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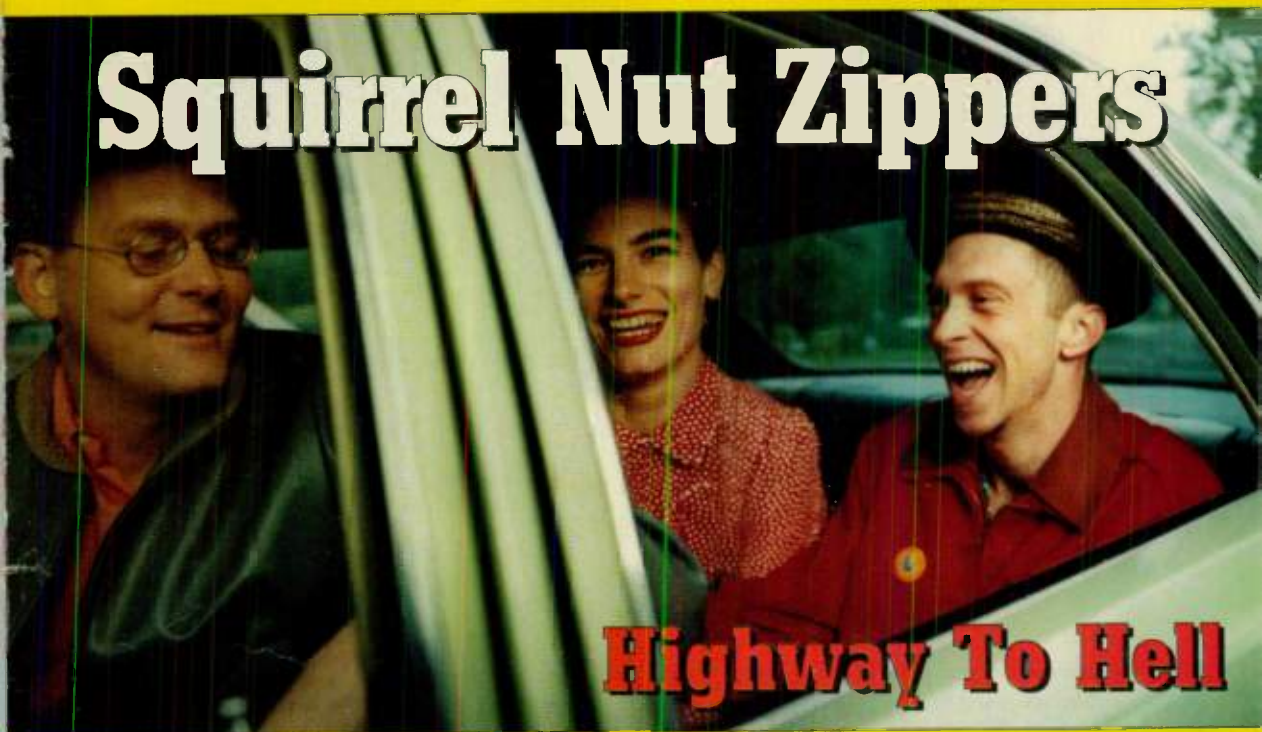
BEST NEW MUSIC:
FOO FIGHTERS
FAITH NO MORE
OPTIGANALLY YOURS
KLEZMATICS
BARBARA MANNING

SPECIAL

SUMMER

ISSUE

Squirrel Nut Zippers



Highway To Hell

COMPLETE MUSIC FESTS GUIDE

WHAT TO DO • WHAT TO WEAR • WHERE TO GO

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**27 REVIEWS INCLUDING: GUIDED BY VOICES/RADISH
DAVID BYRNE/BUCKSHOT LEFONQUE/LAURENT GARNIER**

EGG OF BEELZEBUB!

The Enchanted Straw!

DANCE OF KNIVES!



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FANTASTIC SPIKES THROUGH BALLOON

Live at Lollapalooza second stage July 18 through August 17



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World Radio History



20



14

16



26

FEATURES

14 **TRANQUILITY BASS**

Is this the electronica Brian Wilson? Or, what happens when you seclude yourself on an island for two years with nothing but a mixing board. Interview by James Lien.

16 **ON THE COVER**

Squirrel Nut Zippers have gone through "Hell" and lived to tell the tale, which they do here. Interview by Steve Ciabattoni.

20 **SPECIAL SUMMER SECTION**

- Our exclusive guide to the summer music fests, big and small.
- Pookie's festival fashion tips.
- Or you could just stay home and watch TV.

DEPARTMENTS

4 **LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

We get literary, with your letters and our verse.

6 **QUICK FIX**

Kenickie, Bad Livers, rave fiction and other swatches from the big sample book of rock.

12 **ON THE VERGE**

Our July foursome: Orange Cake Mix, Way Out West, Talvin Singh and Slo Burn.

45 **JUST OUT/DIRECTORY**

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

46 **TOP 75**

75 records played a lot on college and alternative radio, in convenient numerical order.

52 **MIXED MEDIA/MULTIMEDIA**

Movies, comics, 'zines, web sites and books: if your stereo melts, you'll still have something to do.

55 **FEEDBACK**

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

57 **ON THE CD**

The hard-copy counterpart to the multimedia disc. Hi-tech, lo-tech, we do it all.

61 **LOCALZINE**

Chad Queirolo's guide to Olympia, Washington, just in time for YoYo A Go Go.

MUSIC REVIEWS

12 **BEST NEW MUSIC**

July's best: new albums from Faith No More, the Klezmatics, Foo Fighters, Barbara Manning and Optiganally Yours.

30 **REVIEWS**

Our ears take a beating so yours can be lightly caressed. Metaphorically speaking.

47 **SPECIALTY PAGES**

Flashback Pick: Howlin' Wolf; Metal Pick: Fear Factory; Singles Pick: Dump; Dance Pick: the *Deep Concentration* compilation; Hip-Hop Pick: Dr. Octagon.

LETTERS

Initial confusion

Could you please offer an explanation as to what "C.B.F.C." and "E.I.K.G.D.F." mean in your review of Yo La Tengo's *I Can Hear The Heart Beating As One* [March issue]?

Branton Ellerbee
via email

C.B.F.C.=“clever but faithful covers” and E.I.K.G.D.F.=“extended Ira Kaplan guitar drone Freakouts,” both referencing an earlier part of the review. Confusing? Well, sure. But there's something comforting in being too clever for your own good. Like, you know, answering the rest of this month's letters in the style of famous poems.—ed.

Shades of meaning

The new slogan for Killer Loop Street Sport Sunglasses crosses the line into the kind of brash irreverence that makes the collection so hot. *Killer Loop Kicks Ass* takes it right down into the language of the street, and pretty much nails the essence of its appeal to America's young hipsters.

Suzanne Kramer
President, Epulette Associates
New York, NY

Shall I compare thee to a Killer Loop?/Thou art more street, and more kick ass.—ed.

Aboriginal Sin

I am writing to inform you that your description of the Australian Aboriginal instrument known as the didjeridoo [in the review of Jamiroquai's *Traveling Without Moving*, March issue] is flat out wrong: “the didjeridoo, a gourd with metal keys that sounds a little bit like a resonant banjo.” The instrument to which the reviewer is referring is an African instrument called a *Mwembe* (pronounced “mwem-bwe”). This is the African thumb piano. Secondly, the didjeridoo is a long, cylindrical, hollow stick (for lack of a better word) that is played by blowing through it in a special way called “circular breathing” where the artist never stops breathing out.

Jeremy Hankins
via email

Let us go then, Jamiroquai/With mistakes spread out across the page/Like impatient editors on deadline.—ed.

(Better Than) Ezra Pound

You know, everyone seems to write in to bitch about this or that. I mean, why on earth would you waste everyone's time writing “Your last CD sucked!” It's a bonus CD, for God's sake—there's stuff ya like,

there's stuff ya don't. So what? Or when people list all their friends' bands as “the ones you missed.” They were probably missed for a reason. Don't pay any attention.

J. Dueweke
J. Swiatowy
Grand Rapids, MI

The apparition of these letters in the mail/readers in my small, black heart.—ed.

Dead men play no funky organ

As a faithful subscriber to your generally excellent magazine, I feel it is my duty to report a rather grievous error in the “Flashback” column of your May 1997 issue. Here you refer to the reissued *Down Home Style* as by the “late funky organist Brother Jack McDuff.” This appellation is obviously inaccurate, as I personally saw Mr. McDuff perform a mere two weeks ago here at the College of Wooster (Ohio). His performance was riveting, and certainly not the work of a dead man.

Ken Walczak
Wooster, Ohio

Death be not proud, though James Lien called he/late in Flashback, McDuff art not so/For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow/Die not, poor Death, for they are still funky.—ed.

Again, quotation marks = irony

In the May issue, you wasted a page on the “new” music guides. Since none of these books cover any of the DIY underground of home tapers, or the huge pop underground, or the vast punk scene, or... well, you get the point. The fact is these books are useless for anyone interested in current or past music and people should save their money.

John Auken
Mifflintown, PA

I saw the best guides of my generation destroyed by blandness/effusive, opinionated, obsessive/selling themselves to record geeks at malls/looking for some indie cred.—ed.

Our new Feedback laureate

Too much dumb crap inside the magazine and on the CD—stop putting dumb crap in/on it. Or at least put something in a language that you can understand.

Robbie Phillips
Silsbee, TX

so much depends upon/all the dumb/crap/glazed with ad/money/beside the nice/editorial.—ed.

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FRANK & ED the **ANGRY YOUNG TWINS**

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THAT!!
DOG!!



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QUICK FIX



BAD LIVERS CD

Rooting For Roots

"We've created our own form," insists the Bad Livers' Danny Barnes. "It's a sound, and a culmination of sounds that doesn't really exist in any other band. And we've created this through a lot of sweat and blood over time, hacking it out on the road."

Coming from lesser mouths, such words would be pure hubris. But Barnes is correct: The Livers—Barnes on banjo and vocals, upright bassist Mark Rubin, and new guitarist Bob Grant—are light years past their beginnings as a high-speed bluegrass outfit specializing in goofy, down-home interpretations of Iggy Pop and Motorhead standards.

"The band has sort of become a vehicle for the compositions we produce," Barnes muses over strong coffee in a café in his adopted home of Austin, TX. "I think I have 41 compositions that I have published now, all of which have been recorded by the Bad Livers. And we've created a vision, sort of a form, if you will. You know how, say, punk rock would be a culmination of forms, plus some sort of

fly-by-the-seat-of-the-pants creativity thrown in? You'd just throw all this stuff in a pot and you'd create this thing. And ultimately, the best examples of that tend to transcend that form."

After two albums, a single of their vintage romp through "Lust For Life," a cassette of spirituals originally intended for family and friends, and 1,500 gigs, the Bad Livers have finally arrived at and transcended their peculiar form on *Hogs On The Highway* (Sugar Hill). Stylistically perched somewhere between the first two albums, *Delusions Of Banjer and Horses In The Mines*, *Hogs* boasts better production, hotter pickin' and some of Barnes' strongest originals.

The Livers also pulled up stakes from Touch And Go for Sugar Hill because the latter "has experience selling banjo records," and replaced founding member and fiddle player Ralph White, who preferred a less hectic path than the one the band had opted for, with guitarist Grant. Even if his ponytail chafes against Barnes and Rubin's geometrically perfect, 1959 George Jones boxcuts, Grant's expert flatpicking and degree from the Berklee School Of Music have added new musical depth to the Livers' odd phantom overtones and caffeinated drive.

The retooled Bad Livers, meantime, feel free to "go into the future" and pursue the "spiritual quality" that's the defining element of their unique hybrid. "All the old guys I learned to play from," says Barnes, "never played in a bar, never had a record deal, never went on tour. Yet they get more joy, more spiritual dividends from playing than any band I've seen outside of maybe Toots And The Maytals." **TIM STEGALL**



in my room artists' personal picks

COMBUSTIBLE EDISON

The Millionaire

Paul Mickelson

War March Of The Priests
"on the Reader's Digest LP, *The Organ Plays Golden Favorites*"

EMS

Synthi-AKS synthesizer

Wild Magnolias

Wild Magnolias

Various Artists

Easy Tune, Vol. 4

Get Carter

(film)

< QUOTE >

"Yes, there was a huge record company feeding frenzy... and yes, they signed some real turds, but in general there was some great music." —Motley Crue bassist Nikki Sixx, in an AOL chat, denying that he ever thought "alternative sucked."

< /QUOTE >

random fact

The ABC "rockumentary" special *U2: A Year In Pop* is being counted as the lowest-rated Saturday evening hour (excluding political events) ever to air on one of the three major networks.

LABEL PROFILE

Scratchie

The photo at right shows most of the principals of Chicago's Scratchie Records: James Iha and D'Arcy of Smashing Pumpkins, Adam Schlesinger of Fountains Of Wayne, graphic designer/producer Jamie Stewart and label president Jeremy Freeman (D'Arcy's brother-in-law), as well as members of the label's bands Chainsaw Kittens, Fountains Of Wayne and Fulflej. (Co-owner and Catherine member Kerry Brown, D'Arcy's husband, is not pictured.) The label's been around for about two years; since mid-1996, it's been in a joint venture with Mercury Records. Notable releases include the Frogs' new *Starjob* EP and records by Mike Ladd, Phoenix Thunderstone and Ivy, as well as a dancehall reggae compilation, *Jam Down Vibrations*. Coming this summer and fall will be albums by Pancho Kryztal and Fondly, another dancehall compilation, and a new Phoenix Thunderstone record, which the band just finished recording at D'Arcy and Kerry's farm in Michigan. (1914 N. Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, IL 60647; www.scratchie.com)



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QUICK FIX



ELIANE CONSTANTINE

KENICKIE

Nightclubbing

Even though she's outfitted in the hippest London fashions—flared slacks, platform boots, cherry-red lipstick and glittery scarlet eyeshadow—there's something nice and girl-next-door-ish about 18-year-old Lauren Laverne. You can almost picture her ringing your doorbell and announcing she's there to watch your kids for the evening. But Laverne and her punk-pop combo Kenickie don't tolerate any Bart Simpson shenanigans. Just ask anyone who's ever dared to heckle her onstage.

"Last night, there was this one lad who was saying a load of stuff," Laverne says, smiling demurely. "So I took the microphone and said 'Look. You have to stop talking. Now. I want you to sit down and stay sitting down, or I will have you dealt with. But it won't be in front of all these people, understand? I want you to be very, very quiet.' And it worked! It was

great!" Other jabberjaw types haven't fared as well. "Sometimes I'll shout right back at people or make a joke out of 'em," she adds, a sneer curling her lips. "But most of the time, the hecklers we get are all 'I love you! I love you! You're fantastic!'"

Backed by token boy drummer Johnny X, Kenickie's triple threat of singer/guitarist Marie Du Santiago, bassist Emmy Kate Montrose, and Laverne at center stage on guitar and vocals can certainly take care of itself. The group's on-stage sass is matched by the brash pop of the songs from its debut, *At The Club* (Warner Bros.). Why "At The Club"? Laverne pops her cell phone back into a purse marked 'Hussy' and spins around in her U.K. label's swivel office chair. "Because I am frequently at clubs," she giggles. "And there are so many different kinds—I like lounge bars, I like big bad nightclubs, I like small venues with really good bands, and I like big stadiums with AC/DC playing onstage! I've been going to clubs since I was 13 or 14." She scratches her delicate chin. "Hmmm. Or was I 12 when I went to my first nightclub?"

And babysitting? Laverne guffaws. Boy, have you got the wrong girl. One of the only times she stayed in, she says, was when Kenickie received its first royalty check. "We went out to a booze shop and bought 50 quid's worth of drink—bottles of vodka in tall size. And then we went to a video shop and bought a big stack of porn videos and went home and had this big girls' night in with all our mates and just got totally drunk. And we invented all these cocktails that night, like the Fuck, the Bloody Fuck, and the Bloody Fuck Up The Cavern. The basic Fuck being Malibu vodka with just a nip of gin for flavor. But we thought, if you're gonna give your cocktail a rude name, why not just go for it?" **TOM LANHAM**

tours we'd like to see

Seeing Double

The The, Talk Talk, Gus Gus, Ruth Ruth, Duran Duran, Liquid Liquid, Medium Medium, Mother Mother, Danger Danger, Tora Tora and the Go-Go's.

weird record of the month

Claude Matthews' recording project *Dog Pound Found Sound* is exactly that—a double-CD set, recorded live one night in a pound, with a "cast" of several dozen caged dogs, mostly waiting to die, terrified and barking very loudly. Yes, a double-CD set. Matthews has "anti-copyrighted" the album, to encourage people to copy and transform its sounds, and he's giving several thousand copies of it away to people who ask for it; for details, see his web site at www.angel.net/~cacc.

in my room

artists' personal picks

LOCAL H

Joe W. Daniels

Cardigans
Life

Failure
Fantastic Planet

Squirrel Nut Zippers
Hot

Shiner
Lula Divinia

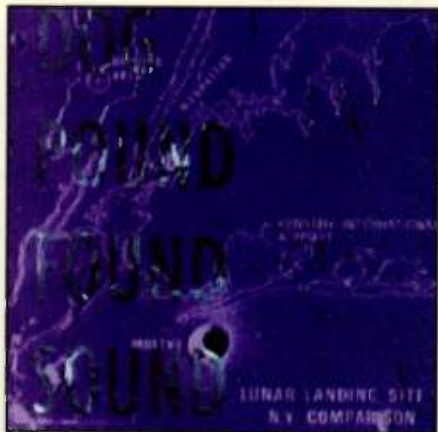
Triple Fast Action
(untitled, unreleased record)

THE BIZ

music industry
parlance, explained

"One-stop"

Most record stores that don't buy their discs and tapes directly from labels buy much of their merchandise—top releases, back catalogue, accessories—through large wholesalers called one-stops, where a store could, theoretically, get everything it needs in "one stop." Because competition between them greatly affects pricing strategies and decisions on what labels and artists they stock, which in turn greatly affects what customers see in stores, one-stops are an important barometer of the state of both the record business and music retailing.



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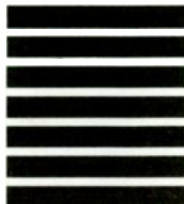
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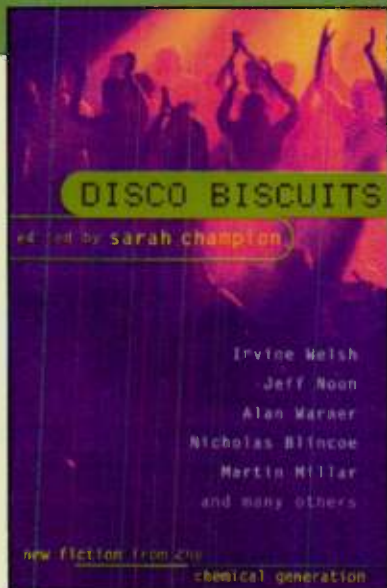
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RAVE FICTION

Fiction about music and music scenes inevitably lags behind its subject matter. The experience has to be assimilated, then synthesized. And some things just aren't the stuff of literature—we're still waiting on a good novel about punk, for example.

Maybe it was just a crash course for the ravers, but already the stories from the techno/dance movement are appearing. Irvine (*Trainspotting*) Welsh leads the way, of course (notably in *The Acid House* and *Ecstasy*), but there are plenty of others not too far behind him. The wonderfully titled *Disco Biscuits*, a short story collection edited by Sarah Champion (with, you guessed it, an accompanying album), covers it from the house explosion of '87 in the Balearics to today. Even if the stories aren't all strictly about the music, the chemical generation is captured, stripped, and examined. It does what all good fiction should do: holds up a true mirror to society—or at least one segment of it—and unflinchingly writes what it sees, whether appalling, funny, or just drugged up. Welsh is there, again, but there are quite a few ready to challenge his supremacy: Nicholas Blincoe (who's also written a club-based pulp thriller), Kevin Williamson, Two Fingers (author of *Junglist* and *Bass Instinct*), and Alan Warner. Now there are even two indie publishers, Backstreets and Pulp Faction, putting out novels that document the scene and its lifestyle. What all this illustrates, essentially, is the totality of dance culture in Europe, where it's permeated everyday life to a degree unseen since the '60s. In America, it's never moved beyond the underground, and even then only in certain urban areas, which makes reading this anthology a particularly, and occasionally disturbingly, foreign experience.

So if you didn't get the chance to circle the M25 on a summer's night in 1989, looking for the party in a field that you'd read about on a flyer, you can at least get an impression of what it was like in Britain, and, to a point, what it's like still. Acid house began ten years ago; this is one way of saying "happy birthday." And no, you don't have to run through town shouting "Lager! Lager! Lager!" after reading it. (*Disco Biscuits*, edited by Sarah Champion, is published in the U.K. by Sceptre, 338, Euston Rd., London NW1 3BH, England. Price £6.99.) CHRIS NICKSON

The Maxell Mix Tape

We all **MAKE UP TAPES** of our favorite songs. They're driving companions, records of ill-spent summers, letters to girlfriends or boyfriends, whatever. What's your favorite mix? **Tell Us.** And if we pick your entry, the kind looks at Maxell will send you a **bunch of goodies.**

This Month's Winner is



CJ Nolan !!



SIDE-1

By Cooder
Archie's Funeral
Fanny Newman
Run from the Cornfield
Billie Holiday
Strange Fruit
Patti Smith
Through the Southern Cross
Ofra Haza
The Bridge
Miles Davis
Temple of the Holy
Solo Rasta
Chameleons
Jump Thing
Cocteau Twins
Isobell Lane
Solo Rasta
Richard Strauss
(opera aria heard
in Year Of Living
Dangerously)
John Schlegel

SIDE-2

Romeo Void
Myself To Myself
Neil Young
Sleeps with Angels
Dada
Soul
Buffalo Tom
I'm Alone
Jeff Buckley
Last Goodbye
Mazzy Star
Fade Into You
Afghan Whigs
My Cass
Tori Amos
China
Enya
Marble Halls
Annie Lennox
Why (Live)
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Strange Currencies

Just send your mix (track listings only) to: CMJ New Music Monthly, 11 Middle Neck Rd., STE. 400, Great Neck, NY 11021; also fax us at 516.466.7159 or email at cmjmonthly@cmjmusic.com.

Mix it up!

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NEW MUSIC



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best new music

[the five best releases this month]



FOO FIGHTERS / *The Colour And The Shape* / Roswell-Capitol

There have been hundreds of crappy alt-rock records in the last three years that sound pretty much exactly like *The Colour And The Shape*. And the Foo Fighters' killer second album wipes the floor with all of them. It's tougher, tighter, cleverer... *better*: Dave Grohl is a Nabokov of the dumb riff, and what he means to communicate can only be expressed with the three classic instruments of rock. In fact, the record's virtues are exactly those of great hard, fast electric music from "Manic Depression" to "More Than A Feeling" to "River Euphrates": the simple pleasures of a paint-peeling guitar sound, perfect drum fills, a tune flying miraculously through the fissures in the cliff-wall the band puts up. Special credit goes to producer Gil Norton, the

guy behind the controls on the Pixies' *Doolittle*. As on that landmark album, almost every song on *The Colour* rips through the speaker mesh and divebombs you, then darts back where it came from before you can draw a bead on it. "Monkey

DATALOG: Released May 20. First single "Monkey Wrench."

FILE UNDER: Instantly classic rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Pixies, Nirvana, The Clash.

Wrench," in particular, belongs in the pantheon of summer singles, and the entire record is full of well-considered details—of arrangement, playing, singing, editing—that the band slashes right through, with a grace and power that's almost scary. At a moment when we needed it, this is a reason to keep believing in rock. **DOUGLAS WOLK**



KLEZMATICS / *Possessed* / Xenophile

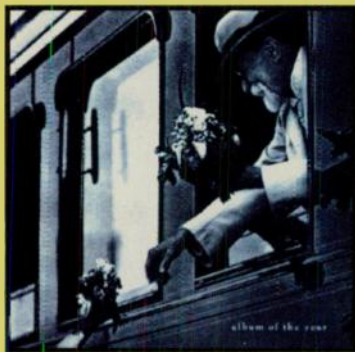
They're among the founders and best known members of the new klezmer movement, but what really sets the Klezmatics apart is the technical virtuosity they display with their violin, percussion, multiple horns, and voices. Innovation flows through their arrangements of traditional songs, and fuels their exploration of cultural territory far beyond the call of most weddings and bar mitzvahs. Consider the varieties of spiritual fervor represented on *Possessed*. On the brisk, euphoric side, trumpeter Frank London's "Moroccan Game" raises a swirling dervish of horns and seems to change time signatures every few seconds. At the other extreme is "This Undoing World," a postmodern lamentation on the impermanence of home, with lyrics by the existentially *farklempit* playwright Tony Kushner. The Klezmatics juxtapose old music with new, Middle Eastern instruments with Eastern European, and even their ancestors' favored forms of intoxication with

DATALOG: Released: Apr. 8.

FILE UNDER: Ecumenical klezmer.

R.I.Y.L.: New Klezmer Trio, Mickey Katz.

their own. The album leads off with "Shpratz Ikh Mir," an adaptation of a Gypsy drinking song. A few tracks along is "Mizmor Shir Lehanef (Reefer Song)," praising cannabis (albeit in Yiddish) in terms usually associated with Jewish mystic revelation. With smoky spiralling clarinets and a dancefloor beat, it's the best Jewish tribute to pot since Adam Sandler exhorted his people in "Hannukah Song" to "smoke some marijuannukah." **ANDREA MOED**



FAITH NO MORE / *Album Of The Year* / Slash-Reprise

Faith No More is on its fourth guitarist in five years. Drummer Mike Bordin is off playing with Ozzy half the time; singer Mike Patton has Mr. Bungle and adds his yelp to the occasional John Zorn project; and keyboardist Roddy Bottum plays guitar with the critically lauded Imperial Teen. That this band still even exists is amazing enough. So what does Faith No More do? Goes ahead and names its record *Album Of The Year*. The sick thing is that it may have a point. The band's strange amalgam of sounds has always had a crazy audacity to it anyway, and the complete "fuck it" attitude serves it well here; this is the sound of a band going out swinging, and while not every haymaker connects, the punches are leveling. Patton barks like a Touretteur one minute and croons like John Raitt the next; beats seduce your hips into a sway only to later pummel you off-balance. The record's best pop songs ("Last Cup Of Sorrow," "Ashes To Ashes") are stomach-quickeningly pensive, but the choruses are rousing and anthemic enough to make you hoist a lighter in appreciation. *Album Of*

DATALOG: Released Jun. 3
FILE UNDER: Bi-polar metal.
R.I.Y.L.: Korn, Tool, Mr. Bungle.

The Year is an impossibility of a record, fraught with a panic-attack tension that releases itself only in moments of utter fury and twisted beauty, which, somehow, makes its title seem plausible. **SCOTT FRAMPTON**

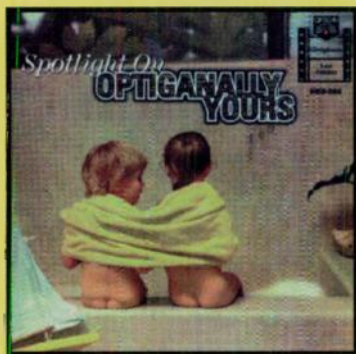


BARBARA MANNING / *1212* / Matador

Despite her lovely, unmannered voice, an ear for great songs by obscure artists, and her own occasionally inspired songwriting, Barbara Manning's albums have always been somewhat erratic affairs, whether because of arty detours from the dark pop she does so well or poor production choices. Happily, *1212* is by far her most consistent record since joining the Matador stable. The replacement of the often stiff S.F. Seals backing band with the supple, versatile team of Joey Burns and John Convertino (Giant Sand, Calexico) is one obvious improvement. The ubiquitous Jim O'Rourke is also on hand for selected tracks, most obviously in the elaborate segues and impressionistic mixing of "The Arsonist Story," the four-song suite of

DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 10.
FILE UNDER: Sweet voice, tasteful band, bleak world-view.
R.I.Y.L.: Richard & Linda Thompson, OPS, Victoria Williams.

meditations on fire and evil that opens the album, and a gorgeous trumpet solo that sends Manning's forthright rendition of the Bevis Frond's "Stain On The Sun" into the orch-pop stratosphere. Notable among the originals are "Isn't Lonely Lovely," a typically rueful exploration of solitude, and the straight pop-rock of "That Kid," which ends with some wise advice: "Everybody wants to be loved/Everybody needs a good friend/Everybody should start with themselves." Even with a strike-out on a perversely noisy cover of the Deviants' "First Line" and a foul-out on an overlong Krautrock jam with silly lyrics about pizza, *1212* bats about .850, an average baseball fan Manning should be proud of. **FRANKLIN BRUNO**



OPTIGANALLY YOURS / *Spotlight On Optiganally Yours* / Headhunter-Cargo

The Optigan is one of the coolest instruments ever created: an organ, manufactured by Mattel in the early '70s, that produced full-band renditions of notes, chords and rhythm, recorded on a series of LP-sized optical discs. It's appeared on records by everyone from Devo to Tom Waits to Thinking Fellers Union Local 282, but *Optiganally Yours*—a duo of Thingy singer/guitarist Rob Crow and Optigan expert Pea Hix—is the first band specifically devoted to it. *Spotlight On* could have been a noble experiment, and not much more. Instead, it's one of the most unusual, delightful pop albums in recent memory. Crow has to write around the Optigan's capabilities and limitations: One key can summon up a waltz-time string quartet, a funky drummer or a cackling Les Baxter-style monkey, all with that great scratchy-old-record sound, but it can only handle about eight different chords. He rises to the challenge, with songs that don't just show off the organ's capabilities but are charming

DATALOG: Released Apr. 4.
Hix's Optigan home page is at www.pilot.com/optigan.
FILE UNDER: Splendid pop experiments.
R.I.Y.L.: Flying Lizards, Stereolab, Beach Boys.

and catchy in their own right—the wry, pointed "Hugs" is one of the best love-of-nature songs ever written, and a hell of a tune to boot—and vocal arrangements whose rich harmonies complement the dusty strangeness of the Optigan's sound. Twenty-five years late, its time has come. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

ON THE VERGE

[compiled by Lydia Anderson]

ORANGE CAKE MIX

Recording music in your bedroom is no longer exclusively identified with indie-rock. Bands such as Orange Cake Mix are ushering homemade releases into the electronic age at a feverish pace. Jim Rao, Orange Cake Mix's

prime instigator, has already released two albums this year: *Fluffy Pillow*, a collection of synth- and guitar-driven bedroom pop songs, frosted with his airy vocals, and *Silver Lining Underwater*, an instrumental ambient album issued as part of Darla Records' "Bliss Out" series. Where the former hints at the Magnetic Fields with a sunnier disposition, the latter suggests the warm electronics of Brian Eno's work in the '70s, so it's anyone's guess what his upcoming fourth album, due out on Darla in the fall, will sound like. But here are a few good guesses: Its charming tunes will be bolstered by warm, droning synth tones and mellifluous guitar strums, it'll feature Rao's nice-boy, Edwyn Collins-like vocals, and it will be as sweet and airy as freshly-spun cotton candy. (LA)



TALVIN SINGH

The cross-pollination of dance music styles happens more quickly in London than anywhere else, it seems, and *Anokha: Soundz Of The Asian Underground* (Quango-Island) reveals some of the latest, and most interesting amalgams from that city: the incorporation of Eastern rhythms and sounds into contemporary Western dance music. The album was compiled by Talvin Singh, a British/Asian DJ and tabla player who also runs the popular weekly club night Anokha (meaning "unique" in Urdu), an aural laboratory for such globe-spanning fusions. The dozen tracks on *Anokha* touch upon acid jazz, traditional Indian percussion and singing styles, dub and reggae, drum 'n' bass and breakbeat, and numerous other sub-genres, but emerge as a cohesive, entrancing set that's both illuminating and damn fun to listen to. Singh himself has quite a resumé, having collaborated with artists as diverse as Björk, Neneh Cherry, Massive Attack and Courtney Pine, in addition to remixing tracks for Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, Natacha Atlas and John Martyn. Listening to Singh's work is like experiencing musical progression first-hand—transporting the listener to Monday's Anokha night at the Blue Note club, a place we wouldn't mind being once a week. (LA)



PAUL ROBERT

WAY OUT WEST

Nick Warren was a gamekeeper who didn't pass through the velvet ropes of clubland until he was 21. In 1992, Jody Wisternoff spent his free time writing hardcore techno tracks under the moniker "Sublove." Fast forward five years, and you'll see this duo in a very different light. Individually, each is a celebrated talent on the international DJ circuit, but together, they are Way Out West, a U.K. dream team. Soon after they began working together as a remix project, the



pair started writing and pressing original tracks, fusing experimental house with everything from hard trance to melodic breakbeat. Way Out West's

most recent singles prove it can be dirty and devious ("Domination") or angelic and majestic ("The Gift"), and use either guise to leave the dancefloor completely dumbfounded. With underground clubgoers on both sides of the Atlantic salivating for more, the duo has taken a break from remixing to concentrate on a full length debut, tentatively scheduled for summer release (Deconstruction-RCA). *M. TYE COMER*

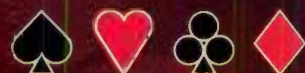
SLO BURN

Many fans of single-minded, low-end groove rock brushed their overgrown bangs aside to wipe away a tear when Kyuss called it quits. But that deep throb rumbling out of the Arizona desert like far-off thunder is back in the guise of Slo Burn, a new band featuring



Kyuss singer John Garcia and three new Palm Springs desert rats, including two former members of

Gardenia. That's the good news. Even better is that Garcia felt no need to explore new musical horizons with this new crew; if anything, Slo Burn is even more dense, oversaturated and Kyuss than Kyuss was in its last incarnation. The band's first release, *Amusing The Amazing* (Malicious Vinyl-Red Ant), is just four songs—a full-length is said to be right around the corner—but it still captures the epic, fuzzed-out quality of a biker movie soundtrack left out to bake in the sun. *SCOTT FRAMPTON*



PLAYERS' GUIDE

BEN HARPER
"THE WILL TO LIVE"
 the new album featuring
 "Faded"



LAUREN HOFFMAN
"MEGIDDO"
 the debut album featuring
 "Rock Star"



ON TOUR

- | | | |
|------|----|-----------------|
| June | 20 | Washington DC |
| | 21 | Philadelphia PA |
| | 24 | New York NY |
| | 25 | New York NY |
| | 27 | Boston MA |
| | 28 | Northampton MA |
| | 29 | Edgartown MA |
| | 30 | Charlotte VT |
| July | 6 | Detroit MI |
| | 9 | Chicago IL |
| | 10 | Chicago IL |
| | 12 | Minneapolis MN |
| | 14 | Denver CO |
| | 15 | Boulder CO |
| | 16 | Salt Lake City |
| | 18 | Seattle WA |
| | 19 | Portland OR |



JOHN LYDON
"PSYCHO'S PATH"
 the new album featuring
 "Sna"

RULES OF "THE GAME" continued

Ethics The only safe guiding principle of "The Game" ethics is, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." In so-called games, a "Player" may do anything to fool his opponents so long as he does not cheat. It is considered part of the skill of "The Game" to do so, and by no means unsportsmanlike. In some games, it is considered unethical to check on a good act in the hope that someone else will bet and you can raise him. Since "The Game" is a local pastime for most "Players," it is advised to follow the standards of other "Players" and remain popular.

Betting Blind When a "Player" announces that he is betting (or checking) "blind" — that is, without looking at his hand — he does so to avoid the stigma that in some games attaches to trap passes and sandbagging. Nevertheless, in nearly all circles it is considered unethical for a "Player" to announce that he is betting or checking blind when in fact he has seen his hand.

Intentionally Breaking the Rules In most circles, it is not considered ethical

to announce, out of turn, that you intend to sign, to promote, to drop, when actually you have no intention of so doing when your turn comes. It is safe to make such false announcements, because no penalty is provided for them; but regard for the other "Players" should rule them out when they are not in accord with the code of ethics followed in the game you are playing. In no circle is it considered ethical to break the rules, as by passing out of turn, unless it is advantageous to you to do so, for in any other case you can hurt someone else without possibility of helping yourself.

to be continued

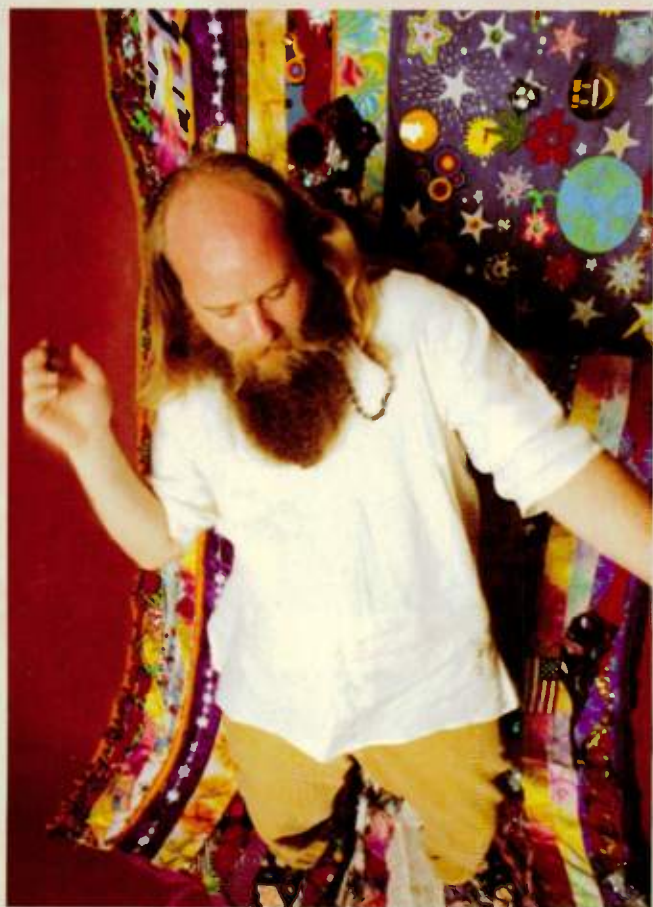
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TRANQUILITY BASS

POST- EVERYTHING PASTICHE

By James Lien



BRAD MILLER

It's not every day that a new record sounds like the ushering in of a new era, but once you've listened to Tranquility Bass' debut album, *Let Your Freak Flag Fly*, it's hard to hear the world in the same way. After a seriously trippy blend of acid jams, techno beats, lysergic trombones, tribal drums, *White Album*-style acoustic numbers and funk throwdowns, it winds up with, of all things, a lilting, countryish prairie anthem about fungus, "Lichen Me To Wyoming." In between lies some of the most ambitious music of this decade, a heady blend of samples, sounds and live instruments that's not like anything else that's gone before.

The album is what Tranquility Bass-man Mike Kandel brought back from nearly two and a half years in exile on tiny Lopez Island, an island community of a few hundred people off the coast of Washington State. Kandel transported his equipment, belongings and an entire portable digital studio to Lopez, and began working in relative isolation. "I wouldn't talk to people for two or three days," Kandel relates. "Someone would call on the phone and I'd be like [gestures like he's holding a phone out away from his ear]. My friends would say, 'Mike, you don't sound like yourself today,' and I'd say, 'Yeah, that's just 'cause I haven't used my voice in two days.'"

The Tranquility Bass story began when Kandel and his then-partner Tom Chasteen began releasing dance 12"s on their own label Exist Dance (releases which Kandel later referred to as "expensive business cards").

Among them were "Cantamilla" and "We Came In Peace," which appeared on numerous dance compilations in '93 and '94. After failing to land much interest from major labels, the two split up in what was more like a parting of college roommates than a traumatic band breakup. (A source close to the group describes the situation simply as "Mike got the band name and Tom got the label name.") That's when Kandel decided to take his music to new places, holing up in seclusion to make his album.

Though Tranquility Bass tracks have appeared on *Excursions In Ambience* and *Headz* compilations, at 29, Kandel is a far cry from the typical picture of a baggy-pants techno-head. He's actually a big bear of a guy with a huge prospector-like beard, who looks like someone you'd have seen on the corner of Haight and Ashbury in the '60s. "I didn't want to have to think about the dancefloor DJ at all," Kandel says of the changes in his music over the last two years. "I just wanted to sit down and make some music, you know, and at the same time, wanting to push it out into some more organic sounds..." What he ended up doing is pushing out in all directions at once—on *Freak Flag*, there are several instances where two entirely different songs seem to be happening simultaneously.

"When I sit down to do music, I don't really have any intentions, I just sit down at the equipment and, you know, start working... The whole idea of doing vocals didn't even come out until eight or nine months into it. Sometimes I'll go back and write whole new chord structures over tracks that I haven't even listened to in months. People ask me, 'How many tracks is it?' and the answer is, I'm not quite sure. How are we gonna mash all this stuff down to 80 tracks?"

The central concept of this ambitious and remarkable album is that as the millennium approaches, Kandel envisions a coming together of freaks, weirdos, wigouts, hippies, hackers, drag queens, and ravers, a peculiar gathering of tribes assembled beneath the banner of the freak flag. He creates a post-everything world, in which hippiedom dovetails with raveism and Santana guitars gyrate wildly with electrobeats and hip-hop samples. Throughout history, the freaks have been attracted to the music—and in that sense, Mike Kandel is simply connecting all the dots and tying all the threads together. ★

*"I admit to being
a perfectionist.*

*I feel most
comfortable
when my
environment
is perfectly
maintained."*

Bjork

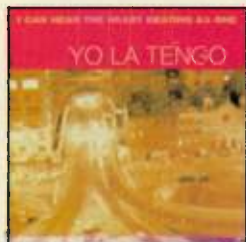
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YO LA TENGO

I Can Hear The Heart
Beating As One
DBL LP \$10 CD \$12



GUIDED BY VOICES

Mag Earwig!
LP \$8 CD \$12



PAVEMENT

Brighten The Corners
LP \$8 CD \$13 CS \$9
(Matador / Capitol)



BETTIE SERVEERT

Dust Bunnies
LP \$8 CD \$13 CS \$9
(Matador / Capitol)



Matador Records

The Bathroom is Always Clean

Squirrel Nut Zippers

Back
From

Hell

by Steve Ciabattoni

Photography by Chris Toliver



Ken Mosher, who writes and plays sax and guitar for the Squirrel Nut Zippers, is showing off "Kensway," a recording studio which encompasses the piano in his kitchen, plus guitars, wires and equipment scattered about the first floor

of his house, in something that looks like a set from *Twister*. "It's sort of the thrift-shop version of Kingsway," he jokes, referring to Daniel Lanois' exquisite home studio in New Orleans, where the Zippers recorded their sophomore CD *Hot*.



L-R: Tom Maxwell, Katharine Whalen, "Jimbo" Mathus

Mosher and the rest of the seven-piece band are glad to be back in their own homes in the area around Chapel Hill, North Carolina, but it wasn't by design. The strain of non-stop shows, radio and press interviews, and a half-dozen national TV appearances has forced them to take it easy for a while before they head out again for a big tour starting in June. "There's been a cumulative effect of working harder and harder," says the gregarious sax and guitar man Tom Maxwell, one of the Zippers' chief singers and songwriters. "Frankly, my body just gave out." Maxwell, with his strep throat, didn't have it the worst, however. Singer and banjo strummer Katharine Whalen developed bronchitis and blisters on the back of her throat. That was the straw that broke the Squirrels' back.

Now, kicking back in Mosher's kitchen, it's hard to imagine a better way to wind down. Ken is mixing the finest mint juleps known to man, and another one of his mixes—the band's as-yet-untitled third album, recorded right here at Kensway—is playing away. The combination is fitting: During the recording, one of the rooms at Mosher's fixer-upper house was transformed into "Club Inferno." "We couldn't be in New Orleans this time, so we had to bring a little bit of it to us," says Maxwell, "and the best way to do that is to have a well-stocked bar."

The mint juleps and the bar fit nicely with the Zippers' debauched Prohibition-era vibe. Even on tight schedules, the band (rounded out by songwriter/guitarist James "Jimbo" Mathus, who's also Whalen's

husband, drummer Chris Phillips, trumpeter Je Widenhouse and new bassist Stu Cole) makes time to soak up the nightlife of the cities it plays. Arranging crank phone calls (they once convinced a booking agent the I.R.S. was after him) and heaping acute mental abuse on morning radio hosts and interviewers (who can blame them?) are among their favorite hobbies. So far, none of the mischief has led to any arrests or serious injuries.

But this band has grown up in the last four years. "I don't think any of us buys that [rock star] hype," Maxwell notes. "If any of us did, there'd be six other people in the band to call bullshit on them right away." Mathus rears his level head and says, "There are some bands who can live with that lifestyle, but this isn't that kind of band." Maxwell adds, "Some of us are married and have kids and houses, and take a lot of grounding and pleasure from that in our lives."

On the outside, it seems odd for a band like the Squirrel Nut Zippers to want to be grounded to life in the '90s. After all, their tastes in music, clothes, catchphrases and automobiles seem a half-century away—folks their age are supposed to be

nostalgic for vinyl, but not 10" 78s. But the band's members are enjoying the chance to chat with friends, about their flower beds and apple trees almost as much as the music. They're ecstatic about their current popularity, but wary of fame. Whalen sums it up when she says "It's going to be a lot harder [to connect with the fans] if we have to play much bigger places."

"We always wanted to entertain people, even if they were just entertained by the fact that we looked like fools up there."

continued on page 44

SUMMERCAMP

"DRAWER"

from their new album: **PURE JUICE**

produced by CHRIS SHAW AND SUMMERCAMP

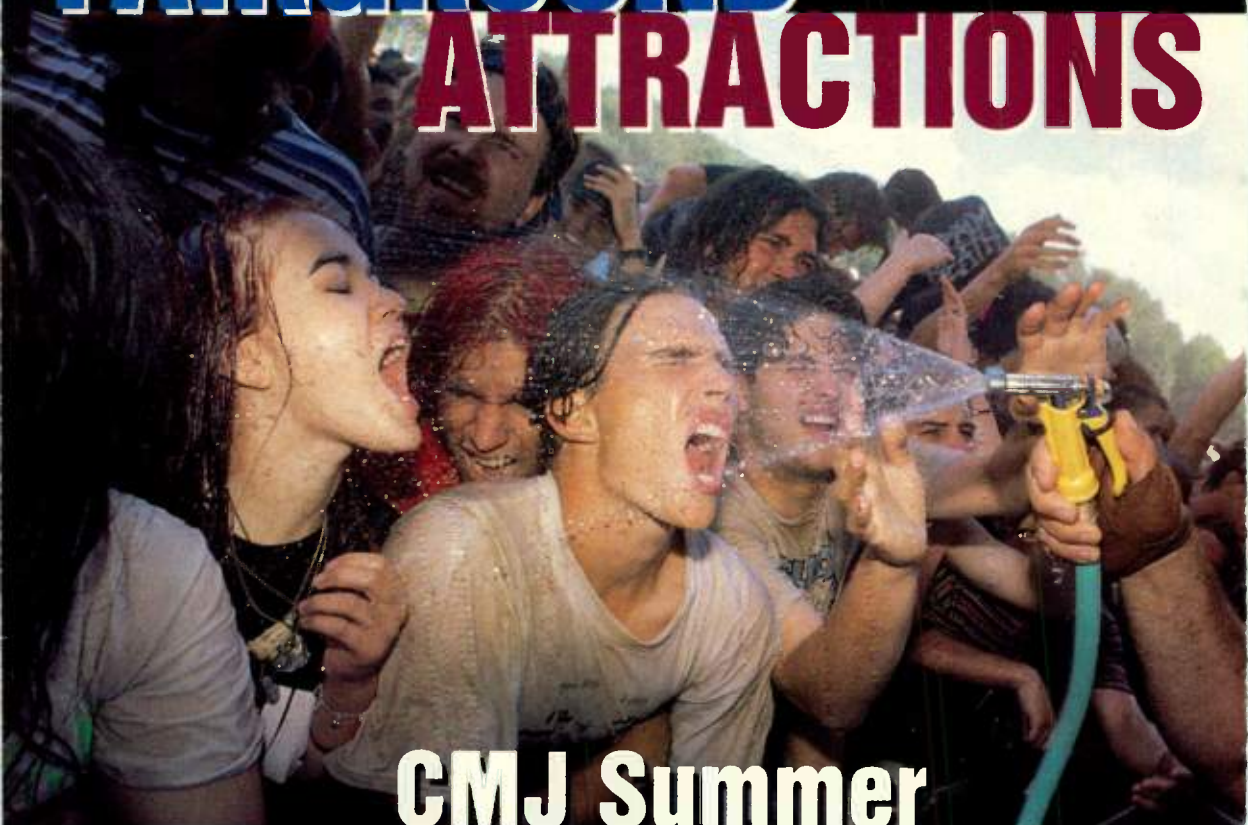
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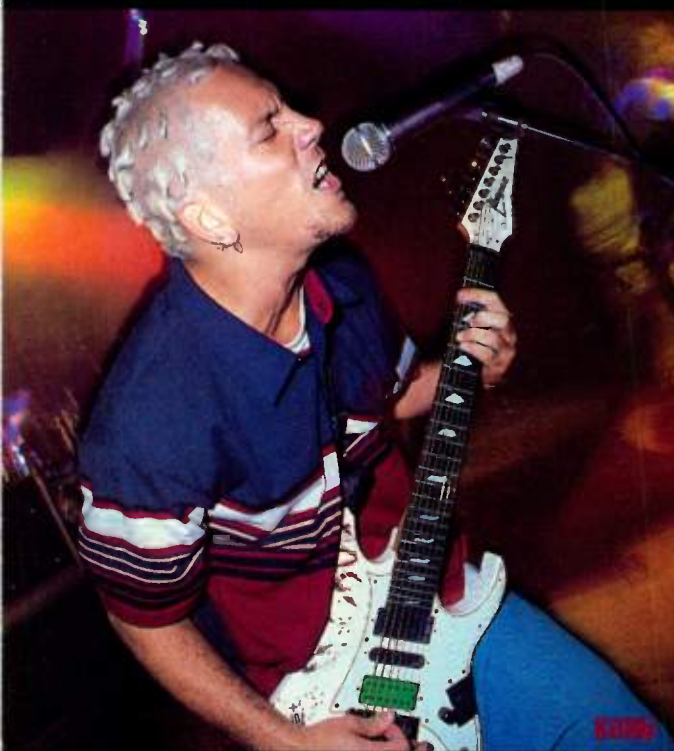


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FAIRGROUND ATTRACTIONS



CMJ Summer Festival Guide



Summer's here and the time is right for...all manner of things, actually. But we thought you'd most want to know about the many star-studded events and tours that are happening this summer. Here's our guide to this year's great big shows. (But please note that all information is only current as of press time, and our sources range from official press releases to back-alley whispers. Three words, friends: Subject To Change.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS TOLIVER



► LOLLAPALOOZA

The Lineup: Main stage includes Tool, Korn, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Snoop Doggy Dogg, Tricky, Prodigy, Devo, Orbital, and Julian & Damian Marley And The Uprising Band; second stage includes Dr. Octagon, Eels, Jeremy Toback, the Old 97's, Inch and Summercamp (Jun. 18-Jul. 16), and Failure, Atari Teenage Riot, Skeleton Key, Orbit, the Pugs and the Lost Boys (Jul. 17-Aug. 18).

The Scoop: It's *Lollapalooza*. You know. Web site at www.lollapalooza.com.

Why Brave The Crush: The Blues Explosion is about the most, well, explosive band in America, and it's as awesome in a stadium as in a club; the second stage is still arguably the best show in town. Plus, "-alooza" didn't become a catch-all suffix for this kind of touring heterogeneity for nothing, and experience counts when you're trying to keep thousands of tattooed youth entertained and compliant all day.

Why Stay Home: \$5 plates of lukewarm noodles; drive-by body-pierce; that this is the center of many attendees' lives is infinitely depressing.

► ROAR TOUR

The Lineup: Bloodhound Gang, Iggy Pop, Sponge, Tonic, Rev. Horton Heat, Ryan Downe, Linda Perry, 60 Ft. Dolls, Treadmill Trackstar.

The Scoop: Sponsored by Skoal chewing tobacco. Web site at www.roartour.com.

Why Brave The Crush: At 50, the Iggy is still a force of nature; Rev. Horton Heat's reverb-soaked guitar should sound great on that huge P.A. Out of the rest of the line-up's also-rans, one or two could surprise.

Why Stay Home: Two words: mouth cancer. Two more: Stooges reunion. It's still just a rumor, but you might want to take your chances and wait to see Iggy with his old mates, because after the Rev., there isn't much else to recommend here.

► GUINNESS FLEADH FESTIVAL

The Lineup: Van Morrison, Sinéad O'Connor, Christy Moore, the Chieftains, Billy Bragg, Paula Cole, Freedy Johnston, Richard Thompson, Suzanne Vega, Ben Lee, Wilco and many more.

The Scoop: At Randall's Island in NYC, Jun. 14 and 15. \$40 a day, \$70 for both.

Why Brave The Crush: One hell of a collection of singer/songwriters and Irish folkies, and Richard Thompson and Billy Bragg invariably get over live.

Why Stay Home: A certain lack of variety, and \$70 to see Van Morrison twice in 1997? Also, not everyone holds their stout well.



MARILYN MANSON

► OZZFEST

The Lineup: Ozzy Osbourne (and a Black Sabbath reunion), Marilyn Manson (some places), Pantera, Type O Negative, Fear Factory, Machine Head, Powerman 5000. Second stage ("Never Never Land"): Drain S.T.H., downset., Vision Of Disorder, Coal Chamber, Slo Burn and Neurosis.

The Scoop: Running May 24-Jun. 29. Sponsored by Best Buy; send them your ticket stubs and get a two-CD set of metal stuff.

Why Brave The Crush: Sabbath! Sabbath! Sabbath! and an amazingly solid collection of metal and similarly extreme bands. And you never know when your show will be the one that spawns the inevitable "The People Vs. Marilyn Manson."

Why Stay Home: Do you want to be able to hear stuff when you're 50? Ozzy has taken to citing the First Amendment in his defense of Marilyn M., which is a little far from "are you ready to get fuckin' *CRAZY*?" for our tastes.

► H.O.R.D.E.

The Lineup: Neil Young all the way, with appearances in various places by Widespread Panic, Beck, Wilco, Morphine, Primus, Big Head Todd & The Monsters, Soul Coughing, Son Volt, Squirrel Nut Zippers and, of course, Blues Traveler (on a few select dates).

The Scoop: Running Jul. 12-Sep. 1.

Why Brave The Crush: Young is an indomitable spirit, long may he rave, and most of the other bands have made their rep live, too. On the right dates, the artists playing will out-eclectic Lollapalooza.

Why Stay Home: We still think H.O.R.D.E.="Hippies On Recreational Drugs Everywhere." And it's a bit of a boy's club—will there be a single woman on stage?

► WARPED

The Lineup: Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Social Distortion, Descendents, Pennywise, Sick Of It All, Blink-182, Millencolin, the Vandals, Face To Face, Lagwagon, Suicide Machines, Lo Presher, Royal Crown Revue, Less Than Jake, Hepcat and Reel Big Fish.

The Scoop: Running Jul. 2-Aug. 5. Sponsored by Vans. Lots of surf and skate stuff will be on hand too, as well as Spike & Mike's Festival Of Animation.

Why Brave The Crush: A legal opportunity to go apeshit, and there are so many bands that none of them are likely to outstay their welcome. Adding swing crew Royal Crown Review to this punk and ska agglomeration is a nice touch.

Why Stay Home: Testosterone overload. Besides, it's difficult to find that zone that's close enough to see the bands and far enough away that you won't get brained by steel-toed Docs or an errant skater launched out of the half-pipe.

DAY PASSES

THE MICHIGAN FESTIVAL

Aug. 14-24 in East Lansing, Michigan, with Sheryl Crow, Wilco, Daryl Hall and John Oates, Tammy Wynette, Randy Travis, the Steve Miller Band and many others.

SUMMERFEST

Jun. 26-Jul. 6 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, with Dave Matthews Band, Los Lobos, Tina Turner, Cyndi Lauper, the Moody Blues, No Doubt, Weezer, Face To Face, Tim McGraw, Martina McBride and James Taylor. Lots of other performers, too (there are 11 stages).

WINTERHAWK BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL

Jul. 17-20 in Hillsdale, New York, with Alison Krauss & Union Station, Doc Watson, the Dry Branch Fire Squad, Illrd Tyme Out, Chesapeake, the World's Largest Bluegrass Band and many more (www.interport.net/~wntrhawk).

DRUMFEST

Jul. 26, a drum-and-bugle-corps festival in Cumberland, Maryland, featuring the Westshoremens, Bushwackers, Grenadiers, Caballeros, and the United States Marine Drum And Bugle Corps (www.aad-inc.com/drumfest.html).

Om is where the heart is

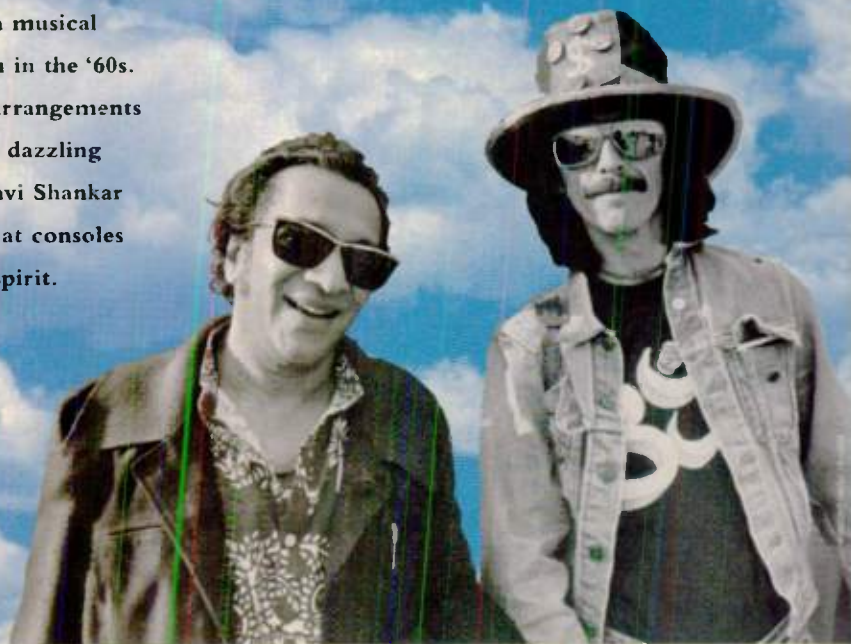


Chants of India Ravi Shankar Produced by George Harrison

With Chants of India, Ravi Shankar and George Harrison complete a musical and spiritual journey that began in the '60s. Combining new compositions, arrangements of ancient Indian chants and dazzling instrumental performances, Ravi Shankar has created a body of music that consoles and inspires the human spirit.



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► TIBETAN FREEDOM CONCERT

The Lineup: Beastie Boys, Björk, Foo Fighters, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Pavement, Radiohead, Rancid, Sonic Youth, Taj Mahal, Patti Smith, Biz Markie, De La Soul, half of R.E.M. and many more

The Scoop: Jun. 7-8, New York City. A benefit for the Milarepa Fund. \$40 a day.

Why Brave The Crush: Holy Mother of God what a lineup. And for a very, very good cause.

Why Stay Home: You'll never get tickets.

► SMOKIN' GROOVES

The Lineup: George Clinton And The P-Funk All-Stars, Cypress Hill, Erykah Badu, the Roots, Foxy Brown; on some dates, Outkast, the Pharcyde and Brand New Heavies.

The Scoop: Sponsored by House Of Blues. Concluding Aug. 24.

Why Brave The Crush: P-Funk shows tend to be a multi-hour party; they've picked hip-hop groups that are particularly good live; we can't wait to hear Erykah Badu sing.

Why Stay Home: Lots of smoke, as per the title, of various kinds; Clinton—and Cypress, for that matter—get over entirely on long-past glories.

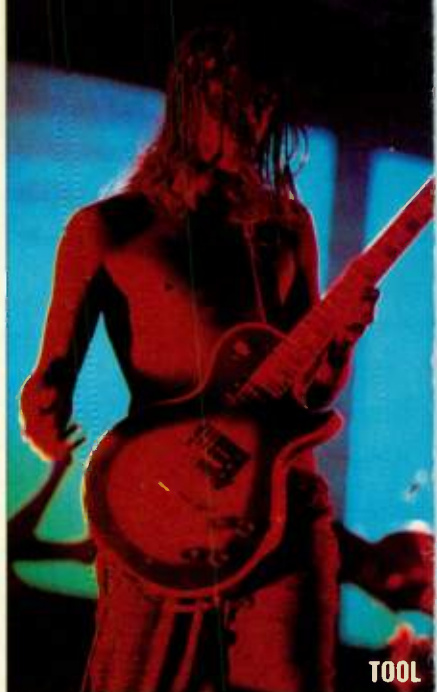
► YOYO A GO GO

The Lineup: Sleater-Kinney, Dub Narcotic Sound System, Fitz Of Depression, Elliott Smith, Seagull Screaming Kiss Her Kiss Her, Cold Cold Hearts, Karp, Lois, Modest Mouse, another 40 or so bands.

The Scoop: Jul. 15-20 at the Capitol Theater in Olympia, Washington, the same time as the Lakefair festival in Olympia. Website at www.olywa.net/yoyo.

Why Brave The Crush: Dozens of excellent, not-huge-yet or don't-wanna-be-huge bands in a laid-back, pleasant setting; organizer Pat Maley waited several years after the first Y.Y.A.G.G. until he was up to doing it right again.

Why Stay Home: Courtney Love (also the name of Maley's old band) wasn't kidding with that song about Olympia on *Live Through This*. Plus, barrettes.



► LILITH FAIR

The Lineup: Sarah McLachlan, the Cardigans, Suzanne Vega, Indigo Girls, Paula Cole, Aimee Mann, Mary Chapin Carpenter, Jewel, Lisa Loeb, Shawn Colvin and Fiona Apple. Second stage includes Autour De Lucie, Victoria Williams, Kelly Willis and the Wild Colonialists.

The Scoop: A tour of women performers put together by McLachlan. Runs Jul. 5 through sometime in August. Web site at www.lilithfair.com.

Why Brave The Crush: We're especially psyched about the second stage, but you can't deny the main stage is hit-packed. There'll be lots of booths and displays at the Fair, too.

Why Stay Home: The line-up is solid but same-y, and a full day's worth could be overkill. And beware the guys who are a little *too* excited about the show.

DAY PASSES

THE GLENN MILLER FESTIVAL

Jun. 12-15 in Clarinda, Iowa, with the Glenn Miller Orchestra, the Glenn Miller Birthplace Society Big Band and the Gateway City Big Band.

THE ALBERT E. BRUMLEY SUNDOWN TO SUNUP GOSPEL SING

Aug. 6-9, in Springdale, Arkansas, with groups including the Lester Family & James Blackwood, the Inspirations, Common Bond, and the Kingsmen (not *those* Kingsmen).

THE BOSTON GLOBE JAZZ & BLUES FESTIVAL

Jun. 22-28 in Boston, Massachusetts, with Manhattan Transfer, Al Jarreau, Roy Hargrove, George Benson and Kenny G.

BIG TOP

The Lineup: Far from definite at press time, but rumored to include some combination of BT, Spring Heel Jack, Voodoo Child, Crystal Method and various Ninja Tunes types.

The Scoop: 13 cities, Aug. 19-Sep. 6. 3 stages, 30 DJs and bands. Drop a bomb on this baby, and rock could come back.

Why Brave The Crush: An impeccable selection of touring electro types—the biggest and best traveling all-night rave you're going to find, and the only one a lot of kids' parents will let them go to.

Why Stay Home: See above. Designer drug paranoia could make security oppressively tight; DATs.



DAY PASSES

ELVIS PRESLEY-RELATED FESTIVITIES

August 10-15 in Memphis, Tennessee. Celebrate the 20th anniversary of the King's death.

INTERNATIONAL POLKAFEST

Jun. 26-29 in Chisholm, Minnesota, with dozens of polka bands. Performers include Frankie Yancovic, Joey Miskulin and Polka Power California, as well as Father Perkovich's Polka Mass on Sunday morning.

GATHERING OF THE VIBES

Jun. 21-22 in Croton-On-Hudson, New York, with Strangefolk, Max Creek, the Zen Tricksters, Percy Hill, Charlie Hunter Trio, Ominous Seapods and others.

MT. FUJI FESTIVAL

Jul. 26-27 in the national park at the base of Japan's Mt. Fuji, with Red Hot Chili Peppers, Jamiroquai, Beck, Green Day, Southern Culture On The Skids, Weezer and Rage Against The Machine.

Alcoholics. Prostitutes. Crack Dealers. Adulterers. Fornicators. Liars. Wife Beaters. Molesters. Murderers. and Thieves

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JESUS

Luke 5:31-32 "I do not need a physician, but I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repent."

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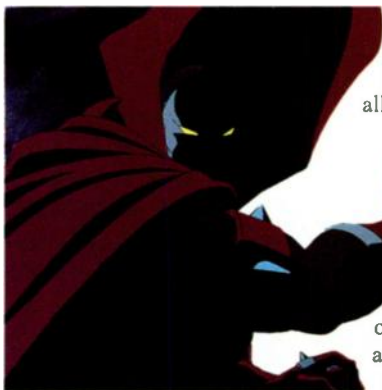



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CATHODE RAY TAN

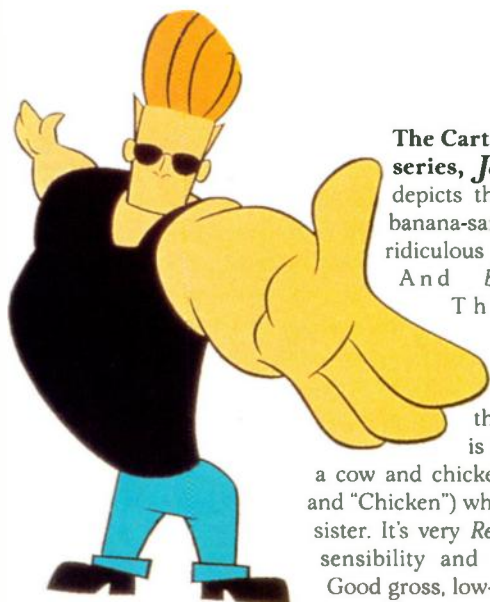
Summer solace for when the outside world is entirely overrated



'97 is the summer of *Spawn*. A live-action, big-screen version of the mega-selling comic will be hitting theaters in August (New Line), but it's HBO's animated *Todd McFarlane's Spawn* that has "cult classic" written all over it. The series, which premieres in with the first three installments in May and adds three more in June, with more rumored to come, hues closely to the comic in style and content. It's essentially Fox's *Batman* animated series as composed by the id: *Spawn*'s tortured hero and spinning moral compass are as dramatic as its gorgeously rendered, shadowy style. As with the comic, it's violent, making sense isn't always a priority and women are basically sexual currency, but *Spawn* is a dark, twisted ride you'll want to take more than once.



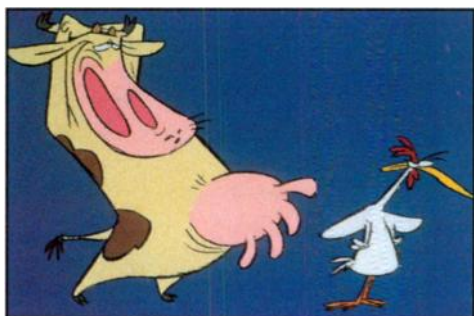
Comedy Central's *Viva Variety* is animated in a different sense. Featuring sketch comedy, novelty acts and musical performances, it's a hyper take-off on European variety shows, perpetrated by three former members of MTV's *The State*, Thomas Lennon, Kerri Kenney and Michael Black. It's extremely campy, and often seems like one over-long sketch from *The State*—you may find yourself wondering how, and perhaps why, they'll continue it through its 13 episodes—but the musical performances by the likes of Cibo Matto, Squirrel Nut Zippers, Moby, Mighty Mighty Bosstones and Shudder To Think are reason enough to tune in.



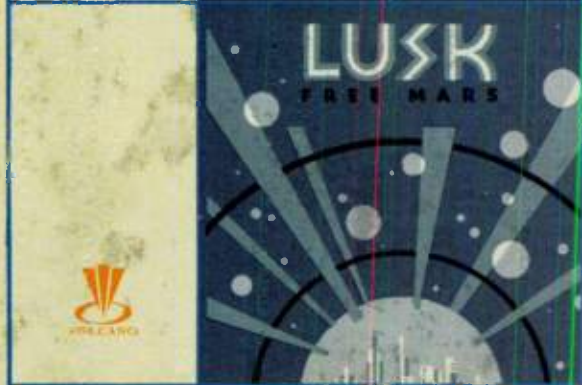
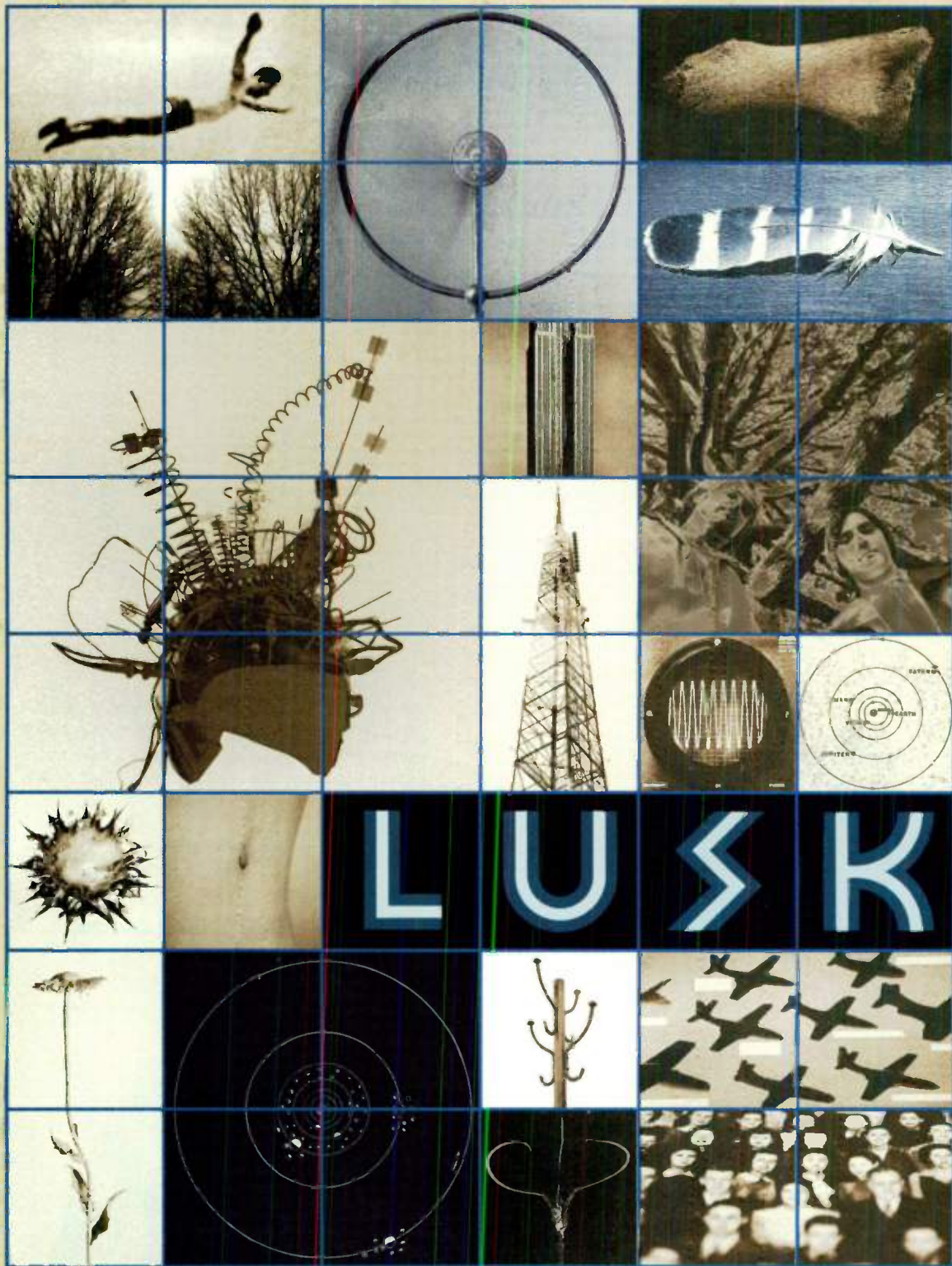
The Cartoon Network's summer offerings include two hilarious new series, *Johnny Bravo* and *Cow And Chicken*. The former depicts the adventures of a skirt-casing, pose-striking, peanut-butter-and-banana-sandwich-eating egomaniac with an exaggerated Southern drawl and ridiculous kung fu moves.

And blonde hair.

This summer marks the 20th anniversary of Elvis' death, by the way. The latter is the bizarre tale of a cow and chicken (named "Cow" and "Chicken") who are brother and sister. It's very *Ren And Stimpy* in sensibility and animation style. Good gross, low-brow fun.



Reverb is an HBO series of live performances by, and interviews with, a hip assortment of alternative bands. Taped at various venues during regular, audience-filled gigs, each 45-minute episode will include appearances by three different artists, with Pavement, Archers Of Loaf, Bob Mould, Melvins, Lemonheads, Soul Coughing, Sebadoh, Railroad Jerk and Wilco among them.



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So Many Festivals!

Photography by Chris Toller

by Dorien "Pookie" Garry

What Do I Wear?!

There are more festival tours this summer than you can shake a drum stick at. The real question is what to wear to all these events. But don't fret—although each one has its own theme and musical genre, there's a vital wardrobe piece out there for whichever event you choose to make a part of your summer frolicking. Here's a brief breakdown of four of the big ones, and a little help for that ensemble.

WARPED

This tour is infamous for big pants, skateboards, mohawks and piercings. But with all those accessories, what you'll really need is a reliable pair of shades. You'll be outside all day, thrashing your delicate head to that hardcore punk rock, and the last thing you'll want is having that big bad sun blocking your view. The bigger the eyes, the better... just make sure they'll stay put on your face when that pit gets rowdy.

Andrea Previn shades, \$70.



H.O.R.D.E.

Okay, so this one will totally be sandal central. But let's get away from the Birkenstocks and other assorted hippie styles, and get a bit more sophisticated. The knockoffs of last year's Pradas are out there waiting for you, for a fraction of the cost. You'll be the chic-est flower child there! And with all the savings, you'll be able to afford the beads and brownies those crazy kids are selling out in the parking lot.

Standard slip-ons, \$38 at Urban Outfitters.

OZZFEST

Sabbath reunion! Need I say more? There'll be so much black clothing you'll think you're at a funeral! So let's be sensible. Outside all day, in a metal millennium... we need to go back to the old-school days, when Ozzy was a household name. That's right—it's jean jacket time again. Find one at any thrift store, and for an added attraction, sew a good ol' metal patch (available at any rock 'n' roll gift shop) on the back of that badboy. But make sure it's not one of the bands playing at the fest... it's just too desperate. And if your hair is one of your issues, be sure to bring along a comb. It's gonna be a swinging time for singles, and you want to make sure your looks can kill. Think Matt Dillon in *Over The Edge*, and you'll be the best-dressed hesher there!

Thrift-store denim Jacket, \$15. Anthrax patch, \$8.



BIG TOP

The electronica event of the summer! This means plenty of booty-shaking and sun-baking, so there'll be no need to bundle up. Get yourself a comfy, yet stylish, pair of kicks for all that dancing, and one of those oversized floppy hats for when the sun is on ya. You don't want to let a sunburned nose ruin an exhausting day of drum 'n' bass.

Floppy Kangol hat, \$35.

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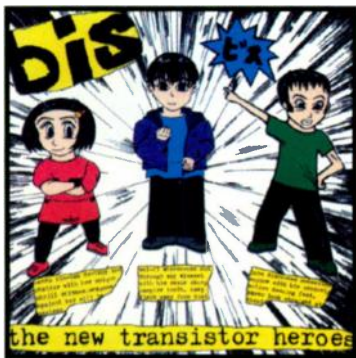
FEATURING "SEXY SUCKER"



reviews

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

"I won't be impolite, but to me, U2 come across as contrived and pompous. I dare 'em to strip away the keyboards and sequencers and stand on a stage next to us. I dare 'em. Bring 'em on. I mean, come on, kicking their ass would be easy!" — *Live guitarist Chad Taylor in NME, making a joke he later qualified in a written statement: "There are some people who think we're only a serious band, so I thought I would take the piss out of everything."*



DATALOG: Released May 6.
FILE UNDER: Punk dynamos.

R.I.Y.L.: Raincoats, Cold Cold Hearts, Ramones.

BIS / The New Transistor Heroes / Grand Royal-Capitol

The teenaged Scottish trio with the superhero names (Sci-Fi Steven, John Disco, and Manda Rin) has generated much fascination Stateside with its youth-centric message and live performances of aerobic intensity. This first full-length release gives the band the chance to prove it's not just punk's own Mickey Mouse Club. Though the simple lyrics and constant shouted refrains sound as much like a pep rally as ever, the record demonstrates that they've learned from '80s British punk how to make simple song ideas explode out of the stereo and lodge in people's heads. "Sweetshop Avengers" is a perfect example, with slightly off-kilter drumming and yelled choruses channelling the Raincoats by way of Bratmobile. Rin half-raps, half-cheerleads her way through the charmingly snippy "Popstar Kill." "One day you'll realize that you're not that great," she taunts, giggling at the end. In a rare moment of complexity, "Skinny Tie Sensurround" splices Fall-style declamatory verses on haberdashery with a keyboard-reinforced chorus.

Bis's collective energy level remains constant throughout the album, which unfortunately creates a certain sameness over 18 tracks. Nonetheless, *Heroes* has less filler than you might imagine. Even when the songs aren't winning in themselves, the delivery is always rousing. "Let's-go let's-go," Bis shouts near the close of the album, as if to say, if you're not pogoing along by now, you're too old to be trusted. **ANDREA MOED**



DATALOG: Released May 6; Guru guests on "Black Monday";
CD features multimedia portion with interviews.
FILE UNDER: Urban renewal.

R.I.Y.L.: Red Hot + Cool, Jazzmatazz, Digable Planets.

BUCKSHOT LEFONQUE / Music Evolution / Columbia

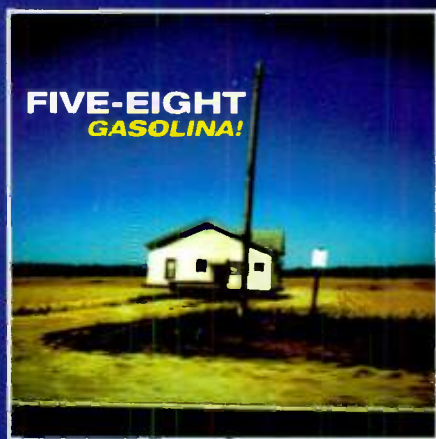
The way *Music Evolution* blows out jazz, soul and rap, it's evident Branford Marsalis is at the center of a musical Big Bang. Too bad that bang left a chip on his shoulder. On "A Buckshot Rebuttal," the saxman tells those who liked only one half or the other of his first Buckshot CD that they can... well, imagine the worst. If he's kidding, it's not funny. If he's serious, it's just plain sad. In addition, after the obligatory shout outs, Marsalis shoots a middle finger to artists who "put commerce ahead of music"—that'll shake up the industry. Program around the rebuttal, and you'll be treated to innovations in beats, rhymes and harmony lines. "Samba Hop" brings it all together with a slinky beat, a slick rap and some key-bopping by pianist Joey Calderazzo. On the spirited "James Brown," drummer Rocky Bryant and DJ Apollo build hard-working grooves while Branford and a feisty David Sanborn (not exactly a champ of music over commerce) cut loose over JB-style horn harmonies. Between the mixtures of hip-hop, jazz and

pop, singer Frank McComb shines on a handful of lush ballads. *Music Evolution* has some great moments, but the first Buckshot CD had more zip (not to mention DJ Premier and Maya Angelou). But maybe I'm just saying that to get flipped off in the next CD. **STEVE CIABATTONI**

BIS / The New Transistor Heroes / Grand Royal-Capitol
BUCKSHOT LEFONQUE / Music Evolution / Columbia
DAVID BYRNE / Feelings / Luaka Bop-Warner Bros.
CAN / Sacrilege / Mute
LAURENT GARNIER / 36 / F Communications
GUIDED BY VOICES / Mag Earwhig! / Matador
KARP / Self Titled LP / k
BEN LEE / Something To Remember Me By / Grand Royal
LUSK / Free Mars / Volcano
MANBREAK / Come And See / Almo-Geffen
MEREDITH MONK / Volcano Songs / ECM New Series
RADISH / Restraining Bolt / Mercury
THE SEAHORSES / Do It Yourself / Geffen
RAVI SHANKAR / Chants Of India / Dark Horse-Angel
SKUNK ANANSIE / Stosh / Epic
RICHARD AND DANNY THOMPSON / Industry / Hannibal-Rykodisc
MIA DOI TODD / The Eye And The Ewe / Xmas
TUBE TOP / Three Minute Hercules / Laundry Room
2 FOOT FLAME / Ultra Drowning / Matador
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JIM WHITE / Wrong-Eyed Jesus / Luaka Bop-Warner Bros.

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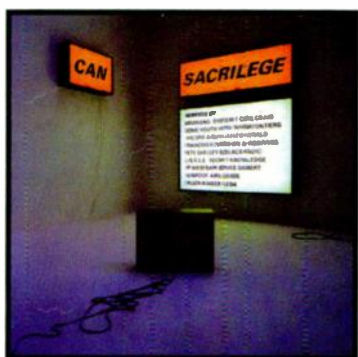
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DAVID BYRNE / *Feelings* / Luaka Bop-Warner Bros.

After years imbibing the influences of Brazilian music, Afropop, reggae, and funk, David Byrne has become his own musical melting pot. *Feelings* was recorded with a raft of collaborators in multiple locations, then produced with British trip-hoppers Morcheeba, who worked in the sounds of Cajun fiddle, sitar, DJ scratching, and who knows what else, and relentlessly style-blended until what you hear has no recognizable origin but Byrne himself. "Wicked Little Doll," a collaboration with members of Devo, sounds like pumped-up New Wave, but its sneered lyrics point up Byrne's preoccupation with superstition and ritual. On "Burnt By The Sun," Byrne seems to revel in the culture-crossing possibilities of electronica: "Atom smashers in the cocktail lounge tonight/Opera singers in the graveyard keeping time/And the DJ mixes them all," he sings. But, ironically, he seems most himself when he expresses his sense of dislocation, caught midway between metropolis and village, Northern Hemisphere and Southern. Duetting with Paula Cole on a playful song to "Miss America," or crooning a cynical but wistful love story, he mocks his own cosmopolitan ethic in the characters he invents—not suave jetsetters, but jetlagged, lvelorn travelers in search of a congenial groove. **ANDREA MOED**

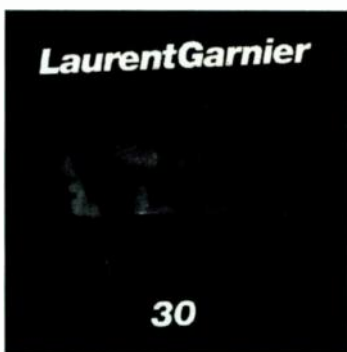
DATALOG: Release date: Jun. 17.
FILE UNDER: Cosmopolitan shimmyshake.
R.I.Y.L.: Ambitious Lovers, Jorge Ben, Topsy.



CAN / *Sacrilege* / Mute

The records the German group Can made in the late '60s and '70s have been hugely influential on a lot of bands and musicians who came after them, and the cannily titled *Sacrilege* is a kind of payback: 16 old Can tracks, remixed by the group's musical admirers. It's nice to see multiple generations of the band's disciples involved, from old-timers like Brian Eno (who turns the 26-second doodle "Pnoom" into a 56-second drum 'n' bass joke) to first-wave punks like the Buzzcocks' Pete Shelley to electronic types like the Orb. Curiously, though, most of these tracks are more new pieces that use Can recordings among their source materials than they are remixes that say anything new about the originals; the focus is on the group as texturalists, rather than songwriters or rhythm-creators. That only gives part of the story, because Can was all three—it's nice to hear mutating abstractions like "Unfinished" poured into rhythmic molds that give them form, but (as Westbam points out with its remix of "...And More") Can came up with some great beats on its own. Another terrific exception: U.N.K.L.E.'s dizzy, jittery take on "Vitamin C," which is also one of the few tracks that makes much of drummer Jaki Liebezeit's impeccable grooves. This isn't the best place to hear Can for the first time (try *Tago Mago* or *Cannibalism*), but it's an interesting take on the band's meaning. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

DATALOG: Released May 20.
A Can tribute album is also due this year.
FILE UNDER: An-of-the-moment look at a timeless band.
R.I.Y.L.: The Orb, *Headz 2*, *µ-ziq*, *Macro Dub Infection*.



LAURENT GARNIER / *30* / F Communications-Never

So many electronic musicians babble about taking listeners "on a journey" that you want to scream at them to bag the beats and go become a travel agent. But then along comes an album like Laurent Garnier's second, and you're forced to admit that even the most tired cliché has a basis in truth. The ambient "Deep Sea Diving" opens the collection, but the title is actually just a commentary on Garnier's hobby. After picking up the pace with the nine-and-a-half minute "Sweet Mellow D," the French mastermind then charts a course through pumpin' techno (the single "Crispy Bacon"), sinister trip-hop ("For Max"), old-school electro ("Kall It!"), reggae ("Theme From Larry's Dub"), vintage acid ("Flashback") and even a collage of answering machine messages ("La Minute Du Repondeur Le Plus Casse-Couille"). Garnier, who attended catering college before becoming a full-time musician, hasn't forgotten the importance of presentation, sequencing the 14 diverse cuts into a very satisfying start-to-finish listen. While other notables in the field seem concerned with striking a vein and mining it dry, *30* successfully covers an alarming degree of stylistic ground, without seeming didactic or willfully eclectic. **KURT B. REIGHLEY**

DATALOG: Released Apr. 16.
FILE UNDER: Top-shelf techno.
R.I.Y.L.: Sven Väth, Speedy J, Carl Cox.

AUDIODROME

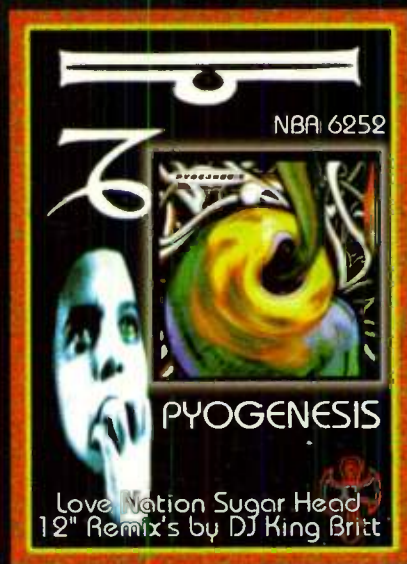
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GUIDED BY VOICES / *Mag Earwhig!* / Matador

The guitar sound is louder, the feel is different; there are a few more grunts, a few more solos, more group "hoo hoo"s, some maracas (!), and loads more texture. But the songs on Guided By Voices' new album mine the same territory as they always have: They're little gems that are wondrous in their sheer concision. *Mag Earwhig!* is by far the best-sounding GBV album yet (which is news only because of the primitive nature of the band's other recordings), and it's a huge step in their evolution that opens many more doors than it closes. This is classic GBV in glorious hi-fi, revealing a depth never before apparent and some of the best songs they've ever done; despite the internal shake-ups that left a perfectly capable band in their

wake, the addition of the brainy Ohio cock-rockers of Cobra Verde as Robert Pollard's new compadres is a revelation. As with the best earlier GBV records, any pat description of the band's sound can't capture that magical something that makes their songs so immediately

magnetic, so memorable. And as for the rumors about *Mag Earwhig!* being some sort of, uh, rock opera? Don't be frightened—all of GBV's records could be rock operas for all we know. **RANDALL ROBERTS**

DATALOG: Released May 10. First single "Bulldog Skin."

FILE UNDER: Hi-fi lo-fi.

R.I.Y.L.: *Who's Next*-era Who, Mott The Hoople, Urge Overkill.



KARP / *Self Titled LP* / K

Karp's latest clocks in at just a hair over 30 minutes. But it's an extremely dense half-hour: *Self-Titled LP* packs considerable sonic impact. Karp's form—the loud, heavily distorted power trio—is hard to describe non-insultingly, or in a way that acknowledges how good the Tumwater, Washington, band is. It's better to note that while its row's been hoed by many, few have done it as well or as distinctively. With a psychic sense of ensemble playing, Karp weds thickly fuzzed guitar and bass riffs to drums that contribute as much to the band's barrelling momentum as they do to the beat, and the group goes over the top via its facility for constructing actual (and indelible) hooks out of two notes, or even one ("Bacon Industry"). The agonized vocal interplay of bassist Jared and guitarist Chris

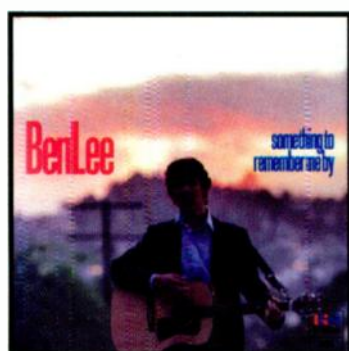
alternates lung-bursting unison howls with one bellowing the lyrics over the other's screams to often stupendous effect. The glee of complete abandon lurks behind Karp's heft and brutality, but the band's approach is consistently smarter and subtler than it appears. It's as life-affirming as

watching glue-sniffing kids laughing hysterically while playing catch with live power tools in a mudbath. Great opening line, from "J Is For Genius": "Because of you, I'm covered in parasites." **JON FINE**

DATALOG: Released Apr. 15. First single "We Ate Sand."

FILE UNDER: Sludge like you always wanted it.

R.I.Y.L.: Unsane, feedtime, Melvins.



BEN LEE / *Something To Remember Me By* / Grand Royal

There are few things less appealing than a jaded 17-year-old. Australia's Ben Lee comes by his world-weariness more honestly than the kid at your high school who hung out with college students and kept *The Portable Nietzsche* in his locker; after all, he's been recording and touring solo and with his old band Noise Addict since he was 13. That doesn't make a song like "Eight Years Old," in which Lee encounters an elementary school crush "almost a decade later, a decade too late" anything more than a Generation Y update of Dan Fogelberg's "Another Auld Lang Syne." Other howlers include the smug "Career Choice," in which Lee explains how much better it is to be a rock star than a doctor or a scientist, and "Household Name," which laments the fate of '80s sitcom stars in forced couplets. To be fair, straight relationship songs like the sweet "Daisy" fare better, but Brad Wood's clean, bland production unwisely replaces the hooky charm of 1995's *Grandpa Would* with "mature" acoustic settings. Except when he plays the youth card, Lee's work on *Something...* is indistinguishable in its tempos, textures, and

themes from that of artists with more craft and less alternative cachet—Freedy Johnston and Lee's countryman Grant McLennan spring to mind. *Something...* casts Lee as an anti-Peter Pan, trying desperately to get in touch with his inner paunchy 30-year-old. **FRANKLIN BRUNO**

DATALOG: Released May 20.

FILE UNDER: Acoustic singer-songwriter with an Australian accent.

R.I.Y.L.: Neil Finn, Lemonheads, Paul Kelly, Ron Sexsmith.

mixed signals

Year after year, U.K. music journalists christen him "Best DJ In The World." The proclamation itself may be too brazen to take seriously, but mention the name **Carl Cox** to any burgeoning club DJ, and you're guaranteed to see a glimmer of fear and respect in their eyes. He's *the man*: a legendary, pioneering, three-turntable technician whose mixing seems to transcend what's actually pressed on the vinyl, creating a techno-house siege of intertwining sound and rhythm few escape with any semblance of composure. He's been casting a spell of aural excitement and euphoria for more than a decade, and a recent distribution deal with Moonshine Records finally drops his magic a little closer to home. **F.A.C.T. 2 (Moonshine-Worldwide Ultimatum)** is Cox's first Stateside release: a double mix CD featuring a selection of tracks currently at the top of the master's playlist. Known for an eclectic range of styles, the disc weaves from pounding techno to melodic trance to acid breaks to Chicago house, touching everything in-between. If you don't know


the 35 individual tracks already, you won't be able to decipher many of the mixes, as most records receive less than 90 seconds on the decks before coupling with another. It's a great effort, yet one that still can't touch the experience of his live set. Use this as a warm-up, but make an effort to catch Cox as he baffles club kids across America this year... Keeping track of Adrenaline Record's mix CD releases makes one wonder if there's a genre label head DJ Hardware doesn't endorse. In the past year alone, he's mixed discs of almost every conceivable style, ranging from electro breaks to hardcore techno. But the pick of the litter continues to be the *Trip Hop Acid Phunk* series, consistently dropping more hard, funky, acid breaks than you can point a glowstick at. As the series' level of licensing expands, the sets grow stronger and more mind-warping. **Trip Hop Acid Phunk IV (Adrenaline-CGS)** is the most impressive offering yet. Featuring **The Tweakers** (Hardware and partner DJ Remix) behind the wheel, the disc boasts smooth segues between standout cuts like Simon's "Two Crates," D-Shakes' "Techno Trance," and every breaks DJ's secret weapon of '96, Way Out West's "Domination (Bonkers Breakbeat)." Keeping with the Acid Phunk tradition, this disc is all about clenching your teeth, breaking a sweat, and moving your feet to the bombastic beat. No trainspotting allowed. **M. TYE COMER**

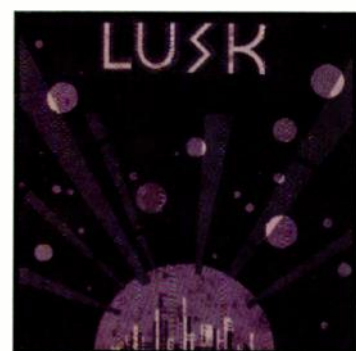


GRAND WORLD featuring "DON'T WANNA BE HERE"

COOL FOR AUGUST

COOL FOR AUGUST
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LUSK / Free Mars / Volcano ●

Psychedelic music's Beatles, Byrds, and Barrett-era Pink Floyd heyday has long since past, but recently, bands like the Apples In Stereo and Olivia Tremor Control have been bringing weird, experimental pop back into vogue. Enter Lusk, whose two main collaborators, Paul D'Amour (ex-Tool) and Chris Pitman (ex-Replicants) have been waiting patiently, it seems, for a chance to play just the kind of quirky, dramatic synth-pop that dominates *Free Mars*. Although the album features the "Subharmonic Orchestrange" (a revolving cast including Medicine's Brad Laner), D'Amour and Pitman write all the songs and lay down most of the tracks here. And there are lots of tracks to be laid. Each song blends upwards of

10 instruments, cryptic lyrics and lots of harmonizing into a dizzying swirl kept from spiraling out of control by a few well-placed hooks. In the midst of all their hubub, the songs retain little flourishes—like the cello on "Gold" or the harp on "Mindray"—that keep the various parts from

blending into a huge morass of noise. The group's enthusiasm and attention to detail occasionally leads it to be a bit heavy-handed (as with the seemingly endless string of na-na-na's on "Doctor"), but the delight with which Lusk embraces the opportunity to mix as many new colors as its palette can fit is refreshing. JENNY ELISCU

DATALOG: Released Apr. 29.

FILE UNDER: Psychedelic synth-pop.

R.I.Y.L.: Jellyfish, Olivia Tremor Control, Flaming Lips.



MANBREAK / Come And See / Almo Sounds ●

Remember those years of the '80s when politically-charged, earnest rock filled stadiums and you'd be expected to sign a Greenpeace petition or two before leaving the show? Manbreak certainly does. Its fiery verses and anthemic choruses make head-bopping and fist-pumping feel like the means to a revolution. Swindelli delivers his lines in a melodic rap that recalls the Godfathers' frontman Peter Coyne. His spit-sung lyrics are propelled by pithy lines like "What good is a vote if you have no voice/If you haven't a voice, you got no choice." Snaykee and Mr. Blonde rip through sharp and saturated guitar parts that make each song seem like a life-or-death matter. If this English band had been around during the time that U2

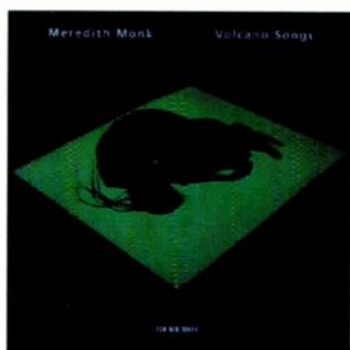
was touring to support *The Unforgettable Fire*, they probably could have been assured an opening slot. Over 10 years later, their arena-pop might fit on an Oasis bill, but not without some groans. Producer Stephen Hague (Siouxsie & The Banshees, New Order) keeps Manbreak's

sound in the past decade by treating all of the instruments to an ample dose of glistening reverb. There are several catchy numbers on *Come And See* that make you remember what was so invigorating about '80s English arena-rock, just not enough to make you forget. NEIL GLADSTONE

DATALOG: Released Jun. 3.

FILE UNDER: Retro revolution rock.

R.I.Y.L.: X-CNN, the Godfathers, Easterhouse.



MEREDITH MONK / Volcano Songs / ECM New Series

Meredith Monk has been a fixture on the New York music scene since the mid-'70s, when she and other composers closely associated with the performance space The Kitchen were making waves. The qualities of the human voice (often her own) that make it, well, *human*, have always been central to Monk's work. In her recent music (*Volcano Songs* collects pieces from 1988 to 1994), the voice—breathing, humming, crying out—is nearly all that remains. The "Volcano Songs" of the title, brief *a cappella* solos and duets, are tightly focused compositions, but the sound of Monk and Katie Geissinger playing call and response with short breathing noises may not draw in the uninitiated. Longer works like "New York Requiem," a kind of

AIDS-inspired *lied* for piano and wordless voice, is more successful, giving the listener time to learn to play by Monk's self-created rules. Best of all is the four-voiced "Three Heavens And Hells," a lengthy setting of a cryptic poem by an eleven-year-old. Both witty and sensual in its vocal

interplay, this piece has enough harmonic and textural richness to appeal to even those who think the Knitting Factory still sells yarn. FRANKLIN BRUNO

DATALOG: Released Apr. 29.

FILE UNDER: Outsider vocal music.

R.I.Y.L.: Joan La Barbara, Terry Riley, Tuvan throat singers.

second thoughts



JOHN ZORN / *Bar Kokhba* / Tzadik

There are no duck calls on *Bar Kokhba*. No screaming Eyes, no speed metal, no cartoon music, no waddling sax solos, and no *Music Noir*—none of the many styles for which John Zorn is most known. In fact, he doesn't even play on the two-plus hours within. Rather, Zorn as composer has created a fully realized collection of Jewish chamber music—duos, trios, and quintets for clarinet, violin, piano, cello, guitar, and an occasional organ. While their foundation may be traditional, Zorn's compositions stretch so wide that in the end *Bar Kokhba* is a gorgeous, universal offering that draws as much from European classical and jazz as from Jewish tradition. The 25 compositions modulate while they cascade; some have a frightening stillness to them, others a solid momentum, and others a fragile resolve. *Bar Kokhba* is an album you live with. You keep it in that pile right by the stereo and put it on from time to time. If you're not hooked right off the bat (which is unlikely—"Cevurah" is one of the swingiest pieces of music Zorn has ever written), the emotional depth will eventually draw you in. With each listen, a new door opens, and a piece that previously lay dormant comes alive. And each player, including Mark Feldman, Marc Ribot, Greg Cohen, Anthony Coleman, John Medeski, and Mark Dresser, is at his peak. If there's a criticism of *Bar Kokhba*, it's that it's so overwhelming and intimidating. It's best approached in fragments. Get to know a portion—let it soak in—then move on to another, until the entirety is familiar; the process may take months. Then dim the lights, sit down as though beginning a movie, start the music, and close your eyes. All the work will pay off in a grand and utterly emotional revelation. **RANDALL ROBERTS**

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RADISH / Restraining Bolt / Mercury

Radish frontdude Ben Kweller wants very badly to be sugar-free. Problem is, every time he opens his mouth to insist on it, in a voice that strains to hit the raw nerve Kurt Cobain left dangling, he swallows another sweetened pop nugget and burps up a melody that's sure to promote tooth decay. Which isn't really something he should be too upset about. This is Nirvana's teen spirit cut cleanly free from its tangled post-punk roots. It's not so much rad-ish as grunge-ish, in the sense that it has all the basic ingredients of that stuff everybody was selling a couple of years ago, and it combines them all in the proper proportions more accurately than either Nirvana or Pearl Jam were ever either willing or able to do, though

not quite as neatly as Bush. Think Silverchair, and not just because Kweller is only 15 years old. "Simple Sincerity" stomps gleefully on an inverted Poison riff with its grunge pedals set on stun; the verses of "Failing And Learning" bring to mind Joe Jackson's "Is She Really Going Out With Him?" played through a Marshall stack, which is kind of cool. But for all its fractured lyrics and haunted melodies, "Apparition Of Purity" is just about a girl, not "About A Girl," and "Sugar Free" isn't really something a teenager should want to be. **MATT ASHARE**

DATALOG: Released Apr. 22.

FILE UNDER: Scrunge.

R.I.Y.L.: Silverchair, Seven Mary Three, Bush, Local H.



THE SEAHORSES / Do It Yourself / Geffen ●

The John Squire Project, or maybe even 30 Years After Featuring John Squire: either one would have been a more fitting moniker for the former Stone Roses' guitarist/auteur's new outfit. Not much has changed since the Roses' 1995 swan song *Second Coming* except the mix, which isn't quite as stoned, and the names of the people employed to facilitate Squire's extended guitar workouts. It's strange that a guy who became the toast of the Manchester scene because his band wrote better, catchier, less mindless songs than its peers has arrived at a point where a tune is only as good as the guitar solo it carries. At least he's shameless about it. *Do It Yourself* opens with "I Want You To Know," basically a setup for Squire to jam, and a disappointing introduction to the blandly pleasant vocal stylings of Chris Helme, who never really does get around to telling us what he wants us to know. That's probably just as well, because he spends the next couple of tunes crooning clichés as if they were profound nuggets of

DATALOG: Released Jun. 17.

FILE UNDER: Retro-'60s lite-psychedelic rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Late Stone Roses.

wisdom. Helme takes the hint and steps aside on "Love Is The Law," where Squire finally gets the chance to stretch out Zeppelin style. **MATT ASHARE**



RAVI SHANKAR / Chants Of India / Dark Horse-Angel ●

In the '60s, Ravi Shankar expressed distaste toward his hippie fans, chiding them for using his spiritual music as a soundtrack to their dope benders. So perhaps he thinks it just that these same baby boomers re-experience his music sober with *Chants Of India*. Produced by George Harrison, who also sang and played guitar, *Chants* was conceived as an Eastern sequel to *Chant*, the album that turned secular listeners on to warbling Spanish monks. Following that model, Shankar has pared away the tabla and sitar commonly associated with his music to emphasize vocals—the ancient Indian religious choir. Shankar composed the selections, each of which opens with a prayerful "Om," followed by a thick chorus of voices singing calm hymns. But the backing music ends up being as important, if not more so, to the allure of the finished product. To Harrison's credit, he juices up the album with creative instrumentation (glockenspiel, autoharp) that never intrudes on Shankar's authenticity. But there's the

DATALOG: Released May 6.

FILE UNDER: Chant from the East.

R.I.Y.L.: Peter Gabriel's *Passion*, the Benedictine Monks of Santo Domingos de Silos.

rub: The album is lovely as far as it goes, but by disavowing the funkiness and intrusiveness of the raga style he popularized to Western listeners, Shankar implies that body and spirit can't coexist in Eastern music. Though it's soothing, *Chants Of India* commits the sin of omission. **CHRIS MOLANPHY**

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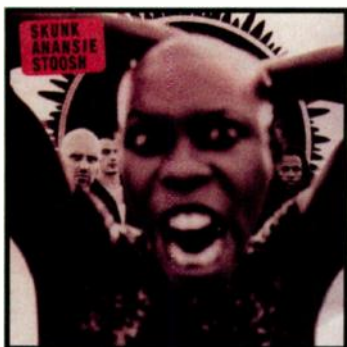


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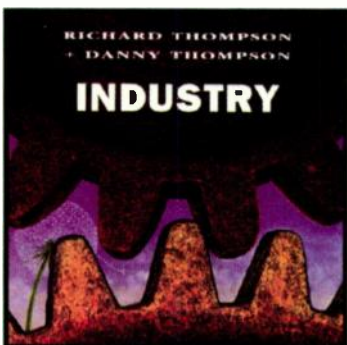
SKUNK ANANSIE / *Stoosh* / Epic

"Yes it's fuh-king poh-lih-tee-kull/Ev-ery-thing's poh-lih-tee-kull," snarls ferocious frontwoman Skin, alongside a feral cat-scratch guitar riff, on *Stoosh*, the latest treatise from Skunk Anansie. And the song, "Yes, It's Fucking Political," points up the two major problems that will probably dog this band until the end of its days: 1) Skin's far-left leanings and over-the-top personality don't exactly cozy up to radio programmers; and 2) her bandmates' sludgy retro-metal sound hardly puts her thoughts in a contemporary context. So there's no real frame of reference for an album like this, and Skunk Anansie didn't bother to sugar-coat any of its pills. Naturally, this practically guarantees the group perpetual cult status. "The poorer you

are the better/That gives me more control/'Cause I am the brute that hates you/And I'm loving it to the bone," sneers Skin in "We Love Your Apathy," using social metaphors everyone can understand but few expect to hear in some slamming alterna-anthem. She doesn't merely hope her

words register, she demands that they be weighed, considered, assimilated. Not all of these numbers get the point across—"Milk Is My Sugar," for instance, is vague to the point of bewilderment—but Skunk Anansie is still one of the few outfits out there that remembers the life-bettering possibility of a good old-fashioned protest song. **TOM LANHAM**

DATALOG: Released May 20.
FILE UNDER: Harsh, political rock.
R.I.Y.L.: Faith No More, Easterhouse, New Model Army.

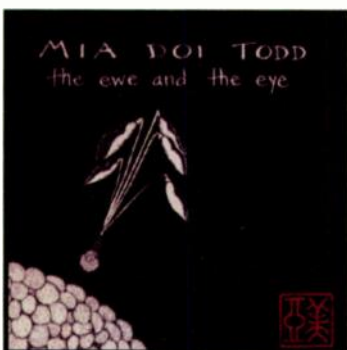


RICHARD AND DANNY THOMPSON / *Industry* / Hannibal-Rykodisc

Veteran British folk-rockers Richard and Danny Thompson have worked together for years in Richard's band, in which Danny is the bassist. However, *Industry* is the first album on which both have songwriting credit, and it reveals two very different aesthetics. Richard contributes six rough-hewn, lovely folk songs; Danny, five instrumentals. Atypically, Richard's songs are devoted to a single theme, that of hard times in his country's industrial heartland, with titles including "Big Chimney," "Saboteur" and "Last Shift." Danny's are a more eclectic lot. Guitar-driven melodies mix it up with slap bass solos and low-key jazz interludes—often within bars of each other in the same song. The instrumentals are lovingly played (by a band that includes percussionist Dave Mattucks of Richard's former band Fairport Convention, and other longtime collaborators), but unexciting, with an excess of anemic sax solos. Fortunately, Richard is near the top of his form on the vocal numbers. Given their subject, the tunes

are predictably a bit more grave and studied than most of his recent work, but he carries them off well, especially "Sweetheart On The Barricade," a traditionally-styled ballad of love in a time of labor unrest. **ANDREA MOED**

DATALOG: Released Jun. 10.
FILE UNDER: Folk romanticism.
R.I.Y.L.: Fairport Convention, Billy Bragg, Steeleye Span.



MIA DOI TODD / *The Ewe And The Eye* / Xmas

This collection of solo acoustic recordings by the unheralded and very young Ms. Todd (a Southern Californian currently attending Yale) is that rare record that draws the listener in with its mannerisms but ultimately succeeds on its content. Todd's voice is the immediate draw here—keening, dark-toned, a bit ethereal, it's the voice of a coffeehouse diva rather than a folk-fest populist. Her precise, even deliberate guitar accompaniments (often tuned low for greater contrast with her voice) are simple but effective, with unsettling, dissonant chords. What brings these elements together, of course, are Todd's songs. There's nothing so original about the gardening-as-solitude trope of "Planting," but Todd's strict, crafty rhymes and unhurried delivery make for fresh, even startling effects. "Nightblossoming Trilogy" comprises three crepuscular songlets whose self-mocking romanticism ("The woman who drank poison to keep her body frail... she knew herself more than I know myself") is squarely in the tradition of

Emily Dickinson and Sylvia Plath. Best of all are the songs that allow in a bit of whimsy, such as the perfectly realized "Courting": "If I were an orangutan/I'd want you to come and hang/'Round my jungle/Would you be my monkey?" Who could refuse? **FRANKLIN BRUNO**

DATALOG: Released Apr. 8.
FILE UNDER: Subtle, spare folk.
R.I.Y.L.: Pre-jazz Joni Mitchell, pre-synth Leonard Cohen, Lois Maffeo.

various artists

The soundtrack to *Twin Town* (Inner-State/London), the new flick from the makers of *Trainspotting*, isn't nearly as groundbreaking as that film's soundtrack; instead of being a state-of-the-music statement, it's just a collection of nifty songs by artists from Mungo Jerry and Petula Clark to Stereolab and DJ Shadow, all previously released.

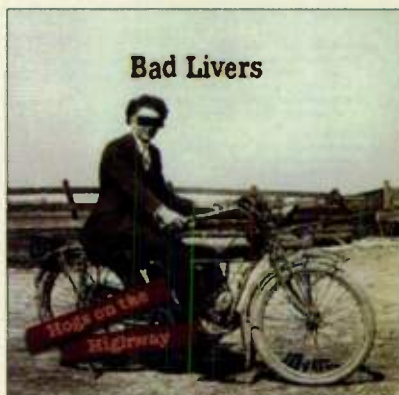


A lot of them never really caught on before in America, though, and if all you have of Manic Street Preachers is "Motown Junk," included here, you have all you need...

An even better soundtrack is *All Over Me* (TVT), a collection of essential recent songs by women-led bands, mostly of the indie or post-indie variety. The highlight is the first CD appearance of Helium's tremendous "Hole In The Ground," but there are also worthwhile tracks by Sleater-Kinney, Ani DiFranco and the Geraldine Fibbers, the Patti Smith Group's 1976 "Pissing In A River" for historical value, and on the boys' side of the room, Cornershop's awesome groove-number "6 A.M. Jullander Shere" and, weirdly, the Ozark Mountain Daredevils' "Jackie Blue"... *Klezmania: Klezmer For The New Millennium* (Shanachie) has deeply goofy cover graphics, but it's a swell sampling of the new directions that contemporary musicians have taken the ideas of klezmer. A few tracks are straight-up traditional, but most of them are odd and wonderful detours: Godchildren Of Soul's funk-based "Crown Heights Affair," the sampladelic weirdness of Nathanson and Coleman's "Sadegurer Khosid'l," the jazz origins of Don Byron's "Voliner." The version of "Tum Balalaika" credited to an early-'60s surf combo called Twistin' The Freylakhs, though, is a little suspicious—we've never heard of "the klezmer-beach sound" before... If you've never heard the tracks on *Mardi Gras Party Time!* (K-Tel) before, well, you've certainly not spent much time in New Orleans—few warhorses are as well-worn as Frankie Ford's "Sea Cruise" and Profesor Longhair's "Go To The Mardi Gras." Half classic REB, half recent zydeco, it's a weird and familiar batch of stuff, but it's a fine introduction to the Mardi Gras repertoire... Don't bother with *Ozz-Fest Live* (Ozz-Red Ant), recorded live at last year's Ozzy Osbourne-assembled event. The lineup is a metal Who's Who, with the likes of Sepultura, Slayer and Biohazard alongside up-and-comers like Fear Factory and Earth Crisis, but the muddy sound doesn't do much for any of the performances—none of the bands come alive the way they do in the studio, or on a stage in real-time. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

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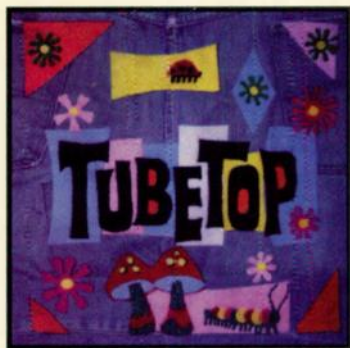
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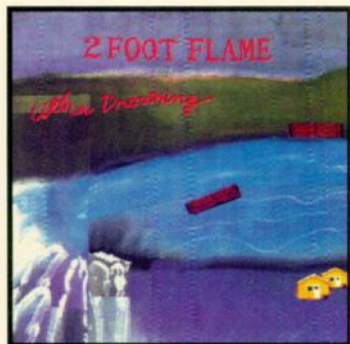
TUBE TOP / *Three Minute Hercules* / *Laundry Room*

Tube Top plays polished power pop in the tradition of Young Fresh Fellows and the Posies. If the band's stylistic connection to the latter seems strong, credit a) the rhythm section of ex-Posies Mike Musburger on drums and Dave Fox (also late of Flop) on bass, and b) the presence of Jon Auer behind the mixing board for two-thirds of *Three Minute Hercules*. Yet while Tube Top has assembled all the pieces necessary for a swell album—luscious vocal harmonies from singer/guitarists Gavin Guss and Brian Naubert; nifty, melodic licks; consistently solid arrangements—they never fit snugly into place on this concise, but uneven, debut. All 12 songs are catchy enough to compel a listener to sing along while the disc is spinning, but they leave your noggin just as quickly after the music stops, and the muddy sound undercuts the material's edge. Likewise, the balance between the sweet musical atmosphere and the frequently bitter lyrics (there's a recurring frustration with women erring just to the left of misogyny in lines like "she's as subtle as rape") often feels uneasy. To its credit, when Tube Top does connect, as on "Passes For Love" (co-produced by Peter Buck) or the exquisite "Bleeder," it recalls the glory days of the Elvis Costello/Nick Lowe/John Hiatt creative axis. **KURT B. REIGHLEY**

DATALOG: Released May 13.

FILE UNDER: Power-pop.

R.I.Y.L.: The Posies, Matthew Sweet, Tommy Keene.



2 FOOT FLAME / *Ultra Drowning* / *Matador*

The ironic dilemma of 2 Foot Flame is that its three members—Jean Smith of Mecca Normal, Michael Morley of the Dead C. and Gate, and Peter Jefferies—together have more talent than they know what to do with. Their first album was a creative pile-on in which Smith's sawtoothed narratives, Morley's sheets of feedback, and Jefferies' pounding, resonant rhythm section jostled with one another to define the sound. *Ultra Drowning* is a smoother meld of minds and riffage. Smith's menacing meditations on family life, relationships, and gender identity—the observation, for example, that "fatality" sounds more feminine than "death"—define the emotional center of the album. Jefferies and Morley shape the textures the songs, with Jefferies' keyboard and drum pulses propelling about half of them, Morley exchanging blasts of searing noise with Smith on the other half. Working the border of melody and atonality, each of them plays with the intensity of a blowtorch, but only rarely do the streams cross to create a single mood. "Resin Box" is one such moment of synergy. Smith keeps a few minimal lyrics, her voice blending and not blending with a deep, droning soundscape of guitar, keyboards, and synth. Here, for once, 2 Foot Flame is not just more than, but different from the sum of its parts. **ANDREA MOED**

DATALOG: Released Apr. 8.

FILE UNDER: Articulate drone.

R.I.Y.L.: Mecca Normal, This Kind of Punishment, Flies Inside The Sun.



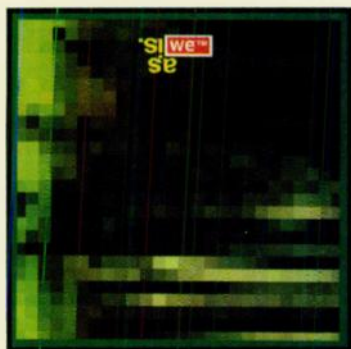
VOODOO GLOW SKULLS / *Baile De Los Locos* / *Epitaph*

Back in the day, the Greeks had these wild parties in honor of the god Dionysus. Later on, the Celts invented Mayday, a k a Beltane, another holiday meant for dancing around and acting crazy. Now, we have ska-punk. And sure enough, the titles of the new Voodoo Glow Skulls album translates as "dance of the crazy people." But it's a *good* crazy. Hailing from a particularly dismal SoCal clime, Voodoo Glow Skulls make their escape from Nowheresville with a mix of furious thrashing, macho posturing, and Latino pride. Listening to *Baile De Los Locos* is like being plunged into a mosh pit, and the recording does a great job capturing the energy of the band. Singer Frank rarely says much that can be understood, but he seems to be a pretty good guy. "This ain't no disco!" he bellows on the last song, and truer words were ever spoken. The slow song "Los Hombres No Lloron" would pass for anyone else's rave-up, and even "Feliz Navidad" gets a savage reading. Don't try for any deep analyses: This is just fun and noise, in the best ska-punk tradition. Either you'll cover your ears, or you'll just start dancing around the Maypole. **HEIDI MACDONALD**

DATALOG: Released May 6.

FILE UNDER: Latino ska-punk.

R.I.Y.L.: Fishbone, Bad Manners, Mighty Mighty Bosstones.



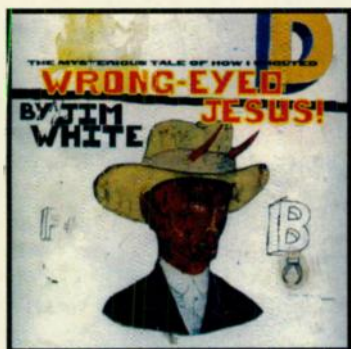
WE / As Is / Asphodel

Trying to explain who We are proves almost as challenging as translating the group's complex music into plain language. Taking its name from a dystopian tome penned by Russian futurist Yvegeny Zamyatin in the 1920's (honest!), We is composed of NYC-based "industrial designers" Ignacio Platas (alias Once 11), Rich Panciera (Lloop) and Gregor Asch (DJ Olive). The primary goal of this "omnisensorial design team" is the creation of artificial environments to tantalize the maximum number of senses; We represents the aural offshoot of their efforts. Mercifully, despite all that rhetoric, an advanced degree isn't required to appreciate this collection of diverse but engaging tracks. The album begins with "Magnesium Flares," capping precise sonic constructions à la Microstoria and Oval with drum and bass figures. "Ease-In" juxtaposes deep, soothing tones that resonate in the chest cavity alongside skittish rhythms that tickle your lizard brain. Even the nine-plus minutes of submerged funk and Middle Eastern drones on "Dyed Camel Skins" never locks into a predictable groove. Whether you experience *As Is* as an isolated listening odyssey, or simply utilize it as background noise, it's an essential artifact in the canon of contemporary American electronic music. **KURT B. REIGHLEY**

DATALOG: Released Apr. 25.

FILE UNDER: Illbient.

R.I.Y.L.: DJ Spooky, Microstoria, Mouse On Mars.



JIM WHITE / Wrong-Eyed Jesus / Luaka Bop-Warner Bros. ●

Jim White has the name, voice and general approach of an itinerant Southern singer-songwriter: He's got the countrified accent, the acoustic rambles, the lyrics marinated in religious imagery. White grew up on Southern gospel, all right, but he's actually a former pro surfer and fashion model, and *Wrong-Eyed Jesus*—an augmented and revised version of a demo tape he recorded at home—is similarly broader and weirder than it seems at first. The songs themselves are fairly straightforward stuff, but the recordings are all over the place, and packed full of incongruous instrumental details, like the muted, gargling electric guitar part and insistent triangle jingle of "Wordmule" or the drunken swing beat of "When Jesus Gets A Brand New Name." Tom Waits sideman Ralph Carney helped out on the record, and its mixture of distorted creepiness with sentimental melodies owes a lot to Waits' approach. If there's a problem with *Wrong-Eyed Jesus*, in fact, it's that disjunction between the mellow seriousness of the songs and the kitchen-sink production. White is at his best is on songs like "Angel-Land," which gives his white-gospel harmonies and banjo lines only the gentlest of twists. **DOUGLAS WOLK**

DATALOG: Released Jun. 17.

FILE UNDER: Peculiar Americana.

R.I.Y.L.: Tom Waits, *True Stories*-era Talking Heads.



Though she's only been singing a short while, Whalen has a mature and unselfish mindset about performing in front of any type of audience. "We always wanted to entertain people, even if they were just entertained by the fact that we looked like fools up there." It's that "all are welcome" attitude that made the Zippers' appearance on shows like *Live With Regis & Kathie Lee* seem perfectly natural. "It was just as valid for us to do that show as it was to do *120 Minutes*," argues Maxwell. "Because it's just another group of people that might want to hear it and enjoy it." For Mathus, it's hard to forget a pair of Indian girls who showed their appreciation. "They were Hare Krishnas, and they brought us all this food, saying how when they saw the 'Hell' video on MTV they fit it into their whole religion."

You'll hear another kind of religious fervor in Mathus' or Maxwell's voice when they start talking about the band's patron saints, folks like Delta bluesman Charlie Patton, or Al Casey, the still-strumming guitarist from Fats Waller's band. Maxwell talks about his trip to Houston to visit the backstage room where Johnny Ace shot himself as if he'd just been to Mecca. "A lot of my influences were even more of the underground stuff of that era," Mathus says. "For example, I would be influenced more by [calypso singer] The Growler than, say, Harry Belafonte." Jimbo and the rest of the band have a predilection for performers with names like Growler, Fats, Satchmo, Slim, Duke and Cab, drawing on every cradle and grave of American music ("some of it friendly American, some of it scary American," quips Mosher).

The forthcoming album backs up the band's claims of variety and innovation. "There's hardly two songs that are inspired by the same musical style," boasts Mosher, who guided the recording process. "We were careful to get the best arrangements, recording song by song so that the album purposely had tonal changes." A Dixieland-Vaudeville swing leads into a weepy country ballad complete with pedal steel guitar, which leads into a fiddle-frenzied klezmer sea chantey called "The Ghost Of Stephen Foster."

Few current bands play music like the Squirrel Nut Zippers, and even fewer perform with a keener sense of theater. Mathus and Whalen, whose relationship grew through their love of marionette theater and its timeless aesthetic, seem to be the guiding force behind the band's on-stage atmosphere. "I always liked the old fashioned way

of performing," says Mathus. "The beauty of it to me is that it is a performance. That's why I don't want to see an entertainer out there that looks like he just rolled off a couch."

"I always admired vaudeville, and those performers who were able to know what their role was," he continues. "To me, that's freedom, because inside that role, your possibilities are infinite." Whalen, who plays a dual role of carefree flapper and tragic Southern belle, took two full years to become truly comfortable with performing. "I couldn't even stand up the first year," she confesses. "If I got too near the front of the stage, I would get such bad vertigo. Now I can actually sing and dance a little bit. I don't know what I'll add next year... maybe wisecracking."

But the Squirrel Nut Zippers are as much a rock 'n' roll band as they are a cast. "There's so much of this band that is as much a part of the last 30 years of music as it is the last 70 years," says Maxwell. "What separates us from a jazz band is our own irreverence and lack of technical ability," jokes Mathus. "We deliver it like a rock show, mixed with the older style of presenting the music." It feels very "rock" for the band to write its own songs and encourage contributions from all members of the group. "The strength of this band is how we interact," Maxwell says. "There's no drop-dead master of their instrument, but the give-and-take is something that we're particularly good at. If anything, that's what sets us apart."

"We just like to make music that's exciting for us, and funny and romantic," Whalen says. There's also a wonderfully maniacal Southern Gothic atmosphere that creeps into the band's songs: The calypso beat of "Hell" is fun, but add in lyrics like "teeth will be extruded, bones will be ground/and made into cakes which will be passed around," and it's more like Apocalypse. Maxwell defends the band's occasional flights into insanity by saying, "I think we're all very normal people who have some eccentric and amusing coping skills." "Yes," agrees Mosher. "It's a very healthy dysfunctional family."

With their tour a little more than a month away, the Squirrel Nut Zippers are making the most of their time. Maxwell, who's getting married during the hiatus, has a few ideas on how to have some fun. "Hey, man, summertime is piling into your Plymouth and going down to Hidden Lake, maybe with some alcohol and watching all the redneck freaks." And what state wouldn't be thrilled to have that as its tourism slogan? ★



7 out of 7 Squirrel Nut Zippers Recommend

As you may know, the Zippers named themselves after the nut-filled candy manufactured by the Squirrel Brand Company. The century-old confectionery is thrilled with the response generated by the band's notoriety. Apparently, the Squirrel Brand Company is getting huge orders from people who want nut zippers for big parties, weddings and other events. The band also gets a steady supply to hurl into the crowd every now and then. Why not pay a visit this summer? And do bring your dental floss.

(Squirrel Brand Company,
17 Boardman St., Cambridge, MA 02139)

A LISTING OF LABELS WHOSE ARTISTS APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

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

Angel
810 Seventh Ave.
New York, NY 10019

Auphodel
P.O. Box 51
Old Chelsea Station
New York, NY 10113-0051

Blood And Fire
Ducie House, 37 Ducie St.
Manchester, M1 2JW U.K.

Bubblecore
250 Milton Road
Rye, NY 10580

C&S
166 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10010

Capitol
1750 N. Vine St.
Hollywood, CA 90028

Cargo
4801-906 Morena Blvd.
San Diego, CA 92117

Columbia
530 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10022

Darla
625 Scott St., #301
San Francisco, CA 94117

DeConstruction
P.O. Box 18015
Encino, CA 91416

DGC
9130 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Earworm
8A Penwith Rd.
Southfields, London
SW18 4QE, U.K.

ECM
1540 Broadway, 33rd Fl.
New York, NY 10036

Grand Royal
P.O. Box 26689
Los Angeles, CA 90026

Hill-Ball
P.O. Box 61-7522
Chicago, IL 60661

Inland/London
825 Eighth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

K
P.O. Box 7154
Olympia, WA 98507

K-Tel
2605 Fernbrook Lane N.
Minneapolis, MN 55447

Kill Rock Stars
120 NE State #418
Olympia, WA 98501

Koch
2 Tri-Harbour Ct.
Fort Washington, NY 11050

Legacy
550 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10022

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

Matador
625 Broadway, 12th Fl.
New York, NY 10012

Maverick
8000 Beverly Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90048

MCA
1755 Broadway, 8th Fl.
New York, NY 10019

Mercury
825 Eighth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

Moonshine
8525 Santa Monica Blvd.
W. Hollywood, CA 90069

Mute
140 W 22nd St., Ste. 10A
New York, NY 10011

Nervous
1501 Broadway, Ste. 1314B
New York, NY 10036

Never
121 W 27th St., #401
New York, NY 10011

NinjaTune
P.O. Box 373,
Montreal, QUE H3T 2T5
Canada

Nuclear Blast America
P.O. Box 15877
Tampa, FL 33684

Om
545 Mission St., 3rd Fl.
San Francisco, CA 94105

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

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

Red Ant
9720 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 400
Beverly Hills, CA 90212

Reprise
3300 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, CA 91505

Rhino
10635 Santa Monica
Los Angeles, CA 90025

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

Rough Trade
240 York Rd.
London SW11 3SJ, U.K.

Rykodisc
Shetland Park
27 Congress St.
Salem, MA 01970

Shanachie
13 Laight St., 6th Fl.
New York, NY 10013

Sugar Hill
P.O. Box 55300
Durham, NC 27717

Sympathy For The Record Industry
4901 Virginia Ave.
Long Beach, CA 90805

TVT
23 E. Fourth St., 3rd Fl.
New York, NY 10003

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

VelVel
740 Broadway
New York, NY 10003

Volcano
71 West 23rd St.
New York, NY 10010

Warner Bros.
3300 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, CA 91505

Xenophile
43 Beaver Brook Rd.
Danbury, CT 06810

X-Mas
1040 N. Fairfax Ave., #303
Los Angeles, CA 90046

JUNE 10

NEW WET KOJAK Nasty International *Touch And Go*
METERS The Very Best Of The Meters *Rhino*
DICK DALE Better Shred Than Dead: The Dick Dale Anthology *Rhino*
BARBARA MANNING 1212 *Matador*
BOODLERS Boodlers *Tim/Kerr*
TEST DEPT. Beating The Retreat *Thirsty Ear*
JAH WOBBLE William Blake *Thirsty Ear*
FIBRE Sub Aquatic Memories *Tone Casualties*
SHALLOW High Flyin' Kids Stuff *Zero Hour*
JIMMIE'S CHICKEN SHACK Pushing The Salmonella Envelope *Rocket-A&M*

JUNE 17

DAVID BYRNE Feelings *Luaka Bop-Warner Bros.*
PAUL THORN Hammer And Nail *A&M*
MEGADETH Cryptic Writings *Capitol*
AGNES GOOCH Blind *Revolution*
KRAMER AND HUGH HOPPER Huge *Knitting Factory Works*
BUSH TETRAS Beauty Lies *Tim/Kerr*
RADIO IODINE Tiny Warnings *Radioactive-Universal*
DECEASED Fearless Undead Machines *Relapse*
EMBALMER There Was Blood Everywhere *Relapse*
JUNIOR DELGADO Dance A Dub *Big Cat*
AUGUSTUS PABLO Presents DJs From '70s To '80s *Big Cat*
DECEASED Fearless Undead Machines *Relapse*
BLINK 182 Dude Ranch *MCA*
SEAHORSES Do It Yourself *Geffen*
10,000 MANIACS Love Among The Ruins *Geffen*
LINOLEUM Dissent *DGC*
CRYSTAL METHOD Vegas *Outpost*
GOOCH A Lot On It *Geffen*

JUNE 24

ROADSIDE MONUMENT 8 Hours Away From Being A Man *Tooth & Nail*
MANSUN Attack Of The Grey Lantern *Epic*
BRAD Interiors *Epic*
LIGHTNING SEEDS Dizzy Heights *Epic*
DEL AMITRI Some Other Suckers Parade *A&M*
SHOOTYZ GROOVE Hipnosis *Roadrunner*

JULY 1

3 COLOURS RED Pure *Epic*
REEF Glow *Epic*
CROWSDELL Within The Curve Of An Arm *Big Cat*
DANIEL FIGGIS Empty Everything *Big Cat*
U-ZIQ Lunatic Harness *Astralwerks-Caroline*
WHISKEYTOWN Outpost
REEF Glow *Epic*
BLUES TRAVELLER Straight Through Til Morning *A&M*
JOHN HIATT Little Head *Capitol*

JULY 8

P.W. LONG'S REELFOOT We Didn't See You On Sunday *Touch And Go*
STORM & STRESS Storm And Stress *Touch And Go*
MEKONS Devils Rats And Piggies (Reissue) *Quarterstick*
U.S. MAPLE Sang Fat Editor *Skin Graft*

JULY 15

HIGH LLAMAS Hawaii *V2*
SOUNDTRACK Godmoney *V2*
CHARLATANS UK Telling Stories *MCA*
MELONY Satisfaction *DGC*
KIM FOX Moon Hut *Dreamworks*
BLUE MOUNTAIN Home Grown *Roadrunner*
BIG BACK FORTY Bested *Polydor*
FAT FAT DV8-A&M
OLD HICKORY Other Eras... Such As Witchcraft *A&M*
DANDY WARHOLS Dandy Warhols Come Down *Capitol*

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

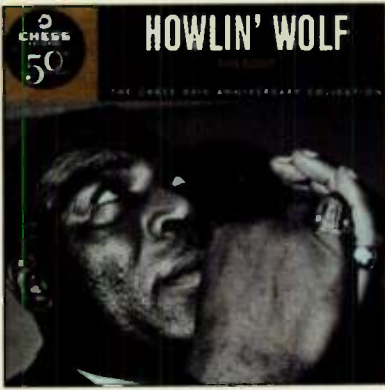
TOP 75

[Alternative Radio Airplay]



ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1 BLUR	Blur	Virgin
2 POLARA	C'est La Vie	Interscope
3 CHEMICAL BROTHERS	Dig Your Own Hole	Astralwerks-Caroline
4 MORPHINE	Like Swimming	Rykodisc-DreamWorks
5 SLEATER-KINNEY	Dig Me Out	Kill Rock Stars
6 DAFT PUNK	Homework	Virgin
7 ATARI TEENAGE RIOT	Burn, Berlin, Burn!	Digital Hardcore-Grand Royal
8 BETTIE SERVEERT	Dust Bunnies	Matador-Capitol
9 DINOSAUR JR	Hand It Over	Reprise
10 MATTHEW SWEET	Blue Sky On Mars	Zoo-Volcano
11 BEN FOLDS FIVE	Whatever And Ever Amen	Caroline-550
12 PAVEMENT	Brighten The Corners	Matador-Capitol
13 PALACE MUSIC	Lost Blues And Other Songs	Drag City
14 PAPAS FRITAS	HelioSelf	Minty Fresh
15 FOLK IMPLOSION	Dare To Be Surprised	Communion
16 THAT DOG	Retreat From The Sun	DGC
17 GUSGUS	Polydistortion	4AD
18 HELIUM	No Guitars (EP)	Matador
19 ANI DIFRANCO	Living In Clip	Righteous Babe
20 SEA AND CAKE	The Fawn	Thrill Jockey
21 SON VOLT	Straightaways	Warner Bros.
22 ROLLINS BAND	Come In And Burn	DreamWorks
23 MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES	Let's Face It	Mercury
24 YO LA TENGO	Autumn Sweater (EP)	Matador
25 CLAW HAMMER	Hold Your Tongue (And Say Apple)	Interscope
26 BIM SKALA BIM	Universal	BIB
27 BIS	The New Transistor Heroes	Grand Royal-Capitol
28 SUPERGRASS	In It For The Money	Capitol
29 PULSARS	Pulsars	Almo Sounds
30 MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?	1000X	Touch And Go
31 PENNYWISE	Full Circle	Epitaph
32 MOGWAI	Ten Rapid (Collected Recordings 1996-1997)	Jetset
33 SKELETON KEY	Fantastic Spikes Through Balloon	Capitol
34 ORB	Orblivion	Island
35 BELLE AND SEBASTIAN	If You're Feeling Sinister	The Enclave
36 POND	Rock Collection	WORK
37 BLONDE REDHEAD	Fake Can Be Just As Good	Touch And Go
38 KARATE	In Place Of Real Insight	Southern
39 HELMET	Aftertaste	Interscope
40 HALF JAPANESE	Bone Head	Alternative Tentacles
41 SOULS	Bird Fish Or Inbetween	Mad Dog Winston/Trauma-Interscope
42 IDAHO	The Forbidden EP	Buzz
43 SOUNDTRACK	Nowhere	Mercury
44 POSTER CHILDREN INTERNATIONAL	RTFM	Reprise
45 SOUNDTRACK	The Saint	Virgin
46 BUCK-O-NINE	Twenty-Eight Teeth	TVT
47 SLOAN	One Chord To Another	The Enclave
48 CIRRUS	Drop The Break	Moonshine
49 SHUDDER TO THINK	50,000 B.C.	Epic
50 JAMES	Whiplash	Fontana-Mercury
51 THIRD EYE BLIND	Third Eye Blind	Elektra-EEG
52 JAYHAWKS	Sound Of Lies	American
53 ELLIOTT SMITH	Either/Or	Kill Rock Stars
54 BEATNIK FILMSTARS	Phase 3	No Life
55 NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS	The Boatman's Call	Reprise
56 COLD COLD HEARTS	Cold Cold Hearts	Kill Rock Stars
57 SUPERSUCKERS	Must've Been High	Sub Pop
58 TIPSY	Trip Tease: The Seductive Sounds Of Tipsy	Asphodel
59 GRAVITY KILLS	Manipulated	TVT
60 BOBGOBLIN	The Twelve-Point Master Plan	MCA
61 SOUNDTRACK	Lost Highway	Nothing-Interscope
62 DEPECHE MODE	Ultra	Mute-Reprise
63 QUASI	R&B Transmogrification	Up
64 VARIOUS ARTISTS	Kerouac—Kicks Joy Darkness	Rykodisc
65 MAKERS	Hunger	Estrus
66 INDIGO GIRLS	Shaming The Sun	Epic
67 PORTASTATIC	The Nature Of Sap	Merge
68 CHISEL	Set You Free	Gern Blandsten
69 U2	Pop	Island
70 TARNATION	Mirador	Reprise
71 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS	Baile De Los Locos	Epitaph
72 SUGAR PLANT	After After Hours	World Domination
73 ARCHIVE	Londinium	Island (UK)
74 LIVE	Secret Samadhi	Radioactive
75 BOO RADLEYS	C'mon Kids	Mercury

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.



HOWLIN' WOLF

His Best

(Chess-MCA)

There's nothing quite like listening to a little Howlin' Wolf early in the evening to get you in the mood for kickin' up trouble, for scrapping and scuffling, or for some serious rutting around. Some have said his voice sounds like it's from another world, and if you've ever been to rural Mississippi and seen the landscape he grew up in before moving to Chicago, you might understand why. Muddy Waters could be scary, Bo Diddley could be kinda weird, but of all the Chess artists, Howlin' Wolf was the genuinely eerie one, the one who perhaps most perfectly embodied the complex, dispirited spirit of the blues. This compilation, and similar ones from Muddy, Bo, Buddy Guy and guitarist Jimmy Rodgers, have been released to celebrate the 50th anniversary of Chess Records, the legendary label that pioneered postwar electric blues. Generally, each has the same 18 or so tunes that the hardcore fans have heard over and over again, but if you don't own them and want some really awesome blues, now might be a good time to pick them up. Now, how about a coffee table book of all these incredible photos of Chess-era bluesmen?

Emerging out of the fey '60s sounds of the Zombies, keyboardist Rod Argent formed the band **Argent**, and his music became hairier and heavier as befit the times. More than just fleshing out the big hit "Hold Your Head Up," *All Together Now* (Koch) is the essential Argent anthology on CD. It's very Spinal Tap, how the Zombies' twee '60s sounds metamorphosed into the hard-rocking Argent of the '70s, like the transition from "Listen To The Flower People" to *Smell The Glove*. There's also an awful lot of that incredibly crunchy, dry '70s sound to these recordings, which sounds really great next to today's digital whoosh and hiss.

No one seems to know anything at all about **Iqbal Jogi & Party**, but the group of Pakistani musicians and Sufi mystics left behind an incredible record in the '50s that has just been reissued by Tradition-Rykodisc. Like the Master Musicians Of Jajouka, really hot klezmer, or a good Ornette Coleman record, this music is wild, primeval, jubilant and *ripping*, a sort of transcendental ethnic Sufi jazz that's an intense, ecstatic listen from start to finish. Originally marketed as a record of snake-charming music, *The Passion Of Pakistan* is a thing of sublime beauty from start to finish. Interestingly, the musicians use the exact same kind of instrumental "tag" lines that Moroccan Master Musicians employ to warn each other that they're about to end an improvised piece.



If somebody gave you the unlikely assignment of "you're only allowed to bring one jazz CD to our summer beach party," **Herbie Hancock's** *Head Hunters* would be the one, and it's been recently reissued by Columbia's Legacy imprint. "Chameleon" and "Watermelon Man" (the fatback '70s version, not the swinging '60s version sampled by US3) are two jubilantly funky reasons to be alive. Legacy has also released several excellent albums from the **Isley Brothers**, from the peak '70s era when they were a soul band extraordinaire. There's *Givin' It Back*, *The Brothers: Isley and Get Into Something*, but my favorite is *Brother Brother Brother*, one of the ultimate albums in the imaginary genre of mellow, laid-back music I call Sunday Afternoon Soul.



U-Roy is widely credited as being the first Jamaican DJ to talk on top of records, but in truth there was a whole graduating class of toasters emerging in the late '60s, including **I-Roy**. The superb British reissue label Blood And Fire has just released a sizzling compilation of I-Roy's heady reggae toasts in thick Jamaican patois, appropriately entitled *Don't Check Me With No Lightweight Stuff (1972-75)*.

It's been sitting beside my desk for months—in fact, it came out sometime last year—but when you get right down to it, a chintzy compilation of **Horn Rock Bands** has spent more time in my player at work than any lavish multi-disc box set or dense career retrospective. Released by K-Tel (of course), it's a collection of ten brassy '70s ensembles, kicking off with the sassy swagger of Ides Of March, running through horn-heavy '70s hits from the Edgar Winter Group, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Tower Of Power, Cold Blood and all the rest, before winding down to Lighthouse's incomparable "One Fine Morning." Leave it to K-Tel to issue the definitive compilation of a genre we never even realized existed.

RIFFS

Where the first **Faxed Head** album was just a summary of the band's scattered single appearances, *Exhumed At Birth* (Amarillo) is a cohesive burst of modern metal filtered through extremely fucked-up sensibilities. From the cover photo of an Alaskan glacier to the medieval dinking of



"House Of Spirits," it's clear these alleged suicide survivors from Coalinga, California, are taking the piss out of Norwegian black metal. You can assail their blatantly shoplifting every aspect of their style, but the massively inept electronic swatches, studio errors and hard-rocking tape-manipulation are still 100% Faxed Head... Having already heard countless imitators of the intense folk-metal he's helped create, Grutle Kjellson of

Enslaved doesn't look exactly comfortable seated on a Norse throne for the cover of *Eld* (Osmose), but he seems committed to staying there. Fusing elements of folk ballads to black metal and ambient techno, Enslaved is proving itself the most musically ambitious metal band at work. Live, the trio locks into a clean, intelligent flow more atonally akin to Public Image than the blues of Motörhead. *Eld*'s choral vocals and syncopated percussion make it an anomaly, but Enslaved is clearly leading the way to the metal's next major phase... Like the other installments in its long-running compilation series, *Death...Is Just The Beginning IV* (Nuclear Blast America) is a comprehensive sampler of the more prominent names in contemporary Germanic death metal. Obvious highlights include the proud Norwegian black metallists Satyricon and Canadian crypto-grinders Kataklysm... During the band's devolution from supreme death metal band to lazy hard rockers, I appreciated **Entombed**'s ability to throw its hips into playing aggressive music. Retaining a great groove on its first few cuts, *Entombed* (Earache) follows the Swedes from 1991's death-boogie genesis to a self-cannibalizing act that did a split single with New Bomb Turks. Covers of songs by Kiss, Roky Erickson, and the Unsane make the group sound like a Danzig tribute band. It was fun while it lasted.

METAL TOP 25

- 1 **MACHINE HEAD** The More Things Change... *Roadrunner*
- 2 **ROLLINS BAND** Come In And Burn *DreamWorks*
- 3 **SEVENDUST** Sevendust *TVT*
- 4 **OBITUARY** Back From The Dead *Roadrunner*
- 5 **GRIP INC.** Nemesis *Metal Blade*
- 6 **GWAR** Carnival Of Chaos *Metal Blade*
- 7 **SNAPCASE** Progression Through Unlearning *Victory*
- 8 **SICK OF IT ALL** Built To Last *EastWest-EEG*
- 9 **VARIOUS ARTISTS** Death...Is Just The Beginning IV *Nuclear Blast America*
- 10 **HELMET** Altertaste *Interscope*
- 11 **HANDSOME** Handsome *Epic*
- 12 **COAL CHAMBER** Coal Chamber *Roadrunner*
- 13 **KISS IT GOODBYE** She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not *Revelation*
- 14 **BODY COUNT** Violent Demise: The Last Days *Virgin*
- 15 **KILLING CULTURE** Killing Culture *Edel America*
- 16 **CRADLE OF FILTH** Dusk And Her Embrace *Mayhem-Fierce*
- 17 **EDGE OF SANITY** Infernal *Black Mark (North America)*
- 18 **DOWNSET** do we speak a dead language? *Mercury*
- 19 **VADER** De Profundis *Conquest*
- 20 **GLENN TIPTON** Baptism Of Fire *Atlantic*
- 21 **STILLSUIT** At The Speed Of Light *Building-TVT*
- 22 **MONSTROSITY** Millennium *Conquest*
- 23 **POWERMAN 5000** Mega!! Kung Fu Radio *DreamWorks*
- 24 **FUELED** In The House Of The Enemy *Energy*
- 25 **MY DYING BRIDE** Like Gods Of The Sun *Fierce*

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

World Radio History



FEAR FACTORY

Remanufacture

Roadrunner

With remix records becoming 1997's version of that tired marketing device, the tribute album, Fear Factory has slipped its electronic entry under the mat not a moment too soon. But this Los Angeles death metal quartet has been nearly all-digital from the get-go, and is here reworking versions of its own MIDI-based material. The accessibly abrasive *Demanufacture* didn't sound like a techno record when it was released in 1995, but its solid metallic sheen was supported by a finely edited network of complex guitar samples and looped vocal choruses, assembled electronically; it was always the band's intention to rip open the tracks and patch things back together in the electro stylee. The roaring results include hard hip-hop ("National Panel Beating"), straight techno ("Remanufacture"), and a couple of gabba pounders ("T-1000"). The best tracks combine these stylistic limitations into a dynamic electronic pastiche. If there's something lacking on *Demanufacture*, it's the funk. Producer Rhys Fulber (ex-Front Line Assembly) is a sound master, but he isn't up to the challenge of jungle or trip-hop. Coaxing swing out of death metal is a job that's still up for grabs. This criticism aside, *Remanufacture* is still an accomplishment—a portrait of a thoughtful band that has its heart in two places.



DUMP

"Phantom Perspective"

Hi-Ball

James McNew is Yo La Tengo's bass player and secret weapon; over the last few years, he's come into his own, both as a third songwriter and singer in YLT and in his solo identity as Dump. McNew is a first-rate songwriter, and great at picking unexpected but appropriate covers, but his real forte is arranging the simplest of sounds into something really lovely. He has a knack for turning a 4-track cassette recorder's limitations into strengths, adding depth, warmth and mystery to his recordings. "Phantom Perspective" is a long, deep instrumental, built on a skipping-record loop to which McNew adds, successively, a barely audible maraca part (in synch with itself and not with anything else), gentle electronic chirrups, and finally a half-whispered, non-verbal chant. "The Lie," on the other side, is a cover of a plum of a song by the virtually unknown mid-'80s New Zealand band the Alpaca Brothers; Dump's version doesn't seem to have anything but McNew's vocals and guitars on it, but he layers both of them a few levels deep, so that a muted strum propels the song along; with everything buried in the mix, it seems to be coming from someplace faraway but friendly.

[by Douglas Wolk]

singles

HISS & CRACKLE

Yo La Tengo, in its entirety, has released a couple of companion pieces to its new album. "Blue-Green Arrow" (Earthworm) is two guitar instrumentals, one long, quiet, mellow and pretty, and one short, quiet, mellow and pretty; neither is much of a surprise. There's also an EP with remixes of "Autumn Sweater" by u-Ziq, Kevin Shields and Tortoise, each of which modifies the song into its own usual style.

Team Dresch has regrouped, with founders Jody Bleyle and Donna Dresch joined by a couple of members of the Vegas Beat, and re-emerged as "The New Team Dresch v 6.0 Beta." The new lineup's first single, "Deattached" (Outpunk), has two direct-to-tape quickies; the band's super-kinetic drive is obscured a little by muddy recording, though these songs still sound like they'd be terrific live. Former singer/guitarist Kaia's absence is felt, but not in a bad way—it's just that Team Dresch now sounds a little more like Bleyle's other band, Hazel.



A year or so ago, the mysterious Teen Anthems (on the equally mysterious, address-free British label Sonic Art Union) released a one-sided single called "I Hate Oasis (And I Hate The Beatles)" that managed to be both twee as a kitten and snotty as, well, a kitten with a really bad head cold. For their follow-up, they've stuck the old single on the B-side, and come up with an even sniffler (and funnier) new A-side, "Welsh Bands Suck" ("Oh no, they sing in Welsh/Echachechachach..."). It's nice to see the tradition of this kind of state-of-British-pop sneering continue.

The Hangovers are one of the first bands on the newest incarnation of the venerable Rough Trade label, a collaboration between members of a couple of generations of excellent bands: songwriter/guitarist/singer Gina Birch of the Raincoats, Joe Dilworth of Th' Faith Healers, John Frenett of Laika and Moonshake, and soundtrack composer Simon Fisher Turner, who adds some peculiar sound treatments to these songs (Birch appeared on his excellent recent album *Shwarma*). "Soho" and "Sorry" wouldn't sound out of place as Raincoats songs, but their treatment here is very different, overflowing with odd synth trills and bursts of hissing noise.

Me And Dave is a one-off project that's put an engaging experiment, "El Loco," on one side of a split 10" on Bubblecore (the other side is Planet T.R., a k a the Tower Recordings, doing a bunch of improvised noodling). It's a little Krautrock-style drum groove joined by equally repetitive bass and guitar parts, overlaid by four women's voices, singing and speaking—all of the vocalists were recorded separately, without knowing what the others were doing.

A few quick drops of the needle: Thee Headcoatees's version of "Ça Plane Pour Moi" (Sympathy For The Record Industry) is unsurprising but neat; Plastic Bertrand's new-wave classic arranged for girl group and garage band, with a typically cool Billy Childish quickie on the B-side... A picture disc by the Television Personalities (Twist) has the TVPs' Dan Treacy singing three covers that pretty much define his aesthetic: Pink Floyd's "Bike" (not-quite-of-this-world psychedelia), the Raincoats' "No One's Little Girl" (anger muted into wryness) and, uh, "Seasons In The Sun" (forthright sappiness)... "Patience" (Drag City), the first single credited simply to Will Oldham, is just the Palace-man and his guitar, and it's not his best work by a long shot, but it's got one brilliantly audacious/ludicrous Oldham rhyme: "I wasn't born o! to tell the truth/And I wasn't born o! to sleep with Ruth."

LINES OF FLIGHT

As the pantheon of U.K. drum-and-bass pioneers marches into the American underground with increasing visibility, veteran junglist **Grooverider** is soon to follow. Like his peers Goldie and L.T.J. Bukem, Grooverider has been at the top of his field for nearly seven years, making and releasing some of the most demanding and challenging drum-and-bass music yet committed to wax. His groundbreaking cult label Prototype has released a string of tech-step and darkness tracks that have challenged the genre's conventions. *Grooverider Presents: The Prototype Years* (Higher Ground-Sony U.K.) is an ambitious collection that culls tracks from the label's brief past and thrilling future, including breakneck moments from Ed Rush, Dillinja, Boymerang, Matrix, and Grooverider himself. The presence of a growling 303 acid bassline on Cybotron's "Threshold" signals a whole new direction for drum-and-bass. The hybrid of reggae bass, 303 acid lines and rushing, gated synth swirls with scattered vocal samples provides one of the most suspenseful and vertigo-inducing moments heard on records of this kind in some time. Along with the devastating *Torque* compilation on the No U-Turn label, *The Prototype Years* is among the most significant and exciting drum-and-bass records of the year. Just when you think you've got this genre figured out, it reinvents itself in ways that couldn't have been predicted... DJ Ollie Teeba and Jake Wherry are better known as **the Herbaliser**, whose unique brand of hip-hop collage has been attracting attention from hip-hop and abstract beats enthusiasts over the past couple of years. They must have one of the deepest archives of old-school electro on earth, and the fruits of their record collection are made evident on *Blow Your Headphones*, another outstanding release from Coldcut's Ninja Tune label. It's a wildly eclectic record that doesn't sacrifice crunchy breakbeats for moments of cool jazz and the gently flowing rhymes of Tsidi Ibrahim, who raps on half of the tracks here.



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Deep Concentration

ON

The centrality of the DJ in dance culture is now a commonplace, but *Deep Concentration* is glorious evidence that the DJ doesn't just symbolize dance culture: the DJ is dance culture. If this year produces a more challenging and eclectic set of tracks of electronics going haywire, sue me. The X-Men (Rob Swift, Sinista, Roc Raider, and cohorts) offer the lacerating masterpiece "Turntable Experience," one of the most extreme cut-and-scratch tracks yet committed to wax. What these folks are able to accomplish with two turntables is still baffling. Radar, who appeared on the recent *Return Of The DJ Volume II* compilation, contributes "Radar Frees Tibet (Casho Mix)," a melange of dense scratches, granite-hard drum sprays and an ambiance at once claustrophobic and liberating. If cut-and-scratch detonations are not your bag, the other half of this collection consists of low-slung, mid-tempo jams like the serpentine "Book Of Changes" by Q-Burn's Abstract Message, a newly feted producer from Florida whose work with such netherworld beatheadz as DJ Wally and DJ Swingsett is becoming an object of considerable interest among the headphone set. Every now and then, a collection like *Deep Concentration* emerges to define a particular historical moment in electronic music. It's a mandatory acquisition for those interested in the future of dance.

DANCE TOP 25

- 1 DAFT PUNK Homework *Virgin*
- 2 CHEMICAL BROTHERS Dig Your Own Hole *Astralwerks-Caroline*
- 3 ORB Orbivion *Island*
- 4 CIRRUS Drop The Break *Moonshine*
- 5 ATARI TEENAGE RIOT Burn, Berlin, Burn! *Digital Hardcore-Grand Royal*
- 6 VARIOUS ARTISTS Trance Europe Express 5 *Volume (UK)*
- 7 SPAIN RANCH Architecture *Cleopatra*
- 8 CARL CRAIG More Songs About Food And Revolutionary Art *Planet E*
- 9 WINK "Are You There" (12") *Ovum/Ruffhouse/Columbia-CRG*
- 10 SPEEDY J Public Energy No. 1 *Plus 8-Never*
- 11 JOEY BELTRAM Live Mix *Logic*
- 12 WE As Is *Asphodel*
- 13 VARIOUS ARTISTS Abstract Vibes 2: More Vibes *Quango-Island*
- 14 NOISE UNIT Drill *Metropolis*
- 15 TRANQUILITY BASS Let Your Freak Flag Fly *Astralwerks-Caroline*
- 16 HANZEL UND GRETYL Transmissions From Uranus *Energy*
- 17 FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON "We Have Explosive" (5") *Astralwerks-Caroline*
- 18 UNDERWORLD Pearls Girl (EP) *Wax Trax!-TVT*
- 19 APHIX TWIN Richard D. James Album *Warp/Sire-EEG*
- 20 SPRING HILL JACK 68 Million Shades... *Island Independent*
- 21 VARIOUS ARTISTS Tranced Out And Dreaming *Planet Dog-Mammoth*
- 22 DELIRIUM Karma *Netzwerk*
- 23 LAURENT GARNIER 30 I *Communications-Never*
- 24 VARIOUS ARTISTS Feed Your Head Volume 3 *Planet Dog-Mammoth*
- 25 HEAVY WATER FACTORY Author Of Pain *Energy*

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

[by Brian Coleman]

hip-hop

BONUS BEATS



DR. OCTAGON

Dr. Octagonecologist

Bulk-DreamWorks

So here's the scenario: It's 3000 A.D. and a deranged homicidal gynecologist named Dr. Octagon has just hopped in a time machine and landed in a hospital, wreaking havoc everywhere. It's a pretty scary scene, but luckily, San Francisco's the Automator was there to record his binge for historical posterity, and what sprawls in front of the listener here is one of the most mind-bogglingly inventive hip-hop records of all time. The good doctor in question is in fact legendary Ultramagnetic MCs rapper Kool Keith, who is pretty twisted when he's talking about typical, everyday things (check out Keith's great *Sex Style*, released this year on Funky Ass Records). With the added possibilities of space-travel and advanced genetic engineering, things get pretty out of control, so be prepared for a wild ride. The album was originally released last year on the Bulk label, but this revamped and enhanced DreamWorks version, which includes 4 extra tracks, is sure to shake up the hip-hop world even more. Released as a companion volume to the album, *Instrumentalyst* is quite a sonic adventure in itself, displaying the Automator's brilliant work. But don't even think about buying it without experiencing the vocal version first.

After a two-year recording respite, **Mad Lion's** *Ghetto Gold & Platinum Respect* (Nervous) is a strong sophomore effort from the Brooklyn-based hip-hop/reggae powerhouse, and is sure to put his gruff style on the map even more than his *Real Ting* debut did back in 1995. No other reggae toaster can flow over hip-hop beats with the strength and poise that Lion possesses, and great production work by mentor KRS-One completes the picture, providing him with everything from hard beats ("Carpenter," "New York," "Hip Hoppers") to slower jams ("I Don't Want You," "Hardcore," "Mr. Sexability"). If you didn't catch his flow last time around, don't miss the boat on this one. You'll be hearing him on sound systems and at block parties all summer, for sure... The new **Rebel Alliance** compilation (Brick) is a great collection of Boston-based underground rappers and producers who share one thing in common, aside from a record label: They're fed up with mainstream rappers and their "parasitic" tendencies. From the get-go with "Medical Model Intro," groups like the Architects Of Intellect, 7L & Esoteric, Mr. Lif, Virtuoso and Tony Infamous show that there's more than one way to rock a track, giving a taste of great underground beats and attitude and representing the East Coast scene outside of New York, which has been quiet for too damn long... Also representing the underground nation are New York's amazing **Indelible MCs** (featuring Company Flow, the Juggaknots, and J-Treds), who, with their new single "The Fire In Which You Burn" (Rawkus), are attempting to single-handedly demolish the smooth rhythms and slick production that rule today's rap charts. With a thunderous, stuttering drum machine program that pounds away underneath the lightning-quick rhymes and wit of this tag-team crew, by the time you get to "Collude Interlude" on the B-side, you'll be walking around in a daze, scratching your head and wondering why you bought all those Puff Daddy records.



HIP-HOP TOP 25

- 1 KRS ONE "Step Into A World" *Jive*
- 2 NOTORIOUS B.I.G. "Hypnotize"/"Notorious Thugs"/*Life After Death* *Bad Boy-Arista*
- 3 LADY OF RAGE "Sho Shot"/*Gridlocked* *Death Row-Interscope*
- 4 SOUL ASSASSINS "Third World"/*DJ Muggs Presents The Soul Assassins* *Columbia-CRG*
- 5 BUCKSHOT "Follow Me" *RCA*
- 6 JAY-Z "Who You Wit" *Qwest-WB*
- 7 THIA ALKAHOLIKS "Hip Hop Drunkies" *Low/L-RCA*
- 8 CRU "Promo" *Def Jam/Violator-Polygram*
- 9 REDMAN "Whuteva Man"/*Muddy Waters* *Def Jam/RAI-Mercury*
- 10 SOUNDTRACK "Rhyme And Reason" *Priority*
- 11 SOUNDTRACK "Booye Cali" *Jive*
- 12 MR. COMPLEX "Visualize" *Raw Shack*
- 13 CORMIGA "Dead Man Walking" *Def Jam-Polygram*
- 14 SCARFACE "For Real"/*The Unouchable* *Noo Trybe Rap-A-Lot-Virgin*
- 15 LIL' KIM "Crush On You"/*Hard Core* *Big Beat-Atlantic*
- 16 ARTIFACTS "Art Of Facts"/*That's Them* *Big Beat-Atlantic*
- 17 GHOSTFACE KILLAH "Iron Maiden"/*Ironman* *Razor Sharp-Epic Street*
- 18 DR. OCTAGON *Dr. Octagonecologist* *Bulk-DreamWorks*
- 19 CAPONE N' NOREAGA "Illegal Life" *Penalty*
- 20 MARY J. BLIGE "Love Is All We Need"/*Share My World* *MCA*
- 21 TRACY LEE "The Theme (It's Party Time)"/*Many Faces* *Eystorm-Universal*
- 22 BEATNUTS "Find That" *Violator-Relativity*
- 23 ALL NATURAL "50 Years" *All Natural*
- 24 HURRICANE G "Underground" *HOLA*
- 25 JERU THE DAMAJA "Me Or The Pipes"/*Wrath Of The Math* *Payday/Jfr-London*

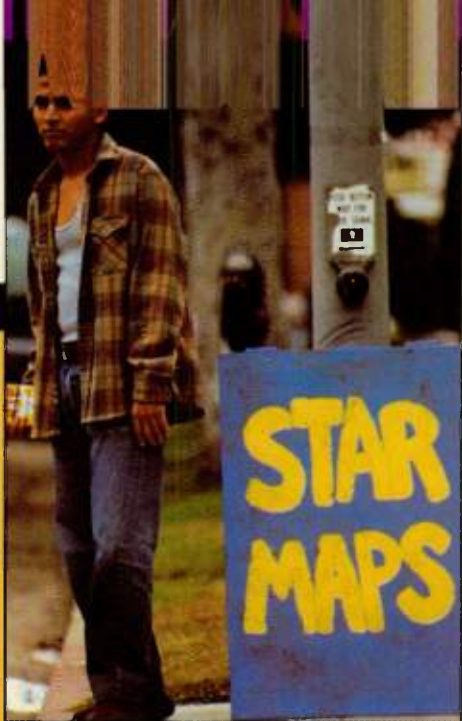
Compiled from the CMJ New Music Reports weekly Beat Box chart, selected from CMJ's pool of progressive radio reporters

STAR MAPS

(Fox Searchlight)

Star Maps is a confident, nuanced film, boldly and critically emerging in post-Prop 187 California to show Latino characters in as bad a light as all other Americans. It stars Douglas Spain as Carlos, a Mexican-American kid trying to become a famous actor. He sells tourist maps to celebrity homes, which gives him a pretense for standing on street corners. That's the front for his father's prostitution ring, through which Carlos whores himself to a range of rich and sleazy Hollywood types. Within this framework, the family romances are numerous and complicated, between the insane mother, the pimp father, his prostitute girlfriend, the fat kid and the good sister. The crazy sexual liaisons among them and their fragile-egoed tricks make for a tangled, *telenovela*-esque situation that comes to a climax on the set of an American soap opera; the characters are sluts to the promise of fame and money, but their bad behaviors are based on the same apple-pie desire for getting ahead as in American Dream movies like *Day Of The Locust* and *All About Eve*. Stereotypes of all kinds—about Spanish-language melodrama, the Latino lover, the Mexican gardener, and their overlap in the racist imagination—are beautifully recombined. Gay, straight, and other configurations of sex work are indulged in sympathetically and with great pleasure. Writer/director Miguel Arteta is a real star here, and deserves the kind of glamorous recognition that any of his characters would die for. **LIZA JOHNSON**

FLICKS

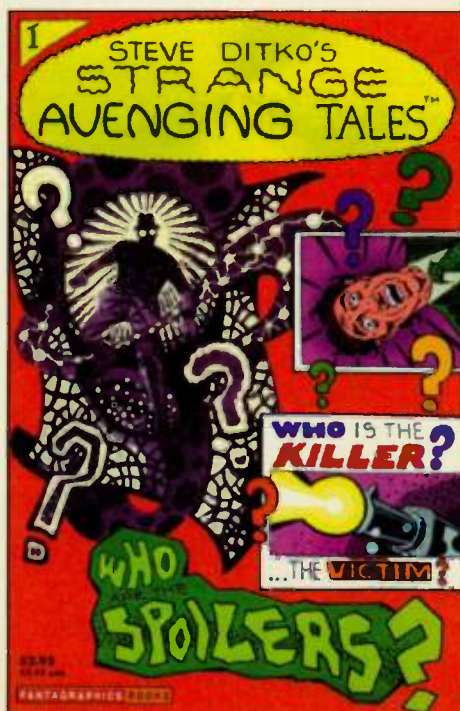


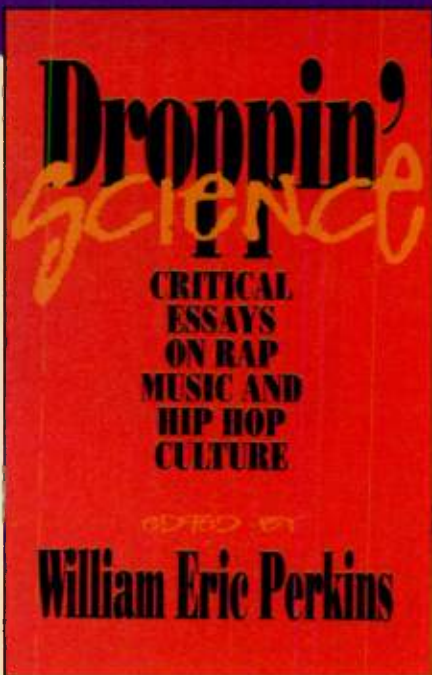
COMICS

STEVE DITKO'S STRANGE AVENGING TALES

(Fantagraphics)

Steve Ditko has a visual imagination nearly unparalleled in the history of comics—he's been drawing them for over 40 years, and he's probably best known as the creator of Spider-Man, Dr. Strange and the Ayn Randian hero Mr. A. (He also refuses to be interviewed or photographed, which adds to his mystique.) Over the years, Ditko has become more and more obsessed with Rand and sledgehammer objectivist dogma; he's a legendarily dreadful writer, but the more control he has over his stories, the more amazing his artwork is. *Strange Avenging Tales* is a new outlet for unfiltered Ditko, for good or ill, comprised of very short stories and way-out-there artistic experiments. Ignore the words (actual dialogue: "Wah! It's not fair! I have a right to make a mess! Others must be forced to clean up my messes!"), and it's great: he's got a visual vocabulary that lots of other artists would kill for. A few of those artists discuss him at the end, in excerpts from *The Comics Journal*, which jokes that it has a policy of asking all its interview subjects about Ditko, whether it's relevant or not. **DOUGLAS WOLK**





DROPPIN' SCIENCE: Critical Essays On Rap Music And Hip-Hop Culture, edited by William Eric Perkins (Temple University Press)

READS

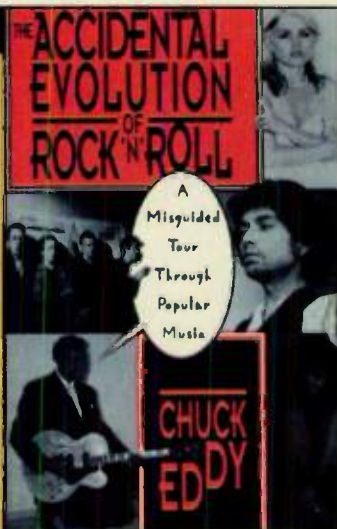
Fortunately, *Droppin' Science* is the result of hip-hop's effect on the academy, not the other way around. NYU black popular culture historian (and lucid prose stylist) Robin D.G. Kelley offers a superb piece, "Kickin' Reality, Kickin' Ballistics: Gangsta Rap and Post-Industrial Los Angeles," which follows Tricia Rose's injunction to take account of "context and aesthetics, politics and pleasure." Rose, the author of *Black Noise*, contributes the suggestive "Hidden Politics: Discursive and Institutional Policing of Rap Music" which looks at the racist practices surrounding the music's live performance and dissemination. *The City Sun's* Armond White, one of America's sharpest cultural critics, offers the pointed "Who Wants To See Ten Niggers Play Basketball?" (a phrase borrowed from the 1987 Run-DMC film *Tougher Than Leather*), which, with a real critical intelligence, looks into Rick Rubin, Donnie Wahlberg and the Beastie Boys, and finds their cultural politics less than honorable. This collection's value lies not only in its rigorous critical approach to hip-hop, but in its intelligence and readability. It enhances hip-hop's pleasures, rather than suffocating them. **TIM HASLETT**

THE ACCIDENTAL EVOLUTION OF ROCK 'N' ROLL by Chuck Eddy (Da Capo)

(Da Capo)

Chuck Eddy is a music writer with a mission: to kick over the ossified canon of pop and rock "classics," and replace it with a genre taxonomy and critical-evaluative system of his own devising. That's a great idea, and his aesthetics are fun too—the idea is that the cheaper and crasser and more derivative and more immediate pop music is, the better (read: more enjoyable) it's likely to be. The problem with *The Accidental Evolution Of Rock 'N' Roll* isn't that Eddy treats it as a first principle that Def Leppard's "Pour Some Sugar On Me" is about the greatest record ever made: He's at his best when he's playfully analyzing trashy, disposable disco and hair-metal records, and his total recall of seemingly every song that's ever been played on the radio and a lot that weren't lets him draw some clever connections. Where he loses it is where the book slips into endless, numbing lists of songs and albums in new categories he invents: bands that did songs about the Apocalypse, Equestrian Rock, Roman Catholic Pagan Ritual Rock, and on and on and on. It's also frustrating that a lot of his babbling, exclamatory, hyped-up style here is ripped off wholesale from Richard Meltzer's 25-year-old book *Gulcher*—once was enough. **(DW)**

READS



OBSESSIVE EYE

INFECTION, TENSION, INNOVATION



DRUM 'N' BASS / POST-ROCK / ELECTRONICA
Featuring: ALEC EMPIRE, DJ SPOOKY, DROPPIN' SCIENCE, OMNI TRIO, DOM & ROLAND, ED RUSH / NO U-TURN, KEMISTRY & STORM, LABRADFORD, STEREOCLAB, TORTOISE, THIRD EYE FOUNDATION, GANGER, UH, HOVERCRAFT, REMIXOLOGY.
(Volume Two: Breakbeat v Space-rock)

OBSESSIVE EYE

(c/o Dave Howell, 60 Morrish Rd., Brixton, London SW2 4EG, U.K.)

Obsessive Eye may be the first 'zine dedicated to the new wave of electronic music, and it shares a lot of the interesting and annoying attributes of the music it covers. Volume Two includes interviews with Ed Rush of the No U-Turn label, Hovercraft, Tortoise, and Omni Trio, a feature on Kemistry and Storm (two of the very few women DJs in the drum 'n' bass community), and a few articles about other artists and mini-movements. The magazine's writers examine everything they handle at length, if sometimes not deeply—a long article by Simon Reynolds about "the science of remixology" appears to have no point at all. Fortunately, they have some strong opinions, and they're not cheerleaders for everything in their musical subculture (though the fanatical attack on U2 goes a bit far: "succumbing to U2 is like giving in to death"?). The magazine's attempt at a cut-and-mix aesthetic of writing is more frustrating than effective, particularly in an incoherent piece on DJ Spooky, but it's nice to see them trying. As a bonus, the new issue includes a split 7" by Third Eye Foundation (which has yet to make a less-than-nifty record) and KS Kollektive. **(DW)**

'ZINES

NBA SHOOT OUT '97

(Sony Interactive Entertainment)

VIDEO GAME



So maybe the NBA season didn't turn out like you'd hoped for your favorite team. You can curse the darkness, or you can develop an elaborate fantasy life where you call it best two out of three. For the latter option, Sony Playstation's *NBA Shoot Out '97* is recommended. Traditionally second fiddle to EA Sports' *NBA Live*, Sony's *Shoot Out* ups the video game ante with the addition of Icon Passing, with which the dexterous pressing of the right buttons enables you to pass to exactly the player you want, rather than the closest teammate—call it John-Stockton-for-a-day. The slam-dunk instant replays are themselves a treat, with the nearly 3-D polygonal figures flying slo-mo through the air with the real player's actual face grafted onto them; watching the placid trading-card expressions on bodies performing feats of ecstatic athleticism is eerie and funny at the same time. While there are those game-heads who will insist that *NBA Live*, game qua game, is still the better of the Playstation-compatible pro basketball games, these features make *Shoot Out* more fun for those of us less interested in spirited competition than eking out some measure of revenge. SCOTT FRAMPTON

C.H.V.N.K. DCLXVI.



Solutions and welcome to the current headquarters of the Chunk six-ty-six; disinformation distribution cadre. You will be hearing more and more about us as our nefarious plans of world domination progress, and we suggest that for your own safety you learn as much as you can, as soon as possible. The world will be experiencing great tribulations any minute now, and we intend to be in the center of it all.



These pages contain large amounts of inlined images (and are pretty pointless without them). You have been warned.

C.H.U.N.K. 666

(www.reed.edu/~karl/chunk/index.html)

WEB SITE

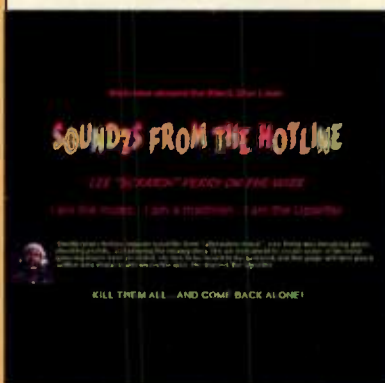
After the inevitable Anticarmageddon arrives, what will you be using for transportation? The predictable, obsolete automobile, mountain bike, or roller blades, or the flashy, unsinkable bicycle chopper? If you're smart and want to survive, you'd best check out the C.H.U.N.K. 666 web site, home of renegades who build and ride their own choppers. We're not talking low-rider bicycles; we're talking hand-made crazy bikes, as much Survival Research Laboratories as engineering experiments. Within this fabulously written website, you'll find all the information about the C.H.U.N.K. 666 agenda. Most importantly, though, you'll see their Dada choppers. More sculpture than transportation, C.H.U.N.K choppers are made from salvaged bikes, with welded parts, banana seats, and loads of creative ingenuity. "Today, our bicycles seem to be good for nothing other than fucking shit up and getting dates. Tomorrow, they will be a joy to ride! Pedaling uphill will feel like pedaling downhill and pedaling downhill will feel like soaking in a vat of warm pudding. Today, our bicycles are dangerous to ride and prone to falling apart. Tomorrow, they will be unsinkable, while other bicycles will spontaneously explode at random! Don't say you weren't warned." RANDALL ROBERTS

SOUNDZS FROM THE HOTLINE

(homepage.earthlink.net/~sleeper/scratch.htm)

WEB SITE

It's hard to get a handle on reggae legend Lee "Scratch" Perry, the groundbreaking producer/songwriter/dubmaster, but this page's creator, who calls himself "Mick Sleeper" (mix-Lee-Per?), provides a useful start. There are biographies of Perry and his band the Upsetters, regularly updated pages of Perry news, photographs, and links to other first-rate reggae sites. It would be nearly impossible to do a complete Perry discography, but what Sleeper does is much more useful: an annotated discography of his best records, with extended descriptions of each album and compilation. And, on a few pages, he lets Perry speak for himself, with excerpts from his mindboggling "outerviews" and other amazing quotes: "I am the future—ask all who doubt it, go and ask Satan: Lucifer, the Devil, Lex Luthor the archcriminal from Krypton, where he escape in a pail of shit by drinking acid and turning into mercury, in oblivion. But I came, I saw, and I conquer. I capture Lex Luthor with my Teddy Bear, my hair, my invisible chair, and my 144,000 mosquito angels that sting with lightning, pssssst!" (DW)



FEEDBACK

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☐ Male ☐ Female

2. How old are you?

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

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☐ record store ☐ bookstore
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NEW MUSIC

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SOMETHING BIGGER THIS WAY COMES.

October 1997



▶ OLYMPIA, WA

[by Chad Queirolo]

Olympia's mystique is pretty hilarious, as you'll see if you visit. It's not Punkrockville, U.S.A., as many expect, but instead a funny little half-dilapidated town that fills about one square mile, is assaulted by rain nine months of the year, and revels most at the coming of the traveling carnival every summer, Lakefair.

This summer, the arrival of Lakefair will coincide with the second YoYo A Go Go, a five-day music festival at the Capitol Theater (5th Ave., 754-5378), July 15-20. The first YoYo was held in 1994, and featured such bands as Beck, Team Dresch, and hometown heroes Fitz Of Depression, Unwound and Karp. This year's festival will host bands including Sleater-Kinney, Mocket, Lois, Modest Mouse, and Japanese heavies Copass Grinderz and Bloodthirsty Butchers. Festival passes are \$45.00, and available through YoYo Recordings (352-2597).

No matter if you come for YoYo or at some other time, I recommend a step-by-step walking tour. Start at the west end of Fourth Avenue, at the bridge that separates Capitol Lake from the Puget Sound. The first landmark you'll find is **Bayview Thriftway** (516 W. Fourth). The market of choice in the downtown area, Bayview has a good deli, produce section, bulk foods, and the best beer department around. Continuing up Fourth, you'll run into **Positively Fourth Street Records** (208 W. Fourth, 786-8273), one of two indie record shops in town—the other is **Rainy Day Records And Video**, on the west side (357-4755). Positively is small, but chock-full of new

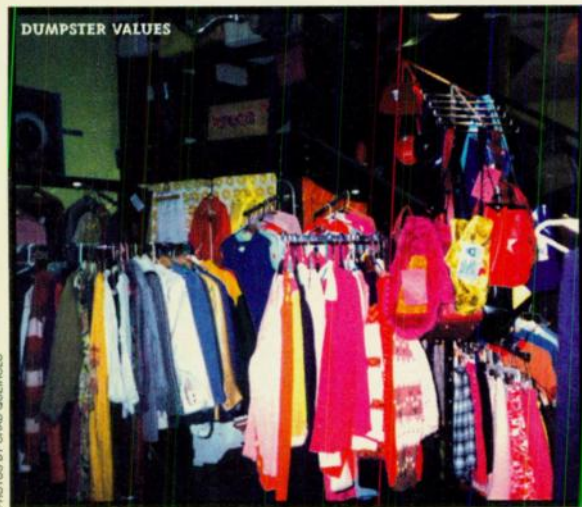


and used vinyl, CDs, tapes and T-shirts. The walrus-mustached owner, Win, will tell you all you ever wanted to know about local rock legends past and present, and more. He also has a story or two about how he really knows the character portrayed in *Drugstore Cowboy*. As you leave the record store, look across the street and wave to the kids at the Kill Rock Stars label.

On the corner, ominous clouds hang over the **Danger Room** (201 W. Fourth, 705-3050), where the Dungeons And Dragons Club meets to talk 26-sided dice and comic books. There are also video games. Watch your back.

Cross Columbia Street and look to the left; half a block down is **Mini Saigon** (111 Columbia St., 709-0837), the best of the Vietnamese restaurants in town, and a vegetarian delight—the *faux* meats are of a ruling class. One door over from Saigon is a hole-in-the-wall all-ages music and theater venue, the **Midnight Sun** (1113 Columbia St.). Plans are in the works to have daytime shows here during, but independent of, YoYo A Go Go. Read those flyers carefully.

We now come to Olympia's main intersection, Fourth Ave. and Capitol Way. Take a left, and you'll find **Browser's Books** (107 Capitol Way, 357-7462), a quaint little used bookstore with a decent selection of books and free tea and coffee. A few doors down is one of the gems of Olympia dining, **Trinacria**, a cozy, dark little Sicilian restaurant with fair prices and amazing food. If you're in need of a dose of toughness, stop next door at the **Electric Rose** tattoo shop. About four blocks down, you'll see the terminus of Capitol Way at





the Farmer's Market. Open weekends eight or nine months of the year, the Market is a great place to pick up fresh vegetables and flowers, quick healthy food, and kittens. My personal favorite is the beef jerky vendor.

Back at the main intersection, continue on down Fourth and pass a few junk antique stores on the left until you find the Spar, Olympia's oldest restaurant. The Spar serves good diner fare for decent prices, and it's definitely the best weekend breakfast spot, with delicacies such as French toast stuffed with ham and Swiss and covered with strawberries, whipped cream and syrup. The bar in the back room is the nicest downtown.

At the next corner is Dancing Goat, the most popular of the coffee joints downtown. They have a large variety of coffees and teas, and a good-looking display case full of pastries. Get yourself a dose of caffeine, take a left onto Washington Street and move half a block down to Otto's, which serves coffee, bagels and pastries.

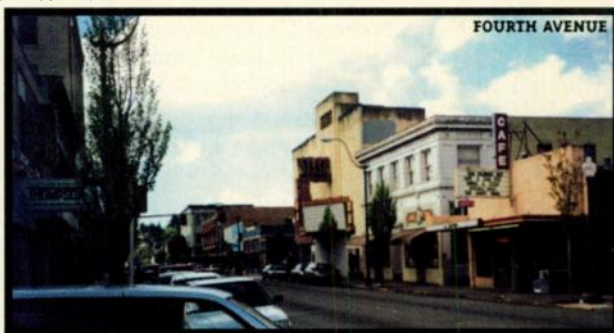
Chances are you'll be in need of a rain suit at some point of your Northwest visit, and the place to find it will be right next door to Otto's at punk-run Dumpster Values. The only decent used clothing store in Olympia, D.V. caters to those unwilling or unable to drive to the Mecca of thrift shopping, Tacoma, only 30 minutes to the north. If you stand outside of D.V., look across the street and to the left and you'll notice the Bus Caves, the heart of public transportation in Olympia.

About face. Back to Fourth Ave. Pass the old State-Tri Cinema, R.I.P. Boarded up for a year now, it was a spawning ground for Oly punk rockers—its ex-employees include members of Plastique, Mocket, Unwound, Long Hind Legs, Karp, Kicking Giant, Make-Up, Love As Laughter, Corrections, Bunny Foot Charm, and more I'm sure I've forgotten. The theater closing was a tragedy for all in the community, especially the employees who found out by reading it in the paper the morning of the closure. Two doors down is King

Solomon's Reef (212 Fourth, 257-5552), a late-night breakfast joint/grease pit with a smoky bar in the back. Good drinks, good bartenders, terrible jukebox.

Leaving the Reef, go to the corner of Fourth and Franklin and look up about four more lights to Old School Pizzeria (710 Fourth, 786-9640). It was started a few years ago by four Olympia guys who actually moved to N.Y.C. to learn the pizza game. They brought it back and have a great "by the slice" business. Full of kitsch posters and some arcade games, it's a place you'll end up hanging out in and enjoying. The owners all have mustaches!

Okay, back to the corner by the Reef. Take a right and go one block to Fifth Avenue. Take another right and you'll see the Capitol Theater (206 Fifth, 754-5378). This theater is the heart of thinking Olympia. Presenting rock shows, the best independent films, plays and art shows, the Capitol has long been the place to find the most interesting happenings around. It will host the majority of the YoYo A Go Go events this summer.

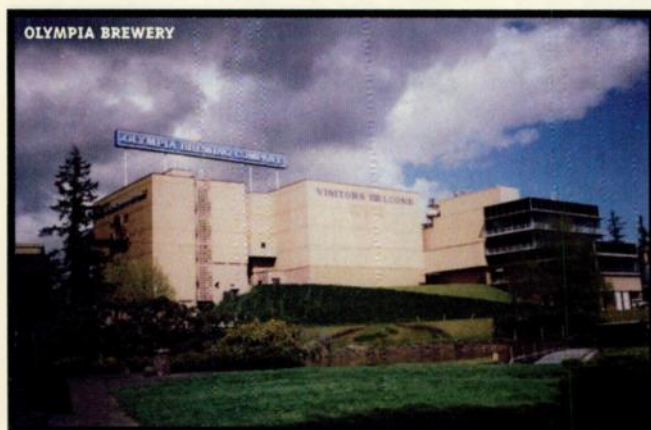


Continue down another block to Thekla (116 Fifth, 352-1855), a gay-friendly dance club. Thekla recently began hosting a wildly popular Monday karaoke night. Come on down and make a fool of yourself with the townies and host Kathleen Hanna—yes, of Bikini Kill.

Head down two blocks on Fifth Avenue to Jefferson St., take a right, and you'll find yourself at the fairly recent new home to K Records. With K, the walking tour is concluded, but there's one final destination, to which other transportation is necessary: the Olympia Brewery (100 Custer Way, 754-5000). A must when visiting Olympia, the brewery is home to many fine beers like Hamm's, Old English 800 and, of course, Olympia. The attraction here is the tour, which takes you through the step-by-step process of factory beer making and culminates in the tasting room. Don't miss the gift shop, full of stuff that seems to have been in stock since the '70s.

If you're in town for YoYo A Go Go, I'm sure your views of the town will eclipse my jaded ones, as events like this seem to bring out the best in everything and everyone.

Chad Queirolo runs the Blackbooking agency in Olympia, is a part-time roadie and is a psychiatric caseworker. Three jobs that go hand-in-hand.



WE HAVE THE WHOLE WORLD IN OUR HANDS



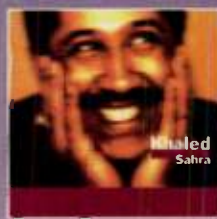
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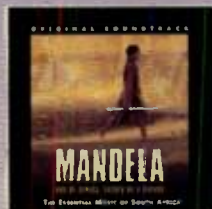
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