

51 WAYS TO A COOLER SUMMER

CMJ

NEW MUSIC

soundgarden
stone temple pilots
pharoah sanders

best new music

squirrel nut zippers

everything but the girl

me'shell ndegéocello

the posies

definition of sound

beck
is back

over 30 reviews

including:

Porno For Pyros

The Cure

Elvis Costello

Slayer

Fishbone

Grant Lee Buffalo

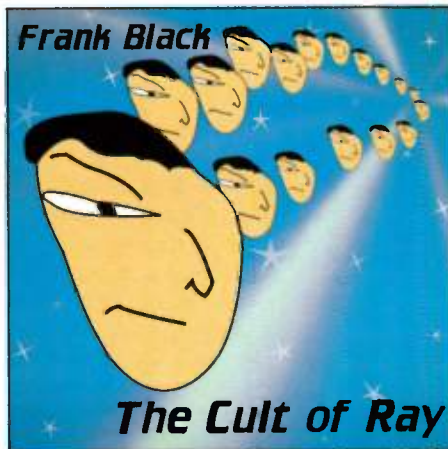
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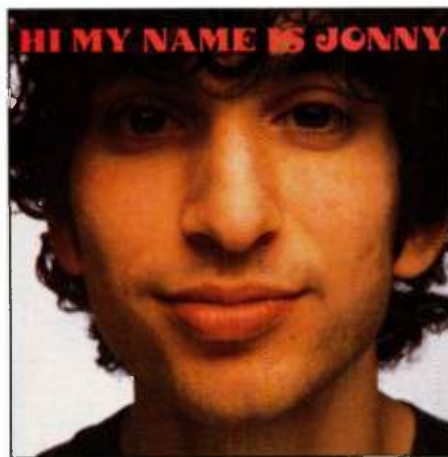
Love And Rockets Sweet F.A.



Frank Black The Cult Of Ray



Skinny Puppy The Process



Jonny Polonsky Hi My Name Is Jonny

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CMJ

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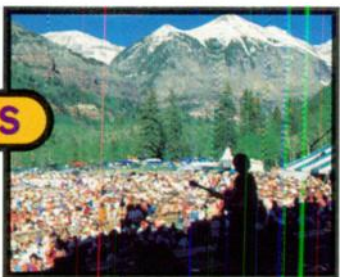
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LETTERS

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

We're all sensitive people and don't take kindly to name calling

Generally, I think the magazine is shoveling crap like everyone else, the industry machine of hyping and exploiting bands that agree to let themselves be used in exchange for some kind of glory, let's call it. But music isn't meant to be all crap and no substance. God, it's music. That beautiful, sacred, fun thing that's an expressive outlet for humans in particular. How off-track all the magazines like yours have gotten... The industry churns out shit and can't wait to replace it with more; if the first pile failed, keep shoveling shit till you strike it big or make it appear that they're big. Why is it that I've never seen Stereolab, the Ex, Chumbawamba, Dog Faced Hermans, Opal or Trans Am make it in the smallest way? They've all done incredible music for about 10 years, some more, some less. Still they have no, or mediocre distribution or exposure, while the likes of Bush, Green Day, Nirvana, No Doubt, Presidents Of The U.S.A., etc., make it, suddenly, out of nowhere and thanks to a thousand industry monsters pushing them to the top hoping for a piece of it themselves... How's that for telling it like it is, fuckers? You keep shoveling shit the people keep consuming, but you're partly responsible for what people become. Youth is hugely shaped by popular music and you all know it... In the latest issue you people said in a review of Girls Against Boys (incredibly stupid name) "three stellar records... cool as anything you'll hear..." Blah! It's unoriginal crap. The same formula, just a different band name. But in a Stereolab review... amazingly, you said... that they owe their sound to others and their music is all the same—bullshit! What's the matter with you people? Has the crap filter in your ears gotten larger in your ears and replaced the quality filter? Tim borrows some and adds his own flavor, and Laetitia is a modern Astrud Gilberto! This is the best band around, and they don't compromise themselves to make beautiful music either! Also noticed: You don't like to cover gay bands, do you? Tribe 8 has been ignored for 6 years, what's the problem? They made great rockin' punk music way before any bands you cover now that are punk-labeled. What about God Is My Co-Pilot too?

P.S. You put Oasis (!) on the cover and tease people with the same old line, "the band you love to hate" routine. Why? Put bands on the cover that you love to love instead! Fuck the American shit bands you review—lame trash! I'll buy Muzak tapes before I'd buy the crap you people review.

H.R.
Jersey City

(and we wish you'd included your address), but you raise a bunch of points we'd like to address.

1) Green Day, Nirvana and the other bands you mention certainly wouldn't have made it as big as they have without an industry push (though people who think Green Day or Nirvana came "out of nowhere" are fooling themselves); but all the pushing in the world can't sell a record that people don't like and want to buy. We've seen huge record-label promotional efforts behind albums that sold in the low triple digits. The flipside of that is that nobody forces anybody to buy records: people buy Bush and No Doubt records because they like them.

2) We put bands on the cover because they interest us, and will be of interest to as many potential readers as possible. Once we've got people buying the magazine, taking it home and reading it, we can introduce them to stuff they may not know about already. It's the Trojan Horse thing.

3) Hmm. Girls Against Boys are actually not as good as we say they are, and Stereolab (whom we put in Best New Music) are in fact better. Thanks for setting us straight, Taste Cop. (To take the same pose for a minute, Tribe 8 have swell politics, but as a band, they are almost objectively dreadful.) Look, you may have different opinions about music than we do, but we're not The Culture Machine: we're actual people named Jenny and Douglas and Scott who like some bands and dislike others.

4) Why we don't cover your favorite bands. Actually, we've given a lot of the ones you mention the praise they deserve—in fact, anyone who's ever talked to our managing editor for more than five minutes knows he won't shut up about most of them. But more to the point, we can't and won't cover everybody's favorite bands—the fact that we have a finite number of pages means that a lot of worthy stuff will inevitably get left out. Read the magazine with an open mind, and you'll probably discover some new stuff you like. We hope we do a good job with that, and we hope you pick up CMJ again. —ed.

Another view

Some of your indie readers need to accept the fact that bands can reach platinum status and still make good music. I'm tired of this '90s attitude that says that the more albums you sell, the less cool you are. Nobody enters any business just to be successful enough to keep their heads above water. Selling out really only means that a few stingy fans are pissed because their favorite band made it big and they don't want to share. Personally, I'd love for some of my favorite new bands to reach the big time. It would mean that more people appreciate good music instead of acts that look better than they sound.

If people would open their ears and minds, they would find that an occasional swim in the mainstream can be a refreshing change from continually wading in the backwater.

Brad Abel
Memphis, TN

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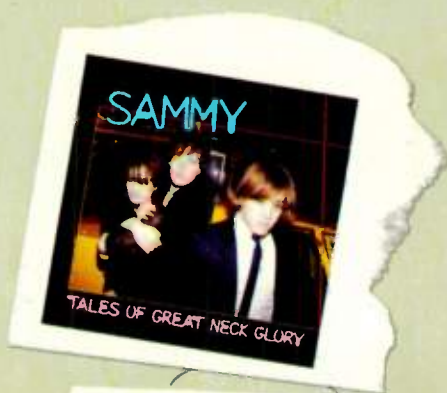
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QUICK FIX

RICHARD DAVIES

A MOLE COMES UP FROM UNDERGROUND

Songwriter Richard Davies, who's made a name for himself in the indie-underground with his bands the Moles and Cardinal, has been compared to fabulous songwriters and arrangers from days gone by—everyone from Brian Wilson to Phil Spector to David Bowie. From the horse's mouth, which artists actually influenced him? "Who do you think?" Davies quips back at me on the phone from Australia. John Lennon, whose attention to lyrical detail, lithe songwriting style and unusual phrasing I hear in Davies' new album, *There's Never Been A Crowd Like This* (Flydaddy), comes to mind. "I was a very big fan of the Beatles, like everybody, I suppose," Davies agrees. "But the funny thing is that this record was done on the tape machine that he did his last record on. And it broke; as soon as I finished recording, the machine broke down. So I was the last person to use the bloody thing. It was an old studio two-inch tape thing that he did the *Double Fantasy* record on. That was one of the biggest reasons that I'd recorded in the studio. When they told me that, I thought, 'That's just too nostalgic for words, I've got to record here'... Yeah, he really was a big example, as a person as much as a musician. And that's the thing, I think, with a lot of my music: It's not so much a musical thing. It's—I hope the feeling that people get is the person that they're hearing as much as the actual sounds that they're hearing. That seems to be a feature of anything that I've been doing, whether it's a garage band or whether it's an orchestrated thing, or if it's a stripped-down guitar-and-piano thing."

With that last phrase, he neatly sums up the ground he's covered with the Moles, Cardinal and his solo work, respectively. But *There's Never Been A Crowd...* marks a breaking point with his past in a notable way: like a '50s crooner, Davies merely sang (and played harmonica) on this record, delegating the guitar, piano, bass, drum and trumpet details to session musicians, who played under his watchful eye. One of the main reasons for hiring out



PHOTO BY TONY MOTT

musicians was that Davies can't play the piano, the poignant tones of which figure prominently on the album's spare arrangements. "I wrote the stuff, but I can't actually play piano at all. I don't know what the chords are called or anything," he admits. "So I had to get somebody to do it, because I would've been in there for six weeks trying to record a song, and obviously I couldn't afford that."

But the act of turning over parts of his songs led to a clarity of understanding in his own development as an artist. "I'm slowly discovering that I have certain roles and certain functions as a musician, things that sit well with me, things that I'm good at, and the main thing about that is writing songs," Davies reveals. "I'm happy enough to accept that. I think the punk thing of doing everything yourself, for me anyway, is not necessarily something I have the desire to stick with permanently. I understand the ethic of it very well, because the first two records were done exactly like that: You know, think of something, record it very quickly, and do it all yourself, and I understand that ethic. But I'm also [now] understanding that you can delegate things, and that the sounds that you end up with can be just as interesting and valid."

—Lydia Anderson

IN MY ROOM

ARTISTS' PERSONAL PICKS

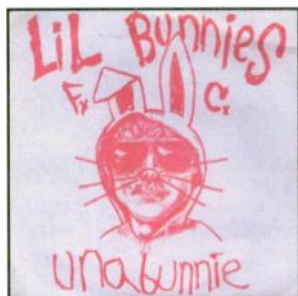
JAWBOX

Chopin
Nocturne No. 1

Eric Satie
Gymnopédie No. 2

Arnold Schoenberg
Symphony Of Psalms

Steve Reich
Desert Music



RECORD COVER OF THE MONTH

Sacramento, California's Lil Bunnies have improbably returned with a second 7" EP, *Unabunnie* (Wrench, BCM Box 4049, London WC1N 3XX, U.K.)—five more howling punk rock songs about being cute little bunnies, blowing things up, eating carrots, sending mail bombs, hopping around, and the like. Note the "EC." lovingly written in the hardcore font.

Random fact:

Blue Suede Shoes, the very first full-length professional ballet set to the music of Elvis Presley, opened at the Cleveland Playhouse Square Theater on May 29, with costumes designed by Bob Mackie.

PROMO ITEM OF THE MONTH

In picking a promo item based on *Shag Tobacco*, the title of the recent Gavin Friday album, Island had two clear choices. Although none of us smoke, we're glad they opted for the tobacco.



INSPIRATIONAL VERSE: "A uterus punched me and a clock bit my ball/Is it any wonder Umberto Eco was ten feet tall?/There's a snake in the woods which will scare you to death/He's 7000 feet long and he shoots crystal meth"—Sockeye, "Indieground"

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World Radio History

QUICK FIX

THE GOLDEN LEMONS

MUTTER TONGUE



"Hamburg is the Seattle of Germany," proclaims Schorsch Kamerun, singer and one of two founding members still playing with the 12-year-old Golden Lemons. "Musically, Berlin was very popular in the early '80s. But now, Hamburg, internationally, seems to be the only town in Germany that people seem to take seriously." European music writers have dubbed the music from there the "Hamburg School." And to extend—if not destroy—the metaphor, the Golden Lemons are the district superintendents, much like the Ramones or Sonic Youth in New York. When asked about the dozen or so personnel credited with playing on their new release, *Punkrock*, the band shrugs it off as "their studio band." The current line-up, however, is only two months old. In terms of membership, Die Goldenen Zitronen are the Motorhead of Hamburg, and Schorsch is their Lemmy Kilmister.

Punkrock, just released on Jet Set-Big Cat, is the Golden Lemons' American debut, although it was recorded in 1990. Despite the title, it's filled with rootsy, raw garage-rock rave-ups. Hans Platzgumer, the guitarist (who also plays with HP Zinker), says in a typical German ontological explanation, "Punkrock is more about the attitude... It's not about the music but the icons and the ideals of the band... the attitude is punk." Philosophically, the band identifies more with The

Clash than, say, Green Day; but musically they're more akin to the psycho-billy of Reverend Horton Heat, the Cramps or Southern Culture On The Skids. Accordingly, Thee Headcoats' fiercely prolific Billy Childish, king of lo-fi garage punk (and sometime Sub Pop recording artist), was hired to produce *Punkrock*. Schorsch has known Childish since 1979, when he followed Childish's band, the Pop Rivets, on a tour of Germany. Recording on only eight tracks, it took Childish just four days to complete the album.

Singing in what seems rock's natural *mutter* tongue, the band gives the songs on *Punkrock* a fierce attack. Unfortunately, the record only includes four tantalizing translations of the album's 13 songs, leaving one gasping for more. "80 Million Hooligans" features intelligent lyrics about German reunification, immigrants and the rise of fascism. *Punkrock*, however, is mostly filled with less serious songs, including covers of Sonny and Cher ("These Little Things") and Jacques Dutronc ("The Cacti"), and a Jonathan Richman-inspired song ("Fender Stratocaster," which includes

the lyrical gem "That inner something, that magic glow/Mark Knopfler, Eric Clapton and George Bush/Have all found what I'm still looking for"). Check out the rockin' glockenspiel on the Morricone-inspired spaghetti-Western/*Superfly*-like instrumental "Hobby Rider," the bells on "Heil Bockwurst" and Nixe, the Nico-sounding chanteuse who takes Cher's part on "These Little Things."

The band is planning another Stateside release from its back catalog, loosely translated as *A Little Bit Of Slaughter* (no one is quite sure of the exact translation). They have also just finished recording a new record, tentatively titled *Hoochie Goochie*, scheduled for European release this summer. As our brief interview winds down, the road-weary band—having just returned from a week's respite in Puerto Rico and an exhaustive but well-received maiden U.S. tour of Chicago and New York—laments "Sorry you couldn't squeeze more out of us today—we are dry lemons."

—Andy Gensler

GHOST IN THE MACHINE

It seems only appropriate that there are a couple of ghost tracks hidden on the *X-Files* compilation CD, *Songs In The Key Of X*. Rewind past the start of the first track to -9:14—careful, any further and you'll end up at track one again—and you'll hear Nick Cave backed by the Dirty Three for "Time Jesum Transeuntum Et Non Riverentum" ("Dread The Passage Of Jesus, For He Will Not Return") and a slightly twisted version of the *X-Files* theme.

MIX TAPE

Rock #588 by Stephen M. Jessup

"I am a 52-year-old judge. The way I handle stress is to go home, put on some earphones and make a tape. Since I first got into CDs, I have made 600 rock tapes, 72 new age tapes and about 40 jazz tapes. I find your 'Mix Tape' feature interesting, and thought I'd send you a couple of my recent creations."

Side One:

Billy Joel: Light As A Breeze
Leonard Cohen: Why Don't You Try
Queen: Made In Heaven
Matthew Sweet: Someone To Pull The Trigger
Janis Joplin: Down On Me
Frank Black: Brackish Boy
The Breeders: Mad Lucas
Hootie & The Blowfish: I Go Blind
Jack Bruce: Morning Story
Tall Dwarfs: Log
Thomas Dolby: Close But No Cigar
Rex: Come Down
Morphine: Claire

Side Two:

Joan Osborne: Lumina
Dusty Springfield: All I Have To Offer You Is Love
The Walkabouts: Feast Or Famine
Meat Puppets: Animal Kingdom
Steve Wynn: The Air That I Breathe
Camper Van Beethoven: All Her Favorite Fruit
Rusted Root: Cat Turned Blue
My Dad Is Dead: Chasing Shadows
Jewel: Painters
Smashing Pumpkins: 1979
Eric Matthews: Fanfare

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, and we'll pick out one we think is interesting for a future issue.



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QUICK FIX

WESLEY WILLIS

ROCK NOW, ASK QUESTIONS LATER

"Alright, this is not a hellride, we're taking you all on a joyride tonight, so get ready! It's time to fuck control and just let the motherfucker go! I'm only gonna say one thing: you better do what I say because I rock the motherfucking jam any goddamn way!" Wesley Willis is shouting at the crowd from the stage, reading from a blackened, duct-taped notebook. A diagnosed schizophrenic who fronts a hardcore band, Willis creates outsider art that celebrates the glory and energy of rock 'n' roll as it simultaneously sends it up. Whether he's butting heads with Kato Kaelin, making interviewers roar like a lion or barking like a dog on MTV, Wesley Willis is the ultimate confrontation, the ultimate antithesis to the status quo.

On Willis' recent solo album, *Rock And Roll Will Never Die* (Oglio), each song is about a different band, from Liz Phair to Jefferson Airplane to Hootie & The Blowfish. "*Foo Fighters! Foo Fighters! Foo Fighters!*" go the lyrics to "Foo Fighters." Not only is Wesley probably the most unlikely media figure and frontman for a rock band ever, he's also a talented artist, drawing elaborate freehand drawings of buses, trains and buildings on enormous slabs of posterboard. Far from being chaotic like his onstage personality, they are striking for their dozens of meticulous, rulerless parallel lines and their architectural detail—right down to the number of rivets on the bumpers of the buses.

"He was a visual artist for years," recounts Dale, guitarist for the Wesley Willis Fiasco. According to Dale, Wesley's father and other family members sold mix tapes on the streets of Chicago's South Side, so Wesley naturally gravitated towards selling his own drawings on the steps of various Chicago museums and art spots. Dale met Wesley through his girlfriend, who worked at an art store Wesley frequented. "We first met Wes in our loft. You know, we had a recording studio in our loft, and just kind of played around and recorded. And [one night] Wes wanted to sing with the band."

Wesley has already self-released over a dozen CDs, which he sells at his shows. Even with little distribution other than his own black travel bag that he takes on tour, it's still clear that he's better off financially than he was before he started playing music. In interviews (which usually consist of little more than Wesley shouting slogans and butting heads with the interviewer), Wesley insists that it is rock music—along with his medicine—which



keeps the voices inside his head at bay, either when he's onstage with the Fiasco or blasting through the headphones of the portable CD player he keeps around his waist, even while onstage. "Music can take a hellride, and turn it into a joyride," he once said adamantly to a rather intimidated-looking Tabitha Soren.

Pat, the Fiasco's other guitarist, says "Wesley, he's this big crazy black guy and he's kind of intimidating. And a lot of people walk down the street and kind of like walk around him, and would rather not talk to him. And it's a shame, 'cause he's really got some cool stuff to say. So by putting him up on stage, it gets people to listen to him that otherwise might not if they were alone on a dark street or waiting for an El train. People will avoid some sort of confrontation, you know, cross on the other side of the street and stuff," he continues. "And now maybe if Wesley becomes as big as he wants to become, and as visual as he wants to be, maybe people aren't [as likely to] be that way anymore. Maybe people will go out there and kind of embrace those differences, to maybe try and understand the Wesleys of the world."

"It's time to rock the jam, it's time to get the goddamn word out! I'm gonna get that motherfucker on the set!" Wesley rants from the stage while the band tunes up. He's been known to read the entire set list to the audience before the band has played a note. "All you grandmothers, if you don't like the way my band rocks, don't come to the show any more!" —James Lien

IN MY ROOM

ARTISTS' PERSONAL PICKS

DEAN WAREHAM

LUNA

BOBBIE GENTRY

Teach 'Em With Love

PAPAS FRITAS

Papas Fritas

VLADIMIR NABOKOV

Book: Lolita

JAMES ELLROY

Book: American Tabloid

STEREOLAB

Emperor Tomato Ketchup

TOURS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

Summer Born To Lead...The Summer Hits, Summer Holiday, Summer Stock, ESP Summer and Donna Summer.

HAZY SHADE OF WINTER

Johnny and Edgar Winter are suing DC Comics for "defamation, negligence and intentional infliction of emotional distress" stemming from the company's *Jonah Hex: Riders Of The Worm And Such* title and two of its characters, Johnny and Edgar Autumn.

DEPT. OF FOUND POETRY

Jen, Barry and Kym of WNSU sent us the following lyric, to be sung to the tune of the H.R. Pufnstuf theme. "Glenn Danzig, Buff 'n' stuff, He's your friend when The pit gets rough. Glenn Danzig, Buff 'n' stuff, Can't scratch his head 'Cause of steroids 'n' stuff."





Bastards of Melody

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BEST NEW MUSIC

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL

Walking Wounded

Atlantic



You can't fault Everything But The Girl for knowing on which side its bread is buttered. After a dozen years of making beautiful voice-and-guitar records, the duo of Tracy Thorn and Ben Watt let late-'80s dancefloor god Todd Terry remix "Missing" into a thing of shimmering electronic loveliness, tacked the new version onto the end of the previously released *Amplified Heart*, and had a humongous hit. The follow-up, *Walking Wounded*, finds the duo deciding not to mess with a good idea: it's got nine new understated dance grooves, very much in the style of "Missing," plus another Todd Terry remix (this time of the low-slung house number "Wrong") and, to be a little more *au courant* on the dance floor, a remix of the title track by jungle heroes the Omni Trio. EBTG has obviously cashed in, but it hasn't sold out, either. As long as its songs remain as intricate and emotionally mature as they've always been (and they do here), there's no shame in presenting them in a way that lots of people like and (this is important) for which the band clearly has as much passion as it does for the chiming-guitar stuff. Watt and Thorn make the electronics serve the songs: where real strings would make lines like "What do you want from me?/Are you trying to punish me?" descend into bathos, the fake strings of a thousand jungle records just make Thorn's voice stand out in all its naked fragility. If EBTG started for you this year, they deliver the goods on their new incarnation's first real album; if you've known them all along, you won't miss the old version.

—Douglas Wolk

DATALOG: Released May 14.

FILE UNDER: Song-based techno.

R.I.Y.L.: Eurythmics, Goldie, Sade.

DEFINITION OF SOUND

Experience

Mercury



For a brief moment in the '80s, there were musicians like Prince who believed they could have it all—all genres, all sounds, jamming together. Two MCs in the fractious '90s, Kevin Clark and Don Weekes—Definition Of Sound—are admirably dedicated to the same principle. Fronting like pimps but thinking like gearheads, Clark and Weekes released a remarkable album in 1992 called *The Lick* that reimagined hip-hop as a fluid continuum of pop styles. Their third opus, *Experience*, confirms that Definition Of Sound is onto a subgenre all its own. Symphonic and painstakingly crafty, *Experience* is a grab for pop's brass ring that most MCs would find embarrassing. Though adept rappers, Clark and Weekes aren't afraid to sing or employ vocalists, and they'd rather put their song craft at center stage. On "Lucy," a soothing tone poem about loose women, and on the heartbreakingly pretty, acoustic-guitar-based "Mama," Clark and Weekes don't just sprinkle on melodies, they fill the pool and bathe in them. The title song is a manifesto that starts with raps over ominous funk keyboards, adds in sparkling horn charts and a chorus of female voices, and piles on an entire string section. Labored as that sounds, the song—actually, the whole album—never spins out of control, held in place by the gravitational, communal force of pop.

—Chris Molanphy

DATALOG: Released May 21.

FILE UNDER: Pet Soundz.

R.I.Y.L.: P.M. Dawn, Prince, Massive Attack, Neneh Cherry.

SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS

Hot
Mammoth



They may seem genteel, with their evening wear and jazzy, retro tunes, but make no mistake: the Squirrel Nut Zippers are an ass-kickin' bunch. You can be nostalgic all you want and let Katherine Whalen's Billie Holiday trills carry you off into dreams of F. Scott, Zelda and bathtub gin, but that's hardly the point of this band. *Hot* is straight-up whorehouse jazz, a rollicking, roiling sound that'll sweep up anyone with a sense of rhythm. Squirrel Nut Zippers' sweaty exuberance is infectious, but it's also uncompromising—if you're not going to dance, you'd best get out the way. And that's what makes sets *Hot* in the here and now. The Zippers drink heartily from the font of Fats Waller and radiate Prohibition-era decadence, but they aren't restoring their art one brushstroke at a time: They're playing for all it's worth, pushing the music, themselves and the crowd as far as they can. It's simply hard to argue with a vision this complete and well-rendered. Not to mention this much fun: "Put A Lid On It," teased by Whalen's cocked-eyebrow cajoling, the proto-calypso sing-a-long "Hell" and the instrumental "Memphis Exorcism" swing outrageously, and the Victrola pop of "Blue Angel" and "Prince Nez" are as catchy as the influenza, so go ahead. *Dance.* —Scott Frampton

DATALOG: Released Jun. 4. Recorded at Daniel Lanois' Kingsway Studios in New Orleans.

FILE UNDER: Hot music.

R.I.Y.L.: Fats Waller, early Billie Holiday, Jelly Roll Morton.

POSIES

Amazing Disgrace
Geffen



When I was a young man, I saw, through a crowd, a smile that struck me as the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. The tug it made on my heart, of course, soon turned into a gnawing ache. That brings us to *Amazing Disgrace*, where that initial tug is the sweetness of the Posies' finely executed power-pop. Songwriters Ken Stringfellow and John Auer have always managed to wring just a little bit more out of the pop-rock formula than their contemporaries, and by cranking the guitars to live-show levels, letting them crash all over the harmonies, they've made this their finest record. But what you'd expect of a couple of guys with the acumen to stitch together a song called "Grant Hart" out of vintage Hüsker Dü style points—that they're easily too smart for their own good—is plainly true here. And that's where the gnawing comes in. The songs are all sugar cut with salt, just sweet enough to beguile you into swallowing all the bitterness within. Take "Please Return It," a nakedly emotional song about the end of a relationship that's poignant enough until, two and a quarter minutes in, it kicks into a chorus that sums up the entire experience: "There's an upside/There has to be an upside." If your heart isn't torn out by that, it wasn't doing you any good anyway. Seldom have songs this good made me feel this lousy. —Scott Frampton

DATALOG: Released May 14. Produced by Nick Launay (PIL, Talking Heads).

FILE UNDER: Pop goes the heartbreak.

R.I.Y.L.: Big Star, Matthew Sweet, Cheap Trick.

ME'SHELL NDEGE'OCHELLO

Peace Beyond Passion
Maverick



By now, you've guessed that Me'Shell Ndege'ocello has some issues. The question is how those issues manifest themselves in an effective second record after a well-received debut, *Plantation Lullabies*, and a duet with John Mellencamp that did as much for his flagging career as it did her incipient one. With *Peace Beyond Passion*, her polemics are more subdued, as is her music, a point that only seems ironic in the face of how deep within herself Ndege'ocello seems to have gone in the making of this record. Her bass is still the prominent force in her music, but more as an anchor for a more soulful sound that reaches back, successfully, to Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye and Curtis Mayfield. Soul is called that for a reason, and Ndege'ocello has adopted it as the sound of this record with purpose. "Leviticus: Faggot" recalls Wonder both in its minor-key melody (later, there are fragments of "Signed, Sealed, Delivered" in "God Shiva") and in its storytelling, its way of making the personal political and vice versa. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this record is how assuredly and carefully she winds the record's ongoing Biblical themes ("Ecclesiastes: Free My Heart," "Mary Magdelene") around her own. Mature and thoughtful, *Peace Beyond Passion* is Ndege'ocello's soul's expression, and she's not afraid to draw on the most powerful symbols to realize it. —Scott Frampton

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 25.

FILE UNDER: Modern conscious soul.

R.I.Y.L.: Dionne Ferris, Marvin Gaye's *What's Going On*.

stone temple pilots

where's weiland?

by tom lanham

The bungalows are jumping at Hollywood's breezy Sunset Marquis. Past a private gated walkway, one hut houses Stone Temple Pilots drummer Eric Kretz, who's kicked back at the dining room table, working through a long list of phone interviews. In another gazebo, guitarist Dean DeLeo grabs a quick lunch before hurrying back to a syndicated-radio chat. Fresh off of a phoner himself, his brother, Pilots bassist/conceptualist Robert DeLeo, takes a minute to freshen up, then pounces on the only space left in the complex—an adjacent bedroom—for his umpteenth Q&A for the day. The reason for all this hustle and bustle? The So-Cal grunge-pop quartet's new record, *Tiny Music*, is coming out, and a press day has been set up at the last minute.

That's the good news. The bad news, however, is painfully obvious. Missing from the gathering was frontman Scott Weiland, whose scathing, soul-baring lyrics for *Tiny Music* practically demand his attendance. Rumors of breakup have swirled around STP since last May, when the singer was arrested in Pasadena on charges of cocaine and heroin possession. He later went public with his problem—a heroin addiction that hounded him for three years and seriously undermined his marriage. It was a habit, he said, that helped him cope with the overnight celebrity afforded him by Core, Stone Temple Pilots' quadruple-platinum debut from '92. So staying clean has become not only a part of his probation, but the only way to keep himself—and his long-suffering band—alive.

And Robert DeLeo reckons record buyers will be shocked to see their latest sitting proudly on the racks. But he chooses his words cautiously when discussing the events surrounding it. "Things have been, um, quite frustrating," he frowns, taking a seat at a tiny work desk. Heartbreaking as well? He nods. "Yeah. You could throw a little bit of that in. But having to deal with things on a day-to-day basis is the most frustrating part of it—just wondering what's gonna happen tomorrow. And that's pretty much the way we're treating this band right now.

"And to put it honestly, I think the four of us and what we have is much deeper than someone having a drug problem or someone having this or that problem. It's *much* deeper than that. And as far as music goes, we made a third record, plain and simple. And all the dirty laundry that people want to overshadow the good part of things? Well, I really don't want that to happen. I'm just really happy that we made a great record."

Weiland's gut-level lyrics, in fact, say everything DeLeo can't: "Sell more records if I'm dead... hope it's near corporate records' fiscal year"; "Let go it's harder holding on/One more trip and I'll be gone"; "Sell your soul and sign an autograph... I wanna die but I gotta laugh." But DeLeo has a few thoughts on the subject. "When you're addicted to whatever it may be, I think it's human nature to be in denial about things," theorizes the clean-cut, dress-shirted musician. He admits that he's never endured anything close to addiction, and that it's been difficult watching his old chum—whom he first met at a Black Flag concert in '85—stumble and fall.

"When you're in that frame of mind, everything that's coming out of your mouth isn't quite truthful. There's a difference between being high and being straight. And when someone's your friend when

they're straight and then *not* your friend when they're high, I mean, you *can't* judge somebody while that's going on. So the friendship was just kind of put aside for awhile, and I think it still is. And I think being able to write music together goes beyond friendship—it's something understood there, that the brother's got problems and he's gotta work 'em out. But we can still write songs together, and that's beautiful."

Weiland picked up electric guitar for the first time on *Tiny Music*. He also started singing—really pushing himself into smooth, artful new territory—instead of relying on the faux-Vedder murmur-mumble that critics slagged on Core. What happened? DeLeo points to the crook of his arm, then grabs his adam's apple. "That shit'll change your voice... Plus the last track that Scott did was the Lennon-tribute track ["How Do You Sleep" from *Working Class Hero*].



L-R: Robert DeLeo, Dean DeLeo, Scott Weiland and Eric Kretz

and I think he was just on that Lennon kick. But when I write a song, and when Scott puts what he's done on top of it, it might have been different from what I was thinking... some way, it'll work itself out. But that's his thing, his freedom to do whatever he wants on his own."

Well, *almost* everything. DeLeo sadly confesses that Stone Temple Pilots has been forced—at several times in its short career—to hold band meetings to determine whether to continue or not. "And it's very hard to go about that, because you don't want to hurt anybody's feelings or step on anybody's personal toes." Eventually, he says, they opted to "just let it run its course and see what happens. It's all you can do. And like I said, it's very frustrating at times."

So where is Weiland today? Why isn't he on hand to tell his side of the story? DeLeo, well-meaning to a fault, finally gets a little cagey. "Uh, he's, um... resting? Yeah, he's resting," he grins. A serious expression suddenly creases the levity. "I don't really know how to answer that one, actually..."

END

Note: Soon after the interview, STP issued a press release cancelling the group's planned free concerts in Chicago, Los Angeles and New York. It read, in part, "The reason for this cancellation is that our lead singer, Scott Weiland, has become unable to rehearse or appear for these shows due to his dependency on drugs. He is currently under a doctor's care in a medical facility."

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the posies

"I have this theory about alternative rock," says Posies guitarist and songwriter Ken Stringfellow, banging his hands on a shiny conference table. "You have to have one guy in the band that sucks. If you don't, you just become prog-rock." Stringfellow illustrates his point with a few fellow Seattle bands. "Take Nirvana. Dave and Chris are both amazing players, but Kurt sucked as a guitarist. Same with Soundgarden," he grins, but won't elaborate. "In the Posies, I suck. So that's the difference between us and a band like Rush."

Of course, with his shocking pink hair and red polyester flares—not to mention the rest of the band's sartorial and personal eccentricities—Stringfellow and the Posies diverge with Rush on more than just issues of instrumental dexterity.

"Ken downplays his abilities," says songwriting partner and fellow guitarist Jon Auer, his own hair gently aglow with a deep purple glint. "He'd rather be known as a non-musician. When we were younger, I could play faster and better, but he's taken music theory and stuff and has done a good job of catching up."

Due in part to their vastly different approaches, Auer and Stringfellow now comprise modern rock's best songwriting team. Auer, a burly guy with a mild demeanor, is the strong, silent type, with a knack for arena-rock hooks, wheedling solos and meaningful love songs. Stringfellow, conversely, is quick to pounce in a punk rock kind of way, preferring to gnash out a night's worth of sloppy, cathartic power chords than to settle down long enough to pick out a flashy 12-note solo. Together, the duo comprises rock's latest answer to Tom Verlaine and Richard Lloyd (or, perhaps, the Smothers Brothers), with a brash, dynamic yin/yang chemistry. The most recent fruit of that chemistry is the band's excellent fourth album, *Amazing Disgrace*.

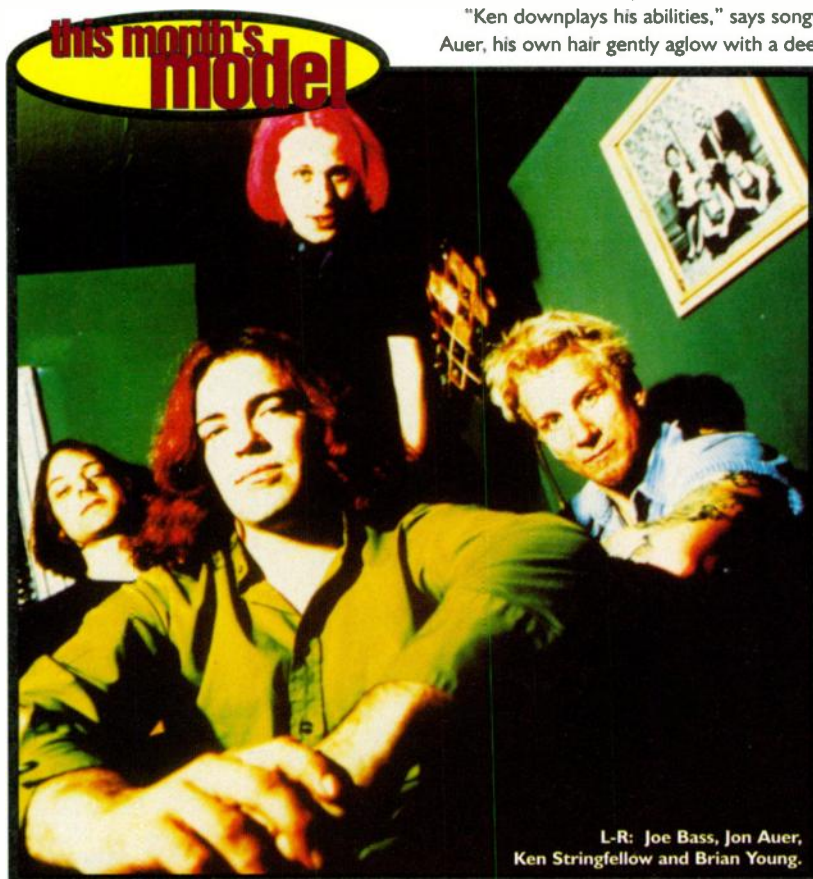
But the real story behind this Seattle songwriting team is not so much what has happened or how it

happens, but why it hasn't happened. After three archetypal power-pop records, *Failure*, *Dear 23* and *Frosting On The Beater*, success has proved elusive for the Posies. Over the course of their eight-year career, the band (now featuring bassist Joe Bass and drummer Brian Young)—as pre-ordained for stardom as any band this side of Veruca Salt—has witnessed firsthand the slippery, often capricious nature of the business.

"People want the obvious hook and the obvious lyric," says the hyper-energetic, platinum-blond Bass. "So I guess that means we're not really cut out for American audiences."

"This country is very nostalgic for whatever reason," adds Stringfellow. "Everybody has good memories of their childhood, so they think, 'Let's retreat to the '70s and the safer world of prosperity, good cartoons and cereal.' It's just hip to go back."

Stringfellow's bitterness bubbles to the surface when the discussion touches on success at home. "Americans like familiar things; they're suspicious of anything different. It's not like that in Europe," he says, reminiscing about the band's recent, tremendous overseas success. "In America, if you put a French word in your sentence you're a snob. In France, if you use an American word in a sentence you're cool."



L-R: Joe Bass, Jon Auer, Ken Stringfellow and Brian Young.

Auer agrees, but has a somewhat lighter perspective than his colleague. "At some point there's gonna be a synthesis of what we do and what people can understand. I think we'll hit upon this at random and write the song that's not obvious but simple enough to understand."

"Here's our thing," states Stringfellow, as if making a business proposal. "OK, so people in America don't like us. Fuck 'em. On the average—I hate to be cynical—it seems like there are the same number of cool people living over in England as there are here, but there's only 40 million people there and 270 million here. There's so much filler here."

Amazing Disgrace gives voice to many of Stringfellow and Auer's concerns, with tracks whose titles give away their basic precepts: "Everybody Is A Fucking Liar," "Hate Song" and "Daily Mutilation." The Posies have always had a hefty cynical underpinning, but few times, if ever, has that cynicism reared back and snapped open as often as it does on *Amazing Disgrace*.

"We're gonna be the best band of the '90s that didn't make it," laughs Bass. "We've got a great label, great songs, a great look," he points to Ken and Jon, "and great management. And we still won't make it."

"Maybe one day we'll write something so sincere that it'll make all the schlocky insincere bands look schlocky," says Stringfellow, getting worked up again, his slim, boyish features taut with intensity. "Nirvana did that with metal. All of a sudden, with a metal-sounding record, they made all the Mötley Crüe's sound silly. The regime just toppled and the truth came out."

"There will always be bands who don't have a style, who just jump in and do whatever's popular," says Stringfellow echoing the sentiments of *Frosting On The Beater's* should've-been-a-hit single "Flavor Of The Month." "And these bands are good enough at that style to do well. But now those bands need to be disproved to a degree. They're like, 'Look, we can be bogus and still succeed!'"

If the Posies sound dissatisfied, they're at least part of a grand tradition. Big Star, the band's direct sonic ancestor on rock's family tree, suffered from the same dearth of popular recognition. Back in the early '70s, that group's highly acclaimed first record sold fewer than 10,000 copies. Today, to date, the Posies have sold only 100,000 total of their first three, similarly acclaimed records. Alex Chilton retreated after his commercial failure, a has-been at 20. Fortunately, the Posies have persisted, perhaps out of spite, perhaps out of sheer determination—and Auer and Stringfellow ended up playing with Chilton in the revived Big Star a few years ago.

"We were really into Big Star," Auer explains, "we loved the songs, even covered some of them, but we didn't give a shit about Alex as a cult figure or a star. Everybody told us Alex was an asshole, he was fucked up, he doesn't care. So we wrote it off." But through former Big Star member Jody Stephens, the band discovered Chilton was looking for some musical support.

"After a while, when Alex found out that we weren't gonna kiss his ass, he relaxed," says Stringfellow. "When people kiss his ass he just treats 'em like shit. That's his natural reaction." Chilton felt comfortable enough with his new, temporary bandmates to tell them manic stories about his drug problems and his former "band," late '60s teen pop sensations the Box Tops—stories Stringfellow didn't feel privileged to share. "If you ask him, he'll never tell you. If you ask him to play a song, it'll be the last song he'll play for you. Total child psychology."

"We're gonna be the best band of the '90s that didn't make it."

The Posies, Stephens and Chilton, performing as Big Star, recorded one album, *Columbia: Live At Missouri University*. "Alex is a pro," adds Auer, crossing his legs and taking a drag from a cigarette, "kinda like Chuck Berry. You'd better know those songs cold. Unlike Chuck, he wouldn't throw a fit onstage; he'd just expect you to know everything spot on."

Auer and Stringfellow's own songs deserve to be as well known as Chilton's are now—their material ranks as the best of its kind. "The songs are the most important thing about this band," says Stringfellow. "If we made the big encyclopedia of rock bands where each band gets a one-sentence description, it'd read something like this: 'Pop band from Seattle, never very popular, two members also in Big Star.' There wouldn't be any mention that we were a kickass live band or that we wrote good songs." He shifts in his chair and leans forward. "In the end it seems that it's not the most interesting part of the story, which is sad because that's really the *only* story."

discography

Failure (PopLlama) 1988

Dear 23 (Geffen) 1990

"Smash It Up" on *Another Damned Seattle Compilation* (Dashboard Hula Girl) 1991

"The River Song" on *Island Of Circles* (Nettwerk) 1992

"O-o-h Child" on *20 More Explosive Fantastic Rockin' Mega Smash Hit Explosions!* (Pravda) 1992

"Song Of A Baker" on *The End Unleashed* (3:23) 1992

"Grow" on *Ask The Sky* (Rail (Japan)) 1993

Frosting On The Beater (Geffen) 1993

"Going, Going, Gone" on *Reality Bites* soundtrack (RCA) 1994

"Saying Sorry To Myself" on *Yellow Pills Vol. 2* (Big Deal) 1994

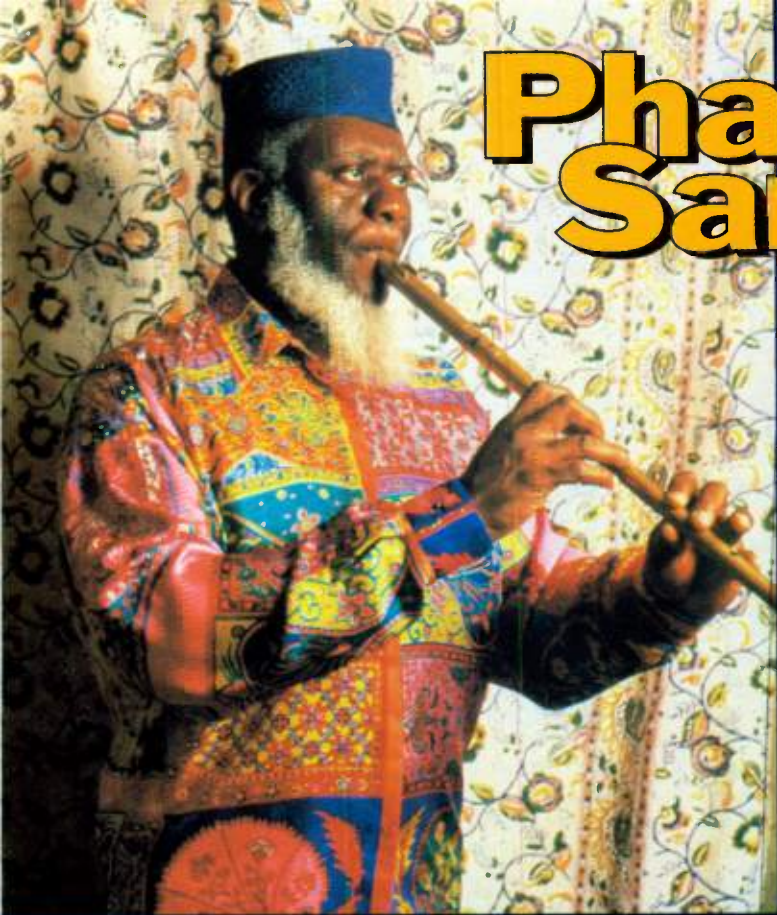
"Open Every Window" on *DGC Rarities Vol. 1* (DGC) 1994

"Leave Me Be" and "Brief Candles" on *The World Of The Zombies* (PopLlama) 1995

"King Midas In Reverse" on *Sing Hollies In Reverse* (Eggbert) 1995

Amazing Disgrace (Geffen) 1996

by bob gulla



Pharoah Sanders

has a Master Plan

PHAROAH ON CD: A selected guide to recent recordings and rereleases

Message From Home (Verve)
Produced by Bill Laswell. A heady range of musical styles, from African-influenced jazz to electronic funk. Features some of Pharoah's best playing in decades, and a special section where he plays unique resonating African bells.

Mahleem Mahmoud Ghania With Pharoah Sanders: *The Trance Of The Seven Colors* (Axiom)
Pharoah jams head-on, live-to-tape with master Moroccan musicians. "Just one tune that I had, right away, as I was playing, showing them how it goes, they were playing it with me! I said to myself 'there's no sense in me trying to go over it, because they got it already!'" It also features Sanders' moving tribute to the late jazz guitarist Sonny Sharrock.

Thembi (Impulse)
With master vocalist, Leon Thomas, this is the ultimate expression of Pharoah's loose, soaring, African-influenced jazz. The title track is magnificent.

Karma (Impulse)
Features one of Sanders' signature tunes, "The Creator Has A Master Plan."

Lord, Let Me Do No Wrong (Dr. Jazz)
A less-than-overwhelming date from the mid-'80s, but worth hearing for Pharoah's levitational solo on his version of "Out Of This World," a song associated with John Coltrane.

Ballads (Evidence)
In addition to playing interstellar jazz, Pharoah is also a master of tradition. This album, originally made for a Japanese label, finds him playing mellow standards decidedly in the pocket.

"So many things," says master saxophonist Pharoah Sanders when asked about his influences, which range from jazz and African music to soul, funk, R&B and even disco—elements he's drawn into his music since he burst onto the heady jazz scene of the mid-'60s. "Something that I like, it doesn't matter what it is, if I like it. I never listened to music as anything like categories, I might cut myself off from something. It's more universal than that," he says. It's that roving ethic that has led Pharoah to his first major-label album in over a decade, *Message From Home*. Produced by Bill Laswell, it mingles modern funk and acid-jazz stylings with the African-inspired improvisations of Pharoah's classic jazz albums for the Impulse label in the late '60s and early '70s. Even at 54, Pharoah is still unafraid to push for the edge.

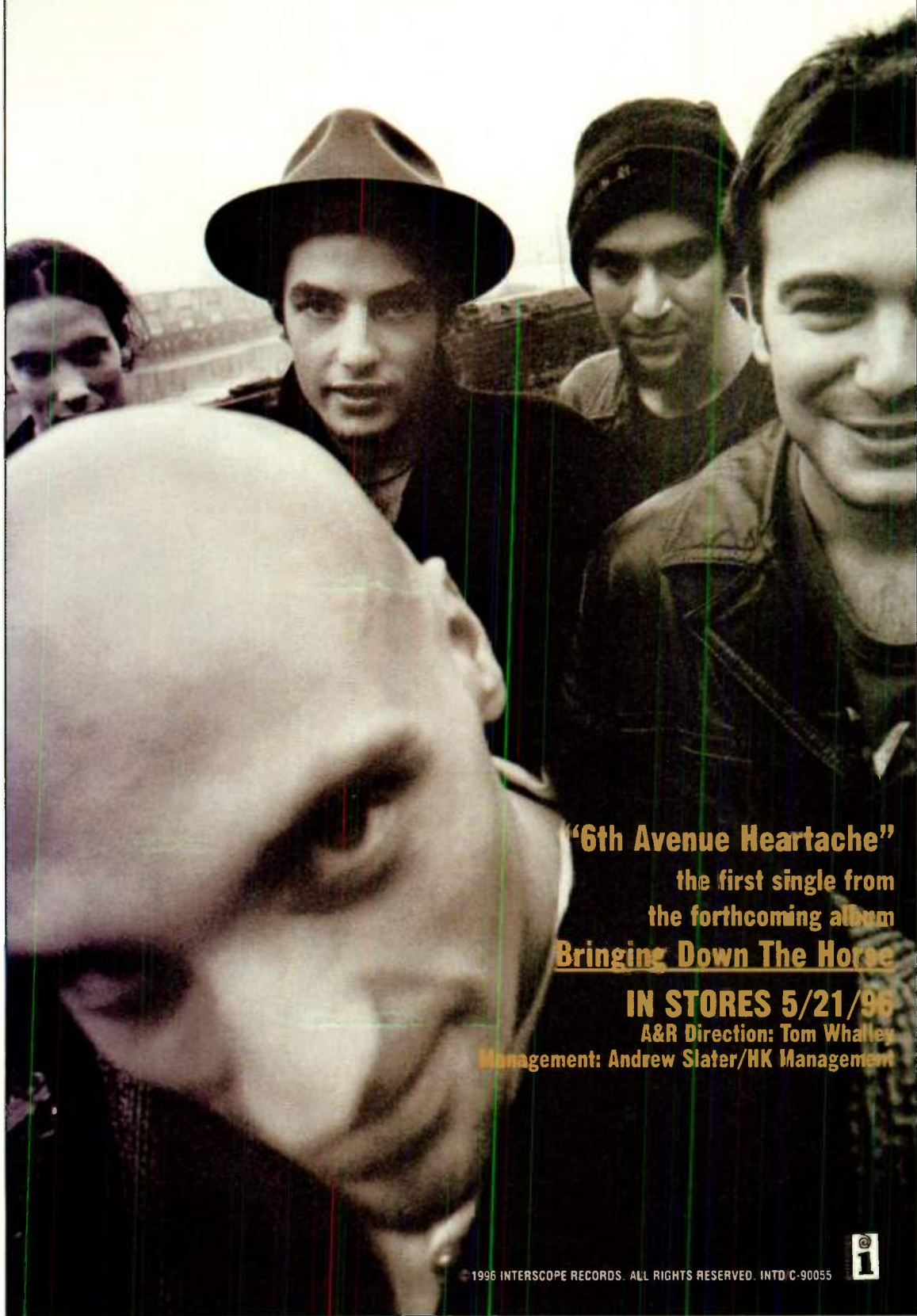
The album is actually a culmination of Pharoah's reemergence after a low-profile decade. "I thought I'd give it another try," he says, his silver-white goatee rustling as his eyes flicker from behind red oval sunglasses. The process began a few years ago when he relocated to Manhattan from the more relaxed environs of Oakland, California. Within two years, he'd boosted his profile, hooking up with Verve Records and New York producer Bill Laswell, playing on records by Randy Westor and Moroccan trance musician Mahleem Mahmoud Ghania, and jamming with the Last Poets on the chilling finale of the *Stolen Moments: Red Hot + Cool* AIDS benefit project. "I enjoyed playing with them," he says of the Poets. "I never got a chance to play with other musicians. They never call me!" Pharoah laughs. "A man trying to find some work," he mugs. "I guess they figure, if he's played with John Coltrane, he doesn't need the work!" More seriously, Pharoah reflects, "If the Creator keeps me here, keeps me in good health, if it's His will, then I'll keep on doing it."

Sanders can boast of having played two hours a night onstage with John Coltrane during one of the late jazz giant's most creative, spiritual epochs. Did Coltrane ever impart any wisdom about music? The question inspires another chuckle from behind Pharoah's sunglasses. "We talked about stuff, but we never talked about music that much! Now, I wish I had. Maybe I would have learned something! Lots of musicians and writers ask me, 'What about John, what did you talk about?' You know, like you'd think that maybe I'd ask him about a lot of music, or he'd tell me something special about what he was doing... and that was totally what we *didn't* talk about!" Pharoah laughs. "I remember one time, I sat next to him on the plane [possibly on their trip to record *Live In Japan*] and we sat next to each other all the way, and it seems like we didn't say a word for the whole trip! It seems I wanted to say something, and nothing came out. I mean, I was trying to figure out what was going on here, in my mind at least, because he most certainly didn't need me in his band. Trying to figure out, 'Well, why is he asking me to play?'" It's a question Pharoah need not ask anymore.

END

BY JAMES LIEN

THE WALLFLOWERS



"6th Avenue Heartache"

the first single from
the forthcoming album

Bringing Down The Horse

IN STORES 5/21/96

A&R Direction: Tom Whalley

Management: Andrew Slater/HK Management

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SOUND GARDEN

*It's an unnaturally sunny spring day in Seattle, and all the windows are open in a small conference room at Susan Silver Management, where the firm's most prestigious client, Soundgarden, sits basking in the warmth like sleepy lizards. Down the hall, three frisky Pomeranians are wrestling with each other, and since they belong to Silver and her husband, Chris Cornell, they pretty much have the run of the building. And as the members (minus bassist Ben Shepherd) begin discussing their self-produced new album, *Down On The Upside*, a lone dust-colored Weimaraner—another pampered office pet—stares, whining, outside the closed plexiglass doors. Suddenly, in the middle of discussing Soundgarden's studio technique, Cornell leaps to his feet, races to the window, and barks an excited alarm you just don't hear everyday: "Bald eagle!" • story by Tom Lanham • photos by Kevin Westenberg*

OVER-AWARE





L-R: Kim Thayil, Chris Cornell, Ben Shepard, Matt Cameron

Guitarist Kim Thayil jumps up with an amazed "Really?"

"Where? Where?" queries drummer Matt Cameron, poking his head out the window and scanning the urban horizon.

"There!" Cornell points, squinting. And sure enough, among the nearby chimneys and rooftops darts our national bird, his white-plumed head easily recognizable in the afternoon glare. But he's on the run, being pecked and harried, mid-flight, by local avian riff-raff—a couple of gulls and a loudly cawing crow. "See? The other birds hate him. They're trying to chase him out of the area." The singer watches until the raptor finally flaps out of sight. Then he sighs sadly and slumps back down in his chair. To witness the humiliation of such a proud, majestic animal is somehow irksome, problematic, akin to



watching a parent get fired or a U.S. president barf all over some other shocked head of state. These things just shouldn't happen.

How Cornell spotted the eagle is anybody's guess. The sun was beaming directly into his half-closed eyes at the time. Is this songwriter—whose ASCAP publishing company is dubbed You Make Me Sick I Make Music—particularly sensitive to nature? "I don't know if I could smell an intruder on my property before I saw one," he deadpans, his crystal-blue eyes now wide and alert. "And I don't know if 'nature' would be the right word to describe it, but I'm sensitive to my surroundings. Over-sensitive, you might say, always over-aware of what's going on."

Leave it to a passing bald eagle to make an important Soundgarden point. Chris Cornell, author of seven of *Down*'s 16 tracks, co-author (with either Shepherd or Cameron) of another seven more, means exactly what he says in "Blow Up The Outside World." "I've given everything I could to blow it to hell and gone/Burrow down in and blow up the outside world," he growls on the explosive chorus, which makes "Fell On Black Days" (from the Grammy-winning *Superunknown*) sound like a whimsical fairy tale by comparison.

Yes, Cornell says, he does feel like blowing up the outside world. "All the time, so it doesn't encroach on me—you can hibernate and not have to worry about it." And Soundgarden's music, he adds, isn't coming from a "blind, happy place or even an innocent place, like the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post*. We're not Norman Rockwell rock. The initial spark might not come from that, but once it's completed, it obviously brings joy to our fans, which is kind of ironic. But it's all part of our songs' process."

The beefy Thayil, looking like a biker in his usual all-black outfit and beard, agrees. "There's a power in our music that, on the surface, may seem gloomy and depressing." He sips his cappuccino and snickers. "And it still may if you look deeper. But I think you can derive some kind of power from that. I'd listen to Velvet Underground records when I was in high school, and it didn't make me wanna go out and stick my head under a truck. It made me totally stronger."

"And if those emotions are conveyed convincingly," Cameron stresses, "then that's a beautiful thing. No matter what the emotion is."

There's a shadowy sense of mortality pulsing beneath numbers like "Overfloater," one of the grimmest ruminations the band has ever attempted; "Rhinosaur," whose initially jewelled lead spirals downward while Cornell's voice hits full metal-grating velocity; "Ty Cobb," a punk-frantic study of the misanthropic baseball

great, with Cornell and Shepherd furiously plucking at mandolins throughout; and the dreamy, layered chording of "Switch Opens," which showcases Cornell's evocative low-decibel crooning (a style that first stunned listeners on 1990's *Temple Of The Dog* one-off with Cameron and various members of what would soon be Pearl Jam). Unfortunately, Cornell's most telling lyrics—for the futuristic "Applebite"—are lost in gaseous vocoder distortion: "No one can save the pure or the brave/No one can save them all/Grow and decay... it's only forever."

"I guess that's the way I think," shrugs Soundgarden's tortured frontman. In his jeans, workboots, and sweater, with his hair and goatee trimmed to polite business length, he looks like any other Seattle nine-to-fiver, trudging off to the daily grind. But sensing one's own death coming down the pike, he says, is a "much more realistic viewpoint, and it encompasses more troubling ideas than other things you could choose to write about. And there's some sort of a challenge in there—exorcising the fear by writing about it."

Naturally, Cornell isn't very forthcoming about his lyrics. In fact, he gets downright cagey at some points. "Rhinosaur," he says, "wasn't directed at any specific person or group, but it could be about one person or group..." How does one "Overfloat"? "Verrrry carefully." And Thayil bristles at the thought that some folks might hear his "Never The Machine Forever" as being anti-computer. "It's not about computers," he grumbles, while Cornell laughingly ribs him: "See? You start writing lyrics, and then everybody wants you to explain 'em!"

Thayil snorts. "We're not intending to put out a secret decoder ring with the album to facilitate people's enjoyment of the record. We're really not trying to be cryptic. But I've experienced fans who seem to think that being artistic means being cryptic—that isn't what Soundgarden is about."

Back to that chat that was taking place before the eagle stole the spotlight. Production-wise, Cornell was saying, the *Down* cut "Dusty" (a tempo-shifting anthem that's almost optimistic) proved particularly difficult to capture on tape. "It shouldn't have been, but there were about two or three different schools of thought on what the song could or should sound like. So we recorded it with those two or three elements in it, and when we tried to mix it, it didn't work with all those elements—it was only gonna work one way or another."

Concerning the song's lyrics—"I think it's turning back around and I think I like it"—he confesses that it's "pretty positive for a Soundgarden song. But it still echoes most of my beliefs—there's a reason you feel that way, like the opposite of 'Fell On Black Days.' 'Dusty' could be the B-side of that, in a concept record." He squints out the window again. "We have a lot of black days in Seattle, but this isn't one of them." Personally, he sees fit to add, "I haven't added them up, but I'd say I have more black days than not, probably."

Silhouetted against the city skyline, the bald eagle is high-tailing it home to the northern woods. Does Cornell ever seek refuge from Soundgarden obligations (a prominent slot on Lollapalooza, for example) in a woody retreat as well? He grimaces, shakes his head. "That doesn't help. Sometimes escaping to the wilderness makes you feel worse, because you might end up going somewhere quiet and all of a sudden, thoughts start crashing in and you're trapped. I know why some people like being around lots of other people in a noisy atmosphere with a lot of chaos because..."

"You don't have to worry about the video game that is yourself," Thayil finishes, helpfully. "You can sit there and bounce off other people coming at you, other lights and sounds." Nevertheless, he concludes—and this may explain where a good deal of *Down On The Upside* originated—"If you're alone, and a certain aspect of your brooding is going unresolved, you've gotta stop and check into it. Otherwise, you're losing the game."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Screaming Life (EP) (Sub Pop) 1987
FOPP (EP) (Sub Pop) 1988
Ultramega OK (SST) 1988
"Flower" 12" (SST) 1988
Louder Than Love (A&M) 1989
"HIV Baby" 7" (Sub Pop) 1990
Badmotorfinger (A&M) 1991
SOMMS (EP) (A&M) 1992
Superunknown (A&M) 1994
Alive In The Superunknown (CD-ROM) (A&M) 1995
Down On The Upside (A&M) 1996

TODD SNIDER

Step Right Up

Includes

"I Believe You"

&

"Horseshoe Lake"



MCA



BECK

NESTLED IN THE BACK YARD OF LOS ANGELES' GRIFFITH PARK, TRAVEL TOWN—A HALF-MUSEUM, HALF-AMUSEMENT CONCOCTION, WITH RAILROAD CARS AND ENGINES DATING BACK TO THE 1880s, AND AN ELECTRIC KIDDIE TRAIN THAT CIRCLES THE PARK'S PERIMETER—IS AN UNLIKELY PLACE FOR AN INTERVIEW, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO BECK, WHO'S CHOSEN THE SPOT, IT ALSO MAKES A LOT OF SENSE. THOUGH THEY'RE NOW A MOSTLY OVERLOOKED MODE OF TRANSPORTATION IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY, THE RAILROADS WERE INSTRUMENTAL IN THE SETTLING OF CALIFORNIA, OF WHICH BECK HANSEN IS DEFINITELY A PRODUCT. "TRAINS ARE MORE CONNECTED TO VEINS OF ENERGY THROUGH THE EARTH," BECK EXPLAINS. "THE FRICTION CAUSED BY FAST AIR ACROSS THE METAL OF THE PLANES IS CAUSING THIS FORCE THAT IS DEGENERATING OUR NERVOUS SYSTEMS." UH, OKAY. "TRAINS INSPIRE BETTER MUSIC—YOU CAN'T REALLY WRITE GOOD SONGS ABOUT PLANES."

A MIDNIGHT COWBOY AND THE RHYTHMS OF THE UNIVERSE

Nothing could be a better example of this than the new album *O-de-loy*. For while there are no songs specifically about the iron horse, here, more than on any of his three previous albums, is Beck Hansen's vision of a rambling and restless 20th Century music. "Hotwax," for example, sports a random-accessed freeform verse, slide guitar, distorted harmonica, New Orleans piano, and falsettos in Espanol. "Where It's At" layers a loop of Money Mark Nishita's keyboards with a sample of the Frogs, muted trumpet, a mature rap, a clap-along chorus, and a Mantronix-style drop-in. Almost all of it, as produced by the Dust Brothers, is set to a funky beat. But what may seem like a predetermined attempt to catch fickle pop attention is arguably, a more honest, id-driven expression.

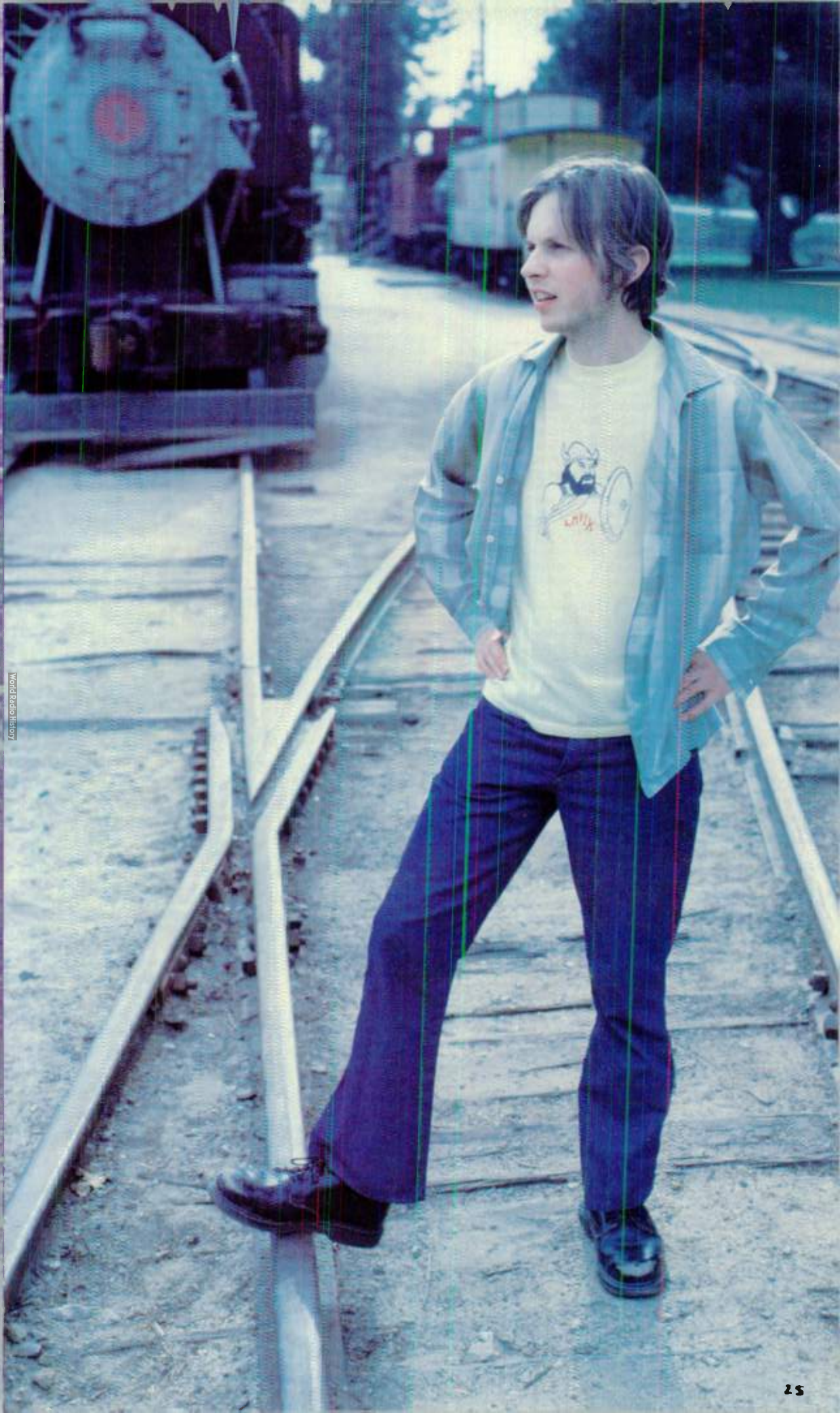
"These are things that just come out," says Hansen. "Sometimes I'm hoping something will come out, and then it'll come out completely opposite of anything I would've guessed. [If] something doesn't come out the way I wanted it—which is most of the time—I try to restrain myself from just erasing it. Because this is something that came out uncensored, un-forced.

"There are times a subject matter appears and a song is born out of that, but most of the time, it's just things that flow with the music... It's just got to be a spontaneous thing, usually when I'm

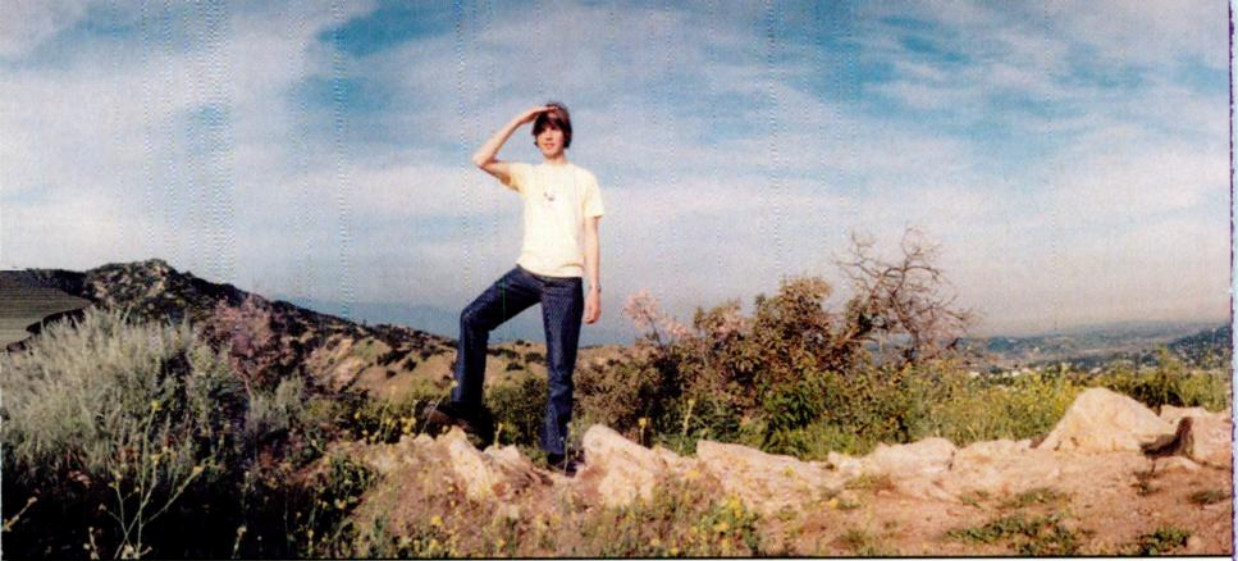
recording, a moment when I'm inspired, just kind of do it real fast." Moments of inspiration have thus produced "The New Pollution" ("Diggin' on the crisis of pollution," says Beck), a song about the devil's haircut ("I'm thinking more of the devil as this darker, more human figure, as the comedian, as the stranger, the mysterious traveller, the bellhop") and something about "the hot dog dance." Beck explains: "When I was about five, I was trying to get my grandfather to explain to me what rhyming was. He explained it to me, and 'Pull down your pants and do the hot dog dance' was my first lyric. I had no idea what I was saying, but my grandfather got a kick out of it."

If this should be filed under hip-hop, rather than beat poetry, it's not the hip-hop of Coolio, Snoop Doggy Dogg or even De La Soul. "It's still new to me," Beck admits. "I've been playing folk music for years and I never had any notion that I would end up trying to rap. It's something I stumbled into by accident. I thought I'd try and find an angle where I can connect with it, try to find parts of it that made sense for me to be doing. I can't pull out the gangsta track... if I did that, it would be a novelty, it wouldn't be as much me trying to connect, or pay tribute, which ultimately is something I would prefer to do."

BY ERIC GLADSTONE • PHOTOS BY TIM HALE



WorldRadio.it.com



Beck stresses that word, novelty, with significance. He's aware that many have filed "Loser," the hit which brought the previously unknown musician's *Mellow Gold* album to the Top Ten, as just such a lightweight fluke. "I think on some levels it was... It was fresh when I did it but I'd already moved on when it finally came out, and I was surprised when people were into it.

"I think *Mellow Gold* has a certain tone, that's what I was going for, and I was having fun with it and it worked. But there's always been other sides, there's a broader spectrum of emotions to use, just like any sentient human being. I think that a lot of music tends to get one-dimensional. Especially in the alternative music attitude. Irony or cynicism, these things are really easy to do. Maybe the '90s thing to do."

Appropriating idioms is also a '90s thing to do, but with an indifference to authenticity, Hansen has little to prove. "I would never try to pass myself off as a full-on blues musician," he says. "I use parts of it that make sense, that wouldn't be bogus for me

and man (scraggly facial hair now toning down his cherubic looks, though his steel-blue eyes still pierce), is also sweating out all the experience he's accumulated in his short vagabond life thus far.

"I didn't grow up around that many white people, really, mostly Hispanic," says Hansen, recalling his youth in one of the most unglamorous areas of Los Angeles, near avenues Pico and Olympic, and the infamous junkie habitat of MacArthur Park. "Pretty bad-ass shit going on," he says, smirking, "getting chased by kids with lead pipes every day, crazy alcoholics passed out on the sidewalk, chickens running through the street. Total chaos." He also spent stretches of time in Kansas with his paternal grandparents (a Presbyterian Minister and wife), with his father David Campbell, a bluegrass fiddler, and with his maternal grandfather Al Hansen (a Fluxus artist who worked with trash, a sentiment with which Beck aligns himself) in Germany. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to see what kind of effect this sort of upbringing would have on a malleable mind.

"It's in my contract," Beck jokes, "every

to do. But I draw equally on bluegrass, country and elements that mixed with the blues—they shared songs and ideas. And I'm sure if they had turntables back then, they would've been doing that." And whereas the new flock of country rock calmly breaks no new ground, Beck stomps across the musical minefield without a care in the world. He combines musical idioms whose unlikely pairings somehow imply internal logic. Folk with a blues lick? Okay. Hip hop with harmonica and jazz piano, sung in bad Spanish? No problema.

The bad Spanish, reminiscent of "Loser"'s "soy un perdidor," appears this time in "Hotwax"—significantly not the album's first single. "Yo soy un disco cabrado," he sings, "yo tengo chicle en mi cerabo." This means, if you need to know, "I am a broken record/I have bubblegum in my brain." "It's in my contract," Beck jokes, "every album has to have a Spanish chorus. 'Cause that's the surefire formula. That bilingual shit drives 'em nuts.

"Spanish people don't even know I'm singing in Spanish," he continues, laughing; "that's the sad thing." Though Beck says he grew up hearing Spanish constantly, it seems the pancultural residents of Los Angeles had more of an effect on an understanding of his own native tongue. "There's so much English as a second language, Filipinos and Koreans and people who aren't natives. Growing up hearing the English language spoken differently, I think that's influenced a lot of how I talk, changing the words around."

Beck also points out that the Los Angeles he knows is not necessarily the Los Angeles with which most people are familiar: "I grew up East Side, so West Side freaks me out a little bit. I think all the L.A. stereotypes, all the clichés, are West Side." It's easy by comparison to see the influence on Beck of his current neighborhood Los Feliz—from the hip-hop and *banda* music pumping out of low-rider cars, to the art-rock of local bands like LuteFisk, to the tinkling electronic "Greensleeves" pumping out of circling ice cream trucks. But Beck Hansen, who at 25 is both child

Beck is no rocket scientist, either. Though he uses words like "hirsute" in his lyrics, and has been writing since he filled notebooks with stories of his childhood obsession, James Bond, the budding soundcrafter dropped out of high school in his freshman year. "Single-digit education," he sums up, putting the blame as much on the poor quality of inner-city public schooling as the fact that he had to "make some money, help out around the house." He began a series of minimum-wage jobs, and a couple years later, started teaching himself to play a beat-up guitar in the park. "We lived in a one-bedroom apartment, and I couldn't really play there. So I'd go down to MacArthur Park, Salvadoran guys were playing soccer, those were my first shows." He mentions inspirations from bands like Sonic Youth, Flat Duo Jets and particularly Pussy Galore, but with no money to buy records, and few like-minded friends, he leaned more towards playing country and blues songs from found (and sometimes stolen) records.

It was in New York, where Beck moved at 18 with a girlfriend who soon left him, that his current musical concepts were actively inspired. Beck was then playing fairly straightforward country and blues covers—Jimmie Rogers, Woody Guthrie and the like—but falling into the anti-folk scene of the late '80s (cf. Roger Manning, John S. Hall), he began inserting his own lyrics into the tunes. "It gave me a chance to play the music, and everybody in the scene would come to the shows. It was a little bit of support." In East Village clubs like ABC No Rio and the Pyramid, he would see anarchists Missing Foundation perform, "and then sort of try to get some of that energy off an acoustic guitar." Then he would stroll around Tompkins Square Park, and join in with freestyle rappers getting down on two turntables and a mic. "That's where I first started rapping. There would be like these homeless hip-hop freestyle things happening. We would get up there and do some folk-rap. The seeds of a lot of what I'm doing came out of that time."

By the time he returned to Los Angeles, Beck was getting into

even more arch performances. They happened at local coffeehouses and art spaces, including the Troy cafe his mother owned for a time at the edge of Little Tokyo, Jabberjaw, and an Al's Bar show in which he donned a backpack style leaf-blower (a ubiquitous site on L.A. streets) and blew a stage full of leaves into the audience. And another in which his lyrics were prompted by a friend in the back of the club via headset walkie-talkies. And another in which he rustled the audience across the street to a gas station, for a performance "al fresco," as it were. "Every show I would try to pull some kind of stunt like that," Hansen says. "Just trying to break down the whole structure of a stage and an audience and stretch it out a bit."

These sort of antics were running their course just around the time that music-industry types were beginning to show interest. "Loser," a song which had been recorded in the home studio of Karl Stevenson in 1991, was finally released by the fledgling Bong Load label, to immediate excitement at two LA radio stations, KCRW and KXLU, and similar interest—as an old-style 12" single—at alternative stations nationwide. After some consideration, Beck agreed to a deal with Geffen which apparently emphasized creative freedom (he's even able to release records with other labels as he wishes) over moolah.

The resulting album, *Mellow Gold*, recorded with Stevenson, in the Bongload studio of Tom Rothrock and Rob Schnapf, and even on Beck's home four-track, was a triumph of the underground, perhaps the biggest-selling record ever produced under such spit-and-tissue-paper circumstances. Says Beck, "We would just get a few hours every week in the afternoon before [Karl's] girlfriend came home. So I had to hurry through. On a lot of that album, the songs are really skeletons—there was no time to try different things and let the songs mature." The two releases that soon followed—*Stereopathic Soulmanure*, a random-accessible compilation of tracks on Flipside (the first label to release a Beck single), and *One Foot In The Grave*, two weeks' worth of straightforward songs recorded with Beat Happening's Calvin Johnson and friends—were further steps in this direction.

Beck's seemingly overnight success took him as far as an

knew I would have to get through a few things to get to where I had stuff that I wanted to put out. There were a lot of mistakes I wanted to make, and I had the luxury to do that."

When they finally did get together, after Beck realized the brother's PCP Labs studio was a couple minutes from his house, he, Simpson and King all thought it was only for a song or two. "I went over, we started working on something, and it turned out good."

It was touring for *Mellow Gold* that interrupted the processes of this album, and demanded the necessary evil of putting together a live band. Though Beck had performed and recorded with a variety of collaborators previously (including Chris Ballew, now in Presidents Of The United States Of America), this was the first time he had to compile an entire working unit for both Lollapalooza and a European tour. Most recently, at small shows here in LA and during a brief European stint with Sonic Youth, he has "taken it back to '89" (as his tour shirts attested), performing basically solo, with only an acoustic six-string and a cheap beat box. It is a refreshing contrast to the sonic choreography of *O-de-lay*, but if it implies that on his album he is merely a pawn of the Dusties, his conduct in the studio proves otherwise.

One night last December, in the plush Conway studios, Beck, Simpson and King were mixing the album and putting finishing touches on songs like "Hotwax" and "Where It's At," the first single. It was Beck who suggested adding certain flourishes to the former song, and though King and Simpson were at the controls, Beck was clearly on top of all the elements being intertwined. He also played most of the instruments himself.

"Beck is the most talented as well as the sweetest guy I've ever worked with," Simpson enthused in a moment alone. "He's like a sponge. When you're working with him, any idea you throw his direction, he just absorbs it, and spits it out and makes it that much better."

Speaking of spitting it out...

"There's a pubic hair in my water," Beck discovers.

"I can't imagine what that would be doing in the kitchen," says MCA.

album has to have a Spanish chorus."

appearance on MTV's *120 Minutes*, in which he coaxed fellow guests Thurston Moore and Mike D. to smash and throw props and make extended noise-music, and an unwittingly self-mocking appearance on the talk-show satire *Larry Sanders Show*. What better way to establish yourself as an anti-mainstream, uh, eccentric?

O-de-lay, which is considerably more polished, may then disappoint some fans of Beck for partisan reasons. Though it was also mostly recorded in a home studio, it was the home studio of Dust Brothers John King and Mike Simpson, most noted for their resurrection of the Beastie Boys with *Paul's Boutique*. "I had friends who'd known the Dust Brothers for years," he says, "and I'd been hearing, even before 'Loser' came out, like in '92-'93, saying 'you should hook up with these guys.' Eventually I thought, well, I should meet these guys."

A few days later, we're sitting in a Los Feliz cafe, with Beasties Ad-Rock and MCA at the next table. "You guys know 'aurele'?" Beck asks them, trying to explain the origin of the album title.

MCA: "Onde!"

Ad-Rock: "That what Speedy Gonzales screams all the time?"

"Not 'ondele,'" says Beck, "'aurele.' It's Chicano slang which as far as I can figure out is a kind of an exclamatory phrase. It's like you're at a party and someone's drinking a beer and you ask them what's up, they say 'aurele.' It's somewhere between 'I chaim' and 'salut.'"

"That's the original name of 'Lord Only Knows,'" Beck continues, turning back to the interview, "and the engineer wrote down 'O-de-lay.' I liked the way the misspelling looks. [The release] keeps getting delayed, so it's like 'Oh, delay!'"

Efforts towards *O-de-lay* began a full two years ago, before *Mellow Gold* was released; for example, "Ramshackle," the extended acoustic song that ends the album, was recorded before Beck met the Dusties. "I think there's about two or three albums between *Mellow Gold* and this one that sort of exist in the void. I

"It could be a clean pubic hair," Ad-Rock adds, "but you may as well not take the chance."

Though much of the album's sound collage may sound like samples, Beck notes, "we were recording in a way to get things a bit muddy, far away, get that distant sound, so it might sound a little like a sample." In the finished version, in fact, there remained only nine samples, by Beck's estimate. "For something that's a fair amount of hip-hop, that's a small amount of sampling." And as we speak, that number is being halved, thanks to unreasonable demands from original copyright owners. Oh, delay.

Because there seem to be few limits on where Beck may take his music (or vice versa) from here, there seems to be no better way to sum him up than to ask him the first question from his first real print interview: What do you hope to accomplish with your music?

"My music is a scouring pad on the...," Beck starts. "My music will be a vacuum to suck out all the wayward pubic hairs that are wafting through the atmosphere." Take three: "I don't really think in terms of accomplishment. Aspects of it are like a job now, but the music part of it is like a bodily function, it's a release. I'd like to just let it take me where it takes me. Progression. Something really mundane like that."

END

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Golden Feelings cassette (Sonic Enemy)

"MTV Makes Me Want To Smoke Crack" (split 7" with Bean) (Flipside)

A Western Harvest Field By Moonlight 10" EP (Fingerpaint)

Stereopathic Soulmanure (Flipside)

Mellow Gold (Bong Load-DGC)

"Steve Threw Up" 7" (Bong Load)

One Foot In The Grave (K)

"It's All In Your Mind" 7" (Bong Load)

O-de-lay (DGC)

Sincola

Crash Landing in Teen Heaven



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FIVE!

COOL THINGS FOR SUMMER

Ramones minus one.

The easy way to psych yourself up to start a band: Borrow a bass, and get a copy of the Ramones' *All The Stuff And More, Vol. 1*. Turn the balance all the way to one side, so that all you can hear are Dee Dee's bass parts. Play along with them (it's easy, trust us). Now turn the balance all the way to the right, so that all you can hear are Johnny's guitar parts. Play the bass parts along with them. After an hour or so of this, you'll sound like a star.

Bluegrass festivals.

An old blanket, a big jug of lemonade, a few sandwiches and a workday's full of bluegrass, all under the warm summer sun: what could be nicer? There's something intrinsically pleasant about the many outdoor bluegrass fests around North America. The crowds are resolutely low-attitude, and you know that the food is bound to be better than whatever organic slop they're peddling at Lollapalooza this year. The Telluride Bluegrass Festival is the biggest, with this year's 23rd annual event—June 20-23—drawing Alison Krauss, the biggest name in bluegrass since Bill Monroe, plus Emmylou Harris, Shawn Colvin, Michelle Shocked, Joan Armatrading, Steve Earle, Dave Grisman and the Nields. Call 1-800-538-7754 for information. There are dozens of local events, however, that make for a great day out. Email Planet Bluegrass at jo@bluegrass.com to get on the e- or snail mailing list of upcoming events, and check local papers for listings.



On My Beach Blanket artists' summer faves

Beck

DJ JAZZY JEFF &
THE FRESH PRINCE
"SUMMERTIME"

WEATHER GIRLS
"IT'S RAINING MEN"

DON HENLEY
"THE BOYS OF
SUMMER"

Sly And The Family Stone's Greatest Hits.

Twelve smart, rich songs that scream "beach." (Columbia)

Snacks of many lands.

Case ethnic food stores for snack foods you've never seen before—Japanese groceries are great for weird candy (salty-sweet dried plum/licorice concoctions, that kind of thing). You may also find mutated versions of familiar products: We recently discovered mango-flavored Tang. All sorts of non-American-based groceries are a gold mine for candy bars you've never seen before, too—English and Irish ones are especially fertile.

A better sandal.

No one needs to see your toes. And please, wearing socks is not the answer. Athletic shoe companies like Airwalk, Fila, Reebok, Converse and Nike all offer awesome sandals that are a great alternative to the sight of all your piggies gone to market in a pair of Brikenstocks or traditional flip-flops. Made of soft leather, Airwalk's Decon Jim (about \$40) offers a crushable heel so that you can wear it like a regular sneaker or just slip your foot into it, mule-style, like you would do with a old, worn-out pair of tennis shoes. And even those that do show a little toe (just a peek, mind you), like the Converse One-Star Sandal, are too cool to pass up. They come in a variety of colors (taupe with white star, blue with orange star and black with white star) and go for about \$37.



Roots music.

For some, roots music is "Goodnight Irene"; for others, "Christine 16." We say, do both. Ryko has reissued classic titles from the Tradition label, including Leadbelly, Odetta, Lightnin' Hopkins and Big Bill Broonzy. And Kiss, of course, is touring and again wearing the makeup (and not just all that concealer Paul Stanley's been living on).

For The Ladies by Dorian "Pookie" Garry



White Eyeliner

It's a fad that has been reborn since its heyday in the sixties, an old go-go chick trick to make your eyes look huge (and purdy) like those kids in the paintings that every home had on its walls circa 1966. Looks best with some false eyelashes and a "bob," but those are whole other statements, daddy-o!

Bauhaus' Volume 1, 1979-1983.

Ever heard all that reverb in "Bela Legosi's Dead" pouring across an empty beach late at night? Try it. (Beggars Banquet)

Perry Mason.

A TV re-run staple can be a lifeboat of sanity on sweaty afternoons, and we can think of none better than *Perry Mason*. The show's shadowy black and white is far cooler on the eyes than the burnt oranges and umbers of '70s color series; Raymond Burr's Mason is always cool, radiating self-confidence and control; and a time when all men went out in topcoats and hats seems utterly idyllic when the rustle of crinkled nylon jogging suits begins to drown out the cicadas. On TBS at noon.

Air Miami's Me. Me. Me.

Mark Robinson and Bridget Cross's guitars are so light they seem like they're about to waft away into the air. (4AD)

Recordio discs.

Search garage sales for Recordio discs—one-of-a-kind records from the '40s that people generally made at home for friends and loved ones, or for their own amusement. Some of them are terribly funny, most not intentionally.

Borscht.

Cold borscht—the beet soup that's a staple of Eastern European cuisine—is a joy of summer that's too little known. Really good borscht, with maybe a boiled potato and a dollop of sour cream in it, will cool you down like nothing else on a hot summer day.

Dirt track racing.

Southern Culture On The Skids had the right idea when the band named its most recent record *Dirt Track Date*. The many small, "bull-ring" tracks around the country still serve as auto racing's minor leagues, but mostly survive as refuge for weekend road warriors, and make for a highly entertaining night out. Races range from the highly professional, touring World Of Outlaws sprint car series (small open-wheel cars with huge wings on top) to just-barely modified "street stocks," figure-8 racing (yes, there's an intersection in the middle) and "claimer" races, where the winner's engine can be bought by any competitor for \$400 after the race.

Hush Puppies.

Hush Puppies (first worn in 1958) have been all the rage on runways in recent months. Why? Because they're bright, fun and most of all, comfortable, and so have begun gracing the wardrobes of normal folks, too. They're available in a variety of styles including high-vamped loafers, two-toned oxfords and ankle boots, and they cost about \$70.

Go Goth.

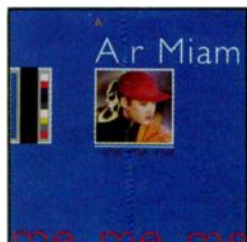
In the desert, many animals survive the heat by becoming nocturnal. Luckily for you, there's an existing subculture to help you do the same.

The Usenet Oracle.

Email the burning metaphysical questions of your life to the Usenet Oracle, at oracle@cs.indiana.edu. Within 24 hours, you'll have a response, and generally a pretty interesting one too (actually, "silly" might be a better adjective). Your payment? You have to act as the incarnation of the Oracle for somebody else's burning metaphysical question. All questions and answers are collected and rated by a panel of voters; for the funniest recent Oracularities, as they're called, check out rec.humor.oracle.

Teach yourself Esperanto.

The web site at <http://www.wtios.cs.utwente.nl/esperanto/hypercourse/index.html> is an easy and cheap way to start. Then test it out with the recently reissued *Ni Kantu In Esperanto*—"Let's Sing In Esperanto"—the



For The Ladies by Dorian "Pookie" Barry



Capri Pants

Okay, so Mary Tyler Moore revolutionized the way (TV) women dressed when she graced our screens in (gasp) PANTS!—but at least she did it in total style. Well, they're back! Make sure they have the mark of authenticity—a little slit in the ankle to show off your toned ankle bones. The '90s version come in hip-hugger form, much unlike the awkwardly high-waisted originals, which make them even more swell.

On My Beach Blanket artists' summer faves

Lida Husik

BROTHERS
JOHNSON
RIGHT ON TIME

808 STATE
UTD. STATE 90

JAMES TAYLOR
SWEET BABY JAMES





first release on the legendary weirdo '60s label ESP-Disk.

Arizona Iced Tea lollipops.

You like it a bottle, you'll love it on a stick. These unique candies come in flavors like lemon, raspberry and "tropical." Yum.

Zot!

Buy as many issues of *Zot!* as you can find at your local comics store (they should be pretty cheap). *Zot!*, about a teenage hero from a world where it's always 1963, was the original project of Scott McCloud, who's probably best known for his book *Understanding Comics*. It's totally fun, and so charming it's easy to miss the tremendous craft behind it.

Put together a rock show.

It's easier than you might think. Find a local space that would be good for a rock show—some place where maybe bands don't often play. Reserve it for some night, rent a P.A. system, call your favorite bands from nearby or out of town, and put together a show. Some of the most fun shows are the ones that aren't at the same tired old clubs.

The Flying Burrito Brothers' *Further Along*.

It's a collection of basically everything worth hearing by this brilliant, influential band. If you've heard the term "cosmic American music" thrown around to describe everybody from the Jayhawks to Palace, well, this is more or less where it starts. Perfect for those lonesome summer nights. (A&M)

Frankenmuth, Michigan.

A town where it looks like all the locals are paid to wear colorful 18th-century costumes. The economy of the place is based around a toll bridge and two restaurants: Zehnder's and the Bavarian Inn. They're located across the street from each other and have identical menus. What you want to order is the Bavarian Chicken Dinner: all you can eat of unbelievably delicious chicken and innumerable varieties of side dishes. Plan to spend an afternoon slowly gorging yourself. You can make it up to your arteries over the next few months.

Laser-copy T-shirts.

You've seen them at any copy store: T-shirts with an old photo emblazoned on them, usually a blurry blow up of someone's slobbering baby. But what's to stop you from making a shirt of your favorite record cover, inner sleeve or other rock-type image? We even know someone who's got one with a picture of James Brown shaking hands with the Pope.

Plastic watch bands.

Metal watch bands + sweat = chemical reaction. Wrist rash is no fun.

Hot sauce.

Hot, spicy food and warm weather just go together. Why? Simple: hot peppers grow best in warm climates. Collecting hot sauces is also one of the most cost-effective hobbies around. Most bottles can be had in the \$2-5 range, and a little bit goes a long way. Tip: forgo gourmet shops and anything that looks like a marketing ploy ("Endorphin Rush," other than the resonating pain it causes in your mouth, is virtually tasteless) and scope out ethnic groceries, farm markets and roadside stands for things like "Special Pep," made with papaya, from the island of Dominica.

Snipe the zeitgeist.

Whenever you hear someone use on-line slang in conversation (like "IMHO"—"in my humble opinion"), respond with "10-4, good buddy" or some other bit of CB lingo.

Supernova's *Ages Three And Up*.

Supernova's album was criminally overlooked last year. Find a cassette of it and go speeding around your neighborhood blasting "Math." (Amphetamine Reptile)

For The Ladies by Dorian "Pookie" Garry



Scarves

You can do oh-so-many things with these sweet little strips of fanciness. Make a headband, tie one around your neck, hold up your ponytail (à la Gidget!)... shall I go on? And all those prints and patterns... There has to be one for everyone, if you look hard enough. Rock some big shades with a scarf, and when someone asks your name, tell 'em it's Jackie O.



On My Beach Blanket artists' summer faves

Fastball

ROLLING STONES
EXILE ON
MAIN STREET

BOB MARLEY
AND THE WAILERS
LEGEND

PINK FLOYD
MEDDLE





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J EPIC SOUNDTRACKS Change My Life *Bar/None*
I FISHBONE Chim Chim's Bad Ass Revenge *Rowdy-Arista*
I GRANT LEE BUFFALO Copperopolis *Slash-Warner Bros.*
L JAH WOBBLE Heaven & Earth *Island*
J LOOP GURU Amrita *World Domination*
J LOVE NUT Bastards Of Melody *Interscope*
J MAIN Hz *Beggars Banquet*
H PATTY GRIFFIN Living With Ghosts *A&M*
J PORNO FOR PYROS Good God's Urge *Warner Bros.*
L RASPUTINA Thanks For The Ether *Columbia*
F RETSIN Egg Fusion *Simple Machines*
J ROGER JOSEPH MANNING/BRIAN KEHEW
The Moog Cookbook *Restless*
H SINCOLA Crash Landing In Teen Heaven *Caroline*
J SLAYER Undisputed Attitude *American*
L SPORTSGUITAR Fade/Cliché *Derivative*
J THE CURE Wild Mood Swings *Elektra*
L THE FIGGS Banda Macho *Capitol*
L TURKISH DELIGHT Tommy Bell *Castle von Buhler*
I WILD STRAWBERRIES Heroine *Netzwerk*

PRICE CODE

- H DEFINITION OF SOUND Experience *Mercury*
G DIG Defenders Of The Universe *MCA*
J DJ SPOOKY Songs Of A Dead Dreamer *Asphodel*
J EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL Walking Wounded *Atlantic*
F HAYDEN Everything I Long For *Geffen*
F HO-HUM Local *Universal*
J LOVE NUT Bastards Of Melody *Interscope*
J MCALMONT & BUTLER The Sound Of...McAlmont & Butler *Caroline*
L ME'SHELL NDEGECELLO Peace Beyond Passion *Maverick*
H PATTY GRIFFIN Living With Ghosts *A&M*
F RAINCOATS Looking In The Shadows *DGC*
L RASPUTINA Thanks For The Ether *Columbia*
H SINCOLA Crash Landing In Teen Heaven *Caroline*
L SOVORY Sovory *Polydor*
L THE FIGGS Banda Macho *Capitol*
F THE POSIES Amazing Disgrace *DGC*
L THREE FISH Three Fish *Epic*
L TRIP 66 *Columbia*
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Best New Music

July Top 75

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J EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL Walking Wounded Atlantic



L ME'SHELL NDEGEOCELLO Peace Beyond Passion Maverick



L SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS Hot Mammoth



F THE POSIES Amazing Disgrace DGC

PRICE
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- I** 7 YEAR BITCH Gato Negro Atlantic
- J** AFGHAN WHIGS Black Love Elektra-EEG
- I** AMMONIA Mint 400 Murmur-Epic
- G** ARCHERS OF LOAF The Speed Of Cattle Alias
- I** BAD RELIGION The Gray Race Atlantic
- J** BOB MOULD Bob Mould Rykodisc
- E** BOYRACER In Full Colour Zero Hour
- G** BRAINIAC Hissing Prigs In Static Couture Touch And Go
- F** CAST All Change Polydor-A&M
- I** CIBO MATTO Viva! La Woman Warner Bros.
- J** COWBOY JUNKIES Lay It Down Geffen
- H** COWS Whorn Amphetamine Reptile
- J** CRACKER The Golden Age Virgin
- K** DJ KRUSH Meiso Mo Wax/ffrr-I.L.S.
- H** DOWN BY LAW All Scratched Up! Epitaph
- F** DRILL Drill DV8-A&M
- G** ELEVATOR DROPS Pop Bus Time Bomb
- I** FRANK BLACK The Cult Of Ray American
- H** FU MANCHU In Search Of... Mammoth
- J** FUGEES (REFUGEE CAMP) The Score Ruffhouse/Columbia-CRG
- E** FUN LOVIN' CRIMINALS Come Find Yourself EMI
- I** FUZZY Electric Juices TAG
- G** GIRLS AGAINST BOYS House Of GVSb Touch And Go
- C** GODHEADSILO Skyward In Triumph Sub Pop
- J** GOLDFINGER Goldfinger Mojo-Universal
- J** GRAVITY KILLS Gravity Kills TVT
- J** GRIFTERS Ain't My Lookout Sub Pop
- F** GUIDED BY VOICES "Under The Bushes, Under The Stars" Matador
- I** JESUS LIZARD Shot Capitol
- H** JUNE I Am Beautiful Beggars Banquet
- G** JUNED Every Night For You Up
- I** KILLING JOKE Democracy Big Life-Zoo
- E** LES THUGS "Strike" Sub Pop
- J** LIFTER Melinda Interscope
- I** LOS LOBOS Colossal Head Warner Bros.
- I** LOVE AND ROCKETS Sweet FA. Beggars Banquet/American-Reprise
- J** LUSH Lovelife 4AD-Reprise
- L** MAGNAPOP Fire All Your Guns At Once (EP) Play It Again Sam-Priority
- A** MAN OR ASTRO-MAN? Experiment Zero Touch And Go
- I** MARK EITZEL 60 Watt Silver Lining Warner Bros.
- K** MONEY MARK Mark's Keyboard Repair. Mo Wax/ffrr-I.L.S.
- I** NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS Murder Ballads Reprise
- J** NUSRAT FATEH ALI KHANMICHAEL BROOK Night Song RealWorld-Caroline
- I** POSSUM DIXON Star Maps Interscope
- H** PROLAPSE Backsaturday Jet Set-Big Cat
- J** RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE Evil Empire Epic
- I** SCHEER Infliction 4AD-WB
- J** SEPULTURA Roots Roadrunner
- E** SILKWORM Firewater Matador
- J** SKINNY PUPPY The Process American
- E** SLEATER-KINNEY Call The Doctor Chainsaw
- D** SMUGGLERS Selling The Sizzle! Mint-Lookout!
- H** SNUFF Demmamussabebonk Fat Wreck Chords
- L** SOUNDTRACK Songs In The Key Of X Warner Bros.
- J** SPINANES Strand Sub Pop
- I** STEREO LAB Emperor Tomato Ketchup Elektra-EEG
- I** STEVE EARLE I Feel Alright Warner Bros.
- J** STONE TEMPLE PILOTS Tiny Music... Atlantic
- H** SUPER 8 Super 8 Hollywood
- I** SUPERDRAG Regretfully Yours Elektra-EEG
- H** SWIRLIES They Spent Their Wild Youthful Days... Taang!
- A** THE CURE "The 13th" (5") Fiction/Elektra-EEG
- H** TRACY BONHAM The Burdens Of Being Upright Island
- F** TRIPLE FAST ACTION Broadcaster Capitol
- C** UNWOUND Repetition Kill Rock Stars
- H** VAMPYROS LESBOS Sexadelic Danceparty Motel
- J** VARIOUS ARTISTS Schoolhouse Rock! Rocks Lava-Atlantic
- J** VARIOUS ARTISTS Offbeat: A Red Hot Sound Trip Red Hot/Wax Trax!-TVT
- K** VARIOUS ARTISTS Whore: Various Artists Play Wire WMO
- L** VARIOUS ARTISTS Hardhop & Trypno Moonshine
- J** VELOCITY GIRL Gilded Stars And Zealous Hearts Sub Pop
- L** VERSUS Deep Red (EP) TeenBeat
- I** VITAPUP An Hour With Vitapup Plump
- E** WESLEY WILLIS Rock 'N Roll Will Never Die Oglio
- I** ZAMBONIS 100% Hockey...And Other Stuff Dot Dot Dash



Polaroid cameras.

When it's hot and sticky out, you want instant gratification. There's no point in waiting an hour for photos when you can have 'em right now. A helpful hint: Contrary to popular belief, waving the picture does not make it develop more quickly (in fact, it even blurs the image) so try to resist fanning yourself with it.

Make your own techno record.

Programs like SoundEdit cost less than 50 bucks, and you can make a professional-level recording with them. They're mostly pretty darn easy to use, too.

Déjeuner sur l'herbe, pt. 1.

Find the fluffiest '80s new-wave album you can find and have a picnic. For our money, they don't come fluffier than Total Coelo's *I Eat Cannibals & Other Tasty Trax* (Razor & Tie), featuring such hits as "I Eat Cannibals," "I Eat Cannibals (Part 2)" and, uh, "I Eat Cannibals (Parts 1 & 2—12" mega-mix)."

Déjeuner sur l'herbe, pt. 2.

While you're at it, you could do worse than picking up some Bow Wow Wow, whose sex-crazed, percussion-heavy new wave has aged incredibly well. There's no disc that has all their hits in the same place, so you'll have to get *I Like Candy* (for the immortal title track) and *Girl Bites Dog* (for the even more immortal "C30, C60, C90, Go!").

Floppy hats.

Yes, the kind that Gilligan used to wear. There's form: the bigger the brim, and goofier, the better, with extra props if you can find the kind with Budweiser logos on them. And then there's function: Gilligan wore a long-sleeved shirt on the tropical island—what do you think kept him cool all those years?

Public Enemy's *Fear Of A Black Planet*.

Stuck in a traffic jam in blazing heat? Pop this puppy into the tape deck. Instant catharsis. (Def Jam-Columbia)

Mix, don't match.

Thanks to Italian fashion house Prada, you don't have to worry if things "go" or not. Mis-matched plaids? Sure. Colors that don't complement one another? Okay. Go four figures on an outfit? Now, hold on there. Thrift-store chic is where Miuccia Prada got the idea anyway, and there are racks full of coat dresses and plaid jackets down at the Goodwill.

Cocktail shakers.

Frequent flea-market finds, cocktail shakers are handy for adding an essential element of style to the below. More importantly, because of their close association with each generation's swing set, design has always been a selling point for them, so for less than \$10, you can walk away with a shining example of art deco or high modernism.

Mixed drinks.

The innumerable varieties of micro-brews may have made beer much more interesting of late, but there's an undeniable sophistication to the cocktail. Look past the usual "punt" choices like screwdrivers and rum-and-cokes (or at least call it a Cuba Libre), vile panty peelers like Long Island iced teas and even the now in-vogue martini, and move toward the limitless variations behind the bar for a signature drink. And always use its proper name (e.g. vodka and grapefruit juice = greyhound). Recommendations: Woo-Woo (vodka, peach schnapps, cranberry juice), Sidecar (brandy, triple sec, lemon juice), or Bocci Ball (amaretto and orange juice).



For The Ladies by Dorian "Pookie" Garry



Nail Polish

Okay, so I am not ahead of the times on this one and like everybody already knows about it, but I am simply reminding you of the fun involved with this (unisex!) stuff! So, now they make every color imaginable (some of which shouldn't really be allowed) and they even make this quick dry spray so you don't have to sit around waiting for your nails to dry like you have nothing better to do. I recommend the pastels—violet, baby blue, light pink—and my favorite, silver! Make sure you have plopped some on your toesies before you utilize #5. I cannot stress enough how gross ugly toes really are.



On My Beach Blanket artists' summer faves

Soul Oddity

HERBIE HANCOCK
SECRETS

GLEN VELEZ
INTERNATIONAL
COMBUSTION

COIL
UNNATURAL HISTORY,
PT. 2



For The Ladies by Dorian "Pookie" Garry



Sandals

And I am not talking about those mall-bought, strappy, high-heeled lame-O's that *Clueless* made (tacky) chic last summer. Think big! Think sorta clunky! Think like one big strap instead of like nine little wimpy ones! Kinda like the ones your grandma wears but way more updated. You can choose between the athletic brand kinds, and the '70s revival "Mrs. Roper" platform. Important: Make sure your toes are suitable for public viewing before sliding them on; there's nothing worse than a toe no-no!

Go on a tour of your own city.

Trek around your hometown tour-bus style. Tour buses are often air-conditioned and, hell, it never hurts to learn something new about your burg.

Cheap vinyl.

Go to a record show—one of those big collector's affairs. Don't look at any records above knee level. Just look at the one- and two-dollar bins—generally, they're on the floor all over the shows, and you can pick up some great, bizarre things that you'd never find otherwise.

The Olympics.

Get past the pomp and pageantry, cloying TV coverage and relentless hype surrounding the 100th Summer Games in Atlanta and you'll find a number of stories worth following. Our choice: the men's Marathon and Bob Kempainen. Kempainen is the best American hope for a medal in 20 years, which is impressive enough, but what makes him our sentimental favorite is that he trained for his victory in the trials while still in his medical school residency program. Besides, he's a big Husker Du fan and, when he's not running or becoming a doctor, he goes out to rock shows in Minneapolis.

Beastie Boys' *Ill Communication*.

Listen all y'all: This is easily the Beastie Boys' best record in terms of its hit-factor, so there'll be no reaching for the fast-forward button to distract your eyes from the road. (Capitol)

Kiddie pools.

No joke. Buy one at a toy store, bring it home, blow it up, add, it up and *voilà!* They're great for your roof, fire escape or living room. Laugh now, but when it's 101 and no one will drive your ass to the beach, you'll thank us.

South Of The Border.

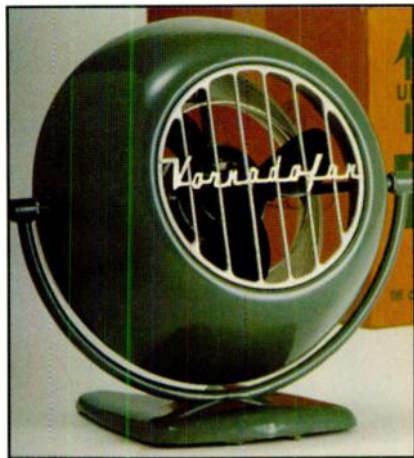
The mother of all tourist traps. Located just south of the border between North Carolina and South Carolina, on Interstate 95. It's a former burger stand that's expanded into a mini-metropolis with motels, restaurants, a grossly huge fireworks store, gift shops and a horrifying, immense statue of "Pedro," the mascot of the place. Yes, you can take an elevator to the sombrero at the top of the water tower. Quite possibly the tackiest place on Earth.

The Vornado.

Literally the coolest thing in this list, the Vornado is a fan with specially curved blades that circulate air like you wouldn't believe—salesman used to blow a puff of cigarette smoke into the back to impress customers with the tightly twined vortex of smoke making a bee line for the back of the showroom—and it's far quieter, and in many ways nicer, than a rattling box fan or droning air conditioner.

Ice scarves.

Check your local runner's shop or various mail order catalogs (like Road Runner Sports, 1-800-551-5558) for these little scarves with re-freezable ice packets in them. Get one in red and you can mack like Fred from Scooby Doo—perfect for those over-crowded clubs where the walls are sweating and ice is a dollar a cup.



T-shirts that fit.

We've had both extremes: super-baggy and baby-tee. Here's a radical idea that's catching on: size medium.

Bubble wands.

The kind that actually require a little bit of effort and skill, but bigger than the teensy kiddie models. Spend a few hours blowing bubbles with a friend. It's a remarkably effective tension-reliever.

Steely Dan's *Katy Lied*.

Romantic and ironic at the same time, *Katy Lied* is an elegant soundtrack for the dizzy torpor of summer, the moment when all its sunny promise evaporates on a warm evening. (Warner Bros.)

On My Beach Blanket artists' summer faves

Meices

MINUTEMEN
DOUBLE NICKELS ON
THE DIME

REPLACEMENTS
LET IT BE

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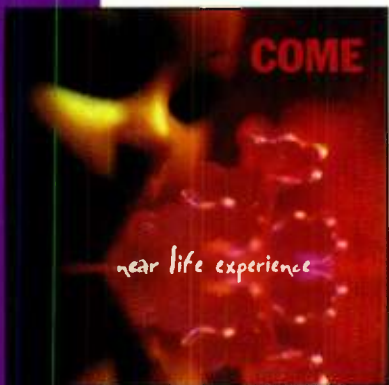
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World Radio History



COME *Near Life Experience* Matador

Since the original four-piece lineup called it quits last year, Come has become the guitarist duo of Thalia Zedek and Chris Brokaw. That gave them the chance to call in their pals from Louisville and Boston (including members of Rodan, Gastr Del Sol, and Six Finger Satellite) to fill out the rhythm section, both on tour and on this surprising new album. *Near Life Experience* is heavier, and at the same time prettier, than Come has ever sounded. Perhaps the changing lineup frees Zedek and Brokaw to vary their styles as they hadn't before. At any rate, the slide playing and ringing sounds of "Weak As The Moon" sound new, as does the even-toned, utterly non-bluesy indie-rock song "Shoot Me First." Though it's lyrically as bleak as anything on Come's previous records, "Walk Ons" moves at a calm, syncopated roll, and when John McEntire's marimba bridge comes along, it hardly seems out of place. Often, as on "Bitten," sharp drumming forces these two self-proclaimed "messy players" into a tighter rock structure. Other songs give them more room to rock out, but even then, bass-dense arrangements blunt the attack, producing a more contemplative kind of punk blues.

—Andrea Moed

DATALOG: Released May 21.

FILE UNDER: Raw blues-rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Antietam, Grifters, PJ Harvey.



ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS *All This Useless Beauty* Warner Bros.

Elvis Costello has referred to his chosen pseudonym as a "brand name," and he's become about the most consistent product line in rock: cranking out a pretty good collection of hypervocal songs every year, with no noticeable surge or lapse in quality. *All This Useless Beauty* is basically *Mighty Like A Rose V*, or *Armed Forces XVI*—aside from details of arrangements (like the breakbeat behind "It's Time"), we shouldn't expect too much that's novel from the Little Hands of Concrete. A few songs are Costello-by-numbers ("Little Atoms" is the cousin of the old "Little Palaces," and "Poor Fractured Atlas" was called "Poor Napoleon" last time); his singing has mostly ossified into a set of tics, some of which are annoying but most of which are just comforting. But it wouldn't be an Elvis Costello album without a couple of great songs, either—the heart-wrenching "Other End Of The Telescope," originally written for "Til Tuesday (!), is beelining for his next greatest-hits album. And some of the retro idioms from *Kojak Variety* seem to have stuck: "Why Can't A Man Stand Alone" is an overwordy try at a Southern deep-soul ballad, but "Shallow Grave" is a fantastic, sinister jump-blues-gone-rock tune. Elvis will probably never again make a classic album, but he'll also never make a poor one.

—Douglas Wolk

DATALOG: Released May 14.

FILE UNDER: This year's model.

R.I.Y.L.: Elvis Costello, The Costello Show, the Coward Brothers.

"I used to dream that Adam Ant would just happen to be driving down my street, and his car would break down and he'd have to knock on our door, and I'd torture him with my early demo tapes." —Gene's Martin Rossiter, from an interview in *The Big Takeover*.



THE CURE *Wild Mood Swings* Elektra

Wild Mood Swings is much more than a title: It's a warning. After spending a majority of 17 years composing soundtracks for the terminally dejected, *Swings* finds Robert Smith and co. in a relentless game of Jekyll and Hyde, tempting victims into dark, melodic valleys that transform into gleaming plateaus illuminated by Latin horns, symphonic strings and carefree pop structures. When The Cure (the new line-up is its 11th overall) played the pop trick in the past, it was always a dance in the dark—a celebration amidst the suffering. But "Mint Car," "Strange Attraction," and "Return" approach queasy levels of jubilation: shiny-happy melodies that skip through meadows laced with "vanilla smiles and... strawberry kisses." "Gone!" is the most blatant, tossing off lyrics like "Get up/Get out/And have some fun." Surely, Smith has plenty of anxieties left to exorcise: The brooding "Numb," the festering "Bare" and the seething "Trap" recall the somber corners where he once toiled through overcast days without end. But *Swings'* eclecticism results in a lack of the cohesion and direction that made past records so enthralling.

—M. Tye Comer

DATALOG: Released May 7. First single "The 13th."

FILE UNDER: Perky pop and mope-rock.

R.I.Y.L.: The Cure, Love And Rockets, original Echo & The Bunnymen.

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

THE FIGGS *Banda Macho* Capitol

Ah, the Figgs. Maybe absence has made this heart grow fonder—the last Figgs record, *Low-Fi At Society High* (Imago), was released two years ago—but it's hard not to smile when thinking of the sadly underappreciated quartet. Like the band's last record, *Banda Macho* is a damn good Clash-meets-Costello punk rock record, but the difference (a difference for the better, mind you) is that this new long-player finds the Figgs sounding more comfortable in their musical skin. Their hiatus, whether it was spent honing their song-craft or just slinging back six packs, worked to their benefit, as the record is dominated by tight, clean, power-pop tunes that, like it or not, will be hard to forget. Hook-mastery no longer eludes the band and, truly, you'll be surprised at just how catchy their songs are: Like the Replacements' *Pleased To Meet Me*, *Banda Macho* lands hit after hit. Mike Gent's vocal melodies are one of the album's greatest strengths and their similarity to Joe Jackson's jazzy phrasings is particularly evident on the album's second half (check out the stylized vocal effect on "Reject"). As a whole, *Banda Macho*'s scrappy pop makes me glad to welcome the Figgs back with open arms.

—Jenny Eliscu

DATALOG: Release date: Jul. 9.

FILE UNDER: Scrappy pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Joe Jackson, the Replacements, Presidents Of The United States Of America.

FISHBONE *Chim Chim's Bad Ass Revenge* Rowdy-Arista

Surely Fishbone must be ranked as one of the great live bands. They may not be the tightest musicians, and their live magic can't quite be captured on record, but at their best, they achieve a Sufi-like abandon with their fusion of funk, rock, ska and rap. Following some rough years and two disappointing albums, Fishbone is back on a new label with *Chim Chim's Bad Ass Revenge*. Part tongue-in-cheek goofing, part political manifesto, it's a return to the kind of all-out ska-funk madness of their earlier albums. Although guitarist Kendall Jones has left, the remaining members are in fine fettle. Between lead singer Angelo's almost operatic outbursts, and furious blasts from the horn section, *Chim Chim's* best moments have the passion of a revival meeting. While three spoken-word interludes set a political agenda, it's the songs that really get the message across, like the blistering "Rockstar," which makes some points about racism in the music business. For laughs, the mellower "Alcoholic" includes a catalog of the woes of being drunk, including "Makes you burn the spaghetti!" Few bands can make an eight-minute song about being stuck in a toilet entertaining; but on "In The Cube," Fishbone does it. 'Nuff said.

—Heidi MacDonald

DATALOG: Released May 21.

FILE UNDER: Party at ground zero.

R.I.Y.L.: Weapon of Choice, Funkadelic, early Red Hot Chili Peppers.

GRANT LEE BUFFALO *Copperopolis* Slash-Reprise

Copperopolis is not a place you'd want to visit. Bright, hard and shiny, it's a town full of incipient losers, those battered down by life, and as Grant Lee Buffalo's almost-conceptual third album explains, the whole place is starting to tarnish. The good news is that Grant Lee hasn't lost its characteristically mordant, bittersweet touch, serving up 13 more rootsy, intense flashes of vibrant guitar playing and understated charm. Over its past three releases, the trio from California has mastered a langourous, dreamy style of guitar rock, mixing acoustic strumming with wailing feedback to tell countrified songs of remorse, as on "Comes To Blows" and the blistering "Homespun." Singer Grant Lee Phillips' vocals soar and dip and weave gracefully, from a falsetto backed by eerie, sinister orchestral strings on "Bethlehem Steel" to a gritty Neil Diamond imitation on "Even The Oxen." Each song seems to tell a different story about the populace of Copperopolis, with characters like the star-crossed heroes from the hesitant, weary "Hyperion And Sunset" and the higher-energy, intense "Two & Two." Not as catchy as the band's first album, nor as dark as its second, *Copperopolis* strikes a workable compromise between the two, proving Grant Lee Buffalo has many more musical worlds left to create.

—Rande Dawn

DATALOG: Released May 25.

FILE UNDER: Unsentimental Americana rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Dream Syndicate, later Gun Club, Tom Waits.

"Toward some unknown junction, out of the mountains and across the land, joined by the forces of good and evil, out of the horse latitudes on wings of eagles, undisputed masters of time, space, Interdimensional travel, and stuff undeterred [sic], stiff upper lips, unfaltering gaining strength, despite the influences of civilization, religion and modern medicine, there continues to rage... a STORM WITHIN!" —from the CD booklet for *Storm Within's* *Unleashed. And stuff!*





PATTY GRIFFIN *Living With Ghosts* A&M

In a post-Alanis world, you're bound to hear about a lot more girl-angst yowlers on the scene. Patty Griffin isn't one of 'em. She's got a few "You Oughtta Know"-size burrs in her tail about creepy guys X, Y and Z, but this breezy-voiced chanteuse takes out her frustration on her bluesy old acoustic. And she sings like Rickie Lee Jones after a few snifters of cognac—slurred, surly, but evocative in all the right places. Griffin isn't afraid of a few shaky religious metaphors, either: She dives right into "Moses," a gently rhythmic analogy of Old Testament prophet as modern-day salvation, a boyfriend who'll "cross the sea of loneliness, part this red river of fear." More of the imagery surfaces in "Forgiveness" and the touching portrait of a beleaguered family, "Poor Man's House." It rings emotionally true when Griffin warbles, from a sad-eyed father's perspective, "It isn't that he isn't strong or kind or clever/Your daddy's poor today, and he's gonna be poor forever." It's the same turf that Gillian Welch works so well—gold-hued rural landscapes as seen through the photographic eyes of a seasoned city slicker—and despite its often cloying folkisms, *Living With Ghosts* never sounds trite. Griffin isn't baying at the moon (or men). She truly has something to say. —Tom Lanham

DATALOG: Released May 21.

FILE UNDER: Wake up and smell the coffeehouse folk.
R.I.Y.L.: Suzanne Vega, Gillian Welch, Patti Rothberg.

The Beatles legacy, vol. I:

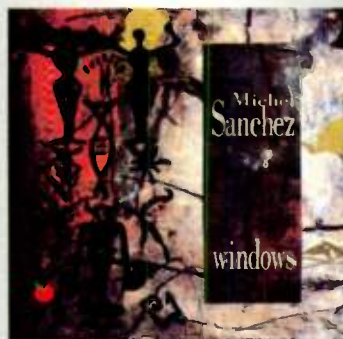
"A priority project for Parlophone Records—original home of the Beatles!" —from a page of press information accompanying the latest release from the band *Rink*.

The Beatles legacy, vol. II:

"Last month, when the Beatles special was on, there was a Hong Kong newspaper. They ask [Chinese youth], 'Do you know Beatles?' They say, 'I don't know Beatles. Who is Beatles? We care about Jackie Chan.' —Jackie Chan, from an interview in *The Rocket*.

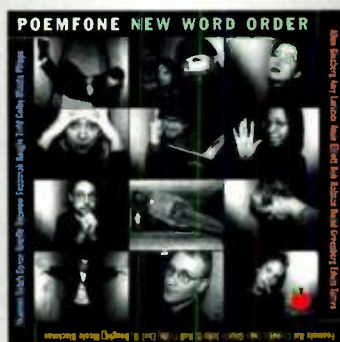
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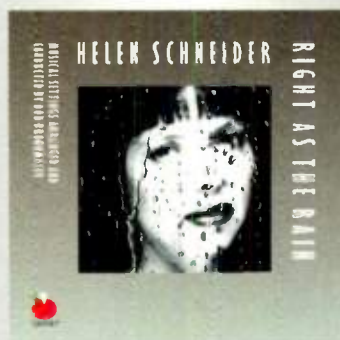
Michel Sanchez: *Windows*

Co-creator, co-artist and co-composer of Deep Forest, *Windows*, Michel Sanchez's first solo album, is the next logical step in his evolution. He's been called a white witch doctor, international sonic surfer, cyber forester and techno-tribalist.



Poemfone: *New Word Order*

An explosive album of words-in-your-face poetry. Including: Allen Ginsberg, John Giorno, Nicole Blackman with Space Needle, M. Doughty and King Missile's John S. Hall among others.



Helen Schneider: *Right As The Rain*

A musical collaboration between singer Helen Schneider and jazz great Bob Brookmeyer. It is the jazz masters' return to vocal arranging. Brookmeyer contributes several exquisite trombone passages and makes a rare appearance on piano for the first time since his duets with the late Bill Evans.

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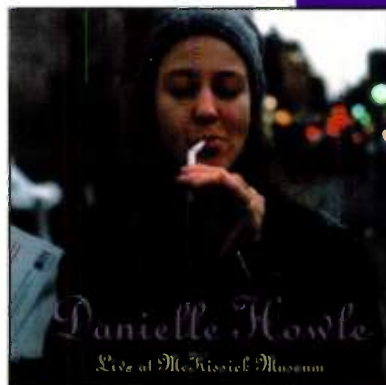
DANIELLE HOWLE *Live At McKissick Museum* *Daemon*

Danielle Howle seems nervous as she takes the stage to deliver self-deprecating teenage lines like "If I could shut up, maybe you would talk to me." She dedicates an entire song to "Big Puffy Girl Handwriting," the preferred mode of communication among popular females in her high school. In the next breath, she talks about her "butt shift" and her '78 Camaro; then it's back to the ephemeral beauty of spiderwebs, followed by a high lonesome, keening love song. It doesn't take long to get the impression of a large, capacious, versatile and somewhat confused talent. By the standards of the rural South, she's approaching middle age, but she's still starlet material, with the long, curly hair to prove it. Regardless, her personality sells each song with humor or sensitivity as needed. She writes to take advantage of her vocal quirks and strengths—you can sense the pleasure she takes in the sound of her own voice. Though her garrulous jitters make her seem shy, she habitually fronts rock bands, including the (mostly overlooked) experimental rock outfit Lay Quiet Awhile. Here her feet are planted firmly in Appalachia, from her drawing patter to her three-chord talking blues. Only the inscrutably personal lyrics, reminiscent of Kristin Hersh's, keep her off Wynnona's turf. —Nell Zink

DATALOG: Released Apr. 30.

FILE UNDER: Personal folk-rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Shawn Colvin, Arlo Guthrie, Brett Butler.

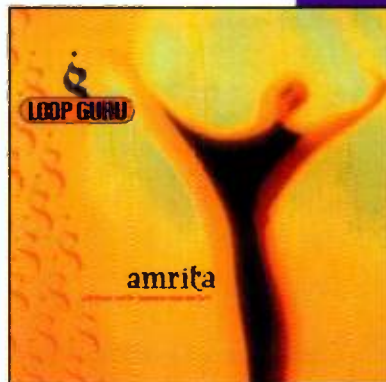
**LOOP GURU** *Amrita* *World Domination*

Loop Guru has been fairly called the "godfathers of global fusion." Over the course of the 70-minute *Amrita*, the group's feel-good, multi-culti hyper-hybrids incorporate more diverse musical notions than one would think possible in groove-oriented sound—and Loop Guru doesn't drop the funk. Core members "Salman Gita" and "Jamuud" (two Brits actually named Sam and Dave) take inspiration from German avant-rock like Neu! and Can, dub music, and cutting edge tribal trance, while unabashedly making heavy use of samples. Music-heads will enjoy wondering if a particular non-verbal exclamation came from Sheila Chandra or Bjork. Is that Gregorian chanters alternating with Buddhists? Does "Often Again" mix rabbis with monks? Or is it just an opera singer and chorus? Even if one objects initially to the band's liberal use of a global library card (this genre's had sticky fingers for years), Loop Guru transmits exotic essences with a surprising depth, as well as joy. The band also preserves the playful innocence with which it must have started. And while deep thought and the dance floor rarely mix, there's a lot to be said for being spun around like this. —Danny Housman

DATALOG: Released Jun. 4.

FILE UNDER: Ultramodern, groovy global psychedelia.

R.I.Y.L.: The *Ethnotechno* compilation, *Underworld*, the Planet Dog label.

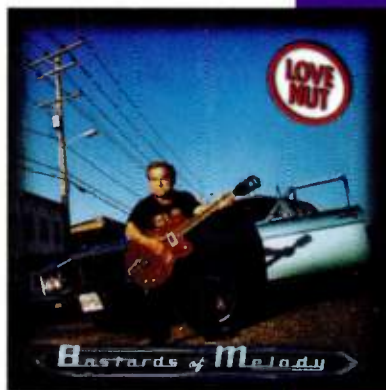
**LOVE NUT** *Bastards Of Melody* *Interscope*

The cover of Love Nut's debut album, *Bastards Of Melody*, features one of the meanest-looking guys you'll probably ever see—we're talking nightmare quality here. He's a stocky, somewhat older guy with a thousand-yard stare who could probably knock you down from a good distance just by moving the toothpick in his mouth from the right side to the left. The band is obviously trying to make a statement here: that *Bastards Of Melody* simply ain't your everyday, average power-pop. Produced by the band and recorded in a basement, these songs are gutsier and grittier than the majority of guitar-fueled pop floating around these days. Add to that the fact that Love Nut knows its way around the '70s, with melodies recalling bands like Cheap Trick and Redd Kross (there's even a spectacular version of the Lemon Pipers' "Green Tambourine" here), and you've got a recipe for some impressive songs that are influenced by modern rock, yet flavored with a bit of history. "Please" is especially brilliant, with its Beatles-esque melody and guitar solo, while "She Won't Do Me" provides an example of Love Nut's punkier side. A melodic trap the size of *Bastards...* is easy to get caught in, so don't say I didn't warn you. —Aaron Clow

DATALOG: Released May 21.

FILE UNDER: Scuffed-up, guitar-driven pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Jellyfish, Cheap Trick, the Posies.



**MAIN Hz** *Beggars Banquet*

The title of this cryptic, ambitious double-CD set is the standard abbreviation for the hertz, or cycle-per-second, a basic unit of frequency used in the analysis of sound. Such a title gives some indication of how methodical, almost clinical, Main is in assembling its ambient instrumentals. Both discs are intelligently organized into series of three to five pieces, with each "suite" given a group title. This works perfectly on the opening "Corona," as a Tortoise-like bass line serves as a connector for two significantly different mixes. In addition to the expected washes of heavily delayed synth and percussive devices (chains, ratchets, pulsing tones) put to non-rhythmic purposes, Main's secret weapon seems to be a large, hollow, blown tone. This sound shows up in parts of several pieces, sometimes calling to mind an ineptly played didgeridoo, other times creating (as in "Kaon") a strangely human, breath-ful presence in what are fairly arid expanses of sound. The rest of the motion in these pieces is generated by sudden changes in overall timbre that fortunately don't scream, "Hey look, we're dub!" In fact, one key virtue of Hz is that Main doesn't head for the twin easy-outs of the "groovy" and the "evocative." If anything, Hz is a earnest attempt to let certain sounds speak, and be heard, for themselves.

—Franklin Bruno

DATALOG: Released May 21. Originally released overseas as 6 EPs.**FILE UNDER:** Ambient purity.**R.I.Y.L.:** Tortoise remix records, Wire solo projects, Spiritualized.**ROGER JOSEPH MANNING/BRIAN KEHEW** *The Moog Cookbook* *Restless*

A recent Herbie Hancock album called *The New Standard* found him reinventing songs by Peter Gabriel, Kurt Cobain and Prince for jazz aesthetes; while the overhauled rock songs worked remarkably well as jazz, deconstruction left them miles away from their essentially modest roots. Roger Joseph Manning (ex-Jellyfish) and Brian Kehew have another idea, not unlike Herbie's but with a more wicked aim: Let's make rock songs even lower-class. Hence *The Moog Cookbook*, a K-Tel-like collection of "new-rock classics" played on room-filling, '70s-era Moog synthesizers. The track list is a greatest hits of alterna-rock—"Smells Like Teen Spirit," "Black Hole Sun," "Rockin' In The Free World"—except here, they sound like proposed themes for *Dr. Who*. But what could be a smug exercise is just as thoughtful as Hancock's album, if a lot sillier. Why not do Green Day's "Basket Case" as a Wings song with snatches of the Doobie Brothers thrown in? Lenny Kravitz's "Are You Gonna Go My Way?" as circus-callope music, with a Darth Vader voice on the chorus? Right on! Scary enough, some tunes seem refreshed when Kehew and Manning Moog them up: Weezer's "Buddy Holly" as sci-fi camp, R.E.M.'s "The One I Love" as a funk rave-up. You'll never hear Pearl Jam's "Evenflow" the same way again after you've heard it as disco.

—Chris Molanphy

DATALOG: Released May 7.**FILE UNDER:** Old-school muzak.**R.I.Y.L.:** Stereolab, the *Have a Nice Day* series.

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PORNO FOR PYROS *Good God's Urge* Warner Bros.

Jane's Addiction was arguably the ballsiest, most combustible band of the late '80s. It burst forth from college radio with Perry Farrell's feral, multi-tracked howl, ferocious guitar, tribal drums, and—until drugs sped its demise—a phenomenal group sound. Porno For Pyros' self-titled debut (named after Farrell's aroused reaction to watching the L.A. riots) was a mixed bag with promise. The follow-up is just a mixed bag. The good news is that Farrell (with help from producer Tom Johnson) continues to exercise his talent for odd textures, small touches, and quick turns that deepen a song ("In The Thick Of It," "Wishing Well"). Unfortunately, several of the songs are somewhat weak, B-side material (especially "Kimberly Austin"). While Jane's Addiction wrote its share, as a band it could make an average song kick; PFP seems somewhat rudderless. Farrell is trying to deepen (and simplify) his singing style, but he needs a stronger collaborator than Peter DiStefano. Apparently Farrell and band (they lost their bassist along the way) made surfing trips to Bali, Fiji, and Tahiti while writing *Good God's Urge*, and it does have something of a tropical feel—certainly, it's less angry (which is too bad) and more pleasantly stoned than the first album.

—Danny Housman

DATALOG: Released May 28.

FILE UNDER: Psychedelic art-rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Mercury Rev, Sky Cries Mary, Julian Cope.

RASPUTINA *Thanks For The Ether* Columbia

A cello in a rock band can be a great thing (see The Ex and the Magnetic Fields for proof), but if *all* the stringed instruments in your band are cellos—as they are in the New York quartet Rasputina—you're running the risk of being *un peu pretentieux*. Fortunately, the group has a sly humor and self-awareness of how preposterous it is: You can't have your nose very high if you're talking in a fake Southern accent about "recovering the vitality of her mortal envelope" or delivering a quasi-Edwardian monologue about how similar the American Pilgrims and the cannibalistic Donner Party were, as frontwoman Melora Mather does here. But three cellos playing together sound beautiful and elegant and there's no way around that, so the band rolls with it, always at least a little serious but never entirely serious. A few of these songs make use of found texts, like "Howard Hughes" (whose lyrics are mostly from his kookier memos to his staff); there's also an eyelash-batting cover of Melanie's "Brand New Key." Notably, Mather's original songs sound like they were written specifically for the cello's capacities (glissandos, sustained notes)—even when drummer Mark Hutchins breaks into a hardcore beat on "Trust All-Stars," the band's mellow bowing continues unabated. *Thanks For The Ether* has a couple of conceptual misfires, but even the lesser stuff is pleasingly unlike anything else: they err on the side of adventurousness, which is always a good idea.

—Douglas Walk

DATALOG: Release date: Aug. 6.

FILE UNDER: Tortoise-shell-comb pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Elvis Costello's *The Juliet Letters*, Meatcake, Gilbert & Sullivan.

RETSIN *Egg Fusion* Simple Machines

There's an unmistakable sweetness to the music of Louisville's Retsin: It permeates the ghostly, vulnerable vocals of the band's two primary personalities, Tara Jane O'Neil (ex-Rodan) and Cynthia Nelson (of Ruby Falls). (Note that Retsin sounds nothing like either singer's preceding band, nor O'Neil's work with the Sonora Pine.) But there's a raw-boned intensity in their vocal delivery and hollow production, which makes *Egg Fusion* simultaneously modest and memorable. The album sounds like it was recorded in a dry basement, but it's precisely that ramshackle quality that lends weight to lyrics like "Don't monitor me/because you won't like what you see" ("Foul"). Like Palace or Silkworm, Retsin wrenches melancholy and drama out of deceptively simple, shaggy-dog arrangements that get more sprawling and engrossing as *Egg Fusion* progresses. Guitars are a rickety shambles, and percussion often consists of mellow, seemingly random clatter: It's as if the backing band is just tapping on whatever pots and pans were lying around. And like the aforementioned Palace and Silkworm, Retsin wields the most intensity when its music is heard at 3 a.m. in the confines of an unlit apartment.

—Stephen Thompson

DATALOG: Released Mar. 25.

FILE UNDER: Brittle basement tapes.

R.I.Y.L.: The Softies, Liquorice, Lisa Germano.

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

ARTIST FEATURED ON THIS MONTH'S CD



"You work with *Rolling Stone*, do ya? I think that's cute. So, did you see me on my buffalo? Come on, isn't that cute? We were just out for a stroll. What can one say about this? I'm Ted fucking Nugent and who's gonna stop me?... Oh, you might want to mention in *RS* that I'm white—a lot of people think I'm black. Are you in New York?" —*Ted Nugent, because we haven't quoted him in a long time, from an interview in Rolling Stone.*




SINCOLA Crash Landing in Teen Heaven *Caroline*

Austin, Texas's frizzy, flammable Sincola takes teen angst pretty seriously. *Crash Landing in Teenage Heaven*, the band's third album, is a pastiche of wiry guitars atop refrains littered with high-school concerns—the professions of kids with fresh drivers' licenses gossiping incorrigibly about each other. Delectably catty vocalist Rebecca Cannon, who doesn't sing so much as preen, delivers lines like "Nobody else could be this ironic/Nobody has ever felt this way," with a straight face; but she waits for the choruses to really let loose, repeating one or two phrases ("Come inside, come inside, I won't tell her how you lied") like a confessional mantra, as if one night's transgression could spell disaster. While Cannon codifies Sincola's prickliness with her bared-claws adolescence, the band sounds like a nervous house cat—twitching its tail in a corner and dashing across the room in an unexpected burst. Guitarists Greg Wilson and Kris Patterson start out a song already hopped-up, only to kick up the tempo of the riffs when Cannon's wattage-fueled choruses begin. Still, for a two-guitar unit, Sincola plays with a lot of space, never adding a bit more sound than a song needs. In short, Sincola may be the polar opposite of classic rock, young and restless where the latter is old and contented. On *Teenage Heaven*, you can hear the music rolling in its eyes. —Chris Molanphy

DATALOG: Released May 14.

FILE UNDER: My so-called rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Magnapop, Girls Against Boys, Throwing Muses, Go-Gos.


SLAYER Undisputed Attitude *American*

Thankfully for those with weaker constitutions, Slayer has always been highly economical about unleashing the titanic fury of its music upon the world. Its best album clocks in at 29 minutes, and it averages two years' wait between new projects, which brings us to *Undisputed Attitude*, its offering of 16 covers of seminal punk tunes. An album of covers would set red lights flashing for fans of almost any band, and the lone Slayer original here is mostly slow! Is it the *Spaghetti Incident?* Are they drying up? Nah, not even close. Exceedingly short, unrelentingly brutal, hellishly fun, it's best to consider as Slayer's equivalent of a Tony Bennett album dedicated especially to the ladies. It's actually refreshing to hear them sing lyrics to angry kids' songs instead of their usual intensive studies of diabolical and unstable minds—if anything, it humanizes them. Well, not too much. Hearing Tom Araya snarl Minor Threat's "Guilty Of Being White," one is struck by the the thought that, well, yes, most serial killers are white males. Hearing him rant his own twisted lyrics to Iggy Pop's "I Wanna Be Your Dog" ("In my room, I want you—*dear*"), one is reminded that yes, many serial killers do enjoy the pleasures of heavy metal music. Rest assured, Slayer's idea of back to the roots is yanking hair out by them. —James Lien

DATALOG: Released May 28. Exactly 33:00 long; at \$15.98, that's 48 cents per minute.

FILE UNDER: Undisputed #\$%ing Attitude!

R.I.Y.L.: Slayer, Fugazi, *Silence Of The Lambs*.

We could have you arrested, you know.

A circumspect and cautious ruler, Norton I was content to leave the existing apparatus of government largely unchanged upon his ascension in 1859. As the clouds of the Civil War gathered, however, it became evident that he would to use his powers of office on the national stage, and Norton was not one to equivocate. In July of 1860 he ordered that the Union be dissolved for the duration of the crisis; in 1862, hoping to cement England's sympathies with the North, he ordered President Lincoln to marry the recently widowed Queen Victoria. Dissatisfied with Lincoln's stalling and assurances, Norton abolished the office of the presidency later that year.

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EPIC SOUNDTRACKS *Change My Life* Bar/None

Behind Epic's almost-avant-garde credentials (These Immortal Souls, Crime And The City Solution, Swell Maps) dwells the soul of a sensitive guy—to judge by the portraits that adorn his solo albums, probably Syd Barrett. But unlike the ill-fated Syd, his healthy, untroubled artistic pretensions are understated to the point of nonexistence. What results is bland, sentimental nonsense—i.e., wonderful pop music. Our many years of progress in pop aren't lost on Epic as he takes eclectic advantage of triple-tracked vocal treatments, timpani echoing Lee Hazlewood's "Sand," more reverb than Journey, melody-propelling R.E.M.-style jangles, and even the occasional key change. They'd sound like old Eagles songs, alternating loping country-rock with touching ballads, but the production is conspicuously '90s. Epic plays piano like the drummer he is, and delivers his silly vocals with endearing intimacy. Unfortunately, he betrays (in every sense) one heavy influence by including a live version of Alex Chilton's "Nightime." Chilton's fey, winsome sentimentality draws Epic like a bug-zapper and he comes away crispy—but in his own style, at his own pace, he's a healthy, untroubled Syd Barrett. I guess that makes him Robyn Hitchcock. —Nell Zink

DATALOG: Released May 7.

FILE UNDER: Rock's graceful maturity.

R.I.Y.L.: Dave Edmunds, Alex Chilton, Syd Barrett.

SPORTSGUITAR *Fade/Cliché* Derivative

Sportsguitar is comprised of Oliver and Roland, two youthful-sounding types from the unlikely pop mecca of Lucerne, Switzerland. *Fade/Cliché* is a North American reissue of the self-released debut that introduced their sparse, unassuming take on living-room indie-rock. Sportsguitar has mastered that home-recorded-sounding timbre (boxy drums, intimate vocals, a sense of space created by various guitar effects) associated with U.S. 4-to-8-trackers from Denver to Chapel Hill. The melodies have a light, occasionally McCartney-tinged feel, while arrangements fall into two camps: immaculately conceived pop miniatures that shuttle dead-simple harmonic material between several guitars, and looser efforts ("Mars," "Curtain") in which an untreated acoustic guitar rolls out the song while ungainly clots of feedback function as impressionistic background. The simple, effective (English) lyrics are, unsurprisingly, largely concerned with the singer's sensitive-jerk flip-flops over one or another dead or dying romance. "Letter," with lines like "I was just wondering what you're up to," is pure ex-boyfriend croon, though, a few songs later, Roland (or is it Oliver?) laments "I wish that I could give a shit about all the shit I give." The closing songs of *Fade/Cliché* seem hookless and less direct, but these mishaps just highlight how consistent what's gone before has been.

—Franklin Bruno

DATALOG: Released May 14.

FILE UNDER: Streamlined foreign design, familiar domestic models.

R.I.Y.L.: Portastatic, Neutral Milk Hotel, Sentridoh.

TURKISH DELIGHT Tommy Bell Castle von Buhler

Turkish Delight had its first moment in the sun last year with "Spin," a 118-second single that brought neurotic bizarritude to new heights [see the October 1995 *CMJ* CD]. An elastic bassline lurched and jumped while an electric can made strange noises, and on top of that lay bored-sounding female singspeak, delivered almost entirely in Polish. Rarely has a song remained so delightfully inexplicable after repeated listenings. "Spin" becomes a bit more comprehensible, however, now that it's reprised on the Boston quartet's first full-length, *Tommy Bell*. The other tracks make it apparent that the band's influences are firmly rooted among the NYC bands of the early-to-mid-'80s Lower East Side, although most of the tracks don't seem as informed by the minimalistic claustrophobia of *Fear Of Music* or the Bush Tetrads as do "Spin" and the less cutesy, more jarring "Ghost." Rather, the dominant elements on *Tommy Bell* are the blasé vocals, clanging chords, and eloquent swaths of feedback that evoke Live Skull or Sonic Youth in their prime. In fact, some of Turkish Delight's songs could easily be slipped into *Sister* without causing any sort of glaring continuity gap, but the band emerges from most of the tracks with their own identity intact, especially on "Living For Today," whose guitars are overtaken at the end by a rousing wave of trumpets.

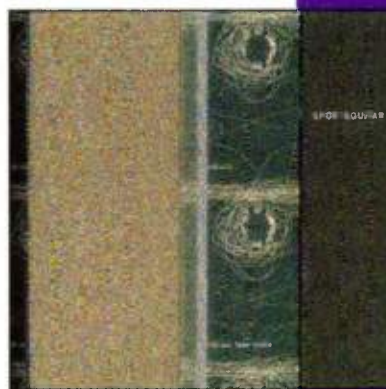
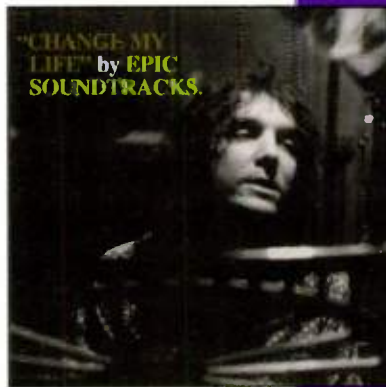
—David Jarman

DATALOG: Released Apr. 30.

FILE UNDER: Chaotic confections.

R.I.Y.L.: Early Sonic Youth, early Talking Heads, Live Skull.

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





JAH WOBBLE *Heaven & Earth* Island

The '90s have brought us more genre-crossing collaborations than a broad-minded music fan could have dreamed. A lot of these experiments have gone through the one-man crossroads of label-honcho/session producer/bassist Bill Laswell. Jah Wobble has been cutting his own parallel—if generally brighter—path to Laswell since his powerful input to Public Image Ltd.'s *Second Edition*, through work with Brian Eno, the Orb, and Ginger Baker. His solo work has often been spotty, but 1994's *Take Me To God*, made with an army of trans-global collaborators, had some career highlights for the Wob. *Heaven & Earth* continues this vein of discovery, and though it's much more diffuse, it's ultimately satisfying. Not surprisingly, Laswell co-produces on two tracks—he often accompanies Bernie Worrell, Jerome Bigfoot Brailey, and Pharoah Sanders, and is unparalleled at blending their jazzy funk into dub-reduced ambient lava. Wobble also uses Middle Eastern-style singers Natacha Atlas ("A Love Song") and Najma Akhtar ("Om Nama Shiva") to great effect, as well as instruments like tabla and Chinese ku cheng. Wobble caresses the whole with his patient bass, making a fluid dub orchestra—lush, epic and perhaps a bit overwrought. —Danny Housman

DATALOG: Released May 7.

FILE UNDER: Ambient world fusion.

R.I.Y.L.: Nicky Skopelitis, collaborations on the Real World and Axiom labels.



WILD STRAWBERRIES *Heroine* Nettwerk

Maybe if the Cowboy Junkies had a sense of humor. Or if Phil Spector ran a wall-of-sound studio in hell. The music might come close to the aloof, predatory drone of Canada's devilish pop duo, Wild Strawberries (named after a Bergman film, of course). And even though techno-edged numbers like "Careful" approximate the clank of Portishead, there's nothing really that cold and mechanical going on here. Composer/multi-instrumentalist Ken Harrison sketches some almost ABBA-esque scenarios for his partner Roberta Carter Harrison to waft through—rich with subtly layered hooks and dreamy vocal overdubs that are straight outta the girl-group '60s. From the orchestrated "Fall" through the sha-la-laed "On My Own" to the *American Bandstand*-ish "Everything That Rises," *Heroine* is one of the most beautifully sculpted records of the year. And who could knock a chirping, Elton John-chorded dirge called "Everybody Loves You When You're Dead"? Goth-heads take note: It's an easy walk from the (Andrew) Eldritch crypt to the shady Wild Strawberries' field, no thematic trouble at all. Like that wacky hooded guy in Bergman's "The Seventh Seal," let 'em lure you, hand-in-hand, into a whole new territory. —Tom Lanham

DATALOG: Released Apr. 2.

FILE UNDER: Pure pop, with a dollop of dolor.

R.I.Y.L.: Portishead, Mazzy Star, Sisters of Mercy.

<http://www.cmjmusic.com>

on the verge

UP-AND-COMING ARTISTS

compiled by lydia anderson

Cul De Sac

It used to be, especially in the early '70s, that there was an instrumental rock tradition that had nothing to do with surf music or metal wankery, dedicated to probing, exploratory semi-improvisation. Boston's Cul De Sac has almost single-handedly revived that tradition over the past five years with a series of intricate, understated singles and albums, and now that groups like Tortoise and Ui are leaping into it too, Cul De Sac's time has come. The group's pieces don't really rely on riffs or melodies: instead, they work out musical and rhythmic ideas, through shifting textures and integrated arrangements, where all the instruments (guitar, bass, drum, synthesizer) count equally. For the raw side of the band, check out *I Don't Want To Go To Bed* (Nuf Sed), a collection of jams and compositions recorded at its rehearsal space; for sparkling elegance, hear the new *China Gate* (Thirsty Ear), including a splendid remake of 1992's "Doldrums" single.

—Douglas Wolk



Hayden

Call Hayden Desser a sad-sack folkie or a slack-jawed tale-spinner—there's no doubt this talented young man fell in with the Tom Waits/J. Mascis/Neil Young archetype somewhere along the line. He's made a name for himself in his native Canada with relentless touring and a memorable lone-guy-and-his-guitar stage show, but his debut CD, *Everything I Long For*, unveils a lot more. With an alternately gruff and comforting voice, a singular acoustic-guitar-strumming style and occasional drum-and-bass backing, Hayden documents a myriad of pessimistic moods and attitudes that come from growing up in suburbia: some subtly comic, others downright tragic. Most of the time he's quiet and poignantly downtrodden, but when he digs in his heels and rocks out, he kicks up a noisy, near-ugly wall of emotion that provides quite a foil to his more melodic tunes. *Everything I Long For* has just been reissued on Outpost, a new division of Geffen. Look for a tour and new album sometime in the near future.

—Colin Helms



Sense Field

With a strong D.I.Y. ethic as its trowel, Sense Field has been steadily burrowing through punk rock's underground for nearly 10 years. The Harbor City, California, quintet began releasing records on its own Run H₂O label back in 1990, and its first two EPs, *Sense Field* and *Premonitions*, quickly sold out even though they were only available at the band's shows. A few years back, S.F. signed to Revelation; while the band's fire-and-recoil dynamic achieves a suitable level of moshability (enough to hang with that label's hardcore heavy-hitters), Sense Field's appeal is based largely on the emotional quality of its songs. The lure of the band's melodicism and Jonathan Bunch's impassioned vocals is so strong, in

fact, that the band has found itself leading a small community of emo-core bands to the label. Sense Field's second long-player, *Building*, was recently released on Revelation.

—Jenny Eliscu



The Gravel Pit

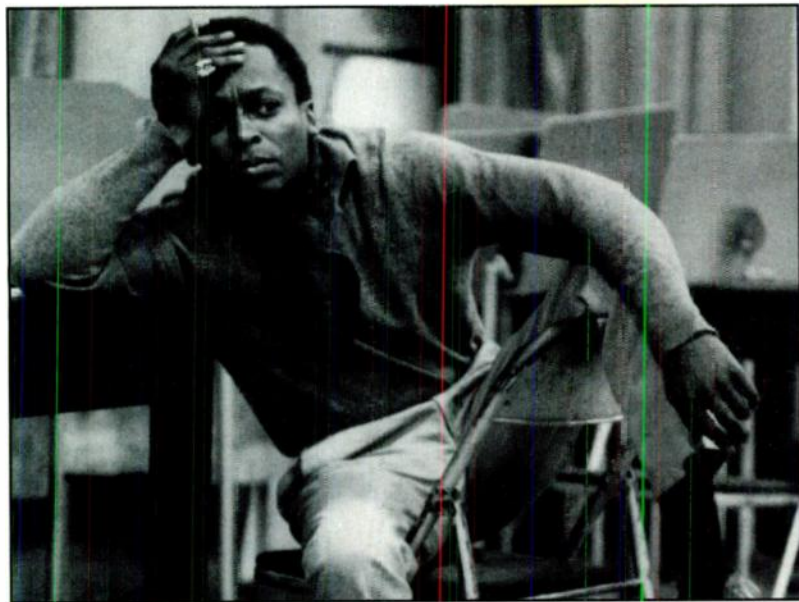
Readers of the *New Haven Advocate* recently voted Gravel Pit "best local alternative band" for the third consecutive year. The band has since relocated to Boston, but the reception has been no less warm—the group has been selling out clubs all over Beantown and the surrounding areas. Listening to its second full-length, *The Gravel Pit Manifesto* (Q Division), it's easy to see why. The Gravel Pit crafts some of the catchiest rock since the heyday of Elvis Costello and XTC, backing each infectious melody with a mountain of crunchy guitar and an unyielding rhythm section. Jed Parish's Farfisa organ pulls the Gravel Pit's sound out of the realm of ordinary pop-rock, and while it steals no thunder from Lucky Jackson's staggering rhythm guitars, it occasionally adds a bit of sarcasm and whimsy to the mix on songs like "Officer Dwight Boyd." The Gravel Pit is the rockin'-est pop band you're likely to hear right now.

—Aaron Clow

FLASHBACK

ROOTS • REISSUES • RETRO

by James Lien



MILES DAVIS & GIL EVANS The Complete Columbia Studio Recordings Legacy-Columbia

Right when bebop got boring, along came Gil Evans and Miles Davis. Davis' unique trumpet voice and Evans' musical palette and sense of arranging—how the instruments fit together sonically on his records is just as important as the notes themselves—helped change the shape of jazz. The two first teamed up for Capitol Records to record *Birth Of The Cool*, which signaled the rise of the “cool jazz” movement, fueled by Evans' expansive arrangements and Davis' spartan tone. When Davis eventually landed on Columbia in the mid-'50s, they resumed and extended their ambitious collaborations creating landmark “cool” orchestral jazz albums like *Porgy & Bess* and *Sketches Of Spain*. In the words of Bill Kirshner, who contributes one of eight essays to the booklet, it was “a sort of jazz chamber orchestra with guts.” This box set contains remastered, expanded versions of the albums *Miles Ahead*, *Porgy & Bess*, *Sketches Of Spain* and *Quiet Nights*, plus outtakes, alternate versions, leftover fragments and an illuminating bonus disc where one can “eavesdrop” on studio chatter and the actual recording sessions being conducted. It's music to bask in, languorous, drenching sound. For such moody, delicate stuff, the CD format is what makes this six-disc set so nice—whatever you're doing when you put it on, that mood will certainly last longer than a 20-minute album side. *Sketches Of Spain* was pretty much the *Pet Sounds* of its day, but to these ears, it's “lesser” projects like *Quiet Evenings* where the truly innovative quality of what Miles and Gil were doing really shines today. And, of course, the lavishness of this box set leads one to another speculation: at the time of his death at the end of 1970, Jimi Hendrix was actually scheduled to begin work on a project with Evans. Had Jimi lived, might we also be listening to a companion box right now, of Gil and Jimi's work together?

CORRECTIONS, CORRECTIONS: In the April *Flashback*, this columnist mis-identified the label of *Sexadelic Dance Party* by Vampyros Lesbos, which was released on Motel (210 E. 49th St., New York, NY 10017). A month later, in his *Bad Brains* review, the same columnist misremembered the year the seminal punk/reggae band's yellow eponymous album was released; in fact, when he first heard it sometime after its release in 1983, the future reissue columnist thought it was so good that he assumed it had to be years and years old already. The first person discovering any factual—not philosophical—error in this month's column will receive a free copy of Rhino's *Heavy Metal Hits Of The '80s, Volume 2*.

IN THE BINS

Swingers, prepare to swing: The rascals at Scamp have just released *The Sound Gallery: 24 Musical Masterpieces Volume One*, assembled for our listening pleasure by the easy-listening experts on “the Sound Gallery team.” Although future Volumes would benefit from more information about the artistes—we're dying for profiles on the bizarre Alan Hawkshaw or the pre-Chuck Mangione trumpet cheez-king Keith Mansfield—this is swinging music for swinging times. Lite funk, classical gas, soundtracks to '60s soft-core movies, it's all here... Also in the electronica department, Vanguard will be re-releasing Moog visionary **JEAN JACQUES PERRY's** *The Amazing New Electronic Pop Sound Of Jean Jacques Perry*. A worthier candidate for reissue would have been Perry's long-deleted Moog *Indigo* LP, which features Perry's buzzing, whirling Moogs riding high atop a swirling Carnaby Street wash of fuzz guitar, bongos and a battery of freaked-out '60s echo sound effects. Song titles like “Soul City,” “Passport To The Future” and “Country Rock Polka” virtually scream for reissue... Though to most people the **MARKETTS** were no more than a fleeting speck bobbing amongst the waves and waves of surf music (momentary hit: “Out Of Limits”), they were actually exponents of a utopian American vision, and a stunning example of the power of television and space exploration to compel the teenaged imagination of a nation. In truth, their sound was closer to space-age twist music than shooting the pipeline, and their best is compiled on Sundazed's *Out Of Limits!*. It's the kind of music that simply could not exist in today's more sarcastic, self-referential society. In the more mundane parallel universe of '60s L.A. studio musicians, the Marketts were a remarkable ensemble: legendary surf guitarist Tommy Tedesco, Carol Kaye (later the bassist on *Pet Sounds*), pre-white-hair Leon Russell on keyboards, and the ubiquitous Hal Blaine on drums. Hear now and be awed.

METAL

BY JENNI GLENN

OVERDOSE

Scars

Fierce-FLG



If you're into thick, throbbing, tribal grooves and nasty-ass, crushing percussion, you'll love Overdose. Hands down, this band exudes the heaviest, most powerful percussive crunch I've ever heard. In addition to drummer Andre Marcio's monstrous live drum sound, much of this is attributable to lead vocalist B.Z.'s electronic drum-pad pummeling, which adds to Overdose's overall rootsy, tribal feel. This Brazilian quintet has already soared to the top in its native country, but has only recently begun to achieve success here in the States, mostly because contractual obligations had trapped the band's releases in Brazil. The first Overdose album to come out in the United States was 1994's *Progress Of Decadence*, and although it helped introduce the band to American metal fans, it wasn't quite what the band needed to attain the same widespread success as fellow countrymen Sepultura. *Scars* is definitely the record that will put Overdose over the top. Comparisons to Sepultura are unavoidable—both bands are heavy, tribal and from Brazil—but where Sepultura thrives on death-laden, gruff vocal growls and punishing raw-power grinds, Overdose's socially/politically-conscious music brandishes a much sharper, crisper sound, with fluid but gritty vocal soars and cohesive rhythmic churns. Highlights include the doom-encrusted mini-interludes, the huge bass-slap and wailing guitar riffs of "How To Pray," the raw, fiery attack of "Still Primitive," the explosive, shuddering crash of "Out Of Control—A Fairy Tale" and the spastic, psycho-babble rush of "My Rage."



RIFFS

All you metalheads who aren't afraid to admit that you used to bang your heads along with bands like Poison, Ratt, Cinderella, Bang Tango, BulletBoys, Faster Pussycat, Twisted Sister and Winger should check out *Youth Gone Wild: Heavy Metal Hits Of The '80s Vols. 1-3* (Rhino). It's guaranteed to bring a nostalgic tear to the eye—or blast of Aquanet to the hair—of all true heavy metal fans. Sniff, sniff... Whoever said heavy metal is dead is dead wrong. Just check out these bands that will be hitting a town near you some time this summer season: Pantera, Type O Negative, Prong, Biohazard, Rage Against The Machine, KISS, My Dying Bride, Paradise Lost, Warrant, Bruce Dickinson, Slaughter, Sepultura, Metallica (or should we say Metallicapalooza), Voivod, Vince Neil, Belladonna, Helloween... and those are only some of the bands who come to mind right now. Keep your eyes peeled [a very metal image when you think about it—managing ed.]... **METALLICA's** Jason Newsted recently invited **VOIVOD** drummer Michael Langevin and guitarist Denis d'Amour to his California studio to jam. Hmmm, might there be a side-project in the works?... Unfortunately, **PUNGENT STENCH** has called it quits. A farewell CD, *The Collection*, will be out this fall, with previously unreleased tracks, as well as rarities and B-sides. It is indeed a sad day. Long live the Stench!



- 1 **SEPULTURA**
Roots
Roadrunner
- 2 **RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE**
Evil Empire
Epic
- 3 **SACRED REICH**
Heal
Metal Blade
- 4 **NEUROSIS**
Through Silver In Blood
Relapse
- 5 **CRISIS**
Deathhead Extermination
Metal Blade
- 6 **OVERKILL**
The Killing Kind
CMC
- 7 **PRONG**
"Rude Awakening" (5")
Epic
- 8 **GRAVITY KILLS**
Gravity Kills
TVT
- 9 **MINISTRY**
Filth Pig
Warner Bros.
- 10 **SKREW**
Shadow Of Doubt
Metal Blade
- 11 **MY DYING BRIDE**
The Angel And The Dark River
Fierce-FLG
- 12 **ANAL CUNT**
40 More Reasons To Hate Us
Earache
- 13 **FU MANCHU**
In Search Of...
Mammoth
- 14 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**
In Memory Of Celtic Frost
Dwell
- 15 **PARADISE LOST**
Draconian Times
Relativity
- 16 **BAD RELIGION**
The Gray Race
Atlantic
- 17 **INTEGRITY**
Humanity Is The Devil
Victory
- 18 **KILLING JOKE**
Democracy
Big Life-Zoo
- 19 **ONLY LIVING WITNESS**
Innocents
Century Media
- 20 **DEADGUY**
Fixation On A Coworker
Victory
- 21 **FAR**
Tin Cans With Strings To You
Immortal-Epic
- 22 **KILGORE SMUDGE**
Blue Collar Solitude
Unsound-WB
- 23 **POWERMEN 5000**
The Blood Splat Rating System
Conscience
- 24 **PANTERA**
"Drag The Waters" (5")
EastWest-EEG
- 25 **BLOODLET**
Entheogen
Victory

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

ILLYAH
KURYAHKIN



SINGLES

BY DOUGLAS WOLK

ILLYAH KURYAHKIN

"Lotus Pool"

The Arena Rock Recording Company

Illyah Kuryahkin is a willful misspelling of the name of the Russian guy from *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* It's also the name of a new NYC "project" that may or may not involve people besides songwriter Dean

Wilson. "Lotus Pool" and its much longer B-side "Silk Road" are both good songs, but they've got a killer sound. There appear

to be all kinds of unusual percussion and keyboard instruments being played behind the record's

overwhelming cascade of guitars, but you can't really tell—everything is run through massive

amounts of tape distortion, so it's all prickly and

indistinct and rich-sounding. Give it a quick

listen, and the melodies seem to owe

something to Guided By Voices. Listen more

carefully, though, and you'll hear where these

songs' choogle and soar comes from—that's

right, .38 Special! Actually, if you ran .38 Special

songs through a maxed-out tape deck to distort the

living hell out of them, then stuck them on a 7", it'd

probably sound just as good as this. And that would be fine.

A strange post-mortem document of the Coctails has surfaced. It's a single, "Why?" (Telstar), credited to **T. LANCE & THE COCTAILS**—the mysterious T. Lance is rumored to have very close ties to Todd Abramson, who runs the Telstar label. The disc reveals a secret that none of the Coctails' official releases gave up, which is that they were actually an ace garage band. Here, they torque it through two hopelessly obscure '60s garage numbers, wind-tunnel echo on the drums and all—the B-side, "Aba-Daba Do Dance," is ridiculous enough that the band collapses into giggles by the end of it. And as for T. Lance, well, he could singlehandedly make tuneless caterwauling the wave of the future—the man's got gusto, and that's all there is to it. Awesomely fun.

There's a small but thriving British underground pop scene of amateurish-and-proud bands that more or less decided to form the first time they saw Bikini Kill, but had the wits to sound different. They all seem to cleave to each other—they all turn up on releases on Slampt, Piao! and a few other labels. The first release on the new label Nana is a 7" compilation, *Astral Angora*, with six of them, and it's a lovely introduction to the scene. The best thing on it is Helen Love's "The Girl About Town," which borrows its chorus from a Jam song and its aesthetic from The Casio Songbook Of Ramones Favorites: "See that girl lying under the bar?/She used to be a rock 'n' roll star/She had her picture in *Rolling Stone*/She was third from the left behind Joey Ramone." Runner-up: the Avocado Baby song that goes "I don't want to fuck you/I just want to fuck with you."

High-concept record of the month is **BIG CITY ORCHESTRA**'s new single (Sick Muse). The A-side is a

cover of Ivor Cutler's "Grass" (better known in Robert Wyatt's version, from which BCO seems to have derived its arrangement); the B-side is a cover of XTC's "Grass"; and the whole thing is packaged in inch-thick Astroturf. Given all that, it's surprising that the record itself is so good. The BCO manages to find new things to do with both songs: the Cutler one has its wickedly satirical harangue brought to the fore ("Do not mind if I thump you when I'm talking to you/I have something important to say"), and the XTC becomes a minimal acoustic piece with peculiar, hallucinatory rumblings underneath.

Speaking of peculiar rumblings, the A-side of **JOHN HUDAK**'s *Natura 7"* (Apraxia), "*Drosophila Melanogaster*," is exactly what it says it is: the disquieting sound of fruit flies, amplified into audibility. The flip's "Ice On Snow" is a little trickier, but not much more—ice falling on snow, used as a trigger for a synthesizer. These aren't exactly the sounds of nature in the way that "environmental" recordings are—they're modified for easy human consumption—but they are examples of how nature operates with a musical logic of its own.

There is some kind of law that says that the best hardcore singles have mindbogglingly hideous black-and-white photocopied sleeves. Where you see the Xeroxed skulls and paste-up marks, you know you're in for a treat. **FAT DAY**'s third 7", *Bound For Glory* (100% Breakfast!), has one of the worst hardcore sleeves of all time, so naturally the record itself rules. The band has been living and playing together in Cambridge, MA, for years, and its songs keep getting tighter and trickier and faster and shorter—the four songs on the first side barely crack the two-minute mark all told, and how anyone can count as fast as Fat Day must be beyond me. Bonus: excellent lyrics (smart, mean, telegraphic like early Minutemen). Write to the label and order it, and while you're at it ask them about the excellent grindcore joke band Fear Of Reprisal, whose side of a split single with the McVeighs has four songs that are literally identical except for the vocals—two of them actually have the same title.

Reissuing long-out-of-print albums with bonus tracks has long been established as a good idea, so it's surprising that it's taken as long as it has for the British label Overground's idea: reissuing long-out-of-print singles with bonus tracks. The latest is the second single by British just-post-punkers the **SUBWAY SECT**, "Ambition," from back in 1978, when they were still considered the Clash's proteges (Bernard Rhodes and Mickey Foote produced it) and frontman Vic Godard hadn't developed his Cole Porter fixation yet. Besides the excellent single itself, you get two tracks recorded for their never-released debut album, including a better (more guitars, less synth) take on "Ambition."

DANCE

BY TIM HASLETT

DJ SPOOKY

Songs Of A Dead Dreamer

Asphodel



There once was a time when the sharp distinctions between dance music, ambient music, and hip-hop had some validity. DJ Spooky is here to demonstrate that that time has passed.

Spooky ("That Subliminal Kid"), the alter ego of New York turntable *bricoleur* Paul Miller, has been a staple in the New York experimental underground for almost five

years, doing the sort of deconstructive turntable work that most DJs can only dream of. To borrow a quote from Greg Tate (on Miles Davis), DJ Spooky is an artist "whose practice foregrounds his theory." Mostly hidden but occasionally

audible on this record are the dense points of reference and intertextual process at work in Spooky's music. Spooky is as quick to borrow from such canonical ambientists as Brian Eno as he is to drop distended snippets of the

Eraserhead soundtrack. His clear hip-hop affinities mean that not a beat is wasted here. And as if these hybrids weren't sufficient, "Hologrammic Dub"

is a gorgeously reverbed and echoed piece, revealing Spooky's love of '70s Jamaican mix-deck impresarios like King Tubby and Augustus Pablo. Spooky's

sense of sonic presence and absence, and his ability to redefine the rules of electronic experimental music, are simply astonishing. *Songs Of A Dead Dreamer* is one of the most important and satisfying albums of the year.



ON THE FLIP SIDE

Though it might seem premature for rave music to enter the lucrative valley of nostalgia, it's worth remembering that the movement's inaugural moments occurred nearly eight years ago, when Chicago acid house made its way across the Atlantic, setting in motion a entire generation of dance music fanatics. Thus, the appearance of *Rave Anthems Volume 1* (Sm:)e Communications) comes as only a mild surprise. And this collection is undoubtedly worth obtaining for its stellar track-listing, which includes some of the most in-demand and out-of-print rave tracks one could hope for. The opening track, "Narra Mine" by **GENASIDE II**, impossible to obtain in its original 12" form, is a perfect moment of pre-jungle so dynamic that to stand still in its presence seems almost disrespectful. Followers of U.K. happy hardcore (the zooming, piano laden precursor to jungle and drum-and-bass) will be relieved to find **4 HERO**'s ominous "Mr. Kirk's Nightmare" alongside "Some Justice" by **URBAN SHAKEDOWN**. Analog techno prophets Joey Beltram and Outlander (Marcos Salom) contribute tracks to the collection, balancing the offerings... The British Ninja Tune label is renowned for its eclectic artist roster, from the abstract headjazz of 9 Lazy 9 to the Latin-influenced beat wizardry of **UP, BUSTLE, AND OUT**, whose debut album *One Colour Just Reflects Another* (Ninja Tune-Shadow) is a wholly unique musical amalgam. "An African Friendship (Une Amité Africaine)" is one of the most compelling guitar jazz dance tracks of the year, with a nearly irresistible beat overlaid by a crystalline threnody of minor-key piano. "Discouraging Drums" is a jagged percussion exercise, and "The Revolutionary Woman Of The Windmill" is a flamenco-soaked beatdown that eludes easy categorization. Don't let this quirky, magnificently understated album get lost in the shuffle... Before trance became too fast and prosaic, it contained some of the most exquisite chord changes in dance music. The "Prophecy" 12" by **MOULY AND LUCIDA** (Timeless) is helping to re-animate trance through the lens of drum-and-bass. The opening sequence on this British duo's third single is magisterial, almost panoramic in its scope. Then it dives headlong into a thundering breakbeat loop that threatens to upset the fragility of the melody, but leaves it intact. Mouly and Lucida are part of a growing cadre of British producers interested in pushing drum-and-bass music beyond its current borders.



- 1 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Hardhop & Trypno
Moonshine
- 2 UNDERWORLD
Second Toughest In The Infants
Wax Trax!-TVT
- 3 SPACETIME CONTINUUM
Emit Ecaps
Astralwerks-Caroline
- 4 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Offbeat: A Red Hot Sound Trip
Red Hot/Wax Trax!-TVT
- 5 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Three A.D.: A Waveform Compilation
Waveform
- 6 PRODIGY
Firestarter (EP)
XL-Mute
- 7 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Suck-Taste-Spit
Dynamica-CBM Inc.
- 8 SVEN VATH
Touch Themes Of Harlequin/Robot/
Ballet Dancer
Eye Q
- 9 THIRD ROOM
Wellenbad
Harthouse-Eye Q
- 10 X-PRESS 2
"The Sound" (12")
Logic
- 11 CHEMICAL BROTHERS
Loops Of Fury (EP)
Astralwerks-Caroline
- 12 SKINNY PUPPY
The Process
American
- 13 AUTECHRE
Tri Repetae ++
Warp/Wax Trax!-TVT
- 14 BOMB THE BASS
Clear
Quango-Island
- 15 RATPACK
"The Captain Of The Ship" (12")
Logic
- 16 SUB DUB
Sub Dub
Ambient-Instinct
- 17 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Planet Dub
Planet Dog/Ultimate-Mammoth
- 18 SOUNDS FROM THE GROUND
Kin
Waveform
- 19 29DIED
29Died
Orchard
- 20 GLOBAL COMMUNICATION
Remotion
Dedicated-Hitl!
- 21 VARIOUS ARTISTS
Trip Hop Acid Phunk 2
Adrenalin-C&S
- 22 OFF & GONE
"Sigma Receptor" (12")
Harthouse-Eye Q
- 23 DJ KRUSH
Meiso
Mo Wax/Wfr-I.L.S.
- 24 VARIOUS ARTISTS
If Ya Can't Stand Da Beatz,
Git Outta Da Kitchen
Ninja Tune-Shadow
- 25 NIGHTMARES ON WAX
Smoker's Delight
Warp-TVT

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



- 1 FUGEES (REFUGEE CAMP)
The Score
Ruffhouse/Columbia-CRG
- 2 BUSTA RHYMES
The Coming
Elektra-EEG
- 3 SOUNDTRACK
Sunset Park
Flavor Unit/EastWest-EEG
- 4 GENIUS/GZA
Liquid Swords
Geffen
- 5 BAHAMADIA
Kollage
Chrysalis-EMI
- 6 DE LA SOUL
"The Bizness" (12")
Tommy Boy
- 7 SOUNDTRACK
Don't Be A Menace To South Central...
Island
- 8 MAD LION
Real Ting
Weeded-Nervous
- 9 CHINO XL
Here To Save You All
American
- 10 JAY-Z
"Dead Presidents" (12")
Roc-A-Fella-Priority
- 11 SOUNDTRACK
The Substitute
Priority
- 12 2PAC
All Eyez On Me
Death Row-Interscope
- 13 GOODIE MOB
Soul Food
LaFace-Arista
- 14 LARGE PROFESSOR
"The Mad Scientist" (12")
Geffen
- 15 FAT JOE
Jealous One's Envy
Violator-Relativity
- 16 MIC GERONIMO
The Natural
Blunt-TVT
- 17 GETO BOYS
The Resurrection
Noo-Trybe/Rap-A-Lot-Virgin
- 18 PHARCYDE
Labcabin/california
Delicious Vinyl-Capitol
- 19 HEATHER B
"If Heads Only Knew" (12")
Pendulum-EMI
- 20 DJ KRUSH
Meiso
Mo Wax/frr-I.L.S.
- 21 JUNIOR M.A.F.I.A.
Conspiracy
Big Beat-Atlantic
- 22 LL COOL J
Mr. Smith
Def Jam/RAL-Island
- 23 BIG NOYD
"Recognize And Realize (Pt.2)" (12")
Tommy Boy
- 24 KOOL KEITH
"Wanna Be A Star" (12")
Funky Ass
- 25 FAB 5
"Leffaur Leffah Eshkoshka (Pt.2)" (12")
Duck Down-Priority



HIP-HOP

BY GLEN SANSONE

DE LA SOUL

Stakes Is High

Tommy Boy

In all its uncanny brilliance, De La Soul's 1989 debut *3 Feet High And Rising* is arguably one of the most creative records ever recorded. Legitimizing hip-hop for the legions of suburban anti-B-Boys, it, along with early releases from groups like the Beastie Boys and Public Enemy, brought hip-hop fans of every stripe out of the closet and into one of the most exciting periods in rap—I like to consider *3 Feet...* hip-hop's *Sgt. Pepper's*. But the unfortunate truth about De La's subsequent releases is that they fell short of being as "whole" (every song on the debut is critical to the overall picture) and resourceful as its first, though they were still nowhere near mundane: *De La Soul Is Dead* was exhausting and even slightly resentful, while *Buhloone Mindstate* was clever, yet still dragged the group a few steps closer to the ground. As solid and lyrically fluid as *Stakes Is High* is, De La Soul is still running on an eight-year-old reputation, and fans and critics alike still touch the "play" button with expectations drifting in the clouds. Today, Trugoy, Mase and Posdnous are quite different: the guys are tougher and more determined than ever to break the sameness and lack of creativity in hip-hop while still having a good time doing it. On cuts like "Island Degrees" and "Wonce Again Long Island" they flex regional pride and sound like they'd rather rock the spot than smell the flowers. In many ways, De La Soul has made the perfect album for 1996, keeping the grooveability and lyrical zest high (despite a stale duet with Zhane called "4 More") and the cartoonish surrealism low. But, sadly, the latter is what once made its music so remarkable.

BONUS BEATS



To give you an idea of how unbearably slow 1996 has been for rewarding hip-hop releases, the East Coast versus West Coast thing is back. While it's not likely that you'll be able to find any rap artists crazy enough to shoot themselves in the foot by endorsing the divide-and-conquer ethic in print, it's astounding that some choose to perpetuate one of the most self-defeating and frivolous topics ever created, while so few groups are recording anything worth more than a courteous listen or two. Oakland-based rapper Spice 1 perhaps summed it up best by stating, "Just keep me outta that shit!"... If you've never treated yourself to a cruise with **TOO \$HORT**, the new *Album Number 10* (Jive) will be your last chance. The derby-topped king of the playas is hanging up the mic and retiring to a life as label CEO. Be honest, one cannot exist on pimpin' alone. Don't feel bad—\$hort's records have earned enough to keep his money clip forever full, and, to his credit, they've remained consistent and true to his shtick from start to finish... Speaking of consistency, **MC HAMMER** has signed a deal with Death Row Records and is currently working on a new album. The countdown to Hammer Time is on... **HEATHER B** will forever be remembered for her role in the first season of MTV's *The Real World*, though her roots are with the Boogie Down Productions camp. Her self-titled debut (EMI-ERG) boasts the sparse, rhythmically stout production of KRS One's bro Kenny Parker—it's chunkier than a Richard Simmons aerobics class. Ripping strict ghetto science, Heather's punchy, headstrong rhymes ("All Glocks Down") are about remaining rowdy and raw and bustin' heads, and she matches every crack of the snare with an equally-forceful rhyme ("I'm just nasty like that and I don't give a fuck no more/Fuck that Herb and his whore!")... **SMOOTHE DA HUSTLER**'s debut, *Once Upon A Time In America* (Profile), is based directly on his former life as a drug dealer and hustler. The fact is, when Smooth rips a Wu-Tang-like verse about the struggle to get cash, you know he's lived it; when he raps about "hustlin', gamblin', slangin', doin' stick-ups" you know he speaks from experience and isn't just playing a part.

Compiled from the CMJ New Music Report's weekly Best New Charts, selected from CMJ's post-of-progressive radio repertoire.

mixed media

compiled by Liz Clayton



The Red Shoes and other tattered tales

Karen Elizabeth Gordon
Author of *The Transitive Vampire* and
The Well-Tempered Sentence

READS

THE RED SHOES AND OTHER TATTERED TALES

by Karen Elizabeth Gordon (Dalkey Archive)

Karen Elizabeth Gordon is renowned for creative grammar books like *The Transitive Vampire*, but one has to wonder from the tone of *The Red Shoes* if she hasn't also got a passing interest in the theatre. From the introduction (which opens with the word "Ah") to the prose-vignettes that this peculiar work of fiction is comprised of, her approach is sentimental, whimsical, and overtly clever. Gordon is the siren of the word-geeks, tossing out paragraph-long sentences with grammar tricks and nine-dollar words in attractively styled ways. *The Red Shoes*, a drastically revised new version of a work originally published as a reference book some years ago, is sequenced like a dictionary. Each page is headed by a different noun, and the content of the pages themselves is evasive-descriptive (and as contradictory as those terms used together) and peppered with footnotes, cross-references to other entries, and if that weren't enough, character voices. The "definitions" themselves are quite often attributed to specific characters Gordon introduces in the beginning: the cast includes "a specter afraid of the dark" and "a wanderlusting seamstress from Croatia." Sorting out the voices and their roles is far more mystifying than Gordon's challenging and entertaining lexical mess. Her sensual approach to the science and schema of language is unique and seductive. (LC)

FLICKS

THE PERFECT CANDIDATE

(Seventh Art)

When Oliver North went on the road for his Virginia Senate race against incumbent Charles Robb in 1994, he inexplicably brought along two documentary filmmakers. R.J. Cutler (best known for *The War Room*, his film about Bill Clinton's 1992 campaign) and David Van Taylor made *The Perfect Candidate* solely out of TV footage and you-are-there shots of the contenders and their crews (notably vicious North strategist Mark Goodin) talking to each other and in public—no voice-overs, no interviews, no pointed juxtapositions. That's okay: the processes of behind-the-scenes politics they show don't need any help to crucify themselves on camera. Robb comes off as a mild sleazoid who cares about public policy but has no idea how to relate to actual people (he taps someone on the shoulder in a supermarket, shakes his hand, and says "You can go back to making your selection now"); North, on the other hand, has multiple opportunities to demonstrate that he's not actually a monomaniacally evil lizard from outer space who's taken human form, but he doesn't really avail himself of any of them. The race, it becomes clear, isn't about politics, or even the contestants' own characters: it's entirely about their attacks on each other's characters. It's a terribly depressing film, but this kind of stabbing insight into the political process is rare and important. —Douglas Wolk



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'ZINES

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(c/o Robert Hewitt, 2610 N. Leland, Chicago, IL 60625)

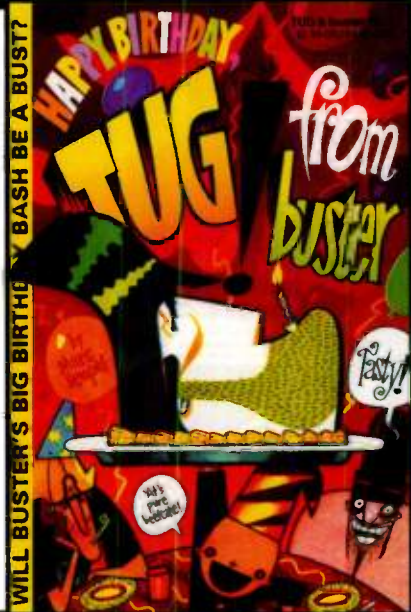
This completely inexplicable publication was tracked down at a magazine store, but walks the fine line between magazine and catalogue—not in the way that some catalogues do, by merely being well written, but by being a catalogue of things so unarguably bizarre that one is not actually sure they are serious. Packaged in a plastic bag, with free stickers, *Wendall And Inc.* offers a product line that includes items such as "a pen I picked up at the hardware" (\$29.99), "xeroxes from the encyclopaedia" (5 for \$10) and "videotape of my cat sleeping" (\$7.95). The product line extends to more surreal items, like "an assortment of last weeks" (\$10.00) and "the space around the letter 'F'" (\$11.00). Other than the detailed product descriptions ("This piece of foil was purchased at Jewel on Lincoln near Montrose and was used for five weeks to wrap my lunch in"), the catalog contains an introductory article on Synchronized Rubberband Shooting and a Q&A column entitled "Fred answers your questions about water." (LC)

COMICS

TUG & BUSTER

by Marc Hempel (Art & Soul)

Marc Hempel is probably best known for drawing most of "The Kindly Ones" storyline in *Sandman*, and second-best as the creator of Gregory, a series of sweet, whimsical graphic novels about an autistic child in a straitjacket and a filthy padded cell. (No, really.) His latest creation is *TUG & buster*, a bimonthly series that's ostensibly a satire on the roles that men play in the name of masculinity, about a huge macho impeccably-coiffed macho wordless macho guy and his skittery little sidekick. Really, though, it's basically an excuse for Hempel to let his drawing go completely nuts. His character design is so stylized that it's sometimes hard to tell what's going on, but he also has the art of caricature down perfectly—one look at tiny little Buster or the wide-eyed, mustachioed lech Genital Ben, and you know everything there is to know about them. As for the stories, they're basically variations on a single joke—what happens when people with chronic testosterone poisoning get together. That's okay: in Hempel's hands, it's usually pretty funny, and if you get tired of it, you can always just admire the amazing pictures. —Douglas Walk



Cool Spots, USA



Illinois

\$6

Compiled by
Jerome Polhen

July, 1995
Version 1

'ZINES

COOL SPOTS, U.S.A.

(P.O. Box 654, Lincolnshire, IL 60069)

While the majority of tourist-trap enthusiasts and *Roadside America* readers have been flipping through their checklists of Paul Bunyan statues unawares, Jerry Polhen has been assembling fantastic travel guides for the past several years that would cause major trip re-routings if only these people held copies. *Cool Spots, U.S.A.* is a series of state-by-state travel guide "zines" that encompass pretty much anything strange you'd want to know about a state. Whether you're planning a trip or not, any issue is a good read. The booklets are organized alphabetically by city, with points of interest rated as to their weirdness, and phone numbers and addresses given where available. The cool spots themselves, however, are only a part of why these guides are so great: the pages are sprinkled heavily with strange historical facts, beautiful thematic clip art, and local trivia. If there are Frank Lloyd Wright buildings in the state, Jerry has probably catalogued those as well. *Cool Spots, U.S.A.* guides currently exist for at least half if not more of the United States so far, and all already existing issues are updated at some point to assure accurate information. They're as good in the bathroom as in the car with the map out—no curiosity-seeker should go without them. (LC)

multi-media



Andrew Conway: Juggler (<http://www.bdl.com/home/conway>)

One of the most wonderful things about the personal web page glut is that it offers us the voyeuristic pleasure of rooting through a stranger's life from the privacy of our own homes, schools, or offices. Andrew Conway not only juggles, but has a wife and two children and programs for Bank of America. But back to the juggling thing. Andrew's page is an excellent back door into a small, yet thriving, online juggling community. It has links to the Juggling Information Society, the Juggler's Hall of Fame, selected posts from rec.juggling (apparently, they like to fool the new people in the newsgroup by pretending to swap complicated tricks using a secret numerical notation, and are constantly asking each other things like "Anyone else manage 554418102?"), and a comprehensive (if not actually very good) guide to heckler retorts. Andrew writes well, and has some good juggling fiction (!) on his page, as well as a true story of trying to teach people to juggle in a maximum security prison. Andrew's page also features photos of a camping trip with friends in Indiana (he's the bearded one in the flowered pants, orange tunic, and red baseball hat, holding a beer). (LC)

NET STUFF

SALON

(<http://www.salon1999.com>)

There are a lot of "magazines" starting up on the Web, but most of them are awfully light on content and heavy on design, advertising and "advertorial" content. The weekly *Salon*, devoted to literature and culture and funded by Apple and Adobe, isn't devoid of advertising, but it's designed for Web-surfers with an attention span beyond that of a fruit fly. The name and conceit are a little pretentious, but that's mitigated by the site's gentle, witty editorial stance. The idea appears to attract readers who'd otherwise be spending their time with a copy of *The New Yorker* or *Harper's*: *Salon* has lengthy interviews with authors, essays about various political and literary topics, and a few good comic strips that also appear in free weeklies that come out on paper (like Carol Lay's "Story Minute"). And, yes, there are the requisite discussion areas, which are underpopulated (few topics attract more than a dozen posts) but well-designed and nicely moderated; they also seem to attract a much more interesting set of reader contributions than your average USENET newsgroup or AOL board. The design is elegant but minimal—after the front page, you won't spend huge amounts of time waiting for images to load.

—Douglas Wolk



NET STUFF

Cross-Country Burn

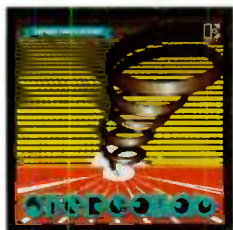
(<http://www.msn.com/~xmag/x14/burn.html>)

Perhaps you're familiar with the annual social gathering/fire ritual held annually in Gerlach, NV, known as "Burning Man." Jeff Hansen's "Cross-Country Burn" is a 27653-word, 36-picture trip diary of his road trip from Lansing, MI, to Burning Man, and can be located wedged in the cracks of the extremely worthwhile X Magazine/Dryer Communications homepages. This is the ultimate roadtrip story that does not involve massive auto catastrophe. The campsite itself is a three-day instant community, with groups of people migrating into the desert and setting up theme camps and walking around naked and then setting fire to a giant wooden dude in the end. The Official Burning Man Homepage (<http://www.well.com/user/burnman>) touts it as full of steel drum bands and performance artists, and I'm sure they're there, but Jeff's personal story includes accounts of several really cool people (and I gather he didn't get a chance to meet all 4,000 that were there), events, structures, fire-lust, and, well, some performance art. The story is text-heavy, but entirely rewarding, and spans all spectrums of the travel experience (buildup, climax, let-down, totalling up of slot machine losses, etc) with all the enthusiasm of someone who is going to do it all over again this year. (LC)



TOP 75

ALTERNATIVE RADIO AIRPLAY



STEREOLAB

ARTIST	ALBUM TITLE	LABEL
1 STEREO LAB	Emperor Tomato Ketchup	Elektra-EEG
2 LUSH	Loveline	4AD Reprise
3 LIFTER	Melinda (Everything Was Beautiful And Nothing Hurt)	Interscope
4 JESUS LIZARD	Shot	Capitol
5 SUPERDRAG	Regretfully Yours	Elektra-EEG
6 MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?	Experiment Zero	Touch And Go
7 RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE	Evil Empire	Epic
8 VARIOUS ARTISTS	Schoolhouse Rock! Rocks	Lava-Atlantic
9 VELOCITY GIRL	Gilded Stars And Zealous Hearts	Sub Pop
10 AFGHAN WHIGS	Black Love	Elektra-EEG
11 GRAVITY KILLS	Gravity Kills	TVT
12 LOVE AND ROCKETS	Sweet FA.	Beggars Banquet/American-Reprise
13 GUIDED BY VOICES	Under The Bushes, Under The Stars	Matador
14 CRACKER	The Golden Age	Virgin
15 ARCHERS OF LOAF	The Speed Of Cattle	Alias
16 BAD RELIGION	The Gray Race	Atlantic
17 BRAINIAC	Hissing Prigs In Static Couture	Touch And Go
18 GIRLS AGAINST BOYS	House Of GVSB	Touch And Go
19 BOB MOULD	Bob Mould	Rykodisc
20 TRACY BONHAM	The Burdens Of Being Upright	Island
21 VARIOUS ARTISTS	Offbeat: A Red Hot Sound Trip	Red Hot/Wax Trax!-TVT
22 SOUNDTRACK	Songs In The Key Of X	Warner Bros.
23 CAST	All Change	Polydor-A&M
24 MARK EITZEL	60 Watt Silver Lining	Warner Bros.
25 FUZZY	Electric Juices	TAG
26 LOS LOBOS	Colossal Head	Warner Bros.
27 SPINANES	Strand	Sub Pop
28 SEPULTURA	Roots	Roadrunner
29 SWIRLIES	They Spent Their Wild Youthful Days In The Glittering World...	Taang!
30 GODHEADSILO	Skyward In Triumph	Sub Pop
31 TRIPLE FAST ACTION	Broadcaster	Capitol
32 KILLING JOKE	Democracy	Big Life-Zoo
33 VARIOUS ARTISTS	Whore: Various Artists Play Wire	WMO
34 JUNED	Every Night For You	Up
35 AMMONIA	Mint 400	Murmur-Epic
36 VERSUS	Deep Red (EP)	TeenBeat
37 SCHEER	Infliction	4AD-WB
38 DRILL	Drill	DVB-A&M
39 SKINNY PUPPY	The Process	American
40 JUNE	I Am Beautiful	Beggars Banquet
41 UNWOUND	Repetition	Kill Rock Stars
42 SUPER 8	Super 8	Hollywood
43 GRIFTERS	Ain't My Lookout	Sub Pop
44 BOYRACER	In Full Colour	Zero Hour
45 COWBOY JUNKIES	Lay It Down	Geffen
46 7 YEAR BITCH	Gato Negro	Atlantic
47 STONE TEMPLE PILOTS	Tiny Music...	Atlantic
48 VAMPIROS LESBOS	Sexadelic Danceparty	Motel
49 NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS	Murder Ballads	Reprise
50 WESLEY WILLIS	Rock 'N Roll Will Never Die	Oglio
51 GOLDFINGER	Goldfinger	Mojo-Universal
52 SILKWORM	Firewater	Matador
53 CIBO MATTO	Viva! La Woman	Warner Bros.
54 POSSUM DIXON	Star Maps	Interscope
55 PROLAPSE	Backsaturday	Jet Set-Big Cat
56 FU MANCHU	In Search Of...	Mammoth
57 VITAPUP	An Hour With Vitapup	Plump
58 VARIOUS ARTISTS	Hardhop & Trypno	Moonshine
59 MONEY MARK	Mark's Keyboard Repair.	Mo Wax/frr-I.L.S.
60 ZAMBONIS	100% Hockey...And Other Stuff	Dot Dot Dash
61 MAGNAPOP	Fire All Your Guns At Once (EP)	Play It Again Sam-Priority
62 SLEATER-KINNEY	Call The Doctor	Chainsaw
63 SNUFF	Demmamusabebonk	Fat Wreck Chords
64 FRANK BLACK	The Cult Of Ray	American
65 STEVE EARLE	I Feel Alright	Warner Bros.
66 DJ KRUSH	Meiso	Mo Wax/frr-I.L.S.
67 SMUGGLERS	Selling The Sizzle!	Mint-Lookout!
68 FUGEES (REFUGEE CAMP)	The Score	Ruffhouse/Columbia-CRG
69 LES THUGS	"Strike"	Sub Pop
70 DOWN BY LAW	All Scratched Up!	Epitaph
71 FUN LOVIN' CRIMINALS	Come Find Yourself	EMI
72 COWS	Whorn	Amphetamine Reptile
73 ELEVATOR DROPS	Pop Bus	Time Bomb
74 THE CURE	"The 13th" (5")	Fiction/Elektra-EEG
75 NUSRAT FATEH ALI KHAN/MICHAEL BROOK	Night Song	RealWorld-Caroline

Chart data culled from *CMJ New Music Report's* weekly Top 200 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.

FEEDBACK

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MAIL: CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY
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GREAT NECK, NY 11021-2301

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- ☐ Jan '95 Throwing Muses
- ☐ Feb '95 Veruca Salt/Elastica
- ☐ Mar '95 Belly
- ☐ Apr '95 Faith No More
- ☐ May '95 Juliana Hatfield
- ☐ June '95 Chris Isaak
- ☐ July '95 Soul Asylum
- ☐ Aug '95 Primus
- ☐ Sep '95 Urge Overkill
- ☐ Oct '95 Flaming Lips
- ☐ Nov '95 Sonic Youth
- ☐ Dec '95 Smashing Pumpkins
- ☐ Jan '96 Rocket From The Crypt
- ☐ Feb '96 Presidents Of The USA
- ☐ Mar '96 Iggy Pop
- ☐ Apr '96 Oasis
- ☐ May '96 Guided By Voices
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<input type="checkbox"/>	2. RASPUTINA	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	3. THREE FISH	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	4. ME'SHELL NDEGEOCELLO	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	5. DEFINITION OF SOUND	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	6. EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	7. LOVE NUT	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	8. POSIES	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	9. HO-HUM	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	10. SOVORY	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	11. PATTY GRIFFIN	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	12. DIG	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	13. FIGGS	5	4	3	2	1
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<input type="checkbox"/>	16. MICHAEL ROSE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	17. MCALMONT & BUTLER	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	18. TRIP 66	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	19. RAINCOATS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	20. WORDSOUND I POWA	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/>	21. DJ SPOOKY	5	4	3	2	1

1. Are you...?

- ☐ Male ☐ Female

2. How old are you?

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

3. Where did you buy this magazine?

- ☐ subscription ☐ newsstand
☐ record store ☐ bookstore
☐ other

4. How many CDs do you buy per month?

- ☐ 0-2 ☐ 6-10
☐ 3-5 ☐ more than 10

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

Store

City

State

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

Call Letters

City

State

DIRECTORY

A LISTING OF LABELS WHOSE ARTISTS APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

100% Breakfast!
P.O. Box 381804
Cambridge, MA 02238

550 Columbia/Epic/WORK
550 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10022

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

American/Infinite Zero
3500 W. Olive Ave. #1550
Burbank, CA 91505

Apraxia
P.O. Box 85155
Seattle, WA 98145

Arena Rock Recording Company
P.O. Box 632
New York, NY 10014

Arista
6 W. 57th St.
New York, NY 55408

Asphodel
P.O. Box 51
Old Chelsea Station
New York, NY 10113

Atlantic
75 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, NY 10019

Bar/None
P.O. Box 11704
Hoboken, NJ 07030

Capitol
1750 N. Vine St.
Hollywood, CA 90028

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

Castle Von Buhler
16 Ashford St.
Boston, MA 02134

Daemon
P.O. Box 1207
Decatur, GA 30031

Derivative
P.O. Box 42031
Montreal, PQ H2W 2T3
Canada

Elektra/EEG
75 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, NY 10019

EMI
1290 Ave. Of The Americas
39th Fl.
New York, NY 10104

FLG
6 Greene St., 2nd Fl.
New York, NY 10013

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

Heartbeat
One Camp St.
Cambridge, MA 02140

Interscope
10900 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 11230
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Island/I.L.S./London/Mango
825 Eighth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

Jive
137-139 W. 25th St.
New York, NY 10001

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

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

Maverick
8000 Beverly Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90048

MCA
70 Universal City Plaza
Universal City, CA 91608

Mercury
825 Eighth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

Nettwerk
1250 W. Sixth Ave.
Vancouver, BC V6H 1A5
Canada

Nuf Sed
P.O. Box 591075
San Francisco, CA 94119

Overground
P.O. Box 1NW
Newcastle upon Tyne NE99
1NW UK

Profile/Sm:e
740 Broadway
New York, NY 10003

Q Division
443 Albany St.
Boston, MA 02118

Radioactive
156 W. 56th St., 5th Fl.
New York, NY 10019

Restless
1616 Vista Del Mar Ave.
Hollywood, CA 90028

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

ROIR
611 Broadway, Ste. 411
New York, NY 10012

Shadow
111 E. 14th St. #338
New York, NY 10003

Sick Muse
P.O. Box 28664
Bellingham, WA 98228-0664

Simple Machines
P.O. Box 10290
Arlington, VA 22210

Slash
P.O. Box 48888
Los Angeles, CA 90048

Sundazed
P.O. Box 85
Coxsackie, NY 12051

Telstar
P.O. Box 1123
Hoboken, NJ 07030

Thirsty Ear
274 Madison Ave., Ste. 804
New York, NY 10016

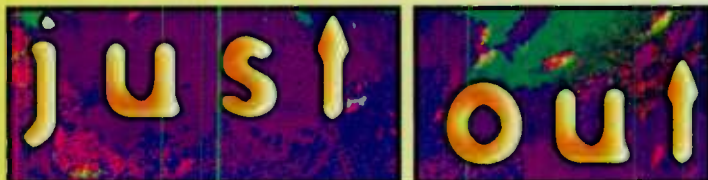
Tommy Boy
902 Broadway, 13th Fl.
New York, NY 10010

Tone Casualties
1258 N. Highland Ave.
Hollywood, CA 90038

Universal
1755 Broadway
New York, NY 10019

Vanguard
1299 Ocean Ave., Ste. 800
Santa Monica, CA 90401

Warner Bros./Reprise
3300 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, CA 91505



NEW RELEASES JUNE-JULY 1996

JUNE 25

SEABRON (Atlantic)
ZOO PEOPLE (Atlantic)
JEREMY ENIGK (Sub Pop)
DUB NARCOTIC SOUND SYSTEM Rhythm Record Volume Two (K)
WESTSIDE CONNECTION (Priority)
SHEILA CHANDRA ABoneCroneDrone (Real World-Caroline)
CHANNEL LIGHT VESSEL Excellent Spirits (Gyroscope-Caroline)
DEVO Adventures Of The Smart Patrol: Soundtrack Of The Inscape CD-ROM (Discovery)
HIS NAME IS ALIVE Stars On ESP (4AD)

JULY 2

ROOTS (DGC)
N.W.A. Greatest Hits (Priority)
EERIE VON & MIKE MORANCE Uneasy Listening (Caroline)
BLUES TRAVELER Live (A&M)

JULY 9

PLEXI (Sub Pop)
CORE (Atlantic)
LONG FIN KILLIE Valentino (Too Pure-American)
FIRESIDE Do Not Tailgate (American)
DELTA 72 The R&B Of Membership (Touch And Go)
LYDIA LUNCH Honeymoon In Red (reissue) (Atavistic)
AMERICAN ANALOG SET (Emperor Jones)
LAMBCHOP Hank (Merge)
REIGN Discipline Through Sound (Skin Graft)
AIR MIAMI (EP) (TeenBeat)
SPACE NEEDLE The Moray Eels Eat The Space Needle (Zero Hour)
MEKONS United (book/CD set) (Quarterstick)
BEAUTIFUL WORLD Forever (Discovery)
ELECTRONIC (Warner Bros.)
MAGIC DIRT (Warner Bros.)
THE FIGGS Banda Macho (Capitol)
I MOTHER EARTH Scenery & Fish (Capitol)
SOUNDTRACK Trainspotting (Capitol)
GREEN DAY Live (EP) (Reprise)
LOVEINREVERSE (Reprise)
BODEANS (Slash-Reprise)
HEIDI BERRY Miracle (4AD Reprise)

JULY 16

BUTTER (Grand Royal)
BUFFALO DAUGHTER (Grand Royal)
LEGENDARY PINK DOTS Brighter Now (Soleilmoon)
LEGENDARY PINK DOTS Curse (Soleilmoon)
PAUL JEFFERSON (Almo Sounds-Geffen)
ANDREA PARKINS Cast Iron Fact (Knitting Factory Works)
RAS KASS Soul On Ice (Priority)
FREAKY CHAKRA VS. SINGLE CELL ORCHESTRA
Trepidations In Love/The Way (Astralwerks-Caroline)
BRIGID BODEN Brigid Boden (A&M)
VAN MORRISON Timeless (Polydor)
TONIC Lemon Parade (Polydor)
CINNAMON Summer Meditation (Island)
JIMMY CLIFF Greatest Hits (Island Jamaica)
WIG (Island)
FRENTE Shape (Mammoth-Atlantic)
DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND (Mammoth)

JULY 23

LAUREL CANYON RAMBLERS Blue Rambler #2 (Sugar Hill)
TIM O'BRIEN Red On Blonde (Sugar Hill)
TOM PAXTON Live At The Birchmere (Sugar Hill)
ORANGE 9MM (Atlantic)
MULTIPLE CAT Territory Shall Mean The Universe (Zero Hour)
BOO HEWERDINE Baptist Hospital (Discovery)
DOW POWELL Inner City Blues (reissue) (Discovery)
JIMMY EAT WORLD Static Prevails (Capitol)
AMBERSUNSHOWER Walter T. Smith (Gee Street/Island)
HOLLY PALMER (Reprise)

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Localzine

BY BILL MOONEY & BARBARA HERRING

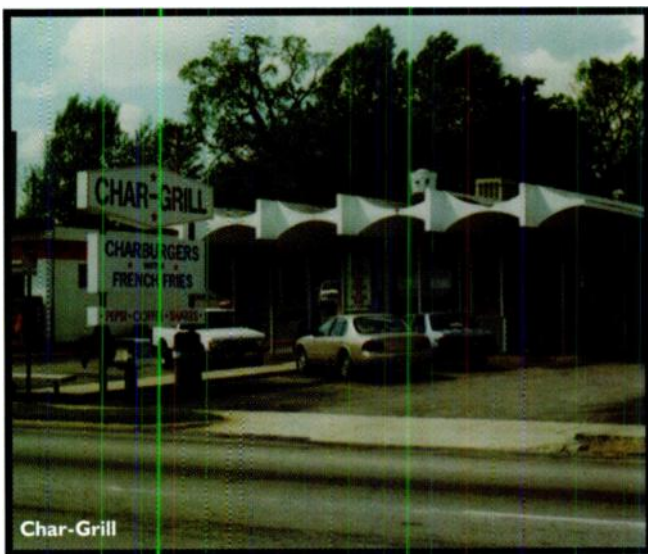
RALEIGH, DURHAM AND CHAPEL HILL

Welcome to our world. Money magazine named the Raleigh/Durham/Chapel Hill area the #1 place to live in America. This is the place for chopped pork barbecue, fried chicken, biscuits, grits, Char-burgers (and their vegetarian equivalent, the Chip Buddy), go-kart racing, late-night lake swimming, cocktail imbibing, a ton of great bands, D.I.Y. livelihoods and the very real (but scary) possibility of Richard Petty as our Secretary Of State.

For the first lesson in NC-speak, the above grouping of cities is referred to as "the Triangle." For your second lesson in NC-speak, always specify unsweetened or hot tea if that is what you are trying to order, because otherwise you will be served a tall, iced glass of super-sweet tea, probably in a mason jar. No lie. Also, always ask if the vegetables are seasoned if you're looking to avoid fatback, because if it ain't seasoned, some people won't eat it.

North Carolina has a rich but poorly documented history when it comes to music. It's the birthplace of John Coltrane, Thelonius Monk, Elizabeth Cotten, George Clinton, Doc Watson and Bill Monroe, among others. The NC mountains were home to Black Mountain College, where experimental educators from the U.S. mixed with refugee Bauhaus staff to create an environment where some of the most important ideas in American modern art incubated. John Cage, Josef Albers, Anni Albers, Willem DeKooning, Agnes DeMille, Merce Cunningham, Clem Greenburg, Robert Rauschenberg, Cy Twombly, Buckminster Fuller and the fathers of Sean Penn and Robert DeNiro all mixed it up and freaked out the locals from 1933-57. Robert Moog, who made one of his first synthesizers for John Cage, lives very near the Black Mountain complex.

The three main universities in the area are North Carolina State, University of North Carolina and Duke. Combined with the huge number of software-, drug- and technology-based companies that form the Research Triangle Park, they create an odd combination of students, PhD's, bands and southern culture that mixes like you wouldn't believe. In the summer when the students leave, the locals have free reign of the place



and it's great. There's no better feeling than a summertime party wrapping up with the birds singing at sunrise and the paperboy laughing at all the freaks in the yard.

North Carolina spreads wide, so a car is essential unless you're a hermit. Chapel Hill, Raleigh and Durham are all 20-30 minutes apart, and in a good week of shows and movies you can find yourself logging 150 miles for entertainment alone. The beaches are three hours east, the mountains four hours west. To all the kids weaned on driving to Richmond, D.C. and N.Y.C. just to see the bands they love, a three-hour drive is routine. Much of what is most interesting and authentic in NC lies well outside the Triangle, so weekend explorations of small towns and their thrift shops is a favorite pastime. There's a lot of ground to cover, so here's the rundown...

Raleigh

Wake County Speedway isn't as cool as Orange County [see Chapel Hill], but it is less expensive. People risk their lives to cross the track and reach the snack bar in the pit where the fried bologna sandwiches are always, well, fried bologna sandwiches. **Wolfpack Basketball** (NC State) has seen better days. The **Carolina Mudcats** are a minor league baseball team, with a ballpark whose family environment is too contrived. Ice hockey is new to the south, so the **Raleigh Icecaps** are doing something mysterious that only the northern transplants understand.

Knightdale Seafood & Barbecue features daily game specials: ostrich, emu, alligator and sometimes buffalo. This is the real deal, although specials like tuna with wasabi sauce make you wonder who's in that kitchen. The fact that there's a taxidermy shop in the back is a little unnerving. **Joyce's** on Highway 50 is a



deco diner car that's been converted to a country kitchen serving up amazing breakfasts and home cooking (that means sugar and salt, and lots of it). Also serving home cooking, the **Farmers Market Restaurant**, located at the **NC Farmers Market**, has the amazing ability to serve great food fast, with a smile, to any size party. You might also spot Jim Graham, our Boss Hogg-esque Agricultural Commissioner, or Jesse Helms, who wears more pancake than you'll see on his plate. For soul food, check out **Ma Perry's** on Harrington Street. Ma retired last year, but her son keeps things going. Check out the fliers for **Utey's Gospel Skate Explosion!** Utey is our UPS driver. For cocktails and hanging out, check out **Vertigo Diner** and **The Sting-Ray Room**. Coffee joints are sprouting like weeds, but the java joints of true character are **Cup-A-Joe**, the first coffeeshouse to open in Raleigh, and **The Third Place**, serving coffee, teas, and the best vegetarian soups ever!

The clubs in Raleigh have a history of schizophrenic booking. **The Brewery** had its golden age in the mid-'80s, but then switched from booking successful shows like Sonic Youth, the Pixies, the Butthole Surfers, and Black Flag to booking frat reggae cover bands. The Brewery has new owners now, and the booking seems to be picking up. **The Grove** is a cool new club in downtown Raleigh that books a good mix of local and national bands. Bands on the scene include **Ashley Stove**, **Motocaster**, **Dish**, **Trucker**, **Regraped**, **Dart 360**, **Whiskeytown**, **Backsliders** and the **Tone Benders**.

For your record-buying needs, check out **Schoolkids Records** for the new stuff and **Nice Price Books and Records** and **Readers Corner** for used records. All three are located on Hillsborough Street.

Dorton Arena is an amazing, radical '50s modern structure designed by Matthew Nowicki, with Buckminster Fuller geodesic domes surrounding it. The domes are now used for **Fairgrounds Flea Market** every weekend. Kiss was banned from Raleigh after playing loud enough to crack windows in this arena, where Jimi Hendrix once opened for The Monkees.

Durham

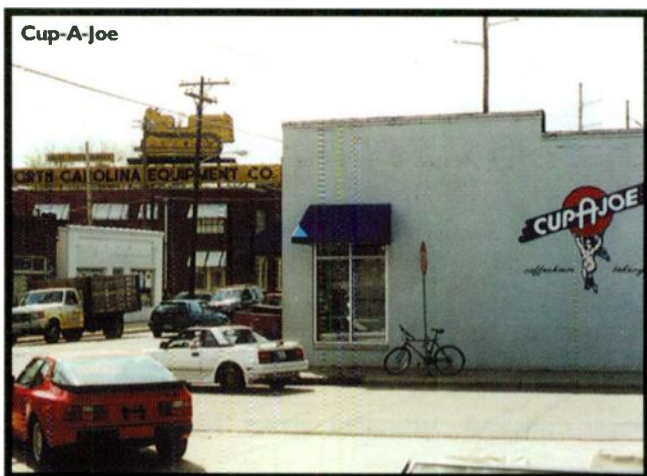
The second point of the Triangle is home to the **Durham Bulls**, a minor-league baseball team whose stadium caters to the microbrew-drinking, nacho-eating, having-a-big-time crowd. Watch the batter hit the bull perched above right field, making the bull snort smoke and winning the batter a free steak dinner. Durham is filled with architecturally amazing tobacco warehouses that once housed all the tobacco that paid for Duke University—the home of the **Duke Blue Devils**.

For the best gelato in the area, go to **Francesca's** on Ninth St. Home-style cooking? **Bullocks** has a huge menu of seafood, chicken, pork and beef that's fried, chopped, barbecued, broiled and served up all-you-can-eat, family style, if that's the way you order it. There are lots of photos of the owner with various celebs in the waiting area.

Duke Coffeeshouse is a smallish, comfy and intimate room on the Duke campus that's a great place to see bands. **Captured Live**, a combination recording studio/live music club, has shows periodically.



Local Heroes Superchunk, featuring Mac (second from right) and Laura from Merge Records.



Cup-A-Joe

Ninth Street is the shopping strip for books and records, featuring **Poindexter Records**, **Regulator** for new books and **Ravena's** for used books. **Books Do Furnish A Room**, around the corner, sells used books and new and used comics.

A must-visit in the Durham area is the **Star-Lite Drive In**. This joint boasts a video rental store and a gun shop in its snack bar. *The Silence Of The Lambs* was only enhanced by the sounds of people stun gunning each other.

Chapel Hill

This town is all about the **Tarheels**, the UNC basketball team. The **Orange County Speedway** features a bigger track, a bigger ticket price and bigger freaks than its local counterparts.

For the best family-style southern food in the area, go directly to **Dip's**. They also offer the largest selection of non-seasoned veggies for you vegetarians. Also high up there, both in quality of food and price, is **Crooks Corner**. For a great dinner or a late night cocktail on the outdoor patio, **Henry's Bistro** is the place to hang out in Chapel Hill. Best pizza in town is at **Pepper's Pizza**. They also serve "Gazpacho, the cold soup of Spain."

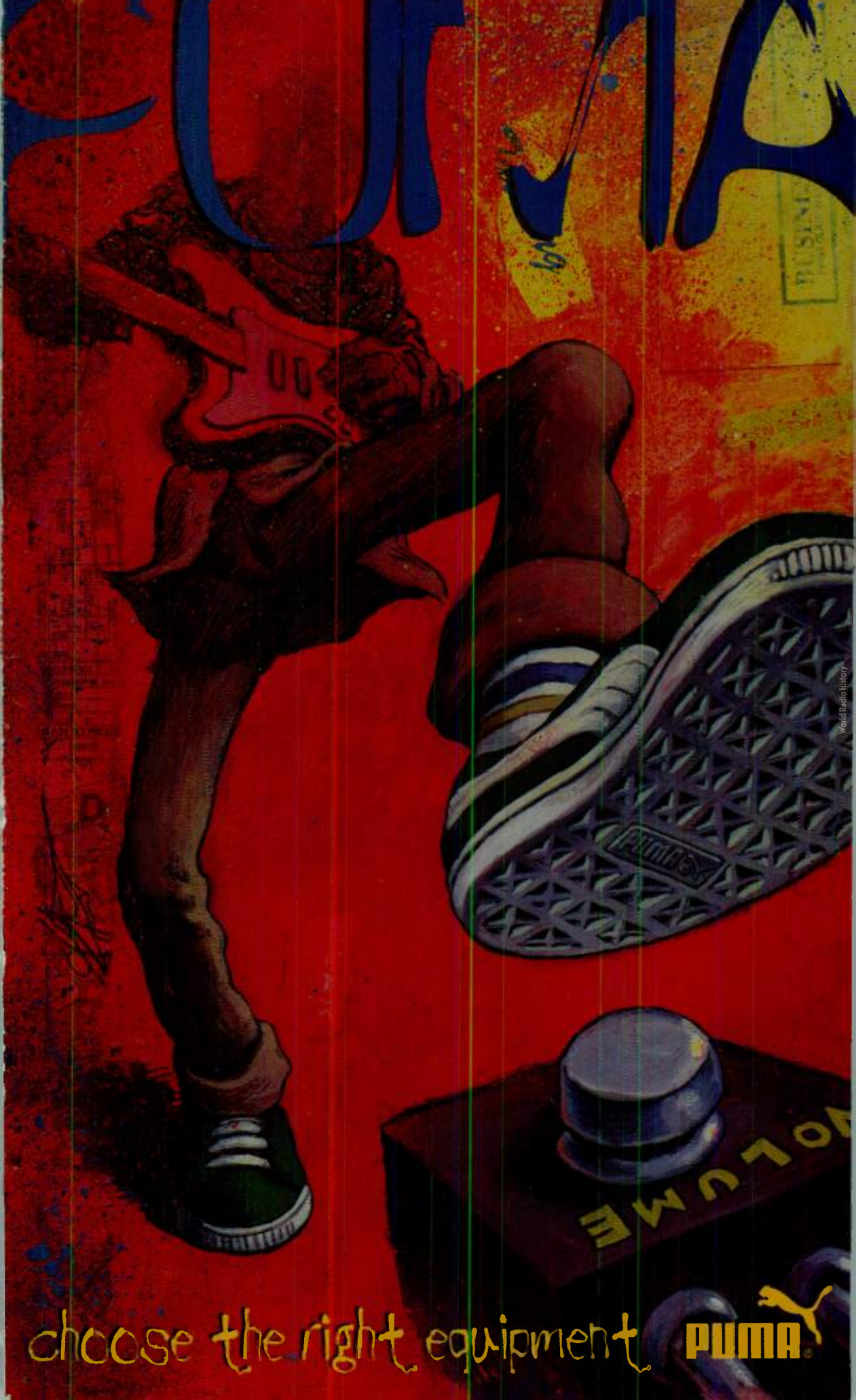
The main drag is **Franklin Street**. Bookstores are **The Avid Reader** and **Nice Price Books And Records**. Your one-stop record shopping needs can be met at **Schoolkids Records**.

Bands on the Chappy scene include **Superchunk**, **Archers of Loaf**, **Ben Folds Five**, **Polvo**, **Shark Quest**, **Zen Frisbee**, **Flat Duo Jets**, **Pipe**, **Spatula** and **Tinsel**. Local clubs include the world famous **Cat's Cradle**, **Lizard And Snake** and **Local 506**.

Local item of note: **Carrboro**. This former mill town, with NC's first openly gay mayor, is where all the action attributed to Chapel Hill really happens. Chapel Hill's main street turns into Carrboro as you pass the pig, high atop **Crooks Corner**. Carrboro is home to the **Cat's Cradle**, **Merge Records**, **Mammoth Records** and most of the people you think live in Chapel Hill.

That's a brief overview. Come and visit and see for yourself! END

Bill Mooney and Barbara Herring own and run Tannis Root Productions, a company that designs and silkscreens T-shirts for the likes of Superchunk, Polvo, Mudhoney, Yoko Ono, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Sonic Youth and others.



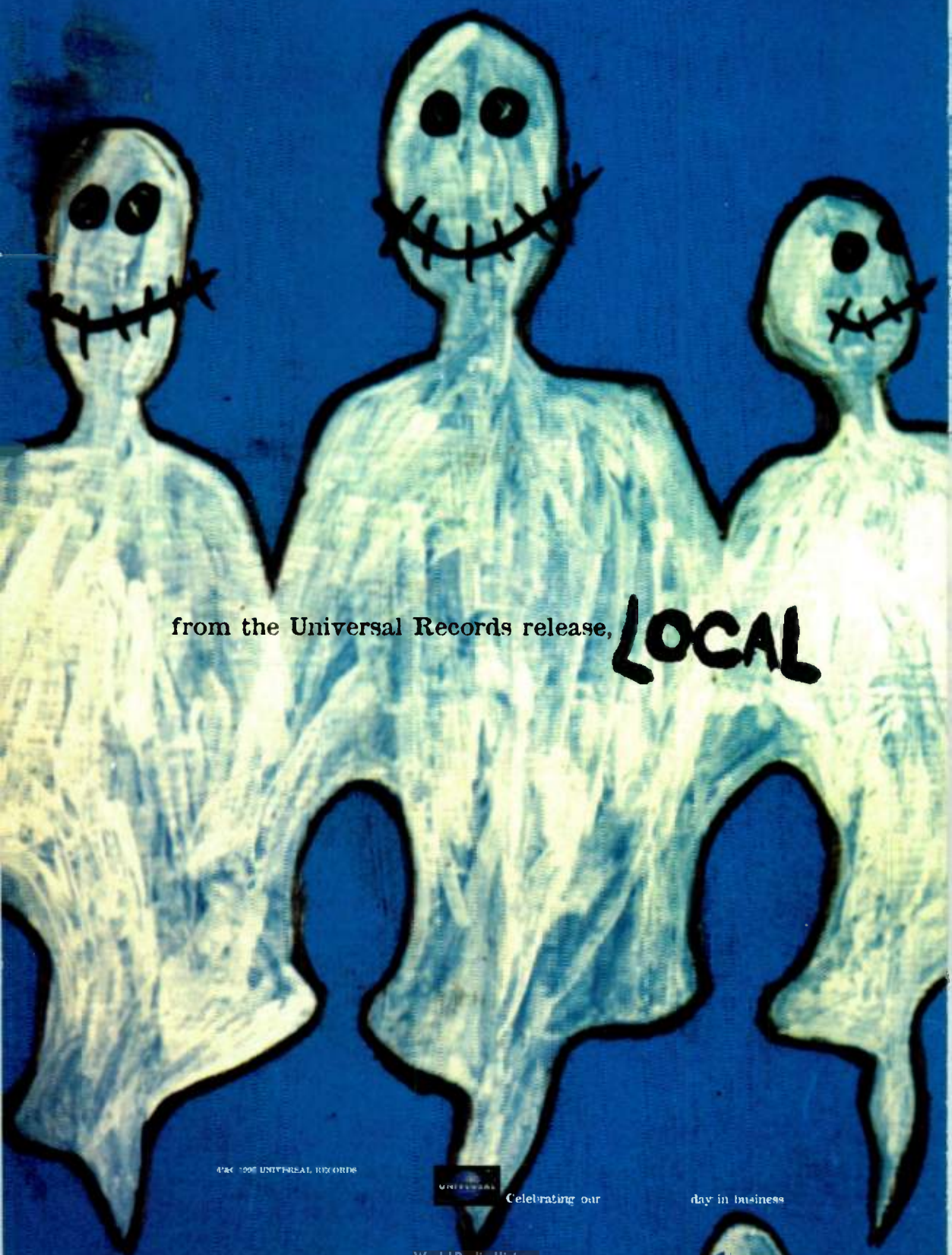
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