



# CMJ

NEW MUSIC  
MONTHLY

## BEST NEW MUSIC

SUPERNOVA  
GOLDIE  
PAPAS FRITAS  
FOR SQUIRRELS  
SUPERCHUNK

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

79  
GREAT  
HOLIDAY  
GIFTS

SMASHING  
PUMPKINS

Blur

Friends Of  
Dean Martinez  
Unwound  
Klezmer  
Long Fin Killie  
Riverdales

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# CMJ

NEW MUSIC  
MONTHLY

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# LETTERS

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

## R.I.Y.L.ed Up

For being such a widely read publication, I must admit you don't seem to try to please everyone all the time (which seems to be the problem with most media outlets these days). It's good to see a variety within your pages and sampler disc as well. However, I have one beef. Record companies are unleashing more new releases than ever. The problem is, like movie production studios, record companies tend to copy success. To its dismay, no record company can create Nirvana II. Instead, they sign bands that never made it into the glam-metal scene, throw them flannel shirts, change their sound, call them "alternative" and send them stumbling onto the Billboard charts.

My challenge to you is this: Most of us who are into music and have been around long enough can sniff out a posing act. You guys know pretty well when another Collective Soul comes through the door looking to surf the recent trend wave onto the platinum beach. So, please, do us a favor and add a category under your reviews segment just below R.I.Y.L. (which is a really helpful descriptor, by the way) entitled R.T.T.S.L.—Really Tries To Sound Like... I've been turned on to a few bands because they have been compared to some of my favorites, only to realize after buying the disc that they're copping a sound like bad karaoke. Just a suggestion. Otherwise, a breakthrough magazine of immense proportions.

Corey Pearson (Auteur21@aol.com)  
Indianapolis, IN

My letter is sent after months of reading your mag and being mostly disappointed with the whole R.I.Y.L. thang. I know it's not supposed to be a comparison, but "recommended if you like." But isn't that completely irrelevant in the context of a record review?

For example, how is the new D.F.L. related to the Beastie Boys sound other than the fact that Ad-Rock is the producer? That's just hype. Friends Of Dean Martinez couldn't raise a brandy glass to toast Combustible Edison, nor do they ever try, but that whole Sub Pop thing ties it in, huh? Wrong and misleading. The new Jawbreaker sounds nothing like what Green Day or Rancid produce. Yeah, I know, "recommended if you like," but a Rancid fan would be very disappointed by the mellow pop of the new Jawbreaker. Old Jawbreaker would maybe warrant that, but listen to the new album closely. Don't stick strictly to the press release. Stay personally informed by just listening to the music. I say this because some people, as I used to, read the review and R.I.Y.L. and go buy the album, but then are greatly disappointed when it's not what I read it was like.

Gripe #2: Where do you get your new release info from? It's never right.

Gripe #3: If you love all the music you put in Best New Music section so much, why isn't it all on the disc?

Brandy  
via e-mail

Let's get to Brandy's last two gripes first.

We get the new release info from the only place we can think to get it: the labels that put out the records. Although "never right" is plainly an exaggeration, it's best to keep in mind that "dates are subject to change" is something of a mantra in the music business, and that what's correct when we go to press may have changed by the time the magazine hits your mailbox or local newsstand.

As for matching Best New Music selections to the tracks on the disc, to quote a Rolling Stones song that Microsoft might well have considered for Windows '95, "you can't always get what you want." Nothing makes us happier than having all five BNM selections on the disc, but the truth is that the road to getting tracks for the disc runs through any number of record company personnel, lawyers, management and the artists themselves, any of whom could put a "construction delays ahead" sign (or in some cases a "stop") at any point. It doesn't mean that we don't really like the records we pick for BNM, just that things don't always work out, and that it wouldn't be right to not include a record in BNM just because we didn't get a track.

As for R.I.Y.L., we'll stand by our recommendations. It doesn't mean that a band sounds exactly like another band (Corey's letter above has the right idea), just that if you like some or all the bands listed, you should check this record out. No, Jawbreaker doesn't sound exactly like Rancid, but both bands share a certain pop/punk appeal. And if you like Combustible Edison, your mind is probably open enough to appreciate what Friends Of Dean Martinez do. Appreciating music is subjective, and we think that attempting to definitively codify records or attach an objective grading system to them (stars, letter grades, etc.) is missing the point that different people like different music for different reasons. Hence, R.I.Y.L.; it's not perfect, but then again, it doesn't try to be.

## It's A Big World After All

It was culturally refreshing to realize a Latin American band had actually been included in your September issue. Mana—from Guadalajara—may not be my favorite alternative band, but it's motivating to know that the traditionally local-minded US music listener is starting to detect other horizons in this multi-cultural planet. Please keep an eye on the ever-growing, diverse alternative cultures in Mexico City, Buenos Aires, Rio, Caracas, Madrid, Barcelona, Tokyo, Miami, L.A., and many other cosmopolitan places seldom conceived as cultural hot spots in the average American subconscious. This world is vast, and limiting America's exposure to English-language performers has for many years been an ignorant decision of music editors. Thank you for building bridges instead of walls. ¡Hasta la proxima CMJ!

Tech Guerrero  
Dallas, TX

We Messed Up: In our October 1995 issue, CMJ accidentally credited Rande Dawn's review of the Boo Radleys' Wake Up to Allison Stewart. We would like to apologize profusely to both fine writers.

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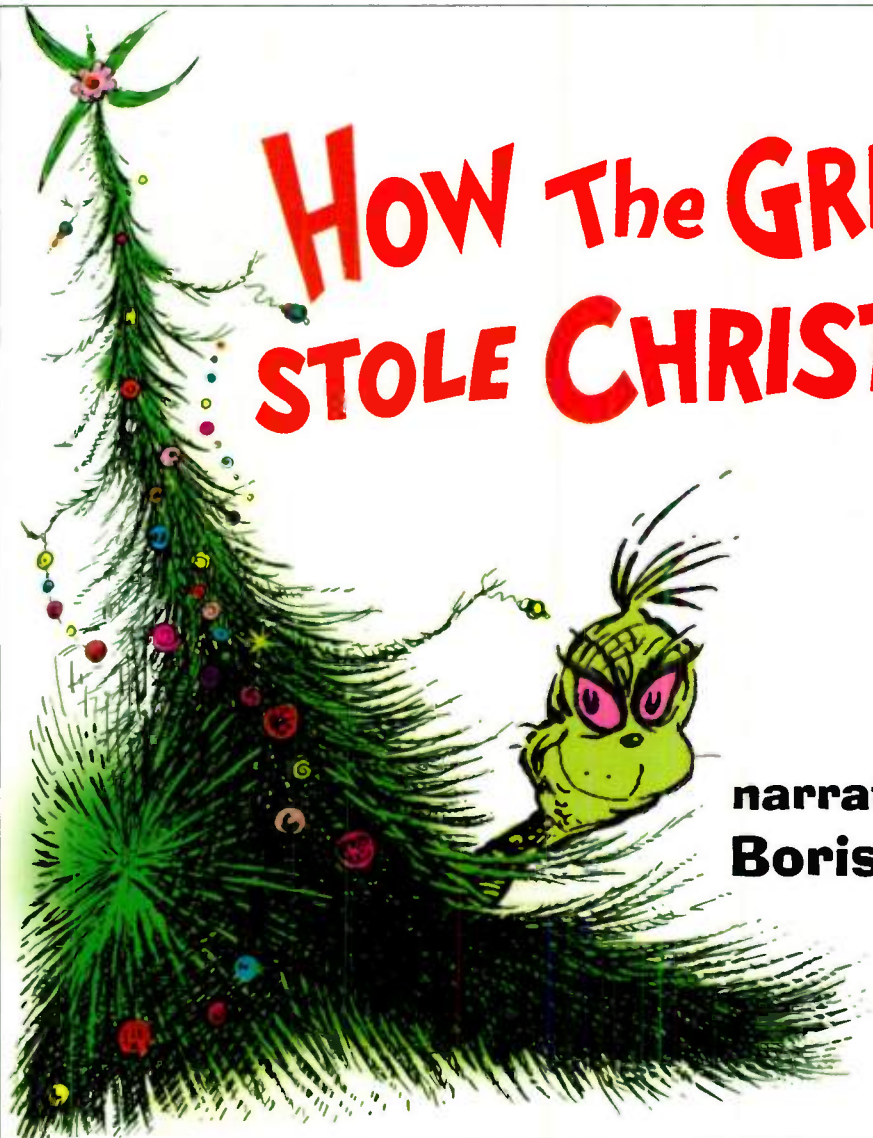
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# How The GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS



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World Radio History





# QUICK FIX

## LONG FIN KILLIE DON'T GET THEM WRONG

Watching Long Fin Killie for the first time, you could be forgiven for wondering whether you were hearing three bands playing at once—assuming you then wondered how they could all sound so good together. You'd see at least seven instruments out there, but only four people on stage—or at the "stage end" of the floor, at one of the two-room London indie clubs (the Camden Laurel Tree, say) they play at so often. Sometimes Dave Turner's tense, cymbal-dominated percussion seems to have come direct from the syncopated dance music—jungle and experimental trance—so many other British rockers worship or despise without understanding. Sometimes the beats could be those of their labelmates on Too Pure, Moonshake and Pram. At other, louder, times, the rhythms are sinewy full-volume aggression.

And that's just the drum kit. Colin Grieg and Philip Cameron play bass, guitar, bouzouki and electric mandolin with music-school precision and, when it's called for, '77-punk fury. Often, they serve as a rhythm section (no, a "polyrhythm section") for the multi-lead-instrument songs, rants, compositions, noise-knots and pop hooks of Luke Sutherland. A night's set could start with "The Lamberton Lamplighter," which starts with a big, simple, powerful three-chord crash; then Luke lets go of his guitar and starts to croon: "I haven't really got much time for girls/Don't get me wrong now, don't get me wrong/It's just my nights are occupied with lighting these damned lamps..." His singing is ironically charming, scarily understated: what's the song hiding? Then the three-chord crash again; then quiet, more verses; held-back vocals and all-out guitars in alternation, tensing and releasing. It is, it turns out, a song about a closeted provincial boy, the instrumental parts revealing what the character won't quite come out and say, explaining the slick-scared, smooth-cautious attitude the singer and the singing convey.

What separates Long Fin Killie from all the other mix-it-up multi-genre virtuoso bands of the '90s, in other words, isn't just that they're better at it, or know and can draw on more underground-rock history (though they can). It's also that Luke has a lot to say, and that he says it by indirection and intonation rather than by indoctrination. LFK began, Luke says, in Perthshire, Scotland, "in 1989... for our own amusement. We were bored; we got the group together with the idea of playing in pubs and motels, just locally—a marriage of thrash and folk." The foursome "very quickly got reasonably serious... our music organically mutated," taking on, most obviously, techno and Scottish art-rock as influences. (Luke describes the Long Fins as "medieval hip-hop.") The whole band makes up the music, and Dave shares Luke's ability to "pick up anything and play it": When they recorded *Houdini* (Too Pure-American) last Christmas,



they found a dulcimer and a thumb piano in the studio, and promptly incorporated them into new songs.

The band's love of contradictions extends to the vocals. Luke says his songs "attack machismo from all angles. Rather than sloganeer, I'll try to concoct little tales, stories that get the message across." The title track on *Houdini* describes a come-on from an "old queen" and the singer's awkward response; "The Heads Of Dead Surfers" postulates a white "mid-life Adonis"—an ex-DJ or music executive?—looking at the sea as if it held all the people white European culture had conquered and stolen from: "We drove the Moors back into the sea and now we ride their waves..." Even read, it's too weird to sound preachy; sung over rippling percussion, it's irresistible, especially when the Fall's Mark E. Smith comes in at the end with backup vocals and takes command. Smith's millenarian ranting balances Luke's high silkiness, just like Luke's frantic violin riffs and sax blurts on other songs balance the precision of the rest of the band. When it works, on most of *Houdini*, Long Fin Killie walks four tightropes at once. The band is currently on tour in the U.S. with Medicine; show up early, with high expectations.

—Stephen Burt

## IN MY ROOM ARTISTS' PERSONAL PICKS

### WILLIAM HOOKER

Book: **Telepathy**  
Alice Bailey

Book: **Bobby Hutcherson**  
*Total Eclipse*

Book: **Drawings**  
Jean-Michel Basquiat

Book: **Olaturunji**  
*Drums Of Passion*

Book: **John Coltrane**  
*Meditations*

## TOURS WE'D LIKE TO SEE CUTESTOCK



The Softies, The Smoothies, The Freshies,  
The Coolies, The Feelies, The Toadies

## GHOST IN THE MACHINE

1000 Mona Lisas' debut EP features an unlisted "ghost track" cover of Alanis Morissette's "You Oughta Know." Fast forward to 4:45 of the fourth track, "An Embarrassing Suicide," and you hear the band's rocked-up "answer" to the famed theater-goer's rant. When shouting "I'm here to remind you/about the mess you made when you went away," the band sounds less like a spurned teen than a bunch of back-alley kneebreakers.

INSPIRATIONAL VERSE: "And the lights are low in the aisles of the private  
Jet/A redhead's getting sick on the carpet of the cockpit"  
— Jonathan Fire\*Eater, "The Public Hanging Of A Movie Star"

**1000  
MONA  
LISAS**



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# QUICK FIX

## RIVERDALES

THE BATTLE AGAINST USELESS ORIGINALITY

"I hate talk about originality—I don't wanna be original!"

Notorious punk gadfly Ben Foster—better known as Ben Weasel, infamously contrary *Maximum Rock & Roll* columnist and former frontman for beloved pogo-pop sensations (and Best Buy commercial stars) Screeching Weasel—is wound up to full roar. There's many things the Chicagoan can't stand, and he'll be happy to tell you about 'em. This interview alone, he lobbs verbal missiles at the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, the Buzzcocks, the Sex Pistols, the Clash, the English in general, oldies radio, music in general, the '70s, and even Joey, the frontman of his beloved Ramones. He's a man with an opinion, and it's always entertaining, whether you agree with him or not.

"The most original bands around are also the suckiest bands around," he continues in mid-pontification between sips of beer. "They're terrible! You can't listen to it! You're taking stuff from the '50s and the '60s and you're putting your own twist on it, when you're playing rock 'n' roll. Anything else, fine. It might be what it is, and if you like it, that's fine. But it's not rock 'n' roll. Rock 'n' roll is not about originality."

With an attitude like that, it's no wonder Weasel could give a shit what you think of his new band, named the Riverdales in honor of the setting of the Archie comic books. Primarily, he doesn't care because he knows you're gonna think it sounds just like the first three Ramones records mashed into one, and that's the way he wants it. See, if screecher/songwriter/powerchorder Ben Weasel is passionate in his hates, he's equally passionate in his loves, the chief one of those being the Ramones, whom he'll talk about for at least a third of the interview. And all similarities are intentional.

"We agreed that *Leave Home* is the best Ramones record," he says of the Riverdales' formative stages. "And that was the one that we sat down and listened to over and over. For a guitar sound, I tried to get the sound that was on *Rocket To Russia*, 'cuz I think that's a great guitar sound. Unfortunately I didn't achieve it. But next album, hopefully..."

Lest you now believe Riverdales are "Blitzkrieg Bop" redux and nothing further, be advised that Weasel also speaks highly of the minimalist Wire of *Pink Flag* ("Even though I don't know what



the fuck they're going on about!") and the classic pop sensibilities of '50s big beat stars like Buddy Holly and Dion And The Belmonts. Still, *Riverdales-The LP* is the best Ramones record that band never made. The Riverdales are reaching a newer and older audience, working shitty jobs to sustain a punk rock habit that sees not a whit of parental or college loan support. Which is fine with Weasel, who can't relate much to neo-punks in big shorts and backwards baseball caps. (Check his *MRR* column on "the punk rock dress code" for evidence.)

Perhaps what the geriatric punks recognize here is a band that, rather than purely photocopying vintage Ramones, has instead absorbed and understood that band's major lesson: that power chords and energy and classic pop songwriting on the most stripped-down scale will get you everywhere. Riverdales have that in spades, especially on the tunes written and sung by Dan Vapid. "Back To You," in particular, has one of the more naggingly insistent choruses in recent memory.

For the Riverdales' future, Weasel envisions two more albums and no more, "because most bands only have three good albums in them." He's also writing even more minimally ("I've been profound! It's boring! I wanna write two or three line songs now!"), and he promises even Ramoner recordings in the future. Hey, with the Ramones' adios, someone has to keep the flame alight.

—Tim Stegall

## IN MY ROOM

ARTISTS' PERSONAL PICKS

### THE MELVINS

Book: *Rise And Fall Of The Third Reich*  
William Shirer

### JUNIOR BROWN

*Git With It*

### MICROJAMMER

"The Toy Country Guitar is our fave"

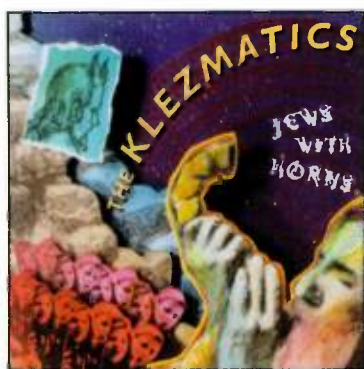
### Film: BRAVEHEART

"Get cocked and slaughter the English"

### Cracker Barrel restaurant

"Where they give the Melvins free food"

INSPIRATIONAL VERSE: "A fool I have lived/And a fool I will die/But you'll go to the devil/For making me cry" — Geraldine Fibbers, "Outside Of Town"



## KLEZMANIA!

Klezmer, the music of Yiddish minstrels known as *klezmerim*, was a sort of pre-Nazi European Jewish equivalent to small-group jazz; its central instruments were the clarinet and the accordion, and its musical themes often bore a strong resemblance to Jewish liturgical music. In the past decade or so, klezmer has been making a comeback, both in its original form and in various mutations, and there's a slew of excellent new releases. For the uncut stuff, try the German group Jontef's *Klezmer Music & Yiddish Songs*, on the British label ARC Music. America's leading klezmerim are the New York-based Klezmatics, who tour constantly and are incredible musicians to boot; their new and totally fun *Jews With Horns* (Knitting Factory Works) has a few original pieces, a bunch of adaptations of traditional music, and the odd saxophone or electric guitar thrown in. Klezmatics clarinetist David Krakauer has an album of his own, *Klezmer Madness!* (Tzadik) which includes a newly written piece called "The Ballad Of Chernobyl" and "Living With The H Tune," a slow,

mournful arrangement of—you guessed it—"Hava Nagila." California's New Klezmer Trio drags klezmer into the avant-garde with its *Melt Zonk Rewire* album (also on Tzadik), stripping it down to its component parts and putting them back together in non-intuitive new ways. And Tzadik label head John Zorn has an excellent klezmer band of his own: Masada, which in the last year has released five albums' worth of "harmolodic klezmer," melding the tradition with Ornette Coleman's compositional innovations. —Douglas Wolk

## Random fact:

The one member of Screeching Weasel not in the Riverdales, a band named for the setting of the Archie comics, is named...Jughead.



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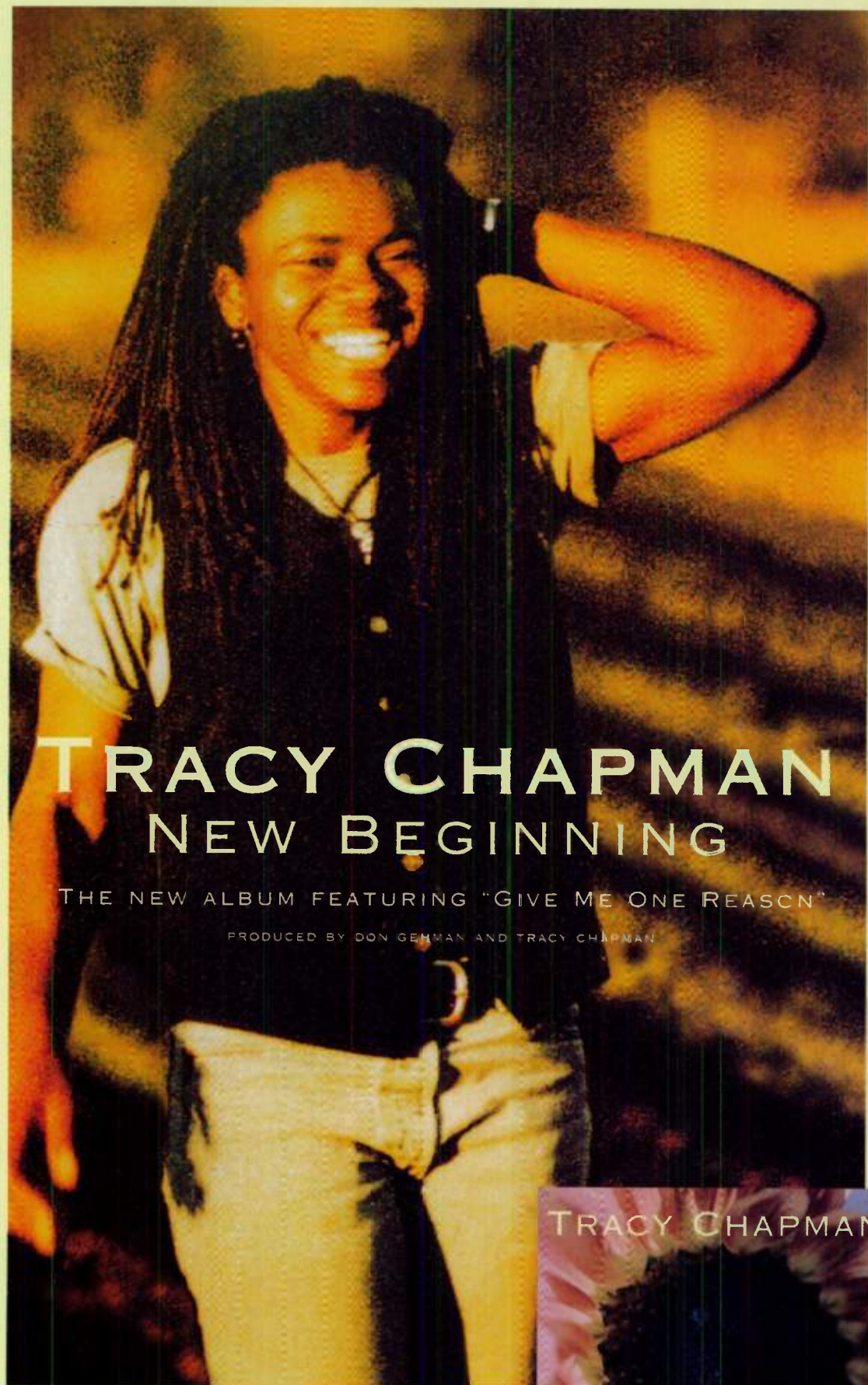
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World Radio History

# QUICK FIX

## UNWOUND

THE COIL IS LOOSE DOWN UNDER IN OLYMPIA

There's something positive to be said for coming of age isolated and nurtured by a small scene. Olympia's remarkable power trio Unwound has matured young, with solid punk-rock values—at 22 the members have released four records, sound like nobody else, and don't give a damn about much except playing music. In other ways, they're still in a prolonged adolescence—they don't give a damn about much except playing music.

They're riding a wave of attention beyond the indie/punk scene, and within that circuit of all-ages venues, basements, zines, and college radio stations, they've become huge. Their newest and best album, *The Future Of What* (Kill Rock Stars), is a startling, raw, and hypnotic blast with the band's best recording and vocal performances to date. They've become more assured at finding the melodic contours in outsize discord; they've learned to float storms of noise on unexpectedly delicate touches and evocative lyrics.

Friends since childhood, Justin Trosper and Vern Rumsey grew up in Tumwater, WA, just outside Olympia. "There's not much in Tumwater besides a brewery," says Justin. "It's kind of nowhere." He acknowledges that Olympia's college radio station, KAOS, had a big influence on him. Sara Lund grew up in Bloomington, Indiana, where she started drumming at 11. She moved out to Olympia to attend Evergreen State College, and joined the band in 1992 for its second record. While Vern studied piano and bass, Justin just picked up the guitar and made his own sounds. "I took guitar lessons for about a month, but it was already after I played. I guess I learned some chords or whatever, but we've kinda like learned to play together. I can't read music, Vern can." While they've all broadened their listening habits, they acknowledge few direct influences at the moment besides their producer, Steve Fisk. "He has genius ears," says Justin, who generally shuns overdubs beyond doubling his guitar in places.

The band has done five national tours in a van, went to Europe last year, and set off cross-country the day after I spoke with them. They'd like to go back to Europe—there's nothing like Holland's government-sponsored youth centers where the pay is fair, the food is hot, and admission is free—but they're content to stick mostly to the same all-ages places across America. They'll play 21-and-over club shows when bands like Steel Pole or Drive Like Jehu need openers. "We play shows and people come," asserts Justin. "If we lose money, it doesn't really matter. If we make money, that's nice. We have no plans to switch labels. There isn't much more to it. Having to deal with more businesspeople—more people in general—would be lame, definitely."

## PROMO ITEM OF THE MONTH

Thanks to Watermelon Records, who sent this swell fly-swatter to promote its *Austin Country Nights* compilation, the office's flying insects don't stand a chance. Now if one only came in publicist size.

Inspirational Verse: "Your In-car CD player/Is blaring out Liz Pha-ir/Blow queen/Obscene"—Heavenly, "Snail Trail"



While they cultivate avoidance offstage, Unwound creates a live sound you can't ignore. Justin comes out swinging on "New Energy," the leadoff track from *The Future of What*. An absolutely headsplitting two-minute shocker, "New Energy" is Unwound's accidental manifesto: "State your age, set the stage/Start a fire for something new/Where's your energy? There's no energy/Desperate kids, nasty, sick!/What about the future of what it is?/State your rage, wreck the stage/Funeral pyre for something new." I tell Justin I'm impressed at how provocative that song is, and how it seems to be outside and within a scene all at once. He's not too comfortable discussing his lyrics, and enunciating takes a backseat to emoting in concert. He very slowly draws out a reply that leaves the table silent: "There's so many young people getting involved in whatever it is it's called that everybody does, and I guess I was just wondering, like, Who are they? What's going on? I don't know. I don't understand. It's just ideas being thrown out. I believe people should exchange and regenerate ideas." —Danny Housman

## MIX TAPE

Defense Mechanism — Douglas Wolf

### Side one:

Mystic Fugu Orchestra: 2000 Years  
Can: Vitamin C  
Meta-Matics: Absence Of Rhythm  
Headless Chickens: Cruise Control  
Robyn Hitchcock: Zipper In My Spine  
New Bad Things: Josh Has A Crush On A Femme From Reed  
Charles Wright: Express Yourself II  
Sonic: Strychnine  
Moonshake: Always True To You In My Fashion  
Smiths: The Boy With The Thorn In His Side  
Lee Perry: 25 Years Ago  
Team Dresch: She's Amazing  
L-R Duo: Tandt  
Momie-O: Don't Throw Your Love In The Garbage Can  
Baluch Khan: Dehi Sher  
The Mad Scene: Spilled Oranges  
I. Hallös: Nem Kivánhatz

### Side two:

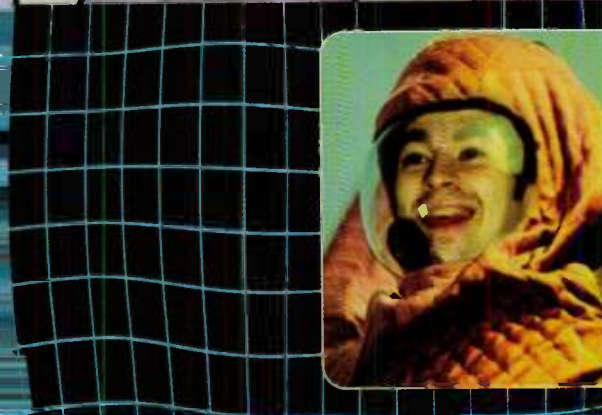
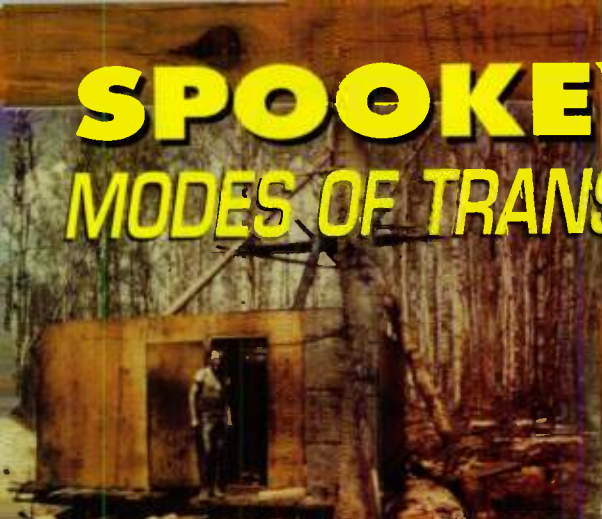
Down: Don't Dig The New Breed  
Wimp Factor XIV: Role Model Glue  
Dub Narcotic Sound System: Respirator Version  
Six Finger Satellite: Dark Companion  
Melt-Banana: RRAGG  
Family Fodder: Der Leiermann  
Joe Jones: You Talk Too Much  
Pavement: Kennel District  
Francis Bebey: Sunny Crypt  
D.N.A.: Not Moving  
Barbara Manning & The Original Artists: Daddy Bully  
Sukpatch: Cabo San Lucas  
Ornette Coleman: Good Old Days  
Gary Myrick: Guitar Talk, Love And Drums  
Geraldine Fibbers: Blue Cross  
Eric's Trip: About You  
Pretty Boy: Bip Bop Bip

Made a good mix tape lately? Tell us about it. In every issue, we will feature a mix tape made by one of us (the editors) or one of you (the readers). Just mail or fax us the track listing (not the actual tape—we wouldn't want you to violate the home taping law) and we'll pick out one we think is interesting for a future issue.



# SPOOKEY RUBEN

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# BEST NEW MUSIC

## SUPERNOVA

**Ages 3 And Up**

*Amphetamine Reptile-Atlantic*



Danish poet Piet Hein wrote that it's a good idea to be more intelligent than you look, and that "the easiest method by far/Is to look a bit stupider than you are." Every so often, it's important for some band that makes like it's dumb as a post to show up and kick everybody's ass: think of the Stooges, the Ramones, the Misfits. The latest in that illustrious line is Supernova, which has already made a name for itself with its gloriously retarded live shows, featuring the band wearing crypto-homoerotic glittery space suits, bearing arrows shaved into their heads, and occasionally drooling all over themselves while they play ultra-catchy, ultra-energetic, ultra-stupid rock songs. The 20 tunes (average time: under two minutes) on *Ages 3 And Up* aren't quite as fast as they are live, but they're just as tough, and you can make out the words, which are pretty great: "Math is hard, I'm not trying/Being with you's like math class." "Gum Fighter" shamelessly quotes the riff from "Beat On The Brat," but beyond that Supernova finds its own way through the three-chord (subterranean) jungle. All three of them sing (in curiously affected voices that sound a lot like Mission Of Burma's Clint Conley), and they've got some great, deceptively tricky vocal and instrumental ensemble-work going on. What they're really about, though, is making everything so dumb, crunchy and catchy that anybody can get it right away. And they do the fucking Mentos song. Beat that. —Douglas Wolk

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 10. First single and video "Math."

**FILE UNDER:** Cretin hop.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Ramones, Devo, "Louie Louie."

## GOLDIE

**Timeless**

*ffrr-London*



In the birth of every new musical genre, there is always the figure of the auteur, the one artist so beyond his peers that he is able to define and transcend a genre. It was Elvis Presley for rock 'n' roll, Nirvana for grunge, the Orb for techno, and more recently, Portishead for trip-hop; all have personified their genres while simultaneously taking them further than it was thought they could go. For jungle music, the great auteur is Goldie, and *Timeless* is his introduction to the world. It's the twittering, high-speed beats that are the characteristic sign of jungle, created by cranking the tempo knob of preprogrammed breakbeats all the way to the right: Already, people are speculating that the unbelievably fast pulse of jungle is a result of modern times getting so hectic that the beats have to race to keep up. Significantly, Goldie has taken those elements of jungle that are most accessible and brought them to the fore. There are points in *Timeless* where he hints that as a composer, he could go beyond that narrow genre, fusing ambient and electronic music, English soul, acid jazz and more. In a singles-driven, club-oriented medium, Goldie has succeeded at creating a cohesive masterpiece that holds its own and appeals to those outside the small U.K./European scene that spawned jungle. Following after Eno, Kraftwerk and the Orb, Goldie is an heir to the realm of electronic music that works as a soundtrack to life. It's the sort of thing that's a perfect, unobtrusive soundtrack for reading, working, or studying, but if you want to just listen to it, it's fine, too. In a genre that has yet to prove itself as more than a mere club fad, *Timeless* lives up to its name. —James Lien

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 17. Originally released in the UK as a limited-edition double-CD set. Touring with Björk.

**FILE UNDER:** King of the jungle.

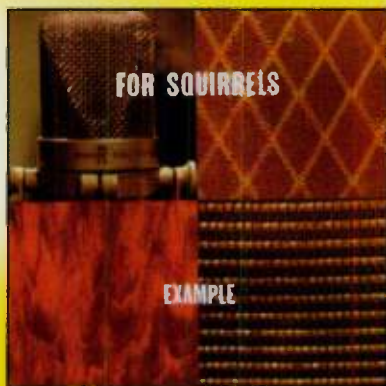
**R.I.Y.L.** Orb, Lee Perry, Tricky.



## FOR SQUIRRELS

Example

550-Epic



On For Squirrels' debut, *Example*, the band handles the Sensitive College Boy Rock thing like pros: empathetic, but not squishy; angst, but not overly tormented; edgy, but not too threatening. They fret appealingly over a letter she never got. They rail melodically over love's ultimate futility. The band sometimes crosses the line into Toad The Wet Sprocket-ville, but for the most part, its instincts are on the money. Though For Squirrels is at its most effective when it sticks to straightforward college-rock ("Under Smithville," for example), *Example* winds up being an eclectic hodgepodge of rock, punk, and pop. It plays out like a map of the band's influences: Smashing Pumpkins (the crunchy, texturized "Superstar"), the Clash (the ska-fed punk of "Long Live The King"), Madder Rose ("Disenchanted"), the Replacements (everything else). Ultimately, though, For Squirrels doesn't sound overwhelmed by its influences as much as it sounds... *influenced*. Only the record's juxtaposition of mild acoustic songs and semi-industrial Baby Trent numbers works against it. In every other regard, *Example* is stunning, which makes the fact that two members of the band were killed in an early September van accident all the more awful. —Allison Stewart

DATALOG: Released Oct. 10.

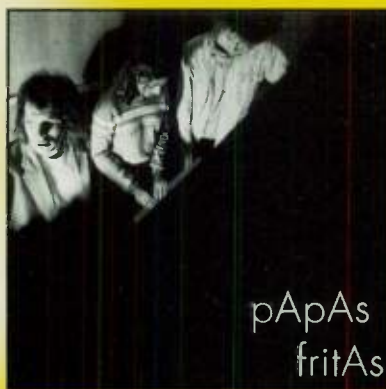
FILE UNDER: Fine, almost letter-perfect, college rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Early R.E.M., Smashing Pumpkins, the Replacements, Buffalo Tom.

## PAPAS FRITAS

Papas Fritas

Minty Fresh



If you've ever heard a somewhat endearing indie-pop song on your local college radio station and said to yourself, "Gee, this is plenty catchy and the band's not lacking in the energy department, but gosh, couldn't they just have recorded it a bit better, or relied a little less on the noise of their guitars, or just done something *more*?" then Papas Fritas is for you. This Boston trio (whose name means "French Fries" in Spanish) has an astounding feel for pop music's simplicity: It knows that a well-conceived hook goes a long way, that some clever harmonies placed around that hook make it go even further, and that if your playing is up to snuff, you'll pull off something fresh, exciting and unabashedly fun. Papas Fritas is led by an exceptional tunesmith, guitarist/vocalist Tony Goddess, whose exquisitely affecting melodies and buoyant hooks set the band apart from virtually all other outfits mining power-pop's dialectic these days. The arrangements on the band's debut are smart and unexpected, full of taut, bouncy rhythms and charming vocal harmonies, played *on-key* and with just enough restraint to keep them from turning into free-for-all pop anthems. What's not surprising about Papas Fritas is its likability: Goddess is, among other things, a devout Brian Wilson student, and the simple brilliance of his tunes proves it again and again. —Colin Helms

DATALOG: Released Oct. 10. First single "Passion Play."

FILE UNDER: Sweet power-pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Small Factory, mid-period Replacements, Modern Lovers.

## SUPERCHUNK

Here's Where The Strings Come In

Merge



Superchunk is the Edwin Moses of alternative rock—just as Moses has won almost every hurdles competition he's ever run (13 strides, jump, 13 strides, jump, etc.), Merge's house band is absolutely dependable, absolutely consistent, and the undisputed leader of its particular indie-rock event. The 'Chunk has Mac McCaughan's inexhaustible supply of four-on-the-floor anthems, a group dynamic that comes from years on the road, and an inhuman amount of energy—they don't just jump around on stage, they sound like they're pogoing while the tape's rolling too. Differences between Superchunk records are always of content and of degree, rather than of quality or kind. This time, the one that's even more catchy than the rest of them is called "Hyper Enough," the one that goes on your next mix tape is "Yeah, It's Beautiful Here Too" ("Last year/Last night/I'm tired/Let's fight," goes the fists-in-the-air chorus), and the one that shows what Mac's been listening to lately is the closing "Certain Stars" (it sounds a bit like Pavement's "Half A Canyon"). The small difference seems to be that they've been traveling a lot lately: songs mention Detroit, Germany, an "Eastern terminal" and "your Southern lands" (okay, it's a metaphor: as usual, the lyrics are a little on the cryptic side). The overall effect is like a travel postcard from old and dear friends: it doesn't say anything you wouldn't have guessed, but it says it awfully well, and it's always nice to hear from them. —Douglas Wolk

DATALOG: Released Sep. 25. First single "Hyper Enough."

FILE UNDER: Long-haul indie-rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Pavement, Rocket From The Crypt.

# Friends Of Dean Martinez

this month's  
model



***"How many times does a band say 'We don't want to be categorized'?" asks Friends Of Dean Martinez drummer Van Christian. "Every interview starts off 'We don't want to be categorized.'" Van is reacting a little self-consciously to the obvious question of whether his Tucson, Arizona-based all-instrumental group willingly subscribes to the alternately hyped and maligned "lounge" trend.***

"First time we came out to Los Angeles," explains steel guitarist Bill Elm, "a friend of ours got us on the cover of *Lounge* magazine. And it really brought us down. We actually really like the music, but not for that factor of trying to be cool and popular. The lounge thing happened to be a bandwagon to jump on for a little while, but then it got ugly! I don't care about getting a bunch of loungey people down to our shows.

"That's kind of a touchy subject with us," he concludes. No doubt, especially considering the Friends' debut album *The Shadow Of Your Smile* is on Sub Pop, the same label as ultimate lounge-kitsch act Combustible Edison. "Sub Pop thought they were getting this martini-cocktail-lounge-nation thing," laughs guitarist and main songwriter Joey Burns. "No way. People assume that, because it's instrumental and they don't know what else to call it. It's more like hardcore elevator music."

Actually, it's more like a lot of things. An easy listening to the album's 13 tracks reveals Mariachi surf tunes, Western "gunslinger" themes, tarantellas, spy-jazz creepers, Italian serenades, even a cinematic sound collage—accented with violin, accordion and marimba—in addition to more straightforward cocktail sounds. And there's Elm's ever-present steel guitar, which underscores the Friends' biggest influence...

"All credit is due to Santo & Johnny for everything we've done," Bill raves of the steel guitar-based '50s combo best known for the classic "Sleepwalk." "I would say I'm in a Santo & Johnny tribute band." He's serious: the idea for the group started with a trip Elm took to Austin, Texas, where he bought two S&J LPs (paying 30 bucks a pop) and, over a tab of acid, fell in love with the sound. "I heard them do 'Over The Rainbow' and it was really depressing and happy and scary at the same time.

"And I went back to Tucson and said to Van, we could make a lot of money doing this, because there's a lot of old people, and we could do weddings." No, he's still not joking: Their earliest gigs (about two years ago) included playing at an orphanage, a pizza parlor, a bat mitzvah and the lobby of Tucson's historic Hotel Congress. But the collaboration was intermittent (due no doubt to the fact that all players had other bands: percussionist Tom Larkins and Van in Naked Prey, Joey and vibes player John Convertino in

Giant Sand, and Elm playing at times with both groups in addition to other session work), until Sub Pop offered a deal.

The prospect of their first single, on which the B-side "Seashells" was naturally a Santo & Johnny cover, forced them to try writing an original: the peppy but haunting "Polena." "I was like, there's no way I'm going to do a cover on both sides," says Burns.

For that single, by the way, they were still credited under their original name, Friends Of Dean Martin. "Just a cool name for a band," shrugs Christian, who takes full responsibility. "You know how politicians have like 'Friends Of Bill' or some organization?" But with the prospect of a full album being presented to a privacy-conscious Dino, who might take it the wrong way, they changed the name to Martinez.

Suffering little from the change, the album is an impressive stretch, especially considering the constraints under which it was produced. "I came off a tour with Victoria Williams," says Burns, "and we had 10 days to write and record." On top of which, Elm had to leave for the first day to play on the Geraldine Fibbers' album. "Since we didn't have much time," says Burns, "it was just 'let's put something on there, and right or not, it's on there, we've got to move on.' And a lot of these things are mistakes, like 'whoops!' and we just kept it."

"So if you listen to them," adds Convertino, "the mistakes turn into actual parts."

"This band is a great excuse to do whatever you want," Burns raves. "Forget that you're in a rock band. I'd like to do the record where 'The Friends Go East,' because I have a sitar."

"I'd like to get on a movie soundtrack," says Elm.

"This is a soundtrack!" says Burns.

"Yeah," says Christian. "Someone should take that and make a movie around that, as opposed to making a record around a movie."

"We're going to play what we like anywhere," Elm sums up with understated bravado. "And as far as Quentin Tarantino goes," he says, referring to Combustible Edison's soundtrack for the new *Four Rooms*, "I don't think he has the balls to have us do one of his soundtracks." Sounds like a dare. **END**

BY ERIC GLADSTONE



# BEWARE THE SQUARE BLACKBOARD!



"...21 songs of anger, love and loathing, suffused with his wry, generous vision. Chris Knox is as weird and as genius as ever."

- CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY

"Chris Knox, half of New Zealand's brilliant Tall Dwarfs, has now released so many excellent solo albums that it's tough to tell his main gig from his side project."

- MUSICIAN

"...some of the poppiest, craftiest ditties in lo-fi land."

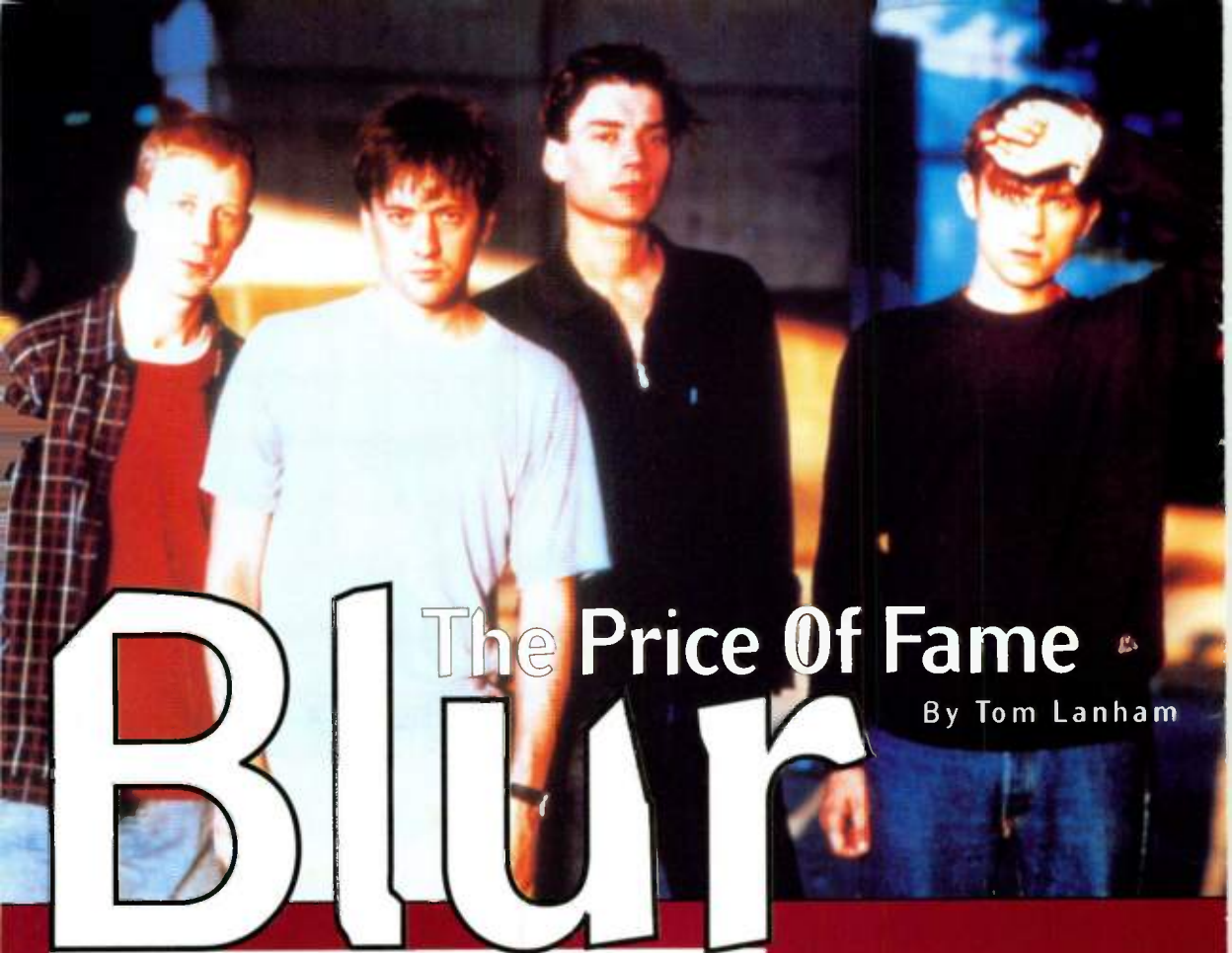
- VILLAGE VOICE

"Chris Knox: The lowest of the lo"

- MELODY MAKER

"This album is hands down fucking brilliant"

- CAKE



# Blur The Price Of Fame

By Tom Lanham

Life is tough at the top. Just ask Damon Albarn, frontman for English heartthrobs Blur.

Now that he's won four Brit Awards (for last year's U.K. hit *Parklife*) and just defeated Oasis in a head-to-head singles battle (released simultaneously, Blue's "Country House" outsold the Gallagher brothers' "Roll With It" by 80,000 copies), the man can't leave the house he shares with Elastica's Justine Frischmann without some sort of disguise. He's already moved once to escape maniacal fans, and even his trusty baseball cap can't shield him these days; next step, he says, is wearing a wig. No wonder Blur's new Virgin disc is dubbed *The Great Escape*.

But that isn't all of Albarn's tribulations. "I get a lot of letters like 'I'm a 16-year-old nymphomaniac and I really want to have sex with you—here's my number, please call me,'" he shrugs, batting his long lashes over the sea-green eyes that set girls' hearts a-swooning. He's almost relieved to be killing some time in New York, where—thanks to Blur's newcomer status on the alternative scene—he's rarely recognized. "And here's a very bizarre situation," he continues, speaking in a deep, cultured London accent. "Last Thursday, we were having our photo taken by this very attractive but slightly dotty French photographer. She had a very short skirt on, and she insisted on squatting down and showing us her knickers while she was taking our photograph.

"And she said"—and Albarn adopts a hokey French accent for effect—"Ow can ah make yew laugh?" And we said 'show us your tits,' and she actually *did*! Then on Saturday, there was a knock at the door of my house, and I looked down from upstairs and she was out there, banging on the door. Then she came back an hour later, banging on the door again, but Justine had come back, so she went down there and said 'Look, will you please go away?' And this woman was saying 'Ah am a close a-personal friend of a-Damon's—ah must see heem!' So Justine finally told her to fuck off."

Ironically, people-watching is a key ingredient to Albarn's work. Ever since he was a child left alone at his parents' parties, Albarn has been scrutinizing folks around him. "I am a voyeur!" he proudly admits, then jumps into the story of one particularly

intriguing track, "Mr. Robinson's Quango," which christened *The Great Escape*.

"I was at a train station in a town called Grantham," he recalls. "It's in the middle of England, and it's only famous for being the birthplace of Margaret Thatcher. I'd come to see my ailing Grandmum, and I went to the loo and shut the door, and on the back of the loo door was some writing—I'm wearing black French knickers under my suit. I've got stockings and suspenders on, I'm feeling rather loose." Bingo, thought Albarn. "There was a character, a whole life. Obviously, some commuter to London had

sat on that toilet at some point and written this little epithet, left their little mark. So I wrote a song totally around that!"

Sonically, Albarn fleshes out his affected vocals with operatic arrangements that give the songs an almost Broadway feel. In fact, he likes the word 'theatre' in reference to Blur. "Although I think it's still associated with badly executed rock operas from the '70s, isn't it?" he asks, rhetorically. "Like *Tommy*—that film is abysmal. And it's Roger! Roger ruined everything about *Tommy*!" But will this bright, brainy sound catch on in America? After Elastica's strong Stateside success, Albarn is feeling the pressure. His dream has nothing to do with his much-publicized feud with the more loutish Oasis. "I want to play Yankee Stadium!" he, ahem, blurts. "And that's the fun thing—that in the future, these songs that are quite odd will be sung in such ordinary places. That's all we're about, really."

Until then, Albarn will have to be content with his staggering stadium status overseas, the kind of fame that invites things like the envelope that recently arrived for him at his parents' house, which he recites from memory, chuckling all the while. "It said 'I am a sexy, 32-year-old mother and last night I had a dream in which I parked my car in a multi-story car-park, and you were walking past the car and you said hello to me. Then we got in the back of my car and had sex, and then I watched you play a concert from this car-park. You've brought a bit of spice into my life, and my daughter, who's 3, wishes you were her daddy. If you want to call me, ring blah, blah, blah.'" **END**



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# 28 REASONS THE SMASHING PUMPKINS ARE COOLER THAN A BOMB-POP, CRAFTIER THAN YOUR CLASS VALEDICTORIAN, AND MORE IMPORTANT THAN REO SPEEDWAGON (in no particular order)



1) *They don't dress like anybody you know.* Killing some down-time in a sprawling Chicago warehouse, Pumpkins bassist D'arcy is hurriedly thumbing through a stack of band photos, trying to pick out some perfect publicity shots. In each picture, she's sporting a regal ball gown, the kind *Cinderella* might've tripped over right around midnight. Her new frosted hairdo is '60s Edie Sedgwick, and—in person as well as on film—she radiates a striking, camera-friendly beauty at which past Pumpkins shots have only hinted. Drummer Jimmy Chamberlin saunters in, decked out all in black. He checks out the photos next, and seems content that they've captured his best side. It's only guitarist James Iha—hammering away at a *Sega 32X* version of *Doom* a few feet away—who doesn't seem too concerned about the images. But, of course, he's wearing buckled George boots and an archaic Kiss T-shirt, and his long dark tresses are streaked with vibrant blond.

Finally, in walks the group's gangly six-foot-plus leader, Billy Corgan, looking resplendent in a vintage leisure suit with collars so big and pointy he appears ready for runway takeoff. His hair is dyed black, and trimmed to a polite bank-teller length. Like Iha, he simply seems to be wearing what comes naturally, and has left pop-star preconceptions on his closet floor. Has this irascible outfit worked out all its well-publicized differences since going triple-platinum with 1993's *Siamese Dream*? "Most everything... there are a few little things," says D'arcy, microwaving some leftover Popeye's fried chicken. Iha looks away from his bloody *Doom* screen for a second. "It basically comes down to the clothes we wear," he sighs. "Nobody likes what each other wears." "You've used that one already, James," berates D'arcy, hands on her hips. "You know you can tell a lot about a person by the shoes they wear. But a Kiss T-shirt cancels 'em right out."

2) *In the face of staggering success, they still behave like the Little Rascals.* His hands furiously working the *Sega* controls, Iha starts simultaneously discussing *Melon Collie And The Infinite Sadness*, the band's stunning 28-song (hence our little list) double-disc set, which is divided into two 14-cut sections: "Dawn To Dusk" and "Twilight To Starlight," and was produced by Flood, Alan Moulder and Corgan. "I think basically everyone's happy with the record, and it's probably the best record we've worked on," he murmurs, staring transfixed at the screen. "A lot of it had to do with Flood and the way we went about recording the thing—at the base of it, there's a rock band, and Flood really wanted to emphasize that end of it. Ahhh, fuck it! I just blew it!" Iha slumps down in his chair as his *Doom* character explodes, the victim of faster pig-faced aliens. He reappears on screen for one more attempt, and Chamberlin—who's been watching the whole time—begins barking directions: "Go back! Go back! Yeah, that's right! Go in there!" Happy with his new armor vest, Iha continues. "So we did live recordings, like the song 'X.Y.U.'—everything is live on it, including the vocals."

3) *The Smashing Pumpkins have a lot to say.* The mystique, the whole '70s aura of the hallowed "double album" gets Iha going first. "The album I used to listen to was Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, which is an awesome album. But what we did is nothing like *The Wall*—it's a loosely-based concept with no central figure, more a collection of songs with universal themes." *Blam!* Two more pig-faces from *Doom*'s difficult eighth level bite the dust. "Can I ask a question?" says *Melon Collie* conceptualist Corgan, finally taking his seat after a lengthy phone call. "Has the interview started? Is James in this interview? I mean, we're not doing this interview unless everyone's in on it. I got another double album to write, so hurry up!" "I thought it was gonna be a triple album," quips D'arcy, as Iha reluctantly hits the pause button. Corgan chuckles. "All we keep getting is 'What a pretentious thing to do,'" he says. "But what's pretentious about hard work and doing a lot of good songs?" D'arcy nods

The Pumpkins, from left: D'arcy, Jimmy Chamberlin, Billy Corgan, James Iha





in agreement. "When I was a kid, a double album was great," she says. "Plus you could open it up and look at all the pictures."

## BY TOM LANHAM

4) *They've not only grown up on Kiss's Alive, Bob Seger's Live Bullet and REO Speedwagon's You Get What You Play For, they'll admit to it in public.* "Hey, man," Corgan smirks. "We're just runnin' against the wind. Watch the young man run! But this concept seems to escape a lot of people who ask us questions about our supposed '70s-rock influences. How could you escape it? It just was! It wasn't like when you were 12, you were making decisions between Bob Seger and Judas Priest. You just listened to everything, and it didn't dawn on you that one thing was better than the other. I loved that Bob Seger song 'Main Street,' and I knew I liked Cheap Trick better than everybody."

5) *The neurotic-rocking Siamese Dream went triple-platinum because it not only speaks to, but for, a neurotic new generation.* Corgan penned all but two tracks on *Mellon Collie*—Iha's "Take Me Down" and the set-closing "Farewell And Goodnight," co-written with Iha—and he admits he knows his audience well: "The most common-themed fan letter that we get, which is kind of sad but true, is this kind of 'I'm 14, I have these feelings, no one can understand why I have these feelings, everyone thinks I'm

crazy, my parents hate me, I have no friends, I wanna kill myself.' And I think the things that would probably trouble a human mind are coming faster than they would have in the past, because you're exposed to the stimulus by which you would compare yourself and say 'Oh, I have these feelings too.' People are basically the same, but it's the rate of maturity, the rate of people trying to tackle feelings that they're not even ready to face."

6) *The 'infinite sadness' in the Mellon Collie title is no joke.* Since the Pumpkins' '91 debut *Gish*, Corgan has had difficulty tackling his own feelings. He's admitted to having a nervous breakdown, undergoing therapy to deal with his "typical fucked-up childhood," and becoming a rock star because "it was the one thing that would take me away from being a human being." Today, especially after finishing such a magnum opus, he says he has more respect for himself, but things are still shaded a tad gray. "I think that if you remove every aspect of life, save for being born and dying, the very fact that you know that this moment and every successive moment is fleeting, that your life is on a string that can be cut at any time, well, I think that life is inherently sad.

If we knew we had forever to live, we wouldn't be so escapist, we wouldn't be trying to climb over each other like ants."

Corgan spins out songs the way your Hamilton-Beach spews popcorn: dazzling, diverse material. For example: 7) the orchestral monolith "Tonight Tonight"; 8) "Bullet With Butterfly Wings," a tom-tom tribal musing on fame; 9) the damning machine-throb riff of "Fuck You (An Ode To No One)"; 10) the deceptively titled "Love," which feels like a fuzzy Goth-rock ceremonial, despite its synthesized handclaps; 11) the ambitious nine-minute epic "Porcelina Of The Vast Oceans," which tempers dreamy guitar passages with Iha's grunge nastiness; 12) the yin/yang of "Bodies" hyper march and slow, deliberate vocals; 13) "Thirty-Three" and its folksy mix of acoustic guitar and delicate piano droplets; 14) the jerky beat-box rhythm of "1979," which builds into a plush pop crescendo; 15) "Tales Of A Scorched Earth," a cut so aggressively grindcore it sounds like Reznor on methedrine; 16) the finger-plucked airiness of "Stumbleine," one of the nicest compositions in the *Collie* catalog; 17) "X.Y.U.," in which you actually get to hear Corgan scream 'ka-boom!' over a cacophonous chorus; 18) "We Only Come Out At Night," sing-song silliness performed on piano, bongo and zither; 19) the unabashedly Beatlesque arrangement of "Beautiful"; and 20) its Beach Boy counterpart, the sunshine-y piano ballad "Lily (My One And Only)."

21) Corgan even had the guts to take the Lord to task in "Zero"—"God is empty just like me/Intoxicated with the madness/I'm in love with my sadness." D'arcy, Iha and Chamberlin sit back and fold their arms, waiting for the prime Pumpkin to wriggle his way out of this one. He doesn't really believe such heresy, does he? Corgan clears his throat. "Well, sometimes I do. I read this book by Philip K. Dick which had this amazing theory that the Christian God that we worship is the real God's insane brother, and by worshipping the wrong God, everything about us is all fucked up. This is the normal human struggle—if God is this omnipotent being, how do people die tragic deaths? How do 400 people go down in a plane? That's kind of hard to reconcile, and I think a lot of people feel that way."

Corgan also repeatedly uses Freudian phrases like 22) "disconnect" in "Fuck You"; 23) "my mistakes" in "Love" (even though he's reportedly happily married); 24) "I won't deny the pain" in "Galapagos"; and 25) "I fear that I am ordinary/Just like everyone" in "Muzzle." Are things really that mixed up in Pumpkin-land? Hasn't Corgan found his way out of the maze yet? "I think that you find that the maze just gets deeper," he quips. "I found the minotaur and he kicked my ass! But everyone has a weird balance, you know what I mean? I was stupider four years ago, but I had more fuckin' energy. I would've run you over with a truck four years ago—that's how much fuckin' energy I had. Now the energy's different but the mindset's matured."

"And with 'disconnection,' we're talking about different levels of existence here, like in high school. I'd sit and look at that fuckin' clock and think 'I'm not gonna make it! I can't make it through the rest of this day—I'm gonna freak out, I'm gonna fuckin' strangle this teacher, I'm gonna fuckin' shoot this guy next to me! Well, how do you get through that? You just turn yourself off. How do you get through, like, your fuckin' parent beating you over the head? You just shut off."



28) Lastly, and most importantly, the Smashing Pumpkins despise Bush. Not George Bush, but that grade-B Pearl Jam/Nirvana wannabe band from Britain. This is something the whole group can agree on—the ethical tie that binds. Corgan jumps onto his soapbox at the mere mention of the group. "Music has basically followed a shallow route for 50 years," he scowls, pounding his fist on the table. "People come along, do something really cool and different, everyone copies them, the original thing gets diluted,

distorted, and eventually the diluted—in most cases—achieves more success than the thing that started it. And I kinda thought the alternative scene was gonna be different: We thought 'brave new world'!

"So it's really weird to be competing against the imitators. It wasn't always comfortable competing against Nirvana, and it was certainly not healthy living under that shadow at times. But at least there was honor in it. We all respected that it was a great band—Pearl Jam too. But competing

**"I was stupider four years ago, but I had more fuckin' energy. I would've run you over with a truck four years ago — that's how much fuckin' energy I had."**

26) The Smashing Pumpkins believe "celebrity breeds idiocy," and have learned to trust no one. "People can be real assholes," D'arcy hisses, brimming with venom. "Like the guy who stole those tapes from me—he was supposed to be my friend, well, my sister's boyfriend, actually. And he pretended like he was nice." Chamberlin jokingly terms the situation "Pumpkingate," but adds that it was no laughing matter. "D'arcy's sister's boyfriend stole a bunch of our demo tapes from her house and sold them before the record was done. It was a huge soap opera—he sold 'em on the Internet, and it was pretty sophisticated." "These kids were not just kids," D'arcy continues. "They were like big-time, man—they were dealing drugs, selling guns, robbing people's houses, and apparently everybody knew but us. And when I find 'em..."

27) A problem-fraught group few expected to survive past Siamese Dream has—at least emotionally—grown up. Corgan agrees there's some maturity happening in their camp. "Going through the things that the band has been through has been very painful," admits the seasoned 28-year-old. [28 songs, 28 years old, this is even CMJ issue 28—ed.] "It would've been easier, in some ways, to just put it to its happy rest. It's very difficult to take a situation that's not mended and mend it, build new bridges, try to open new communication. But if we never played again, if we never did anything again, I mean, this is a pretty amazing testament to who we are and what we stand for and believe in. And that's a different feeling than, say, if we'd broken up after Siamese Dream. We would've walked away going 'Man, we never quite did it...'"

against Bush?! It's nothing to get your dick hard about, you know what I mean? There's no mojo in that!" **END**

## DISCOGRAPHY

"My Dahlia" and "Sun" on *Light Into Dark* (Halo) 1989  
"I Am One" 7" (Limited Potential) 1990  
"Tristessa" 7" (Sub Pop) 1990  
Gish (Caroline) 1991  
"Jackie Blue" on *20 Explosive Dynamic Super Smash Hit Explosions* (Pravda) 1991  
Lull EP (Caroline) 1991  
Peel Sessions EP (Hut) 1991  
"Daughter" flexi-disc (Reflex) 1992  
"Drown" on *Singles* soundtrack (Epic Soundtrax) 1992  
Siamese Dream (Virgin) 1993  
"Glynis" on *No Alternative* (Arista) 1993  
"Rocket" 7" (Hut) 1994  
Pisces Iscariot (Virgin) 1994  
Melon Collie And The Infinite Sadness (Virgin) 1995



# FOR SQUIRRELS

loc.

Stark  
Pretty

loc

8:02 pm

Super star:

Orange  
Worker

Vocal

EsKimo  
Sandune

The Mighty  
K.C.

Vocal

NOTE TO THE PRODUCER:  
THAT'S

Under  
Smithville is 1 smith  
Smith

THE  
Immortal  
DOG FROM SHOW EARTH!

THE  
GREATEST  
SHOW  
ON  
EARTH!

416  
308

Long live the King 308

Disenchanted

LIVE BY EXAMPLE

FIND ONE OF THESE SONGS ON THE CD SAMPLER.  
PRODUCED BY NICK LAUNAY. MANAGEMENT: RS ARTISTS



# CAPSIZE 7

*Mephisto*



*Produced by Caleb Southern*  
*Carol 7505(CT/CD) Vinyl on Hep Cat Records*

**CAROLINE**

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





# holiday gift guide

79 suggestions for things—musical and otherwise—that would look great under a tree.



**01 RUBBER STAMPS** With thousands of designs available and most costing under \$7, rubber stamps are just the coolest. Sign every letter under a row of skulls or string of chili peppers, or get fancy and create your own cards and wrapping paper.

**02 ICEBERG SLIM** *Reflections Infinite Zero* Thrill as the author of *Pimp, Trick Baby*, and *Mama Black Widow* rhymes and jives his way through four tales of pimping, hustling, whoring and scoring, all set to low-key, groovy blues.

**03 VINTAGE CRIME/BLACK LIZARD BOOKS** That little lizard crawling up the spine of these beautiful trade paperbacks is an unqualified stamp of quality. If you ever see one of these in a used book store, buy it for yourself, and a gift of Jim Thompson, Charles Willeford or David Goodis is a fine one indeed.

**04 MILES DAVIS** *Bitches Brew Columbia* Jazz purists were outraged when Miles went electric—what pleases a rock 'n' roll fan more?

**05 GERMS (MIA) The Complete Anthology** *Slash* Darby Crash was both the American Sid Vicious and Johnny Rotten, and the Germs pretty much invented West Coast hardcore, but buy it for the great, intense punk rock.

**06 WIRE** *Chairs Missing Restless Retro* Elastica and Menswear owe a hell of a lot to them. R.E.M., Big Black, Lush and Minor Threat have all covered them. And nowhere near enough people have heard Wire in their first, 1977-1979 incarnation. This is their best album, with 15 flawless, totally original songs; the Ramones-with-Ph.D.'s debut *Pink Flag* comes close, though.

**07 Julian Barnes, A History Of The World In 10 1/2 Chapters** Ten short stories with no recurring characters, whose settings include Noah's Ark, an archeological expedition, and Heaven; a little essay; and a reproduction of a painting. It doesn't sound like a novel, much less a history of the world, but it really is both.

**08 FIVE-CARD NANCY** Give the gift of blandness: Present that special loved one with a couple of collections of *Nancy* cartoons (nice, thematically-oriented ones are available from Kitchen Sink). If you'd rather give the gift of weirdness, accompany it with a homemade "Five-Card Nancy" deck. Paste random panels from *Nancy* onto playing cards; shuffle; deal five cards to each player; whoever comes up with the most surreal sequence for their cards wins.



**09 VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Passion: Sources Real World-Caroline* This collection of world musics that inspired Peter Gabriel's soundtrack to Martin Scorsese's *Last Temptation Of Christ* is one of the more beautiful records you can own. A casual interest in world music is all that's required to make this a cherished gift.



**10 GREEN RIVER Dry As A Bone/Rehab Doll Sub Pop**  
Casually explain that this band spawned Mudhoney and Pearl Jam as they unwrap this CD containing two of the finest independent rock records of the '80s.

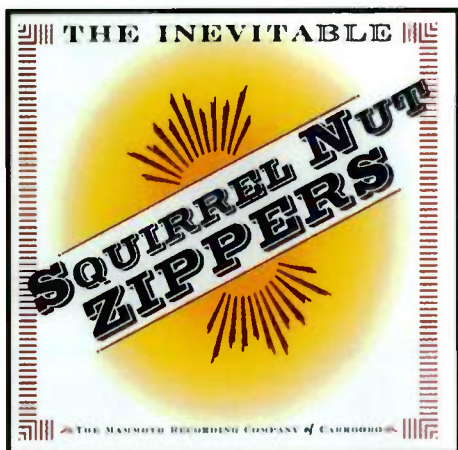
**11 PET SHOP BOYS Alternative EMI**  
Laugh if you like, but Neil Tennant is an awesome songwriter. And the Boys' savage wit extends right down to the canny multiple-entendre title of this new B-sides collection, most of which is as good as their A-sides and better than their regular albums.

**12 David Foster Wallace, The Broom Of The System**  
A little-known gem among young American writers, David Foster Wallace has quietly been developing a devoted cult of readers. The immense sprawl of *The Broom Of The System*, his only novel to date, is very smart and very, very funny.

**13 SHEILA CHANDRA Weaving My Ancestors' Voices Real World-Caroline**  
Chandra's voice is probably like nothing else you've ever heard, and she knows it. This was a breakthrough album for her, where she got to demonstrate mindblowing variations on Indian (and other) vocal traditions: beautiful, bizarre and ear-opening.

**14 Paul Muldoon, Madoc: A Mystery**  
The bulk of this book is a 200-page poem about the disappearance of the Roanoke Colony, presented as a linguistically fragmented mystery inside a science-fiction framing story, and divided into one-page sections, each named after and alluding to the theories of a different philosopher. Absolutely great, but not exactly subway reading. In other words, perfect for that honors-student cousin of yours.

**15 SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS The Inevitable Mammoth**  
A ridiculously fun band, whose swing boogie harkens back—way back—to Fats Waller, the Squirrel Nuts



## 16 The Velvet Underground Peel Slowly And See (Polydor-A&M)

Wow. This is how boxed sets should be done—an exquisite 5-CD history of the band that pretty much created alternative rock as we know it. For the Velvet Underground, power was the result of craft—Lou Reed learned to write lyrics by studying with poet Delmore Schwartz, John Cale came from an experimental-music background, and the whole band spent months on end practicing and practicing and practicing until they could make sounds with their instruments that had never been made before. What they did was interesting enough theoretically that Andy Warhol became their early patron, but it also stands up to examination on a minute level, even when it sounds on the surface like they're atavistically thrashing away.

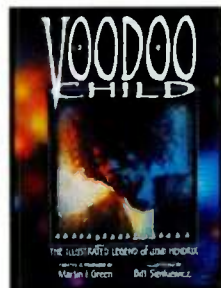
The first disc of *Peel Slowly* is a never-before-heard tape, recorded in mid-1965, of Reed, Cale and Sterling Morrison working out false steps (the embarrassing but revealing Dylan wannabe "Prominent Men") and classics—discovering their aesthetic, their strengths and their *modus operandi*. After that, it's just solid brilliance straight through. The remaining four discs each contain one of the Velvets' four original studio albums, presented as Reed intended them to be: some messy mixes have been fixed, the third album appears in Reed's rare "closet version," and *Loaded* restores a bridge to "Sweet Jane" and a fadeout to "New Age." The other half of each disc has been filled out with contemporaneous songs, live recordings, legendary bootlegged pieces (like "Melody Laughter," which sounds for all the world like the Dead C.), and some incredible things that have never even been bootlegged. The best are seven outtakes from *Loaded*, all of which Reed remade later for his solo albums; "Satellite Of Love" sounds pretty much the way you'd expect it to, but "Ocean" (featuring Cale, temporarily back in the fold) and "Ride Into The Sun" reveal a new side to the Velvets, solemn, lush and beautiful. If you have all the VU albums already, there's still enough on *Peel Slowly And See* to make it more than worth your while. And someone who doesn't know the Velvet Underground yet and finds this under a tree has one hell of a treat in store.

♥ "OCEAN" BY THE VELVET UNDERGROUND APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD



are just the thing when you're sick to death of rock or want to cut a serious rug with grandma. *The Inevitable* is so ardent—and just plain fun—it transcends its air of retro kitsch.

**17 VOODOO CHILD: The Illustrated Legend Of Jimi Hendrix (Penguin Studio)**  
*Voodoo Child* is probably the first rock-star biography in comics that's not embarrassing, largely because it's got over 100 pages of spectacular painted artwork by elusive legend Bill Sienkiewicz (*Stray Toasters*, *Big Numbers*). And it comes with a CD of six previously unreleased Hendrix home recordings.



**18 SUN RA The Magic City Evidence**  
Jazz spaceman Sun Ra is a figure more talked-about than heard, but beyond all the outer-space weirdness, he really is one of the most significant underground musical figures of the century. This one—centering on a long, fascinating suite—is a great place to start.

**19 RAMONES It's Alive Sire**  
It only took 15 years for this great live album—recorded right after the Ramones had made their essential first three records—to come out in the States. 1-2-3-4!





## 20 THE BIRTHDAY PARTY Hits 4AD

Relentlessly challenging, the Birthday Party is as deeply disturbing as the Harold Pinter play for which it's named. This collection of "hits," a handful of Nick Cave, Roland S. Howard and Co.'s more brutal collisions, is absolutely enthralling.

## 21 VARIOUS ARTISTS Tougher Than Tough Mango-Island

This four-disc set begins with the Folkes Bros.' version of "Oh Carolina" and ends with Shaggy's hit remake, with only the history of Jamaican music—one of the richest in the world—in between. Sit back and listen as mento melts into ska, which stretches out into reggae, which heats up into dancehall. There was a time when this collection would've been considered priceless, which should make its current price tag (about half a c-note) seem considerably more reasonable.

## 22 Lester Bangs, *Psychotic Reactions And Carburetor Dung*

This collection of essays and articles by famed rock critic Lester Bangs has long been considered essential by some, self-indulgent bullshit by others, and an entertaining read by most everybody.

## 23 MALEEM MAMOUD GHANIA WITH PHAROAH SANDERS

*The Trance Of Seven Colors Axiom*

The music of Gnawa trance ceremonies combined with free jazz improvisation—strictly for experimental music eggheads, you say? Not on this gorgeous disc. *The Trance Of Seven Colors* is simply mind-blowing, no matter where your head is at.



## IN MY STOCKING ARTISTS' GIFT PICKS

**GRANT LEE PHILLIPS**  
*GRANT LEE BUFFALO*

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

**SCENIC**  
*Incident At Cima*  
Independent Project

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
*The Port Of Harlem Jazz*  
Blue Note

**ESQUIVEL**  
*Space Age Bachelor Pad*  
Music Bar None

**FRANK SINATRA**  
*The Sinatra Christmas Album Reprise*

## 24 SOUNDTRACK How The Grinch Stole Christmas Mercury Nashville

Exactly what it claims to be—"bahoo boray, dahoo dora," Boris Karloff, "I wouldn't touch you with a thirty-nine-and-a-half-foot pole" and all. About time, too. And if there's a better holiday story that's been told this century, we don't know about it.

🎵 "YOU'RE A MEAN ONE, MR. GRINCH" APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD

## 25 LYLE LOVETT I Love Everybody Curb-MCA

He married a movie star and his hair is funny, but Lyle Lovett's music is as soulful and lovely as you could ever want, and his lyrics witty and insightful enough to nominate the guy as a national treasure.

# 26

*Making The Vintage Scene*  
by Dorian Garry

## TOP FIVE FASHION SUGGESTIONS FROM COCO HALEY GORDON-MOORE'S BABYSITTER

1) **White Belts**—Favorites of the D.C./Oly kids. Go with everything. The winter no-whites rule need not apply.

2) **Vintage Airline Bags**—Find 'em cheap at flea markets. The ultimate backpack-alternative. Plus you can get them big enough to tote your records around. Please, kids—no hardcore patches should be put on these, they're classics.

3) **Star Wars Decal Shirts**—For the boys. Authentic and original always better. Ladies, if you're dates with an emo-boy you know what *Star Wars* means to him. Find one of his best loved characters and he's yours for life.

4) **Socks!**—Fancy socks. Whether they are the super-hip striped sweat socks, or good old Snoopy socks (and other favorite cartoon characters) they are *my importante*. They look best when worn with the must-have high-water pants and your favorite shoes. Fills in the space between the two nicely.

5) **Coats! Jackets! Windbreakers!**—Brrr...It's getting chilly and there's so many of them to choose from. Fake fur, mod leather, jean or corduroy vintage, or Salvation Army windbreakers... just like shoes, they always make the outfit!





## 27 LATIN PLAYBOYS

**Latin Playboys** *Slash*

David Hidalgo and Louie Perez of Los Lobos teamed with noted producers Mitchell Froom and Tchad Blake to make *Latin Playboys*, and the results are something wonderfully unusual: soulful experimentation.

## 28 Greil Marcus, *Lipstick Traces:*

*A Secret History Of The Twentieth Century*

Although it's presented as a sort of history of early punk, that's only *Lipstick Traces'* starting point. Marcus is interested in the history of a set of ideas about individual freedom that have percolated underground for centuries, and the book—especially its first hundred pages or so, with Johnny Rotten as their McGuffin—is a fanciful but extraordinary piece of academic work.

## 29 VARIOUS ARTISTS

**Huey "Piano" Smith's Rock 'n Roll Revival** *Ace*

Huey "Piano" Smith's band, under its various names, pumped a ton of hits out of New Orleans in its late-'50s heyday. These 15 songs are one huge, non-stop party—the band usually sounds like it's falling-down drunk, but everybody's swaying in the same direction.

## 30 SOUL STIRRERS

**Jesus Gave Me Water** *Specialty*

In the early-'50s period covered here, gospel perennials the Soul Stirrers had a young Turk by the name of Sam Cooke for a lead singer. As you might imagine, the singing is pretty intense throughout, and when legend-among-legends Rev. Julius Cheeks shows up to testify, it's electrifying.

## 31 TV SITCOMS

Most videotapes of classic TV sitcoms like *I Love Lucy* or *The Honeymooners* are sold as a series (so you can give someone a subscription whereby they will receive a tape every month), but some can be purchased as an entire set. Each tape usually has about three episodes, and there are never any duds.

### IN MY STOCKING ARTISTS' GIFT PICKS

#### BEN FOLDS FIVE

**BUILT TO SPILL**  
*There's Nothing Wrong With Love Up*

**ZEN FRISBEE**  
*I'm Mad As Faust*  
*Flavor Contra*

**RICKIE LEE JONES**  
*Pirates* Warner Bros.

**DAVE MATTHEWS BAND**  
*Under The Table And Dreaming* RCA

**LIZ PHAIR**  
*Whip-Smart* Matador-Atlantic

Oumou Sangare, Clifton Chenier, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown and a bunch of people you've probably never heard of—and they're all fantastic.

## 33

### Incredibly Strange Records

You don't have to be a devotee of used record kitsch to recognize the pleasures of finding Louise Huebner's *Seduction Through Witchcraft*, the *Sensuous Woman* spoken-word record or a set of act-along Co-Star records (complete with scripts!)

underneath some holiday wrapping paper. Remember, the best gifts say as much about the giver as the recipient, and by giving a copy of Ann Corio's *How To Strip For Your Husband*, the *Even More Death And Horror* volume of the BBC sound effects series or the *Bonanza* cast record (three words: Dan Blocker sings) you may be able to say things you felt heretofore impossible. Besides, after passing through countless copies of Billy Joel's *The Stranger* in record-store used bins and haggling with the itinerants at flea markets and swap meets, you really can't beat this sort of vinyl exotica to rate high on the thought-that-counts scale. Things to look for: 1) Instructional and institutional records. Before there were video tapes, reluctant literates had to learn things somehow, and you can find instructions for everything from bowling to the "butterfly flick" as described in *The Sensuous Woman*. 2) Cover art. You don't really want to listen to the lite jazz of *Music For Pussycats*, but the cover sings volumes. 3) Star power. You can't beat it, and there's a wealth of celebrities with vinyl skeletons in their closets: Ed McMahon, *The Odd Couple* (Jack Klugman and Tony Randall sing "You're So Vain"), David Soul, Chad Everett, Rocky Graciano, Kurt Russell, Nichelle Nichols (and virtually everyone else associated with *Star Trek*) and the list goes on and on...



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## 34 VARIOUS ARTISTS

**All Day Thumbsucker Revisited**

*Blue Thumb*

Wildly eclectic and often ground-breaking, Blue Thumb Records originally existed from 1968 to 1974. This handsome two-disc set collects the label's hits (the Pointer Sisters' "Yes We Can Can," Gabor Szabo's "Breezin'"), oddities (disco queen Sylvester's cover of "Southern Man") and



lots of stuff by its prescient signings, including Sun Ra, Ken Nordine, Captain Beefheart and Tyrannosaurus Rex.

## 35 BABY MARSHALL

Super-cheap (about \$25), super-small (it'll clip on your belt) and super-cool (it's a real Marshall), this mini-amplifier is just the thing for today's active lifestyles.

## 36 FAIRPORT CONVENTION

**Liege And Lief** *Island*

British folk songs about doomed commoners, played with passion, fluidity and sadness by a tremendous rock band. The record that made Richard Thompson and Sandy Denny's reputations.

## 37 THE WHO

**Sell Out** *MCA*

Back when it was young, funny and cocky, the Who made its first concept record, about exactly what you think it's about. The new





Virgin

# PLANT SERIES

*This month Virgin presents the*

# Heart Leaf Bergenia

## Color

*The Heart Leaf Bergenia is the color of chewing gum.*

## Fragrance

*It smells like a bowl of pretzels.*

## Habitat

*It is native to Siberia, so if you can't get it to flourish, you may wish to consider an alternate hobby.*

## Uses

*In America, chiefly as decorative borders for kickball fields.*



Blur David Bowie Lenny Kravitz The Smashing Pumpkins Whale



**The Great Escape**  
featuring "Country House"



**Outside**  
featuring "The Hearts Filthy Lesson"



**Circus**  
featuring "Rock And Roll Is Dead"



**Mellon Collie and The Infinite Sadness**  
featuring "Bullet With Butterfly Wings"



**We Care**  
featuring "Pay For Me" and "Kickin"





reissue adds a bunch of neat stuff, including some genuine advertisements to go along with the fake ones on the record.

## 38 ELLA FITZGERALD The Cole Porter Songbook Verve

This is our standby gift CD, the album that everybody likes. Ella's voice is supple, playful and masterful, Nelson Riddle's arrangements are the soul of elegance, and those songs are something else—one witty little sparkler after another. Give this to someone you're trying to convince of your good taste.

## 39 THE 6THS Wasps' Nests London

The best pop songwriting of the year appeared on this delightful album, which got criminally neglected when it came out—probably because nobody could figure out where to look for it in the record store (intentionally choosing an impossible-to-pronounce band name may have earned some bad karma). Look a little harder.

## 40 John Hawkes, *Travesty*

This short novel is one monologue by a man speeding through the French countryside intending to crash his sports car—with his daughter and his wife's lover in the back seat—into a stone wall, and it's among the least disquieting of Hawkes' unyieldingly lyrical fiction.

**IN MY STOCKING**  
ARTISTS' GIFT PICKS

**BRIAN LIESEGANG**  
Filter

**REPLACEMENTS**  
Let It Be Twin/Tone

**NEIL YOUNG**  
Harvest Reprise

**SOUNDGARDEN**  
Louder Than Love A&M

**WEEN**  
Pure Guava Elektra

**BEASTIE BOYS**  
Check Your Head Capitol

## 41 VARIOUS ARTISTS Just Can't Get Enough, vols. 11-15 Rhino

The estimable '80s-new-wave series marches on with another 75 national and regional hits the way they don't make 'em any more. Invite some friends over, put these on and reveal the embarrassing memories you have associated with all of them.

## 42 STAN KENTON City Of Glass Capitol

Bob Graettinger was a driven, visionary composer and arranger in the mostly-forgotten field of progressive orchestral jazz. This new disc collects his work with

pianist Stan Kenton's group from the late '40s and early '50s. Before the space age, and closer to the loony bin than to the bachelor pad, but pretty damn far-out.

## 43 THE EX AND TOM CORA Scrabbling At The Lock

Headhunter-Cargo

The Ex are a fierce, skittery punk rock band from Holland; Tom Cora is a laconic, gizmo-happy avant-garde cellist from New York City. Together, they've made a lyrical, surprising and sinewy album that gets better every time you listen to it.

## 44 VARIOUS ARTISTS Funkology, vols. 1 and 2

Motown

It took Motown a while to catch on to funk and disco, but when they did, the results were pretty amazing. These two discs collect long, hip-bumping versions of hits both remembered and forgotten, from Marvin Gaye's "Got To Give It Up" to Bobby Nunn's "She's Just A Groupie."

## 45 FLYING LUTTENBACHERS Constructive Destruction

Quinnah

One of the best recent reasons to own a turntable is this blistering, vinyl-only album:



splintery, celebratory jazz played with hardcore punk velocity and intensity, in the spirit of the late Hal Russell.

## 46 DEVIL GIRL CHOCO-BARS

Originally sold at the concessions counter of theaters showing *Crumb*, R. Crumb's Devil Girl Choco-bars ("They're bad for you") are now also available at Urban Outfitters and other emporia of pop culture ephemera.

## 47 VARIOUS ARTISTS Kneelin' Down Inside The Gate: The Great Rhyming Singers Of The Bahamas Rounder

A wonderful singing tradition that's almost lost is preserved on these 1965 recordings, just reissued.

You can practically hear the bay waters lapping. Includes performances from the legendary Joseph Spence.



## 48 JAMES BROWN Star Time

Polygram

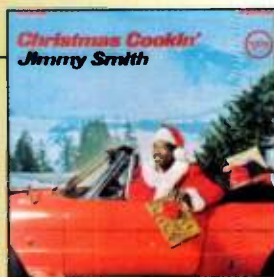
A serious candidate for best boxed set ever, this retrospective of the first 30 years of James Brown's career is the bomb. It's got historical perspective, it illustrates how much all of dance music owes him (you can hear the new

# 49

## Christmas Music

There are those of us that firmly believe that Holiday depression is directly attributable to "Grandma Got Run Over By A Reindeer" and those damn barking dogs. There's plenty of stylin' Christmas music to be had, and where better to start than with the King and the Godfather? The original Elvis' *Christmas Album* (RCA) is still the definitive rock 'n' roll Christmas record, mixing spirituals with his classics "Blue Christmas" and "Santa Claus Is Back In Town," which features the lyric "Hang up your pretty stocking/Turn out the light/Santa Claus is comin'/Down your chimney tonight." James Brown's *Funky Christmas* (Polydor) compiles the many heartfelt (and sometimes strange) holiday songs the Godfather has done throughout his career, most notably "Santa Claus, Go Straight To The Ghetto," "Go Power At Christmas Time" and "Soulful Christmas."

Instrumental albums are often a way to sneak some really cool music past stuffy relatives or the most Grinch-like of your friends. It's hard to go wrong with *The Ventures Christmas Album* (EMI), which sets classics like "Frosty" and "Rudolf" and "Sleigh Ride" to surf music arrangements, often combining them with surf tunes like "Walk Don't Run," or Jimmy Smith's *Christmas Cookin'* (Verve), a Hammond B-3 romp through upbeat standards, including two versions of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentleman."







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## IN MY STOCKING

ARTISTS GIFT PICKS

### FREAKY CHAKRA

#### RECOIL

Bloodline Sire

#### BEYOND-O-MATIC

(SF local band)

#### SINGLE CELL ORCHESTRA

Dead Vent 7 Reflective

#### CABARET VOLTAIRE

Code EMI

#### OZRIC TENTACLES

Strangitude I.R.S.

rhythms springing up as he makes R&B out of soul, soul out of R&B, and heavy funk out of thin air), and everything on it is almost unbelievably good.

## 50 VARIOUS ARTISTS

### James Brown's Funky People, Vol. 2

Polygram

While you're at it, check out this sampling of tracks by the artists who orbited around the

Godfather's sun—screaming divas, soul men and instrumental wizards. Every one's a winner.

## 51 CHARLES MINGUS

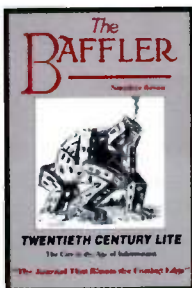
### Mingus Mingus Mingus

Impulse!

The best jazz bass player ever was also a dynamic, funny composer; this 1963 album, just reissued, has some of his most memorable work, including the immortal "Better Get Hit In Yo' Soul."

## 52 The Baffler

This Chicago-based journal of culture criticism with an indie-rock slant has been the subject of breathless raves and savage disses, and it's earned both: it's consistently engaging, often brilliant (Steve Albini's article on exactly how bands get screwed over by major labels has become an underground classic), and occasionally pretentious enough to choke on. The newish seventh issue concerns "The City In The Age Of Information," and includes contributions from members of Magic Hour, Silver Jews and the Coctails, among many others.



## 53 SLIM GAILLARD

Laughin' In Rhythm

Verve

Starting out as half of the vaudeville duo Slim & Slam, cool-talking Slim Gaillard (he had a tendency to append "-oroony" to everything he

## 54

Penguin 60's

For its 60th anniversary, Penguin Books has released a series of paperbacks spanning the breadth of its line, pocket-sized, and priced at 95 cents apiece. Does this have "stocking stuffer" written all over it, or what? Some are extracted from longer works or collections (Dostoevsky's "The Grand Inquisitor," a book of four essays by Montaigne); some are just naturally short (William Blake's *Songs Of Innocence And Experience*, Lao Tzu's *Tao Te Ching*); most are very famous, but a few are unexpected delights (Omer Englebert's *Lives Of The Saints*, Fannie Farmer's *Original 1896 Boston Cooking-School Cook Book*). And, again, they're all less than a buck. Stick one in your pocket to read when you're on a bus or something. You can't lose.



said) made some of the funniest, most bizarre music ever passed off as normal. This anthology of his best moments is a pure delight.

## 55 JAZZ AT THE PERIPHERY OF OUT-THERE

There's a big region between the polite noodling of traditional jazz and the screeching freedom of the avant-garde; there are some amazing records that have their feet planted in melody and their hands reaching for the stars. Some of our favorites include Hal Russell's big-band-thrash *Hal On Earth* (Abduction), Archie Shepp's black and proud 1965 *Fire Music* (newly reissued on Impulse!-GRP), and John Zorn, George Lewis and Bill Frisell's gossamer sax/trombone/guitar trio album *News For Lulu* (hatART).

## 56 BENDER DISTORTOCASTER

If you want your guitar playing to have the persistence of memory, this very playable, warped version of the venerable Stratocaster comes from British luthier Brian Eastwood.

## 57 VARIOUS ARTISTS

### Music In The World Of Islam, Vols. 1-3

Topic

This three-CD reissue of six LPs from the mid-'70s is a beautifully put together introduction to a world of traditional music and instrumentation that most Americans have never heard. It's also the source of some dope samples—the vocal volume, especially, was a lot of DJs' secret weapon when it came out.

## 58 THE CHILLS

### Brave Words

Homestead

Martin Phillips, leader of this New Zealand band's unstable lineup, is a great, nakedly emotional songwriter, and this whispery, frosty album has songs that still move us to tears no matter how many times we listen to it.

## 59 VASELINES

### The Way Of The Vaselines

Sub Pop

This gender-bending Scottish group was Kurt Cobain's favorite band—Nirvana covered at least four of the songs on this disc, which contains the entire Vaselines discography.

## 60 RAINCOATS

### The Raincoats

DGC

Also in the friends-of-Kurt category. The reissue of this 1979 gem by an all-woman British quartet doesn't sound of its time, or of this time, either—it's off in a world of its own. Includes a cover of "Lola" with no words changed.

## 61 SUN CITY GIRLS

### Torch Of The Mystics

Communion

This mercurial, semi-improvisational trio plays over 60 different instruments; *Torch*, their best album, sounds like world-music field recordings from countries and cultures that never actually existed.

## 62 VARIOUS ARTISTS

### Shine Eye Gal: Brukdon From Belize

Corason

One of the happiest records ever made. Its centerpiece is 11 songs by the Mini-Musical Female Duet, two Belizean women in an apartment in New York, playing guitar and harmonizing exquisitely on the calypso songs they remember from their youth.





# THE GREAT ESCAPE



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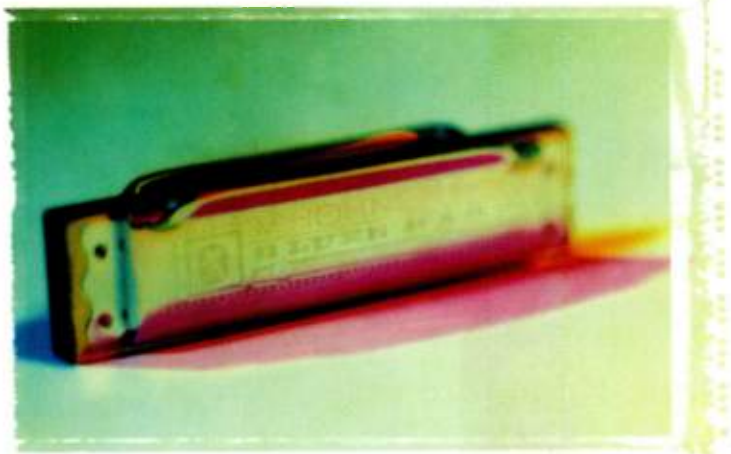
**63 James Ellroy, *Black Dahlia***  
Crime novels don't get much better than this fictionalization of L.A.'s famous unsolved Black Dahlia murder.

**64 THE TEARDROP EXPLODES**  
**Piano Griffin**  
Before Julian Cope was the *eminence grise* of not-entirely-stable rock, he fronted keyboard-driven, psychedelic cult favorite The Teardrop Explodes. Piano collects their (rightfully) sought-after early singles and some neat compilation tracks.

**65 ELVIS COSTELLO**  
**Get Happy!! Rykodisc**  
Costello's most consistently fun record, the 20-song *Get Happy!!* gained another fistful of tunes in Ryko's reissue. Hopped-up, Staxed-out and herded forward by Steve Nieve's hyperactive organ playing, it's got more quick thrills than a bag of gourmet gumdrops.

**66 Leonard Roy Frank, ed., *Influencing Minds: A Reader In Quotations***  
As its title suggests, this book collects quotations about how minds are made and made up. It's beautifully done—a valuable philosophical resource for anyone who's ever going to be a writer, politician, teacher or parent.

**67 A HOME-MADE COLLECTION OF SHAREWARE AND FREWARE**  
There's a ton of great free and shareware (pay-if-you-like-it) software available in public archives. Hunt around and you can probably find something great that's suited to the interests of anyone you're giving a present to, from a program that can identify any composition by Mozart to a Kama Sutra hypercard stack. Fill a couple of discs and tie a nice ribbon around them.



**68 HARMONICAS**  
A good blues harp is still inexpensive, and more importantly, feels like a real musical instrument. Wrap one up with a bottle of Night Train (or any similarly priced wine that looks good in a paper bag) for a real blue yule.

**69 VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
**The Sugar Hill Story: Old School Rap—To The Beat Y'All Sequel**  
15 glorious minutes of "Rapper's Delight." "That's The Joint." "Adventures Of Grand Master Flash On The Wheels Of Steel." "White Lines." "And You Know That." A Sugar Hill Gang radio spot. And that's just on the first disc of this bargain-priced 3-CD set.

**70 SLINT Spiderland Touch And Go**  
It didn't attract much notice when it came out, but Slint's second album has quietly become one of the most important records in the history of American independent rock. It's slow, meticulous and ultimately devastating.

**71 VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
**The Long Secret Harriet**  
Boston's best independent label, Harriet Records, specializes in sweet, rough-hewn pop from all over. *The Long Secret* is an overview of virtually every band that recorded for it in its first five years, and as delightful a take on the current state of indie-pop as you'll find.

**72 Italo Calvino, *If On A Winter's Night A Traveler***  
A postmodern novel with a heart and a soul, *If On A Winter's Night A Traveler* plays all kinds of semiotic tricks—like having a dozen different "first chapters." Ultimately, it's a love story about the experience of reading novels.

**73 VARIOUS ARTISTS Great American Songwriters Rhino**  
A superb 5-CD set, with classic songs by the Gershwins, Johnny Mercer, Rodgers & Hart, Irving Berlin, and Duke Ellington & Billy Strayhorn in their most essential performances. Will make grandparents very happy and very nostalgic.

**74 VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
**This Is Acid Jazz: Back To Basics, Vols. 1 & 2 Instinct**  
An essential pair of funk/soul compilations that includes such hits as Vicki Anderson's "Don't Throw Your Love In The Garbage Can" and The Poets Of Rhythm's "Practice What You Preach."

**75 Jim Woodring, *Frank***  
*Understanding Comics* author Scott McCloud calls Jim Woodring "the most significant American comics artist of his generation." Woodring's best work, a series of peculiarly powerful wordless cartoon stories set in a fully realized dream-image world, has been collected in *Frank* (Fantagraphics); give it to a friend and spend weeks discussing what it means.

**76 SENTRIDOH**  
**The Original Losing Losers Shrimper**  
The best of the many collections of miscellaneous recordings by Sebadoh's Lou Barlow, mostly a reissue of a 1991 cassette. Here, the King Of Home Recordings serves up 43 tracks of "true indie-folk trendsetting."

**77 OLD CALENDARS**  
The following years are but a few where days fell on the same dates as they will in '96: 1946, 1957, 1963, 1968, 1974, 1985, 1991. To find a swank-looking calendar from 1957 would be quite a score. We recommend you check in junky antique stores as well as the pricier ones (you never know) This will undoubtedly require a great deal of sleuthing, but it's well worth it if your search proves successful.

**78 ORNETTE COLEMAN**  
**Beauty Is A Rare Thing Rhino-Atlantic**  
The series of '59-'61 recordings chronicled on this spectacular six-disc set defined the face of the jazz avant-garde. Over thirty years later, everyone else is still just learning to understand how Coleman's fluttering, cryptic compositions worked and what they meant.

**79** There's this little magazine that comes with a CD...

## IN MY STOCKING ARTISTS' GIFT PICKS

**MAC MCCAUGHAN**  
SUPERCHUNK

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
Sam Cooke's SAR Records  
Story ABKCO

**DIRTY THREE**  
Dirty Three *Touch And Go*

**MILES DAVIS**  
Complete Live At The  
Plugged Nickel 1965 CBS

**LAIKA**  
Silver Apples Of The Moon  
Too Pure-American

**TORTOISE**  
Rhythms, Resolutions &  
Clusters Thrill Jockey



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World Radio History

# stuff this

1995 MUSIC BUYER'S

## holiday gift guide



If you, or someone you care for, is a fan of any of the artists listed in red, may we suggest putting some of our recommended records in a stocking somewhere? Some of these suggestions are dead-on, some adventurous, some fanciful, and some are just our favorite records. Remember, it's the thought that counts—here's 80 of ours.

### ELASTICA

Wire *Pink Flog* (Restless Retro)  
Stranglers *Black And White* (A&M)  
Menswe@r *Nuance* (London)  
Buzzcocks *Singles Going Steady* (I.R.S.)  
Slant 6 *Soda Pop\*Rip Off* (Dischord)

### HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH

Jeffery Gaines *Jeffery Gaines* (EMI)  
Ben Harper *Fight For Your Mind* (Virgin)  
7 Mary 3 *Churn* (Mammoth)  
Van Morrison *Moondance* (Reprise)  
Goo Goo Dolls *A Boy Named Goo* (Metal Blade-WB)

### ALANIS MORISSETTE

Ani DiFranco *Not A Pretty Girl* (Righteous Babe)  
Marianne Faithfull *Broken English* (Island)  
Liz Phair *Exile In Guyville* (Matador)  
Brenda Kahn *Goldfish Don't Talk Back* (Chaos-Columbia)  
Me'Shell NdegéOcello *Plantation Lullabies* (Maverick)

### BJORK

Tricky *Maxinquaye* (Island)  
Soul II Soul *Keep On Movin'* (Virgin)  
Whale *We Care* (Virgin)  
Yma Sumac *Voice Of The Xtabay* (Capitol)  
Sugarcubes *Life's Too Good* (Elektra)

### RANCID

The Specials *The Specials* (Chrysalis)  
Various Artists *Stars Kill Rock* (Kill Rock Stars)  
The Clash *London Calling* (Epic)  
Dancehall Crashers *Lockjaw* (510-MCA)  
Stiffs, Inc. *Nix Nought Nothing* (Onion-American)

### ORB

Banco De Gaia *Last Train To Lhasa* (Planet Dog-Mammoth)  
Pink Floyd *Meddle* (Harvest)  
Goldie *Timeless* (farr)  
Mouse On Mars *laora Tahiti* (Too Pure-American)  
Seefeel *Quique* (Astralwerks-Caroline)

### PJ HARVEY

Patti Smith *Horses* (Arista)  
X *Los Angeles/Wild Gift* [double CD] (Slash)  
Gun Club *Fire Of Love* (Slash)  
Janis Joplin *Pearl* (Columbia)  
Various Artists *The Beauty Of The Blues* (Sony Legacy)

### PORTISHEAD

SkyLab *SkyLab #1* (Astralwerks-Caroline)  
Massive Attack *Blue Lines* (Virgin)  
DJ Krush *DJ Krush* (Shadow-Instinct)  
Grassy Knoll *The Grassy Knoll* (Verve)  
Ennio Morricone *A Fistful Of Film Music* (Rhino)

### HOLE

Scrawl *Bloodsucker* (Simple Machines)  
Bikini Kill *Pussy Whipped* (Kill Rock Stars)  
Boss Hog *Boss Hog* (DGC)  
The Runaways *The Runaways* (Mercury)  
Steel Pole Bath tub *Scars From Falling Down* (Slash)

### NOTORIOUS B.I.G.

Eric B. & Rakim *Follow The Leader* (MCA)  
Various Artists *Project Blowed* (Project Blowed)  
Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo *Wanted: Dead Or Alive* (Cold Chillin'-WB)  
Jeri The Damaja *The Sun Rises In The East* (Payday)  
Junior M.A.F.I.A. *Conspiracy* (Big Beat-Atlantic)

### BELLY

Letters To Cleo *Wholesale Meats And Fish* (Giant)  
Fuzzy *Electric Juices* (TAG)  
Crowdsell *Dreamette* (Big Cat)  
Mary Lou Lord *Mary Lou Lord* (Kill Rock Stars)  
Tracy Bonham *The Liverpool Sessions* (CherryDisc/Giant-WB)

### SLAYER

Brujeria *Raza Odiada* (Roadrunner)  
Grip Inc. *Power Of Inner Strength* (Metal Blade)  
Overdose *Progress Of Decadence* (Futurist)  
Cathedral *The Carnival Bizarre* (Earache)  
Season To Risk *In A Perfect World* (Columbia)

### BRIAN WILSON

Van Dyke Parks *Song Cycle* (Warner Bros.)  
Todd Rungren *Anthology* (Rhino)  
The Apples In Stereo *Fun Trick Noisemaker* (spinArt)  
Eric Matthews *It's Heavy In Here* (Sub Pop)  
Magnetic Fields *The Wayward Bus* (Merge)

### SOUL ASYLUM

Jayhawks *Tomorrow The Green Grass* (American)  
Son Volt *Trace* (Warner Bros.)  
Blue Mountain Dog *Days* (Roadrunner)  
Replacements *Don't Tell A Soul* (Sire-WB)  
Schramms *Little Apocalypse* (ESD)

### SONIC YOUTH

Blonde Redhead *La Mia Vita Violenta* (Smells Like)  
Mercury Rev *See You On The Other Side* (WORK)  
Boredoms *Chocolate Synthesizer* (Reprise)  
Glenn Branca *Symphonies 8 & 10* (Atavistic)  
Tortoise *Tortoise* (Thrill Jockey)

### WHITE ZOMBIE

Black Sabbath *Sabotage* (Warner Bros.)  
Fear Factory *Demanufacture* (Roadrunner)  
Killing Joke *Killing Joke* (EG-Caroline)  
Godflesh *Slavestate* (Earache-Columbia)  
Monster Magnet *Dopes To Infinity* (A&M)



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## 7SECONDS *The Music, The Message* Epic

7Seconds' major-label bow comes after 15 years of toiling away in the indie trenches, through countless record labels and lineup changes. After being seemingly on-again, off-again for years, they regrouped recently as a trio, with their hardcore sensibilities intact. Never a Dead Kennedys, thrashy-type hardcore outfit, 7Seconds are better than anyone at mainstreaming hardcore, making it peppy and accessible, but retaining its ferocity. On *The Music, The Message*, the band's trademark relentless optimism is everywhere in evidence: The record is stuffed with perky, instructive numbers about how everyone should just get along and things really aren't that bad anyway. It's a radical departure from the proud nihilism of traditional hardcore, which may be why it works so well. But musically, 7Seconds is no Fugazi: It remains stuck in the ageless, by-the-numbers hardcore ghetto. Even so, the band's ceaseless, Green Day-like chipperness, its ability to flog hardcore pop to within an inch of its life, may give it the opportunity to cross over to the mainstream in ways that the Rollins Band and Suicidal Tendencies have yet to really do, and hardcore has always been more about self-expression than musical ingenuity anyway. 7Seconds mastered the self-expression part years ago. Now all it has to do is keep getting it right. —Allison Stewart

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 17.

**FILE UNDER:** Brisk, chipper hardcore.

**R.I.Y.L:** Fugazi, Mike Watt, Suicidal Tendencies.



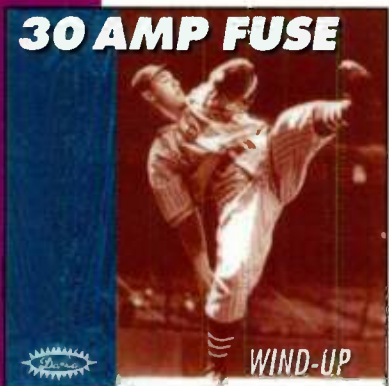
## 30 AMP FUSE *Wind-Up* Darla

The guys in 30 Amp Fuse may or may not be fans of the National Pastime, but with *Wind-Up*, a raucous little record covered with baseball art, a comparison to the Little League fan is apropos. The band lovingly apes a style that's become kind of quaint: classic postpunk rock that could have been released on SST Records circa 1985. *Wind-Up*'s liner notes include a thank-you to Hüsker Dü, which is more than a gesture of gratitude; it's like a footnote on a term paper. On "6 Feet Under" and "Enough Is Enough," lead singer/guitarist Mike Smithers and bassist-vocalist John Davis do gruff-vs.-high harmonies so well, you'll swear Bob Mould and Grant Hart have buried the hatchet. The SST sound may have been co-opted by grunge and Urge-type power-pop, but the boys in 30 Amp Fuse have it pegged better than any of their contemporaries; for all its volume, the band's happy thrash neither screams for attention nor plays it up for camp value. Despite its hero worship, the band never comes off as studious; more like they got together one afternoon and decided to combine their two loves—old indie-rock and the sports pages. "I said that I'm sorry, but I'm not really sorry at all," Smithers sings. More '90s rock should be this unapologetic and fun. —Chris Molanphy

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 3. First single "Sorry."

**FILE UNDER:** Postpunk bash-and-roll.

**R.I.Y.L:** Hüsker Dü, Buffalo Tom, the Replacements.



## THE BATS *Couchmaster* Mammoth

Formerly best-known for their darkly-worded, jangly pop rock, the Bats have changed their tune on *Couchmaster*, taking a sharp turn down a different path. Their fifth full-length album, it's full of moody guitars, dirgy, buried vocals (on "Around You Like Snow" singer Robert Scott can barely be heard), and an overall mood of melancholic despair. Barely a major chord makes an appearance on this 17-song album, and the unrelieved doom and gloom is almost claustrophobic by the end. Instead of sweetness and jangle, the Bats have substituted moody urgency, using strange, dobro-like whines in "Afternoon In Bed." "For The Ride" picks the pace up to a slow trot (reminiscent of the Inspiral Carpets in places, oddly enough), though under the accelerated rhythms lurks an incessant electric thrum. But Scott's throaty, unique voice remains compelling in its quiet urgency, crooning "I know it's gonna hurt some more" reassuringly on "It's Happening To You," and even under all the sour notes and complex arrangements, this feels like a Bats album—just a very different sort of Bats album. It's comforting to think that even jangle-pop sometimes has a bad day. —Rande Dawn

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 24. First single "Afternoon In Bed."

**FILE UNDER:** Moody pop.

**R.I.Y.L:** The Verlaines, Luna, The Chills.



**CAPSIZE 7** Mephisto Caroline

While Chapel Hill, North Carolina, was exploding into one of the nation's most exciting, furtive scenes, Capsize 7 took off a full year from performing and recording to work on its sound, and its debut long-player, *Mephisto*, is all the better for it. Damn fine musicians, these four guys are proof that it's better to know the rules before you break them. The rhythm section is nearly airtight: Chris Toms' clean drumming and bassist Mike Jackson's sure-fingered neck-traveling provide a solid foundation for the songs' layers of guitar. Thick chord textures are woven by Geoff Abell and Joe Taylor's guitar double-teaming, replete with plenty of squeals and distortion. The dynamic of most of these songs is akin to chopping down a tree: As Taylor belts out his semi-melodic vocals in spurts, the songs pound away haltingly, cutting deeper as they progress. Some songs are hookier than others, but the strength of the album is its edginess, not its hummability. Despite an undercurrent of sameness among these songs, Capsize 7 is on the right track, and *Mephisto* offers the promise of great things to come. —Jenny Eliscu

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 10.

**FILE UNDER:** Through the punk, darkly.

**R.I.Y.L:** Bob Evans, Jawbox, Chavez.

**THE CLEAN** Modern Rock Summershine

It's been five years since The Clean's last album, and more than three times as long since the band helped put New Zealand on the map as the strum capital of the world. Much has changed: Robert Scott has kept busy as frontman for the Bats; David Kilgour enjoys an active solo career, and brother Hamish has moved to New York and founded the Mad Scene. Reunited in New Zealand for three weeks this past spring, the three decided to give The Clean another go. The result, *Modern Rock*, sparkles like the youthful Clean, though the bantamweight jangle of 1982 has ceded to a heavier, layered sound. Reverberating keyboards and organs deliver the thick melodies of a Velvet Underground record, with each of the Kilgours offering a graceful approximation of Lou Reed's sing-speak. The potential for murkiness is never realized, however, thanks to well-timed infusions of ethereal chimes, piano interludes, soft background laughter, and the gentle pings of a hammer dulcimer. Indeed, the instrumentation on *Modern Rock* is so rich that its three instrumentals—wanting for nothing—are initially undetectable as being wordless. Singing duties for the remaining 10 songs are shared among all three, but Scott's treacly, high-pitched voice makes his contributions the most distinct. With execution so strong, the quaint clumsiness of the lyrics (written in a week's time, mind you) melt into the background. More than the most pleasant listening experience of 1995, *Modern Rock* is a monument to pop perfection. —Megan McCarthy

**DATALOG:** Released domestically Oct. 3. A follow-up album, tentatively entitled

*Super Duper*, has already been recorded.

**FILE UNDER:** So Clean, it shines!

**R.I.Y.L:** Velvet Underground, the Chills, The Bats.

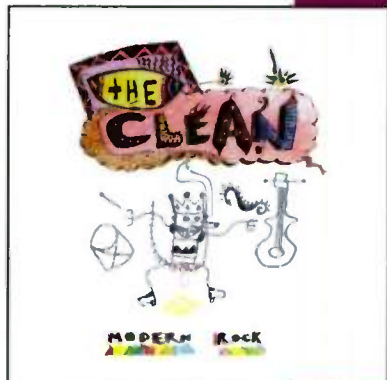
**ORNETTE COLEMAN & PRIME TIME** Tone Dialing Harmolodic-Verve

When one of the most controversial figures in all of jazz goes into quasi-retirement and doesn't release a record for six years, what kind of shape do you think he'll be in when he comes back? Well, Ornette Coleman is still the man: he's back, and he's completely in tune with everything that's happened while he was gone. What makes *Tone Dialing* so brilliant is not the fact that shades of hip-hop and funk waft through its first half; it's that there's so much else happening too. Tabla drums tap away, African rhythms bubble, free-form solos wail like the sirens and car alarms he hears outside his Harlem headquarters. He even covers Bach in his own crazy way and makes it entirely his own. But it's never disorienting or even really dissonant: it just grooves and swings and has no limits. Not only should Ornette Coleman have his own studio and record label (which he does), we should just give him his own radio station. A big 10,000-watt tower up there in Harlem — "Your Harmolodic Spot On The FM Dial." Lord knows what kind of funky mix he'd throw down. Ornette takes wild bits and pieces and throws them together in ways that you never dreamed could happen. Arabic funk, children's music, bebop, highlife — like the man says, if it's out there, it's in here. You know that feeling when you come home from a long day at the museum, where you've seen so much art and color that your brain is just one big dazzled, tingly feeling? That's the feeling Ornette Coleman brings to *Tone Dialing*. Come to think of it, it really has the aura of fine art about it, like it belongs in a museum. Or like graffiti art, it belongs on the streets. —James Lien

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 3. Recorded at Ornette's own Harmolodic studios in Harlem; produced by his son Denardo.

**FILE UNDER:** Harmolodic funk jazz.

**R.I.Y.L:** Ornette Coleman, Buckshot LeFonque, Henry Threadgill, Jazzmatazz.







twinlights

# Cocoteau Twins

The new EP featuring "RILKEAN HEART" and "HALF-GIFTS"  
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Management: Raymond Coffer/Michael Lustig for Coffer/Gershwin Management  
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BREAKTHROUGH ROTATION 10/9

Produced by John Licks  
Managed by Courtyard Management, Steve Hullford & Bryce Edge  
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# RADIOHEAD

On tour with Soul Asylum World Radio History

## "JUST"

The new single & video  
from **THE BENDS**.



**JULIAN COPE 20 Mothers American**

Julian Cope would like to be written off as an eccentric nutter, and make that the end of it. But don't let him off so easily: someone who wants to be considered completely bats doesn't deserve it. Cope, a sort of English version of Prince Rogers Nelson—prolific, pretentious, and very strange—is an artist who believes in the concept album and has a broad enough musical range to attempt it. While *20 Mothers* doesn't seem to be about anything, never discount the mind of Cope. What it mostly feels like is a collection of about 10 daffy tunes and 10 straightforward rockers. You have to peel through a lot of dippiness to get to the good stuff: from the Big Star-ish ditz of "Try Try Try" to the monotonous punk of "Queen Mother" ("I hate my life and I want you to die" is one of those cute twists on a cliché that sounds obvious coming from Cope, who can write much better than that). But put up with it and prepare for the weird treats of "Highway to the Sun," with its slowburn, Zombie-ish guitar buildup, or "By the Light of the..." the album's first all-out rocker. And that's just the first half of the album. The second half sports a few beauties, too—"Cryingbabiesleeplessnights" is a gorgeous, meandering head-trip of a song, and "Greenhead Detector" finds Cope full-voiced and attacking a catchy, disco rocker with the memorable chorus of "Fuh fuh fuck you fuck you fuck you." Fast-forward through his testing grounds, and there's a good solid album in here somewhere.

—Rande Dawn

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 31.

**FILE UNDER:** Eccentric guitar pop.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Robyn Hitchcock, Syd Barrett, Captain Beefheart.

**DAMON & NAOMI The Wonderful World Of Damon And Naomi Sub Pop**

Now, if only Damon (Krukowski) and Naomi (Yang) will give up their main band Magic Hour and get back to the full-time business of making sad hits, like the ones compiled on this, their second release since the Galaxie 500 breakup. *The Wonderful World* is a textured, smoothly weird collection of wistful, orchestral, eerie pop songs that linger in the ear like sweet nothings. Of course, they're anything but nothing—from the Cocteau Twins-ish "Tour Of The World," with Yang's high, cool falsetto paired with dobro and odd false audience-cheer effects to the Celtic warbling of "Who Am I," Damon & Naomi weave songs full of acoustic guitar melody, quavering vocals, and psychedelic twists and turns, enough to satisfy any hungry ear. Of course, sometimes the quirkiness gets overdone—Krukowski's vocals hovering in and out of key on the moody jangle of "The New Historicism" are purely annoying, and when he proves he can sing on "Forgot To Get High," the off-key trick comes off as pretentious twaddle. But it's a minor complaint—any duo that can make "New York City" sound idyllic, in lines like "why when I turn around, everything's so still? Why when I turn around, the sun's always setting" can hardly go wrong.

—Rande Dawn

**DATALOG:** Released Nov. 7.

**FILE UNDER:** Semi-naïve pop.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Red House Painters, Martin Stephenson & the Daintees, Luna.

**TOUMANI DIABATE Djelika Rykodisc**

Now that Ali Farka Toure has put Mali on the musical map, countrymen Toumani Diabate, Keletigui Diabate and Basekou Kouyate are here to give us all a little lesson on West African polyphony. *Djelika* is no beginner's course. Toumani Diabate is the young lion of the kora, a harp-like instrument with a resonating gourd that is as percussive as it is pleasing. A descendant of the harps and lutes of Ancient Egypt, its flowing pairs of strings make a rich, lively sound from multiple notes played in cascading patterns. Though he gets bottom billing on the CD, Basekou Kouyate comes out as the star of this record. Playing the ngoni, a tiny tear-drop lute that dates back to 12th-century royal Malian courts, Kouyate makes the most of its few strings. Unlike that of a guitar, the ngoni's neck is not fixed to the body, allowing the player to manipulate tone, sustain and pitch in one simple move—in a way, the ngoni provides its own whammy bar. Smacking out funky little lines that weave inside the kora patterns and around Keletigui Diabate's happy-go-lucky balafon, Kouyate solidifies the connection between Mali's rolling rhythms and American Delta blues. Toumani Diabate's other work on the Songhai records, mixing flamenco and African music, may be a bit more fun and palatable, but *Djelika* makes an understatement worth hearing.

—Steve Ciabattini

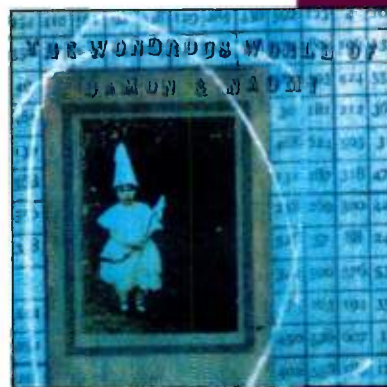
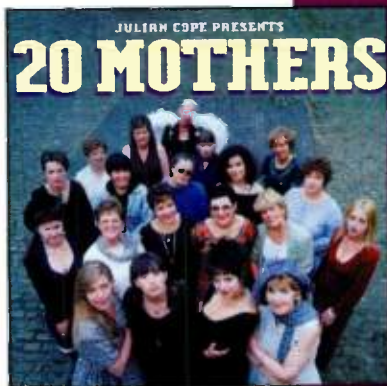
**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 27. Toumani Diabate was featured on Songhai 1 & 2.

**FILE UNDER:** Authentic world-beat.

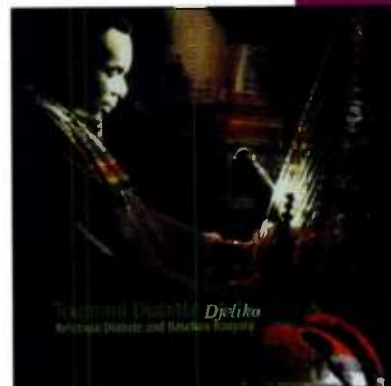
**R.I.Y.L.:** Foday Musa Suso, Dimi Mint Abba, Farafina, Ali Farka Toure.

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

World Radio History



"Whoop on me sir, it spins from my mind/I'm just looking for two different of mine." —lyrics from "I'm Waiting For The Man," as included with a Japanese re-pressing of the first Velvet Underground LP.







It's Time  
To Wake Up  
For...

# Saturday Morning

CARTOON'S GREATEST HITS

The New Album Containing

**LIZ PHAIR WITH MATERIAL ISSUE**

"The Tra La La Song (One Banana, Two Banana)"  
(from The Banana Splits Adventure Hour)

**SPONGE** "Go Speed Racer Go"

**MARY LOU LORD WITH SEMISONIC** "Sugar Sugar" (from The Archies)

**JULIANA HATFIELD AND TANYA DONELLY** "Josie And The Pussycats"

**MATTHEW SWEET** "Scooby Doo, Where Are You?"

**COLLECTIVE SOUL** "The Bugaloos"

**BUTTHOLE SURFERS** "Underdog"

**HELMET** "Gigantor"

**RAMONES** "Spider-Man"

**REVEREND HORTON HEAT** "Jonny Quest/Stop That Pigeon"  
(from Dastardly And Muttley In Their Flying Machines)

**FRENTE!** "Open Up Your Heart And Let The Sun Shine In" (from The Flintstones)

**VIOLENT FEMMES** "Eep Up Ork A A (Means I Love You)" (from The Jetsons)

**DIG** "Fat Albert Theme"

**FACE TO FACE** "I'm Popeye The Sailor Man"

**TRIPPING DAISY** "Friends/Sigmund And The Seamonster"

**TOADIES** "Goolie Get-Together" (from The Groovie Goolies)

**SUBLIME** "Hong Kong Phooey"

**THE MURMURS** "H.R. Purnstuf"

**WAX** "Happy, Happy, Joy, Joy" (from The Ren And Stimpy Show)

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World Radio History



**DON CABALLERO 2** *Touch And Go*

A helpful manifesto accompanies this record. (1) "DC is instrumental." True—there's bass, drums, two guitars and no trace of a vocal. The sound is one-take audio-verite with the jagged guitars as far out front as the drummer would let them go. (2) "DC is rock not jazz." Given that about half of this is a Melvins-on-double-lattes bash-fest, it's hard to imagine who would call it jazz, but it was clearly rehearsed rather than improvised. Still, in spite of the tight script, the playing is loose and relaxed—none of that anal-retentive math-metal feel. The snare is tuned nice and low. (3) "DC is free of solos." Don't take this to mean that they play everything in unison a la Breadwinner. There are plenty of screaming high notes and harmonies, along with long, lovely industrial feedback drones. Without exaggerated dynamic or tempo changes, the songs move from airy arpeggios to metallic heaviness. The major scales languish unused as each song establishes new intervals and reinforces them by clever repetition. (4) "DC is from Pittsburgh." At least we can assume they're not surfers.

—Nell Zink

**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 19.

**FILE UNDER:** Instrumental art-metal.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Melvins, King Crimson, Ruins.

**ROSIE FLORES** *Rockabilly Filly* *Hightone*

For nearly ten years, Rosie Flores has been a mainstay on the both the Los Angeles and Austin alternative country scenes. Few artists can compete with her as a songwriter, guitarist and performer, yet it has taken four albums for her essence to be caught on record. *Rockabilly Filly* does it, and is Flores' finest collection to date. Paying homage to her early influences, she teams up with '50s-era rockabilly queens Wanda Jackson ("His Rockin' Little Angel" and "Rock Your Baby") and Janis Martin ("Blues Keep Callin'" and "Hard Times") for a couple of magical duets each. Elsewhere, Flores shimmies and bops with rare abandon on a few original tunes, including the Jerry Lee Lewis-style raver "You Tear Me Up," and a couple of tastefully chosen covers from the likes of Butch Hancock ("Boxcars") and Lefty Frizzell ("Stranger"). The best part of *Rockabilly Filly* is the obvious care that went into getting the retro sounds to near-perfection, from the chick-a-boom drums to the tinkling of the piano to the just-right reverb in all the appropriate places. Flores and friends have produced a record that is sure to give both her many fans and rockabilly cats worldwide a thrill.

—Jim Caligiuri

**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 15.

**FILE UNDER:** Hillbilly bop.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Janis Martin, Wanda Jackson, Kelly Willis.

**GEM** *Hexed* *Restless*

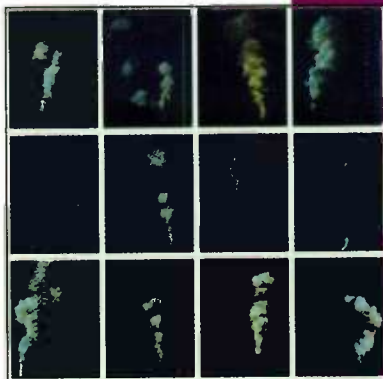
The Gem resume reads like a Cleveland rock who's who: The four bandmembers' past evening/weekend hobbies have included Death Of Samantha (guitarist and frontman Doug Gillard, who at present, is also part of Cobra Verde), Prisonshake, My Dad Is Dead, 4 Coyotes and Puff Tube, among other, lesser known permutations of the scene's usual crowd of musicians. Gem, like a number of great Cleveland bands of the past, sprang up by accident, out of nothing more than Gillard's need to flesh out a few of his songs live with a full band. But a couple of years later, these four have grown from songwriter and backup band to powerhouse quartet in every sense, with three permanent members and a no-longer-rotating cast. Nonetheless, Gillard's maintained a helmsmanship that gives *Hexed* a distinctive stamp. Responsible for most of the songwriting here, he indulges his pop-rock FM sensibilities more than his past projects have allowed, and to marvelous effect: "Only A Loan" is the album's hidden prize, with an infectious vocal melody and a continually repeating lead guitar refrain. Guitarist Tim Tobias also contributes a song or two, and he works as the darker side of Gem's coin, with a penchant for dissonance and darker lyrics. Gillard's guitar work is in top form, leading Gem's impressive chops and mature songwriting to pretty dizzying heights. All those years of moonlighting aren't just resume padding, they're the experience that raises Gem head and shoulders above the pack.

—Cheryl Botchick

**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 26.

**FILE UNDER:** Rust Belt pop-rock.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Death Of Samantha, Urge Overkill, Cheap Trick.



"Jung meets *Star Trek* in this hip, entertaining self-help book. With scores of examples and practical exercises drawing on all four *Star Trek* series and eight movies, **BOLDLY LIVE AS YOU'VE NEVER LIVED BEFORE** shows readers how they can develop the same heroic traits as their favorite characters." —from a press release for **BOLDLY LIVE AS YOU'VE NEVER LIVED BEFORE: (Unauthorized and Unexpected) Life Lessons From Star Trek.**



# LOTION!

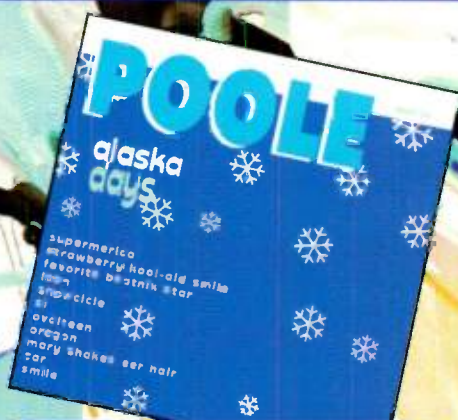


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 joyride that can be wistful and ecstat-  
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 tar grinding melodicism, and add a  
 dash of vocal harmony stolen straight  
 from the Beatles..."  
 -The Georgetown Voice

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World Radio History





**JOHN HIATT** *Walk On* Capitol

So now it's up to Capitol Records to make sure another great John Hiatt record doesn't get lost on the masses. Either way, Hiatt will keep his unofficial title of "best damn songwriter around" as he hits the road with a truckload of new songs and relentless energy. After the most aggressive, footloose studio record of his career (*Perfectly Good Guitar*), *Walk On* almost sounds a bit more "grown-up." There's nothing bland about the advanced range of these songs, however; the forty-something Hiatt's just added more wit, wisdom and hummability to his mid-octane rock-and-twang. To add to the depth, Hiatt's fifth label sprang for a few appropriate guest stars: Bonnie Raitt (who made a pop hit of Hiatt's "Thing Called Love") adds some backup to the loose soul of "I Can't Wait," and Tom Petty keyboard wiz Benmont Tench and a few Jayhawks show up to play as if they've been part of Hiatt's touring band since the late '70s. The quality of songs like "Ethylene," "I Can't Wait" and the title track make it evident that Hiatt hasn't gone soft on a steady diet of rave reviews. If you pass by this one, wait a year or so. Hiatt will put out another great album.

—Steve Ciabattone

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 24.

**FILE UNDER:** Iron horses of rock.

**R.I.Y.L:** The Band, Dan Penn, Warren Zevon.

**KING KONG** *Me Hungry* Drag City

*Me Hungry* is the kind of thing wacky, hipper-than-thou college kids come up with while smoking reefer and cracking wise between classes, but thankfully don't have the resources to see their ideas reach fruition: a concept album about a caveman who has to kill the yak he loves to feed his family when he can no longer pick berries as winter comes. For anyone looking to take the piss out of rock 'n' roll at its most overblown and silly, the concept LP/rock opera is the most obvious, irresistible target—parodying Jethro Tull's *Thick As A Brick* or Rush's *2112* (one side, anyway) is like picking on Dan Quayle or the singer in Live. But either of those records have more yuks per groove (intentional or not is entirely beside the point) than *Me Hungry* at its most retarded; for generations to come, rock fans will be enjoying side-splitting laughs at the expense of Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, whereas the novelty of *Me Hungry* gets lost after one and a half runs through the hi-fi. And while King Kong's minimal organ-based funk is pleasant enough, it can't rescue the record from its own smarm and ham-fisted irony. Mad vocalist Ethan Buckler doesn't even really get that into the part; there's nary a grunt or snort to be heard, and he sounds bored with the whole idea about halfway through the record. An instrumental record would surely have been the way to go. My advice is to rent the Ringo Starr film *Caveman*, and buy a Meters or J.B.'s record.

—Steve McGuire

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 10.

**FILE UNDER:** Retarded conceptual funk.

**R.I.Y.L:** The Fugs, Beastie Boys instrumentals, Bonzo Dog Band, Ween, B.C.

**MENSWE@R** *Nuisance* London

Malcolm McLaren, a year or so ago, unveiled his "10 Step Method For An English Band To Grab Attention In America." Menswe@r seems to be following his advice to the letter: *Nuisance* is an almost pure observance of steps 1 ("Be from England"—and how), 2 ("Have at least one member that is somewhat attractive"—consider their name, for Heaven's sake), 3 ("Directly incorporate... entire song structures from old English bands with proven track records"—that would be, for instance, Wire on "Daydreamer," 12-string-era Beatles on "Sleeping In" and even the Moody Blues on "Being Brave") and 4 ("Keep everything very simple"). But if the band is leaping onto the New Wave Of New Wave bandwagon, it's also unimpeachable at what it does. Every one of *Nuisance*'s songs has some cheeky, buzzy little hook that does its work with British efficiency and doesn't evaporate into boiled peas when it's done, and the band has the kind of drive that can only come from genuine enthusiasm for what it's doing. On "Stardust" (basically the Stones' '69-'72 singles condensed and filtered through "Diamond Dogs"), singer Johnny Dean whoops about a "superficial fucker" of a rock star, but you can hear the admiration in his voice. And you can also hear the fact that Menswe@r is zooming up to a very English stardom itself, maybe even with the perspective and irony that will save it.

—Douglas Wolk

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 10. First single and video "Daydreamer."

**FILE UNDER:** New Wave Of New Wave.

**R.I.Y.L:** Supergrass, Oasis, Blur.



"And what him caused him  
share the poor girl rag/To all  
tomorrow's parties." —lyrics  
from "All Tomorrow's Parties,"  
from the same source  
mentioned on page 40.





here's where the strings come in  
**supercunk**

**MERGE**  
RECORDS

**INDEX**

# **OASIS (What's The Story) Morning Glory? Epic**

If it feels too soon for Oasis to have a new album out, it really is. The four-piece from Manchester that took the world by storm over the past 12 months by sounding like the Who crossed with T. Rex has returned with a new set of 13 songs, yes, but in a more figurative sense not a new album—this really is *Definitely Maybe* (its debut album) Part Deux. Production is sharper, the songs more fleshed out, but essentially Oasis has continued the formula that makes it exciting, and successful: old-fashioned rock 'n' roll unafraid to filter in a dance beat; generically broad lyrics like "You've got to roll with it/You got to take your time/You got to say what you say/Don't let anybody get in your way" ("Roll With It"). And yet, unchallenging though *Morning Glory* can be, it's good dirty fun. Still, hearing singer Liam Gallagher's voice for thirteen songs, the slightly flat, atonal drone that contains a bit too much insouciance to make it sympathetic, can get grating, as can Oasis' tendency to drive the repeat-to-fadeout chorus into the ground, as on the otherwise fine "Don't Look Back In Anger" and "Morning Glory." Overall, Oasis charms with its no-frills straightforwardness, constantly reminding the listener that these types of songs are going to sound even better when they're played live.

—Rande Dawn

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 3. First single "Morning Glory."

**FILE UNDER:** Straightforward Brit rock.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Stone Roses, The Jam, Inspiral Carpets.

# **VARIOUS ARTISTS Out Loud Knitting Factory Works**

*Out Loud* is a benefit for the International Gay & Lesbian Human Rights Commission, featuring cuts from Indigo Girls, Throwing Muses, The Mekons and U2, among many others. Thematically, some of the music is still in the closet (U2's version of Cole Porter's "Night And Day") but most of it is openly gay-themed, like Disappear Fear's proud "Michaelangelo" or Voice Farm's catchy "Shave Your Head." The tone ranges from satirical (Gretchen Phillips' "Pease Park" which deals with sexual activities in the park) to powerfully tragic (Indigo Girls' live acoustic version of "This Train Revised"). Several songs address the feelings of pain and loss that seem so directly linked to being gay in the '90s, including the Judybats' excellent "My Dead Friend." Musically, the high point is the haunting jazz ballad "Swim To Me," performed by Roy Nathanson, Curtis Fowles and The Jazz Passengers, co-produced by the always impeccable Hal Willner. In the end, *Out Loud* is about everyone's freedom. Maybe Billy Bragg's old chestnut, "Sexuality," included here, says it best: "Sexuality/Strong and warm and wild and free." Although some may find this album lacking in political bite, as a collection of top-notch songs, *Out Loud* deserves to be heard.

—Heidi MacDonald

**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 21.

**FILE UNDER:** Socially conscious benefit compilations.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Indigo Girls, Judybats, Red Hot + Blue.

# **PIZZICATO FIVE The Sound Of Music By Pizzicato Five Matador-Atlantic**

Presenting the second stateside debut from the Pizzicato Five. Confused? Let's explain. Last year, a lot of folks thrilled to the P5's US debut, *Made In The U.S.A.*, finding it a totally fresh new sound from Japan: Here was a band that sampled Brazilian and easy listening records like they'd lost their minds, that wrote wonderful and crafty pop songs, that dreamed of being stars in a dreamy, innocent way that Americans haven't felt in thirty years. The only thing was, that album was basically a greatest-hits set savvily picked for maximum Western crossover, culled from several Japanese-only albums from the late '80s. *The Sound Of Music By Pizzicato Five* follows the same strategy, tacking some newer Japanese singles onto some older album tracks, and naturally, like any "Best Of, Vol. 2," it's just not as good. Which is not to say it doesn't have quite a few great moments: "Strawberry Sleighride" is delightful, trip-hoppy nonsense psychedelia, while "Happy Sad" ranks among the group's finest. It's just the whole thing is not as peachy as the first one; if you don't have that one, pick it up first. P5 are still a band to watch, though. If the third volume is even thinner, then we'll know what's up, but who knows — they could come around next year and make a record that completely knocks everybody's socks off. Let's hope.

—James Lien

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 24.

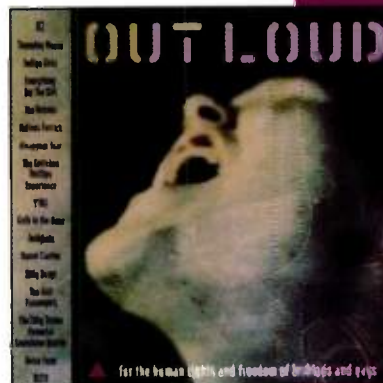
**FILE UNDER:** Japanese pop.

**R.I.Y.L.:** U.F.O., Deee-Lite.

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



"The theory of harmolodics is based on a philosophy which encompasses a musical concept." —from a press release for Ornette Coleman And Prime Time's Tone Dialing.





## poi dog pondering

POI DOG PONDERING *Pomegranate* *Pomegranate-Bar/None*

Listening to a Poi Dog Pondering album is like walking into a wild, multicultural party. Big horns compete with polyrhythms which complement strings and bleeping synths. *Pomegranate*, the first release from PDP in three years, is a joyous celebration of just how varied and colorful rock music—if in fact this is rock—can be. PDP, now a 12-piece group fronted by founder Frank Orrall, has always been about experimenting with feel-good multi-instrumentalism, but *Pomegranate* has another side as well. The title track is a sinewy, bass-driven whisper similar to Robbie Robertson's introspection; "Catacombs" steps things up to a melancholy, orchestral jangle, with Orrall's picaresque lyrics such as "words are like stream pouring out of my mouth"; and slowly the album builds momentum, song by song. And as *Pomegranate* progresses, the songs warm up into funkified freedom, full of ballast and bravado, from the Kraftwerk-meets-disco of "Chain" to the sleek harmonies and '70s guitar of "Diamonds & Buttermilk." It's PDP's pairing of seeming opposites—and making them not only work, but groove—that makes going to this party something to remember.

—Randee Dawn

**DATALOG:** Release date: Nov. 14.

**FILE UNDER:** Experimental dance.

**R.I.Y.L:** David Byrne, Rusted Root, Bop (Harvey).

PRAM *Sargasso Sea* *Too Pure American*

In September, a PBS series on rock 'n' roll concluded with an episode on rap, house and techno/trance, placing them as endcaps of rock's 40 years of gradual enfranchisement. As pleasantly surreal as it was to see the Beastie Boys spraying beer into the cameras of *Masterpiece Theatre*, how scary it was to hear PBS's professors pontificate on the Orb, who "created long, dreamy soundscapes that seemed to sum up the musical adventures of the past decade!" Ambient music may not yet have become a bankable industry like hip-hop, but you'd think that the genre's groundbreaking days were behind it. Pram does little to dispel that notion. Smooth to a fault, *Sargasso Sea* is a very listenable record that won't shock anyone who's heard a Laika or Stereolab album (admittedly, a relatively small circle). It's not that the group is overly calculating; hell, if Pram were Stereolab, that quality would be welcome. *Sargasso* comes from the ambient-as-pop school, placing the requisite components (fluttery female vocals over bubbly synths that don't sound like synths, or like anything in nature) within the context of four-minute codas. When Pram chooses the right components—the samba-like beats of "Loose Threads" and "Three Wild Georges" inevitably make the ears perk up—the group sounds like it's on to something. But no matter how many dozen times one plays Pram, its "dreamy soundscapes" will never sound like departures from anyone else's dreamy soundscapes. Following that PBS endorsement, trance might as well have a populist promoter, and Pram might one day be it. Before that happens, it'd be cool if they came up with an album we could all rally around.

—Chris Molanphy

**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 12.

**FILE UNDER:** Easy trance.

**R.I.Y.L:** Stereolab, Laika, The Orb.

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Red Hot + Bothered: The Indie-Rock Guide To Dating* *Red Hot/Kinetic-Reprise*

If "credibility," in quotes, is a word you hear a lot, you're probably exactly the kind of person *Red Hot + Bothered* was made for. You'll probably also be baffled by its conflicting signifiers of credibility: an AIDS-benefit album (yay) with a retarded title and conceit (boo), whose label marketing strategy involved releasing 2/3 of it in advance on limited-edition 10" EPs (boo), but which includes mostly good-to-great recordings by 18 indie and "indie" bands (yay). A tip: It's for about the best cause there is, and with a blindfold on, the music rules, so don't grouse. Heavenly's bitter-but-boppy "Snail Trail" and Stephin Merritt band #168 (for those of you scoring at home) Future Bible Heroes' "Hopeless" are both flat-out wonderful; the Verlaines and Shayne Carter splendidly reconstruct "Some Fantasy" by NZ legends the Double Happys; Lois and the Spinanes' Rebecca Gates reconvene their never-recorded old band the Cradle Robbers for "Sotto Voce"; Noise Addict contributes one of its best songs ever, "Mouthwash"... the list goes on. And though it's not an indie record itself, *RH+B* is a heartening state-of-indie-rock address: Any "genre" that includes bands as good and as completely different as Built To Spill, Gastr Del Sol and East River Pipe isn't just fertile at the moment, it's got a broad enough gene pool to survive the embrace of everything from mass culture to clique-happy keepers of the indie flame. —Douglas Wolk

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 3.

**FILE UNDER:** Benefit compilations with heart, soul and breadth.

**R.I.Y.L:** *Red Hot + Blue*, Hama Music.

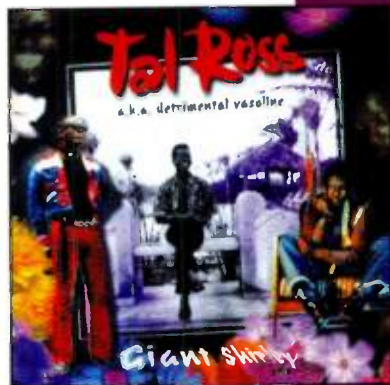
**TAL ROSS aka Detrimental Vasoline—Giant Shirley Coconut Grove**

Except for about two hundred really sickazoid P-Funk freaks out there wearing diapers who'll buy it on sight, Tal Ross is a total mystery man, so a bit of bio is in order. Tal was one of the founding members of George Clinton's Funkadelic troupe; he walked off the *Maggot Brain* tour halfway through when things got too freaky and acid-crazed. Then he lived quietly in a trailer in South Carolina for about 20 years, and now he's gone and made this really incredible record. aka *Detrimental Vasoline*—*Giant Shirley* is simply a tremendous, stone-free old-school funk album, really stoned and really free. P-Funk alumn Jerome "Bigfoot" Bailey bashes drums and Ross' new labelmate Jef Lee Johnson wails on guitar, but Ross' psychedelic leads and haunted vocals carry the show. It genuinely doesn't sound like anything else, which is a bigger compliment than you'd think, but it also reminds us in a very cool way of all those really early, really insane Funkadelic albums—the ones people play in the wee, wee hours, with all the crazy bongos, extraterrestrial echoes, people screaming about loose booty and wild Hendrixian guitars blazing all over the place. Call it a vibe, a spirit, purple haze—whatever it is, it's here. And in many places, it's so beautiful, wise, free and stone deep, it just might make you cry. The man is deep. That it took him twenty years to get around to making this record is our loss, not his. —James Lien

**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 26.

**FILE UNDER:** Genuine old-school future funk.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Funkadelic's *Maggot Brain*, Bootsy Collins, Sly Stone, Jimi Hendrix.


**VARIOUS ARTISTS Saturday Morning Cartoons Greatest Hits MCA**

The Saturday morning cartoons of the '70s—kids, on the receiving end of the Me Decade and cast adrift from parents, learned to embrace socially conscious super heroes, meddling peers (*Scooby Doo*, *Speed Buggy*) benign mutants (*Sid And Marty Kroft*) and rock 'n' roll as a lifestyle (*Josie And The Pussycats*, *Kapt. Kool And The Kongs*)—set the stage for the rise of alternative rock, so an album where today's top alternarockers would cover classics from the cartoon theme song oeuvre makes total sense. And just as cartoons brought out the best (freaks are "one of us, one of us," authority is something to question) and worst (there was that unfortunate time I shaved all my GI Joe's heads) in us all, "tribute" compilations can do the same: bands can look like heroes of all things cool or the first schlubs beamed in dodge ball. Count the Ramones, whose fan-boy rendition of "Spider-Man" transcends the collection's general kitsch, Helmet ("Gigantor"), Butthole Surfers ("Underdog," maybe the best cut here), Matthew Sweet ("Scooby Doo" as stoner chic), Mary Lou Lord ("Sugar Sugar") and Rev. Horton Heat ("Johnny Quest/Stop That Pigeon"—Yeah!) among the former. As for the rest, most are not so bad, but let's say that I've got a red vinyl ball with Sponge's name on it. —Scott "Secretly Speed's Brother" Frampton

**DATALOG:** Release date: Dec. 5.

**FILE UNDER:** Kitschy compilations.

**R.I.Y.L.:** The Cartoon Network, Quisp, *The Kids From C.A.P.E.R.*



"Actually, the moralizers are correct: pop culture is having a profoundly pernicious effect on American life. But morality is not the problem, it's stupidity, as it has been for decades, since long before the existence of counter-culture nihilism." —Michael Hirschen, from his "The Myth Of Pop Culture Depravity" article in New York magazine.

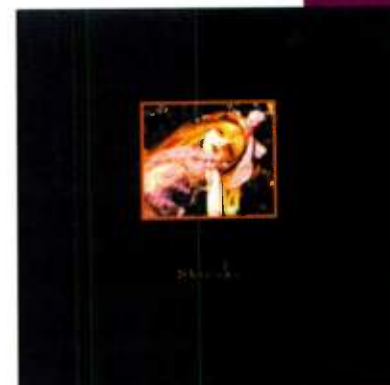
**SHIZUKA Live Shizuka Persona Non Grata**

It's a good world when a goth queen like Shizuka (heavy eye makeup, album art featuring sickly-looking dolls, sample lyric: "The flowers that I've been growing in my body for the end look beautiful") can get members of the artful noise band Fushitsusha to play on her record. *Live Shizuka* (so called although there is little or nothing to indicate that is a live album) is an engaging mix of gently-paced trance rock with rumbling feedback arias. Shizuka is a highly distinctive vocalist, with an open, searching quality that makes one think of monks (both Kyoto and Benedictine). But what most separates this combo from other recent neo-psychedelia is their thoughtfully restrained use of guitar pedals. They work less with sound that's obviously twisted than they do with subtle evocations of ringing phones or crickets at night. Even the most 4AD-friendly track, "Heavenly Persona," is clearly distinguished by players used to more deviant time signatures and improv. The freakouts of guitarist Miura Maki are tempestuous enough to please any noise fan. In particular, his work on "The Burial Of A Shooting Star" sounds perfect, if unfamiliarly stuck within a song context. —Andrea Moed

**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 25.

**FILE UNDER:** High-contrast psychedelia.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Fushitsusha, Cranes, mellower Hendrix.






**THE SOFTIES** *It's Love* **K**

It's by ex-Tiger Trap singer/guitarist Rose Melburg's new duo, and it's on K—like it could really be anything but sweetness and light. We get one song about how she "can't love you the way she does, I can only love you more," another one about how "you turn my winter to spring." Only "Charms Around Your Wrist" cuts through the syrup, with a slightly sardonic refrain about collecting lovers that seems inspired by Stephin Merritt. Happily, the Softies couch their sappy sentiments in melodies that are simple, sure, and prettily rendered by their voices and duo of guitars. Harmonies abound, mostly pedestrian but sometimes fancily dipping and soaring, as on "Until You Tell." Nonetheless, this is a singer-songwriter record at heart—its best moments occur in flights of lyrical fancy, as in a song about not wanting to move to Alaska for fear of being overcome by excessive luxury ("it might have been a nicer place to be/if you'd been nicer to me").

—Andrea Moed

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 3. Includes a cover of Talulah Gosh's "I Can't Get No Satisfaction, Thank God."

**FILE UNDER:** Teddy-bear pop.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Lois, Kaia, The 6ths.


**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Southern Fried House* **Sm:j**

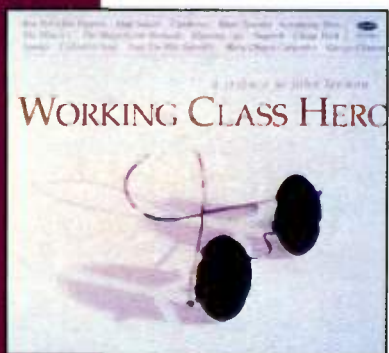
Norman Cook, a synthesist of the first order, used to be in the Housemartins, though you'd never know it these days. Later, he recorded as Beats International, a wonderful and underrated collision of the entire history of black popular music: its one American hit was "Dub Be Good To Me," a remake of an S.O.S. Band song set to the Clash's "Guns Of Brixton" bassline. For the last couple of years, he's been making a series of playful instrumental records for clubs under various pseudonyms. The "various artists" of *Southern Fried House* are all Cook, drifting through the landscape of techno with, as usual, a knack for lovely combinations of sonic idioms. (The wildest mixture, "Magic Carpet Ride," has been a hit virtually everywhere but the U.S.) He knows that dance records these days don't usually have chord changes or melodies, but he remembers when they did (The Mighty Dub Kats' "Only When I'm Dancing Do I Feel This Disco" is built on the Madonna sample you'd expect). And he slips pop ideas in anyway whenever he can. Though nothing here is what you'd call a song, vocal samples, Sugar Hill Records horn breaks and disco string-stabs pop up everywhere, and even when these pieces are as pure techno as you could want—all texture, beat and stasis—there's a sense that they're compositions as much as they're "tracks." Most of them could probably even be played on a guitar.

—Douglas Wolk

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 3. First single "Magic Carpet Ride."

**FILE UNDER:** Techno with something extra.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Beats International, Sven Vath, Depeche Mode.


**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Working Class Hero: A Tribute To John Lennon* **Hollywood**

*Working Class Hero*, the most feverish and scattered tribute in recent memory, is a kitsch-lover's paradise, complete with a lineup that tends towards funk outfits and marginal Seattle bands like Candlebox and Mad Season. But with the exception of "Instant Karma," "Imagine," and a few others, Lennon's post-Beatles output was spotty at best, so why not let Candlebox take a crack at something like "Steel And Glass"? What's the harm? *Working Class Hero*'s lineup is everywhere, and nowhere: Artists like Mary-Chapin Carpenter, George Clinton (who turns in a not-unfaithful "Mind Games") and Screaming Trees fight for air with Sponge, the Magnificent Bastards, and the umpteenth comeback of Cheap Trick. The all-over-the-place lineup is undoubtedly meant to denote Lennon's universal appeal: It demonstrates more than anything else why Collective Soul should never have been let near "Jealous Guy," even for the sake of some good, campy fun. *Working Class Hero* can't help if it suffers from the stultifying air of over-reverence that afflicts most tribute records. Blues Traveler's rendition of "Imagine" is so faithful to the original, it's hard to tell why they bothered, though the Flaming Lips fare much better on their tinny, dead-on version of "Nobody Told Me." The Red Hot Chili Peppers manage to muster—however fleetingly—a considerable amount of dignity for their version of "I Found Out," essaying it with an aplomb Lennon himself might have envied. What he would have made of Collective Soul is anybody's guess.

—Allison Stewart

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 10.

**FILE UNDER:** Someplace particularly delicate Lennon fans are not likely to find it.

**R.I.Y.L.:** Screaming Trees, Candlebox, other artists mentioned above.

# FLASH

ROOTS • REISSUES • RETRO

by James Lien

IN THE BINS: Velvet Underground Peel Slowly And See (Polydor); John Lennon Plastic Ono Band Live Peace In  
with five extra tracks); Various Artists Cajun Honky Tonk (Arhoolie); Various Artists Rare Surf Volumes

## BOBBY BYRD Got Soul: The Best Of Bobby Byrd (Polydor-Chronicles)

As James Brown's right-hand man, Bobby Byrd sang, played the organ and played a crucial role in Brown's legendary funk music of the '60s and '70s. You may not know his name, but you probably know his voice. He was the man who exhorted Brown to greater heights; on cuts like "Soul Power," he's the one who yells the title slogan over and over again, providing call-and-response to the Godfather's exhortations and gyrations. In fact, he was the key ingredient that put so many of JB's jams over the top: if he hadn't have pushed James so hard, the Godfather might not have gotten to all the



heavy funky places where he peaked in the early '70s. But Byrd had an impressive string of solo hits, too, from the much-sampled funk bombs "I Know You Got Soul" and "Hot Pants — I'm Coming, Coming, I'm Coming" to crossover pop tunes like "Baby Baby Baby" and ballads that let him

show off his rugged soul-man voice. Significant and monumental, *Got Soul* compiles Byrd's greatest moments and presents some indispensable, dead-on heavy funk jams. A must for everyone who's ever loved JB, and a revelation for anyone who ever thought Byrd was only Soul Brother #1 1/2.

### I, SWINGER

The craze of Space Age Bachelor Pad Music continues unabated, and RCA has unveiled its long-awaited *History Of Space Age Pop* series; a new project from the label that was the king of the genre in its '50s heyday. We're treated in these three copious volumes to such gems as "Hansel And Pretzel" by Henri Rene and his Orchestra, "Chant Of The Jungle" by Sid Bass and his Orchestra, and "Diga Diga Doo" by Bob Thompson, His Choir & Orchestra. This release has got to mark one of the most incredible moments in the history of recorded music and popular culture: to think that three years ago these very recordings were considered worthless, languishing in the vaults and selling at garage sales for 50 cents! What's next? An exhaustive *The Command Records Story* box set? A series of Arthur Lyman retrospectives? We're waiting.

Space Age Bachelor Pad Music is one thing, but one has to really wonder if the world is ready for what's coming next. Word has it that the cognescenti on the crest of the songs-for-swinging-in-hi-fi wave have already moved ahead, and are hinting at the next trend: easy-listening calypso. Apparently, this was a very popular genre in the late '50s and '60s, where some celebrity or other would record an album of Trinidadian calypso music. It's even worse than the Leonard Nimoy, William Shatner and Jim Nabors albums. Caroline Records has unveiled a new label, Scamp!, that has managed to roll out an album of Robert Michum (a future candidate for exhumation is a calypso outing from poet Maya Angelou). Fun is fun, but \$13.99 is a lot to pay for a coupla yucks. We would be remiss if we didn't point out that much of the vintage work from real calypso masters such as Mighty Sparrow and Lord Kitchener has been reissued

on albums such as *Sacred 78s* on a New York label called Ice Music. It's close to ska, it's kinda close to reggae, and the political/social satire is dead-on funny. Is Robert Mitchum funny? You decide.

### XMAS TUNAGE

Sadly, this year passed and no one picked up on the idea of a Space Age Bachelor Pad Christmas (now there's a challenge for the folks at Scamp!). Question: Christmas? Yea or nea. Discuss. There are numerous Xmas releases out there, regardless of whether your take on the season is wishing cheerful good tidings or a rousing "bah humbug." Rhino Records, kings of both compilations and holiday kitsch, has just released *Punk Rock Christmas*. No, it's not completely terrible, if only because it includes *El Vez* ("The Mexican Elvis") doing his heart-wrenching rendition of "Feliz Navi-Nada" done in letter-perfect late-period Elvis style. It also has several suitably anti-Yule ditties from Fear, Pansy Division, the Greedies and the Frogs. On the more serious tip, Polydor-Chronicles plans to reissue a compilation of James Brown's many seasonal recordings. It includes his "Santa Claus Go Straight To The Ghetto," which is not a novelty song, but a pointed slice of JB at his most emotionally-charged and politically aware — it's worth giving the Godfather more of your money this holiday season just to give him props for being so superb back in the day. If mistletoe and chestnuts have never been your thing, if all that hypocritical holiday cheer that's usually gone by the first week of January tends to get you down, then Point Blank-Virgin has just the ticket for you. They've issued a compilation, *Even Santa Gets The Blues*, which features various PointBlank artists doing tunes with a holiday bent—perfect for having a bluesy Yule. **END**

Mr. Spock's Music From Outer Space (Varese Sarabande); Various Artists Jesus Rock (K-Tel); Various Artists Tube Tunes Vols. 1-3 (Rhino)  
Mingus Mingus Mingus Mingus Mingus (GRP-Impulse) (remastered); Al Green The Belle Album Tokyo Live and Al Green's Greatest Hits (Right Stuff) (re-released  
David Bowie); Various Artists Move To The Groove: Best Of 1970s Jazz/Funk (Verve); Leonard Nimoy  
Warren Smith Uranium Rock! (AVI); Sonny Rollins East Broadway Run Down (Impulse-GRP); Charles Mingus  
Toronto 1969 (Capitol); Various Artists Didn't It Blow Your Mind Vols. 16-20 (Rhino); Yardbirds Clapton's Cradle: The Early Yardbirds Recordings (Evidence);  
1 & 2 (AVI); The Revelles Go Sound Of The Sisti! (Sundazed); Ramones It's Alive (Sire); Ava Cherry & The Astronettes People From Bad Homes (Griffin) (w/



# on the verge

## UP-AND-COMING ARTISTS

compiled by Lydia Anderson

### Sparklehorse

Mark Linkous lives on a farm in Bremono Bluff, Virginia (near Richmond), where, aside from caring for his multitude of pets and a flatback Charger, he's found inspiration for many a song. Most of these tunes—with titles like "Cow," "Most Beautiful Widow In Town" and "Gasoline Horseys"—can be found on *Vivadiexsubmarinetranmissionplot* (Capitol), the debut album from Linkous' alias, Sparklehorse. These rough but warm compositions vary from nervy, fucked-guitar rockers to simple, whispery acoustic laments, each characterized by ample doses of colorful Southern instrumentation (pedal steel guitar, brushes) or eccentric recording flourishes (transistor radio vocals, crooked guitar tracks). The five-man touring version of Sparklehorse will be playing some European shows with Radiohead before coming back for a few Stateside dates this winter. —Colin Helms



### Spain

California quartet Spain received plenty of initial notice for the estimable lineage of frontman Josh Haden, who is both the son of renowned jazz bassist

Charlie Haden and the brother of That Dog's Rachel and Petra Haden. But once he grabs their ear, listeners are likely to fall victim to *The Blue Moods Of Spain* (Restless), the group's debut album, whose mellow, late-night vibe blurs the distinctions between slo-rock, jazz and blues. Haden's warm voice floats over his languorous songs, which build intrigue with their slithery grooves, delicate guitar interplay and suggestive lyrics. With a well-rounded but minimalist approach, Spain sets the stage for both romantic drama and lonely contemplation. Two members live in San Francisco and two in Los Angeles; Spain launched its album by doing month-long residencies in each town, spreading the word slowly. Watch for a few scattered U.S. dates before the group heads to Europe in December, and keep an ear out for a rumored Haden family project. —Lydia Anderson



### Jonathan Fire\*Eater

Jonathan Fire\*Eater is a band out of time, thank God. These five young men—some yet to exit their teens—evoke everything good about '60s garage without copying its heroes. The band's sound is all reverb and screeching organ, but its arresting live performance, already known to draw club crowds spilling out onto the street, is equal helpings jet-set decadence and '50s B-grade horror movie. Although the band has released one full-length CD, JF\*E's recently-released self-titled EP (PCP) is its first recording to approach the excitement and creepy fun of its live show, full of theatricality and sartorial flair. Currently

the subject of A&R drool, the band recently completed tours with Slant 6 and Stiffs, Inc., and is working on an album.

—Scott Frampton



PHOTO BY GLENN MARTYNSKY

### Texas Is The Reason

Since its formation last year, the buzz around Texas Is The Reason has grown into a clanging din. At its first show, the New York quartet's tight, powerful post-punk perked up the ears of Revelation Records, which eagerly offered to put out the band's first, self-titled 7", released on October 17. The members' previous credits include Shelter, 108, Resurrection and Fountainhead, but for each player, TITR represents a break from his hardcore past: The new band is more melodic than any of these, and it culls its energy from emotion rather than sheer speed. With songs that layer passionate vocals onto a solid base of hooky guitar work, TITR straddles the boundary between catchy punk rock and noisy post-core like a colossus. The band headed out for a full-scale U.S. tour in October, and will be on the road through most of November.

—Jenny Eliscu

ARTIST FEATURED ON THIS MONTH'S CD

# METAL

BY IAN CHRISTE

## CATHEDRAL The Carnival Bizarre

Earache



Cathedral plunges into the depths of an elusive, nightmarish paradise where twisted fantasies transcend reality and lost souls teeter dangerously between heaven and hell on its brilliantly constructed third album, *The Carnival Bizarre*. Saturated with mysticism, magic and a myriad of ghouls, witches, dragons and serpents, it tempts, intrigues and fascinates. But, most importantly, this is a monstrously riff-licious masterpiece: dark, tumultuous waves of expansive, Sabbath-y guitar sludge, meaty rhythms, heavier-than-hell grooves and malevolently poetic, cosmically psychedelic lyrics. Brainchild of former grindcore god and ex-Napalm Death lead throat Lee Dorrian, Cathedral proved to the world in late '89 (when it spearheaded the doom-metal movement) that a band doesn't need to pound its instruments at breakneck speed in order to crush the masses. After experimenting with styles that ranged from slo-mo doom-metal crunch to freakish disco-fevered metal slam, Cathedral has finally found the perfect balance of sound with its brand-new rhythm section, bassist Leo Smeed and drummer Brian Dixon. *The Carnival Bizarre* takes all the core elements of classic metal, rips them to shreds and remolds the leftovers into a heaving, brutally mesmerizing mass of sound perfectly suited for the '90s. Although this stellar album *must* be listened to in its entirety (over and over again), highlights include the condemning grind of "Hopkins (The Witchfinder General)," marked by heavy, rhythmic percussion and voice samples from the master of the macabre himself, Vincent Price; the steady chug and burn of "Utopian Blaster," which features Black Sabbath's Tony Iommi on guitar; the eerie, evil churn of "Night Of The Seagulls"; the wickedly cool, horror-rock blast of "Fangalactic Supergoria"; the slithering, Arabian-tinged percussion of "Carnival Bizarre"; and the cascading, scintillating melodies and spooky spoken word of "Blue Light." Bow to the new Kings of Metal.



## RIFFS

After a three-year recording hiatus, thrash/hardcore/speed metal monster **KREATOR** has returned with its blistering eighth album, *Cause For Conflict*. With the addition of ex-Whiplash drummer Joe Cangelosi and bassist Christian Geibler, Kreator delves a bit more into the raging pit of raw-powered hardcore aggression than ever before, but the band's lightning-fast tempo breaks and brutal, headbanging explosions still remain intact. Don't miss the hidden track at the end of the disc, which sounds like a bloody barnyard brawl between a satanic pig, a pack of pissed-off dogs, a litter of screaming cats and a hungry chainsaw. Scary shit... Although the almighty **IRON MAIDEN** has more than proven its staying power in the world of heavy metal, selling over 40 million albums worldwide over the past two decades, it remains to be seen what effect the loss of lead vocalist extraordinaire Bruce Dickinson will have on the band's continuing success. Although no one can ever really take Dickinson's place, new lead howler Blaze Bayley fills his shoes quite nicely on Iron Maiden's tenth studio album, *X-Factor*. After an almost four-year absence, the Maiden will return to the States in early '96 as part of its extensive world tour, which began in Israel the end of September... Also, keep an eye out for a new album, tentatively titled *Who's Guilty*, from Brazilian tribal grinders **OVERDOSE**, scheduled to hit the streets some time in early '96.



- 1 **FEAR FACTORY**  
Demanufacture  
Roadrunner
- 2 **DOWN**  
Nola  
EastWest-EEG
- 3 **BELLADONNA**  
Belladonna  
Mausoleum
- 4 **MOTORHEAD**  
Sacrifice  
CMC
- 5 **KYUSS**  
...And The Circus Leaves Town  
Elektra-EEG
- 6 **EARTH CRISIS**  
Destroy The Machines  
Victory
- 7 **BRUJERIA**  
Raza Odiada  
Roadrunner
- 8 **CIV**  
Set Your Goals  
Lava-Atlantic
- 9 **SEAWEED**  
Spanaway  
Hollywood
- 10 **MESHUGGAH**  
Destroy Erase Improve  
Nuclear Blast
- 11 **SOUNDTRACK**  
Mortal Combat  
TVT
- 12 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
Death...Is Just The Beginning III  
Nuclear Blast
- 13 **UNIVERSAL STOMP**  
Full Swing  
Overture
- 14 **311**  
311  
Capricorn
- 15 **SIX FEET UNDER**  
Haunted  
Metal Blade
- 16 **TESTAMENT**  
Live At The Fillmore  
Burnt Offerings-Crazed Management
- 17 **SHEER TERROR**  
Love Songs For The Unloved  
Blackout!-MCA
- 18 **WHITE ZOMBIE**  
Astro-Creep: 2000...  
Geffen
- 19 **WARRIOR SOUL**  
The Space Age Playboys  
Futurist
- 20 **SHELTER**  
Mantra  
Supersoul-Roadrunner
- 21 **CLUTCH**  
Clutch  
EastWest-EEG
- 22 **MY DYING BRIDE**  
Trinity  
Fierce-Futurist
- 23 **DEFTONES**  
Adrenaline  
Maverick-WB
- 24 **SHANK 456**  
The Big Payback  
Roadrunner
- 25 **STANFORD PRISON EXPERIMENT**  
Gato Hunch  
World Domination

Compiled from the CMJ New Music Report's weekly Loud Rock charts, collected from CMJ's pages of progressive radio recordings.



## PERE UBU

## The Hearpen Singles

Tim/Kerr

If you're looking for where American indie-rock started, this is probably it: a box of the four singles Cleveland's Pere Ubu released on its own Hearpen (a k a Hearthan) label between 1975 and 1977, newly reissued on the original 7" format in facsimiles of the original sleeves. When "30 Seconds Over Tokyo"/"Heart Of Darkness" came out, there was no precedent at all for it: it rocked like the Stooges, it was smarter than anything else out there, and the band did everything itself. Pere Ubu, a spinoff from the recently defunct local favorite Rocket From The Tombs (which also spawned the Dead Boys, and gave Rocket From The Crypt its name), had everything to prove, and proved it all. The follow-up, "Final Solution," was even better (it's been covered by everyone from Living Colour to Peter Murphy, though no one else's version is a shade on the original): a teen-angst anthem with an apocalyptic arrangement. By the last two singles in the box, "Street Waves" and "The Modern Dance," synth player Allen Ravenstine had become the most distinctive part of the band, spritzing hisses and squeals all over Tom Herman's open-up-and-bleed riffs. "The Modern Dance" and its B-side "Heaven" passed for new wave at the time; now they sound like a whole school of music by themselves. These songs haven't been available on any format for many years, and they sound great on this one.

drum, and that's it. The flip's "Molecule" takes a little ascending/descending violin riff from the A-side and adds Detroit's subdued, flanged, peyote-warped spiel to it — it's a piece of micro-minimalism worthy of ultra-lo-fi art-punk godfathers the Urinals.

**WANDERING LUCY** is one woman from Vancouver with a one-note-at-a-time guitar that's almost in tune, a drum machine that's seen better days and a voice that can just about hit whatever note she's trying for. As you may have guessed by the fact that she's got a record out, she's an awfully good songwriter. The *Really Truly* EP (K) has four nifty, spindly little songs — two vocal, two instrumental — and her timid groping for notes is actually pretty cute. "home HOME home" is the best of the bunch, a wide-eyed plea to a lover to not go to work.

Just in time for **HEAVY VEGETABLE**'s second album... yes, it's a single from Heavy Vegetable's first album! "Headrush" (Headhunter-Cargo) appears on a picture disc (regrettably without a picture of the CD sleeve's adorable underwater cat), sharing a side with "Couch," also from the old album. The B-side is a lot more fun, with live acoustic versions of "Crash" (whose electric version appears on the new album, *Frisbie*) and Stewart Copeland solo project Klark Kent's "Excess." For a band that makes such an almighty racket when it turns on the amps, Heavy Veggie sure sounds good with them off too.

After almost 15 years of relative inactivity, New Zealand's **ROY MONTGOMERY** seems to be trying to put out a single on every label he can find. That's not a problem: his songs are so intense that they're best experienced in small doses. This month's dose is "Something Else Again" (Roof Bolt), a home-recorded strum-and-moan that's scarily edgy and calm at the same time. Montgomery's basso profundo voice isn't the only thing about his records that recalls early Brian Eno: his taste for the kept imperfection and for creating and disturbing textures (as here, when he scythes through the middle of a placid song with a burning, acidic guitar solo on "Adrift") give his recordings the same sort of grounding and power as *Taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy* and *Another Green World*.

Every so often there's a perfect meeting of band and cover—a song it seems like a band was born to play. A new split 10" single on Man's Ruin has just such a pairing: **KILLDOZER**, the Heaviest Band In The World, and Led Zep's "When The Levee Breaks," the Heaviest Song Ever Written. Naturally, they slow it down some—it's ten glorious minutes of boom, boom, *thud* (for some reason, there's a guest harmonica solo by Mount Shasta's J. Vernon Forbes: whatever). If Michael Gerald's bass sound were any more massive, it would collapse into itself and become a black hole. The other side has **RITUAL DEVICE** noising "No Quarter" up some and throwing in a quick run-through of "Hot Dog": likewise, whatever.

**THINKING FELLERS UNION LOCAL 282's** "Everyday" (Amarillo) seems strangely tossed-off for them; if you don't listen for the bizarre arrangement (screaming people in the background, a horn section in the middle, a very weird guitar part) it might fly right past you. It's worth getting, though, for the B-side, a frequent TFUL encore: six minutes of "Selections From A Fistful Of Dollars." The band is faithful to Ennio Morricone's original soundtrack—in its fashion—but still grafts its own weirdness-is-easy-listening-is-rock 'n' roll aesthetic onto it.

The **JAPANESE BEETLES** are a one-off group of Shonen Knife's Michie Nakatani, Big Dipper's Gary Waleik and Liz Cox, on vacation from her day job as Combustible Edison's Miss Lily Banquette. "Cook Out" (Roadtrip) is pretty much Nakatani business as usual: catchy, charming and disarmingly straightforward (the chorus goes "Cook out/Cook out/It's so good"). Waleik (where has he been keeping himself?) wrote the B-side, "Mrs. Woods," a nice little paisley-underground rocker; like the A-side, it's mostly in Japanese. Check out those harmonies on the chorus, too.

The mysterious **EDDY DETROIT**, world-traveling occasional associate of the Sun City Girls, has returned with a cryptic, disturbing, peculiarly lovely single, "Mephisto Cigars" (Majora). The instrumentation on both sides is very light: guitar, violin, dumbek, Hare Krishna

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

### Macro Dub Infection Vol. 1

Caroline



Dance music's often hidden debt to dub is laid bare in this ambitious, sprawling compilation, which charts the present-day manifestations of what cultural critic Arthur Jafa calls "dub strategies" through an extraordinarily diverse range of artists. Clearly assembled by someone who knows where dub is going and where it has been, *Macro Dub Infection* is a massive undertaking, and the 23 tracks collected here cover the full range of dub's profound influence. The highly feted Omni Trio appear courtesy of the mysterious Moving Shadow label with their poignant, restrained "Half Cut," which sees these junglists pushing the boundaries of the form, with Michael Nyman-esque symphonic keyboard chord changes alongside bouncy reverb and echo techniques. The consistently experimental 4-Hero contributes the challenging, haunted "The Paranormal In 4 Forms." The Disciples' "The Struggle Of Life" is a finely wrought, deeply echoed piano dub masterpiece, with half-understood, impassioned vocals drifting in and out of the mix—one of this compilation's standouts. The posse from London's Rising High label, including Wagon Christ and Bedouin Ascent, are represented here, as are Skull Vs. Ice, lo-fi American indie instrumentalists Tortoise, Tricky, Bandulu, Laika and Adrian Sherwood's Two Badcard project. The finest dance compilation of the year.



## GROOVE TRACKING

UK label Volume has now issued the fourth in its incredibly successful *Trance Europe Express* series. These compilations cull unreleased material from each artist, making the package nearly irresistible to both devotees and newcomers (aided by the well-written and illustrated 192-page book which accompanies this double-CD set). Some of the highlights include the pleasingly dark, transatlantic soundclash "Twister" by Skylab Vs. Deluxe, A Guy Called Gerald's spooky "When You Touch Me" and Coldcut's "Nominal Aphasia." Dutch techno mastermind Saskia Slegers, better known as Miss Djax, offers the jumpy "Groovy Bitch," while ByTESIZE NUNS (an alter ego of Orb members Alex Paterson, Andy Hughes, and Nick Burton with the eccentric Kris Needs) contribute "Codpiece." French DJ and producer Laurent Garnier picks up his Alaska project where it last left off, with the "Unreleased Project Part 1." There are a number of other superb contributions from the likes of The Chemical Brothers, Underworld, Fluke, Rootless, Acid Junkies, and LFO... You've read about the pioneering British label Mo Wax in this space before, and for good reason. Young label owner James Lavelle has helped shape the emergence of an entirely distinct musical genre for which the terms "acid jazz" and "trip-hop" are wholly inadequate. Two of the label's new triumphs are the *Mark's Keyboard Repair* LP by **MONEY MARK** and *Meiso* by **DJ KRUSH**. The former is the keyboard player for ascendant hip-hop Buddhists, the Beastie Boys. Mark Ramos-Nishita is clearly an avid Hammond B-3 enthusiast, and his way around the instrument is nothing short of spellbinding. Over the length of the album, Money Mark digs deep into his (nickel) bag of tricks, fusing sawed-off hip-hop breakbeats with scraping Hammond chords and gravelly vocals. "Invitation" is one of the many stellar moments here, with its piping hot organ stabs and loping drum loop. Avant-garde Japanese hip-hop DJ, DJ Krush, has won considerable admiration over the last couple of years. His sanguine beat-arranging skills have gained attention from the hip-hop community and its numerous satellites. With *Meiso*, Krush lends his raw beats to the vocal talents of the Philadelphia's The Roots. Krush's proclivity for live beat-chopping is perfectly suited to The Roots' performative rhyming inclinations. There isn't a wasted second on this groundbreaking post-hip-hop album.



- 1 CHEMICAL BROTHERS  
Exit Planet Dust  
Astralwerks-Caroline
- 2 EBN  
Telecommunication Breakdown  
TVT
- 3 VARIOUS ARTISTS  
Trance Europe Express 4  
Volume (UK)
- 4 BANCO DE GAIA  
Last Train To Lhasa  
Planet Dog-Mammoth
- 5 SKYLAB  
#1  
Astralwerks-Caroline
- 6 WAGON CHRIST  
Throbbing Pouch  
Rising High
- 7 VARIOUS ARTISTS  
Ibiza Afterhours 2  
Moonshine
- 8 VARIOUS ARTISTS  
Concept In Dance 2  
XL-Moonshine
- 9 ELECTRIC SKY CHURCH  
Knownowness  
Moonshine
- 10 HANZEL UND GRETYL  
Ausgeflipt  
Energy
- 11 BEN NEILL  
Green Machine  
Astralwerks-Caroline
- 12 EATSTATIC  
Epsilon  
Planet Dog-Mammoth
- 13 JOEY BELTRAM  
"Game Form" (12")  
Logic
- 14 RICHARD H KIRK  
The Number Of Magic  
Wax Trax!-TVT
- 15 UNITED STATES INFORMATION AGENCY  
Freedom! (EP)  
Suburban
- 16 VARIOUS ARTISTS  
Carry On Harthouse  
Harthouse-Eye Q
- 17 VARIOUS ARTISTS  
Battlegrounds: A Collection Of...  
Mokum-Roadrunner
- 18 FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON  
ISDN  
Astralwerks-Caroline
- 19 APEX TWIN  
I Care Because You Do/Donkey  
Rhubarb (EP)  
Sire-EEG
- 20 LEFTFIELD  
Leftism  
Columbia
- 21 RESISTANCE D  
The Best Of...  
Harthouse-Eye Q
- 22 SVEN VATH  
The Harlequin-The Robot And The...  
Eye Q-VB
- 23 DER DRITTE RAUM  
Mental Modulator  
Harthouse-Eye Q
- 24 SCORN  
Ellipsis  
Earache
- 25 COSMIC BABY  
Thinking About Myself  
Logic

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





# HIP-HOP

BY GLEN SANSONE

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

### Project Blowed

Project Blowed

- 1 KRS ONE  
"MCs Act Like They Don't Know" (12")  
Jive
- 2 SOUNDTRACK  
Clockers  
MCA
- 3 RAEKWON  
Only Built 4 Cuban Linx...  
Loud-RCA
- 4 PHARCYDE  
"Drop" (12")  
Delicious Vinyl-Capitol
- 5 SOUNDTRACK  
The Show  
Def Jam/RAL-Island
- 6 GURU  
Jazzmatazz II: The New Reality  
Chrysalis-EMI
- 7 KOOL G RAP  
"It's A Shame" (12")  
Cold Chillin'-Epic
- 8 DAS EFX  
Hold It Down  
EastWest-EEG
- 9 GZA/GENIUS  
"Labels" (12")  
Wu-Tang
- 10 SMIF-N-WESSUN  
Dah Shinin'  
Wreck-Nervous
- 11 MAD SKILLZ  
"The Mod Factor" (12")  
Big Beat
- 12 FUNKMASTER FLEX/GHETTO CELEBS  
"Safe Sex, No Freaks" (12")  
Wreck-Nervous
- 13 SOUNDTRACK  
Dangerous Minds  
MCA
- 14 JUNIOR M.A.F.I.A.  
Conspiracy  
Big Beat-Atlantic
- 15 GOODIE MOB  
"Cell Therapy" (12")  
LaFace-Arista
- 16 CYPRESS HILL  
"Throw Your Set In The Air" (12")  
Ruffhouse-Columbia
- 17 ACEYALONE  
"Mic Check" (12")  
Capitol
- 18 KEITH MURRAY  
The Most Beautifullest Thing In  
This World  
Jive
- 19 BLACKALICIOUS  
"Melodica" (12")  
Solesides
- 20 BIG L  
Lifestylz Ov Da Poor & Dangerous  
Columbia
- 21 VARIOUS ARTISTS  
D&D Project  
Arista
- 22 MOBB DEEP  
The Infamous  
Loud-RCA
- 23 NOTORIOUS B.I.G.  
Ready To Die  
Bad Boy-Arista
- 24 B.U.M.S  
Lyle 'N' Tyme  
Priority
- 25 BLAHZAY BLAHZAY  
"Danger" (12")  
Mercury

This compilation of some of the West Coast's best kept secrets is about as far beyond what's driving hip-hop today as anyone can get. Even more astounding is that this 20-song pack was compiled nearly two years ago. *Project Blowed* is also the name of a Los Angeles night spot where these and other budding MCs gather in all-night freestyle sessions. The album features members of the well-known underground hip-hop crew Freestyle Fellowship (who disbanded following 1992's *Inner-City Griots*), most notably Aceyalone, who sparkles on "Jurassick" and the brilliant, jazz-packed "Hot." Freestyle's association with up-and-coming voices like Abstract Rude ("Strength Of A.T.U.") and DK Toon ("Solo Is So Low," which sampled Stevie Wonder's "Pastime Paradise" before Coolio) provide this lengthy mix with enough consistency to keep it from sounding like, well, a compilation. Without conforming to any stylized sound, cuts like "Don't Get It Twisted" and the dazzling "Heavyweights Round 2" (the follow up to FF's "Heavyweights") reveal hip-hop in all its organic and natural beauty. Be warned: locating *Project Blowed* will not be easy. It's a true underground release, so you'll need to check specialty shops, or even ask someone in the know, but the rewards are priceless. The door may say "hip-hop," but when you open it, you'll enter a world of mental elevation, visual beatscapes and enough fresh sounds to make this the true new style.

## BONUS BEATS



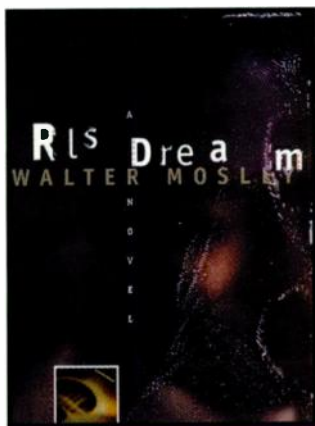
Although still relatively unknown, W.C. of **W.C. & THE MADD CIRCLE** has been watching inexperienced hip-hop new jacks rocket to stardom from his West Coast stronghold since 1987. In that year, W.C. teamed with DJ Aladdin to form Low Profile and released one underground-classic album, *We're In This Together*. After Low Profile broke up in 1990, W.C. formed the Madd Circle with Big G, DJ Crazy Toones, and a little known MC named Coolio. W.C. has recently given birth to *Curb Servin'* (Payday-London), a record that steers the West Coast sound away from hollow gangster make-believe, and shows its customers the lasting value of real West Coast rhyming. Far more gritty and raw than the million-selling Coolio, W.C. packs his clip with uncompromising, street-bred rhymes ("West Up") whose rage weighs heavily on the soul-sampled funk. Check for appearances by Ice Cube and Mack 10... When street jazz (a funky mixture of hip-hop and jazz) became a buzz phrase a few years ago, sax man **GREG OSBY**'s adventurous 3-D *Lifestyles* album was one of its defining moments. His latest work, *Black Book* (Blue Note), is the real deal for both refined and not-so-refined tastes — it's more Buckshot LeFonque than *Jazzmatazz*. Firmly established in his jazz playing and glossy, artistic nuances, Osby ups the ante by setting lyrical essays to his vivid backdrop of spontaneous, grooved-out improvisation. Spoken-word artist/rapper Sha-Key appears on "Rocking Chair," while dominant hip-hop rhythms fuel "Brewing Poetry." Poetic, smart and dynamic, *Black Book* is not to be missed... If you haven't heard of **JUNIOR M.A.F.I.A.** (Masters At Finding Intelligent Attitudes) by now, here's the low-down. JM is not a hip-hop group per se, but a collection of hungry young artists (Little Kim, Kleptomaniac, The 6's and Trife & Larceny) picked from the streets by their mentor Notorious B.I.G., who appears on several cuts. JM's debut album, *Conspiracy*, was ignited by the popular single "Player's Anthem," which features an incredible, live bass line and a ridiculous chorus that's not worth repeating. The crew's lyrical style often lacks focus and a central point; the brutal, real-life account of the lifestyle its members are all too familiar with leaves a deep, searing impression on "White Chalk," but it's the tracks with B.I.G. (especially "Get Money") that make this album worth a listen. Word out.

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

# mixed media

For this special Holiday Gift Guide edition of *Mixed Media*, we take a look at some of our favorite books, videos and comics—they may not be new, but they're timeless presents.

compiled by Dawn Sutter



## RL's Dream Walter Mosley

Soupspoon Wise, the aging bluesman protagonist of Walter Mosley's *RL's Dream*, is a far cry from Easy Rawlins, the narrator of Mosley's feted detective novels; but the cold New York streets of *RL's Dream* are a far cry from Easy Rawlins' L.A. Soupspoon is down

on his luck, dying and destitute, when he is taken in by a younger woman, Kiki. The relationship between young and old unfolds through Soupspoon's stories and obsession with Robert L. Johnson (hence the title), who Wise used to play with and who, as legend has it, sold his soul to the devil at the crossroads.

## FICTION

### Bastard Out Of Carolina Dorothy Allison

Bone is a young southern girl who tells the haunting tale of her demented upbringing in *Bastard Out Of Carolina*. Allison's simple prose works perfectly with this riveting tale of violence, love and,

of course, hate. Allison also has a new autobiographical book called *One Or Two Things I Know*.

### Giovanni's Room James Baldwin

One of Baldwin's finest, *Giovanni's Room* is the maudlin account of love lost. One man, two loves, a whole heap of regret. It's beautifully written and bound to make readers weep.

### Gorilla, My Love Toni Cade Bambara

Bambara has written several novels, but her true forte is the short story. Her colloquial, stream-of-consciousness style—with little punctuation—jumbles things a bit, but that's okay, because the stories in this collection will have you laughing till the tears flow.

## NON-FICTION

### Get In The Van: On The Road With Black Flag

Henry Rollins

The details of Black Flag's adventures while touring, as told by lead singer Henry Rollins. He was just 19 and on tour singing with his favorite band. Endlessly entertaining.

### Are You Hungry Tonight? Elvis' Favorite Recipes

Brenda Arlene Butler

Brenda has done some keen detective work to find out the secret ingredients for the King's faves, including Elvis and Priscilla's Wedding Cake, cheeseburgers with the works, and the famous fried peanut butter and banana sandwich. You'll be taking care of business in a flash with cuisine like this on the table.

### Low Life Luc Sante

An incredible history of New York's Lower East Side. Gambling, prostitution, drugs—it's in here.

### Freaks, Geeks And Sideshow Art

This coffee-table book is a collection of artwork used at sideshows around the country. There are also informative essays to accompany the lovely pictures.

### Moosewood Cooks At Home

These are easy-to-make recipes (all 35 minutes or less to prepare). It's the easiest of the Moosewood Cookbooks to follow—hell, the easiest of all cookbooks. Your little brother could make a gourmet meal using this one. Most of the recipes are vegetarian.

### The Crying Of Lot 49 Thomas Pynchon

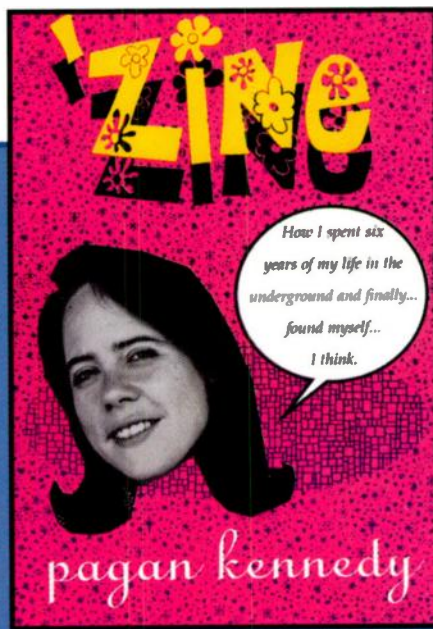
*The Crying Of Lot 49* may not be Thomas Pynchon's best book, but it's certainly the shortest, the cheapest and for those who couldn't get through *V* or *Gravity's Rainbow*, the least intimidating. The puns are brilliantly terrible (characters named Oedipa Maas and Bloody Kotecks) and the conspiracy theory about underground postal service W.A.S.T.E. terribly brilliant.



### 'Zine

Pagan Kennedy

Pagan Kennedy produced a 'zine called *Pagan's Head* for years, a xeroxed, stapled, hand-distributed magazine all about herself. In *'Zine* (which includes issues of *Pagan's Head* itself), this fiction writer discusses her motives for producing her self-centered propaganda: to find herself and get dates..





### Rosemary's Baby

Mia Farrow stars opposite John Cassavetes in this hysterical thriller. Directed by Roman Polanski, the highly underrated film will have you alternately laughing and screaming.

### Taxi Driver

They let this classic film directed by Martin Scorsese go out of print for a while so they could make a big to-do about re-releasing it on the 20th anniversary. Twenty years later Robert DeNiro is still incredible. In the store, hold a copy for a really long time, looking confused, just so when the sales clerk comes over to ask "can I help you," you can turn and say, "You talkin' to me? I don't see anyone else here."

### Ed Wood

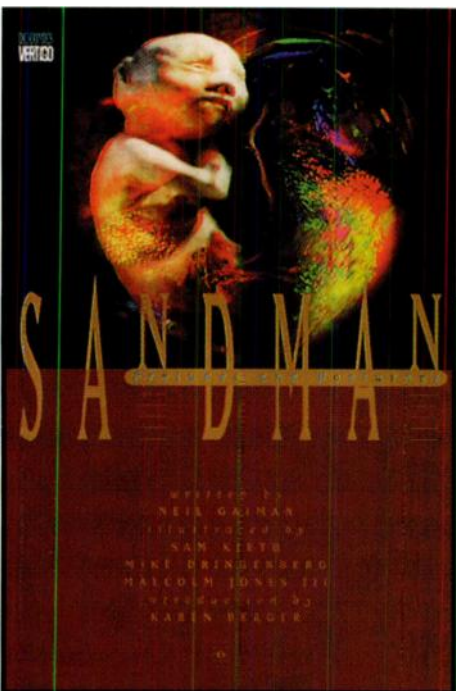
Possibly Tim Burton's finest work as a director, *Ed Wood* is the biographical tale of the unfailingly optimistic director with a talent for making bad films on no money and an unnatural affection for angora. Both Johnny Depp (as Wood) and Martin Landau (as Bela Lugosi) are brilliant in this black-and-white comedy. Wood's originals are also available on video: We suggest *Glen Or Glenda?* and the classic ("You see! You see! Your stupid minds! Stupid! Stupid!") *Plan 9 From Outer Space*.

### Trust

Hal Hartley's films are slow moving, with sparse dialogue, but their simple beauty is compelling. *Trust* is the ultimate love story, starring Martin Donovan as an older man and Adrienne Shelley as a pregnant dropout.

### Mystery Train

Three different perspectives, one story. This clever period piece is Jim Jarmusch's best work. Murder down in Memphis—what could be more exciting? Screamin' Jay Hawkins and Tom Waits have bit parts.



**Sandman** is the great equalizer among comics—an elegant, beautifully written horror-fantasy series that everybody likes, from superhero-comic zombies to nose-in-the-air hipsters to folks who don't usually like comics that much, but somebody handed them a copy once and they started

buying it. *Preludes And Nocturnes*, collecting the ridiculously expensive first eight issues, written by Neil Gaiman and drawn by an awful lot of people, has been out in paperback for a few years; Vertigo has just issued a lovely hardcover edition, pictured here.

### Buster Keaton

Keaton's silent film work is clever, unpredictable and downright hilarious. Three separate sets of three videos have been released as part of the celebration of 100 years of Keaton. Volume One includes *Saphead*, one of his finest.



## COMICS

Also in the *Sandman* vein (see left), Gaiman and *Sandman* cover artist Dave McKean's devastating puppet-terror graphic novel **Mr. Punch** (Vertigo) has been raved about here before. It's now out in softcover, so anyone who missed it when it blew out of stores the first time can find a copy in their stocking now.

Our devotion to Chris Ware's meticulous, tragic, hilarious, terribly disturbing **Acme Novelty Library** (Fantagraphics) is unwavering. All of the issues to date are different sizes, from teensy digest to immense tabloid, but they're all in print, and they're all amazing.

Charles Burns is a tremendous and very distinctive artist, but he's also very slow—it can be years between comics for him. **Black Hole** (Kitchen Sink), he says, will be an ongoing series about a "teen plague" that attacks teenagers and mutates their bodies horribly. Yeah, we've heard of that—it's called puberty, and Burns knows it.



After more than 15 years, Dave Sim is still writing, drawing, and self-publishing an issue of his 300-issue, 6000-page epic **Cerebus** (Aardvark-Vanaheim) every month. The best way to start is with one of the huge volumes that collect 12-30 issues. We recommend the sidesplitting second volume, *High Society*, for gift-giving.

**Marvels** was originally published as a miniseries by Marvel last year. With its beautiful painted artwork by Alex Ross, it was a clever, thoughtful look at a world full of superheroes from the perspective of the people whose heads they flew over. It's now available as a single paperback or, if you feel like dropping a lot of money, a rather luxurious hardcover edition.

Comics' rookie of the year is Jason Lutes, whose two-volume graphic novel **Jar Of Fools**, originally serialized in the Seattle paper *The Stranger*, has been raising eyebrows all over. It's engrossing, beautifully produced and—hey!—cheap (under 20 bucks for both books).



# DIRECTORY

A LISTING OF LABELS WHOSE ARTISTS APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

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

**Amarillo**  
P.O. Box 24433  
San Francisco, CA 94124

**American**  
3500 W. Olive Ave. #1550  
Burbank, CA 91505

**Amphetamine Reptile**  
2645 First Ave. South  
Minneapolis, MN 55408

**Atlantic**  
75 Rockefeller Plaza  
New York, NY 10019

**Bar/None**  
P.O. Box 1704  
Hoboken, NJ 07030

**Blue Note**  
1290 Ave. Of The Americas  
35th Fl.  
New York, NY 10104

**Capitol**  
1750 N. Vine St.  
Hollywood, CA 90028

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

**Coconut Grove**  
2980 McFarlane Rd., Ste. 211  
Coconut Grove, FL 33137

**Columbia**  
550 Madison Ave.  
New York, NY 10022

**Darla**  
625 Scott St. #303  
San Francisco, CA 94117

**Drag City**  
P.O. Box 476867  
Chicago, IL 60647

**Earache**  
295 Lafayette St., Ste. 915  
New York, NY 10012

**EEG**  
75 Rockefeller Plaza  
New York, NY 10019

**Epic**  
550 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022

**Geffen**  
9130 Sunset Blvd.  
Los Angeles, CA 90069

**Headhunter**  
4901 Morena Blvd., Unit 906  
San Diego, CA 92117

**Hightone**  
220 4th St. #101  
Oakland, CA 94607

**Hollywood**  
500 S. Buena Vista St.  
Burbank, CA 91521

**K**  
P.O. Box 7154  
Olympia, WA 98507

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

**Majora**  
P.O. Box 78418  
Seattle, WA 98178

**Mammoth**  
Carr Mill, 2nd Fl.  
Carrboro, NC 27510

**Man's Ruin**  
2948 20th St. #101  
San Francisco, CA 94110

**MCA**  
70 Universal City Plaza  
Universal City, CA 91608

**Mercury**  
825 Eighth Ave.  
New York, NY 10019

**Merge**  
P.O. Box 1235  
Chapel Hill, NC 27514

**Minty Fresh**  
P.O. Box 577400  
Chicago, IL 60657

**Mo Wax**  
167 Caledonian Rd.  
London N1 OSL U.K.

**PCP**  
P.O. Box 1689  
Grand Central Station  
New York, NY 10009

**Persona Non Grata**  
Box 146, Village Station  
New York, NY 10014

**Project Blowed**  
P.O. Box 1385  
Culver City, CA 90232

**RCA**  
1540 Broadway, Times Sq.  
New York, NY 10036

**Reprise**  
3300 Warner Blvd.  
Burbank, CA 91505

**Restless**  
1616 Vista Del Mar Ave.  
Hollywood, CA 90028

**Revelation**  
P.O. Box 5232  
Huntington Beach, CA 92615

**Rhino**  
10635 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Los Angeles, CA 90025

**Roadtrip**  
536 Broadway, 4th Fl.  
New York, NY 10012

**Roof Bolt**  
P.O. Box 3565  
Oak Park, IL 60303

**Rykodisc**  
Shetland Park  
27 Congress St.  
Salem, MA 01970

**Scamp!**  
114 W. 26th St., 11th Fl.  
New York, NY 10001

**Sm:)e**  
740 Broadway  
New York, NY 10003

**spinART**  
P.O. Box 1798  
New York, NY 10156

**Sub Pop**  
1932 First Ave.  
Seattle, WA 98101

**Summershine**  
P.O. Box 23392  
Seattle, WA 98102

**Tim/Kerr**  
P.O. Box 42423  
Portland, OR 97242

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

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

**Verve**  
825 Eighth Ave.  
New York, NY 10019

**Virgin**  
338 N. Foothill Rd.  
Beverly Hills, CA 90210

**Volume (UK)**  
c/o Triage  
P.O. Box 448  
New York, NY 10014



NEW RELEASES NOVEMBER 1995

## NOVEMBER 7

**DAMON & NAOMI** The Wonderful World Of Damon And Naomi (Sub Pop)  
**ANN MAGNUSON** The Luv Show (Geffen)  
**16 HORSEPOWER** 16 Horsepower (A&M)  
**SOUNDTRACK** Don't Be A Menace To South Central (Island)  
**VARIOUS ARTISTS** Def Jam Classics Box Set (Def Jam-Island)  
**DEEE-LITE** (Elektra-EEG)  
**MEAT LOAF** Escape From Hell: Welcome To The Neighborhood (MCA)  
**SWALES** What's His Name (Bar/None)  
**EMBARRASSMENT** Heyday 1979-83 (Bar/None)  
**SCENE IS NOW** The Oily Years (Bar/None)  
**STUART MOXHAM** Fine Tuning (Feel Good All Over-Bar/None)  
**SPEED THE PLOUGH** Marina (East Side Digital)  
**THE MOB** Anthology (Another Planet)  
**SKARHEAD** Skarhead (Another Planet)  
**SANDY DIRT** (K)  
**VARIOUS ARTISTS** Punk Rock Jukebox (Cherrydisc)  
**VARIOUS ARTISTS** Excursions In Ambience: The Fourth Frontier  
 (Astralwerks-Caroline)  
**AUDIO ACTIVE/LARAAJI** The Way Out Is The Way In (Gyroscope-Caroline)  
**THIRTY OUGHT SIX** Hag Seed (Mute)  
**MICK HARVEY** Intoxicated Man (Mute)  
**UB40** Best Of UB40 Vol. 1/Best Of UB40 Vol. 2 (Virgin)  
**TEL AVIV** Tel Aviv (TeenBeat)  
**VARIOUS ARTISTS** Wakefield Vol. 3 (TeenBeat)  
**GRAVITY KILLS** (TVT)  
**MICHAEL HURLEY** Wolf Ways (Koch)  
**DIE KNODEL** Overcooked Tyroleans (Koch)  
**SOUNDTRACK** Last Of The Dogmen (Atlantic)  
**MAD SKILLZ** (Atlantic)  
**VICTORIA WILLIAMS** Live (Mammoth-Atlantic)

## NOVEMBER 14

**THE CULT** Greatest Hits (Reprise)  
**NEIL YOUNG** Re-Ac-Tor (reissue)/Time Fades Away (reissue) (Reprise)  
**SHIRK CIRCUS** March (Bar/None)  
**HARVEST MINISTERS** A Feeling Mission (Setanta-Bar/None)  
**SPLENDORA** In The Grass (Koch)  
**NAPALM DEATH** (Earache)  
**BLAST OFF COUNTRY STYLE** In My Arms (Teenbeat)  
**RAW STYLUS** Pushing Against The Flow (Geffen)  
**MELISSA ETHERIDGE** Your Little Secret (Island)  
**POLVO** (Merge)  
**U.S. MAPLE** Long Hair In Three Stages (Skin Graft)

## NOVEMBER 21

**JOE JACKSON** Classics (A&M)  
**LL COOL J** Mr. Smith (Def Jam-Island)  
**ENYA** (Reprise)  
**PETER BLEGVAD** Just Woke Up (East Side Digital)  
**VARIOUS ARTISTS** Wakefield Vol. 4 (TeenBeat)  
**ETHNO-TECHNO** Sonic Anthropology Vol. 2 (Wax Trax!-TVT)  
**VARIOUS ARTISTS** Before The Blues Vols. 1 & 2: Early American Black  
 Music (Yazoo-Shanachie)  
**KILGORE SMUDGE** Blue Collar Solitude (Unsound)  
**SOUNDGARDEN** Alive In The Superunknown (CD Plus) (A&M)  
**MONSTER MAGNET** I Talk To Planets (CD Plus) (A&M)

## NOVEMBER 28

**SCHRAMMS** Rock, Paper, Scissors, Dynamite (reissue)/Walk To Delphi  
 (reissue)(East Side Digital)  
**EMILY'S SASSY LIME** Emily's Sassy Lime (Kill Rock Stars)  
**23 DEGREES** Born Of Earth's Torment (Silent)  
**POUNCE INTERNATIONAL** The Populous Oracle (Furnace)  
**HEAVENLY MUSIC CORPORATION** Anechoic (Silent)  
**VARIOUS ARTISTS** Hellscape II (Furnace)

All dates subject to change, so don't blame us.



by Douglas Wolk

# Teach

## A Short Cynical

## Introduction To Music Multimedia

Pete Shelley's album *XLI* is best known as "the one with 'Telephone Operator' on it." When it was released ten years ago or so, though, it had another distinction: the British cassette edition may have been the first attempt at a computer-multimedia-enhanced music recording. At the end of Side 2, after a bunch of dub versions of Shelley hits, there's a high-pitched squealing noise: a program for the Sinclair ZX Spectrum computer. When you ran the program, you got a little light-show on the screen of the TV set you'd hooked the computer up to, supposedly synchronized with side 1 of *XLI* if you started them at the same time. By all reports, it didn't work too hot: it tended to crash, and even when it did load correctly, its speed was way off from the album's.

Five or six years later, there were a handful of multimedia-enhanced CDs, including Talking Heads' *Naked* and Lou Reed's *New York*; when you played them in a special enhanced player, you were supposed to get lyrics, liner notes and lots of other visual bonuses. But the format never even began to catch on.

Now a bunch of bands are putting out CD-ROMs—discs with music augmented by multimedia presentations. They range from small-timers like Techno-Squid Eats Parliament to big names like Bush, whose disc has some nice live footage and one absolute horror: an alleged on-line connection for Bush info that doesn't actually connect to anything. Mostly, though, these discs are little more than glorified press releases. As a random example, take the Cranberries' new CD-ROM, *Doors And Windows*. Put it in your CD player and forget to skip track 1, and you'll get a hideous noise that will fuck up your speakers something fierce. Put it in your CD-ROM drive, though, and you'll get to see the Cranberries on their famous couch, in front of a bunch of doors and windows, as "Zombie" plays in the background. Click on the members of the band, and they say stuff (whenever I clicked on the bass player, he muttered "I really like lager"). Click on the windows, and they rise on members of the band saying stuff, like "I really like lager."

Click on the doors, though, and you'll be transported into different rooms: three of them, to be exact. In each room, you'll get to see the Cranberries on their famous couch, in front of a bunch of doors and objects, as "Zombie" plays in the background. Click on the members of the band, and they say stuff (mercifully different in every room). Click on the objects, and you get various reactions. When you click on lights, they turn on and off (thrills!); when you click on a couple of spiral-bound books, you get the Cranberries' selective scrapbook of their career and a complete book of their songs' lyrics (with voice-over comments about each one by the band); when you click on a bottle of lager, you get the bass player saying how much he likes it. Among other features it shares with most music CD-ROMs, there's a jukebox, on which you can play the other four tracks on the CD, and a space-age video screen on which you can interview the band. Specifically, you can ask them six different questions, by clicking on them. As the package notes, you can find out how they "really feel about music [they love

it], fame [they love it], their fans [they love them] and each other [they love each other]."

Does this sound ghastly? It isn't, really: the lyric book and the scrapbook, especially, are both very nice to have—if they were more easily accessible, better indexed, and hidden unannounced on a Cranberries album, they'd be a lovely bonus. (Other bands have been sneaking multimedia extras onto their albums for a while: Sugar stuck a video for "Gee Angel" onto *Besides*, and Monster Magnet's *Dopes To Infinity* has a little PC presentation hidden on it.) As a selling point, though, the multimedia is a lot less attractive. Once you've seen it, you've seen it — there's no reason you'd want to use it twice — and there's no index to its contents. After a few minutes, playing with *Doors And Windows* (or virtually any other music CD-ROM) is less a matter of choosing a path through what it has to offer than of trying to ferret out whatever ten-second video clips you haven't stumbled onto yet.

The essential problem is that it's very hard to "interact" in any meaningful way with something that is, like a pop song, designed as a self-contained, observable piece of art. You can provide ancillary information (lyrics, liner notes, interviews with creators, images), and multimedia is good for that. But in order to get actual interaction with the information, you either have to hide it (you never know what's going to happen when you click!), which is ultimately damn irritating, or let the consumer become part of the creative process. A few musicians have tried that approach: there was a David Bowie CD-ROM from a few years ago that comes to mind, where consumers could (in a very limited way) remix "Jump They Say," and Todd Rundgren's *No World Order* was available in an interactive, reconfigurable form.

Virtually all of the time, though, when you listen to music, it's something you do with your ears only—its value as an art form comes, to a great extent, from the fact that while you listen to it, your eyes and body are free, so you can read or stretch out or do the dishes or dance quietly in your living room. Working with a computer to experience music demands your visual and physical attention as well as your aural attention: you have to have your eyes fixed on a screen a foot or two away, with your body confined to a chair. That's obviously fine sometimes, but having limited access to a handful of videotaped quotes from Dolores O'Riordan doesn't balance out what that access demands in return.



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\_\_\_\_\_

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. VELVET UNDERGROUND	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	2. DAVID BOWIE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	3. HOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	4. RAMONES	5	4	3	2	1
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<input type="checkbox"/>	6. THE AMPS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	7. MENSWE@R	5	4	3	2	1
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<input type="checkbox"/>	10. STABBING WESTWARD	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	11. SISTER MACHINE GUN	5	4	3	2	1
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<input type="checkbox"/>	15. SUPERCHUNK	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	16. THE GOOPS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	17. SPOOKEY RUBEN	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	18. CHRIS KNOX	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	19. TRACY CHAPMAN	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	20. RADIOHEAD	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	21. JONATHAN FIRE*EATER	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 \_\_\_\_\_

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

Call Letters \_\_\_\_\_

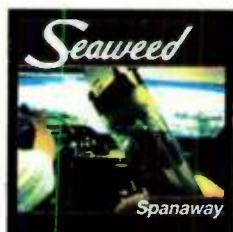
City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



# TOP 75

ALTERNATIVE RADIO AIRPLAY



SEAWEEED

ARTIST	ALBUM TITLE	LABEL
1 SEAWEED	Spanaway	Hollywood
2 AIR MIAMI	Me Me Me	4AD
3 SUPERCHUNK	Here's Where The Strings Come In	Merge
4 ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT	Scream, Dracula, Scream!	Interscope
5 GARBAGE	Garbage	Almo Sounds
6 RANCID	...And Out Come The Wolves	Epitaph
7 SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS	Dirt Track Date	DGC
8 RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS	One Hot Minute	Warner Bros.
9 LUNA	Penthouse	Elektra-EEG
10 VARIOUS ARTISTS	A Means To An End: The Music Of Joy Division	Virgin
11 MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT	Hit & Run Holiday	Interscope
12 SUPERSUCKERS	Sacrilegious Sounds Of The Supersuckers	Sub Pop
13 FOO FIGHTERS	Foo Fighters	Roswell-Capitol
14 SOUNDTRACK	Kids	London
15 BUNNYGRUNT	Action Pants!	No Life
16 YOUNG GODS	Only Heaven	Interscope
17 MEDICINE	Her Highness	American
18 FIG DISH	That's What Love Songs Often Do	Atlas-A&M
19 PALACE MUSIC	Viva Last Blues	Palace-Drag City
20 ANI DIFRANCO	Not A Pretty Girl	Righteous Babe
21 PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	Presidents Of The United States Of America	PopLlama-Columbia
22 FLAMING LIPS	Clouds Taste Metallic	Warner Bros.
23 311	311	Capricorn
24 CAMPFIRE GIRLS	Mood Enhancer (EP)	Boy's Life-Interscope
25 LENNY KRAVITZ	Circus	Virgin
26 MERCURY REV	See You On The Other Side	WORK
27 CIV	Set Your Goals	Lava-Atlantic
28 PRAM	Sargasso Sea	Too Pure-American
29 ALANIS MORISSETTE	Jagged Little Pill	Maverick-Reprise
30 JAWBREAKER	Dear You	DGC
31 CHEMICAL BROTHERS	Exit Planet Dust	Astralwerks-Caroline
32 SONIC YOUTH	Washing Machine	DGC
33 SON VOLT	Trace	Warner Bros.
34 BEN HARPER	Fight For Your Mind	Virgin
35 LETTERS TO CLEO	Wholesale Meats And Fish	CherryDisc/Giant-WB
36 DON CABALLERO	2	Touch And Go
37 ASH	Trailer	Reprise
38 THAT DOG	Totally Crushed Out!	DGC
39 VARIOUS ARTISTS	KCRW Rare On Air, Volume 2	Mammoth
40 MORRISSEY	"Southpaw Grammar"	Sire-Reprise
41 SIX FINGER SATELLITE	Severe Exposure	Sub Pop
42 BJORK	Post	Elektra-EEG
43 SOUNDTRACK	Half-Cocked	Matador
44 SILVERCHAIR	Frogstomp	Epic
45 BUFFALO TOM	Sleepy Eyed	EastWest-EEG
46 URGE OVERKILL	Exit The Dragon	Geffen
47 NOFX	I Heard They Suck Live!!	Fat Wreck Chords
48 INTO ANOTHER	Seemless	Hollywood
49 TARNATION	Gentle Creatures	4AD
50 BOO RADLEYS	Wake Up!	Creation-Columbia
51 DAMBUILDERS	Ruby Red	EastWest-EEG
52 SUPERGRASS	I Should Coco	Capitol
53 DIRTY THREE	Dirty Three	Torn & Frayed-Touch And Go
54 HEATHER NOVA	Oyster	Big Cat-WORK
55 CATHERINE WHEEL	Happy Days	Fontana-Mercury
56 MEAT PUPPETS	No Joke	London
57 WHALE	We Care	Virgin
58 NUMBER ONE CUP	Possum Trot Plan	Flydaddy
59 PERE UBU	Ray Gun Suitcase	Tim Kerr
60 SHELTER	Mantra	Supersoul-Roadrunner
61 DAVID BOWIE	Outside	Virgin
62 CHARLATANS UK	The Charlatans UK	Beggars Banquet-Atlantic
63 LIQUORICE	Listening Cap	4AD
64 SUN 60	Headjoy	Epic
65 SUGAR	Besides	Rykodisc
66 VARIOUS ARTISTS	Notes From The Underground	Priority
67 FOR LOVE NOT LISA	Information Superhighway	EastWest-EEG
68 UNREST	B.P.M. [1991-1994]	Teen Beat
69 BLIND MELON	Soup	Capitol
70 ELECTRAFIXION	Burned	Sire-EEG
71 FUGAZI	Red Medicine	Dischord
72 ALICE DONUT	Pure Acid Park	Alternative Tentacles
73 BOGMEN	Life Begins At 40 Million	Arista
74 SMOKING POPES	Born To Quit	Capitol
75 VARIOUS ARTISTS	500 Miles To Glory	Red Devil

Chart data culled from **CMJ New Music Report's** weekly top 400 radio chart, based on combined airplay of approximately 500 college, non-commercial and commercial radio stations reporting their top 30 most-played releases that week.

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# Localzine

BY CHRIS KNOX

## AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

Uhh... I don't get out much any more and I don't drive and I'm not hip and I'm not Maori (well, just a tiny bit) and Auckland's a sprawling little beast that's much more fond of yachts and rugby league and the fuckin' Internet than the quality things of life. I just stay home and eat large sandwiches for lunch and devote more energy to sex than shopping. Which is as it should be. The best bits of this 960,000-person wannabe big city are beyond the limits of our pathetic public transport system or just around the corner, like the Organic Butcher right next door, but I don't eat meat, no matter how little chemical technology's gone into it.

The point I'm not trying too hard to make here is that as a lazy, stay-at-home, antisocial misanthrope, I'm not the best person to guide you round this pretentious, greedy and gloriously multi-racial big town. Still, it ties in so nicely with the track on the CD sampler, so let's go...

### Twocan Cafe (432 Richmond Rd., Grey Lynn)

Right, this is not the best food place in the world but it is just around the corner, it's reasonably priced, has an absolutely throat-meltingly godlike orange cake, lets us go out the back door to save those precious seconds and boasts not only Maxine and Vicki (with their lousy musical taste and great magazine subscription skills) but also Doug, who used to be in one of your country's 17 million punk bands. Also, if you go between 7 and 9 on Saturday, you might glimpse our daughter, Liesha, doing the dishes.

### Harvest Wholefoods (403 Richmond Rd.)

Straight across the road is this temple to Newage (rhymes with sewage) values and rituals. Yeah, I know, but it's one of the very few places in this demented town where you can get Mahoe Fresh Mozzarella, which is every bit as good as the New Jersey variety and a damn sight better for ya, no doubt. Every Thursday on delivery day you'll see me there for my cheese fix.



Real Groovy Records

### Dada Afrika (288 Ponsonby Rd.)

Enough of the immediate locality and on up round Richmond Rd. onto Ponsonby Rd., which used to be a pretty sleazy, neo-dangerous part of town and has now had the Hell gentrified out of it. Flash geeks with laptops and cell-phones sitting outside trendy bars and cafes making deals and wishing like fuck they were in your town—oh to be in America where life is real. Anyway, amongst all the dugongshit is a great little shop run by a West African and his NZ pal, which is chokka with artifacts from that part of the world. And (this is the important bit) about half to a third of the price you'd expect to pay in New York, San Francisco, whatever.

### Turkish Cafe (298 Ponsonby Rd.)

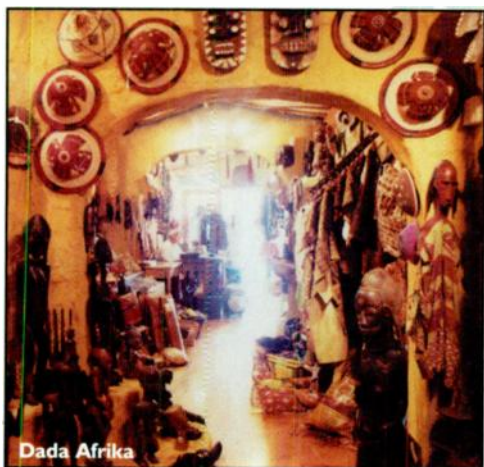
Almost right next door is the usually-empty-while-all-the-neighboring-trendy-eateries-are-overflowing-with-aging-scenesters foodhouse for thrift hounds with a taste for the Middle East. Excellent variety and consistently interesting food, utterly efficient, and with tapes and discs from the homeland that I haven't figured out how to procure yet but would dearly love to. Um, over the in-house sound system, that is, pardon me syntax.

### Youthtown (68A Nelson St., City)

Down one long hill and up another. Purely and simply a real cheap place to go have a game of squash (you boons may call it racquetball, I'm not sure, it's the one you play in an enclosed court with a hard ball), and it's on the way to our so-called main drag, so why not.

### Real Groovy Records (438 Queen St., City)

Further up the same hill then down just one more and you're on the main street (once upon a time, before the suburban malls forever decentralized this jewel of the Pacific), which mostly caters to people like yourselves and your Japanese, German, etc. counterparts. Lots of shops



Dada Afrika



with souvenir sheep and a plethora of Bureaux de Change. Also the ever-enlarging Real Groovy, in its fourth and much biggest location. It's not the cheapest, but it is the best-stocked, has mountains of vinyl, a disturbingly knowledgeable staff (once you find the one who specializes in your market niche), a pretty damned comprehensive NZ section and books, mags, T-shirts and all the other paraphernalia you'd expect. They're not a chain, but they do have their own mag to which I contribute a monthly record-review thing in comix form so, I mean, is this a class act or what? Go at night to see the neon thing in full flight.

#### Mark One Comics (5 Lorne St., City)

Down the hill and one street over to the right is the mothership of NZ's 14-strong comix-shop chain (including one in Denver, Colorado, or somewhere... the States, anyway), started by Mark in a microchip-sized outlet back when Fantagraphics hadn't met the Hernandez Bros., and which has championed the "alternative" shit right from the opening day. Again, not the cheapest, but good discounts are available if your story's good enough, trading cards haven't taken over, there's always a full stock of local comix, clerks don't drop their jaws and look comatose if you mention Roberta Gregory or Jim Woodring, and they play good music while you're in there. Some sort of U.S. types have insinuated their Salt Lake City style in there, but you only get to see them if you bungle the family shoplifting, so breathe easy.



Mark One Comics

about NZ's great old Jansen, Gunn, Abbey & Holden gear and he'll look at you oddly, like 'how do you know about this stuff,' until you tell him I sent you and a great big grin'll split his head and he'll show you his famous-people-in-the-shop photo collection and if you're famous he'll get you to sit behind the counter while he zaps down the road to buy a disposable camera and you'll probably sneak out with a totally priceless Casiotone MT40 before he returns, you shit-eatin' wiseass corrupt-and-damn-proud-of-it Yankee reprobate you, and he'll return only to lament the state of late 20th century humankind and hang himself from a boom mic-stand with a carefully contrived noose of Peavey guitar lead.

And you won't care 'cause you've had enough of this city and this weirdshit li'l tour has left you aghast at the whole idea of actually *living* here and you miss your dog, your Starbucks, your 807 channels of unwatchable cable, your politicians, your lead levels, your Snapple, your neighbor with the .38 Special, your standing-room-only apartment, your roaches, your Hostess Twinkies and maybe even that special person with whom you choose to have sex. So, with a hearty "Fuck this!" you get on outta town and instantly forget you were ever there.

Now, if I'd told you about the *real* good places we'd never have got ridda ya. **END**



#### Flying Nun Records (ASB Building, Fourth Floor, 138 Queen St.)

Further down, and Lorne mutates into High St., where the young and desperately '90s little things hang out (cf. Ponsonby Rd.), which you avoid by clambering back into the tourist throngs of Queen St. In a very unassuming bank building (without any indication on the street that you are in the right place), you leap into the lift and zip up to the fourth floor, turn left, and welcome to the Mecca of all those what read this *and* have the energy to get way down here. Yes, it's the Sub Pop of the South, the transplanted home of all that is good and fruitful in Kiwi music. Hmm... a few hours ago, it was suffering the morning-aftermath of a launch for an ABBA tribute album... Be that as it may, it's a home away from home for those of you on the pilgrimage to Dunedin, and even if you're a stinking fishhead, they'll let you have all that hard-to-get 7" shit, etc., at mate's rates. They're such nice people, bless their ugly souls. And, yes, they have all that stuff on labels like Xpressway and IMD that you'd much *rather* have and they won't look at you funny for disdaining poor old F. Nun, well, not to your pretty face. Great water-cooler.

#### Bungalow Bill's Music Shop (259 Symonds St.)

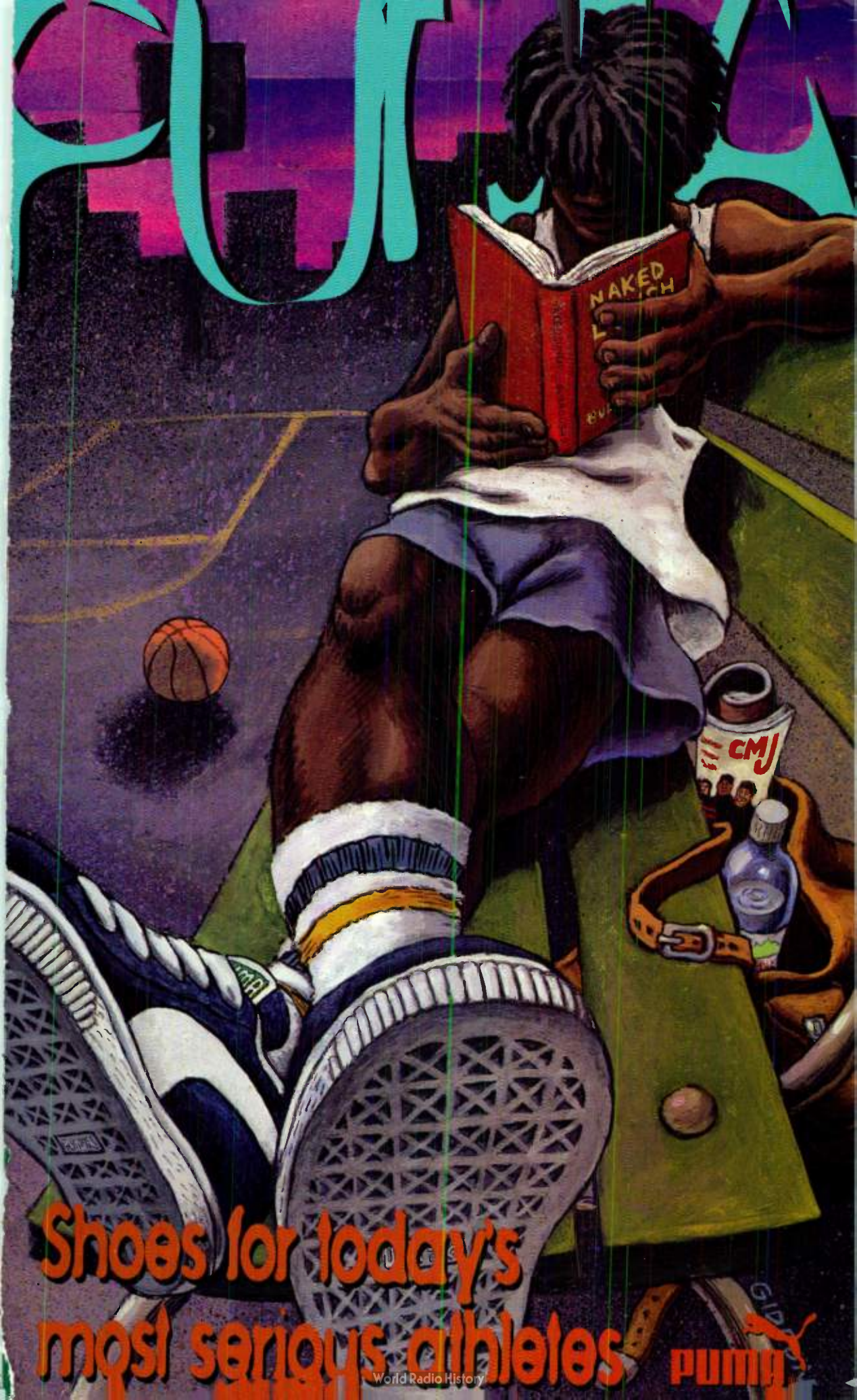
Back up the hill, through the motorway-bisected graveyard and up the amazingly resilient Symonds St., past some sex spots, a great secondhand bookshop (good NZ section) I can't remember the name of, and across the road from W.H. Tongue's funeral parlour is a music shop of strictly limited choice, stockwise, but with an owner, Bill (yes, he's a Beatles freak), who'll move heaven and other weightless objects to get what you want. Ask him

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