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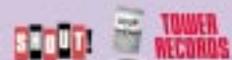
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ON THE COVER: THE ARCADE FIRE 22

Through bang-on-a-man live shows and a spine-chilling debut, Montreal's the Arcade Fire have restored our faith in indie rock (even if the *Six Feet Under* vibe creeps us out a little). Kory Grow pays his respects.

20 FOR 04 20

We noticed an alarming shortage of year-end lists from snobby critics, so we came to the rescue with our hearty endorsement of the albums that made our 2004. TV On The Radio, Blonde Redhead, Mastodon, Joanna Newsom, Animal Collective and others make acceptance speeches... then split when they realize we're out of booze and there's no cash prize or Prada gift bag.

JIMMY EAT WORLD 14

We always knew Jimmy Eat World would make it to the major leagues. But with three albums on three different labels, we wonder which uniform they'll wear when they make it into the Rock Hall. Chad Swiatecki tries to get the wave started in the bleachers.

LE TIGRE 16

Bush gets re-elected? Eleven states bash gay marriage? Fear not, free thinkers and free lovers. You can always move to Le Tigre's *This Island* to express yourself proudly... and loudly! Steven Chen crams for his "herstory" exam.

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Can their signature iPods be far behind? Isis, Laura Veirs, Q And Not U, Pete Miser.

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Stuff we got in the mail and then re-gifted to our loved ones who have bad taste in music. The word you're looking for is "shameless."

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Dear Diary,

Wake up with a nautical star **TATTOOED ON MY ASS**. Partied with **Partly Cloudy** last night. Wow! The boys sure know how to rock. I'm getting ready to leave work. I am so steamed I just had to write. The "heads" here at **LIR Records** are trying to decide which ad they want to place in the fine **CMJ New Music Monthly**. I worked up three different ones for **Party Cloudy**. They've had them for three whole weeks! Crazy! Why did it take them an entire week to decide which website to list??...

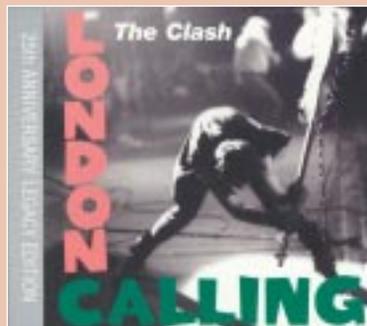
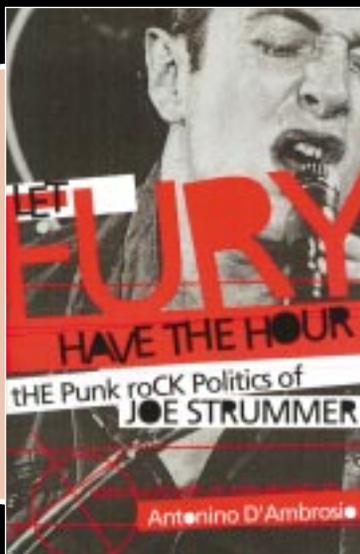
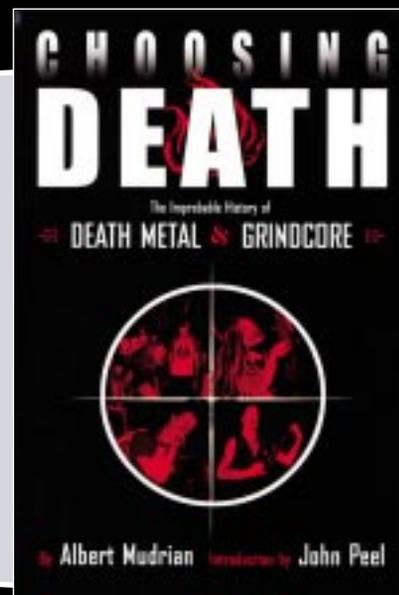
www.PartlyCloudyRocks.com or **www.LIRCo.com**. Now I have to leave for my vacation not knowing which one they picked and trusting my associate to upload the file. Today is the deadline. Who gets blamed if the ad doesn't get in? Who gets blamed? Me! That Sucks! That's my job. But, hey, don't mention the fact that they have been sitting on this for three weeks. Five weeks ago, Rush Rush Rush, "get that ad done...make sure it says **Going for ADDs December 6, Going for ADDs December 6, Going for ADDs December 6, ADD's 12/6.**".....Enough already, I got it. Why don't you just stamp **Going for ADD's December 6** on my forehead. Oh, this was a good one.....They had the nerve to say "Be sure to mention the **2005 ECampus.com "Rock your Campus Tour"**.....Do they think I'm stupid. This tour is going to hit 40 College Campus's next year.....Hello, I think I know this is important... Like this is the first ad I've designed for **Party Cloudy**. "Make sure the ad portrays **Partly Cloudy's style, Red Hot Smokin' Rock**" Duh... Like I haven't heard their first single "**Misery**" everyday for months. It's "**Misery**" this, "**Misery**" that, at night I dream in tune with "**MISERY**".

Now if I can only trust my associate (who wants my job, btw) to upload the right file... Wouldn't I die if she uploaded this one!!

OFFICE COOLER

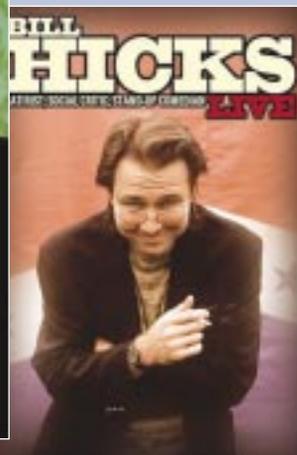
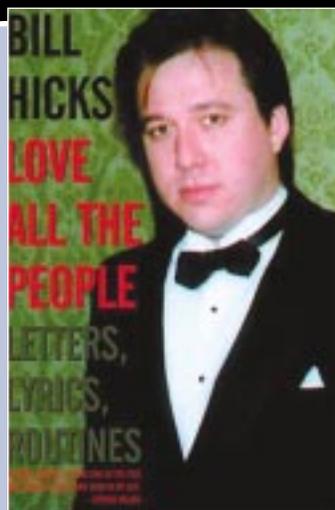
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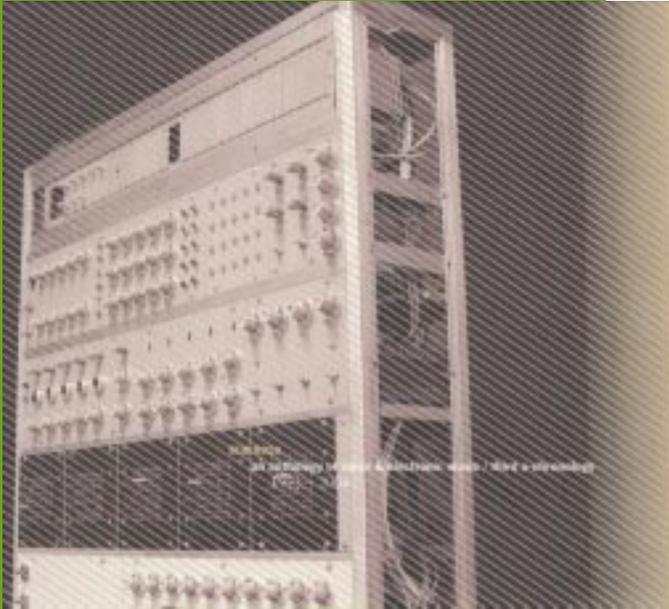
Satisfying our never-ending fetish for unintelligible death-metal logos, Albert Mudrian's *Choosing Death: The Improbable History Of Death Metal And Grindcore* (Feral House), traces Napalm Death's bubbly blastbeat birth and J. Mascis' pre-Dino Jr. Discharge obsession, up through Slipknot's impossible platinum grind coup. Unfortunately no copy on the market will be as metal as our signed volume, upon which Carcass guitarist/vocalist Jeff Walker added this demonic yearbook scribble: "Go + buy some small arms + shoot up your local high school + say 'God told me to do it.'" Have a bitchin' summer, too, dude!



Death *and* glory! If Joe Strummer couldn't get anyone to stand by him in "Train In Vain," at least his supporters are lining up around the block now. The comprehensive Strummer anthology, *Let Fury Have The Hour* (Nation) collects articles and essays from folks whose opinions we love: rock crit patron saint Lester Bangs, zeitgeist cartographer Greil Marcus, activist-rock icon Billy Bragg and more—even Chuck D and the undisposable Michael Franti articulate how Strummer irrefutably influenced hip-hop (yes, more than the "Casbah" sample on Will Smith's "Will2K"). Combined with that sweet two-disc *London Calling* redux (Legacy-Columbia), Strummer-philosophers will certainly get enough rope this holiday season.

Chain smoker/fire-starter Bill Hicks was the best comic mind of his generation. *Love All The People* (Soft Skull) is a collage of letters, lyrics and routines from the scathingly funny standup who died of pancreatic cancer at age 32. The book also includes his side of the story regarding his infamous 1993 non-appearance on *Letterman*. His biting bits on pro-lifers and homosexuality ultimately spooked the CBS suits and they pulled his appearance at the last minute—Dave is apparently still sick about it. Hicks died a few months later. The book makes a great companion for the recent DVD *Bill Hicks Live* (Rykodisc), which packs nearly three and a half hours of uncensored free speech and insight. Hurry before even thinking about it is banned!





Belgian label Sub Rosa has once again made the impenetrable just a little more, um, penetrable. On the third volume of their *Anthology Of Noise And Electronic Music* series, noise all-stars from all skronks of life join forces in a sceneless, timeless, limitless jumble: IDM (Autechre, Hrvatski), kraut (Faust, Michael Rother), 1950s tape-based musique concrete (Ilhan Mimaroglu) and art installation artfucks (Michael J. Schumacher). And what could be more “rock” than the Scott Gibbons track made by a computer treating *actual rocks*?

YouHaveBadTasteInMusic.com

No one likes being told they have bad taste in music. But it has to be done when the band in question is Hoobastank. Or Staind. Or Puddle Of Mudd. Or any number of acts that are not only “derivative” but “derivatives of the derivative.” This, according to 32-year-old Eman Laerton, a former music industry employee who’s mission is to inform those who can recite Linkin Park lyrics that they, in fact, have “bad taste in music.” Dressed in a priestly robe, a WWI army helmet, a Zorro mask and running shoes—for a quick getaway—Laerton (not his real name, as reading backward will attest) stands on a wooden crate and urges people, with the help of a megaphone, to “seek help immediately” and to “stop listening to bad music.” Reactions vary, ranging from “My brother is gonna kick the fuck out of you!” to “What’s good music?” Laerton is careful never to answer the latter question. “The reason,” he says, “is that cool people can never agree on what they like. They can only agree on what they don’t like.” Thus, he gets wildly positive responses from classic rockers and metalheads alike. To Laerton, a band like Staind is just a boy band. “Just because Staind sings all these dark songs, it doesn’t mean that their fans are dark. Staind is just as generic as Justin Timberlake. There’s no difference.” – Steven Chen



Laerton schools unsuspecting Hoobastankers



MARK HELLMANN

We're all being watched—maybe not individually, but certainly collectively," says Isis frontman Aaron Turner. To convey his conspiracy theory, Turner photographed a stretch between Oakland and Los Angeles for the cover of his quintet's latest Pink Floyd-meets-Black Sabbath wall of paranoia, *Panopticon* (Ipecac). On the disc, the group addresses their eye-in-the-sky suspicions sonically by downplaying the screamy vocals (but compensating with actual singing) and building an air of claustrophobia through intricately dense guitars and swelling cymbal crashes. "The music has gotten more complex and more melodic, and screaming is not appropriate everywhere anymore," he says frankly. "It's certainly something that I'm not entirely comfortable with or confident about yet, but I think that's an exciting place to be as a musician." If anything, the past year has proven that adaptation is both scary and necessary. In the winter of 2003, Turner moved his band and his Hydra Head label from Boston to Los Angeles. After finding jobs and getting acclimated, more changes befell Isis. Both Turner and drummer Aaron Harris experienced family deaths and subsequently took breaks to comfort relatives. Other members left significant others behind. All of this compounded with adjusting to new coastal mindsets. "Everything that was going on in our personal lives as well as the collective relocation of the band was disruptive—but also an inspiration," says Turner, acknowledging the old cliché about music as catharsis. "We used the band as a refuge away from everything else in our lives that was disruptive and chaotic and hard to deal with." >>>KORY GROW

ISIS

LAURA VEIRS



I don't have a TV and haven't had one since I left home at 18," says singer/songwriter Laura Veirs. "Though I have seen *The Simpsons*," she notes, lest you worry she's gone completely off the grid. Still, Veirs, who has collaborated with everyone from the Bad Livers' Danny Barnes to Bill Frisell to eclectic violinist Eyvind Kang, would rather listen to music or read (she has degrees in geology and Chinese) or spend QT with her housemates. "We cook together every night when I'm home. It's really downhome and kinda backwoods even though we're in Seattle." The same can be said of Veirs' music, where rustic sensibility meets big-city nuance. Her fourth record, *Carbon Glacier* (Nonesuch), is an unfussy weave of old-timey roots music with some new-fangled metropolitan ideas. "In Seattle, there is a great community of musicians and a lot of cross-collaboration between genres," she says. "In my band, there's a guy totally into doing jazz and another totally into indie rock and then Eyvind is totally avant-garde, but they're all good friends and mix across their backgrounds." There is even room for Seattle icon Kurt Cobain's influence on "Rapture," where Veirs uses impressionistic imagery to weigh in on tragic artists like Cobain and author Virginia Woolfe. "My first songs were totally laying myself out naked on a table, terribly revealing. I cringe when I hear them," she confesses. "I think I've become a little more cloaked in my work now." Any worries she's buying into the glorified myth of the suicidal artist? "I'm not gonna off myself anytime soon, but I'm also not just oh-so-excited to be this wonderfully creative person," she grins. "There's a wonderful middle ground in there." >>>STEVE CIABATTONI



Brooklyn's hipster-haven locals didn't exactly open the welcome wagon for Washington D.C.'s quirky (read: un-Fugazi-like) trio, Q And Not U. And it wasn't just the

Q AND NOT U

Rapture T-shirt-clad lackey at American Apparel. "I had never been around a Hassid population too much, and we had a really [chilly] reception from the people we tried to talk to on the street," says multi-instrumentalist Chris Richards about recording the group's third disc, *Power* (Dischord), earlier this year at El Guapo's studio in Williamsburg. With one exception. "On the last day, we were putting the gear back into the van and a gentleman my age comes out and very sternly says (in Richards' finest faux-Hassid accent), 'You the guys upstairs making the music?' I thought he was going to say, 'I'm calling the cops,' or 'You've gotta stop.' I said, 'Yeah, it's me.' And he goes, 'Well, I love it! I only work at this office one day a week and it is my favorite day of the week.' It was something out of a movie." The band's added universal appeal no doubt comes from complementing its punk roots with newfound funky hooks (Richards cites the Gap Band's *III* as "genuinely important to me as a human," and George Michael's *Patience* as a worthwhile dollar-bin purchase) as well as politically conscious lyrics. These strange bedfellows (funk and politics) find a delicate balance in "Wet Work." "I was just thinking about how, living in Washington D.C., [we're] surrounded by all of this political paranoia and helicopters going over our heads, there are still people living their lives," says Richards. "So I wanted to do a double-play where 'wet work' would acknowledge this term of government-funded assassinations and also make it a sex jam." >>>KORY GROW



PETE MISER

Used to be a serious backpacker, keep-it-realer type MC, and I thought pop music was basically just sellout crap. I still think that's the case for most. But being on tour with Dido made me realize that it's not a bad thing to actually communicate to people," Pete Miser explains. Miser was the tour DJ for the singer/songwriter at the time of her Eminem-assisted rise to stardom, and the experience changed his outlook on hip-hop. "I'm not rapping just to hear myself rap. I'm rhyming so that people can connect with the ideas." Originally from Portland, Oregon, Pete Ho, a.k.a. Pete Miser has been b-boying, bombing, backspinning and battling since hip-hop took seed in the Northwest. As lead vocalist in the live hip-hop band 5 Fingers Of Funk, he helped bring rap out of hiding in his hometown and into the limelight. When 5 Fingers dissolved, he moved to New York in 1998 to pursue a solo career, ending up in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn and, eventually, on Dido's 2000 *No Angel* tour. His latest solo venture, *Camouflage Is Relative* (Coup De Grace), picks up where 2002's *Radio Free Brooklyn* left off, exploring issues as diverse as gentrification, lost love and American politics with a serious sense of humor and funk-for-your-trunk production. Pete is a graduate of the DJ Premier school of hip-hop, and he lists Native Tongues, early Ice Cube and Public Enemy as his influences. Though, he may not have come up in the same hood as those innovators, he keeps their sense of exploration alive. "I think hip-hop is more interested in people's skills than their background," he says, putting his own spin on the old adage: It ain't where ya from... it's how ya rap. >>>OWEN STROCK

Boys Keep Swinging

Jimmy Eat World are now major league contenders. Still, they can't help but root for the underdogs

Story: Chad Swiatecki



Chicago Cubs first baseman Mark Grace accrued 1,754 base hits during the 1990s. Trivia? Perhaps. But, woe to whoever dismisses anything Cubs-related while in the vicinity of Jimmy Eat World guitarist Tom Linton. The most animated thoughts from the otherwise-reserved Linton spring from the mention of the lovable National League losers, who convene in the band's Mesa, Arizona home each February for spring training.

The Jimmy Eat World men—rounded out by singer/guitarist Jim Adkins, drummer Rick Burch and bassist Zach Lind—are all Cubs fans, but none as fervent as Linton, who haunted Mesa's Hohokam Park as a pre-teen in awe of the perpetually underachieving team. "I went to see them for years and years when I was a kid and I still have an autographed Ryne Sandberg baseball card I got back then... but Mark Grace was always my favorite player, because he was so underrated," Linton says. "Even if they weren't the best team, I always loved them. They're just the Cubs. You have to."

This suggests there's more than boyhood proximity fueling the band's devotion. Likely it's the same force that endears the Cubs to legions of non-Chicagoan fans across the country: love for a squad with an old-school ethic that plays in the lived-in, ivy-covered walls of Wrigley Field—ancient by modern baseball standards—and puts team tradition and its fans above all else as they battle mightily each summer, only to fade into fall. In a sport increasingly bereft of integrity of any kind, the Cubbies are seen as an example of pure baseball. It's the same principle that's driven Jimmy Eat World—a band absent a hip hometown scene, a Calvin Klein-handsome frontman or any other media "hook"—into the hearts of fans.

Years of constant touring and a focus on making quality tunes attracted habitués as Jimmy Eat World progressed from an occasionally languid emo outfit into a refined pop-rock band that crafts radio-ready nuggets with Foo Fighters aplomb. The 2001 release of *Bleed American* (later re-titled *Jimmy Eat World* due to post-9/11 sensitivity) completed that metamorphosis and brought with it previously unthought-of success, due mostly to "The Middle," a sing-along gem that played all over the radio, MTV2, coffee shops and parking lots for most of 2002.

The new *Futures* (Interscope) keeps a similar sound alive, but its lyrics present a more mature band holding fast to stay afloat in a world where the roiling waters of uncertainty and malice are an almost-constant threat. "At the same time that it's our most brooding

and dark record, it is also our most hopeful record," Adkins explains. "It's relationships, getting older and having slightly more perspective on it... Maybe you don't understand it better, but you understand the complexity of it and how important it is to have that."

Adkins and his cohorts are no strangers to tumult. This is their third album for as many labels. The two previous had the tunes to do respectable business, but the oft-broken machinery of major labels caused both to wither before they could flourish, which resulted in the band's dismissal from their label in 2000, forcing them to record *Bleed American* on their own dime. It was then, after signing with DreamWorks, that Jimmy Eat World truly began to resemble its beleaguered Major League kindred spirits. A salvo of hit singles and more road-doggery brought the radio spins that opened the band up to a nation of fans eager to embrace a band with more talent than gimmickry. (And no, we haven't forgotten all those underwear-clad coeds in the video for "The Middle." But if the Cubs got away with the spectacle of Harry Caray for 20-plus years, certainly a houseful of skivvies is an allowable conceit.) Mergers dissolved DreamWorks last year, however, landing the band and *Futures* on Interscope, in the hands of yet another team of bean counters.

"DreamWorks was a label that we fit really well with and they were patient enough when the last record took a long time to get where it did, to where it was profitable, and a lot of other labels probably wouldn't have been as patient," Burch says. "When we were first at Capitol, maybe five percent of the staff knew who we were, knew that we existed. Thankfully, now when we go to a label like Interscope, people know that we're a band that's had four singles out and that we've done relatively well. It could have gone a lot worse."

If anything, the embrace by rock radio programmers of indie-first bands like Modest Mouse, Franz Ferdinand, the Postal Service and the Shins makes the chances of a return to the top for Jimmy Eat World even better. But with that success comes the twin devils of indie snobbery and punk rock guilt; the same that hit the band after *Bleed American* met with backlash for boasting pure pop and taking aim at a wider audience.

"Not until I did press for this record did I realize there was so much backlash. There was a lot of people who preferred *Clarity* to *Bleed American* and it surprised me," Adkins offers. "Maybe it was that they didn't want their Cubs to actually make it to the big game. The Cubs are theirs and not winning the pennant has sort of become part of being a Cubs fan. Once that's gone, it's not the same." **NMM**

Unite*h*ers Not Dividers



If you thought a lost election or a move to a major label was going to dampen **Le Tigre**'s fiery, independent message, then you've "misunderestimated" how powerful three women can really be.

Story: Steven Chen

The night before the 2004 presidential election, synthpunk heroines Le Tigre played their second of two shows at Irving Plaza in New York to a house packed, yes, partly with lesbians *de rigueur*, but also, as announcer/emcee/drag king Murray Hill pointed out, a promisingly diverse cross section. First, Hill rallied the straight guys in the audience, then the gay guys, the straight girls, the in-betweens and finally (big cheer) the lesbians. Such was the tone of the evening—perpetual energy with the lulls kept to a minimum. The varied assortment of fans all united under the Le Tigre banner, Hill declared, was certainly cause for hope.

During the performance, Le Tigress Kathleen Hanna prefaced her anti-Bush tirade, "Seconds," by telling the audience she hoped they'd never have to play the song ever again because, in 24 hours, Bush would be ancient history. She then found that it helped to repeat, "Fuck that motherfucker," over and over and over again, much to the pleasure of those in attendance.

Twenty-four hours later, however, it was becoming clear that Le Tigre fans, along with 48 percent of America, would have to keep on hoping. And Hanna would have to continue playing "Seconds" for four more years, as cultural conservatives (read: gay marriage opponents) emerged as a critical factor in reinstating the administration. Florida had gone red, Ohio wasn't looking good and Le Tigre was set to play a show in Cleveland, of all places, the night after the election. Before the show, Le Tigre's Johanna Fateman had been drifting in and out of sleep during the bus ride there, checking CNN's updates on her Blackberry throughout the night.

"I thought Kerry had won," she says. "I'd wake up and [the update] would say, 'Michigan goes to Kerry. Ohio still undetermined.' I was being really optimistic... I was like, 'It's gonna be an awesome show in Cleveland tonight.'"

Suffice it to say, it wasn't an "awesome" show, though perhaps a therapeutic one. "People came up after and said, 'Thank you, you made the day a little better,'" recalls JD Samson, the group's third and youngest member, about playing the state where Kerry's defeat was sealed—the same state where Samson lived until the age of 17, before escaping to New York.

While many know Kathleen's Hanna's "herstory," as the band refers to it on their website, Fateman's and Samson's "herstories" haven't been as publicized. It has something to do with "frontwoman status" having been burned into Hanna's persona from her path-blazing Bikini Kill

days, though it would be a mistake now more than ever to refer to any one member of Le Tigre as a frontwoman. With Samson and Fateman taking on much larger roles on *This Island* (Strummer-Universal), it has become undeniable—especially for anyone who's been to a recent Le Tigre concert—that the band has no fewer than *three* frontwomen.

Samson grew up in a small suburb on Cleveland's east side called Pepper Pike, population 6,040. One of the first butch lesbians—with a moustache no less—to become so visible on the pop cultural stage, she talks about her Midwestern roots with an unexpected fondness. "It was pretty conservative," she acknowledges, "but I have to say that everyone was really supportive of me being a lesbian. I went to the same school, from nursery school until I graduated from high school, so there was something really interesting about the way that you knew people as people instead of anything else about them. Everyone went through weird times as they grew up, and it's just like a really interesting, supportive atmosphere because of that history. I really loved Ohio a lot. It's just a really beautiful place, and I really miss the Midwest a lot sometimes."

Of course, it wasn't ideal for "freaks" like Samson, who'd always fantasized about the World Out There. For one, the queer punk community wasn't exactly big in Pepper Pike. "There were like two kids," she says. So, with a very cool lesbian aunt filmmaker in Los Angeles offering moral support, and New York calling out to her, she set out for Sarah Lawrence College, near Manhattan. "I always was like, 'I want to be in New York!' I thought it was so hip and bohemian. I wanted to be the total cheesy, bohemian filmmaker."

Fateman, who hails from Berkeley and holds a BFA in painting, arrived in New York by way of Reed College in Oregon and is best known outside of Le Tigre as the co-founder of *Snarla*, a feminist zine, which she used as an icebreaker to meet Hanna in the late '90s. A short while later, the two of them and original Le Tigre member Sadie Benning began tinkering with what eventually became the band's self-titled debut album.

But as an artist, Fateman was less concerned with how she was making art as long as she was making art. "I never cared specifically about what medium I would end up being an artist in. I had things I wanted to say and things I wanted to investigate, and I think that meeting Kathleen and meeting other people who were working within the context of punk music, but dealing with things in a more critical way, and integrating feminism and cultural theory and this other awareness into what they were doing—that really appealed to me."

This approach certainly applies to Le Tigre the band. Instead of just a band with a bassist or a drummer or a guitarist or a singer, you get three artists with markedly different styles, at different stages in their lives, with a strongly unified philosophical and political outlook. The medium becomes moot once you ditch the traditional notion of a “band” in favor of samplers and drum machines and still refer to yourself as a band. Early on, someone dubiously dubbed this whole tactic of punks appropriating tools from electronica “electroclash,” but really it’s just backing up a little and focusing on making music with everything and anything available.

On the new album, Samson and Fateman have a much more pronounced presence. “On the first record, I didn’t sing at all,” says Fateman, who, as a writer, puts a good amount of effort into lyrics. “I mean, there’s some of my voice on it, but it wasn’t like I wrote these lyrics in one thing. So it’s been fun to do that on subsequent records, but it sort of integrates writing and language into music more for me, rather than the writing being some outside thing I do.”

Legendary producer and ex-Car Ric Ocasek, who worked with Le Tigre on one new track, “Tell You Now,” was impressed by what he saw in the studio. “Everybody was so good,” he recalls. “Everybody was so proficient at what they did. The girls not only got along wonderfully between each other, but supported each other in great ways that you don’t even usually see in bands. Everything was positive. They were just there for each other, which was a nice thing to see.”

For Hanna, their collaboration has become noticeably more fluid and versatile. “We used to start with really, really long samples,” she explains. “I would pick something and just, like, loop it, and we would try to have someone put drums over it or something, and we’d start with a vocal idea and then we would try to realize it, but our equipment was so bad, we didn’t know what we were doing. And now, we’re kind of at this point, as artists or whatever we are—the three of us, as friends, as people who work together—where the technical stuff and the friendship stuff and the working together stuff all just congealed.” One aspect she’s thrilled about is that the three of them can hand stuff off to one another if someone is having trouble making, say, a certain drumbeat work. For Hanna, it’s fun to get something back that she’s been struggling with and having Fateman pull it together by fleshing out the lyrics—which is exactly what happened on *This Island’s* “After Dark.” Hanna also gets a kick out of getting to work on someone else’s germ of an idea. As she puts it, “It’s like, I have a job!” By now, it’s not surprising that each member has developed her own signature style. Hanna says, “[Johanna] has a particular sound, JD has a particular sound. You can kind of tell, like, that’s a JD song, or that’s a Jo song.”

One JD song is “Viz,” a candid track that Samson describes as being about “butch lesbian visibility.” In it, Samson sings, “They call it climbing, and I call it visibility/They call it coolness, and I call it visibility/They call it way too rowdy, I call it finally free.” It’s not just about butch lesbians, Samson explains, but about a specific mentality in New York of thinking girls are being butch just to be “cool.” She says, “It’s really different to be androgynous in New York as opposed to anywhere else in the world because here it’s seen as really fashionable.” But the whole notion of being butch to be cool or popular is strange for Samson, who

feels the bottom line is that butch lesbians need more visibility, and the song is her way of identifying that specific community beyond whatever “hipness” might be tagged to it.

A Jo song—a very Jo song—is “Don’t Drink Poison,” the lyrical equivalent of a collage that Fateman admits is purposely coded. On one level, it’s about Le Tigre feeling like secret agents as they navigate through bizarre scenarios. “It’s almost like we have these token ways of communicating or warning each other.” On another level, it’s about memory and amnesia and learning lessons from life as a woman who’s been taught to “forget” things like sexism and to view them as anomalies. “It’s like, ‘Remember the last time you drank poison?’” Fateman says. Usually, Le Tigre shies away from making points that might be too far-removed or not immediately accessible, but, Fateman says, this kind of indirectness is just part of the texture of art.

After six years, it could be said that Le Tigre is entering a new phase. Samson and Fateman have stepped up on the new record as compelling vocalists. The band has signed to a major label and subsequently reeled in new fans, who’ve blended in nicely with the core audience, Fateman notes. And Bush has secured the popular vote... and will likely be obnoxious about it in the years to come.

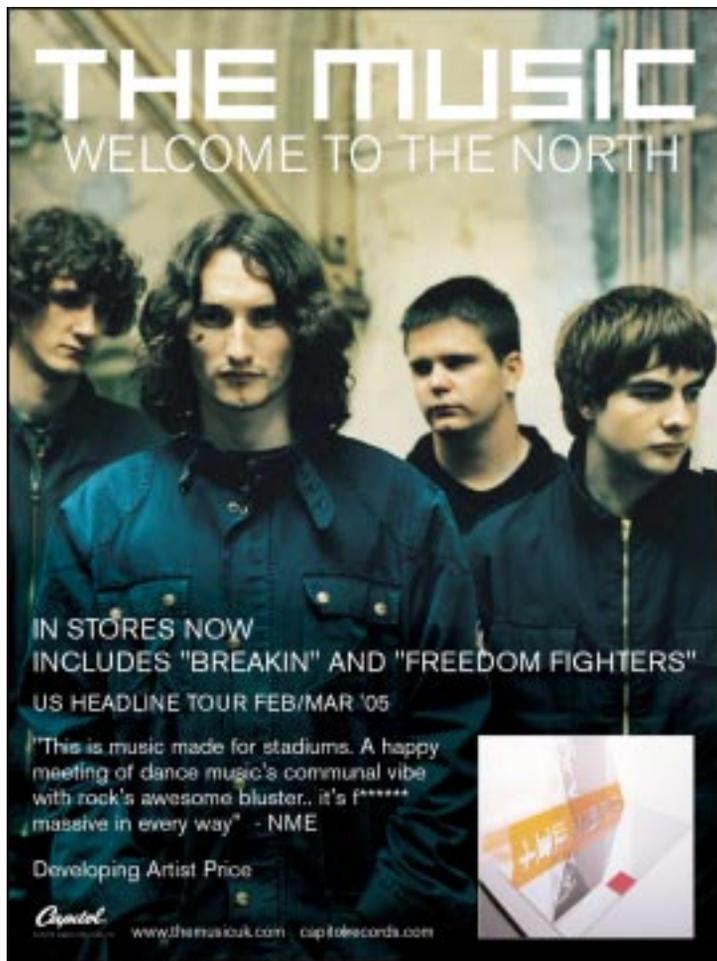
It could also be said that nothing has really changed and that Le Tigre will keep doing what they’ve been doing: making music, pushing their agenda and raising awareness about queer culture, women’s rights, the war in Iraq and more. Still, it’s hard to dismiss the palpable disappointment and concern about the country’s divisiveness. Fateman’s especially worried about—and a bit surprised by—the power of the religious right. “Our country is going to spend the next decade confronting the way the Christian right morality controls not just social issues here, but the way it actually controls foreign policy,” she says. For her, those who couch America in religious terminology represent a disconcerting segment of the population. “They think [the United States is] God’s country. I think Bush feels he has a divine right to go to war.”

Musically speaking, the reviews of the new record have been somewhat mixed, with some calling it too “tame.” There is always backlash when an indie icon goes major. Yet, despite the uneven response, crowds are still swarming to Le Tigre concerts, and Fateman is pleased to see some thought going into reviews as opposed to the requisite “Thank God for Le Tigre!” sentiment that surrounded them earlier on, when critics were thirsty for Kathleen Hanna and a smart band with a relevant message. “It makes me feel like we’re being treated like a real band,” Fateman says, as opposed to a one-take news item.

Ocasek, for one, feels that Le Tigre holds its own against any one of the “real bands” currently in the public eye. “As far as I’m concerned, they can be as big as anybody else,” he says confidently, though he admits to some apprehension of the Clear Channel machinery that tends to block intelligent bands from airplay. For him and for most fans probably, Le Tigre’s music goes hand-in-hand with their message, which will likely gather steam over the next four years as the country continues to polarize. Given the times, “that’s what we need,” says Ocasek. “People who say what’s going on and believe what they say.” **NMM**

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20 for 04

Yes, we know. The planet is drowning in “Best Of” lists and TV shows with lame-quipping C-level celebs. Stay tuned for the *100 Most Awesome Moments Of VH-1’s Most Awesome Moments Shows!* Pop will eat itself, indeed. So why another list? The goal was simply to say, these are 20 records we loved. These are the artists we told friends about when they asked, “What do you like?” “What’s new?” or, “Dude, can I burn that DFA comp from you?” Before you send hate mail, yes, we realize that Franz Ferdinand is not on this list. Are we saying that Mastodon or Nick Cave is really “better” than Franz Ferdinand? First, it’s not a contest. Secondly, yes.

Agree or disagree, here’s hoping you’ll find something in this list that makes you want to seek out something new. Nothing would make us happier. No, seriously, nothing would make us happier. We’re quite miserable.

Tell us we’re wrong. Or, God forbid, that we’re right: www.cmj.com/bb/

STORY: Christopher R. Weingarten, Steve Ciabattoni, Matt Field, Kory Grow and Owen Strock
THANKS: Tom Mallon, Nicole Keiper, Jerry Rubino and Chris White



TV On The Radio

Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes (Touch And Go)

As alien as *Sign O' The Times* sounded in 1987, *Daydream Nation* sounded in 1988 or *Stankonia* sounded in 2000, at least you could describe those records to your folks. When TV On The Radio's paranoiacore throber *Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes* dropped in March, it was indefinable, unlikely, impossible—Peter Gabriel goth, Ink Spots sputter, minimalistdoowopavantindietriumphrock. Hipster weirdos descended, then college radio (hitting number 1), then MTV2, NPR, the Hollywood machine (on the soundtrack to *The Manchurian Candidate*), the major-label-dominated Shortlist Music Prize, and their cover muses, the Pixies (offering them an opening slot). Be-fro'd TVOTR vocalist Kyp Malone, in a voice somewhere between shiver and shudder, has one moment after 14 months of touring to come up for air...

***Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes* was about the present. When you tour forever, is it easier or harder to live in the now?**

It's creepy how much the music we made a year ago is more poignant to us now. Having to answer the same questions about how strange it is that we're black and play indie music—which is the dumbest fucking question, but I've heard it a hundred times or more in the past year. I find myself singing the opening line of "The Wrong Way" over and over again ["Woke up in a magic nigger movie..."] in myriad situations. When things were looking really grim, I would sing "Dreams" ["All your dreams are over now..."]. And every time we had to deal with industry people in television. Overall, it's pretty fucking gross.

Well, the Shortlist Award ceremony looked like a total clusterfuck.

It was a total clusterfuck. I didn't even know what that was until we were nominated... It wasn't even an audience, they were paper cut-outs.

Have you been approached by majors yet?

Yeah. [Our opinion] changes all the time. It's really difficult to come home from seven weeks of tour with \$500 in your pocket that you know is going to rent. The Faint are completely self-sufficient, but they've been doing it for 10 years. I will not be in a van for the next 10 years. I'm not going to be absent from my daughter's life, miss her childhood and have no money to contribute to her well-being

Majors have the cash to help with that. But then you have to play MTV specials and weenie roasts.

I don't want to do those things. But I've done so many things in the past year that I didn't want to do. Photo shoots for some bullshit magazine that didn't even have a fucking article about music in it. And we're just wearing some jackass' clothes that I don't know and don't want to support... Standing in front of the camera with some vapid, negative bitch stylist making some stupid wisecracks. Those people make me want to join Al Qaeda.

We did this thing for a San Diego Fox affiliate. The whole time we were there, we were just thinking of Fox and what a cog in the death machine they are. All these inane nothing questions. We tried to steer the questions to the war in Iraq. We "ran out of time."

What was your reaction to the election?

We get whatever it is we deserve. But that's not really the way it is. Actually, a lot of people did come out and a lot of people did bust their ass trying to change the outcome. Tons of people I know, if I told them four or five years ago that they were gonna be in Florida or Ohio, knocking on strangers' doors, they would have laughed in my face. Everyone just started too late. It isn't enough to start a year before the election. I think that music can change the world and art can change the world... *Voting* hasn't done it yet!

Interview by Christopher R. Weingarten.

2



The Arcade Fire

Funeral (Merge)

The press won't shut up about these newcomers. That's nice, but the band hopes you can hear the music above all the noise.

"There is a noun associated with us," quips Will Butler, the Arcade Fire's non-touring fulltime member. "We do a lot of 'noun' rock."

That noun is bee-you-zee-zee, buzzzzz... And the press just can't stop talking about it since the Montreal septet released their debut, *Funeral* (Merge) in September. "It's like the hype is people saying there's hype; the buzz is people saying there's buzz," says Will's brother, Win Butler, the group's six-foot-five frontman. "It's kind of postmodern."

This fall, at the 2004 CMJ Music Marathon, when industry chatter and blog blather were at a fever pitch, mtv.com declared the band the "buzz of the ball." *The New York Times* asserted that no band "generated more excitement than this one." Scores of other papers and weeklies along the band's touring path mentioned the "b" word: *The Boston Globe*, Detroit's *MetroTimes*, St Paul's *Pioneer Press*, Boulder's *Daily Camera* and more.

Crammed with comp lunches, one industry hello after another and strange photo shoots (including one at old-money haunt the National Arts Club), the CMJ Marathon, Will Butler recalls, was "four days of not thinking." The band broadcasted a performance at the Museum Of Television And Radio so packed that co-sponsor KEXP's Kevin Cole had to clear the room of the record company VPs, A&R types and writers who had requested tickets.

The Arcade Fire warrants the special attention (and maybe even some hyperbole), but all this whirlwind attention around *Funeral* has sent their heads spinning.

"I don't really have the experience to weigh [this attention] against,"

says Win. "I don't know if it's normal or not. It's kind of like, 'Oh yeah, this is what happens when you put out a record.'"

Recently, the band played a crisp autumn concert at Philadelphia's First Unitarian Church—which regularly hosts touring punk/indie bands, and ranks among the few churches sporting a "Fuck U!" carved into a bathroom stall. They displayed their merch on a satin tablecloth, ornamented with Chinese folding fans, ceramic flowers, a handwritten mailing list and pins discreetly showcased in small glasses. Everything aligned perfectly, as if for a funeral wake.

Onstage, Win lurches left to right, straddle-legged and as cocky as Springsteen, as he sings "Rebellion (Lies)." His hopeful warble rides atop an eruptive mix of acoustic guitars, lush strings, xylophone and other instruments reminiscent of an elementary school music class. Régine Chassagne (Win's babyfaced wife) and her innocent Björk-like alto mesh with the rest of the band's innocent choruses, recalling the Polyphonic Spree, sans camp (despite two white plastic reindeer draped in Christmas lights). Redheaded Napoleon Dynamite lookalike Richard Parry periodically takes his hands off his bass to yell "Lies" into the mike, in between spasms of pogoing and fistbanging. During "Neighborhood #2 (Laïka)," Parry dons his signature motorcycle helmet, prompting a fan to yell, "Spaceballs!" When Will was writing the song, he thought the xylophone was too sparse. So he added hand-claps. Parry, thinking that sounded fun, started hitting random objects with drumsticks. This led to wearing a football helmet and asking Will to hit him over the head. But would Will wear one too? Will laughs, "I was like, 'I'll wear the helmet, but I don't know if I want to get hit in the head, because that seems like it would be loud.' But then we just sort of did it anyway, accidentally. It was like, 'Oh, oops... Now we're hitting each other in the head.'"

Story: Kory Grow Photo: Hilary Leftick

On stage, the 6'3" Parry teeters on the drumset, hitting anything at arms length, including a dangling football helmet (a tribute to Will, busy studying poetry at Northwestern University). The audience writhes and drives up the temperature. If they aren't singing along, they're shouting. Fans yell everything from "Fire!"—possibly the only appropriate time to yell this in a crowded theater—to "Everybody dance!" An elegant funeral soiree ensues.

The Butler brothers grew up in the Woodlands, a Houston suburb, and are both welcoming and outgoing. Will'll even drop a Disney-like "Garsh" instead of "Gosh" without the slightest bit of irony. The name and spirit of Arcade Fire were born in this dusty burb—in middle school an older student (coincidentally, the first person to beat Win up) told Win a grisly story about a video arcade that burned down, killing several local kids. With that sweltering image still pummeled into his head years later, the Arcade Fire formed in 2002 when Win, restless and disillusioned with college, moved from New York to Montreal with friend/recording pal/ex-Arcade Fireman Josh Deu.

In search of a drummer for his new band, Win met Chassagne, then a jazz vocalist. He was immediately drawn to her because "she's pretty and she looked kind of like a weirdo." They fell in love and married in August 2003. "Sometimes I wonder if we're fools for trying," Win says. "But we work really well together and we both have strong ideas and very different influences."

Win's influences revolve around a Cure fetish—watching his friends freak out as he performed the Cure's "Just Like Heaven" at a high school assembly is the reason he plays music professionally. Conversely, Chassagne logged seven years playing recorder and mandolin in a medieval music ensemble. The way classical musicians "can evoke this really subtle emotion through their instrument" deeply impresses her, and no doubt explains *Funeral's* ardent arrangements of xylophone, upright bass, harp, horns and string quartets.

"When my mom died, I just decided I was going to go for it, because I was keeping [music] as something secondary," Chassagne says. *Funeral* closes with "In The Backseat," with Chassagne singing tenderly about taking a cab to her mother's funeral, because her father never taught her to drive. She told the full story to the *Harvard Independent* in April. But, after months of bloodsucking press, she can now only muster, "Alice is my—my mom. That's it."

The influence of a rapid succession of family deaths looms large for the Arcade Fire, not only in the album title, but in the band's cover of the Alvin Rey Orchestra's "My Buddy" for a B-side. World War II-era big-band leader Alvin Rey was Win and Will's grandfather; they had heard the song for the first time at Rey's funeral last March. Death doesn't scare Win, who modeled *Funeral's* sepia-toned insert after Rey's wake program. He says, "I'm not the type of person who's like, 'You can live on forever in the memories of others.' I live such a sheltered life now. It's just hard to even seriously think about death."

Win, however, is thinking long and hard about his career. On the band's website he advises: "Don't play in a band for your life's work, put out a record and then search the Internet to hear people talk about it once it's out... it will make you feel sad and paranoid." Unlike major label artists, the Arcade Fire can always turn to its label's parents for advice; Merge Records' mom and pop, Laura Balance and Mac MacCaughan, are best known as members of indie rock titan Superchunk. Win says Balance reminded him that "a lot of people are having a really positive reaction to the record based upon [its] merits." But constant accolades, especially for your debut, can sometimes be ridiculously hard to accept. Balance recalls the first time she saw the band play Chapel Hill, North Carolina's "oldest hole in the wall," The Cave. "They said it was the second worst show they've ever played—but everybody was so blown away!" According to Win, it was "a bit of a disaster, but there was certainly a lot of energy. It's not every day you get to play in a novelty cave." Win's greatest fear is to fall so far into a routine that he's unaware of it, which makes him ultra-self-conscious about his music and much of his life. This way he's able to retain humility in the face of journalistic drool (yes, even in the article you're reading right now!).

"I think [*Funeral* is] a great step forward from stuff we were doing before," Win says, "I think that my and Richard's singing is a lot better and the drum sound is better, but it isn't like, 'Oh sweet, now we've done it and now I feel great.' When people start talking that way, [it] makes me a little crazy... It's easy to get people to blow smoke up your ass."

Win claims the band is too wrapped up in touring to even consider offers from other labels wooing them from Merge. At one point during CMJ, the group went to dinner with music mogul Seymour Stein, the onetime Sire founder who signed the Talking Heads, Madonna and the Ramones. But rather than make an offer the band couldn't refuse, Stein regaled them with stories of the Dead Boys, the Ramones... and the Barenaked Ladies. "No, no," Will remembers, laughing, "Tell us more about Madonna climbing the flagpole!"

Since the CMJ Marathon, the band has gone to No. 1 on Canadian college radio and garnered a guest list request from David Byrne, who sent the band a glowing email afterwards. However, the email added that drunken concertgoers surrounding him saying, "It's your song!" during Fire's cover of "This Must Be The Place" sufficiently weirded him out.

Although Win says the band considers all this "buzz" a big joke, *The New York Times* feature gave the bandmembers something legitimate to show their folks and fam. "My dad is trying to get what we're doing a bit—he listens to Joan Baez and the Kingston Trio. So for people with no background in that type of music to be able to appreciate it," says Win, "it means that there's something there."

"I hope there's something timeless about what we're doing, although I don't necessarily expect there is, but that's always the goal... I think."



Mastodon

Leviathan (Relapse)

Hands down the best metal slab of 2004, *Leviathan* connects everything you missed in English class about *Moby-Dick* while you were in the back row scrawling Melvins logos on your Trapper Keeper. On their second disc, these Atlanta's shitkickers play hulkingly grizzled-yet-precise trü-metal: haggard enough to open for Slayer, too ugly for Ozzfest.

The Best Places To Get Soused In 2004

By Brann Dailor, drummer, Mastodon

1. El Myr, Atlanta

That's where [guitarist] Bill [Kelliher] used to work—roll burritos up and stuff. They have burritos the size of your head. It's about a minute drive from our practice space. After a really awesome practice, especially when we were writing *Leviathan*, if we just wrote a song that was good or worthy, we'd definitely have to stop in and have a few pints. We always say to ourselves, let's just stop in and have one drink. But that never actually works out, because we always end up having like 15.

2. The Star Bar, Atlanta

I used to work the door there and do sound there. We used to play there back in the day—so, uh, not too long ago.

3. Tabernacle, Atlanta

Opening up for Slayer in our hometown. My father came down to check out the show. It was Thanksgiving, so we drove all night to get home. I was afraid I was going to overeat and get behind the kit and be a worthless lump. So, I drank like three Red Bulls. So the Red Bull is down in my stomach trying to work it out with the turkey, like, "C'mon turkey, get the fuck out of here, we've got a show to do." And the turkey was like, "Relax! It's cool, just sit down and chill out." But the Red Bull fucking beat it out.

4. Europe, Eastern Hemisphere

When we go to Europe, it's always like a cool beer adventure. We're going to be in Belgium tomorrow—probably get some Duvel or some Leffe. They got like a thousand beers. Spaten, brewed by monks and stuff. It's pretty intense.



Mark Lanegan Band

Bubblegum (Beggars Banquet)

In the 1990s, our August cover boy Mark Lanegan and his Screaming Trees got lumped into the grunge bin with Soundgarden, Pearl Jam and Nirvana. As a solo act, he's getting lumped in with even better company: PJ Harvey, Tom Waits, Nick Cave. PJ and Josh Homme even show up on *Bubblegum* to bask in Mark's creepy glow. Next time someone says to you "that artist was better when they were doing drugs," shove a wad of Lanegan's *Bubblegum* in their face.



Joanna Newsom

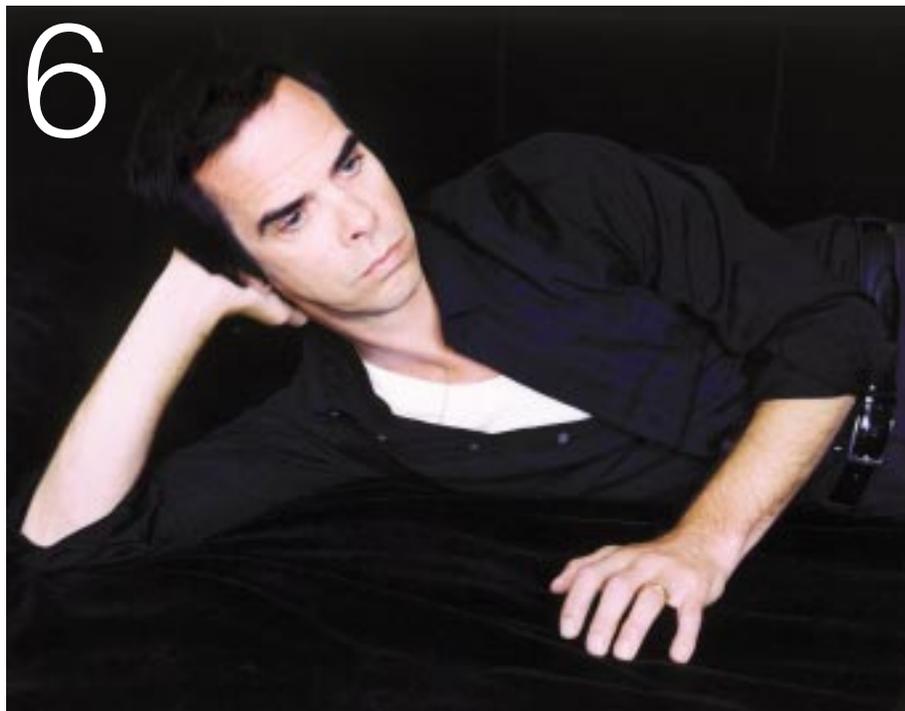
The Milk-Eyed Mender (Drag City)

Anyone else who mentions Eminem in reference to Nellie McKay gets a boot to the grille. Although she's an occasionally elfin, harp-pluckin', Appalachia-obsessed, dreamy folkie, Joanna Newsom mostly speaks to our hip-hop zeitgeist—rhyme schemes as convoluted as MF Doom's and curious coo that always sounds like a sped-up Kanye joint. Oh, and she drew us this cool picture!



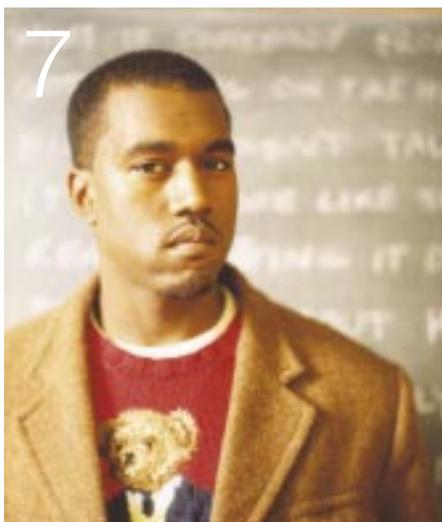
Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds

Abattoir Blues/The Lyre Of Orpheus (Anti)



On this double-disc gospel-goth revival, Nick Cave touches the hem of His garment with a little help from the London Community Gospel Choir, adding some religion to his Sapphic follies and cannibal hymns. Prompted by erstwhile Bad Seed and Neubauten klanger Blixa Bargeld's absence, Cave has opened up his arrangements and created his most introspective and rollicking disc since *Let Love In*. And he knows it.

Nick on Nick: "I think it's fucking great, this record. I really do. I've actually listened to it a lot and, you know, just think it's really good. I don't normally say that about records at all. This just sounds really good."



Kanye West

The College Dropout
(Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam)

The lines between mainstream and underground hip-hop finally began to blur; abstractionists like Murs and Vast Aire rediscovered their street savvy while mainstream cats like Ghostface and Cee-Lo rediscovered their inner weirdo. In the middle was Kanye West, the "first nigga with a Benz and a backpack," plus the first black voice focusing on the same self-doubt that Em and Slug have been espousing for years—all with beats that are straight butter.

Liars

*They Were Wrong,
So We Drowned (Mute)*

Their rigid post-punk boogie was left exhausted in a greasy pile in downtown Williamsburg. Exploring the open forests of New Jersey, Liars dug up a sampler, some pedals and some *Bad Moon Rising*, resulting in a critically panned but ultimately addictive hypno-skronk deathdance ritual. Chances are, you owe it another listen.

Twelve Seconds With The Liars

CMJ: Unlike your last record, we can't imagine this record getting any mainstream radio airplay whatsoever.

GUITARIST AARON HEMPHILL: Keep that on the down low when you're in the [Mute] HQ
VOCALIST/GUITARIST ANGUS ANDREW: We're putting out singles, you know.

CMJ: What song?

ANDREW: The third one.

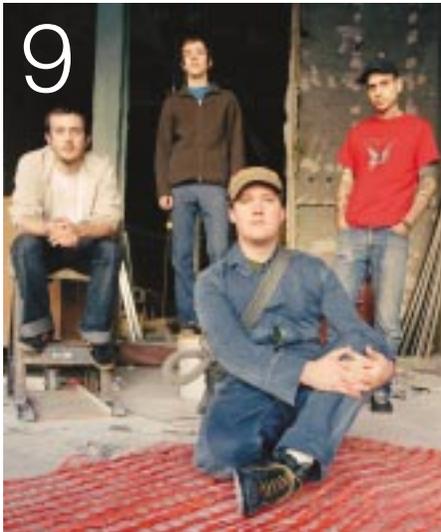
CMJ: How does that one go?

ANDREW: Dana *na na*, Dananana *na na*

CMJ: What's the chorus on that one?

ANDREW: Do we have choruses?





9

Modest Mouse

Good News For People Who Love Bad News (Epic)

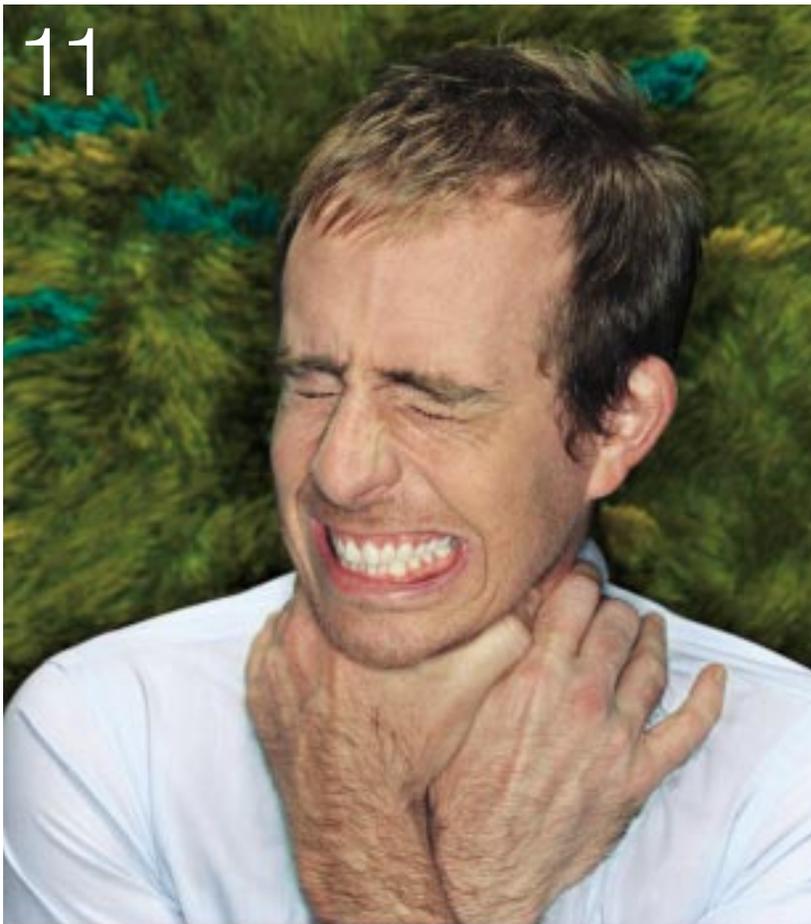
Holy crap! Was that just Modest Mouse on *Saturday Night Live*? They sold how many copies?



10

cLOUDDEAD *Ten* (Mush)

People get readymade! Dada-hop trio cLOUDDEAD (R.I.P.) made a sonic situationist manifesto, collaging the found-sound of 1950's Wilcox-Gay Recordio discs, the crackle of scratchy yard sale record samples, field recordings of crack-addict tantrums, little sister singalongs and homemade instruments galore. They painted them into catchy pop songs and the result recalls Negativland, Boards Of Canada, Tortoise, William S. Burroughs and Flying Saucer Attack... But some folks just call it hip-hop.



11

Ted Leo/ Pharmacists

Shake The Sheets (Lookout!)

The day October *CMJ* cover boy Ted Leo sells out will be the day we all pack it in, start driving SUVs and eating meat 24-7. His informed lefty look makes him an incorruptible indie icon with cred out the wazoo, but that never overshadows what Ted does on stage and on record. Watching Leo sweat and scream out the best punk/ska/pop of his generation makes us want to be better people—and it's sad Joltin' Joe Strummer wasn't around to put this on his best of 2004 list...

12



PJ Harvey

Uh Huh Her (Island)

PJ Harvey—gritty and pristine, simple and complicated, humble and impenitent. *Uh Huh Her* marries all of her inexplicable opposites, ranging from 4-track-quality demos (“Who The Fuck?”) to intricate romantic revelations (“Shame”). Rarely does a disc this honest come from a major label... or at all.

Eyvind Kang

Virginal Co Ordinates
(Ipecac)

This solo outing from avant-violinist Eyvind Kang deals in lush minimalism, touching those parts of us that love Steve Reich, Tony Conrad, Kronos Quartet and Henryk Górecki. It's classic, ambient, goth and easily the most beautiful album ever to feature a guest vocal from Mike Patton. Ask Eyvind an open-ended question sometime...

“If you ask me, we have some really big problems to face in music these days, not the least of which is the systematic violation of tones. I think that we could talk to notes as an architect may talk to bricks. We could ask a note, “What are you? Where do you want to go? What instrument should intone you?” This would be the most direct way to absolve pedagogies of their differences. Also, it could help to reverse the process where composers manipulate musicians, who in turn, manipulate the notes. There's a story that Morton Feldman said to Stockhausen, “Notes don't like to be pushed around,” and he replied “Not even a little bit?” —Eyvind Kang

13



14 Madvillain

Madvillainy (Stones Throw)

America's Most Blunted, MF Doom and Madlib, bridge both twisted coasts with a record so warm and weeded it leaves speakers strangely hungry for corn chips. MF Doom's veteran street yarns fit seamlessly into the offbeat embrace of Madlib's SP-1200, jumping ceaselessly (and gloriously erratically) from idea to idea, leaving a wake of smoked mics and smoked dutches. *Madvillainy* may not be heavy on attention span, but its grab bag of vinyl hiss, saliva spit and straight soul makes Rastas and narcs alike snap their necks.

The Top Five Liquors By MF Doom

1. Olde English “800”
2. Miller Genuine Draft
3. St. Ides
4. Colt 45
5. Coqui 900

The Top 5 Kinds Of Hydro Also by MF Doom

1. Sour Diesel
2. Sour Diesel
3. Sour Diesel
4. Sour Diesel
5. Sour Diesel





15 Animal Collective

Sung Tongs (FatCat)

Too clamorous for the Barrett-addled avant-folk crazy diamonds, too tender for the oscillator-pounding noisepunk brigade, Avey Tare, Panda Bear, Geologist and Sea Deakin cobbled together a curious collage of campfire chants, feral moans and meowing kitties. They shudder and tumble like rural Maryland, but live in New York bustle.

Four Ways To Spend Your New Year In NYC In 2005 By Avey Tare, Animal Collective

1. Eat Hot Wings at Atomic Wings with Rob Carmichael

Not only does Rob Carmichael run, work at and supervise the coolest label in NYC—Catsup Plate Records—he also has an urge to continually prove to the Animal Collective and to anyone else that he is a champion wing eater over at Atomic Wings on First Avenue.

2. Watch *Possession*

Possession, 1981, directed by Andrzej Zulawski and starring Sam Neill and Isabelle Adjani is a special, special film. If you like movies that make you stand up, leave the room and ask, “What exactly is going on,” you’ll be thanking me for this recommendation for many years to come.

3. Sit around and not listen to the Rolling Stones with Eric Copeland

One of the best things to do in south Brooklyn is sit around and smoke a lot of grass and listen to African records with Eric Copeland. You probably will hear S.E. Rogie, Sidi Toure, Boubacar Traore, Thione Seck, African Brothers Dance Band, Zexie Manatsa And The Green Arrows and the Peacocks International Guitar Band. There has never been a better time to not listen to the Rolling Stones.

4. Party on President St.

The rum and vodka flow like water and the speakers kick out all of this year’s favorite hip-hop and soca hits. Ask for Dwight and you’ll get the hook-up with free beer.

Interpol

Antics (Matador)

Curse you Interpol! Don’t you know we critics had our backlash puns already written? Such as: Not-so-*Bright Lights* for the new Interpol! Guess they’ll really be sleeping on couches now! And, er, uh, Joy Division? More like *Crap Division*! Gosh, we should write for that Jay Leno program. But seriously, *Antics*, is one of the most compact and catchy alt records to leave New York all millennium and Interpol’s steady run atop our charts earlier this year proves that.



16

Adem 17

Homesongs (Domino)

In between making records with pal Kieran Hebden (a.k.a. Four Tet), Adem Ilhan fashioned the most achingly beautiful acoustic neo-whatever album on his side of the Atlantic. As rippling guitars, sprightly autoharps and cooing harmonies abound, *Homesongs* made him the U.K. kindred spirit to Iron And Wine. Don't think Adem's all about the soft, pastoral rock, though; the dude shared a bill with noisemakers Hella.



18

Blonde Redhead

Misery Is A Butterfly (4AD)

Financed by the band (and recorded with Fugaziguy Guy Picciotto) before shopping it to a label, *Misery* sufficiently quashes any lingering comparisons to S**** Y**** and severs any remaining ties to the avant-chic hipster crowd, supplanting self-conscious artiness with naked pathos.

The Best Horses

**By Amedeo Pace, guitar/vocalist,
Blonde Redhead**

All of our partners who live in Cedar Crest Equestrian Center [70 secluded acres in the Millbrook Hunt Country of Dutchess County, New York] are our favorite horses, but then again there are so many amazing horses out there. As long as they have a good life, they always have friendship to offer. Once we went to a place on tour where all the horses needed some help. We refused to ride and told them what we thought they were doing. [When we can't ride on tour], we feel sickly. We usually manage to find a way to spend some time with them.



19 Prince Po

The Slickness (Lex)

Rhyme-spitter from early '90s cult-faves Organized Konfusion, Prince Po's verbose, labyrinthine, cosmic flows influenced such avant-street heroes as Wu-Tang and Cannibal Ox. Trying his hand at eloquent party rhymes and entertaining love jams on his solo bid (with help from MF Doom and Raekwon), Po has become even more transfixing.

The Slickness co-producer J-Zone speaks...

Yeah, Prince is the muthafuckin' man. I grew up on his music and he's from my neighborhood—Jamaica, Queens. Not only did he get two beats from me, but he also let me rap on his album. I do beats all the time, but most folks don't put me on their albums to rap because I say that smooth-ass Luther Vandross shit. But Prince was cool enough to let me get on the album and rap about being drunk and [accidentally] urinating on some random girl.

I also wanna thank that *XXL* review of *The Slickness* that dissed my beat. It's about time I got some ink in the main album reviews section!

Secret Machines

Now Here Is Nowhere
(Reprise)

Secret Machines make those timid, insular Echo And The Bunnymen hooks sound big. Malfunctioning Zoltar machine big. Pink Floyd flying a bloody pig into your living room big. Thank major label money for the hugeness, but thank Secret Machines for the bombastic hooks, post-Drozd drum pummel, infectious krautrock lilt and, yes, even the light show.



virgin helps...



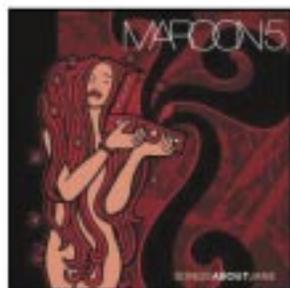
Coheed and Cambria
In Keeping Secrets of Silent Earth: 3
CD



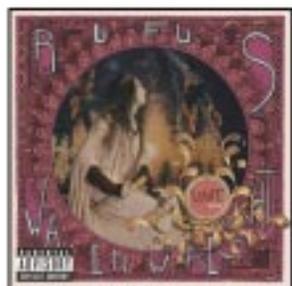
Howie Day
Stop All the World Now
CD



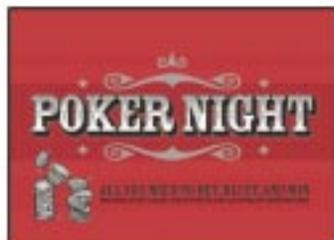
Lil Jon
Crunk Juice
CD



Maroon 5
Songs About Jane
CD



Rufus Wainwright
Want Two
CD



Poker Night
Scott McNeely
BOOK

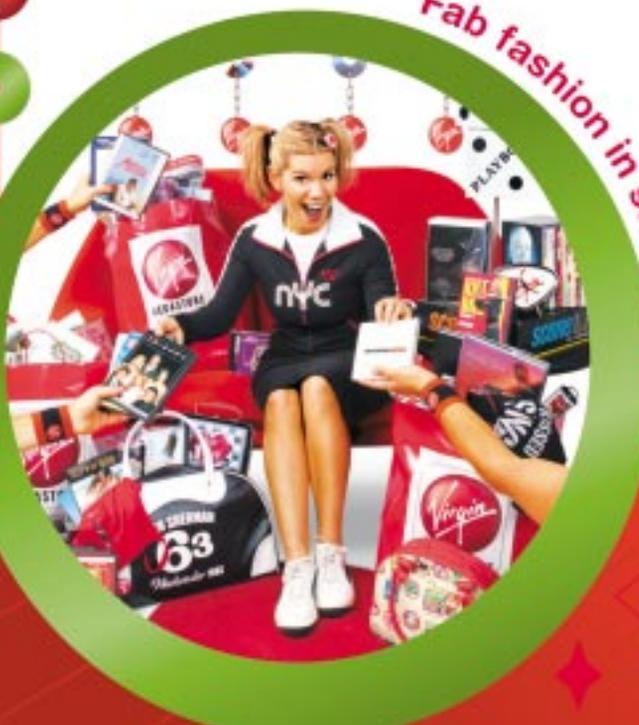


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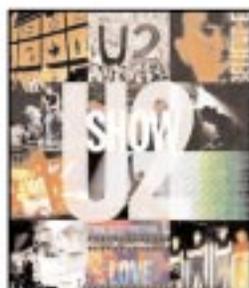
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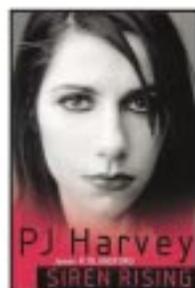
The Beatles
The Capitol Albums
Vol. 1
CD



Nirvana
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U2: Show
Diana Scrimgeour
BOOK



PJ Harvey:
Siren Rising
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WELL HUNG ARTISTS

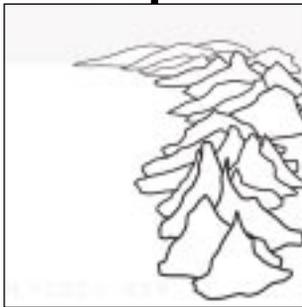
THE VOTES ARE IN*



ISIS
Panopticon (Ipecac)



EL-P
Collecting The Kid (Definitive Jux)



ULYSSES
010 (Eenie Meenie)



HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL
White People (Atlantic-Elektra)

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Lexington, KY 40508

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#1 COLLEGE RADIO FUTUREHEADS

The future of college radio sounds like new wave's past!

HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL

MOST ADDED: OH MY GOD, THEY'RE STILL GORGEOUS!

U2

Publicity-shy act lands atop retail... Top radio debut, too!

RPM

DOMINO'S ULRICH SCHNAUSS IS IN THE HAUS!

ALERT 893 If you feast on Xbox brains, are you still vegan? Austin, Texas-based Aspyr Media, Inc., is set to release *Stubbs The Zombie: The Soundtrack* on March 15. The undead comp will complement the *Stubbs The Zombie* video game, the latest digital opus designed by Alex Seropian, founder of Bungie Studios and most notably, the producer of the timesucking bestseller *Halo*. *Stubbs* is one of the first video game soundtracks to feature all original recordings, as opposed to the licensed music most games employ. The game is set in fictional Punchbowl, Pennsylvania in 1959, and the soundtrack features current indie favorites covering some of that era's classics (the Raveonettes warn that "My Boyfriend's Back," Ben Kweller wants his "Lollipop," Death Cab For Cutie wishes for an "Earth Angel," and Clem Snide cries "Tears On My Pillow"). Also featured on the soundtrack are the Flaming Lips, the Walkmen, Phantom Planet and Aspyr's own signing, Milton Mapes. Using an updated *Halo* engine, players step into the role of Stubbs, a wisecracking zombie who takes on an ultra-modern city built during the Eisenhower administration to show off the ultra-futuristic technology of the 21st century. Using nothing but his own carcass and the weapons of his possessed enemies, Stubbs' search for revenge quickly escalates into a full-throttle quest for justice, redemption and, *mmmm, brains*. Oh, and it's a love story, too! The soundtrack lands before the game, which will be a cross-platform release, available for Xbox, PC and Mac. Although we hear those brainy zombies prefer Linux.



STUBBS: DEAD-ALIVE WITH PLEASURE



KWELLER: OJ AND BRAINS TO START THE DAY

★ Palm is set to release *Sounds Eclectic 3* on January 11. *Sounds Eclectic 3* is KCRW's eighth collection of live recordings from the station's *Morning Becomes Eclectic* program, hosted by Nic Harcourt. The 13-song compilation includes tracks from Interpol, the Polyphonic Spree, My Morning Jacket and Steve Earle. We dig Radiohead's acoustic version of "Go To Sleep" and Iron And Wine's super take on the Flaming Lips' "Superman." And please stop asking our pal Nic if he's Ed Harcourt's brother. He's not.

★ Somehow, the Flaming Lips aren't part of this project, but it's the best cover album we've heard in a long time. Alt-violinist and more, Petra Haden (daughter of bass great Charlie Haden and brother of plaintive plucker Josh of Spain fame) has re-recorded *The Who Sell Out* in its entirety... *a capella!* Take that, Björk! The talented Ms. Haden even performed the mock TV commercials that made the original such an odd listen to begin with. We definitely prefer this form of selling out to the way the Who subsequently did by licensing classic tracks to a recent rash of TV commercials... and the *CSI* theme. Eep.

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**CMJ
RADIO
200**

PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 478
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TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	3	6	1	5	FUTUREHEADS The Futureheads	StarTime-Sire
2	2	3	2	5	TED LEO AND THE PHARMACISTS Shake The Sheets	Lookout!
3	1	1	1	8	ELLIOTT SMITH From A Basement On The Hill	Anti
4	4	4	4	6	NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS Abattoir Blues...	Anti
5	6	14	5	5	NEKO CASE The Tigers Have Spoken	Anti
6	9	15	6	4	LUNA Rendezvous	Jetset
7	13	34	7	11	DEATH FROM ABOVE 1979 You're A Woman, I'm A Machine	Vice
8	5	2	1	9	TOM WAITS Real Gone	Anti
9	28	—	9	2	MATES OF STATE All Day [EP]	Polyvinyl
10	8	9	8	7	BLOOD BROTHERS Crimes	V2
11	7	5	1	10	INTERPOL Antics	Matador
12	14	18	12	6	JIMMY EAT WORLD Futures	Interscope
13	22	31	13	7	STRAYLIGHT RUN Straylight Run	Victory
14	17	21	14	9	ZUTONS Who Killed... The Zutons	Sony
15	15	12	11	8	VHS OR BETA Night On Fire	Astralwerks
16	26	35	16	8	HIDDEN CAMERAS Mississauga Goddam	Rough Trade
17	12	10	10	7	MOVING UNITS Dangerous Dreams	Palm
18	11	7	7	8	CAKE Pressure Chief	Columbia
19	19	19	15	9	JOSEPH ARTHUR Our Shadows Will Remain	Vector
20	16	13	7	8	PINBACK Summer In Abaddon	Touch And Go
21	10	8	6	8	Q AND NOT U Power	Dischord
22	—	—	22	1	U2 How To Dismantle An Atomic Bomb	Interscope
23	18	24	18	6	MUSIC Welcome To The North	Capitol
24	25	22	7	12	ARCADE FIRE Funeral	Merge
25	21	16	9	10	LE TIGRE This Island	Strummer-Universal
26	38	43	26	5	ULYSSES 010	Eenie Meenie
27	50	63	27	3	DONNAS Gold Medal	Atlantic
28	24	23	6	10	WILLIAM SHATNER Has Been	Shout! Factory
29	—	—	29	1	DFA COMPILATION #2 Various Artists	DFA
30	46	52	30	4	MOS DEF The New Danger	Geffen
31	23	11	5	8	BRIAN WILSON Smile	Nonesuch
32	20	26	20	6	ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES Ruin...	Fat Wreck Chords
33	39	51	33	4	LEONARD COHEN Dear Heather	Columbia
34	29	17	2	10	THE FAINT Wet From Birth	Saddle Creek
35	164	—	35	2	SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS MOVIE Soundtrack	Sire
36	47	49	36	8	BEN HARPER AND THE BLIND BOYS... There Will Be A Light	Virgin
37	49	42	37	8	AUTOLUX Future Perfect	DMZ-Red Ink
38	27	28	27	5	FRANK BLACK FRANCIS Frank Black Francis	spinART
39	44	61	39	3	JELLO BIAFRA AND THE MELVINS Never...	Alternative Tentacles
40	184	183	40	3	HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL White People	Geffen
41	33	36	28	7	LATE, GREAT DANIEL JOHNSTON:... Various Artists	Gammon
42	—	—	42	1	MF DOOM MM..Food	Rhymesayers
43	30	29	15	10	GREEN DAY American Idiot	Reprise
44	42	44	42	7	KID DAKOTA The West Is The Future	Chair Kickers' Union
45	141	—	45	2	PREFECTS Amateur Wankers	Acute
46	43	48	43	6	HOPE OF THE STATES The Lost Riots	Epic
47	36	30	15	9	CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN New Roman Times	Pitch-A-Tent
48	54	82	48	3	MASSIVE ATTACK Danny The Dog	Virgin
49	52	65	49	3	NOFX The Greatest Songs Ever Written (By Us)	Epitaph
50	40	39	37	7	DE LA SOUL The Grind Date	Sanctuary

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TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
51	35	40	35	8	MOSQUITOS Sunshine Barato	Bar None
52	31	27	20	7	R.E.M. Around The Sun	Warner Bros.
53	41	38	35	7	PRESIDENTS OF THE U.S.A. Love Everybody	Pusa Inc
54	37	33	22	8	DEVENDRA BANHART Nino Rojo	Young God
55	101	101	55	3	FATALES Pretty In Pixels	Self-Released
56	62	110	56	3	RAZORLIGHT Up All Night	Universal
57	75	88	57	4	HOW SOON IS NOW... Various Artists	Rykodisc
58	83	105	58	4	THE FLESH The Flesh	Gern Blandsten
59	65	57	57	4	A PERFECT CIRCLE eMOTive	Virgin
60	107	143	60	3	ANOMOANON Joji	Temporary Residence
61	63	67	61	5	CUB COUNTRY Stay Poor/Stay Happy	Future Farmer
62	32	25	19	10	ELVIS COSTELLO The Delivery Man	Lost Highway
63	70	90	63	4	LAZARUS Like Trees We Grow...	Temporary Residence
64	80	146	64	3	OWEN I Do Perceive	Polyvinyl
65	56	55	55	5	ALOHA Here Comes Everyone	Polyvinyl
66	66	93	66	4	STRUNG OUT Exile In Oblivion	Fat Wreck Chords
67	89	117	67	4	SOLEDAD BROTHERS Voice Of Treason	Sanctuary
68	96	131	68	3	I CAN MAKE A MESS... I Can Make A Mess...	Drive-Thru
69	48	37	4	11	BLACK KEYS Rubber Factory	Fat Possum
70	34	20	8	10	FLOGGING MOLLY Within A Mile Of Home	Side One Dummy
71	71	125	71	3	VANISHING Still Lives Are Falling	Gold Standard Laboratories
72	72	85	72	5	ARIEL PINK'S HAUNTED GRAFFITI The Doldrums	Paw Tracks
73	172	—	73	2	EYES LIKE KNIVES Slow Distractions	Dopamine
74	76	111	74	4	HOT IQ'S An Argument Between...	Morning After Records
75	103	122	75	4	PINEY GIR Peakahokahoo	Greyday
76	98	129	76	3	BIG D AND THE KIDS TABLE How It Goes?	Springman
77	151	—	77	2	ULRICH SCHNAUSS A Strangely Isolated Place	Domino
78	95	58	58	5	BOOKS ON TAPE The Business End	Greyday
79	178	121	79	3	DITTY BOPS Ditty Bops	Warner Bros.
80	86	83	80	5	LEGENDARY SHACK SHAKERS Believe	Yep Roc
81	99	—	81	2	MASERATI/CINEMECANICA... Split	Hello Sir
82	—	—	82	1	TSUNAMI BOMB Definitive Act	Kung Fu
83	93	107	83	3	MAN MAN Man Man	Ace Fu
84	55	70	55	6	SUBTLE A New White	Lex
85	78	97	78	5	THE SNAKE THE CROSS THE CROWN Mander Salis	Equal Vision
86	79	104	79	3	SLEEPYTIME GORILLA MUSEUM Of Natural History	Mimicry
87	51	41	11	9	DELGADOS Universal Audio	Chemikal Underground-Transdreamer
88	111	—	88	2	HEIRUSPECS A Tiger Dancing	Razor And Tie
89	73	75	73	5	CASTANETS Cathedral	Asthmatic Kitty
90	57	47	42	8	TALIB KWELI The Beautiful Struggle	Geffen
91	77	94	77	5	GOURDS Blood Of The Ram	Eleven Thirty
92	—	—	92	1	ONEIDA Nice./Splittin' Peaches	Ace Fu
93	84	123	84	5	GRATITUDE You're Invited	Velvet Hammer-Atlantic
94	—	—	94	1	MY ROBOT FRIEND Hot Action!	Proptronix
95	69	115	69	3	UNKLE Never, Never, Land	Global Underground
96	120	109	96	5	YOURCODENAMEIS:MILO All Roads... [EP]	Beggars Banquet
97	105	—	97	2	TRAVIS Singles	Sony
98	91	69	69	7	KIMYA DAWSON Hidden Vagenda	K
99	—	—	99	1	RUFUS WAINWRIGHT Want Two	Interscope
100	67	87	67	5	BEANS Shock City Maverick	Warp

CMJ RADIO 200

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TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
101	53	53	52	8	ROBYN HITCHCOCK Spooked	Yep Roc
102	112	149	102	4	ISIDORE Isidore	Brash
103	100	71	61	11	ZAP MAMA Ancestry In Progress	Luaka Bop
104	85	137	85	4	WOVEN HAND Consider The Birds	Sounds Familyre
105	122	—	105	2	SAINT ETIENNE Travel Edition (1990-2005)	Sub Pop
106	168	178	106	3	DOLOREAN Violence In The Snowy Fields	Yep Roc
107	58	95	58	4	ISIS Panopticon	Ipecac
108	82	92	82	7	JAPAN FOR SALE VOL. 4 Various Artists	Tofu Records
109	114	119	109	5	CODESEVEN Dancing Echoes/Dead Sounds	Equal Vision
110	90	106	90	4	REEVE OLIVER Reeve Oliver	Militia Group
111	110	199	110	3	BRAZZAVILLE Welcome To Brazzaville	Mimicry
112	123	132	112	4	FRIENDS LIKE THESE Deliver Us From Evil	Self-Released
113	—	—	113	1	BEAKERS Four Steps Toward A Cultural Revolution	K
114	60	46	46	7	AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB Love Songs For Patriots	Merge
115	117	189	115	3	GREATER CALIFORNIA Somber Wurflitzer	Self-Released
116	61	45	27	10	EXPLOSION Black Tape	Virgin
117	136	68	7	13	RILO KILEY More Adventurous	Brute/Beaute-Warner Bros.
118	88	64	64	5	HEM Eveningland	Waveland-Rounder
119	45	32	13	8	HOT SNAKES Audit In Progress	Swami
120	64	76	64	6	TV ON THE RADIO "New Health Rock" [single]	Touch And Go
121	135	—	121	2	CHIN UP CHIN UP We Should Have Never...	Flameshovel
122	104	54	54	7	SMOOSH She Like Electric	Pattern 25
123	74	80	68	8	THE USED In Love And Death	Reprise
124	118	175	118	3	ASTAIRE Don't Whisper Lies	Wax Divine
125	116	120	116	6	VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Adiccion, Tradicion Y Revolucion	Victory
126	92	73	73	6	HELLACOPTERS By The Grace Of God	Liquor And Poker
127	132	128	99	7	UNCUT Those Who Were Hung Hang Here	Paper Bag
128	147	194	128	3	BARS Introducing...	Equal Vision
129	124	155	124	5	PS Double Standards	Speechless
130	—	—	130	1	ROSES ARE RED Conversations	Trustkill
131	—	—	131	1	SKATING CLUB The Unfound Sound	Kimchee
132	109	66	40	11	BLUES EXPLOSION Damage	Sanctuary
133	134	195	133	3	HOPE FOR AGOLDENSUMMER I Bought A Heart...	Self-Released
134	129	142	129	3	WRANGLER BRUTES Zulu	Kill Rock Stars
135	106	79	72	9	CHEVELLE This Type Of Thinking (Could Do Us In)	Epic-Sony
136	128	159	128	3	RONDO BROTHERS No Time Left On Earth	Coup De Grace
137	161	—	137	2	CHRIS THILE Deceiver	Sugar Hill
138	—	—	138	1	BLUEPRINT Chamber Music	Weightless
139	—	—	139	1	CHICKS ON SPEED 99 Cents	Chicks On Speed
140	—	—	140	1	BRIGHT EYES Ten Song Sampler	Saddle Creek
141	—	—	141	1	EMERGENCY MUSIC Kiss The Culprit	Man With A Gun
142	—	—	142	1	GRAVENHURST Black Holes In The Sand	Warp
143	102	74	74	8	DOSH Pure Trash	Anticon
144	87	116	87	5	AND YOU WILL KNOW US... "Worlds Apart" [single]	Interscope
145	150	160	145	4	DJ RUPTURE Special Gunpowder	Tigerbeat6
146	—	—	146	1	SON, AMBULANCE Key	Saddle Creek
147	176	—	147	2	ELYSIAN FIELDS Dreams That Breathe Your Name	Diluvian
148	127	126	91	12	MADELEINE PEYROUX Careless Love	Rounder
149	198	181	149	3	LOST SOUNDS Lost Sounds	In The Red
150	—	—	150	1	TELEPHONE JIM JESUS A Point Too Far To Astronaut	Anticon

CMJ RADIO 200

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TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
151	155	147	147	4	ENJOY EVERY SANDWICH... Various Artists	Artemis
152	—	—	152	1	PUFFY AMIYUMI Hi Hi Puffy Amiyumi	Sony
153	167	127	127	5	ONLY CHILDREN Change Of Living	Glurp
154	153	176	150	4	CHRIS JOSS You've Been Spiked	ESL
155	—	—	155	1	SIGUR ROS Von	One Little Indian
156	—	—	156	1	BETTYE SWANN Bettye Swann	Honest Jons-Astralwerks
157	81	91	26	10	DIZZEE RASCAL Showtime	XL-Matador
158	162	196	158	3	KANE HODDER The Pleasure To Remain...	Suburban Home
159	113	192	113	4	VICTORY AT SEA Memories Fade	Gern Blandsten
160	—	—	160	1	SHANGHAI VALENTINE Shanghai Valentine	Self-Released
161	119	—	119	2	CHANNEL Personalized	C-Side
162	—	—	162	1	DOLLYROTS Eat My Heart Out	Panic Button
163	121	59	59	10	FEATURES Exhibit A	Universal
164	126	—	110	5	MIX MASTER MIKE Bangzilla	Scratch-Immortal
165	185	—	107	9	VAL EMMICH Slow Down Kid	Red Ink
166	R	198	166	2	PSAPP Tiger, My Friend	Leaf
167	R	165	61	10	LEGENDS Up Against The Legends	Lakeshore
168	59	60	22	11	MEDESKI MARTIN AND WOOD End Of The World Party...	Blue Note
169	131	124	73	7	RICHARD BUCKNER Dents And Shells	Merge
170	140	168	140	4	BULLETS AND OCTANE Revelry	Criterion
171	R	—	5	26	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
172	180	—	172	2	WILLY MASON Where The Humans Eat	Team Love
173	—	—	173	1	ELECTROPUTAS 3	Social Registry
174	—	—	174	1	MXPX The A/C EP	Side One Dummy
175	183	72	53	8	WOLF EYES Burned Mind	Sub Pop
176	182	153	153	5	CARRIER Carrier	Hideaway
177	138	182	138	3	STARS Set Yourself On Fire	Arts And Crafts
178	68	50	47	8	JUNIOR BOYS Last Exit	Domino
179	187	—	179	2	BRANDON WIARD Painting A Burning Building	Orchard
180	—	—	180	1	PEARL JAM Rearviewmirror (Greatest Hits 1991-2003)	Epic-Sony
181	—	—	181	1	SKATES Lord Of The Rinks	Unschooler
182	130	77	77	7	FRAUSDOTS Couture Couture Coutre	Sub Pop
183	115	103	30	10	SATURDAY LOOKS GOOD TO ME Every Night	Polyvinyl
184	—	—	184	1	D.O.A. Live Free Or Die	Sudden Death
185	152	152	115	6	SOLVENT Apples And Synthesizers	Ghostly International
186	108	81	29	9	SUPERGRASS Supergrass Is 10: Best Of 1994-2004	Capitol
187	159	188	159	4	PAPERCUTS Mockingbird	Plain
188	157	139	135	8	BUDDY MILLER Universal United House Of Prayer	New West
189	R	193	53	10	PRODIGY Always Outnumbered, Never Outgunned	Reprise
190	94	86	63	7	LES GEORGES LENINGRAD Sur Les Traces De Black Eskimo	Alien8
191	—	—	191	1	WAN SANTO CONDO Wan Santo Condo	Everloving
192	165	191	157	7	KASEY CHAMBERS Wayward Angel	Warner Bros.
193	—	—	193	1	WILLIE NELSON It Always Will Be	Lost Highway
194	189	171	171	4	LOCAL H Whatever Happened To PJ Soles?	Studio E.
195	—	—	195	1	FLAT EARTH SOCIETY Isms	Ipecac
196	—	—	196	1	ALISON KRAUSS AND UNION STATION Lonely Runs...	Rounder
197	—	—	197	1	FLUNK Morning Star	Krizztal
198	—	—	198	1	EFTERKLANG Tripper	Leaf Label
199	—	—	199	1	SUNDAY RUNNERS Sunday Runners	Machine
200	—	—	200	1	CHARACTER We Also Create False Promises	Fictitious

RADIO 200 ADDS

COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS.
PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004
www.cmj.com

POSITION	TOTAL ADDS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	175	HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL White People	Geffen
2	150	KOPAZ Future Radiant Shine	We Want Action
3	132	ARKADE The Story Of Hiding	Lujo
4	116	STYROFOAM Nothing's Lost	Morr Music
5	115	BLING KONG Greatest Hits 3.16.03-5.20.03	Self-Released
6	112	CANTINERO Championship Boxing	Artemis
7	108	AN ANGLE And Take It With A Grain Of Salt	Drive-Thru
8	101	MAE Destination: B-Sides	Tooth And Nail
9	76	OPERATORS The Light And The Dark	Unstoppable
10	68	PHENOMENAUTS Re-Entry	Springman
11	35	MICHELANGELO Future Perfect	Self-Released
12	33	ILLOGIC Celestial Clockwork	Weightless
13	27	BRIGHT EYES Ten Song Sampler	Saddle Creek
14	21	BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE Tepid Peppermint...	Tee Pee
15	18	DIDLEY SQUAT The Smile Box	The Americans Are Coming
16	13	U2 How To Dismantle An Atomic Bomb	Interscope
17	11	FLAMING STARS Named And Shamed	Alternative Tentacles
18	9	MAYBE THIS CHRISTMAS TREE Various Artists	Netwerk America
19	9	WAKINGNORMAN Two Years Gone	Self-Released
20	8	SON, AMBULANCE Key	Saddle Creek

CORE RADIO

BASED ON CMJ'S MOST INFLUENTIAL STATIONS
PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 110
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TW	LW	2W	PK	WK	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	3	5	1	4	FUTUREHEADS The Futureheads	StarTime-Sire
2	2	3	2	5	TED LEO AND THE PHARMACISTS Shake The Sheets	Lookout!
3	1	1	1	7	ELLIOTT SMITH From A Basement On The Hill	Anti
4	6	14	4	4	NEKO CASE The Tigers Have Spoken	Anti
5	5	4	4	6	NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS Abattoir Blues/The Lyre Of Orpheus	Anti
6	7	9	6	4	LUNA Rendezvous	Jetset
7	30	—	7	2	MATES OF STATE All Day [EP]	Polyvinyl
8	12	31	8	3	DEATH FROM ABOVE 1979 You're A Woman, I'm A Machine	Vice
9	4	2	1	9	TOM WAITS Real Gone	Anti
10	13	15	10	8	VHS OR BETA Night On Fire	Astralwerks
11	9	12	9	6	BLOOD BROTHERS Crimes	V2
12	11	11	6	8	PINBACK Summer In Abaddon	Touch And Go
13	27	30	13	3	HIDDEN CAMERAS Mississauga Goddam	Rough Trade
14	8	6	1	10	INTERPOL Antics	Matador
15	15	17	12	8	JOSEPH ARTHUR Our Shadows Will Remain	Vector
16	14	13	13	7	MOVING UNITS Dangerous Dreams	Palm
17	—	—	17	1	U2 How To Dismantle An Atomic Bomb	Interscope
18	—	—	18	1	DFA COMPILATION #2 Various Artists	DFA
19	26	20	4	11	ARCADE FIRE Funeral	Merge
20	10	8	6	7	Q AND NOT U Power	Dischord
21	24	25	21	7	ZUTONS Who Killed... The Zutons	Sony
22	20	19	19	7	CAKE Pressure Chief	Columbia
23	—	—	23	1	SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS MOVIE Soundtrack	Sire
24	16	10	9	10	LE TIGRE This Island	Strummer-Universal
25	32	40	25	5	ULYSSES 010	Eenie Meenie
26	31	50	26	3	JELLO BIAFRA AND THE MELVINS Never...	Alternative Tentacles
27	19	18	18	5	FRANK BLACK FRANCIS Frank Black Francis	spinART
28	17	22	8	9	WILLIAM SHATNER Has Been	Shout! Factory
29	—	—	29	1	PREFECTS Amateur Wankers	Acute
30	41	47	30	4	STRAYLIGHT RUN Straylight Run	Victory
31	—	—	31	1	MF DOOM M.M.Food	Rhymesayers
32	28	42	28	3	LEONARD COHEN Dear Heather	Columbia
33	33	16	2	10	THE FAINT Wet From Birth	Saddle Creek
34	66	—	34	2	FATALES Pretty In Pixels	Self-Released
35	18	28	18	7	MOSQUITOS Sunshine Barato	Bar None
36	40	43	36	6	JIMMY EAT WORLD Futures	Interscope
37	22	7	3	8	BRIAN WILSON Smile	Nonesuch
38	29	39	29	5	MUSIC Welcome To The North	Capitol
39	—	—	39	1	HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL White People	Geffen
40	23	24	22	7	LATE, GREAT DANIEL JOHNSTON... Various Artists	Gammon
41	35	36	28	6	DE LA SOUL The Grind Date	Sanctuary
42	39	—	39	2	VANISHING Still Lives Are Falling	Gold Standard Laboratories
43	37	27	15	9	CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN New Roman Times	Pitch-A-Tent
44	47	55	44	4	ARIEL PINK'S HAUNTED GRAFFITI The Doldrums	Paw Tracks
45	56	—	45	2	MASSIVE ATTACK Danny The Dog	Virgin
46	73	—	46	2	DONNAS Gold Medal	Atlantic
47	—	—	47	1	ULRICH SCHNAUSS A Strangely Isolated Place	Domino
48	62	49	48	3	KIMYA DAWSON Hidden Vagenda	K
49	25	26	12	8	DEVENDRA BANHART Nino Rojo	Young God
50	52	68	50	3	MOS DEF The New Danger	Geffen

TRIPLE A

PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 36
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TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	4	18	1	4	NEKO CASE The Tigers Have Spoken	Anti
2	8	7	2	3	LUNA Rendezvous	Jetset
3	3	2	2	7	ELLIOTT SMITH From A Basement On The Hill	Anti
4	1	1	1	9	TOM WAITS Real Gone	Anti
5	15	27	5	3	FUTUREHEADS The Futureheads	StarTime-Sire
6	2	4	2	6	NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS Abattoir Blues/The Lyre...	Anti
7	—	—	7	1	U2 How To Dismantle An Atomic Bomb	Interscope
8	6	6	6	11	ZAP MAMA Ancestry In Progress	Luaka Bop
9	14	9	2	12	MADELEINE PEYROUX Careless Love	Rounder
10	7	14	7	3	LEONARD COHEN Dear Heather	Columbia
11	18	20	11	4	ENJOY EVERY SANDWICH... Various Artists	Artemis
12	—	—	12	1	RUFUS WAINWRIGHT Want Two	Interscope
13	9	8	8	7	CAKE Pressure Chief	Columbia
14	19	24	14	3	HEM Eveningland	Waveland-Rounder
15	39	29	15	3	TED LEO AND THE PHARMACISTS Shake The Sheets	Lookout!
16	10	17	10	9	JOSEPH ARTHUR Our Shadows Will Remain	Vector
17	12	19	12	5	MOSQUITOS Sunshine Barato	Bar None
18	16	13	13	5	GOURDS Blood Of The Ram	Eleven Thirty
19	25	26	9	9	BEN HARPER AND THE BLIND BOYS... There Will Be A Light	Virgin
20	17	5	2	7	R.E.M. Around The Sun	Warner Bros.

CMJ RETAIL 50

PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004
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TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	—	U2 How To Dismantle An Atomic Bomb (361302) 🍌	Interscope
2	—	GWEN STEFANI Love, Angel, Music, Baby (346902) 🍌	Interscope
3	1	EMINEM Encore (377172) 🍌	Shady-Interscope
4	—	NIRVANA With The Lights Out (372700) 🍌	Geffen
5	—	KGSR BROADCASTS VOL 12 Various Artists	Self-Released
6	45	LIL JON AND THE EAST SIDE BOYZ Crunk Juice (2690) 🍌	TVT
7	—	SNOOP DOGG R&G (Rhythm And Gangsta): The Masterpiece (376302) 🍌	Geffen
8	21	DESTINY'S CHILD Destiny Fulfilled (92595)	Sony
9	6	GREEN DAY American Idiot (48777) 🍌	Reprise
10	—	PEARL JAM Rearviewmirror (Greatest Hits 1991-2003) (93535)	Epic-Sony
11	—	ALISON KRAUSS AND UNION STATION Lonely Runs Both Ways (610525) 🍌	Rounder
12	—	NEIL YOUNG Greatest Hits (48935)	Reprise
13	5	ELLIOTT SMITH From A Basement On The Hill (86741)	Anti
14	—	FANTASIA Free Yourself (64235)	J
15	9	RAY Soundtrack (76540)	Atlantic
16	—	DIPLOMATS Diplomatic Immunity II (5771)	Koch
17	19	RAY CHARLES Genius Loves Company (2248)	Concord
18	17	USHER Confessions (52141)	Arista
19	4	A PERFECT CIRCLE eMOTiVe (66687) 🍌	Virgin
20	16	NELLY Suit (331601)	Universal
21	2	FABOLOUS Real Talk (83754)	Atlantic
22	3	JA RULE R.U.L.E (295502)	Def Jam
23	7	HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL White People (62941) 🍌	Geffen
24	—	BREAKING BENJAMIN So Cold (162496) 🍌	Hollywood
25	—	RUFUS WAINWRIGHT Want Two (371600) 🍌	Interscope
26	28	KORN Greatest Hits Vol. 1 (93477) 🍌	Epic
27	12	MOS DEF The New Danger (355802)	Geffen
28	18	INTERPOL Antics (10616)	Matador
29	—	NINE INCH NAILS The Downward Spiral (376282)	Nothing-TVT-Interscope
30	11	JOHN LENNON Acoustic (74428) 🍌	Capitol-EMI
31	32	KILLERS Hot Fuss (84571)	Island
32	20	NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC! 17 Various Artists (74203)	EMI
33	—	JESSICA SIMPSON Rejoyce: The Christmas Album (92880)	Columbia
34	15	SHANIA TWAIN Greatest Hits (307202)	Mercury Nashville
35	—	CREED Greatest Hits (13103)	Wind-Up
36	38	ARCADE FIRE Funeral (29555)	Merge
37	31	ROD STEWART Stardust: The Great American Songbook Vol. III (62182)	J
38	33	VELVET REVOLVER Contraband (59794)	RCA
39	25	PINK MARTINI Hang On Little Tomato (2)	Heinz
40	—	EVANESCENCE Anywhere But Home (13106) 🍌	Wind-Up
41	42	KEANE Hopes And Fears (250702)	Interscope
42	8	BRITNEY SPEARS Greatest Hits: My Prerogative (65294)	Jive
43	23	TOM WAITS Real Gone (86678)	Anti
44	—	CHINGY Powerballin' (97686) 🍌	Capitol-EMI
45	39	BRIAN WILSON Smile (79846) 🍌	Nonesuch
46	60	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News (87125)	Epic
47	13	TRICK DADDY Thug Matrimony: Married To The Streets (83677)	Atlantic
48	36	GARDEN STATE Soundtrack (92843)	Epic
49	82	MAROON 5 Songs About Jane (50001)	BMG-Octone
50	62	POSTAL SERVICE Give Up (595)	Sub Pop

Logo represents priority titles throughout the Music Monitor Network. 🍌

BREAKOUT 5 ALBUMS TO WATCH



U2
How To Dismantle An Atomic Bomb
Interscope (361302)



GWEN STEFANI
Love, Angel, Music, Baby
Interscope (346902)



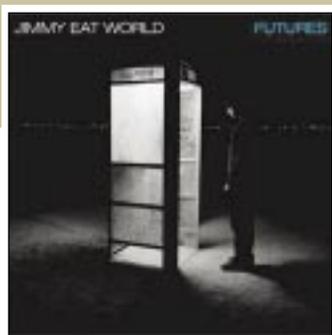
SNOOP DOGG
R&G (Rhythm And Gangsta)
Geffen (376302)



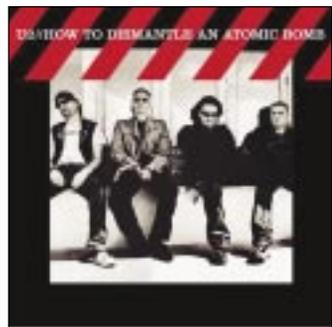
**ALISON KRAUSS AND
UNION STATION**
Lonely Runs Both Ways
Rounder (610525)



FANTASIA
Free Yourself
J (64235)



JIMMY EAT WORLD



U2

IN-STORE PLAY

Based on what clerks are playing while you browse

JIMMY EAT WORLD

RAY LAMONTAGNE

TOM WAITS

ENJOY EVERY SANDWICH... WARREN ZEVON

NIRVANA

U2

ELLIOTT SMITH

ARCADE FIRE

NEIL YOUNG

RUFUS WAINWRIGHT

MOVING UNITS

GWEN STEFANI

BRIAN WILSON

PETE YORN

MOS DEF

MAJOR CHAIN

Based on sales figures from national record chains

U2

GWEN STEFANI

RAY CHARLES

EMINEM

ANDREA BOCELLI

RAY SDTK

ROD STEWART

DESTINY'S CHILD

CLAY AIKEN

SHANIA TWAIN

ALISON KRAUSS AND UNION STATION

SNOOP DOGG

GREEN DAY

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC! 17

CHRIS BOTTI

MUSIC MONITOR NETWORK

COMPILED FROM THE COLLECTIVE PIECE COUNTS OF ALL MUSIC MONITOR NETWORK STORES

PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004

www.cmj.com

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	—	U2 How To Dismantle An Atomic Bomb (361302)	Interscope
2	1	EMINEM Encore (377172)	Shady-Interscope
3	22	LIL JON AND THE EAST SIDE BOYZ Crunk Juice (2690)	TVT
4	—	GWEN STEFANI Love, Angel, Music, Baby (346902)	Interscope
5	—	SNOOP DOGG R&G (Rhythm & Gangsta): The Masterpiece (376302)	Geffen
6	—	NIRVANA With The Lights Out (372700)	Geffen
7	—	BREAKING BENJAMIN So Cold (162496)	Hollywood
8	9	GREEN DAY American Idiot (48777)	Reprise
9	15	DESTINY'S CHILD Destiny Fulfilled (92595)	Sony
10	—	DIPLOMATS Diplomatic Immunity II (5771)	Koch
11	7	NELLY Suit (331601)	Universal
12	11	USHER Confessions (52141)	Arista
13	4	A PERFECT CIRCLE eMOTiVe (66687)	Virgin
14	—	FANTASIA Free Yourself (64235)	J
15	3	JA RULE R.U.L.E. (295502)	Def Jam
16	14	KORN Greatest Hits Vol. 1 (93477)	Epic
17	—	PEARL JAM Rearviewmirror (Greatest Hits 1991-2003) (93535)	Epic-Sony
18	2	FABOLOUS Real Talk (83754)	Atlantic
19	—	CHINGY Powerballin' (97686)	Capitol-EMI
20	5	TRICK DADDY Thug Matrimony: Married To The Streets (83677)	Atlantic
21	—	CREED Greatest Hits (13103)	Wind-Up
22	—	ALISON KRAUSS AND UNION STATION Lonely Runs Both Ways (610525)	Rounder
23	13	NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC! 17 Various Artists (74203)	EMI
24	—	NEIL YOUNG Greatest Hits (48935)	Reprise
25	12	TOBY KEITH Greatest Hits 2 (232302)	DreamWorks Nashville

A.I.M.S.

COMPILED FROM THE COLLECTIVE PIECE COUNTS OF ALL ALLIANCE OF INDEPENDENT MEDIA STORE MEMBERS

PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004

www.cmj.com

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	—	U2 How To Dismantle An Atomic Bomb (361302)	Interscope
2	—	NIRVANA With The Lights Out (372700)	Geffen
3	2	ELLIOTT SMITH From A Basement On The Hill (86741)	Anti
4	—	GWEN STEFANI Love, Angel, Music, Baby (346902)	Interscope
5	3	NEKO CASE The Tigers Have Spoken (86740)	Anti
6	1	EMINEM Encore (377172)	Shady-Interscope
7	4	HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL White People (62941)	Geffen
8	5	ARCADE FIRE Funeral (29555)	Merge
9	8	TOM WAITS Real Gone (86678)	Anti
10	7	PAVEMENT Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain (10610)	Matador
11	—	SNOOP DOGG R&G (Rhythm & Gangsta): The Masterpiece (376302)	Geffen
12	9	INTERPOL Antics (10616)	Matador
13	10	NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS Abattoir Blues/The Lyre Of Orpheus (86729)	Anti
14	38	RAY Soundtrack (76540)	Atlantic
15	14	PINK MARTINI Hang On Little Tomato (2)	Heinz
16	—	PRETTY WILLIE P-Dub Vs. Pretty Willie (6654)	Wiflo
17	21	RAY LAMONTAGNE Trouble (63459)	RCA
18	80	LIL JON AND THE EAST SIDE BOYZ Crunk Juice (2690)	TVT
19	—	RUFUS WAINWRIGHT Want Two (371600)	Interscope
20	12	A PERFECT CIRCLE eMOTiVe (66687)	Virgin
21	—	MF DOOM MM...Food (51)	Rhymesayers
22	13	PINBACK Summer In Abaddon (20937)	Touch And Go
23	11	LE TIGRE This Island (338502)	Strummer-Universal
24	22	GREEN DAY American Idiot (48777)	Reprise
25	69	RAY CHARLES Genius Loves Company (2248)	Concord

LOUD ROCK COLLEGE

PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 229
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	1	1	7	HAUNTED rEVOLVER	Century Media
2	2	2	1	13	LAMB OF GOD Ashes Of The Wake	Epic
3	5	7	3	8	THREE INCHES OF BLOOD Advance And Vanquish	Roadrunner
4	13	15	4	5	DIECAST Tearing Down Your Blue Skies	Century Media
5	6	5	5	6	PIG DESTROYER Terrifyer	Relapse
6	4	4	1	12	CRADLE OF FILTH Nymphetamine	Roadrunner
7	8	8	1	13	MASTODON Leviathan	Relapse
8	3	3	1	11	SHADOWS FALL The War Within	Century Media
9	7	6	4	10	CONVERGE You Fail Me	Epitaph
10	10	9	9	4	GWAR War Party	DRT
					#1 DEBUT	
11	—	—	11	1	ANTHRAX The Greater Of Two Evils	Sanctuary
12	9	11	9	7	BURY YOUR DEAD Cover Your Tracks	Victory
13	19	20	13	3	HOPEFALL A Types	Trustkill
14	17	17	14	4	ISIS Panopticon	Ipecac
15	23	—	15	2	RAMMSTEIN Reise, Reise	Universal
16	15	28	15	3	IMPIOUS Hellucinate	Metal Blade
17	14	22	14	3	E-TOWN CONCRETE Made For War	Ironbound
18	20	16	16	4	ARCH ENEMY Dead Eyes See No Future [EP]	Century Media
19	12	13	9	10	NIGHTWISH Once	Roadrunner
20	11	12	7	10	AMON AMARTH Fate Of The Norms	Metal Blade
21	—	—	21	1	KREATOR Enemy Of God	Steamhammer
22	16	10	9	9	VADER The Beast	Metal Blade
23	26	—	23	2	PARIA Misanthropos	Blackmarket Activities-Metal Blade
24	24	26	24	4	A PERFECT CIRCLE eMOTIVE	Virgin
					UP 12 POSITIONS	
25	37	34	25	3	DAYSEND Severence	Metal Blade
26	28	—	26	2	IF HOPE DIES The Ground is Rushing...	Ironclad-Metal Blade
27	32	21	15	9	NAPALM DEATH Leaders Not Followers: Part 2	Century Media
28	21	19	16	7	IT DIES TODAY The Caitiff Choir	Trustkill
29	R	—	5	14	BORKNAGAR Epic	Century Media
30	25	23	22	4	REFLUX The Illusion Of Democracy	Prosthetic
31	34	39	31	3	FULL BLOWN CHAOS Wake The Demons	Stillborn
32	29	36	29	3	INVOCATION OF NEHEK Invocation Of Nehek	Prosthetic
33	40	31	21	8	CALIBAN The Opposite From Within	Century Media
34	27	25	25	4	NASUM Shift	Relapse
35	18	14	5	11	MEGADETH The System Has Failed	Sanctuary
36	R	—	36	3	TWISTED SISTER Still Hungry	Spitfire
37	38	—	37	2	CIPHER SYSTEM Central Tunnel Eight	Lifeforce
38	—	—	38	1	BARS Introducing...	Equal Vision
39	—	—	39	1	JELLO BIAFRA AND THE MELVINS Never Breathe...	Alternative Tentacles
40	R	18	1	18	DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN Miss Machine	Relapse

Chart information is based on combined airplay reports of Loud Rock releases from CMJ's panel of college, commercial and non-commercial radio stations.

ADDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS

1	147	KREATOR	Enemy Of God	Steamhammer
2	139	AUTUMN OFFERING	Revelations Of The Unsung	Stillborn
3	125	SLEEPING	Believe What We Tell You	One Day Savior
4	59	NO WARNING	Suffer, Survive	Warner Bros.
5	14	ANTHRAX	The Greater Of Two Evils	Sanctuary

LOUD ROCK CRUCIAL SPINS

PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 43
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	PS	LWS	+/-	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	3	1	8	162	227	-65	HAUNTED rEVOLVER	Century Media
2	5	6	2	6	137	161	-24	DIECAST Tearing Down Your Blue Skies	Century Media
3	2	2	1	15	131	222	-91	LAMB OF GOD Ashes Of The Wake	Epic
4	3	1	1	11	129	211	-82	SHADOWS FALL The War Within	Century Media
5	4	4	3	13	120	189	-69	CRADLE OF FILTH Nymphetamine	Roadrunner
6	17	49	6	4	118	90	28	RAMMSTEIN Reise, Reise	Universal
7	9	9	7	7	106	119	-13	THREE INCHES OF BLOOD Advance And Vanquish	Roadrunner
								#1 DEBUT	
8	—	—	8	1	103	—	D	ANTHRAX The Greater Of Two Evils	Sanctuary
9	16	11	9	8	102	91	11	CALIBAN The Opposite From Within	Century Media
10	7	7	7	4	85	147	-62	GWAR War Party	DRT
11	20	26	11	4	81	82	-1	FULL BLOWN CHAOS Wake The Demons	Stillborn
12	12	10	5	10	75	108	-33	NIGHTWISH Once	Roadrunner
13	6	5	1	13	75	148	-73	MASTODON Leviathan	Relapse
14	8	8	8	7	67	146	-79	BURY YOUR DEAD Cover Your Tracks	Victory
15	15	12	7	5	66	96	-30	PIG DESTROYER Terrifyer	Relapse
16	10	14	10	5	65	110	-45	SCUM OF THE EARTH Blah...Blah...Blah	Eclipse
17	R	39	1	30	61	—	16	KILLSWITCH ENGAGE The End...	Roadrunner
18	14	13	13	10	57	97	-40	DRY KILL LOGIC The Dead And Dreaming	Repossession
19	13	15	8	15	57	97	-40	DANZIG Circle Of Snakes	Evilive
20	18	19	6	12	56	84	-28	DEAD TO FALL Villainy And Virtue	Victory
21	40	41	21	3	55	43	12	INVOCATION OF NEHEK Invocation Of Nehek	Prosthetic
								UP 28 POSITIONS	
22	50	38	18	7	54	33	21	SIX FEET UNDER Graveyard Classics 2	Metal Blade
23	11	22	11	3	53	109	-56	E-TOWN CONCRETE Made For War	Ironbound
24	49	44	25	3	50	35	15	DAYSEND Severence	Metal Blade
25	39	—	26	2	50	43	7	CIPHER SYSTEM Central Tunnel Eight	Lifeforce
26	28	31	1	27	50	52	-2	SLIPKNOT Vol. 3 (The Subliminal Verses)	Roadrunner
27	23	25	23	4	49	68	-19	ARCH ENEMY Dead Eyes See No Future [EP]	Century Media
28	29	45	28	3	45	50	-5	IMPIOUS Hellucinate	Metal Blade
29	34	37	1	23	44	47	-3	ATREYU The Curse	Victory
30	R	28	1	22	44	—	-17	UNEARTH The Oncoming Storm	Metal Blade
31	27	27	7	11	42	55	-13	CATARACT With Triumph Comes Loss	Metal Blade
32	36	32	32	3	41	47	-6	A PERFECT CIRCLE eMOTIVE	Virgin
33	26	16	4	11	40	62	-22	MEGADETH The System Has Failed	Sanctuary
34	19	17	6	10	39	84	-45	AMON AMARTH Fate Of The Norms	Metal Blade
35	R	46	35	2	36	—	4	HOPEFALL A Types	Trustkill
36	R	50	37	3	35	—	5	FEAR FACTORY Slave Labor Live EP	Liquid 8
37	22	20	6	10	35	76	-41	CONVERGE You Fail Me	Epitaph
38	38	30	10	13	31	46	-15	DEMON HUNTER Summer of ...	Solid State-Tooth And Nail
39	R	47	28	7	30	—	-2	DROWNING POOL Desensitized	Wind-Up
40	45	43	10	15	29	38	-9	BORKNAGAR Epic	Century Media

Chart information is based on pure spins reports of Loud Rock releases from CMJ's panel of commercial rock shows and select college and community radio stations.

ADDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS

1	37	KREATOR	Enemy Of God	Steamhammer
2	32	AUTUMN OFFERING	Revelations Of The Unsung	Stillborn
3	28	SLEEPING	Believe What We Tell You	One Day Savior
4	13	NO WARNING	Suffer, Survive	Warner Bros.
5	4	TRANS-SIBERIAN ORCHESTRA	The Lost Christmas Eve	Lava

HIP HOP

PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 192
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	1	1	8	DE LA SOUL The Grind Date	Sanctuary
2	25	—	2	2	MF DOOM MM...Food	Rhymesayers
3	2	3	2	6	MOS DEF The New Danger	Geffen
4	3	2	1	11	TALIB KWELI The Beautiful Struggle	Geffen
5	4	4	3	14	K-OS Joyful Rebellion	Astralwerks
6	7	14	6	4	SAGE FRANCIS Slow Down Gandhi [EP]	Epitaph
7	5	5	5	7	OH NO The Disrupt	Stones Throw
8	24	22	8	3	HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL White People	Geffen
9	6	10	6	8	BEANS Shock City Maverick	Warp
10	14	20	10	4	SINGLE MINDED PROS From Now On	EV
11	13	23	11	3	HEIRUSPECS A Tiger Dancing	Razor And Tie
12	11	13	8	6	MIX MASTER MIKE Bangzilla	Scratch-Immortal
13	36	—	13	2	MAROONS Ambush	Quannum
14	15	9	8	11	KOOL KEITH/KUTMASTA KURT Diesel Truckers	Oglio
15	16	17	15	4	SHAPESHIFTERS Was Here	Cornerstone RAS
16	8	11	8	5	WU-TANG CLAN Disciples Of The 36 Chambers: Chapter One	Sanctuary
17	20	19	17	4	PETE MISER Camouflage Is Relative	Coup De Grace
18	35	—	18	2	TEAM DEMOLITION Yo! TD Raps	Depth Charge
19	9	8	1	15	FOREIGN EXCHANGE Connected	BBE
20	—	—	20	1	NAS Street's Disciple	Columbia

NEW WORLD

PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 115
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	2	2	1	8	TINARIWEN Amassakoul	World Village
2	1	1	1	14	ZAP MAMA Ancestry In Progress	Luaka Bop
3	4	3	1	11	ROKIA TRAORE Bowmboi	Nonesuch
4	5	6	4	4	MUSIC FROM THE CHOCOLATE LANDS Various Artists	Putumayo
5	7	10	5	5	CHARANGA CAKEWALK Loteria De La Cumbia Lounge	Triloka
6	6	4	4	8	BOSSACUCANOVA Uma Batida Diferente	Six Degrees
7	13	9	7	6	CARLA BRUNI Quel Qu'un Ma Dit	V2
8	3	5	3	8	RADIO TARIFA Fiebre	World Circuit
9	17	—	9	2	MARTA GOMEZ Cantos De Agua Dulce	Chesky
10	11	8	8	7	MOSQUITOS Sunshine Barato	Bar None
11	—	—	11	1	SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS Various Artists	Putumayo
12	12	12	11	7	STEPHEN KENT Oil And Water	Family Tree
13	10	11	4	9	MORY KANTE Sabou	Riverboat
14	20	18	3	15	WORLD GROOVE VOL. 1 Various Artists	Putumayo
15	19	31	15	6	DOMENICO + 2 Sincerely Hot	Luaka Bop
16	—	—	16	1	DAARA J Boomerang	Wrasse
17	8	19	7	10	WOMEN OF LATIN AMERICA Various Artists	Putumayo
18	29	—	18	2	HORACE ANDY From The Roots: Horace Andy Meets Mad Professor	RAS
19	18	27	18	3	MIKE BROOKS The Earth Is In Fullness	Moll Selektia
20	9	7	7	10	GOTAN PROJECT Inspiracion-Espiracion	XL

RPM

PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 184
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
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TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	4	—	1	2	ULRICH SCHNAUSS A Strangely Isolated Place	Domino
2	8	—	2	2	DADDY G DJ Kicks	!K7
3	13	—	3	2	RONI SIZE Return To V	Thrive
4	3	7	3	4	AS ONE Out Of The Darkness	Ubiquity
5	1	2	1	9	AFRIKA BAMBAATAA Dark Matter: Moving At The Speed Of Light	Tommy Boy
6	2	5	2	5	MACHINE DRUM Bidness	Merck
7	16	31	7	3	MASSIVE ATTACK Danny The Dog	Virgin
8	7	4	1	11	DJ KRUSH Jaku	Red Ink-Sony
9	20	19	9	3	UNKLE Never, Never, Land	Global Underground
10	19	—	10	2	GB Soundtrack For Sunrise	Sound In Color
11	12	11	11	6	SOLVENT Apples And Synthesizers	Ghostly International
12	6	1	1	8	DOSH Pure Trash	Anticon
13	15	6	2	8	FILA BRAZILLIA Dicks	23
14	9	8	6	5	SHUR-I-KAN Waypoints	Freerange
15	—	—	15	1	TRAFIK Bullet	Global Underground
16	—	—	16	1	JIMMY EDGAR Bounce, Make, Model	Warp
17	24	25	16	5	CHRIS JOSS You've Been Spiked	ESL
18	5	3	3	8	JUNIOR BOYS Last Exit	Domino
19	14	15	14	5	PEAS Filters	Kanpai
20	38	21	1	13	DIPLO Florida	Big Dada

JAZZ

PERIOD ENDING 11/30/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 124
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
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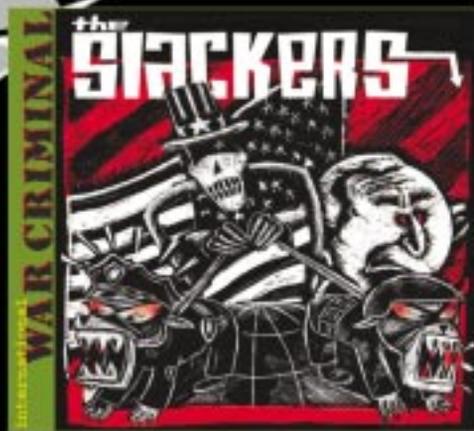
TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	2	6	1	5	DR. LONNIE SMITH Too Damn Hot	Palmetto
2	1	1	1	12	MEDESKI MARTIN AND WOOD End Of The World Party...	Blue Note
3	4	3	3	7	ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO Sirius Calling	Pi
4	5	4	2	10	MATT WILSON Wake Up!	Palmetto
5	8	9	1	13	BILL FRISELL Unspeakable	Nonesuch
6	—	—	6	1	STEVE TURRE Spirits Up Above	Highnote
7	29	39	7	4	DOM MINASI TRIO Quick Response	CDM
8	24	22	8	4	DEEP BLUE ORGAN TRIO Deep Blue Bruise	Delmark
9	15	12	9	6	BUDDY RICH No Funny Hats	Lightyear
10	3	2	2	8	ALICE COLTRANE Translinear Light	Verve
11	7	5	5	9	DON BYRON Ivey-Divey	Blue Note
12	16	36	12	4	JAZZ JAMAICA ALL STARS Massive	Dune
13	12	31	12	3	MAURICE BROWN Hip To Bop	Brown
14	18	15	6	10	GREAT JAZZ TRIO Someday My Prince Will Come	Columbia
15	13	10	7	10	BRAD MEHLDAU Live In Tokyo	Nonesuch
16	21	8	4	11	PATRICIA BARBER Live: A Fortnight In France	Blue Note
17	35	—	17	2	ERIC ALEXANDER Dead Center	Highnote
18	25	21	18	5	KAHIL EL'ZABAR/DAVID MURRAY We Is	Delmark
19	22	19	17	4	ERNEST DAWKINS' NEW HORIZONS ENSEMBLE Mean Ameen	Delmark
20	10	17	10	11	JANE MONHEIT Taking A Chance On Love	Sony

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KAADA/PATTON

ISSUE 129

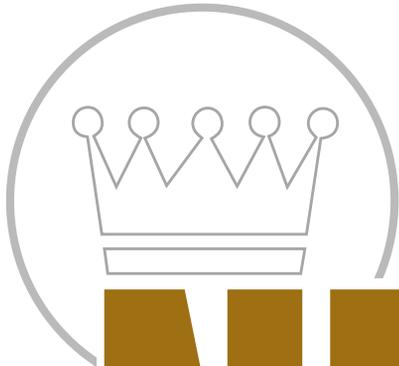
**CMJ NEW MUSIC
MONTHLY**

**HANDSOME BOY
MODELING SCHOOL
ISIS EL-P
THE MUSIC
ULYSSES THE BONES
KAADA/PATTON**

1. HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL "The World's Gone Mad" 5:24 (Atlantic/Elektra)
2. ISIS "So Did We" 7:30 (Ipecac)
3. EL-P "Oxycontin" 5:36 (Definitive Jux)
4. HIBERNATE "Submit" 4:09 (Radikal)
5. THE MUSIC "Bleed From Within" 6:27 (Capitol)
6. ULYSSES "The Falcon" 2:25 (Eenie Meenie)
7. THE BONES "Do You Wanna..." 2:50 (Liquor And Poker Music)
8. KAADA/PATTON "Pitie Pour Mes Larmes" 5:30 (Ipecac)
9. AN ANGLE "Unnoticeable" 2:52 (Drive-Thru)
10. SLOW MOTION REIGN "Isn't It Time? [Rats]" 3:45 (Serjical Strike-Columbia)
11. PARTLY CLOUDY "Misery" 3:30 (L.I.R.)
12. KILLRADIO "Freedom?" 3:02 (Columbia)
13. SEEDY GONZALES "Kerouac & Burroughs" 3:38 (Gigantic Music)
14. WORLD BANG "When Doves Cry" 3:35 (Indecent Media)
15. JARVIS HUMBY "We Say Yeah!" 2:33 (Hard Soul)
16. MOLE "Stuck In The 80's" 3:20 (American Global Media)
17. ARIEL APARICIO "Punk Rock Girl" 2:58 (Bully Records c/o Mia Mind Music)
18. FULL SCALE "Party Political" 3:59 (Columbia)
19. KARMIC BRICK "Pain" 2:45 (Nor'easter Productions)
20. DIRTY HALO "Check It" 3:18 (Indecent Media)

cut along dotted lines and insert into jewel case

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BEST NEW MUSIC

KLANG

KONONO N°1

LOW

RONDO BROTHERS

 = ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD **R.I.Y.L.** = RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



KLANG

No Sound Is Heard Blast First Petite

As a member of Wire's favorite source of litigation, *Elastica*, Donna Matthews played a very "minimalist" style of post-punk, with few chords and a uniformly choppy delivery. Of course, this was back in the day when Matthews was still playing chords. With Klang's debut, *No Sound Is Heard*, the singer/guitarist's minimalist aesthetic has finally reached a Reich-ian extreme: *Heard's* melodies are spidery and the band's rhythms (provided by bassist Isabel Waidner and drummer Keisuke Hiratsuka) are sparse and repetitive. It's a distinctive sound and, when it works, Klang's debut is as intriguing as they come. "We Step Softly," rides a buoyant bassline, creates some stripped-down, Can-like hypnosis, while "Good And Evil" capitalizes on Matthews' plainspoken, Julie Doiron-esque vocals. The band sometimes trips over its own modest ambitions—the tribal, wandering "Help Is On Its Way" feels embarrassingly amateurish and "In Division" bludgeons its barely-there melody into a tiring dirge. Tracks like "Waiting," however, reveal the promise of the group's skeletal approach. Skittering along Hiratsuka's human drum-loop and Matthews' mixture of precise harmonics and meditative vocals, "Waiting" reveals musicians who know exactly what they doing and how they plan on doing it. Klang's writing a manifesto here; *No Sound Is Heard* is the first chapter. Let's see how the plot thickens. >>>JOE MARTIN

Link

www.geocities.com/the kicksband

File Under

The imploding *Elastica* inevitable

R.I.Y.L.

Can, Julie Doiron, Broadcast,
Steve Reich



KONONO N°1

Congotronics Crammed Discs

Sampling masterminds and underground hip-hop producers might want to thumb through the Crammed Discs catalog for some fresh ideas on fusion. Since the early '80s, the Belgian label has embraced brave new world music, housing artists who couldn't care less where their discs were filed: world, jazz, pop... other. When the musicians on this compilation left the bush for the urban sprawl, they needed a way to make sure their music and stories were heard above the dust and din of the city—so they went frenetic and electric. *Congotronics* is to the modern streets of Kinshasa what turntablism is to the South Bronx, what rave is to Ibiza and what the oral tradition is to Georgia's Sea Islands. Built upon the rhythmic and melodic frenzy of *likembe* (thumb pianos), call-and-response vocals, bass, pots, pans and traditional percussion pumped through megaphones, this head-spinning sound is as much dance as it is trance. While ethnomusicologists parse out the influence of the region's Bazombo trance music and bicker over whether this is truly "traditional" Congolese music, Mawangu Mingiedi, who started this movement a quarter century ago by rigging microphones (built from old car parts) and megaphones to pump out the *likembe* and other instruments, is just focused on bringing the funkier dance/trance music from a region that could use a little release.

>>>STEVE CIABATTONI



LOW

The Great Destroyer Sub Pop

For over a decade, Low's Alan Sparhawk and Mimi Parker have unapologetically encompassed everything rock 'n' roll ain't: they're married, they're Mormon, they're parents (they're proud) and they play slow with minimal percussion, subtly coloring a larger picture. On *The Great Destroyer*, Low plays louder, faster (meaning slightly below a walking pace) and fuller, as the group explores new ways to subtly embed its real-life emotions in what could be the group's most widely accessible and most touching disc. Since the trio's debut, Low has (slowly) expanded its sound, without compromising its nominal instrumentation (guitar, bass, snare, tom, cymbal). Sparhawk turns his amp up for "On The Edge Of," creating warm ripples of reverberant fuzz that fade when he and Parker drape their voices delicately around the song's title in perfect harmony. Sparhawk sings the disc's most telling song, "Death Of A Salesman," by himself—narrating each crushing defeat as his character trades in his creativity and his guitar for middle class mediocrity, but with the satisfaction that "the kids are all fed." That mediocrity, that compromising of one's own virtues, that unwillingness to grow is, without a doubt, *The Great Destroyer*. And Low, will have none of it. >>>KORY GROW



RONDO BROTHERS

No Time Left On Earth Coup De Grace

If you've ever added pineapple to pizza, you know that a little Hawaiian punch goes a long way. Long-time Dan The Automator collaborators Jim Greer and Brandon Arnovick, a.k.a. the Rondo Brothers, follow in his conceptual footsteps with *No Time Left On Earth*, creating a tongue-in-cheek collection of Hawaiian hip-hop and tropical rock that is sure to get a few grass skirts shaking. Juggling a lively mix of slide-guitar boom bap, ukulele rap and poppy crooning from Glassjaw's Daryl Palumbo among others, the album whips up a tasty buffet of island flavors so enthusiastically kitschy that they never sound trite or oh-so-ironic. The album's first half is frontloaded with the best tracks, including the brief but incredible tribal instrumental "The War Chant," the turntablism-meets-lucu melody of "Aquarium Dreams" and the block party hip-hop jam "Pineapple Wine." Things start to slow down in the second half, getting a little less novel (slide-guitar can only carry an album so far) and much more downtempo. But even at half-mast, *No Time Left On Earth* flies higher than most, mining a crate of sounds hip-hop has rarely used and rock has rarely crooned to. As playful and inventive as Kid Koala, but less ADD, the Rondo Brothers' debut is a guaranteed lei.

>>>OWEN STROCK

Link
www.crammed.be
 File Under
 Out-there Africa
 R.I.Y.L.
 Thomas Mapfumo, Farafina,
 Amon Tobin

Link
www.chairkickers.com
 File Under
 Mad as Hell, not gonna take it
 R.I.Y.L.
 Yo La Tengo, Pink Floyd, Ida, early
 Bee Gees

Link
www.coupdegrace.tv
 File Under
 B-Poi stance
 R.I.Y.L.
 Dan The Automator, Kid Koala,
 Topsy

REVIEWS

...AND YOU WILL KNOW US BY THE TRAIL OF DEAD

A HOUSEGUEST'S WISH
AQUEDUCT
AQUI
BLACK MOUNTAIN
BOOM BIP
BRIGHT EYES
THE BUNNYBRAINS
NEKO CASE
DIRTY VEGAS
EARLY DAY MINERS
EL-P
ERASURE
MARIANNE FAITHFULL
GIANT DRAG
HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL
HOOD
JENNIFER GENTLE
SHARON JONES
KAADA/PATTON
M83
MAN MAN
OCTOPUS PROJECT
THE PREFECTS
BETTYE SWANN
ULYSSES
VANISHING



...AND YOU WILL KNOW US BY THE TRAIL OF DEAD

Worlds Apart Interscope

[Link](#)
www.trailofdead.com
File Under
Don't mess with Texas
R.I.Y.L.
Hail To The Thief, Sonic Youth,
R.E.M.

Conrad Keely and his pack of instrument-devouring wolves figured out how to dismantle the fucking atomic bomb: let loose on it with a cymbal stand. On Trail Of Dead's fourth LP, *Worlds Apart*, targets ranging from W. to Wacko Jacko also take their licks. This time out, the implementation of Keely's vitriol is a continent away from the band's previous Sonic-Youth-waving-a-shredded-Black-Flag efforts. "Worlds Apart," a rant against American middle-class privilege, is a perfect Shane MacGowan-led barroom stomp. "How they laugh as we shovel the ashes/Of the Twin Towers/Blood and death, we will pay back the debt/Of this candy store of ours," Keely sings over Jason Reece's syncopated percussion and a simple, undistorted guitar line. More proof that the group has grown into a more washed out, skeletal and versatile sound: the Bowie-fied "All White" (with a backing choir of divas, no less), "And The Rest Will Follow" (apropos for a *Document*-era Michael Stipe) and "Summer Of '91" (which only lacks a two-minute Slash solo). Still, the trademark time signature changes, sound bites, classical interludes, bombast and especially a lyrical reprise of "Worlds Apart" at the end of "Jesus Juice" show that the aesthetic developed with producer Mike McCarthy on the brilliant *Source Tags And Codes* hasn't been scrapped. Rather, it has been bolstered for another successful run. >>>REED FISCHER

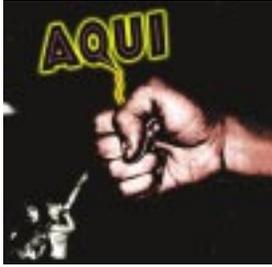


AQUEDUCT

I Sold Gold Barsuk

[Link](#)
www.aqueductisgoodmusic.co
File Under
Sloop John Beats
R.I.Y.L.
Brian Wilson, the Postal
Service, Elephant 6

While it's become textbook to blame every new band flaunting drum machines and wordy liner notes on the Postal Service (introspective singer-songwriter! dance blips! Washington!) Seattle's electro-friendly Aqueduct aren't just another pigeon in that rather narrow hole. This solo-project-turned-band shakes itself of such Dntel-examinations through quirky Seattle-via-Tulsa songwriter David Terry's ever-evident love of timeless pop. *I Sold Gold* owes more to Brian Wilson than it does to any modern indie movement, giving Aqueduct some firm, time-tested ground from which to leap. The piano-laden opener "The Suggestion Box" kicks off with a swarm of melody and a customer service complaint to a careless, detached lover. While the song's lyrics strike dull on paper ("Instead of bringing me down, way down, you should be lifting me up"), they find surprising power wrapped in Terry's choppy, melancholic sense of song. The record's true pop jewel, however, is the cheeky, nostalgic hook-fest "Growing Up With GNR" in which an '80s tweenager gets an inaugural dose of love gone sour. "I was only 12, dammit all to hell/I was feeling fine hearing Axl Rose on the radio," Terry whines between synth ascensions and drum pounds. Wilson loved the tumultuousness of youth, too—the hook-drenched Aqueduct definitely deserves more good vibrations than Gibbard jibbering. >>>AARON ROBINSON



AQUI

The First Trip Out Ace Fu

By the time fembot/Amazon Stephonik X poses the question, "What's it gonna be, pleasure or action?" the answer's smeared all over your escape pod's windshield: Both! You see, X and her mates in Aquí are afloat in the deep space future and *The First Trip Out* is a slam-glam-metal transmission intercepted at Ace Fu Planetary Headquarters. Fusing the ferocity of Bad Brains, the cosmic textures of the Mars Volta and an ironclad frontwoman's Exene-via-Diamanda vocal gymnastics, Aquí kick the shit out of every scene this planet has mustered. On 13 dense tracks, guitarist Gustavo Andrade, bassmaster Gbatokai Dakinah and rhythmist Master Bob Stein perform a convincing cabal of Sabbath, Cooper and Nazareth fed through a digital delay pedal, all before anyone can finish a second Yuengling. Beneath a thick layer of space grime, this record boasts danceable diamond dogs aplenty. A hapless space traveler will have to know more than the moonwalk to get through the spitfire bass, mashed moog and infectious kickdrum of "There As It Bleeds"—and X's coos 'n' catcalls on "Please Send Love" are gonna make the Rapture soil themselves. On the outside chance Ms. X met Ms. Karen O in a dark alley, well, she'd probably bum a smoke, but pity any man left in the clutches of either woman. >>>REED FISCHER

[Link](#)

www.acefu.com

[File Under](#)

Intergalactic earplugs optional

[R.I.Y.L.](#)

The Mars Volta, Glass Candy, the Runaways

On 13 dense tracks, guitarist Gustavo Andrade, bassmaster Gbatokai Dakinah and rhythmist Master Bob Stein perform a convincing cabal of Sabbath, Cooper and Nazareth fed through a digital delay pedal, all before anyone can finish a second Yuengling. Beneath a thick layer of space grime, this record boasts danceable diamond dogs aplenty. A hapless space traveler will have to know more than the moonwalk to get through the spitfire bass, mashed moog and infectious kickdrum of "There As It Bleeds"—and X's coos 'n' catcalls on "Please Send Love" are gonna make the Rapture soil themselves. On the outside chance Ms. X met Ms. Karen O in a dark alley, well, she'd probably bum a smoke, but pity any man left in the clutches of either woman. >>>REED FISCHER



BLACK MOUNTAIN

Black Mountain Jagjaguwar

There's music made for people on drugs, and there's music made by people on drugs. Vancouver's Black Mountain weighs in heavily with the latter, dipping their toes in all kinds of narcotic-induced waters: stoner guitar riffage, whacked-out interstellar marches and squalls of fuzzy backroom blues. The record is a slow burn, heavy and lumbering before giving way to loose explorations and surprisingly subtle but eerie lyrics. Channeling Exile-era Stones on the rather reverent homage, "No Satisfaction," or early Sabbath on "Don't Run Our Hearts

[Link](#)

www.blackmountainarmy.com

[File Under](#)

Paint It Black

[R.I.Y.L.](#)

Rolling Stones, My Morning Jacket, Black Sabbath

Around," this quintet of daytime mental health workers/after-dark sleaze rockers are rooted in a murky past with just enough original ideas to still sound like they're breaking ground. There are flourishes of drunken horns, vaguely political undertones and a wry sense of humor beneath all the chaos. Amber Webber's occasional vocals also manage to put a new spin on the psychedelic blues that dissolve into Floydian dirges by the album's second half, giving the feel that you've overstayed your welcome at a party that just got a little too weird. But you'll still come back the next time they extend an invite.

>>>PETER D'ANGELO



BOOM BIP

Blue Eyed In The Red Room Lex

Boom Bip's latest doesn't sound a thing like his moniker, leaving points and pixels behind for a more subtle—and ultimately more tedious—landscape of delicate chimes, subtle guitar and piano-laced instrumentals. Whereas his last LP, *Seed To Sun*, showcased avant-rappers Buck 65 and Dose One throwing interesting twists into his wordless world, this time around Boom Bip enlists Super Furry Animal Gruff Rhys and a haunted Nina Nastasia. The result is uninspired Beta Band rock from Rhys ("The Do's And Don'ts") and folksy crooning from Nina ("The Matter (Of Our Discussion)"), which fares a little better, though not much. Mr. Bip seems a little bored of the Boom these days, opting for a sweeter and simpler approach... which is a nice way to say boring and repetitive. All 10 songs begin with a seriously pretty backbone, but fail to develop their themes or dive into interesting nuance, relegating them to the unfortunate fate of background noise. But while his ambient arsenal can be beautiful, Boom Bip seems hesitant to embrace minimalism, unwilling to venture into the humming, impressionistic countryside that artists like Brian Eno and Tortoise have called home. *Blue Eyed* may hint toward the sublime at times, but it never really comes up with those elusive goods, leaving listeners sleepy and more red-eyed than anything. >>>OWEN STROCK

[Link](#)

www.lexrecords.com

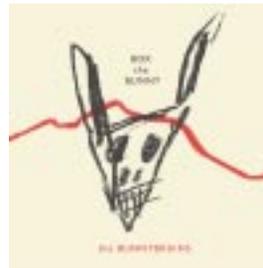
[File Under](#)

Better than Nyquil (and vodka)

[R.I.Y.L.](#)

DJ Krush, Dabrye, Tortoise

Discussion"), which fares a little better, though not much. Mr. Bip seems a little bored of the Boom these days, opting for a sweeter and simpler approach... which is a nice way to say boring and repetitive. All 10 songs begin with a seriously pretty backbone, but fail to develop their themes or dive into interesting nuance, relegating them to the unfortunate fate of background noise. But while his ambient arsenal can be beautiful, Boom Bip seems hesitant to embrace minimalism, unwilling to venture into the humming, impressionistic countryside that artists like Brian Eno and Tortoise have called home. *Blue Eyed* may hint toward the sublime at times, but it never really comes up with those elusive goods, leaving listeners sleepy and more red-eyed than anything. >>>OWEN STROCK



BUNNYBRAINS

Box The Bunny Narnack

After 15 years of being sloppy, overblown and inexplicable, Bunnybrains are given a fitting tribute by New York noiserati label Narnack—a box set that is sloppy (the track listings are totally fubar), overblown (four discs and a DVD) and (by its very existence) inexplicable. Compiling previously vinyl-only releases from labels like LHG, Now Sound, Blackjack and, yes, a totally unfathomable tantrum released on Matador of all places—*Box The Bunny* showcases Bunnybrains' screeching, uncontrollable, LSD-fueled id, swinging an improvisational mace made of hideous post-Butthole Surfers psych-punk, battering its way out of the bandility of Danbury, Connecticut, recorded lowest-fi whenever possible, and spreading itself like a cancer across four discs. The results, naturally, are mixed. At their most inspired (*Bunny Magick* and the Matador-endorsed *Bunny Brains*) the Bunnies make schizo grab bags of radio promos, speaker-slashing gutter-rawkers, Branca jams, retarded acoustic guitar blather, Ween-y faux-shanties, angry answering machine messages, maddening tape loops, punky fits, Jandek-on-ludes janglers and tons upon tons of nine-minute acid jams. At their least inspired (*CD 1993* and *Show Me*), it's essentially Pussy Galore covering Jefferson Airplane for 14-minutes at a time. There's enough good music hidden in this sprawling incomprehensible monster to be worth twice its \$16.98(!) list price, though. Cop it before the baroque packaging makes Narnack bunnybroke. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

[Link](#)

www.thebunnybrains.com

[File Under](#)

Bunny for (practically) nothing

[R.I.Y.L.](#)

Butthole Surfers, Flipper, Sunburned Hand Of The Man, Comets On Fire

After 15 years of being sloppy, overblown and inexplicable, Bunnybrains are given a fitting tribute by New York noiserati label Narnack—a box set that is sloppy (the track listings are totally fubar), overblown (four discs and a DVD) and (by its very existence) inexplicable. Compiling previously vinyl-only releases from labels like LHG, Now Sound, Blackjack and, yes, a totally unfathomable tantrum released on Matador of all places—*Box The Bunny* showcases Bunnybrains' screeching, uncontrollable, LSD-fueled id, swinging an improvisational mace made of hideous post-Butthole Surfers psych-punk, battering its way out of the bandility of Danbury, Connecticut, recorded lowest-fi whenever possible, and spreading itself like a cancer across four discs. The results, naturally, are mixed. At their most inspired (*Bunny Magick* and the Matador-endorsed *Bunny Brains*) the Bunnies make schizo grab bags of radio promos, speaker-slashing gutter-rawkers, Branca jams, retarded acoustic guitar blather, Ween-y faux-shanties, angry answering machine messages, maddening tape loops, punky fits, Jandek-on-ludes janglers and tons upon tons of nine-minute acid jams. At their least inspired (*CD 1993* and *Show Me*), it's essentially Pussy Galore covering Jefferson Airplane for 14-minutes at a time. There's enough good music hidden in this sprawling incomprehensible monster to be worth twice its \$16.98(!) list price, though. Cop it before the baroque packaging makes Narnack bunnybroke. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN



BRIGHT EYES

I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning Saddle Creek

Digital Ash In A Digital Urn Saddle Creek

It's refreshing (but not shocking) that Bright Eyes' "Lua," from *I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning* topped the Billboard Singles Chart in mid-November. Accompanied by his acoustic guitar, Conor Oberst nails a chill-filled tale of a young NYC couple who "might die from medication/But we sure killed all the pain." The rest of the spot-on album mixes plain-spoken Dylanesque storytelling with stunning alt-country arrangements that recall Wilco's *Being There*, Beck's *Sea Change* and, of course, drinking buddy Ryan Adams' *Heartbreaker*. Emmylou Harris even adds world-weary harmony to three tracks, including the spare, velvety "Land Locked Blues" and "Another Travelin' Song," a midtempo number with plenty of pedal steel, organ and enough twang to rouse Johnny Cash. Oberst's voice has never sounded steadier, and stalwart production by Mike Mogis completely eliminates the lo-fi distractions. The other product of a New York/Omaha collision is *Digital Ash*



Link

www.saddle-creek.com

File Under

Brighter brights, Darker darks

R.I.Y.L.

Beck, the Postal Service, Ryan Adams, Radiohead, Wilco

In A Digital Urn, the musical equivalent of a Scion whipping shitties out on the Nebraska prairie. Many of the same players from *I'm Wide Awake*, including Mogis, Faint drummer Clark Baechele and fellow Saddle Creekers from Rilo Kiley, Cursive, the Good Life and Azure Ray are in this mix, along with Postal Servicer Jimmy Tamborello and Yeah Yeah Yeah Nick Zinner. It could have been a train wreck, but *Digital Ash* easily matches the lyrical depth and focus of *I'm Wide Awake* and surpasses a vast majority of other artists' recent forays into '80s-revival-meets-new-millennium scorched earth. Warm, ambient noise, samples and Cure-inspired synths/strings are prevalent, but unlike other goth-children-grown-up, "Down A Rabbit Hole" shows Oberst fitting together words as well as (if not occasionally better than) Robert Smith in his prime: "If your thoughts should turn to death/Gotta stomp 'em out like a cigarette." And, by the way, neither album ignores nor certifies his political leanings. "I could have been a famous singer if I had someone else's voice," Oberst laments in *I'm Wide Awake's* closing title track. No matter, because Bright Eyes makes up for it with a resplendent voice—referring to both perspective and artistry—for our time. >>>REED FISCHER



NEKO CASE

The Tigers Have Spoken Anti-

Neko Case is confident, erudite, artistic. She drew/designed this disc's packaging. She has one of the sultriest, all-encompassing voices this side of Grace Slick. Oh, and *Playboy* named her "the sexiest babe in indie rock." Showcasing all these virtues (and range, which Slick lacked), Case's latest is a live throw-down, featuring collaborations with her non-pornographic Americana group the Sadies, songstress Kelly Hogan and her own dusty crew of Soggy Bottom boyfriends. Although her voice is often mixed stronger than the music, "If You Knew," "Train From Kansas City" and

Link

www.nekocase.com

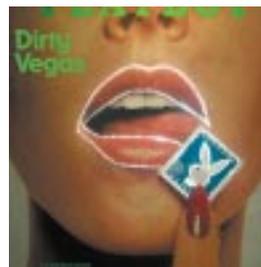
File Under

Somebody To Love

R.I.Y.L.

Maria McKee, New Pornographers, Loretta Lynn

"This Little Light" all shine with Case's passion, urgency and exuberance (respectively). While yet another recording of the biblical folk classic "Wayfaring Stranger" may seem unnecessary (allmusic.com counts almost 250), Case's dynamic voice flirts exceptionally well with this recording's coal-miner banjo pickin', contrasting her band's chain-link-fence-of-noise chirps. The live versions of two of Case's repertoire songs, "Blacklisted" and "Favorite," sound much fuller than their respective studio recordings, echoing with the full resonance Case's music has often sought; she maxes her voice out for "Favorite," adding raspy authenticity to her romantic disillusionment. Case's unlisted onstage banter closing the CD—an awkward musing suggesting that loud children would make great tiger food—while a gentle, stumble at least shows she's the real deal. >>>KORY GROW



DIRTY VEGAS

One Parlophone-EMI

Erring deep on the "pop" half of the dance-pop formula that jumpstarted Dirty Vegas' motor (the band was more famous in America for Mitsubishi commercials than their 2002 self-titled debut), the boys return with a sound that is decidedly neither "dirty" nor "Vegas." The "Ray Of Light" Eurotrash club fodder that quickly grew tiresome (and never really got much better than the standout car jam "Days Go By" anyway) has been replaced by something from a Gwyneth Paltrow movie—kind of a good one actually, along the lines of *Sliding Doors* or *Great Expectations*. With the same one-

Link

www.dirtyvegas.com

File Under

PG-13

R.I.Y.L.

Dido, David Gray, Coldplay

two drum sheen persisting through much of the record (a carry-over from Dirty Vegas' house days), *One* is an "easy" album that's simultaneously pleasant and forgettable, like candy... or a Gwyneth Paltrow romance, perhaps? One quasi-exception is "Closer," in which singer Steve Smith attempts a Gallagher-brother impersonation—and sort of pulls it off. The problem, however, is that the band's posturing this time around is far too arbitrary and vague, with no "trick" or timely trend to rally behind. In 2002, "Days Go By" was hot (remember: We also had that other Mitsubishi hit, Telepopmusik's "Breathe"), not to mention, mysterious, low-pro and suitably cool, despite all that dancey nonsense. Back then, the name "Dirty Vegas" seemed to fit. Now, the music sounds too carefully rehearsed, too unabashedly melodic, too eager to please—in other words, the opposite of cool. >>>STEVEN CHEN

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EARLY DAY MINERS

All Harm Ends Here *Secretly Canadian*

Arranging minor keys over loping rhythms, Indiana's Early Day Miners score a post-goth mopecore soundtrack to their own currently Midwestern lives with their fourth full-length *All Harm Ends Here*. In classic sulk-rock form (*All Harm* was recorded in a church bordered by a 150-year old cemetery), Dan Burton and Joseph Brumley's vocals imbue *All Harm's* cinematic tracks with a sullen, understated beauty—think Mark Kozelek fronting a Calexico/Bedhead/Friends Of Dean Martinez hybrid (yes, strings appear; no, mariachi horns do not). As the album

unfolds, Brumley and Burton's guitars add lush textures, ranging from sanguine ("Comfort/Guilt") to pensive ("The Union Trade") to somber ("All Harm"), while Matt Griffin's drums animate and focus all of the songs—most notably on "Precious Blood," which cascades into a wash of choppy guitar, emphatic bass and dissipating feedback. Sonically, *All Harm* varies only slightly from track-to-track, but the album avoids homogeneity, radiating a feeling of welcomed cohesion in its sparse-to-abundant arc. From "All Harm"'s optimistic refrain, to the harmonics decorating finale "The Purest Red," *All Harm's* charm lies in EDM's ability to brilliantly turn a satisfying indie-gloom trick while unexpectedly leaving a vestige of hope to linger. >>>BRAD ANGLE

Link

www.earlydayminers.com

File Under

Indiana indie-mope lope

R.I.Y.L.

Red House Painters, early

Mercury Rev, Bedhead,

Galaxie 500



Collecting The Kid El-P

EL-P

Collecting The Kid *Definitive Jux*



Beat-squelchin', underground hip-hop kingpin El-P is an open book—sometimes one that reads like DJ Jimmy Joyce cold lampin' with *Electric Sheep*, but that's why we love him, right? Whether eloquently deconstructing childhood abuse or using four minutes of Aesop Rock's record to tell you how much he kicks ass, El-Producto lays it all on the table. His B-sides/rarities comp, *Collecting The Kid* (limited to 15k, don't sleep!), is just as bare, showcasing the good, the bad, the fantastic and the damaged. In a mish-mashed dogpile of killer instrumentals, hit-or-miss originals and wonky jazz excursions, the standout track is the sublime "The

Day After Yesterday," a honking, whining, wheezing gem from 2002's slept-on Astralwerks hip-hop comp *Constant Elevation*. "Jukie Skate Rock" is a chant-heavy Autobahn-crashin' pre-apocalyptic rollerjam throwback—as fun to listen to as it was, surely, fun to make. Some complex instrumentals (formerly Mr. Lif and Murs songs) have some room to breathe, and his music for the graf film, *Bomb The System* has an ill George Romero-via-Muggs vibe. His jazz excursions (a track from the sketchy Blue Series Continuum collabo *High Water* and a lousy remix for the lousy Charlie Parker remix record) are as dull as, well, most jazz records these days; but El is just letting himself be heard in his favorite way possible: El's way. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

Link

www.definitivejux.net

File Under

B-fuddling B-boy B-sides

R.I.Y.L.

Omid, DJ Signify, Antipop

Consortium

NEW YORK CITY NEW YEAR'S EVE 2004

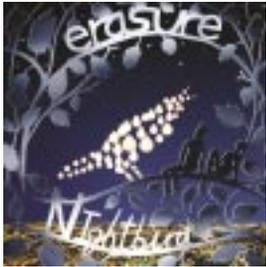
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ERASURE Nightbird Mute

In the seven years it's taken Erasure to release a new album, we've seen its inconsistent offspring, electroclash, come and go. And while it was an admirable goal to recreate the world as the soundtrack for a John Hughes film, the synthesized/synthetic scene that originated in Brooklyn was just too damned ironic and self-aware—"Look at us. We are so hilariously retro. Now, do you like our legwarmers?" With their remarkable (and much-needed) comeback, *Nightbird*, Erasure's original (and only) two members, Andy Bell and Vince

Link
www.mute.com
File Under
Erasure kills electroclash dead
R.I.Y.L.
New Order, Pet Shop Boys, ABC

Clarke, show us what the group is truly capable of if they wear their heart out on their sequined sleeves. The assured confidence and sophistication of songs like "Here I Go Impossible Again" and "Don't Say You Love Me" bring us back to the sugary-sweet time when "Chains Of Love" asked us "Do you remember once upon a time?" Brimming with a youthful optimism (Bell and Clarke are both in their 40s), the first single, "Breathe" shimmers with Bell's distinct falsetto and Clarke's three-dimensional production. The song is, hell, downright moving. The lyrical inspirations on *Nightbird*, like most of Erasure's catalogue, still focus on obsessive love, how to win it back, how to let it go or how to celebrate while being in it (if that's even possible). But most of all, the duo's umpteenth record is such a welcome return because it's comfortable embracing its roots, as opposed to electro-clashing with them. >>>ARYE DWORKIN



MARIANNE FAITHFULL Before The Poison Anti-

Marianne Faithfull never strayed too far from the cutting edge: She recorded a Jagger/Richards composition before the Stones could ("As Tears Go By"); she uttered "fuck" on the silver screen long before any gritty Pacino flicks; she even succumbed to drugs (subsequently decimating her singing voice), not releasing any music for a decade after 1967 as a result. Now, more than 40 years since releasing "Tears," Faithfull finally finds apt muses to break new ground on *Before The Poison*: PJ Harvey (Faithfull's contemporary sullen-rock offspring), Nick Cave, Blur frontman Damon Albarn

Link
www.anti.com
File Under
As Years Go By
R.I.Y.L.
PJ Harvey, Nick Cave, Nico

and Aimee Mann/Fiona Apple producer Jon Brion. Cave and Harvey's melancholic minor key nuances suit Faithfull's aged and earthy (fine, drug-addled) vocal chords more comfortably than Beck and Billy Corgan's contributions to 2002's disappointing *Kissin' Time*. In fact, it's Faithfull's matured love-lorn airiness that adds legitimacy and depth to Harvey's now five-minute "No Child Of Mine" (originally on Harvey's *Uh Huh Her*), as Faithfull, herself, has a son. Harkening back to Faithfull's brooding 1979 landmark *Broken English*, her tattered voice threshes a grass field of delicate instrumentation (courtesy pared down carte blanche guitars). As widow to British rock's first wave, Faithfull gently drapes her introspective and Shakespearean *Before The Poison* in a wise, black veil. >>>KORY GROW

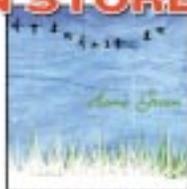
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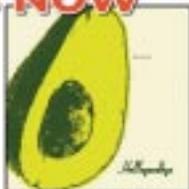
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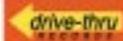
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GIANT DRAG

Lemona Wichita

Originally released overseas in July of 2004, *Lemona* gained enough under-the-radar praise to warrant California duo Giant Drag a label upgrade and national reissue of their debut EP. Giant Drag—composed of Annie Hardy (guitar and vocals) and Micah Calabrese (drums and synth)—deftly balance dystopian sentiments against gorgeous melodies and hazily-effected guitar, showcasing a shortlist of tastefully acerbic pop songs that evoke My Bloody Valentine's multi-layered guitar wash, Polly Jean's sinister lyrical streak and Hope Sandoval's codeine-syrup vocals. Highlight "This



HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL

White People Atlantic-Elektra 

On *So...How's Your Girl?*, Nathaniel Merriweather and Chest Rockwell (a.k.a. Dan The Automator and Prince Paul) taught us how to be the best models in all the Balkan countries. This time around, they show us how to wash our, er, "members" correctly. Well, you can't front on that. What can be fronted on, however, is Dan's unreliability when it comes to crazy pet projects. While the first Handsome Boy album featured a kick-ass collection of one-offs from the likes of DJ Shadow, Cibo Matto, Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

and El-P, the second fails to recreate the dependable magic of previous pairings. Rather, it reads more like a ridiculous grab bag of celebrities, musical and otherwise, chosen by some kind of crazy Professor Frink Selecto-tron 4000. A few tracks truly shine though, including the hip-hop headbanger "A Day In The Life" (featuring RZA, AG and the Mars Volta), Casual's funky "It's Like That" and Cat Power's sultry "I've Been Thinking." But most of the off-the-wall collaborations sound overburdened with guests, unpolished or simply uninspired, creating a muddled tracklist that is hard to forgive. There are gems here, and some seriously funny skits (God bless you, Tim Meadows!), but the album is a skip-tastic listening experience overall. >>>OWEN STROCK

Link
www.giantdrag.com
File Under
Left coast droner rock
R.I.Y.L.
Mazzy Star, Breeders, My
Bloody Valentine

Link
www.ruhandsome.com
File Under
Looking for the perfect mash-up
R.I.Y.L.
Gorillaz, De La Soul, Del Tha
Funkee Homosapien

Isn't It" begins with a fuzzy guitar before deferring to droning keyboards and drums, paving the way for Hardy's heartfelt refrain: "Love, love, love/This isn't it... You wouldn't know it/If it hit you." Conversely, on "Jonah Ray Is Aokay (But That's All Hearsay)" Hardy's coy voice apathetically delivers a brutal "I will fuck you/While you cry." Always a study in juxtaposition, Hardy's oscillating guitar on "Cordial Invitation" is (disturbingly enough) as inviting as her graceful, deadpan delivery on the incest-tinged "YFLMF" ("Oh hell/You fit me so well...You're just like my father"). While detractors peg Giant Drag as simply an update to '90s fem-fronted rockers, the sultry vocals and atonal sonic layers on *Lemona* don't sound redundant, but rather relevant, and hint to a promising full-length on the horizon. >>>BRAD ANGLE

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HOOD

Outside Closer Domino

The reason why pop radio can be such an unfulfilling experience—now and forever—is because the songs generally feel like paint-by-numbers, each with an uncanny resemblance to the song that preceded it. There's virtually no effort involved in listening to music when it's safe and nice. Thankfully "safe" and "nice" are two words that Hood, the Leeds pop-experimentalists, are not interested in. In fact, Richard Adams, their subdued and haunting vocalist, explained that the brooding indie-rock quintet wanted their new album *Outside Closer* to be "emotionally draining. Not background music.

Not necessarily nice." There is nary a chorus or traditional song structure found in *Outside Closer's* 10 unconventional tunes—just plenty of background blips, aggravated guitars and disjointed noises buried beneath the vocals of a seemingly paranoid android. The inevitable comparisons are obvious—Björk, "Climbing Up The Walls," David Fincher films—but Hood brings its own distinct brand of mess to a pop skeleton. It takes a bit of digging—sometimes it's actually kind of a headache—but the sweetness is there. It may be emotionally draining to do the work, but all spelunkers for experimental pop should be up for the challenge. >>>ARYE DWORKIN

Link

www.hoodmusic.net

File Under

Poise N The Hood

R.I.Y.L.

Four Tet, Dosh, Animal

Collective

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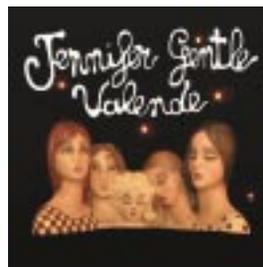
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JENNIFER GENTLE

Valende Sub Pop

Thanks to Devendra Banhart, being completely insane has finally become a valid career move, as a cursory glance at his recent freakfolk head count (*Golden Apples Of The Sun*) might demonstrate. It's difficult to complain, especially when the New Weird Order is producing records like Jennifer Gentle's *Valende*. The Italian duo's stateside debut treads avant-pop ground similar to the Animal Collective's *Sung Tongs*, blending experimentalism and melodic craft with home-recorded charm, but Gentle (a band, not a girl... like Molly Hatchet) eschews the Collective's cloying Brian Wilsonisms—

snatches of Syd Barrett's cracked prettiness that float through the hypnotic "Circles Of Sorrow" and "Liquid Coffee." Other tracks, like "Tiny Holes" and the hyperactive "Nothing Makes Sense," meld any number of mad genii, invoking both the drugged-out patience of Skip Spence and the neurotic jitter of Roky Erickson. In lesser hands, *Valende* would likely degenerate into a rote homage to rock's insane casualties, but singer/guitarist Marco Fasolo and drummer Alessio Gastaldello seem thoroughly attuned to their antecedents' sense of playful whimsy. When the members of Jennifer Gentle engage in some drums-and-keyboards chaos ("Hessesopoa") or play a "solo" with a deflating balloon ("I Do Dream You"), they may be referencing psychedelia's sordid past, but they're also giving it a future. To paraphrase Mr. Banhart, it's a sound to behold. >>>JOE MARTIN

Link

www.jennifergentle.it

File Under

Handmade Italian psychedelia

R.I.Y.L.

Syd Barrett, Devendra

Banhart, Animal Collective



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KAADA/PATTON
Romances Ipecac 

It shouldn't come as too much of a surprise that Mike Patton's idea of romance is a little different from the norm. Along with Norwegian composer John Kaada, he's created this "seductive" album that is a decidedly more sinister kiss—think vampires in velvet capes as opposed to a candlelit dinner. Much of the credit goes to Kaada, who follows up his mind-bending sumplicious 2003 debut masterpiece with an even more twisted take on hillbilly harmonicas, cartoon sound effects and sultry orchestration. This is what happens when the boys who pulled on a girl's pigtails to get her

attention actually grow up, get smart and fall in love. Patton, ever the evil genius, reminds everyone that there's a strong and talented voice behind the madness, and then, once you're sold, proceeds to run around the room whispering gibberish in your ears and charming your pants off. *Romances* is certainly a difficult starting point for appreciating either artist, but it's also the sound of two artists very much at home in a salacious affair. With Kaada willing to drop the funk every now and then, and Patton apparently going so far as to sing what sounds like the chorus to Simon And Garfunkel's "The Boxer," the album is hard to ignore and demands closer inspection with headphones. Doing so reveals *Romances* as a complicated labor of (and about) love. >>>PETER D'ANGELO

Link

www.kaada.no/romances

File Under

Avant-rockers need love, too

R.I.Y.L.

Lovage, Liszt, red wine and spaghetti westerns



M83
Before The Dawn Heals Us Mute

At a time when most acts are going Postal, bolstering their sound with more electronics and lauding M83 in the process, M83 has done the opposite, with stunning returns. In 2003, built from only the charred scraps from an Oakenfold dive bomb, the spacious and symphonic *Dead Cities, Red Seas And Lost Ghosts* proved to be the best freak galaxy soundtrack since *Dark Side Of The Moon*. On *Before The Dawn*, Anthony Gonzalez and now-departed contributor Nicolas Fromageau haven't waited for the high-pitched ringing that started in our ears (and spread throughout our bodies) to subside. The addition of live guitars, drums and vocals on tracks like "Don't Save Us From The Flames" justify past comparisons to My Bloody Valentine, but still only make up a crater of Gonzalez's world. "Car Chase Terror!," during which a woman's voice utters, "Look at my hands and body shaking/All my body shaking," is a digitized glimpse into the dark caverns of Godspeed You! Black Emperor, while "Can't Stop"—one of six segue-length tracks—is woven with Cocteau twine. And finally, the 10-minute epic closer, "Lower Your Highlights To Die With The Sun," pairs a massive "Where The Streets Have No Name" synth build with sweet children's voices. M83 is great company, not only for fellow French electronic perfectionists, but also for tech-geeks-turned-composers (Boards of Canada, Four Tet) worldwide. >>>REED FISCHER

Link

www.ilovem83.com

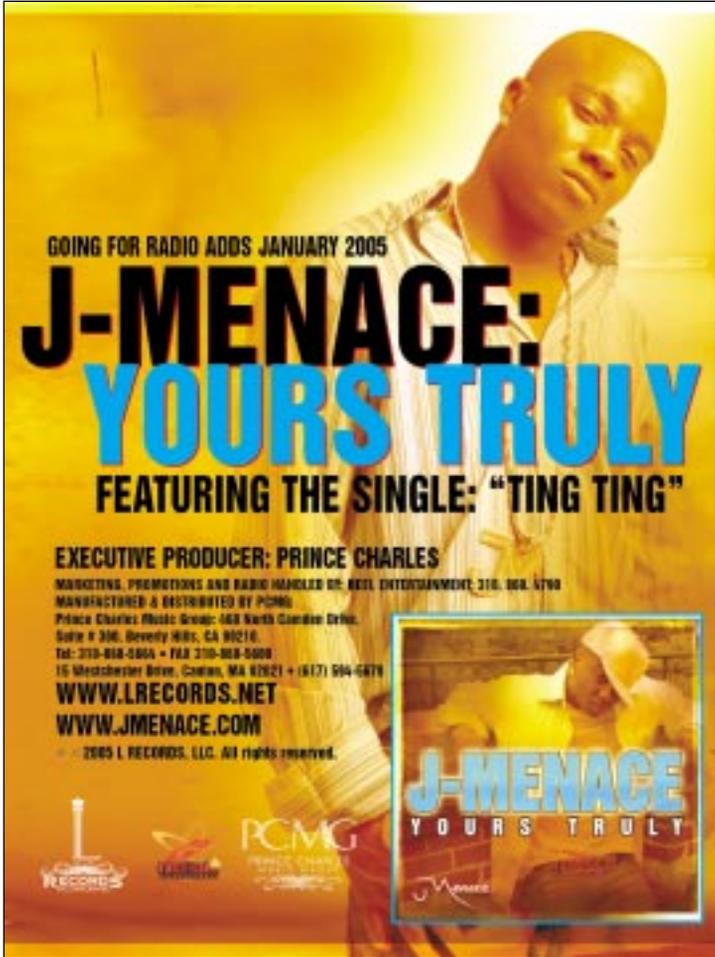
File Under

Surfin' on a rocket

R.I.Y.L.

Ulrich Schnauss, My Bloody Valentine, Boards Of Canada, early Spiritualized

tars, drums and vocals on tracks like "Don't Save Us From The Flames" justify past comparisons to My Bloody Valentine, but still only make up a crater of Gonzalez's world. "Car Chase Terror!," during which a woman's voice utters, "Look at my hands and body shaking/All my body shaking," is a digitized glimpse into the dark caverns of Godspeed You! Black Emperor, while "Can't Stop"—one of six segue-length tracks—is woven with Cocteau twine. And finally, the 10-minute epic closer, "Lower Your Highlights To Die With The Sun," pairs a massive "Where The Streets Have No Name" synth build with sweet children's voices. M83 is great company, not only for fellow French electronic perfectionists, but also for tech-geeks-turned-composers (Boards of Canada, Four Tet) worldwide. >>>REED FISCHER



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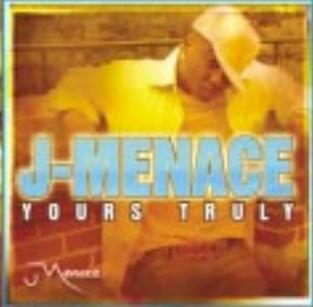
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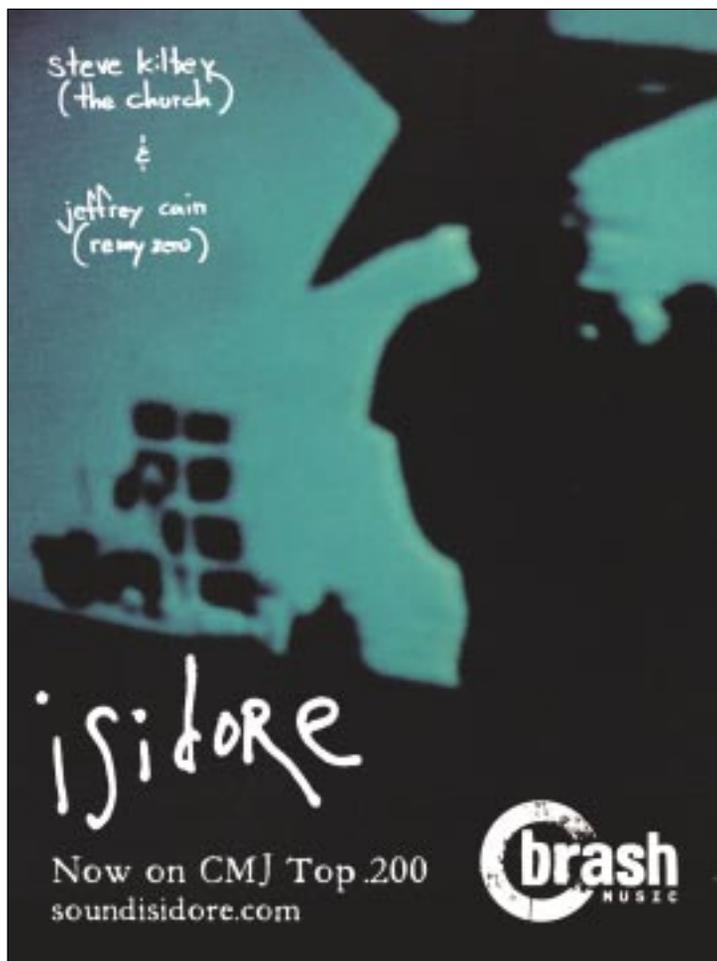
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MAN MAN
The Man In The Blue Turban With A Face Ace Fu

Man Man channels the spirits of P.T. Barnum, Frank Zappa and Screamin' Jay Hawkins with their 11-song debut séance of prog circus-rock/junkyard spazz-jazz. The bulk of *The Man In The Blue Turban With A Face* vacillates between the all-out hissyfit skronk of an eight-year-old who's been mainlining Kool-Aid and the lurching tenderness of a drunken carny dancing a love waltz. Between the two extremes you'll find cabaret chorus girls, howling madmen, stumbling jazz lines and Mexican funeral marches. Rhodes,

marimba, violin, bongos, saxophone and the Moonstone Pre-School Choir contribute to plodding saxophone romps, quickly morphing into swinging and jiving vamps and doo-wop shriek fests. Opener "Against The Peruvian Monster" sets the tone with the too-cute (and/or creepy) caterwaul of the aforementioned children's choir, clanking percussion and Honus Honus' lead vocals reminiscent of a Murder City Devil doing his best Tom Waits. The attention deficit acrobatics make the whole thing sound like twice as many songs as you really have—and while many prog acts come across as highfalutin douchebags, the strippers and dancing gorillas that accompany Man Man's live shows are sure to keep them clear of such snobbery. >>>MATTHEW FIELD

Link
www.wearmanman.com
 File Under
 Three-ring avant-rock
 R.I.Y.L.
 Tom Waits, Captain Beefheart,
 Firewater

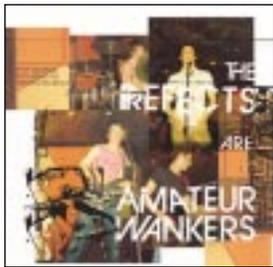


THE OCTOPUS PROJECT
One Ten Hundred Thousand Million

Using one of their eight freaky arms, the Octopus Project have torn a page out of Kieran Hebden's (Fridge, Four Tet) notebook and turned their indie-rock roots into 38 melodious minutes of organic post-rock and electronica. Comprised of Austin rockers Toto Miranda, Josh Lambert and Yvonne Lambert (who only have a lame six arms between them), the Octopus Project's tweaked and twiddled rock instrumentals forgo the rarefied bleeps and bloops of IDM by diving into the warmer realm of live drums, fuzzed

guitars and bass, and a host of other hands-on instruments, such as violins, trombone and piano. Though there are still enough computer-generated effects to please George Lucas on *One Ten Hundred Thousand Million*, the album eschews mathematical arrangement for impish spirit, creating a sound able to please hipsters and kindergarteners alike. It's hard to tell what is live and what is layered and what is looped—but the drums are almost always fast and fuzzy, giving the group's melodic distortion a DJ Shadow drivetrain. Even their melancholy tracks ("Bruise," "Responsible Stu") exude a toe-tapping urgency, despite their slower riffs. Though these Octopi are not the first to spill ink over the boundaries between Autechre and Godspeed, they know how to build beatific compositions as well as borrow them and bang out something new. >>>OWEN STROCK

Link
www.theoctopusproject.com
 File Under
 Alternative tentacles
 R.I.Y.L.
 Four Tet, Mice Parade, Igloo



THE PREFECTS

Amateur Wankers Acute

There are, essentially, two kinds of post-punk: The kind that can be enjoyed by anybody and the kind that appeals only to scene historians and genre aficionados. The Prefects' *Amateur Wankers* (much like Acute Records' Theoretical Girls, Glenn Branca and Metal Boys reissues) falls soundly in the latter camp—not that there's anything wrong with that. *Wankers*, a compilation of every listenable Prefects recording ever made (eight tracks!) and a few appropriately rough-and-tumble live numbers ("625 Lines," the seven-second blurt "VD"), makes for a fascinating document of a band's rock-

et exploding before it ever left the ground. Historically, most of the Prefects' notoriety stemmed from their chummy relationships with the Slits, the Buzzcocks and the Clash throughout the late '70s, but the band could be more fairly regarded as a sort of bridge between punk, post-punk and New York's then-formative no-wave scene. "Going Through The Motions," a droning, piano-led slice of punk violence, has all the aural nihilism of a good Suicide track. Similarly, the ragged guitars on the record's ten-minute climax, "Bristol Road Leads To Dachau" and "Agony Column" handily predict the Wipers' proto-grunge riffage. To the Prefects' credit, *Amateur Wankers* maintains this sort of prescient, eclectic feel throughout most of its 10 tracks. The band's members, during their short tenure together, proved themselves to be jacks of all the punk and post-punk trades; *Wankers* is a long-overdue reminder. >>>JOE MARTIN

Link

www.acuterecords.com

File Under

Deserted post-punkers

R.I.Y.L.

The Fall, Pere Ubu, the Germs



ULYSSES

010 Eenie Meenie



After co-founding Apples In Stereo and Elephant 6 Recording Co. (as well as engineering, producing or otherwise having some creative hand in many of the label's releases), Robert Schneider could have called it quits and rested on his indie cred laurels. However, a move to Lexington, Kentucky and a chance meeting with a few like-minded individuals resulted in the raw, emotional guitar pop of Ulysses. Their debut full-length, *010*, recorded live with only one microphone in Schneider's garage, is notably looser and more lo-fi than the grandiose pop of Apples, but beneath

the rough-hewn melodies lie Schneider's signature hooks—ranging from catchy to downright virulent. Lyrically, *010* is darker and sparser than any of Schneider's back catalog. "Push You Away" opens the album as Schneider bemoans with moody abandon, "Inside a pissed-off prostitute, I try to get my mind off you/I wanna push you away from me and set you free." The lovelorn pessimism complements the album's raw production and emotionalism, but as *010* unfolds, tracks like "Castles In Spain" and the closer "Her Silver Veil" betray his newfound melancholy with twinges of optimism and hope. An unrelenting popster like Schneider can hope for only so long.

>>>MATTHEW FIELD

Link

www.eeniemeenie.com

File Under

Slightly bruised Apple

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The Unnatural World

"LaPro's lyrics paint dark pictures that touch on an almost auto-masochistic experience, laced with psychedelic overtones and intravenous references." -Ivan Irving, Indie-Music.com

"It has all the elements. Thrashing guitars, punchy bass, a well-flogged drumkit and a fine vocal delivery worthy of many a post punk goddess." -www.rippingtracks.com

"A band with a signature sound? How refreshing is that? There is a surprise in every track as Karmic Brick remains balanced and tight, they also trip the listener with clever twists and unexpected turns." -Ed Drury, Indiebanpunks

THE MOLE STORY

It all began in 2002. Four Santa Barbara sanitation workers set out to tour the world by way of their Chevy van. They made it to the East Coast and realized that they sucked. The band is Mole. Major label A&R come calling a year later, but when they wouldn't grant a production and distribution deal (as opposed to the standard 'we own you, now bend over'), Mole decided to do it their way...Indy. With that bold move came creative inspiration. Guitarist Ray Badness tells it: "In 2003, I decided to track an entire record using all 6 of my Marshall stacks. It was so loud, I couldn't hear the engineer in the control room. He had to call me on my cell phone, which was set to vibrate, just to get me to stop the take. In fact, Orange Whip Recording Studios had to build a second control room just to provide enough sound insulation for the engineer to work. We still owe Castleman \$42000 for that. Anyway, the 6 Marshall stacks vibrated the whole place, frequently crashing the hard drives on the computer. After 2 months, we ditched the digital crap and went with analog tape on a 48 track Ampex. When you listen to that record, you can literally hear all 6 Marshall stacks ON at the same time." The road to fan-dom was rocky for Mole. In 2002 they rehearsed in an underground sewer. According to them, it stunk like hell, but it was free. There was no other place that the self proclaimed loudest band in CA could play. Man-o-war had nothing on these guys. The band rehearsed feverishly. Not surprisingly, the rodent population in the sewer began to find solace above ground. Ray Badness tells it: "In those days, rats would run down State Street on Saturday night. It sounds bad, but it really wasn't. The city's rodent population actually decreased. The entire west side was rodent free in 3 months. Once the city figured out that we were responsible, they gave us \$20 a night to rehearse. That's when we heard that Gene Simmons of Kiss was interested in the band. His interest soon faded however when we failed to bring enough chicks to his hotel room. He is rumored to have said that Mole should focus more on meeting girls than meeting in the sewer. He was probably right. While we don't know if this will be our last Mole record, we do know that we're tuning up the Chevy van and might be coming to your local sewer. Download 'Stuck In The 80's'! But more importantly, buy something at www.emusicmedia.com to keep us alive!"

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BETTYE SWANN

Bettye Swann Honest Jons-Astralwerks

SHARON JONES AND THE DAP-KINGS

Naturally Daptone



Pop singers come and go (seriously, will anyone really be moved by the majority of today's chart-topping twinkies 50 years from now?), but soul power means lasting power. The Honest Jons label (an imprint fostered by Blur's Damon Albarn and the hip London record shop of the same name) has been an outstanding resource for underappreciated music (chiefly world and soul) since its inception, this time, shining the light on Louisiana songbird Bettye Swann. From 1967 to 1970 she recorded for Money and then Capitol Records before vanishing from the music biz (and, according to the liner notes, she prefers it that way). Swann's voice doesn't share the boldness of an Aretha Franklin, but it does have the sensuality of Marvin Gaye as well as the, pardon the pun, vision of Ray Charles, considering her ability to

handle country and soul in the same sweetly held note. Her decision to cut an up-tempo version of Merle Haggard and Buck Owens' "Today I Started Loving You Again," proves her instincts for knowing a good song whether it's country, gospel or soul. She also cut a slower duet version with Buck, but Capitol felt the Hee-Haw nation wasn't ready for a mixed-race duet and shelved the track (did we learn nothing from *Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?*). While nothing comes close to Marvin Gaye's "Ain't That Peculiar," Swann gets the song's heartache across beautifully. Ditto on her take on "Tell It Like It Is," Otis Redding's "These Arms Of Mine" and the Nashville fave "Sweet Dreams."

Sharon Jones records in the 21st century, but the way the old-school masters at Brooklyn's Daptone records serve up their sides, *Naturally* sounds like it was shot out of a 1972 cannon. Done wrong, going back in time to honor the past smells like Lenny Kravitz aping John Lennon's piano sound. Done right, it sounds like the husky soul that Jones belts between the thumps and grinds of her JB's-inspired backers the Dap-Kings. The slow-burning "Stranded In Your Love," featuring Lee Fields, even gets the back-and-forth lover's tiff at the start of the track just right ("It's me, baby, open up the door/I'm tired of your lies, now we done been through this before!"). The horn attack of the opener "How Do I Let A Good Man Down," shows off the mastery of the Dap-Kings, mixing Muscle Shoals soul muscle with funky James Brown tightness for a backdrop that flirts with Afrobeat. In a word: hot. And Jones' grooved-out cover of Woody Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land," makes you want to live in a country where this is the national anthem and we finally have a black woman in the White House. >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD • R.I.Y.L. - RECOMMENDED IF YOU LIKE



VANISHING

Still Lives Are Failing Gold Standard Laboratories

Like the George Sluizer film that shares a name with Berlin-via-San Francisco art-gothronica trio the Vanishing, *Still Lives Are Failing* dwells in sociopathic uneasiness—cold, stark, perplexing. Unlike singer/Zoo Music Girl Jessie Eva's previous band, Bay Area goth-punkers Subtonix, the Vanishing emphasizes blistering '70s schlock-horror-flick synths with frigid, four-on-the-floor disco precision; the only human-sounding elements on *Still Lives* are Eva's laconic moaning and tortured saxophone bleats. Exhumed only a few hundred miles from the graveyard that begat L.A.'s forgotten synth-punk

heroes the Screamers, each of the Vanishing's St. Vitus Dances (especially "Lovesick" and "Paralyzed") writhes with jagged, atonal *savoir faire*. The absence of keyboardist Sadie Shaw (who split for the Bay Area garage rawkers the Husbands) allows the group more space to indulge in dark wordless experiments; standouts include the Philip Glassian "8.18" and the *Tron*-meets-Ornette-Coleman free-electro of "Toothless Tigers." Despite a superfluous title cut remix, *Still Lives* encompasses everything that was (un)fun about goth music in the first place: sterile Siouxsie Sioux yearning, campy horror crossover appeal and the fact that you can fucking dance to it. If goth-night DJs could diverge from EBM inanity like VNV Nation and Razed In Black for five minutes, *Still Lives* could generously pump some much-needed vampiric blood into the dancefloor's blackened heart. >>>KORY GROW

Link

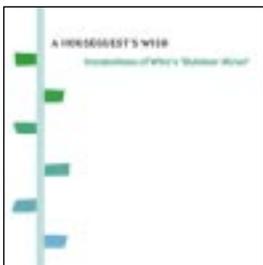
www.thevanishing.com

File Under

The Dead Can Dance

R.I.Y.L.

Bauhaus, Subtonix, the Screamers, Cabaret Voltaire



VARIOUS ARTISTS

A Houseguest's Wish: Translations Of Wire's "Outdoor Miner" Words On Music

Wire revisionists like Franz Ferdinand and Elastica have ensured that the band will forever be remembered in post-punk lore. None of those groups, however, provides one of 19(!) versions of "Outdoor Miner," Wire's esoteric and infectious tale of leopard's eyes and egg timers for *A Houseguest's Wish*. The song was originally released on the *Chairs Missing* LP in 1978 and was lengthened by nearly a minute for a '79 the next year. With the exception of '90s shoegazers Lush, this ambitious project is a showcase of several lesser-known artists on Minneapolis' Words On Music roster as

well as a gaggle of other musicians who are reminiscent of anyone but Wire. The divergence from angular pop is mostly a welcome listen. Careful sequencing allows former Swervedriver frontman Adam Franklin's Kings of Convenience-style acoustic hum-along to fit with the Garbage-gone-industrial take by Fiel Garvie. Cut to Christian Kiefer's Delta blues version and a Smiths-spirited runthrough by the Meeting Places. A few clunkers exist, like Above The Orange Trees giving it a ponderous five-minute-plus Coldplay treatment (the song was only 1:44, ferchrissakes!), but the bulk of the album is easy on the ears. Except, of course, that you'll be muttering "He lies on his side/Is he trying to hide?" until the song is old enough to collect social security. This collection, along with the new live CD/DVD *Wire On The Box 1979*, are a refreshing kick in the corduroys for a music scene hellbent on rehashing rehashes of the original minimalist punksters. >>>REED FISCHER

Link

www.words-on-music.com

File Under

Baffling mix-tapes fodder

R.I.Y.L.

Wire, Wire (again), Wire (17 more times)

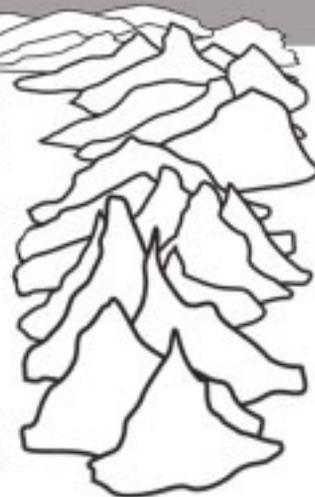
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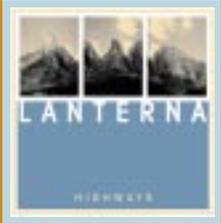
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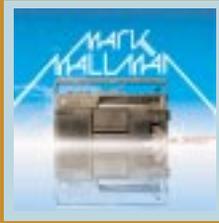
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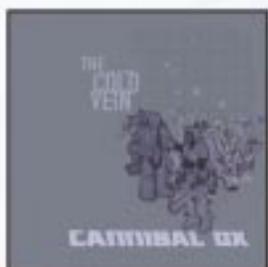
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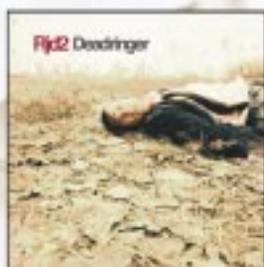
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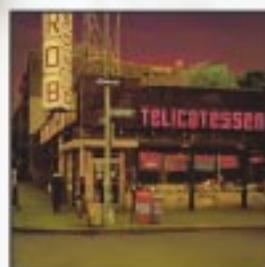
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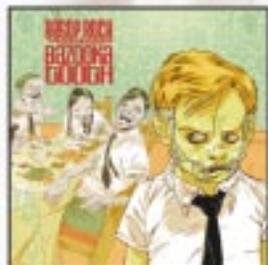
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