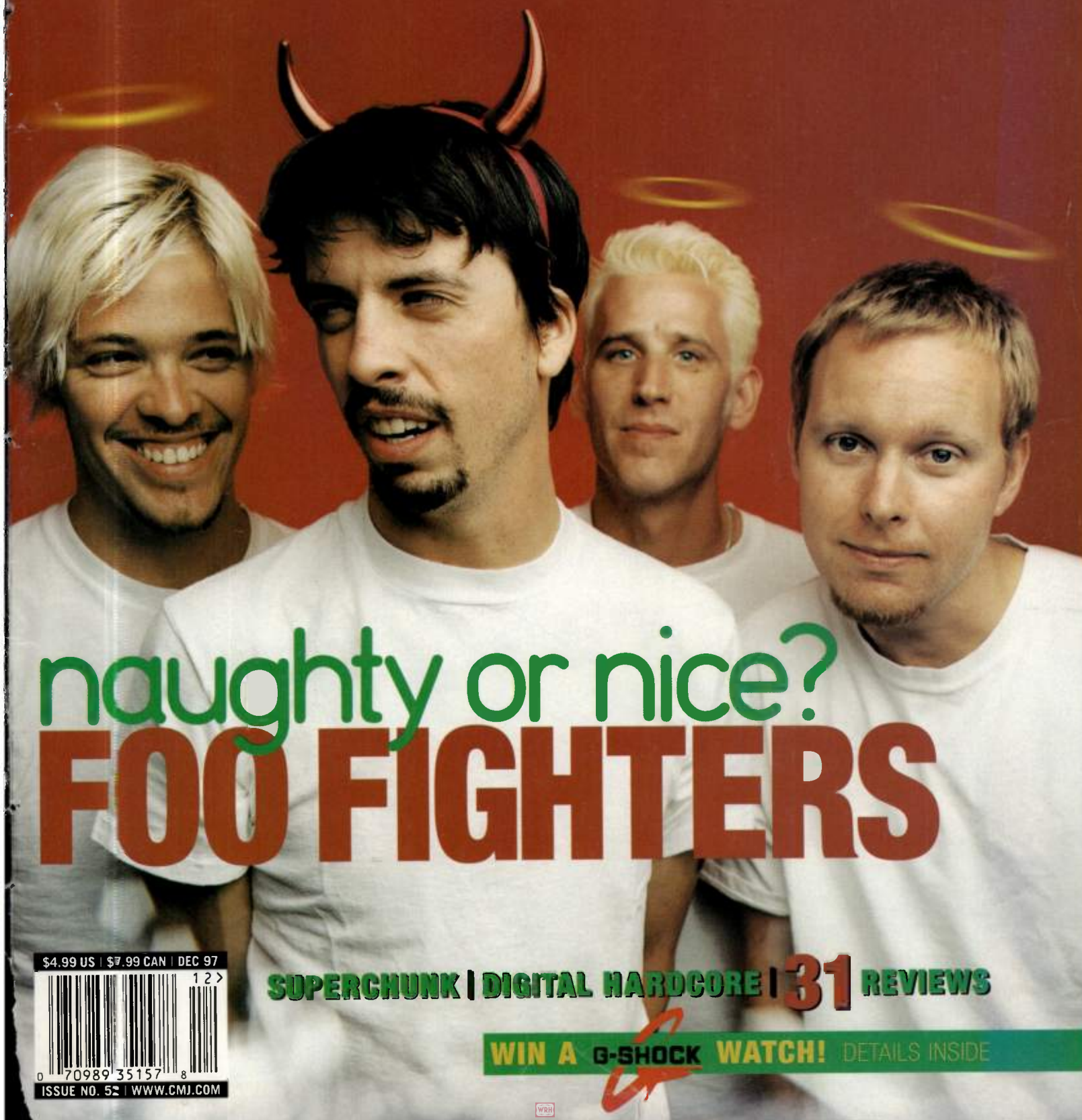


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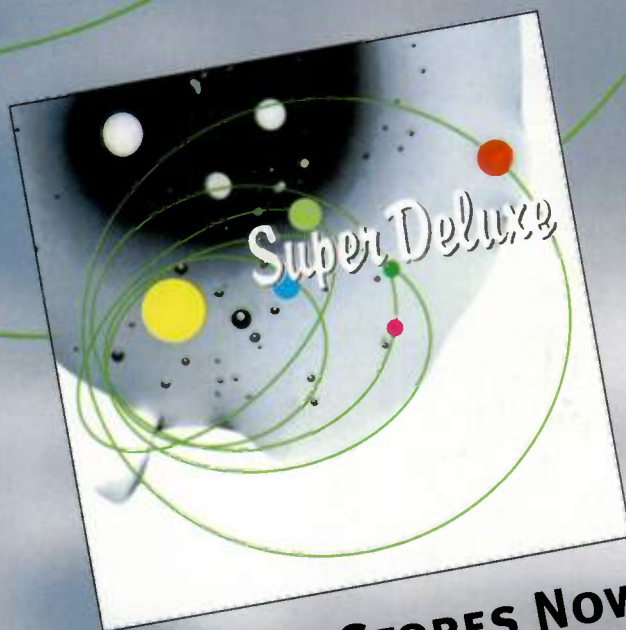
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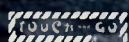


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### 25 **DIGITAL HARDCORE**

"It's more important to produce the energy than to have people understand the lyrics." Atari Teenage Riot and the rest of Germany's Digital Hardcore label take it to the stage in the U.S.

—Interview by Matt Ashare.

### 27 **HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE**

Our annual selection of the coolest stuff to put under your favorite person's Christmas tree, Chanukah bush, nondenominational shrub.

### 34 **ON THE COVER: FOO FIGHTERS**

"There are some things that should be kept to yourself, and there has to be a line drawn. There are a lot of things that people who are very close to me don't even know about me." Devil or angel? Dave Grohl and the Foo Fighters hit the road. —Interview by Douglas Wolk.



### 38 **CHUMBAWAMBA**

"We had massive discussions and worked out how we thought we could handle a major label. Looking back, I think it would have been disastrous to have made any other decision." A band once more known for its anarchist leanings than hit potential grapples with the hit-making machine. —Interview by Chris Nickson.

**ON THE COVER: FOO FIGHTERS**  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLISON DYER



### 42 **FATBOY SLIM**

"The first time I actually had a House-martins record in my hand, vinyl, I just sat there and played with it for ages, looked at it and sniffed it." Making the rounds as Fatboy Slim, Norman Cook looks back on a multifaceted career. —Interview by Kurt B. Reighley.

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### ■ Issues with the new issue

Your new format sucks. I liked your old one much better because it was much easier to read. The pages wouldn't bend and the magazine fit better in bags, etc. Furthermore, even with your new layout, it looks like it's half empty. Is the size change simply a move to get more exposure on the racks? In any case, I hate it and probably won't renew my subscription.

Guy Bourgeois  
Montréal, Canada

*Guy has found us out: the new, larger size is a conspiracy designed to force people into buying new, larger bags (note to Lone Gunmen: hence the center-spread advertisement for backpack-type bags a few issues back). As a penitent gesture, we're banishing Douglas Wolk to the dark land of the Freelancers. May the gods forgive us. —ed. [Nooo! Aieeee! —managing ed.]*

### ■ Snowball's chance in Hell

I know I'm getting old and set in my ways, but I can't grok this new size (i.e. format) as of this issue. All I can see is mostly bigger ads, man. Do I really need an 8 1/2 x 11 of a guy with nails glued to his head? I don't think so! And now, the magazine doesn't fit in the drawer next to the john, and you can't hold a magazine this size and wipe at the same time. Just what the hell are you people thinking about? Advertising dollars! Well, all the advertising in the world isn't going to help, if this music scene keeps lowering its common denominator. Let me make it a little clearer: all these schmaltzy Tindersticks, and Engelbert Humperdinck wannabes gotta go. Are the kids of today going apeshit for Martin Denny or are you just trying to foist off all this overproduced crap on an unknowledgeable public? It's gotten to the point where I like the C&W cuts the best, and that's unfair to me. Somebody needs to remember how you got where you are today, cause you're sliding down the mountain of middle-of-the-road like a snowball from hell.

Darrell Draeger

*The bags were one thing, but this is out of control. The larger size and accompanying redesign and the appearance of artists like Eric Matthews (the Humperdink wannabe, I'm presuming) and Tindersticks on the disc are separate, coincidental events, not part of some conspiratorial ploy to ruin anyone's bathroom fun. Here's a game for us all to play: What will lose us more subscribers, the new size or the mental image of this guy on the throne with one hand on the magazine and the other stuffed with toilet tissue inching ever closer to his hairy ass? —ed.*

### ■ More disco biscuits

I am writing in response to the letter sent by Matthew Savidis in the September issue. I was deeply offended when he said to "cut out the crappy techno CDs that basically only druggies listen to anyway." First of all, techno isn't crappy—opening people up to the world of techno was one of the best things this magazine has ever done. And the idea that techno is for druggies, that's insane! I know many people that like techno—including myself—that have never even touched a drug. Maybe I'm being hypersensitive here, but reading letters like that makes me sick to my stomach. As for you, I can't believe that you let letters like that in the magazine!

Letting Off Steam  
Apple Valley, MN

*Dear Letting, we print letters by lonely Canadians who think they've spotted a nipple in an Ani DiFranco photo and guys describing themselves as "getting old," yet for whom potty training issues are still current—it's not like it's any kind of endorsement.—ed.*

*Editor's Note: TVT President Steve Gottlieb objected to the phrase "liberated from" when used to describe Trent Reznor's relationship with TVT Records in the October cover story. As he put it, "Nothing Records is a joint venture between TVT and Interscope." Nothing's John Maum, however, disagrees, countering that "TVT has nothing to do with Nothing." CMJ New Music Monthly has no further comment at this time.*

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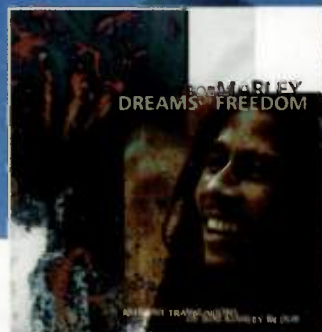
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## SUPERCHUNK

### Takin' Care Of Business

Eight is a special number for Superchunk. This past summer marked the beginning of the band's eighth year together. The recent *Indoor Living* (Merge) is its eighth album (including two singles anthologies). And in 1997, the group celebrated the eighth birthday of the Merge Records label, founded by primary 'Chunk members singer/guitarist Mac McCaughan and bassist Laura Ballance.

While Merge released early Superchunk 7" like 1990's "Slack Motherfucker," it took the band a while to become the independent juggernaut it is today. The first few albums by the Chapel Hill quartet were actually released on Matador. During the recording of 1991's *No Pocky For Kitty*, however, producer Steve Albini suggested Superchunk negotiate a new deal in conjunction with Touch And Go.

"The next record that we wanted to do was a compilation of singles," recalls the sweet-natured Mac. "We told Matador that even though we were under contract for another album, we were going to do this album ourselves. We had put out all the singles in the first place, and we wanted the album to come

out on Merge." That collection, *Tossing Seeds*, became the label's first official full-length. Since 1993's *Matador* swan song, *On The Mouth*, the band has released all its own albums through Merge.

Merge has grown considerably over the past five years, with four full-time employees in addition to Mac and Laura. Its impressive artist roster includes East River Pipe, Magnetic Fields, Butterglory, Beatnik Filmstars, Spent, Guv'ner and Lambchop. But running your own label while maintaining an active creative profile isn't easy. "You don't have as much free time," explains Laura. "Every

day of the week, when we're not on tour, Mac and I are in the office. So when you go home, you don't

want to play guitar. You want to watch TV and make dinner."

This proved problematic when work on *Indoor Living* began. "Merge is so busy, we had to specify 'okay, we're gonna practice these hours

of these days,'" says Mac. "Because otherwise, we would just blow it off. And practicing is how we write songs, so we had to set aside time." Pretty soon, they found this enforced schedule working in their favor. "After a while, it frees you up," adds Laura. "You know that for three hours, every Tuesday, that's all we're going to do."

While previously the band had composed around germs of ideas supplied by individual members, now they started from scratch. They also saved their experiments on tape for the first time, and decided their fate later. "Once we got into this cycle of writing that way, we were much more willing to try weird things, because if we didn't like it we could ditch it. There was no feeling of 'Oh my God, this has got to be the song,'" admits Mac. Hence, on new cuts like "Marquee" and "Under Our Feet," they were willing to take greater chances musically, "instead of going 'Let's do something

“ If there is ever an opportunity to put forth into exercise the much-needed practice of lynching journalists and paparazzi—you know, hanging them by the neck from trees until they are dead, then burning their bodies—then that time is now. I urge young people everywhere to give this suggestion serious consideration. ”

—Nick Cave, in a statement responding to a British MTV call for tributes to Princess Diana.

## In my room

ARTISTS' PERSONAL SINGLES



DAVID HOLMES

- "My girlfriend telling me to stop smoking"
- Jacques Loussier  
You Only Live Once
- Brian Wilson  
(autobiography)  
Wouldn't It Be Nice
- My Vespa P200E
- Ananda Shankar  
Jumping Jack Flash

## inspirational verse

"This ain't country-western/It's just soft-rock feminist crap/And I thought they'd struck bottom/Back in the days of Ronny Milsap/Now they can't stop the flood of assholes/There ain't a big enough ASCAP"  
—Robbie Fulks  
"Fuck This Town"

## random fact

Spiceworld, the Spice Girls movie, will be released on January 23.

## welrd record

■ **ROY HENRY ALEXANDER COVER** is an English gentleman in his 60s who's been making up words to sing along with the radio for almost 20 years, and has produced (by his count) around 650 hours of tapes. On his commercial debut, *Life Goes On*, he spouts in an East London accent over electronics-gone-mad backing tracks by Fan Modine: batty monologues about his nanny, the imaginary musicians he leads, "maggots and blowflies," and whatever else crosses his mind. (Tractor Beam, P.O. Box 1591, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)





more straight-forward.”

Despite the demands on Mac and Laura's time, Superchunk drummer Jon Wurster recognizes the advantages of being on Merge. “You always hear horror stories from bands about labels being terrible, and that happens. There are very few labels that have someone in charge that has made records and understands the inhumanity of touring.”

Merge promotions maven Ben Goldberg, who previously toiled for the Atlantic Group, concurs. “There is a greater awareness [here] of what the bands would probably like and dislike, and want or not want. There's much more of an appreciation for the musicians' own desires and feelings on subjects like promotion and touring.”

Yet continued growth has placed limitations on certain freedoms. “Before we had so many employees, we used to be able to get away with doing more fun stuff,” concedes Laura. They can't release a clear-vinyl 10-inch whenever they fancy, because “it's not just us depending on the label any more. They can't just wait to get their paycheck because we don't have enough money.”

“It's definitely a learning process,” concludes Mac. “We've had the label for eight years, and there are still times when we're asking people at other labels what their systems are for doing things.”

—Kurt B. Reighley

## FAR BEYOND RIVEN

From the FAQ (Frequently Asked Questions) file of the Pantera Sucks: The Official Anti-Pantera Homepage (<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Acropolis/6731/>), part of Anti-Music: The Hate Ring, a series of “anti” band sites. The Site includes old photos of the band in their glam metal phase, as well as the original album covers for now out-of-print albums from the era, I Am The Night, Projects In The Jungle and Metal Magic.

**AAA** A radio format also referred to as Triple A or, believe it or not, Triple AAA, this stands for Adult Album Alternative. It's a mellower, more acoustic- and songwriter-based variation on the alternative format, focusing on Americana and gentle guitar rock, with perhaps a little world music thrown in. Not to be confused with A3, the English group formerly known as Alabama 3, which was forced to change its name by the American country group, Alabama.

## BUZZ WORDS

### #2 “Are you a ‘fag’ or something?”

No, I'm not. I don't know why everyone keeps asking me, or telling me that I am a homosexual based on the fact that I hate Pantera. I really don't see the connection between hating a racist, homophobic band (whose fans are also quite homophobic for tossing the term “fag” around at every opportunity) and being a homosexual. If I were to suspect anyone of being homosexual, it would be Pantera, because after all, they were the ones wearing makeup, flashy clothes, and singing glam music. But it would at least be admirable if they were a gay metal band, and I would respect that far more than the current “we want to make money, let's act tough” facade that they are portraying now. So no, I am not gay, but thank you for asking.

## A3 CD

### Preach The Blues

“Aye, I knoo wot yoor a-thinkin’,” chuckles pasty-white Glaswegian Jake Black as he answers the door to his manager's London apartment. “Yoo

woor expectin’ a 70-year-old black man, wooren’t ya? Soorprised?” Indeed. In the style-pirating techno-soul revue Alabama 3 (called A3 Stateside after the country group Alabama registered its objections), Black is known as Reverend D. Wayne Love, and raps/toasts/sings Southern vernacularisms with a nasal delivery that's part revival meeting, part snake-oil salesman, and part crusty old bluesman. On the band's debut, *Exile On Coldharbour Lane* (Geffen), harmonicas wail, bass lines shuffle to a synthesized beat, and Black and his bass-throated partner Larry Love mock-preach to the



club-going faithless: “Ain't nothin' worse than some damn fool lyin' on some Third World beach in Spandex psychedelic trousers, pretendin' he gettin' consciousness expansion—I want consciousness expansion, I go to my local tabernacle and I sing!” (“Ain't Goin' To Goa”).

“Look around,” says Black, wandering down to a pub in London's Brixton neighborhood surrounded by Jamaican cocaine dealers aggressively plying their wares. “We're in the middle of the biggest black community in Britain, and we're soul brothers, but we're

“We were simply on an independent label because that was the first label that offered us a record deal. We didn't have a lot of money to make the first record, so it sounded low-fi, but that wasn't what we wanted to sound like. We always saw ourselves as a huge rock band.”

—Veruca Salt's Nina Gordon, responding to the accusation that her band has sold out.

## In my room

ARTISTS' PERSONAL PICKS

UNWOUND/LONG  
HIND LEGS  
Vern Rymzey

Beatles  
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely  
Hearts Club Band

Built To Spill  
Perfect From Now On

Elton John  
Greatest Hits, Vol. 1

Beatles  
White Album

Beatles  
Anthology 2

## tours we'd like to see

THE LOONY BIN:

Madness, The  
Crazy World Of  
Arthur Brown, My  
Psychotic Motor,  
Insane Clown  
Posse, Neurosis,  
Daft Punk and the  
Notsensibles

## random fact

A lullaby version of her hit “Blue” sung by LeAnn Rimes at the bedside of seven-year-old auto accident victim Tamra Diehl is being credited with stirring the girl out of a coma. The miracle was brought to the attention of the media by the girl's mother, who has pleaded innocent to a drunk-driving charge in connection with the accident.

# LAIKA

## Sounds of the Satellites



The new album featuring the tracks "Prairie Dog" "Almost Sleeping" and "Breather"



white." Admitting he's copped a great many speech patterns from the likes of William Faulkner and Flannery O'Connor, he adds that "what we're doing is immersed in late 20th-century culture, and late 20th-century culture simply doesn't have any racial delineations. The line's blurred now, so *everything's* there for appropriation. But we do it with such reverence—in the song 'Converted,' we've got 15 bars of Sonny Boy Williamson sampled, and we did it with reverence for that music and the culture it came from.

"And this is difficult for me to put in any reasonably sensible-sounding way, but we have a much stronger affinity for this, coming from our working-class background, with 37 percent unemployment, high crime and lots of drug abuse—much the same kind of environment that people like Robert Johnson came from, people like Lynyrd Skynyrd as well. Just pure white trash, or in Marxist terms, total proletariat. We don't identify with people in terms of whether they're black or white, so for us it's completely natural to satirize these things and shower on them that reverence we have for them."

According to Brixton lore, the core "Love" duo (A3 boasts a constantly shifting lineup that includes dancers, "security officers" and countless onstage guests) met at an acid party a couple of years ago, where after drunkenly harmonizing on old Merle

Haggard songs deep into the night, an idea dawned on them: Why not hogtie vintage blues/country melodies to the throbbing techno tracks? Finding a name was easy, says Black, who seems overjoyed to be anchored in this dingy bar and chugging down pints with a bunch of his working-class chums. "You know the Five Blind Boys Of Alabama? The Golden Gate Quartet? Wonderful groups, wonderful people." The Alabama 3 mythology soon followed. How did this Love-world evolve? Black, his eyes glazed over from one too many ales, slides into a mischievous grin. "Me and Larry Love just *invented* it." And don't forget, he clarifies, "Glasgow, where I come from, is a *big* soul town. And look at my last name! Even my last *name* is Black!"

—Tom Lanham

## in my room

ARTISTS' PERSONAL PICKS



MR. T. EXPERIENCE  
D. Frank

- Kinks  
The Kinks... Are  
The Village Green  
Preservation Society
- Jerry Lewis  
(movie) The Nutty  
Professor
- Groovie Ghoulies  
"My Computer  
Said Kill"
- Ellen Raskin  
(book) The Case Of  
The Tattooed Potato  
& the Tale
- Maddox Brothers  
With Rose  
"Shimmy Shakin'  
Daddy"

## inspirational verse

"I'm no  
fucking Buddhist but  
this is enlightenment"  
—Björk, "Alarm Call"

## FOR PETE'S SAKE

From Dishwasher #14, a 'zine that chronicles its editor Dishwasher Pete's fascination with all things suds-related. Pete agreed to appear on to be on The Late Show With David Letterman, but since no one involved with the show had ever seen him, he sent his friend Jess to be on the program and meet the talent bookers in his stead. Jess tells the story:

About a week before flying out, Daniel—one of the producers—asked me if I liked girls and what drugs I enjoyed. I found this line of questioning to be very uncomfortable. I told him so. I told him that if there were a couple of beers there that would be fine. And that drugs and girls wouldn't be necessary... However, the woman who booked me on the show was wearing a miniskirt and sat in such a close and revealing way whenever she spoke to me (in the dressing room) that I would definitely say she was invading my personal space.


## THE MOST UNWANTED SONG

Focus Group Rock

The Russian artists Vitaly Komar and Alex Melamid are known for their "democratically based" art, e.g. polling people in a given country to find out what elements they like most and least in paintings, and then doing that country's most-wanted and least-wanted painting. (Information on them is available at [www.diacenter.org](http://www.diacenter.org).) At a New York City performance earlier in the year, they unveiled the result of their latest poll: "People's Choice: The Most Unwanted Song." According to their research, it turns out that people hate tubas, bagpipes, accordions, drum machines, high-pitched female voices, children's voices, rapping, operatic singing, songs about cowboys, advertising music, songs about intellectual matters, songs about holidays...

So, of course, they assembled an all-star cast of nearly 20 Downtown NYC luminaries (including an actual children's



that Cleopatra licenses in America. The label's best-selling titles are by Kraftwerk (it's reissued the Capitol-era titles) and Switchblade Symphony , one of the leading darkwave groups, as well as the compilation *Into The Mix* and the industrial AC/DC tribute *Covered In Black*. Upcoming releases include new records by 808 State, Yamo (Kraftwerk alum Wolfgang Flur's new project) and Switchblade Symphony, as well as a new Yes album. ■ Cleopatra, 13428 Maxella Ave., Ste. 251, Marina Del Rey, CA 90292 [www.hallucinet.com/cleopatra](http://www.hallucinet.com/cleopatra)

label profile



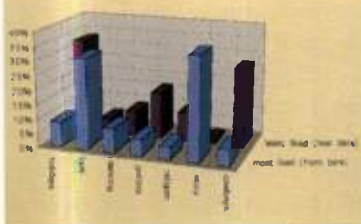
“ You could always count on a big drama at a Germs show. Darby [Crash] was outrageous! We used to go to wild parties where people would pass out and end up made into a human salad, covered in dressing and lettuce! Then the Go-Go's formed and we kind of drifted apart. I was really disturbed by the heroin that was going on, I kind of distanced myself from that crowd. ”

—Belinda Carlisle, on her days with the Germs.

### Most wanted response sought in music



### Song subjects



with Dave Soldier (banjo); the lyrics are by Nina Mankin. Space does not permit us to run the complete lyrics of the *Most Unwanted Song*, but we feel obliged to take note of the easy-listening interlude with Mankin shouting political slogans through a bullhorn (“Who murdered all the innocent children? *You did! You! You! You!*”), and the finale, an attempted sing-along (“It may be you it could be me/It’s not enough to wait and see/And when we all lock arms and sing/Then bells of freedom ring ding ding”). The *Most Unwanted* and *Most Wanted* songs—the latter with moderate tempo, volume and duration, with low male and female voices intoning a slow-jam love story, by popular demand—appeared together on a CD late this summer. (Dia Center For The Arts, 542 W. 22nd St., New York, NY 10011) —Douglas Wolk

choir), playing the most widely loathed instruments around, to perform their *Most Unwanted Song*, which is almost half an hour long, since people hate long songs. (Special credit goes to Dina Emerson, the rappin’ operatic-soprano cow-girl: “Out on the plains just me and my mind/ Took me a break to read some Wittgenstein”). The music was composed by Komar and Melamid (who played bass drums)

### in my room



#### DANCEHALL CRASHERS

- Elyse Rogers
- Bouncing Souls
- Maniacal Laughter
- Hepcat
- Scientific
- Brendan Benson
- One Mississippi
- Weezer
- Pinkerton
- Limp
- Pop & Disorderly

# The Maxell Mix Tape

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

This Month's Winner is  
**Jaysen Kralovetz!!**

#### SIDE-1

King Crimson  
The Great Deceiver  
Guided By Voices  
Knock 'Em Flyin'  
Afghan Whigs  
Going To Town  
Sam Cooke  
Ain't That Good News  
Mary Wells  
The One Who Really Loves You  
Gene  
Dolce And Gabbana Or Howt  
Donovan  
There Is A Mountain  
David Bowie  
Black Country Rock  
Ruth Brown  
This Little Girl's Gone Rockin'  
R.E.M.  
Maps And Legends  
Big Star  
Stroke It Noel  
Drop Nineteens  
Winona  
Galaxie 500  
Parking Lot

#### SIDE-2

Geraldine Fibbers  
Lillybelle  
Elvis Costello  
Waiting For The End Of The world  
Ani DiFranco  
Buildings And Bridges  
Sonic Youth  
Swimsuit Issue  
Nina Simone  
Gimme Some  
Come  
Car  
Wedding Present  
2,3, Go  
The Jam  
Start  
Al Green  
I'm Still In Love With You  
Ocean Colour Scene  
One For The Road  
Unrest  
Light Command  
Etta James  
Watch Dog  
Roy Orbison  
One More Time

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

Mix it up!

CMJ NEW MUSIC



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# bestnewmusic

THE 6 BEST RELEASES THIS MONTH



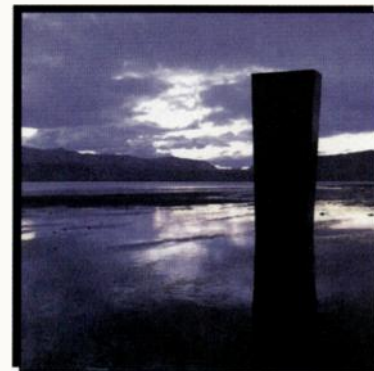
## LAIKA CD

Sounds Of The Satellites — Too Pure/Sire

Margaret Fiedler knows what God gave her synthesizers for. She and engineer Guy Fixsen started Laika to make a uniquely sultry, swinging kind of electronic pop, and against the odds, their formula refuses to get old. Their second album is a few shades cooler than the first, laced with jazz flute and spooky, warbling keyboards where drum machines had dominated. The mix is dense and organic, but low-key throughout, like a rainforest electrified. Fiedler's

understated vocals have more presence in this context, as on "Breather," where the single chanted line "Dead dreams dropping off the heart like leaves in a dry season" blends with the percussion of fast breathing. She fairly bounces through "Starry Night," a marimba-driven song whose skipping beat is reminiscent of Latin drumming. Laika's arrangements are endlessly inventive; each song is a tight, insistent web of rhythm that has momentum enough for an extended remix. They do a great bachelor-pad pastiche on "Martinis On The Moon," a semi-reverent tribute to the sci-fi style of early electronic music, complete with phaser gun sound effects. But they are equally adept at provocation. "If it hurts, push harder," purrs Fiedler on the refrain of "Shut Off/Curl Up," the most libidinous moment on *Sounds Of The Satellites*. If Madonna were as smart and hungry a musician as she is a movie star, she might have done something like this. —Andrea Moed

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 7. First single "Prairie Dog."  
**FILE UNDER:** Sultry post-trip-hop.  
**R.I.Y.L.:** Portishead, Tricky, Topsy.



## BT

ESCM — Kinetic/Reprise

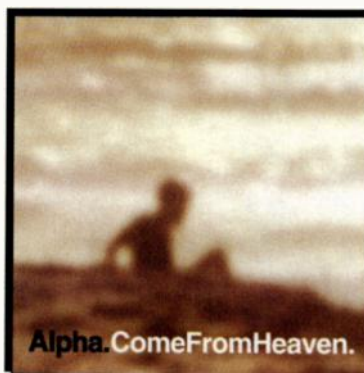
Somewhere high above Fifth Avenue, this very minute, is an executive suite full of suit-wearing thirty-somethings pulling out their hair, wondering what can be done to make electronica catch on with the kids. A simple answer is right under their noses: BT. Maryland native Brian Transeau's second full-length, *ESCM*, is packed wall-to-wall with what every crossover effort needs: exciting new cadences, rhythms and noises securely latched on to familiar structures and landmarks. BT has already had his share of successful singles on UK dance floors, particularly with last year's Tori Amos collaboration "Blue Skies." *ESCM* proves Transeau is still firmly in command of his trance and progressive-house chops, but also shows him moving way beyond techno's surfaceless and affectless repetition. Instead, he opts for truly hummable melodies, and with clearly mixed guest vocals on most tracks, some actual emotion and melodrama. Tracks like "Lullaby For Gaia" and the sprawling "Remember" might sound cutting-edge, but with their unstoppable hooks and lush orchestration, they also evoke great moments from mid-'80s electro-pop giants like New Order and the Pet Shop Boys. This is exactly what electronica needs more of: albums with familiar and reassuring human presence—pop grooves and real emotions—in addition to daring textural experimentation. —David Jarman

**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 23.  
**FILE UNDER:** Techno for the masses.  
**R.I.Y.L.:** Chemical Brothers, Underworld, Crystal Method.

## ALPHA

Come From Heaven — Astralwerks/  
Caroline

A luscious, rosy tension is at the heart of Alpha's first album, *Come From Heaven*. It seeps out of every thick sampled string section, dub-inflected bass line, mysterious crackly noise, and secret choral refrain. It's deep inside the vocalists' throats, and, most importantly, lies around the groin area of the record. This is slow, deep, sexy nighttime music, so richly recorded and alive with pleasure that only the extremely sexually repressed could not feel it down there. What Alpha offers is incredibly creative and rich: slow, fascinating rhythms, and samples that work not simply to add to textures, but to create and expand them. The highlight of *Come From Heaven*, though, is the stunning mixture of voice and



sound; one is never sacrificed for the other, and while it's a song-oriented record, it feels like an ambient one. The thickly mixed stew of sound carries the songs in a direction rarely ventured to in the ever-expanding frontier of trip-hop. In the realm of this new brand of music, Alpha's album is among the best.

—Randall Roberts

**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 30.  
**FILE UNDER:** Quiet storm for the hard-hearted.  
**R.I.Y.L.:** Massive Attack, Everything But the Girl, Portishead.

## WAYNE HANCOCK

That's What Daddy Wants — Ark 21

It used to be that the second half of "country and western" was as significant as the first. "Western" referred to western swing, a mix of big-band jazz and hillbilly music as akin to jump blues as it is to Hank Williams. *That's What Daddy Wants* is about as honest a representation of that style as you'll find. Hancock, singing in a nasal twang that could reap a wheat field, embodies the spirit of Bob Wills And The Texas Playboys, along with Jimmie Rodgers and no small bit of Hank Sr., crafting tales of heartbreak, life on the road and how the two often seem to intersect. (This is an emphasis point for Hancock: aside from a song called "Life On The Road," there's "87 Southbound" and "Highway 54," and names of highways crop up all

DATALOG: Released Aug. 26. Recorded live in the studio with no overdubs.

FILE UNDER: Western swing.

R.I.Y.L.: Bob Wills, Asleep At The Wheel, Jimmie Dale Gilmore.

over the place.) It's not all misery (though there's a song called that, too), but the blues creeps into everything, even if to make the good times sweeter. The title cut's roadhouse bravado, for example, steels under swing driven by what sounds like the horn section from the Andrew Sisters' USO bands and the growing realization that Daddy hasn't gotten what he wants in a long time. Wayne Hancock is a throwback, but so be it. Daddy's got good taste. —Scott Frampton



## DIANOGAH

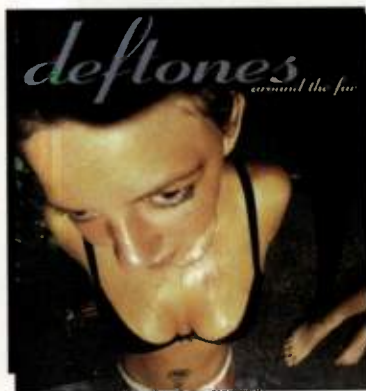
As Seen From Above — Ohio Gold

Dianogah, a trio consisting of two bassists and a drummer, operates in such a specific musical space that if the result is anything less than perfect, it's bound to suck. That its first full-length CD is outstanding top-to-bottom is evidence of the band's skill. The band's Chicago roots show up in the usual ways —

smarts, short hair, low-key presentation, lots of lower-case letters in the liner notes—but those signposts aside, there's nary a cliché to be found. There are also no histrionics, no howl-rupturing volume shifts, hardly any vocals, and no pedal-hopping whatsoever. What there is, is a near-telepathic ability to make songs cohere out of individual players' parts that, heard singly, seem to belong to entirely different songs (this is especially true of the performance of first-rate drummer Kip McCabe). The songs are assembled and performed subtly and economically, each cymbal hit and bass downstroke serving as melodic coloration as well as rhythmic propulsion. Bassists Jay Ryan and Jason Harvey continually surprise with odd but well-placed melodic twists, as in "Phantom And Krill" and "Seeing Stars." Dianogah is a truly remarkable and evocative band; don't overlook it because it goes about what it does so quietly.

—Jon Fine

DATALOG: Released Oct. 1.  
FILE UNDER: Moody, mostly instrumental smart-boy rock.  
R.I.Y.L.: Slint, Pell Mell, Ul.



## DEFTONES

Around The Fur — Maverick

"Dynamics" is a term that gets thrown around a lot in discussions of heavy rock nowadays, especially concerning bands that used to be called, unironically, metal. After all, dynamics—a code word for the ability to rock in many different ways—is often the only way to tell thrashing metal bands apart. That's where Deftones come in: The Sacramento, California, four-piece reveals more layers of sonics the longer one endures their fury. *Around The Fur* is a punishing test for even a serious metal connoisseur,

as the album thunders in with the volatile "My Own Summer (Shove It)" and never pauses for a breath. But amid the pummeling, the band's shifts in tempo, if not mood (terminally pissed), keep things interesting. On "Dai The Flu," guitarist Stephen Carpenter and bassist Chi Cheng build a towering wall of soaring riffage, while on "Be Quiet And Drive (Far Away)" they chime out a straight chord progression that's as simple as it is compelling. Amid their vital backdrop, lead singer Chino Moreno unleashes his stable of voices: the throat-puncturing scream; a Billy Corgan-esque, dreamy croon; and, of course, his Scary Metal Voice—the Alice Cooper-patented, Trent Reznor-refined sinister whisper that warns you a piercing howl lurks imminently. Ultimately, the lyrics of "Lotion" codify Deftones' frustrated approach to the world: "How cruel are you?/I remember/I feel sick." —Chris Molanphy

DATALOG: Released Oct. 28.  
FILE UNDER: Dynamic, pummeling metal.  
R.I.Y.L.: Korn, Pantera, early Smashing Pumpkins.







nation's capitol on the punk rock map in the first place. The Monorchid's songs are at once spastic and controlled, with the band twitching in time to an erratic beat, combining rhythmic complexity (bassist Andy Coronado deserves a heap of credit for his speed and grace) with jagged, dissonant guitar parts. Meanwhile, Chris Thomson sputters out his lyrics like they're burning his mouth. Named by *Alternative Press* as "Best New Band" last year, the quintet is one of the East Coast's most exciting young bands in recent memory. Its debut album, *Let Them Eat... The Monorchid* (Simple Machines-Dischord) was released earlier this year, and the band will be recording more and touring in the coming months. —*Jenny Eliscu*

## SUPER DELUXE

When Seattle's Super Deluxe came together two and a half years ago, pristine pop was fairly unfashionable in the Emerald City. But that didn't deter singer/guitarist Braden Blake from running a "band wanted" ad listing the Posies, Squeeze, the Beatles, even Crowded House among his influences. He found kindred spirits in drummer Chris Lockwood, bassist Jake Nesheim and axemaster John Kirsch. Their debut, *Famous*, was basically composed of demos played live to eight-track that Tim/Kerr Records poured on. The boys were subsequently snatched up by Revolution, which re-released *Famous* and recently unleashed the new *Via Satellite*. Recorded in 24-track splendor, the sophomore set bubbles over with vibrant power pop, like the current single "Far-ah Fawcett." The pin-up-perfect foursome are the stuff *Tiger Beat* features (and heavy video rotation) are made of; if you've ever witnessed one of Super Deluxe's home-turf gigs, you know the little girls understand. —*Kurt B. Reighley*

## MONORCHID

As Washington, DC's music scene becomes increasingly diversified, it's refreshing to have a band like the Monorchid remind us what put our



## SYLK 130

"The Philadelphia Sound" has certainly evolved over time, from the suave R&B of Gamble & Huff to the progressive techno-house attack of current heroes like Josh Wink. What distinguishes seasoned DJ/producer King Britt is that he's not interested in redefining the vibe of his hometown *per se*. Instead, this Ovum Recordings co-head incorporates all of his influences into a swirling discourse of sound that's both retrospective and futuristic—a vibe very familiar, but altogether unique. Led by Britt, the DJ/singer/spoken word collective Sylk 130 ushers the past straight into the new millennium with *When The Funk Hits The Fan* (Ovum-Ruffhouse/Columbia). The album molds the smoldering R&B, funk, and disco of Philadelphia International's heyday into a highly stylized collection of cuts buffed with sleek '90s production techniques. The album marks the first chapter of the Sylk 130 trilogy; the next stop is the electro-pop of the '80s, followed by a completely futuristic venture set for release (of course) in the year 2000. —*M. Tye Comer*





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# Stockholm Monsters: The Swedish Pop Explosion

by Kurt B. Reighley

Oh, the tyranny! 8.8 million people reside in Sweden, but for most foreign music fans, a mere four individuals have long eclipsed all other Swedes. Fifteen years after their dissolution, squeaky clean hit machine ABBA lives on around the globe, thanks to karaoke bars, drag queens and the sublime Bjorn Again. ABBA is practically synonymous with the expression "Swedish pop music." Press the average Joe on that topic, and he'll probably elaborate by naming sinister successes like Ace Of Bass or Roxette. Extremists might invoke Europop flukes like Army Of Lovers or Stakka Bo, but that's the end of the line. Or at least, it was until last year.



Since the U.S. release of the Cardigans' *Life* (Minty Fresh) in 1996, Sweden's musical profile has expanded rapidly, silencing the myth of a nation of Agnetha and Frida clones. "It's about time!" cheers Cardigans lead singer Nina Persson. "There's always been a lovely music scene going on, it's just that these [commercial] things are still the only sort of music that comes out of it." Thanks to its infectious melange of indie rock,

cocktail jazz, and (ulp!) heavy metal, the quintet soon found a bigger home with Mercury, and "Lovefool" became the most persistent hit since Everything But The Girl's "Missing."

And they're not alone. Teen dream Robyn recently peaked at #7 on the Billboard charts with her hit "Do You Know (What It Takes)," from *Robyn Is Here* (on RCA). RCA has also just dropped the eponymous Stateside debut from heavily-courted power popsters the Wannadies, which rounds out brand new material with the earlier U.K. smashes "Might Be Stars" and "You And Me Song." How did this hoopla begin? Jim Powers's Chicago-based Minty Fresh label introduced the Cardigans to American audiences. He's since released such diverse Swedish titles as Doktor Kosmos' kitschy *Cocktail*, Komeda's bubbling *The Genius Of Komeda*, and (in conjunction with Geffen) *Satisfaction* by the guitar-pop trio Melony. He insists that unleashing an invasion was never his motivation. "I simply found a band



whose music I really liked a lot. It wasn't an overt attempt to introduce the world to one particular country's music."

Regardless, it sparked a wave of signings that still isn't played out. "Between when the media decides something is a scene" and when people get around to the dirty business of making and releasing records, Powers says, "you're generally looking at a two-year curve before you see the massive results."

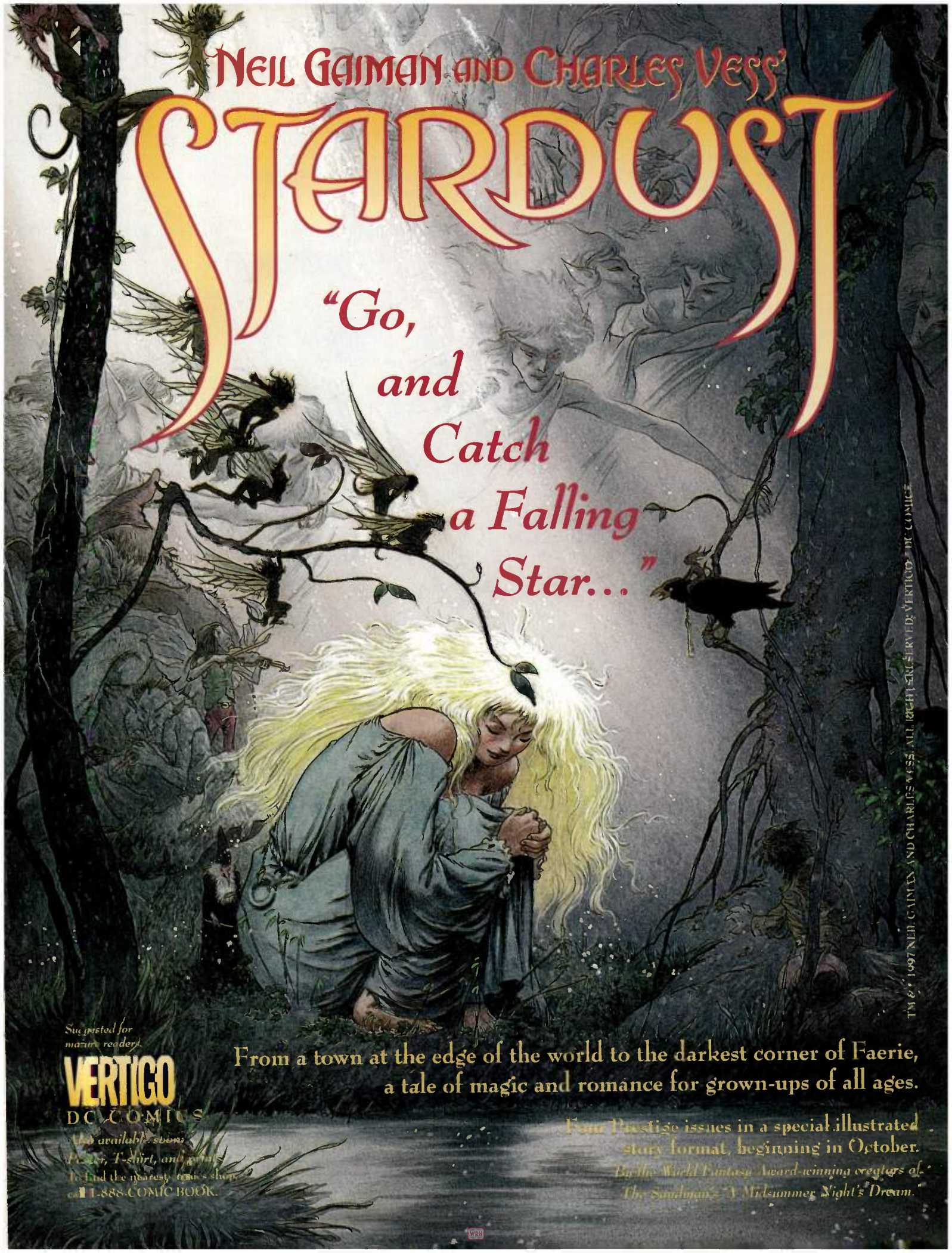
The Cardigans' sound initially seemed incongruous when contrasted with the excessively accessible Swedish exports of yore, and the flush of bands that followed only compounded confusion. But Sweden's music scene has paralleled virtually every U.S. and U.K. pop trend, with Merseybeat (the Mascots), '70s punk (Ebba Gron), hardcore (Krunch), and the constantly evolving oeuvre of alternative stalwart Freddie Wadling. Swedish indie labels like MNW and Radium have existed since the late '60s, and newer ones including Soap and Stockholm continue building steam. And, thanks to its proximity to England, Sweden remains a cheap, convenient place for British bands to try out live material.

Which is one reason many Swedish acts haven't had to contend with a language barrier when they release albums in America. "We started out singing in English, because almost all of the music we listened to was from Britain or the States," says Komeda's Jonas Holmberg. For an act to sing in Swedish



MARINA CHAVEZ





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"isn't that common," insists Nina Ramsby of Salt, and of the acts with national visibility, only the bizarre Bob Hund sings in its native tongue. "Swedish is a very difficult language to write good lyrics in," defends the Cardigans' Persson. "It's very harsh and direct, so you've got to be a splendid poet to cope with that."

But the nation has indigenous musical traditions (besides folk songs and tacky dance tracks), most notably the vintage pop-jazz that first inspired the Cardigans. "It was so beautiful," Persson rhapsodizes. "Swedish artists making jazz less serious. In the '60s and '70s, it was the most prominent jazz musicians who made the music for the children's TV programs, and those tunes are just gorgeous. To me, that's still the most Swedish music I know." Echoes of that sound augmented with a heavy Edwyn Collins influence also cropped up on *The Courier* (Island), the 1997 premiere from the duo Cinnamon [who write about their home town of Stockholm for this issue's Localize —ed.].

Despite their international acclaim, the Cardigans only reflect one facet of the country's offerings. Sounding like a leaner version of the Breeders, Salt's "Bluster," from the album *Auscultate* (Island), quickly landed the band in MTV's Buzz Bin last year. Nina Ramsby, singer and guitarist of the Stockholm trio, says diversity is one of the scene's greatest attributes. "It's not just a certain kind of music coming from Sweden," she suggests. "It can be a pop thing like the Cardigans, or an alternative rock thing like us, or a totally commercial thing like Roxette."

Or even the all-female Drain S.T.H., who have toured America supporting Type O Negative, and released the abrasive *Horror Wrestling* via The Enclave (before that label folded). "We have a lot of good rock and heavy metal bands here in Sweden, but not everyone has the opportunities that we've gotten," says lead singer Maria Sjöholm. "We have very good musicians here... and I really don't know why. We have a lot of people who can play really well, and a lot of good bands." Not that having a pedigree from the Scene-of-the-Moment helps if your music is still considered unfashionable. "The market for hard rock is very tight everywhere."

Minty Fresh's Powers claims that variety seems to be the order of the day throughout the Swedish music community. "I went to a festival up in Umea, which is where

Komeda are from," he recalls. Speed metal segued into hip-hop, followed by melodic indie rock. "And every band's fans were just as enthusiastic for one genre as the next. Kids with shaved heads and tattoos running down their arms were going crazy over some kid in a striped shirt and Converse singing about breaking up with

his girlfriend when he was 15. There was a real open-mindedness to what everybody was doing. I thought that was very rare, and unique to the country."

But how did Sweden come to merit international attention on such a scale? Native Swede (and former American Recordings A&R guy) Johan Kugelberg thinks there's been a definite upswing in quality, and attitude, in the past few years. "It has to do with who's forming bands." Traditionally, the Swedish government has nurtured baby bands with subsidies. Now musicians have begun to eschew that assistance. "The people who are in bands that are becoming successful

in Sweden now are people coming from the real D.I.Y. punk scene. And in the last few years, Sweden has been under economic strain, which means these people have to beat up little old ladies and steal their money to buy bass amps again. The people who're making the music are much more desperate, and thus much more active, about their craft."

Persson, of the Cardigans, concurs. "I don't think that the government or the public are more encouraging, but that doesn't matter for the arts. The arts become more vivid when they're not being supported. There is a great cultural life in Sweden, loads of good things going on."

Yet some of the Swedish artists to cross the Atlantic have already fallen on stony ground. Mouth, which released the Pixies-esque *Hole Of Your Head* on Kinetic last year, has since parted ways with the label. Despite having sold over 15,000 albums at home, Fire-side, a driving quartet that had already garnered a Grammy at home (yes, they call it a "Grammy" in Sweden, too) for Best Hard Rock act by the time American snatched its full-length *Do Not Tailgate*, failed to translate here, too. Even Salt was let go by Island earlier this year. Powers suspects the casualties will continue, even as recruiting tapers off. "There are a few *continued on page 76*



Top: Mouth. Bottom: Komeda



MISS UNIVERSE

Doktor Kosmos



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CMJ MusicFest 97

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Rosela

CHRIS

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9/3 Roseland // 9:12

Sneaker Pimps. 16 Horsepower is at Under Acme in 18 minutes, but I'm in love with Kelli Dayton's nosering.



9/3 Roseland Ballroom // 7:41

Opening night party. Fluke, Sneaker Pimps, Aphex Twin, Daft Punk, Crystal Method. Only one of the biggest electronica shows ever.

9/3 Roseland // 8:26

Some new friends.



9/3 Rose Bar // 8:19  
Waiting for the show to start, I made a sheet of stickers -- 16 copies of my happy mug. In case I made some new friends.



CMJ MusicFest 97

G-SHOCK







**9/3 Roseland // 11:38**

Crystal Method. I can't leave now. I vow to hit every club-tomorrow.

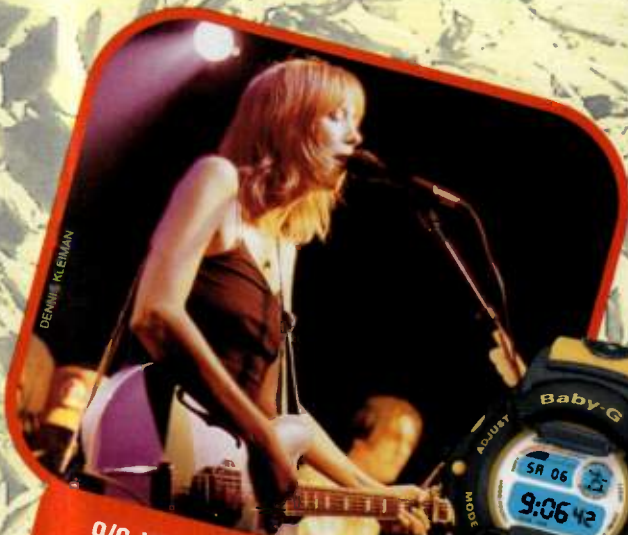


**9/4 The Cooler // 10:52**

DJ Soul Slinger. He started Liquid Sky. Did this place used to be a meat locker?



PATTI OLDERKIRK



DENNIS KLEIMAN

**9/6 Westbeth Theater // 9:06**

Beth Orton. Finally in the U.S. with a full band. Is that a Chemical Brother next to me?



**9/5 Mercury Lounge // 12:01 am**

Time for a change of pace. Mighty Blue Kings swing!



TOBIAS EVERKE

**9/6 Wetlands // 2:13 am**

Ninja Tune Records Night. If this goes 'til 4am, how will I get to that after hours party the girl I met at the college radio panel told me about?



TOBIAS EVERKE



**I can barely see. Certainly can't hear. Only missed 972 bands. There goes the alarm on my G-Shock. Time to go to sleep!**

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**G-SHOCK**

**watch ✱ listen**



# RIOT SQUAD

Digital Hardcore boots up for an American assault

by Matt Ashare



**"We like to interact with the audience, even if the audience doesn't like us," explains Alec Empire, the leader of the German techno-punk trio Atari Teenage Riot and mastermind behind Berlin's Digital Hardcore label. "We like the confrontation. We don't like barriers in front of the stage. We like people to come up on stage. We like a lot of stage diving. We like chaos and action. When things get out of control it is always exciting."**

Empire is speaking from a hotel in Orange County, California, where ATR is finishing up a tour opening for the Wu-Tang Clan and Rage Against the Machine at big venues across the U.S. When I saw the tour, the crowd—or at least the small portion of the crowd that had taken their seats when ATR hit the stage—didn't have a particularly animated reaction to the trio's hyperkinetic barrage of rapid-fire breakbeats, sampled speed-metal guitar riffs, and anti-fascist political sloganeering. On that particular night, Atari Teenage Riot's riot sounds didn't even come close to inciting a riot.

"The first-band situation makes it hard to get the right atmosphere going," admits David Hammer, who's the sound engineer on the tour and who records as Shizuo. "It works better in smaller, non-seated venues where people are right up at the front of the stage."

Empire, Hammer, and the members of another Digital Hardcore outfit, EC8OR, all of whom have released CDs in the U.S. through the Beastie Boys' Grand Royal label this year, are aiming to create the right atmosphere for their electronic aural assaults—

**"the label stands for breaking every limit,"** says EC8OR frontwoman

Gina D'Orio, while Empire emphasizes that "it has to have distortion, noise, shouting, and energy"—with a Digital Hardcore American tour in November and December. And, though they all acknowledge that the Digital Hardcore aesthetic is rooted in a reaction to the socio-political climate of their native Germany, they're confident that it will translate in America.

"Germany is getting so fucked up now," reports 21-year-old D'Orio over the phone from her home in Berlin. "It's getting more nationalistic and fascistic. I think everyone should do statements against it. That's why we do this."

Empire concurs and elaborates: "Germany is going in a very right-wing direction since the reunification. There is too much nationalism. You hear some of young people saying that the Third Reich was okay. It's very dangerous. For example, Germany is trying to be able to be involved in wars again, and that is very dangerous. There is also very high unem-

ployment. Atari Teenage Riot is a reaction to that situation. But I don't think it's so different in the U.S., where the government and the media is trying to control the people. I think that's why a lot of young people everywhere can relate to what we are saying. I talk to people after the shows, and some of them hear a song like 'Deutschland (Has Gotta Die)' as also being about what is going on in America."

"So Atari Teenage Riot is here to destroy or disturb the fake harmony presented by the entertainment industry, the government, MTV, and the rave scene. If you hear Spice Girls or Prodigy all the time, it's like a tranquilizer. Noise is banned from the TV and the radio because noise is something that makes people excited, that makes people react in some way. So we use noise in Digital Hardcore."

Of course, too much noise can sometimes drown out the message. But that's not something Empire is too worried about.

"It's more important to produce the energy than to have people understand the lyrics. It's more important to make them pay attention, to offend them, to get them excited. Riot sounds create riots!" **CMJ**



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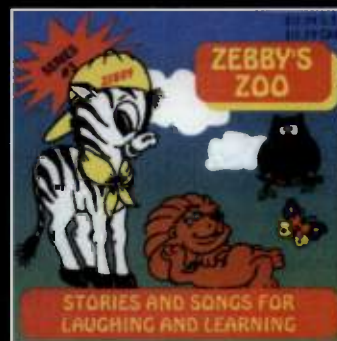
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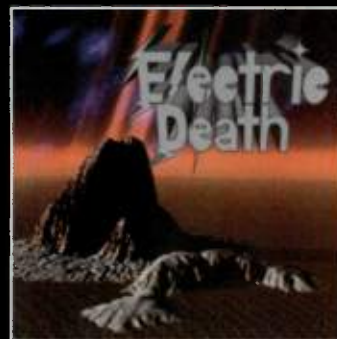
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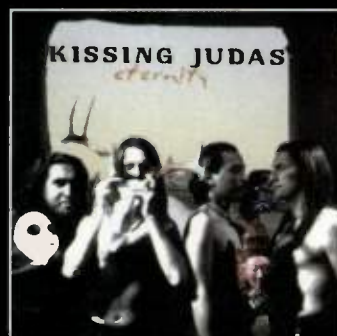
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# **A Drive-By from Saint Nicholas**



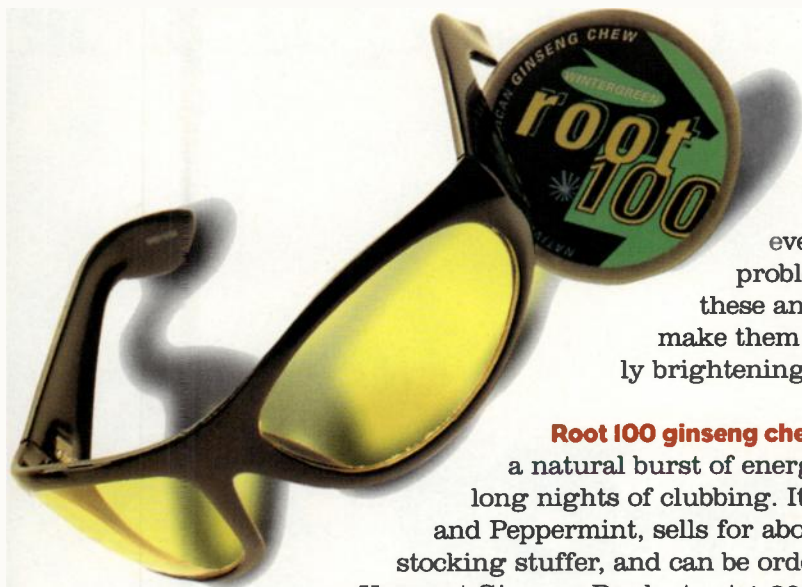
**'Tis the month before Xmas  
You better get a clue  
Even Santa won't help  
Here's what we would do**

**(with apologies to Clement Moore)**

**photographs by John Garbarini**







The thing about most sunglasses is that their dark lenses make them impractical for night or even on overcast days. No such problem here. The **amber** lenses of these and other **street-vendor** specials make them perfect for clubwear or merely brightening the gloom of winter. (\$5-\$15)

**Root 100 ginseng chew** comes in handy when a natural burst of energy is needed during those long nights of clubbing. It comes in Wintergreen and Peppermint, sells for about \$8, makes a perfect stocking stuffer, and can be ordered by calling Vermont Ginseng Products at 1.800.270.0007.



It's tiny and plastic, it costs about ten bucks, and it's the most addictive doodad we've seen since the Rubik's Cube. **Yak Bakwards** lets you record your voice for a few seconds at a time, then play it forwards or backwards.

## All through the house

Manchester's Hacienda club may not have spawned any namesake genres (like the Warehouse or Paradise Garage), but it was where many styles, artists and dance hits made their mark. **Viva Hacienda: Fifteen Years Of Hacienda Nights** celebrates the anniversary with three DJs mixing down nearly the music that prompted clubs all over the world to festoon their dance floors with buckets of daisies. (DeConstruction, about \$40).

Anyone who's planning on schlepping a heap of vinyl to a turntable gig is going to need a shoulder bag to carry the stuff. We recommend this **Keith Haring messenger bag** (\$48), which is both the perfect size and shape for 12" records and eye-catching enough to turn heads on the dance floor. You can order it, along with a slew of Haring merchandise, by mail-order from New York City's Pop Shop (1-800-KHARING).

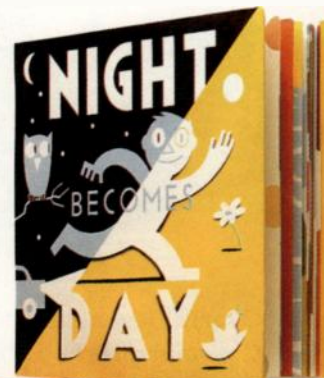




Few bands have ever been as goofy or as sing-along-able—kid-friendly traits, those—as **Huey “Piano” Smith And The Clowns**, the gleefully staggering New Orleans R&B group from the '50s.



The wee ones know **Richard McGuire** as the writer/artist behind a slew of award-winning children's books like **Night Becomes Day** and **What Goes Around Comes Around** (Viking). Their parents know him as the bassist behind the super-influential funk group Liquid Liquid, whose complete recordings have just been reissued on Grand Royal.



Face it, the real motivation behind gift-giving is getting kids the stuff you wanted when you were their ungrateful little ages. Take Activision's **Atari 2600 Action Pack** CD-ROM, which features 15 simple, easy adaptations of old Atari cartridges, including the likes of **Pitfall**. (\$16)



## The children were nestled

You haven't heard lo-fi until you've listened to kids beating on cheap plastic **toy instruments**. Or, zoom past the rows of children's movies in your local video store and head straight pick up a copy of one of Elvis' movies—**Viva Las Vegas** (MGM/UA, \$14) has good, clean fun in swimming pool hijinks and car race action, plus a bonus for dad: Ann-Margaret—or the Beatles' **Help!** (MPI Home Video, \$14), and use the movies' inherent goofiness to hook them young on your music obsession.







### Atomic Drops & Whiskey Zippers

is a rough guide to bartending, mixing the standard booze-and-juice duos with concoctions fittingly grouped under the heading of "You Expect Me To Drink That?" (Surrey Books, \$10)

Gearik Gearman is the omnivorous editor of the 'zine **Courmandizer**, all about indie rock and food. He assembled the compilation **When I'm Hungry I Eat**, with big-name (Low) and small-time indie types singing about their favorite munchies. (\$15)



It's not edible, but **Hard Candy Make-Up** is truly yummy. The cosmetics come in snazzy silver containers and have hip names like "Old Skool," which is a set of brown eye-shadows in shades like "Freak," "Blunt," "Phony" and "Crush." Prices range from \$16 for eye pencils to \$35 for compacts, and believe us, it's a gift that keeps on giving.

## Visions of sugarplums

**R.H. Phillips** is known for producing well-priced wines with nicely designed packaging, but with its **EXP** series, it takes the lid off—EXP stands for "explorature," which in this case means Mediterranean varieties, like this **1994 Syrah**, and the coolest label in the rack. (under \$15)

**Steep Co.** sells **tea** in high-design packaging (check out their patented "tea matchbox") and a variety of scrumptious flavors with names like Urban Catnip (mint green), Soogar Dreems (chamomile) and Josie's Heart (berry green). This fetching sampler box with 15 different teas is \$9.95. (1-800-STEPCO)

Careful thrift store snooping will help you to find **old cocktail glasses**. Sets can be hard to find, but themes can work just as well. These World's Fair commemorative tumblers (\$2-\$5 per glass) are as cheap as they are chic.







## Ma in her kerchief and I in my cap

Does vintage clothes shopping sometimes make it seem like all the men who kept the r **fedoras** in good condition had really small heads? Leave the correlation between hat care and cranial capacity behind: '40s everyman style is again available in quality felt at everyman prices, like this chocolate brown number from **Bee** (\$25).

If you've got a friend who's stuck on knit hats and you want to break him from the skull-cap habit, give him a **wool brimmed hat** like this one from Broner. Plunk down the \$25 now and you won't have to stare at his ears all winter.

Before he was MTV's "Best New Artist," **Jamiroquai** put out a pair of great modern soul records—**Emergency On Planet Earth** and **Return Of The Space Cowboy**—and wore hats even more ridiculous than his current video-genic chapeau. (WORK, \$13 each)

Sometimes there's nothing cuter than a **Santa**-style hat, but there's no reason for a gal to look like a zaftig, apple-cheeked cookie maven all winter. Add some **leopard** and a little **polar fleece** to a classic design, and decide for yourself who's naughty or nice. (\$30)

**Kangol** makes hats worth messing up your hair for. Try one of the tweedy, woolen ones to stay toasty warm in style. Pictured here is "Honeycomb" (\$30). The hats with the famous kangaroo logo on the back are increasingly available in trendy retail shops, and can always be found through Miller Hats. ([www.millerhats.com](http://www.millerhats.com) or 1.800.789.0839 for a catalog)



# '97 holiday gift guide



The most psychedelic comic out there right now is undoubtedly writer **Grant Morrison's** completely out-there series **The Invisibles**, whose first few issues are collected in the paperback **Say You Want A Revolution** (Vertigo, \$18). In **Kaleidoscope Eyes**, the always outspoken **Jim DeRogatis** guides you through his take on the history of psychedelia, from Amon Duul to Zappa (Citadel Underground Books, \$17). **Trainspotting** made **Irvine Welsh** famous, but his "chemical romances" like those in **Ecstasy** are where he lays claim to being one of the premier stylists in modern fiction (W.W. Norton, \$13).

## What to my wondering eyes should appear



**Candles** with wacky psychedelic prints are perfect for those folks who always seem to have a lighter handy, but for whom owning a lava lamp feels like a commitment. (\$2-5)

The freeze-frame action of a **Viewmaster** (\$7-10) is even more of a bug-out for adults than it is for kids; for the reels, poke around thrift stores for old-school cartoons like Squiggly Diddly. For the psychedelically inclined boss, this **optical illusion top** is a great distraction from those papers piling up on his desk, and a fine opportunity for surreptitious hypnosis (Laserspin, \$6). **The "Priest" They Called Him** (Tim/Kerr, \$12) is one of two recordings William S. Burroughs did of his story "The Junkie's Christmas." It's the cooler one, though, not least because he's accompanied by Kurt Cobain on guitar and feedback. Not everything on psych-obscurist compilations. **A Heavy Dose Of Lyte Psych** and **An Overdose Of Heavy Psych** (Arf! Arf!, \$15 each) is good, but the things that aren't are at least hysterically bad. The double-disc soundtrack to the famous Michelangelo Antonioni debacle, **Zabriskie Point**, features Pink Floyd freakouts, unreleased Jerry Garcia guitar improv, John Fahey and Patti Page (Rhino, \$30).



A **glow-in-the-dark necklace** like this one by Magic In The Night is a nice way to tell someone you'll want to find them when the lights are out (\$6).





**stuff this** If there's a fan of any of the following artists on your gift list, may we propose stuffing one of the following CD suggestions in their stocking? 

#### No Doubt

Selester, **The Very Best Of...** (Triple X)  
 Save Ferris, **It Means Everything** (Epic)  
 Motels, **All Four One** (Capitol)  
 Cibo Matto, **Viva La Woman** (Warner Bros.)  
 Tricca & The Supersonics, **King Bravo**  
 Subjects **Ska Authentic, Vol. 2** (Moon Ska)



#### Wu-Tang Clan

X-Ecutioners, **X-Pressions** (Asphodel)  
 Company Flow, **Funcrusher Plus** (Rawkus)  
 Various Artists, **Return Of The DJ, Vols. 1 & 2** (Bomb)  
 Herbaliser, **Blow Your Headphones** (Ninja Tune)  
 Gravediggaz, **6 Feet Deep** (Gee Street-Island)



#### Prodigy

Various Artists, **Live At The Social, Vol. 1** (DeConstruction)  
 Art Of Noise, **Who's Afraid Of The Art Of Noise?** (Island)  
 Dr. Octagon, **The Octagonecologist** (DreamWorks-Geffen)  
 Phobek, **Modus Operandi** (Astralwerks-Caroline)  
 Mea, **Beat Manifesto, 99%** (Nothing-Interscope)



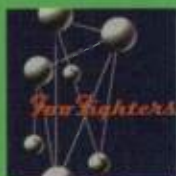
#### Marilyn Manson

Psychic TV, **Godstar** (Cleopatra)  
 Ministry, **The Mind Is A Terrible Thing To Taste** (Warner Bros.)  
 Einstürzende Neubauten, **Halber Mensch** (Thirsty Ear)  
 Misery Loves Company, **Not Like Them** (Earache)  
 Pigface, **Feels Like Heaven** (Invisible)



#### Foo Fighters

Pixies, **Death To The Pixies** (EEG)  
 Promise Ring, **Nothing Feels Good** (Jade Tree)  
 Everclear, **So Much For The Afterglow** (Capitol)  
 Posies, **Amazing Disgrace** (DGC)  
 Woot, **Box Set** (London)



#### Ani DiFranco

Barbara Manning, **One Perfect Green Blanket** (Heyday)  
 Bob Dylan, **The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan** (Columbia)  
 Murmurs, **Pristine Slut** (MCA)  
 Liz Phair, **Whip-Smart** (Matador)  
 Garrison Starr, **18 Over Me** (Geffen)



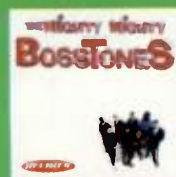
#### Jamiroquai

Steve Wonder, **Songs In The Key Of Life** (Motown)  
 Sly & The Family Stone, **Fresh** (Sony Legacy)  
 Graham Central Station, **Release Yourself** (Warner Archives)  
 James Taylor Quartet, **The Money Spyder** (Acid Jazz-Hollywood)  
 Brooklyn Funk Essentials, **Cool & Steady & Easy** (RCA)



#### Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Macness, **Total Madness** (Geffen)  
 Specials, **Collection** (Chrysalis-EMI)  
 Various Artists, **This Is Moon Ska, Vols. 1 & 2** (Moon Ska)  
 The Clash, **Give 'Em Enough Rope** (Epic)  
 English Beat, **Special Beat Service** (IRS)



#### Sarah McLachlan

Jon Mitchell, **Hits** (Reprise)  
 Kate Bush, **Hounds Of Love** (EMI)  
 Beth Orton, **Trailer Park** (Dedicated)  
 Suzanne Vega, **Solitude Standing** (A&M)  
 Kerdra Smith, **Five Ways Of Disappearing** (4AD)



# EARTH

# MOVING

# EQUIPMENT

# IS CLOSER

# TO YOU

# THAN YOU

# THINK.



The Foo Fighters have been ending their sets with "I'll Stick Around" lately, and it might as well be their theme song. Dave Grohl went from being the drummer of Nirvana to being the guitarist and leader of another tremendous rock band; the group has survived the lineup turbulence of losing first drummer William Goldsmith and, very recently, guitarist Pat Smear; and, buoyed by "Everlong," its album *The Colour And The Shape* has been rising back up the charts. Now Grohl, new guitarist Franz Stahl, bassist Nate Mendel and drummer Taylor Hawkins are heading out for a year-long tour with a 20-person crew—many of whom have stuck around since the band's prehistory.

## Tuesday, 3:30 PM

It's a few days into the Foo Fighters' American tour, and they're staying at the Omni Hotel in downtown Austin. The desk clerks know what's going on—the name "David Grohl" is blue-highlighted on a piece of paper at the front desk—but the only thing they or I mention is, very obliquely, the "Brandt party."

That would be tour manager Gus Brandt, because if you're going to be heading out on a tour with two buses, a truck, four band members and 20 crew people, you need a heavy-duty person to run it all. Gus has been doing music-business things since he booked Black Flag and Saccharine Trust shows in 7th grade. He's a great big guy who, as a member of the group who shall remain nameless points out, looks a bit like Mr. Potato Head.

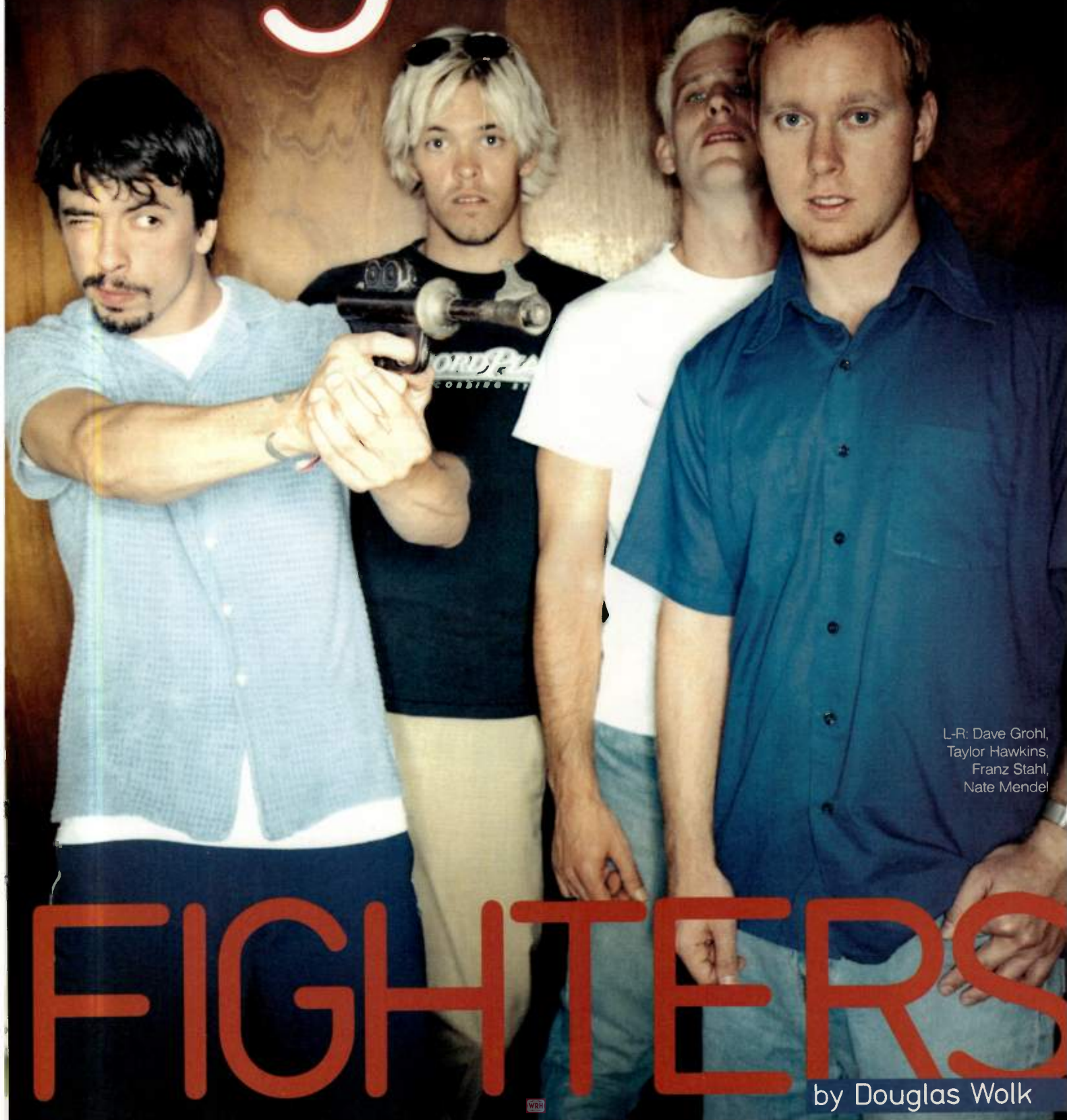
Over at the Austin Music Hall, where the Foos are going to be playing in a few hours, Gus is holed up in a slapped-together business office, taking care of the calls that come in on his pager once or twice a minute. Dave Grohl is sprawled in a chair, talking to a friend who used to be in Marginal Man, back in the old D.C. punk days. He's showing off the cover of the new issue of *Drummer*, featuring the band's Taylor Hawkins looking very sharp in drag. Bassist Nate Mendel, eating a banana, wanders off. Pete Stahl, the assistant road manager, pops in, in his standard uniform of freshly shaven head, red shirt and great big flashlight.

# on tour with the FOO

photographs by Allison Dyer



# big us



L-R: Dave Grohl,  
Taylor Hawkins,  
Franz Stahl,  
Nate Mendel

# FIGHTERS

by Douglas Wolk



“There are some things that should be kept to yourself, and there has to be a line drawn.”

Dave, a few months ago, talking about Pat Smear: “He’s so nonchalant about everything, but he’s an amazing musician and he has great ideas. When you’re having a bad show and staring out at the crowd, wondering if you’re going to make it through the last three songs, and you see him bouncing around in a baby-blue flight attendant outfit, it’s really inspiring.”

After months of rumors, Pat left the Foo Fighters halfway through their set at the MTV Video Music Awards a few weeks ago, and turned over the second guitar position in the band to Franz Stahl—Pete’s brother. Pete and Franz used to be in another Washington, D.C. hard-core band, *Scream*, which had a bunch of records on Dischord. The final *Scream* record, *Fumble* (recorded in 1989 but not released until 1992), featured the band’s new drummer, a young guy named Dave Grohl, who also wrote and sang one of its songs himself.

Pete has come to get Dave to do an interview at some radio station (and another, by phone, from the car en route). The band is deluged with interview requests these days, and since the powers-that-be claim they’re helping to propel *The Colour And The Shape* back up the charts, they’re doing a lot of them. But there are limits. “I kinda blew off an interview with the guy from *Guitar* magazine,” Dave confesses. “Hey, Gus, how many minutes was I supposed to have with him?”

Dave, speaking this past summer, on being a public figure with a private life: “There are some things that should be kept to yourself, and there has to be a line drawn. There are a lot of things that people who are very close to me don’t even know about me.”

Dave and Gus talk about a dream Dave had last night: “I dreamt there was a kick drum, and inside the kick drum was the universe.” Whoa, everyone agrees. He heads off to do his interview as Taylor, having finished a lengthy and loud soundcheck, wanders in and signs for his per diems—the daily cash allowances Gus doles out to the band. He’s a bottle-blond

spazz from Laguna Beach, and a born drummer, doing little drum-rolls on his legs, the chair, the wall, anything within reach as he talks.

Craig Overbay wanders in—a lot of wandering goes on at soundchecks, since there’s not much to do if you don’t have to do something *right now*. “Hey, Craig,” Taylor yells, “are guitar players a fuckin’ dime a dozen?”

“Guitar players—you trip over ’em,” Craig says, and wanders out again. Craig is the Foo Fighters’ sound man. He’s resorted to putting up a plexiglass baffle around Taylor’s kit to keep it from bleeding into every mike on stage. Taylor is a *very* hard hitter.

“Pat and I were into the same exact kind of music,” Taylor says—Queen, Pink Floyd, the Police. “It was like having a big sister in the band.” Mentioning the Police has triggered something in his head, and he starts playing the drum part to “Next To You” on his legs.

Of course, there’s an up-side to not being the fresh face in the band any more. “I took the beating for being the new kid for so long,” Taylor continues. “New guy!”



## Tuesday, 5:00 PM

Now Franz is the new guy, but he’s not getting ribbed nearly as much—maybe because Dave was the new guy in *his* band once upon a time. It may also be because he’s the oldest one in the band, at 35. After *Scream* broke up, he and Pete formed a band called *Wool*, which toured for a few years, put out an major-label album (*Box Set*), toured some more, and abruptly got dropped. The band fell apart, and the brothers

played a bit with some other people, but eventually went their separate ways—Pete to working at the Viper Room and later the Foo’s entourage, Franz to Japan, where he worked in a band with a guy called J.

Then, a month ago, with very little warning, he got the call: Pat was leaving the Foo Fighters, would he be the new guitarist? Starting right away? He flew in two days before his first performance, on the MTV Awards. “The only thing that kept me from losing it was that I was jet-lagging so bad,” he says. He’s had about a week of rehearsal, his girlfriend is very pregnant, and he’s about to play his third show with the Foo Fighters; it’s unclear what’s keeping him so calm now.

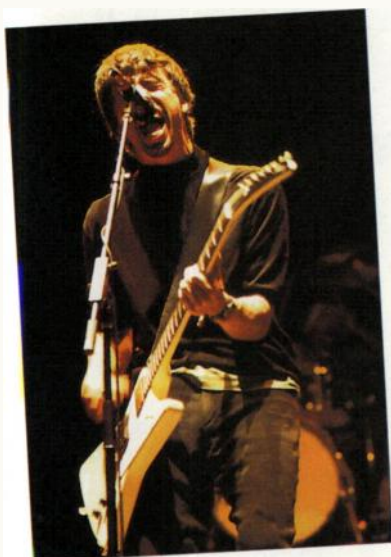
A snapshot of the Foo Fighters’ dressing room: 20 bottles of spring water, 8 bottles of Perrier, a cooler full of soda, Snapple and iced tea, a cooler full of beer (both macro- and micro-brews), two bottles of merlot, two giant bottles of IBC root beer, three loaves of French bread, several other varieties of bread, pitas, crackers, chips and picante sauce, coffee with sugar, cream and lemons on the side, granola bars, bite-size candy bars, a big stack of towels (one of which Pete is ripping up), a bowl of fresh fruit, another bowl of fresh berries, a few varieties of gum, and a hanging basket in the shape of a bull’s head. This last is not in the band’s contract, and Taylor is trying to figure out how to wear it.

Note that all this is not dinner—just backstage snack material. (At the end of the night, Pete hijacks a lot of what’s left for the tour bus.) For dinner, there’s surprisingly good catering—teriyaki chicken, rice, various vegetable and tofu things. As people eat, Taylor is drumming on the table—he eats a bit, then heads up to the drum riser to play some more. There’s a Nick Cave tape playing over the PA, which doesn’t stop him from taking a crack at “When The Levee Breaks” before the audience starts arriving.

## Tuesday, 7:00 PM

Back in the dressing room, guitar tech Earnie “Guitar” Bailey (everyone says that’s legally his middle name) is holding court, telling Nirvana stories—he started touring with them in early ’92. After Nirvana ended, he and his





wife had a restaurant in Seattle for a year; he sold it, figuring he'd take it easy for a while. And promptly got a call from Dave: "I'm going on the road next week, wanna come?"

Dave bursts through the dressing room, wearing a skull mask for no apparent reason and grabbing everyone in his path. Franz, paging through the tour itinerary, looks up: "Dave, why are we going to Sweden in November?"

"Because we need to *rock*, man! We need to fuckin' *rock*!" And out he goes.

Earnie, unfazed by the interruption, continues. "It's been interesting watching Dave growing into being the ringleader. At first, he wasn't used to calling all the shots—being the charming frontman. Now he's hilarious when he starts rambling on stage... I wish he'd be the same guy on stage he is on the bus.

"I think the second record's a lot more personal—"

Dave suddenly walks back into the room. Earnie pretends he doesn't notice, and raises his voice a bit: "Of course, the main thing about Dave is to never turn your back on him—he'll fuck you over in a second."

Smirking, Dave attempts to change the subject. "I had these breakfast burritos—for breakfast—"

Taylor interrupts: "Seeing as how they're breakfast burritos—" Dave whacks him,

and the room abruptly degenerates into everyone trying to toss candy-bars and fruit into the bull's-head basket. Then Taylor starts drumming again, this time on the bottles on the food table.

An hour or so later, various Foos and friends are watching the opening band, Verbena, doing their very loud Stones-via-Royal Trux thing on stage. Dave is really getting into them. Franz, backstage, is quizzically examining a box of ginseng that a "runner" has retrieved for the band. Nate, who's been missing for the past few hours, comes back with two huge bags of clothes; he's got a bad toothache and isn't talking much, so he pretty much keeps to himself. Taylor is in the dressing-room bathroom, drumming on the fixtures. He's liking Verbena. "They sound kinda like Nirvana! *Bleach*!"

Amount that a band gets paid to open for the Foo Fighters: -\$700. It goes toward taking care of expenses (catering and so on).

"I dreamt there was a kick drum, and inside the kick drum was the universe."

By 8:30, the band are finally all in the same room. Let's just say drumsticks are a dangerous thing to have in a dressing room. Dave eventually starts doing a little rhythmic exercise on the wastebasket; Taylor joins him, on the other side of the basket. This, it turns out, is a nightly ritual, a drill to focus their concentration. There are two drummers in this band.

Afterwards, everyone's knocking back the ginseng. This is not a euphemism.

## Tuesday, 9:15 PM

The hall, we later find out, is about 3/4 full, but it sure looks fully occupied. They start out the set with both Taylor and Dave playing drums; after a minute, Dave switches to guitar, they go into "This Is A Call," and we get to see the results of all that ginseng. Everybody's leaping around the stage like crazy for the hour-plus set. They do a new one, called "The Colour And The Shape," a fast, Pixies-ish thrasher; they do most of the hits (though not "Big Me"). But the big cheers are for "Everlong." "You get that just

right," Nate said earlier, "it's kind of orgasmic, really. It's amazing when it really comes together." In fact, *everything* comes together—not bad for this lineup's third show.

Nate, on *The Colour And The Shape*: "It's almost like a concept record, some people say—the lyrics were all written at one period in Dave's life, and they really reflect well what was going on in Dave's life."

Dave's perspective: "Writing lyrics, you're taking something completely intimate and turning it into something completely not-intimate."

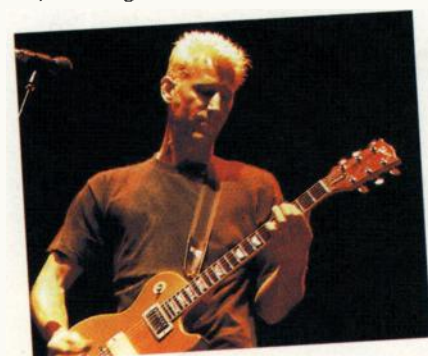
Taylor, on Dave: "Do not compliment him. He can't take a compliment."

After the inevitable post-show industry meet-and-greet, everyone's pretty wiped out and conserving their energy for tomorrow, except for the indefatigable Taylor, who heads out with Gus to Austin's famous dive

Emo's—"grunge Cheers," Gus calls it. The singer of the awful band on stage there makes a joke: "Why do girls dig Jesus so much? [strikes crucifixion pose] 'Cause he's hung like this." Taylor and, subsequently, the rest of the band, spend the next day repeating this to everyone they meet.

## Wednesday, 11:00 AM

The inside of the tour bus basically looks like a nice hotel room itself: tasteful curtains, a little couch-and-table setup, a ceiling mirror, a kitchenette with a coffee machine, a set of bunks for people to sleep in (stacked three-high). There's a stereo/VCR in front, another in back. Texas passes by outside. Taylor is up front, chatting with *continued on page 56*





# chumbawamba

Almost a decade ago, Billy Bragg wrote "Mixing pop and politics—he asks me what the use is/I offer him embarrassment and my usual excuses." That's definitely not the kind of response you'd get from Chumbawamba. Having just released their tenth album in 11 years, they're still quite defiantly and gleefully mixing the two. Then again, what's an anarchist musical collective to do?

Chumbawamba came together in Leeds in 1983, "when we saw a house that was big enough to squat," according to singer/percussionist Alice Nutter, who takes her name from a 17th-century witch. The band was always very much on the outside, putting out records on its own Agit-Prop label, including *Pictures Of Starving Children Sell Records*, a response to Live Aid. Much to the horror of the punks who'd supported it, Chumbawamba embraced dance music early in the '90s. And now, for the band's latest album, *Tubthumper*, it's taken the shocking step of signing with a major label—EMI in England, Republic in the U.S. Could it be that the anarchists have finally sold out for the almighty dollar?

Of course not. Go wash your mouth out.

"We argued about it," explains Nutter, "what would be best. We were offered other small labels, and we thought it'd be the same as if we had our own label again. We had massive discussions and worked out how we thought we could handle a major label. What would happen? Would they push us into the mainstream? Would they treat us as a piece of pop music and leave us intact, or would they present us as something completely different? Looking back, I think it would have been disastrous to have made any other decision. If we'd gone to an indie, we wouldn't have believed they had better art. We've had our fingers burned a lot."

## a revolution you can dance to

*Tubthumper* takes everything the band has done before one step further: collecting bits of this and that—dance music, guitar-rock, hip-hop, church music, Salvation Army brass, and whatever else springs into their minds—and serving back up episodes of life in Leeds wrapped in a wonderfully poppy confection. Along with colleagues Lou Watts (vocals/keys), Danbert Nobacon (vocals/keys), Boff (guitar/vocals), Dunstan Bruce (vocals/percussion), Harry Hamer (drums), Paul Greco (bass), and Jue Abbott (trumpet/vocals), Alice has created some of the most sweetly, subtly subversive songs to ever come along.

In Britain, the first single, "Tubthumping," is already #2 on the charts. "I can't believe the numbers being ordered," Alice says. "It's hit a zeitgeist. We've done loads of telly and radio. In part, it's because it's offered by a major, who are in the old boys' club, but it also has Ingredient X that people like."

The sound is familiar enough to draw you in, but listen to the words and you might find yourself thinking about social issues, or questioning the status quo. "Or maybe not. It's all right if they don't. That's the beauty of pop music. We have an idea that if we take something that's popular and change it slightly, people will recognize something in it and be attracted to it. If you put enough things in that are popular from different areas, then you can create something that's you."

For people who don't consider themselves musicians in the traditional sense ("People in the band have become better technicians and we've got better organized—you have to learn skills. But that's different from seeing yourself as a musician"), they've put together an album that has moments of pure innovation, like the very accessible drum 'n' bass behind "Smalltown," or "The Good Ship Lifestyle,"







whose skittering jungle rhythms explode into a fine, powerful rock chorus. If you wonder how that can be anarchist music, then try asking yourself this: What *is* anarchist music, anyway?

"I'd say Sly and the Family Stone was anarchist music," Nutter suggests, "but a young white male punk rock band wasn't." **CMI**

**by Chris Nickson**

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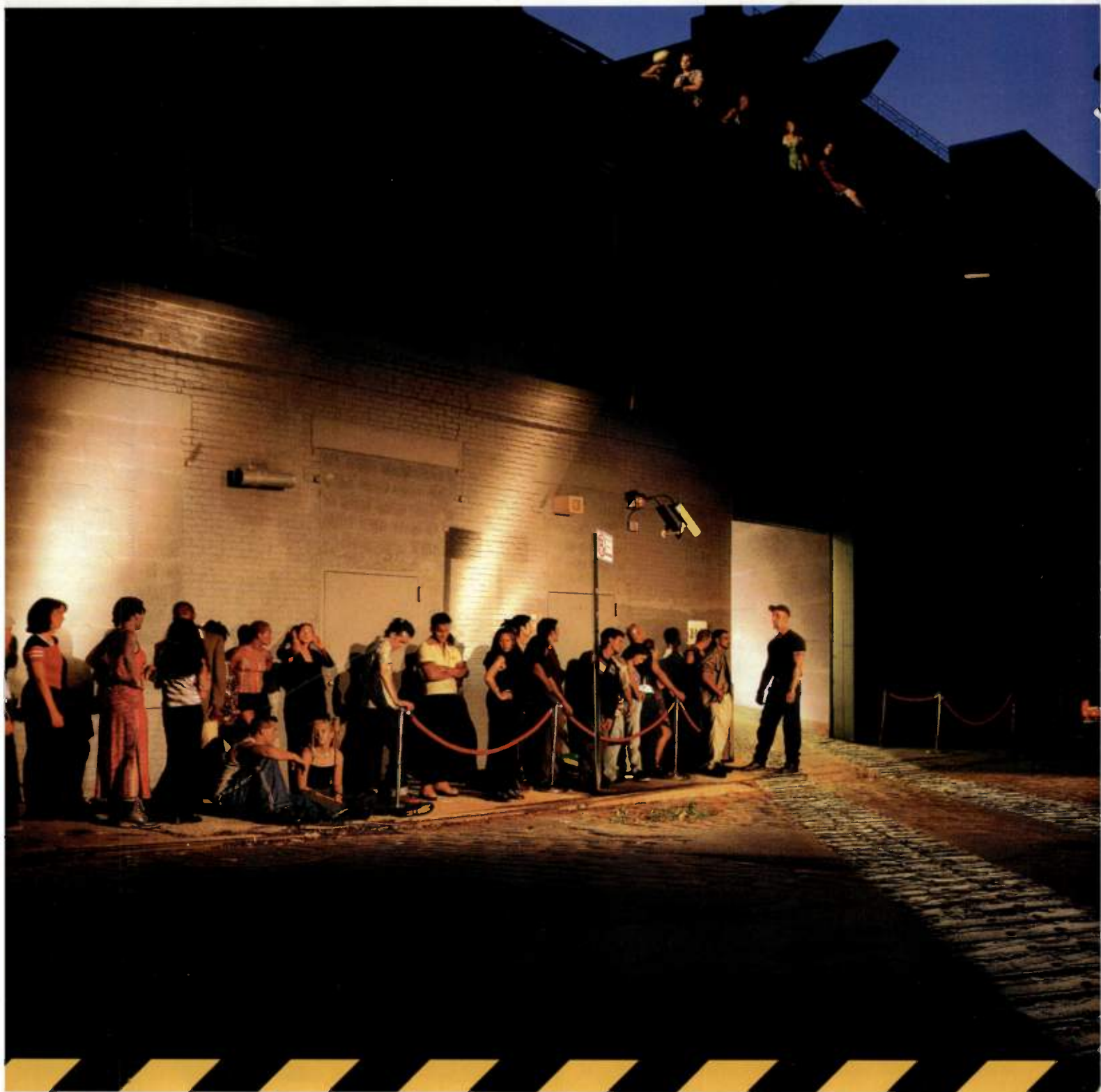
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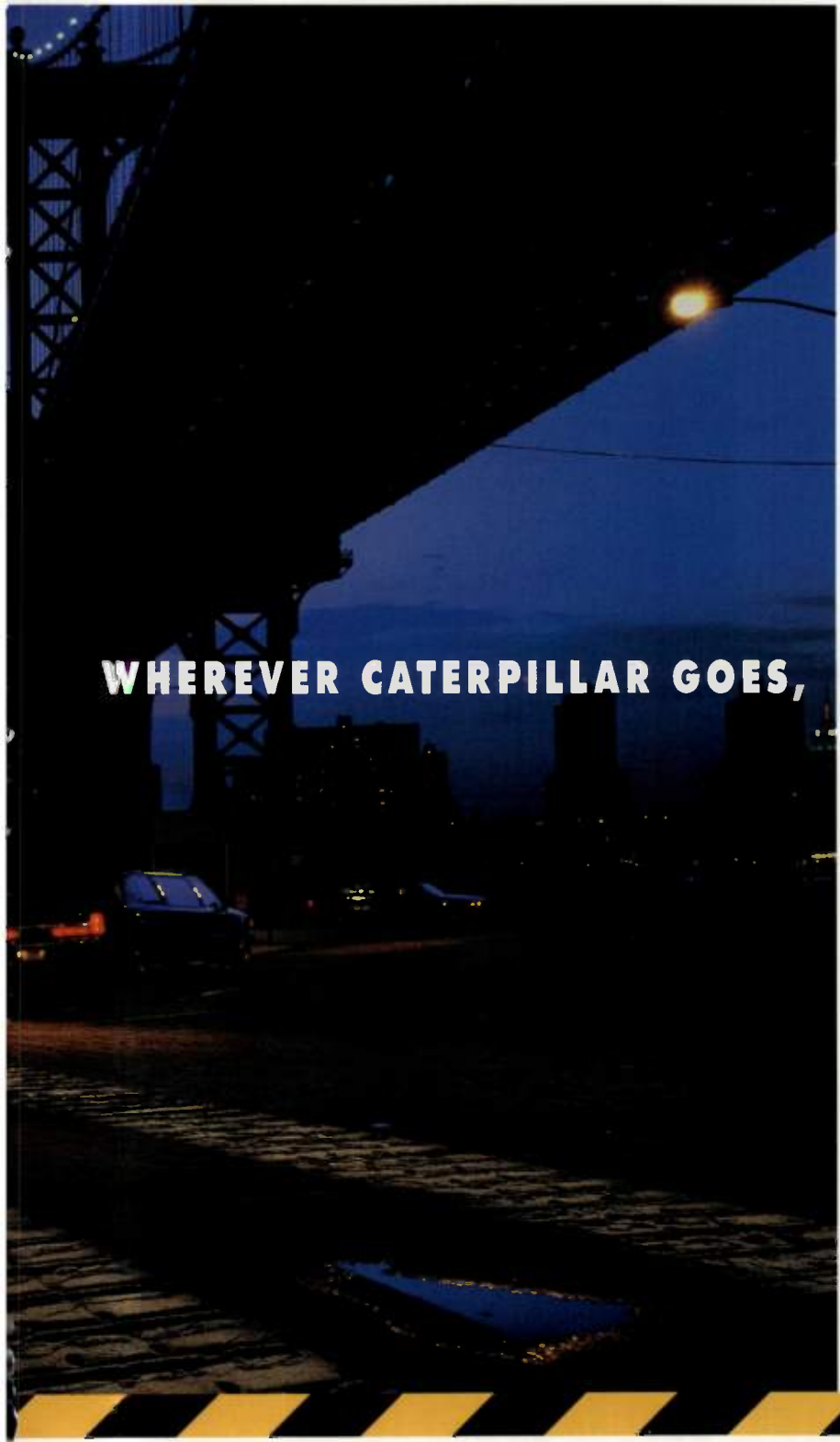


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# the skinny on

Long before he was the bassist for spirited British pop quartet the Housemartins, Norman Cook had the music in him. As early as 1977, he'd been spinning on the wheels of steel. "Whenever there was a party, everyone asked me to bring my records. But I was something of a record collector, and I got fed up when they got covered in beer and trash. So somebody said 'why don't we hire two turntables, and you can look after them all night.' And I got the bug. And as soon as I was old enough, I started playing in clubs."

Since the dissolution of the Housemartins in 1988, Cook has been acquiring recording credits of all kinds. He's remixed records by everyone from Bassbin Twins to clothing designer Jean-Paul Gaultier. Recently, he co-wrote and produced two tracks with Bootsy Collins ("He stamps his foot on the one when the groove starts working, and after three days he put his foot through the floor in the studio"). And as a recording artist, he's crafted everything from cut-and-paste constructions (Beats International) to trip-hoppy pop (Freakpower, with Ashley Beadle) to giddy house platters (Pizzaman), scoring hits all along the way.

# FATBOY SLIM



## a field guide to NORMAN COOK

His latest disc available on these shores is *Better Living Through Chemistry* (Astralwerks-Caroline), the first album under the name Fatboy Slim. Even though he can distinguish between the projects aesthetically, how does he fend off the onset of Multiple Personality Disorder? "I don't wake up in the morning and put on my Fatboy Slim hat. I do a track, and see how it turns out, and about two-thirds of the way through, it becomes apparent which moniker it is."

What follows is a little tip sheet to help keep track of the players. But don't worry too much about what's being done under which name; it's all for the same purpose. "It's hilarious when I read reviews and people go on about what nuances I was trying to conjure. All I'm trying to do is make something that moves people's bums!"

**by Kurt B. Reighley**



## The many moods of Norman Cook

### the housemartins

**Crucial Cuts:** "Happy Hour," "Caravan of Love"

"My favorite part was when we started out. To be honest, the first time I actually had a Housemartins record in my hand, vinyl, I just sat there and played with it for ages, looked at it and sniffed it. That was the biggest high. And being on 'Top of the Pops' was pretty cool."

### beats international

**Crucial Cut:** "Dub Be Good To Me"

"When I used to go out DJing, my mates would just rap over me cutting up two copies of things. ["Dub Be Good To Me"] was just something we'd do live, and everyone seemed to like it, so we made it into a record. All my most successful tracks are the ones I spent the least time on. "Dub Be Good To Me" took about seven hours."

### freakpower

**Crucial Cuts:** "New Direction," "Can You Feel It"

"I approach Freakpower a different way, because Ashley and I actually sit down and write together. You have to really trust a person to be able to go 'What do you think about this?' It's like having sex with your partner, and being afraid to suggest something a bit out of the ordinary, for fear of being laughed at."

### pizzaman

**Crucial Cuts:** "Sex On The Streets," "Trippin' On Sunshine"

"I'd always held back from making house records, because I wasn't particularly into house. But I'd started taking E's and going out with my mates and getting into house music. [The name] came from *Hill Street Blues*. I'm a big fan. Furillo was my all time hero, and Joyce always called him 'Pizzaman' in bed at the end of every episode."

### mighty dub katz

**Crucial Cuts:** "Magic Carpet Ride," "Just Another Groove"

"The Dub Katz were originally supposed to be more experimental than Pizzaman, but it has kind of gotten a bit camp. I used to get faxes of the *Billboard* charts. ["Magic Carpet Ride"] was creeping up, and it was the first time I'd ever had any kind of success in America. But it wasn't till we were over in Nassau recording the second Freakpower album, and I saw a copy of *Billboard* that wasn't faxed or photocopied, that I actually believed they weren't tampering with the numbers."

### fatboy slim

**Crucial Cuts:** "Everybody Loves A 303," "Santa Cruz"

"Fatboy Slim is harder, and breakbeat-based, as opposed to four-on-the-floor. I'd done three or four Fatboy Slim singles. Then I had a two-week break between Freakpower tours, and [the label] Skint said 'Could you do the rest of an album?' So I did the rest of [*Better Living Through Chemistry*] in two weeks, just working every day. It even got to a point by the end of it when my engineer would be working in the studio on one track, and I'd be downstairs with the turntables writing the next one." **CMJ**

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### THE BELLS

Ultimate Seaside Companion — **Hittl**

■ You know how athletes want to be actors, and actors want to play ball? Add Chris Connelly of the Bells to the list of “grass is always greener” types. Best known as the vocalist for such gut-churning outfits as the Revolving Cocks, Ministry and KMFDM, he reveals himself here as a sensitive songsmith in the vaguely cabaret vein of Bowie’s Berlin period or Scott Walker. On an album bracketed by two versions of the instrumental “The Fortune,” Connelly sings baroque paeans to lost love and misunderstanding, aided by Gastr Del Sol’s Jim O’Rourke and Ministry’s Wm. Rieflin. Connelly shines as a songwriter, with melodies as sad and mysterious as the sound of the waves on a lonely shore, and a penchant for odd instrumentation—on “No More Changing Of The Guards,” he sings accompanied only by an organ and a distant snare drum, and elsewhere banjos and steel guitars appear. The only problem is that sometimes these musings are just too laid back and maunder on for far too long (“Island Head” is a particular offender). As a crooner, Connelly’s reach exceeds his grasp, and his voice is lost in the mix far too many times, making his obscure lyrics almost impenetrable. There are still enough magic moments to win you over, though.

—Heidi MacDonald



DATALOG: Released Sep. 23.

FILE UNDER: Gloom-folk cabaret.

R.I.Y.L.: Scott Walker, Nick Cave, Tindersticks.



### BJÖRK

Homogenic — **Elektra**

■ It’s a rare vocalist who can make dance music today without losing her identity in a hail of beats. If there’s anyone who pulls it off, it’s Björk, with her inimitable hyper-croon stylings and plainspoken way with lyrics. Arriving on the heels of a remix album that reaffirmed her good taste in collaborators, *Homogenic* is Björk’s most individualistic record yet, a torchy show of force in which she snarls back at the snarled rhythms of drum ‘n’ bass and steals the show from her mixmasters. “I want to go on a mountain top/With a radio and good batteries/Play a joyous tune/And free the human race from suffering,” she decrees on “Alarm Call,” over what would otherwise be an overbearing breakbeat. “Pluto” con-

tinues the exchange of bravado and boom, the brash end of a mood swing that ends up in the harp-swept heaven of “All Is Full Of Love.” She sounds a solitary note of vulnerability on “Unravel,” a lamentation over an absent lover, only to hit the clubs again in a heated tango called “Bachelorette.” The first half of *Homogenic* is uninterrupted diva-ism, with instrumentals firmly in the background. In the second half, she is a bit more daring, loosening the song structures to play off the rhythms more. She has one steadfast rule, though: to never let the DJ get more adventurous than herself.

—Andrea Moed

DATALOG: Released Sep. 23. Web site at

[www.bjork.mmedia.is/](http://www.bjork.mmedia.is/).

FILE UNDER: Dance-pop divas.

R.I.Y.L.: Me’shell NdegéOcello, Portishead.

### HOLLY COLE

Dark Dear Heart —  
Metro Blue/Capitol

■ Holly Cole’s greatest asset is her voice. She writes intelligent and intensely personal lyrics, but there’s a strength in the frailty of Cole’s voice, and it’s what brings her sentiments into bloom. It’s an engaging combination: Her cover of the Beatles’ “I’ve Just

Seen A Face” sets an immediate, intimate tone, and on “Onion Girl,” the layers peel away to reveal a vulnerable heart stripped of defenses. Relationships are often the topic here, and musically, the first half of *Dark Dear Heart* is locked in a forward swagger—not all that fast, but in comparison to Cole’s more cabaret-oriented material, it trucks right along. But *Dark Dear Heart* has a split personality. Halfway through, as “Timbuktu” begins its sulking overture, there’s a transformation into a kind of renaissance Sade as Cole follows sultry, velveteen pursuits. It’s an uneasy alteration, hindering the speed at which the emotional output flows. Quickly shifting again, “I Told Them My Dog Wouldn’t



Run” adopts a folky gait as a banjo directs the stride, while “All The Pretty Horses” reverts to a child-like lullaby. *Dark Dear Heart* lets you off on a very different level than what its first half promises, which is a bit of a shame—Cole’s voice could have easily replaced the light at the end of a dark and lonely tunnel.

DATALOG: Released Oct. 21.

FILE UNDER: Mercurial chanteuse.

R.I.Y.L.: Sarah McLachlan, Shawn Colvin.

### EDWYN COLLINS

I’m Not Following You —  
Setanta/Epic

■ Pay no attention to the rebellious title of Edwyn Collins’s new album, *I’m Not Following You*. He’s not serving up some wild new hybrid, but a snappy collection of songs that borrow heavily from ’60s and ’70s pop. Perhaps a more appropriate title would be *I’m Following Loads Of People*. “The Magic Piper” grafts the melody from Frankie Valli And The Four Seasons’ “Walk



Like A Man" on top of a guitar turnaround that should sound familiar to *Schoolhouse Rock*'s lawyers. (Maybe it's not the "3 Is A Magic Number" riff exactly, but it's darn close.) "Seventies Night" grabs a lick from the *Saturday Night Fever* songbook and tops it with a guest appearance by Fall frontman Mark E. Smith, who spits out a few snide lines to let you know the infectious tune isn't aiming to be a hit. The wistful "No One Waved Goodbye" manages to recall both Nick Drake and Mac Davis. As unlikely as this thievery might seem on paper, the former leader of Orange Juice manages to rein everything into his own style, sealing it all with a bit of Northern soul. His cool croon makes even the corniest musical errand sound like a smoky lounge. —Neil Gladstone



DATALOG: Released Oct. 21. Video for "The Pied Piper."

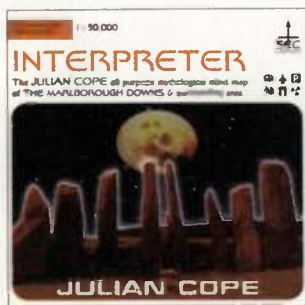
FILE UNDER: Blue-eyed soul.

R.I.Y.L.: David Bowie, Morrissey, Paul Weller.

## JULIAN COPE

Interpreter — Cooking Vinyl

■ One of the things Julian Cope likes to do when he visits our planet is make records about how deaf, dumb and dazed we 20th-century humans are. On *Interpreter*, an album separated for no apparent reason into "Phase 1" and "Phase 2," Cope spews out more of his cosmically conscious, organic orgasm rock. On the surface, tracks like the gentle "Planetary Sit-In" and "The Loveboat" (about the arrival of a "mothership") may sound like a goof, but don't doubt that it all makes perfect sense to Cope. Playing a



Cope puts a welcome spin on the rock-star-as-Lorax plea.

sort of intergalactic court jester, he reads these psychic rock tunes with a straight face, even if he does sometimes have his tongue lodged in cheek. "Re-Directed Male" uses a sample of Martin Luther King saying "truth crushed to Earth will rise again" as its mantra, and "The Battle For The Trees" puts a welcome spin on the normally tedious rock-star-as-Lorax "save the trees" plea. If ancient astrologers could connect a few seemingly unrelated stars to form Orion the Hunter, for Chrissakes, why can't Julian Cope make those metaphysical connections

# Alpha.



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between Druid lore, New Age, new wave, drugs, Mother Earth and the coming of the millennium? —*Steve Ciabattoni*

DATALOG: Released Aug. 22.

FILE UNDER: Space-rock mind bombs.

R.I.Y.L.: Roger Waters, vintage Bowie, Spiritualized, Spinal Tap's "Stonehenge."

## CRABS

What Were Flames Now Smolder — K

■ Ahhh, simplicity. God bless the Shaker mentality: that less is more; that restraint and clean lines are the path to true clarity.



Take the Crabs. The only components on their most recent record are the truly necessary: a guitar, one voice (sometimes Lisa's, sometimes Jonn's), one basic drum kit, and songs. Occasionally a keyboard and cello pop in, and like one decorative rose on a simple cupboard, they stand out and make even more beautiful the simplicity underneath. But accoutrements are the exception, and on this skeletal framework the Crabs construct songs about the basic components of the emotional life: shame, anger, love, hate, jealousy. On such a simply constructed record, though, the song is everything, and any misstep or clumsy line sticks out obviously; too often what should be just "simple" is rather, well, simplistic. The basic three-chord guitar parts and the tap-tap of the snare don't possess those alchemical ingredients that transform them into something magical. And since they can't be hidden behind crazy samples, Superfuzz distortion and wah-wah's, these missteps stand there in all their naked glory. *What Were*

*Flames* works well as a record, but its simplicity cuts both ways. —*Randall Roberts*

DATALOG: Released Sep. 9.

FILE UNDER: Spartan rock.

R.I.Y.L.: Beat Happening, Spinanes, Mecca Normal.



## 808 STATE

Don Solaris — *Hypnotic/Cleopatra*

■ Back when techno wasn't electronica yet, Manchester, England, was the center of the ecstasy universe, and 808 State bridged the gap between New Order and Prodigy. Now

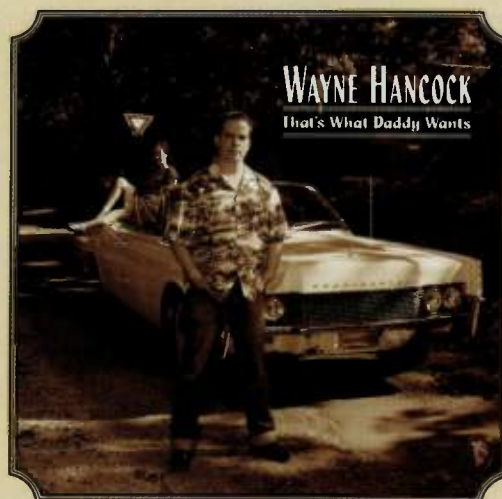
## ★ ★ ★ "THAT'S WHAT DADDY WANTS" ★ ★ ★ THE NEW ALBUM

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*Los Angeles Times*

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*Des Moines Register*



## WAYNE HANCOCK

A ROCKIN' DOSE OF KNOCKED OUT RHYTHM





**Don Solaris**  
shows 808  
State are  
still masters  
of their  
domain.

that the sound it helped create is all the rave, 808 State has the thankless task of appearing hip to the kids who grew up on it. *Don Solaris* is probably too slick to do that. Real ravers will find this album's wide-ranging influences and unabashedly pop underpinnings too glib for their tastes. Those looking for well-crafted dance music, however, will enjoy the lush instrumentation and multi-layered soundscape, including everything from Latin to Arabic influences. 808 State's trio of technicians have wisely turned to guest vocalists to humanize the drum machines. Soul Coughing's M. Doughty turns up on "Bond," a typically anxious outing with a tempo change you could break your neck on. Lamb's Louise Rhodes guests on the drum 'n' bass "Azzura" (which, guess what, sounds just like Lamb), and James Dean Bradfield from

the Manic Street Preachers appears on the lush "Lopez." *Don Solaris* is a *tour de force* that shows 808 State are still masters of their domain. —Heidi MacDonald

DATALOG: Released Sep. 19. Web site at [www.feedback.com/808/](http://www.feedback.com/808/).  
FILE UNDER: Techno world-beat.  
R.I.Y.L.: Loop Guru, Underworld, Lamb.

## G. LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE CD

Yeah, It's That Easy — Okeh/Epic

■ G. Love (with his Special Sauce band) is doing his own take on blues, in the same way that Jamiroquai is rewriting Stevie Wonder, and the Beastie Boys have irrevocably altered hip-hop. These hybrid artists often get more notice than the artists from whom they're drawing inspiration, leading to claims that they've somehow "sold out" the original. But it's been happening since Elvis Presley made Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup's songs his own. With this third record, G. Love continues to hybridize the



blues, mixing floppy playing ("loose" would be an understatement), his rap-style vocals (he often sounds as if he's got marbles stuffed in his mouth) and current, whimsical topics. "I-76" combines all of what makes Love so distinct: He touches on his love of basketball (he names all of the '89 Philadelphia 76ers), raps charmingly, drops in some basic scratching and lays scritch guitar over all. Of course, each of the 13 songs has its own special ingredient, from the groovy Sly-style "Take You There" to the funky hoedown of "200 Years." If it were as easy as he makes it seem, there

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would be a whole bastion of genre-twisters as stylish as G. Love (and it wouldn't have taken him two and a half years between records), but as it stands, he stands alone.  
—*Megan Frampton*

DATALOG: Released Oct. 28. First single "Stepping Stone." Web site at [www.geocities.com/Broadway/Stage/3450/](http://www.geocities.com/Broadway/Stage/3450/).  
FILE UNDER: B-boy blues.  
R.I.Y.L.: Ben Harper, Soul Coughing, Morphine.

## GORKY'S ZYGOTIC MYNCI

Barafundle — Mercury

■ Sometimes you stumble across a group of freaks who can't really be explained away—who, despite all their catchy sensibilities and glorious, accessible harmonies, don't fit into any present-day movement. Enter *Barafundle*, the fourth album by Gorky's Zygotic MynCI (last word pronounced "monkey" in the band's impossible-to-parse Welsh). The music of *Barafundle* belongs to some sort of vacuum-packed no-time. Bits and pieces of cheerful modernity (horn sections, gorgeous piano, "bop bops" and "ooohs") coexist with a somber psychedelic softness, but the mass of the band's sound seems to come



from everywhere at once. At its heart is smooth melody, controlling every movement and change, every subtle guitar kiss, every magic muted horn, and every indescribable moment of pop bliss. While the band owes something of a debt to the trippy late-'60s pop of Soft Machine and *Abbey Road*-era Beatles, the music of Gorky's is somehow never derivative—the wondrous melodies they write, they immediately own. They're carving a path, and while that path may indeed lead nowhere (or everywhere), it's a good idea to follow them, because they seem to know exactly where they're going.  
—*Randa'l Roberts*

DATALOG: Released Sep. 9.  
FILE UNDER: Wistful nouveau psychedelia.  
R.I.Y.L.: Neutral Milk Hotel, later Beatles, Bonzo Dog Band, Syd Barrett.



## GUITAR WOLF

Planet Of The Wolves — Matador

■ Guitar Wolf revels in grimy, blues punk invective, with all the subtlety of sweaty black leather, '60s Detroit rock and pencil-punctured amps. It's been done before, but Guitar Wolf is all about attitude, oozing adrenaline and humor, fearlessly raising the banner of raunchy rock while messily lowering the sonic boom. The obstreperous trio sounds like it's blasting through several floors of rusted subway grating. Even so, *Planet Of The Wolves* is practically immaculate by the band's standards. Singer/guitarist Seiji's mostly incoherent singing amounts to throat-melting screams, as he barrels through lyrics like "It's Saturday night... you're a stone cold babe," raising suspicions that he's located Link Wray's missing lung. Toru's surf drumming surges on the title track and anchors the hairy rawk of the bass/guitar banzai attack. Ever spurred on by its own fandom, the band churns through "Kung Fu Ramone's Passion" [sic] and exclains, "Joan Jett, I love you baby!" When Seiji gets his paws on "Satisfaction," his interpretation of Mick Jagger is as funny in the same endearing way as Jackie Chan's Elvis croonings, mispronunciations and all. Peeling back the fly-blown rind of Guitar Wolf's balls-to-the-wall rock yields rank fruit, and the experience is disgusting, galvanizing and very amusing.  
—*Anne Marie Cruz*

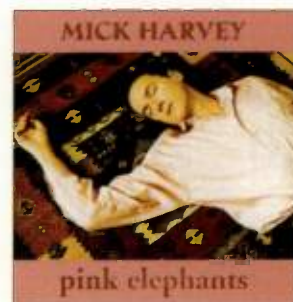
DATALOG: Released Oct. 21.  
FILE UNDER: Ugly, fun trash punk.  
R.I.Y.L.: The Ramones, MC5, Pussy Galore, Dead Kennedys.

## MICK HARVEY

Pink Elephants — Mute

■ Pop music has certainly been stained by worse crossover ideas than this record—Gillian Anderson's hip-hop work, Lou Reed's rock opera, Billy Joel's announcement that he's "going classical." But *Pink*

*Elephants* is singular not only in that it features an Australian man singing the songs of Serge Gainsbourg in English, but in that this is the second volume thereof. It's easy to make the case that Gainsbourg is the most important figure in French music. His songs, while musically quite accessible, are largely dependent on his legerdemain with the French language. Puns upon puns and serpentine wordplay are the trademarks of his songs. So changing "Je T'aime (Moi Non Plus)" to "I Love You (Nor Do I)"—perhaps the worst cover version in history, incidentally—will quite simply not do.



Through Harvey's filter, Gainsbourg's songs are impeccably arranged, and some numbers ("Comic Strip," "Anthracite") maintain the '60s *yé-yé* charm of the originals. But French people don't care if their culture is inscrutable, and Harvey's misguided attempt to bring his admirable love of Gainsbourg's genius to the non-onion-eating masses brings to mind the old saw about teaching a pig to whistle. He should have saved his influences for interviews. That way he could have avoided the cracks about his elephants actually being white. —  
*Andrew Beaujon*

DATALOG: Release date: Nov. 18.  
FILE UNDER: Good people, bad choices.  
R.I.Y.L.: The Bad Seeds, Neil Diamond's Christmas records, Brigitte Bardot.

## THE KG

Nature Morte — Fortune 4

■ The KG is the new band led by Tae Won Yu of Olympia, Washington's Kicking Giant. It's infused by the spirit of Calvin Johnson, and not just because of the Bear Happening-quoting "give it to me, give it to me, give it to me" line on the first song and the borrowed Dub Narcotic rhythm track on the fourth. It's the band's attitude that evokes the king of K—its melding of grooviness and slackness, the blissed-out feeling of



being crazy in love and not caring that you don't look cool that way. "True happiness I have known because I've been there," moons Yu, as obviously off-key as the guitar that accompanies him. The mood is typical of the album, which is full of songs that don't seem to have prescribed melodies, just simple grooves to sway along to. One strongly feels the absence of a harmonica. What saves *Nature Morte* from utterly deteriorating into sloppiness is a competent drummer who anchors the songs, and Yu's occasional flair for applying truly loopy sound effects. There's also the rather unusual indexing of this record, which has nine untitled songs and then "something else," as the handful of even more free-form tracks at the end are called. It's unclear from *Nature Morte* just what Yu wants this band to become, but it sure ain't there yet.

—Andrea Moed



DATALOG: Released Sep. 23.

FILE UNDER: Groovy Jokers.

R.I.Y.L.: Dub Narcotic Sound System, Folk Implosion.

## KMFDM

— Wax Trax!/TVT

Instead of appointing their tenth full-length with a string of "explosive" keystrokes, KMFDM should have entitled it *Konsequent*, the German expression for "consistent." With everybody and their grandmother experimenting with chunky breakbeats and/or drum 'n' bass, KMFDM's commitment to mining basically the same aesthetic vein for over a decade proves strangely refreshing. These tracks deliver exactly what you expect from the lovable Krauts: propulsive late-'80s industrial-disco beats, Gunter Schulz's explosive guitar licks, guttural vocals from Sasha K. and En Esch, and the requisite tortured female backing vocals. After a dynamic two-fisted opening—"Megalomaniac" (featuring the requisite self-invocation of the band's name, à la Pizzicato Five) and the slow/fast taffy pull "Stray Bullet"—the album settles into a gritty, predominantly down-tempo groove. Lyrics alternate between English and German ("Leid Und Elend," which translates as "Sorrow And Misery"), and vocal cameos from ex-Skinny Puppy front man Ogre, Raymond Watts (alias Pig),

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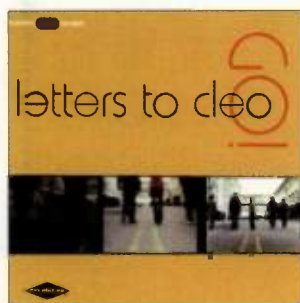
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and Tin Skold (on the inexplicably erotic "Anarchy") help break up any undue monotony. The KMFDM formula relies heavily on creating the illusion of diversity from a palette of homogeneity, so purchasing  is like buying a Big Mac; you're 99% certain of what you'll get, and (assuming you craved it in the first place) it tastes great—hot, cheesy, and satisfying, with no unpleasant surprises.

—Kurt B. Reighley

DATALOG: Released Sep. 30.  
Web site at [www.kmfdm.net](http://www.kmfdm.net).  
FILE UNDER: Industrial noise disco.  
R.I.Y.L.: Skinny Puppy, Pigface.



## LETTERS TO CLEO

Go! — Revolution

■ Go! is the second album in Letters To Cleo's continuing recovery process from the one-hit "Here And Now" hell that *Melrose Place* hath wrought. The group persists with its tuneful punchiness and fizzy lyrics

intact. Although producer Peter Collins (Jewel, Sneaker Pimps) misapprehends the band's real strength by attempting to buff Kay Hanley's girlish singing voice to a wince-inducing shine, Hanley manages to survive the glossy treatment, sounding equal parts vulnerable, freshly-scrubbed and wicked. She plumbs well-worn topics such as self-defeating fixations, claustrophobic relationships and defiant revenge, while new drummer Tom Polce supplies the snappy beats for the swirly guitars of Michael Eisenstein and Greg McKenna. The resulting confection is winsome and summery, if conventional. "Anchor" kicks some bouncy ass as a half-threat, half-love song ("You can be the ugly truth/'Cause I'm gonna be your liar"). Greg Hawkes (ex-Cars) lends keyboard help on the sugary '60s pop of "Be My Co-Pilot." "Alouette And Me" hearkens back to the searingly beautiful ballads on *Aurora Gory Alice*, though the song could have done without the inappropriate touchy-feely folkiness brought on by echoing slide guitar. The bubblegum of Go! has been gnawed on before, but its chewiness is still slickly satisfying. —Anne Marie Cruz

DATALOG: Released Oct. 7. Web site at [www.personal.umich.edu/~hstah/letters.html](http://www.personal.umich.edu/~hstah/letters.html).  
FILE UNDER: Snappy bubblegum.  
R.I.Y.L.: Juliana Hatfield Three, Belly, Matthew Sweet.



## MAGOO

The Soateramic Sounds Of  
Magoo — Beggars Banquet

■ Intent on messing with pop structure as much as possible, the English band Magoo tries all kinds of whimsical, weird and mostly successful experiments that challenge the status quo on this debut album. "A To Z And Back Again," reprised here from an earlier EP, showcases vocalist/multi-instrumentalist Andrew Rayner's exquisite sense of melody and his band's ability to sculpt layers of sonic fuzz into artful, hook-filled songs, but it's also one of the more conventional of the 23 tracks. In "The Advantage Of Love," an intro of swirling effects, muffled drums and mumbled words quickly gives way to a catchy, Depeche Mode-like dance beat over which Rayner sings the title for four minutes. With its careening violin and warped British vocals, "Hellox" sounds as though it were found on an unmarked cassette left



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08. IZ-US.



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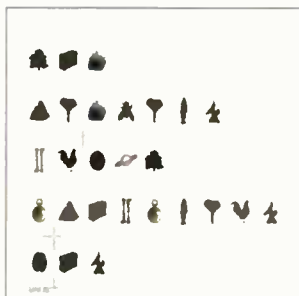
behind in a studio that opened and closed in 1968. Among the other tricks up Mazoo's sleeve are breezy Brit-pop ("Red Lines"), minimalist Kiwi-style noise-pop ("The Guilt Club"), longwinded but catchy rock ("The Queen Of The 8-Bus Singers") and a murky, psychedelic spoken-word piece ("Careering Dice"). It all adds up to an meandering sonic excursion that arrives at a number of fascinating destinations.  
—Richard Martin

**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 22.  
**FILE UNDER:** Rambunctious, experimental pop.  
**R.I.Y.L.:** Blur, Olivia Tremor Control, This Kind Of Punishment.

## PAT METHENY GROUP

*Imaginary Day* — Warner Bros.

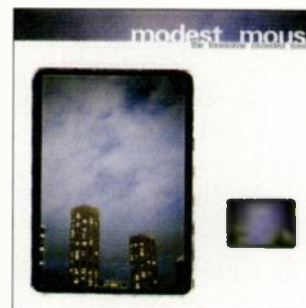
Over the last few years, Pat Metheny has been stretching himself out—doing a free-noise album, a duo album with Charlie Haden, and an improv collaboration with Derek Bailey—but with *Imaginary Day*, he's back on home turf: micro-con-



trolled fusion jazz where the players' chops, the trickiness of the themes, the technical niftiness of the instruments and the niceties of production are almost entirely the point. What's interesting about it is what he's brought back from his journeys afield: Along with his Wes Montgomery-inflected solos and techie's-dream turns playing "42-string pikasso guitar" and "acoustic sitar guitar" are some lovely stylistic out-reachings. "Into The Dream" is a vaguely East Asian improvisation that sounds like high-pitched wind chimes, and "The Roots Of Coincidence" bursts into something surprisingly heated and rock-like a few times. It sounds like Metheny's also experimenting with samples—are those "Ride Of The Valkyries" trills on "The Awakening"? Too often, *Imaginary Day* loses itself in the taste-before-passion idioms of fusion (the little keyboard sweep announcing a strange chord change, the extra synth backing where the piano would do just fine), but when Metheny heads off to places he hasn't been before, he gets some neat results.  
—Margot Nalia

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 21. Web site at [www.patmethenygroup.com](http://www.patmethenygroup.com).  
**FILE UNDER:** Cold fusion.  
**R.I.Y.L.:** Stanley Clarke, recent King Crimson, late Frank Zappa.

ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S CD



## MODEST MOUSE

*The Lonesome Crowded West* — Up

At first, Modest Mouse sounds like its serving up an indie-rock recipe you've tasted before. The trio's choppy guitar riffs, dicey vocals and simmering drum parts have a hint of warmed-over Pavement. It doesn't help that guitarist/vocalist Isaac Brock likes to accent his scrappy delivery with that trademark Steve Malkmus yawl. But take another taste, and let it roll around your tongue this time. The plunky progressions are influenced as much by mid-'60s R&B as early-'80s no wave; the guitar isn't weighted down by pick scrapes or feedback squalls. Brock even has the gumption to flavor Modest Mouse's rickety pop with downhome grit and Asian twang. Most songs opt for orchestrated dynamics over half-baked improvisation. Towards the latter half of the album, the staccato vocals begin to sound like campfire melodies: "Let's all have another

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Orange Julius," Brock moans on "Teeth Like God's Sunshine." Why did angst-ridden, adenoidal rock fall out of fashion, anyway? Modest Mouse doesn't care that it has. Listening to *The Lonesome Crowded West*, you probably won't care either.

—Neil Gladstone

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 21. Web site at [www.geocities.com/SoHo/7644/ModestMouse.htm](http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/7644/ModestMouse.htm).  
**FILE UNDER:** Casual guitar-rock.  
**R.I.Y.L.:** Pavement, Built To Spill, Grifters.

## MORPHINE

B-Sides And Otherwise

—Rykodisc

Fans of this odd, dark Boston trio will be happy to catch up on the rarities and oddities on this collection, aptly described by the title. Variant live versions of "Have A Lucky Day," "All Wrong" and "I Know You Part II" from CD-singles are supplemented by soundtrack cuts, including



"Bo's Veranda" from *Get Shorty* and "Mile High" from *Things To Do In Denver When You're Dead*, and compilation contributions such as "Kerouac." While you might think

Morphine is a bit new on the block to have all of its jots and tittles collected, when said jots and rittles sound so groovy, it's easy to forgive. The components of Morphine's signature sound are bassist Mark Sandman's fi m-noir vocals, Dana Colley's sinister sax stylings, and Billy Conway's staccato drumming. The result sounds oddly literate, even when the trio is indulging in a seven-minute noise-fest like "Down Love's Tributaries." While true Morphine addicts (sorry) will probably already own most of the stuff on this compilation, more

"I'm feeling like Goofus and Gallant did, before *Highlights*."

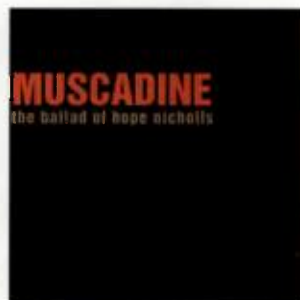
casual listeners should find it just as compelling one of the band's regular albums. —Heidi MacDonald

**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 23. Web site at [www.ai.mit.edu/~stevec/morphine](http://www.ai.mit.edu/~stevec/morphine).  
**FILE UNDER:** Rock noir.  
**R.I.Y.L.:** Tom Waits, *Lost Highway* soundtrack, James Ellroy.

## MUSCADINE

The Ballad Of Hope Nicholls — QED/Sire

This Charlotte, North Carolina, quartet wears its heritage is on its (record) sleeve: its band name is culled from a Southern grape variety ("-dine" rhymes with "wine"), and its album title pays homage to the lead singer of '80s NC alt-rockers Fetchin' Bones. But Muscadine's didn't choose downhome roots rock or Chapel Hill-style post-punk for its debut, adopting instead the fuzzy, distorted guitars of late Seattle grunge. The band shows greater restraint than most purveyors of such a sound, letting songs churn and build tension without ever really erupting. Likewise, singer/guitarists Benji Hughes and Jonathan Wilson let their angst slip out in disaffected sighs and groans. When they mumble and the guitars are overrun with heavy distortion, you almost miss snappy one-liners like "I'm feeling like Goofus and Gallant did, before *Highlights*," in the music business lament of "Alice In Indieland." It would be best, however, if the lyrics were a bit more buried in a few stories about metaphorical hometown characters: "Thank you Mr. Music Man for saving



my life" ("Music Man"). This dense album can wander too far from the slow, brooding rock the band does best, but several moments (including power ballads with cleaner guitars, like "Wind Up Doll") suggest Muscadine will be even more

impressive as it ripens with age.

—Wendy Mitchell

**DATALOG:** Released Oct. 21.  
**FILE UNDER:** Brooding rock.  
**R.I.Y.L.:** Smashing Pumpkins' *Gish*, Afghan Whigs, Screaming Trees.

## JIM O'ROURKE

Bad Timing — Drag City

Jim O'Rourke has the soul of an improv guitarist, but a reputation for rocking out. As a principal in Gastr Del Sol, and a producer for Barbara Manning, Cindy Dall and others, he has expressed the folk-pop leanings that rarely surface on his own records, which tend toward extended drone or obsessively nimble guitar-picking. On the ambitious *Bad Timing*, he brings together a band, then tries to subsume their playing within his own expansive compositional world. On "94 The Long Way," he adds



instrumental parts until there's a dense ensemble rolling along, with guitars and keyboards taking solo turns and a horn section thrown in. Then, all of a sudden, the jam gives way and O'Rourke finishes the song alone. Two tracks later, it happens again: John McEntire comes in on drums, leading an ensemble that sounds like an augmented marching band is passing by outside O'Rourke's window, only to disappear. Maybe it's the transparency of hearing this trick played twice that grates, or maybe it's the familiarity—he and Dave Grubbs have often done the same thing with the rocking parts of Gastr songs. Either way, O'Rourke's integration of his improv aesthetic and producer's instinct seems less than fully realized. Even so, its four beautifully written compositions make this one of O'Rourke's more listenable solo albums. —Andrea Moed

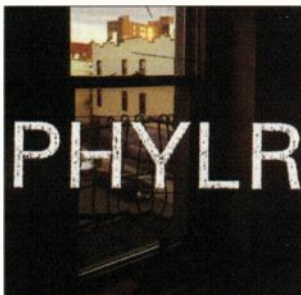
**DATALOG:** Released Sep. 8.  
**FILE UNDER:** Experimental guitarists, quiet school.  
**R.I.Y.L.:** John Fahey, Loren Mazzacane Connors, Gastr Del Sol.



## PHYLRL

### Contra La Puerta — Invisible

■ J.G. Coleman was the only member of Cop Shoot Cop cool enough to have two nicknames ("Filer" and "Cripple Jim"); in the wake of that great band's demise, *Contra La Puerta* is his first solo effort. Just as Firewater features CSC's leader Tod A. continuing his role as a grumpy chronicler of wasted urban lives, Phylr sees Coleman continuing as creator of dark and weird sampler-and-keyboard-based background music. *Contra La Puerta* is all-instrumental, save for occasional wordless warblings from Dawn McCarthy. Drum 'n' bass underpinnings erupt to the forefront on a few songs, but the pounding drum programs usually remain squelched in the background, a panicky heartbeat underneath layers of noise. Simple, jazzy melodies picked out on piano or vibes are the focus, but they too are awash in ominous waves of feedback and violin drones (bolstered by contributions from Foetus auxiliary Hahn Rowe). It might work in a club's chill-out space, but only if some sick DJ was interested in bumming a lot of trips; it's more a soundtrack album, perfect for Walkman play during a walk down deserted, pre-dawn streets. Perhaps it does suffer from the lack of Tod's narration, but if it's a little short on plot, it's long on setting and tone—the immersion in moody ambience is near-total.—David Jarman



DATALOG: Released Sep. 16.

FILE UNDER: Creepy cinematic ambience.

R.I.Y.L.: Barry Adamson, Instrumental Portishead, Scenic.

## REX

### 3 — Southern

■ There's a persistent rock fallacy that big emotion and intensity need to be expressed in big chords, crescendoing percussion, waves of distortion and banshee howling. Everything about Rex runs counter to that notion: The fretwork is mostly limited to minor-key picking, the drumming by Doug Scharin (ex-Codeine) is reserved and almost stately, Curtis Harvey's voice is thin and almost timid, and it's fleshed out not by amplified effects but by a cello. Add in flat production that limits the impact of the band's occasional bursts of passion, and you have an album that's low-key to the point of being drowsy. 3 doesn't leap out of the stereo and get in your face, but it's



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worth the extra effort involved in staying interested—Harvey sings in heartfelt (if not always clearly audible) fashion about regret and loss, his guitar parts unfold and interlock with deceptive complexity, and best of all, the cello sneaks into the fray, zigzagging in elegant counterpoint to the melodies. Compared to its slo-core brethren, Rex never approaches Idaho's dynamism or Low's soul-crushing repetition, but that probably shouldn't be held against it—the band has staked out its own gentle, folksy turf, and it makes for a pleasantly glum late-night listen. —David Jarman

DATELOG: Released Oct. 13.  
FILE UNDER: Quiet but eloquent moe-rock.  
R.I.Y.L.: Red House Painters, Codeline, Low.

## SEELY

### Seconds — Too Pure-Beggars Banquet

■ The first reaction one might have when listening to Seely is: They come from *where?* This Atlanta band buoys its melodies as much with synthesizers as it does with rhythm, while vocalist/guitarist Lori Scacco sings in a sultry half-whisper reminiscent of Stereolab's Laetitia Sadier. The quartet's decidedly Europop sound first emerged on last year's *Julie Only*, which found Seely re-recording previously released material with Tortoise's John McEntire. For *Seconds*, the band enlisted keyboardist Scott Herren and Steve Askew to produce, and came up with a landmark of American synth-pop. Steven Satterfield's voice and guitar perfectly complement Scacco's, and Seely is most effective when their parts are intertwined, as in the lissome, dream-like songs "The Sandpiper" and "Love Letters To Rambler" and the terse rave-up "Syballine (Pt. 1)." All of the compositions on *Seconds* have their merits, however, with concentric melodies that spin



and slide but always return to the same place. Bassist Joy Waters and drummer Eric Taylor drive the groove at times, bringing a jazz sensibility to instrumental passages, revving up the rock songs and helping Seely achieve its synthesis of European refinement and American soul. —Richard Martin

DATELOG: Released Oct. 7.  
FILE UNDER: Euro synth-pop goes Amerindie.  
R.I.Y.L.: Stereolab, The Sea And Cake, American Analog Set.

## SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS

### Plastic Seat Sweat — DGC

■ When Southern Culture On The Skids started in the '80s, its act was a novelty: a punchy, affectionate take on country-rock, deep-fried with goofy humor. But these days, with the No Depression/y'alternative bands mining a deeper Southern vein on one side, and a virtually mainstream Mojo Nixon yukking it up on the other, SCOTS has to be a band, not a concept; that means songs that are more than punchlines and balls-out musicianship. *Plastic Seat Sweat* finds SCOTS leader Rick Miller and his partners-in-hickdom well possessed of bar-band chops but hurting a bit in the ditty department. Miller's guitar work—nimble and punctuated by rollicking solos—rarely



flags, from the stomping "Shotgun" to the twangy "Carve That Possum." But the tunes are rarely more than workmanlike, and the humor ("It was the last damn thing that possum ever did") is too low even for a Jeff Foxworthy redneck. For a band whose words are supposed to be half the fun, the lyrics are trite, built on bad puns, or just gross ("Banana Puddin'," an ode to stale dessert). SCOTS does vary the proceedings with instrumentals and novelty-within-the-novelty songs (a surf-raga called "Dance For Me"), and bassist Mary Huff's sweet, too infrequent vocals keep the album purring.

But without a roadhouse to play in, inertia is the group's only asset. With their talent, they shouldn't settle for that.

—Chris Molanphy

DATELOG: Released Sep. 23.  
Web site at [www.scots.com](http://www.scots.com).  
FILE UNDER: Hee-haw.  
R.I.Y.L.: Mojo Nixon, Junior Brown, George Thorogood.



## GARRISON STARR

### Eighteen Over Me — Geffen

■ Garrison Starr's emotions are stripped down; her songs are not. This 22-year-old singer-songwriter's major-label debut (she self-released a cassette in 1993 and an EP last year) combines the sentimentality of the coffeshop with the rowdiness of the roadhouse. Her hearty twang (she's from Memphis by way of Mississippi) always packs an emotional punch, whether she's in a confessional or confrontational mood. She's especially potent when *Eighteen Over Me* rocks with a warm, rootsy sound, like "Passing," where she questions teen angst while a heavily tremolo-ed guitar lingers. But Starr sounds just as mighty when she's backed minimally—as on, for instance, the opening of "Ugly," with her wails accompanied by only sparse electric strumming and the occasional drum beat. She experiments with her style, which results in a few slips: the piano and acoustic-guitar based "Clearer" seems uncharacteristically sappy, and the power pop of "Molly" feels too breezy. But her experimentation pays off in the funky "What I Wish For," which mixes a sampled backing beat, ominous piano and pedal steel guitar. Although Starr worries on the stand-out "Grounded" that she's "such a small thing compared to everything else," both her voice and her passion sound gargantuan.

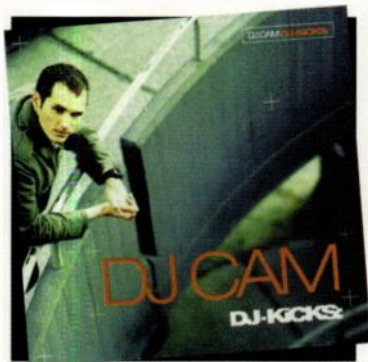
—Wendy Mitchell

DATELOG: Released Sep. 23.  
FILE UNDER: Rootsy, introspective songwriter.  
R.I.Y.L.: Jen Trynin, Freedy Johnston's *Never Home*, Sam Phillips, Shawn Colvin.



— **mixedsignals** —

San Francisco is the city where James Brown still reigns, where disco never died, and where funk infects almost every techno, house and breakbeat club. Since the early '90s, **DJ DAN** has helped make the Bay Area one of the funkier and groovier places on the planet. A member of San Fran's Funky Tekno Tribe, Dan has made party-rocking bass-lines and funky kick-drums his calling cards, distinguishing



himself as jockey who drops the new-skool flavor but maintains an unconditional love for the old-skool vibes.

Urb Mix Volume 2

**(URB-Sm:)e Communications) is an excellent example of the lesson plan Dan drops every time he steps to**

the decks. The set is like a guided tour through the diverse influences of West Coast house scene, beginning with the disco-laden loops of Lumpheads' "Disco Recovery" and Liquitek Pimps' "Boogie Star," moving towards funky house/ breakbeat anthems like Brother Grimm's "Radiate" and futuristic acid scorchers like Castle Trancelot's "Indoctrinate" and "Chetto Train," a track produced by Dan and partner Jim Hopkins as the Electroliners. It's a fun, furious and unpredictable disc that twists and turns under Dan's mesmerizing, innovative turntable techniques... Despite his forays into abstract beats and twisted jazz rhythms on his Shadow Records discs, the Parisian **DJ CAM** describes the sounds of New York underground hip-hop as "the most beautiful music in the world" and his first and foremost love. Taking a small break from the abstract, the latest **DJ Kicks (IK7)** finds Cam behind the decks, sailing through a smooth sea of US and European hip-hop breaks. The journey begins on an instrumental, atmospheric tip before encountering the beat-heavy, rhyme-riddled waters of the Mighty Bop, Tek 9 and Rasco, and the reggae-tinged bounce of the Ragga Twins. Cam manipulates the beats like a pro, fading, mixing and scratching in the cuts on cue, using some impressive studio wizardry as a technical buffer allowing for a more experimental set, with numerous flavors of hip-hop melded into a diverse, moving mix. —M. TYE COMER

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congenial driver Larry Ellis and singing snatches of “Billie Jean.” Dave is chatting with Gus: “Did I tell you I found out I ripped off a Def Leppard song? That song ‘Hysteria’ and ‘Everlong.’ It’s got a line ‘breathe out so I can breathe you in.’”

Skeeter Thompson, the old bass player of *Scream*, is coming in from Little Rock tonight—“*Scream* reunion!” There’s some concern over the number of tickets the Dallas show tonight has sold: 1400 for a 3200-capacity venue. The Stones, Gus is quick to remind the band, have only sold 12,000 tickets for a show with Smashing Pumpkins opening, though, so it’s not that big a deal. Things are tough all over. The album’s down a notch in the charts this week, but there are five big debuts that came in above it—it’s actually sold more copies this week than last. Eventually, almost everyone heads back to catch some Z’s; Pete stays up front to watch *Short Cuts* on the VCR.

## Wednesday, 3:30 PM

When the bus pulls into the Bronco Bowl, the converted former bowling alley they’ll be playing in Dallas, it’s just about soundcheck time, which means, since they’re still teaching Franz the songs, that it’s time to learn “Big Me.” That’s basic enough, so they follow up with an Angry Samoans cover that Taylor’s never heard either—it’s a little weird watching him figure out how to play hardcore. Dave demonstrates the drum break by waving his arms in the air. Taylor has an idea for a slight change in the arrangement of “This Is A Call,” so they try it a couple of different ways. “I don’t know if we should do that

at the end of every verse,” Dave says. “I think it fucking sucks,” Taylor declares, and that’s the end of that.

Taylor, on what the Foo Fighters’ songs mean to him: “‘I’ll Stick Around’ means it’s the end of the set...”

Nate, the band’s quiet literary type, retreats to the dressing room and reads Vaclav Havel’s *The Art Of The Impossible*, while Dave and Franz go off to talk to a guitar magazine.

Over dinner, Verbena’s guitarist tells me that Earnie offered him some extra parts for his make of guitar. “‘Yeah?’ ‘Yeah, my old boss used to smash one every night.’ Right—that old boss.”

## Wednesday, 8:45 PM

Right after Verbena finishes their set, their singer storms into the Foo dressing room, mock-angry. “I believe *this* belongs to you,” he says, and pulls a Mentos out of his pocket. Getting pelted with hard candy by fans who’ve seen the video may be the down side of learning “Big Me.” Gus is showing them a selection of possible photos for the cover of this issue of *New Music Monthly*. There is some discussion of the video arcade at the front of the hall, and the possibility of holding the meet ‘n’ greet there. Dave keeps doing his Atari Teenage Riot impression: “Destroy two thousand years of cultcha!” Taylor is, what else, drumming—this time on the floor, which looks like the only viable surface.

Dave, on Verbena’s singer: “Dude, that guy is so fuckin’ Kurt Cobain it’s not even funny.”

Verbena’s drummer, on hearing this later: “We hear that sometimes — but *Dave Grohl* saying that is kinda different.”

On stage, Dave dedicates “Long Way Home” to Skeeter Thompson who’s showed up with his wife and daughter but won’t be playing tonight. See, Dave explains, a long time ago, I joined up with this band called *Scream*—small cheer from audience—actually, Franz here was the guitarist—another small cheer—and then I was in *Nirvana*—immense cheer that more or less drowns out the rest of the dedication.

## Wednesday, 11:00 PM

Unlike last night, the backstage scene afterwards is something of a party, thanks to the arrival of a handful of gorgeous friends of Taylor (admirers of his since the days when he was drumming for Alanis Morissette—“I really love the way he holds his sticks,” one of them explains) and the great big bottle of tequila they’ve brought with them. Dave and Franz put in appearances at the meet-and-greet, with wan smiles on their faces, but spend more time hanging out in Verbena’s dressing room, trading airplane-travel stories and telling the Jesus joke again.

Eventually, Pete and Gus round up everybody into the buses—they have to take off now, because they’ve got a 12-hour drive ahead of them. Taylor’s friend gives him an acrobatic kiss goodbye. As Dave walks out, he brushes his hand against the back of his head, revealing the Foo Fighters logo tattooed on his neck. **CMJ**

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## Christmas Music



People tend to like or dislike Christmas music for the very same reason: It's pop music's single greatest source of novelty songs. It's hard for aficionados of the pop-culturally weird not to be drawn in by the Spanglish of Augie Rios' "Donde Esta Santa Claus," the twanging of time-honored carols on *A Rubber Band Christmas* or even James Brown exhorting "Santa Claus, Go Straight To The Ghetto." Likewise, I won't begrudge a single one of you for cringing when your drug store begins piping in holiday muzak sometime after Halloween, or longing for the day when our long national nightmare of "Grandma Got Run Over By A Reindeer" will be over. The truth is, my personal benign obsession with finding the coolest Christmas sounds is rooted in the second camp as much as camp itself; for all the joy I get out of Lon Chaney Jr.'s "Monster Holiday," my unabashed love for Christmas music is equally driven by the Elmo And Patsys of the world, by having the occasional horrors of the pop mainstream pushing me to find my own riches of the Holiday season.

For me, it began with the RCA Camden edition of *Elvis' Christmas Album*. On the cover, a young King leans against an engagingly ersatz mountain scene in a light blue ski sweater with a pair of racing stripes down one side, his rakish smile cocked in the corner of his mouth. The record was no doubt playing when I awoke to find a train set, a new bike or a copy of *Kiss Alive II* under the tree, and so it defines the season for me as much as my mom's homemade doughnuts. The record is all pretty warm and homey, as Elvis charms his way through "Silent Night" and an arrangement of "White Christmas" that finds the ground between Bing Crosby's version and the Drifters', and his callow tenor makes "I'll Be Home For Christmas" genuinely affecting. But then there's the lurching blues of "Santa Claus Is Back In Town," which goes a long way to explain what all those '50s moms were so scared of: "Hang up your pretty stockings/Turn out the light/Santa Claus is comin'/ Down your chimney tonight," he snorts to a burlesque rhythm, letting out a leering "heh heh heh" as a juke-joint piano solo overrides the action. Later in life, when I was able to properly measure that set of lurid come-ons, I began to see the record as a mixture not just

by Scott Frampton

of the spiritual and the secular, but of the sacred and the profane. The young semiotician in me was hooked.

My love for Christmas music, and my collection of it, has grown at an alarming rate ever since, fomenting its own sort of eclecticism in the process. The surf instrumentals of *The Ventures' Christmas Album* (EMI) reside next to the Hammond B-3 swing of *Jimmy Smith's Christmas Cookin'* (Verve) and John Fahey's *Guitar Soli Christmas* (Rhino) in my holiday canon, as do Joseph Spence's grunting "Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town," the New Bomb Turks' "Christmas (Baby Please Come Home)" and Red Simpson's "Truckin' Trees For Christmas."

Even though I still get giddy over things like "We Three Bings" (by the Three Bings) or the Wonderful World Of Joe's "What Sweet Child O' Mine Is This?," my real love here is not so much for the novelty finds, but the inspired holiday records and songs that filter standards, or even just standard sentiments, through an artist's personal vision. (It's at this point, however, that tribute be paid to the particular genius of holiday tune laureate Eddie Gorodetsky, whose annual mix tapes remain the stuff of legend, and whose intermittently-in-print *Christmas With Eddie G.* (Columbia) really does go from the sublime to the ridiculous.) The kings of these are the various James Brown songs collected on the CDs *Santa's Got A Brand New Bag* (Rhino) and *James Brown's Funky Christmas* (Polydor). The hardest working man in show business doesn't take a break for the holiday season, screaming through soul ballads like "Let's Make This Christmas Mean Something This Year" and "Santa Claus, Santa Claus," remaining remarkably restrained on the classic "Santa Claus Go Straight To The Ghetto" or just plain making it up as he goes along on "Go Power At Christmas Time" (key lyric: "The football... the funky football"). Like *Elvis' Christmas*, an odd, telling sincerity surfaces in Brown's holiday stuff. He's wishing you a merry Christmas in just the same way he implored his band to give him those hits, he's got to have those hits—the Christmas spirit simply replaces the funk as his gospel.

It's likewise with Ray Charles' *The Spirit Of Christmas*, which despite an unfortunate cover shot of Ray guiding a horse-drawn sleigh, is a pretty serious mid-'70s big-band jazz rave-up that breathes life into some tired standards, including the otherwise unlistenable "Little Drummer Boy," often by abandoning their melodies altogether. And then there's Donny Hathaway's "This Christmas," which is perhaps the last word on the Christmas season as urban romance, and never fails to generate a tear as I drive around Brooklyn looking at all the Christmas lights. ■

**"Hang up  
your pretty  
stockings/  
Turn out  
the light/  
Santa Claus  
is comin'/  
Down your  
chimney  
tonight."**





☆ I'm not sure if I'm happy about this, but the high school and college memories of Generation X-ers from the '80s are starting to show up in nostalgic packages in the reissue bins. The **Pixies** are celebrated in *Death To The Pixies*, a two-CD retrospective from Elektra.

The first disc is studio tracks, a curiously selected batch of their songs (not just the big hits all in a row); the second disc has 21 live tracks that hint at how ferocious the band could be on a really good night. Yes, children, there once was a time when Frank Black was actually kind of scary.

☆ On similar turf, nearly everybody has some kind of fond memory of the **Replacements**, like my friend who remembers guitarist Bob Stinson shitting in a backstage ice bucket at a gig. *All For Nothing* is the hits disc of a double-CD set (Reprise), featuring

inthebins

"Left Of The Dial" "Alex Chilton," "The Ledge," "Can't Hardly Wait"—honestly, in all the years, I never once thought about how many college radio hits this band had until I started counting them all here.

The rarities disc, *Nothing For All*, is equally pleasing, especially to folks who remember the disheveled mayhem of the band's days with Stinson.

☆ God bless the **Skatalites**, the most revered of ska bands, whose original '60s members are among the true founding fathers of the entire genre. The group is honored on the two-CD *Foundation Ska* (Heartbeat). It also contains one of my favorite moments in the history of reggae covers of Beatles tunes: The Skatalites' herky-jerky ska version of "I Should Have Known Better" is a pure delight,

reinterpreting the song not just as a ska tune, but also as a jazz instrumental at the same time, with each musician taking a solo turn. Rather amazingly, the Skatalites are still kicking it live to this day, keeping up with—and even topping—bands a third their age.



## Johnny Jenkins

**Ton-Ten Macoute!**  
Capricorn Classics

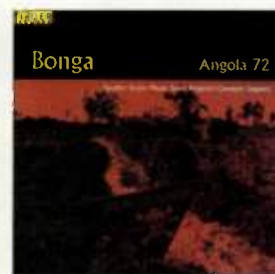
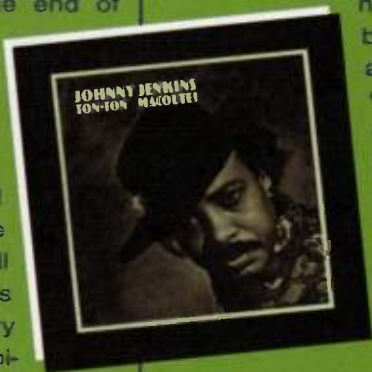
In the '60s, Johnny Jenkins fronted an obscure soul band called the Pinetoppers, whose driver was named Otis—Otis Redding, that is. One day, roadie Otis opened his mouth and sang at the end of an audition for Stax Records, and the rest was soul music history. Stax promoted "The Big O" to superstar status and Johnny Jenkins and his Pinetoppers were promptly forgotten—until he re-emerged in the '70s with this now-legendary album. One of the swampiest funk records ever made,

*Ton-Ten Macoute!* teamed Jenkins with members of the Allman Brothers and other hairy Southern rock dudes from the Capricorn Records studio scene around Macon, Georgia. Donning an outrageous pimp's hat, Jenkins recast himself in the persona of the ultimate hard-funk hoodoo man, sort of a black version of Dr. John combined with Jimi

Hendrix, Muddy Waters and a bit of Richard Roundtree. Brother Duane Allman came in and laid track after track of his blistering slide guitar all over the place, while Jenkins overdubbed congos, bongos, cowbells, psychedelic effects, even a chorus of wailing '70s background-singer chicks. This record is a heavy,

humid amalgam of blues, funk, soul and classic FM "underground" rock. Listen to the first five seconds of "Walk On Gilded Splinters" and see if it doesn't sound awfully familiar.

Years after this record went out of print, a couple of record producers in California hooked up a drum loop from Jenkins's track and then put a folkie guy rapping on top of it. The guy's name was Black, and the new song was called "Loser." You're soaking in it! It's amazing how few hipsters realized that they were bobbing their heads to the Allman Brothers' rhythm section. ☆



☆ The Tinder Records label, a world music imprint whose star has been rising in recent months, has started a "Tinder Gold" series to

reissue classic world music albums, especially ones that for whatever reason haven't been previously reissued in the West. The best one so far has been **Bonga Kuenza's** *Angola 72*, full of bouncing acoustic guitars and Bonga's gruff, soaring vocals. This album bears an intriguing title, since it was actually recorded in Holland after Bonga was forced into political exile in 1972. It's interesting how similar Angolan music can be to its African cousins of Mali, Senegal and Cape Verde. It also points to the transatlantic similarities between Portuguese acoustic music and the soft sounds of Brazil—fans of Cesaria Evora might want to take note of this unassuming reissue.



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**caroline dis**



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(Who Do You Think You Are?) (Damaged Goods). It's a pretty self-explanatory and very funny little punk song ("We hate you Mel/Geir's a moo as well"). Also present among the disc's three songs and less than five minutes: "Just 17," whose title is followed by "your bum wiggled like gelatine" if you read the lyric sheet and "your sounk tasted like gelatine" if you listen to what they sing, and the X-Ray Spex-y "Heroes" (the sax adds to the resemblance).

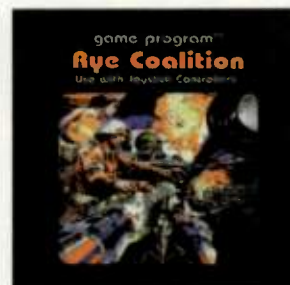
• An infamous law in England, written in an attempt to prevent unauthorized raves, makes it illegal for certain kinds of gatherings to play music with "repetitive beats." Crafty dance producers, of course, have found ways to get around the letter of the law. Hence, we get things like Autechre's awesome 12" remix of **Lexis's**

• Thank heaven for little smartasses—in this case the scruffy-looking young British women of the **Period Pains** (evidently "The Cramps" was already taken as a band name), who've made a debut single called "Spice Girls

hiss&crackle

"Hypnotise" (Certificate Eighteen): eight minutes of hurtling, spattering percussion that dances around the beat, implying it but never stating it exactly the same way twice. It's almost a shame when a handful of actual bass notes come in a few minutes before the end. The other side is a more robust but less thrilling Klute remix of "Criminal Elements."

• If you got into **Rye Coalition's** *Hee Saw Dhub Kaet*, it's worth noting that the band has popped up on a few singles recently. *Degrees Of Malice* (Cerebellum) is a 7" compilation featuring Rye's minor but forceful "Ceremony For A Fat Lip," along with pretty ordinary throat-scraping punk by Animal Farm, Impetus Inter and As Good As Dead. There's also a split double-7" by Rye with the VSS (Super-8); Rye's "Fucking With Beautiful Posture" is reprised from the album, and also appears in a bizarre but neatly executed remix that unkinks its meter into 4/4 and tosses in some hip-hop beats, "Fucking With The Rye Coalition." The VSS's sides are less memorable: a remix of "In Miniature" and a cover of Echo And The Bunnymen's "No Hands."



## Run On

Sit Down  
Matador



Scoot  
Sonic Bubblegum

Run On's second album, this summer's *No Way*, presented its songs more straightforwardly than the band had done on record before. With Run On's three singers, sympathetic ensemble playing and vast knowledge of all kinds of pop and non-pop musics, though, the band has a bag of tremendously varied approaches, and these two new EPs are gloriously all-over-the-place. Both include a

couple of fine new studio recordings (one on each sung by Sue Garner and Alan Licht) and a couple of "special cases." *Sit Down* centers on a fabulous remix of "Go There" by Warren Defever of His Name Is Alive, who treats the opening with the sonics of an ancient, wobbly, scratchy record, then brings in increasingly anachronistic waves of percussion and bass before abruptly switching into a skippy techno bounce with occasional intrusions of scraping guitar. It's also got two other remakes: a semi-unplugged version of "Xmas Trip" and a high-speed, breakbeat-enhanced version of "Half Of Half." *Scoot* has "Hit Run," sung by Garner over a creepy muted drum loop—sort of a pop equivalent to Third Eye Foundation's better records—and Rick Brown singing the traditional "Copper Kettle" over a bag-pipe-ish organ drone. The band's going forward in all directions, and it's never sounded better. •

• On its latest album, **Ida** covered one of the **Secret Stars'** songs and wrote another *about* them, so it's appropriate that the two bands now have a split single (R.W.). Ida's "Truxton Park" is typically spare and ravishing—just two guitars and two voices, reaching gently into each other—and the Secret Stars' "Sanity Assassins" is their similarly mellow urban-indie take on the ideas of Southern soul-blues ballads... Unrest/Air Miami's Mark Robinson and half of Tuscadero have teamed up as the **Project** for a one-off single, "Celluloid Dreams Of Superman" (TeenBeat). The A-side, as you might guess from the title, is something of a Kinks pastiche, though it's nice to hear that Robinson guitar sound again; the B-side is a very odd little disco number... **Flying Saucer Attack's** return to the world of singles, "Coming Home" (Domino), is, of all things, a cover of a song by the legendary British garage band the Prisoners (the group that spawned James Taylor of the James Taylor Quartet). FSA led the charge of the Bristol rock scene into electronics; maybe now it's leading the retreat.



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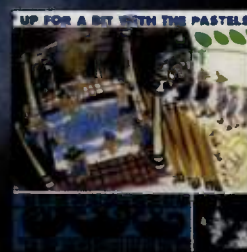


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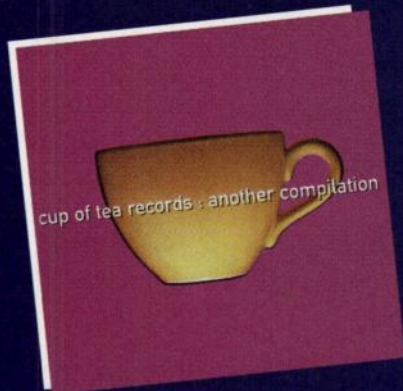
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## Various Artists Another Compilation Cup Of Tea/Iron America



There aren't many readers of this column unfamiliar with the continually challenging music emerging from the fair port city of Bristol. At the moment, a good half of that music comes from the Cup of Tea label, whose reputation continues to grow as it diversifies its roster, releasing music that no one could sensibly

call "trip-hop" any longer. This latest collection is certain to be one of the most controversial and enjoyable records of the year. *Another Compilation* immediately belies its self-effacing title, opening with the opaque beats of Fruit Loop's "Drifter," a track that picks you up by the scruff of the neck, then unceremoniously drops you in unfamiliar territory. Many of the label's heavyweights are to be found here: Statik Sound System, Purple Penguin, and Spaceways. But reserve your energy for the new tracks from the ever-inventive and still underrated duo Monk & Canatella, whose "Picnics" is the most unsettling and brilliant track here. The piece's strained vocals and the mock-lounge refrain, "eating picnics in the park," stand in stark contrast to the bone-crunching breakbeat and de-tuned trumpet blasts. Show me a better collection of left-field down-tempo beats and I'll be astonished. ♡

♡ Why has it taken so long for the immense genius of **Luke Slater** to reach these shores? Sure, import fiends have been collecting his stuff, recorded under many pseudonyms and released by labels such as Djax, GPR, and Peacefrog, for nearly four years, but you were out of luck if you tried to find his particular brand of kick-drummed minimalism at your local behemoth-mart. Until now. Slater's U.S. debut, *Freek Funk* (NovaMute), is finally in the racks, and it is a treat indeed. No wonder he counts people like Robert Hood and Carl Craig among his followers: Slater has always had an uncanny ability to occupy techno's basic structures and turn them inside-out to make them fit his design. The record's first single is the title track, which opens with a glistening, metallic keyboard sequence and some ghostly choir samples before the calm is shattered by a looped and distorted 808 kick drum that sounds like it was lifted off a Run-DMC-era electro record. A static-charged thread of a guitar finds its way to the surface of the mix, pushed through yards of effects boxes and filters until it's nearly unrecognizable. The hollow snares bounce around the track's interior, threatening to break out but finally kept in check by the choir. The effect of *Freek Funk* is similar to that of reaching a difficulty level in a video game that the game's designers hadn't planned for... While we're on the subject of imports, let me say that there's nary an inventive producer from across the sea whose work has not been picked up by a label in North America. A bold claim, to be sure, but witness the full-length U.S. debut of the deeply jazz-obsessed **Subject 13**, *The Black Steele Project* (Selector/Crammed Discs). Unlike some of its jazzy peers, Subject 13 isn't interested in "lite" background tunes. "Dinner Time Jazz" isn't the Kenny G brand of drum 'n' bass the title may lead you to believe—beneath the smooth sax, a growling bass line lies in wait. "Slice Of Soul" is a heartbreaker, and "Eastern Promise" has got a low end that'll give your woofers a real beating. This is where the calm meets the storm in drum 'n' bass.

## dance top25

- 1 **CRYSTAL METHOD**  
Vegas / Outpost-Geffen
- 2 **μ-ZIQ**  
Lunatic Harness / Astralwerks-Caroline
- 3 **COLD CUT**  
Let Us Play / Ninja Tune
- 4 **PHOTEK**  
Modus Operandi / Astralwerks-Caroline
- 5 **PIGFACE**  
A New High In Low / Invisible
- 6 **KEOKI**  
Ego-Trip / Moonshine
- 7 **PLUG**  
Drum 'N' Bass For Papa/Plug  
EPs 1, 2 & 3 / Nothing-Interscope
- 8 **MOUSE ON MARS**  
Autodivider / Thrill Jockey
- 9 **LUKE VIBERT**  
Big Soup / Mo Wax/frr-London
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- 16 **PIERRE HENRY/MICHAEL COLOMBIER**  
Metamorphose / frr-London
- 17 **DIVE**  
Snake Dressed / CQP International
- 18 **VARIOUS ARTISTS**  
Machinery: The Plastic City America  
Compilation / UCMG
- 19 **SISTER MACHINE GUN**  
Metropolis / Wax Trax!-TVT
- 20 **STATIK SOUND SYSTEM**  
Tempesta II / Cup Of Tea-Iron America
- 21 **CHEMICAL BROTHERS**  
Dig Your Own Hole/Electrobank EP /  
Astralwerks-Caroline
- 22 **BT**  
"Love, Peace And Grease" (5") /  
Perfecto/Kinetic-Reprise
- 23 **BANCO DE GAIA**  
Big Men Cry / Planet Dog-Mammoth
- 24 **MENTALLO & THE FIXER**  
Burnt Beyond Recognition / Metropolis
- 25 **SUB DUB**  
Dancehall Malfunction / Asphodel

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





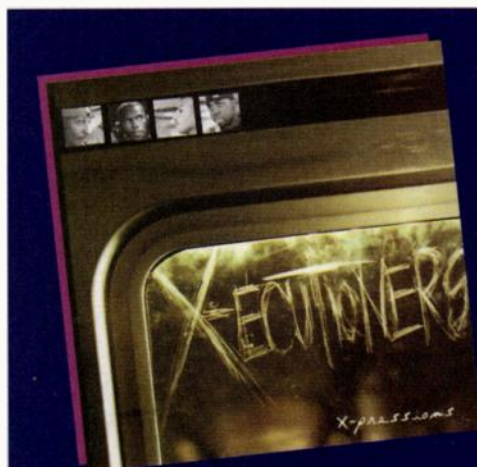


❖ Speaking of old-school essence, justly deified producer **Kurtis Mantronik** is back on the scene, and his new *I Sing The Body Electro* (Oxygen Music Works) will thrill his fans and also bring droves of heads and ravers into the fold. Although some of the album toes the techno line, the man who gave the world Mantronix, Just Ice and T La Rock can still throw down with the best of 'em. Songs like "King Of The Beat V.3.0," "On The Beatbox," "Mad" and "The Art Of Cow Wrestling" are all the proof you'll need... Chicago's **Common** (now Sense-less) makes his own triumphant return *One Day It'll All Make Sense* (Relativity), his third album and first since 1994's *Resurrection*. Showcasing his laid-back, conversational and always-compelling flow, his new record isn't likely to break him through to the pop big-time, but there's no doubt that it will solidify his underground rep. "1, 2 Many," "Real Nigga Quotes," "Making A Name For Ourselves" and "Gettin' Down At The Amphitheater" (with De La Soul) are all great jams for heads of all stripes, and it would be no surprise if "Reminding Me (Of Sef)," "Retrospect For Life" (with Lauryn Hill) and "All Night Long" (with Erykah Badu) made some crossover waves. It's a highly intelligent, honest and refreshing album that proves Common deserves the respect he gets... On the reissue tip, probably the greatest recorded document of old-school live skills, the soundtrack to the film **Wild Style**, has thankfully been given new life by the folks at Rhino (the essential original movie is available on video for the first time as well). Aside from several samples you've been hearing for years and never knew where they came from, live routines by tragically forgotten masters like Busy Bee, the Cold Crush Brothers, the Fantastic Freaks, Double Trouble and Rammellzee, and DJ work by Grandmixer D.ST, Grandwizard Theodore and Grandmaster Flash will drop your jaw faster than you can say "Cazals."

## hip-hop top25

- 1 **BUSTA RHYMES**  
When Disaster Strikes... / Elektra-EEG
- 2 **WU-TANG CLAN**  
Wu-Tang Forever / Wu-Tang/Loud-RCA
- 3 **THA ALKAHOLIKS**  
Likwidation / Loud-RCA
- 4 **PUFF DADDY & THE FAMILY**  
No Way Out / Bad Boy-Arista
- 5 **EPMD**  
"Never Seen Before" / Def Jam-Mercury
- 6 **NATURAL RESOURCE**  
"I Love This World" / Makin'
- 7 **RAKIM**  
"It's Been A Long Time" / MCA
- 8 **WYCLEF JEAN/REFUGEE ALL-STARS**  
Presents The Carnival / Ruffhouse/Columbia-CRG
- 9 **THE FIRM**  
"Firm Biz"/"Executive Decision" / Interscope
- 10 **COMMON**  
"Reminding Me (Of Sef)" / Relativity
- 11 **ORGANIZED KONFUSION**  
"Numbers" / Priority
- 12 **BEATNUITS**  
Stone Crazy / Violator-Relativity
- 13 **SOUNDTRACK**  
Money Talks: The Album / Arista
- 14 **LOST BOYZ**  
Love, Peace & Nappiness / Universal
- 15 **CRU**  
Da Dirty 30 / Def Jam/Violator-Mercury
- 16 **MOS DEF**  
"Universal Magnetic" / Rawkus
- 17 **JAY-Z**  
"Sunshine" / Roc-A-Fella-Priority
- 18 **ROYAL FLUSH**  
"Iced Down Medallions" / Blunt-TVT
- 19 **DIAMOND**  
"The Hiatus" / Mercury
- 20 **GRAVEDIGGAZ**  
"Dangerous Mindz" / Gee Street-V2
- 21 **REFLECTION ETERNAL**  
"Fortified Live" / Rawkus
- 22 **RAMPAGE**  
Scouts Honor...By Way Of Blood / Elektra-EEG
- 23 **SOUNDTRACK**  
Nothing To Lose / Tommy Boy
- 24 **MACK 10**  
"Backyard Boogie" / Priority
- 25 **GP WU**  
"Party People" / MCA

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



## X-ecutioners X-pressions Asphodel

New York City's X-Ecutioners (formerly known as the X-Men) are at the true heart of hip-hop, and by doing their thang they are unwittingly showing us just how far the rap world has strayed from its original modus operandi. Back in the day, it was still all about getting paid and having fun, but it was about gettin' the cash by earning

it: blowing people's minds with rapping, DJing, breakdancing or graffiti skills. This dexterous crew, featuring turntable maestros Mista Sinista, Roc Raida, Rob Swift and Total Eclipse, is out to twist whatever minds (and wax) it can grab, and its full-length debut *X-pressions* lives up to all the advance hype and then some, combining wicked DJing with great rap production chops on top. Emitting a similar vibe as Rob Swift's *Soulful Fruit* (Stone's Throw) from earlier this year, there is a little bit of everything here: crazy beat juggling, soulful breaks, interview snippets from the DJ video documentary *Battle Sounds*, and even a couple of damn good underground hip-hop tracks, most notably the Swift-produced "Musica Negra" (with impressive up-and-comer Gudtyme on vocals) and "The Cypher." On the cut-'n'-scratch side, "Get Started," "One Man Band" and "Mad Flava" are some of the most important turntablist manifestoes on record so far—a list that has been growing at a crazy rate in the last few years. ❖



## Malevolent Creation

**In Cold Blood**  
Pavement



Often relegated to bullpen status as a death metal minor leaguer, Ft. Lauderdale's Malevolent Creation seems to have put in hard hours of practice during the long gap since its last release. This fifth effort, *In Cold Blood*, jumps the gun on the upcoming Deicide output. The album is a tight, technical explosion of misanthropic

skill, twisting standard jerks and twists into something relatively eloquent. It shows that death metal, out of the limelight lately, has reached a new level of proficiency. While self-consciously keeping the Florida flame alive, Malevolent Creation is pushing the form forward with venomous power and fluid interpretation of the status quo of gore. Combining a classic meat-grinder sound with advanced Napalm Death quirks, the band meditates on personal hells and societal ills to arouse a more emotionally compelling kind of anger noise. Holding back *In Cold Blood* is its overly-sanitized production job by brand name metal mixer Scott Burns. Without getting too far into tech talk, it's safe to say that the music's innovative flourishes are consistently killed by the muddy and mediocre mix. Malevolent Creation is raw and dynamic, but ultimately *In Cold Blood* is dragged down by an uninspired sonic shell. It's a surprise, and a shame. **B-**

✠ The third record from **Sleep**, *Jerusalem* (London), is a slow-trod experiment within narrow parameters: one laborious tempo, one lethargic sound, one 52-minute song, an epic prayer inspired by the Bible and billowing clouds of pot smoke. The monotony rarely becomes tedious, because Al Cisneros and company are unpredictable and sensual in their drug-induced pounding of early Sabbath terrain. Sleep's strength is in possessing the patience of Solomon. With the advent of DVD, the bard will undoubtedly be offering music six hours at a time, making this endless dirge seem like little more than a jingle... **Niden Div. 187** are Swedes dealing in corrosive black metal, tying sheets of gritty guitar drone to a drum foundation that whirs so fast it feels slow. The quartet's debut, *Impergium* (Necropolis), is laden with the imagery of war and bleak industry. The caustic darkness seems to cough up its own ash, creating a woozy maelstrom of over-exertion and delightful dinginess... Running on exactly the same cycle as ten years ago is the utterly daffy **Great Kat**. Released by her mom, Kat's latest EP, *Guitar Goddess* (TPR), exposes two originals, "Dominatrix" and "Feast Of The Dead," along with novelty shred-guitar renditions of "The Barber Of Seville" and Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen." At worst, Kat's crock is a souped-up wankfest complete with blood-spitting, lingerie-clad hellion. When it shines, the material has a hyperbolic squall, tickling the brain pan with a disjointed series of absurd over-the-top metalisms... There's been a certain feeling in the air, so it's not surprising to see **Metal Dreams** (c/o Chris Dugan, Box 215, Hawthorne, NJ, 07507), a magazine dedicated to restoring '80s-style metal to prominence. Editor Chris Dugan is an impassioned supporter of heavy metal's commercial heyday, leading the charge through 70 pages of "where are they now"-type interviews and reviews of unexpected new releases from Anvil, Accept, Dokken, and Savatage. To the credit of bands like Motörhead, Skid Row, and Bruce Dickinson, they seem comfortable with the passing of popular judgment against them. Definitely, though, the overall impression is of *Metal Dreams* as a forum for the bitter voices of the dispossessed.

## metaltop25

- 1 **PANTERA**  
Official Live: 101 Proof / EastWest-EEG
- 2 **SIX FEET UNDER**  
Warpath / Metal Blade
- 3 **TESTAMENT**  
Demoniac / Mayhem-Fierce
- 4 **GEEZER**  
Black Science /TVT
- 5 **LIFE OF AGONY**  
Soul Searching Sun / Roadrunner
- 6 **LIMP BIZKIT**  
Three Dollar Bill, Y'all\$ / Flip-Interscope
- 7 **SOUNDTRACK**  
Spawn / Immortal-Epic
- 8 **INCUBUS**  
S.C.I.E.N.C.E. / Immortal-Epic
- 9 **OVERKILL**  
From The Underground And Below / CMC International
- 10 **PARADISE LOST**  
One Second / Music For Nations-Silverstone
- 11 **KREATOR**  
Outcast / F.A.D.
- 12 **MEGADETH**  
Cryptic Writings / Capitol
- 13 **CRISIS**  
The Hollowing / Metal Blade
- 14 **TREPONEM PAL**  
Higher / Mercury
- 15 **SNOT**  
Get Some / Geffen
- 16 **DIMMU BORGIR**  
Enthrone Darkness Triumphant / Nuclear Blast America
- 17 **SEPULTURA**  
Blood-Rooted / Roadrunner
- 18 **STRIFE**  
In This Defiance / Victory
- 19 **SEVENDUST**  
Sevendust /TVT
- 20 **BRUCE DICKINSON**  
Accident Of Birth / CMC International
- 21 **LIVING SACRIFICE**  
Return / Solid State-Tooth & Nail
- 22 **DECEASED**  
Fearless Undead Machines / Relapse
- 23 **HAMMERFALL**  
Glory To The Brave / Nuclear Blast America
- 24 **WILL HAVEN**  
El Diabolo / Crisis-Revelation
- 25 **DREAM THEATER**  
Falling Into Infinity / EastWest-EEG

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



# AUDIODROME



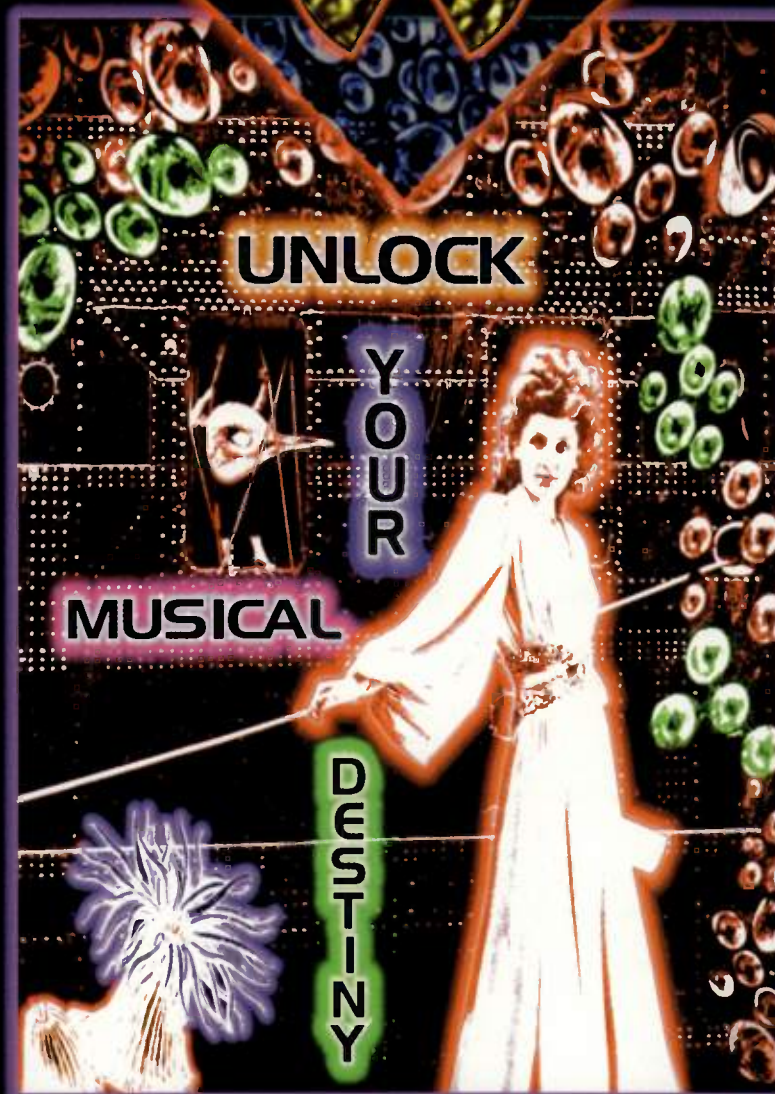
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## BENT Goldwyn Entertainment Company

One of the most mindbendingly depressing films ever made, **Bent** is an adaptation of Martin Sherman's almost unbearably intense stage play about gay men in a Nazi concentration camp. The first few minutes, set in a lavishly decadent Berlin cabaret (with Mick Jagger typecast as an aging drag queen and singing a number written for the film by Philip Glass), establish a deceptively playful

tone; suddenly, in a horrific burst of violence, **Bent** turns into a nightmare. Max (Clive Owens), a gay man-about-town from a wealthy Jewish family, is hunted down by the Nazis and sent to Dachau. Ground down by the camp's tortures, he's forced to lose his soul and remake his identity in order to survive, finds love with a man he's not allowed to touch or even look at, and is ultimately transformed and destroyed by that love. With each successive scene, **Bent** becomes darker and bleaker;

though most of it was clearly written for the stage, its minimal movements and few characters become even scarier and more powerful in the barren expanses the camera takes in. —DW

## movies



## HEART AND SOUL

by Bob Merlis  
and Davin Seay

Stewart Tabori & Chang

Heart And Soul's subtitle, "A Celebration Of Black Music Style In America 1930-1975," makes it sound like a reference guide that's long been needed.

But the book tries to cover too much in 160 pages, giving most artists only a paragraph or two. You'll probably have more questions when you're done reading the book than when you started:

Did those doo-wop groups all wear suits because it looked cool, or were they being made presentable for the mass market? Does Lena Horne think her early films were "blaxploitation"? Who decided white afro wigs were a great idea? Unfortunately, artists aren't interviewed for their side of the story. But what makes the book worth picking up are all of the hard-to-find album covers, movie posters and publicity shots collected inside: James Brown sharing the cover of Look magazine with Senator Muskie, Rodger Collins in the throes of an orgasmic performance and Louis Jordan preachin' the blues. Maybe text isn't necessary to understand something about soul; one picture of Jackie Wilson says plenty by itself. —NG

## books

## CATHOLIC ONLINE SAINTS AND ANGELS

[www.catholic.org/saints](http://www.catholic.org/saints)

Ever wonder what Tom Waits was talking about when he demanded to "Hang On St. Christopher"? Who was St. Vitus? For that matter, who were St. Patrick and St. Valentine? The Catholic Church has the answers, and they're all on their website of saints, listing hundreds of them along with what exactly each of them did to deserve the honor. You can browse and learn loads about all those oblique references you were too chicken to question during class or too lazy to reference in that thick novel. You can learn about the lesser known, but equally chosen, saints such as St. Kevin, St. Fabian, and St. Barbara. With a click of the mouse, you can learn to whom you should pray when you're balancing your checkbook (St. Matthew, the patron saint of accountants), grabbing some Frosted Mini Wheats (St.

Michael, saint of grocers), or, God forbid, writing a record review (St. Francis De Sales, saint of journalists). Torn between reruns of Melrose Place and Dukes Of Hazzard? Perhaps the patron saint of television, St. Clare of Assisi, can offer some guidance. —Neil Gladstone

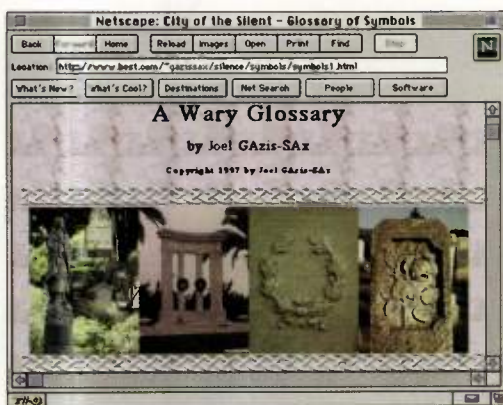




## NFL GAMEDAY 98 PlayStation Athletic Dept.

To say that **NFL GameDay 98** is an improvement over previous football games for the PlayStation platform is an understatement. The full 3-D polygonal animation is the immediate draw, but the lasting appeal of **GameDay 98** is that it's a real challenge (unlike last year's **EA Sports Madden Football**, where you could be the lowly Jets, run the same play over and over and beat the computer's team every time). The play calling is more realistic, and the game play is improved: It's not a sure bet anymore that you can beat the computer. There's even an "artificial intelligence" that "learns" how you play. Each team has the actual plays that the real NFL teams call for you to choose from. Among the added attractions since the last version of this game is the inclusion of many of the players' signature moves, like Ricky Watters' high steps to the end zone or Chris Carter's ability to catch almost everything thrown at him. You'll have hours of fun watching your players act like extras from **Dance Fever** with their individual touchdown celebrations. Another extra bonus: when you beat your friend in the game, a video cheerleader appears to congratulate your achievement. If you're a real fan of the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders, you now know what your mission is. —Lamar Mundane

videogame



## CITY OF THE SILENT

[www.alsirat.com/silence/index.html](http://www.alsirat.com/silence/index.html)

There's no better way to impress your goth friends than with a trip to "City Of The Silent," where death is fun and educational. Not only does the page have an article on the history of cemeteries and a glossary of tombstone symbolism, it's got ghoulish clip art and a collection of famous epitaphs including those of Karl Marx, Al Capone and Emily Dickinson. Peruse the posts on the "Inscriptions" section, which discuss everything from sepulchral vandalism to the fair price for a tombstone. Joel Gazis-Sax, the man behind "City Of The Silent," also monitors the "Post-Mortem Page" (<http://www.best.com/~gazisax/silence/altunin.html>), which features links and reviews of most of the other death-related sites like The Virtual Pet Cemetery, Auschwitz Alphabet and Alien Autopsy. Each one is rated on a scale from one to four stones; don't waste your time on "Celebrity Rubbings From the Grave"—according to Gazis-Sax, "It is sites like this one that give taphophilia a bad name." —NG

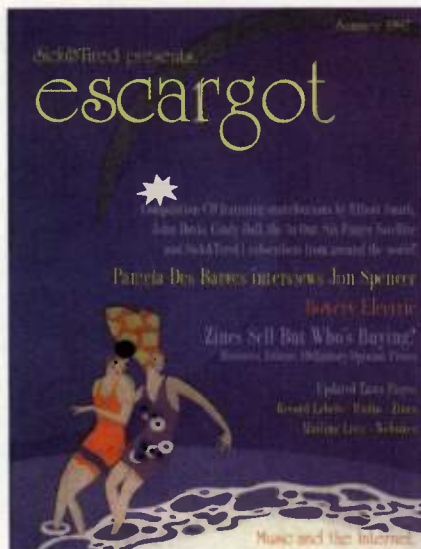
netstuff

## LOOK OUT FOR...

**Battle Sounds**, a 60-minute video about the history of hip-hop DJing and turntablists, featuring the X-ecutioners, Mix Master Mike, Apollo and others. The video was screened at the 1997 Whitney Biennial, and it's been touring various museums and other venues around the world.

## ESCARGOT Sick & Tired

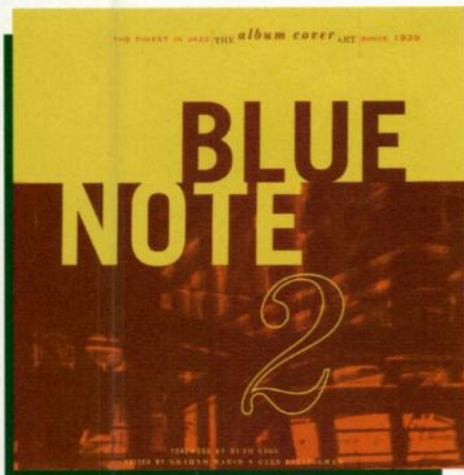
The annual 'zine **Escargot** is the print arm of Sick & Tired, a long-running music email list. Each issue includes extensive listings of indie-rock-related net resources: mailing lists, email addresses, and web pages for bands, radio stations and labels. This year's issue also features excerpts from a handful of posts to mailing lists, some amusing live reviews, and a bunch of articles about various music- and Internet concerns, as well as a lengthy and idiosyncratic history of music 'zines. And it includes a CD, **For All The URLs I've Loved**, with tracks by the likes of Elliott Smith, Six Finger Satellite and John Davis. —DW



'zines



## BLUE NOTE 2 edited by Graham Marsh and Glyn Callingham Chronicle Books



Jazz wouldn't look the same without the Blue Note album covers created by Reid Miles and Francis Wolff. The designer and photographer collaborated on hundreds of sleeves in the late '50s and early '60s that helped define the look of an era. Wolff's sleek action shots capture the fire and sweat of late-night jam sessions; Miles's use of geometric shapes and color still influences graphic designers today. The cover of **Blue Hour** by Stanley Turrentine and the 3 Sounds is quintessential Miles and Wolff: Turrentine and company are playing on the far side of the room against a stark backdrop. The positioning of the camera makes it seem as if the viewer is eavesdropping on a closed session. Miles's design obscures the subjects in a languid blue duotone while the title, in white block letters, jumps out from the haze like a neon sign. This second installment of Blue Note album covers offers rarer releases than the first, and also includes pieces designed by Tom Hannan, Hank Mobley and others. —NG

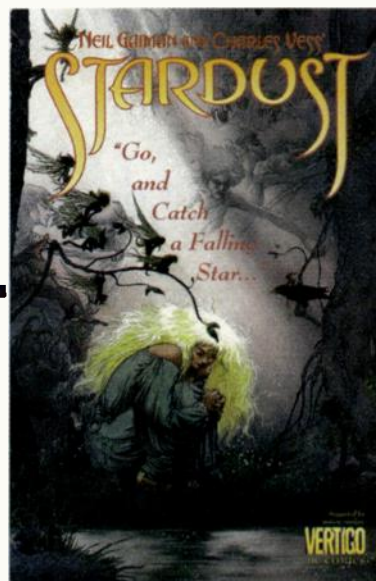
Lapsed old-school punks may want to track down a copy of the September/October issue of **Punk Planet**, which features a long, extraordinary oral history of Black Flag, including interviews with nearly everyone who was ever in the band. If you've ever wondered who Greg Ginn thought was the best Black Flag singer (it wasn't Henry Rollins), or what Kira thought about getting the four-stripe tattoo, this is the place to look.

## books

### STARDUST Vertigo

When Neil Gaiman concluded his ultra-successful **Sandman** series with "The Tempest," he hinted that, like Shakespeare's Prospero, he was breaking his wand in two, and giving up comics in favor of prose fiction. The four-issue miniseries **Stardust** isn't quite Gaiman's return to comics, but it's delectably close: a story with illustrations on every page by Charles Vess. Gaiman is exploring territory that will be familiar to **Sandman** readers—fantasy themes from popular mythology, like the Faerie Market where the plot begins—in a familiar style, high-flown but slyly funny. (He's even drawing on Shakespeare again: the essence of the plot, a search for a falling star, alludes to **A Midsummer Night's Dream**.) The Victorian-era setting of **Stardust** is a thoughtful twist on fantasy conventions, though. Vess's painted illustrations are gorgeous, as light-hearted and historically resonant as the story but lush with hue and detail. —DW

## comics



## Caught In Flux

Number Six

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Kumail  
Small World Experience  
The I Live The Life Of A Movie Star Secret Hideout  
Pin puns from the mid-1990s  
Reviews of records, small press and live events



The sixth issue of Mike Appelstein's annual pop 'zine **Caught In Flux** is long, text-heavy and pleasantly obsessive about the scene it covers. It includes interviews with members of the old British band Dolly Mixture, the new British band Bis, former Sleater-Kinney drummer Laura MacFarlane, preposterous comedian Neil Hamburger, and the even more preposterously named group The I Live The Life Of A Movie Star Secret Hideout. Send \$3 to P.O. Box 7088, New York, NY 10116-7088.



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### THIRD EYE FOUNDATION

### THREE MILE PILOT

### TRIPLE FAST ACTION

### VAPOURSPACE

### VARIOUS ARTISTS

### W.C.

### WINDSOR FOR THE DERBY

### Exile On Coldharbour Lane

### Blueprint

### Deuce's Wild

### Beneath The Mask (book/CD set)

### Blindside

### Bressa Creeting Cake

### Come On Down

### Train To Chroma City

### Spheres II

### A Plea For Tenderness

### Power Moves

### Banana Man

### The New Despair (EP)

### Heaven Sent

### Golden Ticket (EP)

### At War With Emo

### The Unstable Molecule

### "Through The Mixer" (12")

### 10 Cents

### split CD

### "Valentino" (12")

### A Little Sex And Death

### Rebirth

### The Several Faces Of Manshark

### Lord Of The Flies

### Adventures Of...

### Ciao Meow

### Commonwealth

### Supospot

### (EP)

### Singles Collection

### Greatest Hits

### "Rate Of Change" (12")

### Absolutes

### LP2

### The Sound Of Violence

### Another Desert Another Sea

### Cattlemen Don't

### Sweep

### Driftworks (box set)

### The Shadiest One

### Minnie Gruetefeldt

### Geffen

### London

### MCA

### Beggars Banquet

### Tooth & Nail

### Flying Nun

### Drunken Fish

### Hypnotic-Cleopatra

### Cleopatra

### Brinkman

### Wicked-Cargo

### Tooth & Nail

### Merge

### Trance Syndicate

### No. 6

### Slap-A-Ham

### Thrill Jockey

### NovaMute

### MCA

### Troubleman

### Mute

### Crypt

### Tooth & Nail

### Standard-Cargo

### Cleopatra

### Tooth & Nail

### Candy-Ass

### Tooth & Nail

### London

### Flydaddy

### Drag City

### A&M

### NovaMute

### Tooth & Nail

### MCA

### Merge

### Headhunter-Cargo

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### Big Cat

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## november 11

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### UNWOUND

### Bonfire

### Distort

### Best Of...

### Firecracker

### Changin The Game

### So Long, And Thanks For All The Shoes

### Outside The Frame

### Unsound Methods

### Working For MCA

### Great Crossover Potential

### The Light At The End Of The Tunnel Is A Train (12") Kill Rock Stars

### EEG

### Re-Constriction-Cargo



# TOP 75 ALTERNATIVE RADIO AIRPLAY

artist	title	label
1 TANYA DONELLY	Lovesongs For Underdogs	Reprise
2 STEREO LAB	Dots And Loops	Elektra-EEG
3 CORNERSHOP	When I Was Born For The 7th Time	Luaka Bop-WB
4 SUPERCHUNK	Indoor Living	Merge
5 PIZZICATO FIVE	Happy End Of The World	Matador-Capitol
6 CATHERINE WHEEL	Adam And Eve	Mercury
7 RADIOHEAD	OK Computer	Capitol
8 DELTA 72	The Soul Of A New Machine	Touch And Go
9 MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?	Made From Technetium	Touch And Go
10 LOVE SPIT LOVE	Trysome Eatone	Maverick-WB
11 TEENAGE FANCLUB	Songs From Northern Britain	Creation/Columbia-CRG
12 DANCE HALL CRASHERS	Honey, I'm Homely	510-MCA
13 LUNA	Pup Tent	Elektra-EEG
14 BJÖRK	Homogenic	Elektra-EEG
15 NEGATIVLAND	Ipsdesip	Seeland
16 CRYSTAL METHOD	Vegas	Outpost
17 MR. T EXPERIENCE	Revenge Is Sweet, And So Are You	Lookout!
18 CHUMBAWAMBA	Tubthumper	Republic-Universal
19 SAVE FERRIS	It Means Everything	Starpool-Epic
20 VARIOUS ARTISTS	What's Up Matador	Matador
21 OASIS	Be Here Now	Epic
22 SUNDAYS	Static & Silence	DGC
23 CRABS	What Were Flames Now Smolder	K
24 PIGFACE	A New High In Low	Invisible
25 SOUNDTRACK	Spawn	Immortal-Epic
26 GRIFTERS	Full Blown Possession	Sub Pop
27 KELLEY DEAL 6000	Boom! Boom! Boom!	Nice-New West
28 CHERRY POPPIN' DADDIES	Zoot Suit Riot	Space Age Bachelor Pad-Mojo
29 SHIZUO	Shizuo Vs. Shizor	DHR-Grand Royal
30 LAGWAGON	Double Plaidinum	Fat Wreck Chords
31 GERALDINE FIBBERS	Butch	Virgin
32 TURN ON	Turn On	Drag City
33 SARAH MCLACHLAN	Surfacing	Nettwerk-Arista
34 PEECHEES	Games People Play	Kill Rock Stars
35 PLUG	Drum 'N' Bass For Papa/Plug EPs 1, 2 & 3	Nothing-Interscope
36 SMOKING POPES	Destination Failure	Capitol

## MUSCADINE

### the ballad of hope nicholls



the debut album

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on combined  
airplay of  
approximately  
500 college,  
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cial and com-  
mercial radio  
stations  
reporting their  
top 30  
most played  
releases  
that week.

- |    |                      |   |
|----|----------------------|---|
| 37 | PRODIGY              | The Fat Of The Land                           |
| 38 | MORRISSEY            | Maladjusted                                   |
| 39 | HIGH LLAMAS          | Hawaii  |
| 40 | VARIOUS ARTISTS      | Songs For The Jet Set                         |
| 41 | HELIUM               | The Magic City                                |
| 42 | WHISKEYTOWN          | Strangers Almanac                             |
| 43 | DANDY WARHOLS        | ...The Dandy Warhols Come Down                |
| 44 | OBLIVIONS            | Play 9 Songs With Mr. Quintrón                |
| 45 | SISTER MACHINE GUN   | Metropolis                                    |
| 46 | REFRESHMENTS         | The Bottle And Fresh Horses                   |
| 47 | BROADCAST            | Work Non Work                                 |
| 48 | SONORA PINE          | II  |
| 49 | JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET | Creation                                      |
| 50 | FIG DISH             | When Shove Goes Back To Push                  |
| 51 | DAMBUILDERS          | Against The Stars                             |
| 52 | JUNO REACTOR         | Bible Of Dreams                               |
| 53 | PINK NOISE TEST      | Plasticized                                   |
| 54 | TOENUT               | Two In The Piñata                             |
| 55 | DAR WILLIAMS         | End Of Summer                                 |
| 56 | JIM O'ROURKE         | Bad Timing                                    |
| 57 | KARA'S FLOWERS       | The Fourth World                              |
| 58 | SPIRITUALIZED        | Ladies And Gentlemen We Are Floating In Space |
| 59 | 311                  | Transistor                                    |
| 60 | LORDS OF ACID        | Our Little Secret                             |
| 61 | POLVO                | Shapes  |
| 62 | μ-ZIQ                | Lunatic Harness                               |
| 63 | EC80R                | All Of Us Can Be Rich...                      |
| 64 | ERIC MATTHEWS        | The Lateness Of The Hour                      |
| 65 | WEEN                 | The Mollusk                                   |
| 66 | KEOKI                | Ego-Trip                                      |
| 67 | MOUSE ON MARS        | Autoditacker                                  |
| 68 | THE VERVE            | "Bitter Sweet Symphony" (5")                  |
| 69 | PHOTEK               | Modus Operandi                                |
| 70 | STRICTLY BALLROOM    | Hide Here Forever                             |
| 71 | SPECTRUM             | Forever Alien                                 |
| 72 | LEE SCRATCH PERRY    | Arkology                                      |
| 73 | PATTY LARKIN         | Perishable Fruit                              |
| 74 | GROOVIE GHOULES      | Re-Animation Festival                         |
| 75 | EVERCLEAR            | For College Radio Only (EP)                   |

- XL/Mute/Maverick-WB  
Mercury  
V2  
Jetset  
Matador  
MoodFood-Outpost  
Tim/Kerr-Capitol  
Crypt  
Wax Trax!-TVT  
Mercury  
Drag City  
Quarterstick  
Acid Jazz-Hollywood  
Polydor-A&M  
EastWest-EEG  
Wax Trax!-TVT  
Boy's Life-Interscope  
Mute  
Razor & Tie  
Drag City  
Reprise  
Dedicated-Arista  
Capricorn-Mercury  
Antler Subway-Never  
Touch And Go  
Astralwerks-Caroline  
DHR-Grand Royal  
Sub Pop  
Elektra-EEG  
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Thrill Jockey  
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**15** **WAYNE HANCOCK** had been tramping all over Texas playing to hostile crowds in honky-tonk dives when in 1994, Joe Ely thought he might make a good replacement for Jimmie Dale Gilmore as "Mr. Jukebox" in a stage production of *Song For Chippy*. Since then, Hancock has turned the one original song he sang in *Chippy* into the title of his debut, *Thunderstorms And Neon Signs*, toured the country, and recorded a second LP (Ark 21), which takes its title from the track we have here. "That's What Daddy Wants." (See Best New Music, pg. 15.)

**16** **SPIDER VIRUS** ascribes to the principle that practice makes perfect. The Nashville, Tennessee, quartet formed in 1993 and kept cranking out demos (as well as a split CD and a couple of 7"s) until people started paying attention. "Werewolf Ears," which is about an unusual client of the band's barber-by-day frontman, is the first single from the band's self-titled full-length debut (Ng), produced by Steve Albini.

**17** Call **SPRING HEEL JACK** drum 'n' bass if you must, but this dynamic duo of producers is already expressing itself in ways that defy categorization. The intriguing sampling, production and rhythmic quality of *Busy Curious Thirsty* (Island) make the group's previous releases seem like warm-ups. Fusing elements of dub, jazz, film scores and breakbeat, Ashley Wales and John Coxon create an electronic symphony like none other. "Casino" is the band's latest single. (See review in Nov. issue, pg. 52.)

**18** Stuck between the mountains of Tennessee and the metropolis of Charlotte, NC, **MUSCADINE** formed in 1993 and quickly became its hometown's musical heroes, blending fuzzy, gravelly distortion with sharp lyrics and powerful pop hooks. "Southern Belle" hails from the band's debut, *The Ballad Of Hope Nicholls* (QED-Sire), named after another local heroine, the singer of Felchlin Bones. (See review, pg. 51.)

**29** "I've begun to understand that one of the things the group is good at is offering a sort of high 'trip quotient,'" says Pat Metheny about the other musicians with whom he works. "We... decided we'd do a record that was about extended journeys, and even try to give the whole record that feeling of a story. You put on this CD and, I hope, it takes you some place, and maybe you'll even be a little bit different when it's over." "Roots Of Coincidence" is taken from the **PAT METHENY GROUP's** *Imaginary Day* (Warner Bros.). (See review, pg. 51.)

**20** The Mice, **BILL FOX's** band in the '80s, tend to get a single-line entry in the annals of rock: "big influence on Guided By Voices." Which isn't fair to them, or to Cleveland native Fox, who re-emerged this year with a tremendous solo album, *Shelter From The Storm* (Cherry Pop), on which "Over And Away She Goes" appears. Homemade and heartfelt, it gets over on the strength of unpretentious but solid songcraft. (See Best New Music in November issue, pg. 17.)

# CMJ NEW MUSIC

VOLUME 62 | DECEMBER 97

**1** The **POO FIGHTERS** have an awful lot of mutual admiration going on—Dave Grohl speaks as glowingly of new guitarist Franz Stahl (his old Screaming Trees bandmate) as he does of former guitarist Pat Smear (his old Nirvana bandmate), and his relationship with Taylor Hawkins could best be described as "reciprocal awe." Wonder who he wrote "My Hero" about? It comes from *The Colour And The Shape* (Roswell-Capitol). (See cover story, pg. 34.)

**2** "We've done some silly things," says **SUPER DELUXE's** Braden Blake about the band's habit of wearing rabbit suits on stage. "We try to do something a little extra, but only just once in a while—otherwise, people look at you like you are a joke band." The Seattle quartet's latest full-length, *Via Satellite* (Revolution), is full of power-pop that could make anyone hop like a bunny. Meanwhile, the holiday-themed "All I Wanted Was A Skateboard" appears on the soundtrack to *Home Alone 3*. (See On The Verge, pg. 16.)

**3** Most of the time, **MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?** swears that it's from outer space and that its members are only here to collect the parts from their crashed spaceship. Once in a blue moon, though, one of them will give a straight answer about the band's life on Earth. "We're all just kind of nerdy guys," drummer Birdstuff revealed. "If you ever catch us at home, we probably are either having a Danish wedding cookie fight or sitting around with some crap on TV." "Lo Batt." is taken from the band's seventh album, *Made From Technetium* (Touch And Go). (See review in Nov. issue, pg. 46.)

**4** It's been six years since **JANE'S ADDICTION** bid the world adieu, but 1997 marks the year Perry Farrell, Stephen Perkins, Dave Navarro, and, um, Flea hit the stage with the Jane's Addiction "relapse" tour (original bassist Eric A. opted not to be part of the tour, so it's not a *real* reunion, according to Farrell). To celebrate its return, the band has recorded a new song or two which will appear on *Kettle Whistle* (Warner Bros.), a collection of live recordings and demos. Walk down memory lane with "Jane Says," recorded live during Lollapalooza '91.



Holly Cole



Jane's Addiction



Deftones

## HOW TO USE THIS PAGE

1. Cut along dotted line.
2. Fold in half.
3. Slip into our CD holder or a jewel box.
4. Give me three steps, give me three steps, mister, give me three steps toward the door.





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Edwyn Collins



Garrison Starr



Cinnamon

**5** By the time she was 20, **GARRISON STARR** had already released two albums and toured the South numerous times. "I graduated from high school in 1993," the Memphis-based singer/songwriter explains, "and put out my first tape that year... By the time of my second release, my writing was becoming more universal... I want teenagers and grandmothers—everyone—to be able to relate to my songs." "Superhero" was a hit with Starr's audiences long before the release of *Eighteen Over Me* (Geffen). (See review, pg. 54.)

**6** When **EDWYN COLLINS**'s "A Girl Like You" appeared on the soundtrack to *Empire Records*, it brought the former Orange Juice songwriter to the attention of a whole new generation of record-buyers. In the months that followed, his *Gorgeous George* sold two million copies, and the single topped charts around the world. Time for a second round? "The Magic Piper (Of Love)" appears on Collins's latest, *I'm Not Following You* (Setanta-Epic), as well as the soundtrack to the film *Austin Powers* (Hollywood). (See review, pg. 24.)

**7** "It wasn't so much that we liked the same things as that we shared a bigger vision," says **CINNAMON**'s Jiri Novak, explaining his working relationship with musical partner, Frida Diesen. "When I met Frida, she looked like a mod and was listening to only soul music, while I was listening to artists like Esquivel. Still, there was something there." The original version of "And Suddenly, Clarity" (remixed here) can be heard on the Swedish duo's debut album, *The Courier* (Island), released earlier this year. (See Localzine, pg. 77.)

**8** For her third album, *Dark Dear Heart* (Metro Blue-Capitol), **HOLLY COLE** sought to do things differently than she had in the past. "I wanted to expand my sound more," she explains. "Using greater production, having more guitars and a greater rhythmic push, but making sure the integrity of the trio, which is the core of my sound, remained intact." "You Want More," which was written by Sheryl Crow, provides a perfect example of that combination of elements. (See review, pg. 44.)

**9** Taking their name from the first dog in space, **LAIKA** formed in 1993 when Margaret Fiedler and producer/engineer Guy Fixsen left their previous band, Moonshake. On record, they mix electronic sampling, real instrumentation and half-whispered vocals into enrapturing ambience; on stage, they're explosive and percussive, with a thick dub undertow. "Prairie Dog" comes from *Sounds Of The Satellites* (Too Pure-Sire). (See Best New Music, pg. 14.)

**10** "I think we were both fortunate because we were uneducated as far as what was cool within the music scene, so we had to draw from our own influences," says **SWITCHBLADE SYMPHONY** vocalist Tina Root. "So I wanted to mix really hard guitar and drums with cool opera vocals and classical harpsichord sounds. It's like a switchblade symphony: you take a symphony and cut it up with a blade to incorporate different types of music." "Soldiers" can be heard on the San Francisco darkwave band's second album, *Bread And Jam For Frances* (Cleopatra). (See label profile, pg. 10.)

**11** "I think that because a lot of the songs are aggressive, people misinterpret it as saying 'Please destroy things and hurt the person next to you,' which is absolutely the opposite of what we want," says **DEFTONES** bassist Chi Cheng. "I don't want people coming to our shows because they've heard we're a great band to hurt people to. I'm not saying we're cerebral rockers, but I want people to listen to it." "My Own Summer (Shove It)" appears on the Sacramento, California quartet's *Around The Fur* (Maverick). (See Best New Music, pg. 15.)

**12** Strange but true: **CHUMBAWAMBA** started more than 10 years ago as an abrasive, amusical punk band. But you catch more flies with honey than vinegar, and (stranger but truer) after a record of a cappella folk songs, Chumbawamba turned into a delicious dance-pop band. "Tubthumping," from *Tubthumper* (Universal), has already conquered the British charts, and now it's heading for America. Check out the band's web site at [www.chumba.com](http://www.chumba.com). (See article, pg. 38.)

**13** "I think maybe our sound was a little ahead of the game," **G. LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE**'s main man said in a recent interview. "If you listen to that Sublime stuff, and the Fun Lovin' Criminals, and the new Beck stuff—and I don't want to sound bitter—but my stuff was kinda before all that... I'm not bitter about it. Because of that all our fans have discovered us on their own, and there's this real underground vibe to G. Love." "Stepping Stones" is the first single from Love's third album, *Yeah, It's That Easy* (Okeh-Epic). (See review, pg. 46.)

**14** The Reverend Dr. D. Wayne Love isn't just the leader (with singer Larry Love) of the elastic British dance group **A3**, he's also the leader of the First Presleyterian Church Of Elvis The Divine. "Ain't Goin' To Goa" is a techno sermon of sorts from Rev. Love (backed up by a congregation including guitarist Sir Real "Congaman" Love and drummer Little Boy Dope), and it comes from A3's debut, *Exile On Coldharbour Lane* (DGC). (See Quick Fix, pg. 10.)



Wayne Hancock



Switchblade Symphony



Man Or Astro-Man?

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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<input type="checkbox"/> 3. MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 4. JANE'S ADDICTION	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 5. GARRISON STARR	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 6. EDWYN COLLINS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 7. CINNAMON	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 8. HOLLY COLE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 9. LAIKA	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 10. SWITCHBLADE SYMPHONY	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 11. DEFTONES	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 12. CHUMBAWAMBA	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 13. G. LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 14. A3	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 15. WAYNE HANCOCK	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 16. SPIDER VIRUS	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 17. SPRING HEEL JACK	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 18. MUSCADINE	5	4	3	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> 19. PAT METHENY	5	4	3	2	1
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[Swedish bands] who are really talented, and then a lot that will be snapped up for the wrong reasons. And they'll fall by the wayside." Which isn't the end of the world. "For every career the hype crushes, it's gonna give a band that probably shouldn't have the opportunity a chance to see America. The ones who are truly talented will be around for some time."

But just because a band attracts attention from America doesn't bring it fame in Stockholm. "We don't have that many fans," confesses Matthias Nordlander of Komeda (who also plays with Alias recording artists Blithe), even though the quartet landed European dates with Beck. "We're not big in Sweden." Now he's crossing his fingers that their popularity on our shores will spill over into public opinion back home. "I hope so," he laughs. "Because we get more press over here than in Sweden!"

In 1996, *Business Week* claimed the U.S. share of international music sales might dwindle from 33% today (and 50% in 1987) to a mere 20% by the year 2000. But Kugelberg refutes the notion that the continued interest in Swedish pop reflects a conscious industry

trend towards cultivating regional markets. "That's a red herring. If you look at a region, say Belgium or Norway, you will always have artists in the Top 40 that nobody outside of that country has heard of, hogging like 60 percent of the list." Those artists don't necessarily belong in the international market. Ask any A&R guy who sifts packages from overseas affiliates: There are ample reasons why the latest smashes from Spain and Italy rarely reach our shores.

And while being introduced to the American market under the umbrella of "The Swedish Invasion" rubs almost all of these bands the wrong way, perhaps that isn't such a bad thing. Such broad exposure may spare those who follow them the indignity the Cardigans endured every time they explained why their new single didn't sound like "Dancing Queen." "We hear that all the time, and I get really depressed," moaned Salt's drummer Jim Tegman when "Bluster" was riding high.

"I've heard worse things," countered bassist Daniel Ewerman. "One guy compared us to Blur and Oasis just because we're from Europe." ■

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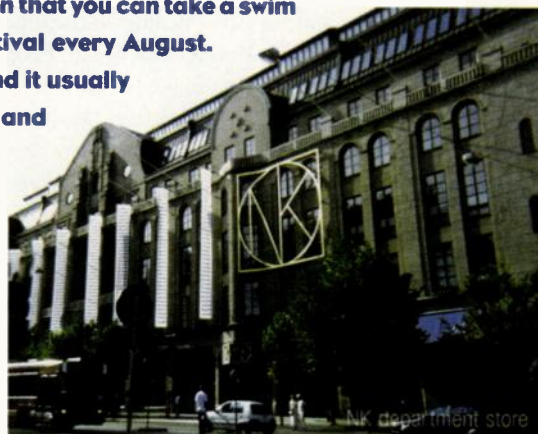
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## Stockholm, Sweden

With its million and a half inhabitants, Stockholm is the largest city in Sweden (pop. 8.5 million). It's also the capital, and the city where you can meet both pop stars and royalty. ➔ Stockholm is probably best to visit during the summer, when the sun is high and nights are short. The water is so clean that you can take a swim practically in the middle of the city—in fact, there's a Water Festival every August.

The festival really doesn't have much to do with water, though, and it usually ends up being a disaster. The entire city is shut off to traffic and crowded with people drinking expensive beer and buying trash from tents set up in the streets. Try to avoid it. ➔ Sweden used to be all too well known for its alcohol regulations and strict opening hours policy, not to mention high prices. But things started to change around five years ago, and the recent music boom might have something to do with it. Or is it the other way around?



### Norrmalm

When you arrive in Stockholm, you'll find all the information you'll need about accommodations at the central station's info desk. And while you're there, you might want to check out the central part of the city, Norrmalm. Hated by many, praised by few, the area was torn down and rebuilt in the late '60s during a "sanitary program." Some older buildings survived, like the **NK** department store (Hamngatan 18-20). It's well worth a visit. You can find all the Swedish designer brands of furniture, interior decoration and clothes.

Just around the corner are **Biblioteksgatan** and **Sureplan** with its designer shops, such as Prada, Dolce & Gabbana and Armani. While you're there, check out the trendy restaurant **East** (Stureplan 13), featuring a drum 'n' bass/techno dance floor and Asian cuisine on the ground floor. The nearby **Östermalm** neighborhood is one of the most expensive areas in Stockholm, full of beautiful 19th-century houses. The architecture is great and the people are rich, trendy and beautiful.

### Gamla Stan (Old Town)

**Gamla Stan** is tourist spot #1, where the cultural elite lives. There are few

decent pubs, but some great traditional Swedish cuisine restaurants. **Den Gyldene Freden** (Osterlanggatan 51) is among the best. Be sure to try the salmon, pine fish and meatballs. You might also want to check out the royal castle, which houses a museum and gift shop in the part that the Swedish royal family does not inhabit. Next to the castle are the parliament building and opera house, both of which have stunning architectural designs. The best thing in this part of the city is the furniture store **Jackson's** (Tyska Brinken 20), which specializes in modern design from 1900 to the present. Why not bring your loved ones a chair by Verner Panton?

### Södermalm

**Södermalm** is the southern island and the place where all the action is. The area around Skanegatan has the right places to see and to be seen. Try the **K** bar, where our friend Marcus spins great records, from pop to soul—you can be sure you won't be bored. Or try the bar in the basement of **Hannas Krog Restaurant** (Skanegatan 80) where local DJs spin dance music. But beware: It's small and not air-conditioned. Both places are frequently visited by various Swedish pop stars, journalists and wannabes.

Just around the corner you'll probably get the best coffee in Stockholm, in **Svart Kaffe**. You may also want to check out the guitar and record shops around Götgatan. **Soundside** and **Estrad** are a couple of the best music stores. The record shops don't have names, but they're easy to find. There's also a new store and cafe in Götgatan called **Design Torget**, which sells the latest in Swedish designer clothes and interior decoration.

But now it's time for sightseeing. Take a walk around Bastugatan towards Skinnarviksparken to witness a panoramic view of the city. From here, you can look out over the water and see the city hall, the old city and all the churches of Stockholm. It's a beautiful view, and a great photo opportunity.



Den Gyldene Freden



## Kungsholmen

Cross the Västertbron to **Kungsholmen** and you'll find yourself in a functional-architecture dream. The district is coming on strong: New restaurants and bars are opening all the time, including **Tempel Bar**, **Ocean**, and **Saltzers** (with its bar, **Propellern**). Unfortunately, most of them attract the yuppie crowd.

Check out Stockholm's city hall, **Stadshuset** (Ragnar Ostbergs Plan 1), built in 1912 by Ragna Ostberg—it houses the banquet room where the Nobel prize is presented. If you're feeling hungry, **Roppongi Sushi Bar** (Hantverkargatan 76) is an excellent Japanese place.

St. Eriksgatan has the best record shops in the neighborhood, including **The Beat Goes On**, **55**, and **Skivbörs**. All these stores specialize in alternative music, rock and pop, selling both new and used CDs. Most of them also have basements with vinyl, so don't be afraid to ask the personnel for something special. You can still find Lee Hazlewood's Swedish recordings for just a couple of bucks. That's hard to beat.

## Vasastaden

We have now reached **St. Eriksplan Square**, another hub of restaurants: Try **Manga Kulörta Lyktor** on Birkagatan (Swedish cuisine) and **Capri Due** on Tomtebogatan (Italian cuisine).

One of the few surviving live clubs in the city is nearby. **Studion** (St. Eriksplan 4) is really the only club with interesting up-and-coming bands. Because it's the only real venue in Stockholm, all bands (from any genre of music) that don't draw crowds of 400 or more will play here. It hosts an interesting mix of music, with live gigs almost every night.

Take Odengatan towards **Odenplan Square**; along the way you'll find antique shops and cafes. Right by the subway entrance on Odenplan is **Taben**, a small bar hosting different clubs. The



Cafe Tranan

music differs depending on the club and the DJs who are spinning. "Various" is a dance music night and "Northern Soul Nights" feature classic soul music from the '60s. Just across the street, the **Tranan Bar** (Karlbergsvagen 14) is always trendy, always noisy, always expensive.

One of our favorite buildings is nearby—the Gunnar Asplund-designed **Stadsbiblioteket** (Sveavagen 73). This is the biggest library in Stockholm, built in a functional style inspired by ancient Egyptian buildings. The design is quite beautiful.



The biggest library in Stockholm

## Östermalm and Diugarden

These are wealthy areas with diplomats' residencies, sailboat clubs and superb architecture in true continental style. They're great places to walk around, but they don't have much of a night life. Don't forget to visit **Liljevalchs Konsthall** (Djurgardsvagen 60), an art gallery that exhibits both contemporary and classic paintings and designs. Also be sure to take a look at the museum of Scandinavian history, **Nordiska Museet** (near Djurgardsbron), which has a splendid design by Ferdinands Borbergs. Finally, you must visit the museum of modern art, **Modern Museet**, on Skeppsholmen.

Stockholm is a capital city with a small-town feel to it. You can cross the city in two hours, and visit all the places we've named in a day. Yes, it's a little bit expensive; yes, it's a little bit up north; and yes, it's cold and dark in the winter. But there's just something about Stockholm.

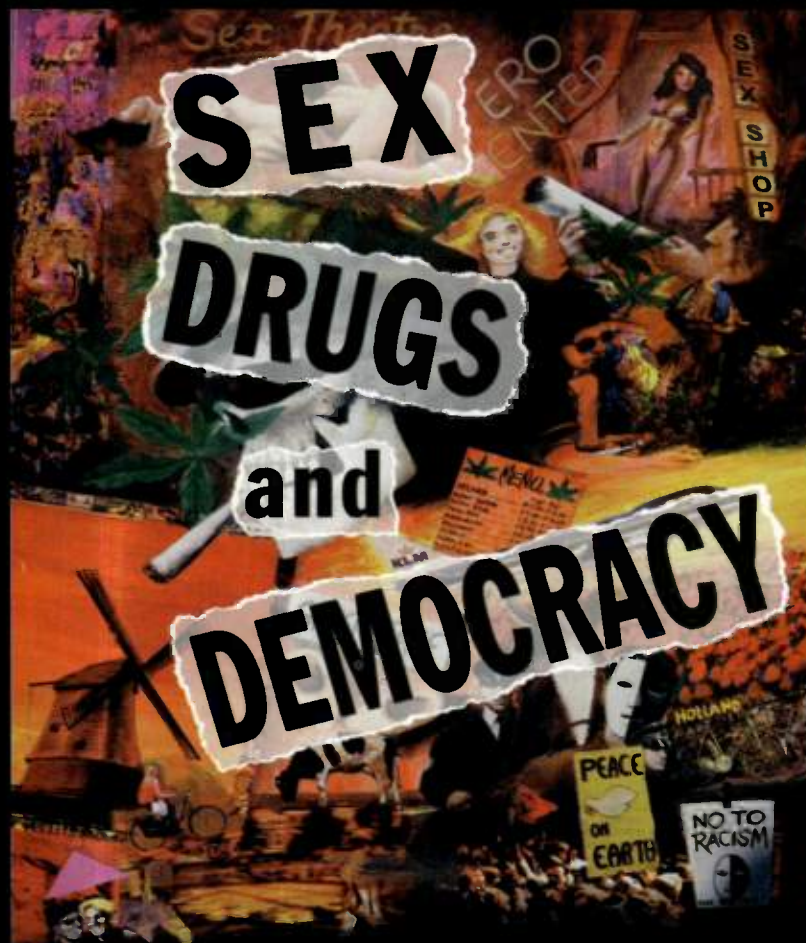
*Frida Diesen sings and Jiri Novak plays guitar in Cinnamon.*



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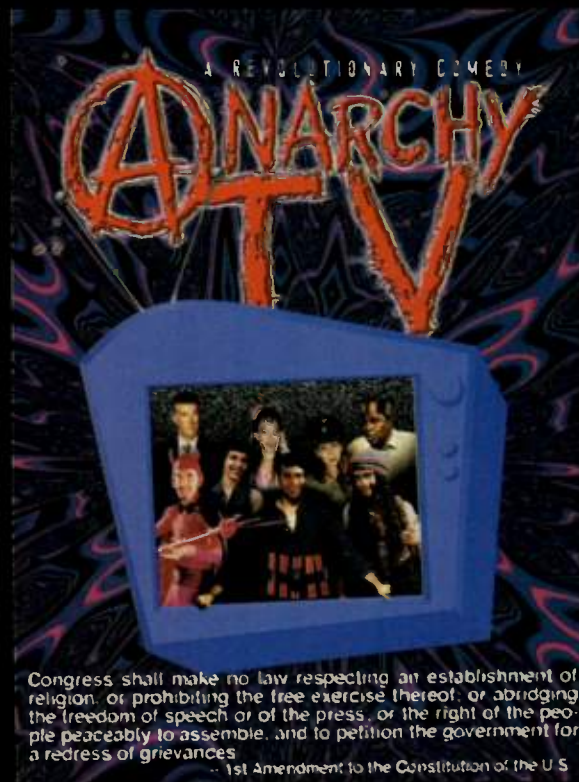
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