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#12

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KINSEY

KID KOALA

DJ SHADOW

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DAVE 1

GROTESK

DJ EXILE

ALOE BLACC

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KCRW's GARTH TRINIDAD

cold chillin' with
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Manual 12

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pictured right **ego trip's The Biz Puppet** page 53
photographed by **Todd MacIntire**



LETTERS TO EDDIE TURBO

Subject: I should
Body: Be in your magazine!!
—Peter Hadar / New York

There you go, wasn't that easy? -Ed.

SAME EVENT? (RE:UP #11 Release Party)

Yo, I was very disappointed w/ how the San Diego Morgan Geist party went down... PRETTY WEAK! Just thought you should get some feedback.
— Bitter Dude / Santa Ana

Your party in San Diego was great! My friends and I truly enjoyed it. I love Ghostly Int'l and I am glad that you have an issue all for them! Love it!
— Ardee / So Cal

Yo, check out check out www.loveleafgarden.com. They sell awesome psychoactive herbs like kratom, kanna, salvia, indian warrior, and more. They also sell seeds like yopo and opium poppy seeds, Incense, Teas, Extracts, and other stuff. I hang out in their forum, you should join and talk.. you won't get yelled at about talking about cannabis either... amazing.
— Mary Jane / Manassas, Virginia

You guys never ran our tees because that [dandy] that was "styling" it said we were "too hip-hop" and he wanted it to look more "rock"! The most AMAZING part of this story is this: The shirt we sent that "stylist" had an image of a black metal kid flipping off the Hollywood sign, and another shirt with a close up of Hendrix's face, and another of a Deaths-Head skull! Hip-Hop? So, you guys ran aNYthing Puerto Rican flag tee instead. I would say that's not hip-hop, wouldn't you agree? Please RE:DEEM yourself and stop pushing "hip-hop" dance parties and run our tees. Thank You.

PS: can I ask one more question? Why does every magazine that has come out in the past 3-4 years feel the need to have some sort of "celebration/ anniversary" party with DJs? Please don't take offense, I am just curious, considering we are ALL gonna die in WW3 soon. This sort of puts all this "Hip-Hop, Rock, FUCTION, aNYthing, Buff Monster, Homosexual Stylist, Black Metal, Hollywood, DJ parties" into perspective, wouldn't you agree?
— E Brunetti

Hope all is going well for you, Beau. We're going through HOT weather here (100 degrees). Glad to hear RE:UP is still going, but why must you have those 'nudies' laying around in the magazine?
— Edward Turbo's Grandmother / Bethesda, MD

We value & look forward to your input, critiques, praise, pictures, and general nonsense. Feel free to send your thoughts to info@reupmag.com or snail mail (guaranteed placement) to: **RE:UP Magazine c/o Eddie Turbo 236 Moore St. / #411 / Brooklyn NY 11206**



RE:UP REWIIIND!!!

(Manual 08)

It's good to take a look back from time to time and see how far you've come in the past year, n'est-ce pas? Here are updates of three artists who were featured in RE:UP Manual 008: absurdist theater champ Pleaseeasaur, designer Bill McMullen, and Turntables on the Hudson's Nickodemus. So nice let's read it twice... can I get a Forward?

Bill McMullen ON HIMSELF

Man, what a year. Marked a decade in New York City. I love this place. I'm nothing but grateful, but it's been busy. First off, I did the Adicolor NYC series, which gave me a chance to be part of the legacy of one of my favorite shoes - the Adidas Superstar, a.k.a. The Shelltoe. I did seven different versions of the shoe, that's a whole week if you want! My favorite is the black one, although I've been getting a lot of use out of the plain white ones. They were great to work with, very open to ideas and very respectful of my artwork. Then they sent me to Hong Kong for a shoe release party, and got me a pair of tickets to see the Brazil/ Ghana World Cup match in Germany. I was pulling for Ghana in a Cinderella maneuver but actually seeing Renaldo set the "goals in World Cup games" record, I'm definitely not mad at that.

Then Kid Robot put out a toy I've wanted to do for years, the ShuttleMax which is a homage to two of my favorite things: the space shuttle, and the AirMax '95. That took a lot of time and work, but it's an amazing piece, they really nailed the feel of my original illustration. Also, after years of being on the sideline, the Japanese T-shirt company 2K put me in play and I have three new shirts coming out with them in the spring... Check for the 'Robot Superstar' one!

I've had a hectic year doing something I had sort of dipped out of for a while: Music packaging. Along with working on the new Bad Brains album graphics (yes, original line-up, yes, new material) I'm also doing the album package for the Bay Area's Federation, the dudes who put out the NoCal anthem "Hyphie," and are killing it with their single "I Wear My Stunna Glasses @ Night..." and I did the poster, packaging, and menu system for the Beastie Boys DVD of their concert movie *AWESOME; I Fuckin' Shot That*.

On my own projects, I'm updating my webpage to FINALLY get an online store jumping off, so look into that: www.billmcmullen.com. I'm working on my video podcast 'American Mixtape,' which is comprised of interviews with friends and artists that I've been fortunate enough to meet in my life. I'm trying some new directions for some more art, posters and t-shirts. Working on some beats with my crew, Band of The Lost. And I'm trying to locate a leak in my roof.



photo David Baren

Nickodemus

Why is your first full-length *Endangered Species* being re:released on 18th Street Lounge Music?

When Studio Distribution went bankrupt, they had just finished selling their initial order of the original *Endangered Species* album on Wonderwheel. They never got to paying me on time, so we lost LOTS of money. ESL and I have been flirting with the idea of signing my music for over 5 years now so when this happened, we all felt that this album needed more attention and they asked to rerelease it. Instead of signing an artist deal, ESL is licensing *Endangered Species* with some new tracks and mixes along with the remix album for the new year. Remixes from Boozoo Bajou, Thievery Corporation, Fort Knox Five and more are all finished and ready to be on dance floors!

What have you learned in the past year about running the Wonderwheel Recordings record label that you wish you'd known a year ago?

Simply put, it takes money to make money! As a label, vinyl has always been easy to manage. CDs are another thing entirely. That's a serious full time job that requires lots of money. Digitally, we're doing crazy amounts of downloads with little to no advertising. All in all, it's still my best option for the music- full creative control, and I work on my own schedule. I'll continue to release albums and comps with my new distribution and license some projects to see what's best for everyone. With some more help at Wonderwheel, we're currently working on a full length release of Zeb's newest album *Stop the Earth, I Want to Get Off!* This album is no joke!

What was your favorite party played at this past year?

Turntables on the Hudson at the *Frying Pan*. All our friends are there and the vibe is my favorite. I cherished every party like it was the last and sure enough, they were closed down right after our 8 year anniversary party.

So what's up with the *Frying Pan* getting re-modeled?

They're moving a bit more uptown and getting into the Hudson River Park trust which mean some nightlife changes will happen. Knowing the owners, they'll keep it funky and rustic!

And your future plans?

We have some big TOTH shows coming through NYC at Element. I'm touring a bunch more on my own and working hard on the next album which is already a step up for me personally.



Pleaseeasaur

What is the name of your debut Comedy Central album?

It is titled *THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF PLEASEEASUR*. The CD is essentially a new album of 11 songs which features a few of the older hits, because it would be such a shame to deprive the millions of new fans of the older gems such as "No Prob Limo" and "Bowl Noodle Hot." The DVD is actually quite massive in its sheer girth. It features 11 music videos—one for each song on the CD—as well as a 28 minute cartoon adventure done by the animators of *SeaLab 2021* from the Cartoon Network/Adult Swim posse. When the viewer presses PLAY on the DVD, the program will run in sequence of VIDEO to ANIMATION to VIDEO and so on. The cartoon adventure ties all of the songs—and their videos—together into one cohesive pleasure conglomerate.

Now that you are a favorite at the Tom Green Show are there plans for more television appearances?

Yes. There are several appearances planned for Late Night circuit, check your local listings. We will hopefully be back on the Tom Green show in the near future.

What is up with The American Sheriff?

American Sheriff—which is a country/rap side project with my friend PlastiQ Phantom—is releasing the debut album *The Long Arm of the Law* sometime later this year on the imputor? label.

Have you introduced any new characters into your act with the Comedy Central signing?

Yes, with the addition of fresh or hot new tracks to the new CD/DVD, several new characters have been created. Such as Randy Normal (of Randy Normal Jeans) and the news team from Action City News with anchors Dane Rexroth and Cindy Debbie, sports with Razz Rally and of course meteorologist Roger Featherdoppler among many other new characters.

You tour extensively, do you feel like you attract more fans of comedy or fans of music?

I suppose it depends upon the context in which an audience first witnesses Pleaseeasaur live. For example, if someone sees us touring with a musical act, like say Pinback or Buckethead, ideally if they like it they may think to themselves, "hmmm...here are songs that happen to be funny." But if we tour with someone like comedian Neil Hamburger or even Louie Anderson, then ideally if they like it they think to themselves, "hmmm...here are jokes that happen to be musical." But then again there are people in both camps that say to themselves, "hmmm...I am a boring person and I hate this."

How are you received by foreigner in foreign countries?

Well if I am to answer this based on the exact question "how are you received by foreigner in foreign countries?" — then you obviously are referring to that time when we played specifically for the members of the band Foreigner while in that one other country. That was so fun and such an honor.



BABY'S 1st THRASH BAND

Who was your band trying to sound like?

The Roots with no instruments, The Beatles minus the singing, and De La Soul. We didn't come close to any of those things, but we were still New Hampshire's best friggin rap group.

What was the song or artist that influenced/inspired what you're involved with today?

The songs "I am I Be" (De La Soul) and "Latryx" (Latryx) turned my musical world upside down. De La Soul had a lyrical depth that was always honest and painted amazing pictures. Latryx's innovation with style made me want to learn how to rap in every different pattern over real drum breaks.



Tommy Guerrero

What was the name of your band?

Free Beer. People were pissed when they found out it was a band, too many literal thinkers.

What instrument did you play?

Bass

Who was your band trying to sound like?

No one, just obnoxious and drunk.

What was the song or artist that influenced/inspired what you're involved with today?

Bill Withers to some degree...



Emilie Simon

What was the name of your band?

Sunfish Daze

What instrument did you play?

I was the singer.

Who was your band trying to sound like?

Like us!

What was the song or artist that influenced/inspired what you're involved with today?

It's hard to choose one name, but I can say that I listened to The Beatles a lot when I was a child.

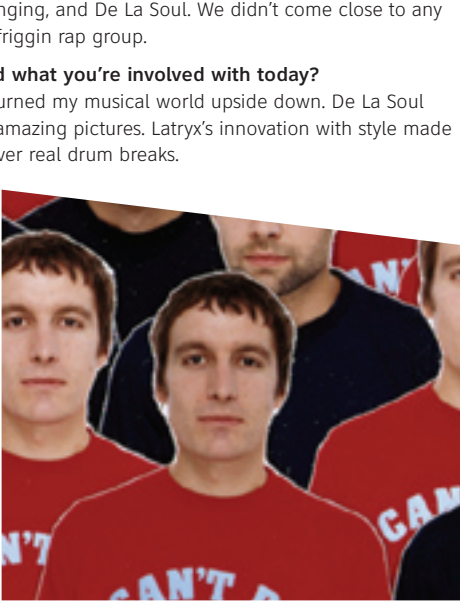
Adeem GLUE

What was the name of your band?

Adeem & Shalem

What instrument did you play?

I played the rap, the hairy harmonica, and when I didn't have the harmonica I played the skin flute. The combined sound of all 3 would melt your face.



Andrew Turner PLaid

What was the name of your band?

Profit

What instrument did you play?

We had a monophonic sampler, a monophonic synth and a cheap drum machine.

Who was your band trying to sound like?

Derrick May produced by The Bomb Squad.

What was the song or artist that influenced/inspired what you're involved with today?

"We All Stand Together" by Paul McCartney & The Frog Chorus. Beautiful.



S1 STRANGE FRUIT PROJECT

What was the name of your band?

Symbolic Elementz

What instrument did you play?

Beat machine

Who was your band trying to sound like?

Ourselves as always.

What was the song or artist that influenced/inspired what you're involved with today?

Too many to name, everyone in hip-hop has influenced Strange Fruit Project in some way, shape or form.



Isla Cheadle PURPLE CRUSH

What was the name of your band?

It wasn't really a band at first, more like an art project. Let's just call it "Dance Off Pants Off."

What instrument did you play?

Jared looped guitar and made noise while I did improvised modern dance mixed with sporadic, visceral sounds. It was very "downtown" and I had just been kicked out of art school for being too ambitious.

Who was your band trying to sound like?

Meredith Monk meets Marc Ribot

What was the song or artist that influenced/inspired what you're involved with today?

After watching Curtis Jackson go from a mixtape empire to pop radio, I decided, forget Madonna, I'm going to be the next 50 Cent.



Vinnie Paz JEDI MIND TRICKS

What was your first MC or group name?

MC Crash – I wrote my first verse sometime in the mid '80s.

What instrument did you play?

MC

Who was your band trying to sound like?

Latee, Run-DMC, UTFO

What was the song or artist that influenced/inspired what you're involved with today?

Kool G Rap

The Sounds of ESL Music



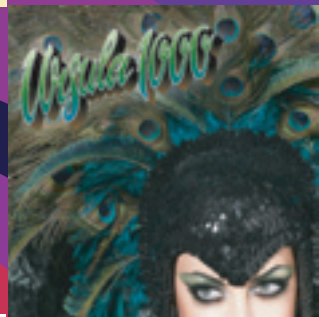
Thievery Corporation *Versions*

The definitive collection of Thievery Corporation remixes.



Ocote Soul Sounds & Adrian Quesada *el Nino y el Sol*

A unique collaboration between member of Antibalas, and Grupo Fantasma combines Afro-beat, Latin and psychedelic sounds.



Ursula 1000 *Here Comes Tomorrow*

A mind meld of jazz, electro, Latin, swing, ska, bossa nova, hip-hop, and psychedelia.



ESL Remixed

Thievery Corporation and their label compatriots invite some of the worlds finest musicians to rewind gems old and new from the ESL Music catalogue.



Thunderball *Cinescope*

The highly anticipated third album featuring 12 vivid cinematic soundscapes fusing latin funk, afro rhythms, indian dub, and mediterranean soul.



Nickodemus *Endangered Species*

Re-issue of the instant classic debut from NYC's Nickodemus.



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We don't need no photoshop

YOU LIKKLE
SOUNDBWOY...
BACK WEH WIT
YU DIBBY DIBBY
ARTWORK! THIS
COLLECTION IS TUFF
LIKE LEATHER!

[illegible]

RE:UP MAGAZINE 17

THE BIG COVER UP

text + photo \$small cchange CD art Dust la Rock

In case you didn't get the declassified memo, "The Big Cover Up" is my lil' column dedicated to the hardest of hardcore underground vinyl aficionados traversing the globe today.

Just as we dig thru the stacks and stax of records to find those obscure gems, we're diggin' thru the stacks and stax of record diggers to find those overlooked mofos. Yes, yes, let's keep searching for those wax artifacts. But what about the archeologists? What about the mofos who spend 10 hours in a warehouse in Rio de Janeiro, when they could be on a beach? Dedication people, dedication. This isn't about the latest fad. This is about discovering those records that sound fresh 10, 20, 30+ years after they were recorded. How many hyped up records coming out now will be able to pass that test?

30+ years. The other night I was a lil' tipsy, listening to some live Rashaan, echoing some words about the madness that Nixon has put upon us, and I wonder if 30+ years down the line things have changed all that much. Pathetic that it hasn't, right? Fuck all these motherfuckers. They have a chance to put the car in 5th and instead they opt for reverse. What a wonderful world we live in.

And yet it is. We have those 'Bright Moments.' We have those things that prove that humanity is better than the messages that are fed to us. We have those artistic expressions that go beyond what we know and don't know. Of course, these mofos try to hide it. They try to forget it. They try to make it like it never happened. And perhaps it never would have.

If it wasn't for folks like Danny Holloway.

Do you little brats remember diggin' before the friggin' internets? Do ya? Diggin' pre-Google, pre-slsk, pre-eBay, pre-GEMM, pre-blogs, pre-Soul Strut, pre-take that shit to the-breaks.com, pre-funk45s.com? Maybe you came up in the '90s and had you comps. Maybe you had the bootlegs before the comps came out. My question is where did it all originally come from, the knowledge, the discoveries? Who was there to find this shit back in ze day, and then care enough about it to spread it out there?

Muthas like Danny Holloway. Homeslice is way, way Original Gangsta, and it's an honor to have him profiled in ze Big Cover Up. His resume is quite retarded so I'll do my best to fit it all in here.

Danny started his musical crack addiction at age 5 in 1955, snatching up Little Richard and Fats Domino 45s. In his teens the British Invasion hit, and like many mofos around the country he and his friends were in garage rock bands, in the Long Beach, CA area. Eventually he made his way to London in 1970, writing extensively for *NME*. "I did the singles column weekly and got an amazing [number] of great reggae, soul and just plain weird records." Think about that people. Getting mad 45 promos of soul and reggae in the early '70s. Now that's what I call living. Plus interviewing folks like Zappa, Bowie, Stevie Wonder, Mick Jagger, and Bob Marley and The Wailers. I think a lot of us would have loved to sit down and rap with Stevie in '72. I would've.

Through *NME* he eventually hooked up with Chris Blackwell from Island and started working for him, mastering records, recording demos, putting together comps. He compiled the first two *This Is Reggae Music* LPs, recorded some live Bob LPs (*Live at Leeds* and *Bob Marley "Live"*), but was never credited on the LP. Rightfully pissed, he left the U.K. office for the Jamaican one in the mid-'70s. Another point to ponder kiddies: Homeslice was working in the Island JA office in the mid-'70s, signing folks, producing LPs like the Heptones' "Night Food," and hanging out with a not-yet-crazy Lee 'Scratch' Perry while he was building the legendary Black Ark studio. Wha?! And buying mad 45s at stores like Aquarius and GG's. Getting the shit when it came out. Dude was living.

Danny sez: "Jamaica back then looked the same as in the film *Rockers*. Nobody troubled anybody too much, mainly spliff smoking and a little beer drinking. Vibes were good and Jamaican culture was more quirky than today. I also loved their sense of fashion back then coz they dressed like Jamaicans, not like NYC rappers... the dances were really great. The best ones were never located in the city. You had to drive to the country and it would be an ordeal to find the dance. But once you were within a mile, you'd stop the car, listen for the low end rumble and follow the sound."

In the early '70s Danny also compiled a classic slice of New Orleans funk, a *Best of the Meters* for Island. This was material from their essential early Josie sides, which at the time were out of print. Chris Blackwell had gotten the rights and Danny put together the whole project, including the cartoon cover art of them playing at a Mardi Gras fest. If you have the LP, look on the cover, you can find Danny 'drawn in' the crowd, he has a big 'D' on his chest. How many mofos can claim their likeness is on a Meters' rekkid from '74?! And this is a key record because it had way better distribution than the OG Josie LPs. I discovered The Meters by finding this LP in my college radio library. As did legendary crat-digger Egon. This is why I rant about pre-internets, comps, bootlegs. How did you find out about shit back then? Records like this one. Mad props sir.


In the '80s he was working and setting up Island's Film + Soundtracks Dept., but eventually got out of the biz, set up his own production company, managed and produced the Plimsouls, signed Sublime, and was involved with a hip-hop radio show in the early '90s with mofos like Cut Chemist and noted photographer B+. Still very much a hardcore collector, he makes his hustle doing consulting jobs and still occasionally DJs out.

Here's a few more insights from the man himself.

On collecting: I have started to trim my record collection. At one time, I had 30,000 or 40,000 pieces. Now my desire is to whittle it down to essential records that give me goosebumps. This is not because I'm getting older, it's because I've been digging for over 35 years and got a lot of what I want and dislike paying high storage fees every year. I once went to Keb Darge's London flat and he handed me over 300 45s to look through. When I asked him where the rest of his collection was, he said "That's it Mate, I only keep what I can spin at the club." So, that had an impact on me.

On diggin: I think most of the funk grails have been discovered. There may be a few things recorded in the '70s which have remained unreleased, but for the most part diggers have been rabidly unearthing discs for 10 years. So, as far as funk is concerned I think it's almost in a finite stage right now. The future lies in new genres like Weird Gear and Dirty Disco and other genres yet to be named. It's hard to define Weird Gear, it's music we've found while digging that doesn't cleanly fit any particular genre coz there's something weird about it.

On age: The youngsters need to know two things: they too may get old one day and ageism is as stupid as racism and two: never quit doing the thing you love most.

And on top of all that, here's a selection of top secret nuggets from the man's personal stash. Everything is a bit too easy peazy in this interweb age so we've scratched off the titles for your inconvenience. But you still have the music and s'more werds of wisdom from Mr. Holloway. Go to reupmag.com and grab the tracks, pop in one of your 30c CD-Rs, burn it like the witch in *Monty Python*, and you have yourself one heavy piece of plastic that's worth its weight in lead. Then break out the exacto knife and cut the cover out. Assemble. Drop it at your next party, have the kids rush up and ask you what it is, and happily exclaim, "I don't know either!" And then tell 'em to shutup and keep on dancing. The little punks. 

THE TRACKS

Splaoie This is a dime record I found while on a road trip to the Bay Area in the late '90s. It seemed goofy, so I filed it and about a year later I listened more closely and discovered it's the same song as "Super Funky" by Thunder, Lightning and Rain on Saadia. Love the fast chipmunk rapping.

Pino! I heard this in a disco on a very small Greek Island. Most of the men on the Island were on or supported the local soccer team who had a match in Athens. So, the disco was packed with women and when [the DJ] played this particular tune, they all danced together like they were doing the Jamaican dance called the Butterfly.

Mexsamba I'm ashamed to admit my favorite samba cut is by a Mexican group masquerading as a Brazilian outfit. But, this tune is pure butter and I love the way the singer repeats certain syllables. Great icebreaker.

Superstition This might be from French Canada. The guy's definitely singing in French. It sounds like they cribbed the lick from Stevie Wonder's "Superstition" and flipped it enough not to get sued. This one gets a lot of record geeks rubberneckin' 'round the decks when I spin out.

Aries Crew The Wackies label was run by a Jamaican guy called Lloyd Barnes in Brooklyn in the '70s. He released an incredible number of great records. This one is a funky reggae version of the Ohio Players tune "Skin Tight."

Nama Here is a Brazilian rock group covering an American TV detective theme from the late 60's. I learned of it from my friend DJ Nuts when he came to spin in L.A. Nuts is deep with records, a fun guy and a great DJ.

Neil McArthur This is a group from NJ, [\$small change's] neck of the woods and pressed as a regional 45. It's their version of the Zombies tune "She's Not There."

Carlona Great unpredictable arrangement, with some infectious funky parts. This oddball 45 is just one guy over-dubbing himself on different instruments. Found it for 50 cents.

High School Friend My last year of high school I had to go to continuation school. Some of us guys in rock bands hung around together and I met this guy named Steve Runolfsson. He was a musical genius, but was a really sensitive guy that had taken way too much acid. He died within a couple of years. This 45 was cut in 1966 and is one of the most collectible garage rock records of all time. "Sweetgina" by the Things To Come.

Face Card I've been friends with drummer/chef Steve Roosh since I was 6 years old. We played in bands together as teens. He plays the über funky drums on this stellar disc. This record came out with a bunch of over-dubs which kind of spoiled it, but this is just the dope hard rhythm track from an acetate that Steve gave me.

Collie Dream I love the late '70s and early '80s period in Jamaican music. The tune is "Smoke the Chalice" and it accurately captures the elation in a chalice circle.

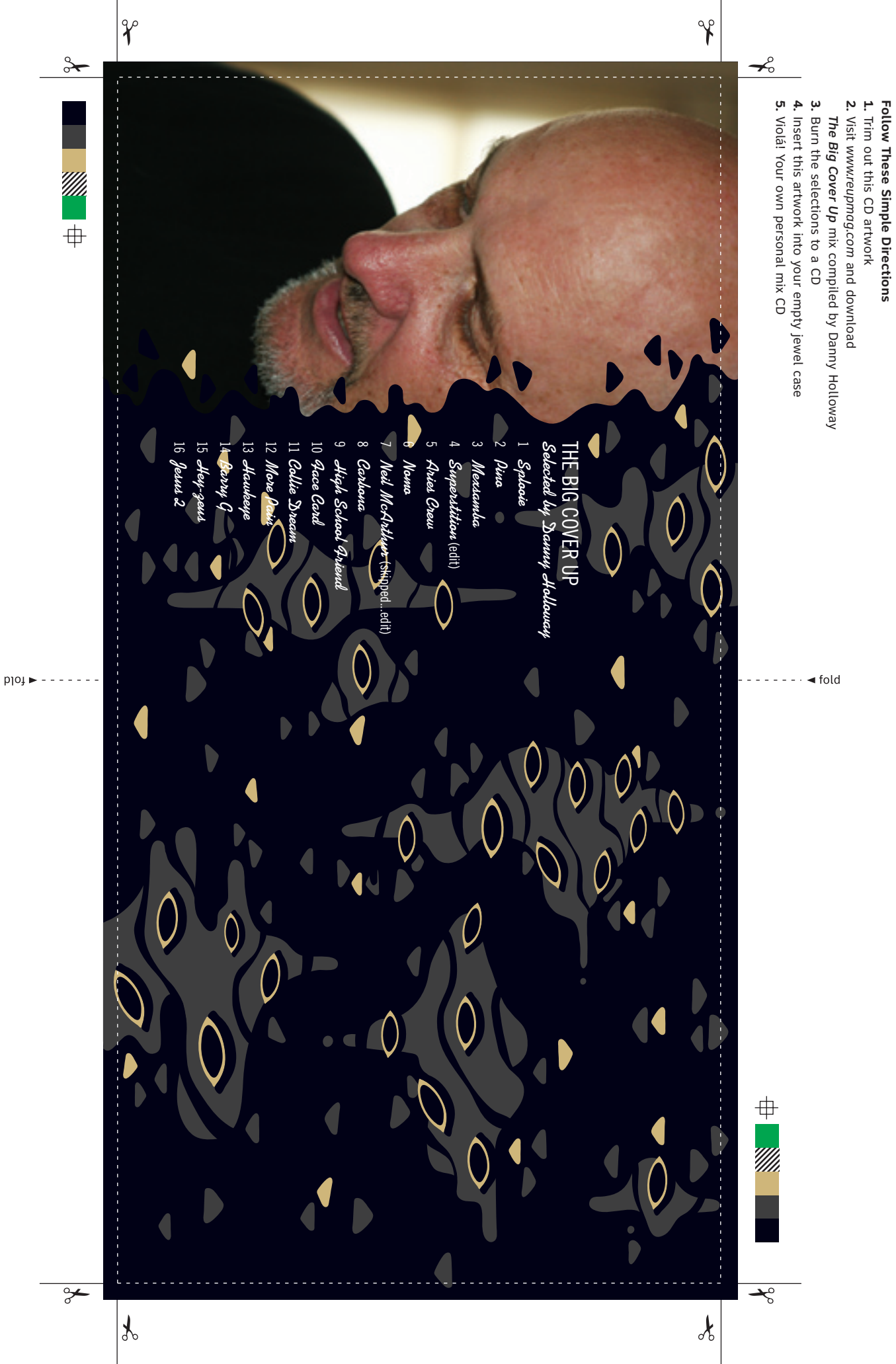
More Pain Same rhythm as "Pain." Roots Radics popularized it, but usually they go back even further.

Hawkeye This is a vocalist called [classified], but it sounds like a group. The singing is just great on here.

Barry G Barry G was a top radio DJ in Jamaica for a long time and really helped to get roots music on the radio. Before him they'd only play wack Byron Lee records.

Hey-Zeus This is a privately pressed 45 by a gospel group from South Central. Listen to the singer blow his voice out on the bridge. Raw deep funky soul.

Jesus 2 I like the Moog part on this record. The Moogist kinda freestyles solos and he kills it.



DJ EXILE

is like a big friendly teddy bear. His latest blammy, *Dirty Science* off Sound in Color, is a superlative collection of Southern Cali breezy breaks. With MCs from the Stones Throw family representing (Aloe Blacc, Oh No, Roc 'C' and M.E.D.) as well as the up and coming SIC crooners Jontel and Blu, *Dirty Science* is like a girlfriend that's smart AND hot. Throw in a Slum Village cut and a hidden Ghostface track and you have yourself a nice piece of 'tru hip-hop' pie. Exile's beatsmithery combines the stagger/swagger snares of classic Dilla, the melodic samples of Pete Rock and the crispy urgency of Alchemist. So yeah, you should know about this guy. Oh and Jurassic 5 and Mobb Deep have recently scooped up some beats from this not so lil' dunny. Did we mention that Snoop Dogg laid down an exclusive rap on Exile's outgoing answering machine? Leave a message at the bizzle...

DJ Exile Q&A RE:UP #12
fax to:

text Edward Turbo

Japan or Brazil:

MPC or XP:

Brainfreeze or Product Placement:

Smog or Ultraviolet Rays:

10" or 12":

Lakers or Clippers:

Wonder Woman or Spider-girl:

Chasing or Scratchin':

Cold or Hot Sakes:

Artistic Scientist or Scientific Artist:

Vegetarian or Carnivore:

Volume or Cross Fader:

Shants or Muscle Shirt:

Wires or Wireless:

Making Records or Making Out:

Fantastic Vol. 2 or Trinity:

Salt or Peppa:

Curtis or Lloyd:

Dice Game or Dominoes:

Chung King or Hit Factory:

CH₃CH₂OH or THC:

The High Life or Trife Life:

What beat are you most proud of producing?

TWO OF EACH
MAKING PENNIES CHANSHINE

BRAINFREEZE

BIO DIESEL

4" CLIPPERS..

ONE OF EACH-I WEAR A CAPE OF MY WEEN!

SCA.. SCA.. SCA SPATCHIN'.. SPATCHIN'..

CRACK.. DIRTY SCIENCE!!

CANNIBAL

BOTH I*

I HAVE A HAIRY BACK?

IVE NEVER HAD A CELL PHONE

COMING IN MY ROOM AT NIGHT..

FANTASTIC! LONG LIVE DILLA!

MENAGE A TRIPS..

CURTIS SPIN THE BOTTLE

4 TRK PORTA 2

2 400Z.. THEN THC

THE HIGH ONE..

MOBB DEEP! PEARL GATES



We're not from a musical household and none of our family members are musicians, but my father was really into records and as a kid I was always listening to his music... always," says Dave "1" Macklovitch from his apartment in uptown Manhattan. You may of peeped Dave on the low in the club; the ill Montrealian, kinda-Simon LeBon-ish lead singer of Chromeo, main producer of Obscure Disorder and the older brother of onetime-wunderkind Alain 'DJ A-Trak' Macklovitch (now, just a irrefutable presence behind the boards). The co-creators of today's hip-hop scene in Montreal, Dave and Alain brought more heat than Andre Dawson and Gary Carter did with the Expos back in the day.

Growing up as musical devotees, the brothers were upwardly mobile enough to put their hobbies into practice – not just creating a local movement but carving a defined niche for each other individually in contemporary underground pop-culture as a whole. A-Trak, of course (as covered in the first installment of this piece) the turntable tactician for Kayne West with more competitive accolades and awards than Tiger Woods. Dave, the mentor, who blazed the trail with lil bro in the flank position, welding the plexi-glass electric guitar not to mention a wicked pen as a longstanding rap journalist himself.

"When I was in fourth grade I started playing electric guitar. I was really into that. All the music I was into—Hendrix and Led Zeppelin—my brother was into at the same time. It's already young to be into that music in fifth grade, you could imagine my brother in first grade listening to that stuff as well. In high school I got into hip-hop and my brother followed, as little brother's do," Dave remembers. Having established his funk/fusion band The Rubadoids 'round the early '90s (including emcees from Obscure Disorder and his partner in Chromeo, Pee Thug), Dave was honing the electric axe and waxing acid jazz. "That was in like '92-'93, around then you had a lot people like Jamiroquai, Incognito, Jazzmatazz and The Brand New Heavies. It was a big trend to do soul music. I think it was around that time that my brother was twiddling around with records himself. And at one point he was doper than the dude that was scratching with us."

It was then that their professional musical connect was made. They began performing together, A-Trak not even a teen at the time. Dave quickly became the Montreal hip-hop scene's flag barer. "From '95 I had a radio show, called *Rap Attitude*. It started as a French rap radio show. My friends brought me on (cont'd on pg 94)

Essential Discography of Chromeo

(Dave 1 & Pee Thugg)

CHROMEО RELEASES		
<i>Title</i>	<i>Label</i>	<i>Year</i>
Fancy Footwork	Vice	2007
Ce Soir on Danse	Disque Primeur	2006
Un Joli Mix Pour Toi	Eskimo	2005
She's in Control	Vice	2004
Le Mix	Vice	2003

CHROMEО SINGLES		
<i>Title</i>	<i>Label</i>	<i>Year</i>
Needy Girl (Bloc Party mix)	Back Yard	2005
Rage! 7"	V2	2005
Needy Girl (Zdar mix)	V2	2004
Me & My Man (Whitey mix)	V2	2004
Destination Overdrive (DFA mix)	Turbo	2003
You're so Gangsta (Playgroup mix)	Fabergé	2002

PRODUCTION & REMIX CREDITS		
<i>Song (Artist)</i>	<i>Label</i>	<i>Year</i>
I Am Somebody (DJ Mehdi)	Ed Banger	2006
Breathe (Lenny Kravitz)	Absolut	2006
Ketchup vs Genocide (Sébastien Tellier)	Recordmakers	2004
Future (Cut Copy)	Modular	2004

“YO, I GOT THE SAME SYNTH SOUNDS AS JELLYBEAN!”

DAVE 1

A-TRAK



lines we carry
10 deep
lrg
cut & sew
no mas
triumvir 3
undrcrwn
mishka
hello minor
manifest
reason
stacks
quiet life
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RUB N TUG

The Push Pull

text **The Hound Dog**

From a chance encounter in California to reuniting 3000 miles away in the NYC underground circuit, Eric Duncan and Thomas Bullock took house music back from the glamour of the mid '90s NYC club scene. A decade later the Rub N Tug duo still keep it bumping in the name of good friends, the community, and of course strong drinks. They have been running soirees around the tri-state long before it was kitsch to play classic party anthems on rooftops for Bushwick scenesters. The Rub N Tug events have a cult following of indulgent party-goers who are hellbent on keeping it moving way after the after-hours. Several remixes and world tours later, Rub N Tug drops a new mix on London's FabricLive series, as well as a few compilations on the 'community approved' aNYthing imprint. Here are a few thoughts RE:UP pried from the professionals...

Who or what is Rub N Tug?

Thomas Rub n Tug is Thomas and Eric and our family of friends who gather around the jams. We're part of downtown NYC's community.

Where did you guys grow up?

Eric Los Angeles.

T Cambridge, England which was brilliant and strange.

As wee little nippers, what were some of the early musical experiences that lead you to get into DJing?

T In Primary school on the last day of the year we had a disco dance in the classroom. I was the only one who brought records and they were working too.

Just what exactly are you rubbing and tugging?

T Your mind your ass your girlfriend? I don't know...

E It's more a definition of what's happening on the dance floor.

What record has not left your bag in the last year?

E Gary Martin - "Turkish Tavern"

How does one 'keep it nasty'?

T One way is to keep the 'keep the party going' spirit all the way to unconsciousness.

What has been your favorite party to play at in the past year?

E It's tough to say, there are a few... but one that stands out would have to be the Sarcastic Disco party in L.A. this past April Fool's Day.

How did you guys get involved in the Fabric series?

T By turning it out at the club I guess.

Which remix are you guys most proud of and why?

E I say the !!! "H.I.T.T.O." remix, it was our first and it's a real burner.

What else do you guys do?

T I have two bands on Whatever We Want records. Map Of Africa and Bobbie Marie. One's a psych rock disco vibe and the other is an electronic rockabilly thing. Both bands have LPs finished and in the can with any early 2007 release stamped on them.

Will you be rubbing and tugging for the rest of your life?

T I hope so.

What is your idea of a happy ending?

T Cambridge, funnily enough. ☺

Essential Discography of Rub N Tug

RUB N TUG MIXTAPES

Title	Label	Year
Fabric 30 - Rub N Tug	Fabric	2006
Better with a Spoon Full of Leather	aNYthing	2006
Rub N Tug Present Campfire	Eskimo	2005

RUB N TUG REMIXES

Song (Original Artist)	Label	Year
The Main Thing (Roxy Music)	Virgin VST	2006
Rub N Tug's Macho Mix (Beastie Boys)	RNT	2006
Futures (Zero 7)	Atlantic	2006
Snakes and Ladder (Sly Mongoose)	Mule	2006
Square One (Coldplay)	White Label	2006
Too Much Love (LCD Soundsystem)	DFA	2005
It's For You (Out Hud)	Studio !K7	2005
Love Do Me Right (Rocking Horse)	Eskimo	2005
Crackhouse Warming Party (David Gilmore Girls)	Relish	2004
Hello, Is This Thing On (!!!)	Warp	2004
Watersnake (LTG Exchange)	Rong	2004
I'm a Man (Chicago)	Rong	2004

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IN FLAGRANTI

Codek Begins the Cut and Paste Movement

text Justin Carter image Alex Gloor

It's late, and I'm walking through Brooklyn alongside Sasha Crnobja, one of the founders of Organic Grooves and Codek Records, and one half of In Flagranti. He's wheeling his bike over the sidewalk;

I'm carrying a plastic bag of records he just gave me and we're looking for a place to drink. We're chatting about beginnings and endings, speculating on the lifespan of Nublu, the club and label where I work and DJ and where Sasha plays and DJs. Real movements don't last long in New York.

Sasha knows all about that. Organic Grooves, which started as an Afro and worldbeat musical collective in 1995, became an underground legend (see RE: UP #002). But after 8 years, Organic Grooves ended as quickly and enigmatically as it had begun. Sasha and I walk into a well-lit bar with old anatomical posters and 1970s middle-school maps on the walls. He orders a dark wheat beer and chooses a seat in front of a bookshelf full of old novels.

"We'd had our moment," he says as he sips the beer, "and you know you're not going to have that moment again. You have this thing that kind of works. But what do you do with it? Invest money and go to the next level, where you do [few] parties but you advertise them big? Then it's no more what it was. This is not what I want. Because it was about us too."

"It becomes a business," I say.

"Yeah, a business."

As Sasha began to think about letting Organic Grooves go and Alex Gloor, his label partner, returned to Europe in 2002, another movement was turning people's heads in New York: electroclash. Larry Tee's weekly party at Luxx was bringing kids out to Williamsburg to celebrate '80s kitsch. While Organic Grooves never had any such leanings, Codek dropped an album in 2002 that gave its homage to the decade. The nod came from Freddie Mas, whose self-titled record exported the sounds of true electro's drum machines and funky bass synth lines without an inch of sarcasm. Sasha's remix of the B-side cut as the Cosmic Rocker showed that his head was still comfortable in the dubbed-out mindset of Grooves, but his play with the electronic drums from the original track showed that he wanted something dirtier.

"I felt like I was still in the beginning of the whole music production thing, like I hadn't really explored what was possible. Many times I started working on new tracks for Organic Grooves, but I was like, 'Man I can't do it.'"

"Why didn't it seem right?" I ask.

"It just couldn't be the same again."

"We were looking for a new sound, experimenting with different elements," explains Alex. "Day In Day Out," the duo's first In Flagranti record, reflected as much. It was all over the place. The title track was a dubby Afrobeat jam, while "Once in a While" was a key-graced homage to Bristol, and "Just Gazing" was a disco hi-hat-filled, cowbell-dinging floor-filler.

"'Just Gazing' had been picked up on a couple compilations, and Jockey Slut rated it in their magazine, so we were like 'Wow, there's a whole thing going on like that.' I started to streamline it because I realized that there were actually people into that sound," says Sasha. There was already a second record on the way when In Flagranti made their directional decision, but on the third record the aesthetic was fully there.

"Nonplusultra" is a modern cut and paste masterpiece. Electro synths are stuck on top of bass lines torn out of disco twelves and muted guitar licks obviously sampled from funk 45s. The record's design and the short films that accompany each track online make the package complete: the cover looks like a still from a 1970s cosmetics commercial, and the short films are lo-fi re-edits of b-movies and golden age porn. "Nonplusultra" provided a unique template for Alex and Sasha to continue making records, evidencing not just the possibility of working with each other remotely but also exploiting the side effects of such collaboration.

For the most part, they correspond by email. "And if we talk on the phone, it's never business. It's just to chat," says Sasha. The result is an exchange of ideas that is only possible virtually, a communication of image and sound. "Where we connect is ultimately when he sends me sounds of the month where he's been record collecting and he just randomly records shit. I mean just like one piece of it, a few seconds long, or a minute long. I can't wait to put something together and email it back to him, a track where I only use what was in those sound snippets he gave me."

Alex elaborates (via email, of course) on their creative process: "We are in tune with each other when it comes to music. I know what he likes and [it works] the other-way around. Our ears are trained to hear every little nuance in tracks I find. There could be some obscure cowbell on some shitty record from who knows where and you could bet on it, we both would immediately pick up on it!"

Essential Discography of In Flagranti

IN FLAGRANTI ALBUMS & MIXTAPES

Title	Label	Year
Wronger than Anyone Else	Codek Europe	2006
A Decade of Hero Worship	Promo	2005


IN FLAGRANTI SINGLES

Title	Label	Year
It's All Rubbish	Codek Europe	2006
In the Silver White Box	Gomma	2006
Genital Blue Room	Codek Europe	2006
We Make Love in a House Made of Glass	Codek Europe	2006
Teaching Children How to Swear	Codek Europe	2005
Melodymaker	Codek Europe	2005
Bang Bang	Codek Europe	2005
Nonplusultra	Codek Europe	2004
Just Gazing	Kill the DJ	2004
Superego	Codek Europe	2003
Day In Day Out	Codek Europe	2002

IN FLAGRANTI REMIXES & PRODUCTION CREDITS

Song (Original Artist)	Label	Year
Kelly (Van She)	Modular	2006
Eye Wanna C U (G. Rizo)	International DeeJay Gigolo	2006
The Animal's Claw (Lark)	Care in the Community	2006
Rock-A-Boogie (The Diskokaines)	Diskokaine	2006
Blood on the Moon (Mekon)	PIAS/Wall of Sound	2006
Bar Star (Kudu)	Nublu/Discograph	2005
The Class (Artanker Convoy)	The Social Registry	2005
Control (Hardrock Striker)	Skylax	2005
Dazed & Confused (L'amour Is the Answer)	No Phono	2005
Out the Door (Whomadewho)	Gomma	2005

Beyond the music, though, Alex uses the visual aspect of In Flagranti to guide the project. "Most of the time at Codek I design the cover first for a release or cut a video with some music," he says. "That gets people motivated. It's an old way of working I learned from graphic designers like Ludwig Hohlwein. He would paint posters and leave out the product or company name, and show it to some possible clients. Then after they selected the image he would paint in the names of the company or products." According to Sasha, "[Alex's] influence visually and his whole way of looking at things make the music sound the way it does."

I'm home from the bar, having seen Sasha off into the city. I pull out the new twelve-inch and CD he's dropped in my bag. The packaging for the latest vinyl, "It's All Rubbish," has a typewriter-printed article about a former Playboy Bunny's failed love with Rod Stewart. On the other side is a blown-out, green and purple tinged picture of the model wearing a fur coat. I put the CD, *Wronger than Anyone Else*, into my player, turning it up too loud for the neighbors. It kills me. AmyPop lazily half-raps the lyrics of "Genital Blue Room" over the paradiddling punk funk bass line, and a harsh mix drops into "Bang Bang." It's a tour of their cut and paste catalogue, an exhibition of something familiar flipped on its head and turned into something completely unknown. The new incarnation of the Codek movement is brilliant. Let's just hope it doesn't end too soon. 



*Bossa Nova New Wave Girls:
The Who, What, When, Where, How and
Why of Nouvelle Vague's Chanteuses*

interview **Sarah Kielty** photo **Patrick Posta**

NOUVELLE
VAGUE

Quand est-ce que vous avez commencé à chanter avec Nouvelle Vague?

Mélanie Pain Alors, moi j'ai commencé à chanter sur le premier album, et ça fait deux ans et demi maintenant que je chante avec Nouvelle Vague.

Phoebe Kildeer Pour moi, y a un an et demi, je pense. J'ai commencé à chanter avec Nouvelle Vague en Mars 2004; en faites, pour le deuxième album [*Bande à Part*] ils cherchaient des chanteuses, et voilà.

Qui étaient les chanteuses qui avaient le plus influence pour vous?

P Moi, j'aime bien Rickie Lee Jones, j'adore...

M Moi, j'aime bien PJ Harvey, et des trucs comme ça. J'écoute plus les chanteuses qui sont différents, que les chanteuses qui sont pareilles.

P J'aime bien Kate Bush aussi.

M [en anglais] I love Cat Power!

Est-ce que ces éléments ont influencé votre propre style de chanter?

M Pas forcément, non.

P Je pense qu'on est influencé par tout- par tout autour de nous.

A votre avis, comment est-ce que les versions des chansons de Nouvelle Vague ont donné quelque chose de plus aux émotions dans les chansons originales, ou changé les sentiments des chansons originales?

P Je pense que Marc voulait passer le message des mots dans les chansons, et les mélodies aussi. Mais on entend aussi pourquoi les chansons étaient écrit, et les textes derrière qui sont très important.

M Oui, il y a des chansons comme "In a Manner of Speaking," ou même "Bela Lugosi," où on ne comprenait pas très bien ni les mots, ni la mélodie, mais on peut le refaire pour prouver que c'est une vraie jolie chanson, quand on chante avec plus de délicatesse... et je pense que pour Nouvelle Vague, c'est ça qui marche, quoi.

Quel est le chanson préféré que vous avez chanté pour Nouvelle Vague, et pourquoi?

P Moi, j'aime bien "Bela Lugosi" parce que c'est théâtral, et ça me va bien (elle rit).

M Et moi, ma préféré, c'est "Sweet and Tender Hooligans" parce que j'adore Morrissey, et j'adore les paroles de cette chanson... (en anglais): I love that. And the melody is so nice...

When did you start singing with Nouvelle Vague?

M I started singing with Nouvelle Vague on the first album, and that was two and a half years ago now.

P For me it's been a year and a half, I think. I started singing with Nouvelle Vague in March of 2004 when they were looking for singers for the second album [*Bande à Part*].

Who were the most influential female singers for you?

P I adore Ricki Lee Jones...

M I'm into PJ Harvey and things like that. I tend to listen more to singers who are unique and stand out than singers who all sound the same.

P I like Kate Bush a lot, too.

M [in English] I love Cat Power!

Did these influences have an impact on your own singing at all?

M Not necessarily, no...

P I think that both of us have been influenced by many things- by everything around us.

How do you think the emotions of the original songs are altered or enhanced by Nouvelle Vague's interpretations?

P I think that Marc [Nouvelle Vague's main producer] wanted to pass the message of the words from the original songs, along with the melodies. But you can also hear why the songs were written and what's behind the texts, which is very important.

M Yes, there are songs like "In a Manner of Speaking" or even "Bela Lugosi," where we may not have completely understood the words or the melody in the original version; but when these songs are sung in a different way it shows that they can be very pretty songs, too. And I think that for Nouvelle Vague, that's what really works.

What is your favorite track you've sung for Nouvelle Vague and why?

P For me it's "Bela Lugosi" because it's very theatrical and dramatic, and that suits me well [laughs].

M My favorite is "Sweet and Tender Hooligans" because I love Morrissey, and I like the lyrics of the song. [in English] I love that. And the melody is so nice...

The Essential Discography of Nouvelle Vague

NOUVELLE VAGUE RELEASES

<i>Title</i>	<i>Label</i>	<i>Year</i>
The Killing Moon 10"	Peacefrog	2006
Ever Fallen In Love 10"	Peacefrog	2006
Band à Part	Peacefrog/Luaka Bop	2006
Nouvelle Vague	Peacefrog/Luaka Bop	2004
EP 2 10"	Peacefrog	2004
EP 1 10"	Peacefrog	2004

An Easy Labor of Love

text Jon Wesley photo Michal Kicior

When it comes to creating fulfilling, meaningful, soul-powering music, someone like Los Angeles’ Carlos Niño could teach us a thing or two about what is hard or what is not.

“Nothing is ever difficult,” he states while discussing his experience working with the talented artists that make up The Life Force Trio, Ammoncontact and many of his numerous musical projects. Of course he’s commenting that working with these familiar personages, and their amicable creative process in making an album such as The Life Force’s latest LP (*The Living Room*) is not difficult. But there is probably more meaning in that statement than just a mere working method. Things that you and I may find to be extremely difficult—such as chopping up beats on an MPC or deftly fingering the keys of a ubiquitous Rhodes—seem to come quite naturally to Niño and the rest of his musical familiars. They work together in a seemingly effortless fashion on many of Niño’s expansive and diverse labors of love.

So who are the cohorts involved in The Life Force Trio? Niño breaks it down: “The Life Force Trio is [me and] Dexter Story as a production and writing team, but it’s also a collective. Andres [Renteria] and Gaby [Hernandez] are musical partners and frequent collaborators of mine with [the projects] Ammoncontact and Build an Ark. Miguel Atwood-Ferguson is the main person I make music with. Fabian [Ammon] is always around making music and so I bring him in on everything I can, and Dwight [Trible], Derf [Reklaw] and Jesse [Sharps] all came in for a couple songs. All of these folks are close musical family.” Throw in production assistance from fellow beatmakers (and Dublabrats) Nobody and the loveable Daedelus and you have quite a family sitting at the dinner table.

Like many producers, Niño is involved behind the scenes, directing the output of his friends and family, crafting MPC soundscapes and writing songs. Unlike many of the (mainstream) producers out there, he’s not doing it for worldly riches. “I try to stay away from money,” he says while discussing the co-option of greedy, young urban professionals in Los Angeles. “If you give me some, I’ll just buy a keyboard or go on a trip, or take my friends and family to dinner, or donate it to The South Central Farmers.” (South Central Farmers is an L.A.-based farm community who constantly have to fight for the chance to simply (*cont’d on pg 94*)

The Essential Discography of Carlos Niño

THE LIFE FORCE TRIO RELEASES

Title	Label	Year
Living Room	Plug Research	2006
Space Flowers 12”	Plug Research	2006
Equipoise 12”	Ninja Tune	2005
Trio Equipoise 12”	Ninja Tune	2005
Love Is the Answer	Ninja Tune	2005

AMMONCONTACT RELEASES

Title	Label	Year
With Voices	Ninja Tune	2006
New Birth	Ninja Tune	2005
One in an Infinity of Ways	Plug Research/Ninja Tune	2004
Beat Tape Remixes EP	Soul Jazz	2004
Brothers from Another EP	Plug Research	2004
Sounds Like Everything	Plug Research	2003
Beat Tape Personalities EP	Soul Jazz	2003
Beats from Bina’s House 12”	Eastern Developments	2002

BUILD AN ARK RELEASES

Title	Label	Year
Acknowledgement for J.C. 10”	Kindred Spirits	2006
Remixes 12”	Plug Research	2005
You’ve Gotta Have Freedom	P-Vine	2004
Peace with Every Step	Plug Research/Kindred Spirits	2004
Peace with Every Step 12”	Plug Research/Kindred Spirits	2004

HU VIBRATIONAL RELEASES

Title	Label	Year
Boonghee Music 3: Universal Mother	Soul Jazz	2006
Boonghee Music 2: Beautiful	Soul Jazz	2004
Remixes 12”	Soul Jazz	2004
Boonghee Music 1 12”	Eastern Developments	2002

CARLOS NIÑO

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ALOE BLACC

If Aloe Blacc was incarnated in any other physical form, he says he would be a tree. But he wasn't. He was born a musician. Classically trained in trumpet since the third grade and experienced with the piano and guitar, Aloe makes music, just music. He calls much of it "alternative," not in the KROQ sense, but rather as a term denoting no easy categorization or genre assignment. He crafts tunes in the corner of his bedroom amongst heaps of free t-shirts, old bills, books from college and half-(un)packed suitcases. His recording booth: a cloth partitioned closet with a mic that dangles alongside overcoats and button-ups. Not the most elaborate tools of the trade, but his sound is one that booms out the box well beyond its humble origins.

A smooth and collected Renaissance man of sorts, Aloe began as one half of the L.A. underground tandem Emanon. Along with producer Exile, the two created introspective hip-hop with intellectually driven rhymes, culled at a time when creativity was budding in the indie sector of the rap game. Influenced by a healthy diet of Freestyle Fellowship, Hiero, Hobo Junction, Digable, De La, Tribe and the like, Aloe and his cohorts (DJ Drez, June 22, Zaire Black, Exile) vowed to venture from their suburban So Cali upbringing to L.A. to carve out their own cubby in the ever expanding mid '90s West Coast scene.

"A lot of the early stuff was very introspective because of the literature I was reading in school. My mind-state at the time was really wide open. I was exploring different religious beliefs and understandings about the world... reading Thoreau and Emerson and learning about modernism, post-modernism, existentialism and also paying attention to conspiracy theories about world government [and] secret societies. All of that stuff was in the lyrics back then," Aloe recollects. Henry David Thoreau as an integral influence? Blacc was surely on some other ish. On one of his first EPs "Acid-9" he quarrels with a hypothetical record exec who encourages Aloe to "hold a glock or chew on a stick or at least roll up a pant-leg or somethin'." No such conformity or compromise to be found. "I gotta be me," Aloe retorts.

And that he does. After a slew of successful releases with Emanon, Aloe forged a natural progression into his own solo creations. Embracing his inclination to sing, Mr. Blacc began crafting songs for personal enjoyment, shifting the stress from his lyrics to delve more deeply into salient concepts. Regarding his departure from stream-of-consciousness style writing Aloe reflects, "College made me want to be more specific when I wrote songs, made me want to complete a story. Now I'm trying to bring forth and complete ideas and thoughts. So by the end of the song you could tell somebody what it was about, rather than being like, 'It was great but, uh, I didn't know what he was talking about.'"

Shine Through, Blacc's latest full length effort off Stones Throw, marks a point of emergence for Aloe as an artist. Veering off the straightforward avenue of his hip-hop roots, Blacc has found space to pay homage to the myriad of influences that have guided his previous efforts without hiding behind a mask of posturing bravado. Aloe has no problem wearing his inspirations on his sleeve, which range from Cat Stevens to Stevie Wonder, Joni Mitchell to Bill Withers, and Elton John to Donny Hathaway. Recognizing the sample-based nature of hip-hop, Aloe found it proper to allow those fundamental forms of jazz, funk, soul, reggae, and folk to come to the forefront of his tracks, while acknowledging that everything he does

The Coolin' Crooner

text David Fisher photos Theo Jemison


is still regulated by the hip-hop aesthetic. "I'm paying homage to where a lot of Black music comes from... even if I do a bossa nova crooning joint, my understanding of it is informed by hip-hop."

A Latin flavor is heavily pervasive throughout *Shine*. Raised by Panamanian parents, Aloe grew up in a Spanish-speaking house where salsa, meringue, calypso, dancehall, reggae and other music from the Caribbean Islands and Central/South America were in constant rotation. "I grew to love it, but I noticed that in my early years I never incorporated it into my music. The more I played trumpet on my songs, [that element] started to play in with it." The album, ripe with folk tales, affirmations and good ol' booty-movers, is a testament to Aloe's free-spirited love for life. His music pulses with a vitality and exuberance that he accredits to just letting his "soul shine through."

The title track of the album actually arose one day when he returned home to find a housemate in the midst of an impromptu jam-out on the guitar in the living room. "I started singing and went in my room and pressed record on the Pro Tools, hoping to pick up what was going on in the other room and that's what ended up on the album, I didn't add or edit anything. It was a complete, spontaneous, effortless spill of soul," Aloe recounts.

The neo-soul stylings of *Shine Through* have garnered Aloe attention from BET, *The Washington Post*, and NPR with lofty comparisons to John Legend, R. Kelly and Kanye, but it was Stones Throw's Peanut Butter Wolf who first hopped on the one-man-band's wagon. Aloe first connected with the camp when he stowed-away on a Lootpack tour through Europe, filling Madlib's vacant spot while he was busy refreaking the Blue Note players. After sparking a strong connection with Oh No, Aloe's demos found their way into the Stones Throw office speakers and PB eventually sat down with the songwriter to select the cream of the crop in the early stages of the album's fruition.

"My sister was the singer, she used to clown me when I tried to. I never really considered myself a singer. I still really don't. I just feel like I can write a good song and carry a note once in a while," Aloe modestly admits. "A lot of the songs I write aren't really for me; they're better suited for someone else's voice. So for me to do it is a stretch. But until people are hollering at me to get joints, I'm gonna just go ahead and present them. *Shine Through* in a lot of ways is really just a demo to my contemporaries, just letting them know that I write songs too. And if you're looking for a song... I got plenty." In fact, dude touts that he's got 400 of 'em waiting in the wings, but time constraints have kept them from evolving from the page to the production booth.

Blacc stays on the grind like coffee beans, juggling his own tour scheduling, in-stores, coordinating promotion efforts, licensing, loads of travel and a weekly event he emcees in Hollywood. "The practicality of life has kept my music very practical as well," music which may still be underground, but not by choice. Aloe attributes it to exposure, "My music is for everybody. In essence, I feel like it's bigger than where it is. I want to eventually have all my music be free. Make it and give it away and have the money come from elsewhere. I feel like music should be free." 



Essential Discography of Aloe Blacc

ALOE BLACC RELEASES

Title	Label	Year
Shine Through	Stones Throw	2006
Dance for Life / Patria Mia 12"	Stones Throw	2006
You Should Know 7"	Stones Throw	2006
Want Me / Arrive 12"	Stones Throw	2005
Ordinary People 12"	Underclover	2005
La La La / Ooh Wahh (Nathaniel)	E.A.R.	2005
Me & My Music EP	Self-Released	2004
Personal Business EP	Self-Released	2003

EMANON RELEASES (ALOE BLACC & EXILE)

Title	Label	Year
The Waiting Room	Shaman Works	2005
Count Your Blessings 12"	Shaman Works	2005
More than You Know 12"	Shaman Works	2005
Emcees Like Me 12"	Single Tone	2003
Anon & On	Ill Boogie	2002
What You Live For 12"	Ill Boogie	2002
Imagine / Yes You Should Know 7"	Sub-Level Epidemic	2002
Four Track Files	Self-Released	2002
Sometimes / Detour 12"	Self-Released	2001
Steps through Time: 1997-2000	Self-Released	2001
Emanon / The Price 7"	Self-Released	2000
Atomic Zen / The A-List 12"	Rocketship	1999
Move Step 12"	Self-Released	1999
Acid-9 EP	Self-Released	1998
PS.I. / Outside Looking In / Lambland 12"	Rocketship	1998
Imaginary Friends	Self-Released	1996

ALOE BLACC APPEARANCES

Song (Artist or Album)	Label	Year
Party of Two (Blu)	Sound In Color	2006
Spittin' Image (Exile)	Sound In Color	2006
Tell You (Exile)	Sound In Color	2006
Keep Tryin' (Oh No)	Stones Throw	2006
Second Chance (Oh No)	Stones Throw	2006
Watching You (Roc 'C')	Stones Throw	2006
My Life (Roc 'C')	Stones Throw	2006
Liquid Love [Latin Mix] (Roy Ayers)	Rapster	2006
Bailar (J. Rawls)	Polar Entertainment	2005
The Real War (The Blacklover88rs)	Black Love Music	2005
There's A War Going On (The Family Files, Vol. 2)	Shaman Works	2005
Me (The Family Files, Vol. 2)	Shaman Works	2005
Watchu Gon Do? (The Family Files, Vol. 2)	Shaman Works	2005
Oopdeewopdee [Remix] (NSS16)	Casablanca Music	2004
L.O.V.E. (Kazi)	B9000	2004
Professional Tactics (Blame One)	Access Hip-Hop	2004
Risin' (Josh One)	Myutopia	2004
Getaway (Oh No)	Stones Throw	2004
Keep It Live (Steve Cole)	Warner	2003
Get Down Tonight (Poet Name Life)	Immergent	2003
Not the One (We Came from Beyond, Vol. 2)	Razor & Tie	2003
What's Real (Jazz Liberatorz)	Kif	2003

EMANON APPEARANCES

Song (Artist or Album)	Label	Year
Down for The Count (The Family Files, Vol. 2)	Shaman Works	2005
Get Down (The Family Files, Vol. 2)	Shaman Works	2005
And Ya Don't Stop (The Family Files, Vol. 2)	Shaman Works	2005
Motivation (The Family Files, Vol. 2)	Shaman Works	2005
I Remember (The Family Files, Vol. 2)	Shaman Works	2005
Feel the Sound (Sol Uprising)	Shaman Works	2004
Due Credit (Mum's the Word)	B9000	2003
All Is Nothing (Mum's the Word)	B9000	2003
Blind Love (DJ Damage)	ULM	2003
Bubblin' Bubblin' (Pina Colada) (Rahzel)	MCA	1999



KID KOALA

text Ewan Huzarmi photo Sekond Hand Project

“We laugh a lot.
How can you not when you’re
making dungarees for cobs of corn?”

Kid Koala chuckles a lot, but you can tell he’s one sharp cookie cutter. As the intro to his new album states, “He’s idiotic and yet I find him completely charming.” Some DJs bring heat; the Kid has front, back and side burners all bubbling away in his creative kitchen, and it’s not just eucalyptus he’s cooking up. His new half-hour album/mixtape, *Your Mom’s Favorite DJ*, is a virtuoso demonstration by perhaps the world’s most innovative and genuinely listenable turntable artisan, replete with the astute cheek, goofy esoterica and deft finesse we have come to expect from the mild-mannered marsupial. There’s dope beats, there’s sweet blues, there’s hard rock, there’s whimsical ragtime, and there’s all manner of daft but apposite spoken samples, all masterfully layered and segued. Plus some bonus crickets.

But from Kid Koala, you get the sense that it’s a case of do it well, treat it as an ongoing experiment, and foray on into the frontier. He’s already talking about the five-month chunks that he’s set aside after the album’s promotional tour to complete a book/CD, about (what else?) a clarinet-playing mosquito who wins a talent contest and journeys to the big city to meet his artichoke hero. For this, he’s working again with Louisa Schabas, who inked the sell-out wordless graphic novel *Nufonia Must Fall*, but this time the characters are painstakingly modeled and photographed for each panel. It’s intensive work, but great fun. “We laugh a lot,” he tells me. “How can you not when you’re making dungarees for cobs of corn?”

In a somewhat similar vein, Kid Koala is also planning a musical puppet show with some of his set designer friends from his hometown Montreal. He and his DJ chums will man a turntable orchestra pit to provide piano, bass and drums accompaniment to a tale about a robot who works in a cookie factory. The way he describes it, it all sounds so straightforward and normal.

Then there’s collaborative work with Del and Dan the Automator for a new Deltron project. *The Second Event* paints a picture of a civilisation whose technological prime has crumbled into a post-apocalyptic wasteland, leaving survivors to wander through the rubble, beating each other up for cans of beans. Though it’s in an early stage of development, Kid Koala reckons it’s heavier-sounding than Deltron 3030’s debut, though more up-tempo in places, and “still very cinematic.”

And don’t let the new Slew project pass under your radar when it comes out next year. Though details of that remain mysterious, the group consists of Kid Koala and two other DJs based in Seattle. The teaser pitch is that they’re the “Nirvana of turntablism,” sounding “somewhere between Black Sabbath and the Bomb Squad,” and all done using strictly vinyl. If that stretches your imagination to incredulity, check out the ‘test’ tracks on the latest album.

All this from an exceptionally modest and seemingly very calm-centred individual. The Kid seems almost bashful when I try to tell him how popular he’s become over in the U.K., enjoying a certain cachet among females in particular. “I don’t really think rock star DJs exist,” he reckons, “because the guys in high school that had the acoustic guitar and had the circle of girls swooning over them at lunchtime, that’s not who I was hanging out with; I was in the A/V room trying to figure out how this machine works. I don’t care how cool you think you are, if you’re a DJ, your culture is shy. It’s meditative; once you get deep into scratching and you’re spending that much time a day doing it, you find something about it that’s actually quite sensitive, more inward. Even though musically what might be coming out is crazy violent to the ears, the zone that you have to be in to pull that off is quite tranquil.”

He often speaks of being in “the zone.” It’s clear that he’s progressed far beyond the competitive, battle aspect of DJing and has set his sights far into the future possibilities of turntablism. Citing Louis Armstrong, Monty Python, Jim Henson and the Coen brothers as major influences, he remains excited and humbled by the joys of both the archaeological and anthropological aspects of digging up and re-appropriating old records. He is also confident as to the potential for developing of the art of vinyl bricolage, particularly in terms of melody above technical showmanship.

It’s that true DJ aesthetic of experimentation and original expression that underpins all of his diverse projects. “You take a format and you try to squeeze something new out of it, or twirl your own personality into it somehow,” he explains. “You give me half an hour and a box of records, and I’m going to see everywhere it can go, and try to make it all make sense, without it being a painful experience.” Painful? Never that, KK. Turntablism has never been so delightful, intriguing, or just plain fun. ☐

Essential Discography of Kid Koala

KID KOALA LPS AND MIXTAPES

Title	Label	Year
Your Mom’s Favorite DJ	Ninja Tune	2006
Short Attention Span Audio Theatre Tour (CD/DVD)	Ninja Tune	2005
Some of My Best Friends Are DJ’s	Ninja Tune	2003
Nufonia Must Fall	Ninja Tune	2003
Carpal Tunnel Syndrome	Ninja Tune	2000
Scratchcratchratchatch (Cassette)	Not On Label	1996

KID KOALA SINGLES

Title	Label	Year
Basin Street Blues 7”	Ninja Tune	2003
Scratchhappyland 10”	Ninja Tune	2000
Emperors Main Course in Cantonese 10”	Ninja Tune	2000

KID KOALA REMIXES

Song (Original Artist)	Label	Year
An Elegy (The Free Design)	Light in the Attic	2005
Bamboo Flute Blues (Yusef Lateef)	Verve	2005
Semi Sweet (Lederhosen Lucil)	Supermuscle	2005
The Gonk (The Noveltones)	Universal Island	2004
Check Fraud (Fog)	Ninja Tune	2002
Third World Lover (Bombay 2)	Motel	2001
Vad Forgive Me (DJ Vadim)	Ninjat Tune	1998
More Beats & Pieces (Coldcut)	Ninja Tune	1997

KID KOALA SCRATCH APPEARANCES

Song (Artist)	Label	Year
Five Seconds (Peeping Tom)	Ipecac/Anticon	2006
Mojo (Peeping Tom)	Ipecac/Anticon	2006
Caipirinha (Peeping Tom)	Ipecac/Anticon	2006
Celebrity Death Match (Peeping Tom)	Ipecac/Anticon	2006
How U Feelin? (Peeping Tom)	Ipecac/Anticon	2006
Breakdown (Handsome Boy Modeling School)	Elektra	2004
I’ve Been Thinking (Handsome Boy Modeling School)	Elektra	2004
The Hours (Handsome Boy Modeling School)	Elektra	2004
A Day in the Life (Handsome Boy Modeling School)	Elektra	2004
Gorillaz on My Mind (Gorillaz & Redman)	Immortal	2002
Everyone Has a Summer (Lovage)	75 Ark	2001
Koala’s Lament (Lovage)	75 Ark	2001
Push the Button (Mark on the Mic)	Toy’s Factory	1998
Tale of Five Cities (Peanut Butter Wolf)	Stones Throw	1998
Rock n’ Roll (Handsome Boy Modeling School)	Tommy Boy	1999

KID KOALA PRODUCTION APPEARANCES

Song (Album)	Label	Year
Skanky Panky (Undercover Cuts 10)	Undercover	2004
Untitled w/ Amon Tobin (Collaborations EP)	Ninja Tune	2003
Carpal Tunnel Syndrome w/ Money Mark (Funkungfusion)	Ninja Tune	1998
Static’s Waltz (Return of the D.J. Vol. II)	Bomp Hip-Hop	1997

DELTRON 3030 RELEASES (DAN THE AUTOMATOR, DEL THA FUNKEE HOMOSAPIEN & KID KOALA)

Title	Label	Year
The Instrumentals	75 Ark	2001
Positive Contact 12”	74 Ark	2001
Virus 12”	75 Ark	2000
Deltron 3030	75 Ark	2000



7:02 am.
No Star World HQ.
Time to make the donuts.





In a Space Outta Sight

UNITED VISUAL ARTISTS

Interview Miguel Vega images Courtesy of United Visual Artists

London-based, **United Visual Artists**, are a collective that found an artistic expression channel through mediums such as LED, traditional lighting, and projection technologies. Using them as sculptural elements and integrating them with custom software engineering, they deliver real-time, immersive and responsive experiences that range from interactive installations for nightclubs, galleries and museums to art direction and production of stage visuals. They have worked for music talent such as U2, Kyle Minogue, Basement Jaxx, and Massive Attack. UVA's Interaction Designer, Joel Gethin Lewis was kind enough to donate a bit of his time for this interview.

Tell me about the history behind UVA.

Matt and Chris formed the company to pitch for the Massive Attack *100th Window* tour in late 2002. Having won the job, they brought in Ash as a freelancer to write the custom software that was needed. The success of this approach led Ash to become the director of UVA in 2004. Although each of us is flexible, in practice Chris handles running the business, managing projects and production issues; Matt handles art direction, art content creation; and Ash is in charge of writing the software. In 2004 they took on Annika Stark as a production assistant, although her responsibilities have grown since then.

In 2005 I joined, fresh from a stint at Fabrica. As well as researching new technologies and interfaces and creating the UVA website, this summer I'll be out on the road with Massive Attack experiencing the joy of tour buses. This year we've also taken on two talented young motion graphics artists - James Medcraft, who we encountered during our preparation for the U2 tour, and Dave Ferner. Finally, we've just taken on Dave Green, an experienced C++ and visuals coder, to help take our software to the next level.

How did you get involved with VJing?

I started VJ'ing soon after starting at UVA, doing several nights a month at the Kabaret club. Before that I had been doing more DJing than VJing. I have never really considered myself a VJ... or UVA as VJ's.

What kind of music do you spin?

Oh all kinds of things! Generally speaking I like things I can lose myself to, or ones that have a special association for whatever reason. I picked songs for emotional impact rather than genre. I had a show on college radio for a while, and have always done the odd DJ gig here and there.

The term VJ might be a bit small when you take in consideration UVA's involvement in art direction, production design and even software engineering. Do you feel more identified with the term "Visual Artist"?

Definitely. I have a very visual imagination, but not one that I find easy to explain. The challenge—or the reward of what I do—is finding other peoples reactions to my ideas and work. I am very interested in how memory or context can add or subtract to work. Also what happens when someone is without memory or context, purely in the moment.

I was blown away by your work with Massive Attack on their 2003 tour. Can you tell me about the visual concept behind their most recent tour? Is there a specific process you guys followed in order to come up with it?

We really wanted to play with the idea of what a LED screen could be, but still keep it simple enough to do a festival tour, with the practicalities of being able to move it on and off stage quickly. The braking wave look was one that we were very curious to see.

Does the content of the show suffer variations on different geographic stops of the tour?

The content changes for every date. We are constantly adding to the show, writing new software and adding localized data. Audio reactivity is a big part of this tour and I am keen to continue development throughout the run. In some of the smaller stages, we take out side beams as necessary on the physical side.

What is D3 and how does it work?

I'm not allowed to tell you how it works! D3 is Dragonfly 3, our custom software. It was written by Ash, with some extra on top from me. It's the system that we use to drive all our commercial and personal projects. It allows a variety of input sources—camera, beat, audio, 3D video, web source, midi signal—to output to a variety of outputs such as LED, conventional lighting, conventional projectors/screens, audio, and midi.

If you could choose the most rewarding project you have worked on so far, personal or commercial. Which one would it be and why?

The Victoria & Albert Museum definitely. It was such a simple idea, that dared to be a little bit different. It was just amazing to see the idea executed so quickly and so similarly to the original concept.


Do you mind telling me a little bit about the concept behind it?

We were invited by the V&A, along with several other interactive groups to create installations in the V&A galleries. We didn't want to compete with the amazing work in the galleries, so we decided to use the garden. The monolith just seemed like such an interesting contrast to the design of the rest of the space. We created a camera system from which we could tell the position of the closest visitor – and moved up and down a timeline based on the movement of that person. The timeline was loaded with visual and audio that was triggered by the movements.

Where do you see visual performance going 10 years from now?

Increasingly into invisible interfaces, or ones that are driven in more artistic rather than digital or binary fashions. Gestural interfaces, multi touch sensing, 3D sensing. The possibilities of mass collaboration are also fascinating.

Any advice for the newcomers?

Just find something you like doing, and keep doing it. Trends are meaningless. Make mistakes, but quickly. Enjoy it. 

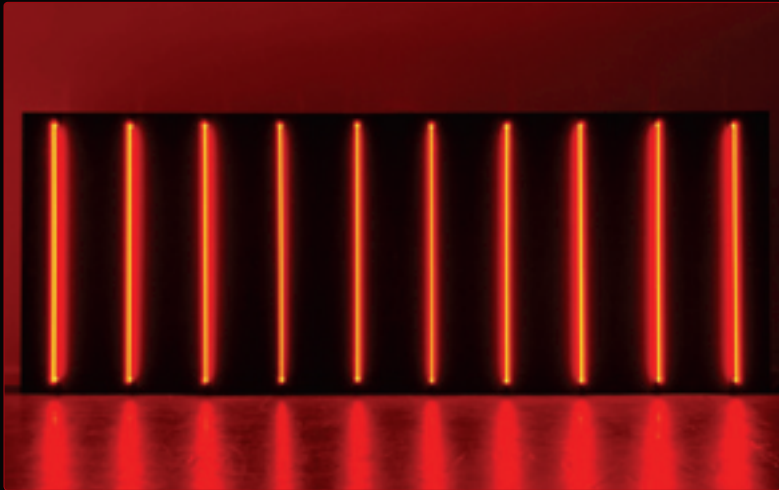
*For more info on UVA, click over to www.uva.co.uk
Miguel Vega is a graphic designer / live video artist and can be found performing at numerous events in Southern California. For more info, visit: www.shikakufx.com*



Massive Attack 100th Window World Tour 2003



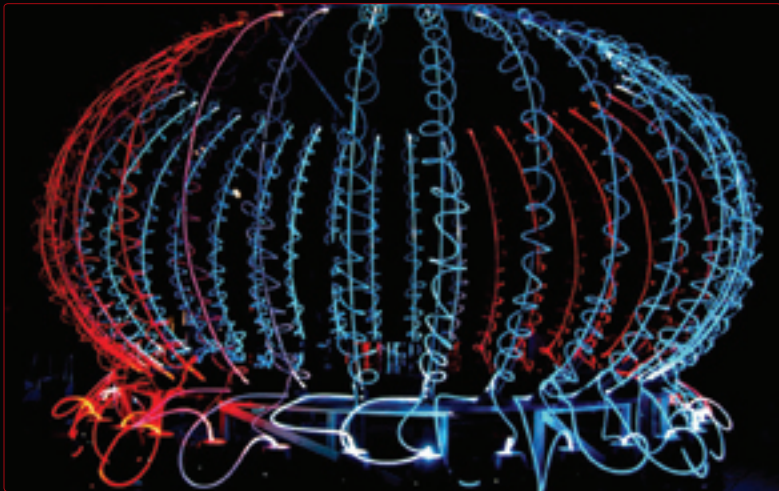
Interactive Installation Prototype 2006



Light 3000 Sound Responsive Light Sculpture 2005



Travis World Tour 2003



Kylie Minogue | Belive In You Music Promo 2004



Kabaret's Prophecy Permanent Installation London 2005



V&A Museum Transvision Installation 2006



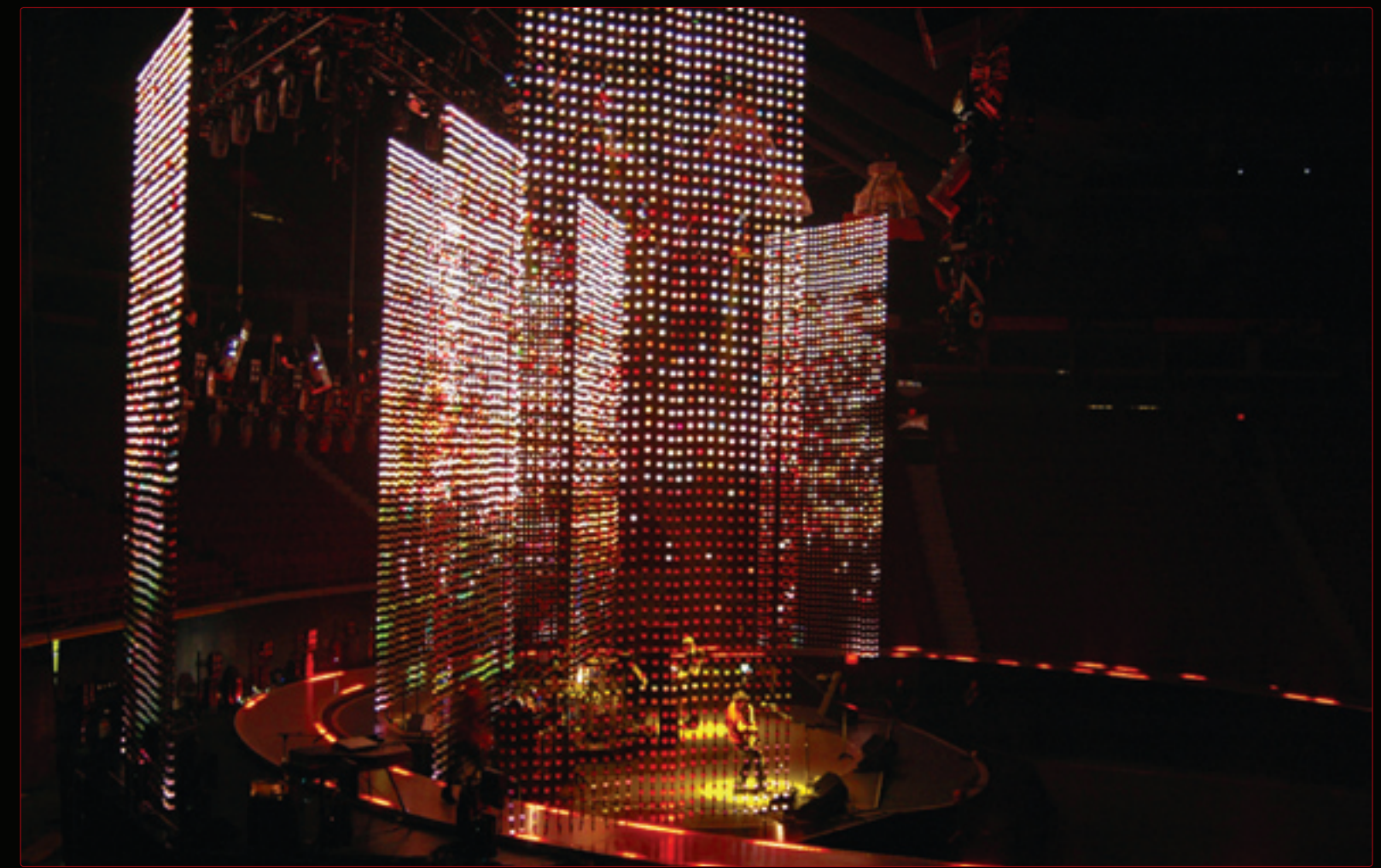
UVA Live Performance Institute of Contemporary Arts London 2005



V&A Museum Transvision Installation 2006



Massive Attack 100th Window World Tour 2003



U2 Vertigo World Tour 2005



DJ SHADOW

Pigeonhole This

text Adam Matar photo Dirk Linder

When DJ Shadow released his critically acclaimed *Endtroducing...* album a decade ago, it wasn't intended as a style-defining mechanism, though it thrust him into something of a pigeon-hole that he's tired of being in. His new album *The Outsider* is a direct response to those who would—if they could—puppeteer him into making *Endtroducing...* again and again and again. But it's also an honest representation of where Shadow is at musically and what inspires him at this point in time. "With this album," he says, "what it was all about for me was obliterating all of the little boxes that we as humans construct for each other. As an artist, rightly or wrongly, I felt like people were trying to define who I was. I feel like a lot of people were fetishizing this sort of image of me living in the basement of some record store with a hoodie on. That is a part of who I am, it's just not all of who I am. But I think a lot of people latched on to that and identified with it, and romanticized it to the point where people were really resisting anything else I had to say. It was getting to the point where I felt like people were trying to aggressively partake in my music-making, like making a record by committee. [There was] this really passionate on-line community that seemed to be very opinionated about what I did. And it suddenly dawned on me that this is not how I want to work. I decided I wasn't going to try to please these people because some of them would just keep changing their minds anyway."

Enter: *The Outsider*. Not only is it a dramatic departure from the sound that made him famous all those years ago, but it's also extremely diverse in the stylistic terrain it explores. *The Outsider* includes a couple of 'hyphy' collaborations featuring the artists at the epicenter of that Bay-area movement, Keak Da Sneak, Turf Talk, Animagics and Federation. Hyphy is a pretty rough style, borderline hardcore, and probably won't be easily digested by many of the bloggers he speaks of, but that's exactly the point. It's the truth about what he's feeling right now, and it doesn't have to prove anything to anyone.

The real window into the album, conceptually speaking, is the first song (after the sci-fi movie style "Outsider Intro"), "This Time (I'm Gonna Do It My Way)". It's a 40 year old vocal sample with a classic soul sound, and serves as "a manifesto, in a way" declaring the intention behind the record. "I sort of felt like for the last four or five years that I had been holding back a little bit from going as far as I wanted to musically," he admits. "My tastes had been changing for years, but I felt I had an obligation to my fans. But ultimately, it was impinging my ability to fully voice my joy for what I was being inspired by. And so it was really important to me that this album be a very pure representation of what I stand for musically right now."

After delivering a run of rough-and-tumble hip-hop tracks, the album switches gears completely, and goes into an assortment of rock and roll wrapped in hip-hop, an arms-length from alternative pop, with a foot firmly planted in raw blues. It's a diversity that is quite uncommon and some might consider risky. But we know that if anybody can pull it off, it's Shadow. In keeping with the theme of the record, its stylistic roller-coaster ride is a microcosm of his own listening habits. "It's not unusual for me to listen to a funk 45 and then throw on a hyphy record, and then throw on a 1982 no wave record, then throw on a Korean traditional record. That's simply the way that I've come to digest music, and I didn't want the album to shy away from that."

Thinking about his own sense of adventure, and willingness to go out on a limb with this record, it occurred to Shadow that the album that planted the seed of possibility in him that records like this can and do work was the Beastie Boys' *Check Your Head*. "When it came out," he reflects, "it struck me that it was really brave how they said 'look, we just turned 30, this is who we are. We're tired of hiding the fact that we grew up with punk. We like punk, yet we like rap. But we also like funk and this sort of acid jazzy stuff' that they were doing at the time. And they said 'we're tired of segmenting ourselves for the sake of easy marketability. We're just going to put it all on one record, love it or hate it.'"

The Outsider, despite the fact that it shrugs off the baggage of opinionated nay-sayers, definitely does have a certain commercial appeal, with the 'rap videos' and the exposure of the hyphy phenomenon. But Shadow unashamedly

“A lot of people were fetishizing this sort of image of me living in the basement of some record store with a hoodie on.”

discusses his understanding of the need to balance business and art. He cross-references his own creations with the art of film, and, tellingly, the directors whose work he identifies with. David Lynch, Spike Lee and Woody Allen were all mentioned "because they have a very unique individual style. And they're not always commercial. I like the way someone like Spike Lee picks his projects. He'll do a documentary about New Orleans, which he knows is not going to make a lot of money, but to pay for that, he'll do a movie like *Inside Man* with Denzel Washington and Jodie Foster. I think about it in the same terms as a director thinking 'who should I cast?' If I do a beat, and I think it could be a pretty solid pop song if I can see it through in that context, I don't think it makes you any less of an artist. And I don't think it's going to do my career any good to fade into oblivion. I want my music heard by everybody, despite what a lot of people think. I like being on a major label. It's a pain in the ass, and you have to work really hard to get people to focus, but I also know that it's the best way to get my music distributed. So you have to compromise sometimes. I'm just trying to move upwards and onwards." He goes on to say, "I'm not trying to make lateral moves. People who follow me closely know that more than half of what I do is really underground and never sees the light of day in a mainstream, commercial context. I put it in my contract that 'you're gonna let me do what I do, and you're not going to interfere with me putting out a little 45 with 500 copies.' I definitely don't do the majority of things that I do for the money, but if I start going broke, I have to look at something that will pop me back up. I've been doing this long enough to know what I'm comfortable doing and what I'm not."

DJ Shadow is a mysterious figure in a lot of ways, and the ethereal style people fell in love with a decade ago is a good representation of that side of him. But he is also not afraid to step into the light every once in a while and expose another part of his complex personality. It's encouraging to see such honesty in art, and knowing a little about Shadow's history, musically speaking, makes the context of a record like *The Outsider* that much more appealing. There have undoubtedly been a few fans whose puzzled looks were fixed on their faces before the shrink-wrap even made it into the trash can. But the truth of the matter is it's the truth that matters. The musical candor of an artist like DJ Shadow is what has earned him so much respect throughout the years and given his career a longevity seldom enjoyed in the world of fickle music fans. **B**

For a comprehensive (pre-hyphy) DJ Shadow discography, please refer to his feature in RE:UP #008 (Autumn 2005).

The Deconstruction of

MICHAEL SHOWALTER

text **Peter Agoston** photos **Todd MacIntire**

AS I sit in the Brooklyn Public Library (Bushwick branch) racing against myself (and especially the suits at the ol' rag) to make deadline on what could be one of the most important stories of my partially fabled music journalist career (full disclosure), I find myself hitting the creative wall harder than Christopher Meloni, cocked burner in hand, on the case in *Law & Order*. Making the transition from music to theatrically-based writing is no easy task and choosing the Princeton, NJ-born, Brooklyn-bred writer/director/actor Michael Showalter was a conceptual hot-pan proving as much a walk in the park of journalistic inspiration as it was a free-fall flailing battle of the mediums. Showalter, a founding member of comedy group *The State* (MTV) and *Stella* (Comedy Central), co-writer/director of the campy-horny-camp-comedy *Wet Hot American Summer* and writer/director/star of cult-of-romantic-comedy *The Baxter* is at the threshold of a lot- from the editing room to the classroom, from the stage to your girlfriend's Myspace Top 8. It's just him and the Biz - as you can plainly see.

Yet the journalistic challenges remain. I'm used to rappers talking about how dope they are, producers pontificating about aged prog-rock groups no one knows of, and green new-jacks convinced on selling me their project as the second coming. Clearly, I'd have to leave my faithful fallback rap-writing techniques at the library's front steps. See, Showalter couldn't be heralded for his marriage of new-electronica with old jazz standards; I wouldn't be praising him for how he flipped that Vanilla Fudge sample on the old SP, or for going off the domepiece for 9 hours straight at Rock the Bells this summer. He wasn't in a crucially innovative rap group of the '80s, only to go bald and reinvent himself under a new moniker and rusting metal mask. He can't scratch a record and deliver one-liners at the same time. Or can he? For Michael Showalter (and his invaluable collection of like-minded friends and associates) may have more in common with some of contemporary music's brilliant minds than you'd imagine. It's the plight of those individuals, who remain just moments ahead of the curve, minutes before their time, and strides beyond the conventional market. Though his inventions in scene writing, character development, and the many levels of sweet subtlety in his thematic comedy may beckon the occasional recognition of the Hollywood Reporters, Village Voices, or Ebert and the Other Guys, it's high time to stick him up there next to the other slept-on greats. The Thurston Moores, the Ego Trips, Dose Ones, David Crosses, (your name here), and the Michael Showalters.

The story of Showalter's come-up in the game isn't too different from any upstart's tale. The proximity was laid, ranks were worked up, and accolades slowly and persistently accumulated. In the vein of any collective (his *The State*), Show is an off-shoot. Think GZA to the Wu, Busdriver to Project Blowed, Shadow to Quannum, Theo to the cast of *The Cosby Show*. Wholly his own individual (but an integral piece to the ensemble's core), this zebra's stripes were won on the battlefields of competitive improvisational comedy, while his introduction to the masses was in the mid '90s on MTV's *The State* (actually just a bit before on the network's *You Wrote It You Watched It* mini-series hosted by John Stewart)- an improv-heavy, ensemble sketch comedy show. Showalter's semi-professional seeds were sown in The New Group (The State's original ensemble incarnation) while attending New York University in the late '80s.

"[I] went to NYU looking for the comedy group, where's the comedy group, where's the comedy group?" Showalter recalls. Auditions for the long-running Sterile Yak improv group at NYU found the basis for his forthcoming crew all under one roof. Within a few years what would be known as *The State* had assembled. The group would consist of 11 members in total, including founder Todd Holoubek, David Wain, Michael Ian Black, Joe Lo Truglio, Ken Marino, Kerri Kenney, Kevin Allison, Ben Garant, Michael Patrick Jann, Tom Lennon, and Michael Showalter.

Showalter would soon transfer down to Providence, RI's Brown University,

where he'd major in semiotics (at NYU his focus was "drinking cheap beer at bars that served minors and talking about comedy with The New Group"). To clarify, semiotics is the study of the language of symbols and signs. Elaborating, "Semiotics is basically how signs and symbols have their own meaning to them, separate to what they actually mean. So, the most easy example of this is in a Western. The guy wearing the White hat is the good guy and the guy wearing the Black hat is a bad guy. The idea that the White hat symbolizes goodness is a semiotic idea."

Brown has a whole course-load devoted to semiotics. Showalter devoured it, along with a mass of text on classic cinematic screenwriting, form and the formulas that can be applied to it. "Genres tell us, the audience, how to feel and what to think. For example, the girl in the glasses is sexually repressed, the guy who can't handle his booze is a shitty lover or a wimp; all [these] visual signs have added meaning; I try to play with those expectations and invert them. I'm very interested in the way in which we're taught to think a certain thing based not on reality, but based on the consistency of it. So in my humor, the joke isn't the joke, the joke is in the form of the joke. We're laughing at the convention of telling jokes. It's the intonation of a punch line like 'I'm thirsty. *Give me a glass of water!*' If you intone it like that you're making a joke, but you're not actually making a joke." At this point, the goofy voice of his (self-titled) Stella character comes out for a very short moment. Note: this would be the only time during the interview that he cracks a joke. Conclusively, he states, "we're trying to deconstruct on a certain level ... what's funny."

Speaking to Showalter, you can't help but notice his earnest demeanor. He's not much a yuck-yuck, dying for laughs type of guy. While the roles he writes for himself usually oppose this, they are outlandish, odd and even seemingly out of touch with their surroundings. A brand developed through the improv world, sarcasm is a device used throughout Showalter's work, tricked-out if you will but never abused, effortlessly intertwined with his signature straight-guy realism hard to peg with journalistic generalizations.

The guy is pure craft, clearly focused on creating quality art (whether from the lowest of low-brow to stroke-your-beard high). Recently a guest on Tom Green's new internet talk-show (shot at Green's house in the Hollywood Hills), Showalter was being interviewed moments before a stripper was brought in by the crew to surprise the host for his birthday. Story goes that the booze started flowin', the clothes started goin' and the rest is hot and heavy history, as he reflects on his website. Showalter remembers, "I wish I could be super animated and crazy and On but a lot of times I feel sort of overwhelmed by those situations and feel like "serious guy," which I'm not at all-but it's hard to be funny on cue. It's a skill and I'm very appreciative of those that do it well. I think it's something that you get better at."

Elementary school is out in Bushwick and it's homework time at the local library. My concentration level is more than put to task as I share my space with a table of 6-year olds all of whom clearly and vocally hate school-related work. (Who wouldn't though?)Shifting gears, I hightail it to the closest hip-person oriented coffee shop, to feel closer to my work (There's often a kind of indescribable inspiration derived from writing to the sounds of Sonic Youth at a coffee shop, as schmaltzy as it sounds). Tucked away into the hood, it's a welcome bit of unassuming pretense (an oasis in the blocks of warehouses and abandoned lots). Even Showalter does all his writing in coffee shops; being surrounded by everyday New Yorkers is the inspiration for the caricature of personalities in his writing.

The character of Elliot Sherman in *The Baxter* is every bit the writer as that intelligent-but-clueless male



friend of yours. His Ivy League education may have landed the big account, but it barely provides the much-needed valor to realize he should let love find him, rather than pounce on it. Showalter reveals, “It’s a movie about movies. It’s a movie about romantic comedies. It’s parodying in many respects romantic comedies while at the same time it is a very personal story; that character of *The Baxter* lives inside me. And every character in the movie is some part of me, I could have played every role.”

While originally intended more as a means for Showalter to parlay his screenwriting abilities into a regular working gig, he’d eventually end up in the lead role of Elliot Sherman. “I wrote the movie to sell,” he admits. “I wrote the movie so I could get a career in filmmaking and screenwriting and what ended up happening was IFC [Independent Film Channel] Films came along and wanted to make the movie.” *The Baxter* took 7 months to the outline and just 2 weeks to write the script, according to Showalter. Short or long in your opinion, that all had no effect on the relationship he had with the material in the process of directing himself in the lead – the true quandary. “If I had a director or if I directed a different actor, I probably could’ve brought aspects of that character out of him that I wasn’t able to do because I wasn’t as objective about the performance as someone might have been or as I would have been if someone else would be playing the roll. I had my take and it was going to have to work or not, because there was no one there to adjust it.”

Wet Hot American Summer, not unlike *The Baxter*, didn’t hit huge in mainstream movie America. But like so many projects focused more on dimension and less on mass-marketability, the film rests alongside the great underdogs like any number of Woody Allen romance-based comedies or similar contemporary pieces like *The Squid & the Whale* or *Thumbsucker*.

Not to dwell in one place, after *The Baxter*, Showalter joined his trio *Stella* (shared with *State* alum David Wain and Michael Ian Black who both also acted in *The Baxter*) to produce a 10 episode season for Comedy Central in the summer of 2005. While it was met with the usual cult-following, that praise didn’t provide validation enough for the network to keep them on past their first season. What was once a neo-Laurel & Hardy live show bred and based at the now defunct Fez Café in Manhattan is now contained in a DVD collection of some of today’s bravest sketch comedy around. The *Stella* sessions were Showalter and his crew at their most extreme – true deconstruction comedy. Layering conventional current-cultural references atop each other with no regard for explanation- or reason, for that matter. From cultivating their faux-NYC apartment into a garden (and subsequently over-harvesting, creating a drought and losing their lease) to creating 3 competing coffee-houses born out of the boredom of loafing in their neighborhood roaster. Showalter sums it up: “It’s a craft, like carpentry or cabinet making. 90% of any good screenwriter is a craftsman. They learn how to do it and I’m a firm believer that in order to truly evolve as a writer you have to know your craft, and then you can break the rules of your craft.”

It had been about 3 years of nonstop work for Showalter by the summer of 2005. From *The Baxter* through *Stella* and he was ready for a change of pace. Anyone who’s worked on a film or television set knows that it can be all-consuming. 5:00 AM call times become the norm and 15-hour workdays melt into one another in a sludge of cigarette-and-coffee-assisted suicide. As his creative momentum shifted, Showalter turned to music and writing as his productive refuge (“I did all kinds of little stuff like that to get away from that level of intensity”), and for a stint in NYC he’d become a fixture DJ at inconspicuous spots in Park Slope/Cobble Hill and the East Village, even hitting larger city clubs, opening for now-groups like We Are Scientists.

But alas though, DJing in bars is not always be the most rewarding experience and eventually Showalter, whose astute/acute knowledge of music is definitely notable, hung up the headphones indefinitely. “I couldn’t handle people making requests and feeling like I wasn’t playing the kind of music people wanted to hear. And I realized, I don’t need this shit. I was playing a lot of ‘80s Britpop. The Police, The Jam, Elvis Costello, Joe Jackson, David Bowie, English Beat, and then some new wave stuff. The Talking Heads, The Replacements, Fugazi. That’s the kind of music I grew up listening to – that I love.”

In the same vein, Showalter took a more straightforward approach to his writing devices in the stand-up comedy field. In recent months he’s traveled across the country twice from Anchorage to Atlanta (with fellow NYC comedian/friends [cont’d on pg 94](#))

“We’re trying to deconstruct on a certain level... what’s funny.”



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Fat Beats

“As for Exile based on the versatility he displays here, he’s the real deal.”

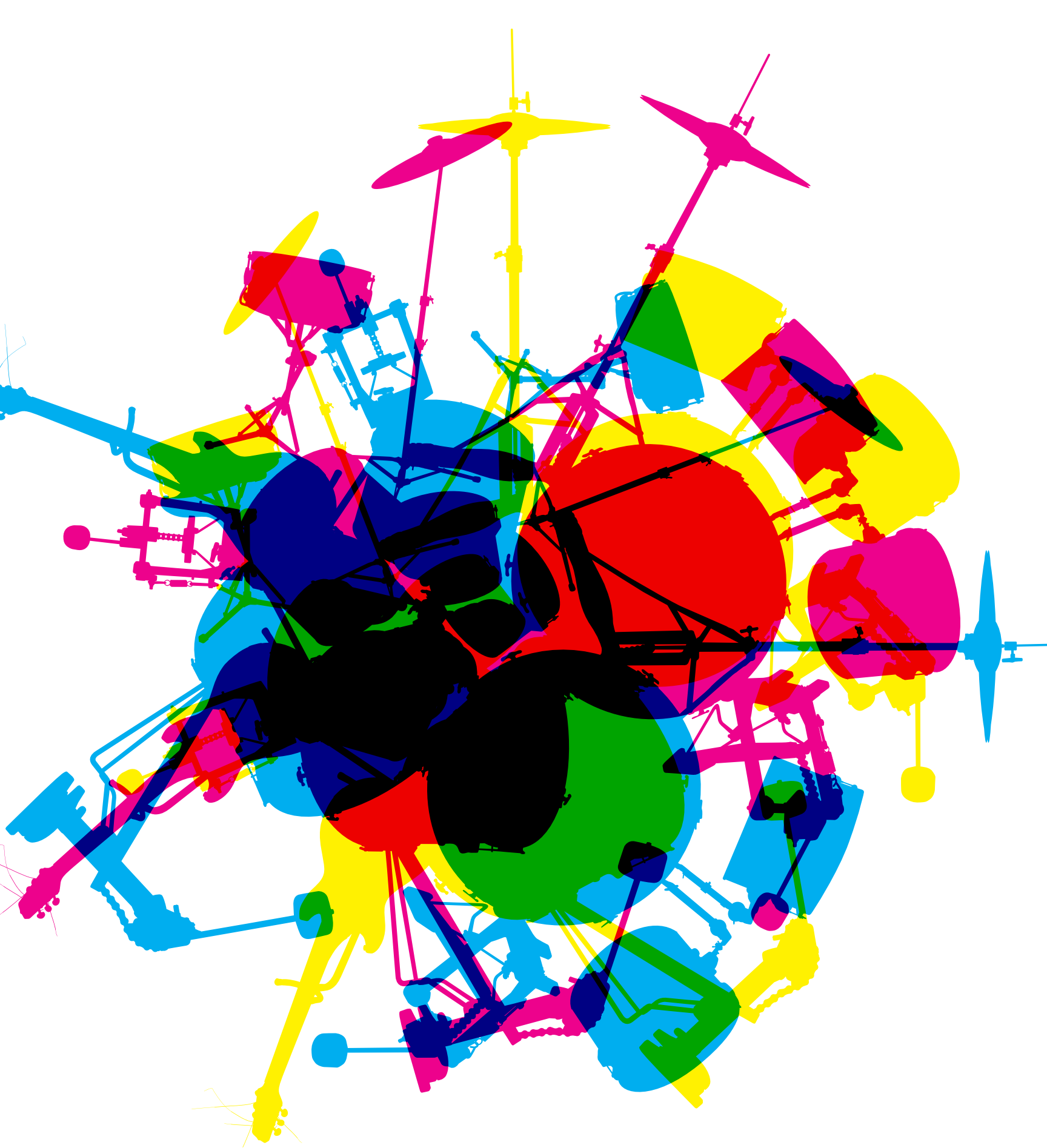
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ego trip

If Michael Showalter taught us anything about semiotics (see page 42), it's that the concept holds meaning, much much deeper than what we observe on the subject's surface. That Biz Markie Doll ain't just the representation of the booger pickin', Big Daddy Kane rhyme-recitin', house full of records-having old school oddball. This foam-faced counterpart may be crumbling, but The Biz Doll represents the highly extensive writing and offensive, if not astute, cultural scrutinizing entity that is known as *ego trip*.

While *ego trip* was originated by Sacha Jenkins (along with Elliot Wilson), it by no means was Jenkins' first publication. He started at 16 with the paper-mag, *Graphic Scenes X-plicit Language* and then onto the favorable but obscure *Beat-down* (dubbed by Jenkins and then partner Haji as "America's First Hip-Hop Newspaper" right around the time that the now defunct *Rap Sheet* claimed the same steak). A meld of hardcore, punk, and hip-hop intellegesia, *ego trip* initially started as a free mag in New York, but by its end in '98 the onetime homespun zine was known internationally as "The Arrogant Voice of Musical Truth," a beacon of smart writing and supple humor. Anchored by Wilson's close friendship with Jenkins (while they went to high school together in Queens, they didn't become close until their brief college careers) and their long-standing contributor-come-editor the Cambridge, Mass born, NYC-bred DJ/writer "Chairman" Jeff Mao, *ego trip* existed in this format for their seminal years. With the addition of L.A.'s Gabe Alvarez and soon to be in-house designer Brent Rollins visualizing, the 5-man cast of eccentrics were all in place for much bigger and brighter plans for the future.

While *ego trip* the magazine ran for a mere 13 issues, it's an easy debate to affirm that the ego trip crew created some of the most memorable moments of hip-hop journalism through the '90s into our current millennium. The guys cornered the marketplace by working up the ranks at the competitive rags of the times (*Vibe*, *The Source*, *Rap Pages*, et al) all the while harvesting their more distinctive voice through *ego trip*. What would then materialize into two fascinating books *ego trip's Book of Rap Lists* (St. Martin's Press, 1999) (and its subsequent, Chairman Mao exec-produced, *The Big Playback* soundtrack released on Rawkus Records) and *ego trip's Big Book of Racism!* (Regan Books, 2002) which would culminate in the creation of maturation into the television world. But we'll get into that later.

For the 5-man ego trip collective crew, their semiotic representation is multi-tiered, from the nuevo cut-and-paste collage approach of designer Rollins to the brash-unregretful tone of an Elliot 'YN' Wilson's *XXL*-editorials. It's how *Mass Appeal Magazine* maintains the R.A. The Rugged Man meets Chuck Norris meets Ricky Powell on tricked out lowrider bike mish-mash that is undoubtedly Jenkins, or it's how Chairman Mao's freelance retains the same timeless reverence to music (primarily hip-hop) of his irrefutable DJ mixes heard 'round the world. Or just how former Larry Flynt employee Alvarez can roll from club to club with a 20 year-old Biz doll stowed away in a suitcase and still getting dap from Eminem. *ego trip* is the technicolor '70s kid ethos who hit the crescendo of '80s zine-scene only to come stomping into the '90s leaving in their wake future artifacts of cultural documentation rarely seen in hip-hop. Their story is of persistence, luck, and a bond of working brethren all of varied cultural and personal backgrounds.

"I'm into skateboarding, I'm into punk, I'm into hip-hop. I was that kid that every kid is now [but] back in the '80s. Either you liked heavy metal, or you liked hip-hop or you were a skater. But there weren't many kids who had all those interests so I wanted a magazine that reflected a lot of [those] different things." – Sacha Jenkins

My interviews started in reverse, speaking to the team's latest members first (albeit some 10 years+ later) and working backwards: Rollins and Alvarez, onto longtime collaborator Chairman Mao, concluding with originators Wilson and Jenkins. While they embody a rare camaraderie in hip-hop journalism, individually they also hold a highly impressive amount of individual accolades. Jenkins and Wilson both ran respectful editorial positions at *Vibe* and *The Source* through the '90s and now at *Mass Appeal* and *XXL* respectively. Chairman Mao, a world renown record collector and über-DJ, has held down NYC for as long as many of today's soul/funk/hip-hop giants. Alvarez was music editor of Larry Flynt's *Rap Pages* during its heyday, remains a fan of MC Shy-D and care-taker of The Biz doll, while Rollins the UCLA grad not only designed remarkably signature/collage-style album covers for Gangstarr, Quannum, Sadat X and Spank Rock, he created the movie logos for *Mo' Better Blues*, *Dead Presidents* and *Boyz N The Hood* (and has his feet and Air Jordans featured in the movie poster for Spike's *Do The Right Thing*).

The guys now define the pinnacle of hip-hop journalism, some who were once looked at as misguided youth, incapable of deciding on a future, more set to the tune of the past. Whose lineage in the industry expands through the '80s with a momentum that remains growing to this day. As a collective crates of different publications in their wake, 2 highly touted books, a revered soundtrack, some T.V. specials and now just a few months away from their own written & directed broadcast reality show, *ego trip* is like the National Lampoon meets the Monty Python of rap-writing.

And the collaborative spirit? As Mao puts it, "We're just a collection of misfits that stumbled into working with one another [who] probably can't relate to other people as well as we do to each other, so we've stuck together. When we were doing the magazine and books we'd often write as a committee, all of us sitting around the keyboard shouting out ideas, one person 'driving.'" For Wilson, "a group dynamic is not easy, it's challenging. Just because I do *XXL* my heart is still *ego trip*. It's important that people never lose sight of it, individually we have a lot of things we like to do, but collectively there is such a strong chemistry that's undeniable. I don't see myself, God forbid, ever being at a point where I can't work with my colleagues and work with my friends. Between [myself], Sacha, Mao and Gabe, I'm probably the least gifted writer but I think I'm a great editor and I think I'm a visionary. I have more of a drive than they have to document this culture as vivaciously as I have. But I feel like Sacha is the most creative man I've ever met, I feel like Mao is the most thorough, and Gabe is an eclectic mix of both. It's like a super-team, because we're all leaders." Continuing Mao states, "On the writing side even though all of us still do our own things individually I think we all enjoy the dynamic of working within a team. To paraphrase the old saying, there's no 'I' in 'ego trip'... except there is."

Wilson says it best in praise of his crew: "We give respect to each other in the guise of the history [because] we have a healthy respect for our history. A lot

Top left: graphic from ego trip's Race-O-Rama on VH1



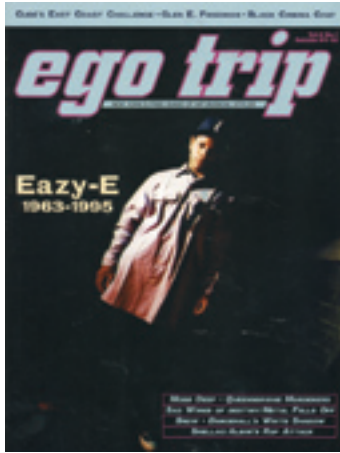
vol.1 no.1 Nas, Prong, Beatnuts, Violent Femmes, Warren G, Born Jamericans



vol.1 no.2 Method Man, Mad Lion, Sick of it All, Notorious B.I.G., Shudder to Think



vol.1 no.3 Smif-N-Wessun, ODB, Orange 9MM, D*Generation, Tha Alkaholiks, Mike D



vol.2 no.1 Eazy-E, Glen E. Friedman, Mobb Deep, Cube's East Coast Challenge



vol.2 no.2 Cypress Hill, Kyuss, Kool G. Rap, Shelter, Bushwick Bill & Kaves



vol.2 no.3 KRS One, The Pharcyde, Into Another, Buju Banton, Why Most Hip-Hop Shows Suck



vol.2 no.4 Q-Tip, Posdnous, Large Professor, Sepultura, The Fugees, Beenie Man, Speed King



vol.2 no.5 Wu-Tang Mansion, Ghostface Killer, Ween, Jeru, Heather Hunter, Guided By Voices



vol.2 no.6 Redman, Mobb Deep, Bad Brains, Manowar, Todd Bridges, Bounty Killer, Keith Murray



vol.3 no.1 Biggie Smalls tribute, Pavement, Scarface vs. Helmet, Punky Brewster Q+A



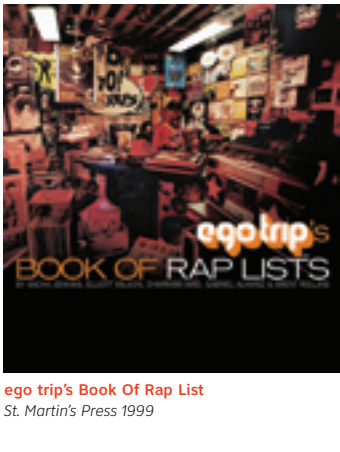
vol.3 no.2 Rakim Returns, The Beatnuts, Mötley Crüe vs. Cru, O.C., Primus, Pat Smear, U-God



vol.3 no.3 Gang Starr, Portishead, Mase, Marley Marl, Deftones, Monster Trucks, Simon LeBon



vol.4 no.1 Final Issue, Def Squad, Inspectah Deck, Ad Rock, Noreaga, Big Pun, Monster Manget



ego trip's Book Of Rap List
St. Martin's Press 1999



ego trip's The Big Playback
The Sound Track to Ego Trip's Book of Rap Lists
Rawkus Records 2000



ego trip's Big Book of Racism!
Reagan Books 2002

“I remember busting my ass on an issue of *Vibe*, sleeping there to get it done. And I realized I didn’t want to do that anymore when I walked down the street one day and saw that very issue in the garbage. I’m busting my ass for something that’s so disposable.” — Sacha Jenkins

of the new generation reveres this idea of ‘ego trip’ and a lot of them haven’t really seen it. It’s based on not only the work that we did then, but the work we’ve all done since. And I’m proud of that.”

The story goes, that after *Beatdown* disbanded (due to an overzealous business partner, who in effect was, ego trippin’), Jenkins reached out to his friend and mentor Henry Chanfant with his idea for *ego trip* Magazine. Upon the recommendation from Chanfant affiliate graffiti documentarian Carl Weston (of the long running Videograf video series), Jenkins met with the creator of *Style Wars* in his Manhattan office. “I put together a plan, went over there. Henry sat in the chair, and I stood up—I was nervous—and I gave this whole long pitch that if we had X amount of dollars we’d be able to buy a computer. With the computer we’d be able to lay out the magazine and we’d definitely get advertising. He listened to my little 6 minute speech, sat there, waited there 10 seconds and said ‘done deal’. That money wasn’t a lot, but back then was something, and lead to us getting a Quadra 605 Mac. Before that we were working on borrowed computers. [With that money] we did the Nas issue [#1] and that was it. Advertising kicked in, and the rest is history.”

Industry perks flowed, and soon after, Jenkins and Wilson were invited to a Hoez Wit Attitude luncheon. After enjoying the free shrimp and tunes from HWA’s debut *Livin’ In a Hoe House* (Drive By Records), the two cracked jokes about their surreal surroundings. Rob Kener overheard their absurdist humor and stepped to the two about contributing to his magazine *Vibe*. In short, Jenkins first piece for the Quincy Jones rag was about Biz Markie in drag; upon his trip to the office to nab a copy, he meets the then newly-hired music editor Danielle Smith, like so many other opportunities down the line, by chance. She asked him, “Do you write reviews? Want to review Big Mike?” At that point, Jenkins and Wilson would work up the review-writing-ranks, from small to big, eventually landing a feature. Jenkins first for



Vibe was on Bone Thugs N Harmony and “was right before they broke,” he recalls, “I went to Memphis where they were playing a show and the stage got rushed by Three 6 Mafia. Turns out [Three 6 Mafia] had beef with them because they thought Bone stole their style. It’s ‘94 and I’m in Memphis.” Bugging.

In only a short time, Jenkins and Wilson were music editors at both *Vibe* and *The Source* respectively, doing *ego trip* at the same time. “People at *Vibe* and *The Source* actually respected *ego trip* and weren’t threatened by the fact that we were doing our own magazine on the side. We couldn’t afford to pay people [at *ego trip*], so it was like, ‘You get better and Elliot will give you an assignment at *The Source* or I’ll give you at assignment at *Vibe*,’” remembers Jenkins, “*ego trip* was a farm team for young writers.”

Jenkins and Wilson went out West to the restless city of Los Angeles covering Cypress Hill for *ego trip*. It was then when they met with Alvarez one of the commanders of the highly respectable magazine of the time *Rap Pages* as well as his design partner at the publication, Rollins. Upon returning to NY, they’d eventually reach back out to Alvarez, feeling as though they complemented each other’s styles, offering the position to come out East to take an editorial position at their magazine. “I think we were paying him \$75.00 a week, we had no money. But I got my Mom to let him stay at her house, in Astoria [Queens]. I said, ‘look Ma I need you to put my man up, he’s coming out here to work on the magazine’ and she said ‘No Problem.’” Soon enough Brent followed from L.A. (to replace the existing Art Director as well as continue his own highly praised solo work) his inclusion would usher in the definitive aesthetic of *ego trip*. The magazine’s paper stock changed, their distribution was growing on a national level and their influence felt now more than ever.

The marriage of hardcore with hip-hop was unfounded at the time, synonymous with New York City of the 1990s where the Ricky Powells, Harold Hunters, Matt Doo & G-Youngs, and Stretch Armstrong & Bobbitos, walked in accord with the regularly-accepted eclectic of New York City. But alas, all good things must come to an end. The last issue, their thirteenth, featured a moving image of Def Squad huddled around a newly recovered Biz doll. The ‘90s were over and the game was changing dramatically.

Sacha recalls on the eventual conclusion of the magazine version of *ego trip*, “I think that everyone put so much of themselves into the magazine. And we were broke. We could of continued doing it, but it was just too much of a financial and emotional strain. I think we just ... outgrew it.” As to not downplay the issue, he continues, “Those guys aren’t my friends. I’m in a band with those guys, but ultimately those guys are my family. I see a lot of those guys more than I see my own family, and we don’t always necessarily see eye to eye. Mick Jagger can put solo records out, and I’m sure he’s got a few good solo records. But there’s just something about when we’re all on the same page. It’s something that I can’t describe, that it is what it is. I think people treasure their *ego trips*. I remember busting my ass on an issue of *Vibe*, sleeping there to get it done. And I realized I didn’t want to do that anymore when I walked down the street one day and saw that very issue in the garbage. I’m busting my ass for something that’s so disposable.”

The furthest from jettison, *ego trip*’s *Book of Rap Lists* would be the eventual outcome of their tireless work in the trenches of the magazine industry. Chairman Mao recalls, “Subconsciously we wanted something more permanent and *Book of*



“The Biz Doll was created for Masta Ace for the “Me & the Biz” music video. At the time Patrick Moxly managed Masta Ace; Moxly went on to be Gangstarr’s manager, he had a company called Empire Management. [*ego trip* co-founder] Sasha’s girlfriend had a job at Empire. Masta Ace ended up leaving Empire and moved on, but the doll stayed there. Rappers up there would mess around with it, fuck with it. Jeru Da Damaja and Lil’ Dap would throw it at each other and shit. Then one day somebody ripped the head off, maybe Dap or Jeru. Ripped the head of the doll off, in the office. [Sasha’s girlfriend] was like ‘they’re throwing out this Biz doll thing, do you guys want it? Because I heard that you guys collect stuff.’ She had her girlfriend sew the head together and we just took it, and we’ve had it ever since.

The problem with hip-hop is we don’t really respect our stuff, our archives, our masters, you know things like that. That was a clear sign of it. We also have the original Yo! MTV Raps sign. ‘They’re throwing out this sign, do you guys want it?’ So Gabe, Mao and Brent went there and carried the sign to our office through the streets of Manhattan. It’s more like, real Sanford & Son type junkyard shit, where these rap archives like a Biz doll or a Yo! MTV Raps sign go to die and *ego trip* resurrects it. We’re really proud of that, we’re like the scavenger hunters of hip-hop n’ shit.

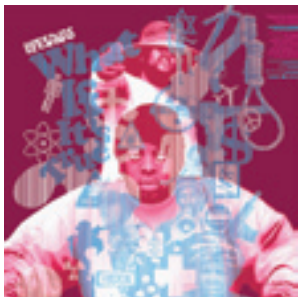
When we shot the *Rap Lists* cover, we knew we wanted Harry Allen to sit in the office because he’s his own archive, because of his Public Enemy relationship. After that it became our thing of having a symbol, so Biz became our symbol. We just became enamored by the damn doll, it became our mascot. Gabe got real focused on it, and we bought a big bag to pack it in, Gabe’s running around like he’s a fuckin’ ventriloquist. He’s got the doll all folded up in a big-ass black suitcase. He’s going to every party and he’s making Eminem hold it and take pictures. Obviously it lead to the opportunity in the book where we ran all the photos. It took a life of itself. I just think it’s funny that we had the whole Gangstarr Foundation playin’ with this stupid doll, throwing it around and fuckin’ with it.”

THE STORY BEHIND THE BIZ

as told by *ego trip*’s Elliot Wilson
left *ego trip* Strictly Biz-ness Since 1994. “Made You Look... Back: 10 years of *ego trip* photography” poster (detail)
below The Biz Puppet photographed by Todd MacIntire



Brent Rollins: Always imitated, never duplicated.
A selection of works by the ego trip visual artist.



Rap Lists was that statement.” Sacha defines it as “something tangible, it’s something beefy, it’s something meaty. Mind you that would set the stage for the next book, which would set the stage for the television stuff, and it’s not like we consciously mapped this stuff out. We just got together to do a magazine that we felt passionate about that spoke to our interests. It was in that passion that we’d found the light that would lead to all these things that we’ve done.” Expanding further, he recalls why he started this in the first place: “Me, personally, I’d like to see a magazine that reflects all my interests. I’m into skateboarding, I’m into punk, I’m into hip-hop. I was that kid that every kid is now [but] back in the ‘80s. Either you liked heavy metal, or you liked hip-hop or you were a skater. But there weren’t many kids who had all those interests so I wanted a magazine that reflected a lot of [those] different things.”

An undertaking like the *Book of Rap Lists* or its conflicted, eyebrow-raising follow-up *The Big Book of Racism!* were no simple tasks. “The inspiration for *ego trip’s Book of Rap Lists* was a book I used to consult religiously as a kid called *The Book of Rock Lists* by Dave Marsh,” explains Chairman Mao, “The very basic format of *Rock Lists* was adapted for *Rap Lists*, but obviously with different categories and subject matter, and the added wild card of our sense of humor. We felt that the story of the birth of hip-hop had already been told via books like Steven Hagar’s and David Toop’s. Those are classics. But we thought there was another way of telling the rest of the story up through our years of covering the music closely that would appeal to folks like ourselves – obsessive rap fans. So we used the list format. I think *Rap Lists* provided a nice bookend to an era of hip-hop.”

As production went under for *Racism!*, the crew hit a wall after 9/11. Gabe recalls that, “there was a moment in time immediately after [9/11] where we had to spend some time talking and talking and talking about whether we were going to finish this book, because we didn’t know what was going to happen afterwards.”

“When it came time to work on a second book everyone expected us to do something hip-hop related. But by that time everyone was doing hip-hop books, and we wanted to stay ahead of the game. St. Martin’s Press had the right of first refusal on our next project and we submitted a proposal for *Big Book of Racism!* I think they thought it was a joke, that we were just submitting this ridiculous idea in order to get out of our contractual obligation with them. But we were completely sincere,” says Mao. Echoing those statements, Gabe recalls, “it was a weird time, we didn’t know how people were going to react. There was this feeling that people were going to get more divided and things were going to turn ugly.”



Assorted Flyers from Chairman Mao’s monthly party at APT. Designed by Brent Rollins.

Word is that some VH1 higher-up saw the *Racism!* book, and gave copies to her whole staff as X-Mas gifts. From that, a coy interest in ego trip was born at the network and the crew was eventually offered the chance to develop some programs. Expanding even further into the depths of examining race relations in America, their first program was TV’s *Illest Minority Moments*. Next was their take on the ‘clip-show’, *Race-O-Rama*. with three one-hour shows, “Blackaphobia,” “Dude, Where’s My Ghetto Pass” and “In Race We Lust.” The guys brought together a huge cast of celebrities, comedians, emcees and themselves into a gumbo-super-serving of social commentary.

What follows could be considered a magnum opus of sorts, but for the crew it’s just another project, another step, another job. Over the ‘06 Summer months, way up in The Bronx, the ego trip collective re-commenced. They converted a warehouse into a makeshift living space for what will be known as *The White Rapper Show*. A reality show, melding bits of the competitive spirit of say *America’s Next Top Model* or *Road Rules* tossed in with that live-in anti-camaraderie bred at *The Real World*, only to be spiced with the regular run-in with hip-hop royalty and hard rock luminaries. Lest we not forget, this will be a show about a bunch of white rappers living in an all brick warehouse competing for a big cash prize and a contract. Only ego trip could pull a concept of this ridiculous nature off without a hitch (at least in the final editing stages). While entire details can not yet be fully divulged, you can count on sweltering Bronx heat, white rapping of varying talent levels, subliminal Vanilla Ice referencing, a lil’ dash of MC Serch and an environment plus script never seen before on reality TV.

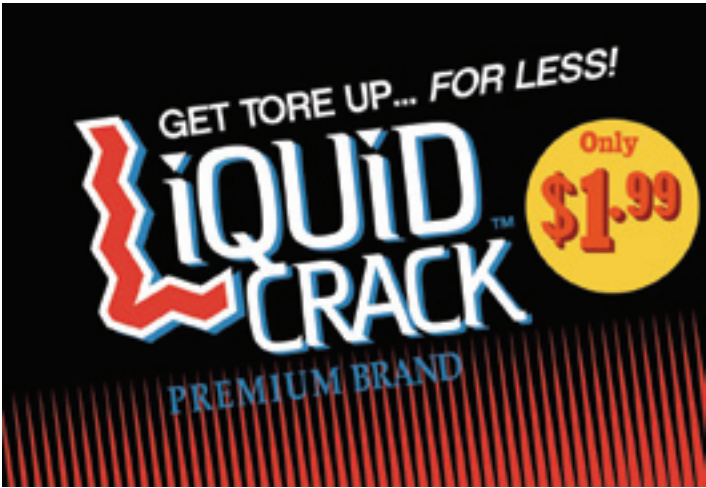
And how is the story of ego trip semiotic you may be asking. Well, in a world draped in idealism, soaked into consumerisms where material girls dance about dudes with wads and little time for reflection, ego trip provides food for the thought we need to complete ourselves. Like how punk and hip-hop can be comparable yet utterly incomparable. ego trip holds the template to contemporary journalistic greatness. [E]



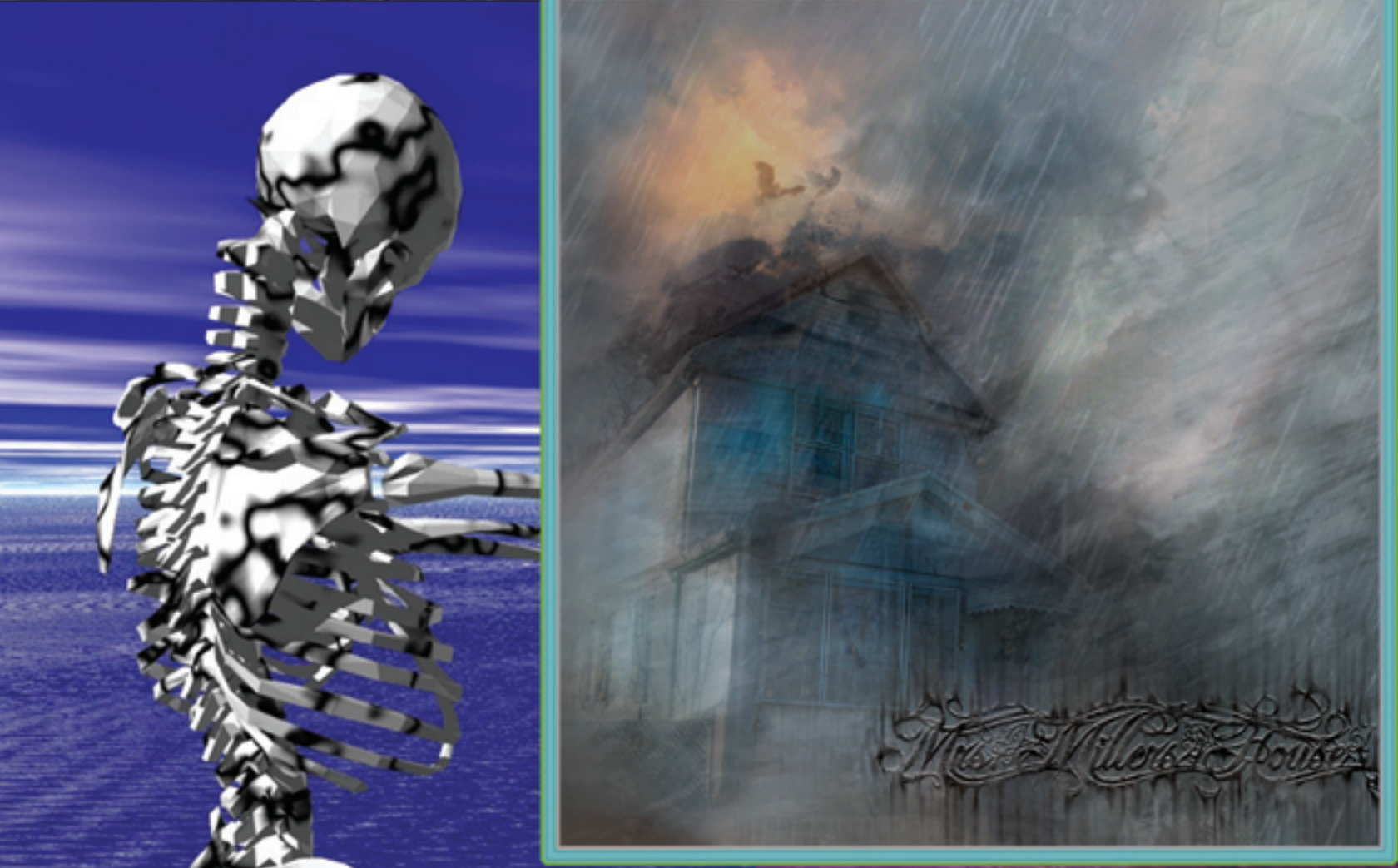
Still frame of Prince Paul and MC Serch during ego trip’s The White Rapper Show.



ego trip’s White Rapper Show logos



2 posters from ego trip’s The White Rapper Show



689076507936

"MRS MILLER'S HOUSE"

dj wally & dj willie ross:

based on a real haunted house in Queens, NY, DJ Wally returns with Willie Ross to drop some seriously epic dreamstate beats. "this is one of those rare themed projects that beautifully implements samples ...this story based on the title figure is as haunting as it is whimsical." - JIVE

catch these guys at the Agriculture’s Halloween blowout with DJ Olive, Soulslinger, Lloop, and crew Oct 31st at Re:boot, East Village. and at Nublu Nov 2nd during CMJ sponsored by RE:UP magazine. for all the party details, to preview the album, and download their supporting mix go: www.theagriculture.com

"file: hip hop, monster mash, jeep beats"

distro: USA: Revolver | UK: Cargo Records
Germany: A-Musik | Japan: P-Vine | Export: Crosstalk

Agricultura Agriculture



Choice Cutters

IN this biz, you make many friends and acquaintances who possess far greater talent than most of the schlepp that's slopped on the Sam Goody racks o'crap. You wonder why these friends haven't "made it" thus far, but they seem fine with the hustle as long as they can do what they love: make music. RE:UP has cherry-picked some of our admirable colleagues who are simply killing it in their respective fields. Old enough to know better but not jaded in the least, these cats are bound for long term success... catch them now at a intimate venue while you can before it costs 27 bucks (plus valet parking) to see them at the House of Blues.

Tiombe Lockhart ▶

Ms. Lockhart has got a sweet set of pipes primed to make love to your earhole. Check for her collaborations with Living Legends' Scarub and of course the Platinum Pied Pipers, as well as her own releases off Giant Step and Bling47 Recordings.

Name: Tiombe "nothing but trouble, t roy" Lockhart
Age: 16 and a half
Affiliations / Rank: Platinum Pied Pirates, Bling 47 / Vice Admiral of The Army of Thugs
Hometown: The SWATTS
Current Residence: Brooklyn
Influences: The Buzzcocks, B 52's, Suicide, Millie Jackson, Wazmo Nariz, Iggy Pop, Betty Carter, Holly Golightly
Claim to Infamy: "I Got You" – Platinum Pied Pipers
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: My Norwegian fur harmonica.
Last night I was at an ESG show, unsuccessfully willing them to play "Be Good To Me."
10 years ago I was passing the time, with some Thunderbird wine.
Last Text Message Received: An advertisement for Viagra.
Bodypart Quirk: Hollow tooth filled with poison gas.
People say my music sounds: like the exact opposite of a little man on fire.
Album that changed the way I looked at music: Suicide – *Alive*



photo Macintire



The Gaslamp Killer

The best part about Willow—besides his dark-rimmed specs, frizz doo, and mastery of the fader—is his genuine excitement about every track he drops in a set. Whether it's a DJ Shadow classic joint everyone forgot about, or some whacked-out Turkish polka, he's gonna move the crowd like no one else. He's an ill beat digga, the Gaslamp Killer, and RE:UP's #1 DJ. Oh and this just in, apparently he's Prefuse 73's 'new favorite DJ' as well.

Name: The Gaslamp Killer
Age: 23
Affiliations / Rank: MHE / The Headache, RE:UP
Hometown: San Diego
Current Residence: Hell
Influences: My Mother & Father (The Bensussens) and MHE
Claim to Infamy: The Music.
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: My fucking drum set.
Last night I was crushing San Francisco.
10 years ago I was crushing my Bar Mitzvah.
Last text message received: "THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!"
Bodypart Quirk: Huge left testie.
People say my music sounds like a fucking headache.
Artists/Albums that changed the way I looked at music: The Feedback, America Giovanne, *Ananda Shankar and His Music*, Malcom Catto *Popcorn Bubble Fish*, Broadcast – *Work and Non Work* and *The Noise Made By People*, and MHE – *The Unreleased LP*



Straight outta the 24 hour dark streets of Anchorage, Alaska (literally) and to the softer side of BK (not so literally) comes the holla kid himself. With Fapes on the mind, this 20-year-old rookie phenom producer has been building quite the portfolio with an assortment of Baltimore breaks remixes, ass shakin jeep music, and the heralded Curtis Vodka “Yeti Bounce EP” out on Flamin Hotz. Check for col-laborations with Al Ripken and Purple Crush coming soon... Juke it Curtis! [ed — he calls them fapes]

Curtis Vodka

photo Macintire

Name: Scott “Curtis Vodka” Root
Age: just turned 20!
Affiliations / Rank: Flamin’ Hotz/Jeep Music Crew/Purple Crush
Hometown: Anchorage, Alaska
Current Residence: Brooklyn, New York
Influences: Jazz, Old School Rap, Funk, Soul, Baltimore Club, Juke/Dance Mania, Miami Bass, Electro Disco, Deep Funky House, French House, Electro Crunk, Madlib, J Dilla, Fatty Synths & anything that makes me wanna bust out in a B-Boy circle..
Claim to Infamy: beef with Uffie & Diplo
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: My Microkorg.
Last night I was getting a CD-R from Low Budget and Dirty South Joe from a Oxy Cottontail party.
10 years ago I was 10 years old.
Last text message received: my roommates won 10,000 dollars from Akai.
Bodypart Quirk: my skin is mad sensitive, I always look like a burnt victim.
People say my music sounds like straight fire or dumb and ridiculous.
Albums that changed the way I looked at music: Beastie Boys *Hello Nasty* & Wu Tang’s disc 1 of the album *Forever*.

Tom Burbank

In 1999, Tom Burbank was chopping up drum&bass dubplates with his man Kojak on Hive’s Celestial/Vortex Recordings imprint. A couple of hot-ass girlfriends and raw foods businesses later, he’s set to release his first full length on Planet Mu Records. After hearing the cuddly crunk of his *Famous First Words*, it will come to no surprise that Tom spends much of his work and play time with the Complex Playas kid and fellow Planet Mu-tron known as edIT. Tom B for President in 2008!



Escort photos Chris Gwyn

Escort

You can get an idea of the direction a band is going by the support they receive. And when you get love from Trevor Jackson, Dimitri from Paris, Metro Area and Benji B, your career is looking pretty promising. Escort is disco; an eight person ensemble of musicians and singers who understand the importance of a memorable live performance. They also understand the importance of dance-friendly music, which is evident in their first EP “Starlight,” boasting a Darshan Jersani rework and an 118 BPM edit for “peak hour play.” Needless to say, after witnessing them tear up the PS1 Summer Warm Up in Queens this past summer with Rub N Tug (see page 24), Escort is a group to keep you ears open for.

Name: Eugene Cho
Age: Pushing 30
Affiliations / Rank: Escort/Member, American Musical Conference/Supporter
Hometown: Newton, MA
Current Residence: Brooklyn
Influences: Beer, TV
Claim to Infamy: My pro drug use comments for a public interest segment.
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: My TV
Last night I was watching TV.
10 years ago I was watching TV.
Last Text Message Received: Just waiting to hear back from my uncle ‘bout that TV.
Bodypart Quirk: N/A
People say my music sounds fucking incredible.
Album that changed the way I looked at music: Pixies – *Surfer Rosa*

Name: Dan Balis
Age: 30
Affiliations / Rank: Escort
Hometown: Chevy Chase, MD
Current Residence: Brooklyn, NY
Influences: Not currently under the influence.
Claim to Infamy: None
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: None
Last night I was at Adelphi Studios, with Eugene and Zena.
10 years ago I was in college
Last Text Message Received: <http://phobos.apple.com/WebObjects/MZStore.woa/wa/viewAlbum?i=163966986&id=163966956&s=143441>
Bodypart Quirk: None
People say my music sounds like myspace.com/weareescort.
Albums that changed the way I looked at music: *Pet Sounds* and *Thriller*.

Name: Tom Burbank
Age: 29
Affiliations / Rank: Planet-Mu, BrokenBeat / Beatsmith, Go-Getter
Hometown: St. Louis, MO
Current Residence: Venice, CA
Influences: Turkish Speedballs (coffee & ganja) a lot of hip-hop, ol’ skool funk & soul, and a dash of d&b and dubstep.
Claim to Infamy: I ain’t going out like that. The Police are probably reading this.
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: My Roland Juno 60
Last night I was playing a show in Rosarito, Mexico, eating \$1.00 tacos, and getting hit on by a girl who very well could have been a guy.
10 years ago I was trying to program my Boss drum machine to sound like legit drum&bass, probably sounded more like Def Leppard.
Last text message received: From Jega: “To Brig or not to Brig?” (A little dive in Venice that me and the Jega man roll to on Tuesday nights to check out this dope jam band that plays a lot of Herbie Hancock covers.)
Bodypart Quirk: I’ve got some pretty tiny nipples.
People say my music sounds like: *Wabi-Sabi* – the beauty of things imperfect or irregular.
Album that changed the way I looked at music: *Criminal Minded* by BDP

Menomena ▶



How in the hell is he doing that? That's usually the question asked when Irwin performs his one man percussion show. Frantically waving his arms around 2 theremins to create his own samples in real time, he loops the newly-created samples to set the stage for the riddim. He then whips out a pair of drumsticks and starts hammering away relentless breakbeats 'pon the pads. Electronic music like this was never meant to be created live, yet here's Irwin doing it right before your disbelieving eyes.

Name: Irwin
Age: No
Affiliations / Rank: None
Hometown: I travel
Current Residence: I still travel
Influences: Everything, especially visual art, nature, *and some girls*.
Claim to Infamy: None (that I know of)
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: Me
Last night I was kind of lonely, which is very rare.
10 years ago I was done with playing in bands.
Last text message received: Someone telling me they hit #1 in some chart.
Bodypart Quirk: Right ankle – it feels strange just before something bizarre happens.
People say my music sounds like: Yes
Album that changed the way I looked at music: Ooohhhh so many. I like all genres of music but I'm very picky within each.



Menomena is a trio that makes a proggy, percussive hybrid of organic and electronic rock. In 2003 they released their debut full-length, *I Am the Fun Blame Monster* on a hometown label called Film Guerrero, and a few thousand people freaked out. Since then, they've made nary a peep aside from an album of music for a dance performance. Now they're getting ready to drop a full-length on Seattle's Barsuk Records that will probably bust your shit open.

Name: Justin Harris
Age: 29 going on 15
Affiliations / Rank: 1st Sergeant, 2nd class, 3rd battalion.
Hometown: San Clemente, CA
Current Residence: Portland, OR
Influences: Led Zeppelin, Led Zeppelin, Led Zeppelin, Led Zeppelin, Led Zeppelin, TREX, Led Zeppelin, Led Zeppelin, Led Zeppelin, Led Zeppelin, Led Zeppelin
Claim to Infamy: I was the one responsible for the attack on Pearl Harbor.
One piece of music equipment I could not live without is My jaw harp (a.k.a Jew's harp)
Last night I was playing to a crowd of 15.
10 years ago I was 19.
Last text message received: "wow! that is big! lol. C U Soon. L8"
Bodypart Quirk: I have both sets of genitals.
People say our music sounds like shit!
Albums that changed the way I looked at music: *Led Zeppelin I, II, III, IV, Houses of the Holy, Physical Graffiti*

Irwin ▶



DJ Wero runs tings in TJ's nu school of party rockers that have come up since the Nortec chaps' chaps waddled their way onto the international dancefloors. Hipsters beware, I don't care how tight your jeans are, he'll knock your socks off with blistering electro clash thrash.

Name: Wero (Jesus A. Lopez Rojo) I won't say what the A. stands for, I hate it.
Age: 27
Affiliations / Rank: Radioglobal.org / Programming Director
Hometown: Tijuana
Current Residence: Tijuana
Influences: Daft Punk, Soda Stereo, New Order, Pulp, Stone Roses, Björk
Claim to Infamy: jaja, I have many..
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: My headphones, they saved my life..
Last night I was working, smoking and drinking.
10 years ago I was in high school probably going to a lot of Mexican rock concerts.
Last Text Message Received: "im not gonna be able to make it PONK im stuck at work"
Bodypart Quirk: I have very little fingernails, does that count? It's self inflicted.
People say my music sounds like: they've never told me!
Album that changed the way I looked at music: So many but the main ones I guess are DP's *Discovery*, Soda Stereo's *Dynamo*, and Pulp's *Different Class*.

photo Menomena

photo Irwin's Passport

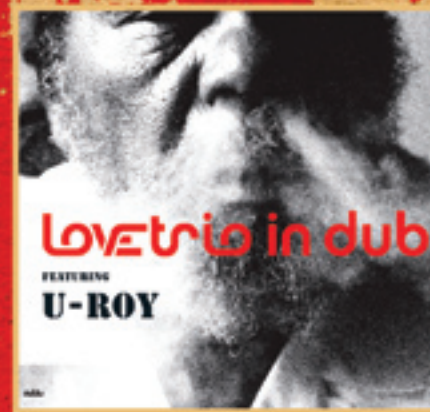
photo Frak

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Aaron LaCrate

How does one go from a Benz-driving B-Boy straight to the Gutter... and be proud of it? Ask Aaron LaCrate, he's made a career of this downward spiral. He's a full-time hustler from Charm City who has been carving out a lifestyle for himself through his music and the clothing line "Milkcrate Athletics." LaCrate has been keepin' busy collabing with Bmore originator Scottie B, doing a J5 remix, that E-40 rework, a Lily Allen tour, and working with the new faces of club MCs: Spank-Ro & Amanda Blank. Remember soldier, club crack = the slower club beats meanwhile the Bmore Gutta = the quick jawns.

Name: Aaron LaCrate
Age: 28
Affiliations / Rank: Milkcrate Athletics, Milkcrate Records, B-more Gutter Music, B-More Club Crack
Hometown: Baltimore, the East Side
Current Residence: Manhattan
Influences: Ragga Twins, Blapps Posse, Keith Haring, Warhol, Todd Terry
Claim to Infamy: *Club Crack* on Koch – out Feb 2007
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: Reason
Last night I was chillin out after a crazy fashion week NYC.
10 years ago I was still the same.
Last Text Message Received: asked to spin Lily Allen U.S. tour alongside Mark Ronson
Bodypart Quirk: n/a
People say my music sounds like crunk on crack.
Album that changed the way I looked at music: Ultramagnetic Mc's *Critical Beatdown*

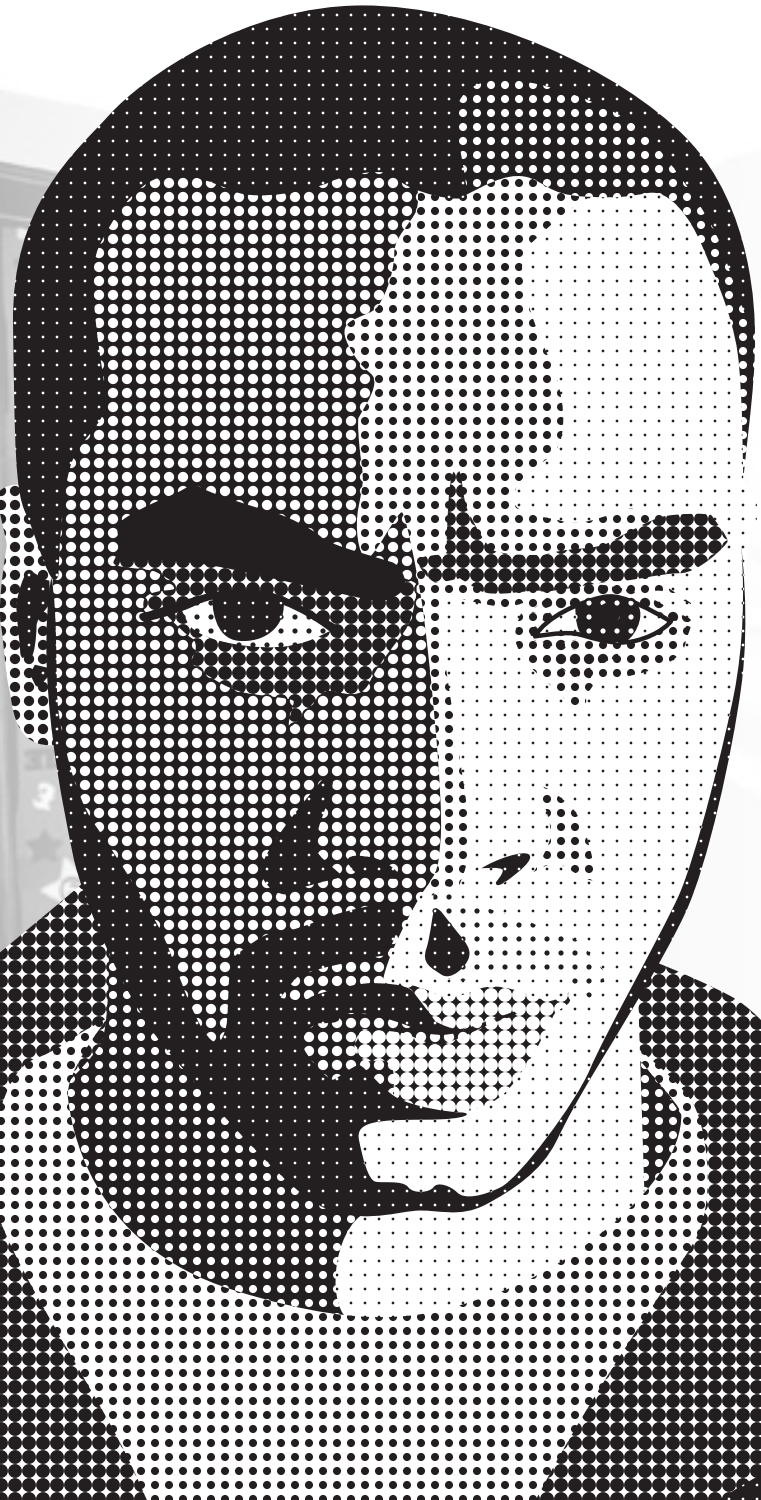
Name: Mehdi Faveris Essadi a.k.a. DJ Mehdi.
Age: 29
Affiliations / Rank: Ed Banger Records baby!
Hometown: Asnieres – Northern suburbs of Paris, France
Current Residence: Paris 20th district. You may call it the East Side, I like that.
Influences: John, Jimi, Jerry and Jay. (Lennon, Hendrix, Seinfeld, and Z).
Claim to Infamy: I'd like to stay a bit mysterious please, if you may.
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: My radio. Ask LL Cool J.
Last night I was partying hard in Melbourne, Australia with the good folks at Honky-Tonks.
10 years ago I was releasing my old band's first album *IDEAL J Sur une mission*, French hardcore hip-hop.
Last Text Message Received: "Most likely you go your way and I'll go mine."
Bodypart Quirk: One eye smaller.
People say my music sounds like Kraftwerk were African
Album that changed the way I looked at music: *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* by Public Enemy, of course. What else, REALLY?

di Mehdi

The Ed Banger Records label has been making noise for a while, and there is no denying the Parisian tidal wave of art and music that has been taking over the prime real estate outside France. Not since Lance Armstrong's last "win" of Le Tour has France been getting Stateside front page notoriety (Sorry, Zizou but that was a bitch move). While there's ample hype for Daft Punk, Mr. Oizo, Hell, TTC and Ed Banger's more notable artists Justice & Uffie, we at RE:UP feel DJ Mehdi deserves not only a mention but a wicked illustration of his look. Listen up!



illustration Joshua Lynne



above The LaCrate fan club
right Aaron postin' up at Turntable Lab

C-mon & Kypski

C-Mon & Kypski are childhood friends from the sleepy Dutch town of Utrecht and have been making music together since age 13. Thinking in terms of live performing, they teamed up with Jori & Dan to complete the equation. After completing their first EP, "Vinyl Voodoo," they decided to rent an RV, load it with recording equipment, and drive to Morocco- just for adventure's sake. The recordings they amassed on their journey provide the foundation for their *Static Traveller* album, and gave them a springboard from which to scoop up a global audience. Keep your eye on these guys. They're taking over the world.

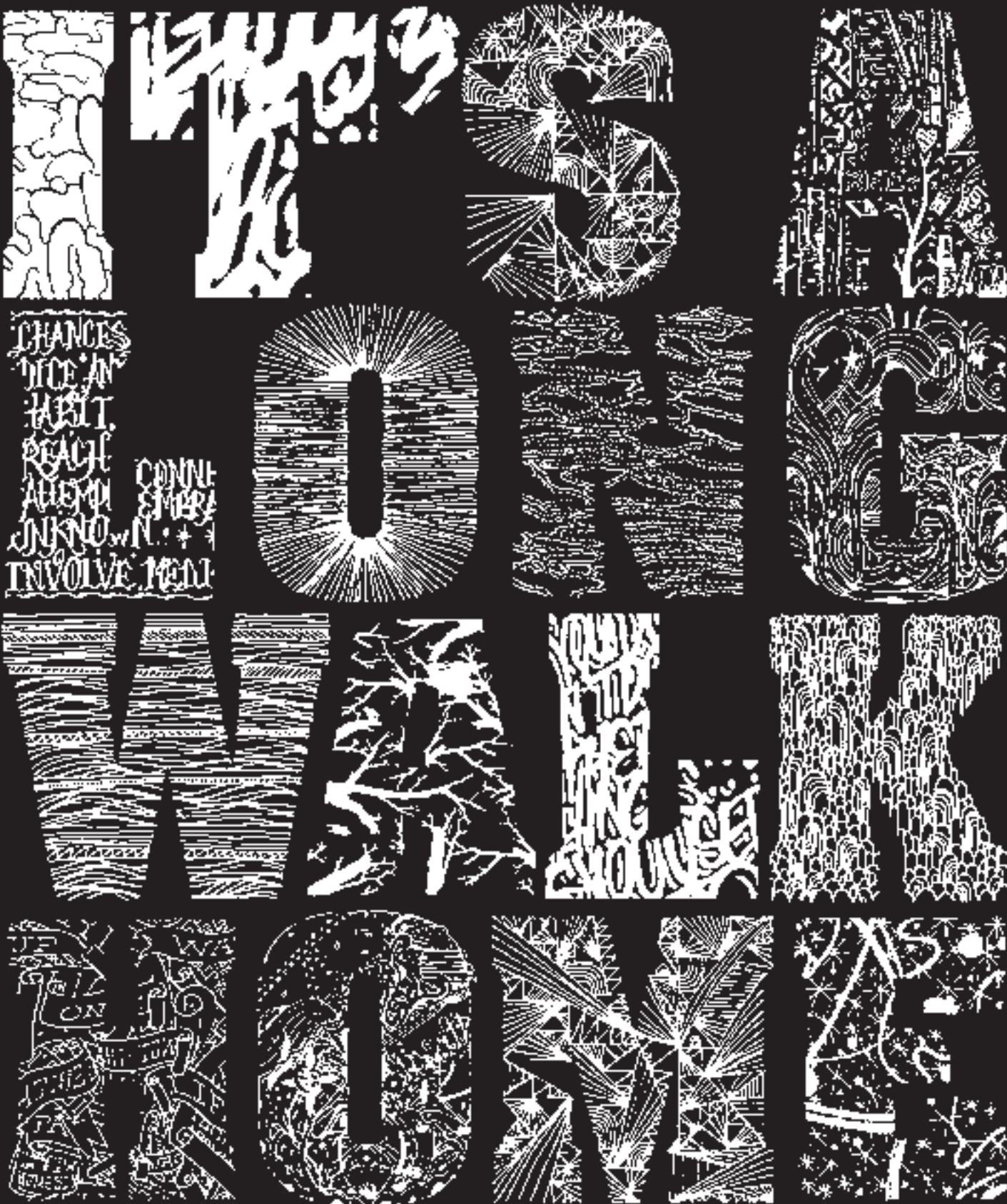
Name: Daniel Rose
Age: 26
Affiliations / Rank: guitarist / bass player
Hometown: Utrecht
Current Residence: Utrecht
Influences: dEUS, Gang of Four, Donny Hathaway, Earth, Wind & Fire
Claim to Infamy: always 20 milliseconds late.
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: Rickenbacker bass
Last night I was rockin' out with my band.
10 years ago I was chillin' in Maastricht.
Last text message received: 'There's this interview in your mailbox you have to do right away.'
Bodypart Quirk: toenails
People say our music sounds like we smoked too much, but still rock.
Album that changed the way I looked at music: *Play Bach* - Jacques Loussier



Name: Simon 'C-mon' Akkermans
Age: 28
Affiliations / Rank: Producer
Hometown: Utrecht (Netherlands)
Current Residence: Utrecht
Influences: DJ Shadow, Rick Rubin, Horace Silver, Public Enemy, A Tribe Called Quest, The Beatles
Claim to Infamy: uhhh, I'm honestly not sure what this means...
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: my Electrix Repeater
Last night I was rehearsing for 3rd album *Launchshow*, then drinking beer & enjoying a nice split.
10 years ago I was still skateboarding, kinda miss it now; too busy making tracks
Last text message received: from our management about an interview date, not too exciting.
Bodypart Quirk: cracking jaw
People say our music sounds like nothing they've heard before. Most of the time, I consider that a compliment.
Album that changed the way I looked at music: *Endtroducing...* by DJ Shadow. That's when Kypski and I decided to make instrumental hip-hop based music.

Name: Kypski
Age: 28
Affiliations / Rank: Turntables, beats and melodies.
Hometown: Utrecht
Current Residence: Utrecht
Influences: Shadow, Beck, Kraftwerk, D-Styles, Qbert, The Herbaliser, Public Enemy, A Tribe Called Quest, Brand Nubian, De la Soul, Gang of Four, UNKLE, Slum Village, Beck, Kid Koala, Horace Silver, Wayne Shorter, and Prince.
Claim to Infamy: The weather sucks in Holland, that's a big problem. But maybe, with all the global warming going on, we might just get a warm winter and get some good days of sunshine.
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: My computer.
Last night I was having a birthday dinner with my stepdad, half-brother and my step-dad's girlfriend. After I gave them presents and ate all the food I said excuse me, I have to go now to rehearse for the new C-mon & Kypski show. So I left.
10 years ago I was probably drumming, or making a beat or trying to make up a new scratch routine.
Last text message received: A message from my half-sister asking me whatsup and hows my mom. My family is kinda unusual, my real dad is like a friend to me, he never actually raised me, or married my mom, or had an relationship with her. I see him a few times a year. My mom just didn't wanna marry some-one but did want to have a child. And he gave it to her. Nope, no traumas. My stepdad raised me with my mom and gave me my half-brother, Tim. He stole half of my name and calls himself DJ Timski now. He studies audio design. I got my masters in Music Technology at that same school, the Utrecht School of Arts.
Bodypart Quirk: On ear flapping out - so no symmetry. But what the heck!
People say our music sounds like weird, pop music, experimental, mood music, diverse.
Album that changed the way I looked at music: *Fear of a Black Planet* by Public Enemy

Name: Jori Collignon
Age: 25
Affiliations / Rank: Keyboard player
Hometown: Utrecht
Current Residence: Amsterdam
Influences: Early '80s punk music is one of them.
Claim to Infamy: Thanks for asking, I'm fine.
One piece of music equipment I could not live without: I would say Grand Piano, but then again, I'm living without a grand piano for a pretty long time. I really want one though.
Last night I was smoking and drinking with Simon at the Tilt.
10 years ago I was partying, because I won the first prize in a national music competition. I accompanied my singing friend on a keyboard. I haven't seen him in a couple of years, but this evening he send me a text message.
Last text message received: 'Let's get drunk, old buddy.'
Bodypart Quirk: Ingrowing toenails.
People say our music sounds like a mixture of styles, played with great energy. A guy from Hawaii said the music made him wanna put a breadbag on his head and dance some strange dance.
Album that changed the way I looked at music: Happens all the time: Elvis Costello - *This Years Model*, Daft Punk - *Home Work*, The Libertines - *Up The Bracket*, Rufus Wainwright - *Want Two*.



JUAN ANGEL CHAVEZ MIKE GENOVESE CODY HUDSON SPACE 1026 NOVEMBER 03 -26 PHILADELPHIA

The journey begins in Chicago with an empty van and a map. En route to Philadelphia, the artists will be collecting discarded materials and forgotten items found on the back roads of Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania. During the road trip, they will create and document mini-installations along the way to mark their trail. Arriving in Philadelphia at Space 1026, the artists will build structures from the materials collected during their journey, which will also serve as their housing for the duration of their stay.

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The Middle Signature IRRESISTIBLE



Dave Kinsey

Not one for the 9 to 5 grind, Kinsey started the creative design studio BLK/MRKT after moving to the West Coast following his education at the Art Institute of Pittsburgh and the Art Institute of Atlanta. His work captures the universal essence of the human condition through an energetic portrayal of urban characters. Kinsey's fine art has been shown in galleries and museums worldwide, among these a recent exhibition at the URBIS Museum in Manchester. He has also been featured in such publications as *The New York Times*, *Lodown* and *Black Book*, and invited to speak at numerous institutions such as The Art Center College of Design, UCLA, Montserrat College of Art and The University of Florida.

www.kinseyvisual.com



Stevie Gee

25 years old. Married with 1 son- Jesse Leonard Gee and another kid due this month, I live in North London England. Represented by Wild Wilson at STEM agency. I play the banjo and drink whisky. Musical taste is heavy rock folk metal wizardry. Was raised by wolves on the edge of the wind with only knives and owls for company. The heart of a pirate and the body of a bear. Claws shaped like question marks.

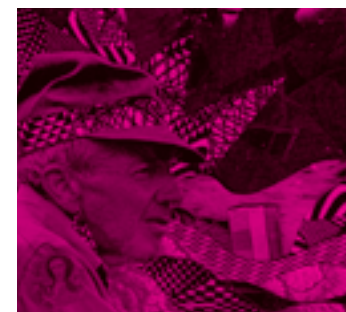
www.stemagency.com / www.steviegee.com



Grotesk

Kimou Meyer a.k.a. Grotesk is a Swiss graphic artist living in Brooklyn. His work is a clash between his strict and minimal visual education and flying plastic bags, bodega store fronts, burnt cars, crooks, and hip-hop before '94. His client list includes: www.sixpack.fr, Vault and Goliath RF in Harlem, 2k and Uniqlo Tee Shirts Japan, Upper Playground and Fifty24SF, Spike Lee, Staple, Alife, 5 Boro Skateboard, Complex, Command V, and Virgin Records. He is an honorary member off the AKA NYC crew and the Goliath RF Store in Harlem. He is currently the creative director for Zoo York.

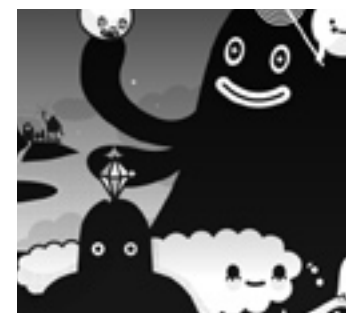
www.grotesk.to



Fighting

Fighting is the collaborative work of Niall McClelland and Lukas Geronimas. Their current interests include space, medieval artifacts, quilting, whole wheat breads, optical illusions, and the greyscale (Canadian spelling of the word grey). Both are currently based out of Toronto, Canada, keeping busy busting balls and flippin lids.

www.shedoesntloveyouanymore.com

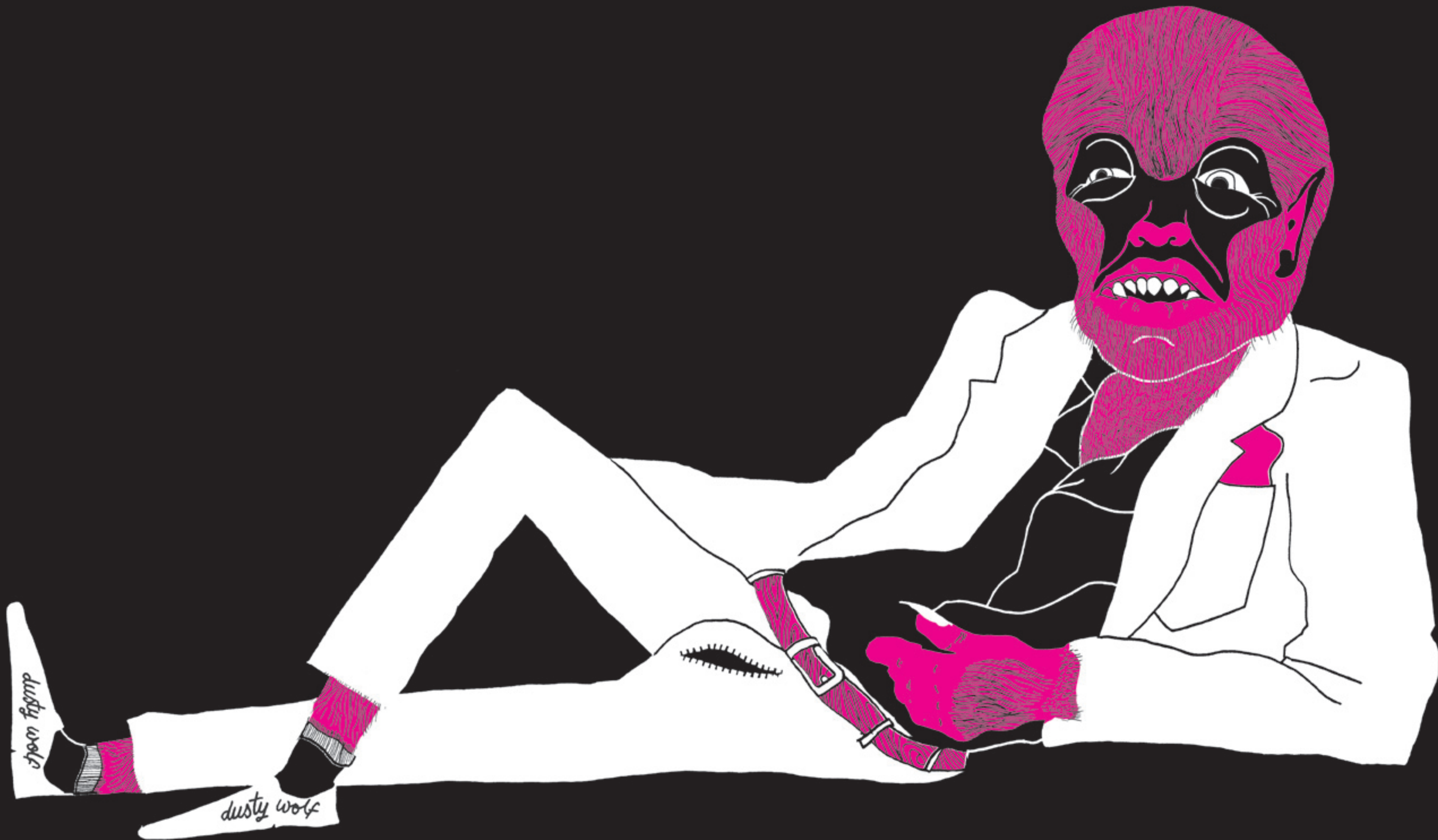


Friends with You

Sam was born with an instinct to create and has stunned his parents and teachers with his skills in papier mache, fruit baskets and now videos, motion graphics, microbe taming and breeding. He gave birth to friendswithyou only to have it enriched by his friends Mel and Tury. Tury dabbles in painting and sticker swapping, while keeping a solid goal of engineering variations of our friends to make your life better than ever! He has a keen sense of smell and is Mel's official recipe taster.

www.friendswithyou.com







the irresistible
feeling of,
FRONTIN
while drawing
violent things...





Friends With You

LETRAS A MANO DEL OTRO LADO

A RE:UP photo editorial by *Mauricio Couturier*



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EL TOP
SUPERcentro

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PURO
MOLIDO A LA
VISTA
HILOS Y COSTURAS

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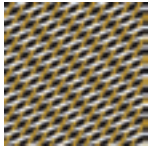
STAUARA
Pollo Campesino
(COUNTRY CHICKEN)

PARAISO
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AUDITORIO
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RE:UP MUSIC REVIEWS



AUDION
Mouth to Mouth 12"
Spectral Sound

Matthew Dear's dirty alter-ego is Audion and the latest single is vintage Spectral: spooky (after all, it IS the 'Ghostly' sub-label), minimal, funky, patient and more than rewarding when the main chunk of techno funk kicks in. "Mouth to Mouth" is just a polite little banger that eventually stings with pleasure-pain. Affectionately referred to as "Swarm of Bees" by Ghostly blogger enthusiasts prior to the official release of this track, you can imagine this 12-minute epic as a perfect soundtrack for Carlos Castaneda peyote-driven adventures with Don Juan out in the desert. Mister Dear makes this kind of joint seem easy to make, yet how come few tracks can come off so clean & so filthy at the same time? The B side ("Hot Air") gallops along at its own slick pace before the stocky snares clamp away over the fuzz-warble of bass blasts. Calling all gorgeous but lifeless runway models: this is some serious hedonistic decadence that will put some soul back into your strut. *ET*



THAVIUS BECK
Thru
Mush Records

Anybody who calls himself a "composer of mercurial soundtracks for uncertain times" definitely gets my full attention. Movin' on up from 2003's *Decomposition*, Thavius Beck returns with an impressive follow-up of morose, dusty, and beautiful songs that one has come to expect from a Mush release. An exposé of experimental hip-hop with a little of the dark side thrown in, the multi-tasking Beck (programmer, engineer and multi-instrumentalist extraordinaire!) delivers thirteen tracks of densely layered samples, pulsating synths, and dizzying delay all plastered over frantic drum tracks with some vocals thrown in taboot. Sound like too much to comprehend? Beck manages to pull it off, and he's got some partners in crime who help him do it. The collaboration roster is a perfect, unforced menagerie, including his touring partner Saul Williams, folk-songstress Mia Doi Todd, L.A.'s 2Mex, and the up-and-coming MC NoCanDo. Beck weaves together hip-hop, electro and indie to create a visionary sampling of sounds for one of Mush's finest releases to date. *CT*



BIGGABUSH
In Dub
Lion Head Recordings

Taking the middlemen out of the equation, England's Glyn 'Bigga' Bush (a.k.a. the former Rocker Hi-Fi a.k.a. Lightning Head a.k.a. one of RE:UP's favorite producers) has started his own label to share his music with the world. The first release is an exclusive collection of his own dub-oriented tracks produced especially for the 2006 Big Chill Festival. Some of these cuts have some recognizable traces; "Beat Dem" is a variation of Bush's

remix of Tapper Zukie's "MPLA." A similar version of "Don in Studio 1" can be heard on the Lightning Head 2002 *Studio Don* LP, and even "Dub Interlock" has tiny snippets of Bush's murderous "2nd Line Stomp" dancehall riddim (also released on *Studio Don*). Beyond those three reworks are six more cuts of 'spaced-out bliss' indeed. Rockers Hi-Fi's "hit" "Push Push" gets updated 15 years later, with warm guitar chords tucking you under the covers. Bookending the album are "Intravenous 1" & "Intravenous 2" — both patiently drawn-out displays of minimal dub hums and whirrs and clicks. The hidden track is a nice surprise, teasing with a vibraphone-oriented construction of a break that eventually belts out into one of the most all-time familiar reggae chunes for us honkys... and it's definitely Chief Clancy Wiggum's favorite. All in all *In Dub* successfully shuffles along the tightrope between dub and ambient and delivers in all the ways you've come to expect from the Hi-Fi Studio Don. Available via CD Baby or Bush's site (www.big-gabush.co.uk). *ET*



BRAINTAX
Panorama
Low Life Records

One of a small clutch of premium quality rap albums released in Britain this year, what *Panorama* might lack in terms of innovative flow or illness of styling is more than made up for with hard-hitting topics, sturdy, up-to-date production, and true-school maturity. As the co-founder and owner of the U.K.'s longest running and best-respected independent hip-hop label, Joey Brains didn't get where he is today without a redoubtable work ethic and a stern aversion to bullshit. Refreshingly honest and straightforward, Braintax prides himself on being a Northerner and, as such, saying exactly what's on his mind. What's on his mind, it turns out, is the same as that on many of our minds: the raging injustice of British and American foreign policy, the mendacity of our leaders and media, two decades of grey inequality in not-so Great Britain, a mounting fear for the future of the environment, and a desire to escape, whether it's to the Spanish Riviera or to the drunken pleasures of the club.

Standout tracks include "Syriana Style," an attack on political and media cowardice and deceit over Iraq, and "The Grip Again (A Day in the Life of a Suicide Bomber)," a brave and empathic insight into the mindset of a young Palestinian. The lead single "Run the Yards" boasts a brilliant un-quantized beat from rising star Beat Butcha, all crazy Chinese singing and cymbals as Braintax rails against the pretension and corruption of the music industry. Elsewhere, Mystro, Verb T and Dub-ledge turn in top-notch cameo appearances, and some on-point samples from news reportage and the likes of George Galloway cement the thematic unity of independence of thought and self-reliance in a shady and untrustworthy world.

As well-rounded and confidently executed as you might expect an album from one of the pillars of the U.K. hip-hop scene to be, *Panorama* falls easily into the bracket of necessary British rap albums of the mid-noughties. If you have been wearing mono-continental blinkers all this time, this would be a very good opportunity to expand your horizons. *EH*



CARIBOU
Start Breaking My Heart
Domino

Caribou (né Manitoba) has re-issued his 2001 release, *Start Breaking My Heart*, with the original version of the first album on disc one, and a full-length, previously unreleased disc that matches so perfectly with the original album it sounds as if its absence from the first release was purely accidental. From the warm melodies and electronic jazz-infused beats at the end of the first disc, Caribou drizzles into the new material, lingering faithfully within the same emotionally evocative textures lusted after by fans of Mûm and Boards of Canada. The earlier songs on the new disc hypnotize the listener with wavering meter and rhythm like that found underneath the arpeggiated chords and moments of anticipatory silence on "218 Beverly." On "Evan Likes Driving," Caribou's Dan Snaith experiments with several samples, including horn, xylophone and the repetition of a single, simple guitar chord laid over rhythmic clicks and a teasing percussion that make the chord repetition anything but tedious or dull. Just as you think the song is ending, it erupts into a sweeping, energetic variation of the original rhythm and a triumphant return of every sample that was used leading up to that point.

"Anna and Nina" is dominated by a slapping upright bass line alongside a sultry keyboard, both of which disappear into a static-y distortion over seconds of silence and then a startling resuscitation of the smoky, Portishead-esque theme.

The second half of the new material becomes distinctly bass-o-philic, with earth-shaking, wall-vibrating bass—the kind that makes your lungs quiver inside the vacuum of your chest. The jocosely titled "If Assholes Could Fly, This Place Would Be an Airport" explodes with an aggressive, pounding rhythm and the tinny sound of an airplane engine floating above a plinky melodic line. "Webers" features the clinks and clanks of what sounds like glasses and spoons in a sink and a xylophone made of recycled metals with a bottomless bass drone that drifts in and out of the song. The heartbreakingly standout song on this album is the driving and galvanic remix of "Dundas, Ontario," the original version of which appears on the first disc. Caribou's remix of this track introduces a crunchy-sounding, sonorous and bassy synthesizer during the song's climax—definitely meant to be experienced using a high-end sound system. With a beat that teeters on the edge of drum & bass, it becomes nearly impossible to not get lost inside the dizzying samples, blips and glitches swirling throughout the mix. Old fans of Manitoba will have no problem wrapping their ears around this newest chapter of *Start Breaking My Heart* and first-time listeners of Snaith's new identity, Caribou, will take it for face value, interpreting it as exactly what it is: an impressive experiment inside the genre of Intelligent Dance Music... extra emphasis on "intelligent." *JR*



COUNT BASS D
Act Your Waist Size
FatBeats

What makes this album remarkable is what Count is most underestimated for — its multiplicity. Confusing but full of wonderment, *Act Your Waste Size* changes faces often. As a result, sometimes for the best, yet too, sometimes to the confusion of its listener. When the dirty kitchen sink and the marble floor are treated with the same respect there are bound to be some disagreements. With 20 tracks strong, the album is epic.

Similar to Count's last release *Borrowsteal*, *Act* is extended in its form, with songs falling into eachother, ending impulsively, marked with more personal character than any following of contemporary form. Count has been producing music practically his whole natural life and at this point he can do just about anything he feels like. And he does.

In his short form of song structure, Count has a nothing-is-sacred take on influences and regular-guy situations. "Junkies" is an incredible tale of rural Southern commentary and one of the best productions on the album as a whole. Best in the fact that it joins Count's usual experiments to a level that is relatable and digestible to just about any kid on the block born after 1988 (a delightfully enlightened thing in this day and age). Bubbling bass between a spiraling synth-line, Count drops a vivid story of bassheads hawking bootleg Gospel albums to cop another hit.

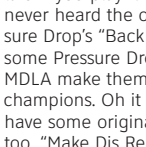
"Half the Fun" is a beautiful ditty-bop, with trickling pianos that step from the speaker like when the beams of a sunny Saturday morning reach the heat of a hot weekend afternoon. Count's tone here is conversational as almost always, slow and low, wafting about like lingering smoke from an old ashtray. In a similar fashion, "Long Goodbyes" and "Leaning on the Everlasting" take an even more subdued approach to Count's brand of r&b. Somehow with production that is both wholly tranquil but rough around the edges. A bridge that long-term Count fans may recognize, joining his earlier works (*Pre-Life Crisis* and *Art For Sale*) with the recent incarnations as such.

For better or worse, Count, who clearly knows how to differentiate between the two, leaves it up to the listener to feel how they need to feel. Never one to spoon-feed you with his art, this remains no different. For each simple splendor comes a jagged pill, in things like "Tradin' Hoe Stories" or "False or True." Sometimes it's just a reference game though, and while some heads may be scratching their fitted during "IMEANROC&RON," the older gods will find the bug-out nod in the joint's chipped and chopped Tears for Fears sample. Thus, we as the masses can only hope that our peers slightly less astute will be able to grasp *Act Your Waist Size*'s sheer subtleties. *PA*



RICHARD DORFMEISTER VS. MADRID DE LOS AUSTRIAS
Grand Slam
G-Stone Recordings

Grand Slam is a fine collection of remixes by Dorfmeister and MDLA. Now when I say "fine" I mean something like one of those tired adjectives we use all the time like: "sick," "dope," "fabulous" —don't act like you never bust out a "fabulous" every now and then—"awesome"...you get the idea. Anyway I'm back to the word "fine" because it works well in describing the smooth, funky sounds found on this release. I'm not super crazy about Zero 7 but these guys must definitely turned out their remix of "In the Waiting Line"; they also crushed Willie Bobo's "Spanish Grease" with a fat, double bassline and its ghostly Latin sounds lurking in the background. *Grand Slam* is pretty much a house music party on the whole disc but it's an excellent quality of house that will sound great to people who think they don't like the very popular genre. There are some rough and tough jams a little later on too. Like Koop's "Relaxin' at Club F****n." It's obvious what that spells but the funky bass action just might get you laid if you play it for the right person. I never heard the original version of Pressure Drop's "Back 2 Back" (and I love me some Pressure Drop) but Dorfmeister & MDLA make them sound like freaking champions. Oh it gets better. They even have some original smokers on here too. "Make Dis Real" is so damn hot with its funky breakbeat and slick, soul-man vocal, it will get rocked again and again by pro DJs and iPod-button-pushers alike. Now if you like what I'm saying you should definitely buy this disc, or the download version, or even the wax if you can find some. Just don't steal it because people who make music this good deserve to get rich. *JW*



FAT JON & STYROFOAM
The Same Channel
Morr Music

MC and producer Fat Jon, originally from Cincinnati, now based in Berlin, is well known for pushing the boundaries of hip-hop. Increasingly, in fact, he immodestly steps with both feet outside its walls, reinventing himself and delivering a constant stream of new and experimental sounds. Pushing the envelope from a flight pattern that's well under the radar of even devoted hip-hop fans, his reputation as an innovator is growing steadily. It seems that the better-known he becomes, the more he diverts his path away from what's expected of him, both in his own work and the numerous collaborative endeavors with which he's involved. *The Same Channel* is a testament to Fat Jon's ability to be comfortable in his experimentation, and his willingness to reach into places that are rarely, if ever trod upon. Styrofoam, an indie guitarist and laptop wizard, invited Fat Jon to Antwerp, Belgium back in 2001. He's since moved to Europe permanently, and continues to release innovative hip-hop records with Five Deez, his crew, on !K7, a Berlin-based label. Other than the presence of Fat Jon's distinctive voice, *The Same Channel* bears little resemblance to anything previously released by the ample soul musician. It's glitchy and electronic-sounding with Styrofoam's hypnotic vocals sprinkled throughout, and covers a wide range of emotional and stylistic turf. The first track, "Acid Rain Robot Repair," jumps in head first beginning with cascading synth tinkling, quickly moving into up-tempo hip-hop style verse, with a chorus that's Daft Punk meets alternative rock. "Bleed" is an (appropriately) pulsing and mysterious rhythm with a dark and equally mysterious chorus, diffused, once again, by Fat Jon's poetic raps, without losing the enigma that encompasses it. Moving into "Running Circles," the tempo again picks up, and the blips and mechanical bass sounds are lightened with airy piano and pad sounds, high energy and overt yet still withholding and secretive. One of the choicest cuts on the record is "Space Gangsta." Shadowy and minimalist, it leans back toward hip-hop: "Cosmos, nebula, the same channel / Comin' at you / You know gangsta and what



ENSEMBLE
4/2
FatCat Records

In 1998, France's Olivier Alary created Ensemble as his musical guise. On his latest release (sans partner Chanelle) Alary has left his experimental pop phase, and not surprisingly, his sound has evolved into a skillfully arranged mixture of indie and electronica that aims to combine "symphonic walls of sound with intimate folk pop vocals." Say what? Put simply, the end result is something reminiscent of bands like Stereolab and Broadcast. After Chanelle's departure, Olivier decided to re-think Ensemble's sound and draw upon the artists whose work he admired. Three years later, the result of that is a myriad of talented vocalists and musicians laced with the extraordinary quality of his programming and sound work. The opener, "Summerstorm," as well as "All We Leave Behind," both feature the melodic vocals of Mileece, a long time collaborator whom Olivier met while studying sonic arts in London. Other guests include beautiful vocal performances from Chan Marshall (Cat Power), Lou Barlow (Dinosaur Jr), and Camille Clavier; with drummer Adam Pierce (Mice Parade/Dylan Group); and orchestral arrangements by Johannes Malfatti, performed by the Babelsberg Film Orchestra in Germany. A perfect integration of the electronic and acoustic, this album reflects a labor of love well worth the time and effort it took to make it. *CT*



EZEKIEL HONIG
Scattered Practices
Microcosm Music

There was this thing called the Mad Scientists' Ball a couple months back ago. It happened in a big, empty loft with a big, round, all-encompassing, plastic bubble. People sat, drank, chatted, and made nice. Ezekiel Honig played music, and everyone felt like they were floating in the serene hum of chatter and space — even though they were in the middle of New York City. What was it like? Try this: bring a boombox into your bedroom. Then stuff pillows into your windows and up against the crack at the bottom of your door, so you can't hear anything from outside. Make a blanket fort like you did when you were a kid. Bring the boombox into the fort. Put on *Scattered Practices*, and lie down. The crackling samples of something unknown will magnify the light that slips through the stitching of the sheets and covers. The droning keys will fill up all the empty space in the room. The bassy pops and clicks will tap on your chest. And soon, you'll float away — into the hum of chatter and space. *JC*

have you." "Nuff said. "Upgrade" is a little reminiscent of Fat Jon's ground-breaking work with Five Deez, but the addition of Styrofoam's soft-spoken vocals add an element of style that's thematically congruent to the rest of the record, while "Scream It Out" is a high-energy head-dipper with a robotic broken-beat, and one cheerfully delivered Styrofoam line: "You can scream it out." The remainder of the record retreats into aloofness with "The Middle" and its sense of sadness reflected in an infectious chorus. This retreat continues with "Generic Genes." Though higher in tempo, it still carries an air of unsure wondering. In the Grade Period mix of "Upgrade," the album dives with finality into a pool of ethereal echoes and loosely structured guitar lines that seem to float overhead and carry you off into whatever dreams might follow. Any fan of Fat Jon already knows that everything he does is golden, but together with Styrofoam, the creation of The Same Channel further demonstrates a drive to push boundaries and produce music that is like nothing that has preceded it. *AM*



GLUE
Catch as Catch Can
FatBeats

There was a period of time several years back when collegiate Midwesterners nearly dominated my hip-hop landscape. These were the guys who were winning battles, playing local all-age shows, and (gulp) posting on the message boards I read. Though years have passed since I have purchased a Copywrite CD (did I ever actually like this guy?), Glue's album *Catch as Catch Can* plays like a distillation of what I enjoyed most about this unusual subset of rap music. Despite the heady aspirations of the lyrics, a great deal of attention is also placed on making these songs, well, rock. These aren't club bangers by any stretch, but Maker's crunchy drums and ear for motion would be sure to rock just about any b-boy battle. DJ DQ's scratches, coming from ISP school of helicopter intricacy, are impressive yet utilized with enough restraint so as not to distract. The closest there comes to being a weak link lies with the MC. Having seen Adeem (said Aye Dee Em, if you didn't get the memo) win Scribble Jam a couple years back, what impressed me most was his use of syncopation and propensity for actual flow (something sorely lacking in just about any competitive rhyming). Though the lyrics on the record are creative and sincere, I expected more rhythmic dexterity and an effortless feel to the rapping. That said, *Catch as Catch Can* has a lot to offer; more than enough to yield increasing appreciation upon repeated listens. The album's ability to provide depth without sacrificing the immediacy which makes most rap music so appealing is what makes this record work. *SB*



KLAXONS
Xan Valleys EP
Modular

Nonchalance and insouciance are the trademarks of scene figureheads and London's Klaxons are no exception. Modular's newest signings don't seem to care if their effusive cut and paste spazz-out melodies—I use that word loosely—are easy to listen to or even marginally consistent, which is exactly why their debut EP is a pleasure to absorb. Try to wrap your head around what would happen if tantrum-like vocals were thrown in a blender with detuned post-punk guitars,

ubiquitous rave sirens, and then sped-up to happy hardcore proportions. Yeah, that's the warped reality of the Klaxons. Music papers are already pretending indie (or neu) rave is a bona fide genre. In truth, the music is pretty much the sonic equivalent of a mental meltdown... but strangely I love it. It's innovative, not derivative of formulaic guitar rock in any way whatsoever, and reminds me of when The Prodigy was still good. The standout tracks on *Xan Valleys* are "Gravity's Rainbow" (a song which tends to sound better in the anthemic remix by labelmates Van She) and the quasi-psychotic "Atlantis to Interzone." All produced by James Ford, the man behind Simian Mobile Disco and the Test Icicles, who was reportedly too avant-garde for the Arctic Monkeys (although he did a few tracks for them). "Your name's not down, you're not coming in," a deranged boy screams over clashing drums on a brilliant cover of Kick Like a Mule's "The Bouncer" — evoking not just the snobbery of the elitist party circuit, but also the rampant recreational drug use. Allegedly the trio ingested MDMA (what year is it again?) before shooting the video for "Gravity's Rainbow," which features them clutching naked babies to their hairless chests. Klaxons are as zeitgeisty as it gets, but in a fun sparkly way. Whistle posse pump it up! *RD*



ADRIAN KLUMPES
Be Still
The Leaf Label

This album reminds me of when my bonsai tree was dying. Adrian Klumpes is the pianist/keyboardist for Triosk, whose *Headlight Serenade* album quietly became one of my favorites of the summer with its refined, abstractedly post-modern nocturnal explorations into the hinterlands between jazz and electronica. A plangent, autumnal, unresolved search for an elusive peace, *Be Still* is a more sombre, serious affair, less concerned with the conjuring of imagery than it is with the distillation of conscious awareness itself. Minimalist yet swelling with emotion, the album's central aesthetic is one of restive, rippling, shifting intensity. Recorded in one five-hour session in Klumpes's home town of Sydney, *Be Still* ebbs and flows between temporary reconciliations and uneasy, unflinching, liquid tension. At times, it almost swoons with grief and pain, at others it reaches too-fleeting, haunted half-calms of wistful respite. Its heavy reverb and splintering effects shimmer and slide spectral chords, digitised tones and grasps of harmony from Klumpes's piano over and across each other with subtle focus and restrained intricacy: it sounds to me like shards of glass reflecting bright, pure light in deep, dark water. Crepuscular, ethereal, almost crystalline in its detail, the music, says Klumpes, is "about honesty; concentrated awareness, a commitment to follow the idea through without hesitation or pretense." Powerfully introspective without a hint of melodrama, this is moving, masterful, modern music, and a more than worthy addition to The Leaf Label's remarkable catalogue of genre-defying, breathtakingly creative avant-vanguard artistry. *EH*



ELIOT LIPP
Steele Street Scraps
Hefty Records

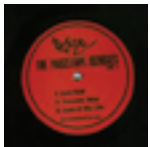
Eliot Lipp's got some funky shit goin' on. Earlier this year, he released his second full-length album, *Tacoma Mockingbird*.

Just a few short months later, he found the time to knock out this sequel EP. Just a little over 30 minutes long, the 10 songs on Lipp's album are a combination of songs culled from the *Tacoma Mockingbird* recording sessions, along with some that are brand new, some that are collaborations and some that are remixes. I won't lie — putting this album on brought me back to the synth-based instrumental hip-hop of my childhood in the late '70s and early '80s, with some of the old breakbeats and synth riffs he uses, but pairing the old and familiar with his own signature style makes it easy to see why people have been making such a fuss over him. His brand of funky instrumental hip-hop brings together a myriad of musical genres to create a masterpiece of beats that's definitely worth checking. *CT*



NICOLAY
Here
BBE

Dutch producer Nicolay's music has been associated with that of Native Tongue revivalists Little Brother ever since he collaborated with the group's rapper Phonte for 2004's *Foreign Exchange* LP. Despite a lack of contribution from any member of LB, Nicolay's *Here* shows that it's not exactly a comparison he's trying to shake off. The soulful, well-crafted beats have the slap one expects from this camp, down to the familiar snare. The music is melodic, yet bottom heavy, with a lyrical emphasis on everyday life and a down to earth feel. Tasteful interludes, a couple of instrumentals, and several R&B vocalists keep the short album varied, but the greatest revelation here is rapper Black Spade. Featured on the three best cuts, his no-bullshit lyrics and focused flow make one of the more convincing performances to come out of the underground since, well, Little Brother. *Here* is by no means a hack job, nor is it a simple re-tread. But it isn't a step forward either. It is simply a solid record which is likely to satisfy most fans of traditionalist hip-hop. *SB*



PAUZE F. SON OF RAN
Pauzetape: Remixes Vol. 1 Son of Ran 12"
Homegrown Blends

Dilla may be gone, but his legacy is very much in effect. San Diego's favorite sons, the Homegrown Blends crew, prove it with their first pair of 12"s, b-boy fresh out of the box. Whether you're a die hard "head" scouring this scorched earth for rare gems, or a Top 40 type looking for something to warm up the hype, neither will be disappointed when these records slip on felt. Up first is the *Pauzetape Remixes*, which you might describe as a "mash up" if you're the type to pick daisies with a chainsaw, or swat flies with a shotgun. Yes there are rare acapellas, yes they are paired with original beats. Classic new-soul vocals such as Mos Def's "Travelin' Man," Jill Scott's "Love Rain," and Erykah's "Love of My Life" are refixed over Pauze's sweet samples, but the key initials here are TLC, not BFD. Pauze's rework of the latter, for example, manages all the soul of the original, plus adding a string-filled hopefulness that makes you

think real hip-hop might make it after all. Further hope in the ol' boom-bap is found in the second twelve, this time an entirely original match of Pauze's beats and rapper Son of Ran, the dopest MC you've never heard. Fans of acts like the Soulquarians, Little Brother, Foreign Exchange, or Key Brown will not be disappointed by these conscious, conscientious flows, and snap-attack beats. Indeed, any one of the three songs included here, "Rumors," "Song for Survival," and "Infinite Lives" could be the next sleeper hit on your mixtape. The only question now is "When's the LP dropping?" @L



PRESTO
Magic LP
Concrete Grooves

I met Presto back in 2000 in Los Angeles at a small venue on Santa Monica Blvd. where he was putting on a release party for his first project *Concrete Grooves Impressions*. He was a genuine person whom you could tell was all about music and not about fame. I liked him already. He gave me a copy of the compilation and I wore that sucker out. Now five years later he's released a true long player full of crafty, solid hip-hop that's made for contemplating as well as dusting off any stale dance floor. I can't complain about the lack of quality hip-hop music now because there really is a ton of it out there these days, and it's a hell of a lot more accessible now. But there's still a need for melodic song craft that inspires and stimulates the mind and Presto's work does just that. Not that he does it alone; he's very wise in his choice of collaborators and he really lets their talents shine through, which is the mark of a great producer. *Magic* is full of the laid-back stuff that you are familiar with from Presto's previous work, but thanks to fierce vocal delivery and quality writing by Lowd, Kim Hill, In-Q, Raashan Ahmad, 3rd Khind, L Scatterbrain & DJ Mino and others—plus some uptempo block party beats—this album bumps and grinds quite a bit. It definitely represents L.A. (and hip-hop) very well, especially with the reminiscence of "Back in '92" and missing lost friends on "Soloist Virtuoso" (featuring: Sach & LA Jae), and even continuing with a posthumous showcase of the dearly departed DJ Dusk. You have to respect that and the fact that Chris Douglas and his family are all self-taught, self-respected, self-empowering, self-financed and auto-replayed again and again, working hard to make good music and chilled out fare for every lover of hip-hop to enjoy in the really real world. *JW*



SADAT X
Black October
Female Fun Records

Dead man walking. Well, incarcerated man rhyming anyway. On these recordings, Sadat X isn't locked up yet, but his impending sentence has granted him an acute awareness of self and surroundings. He's not getting abstract. There are no metaphors here. *Black October* is that moment of clarity right before the other shoe drops.

The album is a regular beat whore, having been penetrated by a slew of

producers, including Da Beatminerz, Greg Nice, and J-Zone. The title song, produced by hip-hop heavyweight DJ Spinna, features a surprisingly tender ambient vocal melody drifting over a gritty, almost industrial track. A hypnotic background for one of X's more contemplative revelations. Scotty Blanco's "Million Dolla Deal" is fit for a Hova verse, and DJ Pawl of Hangar 18 brings it heavy and menacing with that underground NY electro shit, but my money is on newbie Spencer Doran. Probably the biggest flaw in this album is only allotting this kid a minute long interlude.

Collaboration-wise, Dot X has stuck relatively close to home, tapping familiar heads like Lord Jamar and Money Boss Players, even doing a track with Brand Nubian (though it lacks some of the intoxicating jazziness of earlier recordings). At this point the Dotfather isn't revolutionizing the game, only reasserting his place in it. He is both random and systematic, pensive and relaxed, wary yet optimistic, running the lyrical gauntlet as he recounts major news events from the June 28th *New York Post* (it's legit, I checked) and later tells an opportunistic lesbian to back up off his girl. For anyone who's been wondering about his side of the handgun incident: check out the final track. No beat, no rhyme, no bullshit. *DJDS*



OTTO VON SCHIRACH
Maxipad Detention
Ipecac Recordings

My liver digested my brain. Otto sampled it. The resulting soundbyte can be found on *Maxipad Detention* along with other sonic oddities such as squelches, slurps, blips, glitches, moans and belches. All of the above is digested and regurgitated, then mixed with elements of gabber, grind-core, gangsta rap and Miami bass. The album is a collection of tracks from a 28-song demo hand-selected by Mike Patton, former Faith No More/ Mr. Bungle frontman and Ipecac Records owner. Its effect on the listener is similar to that of Mr. Bungle's, stimulating the imagination and assaulting earlobes with a barrage of unique and original sounds. The first sign that you are a fan is if you may begin to think that your garbage disposal unit malfunctioning makes for a great sample rather than a household dilemma. Repulsively named, "Tea Bagging the Dead" starts off a 54 minute journey into the disturbing and twisted world of Otto Von Schirach. "Trick Snitch", a personal favorite, dissects the dancefloor while a sadistic robot declares repeatedly "car jacks and drive-bys." The rest of the album is arranged by means of structured chaos, twisting and turning, sloshing towards its conclusion. Go to the desert, stare at the stars and listen to this music. You may never be the same. If you like *Maxipad Detention* and are a fellow sound designer you may also want to check out "Otto," a 4 GB collection of instruments released by Fixed Noise and Native Instruments. It may be easier than experimenting with kitchen appliances. *WH*



SUBTLE
For Hero: For Fool
Lex Records

Bound by no genre necessarily, the odd-man-out 6-squad that is Subtle deliver in *For Hero: For Fool* the illmatic of their career. A 10 song swirling micro-masterpiece finds front-man Adam "Doseone" Drucker following cues into an electronic-music abyss. Consistently scaling the incline of anti-convention, Subtle

appraise modern avant-pop and ob-scura-throwback-rap for its rawest values, recreating all along the way (If I may be so liberal to quote the Great Sadat X from his 1996 song "Stages & Lights," Subtle will effectively "take your suggestion, no question, and flip it. Add to, then get bad to it"). Of course, Dose proved himself as a superior emcee years ago (and on here it's "Midas Gutz" that only reiterates this point further); embraced and shunned for his uncharacteristic take on being a rapper, the guy's done his tenure in the underground. Diligently devouring the game to move up, out and beyond. While his lyrical contemporaries have toiled in comparison, Dose's upwardly mobile artistry has not only flanked the varied projects with production-partner Jel (the undoubtable Guru & Primo of avant-pop) but branded them into something nearly uncatagorizable.

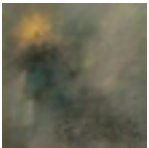
For Hero: For Fool channels Gary Numan ("Call to Dive") as much as it does The D.O.C., which in turn births a mash of cultural innuendo so surreal it would run circles around their commercial (commodified) comparisons à la Radiohead or Coldplay. Leaving major landmark group as such just sounding, well, sort of exhausted. Songs like "No-manisland," "The Mercury Craze," and "Middleclass Stomp" amaze in a sonic daze, where Dose's everyman observations share equal platform with the sheer live-electronic beauty that is anything but subtle. *PA*



VIVA VOCE
Get Yr Blood Sucked Out
Barsuk Records

One night in Alabama years ago, at a concert in an abandoned warehouse, Kevin and Anita Robinson met and fell in love. He was a Cure and Depeche Mode kind of guy, while she grew up listening to more classic, guitar-driven rock. Still, they formed a union, not just as man and wife but also as singer and singer, drummer and guitarist, choosing to form their own band rather than keep playing in so-so groups. And thus Viva Voce was born. In *Get Yr Blood Sucked Out*, the band's third album, Viva Voce have refined their individual strengths to explore a variety of sounds.

Anita's voice is soft and lovely, and is complemented nicely by her aggressive electric guitar playing and Kevin's command of the drums. The lyrics are gentle throughout the album, their voices refusing to overwhelm the listener. At times the choruses come off as ironic with some of the ballads, like the catchy "We Do Not Fuck Around." Here, Kevin takes lead vocals, following Anita's easy grace with words and adding keyboard for a sentimental meditation on empowerment. "From The Devil Himself" contains the phrase adapted as the name of album, and is more of an upbeat kiss-off to a failed relationship, complete with a clap-along tract. Viva Voce don't hold back their experimentation, and their efforts offer the listener a unique combination of fuzzed-out rock, pop-rock ballads and deeper sentimental tunes like "Believer." The Robinsons make it all work, crafting a diverse, enjoyable album that is a true labor of love. *MG*



DJ WALLY & DJ WILLIE ROSS
Mrs. Miller's House
theAgriculture

Let's be honest. Supposedly *Mrs. Miller* is a collaboration between DJ Wally and DJ Willie Ross, but I'm pretty sure Krush and

Out Now SADAT X BLACK OCTOBER

The Incredible Highly Anticipated Album!
Featuring Brand Nubian, Diamond,
DJ Spinna, Da Beatminerz, Greg Nice, J-Zone,
DJ paWL (Hangar 18), Spencer Doran + more!



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◀ CULTURAMA 777 DVD

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◀ SPENCER DORAN PUZZLES

(Exclusive iTunes EP + Japanese Exclusive CD)
Female Fun's newest multi-instrumentalist talent continues to cut a new path through indie/avant composition!



RE:UP MUSIC REVIEWS

Shadow each took a hit of acid, watched People Under the Stairs and then geeked out on a laptop for 16 hours. Dropped just in time for Halloween, *Mrs. Miller's House* is a little beat candy for your sack, full of tricks and treats. It is one of a chosen few; a theme album that actually works, largely due to its intricate web of samples. DJ Wally's infatuation with sampling is evident and goddamn ingenious. The instrumental arsenal of this project is eclectic to say the least. Epic horns, organic folk guitar, a shamisen, Yiddish clarinet. It's *Fiddler on the Roof* meets *Jack the Ripper*. They have an uncanny knack for choosing samples that would sound cheerful in their proper context, however their application here is so perverse it's eery.

More than once this album inspired me to nod not only my head, but my entire torso. I almost fell down in the shower. This shit bangs. Originally a hip-hop head who's been spinnin wax for over 16 years, DJ Wally knows how to drop a fat beat. DJ Willie Ross' drum&bass leanings have schooled him proper in the art of hitting you in the face. They also manage to slide in some downtempo tracks that are just soothing enough to lure you back into the rocks. This album is a natural extension. It draws on the inherent darkness of the genre and runs with it like a bat out of hell. If I had a haunted house I would put this album on repeat and watch people shit themselves. For now I'll just enjoy it in the privacy of my own home. But not without first shutting the windows and locking the doors. *DJDS*



CHRISTOPHER WILLITS
Surf Boundaries
Ghostly International

San Francisco's Christopher Willits has made music with such grand artists as Matmos, kid606 (under the name Flössin), and Latrice Barnett (whom you might have also heard singing over the blunted beats of Handsome Boy Modeling School or with funk band Galactic). *Surf Boundaries*, Willits' first solo full-length off Ghostly (though check for his North Valley Subconscious Orchestra project as well), doesn't sound like any of those artists, but don't fret because this is still a tasty piece of morning toast. With comparisons to Four Tet's and Caribou's char-grilled art of fusing electro's glitch with rock's distortion, I can't say that there's a "sound" that's all his own, but Willits manages to craft a perfect soundtrack for a brisk Autumn day. Bittersweet like being under a blanket with the heater off, songs like "Colors Shifting" and "Green and Gold" are a perfect swirl of atmospherics and rhythmic patterns to tuck you in for a nice afternoon nap... with crazy-ass dreams to follow. *ET*



ZERODB
Bongos, Bleeps & Basslines
Ninja Tune

ZerodB's new album is full of exactly what is needed in these times of super-dull, formula-following music. If you like samba, hip-hop, jazz, dark, dirty basslines and heavy and hot drums then you will love this disc. The duo—Chris Vogado and Neil Combstock—are not the first

to mix up styles, but currently they are doing some of the freshest combinations that I've heard in some time. You've got distortion, noisy textures and samples, plenty of percussion, banging 4/4 drums on some joints and heavy breaks on the others—hell, there's even a Sunday afternoon, slow-tempo vocal ("Sunshine Lazy") that will cure any hangover after a weekend of heavy stomping. Besides the aforementioned lazy track, standouts are plentiful. If had to pick some favorites I would say numba one has to be the title track, which is a peak-time party monster for anyone who likes jazz, techno, rumbling bass and clickety-clackity percussion. They like hip-hop too, and it shows through two quality tracks. The first, "Know What I'm Sayin'?" is a politically charged, pop-culture-referencing sign of hope that if ZerodB could get a hold of hip-hop made in the U.S., then we might actually like what is played on the radio again. The second is "Anything's Possible," which really sounds like some solid Philly funk and the vocalist/MC sure sounds a lot like Bahamadia and even a little like Jean Grae. Regardless of the mystery of the players' names who play along with our ZerodB heroes, they've all done a damn fine job on the debut album, and should be proud to be part of such a solid release. *JW*



VARIOUS ARTISTS
ESL Remixed
Eighteenth Street Lounge Music



&
THUNDERBALL
Cinescope
Eighteenth Street Lounge Music

Remixed is a re:celebration of the variety of tracks that have emerged from the ESL Music camp of talent with a host of artists throwing their own twist of lemon to these top shelf audiomartinis. This is the 100th label release (yes, they have been bangin' 'em out for a while now) and gives a hopeful look at the possibilities to come. A combo of organix and electro-nix from the get go with a live-ish band render bender from Shawn Lee's take on Thievery's "A Gentle Resolve," and more of the human touch later on with Medeski Martin & Wood while reshaping Karminsky Experience. Fort Knox Five bumps up an already bumpy Chris Joss track, Nickodemus adds a low-pro pile of percussion to Thievery's "Supreme Illusion," Boca 45 splashes more vodka into Thunderballs' "Stereo Tonic," and Skweewiff spreads more jam onto Ursula 1000's already jammy "Boop." The lineup also displays Quantic, Louie Vega, Beatfanatic and other skilled rethinkers to these musical thoughts. The hands-down-feet-up standout is the hardcore electric hustle of "Chick-a-boom," thrown down with vengeance by Chris Joss. Picture a song that those huge bad-ass metal dudes with the red blinking lights from old school Battle Star Galactic would break dance to when they're not doing the bad-ass thing. Check it and crank it 'Joss' he nails it.

Cinescope is the resurfacing of the funked up submarine captained by Thunderball. Their third full-length off ESL gives us an idea of what they've been up to with the noise of their Fort Knox

Recordings label the past few years as the influence is felt, although this album is straight up Thunder ridden. For fans of their 1st two releases (*Ambassadors of Style* & *Scorpio Rising*), you'll get a blend of both on this, but more like a progression from swanky drum and bass to funky drum and breaks. It's as if they are taking a slightly different path to the same slick party. Good but different and more on the *Scorpio* side than the *Ambassadors* side with subliminal messaging from the Fort Knox juke box. Also, just when you think sitar is played out, Sid and Steve have Rob Myers twangin' it correct (as usual) followed by a bass bomb and a gypsy twirl on the opener. They move on to a plugged in organic beat for "Electric Shaka," featuring big time Afrika Bambaataa with a robotic MC effect(rawbot?). The cleverly appropriate titled "To Sir With Dub" gives you a sweeping subtle bass melody with mini orchestral echoes while "Chicachiquita" gets your sweaty dream on with a samba-stepper. We also get a few tracks with Mustafa Akbar of 'Heart of the Hustler' fame tossing verbals at some nice-guy horns as well as a refreshing mixup of additional talent throughout including Roots and Zeebo of See-I (Zee has been busy on the mic on past Thievery tours as well as on the dance floor at the Eighteenth Street Lounge when the RE:UP crew decks out the decks in DC). The tracks are full of brass stabs, snare cuts, vocal slices, and dubbed out funky scrapes stitched together the way you hoped their new release would be. We can't really say we come back since they haven't been out of the music loop, so instead how 'bout it still sounds solid. *CM*



VARIOUS ARTISTS
Peanut Butter Wolf Presents Chrome Children Mix CD
Stones Throw Records [adult swim]

The Stones Throw guys kind of remind me of the drama kids in High School. Pejorative associations abound, but it's actually what makes *Chrome Children*, a group effort with contributions from most artists currently associated with the label, so much fun. Here are a bunch of talented folks with a serious work ethic, no particular interest in what's going on in the much larger field around them, and a constant drive to be unique and fun at the same time. And it's obviously a clique affair. The inbreeding here is heavy, with most every track involving at least two separate artists from the label, including Madlib, Oh No, Dudley Perkins, Koushik, and Aloe Blacc. Unreleased contributions from the late J Dilla make the record a bit top heavy, but it's a cohesive yet varied affair from start to finish. As off-kilter as these tracks can get (including joints from spaced out loner Gary Wilson and Baron Zen, the new wave/punk alter ego of label head Peanut Butter Wolf), maintaining a requisite amount of funk never leaves the agenda. Simply put, just about everything on here knocks. And while there may be a couple of sideways glances from some of the more institutional elements in rap music, this degree of fuck-it experimentation without losing sight of the bump at the heart of hip-hop is enviable from just about any standpoint. *SB*



VARIOUS ARTISTS
Fabriclive 29: Cut Copy
Fabric London

Just as Cut Copy the band create sounds that wander somewhere between the dance floor at the discotheque and the

oil-stained concrete floor of your neighbor's garage, the mix they produced as latest addition to the FABRICLIVE series finds itself traversing the same musical neighborhoods. Reading through the track list, it becomes clear very quickly that Cut Copy have capitalized on the artistic liberties they are granted in being appointed the "mix masters" of FABRICLIVE 29: their band's name appears four times throughout the album! Fret not, though; this album is anything but an exercise in shameless self-promotion. On the contrary, it is a mix so infectiously danceable that you might just find yourself asking the next DJ you see to trade in his records so that you can single-handedly jump start the party with Cut Copy's magical ass-shaking powers.

For FABRICLIVE 29, the boys of Cut Copy have skillfully selected new songs by the über-hip elite of new wave and electronica, including New Young Pony Club and MSTRKRFT, as well as older (but certainly not "old") tracks like "Angel Eyes" by Roxy Music and Ursula 1000's remix of "Your Retro Career Melted" by The Faint. These, along with the juxtaposition of Who Made Who's dirty, grungy synth sounds and the candy-pop beat of Daft Punk's "Face to Face," deftly personify the breadth of Cut Copy's musical palate. The mirror-balled production on the songs by In Flagranti and B.W.H. pay serious homage to the classic dancefloor anthems of Blondie and the Bee Gees, making you wish you had been the proud owner of a fake ID during the heyday of Studio 54.

The only pitfall of this album comes about during its final two tracks, which elicit the exact same emotional response you get when your wild dancing frenzy is interrupted by the lights coming on and your horrifying realization that last call has ended and the club is about to close. Lucky for you, though, this machine-funk party recommendations very easily with the simple push of "Play". *JR*



VARIOUS ARTISTS
Fabric 30: Rub N Tug
Fabric London

In addition to IK7's DJ-Kicks series, the string of DJ mixes Fabric has been putting out is definitely some of the most diverse and exciting stuff out there. Things get rolling on this disc with a nice vocal remix of Röyksopp's "What Else Is There" that kinda thumps along with a bass-laden, DFA-style beat on repeat, then, once Curtis McClain and the House drops "Let's Get Busy" with conga and diva piano in the mix, you know what time it is. The house vibe continues through Gary Martin's "Turkish Tavern," then things swerve into late-night delirium mode with punches of anthemic synths and disembodied vocals. Occasionally things get a bit too monotonous and slightly rave-y for my tastes, with not always enough interesting going on to latch on to, but then a song like Nemesis' "L'Asteriode" perks up with its echoing strings and heavy throb and you know it ain't over. By the time Ame comes through with their clicky dance floor shuffle "Ame," followed by Mocky's blissed out "Catch a Moment in Time," it's time to push rewind and do it again. I haven't had the chance to attend a Rub N Tug party yet, but if this is a reasonable approximation, sign me up. The songs on the disc sometimes bump into each other instead of blending smoothly, but they add up to a pretty exciting mix of electro-funk, disco-house goodness with a slightly dark edge always lurking nearby. Nobody's trying to change the world here. It's just about fun. Got it? Good. Now get off your ass and dance! *KM*



MATTHEW AFRICA & DJ ELEVEN
Dirty Raps: The Best of Too Short
The Rub

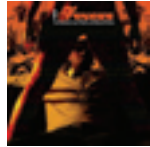
First off, you know this is THE official when you got our man Too Short doing drops on the mix. Secondly, hide your children AND your bitches. Chalk this one up as the best CD coming from The Rub camp. I know *It's The Motherfucking Remixes* are great and all, but let's be real... This is TOO SHORT!!! We've had a couple Too Short CDs come thru this way before, which were good, but this one takes the blue ribbon for the depth of the collection and the mix skills that are ever present in Eleven's work. When I say 'depth,' I'm speaking more in terms of some tracks that Matthew Africa and Eleven unearthed that I've haven't heard in quite some time and completely fell off my East Bay radar. But after a listen, I'm running back to my mom's basement, trying to see if I still have some of these gems. As expected, this CD is carried by a nice ensemble of mash-ups, remixes and guest appearances, all on some classic classic Too Short ish.... Biiiilitch!!! *HD*



JAMES MURPHY & TIM GOLDSWORTHY
The DFA Remixes: Chapter Two
DFA / Astralwerks

We may be one the last in line reviewing this CD (released October 3rd), regardless, this piece of music deserves to take up 32 lines in the RE:UP Review section. *The DFA Remixes: Chapter Two* is Death From Above founder's James Murphy and Tim Goldsworthy's second installment of the label's remix compendium. And to be

honest, these remixes not only outshine the originals, but run like their own songs themselves. Which raises the question, what makes a good remix? Is it reshaping and sequencing an existing song, only to add a few tweaks here and there thus making it a little more "DJ friendly?" Or, is it squandering the original, and taking a few bits and pieces and recreating a track from the deconstructed mess? I guess it's the opinion of the remixer, and how much the song needs to get fucked with. *The DFA Remixes: Chapter 2* takes advantage of already heralded songs and makes them better, which shows the genius in Murphy & Goldworthy's ears. Included are remixes from dance music staples Tiga and Junior Senior as well as reworks of N.E.R.D, Chromeo, UNKLE and DFA's own Hot Chip. The anticipation of this remix comp is very reminiscent of a decade ago, when a certain duo released the *K+D Sessions*... a classic to say the least. *HD*



TA'RAACH
The Fevers
Sound In Color

I've recently had the chance to meet one of my favorite designers (see ego trip feature on page 48). My man's been around, designed for just about everyone in the industry, and has a rolodex that is filled with every "need to know" contact. Like the ego article reads, Brent Rollins has even had his feet in the *Do The Right Thing* movie poster (white Jordans, upper right). One might call him the Forest Gump of hip-hop. How is this relevant to Ta'Raach? Well, one might call Ta'Raach the Forest Gump of the Detroit Sound that has long been running, but only up to a few years ago, been on the

mainstream map. Ta'Raach, previously known as Lacks (Lacksidaisycal), has done his time in the studio, and is now ready to be mentioned in the same category as the Dillas, the Slum Villages, the PPPs and the Frank n Danks. *The Fevers* is a nice Freshman release on the Sound In Color imprint that fits right in there with the aforementioned mentors. The album boast some nice collabs with detroit brethren Big Tone, Amp Fiddler, and Fuzz Scoota, rising MC star Blu, as well as new schoolers J Mitchell, The Beloved, and Cashius King. If you are a fan of the sound, you need to get up with Ta'Raach. *HD*



JEDIAH WHITE
The Evolution of an Idea
Inner Current

Rick at Inner Current hit me off with a link to Jediah White's new album that I can't quite place in the context of instrumental hip-hop albums. Let me say that low BPM, instrumental hip-hop is the shit Hound Dog shuffles his feet to. I've heard a lot of them and still DJ them, basically I fiend for them. And after hearing pretty much that whole style, *The Evolution of an Idea* is something fresh that restores my fondness for the loop. Like early Prefuse taking hip-hop to experimental, Jediah takes the break to a more soul, feel-good side, yet breaking up a lot of the standard monotony with quick cuts, crafty sequencing and tempo changes. Plus, my favorite part is his mastery of the Kanye (or RZA?) chipmunk chorus music technique that always makes a song way more emotional. Hey, if it sounds good, run with it, especially if Kanye can get Grammys and go multi-platinum... *HD*

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REMINTED

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FORT KNOX FIVE REMIXED
Featuring remixes from Mo'Horizons
Soundsytem and Kraak & Smaak (FKX008)

THE NEW GOLD
STANDARD REMIXED
Featuring remixes from Ursula 1000,
and Nickodemus (FKX009)



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RE:UP's BUMP IT OR DUMP IT

Soooo much shite is sent to us. We try to listen to it all. Here are some quick (one listen only) non-disclaiming judgments with ratings provided by song titles of the once youngest in charge, MC Special Ed:

I'M THE MAGNIFICENT (<i>cash in your bonds, get these now!!!</i>)		
Boss Money	Consignment	Boss Money Ent.
DJ Krush	Stepping Stones: The Self Remixed Best	Sony
Jackie Mittoo	Wishbone	Light In The Attic
Junior Boys	So This Is Goodbye	Domino
Lyrics Born	Overnite Encore: Lyrics Born Live	Quannum

I GOT IT MADE (<i>worth the dolo</i>)		
Brazilian Girls	Talk To LaBomb	The Verve
Culturama	Culturama 777 DVD	Female Fun
Darc Mind	Symptomatic Of A Greater Ill	Anticon
Forro in the Dark	Bonfires Of São João	Nublu
Future Pigeon	The Echodelic Sounds of Future Pigeon	Record Collection
Henrik Schwarz	DJ-Kicks	!K7
J-Zone	To Love A Hooker	Old Mail
Dooley O	Still Gotcha EP	S.O.D.
Laurent Garnier & Carl Craig	The Kings of Techno	BBE / Rapster
Love Is All	Nine Times That Same Song	What's Your Rupture
Nobody	The Remixes 2000-2005	Plug Research
Pigeon John	...And the Summertime Pool Party	Quannum
Plus Device	Puncture	Hefty

THINK ABOUT IT (<i>will still make a nice gift</i>)		
Beat Kings	The History of Hip Hop DVD	Nature Sounds
Benni Hemm Hemm	s/t	Morr
Bonobo	Days to Come	Ninja Tune
Dani Siciliano	Why Can't I Make You High 7"	!K7
Danielson	I'm Slow But I'm Sloppy 7"	Anticon
Dosh	The Lost Take	Anticon
Freddie Cruger	Soul Search	Raw Fusion/Ubiquity
Guther	Sundet	Morr
Honeycut	The Day I Turned to Glass	Quannum
Jimposter	Amour	Freerange
Rena Jones	Driftwood	Native State
kid606	Pretty Girls Make Raves	tigerbeat6
Kill The DJ	The Dysfunctional Family	Discograph
Lindstrom	It's a Feedelity Affair	Feedelity
Lovett	The Breath of New Color 12"	Lovett
Mark Ronson & Nick Catchdubs	Radio Radio MixCD	Not on Label
Pete Rock	Underground Classics	Rapster
Psyche Origami	Get Gassed-Up 12"	The Standard
Relay	Still Point of Turning	Bubblecore
Science Faction	Bmore Gutter Music	Breakbeat Science
Spanky Wilson & The Quantic Soul Orchestra	I'm Thankful	Tru Thoughts / Ubiquity
Squarepusher	Hello Everything	Warp
Steve Bug	Bugnology 2	Poker Flat
Sweatheart	So Cherri	Tone Arm
TM Juke	Forward	Tru Thoughts / Ubiquity
Voice	Gumbo	Featherperm / Public Transit
Wax Poetic	Copenhagen	Nublu
Zion I & The Grouch	Heros In The City of Dope	Om HipHop/Live Up
Various	Fear of a Digital Planet	VinylRepublik
Various	Morrow Choral Orchestra	The Designed Disorder
Various	Rio Baile Funk: More Favela Booty Beats	Essay

TAXING (<i>maybe... if you see it in the used bin</i>)		
A.G.	Get Dirty Radio	Look
Bashton & Adrock	Promo 12"	Mischief Corp.
Busdriver	Kill Your Employer 12"	Epitaph
Drop the Lime	We Never Sleep	tigerbeat6
Kenn Starr	The Starr Report	Halftooth Records
Emily King f. Notorious B.I.G.	Walk in My Shoes 12"	J
K-1	The Kingdom	Arena Rock
Pacebo	Meds	Astralwerks
the1shanti	India Bambaataa	Flatbush Junction
Science Faction	UK Grime	Breakbeat Science
Thumbtack Smoothie	Fall Back	Quake Trap
Various	More Plush	Kriztal

IT'S ONLY GETTIN' WORSE (<i>spend your \$\$\$ on a RE:UP subscription and thank us later</i>)		
Main Flow & 7L	Flow Season	Brick
Tall Paul	The Beat Technique	Koch
Faithless	Renaissance	3D

RE:UP BOOK REVIEWS



BLK/MRKT GALLERY ONE (*Die Gestalten*)
Anyone who pays a smidge of attention to art and design is familiar with BLK/MRKT. Even Eddie Turbo, who could care less about the field, has frequented by the gallery. BLK/MRKT ONE celebrates the gallery's legacy of hosting both well established artists as well as discovering unknown talent destined to permeate the art world. Contemporary artists include Deanne Cheuk, WK Interact, Dave Kinsey, Jose Parla, Evan Hecox, Tiffany Bozic, Ben Tour, Doze Green and many many more. (P)Leather bound and stunning. A must have for any artbook collector. — *The Hound Dog*



J. PENRY CASTLES AND CHRISTIANS *G.Hava {Press}*
Castles and Christians marks the first release of G.Hava {Press}, the new publishing division of the highly respected GHavisualagency previously known as Graphic Havoc. The book is a lovely exposition of New York illustrator J. Penry. Great ink portraits of subjects that are comical and disturbing at the same time. It feels as if they were sketched out at the spur of the moment upon J. getting the idea in his head. I can't quite tell if the meaning transcends this crazy world we live in or if J. is just stoned. Either way, cool drawings that are worthy of being published. A great pick for G.Hava {Press}'s first release, limited to 1200pcs.

RE:UP GEAR REVIEWS



40H *by Monome*
It seems as if there is a lot of buzz around a certain reconfigurable grid of 64 backlit buttons encased in a brushed aluminum box. The name might not hit you as the hottest piece of gear you probably didn't know you wanted, but the environmental conscious people of Monome have finally crafted it for consumer use. It's a variation of Daedelus' preferred implement of live musical deconstruction "The Box" and the 40h has MPCs everywhere feeling grey with button envy.
Situating in the city of brotherly love, the small collective of Monome are working hard establishing the market for short run custom electronics. Based on the much larger prototype currently gaining wide notoriety with Daedelus as he tours the world, the smaller 8" x 8" 40h is a beautiful piece of artwork as well as a durable companion for any laptop setup seeking a live performance tool for total artist control of their musical expression.
Void of any distinguishing marks or logos, the 40h is sleek and attractive right out of its post-consumer brown paper wrapping. About the size of a Mac Mini, the 40h fits unobtrusively almost anywhere with a recessed USB port ready for either Mac or PC connectivity. Applications span all forms of media and data and the 40h talks serial, midi, and open sound control. It is this open source, open sound control that separates this from any proprietary gear currently in your rig and allows for total control and utilization of the 40h in your own personal way.
Bound only by one's creativity, the 40h has buttons that can be configured as toggles, radio groupings, sliders, or organized into more sophisticated systems to monitor and trigger sample playback positions, stream 1-bit video, interact with dynamic physical models, and play games. The correlation is established by each application.
I suggest checking out the demo videos for a view of some of the 30 open source applications currently available ranging from step sequencers to more advanced live motion samplers. The most attractive application seems to be Mapd, facilitating communication between 40h and existing commercial software such as Ableton Live, and Logic Audio.
As a catalyst in the creation of a community shared musical exploration, Monome.org provides an informative environment where users can gather and exchange ideas, troubleshoot and talk shop about the 40h. Desiring to make more devices pushing open-endedness in design, and to facilitate community exploration, the Monome project is not content sitting idle while the 40h gains appreciation.
Currently working on future devices which directly communicate in OSC, (a flexible networking protocol, worlds better than midi), Monome hints that the notorious 16" x 16" 100h will see the light of day and should not be underestimated. With the versatility of the 40h we are seeing the beginning of some very good things not only from Monome but the community that has already embraced them. — *Jesse Henderson*

RE:UP GAME REVIEWS



PREY 2K Games (*Xbox 360, PC*)
Awesome. Prey starts off in a dive bar! I put Ted Nugent on the jukebox (you really can), played video Black Jack, and got into a brawl. Of course aliens had to invade and beam me onto their ship before I could even get my drink on. Jerks. Prey is an all out first person shooter with slick innovations. Walking on walls and shooting alien scum sounds like fun (it is)? The weapons are creative, and the game uses the Doom 3 engine (geek translation: it looks hot). Pick up a gun, take down the aliens, and hopefully get back to the bar before last call. It's a journey worth taking. — *Rob Shepherd*



NHL 2K7 2k Sports (*PS2, PS3, Xbox Xbox360*)
To be honest, I don't know much about the hockey. To boost the fun factor I pretended NHL 2K7 was actually "PONG 2K46." Instead of two players trying to hit a white dot past each other, you actually use a "puck" have "teams" and use something called "strategy" to survive in the post-apocalypse. I love future Pong! NHL 2K7 boasts improved player animations, expanded controls, a cinematic mode, and a soundtrack by Sub Pop Records!? - all at a budget price. Also, expect sexier visuals on the PS3, and XBOX360 versions. A fun title best played with a few snow-chilled Molson Ices by your side. — *Rob Shepherd*

(Dave 1, cont'd from page 22)

to co-host, they quit and it became my show. It went from being French rap to being the first indie hip-hop college radio show in Montreal. This was before I was in college, I was still in high school during the show. It was Saturday afternoon from 4 to 6PM, so the whole city listened. We broke mad records.

"I remember going to New York sometime in '96 and going to Fat Beats. The night before I heard [Funkmaster] Flex play 'Tried By 12' [East Flatbush Project], I bought it at Fat Beats the next day. Bought 'IJUSWANNACHILL' by Large Professor, which was called 'Hundred Dolla Bill' when it came on a white label. I premiered it on my radio show, and people would know all the words to those songs a month later. I was like, that's because of me."

The Rubadoids ended in 1996, by '97 Dave and Alain put full-focus on Obscure Disorder and their label Audio Research. A-Trak had won the DMC World's by this point. Life was moving fast for the brothers. With no studio of their own, he recalls their earlier recording process: "There were three dudes with a sampler in the whole city [of Montreal]. I had to go to the studio with some guy that had equipment and you'd bring your own records. When I think about it, this is how Mobb Deep used to do it on *Juvenile Hell*. We'd go to the guy's house and go "Aight, loop this. Aight cool, gimme some drum sounds. Program it like that." We'd rent 3 hour blocks, and in that 3 hours I'd make the beat, my brother would have to do the cuts and the guys from OD would have to rhyme. We timed it by 50 minute increments, we were broke you know, we were kids."

From boys to men, the Macklovich brothers are undoubtedly still in the game, they've just accelerated to new levels. With A-Trak on permanent Award Tour-status (along with his pending solo production album, which big bro D-1 lent a considerable ear) and Dave as equally focused on his teachings at Columbia University (he's a French Lit professor) as he is on the upcoming Chromeo follow-up (*Fancy Footwork*), things couldn't be looking better. "We're such outsiders, my brother and I. We're so thankful we've been made part of this culture in a way that everything we do is paying tribute, paying tribute, paying tribute," he says, but shit ain't all praises and hi-fives. Dave still feels as though he's had to defend his lil bro through their successes. "I've got a lot of issues now with

(Carlos Niño, cont'd from page 26)

work the land and feed their families due to the constant threat of ravenous developers—they know the meaning of difficult.)

With projects as diverse as the hip-hop instra-breaks of Ammoncontact, the au naturale musicianship of the Hu Vibrational project (where the music is created completely with hand-made acoustic instruments), and the savage beast-soothing therapy that is Life Force Trio's *The Living Room*, you would think that someone so ambitious as Niño would be looking forward to big mansions, shiny cars and elevated, ass-kissed producer status. But obviously this is not what Carlos Niño is about and it's most definitely not what drives him.

"I just do what I feel from my heart," Niño explains simply, "My approach has always been to relate to people musically like I would in a conversation, with encouragement, compassion and creativity." And regarding young people and the question of whether or not they can be reached in these dark days of substance-free, Top-40, MTV-infected noise pollution, Niño offers an open-ended option, "The music will always reach people that are listening."

Many people are doing just that through the

avenues of his weekly radio show *Spaceways* (on L.A.'s KPFK 90.7FM), live performances, full-length albums and one-off releases. He has been involved with radio since the age of sixteen, putting together his own concerts early on by combining artists that, in his mind, we're naturally supposed to perform together. "It all came from the idea of taking my radio show live. Putting Gil Scott-Heron and Brian Jackson with Dwight Trible and Kamau Daaood, *Brainfreeze*, Saul Williams, Yusef Lateef, all of it, in mini-festivals."

As far as the *Spaceways* program is concerned, the agenda of Carlos Niño seems to be one that is simply about love and a sense of duty to the music and the people who create it. "I take the responsibility of being on the radio very seriously. I have made it a point to represent and further inspire my peers with the show," Niño explains detailing its importance, "It's a great honor to be able to do it, I always felt a calling to listen, support and create music."

Spaceways is a major connection in the lineage of his creative work since his first productions were realized by having Dwight Trible as a guest and subsequently turning that opportunity into an early and very rare release: Dwight Trible & The Oasis of Peace

where's he's at. Every article I read its like 'A Trak is the coolest kid ever, despite turntablism. He's so cool, but don't get it twisted this ain't no scratch nerd bullshit.' Why is it that he has to carry this weight, this heritage of the scratch-nerd that all of sudden he needs to be embarrassed of? Right now my brother has to dispel that whole myth and next time around it'll just be A-Trak for who he is."

Same goes for his celebrated duo Chromeo. While they remain an underground-pop fav, they've still had to show and prove a bit along the way. *Fancy Footwork* finds the two in their comfort zone, unaffected by the overt-praise as well as any hardrock-grimacing. "I have no shame in saying that [the next Chromeo album] is '80s- sounding-derivative-fun music. That's become our niche, I don't have to apologize for it. If you don't think New Edition and Rick James are genius, if you frown on that shit, then you're not gonna like it. But if you like that stuff, then we do it with a new twist, coz we're white dudes. And we're funny. And we look like we're characters. There's a part of irony in it, but I don't see it that much, coz I'm too busy trying to geek out over 'Yo, I got the same synth sounds as Jellybean!'" He pauses, with genuine reflection matter-of-factly states, "It's just us, it's just us. We're a weird cult band and we're happy that way. It's more now about writing cool songs with cool lyrics, more than 'lets do a joint with Cameo-sounding drums.' It took its own shape now."

Dave's a pure music enthusiast, up on things, a collector and a long-standing industry fixture (We don't even need to go into the fact he's been the hip-hop anchor at *Vice Magazine* since its creation in Montreal). Yet, he's never become gassed on his own presence. "I don't need to be somewhere else unless it happens organically. I don't need to be on the radio, or to have a big crossover hit. I don't have that much time anyway. I don't do this for a living, and it's cool too because it's made me like hip-hop in a more free way. Before it was like, oh shit have you heard *Show & AG Full Scale*? Oh word, let me hit the lab now. Now I listen to hip-hop for the first time from a fan's perceptive, not from an involved producer's perceptive. I like a lot of cheap beats, I like a lot of weird awkward beats that I would of frowned on before because its like 'Oh my God! You sampled the "Impeach" drums? Are you nuts?" Now, I don't give a shit. I'm happy now." [A]

Live on All at One Point released on cassette only in 1997. The radio experience is also what brought him into contact with Dublab where he ("after a little investigation into what Frosty was all about") became a daily part of the lab with a show and as an organizer of events and outreach projects for the station. Frosty used to listen to Niño on *Spaceways* and when he started dublab.com in '99, Niño was asked to be one of the resident DJs on the station.

With the amount of production credits Niño has amassed since 1997 and now with his hand in such a diverse assortment of rich projects from the heart, you would think he would go insane trying to keep up with so many releases. "I plan and don't plan," he comments about making it all happen, "I can do it all because I've minimized the non-essentials from life, like working at a job I don't love, or going out to get my energy sucked by vampires at a party. I work on about five projects at a time. Probably more like ten."

More recent completed works from Carlos Niño: the new Build an Ark full-length, the new Hu Vibrational LP on Soul Jazz, a production on Mia Doi Todd's new record with partner Miguel Atwood-Ferguson, and Miguel's debut LP. Keep 'em coming. [A]

(Showalter, cont'd from page 44)

Michael Ian Black and Eugene Mer-man, respectively). Upon his decision to make the shift: "It's been great; it's been a totally new experience. I love performing for an audience and I'm just figuring that out now."

Watching Showalter as a stand-up is an interesting experience, as his work up to this point has been more group-oriented and diligently peppered with subtleties in its writing, while his stand up is raw, crude and free of most form. Observational in its tone, he maintains a seemingly truer-to-life identity than his sometimes fumbling onscreen characters. He continues, "I'm always writing stand-up comedy. I'm looking more to create a one-man show. I'm taking it very seriously; it's something I'd like to get great at, [but] I'd never be the guy in the comedy club with his sleeves rolled up."

When not on stage he's been teaching in NYC at The Pit (The People's Improv Theatre Company), and is in the early developmental stages of a competitive sketch comedy reality show for MTV (what he describes as "*Project Runway* with sketch comedians. Trying to find the next *State*, the next *Kids in the Hall*, the next *Monty Python*"). For the former Professor Showalter says, "It's less about me teaching them about what I've done and more about helping them write their material. An assignment would be, 'Write the first 5 pages of your movie.' I'm also talking at length about the tools of screenplay writing. There is a craft there and I'm discussing it. A lot of my days I look at my students' work; I don't grade it but I read it and I comment on it and I give notes. And I have office hours. I'm teaching classes 6 hours a week."

Regardless of the medium, when the message is one of veracity in art there are no challenges in documenting it. Showalter isn't a lone ranger in his field, but he is one of a small community, a testament of the pay-off in risk in comedy. While his work has countless moments of ridiculous humor and unparalleled goofiness, and even though he has been at rule-breaking status for quite some time now, Showalter is still "very fascinated by the structure of a screenplay, the structure of how to tell a narrative. The various tools and secrets that go into telling a narrative script. To me, screenwriting is all about the outline. The actual draft is the final piece of the puzzle, which you basically have to do with 3 act structure, plot points and inciting incidents and the whole structure of key moments in a screenplay that keep the audience interested. It's

really the basic concepts of how to tell a story and that goes back to Aristotle and Shakespeare."

From *The Baxter* and *Wet Hot* to writing for television in *Stella* and *The State*, to the live nature of his off-the-cusp stand-up routine, the deconstruction of 'Michael Showalter, Comedian' leaves the remains of the true comedy personified. That's better than a rapper story any day. All done! [A]

For tour dates and more info on

Michael Showalter:

www.MichaelShowalter.net

and on MySpace at

myspace.com/michaelshowalter

The Stella DVD is out now, The State episodes have just been released on iTunes, The Baxter and Wet Hot American Summer are both out on DVD. All are worthy of purchase.

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CHOCOLATE CITY

A 10 year retrospective by host Garth Trinidad

photo Jessica Miller

Perhaps it's my scatterbrain Pisces nature that bleeds every passing moment into a deep blue haze. If it weren't for increasing musical knowledge, evolution and maturation of style, I would doubt my ability to separate one year from the next. Time truly flies when one is blessed enough to enjoy making a passionate living. In 1996 I was asked to join the coveted ranks of deejays who enjoyed the freedom of midnight hour programming on KCRW. The very first *Chocolate City* would prove to be a test of character. It was Friday night at 2:59 AM with no sign of my 3:00 AM relief. The dependable butterflies in my belly shook and made time stand still as I thought hard and cursed in the dimly lit basement studio. I hit 'Play' on a 7 minute soul jam and fumbled hurriedly into the music library, snatching up any recognizable title I could think of to prepare for the next 3 hours. That night a deejay saved lives with 6 hours of blackness. The inauguration of *Chocolate City* remains a historical underground moment in KCRW history, even if it's only me and a few insomniacs who recall.

Back then the playlist featured old dusties to new crispies from The Ohio Players to Outkast, Rufus to The Roots, Billie Holiday to Blackalicious. The sound was consistently soulful, but in retrospect, limited in its scope (although broad to the average listener). At the time my resources were spent trying to justify college loans as an illustration major, and I found my piece of mind in the evenings listening to air savers like Carlos Niño [see page 26], T Love, DJ Dusk, and Jason Bentley. These cats, along with other jocks like Tom Schnabel and Liza Richardson, helped put me on a path to higher music education. They opened my eyes to a life-changing world of music discovery. Through the haze there are moments in a decade defined by a single song that RE:UP asked me to share...

Chocolate City is described as a "progressive mix of soul, hip-hop, and world rhythms." The funny thing is this L.A. radio show, running 10 years strong, actually IS progressive. If today's mainstream 'JAM'N' hip-hop & r&b' poo-poo has got you down, crank the dial to 89.9 on Saturday evenings (that is if you're a So Cal native, it's also available worldwide on kcrw.com) and soak in the upper echelon of future soul. Runnit selecta!

1993 MASSIVE ATTACK "Unfinished Sympathy"

Although I'm leaving out all joints pre-*Chocolate City*, this gets an honorable mention. I was on a date peeping Sharon Stone getting busy with Billy Baldwin in the film *Sliver* and this unbelievable jam was accompanying their fornication. I immediately got the soundtrack and was hooked. Massive's sound at the time was a clear example of how hip-hop and dub affected the modern U.K. sound – sample based, melody heavy, raw future soul. Once I heard Jason Bentley drop it, I requested it like a maniac stalker. It's easily one of my top 10 of all time.

1996 MAXWELL "Dancewitme"

I was at Virgin Records at a listening booth and Maxwell's debut joint was on sale for \$8.99. The cover was fresh, so I posted up and listened. When I got to "Dancewitme" I kept hitting repeat.

1997 SYLK 130 (a.k.a. King Britt) "Seasons Change"

This is one of the most played songs on *Chocolate City*. The song sounds like it could've been a Sade jam, but Alison Crockett just melts the mic- a very emotional, exquisite piece. With this record King Britt helped me see that the show didn't have to be all about classic material and rare groove. It helped me believe there was a new generation making progressive soul music that I could support as well.

1998 JILL SCOTT "Slowly Surely"

Former Jill Scott manager Tony Rice used to come by the house and chill, playing me jams from Jill and some other artists on the come-up. "Slowly Surely" was unfinished and no matter what I said, he wouldn't leave it with me. Months later, I heard Gilles [Peterson] drop it and I drove to the label and wouldn't leave until they gave me a copy.

1998 ZION I "Inner Light"

When I copped this 12", it didn't leave my bag for almost a year. I was proud that some West Coast cats were venturing off into unknown hip-hop territory and doing it with such finesse. Although the joint is a monster drum and bass jam, there's a soulful thread reminiscent of Adam F's "Circles."

2000 VIKTER DUPLAIX "Manhood"

The ever talented, globe trotting, supa-sultry brotha from Philly, telling it like it is. This was a breakthrough for dance music at a time when things began to wane into staleness. Along with cats like Bugz in the Attic and Jazzanova, Vikter helped breathe new life into dancefloor rhythms.

2003 DJ CAM VS CAMEO VS J DILLA "Love Junkie" [remix]

Like one of the memorial T-shirts says, J Dilla changed my life.

2004 SA-RA "Glorious"

Los Angeles-based turntable killer DJ Kaleem featured this on one of his flawless *Body & Soul* mix CDs. Before that I'd been hearing about these cats SRCP [Sa-Ra Creative Partners] but had no idea they were in my own backyard. 100 some odd joints, remixes, and cameos later, I still can't wait to see what they do next.

2006 RHYTHM ROOTS ALLSTARS feat. Aloe Blacc "Calypso Music"

This jam is a modern classic with that heavy heavy monster sound. It's also an example of what KRS called edutainment. The Allstars lay down a slamming live calypso groove and Aloe gives a genre history lesson. I've been playing it all year and little did I know the joint was not available anywhere. After various calls and emails from frustrated listeners, I contacted some folks and hopefully persuaded talks of an actual release. 📀



es Presents
RE:UP Subscriber Mix CD 03
CITYFIED
Mixed by Garth Trinidad

- | | | | |
|---|--|----|---|
| 1 | TERRY DENNIS
<i>Sunshine</i> | 7 | BLACK SPADE
<i>Say So</i> [Mad Villain Mix] |
| 2 | J DAVEY
<i>Mr Mister</i> [remix] | 8 | ALOE BLACC
<i>Exclusive Drop #2</i> |
| 3 | ERIK RICO
<i>Wonderful</i> | 9 | ISWHAT?
<i>Writers Block</i> |
| 4 | ALOE BLACC
<i>Exclusive Drop #1</i> | 10 | STEVE SPACEK
<i>I Wanna Piece of Your Love</i> |
| 5 | TRE HARDSON
<i>Life is Sweet</i> | 11 | JIMI JAMES
<i>Roleplay</i> |
| 6 | DONNIE
<i>Atlanta Child Murders</i> | 12 | TITA LIMA
<i>A Conta do Samba</i> |

