listener or viewer or whatever medium you're hearing us in," Tomson says. "From the very beginning, we've been conscious about how we present ourselves and we wanted to establish something that was a complete picture, but it's better to not say too much about it so people can just make up their own minds." KEVIN KAMPWIRTH



Our lord and Saviours (left to right): Cyrus Comiskey, Austin Barber, Scott Batiste and D. Tyler Morris

# Saviours

**O**AKLAND, CALIFORNIA'S SAVIOURS tread down a despondent path on *Into Abaddon* (Kemado), holding society in contempt for its pangs and unleashing a pummeling revision of lethal '80s speed metal. "I don't read magazines. I don't watch TV. I just don't fucking care," says drummer

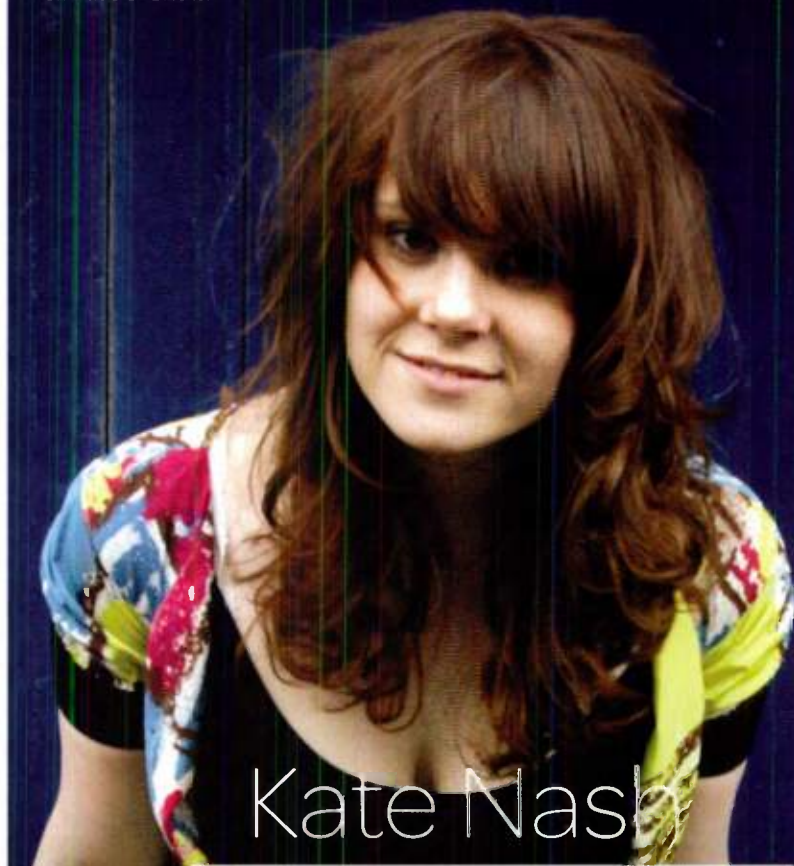
Scott Batiste. "That shit is a waste of my time." Sonically, *Abaddon* recalls raw Kill 'Em All-era Metallica mashed with riff-heavy Black Flag. "I got into Metallica when Columbia House sent my mom the wrong tapes," Batiste remembers of his early days. "I spent years playing basements and houses in other projects before [Saviours] where people got really sucked into the business and the music became secondary." After several shows at last year's SXSW and CMJ Music Marathon, the band has rapidly risen through contemporary metal's ranks, including a supporting slot on Mastodon's UK tour. Even then, it was almost over before it started. "I think [Mastodon's] management was a little weary of it," Batiste recalls. "They were just like, 'I know they want to take you, but why do you think you should be going on this tour?' I was like, 'Because they said that we should.'" Despite Saviours' upswing, there is always something to take aim at, and while they may be about 20 years late to the pissed-angry metal party, it's clear they're not interested in a post-Internet society. "Yeah, our band has a MySpace, and it's a pretty weird thing," he bemoans. "I think that I enjoy either no human interaction or actual human interaction, not this weird sub-persona Internet thing that people have going... I either want to talk to you or I don't. I don't want to half-way talk to you." MATT KISER

Photos: Tim Soter (Vampire Weekend); Morgan Howland (Saviours)

# David Guetta

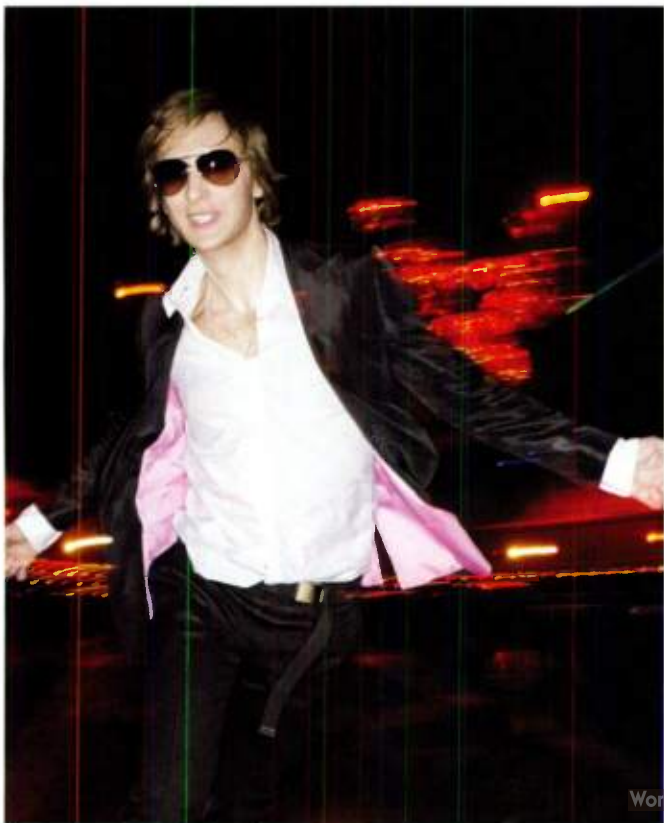
Nash-ville: Kate brings listeners into her world—of shopping and food—on *Made Of Bricks*.

**C**REATOR OF THE CHAMPAGNE-SOAKED “Fuck Me I’m Famous” parties alongside his wife/ business-partner-in-crime Cathy, Frenchman David Guetta knows how to get a dance-floor thumping. The raucous event became a monster hit in Ibiza and attracted the attention of Madonna, with whom he eventually performed. “If I can have 10 percent of her career I would be happy,” he says of his iconic fan. A DJ since the age of 17, Guetta spun house sets at venues around Paris. After paying dues on the nightlife circuit, he began producing his own LPs and remixing others’ work, which earned him a Grammy nomination for Deep Dish’s “Flashdance” and subsequently, the opportunity to remix David Bowie. After the remarkable overseas successes of his first two full-length albums, his third, *Pop Life* (Ultra), is exactly what the title suggests: unabashed dance hits. Of his formula, he says, “It’s always a balance between some dirty dog beats and some hope with a gospel singer on a big pop song.” Vocals can certainly make or break a record, and Guetta chooses a singer only after constructing each track. Steadfast Chris Willis returns again for “Love Is Gone,” while the DJ picked up newcomer Cozi for “Baby When The Light.” “I think it’s one of the strongest tracks on the album,” he says. “She has a young voice and he’s an incredible gospel singer. One moves you because the harmonies are incredible, one is the fragility.” And though he’s one of the top DJs in Europe, Guetta was taken aback by the response to his 2007 performances in the States. “When I go to America, I can be really shy,” he confesses. “You have to understand that, for us, house music was born in America. Techno and gospel, too. I was amazed to have such a warm welcome.” EMILY YOUSSEF

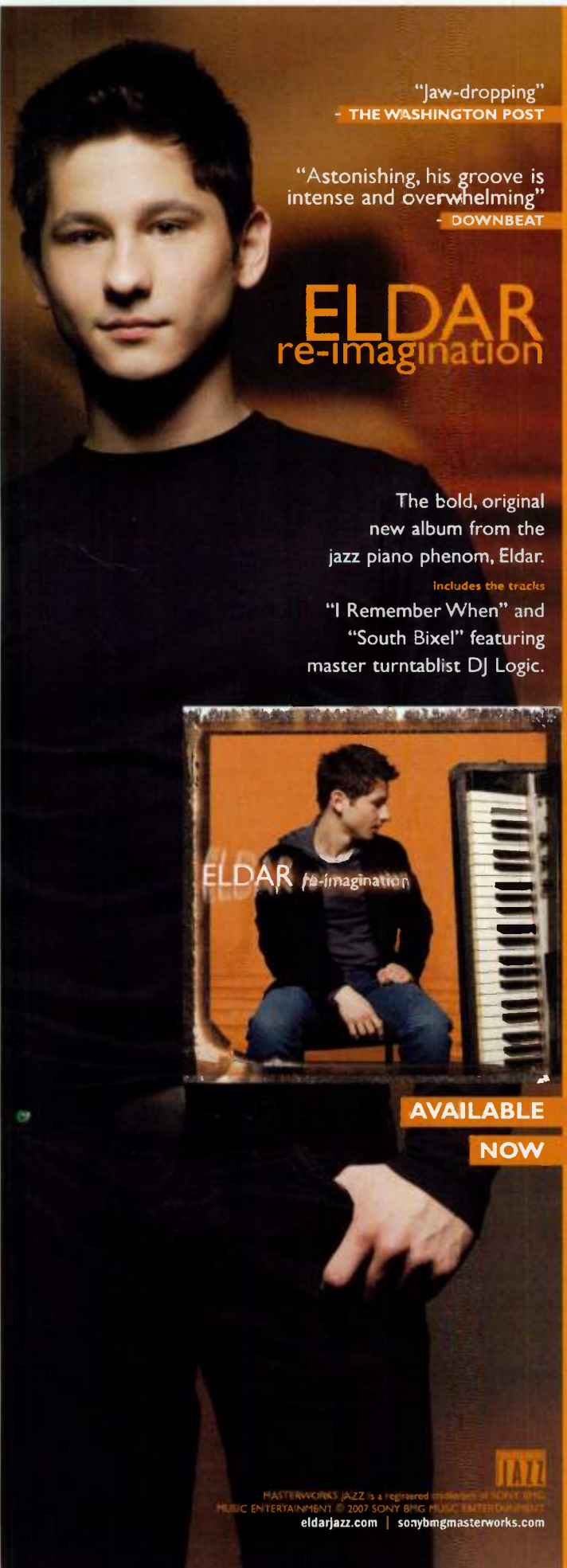


## Kate Nash

**K**ATE NASH IS NOT COOL. Or at least that’s what she’d like you to believe. The 20-year-old singer would rather drink tea and watch DVDs than attend the multiple parties she’s invited to all night counterparts and fellow Brits Lily Allen and Amy Winehouse. And when she’s not out touring the world in support of her debut album, *Made Of Bricks* (Geffen), she eats—a lot. Her favorites include, but are not limited to, cheese, chips, burgers, fruit and pudding. “I guess in my head I would think someone like me is cool,” she explains. “But I’ve always been really sketchy and corny and I’ve got bruises and I speak before I think... and I have opinions, and I think having opinions is really important, but it’s not ever a cool thing to do.” Nash’s outspoken antics haven’t landed her in the gossip rags along with her fellow pop stars, but have helped her craft the songs that ultimately made up her debut. While its subjects may not be the most controversial—in fidelity, self-image, and yes, even food—her clever, ska-rhythm raps, combined with classical piano training, have helped keep her on the move. But is she ready? “I guess not, no,” Nash concedes. “I don’t think anyone ever could be. I was 19 when it all started, but I will learn and change and grow and adapt. Human beings do adapt quite quickly to their surroundings, you know?” It seems as though Nash hasn’t let her time in the spotlight go to her head. Notorious for her vintage dresses back in the UK, the topic of shopping seems to excite her the most. “I’m kind of obsessed with dresses and skirts,” she says. “I think that you just get your individual style, and I just love them.” As Nash grows up, that individualism is becoming more apparent. Not just content with music, she’s hoping to dabble into theatre, poetry and art. “I’m always going to change and be interested in different things,” she explains. “[Music is] just a medium and this is how it’s working at the moment, but I want to be innovative and interesting... never sticking too much to the same thing.” RACHAEL DARMANNIN



Photos: Mondino (David Guetta); Claire Nash (Kate Nash)



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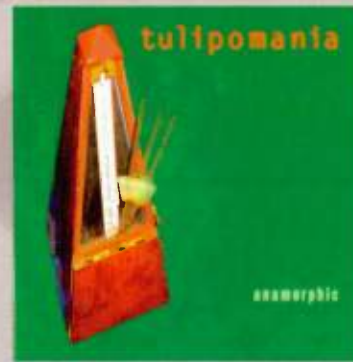
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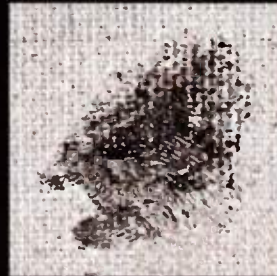
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Yeasayer's (left to right) Ira Wolf Tuton, Anand Wilder, Chris Keating and Luke Fasano have cooked up a modern masterpiece.



## Yeasayer

a lot of instruments we were messing around with, so naturally, we tried to make it sound big." The quartet augments their music with a variety of approaches and moods, vacillating between the modes of a raucous jamboree and an intensely concentrated, atmospheric séance of sound. And they have caught the public's attention, following a hyperactive year of touring and recording. Yeasayer live sets are intensely satisfying plate-spinning acts, with childhood friend Wilder and Keating trading off vocals and samples with bassist Ira Wolf Tuton and drummer Luke Fasano, each individually dropping off of his instrument to operate sequencers and triggers all over each song. "The more we play live," says Wilder, "the more I keep thinking, 'Man, why am I still playing this guitar part? Get rid of it! Put something else in its place.'" The live experience is a reflection of the layers upon layers of instruments and counter-melodies that wash over *Cymbals'* dystopian folk-psych, the sort of studio colossus that's all too rare in the current musical climate. "We have somewhat of an improvisational approach," Keating confers. "Everything we wrote was us just playing together while we wrote. We did our demos and just started adding more and more to the songs we'd recorded." It's this freedom of concept that allowed the group to flourish. That and an aggressive work ethic steeped in performing arts backgrounds and a captivating, open-ended mystique. The cookies are now done, cooling on a cutting board. "Be careful," Wilder says, "because they sorta taste like garlic." After chowing down, it's clear these guys combine inspiration in more than just their music. DOUG MOSLURCK

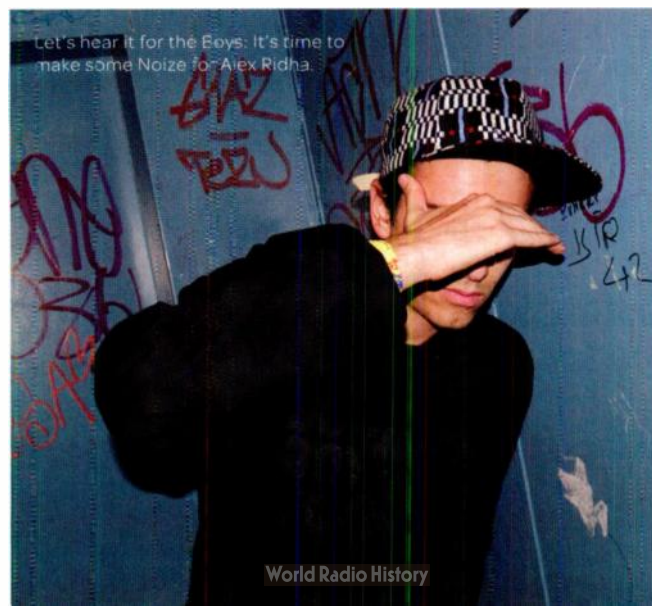
**I**T'S A WEEK BEFORE their second UK tour—and the first behind their debut album, *All Hour Cymbals (We Are Free)*—so you'd think the members of Yeasayer would be scrambling around Brooklyn, tying up loose ends and shaking down freelance employers for payment on invoices. Instead, the band has gathered at guitarist Anand Wilder and keyboardist Chris Keating's loft to bake cookies. "There's a lot of parallels between cooking food and how we record our music," Wilder states. He may be onto something. Yeasayer (who landed in this issue's top albums of 2007) are pulling the trifecta on the year-end rock sweepstakes. They present a familiar, yet highly fragmented approach to the modern rock band, rolling up a multitude of instruments and influences into one cohesive sound. "Before we met Luke, it was me, Ira and Anand recording constantly at home, so that's all that we did," explains Keating. "We had

## Boys Noize

indie rock poster children into party jams, his remixes even received accolades from new wave favorites Depeche Mode. "The[ir] label contacted me saying that one of the band members is a big Boys Noize fan, and they especially wanted me to remix their classic song 'Personal Jesus.' That was quite an honor." Crossing over to his original work from remixes, Ridha notes, "I think remixing other artists' music is easier for me." And as for comparisons to his fellow jockeys, Justice, Ridha says, "We probably have

**E**ASILY CONFUSED FOR a dancefloor duo as a result of his ambiguous moniker, 24-year-old DJ/producer/Boys Noize Records founder Alex Ridha has been spinning solo in Hamburg clubs since he was 16. Originally trained in both classical piano and drums, a 14-year-old Ridha began experimenting with turntables and mixing. He soon adopted his Boys Noize tag and made the transition from concert halls to the club scene. "I'm a classic DJ, so I just want to produce tracks I can play in the club," says Ridha, whose debut solo album, *Oi Oi Oi (Last Gang/Turbo)*, is crammed with crunchy electro dance beats. "When I was 16, I started to produce with a friend, but when I moved to Berlin four years ago I built my own studio and that's when I began to produce as Boys Noize." Best known for reworking the melodic songs of Bloc Party, Feist, Kaiser Chiefs and other

Photos: Alexander Wagner (Yeasayer); William Minke (Boys Noize)



the same attitude about how party music should be, but I'm more into techno and club music itself and they have more pop arrangements." Fresh off an extensive multi-continent tour, he has new remixes of Justice tunes that will be released in early 2008, rounding out his most "insane" year yet. Ridha will also begin to produce new bands and electronic acts. "I can't tour and DJ forever," he laughs. "It's a good thing to have other music to produce." And although he is a skilled producer, "I always hear the production first, then the song," he insists. "I look at myself as a musician." LISA HRESKO



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# Sally Shapiro

**O**NE COULD ARGUE that the pseudonymous Swedish chanteuse Sally Shapiro accrues as much appeal from her Delphian persona as she does from her silken, steel-brushed voice and ridiculously danceable songs. Shapiro, who's never given a TV or radio interview or performed to an audience, is decidedly demure, a quality that belies her gregarious musical personality. "I want to keep my private life separated from the project," she relays via e-mail, her preferred method of correspondence. "Johan [Agebjorn, her collaborator] suggested Sally Shapiro because it's alliterating, and because he likes names that end with a y." Her debut, *Disco Romance* (Paper Bag), has drawn comparisons to neighboring Norse diva Annie and British outfit St. Etienne. While those parallels aren't totally without merit, Shapiro and Agebjorn, who wrote and produced the entirety of *Disco Romance*, are more heavily influenced by the '80s dance-pop of Visage, Fun Fun and Madonna, and their music shares most of its affectations with the early '80s Italo Disco movement. "I'm not so



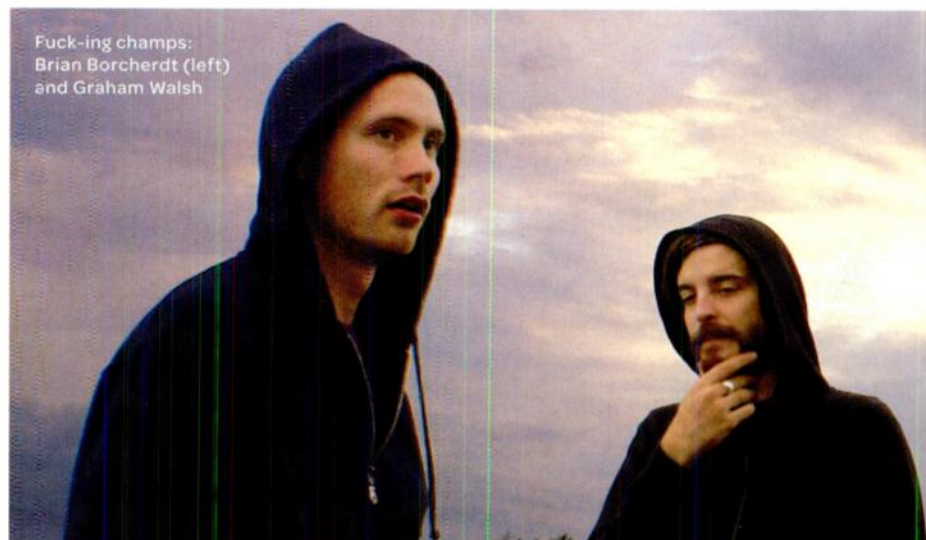
much into contemporary dance music," Shapiro says. "It's often too lacking in melodies and too repetitive. I get awfully irritated at that." She claims Suzanne Vega, Dido and Mylene Farmer as her greatest vocal inspirations. Agebjorn and Shapiro met in 2001, but the two didn't begin their musical partnership until mid-decade, at which point he began penning the songs that would become Shapiro's debut, a process that she calls challenging, but ultimately democratic. "He writes the lyrics, but sometimes I can give him a theme to write about... Then when he has something we both like, we record the vocals." In listening to the pair's output, it's easy to see just how symbiotic the relationship is and how bound they are to

the influences that bred them. Whether she'll ever take the stage, however, is yet undecided. But really, why be hasty? "I'm quite shy and afraid to do something wrong if I would perform live or do live interviews," she says. "I feel a bit more confident now compared to a year ago, but... I don't know if I will have the guts to perform. Maybe one day." KEVIN KAMPWIRTH

# Holy Fuck

**T**HE FOUR AFFABLE Canadians squeezed into a corner table at a downtown New York bar, sipping fruity beers and fingering their vinyl purchases from a nearby record store, seem light years removed from the slightly sinister, possessed collective that appears onstage as the not-at-all affably named Holy Fuck. Onstage, behind their walls of synthesizers, mixers and pedals, the band's founding (and only permanent) members, Brian Borcherdt and Graham Walsh, sway back and forth like they're in a trance (which they probably are, since their entire show is improvised and requires extreme focus and connection with each other), as they coax menacing, jammy electronica from their analog instruments. But this afternoon, they are simply four guys—Borcherdt and Walsh are joined by the latest incarnation of their ever-changing rhythm section—who are as humble and low key as they are delightfully surprised by their own burgeoning success. They are one of the rare bands who manage to attract a wide swath of fans, with both chinscratching experimental nerds and jam band fanatics filling ballrooms to capacity for recent shows. "It's so much fun to go out onstage and see a mixed crowd of people, equal proportion of guys and girls," says Borcherdt with earnest enthusiasm. "Some people are weird dancing, some people are going crazy, other people are just standing with their arms crossed doing the indie rock scowl or whatever it is. I love that." The pair have made a name for themselves with

Photos: Linnea Helmersson (Sally Shapiro); James Mejia (Holy Fuck)



thrilling live shows and, luckily, they've also managed to capture the high-wire spontaneity of their concerts on their albums, like their recently released sophomore effort, *LP* (Young Turks). And though they recreated many of the stage improvisations in the studio for their most recent record, many were lost to their cruel gods of technology. "[It was] fate," says Borcherdt not at all grudgingly. "You take a hard drive and you juggle it around," he shrugs. "You pour some stuff on it... But because of that delay we had time to do some new stuff. So a lot of stuff got left on the cutting-room floor, but in the end I'm glad that it did." And, adds Walsh, they never see their albums as being "finished," in the traditional sense, anyway. "I think the best way to approach our album is like an improv jazz album," he says. "It's not just the definitive versions of our songs. It's a moment in time—a snapshot, if you will." That's not a bad attitude for a band whose extemporaneous instrumentals can bring together Animal Collective and Phish fans. "That's what we are," laughs Borcherdt. "We're like the Jaminal Collective." REBECCA RABER

The Future is now: Black Mountain's  
(left to right) Joshua Wells,  
Jeremy Schmidt, Stephen McBean,  
Matthew Camirand and Amber Webber

# Black To The Future

Vancouver's  
Mountain Men  
(And Woman)  
Move Past Their  
Identity Crisis

STORY BY EMILY YOUSSEF  
PHOTO BY SAMANTHA WEST

**B**LACK MOUNTAIN WEAVES undetected through the crowd at Brooklyn's Southpaw club, sweeping the requisite disheveled hair from their eyes. The five members—guitarist/vocalist Stephen McBean, vocalist Amber Webber, bassist Matthew Camirand, keyboardist Jeremy Schmidt and drummer Joshua Wells—blend in with their harmlessly scruffy fans. The Vancouverites are the antithesis of a feel-good bar band, yet a sluggish, amber-lit watering hole is the perfect place to see them perform. And while what they're about to play isn't quite fit for a heroin den, there's a sense of euphoria as they unite on stage. The fog machine kicks into high gear as the apple-cheeked and palpably shy Webber leads with "Night Walks," her songwriting contribution to the group's latest release, *In The Future* (Jagjaguwar). The atmosphere is sparse and ethereal, but not for long. Neurotic freakouts begin abruptly, transitioning into quiet, stoner-rock introspective detours, before things come full circle and someone in the crowd hoots approvingly, "We love the new shit!"

Their gimmick-free live show hasn't changed much since the band's formation in 2004. "A few colored light gels, a virtual Mellotron, a Marshall half-stack and a Dutchman at the mixing console," Schmidt jokes. "Hopefully not too drunk and not too sober sounding." The reality is Black Mountain songs hover somewhere in between, yet are decidedly precise. "We have some songs with extended breaks built in that give us a little headroom to improvise, as it were," Schmidt adds. "But we're no 'jam band.'"

If Black Mountain sounds familiar, it's because they play familiar sounds. Repeatedly compared to Black Sabbath, Led Zeppelin and Blue Cheer, the band borrows liberally from the blues rock traditions that preceded it. It's equal parts inspiration and pastiche to be sure. But that's not to say they don't tweak the formula to make it their own. Just when a song teeters dangerously close to plagiarism, the band overhauls the entire production and dives headfirst into a series of climactic changes. "It has influenced us more in a nebulous kind of way, meaning more the sensibility of it than say, ideologically," Schmidt says of their forebears. "I don't feel we'd ever endeavor to be a soap-box band. Obviously the world around us affects what we do, but I think it gets expressed more in a non-didactic way. Platitudes in rock music can get quite tedious."

As it turns out, the band's affinity for bumping hip-hop during long drives on tour could be the inspiration for how they cut, paste and re-imagine rock.

"I like how hip-hop in general kind of reassembles disparate and/or familiar elements into something new," Schmidt says. And for all of the arguments against sampling, it has helped fans and musicians alike to discover past artists through new ones, admiring the sonic leaps others were brazen enough to try. "Wu-Tang Clan we like a lot. I especially like the RZA production techniques; lots of sort of familiar, spooky sounding hooks taken out of context," he says. "Razor

sharp and still ain't nothin' to fuck with." Though not immediately recognizable in their songs, the keyboardist assures a wide palate of influences make their way. "I've been listening to Robert Palmer lately," he says. "I like Giorgio Moroder, Studio 54-type stuff. I'm probably in a minority in the Black Mountain camp as far as having any discernible influence. Except that 'No Hits' is disco. Just don't tell anyone."

## MOUNTAIN CLIMBING


The oft-miscategorized members began playing together while still in other bands and side projects, most notably McBean's *Jerk With A Bomb* and the sexually charged *Pink Mountaintops*. But it was Black Mountain that perked up the most critical ears. The same year their self-titled debut was released, the group hit the road as Coldplay's opening act and received a stamp of approval from Flaming Lips leader Wayne Coyne. Still, they ignored the attention. "We let that hype settle right down," Wells says. Instead, they headed to the studio to record a follow-up, one that took nearly three years to complete between touring and a case of writer's block.

"We've been dormant for two years to the bulk of the world," Schmidt says. "It didn't matter either way. We weren't going to make another record until we were ready. We had started off recording songs that we had been playing in the interim since the first LP. So we had a collection of songs, but not what seemed like an album. We needed to introduce some that were really fresh sounding to us. Once those were on the table, more of an album began to emerge, even if it just broke up the monotony of songs we were really used to."

"We took more time to make this record than we thought we might," adds Wells. "It wasn't like we deliberately waited, but it wasn't like we tried to get it done it faster."

As a result, *In The Future* is more intricate and moodier than their 2005 self-titled full-length, and certainly less poppy than their debut EP, *Drugonaut*. Throughout its 10 solid tracks, foot-stomping guitar riffs and haunting vocals cut the air as much as they flutter through it, converging with simple hooks designed for lethargic couch lounging. Highlights include the addictive "Wucan," a six-minute cruise through the best and worst of seduction in which Webber and McBean share vocals; "Queens Will Play," which traverses sinister terrain before heating up at the end in a triumphant Anne Wilson-like burst; and "Evil Ways," which kicks off with swing drum patterns and jazzy keys.

Whereas three years ago Black Mountain may have been feeling around in the dark for their sound, this time they are established as their own entity, separate from all other projects. "Everything is denser on this record, but maybe that makes the contrast seem more extreme," says Wells. But, adds Webber, "it was definitely worth the wait." **cmj**



Platitudes  
in rock music  
can get quite  
tedious. **PP**  
—Jeremy Schmidt



# Under The Covers

How David Shrigley Went From Designing Records To Making Them

STORY BY REBECCA RABER

**Y**OU MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN, thanks to the rise of the faceless MP3, but rock 'n' roll has had a long and storied history with album art. When you hear "Brown Sugar" can't you immediately see Andy Warhol's tantalizing zipper from the cover of *Sticky Fingers*? And doesn't looking at Robert Mapplethorpe's memorable photo of Patti Smith from the front of *Horses* conjure the beatnik blues of her unhinged "Gloria?" Bands from the Beatles to Nirvana have enjoyed the symbiotic relationship between art and music and their sounds will forever be linked to images of psychedelic marching bands or swimming babies. But when British artist David Shrigley—known for his childlike drawings that meld dark humor, scrawled text and purposefully crude execution and tone—released his first record, *Worried Noodles*, in 2005, there was no sound to match its iconic cover

imagery. Its sleeve was conspicuously empty.

"I met the guys from Tom:lab about five years ago when I did an exhibition in Cologne," explains Shrigley, who, despite releasing a "record" through the German label, had no designs on actually being a musician. "They asked me if I would like to do a record cover for one of their bands. I didn't get around to [it], and I guess they got impatient, so they suggested the idea of a record cover without a record inside."

His LP-less LP was a runaway success—which was hardly surprising given that he made his name in the art world via books and postcard collections in lieu of the usual gallery shows—and subsequently sold out its limited run. But it wasn't simply the hand-drawn gatefold cover that attracted curious collectors; Shrigley's sleeve may have lacked vinyl within it, but it was packed with a 48-page book of drawings and song lyrics to

make the record “more substantial.” Those songs—really, they are more like poems—existed only in the artist’s imagination and were never meant to be heard or recorded. But this year, along with the re-release of the *Worried Noodles* art and text as a proper book, Tomlab gathered some of the most exciting and experimental indie musicians to breathe melody into Shrigley’s previously text-only compositions. The result is a surprising, delightful two-disc set, also titled *Worried Noodles*, featuring Shrigley’s satiric, silly or simple lyrics performed and arranged by Deerhoof, Liars, Grizzly Bear and 36 others.

“Not many people said no,” says Shrigley on the phone from Sweden, where he is literally in the middle of a booksigning and will, later in the evening, deliver an iTunes-assisted DJ set. “It was very flattering.”

The number and caliber of musicians willing to participate is a credit to Shrigley’s work. His accessibility has led to hip commissions like animating music videos, creating album covers (including Deerhoof’s *Friend Opportunity*) and even re-imagining the London Underground map. Like a British Shel Silverstein, his work has an underlying innocence that, while being preoccupied with mortality, base instincts and black humor, beats with the heart of a mischievous kid.

“I’m quite lucky that I developed a strategy of making art with the same carelessness, carefreeness of when I was a child,” he says. “I am quite un-selfconscious. But I do work on paper, so if I don’t like something, I just put it in the bin.”

“The thing about David,” says Final Fantasy’s Owen Pallett, who contributes a lush, orchestral pop version of “Joys” to the collection, “is that his work really finds you without you having to look for it. Like a flu virus. David in the bookstore. David on the London tube map. David animating Blur on MTV. David on my friend Jan’s wall. David behind the bar at Nice ‘N Sleazy in Glasgow. I don’t even know what he looks like.”

But even without its art world cred, the *Worried Noodles* discs would make for a startling anthology. Listeners are transported from the plaintive, almost a cappella choir stylings of Dirty Projector’s “Come Forward” to the chirping, ADD electro of Max Tundra’s “A Truce” to David Byrne’s loopy, acoustic “For You.” The atmosphere of a glee-for-all prevails, since the stylistic differences between the songs are barely acknowledged as the compilation zips between the spare and the baroque, the electronic and acoustic. Such eclecticism is perfectly suited to Shrigley’s lyrics, which range from the sweet (“Mothers, sisters, fathers and sons/Jim and Sasha, Cindy and John/This is for everything you do”) to the morbid (“Everybody hates you, won’t tell you why/Letter from the doctor says you’re gonna die/Cute little kittens drowned in a sack/Everyone’s screaming, sky turning black”) to the bizarre (“Why is there a picture of a penis on your fridge?/It makes me feel awkward/Whenever I’m in your kitchen”).

Islands’ Nick Thorburn, whose band also contributed a song to the collection, says that that is precisely what appeals to him about Shrigley’s

work: “[It’s] that deep philosophical content carried along by a sense of humor and self-awareness.”

To those that know Shrigley, the fact that he’s putting out an album, even if he’s not technically performing on it, shouldn’t be a surprise. The 39-year-old artist is a self-professed “muso” who honed his songwriting chops in the band Parcak—its oft-misunderstood moniker was a mispronounced take on “car park,” the Britishism for parking lot—until its breakup 10 years ago. And the purposefully unsophisticated artist has always had sophisticated taste.

“In primary school, I was about 5 or 6 years old, and somebody’s big sister asked me who my favorite band was,” remembers the man who now admits to being a fan of lots of Japanese experimental bands. “And I said T.Rex because I was really into dinosaurs... and I assumed they were about dinosaurs. Now, I don’t like dinosaurs so much, but I still have a few T.Rex records.”

And perhaps he still puts those records on during disciplined eight-hour days at his studio. “Because of the intuitive nature of what I do, a lot of things inform my art,” he says. “It’s inevitable that music would be one of them.” In fact, music doesn’t just inspire his current work, it even informed his choice to become an artist in the first place.

“I remember my awakening as an artist was when I realized I couldn’t be an astronaut or a professional soccer player or any other thing that little boys in England want to be when they grow up,” he remembers. “I realized I wanted to make album covers for Adam And The Ants. I did a bunch of covers for all the songs on their first albums—like 7-inch single covers for all of the tracks that weren’t actually singles. That would be fun to have now, but of course they don’t exist anymore, unless my mother has them stashed away somewhere.”

Though Shrigley’s social life still revolves around show-going—he’s befriended several of the local luminaries in Glasgow, where he now resides, and even asked Franz Ferdinand and Arab Strap’s Aidan Moffat to participate in *Worried Noodles* personally—he is now firmly out of music as a profession. But that doesn’t mean he wasn’t thrilled to finally get his empty record sleeve filled. Just the contrary. Shrigley remembers with delight how, while working on an exhibition in Paris last year, his inbox was flooded with MP3s for the collection, and once he’d received them all, he “was quite sad that it ended.” And though he hates to repeat himself artistically and claims that he won’t be making another musical album (though he does hint at a new spoken-word collection), it is clear that the little boy who wanted to design Adam And The Ants covers is living out his childhood dream. And reaping the rewards.

“Music excites me,” says Shrigley. “It’s been a big part of my life aurally, socially and financially—because I spent so much of my money on records. Fortunately,” he laughs, “I’m affluent now, and I can buy as many records as I want.” **cmj**



**“Now, I don’t like dinosaurs so much, but I still have a few T.Rex records.”**

**—David Shrigley**

Quite the Sia-saw: Furler has found her stride after some serious hurdles.



# Problems' Child

After getting dropped and teetering on one-hit wonderdom, **Sia** picks herself up.

STORY BY LORA KOLODNY  
PHOTOS BY NOAH KALINA





FROM LYRICS AND DRAVINGS to costumes and videos, Sia Furler—female vocalist for Zero 7 and the woman behind the breakout single “Breathe Me” from *Six Feet Under*—spins surreal and whimsical creations endlessly. Her style permeates her Manhattan apartment, where on a late October afternoon, she is found chilling out with her two pint-sized, rescued mutts.

Touring the dwelling, it’s as if Sia is living in her own imagination. The flat-screen TV in her bedroom is framed by felt cutouts. Her laptop is adorned with an illustrated cover, somehow appliquéd smoothly to the machine, and all of it matches her new record and website. Around the living room are sunflowers, brightly colored tea towels (“They smell like a granny,” she delights) and tin pails on shabby wooden chairs, instead of fancy vases. The place is like a set for a Michel Gondry or Charlie Kauffman film, which is fitting. “Whenever I need a creative recharge,” she confesses, “what I want to do is lie on the couch and watch either films or crap TV.”

Bucking all pop norms, she braves her photo shoot in broad daylight without makeup. Once the last frame has clicked by, she dons her houseclothes—plaid pants, wingtip slipper-like shoes and a proper, knit toques—then introduces her dogs: Pantera, who is so named for his once completely bald head, and Lick-Lick, a three-legged pooch who’s blissfully unbowed by his disability. Both romp about the granny-chic sofas in the airy living room/kitchen space that’s perched above SoHo.

The folk/trip-hop/soul singer is promoting *Some People Have Real Problems* (Monkey Puzzle/Hear Music), her first record since being dropped by Universal in 2006. She’s known from a young age what she wanted artistically, but now knows that she also “wants people to buy her effin’ records.” When she first embarked on her solo career, she won immediate praise from her audience and critics for “Breathe Me.” But in one frightening career moment, her ability to survive on her formidable musical talents came under threat. When Universal let her go after the UK release of the moody, folk-tinged *Colour The Small One*, the fresh-faced, business-minded chanteuse hardly batted an eyelash. She won’t say a negative thing about the experience, but she does confess to being “of the mindset that record labels are obsolete.”

Like a star athlete who becomes a free agent, she moved without delay to obtain financial backing for *Some People*, which would eventually be released on her own “non-label,” Monkey Puzzle (to be distributed via a recently announced partnership with Starbucks’ Hear Music imprint), with help from her management agency, IE Music. Her team used the funds to record 13 highly soulful new songs plus one hidden bonus track for *Some People*, and while the sound is far more indie pop and soul than her previous work, Sia relied on the same producer (Jimmy Hogarth) and band from her last record. And rather than taking a more electronically skewed approach, they recorded live like a vintage rock outfit.

Sia’s team also used the monies to create the video for “Buttons,” with director and friend Kris Moyes. The clip, which Sia calls an “unintentionally fetish-y” effort, became a featured item on PerezHilton.com, then jumped to the top-most linked (and second most-watched) video during its initial week on YouTube, racking up 300,000 views in its first three days online. It was at that point, perhaps, that Sia’s management team at IE breathed a sigh of relief on behalf of their smart, bold and self-directive client.

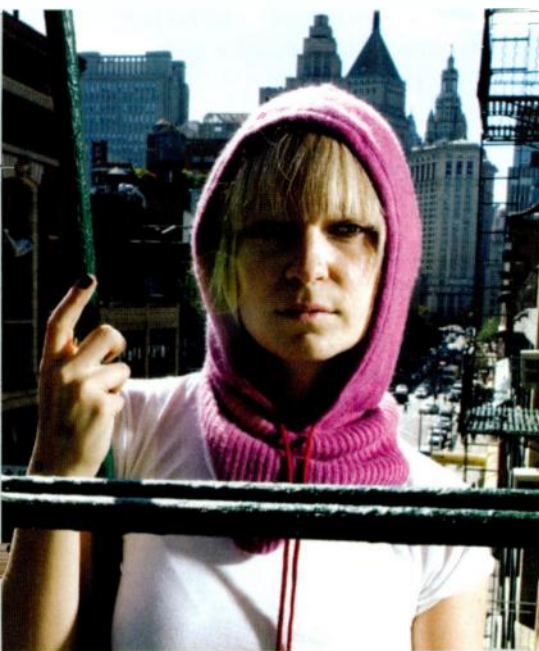
Tim Clark, an IE executive who has helped Sia develop her solo career for the past seven years, admits, “I won’t say it wasn’t scary. Universal had put out the record in the UK then decided not to support Sia further. But in so many ways this was not a terrible thing. More than ever, she is really in control of her own destiny.” In the span of his 40-year career, Clark has seen artists with whom he has worked (like Nick Drake and King Crimson) suffer from a lack of financial, marketing or even technological support from their traditional labels. He’s seen fans suffer, too, when they can’t get hold of great music from intriguing, smart musicians that may not fit the industry mold. “The point,” he says, “is not to make artists rich as Cretius, but to work for them to ensure they can make a living out of what they’re doing.”

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

For a non-diva like Sia, who buys hand towels from eBay and considers the perfect vacation a trip home to see Mom or a nice cup of Pinkberry with friends, making a living means providing a stable life for her future children. "I just want to send them to a school where they won't get beat up for being gay," she says. Well, that and selling out the Fillmore in San Francisco. "The [venue] won't make you a poster unless you sell out," she gushes, "and I want a poster to send home to my Mom."

## PIECING THE PUZZLE

Sia hails from a family of musicians. Her mother was in the Aussie one-hit-wonder punk group Girls At Play and her uncle Colin Hay fronted Men At Work. Sia says her "Uncle Coli" taught her about performance from a young age. "He was doing a show," she remembers, "and I guess he saw someone getting up to leave... Afterwards he said, 'I always want to stop the person just as they are leaving and ask at what point did it all go wrong for you, or is there anything I can do to bring you back?' I feel like I must have done this at one of the smaller venues already,



**"I know it's crap, but I just don't listen to music much or have an iPod or CD player or anything."**

— Sia

but the problem is, generally I'm drunk during the show. Not wasted, but I'll have a couple of glasses. The main reason I don't remember anything though is that I'm kind of 'channeling' when I perform."

Despite the willingness to play her heart out for large audiences or lend a tune to a television program, advert or blog, she says her New Year's resolution will be to "say 'no' more often" in 2008. Primarily, she wants to say no to cheesy stylists who might feather her bangs or put too much makeup on her face for a photograph. "A hairdresser made me cry once. I'll admit it," she jokes.

Clark feels what makes Sia distinct is a fearless, uncompromising vision of self. "She has such a very clear idea of how she wants to write and record and how she wants to portray herself," he explains. "Her website is a great little example of that. It's so very Sia, and personal in a way so many sites just aren't." Siamusic.net is full of whimsical doodles. One feature gives users the chance to dress a digital fashion plate of Sia up in outfits that she hand-crafted for her live shows, just like she also produced literally thousands of Neonflex flowers with her production designer that will travel with the band on tour. Sia's art direction is as strong as her voice, which easily rivals that of Jem, Angie Stone or Alicia Keys.

Video director and screenwriter Cat Solen, who's created videos for Bright Eyes, CSS and Sea Wolf, says Sia is one of the best collaborators. Solen shot the video for lead single "Day Too Soon" outdoors in Central Park. "I was and I wasn't surprised by her," Solen recalls. "She has di-

rected her own videos before, and I knew she'd have ideas. But she came up with some amazing ideas. In the beginning of the video, her hair and costume are sick, just really done. But as the video progresses, she is sort of falling in love with the camera, and at the same time, she is becoming more and more herself, without all of that." The costumes in the video were Sia's own creation, and even the song's lyrics underscore her craft obsession: "Honey I will stitch you/Honey I will fill you in," she croons. "I've been waiting all my life/You're not a day, not a day too soon."

## VANITY DEEP-SIXED

Despite her long list of recent professional achievements, Sia doesn't like to brag. She'd sooner serenade her interviewer with a song from the new record. Her voice, tripping over the lilting minor scales of the melodious B-side "Electric Bird," fills the air with all the clarity of a silver trumpet.

Humility noted, she *did* perform with Beck at the KCRW Sounds Eclectic Evening in 2002, and the two have since become songwriting collaborators. "My mom came on the tour bus for just a little while from somewhere and she just loved it," Sia recounts. "Beck's wife and the band were so nice to her. She was in seventh heaven."

And of course, her songs *are* still making it onto TV series soundtracks. "Music supervisors in Los Angeles have been very supportive," she says. "I told my management 'never say never' for any video projects. So I don't really know which program my songs may come out on. The other night, I was watching *Brothers & Sisters*, which I like, and I heard [my song] 'The Girl You Lost to Cocaine' in the background. I just thought 'Yeah, that was nice!' I love TV. I

want to marry TV." She's also recently heard her songs in a yogurt commercial in Portugal and a bottled water ad in France.

Sia also recently sang on stage at Webster Hall in New York with producer/guitarist/DJ du jour, Mark Ronson, who stoked the careers of Lily Allen and Amy Winehouse. "I feel like I'd love to have him make a record of mine, kind of like the Shangri-Las or Amy Winehouse," she says. "I love [Winehouse]. She's got one of the most incredible contemporary voices."

However, Sia claims she's lucky to have even heard Winehouse, or anything new at all. She relies on friends and people she works with, like Beck and Ronson, to keep her apprised. "I know it's crap, but I just don't listen to music much or have an iPod or CD player or anything," she insists. "I grew up with so much music it is a bit incidental for me. I'm totally blown away when I do stumble on something I really like." Lately, from what her boyfriend has been playing around the house, she's been enjoying M. Ward and Serge Gainsbourg.

She also learns more about current artists when she's on the tour bus with her bandmates, one of the many reasons she's looking forward to hitting the road for *Some People*. "Being with all my friends, playing with the band... I just really love them," she says. "It's like being in the *Big Brother* house... you become a tribe of nomads, wandering. And when a friend comes to visit or a partner it is actually weirdly intrusive or it alters the energy. Nobody gets on the bus unless they get voted in, literally, by everyone."

It could quickly get harder to ward off the groupies, though. Much like her four-song EP, which was distributed by Starbucks in November, *Problems* seems destined for similar success. "It just goes to show," says Clark. "Businesses flare and flame, and nobody knows what will be around in four or five years hence. But when you have a great artist, making fantastic songs like Sia, they will be making their own art through thick and thin." **cmj**

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# 2007 ELEVEN (PLUS 14)

## CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY'S TOP 25 ALBUMS OF THE YEAR

**I**T WAS A FANTASTIC year for dance music, a so-so 12 months for hip-hop, a boundary-breaking 52 weeks for once-formulaic rock and a predictably stellar 365 days for year-end stalwarts. And much like the sneaker fanatic in the AT&T ad who needs his cell service in Tuscanewlostinland, active music nuts found themselves in Battles Against a Dinosaur in order to have a Celebration with some Iron And Wine, drinking from a River of sounds that left them Say-ing Yea and craving to be gagged with a Spoon. ¶ The ensuing list is not in any order other than alphabetical. Individual staff lists can be viewed at [www.cmj.com/bestof2007](http://www.cmj.com/bestof2007), but in the magazine itself, we felt it most valuable to present a consensus view of 2007's best from CMJ HQ. And by that I'm of course referring to the deadly snake pit that loomed beneath us as we debated the following results. Enjoy, and here's to a 2008 that's 2000 and grrrr-8. **Kenny Herzog**

## Against Me! **New Wave** (SIRE)

Against Me!'s major-label debut is a divisive record that rails against the Bush Administration, cannibalizes the music industry and tackles punk's own contradictions with rare, unmatched immediacy. *New Wave* possesses the passion, urgency and wherewithal to help the Floridian foursome become one of its genre's quintessential bands. With a devil-may-care swagger, Against Me! are poised to take their smart and exasperated de facto politics to a broader audience with the same skepticism and integrity that has long made them so incendiary. **Matt Kiser**

## Battles **Mirrored** (WARP)

When music does more than inspire and affect you, but actually widens the narrowing borders of its genre and enlivens its future possibilities, it transcends being merely a work of art. *Mirrored* is a total musical and conceptual statement, while barely uttering a comprehensible word. It jumps through genres without losing focus, maintains accessibility amidst virtuosity and proves—to paraphrase what guitarist Dave Konopka told *New Music Monthly*—that the way an artisan uses their tools is vastly more crucial than the tools they use. To put it plainly, Battles is operating on a different plane than the rest of the rock universe. **Kenny Herzog**

## Brother Ali **The Undisputed Truth**

(RHYMESAYERS)

This puffed-chest-proud album is the Midwestern MC's most successful yet, an accomplishment that's hard-earned and truly deserved. A magnifying cross-section of his life, Ali pulls cards as often as he checks himself, dissects failed relationships before building exultant ones and pushes through conflict with the belief that victory is ultimately his. *Truth* is transparent, inclusive and proves that he's starting to achieve the things he's always dreamed of. **Emily Youssef**

## Celebration **The Modern Tribe** (4AD)

Those who dismissed Celebration's 2005 debut as some kind of Yeah Yeah Yeahs also-yaloeo cheated themselves if they skipped this follow-up. First of all, laser-eyed singer Katrina Ford was doing the howling, gal-fronted angular punk thing back in the mid-'90s with Jaks. Secondly, *The Modern Tribe* is nothing like that, taking Celebration's sinister, serrated guitar/organs stalk into a dark wood of forward-lurching gothic balladry, as Ford's lurid bellow slowly unveiled savage personal loss, poetic political laments and eventual self-discovery. **Eric Davidson**



## Dan Deacon **Spiderman Of The Rings** (CARPARK)

A master of walking the fine line between experimental artist and pop genius, Dan Deacon is able to pull off each feat beautifully. As each track passes, it's unclear if Deacon's intent is to make listeners scratch their heads, shake their booty or both. Songs range from the avant-garde ("Woody Woodpecker") to epic (the 12-minute-long "Wham City"). *Spiderman* garnered critical praise and swarms of fans for the Baltimore native, leading to seemingly overnight critical success, all of which are certainly warranted. **Jason Glasstetter**

## Dinosaur Jr. **Beyond** (FAT POSSUM)

J Mascis was everywhere in '07, lending his axe to everyone from Thurston Moore to Kevin Drew while reaffirming his spot as one of indie rock's most revered godfathers. He also lured Murph and Lou to his Amherst studio and turned out Dino Jr.'s first true record in nearly two decades. *Beyond* proves that the years have done nothing to dampen their impact, giving us perhaps the band's finest moment to date with "Pick Me Up," featuring J's three-minute Fender-gasm outro. **Kevin Kampwirth**

## EI-P **I'll Sleep When You're Dead**

(DEFINITIVE JUX)

New York's new-school gatekeeper of all things B-boy dives headfirst into a complex tryst with

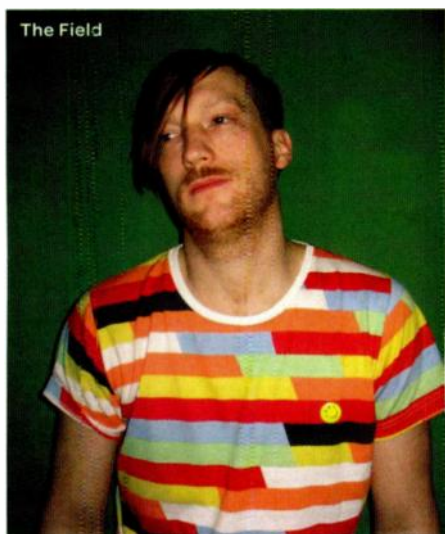
destruction, whether self-induced or as a pained observer. There's a heart under the MC's robotic front after all, and he's more spitfire than ever. EI-P dabbles in industrial production born of a post-apocalyptic landscape, a fitting mood since the artist calls this record a reflection on the aftermath of September 11. But most moments are frequently more beautiful than hopeless, more defiant than helpless, and it's his best record to date, encouraging listeners to stand tall when nothing in the world makes sense. **EY**

## Feist **The Reminder** (CHERRY TREE/INTERSCOPE)

Leslie Feist was never just another solo member of Broken Social Scene, but *The Reminder* finally



took her past "indie-pop-darling." Having "1234" featured in commercials for the most hyped retail item since Elmo doesn't hurt either. Feist's gently exhaled crooning over mostly acoustic instrumentation earns *The Reminder* that rare accolade of being hip to Arts & Crafts loyalists and those whose music exposure is dependent upon download cards from coffee joints. **Rev. Moose**



**The Field** *From Here We Go Sublime* (KOMPAKT)

Axel Willner, aka Swedish ambient-techno DJ the Field, has done more than merge early Aphex Twin's low-end pulse with the artful dancefloor bliss of *Second Toughest*-era Underworld. *Sublime* is like a silent movie on wax, an emotive journey through lifted spirits and broken souls. The record's heart bleeds on its sleeve, its album and song titles in total congress with the emotional depth of its 11 tracks, which gratifyingly skirt along techno hallmarks while brilliantly subverting cliché when it matters most. **KH**

**The Go! Team** *Proof Of Youth* (SUB POP)

A troupe with boundless kid-energy aspirations to slice 'n' dice all of teen-pop history into one giant superball is bound to get slagged for wheel-spinning, if mainly because most who slag are well past the point of experiencing this kind of pure joy. The songwriting here is much improved from their debut, and the less samples/more gang vocals approach comes even closer to the Spaxx-fueled visions of Phil Spector feeding J.J. Fad some scuffed Sweet singles that's been hoped for. **ED**

**High On Fire** *Death Is This Communion* (RELAPSE)

Whereas a band like Interpol finally suffered for their inertia in '07, High On Fire continues to

shatter bullseyes by staying true to what they do and making minor alterations along the way. Some surprisingly engaging and purposeful instrumental interludes snake their way through this record, which pummels with equal parts thrash and measured stomp. And on rippers like "Turk," a bit of melody creeps its way between their incompatible rhythm section and Matt Pike's gravel-lined gutteralisms. **KH**

**Iron And Wine** *The Shepherd's Dog* (SUB POP)

Destined to frustrate fans of his more straightforward ballads and doomed to be overlooked by the larger singer/songwriter canon, Sam Beam's latest is an instant classic—cult or otherwise. Focusing on his religious allegory egregiously misses the point. It's the prevailing sense of nuanced calm in these songs and in his voice (which feels less contrived amidst more rhythmically complex arrangements) that guides *Shepherd* into places where no other indie acoustic-slinger came close to dwelling this year. **KH**

**Justice** † (DOWNTOWN-VICE-ED BANGER)

By mashing up their influences—a little Daft Punk, some Nile Rodgers-era Madonna, a soupçon of hip-hop swagger—and infusing techno with the hooks of pop, the slickness of disco and the volume and rough-edged squall of metal, this Parisian duo did the impossible: They created dance music for people who hate dance music to dance to. So their era-defining debut, which is full of belching bass, Michael Jackson allusions and sing-along English-language lyrics, became the party soundtrack of the year. There were killjoys who thought it was all an ironic joke, but everyone else was too busy enjoying the bash. **Rebecca Raber**

**LCD Soundsystem** *The Sound Of Silver* (CAPITOL)

DFA mastermind James Murphy's sophomore effort for his LCD pet project proved that he



could transcend his previous guises—obsessive music trivia geek, visionary dance-punk producer, winking hipster culture cataloger—to become our generation's glam rock-loving, post-disco Frank Sinatra. Tracks like "New York, I Love You But You're Bringing Me Down" and "All My Friends" showcased not only his most personal and mature songwriting yet, but also his surprisingly heartfelt croon. **RR**

**Menomena** *Friend Or Foe* (BARSUK)

This Oregon-based trio lives out the onus of all the stickers that litter their hometown imploring people to "Keep Portland Weird." Though their sophomore album retains the experimental nature of their debut with its ramshackle percussion, meandering song structures and overall joyously strange vibe, it corrals such avant-garde instincts into bona fide pop songs. Like their neighbors in Modest Mouse, they've managed to twist sham-bolic melodies into memorable hooks. And, really, what's weirder than that? **RR**

**Ramiro Musotto** *Civilizacao & Barbarye* (CIRCULAR MOVES)

Unconventional, thumping steel-drum remixes precede woodwind-peppered atmospheric rock while children's choral movements and a lush baritone haunt jungle melodies. Surf riffs and traditional rhythms fashion a retro feel, only to be jolted into the here and now with smooth electronic elements. The South American percussion maestro is at it again, realizing a Latin American paradise as he fuses bombastic Brazilian Afrobeat, impeccable tropical guitars and cool computer clicks for a smattering of modern psychedelia. **Lisa Hresko**

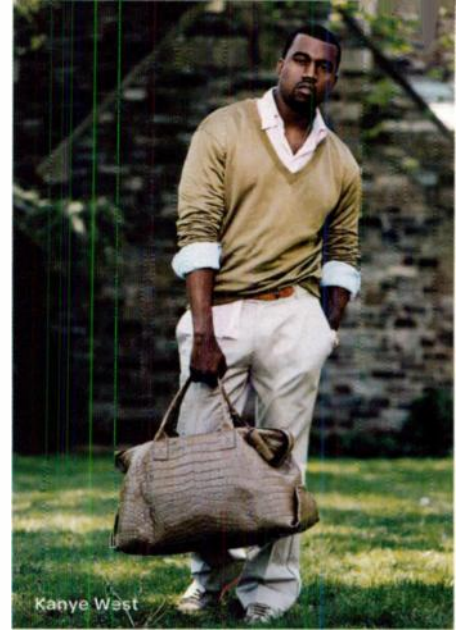
**Okkervil River** *The Stage Names* (JagJaguwar)

The Will Sheff-led Austinites' fifth proper LP is one of the few on this list, aside from *In Rainbows* and *Mirrored*, which seemed almost predestined for placement near the top of most year-end slates, something it achieved with a fraction of the hype. It's the band at their absolute finest: cathartic, intelligent, raw, catchy as hell and resoundingly confident, which, tossed into the hat, birthed one of the best rock records of 2007. **KK**

**Project Jenny, Project Jan** *XOXOXOXO* (MIGHT)

Boasting their genre as "electro-karaoke," Project Jenny, Project Jan fits snugly into a world where *Don't Forget The Lyrics* can succeed on prime-time television. On the Brooklyn duo's debut, frontman Jeremy Haines playfully croons with enough passion in his voice to make young fans swoon. Though the band might not have gotten as

Photos: Marco Dos Santos (Justice)



much buzz as some of the others on this list, their ability to write catchy songs is just as undeniable. **JG**

**Pumice *Pebbles* (SOFT ABUSE)**

Encircled by vast oceans, this one-man act, the brainchild of Kiwi Stefan Geoffrey Neville, channels the isolation of his island home with a striking affinity for fuzzer-out guitars and eccentric over-exaggerated distortion, coupled with his double- and triple-tracked vocals. Just as the sea shapes the surrounding cliffs, these typically tranquil and often worldless songs are artfully wrought from bleak soundscapes, adding to his ever-growing catalogue of lo-fi, AM-radio loner rock. **LH**

**Radiohead *In Rainbows* (SELF-RELEASED)**

We'd have thought Thom Yorke was inconsolable. Radiohead has, after all, spent much of the past decade benumbed in a world of machines, frantically reckoning the monochromatic paranoia of a world awash in zeroes and ones. Truth is, we were the ones who were lost, and Radiohead was soundtracking our digressions. *In Rainbows* is all of us coming out on the other side. It's the sound of a band rediscovering that guitars don't have to sound like dying robots, while reminding us that their brand of pop music, with all its macinations, can be as sweet as it is sinister. **KK**

**Ratatat *Remixes Vol. II* (SELF-RELEASED)**

Though often corralled into the same NYC indie-dance enclave as artists like the Rapture and !!!, Ratatat's Evan Mast and Mike Stroud have revealed themselves to be two of the most competent cut 'n' pasters around. Following the creative and critical success of their first remix effort in 2004, *Vol. II* finds the duo borrowing flows

from Biggie, Hova and Ludacris, laying it over their own synths, guitars and bass lines and churning out pretty much the coolest-sounding record of the year. **KK**

**Spoon *Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga* (MERGE)**

These always-reliable indie stalwarts released their finest record since 2001's *Girls Can Tell* thanks to frontman Britt Daniel's cracked version of blue-eyed-soul and a stellar collection of songs that showcased the band's willingness to critique the President ("Don't Make Me A Target"), give in to the vintage whimsy of Jon Brion's handclap-heavy production ("The Underdog") and infuse their tightly wound formula with some newfound chilly atmospherics ("The Ghost Of You...ingers"). Spoon has relaxed into the role of indie-pop elderstatesmen and, in an accelerated culture where fans don't care about a band past a heavily hyped debut, we could use a few more like them. **RR**

**Kanye West *Graduation* (DEF JAM)**

It's terribly tragic that West's year was punctuated by the loss of his most influential figure—his mother Donda. But at least she saw him graduate to a place few artists ever reach: a hat trick of successively successful records that found critical and commercial acceptance. *Graduation* is West's most succinct effort yet, making it easier to hear how attuned the MC/producer is to crafting actual songs and not just arbitrarily matching beats and rhymes. **KH**

**White Rabbits *Fort Nightly* (SAY HEY)**

This debut collection is like a late-night booze brawl, complete with a piano and dueling guitars.

This clean-cut six piece's first effort teeters between innocence and mystery with the slight tweak of a minor chord. Their honky-tonk attempt at classically oven pop is relayed almost seamlessly, with the sly reminder that there's plenty more up their sleeves. **Rachael Darmanin**

**Yeasayer *All Hour Cymbals* (WE ARE FREE)**

This delightfully demented pop record truly earns the "Beach Boys-esque harmonies" adulation, while garnering equal kudos for its rhythmic schizophrenia and a flair for the cinematically dramatic. It usually takes groups of this ilk (not that many share ilk-age with this Brooklyn quartet) three or four records to become so succinctly and wonderfully weird, but Yeasayer has knocked it out of the park from the get-go. **KH**



Photos: Sarah Friedman (Kanye West); Alexander Wagner (Yeasayer)

# Michael Showalter's Wish List For 2008

(More Or Less)



**A**LATE ENTRANT FOR 2007's most stunning music and comedy release with *Sandwiches & Cats* (JDub), *Stella/State* member Michael Showalter is keeping his eyes on the future. The immediate future—as in next year. In between petting felines and slapping cold cuts on rye, the comedian/actor/director gave *CMJ* a quick hit list of the things he'd love to see in greater abundance in '08 (Eddie Money) and as scantily as possible (good beards).

## MORE

## LESS

Sean Lennon	Paul McCartney
Tight Arrangements	Tight Jeans
Arcade Fire	Fiery Furnaces
Guns 'N Roses	Iron & Wine
Ween	Keane
Good Songs	Good Beards
New Sounds	New Order
Barrettes	Bangs
Doves	Eagles
Sandra Bernhardt	Devendra Banhart
Singing	Dancing
Beirut	Iraq
Spoon	Spoon Feeding
Yeah Yeah Yeahs	Clap Your Hands Say Yeah
Long Careers	Long Band Names
Fiona Apple	Apple Products
Eddie Money	Eddie Vedder
Good Movies	Good Soundtracks
Reissues	Rehabs
Brooklyn	Brooklyn

Photo: Brian Tamborello

## NMM's Top 25 Most Played

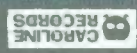
- "Umbrella" - Rihanna
- "White People For Peace" - Against Me!
- "Stronger" - Kanye West
- "1234" - Feist
- "Rehab" - Amy Winehouse
- "D.A.N.C.E." - Justice
- "Intervention" - Arcade Fire
- "Oxford Comma" - Vampire Weekend
- "Katrina" - Black Lips
- "The Way I Am" - Ingrid Michaelson
- "The Big Escape" - Luna Halo
- "People Person" - Pissed Jeans
- "New York I Love You..." - LCD Soundsystem
- "None Shall Pass" - Aesop Rock
- "Down Here Below" - Steve Earle
- "For Reverend Green" - Animal Collective
- "Bigfoot '69" - Midnite Snake
- "Old Croy Road" - American Steel
- "Midnight Coward" - Stars
- "Brooklyn's On Fire" - Nicole Atkins
- "The Magic Position" - Patrick Wolf
- "Cemetery Lawn" - Rosebuds
- "Ljusets Krigare" - Audionom
- "How Low" - Jose Gonzalez
- "Boyz" - M.I.A.

**MORE 2007 IN REVIEW PAGE 53**



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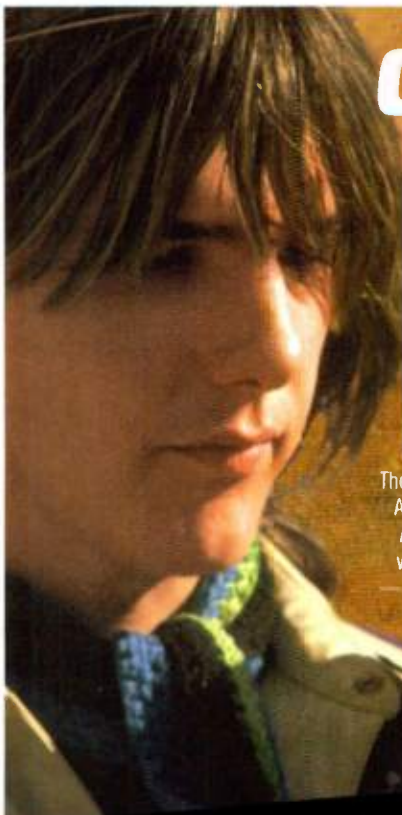
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# SCENE AND NOT HEARD

## The cities and movements you may have missed in '07

By Kenny Herzog, Kevin Kampwirth and Emily Youssef

**I**NDEPENDENT MUSIC and its surrounding culture has become a sophisticated beast. An undeniably incestuous network of cool tends to determine what artists are beneficiaries of buzz, and there is a short list of critical outlets that dictate the swarm of hype. But lo and behold: Beyond the cultural nexus of New York—where bands are anointed as the Next Big Thing for merely existing—and other unquestionably hip metropolises like Montreal, Chicago and Los Angeles, there are cities and towns with their own clusters of invigorating artists. And even in those locales, only half the story of what's happening between their borders has often been illuminated. We decided to take a look at three scenes that flew under the radar of widely accepted awesomeness in 2007—the DIY dirge-rock of Pittsburgh, the idiosyncratic art-folk of Vancouver and the underground hip-hop of Seattle—to find out what drives musicians when they can barely afford to drive to the nearest big city. That, and why the hipsterati are too busy blushing over the next super-cool fashion-plates or “featuring-members-of” side project to notice them. **KH**

## PITTSBURGH

POPULATION: 334,563

MOST FAMOUS LANDMARK: Point State Park\*

MOST NOTABLE MUSICAL EXPORT: Christina Aguilera

\* (located where the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers converge and form the Ohio River)



Midnite Snake's (left to right) Alexei Plotnicov, Jim Lingo and Paul Quattrone

## Midnite Snake

**WHO'S WHO:** Jim Lingo (bass, vocals), Alexei Plotnicov (guitar), Paul Quattrone (drums)

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** Because they make Lightning Bolt sound like pussies... And have awesome beards. Evidence of both can be found on their amazing *Shaving The Angel* (Birdman).

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** “I think Pittsburgh is a town where there aren't a lot of successful famous people to set an example,” says Plotnicov. “A lot of people here are too proud to self-promote themselves and find it attractive on some levels to be a well kept secret... But I think that Girl Talk is definitely getting his music out there, and Zombi is working hard and making big strides.”

**THE BEST THING ABOUT PITTSBURGH IS:** “The musicians are making their music for themselves and each other because that's what they like to do,” says Plotnicov. “So this has lead to some very exciting original styles... There is no need for any pretension. Nobody here acts like rock stars... I love the fact that all the musicians team up and do fun side projects all of the time for kicks and nobody makes a big deal about it.”



Centipede's (left to right) Jim Lingo, Caulen Kress, Sam Pace and Nick Falwell

**WHO'S WHO:** Jim Lingo (guitar, vocals), Caulen Kress (guitar, vocals), Sam Pace (drums)

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:**

Sabbath meets Spirit, Centipede (who share man Lingo with Midnite Snake) find moments to blow your brains out with a groove after teasing it for a while with droning psychedelia. The band is currently working on new material for an early '08 release tentatively titled *Confluence*, but in the meantime you can still space/rock out to *Cheeks Of Neptune* (100 Legs).

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "Nobody is going to come to Pittsburgh searching for bands to sign," says Kress. "And it's not really close enough to New York or Chicago for people to visit just to check out the music, so we basically have to go to where those people are."

**THE BEST THING ABOUT PITTSBURGH IS:**

"We just played a show on the Monongahela River bank with a group of ironworkers pouring casts next to us" recalls Kress. "People were shooting flaming arrows onto small-scale, *Wicker Man*-type structures, and we played our best improvised set yet. I feel like these opportunities couldn't present themselves anywhere else."

## Centipede 6

## Brain Handle

**WHO'S WHO:** Thursday Night (vocals), Sleepy Seed (guitar), Human Kitten (guitar), 2x4 (bass), the Genghis Egg (drums)

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** No-bullshit thrash-punk that inexplicably fell out of fashion in favor of herky jerky time signatures and other things that make it hard to have a circle pit. Look for No Way Records to re-press their most recent 12-inch.

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "A lot of the bands in town embody the true DIY spirit. Although this is great for keeping creativity and individuality alive, it can also play against bands," says

the group, whose solidarity extends to answering interview questions collectively. "Additionally, in many bands only seem to aspire to playing locally or traveling to physics shows in short spurts/distances... Unfortunately, there is no way to shirk certain responsibilities to dedicate more time to touring/promoting bands."

**THE BEST THING ABOUT PITTSBURGH IS:** "There is a great DIY network/support structure of people making music in Pittsburgh," says the band. "Which benefits us as musicians because we're never denied an outlet for our music or, if we're interested, a new setting in which to play."

**WHO'S WHO:** Lord Grunge aka Jarrod Weeks and Jackson O'Connell-Barlow aka Mrs. Paintbrush (both share beat-making and vocal duties)

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** 'Cause their most recent EP is called *The Haunted Fucking Gazebo* (Fighting). That, and because you listen to Spunk Rock but suspect you're still too big of a nerd to pull it off.

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "Pittsburgh is a raw town," says Lord Grunge. "It's one of the only cities north of the Mason-Dixon line that isn't completely disappearing up its own asshole. Of course, our fair city has its own shitty chapter of the hipster illuminati, but for the most part it's comprised of some pretty genuine motherfuckers who aren't stressing whatever the flavor of the week is. It's definitely why cats from Boston, New York or Philly are always shit-talking the 'Burgh."

**THE BEST THING ABOUT PITTSBURGH IS:**

"It's definitely cool to live in a town in which hardly anybody gives a flying fuck about our band," says Grunge. "It keeps that fire under our asses."

## Grand Buffet



Grand Buffet's Jackson O'Connell-Barlow (left) and Lord Grunge

Centipede 6's: Lisa Schwetinger; Grand Buffet: David Woods

# Working Poor

**WHO'S WHO:** Alan Lewandowski (guitar, vocals), Lee Smookler (vocals, fiddle), Brian Dean Richmond (bass), Zach Harris (drums)

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** As evidenced by their full-length, *New Wealth* (Fickety), Working Poor (one of many projects for local luminary Lewandowski) is a refreshing slab of lo-fi anti-folk, unendingly listenable despite itself.

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "A number of Pittsburgh bands have not gone overlooked, like Don Caballero, Anti-Flag and Modest Lemon," says

Lewandowski. "However, there aren't easy channels to get your music to a broader audience. So the people who do the best work their asses off to promote themselves and find others for promotional assistance."

**THE BEST THING ABOUT PITTSBURGH IS:** "The best thing about living in Pittsburgh is the light in the late afternoon," says Lewandowski. "Against all the bricks in the city, we get a heartbreaking blue sky. Often it's grey instead, but that gives the populace a flattering gloom."

## SEATTLE

POPULATION: 572, 600

MOST FAMOUS LANDMARK: The Space Needle

MOST NOTABLE MUSICAL EXPORT: Jimi Hendrix



Blue Scholars' Sabzi (left) and Geologic

## Blue Scholars

**WHO'S WHO:** MC Geologic and DJ Sabzi

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** Arguably Seattle's biggest beats-and-rhymes export, Geologic made his rounds on the spoken-word and battle circuits while Sabzi, a classically trained pianist, sharpened his skills on the decks. Their self-titled debut album, full of meditative musings and funky beats, quickly became a KEXP hit, paving the road for their 2007 full-length follow-up, *Bayani* (Rawkus), and the digital-only EP *Joe Metro*.

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "Seattle hasn't had many big national acts so it's not known for its hip-hop scene," says Sabzi. "It's also geographically isolated and there is very little music industry."

**THE BEST THING ABOUT SEATTLE IS:** "I like the small-town feel of the city, and the weather in the summer and fall is the best in the world," says Sabzi. "Recently the all-ages scene is something to boast about, along with the abundance of live shows. I also feel a lot of freedom to try out new ideas here."

**WHO'S WHO:** MCs Barfly and Tilson, DJ Suspence

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** While it's imperative to check your preconceived notions of Seattle at the door—especially flannel and big butts—the Saturday Knights inject some much-needed humor and barroom debauchery into the city's burgeoning scene. It's heavy, punk hooks, garage guitar riffs and the manic energy

of hip-hop all rolled into one, making for a unique listen and an engaging live show.

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "It's way different than grunge or Sir Mix-A-Lot," says Barfly.

**THE BEST THING ABOUT MY CITY IS:** "Starbucks, Microsoft and Boeing," Barfly jokes.

## Saturday Knights

## Grayskul

**WHO'S WHO:** Onry Ozzoorn and JFK

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** Before signing with Rhymesayers, Grayskul slugged it out in the Pacific Northwest as part of Old Dominion, a massive crew of artists from Seattle and Portland. Their style is invariably dark, but that doesn't mean they're humorless. On the contrary, their newest album, *Bloody Radio*, is a deliberately sarcastic twist on the formulaic pop that passes as hip-hop.

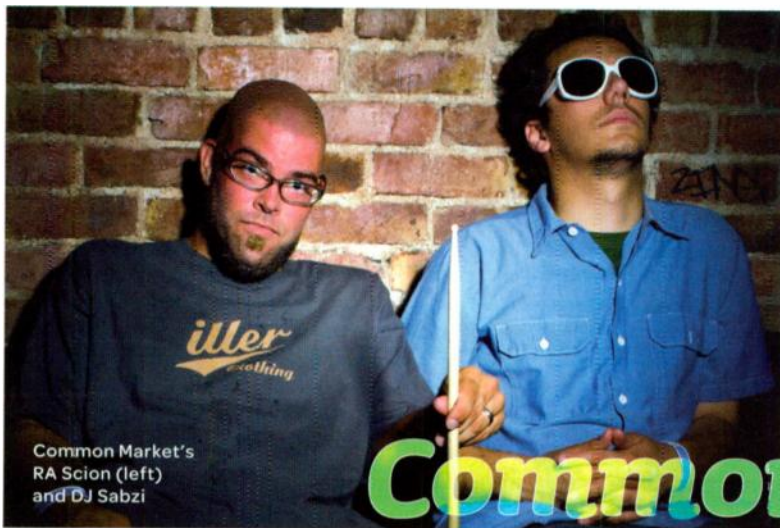
**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "The whole grunge scene prospered and eclipsed the whole hip-hop scene," says JFK. "We will continue to make music and do our part to make sure that the Northwest is not overlooked again, beotchies!"

**THE BEST THING ABOUT MY CITY IS:** "The sense of pride with every optimistic sun ray that pierces our grey skies," says JFK. "And my crew Old Dominion!"



Grayskul's Onry (aka Count Draven, left) and JFK (aka Count Magnus)

Photos: Blue Scholars: Ryan Lewis; Grayskul: Jeremiah Deseay



**WHO'S WHO:** MC RA Scion and DJ Sabzi

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** They went from playing hole-in-the-wall clubs to festivals like Bumbershoot and Sasquatch. RA Scion's thoughtful rhymes coupled with Sabzi's melodic production reminisce about the golden era of hip-hop while pushing to uplift the genre today. Sabzi is one half of Blue Scholars as well. Check their sophomore release, *Tobacco Road*, in early 2008 on Mass Line.

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "The city doesn't have a homogenized flavor in sound or subject matter," RA says, "meaning folks within the town are reluctant to endorse acts they don't feel properly represent them and, as a result, industry execs don't catch the buzz... Really though, who the fuck wants to listen to Patagonia rap?"

**THE BEST THING ABOUT SEATTLE IS:** "Summertime," says RA. "Period."

## Common Market

## Cancer Rising

**WHO'S WHO:** MCs Judas and Gatsby, DJ Tiles One

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** Judas and Gatsby, the son of influential producer Larry Mizell, got serious about rhyming in 2001 and eventually linked up with Tiles One at Western Washington University. The trio isn't scared of live instrumentation, and tracks frequently feature a healthy combination of genres. Their latest self-titled record brings it back to that old boom-bap, accompanied by what Gatsby calls "an up-tempo, vintage West Coast slant."

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "Regional scenes are identified with breakout stars, and we haven't had one since Sir Mix-A-Lot," says Gatsby. "I don't think it's a conspiracy to keep us under wraps."

**THE BEST THING ABOUT SEATTLE IS:** "The coolest thing about doing hip-hop music is that Seattle hip-hop isn't some codified thing," Gatsby says. "We're pretty much free to find our own identity and that sense of, 'Something great is going on here, but the rest of the world ain't knowing' is priceless."

# VANCOUVER, B.C.

POPULATION: 587,890

MOST FAMOUS LANDMARK: Stanley Park\*

MOST NOTABLE MUSICAL EXPORT: Loverboy

\*The largest city-owned park in Canada and the third-largest in North America

**WHO'S WHO:** Marta Jaciubek-McKeever (vocals/Rhodes), Joey Turco (guitar), James Northey (guitar, Moog, Rhodes), Jeremiah Schneider (bass)

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** While Girl Nobody commands most of their attention via the breathy vocals of Jaciubek-McKeever, elements of dream pop, trip-hop and shoegaze circulate throughout *Balaclava Casino Heist* (Jericho Beach), which calls to mind both the Clientle and Mazzy Star.

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "Nearly all great venues here have been torn down to make room for new condos to accommodate the 2010 Olympic craze," says Jaciubek-McKeever. "Liquor licenses are [also] very hard to obtain. Even then, cops still shut down shows every weekend due to noise violations, fire safety laws, etc."

**THE BEST THING ABOUT VANCOUVER IS:** "It's just such a surreal place. Our license plates say 'Best Place On Earth,' and it really can be. We have health care and electric buses. Environmentally we are getting there, and the GLBT community is strong and has always been part of Vancouver identity."

## Girl Nobody

Girl Nobody's (left to right): James Northey, Joey Turco, Jeremiah Schneider and Marta Jaciubek-McKeever



**WHO'S WHO:** Adam Nation (vocals, guitars, banjo, ukulele), Steven Wegelin (percussion), Stephen Wells (vocals/guitar), Randy Forrester (vocals), RC Joseph (vocals), JoJo Darling (vocals, bass), Shaun Brodie (trumpet), Kent McAlister (vocals)

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** Following the breakup of his more rock-oriented Counter-revolutionaries, Adam Nation stocked this neo-folk outfit with some of the finest talent in Vancouver. *Food, Booze And Entertainment* (DDG) showcases Nation's increasingly timeless songwriting.

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "It does seem like Toronto and Montreal and even Winnipeg get a lot of attention here on the coast," says Nation. "I don't resent those scenes. Vancouver [is also] in the bottom left pocket of the country and sometimes we can get lost with the lint, but the Internet is doing a good job of equalizing things."

**THE BEST THING ABOUT VANCOUVER IS:** "My friends, the musicians I play with, cherry blossoms in early spring, Nat Bailey Stadium, the mountains, the ocean, the beaches, the variety of culture and ethnic foods, Main Street girls, East Van. Love it."



The Great Outdoors' (back, left to right): Steven Wegelin, Randy Forrester, Daniel Brodie, Stephen Wells, Shaun Brodie, Kent McAlister, RC Joseph; (front, left to right): Adam Nation and JoJo Darling

# The Great Outdoors

## Octoberman

**WHO'S WHO:** Marc Morrissette (vocals, guitar), Rob Josephson (drums), Graham Christofferson (bass), Leah Abramson (backing vocals), C.L. McLaughlin (vocals, guitar)

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** *Run From Safety* (White Whale), the second LP for Octoberman, aka Kids These Days founder Marc Morrissette, utilizes swaths of electric guitars and lap steel to augment his coffee-kilter tunes, which slink through his Jerry Garcia-esque drawl as if in no particular hurry.

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "Vancouver is surrounded by the ocean,

the US border and a mountain range, so the city and its music scene are quite isolated," says Morrissette. "The local media tends to look to the big tastemakers for their stamp of approval before jumping on board... So many bands are very DIY, and since it is so far to the next major city, touring can feel more like a mission than an excursion."

**THE BEST THING ABOUT VANCOUVER IS:** "Its physical surroundings. It is a big enough city to have everything you need, but it is still easy to get out of town and get lost in the mountains."

## Marke Berube

**WHO'S WHO:** Mark Berube (voice, guitar, piano, accordion)

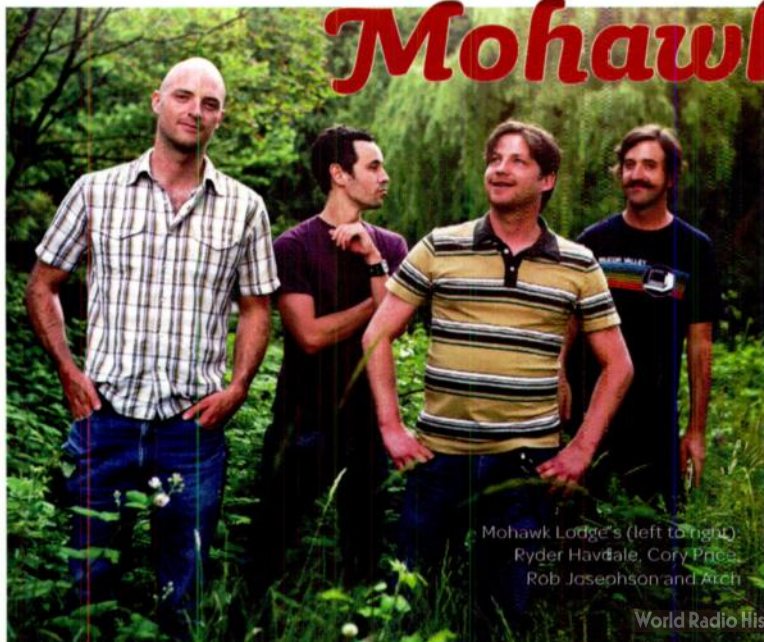
**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** The Manitoba-born Berube (who was raised in South Africa) writes songs that do nothing to belie his vagabond existence. Despite his husky baritone, his tunefulness on *What The River Gave The Boat* (Kwalu), which deals with philosophy in everyday minutiae, suggests a Leonard Cohen/Andrew Bird hybrid.

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "I think many people are actually listening, it's just how you judge it," says Berube. "Most of us are indie artists, with no promo budgets whatsoever, but tour our faces off... So

when you see people listening to you, they're really listening heartedly. I'd rather have 40 people like this in every town than 200 in a bar who are partially listening."

**THE BEST THING ABOUT MY CITY IS:** "It's a small/big city and it's young and [still] being molded. It's a place where hippies become coffee franchise owners and lawyers smoke certain substances with bluegrass musicians; where yoga becomes the chai latte of social functions and musicians have to leave to make a living; where the underdog that relishes other people's envy throws out a punch when it thinks it is forgotten."

## Mohawk Lodge



Mohawk Lodge's (left to right): Ryder Havdale, Cory Price, Rob Josephson and Arch

**WHO'S WHO:** Ryder Havdale (vocals, guitar), Rob Josephson (drums), Arch (guitar), Cory Price (guitar)

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING:** The self-dubbed "dirty indie soul" quartet emulates a milder, dustier incarnation of The National. Their sophomore effort, *Wildfires* (White Whale), features contributors from Dan Boeckner of Wolf Parade, whose cathartic energy and prominent guitars fill out Havdale's wind-swept words.

**WHY MORE AREN'T LISTENING:** "Vancouver is about as far from New York as you can get," says Havdale. "It's tough for our artists to tour through New York and the States in general due to the border issues... and it's hard to get the press support without more frequent visits."

**THE BEST THING ABOUT VANCOUVER IS:** "The amount of amazingly talented musicians. White Whale is putting out some of the most exciting Vancouver bands, including Octoberman, Precious: Fathers and Castle Project."

Photos: Common Market: Trent Critchlow; Girl Nobody: Jeff Petre; The Great Outdoors: Louise Major; Mohawk Lodge: Tobie Marie Bannister

# best new music



## Sons And Daughters

**This Gift** DOMINO

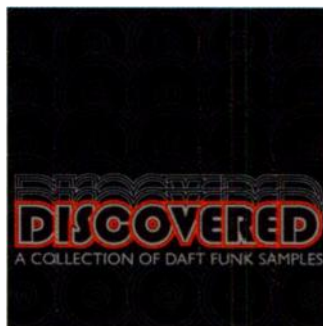
GALLIVANTING MURDEROUSLY THROUGH America's shadowy backwoods like the ghost of Tom Joad's haunting scorn, Glasgow's Sons And Daughters' sophomore record laughs nervously at the dark, brooding scenery while trembling through their home-brewed siren songs. The group fights through their conflicted trappings by slashing bitterly at blues-infused country and feverish American rock 'n' roll. Singer/guitarist Adele Bethel exemplifies this damnation with her dagger-like narrative stabs at murder ballads and funeral marches. The title track flirts with Nick Cave's ominous perversity and has a proclivity toward a danceable slant on Johnny Cash storytelling. But its purile playfulness is threatened by over-arching anxiety, hints of volatile depression and wicked guilty pleasures. With a wry smile, Bethel tackles the often forgotten suicide of controversial English poet Edward James Hughes' lover Assia Wevill and mocks her death at length. Bethel is the distressed damsel of this fairytale as Sons And Daughters tap-dance around the naiveté of their subjects throughout, from the swinging Cure-like love bender "Darling" to the fervent galloping on the "The Bell," which sparkles as it seethes in twangy post-punk. Guitarist Scott Paterson flagrantly attacks his instrument, leaving those in the wake brow-beaten and debilitated while the rhythm section slugs with syncopation. The lascivious nature of the amped-up and contorted blues-based guitar riffs, along with an affinity for disjointed simplicity, allow Sons And Daughters to be both harrowing and hallowed as they tussle across an adventurous new frontier full of thieves, liars and conspirators. **MATT KISER**

### JUST THE FACTS

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

File Under American Gaelic

RIYL Art Brut, the Kills, Black Rebel Motorcycle Club



## Various Artists

**Discovered: A Collection Of Daft Funk Samples** RAPSTER

F CHEERS OFFSHOOT *Frasier* begat another eponymous comedy titled *Niles*, audiences would have likely waved the white towel. Yet meta-sampling happens with regularity in hip-hop, the genre successfully cannibalizing its own hits, which were first rooted in another artist's work. Kanye West at least gets credit for going immediately outside his own genre by lifting Daft Punk's "Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger"—which was itself molded around Edwin Birdsong's "Cola Bottle Baby"—for his less-than-inspiringly titled "Stronger." However, as is often the case in this game of musical telephone, the original intent gets lost along the way. Daft Punk snagged the futuristic funk of "Cola," ditched its arcane slap bass and turned the song into an anti-anthem you'd imagine being played at a sporting event... if it took place during *Blade Runner*. West, conversely, has diluted that down to its surface so he could pump up arenas in Midwestern college towns. It really makes you appreciate the nuance of what Guy Manuel de Homem-Christo and Thomas Bangalter have done: mining disco, funk and R&B nuggets, sanding down the coked-up edges and finding a new way to illuminate their seductiveness and euphoria. It's fascinating to, eh, discover how the synths from Cerrone's hedonistic "Supernature" became the hypnotic core of the dreamy "Verdis Quo." Or to recognize the jubilant crescendo of Little Anthony & The Imperials' "Can You Imagine," which, fittingly, provided "Crescendolls" with its New Year's Eve-ready spark. And lest listeners think the French duo arbitrarily dips into a record crate crammed with '70s wah-wahs, their selectivity is evidenced by post-prime Chaka Khan cut "Fate," which Bangalter nibbled from for Stardust's "Music Sounds Better With You." The fact that *Discovered* reveals such revered electronic-music magicians' tricks should provide the motivation to seek it out. But this *Collection* is ultimately worthwhile for the very reason they excavated these records to begin with—it's a comprehensive and fun-as-shit encapsulation of an era too often overlooked. **KENNY HERZOG**

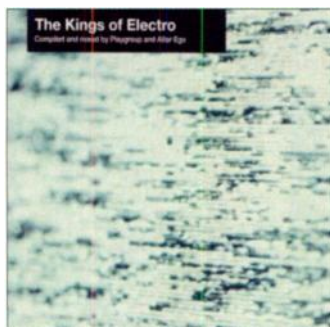
### JUST THE FACTS

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

File Under Robot-tripping

RIYL Daft Punk, P-Funk, "Funky Town"



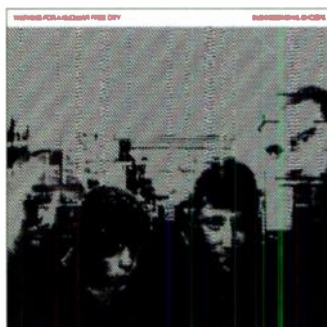


Various Artists  
*The Kings Of Electro* BBE/RAPSTER

When Afrika Bambaataa first swiped Kraftwerk's bastardized computer sounds for "Planet Rock," he couldn't have known how much his style would be pilfered, perverted and rehashed in the 25 years since. This latest offering from *The Kings Of...* compilation series gives another hefty, double-CD argument for the preservation and growth of electro. The first disc, "The History," offers phasers and delays. Compiled by London's Playgroup (Trevor Jackson), it's truest to Bambaataa's masterpiece. Of course watershed tracks like "Magic Wand" are here, but it's the lesser-known gems like Hashim's "Al Nafyish" that catch your ear, rattling with cheap-sounding synth percussion between a floating sci-fi hook. (Yes, it's that song from *Grand Theft Auto: Vice City*.) Production team Alter Ego tackles disc two, *The Present*, which explores the genre's modern offshoots. It's curiously lacking hip-hop, which speaks to electro's lineage to modern techno. The tracks are crisp and lean, and the novelty of crappy effects is dead, with mixes of Detroit Grand Pubahs and Dopplereffekt steering closest to their forebears' original sound. Alter Ego lets jazz seep in at times, and there is also greater emphasis on song structure. The disparity in spirit between old school electro's sonic rebelliousness and current conformity can be distressing, but it also helps explain the recent synth resurgence in hip-hop. At more than two hours long, this set takes a while to digest, but rewards one's effort. In the process, it saves you the trouble of finding the proverbial cream of its chosen genre one album at a time. Here, it has risen to the top. **JOE OROVIC**

JUST THE FACTS

Link [www.thekingsofseries.com](http://www.thekingsofseries.com)  
File Under Out Of Afrika  
RIYL Slick Rick, Hashim, Brian Eno



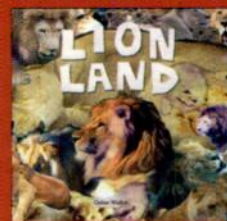
Working For  
A Nuclear Free City  
*Businessmen & Ghosts* BEAF DUMB + BLIND

What does one make of a band with a name like Working For A Nuclear Free City? The Manchester foursome argues there's not a tree-hugger in the bunch. Still, it's hard to shake the image of happy hippies with guitars until you listen to their US debut, *Businessmen & Ghosts*, a double-disc collection bearing their UK full-length as well as an EP and bonus material. True, the album is composed of dizzying songs that invoke one long, hypnotic trip. But the mind-bending voyage is more in the realm of My Bloody Valentine than the Grateful Dead, thanks to ardent dance beats adorned with fuzz guitars and multiple effects, and occasionally topped with muffled vocals. This style lends itself to bass-happy tunes that constantly alter pace while carrying a world of intensity on their shoulders. Oddly enough, the understated vocals remain transfixed. A good example of this dichotomy is found on the mesmerizing, chant-like "Rocket." Murmurs, however, take center stage on sparse tracks like the low-fi retro ballad "Home" and "Pretty Police State," which couples sugary melodies with an eerie chorus, making it an apt choice for a Tim Burton soundtrack. Then there's "Sarah Dreams Of Summer," a song with all the makings of an indie-pop-sicle considering its mumbling hooks and sunny synths, and is perhaps the catchiest number of the bunch, where vocals and instrumentation coexist evenly. Luckily, *Businessmen & Ghosts* does well in smelting the weight of opposing styles into a rainy-day psychedelic treat. And while it's a challenge to decode the words and make out a message, it's not necessary. With an evident optimism that orbits the album, WFANFC seem far from jaded. Maybe they're hippies after all. **MELAN MATATOV**

JUST THE FACTS

Link [www.workingforanuclearfreecity.com](http://www.workingforanuclearfreecity.com)  
File Under Nuclear arms are for hugging  
RIYL The Stone Roses, the Jesus And Mary Chain, the Beta Band

BAND-ON-BAND ACTION



Yeasayer's Anand Wilder Runs Through Quinn Walker's Laughter's An Asshole and Lion Land  
VODOO-EROS

I remember the first time I heard Quinn Walker's solo music. I was already enamored with his band Suckers; I had stumbled upon them by chance playing their unique brand of eclectic drunken sailor pop in a chic New York club a few months before. One night he handed me his two most recent full-length solo efforts, *Lion Land* and *Laughter's An Asshole*, which he told me he had recorded over the course of a few weeks. How good could they possibly be? I went home and put on *Lion Land*. I couldn't get past the second track, "Save Your Love For Me." It was too good to be an original. I looked up snippets of his lyrics online to see if it was already a song, maybe a Goffin/King number, but it was nowhere to be found. (Of course, if I were a more lyric savvy listener, I would have realized right away that "This world's a colonoscopy/So save your love for me," could have only come from the mind of Quinn Walker.) As I got over my initial astonishment, I began to realize that Quinn simply embodied every quality that I idolize in my favorite musicians but will never possess myself: the gift of spontaneous and effortless songcraft, perfect and timeless hooks, fearless sounds and arrangements and a beautifully rich voice with seemingly infinite range. Some might say that a double album is excessive, but I think it's a perfect introduction to the artist. If he had whittled them down into one it would've been a charade, a pretense of brevity, instead of an accurate portrait of a prolific (and slightly schizophrenic) musical force. If pop gem "Save Your Love" intrigues you, you also need to hear the epic masterpiece "By the Riverside." If Quinn should need me to back him up on his world tour, Yeasayer can wait! **AW**

To read more about Yeasayer and their latest, *All Hour Cymbals*, turn to page 17.

Link [www.myspace.com/quinnwalker](http://www.myspace.com/quinnwalker)  
File Under Madcap Laughter  
RIYL Frank Zappa, Prince, the Flaming Lips

## Arp

**In Light** SMALLTOWN SUPERSOUND

Each song on *In Light*, the most recent project of ex-Tussle member Alexis Georgopoulos, accurately portrays the idea represented in its title. The album as a whole feels as though it is indeed doused with light and sparks that continually rise and fade. The airiness of "St. Tropez" paints the portrait of a seaside resort town with gleaming loops and dashes. "Fireflies On The Water" begins with eerie buzzing and expels organ-inspired whirs with a broken-down, Casio-pop minimalism. On it, the heightened drones, spacious dead air, almost melodic feedback and repeating patterns of Georgopoulos' scattered sound fall into place. "Odyssey (For Bas Jan Ader)," while dissonant, rolls like a journey, creating the image of a sad ballet of robots trying to feel like people. At times you feel suffocated by the experimental breathiness throughout, but when it comes together with strands of flat, atonal sound and undertones of bleeps and blurs, Georgopoulos is able to create a picture of something broken but beautiful. **Lauren Piper**

Link [www.myspace.com/arp001](http://www.myspace.com/arp001)  
File Under Tussle remains *In Light*  
RIYL Brian Eno, Autechre, Plaid

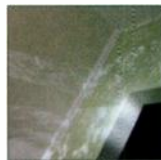
## The Black Swans

**Change!** LA SOCIÉTÉ EXPÉDITIONNAIRE

On their second full-length, the Black Swans achieve shiftlessness in the form of a fragile swooning that sways delicately between depression and optimism, guilt and pleasure. Singer Jerry DiCiccia's deep, dark voice is somber as he holds a hint of reservation in the walloping air amid a casually unfolding tale. Surging with rebounding balladry, *Change!* takes the moody, folkloric qualities of DiCiccia's narratives and basks them in a rich melancholy of flourishing violins that rise and desperately ache, as fiddler Noel Sayre orchestrates the ardent late-night sojourn with smoldering, sheepish luster. Misery and heartbreak are a central theme throughout, and it's apparent that the Swans are immersed in the spirit of reconciliation. "Purple Heart" characterizes this yearning through a meandering, emotive violin that weaves breathy, almost whispered secrets slowly together. DiCiccia is a reluctant character but remains intriguing as he paints haunting pastoral pictures. Songs like "Shake"—a near six-and-a-half-minute opus—demonstrate the interplay between desire and aversion. The Black Swans may seem firmly discouraged, but in fact are fully and painfully electric. **Matt Kiser**

Link [www.theblackswans.com](http://www.theblackswans.com)  
File under A Black Heart's procession  
RIYL Nick Cave, Jose Gonzalez, White Whale

## Bottomless Pit

**Hammer Of The Gods** COMEDY MINUS ONE

Like the week when autumn morphs into winter, *Hammer Of The Gods* is a bit bleak and gray, but soul-stirringly raw and moodily transcendent. Formed in 2005 after the dissolution of Silkworm (due to the untimely death of Michael Dahlquist), Tim Midgett and Andy Cohen teamed up with drummer Chris Manfrin (Seam) and bassist Brian Orchard (.22) to hatch Bottomless Pit. Diversifying itself within dark and moody territory, the album's lyrics range from painfully blunt, as on "Dead Man's Blues" ("I wanted to die/But I'm a tough piece of meat"), to the emotionally wrought, as on "Repossession" ("You ever feel like you're going crazy from the inside?/You ever feel things closing on you from the inside out, from the inside out?"). At their most poignant and vulnerable, Bottomless Pit produces the beautifully melodic "Human Out Of Me." On cuts like "Dogtag" and "Greenery," the vocals can sound flat and spent, but for the most part, the crooning is sonorously velvet, evoking the haunting Manchester register of the Smiths and Joy Division. Fleshed out by Manfrin's crisp, bulleted drums and Orchard's dolefully eloquent bass, Bottomless Pit is at their best disarmingly poetic and visceral, and at their weakest, a band that might simply need a little more time to grieve to find their own voice. **E.M. Gallagher**

Link [www.bottomlesspit.us](http://www.bottomlesspit.us)  
File Under Melancholy and the Infinite Tribute  
RIYL The Pixies, Interpol, the Cure

## Citay

**Little Kingdom** DEAD OCEANS

This side project of Piano Magic's Ezra Fienberg and the Fucking Champs' Tim Green has made perhaps the most aptly titled album of the year. Their second recorded effort together gathers all of their influences (which run the gamut from prog to stoner metal to Big Star-esque classic rock) and assembles them into a cohesive soundscape that exists wholly within itself. The pair stacks acoustic, electric, 12-string and synthesized guitars on top of one another to such an extent that you feel as if you're losing half the songs' resonance to their complexities. Vocals are scarce, but when they appear, mimicking fast-forwarded Gregorian chants (as on opener "First Fantasy"), the words career off of the music as if it were the walls of an ice cave. "A Riot Of Color," with its gently appoggiated acoustic and moody synthesizer line, has hints of Black Mountain and Emerson, Lake and Palmer, while the title track would've fit snugly on both the Grateful Dead's *American Beauty* and *Led Zeppelin IV*. So, is *Little Kingdom* simply a record that any hippie with a water pipe can enjoy? Well, yes, but this record isn't simply any one thing. It is, above all, a beautifully conceived, ambient work on which not one note or breath is out of place. **Kevin Kampwirth**

Link [www.citay.net](http://www.citay.net)  
File Under Magic Kingdom  
RIYL Dungen, Pink Floyd, Vetiver

## Liam Finn

**I'll Be Lighting** YEP ROC

Some people are good at a lot of things, while others are exceptional at only a few. Liam Finn falls in the former category. The New Zealand native and one-man band (he plays almost every instrument on the record, which he recorded, engineered and produced live to analog tape himself) monkeys with pop and tinkers with an experimental flair that's tasteful and creative. The vaguely familiar sound of distorted drums, maladjusted guitars and skewed levels leaves *I'll Be Lighting* a perfect little raw mess, rich in DIY ethos. It's endearing, really. Finn is somewhat of a disheveled character as his introspective lyrics are contemplative and thoughtful, but never aiming for any closure, and his quirkiness keeps the whole thing light and airy. The real barnburner on this debut is "Second Chance," a skeptic, frantic song that paws with the jitters. Finn's falsetto quivers with nervousness as the percussive stroking of his guitar persists until the full body of instruments enter the fray and reversed-looped samples begin to shudder. His greatest strength is taking a solid musical idea and constructing a perfectly complementary ensemble behind it. **MK**

Link [www.liamfinn.tv](http://www.liamfinn.tv)  
File Under Flight of the Kiwis  
RIYL Modest Mouse, Elliott Smith, Crowded House

## Imani Coppola

**The Black And White Album** IPECAC

Imani Coppola is pissed. While there are no direct targets in her lyrics, the former Columbia Records singer clearly has an axe to grind with a list of perpetrators. But it's more snarky than livid, allowing Coppola to speak her mind without alienating listeners. Genres slam into each other, from punk rock and contemporary R&B to hip-hop and glitchy electro, as the classically trained violinist busts her way through the album. "Raindrops From The Sun (Hey Hey Hey)" is an upbeat pop track that would be a shoo-in on commercial radio, and the tongue-in-cheek "Woke Up White" explores frustration with her multicultural background over catchy punk bass riffs. Perhaps she can tap into each ethnicity as needed, but Coppola unabashedly pulls cards with lines like "I know black folks real well 'cause I watch me some Dave Chapelle." Stand-out tracks include "Let It Kill You" for its controlled honesty and "In A Room," tucked away neatly at the end of the album. On the latter she sings, "Imma buy me a bullet... and throw it away," revealing she's not as reckless as her image suggests. But intentional or not, there are glaringly obvious influences: Outkast-style rhymes, Oasis guitar chords and Jon Bonham's telltale Led Zeppelin drums. The musical direction all feels vaguely familiar and you wish she'd just hit pause and focus on her own strengths. **Emily Yousef**

Link [www.imanicoppola.net](http://www.imanicoppola.net)  
File Under Copp-Rock  
RIYL Res, Peaches, Pink

## CunninLynguists

**Dirty Acres** A PIECE OF STRANGE



On their fourth official release, this Kentucky trio with the—forgive us—tongue twisting name sticks to the formula that has garnered them a cult-like following: serious, caustic lyrics over slow, down and dirty beats.

Big Rube opens with his signature a cappella flow, the perfect introduction to a defiant album that questions everything, even the assumed standards of hip-hop. Most memorable is “K.K.K.Y.” for lyrics like, “Don’t worry about this dirty South until its mud floods your front stoop.” Heavy topics abound, but MCs Deacon The Villain and Natti aren’t exactly begging for reparations. Things lighten up in guest appearances from Witchdoctor (Dungeon Family) and Phonte (Little Brother), who cast their best love spells in “Yellow Lines.” Similarly, Devin The Dude is up to his usual comedic scumbag antics on “Wonderful,” where he serenades a beautiful woman with come-ons like, “I’m sure you got a mind too, and with my head I can get behind you.” Entirely produced by Kno (D-12, Immortal Technique, Masta Ace), beats range from triumphant heavy-hitters to smoothed-out jams. This album doesn’t innovate, but it’s certainly silkier than their previous releases. **EY**

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

File Under Freudian slip rap

RIYL Dungeon Family, Little Brother, Goodie Mob

## Drive-By Truckers

**Brighter Than Creation's Dark** NEW WEST



The departure of guitarist Jason Isbell could’ve brought the Drive-By Truckers to a grinding halt, but the band’s seventh studio effort is as rollicking and whiskey-drenched as their best work. It’s also extensive, clocking

in at 19 songs (just one short of 2001’s *Southern Rock Opera*) that bounce between no-frills rock ‘n’ roll, tender balladry and hard-hitting alt-country. Part of the Truckers’ appeal has always been their multi-pronged approach, from a three-guitar onslaught to the diverse songwriting talents of Isbell, Mike Cooley and Patterson Hood. Isbell’s absence leaves a hole in that arrangement, but it’s rightfully filled by the arrival of pedal steel guru John Neff (once a touring backup musician, now a permanent member) and a newfound emphasis on bassist Shonna Tucker, who writes three of the album’s most poignant tracks. Still, it’s Hood who comes across as the literate, raucous frontman, rasping his way through some of the band’s best work to date (including the fierce “The Man I Shot”) and penning the bulk of the songs. Few musicians would think to rhyme “necessary evil” with “urban bovine Knieval,” and even fewer could deliver the line in a slyly spoken drawl. *Brighter Than Creation’s Dark* is as sharply literate as it is raucous, creating an aural landscape that looks like the South but sounds like something much, much bigger. **Andrew Leahy**

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

File Under The New South

RIYL Neil Young, Neko Case, the Replacements

## Brad Laner

**Neighbor Singing** HOMETAPES



Since kicking off his career playing bass for a one-off Captain And Tennille gig (seriously), Brad Laner has maintained a noble existence on the alt-rock periphery over the last 20 years via his dream-pop band Medi-

cine, industrial outfit Savage Republic, ambient-pop guise Electric Company and a dozen or so others. It’s not exactly the type of resume that would merit collaboration with freak-folk’s finest, but in the past three years alone, Laner has played Arthurfest, jammed with the likes of Vetiver and Caribou and recorded with acclaimed scene producer Thom Monahan. In fact, the album they made together, the first Laner has created under his own name, is arguably better than just about anything the youngsters have yet to conjure. Recorded at Laner’s home studio in California, *Neighbor Singing* contains a dozen strangely beautiful tunes, ones that manage to bridge the gap between his industrial/shoegazer past and folkier present. It’s a wonderful collision of sounds, especially on tracks like the Zombies-esque opener “Find Out” and the gauzy, late ‘80s psychedelia of “Sure.” But Laner’s at his best when pulling a fast one, as on “From Inside,” which takes on a mellow, avant-folk chant à la Wooden Wand before punching you with a wall of feedback, or “Out Cold,” which is akin to NIN re-imagined as Pearls Before Swine. His neighbors must love him. **Ron Hart**

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

File Under Medicine for the freak-folk hangover

RIYL Caribou, Brian Eno, Brightblack Morning Light

## Minipop

**A New Hope** TAKE ROOT



Who can resist the innocence of saccharine, cutesy pop? Minipop, the co-ed San Francisco four-piece, is a well-executed and thoroughly addictive band that sings about getting butterflies from a crush, fretting

over dates with boys and lamenting continual missed connections. Tricia Kanne’s soaring vocals strike a chord almost instantly, as her seductive voice carries whiffs of girl gossip of adolescent boys, which is, of course, a painful tease. Lead track, “Like I Do,” is an orchestral piece that exploits the band’s dynamic range and ability to build tension, release it and bottle it again just as quick. The cacophony of aural pleasures on *A New Hope* are immense, and the album’s snappy dream pop and spacious songs never get old, fade or become dull. “Generator” is probably the most straightforward, stripped-down and shrouded song, but is also the most pleasing, as Kanne’s cascading vocals are backed up by an underplayed, reverb-laden guitar hook that throbs repetitively. While *A New Hope* does lack that one song that really brings the house down, this dreamy record is a must-have for 15-year-old girls in the middle of a post-break-up decompression session. **MK**

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

File Under Mini-glee

RIYL Metric, Tegan And Sara, Cardigans

## Pine Hill Haints

**Ghost Dance** K



On their K debut, Alabama-based country rockers the Pine Hill Haints look to all manner of primordial musical styles—bluegrass, blues, zydeco and mountain music, among others—in their at-

tempt to conjure the spirits of Americana past. Using washboard, mandolin, banjo, saw, fiddle and other traditional instruments, the Haints play boneyard country for modern times, with a heavy emphasis on the switchblade beat. Although they’re on K, they wouldn’t sound out of place alongside much of the Chicago alt-country mafia based around Bloodshot, yet when they’re at full tilt, they clearly evoke the musical heritage of their native locale, doing so with skill and aplomb. Nearly every track is a rave-up, with the band stopping for nary a breath. While the fast clip can be exhilarating, it can also produce a certain sameness over the course of 20 tracks. Thankfully, there are a couple of slow rollers here, particularly “Ol White Thing Blues,” that add some variance, while the album’s folkloric theme is brought to the fore on the minute-long spoken-word field recording “Leo O’Sullivan’s Story.” By the inherent nature of the music being played, there’s nothing new happening on *Ghost Dance*, nor is the band’s specific take especially unusual, but it’s the Haints’ genuine passion for the old and the dusty, and their greasy authenticity, that makes the whole racket work. **Nate Knaebel**

Link [www.myspace.com/pinehillhaints](http://www.myspace.com/pinehillhaints)

File Under Dirty Dance-ing

RIYL The Mekons, Bad Livers, Old Time Relijun

## Six Organs of Admittance

**Shelter From The Ash** DRAG CITY



On last year’s sprawling, spectral *Sun Awakens*, Six Organs mastermind (and Comets On Fire guitarist) Ben Chasny’s obsessions with electric/acoustic interplay, raga-like drones and emotive folk

reached its natural climax. So what’s left to do for an encore? Apparently, a lot. In fact, Six Organs’ ninth full-length proves to be less an epilogue than the start of a whole new chapter. Chasny surprises by dabbling in melodious duets, shockingly normal guitar tunings and howling solos for a dusty, psychedelic Western effect. Almost-instrumental intro “Alone With The Alone,” inspired by Henry Corbin’s book about Iranian Sufism, acts as a bridge from the Persian-inspired last record while positioning Chasny’s nimble John Fahey-esque fingerpicking against his producer (and Fucking Champ) Tim Green’s squalling, epic solo. Then his duet with Magik Markers’ Elisa Ambrogio, “Strangled Road,” announces that *Shelter* is a delicate, accessible step forward for the songwriter. Reminiscent of the slow-burning acoustic tales of Bonnie ‘Prince’ Billy, with whom Chasny has toured, “Strangled Road” might be Six Organs’ most straightforward folk song

ever. Later, "Coming To Get You," the album's blistering centerpiece, manages to distill all the noodling guitars, Eastern-tinged repetition and grimy chug of Chasny's career into one seven-and-a-half minute track that unfurls like a dark, electrified lost Donovan song or the product of an acid-fried Dinosaur Jr. weekend in Morocco. **Rebecca Raber**

Link [www.sixorgans.com](http://www.sixorgans.com)  
 File Under *Mystic chords of memory*  
 RYIL *Castanets, Akron/Family, Brightblack Morning Light*

## Super Furry Animals

**Hey Venus!** ROUGH TRADE



Gleefully disjointed and stylistically diverse, Super Furry Animals' eighth studio album plays out like a tour across the radio dial. Forty-two-second opener "The Gateway Song" is notable not only for cheekily announcing the album's intentions ("It brings us up nicely to the harder stuff/And once you get hooked you can't get enough"), but also for ending with a falsetto burst reminiscent of Edgar Winter's "Free Ride." Then, as if the listener has switched stations from classic rock to oldies, "Run-Away," replete with its spoken-word intro, channels both Phil Spector's girl groups and the dramatically crooned weepies of Roy Orbison. Though it briefly dips into the Furrines' usual psychedelia, most of *Hey Venus* explores a much broader swath of rock history, touching on Motown vocal arrangements ("The Gift That Keeps Giving"), the orchestral pop of the Zombies ("Show Your Hand") and "Mother"-esque solo Lennon paeans ("Let The Wolves Howl At The Moon"). "Carbon Dating" perhaps best synthesizes the band's indiscriminate vintage pillaging, recalling, at once, Dream Academy's cover of "Please, Please, Please Let Me Get What I Want" and the doo-wop melodies of *Grease*'s "Beauty School Dropout." These Welshmen have been together for so long—11 years—that many of their contemporaries have disbanded. But efforts like this one prove that, by re-imagining rock's past, they still have quite a future ahead of them. **RR**

Link [www.superfurry.com](http://www.superfurry.com)  
 File Under *Golden oldies*  
 RYIL *Blur, Of Montreal, ELO*

## Tender Forever

**Wider** K



Melanie Valera, a Bordeaux native, collaborated with members of the K family to create this collection of ghostly lullabies that mingle amongst emotional dance-pop and happy electro-indie rock. Valera's voice bleats in harmony with Heather Treadway's on top of keyboards, wooden spoons, acoustic guitars and other varied instrumentation (all played by Valera), creating a rise and fall in emotional intensity throughout the record's flowing, orchestral background. Opener "Tiny Heart

And Clever Hand" is filled with howling keyboards and electronic drumbeats shaking in time with the sweet, stretching vocals. The danceable "In the Backyard" pulsates with quick electro beats with shakers twisting beneath the belting harmonies and fluttering keyboards. The vocals flood through the beeps and humming instruments, providing urgency to the lyrics. Songs mix up styles, like "Nicer If They Tried," a piano number with plucky chords accented by slight percussion and echoing vocals that hum and shine with a whispery luster. Valera sings about everything from love and children to wolves and hearts in the same fervent and hopeful style, which, while similar throughout the album, is engaging, truly tender and swarming with a colorful, raw warmth. **LP**

Link [www.myspace.com/tenderforever](http://www.myspace.com/tenderforever)  
 File Under *Romancer in the dark*  
 RYIL *Mirah, CocoRosie, the Unicorns*

## West Indian Girl

**4th & Wall** MILAN



West Indian Girl is sometimes categorized as modern psychedelic, and to support this claim, *4th & Wall* opens with the particularly spacey "To Die In L.A." The fact that singer Robert James is a vocal dead ringer for Perry Farrell, a space cadet if ever there was one, only adds weight to this stylistic assertion. However, psychedelia is just one side of this Southern California band's musical personalities. *4th & Wall* is the intersection of a fairly wide variety of other musical avenues. Oftentimes, the Polyphonic Spree's uncontainable optimism is an obvious influence. For example, "Sofia," with its ping pong-ing guitar echoes and faux strings, suggests one of the Spree's Up With People-like anthems. It even includes a beautiful wordless female countermelody halfway through, and a guitar outro that wouldn't sound out of place on an Allmar Brothers or Lynyrd Skynyrd ballad. "Solar Eyes" moves West Indian Girl from outdoor sunshine-pop to indoor disco nightlife. With its insistent bleep-y keyboard rhythms, this subdued party song comes off like a slightly less frantic Deee-Lite. Similarly, "Lost Children" steps to a steady 4/4 beat bolstered by handclapping percussion. Have your *Thomas Guide* handy, because *4th & Wall* is all over the map. **Dan McIntosh**

Link <http://www.westindiangirl.com/>  
 File Under *West-way to the world*  
 RYIL *The Polyphonic Spree, the Flaming Lips, Rain Parade*

## Emily Jane White

**Dark Undercoat** DOUBLE NEGATIVE



If Neko Case had moved to France instead of Canada, picked up a bit of jazz sophistication, dropped her stiffness and adopted some R&B soul, you'd pretty much have folkie San Francisco singer/

songwriter Emily Jane White. Her songs sway with the natural tendency of the Bay Area city's tidal shifts, as breezy, finger-plucked guitars complement her vibrant but spiritual voice. The breathy stories she tells develop cerebrally out in front of the simple guitar 'n' percussion and flutter with a sort of omnipotent essence, much the way that Otis Redding's earthy vocals do. In fact, the narrative tale on "Time On Your Side" is reminiscent of Redding's classic wistful moods. The fun, amiable song goes through a series of contemplations that give birth to a timeless transcendence. White shows a bit of dynamic vocal flair on "Bessie Smith," an obvious homage to Billie Holiday, but she really comes alive on "The Demon," a dark, brooding piano ballad drenched in mellifluous melancholy and grandeur. *Dark Undercoat* is an impressive and dark debut displaying powerful and stirring songwriting from a young woman musically mature beyond her age. **MK**

Link [www.emilyjanewhite.com](http://www.emilyjanewhite.com)  
 File Under *Bittersweet Jane*  
 RYIL *Cat Power, Neko Case, PJ Harvey*

## Wussy

**Left For Dead** SHAKE IT



The sweetly scruffy sounds of this Cincinnati band may flow from co-singer Chuck Cleaver's hangover as the leader of one of the most underrated bands of the early '90s indie rock groundswell, the Ass Ponys. His former band bridged the gap between late '80s college rock quirk-folk and '90s alt-country rock, yet sounded like neither. But those days seem comfortably behind him on this second and best Wussy album (hence the winking title, perhaps?). Cleaver has revived his dyed-in-the-mechanics jacket predilection for scrunchy hook-cum-southern Ohio sunset strumming with more focused songwriting and gal/guy vocal weaving. Where the Ass Ponys' melancholia was swaddled in unassuming frayed flannel, Wussy slowly unbuttons a sluggishly sexier surrender. And it isn't just the two purty gurls in Wussy that bring the mournful beauty of the melodies to the fore. Gorgeously rumpled ruminations like "Mayflies" and "Sun Giant Says Hey" are given their odd attraction as much by Cleaver's high warble as those pretty chords. And if for fleeting seconds *Left* makes one wonder if there is a radio program called *Alternative Adult Contemporary*, charming chuggers like "Melody Ranch," "Killer Trees" and "What's-His-Name" feel forthright in their determination to craft transcendence out of the doomed fate of anyone tagged simply "an indie-pop band" anymore. The lyrics dole out a reflective, slightly bitter, slightly surreal tone. Many may assume they were guided by voices, but that's been an Ohio rustic-pop standard since Scrawl's also-lost classics of college town desire, dashed dreams and draft beer.

**Eric Davidson**

Link [www.wussymusic.com](http://www.wussymusic.com)  
 File Under *Leave it to Cleaver*  
 RYIL *Rosebuds, Superchunk, Heartless Bastards*

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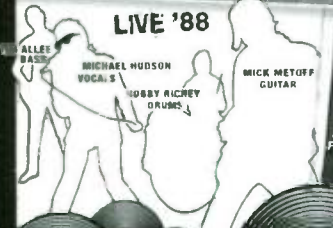
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# on the cd

Photo: Noah Kalina

**SIA** *Electric Bird* Monkey Puzzle Records 4:30

**OurStage Contest Winner:**

**MASON PROPER** *100 Years* Dovecote Records 3:56

**MANU CHAO** *Me Llamam Cabe* Nacional Records 3:14

**KY-MANI MARLEY** *The March Vol. 1* Music Group 4:10

**BLACK MOUNTAIN** *Tyrants* Jagjaguwar 8:02

**LAZY EYE** *Perfect* n/a 3:57

**FATHER BLOOPY** *Singer, Baby* Dippy 2:34

**YEASAYER** *Sunrise* We Are Free 4:07

**OurStage Contest Winner:**

**KASPAR HAUSER** *King Pop* Backward Masking Records 2:40

**JOSH O'CONNOR** *Don't Come Easy* Race Day Records 4:21

**TULIPOMANIA** *October* Sursumcorda 3:40

**Zig-Zag Contest Winner:**

**THREE DAY THRESHOLD** *Chicken Shack (Baby's Got my #)*  
Hi-N-Dry 2:31

**QUINN WALKER** *Plenty of Heart For Mud* Voodoo-Eros 5:39

**OurStage Contest Winner:**

**MOSES MAYES** *Tell Me* Dublum Records 4:20

**CMJ Soncbids Spotlight Winner:**

**ELI PAPERBOY REED AND THE TRUE LOVES** *Take My Love  
With You* Q Division Records 3:31

## KASPAR HAUSER

It's hard to focus on your music when you're touring the country with films and teaching cinema at the School Of The Art Institute Of Chicago. That's why it took a span of three years for Thomas Comeford to cull together the songs for Kaspar Hauser's *Quixotic/Taxidermy*. Well-versed in everything from classic pop to alt-country to hardcore, Comeford has crafted a set of gems that should satisfy lovers of rusty punks like the Silver Jews and Uncle Tupelo.

## MOSES MAYES

Moses Mayes is about as cool by association as it gets. *Second Ring*, their third full-length, is produced by Jamie Shields of jam-dance heroes the New Deal and features vocals by the likes of Sherry St. Germain. Not to mention their shared stage time with folks like Herbie Hancock and, oh, a guy named James Brown. But it's their music—funky, jazzy, chill and invigorating all at once—that puts them in a place all their own amongst contemporary fusion maestros.

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# Oh My God!

"THE ONLY THING I LIKE MORE THAN YOU GUYS IS WHALE MEAT!" . Norwegian screamer/songwriter Ida Maria bellowed to the crowd deep underground at the Knitting Factory in New York City. It had taken Ida Maria and her three-piece band exactly one song to win over the crowd, transforming the audience from I'm-too-cool-to-dance hipsters, to sweating, punk-crazed mosh-pitters.

Coming all the way to New York from a small fishing village in the north of Norway, Ida Maria is one of seven Norwegian bands who were invited to the CMJ music marathon in New York this October, adding their own exotic twist to the five-day rock fest. Norway might not be known for its music, but ever since acts like Royksopp and Annie kickstarted the music business in the tiny country up north about five years ago, the Norwegian music scene has been blossoming with a plethora of edgy new acts. Bands like Datarock

“ it's strange when people compare me with Iggy Pop. I mean, I'm just a little girl ”  
- Ida Maria

and DJs like Lindström and Prins Thomas are all becoming established artists in the U.S., proving that good things can come from small countries.

This year, seven Norwegian bands, up from three last year, spanned the whole spectrum, from melodic krautpop (Monomen), rickety rock from a run down garage (Bonk), shoe-gazing rock (Syme), the youthful sound of junior high (Ungdomskulen), sexy electro-disco (Datarock), and Duran Duranesque pop (New Violators). Thanks to sites like MySpace, these bands have music available to American fans.

Back at the Knitting Factory, the crowd was stunned with the raw sounds of Ida Maria, her hoarse, punk-rocky voice sounding like a

burlesque mix of Iggy Pop and Janis Joplin, as Ida Maria jumped the drums, slamming the cymbals with her Stratocaster, tipping over everything in sight, finally ending up on the floor yelling into the microphone.

"I think it's strange when people compare me with Iggy Pop, I mean, I'm just a little girl," said the 22 year-old Ida Maria, who is the front-woman and songwriter of her self-titled backing band. "Still, I take it as a great compliment, of course. Iggy Pop is one of my great musical idols, along with Wilco, Led Zeppelin, Bob Dylan, the Strokes, Interpol.. Our inspiration is more from the past, you know, the Rock Gods."

But as noisy and punk rock as their live show is, it still has enough pop in it to be incredibly catchy, and the audience responded by

dancing their socks off in an impromptu mosh pit.

"I was completely overwhelmed with the response we got in New York and at the Knitting Factory, I really was. I had never been to the U.S. before, and I had never been to such a big city, and still, people were singing along to our songs, and dancing and jumping around, it was crazy."

The band is barely a year old, but has developed a cult following in Scandinavia and Britain, spending time touring, and is

booked at festivals throughout Europe until next fall. Still,

a U.S. breakthrough is the goal, and the band will

return to the States for more performances next

year, while releasing singles throughout spring

and a full album early next summer. Her newest single, "Oh

My God" is currently on heavy rotation on Scandinavian radio

and music TV. **MEN** ★

Ida Maria is online at [www.waterfall.no](http://www.waterfall.no)



MONOMEN  
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DATAROCK  
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UNGDOMSKULEN  
[www.ungdomskulen.com](http://www.ungdomskulen.com)



BONK  
[www.bonk.no](http://www.bonk.no)

## Battles

**Tonto+** WARP

Unfortunately, ambient technocrat the Field's rendition of *Mirrored*'s finest mini-opus leaves you thirsting to uncover the origins of his own album's samples more than it satisfyingly splices its subject. Four Tet, however, is more reverential for the already complex structure of "Tonto," giving it a sci-fi movie theme spin. Sped-up live versions of the title track and "Leyendecker" elevate this EP's value. But it's the long-overdue injection of an MC into the group's mix, via a DJ EMZ/Joell Ortiz remix of "Leyendecker," that earns it repeated spins. **Kenny Herzog**

## Cheyenne

**The Whale** SELF-RELEASED

This Brooklyn (by way of Oklahoma) outfit scores a straight up goose-egg in the originality department. Shades of A.M.-era Wilco, Tom Petty circa *Full Moon Fever* and an obvious debt to David Bazan smear together on the canvas to give Cheyenne its canonical alt-country sound. Do we care? Not really. Their sophomore LP is everything you'd expect from a band that knows they are the sum of their influences: well-constructed, assured and familiar.

**Kevin Kampwirth**

## The Cynics

**Here We Are** GET HIP

Longtime neo-garage greats return for their first since 2002's "comeback," *Living Is The Best Revenge*. That was their best since the classic scorcher, *Rock 'N' Roll*, but this one sounds more like a latter-day comeback, as it opens and sticks with some of the most melodic and psychedelicious sounds this Pittsburgh band has ever come up with. If singer Michael Kastelic's scream has lost a little bite, his voice is more tuneful than ever. **Eric Davidson**

## Deep Dark Woods

**Hang Me, Oh Hang Me**

BLACK HEN MUSIC

Writhing with the sentimental triumph of a hero's long and weary journey home, Deep Dark



Lightspeed Champion

Woods have tapped into a vein of early electric folk music and roots-rock, and in doing so have captured the spirit of the mythic American landscape. From the High Sierras looking down on the Great Plains and up to the Appalachians, this jovial band embodies the scenic transitions passing by, and provides the soundtrack to a road trip through a cross-section of North America. **Matt Kiser**

## Dust Galaxy

**Dust Galaxy** ESL

Rob Garza, one half of electronic duo Thievery Corporation, returns with this psychedelic solo effort that is faster paced and tumbles out in more musical direc-

tions than his earlier efforts. Inspired by travels through the Sudan, adding bits of British and Indian influences too, and collaborating with a diverse group of supporting musicians all makes the record equally poppy and trippy as Garza takes a turn on both sides of the microphone. **Emily Youssef**

## House & Parish

**One, One - Thousand** ARENA ROCK

Featuring former members of the Promise Ring and Texas Is The Reason, Brooklyn-based House & Parish make their debut with this EP. "Pristine Fields" jumpstarts the disc with a combination of Oasis and the Doves, while dream pop, shoegaze and indie

rock all rear their tuneful heads later. Although it's all over in 25 familiar minutes, *One, One - Thousand* builds a strong foundation for the group's upcoming full-length.

**Andrew Leahey**

## The Kim Philbys

**Whir Whir Whir** EVANGELINE

The deceptively charming Kim Philbys may have learned a thing or two from the shady British spy who gives the band its name. At first listen, *Whir Whir Whir* conjures the Ben Folds Five canon of late-'90s college rock. Sneaking up from behind, though, are frontman Dominic East's sharp lyrics, backed by edgy synth, blurry feedback and clambering drums.



At times rambling and clattering, at times slow and raw, give *Whir Whir Whir* a second listen—it'll infiltrate your playlist. **E.M. Gallagher**

## LCD Soundsystem

45:33 DFA

When James Murphy created a Nike-sponsored, iTunes-only workout playlist last year, he surprised with some of the finest (largely) instrumental disco-funk of his already unimpeachable career on what could have been a tossed-off commercial. Now available for the first time on CD and vinyl, the 45-minute "track" is collected with three UK B-sides, including "Hippie Priest Bum Out," a collection of tribal, island and Latin dance rhythms that's as awesomely shaggy as its weirdo title suggests. **Rebecca Raber**

## Le Concorde

Suite LE GRAND MAGISTERY

What do multi-instrumentalist Ph.D.s do with themselves if they wind up divorced, disillusioned and depressed about their jobs? Stephen Becker (of Chicago indie poppers Post Office) first settled on the twee French moniker Le Concorde, under which he recorded 2004's *Universe And Villa*. Two years later, Becker became pals with his musical hero, producer David Gamson (Scritti Politti). Together they crafted the six pretty, rosy-cheeked indie pop songs that comprise the *Suite* EP. Ditching the academe for the recording studio never sounded so guiltless. **Sharon Steel**

## Lightspeed Champion

Falling Off The Lavender Bridge DOMINO

Dev Hynes, the goofy-looking oddball known publicly as Lightspeed Champion, must've spent a great deal of his youth listening to *Pet Sounds*. His melodies are spot-on and are even richer when he doubles them up with sweet but light harmonies. And it doesn't hurt that he's singing love songs either. Hynes definitely has a knack for dynamic pop music with innocent lyrics and earthy acoustic

arrangements that are precious in every sense of the word. **MK**

## MGR

Wavering On The Cresting Heft CONSPIRACY

With his side project Mustard Gas And Roses (MGR, for short), Isis guitarist Mike Gallagher concentrates on perfecting the serene sonic rolls that complement the crashing-waves crux of his main band's epic, oceanic metal. *Wavering* floats somewhere between Kronos and Krokus on the musical Richter scale. And while shorter and heavier than MGR's previous work, it's a no less fluid, intriguing display of Gallagher's mastery of ambient drone music. **Ron Hart**

## Monster Magnet

4-Way Diablo SPV

Monster Magnet ought to just cut their hair and say, "Yeah, retro stoner rock hasn't been en vogue since,

well, never really." The New Jersey hard rock band may have risen again with this slab of progressive shredding-cum-grunge sludge, but they've lost a step in their near-20-year career. The allure of a reconstituted 1970s Deep Purple with the faux menace of Alice Cooper isn't all that intriguing in 2007. Been there, done that...30 years ago. **MK**

## The Secret Handshake

One Full Year TRIPLE CROWN

Luis Dubuc, the man behind the Secret Handshake, flawlessly nails pitch-perfect mall alt-pop. One spin easily conjures images of suburban puppy love, cool kids skateboarding and pretty girls gossiping. While the album is destined to become the soundtrack to reality television shows and Hot Topic shopping, Dubuc shouldn't be easily dismissed. He's previously drummed in a metal band and has enlisted Spank Rock, P.O.S, the

Toxic Avenger and Dillinger Escape Plan to remix separate versions of *One* tunes "Summer Of '98" and "Too Young" for a concurrent EP. **EY**

## Something For Rockets

One Track Mind ORIGINAL SIGNAL

Carefully avoiding clichés and finessing a thin line between cheesy and classic, this West Coast three-piece manages to create an electro-fused dance album that can facilitate crying and booty-shaking equally. *One Track Mind* contains just the right amount of bleeps and bloops to keep the songs from becoming too repetitive, instead honing in on head-stuck hooks.

**Rachael Darmanin**

## Tokyo Police Club

"Smith" EP PAPER BAG

Sure, this is the second EP these young Canadian jitter-poppers have released without unveiling a full-length. And yes, it's substantially shorter than their already lean debut. But these three new tracks (and one remix) represent a mature step forward, as proven by the startlingly spare piano ballad "A Lesson In Crime." And as a reward for your patience, this collection includes three videos for tracks off last year's effort, so you can watch TPC play their old hits while you wait for new ones. **RR**

## Various Artists

Kitsune Maison 4 KITSUNE

This French label continues to reinforce its indie cred as one of the best rump-shaking European imports around with another in the *Kitsune Maison* series. The fourth installment deviates little from the others, boasting remixes of heavy-hitters like Feist, the flamboyant pop of Dragonette and a demo track from funksters Crystal Castles. Hence *Kitsune* holds its ground as the sexy, young and ever-trendy dance party's poison of choice.

**Lisa Hresko**



World Radio History

## Vashti Bunyan

**Some Things Just Stick In Your Mind: Singles And Demos 1964-1967** DICRISTINA



She gained widespread fame as an influential folk singer with 2005's *Lookaftering*, but 40 years before Vashti Bunyan was being hailed by contemporary indie big

shots, she was cutting her teeth in the music industry by recording sensational yet unsuccessful pop tracks for Decca and Columbia. While unreleased cuts like "Coldest Night Of The Year" exude 1960s London, the title track, a lovely 1965 pop tune penned by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards, was Bunyan's first single—and a commercial flop. The second disc is a made up of songs salvaged from the original acetates of Bunyan's first demo, written and recorded in 1964 when she was just 18 and had borrowed a small amount of cash to record in a London studio. This unadulterated session is Bunyan at her rawest, her natural voice accompanied only by light guitar strumming, preceded by short, spoken-word introductions. It's too bad that, ultimately disenchanted with the recording industry, she disappeared into obscurity for more than 30 years. **Lisa Hresko**

## N.W.A.

**Straight Outta Compton 20th Anniversary Edition** CAPITOL-PRIORITY



The official canonization of hip-hop is on its way when albums like *Straight Outta Compton* are suddenly getting the reissue treatment. And to put the 20 years

since the landmark LP in perspective, it helped precipitate an incredible cultural empowerment, which also led to notorious incidents of strife and street revolt, which in turn led to more inspired music from the streets of not just Compton, but the Dirty South, the Midwest—and in what turned out to be a tragic symbiosis—Brooklyn. It also created a multi-million-dollar industry that made a lot of white men rich and soccer moms scared for their children. And with good reason. The noted classics—the title track, "Fuck Tha Police," "Express Yourself"—are still riveting social commentary and shockingly direct, but maintain their danceability and ear for an old-school groove. The bonus material, however, is depressingly, utterly negligible. Vinyl and liner notes junkies will likely be the only ones desperately seeking this out. **Kenny Herzog**

## U2

**The Joshua Tree The Deluxe Edition** ISLAND



Aside from Bruce Springsteen and a handful of others, no band or artist better defined the transcendent populism of the post-Beatles/pre-digital-music era than

U2. The astounding completeness of *Joshua Tree* is illuminated by the 14 mostly stellar leftovers (much like Bruce's mid-career work was put in new perspective by *Tracks*), a few of which—"The Sweetest Thing," "Spanish Eyes"—will likely sound familiar. The remastering is both random (most songs clock in a bit shorter or longer than their originals) and audibly imperative. The production of Brian Eno and Daniel Lanois—which magically merged that pair's trademark ambient soundscapes with U2's burgeoning Americana fixation—bounces and shimmers even more rapturously from speaker to speaker. But the highlight might be the DVD, which features videos, a documentary and a fantastically shot live set from Paris on July 4, 1987; a set that concludes with a heart-shattering rendition of "With Or Without You" that will make it difficult to ever settle for the comparatively pedestrian studio version—regardless of masterful remastering. **KH**

## The Weirdos

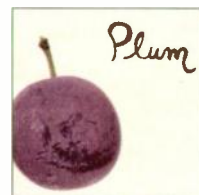
**Destroy All Music** BOMP



One could argue that there are few L.A. bands—whose members were *all* born and raised in L.A.—who are genuinely intrinsic to the development of rock 'n' roll. That argument usually sputters at the Weirdos. Like many of the first-generation L.A. punk groups, the Weirdos never released a proper full-length in their heyday, so their impact came in time through obsessives' rapt word of mouth and sporadic reissues and bootlegs. Bomp has finally done the good deed of compiling the band's first 1977 single, 1979 mini-LP and '77 demos. The influence of "L.A.'s first punk band" continues to slice through speakers that play the latest, nastiest buzz-punk bands (check Jay Reatard or Mannequin Men records again after spinning this one). "Destroy All Music" is fiercely cutting for such an early punk artifact, while "A Life Of Crime," with its marauding riff, still stands as one of the genre's most imposing stomps—though lyrically they always erred on the side of apocalyptic hilarity. **Eric Davidson**

## Various Artists

**Plum** THRILL JOCKEY



It's hard to believe that Thrill Jockey is only 15 years old. The seminal Chicago (by way of New York) indie label has brought us so many influential bands

(can you imagine the musical world without post-rock luminaries like the Sea And Cake or Tortoise?) that it seems to have been around forever. To celebrate their crystal anniversary, the label is releasing a limited-edition, 7-inch box set featuring its artists covering each other. The Sea And Cake, for example, contribute a shuffling version of Califone's "Spider's House," which, though it is fairly faithful to the original, is softened by Sam Prekop's buttery voice. And Califone, in turn, offers a restrained take on Freakwater's twangy "Jewel." Freakwater covers the Zincs, who cover Giant Sand, and so on and so forth. And lest you think this is an exercise in nostalgia, David Byrne even reinterprets the newest Fiery Furnaces single, "Ex-Guru." Think of it as Thrill Jockey on Thrill Jockey, and it's the perfect way to mark a well-earned milestone. **Rebecca Raber**

## Various Artists

**Well Deep: 10 Years Of Big Dada** BIG DADA



When Will Ashon founded the Ninja Tune imprint Big Dada in London in 1997, scientists had just cloned Dolly the sheep and Clinton

(Bill, that is) was still in office. That was only a decade ago, but it feels like forever. The music landscape has changed drastically since then, and these artists (from both sides of the pond) have helped bridge the gap. Roots Manuva struck out into the world with "Movement" in 1999 and the apocalyptic Infesticons blared their "Night Night Theme" in 2001. Company Flow's Bigg Jus declared himself "King Spitter" three years later and by the time 2006 rolled around Spank Rock were oh-so chivalrous with "Sweet Talk." The accompanying DVD includes Big Dada's entire catalog of promo videos, a 30-minute documentary of the label's history and a mix by System D-128. The easiest thing to forget about this comp, but the most impressive, is that the artists present were making these songs when everyone else was still "In Da Club" or "Crazy In Love." **Emily Youssef**

Punk 365 *By Holly George-Warren* (HNA)

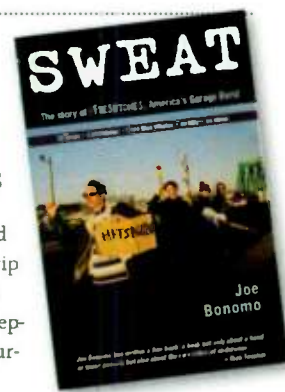
This is the latest in a series of 365 coffee table tomes that have heretofore covered topics like penguins and gardens. (We'll ignore the fact that punk has become another Barnes & Noble impulse buy.) Aside from the still-exciting stuff like Roberta Bayley's heroic Ramones pics, loads of '70s NYC scene shots and probably too much Sex Pistols (what's new?), the editor made some wise moves while trying to represent punk from 1966-'96. Cleveland is mentioned before L.A. (finally!). Situating the Bangles and R.E.M. right after Wire makes sense, as the stark, all black-and-white format has a way of mitigating old arguments. Frustratingly, Hüsker Dü is ignored again; it seems even the historians don't look kindly on schlubby dudes, no matter how important. So what's to explain the lack of the most cool-looking, first-era punk band of all, Crime? There are just as many head-scratching inclusions (Cortinas, Tourists and... Musical Youth?)—but that's half the fun of books like this. After all, one man's Cortinas is another man's Crime. While Richard Hell's foreword is self-effacingly poignant, the succinct photo captions could've used a little more location citing—though given the inebriated state of the genre, perhaps the photogs forgot. **Eric Davidson**



Sweat: The Story Of The Fleshtones, America's Garage Band

*By Joe Bonomo* (CONTINUUM)

The story of the Fleshtones is a *Behind The Music*-worthy tale of hard-earned fans and well-deserved debauchery, but lacks one essential element: hits. Despite three decades of dedication, the Fleshtones have yet to produce a wildly popular record that could propel them past the dead-end intersection of fame, infamy and obscurity. And yet the Queens-bred bandmates soldier on, refusing to retreat and amassing a growing number of rabid superfans (author Joe Bonomo included) in the process. Clocking in at an impressive 400 pages, Bonomo's book chronicles the band's career with fluid narratives, interviews, pictures, setlists, discographies and meticulous detail. It's a story for music-makers and music-lovers alike, with Bonomo finding universal appeal in one small band's trip from the New York City suburbs to a near-permanent residency on the road. It doesn't matter if readers don't know the Fleshtones from the Monotones, as the author's adoring approach, which manages to be at once casual and encyclopedic, will convert most skeptics. And even if it doesn't, *Sweat* is about much more than a hard-working band that never quite broke even; it champions the enduring spirit of rock 'n' roll, and the lengths to which musicians and fans will travel to keep that spirit flamed. **Andrew Leahy**



Negativland—Our Favorite Things (OTHER CINEMA)



Audiosocial media satirists and fervent neo-hippie line-steppers Negativland found what they were looking for in their early '90s lampooning of U2, as a result of the latter's legal annihilation of the Bay Area performance artists. It was

their career-defining moment, partly because someone was finally paying attention. Spanning close to 30 years of shaking up the status quo, *Our Favorite Things* (made in collaboration with a group of video artists) presents videos of the group's most effective sound collages, like

"The Mashin' Of The Christ (Christianity Is Stupid)." The real problem here is that Negativland's material is all fairly old, broad and impersonal in its presentation of its subject matter, and visual representations wear those issues poorly for 2007, particularly through abuse of commercial-grade computer animation married to lethargically blunt subversion. Nowadays there's so much crosstalk, not to mention threats of the Patriot Act, that it's tough to imagine art on this level existing at all, but if it did, it would be wise to be a little less proud of itself. Oh, the DVD also comes with a full-length CD of Negativland covers by the 180 o'Gs, in case you didn't feel like a big enough nerd considering this purchase. **Doug Mosurock**

Two-Lane Blacktop (CRITERION COLLECTION)



This muted masterpiece has, since its fumbled 1971 release, gained an overrated rep. After all, post-'60s hangover genre revisions weren't exactly at a premium in the heyday of early '70s "new Hollywood." Coppola rethink the gangster movie; Scorsese the noir; and here Monte Hellman repositions the '50s hot-rod picture, which would be re-mythologized all over again with *American Graffiti* two years later. Then *Star Wars* hit, and it was goodbye to thoughtfully quiet teen movies. Hence *Blacktop* has absorbed a lot of wistful praise. But it's almost too subdued. The story is basically boy-loses-girl, and the music—no doubt perfectly iconic at the time—now comes across as standard '70s flick folk. Nonetheless, the great Warren Oates as the aging American white male vs. James Taylor's Me Decade mirror makes for heaving metaphor. And the bare-bones symbolism of America reaching an end and having to turn back and face the detritus of its open-road ethos is deeply moving. As usual, Criterion adds loads of informative extras, including a detailed 2007 talk with Hellman and some creepy screen tests. **Eric Davidson**

dvd reviews

THE KITSCH KORNER

Midnight Movies—From The Margin To The Mainstream

(STARZ)



Very much stylistically influenced by *Inside Deep Throat*, this like-minded doc mines the history of the midnight movie phenomenon from Alejandro Jodorowsky's *El Topo* to David Lynch's *Eros*.

head. The formula's a bit mundanely neat. Spend 20 minutes a piece on the aforementioned cult classics, as well as *Night Of The Living Dead*, *Pink Flamingos*, *The Harder They Come*, and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, and hope interviews with all the prime players will suffice. And for the most part, it works. Who wouldn't pay a pretty penny to sit at a roundtable with Lynch, John Waters and George Romero and hear them dissect their pinnacles of subcultural film-making? The problem is that audiences who lack a strong interest in certain films might lose interest for whole segments, and the underlying back story of midnight movies as mirror to the subversive '70s isn't interwoven consistently enough. But the footage of a young Waters looking like, as he calls it, a "hippie pimp" on the set of *Flamingos*? Priceless. **Kenay Herzog**

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# After These Messages...

LIFTING THE CURTAIN ON THE YEAR'S MOST CURIOUS MUSICIAN-ADVERTISER PAIRINGS

STORY BY KEVIN KAMPWIRTH

IN OUR LITTLE corner of the world, 2007 will be looked back upon fondly for a number of reasons (see: the rest of this issue). But amidst the fervor that year-end list-making dictates, we've also stepped back and taken a look at how this music we spend so much time with continues to permeate the so-called mainstream; to witness another round of bands straddling that ever-thickening line between indie cred and unabashed commercialism. And while you'd be hard pressed these days to flip on the TV without hearing your favorite band soundtracking spots for Sears during *Monday Night Football*, we're not here to hate. So, in *CMJ's* second annual installment of "After These Messages," we recall a few of the advert-indie crossovers that stood out this past year. Better living through television? Damn straight.



**THE COMMERCIAL:** Volkswagen

**THE SONG:** Several from Wilco's *Sky Blue Sky*

**THE STORY:** Much-a-do was made about these ads by Wilco fans who—for whatever reason—consider poverty *de rigeur*. But the spots, which feature some quixotic bond between an individual and their VW, are actually quite well done and have proven to be an ideal marriage. "Wilco has an independent spirit, like Volkswagen, and the songs on this album, more than their last couple, are very warm and positive," says Bill Meadows, the executive music producer at Crispin Porter + Bogusky, the agency that created the campaign. The band has licensed up to six songs from their new LP for use. "We feel okay about VWs. Several of us even drive them," read a statement on Wilco's website when the story broke. Need they say more?



**THE COMMERCIAL:** Ford Trucks, Wal-Mart

**THE SONG:** Band Of Horses—"Is There A Ghost"

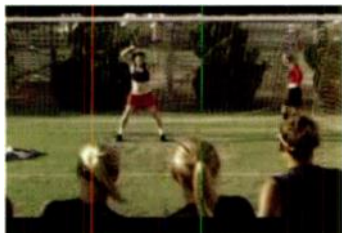
**THE STORY:** The Ben Bridwell-led trio pulled off the Peter Bjorn And John-esque feat of licensing songs to not one, but two multinationals—Wal-Mart for its new website and Ford for a TV spot—in the course of one calendar year. No stranger to having their songs appear regularly in pop culture (from *One Tree Hill* to the *NHL 2K7* video game), Bridwell and Co. have taken the requisite bashing from snooty purists in stride. "My personal stance is that once that music is recorded and released to the world then I can't really care where it goes," Bridwell said in a statement earlier this fall. "It also beats the hell out of stealing batteries from Wal-Mart to sell them back for eight bucks." Explaining why he chose Ford, Bridwell cribbed a page from the book of Tweedy, affirming that he drives a 1986 Ford F-150 and that he might "get the A/C fixed with the cash they kicked down."



**THE COMMERCIAL:** RadioShack

**THE SONG:** Malajube—"Montreal -40°C"

**THE STORY:** In looking to head off sinking revenues and a rather lethargic display of ad creativity (Shaquille O'Neal's RadioShack campaign, anyone?), the established electronics depot decided to go young. The commercial details 30 seconds in the life of a dorm-dwelling collegian as he utilizes several RadioShack-available devices while Malajube's "Montreal -40°C" propels the scene. "[The song] gives the RadioShack brand some contemporary feeling," says Adam Kiryk, art director of the Boston-based ad agency Arnold, which conceptualized the spot. "The fact that Malajube isn't widely known only helps. Our character is someone who searches out contemporary music." Kiryk and his team looked extensively for the right fit, settling on "-40°C" because it's "upbeat, energetic and happy... but it also feels a little edgy, like something a cool college kid would listen to." Yeah, what he said.



**THE COMMERCIAL:** Nike Women's Soccer

**THE SONG:** Man Man—"10 lb. Mustache"

**THE STORY:** The US Women's Soccer Team is still struggling to move past the image of Brandi Chastain's skin-tastic celebration. In this Nike spot, created by the global agency Wieden + Kennedy, *The Office's* Rainn Wilson—decked out in sports bra and all—hams it up as a hapless know-it-all while the new team watches, puzzled, as Man Man's quirky xylophone fills the scene. "Music is often what really makes the spot," says Dylan Lee, copywriter for the ad. "Here, it needed to help set the tone, but not get in the way of the message... a 'something's not quite right in a fun way' feel." As for schilling for Nike, the band sees only positives. "Bob Dylan or David Bowie gets paid by doing commercials, Man Man gets exposure," says frontman Honus Honus. "I'm not buying a yacht. Maybe a small canoe. Maybe Nike will hit us up again and then I can buy another canoe. We got free sneakers too."



**THE COMMERCIAL:** Nissan Rogue

**THE SONG:** The Clash—"Pressure Drop"

**THE STORY:** In Nissan's ad for their new Rogue, the SUV alters and defies gravity as it winds through city streets. Ad agency TBWA\Chiat\Day, who were commissioned to handle the spot, "needed something that was going to play off these dramatic visuals," says TBWA Executive Creative Director Rob Schwartz. And, he adds, "'Pressure Drop' is one of those great, infectious songs." Needless to say, Clash manager Tricia Ronane, who doubles as bassist Paul Simonon's wife, doesn't license out the punk legends' integrity on a whim. "Having considered the product and story board for the commercial and deemed it to be inoffensive, the decision was made to grant the license," she says. Mostly though, she wanted to ensure that the song's original composers, Toots And The Maytals, would "benefit from their proportion of the license fee, which is equal to that of the Clash."

# Top 200

PERIOD ENDING 12/4/2007  
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 417

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

TW	LW	ZW	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	2	2	1	7	<b>RADIOHEAD</b> In Rainbows <b>#1 RADIO SELECT</b>	Self-Released
2	1	1	1	8	<b>BAND OF HORSES</b> Cease To Begin	Sub Pop
3	6	3	3	4	<b>GRIZZLY BEAR</b> Friend [EP]	Warp
4	8	10	4	5	<b>I'M NOT THERE</b> Soundtrack <b>#1 TRIPLE A</b>	Columbia-Sony
5	11	14	5	4	<b>HIVES</b> Black And White Album	Interscope
6	5	7	5	7	<b>WEEN</b> La Cucaracha	Rounder
7	3	4	1	10	<b>IRON AND WINE</b> The Shepherd's Dog	Sub Pop
8	9	12	8	4	<b>SIGUR ROS</b> Hvarf-Heim	XL
9	4	5	4	10	<b>KEVIN DREW</b> Spirit If...	Arts And Crafts
10	12	17	10	6	<b>MOST SERENE REPUBLIC</b> Population	Arts And Crafts
11	13	16	11	5	<b>SAY ANYTHING</b> In Defense Of The Genre	J
12	15	8	5	9	<b>JENS LEKMAN</b> Night Falls Over Kortedala	Secretly Canadian
13	26	-	13	2	<b>BONNIE PRINCE BILLY</b> Ask Forgiveness	Drag City
14	10	6	2	13	<b>STARS</b> In Our Bedroom After The War	Arts And Crafts
15	22	19	11	7	<b>BEIRUT</b> The Flying Club Cup	Ba Da Bing
16	17	18	16	6	<b>SATURDAY LOOKS GOOD TO ME</b> Fill Up The Room	K
17	14	11	8	7	<b>OCTOPUS PROJECT</b> Hello, Avalanche	Peek-A-Boo
18	21	35	18	7	<b>ENON</b> Grass Geysers... Carbon Clouds	Touch And Go
19	27	38	19	5	<b>OWLS</b> Daughters And Sons	Magic Marker
20	7	15	7	6	<b>MARITIME</b> Heresy And The Hotel Choir	Flameshovel
21	28	39	21	5	<b>WHITE RABBITS</b> Fort Nightly	Say Hey
22	16	21	16	6	<b>NEIL YOUNG</b> Chrome Dreams II	Reprise
23	37	25	23	6	<b>COHEED AND CAMBRIA</b> Good Apollo...	Columbia
24	25	26	20	7	<b>JIMMY EAT WORLD</b> Chase This Light	Interscope
25	31	22	15	8	<b>FIERY FURNACES</b> Widow City	Thrill Jockey
26	19	24	19	6	<b>BLACK DICE</b> Load Blown	Paw Tracks
27	23	32	23	4	<b>A PLACE TO BURY STRANGERS</b> A Place ...	Killer Pimp
28	33	50	28	6	<b>BABYSHAMBLES</b> Shotter's Nation	Parlophone
29	34	28	28	4	<b>TOKYO POLICE CLUB</b> Smith [EP]	Paper Bag
30	38	40	30	5	<b>BUCK 65</b> Situation <b>#1 HIP-HOP</b>	Strange Famous
31	39	37	31	5	<b>THRICE</b> The Alchemy Index, Vol. 1 And 2	Vagrant
32	18	27	2	11	<b>JOSE GONZALEZ</b> In Our Nature	Mute
33	24	13	7	7	<b>SUNSET RUBDOWN</b> Random Spirit Lover	Jagjaguwar
34	41	33	33	5	<b>THURSDAY</b> Kill The House Lights	Victory
35	36	34	18	12	<b>SHARON JONES AND THE DAP KINGS</b> 100 Days...	Daptone
36	48	48	36	4	<b>SIX ORGANS OF ADMITTANCE</b> Shelter From The Ash	Drag City
37	45	36	36	5	<b>TULLYCRAFT</b> Every Scene Needs A Center	Magic Marker
38	42	74	38	3	<b>COCONUT RECORDS</b> Nighttiming	Young Baby
39	56	-	39	2	<b>WIRE</b> Read And Burn 03	Pink Flag
40	74	-	40	2	<b>NOFX</b> They've Actually Gotten Worse Live	Fat Wreck Chords
41	29	29	25	8	<b>PJ HARVEY</b> White Chalk	Island
42	40	56	40	4	<b>EMILY JANE WHITE</b> Dark Undercoat	Double Negative
43	32	23	1	12	<b>ANIMAL COLLECTIVE</b> Strawberry Jam	Domino
44	30	41	30	6	<b>PREFUSE 73</b> Preparations	Warp
45	49	46	45	7	<b>SPILL CANVAS</b> No Really, I'm Fine	Warner Bros.
46	35	20	13	8	<b>MGMT</b> Oracular Spectacular	Columbia
47	20	9	9	9	<b>MOTION CITY SOUNDTRACK</b> Even If It Kills Me	Epitaph
48	47	42	13	12	<b>DEVENDRA BANHART</b> Smokey Rolls Down Thunder Canyon	XL
49	123	-	49	2	<b>CARS AND TRAINS</b> Rusty String <b>TOP MOVER</b> Circle Into Square	Circle Into Square
50	83	113	50	3	<b>ALOHA</b> Light Works	Polyvinyl

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# Radio Select Albums

PERIOD ENDING 12/2/2007  
WWW.CMJ.COM/MEDIAGUIDE

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TW	LW	ZW	PK	WKS	SPINS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	2	2	1	8	342	<b>RADIOHEAD</b> In Rainbows	Self-Released
2	3	1	1	14	333	<b>IRON AND WINE</b> The Shepherd's Dog	Sub Pop
3	6	5	3	8	303	<b>BAND OF HORSES</b> Cease To Begin	Sub Pop
4	4	3	3	5	291	<b>I'M NOT THERE</b> Soundtrack	Columbia-Sony
5	12	11	5	12	275	<b>SHARON JONES AND...</b> 100 Days ...	Daptone
6	7	6	2	20	233	<b>RILO KILEY</b> Under The Blacklight	Warner Bros.
7	5	4	4	10	223	<b>ROBERT PLANT AND ALISON KRAUSS</b> Raising...	Rounder
7	8	7	1	27	223	<b>SPOON</b> Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga	Merge
9	19	9	2	34	209	<b>FEIST</b> The Reminder	Cherry Tree-Interscope
10	10	22	10	9	188	<b>HIVES</b> Black And White Album	Interscope
11	1	8	1	16	183	<b>M.I.A.</b> Kala	Interscope
12	11	12	11	11	177	<b>JOSE GONZALEZ</b> In Our Nature	Mute
13	26	28	13	9	176	<b>EDDIE VEDDER</b> Into The Wild	RCA
14	18	17	10	15	175	<b>FOO FIGHTERS</b> Echoes, Silence, Patience And Grace	RCA
15	13	13	12	8	174	<b>JENS LEKMAN</b> Night Falls...	Secretly Canadian
15	22	14	1	31	174	<b>WHITE STRIPES</b> Icky Thump	Warner Bros.
17	17	10	5	10	168	<b>BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN</b> Magic	Columbia
18	38	24	18	10	162	<b>DEVENDRA BANHART</b> Smokey Rolls...	XL
19	14	18	6	13	160	<b>STEVE EARLE</b> Washington Square Serenade	New West
20	9	16	9	4	156	<b>SAY ANYTHING</b> In Defense Of The Genre	J

Important: In order for your music to be eligible for appearance on CMJ RADIO SELECT ALBUMS, you must service Mediaguide with all albums, EPs and singles (including remizes and edits). Please visit the "Submit Music" tab of www.musicmonitor.com or www.cmj.com/airplaymanager and follow the instructions for submission.

# Top 20 Of 2007

Rank	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	23	<b>SHINS</b> Wincing The Night Away	Sub Pop
2	1	25	<b>ARCADE FIRE</b> Neon Bible	Merge
3	1	23	<b>SPOON</b> Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga	Merge
4	1	28	<b>MODEST MOUSE</b> We Were Dead Before The Ship Even Sank	Epic
5	2	23	<b>OF MONTREAL</b> Hissing Fauna, Are You The Destroyer?	Polyvinyl
6	2	23	<b>LCD SOUNDSYSTEM</b> Sound Of Silver	Capitol
7	1	23	<b>WILCO</b> Sky Blue Sky	Nonesuch
8	1	22	<b>WHITE STRIPES</b> Icky Thump	Warner Bros.
9	3	18	<b>APPLES IN STEREO</b> New Magnetic Wonder	Yep Roc
10	2	19	<b>BLOC PARTY</b> A Weekend In The City	Vice
11	3	16	<b>DEERHOOF</b> Friend Opportunity	Kill Rock Stars
12	1	10	<b>IRON AND WINE</b> The Shepherd's Dog	SUB POP
13	4	23	<b>PETER BJORN AND JOHN</b> Writer's Block	Almost Gold
14	3	25	<b>FEIST</b> The Reminder	Interscope-Cherry Tree
15	1	16	<b>INTERPOL</b> Our Love To Admire	Capitol
16	1	18	<b>TEGAN AND SARA</b> The Con	Sire
17	2	21	<b>BRIGHT EYES</b> Cassadaga	Saddle Creek
18	3	16	<b>TED LEO AND THE PHARMACISTS</b> Living With The Living	Touch And Go
19	1	15	<b>RILO KILEY</b> Under The Blacklight	Warner Bros.
20	2	15	<b>CARIBOU</b> Andorra	Merge

Chart information is based on combined airplay reports from CMJ's panel of college, commercial and non-commercial radio stations. (c) 2007 The CMJ Network, 151 W. 25th St., 12th Floor, New York, NY 10001. www.cmj.com/nmr

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