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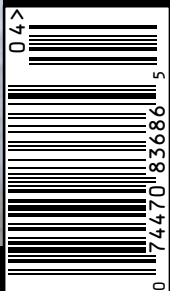
MONTHLY

MODEST MOUSE

HERE THEY COME TO (SELF-EFFACINGLY) SAVE THE DAY



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RE



MODEST MOUSE • THE VON BONDIES

MODEST MOUSE 26

After four months cooped up in a house together yielded only two songs, two pissed-off producers, one poyced drummer and a whole world of thoughts about guitar-related homicide for frontman Isaac Brock, Modest Mouse looked finished. The good news about *Good News For People Who Love Bad News* is that somehow, they managed to make their strongest record yet. James Montgomery keeps his head down.

SONDRE LERCHE 14

His debut, *Faces Down*, was impressive to say the least for a teenager, but will the Norwegian boy wonder's new *Two Way Monologue* make another convincing argument for melody and harmony? Steve Ciabattone moderates the debate.

CLOUDDEAD 16

The ill-typeset bestest buds in cLOUDDEAD can wield a piece of Rauschenberg-inspired imagery as well as they can a kitchen knife in a heated argument. Luckily they finished the brilliant avant hip-hop collage-art opus *Ten* before slicing each other to shreds. Christopher R. Weingarten grabs a Ginsu.

THE VON BONDIES 18

For better or for worse, Jason Stollsteimer getting his ass handed to him by an enraged Jack White catapulted his band, the Von Bondies, into the national spotlight. Now it's up to *Pawn Shoppe Heart* to keep them there. Tom Lanham plays a round of *Jack White's Punch Out!!*

ON THE VERGE 10

A fantastic four: Ambulance LTD, Snow Patrol, Devendra Banhart, Eyedea & Abilities.

ON THE CD 23

Modest Mouse, Ben Kweller, Snow Patrol, Lola Ray, Grey Does Matter, Ambulance LTD, the Damnwells, Old Crow Medicine Show, the Bad Plus, Particle, Robi Draco Rosa, Stimulator.

QUICK FIX 5

It's still just the two of us with Local H, travel to the Congo inside the record collection of Tortoise's John McEntire, the Angry Geek is uncomfortable with his feelings toward Goran Visnjic, get the definitive word on Ringo's drumming abilities from the New Pornographers' Kurt Dahle and Fountains of Wayne's Brian Young, and Mascott's Kendall Jane Meade demonstrates more genuine concern for your personal problems than any person who's appeared in our magazine, ever.

GEEK LOVE 58

James Montgomery touches himself with the Divinyls.

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Industrial-strength info: The music biz by the numbers.

MODEST MOUSE (COVER AND THIS PAGE) : PIPER FERGUSON; VON BONDIES: MELANIE NISSEN

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The —ed. that responded to letters on this page was always something of a character. It wasn't Scott Frampton, Editor-In-Chief, as much as an exaggeration of my already apparent sardonic side. We retired the responses to the letters some time ago—it seemed to have run its course. I mention this now, because in that way that life imitates art, it's time for the Editor to step aside as well. This issue will be my last as Editor-In-Chief.

The reins are being passed to an estimable crew. Tom Mallon, Nicole Keiper and Chris Weingarten are the best we've ever had here, and the new Editor, Steve Ciabattoni, has been my running mate for most of my decade-plus at CMJ, having a greater affect on the magazine, what it covers and how than his former contributing editor title would suggest. And it must be said that I'm not going that far: I'm continuing on as CMJ's Editorial Director, a role that enables me to take a longer view of our magazines and how they work, as well as pursue some other ventures.

So here I am making a big deal about how this isn't really a big deal at all. *CMJ New Music Monthly* will continue, and it will get better under its new direction. There's something to be said for goodbyes, though; I hope that you, as one of the people who's taken the time to read this space, let alone put down good money to buy the magazine, can understand just how much you've inspired me to try to make something worthy of your attention. So goodbye, and thank you.

Scott Frampton
Ex-Editorguy



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QF QUICKFIX



WEIRD RECORD DOUBLE DRAGON

Like the Spruce Goose, it's arresting in size but never flies. Like Charles Foster Kane's *Xanadu*, it's extravagant but leaves you feeling empty inside. Basically, similes barely describe the horrifying excessiveness

of Dragonfly's debut record, *The Edge Of The World* (although some carefully placed italics help express our incredulity). Helmed by Internet tycoon Miki Singh, *Edge* is a *bound* set of two CDs and a 42-page color booklet starring Singh and a gaggle of hired session pros. Featuring over 100 minutes of music (arranged/recorded in fucking Morocco and the Caribbean), it's impossible to even crack the sub-Vertical Horizon post-grunge rock on the discs, because the glossy silver-imprinted booklet (featuring many beautiful but ultimately creepy pictures of the old dudes in question hanging out in the Moroccan sands) is so transfixing. The most audacious debut since *Never Mind The Bollocks*... and not for a note of music. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN



BY VINCENT G. CURRY

There is such a thing as being too good-looking—you really don't want to look like a movie star in prison, for example. I haven't experienced it personally, but it happens a lot in Hollywood, where extraordinarily gorgeous actors are cast as extraordinarily normal people, and we're expected to buy that no one notices. That issue pops up immediately in **Hypnotic**, a suspense thriller based on the novel *Dr. Sleep*. Goran Visnjic stars as a hypnotherapist reluctantly recruited by Scotland Yard to help with a series of child killings after he accidentally reads the mind of a cop he's treating. He's so good-looking, it's an actual distraction—and in the end, that distraction becomes all you have as the story disintegrates into a routine thriller where cops are dumb and even the seemingly smart people do dumb things. But damn, he sure is pretty... ♦♦♦

Cary Elwes was once so pretty he outshone Robin Wright in *The Princess Bride*. He returns to that fairy-tale well again in **Ella Enchanted**, but this time as the bad guy, with the lovely Anne Hathaway as the title character. While it does have small, funny touches, such as an elf who'd rather be a lawyer than dance and sing, some sight gags (The IV Seasons, Ye Olde Body Shoppe) and giants forcing Ella to sing Queen's "Somebody To Love," the film simply doesn't jell. It's partially because it wants to have *The Princess Bride*'s wit but also its tender heart, when the storyline simply isn't sweet to begin with—Ella is not out to find love, only to reverse a bad blessing given by an incompetent fairy. Not to mention, part of the fun of *The Princess Bride* was a dark side (Elwes actually died, if only briefly) Ella is unwilling to embrace.

For more rants, go to www.angrygeek.com.

5 SPOT



FIVE RECORDS THAT POLISH THE SHELL OF TORTOISE'S JOHN MCENTIRE

1. Supersilent, 6

Improv that doesn't sound like improv; a great blend of electronics and acoustic instruments.

2. Yellow Magic Orchestra, *Yellow Magic Orchestra*

They were this group that Ryuichi Sakamoto was in before he had his illustrious solo career. The main person in that group was Haruomi Hosono who, in my opinion, was the most interesting aspect of that band. He's had a really long career as well, but what he brought to that group was really excellent, in terms of the writing, sense of humor and overall feel.

3. David Axelrod, *Songs Of Experience*

Most people are probably familiar with that by now, vis-à-vis DJ Shadow and people like that, early crate-digger stuff. Great, funky rhythm-section playing, crazy, overblown string arrangements.

4. The Soft Pink Truth, *Do You Party?*

That's Drew from Matmos, that's one of his projects. It's sort of what you'd imagine; Matmos meets funk and hip-hop and dance music. Really good stuff.

5. Various Artists, *Electric Bush Music From Congo*

I think this is unreleased right now, but it should be out sometime this year on a Belgian label called Crammed. It's a collection of groups from Congo that are integrating really traditional styles with the necessity of being a musician in the modern age—i.e., amplification. They're taking kalimbas, thumb pianos, stuff like that, and amplifying them, but with really primitive means, so the end result is you get these really crazy distorted tones out of these thumb pianos. It's insane music, like super super dance. Usually there's like 12 or 15 people in each of the groups; it's just awesome.

Get surrounded by sound on Tortoise's fifth LP, *It's All Around You (Thrill Jockey)*.

TORTOISE: SAVERIOTRUGLIA.COM; ILLUSTRATION: GRAHAM BRICE

NEWSFEED: Morrissey, on the heels of releasing his new record on May 17, to curate London's Meltdown 2004 fest • R.E.M. wrapping up their



SCOTT LUCAS OF LOCAL H ON ...



THE WHERE ARE THEY NOW? FILE

This whole VH1 *Where Are They Now?* culture makes me sick. You've got people who have never contributed anything to the society themselves getting all self-righteous and asking shit like, "Where is Pete Townshend of the Who?" I'm like, "He's Pete Townshend. Pete Townshend is exempt from your bullshit. What have you ever done to be in a position to ask such a question?" I don't get what we're supposed to get out of something like that. It's an honest question I guess, but more often than not when it's asked, you see a smugness that goes along with it, and I think a lot of the people it's directed at still stand up [to scrutiny]. That's why I wonder about someone like P.J. Soles [*Rock N Roll High School*]. Or Jackie Earl Haley is another one. I totally wanted to be Kelly from the *Bad News Bears*.

WHERE THEY BEEN?

After *Pack Up The Cats* there was a four-year stretch of doing nothing because of the tangle with our record company. We were touring and writing still, but it sucked because I think a band should be recording music and putting out records every year... that's just what you do and we couldn't. Being away from that [on a smaller label] lets you control your own output and stay more active. When I saw that Wilco movie [Sam Jones' *I Am Trying To Break Your Heart*] it made me say, "Let's just get away from everything and make the record we want to make without having to worry about anyone else's timetable or about fucking things up."

THE RISE OF THE POWER DUO

There were lots of two-pieces before us, like the Flat Duo Jets and the Spinanes, but you see someone like the White Stripes and it's obvious that they're doing it right... that they don't need anything else. I'd still like to have a guitar player come up onstage with us and play all the solos, or have someone else come up and play tambourine and just make it like a revolving rock 'n' roll circus up there, because as a two-piece you're pretty much just a busker up there next to a drummer. I thought a two-piece was a good idea when we formed, but it just bums me out sometimes that now we're gonna be seen as part of a crowd. It's always a little cooler at the beginning when you start something that no one else is doing.

Local H explores the WMD-like dilemma of Whatever Happened To P.J. Soles? on their fifth album, their first for Studio E Records.
Interview by Chad Swiatecki.

JEFF KROLL

14th record, for fall release • **Scott Walker** signs to 4AD for his first record in nine years • **Andre 3000** in talks to play Jimi Hendrix in an upcoming biopic • **Hot**>>>

Tough Love

MASCOTT

There's a song? On the new Mascott album *Dreamer's Book*? It's called "L.O.V.E." Clearly, songstress Kendall Jane Meade has matters of the heart on her mind—and, of course, woven into her gentle and lovely folk-rock. Shame on you for making her think about your filthy urges when she seems like such a nice girl. Now, about those filthy urges: lovelorn@cmj.com.

My girlfriend picks her nose. Yes, I realize we all pick our noses. But she does it when we're in public, and thinks she's being all slick about it. She's not, everyone sees it, and it's completely gross. But I'm scared she'll get pissed at me if I say something. Should I just bite the bullet or learn to live with it?
—Jamie, Angola, Indiana

This actually happened to me before. This guy I really liked picked a big one and thought he was being funny. Unfortunately, your girlfriend is not joking. Her "I'm not actually picking my nose right now" charade needs to stop ASAP. You must say something to let her know you're on to her. Just say it in a cute, jokey voice and I promise she won't freak out.

I work with this guy who isn't all that observant—by talking to me once, it's very obvious that I'm a gay man. It's not something I dis-



cuss at work since we're at a very conservative company run by an intense Christian. So, this coworker is constantly trying to "bro down," talking about how hot the female receptionist's ass is, discussing titties like every time we're standing next to each other for more than two seconds. It started out just being annoying, now I'm getting pretty offended. I'm afraid to say anything; the boss man will probably call me a heathen if he finds out I'm gay. I should probably just quit, right?

—Tyler, Ellensburg, Washington

No, you cannot quit! Use this as an opportunity to be the "upstanding sensitive man" that women dream actually exist. Tell the perv things like, "Hey man, she's a friend of mine," or my personal favorite, "How would you feel if I was saying those things about your sister?" Do it for the ladies, without having to "out" yourself at work if you're not ready.

My ex-boyfriend is a backpacker/emo hip-hop kind of guy, and he just put

out a record. I'll be the first to admit I don't understand the lyrics (lots of SAT words and nonsense images), but I think they're about me, and I don't think they're very nice. Would it be weird to ask him about it? We had a pretty amicable breakup, so I'm not sure why he would write mean things about me, but I'm suspicious. I'd feel like an idiot if I asked him and was wrong though.

—Jess, Des Moines, Iowa

I'm almost positive he won't admit to anything. If you divulge to anyone that you wrote a song about him or her, it usually backfires. I did it once or twice and I'll always regret it. The only exception to this rule is Bob Dylan's ode to his wife, "Sara," which apparently saved his marriage for a few extra years. In a dream world, my advice would be to start your own band and write a song about this matter that seems to be taking up space in your head. You don't have to be super abstract and verbose like the emo guy, just be yourself.

Love,
Kendall



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The electro-baloney of Mixel Pixel's *Rainbow Panda* (Mental Monkey) is like a Hot Pocket stuffed with dog shit: looks delicious, but you don't want what's inside. Twenty-four-year-old, Ardonia, New York-based graphic designer Noah Lyon, a.k.a. **Retard Riot**, is responsible for the technicolor doodle fucks gracing its cover. His awesome Basquiat-meets-poop-joke buttons can be purchased for a buck apiece at www.retardriot.com.



Pneumatic stacks? Pressure reservoir tanks? Vacuum inlet nipples? Repairing calliopes is hard fucking work—maybe that's why Philadelphia's **Man Man** try so earnestly to sound like a broken one. On their self-titled debut CD single (Ace Fu), their surprisingly danceable avant-indie jive smacks errant bells and Tim Burton-worthy playground chants like a drunken carry bent on U.S. Maple, Captain Beefheart or Need New Body.



Now those cuddly **Chemical Brothers** can fit right in your pocket—if you're one of the 5,000 people lucky enough to get a Chem Bro promotional "zapper" (none on eBay yet, suckers). Rounder than an iPod, louder than its inch-wide speaker would imply and playing the riffs from "Block Rockin' Beats," "It Began In Afrika" and more at the touch of a button, this promotional item for *Singles 93-03* (Astralwerks) will surely irritate the piss out of your cubemates. But, hey, dig your own hole.

Dude, seriously, look at yourself in that size small "Pottawattamie County High School Soccer" T-shirt. Be a man for once with **The Male Mystique: Men's Magazine Ads Of The 1960s And '70s** (Chronicle). Borderline misogyny, questionable mustaches and flared pants abound in this collection of adverts from the days when "metrosexual" meant sniffing for tail on the F train and "Slack Power" meant virile black men, not Superchunk shirking their pizza delivery jobs.

Josh Homme already working on new **QOTSA**, after booting Nick Oliveri from the band • **Beastie Boys** to release the follow-up to 1998's *Hello Nasty* in June • >>>

THE MIX

TITLE: Spit On A Sooner

MADE BY: saved (a.k.a. Mike Cassel of Kentwood, LA)

1. **The Deathray Davies**
The Girl Who Stole The Eiffel Tower
2. **I Love You But I've Chosen Darkness**
I Want To Die In The Hot Summer
3. **Pedro The Lion**
Backwoods Nation
4. **The Walkmen**
The Rat
5. **The Wrens**
This Boy Is Exhausted (Early Version)
6. **Kings Of Leon**
Trani
7. **Pleasure Forever**
Axis Exalt
8. **The Blood Brothers**
The Salesman, Denver Max
9. **Forget Cassettes**
Ms. Rhythm And Blues
10. **Iran**
We Could Go Away For A While
11. **New Wet Kojak**
Bad Things
12. **Woven Hand**
My Russia (Standing On Hands)
13. **The Grifters**
Slow Day For The Cleaner
14. **Merle Haggard**
Mama Tried
15. **Subset**
Common Denominator
16. **The Stills**
Gender Bombs
17. **Raising The Fawn**
Into Ashes White
18. **Team Sleep**
Ligeia
19. **McLusky**
Hymn For New Cars

Think about what you've done in the Mix forum at www.cmj.com.



KURT DAHLE



BRIAN YOUNG

ROCK ARGUMENTS... SETTLED

THE ARGUMENT: Was Ringo Starr a shitty drummer?

Kurt Dahle, drummer, the New Pornographers

I can't even believe this is an argument. That just seems backwards to me. If you listen to some of the things that he did on the hi-hat, he was probably the first guy in rock 'n' roll to do that. I know he didn't play on everything, but for the most part it's Ringo. Maybe technically he wasn't that great, but you seldom ever tap your foot to a virtuoso song.

Brian Young, drummer, Fountains Of Wayne

This is a topic that for some reason gets bantered around an awful lot... certainly more than "What the hell was Ringo thinking when he did *Caveman*?" Remember that players today have had 30-something years to perfect what he innately laid down to tape in probably very few takes. Ringo is scrutinized in today's ridiculous standard that every beat and nuance is supposed to be perfectly in place. But come on, that surely isn't rock 'n' roll is it? Ringo is the shit, yo.

THE VERDICT: The Beasties, Danger Mouse and *Shining Time Station* all know Ringo's got breaks galore—face it, he's unfuckwithable. Joey Kramer, however, is still a shitty drummer.



LADY KILLER

NIGHTSHADE (SEGA FOR PS2)

Remember when "But Mom, playing video games all day improves hand-eye coordination" used to work as an excuse? Revisit those days with Sega's hopelessly complicated **Nightshade**, a sequel to 2002's even more hopelessly complicated **Shinobi** revamp. You'll have to memorize more control combinations than a helicopter pilot, but it's worth it to see female ninja Hibana laughing in the face of physics, dashing and slashing through the air of futuristic Tokyo, staying off the ground for minutes at a time whilst dispatching legions of crab-like otherworldly hellspawn. In the time it takes you to finish this game, your legs and social skills might atrophy, but your fingers will be in great shape. >>>CAM'RON DAVIS

Alex Chilton and Jody Stephens joined by the **Posies'** Jon Auer and Ken Stringfellow for the first **Big Star** album since 1978 * * * * *

The gig that turned things around for Ambulance LTD was far from the kind of shining moment that sees a band lifted from obscurity into the arms of ravenous A&R scouts. "It was terrible," remembers frontman Marcus Congleton. "I broke a string on the first song. I didn't have any other guitar to play, so I had to sit down on the stage, restring the fucking guitar and then start over again. There were like five people there." In fact, the experience was so disheartening for the Oregon-raised, New York-based singer, that he was ready to make the show

the band's last. But in a turn of events akin to leaping off a bridge to find a giant trampoline waiting below, one of the few audience members was a representative of TVT Records, the label that eventually released Ambulance's self-titled debut album. "I thanked him for coming down, but I told him I probably wasn't going to stick with it," laughs Congleton. "He said, 'Oh no, we'll make you some kind of an offer, so don't quit yet.'" Since then, they've gone on to wow growing local crowds with their blend of '70s psychedelia, shoegaze shimmer and Steely Dan dips. Fans that discovered the band opening for the likes of Placebo and Suede have likewise found their eclectic musical approach intriguing. "People usually ask what we're going for, or who we're trying to sound like," Congleton says. "But I'm glad that we don't fit any kind of category too neatly." >>>DOUG LEVY

AMBULANCE LTD

ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S 

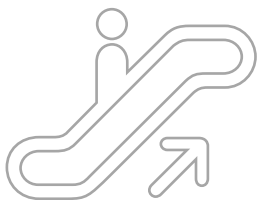




SNOW PATROL

It's 2:30 in the afternoon and Snow Patrol is already doing tequila shots. And no, it isn't too early. "Oh, please," lead singer/songwriter Gary Lightbody smirks. "This isn't drinking. We're pacing ourselves because we're doing an interview." If ever Snow Patrol had reason to drink, it's today: Their new *Final Straw*, featuring two U.K. hit singles ("Run" and "Spitting Games"), is being released Stateside on Interscope—a big change from the small indie, Jeepster, that released the band's previous records. "We know all the clichés of signing with a major," says Lightbody. "But with an indie, our record wasn't getting in the stores. And besides, we've also been told [that major labels] pick up the bill after you've trashed the hotel room." Too rock to be twee and too sensitive to be arty, Snow Patrol

are a study in disparate influences—though some play more prominently than others. "You want me to say 'Lou Barlow,' don't you?" Lightbody accuses, before grabbing a knife and playfully threatening, "Go ahead. Say it. I dare you." There's much more than the oft-used Sebadoh comparison: Snow Patrol's music and lyrics have the ageless sentiment of old pop songs, the unadulterated sappiness of the human condition. Lightbody explains, "Growing up, we listened to Quincy Jones, Kool And The Gang and Michael Jackson until I got to the age of awkward. Then I got into AC/DC and KISS, which somehow brought me to the Pixes, Pavement and Sebadoh. Hopefully, Snow Patrol is mixing all of those sensibilities together," he offers, ordering another round. After all, the label is paying. >>>ARYE DWORKEN



DEVENDRA BANHART

Of course it's all true," Devendra Banhart says with a laugh when asked about the arched-brow murmurs whispered behind his back. Since the release of his raggedly recorded, modern-day bohemian classic *Oh Me, Oh My*, there've been quite a few: Perhaps you've heard questions about his sexuality (he's straight, actually, despite his fondness for performing in drag) or that his label impresario (and former Swans leader) Michael Gira was really the one behind the record's kitchen-sink production and bizarre romanticism. "It's incredible that someone would say that," Banhart marvels. "If you think about his music [versus mine]... that's like saying Jimi Hendrix wrote all of Liberace's songs." Clearly more focused and confident in all directions, it would be impossible to deny that the songs on his sophomore album, *Rejoicing In The Hands* (Young God), belong to anyone but Banhart, as their moments of campfire melancholia and wide-eyed, rambling pop portray the young heart and mind of a songwriter oblivious to his own gift. "I was never expecting any of this," he says. "When I'm playing I'm sure that I'm playing, but I'm not thinking that these people are here to see me. It's always like I'm sharing my songs for the first time with these people. If someone yells out a song of mine, I just think, 'Okay, you must have been paid.'" >>>TREVOR KELLEY

EYEDEA & ABILITIES

Ever since I was little," says DJ Abilities, "my dad was always saying, 'You get better at what you do.' This pertains to *anything*... If you do nothing, you're gonna be hella good at just chilling." The almost-neurotic ambition and determination of childhood friends Eyedea & Abilities is the impetus behind years of woodshedding, honing the MC and DJ skills that wrecked Scribble Jam and the regional DMC. "We *still* practice as

much as we did," Eyedea says. "He probably scratches four or five hours a day, I still have freestyle sessions that last four to six hours. We're not the kind of group that's going to get comfortable." But light years away from being wanky MC Malmsteen and DJ Vai, their sophomore record *E&A* (Rhymesayers/Epitaph) is all post-bop scratching, punchline-riddled wordplay and staccato beatcraft from Minneapolis dreamers who, to perfect the maddening single "Now," spent weeks practicing impossible quadruplet vocal runs and a tonal turntable "guitar solo." "We attempt to be *epic* on every level—a 15-minute freestyle, a one-second scratch solo—everything we touch," Eyedea says. "If you're an architect, do you want to build boxes?" "We're probably one of the only rap groups that has a light plot," says Abilities, thumbing through a typewritten sheet of meticulous cues en route to Irving Plaza's lighting guy. "We take our shit serious." >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN



There is such a thing as too much pineapple. All Sondre Lerche really wanted was some water in his dressing room, but when he found out it was OK to ask for something special, he took the bait. "I do love fresh pineapple. But I didn't want anyone to go out of their way," he says bashfully about his foray into the infamous rock-star backstage rider, where requests are made for everything from pinball machines to personal masseuses. "So I got all this pineapple. After a couple of days it was, 'Oh, no more pineapple for me, please.' I felt bad because the rest of the tour it was, 'Here's your fresh pineapple, Mr. Lerche.'" It put him off the stuff for a year. "Lesson learned," he groans.

At 21, this charming prince from Bergen, Norway may have wisdom to gain about the music biz, but there's no naïveté when it comes to the music. By 18, he'd already recorded *Faces Down*, an album of jazzy guitar figures flanked by string arrangements that blew smoke rings toward Burt Bacharach, Cole Porter and Lennon/McCartney. "With the first record, I was very ambi-

ance to make the songs communicate and be more immediate."

Talking about how every note counts gets Lerche going not only about his music but also his latest flame. "The last year I've been crazy about Hitchcock films and I've been reading this book about *Vertigo* and buying the DVDs and watching them over and over," he says, his eyes wide as if he were sitting in the front row staring up at the screen in wonder. "Every shot is part of fulfilling the vision. His films were so ambitious and so complex in terms of storytelling and effects and locations. It's all artistically top-notch. And they're so sexy. I mean, look at *Rear Window*."

Sex appeal is why Lerche has traded in last tour's Scooby Doo T-shirt for a tailored suit, and why he'll throw a sly wink to the crowd when he plays a particularly kitschy instrumental passage. The girls (and some boys) all swoon. "People write off stuff as cheesy before investigating the ambition and the content of what it really is," Lerche counters. "What is really cheesy is a pop act trying to fool the kids into believing they're punk

NORSE LEGEND

***Two Way Monologue* is only Sondre Lerche's sophomore effort, but the album's intimate sophistication hints he's working on his Master's.** STORY: STEVE CIABATTONI • PHOTO: MICK ROCK

tious," he says, sounding like a graying veteran looking back at his wild youth. "I wanted to put every aspect out there and use it as the perfect place to start. From there I could go in any direction and it wouldn't be a shock. The next record could have been a country record if I wanted," he suggests. "So with this record I wanted to choose one of the colors of *Faces Down* and make that a full record." Which color? "I'd have to say it's different shades of brown. Maybe *Songs In The Key Of Brown* should have been the title."

Despite the joking, his focus on *Two Way Monologue* was "as serious as it is simple," to quote the lyrics of new track "On The Tower." The album is still rife with string arrangements (a credit to High Llama Sean O'Hagan) and other 1970's pop flourishes, but this time Lerche left more space for instruments and lyrics to breathe. "I wanted to make a prettier, smoother record than the first, even though this new one is more stripped-down. I wanted to hear everything that's in the room and base it more around a band perform-

rock by adding a distortion pedal. Worse yet are these singer/songwriters with their acoustic guitars adding a drum loop and using the same chords all the time. It's just a lot of formulas. That's the stuff I really hate."

This is a young man who has his eyes and ears open all the time. While in the States, he's enjoyed his new fans (and the surfing in Hawaii), but what he sees and hears most clearly are America's chief exports: Commercialism and irony. "Compared to Norway, there's so many more commercials and advertisements," he says. "Even in this nice hotel, nothing's chosen because somebody likes it, it's because they have a deal. Last night we were sitting here and suddenly the volume of the music was turned up. We asked if they could turn it down and the reply was, 'Sorry, it automatically goes up at 6 p.m. and there's nothing we can do about it,'" he laughs. "Yes, we're sorry," he mocks politely. "This is progress. This is the future. You can't control it." **NMM**





WE ARE THE DUCHAMPIONS

They find their samples in the trash, but keep their friendship a treasure. Avant-hop collage-poppers cLOUDDEAD descend their final staircase.

STORY: CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN • PHOTO: JESSICA MILLER

Yoni apparently pulled a knife on Dave in a very reactionary fashion," says the ever-nasal lyrical mosaic-maker Doseone, about his cLOUDDEAD bandmates and the kitchen scene climaxing the tumultuous making of their final album, *Ten* (Mush). "That was like a total crescendo. Everyone needed to live apart 'cause it was too fucking much."

Three moody friends from three colleges in moody Cincinnati, business partners in California's Dadaist hip-hop Anticon collective, roommates, tourmates and bandmates; the members of cLOUDDEAD—Doseone, ADD-added napkin-poetry scrawler why? (all lowercase, please) and sample détournier odd nosdam (ditto)—have abandoned their post-hop avant-indie 8-track troupe, despite magazine covers, critical acclaim and genre-crossing underground accolades, all in an attempt to become better friends.

"Yeah, living, arting, businessing, rehearsing, touring all with the same group of people definitely took its toll on us," says Doseone (born Adam Drucker). "We take it a little too personally. The thought of cutting another record opens up questions about life and death for us."

Not that heart-on-sleeve emotions are surprising from a group currently branded with the dubious "emo-rap" tag (though their music is more redolent of post-rock-influenced indie weirdos like Flying Saucer Attack, Tortoise and Boards Of Canada); their asymmetrical lyrics shelter a wealth of emotion... somewhere underneath a vivid-yet-often-perplexing

jabberwocky of cryptic imagery.

"I like listening to 'You're So Vain' and knowing that it's about James Taylor; being like, 'OK, they must have had a relationship and he must have burned her in some way,'" says why? (born Yoni Wolf), who helped write *Ten*'s music to his and Drucker's finished poems, creating cLOUDDEAD's distinct disjunct. "I feel like some of our stuff might be more personal. You might not be able to catch every single meaning, but I don't think you have to."

For example, closer "Our Name" contains a mere 46 words ("What if you caught the butterflies and your friend always stuck the pin through/ Then you're, like, drowning in the bathtub"), but touches on a neighbor getting sonned by a crack dealer, Dose's self-consciousness, a burnout over his mom and the omnipresent in-band fighting. "That track is *completely* impenetrable in the nature of what it's really about," says Drucker. "However, when you hear that it's the last cLOUDDEAD record, it'll definitely give you some kind of Cliff's Note." So does this layering of puzzling elements in word and sound make lyricists Drucker and Wolf some sort of Jackson Pollocky word-splatterers?

"I wouldn't say [that]—maybe a Jasper Johns or like a Rauschenberg or something," says Wolf, who dropped out of his Cincinnati art school with nosdam to pursue Anticon. "We'll take just little bits of things and sort of put them together... Using the things that are around us, what other people would think of as trash, images we see that no one would think of as art, and somehow they become that

when put under the right spotlight."

For example, Wolf was in dire need of a soft hi-hat sound his tinny cymbals couldn't provide, so he reached for the trash laying around the studio: a wayward piece of Styrofoam. "I started hitting it [and it was] too dull. I took my shirt off and I rubbed it on my skin. Perfect. I got a hairy chest and the static was all over the place. It was a bad scene, but it worked out."

"Basically for me, it's just whatever I can get my hands on," says producer odd nosdam (born Dave Madson), who put together much of *Ten* with 1950s Wilcox-Gay Recordio home-recording discs found at swap meets and skipping records from thrift stores, adding to the clatter-hop of broken guitars, old Casios and Terminator X-worthy food-processor solos. "I'm very big into just the idea of reusing stuff, whether it's clothes or sampling art. Records that really have no artistic merit seem to be the ones that I go for the most... the whole post-Peter Dinklage record boom."

Like Alan Lomax bent on Negativland, cLOUDDEAD uses field recordings to disturbing effect, like the crack dealer's fit layered atop a ditty by Drucker's eight-year-old sister. One that missed the final cut was a clandestine recording of Wolf and Madson's kitchen spat, secretly captured by Drucker and Anticon cohort/roommate Jel.

"I tell you what, man," Drucker says. "I know how to keep a band together now. I know how to communicate and I also know how to not lose friends. And we didn't lose each other... plus we have the platinum hit, *Ten*, on our hands!" **NMM**



Of

Back before a hometown Detroit club punch-up landed singer Jason Stollsteimer in the hospital, Jack White in court and everybody in the headlines, the **Von Bondies** were just a band that formed after a Cramps show.

STORY: TOM LANHAM • PHOTO: MELANIE NISSEN

Human

Bondie

WHITE FIGHT/WHITE HEAT

Sure, Jason Stollsteimer's face looked like it got marched on by a seven-nation army, but the Von Bondies singer/guitarist is more livid because the Jack White fracas put his band once again where so many Motor City acts wind up—under the pale shadow of the Detroit garage rock don.

"Everyone knows or acts like [White is] untouchable and very few people are willing to say anything bad about him because of that," Stollsteimer said in January. "The last thing we want is to be related to the White Stripes again when we've spent the last two years trying to distance ourselves from them and from being lumped in with all the bands in Detroit." Hard facts are scant as to what motivated White to allegedly attack Stollsteimer from behind while singer Brendan Benson performed at Detroit's Magic Stick, leading to a misdemeanor assault charge against White, but there's no shortage of acrimony between the two sides. The Von Bondies have contested the producer credit White received for the debut album *Lack Of Communication* (Sympathy For The Record Industry)—"We practiced at his house in those days, and at best you could say what he did was act as an engineer, but we didn't know what a producer's role was and we didn't write those credits," Stollsteimer explains. White soon shot back by casting aspersions on their musical ability and mental faculties. White and VB's guitarist Marcie Bolen were also *the* hot couple around town when their bands were building a buzz, but soon after the arrival of the Stripes' heralded *Elephant* White did a Motown-to-Showtown upgrade and took up with his *Cold Mountain* co-star Renée Zellweger. And while the Stripes' fame has brought attention to Detroit's many blues-fueled bands and given them the chance to make hay while the sun shines, Stollsteimer—originally from northern neighbor Port Huron—says it's led to the codification of bands that have little in common beside geography.

"Detroit as a phenomenon has opened a lot of doors, but you wind up getting lumped into the scene and sound of one city and that's limiting. We weren't from Detroit originally and we're young compared to a band like the Dirtbombs, but here we are getting lumped in with the others because we're not like Blink-182 or Limp Bizkit. Our new record is all about '60s rock 'n' roll and doesn't sound like it came from Detroit at all."

Whether the Von Bondies can step out beyond their city limits and onto a larger stage will be decided by the fans who snapped up *Pawn Shoppe Heart* when it hit stores on March 9—the same day Jack White pled guilty to assault at his trial. "I'm most upset about [the beating]," Stollsteimer says, "because I don't want my picture to be in a magazine next to his anymore." >>>CHAD SWIATECKI

and gladly goes into detail on how he used lots of vocal reverb, switching from dynamic mics to condensers when necessary, and swiftly transferring analog takes to digital to maintain the vocal/percussion high end so crucial to the Von Bondies' spectral sound. "We took enough time to get things right, while still keeping everything fresh," Harrison sagely explains. "And Jason was still writing during the whole process, so some of the best songs, like 'C'mon C'mon,' were written right in the middle of recording."

Stollsteimer's "Broken Man" words echo around the Troubadour like slapback. And they'll prove eerily prophetic a couple of weeks later, when Stollsteimer—in the culmination of a long-brewing Motor City feud—will be beaten into hospital-job submission by an angry Jack White in their hometown hangout, the Magic Stick. Allegedly, there was no blood on the Von Bondie's hands on that fateful December 13th; all the pummelling was done by White, who maintained he was merely defending himself, but stood trial for aggravated assault, eventually pleading guilty. Gruesome photographs of a swollen-eyed, blood-spattered Stollsteimer soon circulated, and the artist is still undergoing treatment for a torn retina. Harrison couldn't have seen such a melee mounting this optimistic afternoon. Nor, apparently, could the Von Bondies.

Grabbing a lobby seat for a candid pre-show chat, both Stollsteimer and Bolen (White's ex-galpal, about whom a good deal of the White Stripes' *Elephant* is rumored to have been written) admit that they were initially puzzled to read an *NME* piece on White last fall, wherein he ruthlessly slagged the Von Bondies, with no prompting from the interviewer. This is especially odd, considering that White usually prides himself on a gentlemanly comportment in interviews; even while Ryan Adams was taking swipes at the Stripes, he refused to do any more than wish Adams well.

After White freely offered his uncharitable opinion of the band, the Von Bondies issued a polite press rebuttal and thought that was the end of it. "The funny thing is, I haven't talked to [White] in two years, so I was surprised by that [quote]," Stollsteimer scowls. He wields a razor-sharp wit, appears more than a little mischievous, but in no way seems capable of working anyone into a dukes-up lather. "But we've been on tour so much, there was no chance for us to see any of our friends. We haven't seen the Soledad Brothers in eight months, and I count them

Leaning against the empty bar of L.A.'s Troubadour, Jerry Harrison adjusts his horn-rimmed spectacles and squints to study the young band—two guys, two girls—taking the stage for an afternoon soundcheck. And as they launch into their first spooky, scratch-riffed number, the ex-Talking Head nods approvingly, grinning from ear to ear.

"Whaddaya think?" he asks rhetorically. "Their songs just make you happy, don't they? I play their new record for all sorts of people, from my 14-year-old daughter and her friends to older folks, and everyone just smiles when they hear it."

Harrison, who's flown down from his Bay Area retreat for this SoCal showcase, has a vested interest in how this group sounds tonight. He's eager to see if Detroit garage-punk combo the Von Bondies can replicate in concert the jarred-lightning studio energy he harnessed in producing their *Pawn Shoppe Heart* (Sire/Reprise). He needn't fret. Tall, ebony-clad drummer Don Blum pounds out a primal beat on his kit; he's quickly joined by parka-sporting bassist/vocalist Carrie Smith, who swims into the blues-basic rhythm like a herring-hungry seal. Wearing a chic black velvet cocktail dress, strawberry-haired femme fatale Marcie Bolen begins grinding out a sinewy melody on her guitar, while lanky, dirty-blond frontman Jason Stollsteimer chimes in with a catacomb-creaky lead. Harrison thrashes in place at the bar as Stollsteimer, in a grave, haunted timbre somewhere between Glenn Danzig and the Gun Club's late Jeffrey Lee Pierce, starts to croon *Pawn Shoppe's* self-deprecating tour reflection "Broken Man": "I'm a broken man/ This here's my broken band/ From a broken land called Detroit city/ There's no blood on these hands..." The producer is ecstatic,



DON BLUM, CARRIE SMITH, JASON STOLLSTEIMER, MARCIE BOLEN

as good friends. But I was like, 'Fuck it—if that's the way it is, that's the way it is.' Who cares? I'm not even worried about it.'

Hindsight suggests that he should've been, but now, Stollsteimer is on a roll. "The only thing I thought was weird was, [the White Stripes] are at the height of their success, and all they could talk about was us. But if they kick somebody, they'll help them. We got so much press from it, and we haven't been in *NME* in about six months. Now all of a sudden, we're on the front page, so we say, 'Cool, man—thanks for selling another 10,000 records for us.' So there isn't a rift—at least not that we know of," Stollsteimer clarifies. "But honestly, it might've been that we just didn't use him as a producer [White had co-produced the band's 2002 indie bow, *Lack Of Communication*]. He asked us and we said no—I said we needed to do it on our own without a Detroit reference. So that's what happened, and I'm pretty sure that's what the rift is about." Did he say 'rift'? He clears his throat. "But it isn't a fight. I swear, it's not a fight."

Of course, a fight is what it turned out to be. In any case, the old adage holds

sway: Throw a punch, instantly lose your argument. And it's sad that this Detroit dust-up will hang over the release of *Pawn Shoppe Heart*, which pitches its sonic tent so far from the Stripes' camp that it poses no stylistic threat whatsoever. There's the swaggering, greasy blues of "Been Swank," a reckless re-imagining of Soledad Brother Ben Swank's early trailer-park years; a five-minute, quasi-Gothic processional honoring "Mairead," Britain's popular Queens Of Noize DJ; shadowy, vaguely rockabilly-tinged barnstormers like "The Fever," "No Regrets" and a machine-gunned "Crawl Through Darkness"; and a Primitives-peppy pop track, "Not That Social," sung by a perfectly chirpy Smith. Ghoul-ish? "Our songs are a bit dark," Bolen declares. Stollsteimer agrees. "Several of the cuts have a totally evil sound," he smirks, especially "Pawn Shoppe Heart" and the secret song at the end of the record, a cover of Otis Redding's "Try A Little Tenderness." "I'm singing it the way I picture Screamin' Jay Hawkins would. My wife even named our dog Bondie Hawkins in honor of him."

Bolen is aghast. "Seriously? That's what you call your dog?"

Bolen and Stollsteimer have an unusual buddy-buddy rapport that can only come from having at one time been roommates. The Ypsilanti natives eventually relocated to Detroit where, Bolen sighs, "We had a house, but didn't exactly get along. I had to see pans of dried macaroni and cheese lying around every day..."

"For four years!" Stollsteimer chimes in, proudly. "I never cleaned. I had too much on my mind to clean—I'd rather play guitar." While outfits like the Go, the Gories and the Detroit Cobras were crystallizing the Motor City garage-rawk scene, Bolen and Stollsteimer were moved to pick up their instruments after witnessing Cramps and Guitar Wolf concerts, respectively. Bolen remembers prodding Stollsteimer, "'We have to do this! You have a guitar, I have a guitar—Jason, let's play!' Seeing the Cramps was that awesome for me." Their first foray, the Baby Killers, soon included old friends Blum and Smith. Rechristened the Von Bondies ("Bondie" was taken from a German scientist who invented radar, and 'Von' sounds good with a German name," explains Stollsteimer, Deutsch-blooded himself), the quartet was soon opening for the Cramps, as well as early benefactors the White Stripes.

"And when we started, we didn't have anything to sing about," recalls Stollsteimer, who was riding the night train to alcoholic oblivion at 19. Music helped him kick booze, he adds. "Writing songs about girls, like, 'Oh, I love this girl,' seemed kinda cheesy, so I started writing about shit that actually happened, wrote exactly what happened in my life, word for word." Hence the Von Bondies' now-signature "Nite Train." Or "It Came From Japan," their ode to Guitar Wolf.

A few hours later, and it's showtime at the Troubadour. Again, Harrison is seated at the bar—now overcrowded—and he's pounding his glass on the counter in time to those Von Bondies numbers he knows so well. Affable Dim Mak label honcho Steve Aoki has set up shop in the lobby, hawking the band's blistering live disc, *Raw And Rare*. Red-hot "O.C." actress Mischa Barton drops in to catch the set and excitedly asks a crowd member to "Tell me everything I need to know about the Von Bondies!" Right now, all random starlets or rock fans really need to know is right there on the stage, where the Von Bondies have come out swinging. **NMM**



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4. **LOLA RAY** "Automatic Girl"

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7. **THE DAMNWELLS** "Sleepsinging"

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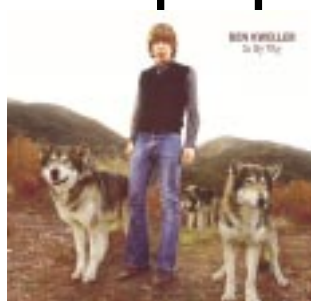
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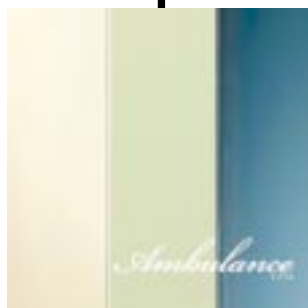
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A MOUSE DIVIDED

Making the new *Good News For People Who Love Bad News* nearly killed **Modest Mouse**—or at least made frontman Isaac Brock nearly kill everyone around him. But there's that whole thing about that which doesn't kill you, and it's proved true: It's the band's strongest record yet.

STORY: JAMES MONTGOMERY • PHOTO: PIPER FERGUSON

ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S 

The city of Tallahassee is made entirely of red bricks. The spires and Gothic arches of Florida State University, the streets surrounding the capitol building, the postcard-perfect downtown shops. All crimson and mortar. Uniform. The girls here are fabulously good-looking. Tanned and

blonde, shirts revealing midribs. Every guy here could beat you up. And they all converge on bars with names like Snookers, Bullwinkle's and Potbelly's to burn through "\$5 all-you-can-drink specials" and "free beer for the ladies." The bars boom with bass that rattles the windows out of their frames. Their parking lots overflow with Jeeps and pick-up trucks with roll bars.

And in the midst of all this brick and bacchanal banality, sitting on a park bench next to a fountain, is Isaac Brock—Modest Mouse mastermind, reported misanthrope, noted outsider, oft-quoted shit-talker. He is squat and slightly unkempt, sporting stubble and a checkered Western shirt rolled at the sleeves. His pants are too short. He wears a MedicAlert bracelet on his left wrist. He's ripping through cigarettes and talking about his band, their new album *Good News For People Who Love Bad News*, and the near-Herculean ordeal that went into its creation. And one would think, given the surroundings and subject matter, that he could not be more uncomfortable.

"No, I love people. I'm actually terrible at not being around them," he says, arms stretched behind his head. "I like living in cities. When you're alone in the middle of a nowhere hick town, you drink a lot. And I don't really approve of that." And perhaps the magnitude of this statement—which basically flies in the face of everything you've ever read about him—is why Brock trails off, drags on his cigarette and scratches his head before continuing.

"But, the grass is always greener. And I'm always standing on a brown patch."

This seems to be the way it always is with Isaac Brock. One step forward, two steps back. He'll tell you that he doesn't give a shit what people think about him, his eccentricities, or his drinking. But when asked about them, he becomes agitated, shakes his foot like a rattlesnake's tail, warning you not to get any closer. He is withdrawn, but really quite friendly, emoting like Quentin Tarantino at 33 rpm. Yet he carefully guards his private life—the source of so many rumors and whis-

"The grass is always greener. And I'm always standing on a brown patch."

pers—deflecting every inquiry with a stern "I won't talk about that."

Over the past year-and-a-half, Brock has lost his longtime drummer, two producers and very nearly his mind. But somehow, he emerged from it all in control. At ease. One thing is certain: On this park bench, as old men in suits make their way to church and elaborately groomed poodles stroll by, Isaac Brock is happy... kind of.

"A lot of shit fell apart. And I had to regain my grip," he says. "That was the trick. I had to fix myself to make everything work. Did I fix myself completely? Oh, God no. Is that even possible?"

Perhaps the most amazing thing about *Good News For People Who Love Bad News* is not its sprawling scope, its all-over-the-place musicianship or its grab bag of metaphors. It's not the subtle studio polishes, flagrantly bawdy jazzbo excursions or ragged Deep-South-via-Hades hoedowns. Nor is it the bipolar mood swings that populate the disc. Without a doubt, the most amazing thing is that the album was even made in the first place.

"When we first started trying to do this album, Isaac had the idea to rent a place in Portland," says bassist Eric Judy. "And everything went wrong. We were in the house for four months, and we got maybe two songs done. It was ridiculous."

And for Judy, that's making a bold statement. He's been Modest Mouse's bassist since before anyone can remember, always playing the silent stalwart to Brock's mopey maniac. He's endlessly sweet, rocks a patchy beard and wears baggy jeans. He's exactly like every kid who's ever hit you up for change in Little Five Points or Washington Square Park, minus the puppy with a hemp necklace. But more importantly, he's been there since the band's inception—been privy to Brock's seismic mood swings—and from the day the band checked into the Portland house,

he knew something wasn't right.

"We had no reason to be starting to record," he says. "It was a bad idea. The whole thing was a bad idea."

Everyone admits that making a record in a house was just too laid back. Idle hands, too many friends. But, prepared or not, Brock had them booked in a Seattle studio to begin sessions on the new album. And he had a grand plan: take two producers, each familiar with the Mouse (Phil Ek, who had recorded the band on numerous occasions, and Brian Deck, who produced the band's last album, 2000's *The Moon And Antarctica*), and let, as he says, "two people who have good ideas bounce ideas off each other."

But it didn't quite work out that way.

"It was a bad idea, having two producers," Judy says. "The producer likes to be the dude in control, and having two guys trying to be that sounded like a nightmare." Adds new and über-tattooed guitarist Dann Gallucci (who's not really all that new, since he played on tracks from Modest Mouse's breakout LP *The Lonesome Crowded West*): "Phil and Brian both agreed to do it, but I think they both agreed to it hoping something would happen to the other and they'd be the only one left. I mean, they produce albums on their own—they're not the fucking Dust Brothers."

Brock is mum about the whole thing: "It seemed like a good idea," he says. "It didn't work out. But I don't want to air other people's bullshit here."

There was a lot of "bullshit" in that Seattle studio. The band wasn't prepared. Two producers grew impatient with the situation and each other. They both left. Copious amounts of time and money were wasted. But then the real shit hit. Jeremy Green, Modest Mouse's original drummer and Brock's good friend since he was 13, left



ERIC JUDY, BENJAMIN WEIKEL, ISAAC BROCK, DANN GALLUCCI

the group. It was the end result of a months-long implosion finally brought outward.

"There was this mounting tension [between Brock and Green]," Gallucci says. "They were butting heads. Jeremy was on medication. He was self-medicating and constantly zoned out. He was not interested in writing songs."

"He was having a rough time. He really just lost it all," Judy adds. "He was going crazy and couldn't focus. He showed up four hours late for the first day of recording, and by the second day—in the middle of recording—he just quit."

This is one of the times during the interview that Brock rattles his foot the hardest. He won't look up. He is guarding a fucking nest of baby rattlers.

"It went wrong. And it was the wrong time for Jeremy to be playing with us," he says in paused, diplomatic blurts. "He

had shit to sort out, and I think he has. And the whole debacle is not on Jeremy. The morale of everyone was really fucking low at this point."

(When reached for comment, Green admitted to having problems: "My medication was making me freak out," he said. "I was paranoid. I thought the end of the world was coming.")

Right here is when most bands would give up. Green's bouncing-yet-snapping drums had propelled the group for years, had buoyed Judy's rolling basslines and inflated Brock's ragged, erratic guitars. And now he'd exited, stage left. And not on good terms.

"I was pissed. Everyone was pissed," Gallucci says. "Jeremy started bringing out all this stuff from the past, stuff about Isaac and Eric. I just sat there going, 'I cannot fucking believe this shit is happening.'"

Without any songs, nor a drummer, Modest Mouse appeared to be finished. They limped out of the studio and went back to their apartments, bars and girlfriends. It'd been a good run, but it seemed time to call it a day.

"The idea of Modest Mouse ending scared me," Brock admits. "Because I didn't think I'd accomplished what I was meant to yet. So after a few days Dann and Eric and I sat down, and talked about everything. We were like, 'We're still into this. Let's do it.' And then I wasn't worried anymore."

The group brought in Helio Sequence drummer Benjamin Weikel and closed ranks. Disappeared. Holed up in a rehearsal space, in one month, in six marathon sessions, they hammered out *Good News For People Who Love Bad News*. After months of false starts and meltdowns, the fire had been lit.

“There were times I had to leave the studio. I was going to kill someone. Literally. I remember thinking, ‘I could just beat him over the head with this.’”

“I don’t know how we did it. Probably luck and fate,” Judy says. “It was just feeling really good all of a sudden. There was a renewed energy.”

“Our goal was ‘Fuck everyone,’” Brock says, his eyes narrowing. “Fuck everyone who bailed on this project, everyone who made it hard. This album got made by determination and vengeance.”

Sweet Tea Studio is a painted concrete house in Oxford, Mississippi. There’s a shelf loaded with votive candles, rugs on the walls and about six million vintage amplifiers in the corner. It’s owned by Dennis Herring, and is a favorite recording spot for ancient blues heroes like Buddy Guy. And as such, it seems to make absolutely no sense for Modest Mouse to record their album there. But they did anyway.

“It was the best bet to record it with someone we didn’t know, like Dennis,” Brock says. “And after everything, we had to get out of the Northwest. Had to go far away.”

But no matter how far away they went, Brock and the boys couldn’t avoid Sony. At this point, it had been close to three years since Modest Mouse had released any new material for the label. And they were letting Brock know about it.

“We were in breach of contract, and I suppose someone had to put some pressure on us,” he says. “And at that point, I didn’t know anyone to call at the label. Didn’t know anyone there besides the art director.”

And so Brock entered the pressure cooker. He frequently worked until 5 a.m., tweaking vocals, dubbing guitars, and generally trying not to freak out. “There were times I had to leave the studio,” he says. “Cause I was going to kill someone.

Literally. I remember thinking, ‘I’m gonna kill Dennis Herring. I’m going to do it.’ And I’m standing there with my guitar and my blood’s boiling to the point where I can’t even see straight and I was like, ‘I could just beat him over the head with this.’”

Judy and Gallucci, who had both known Brock since their teens, began to worry about their fragile frontman.

“He’s not the most stable guy,” Judy says. “I get worried about him. There had been [recent] periods where he was definitely drinking a lot.”

“There was a huge amount of pressure on him,” Gallucci adds. “A person like Isaac, the pressure drives you constantly. Or it scares the shit out of you and you clam up.”

Even Brock will admit that he feels this pressure on a daily basis (“I’m going gray young, dude,” he sighs. “And I’m only 28”) but the thing that’s changed about him now—partially because of age, partially because of the trial-by-fire process of making this album—is how he deals with it all.

“I used to drink my fair share,” he says. “Like if I got a good roll going, it’d be three days. But after everything that’s gone down, I’ve really been trying to keep it together.”

“And the people I really look up to, whose lives I admire, don’t drink,” he says. “People like Eric. Or Dann, who’s great at moderation.”

The fact that he mentions Judy and Gallucci is telling. More than his bandmates, they’re his confidants. His friends. And they’re more important than anything. Because be it in a house in Portland, a studio in Seattle, or a concrete building in Oxford, they’ve been there for him, supported him. Through it all, they’ve made him feel in control. At ease.

“I’m never comfortable, not often,” Brock says. “But I feel comfortable when I’m with my friends, with my traveling crew on this tour. That’s my family.”

And that feeling of happiness shows up on the new album. Sure, Brock’s twin obsessions—death and the Devil—both get a lot of screen time, but there are also

tracks like “Float On” and “Black Cadillacs,” moments of unabashed optimism that cut through the fog. And these moments can probably be attributed to this newfound “family.” It’s like Brock sings on “One Chance,” the penultimate track on *Good News*: “My friends, my habits, my family/ They mean so much to me.”

Tonight’s show is at a club in the sprawling suburbia outside Tallahassee. It’s small and smoky, painted black, and crappy artwork by a local artist is up for sale on the walls (“Kylie’s Gore,” \$200). It’s just like every indie rock venue in America.

Backstage, Isaac Brock is dancing. He thrusts his pelvis and shakes his arms, an impromptu boogie he dubs “the sprinkler.” Judy and Gallucci sit on a couch, laughing uncontrollably. And in keeping with the family theme, Tom Peloso (a member of the hillbilly-inspired Hackensaw Boys who also plays on Modest Mouse’s new album) has brought his parents to see the show. Their names are Pete and Maureen. They are super-sweet and speak at great lengths about the wonders of their RV.

Later that night, Brock and Co. are ripping through a fierce, focused set. Kids here already know the words to some of *Good News*’ more obscure tracks—the spooky “Bukowski,” the claustrophobic “Satin In A Coffin”—and they sing along heartily. Brock flails around the stage, spitting into the microphone and nearly bending his guitar strings off the fretboard.

And then the stagelights go out.

The band soldiers on, playing in total darkness. Then the lights pop back on, and the old Isaac makes a rare appearance. He screams, “What the fuck was that?” at a helpless sound guy. He rips the plug from his guitar, slams it to the ground, and storms off. Judy and Gallucci just stand there. They’ve seen this before. But after a few tense minutes, the Isaac of new reemerges from backstage. He plugs back in and finishes the set.

After the show, after everyone has gone home, Brock sits alone backstage. He leans on a cooler and smokes a cigarette. He’s over the whole lights-out debacle. Why dwell on the negative anymore? And he seems to notice that he’s being watched, because suddenly he brightens. There’s just one thing he’s concerned with now.

“Hey, when this piece comes out, don’t make me look like an asshole,” he begs. “Because I’m tired of being the asshole.” **NMM**



BEST NEW MUSIC

CEE-LO

COCOROSIE

DIVISION OF LAURA LEE

SHEARWATER

DJ SIGNIFY

SUFJAN STEVENS

VAST AIRE

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



CEE-LO

Cee-Lo Green Is The Soul Machine Arista

Since bolting Goodie Mob to fly solo, Cee-Lo has only OutKast to answer to for bragging rights in the South. Actually, Cee-Lo will remind you (over and over) that his gift comes from God, so he answers to no mortal. Even if the best moments here are not as dazzling as something like OutKast's "Hey Ya!," Cee-Lo's Funkadelic aspirations contain just as much skill and genius. "I am the actual and factual supernatural... the living proof of a God somewhere," he humbly offers on the trance-y "I Am Selling Soul." Like all men moved by the spirit, Cee-Lo has as much devil as angel packed into that stout 5'4" frame, and there's a mix of the dirty and divine on most every track of his second solo disc. "I'll Be Around," which gets an Afro-Latin lift from Timbaland, channels the Reverend Al Green in its tight horn charts and heavenly background chorus. "Childz Play," featuring Ludacris, lifts the brisk Christmas tune "Carol Of The Bells" to showcase Cee-Lo's rapid-fire prowess. It's more fact than flaunt when he closes the track saying, "I can rap better than you guys with my tongue tied." In comparison, the gun toting "Glockappella" and thuggish "Scrap Metal" sound regrettably cliché; they're still funky, but c'mon, Cee-Lo—you're better than that. But he already knows it. >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

Link

www.ceelo.net

File Under

Boasts like a butterfly...

R.I.Y.L.

OutKast, Dungeon Family,
Curtis Mayfield, Sly Stone

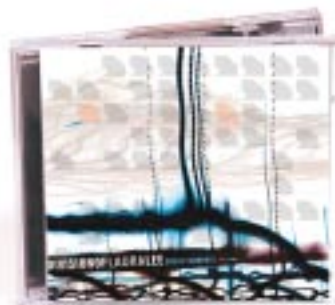


COCOROSIE

La Maison de Mon Rêve Touch And Go

If the inhabitants of fairyland were to start up their own gospel choir, it would sound something like CocoRosie. The creepy pair of sprites behind the creaks, chirps and drum machines on *La Maison de Mon Rêve* are Bianca and Sierra Casady, a pair of Brooklyn-based sisters. They recorded this oddball album in a Parisian apartment, using keyboards, a guitar and whatever else they had lying around—a gold chain belt rattles, household appliances squeak, and Sierra’s opera lessons are put to good use. Repetitive lyrics ring like spirituals, and dark, sparse melodies drip with religious references. The sound is something like a faint and distorted echo of Mahalia Jackson’s soulful hymns, but comparisons to the legendary contralto are a bit of a stretch, as the baby-voiced Casady sisters sound more like jazz vocalist Helen Kane, the voice of Betty Boop. CocoRosie’s cheeky audio experiments revisit a musical era that predates modern song structure, and the result can sometimes be more interesting than listenable. Still, their formless ditties do manage, at times, to go where more orderly indie rock has never gone before. On album highlight “Candyland,” the silken-voiced Sierra glides into operatic exercises while Bianca’s squawky percussion claws at her sister’s pristine aria. The haunting piece captures an intangible and incredible thing—the essence of sisterhood itself. >>>KARA ZUARO

Link
www.tgrec.com
 File Under
 Babydoll blues
 R.I.Y.L.
 Nina Nastasia, Cat Power, listening to 1920s jazz vocalists on a rickety 78 player



DIVISION OF LAURA LEE

Das Not Compute Epitaph

Anyone needing evidence of the power of geography as a marketing tool need look no further than Division Of Laura Lee, who crashed American shores via the 2002 Swedish garage-rock invasion, while boasting almost none of the one-dimensional swagger and far more mystery and torment than countrymen like the Hives or “Demons.” Two years later, those bands work on writing the same song 11 more times while D.O.L.L.’s latest, *Das Not Compute*, makes the stylistic schism even more apparent by cranking up the post-millennial angst and shifting tempo and atmosphere on nearly every track. In the space of a mere three songs, guitarist/vocalist Per Stålberg hops from Wire-y paranoia (“Endless Factories”) to Jesus And Mary Chain-style creeping beauty (“Breathe Breathe”), ending with the grime of “Dirty Love,” its hedonist chorus asking “What can I do to get you off the dancefloor?” Tracks like “To The Other Side” present the band’s take on heartfelt balladry and as such don’t pack the same urgency, but D.O.L.L. gets hip points for drenching a song in distortion, delay and reverb and calling it “Loveless” for a proper My Bloody Valentine homage. Meanwhile, the punk-meets-Stone-Roses drive of “All Street End” alone could send the band’s Nordic peers scurrying back home. >>>CHAD SWIATECKI

Link
www.divisionoflauralee.com
 File Under
 Swede F.A.
 R.I.Y.L.
 Fugazi, the Who, Black Rebel Motorcycle Club



SHEARWATER

Winged Life Misra

Head Shearwater songwriters Jonathan Meiburg and Will Robinson Sheff have made a huge impact recently with the loose country ballads and barnburners they’ve penned as Okkervil River. That makes *Winged Life* an even more impressive feat, considering that it’s their second record in a year’s time, and while it sees them taking off in a completely different direction, it’s just as expansive. From the acoustic Radiohead tribal dirge of “Whipping Boy” to the emotionally taut and irony-riddled “Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang Of Mine,” *Winged Life* is an introspective song cycle that feels as passionate as it does personal. A heavy dose of Meiburg’s piano and organ, along with his hearty vocal presence, gives the record a new take on the ‘70s singer/songwriter feel—imagine Jackson Browne as an Austin, Texas twentysomething with a soul aching like the quiet moments of Sigur Rós. Sheff’s familiar guitar shuffle and fragile voice contrast the more ethereal wanderings on the disc, allowing for an impressive range of material that all fits comfortably under the same weather-beaten but remarkably sturdy roof. The monikers this pair of musicians chose to operate under have become almost inconsequential; it’s their stories and the willingness to share them that will have you listening, eyes closed, every time they choose to let us in. >>>PETER D’ANGELO

Link
www.jound.com/shearwater
 File Under
 Melancholy moods for country dreamers
 R.I.Y.L.
 Okkervil River, Will Oldham, Richard Thompson



DJ SIGNIFY

Sleep No More Lex

Pot-smokers, reformed post-rockers, erudite hip-hoppers and beatfiends ravenously await a new instrumental hip-hop king to emerge from the Shadows and, thus far, 2004's been more dead than ringers (the new RJD2's a limp noodle, the Opus is clunky and Blockhead's a snooze). The weirdy bearded DJ Signify and his signature avant-hop pummel—a darkly hued mix of austere samples and blink-inducing snare snaps which has gloomed up any number of Anticon releases—may take the scratched vinyl crown with *Sleep No More*, a murky late-night chain-smoking-and-pouring-rain headfuck. For an instrumental hip-hop record, it sure has a fuckload of rapping on it: Seven of its 17 tracks feature album-worthy rhymes by emo self-eviscerist Sage Francis or gravelly subterranean homeboy bluesman Buck 65. While it's hard not to focus on the raps (album highlight "Where Did She Go" is Buck at his Waitsian best, growling yarns over Signify's woozy goth-hop), the whole affair is an arresting development, influenced by a recent obsession with late-'70s post-punk. While Sig isn't some Gang Of One dancing about politics, the timbres feel aligned with the temperamental scuzz clanged by This Heat, Cabaret Voltaire or Throbbing Gristle. Slow, ugly breaks imploding and reversing, most with Swans-worthy reverb—these sounds are rarely explored in hip-hop; congrats to archaeologist Sig for digging them up and presenting them anew. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

Link

www.djsignify.com

File Under

Bauhaus Of Pain

R.I.Y.L.

Sixtoo, the Opus, Jel



SUFJAN STEVENS

Seven Swans Sounds Familyre

At its best, music makes itself necessary: Every so often a song comes along and makes you wonder how you'd gotten along so far without it, so much does it speak the unacknowledged truth of your heart. As Emerson noted, genius is the sound of our own unworded thoughts refracted back at us—and by that definition, there are more than a few tracks on *Seven Swans* that merit an accusation of genius. Made prior to the release of last year's excellent *Michigan*, this putative follow-up from Brooklyn-based (but Michigan-born and -bred) *Seven Swans* outdoes its predecessor in one basic respect: Where *Michigan* felt personally observed, *Swans* feels personal. Songs such as "To Be Alone With You" bleed beauty from rootsy acoustic simplicity, while others, such as the title track and "Sister," defy the richness of their arrangements via brutal simplicity of feeling. All over, the ambience is of loneliness—the loneliness of lost time, of lost faith, of lost love—and courtesy of the gleaming mix by Danielson Famile's Daniel Smith, the shock of yearning in Stevens' winsome vocal melodies hits hard. *Seven Swans* is an album you have to let work on you a while before you feel the uplift of its magic. But once you do... >>>MAYA SINGER

Link

www.sufjan.com

File Under

Bedroom folk imbued with amazing grace

R.I.Y.L.

Elliott Smith, Nick Drake, the Sea And Cake, Lou Barlow



VAST AIRE

Look Mom... No Hands Chocolate Industries

Vast Aire of famed scuzz-hop urban deconstructionists Cannibal Ox approaches his solo debut, *Look Mom... No Hands*, without the helping hands of El-P, whose boom-*glitch*-bap scuzzfunk painted the sound-defining cracks in CanOx's dusty concrete. However, this ox isn't stranded: Vast is assisted by practically every hyped undergrounder with a cult following and an MPC (Madlib, RJD2, MF Doom, Da Beatminerz, et al.), sounding transcendent over an array of noisy, almost distractingly complex beats. Vast's flow, while leisurely, still utilizes the most impossibly matter-of-fact delivery in the underground, which he uses for maximum effect. If Talib Kweli "paint[s] a picture with the pen like Norman Mailer," then this Harlem street abstractionist is some amalgam of Truman Capote and Hunter S. Thompson—mixing real-life street-horror narratives with wry, dark humor, specializing in pithy lines that quaver between poignancy and viciousness (choicest: "I heard Justice was blind when Uncle Sam fucked her/ I heard she came when he whispered he loved her" on the blustery "Why'sDaSkyBlue?")... no wonder Elvis Costello loves him. Everything sounds drastic with his dangerously self-assured voice—a scree about "Poverty Lane," a dis to 7L And Esoteric, a claim he'll take your girl—but he's earned it, especially since he can fill 72 minutes of abstract hip-hop with just two bum tracks in the bunch. >>>CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

Link

forcedexposure.com/artists/vast.aire.html

File Under

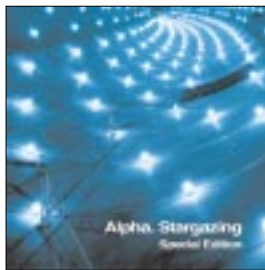
Ox escapes yoke, runs wild

R.I.Y.L.

El-P, C-Rayz Walz, Cryptic One

REVIEWS

ALPHA
 AMBULANCE LTD
 BLANCHE
 BLONDE REDHEAD
 BONNIE "PRINCE" BILLY
 BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE
 THE BUTCHIES
 DAVID BYRNE
 CENTRO-MATIC
 THE DAMNWELLS
 BEN DAVIS
 DEATH COMET CREW
 DECAHEDRON
 DESCENDENTS
 DIOS
 EYEDEA & ABILITIES
 BEN KWELLER
 LANGUIS
 LANSING-DREIDEN
 LOCAL H
 LUOMO
 THE M'S
 MADVILLAIN
 MASCOTT
 MOCEAN WORKER
 NUMBERS
 OLD BOMBS
 OLD CROW MEDICINE SHOW
 ON!AIR!LIBRARY!
 PARTICLE
 THE STANDARD
 TORTOISE



ALPHA

Stargazing Nettwerk America

If *Stargazing* were a drink, it would be a dry martini: It's elegant, a bit stiff and yet after just a few tastes, a warmth clouds your brain and you're sliding into an extended, lucid dream. With this lushly arranged album, the Bristol duo of Andy Jenks and Corin Dingley continue the blueprint laid forth on their debut, *Come From Heaven*. The cinematic feel the two strive for owes more to the highly stylized, orchestral leanings of Portishead and Saint Etienne than the shattered propulsion of Massive Attack (to whom the band, once signed to Massive's Melankolic label, is often compared). Once again, Alpha employ

a variety of vocalists, with mixed results. Kelvin Swaybe adds soulful, Elton John-ish touches to "Elvis," his voice floating on the strings like a wisp of smoke, while Wendy Stubbs fails to distinguish herself on the sleepy "Silver Light." Her counterpart, Helen White, fairs much better on "A Perfect End," a lilting hymnal awash in sunbursts of electric keyboard. White also sings on the album's best vocal cut, "Blue Autumn," her voice soaring as strings ripple out like rings from a stone tossed into a sun-flecked pond. But it's an instrumental track that most surprises: "Vers Toi" is a twisted lullaby, drums and violins weaving back and forth on each other like a tether ball in play, proving that for all the cool detachment vocalists add, the visceral thrills are in the beats. >>>ANDY DOWNING



AMBULANCE LTD

Ambulance LTD TVT

At a time when bhangra hip-hop and multi-octave teen divas are the norm, it's easy to forget the simple pleasure of a four-chord rock confection delivered without irony. While it's tempting to lump New York's Ambulance LTD in with the downtown rattle-and-thrum resurgence, their music is more than just chugging chords and a sneer. To underscore that notion, the quintet's self-titled debut opens with the most adventurous tune of the set. "Yoga Means Union" may start off sounding like barebones CBGB garage rock, but the instrumental dirge builds into a space-age freakout that

would fit nicely in Spiritualized's galaxy. The songs continue at a steady clip, yet the introduction of Marcus Congleton's gentle, spoken-sung intonation recalls the more vulnerable side of the Velvet Underground's proto-punk. Even the refrain of "Relax, don't think about the way that I treat you" suggests a Lou Reed tale of abusive romance, but never quite gets into details. Still not settled in a stylistic grove, Ambulance turns down the distortion and churns out a sprightly number that borrows from '60s English skiffle. With minor tweaks to the arrangements, the band is able to suggest sugary, '70s schlock ("Stay Tuned") and slick, cabaret pop ("Young Urban"). They may not be the most distinctive one on any given night, but chances are Ambulance will play the songs that are universally liked. In an era of specialization, that defies convention. >>>NEIL GLADSTONE

[Link](#)

www.alphaheaven.com

[File Under](#)

R.E.M., the dream state

R.I.Y.L.

Portishead, Morcheeba,

Saint Etienne

[Link](#)

www.ambulancenyc.com

[File Under](#)

Grit-rock lite

R.I.Y.L.

The Strokes, Spacemen 3,

Slade



BLANCHE

If We Can't Trust The Doctors... Cass

Blanche is a Detroit band fronted by the husband and wife team of Dan and Tracee Miller, a couple of former garage punks who now play a warped form of country that's at once hauntingly distant and oddly personal. Their debut album, *If We Can't Trust The Doctors...*, is a sepia-toned romp steeped in Handsome Family lyricism and Carter Family despair. "Who's To Say..." Dan Miller's ode to unrequited love, opens the album in devastating fashion. The heartbroken lyrics are accentuated by barely there drums that shade the track and a casually

plucked banjo that adds to the intimate feel—one can even hear the low buzz of the strings reverberating as each is struck. It's a song so good the rest of the album staggers to keep up with it. "So Long Cruel World," with Dave Feeny's thunderclaps of pedal steel, comes close, as does their riveting cover of Gun Club's "Jack On Fire." The Appalachian twang of "The Hopeless Waltz" is as gorgeously melancholy as anything on Uncle Tupelo's *Anodyne*; it's a thrill hearing Miller's effortless baritone cling despondently to the couplet, "Jesus might forgive me, but I don't think she can." While not every song is as fully realized ("Garbage Picker" is roughly as interesting as an episode of *Becker*), *Doctors* remains a truly exceptional debut. Blanche has nailed the true sound of Detroit—albeit circa Prohibition. >>>ANDY DOWNING

Link
www.blanchemusic.com
File Under
The new old sound of Detroit
R.I.Y.L.
The Carter Family, Handsome Family, Uncle Tupelo

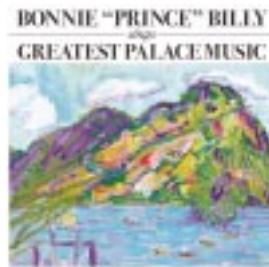


BLONDE REDHEAD

Misery Is A Butterfly 4AD

On 2000's *Melody Of Certain Damaged Lemons*, Blonde Redhead edged away from their dissonant, Sonic Youth-derived beginnings; with *Misery Is A Butterfly*, the New York trio all but eradicates them. Densely layered and orchestrated, with swelling strings and keyboards often burying the twin guitars and drums of Kazu Makino and brothers Amedeo and Simone Pace, *Misery* has a cinematic quality, as if its songs were art-house shorts. The band has forsaken the sounds of New York's no wave (they took their name from a song by '80s no-wave band DNA) for soundtracks suitable for the French New Wave. Consciously arty, ambitiously arranged, dramatically dynamic, *Misery* revs up occasionally—for the insistent "Falling Man," the percussive "Maddening Cloud" and best of all, the thumping "Equus"—but most of the album has a dream-like, almost psychedelic sense of vastness. Counteracting any potential sense of comfort and accessibility, however, are the vocals: Makino and Amedeo both sing in thin, high voices that manage to be simultaneously tender and strident, fragile and unsettling, and their respective Japanese and Italian accents add to the exoticism. They alternate lead vocals song by song, finally dueting on the penultimate "Pink Love," a swirling epic of desperate love. These enticing and provocative juxtapositions—Makino with Amedeo, conventional instrumentation with unconventional vocals—form the heart of *Misery*. >>>STEVE KLINGE

Link
www.blonde-redhead.com
File Under
Certain art-damaged melodies
R.I.Y.L.
The Delgados, This Mortal Coil, Kate Bush, Goldfrapp's Felt Mountain



BONNIE "PRINCE" BILLY

Sings Greatest Palace Music Drag City

Low-fi troubadour Will Oldham, these days preferring the alias Bonnie "Prince" Billy, offers *Sings Greatest Palace Music*, a collection of fan-picked Palace favorites recorded with a band of time-tested Nashville session players like Hargus "Pig" Robbins, the legendary piano man who performed a similar service on Bob Dylan's *Blonde On Blonde*. While Oldham's songs recorded under the various Palace monikers (Palace Brothers, Palace Music, etc.) pioneered a disregard for production values—sometimes even foregoing tuning before hitting "record"—the results were more often than not

strangely endearing interpretations of his searing country-tinged tunes of lamentation and joy. Fans thusly might find it jarring at first to hear "Ohio River Boat Song" and "Agnes, Queen Of Sorrow" virtually reborn, the slow anguish of the originals displaced with an easygoing country swing. There are more faithful interpretations, like powerhouse opener "New Partner" or "Gulf Shores," whose pedal steel, intermittent mandolin and sparse piano perfectly match the characteristic restraint of the Bonnie Prince's latest vocal style. While some of the choices on *Sings Greatest Palace Music* may give the listener pause—consider the sax solo on "Viva Ultra" or the hoe-down version of "I Am A Cinematographer"—this new chapter in the Oldham's songbook doesn't just rehash old tunes, but displays a versatility and breadth in the songs never before apparent. >>>KARL WACHTER

Link
www.dragcity.com
File Under
Forlorn-again
R.I.Y.L.
Vic Chesnutt, Neil Young, Beck's Sea Change

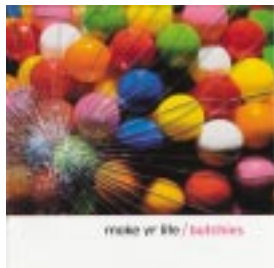


BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE

Bee Hives Arts & Crafts

Bee Hives is, literally and figuratively, the missing link between *Feel Good Lost*, Broken Social Scene's 2001 debut, and 2002's amazing *You Forgot It In People*. It compiles B-sides and stray tracks, some of which date back to the between-albums period, but it possesses a coherence and focus that belie its disparate source material. (Which, come to think of it, is also an apt description of the BSS collective itself, a revolving cast made up of members of Stars, Metric, Do Make Say Think and other bands.) Like *Feel Good Lost*, most of the tracks on *Bee Hives* are instrumentals, but unlike that first album, which often lacked the dynamic sense of development and the varied instrumentation that made *You Forgot* so wonderful, songs such as "hHallmark" and "Da Da Dada" ebb and flow, swell and burst. Better still are the vocal tracks: "Marketfresh" is a quiet, acoustic guitar-based ballad featuring Kevin Drew's intimate voice layered with piano and ambient electronic tones; "Backyards" blends banjo, keyboards and a host of other textures with Emily Haines' lilting vocals for an eight-minute journey; "Lover's Spit (Redux)" recasts the *You Forgot* track for Leslie Feist to sing, and her molasses-slow version nearly tops the grandeur of the original. BSS promise their "official" third album later this year; 'til then, *Bee Hives* will do just fine. >>>STEVE KLINGE

Link
www.arts-crafts.ca/bss
File Under
Buzz band B-sides
R.I.Y.L.
Do Make Say Think, quiet Yo La Tengo, the Notwist



THE BUTCHIES

Make Yr Life Yep Roc

The Butchies' first three albums played up the North Carolina trio's queercore roots so prominently that the agenda threatened to upstage some top-shelf music. Without shying away from their sexuality, *Make Yr Life* willingly places the focus squarely on the music and generates a worthy follow-up to 2001's excellent 3. *Make Yr Life* retains the band's bratty punk attitude but channels that energy into taut, punchy three-minute packets with a metallic edge. Singer Kaia Wilson's lyrics have shifted toward universal romantic themes of pursuit, desire and breakup, albeit

with prominently transposed gender pronouns, including her unique come-on "I'm gonna jump on you on the bed/ Make me a monkey" on opening track "Send Me You." Wilson's vocals have also grown sweeter and more accessible, thanks in part to the increased use of harmonies from drummer Melissa York and bassist Alison Martlew. The Butchies have the savvy to appropriate a cover from a source as unhip as the Outfield, doing a hushed version of their '80s hit "Your Love" without a discernible smirk and turning it into a fitting closer. It may become a hoot when played live for a roomful of queer devotees, but the Butchies have proven they can hit the mark on several levels. >>>GLEN SARVADY

Link

www.thebutchies.com

File Under

Straight-ahead melodic queercore

R.I.Y.L.

Juliana Hatfield, Sleater-Kinney, Sarge, Fountains Of Wayne, the Donnas



DAVID BYRNE

Grown Backwards Nonesuch

David Byrne admirably keeps on propping up the cause of brainy culture. Which is why it's so tempting to expect him to just chuck all the pop inclinations in favor of those shameless avant-garde pretensions, especially after his startlingly original *Young Adam* soundtrack. But the guy—and you have to appreciate this—is just so in love with pop music, or at least his oddball conception of it. Here again, he just yanks in influences from all over the place and pastes them together to create tiny, heartfelt gems, as endearing as they are marvelously

catchy. Even when he goes classical on us, reworking arias by Bizet (a duet with Rufus Wainwright) and Verdi, it's done with such obvious affection that you could virtually drop them straight into a Merchant-Ivory flick without the benefit of an edit. There's also a little bossa nova ("Tiny Apocalypse"), old jazz ("She Only Sleeps"), funk ("Dialog Box"), even some sort of modern chamber music ("Pirates"); it's all performed with a sort of tender grace, as well as a distinct South American undercurrent. If you're waiting for explosiveness, you'll be waiting a long time, but Byrne means every second of it and you can't help but feel his every thought and idea coming through. "I don't have any philosophy," he lyrically insists. Don't believe that for a second. >>>KEN SCRUDATO

Link

www.davidbyrne.com

File Under

A pop less ordinary

R.I.Y.L.

Sounds From True Stories, Bebel Gilberto, David Sylvian

Gingersol eastern

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eastern

rubricrecords.com Gingersol.com



CENTRO-MATIC

Flashes And Cables Misra

Centro-Matic would've been justified in naming themselves Album-o-Matic, having released an absolutely insane number of albums and EPs since their debut full-length in 1997. The ridiculously prolific songwriter responsible for this wretched excess of material, Denton, Texas' own Will Johnson, evidently showed up at the sessions for *Love You Just The Same* with a lot of tunes—*Flashes And Cables*, a six-song EP, features material that didn't make it onto that 2003 release. These tunes are not benchwarmers that weren't up to snuff. Johnson obviously penned an excess of quality material for the *Love*

You sessions, and *Flashes* basically picks up where the previous album left off. Strangely enough, one of the choice cuts on *Flashes* happens to be the missing title track from *Love You*. The song is a moody piece, morphing between howling guitar interludes and nearly a cappella lyrical passages. "Flashes And Cables Relax/Recline" cops that dour "Love You Just The Same" mood, but the arrangement is so much grander as to be almost cinematic. "Infernoesque Grande" is so sublimely loose and noisy that it sounds like a Centro-Matic soundcheck undertaken in the afterburn of a couple bottles of Jack Daniels. The best thing about the tracks on *Flashes And Cables* is that it's not at all clear why they were left off *Love You Just The Same*. >>>PHILIP VAN VLECK

Link

www.centro-matic.com

File Under

More of the same of *Love You Just The Same*

R.I.Y.L.

Slobberbone, Jay Farrar, Crooked Fingers



THE DAMNWELLS

Bastards Of The Beat Epic

The debut LP from Brooklyn four-piece the Damnwells is a bit like a stupefyingly obvious but nonetheless effective pick-up line: You want to laugh in its face, but since it's offered up with so much swagger, there's no point in doing anything but giving in. Likewise, the Damnwells do virtually everything you've heard from radio-rock before, but "assured" barely does justice to the young band's take on the basics. Simply put, singer/guitarist Alex Dezen takes no prisoners on *Bastards*. His vocal melodies and guitar hooks on uptempo tracks such as "What You Get" cut a broad

path into your synapses, while the lowdown stuff makes like sad-style Ryan Adams, minus the twang and lugubriousness. The clear standout is "Sleepsinging," a song so made for the radio dial that it's hard to believe you haven't already heard it there. It's one of those sensitive-guy love songs, armed with just enough venom to make it palatable to the boys and more than enough open-throated longing to make every girl hope that's how her ex is feeling. Of course, the downside to taking such an M.O.R. approach is that the Damnwells don't give you much under the music's slick surface to hang onto, or to love. The pick-up works, sure, but all this band has in mind is a one-night stand. >>>MAYA SINGER

Link

www.thedamnwells.com

File Under

Let's do it in the middle of the road R.I.Y.L.

Pete Yorn, Cheap Trick, the Gin Blossoms



BEN DAVIS

Aided & Abetted Lovitt

Ben Davis paid his dues in numerous bands, including Sleepytime Trio and Milemarker, before deciding to take things solo two years ago. *Aided & Abetted*, his second album, plays more like a comfortable jam session than a stellar effort from a one man band—this "solo" album features the assistance of 16 musically inclined friends, including members of Denali, Milemarker and Chapel Hill scene-stealers Des_Ark. The album's 12 tracks are the perfect combination of lushly orchestrated, layered chamber pop and industrious guitar rock. It's evident that Davis is influenced by

Elliott Smith, as heard in the folky, piano-driven ballad "Old And Played," but the album's stand-out is "Time A Bind," featuring beautiful harmonies courtesy of Des_Ark's Aimee Argote. Argote foregoes her usual PJ Harvey-esque belting, opting instead for icy, sultry vocals that rival Denali's Maura Davis at her most tranquil. Argote's voice, combined with crisp drum beats and angular guitar that builds and fades at just the right times, helps to create a track that could have appeared on Denali's self-titled debut. With a little help from his friends, Ben Davis has created an ambitious and intriguing indie-pop record. >>>CAROLINE BOROLLA

Link

www.lovitt.com/artists/bendavis.html

File Under

What about your friends?

R.I.Y.L.

Denali, Elliott Smith, Mercury Rev

GET

THE BAD PLUS



"GIVE"

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DEATH COMET CREW

This Is Riphop Troubleman Unlimited

In 1984, hip-hop hadn't even hit puberty, and Death Comet Crew were already fucking with it. The trio extended its art/artiness to downtown New York, realizing early on that the most hip-hop thing to do was to shatter established truths. *This Is Riphop* collects all of the band's recorded output, 14 tracks that emerged during the mid-'80s. *Riphop's* first half focuses on live cuts recorded at N.Y.'s Pyramid club, where adventure was sought not through beatmaking, but collage. Tinfoil-thin standard electro beats frame the tracks, with the mish-mash of sampled screams, shots of noise and polyrhythmic bursting an

early example of the aggression that would come to be celebrated in hip-hop. The remaining tracks, culled from 12-inch releases, show that song-based form suited the trio better—guest MC Rammellzee gnaws the mic's head off on "Exterior Street" and the group's most danceable cut, "At The Marble Bar." Though DCC are often credited as key to hip-hop's evolution, the thudding, slapping, jackhammering beats and overall minimalism sound much more like early EBM (you wouldn't even need a finger to trace the line from "Exterior Street" to Ministry's *Twitch*). DCC clearly folded too soon—it's unfortunate that these studio releases provide half of DCC's catalog and not the footsteps-to-greatness juvenilia that they should. In the end, more important than *what* Death Comet Crew did is *that* they did. >>>RICH JUZWIAK

[Link](#)

www.troublemanunlimited.com

File Under

Night of the Comet

R.I.Y.L.

The Bomb Squad, Afrika

Bambaataa And The Soulsonic

Force, early Ministry



DECAHEDRON

Disconnection Imminent Lovitt

Decahedron are post-hardcore luddites rising up against technology and its trappings. The band, which features 2/3 of Frodus along with Fugazi bassist Joe Lally (who was recently replaced by Unwed Sailor's Johnathon Ford), sees technology as a metaphor for American political apathy, and picks the media apart amidst stop-and-start guitars on songs like "Delete False Culture." Shelby Cinca's singing has improved from his days in Frodus; it adds confidence to his assertion that Clear Channel and the RIAA, among others, are false idols the culture needs to delete. Cinca's guitars alternate from bluesy, metallic lines ("Pay No Mind") to clearer, driving riffs in the vein of Milwaukee indie stalwarts None Left Standing ("Not These Homes"); both styles nicely intertwine with the clangy drums on instrumentals like "Dislocation" and "Module 1." The songs on *Disconnection Imminent* reference deceased Georgetown history professor Carrol Quigley's *Seven Stages Of Societal Development*, which outlines how technology and absolute governmental power corrupts civilization, leading to its eventual demise. The pseudo-psych "Every City Is A Prison" warns about the commodification (and decline) of culture, while the delay pedal-addled "Endings" gives closure to the melee with lyrics describing the invasion of new cultures. As the urgent riff of "No Carrier" fades and Cinca's vocals are disconnected, Decahedron leaves you with its most threatening sound: the sound of a phone off its hook. >>>KORY GROW

[Link](#)

www.lovitt.com

File Under

A promise and a threat

R.I.Y.L.

Quicksand, Nation Of Ulysses,

Fugazi's *The Argument*

ROCKFOUR NATIONWIDE

RockFour wears the prog-pop sensibilities well: chiming 12-string jangle, classic rock riffing, and clever atonal squalls of lead drive this recording



DESCENDENTS

Cool To Be You Fat Wreck Chords

Blame the Descendents. Let them hang for all their poppy punk innovations—their seminal pop-punk offerings like *Milo Goes To College* and *Fat* foreshadowed Blink-182 and A Simple Plan's Top 40 shenanigans. With *All on a short break*—Bill "The Welder" Stevenson and company continued on as All after Descendents singer Milo Aukerman actually went to college—the band was reunited for *Cool To Be You*. (And that's Dr. Milo, now, thank you.) So have they changed much since 1996's reunion *Everything Sucks*? Not really. The new disc is vintage right down to the faux-SST package design; you get love songs, hummable melodies and (gasp) bridges—everything punk ain't supposed to be. The Aukerman-penned "Mass Nerder" takes *Revenge Of The Nerds* to new heights, closed by an erudite twist on a Germs homage, "We must read!!!" The title cut and "Merican" both point fingers at American idealism and the nuclear family, urgent guitar emphasizing the lyrics. "Nothing With You" is a love song about how Aukerman doesn't want to do anything at all as long he's got his wife's company. Overall, *Cool To Be You* indulges in the pop-punk pleasures you would condemn any come-lately band on the radio for playing, but even though they, contrary to their 1985 album title, actually *did* grow up, the Descendents remain the benchmark for pop-punk. >>>KORY GROW

[Link](#)

www.fatwreck.com

File Under

Milo has a mid-life crisis

R.I.Y.L.

All, NOFX, Bad Religion

denise james

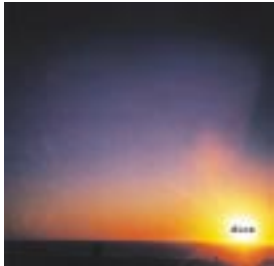
It's not enough to love

A gorgeous mix of ethereal jangle and harmony -- mixing 60's French pop sensibilities with early 80's classic songwriting -- think Mazzy Star meets an alternative Petula Clark.

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DIOS

dios Startime International

The self-titled debut from Hawthorne, California's dios (always lowercase) is a diamond in the rough. The quintet comes from a low-income West Coast suburb that bears no mark of its former inhabitants, the Beach Boys, but they've certainly claimed their hometown heroes. The record plays like a lazy crusade for a lost legacy. Steeped in the classics, the album includes a heartfelt cover of Neil Young's "Birds" and an original called "50 Cents" that borrows the familiar vocal bars from Brian Wilson's "You Still Believe In Me," but their music, like their town, is

pretty rough around the edges. Recorded in their practice space, where lead singer Joel Morales also happens to live, the disc is peppered with sounds of the band's surroundings—shrieks of raucous playground kids, studio chit-chat and bodily functions. (The slow-building, whirring crescendo that starts the record is deliberately tainted by a big old burp.) Their shimmering harmonies and slightly psychedelic instrumentation bring friends and sometimes tourmates Granddaddy to mind, but dios' unraveling anthems lack the precision and pure sweetness of the mellow pop giants. At his best, Morales is messy and mean. He spins melodies as catchy as "Don't Worry Baby," and undercuts their prettiness with lyrics like "Don't worry 'bout me darling—I'm glad to see you go." >>>KARA ZUARO

[Link](#)

www.wearedios.com

File Under

Old-school pop for inner city kids

R.I.Y.L.

Granddaddy, the Beach Boys,

Neil Young



EYEDEA & ABILITIES

E&A Epitaph/Rhymesayers

E&A might be most noteworthy for being one of the few records since Gang Starr's early-'90s heyday where a hip-hop DJ gets the same chance to shine as his lyrical counterpart. Spinmaster Abilities reps for DJ Premier on the sophomore album for this California duo, but he does so with a much brighter sonic palette than you'd ever find on Gang Starr's *Daily Operation*. Dusty jazz percussion sounds the start of "Reintroducing," and from there we're treated to 45 more minutes of vinyl alchemy that stitches hard funk ("Star Destroyer"), outer space sci-fi

soundtracks ("Man Vs. Ape"), needle-warp scratching ("Now") and more than a dozen amorous movie snippets ("Two Men And A Lady") into a cohesive whole that works despite their incongruity. Holding up his end of the bargain is Atmosphere cohort EyeDea, who (mostly) forsakes indie hop's brainy dogma in favor of humorous vignettes and a true "Oh shit!" moment on the 100 mph "One Twenty." As enjoyable as the duo's pyrotechnics are, E&A works best when its principles settle into a groove such as "Kept," a classic dis track where EyeDea blasts an unnamed foe—"What you call spittin', looks more like involuntary drooling"—and Abilities cuts quick enough to make most other DJs sound like narcoleptics. >>>CHAD SWIATECKI

[Link](#)

www.rhymesayers.com

File Under

Give the DJ some

R.I.Y.L.

El-P, Gang Starr, Cut Chemist

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BEN KWELLER 

On My Way ATO/RCA

On My Way, the second album by former Radish frontman Ben Kweller—wonder how many solo discs it'll take to shake that tag?—is handily triangulated by three facts: 1. Ethan Johns, son of Rolling Stones cohort Glyn and producer to Ryan Adams and Kings Of Leon, helmed the project. 2. Kweller opened a series of Strokes shows in support of 2002's *Sha Sha*. 3. Mike Stroud, Kweller's guitarist, formerly did time as a member of Dashboard Confessional. So where *Sha Sha* comprised the goofy bedroom musings of a precocious songwriter luxuriating

in creative autonomy, *On My Way* finds Kweller putting a garage-rock swagger into his still-pretty-gentle emo-folk, and his shaggy post-Lemonheads jangle given a charge by Johns recording Kweller and his band live in the studio. Sometimes this enlivens Kweller's writing: Opener "I Need You Back" reflects raw, unadorned desire in stripped-down guitar pop, and "The Rules" unearths adolescent complexity from a boneheaded riff the Datsuns could dig. Other times it makes Kweller sound like a Williamsburg faker: "Ann Disaster" is half-digested glam-rock fluff in dire need of a heart. But in unguarded moments like the chiming "My Apartment," in which Kweller celebrates his hiding place like a trucker-hatted Brian Wilson, the sweet kid behind the pose emerges. >>>MIKAEL WOOD

[Link](http://www.benkweller.com)

www.benkweller.com

File Under

Tasty garnish

R.I.Y.L.

Dashboard Confessional,

Ben Lee, Phantom Planet



LANGUIS

The Four Walls Plug Research

Recent efforts by the Postal Service and the Notwist blurred the line between electronica and indie rock, but both of these bands approached the terrain from a pop sensibility, *Give Up* favoring the song-based side and *Neon Golden* moving the fulcrum closer to the midpoint. Languis charts its course from the other end of the spectrum, tilting the balance toward the fuzzy electronics that distinguished its prior work. Buenos Aires-bred Angelinos Marcos Chloca and Alejandro Cohen have gradually added melody to their ambient palette, often accompanied by a prominent dancefloor thump. *The Four Walls'* hookier tracks resemble early New Order, never so much as on the glitchy "A Simple Thought," with its lead high-end bassline, or the upbeat yet ethereal "The Turning Point." Cohen's and Chloca's breathy vocals are effective instruments within Languis' dense mixes, but their lyrics resemble self-absorbed diary scribbles better left in the background—"Feel so sad and then I realize that I have everything I want and still feel sad" is about as deep as it gets. The Jesus And Mary Chain-esque "Chained To Always Changing" nods to a surprising influence before morphing into trancelike swirl, returning Languis to homebase to close the disc. *The Four Walls* is an intriguing ride, mixing tentative pop sojourns and a smattering of chill-out tracks deftly enough to appeal to the techno camp as well as fans of the above reference points. >>>GLEN SARVADY

[Link](http://www.plugresearch.com)

www.plugresearch.com

File Under

Song-based electronica,

emphasis on electronic

R.I.Y.L.

The Notwist, the Postal

Service, Dntel, New Order



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LANSING-DREIDEN

The Incomplete Triangle Kemado

When is a band not a band? In the case of Lansing-Dreiden, there's no easy answer, because in the Brooklyn-based collective's world, even the questions must be questioned. However, to simplify the group's own definition of its work ("mere stones in a path whose end lies in a space where the very definition of 'path' paths"), the fact of the matter is that Lansing-Dreiden is a handful of artists who use numerous creative outlets to express themselves, ranging from music to video to fine art. Given all that, *The Incomplete Triangle*, L-D's full-length debut, isn't remotely as pretentious or deliberately obscure as one might expect. What it is is an impressively eclectic and inventive collection of intricate pop, ranging from guitar-based rock to ethereal synth-sonnets. At its darkest, the record dips into gothic Bauhaus-baiting ("The Missing Message"); at its dreamiest, it's like a cross between Interpol and Slowdive ("Laid In Stone"); and at its rockinest, it hits slam-dancing Stooges peaks ("An Uncut Diamond"). The biggest standout, though, is the multi-tiered "The Eternal Lie," a hot-rod anthem with enough extreme cool to knock over the Fonz with a single snap. Hopefully the L-D members will see the stage as an equally appealing creative medium, because this is the kind of stuff that could flat-out floor a crowd. >>>DOUG LEVY

[Link](http://www.lansing-dreiden.com)

www.lansing-dreiden.com

File Under

Renaissance band

R.I.Y.L.

Depeche Mode, Interpol,

Franz Ferdinand



LOCAL H

Whatever Happened to P.J. Soles? Studio E

A trip to www.imdb.com gives more information than anyone could need about the fate of actress P.J. Soles, so it seems there's more than trivial curiosity about the *Rock N Roll High School* star fueling the title of Local H's latest effort. In many ways, Soles' descent into late-night cable skin flicks mirrors the Chicago two-piece's fall from mid-'90s alt-rock fame (brought on by the hit "Bound For The Floor") and viewed in that light, *Whatever* works as a chronicle of pop-culture warfare, with the throwaways fighting to survive after the goldrush

goes bust. Singer Scott Lucas begins "Everyone Alive" trying to "find a way to the end of the week, like everyone alive" atop his raging guitar and Brian St. Clair's lock-step drumming. Lucas has justly earned comparisons to Kurt Cobain because of his paper-thin yelp and acerbic lyrics, but Local H's music has always been more varied than Nirvana's, and on "Hey, Rita" and "How's The Weather Down There?" Lucas stands apart by aiming his one-liners at the antagonistic "they" instead of himself. Never oblique, Lucas' sharpest stab comes on "California Songs" when he targets worshipers of flower children and hipsters alike, demanding, "We know you love L.A./ There's nothing left to say/ Please no more California songs... and fuck New York, too." >>>CHAD SWIATECKI

Link

www.localh.com

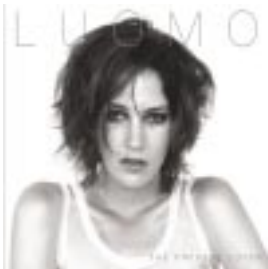
File Under

Chicago songs

R.I.Y.L.

Queens Of The Stone Age,

Burning Brides, Mudhoney



LUOMO

The Present Lover Kinetic

Of all of Vladislav Delay's alter egos, Luomo is far and away his most accessible. When he records under his given name, or Conoco, Sistol or Uusitalo, this young Finnish producer explores atmospheric sound, venturing through delicate samples of public space toward refined field recordings, where the elements of a train station may undergo textural restructuring to evoke cerebral visions. Luomo, however, is captivating dance music for the body—so carnal, in fact, that *The Present Lover* could have been music you heard decades ago, when hedonism was considered a

virtue. *The Present Lover* out-sexes the funk-house of 2000's *Vocalcity*, with suave, velvety synth themes and sizzling diva vocals that make about as much sense as most intra-coital talk; after all, what is a "present, true lover" and why the hell would someone like beloved male vocalist Raz Ohara be singing about it? The question is pointless, because thanks to the title track's seductive disco bassline, we're already dancing. At times supple and contemplative ("Body Speaking"), others poppy and bright like sunshine ("What Good"), Luomo leverages swaggering bass against immaculate techno and house beats with confounding consistency. As if it were part of the rites of a Dionysian cult, *The Present Lover* takes hold of the heart and soul, letting loose nothing less than pure joy. >>>HEATH K. HIGNIGHT

Link

luomomusic.com

File Under

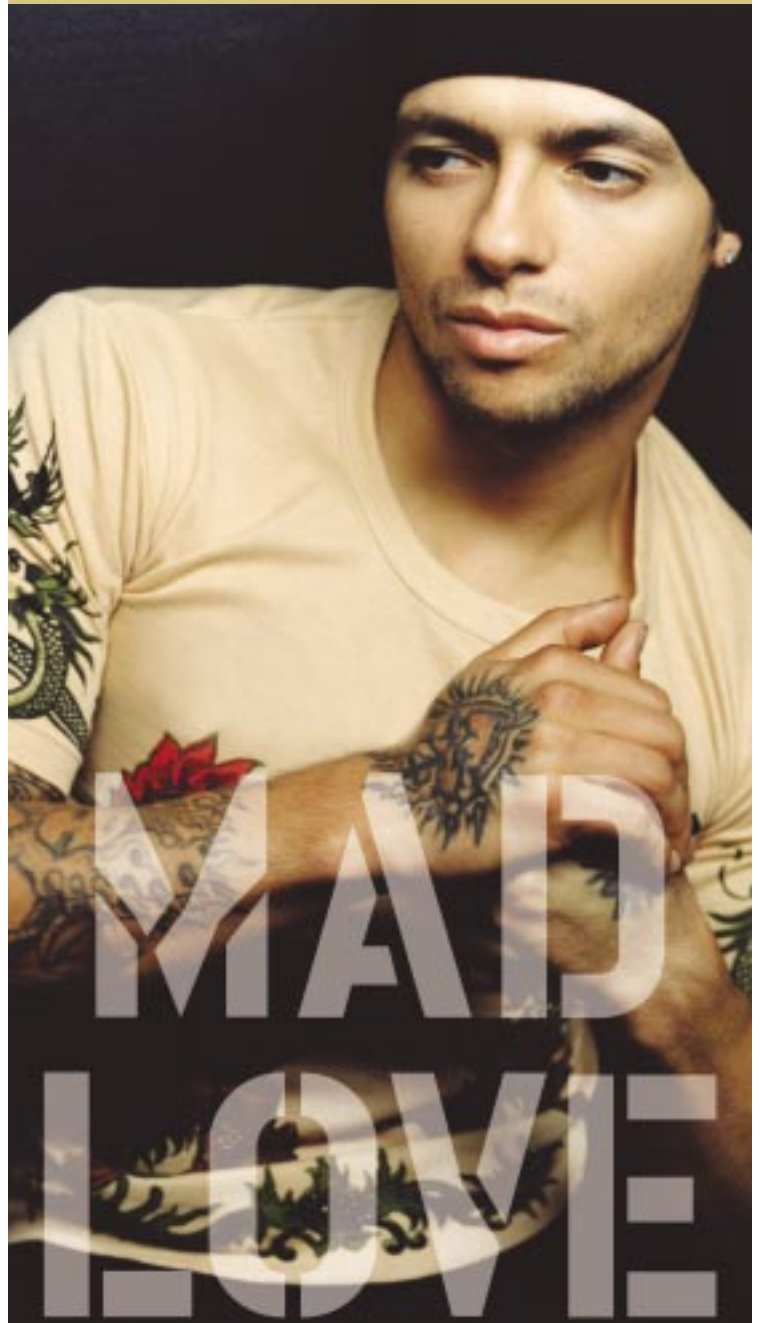
Sultry house

R.I.Y.L.

Alexander Kowalski,

Donna Summer, Pantytec

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THE M'S

The M's *Brilliante*

Some movie buffs consider *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* one of the best action-adventure movies ever made. Other cineastes, schooled in the pre-war era of popcorn schlock, consider it a cheap rip-off of 1930s matinee serials. Listeners of the M's glam-rock glitz will probably divide into similar camps. In this age of micro-edited digital remixes, the Chicago quartet reconfirms that all you really need to make a groovy tune is a taut hook and a breezy melody. The windsurf-smooth harmonies, shuffling rhythms and kazoo-buzzing, tremolo-drenched

leads make it easy to believe that the M's just woke up on the beach and began playing songs they'd heard in their dreams. Or was that just an old T. Rex record that was cranked up while they were nodding off? As good as these three-chord hipshakers are, it's tough to separate them from Marc Bolan's minimalist romps. However, since Bolan won't be touring anytime soon, the wisest thing may be to laud the young band's ability to channel an often-overlooked moment in AM radio's golden age and hope they can build on it. >>>NEIL GLADSTONE

Link

www.wearethems.com

File Under

Glam slam, thank you, ma'am

R.I.Y.L.

Supergrass, the Olivia Tremor

Control, the Lilys



MADVILLAIN

Madvillainy *Stones Throw*

For an MC who works as much as he does, MF Doom seems pretty relaxed. No slouch, just slouching, Doom reminds us early on *Madvillainy* that he's "got more lyrics than the church got 'Oooh lords.'" And then he proves it. He stretches his uncle-of-Q-Tip drawl over most of the 22 tracks and 46 minutes that the always reliable Madlib provides. This long-delayed collaboration between two of underground hip-hop's most beloved is the definition of a meeting of the minds—Madlib matches Doom's arsenal of ideas full-on, ditching choruses and

keeping everything on point. His production zips from spy-theming to loungey to rocking, and is as lo-fi as it is low-key. (At one point, he amazingly finds exactly the right loop to make a sampled accordion sound soulful.) His beats don't blare, they pop and effectively stay out of the way of Doom's astonishing flow. The maturity lapse of the weed anthem "America's Most Blunted" aside, Doom is among the most righteously assured MCs ever committed to tape, his lyrics sharper than a straight razor and his rhyme schemes alternately stuttering and twisting. His style tangled with Madlib's makes for an impossibly pleasant record. *This is what they mean when they say "best of both worlds."* >>>RICH JUZWIAK

Link

www.stonesthrow.com

File Under


The best of enemies

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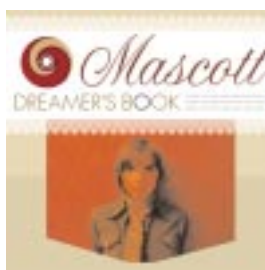
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THE STANDARD



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MASCOTT

Dreamer's Book *Red Panda*

Excusing the anomaly that is Christina Aguilera, the world of pop-oriented female singers is strictly governed by a scale that metes out commercial success in quantities inversely proportionate to an artist's vocal skills. Pro Tools and Autotune can barely make Britney listenable, and Dido's able but limited croon acts as the comfortable fulcrum point balancing art and commerce, while rough gems like Kendall Jane Meade toil away unnoticed beyond the indie set. With *Dreamer's Book*, Meade, a one-time backing musician for both Helium and the Spinanes, continues the streak of dreamy, pretty pop she first flew under the Mascott flag with 1998's *Electric Poems*. Not much has changed since, as Meade's singing and guitar-playing act as the airy center to these dozen songs, whether they're plaintive and sullen ("Off Blue") or comparatively upbeat ("L.O.V.E."). If there's a knock here, it's that the ethereal arrangements can't accentuate lines that could often use a kick, like the title track's "They say if you give love you get it back/ Like the past, make it last, give love back." But hope for the future comes on "Kite," when a sprightly drum track and come-hither lyric—"Wish I may, I wish you might/ Fly into my bed tonight"—suggests that Mascott's a jewel getting more polished all the time. >>>CHAD SWIATECKI

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www.mascottmusic.com

File Under

Pretty, airy pop

R.I.Y.L.

Sasha Bell, Isobel Campbell,

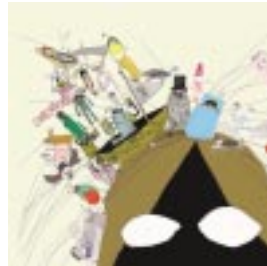
Ivy, Cat Power



MOCEAN WORKER

Enter The MoWo! **TMF**

According to Adam Dorn's comments regarding *Enter The MoWo!*, this is the album he's been striving to create since his 1998 debut, *Home Movies From The Brain Forest*. Dorn probably doesn't mean to imply that everything prior to *MoWo!* is now disposable; he does, however, seem to be particularly keen on his new record, and justifiably so. *Enter The MoWo!* is, first of all, damned jazzy, and Dorn, the son of jazz producer Joel Dorn, is treading on familiar turf. His opening track, "Chick A Boom Boom Boom," is a Ramsey Lewis-circa-'66 flashback, sporting some funk/jazz muscle via a



NUMBERS

In My Mind All The Time **Tigerbeat6**

San Francisco's Numbers know that right now their minimal, throbbing robo-funk—made from drums, a guitar and a couple of keyboards, including one they built themselves and dubbed the Buzzerk—isn't exactly a revolution in sound. Lots of bands, including some from the Bay Area and more from Brooklyn, are rehabbing early post-punk's herky-jerky rhythms, right-angle guitar lines and shouty sloganeering to make sense to young people governed equally by body and operating systems. The good news is that this frees up Numbers to get right down to business on *In My Mind All The Time*, the band's

sustained Fathead Newman sax solo. "Shamma Lamma Ding Dong" matches the superb flute of Rahsaan Roland Kirk with the equally impressive flute of Rinôçérôse's Franck Gauthier. In addition to being something of a triumph of imagination and technology, the song also swings most wickedly. Dorn hits the sweet spot again with "Blackbird"; this is the Nina Simone tune, tracked in 1966, underwritten by drum 'n' bass and synth. The ensuing mix manages to sound earthy and ethereal at the same time—a nice match for Simone's bleak vocal. *MoWo!* ends with "Collection II," an acknowledged tribute to Brian Eno that, like Eno's best work, seems to interfere with time and space in an aurally intriguing manner. Dorn's got his mixmaster mojo working. >>>PHILIP VAN VLECK

second album and the follow-up to last year's remix collection, *Death*. There's a bracing matter-of-factness to *In My Mind* that's refreshing compared to their contemporaries' aesthetic grandstanding: The D.I.Y. politics in buzzing opener "Go To Show" are about as straightforward as its title suggests; in the 55-second "We're Numbers," each member says his or her name, then they announce, "We're Numbers/ It's true," before piling two short bursts of free-form noise onto the precise drum-machine groove. The bad news is that that's not always enough to make Numbers' racket a unique one—pogoing to "Hot Fire"'s cymbal-stoked chorus, you could be anywhere hipsters sport funny haircuts. >>>MIKAEL WOOD



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All Music Guide

"'Vicodin' builds from bleeping synth doodle into a vintage '70s-Bowie show-stopper, 'Minnie Driver' stalks its titular prey in silver six-inch platform moon boots and the seven-minute 'Junkie' explores the heretofore overlooked link between Lou Reed's 'Heroin' and U2's 'All I Want is You.'"

Splendid Magazine

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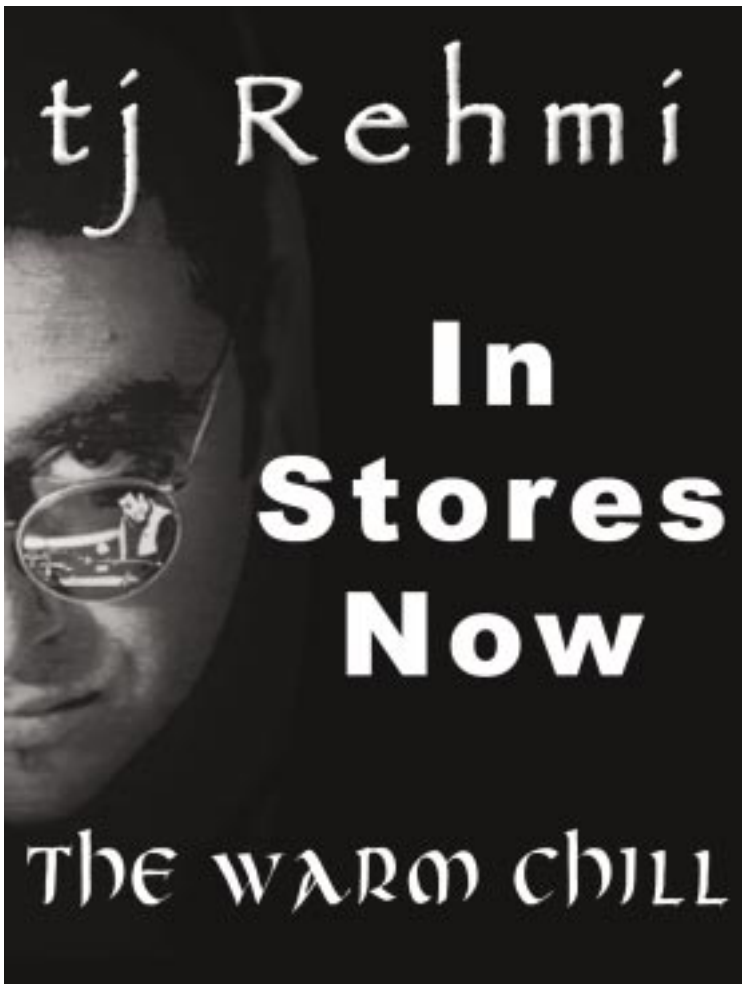
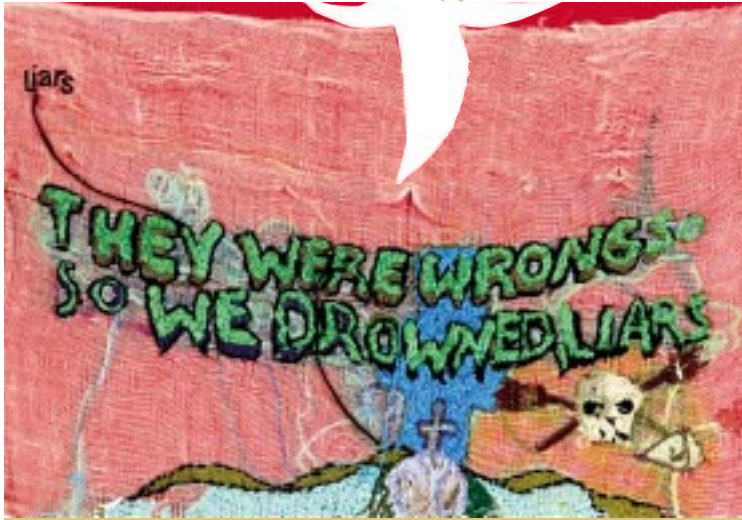
Liars

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OLD BOMBS

Audios Soft Abuse

It's hazardous to call something noise when it's packaged as music, but even Old Bombs themselves couldn't be pressed to call their full-length debut anything more than *Audios*. The product of multiple tape swaps between Brooklyn's Carlos Giffoni and Miami's Dino Felipe and Vanessa Payes, *Audios* is a Frankenstein of a record, an ugly, nasty, ear-splitting assemblage whose main interest is railing against form. The lack of traditional structure surely liberates the trio as much as it imprisons the listener in a stream of glitchy whims. The group squanders each rhythm it creates with-

Link
www.softabuse.com
File Under
Hard abuse
R.I.Y.L.
Merzbow, the Boredoms, the sound of your concentration being broken

in seconds, constantly bursting in with white noise or video-game music or hyper clicks. Occasionally, makeshift beats beg to propel the tracks, but instead of layering and working with the sound they create, Old Bombs work against it and lay all their ideas out one by one. It all ends up feeling as random as it's probably supposed to. Old Bombs can't even be bothered to curate via titles, snidely naming each track either "Audio" or "Audia" and then numbering them accordingly. Flashes of musicality aside, *Audios* becomes actually musical when it breaks out in song, specifically Ashanti's "Happy." The track gets sampled on two different songs, and each time it's blown out, distorted and chopped up, it elevates the record into tangibility. Seriously, Ashanti's never sounded better. >>>RICH JUZWIAK



OLD CROW MEDICINE SHOW

O.C.M.S. Netwerk America

Goshdamnit if bluegrass hasn't gone uptown. With the *Cold Mountain* and *O Brother, Where Art Thou* soundtracks moving platinum-sized numbers, and just about everybody from the Dixie Chicks to Nickel Creek tossing it around, you'd think bluegrass is the new teen pop—it's everywhere, ubiquitous. Add Old Crow Medicine Show to the list of up-and-coming authentic purveyors of that old time mountain sound. But don't file Old Crow in the No Depression Only section of the local record store; these five young twentysomethings have a raucous, almost amphetamine-fueled energy about them that transcends simple redneck retread labels. They built their traveling medicine show busking and barnstorming all across America and Canada with a devil-may-care, live-free-or-die approach that somewhat mirrors the punk-rock D.I.Y. ethos: playing on people's doorsteps, in front of drug stores and Dairy Queens, living day by day, hand to mouth. All that wandering pays off on their first major-label release. From the fiery opening track, a stellar update of "Tell It To Me," with its claim of "Cocaine gonna kill my honey dear," to the bluesy wail of "Poor Man," through barnburner jug-band stomps like "Tear It Down," Old Crow Medicine Show make music to cure whatever ails ya. >>>JEFF BROWN

Link
www.crowmedicine.com
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What country music sounded like before Nashville killed it
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File Under

Electro indie rock with a built-in answering machine

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Portishead, Sigur Rós, John Cage

ON!AIR!LIBRARY!

On!Air!Library! Arena Rock

Taking a "music is everywhere" approach, Phillip Wann and twin sisters Alley and Claudia Deheza prove they are above all a resourceful band, incorporating snippets of daily life onto *On!Air!Library!* to accentuate its intrinsic moodiness. While listening to their first full-length album, you will hear dripping water ("User28"), bursts of gas ("Fell To Earth") and numerous voice-mail messages ("Spaghetti Western Superstar"). Although most samples are subtle and atmospheric, others, like those in "Bambalance," hit you over the head with discordant clangs and thuds.

But peel back the layers of noise, and

you will discover a surprisingly melodic core. The new wave-influenced "User28" and "Feb." shake things up to a dark, danceable beat. And in the potential stalker anthem "Spaghetti Western Superstar," Wann's hollow delivery of the otherwise innocuous lyric "All the stars washed out by the city lights/ I close my eyes but you still burn much too bright" will drive hordes of unhinged listeners to check their locks. "Bread" falls into more upbeat territory, with bombastic percussion and slow-building waves of harmony. "Shaking in your bones is required to dream up a colossal empire," the Dehezas sing radiantly, providing the only track amid the clamor to leave you not just shaken, but also stirred. >>>GINNY YANG



Link

www.particlepeople.com

File Under

Funktronica is for everybody

R.I.Y.L.

Sound Tribe Sector 9, the New Deal, Disco Biscuits

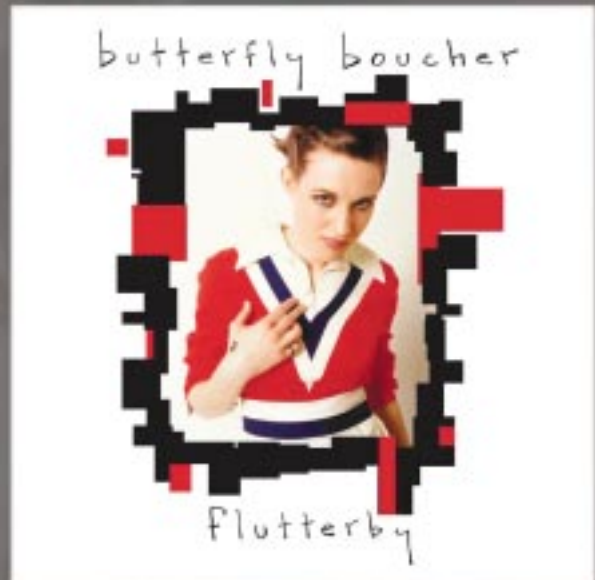
PARTICLE

Launchpad Or

Particle refers to their music as "space porn," an obscure label that nevertheless works on a couple of levels: The Los Angeles instrumental quartet's open-ended, less-than-succinct approach to tune-making might be described as unapologetically masturbatory. And there's a decided psychedelic spaciousness about the whole operation, with the effects-laden spirals, zig-zags and squiggles of guitarist Charlie Hitchcock and electric piano/synth player Steve Molitz, and relentless rhythmic drive courtesy of bassist Eric Gould and drummer Darren Pujale. *Launchpad*,

the group's pointedly titled debut studio disc, is fusion in the non-jazz sense of that classification. A prime example is "The Elevator," all metallic riffage and swirling Middle Eastern melody built on an insistent dancefloor pulse. The more laid-back "Below Radar," centered on Hitchcock's soaring six-string work, and "Sun Mar 11" might be lost Pink Floyd tracks from an imagined lost electronica period. Thanks in part to the trance, house and drum 'n' bass rhythms heard throughout, there's something deeply hypnotic about the fury and frenzy heard on *Launchpad*. It's an unstoppable blast of gritty electronic jam that works even without the improvised visual effects integral to the band's stage shows. Turn off your mind, relax and float downstream. >>>PHILIP BOOTH

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THE STANDARD

Wire Post To Wire *Yep Roc*

It's too simple (and marginalizing) to claim that the Standard's sonic attack is borrowed solely from '80s post-punk. There is much to suggest, however, that for its third album, *Wire Post To Wire*, the Portland band did reach back a couple of decades and copy a good, long feel. *Wire Post To Wire* is the follow-up to their highly acclaimed 2002 album *August*, and it brings the urgency and headiness of post-punk into 2004. The disc is an inventive nine-song collection of raw and emotional compositions fueled by unusual and captivating rhythms.

Singer Tim Putnam's voice has a charismatic quiver, and when he sings on tracks like the percolating opener "Metropolitan" or the twitchy and urgent "Even Numbers," the vibrato boils; his delivery is so emotive and consuming, it almost sounds like he's wrestling with restraint. Later, on the piano-driven "Unicorns And Chemicals," however, Putnam steadily, contemplatively guides the moving ballad. Elsewhere, "Folk Song" soars into a grinding guitar-driven workout, and the album closer "Jump Rope" is a cathartic blast of thoughtful post-punk bliss. Recorded with Jeff Saltzman (Stephen Malkmus, Sleater-Kinney), *Wire Post To Wire* is a highly textured album with innovative instrumentation, thoughtful lyrical intensity and complex and passionate beauty. >>>ALEX GREEN

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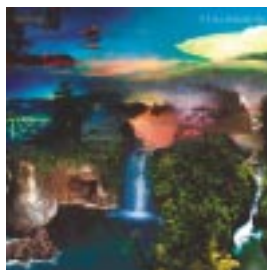
www.thestandardsite.com

File Under

Post-punk partisans

R.I.Y.L.

The Shins, Wire, Roxy Music



TORTOISE

It's All Around You *Thrill Jockey*

These days, even David Bowie is a Tortoise fan. Chicago's post-rock all-stars have a decade of history behind them, and their fifth LP harnesses their ever-evolving instrumental talents. The lush and intricate *It's All Around You*, recorded (wholly) and written (for the most part) in John McEntire's SOMA studio, keeps up with advances in music technology without veering away from the time-honored Tortoise sound—as cerebral as a chess match and as sensual as a moonlit walk. "The Lithium Stiffs" floats with airy vocals from local coun-

Link

www.thrilljockey.com

File Under

Art for your ears

R.I.Y.L.

The Sea And Cake, Stereolab,

Gastr Del Sol

try crooner Kelly Hogan, and demonstrates the stunning precision that resulted from using the studio as a composition space. (It also marks the first use of vocals since their self-titled debut in 1994.) "Crest" floats with a soothing waterfall of synths, and "Five Too Many" encapsulates the intuitive vibe of Tortoise's live performances without the sacrificing the density of sound that prevails over the entire record. The shadowy riffs of "On The Chin" would make the perfect soundtrack to an avant-garde detective film, and "Salt The Skies," employing time changes to forge a sonic chase scene, makes a fitting closer—it sounds like they've gotten exactly what they were after. >>>KARA ZUARO

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SECRET MACHINES SLIP OUT EARLY

As the music-loving planet bemoans the record industry's foot dragging on downloading, Reprise Records and the Secret Machines say, "Download this!" The propulsive 'n' sticky album *Now Here Is Nowhere* album by Dallas, TX's Secret Machines, has been available in its entirety from the band's official website (www.thesecondmachines.com) a full three months before its May 18 street date. For \$8.91, through iTunes, Liquid Audio and MusicRebellion, downloaders can get the entire nine-song record, a six-song sampler from Warner Brothers featuring tracks from the Walkmen, Von Bondies and others, plus a limited edition blank CD-R. Great for the music fan, but the online gambit has angered some indie record stores, prompting them to ask, "Hey, where's our copy?"

"I'm never excited when a band sells direct. I think that's not cool," says Eric Levin, owner of Atlanta's Criminal Records and president of the 21-location Alliance Of Independent Media Stores (A.I.M.S.). "The Secret Machines site doesn't link to Criminal Records. In a perfect world, that's the scenario. The band's website should sell the *band* and the record store website should sell the *record*." The digital sales arrangement, however, doesn't completely ignore the brick-and-mortar brethren so important to music sales. Criminal Records (and many stores in A.I.M.S.) are also Liquid Audio retailers, so anyone going directly to www.criminal.com can easily download the Secret Machines album. Unfortunately, there are still hurdles for the smaller stores without web site know-how, and issues as well for bigger stores who now have to deal with technical glitches and customer service complaints. "We had a great opportunity to hype the shit out of that thing," said a co-owner of an independent record store who preferred to remain anonymous. "The link we had didn't work. I was sitting in those meetings at South By Southwest with [another retailer saying], 'Oh yeah, when you click on the Liquid Audio banner for my site, it goes to Tower Records!'"

Despite such friction, both retailers and the label have



THE SECRET MACHINES

shown some give-and-take, feeding on each other's ideas and suggestions. Many record stores not hip to Web sales have begun to experiment with it because of the Secret Machines promotion. And, in mid-March, Warner Bros. answered retailer's pleas quickly and directly by sending out for-sale physical copies of *Now Here Is Nowhere* in cardboard packs.

"We rely on [retailers] knowing their consumer and driving our music to the consumers," says Dave Stein at Warner Brothers Sales. "It's not in our vision to exclude them from the transaction. We felt safe saying, 'It's available to all who can sell music digitally.' Then we heard complaints and realized, right or wrong, not everybody can sell music digitally. And since we still do the vast majority of our business at record stores, it made sense to find an economic model to make that same music available to the retailers who could sell it."

Sidestepping such antiquated notions as "retail," "online sales" and "logic," Brooklyn purveyors of funk-n-skronk, Liars, posted their *entire record* online as free MP3s at their official site (www.liarsliarsliars.com). "I know it takes the fun out of downloading records and stuff," said guitarist Aaron Hemphill in an online post. "If you still want to feel like an outlaw, try tying a bandanna over your mouth and give yourself a name that ends with 'beard.'"

Needless to say, at the request of their label, Mute, the free tracks were gone as quickly as they appeared. Mute publicist Roberta Moore simply offered, "The band put the music up online and Mute asked them to take it down...which they complied with." The Liars expect to instead offer a stream of the album as opposed to full downloads. The Secret Machines website also offers a preview stream of the album through an embedded Flash player.



#1 DEBUT
IRON AND WINE



#2 DEBUT
SUFJAN STEVENS



#3 DEBUT
EAGLES OF DEATH METAL



#4 DEBUT
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#5 DEBUT
HURT PROCESS

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TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	1	1	7	WALKMEN Bows And Arrows	Record Collection
2	7	4	2	4	BLONDE REDHEAD Misery Is A Butterfly	Beggars Group-4AD
3	3	12	3	3	TV ON THE RADIO Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes	Touch And Go
4	4	10	4	4	DEERHOOF Milk Man	5RC-Kill Rock Stars
5	5	6	5	5	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
6	9	15	6	4	FIREWATER Songs We Should Have Written	Jetset
7	6	5	5	6	LIARS They Were Wrong, So We Drowned	Mute
8	2	2	1	9	STEREOLAB Margerine Eclipse	Elektra
9	10	14	9	5	SNOW PATROL Final Straw	Interscope
10	13	21	10	3	GET UP KIDS Guilt Show	Vagrant
11	11	13	11	8	CORAL Magic And Medicine / Nightfreaks And The Sons Of Becker	Deltasonic-Columbia
12	18	28	12	4	CLOUDDEAD Ten	Mush
13	8	3	1	10	AIR Talkie Walkie	Source-Astralwerks
14	12	7	7	5	XIU XIU Fabulous Muscles	5RC-Kill Rock Stars
15	14	8	8	8	ELECTRELANE The Power Out	Too Pure-Beggars Group
16	-	-	16	1	IRON AND WINE Our Endless Numbered Days	Sub Pop
17	25	117	17	3	VON BONDIES Pawn Shoppe Heart	Sire-Reprise
18	17	20	17	6	COOPER TEMPLE CLAUSE Kick Up The Fire, And Let The Flames Break Loose	RCA
19	27	41	19	4	ZERO 7 When It Falls	Elektra
20	15	11	4	10	MOUNTAIN GOATS We Shall Be Healed	4AD-Beggars Group
21	39	-	21	2	SONDRE LERCHE Two Way Monologue	Astralwerks
22	24	32	22	4	THE OWLS Our Hopes And Dreams	Magic Marker
23	22	26	12	7	PRESTON SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY Monsoon	Matador
24	21	17	4	11	PHANTOM PLANET Phantom Planet	Daylight-Epic
25	23	16	3	10	JOHN VANDERSLICE Cellar Door	Barsuk
26	30	54	26	3	DESTROYER Your Blues	Merge
27	16	9	8	9	STARSAILOR Silence Is Easy	Capitol
28	26	27	20	6	LAMBCHOP Aw Cmon / No You Cmon	Merge
29	174	-	29	2	DESCENDENTS Cool To Be You	Fat Wreck Chords
30	20	22	20	5	CASUAL DOTS Casual Dots	Kill Rock Stars
31	32	30	30	8	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home	Blue Note
32	19	18	7	10	CAMERA OBSCURA Underachievers Please Try Harder	Merge
33	34	53	33	4	EYEDEA AND ABILITIES E&A	Rhymesayers-Epiphany
34	31	40	31	6	VAN HUNT Van Hunt	Capitol
35	28	19	15	6	VOLCANO, I'M STILL EXCITED!! Volcano, I'm Still Excited!!	Polyvinyl
36	41	55	36	3	BLACK KEYS The Big Come Up	Disaster
37	64	-	37	2	TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS True Love	V2
38	42	48	38	4	LIVING END Modern Artillery	Reprise
39	46	65	39	3	NOW IT'S OVERHEAD Fall Back Open	Saddle Creek
40	29	23	7	10	DIZZEE RASCAL Boy In Da Comer	XL-Matador
41	36	35	35	5	MADCAP Under Suspicion	Victory
42	43	45	42	6	PILOT TO GUNNER Get Saved	Arena Rock
43	33	25	18	7	ALL NIGHT RADIO Spirit Stereo Frequency	Sub Pop
44	37	29	29	4	TRANS AM Liberation	Thrill Jockey
45	47	47	45	5	CHALLENGER Give People What They Want In Lethal Doses	Jade Tree
46	52	130	46	3	THE HISS Panic Movement	Sanctuary
47	62	155	47	3	DEAD KENNEDYS Live At The Deaf Club	Manifesto
48	-	-	48	1	SUFJAN STEVENS Seven Swans	Sounds Familyre
49	45	69	45	5	NELLIE MCKAY Get Away From Me	Columbia
50	40	46	40	7	ROBBERS ON HIGH STREET Fine Lines	Scratchie-New Line

CMJ RADIO 150

PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004

CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 500

VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
51	59	—	51	2	SQUAREPUSHER Ultravisitor	Warp
52	50	—	50	2	RAINER MARIA Anyone In Love With You (Already Knows)	Polyvinyl
53	48	74	48	3	RASPUTINA Frustration Plantation	Instinct
54	55	50	8	10	MEKONS Punk Rock	Quarterstick
55	49	49	40	8	LOSTPROPHETS Start Something	Columbia
56	101	—	56	2	AVEO Battery	Barsuk
57	74	108	57	3	WHEAT Listening So Close [EP]	Aware-Columbia
58	44	36	31	7	VAST Nude	456Entertainment
59	58	42	30	8	ELECTED Me First	Sub Pop
60	35	34	29	8	LAMB Between Darkness And Wonder	Koch
61	54	37	16	10	BAYSIDE Sirens And Condolences	Victory
62	66	92	62	5	MODEST MOUSE Float On [CD5]	Epic
63	—	—	63	1	EAGLES OF DEATH METAL Peace Love Death Metal	Ant Acid Audio
64	57	132	57	3	OLIVIA TREMOR CONTROL Black Foliage...	Flydaddy
65	86	83	57	4	DANGER MOUSE The Grey Album	Danger Mouse
66	79	138	66	3	LANTERNA Highways	Badman
67	65	68	65	4	VALLEY OF THE GIANTS Valley Of The Giants	Arts And Crafts
68	—	—	68	1	AMBULANCE LTD Ambulance LTD [LP]	TVT
69	82	—	69	2	CLUTCH Blast Tyrant	DRT Entertainment
70	69	131	69	3	BAD PLUS Give	Columbia
71	95	82	71	7	MONOLITH Here Comes The Monolith	Fortune
72	76	66	66	5	MASON JENNINGS Use Your Voice	Bar/None
73	67	44	34	6	NUMBERS In My Mind All The Time	Tigerbeat6
74	84	88	74	5	FLASH EXPRESS Introducing The Dynamite Sound Of The Flash Express	Hit It Now!
75	123	146	75	3	ELF POWER Walking With The Beggar Boys	Orange Twin
76	92	87	76	4	BEANS Now, Soon, Someday	Warp
77	72	105	72	4	BIGGER LOVERS This Affair Never Happened	Yep Roc
78	56	31	9	10	ANI DIFRANCO Educated Guess	Righteous Babe
79	68	85	68	4	OOIOO Kila Kila Kila	Bathing Ape-Thrill Jockey
80	63	33	16	10	STATISTICS Leave Your Name	Jade Tree
81	60	77	60	3	BEAUTY PILL The Unsustainable Lifestyle	Dischord
82	134	189	82	3	TANGLE EYE Alan Lomax's Southern Journey Remixed	Zoë-Rounder
83	77	43	20	9	TELEFON TEL AVIV Map Of What Is Effortless	Hefty
84	140	173	84	3	JEM Finally Woken	ATO
85	81	—	81	2	CHARLIE MARS EP	V2
86	75	56	37	8	CALIFONE Heron King Blues	Thrill Jockey
87	128	—	87	2	RED THREAD Tension Pins	Badman
88	51	39	37	6	90 DAY MEN Panda Park	Southern
89	120	164	89	4	MANDO DIAO Paralyzed [EP]	Mute
90	102	—	90	2	BONNIE PRINCE BILLY Greatest Palace Music	Drag City
91	97	75	1	17	SUN KIL MOON Ghosts Of The Great Highway	Jetset
92	173	—	92	2	DAVID BYRNE Grown Backwards	Nonesuch
93	61	61	61	4	CHROMATICS Plaster Hounds	GSL
94	90	70	53	10	ZEBRAHEAD MFZB	Red Ink
95	108	143	95	5	JOHN FRUSCIANTE Shadows Collide With People	Reprise
96	153	—	96	2	PULLEY Matters	Epitaph
97	111	115	97	4	DEPARTMENT OF EAGLES The Whitey On The Moon LP	Isota
98	—	—	98	1	HURT PROCESS Drive By Monologue	Victory
99	85	67	67	7	INCUBUS A Crow Left Of The Murder	Epic
100	105	157	100	3	CORDERO Somos Cordero	Daemon

1 YEAR AGO



CAT POWER
You Are Free
 (Matador)

POSTAL SERVICE
Give Up (Sub Pop)

MASSIVE ATTACK
100th Window
 (Virgin)

5 YEARS AGO



SLEATER-KINNEY
The Hot Rock
 (Kill Rock Stars)

BUILT TO SPILL
Keep It Like A Secret
 (Warner Bros.)

SEBADOH
The Sebadoh (Sub Pop)

10 YEARS AGO



NINE INCH NAILS
The Downward Spiral
 (Nothing-TVT-Interscope)

SOUNDGARDEN
Superunknown
 (A&M)

GREEN DAY
Dookie (Reprise)

15 YEARS AGO



XTC
Oranges And Lemons (Geffen)

ROBYN HITCHCOCK 'N' THE EGYPTIANS
Queen Elvis (A&M)

ELVIS COSTELLO
Spike (Warner Bros.)

20 YEARS AGO



TEARS FOR FEARS
Songs From The Big Chair (Mercury)

SMITHS
Meat Is Murder (Sire)

HOWARD JONES
Dream In Action (Elektra)

25 YEARS AGO



ELVIS COSTELLO
Armed Forces (Columbia)

THE POLICE
Outlandos D'Amour (A&M)

FABULOUS POODLES
Mirror Stars (Epic)

CMJ RADIO 150

PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 500
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
101	-	-	101	1	STANDARD Wire Post To Wire	Yep Roc
102	53	64	53	7	GRANT-LEE PHILLIPS Virginia Creeper	Zoë-Rounder
103	126	123	103	4	WASHDOWN Yes To Everything	Lookout!
104	-	-	104	1	COCOROSIE La Maison De Mon Rêve	Touch And Go
105	96	51	29	7	RIDE Waves	The First Time-BBC
106	114	80	26	8	SAY HI TO YOUR MOM Numbers And Mumbles	Euphobia
107	87	62	62	6	JONNY GREENWOOD Bodysong: Music From The Film	Capitol
108	91	78	58	9	SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS Mojo Box	Yep Roc
109	141	-	109	2	KITE-EATING TREE Method: Fail, Repeat...	Suburban Home
110	80	165	80	3	PONYS Laced With Romance	In The Red
111	-	-	111	1	BUTCHIES Make Yr Life	Yep Roc
112	73	38	15	10	BENS The Bens EP	Dangerzone
113	78	57	41	10	BEN ARTHUR Edible Darling	Bardic
114	142	-	114	2	VISIONARIES Pangaea	Up Above
115	-	-	115	1	SHEARWATER Winged Life	Misra
116	71	52	30	7	FRAMES Set List (Live In Dublin Nov 2002)	Anti-Epigraph
117	144	73	55	8	COACHWHIPS Bangers Vs. Fuckers	Namack
118	-	-	118	1	MIXEL PIXEL Rainbow Panda	Mental Monkey
119	112	116	112	4	BREAK THE SILENCE Near Life Experience	Hopeless
120	145	142	120	3	HANG UPS The Hang Ups	Trampoline
121	-	-	121	1	50 FOOT WAVE 50 Foot Wave [EP]	Throwing Music
122	200	-	122	2	RETISONIC Return To Me	Silverthree
123	130	93	93	5	ROBOT ATE ME On Vacation	Swim Slowly
124	169	-	124	2	LOVELESS Gift To The World	Q
125	133	153	125	3	JUST JACK The Outer Marker	TVT
126	107	76	68	7	NEBULA Atomic Ritual	Liquor And Poker
127	122	96	96	4	60 CHANNELS Covert Movements	SupaCrucial
128	70	59	19	12	CRYSTAL METHOD Legion Of Boom	V2
129	163	175	129	3	SLAID CLEAVES Wishbones	Philo-Rounder
130	115	103	14	10	IMA ROBOT Alive [EP]	Virgin
131	137	94	49	7	PALE Gravity Gets Things Done	Sidecho
132	R	-	1	20	MODEST MOUSE The Moon And Antarctica	Epic
133	146	-	133	2	LEATHERFACE Dog Disco	BYO
134	151	79	28	9	EVAPORATORS Ripple Rock	Alternative Tentacles-Mint
135	116	112	58	8	RED TAPE Radioactivist	Roadrunner-IDJMG
136	147	170	136	4	TWILIGHT CIRCUS DUB SOUND SYSTEM Foundation Rockers	M
137	99	114	36	10	METAL URBAIN Anarchy In Paris	Car Park
138	R	98	98	5	BOBBY CONN AND THE GLASS GYPSIES The Homeland	Thrill Jockey
139	-	-	139	1	NEVER HEARD OF IT 11 Days	Unmotivated Records
140	-	-	140	1	OLD TIME RELIJUN Lost Light	K
141	109	101	101	4	FEATURES The Beginning EP	Fierce Panda
142	88	58	7	11	HELLA The Devil Isn't Red	5RC-Kill Rock Stars
143	131	121	121	4	CHARLEMAGNE Charlemagne	Winterlander
144	-	-	144	1	DIOS Dios	Startime International
145	R	124	44	6	MICROPHONES Live In Japan Recorded Feb. 19th, 21st And 22nd, 2003	K
146	100	60	30	9	HORRORPOPS Hell Yeah	Hellcat
147	-	-	147	1	OUTERNATIONALISTS Ethnomixicology	Six Degrees
148	106	126	106	4	FOG Hummer	Ninja Tune
149	152	149	149	3	FRANKENIXON Amorphous	Bi-Fi
150	83	63	29	8	SAVATH AND SAVALAS Apropa't	Warp

RADIO 150 ADDS

COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS
BEING SPUN BY STATIONS.
PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004
www.cmj.com

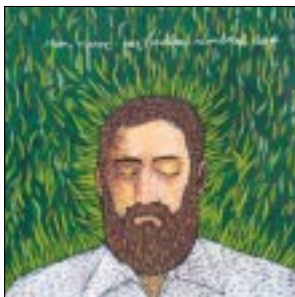
POSITION	TOTAL ADDS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	187	VINES Winning Days	Capitol
2	187	BEN KWELLER On My Way	ATO-RCA
3	148	DESCENDENTS Cool To Be You	Fat Wreck Chords
4	99	LANSING-DREIDEN The Incomplete...	Kemado
5	87	FINLEY QUAYE Much More Than Much Love	Epic
6	84	ICARUS LINE "Up Against The Wall Motherfuckers"	V2
7	81	SHORE The Shore [EP]	Maverick
8	71	MOONBABIES The Orange...	Hidden Agenda-Parasol
9	66	MARCY PLAYGROUND MP3	Reality Entertainment
10	65	SULTANS Shipwrecked	Swami
11	53	TONY C AND THE TRUTH Demonophonic Blues	Lava
12	44	ELF POWER Walking With The Beggar Boys	Orange Twin
13	44	MADVILLAIN Madvillainy	Stones Throw
14	37	SEACHANGE Lay Of The Land	Matador
15	37	SLATS Pick It Up	Latest Flame
16	31	SMUGGLERS Mutiny In Stereo	Mint-Lookout!
17	24	APPLIED COMMUNICATIONS Africa...	Discos Mariscos
18	24	ALPHA CENTAURI Stoic	Self Released
19	22	EEK-A-MOUSE Mouse Gone Wild	Sanctuary
20	22	TEARS IN X-RAY EYES Wonderfully Made	Choco



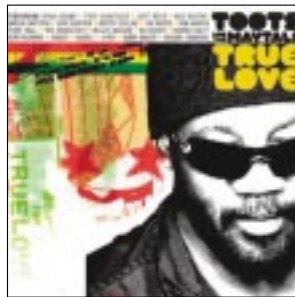
VINES



BEN KWELLER



#1 DEBUT
IRON AND WINE



UP 33 POSITIONS
TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS

CORE RADIO

BASED ON CMJ'S MOST INFLUENTIAL STATIONS
PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004
CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 105
VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	6	2	1	4	BLONDE REDHEAD Misery Is A Butterfly	Beggars Group-4AD
2	3	9	2	3	DEERHOOF Milk Man	5RC-Kill Rock Stars
3	5	6	3	5	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
4	4	10	4	3	TV ON THE RADIO Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes	Touch And Go
5	1	3	1	7	WALKMEN Bows And Arrows	Record Collection
6	2	1	1	9	STEREOLAB Margerine Eclipse	Elektra
7	7	5	5	5	LIARS They Were Wrong, So We Drowned	Mute
8	13	22	8	3	CLOUDEAD Ten	Mush
9	11	8	7	8	ELECTRELANE The Power Out	Too Pure-Beggars Group
10	8	4	1	10	AIR Talkie Walkie	Source-Astralwerks
11	-	-	11	1	IRON AND WINE Our Endless Numbered Days	Sub Pop
12	9	7	7	5	XIU XIU Fabulous Muscles	5RC-Kill Rock Stars
13	10	23	10	4	FIREWATER Songs We Should Have Written	Jetset
14	17	30	14	3	ZERO 7 When It Falls	Elektra
15	12	16	12	3	GET UP KIDS Guilt Show	Vagrant
16	15	19	15	4	SNOW PATROL Final Straw	Interscope
17	18	18	17	5	CORAL Magic And Medicine...	Deltasonic-Columbia
18	28	-	18	2	SONDRE LERCHE Two Way Monologue	Astralwerks
19	16	11	4	9	CAMERA OBSCURA Underachievers Please Try Harder	Merge
20	23	24	10	7	PRESTON SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY Monsoon	Matador
21	14	12	4	10	MOUNTAIN GOATS We Shall Be Healed	4AD-Beggars Group
22	22	36	22	3	DESTROYER Your Blues	Merge
23	20	32	20	4	THE OWLS Our Hopes And Dreams	Magic Marker
24	31	-	24	2	VON BONDIES Pawn Shoppe Heart	Sire-Reprise
25	25	33	25	6	COOPER TEMPLE CLAUSE Kick Up The Fire...	RCA
26	21	14	13	6	LAMBCHOP Aw Cmon / No You Cmon	Merge
27	33	56	27	3	NOW IT'S OVERHEAD Fall Back Open	Saddle Creek
28	-	-	28	1	SUFJAN STEVENS Seven Swans	Sounds Familyre
29	19	15	15	5	CASUAL DOTS Casual Dots	Kill Rock Stars
30	36	21	21	7	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home	Blue Note
31	24	13	13	4	TRANS AM Liberation	Thrill Jockey
32	47	-	32	2	DEAD KENNEDYS Live At The Deaf Club	Manifesto
33	38	35	9	10	PHANTOM PLANET Phantom Planet	Daylight-Epic
34	32	42	32	4	VAN HUNT Van Hunt	Capitol
35	35	17	3	9	JOHN VANDERSLICE Cellar Door	Barsuk
36	40	-	36	2	SQUAREPUSHER Ultravisitor	Warp
37	70	-	37	2	TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS True Love	V2
38	43	52	38	3	BLACK KEYS The Big Come Up	Disaster
39	42	71	39	3	EYEDEA AND ABILITIES E&A	Rhymesayers-Epithaph
40	37	67	37	3	NELLIE MCKAY Get Away From Me	Columbia
41	50	-	41	2	LANTERNA Highways	Badman
42	29	25	7	9	DIZZEE RASCAL Boy In Da Comer	XL-Matador
43	62	60	33	4	DANGER MOUSE The Grey Album	Danger Mouse
44	45	27	16	6	NUMBERS In My Mind All The Time	Tigerbeat6
45	41	38	6	9	MEKONS Punk Rock	Quarterstick
46	44	29	19	6	VOLCANO, I'M STILL EXCITED!! Volcano, I'm Still Excited!!	Polyvinyl
47	52	55	47	4	VALLEY OF THE GIANTS Valley Of The Giants	Arts And Crafts
48	-	-	48	1	ELF POWER Walking With The Beggar Boys	Orange Twin
49	26	26	12	8	STARSAILOR Silence Is Easy	Capitol
50	-	-	50	1	DAVID BYRNE Grown Backwards	Nonesuch

HIP HOP

PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 199
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	2	2	1	5	EYDEA AND ABILITIES E&A Rhymesayers-Epitaph	
2	1	4	1	5	VISIONARIES Pangaea Up Above	
3	3	1	1	10	DIZZEE RASCAL Boy In Da Corner XL-Matador	
4	5	6	4	15	KANYE WEST College Dropout Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG	
5	4	3	2	9	IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE Revolutionary Volume 2 Viper	
UP 27 POSITIONS						
6	33	-	6	3	DIVERSE One A.M. Chocolate Industries	
7	8	11	7	4	CLOUDDEAD Ten Mush	
8	6	5	2	10	CHARIZMA AND PEANUT BUTTER WOLF Big Shots Stones Throw	
9	7	7	7	6	DANGER MOUSE The Grey Album Danger Mouse	
10	9	8	8	8	ORGANIC THOUGHTS The Purest Form Blaze The World	
11	17	27	11	3	ROOSEVELT FRANKLIN Something's Gotta Give Third Earth	
12	16	14	12	5	BEANS Now, Soon, Someday Warp	
#1 DEBUT						
13	-	-	13	1	MURS Murs 3:16: The 9th Edition Definitive Jux	
14	18	24	14	5	YOUNG GUNZ Tough Luv Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG	
15	34	-	15	2	MADVILLAIN Madvillainy Stones Throw	
16	12	12	12	4	NO LUCK CLUB Happiness Ill Boogie	
17	32	25	17	5	ROYCE DA 5'9" "Hip Hop" [12-Inch] Game Recordings	
18	13	10	5	8	OPUS Breathing Lessons Mush	
19	24	20	19	7	SWEATSHOP UNION Natural Progression Underworld	
20	14	13	13	6	LEXICON Youth Is Yours Spytech-Ill Boogie	
21	11	16	1	20	JAYLIB Champion Sound Stones Throw	
22	21	22	21	4	HALFTOOTH RECORDS... Various Artists Halftooth	
23	19	17	9	9	DILATED PEOPLES "This Way" [12-Inch] Capitol	
24	36	36	24	3	SOUND PROVIDERS An Evening With The Sound Providers ABB	
25	-	-	25	1	SUBTITLE/OMID/FREE MORAL AGENTS Leave Home... GSL	
26	R	21	21	3	SLUM VILLAGE Selfish Capitol	
27	15	9	9	7	TONY TOUCH The Piece Maker 2 Koch	
28	-	-	28	1	MADVILLAIN "All Caps" b/w "Curls" [12-Inch] Stones Throw	
29	37	-	29	2	CHOPS "B-Girl Sessions" [12-Inch] Vocab	
30	23	15	6	9	SOL UPRISING Sol Power Shaman Work	
31	22	26	22	6	JOHN REUBEN Professional Rapper Gotee	
32	35	-	32	2	ROYCE DA 5'9" Death Is Certain Koch	
33	39	39	23	7	KREATORS Live Coverage RAF	
34	-	-	34	1	ASHERU AND BLUE BLACK... "Black Moses" [12-Inch] Seven Heads	
35	25	19	6	16	JAY-Z The Black Album Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG	
36	-	-	36	1	WORD ASSOCIATION Been Down [CD5] Right And Exact	
37	R	38	32	3	DILATED PEOPLES Neighborhood Watch Capitol	
38	30	-	30	2	CEE-LO Cee-Lo Green... Is The Soul Machine Arista	
39	-	-	39	1	J-KWON Tipsy Arista	
40	R	34	34	2	LIL' FLIP Game Over [CD5] Sucka Free Records, Inc.-Columbia	

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

ADDS COMPILED FROM NEW ALBUMS BEING SPUN BY STATIONS

1	MADVILLAIN Madvillainy Stones Throw
2	AZEEM / VARIABLE UNIT Mayhemystics Wide Hive
3	N.E.R.D. Fly Or Die Virgin
4	DIVERSE One A.M. Chocolate Industries
5	CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED Road Trip TD Harry Music

LOUD ROCK COLLEGE

PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 279
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	1	1	8	CANNIBAL CORPSE The Wretched Spawn Metal Blade	
2	2	2	1	7	GOD FORBID Gone Forever Century Media	
3	3	3	3	6	HYPOCRISY The Arrival Nuclear Blast	
4	6	9	4	3	36 CRAZYFISTS A Snow Capped Romance Roadrunner-IDJMG	
5	7	7	5	3	EXODUS Tempo of the Damned Nuclear Blast	
6	5	6	5	5	DEICIDE Scars Of The Crucifix Earache	
7	10	10	7	5	SCARS OF TOMORROW Rope Tied To The Trigger Victory	
UP 29 POSITIONS						
8	37	-	8	2	SOULFLY Prophecy Roadrunner-IDJMG	
9	14	13	9	4	KATAKLYSM Serenity In Fire Nuclear Blast	
10	4	4	1	11	PREMONITIONS OF WAR Left In Kowloon Victory	
11	11	12	6	8	PROBOT Probot Southern Lord	
12	17	-	12	2	CLUTCH Blast Tyrant DRT Entertainment	
13	13	11	11	4	WALLS OF JERICHO All Hail The Dead Trustkill	
14	15	29	14	3	MY DYING BRIDE Songs Of Darkness, Words Of Light Peaceville	
15	9	28	9	4	FEAR FACTORY Archetype [3-Song Sampler] Liquid 8	
16	8	5	1	11	ICED EARTH The Glorious Burden Hunter-SPV	
17	12	8	3	7	DAMAGEPLAN New Found Power Elektra	
#1 DEBUT						
18	-	-	18	1	BRING YOU TO YOUR KNEES... Various Artists Law Of Inertia	
19	16	16	12	7	PRONG Scorpio Rising Locomotive	
20	18	14	4	9	THE END Within Dividia Relapse	
21	24	17	10	8	INTO ETERNITY Buried In Oblivion Century Media	
22	19	19	7	8	CONTAMINATED VI Various Artists Relapse	
23	20	34	20	3	UPHILL BATTLE Wreck of Nerves Relapse	
24	21	23	5	10	GOREROTTED Only Tools And Corpses Metal Blade	
25	-	-	25	1	SCARLET Cult Classic Ferret	
26	23	20	20	6	BRIDES OF DESTRUCTION Here Come The Brides Sanctuary	
27	36	-	27	2	SOIL Redefine J	
28	30	31	28	4	MORTAL TREASON A Call To The Martyrs Flicker	
29	-	-	29	1	GRIP INC. Incorporated Steamhammer	
30	27	27	23	4	BLINDSIDE About A Burning Fire Elektra	
31	-	-	31	1	ALL THAT REMAINS This Darkened Heart Prosthetic	
32	22	18	13	8	REMEMBERING NEVER Women And Children Die First Ferret	
33	-	-	33	1	OVAL PORTRAIT Life In Death Eyeball	
34	34	37	34	3	FLESHCRAWL Made Of Flesh Metal Blade	
35	26	22	18	7	LOSTPROPHETS Start Something Columbia	
36	R	40	26	5	BYZANTINE The Fundamental Component Prosthetic	
37	31	-	31	2	EYES OF FIRE Ashes To Embers Century Media	
38	32	-	29	5	FRAGMENTS OF UNBECOMING Skywards... Metal Blade	
39	25	15	7	9	RED TAPE Radioactivist Roadrunner-IDJMG	
40	R	-	38	2	VITAMIN F Atone RMEDIA	

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

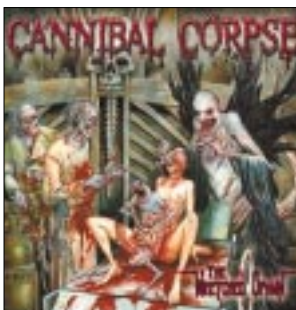
1	ALL THAT REMAINS This Darkened Heart Prosthetic
2	SKILLET Collide Lava
3	FROM A SECOND STORY WINDOW Not One Word... Black Market
4	STRIPPING THE PISTOL Stripping The Pistol Zoid
5	DISBELIEF Spreading The Rage Nuclear Blast



GOD FORBID



FEAR FACTORY



CANNIBAL CORPSE



PROBOT



36 CRAZYFISTS

LOUD ROCK CRUCIAL SPINS

PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004

CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 73

VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	PS	LWS	+/-	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	1	1	7	266	306	-40	GOD FORBID Gone Forever	Century Media
2	2	8	2	4	259	248	11	FEAR FACTORY Archetype [3-Song Sampler]	Liquid 8
3	4	5	3	7	241	218	23	CANNIBAL CORPSE The Wretched Spawn	Metal Blade
4	3	3	3	8	220	232	-12	PROBOT Probot	Southern Lord
5	7	9	5	5	215	196	19	36 CRAZYFISTS A Snow Capped Romance	Roadrunner-IDJMG
6	6	7	6	5	207	197	10	SCARS OF TOMORROW Rope Tied To The Trigger	Victory
7	5	2	2	7	205	217	-12	DAMAGEPLAN New Found Power	Elektra
8	9	38	8	3	197	175	22	CLUTCH Blast Tyrant	DRT Entertainment
9	8	4	3	11	175	187	-12	ICED EARTH The Glorious Burden	Hunter-SPV
10	11	13	10	5	160	167	-7	HYPOCRISY The Arrival	Nuclear Blast
11	12	10	7	8	150	163	-13	PRONG Scorpio Rising	Locomotive
12	10	6	1	10	150	174	-24	PREMONITIONS OF WAR Left In Kowloon	Victory
13	18	20	13	3	147	123	24	EXODUS Tempo Of The Damned	Nuclear Blast
14	14	15	14	5	143	139	4	DECIDE Scars Of The Crucifix	Earache
15	15	11	8	8	138	133	5	REMEMBERING NEVER Women And Children Die First	Ferret
16	41	-	16	2	120	59	61	GRIP INC. Incorporated	Steamhammer
UP 29 POSITIONS									
17	46	-	18	2	119	53	66	SOULFLY Prophecy	Roadrunner-IDJMG
18	17	18	17	6	119	124	-5	BYZANTINE The Fundamental Component	Prosthetic
19	20	42	19	5	117	113	4	SOIL Redefine	J
20	13	17	11	5	112	143	-31	BLINDSIDE About A Burning Fire	Elektra
21	21	16	14	7	111	107	4	INTO ETERNITY Buried In Oblivion	Century Media
22	23	23	22	6	109	100	9	BRIDES OF DESTRUCTION Here Come The Brides	Sanctuary
23	22	22	22	4	107	102	5	WALLS OF JERICO All Hail The Dead	Trustkill
24	16	12	7	9	105	125	-20	RED TAPE Radioactivist	Roadrunner-IDJMG
25	30	-	25	2	97	78	19	MY DYING BRIDE Songs Of Darkness, Words Of Light	Peaceville
26	19	14	9	10	93	118	-25	STAMPIN' GROUND A New Darkness Upon Us	Century Media
27	29	26	23	7	90	81	9	SEEMLESS Seemless	Losing Force
28	32	35	28	4	79	76	3	MORTAL TREASON A Call To The Martyrs	Flicker
29	24	24	24	4	78	88	-10	KATAKLYSM Serenity In Fire	Nuclear Blast
30	25	33	25	9	77	87	-10	DIRTY RIG Blood, Sweat And Beer	Music Cartel
#1 DEBUT									
31	-	-	31	1	76	-	D	BRING YOU TO YOUR KNEES: A TRIBUTE TO GUNS N' ROSES Various Artists	Law Of Inertia
32	27	25	16	9	70	83	-13	THE END Within Dividia	Relapse
33	26	19	10	13	70	84	-14	APARTMENT 26 Music For The Massive	Atlantic
34	44	37	27	8	68	57	11	GOREROTTED Only Tools And Corpses	Metal Blade
35	36	29	22	6	68	66	2	VEXT Cast The First Stone	Lakeshore
36	45	49	36	3	66	54	12	VITAMIN F Atone	RMEDIA
37	39	39	38	3	65	61	4	RAUNCHY Confusion Bay	Nuclear Blast
38	35	30	1	20	65	66	-1	HATEBREED The Rise Of Brutality	Stillborn-Universal
39	33	28	28	6	63	74	-11	FRAGMENTS OF UNBECOMING Skywards: A Sylphe's Ascension	Metal Blade
40	47	-	40	2	60	48	12	AMERICAN MOTHERLOAD Come To Life	Zant

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	ALL THAT REMAINS This Darkened Heart	Prosthetic
2	SKILLET Collide	Lava
3	STRIPPING THE PISTOL Stripping The Pistol	Zoid
4	FROM A SECOND STORY WINDOW Not One Word Has Been Omitted	Black Market
5	ZEKE Til The Livin' End	Relapse

**BREAKOUT 5
ALBUMS TO WATCH**



KANYE WEST
The College Dropout
Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG (203002)



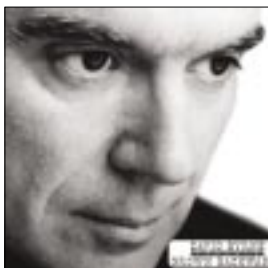
GODSMACK
The Other Side [EP]
Republic (153902)



CASSIDY
Split Personality
J (57018)



JOSS STONE
The Soul Sessions
S-Curve (42234)



DAVID BYRNE
Grown Backwards
Nonesuch (79826)

CMJ RETAIL 50 } PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004
www.cmj.com

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	2	KANYE WEST The College Dropout (203002)	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
2	-	GODSMACK The Other Side [EP] (153902)	Republic
3	1	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home (84800)	Blue Note
4	-	CASSIDY Split Personality (57018)	J
5	4	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand (27)	Domino
6	3	BAD BOY'S 10TH ANNIVERSARY Various Artists (211200)	Bad Boy Entertainment
7	7	YEAH YEAH YEAHS Fever To Tell (450980)	Interscope
8	10	EVANESCENCE Fallen (13063)	Wind-Up
9	8	MAROON5 Songs About Jane (50001)	Octone
10	6	OUTKAST Speakerboxx/The Love Below (50133)	Arista
11	5	TWISTA Kamikaze (83598)	Atlantic
12	20	JOSS STONE The Soul Sessions (42234)	S-Curve
13	9	TV ON THE RADIO Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes (20954)	Touch And Go
14	12	EAMON I Don't Want You Back (58371)	Jive
15	16	JAY-Z The Black Album (152801)	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
16	21	JET Get Born (62892)	Elektra
17	14	ZERO 7 When It Falls (61558)	Elektra
18	-	DAVID BYRNE Grown Backwards (79826)	Nonesuch
19	17	DARKNESS Permission To Land (60817)	Atlantic
20	47	LOS LONELY BOYS Los Lonely Boys (80305)	Or Music
21	22	BLACK EYED PEAS Elephunk (000699)	A&M
22	32	ALICIA KEYS Diary Of Alicia Keys (55712)	J
23	25	G-UNIT Beg For Mercy (159402)	Shady-Interscope
24	19	INCUBUS A Crow Left Of The Murder (90890)	Epic
25	36	POSTAL SERVICE Give Up (595)	Sub Pop
26	13	CEE-LO Cee-Lo Green... Is The Soul Machine (52111)	Arista
27	29	JESSICA SIMPSON In This Skin (86560)	Sony
28	18	YOUNG GUNZ Tough Luv (193702)	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
29	27	LUDACRIS Chicken And Beer (132436)	Def Jam South-IDJMG
30	11	VON BONDIES Pawn Shoppe Heart (48549)	Sire-Reprise
31	24	SUGA FREE The New Testament: The Truth (970058)	Bungalo
32	30	LOSTPROPHETS Start Something (86554)	Columbia
33	23	MODEST MOUSE The Moon And Antarctica (92034)	Epic
34	31	BLINK 182 Blink 182 (133612)	Geffen
35	52	HOOBASTANK Reason (148802)	Island
36	33	AIR Talkie Walkie (96632)	Source-Astralwerks
37	40	SHERYL CROW Very Best Of Sheryl Crow (152102)	A&M
38	45	FIVE FOR FIGHTING Battle For Everything (86186)	Aware-Columbia
39	39	NO DOUBT The Singles 1992-2003 (149502)	Interscope
40	63	NELLIE MCKAY Get Away From Me (90664)	Columbia
41	-	JACKSON BROWNE The Very Best Of Jackson Browne (78091)	Rhino
42	44	BRITNEY SPEARS In The Zone (53748)	Jive
43	43	NICKELBACK The Long Road (618390)	Roadrunner-IDJMG
44	34	MESSY MARV Disobayish (109)	RTE
45	26	GET UP KIDS Guilt Show (392)	Vagrant
46	68	KEB' MO' Keep It Simple (86408)	Epic
47	54	T.I. Trap Muzik (83650)	Atlantic
48	-	SUFJAN STEVENS Seven Swans (13)	Sounds Familyre
49	67	SHINS Chutes Too Narrow (625)	Sub Pop
50	37	PROBOT Probot (30)	Southern Lord

Logo represents priority titles throughout the Music Monitor Network.



TV ON THE RADIO



NORAH JONES

IN-STORE PLAY

Based on what clerks are playing while you browse

TV ON THE RADIO

MINDY SMITH
JONNY LANG
VON BONDIES
FRANZ FERDINAND
ZERO 7
AIR
GET UP KIDS
IRON AND WINE
BONNIE PRINCE BILLY
NORAH JONES
BAD PLUS
ELECTRELANE
DAVID BYRNE
KEB' MO'

MAJOR CHAIN

Based on sales figures from national record chains

NORAH JONES

EVANESCENCE
JOSH GROBAN
MAROON5
KANYE WEST
OUTKAST
JOSS STONE
BAD BOY'S 10TH ANNIVERSARY
JESSICA SIMPSON
SHERYL CROW
FIVE FOR FIGHTING
HARRY CONNICK JR.
BRITNEY SPEARS
GIPSY KINGS
CASSIDY

MUSIC MONITOR NETWORK

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

PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004

www.cmj.com

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	-	GODSMACK The Other Side [EP] (153902)	Republic
2	2	KANYE WEST The College Dropout (203002)	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
3	-	CASSIDY Split Personality (57018)	J
4	3	TWISTA Kamikaze (83598)	Atlantic
5	1	BAD BOY'S 10TH ANNIVERSARY Various Artists (211200)	Bad Boy Entertainment
6	5	EAMON I Don't Want You Back (58371)	Jive
7	8	SUGA FREE The New Testament: The Truth (970058)	Bungalo
8	4	MESSY MARV Disobayish (109)	RTE
9	9	EVANESCENCE Fallen (13063)	Wind-Up
10	6	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home (84800)	Blue Note
11	10	OUTKAST Speakerboxx/The Love Below (50133)	Arista
12	16	JAY-Z The Black Album (152801)	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
13	12	MAROON5 Songs About Jane (50001)	Octone
14	15	LUDACRIS Chicken And Beer (132436)	Def Jam South-IDJMG
15	13	G-UNIT Beg For Mercy (159402)	Shady-Interscope
16	27	JET Get Born (62892)	Elektra
17	17	YEAH YEAH YEAHS Fever To Tell (450980)	Interscope
18	26	HOOBASTANK Reason (148802)	Island
19	18	INCUBUS A Crow Left Of The Murder (90890)	Epic
20	14	YOUNG GUNZ Tough Luv (193702)	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
21	11	CEE-LO Cee-Lo Green... Is The Soul Machine (52111)	Arista
22	19	LOSTPROPHETS Start Something (86554)	Columbia
23	23	NICKELBACK The Long Road (618390)	Roadrunner-IDJMG
24	30	T.I. Trap Muzik (83650)	Atlantic
25	25	BLACK EYED PEAS Elephunk (000699)	A&M

A.I.M.S.

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

PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004

www.cmj.com

TW	LW	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	3	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand (27)	Domino
2	2	TV ON THE RADIO Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babies (20954)	Touch And Go
3	4	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home (84800)	Blue Note
4	5	KANYE WEST College Dropout (203002)	Roc-A-Fella-Def Jam-IDJMG
5	-	SUFJAN STEVENS Seven Swans (13)	Sounds Familyre
6	6	YEAH YEAH YEAHS Fever To Tell (450980)	Interscope
7	7	MODEST MOUSE The Moon And Antarctica (92034)	Epic
8	15	KEB' MO' Keep It Simple (86408)	Epic
9	8	AIR Talkie Walkie (96632)	Source-Astralwerks
10	9	OUTKAST Speakerboxx/The Love Below (50133)	Arista
11	-	DAVID BYRNE Grown Backwards (79826)	Nonesuch
12	1	VON BONDIES Pawn Shoppe Heart (48549)	Sire-Reprise
13	16	CLOUDDEAD Ten (230)	Mush
14	14	ZERO 7 When It Falls (61558)	Elektra
15	20	JET Get Born (62892)	Elektra
16	-	RACHEL YAMAGATA Rachel Yamagata EP (54054)	Private Music
17	22	CEE-LO Cee-Lo Green... Is The Soul Machine (52111)	Arista
18	33	EVANESCENCE Fallen (13063)	Wind-Up
19	28	DARKNESS Permission To Land (60817)	Atlantic
20	-	GODSMACK The Other Side [EP] (153902)	Republic
21	40	POSTAL SERVICE Give Up (595)	Sub Pop
22	17	SONDRE LERCHE Two Way Monologue (98027)	Astralwerks
23	19	DESTROYER Your Blues (238)	Merge
24	23	UNICORNS Who Will Cut Our Hair When We're Gone? (41)	Alien8
25	11	VAN HUNT Van Hunt (35233)	Capitol

TRIPLE A

PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 37
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	6	1	4	ZERO 7 When It Falls	Elektra
2	2	1	1	10	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home	Blue Note
3	14	-	3	2	TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS True Love	V2
4	23	-	4	2	DAVID BYRNE Grown Backwards	Nonesuch
5	5	3	2	9	STEREO LAB Margerine Eclipse	Elektra
6	9	8	6	5	FRANZ FERDINAND Franz Ferdinand	Domino
7	4	12	4	5	NELLIE MCKAY Get Away From Me	Columbia
8	21	-	8	2	SONDRE LERCHE Two Way Monologue	Astralwerks
9	31	35	9	3	TANGLE EYE Alan Lomax's Southern Journey...	Zoë-Rounder
10	7	14	7	4	FIREWATER Songs We Should Have Written	Jetset
11	11	11	11	4	BLONDE REDHEAD Misery Is A Butterfly	Beggars Group-4AD
12	12	10	10	6	VAN HUNT Van Hunt	Capitol
13	3	2	1	10	AIR Talkie Walkie	Source-Astralwerks
14	20	7	7	6	LAMBCHOP Aw Cmon / No You Cmon	Merge
15	27	36	15	3	SLAID CLEAVES Wishbones	Philo-Rounder
16	6	5	5	6	GRANT-LEE PHILLIPS Virginia Creeper	Zoë-Rounder
17	17	20	17	4	JEM Finally Woken	ATO
18	34	-	18	2	DEERHOOF Milk Man	5RC-Kill Rock Stars
19	24	26	17	7	JONATHA BROOKE Back In The Circus	Verve
20	26	13	8	8	ELECTRELANE The Power Out	Too Pure-Beggars Group

NEW WORLD

PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 117
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	4	1	4	OUMOU SANGARE Oumou	Nonesuch
2	3	24	2	3	TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS True Love	V2
3	2	1	1	6	DUB SYNDICATE No Bed Of Roses	Lion And Roots
4	4	5	4	5	WORLD REGGAE Various Artists	Putumayo
5	6	3	2	9	CESARIA EVORA Club Sodade	Bluebird-Arista Associated Labels
6	5	2	1	11	SAHARA LOUNGE Various Artists	Putumayo
7	16	15	7	5	RAVI SHANKAR The Rough Guide...	World Music Network
8	8	10	7	7	SERGE GAINSBOURG Aux Armes Et Caetera	Sunnyside
9	10	7	5	8	THE ROUGH GUIDE TO AFRICAN... Various Artists	World Music Network
10	11	9	2	11	HAMSA LILA Gathering One	In The Pocket
11	23	-	11	2	ABYSSINIANS AND FRIENDS Tree Of Satta	Blood And Fire
12	28	25	12	5	BARRY BROWN Rich Man Poor Man 1978-1980	Moll-Selekta
13	7	27	7	6	THE ROUGH GUIDE TO...ETHIOPIA Various Artists	World Music Network
14	13	32	13	3	YOUSOU N'DOUR 7 Seconds...	Columbia Legacy
15	9	6	2	11	LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO Raise Your...	Heads Up International
16	12	8	4	11	TRUST. BELIEF. LOVE. RESPECT. Various Artists	Select Cuts-Rooftop
17	17	26	6	12	BERES HAMMOND Can't Stop A Man...	VP
18	21	16	16	6	PLANET BUZZ Various Artists	Narada
19	20	19	14	5	YO-YO MA Obrigado Brazil Live In Concert	Sony Classical
20	14	17	14	5	TWILIGHT CIRCUS DUB... Foundation Rockers	M

RPM

PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 191
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	3	-	1	2	SQUAREPUSHER Ultravisitor	Warp
2	4	-	2	6	TIM DELUXE The Little Ginger Club Kid	Underwater
3	7	-	3	6	JUNKIE XL Radio JXL - A Broadcast From The Computer...	Koch
4	5	-	4	8	CESARIA EVORA Club Sodade	Bluebird-Arista Associated Labels
5	10	-	5	5	CHROMEO She's In Control	Vice
6	1	-	1	9	AIR Talkie Walkie	Source-Astralwerks
7	8	-	7	6	LAMB Between Darkness And Wonder	Koch
8	6	-	2	8	TELEFON TEL AVIV Map Of What Is Effortless	Hefty
9	2	-	1	10	CRYSTAL METHOD Legion Of Boom	V2
10	11	-	10	3	OUTERNATIONALISTS Ethnomixicology	Six Degrees
11	20	-	11	3	LUOMO The Present Lover	Kinetic
12	9	-	9	3	CLOUDDEAD Ten	Mush
13	12	-	12	5	JOHN BELTRAN In Full Color	Ubiquity
14	13	-	3	7	PLEJ Electronic Music From The Swedish Leftcoast	Exceptional
15	27	-	15	2	JAMES LAVELLE Global Underground: Romania	Global Underground
16	22	-	8	7	LOUIE VEGA Elements Of Life	Vega
17	14	-	6	9	KID606 Kill Sound Before Sound Kills You	Ipecac
18	24	-	2	9	REWIND 3 Various Artists	Ubiquity
19	15	-	15	3	ZERO 7 When It Falls	Elektra
20	19	-	3	8	VOODOO CHILD Baby Monkey	V2

JAZZ

PERIOD ENDING 3/23/2004
 CONTRIBUTING REPORTERS THIS WEEK: 145
 VIEW AIRPLAY REPORTS IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT
www.cmj.com/nmr/airplay

TW	LW	2W	PK	WKS	ARTIST + TITLE	LABEL
1	1	9	1	3	BAD PLUS Give	Columbia
2	3	7	2	4	BRAD MEHLDAU Anything Goes	Warner Bros.
3	14	27	3	3	WYNTON MARSALIS Magic Hour	Blue Note
4	2	1	1	9	DAVE DOUGLAS Strange Liberation	Bluebird
5	5	3	3	7	NORAH JONES Feels Like Home	Blue Note
6	8	14	6	4	ANDY BEY American Song	Savoy
7	4	2	2	9	CHICAGO UNDERGROUND TRIO Slon	Thrill Jockey
8	6	6	5	7	RAY VEGA Squeeze Squeeze	Palmetto
9	7	5	1	10	JOEL FRAHM WITH BRAD MEHLDAU Don't Explain	Palmetto
10	-	-	10	1	FRED HERSCH Trio + 2	Palmetto
11	9	4	4	6	DAVID FATHEAD NEWMAN Song For The New Man	High Note
12	10	10	6	7	VIJAY IYER/MIKE LADD In What Language?	Pi
13	13	8	8	6	SAM KININGER Sam Kininger	Self-Released-Tonic Productions
14	12	29	12	4	NELLIE MCKAY Get Away From Me	Columbia
15	16	13	10	7	LIBBY YORK Sunday In New York	Blujazz
16	11	24	11	3	DAVID BERKMAN QUARTET Start Here, Finish There	Palmetto
17	15	11	11	7	JOEY DEFRANCESCO Plays Sinatra His Way	High Note
18	19	28	18	6	KLAZZ BROTHERS AND CUBA... Classic Meets Cuba	Sony Music
19	26	18	18	3	LISA SOKOLOV Presence	Laughing Horse
20	-	-	20	1	TED SIROTA'S REBEL SOULS Breeding Resistance	Delmark

FEAR FACTORY

**FEAR
FACTORY**

New Record adding
March 8th & 9th

CYBERWASTE

SLAVE LABOR

DRONES

Radio contact:
Munsey & Richie
at *Skateboard Marketing Ltd.*
516-328-1103
skatebmkt@aol.com



LIQUID
RECORDS
& ENTERTAINMENT

www.liquid8records.com



NAVARRE
RECORDS

IN STORES April 20

ARCHETYPE

**FEAR
FACTORY**

ON TOUR
WITH

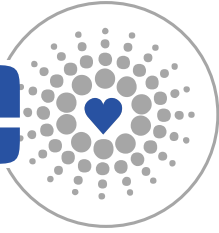
Slipknot

DATE	CITY	VENUE
3/30/04	Orlando, FL	Hard Rock Live
3/31/04	West Palm Beach, FL	Backstage @ Sound Advice Amph.
4/2/04	Birmingham, AL	Sless Furnace
4/3/04	Atlanta, GA	Tabernacle
4/4/04	Myrtle Beach, SC	House of Blues
4/5/04	Charlotte/Winston Salem, NC	Grady Cole Ctr/Millennium Ctr
4/8/04	Norfolk, VA	Norva
4/9/04	Washington, D.C.	Nation
4/10/04	Worcester/Boston, MA	Palladium/Realton
4/12/04	New York, NY	Resound
4/13/04	Philadelphia, PA	Electric Factory

DATE	CITY	VENUE
4/14/04	Rochester, NY	ESL Sports Center
4/15/04	Detroit, MI	Harpo's/State Theatre
4/17/04	Cleveland, OH	Tower City Amphitheatre
4/18/04	Columbus, OH	Promaxwest Pavilion
4/20/04	Grand Rapids/Indianapolis	Orbit Room/Egyptian Room
4/22/04	St. Paul, MN	Ray Wilkes
4/23/04	Chicago, IL	Riviera/Congress Theatre
4/24/04	Milwaukee, WI	Eagles Ballroom
4/30/04	Houston, TX	Verbra Wireless Theatre
5/4/04	Denver, CO	The Fillmore

MORE DATES TO BE ANNOUNCED.
GO TO www.liquid8records.com FOR COMPLETE TOUR SCHEDULE.

ANOTHER **Jägermeister MusicTour**



THE DIVINYLS

STORY: JAMES MONTGOMERY
ILLUSTRATION: NICK MEOLA

In the spring of 1991, I was 12 years old. I had a rat-tail, an overbite and an aversion to the fairer sex. I was a goddamn loser.

Harsh as that might sound, I'd accepted it as my own sort of dogma. I was a skinny geek with crooked teeth. No girls liked me. And no-way-no-how was I ever gonna get laid. Not that it mattered, because I wasn't even really sure what "getting laid" was—as far as I could tell, it was something kids in Skinny Puppy T-shirts talked about in between puffs of illicit Marlboro Lights. But all that was about to change. Because, as I discovered one morning in the shower, whatever I used to lack in quality orthodonture or female companionship I now more than made up for in pubic hair.

It had to be a hormonal overcompensation. There could be no other rational explanation for the thick sagebrush that now blotted my previously barren nether-regions. Like a bumper crop of wiry hairs, it was enough to feed a family, sell at market, sill the silos and dry for next year's seeding. I mean, shit, it was a lot of pubes.

I stepped out of the shower vowing to never, ever speak of this to anyone.

And then, in the midst of my pubescent panic, she showed up.

Hailing from Australia—a nether-region just as foreign to me as girls and my recent pubic explosion—the Divinylns' Christina Amphlett sent my already-confused testes into a tizzy. I remember watching MTV and playing with G.I. Joes when the video for "I Touch Myself" debuted. There was Amphlett, auburn hair, sheer ensemble, panting and pawing at herself in a way I knew my mom would not approve of. This was it. Big boobs! Female masturbation! She was like a rocket aimed southward. Suddenly, the figurine-on-figurine grappling I had been subjecting my G.I. Joes to seemed



wholly unnecessary. And wholly fruity.

Up until this point, about the only thing even remotely coital I had ever heard was "Weird Al" Yankovic covering the Stones on "Hot Rocks Polka" ("Laughter, joy and loneliness/ And sex and sex and sex and s-e-e-x!"). But, oh Christina! She was foreign, vampy and didn't play the accordion. She coincided exactly with my hormonal eruption. Undoubtedly she was a font of wisdom and I begged of her: "Teach me in the ways of love, Christina, you Aussie sexpot! Teach me! I am ready! Willing! Probably somewhat able!"

She was my secret siren. In English class, when everyone was making dirty jokes about the popular girls, I only thought of my sweet Christina. She was the answer to my aching. She understood me. And she would slake my 12-year-old thirst.

But then it got out of control. During P.E. class, after failing various aspects of the Presidential Physical Fitness Test (damn you, shuttle run!), we'd line up against the wall and speak of Christina and her self-gratifying techniques. But kids were using terms I was not familiar with, vocab I was not privy to... or cool enough to understand. And again, I was adrift. Alone. Christina had not taught me, had not solved the equation that vexed me so. She was not my secret siren. And I was just another kid standing in the hot Florida sun, wearing gym shorts and sneakers, itching the pelt of wool that had encompassed my lower half.

It all came crashing down when my little brother confronted me about the song.

"Are the lyrics really 'I don't want anybody else/ When I think about you, I touch myself?'" he asked, eyes wide.

And not wanting to subject him to the pain, the confusion and the searing heat down south, I lied. "No way," I said. "That's dirty. The real lyrics are 'I don't want anybody else/ When I think about you I feel great love.'"

It was the ultimate betrayal of Christina Amphlett.

But what could I do? She was an enigma to me, imagine what she'd be to him! On the verge of understanding just what the hell was going on with my groin, Amphlett had abandoned me. My Australian beauty spoke to me in beautiful tongues, but not being able to, uh, handle myself, I could not understand her. We never consummated our relationship. And it would not be until 1994 that I would finally sample the sweet nectars of an exotic beauty. But by then I was older. Wiser. And I had some lotion. The special lady was named Roxette. And it was a "Joyride" indeed.

James Montgomery is a contributing editor at Surface magazine, and—as former roommate and CMJ editor Chris Weingarten can attest—he still spends a lot of time in his room "listening to the Divinylns."

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