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THE LIBERTINES

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BADMAN

WINTER DOESN'T HAVE TO BE SO COLD

Hayden "Elk-Lake Serenade"

It's an intimate, heartfelt, and organic record with one foot in the lo-fi camp of Beck and Will Oldham and the other in the classic rock sound of Crosby, Dylan, Petty, and Young.

★★★★★ – All Music Guide



The Innocence Mission "Now the Day is Over"

A gorgeous, dreamy album of standards and traditional songs sung as lullabies.

Mark Mallman "Mr. Serious"

"Who said 70s Piano-rock was back? We did!!!" – Time Out N.Y.



Call and Response "Tiger Teeth"

Six awesome tracks from the masters of California pop.

Washington Social Club "Catching Looks"

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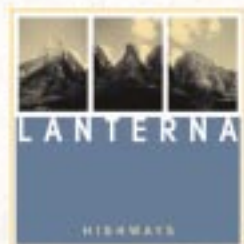


Call and Response "Winds Take No Shape"

"This is a forty-minute swoon of a record: dive into it." – Uncut

Pleasant Grove "The Art of Leaving"

A gut-wrenching, sophisticated album, built up from the barest arrangement to an often explosive climax- while echoing dense layers of sound and devices.



Lanterna "Highways"

"The Lanterna sound is ideal for a drive down some lonely highway late at night." – Amazon.com

N.lannon (from Film School) "Chemical Friends"

"A melding of Elliott Smith's or Simon and Garfunkel's pop songwriting skill with glitchy programming that will appeal to fans of MB3 or Mum." – CMJ Weekly



Shanti Project Collection 3

New and rare tracks from Sigur Ros, The Black Heart Procession, Califone, Arab Strap and Kinski. "...these songs have been carefully chosen and arranged to produce a record that is truly magical." "Album of the Month" – Rock Sound UK



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Managing Editor: **TOM MALLON**
Associate Editor: **CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN**
Assistant Editor: **OWEN STROCK**
Contributing Writers: **KORY GROW, TOM LANHAM**
Intern: **REED FISCHER**

ART/PRODUCTION

Art Director/Designer: **STEPHEN CASSIDY**
Art Intern: **JENNIFER DANIEL**

Publisher: **ROBERT K. HABER**
VP CMJ Retail & Marketing: **GERRY HART**
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Fulfillment and Business Services Manager: **JASON GLASTETTER**
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Write: **CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY**
P.O. BOX 1016 NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10114
E-mail: newmusicmonthly@cmj.com
On the Web: www.cmj.com/nmm

EDITORIAL COMMENT

E-mail: cmjmonthly@cmj.com

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ON THE COVER: TED LEO 30

Ted Leo is a newlywed, but he hasn't settled down. His latest album, *Shake The Sheets*, shouts that indie rock still has a spine... and a message to deliver. Fairly unbalanced member of the liberal media Steve Ciabattoni reports.

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Chris, will you turn that noise down?! I'm trying to write the contents page! It sounds like someone is taking a power drill to a parrot... Oh wait, that part is pretty cool. Christopher R. Weingarten separates signal from noise.

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ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S **CD**

MIKE WATT ON...

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN'S MIDDLE STAND

In my twenties I thought I knew everything. Luckily, I got over that disease. It's trippy about middle age—even though you've collected a lot of experiences and stuff, you actually learn how much more there is to know. You also feel your body a little more. It's not as resilient. You don't bounce back as easy. It's not such a negative thing, but it's sayin', "You can't be here forever!" It puts in a little more urgency—like, "Hey! You gotta do stuff!"

TIME'S A MOTIVATOR

The gap between this new record and 1997's *Contemplating The Engine Room* was actually bigger than my whole Minutemen career. [Before] sickness came down on me, I was always thinkin' that I've got time to do all these things I've planned, and then all of a sudden I'm layin' there. Most people think you're ready to throw in the towel and just give up, and in another way, it's like, "Whoa! I've gotta get it together!"

GREAT WATT HOPE

Hope—it's a strong thing. It's somethin' very human. It's spirit. It's this weird thing bound up inside you—it's always there, but you don't really focus on it because we're prone to take shit for granted until a situation demands that you explore other options because you're runnin' out of 'em! Hope is one dealy-o that you go on. There's so many things that get you down and depressed and make you think there's no hope, but people's open minds and open hearts [helped me out]. It's funny how that comes out—the selfishness gets beat down. It's the one thing that makes me proud about humanity.

LENDING CREEDENCE

I've been listening to [Creedence Clearwater Revival] since I was a kid, but it was only a few years ago that I realized that "Proud Mary" was a boat! I thought it was some kind of symbolism for the universe or somethin' [laughs]. "The big wheel"—that's the fuckin' paddle wheel! It keeps burnin' because he keeps puttin' logs in it! It's funny how the work can lend itself to the listener or the observer or the one takin' it in.

THOSE YOUNG PUNKS

What's great is that [punk] didn't die. It wasn't just a fuckin' fad or a thing that came and went. It kind of gets reborn with the new cats findin' out about it and deciding that it's important without me really talkin' 'em into it! They come right up to you with it and put it in such a way that your understanding gets more happenin'. I'm honored to be part of such a thing. It's not like they are joining my thing, but I'm glad they're havin' me aboard.

DE-BASSERS

Some of these bands nowadays don't even have bass players—what's that about? [laughs] Sleater-Kinney, they've got no bass. Sometimes I'd like to have a shot at convincing them that we're not totally obsolete. They might find something interesting about our machine. That in fact, it's kind of mysterious.

SPIELIN' OUT

The most excitin' thing for me was when my pop would just get back from a tour [of duty] and then get me in the car and just drive for hours and do tour spiel—his version. I'm hearin' about all these places—different kinds of people and stuff like this. And I would just sit there for hours and listen to my father. So I might have picked up on it from him. I heard about that Hangar [18] and Area 51 and that stuff in the late '60s—the aliens and pickled spacemen from Roswell and all this. I think it also got me hankerin' to tour too because I heard about this guy going all over the place and stuff. I know you read a lot of interviews with [musicians] and getting there's like the biggest hell of their life because it's just the stage and the hotel and stuff, but for me and D. Boon, the gig was just one hour—there was all the other hours. Physically going to other places that you had never been to, it was like a fringe benefit that was incredible, almost as good as the gig. I think this thing with my pop and his spiels, it put wonder in me. It put in me a sense of adventure I've never, ever lost or outgrown. It's always stayed with me, and it's righteous. So maybe that made me into a raconteur, a spieler.

Interview by Matthew Field.

*Watt and the Secondmen embark on the "El Mar Cura Todo" tour in support of the *The Secondman's Middle Stand*, a punk-rock opera chronicling the salty spielmeister's battle with an illness (a nasty abscess near his... er, FIREHOSE) that almost took his life in early 2000.*

CARL BARÂT OF THE LIBERTINES ON...

KEEPING CLEAN

I went through [my own drug phase] much younger; I got into this and that, the same as everybody, whatever I could get away with. I had to try everything new, but I was fortunate enough to see stuff around me—people suffering from drugs and not doing too well, people who went down that road and never came back, who not necessarily died, but got into pretty sorry states that they were never gonna get out of. I learned it all back in school, and anybody who's been around the block a little knows this, that it's a pre-written book, the whole heroin thing. As far as I can see, there are only a couple of possible endings, and neither one is pretty. So I never got a serious habit, and I was very cautious with the stuff that I did do. And I've seen it in my own family—I just had to take a member of my family away to rehab in Africa, but that person is going of their own accord because they decided to make a difference themselves, to make themselves better. And if they can do it—fight the demons in themselves and really make an effort—then I don't see why [Libertines vocalist Peter Doherty] can't do it. But intervention never works the first time, does it?

A HERD OF FLACK

Have people in Britain given me shit for my decision? Oh, fuck yeah. But as long as you believe you're doing the right thing... it's very fucking hard to try to talk to these fucking morons. You have no idea. You'll say, "Trust me, this is right, I'm doing the right thing," and still people will say, "No you're not—all you've gotta do is let him back in!" My offer [get clean, rejoin the band] is pretty cut and dry, isn't it? But he just doesn't choose it, like, "No! I'll have it my way!" Even when we were recording this album, well, it wasn't a prison, but we had [security guards] there to watch the doors, to stop bad elements from coming in. We didn't wanna attract [drug dealers] and have 'em sitting around the studio. And other rules? We weren't really harsh about it—it was like, "Be there when you can be there, and if it's important to you, then you will be there." So we got 10 good live days in about two months, and it worked. And [producer/ex-Clash axeman] Mick Jones was very helpful—patience and love was his message. We'd formed a good relationship on our first album, so he was very sad to see [Doherty's] decline.

SINGING WHILE YOU SUFFER

Sometimes if something's too hard to talk about, it can become an ambiguity when you're singing it as a lyric. It's suddenly not that offensive. And "What Became Of The Likely Lads" is a bit more of a wake-up call, like "Hello! You've got all this, we are the likely lads right now, so do you really want it to end like this? Do you?" It kinda came out unintentionally, really. We didn't have it in mind originally to start speaking about all this stuff. And I didn't want this album to be a really self-indulgent, self-obsessed thing about us. I wanted it to appeal to everyone.

PETE ACCORDS

[I wish] for his well-being and all the rest, and ultimately for him to come back so we can write songs like we used to. And I know it may take some time, but for us five minutes is like an eon right now. But I'll be happy to see him, once he acknowledges his problem. But until the time that he's addressed that problem, I can't have him around. And if he doesn't wanna address it? Well, there's really nothing that I can do.

Interview by Tom Lanham.

The Libertines' self-titled sophomore disc is out now on Rough Trade.



OFFICE COOLER PERKS FOR US JERKS

Proving once again that any comic book will benefit from a killer soundtrack (remember Entombed's *Wolverine Blues*?), Portland band **Tracker** recently furnished Craig Thompson's 600-plus page tome, *Blankets* (Top Shelf), with an album's worth of Constellation-style post-rock on their FILMguerrero full-length of the same name. Each of the album's 11 tracks corresponds with a different section of the book, but Tracker's earthy, hypnotic atmospherics will probably enhance any novel-reading experience, graphic or otherwise.

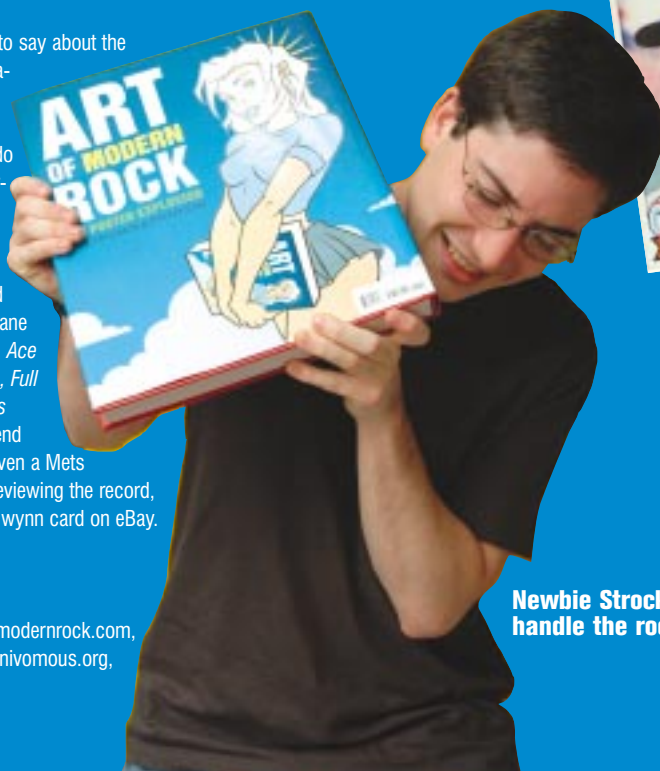
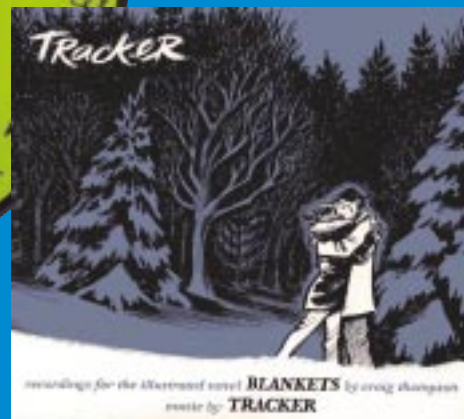
Like indie-rock's ambassador to the United Nations (think briefcase, Black Dice button), the Contact Records Pop Life CD series has been introducing Japan to Japancakes since 1999. Their dance-ariffic new **Pop Life 12" Series** (limited to 600 copies each) continues their eclectic vision in tinier doses: the squelchy minimalist lo-fi house of Chicago's K-rAd, the bizarre glitch-twurk of Alder And Elius, the extended hip-hop/post-rock blenderfunk jams of FCS North and the cosmic rhymes of RZA-via-Pole rhymer/producer Tes.

If ever there was an art book to throw down on your coffee table (and subsequently crush your coffee table beneath its massive weight), it just might be *Art Of Modern Rock: The Poster Explosion* (Chronicle Books). From Frank Kozik's psychedelic, psychotic bunny art to the propaganda pinups of Scrojo, this 492-page tome meticulously documents the last 20 years of rock poster art, moving and mutating with rock itself. Beautifully printed and really, really friggin' heavy, this thing would be a bitch to tape to a telephone pole.

Finally, music for the entomology-addled folk that love bugs so much that they bring ants to a picnic. *Broken Hearted Dragonflies: Insect Electronica From Southeast Asia* (Sublime Frequencies) gathers the sounds of Burmese dragonflies that—in some folkloric tale—get so forlorn after mating their hearts literally explode. True or not, these field recordings of banging and bursting bugs sound just like Fennesz's creepy-crawly glitchscapes. Meanwhile, New York noise conceptualists **Ortho** fill one side of their split 7-inch with Irene Moon (Ignivomous) with haunting, mechanical bugnoise that floats like a butterfly and stings like, well, you know.

We don't really have much to say about the über-cheeky Frank Black-via-Fountains Of Wayneish jigggle of San Diego pop-rockers **Rookie Card**. But they do get a free plug and a proverbial "A" for effort: To promote their debut album *Near Mint* (Blanco Niño), the pop-culture addled band sent CMJ more than 40 arcane trading cards: Ricky Martin, *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls*, *Full House*, *Bill And Ted's Bogus Journey*, *Playboy* (please send more of those, thanks)... even a Mets hologram card! We're not reviewing the record, but we're selling the Tony Gwynn card on eBay. Ch-ching!

Buy and/or die: filmg.com, contact-records.com, artofmodernrock.com, sublimefrequencies.com, ignivomous.org, rookiecardthemovie.com



Newbie Strock can't handle the rock!

MASTODON

I was reading *Moby Dick* last summer, or two summers ago, and I just started drawing all these comparisons," says drummer Brann Dailor about how Melville morphs into metal on Mastodon's latest, the aquatically themed *Leviathan* (Relapse). "When [the band] started writing lyrics, the storyline was in the back of everyone's head, so we just put it together like that." Tidal-wave guitar riffs coalesce with torrents of crashing cymbals, adding urgency to dual-guitar sea-breeze shitkickers like "I Am Ahab," "Seabeast" and "Aqua Dementia," a far cry from Dailor and guitarist Bill Kelliher's former band, grindcore artfreaks Today Is The Day. "We wanted [Mastodon] to be more like '70s prog rock, like Yes or King Crimson or something like that, just the heavier version," he says, citing Genesis' *The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway* as his favorite album. Though at the same time, he says, "If it wasn't for the Melvins and Neurosis, we wouldn't be playing the music that we're playing." But even with the Atlanta quartet's reputation as the Sabbath of the South (steadily built from its "March Of The Fire Ants" video, made after MTV called Mastodon's label saying, as Dailor puts it, "Hey, get your bands to make videos; we'll play 'em, because we don't have shit") and the band's current tour with first-run *Headbangers Ball* staples Fear Factory, Mastodon easily harpoons the whiskey 'n' whaling prog-metal crowd. "We don't really play to Ozzfest kids," says Dailor. "We play to older drunk people." >>>KORY GROW



AUTOLUX

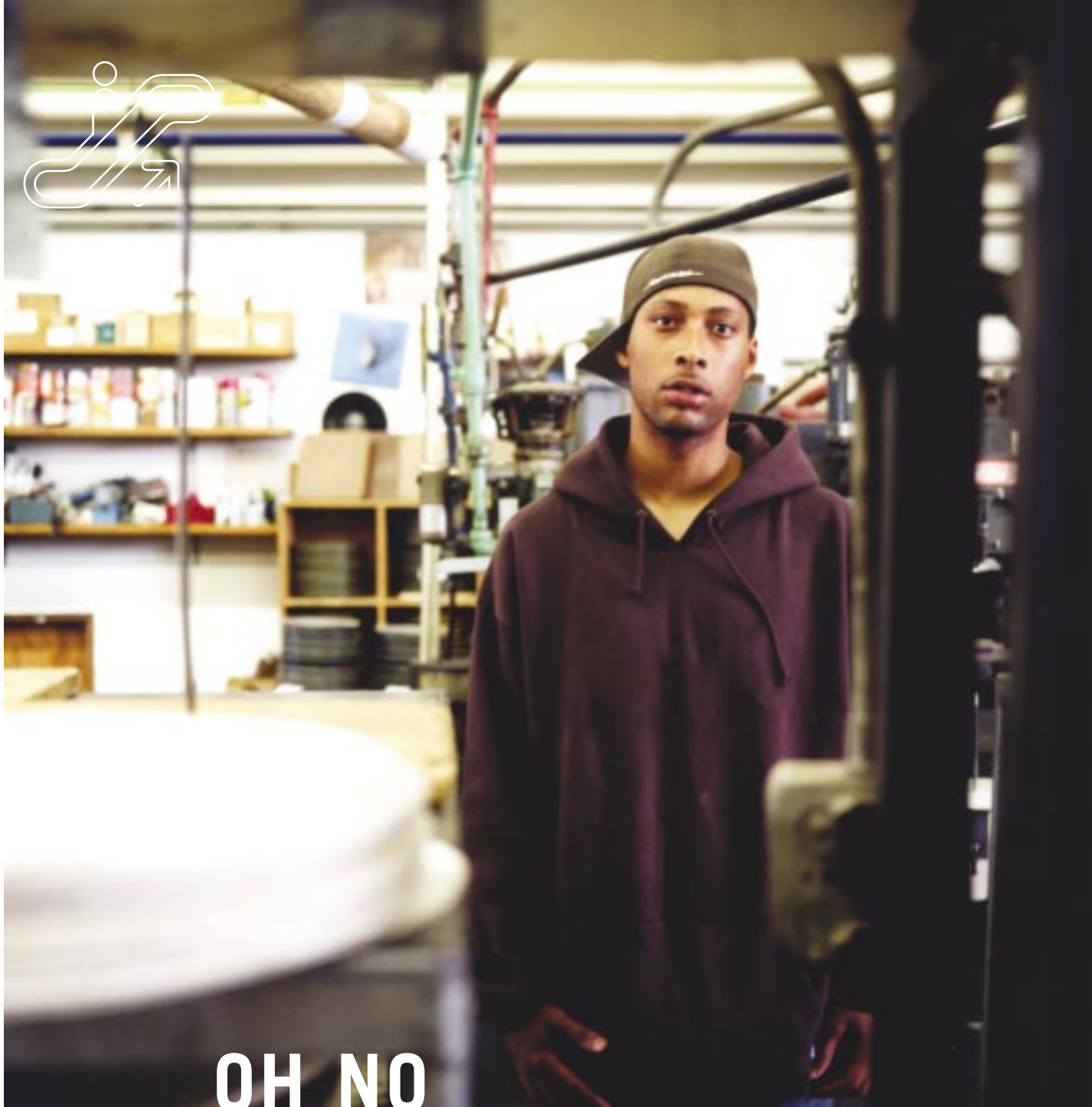
Los Angeles: City of the remake, hometown to the sequel and spin-off. Seriously, who has the time for an original idea these days? Ask City Of Angels anomaly Autolux, a fresh, invigorating trio... ironically made up of a scattershot combination of time-tested, ideas. Debut LP *Future Perfect* (DMZ-Red Ink) is a sugary, woozy alterna-trip that conjures My Bloody Valentine, the Pixies, Sonic Youth and more. "The challenge was to somehow create pop songs you could listen to on an interesting level where you were surprised when things were a little bit unpredictable," says bassist Eugene Goreshter (ex-Maids Of Gravity), who shares vocal duties with drummer Carla Azar (ex-Ednaswap) and guitarist Greg Edwards (ex-Failure). All three bandmembers experienced varying degrees of buzz back in the go-go alterna-rock heyday of the 1990s, but now, older and wiser and with label honcho/producer help from the even older and wiser T Bone Burnett, the buzz has started all over again with Autolux. *Future Perfect's* depth and sonic unpredictability doesn't just come from the last few post-Goo years, either. "We would talk about everything from the Beatles to Can to noise music and everything in between," he says. "Way back, Carla really turned me on to James Brown. You can really hear how it influences her drumming. That changed my life. Plus Jamaican reggae and dub. That stuff is really incredible to listen to spatially... what they did with sound. It's just some of the most timeless music ever made. It could have been made by aliens." Well, have you met Lee "Scratch" Perry? >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S 



A kron, Ohio's the Black Keys got a lot of attention following the success of another guitar-and-drum duo with a soulful male singer, **THE BLACK KEYS**

but singer/guitarist Dan Auerbach quickly shrugs off any suggestion that his band comes from some sort of trend. "It's always been the two of us," he says. "I like the sound of two people playing music. You can't really hide behind anything." The Keys' music—informed by one- and two-man blues bands from the '60s—comes from a childhood spent digging through parents' record collections, Auerbach explains, and almost nine years of playing together. Auerbach has the kind of gut-wrenching voice that's mesmerizing, painful and beautiful, and drummer Patrick Carney plays with incredible intensity—the combination results in deep, bluesy rock free of pretension, moving enough to transcend the genre barriers that can plague a couple of grungy young guys from the Midwest. The indie scene's been very good to the Black Keys, who've toured in support of big names like Beck and Sleater-Kinney, but they go over just as well when they play blues and jazz festivals—their fans might be 15 or 50, depending on the show. So how'd they manage to straddle that line so well? Auerbach shrugs, deferring credit to the inspiration of musicians he loves, including bluesman Junior Kimbrough. "I feel like a nerd when I talk about my music." >>>JESSICA HILBERMAN



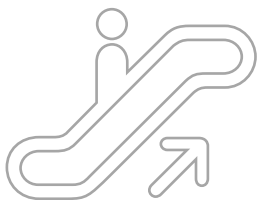
OH NO

If I didn't fuck with games, I'd probably be on some real crazy shit," says the video-game-obsessed Oh No, who turns a *Castlevania III* arpeggio into a throbbing banger on "The Ride," the first single on the 25-year-old rapper's debut album *The Disrupt* (Stones Throw). "Music and games kept us out of trouble. Everybody joined gangs and shit. [Oxnard, California] was supposed to be a retirement [community] for old people, but it's getting crazy." As his big brother (ever-blunted beat conductor Madlib) and their friends were busy doin' dumb shit, a chunky adolescent Oh No sat home amassing a mountain of video games and systems—which today has grown to include practically every defunct and ill-fated Virtual Boy and Jaguar ever conceived (including the holy grail, the Bandai Pippin). Being a stay-at-home guy put him in the right state of mind to conceive his uncharacteristically excitable Stones Throw debut, full of erratic energy and lilting pulses, as well as raise his three sons... and build a multi-system-compatible arcade controller for the whole fam. "My son can kill me in games now, and he's only eight years old. I know when I was eight, I was probably in my prime," says Oh No, who is fond of *Super Smash Bros. Melee* throwdowns with the li'l No. "He'll fuck me up with Link, so I can't use Link no more." >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

THE FEATURES



They just sort of threw us to the wolves," Features drummer/nice Tennessee boy Rollum Haas smirks, mock-gripping about a recent Universal Records-mandated trip to New York. His band was shipped off for press training "because we're very poor at interviews," he says, and the release of major-label debut *Exhibit A* is about to pit them up against a rock journo or 10. Like a stew of mixed-up new wave, retro-rock and Spoon-fuls of indie-pop, the disc is as catchy as it is a catch-all, scattershot beats ricocheting off Matt Pelham's raspy wails, Parrish Yaw's sheets of '60s-ish organ and Roger Daabs' disco bass. The LP's been a long time coming—they've played together a decade, with one lineup change—but it's doubtful the next will be. "We'd put out an album every two months if we were able," Pelham says, with Haas echoing, "We could release another good album right now, then an alright album right after that, just of back-catalog songs." Full-time band pursuit was held off by part-time jobs—Pelham: screenprinter; Haas: coffee barista; Daabs: grocery clerk; Yaw: small-engine repairman—but the trip to New York marked the end of that; the band headed to Reading and Leeds before starting full *Exhibit A* support. Still, the changes don't seem to faze them much. "We'd play even if nothing happened—we're the kind of guys that would keep on doing it just because we like to," Haas says. "But I guess it's still a nice bonus." >>>RENEE FALK



ADEM

Fridge's Adem Ilhan recently curated Homefires, a London fest featuring Joanna Newsom, Willy Mason and Smog among others—artists in tune with his own pastoral solo debut, the lush *Homesongs* (Domino). "It's natural," he says of the emergence of an artier, more profound stream of acoustic music. "It all goes in cycles, and experimental artists are trying different things with new limitations." *Homesongs* hardly sounds limited, but it is played exclusively on acoustic instruments including a flea-market autoharp and a multi-colored cluster of bells that's really more of a toy. Add in lyrics that exude a "human-ness" and the songs work best when performed in close quarters. "We played some larger open-air festivals this summer and I was like, 'Come up on stage with us.' But then I did a show in Bristol where the club had an early curfew and they cut us off. It was just a noise curfew, so we took everything off stage and played in the middle of the audience and everyone just sat down around us." In addition to working on *Homesongs* and with Fridge, Ilhan's other project is the Assembly—part Langley Schools Music Project, part Brian Eno and part John Zorn. "I get a large group of people with instruments and there's pens and pads of papers for the audience, who make drawings of anything they want [and] hold them up, and you have to play what you see," Ilhan explains. "Some people have never played an instrument before or we'll have classical virtuosos having to improvise on a bucket. So there's this naiveté about it. Most of them don't know about John Zorn's Game Theory," he says. "There's no posing or posturing. The main thing is that it's fun." >>>STEVE CIABATTONI



JAMES YORKSTON

Getting your band noticed is a never-ending series of rejections and tapes sent spiraling off into the void—unless you're Scottish folk singer James Yorkston, the King Midas of unsolicited demos. He sent an early recording of his debut's title track, "Moving Up Country, Roaring The Gospel" to two unlikely long shots—U.K. radio legend John Peel, and U.K. singer/songwriter legend John Martyn, ballsily asking if he could open an Edinburgh show. He hit gold on both fronts: Peel started spinning the song, and Martyn said yes to that Edinburgh show... as well as the other 26 dates on the tour. "I thought there was a chance I might get the Edinburgh slot, but that sort of stuff is like a dream," Yorkston says. "That never happens. When I was in bands before, [we'd send tapes] and never even get a response. I'd never been on a real tour." Martyn's audience, though, was less than receptive to the total unknown's brand of Nick Drake-inspired folk—"I'd be playing and the audience would be talking, not giving a fuck about this terrified guy singing very, very slow songs"—but it toughened him up enough to face the characters he shares stages with at festivals, which he'll see more of as he tours to support the lush, Four Tet-mixed *Just Beyond The River* (Domino). "What's that face-paint band in America? The scary one? Slipknot! They were playing [at one festival], in a different tent, and there's all these Slipknot fans. And we're playing between two heavy metal bands, and we come onstage with two red accordions and a guitar, and they just looked at us in horror. And I just thought, 'We're going to get bottled off here,'" he laughs. "It turned out they were all too young to buy bottles." >>>TOM MALLON



I dated this bitch," says J-Zone, looking as casual as his words, taking generous hits from a paper-bagged Snapple. "She was cute, but I noticed when she smiled, her back teeth was rotten. I don't know what it was—maybe it was tuna casserole, maybe it was shrimp scampi. Damn, her teeth is all fucked up. I went to kiss her, her breath smelled like ass... foot and ass." This redolent rendezvous was the inspiration for "Xactly" (you know, "when your breath smell xactly like your ass..."), but the riotous rundown of hygienic help was mainly influenced by the long-forgotten 1990 tune of the same name by humorous hip-hop footnotes No Face. J-Zone's musical muse for the more-punchline-per-capita punnery and kitschy production on *A Job Ain't Nuthin' But Work* (Fat Beats) is mostly similar cult novelties—Son Of Bazerk, K-Solo, Double X Posse, Downtown Science and ill-fated JMJ/Hurricane joke band the Afros. "I always liked those darkhorse candidate albums," Zone says. "My records are gonna be looked at like the Afros in 10 years. All my favorite artists are people that are underrated and underappreciated; it was only natural for that to happen to me." So after four overlooked underground bangers (three self-released!), do you even want to blow up? "Everybody wants to blow up," Zone says. "I want to be on *MTV Cribs* with a bucket of champagne acting totally ignorant and ostentatious. I'll make Baby look conservative. I'll do things just to be ignorant—like buy a platinum football field." >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

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STORY BY CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN



Fl. girls really hate us," says John Olson, electronics mutilator for Ann Arbor throbbing pukeschronkers Wolf Eyes, who faced a heckling murder of the Hot Topic-clad crowchicks during a recent tour with supporters Sonic Youth. "The worst was in Seattle and there was a whole pocket of 'em, just flipping out before we even played a non-note. They don't realize that makes us play better."

If hating them makes Wolf Eyes play better, then they could be the best damn band in the world. To the unsuspecting audience, their entire modus operandi is "fuck" meets "you." They sweat, they stink, they gesticulate, they bang their mopyy heads and torture the innocent with agonizing fucknoise that shudders like bittersweet terror sex—all glooped out like unholy havoc from tape loops, rusty oscillators, jerry-rigged electronics, guitars and broiled throats.

Their Sub Pop debut, *Burned Mind*, is the first volley from the American noise scene to lurch out of the sub-underground, resulting in invites to the ill-fated Lollapalooza 2004 and a trek with indie-rock's mighty EVOL geniuses—but it is stories of onstage antics that get passed around the quickest, as anti-punk apocrypha.

There's the show in Madison, Wisconsin where they just played a tape (the next time they were in town, the promoter barked, "You guys gonna rip us off?!"). There's the gig where the entire show consisted of making records on their portable vinyl-cutter and playing them on a wobbly turntable (yelper/scuzztronicist Nathan Young explains, "The actual record is the recording of the record being recorded"). And then there's Minneapolis.

"[A stage-diver's] leg caught [tape-mutilator Aaron] Dilloway's table and it went crashing," Olson says of the show at The Church in the Minneapolis, documented on a self-released 7-inch. "Dilloway instantly dropped his shit and went after the guy looking to kill him. I had to pull him off this dumbfuck. We didn't play, and everyone got super-mad. Yelling. There was broken glass. There was blood everywhere. There's just the three of us and then all of a sudden there's just a church full of dudes that really ain't into what's going on."

Returning to Minneapolis last July, Olson sliced his head open with a mace purchased at a Montana truck stop—resulting in a trip to the emergency room and five staples in his head. "All of a sudden my shades got all red. Everybody started throwing towels at me," Olson says. "Nate looked at it and said, 'Just keep going, man.'"

"It was cool-looking, though," says Young. "All of his face and all of his set-up was just covered in blood. The blood had mixed with all his gnarly sweat, so it splattered everywhere. When he opened up his set-up later, it looked like someone had murdered a little mouse in there. Disgusting."

Young's repulsion/curiosity regarding Olson's splattered mug is a perfect analogue for the mixed audience reactions to Wolf Eyes' ear-annihilating lupine howl: riots, moshing, fist-pumping, wide-eyed wonder, closed-eyed seizures, God-knows-what. "There was like eight or nine gigs all in a row where we couldn't really play our instruments," says Young. "We were just trying to push people away from our stuff."

They've got the right pedigree. Fellow Ann Arbor forgotten boys the Stooges (before they figured out stripped-down après-rawk squall was the bullet-to-the-brain for alienated suburbanites and bored city rats) performed early shows on amplified vacuum cleaners, washboards and oil drums. And as much as people were irritated by Iggy's p.b.-'n'-glass antics, the weirdos were moved, idolatrous, *affirmed*.

"There was some dude in L.A. that clapped the entire time, like a monotonous, off-beat clap. That was fucking annoying," Olson says. "Somebody telling you that you suck, you can tune that out pretty quickly. But some fucking Frank Sinatra mutant clapping at every third non-beat, it's kind of hard to tune out. Especially when you're trying to get your creep on."

Call it "noise," but watch the head-banging freakazoids going apeshit for these greasy psychos and all signs point to rock: repeating patterns dripping from incontinent speakers, oppressive volumes, confrontational clowning, sizzling distortion utilizing the same timbres that made the Swans, Big Black and Nirvana all transfixing to the hopelessly frazzled. They go for the "grossest, dirtiest sounds" to make themselves feel sick, producing disgusting fucking noise for "a disgusting fucking world." If Lollapalooza 2004 had happened ("I think it was typo," says Olson of his band's Lolla invite), the modest mice in attendance would have ran squeaking.

"With my shit, I just try to freak myself out," says Dilloway. "When we're recording, the shit that I'm really into is the stuff that really confuses me and fucks with my head and physically affects me."

"That's why we do what we do," adds Young. "Because we don't know any better."

WOLF EYES

Where The Noise Are: The all-stars of sonic expressionism recall the most unexpected reactions to their unique bombast.

Aaron Warren, Black Dice

In New York we're starting to get some hippie-raver kids, and they seem like they are fucked up on drugs. They seem to have a really, really good time at some of the shows. Just going nuts... just dancing. One time there was this guy and girl, high school kids, just making out like they were in the show. That's totally awesome.

Mike Bernstein, Double Leopards

Our first big U.S. tour was marked with lots of people getting up and leaving, which left us playing to an audience of the other two bands we toured with (thanks again, guys). After that we moved on to generalized nodding out, talking and boredom. Our tour with Sonic Youth definitely produced the most interesting reactions. After one performance, someone shouted out "Do you guys listen to dial tones?" and "Do you study sociology?"

Sea Deakin, Animal Collective

The Church in Minneapolis was probably about as weird as it has ever gotten. It seemed like your average show until we started to play and people started to lose it. People were elated, angry, confused, curious, wild... One girl started leaning on the stage and taking off my socks and tickling my feet while I was playing. Another girl was whispering in Avey's ear things like, "How can you do this to these people? Do you realize what kind of power you have over these people?" Another guy was standing in the audience threatening to beat one or all of us up as soon as we got off stage. One large Samoan fellow spent some time in the parking lot punching cars with his bare hands—our van still has the mark. Later he was in the middle of the floor crying like a toddler that he couldn't find his leather jacket. This was a crazy place and we had no idea why, until someone informed us that someone had been passing around a pizza that had been dosed with LSD.



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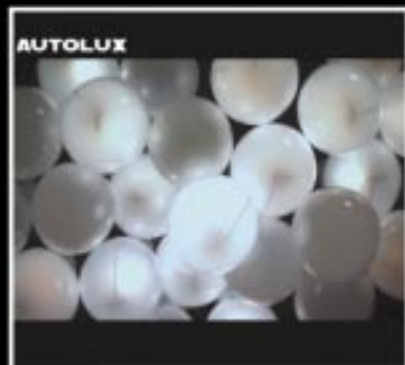


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A photograph of Steve Earle standing in a doorway, wearing a camouflage jacket and blue jeans. He is looking towards the camera with a serious expression. The background shows green foliage outside the doorway.

STEVE EARLE

REVOLUTION'S COMIN'

In fighting shape and fighting mad, Americana iconoclast Steve Earle brings a message: **The Revolution Starts... Now.** *Are you ready?*

ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S 

STORY: TOM LANHAM PHOTO: GLEN ROSE

He's a tad embarrassed to admit it. But over the past year or so, Steve Earle has lost a veritable fortune. A fortune in pants.

No joke, grins the Texas-bred twangsmith, "We're talking thousands of dollars worth of jeans." He just dropped more than 60 pounds and six inches off his once-husky waistline on the Atkins diet, "So every time I lost a little weight, I gave away all the clothes that were too big for me, just gave all my jeans to my housekeeper and let her distribute them accordingly. And now I'm hooked on these European Type One Levis that they don't make here, 100 percent cotton, so I just bought a trunkload of 'em."

Anyone who caught the Godzilla-huge Earle in concert a couple of years ago would be stunned to see him stroll into this San Francisco hotel lobby, where he's playing a private show for the American Civil Liberties Union. The transformation is shocking—in his spectacles, Western shirt, cowboy boots and new pair of low-rise 527s, the man is almost unrecognizable, looking as lean and fightin'-mad mean as he did on the cover of his classic '86 debut, *Guitar Town*. Not bad, eh? inquires Earle. "And I'll be 50 years old in January!"

It's a good thing Earle is back in prime form: He's spoiling for a downright donnybrook on his new left-leaning TKO *The Revolution Starts... Now* (Artemis). It's one of his most enjoyable efforts, certainly his most socially conscious, and quickly stacking up as a choice candidate for best album of the year. Call it the aural equivalent of Michael Moore's *Fahrenheit 9/11*. When the well-read Earle speaks—or sings in his lazy, loping drawl—his opinions are always informed. Hear this album once, and you'll have the burning desire to pick up your banner and join the fight—either against the iconoclastic Earle or against the Bush regime he vehemently opposes.

The Revolution starts with the cover, a Che Guevara-styled print of Earle (available for street-postering download at his website, www.steveearle.com). Then the title track kicks in (and is later reprised), all booming Duane Eddy guitars, spine-tingling riffs and the composer's gruff half-sung/half-spoken invocation: "The revolution starts now/ In your own backyard, in your own hometown/ So whatcha doin' standin' around?/ Just follow your heart—the revolution starts now." The hillbilly hoedown "Home To Houston" follows, telling the tale of a U.S. truck driver plying his trade in Iraq: "God get me back home to Houston alive/ And I won't drive a truck anymore," the frightened fellow pleads. The orated "Warrior" is penned in true iambic pentameter, and lets the deity of War speak for itself; "The Gringo's Tale" studies combat from a mercenary's perspective; and a lilting ballad, "Rich Man's War," sees the Mideast conflict from three sides—two Yankee conscripts and a young Palestinian. Earle's trademark wit also pops up—the reggae-rhythmed "Condi, Condi" invites a certain Bush cabinet member to loosen up and "come out tonight," the implied idea being that a good time will be had by both parties, once the liquor starts flowing. Leaning back in his chair, Earle wastes no time in getting down to anti-Bush business.

"It's just that this election is really important, and I knew I wanted the record to be out before the election," says the singer, who was pilloried by the right-wing media two years ago for "John Walker's Blues," his sympathetic take on "American Taliban" John Walker Lindh. "But what

this record ended up being about is the war, and war in general. And for me, it is 'The War, Stupid,' because, in my belief, this war threatens to guarantee that there's nothing left for our grandchildren. No federal resources, no world where Americans can travel without bodyguards. So Bush has gotta go. But the real work starts the day after, because it isn't about him, it's about us. We went to sleep, and the America I grew up in was headed in a completely different direction than we're headed now."

Earle (nutshelled in the Amos Poe documentary *Just An American Boy*) has a history of putting his money where his mouth is: He wrote a book of short stories (*Doghouse Roses*); nabbed his eighth Grammy nomination for "John Walker" parent album *Jerusalem*; and appeared off-Broadway in *The Exonerated*, as well as on HBO's *The Wire*. He also formed the Broadaxe Theatre in his current hometown of Nashville, where he staged his anti-death penalty play *Karla*, based on the life of executed Texas criminal Karla Faye Tucker. Earle supports Amnesty International, the Abolitionist Action Committee, The Journey Of Hope... From Violence To Healing and the Vietnam Veterans Campaign For A Landmine Free World. He swears politics have always colored his work, "But the times that I live in are just more political now. And things were going wrong before 9/11—[the Bush regime] had an agenda, but they were just sorta dangerous and inept up to that point. And then [9/11] just fell into their laps, and we were so afraid, we fell for it. It's fear."

Think you've got Earle's party pegged? Think again, he chortles. "I'm not a Democrat, but I'm gonna vote for Kerry. I'm actually a lot closer to Socialist than I am anything else, because I absolutely believe everything that Karl Marx said about economics." Earle goes on to rage about the Holy Land ("Enough people have died for the existence of a Jewish state"); Bill Clinton ("The best Republican president we ever had"); job outsourcing ("There comes a time when we're just gonna have to pay more for blue jeans"); even Condoleezza Rice ("Dontcha think she's kinda hot? Seriously!"). But what, exactly, is the *Revolution* Earle is proposing?

"Hey, I'm not proposing it—I think it was a revolution that was proposed a long time ago," is his pat response. "And I think we've figured out that an armed revolution is not gonna work. But there is a vehicle for change here, and we saw it change this country during the '60s. There is no excuse for anyone to go hungry in the richest country in the world, no excuse for anyone not to have a roof over their heads or medical care provided for them. It just means that some of us will have to get by with one car instead of three." At the end of his rant, Earle seems exhausted. "I'll be glad when I can write a whole albumful of chick songs again," he sighs. "But I just didn't see how I could do that with everything that's going on." So what does this activist suggest for all forward-thinking individuals?

"Teach your children to speak either Spanish or Mandarin," he says. "Because those are the two most widely spoken languages in the world. And we're not gonna be the most powerful country in the world forever—China will be. It's their turn, their time is coming. So how we carry ourselves right now is truly gonna determine how we'll be treated. How America will be treated by other powerful countries in the future." **NMM**

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THE UNHOLY TRINITY

STORY: CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

The latest and deadliest incarnation of thrash breaks down metal's emotional barricades, unites a cornucopia of outcasts and still fights for the right to wear short-shorts. Shadows Fall, Lamb Of God and Killswitch Engage go for self.

Lamb Of God gets a case of beer a day, which shows up at 11 a.m. and is gone by three.

"I think Slipknot can outdrink us," mumbles guitarist Mark Morton, baby-faced and requisitely long-haired, of his Ozzfest cohorts.

"There's not many bands on this tour that can fuck with us," blurts a steel-eyed Randy Blythe, Lamb Of God's lawnmower gutter-grawk vocalist and notoriously unhinged "son of a redneck preacher," after relinquishing a reserve case of brew snuck past the frisk-happy Ozzstapo security. He closes with a guttural laugh that crescendos into faux-demonics. "Mwa-ha-ha-HA-HA! THAT'S RIGHT! THAT'S RIGHT!" and barrels off the bus as quickly as he entered it, leaving a faint echo and the woozy bounce of shocks.

Screaching about booze, cheekily bragging his way off the bus: Blythe still has The Wall up. The Wall is the mysterious emotional barricade erected via unspoken agreement between Metal Band and Metal Magazine, the don't-ask-don't-tell policy of the loud-rock underground. *What was it like touring with so-and-so? What is this song about? What can fans expect from the new album?* Metal Band returns the volleys with beer-soaked tour tales, pseudo-intellectual lyrical deconstructions and bigger-louder-faster-more posturing. A vast underground of diverse, complex individuals is blurred into a smear of sweaty jellyfish headbangs, black T-shirts and frowns. And who cares?

"It's almost a role you play," Morton says. "I don't mean to say it's not real, but it's just a part of who you are. That character almost begins to become natural to you."

Blythe posits that Lamb Of God are "just a bunch of rednecks from Richmond, Virginia that like to drink too much and play metal," but their Southern accents do very little to obscure the fact that these guys are dangerously articulate, full of emotional

depth and brimming with the same DNA that begat indie-rock. Although they play up their booze-soaked trailer-park Slayer horn-throwin', palace-burnin' metallurgy, truth is they're just like any other group of college pals—Talking Heads, R.E.M., the Pixies, et al—who just wanna have something to do. They formed 10 years ago when drummer Chris Adler, eventual grad-school dropout Morton and bassist John Campbell ended up in the same Virginia Commonwealth University dorm; bonding, innocuously enough, over their love of beer and music.

The medal winners of the New Wave Of American Heavy Metal are the frenzied thrashcore of Lamb Of God, the eclectic kitchen-sink pummel of Shadows Fall and the soaring riff-heavy power chug of Killswitch Engage. And the reason they're taking over MTV2, devastating Ozzfest and boasting 100,000 copies per record is because, despite the punishing riffs and whatnot, the bands are as personable as hot coffee and a conversation about Kurosawa in the university commons. They aren't going to stormtroop into town on a Viking ship, vomiting corpsepaint on your shoes, goring you with spikes and burning your church. Nor are they some jockey drunks working out working-class angst by bullying you with Satan and Stephen King. They are suburban pariahs, music-school geeks, comic book fans, unsettled recluses, bookworms, college grads, family men, bar dwellers. Everydudes. You.

Out of all three bands, Lamb Of God is the heaviest of all, mixing Slayer's precise fury, Pantera's throaty thuds and some pure, undistilled American chaos. Their latest record, *Ashes Of The Wake* (Epic), somehow made it to a major label even though they've been playing the same uncompromising, obscenely extreme bombast as when they formed a decade ago under the noteworthy moniker Burn The Priest. The hardest



LAMB OF GOD



KILLSWITCH ENGAGE



Photo: RAWAN SEGEV

band, naturally, is the hardest nut to crack.

Both 31, Morton and Adler use the pronouns “we” and “us” and “Lamb Of God” almost exclusively. And that’s a huge stumbling block when trying to figure out what makes five adults get on a hot Ozzfest stage every day, compelled to use every last beer-addled drop of afternoon energy to bark out disordered quasi-political doom ‘n’ gloom at deadly volumes. “There’s a million things that led into every one of us being the people that we are,” Adler says, hunched over the end of the tour bus seat dangling a brew, scraggly goatee sprouting earthward. “We’re all the suburban kids that were picked on, sure, but it’s not a psychological resolution to go out there and play for 45 minutes. We don’t necessarily feel better as people when we’re done. We’re just having a good fucking time.”

And there’s The Wall. A wall made up of “us,” “we” and “we’re just having a good time.” What exactly does that say about Lamb Of God that a record couldn’t? What does that say about *Chris and Mark*?

After 40 minutes, some prodding, a pause and a stutter: “Yeah, I was that fat kid,” Mark says. “I was fat, I couldn’t skate, sucked at sports, scared of girls, *Dungeons And Dragons*—you know what I’m saying? Seventh-grade *nerd*. Those are the same kids that either pick up a guitar or pick up a shotgun and shoot their science teacher.”

“I was the troubled kid who went to the private Catholic school, all guys,” chimes in Adler without hesitation. “I was not really doing well in anything. I was hellbent on making sure that I didn’t have to hang out with those fuckers at any point at any time.”

“Those feelings of isolation and self-defeat and mania about how you don’t relate, I assume it’s universal,” Morton says. “But if those feelings are so goddamn universal, how come we’re the 31-year-old rational, intelligent men thrashing around about the stage making hideous noises through the amp?”

Adler adds, “I think the answer really is the fact that we really are no different than the people that are reading this.”

Sound familiar? Redneck mama’s boy Elvis Presley, working-class polyglots Creedence Clearwater Revival, Black Flag turning a rec room into a venue, Tupac exploring his contradictions, Rivers Cuomo slouching in the garage, every emo band ever. After 20 years of hardcore’s ethos and sound seeping under the cracked and worn leather of metal’s spiked boots, the army of fat, awkward, pizza-faced kids that Lamb Of God turns into a *Braveheart*-style battle on the steaming Ozzfest tarmac doesn’t live vicariously though their metal heroes anymore—they *sympathize*.

The influence of hardcore is also painfully evident in the stripped-down sound of these bands (chugging yea, wheedling nay), their dedication to relentless touring, and especially the punk-rock, all-ages, kill-rock-stars, handshake-and-a-hug attitudes. Because of this, all the bands keep hammering away at one point with the near-obnoxious relentlessness of a double-bass-drum flurry: We’re just happy to be here, man.

—“We had no expectation of success. It was always as ludicrous to us as it is still right now that this could be happening... It’s flattering that more people than the five of us like it.” —Mark Morton, Lamb Of God

—“It just became something I was lucky enough to be a part of. I never expected it. But here I am.” —Howard Jones, Killswitch Engage

—“We’re just glad to be nominated.” —Brian Fair, Shadows Fall

Such humility may sound cloying, forced, showy, even fake. But watch Brian Fair, lead detonator for Massachusetts neo-thrash titans Shadows Fall and the most impossibly coiffed man in metal, walk the smushed-popcorn-coated floor of the Glens Falls Civic Center—an amphitheater/echo chamber in a twisted little upstate New York ‘burb (screen door... screen door... sushi restaurant). The front cover of the Sunday’s *Post Star* asked, “Are you worried about problems arising from the Aggressive Music Festival?” Seventy-three percent said no, even though people protested Slayer’s opening night set by dispersing church paraphernalia outside. Fair—unmistakable with a spuzzing mass of Medusa locks catapulting off his head and sauntering down well past his ass—traipses the GFCC floor, head high, shaking hands with a gauntlet of fans, all smiles and laughs and so-good-to-see-yous.

“If you’re just hiding on the tour bus the whole time, you might have traveled the world and not seen shit,” says Fair—as loud-as-fuck in conversation as he is on stage—animated and clutching his knees to his gut, in a spacious dressing room backstage at the Aggressive Music Fest. “So if anyone’s wondering, come up and buy us a beer. We’ll tell you whatever you want... But buy the beer first.”

Under Fair’s massive mop is 29-year-old everydudism taken to the extreme. From unexciting, imageless promo photos (“We just stand there,” says Fair. “You pick a background, we stand there.”), to his middle-class background, his literature degree at Boston U and the fact that he looks like Greg Brady with serpentine dreads. Shadows Fall’s music, however, puts the every in “everydude”; their new album *The War Within* (Century Media) mixes Metallithrash, anthemic power metal, sizzling Maiden licks, windmill-swinging hardcore and unrelenting death metal—20 years of loud rock compacted into one explosive blurt. No wonder they’re arguably the leaders of the thrash Renaissance. That and, of course, the fact that they seem to have no Wall whatsoever, claiming they never bothered with an image out of “laziness,” wearing their outcast status as a birthright.

“Metal has always been music for the outcasts, and hopefully always will be,” says Fair, fidgeting with uncomfortable ties like an excited child, changing his position 100 times and tugging at his jeans. “I was the *one* kid in my town that skated and had weird hair... I’d get beat up by the jocks. Luckily I started getting a little tougher than them, ‘cause I’ll throw a punch right back. That scene becomes *your* scene. Which is why kids get upset when it *does* blow up on a national level. Because then we’re taking it away from the freaks. But at the same time, that’s kind of a cool thing... maybe everyone’s a fucking freak.”

Growing up intelligent, handsome, open-minded and rough around the edges gave Fair and Shadows bassist Paul Romanko a special type of outcast status—being sceneless wonders, potential-filled kids who *could* fit in, but actively choose not to. Romanko, like Lamb Of God, got through a middle-class childhood with few tragedies. An athletic sort—baseball in the spring, football in the fall, hockey in the winter—Romanko would catch shit from the punks for being captain of the hockey team, and catch shit from the jocks for coming to the rink clad in a Cro-Mags shirt. “It was a good experience though,” he says clumped on the couch next to Fair, ponytail and Red Sox hat giving him the look of, say, a video-store clerk. “I just do my own thing. There’s a lot of good people in all facets of life.”

This is certainly a far, far, *far* cry from “Metal Up Your Ass.” “I was on student council and going to hardcore shows. I was dating cheerleaders and still had a skateboard and baggy pants,” Fair says. “I attribute it all to Green Day and Nirvana blowing up while I was in high school. Thanks for making it cool to have a skateboard.”

Respecting others, doing your own thing at all costs, absorbing all aspects of culture, punching out jocks and still taking home the cheerleaders, selling a daunting number of records; five diverse personalities (reserved guitarist Jonathan Donais lays slumped at a table, 20 types of exhausted) playing eclectic music that is sometimes positive, sometimes negative and sometimes about transcendental meditation. Crossing scenes with aplomb, Shadows Fall is like Metallica without the shitty attitudes. “Our audience is very mixed up. Old-school metal heads, younger new metal kids, goth kids that saw us with Cradle Of Filth, hardcore kids that saw us with Hatebreed and everything in between. We have such a cool mix. And I look at the five of us on stage and we’re such a random mix ourselves,” Romanko says, adding with a huge laugh, “We’ll take *all* your money!”

Although Fair is an ex-member of hardcore stalwarts Overcast and has been touring since age 17, he is still as sceneless as ever, referring to himself as a “metal hippie,” who has probably seen 50 to 75 Phish shows in his life (“They played in this venue and did the entire *White Album*,” he gushes. “It was amazing, man.”), and wore Youth Of Today shirts to Dead shows. “I didn’t really think it was that weird at the time, but all my friends did,” he says. “And at the straightedge shows you couldn’t really find good herb!”

Shadows Fall spend more time breaking down walls than building them (at Ozzfest 2003, Fair hated the barricade between the band and the audience so much, that he made it a point to stand on it every single night... “Fuck this,” he said. “Fuck the barricade.”). But The Wall is absolutely nonexistent when it comes to former tour-mates Killswitch Engage. Says Fair of KSE guitarist Adam Dutkiewicz, “Adam D is a full-on stand-up comedian. If you met that dude on the street, there’s no way in hell you’d think he was in a metal band.”

When not running around the GFCC stage like some guitar-molesting Serj Tankian-via-David Lee Roth firecracker, Dutkiewicz antagonized the crowd with inspired nonsense: “I was at home baking banana bread with my mom! *Who makes banana bread?!*” Hesitant cheers and applause.

“I guess I’m just a jackass,” says Dutkiewicz, one of three music school grads in Killswitch, at a Massachusetts studio, producing the latest record by North Carolina’s He Is Legend. “I just strive to be a jackass. I just try to find stuff to do to entertain myself because shit gets boring if you don’t have fun. I got a friggin’ boring day ahead of me; I have to edit *drums*. So I’m gonna try to make it fun somehow. Maybe I’ll eat a whole can of baked beans and see what happens.”

Far from the only trend-bucking demeanor in KSE—the first band in the neo-thrash revolution to break 100k—the gang is a searing mass of high spirits. Their

latest album, *The End Of Heartbreak* (Roadrunner), is a phoenix of positivity rising from metal’s gloomy ashes: wailing lyrics that bid “farewell to all our lies,” *Top Gun*-ready fly-along choruses—there’s wings on their *logo* ferchrissakes. KSE—once again, mainly middle class dudes into *The Simpsons*, *X-Files* and PS2—constantly sound like they are overcoming some huge obstacle or childhood demon. But in actuality, it’s just same suburban shit, different boring parents.

Except, that is, for stage-stalking lead singer Howard Jones, a beefy 33-year-old black dude raised in an Ohio ghetto. “I was dirt poor,” Jones says. “Yeah. I definitely don’t have the typical metal upbringing. I just had a voracious appetite for music.”

But wait, isn’t that overcoming? Isn’t that the same story that Biggie Smalls and Jay-Z tell? A young, confident, unbowed black American rising from the nihilistic confines of ghetto life to pave his own path? To inspire others?

“I don’t know... That’s *possible*,” Jones defers in a low tone, as if the entire issue of his background were an irrelevant red herring; as if all that matters is that he is here *now* to perform music for a bunch of individuals who all fight their own personal demons every day. “There’s a lot of people who’ve had the same background, or worse, or a lot worse... and they’re not doing anything. I’m just a little different, I guess.”

Of course he was a bit of a weirdo. And of course Dutkiewicz was a TV- and video game-addicted “loser.” But unlike Shadows Fall and Lamb Of God, Killswitch still sort of play the part. With the exception of the buttoned-down, dapper-cum-menacing Jones, KSE look like a bunch of PlayStation-addicted Berklee grads—glasses, awkward gauntness or chubbiness, sweaters—and it hasn’t gone unnoticed by the cliquy, underground metal thought police (to paraphrase Jello Biafra, metal does easily what every gym coach in America wishes they could: gets a group of kids to willingly dress the same).

“I’m gonna call out Roadrunner right now,” Dutkiewicz says eagerly, obviously overjoyed that he can make a little mischief at the expense of his label while exposing metal’s unnecessary posturing. “They told our drummer, Justin, ‘Hey, is there anything you can do to look *more metal*?’ Can you believe they actually had the gall to say that? One thing Killswitch Engage pride ourselves on, we try to be ourselves, write the music that we wanna write.”

For its entire 30-year duration, alienation has been the leading cause of metal. Every day, somewhere in suburban sprawl, an unsettled adolescent makes the societal pilgrimage to metal. So what happens when you get exiled from your adopted family?

A dejected Dutkiewicz says, “I don’t know if I should talk about it.” He mumbles low, “It could be trouble.” Then with nary a beat, “But, I’ll do it anyway!”

“We ended up almost losing the Slayer tour because people were concerned with me wearing short-shorts,” he says. “I thought it was fuckin’ hilarious for a dude to wear cut-off Daisy Dukes when he plays in a metal band. It’s fucking hysterical.” They were later re-added to the tour, but being a victim of closed-mindedness in a scene that supposedly nurtures outcasts still stings. “That to me seems like the most non-rock ‘n’ roll thing you can do, because what I do is probably *way* more rock ‘n’ roll. I do whatever the fuck I wanna do just to laugh and be stupid. Look at the shit that metal people have done. Look at the ‘80s, look at the way people fuckin’ dressed. Get over it.”

So is the controversy over Adam D’s naked haunches a metaphor for his wandering soul exposed to the travails of conformist oppression? Proof that the independent spirit will always prevail?

“They just wish they had shorts as short as mine,” says Dutkiewicz. “They know I’ve got the legs to pull it off.” **NMM**

MASTERS DEGREE OF PUPPETS: The Indie-Snob Guide To Metal

More into the Thorns than throwing horns? Although it’s easily more brainy and emotive than most disenchanting indie-rock shruggery, “metal” is still a dirty word among some circles of the hipsterati. Start aligning these metal stalwarts with their counterparts in the world of avant-rock... and still be as pompous as ever!

NAPALM DEATH

From Enslavement To Obliteration
(Combat, 1998)

What: The defining document of grindcore, taking the “louder, faster, more” aesthetic to its logical endpoint—implausible flurries of notes blurred out in atonal chunks.
R.I.Y.L.: Peter Brotzmann, Ornette Coleman, Anthony Braxton

SEPULTURA

Roots
(Roadrunner, 1996)

What: Death-metal titans Sepultura discover groove... and their Brazilian heritage, complete with djembe workouts, recordings of the Xavantes Indians and a guest appearance from Carlinhos Brown.
R.I.Y.L.: Aierto Moriera, Olodum

MESHUGGAH

Chaosphere
(Nuclear Blast, 1998)

What: Demented Swedes perform unholy acts of time-signature torture, making a pounding and confounding math-racket enough to melt-the mind of a Berklee prof.
R.I.Y.L.: King Crimson, Henry Cow, Frank Zappa

KHANATE

Things Viral
(Southern Lord, 2003)

What: Possibly the most punishingly lethargic record ever, this slower-than-a-slug-in-quicksand slab takes its sweet-ass time, painting a brutal picture with tension and... release.
R.I.Y.L.: Low, Codeine, Bedhead

ISIS

Panopticon
(Ipecac, 2004)

What: Expansive Boston quintet lives their nautical fantasies through trance-inducing math-rock, post-rock-atmospherics and enough sludgy squall to sink a kraken.
R.I.Y.L.: Tortoise, Slint, Mogwai



CITIZEN LEO

THE RUGGED RIFFS ON TED LEO'S NEW *SHAKE THE SHEETS* COULD RATTLE POP-PUNKERS' EARS ENOUGH TO MAKE THEM WANNA SHOUT. BUT, MORE IMPORTANTLY, THE RECORD IS A RALLYING CRY, URGING A NATION OF SLEEPING INDIE ROCKERS TO RAISE THEIR VOICES A LITTLE BIT LOUDER NOW.

Ted Leo is just trying to pick the very best songs he can from the jukebox right now. He's in the middle of a hot, noisy New York City bar, cloaked by a crowd of back-slappers and hand-shakers wishing him well on his upcoming album and impending wedding. Some know-it-all tells him that today is both Elvis Costello and Jeff Tweedy's birthday—maybe he should play something of theirs? “Really?” cracks Leo, “Why can't I share a birthday with cool people like that?” He does share one, it turns out, with Harry Connick Jr. and Moby—for a guy like Leo, rooted in punk rock and indie to the core, it's not quite the same band of brothers. But nobody makes those kinds of associations with his birthday anymore, anyway. Ted Leo was born on September 11th. A date that now, as fate and planning have decided, will also be this vegan Virgo's wedding anniversary.

They say that after a few years together couples start to look like one another. Whether that will be true of Ted and the new missus remains to be seen, but as for the long-standing partnership between Ted Leo and his music, you can hardly tell them apart anymore. Like Leo, the songs on *Shake The Sheets* (Lookout!), his new record with his band Pharmacists, don't have an ounce of flab on them. They have the rudeboy bounce of ska and soul mixed with the anarchist slap of mod-punk. Like Leo, they're cutting and cunning, with whiplike guitar slashes in a tight embrace with whip-smart lyrics. “The songs are a lot shorter, and that's the real issue,” he says, chatting now on a bright roof deck overlooking the Hudson River. “I grew as an artist between [2003's] *Hearts Of Oak* and this record, mostly from playing four-and-a-half- to five-minute songs every night for the last year and a half. I really got to know where the fat could be trimmed from those songs. And lyrically, I felt I learned to go from the same point A to the same point Z in fewer steps,” he says, removing his too-big sunglasses to reveal eyes like brushed blue steel before making a bigger point about the substance of the album. “I wrote most of it last spring. It was a really dark time for me and for the country. I felt a real sense of urgency.”

The changed world and that urgent aura are still hard to ignore now, as a flock of helicopters and blimps whir and loom above our conversation. It's all part of the intense security preparations for the impending Republican National Convention that has a few million don't-tell-me-where-to-friggin-walk New Yawkers on edge. “Obviously, I'm not a Republican,” Leo grins after a few choice words for the RNC nominee

(let's just say it involves the Hudson River). “But you have a Republican mayor and a Republican governor here, so what else do you expect? As far as protesting this week, I'm actually a little physically at the end of my rope after my last year of touring so I'm not very excited about grabbing a sign and assailing the unassailable façade that is Madison Square Garden, but I am more than happy to be a number that is counted as one of the many who will be showing up to stand against.” As if you couldn't have guessed from the “No War” message taped out D.I.Y.-style on his electric guitar, Ted Leo was among the millions around the globe who gathered last spring in the hopes that their collective voices would drown out the administration's drumbeat to war in Iraq. “I was in D.C.

and I was here in Central Park. There was definitely a moment when it felt like something was happening and I thought, ‘Wow, the people really do have the power,’” he says, making a triumphant



“It doesn't matter to me if people who like my music don't delve into the topics, if they do... bonus.”

fist. “And then sure enough, it turns out they don't, and here we are.”

It'd be a stretch to call Ted Leo a political songwriter in the way of Billy Bragg or Steve Earle (two men he invokes with reverence), yet by the sheer integrity and conviction of his work over the last 15 years, Ted Leo has made an overt political statement with every song, every button on his guitar strap, every benefit show played to help cover costs for uninsured fellow musicians. In the late 1980s, this son from the land of Springsteen took his youthful idealism and energy to the big city and rebelled against the rebels by unthugging NYC hardcore with bands like Citizen's Arrest. He then set off to Washington, D.C. to light a fire in the indie scene with the urgent jams of Chisel in the early 1990s. Since then, Ted Leo and his music have only gotten more pointed and more profound—and he's done so without losing any of his edge, all the while building a buzz as one of

indie-rock's wisest and least corruptible icons. "I usually don't push myself to be overtly political or push myself in the other direction to be purposely not political," he says. "It's just kinda hard for me not to be political because it winds up being what I'm thinking about when I want to write lyrics. It always creeps in. There are times when I'll want to sing about an issue—not something topical that's ripped from the headlines—but inevitably it has to be dealt with in the larger sociopolitical context." In the time he spent back home in New Jersey in the spring of 2003, as the songs for *Shake The Sheets* started to flow, everything was feeling sociopolitical.

Ask a musician what a song is about, and 99 times out of 100 they'll want to punch you (that other time, they actually will). But Ted Leo doesn't mind explaining what's going on in that head of his, how he ties a bunch of ideas into one song. "A song like 'Little Dawn' is kinda meant to be a pep talk to somebody very specific," he offers. "But it winds up in my mind, at least when I sing it, being about a larger existential crisis living under a wartime president at a time of in-your-face war. I've tried to write straight-up love songs, [but they] can't be just love songs—something else has to be brought in. Like 'Walking To Do,' there are some thoughts in there about urban planning." For a guy who sweats decisions on what would be a more environmentally sound choice for a tour vehicle, an SUV or a van, you can see how a song with the word "walking" in the title could give him an eco-friendly rush. A love song to cleaner air... what could be more romantic?

The way Leo pushes his voice toward breaking in his songs, you might miss the text and the

subtext the first few times through. But you'll always get the sense that something critical, if not rebellious, is going on. Still, it's hard to miss what Leo's yelping about on the title track when he says, "I want to take it to the president, him and all the cabinet, with a broom." Or on "The One Who Got Us Out" where he unloads, "I'll put it to you plain and bluntly/ I'm worried for my tired country." A line that's followed up with, "That look on your face/ Don't let it go to waste." It's a gut-check call to action. Yes, it's easy to be against this or that, but much harder to take a stand and make something out of your anger or dismay. "That track was specifically a fine line for me. I didn't want to make it too much of a polemic," he says. "But sometimes I do want to make it a polemic. It doesn't matter to me if people who like my music don't delve into the topics. If they do... bonus."

The Ted Leo indie-pop stump speech reached the most people it's ever reached last year when he appeared on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* in support of the critically acclaimed *Hearts Of Oak*. "The *Conan* thing definitely had an affect," Leo says. "It didn't bring hundreds of people to the clubs, but for like six months, every night there was one person who'd come up and say, 'Hey man, never heard of you before, but saw you on *Conan* and had to come check you out.'" For Leo, playing those small clubs to the converted and unconverted is right where he wants to be. "I've felt for the entire time that I've been playing music that the real way to do it and the best way to do it is to stay on the road as much as I have and make records when I can, which hopefully is as often as possible," he says as if he's writing the



**I'll put it to you plain and bluntly ...
I'm worried for my tired country.**

preface to the *How To Succeed In Indie-Rock* handbook. “And I don’t mean this in a dire or oppressive way. I mean this in the grand old lefty sense of it, the dignity of labor and all that—I see this as my life’s *work*. My career has been small success after small success and I don’t really have an ultimate end-of-the-arc place I want to be.” Leo has no regrets for saying “no thanks” back in the 1990s, when major labels snapped up independent bands like they were shares of hot tech stocks, and he’s seen no compelling reason to make the switch now either, even after national TV exposure. “I feel like at this point I’ve been through the proverbial fire,” he says. “I kinda think I know what I want and what I don’t want. The people at Lookout! are old friends who grew up punk rockers like me and they’re willing to operate with me on any level I want.” It’d be nice to have some more help, he admits, but he’s never been afraid to do it himself—even if that means he’s the only one answering the emails that come through www.tedleo.com. “I have an inbox that I’m working on from a year and a half ago,” he admits, “but I will get back to everyone.” Leo’s thinking isn’t a case of “indie: good/major: bad,” he just seeks the right fit—same goes for the companies who’ve approached him about using his music in commercials. “I’m not philosophically opposed to writing something specifically for a commercial,” he explains, “but I have too many songs that I have a serious emotional investment in. Not to be all emo about it, but it’s tough for me to justify letting a song be completely recontextualized, even if it was for something I’d support like

Tofurky brautwurst or vegetarianshoes.org. I mean I love Coca-Cola and Jameson’s Whiskey, but if they wanted to use one of my songs it would have to be one that was written about whiskey or had whiskey in a verse,” he says, then chuckles as he reconsiders his point. “Well, actually, there are a few of those.”

The songs on *Shake The Sheets* may never become anthems for a new line of cars (no matter how eco-friendly), but this bold addition to his unshakeable catalog should solidify his place in rebel rock, regardless of how many people even know who the hell he is. “My frustrations with either being recognized or not being recognized kind of ebb and flow,” he says about his status as an indie elder statesman. “There are times when I feel really zen and mellow about the fact that I just do what I do and if more people pick up on it that’s awesome, but it’s not gonna get to me or make me stop if they don’t. But there are times...” he says, for the first time giving in a little bit to the fame game, “you know my entire life—and I’ve been playing music for a long time—I’ve only heard myself three times on the radio, and mostly college radio. *Three times* in 15 years of making music,” he laughs, a little embarrassed that he even cares. “I mean, I see the charts and I get publishing royalties, so I know I get played. But I don’t ever hear it.

There are times when you’re driving through a town and you say, ‘Hey, let’s check the college radio station,’ and sometimes—I will not lie to you—I think, ‘I would really be psyched to hear them play just one friggin’ song of mine.’”



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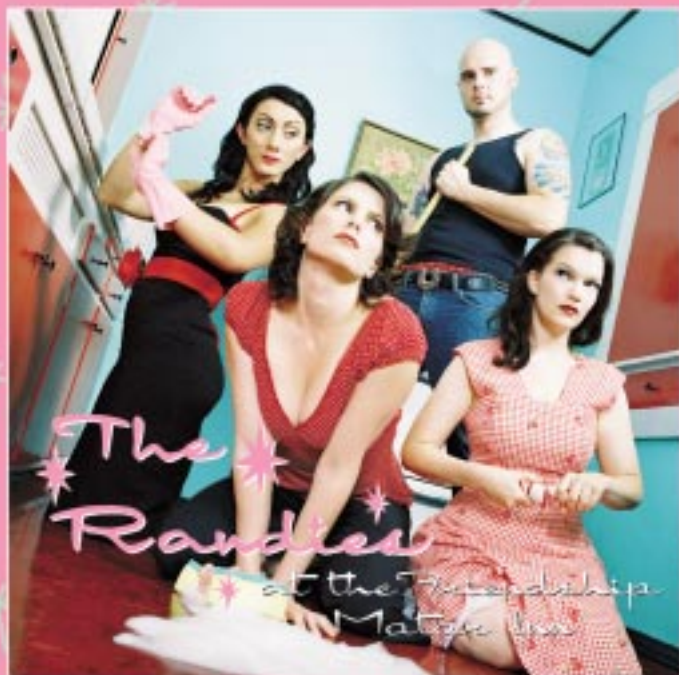
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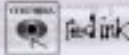


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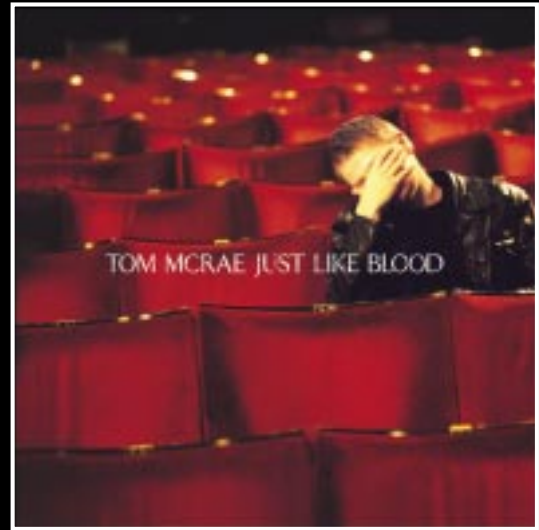
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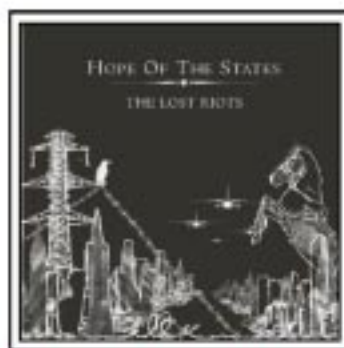
William Shatner
Has Been



VHS or Beta
Night on Fire



Earlimart
Treble and Tremble



Hope of the States
The Lost Riots



The Datsuns
Outta Sight, Outta Mind



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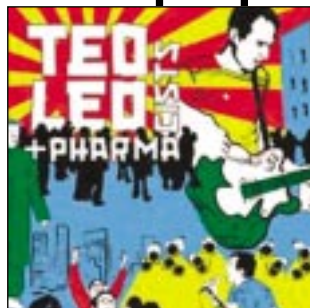
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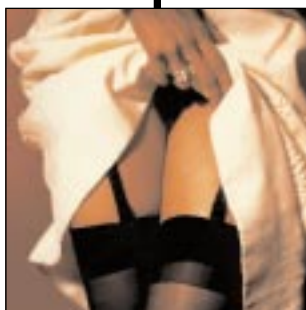


WELL HUNG ARTISTS

THE VOTES ARE IN*



TED LEO/PHARMACISTS
Shake The Sheets (Lookout!)



TWILIGHT SINGERS
She Loves You (One Little Indian)



STEVE EARLE
The Revolution Starts... Now (Artemis)



EARLIMART
Treble And Tremble (Palm)

THIS MONTH'S NEW MUSIC MOBILE

Brought to you by CMJ and
your favorite independent
record stores.

Look for these featured titles as well
as **NEW RELEASES** from:

MARILYN MANSON
THE EXPLOSION
HELMET
TOM MCRAE
AMERICAN MINOR
JOHNNY POLONSKY
HUMAN TELEVISION
GREEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY
NERVOUS SYSTEM
J DIMENNA
HURRICANE LAMPS
SPARKY DOG
WHOLE WORLD

*As selected by our panel of
fine retailers listed below

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Boo Boo Records
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1800 Grand Ave.
Suite O
Grover Beach, CA 93433

CD Central
377 S Limestone St.
Lexington, KY 40508

Criminal Records
466 Moreland Ave. NE
Atlanta, GA 30307

Culture Clash
3301 W. Central Ave.
Toledo, OH 43606

Fingerprints
4612 B East 2nd St.
Long Beach, CA 90803

Good Records
617 N Good Latimer Expy
Dallas, TX 75204

Graywhale CD Exchange
248 S 1300 E
Salt Lake City, UT 84102

256 East 12300 S
Draper, UT 84020

4300 Harrison #7
Ogden, UT 84403

3843 West 5400 S
Suite D
Kearns, UT 84118

1010 N Main
Logan, UT 84341

1763 W 4700 S
Taylorsville, UT 84118

852 West Hillfield Rd. Suite C
Layton, UT 84041

Grimey's
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Nashville, TN 37204

Homer's Music And Gifts
1114 Howard St.
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Omaha, NE 68132

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Omaha, NE 68144

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Lincoln, NE 68502

6105 O St.
Lincoln, NE 68510

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Colorado Springs, CO 80909

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Pueblo, CO 81003

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Colorado Springs, CO 80903

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Fountain, CO 80906

3040 W Colorado
Colorado Springs, CO 80904

937 E Colfax Ave.
Denver, CO 80218

Jackpot Records
3736 SE Hawthorne Blvd.
Portland, OR 97214
203 SW 9th Ave.
Portland, OR 97205

Let It Be Records
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Minneapolis, MN 55403

Looney Tunes
31 Brookvale Ave.
West Babylon, NY 11704

Luna Music
1315B W 86th St.
Indianapolis, IN 46260

Music Millennium
3158 E Burnside
Portland, OR 97214

801 NW 23rd
Portland, OR 97210

Park Avenue CDs
528 Park Avenue S
Winter Park, FL 32789

#102A UCF Union
Orlando, FL 32816

Record Archive
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Rochester, NY 14620

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Utica, MI 48317

Record Emporium
3346 N Paulina Ave.
Chicago, IL 60657

The Record Exchange
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Boise, ID 83702

Sea Level Records
1716 W Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90026

Shake It!
4156 Hamilton Ave.
Cincinnati, OH 45223

Sonic Boom Records
3414 Fremont Ave. N
Seattle, WA 98103

2209 NW Market St.
Seattle, WA 98107
514 15th Ave. E
Seattle, WA 98112

Twist And Shout
300 E Alameda Ave.
Denver, CO 80209

**Waterloo Records
And Video**
600-A North Lamar Blvd.
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MELVINS

ISSUE 127
CMJ NEW MUSIC
MONTHLY

SHADOWS FALL
BJÖRK THE FAINT
KILLSWITCH ENGAGE
AUTOLUX
MEDESKI MARTIN AND WOOD
MASTODON

cut along dotted lines and insert into jewel case

Did you purchase or receive *CMJ New Music Monthly* with a broken CD? Here's what to do: Within four months of the cover date on the issue with the damaged CD, please return the damaged CD to: CMJ, Attention: "CD Replacement," 151 West 25th Street, 12th Floor, New York, NY 10001. A new CD will be sent out to you upon receipt of your returned CD. Thanks for your continued support!

1. SHADOWS FALL "The Power Of I And I" 3:34 (Century Media)
2. BJÖRK "Who Is It" 3:57 (Elektra)
3. THE FAINT "Birth" 3:17 (Saddle Creek)
4. KILLSWITCH ENGAGE "Rose Of Sharyn" 3:36 (Roadrunner)
5. AUTOLUX "Here Comes Everybody" 5:18 (Red Ink-Columbia)
6. MEDESKI MARTIN AND WOOD "End Of The World Party" 5:11 (Blue Note)
7. MASTODON "Iron Tusk" 3:01 (Relapse)
8. MARTINA TOPLEY-BIRD "Too Tough To Die" 3:57 (Palm Pictures)
9. RAY LAMONTAGNE "Trouble" 3:59 (RCA)
10. MIKE WATT "Piss Bags And Tubing" 6:14 (Red Ink-Columbia)
11. MELVINS/LUSTMORD "The Bloated Pope" 3:45 (Ipecac)
12. THE MOONEY SUZUKI "Alive And Amplified" 3:02 (Red Ink-Columbia)
13. SKATES "Cosmical Triggers" 2:38 (Unschooled)
14. KITTIE "Until The End" 4:13 (Artemis)
15. RACHAEL SAGE "It's So Hard" 3:23 (Mpress)
16. CITIZEN COPE "Bullet And A Target" 4:22 (RCA)
17. CALIBAN "The Beloved And The Hatred" 3:49 (Abacus)
18. THE EXIT "Let's Go To Haiti" 2:32 (Some)
19. THE SLACKERS "International War Criminal" 3:18 (Thought Squad)
20. THE RANDIES "Boys In Stereo" 2:00 (Majestic)



TWILIGHT SINGERS

ISSUE 128

**CMJ NEW MUSIC
MONTHLY**

**TED LEO /
PHARMACISTS
STEVE EARLE
MARILYN MANSON
THE EXPLOSION HELMET**

cut along dotted lines and insert into jewel case

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1. TED LEO/PHARMACISTS "Me and Mia" 3:31 (Lookout!)
2. STEVE EARLE "The Revolution Starts... Now" 3:10 (Artemis)
3. MARILYN MANSON "Personal Jesus (Felix Da Housecat Remix)" 5:35 (Interscope)
4. THE EXPLOSION "Here I Am" 2:47 (Virgin Records America)
5. HELMET "See You Dead" 3:47 (Interscope)
6. THE TWILIGHT SINGERS "Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair" 4:22 (One Little Indian)
7. TOM MCRAE "Stronger Than Dirt" 4:41 (Nettwerk)
8. EARLIMART "The Hidden Track" 4:12 (Palm)
9. AMERICAN MINOR "Walk On" 3:19 (Jive)
10. JONNY POLONSKY "Even The Oxen" 4:34 (Loveless)
11. HUMAN TELEVISION "Tell Me What You Want" 2:29 (Gigantic Music)
12. GREEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY "Smile" 2:58 (Electric Company)
13. THE NERVOUS SYSTEM "Hip Hop Tango" 4:17 (Exotic)
14. J. DIMENNA "For When We Fall" 5:05 (Exotic)
15. THE HURRICANE LAMPS "Oh, Candy" 2:55 (Sonic Boomerang)
16. sparkydog "asian superpower (taipei dream)" 2:20 (sdog)
17. BODEGA "Unemployed" 3:19 (Rainydayrecords.com)
18. WHOLE WORLD "Two Fake Plastic Turkeys" 6:24 (Trippy)

BROOKLYN BEST

2004

CONEY ISLAND

**Congratulations to
THE HEAD SET
Grand Prize winner
of The Five-Borough
Battle Of The Bands**



Photo by Mike Waring

Look for THE HEAD SET at a featured showcase at this year's CMJ Music Marathon.

Congrats as well to our two runners-up! TRIPLE CREME and RAINATION who will also be invited to perform at this year's CMJ Music Marathon.

THANKS TO ALL THE BANDS THAT PARTICIPATED

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Looker • Rination • Tammany Hall NYC • Triple Creme • Trophy

CMJ ALERT

THE NEW MUSIC REPORT®

Since 1978, the CMJ Network has been the primary source for information and chart data on college, non-commercial and commercial alternative radio airplay.



#1 COLLEGE RADIO
BJÖRK MEDULLA
Rahzel Makes Celebratory
Wikki-Wikki Noises

INTERPOL

SLEEPING ON NICER COUCHES NOW
ANTICS IS MOST ADDED

THE FAINT

Wet Hot American
Chart Debut

LOUD ROCK

CHECK THE TOP 3
LOVE TO SAY WE TOLD YOU SO!

POST HASTE

GET THEE TO OUR
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Smooch Records Gets To Second With Colorado Music Scene

ALERT 884 College kids, lazy? In 1999, Andrew Murphy (a Virgo and self-professed record slave for Revolver USA) started Smooch Records while DJing *Local Shakedown*, a show on Radio 1190 dedicated to the Colorado scene. "I assembled a two-disc compilation with 45 bands from Boulder and Denver—the station waited until it was almost fully assembled before agreeing to fund and release it," he remembers. "Smooch was started in case they decided [not to]."

Murphy and Smooch have since moved to San Francisco, but his heart remains buried in the eclectic genre-fuck that is Colorado's independent music scene. He's maintained contact with Colorado bands and the staff of Radio 1190, working as a "consultant" to the five-year-old station—and now, with a little help from his friends, he's put together another two-disc comp: *Local Shakedown Vol. 2*, with 44 songs from 44 different Colorado artists. "Ten people from the station helped in some form or another; some DJs suggested bands, others actually hunted down songs," he says. "Some staff members printed posters, did promotion or helped with the production side. The first one was pretty much entirely put together by myself."

With a tracklist running the gamut from the raspy emocore of *Planes Mistaken For Stars* to the feel-good hip-hop of the *Procussions* and the symphonic folk of *Woven Hand* (pictured... smile, dude), the double disc is less about hitting one chord than hitting all of them. "I didn't want any one genre to overwhelm, so I attempted to pick the best songs from each," explains Murphy. "The goal of the first one was to help create awareness of this hidden music scene in the mountains to people outside of the state; this time I thought it'd be interesting to see how the music scene in Colorado has both altered and remained the same over five years."

Local record stores and artists have been eager to help, including the ever-vocal *Jello Biafra* (Dead Kennedy, outspoken spoken word artist, Coloradan, Murphy's friend), who mouths off on the intros of both *Vol. 1* and *Vol. 2*. "I first came into contact with Jello as a teenage stalker," Murphy admits. "I knew his parents lived in Colorado, knew their name and looked in the phone book. He's in touch with all of today's



www.radio1190.org



music and always watches Denver bands [when he's in town]."

Murphy's advice for general managers or DJs who want to put together comps of their own? "Not to sound like a Nike commercial, but simply don't hesitate, aim high and just do it. At a station full of DJs and people involved with music, it's not hard to find friends that can help. And the better the friends, the lower the cost." Ample advice for the slacker in all of us. >>>OWEN STROCK

**CMJ
RADIO
200**

PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 468
VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	8	1	4	BJORK Medulla	Elektra
2	3	7	2	5	LIBERTINES The Libertines	Rough Trade
3	5	5	3	5	GUIDED BY VOICES Half Smiles Of The Decomposed	Matador
4	6	11	4	3	CLINIC Winchester Cathedral	Domino
5	4	4	4	5	ROCK AGAINST BUSH VOL. 2 Various Artists	Fat Wreck Chords
6	2	1	1	6	FUTURE SOUNDTRACK FOR AMERICA Various Artists	Barsuk
7	7	9	7	4	RILO KILEY More Adventurous	Brute/Beaute-Warner Bros.
8	9	3	3	8	KINGS OF CONVENIENCE Riot On An Empty Street	Astralwerks
9	—	—	9	1	THE FAINT Wet From Birth	Saddle Creek
10	103	—	10	2	BLACK KEYS Rubber Factory	Fat Possum
11	8	2	1	10	FIERY FURNACES Blueberry Boat	Rough Trade
12	10	6	3	8	M83 Dead Cities, Red Seas And Lost Ghosts	Mute
13	26	148	13	3	ARCADE FIRE Funeral	Merge
14	12	21	12	4	TEGAN AND SARA So Jealous	Vapor
15	—	—	15	1	INTERPOL Antics	Matador
16	11	17	11	5	MOONEY SUZUKI Alive And Amplified	Red Ink-Columbia
17	16	19	16	5	HEAD AUTOMATICA Decadence	Warner Bros.
18	21	157	18	3	RADIO 4 Stealing Of A Nation	Astralwerks
19	25	49	19	3	JAPANCAKES Waking Hours	Warm
20	34	68	20	3	DATSUNS Outta Sight/Outta Mind	V2
21	17	22	17	7	RISE AGAINST Siren Song Of The Counter Culture	Geffen
22	41	—	22	2	MEDESKI MARTIN AND WOOD End Of The World...	Blue Note
23	29	50	23	3	WICKER PARK Soundtrack	Lakeshore
24	20	23	20	5	TWILIGHT SINGERS She Loves You	One Little Indian
25	22	24	21	6	DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS The Dirty South	New West
26	15	13	4	10	HIVES Tyrannosaurus Hives	Interscope
27	28	33	27	4	PALOMAR Palomar III: Revenge Of Palomar	Self-Starter Foundation
28	—	—	28	1	FLOGGING MOLLY Within A Mile Of Home	Side One Dummy
29	130	—	29	2	FROG EYES The Folded Palm	Absolutely Kosher
30	13	10	6	9	BADLY DRAWN BOY One Plus One Is One	Astralwerks
31	18	18	8	9	TAKING BACK SUNDAY Where You Want To Be	Victory
32	56	—	32	2	MINUS THE BEAR They Make Beer Commercials...	Arena Rock
33	39	65	33	4	ACTION ACTION Don't Cut Your Fabric...	Victory
34	54	83	34	3	THE EX Turn	Touch And Go
35	36	15	1	15	WILCO A Ghost Is Born	Nonesuch
36	24	40	24	4	JOAN OF ARC Joan Of Arc, Dick Cheney, Mark Twain...	Polyvinyl
37	43	41	37	3	GUITAR WOLF Loverock	Narnack
38	49	80	38	3	AUGIE MARCH Strange Bird	spinART
39	47	53	39	4	LAURA VEIRS Carbon Glacier	Nonesuch
40	185	—	40	2	PAUL WESTERBERG Folker	Vagrant
41	46	70	41	3	DIPLO Florida	Big Dada
42	33	55	33	5	GARDEN STATE Soundtrack	Epic
43	—	—	43	1	SATURDAY LOOKS GOOD TO ME Every Night	Polyvinyl
44	32	28	28	5	FUCKING AM Gold	Drag City
45	—	—	45	1	KARATE Pockets	Southern
46	38	36	21	7	MAE SHI Terrorbird	5SRC
47	52	—	47	2	APOSTLE OF HUSTLE Folkloric Feel	Arts And Crafts
48	31	25	12	8	THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS The Spine	Zoë-Rounder
49	40	84	40	3	MOUSE ON MARS Radical Connector	Thrill Jockey
50	19	16	9	9	MACHA Forget Tomorrow	Jetset

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TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
51	58	95	51	3	SAUL WILLIAMS Saul Williams	Fader
52	35	34	27	8	GOOD LIFE Album Of The Year	Saddle Creek
53	51	48	48	6	STEVE EARLE The Revolution Starts Now	Artemis
54	42	20	17	7	BEEP BEEP Business Casual	Saddle Creek
55	—	—	55	1	THE START Initiation	Nitro
56	73	173	56	4	G. LOVE The Hustle	Brushfire
57	27	27	27	6	MENDOZA LINE Fortune	Bar None
58	37	35	35	4	MENOMENA I Am The Fun Blame Monster	Film Guerrero
59	45	26	11	11	OLD 97'S Drag It Up	New West
60	65	101	53	11	FAULTLINE Your Love Means Everything	Capitol
61	170	—	61	2	BLOC PARTY Bloc Party EP	Dim Mak
62	109	—	62	2	JOHN CALE Hobo Sapiens	Or
63	23	14	10	11	SPARTA Porcelain	Geffen
64	67	—	64	2	LEGENDS Up Against The Legends	Lakeshore
65	57	62	57	4	GIBBY HAYNES AND HIS PROBLEM Gibby Haynes...	Surfdog
66	63	69	63	4	ROGERS SISTERS Three Fingers	Troubleman Unlimited
67	84	—	67	2	SENSES FAIL Let It Enfold You	Vagrant
68	62	61	61	3	GARY WILSON Mary Had Brown Hair	Stones Throw
69	30	29	22	7	SCISSOR SISTERS Scissor Sisters	Universal
70	127	121	70	4	JULIE DOIRON Goodnight Nobody	Jagjaguwar
71	—	—	71	1	DIZZEE RASCAL Showtime	XL-Matador
72	61	52	52	5	SADIES Favourite Colours	Yep Roc
73	44	30	28	6	ROLLING BLACKOUTS Black Is Beautiful	Record Collection
74	53	73	44	6	MUFFS Really Really Happy	Five Foot Two
75	59	38	9	14	KILLERS Hot Fuss	Island
76	—	—	76	1	BATTLES B EP	Dim Mak
77	88	43	43	5	COMAS Conductor	Yep Roc
78	—	—	78	1	HAR MAR SUPERSTAR The Handler	Record Collection
79	142	—	79	2	JENS LEKMAN When I Said I Wanted...	Secretly Canadian
80	—	—	80	1	LE TIGRE This Island	Strummer-Universal
81	81	45	45	6	GRIS GRIS The Gris Gris	Birdman
82	92	90	78	6	RAY CHARLES Genius Loves Company	Concord
83	169	—	83	2	HOT ROD CIRCUIT Reality's Coming Through	Vagrant
84	108	—	84	2	SAY ANYTHING ... Is A Real Boy	Doghouse
85	R	—	85	2	SONS AND DAUGHTERS Love The Cup	Domino
86	90	—	86	2	ADEM Homesongs	Domino
87	71	82	64	6	WEST INDIAN GIRL West Indian Girl	Astralwerks
88	75	86	75	4	MASTODON Leviathan	Relapse
89	83	96	83	5	PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS Up In Them Guts	No Idea
90	162	—	90	2	ZAP MAMA Ancestry In Progress	Luaka Bop
91	60	71	60	4	MIDNIGHT MOVIES Midnight Movies	Emperor Norton
92	151	—	92	2	HIGH WATER MARKS Songs About The Ocean	Eenie Meenie
93	105	119	93	3	RIVER CITY REBELS Hate To Be Loved	Victory
94	110	—	94	2	TUB RING Zoo Hypothesis	Underground Inc.
95	50	47	35	8	MARK LANEGAN BAND Bubblegum	Sub Pop
96	165	—	96	2	PRODIGY Always Outnumbered, Never Outgunned	Reprise
97	48	32	17	10	ROOTS The Tipping Point	Geffen
98	66	46	13	9	COMETS ON FIRE Blue Cathedral	Sub Pop
99	120	—	99	2	MONO Walking Cloud And Deep Red Sky...	Temporary Residence
100	173	180	100	3	DEATH FROM ABOVE 1979 You're A Woman...	Vice

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101	72	57	57	6	TRASHCAN SINATRAS Weightlifting	spinART
102	87	60	60	6	MAVIS STAPLES Have A Little Faith	Alligator
103	86	51	27	9	POR VIDA: TRIBUTE TO... Various Artists	Or
104	—	—	104	1	COLONEL CLAYPOOL'S... The Big Eyeball In The Sky	Prawn Song
105	104	150	104	3	VAST AIRE Look Mom... No Hands	Chocolate Industries
106	138	—	106	2	LITTLE WINGS Magic Wand	K
107	—	—	107	1	DJ KRUSH Jaku	Sony-Red Ink
108	156	192	108	3	MADELEINE PEYROUX Careless Love	Rounder
109	79	72	4	13	THE CURE The Cure	Geffen
110	—	—	110	1	HOT WATER MUSIC The New What Next	Epitaph
111	114	159	111	3	ABERFELDY Young Forever	Rough Trade
112	111	112	111	4	BILL FRISELL Unspeakable	Nonesuch
113	—	—	113	1	FU MANCHU Start The Machine	DRT
114	—	—	114	1	SWAYZAK Loops From The Bergerie	!K7
115	100	107	100	5	ENGINE DOWN Engine Down	Lookout!
116	102	66	2	16	PJ HARVEY Uh Huh Her	Island
117	—	—	117	1	SALLY TIMMS In The World Of Him	Bloodshot
118	99	—	99	2	LANDING Sphere	K
119	124	118	30	12	ROGUE WAVE Out Of The Shadow	Sub Pop
120	93	99	93	5	BURDEN BROTHERS Buried In...	Trauma-Kirtland
121	132	—	121	2	UNDEROATH They're Only Chasing Safety	Tooth And Nail
122	158	—	122	2	MOMENTS IN GRACE Moonlight Survived	Atlantic
123	137	181	123	3	FOUR TET My Angel Rocks Back And Forth [CD/DVD]	Domino
124	69	31	6	11	OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER... Various Artists	Merge
125	118	162	118	3	ORBITAL Blue Album	ATO-RCA
126	119	94	94	5	GALAXIE 500 Uncollected	Rykodisc
127	—	—	127	1	IQU Sun Q	Sonic Boom
128	78	44	32	7	CONSTANTINES The Constantines	Sub Pop
129	161	—	129	2	SINGAPORE SLING Life Is Killing My Rock 'N' Roll	Stinky
130	113	140	113	5	DEALERSHIP Action/Adventure	Turn
131	55	42	3	14	BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs	Capitol
132	147	—	132	2	FONZIE Wake Up Call	Transdreamer
133	68	78	68	5	SIX PARTS SEVEN [Everywhere] [And Right Here]	Suicide Squeeze
134	148	149	134	4	MELVINS/LUSTMORD Pigs Of The Roman Empire	Ipecac
135	199	—	135	2	BLUES EXPLOSION Damage	Sanctuary
136	145	147	136	4	JEFF BUCKLEY Grace	Columbia
137	80	76	50	6	TARA JANE ONEIL You Sound, Reflect	Touch And Go
138	89	134	89	6	LESS THAN JAKE B Is For B-Sides	Sire
139	107	115	61	8	MING AND FS Back To One	Spun
140	197	—	140	2	DONOVAN Beat Cafe	Applesseed
141	95	102	7	13	I AM THE WORLD TRADE CENTER The Cover Up	Gammon
142	—	—	142	1	KILLRADIO Raised On Whipped Cream	Columbia
143	167	167	143	4	HIDDEN CAMERAS Mississauga Goddam	Rough Trade
144	—	—	144	1	DOSH Naoise [EP]	Anticon
145	98	37	37	5	DAVID KILGOUR Frozen Orange	Merge
146	97	59	59	5	COURT AND SPARK Witch Season	Absolutely Kosher
147	64	56	28	9	SHORE The Shore	Maverick
148	—	—	148	1	WILLIAM SHATNER Has Been	Shout! Factory
149	91	81	1	19	SONIC YOUTH Sonic Nurse	Geffen
150	82	97	71	6	FUCK Those Are Not My Bongos	Future Farmer

CMJ RADIO 200

PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 468
VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
151	—	—	151	1	EARLIMART Treble And Tremble	Palm
152	128	116	116	4	WILEY Treddin' On Thin Ice	XL
153	144	168	144	3	RECOVER This Is The Year I Disappear	Strummer-Universal
154	182	—	154	2	ZOLAR X Timeless	Alternative Tentacles
155	—	—	155	1	FEATURES Exhibit A	Universal
156	174	—	156	2	CHUCK PROPHET Age Of Miracles	New West
157	133	63	15	13	SAHARA HOTNIGHTS Kiss And Tell	RCA
158	—	—	158	1	LIKE YOUNG So Serious	Parasol
159	—	—	159	1	VIVA VOCE The Heat Can Melt Your Brain	Minty Fresh
160	—	—	160	1	EXPLOSION Black Tape	Virgin
161	76	58	33	9	PHOENIX Alphabetical	Source-Astralwerks
162	R	—	4	16	CONSTANTINES Shine A Light	Sub Pop
163	134	75	75	5	SHARK QUEST Gods And Devils	Merge
164	125	163	125	4	THE BREAK Handbook For The Hopeless	Ferret
165	157	85	35	10	FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND Casually Dressed And...	Ferret
166	179	—	166	2	KING MISSILE III Royal Lunch	Important Record Label
167	166	144	59	9	THE ORB Bicycles And Tricycles	Sanctuary
168	123	77	77	6	WINDSOR FOR THE DERBY We Fight 'Til Death	Secretly Canadian
169	74	79	38	9	DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN Miss Machine	Relapse
170	77	88	77	6	LEFTOVER CRACK Fuck World Trade	Alternative Tentacles
171	106	67	8	11	BELLE AND SEBASTIAN Books [EP]	Rough Trade
172	149	113	113	6	WAGON CHRIST Sorry I Make You Lush	Ninja Tune
173	—	—	173	1	SAVATH AND SAVALAS Manana	Warp
174	126	189	126	4	GRAM RABBIT Music To Start A Cult To	Stinky
175	115	—	115	2	HUMAN TELEVISION All Songs Written By:	Gigantic
176	171	91	38	9	MIKE WATT The Secondman's Middle Stand	Red Ink-Columbia
177	—	—	177	1	J.U.F. Gogol Bordello Vs. Tamir Muskat	Stinky
178	—	—	178	1	ELVIS COSTELLO The Delivery Man	Lost Highway
179	112	74	69	6	LHASA The Living Road	Audiogram
180	141	103	40	10	DR. JOHN N'Awlinz: Dis Dat Or D'Udda	Blue Note
181	121	98	23	15	MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE Three Cheers For...	Reprise
182	139	117	94	7	RACHAEL SAGE Ballads And Burlesque	MPress
183	94	64	2	14	POLYPHONIC SPREE Together We're Heavy	Good-Hollywood
184	R	126	11	16	A.C. NEWMAN The Slow Wonder	Matador
185	131	109	109	3	CONFUSE YR IDOLS: A TRIBUTE... Various Artists	Narnack
186	146	135	85	5	UNBUNNY Snow Tires	Parasol
187	—	—	187	1	LAST OF THE FAMOUS The Music Or ...	456Entertainment
188	R	—	184	2	GREYBOY Shades Of Grey	Ubiquity
189	—	—	189	1	GALACTIC HEROES Every Sidewalk	Magic Marker
190	—	—	190	1	TOM KAFAFIAN In Through The Outside	Great Escape
191	—	—	191	1	GO FIND Miami	Morr Music
192	163	110	65	8	RED KRAYOLA Singles	Drag City
193	70	39	11	12	CONCRETES The Concretres	Astralwerks
194	140	87	21	15	ANIMAL COLLECTIVE Sung Tongs	Fat Cat
195	—	—	195	1	RTX Transmaniacon	Drag City
196	164	—	164	2	S Puking And Crying	Suicide Squeeze
197	—	—	197	1	GREEN DAY American Idiot	Reprise
198	R	178	127	6	R.L. BURNSIDE A Bothered Mind	Fat Possum
199	R	—	154	3	LAURA LOVE You Ain't Got No Easter Clothes	Koch
200	193	185	5	24	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino

RADIO 200 ADDS

COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS.
PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
www.cmj.com

POSITION	TOTAL ADDS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	175	INTERPOL Antics	Matador
2	130	TRAVIS MORRISON Travistan	Barsuk
3	114	HOT WATER MUSIC The New What Next	Epitaph
4	106	CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN New Roman Times	Pitch-A-Tent
5	91	DELGADOS Universal Audio	Transdreamer
6	87	GREEN DAY American Idiot	Reprise
7	87	EXPLOSION Black Tape	Virgin
8	85	WILLIAM SHATNER Has Been	Shout! Factory
9	70	BLUES EXPLOSION Damage	Sanctuary
10	65	ZUTONS Who Killed ...The Zutons	Sony
11	47	THESE ARMS ARE SNAKES Oxeneers Or The Lion Sleeps...	Jade Tree
12	44	SUPERGRASS Supergrass Is 10: Best Of 1994-2004	Capitol
13	44	DEVOTCHKA How It Ends	Cicero
14	42	CHEVELLE This Type Of Thinking (Could Do Us In)	Sony
15	36	GO FIND Miami	Morr Music
16	31	CONVERGE You Fail Me	Epitaph
17	30	SAVES THE DAY Ups And Downs: Early Recordings And B-Sides	Vagrant
18	27	PANDA BEAR Young Prayer	Paw Tracks
19	27	SILKWORM It'll Be Cool	Touch And Go
20	24	DOLOUR New Old Friends	Made In Mexico

TRIPLE A

PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 36
VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	7	1	3	BJORK Medulla	Elektra
2	11	25	2	3	MADELINE PEYROUX Careless Love	Rounder
3	9	—	3	2	MEDESKI MARTIN AND WOOD End Of The World Party...	Blue Note
4	2	2	1	6	FUTURE SOUNDTRACK FOR AMERICA Various Artists	Barsuk
5	5	1	1	6	MAVIS STAPLES Have A Little Faith	Alligator
6	4	6	4	6	RAY CHARLES Genius Loves Company	Concord
7	3	4	3	6	STEVE EARLE The Revolution Starts Now	Artemis
8	12	10	8	4	RILO KILEY More Adventurous	Brute/Beaute-Warner Bros.
9	7	9	7	4	GUIDED BY VOICES Half Smiles Of The Decomposed	Matador
10	—	—	10	1	BLACK KEYS Rubber Factory	Fat Possum
11	8	11	8	4	BILL FRISELL Unspeakable	Nonesuch
12	22	—	12	2	CHUCK PROPHET Age Of Miracles	New West
13	34	—	13	2	ZAP MAMA Ancestry In Progress	Luaka Bop
14	20	—	14	2	JAPANCAKES Waking Hours	Warm
15	6	3	2	8	KINGS OF CONVENIENCE Riot On An Empty Street	Astralwerks
16	14	15	14	4	GARDEN STATE Soundtrack	Epic
17	32	32	17	3	SADIES Favourite Colours	Yep Roc
18	13	—	13	3	G. LOVE The Hustle	Brushfire
19	16	20	16	4	JEFF BUCKLEY Grace	Columbia
20	18	14	14	6	DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS The Dirty South	New West

CORE RADIO

BASED ON CMJ'S MOST INFLUENTIAL STATIONS
PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 112
VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	6	1	3	BJORK Medulla	Elektra
2	3	4	2	4	GUIDED BY VOICES Half Smiles Of The Decomposed	Matador
3	7	11	3	3	CLINIC Winchester Cathedral	Domino
4	4	7	4	5	LIBERTINES The Libertines	Rough Trade
5	5	1	1	8	KINGS OF CONVENIENCE Riot On An Empty Street	Astralwerks
6	9	12	6	4	RILO KILEY More Adventurous	Brute/Beaute-Warner Bros.
7	2	3	2	6	FUTURE SOUNDTRACK FOR AMERICA Various Artists	Barsuk
8	26	—	8	2	ARCADE FIRE Funeral	Merge
9	8	5	2	7	M83 Dead Cities, Red Seas And Lost Ghosts	Mute
10	6	8	6	4	ROCK AGAINST BUSH VOL. 2 Various Artists	Fat Wreck Chords
11	14	44	11	3	JAPANCAKES Waking Hours	Warm
12	10	2	1	10	FIERY FURNACES Blueberry Boat	Rough Trade
13	—	—	13	1	THE FAINT Wet From Birth	Saddle Creek
14	—	—	14	1	BLACK KEYS Rubber Factory	Fat Possum
15	15	14	14	6	DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS The Dirty South	New West
16	—	—	16	1	INTERPOL Antics	Matador
17	32	—	17	2	MEDESKI MARTIN AND WOOD End Of The World Party...	Blue Note
18	13	21	13	4	TEGAN AND SARA So Jealous	Vapor
19	12	17	12	5	MOONEY SUZUKI Alive And Amplified	Red Ink-Columbia
20	18	20	18	5	TWILIGHT SINGERS She Loves You	One Little Indian
21	—	—	21	1	FROG EYES The Folded Palm	Absolutely Kosher
22	40	—	22	2	WICKER PARK Soundtrack	Lakeshore
23	53	—	23	2	THE EX Turn	Touch And Go
24	21	27	21	3	GUITAR WOLF Loverock	Narnack
25	50	—	25	2	DATSUNS Outta Sight/Outta Mind	V2
26	25	—	25	2	RADIO 4 Stealing Of A Nation	Astralwerks
27	11	9	6	8	BADLY DRAWN BOY One Plus One Is One	Astralwerks
28	31	47	28	3	LAURA VEIRS Carbon Glacier	Nonesuch
29	30	25	25	4	HEAD AUTOMATICA Decadence	Warner Bros.
30	24	31	13	7	MAE SHI Terrorbird	5RC
31	44	75	31	3	DIPLO Florida	Big Dada
32	45	35	32	5	STEVE EARLE The Revolution Starts Now	Artemis
33	47	—	33	2	AUGIE MARCH Strange Bird	spinART
34	20	13	8	10	HIVES Tyrannosaurus Hives	Interscope
35	61	—	35	2	MINUS THE BEAR They Make Beer Commercials...	Arena Rock
36	—	—	36	1	PAUL WESTERBERG Folker	Vagrant
37	17	58	17	3	MOUSE ON MARS Radical Connector	Thrill Jockey
38	33	16	7	10	OLD 97'S Drag It Up	New West
39	43	55	39	3	PALOMAR Palomar III: Revenge Of Palomar	Self-Starter Foundation
40	38	57	38	3	GARDEN STATE Soundtrack	Epic
41	29	28	28	5	FUCKING AM Gold	Drag City
42	—	—	42	1	JULIE DOIRON Goodnight Nobody	Jagjaguwar
43	75	—	43	2	JOHN CALE Hobo Sapiens	Or
44	39	43	39	4	GIBBY HAYNES AND HIS PROBLEM Gibby Haynes...	Surfdog
45	27	63	27	4	JOAN OF ARC Joan Of Arc, Dick Cheney, Mark Twain...	Polyvinyl
46	55	69	46	3	ROGERS SISTERS Three Fingers	Troubleman Unlimited
47	28	37	27	7	RISE AGAINST Siren Song Of The Counter Culture	Geffen
48	35	19	19	7	BEEP BEEP Business Casual	Saddle Creek
49	64	15	1	14	WILCO A Ghost Is Born	Nonesuch
50	49	40	40	4	SADIES Favourite Colours	Yep Roc

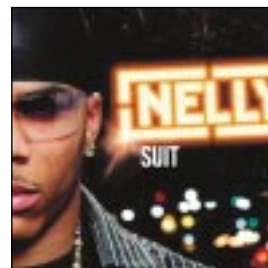
CMJ RETAIL 50

PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
www.cmj.com

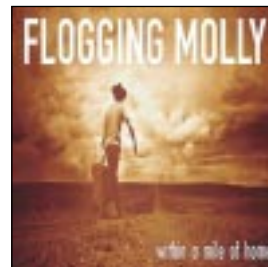
TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	—	NELLY Suit (331601) 🍌	Universal
2	—	NELLY Sweat (331402) 🍌	Universal
3	2	GARDEN STATE Soundtrack (92843)	Epic
4	1	BJORK Medulla (62984)	Elektra
5	3	RAY CHARLES Genius Loves Company (2248)	Concord
6	—	FLOGGING MOLLY Within A Mile Of Home (71251) 🍌	Side One Dummy
7	5	JILL SCOTT Beautifully Human: Words And Sounds Vol. 2 (92773) 🍌	Hidden Beach
8	—	MEGADETH The System Has Failed (84708)	Sanctuary
9	—	THE FAINT Wet From Birth (10067)	Saddle Creek
10	27	THIS IS AMERICANA Various Artists (1)	Americana Music Association
11	4	YOUNG BUCK Straight Outta Ca\$hville (297202)	Interscope
12	7	ANITA BAKER My Everything (577102)	Blue Note
13	15	KILLERS Hot Fuss (84571)	Island
14	16	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand (27)	Domino
15	6	BLACK KEYS Rubber Factory (80379)	Fat Possum
16	13	LIBERTINES The Libertines (83250)	Rough Trade
17	8	R. KELLY Happy People/U Saved Me (60356)	Jive-Zomba
18	9	LL COOL J The DEfinition (293902) 🍌	Def Jam-IDJMG
19	17	MODEST MOUSE Good News For People Who Love Bad News (87125)	Epic
20	—	PRODIGY Always Outnumbered, Never Outgunned (47990)	Reprise
21	—	TEARS FOR FEARS Everybody Loves A Happy Ending! (304202) 🍌	Hip-O
22	22	MAROON 5 Songs About Jane (50001)	BMG-Octone
23	—	THRILLS Let's Bottle Bohemia (66953)	Virgin
24	24	BLACK EYED PEAS Elephunk (000699)	A&M
25	—	GOV'T MULE Deja Voodoo (21528)	ATO-RCA
26	31	VELVET REVOLVER Contraband (59794)	RCA
27	30	SCISSOR SISTERS Scissor Sisters (277202)	Universal
28	18	KEANE Hopes And Fears (250702) 🍌	Interscope
29	43	LOS LONELY BOYS Los Lonely Boys (80305)	Or
30	20	LAMB OF GOD Ashes Of The Wake (90702) 🍌	Epic
31	—	TURF TALK E-40 And Mugzi Present: The Street Novelist (2001)	Sick Wid It-Jive
32	47	SNOW PATROL Final Straw (227102) 🍌	Interscope
33	14	MASE Welcome Back (306302)	Bad Boy
34	32	G. LOVE The Hustle (309202) 🍌	Brushfire
35	12	PAUL WESTERBERG Folker (401)	Vagrant
36	38	USHER Confessions (52141)	Arista
37	39	DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS The Dirty South (6058)	New West
38	—	KASEY CHAMBERS Wayward Angel (48811)	Warner Bros.
39	29	RILO KILEY More Adventurous (48876)	Brute/Beaute-Warner Bros.
40	23	PAPA ROACH Getting Away With Murder (304212)	Geffen
41	11	SENSES FAIL Let It Enfold You (403)	Vagrant
42	19	ASHLEE SIMPSON Autobiography (291302)	Geffen
43	34	ROOTS The Tipping Point (257302) 🍌	Geffen
44	—	RAY LAMONTAGNE Trouble (63459)	RCA
45	28	MEDESKI MARTIN AND WOOD End Of The World Party (Just In Case) (95633) 🍌	Blue Note
46	—	PAUL WELLER Studio 150 (27211) 🍌	V2
47	25	ROCK AGAINST BUSH VOL 2 Various Artists (677)	Fat Wreck Chords
48	—	CITIZEN COPE The Clarence Greenwood Recordings (52114)	Arista
49	—	MIKE KENEALLY AND METROPOLE ORKEST The Universe Will Provide (24002)	Favored Nations
50	—	BOWLING FOR SOUP A Hangover You Don't Deserve (62294) 🍌	Jive

Logo represents priority titles throughout the Music Monitor Network. 🍌

BREAKOUT 5 ALBUMS TO WATCH



NELLY
Suit
Universal (331601)



FLOGGING MOLLY
Within A Mile Of Home
Side One Dummy (71251)



MEGADETH
The System Has Failed
Sanctuary (84708)



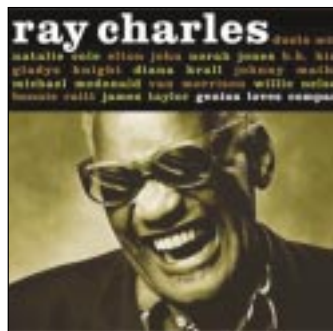
THE FAINT
Wet From Birth
Saddle Creek (10067)



PRODIGY
Always Outnumbered,
Never Outgunned
Reprise (47990)



TIFT MERRITT



RAY CHARLES

IN-STORE PLAY

Based on what clerks are playing while you browse

- TIFT MERRITT
- FUTURE SOUNDTRACK FOR AMERICA
- BJORK
- BLACK KEYS
- FLOGGING MOLLY
- THE FAINT
- GARDEN STATE SDTK
- LIBERTINES
- PAUL WESTERBERG
- ARCADE FIRE
- HIVES
- WILCO
- PAUL WELLER
- GOV'T MULE
- RILO KILEY

MAJOR CHAIN

Based on sales figures from national record chains

- RAY CHARLES
- NELLY (*Suit*)
- GARDEN STATE SDTK
- NELLY (*Sweat*)
- ANITA BAKER
- JILL SCOTT
- MAROON 5
- BJORK
- KILLERS
- TIM MCGRAW
- ASHLEE SIMPSON
- TEARS FOR FEARS
- LOS LONELY BOYS
- BLACK EYED PEAS
- KEANE

MUSIC MONITOR NETWORK

COMPILED FROM THE COLLECTIVE PIECE COUNTS OF ALL MUSIC MONITOR NETWORK STORES
PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
www.cmj.com

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	—	NELLY <i>Suit</i> (331601)	Universal
2	—	NELLY <i>Sweat</i> (331402)	Universal
3	1	YOUNG BUCK <i>Straight Outta Ca\$ville</i> (297202)	Interscope
4	—	TURF TALK <i>E-40 And Mugzi Present: The Street Novelist</i> (2001)	Sick Wid It-Jive
5	—	MEGADETH <i>The System Has Failed</i> (84708)	Sanctuary
6	—	FLOGGING MOLLY <i>Within A Mile Of Home</i> (71251)	Side One Dummy
7	12	JILL SCOTT <i>Beautifully Human: Words And Sounds Vol. 2</i> (92773)	Hidden Beach
8	8	GARDEN STATE <i>Soundtrack</i> (92843)	Epic
9	9	LL COOL J <i>The DEfinition</i> (293902)	Def Jam-IDJMG
10	3	R. KELLY <i>Happy People/U Saved Me</i> (60356)	Jive-Zomba
11	2	YUKMOUTH <i>United Ghettos Of America Vol. 2</i> (42040)	Rap-A-Lot
12	13	RAY CHARLES <i>Genius Loves Company</i> (2248)	Concord
13	31	AKON <i>Trouble</i> (86002)	Universal
14	26	ANITA BAKER <i>My Everything</i> (577102)	Blue Note
15	22	BREAKING BENJAMIN <i>We Are Not Alone</i> (162460)	Hollywood
16	27	USHER <i>Confessions</i> (52141)	Arista
17	14	MAROON 5 <i>Songs About Jane</i> (50001)	BMG-Octone
18	5	MASE <i>Welcome Back</i> (306302)	Bad Boy
19	7	E-40 <i>Best Of Yesterday Today And Tomorrow</i> (62573)	Jive
20	10	PAPA ROACH <i>Getting Away With Murder</i> (304212)	Geffen
21	—	DEM FRANCHIZE BOYZ <i>Dem Franchise Boyz</i> (327402)	Universal
22	—	THE FAINT <i>Wet From Birth</i> (10067)	Saddle Creek
23	6	213 <i>The Hard Way</i> (2670)	TVT
24	32	VELVET REVOLVER <i>Contraband</i> (59794)	RCA
25	38	LIL' WAYNE <i>Tha Carter</i> (153702)	Universal

A.I.M.S.

COMPILED FROM THE COLLECTIVE PIECE COUNTS OF ALL ALLIANCE OF INDEPENDENT MEDIA STORE MEMBERS
PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
www.cmj.com

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	BJORK <i>Medulla</i> (62984)	Elektra
2	2	GARDEN STATE <i>Soundtrack</i> (92843)	Epic
3	3	BLACK KEYS <i>Rubber Factory</i> (80379)	Fat Possum
4	—	CITIZEN COPE <i>The Clarence Greenwood Recordings</i> (52114)	Arista
5	—	THE FAINT <i>Wet From Birth</i> (10067)	Saddle Creek
6	4	PAUL WESTERBERG <i>Folker</i> (401)	Vagrant
7	—	FLOGGING MOLLY <i>Within A Mile Of Home</i> (71251)	Side One Dummy
8	5	LIBERTINES <i>The Libertines</i> (83250)	Rough Trade
9	8	FUTURE SOUNDTRACK FOR AMERICA <i>Various Artists</i> (37)	Barsuk
10	—	ARCADE FIRE <i>Funeral</i> (29555)	Merge
11	7	RILO KILEY <i>More Adventurous</i> (48876)	Brute/Beaute-Warner Bros.
12	—	THRILLS <i>Let's Bottle Bohemia</i> (66953)	Virgin
13	—	FEATURES <i>Exhibit A</i> (306702)	Universal
14	10	RAY CHARLES <i>Genius Loves Company</i> (2248)	Concord
15	17	STEVE EARLE <i>The Revolution Starts Now</i> (51565)	Artemis
16	14	MODEST MOUSE <i>Good News For People Who Love Bad News</i> (87125)	Epic
17	11	MASTODON <i>Leviathan</i> (6622)	Relapse
18	23	FRANZ FERDINAND <i>Franz Ferdinand</i> (27)	Domino
19	—	CALL ME LIGHTNING <i>The Trouble We're In</i> (121)	Revelation
20	15	ANITA BAKER <i>My Everything</i> (577102)	Blue Note
21	9	GUIDED BY VOICES <i>Half Smiles Of The Decomposed</i> (10612)	Matador
22	—	NELLY <i>Suit</i> (331601)	Universal
23	—	SUPER DELUXE <i>Lolita EP</i>	Self-Released
24	—	SINCE BY MAN <i>A Love Hate Relationship EP</i> (123)	Revelation
25	22	FIERY FURNACES <i>Blueberry Boat</i> (83239)	Rough Trade

LOUD ROCK COLLEGE

PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 254
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	4	—	1	2	SHADOWS FALL The War Within	Century Media
2	1	1	1	4	MASTODON Leviathan	Relapse
3	2	4	2	4	LAMB OF GOD Ashes Of The Wake	Epic
4	3	9	3	3	CRADLE OF FILTH Nymphetamine	Roadrunner
5	9	—	5	2	MEGADETH The System Has Failed	Sanctuary
6	5	2	1	10	DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN Miss Machine	Relapse
7	6	10	6	4	DEAD TO FALL Villainy And Virtue	Victory
8	8	7	1	14	UNEARTH The Oncoming Storm	Metal Blade
9	7	3	3	11	CATTLE DECAPITATION Humanure	Metal Blade
10	10	6	5	7	BORKNAGAR Epic	Century Media
11	21	—	11	2	CATARACT With Triumph Comes Loss	Metal Blade
UP 23 POSITIONS						
12	35	—	12	2	THE CROWN Crowned Unholy	Metal Blade
#1 DEBUT						
13	—	—	13	1	AMON AMARTH Fate Of The Norms	Metal Blade
14	16	—	14	2	DIO Master Of The Moon	Sanctuary
15	—	—	15	1	CONVERGE You Fail Me	Epitaph
16	15	23	15	6	UNDEROATH They're Only Chasing Safety	Tooth And Nail
17	13	12	12	4	AMORPHIS Far From The Sun	Nuclear Blast
18	17	15	5	13	MINISTRY Houses Of The Molé	Sanctuary
19	—	—	19	1	DRY KILL LOGIC The Dead And Dreaming	Repossession
20	14	13	1	15	ATREYU The Curse	Victory
21	11	11	7	8	CARNAL FORGE Aren't You Dead Yet?	Century Media
22	18	21	18	4	NECROPHAGIST Epitaph	Relapse
23	—	—	23	1	NIGHTWISH Once	Roadrunner
24	—	—	24	1	FU MANCHU Start The Machine	DRT
25	26	31	25	3	GRAVE Fiendish Regression	Century Media
26	19	14	8	7	TERROR One With The Underdogs	Trustkill
27	24	17	13	14	NEUROSIS The Eye Of Every Storm	Neurot
28	33	35	28	4	GOAT HORN Storming The Gates	Sonic Unyon-October 32nd
29	12	8	4	15	OTEP House Of Secrets	Capitol
30	31	24	10	9	MALEVOLENT CREATION Warkult	Nuclear Blast
31	23	27	23	5	HEADBANGERS BALL VOL. 2 Various Artists	Roadrunner-IDJMG
32	—	—	32	1	DEAD POETIC New Medicines	Solid State-Tooth And Nail
33	29	28	28	5	STILL REMAINS If Love Was Born To Die [EP]	Benchmark
34	22	16	10	12	ZAO The Funeral Of God	Ferret
35	40	22	13	10	FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND Casually Dressed And Deep In Conversation	Ferret
36	25	—	25	3	PROJECT 86 Songs To Burn Your Bridges By	Solid State
37	—	—	37	1	DEMON HUNTER Summer of Darkness	Tooth And Nail
38	—	—	38	1	DEATH FROM ABOVE 1979 You're A Woman, I'm A Machine	Vice
39	—	—	39	1	LUDICRA Another Great Love Song	Alternative Tentacles
40	37	33	21	6	DANZIG Circle Of Snakes	Evilive

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

ADDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS

1	145	NIGHTWISH Once	Roadrunner
2	127	CONVERGE You Fail Me	Epitaph
3	120	AMON AMARTH Fate Of The Norms	Metal Blade
4	94	MNEMIC The Audio Injected Soul	Nuclear Blast
5	58	DANZIG Circle Of Snakes	Evilive

LOUD ROCK CRUCIAL SPINS

PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 44
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	PS	LWS	+/-	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	3	—	1	2	245	224	21	SHADOWS FALL The War Within	Century Media
2	1	1	1	4	238	250	-12	MASTODON Leviathan	Relapse
3	2	2	2	6	228	239	-11	LAMB OF GOD Ashes Of The Wake	Epic
4	5	—	4	2	214	175	39	MEGADETH The System Has Failed	Sanctuary
5	4	22	4	4	210	191	19	CRADLE OF FILTH Nymphetamine	Roadrunner
6	7	6	5	8	113	132	-19	CARNAL FORGE Aren't You Dead Yet?	Century Media
7	11	8	7	10	108	109	-1	DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN Miss Machine	Relapse
8	8	5	1	14	101	128	-27	ATREYU The Curse	Victory
9	14	16	2	13	95	102	-7	MINISTRY Houses Of The Molé	Sanctuary
10	6	7	1	14	94	163	-69	UNEARTH The Oncoming Storm	Metal Blade
11	12	21	3	14	82	105	-23	MOTORHEAD Inferno	Sanctuary
UP 20 POSITIONS									
12	32	—	12	2	81	48	33	CATARACT With Triumph Comes Loss	Metal Blade
13	27	23	13	4	80	56	24	DEMON HUNTER Summer of Darkness	Tooth And Nail
14	10	14	11	6	80	109	-29	DANZIG Circle Of Snakes	Evilive
15	19	12	6	14	74	81	-7	CANDIRIA What Doesn't Kill You...	Red Ink
16	13	11	8	11	72	103	-31	ZAO The Funeral Of God	Ferret
17	20	15	2	14	68	78	-10	OTEP House Of Secrets	Capitol
18	18	19	1	22	67	81	-14	KILLSWITCH ENGAGE The End Of...	Roadrunner-IDJMG
19	17	10	10	6	67	84	-17	BORKNAGAR Epic	Century Media
20	9	9	9	3	67	125	-58	DEAD TO FALL Villainy And Virtue	Victory
21	15	18	1	14	65	100	-35	KITTIE Until The End	Artemis
22	30	—	22	2	63	52	11	PROJECT 86 Songs To Burn Your Bridges By	Solid State
23	23	—	23	2	62	66	-4	DIO Master Of The Moon	Sanctuary
24	16	17	12	11	61	84	-23	A PERFECT MURDER Unbroken	Victory
25	24	38	24	3	57	62	-5	GRAVE Fiendish Regression	Century Media
#1 DEBUT									
26	—	—	26	1	56	—	D	DRY KILL LOGIC The Dead And Dreaming	Repossession
27	26	30	13	11	54	58	-4	ACACIA STRAIN 3750	Prosthetic
28	22	27	20	7	53	68	-15	STILL REMAINS If Love Was Born To Die [EP]	Benchmark
29	25	49	21	7	48	58	-10	TERROR One With The Underdogs	Trustkill
30	31	—	30	2	47	49	-2	UNLEASHED Sworn Allegiance	Century Media
31	—	—	31	1	46	—	D	THE CROWN Crowned Unholy	Metal Blade
32	—	—	32	1	46	—	D	AMON AMARTH Fate Of The Norms	Metal Blade
33	29	32	29	4	45	54	-9	RESIDENT EVIL: APOCALYPSE Soundtrack	Roadrunner
34	21	13	1	18	42	76	-34	SLIPKNOT Vol. 3 (The Subliminal Verses)	Roadrunner-IDJMG
35	36	34	1	28	41	43	-2	FEAR FACTORY Archetype	Liquid 8
36	28	20	18	11	41	56	-15	CATTLE DECAPITATION Humanure	Metal Blade
37	—	—	37	1	38	—	D	RAMMSTEIN Amerika	Republic
38	44	50	2	25	37	32	5	SOULFLY Prophecy	Roadrunner
39	—	—	40	1	36	—	D	NIGHTWISH Once	Roadrunner
40	40	—	27	8	36	36	0	HATESPHERE Ballet Of The Brute	Century Media

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

ADDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS

1	29	NIGHTWISH Once	Roadrunner
2	27	AMON AMARTH Fate Of The Norms	Metal Blade
3	23	CONVERGE You Fail Me	Epitaph
4	21	MNEMIC The Audio Injected Soul	Nuclear Blast
5	19	DANZIG Circle Of Snakes	Evilive

HIP HOP

PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 172
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	2	1	7	BRAND NUBIAN Fire In The Hole	Babygrande
2	4	10	2	4	HANGAR 18 The Multi-Platinum Debut Album	Definitive Jux
3	2	1	1	11	ROOTS The Tipping Point	Geffen
4	17	27	4	6	FOREIGN EXCHANGE Connected	BBE
5	8	7	5	4	WILEY Treddin' On Thin Ice	XL
6	6	5	5	7	CROWN CITY ROCKERS Earthtones	Basement
7	7	23	7	8	VAST AIRE Look Mom... No Hands	Chocolate Industries
8	3	3	1	10	PRINCE PO The Slickness	Lex
9	9	11	9	4	DJ CAM Liquid Hip Hop	Inflamable Records
10	34	—	10	2	DIZZEE RASCAL Showtime	XL-Matador
11	12	15	11	7	DJ ZEPH Sunset Scavenger	Wide Hive
12	16	24	12	6	MASTA ACE A Long Hot Summer	M3
13	5	4	4	7	7L AND ESOTERIC DC2: Bars Of Death	Babygrande
14	11	9	1	16	GIFT OF GAB Fourth Dimensional...	Quannum Projects
15	13	17	13	5	VIKTOR VAUGHN VV2: Venomous Villain	Insomniac
16	10	22	10	5	K-OS Joyful Rebellion	Astralwerks
17	—	—	17	1	WORDSWORTH Mirror Music	Halftooth
18	21	21	18	8	MOBB DEEP Amerika's Nightmare	Jive
19	R	—	19	2	BEATNUTS Milk Me	Penalty
20	14	8	3	14	BEASTIE BOYS To The 5 Boroughs	Capitol

NEW WORLD

PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 115
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	1	1	7	ISSA BAGAYOGO Tassoumakan	Six Degrees
2	2	2	2	9	STEEL PULSE African Holocaust	RAS
3	8	9	3	6	WORLD GROOVE VOL. 1 Various Artists	Putumayo
4	5	7	4	6	LHASA The Living Road	Audiogram
5	4	5	2	13	ANTIBALAS AFROBEAT ORCHESTRA Who Is This America?	Artemis
6	17	39	6	5	ZAP MAMA Ancestry In Progress	Luaka Bop
7	3	4	3	5	WORLD 2004 Various Artists	Wrasse
8	6	6	6	7	IS IT ROLLING BOB? A REGGAE... Various Artists	Sanctuary
9	16	25	9	3	CHOYING DROLMA/STEVE TIBBETTS Selwa	Six Degrees
10	23	—	10	2	ROKIA TRAORE Bowmboi	Nonesuch
11	7	3	1	16	BEBEL GILBERTO Bebel Gilberto	Six Degrees
12	11	11	11	4	EX-CENTRIC SOUND SYSTEM West Nile Funk	Indieland
13	9	8	5	12	BEBO VALDES AND DIEGO CIGALA Lagrimas Negras	RCA
14	18	22	14	3	ROUGH GUIDE TO MANU DIBANGO Various Artists	World Music Network
15	13	—	13	2	DABY TOURE Diam	Real World
16	24	23	16	3	ROUGH GUIDE... BRAZIL: BAHIA Various Artists	World Music Network
17	—	—	17	1	LUCIANO Lessons Of Life	Shanachie
18	15	17	13	5	ROSA PASSOS Amorosa	Sony
19	—	—	19	1	VASEN Keyed Up	NorthSide
20	—	—	20	1	WOMEN OF LATIN AMERICA Various Artists	Putumayo

RPM

PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 169
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	3	1	5	ORBITAL Blue Album	ATO-RCA
2	3	6	2	4	DIPLO Florida	Big Dada
3	8	—	3	2	DJ KRUSH Jaku	Sony-Red Ink
4	5	15	4	3	MOUSE ON MARS Radical Connector	Thrill Jockey
5	2	1	1	10	THE ORB Bicycles And Tricycles	Sanctuary
6	4	2	2	7	MATTHEW DEAR Backstroke [EP]	Spectral
7	12	7	7	7	WAGON CHRIST Sorry I Make You Lush	Ninja Tune
8	24	16	8	3	FOUR TET My Angel Rocks Back And Forth [CD/DVD]	Domino
9	7	—	7	2	ROY DAVIS JR. Chicago Forever	Ubiquity
10	6	5	3	5	DJ HARRY Collision	SCI Fidelity
11	—	—	11	1	SWAYZAK Loops From The Bergerie	!K7
12	11	—	11	2	DJ RELS Theme For A Broken Soul	Stones Throw
13	19	—	13	2	MEDESKI MARTIN AND WOOD End Of The World Party...	Blue Note
14	32	—	14	2	PRODIGY Always Outnumbered, Never Outgunned	Reprise
15	16	9	4	6	GREYBOY Shades Of Grey	Ubiquity
16	15	17	12	8	UBERZONE Y4K	Distinctive
17	9	8	8	7	M83 Dead Cities, Red Seas And Lost Ghosts	Mute
18	20	20	18	5	TRAX RECORDS: ACID CLASSICS Acid Classics: Various Artists	Trax
19	—	—	19	1	DOSH Naoise [EP]	Anticon
20	23	23	4	12	BOOM BIP Corymb	Lex

JAZZ

PERIOD ENDING 9/21/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 139
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	3	34	1	3	MEDESKI MARTIN AND WOOD End Of The World Party...	Blue Note
2	1	3	1	4	BILL FRISELL Unspeakable	Nonesuch
3	2	7	2	5	RAY CHARLES Genius Loves Company	Concord
4	21	—	4	2	PATRICIA BARBER Live: A Fortnight In France	Blue Note
5	4	1	1	8	COURTNEY PINE Devotion	Telarc
6	12	8	6	10	VON FREEMAN The Great Divide	Premonition
7	5	6	1	15	QUINCY JONES AND BILL COSBY The Original Jam Sessions 1969	Concord
8	14	—	8	2	MATTHEW SHIPP Harmony And Abyss	Thirsty Ear
9	6	5	3	10	DR. JOHN N'Awlinz: Dis Dat Or D'Udda	Blue Note
10	16	20	10	4	FRANK MORGAN City Nights	Highnote
11	23	26	11	6	AL JARREAU Accentuate The Positive	Verve
12	26	23	12	3	KEITH JARRETT/GARY PEACOCK... The Out Of Towners	ECM
13	7	2	1	12	BOBBY WATSON Horizon ReAssembled	Palmetto
14	9	10	9	10	QUINCY JONES AND BILL COSBY New Mixes Vol. 1	Concord
15	8	4	4	8	CHICK COREA ELEKTRIC BAND To The Stars	Concord
16	10	16	1	17	BEN ALLISON Buzz	Palmetto
17	29	21	17	8	BIG SATAN Souls.Savedhear	Thirsty Ear
18	11	14	11	5	GROUNDTRUTHER Latitude	Thirsty Ear
19	30	—	19	2	MADELEINE PEYROUX Careless Love	Rounder
20	13	12	12	5	STEVE SWALLOW/OHAD TALMOR L'histoire Du Clochard	Palmetto

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- Nylon



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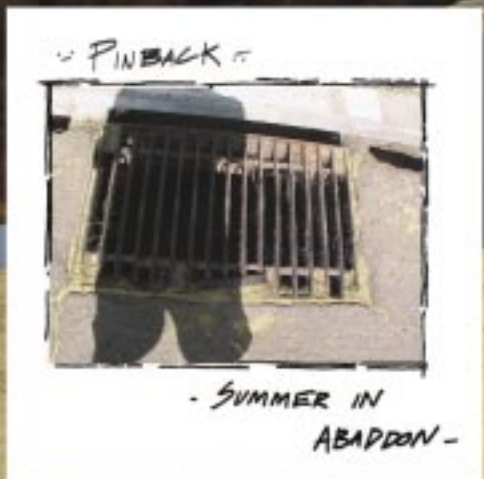
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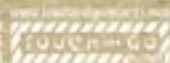


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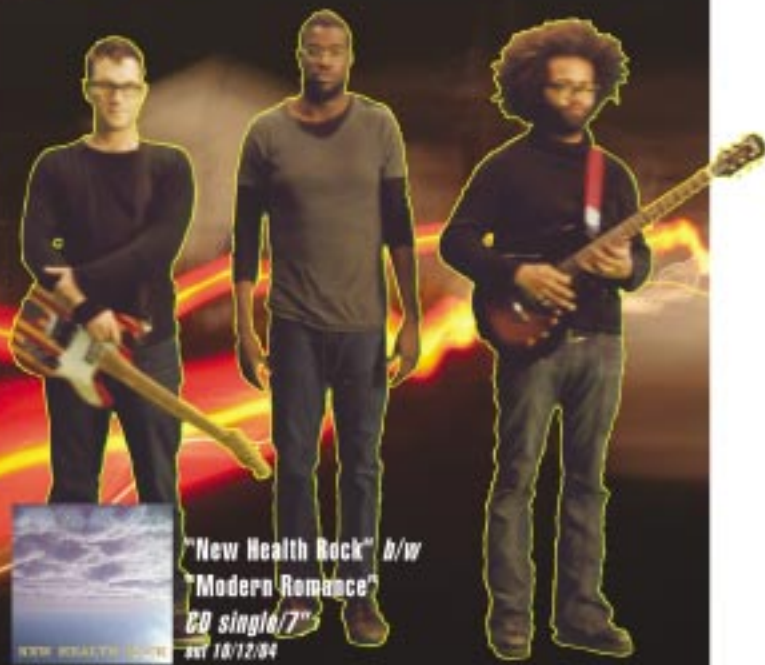
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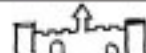
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BEST NEW MUSIC

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

FROG EYES

MELVINS/LUSTMORD

R.A. THE RUGGED MAN

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



NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

Abattoir Blues/The Lyre Of Orpheus Anti-

After 1996's *Murder Ballads*, Nick Cave entered a seven-year stretch of quiet reflection. Gone were the Southern Gothic dramas and tales of fire and brimstone that had dominated his work, and in their place came the piano-driven explorations of love that marked 1997's somber *The Boatman's Call* and 2001's *No More Shall We Part*. After 2002's lackluster *Nocturama*, it's no small shock to suddenly discover him back in full raging form on this new double album. *Abattoir Blues* finds him leading the Seeds on another venture through the sleaze that defined his alt-nation breakthrough *Let Love In*, opening with the clarion blast of "Get Ready For Love" and moving through the clanking, stomping depths of "Hiding All Away," a sputtering blues nightmare populated by groping butchers and sodomite policemen. *The Lyre Of Orpheus* is quieter but no less compelling: Here, Cave gives the string section some by hanging his sparse songs in dissonant cobwebs of violin. "Easy Money" spins a tale of lives falling apart while nebulous loops pulse and the strings push insistently at the arrangement, and "Carry Me"'s piano and violins buzz like swarms of insects, falling into perfect harmony on the chorus, only to burst in again at an even more fevered pace. It's ironic that Cave made his most abrasive record in a decade after losing *Einstürzende Neubauten* head and Bad Seeds guitarist Blixa Bargeld, but we're glad to get another visit from Nick The Stripper, even if he has mellowed with age. >>>TOM MALLON

Link
www.nickcaveandthebadseeds.com

File Under
All tomorrow's Birthday Parties
R.I.Y.L.

Tom Waits, PJ Harvey,
Leonard Cohen



FROG EYES

The Folded Palm Absolutely Kosher

If Isaac Brock had obsessed over the Birthday Party instead of Talking Heads while making *Good News For People Who Love Bad News*, we might have gotten *The Folded Palm*. It's a pop record at heart, but a flailing, spitting one, packed with Waits-worthy instrumental treatments and a barely contained whirlwind in Carey Mercer, Frog Eyes' alternately slurring and frothing frontman. If Ian Curtis-esque voices turn you off, stay far away from Mercer, who approximates the sound of Brock at his most rabid doing an impression of Curtis at his most batshit. *The Folded Palm* perfectly captures the sound of one man's psychosis, as Mercer slobbers his way through 13 tales about God knows what. Whatever he's going on about, it sure sounds menacing: "Bells In The Crooked Port" drags Casios, distorted pianos and hollow bells kicking and screaming over the trashiest drumkit this side of Skeleton Key, while Mercer spits head-scratchers like "I need matrimony said the Cossack to the pony." Most of the songs seem to have something to do with the sea, but they're no cute Decemberists sea chanteys; this is some straight-up, raging *Moby Dick* shit. Is this what Clinic would sound like if they were actually experimental, instead of just pretending to be? The Black Heart Procession as New Orleans funeral march? Hell if we know. But it's one of the weirdest, most wonderful records of the year. >>>TOM MALLON

Link

www.absolutelykosher.com/frogeyes.htm

File Under

Immodest Mice

R.I.Y.L.

Modest Mouse, the weirdest Black Heart Procession record you could ever imagine



MELVINS/LUSTMORD

Pigs Of The Roman Empire Ipecac

Listen to your mother. Better yet, listen to *my* mother, who says that Jaga Jazzist sounds like Jethro Tull (she's right) and the latest offering from the Melvins (their 24th CD in 20 years) "sounds like *Jurassic Park*." The comparison is spot on—think of when the T. Rex's rumble is illustrated by the concentric-circle shivering in the glass of water—not only because *Pigs Of The Roman Empire* is bursting with subwoofer-defying dino thunderin', circling cicada buzzripple, Compsognathus gnashing and random Spielberg spookery, but the intrepid noisemongers decided to team up with noisewrangler Lustmord, a mini-legend in industrial circles and a sound designer for such heart-stopping flicks as *Spawn*, *The Crow* and, um, *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*. The result is the most sonically rewarding record of their career: mysterious ambient soundscapes swell, the Melvins burst in uninvited, off-beat accents compounded by sick glurps, post-sludge hypnotics circle portentously, and then Lustmord's mush swallows them whole. Heavy on ambience (this record is perfect for the Release Records crowd), heavy on heaviness (mom said "Pink Bat" sounds like a "robot haircut"), this takes the Melvins' obsession with pulseless drone away from squealing, confrontational metal machine mucous (anyone buy the Xenakilicious *The Colossus Of Destiny*?) and towards serene, ominous, complex sound design... but always rocking their speedos off in the appropriate places. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

Link

www.melvins.com

File Under

The Melvins... now with Turtle Power!

R.I.Y.L.

Vidna Obmana, Isis, Alio Die



R.A. THE RUGGED MAN

Die, Rugged Man, Die Nature Sounds

Notoriously difficult (rumors abound that he once treated a mixing console to a Cleveland steamer), R.A. The Rugged Man finally drops the first record in his decade-plus career. His 1993 Jive release was shelved, as was his 2001 record for Priority—both times running off with a hefty advance and no record to speak of. "Someone's gonna be on his ass every day," says Nature Sounds president Devin Horwitz on a phone call from *CMJ*. "Now that he's on an independent, no way he's walking away with our money." Pray he's right, because *Die, Rugged Man, Die* is a powerhouse showcase for R.A.'s engaging combo of splattercore histrionics and self-deprecating bleakness—the same that an 18-year-old R.A. practically invented in the early '90s (which eventually made Eminem the white Tupac... or the black Woody Allen). R.A.'s flow is devilishly assured (Biggie and G. Rap come to mind), as adhesive and vile as a porno-theatre floor and hilariously self-effacing all at once: The title track hocks up "I'm a total fuck-up, my whole album sucks/ I spent half my advance getting coke-sluts coked up/ If the bitch won't fuck, she gets choked up/ I went double platinum last month, then I woke up." Skeletal beats complement rhymes about being broke... and he sounds happier to be in the poorhouse than the penthouse anyway. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

Link

www.nature-sounds.net

File Under

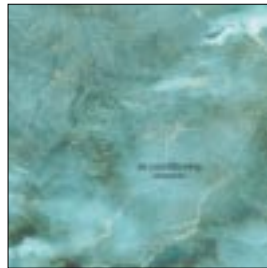
If you can't say anything nice about R.A., say it anyway

R.I.Y.L.

Cage, J-Zone, High And Mighty, Kool G Rap

REVIEWS

AIR CONDITIONING
 AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB
 APOSTLE OF HUSTLE
 ARCADE FIRE
 AWOL ONE
 DEVENDRA BANHART
 BJÖRK
 BLOODTHIRSTY LOVERS
 BLUES EXPLOSION
 CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN
 CONVERGE
 ELVIS COSTELLO
 CUB COUNTRY
 THE DELGADOS
 JULIE DOIRON
 EARLIMART
 THE GOOD LIFE
 GRAVES
 GUITAR WOLF
 HEIRUSPECS
 THE HIDDEN CAMERAS
 INTERPOL
 ISIS
 WILL JOHNSON
 K-OS
 MEDESKI MARTIN AND WOOD
 MENOMENA
 MONO
 TRAVIS MORRISON
 TARA JANE ONEIL
 MADELEINE PEYROUX
 SAY ANYTHING
 ULRICH SCHNAUSS
 SIGNER
 SKATES
 SLACK
 SMOOSH
 THESE ARMS ARE SNAKES
 TRANSCENDENCE
 TUSK
 LAURA VEIRS
 TOM WAITS



AIR CONDITIONING

Weakness Level-Plane

Calling Allentown neo-noise thugs Air Conditioning “challenging” is the easy part—anything that sounds like a Swans cassette playing through a rusty Walkman tumbling in a washing machine is certainly “challenging” to anyone who’s not, like, Stockhausen’s kids—but what exactly is the challenge? Something so achingly confrontational, so proud to be ugly, so distorted beyond comprehension shouldn’t require deep listening exercises (Pussy Galore weren’t exactly Pauline Oliveros’ doggs), but this Air Conditioning is so black and gunked

up that a casual listen with leave you with nothing but pointless, hollow white noise. However, play *Metal Machine Music* as wallpaper and it’s just Eno for crackpots—its true subtlety and genius are only revealed in picking apart the layers of skree once attention is given and volume is applied. Attentive listening to Air Conditioning reveals killer basslines, bravado drumming, tribal rhythms... who knew fat, sweaty Pennsylvania steamrollers could be so evasive? Underneath Air Conditioning’s damn-near-impenetrable wall of scuzz (think Throbbing Gristle meets a vacuum cleaner picking up nails), there’s a Sabbath party band trying to get out. Air Conditioning played at full blast, head in the speaker cone, mind focused, eyes open—it’s just Black Flag’s *My War* played at Melvins speed and recorded at the Edison Museum. Working that hard to find a modicum of visceral joy (i.e., the part that “rocks”) shouldn’t be this difficult... or this fun. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

[Link](#)

www.level-plane.com

[File Under](#)

[Sheep in Wolf Eyes clothing](#)

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

[Sightings, Hair Police, Prurient](#)

AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB

Love Songs For Patriots Merge

As a rule, reunion records are shit—harnessing neither the power of a band in its prime nor the spirit of a band in its youth, they mostly flake former brilliance into palatable dandruff that’ll hopefully score a final buck. The opening line of American Music Club’s first album in 10 years, however, serves as the mantra for any band looking to break that rule: “Ladies and gentlemen, it’s time for all the good that’s in you to shine/ For all the lights to lose their shade/ For all the hate that’s in you to fade.” Throughout its 13 tracks, *Love Songs For Patriots* weaves together



[Link](#)

www.americanmusicclub.com

[File Under](#)

[The Passion of the Mid-Life Crisis](#)

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

[Red House Painters, Bright Eyes, Lambchop](#)

some of the most aggressive material of AMC’s catalog (“Ladies And Gentlemen”) and the most delicate (“Myopic Books,” “Only Love Can Set You Free”) more cohesively than the band ever achieved during their storied ’80s and ’90s output. And though they were most renowned for singer Mark Eitzel’s drunken croon and knife-in-the-chest verbiage (à la an American Morrissey sans flamboyance), it’s AMC’s musicianship that really shines through on *Love Songs*: Tim Mooney’s drum-sculpting, Vudi’s elegant guitar shadow-lurking, Danny Pearson’s bass backbone and Mark Capelle’s heartstrings allow Eitzel to emerge at his most poignant and purposeful. Go ahead and log it in the indie-rock almanac: American Music Club have re-written the reunion record rule—this is the best work they’ve done yet. >>>AARON ROBINSON



APOSTLE OF HUSTLE

Folkloric Feel Arts & Crafts

When you have 70 million people in your band, there's bound to be a few extra ideas lying around. The interim between Broken Social Scene's *You Forgot It In People* and their in-progress new record spawned quite a few related projects, most notably the Morricones-comes-to-Saskatoon Valley Of The Giants and Jason Collett's stripped-down *Motor Motel Love Songs*. BSS guitarist Andrew Whiteman strikes out on his own as Apostle Of Hustle, and the result, well, sounds a lot like Broken Social Scene. That's not a bad thing,

though: Fans disappointed by the lack of actual songs on BSS's odds 'n' sods collection *Bee Hives* should find *Folkloric Feel* more than up to the task of tiding them over until the next BSS record. Whiteman, influenced by his time spent in Cuba, was apparently responsible for the Spanish feel that ran through parts of *You Forgot It In People*, as that vibe is ever present here: "Song For Lorca" and "Animal Fat" both put Spanish guitar and percussion right up front, languorously floating along like BSS's "Looks Just Like The Sun." BSS's everything-but-the-kitchen-sink songwriting approach is apparent too: The eight-minute, mostly instrumental title track starts with a circling guitar figure and then breaks out like the peppier cousin of BSS's "Cause=Time," building until it implodes while Whiteman chants "Everything's in place." With *Folkloric Feel*, Whiteman has shown how integral he is to his other band's sound, while creating a pleasant detour from it. >>>TOM MALLON

Link

www.arts-crafts.ca

File Under

Broken-off social scenerster

R.I.Y.L.

Broken Social Scene,

Death Cab For Cutie, Granddaddy



ARCADE FIRE

Funeral Merge

Putting the "fun" back in *Funeral*, the debut disc from Montréal indie-pop sextet Arcade Fire exhumes instrumentation extinct since third-grade music class (xylophones, recorders and string quintets) and sets them ablaze in anything but a macabre fashion. Each song has its own feel, from ambience akin to *Twin Peaks* siren Julee Cruise to Modest Mouse's perpetual bounce, all with Arcade Fire's quirky arrangements. Singer Win Butler occasionally resembles Neil Young circa *After The Gold Rush* or Conor Oberst on "Crown Of Love" and "Neighborhood #3 (Power

Out)," as his voice wavers in pitch with Young's tone-deaf allure. After a subdued intro, "Wake Up" bursts into a polyphonic spree, layering a "Do They Know It's Christmas?"-style choral part over a slow, sad-yet-triumphant march, similar to the Rosebuds' quieter music, until it transitions into a Bowie-on-Broadway outro. With pseudo-theatrical zeal, Butler tells a story of children waking up so they can grow up right, as he sees "where I am goin' to be when the reaper... touches my hand." A vaudevillian handbill/lyric sheet accompanies the disc with program notes and *Funeral's* release date replacing the performance date. Rather than introduce themselves with a depression session, Arcade Fire celebrate change, making *Funeral* more like a Canadian Day of the Dead. >>>KORY GROW

Link

www.mergerecords.com

File Under

Take a bow

R.I.Y.L.

Modest Mouse, Neil Young,

Julee Cruise, the Rosebuds



DEVENDRA BANHART

Niño Rojo Young God

Earlier this year, Devendra Banhart took the idiosyncratic, lo-fi intimacy of his first recordings and made them swell on the excellent, earthily ornate *Rejoicing In The Hands*. *Niño Rojo*, the singer/songwriter's second batch of songs for 2004 and third full-length in all, forces listeners down an even steeper rabbit hole, taking more chances and, suitably, failing more often. He treads precariously close to audience alienation: Casual listeners might be shocked to learn of the singer's not-so-secret hippie leanings when—amid chants of "Oh! All the little animals!"—he sings of a

"happy squid" that "moves so psychedelically" ("Little Yellow Spider"). Luckily, the missteps are almost always offset by Banhart's ever-charming croon and willingness to toy with his sound. "Be Kind" romps like nothing the singer's done before, bolstered by a shambling doo-wop backbeat and electric guitar riffage. Likewise, "Ay Mama" inverts *Rejoicing's* "Todo Los Dolores," employing sickly horns and smoothing each Spanish syllable into a flurry of meditative incoherence. Guest turns by Michael Gira ("Electric Heart") and Vetiver's Andy Cabic (the bittersweet "At The Hop") buoy the album's playful spirit, but *Niño Rojo's* real joy comes in discovering that rather than sticking with an already winning formula, the man continues to experiment. It's easy to play folk straight; Banhart, happily, chooses to keep it bent. >>>JOE MARTIN

Link

www.younggodrecords.com

File Under

New folk's playful ringmaster

R.I.Y.L.

Vetiver, Iron And Wine,

Nick Drake



BJÖRK

Medúlla One Little Indian-Elektra

Björk is a self-contained art installation, making music that sounds eerily prehistoric and eerily prescient at the same time. The primal *Medúlla* (except for a few spare moments) is created entirely by the human voice: erotic breaths, Inuit choirs, airy whistling, beatboxing, whispered melodies and ecstatic Björkian howls. At times, the voices are treated (twiddlers Matmos and Mark Bell are on hand again) but other times, the starkness of just Björk's throat, tongue and lips has stunning impact. All manner of mouths are here: Gregory Purnhagen (sounding like an a cappella Primus) has his hums and glurps tweaked to provide a backdrop for "Triumph Of A Heart," and Robert Wyatt lends his avuncular coo to the dreamy rounds of "Submarine." When mouth drummers Rahzel, Shlomo and Japan's Dokaka provide supple and sexy rhythms, the results are the closest thing to Björk pop here. The beats of "Mouth's Cradle" spit and sputter, sometimes as a contrast and sometimes as a perfect fit to the female choir that haunts the corners of the song. Diehard fans may be the target audience for the adventuresome *Medúlla*, and they'll be inspired into fits of Pagan glee, while detractors will simply slag her for being an Icelandic Yoko. Those folks should just shut their mouths. >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

Link

www.bjork.com

File Under

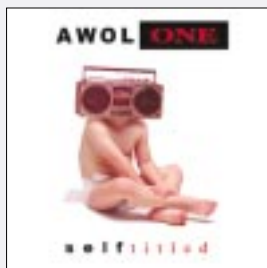
Heavy breathing

R.I.Y.L.

Górecki, Tibetan monks,

Meredith Monk, Zap Mama

WHEN CRITICS ATTACK! (EACH OTHER)



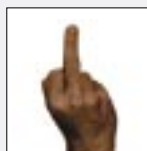
AWOL ONE

Self Titled Image Entertainment



Self-effacing marble-mouthed sadsack AWOL One doesn't exactly dwell on nouveau-jazz-snob backpacker concerns like "skills"—his idea of a brag rap is usually something like "I believe I'm stupid when I'm really clever." A complicated sort, AWOL aims for the jugular (both yours and his own), rapping starkly direct statements about his depression, his fears, how he makes money but dresses like he's poor, how he's

sorry he said that stuff to you when he was drunk, how he loves his moms. His lack of energy and complex flows are especially notable since he's been known to drop mind-bogglingly convoluted free-jazz-hop on labels like Mush (and his voice sounds a little like Big Pun's). Here, AWOL wants you to feel his pain, to not miss a word, to be able to sing along—the same theory behind emo rock, but without being cloying, irritating, pseudo-intellectual, derivative, boring and redundant—hip-hop being an essentially conversational genre, making those confessional lyrics sound like graffiti scrawls, not LiveJournal pap. Even when he trips over his tattered shoelaces with some especially saccharine emo sourpusery ("I believe that girls love drama/ And I believe that luck be a lady"), he is redolent of adorable fuck-up like Gordon Gano or Jonathan Richman, tagging his heart on the wall just a little lop-sided. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN



How to put this gently? For an MC with as many "up-and-comer" plaudits under his belt as he has, Los Angeles's latest underground hip-hop scion, AWOL One, has a disturbingly shaky grasp on the second half of his music's basic beats-and-rhymes recipe. What's worse, *Self*

Titled's lazy-susan rotation of name producers (KutMasta Kurt, Evidence of Dilated Peoples, the Transducer among them) don't help matters much on the first half, either. AWOL has clearly been paying attention to the recent success of indie-hop with either a political bent (Sage Francis) or highly confessional/confrontational flow (Atmosphere), but he fails by trying to land somewhere in the middle without the lyrics to pull off either. What we get instead is feel-good *Chicken Soup For The Soul*-level drivel ("Don't worry 'bout me, I'll be OK/ As long as I follow the dotted line, everything might be fine" on "Time") delivered in a laconic, mumbled cadence. Halfway through, "Grow" picks up the pace with an urgent beat from Abstract Rude and—get this—similar-sounding phonemes that comprise roughly half the rhymes on the record. But even then, the chorus lazily rhymes "I'm gonna grow up to be just like me" by unwinkingly repeating itself. At least you got the idea the Beastie Boys were *trying* to be funny when they rhymed "commercial" with "commercial." >>>CHAD SWIATECKI

Link

www.awolone.com

File Under

Cash-bored confessionals

R.I.Y.L.

Sage Francis, Atmosphere,

Sole



BLOODTHIRSTY LOVERS

The Delicate Seam Frenchkiss

Three seconds into the second release from Bloodthirsty Lovers: Is some weird amalgam of Nine Inch Nails and Self's toy instruments about to ravage my ears? Four seconds: No, no, Roger Waters and the Flaming Lips playing a lost INXS track? Second song: Steve Albini recording a Valium-weighted Guided By Voices? Track eight: Aimee Mann fronting Mazzy Star with Her Space Holiday beatmapping? Wait, is that fucking popcorn!? What the hell is this Memphis duo all about? Well, everything, it seems—and interestingly, when you smash open this piñata, each

Link

www.bloodthirstylovers.com

File Under

Now Yoshimi, now you don't

R.I.Y.L.

The Flaming Lips,

Roger Waters, Mercury Rev

and every piece of candy is tasty. Main man David Shouse (formerly of Grifters and Those Bastard Souls) is blessed with the same vocal gift as Wayne Coyne or Roger Waters, which is to say while you wouldn't call him Mr. Whitney Houston, there's a loveable off-kilter aesthetic to the way his voice reaches. The instrumentation—an all-over-the-place mix of electronics and organics, from computerized beats and synths to 12-string acoustic and piano—is artfully *Yoshimi*-esque, keeping it simple and lush at the same time. The mishmash of styles, too, doesn't feel quite so mishmashed when *The Delicate Seam* is played start to finish; it's a sort of sonic pointillism that makes sense once you step back and stop dissecting. >>>NICOLE KEIPER



BLUES EXPLOSION

Damage Sanctuary

Like Tricky's *Vulnerable*, Ween's *Quebec* or Ministry's *Houses Of The Molé*, this is an archetypal Sanctuary Records release: essentially flawed and mildly anachronistic but, nonetheless, will find its way into the hearts of loyalists and the playlists of college radio DJs (how else can you explain Rollins Band's *Nice* hitting No. 13?). But despite a handful of dogs (some warmed-over cabaret versions of their heyday, an awkward Chuck D cameo), *Damage* is mostly an adventurous avant-blooz orgy. As with all odd-numbered Blues Explosion records, this is a kitchen-sink

Link

www.sanctuaryrecords.com

File Under

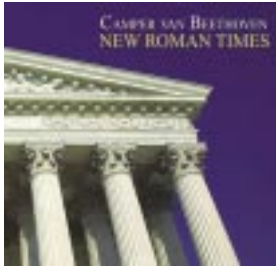
The "Flavor" lasts and lasts

R.I.Y.L.

Rufus Thomas, James Chance,

Mojo Nixon

ordeal, fulla guest producers, guest vocalists and Schoolly D samples. When it's on—like the (literally) phoned-in Beck rap on *Orange* or Alec Empire's imploded scuzz-funk terrorism on *Acme*—man, is it on! Martina Topley-Bird coos like a carnival siren, somewhere between Joanna Newsom and the Supremes, on the raucous Sly And The Family Rolling Stones exile on the Bowery "You Been My Baby" and the subtle "Spoiled." DJ Shadow mangles some Stax stabs and post-Odelay squelching into a 9/8 vamp, rubs one out into Pussy Galore's crypt and lets James Chance terrorize the corpse with some ghostly skronk on "Fed Up And Low Down." The LL-worthy knockout of "Damage" and the dirty Wilson Picketting of "Rivals" more than make-up for the occasional blunder. The Blues may not be number one, but its still exciting to see them place. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN



CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN

New Roman Times Pitch-A-Tent

What comes after post-irony? Camper Van Beethoven, of course. *New Roman Times* is the rock-opera reunion of the influential alt-folk powerhouse that splintered into smaller successful and semi-successful underground icons (Cracker, Monks Of Doom). Revisiting the Hüsker Dü-playing-“Turkey In The Straw” heyday they abandoned 15 years ago, Camper Van Beethoven still plucks ditties like “Militia Song” (about weapons armament), with the same hoedown zeal as the *Beverly Hillbillies* theme. Although they’ve spent two years getting accustomed to each other

Link
www.campervanbeethoven.com
File Under
Take the skinheads home
R.I.Y.L.
Later Cracker, Dixie Dregs,
Kansas, the Jayhawks

again, the band sounds restrained—even haggard—like later Cracker. The characteristic chorus of “51-7” smacks of Cracker’s boisterous 2002 cover of the Kinks’ “Victoria” (on a Ray Davies tribute album), and still resounds with CVB’s trademark alt-folk. Other than the disc’s storyline about a young Texan joining the army and quickly defecting for the CVB, frontman David Lowery doesn’t indulge in the same puns and double entendres that he did on *Telephone Free Landslide Victory* or *Key Lime Pie*. Regarding the rock-opera format, CVB’s only storyline hints lie in subtitles like “A retired intelligence officer contemplates cryptic transmissions” for “That Gum You Like Is Back In Style” (a *Twin Peaks* reference), leaving one wondering how this whole project came about anyway. But CVB knows there’s nothing more post-ironic than writing the dialog before the plot. >>>KORY GROW



CONVERGE

You Fail Me Epitaph

“This... is... for... the hearts... that are... beating... Beating... BEATING... BEATING!!” As every Converge album serves as a prequel to the next, *You Fail Me* carries a heavy load. In its 14-year progression, Converge has risen from Boston spit-and-kick, Undertow-styled rigidity to innovative and asymmetric outbursts of rage, inspiring the mosh pit bloodlust cultivated on 2001’s *Jane Doe*, with its caterwauling dissonance and measured aural abuse. *You Fail Me* signals a shift in the storyline, incorporating even more drastic dynamics, straightforward assaults and an exaggerated apocalyptic vision that may foreshadow hardcore’s future. The atmospheric “Last Light,” pumping first blood through this disc’s heart, meanders between Kurt Ballou’s iridescent Rickenbacker overtones (more present since guitarist Aaron Dalbec left for Bane) and vocalist Jacob Bannon’s reprimands of his loved one, until he breaks down, crying of beating hearts. The title track pounds precisely and relentlessly as Bannon recites a list of even more failings, ending with shrill descending octaves, perhaps burning some poor Jane Doe in effigy. Strangely, “In Her Shadow” follows the song, shimmering with Ennio Morricone-like background pitches atop Ballou’s acoustic guitar. Though *You Fail Me* contains some of the same chromatic chaos you would expect from the nihilists behind *Jane Doe*, only time will tell what tortured path the next sequel will take. >>>KORY GROW

Link
www.epitaph.com
File Under
Unloved and weeded out
R.I.Y.L.
Rorschach, Reversal Of Man,
Until Your Heart Stops-era Cave In

Saw Roberts
we were born in a flame

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ELVIS COSTELLO

The Delivery Man *Lost Highway*

A decade ago, Elvis Costello recorded *Kojak Variety*, a covers record of inspirations and influences (Bob Dylan, Burt Bacharach, Screamin' Jay Hawkins). *The Delivery Man*, recorded quickly in Oxford, Mississippi, is all originals, but its shuffle of rootsy and refined make it a close relative. In some ways, *The Delivery Man* is the least ambitious record Costello has done in the last 15 years, but in this case, that's not such a bad thing (don't worry, he's simultaneously releasing *Il Sogno*, an orchestral album that accompanies a ballet based on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*).

Those longing for a pumped-up Elvis can rejoice in "Button My Lip," "Bedlam" and "Needle Time," which are lusty and dusty juke-joint throbbers that put the rhythm back in R&B. While the pedal-steel tinged "Country Darkness" stands as one of the best down-tempo tracks he's ever done, the country-fied duets with Lucinda Williams and Emmylou Harris don't have the magic you'd expect. A step up from those are new readings on tracks written specifically for soul legends Solomon Burke ("The Judgement") and Howard Tate ("Either Side Of The Same Town"), where Elvis' voice finds an appropriate level of croon. If in another 10 years, when he's 60, Elvis revisits this territory, we won't refuse delivery. >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

[Link](#)

www.elviscostello.com

File Under

Highway 7, visited

R.I.Y.L.

Lucinda Williams,

Solomon Burke, Dan Penn



CUB COUNTRY

Stay Poor/Stay Happy *Future Farmer*

With Blake Schwarzenbach working Head Songwriter In Charge duties for Jeremy Chatelain's main band, Jets To Brazil, forming a side band made sense: Around 1999, Chatelain placed his own songs under the Cub Country moniker, releasing a disc on Jade Tree in 2002. A stripped-down, acoustic-driven and twang-inflected change of scenery, *High Uinta High* had its moments—Chatelain seemed to have the idea nailed here and there, but the mood was a hair too polished; it seemed as though time with JTB and short-lived hard-rock supergroup Handsome bled a bit more into his Americana attempts

than was intended. Still, it certainly wasn't a bad take on alt-country for a guy in an emo band. (Of course, one might say that compliment's not too far from "You tapdance real good for a paraplegic.") Last year, Chatelain fled the hipster nation of Brooklyn for North Carolina—a much more proper setting, given Cub Country's now full-time status. And the change has surely done him good, only not in the way you might expect: The new *Stay Poor/Stay Happy* embraces Americana, yes, but moving to the South doesn't seem to have made Chatelain more country—instead, the disc shows he's fused his strengths, ending up with a much more compelling personality of polished but rustic pop. >>>RENEE FALK

[Link](#)

www.cubcountry.com

File Under

You can take the boy out of the city...

R.I.Y.L.

Allman Brothers, Whiskeytown,

Old 97's, Jets To Brazil

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THE DELGADOS

Universal Audio Chemikal Underground

When the Delgados dropped the cottony, post-*Soft Bulletin* grandeur of *The Great Eastern* in 2000, it seemed like a revelation; by 2002's *Hate*, the approach had already lapsed into retreat and the band seemed resigned to occupying a studio prison of its own devising. Luckily, the Scottish quartet apparently figured this out, because *Universal Audio* almost entirely—and not a moment too soon—eschews the pseudo-psychedelic layering of its predecessors. What's left is an unexpectedly unfuckwithable album full of addictive indie-pop singles, a throw-

back to the band's early, tuneful youth. While the Delgados have always maintained a certain catchy sweet tooth, *Audio* is a modest masterpiece: The skewed Beach Boys homage of "Girls Of Valour" and indelible choruses of "Everybody Come Down" and "Is This All I Came For?" are catchy, well-wrought pop in its most primal form. The confines of the studio that seemingly strangled *Hate* end up being *Audio*'s secret weapon, lending each song—particularly the murderously percussive "Bits Of Bone"—a bewilderingly epic sensibility. It's as though, after years of waiting, the band has finally shed its "Sarah Records with extra distortion" credo and put some muscle in its melody. It's a triumphantly successful transition. *Universal Audio* sounds like the hook-laden assault we all knew the Delgados were capable of making—an indie-pop record for the ages. >>>JOE MARTIN

Link

www.delgados.co.uk

File Under

International pop makeover

R.I.Y.L.

Broken Social Scene,
the Cardigans, Idlewild



JULIE DOIRON

Goodnight Nobody Jagjaguwar

When Canadian songwriter Julie Doiron dedicates *Goodnight Nobody* to "those who have loved and lost and loved again" in her liner notes, she's not just making a nod to her devoted fanbase of moony romantics—she's drafting a straight-up mission statement. *Nobody*, Doiron's sixth full-length, deals almost entirely in the singer's starry- and teary-eyed meditations on love, following a loosely defined song cycle about the separation anxiety brought on by constant touring. Combined with her clarion voice (a distinctly Northern chill), the album's subject matter can feel a bit sober and

stark, but Doiron attempts to counter the "sad bastard" treatment with a thoughtfully wistful demeanor: On "When I Awoke," she seems not so much upset as understanding when she sings, "You dreamed of all the other hands you held/ And wondered why you stayed around." Unfortunately, her ambivalence can't still the album's melancholic tidal wave, which reaches almost oppressive heights as each successive track further buries the singer in her own sadness. Even Doiron's songs about dancing in a kitchen ("Dance All Night") and winter romance ("Snowfalls In November") are given a mournful cadence. Though her trademark intimate style may sound less moving than resigned this time around, Doiron, as always, makes the misery work for her; despite its flaws, *Nobody* is as poignant a sublimation of heartache as 2004 is likely to produce. >>>JOE MARTIN

Link

www.juliedoiron.com

File Under

Julie's depressing trip

R.I.Y.L.

Edith Frost, White Magic,
Cat Power

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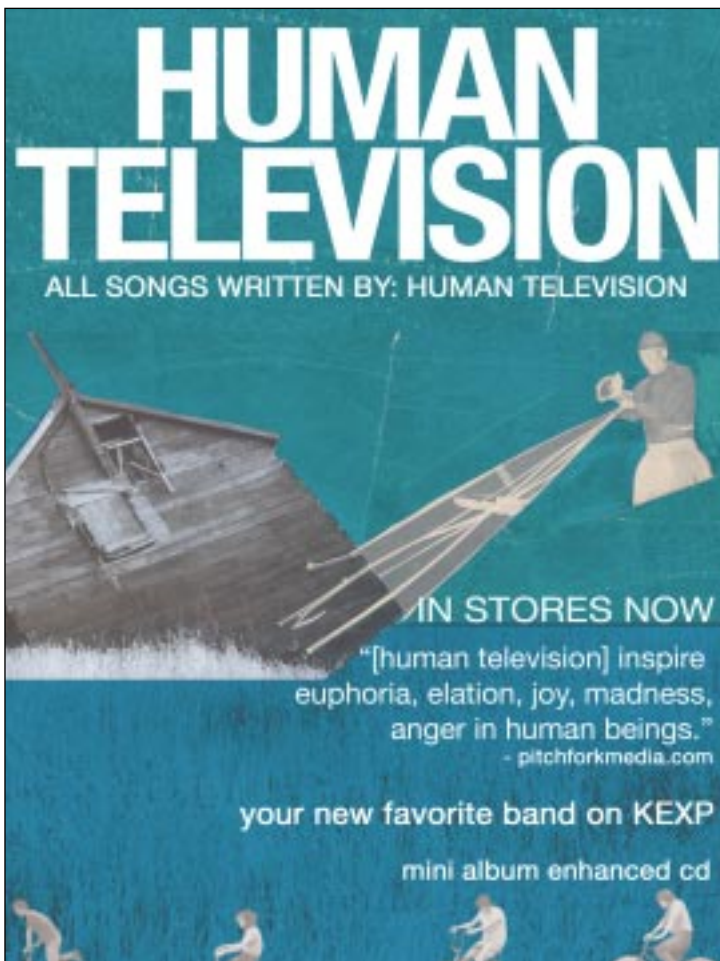


EARLIMART

Treble & Tremble Palm Pictures

On *Everyone Down Here*, Aaron Espinoza's Sparklehorse affection wasn't exactly well-hidden. But then, the Earlimart main man's interpretation of that melodic sparseness was still very elegant and affecting, if not entirely new. On that disc's follow-up, *Treble & Tremble*, Espinoza's love affair seems to have moved over to Elliott Smith—again, it's impossible to ignore, and again, it's impossibly pretty. Opening trio "Hold On Slow Down," "First Instant Last Report" and "The Hidden Track" are the most intensely Smithian, between languid, breathy vocal delivery

and melodic-acoustic-pop backbones; those are also three of the album's most memorable tracks, their vocal hooks nearly as graceful and hummable as anything off *Figure 8*. But Earlimart succeeds most when they step out: "Unintentional Tape Manipulations" makes brilliant use of Espinoza's The Ship studio as an instrument, craggy drum effects and swirling guitar and synth noises building up to something akin to marrying TV On The Radio and Grandaddy—the personality that emerges here is a lot more exciting than their readings from the Smith and Linkous songbooks, competent as those are. If that track's title is true, Earlimart should spend some more time relying on their collective subconscious; sounds like there's greatness waiting there. >>>NICOLE KEIPER



THE GOOD LIFE

Album Of The Year Saddle Creek

Heartbreak records have served Tim Kasher well: In laying raw the intricacies of a messy divorce on Cursive's *Domestica*, he created one of the post-hardcore sect's most exciting collections of lovelorn rock. With *Album Of The Year*, the third LP from solo-project-cum-full-band the Good Life, he renders heartbreak through a more mellow lens—and it's just as disarming, if not more. On the title track, Kasher outlines the beginnings of a doomed relationship, and on "Lovers Need Lawyers," he pleads innocence after a messy split; as always, his storytelling is charmingly

direct and instantly affecting. The singer eschews the yelps he leans on in Cursive, and it sounds here like he's finally completely developed his mellow voice. Where early Good Life material certainly sounded singularly minded, collected from Kasher's not-fit-for-Cursive collection, the fact that *Album Of The Year* comes from an actual band is obvious. Strummy acoustic guitars, heavily reverbed slide-guitar, organs, melodica, brushed snare, bongos and trumpet add up to a mix of smoochy pop that sounds more rooted in '60s folk-pop than the present-day Saddle Creek scene Kasher calls home—knowing Cursive's discography (or the early part of the Good Life's, for that matter) wouldn't make it obvious who you were listening to. You may not call it the actual album of the year, but it's surely the mark of a band finding its own voice. >>>RENEE FALK

GRAVES

Yes Yes Okay Okay Hush

You probably haven't spent an awful lot of time wondering what it'd sound like if somebody stripped the maudlin polish out of the Eagles' "I Can't Tell You Why," leaving a lovely and scruffy little melodic pop song. Maybe Portland songwriter Greg Olin—who records as Graves—hasn't either, but in "Shake The Walls," it's pretty much what he's done. And it is indeed quite lovely, a lazy-days slice of acoustic strums and lackadaisical vocals—and a good representation of all of his second LP, *Yes Yes Okay Okay*. It's Indian-summer front-porch-swing music, a calming salve for your frazzled nerves,

Olin's voice coming through like that one introspective stoner you know whose slow drawl makes you feel like everything'd be okay if you'd just *chiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii*. There's something of a cuddly boho feel in tracks like "Holding Your Arms" and "Strength In ###'s," when Olin sleepily dissects life and love and whatnot—does he want you to hug him or discuss obscure French novelists? *Shit*, probably both. And lest the Eagles comparison confuse you: *Yes Yes* is an indie-rock record, replete with artfully frayed edges, it's just very intelligently arranged—sort of like if you took a really competent radio-pop songwriter, and carefully wrenched the pole from his ass. >>>NICOLE KEIPER

Link

www.hushrecords.com

File Under

Lax tracks

R.I.Y.L.

Cass McCombs, Stephen Malkmus, Pedro The Lion, the Eagles gone slacker



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GUITAR WOLF

Loverock Narnack

Contrary to popular belief, bored Japanese kids rock their garages, too—Guitar Wolf has long been the proof in that theoretical pudding. On *Loverock*, the band's sixth record, Guitar Wolf Seiji and his lycanthropic rhythm section wreak havoc on ears, punk and the English language one leather-jacketed chord progression at a time. The band plays its normal "style-as-substance" game with the same sincerity—and uniformity of sound—as other genre-jockers like the Make-Up and the Raveonettes, which works upon first listen: It's hard to argue with inspired titles like "Blood

Splashed Sky" and, on the record's first few songs (especially the blistering "Loverock" and "Jet13"), the band plays its patented "black rock 'n' roll" as though no one had ever played it before, frantically howling like the bastard children of Johnny Rotten and Joan Jett. Paradoxically, it's Guitar Wolf's commitment to violent production values and throat-scalding anti-songs that keeps *Loverock* from kicking the very ass at which it's aimed. The band sounds lethal, but by the time track four ("Violent Letter") rolls around, the "no-fi" shtick has already worn out its welcome. *Loverock*'s hookless songwriting only drives home the problem—rather than tempering its torrent with melody (like their spiritual forefathers in the Ramones), Guitar Wolf is content to pound out three-chord-and-a-solo romps ad nauseum. That may be the entire point, but it doesn't exactly beg repeated listens. >>>JOE MARTIN

Link

www.guitarwolf.net

File Under

Floundering Japonimaniacs

R.I.Y.L.

Thee Michelle Gun Elephant, MC5, the Stooges



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HEIRUSPECS

A Tiger Dancing Razor And Tie

Minnesotan hip-hop quintet Heiruspecs are smart enough to keep James Brown's advice close to heart—they always "make it funky." Like a backpacker-friendly Roots (OK, a more backpacker-friendly Roots), the MC duo and bass/drums/keyboards combo eschew the temptation to get indie rock on dat azz that often comes with using live instruments, focusing instead on simple, effective basslines and rhymes. Occasional, well-considered flourishes show they've learned that a little goes a long way in hip-hop—just check how the guitar and

drums slide in on "5ves" or how the moaning keyboard on "Two Fold" adds flavor like Hennessy to Red Bull. Hell, the only clue that this crew is from a remote, funkless land is MC Felix's strange similarity to Atmosphere's Slug (sans all that girl talk). But considering Heiruspecs have often backed up Atmosphere and many other Minneapolis acts, the similarities aren't surprising. If there's anything at all to begrudge this crew, it's their questionable choice of names. MC Muad'Dib? Bassist Twinkie Jiggles? How do you even pronounce Heiruspecs? When the only good name you've come up with is MC Felix, you aren't trying hard enough. >>>OWEN STROCK

Link

www.heiruspecs.com

File Under

Seven's less emo travels

R.I.Y.L.

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THE HIDDEN CAMERAS

Mississauga Goddam Rough Trade

It's so beautiful, what the Hidden Cameras do—the orchestral trimmings, simple but perfect melodies, Joel Gibb's buttery tenor—it's hard not to feel all pretty and innocent and lost in a cloud of Polyphonic glee. But, focus on the lyrics on the Canadians' new *Mississauga, Goddam* (or debut *The Smell Of Our Own*)—they'll suck that cloud right out. "I drank from the wine that came from inside/ The heart of his meat and the splurge of his sweet." "I kissed his ugly gangly greens/ He swallowed my pee." Gibb's lyrics are transgressive, yes, probably

honest too, and it's an interesting juxtaposition, taking music that sounds so chaste and injecting it (sorry) with paeans to the profane. Peaches telling you to stuff her up over electroseize feels perfectly natural; when cast in the light of the Cameras' Belle And Sebastianesque sweetness, the idea is a tad jarring. "We Oh We"'s acoustic plinks and gentle coos lull you into a Rocky Mountain High, then "I Want Another Enema" brings a very uncomfortable image of John Denver to mind. You can't complain—these songs are crafted with almost Bacharachian brilliance, and it's probably about time a songwriter took melodies this pretty and shook them up with ideas so... unpretty. Gibb's glibness may still feel to some, though, like the guy who farts in church—"Dude, I was tryin' to get holy in here." >>>NICOLE KEIPER

Link

www.thehiddencameras.com

File Under

"Gay church folk music" revisited

R.I.Y.L.

R.E.M., Belle And Sebastian,

the Polyphonic Spree

INTERPOLANTICS

Link

www.interpolny.com

File Under

Putting a dimmer on those
bright lights
R.I.Y.L.

Echo And The Bunnymen,
the Stills, the Strokes

and higher (but somehow stronger) singing voice. The band also varies its palette a little more this time around, stepping outside the Echoisms of *Bright Lights* and incorporating some surprisingly effective disco elements, where the totally underrated rhythm section really shines. They may look like Cold War villains turned creepy hairspray moguls, but on tracks like "Narc" and "Take You On A Cruise," Carlos Dengler and Sam Fogarino deliver some of the most inventive and funky bass/drums interplay in the whole post-punk-but-not-really movement. Now for the con: While *Antics* is a very well done and overall subtler record than *Bright Lights*, there's nothing here as immediate as "PDA" or "NYC," though "Narc" and "Slow Hands" come close. *Antics* has its share of charms, but requires more patient listening before it gives them up. >>>TOM MALLON

INTERPOL

Antics *Matador*

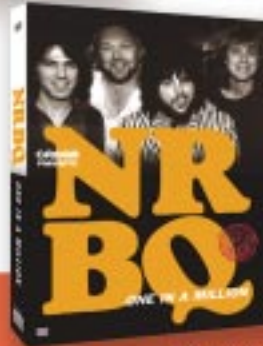
Most fans either had high hopes or no hope at all for the follow-up to Interpol's *Turn On The Bright Lights*. The band was either going to knock it out of the park or fail abysmally; few people counted on getting a record that was "just pretty good." Two years after *Bright Lights*, Interpol has released *Antics*—and it's "just pretty good." They've shown definite improvement in a few spots: The Ian Curtis comparisons that haunt singer/guitarist Paul Banks should begin to fall by the way-

side here, as he's further developed his own personality, opting for a thinner and higher (but somehow stronger) singing voice. The band also varies its palette a little more this time around, stepping outside the Echoisms of *Bright Lights* and incorporating some surprisingly effective disco elements, where the totally underrated rhythm section really shines. They may look like Cold War villains turned creepy hairspray moguls, but on tracks like "Narc" and "Take You On A Cruise," Carlos Dengler and Sam Fogarino deliver some of the most inventive and funky bass/drums interplay in the whole post-punk-but-not-really movement. Now for the con: While *Antics* is a very well done and overall subtler record than *Bright Lights*, there's nothing here as immediate as "PDA" or "NYC," though "Narc" and "Slow Hands" come close. *Antics* has its share of charms, but requires more patient listening before it gives them up. >>>TOM MALLON

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File Under

Swimming from safety
R.I.Y.L.

Pelican, Mogwai, Neurosis,
Old Man Gloom

accompanying drummer Aaron Harris's trance-inducing tom cadences. Keeping in the electric realm (whereas the band's psych-metal contemporary Neurosis explores quiet, almost acoustic territory), Turner belts tortured melodies on "So Did We" and "In Fiction," much in the same way 27 chanteuse Maria Christopher contributed icy, stoic vocals on *Oceanic*. In contrast, Turner's breathy Skepticism-like growl bellows with threatening sincerity on "Grinning Mouths" and "Syndic Calls," blackening each note and then lifting the pencil just enough for atmospheric grays to add melodic perspective. "Wills Dissolve" begins with a temperamental Opeth-like foundation against electronic squeals (courtesy guitarist/sound manipulator Bryant Meyer), until it transitions into a driving, yet staggering wash of noise and Turner bleeds his soul. As each song grows ever more crushing on *Panopticon*, Isis rebuilds itself, evolving with each Darwinistic step. >>>KORY GROW

ISIS

Panopticon *Ipecac*

Shimmer... switch... shout... swell... A well-suited progression for Isis, appropriately named after the Egyptian goddess of rebirth. *Panopticon* slowly constructs walls of impenetrable sound, an Isis trademark forged on aquatic-themed releases like *The Red Sea* and *Oceanic*, instilling claustrophobia while frontman Aaron Turner incorporates (gaspl!) heartfelt singing for the first time. Each song varies from the six- to almost-10-minute epic range, and the elongated "Altered Course" features Tool bassist Justin Chancellor filling in moody low end,

accompanying drummer Aaron Harris's trance-inducing tom cadences. Keeping in the electric realm (whereas the band's psych-metal contemporary Neurosis explores quiet, almost acoustic territory), Turner belts tortured melodies on "So Did We" and "In Fiction," much in the same way 27 chanteuse Maria Christopher contributed icy, stoic vocals on *Oceanic*. In contrast, Turner's breathy Skepticism-like growl bellows with threatening sincerity on "Grinning Mouths" and "Syndic Calls," blackening each note and then lifting the pencil just enough for atmospheric grays to add melodic perspective. "Wills Dissolve" begins with a temperamental Opeth-like foundation against electronic squeals (courtesy guitarist/sound manipulator Bryant Meyer), until it transitions into a driving, yet staggering wash of noise and Turner bleeds his soul. As each song grows ever more crushing on *Panopticon*, Isis rebuilds itself, evolving with each Darwinistic step. >>>KORY GROW

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WILL JOHNSON

Vultures Await Misra

It's easy to hate Will Johnson, one of those frustratingly prolific artists who, between Centro-matic, South San Gabriel and his solo efforts, has released around 487 records since 1997. It's also really easy to love the guy, since everything he does (actually, closer to 13 records) has that irresistible quiet-Southern-boy-with-a-guitar brilliance that so many try and fail to capture. Johnson's second solo LP, *Vultures Await*, takes a stripped-down approach, mostly just acoustic guitar and voice with occasional accompaniment from simple drums, piano or some decorative sound, and it serves his country-inflected folk-rock songs well. He gets good and strummy at points ("As Victims Would," "Closing Down My House"), achingly sparse at others (opener "Catherine Dupree"), and dammit if he doesn't squeeze the fuck out of your heart with whatever approach he takes. Johnson's vocal inflections are scrappy—something akin to Neil Young with Tom Waits caught in his throat—which adds to the album's honesty; you can be sure Johnson's trucker hat isn't the least ironic. Similar to Ryan Adams' *Heartbreaker* in its gorgeous simplicity, *Vultures Await*'s mood is unrelentingly sad, in that way that makes you look forward to throwing it on any time you're sitting alone in the yard with a beer and a couple of things on your mind. Here's hoping Johnson will keep 'em coming at this pace. >>>RENEE FALK

Link

www.misrarecords.com

File Under

It's a sad, sad world

R.I.Y.L.

Ryan Adams' *Heartbreaker*,

Bruce Springsteen's *Nebraska*,

Neil Young's *Harvest Moon*

Link


"Her voice is still astonishing: Husky yet fragile, sweet and yet stained with murky experience like an angel getting wasted in a Bristol squat."
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Eight years following her unforgettable vocal debut on Tricky's *Maxinquaye* album, soulful chanteuse **Martina Topley-Bird** releases her long awaited solo debut, *Anything*.

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K-OS

Joyful Rebellion Astralwerks

K-OS is probably the only Canadian to ever get props from *The Source*, but his last album, *Exit*, deserved the accolade. Hailing from T-Dot (a.k.a. Toronto), he's an MC who is as comfortable crooning over an acoustic guitar as he is rapping over a funk break. His latest burst of edutainment, *Joyful Rebellion*, continues his Wyclef-ish mash-up of beats and rhymes with classic singer/songwriter standards (and then some; his album features violas, tablas and saxophones). Alternately invoking the spirit of Bob Marley and KRS-One, *Joyful Rebellion* is a highly melodic confluence of hip-hop vocals and crooned hooks, Michael Jackson imitations ("Man I Used To Be") and roots reggae ("Hallelujah"), with the occasional hip-hop track dropped here and there ("B-Boy Stance"). As a lyricist, K-OS is gifted with a tight flow and arresting delivery, but his rhymes are weighted down with an excess of preachiness. K-OS, much like one of his heroes, is stuck glorifying an idealized golden age and claiming, "Hip hop's not dead, it's really just the mind of the MC." Tell that to Jadakiss. But despite standing on his pulpit a little too often, K-OS gives a hell of a sermon, and knows how to slide effortlessly from b-boy to band member. If you like it when rappers sing, than you will sing his praises. >>>OWEN STROCK

Link

www.k-osmusic.com

File Under

Dope rhymes, eh?

R.I.Y.L.

Mos Def, Wyclef, Akon,

Arrested Development

Link



MEDESKI MARTIN AND WOOD End Of The World Party (Just In Case)

Blue Note

If the world ends soon, you could do worse for a house band. As the greatest and least wanksome instrumental band of the last 15 years, MMW have gotten better and better at decoding and then altering the genetic structure of groove (it's impossible to discuss the trio without mentioning the "G" word), mashing up the tightness of old-school R&B, the freedom of downtown skronk (guitarist/ex-Lounge Lizard Marc Ribot is a guest) and the sunny, good-time funkery of a Nawlins jazz fest. While *End Of The*

World Party dabbles less and less in the adventuresome turntablism and sampling of 2002's *Uninvisible* (frequent cohort DJ Logic sits this one out, making way for producer/Dust Brother John King instead) John Medeski fills the void by releasing darker, more affecting sounds from his collection of keys. His deeply warped stabs amid "Bloody Oil" sound like they're emanating from a Mellotron being dragged slowly across the desert in 110 degree heat—the kind of emotive performance that makes you take a second look at the song title. Take away the electronics and studio treatments and MMW are still master innovators. The breezy dance between piano, drums and bass of "Mami Gato," shows them breaking down walls and adding another wing onto the Buena Vista Social Club. From *Uninvisible* to unfuckwithable. >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

Link

www.mmw.net

File Under

Upright downtowners

R.I.Y.L.

Sex Mob, DJ Logic, Meters



MENOMENA

I Am The Fun Blame Monster! 

At first, Menomena's gimmicks seem overwhelming: the band's debut sports a crayon-drawn "fun blame monster," they've filled their incomprehensible website with childish humor and the disc is packaged in an ostentatious flipbook, which shows the disc's title anagrammatically transform into "The First Menomena Album." But, all things considered, this Portland trio plays surprisingly adult collages of minimalist guitar, drums and piano, all beautifully constructed upon one another with keyboardist Brent Knopf's homemade

computer looping program. The proggy "The Late Great Libido" sports étude-like piano playing, supported by a propulsive Modest Mouse-worthy bassline and stop-and-go snares. The vocals stay within abstract prog boundaries: "You almost made me feel so young/ Now, I wait, I wait/ Too much for me," emphasized with a saxophone à la Pink Floyd's "Us And Them." The band's delicate indie weavings (check the atmospheric slide guitar on "E. Is Stable") blend with pseudo-hip-hop breakbeats (see the LL Cool J "Doin It"-ready intro on "Strongest Man In The World") throughout the disc. Though recording samples and looping them into songs can create slightly frayed Mac-estra symphonies in the vein of art-electronica artist Four Tet and even the Notwist, Menomena's musicians create a unified (and fun) piece of art-rock with no one to blame but themselves. >>>KORY GROW

Link

www.menomena.com

File Under

Mean Omen

R.I.Y.L.

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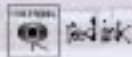


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MONO

Walking Cloud And Deep Red Sky, Flag Fluttered And The Sun Shined *Temporary Residence*

Japanese quartet Mono aren't out to shatter any stereotypes about post-rock—they're just here to play it really, really well. Last year's gracefully towering *One Step More And You Die* revitalized the build-to-burst formula of Mogwai and Godspeed You! Black Emperor with its unflinching crescendos and weird song titles, and their third album continues the tradition... for the most part. Somehow *Walking Cloud* is at once more interesting and less enthralling: It never reaches the thunderous volume that powered *One Step*, but its consistent and

tasteful use of a string quartet lends it a lushness its predecessors lacked. The layered guitar-and-feedback squall is still there, in opener "16.12" and the 15-minute "Lost Snow," which intensify to formidable peaks in canonical po-ro fashion. Elsewhere, though, the noisy edge is subdued in favor of a gentler beauty, as on the idyllic "Halcyon (Beautiful Days)" and the album's shorter (i.e., under eight minutes) tracks. A disappointingly subdued recording from noted noise king Steve Albini saps the rhythm section somewhat, but guitarists Takaakira Goto and Yoda continue to coax enchanting effects from their delay and distortion pedals, if less for volume's sake than for variety's. Though *Walking Cloud* isn't quite as exciting as Mono's first two records, its infusion of emotion and finesse into the predictability of post-rock is still more than welcome. >>>DANIEL LEVIN BECKER



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TRAVIS MORRISON

Travistan Barsuk

Travis Morrison has never been the subtlest fish in the indie-rock sea. As frontman for the dancey, genre-defying Dismemberment Plan, he peppered his lyrics with loads of word-spitting digressions, sustained almost entirely by the band's Fugazi-meets-Talking Heads motif. Removed from the comfy womb of the band that sired him, unfortunately, both Morrison and his lyrics seem to be suffering from a common "solo artist" ailment: Personal overcompensation due to band, er, dismemberment. *Travistan* sports a PETA-jocking track called "Song For The Orca." It features cringe-worthy,

seemingly unironic lyrics like "I like my nations in constant revolution and my booty wide" and "But it's weird! Folks get freaked." Worse, the lyrical missteps are magnified tenfold by the record's hopelessly mid-tempo arrangements, most of which suggest *Change-era* Plan marinated in John Vanderslice's smooth pop orchestration. Luckily for Morrison, his newly overbearing personality saves *Travistan* as much as it damages it: The world may not need another snarky scene-police rant ("Che Guevara Poster") or pop meditation on death ("People Die"), but his patented op-ed columnist sensibilities, as well as musical nods to artists as varied as Fugazi and the Four Tops, keep the material afloat. With a little more maturity and venom, Morrison could join the ranks of Elvis Costello and Ted Leo in the canon of politically charged pop. It's up to him to try. >>>JOE MARTIN

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TARA JANE ONEIL

You Sound, Reflect Quarterstick

Four years into her solo career, it's clear that Tara Jane O'Neil won't be shoved into the diluted, clawless world of the "singer/songwriter." Armed with an arsenal of minor-key guitars and the ability to play seemingly any instrument that falls into her hands, the former Rodan and Sonora Pine chanteuse has spent her bandless years creating music that's warm, ethereal and completely unnerving—the aural equivalent of a stormy Sunday morning. *You Sound, Reflect* continues the M.O., but supplements O'Neil's standard acoustic gauze with a greater quotient of ambi-

ent noise and instrumentation, the latter coming by way of a well-chosen, all-female array of guest musicians. Liarbird violinist Nora Danielson lends an extra level of haunting to numerous tracks, giving "Howl" and "Known Perils" some much-needed bite. Percussion figures more heavily into *Reflect*, as well, with Desert City Soundtrack prodigy Caitlin Love and ex-Unwounder Sara Lund buoying the creepy "Love Song Long" and "Without Push," respectively. All the while, O'Neil sets the rest of the unsettling scene via noise art ("Ours Soared"), folk-tinged melodies ("The Poisoned Mine") and mournful crooning ("A Snapshot"). If the record fails to depart all that much from the singer's previous efforts, it's no worse for the wear: *You Sound, Reflect* exists, happily, as just another fascinating brushstroke in Tara Jane O'Neil's ongoing aural self-portrait. >>>JOE MARTIN

Link

www.tarajaneoneil.com

File Under

Sunday morning softness

R.I.Y.L.

Nina Nastasia, Ida,

quieter PJ Harvey



MADELEINE PEYROUX

Careless Love Rounder

In the eight years since *Dreamland*, Madeleine Peyroux's debut, a kid named Norah Jones made classic songs tucked amid intimate arrangements more popular than... uh, quick, what's more popular than an armload of Grammys? Peyroux's approach isn't so radically different than Jones' (reinforced here by the fact that Norah hit-maker Jesse Harris co-wrote the bouncy "Don't Wait Too Long") except that Peyroux chooses more complex material to cover and is hands down the better singer. She'll gladly weather any comparisons to Jones if the attention draws

listeners towards *Careless Love*, arguably this century's best collection of saloon songs. Peyroux is a great singer not just because her phrasing would make Billie Holiday weep, but because she's clearly focused on showing off the emotional guts of the song more than her own vocal talent. She makes you forget every ho-hum pointless Bob Dylan cover with her re-imagining of "You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go," pulling chords and rhythms in new directions, making it the most fully realized Dylan cover since Hendrix's "All Along The Watchtower." Similarly, by shining a smoke-filtered light on Elliott Smith's "Between The Bars," the gently strummed waltz of Smith's original is transformed into a torch song that could have been written 60 years ago. Who knew you could make Elliott Smith sound even more heartbreaking? >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

Link

www.madeleinepeyroux.org

File Under

In the oui small hours

R.I.Y.L.

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SKATES

Lord Of The Rinks *Unschool*

From quirky Scrabbletronica IDM novice Decomposure (who admits to liking Switchfoot) to their dogshit-ugly website, everything about Chapel Hill's Unschool Records seems a little, well, unschooled. But not in a bad way, with a gloriously charming, fun-as-hell, punk-as-fuck attitude towards the traditionally exclusionist world of IDM—"three chords and a dream" is now "a laptop and a concept," and these guys are running with it. Taking inspirado from labels like Factory, Unschool have discovered their hotwired, avant-blipping A Certain

Ratio—euphoric glitch-dance duo Skates. Like electroclash for people too busy downloading NES emulators to bother with dancing, Skates is cheeky and fun without any of Gold Chains' exhausting irony or Peaches' grating schtick. Producer Todd Drootin has always searched for the elusive hip-hop groove in his glitchscapes (he performs as the Neptunes-via-Pan Sonic lap-hopper Books On Tape) and does wonders with sk-sk-skeeting and stuttering, reversing and distorting danceable crunk skronk. Over this shattered disco ball, vocalist Melissa Dungan (who performs as MQMusik) croons, raps, shouts and essentially gets the party started like some possessed, drunken Princess Superstar/Peaches/Karen O (and cuter than them all, to boot!). A mercifully short five tracks (plus remixes courtesy of Decomposure and more)—this is a surprisingly schooled blend of beat poetry-via-Moloko, glitch-via-disco and throwing stuff against the wall and dancing when it sticks. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

Link

www.unschool.com

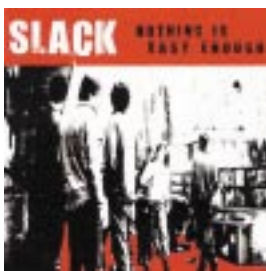
File Under

Le Tigrebeat6

R.I.Y.L.

Gold Chains, Princess

Superstar, Numbers



SLACK

Nothing Is Easy Enough *Shorebreak*

Tennessee trio Slack clearly treasures rock's two most important words: "big" and "loud." Fat distortion, canyon-esque toms, tree-trunk-thick bass—just right for giving the woofers a nice workout. It's nothing new, no—Chris Slack has his Cobainisms, a snotty and raw vocal sneer and careening-off-the-rails guitar work; and drummer Nick Slack his Tommy Lee-isms (that kit must've done him so wrong, the way he smacks the shit out of it), but then, you'd be wrong to call Slack a grunge band, and they're not a cock-rock band, either. What's clear on power-chord

heavy tracks like "Eyeliner" and "Burn Out" is that they're of the school of rock that bred contemporaries like Burning Brides—weaned on all that's heavy, loud, hook-filled and awesome. (To be fair, you might break out the lighters on power-ballad closer "My Knife Is On Its Way.") Sure, you're not gonna change the world taking your bandname for a surname and playing four-minute punked-out rock songs anymore. But maybe you'll breathe some life back into grimy rock-club stages, make a few 31-year-old rock geezers pining the loss of the reckless spirit get back in their gas guzzlers, roll down the windows and pin the volume dial right, crying to the heavens, "I may be wearing Dockers but rock 'n' roll will never die!" And isn't that enough, really? >>>RENEE FALK

Link

www.slackattack.net

File Under

All things rock

R.I.Y.L.

Nirvana, Burning Brides,

Officer May, Ramones

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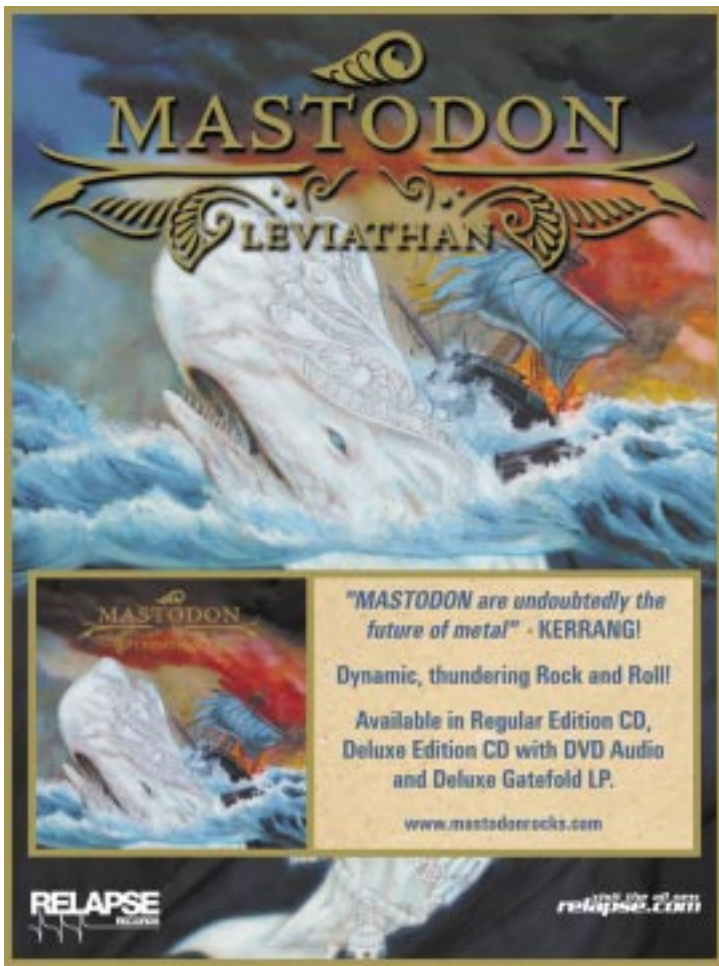
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SAY ANYTHING

...Is A Real Boy *Doghouse*

Like that old Monty Python sketch, Max Bemis (a.k.a. Say Anything) is here for an argument. Throughout his debut, *...Is A Real Boy*, and especially on "Admit It!!!," Bemis spouts off about loners, "the thrift store gestapo," analog enthusiasts and "prototypical nonconformists"—speaking directly to "you" throughout, just for that extra Ian MacKaye preachiness. Aside from Bemis's own pretentious attack at pretension, his self-made disc (save drums) trickles punk-rock originality in the vein of Ted Leo—clever lyrics, poppy melodies (though his vocals



[Link](#)

www.sayanythingmusic.com

File Under

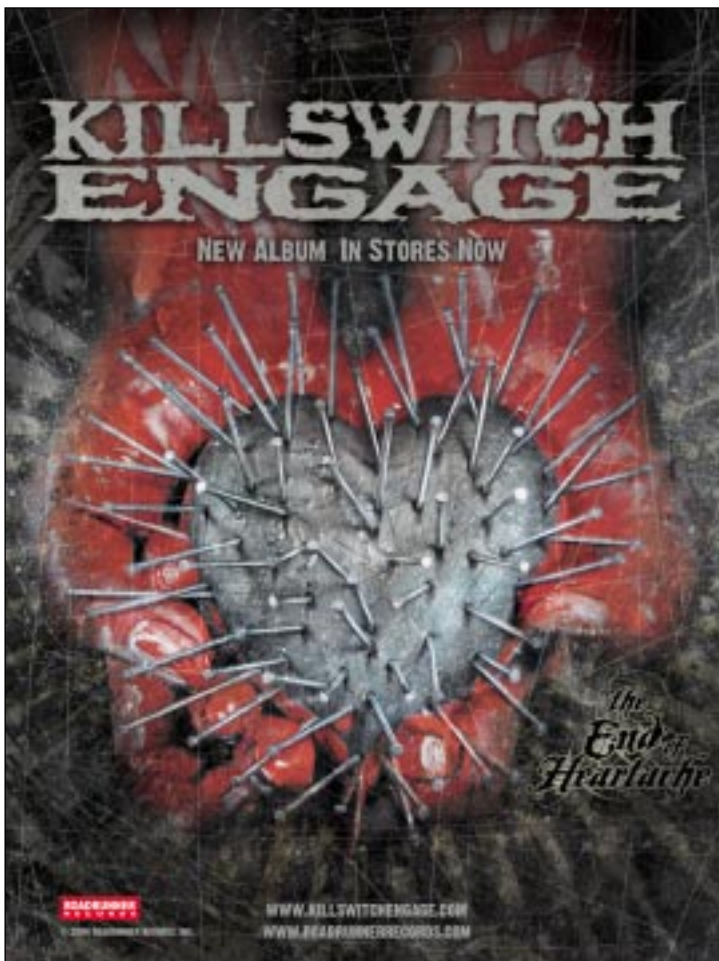
Better Off Live

R.I.Y.L.

Cursive, Ted Leo,

Embrace (DC not U.K.)

sounds more like Cursive's Tim Kasher)—and avoids the genre's latest pitfalls (anthemic saccharine choruses à la NOFX). But Bemis balances hummability with pompous candor on songs like "The Writhing South," with its "Hey, hey, hey" call-and-response chorus, and the bouncy, Jam-like "Alive With The Glory Of Love," replete with a '70s pomp-rock breakdown. Without irony, Bemis teamed with *Hedwig And The Angry Inch* composer Stephen Trask for co-production, giving the disc a rock-opera feel while mercifully sparing us the narrative. Nevertheless, Bemis's self-deprecating anecdotes of humiliation and failed romance often show that he feels strongly about selling out, only because he's overcoming something as an "artist." But only after freeing his soul—and not arguing with all of "you"—can he become a Real Man. >>>KORY GROW



ULRICH SCHNAUSS

A Strangely Isolated Place *Dominio*

SIGNER

The New Face Of Smiling *Carpark*



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www.dominorecordco.com

www.carparkrecords.com

File Under

The future soundtrack for a

Sofia Coppola sci-fi epic

R.I.Y.L.

My Bloody Valentine,

Slowdive, Boards Of Canada

M83 has the hipsterati in their chilly little hands, despite being the shoegaze equivalent of New Coke. New! Improved! My Glitchy Valentine! Skip the coppery aftertaste caused by overblown Gallic production and go straight for the bedroom recluses: Ghostly International popster Dykehouse, Berlin slowdiver Ulrich Schnauss and tender New Zealander Signer. Apparently Pro Tools is pushing a Kevin Shields filter on their latest upgrade, because all these guys are culling the triumphant howl of MBV's trademark squallofsound, with Schnauss being the most extravagant of the bunch. Hellishly warm post-guitar hues, some sultry Lush voices from the ether and μ -Ziq lite beats—and unlike the funkless rainy Euros that spearheaded the original dreampop dreams, Schnauss brings in the noise and (tenderly) the funk. Kiwi laptopper Signer has the same Cocteau twinges, mixing them with analog elements like Fenneszy guitar treatments, distorted drum thwaks and Microphonesish freeballin'. The shoes he gazes at are surrounded by the input of so much more—Kid606, Animal Collective, Sebadoh, Boards Of Canada—making the idiom stretch farther than the 70,000 "sheets of sound" bands ever wanted to bother with. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

transcendence nothing is cohesive



TRANSCENDENCE

Nothing Is Cohesive TMG

"I've seen the future so clear/ Revolution in the air," sings Transcendence mainman Ed Hale, in his creaking Bono-esque voice on "Revolution In Me." Filled with pomp, the Miami Beach rockers' seventh disc, *Nothing Is Cohesive*, makes Hale's case that the past remains a huge component in the future. Tapping power pop's greatest sounds, Hale combines Jellyfish's innate melodicism, Queen's layers of orchestral glitz and enough synthesizers to make John Hughes grin. "Somebody Kill The DJ"

Link
www.transcendence.com
File Under
Only the past makes sense
R.I.Y.L.
U2, Jellyfish,
Matthew Sweet, Queen

(perhaps a lyrical nod to the Smiths), has the best synthesized Star Trek music bed this side of Paramount Pictures. On "Tomorrow," Hale plays bouncy Paul McCartney-like pianisms that would make Matthew Sweet jealous, including a leg-kicking outro suitable for any *Abbey Road* knockoff. Though named after the revolutionary Brazilian pop music *sensação*, "Caetano" neither bossas nor novas. Instead, Hale's clever verse-chorus sensibilities float over a deep Phil Spector wall of sound. "Caetano" also features Hale channeling the sexuality of his vocal step-fodders, Bono and Michael Hutchence, when he sings, "Now you're a god, the power to heal from just your singing... You are the only man I've made love to." Throughout this disc, Hale makes it evident the only thing cohesive about the future is his footing in the past. >>>KORY GROW

shivaree breach

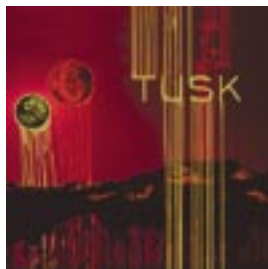
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TUSK

Tree Of No Return Tortuga

"Bleeeeeaaaaahhhhh!! Aaaaaaaahh!!" Tusk's grating and terrifying experimentalism easily compensates for screamer Jody Minnoch's incoherent *Lord Of The Rings* rants (apparently something about traveling through a haunted forest... whatever). Three-quarters of the band make up the doomy, indie-instrumental powerhouse Pelican, and *Tree Of No Return* represents a dark, avant-grind yang to Pelican's depressive yet hopeful yin. Minnoch alternates between full-on shrieking and eerie Rush-like prog vocals, while he and multi-instrumentalist Trevor De Brauw mutilate banjos,

Link
www.tortugarecordings.com
File Under
Banjoes, recorders and mandolins, oh my!
R.I.Y.L.
Pelican, Discordance Axis,
This Heat, Mr. Bungle

recorders, tambourines and shakers like John Cage on steroids. On the just-under-a-minute "Lost In The Woods," De Brauw bows a mandolin like a violin (a trick he also uses in Pelican), sparking shrill oscillations like scraping nails across sheet metal. De Brauw's atmospheric and frightening prepared instruments signal a musical shift since Tusk's grind-and-go debut, *Get Ready*. This time Minnoch interlaces his spaz-zouts with delicate nasal melodies, similar to Mr. Bungle or Naked City. In turn, this gives De Brauw room to take cover in shadowy breaking strings the way This Heat once did. "Starvation Dementia" runs the gamut from a murky bass intro to an almost Mars Volta-ish chorus, until the band erupts from a wash of noise into blastbeats and screaming. Though Tusk may soon warrant prescription medications, it's *Tree Of No Return's* brittle schizophrenia that embodies its charm. >>>KORY GROW

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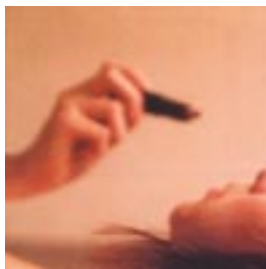


SMOOSH

She Like Electric Pattern 25

We'll save the most obvious commentary about Seattle two-piece Smoosh for a moment, since it's sort of like giving away the twist ending before the movie even starts. On their debut, *She Like Electric*, vocalist/keyboardist Asya pounds keys with excited reckless abandon while alternating between a sweet melodic coo and a snotty riot-grrl growl, and sister/drummer Chloe backs her with beats aesthetically similar to Meg White's, only more competent. An uneasiness runs through their pretty pop songs, sort of like an early Bright Eyes live show

where things were always teetering between completely irresistible and completely falling apart. But there's also a real competency to their songwriting: Chloe takes a smartly broken rhythmic approach akin to much of Cat Power's *You Are Free*, and Asya's vocal lines run between feeling like a sweeter Madonna, a simpler and more innocent Stevie Nicks or a less witty Tori Amos. The two write smart, engaging, dance-y pop songs that are both intelligently catchy and indie-rock scruffy. And? And? The payoff: The sisters boast 12 and 10 candles on their birthday cakes, respectively. Sure, they show their age at points—"Rad" and "The Quack" are some kickass li'l-white-girl hip-hop—but not often. Mostly, the young ladies have dished up a well-composed debut pop record that belies their youth. Oprah's gonna shit. >>>NICOLE KEIPER



THESE ARMS ARE SNAKES

Oxeneers Or The Lion Sleeps When Its Antelope Go Home Jade Tree

Ignore its "Why would you name your band that?" moniker; forget its *Lion King-meets-Fiona Apple* extended album title; even look past its members' pedigrees (abrasive indie-core outfit Kill Sadie, mathcore mavens Botch and hardcore pummelers Nineironspitfire). These Arms Are Snakes stands upright on its own two rattles. Forever in evolution, the band plays much freer than on last year's EP, *This Is Meant To Hurt You*, and the guitars on "Big News" strut and stop with Rolling Stones-via-Black Flag confidence as singer Steve Snere yelps about day-job disillusionment. Both the sparse "Tracing" and the anthemic "Greetings From The Great North Woods" seep with Pretty Girls Make Graves-worthy acrimony, the latter spinning a David Lynchian story of pigs fed human remains across the Canadian border. "Greetings" also ends with each band member shouting a different farewell, vague enough to confuse even the most deranged murderer, all with Fugazi-like fervor: "I will not be there, not yet," "I'm running out of time," "I'm sorry I forgot" and the song title. Despite the band's overambitious concepts, Oxeneers makes the Snakes' case as the best and most sinister of Seattle's hipster-core heroes, sealing its sinister pact as Snere shouts on "Darlings Of New Midnight," "If the devil is your diamond, then we'll gladly take your hand." >>>KORY GROW

Link

www.jadetree.com

File Under

The lion slithers tonight

R.I.Y.L.

Kill Sadie, Harkonen,

Pretty Girls Make Graves



Laura Veirs

Carbon Glacier Nonesuch

Seattle songwriter, string plucker and part-time banjo teacher Laura Veirs is part of a growing flock of artists searching the dark, dusty attics of Americana for a way to say something new. *Carbon Glacier* is her fourth album, but first on a big-time label here in the States. Her songs are part folklore, part folk music and all poetry. For someone who leans on such vintage instrumentation and song structure, Veirs is actually at her best when her arrangements and lyrics skew more modern, more Impressionistic, less literal. "Rapture" (which name-checks

Claude Monet, Zen poet Basho, Kurt Cobain and Virginia Woolf) unspools lyrical ribbons relating the agonies and ecstasies of art and the artist. Though she's fond of acoustic guitars and fiddles and banjos, there seems to be no strict acoustic aesthetic. "The Cloud Room," a nod to a great local club, features the fullest instrumentation, with drums and synth (handclaps too!). Veirs doesn't have a voice as captivating as Jolie Holland or Gillian Welch, but she does emerge with a signature sound that's both spooky and arty. If she were just a traditionalist, the album wouldn't be so remarkable, but the fact that she's eager to make imaginative breaks from the past is what makes us keen to watch her in the future. >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

Link

www.lauraveirs.com

File Under

Old moonshine, new bottle

R.I.Y.L.

Jolie Holland, Joanna Newsom,

Cat Power



Tom Waits

Real Gone Anti-

Tom Waits chose not to lug a piano to Mississippi for the recording of *Real Gone*, his first album ever without the ivories. He did, however, bring pots and pans for banging, along with some old friends: Les Claypool and Larry Taylor on bass and Marc Ribot on guitar for the first time since the late '80s. Think of the grimmest, most rustic songs from 1999's *Mule Variations* and you're part way down the desolation road Waits is trying to lead you. Sometimes it feels like Tom Waits doing Tom Waits (rugged voice through distorted mic, clanking per-

cussion, tales of one-eyed circus workers named Myra), but Waits is always more reliable than predictable. Yes, there's the woozy waltzing ballad (the war-is-hell weeper "The Day After Tomorrow"), but where you can really hear Waits raising the bar is in the rhythm. Opener "Top Of The Hill" features grunt 'n' groan beatboxing from Waits and turntable scratching from son Casey, and "Baby Gonna Leave Me" is about as syncopated as the blues gets—with Waits grumbling "graaah, booom guh ack" for bass and rhythm, shakers keeping a hot and speedy groove and Ribot's riffs leave powderburns. *Real Gone* is easily the most primal of Waits' recent works and it sounds, well, like a frigging junkyard at times. But there's genius and gold in them ruins. >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

Link

www.anti.com

File Under

Apocalyptic blues

R.I.Y.L.

Howlin' Wolf, Leonard Cohen,

Neil Young

Takashi

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– *PC Magazine*, July 31, 2003



There's a new star in town.

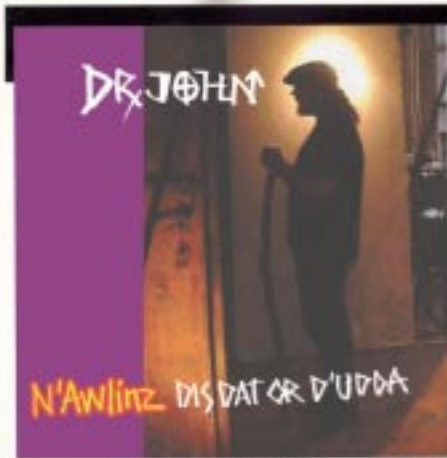
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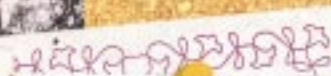
MMW's latest CD finds them teaming up with producer John King of The Dust Brothers, best known for producing classics like the Beastie Boys' *Possive Boutique* and Beck's *Odelay*. Together they have created a brilliant and graceful album packed with melody, soundscapes, and beats that defy gravity. These are theme songs for the next generation's soundtracks that may accompany the end of the world in a more positive setting...



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- Car change
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