

CMJ

NEW MUSIC
MONTHLY

BEST NEW MUSIC

tindersticks
boo radleys
dance hall crashers
dirty three
mercury rev

**flaming
lips**

buffalo tom
six finger satellite
geraldine fibbers

40 REVIEWS INCLUDING:

air miami • axiom funk
liz phair • luna • jawbreaker
seaweed • rock for choice
thrill kill kult • jane siberry

burn:cycle

megadog: u.k.'s biggest rave
comes to america

\$4.99 U.S./\$7.99 CAN OCT. 1995



Dance Hall CRASHERS

Lockjaw

*"the perfect mix
of high-energy ska,
punk and beautiful pop"*

- Hypno



On (510) CDs, Tapes And Vinyl
http://www.mca.com/mca_records

World Radio History

CMJ

NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

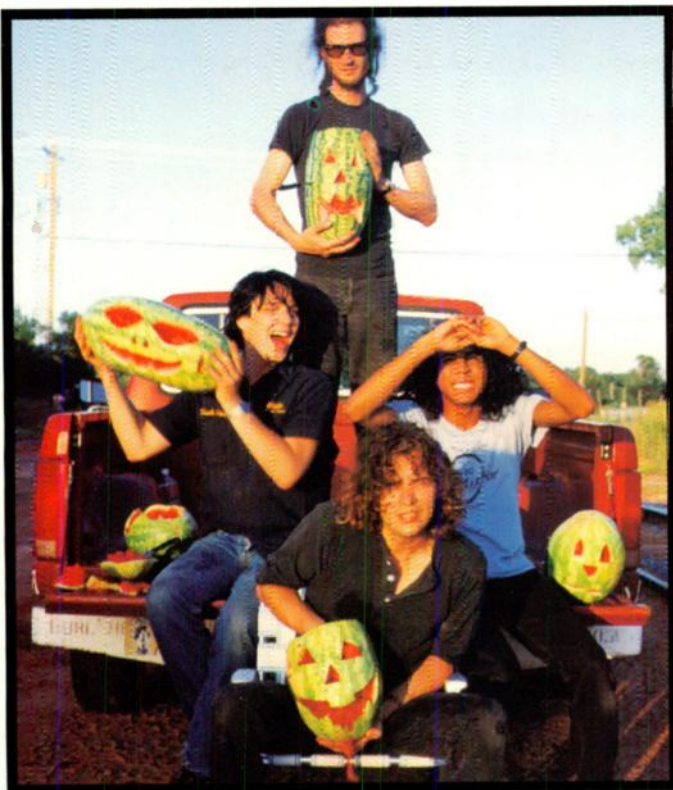
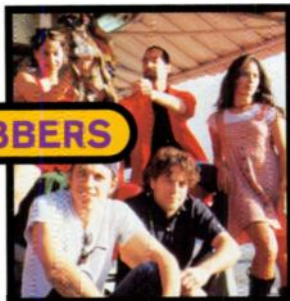


PHOTO BY J. MICHELLE MARTIN

SIX FINGER SATELLITE

14

Six Finger Satellite claim to have no more cybernetic parts than most people. Interview by Douglas Wolk.



GERALDINE FIBBERS

16

Carla Bozulich goes from decadence to cowpunk. Interview by Tom Lanham.

BUFFALO TOM

18

The Next Big Thing Emeritus makes plans for the long haul. Interview by Chris Molanphy.



FLAMING LIPS

22

Spend a decade being as weird as they are, and big weird things start happening. Interview by James Lien.



4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Great Punk Debate continues.

7 QUICK FIX

Garbage, Megadog, dub reissues and more—in convenient nugget size.

12 BEST NEW MUSIC

October's best: new albums from Tindersticks, Boo Radleys, Dirty Three, Dance Hall Crashers and Mercury Rev.

27 REVIEWS

We'll guide you toward the records you want, and away from the ones you don't.

46 METAL

October's Pick: Gwar.

47 SINGLES

October's Pick: J Church.

48 DANCE

October's Pick: Fingers.

49 HIP-HOP

October's Pick: Souls Of Mischief.

50 ON THE VERGE

A sneak peek at Holiday, the Inbreds, Waterson:Carthy and Wild Carnation.

51 TECH

Making up the rules of multimedia with the creators of *Burn:Cycle*.

52 MIXED MEDIA

Underage wild-livers, civil-rights comics, a '70s rock critic, Carmen Miranda and a magazine about washing dishes. Why do you think we call it "mixed"?

54 TOP 75

Alternative radio by the numbers.

55 JUST OUT/DIRECTORY

A list of forthcoming releases, and addresses of labels whose records appear in this issue.

56 FLASHBACK

Love, bubblegum, spaghetti, Flipper, and other reissues.

57 ON THE CD

Easy to assemble. Hours of reading and listening pleasure. Call now.

59 FEEDBACK

Mail, fax or email and let us know your opinion.

61 LOCALZINE

Keith Morris of the Circle Jerks gives us his tour of his neighborhood, Silverlake/Los Feliz, California.

LETTERS

Let us know what you're thinking, by mail, fax (516-466-7159) or email (cmj@cmjmusic.com).

Punk, Debunk, Kerplunk!

In August's issue, we asked what you thought about Green Day and the "punk revival." We didn't realize that we'd get such a heavy and vehement response. Here's a fraction of what you said.

As I read your July question, my mind went into a frenzy on the Green Day ordeal. I believe there is no revival of punk and there shouldn't be. Punk symbolizes the rebellion against the mainstream. Punk should be kept underground to end the abuse it receives from narrow-minded people. One punk album selling seven million is a surprise rather than a revival.

Tim
Springfield, OH

Although I do have the Dookie album, I would hardly call it a punk revival. Bands like the Sex Pistols and Black Flag would've eaten those guys for breakfast. Slapping an earring or two in your ear and dying your hair green doesn't make you punk any more than hanging a Jolly Roger over your rowboat makes you a pirate. I doubt that without MTV Green Day would've received much recognition at all, since most of the 7 million copies Dookie has sold were most certainly bought by those who watch a lot of MTV and are too young to remember true punk in the first place. Perhaps educating the young music consumers of America on the true nature and content of each music genre would be helpful.

Tara Aiken
Pendleton, OR

My So-Called "Punk"

The following letter is not a response to the question addressed above, but it fits in well nonetheless—ed.

I was recently horrified at seeing Circle Jerks featured in *CMJ New Music Monthly*. Didn't you leeches make enough money off of bands like Green Day, Offspring, Rancid, Bad Religion, Rollins Band and other so-called "punk" bands to last you a lifetime? These sell-outs are not punk at all and neither is the current Circle Jerks. As soon as a band signs to a large label and starts to pop up in mainstream magazines like *CMJ*, they instantly forfeit the right to refer to themselves as punks. Is this new "punk craze" simply another one of corporate America's sick attempts to exploit the few true musicians? Of course it is!

In her review of the Circle Jerks, Alison Stewart says, "whatever commercial resurgence punk is enjoying now..." Enjoying?! Any real punks are outraged at this sick exploitation. If punk is a chance to rebel against and express anger towards society's ignorance and the corporate radio/television stations and magazines that encourage this ignorance, then how can a band team-up with the forces that they have been preaching against and still be punk? The truly great punk bands have done their best to sustain obscurity.

How can you categorize Circle Jerks'

Oddities, Abnormalities And Curiosities as punk and, in the same review, admit that it also features backing vocals by pop goddess, Debbie Gibson? In no way is this "a moment of dizzying pop-cultural significance." It was planned and is controlled by the greedy businessmen that control the "pop-culture." How the Circle Jerks are able to betray their own culture is totally unfathomable to me. The fact that society has come to such a state that my fellow Americans believe that this revolting slop is punk rock, sickens me and I continue to lose respect for my peers and my hope for the future.

Heather Buckley
West Hartford, CT

1. Who died and made you the punk police?

2. The idea that "the truly great punk bands have done their best to sustain obscurity" is patently silly. You could argue that the truly great punk bands have done what they do disregarding ideas like obscurity and popularity—some caught on with a lot of people, some didn't, and it didn't matter as long as they had the freedom to do what they wanted. You could also argue that the truly great punk bands have done their best to get their message across to as many people as possible—selling their records cheaply, working ferociously hard to distribute them, playing shows for all ages and for exceptionally low ticket prices. But anybody with a message as desperate and powerful as punk is not going to make an effort specifically to keep people from hearing it. Unless the best punk bands of all have never released a record or played in public. Which I doubt.

3. Whoever came up with the idea of Debbie Gibson singing with the Circle Jerks, it's irrelevant: of course it's "significant," and that you get so needed about it is the proof. The chocolate of old-school punk and the peanut butter of mainstream-to-the-max pop have met. Which leads us to...

4. You can care about punk as music that's exciting, that's vital, that rips a big wide hole in the strangling web of prefabricated musical crap. Alternatively, you can care about it as culture: the soundtrack for the quasi-underground megaclique of people who hate the idea of being programmed to consume mainstream culture. But if you're buying a Jello Biafra or Clikatat Ikatowi record because you like the underground ideals it represents, rather than because the music speaks to you, it's every bit as much as a cultural prop as a Billy Ray Cyrus album bought by somebody who's had the hit bludgeoned into their skull and wants to learn to line-dance. Or, to put it another way, if the music actually meant something to you beyond its cultural associations, you wouldn't be worrying about a "betrayal of the culture."

5. Jean-Paul Sartre's distinction between the rebel and the revolutionary applies here. The revolutionary, he says, wants to see the system overthrown and replace it with his own ideals; the rebel can function only in resistance, and therefore perpetuates the system as it is. People who want to keep punk culture to themselves—to keep it from entering, taking over and freeing the mainstream—are merely rebels.—ed.

CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY STAFF

Publisher
Robert K. Haber

Editor
Scott Frampton

Associate Publisher
Marianne P. Stone

Managing Editor
Douglas Wolk

Senior Art Director
Alley Rutzel

Editorial Assistant
Jenny Eliscu

Administrative Assistant
Nancy Koenig

Contributing Editors
Lydia Anderson
Tim Haslett
James Lien
Glen Sansone
Dawn Sutter

Sales Coordinator
Amy Tesch

Director of Marketing
Ken Park

COLLEGE MEDIA INC.

President
Robert K. Haber

Executive Vice Presidents
Joanne Abbot Green
Diane Turofsky

General Counsel
Alex Ellerson

SUBSCRIBERS

Please do not use E-mail for customer service problems or inquiries. Send all subscription related correspondence to:

CMJ New Music Monthly
Customer Service
P.O. Box 57414
Boulder, CO 80322-7414
or call
1-800-414-4CMJ

To subscribe call
1-800-CMJ-9997

Subscription inquiries and address changes:
CMJ New Music Monthly
Customer Service
P.O. Box 57414
Boulder, CO 80322-7414
or call 1-800-414-4CMJ

Advertising inquiries/media kit information:
Ken Park
516-466-6000, ext. 39
or fax: 516-466-7159

CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY (ISSN 1074-6978) is published monthly by College Media Inc. with offices at 11 Middle Neck Road, Suite 400, Great Neck, NY 11021-2201. Subscription rates are \$39.95 per year. Subscription offices: P.O. Box 57414, Boulder, CO 80322-7414 / Phone (800) 414-4CMJ. Application for second class postage paid at Great Neck, NY and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to CMJ New Music Monthly, Membership Office, P.O. Box 57414, Boulder, CO 80322-7414. CMJ New Music Monthly is copyright 1995 by College Media Inc. All rights reserved; nothing may be reproduced without consent of publisher. Unless indicated otherwise, all letters sent to CMJ are eligible for publication and copyright purposes, and are subject to CMJ's right to edit and comment editorially.

STEREO ELECTRONICALLY RE-PROCESSED

Mercury

THIS IS **GRETA!**



GRETA *THIS IS GRETA!*

the new album featuring the first single

“ABOUT YOU”

ON SALE AT ALL **TOWER RECORDS**

LOCATIONS • AVAILABLE ON



CASSETTE AND CD

a PolyGram company © 1992 PolyGram Records, Inc.

"Don't eat for a week, sell the dog, resort to burglary. . .
do anything to get this."

- *The Crack*

8 Storey Window

the self titled debut album

9 songs with a view.



Produced by Terry Bickers, Chris Conklin and Paul Tipler

ultimate.  ATLAS

©1995 The Ultimate Recording Company.

Distributed exclusively through AEC Music Distribution, 239 Ethan Allen Highway, Ridgefield, CT 06877.

All rights reserved.

World Radio History

QUICK FIX



GARBAGE: Experimental Jet Set Trash

Man can not live by record production alone.

At least that's the tale told by Butch Vig, the legendary Wisconsin knob-twiddler who masterminded Nirvana's *Nevermind*, Smashing Pumpkins' *Siamese Dream* and a host of others. He was tired of the studio, wanted to dust off his drum kit and just flail away in a rock band again. Bassist/keyboardist Duke Erickson and guitarist/synth-expert Steve Marker—a couple of buddies from his New Wave college days—also jumped into the

project, which started as a series of haphazard, off-hours recordings. But there was just one problem. The three chums all agreed: This album, band, or whatever the sessions were becoming, needed a female lead vocalist, a ferocious stylist along the lines of Patti Smith. Easier said than done. After countless auditions, they still hadn't struck paydirt.

Enter Angelfish, whose sultry, Gothic debut on Radioactive sailed right over most listeners' heads last year. "But it didn't slip over ours!" hoots Vig, who was hypnotized by the group's doe-eyed Scottish siren, Shirley Manson, after just one viewing of its sinister "Suffocate Me" video. Manson downplays what happened next: "I got a call from the lads and I was quite keen to meet them," she purrs in her burr. "We got on really well, we had a similar sense of humor, a similar sense of what we liked musically, and it kind of blossomed from there." Blossomed into... drum roll, maestro... Garbage. *Garbage*? Yes, says Vig, he knows the name (also the title of the quartet's debut on Almo Sounds) sounds a bit goofy. But, ah, the heavenly and hellish atmospheres these four create under that banner. The songs scuttle through experimental turf—à la the stuttering stops and starts of the Russ Meyer-inspired "Supervixen"—but lean on Vig's keen ear for hooks and Manson's downright wicked phrasings. While guitars vibrate from channel to channel in "Vow," Manson isn't threatening, she's promising: "I came to cut you up/I came to knock you down/I came around to tear your little world apart." The girl means business.

So does Garbage. The concept has snowballed to the point where it's even begun rehearsing for a tour, trying to perfect those twists and turns of "Supervixen" for the stage. "We're kind of setting ourselves up, using that name," Vig, who has been in a band called, alternately, Spooner and Firetown, allows. "But it's the nature of how we've been approaching the songs—there's a bit of rock and punk and pop and techno and funk, all thrown into this big mess. So I think 'Garbage' is somehow appropriate." Manson says she had to lighten her bleak Scottish outlook for the record—"this album is a lot more poppy than stuff I've done in the past." But she just couldn't stop herself on songs like "Vow": "I think I just have a dark side to my nature—sometimes I am a wee bit creepy, and that definitely comes out in the music." —Tom Lanham

👉 "QUEER" BY GARBAGE APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD

ARTISTS' **in my room** PERSONAL PICKS

JOHN DOE

X
("I don't have a room— family took it over")

X
Unclogged
(business and pleasure)

TV: Weather Channel
(going on tour soon)

Everclear
Sparkle And Fade

Green Apple Quickstep
Reloaded

Book: *Love Medicine*
Louise Erdrich

INSPIRATIONAL VERSE

SOME OF OUR FAVORITE LYRICS FROM RECENT SONGS

"We'll be decked in all black/Slamming the pit fantastic"
— Ben Folds Five, "Underground"

"The rotting carcass of July/An ugly sun hung out to dry/Your gorgeous hippy dreams are dying/Your frazzled brains are putrifying/Repackaged sold and sanitized/The devil's music exorcised...Yes yes yes it's the summer festival/The truly detestable/Summer festival"
— Edwyn Collins, "The Campaign For Real Rock"

"You should have known/when you saw that copy of *The Hundredth Monkey* sitting so prominently/on his shelf that he'd be burning incense/talking all his nonsense."
— J Church, "Ivy League College"

"Whatever happened to Howard Cosell?/I hope his sores are healing well."
—WCKR SPGT, "Old Boxing Footage"

"Never had the luck to see God's hands/not even his fingernails/if he has a voice it's just like yours/butter and honey and milk and water, milk and water."
—Laika, "Marimba Song"

"I'll be crying out your name as they drag me to my death/OK, I exaggerated/Sorry, I'm inclined to sentiment."
—Karl Hendricks Trio



Tours Wed Like To See

OCTOBERFEST:

The Fall
October Faction
Rake
the Leaves
Squashblossom
Harvest Ministers
Smashing Pumpkins
and ...Leif Garrett

QUICK FIX

ARTISTS' PERSONAL PICKS **in my room**

BILL JANOVITZ
BUFFALO TOM

Vic Chesnutt
Is The Actor Happy?

Railroad Jerk
One Track Mind

Isaac Hayes
Hot Buttered Soul

Fuzzy
Fuzzy

Book: *Light In August*
William Faulkner

MEGADOG: A Big Rover Comes to America



It's a cross between a rave, a Grateful Dead show and Cirque Du Soleil, and it's about to tour America. Megadog is England's longest-running club/party/collective, a roving event that aims to revolutionize the concept of electronic music as a live medium. It's "the ultimate combination of live music, dance music and visual performance, all put together in a package of lights and decor to create an environment where people can come and have some real serious fun," says event—and Planet Dog Records—impresario Michael Dog.

Megadog, which requires months of planning and upwards of nine hours to set up a venue, grew out of the highly successful roving Club Dog nights, and Planet Dog grew out of both, as a way of giving wider exposure to the artists involved with the events. Banco De Gaia and Eatstatic, a duo of the former drummer and keyboard player of the psychedelic techno hippie band Ozric Tentacles, were the first groups to benefit from the label's US deal with Mammoth when *Last Train To Lhasa* and *Epsilon* were released in early August. (Mammoth also released a compilation, *Transmissions From The Planet Dog*, and frequent Megadog headliner Senser launched its *Stacked Up* on Atlas earlier this year.)

Beginning in early October, the psychedelic circus will begin a tour that plans to pass through New York, Orlando, Atlanta, Washington D.C./Baltimore, Toronto, Chicago, Detroit, Dallas, Phoenix, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Random fact:

While Filter's "Hey Man, Nice Shot" seems destined to become a staple of sports highlight reels, the song is actually about R. Budd Dwyer, a Pennsylvania bureaucrat whose "nice shot" was an easy one—on live television, he put a gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger.



Cricket Pop

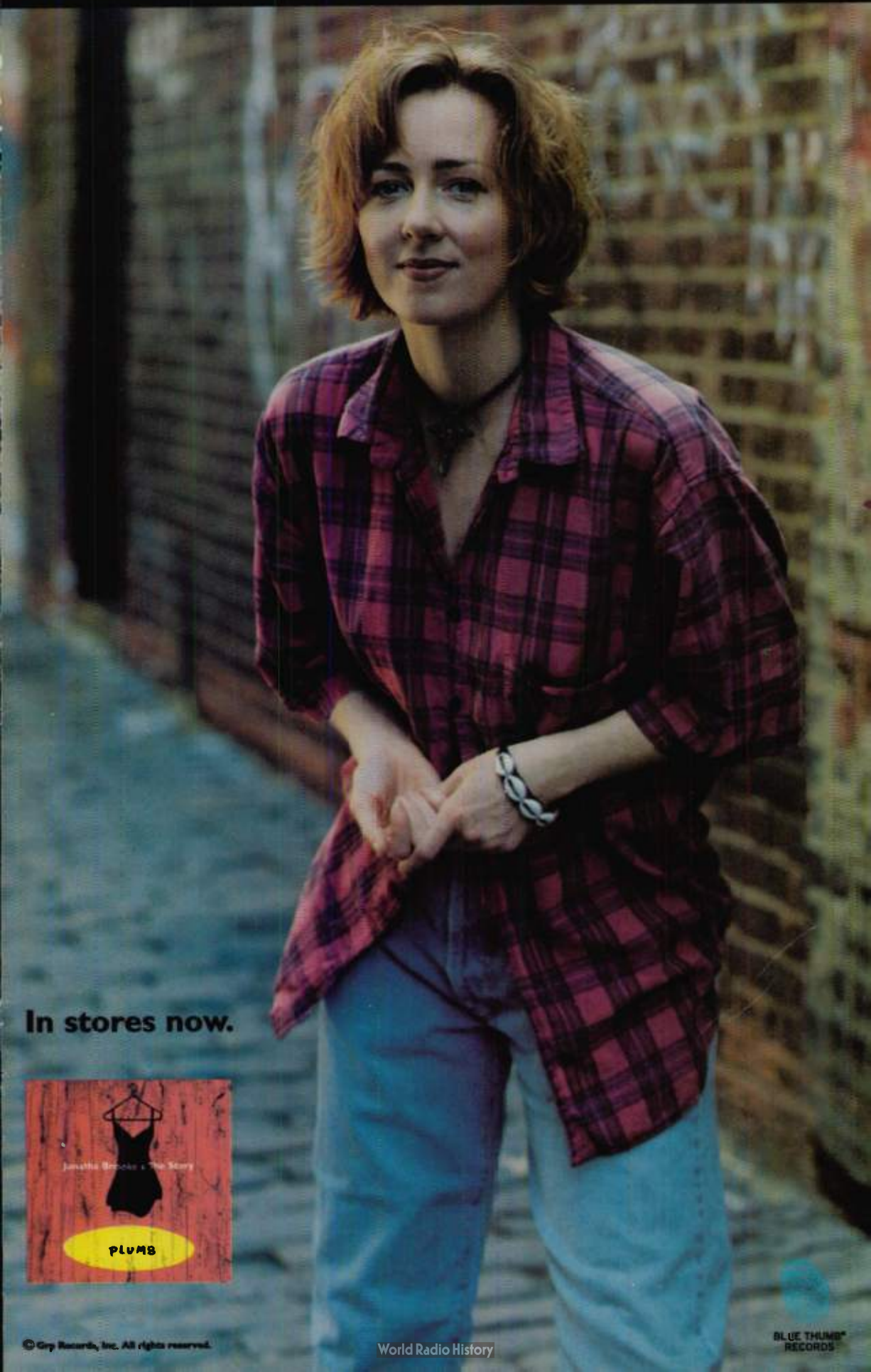
The list of ingredients on the back of a lollipop sent to promote the release of Lizard Music's *Fashionably Lame* (World Domination): "Hydrogenated Starch Hydrolysate (Maltitol Syrup), Natural and Artificial Flavoring, Cricket, Artificial Color (Yellow 5, Blue 1).



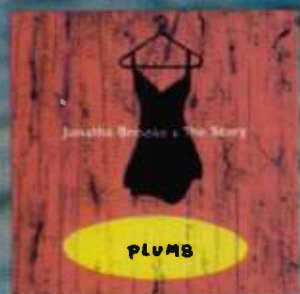
PEEL OUT

John Peel's twice-weekly program on England's Radio One is probably the best alternative-rock radio show in the world. For over 25 years, he's been playing a fascinating, refreshing mixture of new discoveries, lost classics and cutting-edge developments, with tremendous breadth of taste and depth of knowledge; his "Peel Sessions"—where mostly little-known bands record songs for his show live in the studio—have introduced his audience to artists from Gang of Four to New Order to PJ Harvey. A syndicated American edition of his show, *Peel Out In The States*, ran for six months a year or two ago. His most recent playlists appear on a homepage at http://www.bbcnc.org.uk/bbctv/radio1/j_peel/index.html. If you want to hear the show for yourself, though, you'll have to have a shortwave radio: Peel does a half-hour program every week for the BBC World Service, broadcasting on frequencies 5925, 7325, 9590, 9640, 11775 and 11865. It's on Sunday at 5:30 AM, then repeated that night at 6:30 PM, Tuesday at 12:15 PM and Wednesday at 8:15 AM. (All times are Greenwich Mean Time; conversion to your local time is between you and your favorite pocket calculator.)

Jonatha Brooke & The Story



In stores now.



QUICK FIX

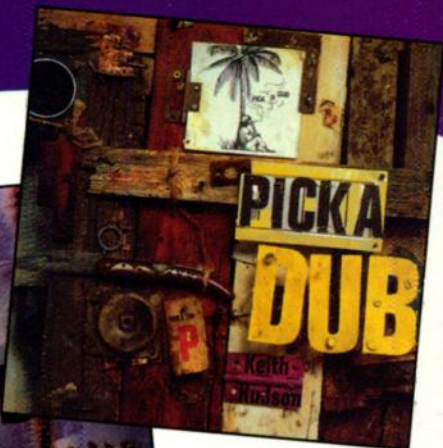
BLOOD AND FIRE (And Smoke And Dub And Stuff)

The techniques of dub have now become so commonplace in contemporary dance music that scarcely a thought is given to the origin of the form. Beginning in the mid-'60s, a reggae producer named Osbourne Ruddock (a.k.a. King Tubby), holed up in his hot studio in Kingston, began to release what were then termed "versions" of a song. These versions, not yet called "dubs," represented the radical disassembling and rebuilding of the song, moments in which the space/time continuum was disrupted, where the constituent elements of the original song were dropped in and out, where single minor-key piano chords were reverbed into another dimension, then prolonged and attenuated, where bass and guitar notes were distended, inverted and then snapped, or suspended across the mix like a frail rope bridge. The "implements of sound" (Prince Far-I's phrase) were reconfigured to produce effects that were in this world but not of it.

Dub's influence on the contemporary dance world, particularly within the growing jungle and ambient dub movements, has led to a renewed interest in the expressive techniques of roots dub. In fact, two new labels have sprung up in the last year alone, dedicated to releasing long-out-of-print or neglected roots and dub excursions. The Manchester, England-based Blood & Fire label, run by Simply Red's manager, has succeeded in making available once more some of the more sublime moments of '70s roots and dub music. The label's expanding catalog now includes Burning Spear's *Social Living*, Keith Hudson's *Pick-A-Dub*, and the *Dub Gone Crazy* collection, wherein one can hear the first moments of Jamaican sound experimentation.

Adrian Sherwood, whose highly regarded British On-U Sound label has been an active home to such English-Jamaican hybrids as Creation Rebel, Tackhead and Singers & Players, has recently established the Pressure Sounds imprint. The label's inaugural release, *Santic And Friends*, is a collection of tracks produced at the Santic studio, home to Leonard Anthony Chin. Featuring Horace Andy, Gregory Isaacs, I-Roy and Augustus Pablo, this is a stellar set of roots songs. Prince Far-I & The Arabs' *Dub To Africa* is the label's latest project, an unearthed chapter in Far-I's *Cry Tuff Dub Encounter* series. Music journalist David Toop describes Far-I's work: "On their best tracks... they were capable of using the mixing board as a pictorial instrument, establishing the illusion of a vast soundstage and then dropping instruments in and out like characters in a drama." *Dub To Africa* is dub stretched to its evocative limits. Though the spate of archival reggae labels in the last year is encouraging, it's important to recognize that pioneering U.S. labels such as ROIR and Heartbeat continue to issue superb roots and dub albums. With the growing recognition of Jamaican music's centrality in contemporary dance music, these labels will continue to document its history.

—Tim Haslett



ARTISTS' PERSONAL PICKS in my room

JULIANA HATFIELD

Star Hustler
Medicant

Chavez
Gone Glimmering

Film: *Glengarry Glen Ross*

Focus
"Hocus Pocus"

Film: *Ishtar*



Size Isn't Everything

Life used to be simple—there were little 7-inch records, big 10-inch records, and very big 12-inch records. Then it got even simpler—7" and 12" were pretty much the only options you could find at the record store. (A few 14" records were made for very long radio shows in the pre-CD age, but they could only be played on special turntables.) Then it got complicated again. 10" records have become the cachet-carrying vinyl form of choice—witness the recent *Red Hot + Bothered* compilations—even though they generally cost a little more to manufacture than the formerly standard foot of sound. And now other sizes are popping up too. 5" vinyl records first appeared in the late '70s (a Squeeze single and a couple of others); recently, there have been 5"-only releases by the Melvins and Rocket From The Crypt. There are a few 8" records by bands like New Zealand's 360° Cinemas (whose "Autopilot" is pictured here) and Boyd Rice's joke band the Tards. And Nine Inch Nails has gotten into the act with a single of "March Of The Pigs" that's—naturally—nine inches across.

LUNA Penthouse



Ten new songs
that'll move you upstairs.

Featuring "Chinatown"
and "23 Minutes In Brussels"

Produced by Luna with Pat McCarthy
and Mario Salvati



Buffalo Tom

sleepy eyed


THE NEW ALBUM FEATURING "summer" and "sparklers"

Produced by John Agnello with Buffalo Tom

REGGAE BANGUIT

MEGADISC



ON ELEKTRA AND EASTWEST COMPACT DISCS AND  CASSETTES

WORLD WIDE WEB: <http://www.elektra.com>

© 1995 Elektra Entertainment Group, a division of Warner Communications Inc. A Time Warner Company

World Radio History

BEST NEW MUSIC

TINDERSTICKS

Tindersticks

London



Within the torrent of new record releases, to find one instantly memorable is a rare and precious thing. *Tindersticks* is that and more; its emotionality envelops you, dominating the room for its 70-plus minutes. Its power lies, partly, in the apparent drama of the music. Acoustic guitars scratch lightly over slack piano, dark brass and deep strings in swelling, lush arrangements suggestive of Bacharach/David tunes covered by country club orchestras or, when drawn taut by baying feedback, a sweeping Ennio Morricone overture ("Vertaen II"). Stuart Staples's thick baritone weighs heavily at the bottom of it all, his sullen crooning just barely distinguishable from the deadpan spoken word of "My Sister." But still more of what makes this record so memorable is the power of memory itself. Its patina of melancholy is suggestive, evoking your own memories as it builds stories and vignettes around what people choose to or cannot forget. The persistence of memory is at its most expressive on "Travelling Light," a stirring duet with the Walkabouts' Carla Torgerson that extends the metaphor of emotional baggage into an elegant dialogue on the real weight of emotional burdens. When Staples responds to Torgerson's "Do you remember how much you loved me?" with "It comes with the hurt and the guilt and the memory. If I had to take that with me, I'd never get from my bed," it's a rich, moving moment, but when its subtle irony—systematically avoiding these burdens itself becomes a millstone—climaxes with his countering her question "Do you really think you keep it all that well hid?" with "No, but I travel light," it's nearly devastating. —Scott Frampton

DATALOG: Released Aug. 22.

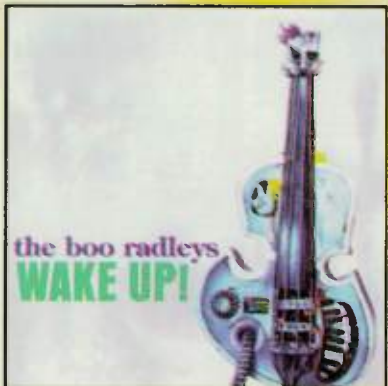
FILE UNDER: Moody, knowing orchestral pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Quieter Nick Cave, David Lynch/Angelo Badalamenti, Leonard Cohen, Harold Pinter.

BOO RADLEYS

Wake Up

Columbia



They're just so darn perky, the Boo Radleys are irresistible. *Wake Up*, the Radleys' fourth album, fairly shines with cheery melodies, slightly skewed guitar riffs, and just a smidge of psychedelia to put the whole album on edge. Perhaps the Beatles would have sounded this cheekily harmonious had they stuck around to see the '90s, because they certainly would have written songs like the leadoff track, a horn-studded, exuberant ecstasy of pleasure: "Wake up, it's a beautiful morning!" Less diverse than the Radleys' previous albums, *Wake Up*'s idea of a walk on the wild side is reveling in hippie nostalgia (flute solos on the dreamy "Fairfax Scene" and the XTC-reminiscent backwards masking on "Joel") and the occasional, brief spurt of frenzied, feedback-y guitar ("Twinside"). Occasional vocalist Martin Carr lends a gritty layer of dust wherever he appears, hauntingly crooning on "Stuck On Amber." And sweetness and light go hand in hand with despair and yearning—the spare acoustic jangle of "Reaching Out From Here" may sound like Herman's Hermits, but, as Sice sings, "It's just another lonely day, waiting for you to come on home." Temperance in all things from the Boo Radleys, even with the happiest album of the year. —Allison Stewart

DATALOG: Release date: Sep. 12.

FILE UNDER: Naive pop.

R.I.Y.L.: The Beautiful South, Prefab Sprout, Squeeze.

DIRTY THREE

Dirty Three

Touch And Go



This Melbourne, Australia trio has soaked in critical acclaim and won audiences' hearts with a hypnotic live show featuring Warren Ellis as the Tasmanian Devil with a violin. Listening to the band's first big domestic release, a reissue of its first album, the fuss is more than justified. Dirty Three's music is built on repetition and wide open space, with steady bass and drums leaving lots of room for Ellis's riffing on harmonica and, most notably, fiddle. His playing is like a highlands jig drawn out and distressed into solos that channel Hendrix. Songs gather momentum so gradually that you're surprised to hear the drums kick in. Then, suddenly, the band will draw back into rhythm for a few minutes, only to jump back into a dervish of playing. Some tracks, like "Better Go Home Now," have a mournful, almost folksy feel. Others are more blues-based, like "The Last Night," whose heavy bass drum and honking harp sound a bit like Midnight Oil suddenly endowed with soul. The standouts, though, are the longest pieces, each over ten minutes of relentless variations on a theme. "Kim's Dirt" starts tentative and bare, like the part of a spaghetti Western soundtrack where the camera pans over the landscape. The fiddle slides and squeaks, quivers and whistles like a teakettle. Through it all, guitarist Mick Turner plucks out a plodding waltz tempo, as if playing a midsummer dance in a ghost town. —Andrea Moed

DATALOG: Released Jul. 25. Another album, *Sad And Dangerous*, available on Poon Village.

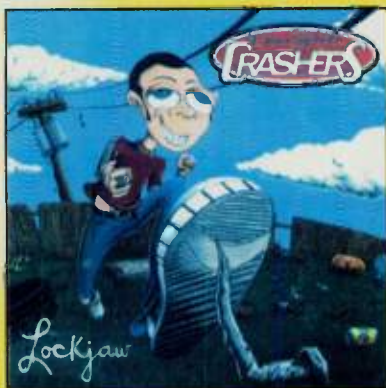
FILE UNDER: Frontier virtuosos.

R.I.Y.L.: Flying Burrito Brothers, Tom Cora, Monks Of Doom, Irish fiddling.

DANCE HALL CRASHERS

Lockjaw

510-MCA



It's easy as pie to swear allegiance to certain sounds and then regurgitate them, ad infinitum. Look at all the new 'punk' bands who play cheap, watered-down versions of ska and reggae—sounds suspiciously like old Clash albums, right? Well, every great once in a fucking while some group actually *assimilates* its influences, digests 'em in its system, and spits out a happy new hybrid that's like nothing you've ever heard before, nothing you can put your finger on. Porkpie hats off, then, to Berkeley's brainy Dance Hall Crashers, a neo-ska combo that's whipped so many sounds into its frothy punk batter that the recipe is unreadable. With a pair of Blondie-schooled female co-vocalists—Elyse Rogers and Karina Schwarz—and a couple of guitarists as adept at punk, New Wave, and power pop as they are at that old chop-pity-chop, happy-feet ska rhythm, this band is one of the freshest new faces on the cluttered alternative scene. From the bopping pep of "Queen For A Day" to the rude-girl raveup of "Too Late" to the pleasantly puerile chime of "Shelly," this stellar bow is jumping from beginning to end, the kind of album you can play for all your poseur Mohawked buddies next time they drop by to mooch beer. Watch 'em scratch their spiky heads and mumble "Jeez, what kinda music IS this, anyway?" The best kind, dumb—*intelligent* music. —Tom Lanham

DATALOG: Released Aug. 29.

FILE UNDER: Infectious ska-pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Blondie, English Beat.

MERCURY REV

See You On The Other Side

WORK



Mercury Rev's latest album is a perfect example of regression as progress. From the oddball buzz of its earlier records, it's made an unlikely move back to a simpler psychedelia of tambourines, pastoral flute flourishes, and antique synthesizers. The arrangements are generously lush, piling layers of instrumentation onto songs of sweet naivete. With its mellow, soulful swing, "Sudden Ray of Hope" could be the soundtrack to the resurrection of that whole Summer of Love idea—only instead of folk-singing hippies, there'd be jazz men to play sultry sax solos in the streets. Much less subtle is "Young Man's Stride," an eager, sexy song with an insistent riff and spacey side effects. "Everlasting Arm" recalls Pet Sounds-era Beach Boys, at least until its sweet choruses give way to off-kilter circus horns and glockenspiel, making it sound more like an outtake from *Sgt. Pepper's*. The lengthy "Racing the Tide" is clearly intended to be climactic—"I'm so close, I'm almost inside..." the band sings orgasmically over breaking waves of cymbals and squeaky trumpet like crying seagulls. From there it's an effortless slide into "A Kiss From an Old Flame (A Trip to the Moon)" whose maracas and bubbly organ create the feeling of falling asleep while watching Lawrence Welk. *See You On the Other Side* evokes old sounds without becoming a nostalgia trip, inspiring more affection than a million tribute bands. —Andrea Moed

DATALOG: Release date: Sep. 25.

FILE UNDER: Jazz-tinged psychedelia.

R.I.Y.L.: Shrimp Boat, Primal Scream, trippier Beach Boys.

SIX FINGER

SATEL

BY DOUGLAS WOLK • PHOTO BY CHARLES PETERSON

NO HUMANS

Six Finger Satellite are rock stars, and they have the trashed hotel room to prove it. Well, actually, it's not all that trashed—the furniture is mostly where it's supposed to be, the television is safely moored far away from the window, and there are only a few remnants of room-service sushi here and there. Still, amid the copiously flowing coffee and hair-of-the-dog, there's colored paper and mysterious... objects... scattered all over the place. It looks like a crazed cyborg has been let loose in the room.

Which makes sense, because the band's records sound like they were made by crazed cyborgs. Last year's *Machine Cuisine* EP saw the formerly guitar-based band turning entirely to creepy synthesized weirdness—although it was recorded live in the studio. The new *Severe Exposure* is a return to rock, but it's also full of electronic squiggles and whistles, Rick Pelletier's brutally mechanical drumming, and songs with titles like "Where Humans Go." There's flesh in there, but with an unmistakable sheen of chrome (the metal—and Chrome the band) covering it.

"It's the type of record, hopefully, that will make some glue-sniffing yahoo in New Jersey destroy his room completely in an ecstatic frenzy," guitarist/keyboardist John MacLean says. "We don't want to turn people into machines—we want to use machines to bring out their primal instincts."

"It's a very uplifting record," Pelletier opines.

"A very spiritual record, yes," towering singer J. Ryan seconds him.

"We have a very bad taste in our mouths," MacLean says. "A metallic taste."

Bassist James Apt, wearing his ever-present shades (a medical necessity), demurs. "We have the normal number of plates and implants, no more or less than any other average human."

Noticing that the coffee level in its cups is diminishing, the band fills them back up to the brim with a little java and a lot of Bailey's Irish Cream, shoving a few pieces of paper out of the way. On closer examination, the paper is actually copies of Florida artist Mike Diana's infamous, banned comic *Boiled Angel*. Diana will be drawing the cover of a forthcoming 6FS album on a tiny label, Load Records, based in the band's home town of Providence, Rhode Island. The Load album will be mostly instrumental, unlike the new record, but like the slithering wordless interludes that appeared between every song on 1993's *The Pigeon Is The Most Popular Bird*.

"I always thought of the [instrumental tracks] as like the retarded cousin you hide in the closet," says Ryan. "Like porno soundtracks."

"It's like an extremely expensive French meal cooked in lard," Apt chips in.

Six Finger Satellite's pre-caffeine-rush sarcasm never flags—the painfully-honest-clueless-rock-star act is its favorite. Asked to elaborate on the lyrics of "Board The Bus," Pelletier offers his interpretation: "I always thought that was a socio-political satire on public transit, myself. I mean, you board the bus, this bus takes you to work, no talking, people get on the bus or the subway or whatever, everybody stares at the floor, it just, y'know, reflects the society that we live in today, really." But when it's pressed, the band has some pretty strong opinions.

"I think alternative rock and underground rock have been confused a little bit," MacLean says. "There's this perception that there's all this experimentation or great music out there, and it's a really horrible time for music... I almost wish there was a return to the hairspray-metal days of the '80s. What underground bands were doing had absolutely nothing to do with that stuff. I mean, there was a time when I knew nothing that was on the radio, I didn't know anything about those things. And there was a whole social element to it also, where people thought you were a freak... now there's a lot of crossover."

In fact, now Six Finger Satellite sometimes gets confused reactions from the underground. "We show up in clubs, and there's a lot of resistance when we do things that are a little out of the ordinary," MacLean says. "Like even just playing synthesizers at all. It really bums people out. We put up a fight with that. Then again, I guess we get a charge out of that element too—showing up in some crazy place and knowing that when J. straps on the Liberation, people are going to be like 'what the—?'"



The "Liberation" is Ryan's Moog Liberation—a keyboard worn with a neck strap, like a guitar. "It was Chick Corea's. He had it for years, and we were at this music store and he had just brought it in that day to sell. Actually, Chrome used one of those."

Discussion turns to '70s San Franciscan space-rockers Chrome, who are clearly models and heroes for 6FS, and the story of how their sound changed completely after their first three albums because all their customized electronic equipment was stolen. "That's our nightmare!" says MacLean. "We have things that if they got stolen, we'd be done in."

"We'd have to sound like Weezer," Apt notes.

What are their secret weapons? The band's mood suddenly becomes guarded. "It wouldn't be a secret if we told you... It's not like if we got all our stuff stolen we could run back to the music store and buy some Les Pauls and Marshalls. Basically, in the last year, we've built some synthesizers that have some sounds that can never be duplicated. Let's just forget about that."

LITE ALLOWED

this month's
model



The Bailey's bottle, meanwhile, is proving to be an acceptable substitute for the now-drained coffee pot, and the band begins a discourse on its philosophy. "I figure you can go the L.C.D. route and make kind of watered-down music that appeals to a lot of watered-down people," Ryan says.

Apt joins in. "Our music is for people like ourselves, and there's not many people like that. I think we want to make music that's meaningful for a smaller amount of people... as opposed to music that's... a soundtrack to a date-rape."

But what would happen if, say, "Simian Fever" ended up on the soundtrack to *Die Hard IV*? That'd be just fine, Apt says. "If we get the money, that's all I care about, because the only people that aren't interested in making money are people who have money. They can afford to have those kinds of ideals."

"Liars, rogues..." Pelletier murmurs, then falls silent again.

"But I never want to play anything other than clubs," MacLean says. "It's just not fun. I like to go to shows to have a band take

your head off. That doesn't happen when there's thousands of other people standing around you."

The band has had a couple of bad experiences playing big halls. One in particular has become the stuff of legend: "You know the band Boingo? We opened for them, and they had all this backlined incredible equipment, video monitors... We set up our stuff, and there was nobody there. The few people that were there were outraged that we were actually playing... the cops came and said that J. had incited a riot, and broke it up—we played for 10 minutes. I thought it was one of the best shows we'd ever played. We didn't even get to see Boingo."

Small clubs really are the best places to see Six Finger Satellite—at a show that evening, the band does pretty much take heads off, lunging through most of *Severe Exposure* and a G.G. Allin cover, tearing sick, rabid sounds out of its instruments. "When we play," Ryan says, "we want to just do anything necessary to make sure people are paying attention. We want it to be an assault"—and his voice takes on a hint of iron and silicon—"we're playing now." **END**

DISCOGRAPHY

All releases on Sub Pop

Weapon (EP) 1992

Split double 7" with Green Magnet School 1992

The Pigeon Is The Most Popular Bird 1993 (also available as two separate LPs: "Idiot Version" and "Savant Version")

Machine Cuisine (10" EP) 1994

Severe Exposure 1995

THE GERALDINE FIBBERS

Absolute Scorch & Twang

BY TOM LANHAM

For most travelers, San Francisco ranks as one heck of a popular vacation city, probably one of the most aesthetically pleasing places to visit in America. But not for Carla Bozulich, the raspy crooner for LA's Gothic-twang quintet, the Geraldine Fibbers. Last time she passed through the Bay Area—with her ex-outfit Ethyl Meatplow—she was practically ridden out of town on a rail. The reason? Oh, just a little problem a local promoter had with the band's Warfield Theatre performance.

"What happened at that particular show was, guys from the audience climbed up onstage and proceeded to have sex there," Bozulich says innocently. She's chowing down on some chocolate cake in her label's Beverly Hills offices, and her appearance is just as deceptively sweet—she's wearing a summery sundress, and subtle makeup that dramatically highlights her stunning, high-cheekboned beauty. "There were about 5 or 6 people that night doing really perverted things, but these two men were actually having sex, and we didn't ask them to do that, but we, um, didn't stop them either. And it was an all-ages show, so I guess it was pretty bad." So bad, in fact, that the booker gave them an ultimatum as they walked offstage: "He goes 'You better get the fuck outta here, because the cops are on their way and you guys are all going to jail!'" Bozulich hacks out a husky chortle. "And yeah, we split very quickly, but we forced him to pay us first!"

To hear Bozulich tell it, Ethyl Meatplow was an industrial juggernaut whose prime directives were to shock and annoy. She got to hide behind banks of synthesizers while the band's crowd-baiting frontman John Napier incited audience reactions, some sexually lurid, others most unpleasant. In Dallas, a burly metalhead put out a cigarette on his face, then clocked him with a beer bottle. "So he took off all his clothes, and—with blood squirting out of his head and him screaming like a stuck pig—we continued doing the song." In Phoenix, Bozulich recalls, they decided to pay back a sneering all-biker house by playing nothing but ear-shattering white noise. "The bikers didn't take it—they physically ran us out of the club. We asked to get paid, of course, but they gave us a list of all the things we had broken, which included two bar tables, two barstools, and one microphone stuck up a human orifice. They told us everyone was basically going to kill us if we didn't leave immediately."

There's also a sinister threat lurking in the grooves of *Lost Somewhere Between The Earth And My Home*, the Fibbers' full-length debut on Virgin. Bozulich's wizened, whiskeyed vocals scrape and crack over some pretty dark, Leonard Cohen-ish terrain, like depression ("Lily Belle"), drug addiction ("Marmalade"), murder ("Richard," "Outside Of Town") and the Grim Reaper himself ("A Song About Walls"). But the musical framework is the exact converse of Ethyl Meatplow's keyboard assault: Electric nastiness occasionally whirls up, dustdevil style, from the parched acoustic soundscape, but the accent is still a folksy, almost roots-rock restraint. Why such a startling about-face? No big deal, explains Bozulich. "In Ethyl Meatplow, we set out to make as much melodic noise as we could without the use of guitars, but we made our statement, and I wanna play guitar now."

Like many Los Angelenos, Bozulich was raised on the countrified angst of X, the Blasters and the Gun Club. In grade school, her teachers complained that little Carla sang the national anthem louder than all of her classmates.



PHOTO BY ALAN O'NEIL

Naturally, she had her own punk band by 16, and an outlook she affectionately terms "girl with emotional problems spilling her guts." Ratso Rizzo, William Burroughs, Flannery O'Connor—anyone, real or fictional, who's drifted into society's seedy underworld holds a fascination for her. It goes to the point where her Geraldine Fibbers work, she admits, "kind of leans toward morbidity. But the things that happen in life that really stir you up, a lot of times have to do with that stuff, especially if you love a lot of people and you watch some of 'em live well and others just fuck themselves up over and over until, ultimately, a lot of them die. So the challenge for me, my goal as an artist, is to present stark realism, but with a consistent thread of humor running through it, so if the listener has any kind of dark humor themselves, they'll laugh."

Even the group's name comes from her overdrive imagination—Geraldine was a make-believe friend Bozulich conversed with as a kid to keep herself amused. So when—at the tail-end of the clanging it-may-be-trashy-but-it's-home ballad "Dusted"—she crows "If I only had a brain," that might stand as the album's ultimate irony. Bozulich starts laughing at the mention of that old *Wizard Of Oz* line. "That's a big joke with me, because I could have half my brain chopped out and I'd probably be all the better for it," she smirks. "I've got too much of a brain—it goes and goes and goes and I can't make it shut the fuck up. And that's a constant source of frustration for me, because I don't take drugs or drink or anything, so I don't have anything to dull it out. It's like," and she raises her face and arms toward Heaven, "COULD YOU PLEASE JUST DIM THIS FUCKING LIGHT JUST A LITTLE BIT?" **END**

DISCOGRAPHY

Get Thee Gone (10" EP)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

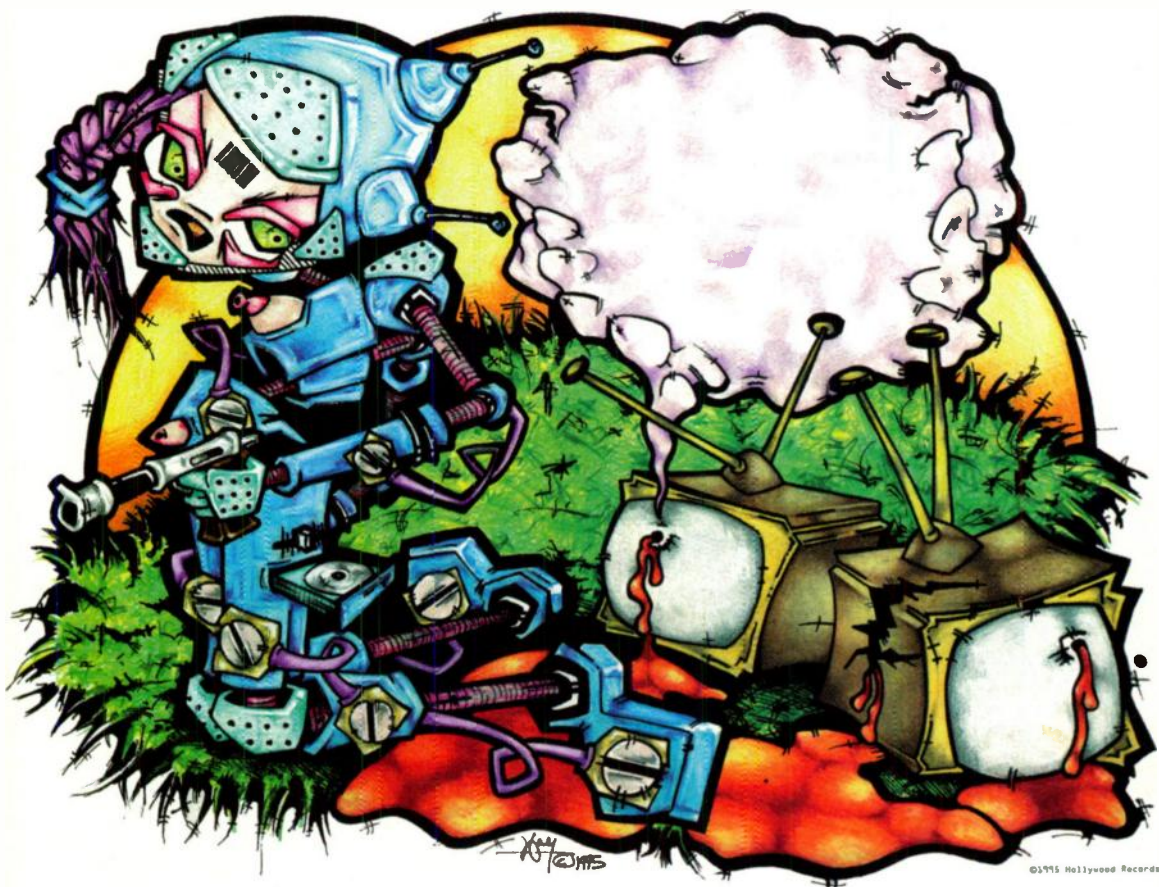
"Fancy" 7" (Big Jesus)

The Geraldine Fibbers (EP) (Hut (UK))

"Dragon Lady" 7"
(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

Lost Somewhere Between The Earth And My Home
(Virgin)

into another



©1995 Hollywood Records

the new album **SEEMLESS**

Produced and mixed
by Rick Parashar

Join the Into Another dysfunctional family

Send a postcard with your name, address and phone number to:
Into Another 500 S. Buena Vista St. Burbank, CA 91521-2770

...and free stuff will be en route.

Only one response per person. Offer good while supplies last.



on tour with seaweed beginning in september

Hollywood
records

Available On Hollywood Records
Compact Discs and Cassettes

World Radio History

Full Vinyl Release
Available On Revelation Records





BUFFALO TOM

BY CHRIS MOLANPHY

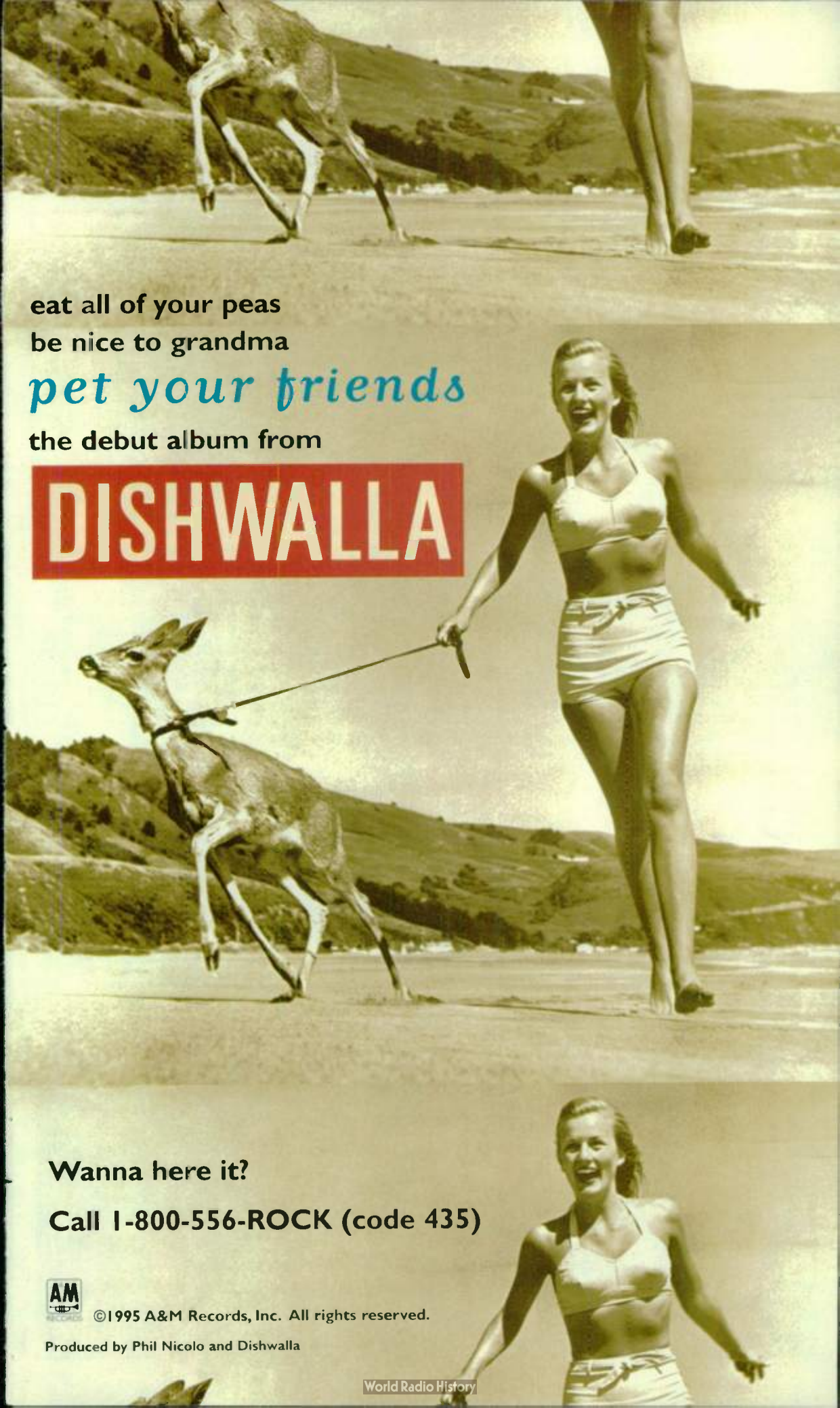
"Ain't it hard when you discover that you're dead?" Bill Janovitz sings. The line sounds like the jaded mutterings of someone who's just read his own obituary in the paper. But Janovitz, Buffalo Tom's lead singer, main songwriter and guitarist, claims that the lyric isn't autobiographical or "meant as any sort of statement." And considering the vigorous, foot-stomping music that accompanies the words, one would be hard-pressed to call him or his bandmates, bassist Chris Colbourn and drummer Tom Maginnis, morose.

For a couple of guys who titled their latest album *Sleepy Eyed*, Janovitz and Maginnis seem quite lively. They talk about how relieved they are not to be recording on the West Coast after their tiresome experience in a posh Los Angeles studio in 1993 ("very Hollywood, actually very nice equipment—but it was distracting," according to Janovitz). They make fun of bassist Colbourn ("You can write that he's the shortest member of the band," jokes Maginnis). But throughout their banter, there's a hint of weariness at having spent nearly a decade designated as Next Big Things. These guys have been about to "break through" for so long, you can practically see the bruises on their knuckles.

As Janovitz recounts some of the early press greeting Buffalo Tom's return, two years after its folksy and highly praised *Big Red Letter Day*, he can't help wondering if he and his bandmates are

being put out to pasture. "We woke up one day and we were 'veterans,'" he says, amused. "That's what I hear this year—from next-big-thing, young kids to these old, haggard veterans." It's enough to make him look for that obituary.

Buffalo Tom has been around for a while—the band signed to super-indie SST in 1988, at the tail end of the label's glory years; moved to a major U.S. label with the help of friends like Dinosaur Jr.'s J Mascis; and evolved through a phase in the early '90s that saw its sound become more refined. Like good high school students pushed too hard by well-meaning parents toward big universities, Buffalo Tom has been nudged toward the big time. The great hope placed in the band's future was all too apparent on *Big Red Letter Day*, which had "career album" written all over it. The songs were stellar, the arrangements ambitious, and the



eat all of your peas
be nice to grandma
pet your friends

the debut album from

DISHWALLA

Wanna here it?

Call 1-800-556-ROCK (code 435)



©1995 A&M Records, Inc. All rights reserved.

Produced by Phil Nicolo and Dishwalla

World Radio History

sentiments heartfelt. But albums like that are made, not born.

"I think what happened on *Big Red Letter Day* was that every record before that, we felt rushed, like there was always something we were sacrificing," says Janovitz. "They were done around Fort Apache, or with different people we knew. We really wanted to kick things up a bit, so we went out to the West Coast, and it was a really big change. But I guess our reaction was, well, maybe it's good to be rushed. Maybe we had too much time. I mean, *Big Red Letter Day* is a good record, and I'm happy with it. I guess it's just a little manicured."

Sleepy Eyed was recorded in Woodstock, New York, in three swift weeks. In an effort to keep the sound translatable to the live context, the band limited itself to the instruments it uses onstage, with everybody recording in the same room and with fewer post-production refinements. "On the old albums, we'd give acoustic guitar the benefit of the doubt, putting it on everything and worrying later about what we thought it worked on," Janovitz explains. "On this one, we'd say, 'Do we really need acoustic?' A lot of those ballad-y ones we'd have put acoustic on automatically—we were always interested in making those textured records."

"It's certainly more noisy than the last record, and we weren't sure what was gonna happen," adds Maginnis. "[Producer] John Agnello had never done something like that with a band that plays with as much volume as we do, and we were a little nervous, thinking it could turn out quite a sloppy mess. We were just very conscious of keeping some of the bumps and bruises, getting the overall vibe of the take—concentrating on the whole."

Sleepy Eyed also finally moves Buffalo Tom away from the shadow of its peers and heroes: Janovitz isn't kidding when he says his band made its previous albums surrounded by familiar faces. J Mascis produced the band's first two albums; and after enjoying the sound its friend Evan Dando achieved on the Lemonheads' Robb Brothers-produced *It's A Shame About Ray*, Buffalo Tom hired the Robbs to work the boards on *Big Red Letter Day*. Critics, ignoring the group's gradually honed, distinctive persona, have accused Buffalo Tom of riding one too many coattails.

"We have a hard time naming our peers," says Janovitz, carefully but in a rapid stream of thoughts, as if the matter needed to be deflated. "We don't see ourselves as part of a scene. We were never at home at SST—a lot of those bands were very influential on us, but I don't think we were ever included in any kind of club. And we're not quite major-label. I don't know if this is romanticizing, but I think we really do feel that we're outside the spotlight in a lot of ways, doing our own thing. Not like we necessarily have the most original music, sounds you've never heard; but I don't feel an affinity to any bands that have made it to the top of the charts."

For now, Buffalo Tom's members are just happy to be still getting along well into their thirties—no mean feat considering they started the band in college, in their case the University of Massachusetts. "It's a very small scene for music, believe it or not," says Maginnis. "There weren't a lot of live outlets; the school would occasionally have some shows, and there was one club in Northampton we played a lot. Basically, we had a lot of mutual friends, played in a lot of bands."

The trio earned a reputation for a slow-and-steady attitude and careful, prudent decisions—like keeping its day jobs—that have served it well to this day. "We held on to our jobs a lot longer, probably, than most bands would, to keep an element of control,"

says Janovitz, recalling that Colbourn held on to his day job until well past the group's fourth album. "We didn't even sell our publishing until last year. Things like that are lessons a lot of bands don't realize."

Maintaining band unity has required patience and, more recently, compromise, especially as Janovitz has had to cede some of his songwriting hegemony to the increasingly prolific Colbourn, who's responsible for three songs on the new record. Although the album credits read, "All songs by Buffalo Tom," Janovitz has always been the group's main writer, arriving at the studio with acoustic demos of perhaps two dozen songs. "I think it's tough for Chris," says Maginnis, the only non-writer, "because Bill writes so many more raw, basic ideas. With Chris, when we throw something out, he's a lot more... he hasn't gotten used to the editing thing."

Janovitz is quick to point out that he enjoys letting someone else carry some of the writing and singing load, if only because "I just love to sit back and play guitar, the joy of doing that, and watch somebody else sing." But he knows that this kind of internecine pressure could spell the end of a longtime union, and he's careful to be cognizant of Colbourn's feelings: "Not as a threat to the band, but I think it's only natural, now with Chris writing more and more, [that] he's going to eventually want another outlet for it. I think eventually we'll probably get into side projects, anyway, but right now there's no time for it. I'm not ruling anything out."

That level-headed attitude is probably the only thing that ensures Buffalo Tom's survival over the long term, after years of seeing more of each other than of their wives or girlfriends. Maginnis is the band's first father; his wife had a girl in April, and the timing of the Toms' impending tour couldn't be worse for him. "We're trying to keep the tours under control, but it's pretty tough," he says. "Like, she's going to start crawling when I'm in Texas. What can you do?" Janovitz jokes that the nocturnal habits of Maginnis's newborn, and their effect on daddy, inspired *Sleepy Eyed*'s title.

When bands start naming albums after the cute proclivities of their kids, it's usually time for surly alternative-rock fans to cry foul. Luckily, the guys in Buffalo Tom haven't had to worry about that yet, because the surly sort don't care about them. "It's great to look at Green Day selling millions of records to kids like my little brother, who's 13—it's great that he's listening to that instead of, say, Poison," says Janovitz. "But I don't know how gratifying it would be for me, for us to be selling millions of records on the basis of a video."

"You have to say, you know, I'm not in a 9-to-5 job, I'm not in a job I hate, going to an office every day in a suit and tie," adds Maginnis, shuddering slightly at the thought of a career that, with a little too much prudence, could easily have been his. "We're sort of our own bosses, and we create something really personal and try to change it every year. It's a lot of freedom." **END**

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Buffalo Tom (SST)
Crawl EP (Megadisc (Holland))
Birdbrain (Beggars Banquet-RCA)
Let Me Come Over (Beggars Banquet)
Big Red Letter Day (Beggars Banquet-EastWest)
Sleepy Eyed (Beggars Banquet/EastWest-EEG)

“TANGERINE” BY BUFFALO TOM APPEARS ON THIS MONTH’S CD

from the
ancient shores
of Brittany
comes the
freshest aural
experience of
our time



the mystery of traditional Celtic
music reborn by producers
Eric Mouquet (DEEP FOREST) &
Gullain Joncheray

featuring performances by
DENEZ PRIGENT & MANU LANN HUEL

Includes remixes of "TI ELIZ IZA"
by FRED JORIO & YOUTH



©1995 Capitol Records, Inc.



"WAKE UP!"

THE #1 UK ALBUM FROM
THE BOO RADLEYS
FEATURING THE SINGLE
IT'S LULU



WAKE UP, AMERICA!

Produced by The Boo Radleys.
Management: Peter Felstead and Sarah Schofield for CEC
U.S. Representation by John Rubeli.
U.S. Booking by MOB Agency/Mitch Okmin.

COLUMBIA

Columbia Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada/
©1995 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.
<http://www.sony.com>

World Radio History

Lips

the flaming lips stumble into stardom

It was one of those rare were-you-watching moments in music, TV, and pop culture, like seeing John Belushi and Fear on *Saturday Night Live*, or maybe even the Beatles on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. For approximately four minutes and thirty seconds one Wednesday night in spring 1995, the Flaming Lips were beamed into millions of American homes, lip-synching to "She Don't Use Jelly" on *Beverly Hills 90210*. The video was nestled in MTV's Buzz Bin; an unlikely arena tour was booked supporting Candlebox. All of a sudden, a group that nobody ever seriously thought had any commercial potential had become a household name. For new fans, the Lips are an oasis of weirdness in an otherwise predictable genre of "alternative" music, and for those who've been with them since early records like *Hear It Is* and *In A Priest Driven Ambulance*, it's a payoff, a rare victory where music reaches a larger audience and still maintains its quality and meaning. At the very least, it's an interesting phenomenon that something as freaky as "Jelly" could go as far as it did and that the Lips could remain true to whatever ideals or anti-ideals they've always held.

by james lien • photos by j. michele martin





FMG

Magic Mirror

Any attempt to interview Wayne Coyne of the Flaming Lips is bound to follow the same kind of path as the band's music and, by extension, its career—the conversation meanders, takes unexpected twists, and doesn't end up where you'd expect it. Throughout the conversation, however, Wayne keeps basically saying the same things over and over again in different ways—it's all just music, none of this was planned, we're having a great time, we really don't take that many drugs. In a way, it's a little like their albums, where each song is different, but the aesthetic is always the same.

records are made, and [we're not trying to do that]. I mean, we just learned how to make sure we have enough tape on the reel so we don't run out halfway through a song."

"We literally make it up as we go. There really isn't any preconceived idea of what kind of record we're going to do," he says, talking about the Lips' new album, *Clouds Taste Metallic*. The new record presents a lighter version of the Lips: more melodic, with Coyne's vocals more out front than ever before. "We just sort of go in and hopefully play things that excite us at the moment, and then by the

time we're done with it, hope that it still excites us that we've made another record. We don't have any preconceived idea of where the Flaming Lips are gonna go. That must be where the audience comes in. I hope that maybe they have an idea, and maybe they can tell us," he laughs. Do total strangers often explain his songs to him? "Oh, all the time. I think people's interpretations of what bands do is what makes it interesting. I hate it when bands come out and they tell you 'this is what we mean' and 'this is what we're pointing at' and 'this is how we're trying change the world' and all that."

"I mean, we just so we don't run

Of their intuitive, we'll-know-we're-there-when-we-get-there approach, Coyne elaborates: "I think that the way that we do music is about the only way that we get to live for the moment, anymore. People are always making plans, everything is always geared towards 'the future is going to be better,' or looking back at how good it was when you were young, and everybody's kind of caught up in that. It's rare that people do actually live for the moment, that the moment right now is good, and I don't care if the future is going to suck. I think music is one of the only avenues left where people can actually do that."

"In music, *trying* is a good thing." Um, okay, Wayne. I've heard that continuing to breathe helps, too. Would you like to rescind any of those drug denials now? "To try something different," he elaborates. "It doesn't necessarily mean that it has to work, sometimes just to try seems to be enough, you know. I mean, if you were a brain surgeon, and you went in every day and tried to do something different, it would not be good. But in music, it almost implies...you get up there and try, and it is just music—no

one gets hurt here. This is easy stuff. We're not making bombs, we're not trying to cure cancer. I mean, if you can do eleven songs on a record, why do them all the same?"

Significantly, when the Flaming Lips made that infamous indie-to-major label jump in 1991 (just after Nirvana and Sonic Youth), instead of the usual hue and cry over "selling out" and becoming "corporate rock," it was almost as if nobody, least of all the record company, noticed. "Well, yeah, which in hindsight feels good in a lot of ways," Coyne recalls. "It isn't looked at like 'this has got to be important now,' or 'this has got to suck now,' it's almost like you do it behind everybody's back and it just becomes music as opposed to what label it is on, how much money is behind it."

"If it appears that there was some sort of a plan, well, there's never been any sort of a plan," he emphasizes. "But we've been able to live on the outskirts of the music industry long enough to know how the music [business] shit of it works, and to just have a good time making music that we like. If it sells a million copies, fine, if it sells a hundred, well that's fine, too." Still, it has to be somewhat of a surprise that *Transmissions From The Satellite Heart* went on to sell 300,000 copies, when their previous album sold something like



PHOTO BY JAY BLAKESBERG

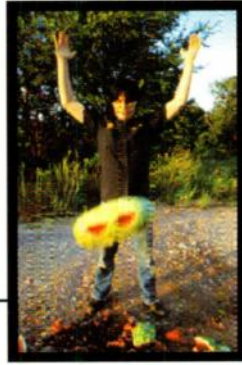
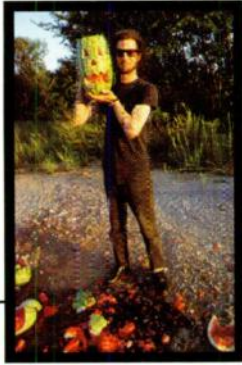
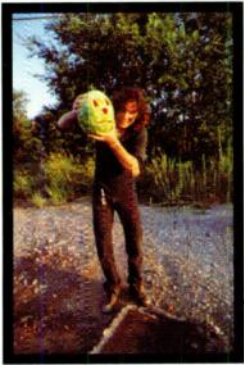
Ensclosed in a rehearsal space ("Wayne Manor," Coyne calls it) and low-budget studios in Oklahoma City, the Lips have always been outside of the normal channels of the music business. Does the relative isolation of Oklahoma have any impact on their music? "We can be as out of the loop as we want to be, but you can also be as into it as you try to be. But I mean, us living here, we would probably be the last people to know [if it affects us], just because we live here. When we started, people just assumed that if we were a band that came from Oklahoma, that we either sound like Merle Haggard or we're poseurs. I don't think our sound is particularly indigenous to Oklahoma City," he laughs. "But our whole idea all along has been, there really is no sound. If you come from Oklahoma City, the sound is what you want it to be."

Part of what makes the Lips so unique is that they seem largely unaffected by other people's music that they hear; whatever it is they're doing rehearsing in that shack with the liquid slide projector flashing on the ceiling, they're not copping influences. "Sometimes when I hear a really great record, I don't want to know how they did it," Wayne emphasizes. "Good. I'm glad they did it. That's one more human achievement out there that I like. And I realize how a lot of

16,000, and they ended up, of all places, on 90210.

"I wish there was more drama to it than there was. I mean the initial thing of them calling us and saying 'Hey, you wanna be on 90210?'—we all thought it was a joke. But our immediate response was like, *of course we'll do that.*" For all the Lips' apparent happy-go-lucky attitude, Coyne's pretty astute when he looks back at it. "I mean, that show aired the same night as the Grammys. You know what I mean? So all the teenagers out there, if you're watching the Grammys then you're a deadbeat because 90210 has the *Flaming Lips*...What's

the '60s singing along to "Strawberry Fields Forever" on Top 40 radio while they do the dishes gets him positively animated. In fact, the bigger and weirder the better. He's excited by the idea of Lips titles like "Lightning Strikes The Postman" or "Brainville—I Wanna Go" showing up on rock radio format charts, or lyrics like "This here giraffe/Laughed" being used by kids in Anytown, Ohio, as high school yearbook remembrance quotes. "Oh yeah, I'm with you," he cackles. "It becomes just music—it isn't put in a category like 'oh, that's for weird people in America that want to make weird music.'" **END**



learned how to make sure we have enough tape on the reel out halfway through a song."

funny is that a lot of the behind-the-scenes production people were fans anyway. They were like 'You guys do what you wanna do.'"

Almost every day on last year's Lollapalooza tour, Coyne introduced "Jelly" as "the song that you love the most and we hate the most." When asked about that off-putting intro to their biggest hit, Wayne laughs and reveals that particular bit of surliness was an old line of Lollapalooza-mate Nick Cave. "When we were on it last year we got to hang out with Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds a bunch. There's an old videotape of the Birthday Party, when they were at their peak—I know I was a particularly huge fan—and on one of the tapes, that's what Nick Cave says. And it's such a great statement, it makes everybody who really wants to hear that hit song go, 'oh well.'" Coyne exhales, "And of course, we don't mean it at all. It's just a stupid inside joke thing."

But what does happen when a band has That Really Really Big Hit Single? Coyne reflects, "There was a time there, especially around last Christmas and January, that it really felt sorta out of our control. At some point you get played on MTV four times a day, and if the kids are watching, they buy it." But he's cautious; while he's obviously pleased with what happened, he's not too concerned with it. "But it doesn't equate any of that with quality," he stresses. "Someone might say, 'I saw you on David Letterman and you guys were great.' No. Being on David Letterman doesn't mean you're great, it just means you're on David Letterman. Being on MTV and selling 20,000 records a week doesn't mean you're great, it just means you're selling records. People equate that sort of success with quality, and it's not true. And that's all I would ask of people along the way, is that, if you like our music, fine. Whether it's successful as far as a commercial success goes, it doesn't really affect [anything] one way or the other. And because our music is successful shouldn't turn it into something that you don't like. I think sometimes people equate those things in weird ways."

"I think somewhere along the line, people lost track of the idea that it wasn't just about playing weird obnoxious music to weird obnoxious people. What makes it fun to do is when you're playing to the normal schmucks who are expecting to hear Aerosmith. I don't think it's subversive for the Boredoms to play to 100 people who are Boredoms fans. I think what's subversive is for the Boredoms to be on Lollapalooza. Where kids showed up thinking, 'Oh, the radical shit is the Smashing Pumpkins,' and the Boredoms *threw stuff* at them. That's when you know that things can work."

Coyne is fascinated by the idea of slices of weirdness like "Jelly" and the Boredoms permeating big-time pop culture—just mentioning the thought of housewives in

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

The Flaming Lips (Pink Dust-Restless)
Hear It Is (Pink Dust-Restless)
Oh My Gawd!!!...The Flaming Lips (Restless)
Telepathic Surgery (Restless)
Uncaniously Screamin' EP (Atavistic)
In A Priest Driven Ambulance (Restless)
Hit To Death In The Future Head (Warner Bros.)
Transmissions From The Satellite Heart (Warner Bros.)
Clouds Taste Metallic (Warner Bros.)

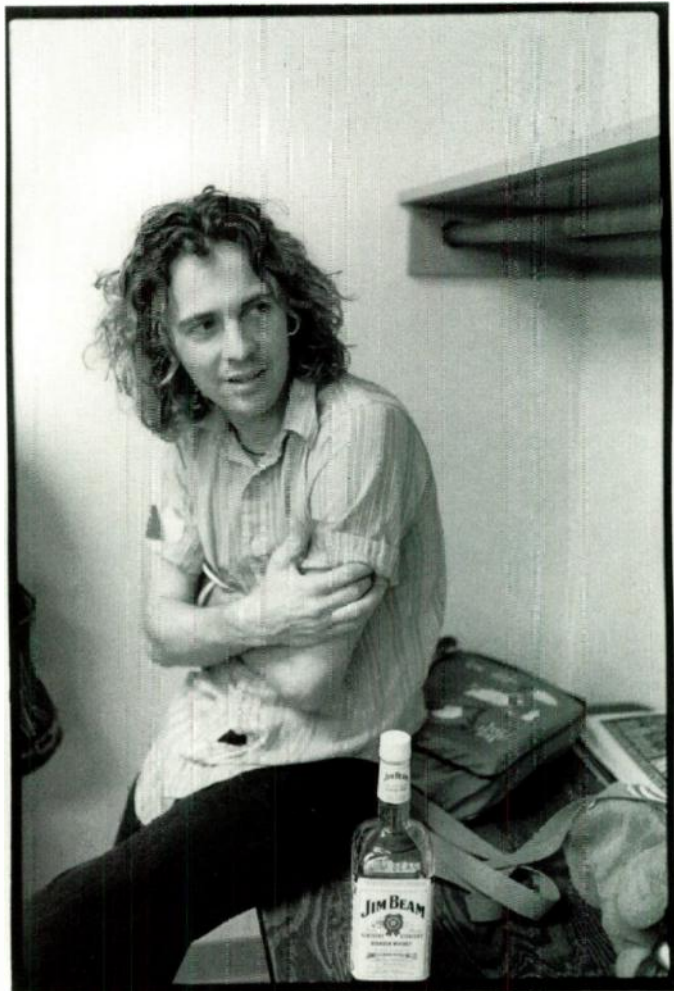


PHOTO BY JAY BLAKESBERG

VIRGIN NATURE SERIES



#7



The Pika

Ochotona princeps
7-8 in.

- The pika lives in Cleveland but is currently visiting its mother in Atlanta.
- But its answering service can be reached any weekday 9 to 5.
- If this is an emergency, please call the pocket gopher in St. Louis.
- It would behoove the pika to get call waiting.
- Pikas travel in groups but hate conference calls.
- While the pika is closely related to the rabbit, they never talk.
- The pika is thoroughly satisfied with its long distance carrier, but hates calling circles.

CHEAPNESS, BEAUTY IS FRAGILE, TREKERY LIES ADDICTED ON CONFUSION OF THE WOODS, A PRINCE OF THE ARTHUR, A ROYALTY WAS IN BLUE JEANS, GENT BY CHERRY, A BUDDAH. A FINE OLD WAR PAINT-BLACK, BOY, SAINT BITTER FLY IS SO CHURSED.

Boy George
Cheapness And Beauty
featuring "Funtime"



The Geraldine Fibbers
Lost Somewhere Between
The Earth And My Home
featuring "Dragon Lady"
tour starts in October



Ben Harper
Fight For Your Mind
featuring "Ground On Down"
on tour now

Coming September 26: David Bowie, Blur, Tab Two



Whale
We Care
featuring "Pay For Me"
on tour now



The Verve
A Northern Soul
featuring "On Your Own"
on tour now



A Means To An End
The Music of Joy Division
featuring "She's Lost Control"
by Girls Against Boys



Lenny Kravitz
Circus
featuring "Rock And Roll Is Dead"
tour starts in December

©1995
Virgin
Records
America,
Inc.

AIR MIAMI Me. Me. Me. TeenBeat-4AD

UNREST B.P.M. [1991-1994] TeenBeat

It's sometimes hard to remember that Unrest used to be praised for its stylistic inconsistency. On early records like *Malcolm X Park* and *Kustom Karnal Blaxploitation*, the Arlington, VA, group—whose only consistent members were singer/guitarist Mark Robinson and drummer Phil Krauth—flitted from genre to genre (hardcore, funk, flamenco) with every song. With three remarkable 1991 singles, and the arrival of bassist Bridget Cross (who had sung in the earliest lineup of Velocity Girl), Unrest found its voice, playing gorgeous drones—sometimes disguised within deft, chittering dance songs, sometimes draped only in a ribbon of sweet melody, sometimes raw and shimmering. The highlight of its live shows, on a good night, would be explosive half-hour versions of "Cherry Cherry"—where Cross and Robinson's left hands barely moved—or "Hydroplane"—where they didn't move at all. Robinson would stand with his eyes closed and an ecstatic look on his face, playing a single chord for all it was worth.

Unrest broke up last year, and the Robinson/Cross team's *Air Miami* took its place quickly. (Krauth has a new solo album, *Cold Morning*, out on TeenBeat.) In Unrest, Cross was the secret weapon; in *Air Miami*, she's an equal partner: She and Robinson both sing on nearly every track on the band's debut album, *Me. Me. Me.* And while the new band has a sonic identity of its own (two-guitar interplay, less emphasis on groove, more emphasis on production details, general lushness), the links to the past are explicit—the Everything But The Girl-like "Afternoon Train" is an improved remake of Unrest's final single. *Me. x3* is a witty, unselfconscious record—the first two songs' hooks are "please, someone kill me soon" and "I've got it/World Cup Fever," the third song is a gorgeous slow one called "Seabird," and it's all graceful enough that there's no clash between the sarcasm and the sincerity. The band runs out of fully realized songs about halfway through, but everything sounds so nice that it's hard to notice, and even some of the throwaways are irresistible—especially "Neely," a boppy two-chord jangle that goes "Hey hey/Hey hey/I'm gonna fuck you up today" (and then "I'm gonna get fucked up today").

Given Robinson's proclivity for high-concept projects on his TeenBeat label, the new Unrest anthology *B.P.M.* (in this context, Bridget Phil Mark) is a little confusing. It's not quite an overview of the Cross years, since it has a couple of tracks recorded slightly before her arrival. It's not quite a singles compilation: The essential "Yes She Is My Skinhead Girl" and "Isabel" are both omitted, and "Cath Carroll" is represented only by Guy (Laika) Fixsen's warped remix of its intro. It's not quite a rarities album, either—while we get neat stuff like the theme Unrest recorded for a Hi-Tec commercial and a lovely cover of James's "Folklore," *B.P.M.* starts with an unadulterated track from the *Imperial f.f.r.r.* album ("June," secretly everybody's favorite Unrest song, and one of the few Bridget sang). It's not even consistently listenable—smack in the middle of it are two versions of the ill-conceived "Winona Ryder" (an awkward cover/parody of a great new wave obscurity), originally planned as simultaneously released singles and then scrapped. Program those out, though, and what's left is the best Unrest album, representing the drones (the brief, dubby "Hydrofoil No. 4" and a remix of "Imperial" that strips away everything but a single, bell-like tone), the strumming rushes ("Make Out Club," whose failure to become a hit is proof of the perversity of the universe, and "Cherry Cherry") and the new wave dreams. It's also got the band's single greatest moment, a nine-minute wonder called "Vibe Out" (rescued from a British EP) that starts as a Bridget-sung one-chord pop song and becomes a poignant instrumental drone-out. If you haven't heard Unrest before, *B.P.M.* is, if not a perfect introduction, the best that's out there; if you're already a convert, it's got a lot of great stuff you probably haven't heard yet anyway.

—Douglas Wolk

DATALOG: Release date: Jul. 25 (Unrest), Sep. 12 (Air Miami).

First single "I Hate Milk" (Air Miami).

FILE UNDER: Airy strum-and-drone.

R.I.Y.L.: The Wedding Present, New Order, Versus.



"ALL DOBRO PLAYERS ATTENTION !!!!!!! All DOBRO players will meet at 4:00 pm on Saturday, July 8, 1995 and begin playing THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD and will keep playing until we have a guaranteed spot in the GUNNES WORLD BOOK OF RECORDS. Each DOBRO player will get to front the group and play a lead verse for photo purposes and viewing of the T.V. cameras. There will also be a DOBRO playoff contest with the pickers setting the rules. First place winners will receive estimated hundreds of dollars. Free rough camping for DOBRO pickers."—from a press release (to "all media and akin publications") from the Mountain Music Association. Yes, all spellings are from the original.

AXIOM FUNK *Funkronomicon* Axiom-Island

Axiom Funk is the name of Bill Laswell's P-Funk party, where the producer has united as many alumni of George Clinton's army as he could, including Clinton, Bootsy Collins, Bernie Worrell, Eddie Hazel, Jerome Brailey, "Blackbyrd McKnight" and Maceo Parker, along with other funk greats like Sly Stone and Bobby Byrd. It could have been the capstone on a super-significant lifelong body of work, but as it is, *Funkronomicon* is a bit of a muddle; not an unsalvagable one, and not without noble intent, but certainly not the super-heavyweight celebration that was hoped for. It's a sprawling double-CD that would have been a killer single old-fashioned LP. For one thing, 30 minutes of the material, including high points like "Cosmic Slop" and "Tell The World," are all recycled from other older Laswell-produced LPs, and the stab-at-hipness "jungle" track sounds out of place. Still, inside its Pedro Bell cover art (the same artist who did all the vintage Funkadelic cartoon covers), *Funkronomicon* has its moments. Fittingly, almost all of them involve the late Eddie Hazel, guitarist of "Maggot Brain" fame, to whom this album is dedicated. On what must have been among his last recorded tracks, he lives up to the legend. The album ends with Last Poet Umar Bin Hassan's moving poem in memory of Hazel, "Sacred To The Pain." It's an unforgettable bit of inspired poetical testimony—a true P-Funk send-off for one hell of a stone guitarist. For a diehard fan of old Parliament/Funkadelic, this album is certainly more recommended than most of what these players have done in the studio since the early '80s; but for those expecting the second coming of the Bomb, it's not here.

—James Lien

**DATALOG:** Released Jul. 25.**FILE UNDER:** P-Funk reunions.**R.I.Y.L.:** P-Funk All-Stars, Living Colour, Bill Laswell.**BEAUTIFUL SOUTH** *The Best Of The Beautiful South* Go! Discs-Mercury

So you release three albums in America that go nowhere and make tracks home to Britain. While there, you release your greatest-hits album, and sell 1.5 million copies of it, making it the U.K.'s third-fastest-selling album ever. Now, maybe, America will listen. Welcome to the Beautiful South—a band whose ripe, sweet melodies and gracefully biting lyrics drive stakes through pop music's clichés. "The conversation we had last night, when all I wanted to do was knife you in the heart, I kept it all in," sings bandleader (and ex-Housemartin) Paul Heaton on "You Keep It All In," lyrics dripping irony yet consistently sidestepping preciousness. Delicately balancing lush, clean melodies and Hitchcockian vignettes (the reggae-laced "Woman In The Wall" mirrors Poe's "Tell-Tale Heart"), the South writes hooks catchy enough to get you singing along about breasts ("So what, is that all that you've got?" on "36D") and alcoholism ("Old Red Eyes Is Back") before you know what's hit you, making it more subversive than bands that make ten times its noise. Unfortunately, when it stops doing what it does best—gorgeous cynicism—and switches to watery covers of "Everybody's Talkin'" and "Dream A Little Dream Of Me," the band loses its punch. Still, *Greatest Hits* is an excellent primer into the twisted minds that rule the South's beautiful pop hearts.

—Rande Dawn Cohen

DATALOG: Release date: Oct. 10.**FILE UNDER:** Razor-edged pop.**R.I.Y.L.:** Ivy, Go-Betweens, Boo Radleys.**BODEANS** *Joe Dirt Car* Slash

The Bodeans came of age during the American roots rock revival of the mid-'80s that sired bands like the Del Fuegos and the Blasters, and even Soul Asylum. The last surprised everybody by getting famous, but the other bands are footnotes now except for the Bodeans, who've pressed heroically onward through 11 years, six records, and more drummers than Spinal Tap. The live, two-disc *Joe Dirt Car* charts the Bodeans' slippery evolution from rootsy, hip-shaking rockers—the Everly Brothers as a bar band—to overly slick, socially conscious U2-acolytes and back again. The Bodeans have never made a record that shows how good they are live, and that alone gives *Joe Dirt Car* more purpose than most live records. It shows how fine, and how grievously underrated, the Bodeans have always been; they have irresistible, unaffected melodies, and the best harmonies in the world. Most of *Joe Dirt Car*—which contains liberal samplings from each of the Bodeans' studio records, as well as an almost a capella version of Patsy Cline's "Walking After Midnight"—is stripped down and spare. Its light touch redeems numbers that were previously beyond redemption, like songs from 1991's keyboard-overdosed, excruciatingly spruced-up *Black And White*. The Bodeans are wise enough to leave their best work—stuff from their acoustic-based first and last records—to its own devices.

—Allison Stewart

DATALOG: Released Aug. 8.**FILE UNDER:** Fresh-faced American bar-band rock the way God intended.**R.I.Y.L.:** Soul Asylum, The Jayhawks, the Bottle Rockets, Wilco.**R.I.Y.L.:** RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE

BIVOQUAC



FULL SIZE BOY THE NEW ALBUM

FEATURING "CYNIC (MONKEY SANCTUARY)"

FOR A FREE BIVOQUAC 7" IMPORT SINGLE, SEND A POSTCARD TO:
FULL SIZE BOY, 9130 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CA 90069.
SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED AND SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY.

PRODUCED, RECORDED + MIXED BY JOHN AGNELLO

INTERNET: <http://www.geffen.com>

©1995 GEFLEN RECORDS, INC.



CHARLATANS UK The Charlatans UK *Beggars Banquet-Atlantic*

Nothing new from the Charlatans—they've even re-renamed themselves after one album's freedom from the "UK." But never expect too much from this band, which has consistently provided palatably psychedelic dance tunes for four albums now. Despite the abortive "second coming" of their progenitors the Stone Roses, and the recent success of their bastard stepsons Oasis, the Charlatans still cling to a familiar formula that mixes the rough and ready rock of the latter and the sheer grooviness of the former. "Tell Everyone," with a Led Zeppelin-esque opening riff and U2's anthemic force, comes off as a slower, muddier "Love Spreads," while the instrumental "Nine Acre Court" rings of generic late '80s "bagginess." But even when they veer away from imitation, the Charlatans end up sounding like watery versions of themselves. What made them appealing in the first place was their upfront, cheery dance rhythms, over-the-top organ melodies, and Tim Burgess' unabashedly sinewy, emotionless singing, some of which comes across in "Toothpaste" but remains lacking from the rest of the album. The Charlatans were fortunate to have survived the whole English retro craze and, unlike many of their peers, emerged with a record contract. But over four albums the lack of growth is starting to show. After all, how long can a band continue to influence itself?

—Rande Dawn Cohen

DATALOG: Release date: Sep. 12.

FILE UNDER: Trippy dance pop.

R.I.Y.L.: The Stone Roses, Happy Mondays, Inspiral Carpets.

DAMBUILDERS Ruby Red *EastWest-EEG*

The Dambuilders have a distinctive approach to power pop, subbing in violin for feedback to create a sinuous sound. Enter Don Gehman, producer for John Cougar Mellencamp and Hootie & The Blowfish, among others. The resulting fourth Dambuilders album, *Ruby Red*, is a crystal-clear confection of hooky, muscular guitar riffs and occasional flights of fiddle. This works to great advantage on the opener, "Smooth Control," a streamlined battering ram of a song that practically rolls a video in your head, featuring youthful masses careening off towering amps. As the songs get more complex, the band's lyrical chops aren't always up to par. It's a pity the catchy but trite "Teenage Loser Anthem" is the single; a better choice would have been "Lazy Eye," whose extended love-out-of-control metaphor does for that ocular affliction what Robyn Hitchcock did for dyslexia. The peculiar thing about this record is the predominance of the same smooth boy-girl harmonies on almost every track—even self-consciously heavy songs like "Rocket To The Moon." One minute you've got a nasal, Middle American voice free-versing over a bare snare; next thing you know, here come the ooh-ooh backing vox. The premise seems to be that what this world needs now is Shellac with a sweet pop center. Run that one up the focus group and see if anyone salutes.

—Andrea Moed

DATALOG: Released Jul. 18. First single "Teenage Loser Anthem."

FILE UNDER: Panther pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Shudder To Think, the Caulfields.

DEAD FUCKING LAST Proud To Be *Epitaph*

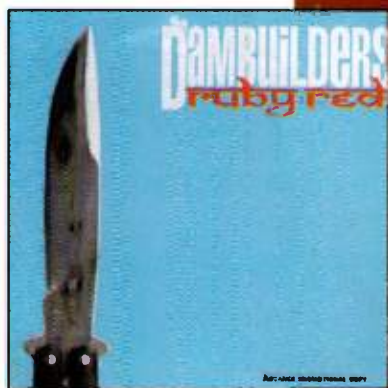
Formerly fronted by the Beastie Boys' Ad-Rock, D.F.L. put out an EP on the Beasties' Grand Royal label a few years back, and hasn't been heard from much since. Its full-length debut, the Ad-Rock-produced *Proud To Be*, is being touted as a return to vintage early-'80s hardcore, the sort of thing few bands do anymore, and even fewer do well. D.F.L. mixes excessively hormonal, Beasties-style punk lite with Dischord-inspired thrash, but with none of the passion or intelligence that made hardcore matter in the first place (that acts like S.O.A. and Minor Threat actually had something to say helped too). D.F.L. gets all the hardcore conventions right: two-minute, one-take bursts of frenzied noise, with the vocals mixed low and indistinct; lots of attitude. What comes out is unstylized, but unskilled, too. Many tracks are the aural equivalent of roadkill. The spoken asides between takes are left on, and they're frequently more interesting than the rest of the record: Judging from the band's Shut-Up-Or-I'll-Really-Give-You-Something-To-Cry-About comments, several people were injured during the making of this record, possibly fatally. There must be better ways to go.

—Allison Stewart

DATALOG: Released Jul. 25.

FILE UNDER: Indistinct adolescent hardcore.

R.I.Y.L.: Beastie Boys, Meatmen, Circle Jerks.



"Definitely New York. At least there you can understand when someone calls you an asshole."

—Ozzy Osbourne, on his preference of the two cities, New York and Paris, in which he recorded his new album, *Ozmosis*

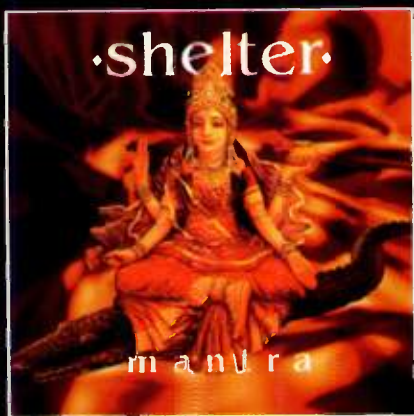


shelter

m a n t r a



Bringing aggression and melody together with a legendary history.



©1995 Roadrunner Records Inc.

THE JOHN DOE THING Kissingsohard *Forward-Rhino*

Since X has always thrived on the distinct, angular harmonies of Exene Cervenka and John Doe, one could reasonably wonder whether Doe's solo album would have the same kick. But the vintage croon—weary-sounding, heartfelt—is precisely what allows *Kissingsohard* to move smoothly between spiked rockers, compassionate ballads, and rootsy, American hard-luck tales. It doesn't hurt that Doe turned out 13 solid tunes with his signature jagged harmonics, and put together a crack four-piece, moving himself from bass to rhythm guitar, and getting Blaster Smokey Hormel on lead guitar, Brad Houser (Crittters Buggin) on bass, and drummer Joey Waronker (Walt Mink, Beck). Don Gilmore produced, and Cervenka, who co-wrote two songs, sings backup (low in the mix) on a couple of tracks. Though Doe's range is limited, his voice is supple and capable of seizing the moment. The gorgeous, melancholy "Tragedy By Definition" evokes the best ballads of Stephen Stills, Nick Drake, or Jefferson Airplane's Marty Balin. "Beer, Gas, Ride Forever" attacks the way we let our lives—and principles—fall apart while taking solace in stupid pleasures. With *Kissingsohard*, Doe emerges as a true urban cowboy for our times: tough and experienced but not cynical; concerned with love, justice, and poetry.

—Danny Housman

DATALOG: Released Aug. 15.**FILE UNDER:** Urban country rock.**R.I.Y.L.:** Neil Young, John Hiatt, the Mekons, John Mellencamp.**EVIL STIG** Evil Stig *Warner Bros.*

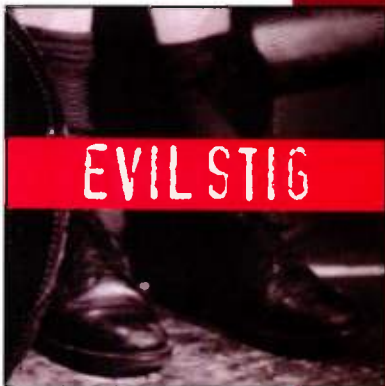
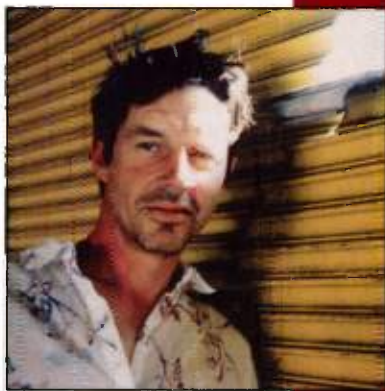
Two years after the murder of lead singer Mia Zapata, the Gits regrouped with Joan Jett on vocals for a series of Seattle benefit shows, documented on *Evil Stig* (read: Gits Live). Three years ago, crunch-pop poster girl Jett would have seemed an unlikely choice to carry the torch, but the recent public devotion of artists like L7 and Bikini Kill—who adore Jett for her Leather Tuscadero-like, kohl-and-black-leather-pants past—has turned Jett into a sort of grrrrly icon. (Bikini Kill's Kathleen Hanna shares backing vocals and songwriting credits on several numbers here.) Even stripped of hindsight and nostalgia, there's still something propulsive and strong about the Gits' (now recording, minus Joan, as the Dancing French Liberals of '48) finest numbers, which are showcased to perfection here, with several Jett solo numbers and a light, virtually sludge-free rendition of "Crimson And Clover" thrown in as well. Jett handles the material almost perfectly, with equal amounts of respect and invention. And while even she can't summon the fire that Zapata did—or that she brought to her own best work—she comes close enough. Only the well-meaning but decidedly creepy "Whirlwind," which features Jett singing to an old Zapata vocal, falls flat.

—Allison Stewart

DATALOG: Released Aug. 22. Dancing French Liberals Of '48's *Powerline* was reviewed in the September issue.**FILE UNDER:** Corrosive, propulsive, recent-vintage grunge.**R.I.Y.L.:** Hole, Seven Year Bitch, Tad.**FOR LOVE NOT LISA** Information Superdriveway *EastWest-EEG*

Languishing in the closet for the past few years, superseded in legitimacy and raw talent by grunge, bands like For Love Not Lisa are trying to make a comeback. If this band had its way, For Love Not Lisa, with a clunky name and an even clunkier sound, would singlehandedly bring back hair-rock. And with songs full of posturing, overheated vocals and big, raucous chords, it may have just enough clichés to do it with. Basically, *Information Superdriveway* could be a primer on how to make an '80s metal album: from the inane lyrics of "Had A Lover" ("I had a lover and I had to leave her") to the fist-pumping pure thrash of "Snow Ball Fight," FLNL eschews modulation and variety as it aims to make as much noise as possible. In the process, its sound comes across as dated and overdone, conjuring a style that hit its peak with bands like Poison and Tesla. Occasionally FLNL makes a foray into dynamics, like the partially-acoustic "Kill Whitey," which gives the music room to breathe between guitar assaults, but the sheer sonic force of *Information* makes most tunes run together, as if the album was one long jam session. Fan or no, say this about grunge: it protected us for about five years from bands like this.

—Ranee Dawn Cohen

DATALOG: Release date: Sep. 19.**FILE UNDER:** '80s hair rawk.**RIYL:** Def Leppard, Ratt.**R.I.Y.L.:** RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE

For constantly updated touring and fan club information, daily messages to and feedback from the band, previews of unreleased material, and news right from the source as soon as it happens, call the official NELSON LIFELINE at 1-900-990-TWIN.—from the liner notes of *Nelson's Because They Can*

*stick this in your pipe
and smoke it!*

Seaweed



Spanaway

the new album. it smokes.

*produced by adam kasper
mixed by andy wallace*

Available On Hollywood Records Compact Discs, LP's and Cassettes

for a free brochure on the splendor of Spanaway send a postcard with your name, address and telephone number to:
Spanaway Visitors Bureau p.o. box 19700 Seattle WA 98109

World Radio History

Hollywood
RECORDS

FRIENDS OF DEAN MARTINEZ *The Shadow Of Your Smile* *Sub Pop*

Much of Friends Of Dean Martinez's debut is sleek, smooth mood music, instrumentals designed to be the background for some other activity. All dobro, guitar and xylophone, these wordless, yet charming tunes instantly set a mood, transporting the listener back to a time before rock 'n' roll had a stranglehold on pop music. In fact, two songs remade here—"Misty" and "I Wish You Love"—charted back then. Occasionally, the Friends turn to surf-rock, as on "Chunder," which has a *Pulp Fiction*-esque flair to its rhythms. In fact, many of the songs on *The Shadow Of Your Smile* could belong to a film soundtrack, with dramatic flourishes and surges designed to have a story or theme attached. There's nothing wrong with music best heard as a background to something else—the success of ambient music has been proving that for years—but the Friends seems to bring nothing new to the medium, nothing that Combustible Edison hasn't already done. "All The Pretty Horses" and "El Tiradito" are punchy, jazzy tunes, some of the best on the album, but something still feels missing—words, a film, a cocktail party? Take this record with a pinch of salt... and maybe a tequila shot to go with it. —Ranee Dawn Cohen

DATALOG: Released Aug. 22.

FILE UNDER: Cocktail-party music.

R.I.Y.L.: Combustible Edison, Dean Martin, the Tornados.

REG E. GAINES *Sweeper Don't Clean My Street* *Mercury*

Reg E. Gaines made some noise back in 1994 with an aggressive, inner-city poetry-slam style that mixed the wry, socio-political beat-styled commentary of Allen Ginsberg with the hip, hard edge of rap. His poem/rap "Please Don't Take My Air Jordans" became an underground classic, ushering in a new era of spoken-word hipness that was the ultimate synthesis of coffee shop beat-attitude and streetwise smarts. Gaines subsequently got signed to a major label, made an album and confused the hell out of the masses: His chosen art was too poetry for the rap fans and too rap for the poetry fans. This time out, Gaines affects a hypnotist/new-age mode, lacing his otherwise engaging wordplay with an annoying mixture of cheesy synth beats. The opening "Yummy" sounds like first-time noodling on a low-end Casio keyboard. "I Just Wanna Catch A Cab" revolves around the "black man can't get a cab in New York City" theme that has been done into the ground by rap artists and street poets alike. While bits like "Pipe Dream" are gripping in their examination of drug usage and euphoria, they would fare better with minimal acoustic accompaniment. Gaines is at his best when he sticks to the straight-no-chaser spoken pieces. His voice and words are consistently captivating and grippingly visual. Unfortunately, *Sweeper Don't Clean My Street* injects neo-New Age keyboards and canned rhythms into the mix, watering down Gaines' lyrical potency. —Spence D.

DATALOG: Released Aug. 22.

FILE UNDER: Spoken word.

R.I.Y.L.: The Last Poets, D-Knowledge, Maggie Estep.

GARBAGE *Garbage* *Almo Sounds-Geffen*

Rock producers have the luxury of rebuilding their identities from scratch, as '90s uberproducer Butch Vig (Nirvana, Sonic Youth, Smashing... you know the roster) achieves on *Garbage*, a fabulously entertaining experiment. Garbage, the group, traffics in post-postmodern technopop that's been gutted and reupholstered. The very idea of taking angst-laden ditties with petulant lyrics ("for pop geeks who dance with the lights out," Vig says) and reducing them to a trash heap of rhythm fragments and sound effects is enough to induce groans. But Garbage is so adept at writing chiming, hyper-melodic rock that, try as it might, it can only do so much harm to the tunes, which end up sounding like organic industrial pop. Vig and his cohorts were inspired to produce *Garbage* when they stumbled across pouty Scottish singer Shirley Manson on the telly, and it's apparent why. More than the invisible Vig, it's Manson who gives Garbage its personality—purring like PJ Harvey on the sleek "Fix Me Now," howling like Curve's Toni Halliday on the smarmy "Only Happy When It Rains," even sneering like Elastica's Justine Frischmann on "Dog New Tricks," she's got the ideal vocal timbre for this brand of modern electro. Wedding '80s New Wave, bombastic Reznorian clatter and woman-led shoegazer rock, Garbage has created an album of the moment that's neither as groundbreaking as it hopes nor as pretentious as you fear. For all its fits and starts, damned if you won't be humming along. —Chris Molanphy

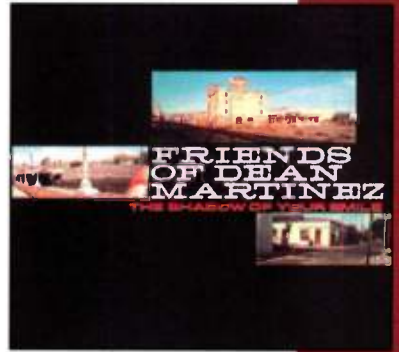
DATALOG: Released Aug. 15. First single "Vow."

FILE UNDER: Fragmented techno-pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Curve, Elastica, early Nine Inch Nails, recent Depeche Mode.

R.I.Y.L.: RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE

ARTIST FEATURED ON THIS MONTH'S CD



SKYLAB #1



"...like Portishead with
less vocals and more LSD"
THE FACE



"An opium laced melange
of Deee-lite, Portishead
and St. Etienne's more
elegant moments."
-MM



•An enchanting mix
of film soundtracks,
period jazz samples,
French dialogue,
tribal chants, twangy
reverb guitar with
phat beats and
ambience•



e-mail: astralwerks@cyberden.com

© 1995 Caroline Records

World Radio History

SOUNDTRACK *Half-Cocked* *Matador*

It's probably not wise to expect too much from soundtracks. One or two good songs, maybe, and the rest a repository for outtakes, obscurities, and record label favors, with the artists figuring, "It's a soundtrack, who'll care?" *Half-Cocked* leaps straight into the world of smugly hip, overly self-referential soundtracks. The artists are a peerlessly cataloged collection of the indie, the trendy, and the overwhelmingly arty. Everyone on it has sounded better somewhere else. The Grifters, for example, don't wind up the better for their efforts on the lurching, tuneless "The Want"; nor do the frequently marvelous Freakwater (including Eleventh Dream Day's Janet Beveridge Bean) on "Drunk Friend." Helium, featuring the preternaturally sweet-voiced Mary Timony, fares a bit better on "Magic Box," but the less said about Big Heifer (whoever they are) and "(We Got) Flowers In Our Hair" the better. Unwound and Slant 6 turn in marginally appealing, predictably droll numbers, but it's too late. The aura of self-congratulatory hipness gets stultifying after a while; it sucks up all the oxygen. The underground (which is overcrowded, anyway) isn't what it used to be: These artists—many of them fine, elsewhere—pioneered the art of halting, minimalist post-punk, which was fun while it lasted. But it grows more stale by the day, as becomes clear after one listen to *Half-Cocked*, which should be a primer to everything that's right with indie rock, and winds up being an exercise in tedium instead.

—Allison Stewart

DATALOG: Release date: Aug. 15.

FILE UNDER: Halting, ramshackle indie-rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Yo La Tengo, Butterglory, The Make-Up.

WILLIAM HOOKER *Armageddon* *Homestead*

Drummer and free jazz veteran William Hooker does not overwhelm you with fast runs, fancy patterns, or funky grooves. He has raw power, yes, but only occasionally does he use that to get your attention. Hooker wears down your resistance most relentlessly with his concentration, the palpable sense of composition as he works. How many drummers can, for 15 minutes, link up a series of wholly original, passionate improvisations into a cohesive web of sounds? Hooker on the drums is more than a musician and his instrument: it's a moveable feast. On *Armageddon* Hooker is joined, on different tracks, by an ambient DJ, horn players, guitarists and a keyboardist. But they enter his terrain and quickly learn his language, not vice versa. The 48-year-old drummer—idolized by Thurston Moore and Lee Ranaldo, who have both recorded with him—whips up a frothy, menacing atmosphere. But he knows that, beyond the sweat lodge, all-out pummeling has little place. Hooker will grab you with syncopated suspense, and tom-toms that talk. If you're into music of the perpetual cutting edge, like Sonny Sharrock, Don Pullen, or Ornette Coleman, check out this brilliant brother of the same mind.

—Danny Housman

DATALOG: Released Jul. 20.

FILE UNDER: Creative, drum-centric mayhem.

R.I.Y.L.: Sunny Murray, Milford Graves, Sonic Youth's live jams.

INTO ANOTHER *Seemless* *Hollywood*

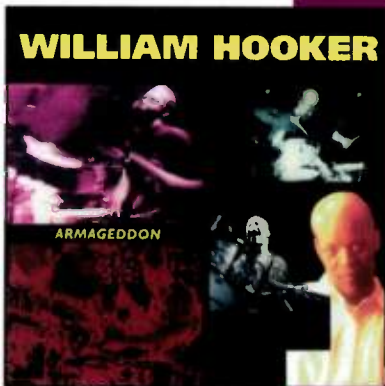
If you didn't know that Into Another's frontman used to be in the legendary hardcore outfit Youth Of Today, and somebody told you, you'd probably laugh. The New York band opts for gloss over grit, and its ability to deliver polished metal is in peak form on its third album. The 11 songs here bear a sheen bright enough to blind you. Thankfully, the album's glitziness is kept in check by the fact that the band members aren't show-offs. These songs are well-delivered and precise without being too schmaltzy; guitar guru Peter Moses' solos are a study in sure-fingered noodling and vocalist/guitarist Richie Birkenhead's power chords are always controlled. Dynamic vocal melodies bob and weave through the steady guitar assault, and even though Birkenhead's voice sounds better when it's loud (the treated vocals sound cheesy on the quieter songs), his range is always impressive. The rhythm section's unrelenting drive is equally noteworthy; the syncopated beat of "Actual Size" throws a pleasant, unexpected curve. The force of *Seemless* is that the drastic changes in mood from song to song are never jarring, so that it feels like a '90s rock-opera; its dramatics are so effective, you may just catch yourself playing air-guitar.

—Jenny Eliscu

DATALOG: Release date: Sep. 12.

FILE UNDER: Well-groomed metal.

R.I.Y.L.: Alice In Chains, Queensryche, Catherine Wheel.



WELCOME TO JULIAN

Surfing on a T-Bone



ROSEBUD Rcds,
16, rue des fossés St Jacques, 75005 Paris France
Tél : 33 -1- 44 41 95 91 Fax : 33 - 1- 44 41 95 54

FMO / Nathalie Tournier Tél : 212 397 40 18



LUNA Penthouse Elektra

Like a warm spring rain, Luna's third album falls on an already saturated bog full of like-minded wistful dreampop bands, and although *Penthouse* is among the better results of all those college Saturday afternoons spent with the quieter side of the Velvet, it still doesn't strain the confines of its pigeonhole. This probably doesn't bother Luna much, since the band's whole laid-back musical ethic seems to argue against the wisdom or even the viability of effort. "There was nothing I could do/No decision to be made," sings Dean Wareham in a not-quite-on-key croon that somehow suggests world-weary cynicism and winsome innocence at the same time. Musically, Luna's mongrel ancestry is clearly evident: ex-Feelie Stan Demeski and sometime Feelie consort John Baumgartner bring some of that band's rhythmic drive, ex-Chill Justin Haywood supplies the supple bass and jangly New Zealand charm, and Wareham contributes the acid-on-'Ludes trippiness that he first essayed with Galaxie 500. Unfortunately, these elements don't coalesce into something whole so much as they just kind of hang out together. *Penthouse* drifts in and out of your consciousness like a happy, vague childhood memory, and it's all very likable except that you don't really notice when it's over. Ultimately, Luna is like an alternative Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young—unfailingly pleasant but somehow a bit less than the sum of its parts.

—Craig O'Neill

DATALOG: Released Aug. 8. First single "Chinatown."
FILE UNDER: Slacker psychedelia.
R.I.Y.L.: Syd Barrett, The Vulgar Boatmen, Mazzy Star.

MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT Hit And Run Holiday Interscope

The evolution has been a gradual one, but over the last half-decade, My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult has gone from being one of the most quasi-frightening members of Chicago's industrial-dance underground to a sort of high-tech, lascivious lounge act. Granted, this isn't entirely a bad thing: Even if the distortion pedals have been switched off and the synth horns and bondage-gear-clad backup singers brought up in the mix, it hasn't affected MLWTTKK's black-humored sampling, or its ability to tap into a funky groove and work it for all it's worth. Sweat-dripping cuts like "Apollo 69" and "Golden Strip" are sure to keep black-clad dancefloors swaying into the night. But it was a bit easier not to snicker over MLWTTKK's pastiche of images of kinky sex, hard drugs and Satanism when it was accompanied by music guaranteed to scare even the most tolerant of 'rents. *Hit And Run Holiday*, however, sounds like something you might actually find at the back of Mom and Dad's vinyl collection, albeit with pictures of people in bellbottoms and gold chains on the cover. At any rate, *Hit And Run Holiday* provides an interesting lesson in semiotics. If the band's audience of multi-pierced children of the night were deprived of its concerts, videos, packaging and other means of presenting empty signifiers of kinkiness, and had only the music to judge, would they even have any idea they were supposed to like this album?

—David Jarman

DATALOG: Released Aug. 22.
FILE UNDER: Industro-acid kinky kitch.
R.I.Y.L.: Lords Of Acid, Donna Summer, Betty Page.

PALACE MUSIC Viva Last Blues Palace-Drag City

It seems unlikely that Will Oldham, the mastermind behind the many-named Palace project, could continue to write similar songs album after album and never stagnate, and what's more, produce a better album each time. Perhaps the albums never sound like the previous work because Oldham rarely works with the same band, picking up musicians wherever he may be (*Viva Last Blues* was recorded in Alabama). This time, Oldham invited Jason Loewenstein (Sebadoh) to drum and sing harmonies in the Palace sideshow, which also includes a handful of musicians who have appeared on previous releases. Unlike the sparse solo work of Oldham's last full-length, *Days In The Wake*, *Viva Last Blues* is more of a rock album, with rousing bass lines and uplifting keyboards. Palace has undergone an infusion of energy—good-bye to lethargy and lament. Actually, it wouldn't be a Palace record without lament, the quota of which is beautifully filled by the desperate cry of "You are always on my mind!" in the chorus of "New Partner." —Down Sutter

DATALOG: Released Aug. 15.
FILE UNDER: Modern country blues.
R.I.Y.L.: Neil Young, Bob Dylan, Flying Burrito Brothers, Jayhawks.

R.I.Y.L.: RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



Liz Phair



Liz Phair

LIZ PHAIR *Juvenilia* Matador-Atlantic

The home tapes that Liz Phair made under the name Girlysound, before *Exile In Guyville*, are probably the most talked-about recordings that nobody's actually heard this side of the Beach Boys' *Smile*. When those tapes made the rounds of the pop underground in sixth- and seventh-generation dubs, though, they were unimaginably exciting—delicate, original, smart and chilling, and sung in a voice of despairing isolation. *Juvenilia* is essentially an expanded single for Whip-smart's "Jealousy" (for a good cringe, see Phair's recent exegesis in *Details* of lyrics like "I can't believe you had a life before me"), but it's significant as the first place that five of the Girlysound recordings have been officially released. (The disc also has two other songs—a new one and a cover of the Vapors' "Turning Japanese," on which she sounds frighteningly like the Undertones' Feargal Sharkey—both pretty negligible.) The Girlysound stuff, it turns out, is exactly as good as its rep, and it draws a lot of its power from its low-tech origins. On a produced record like Whip-smart, Phair's persona of a no-hope prairie boy, muttering "we're gonna get drunk and fuck some cows" ("South Dakota") would just sound dumb; here, with her voice cracking, singing so quietly it sounds like she's trying not to wake up someone outside the closet where she's recording, it's frightening and funny. And Phair's lyrical specialty, despite her reputation, isn't being potty-mouthed: It's being brutally honest about people in relationships and how they deal with each other, and *Juvenilia* ends with "Easy," a song so dead-on that it's almost impossible to take and so lovely that you have to listen anyway. —Douglas Wolk

DATALOG: Released Jul. 25. Video for "Jealousy."

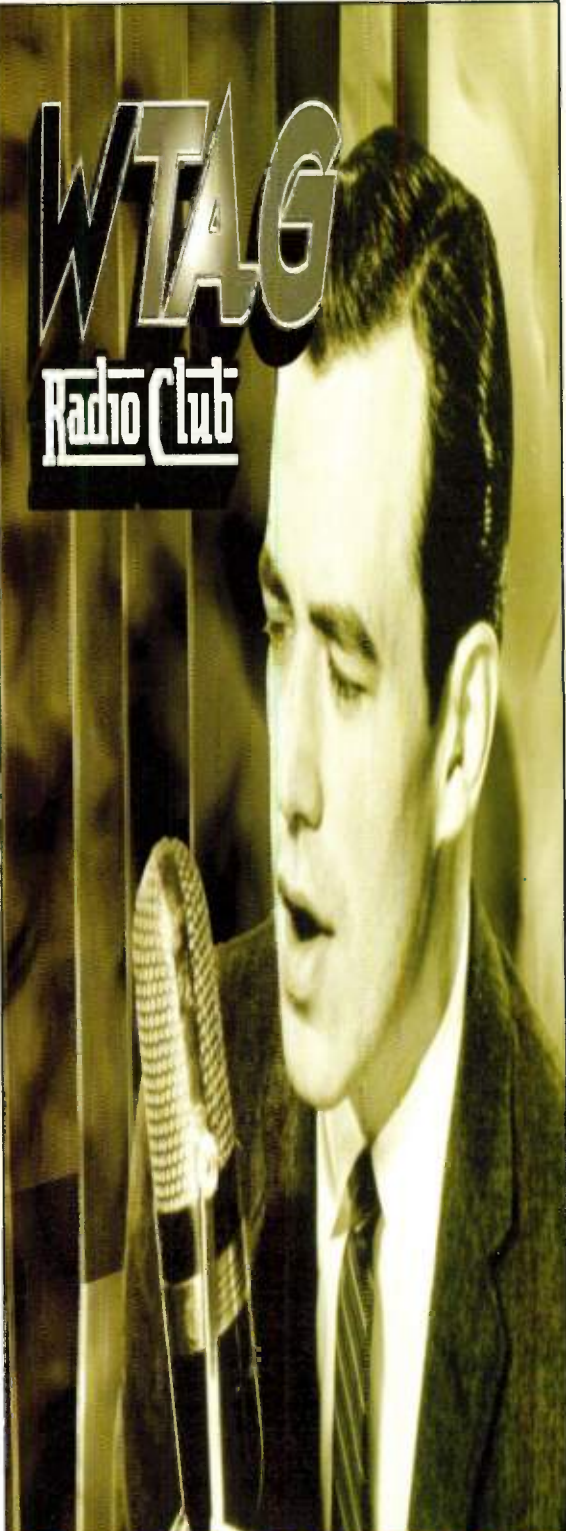
FILE UNDER: Singer-songwriters.

R.I.Y.L.: Sentridoh, John Kennedy Toole, Nick Drake.

"I used to ride motorcycles with my friend up in the hills and stuff. But I don't recommend that for anybody that's blind."—Ray Charles, from an interview in BAM

WTAG

Radio Club



Heavy Rotation Playlist



RUSTY

THE INBREDS

THE BOTTLE ROCKETS

DEAD HOT WORKSHOP

TAG Recordings
14 East 60 Street
New York, NY 10022

Talk to us: info@tagrec.com
Visit our web site: <http://www.tagrec.com>

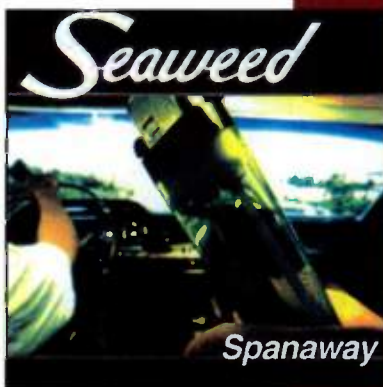
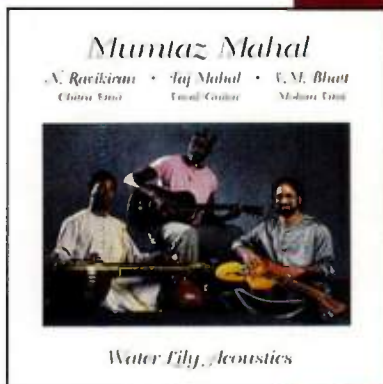
N. RAVIKIRAN/TAJ MAHAL/V.M. BHATT *Mumtaz Mahal* **Water Lily Acoustics**

How far are India's exotic tonalities and quarter-tone scales from the gristle of a bent blues guitar string? How many miles separate the Mississippi from the Narmada? If you ask the three musicians of *Mumtaz Mahal*, the distances are probably not as great as you would think. Not so surprisingly, the album is another superb effort by Indian string man V.M. Bhatt, who wrought similar magic a year ago with his Grammy-winning duet with Ry Cooder, *A Meeting By The River*. This time, it's veteran blues stylist Taj Mahal who gets the call to fuse the blues with Indian music, and he rises to the challenge by turning in one of his best performances in years. Recorded live-miked at sessions in an acoustically radiant setting (a church), *Mumtaz Mahal* draws its pull from how sympathetic the players make their disparate strands seem: When Ravikiran's gently stinging sitar answers the call of Taj's swooning vocal lines, it's the same as a slide guitar, only even more sensitive and vocal-like. That Taj got the call was appropriate and logical, as he has always presented himself as almost an archivist, able to represent the breadth of the blues through its many permutations. It all comes together on the trio's rendition of "Come On In My Kitchen," which is drawn out almost to raga-like proportions—in fact, its length is truer to the original blues, where songs could be strung out indefinitely by adding verses for as long as people kept dancing. Special mention should also be made of Water Lily Acoustics, the elegant, artist-driven label that released this record: virtually everything on this high-quality label is recommended. —James Lien

DATALOG: Released Jun. 6.

FILE UNDER: Curry 'n' chitlins.

R.I.Y.L.: Ry Cooder, Robert Johnson, Ravi Shankar.



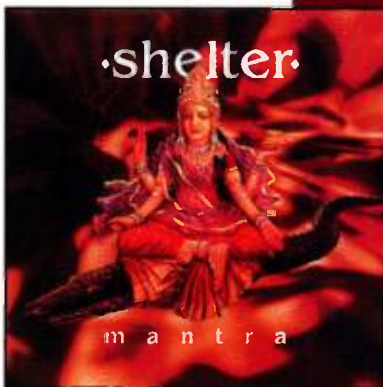
SEAWEED *Spanaway* **Hollywood**

Seaweed makes it clear on *Spanaway* (named after a mildewy small town not far down the road from the band's native Tacoma) that it has two ambitions: to play its guitars loud, and to play them fast (though tunefully). Sure, there are moments of subtlety and of humor, but Seaweed is at its best when slathering anthemic vocals, sharp hooks and meatgrinder guitars on top of a blistering 4/4. Of course, those ideas worked well for Seaweed on its previous Sub Pop releases; its major-label debut does't bring about any noteworthy changes, although additional production money seems to have magnified its drum sound into a titanic, teeth-rattling *whomp*. The proceedings aren't as dark and sludgy as the band's Northwesternness might indicated (aside from vocalist Aaron Stauffer sharing a few vocal tics with Mark Arm). Rather, the band walks a straight line between Fugazi's righteous frowns and the teenage giggles and bored shrugs of a Green Day, making approachable punk rock that's honest, that's fairly intelligent, and that packs a wallop. —David Jarman

DATALOG: Released Aug. 22. First single "Start With."

FILE UNDER: Punk.

R.I.Y.L.: Hüsker Dü, Naked Raygun, Offspring.



SHELTER *Mantra* **Supersoul-Roadrunner**

Ray Cappo is a man with a mission. The former Youth Of Today frontman's unwaning dedication to the straight-edge movement continues with his newer band Shelter's fourth album. The group's songs encourage self restraint and a lifestyle free from alcohol, drugs, and meat-eating. Much of the band's inspiration is taken from its adherence to the principles of Gaudiya Vaishnavism (part of the Hare Krishna movement), so it's no surprise that the album is titled *Mantra* and includes songs like "Message Of The Bhagavat." The record sounds a lot like Cappo's old band; it's basic old-school hardcore, which translates to lots of short, catchy songs. Guitarists Porcell (another Y.O.T. alumnus) and Adam Blake are experts at cranking out fast riffs and snappy, simple hooks. The two are backed by Franklin Rhi's unexpectedly funky basslines: On "Civilized Man," Rhi pounds, plucks and slaps out a groove that is slower and more driving than the rest of the album. Shelter's often by-the-book hardcore is by its nature formulaic, but occasionally it throws in an unexpected element, like a noodly (though brief) guitar solo or a balladic vocal melody. Cappo's lyrics may fly right past you, but even though they're hard to make out, they may be the songs' most important ingredient. Sometimes his lyrics score too high on the sermon-scale, but the band's desire to motivate its listeners to live clean is heartfelt and admirable. The band's religious principles and straight-edge philosophy are no image-thing. Shelter means business. —Jenny Eliscu

DATALOG: Released Aug. 8. First single "Message Of The Bhagavat."

FILE UNDER: Krishna-core.

R.I.Y.L.: Youth Of Today, 108, Gorilla Biscuits, Circle Jerks.

JANE SIBERRY *Maria Reprise*

Jane Siberry's voice doesn't keep you on the edge of your seat. Rather, she encourages you to sit way, way back in that soft chair and concentrate on the nuances of her whispers, moans and wordless improvs. The vivid acoustic atmosphere of *Maria* is a bit of a twist for Siberry, who's been dabbling in more watercolor, electronic and ambient arrangements (most recently heard on RealWorld's *Arcane*). Surprisingly, with no studio fuss at all, Siberry's voice is just as angelic, fluttering between the bell-like quality of Tim Ray's jazz piano and the slaps and pulses of Chris Thomas' stand-up bass. Drummer Brian Blades (who also plays with sax star Joshua Redman) helps keep everything loose and jazzy as well. If Siberry's songs weren't inspired by impressionist paintings or imagist poetry, they could certainly encourage such art. Her songs are flowing yet articulate, minimal yet lush, childlike yet mature. As a lyricist, Siberry relies on prettiness rather than profundity, but the way she sings a phrase as simple as "It was a snowy night, and our caravan moved along in starlight" makes you think it's the best damn poem you've ever heard. The obvious single "Loving Cup" is the peppiest track among this slightly pensive set, and rounds the full course of emotion provided by Siberry and her pick-up band.

—Steve Ciabattini

DATALOG: Released Aug. 22.

FILE UNDER: Smoke-free jazz lounge.

R.I.Y.L.: Sarah McLachlan, June Tabor, Tanita Tikaram.

"Because it's all true."—Courtney Love, on the Chicago-based radio talk show *Sound Opinion*, responding to the question of why she never sued journalist Lynn Hirschberg, in whose *Vanity Fair* article Love claimed to have used heroin during her pregnancy, and whom she has frequently vilified for misquotes and misstatements

ARTIST FEATURED ON THIS MONTH'S CD

R.I.Y.L.: RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE

WICKED GOOD FROM BIG MO

There's A New Guy in Town!

MURALI CORYELL



EYES WIDE OPEN

With his stirring soulful vocals reminiscent of Sam Cooke, with the fire & passion of Al Green and his intelligent & biting blues guitar work, 25-year-old singer/guitarist/songwriter **MURALI CORYELL** is one of the most talented young proponents of modern soul and blues.

The Best Kept Secret in Texas (isn't a secret anymore!)

Last year **CAROLYN WONDERLAND & THE IMPERIAL MONKEYS** swept the Houston Music Awards by winning "Best Blues Band," "Best R&B Band," "Best Female Vocalist," and "Musician of the Year"

This year they're taking on the rest of world with their first Big Mo release, **PLAY WITH MATCHES**.




Big Mo

Available at Record Stores Everywhere!

order now with Visa/MC Toll Free 800-647-4583

or mail check or money order for \$13 World Radio History records, PO Box 365, Norwich, VT 05055

SKUNK ANANSIE Paranoid And Sunburnt One Little Indian-Epic 

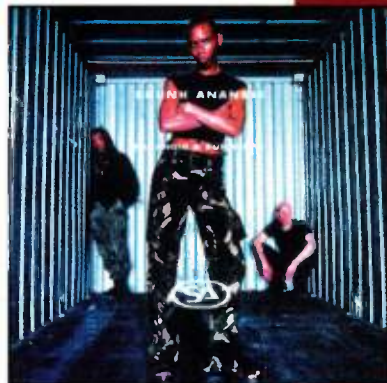
Although Britain's Skunk Anansie has been compared to Rage Against The Machine, this rock-funk-metal hybrid is definitely in a league all its own; and lead vocalist extraordinaire Skin is, without a doubt, the person responsible for making Skunk Anansie a cut above all the rest. She's black, bald, ballsy and built like a brick shithouse, and possesses one helluva set of powerful pipes to go along with her strikingly bold appearance. Full of emotion, her voice—rough and gritty at times, but absolutely beautiful and majestic at others—soars above the band's jagged guitar grinds and funky, slamming rhythms. With influences ranging from Betty Davis (the funk/soul singer, not the actress), Black Sabbath and the Sex Pistols to Funkadelic and Public Enemy, it's virtually impossible to categorize this band. Confrontational political lyrics feed the fiery intensity of each song, especially on "Selling Jesus" (a vehement attack on religious hypocrisy). "Charity" will send chills down your spine with its passionate rhythms and Skin's heartfelt, resounding howls. Plain and simple, Skunk Anansie demands to be heard.

—Jenni Glenn

DATALOG: Release date: Oct. 17.

FILE UNDER: Aggressive, hard-hitting, groove-oriented rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Rage Against The Machine, Orange 9mm, Tool.



SPAIN The Blue Moods Of Spain Restless

Fronted by Josh Haden (son of jazz icon Charlie Haden), Spain spins a gorgeous lomo mixture of late-night jazz phonics, sedate country and sultry soul. The result is an intoxicating, often lulling melange which, as the title implies, will conjure up the bluest of moods, in both senses—cool and sad. Slow-swaggering riffs slither among earthy grooves while youthful, smoky vocals taint the tracks with a breathy rasp. The album's most upbeat piece, "Dreaming Of Love," with its catchy guitar non-riffs and silky rhythms, is still light years down low. The younger Haden is the type of bassist who goes for pure feeling rather than technical flair, letting every note hit and linger in a smooth, slumbering style. Guitarists Ken Boudakian and Merlo Podlewski play their axes as if they were deep underwater; their licks are slow-flowing liquid washing over Haden's deep azure tones. "World Of Blue," the album's *piece de resistance*, clocks in at over 14 minutes; as the title implies, it's an extended extrapolation on the ultramarine hue. This album is for after hours, when the home fires are but glowing embers and the night begins to blanket the evening sky.

—Spence D.

DATALOG: Release date: Sep. 12.

FILE UNDER: Midnight blue lounge music.

R.I.Y.L.: Velvet Underground, Low, early Dire Straits, Cowboy Junkies.



VARIOUS ARTISTS Spirit of '73—Rock for Choice Sony

Presumably, the '73 here refers to the year abortion was legalized by the Supreme Court—because it certainly doesn't refer to the year the songs on the album were released, which should give any prospective buyer of this first Rock For Choice album a good indication of the *modus operandi* behind it. Putting the politics before the music on the album itself is a shame, because what you end up with is a collection of wimpy, remade '70s songs you're supposed to feel good about wasting your money on. Among the better covers: Babes In Toyland taking a harmonious, toned-down approach to the Andrea True Connection's "More, More, More," and L7 and Joan Jett's "Cherry Bomb," a triumphant, all-out blast-fest that actually improves on the Runaways' original. But even putting aside the faceless versions of half-baked songs like that dog's "Midnight at the Oasis" and Eve's Plum's "If I Can't Have You," or the out-and-out boring version of Fleetwood Mac's "Dreams" by the usually whip-smart Letters To Cleo, *Spirit* has no direction, no unifying element. For a collection to work, it has to be more than just covers of old '70s tunes, and the fact that these are old '70s tunes sung by powerful women makes very little impact on the album as a unit. In the end, Rock For Choice's album lacks the very thing the title is hoping to convey—spirit.

—Rande Dawn Cohen

DATALOG: Released Aug. 8.

FILE UNDER: '70s covers for a good cause.

R.I.Y.L.: Dazed And Confused soundtrack, Pravda's Star Power series.



"If you took an issue and went through it, page by page, you'd see that there might be no more than two really illegible articles in there. It's a bullshit criticism."—Raygun publisher Marvin Jarrett, on the readability of his magazine, from an interview in publishing trade magazine Folio


WELCOME TO JULIAN *Surfing On A T-Bone* Rosebud (France)

The enigma of why France, a reasonably sized nation that has given the world much provocative art and culture over the last 500 or so years, has failed to contribute much of anything (at least anything more substantive than Jordy's "Dur Dur d'Être Bébé") to today's popular music is an ongoing puzzle. But luckily, a copy of *Slanted And Enchanted* seems to have found its way across the Atlantic, and motivated a handful of French youngsters to address this imbalance of trade and start rocking out. The herky-jerky rhythms, Rube Goldberg riffs, and lyrical obliqueness of Pavement are the dominant flavor on *Surfing On A T-Bone* (especially obvious on songs like "Age Class And Race"); however, the slide and scratch guitars on propulsive tracks like "Do You Know What?" indicate that Jon Spencer is perhaps one of Welcome To Julian's lesser deities. In brandishing their fuzzy guitars and off-kilter sensibilities, the band's members wear their American indie-rocker influences on their sleeves fairly prominently, to the extent that there really isn't anything inherently Gallic about their tunes (eleven of the twelve songs are in English). The lyrics are a jumble of malapropisms and gibberish, delivered in a nasal mumble... but then, that describes most every band on this side of the sink as well. Here's hoping *Surfing On A T-Bone* can serve to stir up some scum-rocking waves over in *la belle France*. —David Jarman

DATALOG: Released Mar. 27. Touring U.S. now.

FILE UNDER: L'indie-rock français.

R.I.Y.L: Pavement, Archers Of Loaf, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion.


WHALE *We Care* Virgin

This is the sort of record which, if picked up in the "oddities" section of a used vinyl bin for a couple of bucks, would provide a fizzy rush of pleasure for a few days and then get tucked in the back of the shelf. How queer that it instead finds itself in the Buzz Bin. Sweden's Whale made a sneak attack on U.S. radio last spring with "Hobo Humpin' Sloba Babe," an irresistible rock/dub absurdity accompanied by a garish Mark Pellington-directed (like Pearl Jam's "Jeremy") video that was MTV's flavor of the minute. Striking long after the iron has cooled, the trio—consisting of lead singer Cia Berg with her buddies Henrik Schyffert and Gordon Cyrus—has finally gotten around to building an album, *We Care*, around "Hobo," one that pogos from style to style. Just as the sun-baked video found brace-faced Berg strutting past topless surfer dudes while lasciviously sucking a lollipop, *We Care* makes no bones about Whale's main fascination: Song titles include "Young, Dumb, And Full Of Cum" and "Happy In You." (Oh, those frisky Scandinavians!) The group also drops several random references to Nine Inch Nails and one to Kurt Loder (don't ask). Whale's nutrition-free debut is not without its pleasures. Schyffert and Cyrus construct punchy rhythms that are good enough to do the vertical bop to while Berg sings about doing the horizontal bop. It doesn't sound like Whale is hankering for respect from the intelligentsia, but if the band was smart, it'd team up with someone like Tricky or Nellee Hooper for its next opus. Then we could still dance to Whale while we tried to take it seriously. —Chris Molanphy

DATALOG: Released Aug. 1. New single "Pay For Me."

FILE UNDER: Empty calorie dance pop.

R.I.Y.L: Björk, Right Said Fred.

"A million dollars divided by two is a lot more than a million dollars divided by three."—Robert Plant, explaining why John Paul Jones wasn't included on the recent No Quarter tour



Drugstore

"Fader"

The Self-Titled Debut Album includes the Hits

"Solitary Party Groover"
& "Starcrossed"

© 1995 Go! Discs Ltd.



METAL

BY JENNI GLENN



GWAR Rag Na Rok

Metal Blade

It's no secret that Gwar's actual *music* isn't generally cited as a main attraction for its ever-growing hordes of maniacal, devoted groupies, although the band's outrageous, legendary live show is usually at the top of the list. Needless to say, it is pretty difficult to concentrate on song structure or musical style as a bevy of slimy, butt-cheek-barin' creatures mercilessly beat each other into oozing, bloodied pulps, while the seemingly ordinary drum kit situated behind them transmogrifies into a huge, human-munching maggot right before your very eyes. Although it was this twisted sense of humor and unparalleled affinity for "things that make you go eeeewwwwww" that put Gwar on the map in the first place, it simply isn't fair to write it off as merely a group of cartoonish freaks, as the band possesses some real, honest-to-goodness musical chops. *Rag Na Rok* (the band's sixth album) blends together the perfect amount of brazen humor, hard-driving rhythms, infectious grooves, killer hooks and slight jazzy/funky overtones, verifying that Oderus Urungus and Co. have been concentrating on much more than barfing up blood clots over the past few years. Boasting some of the best, most intense instrumentation that we Earthlings have heard from these delightfully disgusting alien dregs since they infiltrated our planet almost seven years ago, *Rag Na Rok* rattles and rolls through one helluva diverse collection of songs, including the goooey, chunky crunch of "Meat Sandwich," the offensive roar of "Dirty, Filthy" and the break-neck riffage and menacing vocal growl of "Crush Kill Destroy." Once again, Gwar proves that you don't have to be a bunch of boring, politically-correct, stone-faced musical intellectuals to create some serious, hard-hitting rock 'n' roll. Long live Gwar! Grrrrrrrr...



RIFFS

While browsing through the metal section of your favorite record store, don't skip over a CD entitled *Haunted* from a "new" band named **SIX FEET UNDER**. While the name of the band might not be familiar to you, its founding members definitely will be—Cannibal Corpse lead throat Chris Barnes, Obituary guitarist Allen West, former Death bassist Terry Butler and newcomer Greg Gall (drums). Barnes' unmistakable vocal eruptions blast through a dense bed of razor-sharp riffs on this collection of hard-hitting tunes. Although Six Feet Under just inked a multi-album deal with Metal Blade (despite original plans to remain a one-off side project), Barnes and West haven't made any plans to leave Cannibal Corpse and Obituary, respectively. In fact, Barnes has announced a tentative Halloween release date for Cannibal Corpse's next blood-dripping masterpiece...Keep an eye out for **OZZY OSBOURNE**'s ninth album, titled *Ozmosis* (Epic), scheduled to hit the streets soon. Ozzy will be playing a concert in Caracas, Venezuela on September 25, which will be broadcast via satellite to over 300 retail outlets in Japan, Canada and the U.S. It will also be seen on the famed Sony Jumbo Tron screen in Times Square... Heavy metal legend **MOTORHEAD** celebrated its 20-year anniversary last month with the release of *Sacrifice*, the band's 18th album. If you haven't already, make sure you give this record a listen. Ranking right up there with the band's ear-shattering, masterful *Ace Of Spades* LP, *Sacrifice* completely destroys each and every one of the band's recent offerings in true, gritty unsurpassed Motörhead style.

World Radio History



- 1 **FEAR FACTORY**
Demanufacture
Roadrunner
- 2 **WHITE ZOMBIE**
Astro-Creep: 2000...
Geffen
- 3 **FLOTSAM & JETSAM**
Drift
MCA
- 4 **KYUSS**
...And The Circus Leaves Town
Elektra-EEG
- 5 **CLUTCH**
Clutch
EastWest-EEG
- 6 **MOTORHEAD**
Sacrifice
CMC
- 7 **CROWBAR**
Time Heals Nothing
Pavement
- 8 **OVERKILL**
Wrecking Your Neck - Live
CMC
- 9 **MORBID ANGEL**
Domination
Giant-WB
- 10 **MONSTER MAGNET**
Dopes To Infinity
A&M
- 11 **SOULS AT ZERO**
A Taste For The Perverse
Energy
- 12 **PRIMUS**
Tales From The Punchbowl
Interscope
- 13 **SAM BLACK CHURCH**
Superchrist
Taang!
- 14 **FIGHT**
A Small Deadly Space
Epic
- 15 **FILTER**
Short Bus
Reprise
- 16 **MISERY LOVES CO.**
Misery Loves Co.
Earache
- 17 **NIXONS**
Foma
MCA
- 18 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**
Death...Is Just The Beginning III
Nuclear Blast
- 19 **CIRCLE JERKS**
Oddities, Abnormalities And Curiosities
Mercury
- 20 **SEASON TO RISK**
In A Perfect World
Columbia
- 21 **UGLY KID JOE**
Menace To Sobriety
Mercury
- 22 **MALEVOLENT CREATION**
Eternal
Pavement
- 23 **SPEEDBALL**
Do Unto Others, Then Split
Energy
- 24 **EARTH CRISIS**
Destroy The Machines
Victory
- 25 **DECIDE**
Once Upon The Cross
Roadrunner

Compiled from the *CMJ* *New Music Report*'s weekly *Loud Rock* charts, collected from *CMJ*'s pool of progressive radio reporters.



SINGLES

BY DOUGLAS WOLK

J CHURCH

"Ivy League College"

Broken

Property is theft, imitation is flattery and certain chord progressions belong to the collective unconscious, so if San Francisco's messenger-core heroes J Church feel like ripping off the riff from "Louie Louie,"

they're entitled. They only get away with it, though, because "Ivy

League College" is so unlike "Louie Louie," i.e. so smart—

lyrically, it's an indictment of upper-class entitlement

and unthinking snobbery ("He's got a T-shirt and it

says 'Lick Bush/She's got a haircut like Sinead

O'Connor and Charles Manson"). With that

much conceptual baggage to carry, it's wise to

keep the music quick and dumb, and dah-dah-

dah, dah-dah is exactly what's called for (giving

it an entirely new vocal melody was a wise move

too). The other side's "The Band You Love To

Hate" edges a little closer to popcore, and it's

followed by an entirely superfluous cover of Nick

Lowe's "Marie Provost"—a great song, but speeding it up a

little and cheapening the production was not what was called for.

play the Frogs' infamous *It's Only Right And Natural* album in its entirety before Pearl Jam shows, but it's still a little weird to see a vinyl 7" with the Epic logo credited to the band that every other label is too terrified to touch. (It's also available on CD and cassette single.) Pearl Jam's side is "Immortality," from *Vitalogy*—though, as with earlier singles from the album, the label says "Taken from the Epic album 'Life'." And the Frogs, the most misunderstood, politically incorrect, gaffly-ish, fuck-with-your-head band in rock—what's their side? A totally straight-faced cover of PJ's "Rearviewmirror." Go figure.

The good band/bad name combination award of the month goes to **BEHEAD THE PROPHET NO LORD SHALL LIVE**, an ex-Mukilteo Fairies band whose debut 7" EP (Outpunk) is completely rabid messy post-hardcore weirdness with queer-rage lyrics. (*Lots and lots* of lyrics.) Joshua Plague screams like a blown-out amp that's cranked all the way—you can tell his vocal cords are history, but he's got something to say, and if he has to rev his voice up to the "shriek" setting, so be it. And Michael Griffin's lead violin bars the gate to sonic normalcy like Cerberus with an electrical pickup attached.. How they all end their songs at the same time is unclear, but they do it eight times in ten minutes, so they must have some kind of plan.

The second single by Brighton, Massachusetts' **TURKISH DELIGHT** (Prude) is indeed a delight, though it's more Polish—that's the language the verses of the playful "Spin" are sung in (the only English part goes "I'd rather be a spinster/I'd rather spin"). It's driven by a dizzy, giddy bass figure, and helped along by a guitar which has given up on all that old-fashioned notes-and-chords stuff in favor of making a joyous noise. The other side's "Logo" is slower and dirgier, but it's got that neat bass-as-lead-instrument, guitar-as-textural-device thing going on too.

Halifax, Nova Scotia's **SLOAN** had a couple of albums out in the States a while ago, but its new "Stood Up" is on its hometown's Murderecords label. The A-side is a hedgehog of a pop song—it's got one *big* trick, that being the tremelo effect that its lead guitar is suffused with. Everything else pretty much stays out of the way of that wobbling, surging juggernaut, though there are some awfully nice vocal harmonies and maraca-augmented drum-battering augmenting the effect of the tremelo beast. "Same Old Flame" is more of a fox, suggesting the Byrds, West Coast new wave and the sleek, emotional tunes that lurked beneath Husker Du's wall of fuzz.

Speaking of flattery, theft, etc., Elastica's strategy for leaping to the top (wear lots of hot-looking clothes; record zippy little guitar-pop songs that follow old Wire songs note-for-note) is now officially a formula. The proof is **MENSWEAR**, a new Hot British Band™ whose name redefines the word "shameless." So does its 132-second single "Daydreamer" (Laurel). At first listen, it seems to not be able to make up its mind which Wire song it wants to be—"Reuters"? "Lowdown"? "Mercy"? At second listen, it's clear that it just wants to be Elastica's "2:1." Yes, yes, dammit, it's good enough that you should hear it. But for heaven's sake make sure you own Wire's first two albums first.

Sometimes it seems like you can't sneeze without spraying on a new **PALACE** single. In the last month, there've been two of them. "Gezundheit," on the German label Hausmusik, is the better of the two, and also more tossed-off—it seems to have been recorded by Will Oldham in his kitchen with a Walkman running. The A-side is a paraphrase of the '60s folk song "Joe Hill" (it starts "I dreamed I saw Phil Ochs last night"), with some tape-manipulation of the *Twin Peaks* theme tacked on at the end; "Let The Wires Ring," on the other side, finds Oldham in a melancholic howling-at-the-moon mode. "The Mountain" (Palace) is a preview of the forthcoming *Viva Last Blues* album, a Flying Burrito Brothers-go-country-blues piece that starts "If I could fuck a mountain/Lord I would fuck a mountain." Whatever you say, Will. The flip's non-album "(End Of) Traveling" never quite coheres, but its lovely pedal-steel bits almost do the trick.

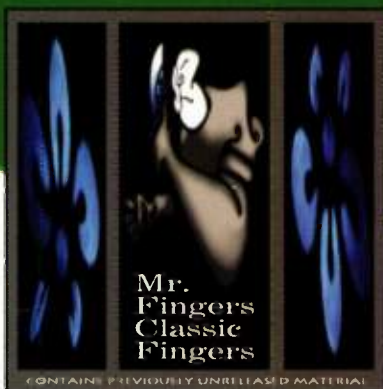
In the department of "further signs of the coming Apocalypse," there's a new split single by **PEARL JAM** and **THE FROGS**. Yeah, Eddie Vedder has been known to

DANCE

BY TIM HASLETT

FINGERS Classic Fingers

La Casa



There is perhaps no more influential, yet invisible, figure in dance music's complex histories than Larry Heard, hardly a household name outside of a small coterie of American house devotees. Recorded under the names Mr. Fingers and Fingers, Inc., Heard's mid-'80s Chicago tracks foreshadowed ambient electronic dance by a full ten years, all the while bestowing vast offerings at the altars of deep house. And that's ignoring Heard's pathbreaking acid work during the infamous '88 Summer of Love, on tracks such as "Washing Machine." Assembled on this compilation are 15 of Fingers' most delicate and powerful sonic architectural endeavors. From the simplest of analog and digital equipment, Heard constructed cliffs of suspense, melody and melodrama, all between the pulse of the 4/4 bass drum. His frequent vocal collaborator Robert Owens (the Curtis Mayfield of house) lent his considerable skills to songs like "Beyond The Clouds" and "Can U Feel It." The pair effected a rarely equalled synthesis of vocal and instrument that sounds nearly organic in its emotive power. Many of the tracks on *Classic Fingers* are either out of print, unreleased, or nearly impossible to obtain. For that reason, this is a superb collection of gorgeous dance music that forsakes mere nostalgia for an appreciation of Fingers' epochal work.



ON THE TRIP SIDE

Eccentric Scottish headjazz lizard **HOWIE B.** has been closely involved with such luminaries as Portishead, Tricky and Massive Attack, as well as the artist roster at James Lavelle's highly regarded U.K. label Mo Wax. His idiosyncratic approach to the music that has been (unfortunately) dubbed "trip hop" is quite extraordinary. *Skylab #1* (Astralwerks-Caroline) is an awkward, but graceful, lumbering beast of a record. **SKYLAB** is the brainchild of one Matt Ducasse, collaborating with Japan's avant-jazzateers Major Force. Howie B. gets behind the controls on a number of the tracks here, and import hawks will notice that the domestic release has a bonus track that'll knock your glasses off. You'll have a difficult enough time finding out where this record begins and ends, let alone unravelling its grand and delicate textural elements. The tracks here have a serene beauty, into which erupt caterwauling, dirty drums that sound as if they just emerged from a muddy tractor pull. *Skylab #1* is one of the spookiest albums of the year... As if the Skylab project hasn't kept Howie B. busy enough, his relatively new Pussyfoot label is certainly keeping him in the studio and off the streets. The *Best Foot Forward* compilation (Pussyfoot) is a sort of pre-emptive greatest hits collection of a label that's been around only a year. However, most of the 12 singles included here barely made it across the pond, so who's complaining? Howie B. certainly has a hand in the production of a great many of the gems on this album, including the grimy "Naked Funk" by Husband To Be Present, as well as "Groove Hard Sex," "Birth" and "Breathe In." These tracks are only slightly more conventional in their jazz-isms than the Skylab project; they retain the off-kilter, smoked-out textures of Howie B.'s singular and bizarre work... I hesitate to employ the term "grunge" in this publication, but in its more electronic manifestations, it quite accurately describes the work of **THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS**. This pair of London studio pranksters, formerly known as the Dust Brothers (until the L.A. hip-hop producers of the same name saw an end to that), have been making some of the most deranged, dirty, flange-soaked beats you'll ever hear. Their debut album, *Exit Planet Dust* (Astralwerks-Caroline), enters the body like a filthy shot of adrenaline and barbituates at the base of the spine. For those of you wary of venturing into techno for fear of losing your rock roots, this is just the album you've been waiting for.

SEASHELL" BY SKYLAB APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD



- 1 FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON
ISDN
Astralwerks-Caroline
- 2 HARDFLOOR
Respect
Harthouse-Eye Q
- 3 EARTHRISE.NTONE.I
Earthrise.Ntone.I
Instinct
- 4 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Tresor 3: New Directions In Global Techno
NovaMute
- 5 DER DRITTE RAUM
Mental Modulator
Harthouse-Eye Q
- 6 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Chaos Compilation
Cop
- 7 UNDERWORLD
Born Slippy (EP)
Wax Trax!-TVT
- 8 APHEX TWIN
I Care Because You Do
Sire-EEG
- 9 SPICELAB
A Day On Our Planet
Harthouse-Eye Q
- 10 SVEN VATH
The Harlequin-The Robot And
The Ballet-Dancer
Eye Q-WB
- 11 DIE KRUPPS
Rings Of Steel
Cleopatra
- 12 ORB
Orbvs Terrarvm
Island
- 13 SCORN
Ellipsis
Earache
- 14 INTERMIX
Future Primitives
ESP-Sun-Roadrunner
- 15 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Transmissions From The Planet Dog
Planet Dog-Mammoth
- 16 IRRESISTIBLE FORCE
Global Chillage
Astralwerks-Caroline
- 17 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Delusions Of Grandeur
Hardkiss
- 18 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Jungle Warfare
Moonshine
- 19 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Positive Energy
Moonshine
- 20 ELECTRIC SKYCHURCH
Knownness
Moonshine
- 21 RICHARD H KIRK
The Number Of Magic
Wax Trax!-TVT
- 22 PULSE
Surface Tensions (EP)
Harthouse-Eye Q
- 23 BATTERY
NY
Cop
- 24 CHEMICAL BROTHERS
"Leave Home" (12")
Astralwerks-Caroline
- 25 PROTOTYPE 909
Transistor Rhythm
Instinct

Compiled from the CMJ New Music Report's weekly RPT charts, collected from CMJ's pool of progressive radio reporters

- 1 **AZ THE VISUALIZA**
"Sugar Hill" (12")
Pendulum-EMI
- 2 **RAEKWON**
"Glaciers Of Ice" (12")
Loud-RCA
- 3 **MOBB DEEP**
The Infamous
Loud-RCA
- 4 **GRAND PUBA**
2000
Elektra-EEG
- 5 **B.U.M.S**
Lyfe'N'Tyme
Priority
- 6 **NOTORIOUS B.I.G.**
Ready To Die
Bad Boy-Arista
- 7 **GZA/GENIUS**
"Labels" (12")
Wu-Tang
- 8 **MAD SKILLZ**
"The Nod Factor" (12")
Big Beat
- 9 **SPECIAL ED**
Revelations
Profile
- 10 **OL' DIRTY BASTARD**
Return To The 36 Chambers: The Dirty Version
Elektra-EEG
- 11 **ACEYALONE**
"Mic Check" (12")
Capitol
- 12 **JUNIOR M.A.F.I.A.**
"Player's Anthem" (12")
Big Beat-Atlantic
- 13 **BUSHWACKAS**
"Caught Up In The Game" (12")
Pallas
- 14 **BIG L**
Lifestylez Ov Da Poor & Dangerous
Columbia
- 15 **SHABAZ & THE DISCIPLE**
"Death Be The Penalty" (12")
Penalty
- 16 **GURU**
Jazzmatazz II: The New Reality
Chrysalis-EMI
- 17 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**
D&D Project
Arista
- 18 **SOULS OF MISCHIEF**
"Rock It Like That" (12")
Jive
- 19 **LUNIZ**
Operation Stackola
C-Note/Noo Trybe-Virgin
- 20 **MAD LION**
Real Ting
Weeded-Nervous
- 21 **DREAM WARRIORS**
Subliminal Stimulation
Pendulum-EMI
- 22 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**
Pump Ya Fist: Hip-Hop Inspired By The Black Panthers
Avatar-Polygram
- 23 **SHOW & A.G.**
Goodfellas
Payday/ffrr-London
- 24 **KAUSION**
"What You Wanna Do?" (12")
Lench Mob
- 25 **SMIF-N-WESSUN**
Dah Shinin'
Wreck-Nervous



SOULS OF MISCHIEF

No Man's Land

Jive

In late 1993, the close-knit Oakland-based crew Souls Of Mischief burst on the scene with the all-natural rhyme skill of '93 *Till Infinity*. For its ambitious follow-up *No Man's Land*, the quartet sticks to the "if it ain't broke, don't fix it" credo and turns out a memorable collection of expertly crafted and imaginative hip-hop tracks drugged with an acute awareness of the world around them, which they examine with wit and wisdom ("Times Ain't Fair"). At the core of this group is an eager desire to show off its wares and promote itself as more than the alternative to Oakland's gangster-funk sounds. The only problem is that fresh rhymes and well-oiled beats require no pandering—the kinetic energy created by the group's nimble tongues speaks volumes without the sales pitches. The title track is a bouncy cut that overheats with uncompromising freestyle, while "Rock It Like That" and "Ya Don't Stop" keep the pressure on any MC to step up for a challenge. SOM drops lyrical bombs with reckless abandon and obliterates everything in its path ("Yo, I'll blow up a church if I got ta") in true MC fashion. You can feel the blast on "Secret Service," "Bump Shit" and "Dirty D's Theme."

BONUS BEATS



A former member of the disbanded Los Angeles-based outfit Freestyle Fellowship, **ACEYALONE** remains true to the blueprint of his former group: a progressive mix of eccentric freestyle (his phrasings are superb), large chunks of jazz and varied, off-center production ("Headaches And Woes"). The stories ("Makeba"), concepts and messages of *All Balls Don't Bounce* (Capitol) make Acey's style difficult to put a finger on; his deep, murky and ever-changing sounds, however, are captivating, and when he fuses his moods and sentiments with the music, quite beautiful. This is as smart and challenging as hip-hop gets these days... On **DOUG E. FRESH's** latest album, *Play* (Gee Street), he delivers a potent breath of old-school nostalgia and mixes it with the attitude and smugness of today's rap climate. Doug is best known for his incredible ability to manipulate his



DOUG E. FRESH

voice to sound like a drum machine (he's the original Human Beat Box), and his work with Slick Rick (then MC Ricky D) and the Get Fresh Crew, which put itself in the hip-hop history books with the release of "The Show"/"La Di Da Di" in 1985. After the virtually unheard *Doin' What I Gotta Do* in 1992 on MC Hammer's failed Bust It label, Doug released the single, "I-Ight" in 1993, and the expression instantly became part of the hip-hop vernacular. When his tracks are on point ("Where's Da Party At?" and "It's On"), they're splendid party anthems overflowing with energy. "The Original Old School" features vintage old-schoolers Lovebug Starski, the Furious Five and the Cold Crush Brothers, but *Play* slips on the oversexed "Freak It Out" and the Jamaican-flavored "Hands In The Air," a cut that relies on an overused Das EFX sample and a regurgitated portion of "The Show." Still, the Patrice Rushen-sampling "Doug E. Got It Goin' On" grooves. Despite its occasional flaws, *Play* is a delightful breath of fresh air... Longtime hip-hop independent Tuff City Records has created the Ol' Skool Flava imprint for classic rap recordings from between 1978 and 1987. Perfect for new, inquisitive fans or hip-hop historians, the latest 12" releases come from Davey DMX, The Jazzy Three (the 13-minute "The Rappin' Spree"), MC Rock Lovely, a jazz breaks album by Mark the 45 King entitled *Tuff Ass Jazz*, Ultramagnetic MCs, and classic Spoonie Gee singles like the Marley Marl-produced "The Godfather," that remain enduring party-rockers. Word out.

on the verge

UP-AND-COMING ARTISTS

compiled by *lydia anderson*

Wild Carnation

The lineage of this northern New Jersey trio offers a polite starting point for understanding its sunny songs: Bassist/vocalist Brenda Sauter played with both the kings of the frenetic jangle, the Feelies, and the more folksy-leaning Speed The Plough. But Sauter's new band, in which she does all the singing and lyric-writing, could've just as easily sprung from the greener land of New Zealand, considering Wild Carnation's affinity for pop highs like those created by the Bats or the Clean. The group's sprightly electric/acoustic guitar interplay and driving melodies, along with Sauter's plaintive but firm vocals, threaten to lift right off the ground in pursuit of the next billowy cloud. Earthbound dreamers are recommended to check out Wild Carnation's new album *Bicycle* (Delmore), a crisp, fully-realized debut. (LA)



Jubreds

Canadian duo the Inbreds cover surprisingly broad turf on their first full-length recording, *Kombinator* (TAG), which follows a string of cassette tapes and EPs released on the band's own PF Records label. Over the past three years, Mike O'Neill, who sings and strums his bass in a cunningly guitar-like fashion, and drummer Dave Ullrich have honed the tenuous sound of their bare bones line-up and arrived at a surprisingly savvy set of homegrown songs that dig deep and soar high. O'Neill's voice carries the requisite angst of most basement-dwelling songwriters, but songs like "Any Sense Of Time" and "You Will Know" off *Kombinator* reach nervy fuzz pop bliss like nobody's business. Live, the Inbreds, like another powerful duo, the Spinanes, artfully stretch the sound of their two instruments, flaunting their action-packed songs with a more-clever-than-shambling stage presence. (LA)



Holiday

Formed by a quartet of Yale undergraduates with a taste for the guileless indie-pop of the late '80s and the confident jangle of Australian bands like the Cannanes, Holiday released a few limited-edition singles on its own Tasty Bits label (named after a section of the Yale entertainment newspaper). Word spread about the band quickly, and its self-titled debut album recently came out on the Chicago label March. Holiday understates absolutely everything—singer Josh Gennet's voice exudes a sort of wide-eyed sensitivity—but that's because its cardinal virtue is prettiness. French horns, harmonies and cheap synthesizers embellish the songs' direct, lovely melodies; the band rejects childishness, but embraces simplicity, elegance and sweetness. —Douglas Wolk



Waterson:Carthy

Martin Carthy is one of the kings of traditional British music—for 30 years, he's been recording interpretations of traditional songs, featuring his sturdy voice and dazzling acoustic guitar technique (he often sounds like he has more fingers than most people do). He's married to Norma Waterson, of the renowned family close-harmony group the Watersons. Their daughter Eliza Carthy, a singer and fiddle player, has been called "the immediate future of British folk music." Together, the three of them have recorded a casual, playful album, *Waterson:Carthy* (Topic), the best recording of its kind in years—Eliza, on her own, with her parents and with collaborator Nancy Kerr, is bringing traditional music to a new generation of listeners. The family toured the U.S. and Canada this summer, and Eliza will be recording and touring solo later this year. —Douglas Wolk

ARTIST FEATURED ON THIS MONTH'S CD



by Douglas Wolk

TECH

Burn:Cycle: Making Up The Rules

How do you make a piece of art when you have to create the rules for the medium?

That's the question three young British game designers, Eitan Arrusi, David Collier and Olaf Wendt, had to ask themselves three years ago when they founded TripMedia to develop *Burn:Cycle*, which has just been released as a CD-ROM game (it originally appeared last year on the little-used CD-I format). They had some idea of how they wanted it to go: It was to be an interactive game that told a science fiction story they'd come up with, and that (by directive of their employers at Philips Media) took about 30 hours to play in its entirety. But—although there were plenty of “multimedia” games available even then—nobody had yet developed a way of telling a story the way they wanted to tell it.

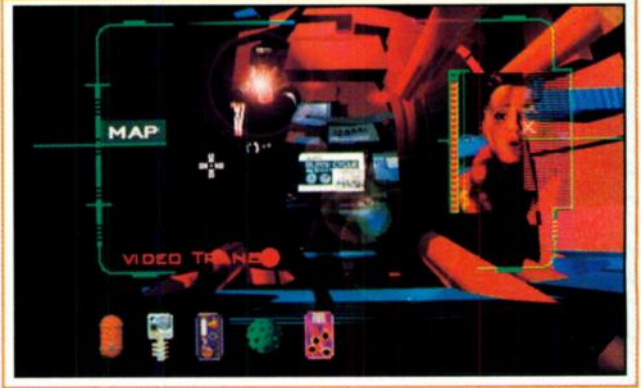
“I started by writing something that looked like a conventional feature film script, a 90-pager,” says Arrusi, who came to the project from a filmmaking background. After that, the team put together a rough video of the storyline; then they were on their own.

“We didn't have any kinds of things we could reference. It was mostly without precedent,” Collier explains. He was the game director of *Burn:Cycle*, in charge of its interactive side—its legion of puzzles and action sequences, all of which are driven entirely by mouse point-and-click. “We did lots of things that you'd think would be counter-intuitive, like some of the cutting syntax, where you cut from first-person to third-person to interactive module... We've actually expanded this syntax.”

In fact, *Burn:Cycle* does have a storytelling logic of its own. Its story is a sort of hybrid of *Johnny Mnemonic* and *Snow Crash*—the player is a data bandit named Sol Cutter, trying to keep his brain from being blown up by a virus that's been downloaded into it. It leaps back and forth between first-person interactive sequences—exploration, problem-solving, puzzle-tweaking, shoot-'em-ups—and third-person live-action sequences that provide exposition and nudge the plot along.

And it's definitely a plot in the old-fashioned sense, Arrusi makes clear: “One thing that we all discussed was the idea of non-linear storylines versus linear storylines—which I think is the biggest red herring! I think people have said, ‘interactive means non-linear.’ What interactive means is—interactive! It means to be active in the participation of the experience. For me, most ‘nonlinear storylines’ are very gimmicky—it's much better to deliver a plot-twisting storyline with interesting characters, rather than letting you choose to go with Jim or Mary. Where the interaction comes in is touching and feeling the world.”

The world of *Burn:Cycle* is bigger than the game itself—early on, Arrusi wrote a “bible” of how the culture within it worked. “There's a lot of things that we weren't actually able to get in the game,” Collier says. “Most of that'll be on the Web site.” (That will be <http://burncycle.com>, not up yet at press time.) What we actually see of the game's world is the doing of Olaf Wendt, the partnership's third member and *Burn:Cycle*'s Visual Director. Wendt's vision is ultra-stylized—every scene is unmistakably part of this game, from the low, jagged camera angles to the *Blade*



Runner-ish blend of futurism and decay in the backgrounds to the game's uniquely shadowy color palette. “Every movie section was using 127 colors, compared to the millions of colors in one frame of [conventional] video,” Wendt explains. “We tried to go for very saturated, rich colors. As we were shooting, we had a Mac on the set that showed how everything would look like digitized, so we could change the makeup and lighting.”

“I think our learning curve was very high on this,” Arrusi says. Still, the fact that there is a learning curve is significant, he notes. “What strikes me about where we're at as a medium is that we're spending most of our time talking about the production process and how we put it together, and not so much time talking about what it's about. *Burn:Cycle* is the next thing—it's about what's inside it... The other thing is to say that it's okay to be an author in this medium. I wouldn't go as far as to talk about auteurs or anything, but it's a creative voice that's important in a lot of experiences for me.”

But if you're creating a medium—and creating it just as it's becoming technically feasible—is it possible to create something as aesthetically satisfying and resonant as *Burn:Cycle*'s creators insist it is? “Well,” says Arrusi, “why would you watch a movie or read a book that's 20 years old? Why wouldn't you play a game that's 20 years old?” “I think [the technology has] come very close to an acceptable quality now,” Collier adds.

“The other illusion about interactive entertainment was that it puts the user completely in control,” Wendt says. “That's not what the user wants. They want an experience that transports them, and that means maybe experiencing somebody else's head-space. They don't want to make that themselves—they want to experience it.”

Arrusi concurs. “The secret of this kind of experience is that it has to supply you with the kinds of things you fantasize about but could never be able to do. It has to supply the taboo. It should let you do anything that you can't do in real life—killing people, breaking into places... A very basic human desire is to complete things. You set something up, you want to know more. One of the things we did when we tested the disc was change a lot of stuff towards the end—the testers came back and said ‘we're missing something, we don't feel satisfied’... They felt like [a neat resolution] was their right, their reward at the end of the game. It's interesting how powerful that is in people.”



mixed media

compiled by dawn sutter

CARMEN MIRANDA: BANANAS IS MY BUSINESS

(International Cinema)

These days, Carmen Miranda is barely present in America's memory—she's "the lady with the tutti-frutti hat," the star of the first movie Marilyn Monroe appeared in, the model for Chiquita Banana. In her day, though, she was a huge star and a fruit-basket full of contradictions. The documentary *Bananas Is My Business* looks into what her life, career and death meant to America and her home country, Brazil.

Almost a living cartoon, with rubbery limbs and impossibly huge eyes, Miranda was the highest-paid woman in Hollywood, although she never got a role other than the stereotypical Latin bombshell (who loses her man to the blonde at the end of the movie). She was the heroic symbol of the lend-lease program between the U.S. and South America, but never made an overtly political move in her life; she was reviled as an "Americanized" sellout by her countrymen, but mourned by millions of them when she died. The film is marred by a handful of unnecessary dramatizations—the documentary footage is revealing enough, and Miranda was rarely far from a camera anyway. Still, it's got dozens of startling real-life moments, as when the aging Miranda shakes loose her rarely-seen hair for an interviewer and explains that it's actually much darker, they bleach it in Hollywood, but she doesn't mind because—and here that gorgeous plastic smile comes over her face again—"bananas is my business!"

—Douglas Walk

KIDS

(Excalibur)

It's a movie about kids, conceived and directed by 52-year-old Larry Clark and written by an actual youth, twenty-something Harmony Korine. Much of the hype surrounding it has come from those who left film festival screenings with mouths wide open in shock. But *Kids* isn't so surprising coming from Clark, a renowned photographer whose graphic portraits of naked boys and teenage drug users have a reputation for making viewers squirm.

The movie is about sex—specifically, the taboo subject of kids having sex. *Kids* puts it in your face, telling the story of a day in the life of the libidinous 17-year-old Telly (whose idea of safe sex is sleeping with virgins) and his pals. The day's events include rape, pot-smoking, drinking, fighting, swimming, skateboarding, and hanging out. The surprises and shock of the film come less from the storyline than from the *verité* feel that Clark and Korine achieve with a cast of non-actors; viewers will constantly have to remind themselves that this is fiction and not documentary.

Yes, the movie is graphic. Miramax created an entire new division, Excalibur Films, in order to further the distance between the film, which was released unrated rather than carry the MPAA's NC-17 rating, and corporate parent Disney. But sex and scandal have always played a part in teenagers' lives. It's just that it has never seemed so real.



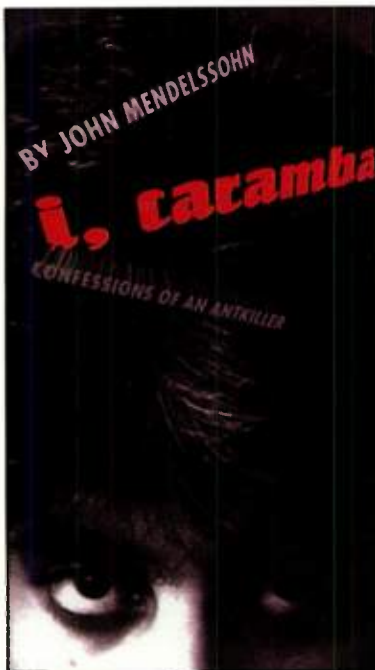
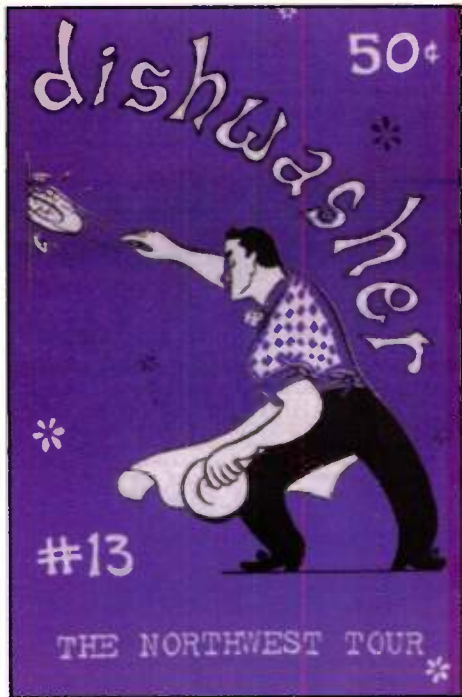
(DS)

DISHWASHER

P.O. Box 8213, Portland, OR 97207 (50 cents)

'zines

They don't call it *Dishwasher* for nothing—this 'zine is indeed all about washing dishes. Dishwasher Pete is the closest you can get to freedom incarnate, traveling the country without any ties. To make ends meet, he grabs dishwashing jobs wherever he can. Issue #13 is the *Northwest Tour* issue, and chronicles Pete's dishwashing adventures in Oregon, Washington, and Canada. Pete writes tales of antagonistic co-workers and strange characters at the Oktoberfest, and even throws in a few tips on how to get a dishwashing job done quickly and efficiently. Though dishwashing might seem mundane, Pete's anecdotes are consistently amusing and entertaining. Recently, David Letterman asked Dishwasher Pete to be a guest on his show. Pete was not thrilled by the idea, but a friend of his was; so Pete's buddy went on the show as Dishwasher Pete while the real Pete watched it all on TV. (DS)



I, CARAMBA

by John Mendelssohn (Rhino)

reads

'70s rock-criticism legend John Mendelssohn was a candle that burned too brightly and thus burned out too fast. Telling all in this overdue paperback and CD set, old J.M. confesses his honorable *raison d'être* with a typically smirking frankness: "[R]ealizing that nothing would do for me but to be every bit as outrageous as the music I was writing about... I began to be noticed. It felt glorious." He goes on to recall both the ups and downs of his life, from trading clothing and loved ones with Bowie and Ray Davies to pumping gas for Henry Rollins (or something similarly undignified). But it is, of course, Mendelssohn's vintage work which most entertains the reader: "If I never glimpse another Rock 'n' Roll Bad Boy sneering at me on my television screen, trying to impress me with how unashamedly wicked and depraved he or she is, it'll be too soon."

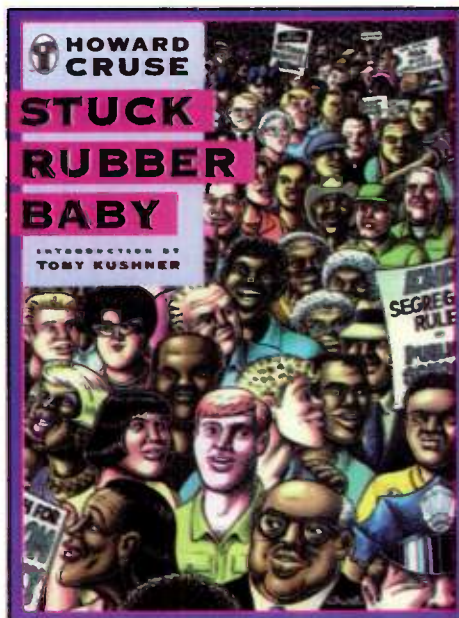
The disc compiles J.M.'s musical attempts, from his early band Christopher Milk to more recent demos, perhaps best summed up to the current ears as precursors to Mercury Rev—trippy, dramatic, and occasionally poetic. Even more revealing are the book's unheralded extras, including all his driver's licenses, shoe sizes in various countries, stabs at fiction, and an appendix of his psychiatric evaluation. Yes, it's all here. Think he'll have to die like Lester Bangs before more people praise him? Hope not. —Eric Gladstone

STUCK RUBBER BABY

by Howard Cruse (Paradox Press)

funnies

Howard Cruse's *Barefootz* was one of the most underrated underground comics of the '70s, and as the founding editor of *Gay Comix*, Cruse opened the gates for gay-themed comics in America. He hasn't published much lately; that's because he's been working since 1990 on his masterpiece, *Stuck Rubber Baby*. Over 200 pages long, and drawn in a meticulous, almost pointillist variation on his usual slick, rubbery cartooning style, it's one of the best and most powerful American graphic novels ever—only Art Spiegelman's *Maus* is in the same ballpark. The story concerns a young man, Toland Polk, growing up gay in the Deep South in the early '60s, in the heart of the civil rights movement. What gives it its depth and resonance is Cruse's meticulous and convincing research into clothing, language and setting (gas stations! casseroles!), and his knack for capturing nuances of facial expression and body language in broad caricature. More importantly, Cruse refuses to go for the simple good guys/bad guys dichotomies that the story might fall into—he understands that bigotry comes from people who believe they're doing right, and he doesn't hide the character weaknesses of his protagonists. And he's a natural-born storyteller, gracefully juggling more than a dozen major characters and a rich, intricate plot that spans years, with a command of the visual vocabulary and capabilities of comics that his earlier work has only hinted at. A mammoth achievement. —Douglas Wolk



TOP 75

ALTERNATIVE RADIO AIRPLAY



BJÖRK

ARTIST	ALBUM TITLE	LABEL
1 BJÖRK	Post	Elektra-EEG
2 FOO FIGHTERS	Foo Fighters	Roswell-Capitol
3 PRIMUS	Tales From The Punchbowl	Interscope
4 SEAM	Are You Driving Me Crazy?	Touch And Go
5 CATHERINE WHEEL	Happy Days	Fontana-Mercury
6 THE VERVE	A Northern Soul	Vernon Yard
7 FUGAZI	Red Medicine	Dischord
8 BUFFALO TOM	Sleepy Eyed	EastWest-EEG
9 SHANE MACGOWAN AND THE POPES	The Snake	ZTT-WB
10 SUPERGRASS	I Should Coco	Capitol
11 GROVER	My Wild Life	Zero Hour
12 TEENAGE FANCLUB	Grand Prix	DGC
13 JUNE OF 44	Engine Takes To The Water	Quarterstick-Touch And Go
14 SUPERCHUNK	Incidental Music 1991-95	Merge
15 ALANIS MORISSETTE	Jagged Little Pill	Maverick-Reprise
16 HAGFISH	...Rocks Your Lame Ass	London
17 GENE	Olympian	Atlas-A&M
18 TRIPPING DAISY	I Am An Elastic Firecracker	Island
19 NATALIE MERCHANT	Tigerlily	Elektra-EEG
20 LIQUORICE	Listening Cap	4AD
21 LUNA	Penthouse	Elektra-EEG
22 SOUNDTRACK	Batman Forever	Atlantic
23 VERSUS	Dead Leaves	Teen Beat
24 DIRTY THREE	Dirty Three	Torn & Frayed-Touch And Go
25 PENNYWISE	About Time	Epitaph
26 YO LA TENGO	Electr-O-Pura	Matador
27 SIX FINGER SATELLITE	Severe Exposure	Sub Pop
28 DISH	Boneyard Beach	Interscope
29 PORTASTATIC	Slow Note From A Sinking Ship	Merge
30 GERALDINE FIBBERS	Lost Somewhere Between The Earth And My Home	Virgin
31 RAMONES	¡Adios Amigos!	Radioactive
32 KENDRA SMITH	Five Ways Of Disappearing	4AD
33 CIRCLE JERKS	Oddities, Abnormalities And Curiosities	Mercury
34 SILVERCHAIR	Frogstomp	Epic
35 BAILTER SPACE	Wammo	Matador
36 THOMAS JEFFERSON SLAVE APARTMENTS	Bait And Switch	Onion-American
37 WHALE	We Care	Virgin
38 NEIL YOUNG	Mirror Ball	Reprise
39 CHRIS KNOX	Songs Of You & Me	Caroline
40 UNWOUND	The Future Of What	Kill Rock Stars
41 HALF JAPANESE	Hot	Safe House
42 ENGINE 88	Clean Your Room	Caroline
43 DAMBUILDERS	Ruby Red	EastWest-EEG
44 INNOCENCE MISSION	Glow	A&M
45 ESQUIVEL!	Music From A Sparkling Planet	Bar/None
46 LOW	Long Division	Vernon Yard
47 THAT DOG	Totally Crushed Out!	DGC
48 MOONPOOLS & CATERPILLARS	Lucky Dumpling	EastWest-EEG
49 JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION	Experimental Remixes (EP)	Matador
50 TRULY	Fast Stories...From Kid Coma	Capitol
51 GWEN MARS	Magnosheen	Hollywood
52 HUEVOS RANCHEROS	Dig In!	Mint (Canada)
53 TH' FAITH HEALERS	L'	Too Pure-American
54 PAUL WELLER	Stanley Road	Go!Discs-London
55 PAVEMENT	Wowee Zowee	Matador
56 FILTER	Short Bus	Reprise
57 THURSTON MOORE	Psychic Hearts	DGC
58 SHALLOW	3-D Stereo Trouble	Zero Hour
59 CHAVEZ	Gone Glimmering	Matador
60 BIG SUGAR	500 Pounds	Silvertone
61 FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON	ISDN	Astralwerks-Caroline
62 RED KRAYOLA	Amor And Language	Drag City
63 BABES IN TOYLAND	Nemesisters	Reprise
64 SOUL ASYLUM	Let Your Dim Light Shine	Columbia
65 RIVERDALES	Riverdales	Lookout!
66 DUB NARCOTIC SOUND SYSTEM	Industrial Breakdown (EP)	K
67 GREEN APPLE QUICK STEP	Reloaded	Medicine/Giant-WB
68 CHRIS ISAAK	Forever Blue	Reprise
69 VAN MORRISON	Days Like This	Polydor-A&M
70 ELEVEN	Thunk	Hollywood
71 BOYS LIFE	Boys Life	Crank!
72 YOUNG GODS	Only Heaven	Interscope
73 PHISH	A Live One	Elektra-EEG
74 VIC CHESNUTT	Is The Actor Happy?	Texas Hotel
75 CRABS	Jackpot	Knw-Yr-Own-K

Chart data culled from CMJ New Music Report's weekly Top 150 radio chart, based on combined airplay of approximately 500 college, non-commercial and commercial radio stations reporting their top 35 most-played releases that week.

DIRECTORY

A LISTING OF LABELS WHOSE ARTISTS APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

550
550 Madison Ave., 21st Fl.
New York, NY 10022

4AD
8533 Malrose Ave., Ste. B
Los Angeles, CA 90069

A&M
1416 N. La Brea Ave.
Hollywood, CA 90028

American
3500 W. Clive Ave. #1550
Burbank, CA 91505

Atlantic
75 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, NY 10019

Axiom
400 Lafayette St., 5th Fl.
New York, NY 10003

Broken
P.O. Box 460402
San Francisco, CA 94146

Capitol
1750 N. Vine St.
Hollywood, CA 90028

Caroline
14 W. 26th St., 11th Fl.
New York, NY 10001

Columbia
550 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10022

Delmore
P.O. Box 477458
Chicago, IL 60647

DGC/Geffen
9130 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Drag City/Palace
P.O. Box 476867
Chicago, IL 60647

Elektra Entertainment Group
75 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, NY 10019

Epic
550 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Epitaph
6201 Sunset Blvd., Ste. 111
Hollywood, CA 90028

Gee Street
14 E. 4th St., 3rd Fl.
New York, NY 10012

GRP/Blue Thumb
555 W. 57th St.
New York, NY 10019

Hollywood
530 S. Buena Vista St.
Burbank, CA 9152

Homestead
P.O. Box 800
Rockville Centre, NY 11571

Interscope
10900 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 1230
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Jive
137-139 W. 25th St.
New York, NY 10019

La Casa
c/o Dig It International
915 Broadway, Ste. 1005
New York, NY 10010

Laurel
P.O. Box 2400
London NW10 5NE, UK

London
825 8th Ave., 24th Fl.
New York, NY 10019

Mammoth
Carr Mill 2nd Fl.
Carrboro, NC 27510

March
P.O. Box 578396
Chicago, IL 60657

Matador
676 Broadway, 4th Fl.
New York, NY 10012

Maverick
8000 Beverly Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90048

MCA
70 Universal City Plaza
Universal City, CA 91608

Mercury
825 Eighth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

Metal Blade
2345 Erringer Rd., Ste. 108
Simi Valley, CA 93065

Murderrecords
P.O. Box 2372
Halifax Central
Halifax, N.S. B3J 3E4, Canada

Outpunk
P.O. Box 170501
San Francisco, CA 94117

Polydor
825 Eighth Ave.
26th Fl.
New York, NY 10019

Prude
147 Lowell Mall Center
Cambridge, MA 02138

Pussyfoot
43/44 Hoxton Square
London N1 6PS, UK

Reprise
3300 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, CA 91505

Restless
1616 Vista Dull Mar
Hollywood, CA 90028

Rhino
10635 Santa Monica
Los Angeles, CA 90025

Roadrunner
225 Lafayette St., Ste. 407
New York, NY 10012

Rosebud
10/12, rue Jean Guy
35000 Rennes, France

Sub Pop
1932 First Ave.
Seattle, WA 98101

TAG
19 W. 21st St., Ste. 50
New York, NY 10010

Topic
50 Stroud Green Rd.
London N4 3EF, UK

Touch And Go
P.O. Box 25520
Chicago, IL 60625

Traditional Crossroads
P.O. Box 20320
Greely Square Station
New York, NY 10001

TVT
23 E. 4th St.
New York, NY 10003

Varèse Sarabande
11846 Ventura Blvd., Ste. 130
Studio City, CA 91604

Virgin
338 N. Footmill Rd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90210

Warner Bros.
3300 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, CA 91505

WORK
550 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10022

Zoo
6363 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, CA 90028



NEW RELEASES SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 1995

SEPTEMBER 19

MERCURY REV See You On The Other Side (WORK)
EVE'S PLUM Cherry Alive (550 Music)
SON VOLT Trace (Warner Bros.)
DON CABALLERO II (Touch And Go)
TAR Over And Out (Touch And Go)
SUPERCHUNK Here's Where The Strings Come In (Merge)
ABDELLI New Moon (Real World-Caroline)
MACHINES OF LOVING GRACE Gilt (Mammoth-Atlantic)
CLANNAD TBA (Atlantic)
SUPERCHUNK Here's Where The Strings Come In (Merge)
URGE OVERKILL Supersonic Storybook (reissue) (Touch And Go)

SEPTEMBER 26

SOFTIES It's Love (K)
HALO BENDERS TBA (K)
DAVID BOWIE Outside (Virgin)
OASIS TBA (Epic)
VELVET UNDERGROUND Box Set (A&M)
SONIC YOUTH Washing Machine (DGC)
BOSS HOG Boss Hog (DGC)
VARIOUS ARTISTS DGC Rarities, Volume 2 (DGC)
URGE OVERKILL Exit The Dragon (Geffen)
GZA/GENIUS Liquid Sword (Geffen)
PRINCE The Gold Experience (Warner Bros.)
NEW ORDER The Rest Of New Order (Warner Bros.)
JESUS & MARY CHAIN Hate Rock 'n' Roll (American)
STEELY DAN Alive In America (Giant)
ERIC MATTHEWS Eric Matthews (Sub Pop)
U ROY Original DJ (Frontline-Caroline)
SHEILA CHANDRA The Struggle (Caroline)

OCTOBER 10

MOJAVE Ask Me Tomorrow (4AD)
MARIA MCKEE Life Is Sweet (Geffen)
PORNO FOR PYROS TBA (Warner Bros.)
CANDLEBOX TBA (Maverick)
MINISTRY Filth Pig (Sire-WB)
KD LANG All You Can Eat (Sire-WB)
GREEN DAY TBA (Reprise)
BARENAKED LADIES TBA (Reprise)
JULIAN COPE Try Try Try (American)
RED RED MEAT TBA (Sub Pop)
VARIOUS ARTISTS You Sleigh Me: Alternative Christmas Hits (Rhino)
BRAINIAC Internationale (Touch And Go)
KING KONG Me Hungry (Drag City)
SEA AND CAKE The Biz (Thrill Jockey)
FREAKWATER Old Paint (Thrill Jockey)

OCTOBER 24

SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE TBA (Sub Pop)
VARIOUS ARTISTS Buzz Bin Compilation (Mammoth-Atlantic)
MOUNTAIN GOATS Nine Black Poppies (Emperor Jones)
MAGNETIC FIELDS Get Lost (Merge)
PAIN TEENS TBA (Trance Syndicate)

OCTOBER 31

BLOOD LOSS TBA (Reprise)
SWELL TBA (American)
AZTEC CAMERA TBA (Reprise)
PIZZICATO FIVE Sound Of Music (Matador-Atlantic)

All dates subject to change

FLASHBACK

ROOTS • REISSUES • RETRO

by James Lien

LOVE, BUBBLEGUM AND SPAGHETTI WESTERNS

Music can be part of what defines us as individuals, and at its best it can be what sets us apart from others. Think about it: No two people have exactly the same records, just like they don't have the same genes, and peeking at another person's CD shelf is one of the prime activities during those moments of small-talk when you're first getting to know someone and they invite you to their pad. This month's column spotlights some recent rereleases of exemplary music that may not be the most obvious choices, but they're the sort of records that can make a good collection into a great one.



Arthur Lee was the frontman for **LOVE**, a psychedelic punk-folk-rock group from the '60s that's often cited as a favorite by people like R.E.M. and Robyn Hitchcock. If there's one thing that Rhino's two-CD anthology *Love Story 1966-72* proves, it's that even after the group's

first two brilliant albums (their eponymous debut and *Da Capo*) and after the initial '67-'68 wave of psychedelia faded, Lee continued to write a couple of splendid dark pop songs per album well into the '70s, long after the fickle attentions of the music business and most of the band's initial fans had fallen by the wayside. The Rhino folks have done an incomparable deed of goodness by finally compiling virtually all of Love's and Lee's great moments in once place.

Varese Sarabande has just released two volumes of *Bubblegum Classics*. Bubblegum music was a genre of smiley-faced, AM-radio-ready tunes and disposable, prefab artists. Of course, it was made for kids by adults, and very often tunes like the Ohio Express' "Yummy Yummy Yummy" or Tommy Roe's "Jam Up And Jelly Tight" came with lyrics loaded with naughty double-entendres and clever double meanings, some of which could get pretty weird. (For instance, Dawn's "Knock Three Times (On The Ceiling If You Want Me)" is essentially about anonymous sex with strangers and a creepy kind of apartment-building voyeurism that borders on stalking, if you really listen to the lyrics.) The genre was primarily a singles medium, often made by fictitious groups, and these two collections of 45s come from the late '60s/early '70s vaults of bubblegum labels like Laurie, Bell and Buddah. This music is so innocent, so pure, and meanwhile, at the same time, Charles Manson was stalking around, cities were burning to the ground, there was a grueling war going on—in fact, even today, during crazy times like these, part of bubblegum's appeal is that sometimes it's the only thing you can handle putting on your stereo at the end of the day.

ENNIO MORRICONE is most often remembered as the composer of all those Italian spaghetti western soundtracks—you know, the ones with all the spooky surf guitar, high lonesome whistling, brooding orchestration, etc.—and, in fact, he's so well known for it that people often assume he wrote ones that he didn't, like *Hang 'Em High*. In reality, Morricone was not just a film scorer of note, he was a mad, grand, dazzling genius, and possibly even one of our century's most gifted and ambitious composers, as Rhino's two-CD *A Fistful Of Film Music: The Ennio Morricone Anthology* attests. For B-grade westerns, a lot of this stuff is surprisingly over-the-top—lush orchestration, ghoulish pipe organs, furious tympani solos, choirs, screaming crescendos of nonsense operatic vocal chanting ("I didn't care whether the words were understood or not. It was like they were cursing. I love the sound of the human voice," Morricone has said). And, like Esquivel or John Zorn, it quite brilliantly doesn't make any sense at all but sounds amazing anyway. Sadly, however, the second disc loses some steam when it hits his recent work, which although good, is not nearly as killer or moody as his '60s and '70s classics. But if you can afford to splurge on a two-CD set where you'll wind up listening to one CD more than the other, it's highly recommended. (And for the really fanatical, there are numerous import CDs and esoteric collections available.)

Infinite Zero-American has released *Sex Bomb Baby* by the legendary, sprawling SF Bay Area punk band **FLIPPER**. Flipper were so far left of the mainstream they were practically off the dial completely, but the strength of the music they created is undeniable. Their music was really more of a sloppy, unkempt rumbling than organized sound, and songs like "Ha Ha Ha," "Sex Bomb" and "Love Canal" pretty much define the meaning of the word "underground."

The kind of music that blind Turkish *oud* master **UDI HRANT** played in the '20s and '30s is often compared to "Middle Eastern Blues"—he even looks a little like some sort of oddball bluesman in his suit and sunglasses—but this is something remarkably different. Traditional Crossroads has just released *The Early Recordings Volume 1* and 2, sublime music culled from rare 78s. Key song title translated into English: "Fortune Teller's Dream." Feeling pensive, meditative, brooding, serene? Put this on in the cool of the evening and feel your spirit soar.

The blues doesn't get much darker and deeper than *Danceland Years*, a sad little compilation released by Point Blank-Virgin into an unknowing, uncaring world three months ago. This CD is full of searing, unforgettable performances, mostly by people who never had a legitimate shot at going anywhere (though "Little Pork Chops" did eventually become better known under the name John Lee Hooker). It's also the sound of the old pre-WWII blues dying and urban blues being born. If Tony "Blues" Lewis had stuck around to record more than three and a half songs, he might have been considered today on the level of a Robert Johnson or Skip James. There's even a song by an Unknown Artist—literally, no one can figure out who is singing on this unlabelled, unreleased recording found in the vaults. And as if that wasn't enough, the title of this long-lost record is the rather prophetic "What's The Matter With The World?" It's wonderful, wonderful stuff. **END**



8 Storey Window

8 STOREY WINDOW's vocalist/guitarist Chris Conklin has gained inspiration for his band's music from recent trips to trance/ambient festivals held in the middle of the wilderness by DJ tape-trading circles. Conklin, a Boston native, now lives in London with his bandmates. After releasing two EP's in early '93, the band lost its original bassist to Swervedriver. Its self-titled debut (Ultimate-A&M) represents its first release as a trio, but based on "I Will," all systems are go.

If the **BOO RADLEYS** are as well-received in the U.S. as they have been in their native U.K., then this quartet of childhood friends has a lot to look forward to. The band's recent single "Wake Up Boo!" has sold over 100,000 copies overseas, and its second full-length, *Wake Up!* (Columbia), entered the British pop charts at #1 and has already gone gold in the UK. "It's Lulu" features horns, strings and falsetto harmonies. [Review on page 13.]

"There's a lot to be said for subtlety," says **PAUL WELLER**. "As a kid I just wanted to be banged on the head. But you require other sounds as the years go by." Still, Weller, who formed The Jam when he was only 14 years old, hasn't lost his love for American R&B, and quips: "If that's retro, that's what I'm into." "You Do Something To Me" is a soulful ballad from *Stanley Road* (London), Weller's third solo album. You'll want to get a look at its cover art: It's the work of Peter Blake, the artist responsible for The Beatles *Sgt. Peppers* sleeve. [Reviewed in the August issue.]

Although the band formed in the U.K., **DRUGSTORE** is really a multi-national trio. Its singer, Isabel Monteiro is originally from Sao Paulo, Brazil, drummer Mike Chylinski is from Los Angeles and guitarist Daron Robinson is a native Brit. The three-piece has been working together since 1993 and has released a handful of singles and an EP *Drugstore* (Go! Discs-London), however, is the band's first full-length album, and includes "Fader." [Reviewed in the June issue.]

WELCOME TO JULIAN is one of the biggest indie bands in France right now, and it's touching down on American shores for the first time this month. As "**Bob Your Head**" shows, the band's assimilated the indie-rock attack of bands from the States (as well as a few vocal inflections copped from The Fall), but it's got a bunch of tricks of its own—check out that amazing slide-guitar and the acoustic break in the middle. And its album *Surfin' On A T-Bone* (Rosebud) is diverse, tough and a lot of fun. [Review on page 45.]

TURKISH DELIGHT is one of the neatest bands on the Boston club scene. "Spin" (Prude) is the group's second 7" single, and a playful dervish of a song, with almost all of its words in Polish. The band provides this explication, though: "Marriage with boredom with lies with all that... if one is always alone why not face it because facing facts is fun." Another single, "Try Harder," came out earlier this year. [Review in Singles, page 47.]



Paul Weller



BUFFALO TOM's Chris Colbourn has learned that often reality does not meet up to expectations: "When I was a kid I imagined there would be jet packs in the future and Futurama cars... Everything seemed to slow down, including music... Everything keeps repeating. I never thought a holding pattern would happen in rock." But Colbourn and his bandmates haven't let themselves fall into a rut, and on the trio's fourth album, *Sleepy Eyed* (EastWest-EEG), its songs, "Tangerine" among them, are more memorable than ever. [Interview on page 18.]

EVE'S PLUM formed in 1991 after singer Colleen Fitzpatrick answered an ad in New York's *Village Voice*. *Cherry Alive* (550-Sony) is the band's sophomore effort, following its 1993 debut, *Envy*. Over the past couple of years, the quartet has been touring extensively (including dates with the Pretenders, Violent Femmes and Beck), and last year new bassist Theo Mack joined the line-up. "Jesus Loves You (Not As Much As I Do)" is fueled by the same kind of guitar energy that made its first album appealing.

Berkeley, California's **DANCEHALL CRASHERS** have gone through a lot of changes over their six year history. The band formed in 1989, started by Tim Armstrong and Matt Freeman (now of Rancid), but is now led by Elyse Rogers and Karina Schwarz. After recording their first LP, the Crashers split up before it could be released. Angry fans protested the break-up, so the punk-pop band reunited in the summer of 1992. "Enough" is from the band's second full-length, *Lockjaw* (510-MCA), and can also be heard on the soundtrack to *Angus Bethune*. [Review on page 13.]

Drummer/producer Butch Vig describes his band **GARBAGE's** debut as "A record for pop geeks who dance by themselves with the lights out." Vig has produced records for Nirvana, Smashing Pumpkins and Sonic Youth. Bandmates Duke Enkson and Steve Marker are partners in Vig's Smart Studios, and the three had been playing together for years before adding vocalist Shirley Manson (of Angelfish) to the line-up. "We didn't actually set out to have a band," says Manson. "We were locked in a room with cheap beer and potato chips and this is what it turned into." "Queer" is from the band's self-titled album (Almo-Geffen). [Interview on page 7. Review on page 34.]



Buffalo Tom



Garbage

THE ZEPHYRUS

HOW TO USE THIS PAGE

1. Cut along dotted line
2. Fold in half.
3. Slip into our CD holder or a jewel box
4. Light fuse. Back away.



Seaweed



Deftones



Skylab

The "Top Ten Reasons To Like **SEAWEED**" (according to the band's bio) are the following: "10) They're frugal yet generous! 9) Veterans of the pizza, swimming and roller skate industries! 8) They sing and play guitars and drums! 7) They have hometown pride! 6) Kind to animals! 5) They're very loyal to all deserved! 4) College dropouts! 3) One word: Loud as fuck! 2) They sweat a lot! 1) They're a five piece combo (like Iron Maiden!)" All of these qualities and more combine on the Tacoma, Washington band's third album, *Spanaway* (Hollywood), from which "Start With" is culled. [Review on page 42.]

For those of you that may have felt cheated by the censored version of Alanis Morissette's "You Oughtta Know" that appeared on this disc a few months ago, feel free to consider the chorus of "7 Words" by labelmates the **DEFTONES** as recompense, with interest. The song, from *Conceited* (Maverick), catches this Sacramento, CA skate punk favorite in all its no-holds- (or expletives-) barred fury.

There's a school of lushly orchestrated, tragic, smartly romantic pop that has been altogether too little in evidence since the glory days of Lee Hazlewood and Nancy Sinatra. Fortunately, **TINDERSTICKS** have come to bring it back. "Traveling Light," from the band's new self-titled album (London), is a duet with the Walkabouts' Carla Torgerson, and the very model of a Lee-and-Nancy duet. It's got a string arrangement by Terry Edwards (who's done easy-listening versions of Jesus And Mary Chain songs!), and a controlling metaphor that's powerful, mature and entirely devoid of kitsch. [Review on page 12.]

MERCURY REV formed in 1989 for the purpose of cutting soundtracks for Howard Nelson's independent film *Lite-Brite* and Marco Fogg's *Sugaraddy Sea* and *Big-Bird Watcher*. The group's first two albums earned acclaim in the British and American press, and it toured with Ride and My Bloody Valentine, and had a one-off slot opening for Bob Dylan. Last year singer David Baker left the band to work with his new group, Shady. "Young Man's Stride" is from the quintet's third full-length, *See You On The Other Side* (Columbia). [Review on page 13.]

The **INBREDS'** Mike O'Neill knows that musical inspiration can come from even the most mundane events. The Canadian duo's chief songwriter says that many of the tracks on its latest full-length, *Kombinator* (TAG), found their beginnings while he was cleaning out cars at the local Budget-Rent-A-Car. The album follows a handful of releases on the group's own PF label; "Any Sense Of Time" is a showcase for the band's innovative rhythm-only formula (just bass and drums!). [See On The Verge, page 50.]

SKYLAB's Mat Ducasse had collected hundreds of hours of tape in his attic studio (from which the band takes its name) when, last year, he began his collaboration with producer Howie B, and DJs Toshi and Kudo (formerly of the Plastiks). "Seashell" is from the band's debut album, *#1* (Caroline). In describing his intentions, Ducasse says: "This music protests against the smug inadequacy of certain current muzaks. It is our pop music, an attempt to push the envelope, widen horizons, create freedoms, suggest new spaces. Dig it." [Review on page 48.]

Jonatha Brooke's musical discipline is not only based on her experience as a singer/songwriter, but also her years of studying dance. Brooke began studying ballet at six years old, and later studied on scholarship at the Joffrey. She performed in many modern dance troupes up until she decided to commit all of her time to her band (then called simply The Story). Now operating under the name **JONATHA BROOKE & THE STORY**, Brooke and her collaborators deliver a third full-length. "Nothing Sacred" is taken from this album, entitled *Plumb* (Blue Thumb-GRP).

SHELTER's Ray Cappo has been involved in New York's hardcore scene for nearly ten years and his old band, Youth Of Today, was responsible for inspiring countless kids to steer clear of drugs and alcohol and to embrace vegetarianism. Cappo's study of Gaudiya Vaishnavism (the teachings followed by part of the Hare Krishna movement) is the inspiration for many of the songs on *Mantra* (Supersoul-Roadrunner). The infectious chorus of "Here We Go" is sure to bounce around your brain for days. [Review on page 42.]

The members of Southern California's **GRETA** have been making music since their early teens. Each of the four have been band-hopping for years, and vocalist Paul Plagens and bassist Josh Gordon were even in the same junior high school new wave cover band. "About You" is an example of the band's combination of melodic, Beatles-inspired rock and aggressive, guitar-heavy punk, which is showcased on its second album, *This Is Greta!* (Mercury).

DISHWALLA drummer George Pendergast cautions: "There's a serious angle to the whole thing we do, but we don't want people to get overly dramatic and be too serious. It's just music." The Santa Barbara band formed three years ago, the natural result of childhood friendships between its members. Its track on last year's Carpenters tribute album, cited by Richard as his favorite, was the band's first major public exposure; you can get an even closer look at them on the debut album, *Pet Your Friends* (A&M), on which "Haze" appears.

SKUNK ANANSIE was recently voted the #1 New Band in Britain by English hard-rock magazine *Kerrang!*—months before its first record had even come out. They're led by a tall black lesbian who calls herself Skin, and usually has a skunk-stripe painted onto her bald head—"I want to shove a few truths into the faces of those who don't want to see them," she says. The band's debut single, "Selling Jesus," from the album *Paranoid And Sunburnt* (One Little Indian-Epic), has gone Top 40 overseas. Now it's America's turn to tremble—the band will be touring here soon. [Review on page 44.]

INTO ANOTHER's Richie Birkenhead has chosen a musical path that's diverged from that of his former Youth Of Today bandmates. Rather than continue to churn out upbeat hardcore, Birkenhead's band serves up dramatic glam-metal. The New York quartet formed in 1990 and has since released two full-length albums and two EP's on Revelation Records. *Seamless* (Hollywood) is the band's third LP, and "Mutate Me" is a great example of its polished, power-chord-driven rock. [Review on page 36.]



Shelter



Dishwalla



Into Another

FEEDBACK

FAX: 516-466-7159
 E-MAIL: CMJ@CMJMUSIC.COM
 MAIL: CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY
 11 MIDDLE NECK ROAD, SUITE 400
 GREAT NECK, NY 11021-2301

CMJ Back Issues

NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

Fill in the gaps in your CMJ New Music Monthly collection for only **\$6 PER ISSUE** (add \$2.50 shipping & handling for first magazine, \$1.00 for each additional *per order*).

Issue Cover Story

- July '93 Primus (without CD)
- Aug '94 Helmet **SOLD OUT**
- Sep '94 Velocity Girl **SOLD OUT**
- Oct '94 Sugar **SOLD OUT**
- Nov '94 Liz Phair
- Dec '94 R.E.M.
- Jan '95 Throwing Muses
- Feb '95 Veruca Salt/Elastica
- Mar '95 Belly **SOLD OUT**
- Apr '95 Faith No More
- May '95 Juliana Hatfield
- June '95 Chris Isaak
- July '95 Soul Asylum
- Aug '95 Primus

OFFER GOOD IN NORTH AMERICA ONLY
 NO CASH PLEASE • SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED
 Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

_____ issues @ \$6 ea. = \$ _____
 Shipping & Handling = \$ _____
 TOTAL AMOUNT = \$ _____

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Phone (____) _____

I'm Paying by:
 Check M.O. VISA
 MC Discover AmEx

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

SEND THIS ORDER FORM TO:
 CMJ Back Issues Dept., 11 Middle Neck Rd.,
 #400, Great Neck, NY 11021
 or CALL (516) 466-6000 ext. 32

10/95

Name _____
 Phone (____) _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

What do you think about the CMJ New Music October CD and Magazine?

What can we do to make the magazine and CD better?

PLEASE CIRCLE YOUR RATING FOR EACH TRACK

{5} Borderline genius {4} I'd buy it {3} Decent {2} So-so {1} Trash it
 CHECK THE BOX TO THE LEFT IF THIS CD INTRODUCED YOU TO THIS ARTIST

<input type="checkbox"/>	1. BUFFALO TOM	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	2. EVE'S PLUM	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	3. DANCE HALL CRASHERS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	4. GARBAGE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	5. SEAWEED	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	6. DEFTONES	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	7. TINDERSTICKS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	8. MERCURY REV	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	9. INBREDS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	10. SKYLAB	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	11. JONATHA BROOKE & THE STORY	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	12. SHELTER	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	13. GRETA	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	14. DISHWALLA	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	15. SKUNK ANANSIE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	16. INTO ANOTHER	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	17. 8 STOREY WINDOW	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	18. BOO RADLEYS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	19. PAUL WELLER	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	20. DRUGSTORE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	21. WELCOME TO JULIAN	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	22. TURKISH DELIGHT	5	4	3	2	1

1. Are you...?

- Male Female

2. How old are you?

- under 18 35-44
 18-24 45+
 25-34 What's it to you?

3. Where did you buy this magazine?

- subscription newsstand
 record store bookstore
 other _____

4. How many CDs do you buy per month?

- 0-2 6-10
 3-5 more than 10

5. Where do you usually buy your tapes/CDs?

Store _____

City _____

State _____

6. What radio station(s) do you usually listen to?

Call Letters _____

City _____

State _____

Classified Section

CDs — THAT CD PLACE — CDs
Internet heads and newbies
<http://www.epix.net/homepage/cdtape>

VIRGINS NEED NOT APPLY
Music Marketing company seeks local intern reps. If you want to work in music call Betty at 213-980-3368.

EXCITING T-SHIRT DESIGNS!
Send for free Sync Shirts catalog. PO Box 1343 Park Ridge, IL 60068

NEW INDEPENDENT TAPE RELEASE!!!
Atheist Closet "Silent" \$6 to: Richard Barrett, 72 Church St., N. Walpole, NH 03609. Must sell 100 copies or The Lord will call me home.

<http://www.subpop.com>

FREE CD! REVERSING RECORDING
You send demo tape!, we send CD!
RR#3 Box 29B3 Ellsworth ME 04605

WANTED - PRODUCER/WRITER
Leading independent radio network seeks creative, motivated coll. grads for programming & prod. team. Good writing skills rec'd. Music and Ent. news & shows. Great entry level into radio and Ent. biz. Some radio exp a +, but not nec. Midtown NYC. Fax resume to: MJJ Broadcasting, Attn: Prog. Recruiting (212) 586-1090

Get Your Ass On-Line! SonicNet On The Web:
<http://www.sonicnet.com>

COMING IN CMJ'S DECEMBER ISSUE
CMJ New Music Monthly's Second Annual Holiday Gift Guide. Tell a friend!

AMAZING SUBSCRIPTION CURE-ALL
Bad gas? Severe halitosis? Subscription problems? We may not be able to bring your friends back, but we CAN iron out the wrinkles in your CMJ subscription. Call (800) 414-4CMJ for quick relief.

FREE MAIL ORDER CATALOG
PUNK, NEW WAVE, ALTERNATIVE,
SKA, REGGAE, DUB,
CLASSIC ROCK & IMPORT CDS.
BE AMAZED!
ROIR, Suite 411C, 611 Broadway,
NYC, NY 10012. Tel: 212-477-0563.

T-SHIRT STUFFS OF HARD TO FIND DESIGNS

PJ HARVEY, OASIS, BUSH, ELASTICA, U2, TORI AMOS, PETER MURPHY, FILTER, BEASTIE BOYS, KATY MOLE, NIN, MATTHEW SWEAT, CITIZEN DOG, REM, RANCID, BLUR, CURE, MUFFS, PRIMUS, WEezer, MORE! Catalog \$1.50.
\$18.00 EACH PPD

BURNING AIRLINES P.O. BOX 3757 DEPT. C1
TRENTON, NJ 08629-0757
CALL: 1-609-587-7887

ARE YOU MOVING? To change your CMJ subscription address call (800) 414-4CMJ.

PREJUDICE HURTS EVERYONE.
Help stop the hate. MARS is a Non-Profit membership organization dedicated to attaining equality for everyone. With your help, we can make a difference. Call (212) 685-6277

mom—get well soon

Prepare For impact

A wave of brand spanning new releases is coming from Deep Elm Records. We're kicking off early 1996 with the tastiest ear candy available on bulletproof vinyl. Featuring the hottest buzz bands around NYC. And we're doing every thing we've been told to do around NYC. No rules, nothing average. And not just another pretty label. More info, demos and press kits to pebox #65, new york, ny 1056



© 1995 Deep Elm Records Inc. All rights reserved.

Classified Rates: \$20 per bold headline (30 char.) — \$15 per line (35 char./2 line min.) — Display \$75 per column inch (1 inch min.) Payment must accompany all orders. We accept VISA, MC, Amex, Discover, checks & MO's. To advertise, call (516) 466-6000 ext. 39.

CMJ

NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

12 MONTHLY ISSUES
AND 12 CD'S
all for
only \$39.95
canada \$49.95 (Includes GST)

1-800-CMJ-9997

OR BETTER YET, SEND IN THIS FORM AND WE'LL BILL YOU LATER!
CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY P.O. BOX 57412 BOULDER, CO 80322-7412

- PAYMENT ENCLOSED BILL ME
 MASTERCARD VISA AMERICAN EXPRESS DISCOVER

CARD # _____ EXP DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

(if you're not satisfied with your 1st issue, simply write cancel on your invoice and you owe nothing.)



5K951

Localzine

BY KEITH MORRIS

SILVERLAKE/LOS FELIZ

Hello, my name is Keith and I'm a member of a musical organization known as the Circle Jerks. I've been asked to be your guide around the fabulous City of Angels, better known as Los Angeles. The problem I was confronted with is that this place is so large and spread-out that it would take up half a magazine, so I've opted to take you on a tour of a smaller community situated between glamorous, glitzy, dingy, strike-it-rich Hollywood and the skyscraping hive of insect-like, money-making hustle and bustle that is downtown Los Angeles. The name of this town is Silverlake, and there is no silver in the lake—it's just an oversize pond that doesn't even permit fishing or swimming.

We have our share of fast food, drugstore and market chains; liquor, 99-cent and record stores; new and used clothing, furniture, appliance, book and magazine stores; 7-Elevens, Mexican, American and Cuban pastry coffee shops; Chinese, Thai and Italian restaurants and so on. Everything you need to survive in this day and age. Here are a few of my faves:

Millie's Diner (3524 Sunset Blvd.). Patty, Charlie, Aaron, Iris and staff will greet you loudly! It's a fun little hole in the wall that seats about 20 people, with an old-restaurant, just-like-Grandma-would-have-owned feel. The counter overlooks the cooking area, and the menu consists of breakfast and lunch goodies such as granola with fresh fruit, chicken-fried steak, tuna melts, fresh-squeezed orange juice, thick French toast, various omelettes, miscellaneous sandwiches and their specialty, the "Devil's Mess." I won't tell you the Mess's ingredients—you'll just have to experience this dining pleasure for yourself. *Rolling Stone* wrote Millie's up as a must-go-to, so all the trendyites started flocking here, but during the week you can get in, grizzle down and be out in half an hour to 45 minutes.



You've Got Bad Taste

You've Got Bad Taste (two blocks west of Millie's Diner on Sunset Blvd.). Bad Taste is a combination toy store, used record, new and used book store, t-shirt shop and art gallery. Great gift shop for all your holiday, birthday, Father's and Mother's Day needs. They clear out half the store to allow room for musical performances: Crepe de Chen (a duo that puts the Captain and Tenille in their place), Glen Meadmore (gay country played at speed-metal pace), X (what needs to be said about X? Only one of the greatest bands of all time)... The art exhibit consists of everything from old L.A. punk rock photos to newer paintings by such characters as Gibby of the Butthole Surfers to TAZ concert posters and prints by Mark Mothersbaugh of Devo. Drop by and say hello to John. Tell him Keith sent you. You won't be disappointed!

Mondo Video a Go-Go (1724 Vermont). Further up Sunset Blvd. West and then up Vermont North into an area called Los Feliz, we have a three-block strip with all sorts of swell establishments, Mondo Video being one of them. Used clothes, books, movie scripts, magazines, records, CDs... but the frosting on this cake is the kooks who run this joint, and let us not forget their insane video rental collection. Chinese porno, vampire, Kung Fu, science fiction, Fellini, Ken Russell, street pimps and hookers, Walt Disney, punk rock, organized crime, Heino, Richard Kern, Russ Meyer, Mexican wrestling, bad '70s bands just to give you a brief run-down of the wacky movies and films available here. Incredible! Blockbuster would gag!

Amok Books (1764 Vermont). Not pretty from the outside and not much prettier on the inside, but there's a cool collection of alternative mags and books gathered here. Mike and Stuart are the proprietors—nice, friendly and helpful. My favorite place to glom onto *Factsheet Five* and writings by William Burroughs, J. G. Ballard and Donald Goines. Dostoyevsky to bondage and beyond. Ouch!



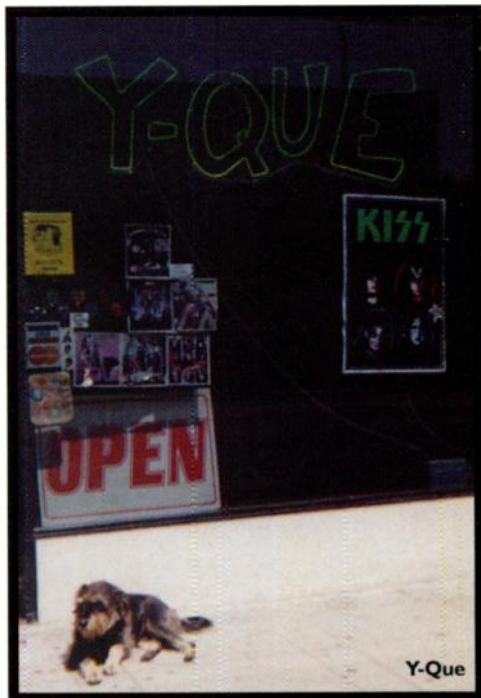
Millie's Diner

Top Shelf Records (1798 Vermont). Upstairs above the Beastie Boys' X-Large store rests this tiny space, crammed with both vinyl and compact discs. They have a great selection of reggae, jazz, blues and new college student-type rock bands. There's also a nice little cheapo used record section well worth checking out. You can chat and shoot the breeze with Michael, who works behind the counter and who also doubles as soundman at Spaceland (which we'll get to later on this Silverlake safari). Also blow a kiss to Kammy, the rockin' redhead who works the cash register, as you enter through the XL store.

Y-Que (1770 Vermont). A fun shop containing fetus models, jewelry, bible gum, postcards, Bruce Lee sew-on patches, various taxidermied animals (kangaroo, two-headed chick), black light posters, Kiss/Ozzy Osbourne/Charlie's Angels memorabilia, good-luck candles, incense, adult toys, miscellaneous junk, and a new display/shrine/exhibit made up of letters from serial killers, including Richard Ramirez. Tracey runs the place along with her trusty trained killer attack dog, Asbestos. He's the four-legged guy in the photo. Stop in and check it out. Way wicked cool!

Onyx coffee house/art gallery performance space (1802 and 1804 Vermont). Always a cool atmosphere to rest and sip or to lounge and collect thoughts. The first coffee house in this area with a beatnik/bohemian feel, very laid-back, a good place for iced coffee, latté, espresso, German chocolate, cheesecake or carrot cake. The walls are always decorated with artwork by local artists, and there's always something hanging up worth eyeballing. I discovered a photo essay by a cat named Willie Garcia displayed in the gallery, and was so impressed that the Circle Jerks decided to have him take the photos used on our album cover.

Dreams in Spaceland (formerly Pan or Dreams of Silverlake) (1717 Silverlake Blvd., three blocks north of Sunset Blvd.). Pretty bland exterior, but inside it has your typical cocaine-sniffing overpriced watered-down exotic-mixed-drink mirrored-walls disco look. This place runs the gamut from sports bar (less hanging ferns) to runway for transvestite fashion shows to indie- (and major-) label noise palace. A neat local scene where everybody is supportive and rocks out to bands from our area and



Burrito King (corner of Sunset Blvd. and Alverado). Ain't no way you can visit the Los Angeles mega-sprawl and not indulge in Mexican food. This is my fast-food bean, cheese, lettuce, tomato, and hot sauce heaven. Cheap, filling and doesn't come out that harsh! And contrary to what the sign says, Menudo will not be appearing live on Saturday or Sunday.



elsewhere. The venue has recently seen shows by Guided By Voices, Medicine, Acetone, Lutfisk, Touchcandy, Glue, Abe Lincoln Story, Possum Dixon, the Red Krayola, Woodpussy, 99th Fuck You, and Pop Defect, just for starters. Spaceland is constantly frequented by the likes of Beck, Lifter, the Muffs, Clawhammer, the Leaving Trains, Magpie, the Geraldine Fibbers, and who knows who else.

Rockaway Records (2395 Glendale Blvd.). Loads and loads of recorded junk. Used and new releases, Beatle memorabilia (or, to some, artifacts), t-shirts (inexpensive), CD singles, samplers, posters, buttons, stickers, soundtracks, videos, books, promo-items, mags...just too much to choose from. My most recent treasure was a primo-condition vinyl copy of the Yardbirds' "Little Games." A huge selection at pretty reasonable prices. Rumor has it Guided By Voices showed up and wanted to purchase everything English.

Well, this winds it up for our little Silverlake/Los Feliz tour for the time being. Some say not to give away all the secret spots, but I'd like to tell them... "Hey, what the fuck!?" The more the merrier. There are many, many, many more points of interest: museums, landfills, movie theatres, pawn shops, radio stations... so when you're here, keep a lookout. **END**

Keith Morris sings in the Circle Jerks, whose new album is *Oddities, Abnormalities And Curiosities* (Mercury).



HOW FAST IS YOUR PULSE?

IT'S THE ALBUM THAT SET THE U.K. ON FIRE. "LEFTISM," THE DEBUT ALBUM FROM LEFTFIELD FEATURING OPEN UP WITH JOHN LYDON.

"A TOTAL JOY - BLOODY ESSENTIAL." - MIDDY MAKER
"ALBUM OF THE MONTH." - NME

LEFTFIELD

“LEFTISM”

ALBUM IN STORES THIS SEPTEMBER
ALL TRACKS PRODUCED AND MIXED BY LEFTFIELD.



COLUMBIA

WWW.SONY.COM

JOHN LYDON APPEARS COURTESY OF THE ATLANTIC RECORDING CORPORATION.
"COLUMBIA" REG. U.S. PAT. & TM. OFF. MARCA REGISTRADA © 1999 SONY MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT INC./ LTD.

