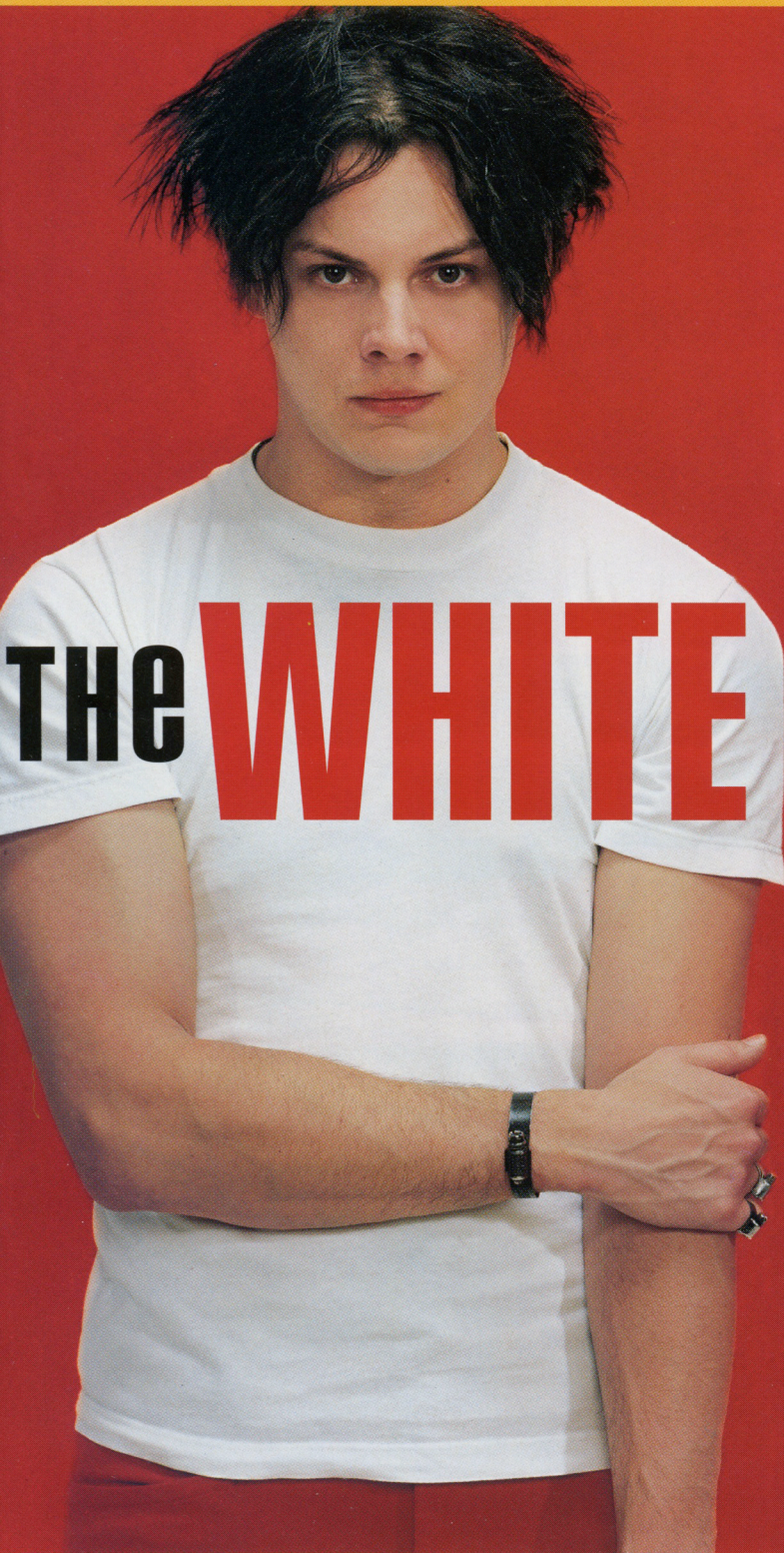


ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

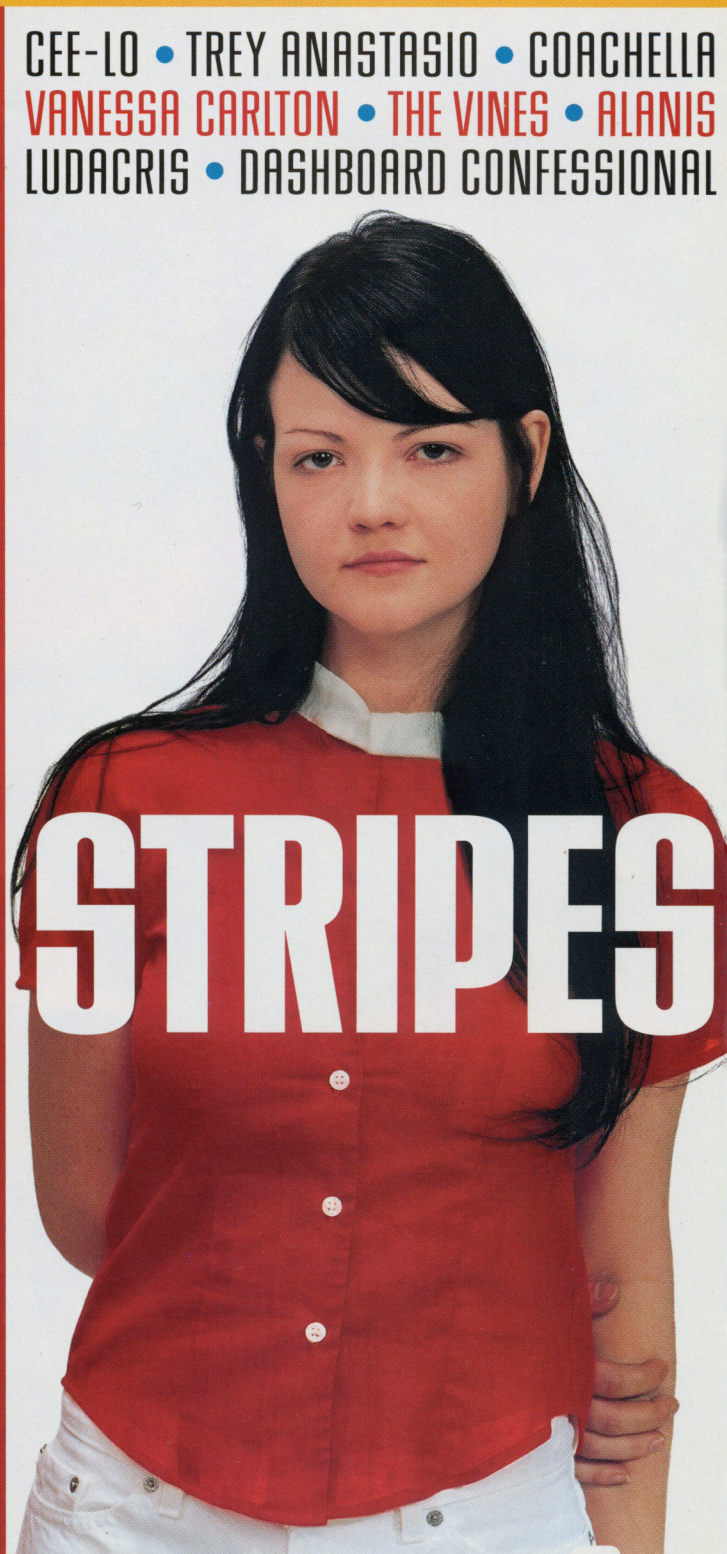
# Listen This

05.2002

MORE MUSIC, MORE ATTITUDE, MORE SOUND ADVICE



## THE WHITE



## STRIPES

CEE-LO • TREY ANASTASIO • COACHELLA  
VANESSA CARLTON • THE VINES • ALANIS  
LUDACRIS • DASHBOARD CONFESSIONAL



# ROCK

# climbers

\*OH, HOW COULD WE NOT?

inclined to like your garage down and  
dirty? the white stripes are  
the top of the heap. ●●● BY TOM SINCLAIR



“WHERE ARE YOU, Don Ho?” ● Jack White is scanning song titles on the jukebox at the Norwalk Bar in Hamtramck, Mich., a working-man’s watering hole in the grimy, downtrodden Detroit enclave. It’s hot—April’s first 80-plus-degree day—and Jack’s in black: suit,

shirt, bowler hat. It’s a getup that prompts the crusty barkeep to ask, “Did you just come from a wedding?” Although he looks out of place amid the Norwalk’s Sans-abelt-pants-and-polyester-shirt crowd, Jack was a regular here in the days—only four years ago—when he ran a nearby upholstery business. ● Right now,

he’s miffed. “They used to have it on here,” he snorts in disgust, turning from the jukebox. ● “Sorry, Meg,” he says to his diminutive musical partner, “no ‘Tiny Bubbles.’” ● She shrugs. “It’s a new era.”

FROM THE DESK OF DON HO

TO: Listen2This  
FROM: Mr. Ho  
RE: The White Stripes

“Blues-punk rock! My son is 15 and he really love them. All these punk rock groups—the Foo Fighters, Green Day—that come to Honolulu always stop by and say hello. They’re nice kids. Sort of like these kids, I’d imagine.”  
*Don*

WHITE STRIPES DOSSIER

**NAME** Jack White (né John Gillis) **INSTRUMENTS** Guitar, vocals, keyboards **AGE** 26 **HOMETOWN** Detroit **PARENTS' OCCUPATIONS** Maintenance-man dad, secretary mom **YOUTHFUL OBSESSION** WWII. "I was a big Army freak from when I was 5 or 6. I almost joined the Marines, then I got scared 'cause the sergeant came to my house. I just changed my mind instantly."

**NAME** Meg White (née Megan White) **INSTRUMENT** Drums **AGE** 27 **HOMETOWN** Grosse Point, Mich. **PARENTS' OCCUPATIONS** Same as Jack's, she insists unconvincingly **YOUTHFUL OBSESSION** Country music

**DISCOGRAPHY:** *The White Stripes* (Sympathy for the Record Industry, 1999); *De Stijl* (Sympathy for the Record Industry, 2000); *White Blood Cells* (Third Man/V2, 2001)

A new era. The phrase hangs in the air like a poignant snatch of feedback, echoing many people's hope: that the White Stripes are heralds of a dawning musical era in which passion, not fashion, reigns supreme. Let's face it: Rock & roll—the real stuff, the kind that shakes your nerves and rattles your brain—is in short supply these days. Watching MTV or listening to the radio is an exercise in self-abuse: teen pop to the left, mook metal to the right, and an appalling mass of overproduced mediocrity in the middle. Here, at last, is a duo that's *doing it right*: stripping things down to the primal spuzz, kicking up a racket that's an inspired mix of electrified Delta blues, Zeppelin riffage, Velvet Underground thud, and MC5 firepower. With hooks, yet.

And, against all odds, it's catching on.

"Well you're in your little room/And you're working on something good/But if it's really good/You're gonna need a bigger room."—"Little Room," the White Stripes

Let us pause to consider two rooms. Concert halls, actually.

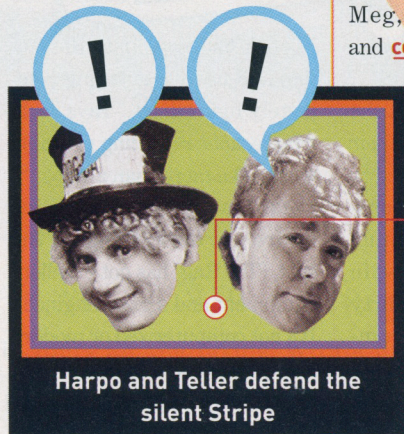
MEG'S GRANDMA'S CORN SOUFFLÉ

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 16 oz. can of creamed corn
- 1 16 oz. can of corn niblets
- 1 box of Ritz crackers, chopped
- 1 egg

Mix creamed corn and niblets together. Chop crackers into little bits. Mix some of the crackers into the corn with an egg. Mix the rest of the crackers and spread on top. Bake like a casserole for 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Says Meg: "It's awesome; the egg makes it solid and the crackers make it crunchy. Really good comfort food."

At New York's Bowery Ballroom, April 8, the Stripes—just Jack on guitar, Meg on drums—are winding up their sold-out four-night stand with a white-hot 90-minute set. The place is packed with hipsters. You can't turn around without bumping



into one of the Strokes or, incongruously, Bette "Wind Beneath My Wings" Midler. Everyone is doing the boho bop—that is, standing stock-still.

Flash forward six nights to Michigan State University's Union Ballroom, in East Lansing. A convulsive throng of Midwestern college kids are moshing, sloshing, crowd surfing—even occasionally cracking heads. Juiced by the volatility, Jack caps off the encore by whipping his guitar around his neck, stopping short of a full-fledged Townshend destructo-bash-arama, before setting the instrument on stage, where it emits ear-piercing feedback shrieks.

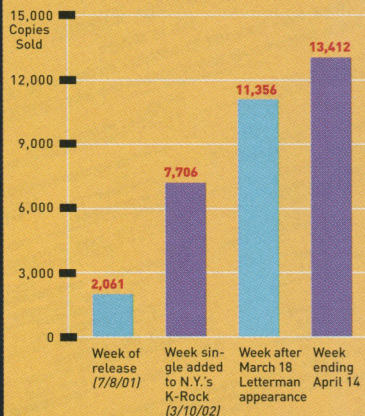
Pounding back a couple of beers in the Norwalk the day after the Union Ballroom ruckus, Jack is in an expansive mood, holding forth on everything from the power and primacy of the blues to Captain Beefheart. Meg, onetime bartender and **cook**, and now the Stripes'

deadpan, low-energy (like, *really* low-energy) tub-thumper, seems to adhere to the dictum "**Never speak unless spoken to.**" Demurely smoking Camel Lights and downing bourbons and water, she listens attentively, content to let Jack do the jawing.

He professes—some-

what disingenuously—to be nonplussed by his band's eruptive success. "It's funny," he muses about *White Blood Cells*

SALES-O-METER™



**unexpected growth spurt** and MTV's Buzzworthy rotation of the band's **LEGO-maniacal** "Fell in Love With a Girl" video. "Either we're doing something right at the right time, or everybody's been tricked."

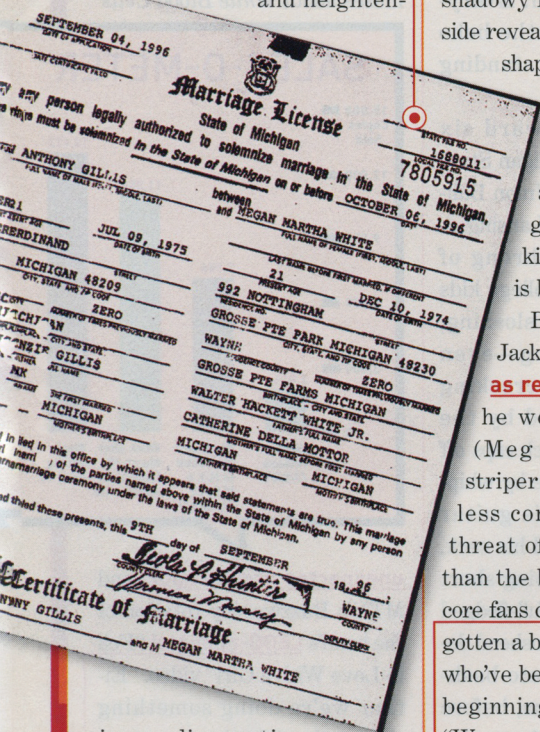
For all the visceral authenticity of their music, the White Stripes know



a thing or two about trickery. From the start, part of Jack and Meg's self-created mythology has been that they are brother and sister. Tell it to the judge. John "Jack" Anthony Gillis and Megan Martha White were married on Sept. 21, 1996, and Jack assumed his spouse's last name. They divorced in 2000. But just try getting them to admit it.

"We had the same parents," smiles Meg coyly, when asked

how her folks earned a living. And despite **rather persuasive evidence to the contrary** and heighten-



ing media scrutiny (the hoax was exposed in *TIME* magazine last June, then recently turned to fodder on Page Six of the *New York Post*, and even in the ultra-ungrungy *New Yorker*), they're sticking to the sibling story. "We will be brother and sister till the day we die," Jack says, bristling.

Their stubborn refusal to fess up is starting to seem as risibly misguided as a Puff Daddy remake of "Sunshine of Your Love." The stonewalling is all the more puzzling because they saw the media attention coming. The front cover of *White Blood*

**FILM FACT** *White Blood Cells*' "Hotel Yorba" plays a key role in a scene in *28 Days Later*, an upcoming movie from *Trainspotting* director Danny Boyle.

*Cells* shows a nervous-looking Jack and Meg surrounded by menacing, shadowy figures; the flip side reveals those sinister shapes to be jockeying paparazzi.

It's all about "what kind of attention is good and what kind of attention is bad," says Jack.

But even if Jack's face winds up **as red as the pants** he wears on stage (Meg is the candy striper in white), he's

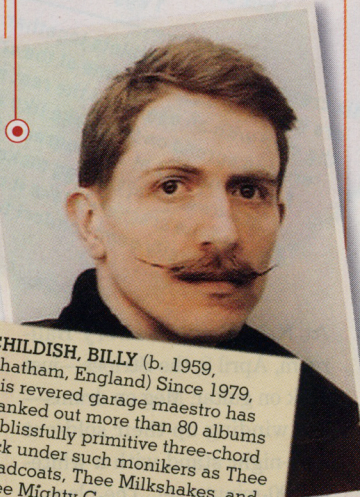
less concerned about the threat of career derailment than the backlash from hardcore fans crying **sellout**. "We've gotten a bit of that from people who've been fans since the beginning," Jack admits. "We were their secret band and they're upset because they're losing us.... People look at things in a weird way. They'll look back on the Rolling Stones and the Who and say, 'Those bands were cool, they were rock & roll, they weren't pop.' But those bands sold millions of records. I mean, it's like if you're on television now, people go, 'Oh, they're selling out.' But the Rolling Stones and the Beatles were on TV all the time, on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, no less, and it was *cool*."

Those who fret that the Stripes are changing their colors will be heartened to hear that they're recording their fourth album, *Elephant*, right now, in typically down-and-dirty fashion. On the recommendation of their new buddy, the prolific British garage-rock cult hero

## FIVE MORE WHITE AND RED THINGS WE LIKE

- 1 Santa Claus
- 2 The University of Maryland Terrapins
- 3 Campbell's Soup
- 4 The Canadian flag
- 5 Wine

**Billy Childish**, they've booked time at Toe Rag Studios, an old-fashioned analog facility in London, England.



**CHILDISH, BILLY** (b. 1959, Chatham, England) Since 1979, this revered garage maestro has cranked out more than 80 albums of blissfully primitive three-chord rock under such monikers as The Headcoats, The Milkshakes, and The Mighty Caesars. Essential listening: *The Headcoats*, *Elementary Headcoats: The Singles 1990-1999* (Damaged Goods)

"I don't like to go [into the studio] and have everything completely figured out," says Jack, who reckons recording probably won't take more than a week. "I like to have it really rushed and figure out everything on the spot. [Toe Rag] has got excellent equipment and a good engineer. It's not computerized or modern in any sense. Just an 8-track studio with all of the things that are good about recording and none

of the things that are bad."

The Stripes hope to have *Elephant* in stores by fall, and also plan to release a second CD that'll compile their backlog of non-album 45s. After playing some European dates, they'll be back Stateside in late May for a West Coast tour. Somewhere in there, Jack plans to produce albums by fellow Detroit garage-rockers Whirlwind Heat, and the Greenhornes, a devastatingly convincing white soul act from Cincinnati, for possible release on his own label, Third Man Records.

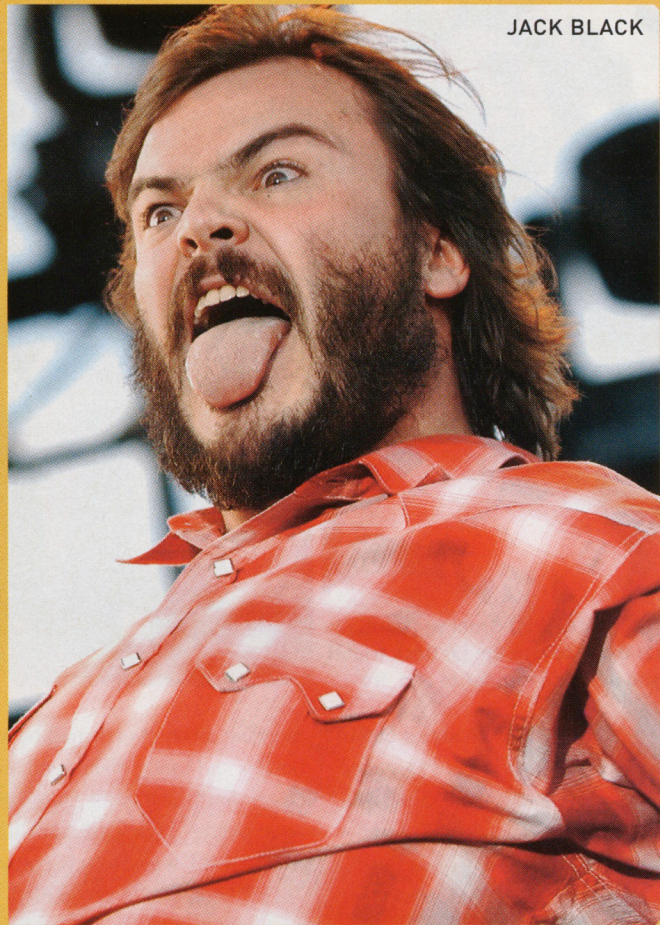
Dazzling audiences, winning new fans, and reveling in total artistic freedom, the White Stripes are in a position most musicians would cut off a finger to be in. Still, Jack confesses there's a corner of his soul that just can't be satisfied. "My real dream is unattainable," he sighs. "I wish I could be a blues musician back in the '20s and '30s, just playing in juke joints **in the South** by myself. But I'm white and I was born in Detroit in the '70s, so I guess I'll have to settle for this." Doesn't sound like a bad trade-off to us, er, "brother." ■



THE PRODIGY'S KEITH FLINT



JACK BLACK



# droolworthy

FANS SAY 'AAH' FOR COACHELLA'S JAW-DROPPING ARRAY OF ACTS • by BRIAN M. RAFTERY

➔ THERE ARE 78 ACRES of evergreen- and palm-tree-framed land at the Empire Polo Field in Indio, Calif., and if you stand at the right spot—just left of center in front of the white tent that anchors the field—you'll start hearing things: the insistent throb of a bass beat. The call-and-response gusto of a crowd-friendly MC. And the chest-rattling fuzz of an overamped bass guitar.

It's an overwhelming aural assault, but a natural by-product of the third annual Coachella Valley Music and Arts Festival,

a two-day (April 27 and 28) lolapalooza 125 miles east of L.A. that lured 70 bands and nearly 55,000 sweat-soaked fans.

"The desert's all about freaking out and playing music," says Dave Grohl, who did double duty over the weekend, playing drums for Queens of the Stone Age one night and fronting Foo Fighters the next. "It's about renting a generator and a five-gallon tank of gas and telling everybody there's a party out in the hills." Take that sun-stoked attitude—a far cry from the dirt-slinging frat shenanigans of

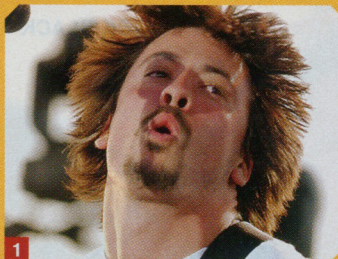
Woodstock 99—combine it with Coachella's genre-hopping lineup of rock, hip-hop, and electronica, and you've got plenty of memorable musical moments, as Listen2This discovered.

## ≡ DAY ONE ≡

**12:00pm** As the gates open, a parade of early arrivers staggers in. Within minutes, the front of the main stage is transformed into a Sioux nation, with about a dozen Siouxsie & the Banshees pale-faces (sartorial requirement: stockings, white makeup, and a

frown) setting up camp even though the Goth goddess won't appear for another 7½ hours.

**1:05pm** Before most fans can make sense of the sprawl—in addition to the main stage there's an outdoor theater and a pair of rave-friendly tents dubbed Mojave and Sahara—hip-hop's Princess Superstar kicks off the weekend with a bawdy, beat-heavy set. The crowd eases into the unofficial Coachella '02 dance: head nodding, foot stomping, and sporadic fist pumping.



1



2

**ALL'S HAIR** (1) Grohl wigs out; (2) Björk covers up; (3) Beck (right) and a Stroke wander to and 'fro



3

3:29pm

To stand out in this PG-rated crowd (the flesh flashing that made Woodstock 99 a boobs-and-booze free-for-all is hardly encouraged), it helps to wear an ensemble made exclusively of ivy and undies, as “Eve and Eve” (Fresno gals Teresa Hale and Meagan Makinson, both 21) find out when their getup becomes a photo-op fave. “We’re just sharing the vibe,” says Hale. “It’s very positive, very peaceful.” And hot. Seeking solace, revelers baked by the heat retreat to the Sahara, where they shimmy (or sleep) to a set by trance DJs Jimmy Van M & Lee Burridge.

6:11pm

In the VIP area, where everybody looks like the missing sixth member of the Strokes (sunglasses, perfectly mussed hair, indifferent expression), a shaggy Pete Yorn bemoans his lack of a proper sound check, while Kelly Osbourne’s pink coif invites double takes. The nearby artists’ trailer area resembles a rowdy slumber party the

morning after: overturned beer bottles and candy dishes and an Operation board game that has seen better days. Outside this wasteland wanders former MTV VJ Jesse Camp, immediately calling into question the validity of *V* and *I* in *VIP*.

7:23pm

Queens of the Stone Age harshed on the mostly mellow vibe with their in-your-face stage show, highlighted by bassist Nick Oliveri’s striptease to his skivvies. It’s dusk, and the grounds have a distinct *A.I.*-at-the-state-fair look, with tasteful neon displays competing with the garish come-ons of the taco stand.

9:28pm

Beck (a non-performer) and Perry Farrell watch from the VIP area as Björk, clad in what looks to be a large respirating cabbage leaf, delivers a sonic crunch that fan Andy Dick describes as “whales stepping on broken glass—if whales had feet.” (We think he meant that as a rave.) Across the field,

much-hyped Aussie rockers the Vines—in just their second U.S. show—deliver a bratty, brink-of-destruction set, slowing down only for a cover of Out-Kast’s “Ms. Jackson.”

11:09pm

Earlier in the day, Chemical Brother Tom Rowlands, a three-time Coachella vet, worried that “the crowd is a bit too civilized. In England, they’d be passed out by now.” But the Brothers’ beat blast proves a perfect night topper, with their retina-scalding light show struggling to keep the lawn dwellers from snoozing. After all, isn’t that what the long car ride home is for?

## DAY TWO

2:18pm

Did we mention that it’s...*hot*? “My two favorite drugs are sleep deprivation and sunstroke,” Elbow frontman Guy Garvey deadpans in the sauna-like Mojave tent, “and I’ve got a little of both right now.” The crowd certainly looks overheated, clinging to shade like it’s the last brewskie.

3:58pm

With only one EP under their belt, the Mars Volta—featuring former members of beloved, big-haired At the Drive-In—draw rapturous applause with a spastic hardcore freak-out. Ironic white-Afro count: six (not including the band’s).

5:15pm

The Strokes plug in, drawing the likes of Cameron Diaz. “I wanted to see Pink Floyd,” she jokes backstage. “Are they playing tonight?”

7:48pm

Backstage, near the artists’ trailers, all eyes are on tonight’s

headliners, those chemically enhanced, oft-feuding British legends...Pink Floyd! Actually, it’s Oasis, soaking it all in without actually being able to get, well, soaked. “I don’t understand the bit about not being able to drink in the open air,” says Noel Gallagher, away from the show’s fenced-in beer gardens. And how are relations between Noel and his famously ego-addled sibling? “We’ve got two trailers,” he notes dryly. “They’re both for Liam.”

8:38pm

A grinning Grohl, his performance with Foo Fighters behind him, wields the spatula at a crowded barbecue, flipping burgers as the Prodigy rage just a few yards away on stage. “There’s nothing better for winding down after a show than stoking up a grill and cooking for your friends,” says Grohl, while his mother preps patties in his nearby tour bus. “It makes this more like a keg party than a rock festival.”

9:55pm

It’s late Sunday night when Oasis mount their hits-heavy set, and though the crowd is notably thinner—it’s a workday tomorrow, after all—the view from the side of the stage is spectacular, with Diaz gyrating, Jack Black entranced (by the band, the *band*), and a smattering of stone-faced industry types attempting to look sufficiently rocked. And as pooped partyers make their way back to the parking lot, they carefully step over those still lying on the grass—the late-night holdouts whose eyes are closed but whose ears are at attention till the very end.

■ (Additional reporting by Missy Schwartz)



**Listen2This** Since you're calling from the set of your next video, "Ordinary Day," maybe you can tell us what an ordinary day is like for you.

**Vanessa Carlton** These days, an ordinary day is a *day*, [a non-stop] 24 hours. There's no night-time—anywhere. It's nonstop. Now, I'm not complaining. When I started out four years ago, we were in a different cycle of music and it wasn't based around organic playing, so I know what it's like to be working hard, with no one noticing.

**L2T** Alicia Keys told me a similar thing. For years there's all this work that nobody sees, but because you're young, there's this illusion that you've just exploded onto the scene.

**VC** It's funny you mention Alicia Keys, because I had the same situation as she did, where people don't quite understand you [at first]. That was a huge problem getting a recording contract. There was no consideration or appreciation for what I was trying to do. It was like, they see a body, they see a face, I'm a girl, so it's like, Well, it's cookie-cutter time. And it's usually a bunch of middle-aged men who don't even know necessarily what they're doing.

**L2T** Which is weird, because up to that point you were assuming, These guys know what they're talking about. They're pros. Right?

**VC** Exactly. It takes a lot for me to listen to someone. I mean, you have to be pretty qualified. I'm not just going to sit there and take it from some bulls--- executive.

**L2T** Your sound has been compared to Fiona Apple's and Tori Amos'. How do you feel about those comparisons?

**VC** Well, I think it's the Piano Girl Group Syndrome. It's like, Well, she plays the keys and she's intense and a little too dramatic, so of course she's the same. I really look up to [Apple and Amos], but we're all different. I'm sure they wouldn't want to be put into one happy identical group either, because we're not.

**L2T** What about the comparison to the new wave of young female performers, like you and, say, Michelle Branch?

**VC** Yeah, well, now you can even get into the long-brown-hair thing. Guess what? We both have long brown hair! I mean, she's young too, and I respect her because she plays an instrument. But I have to have a bit of faith that the American public isn't going to assume we are the same because we both have brown hair. I just have to have that faith.

**L2T** You were a waitress at an Upper West Side joint in New York City for a while. Can you remember any of the specials?

**VC** Oh, no, I *hated* waitressing and I wasn't very good. So as I'm sitting here right now and the bugs are biting me and I'm thirsty and filming is stalled, I'm like, Come on, Vanessa, at least you're not memorizing the specials and having cheap customers walk out on you.

**L2T** Have you been back to the restaurant to gloat?

**VC** No, but I was in a restaur-

ant yesterday having dinner with my sister and "A Thousand Miles" came on and I had this combination feeling of wanting to hide under the table and at the same time stand on top of it.

**L2T** In the video for "A Thousand Miles," you're seated at this piano that's being pulled by a truck, and there's an owl perched next to you. What's with that? You're moving so fast. How did the owl hold on?

**VC** Oh! [Laughs] One of his feet was tied to a perch that was nailed to the piano. We were going about 25–30 miles an hour and I was belted down, so I kept shouting "Go faster! Go faster!" because I'm an adrenaline junkie. And Gizmo was just like, "Uhhh." It was this great moment for me: Here I am being pulled along while playing a piano that an owl is s---ting all over. I was like, I have *arrived*.

**L2T** Have you considered that if "A Thousand Miles" gets big in Europe, you might have to convert into kilometers?

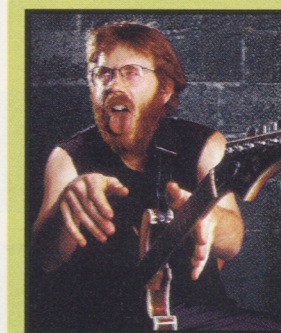
**VC** [Laughs] I didn't think of that!

**L2T** Well, I've converted it for you. A thousand miles is approximately 1,609 kilometers. Will you sing that for me?

**VC** [Sings] "I'd walk one thousand six hundred and nine *kil-o-meters* if I could just see you...tonight..." [Stops] You know what? If they don't understand it, they're just gonna have to deal, because I'm not changing it. Uh-uh. I'm not changing a thing.

## S.A.T.'S FOR ROCKERS

Trey Anastasio, you've got 15 minutes...



1. Complete this sentence: As a good-faith gesture, the record label \_\_\_\_\_ the band's contract. (A) terminated (B) renewed (C) lost  
Lost. Definitely lost.

2. TREY is to PHISH as... (A) boys are to girls (B) guitars are to amps (C) Zappa is to Sinatra

Uh...what kind of question is this? Uh...well, it's not A or C. I'd say "as Tweedy is to Enron." Yes, E! "Tweedy to Enron"!

3. Billy has \$40. He can take a bus to town to go to the record store and take home two CDs. Or, he can go online and wait three weeks to get three CDs. Or, he can swap MP3s with his friend Ted and keep his money. What should Billy do? Are these Phish CDs? If not, Billy should swap MP3s—and go out and get drunk.

4. You recently appeared on an episode of *The Simpsons*. What is the best *Simpsons* episode ever? Oh, oh, oh! This is easy. "A Streetcar Named Marge." That may have been the best *TV show* ever.

5. Really? I'm partial to the one with Lurleen Lumpkin. Ohmigosh! [Wistful pause] That was *sooo* good. —WK

## PROPS DEPARTMENT

**Ludacris**, the dirty south's funniest rhymester, sends love to ncs who paved the way



"Growing up, I was listening to Run-DMC and folks like Scarface and Eightball & MJG from the South. And me just being an entertainment-crazed person, watching all kinds of comedy, all of it came together as one. The first rap record my pops ever bought for me was UTFO's 'Roxanne, Roxanne.' I was like 5 or 6, and ever since then, I knew this was what I wanted to do. Also, I loved Kurtis Blow, 'If I Ruled the World,' and 'I'm Bad,' by LL Cool J, all of that." —ES

## UNDER MY THUMB

**Dexter Holland** gave us the finger, hand analyst Char Lynn Ford gave us the dirt



**POTENTIAL FOR THUMBING RIDES** "Um, yeah, the people he would meet and the experiences that he would have doing something like that would be incredibly positive for him." **PROBABILITY OF WINNING THE LOTTERY** "It's within his realm. He came to earth to be incredibly successful." **PREDISPOSITION TO HAVING OFFSPRING** "That I can't tell from the thumbprint." —ES

## Q&A nobody's FOOL

Another brown-haired girl?! To break from the pop-star pack, piano-pounding thrush VANESSA CARLTON hit the road—literally. BY NANCY MILLER

**WATCH OUT!** VANESSA Carlton may have literally passed you by. While shooting the video for her well-traveled first single, "A Thousand Miles," the 21-year-old

singer-songwriter, an owl named Gizmo, and a baby grand were lashed to the flatbed of a truck and zipped through the streets of L.A. With *Be Not Nobody*, her top-10-bound debut album,

motoring along nicely too, the Mitford, Pa., native slowed down long enough to sound off on record execs, pop doppelgänger Michelle Branch, and the pitfalls of...the metric system.

STYLING: ERIKA SCOTT; HAIR: CHERYL MARKS/GLOUTIER; MAKEUP: KERRY MALOUF/SMASHBOX; DRESS: SUSI; SCARF: VINTAGE; JEANS: JOE'S JEANS

### FAST FORWARD UPCOMING TOURS

**PINK** The pop tart peddles her tunes—plus covers of "Dude (Looks Like a Lady)" and "4 Non-Blondes" "What's Up"—across America.

Orlando, FL 5/18  
Fort Lauderdale, FL 5/19  
Atlanta, GA 5/22  
Hershey, PA 5/25

Wallingford, CT 5/26  
New York, NY 5/28 & 5/29  
Boston, MA 5/31  
Philadelphia, PA 6/1

Washington, DC 6/4  
Cleveland, OH 5/5  
Pittsburgh, PA 6/7  
Toronto, ON 6/9

**INCUBUS** The hippies of nu-metal bring love, peace, and power chords to arenas nationwide, with openers Phantom Planet.

Minneapolis, MN 5/24  
Milwaukee, WI 5/25  
Indianapolis, IN 5/27  
Rosemont, IL 5/29

Grand Rapids, MI 5/31  
Hamilton, ON 6/1  
Rochester, NY 6/3  
Cleveland, OH 6/4

Columbus, OH 6/5  
Hershey, PA 6/9  
Portland, ME 6/11  
Albany, NY 6/12

► For venues, expanded itineraries, and many more concert listings go to AOL [Keyword: Listen 2 This]

# AUTO-BODY EXPERIENCE

Money can't buy love, but it can buy *stuff* you love. Rapper **CEE-LO** weighs in on his biggest possession obsession. by Craig Seymour



YOU DON'T COME ACROSS a lot of bald, plus-size rappers willing to strut their stuff in a white feathered boa, but Cee-Lo is not your average linebacker-proportioned hip-hopper. His wild style—a nod to George Clinton and his winged, diapered, and space-suited P-Funk crew—is a bright, Technicolor flare of individuality in the distressingly homogenous hip-hop world.

On his exceptional new solo debut, *Cee-Lo Green and His Perfect Imperfections*—a post-*Stankonia* blend of bouncy Southern rap, ax-shredding rock, civil rights-era soul, and psychedelic funk—the 26-year-old Atlanta native (born Thomas Callaway) and Goodie Mob member echoes the past and comments on the contemporary. It's the same statement he makes with his sea green

'65 Chevy Super Sport, one of his favorite fixations.

"I PASSED BY AN OLD USED CAR lot one day in 1997 and saw it.... It was covered with dirt, but I opened up the door and the interior was immaculate. I knew I had to have it. It was beautiful, man. I paid \$9,000 for it. It wasn't money I made off of any album. My mother had recently passed, so I had an insurance settlement. I didn't need the car. I just wanted it. Maybe subconsciously I wanted to do something special with [the money].

"When I ride this car, it's about being with the fellas.... I used to drive it through the park a lot. That used to be a Georgia thing, to get your car clean and ride through Maddox Park. I put some hydraulics on the car so it does the jump, the side-to-side, the three-wheel motion. This car is not really for speed. With the hydraulics you catch every bump. It's just for looking good and cruising. I don't play nothing but old music when I'm in there: some El Chicano, War, Marvin Gaye—that whole low-rider vibe.

"Every time I drive it there's an older white guy giving me a thumbs-up.... And you also get that 'hood admiration, like, 'Yeah, that's clean.' *Clean* means *just enough*. It has a little splash of yourself, whether it be color choice or rims. But not over-accessorized to where it's a mess. I don't have to have a Bentley. Honestly, I can't see spending \$350,000 for a car.... This is about having something vintage. In Atlanta, everybody knows this car is mine. It's old, clean, and one of a kind—just like me."

## ASKING FOR TROUBLE

alanis morissette  
tackles a trio of L&T  
readers' queries



**Q.** If you could have an affair with any famous man, who would it be and why?

—Julie Rothman, Cherry Hill, NJ

**A.** I could get myself in a lot of trouble right now.... [pause] I would morph John Lennon, the Dalai Lama, Jon Stewart, and Owen Wilson into one person, because part of me is very spiritual, part of me is a complete idiot, part of me is an activist, and part of me is a fool.

**Q.** Would you ever put out a B-sides album with stuff like "London," "Pollyanna Flower," and "Sister Blister"?

—Tahlia Buccella, Melbourne, Australia

**A.** Yes, around Christmas.... "Sister Blister" will be on there. A lot of the songs I wrote for *Under Rug Swept* didn't make the record, so I'm making an album with those 10 or 11 songs and some others.

**Q.** Do you ever worry that your hair might suffocate you while you're asleep?

—Richard Pering, Torquay, England

**A.** [Laughs] That's not something I've ever worried about, no. But thanks for throwing that paranoia into my brain.

Next month: Rush's Geddy Lee. E-mail your questions to [Listen2This@ew.com](mailto:Listen2This@ew.com).

MORISSETTE: COLIN BELL/RETNA

### FAST FORWARD UPCOMING TOURS

**THE HIVES** The Swede garage rockers of the moment team up with like-minded the Mooney Suzuki for a series of club dates.

San Diego, CA 5/26  
Los Angeles, CA 5/27 & 5/28  
San Francisco, CA 5/29  
Portland, OR 5/30

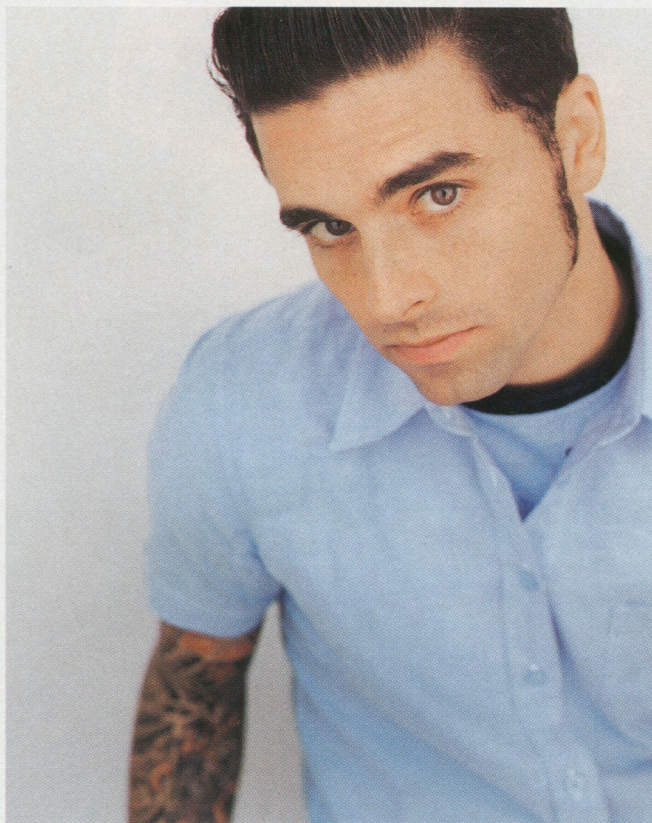
Seattle, WA 5/31  
Vancouver 6/1  
Minneapolis, MN 6/4  
Chicago, IL 6/5

Detroit, MI 6/6  
Cleveland, OH 6/7  
Cambridge, MA 6/11  
New York, NY 6/12 & 6/13

FRESH MEET

# Screams too

Chris Carrabba, **DASHBOARD CONFSSIONAL's** unlikely sensitive type, tenders his credentials as singer-songwriter. by Evan Serpick



**HIS ARMS ARE SMOOTHED** in tattoos. He's prone to shrieking. He's got a punk-rock pedigree. Chris Carrabba—a.k.a. Dashboard Confessional—is not your typical downy-soft singer-songwriter. But to an expanding cult of fans who are turning his live shows into weepy sing-alongs, his songs are as tender as anything this side of "You've Got a Friend."

A lot of friends, actually. More than a year after the tiny indie label Vagrant released

Dashboard Confessional's sophomore album, *The Places You Have Come to Fear the Most*, word of mouth has turned it into an unexpected hit. Two venues that sensitive troubadours have come to fear the most, radio and MTV, are spinning the first single, "Screaming Infidelities," and the album recently strummed its way into the *Billboard* 200. Plus, he just joined the ranks of Jay-Z and Lauryn Hill when he taped his own MTV2 *Unplugged* April 24. "I'm a little confused

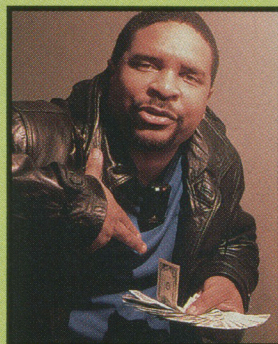
by it all, to be honest with you," says Carrabba, 26, whose success helped stir rumors that the mighty Interscope Records might snatch up a stake in Vagrant. "There's something universal about the songs, although I didn't know it when I wrote them. There's this honesty that helps people look inward."

Outward, too: Many of Carrabba's new fans are young women smitten by his gushing sensitivity and *GQ*-ish cheekbones. The Boca Raton, Fla., resident, who earned his tats in punk bands like Further Seems Forever and the Vacant Andys, says he's still adjusting to the adoration. "It's so funny because I wrote a lot of those songs about not being able to connect with women. I'm a rousing failure with the ladies." If that was ever true—and something tells us it never was—the lonely-guy shtick probably won't last long. Even as his last album continues to build momentum, Carrabba is at work on a new disc, expected by year's end, that could broaden his fan base even further.

But don't expect Carrabba to restyle himself for the *TRL* crowd. "I wrote the last album thinking no one would hear it, trying to please no one but myself, and it's doing okay on radio and great on MTV," he says. "So why change the equation?" And if that means he'll never sell out Madison Square Garden, that's okay with him. "I could just be the next flash in the pan and this could be my moment that I cherish forever. I'll have this article framed in my bedroom because I slumped next month and this was the last one. Everything else is gravy."

## QUIT YOUR DAY JOB

He came from nowhere. And then went back. Where the %&& is... **SIR MIX-A-LOT?**



No need to weep at the strains of "Baby Got Back": Despite reports to the contrary, its author isn't toiling as a repairman. Actually, the 38-year-old MC employs five workers at RC Electronics, a Seattle area ham-radio-parts manufacturing biz he launched in 1994. "It's not gonna make anywhere near the money music is making me, but it's something to fall back on," says Mix-A-Lot (né Anthony Ray). Though he hasn't released an album since the '96 flop *Return of the Bumpasaurus*, Mix isn't exactly a hip-hop charity case. He turned down a Fox TV offer to mix it up with Vanilla Ice on *Celebrity Boxing*. And while back-end money still pours in from his big-bottomed hit (which got a nice bump in *Charlie's Angels*), he's making change by performing live and producing new acts like rapper Outtastite. The pre-J. Lo booty advocate also has a still-untitled new album in the can (heh-heh) and remains a connoisseur. "You know who has real back?" he says. "Shakira. That girl got an ass like a painting." —BH

DASHBOARD CONFSSIONAL: MARINA CHAVEZ; SIR MIX-A-LOT: JAY BLAKESBERG/RETNA

FAST FORWARD UPCOMING TOURS

**N.E.R.D.** The Neptunes sneak out of the studio and onto the bus with backing band the Spy Mob.

Norfolk, VA 5/30  
Washington, DC 5/31  
Philadelphia, PA 6/1  
Boston, MA 6/3

New York, NY 5/4  
Detroit, MI 6/6  
Chicago, IL 6/7  
Minneapolis, MN 6/8

Portland, OR 6/11  
Seattle, WA 6/12  
San Francisco, CA 6/14  
Los Angeles, CA 6/15



# discoveries

Yeah, there's great music out there. Like, *out there...* on the fringe.

A look at this month's indie platters that most matter. by WILL HERMES



**RECLOSE**  
Cardiology  
(Planet E Communications)

→ As any DJ worth his VIP laminate will tell you, techno was born in Detroit and went on to

alter pop music on a grand scale. Inner City's past dalliance with Virgin Records aside, the local scene has remained insular and fiercely independent. But as the annual Detroit Electronic Music Festival (May 25–27) will attest,

the town has mad talent, and Reclouse, a.k.a. Matt Chicoine, is among the maddest. A hip-hop head from the Motor City mentored by label honcho and scene demigod Carl Craig, he's been a genre mutt from the get-go, and

on this long-brewing debut, the tension between Chicoine's catholic tastes and techno's lock-groove formalism makes for heady sound clashes. Broken-beat shrapnel alternates with martial swing and turntablist wicky-scratch; '70s funk nuzzles dub reggae and house. The electro-R&B vocals don't always cohere, but even the disconnects have a hypnotic appeal. **MOBY MOMENT** The lush soul-hymn title track—what the little bald guy might make if he spent more time in Tower's jazz section. **A-**



**GOSSIP**  
Arkansas Heat  
(Kill Rock Stars)

→ Smoking even the group's excellent 2000 debut, this lives up to its title. Frontwoman Beth is a butch bluesgirl to match Jack White's femme bluesboy—a punk-schooled, lust-damp shouter from a state that's birthed many a great crotch-driven American. With a voice triangulating Janis Joplin, PJ Harvey, and Sleater-Kinney's Corin Tucker, she and her over-driven garage trio burn through five joints in under 10 minutes, then cap things with feedback rabble-raising. A perfectly turned argument for the current EP revival. **PUT YOUR FIST IN THE AIR** “(Take Back) the Revolution” is the best new-punk shout-along since the Yeah Yeah Yeahs’ “Our Time.” **A**



**SAGE FRANCIS**  
Personal Journals  
(Anticon)

→ Imagining rap less as a Martin Scorsese gang bang than as a Larry Clark coming-of-dysfunctional-

**AOLmusic**  
**LISTEN2THIS RADIO**  
To hear tracks from these albums and other artists featured in this month's issue, tune in on AOL (Keyword: Listen 2 This) or [www.radio.netscape.com](http://www.radio.netscape.com)

age tale, Sage Francis comes straight outta Providence, and pledges allegiance to the loose-knit Anticon crew, known for eccentric lo-fi beats and rhymes that swing from stone abstract to hyper-emo. Like label affiliate Slug, Francis is in the latter camp, working the mic like a therapist's couch, dropping rhymes about detox drama and relationship angst over old folk, film-score, and tabla samples. Sorta like Eminem without the pandering BS. **CHOICE OLD-SCHOOL PUNCHLINE** On the breakup breakdown ballad “Eviction Notice”: “I’m in the house y’all/I’m in the house y’all/ And ain’t no new boyfriend gonna kick me out y’all.” **B+**



**MY MORNING JACKET**  
Chocolate and Ice  
(Badman)



**My Morning Jacket/Songs:Ohia**  
(Jade Tree)

→ MMJ leader Jim James is an indie-rock longhair with a choirboy voice torn between reverb-drenched introspection and Southern-rock bronco busting. Two EPs on two labels take two approaches. *Chocolate and Ice* is the quieter, long on zero-gravity, sweet-harmonizing country rock that connects Neil Young’s “Expecting to

Fly” to the Meat Puppets’ “Up on the Sun”—though James throws in a twangy little 24-minute disco-funk-blues space opera just for the heck of it. The Jade Tree EP (which includes a brooding ballad by fellow alt-countrymen Songs:Ohia) salts savory melodies over Crazy Horse-play. A smidgen more songwriting focus and dude will be dangerous indeed. **INDIE ROCK DOESN'T ALWAYS SUCK LIVE** MMJ rock a stage with machine-gun-miming guitar-slinging and coordinated hair tosses. Why should dumb metal bands have all the fun? *Chocolate*: **B+** *Split EP*: **B**



**SHARON JONES AND THE DAP-KINGS**  
Dap Dippin' With...

(Daptone)  
→ As DJs unearth every ancient funk jam extant, fear has gripped rare-groove fans: What happens when there are no relics left to uncover? No worry—revivalists are making plans. Sharon Jones and the Dap-Kings are a hard soul revue that should have existed in 1965, but didn't, so in yet another impressive simulacrum, some of the Antibalas crew (see page 23) invented them. Would be nice if Jones & Co. put their own imprint on things, as British ska revivalists did in the '80s. But the tribute is so loving it's tough to begrudge 'em. **HOTTEST GROOVE** “Pick It Up, Lay It in the Cut,” with the sort of proto-Afrobeat drum-break that certain Bronx DJs would've once traded their dookie gold rope chains for. **B+**

(Continued on page 23)

## THE WORST SONG I EVER WROTE

HEY, EVEN PICASSO PASSED OFF SOME STINKERS



**THE PERPETRATOR** Mötley Crüe's Nikki Sixx **THE PROOF** “Monsterous” **THE PLEA** “We have an album out called *Supersonic and Demonic Relics* [Beyond Records, 1999], and there's an outtake song on there from the *Dr. Feelgood* demos called ‘Monsterous.’ If I remember correctly, I ripped off the ‘oh-wee-oh’ part from *The Wizard of Oz*—that was telling me my Prozac wasn't working yet. The lyric was about a guy who was suing me because he said he was me and he wanted my royalties. Musically and lyrically [“People in glass houses shouldn't throw rocks/People marked ‘stupid’ shouldn't talk/People in a maze are always lost/I get sick at the state of rock”], the song is just a clusterf---. It was a monstrous trick to play on the fans.” —TS

## 4 FOR MP3 FANATICS

The download-dables



1. David Hasselhoff, “Hooked on a Feeling” *Baywatcher* “ooga chakkas” in an unintentionally hilarious video.

([davidhasselhoff.com/multimedia.html](http://davidhasselhoff.com/multimedia.html))

2. Steve Burns, “Troposphere” The ex-*Blue's Clues* host is recording with...the Flaming Lips!

([steveswebpage.com/media/mp3/SteveBurns\\_Troposphere.mp3](http://steveswebpage.com/media/mp3/SteveBurns_Troposphere.mp3))

3. ...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, “Half of What” An early four-track demo from the guitar-smashing rockers.

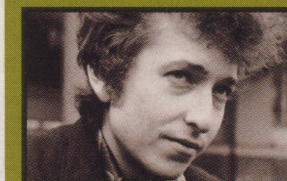
([trailofdead.com/sounds.htm](http://trailofdead.com/sounds.htm))

4. Jimmy Eat World, “No Sensitivity” A video clip of the emo band performing unplugged in Australia.

([jimmyeatworld.com/media/media.php](http://jimmyeatworld.com/media/media.php)) —NR

## THE TOP 6½

That's right, not 10. Herewith, the 6½... worst follow-ups to great albums



1. Bob Dylan's *Self Portrait* (after 1969's *Nashville Skyline*)
2. John Lennon's *Some Time in New York City* (after 1971's *Imagine*)
3. De La Soul's *De La Soul Is Dead* (after 1989's *3 Feet High and Rising*)
4. Prince's *Around the World in a Day* (after 1984's *Purple Rain*)
5. Shelby Lynne's *Love, Shelby* (after 2000's *I Am Shelby Lynne*)
6. Arrested Development's *Zingalamaduni* (after 1992's *3 Years, 5 Months...*)
- 6½. The Clash's *Sandinista!* (after 1979's *London Calling*)

### FAST FORWARD UPCOMING ALBUMS

- 5/14 MOBY** *18* If the Christian DJ and anti-Pope guest vocalist Sinéad O'Connor can come together, the Middle East oughta be a snap.
- CAM'RON** *Come Home With Me* Seeking global domination, Brooklyn's Jay-Z signs the Harlem native to Roc-A-Fella's two-borough roster.
- SOLUNA** *For All Time* Just what Latin music needs: a pop quartet with dance routines. *That'll* bring in the gringos.
- DEADSY** *Commencement* If this metal collective, fronted by Cher and Gregg Allman's son, covered “Ramblin’ Man”—platinum!
- VARIOUS** *ESPN's Ultimate X: The Movie* An IMAX film about skaters featuring Korn and Pennywise? We were x-pecting XTC and X.
- RUSH** *Vapor Trails* If you don't like Rush, make up your own damn joke about 20-minute drum solos. We think they rock.
- 5/21 VARIOUS** *Dogtown and Z-Boys* Jimi Hendrix, Ted Nugent, and Alice Cooper provide the music behind the grind.
- VARIOUS** *Off the Hook* The folks behind the *NOW!* compilations get jiggy with B2K, Mystikal, Nas, and Angie Stone.
- HEATHER NOVA** *South* Unquestionably the best half-Canadian, half-Bermudan, London-based folksinger ever.



NME  
LATEST  
MUSIC

## Londoncalling

What's new in the land of royals and Radiohead?

The editors of Britain's **NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS**

whisk us their monthly report.

→ OKAY, SO EVERYONE knows when it comes to music, London is the hype capital of the universe. It's the only place where you can be the best band in the world on Monday only to be washed up by Wednesday teatime. It's sick, it's wrong, it's crazy (and personally I blame *NME*), but, hey, that's the way we like it, so sod off.

Anyway, most seasoned observers thought that after the great Strokes hoo-ha of 2001, no band would ever achieve the same level of obsessive, fawning attention ever again. Well, guess what? They were totally wrong. It might only be May but there's already a new group who've sent the whole British

media/public completely insane. Their name is the Vines, and if anyone should know about them, it's you, because even though they're originally from Sydney, Australia, they're actu-

ally based in L.A. A four-piece centered on the songwriting talents of the 24-year-old cherubic boy-genius Craig Nicholls, they're an amazing collision of throat-shredding Nirvana noise and '60s Anglophile pop. (Think the Beatles, think the Kinks.)

So far, they've only released one "proper" single—the amazing 95-second assault of "Highly Evolved"—but that's been enough to imbed them in the U.K.'s consciousness. They've been on *Top of the Pops* and *CD:UK* (our two biggest national music shows), they've been in every magazine, they've had a top 40 hit, and, reports suggest, they're soon to be knighted by the Queen. Not bad work considering a few weeks ago no one had ever heard of them.

Still, that's the way it is over here. For the next six months, they'll be called the biggest, best, loudest, and coolest band in the world by everyone who writes about them in Britain. And then? Well, by then, they'll be huge in the States (their album comes your way in July), and we'll all pretend we never really liked them in the first place. —James Oldham, *NME Deputy Editor*

### MORE THAN OKAY IN THE U.K.

**DOVES** • *The Last Broadcast* (Heavenly/EMI) The second album from Manchester's latest morose heroes is an instant classic. Ambitious, epic, and relentless, it's already tagged them as "the new Radiohead."

**THE STREETS** • *Original Pirate Material* (Locked On/679) The Streets is actually 22-year-old Mike Skinner—a.k.a. "the British Eminem." The caustic suburban narratives that make up his debut are bleak, inventive, and strangely reminiscent of late-'70s ska group the Specials.

**THE LIBERTINES** • "What a Waster" (Rough Trade) The hottest band to come out of London since the Sex Pistols (and guess which crack music mag dreamed up *that* line?). This is their debut single, and it's a glorious wreck of feedback and foul language that zings along like the Jam.

## THE NEW CLASSICS

They do make 'em like they used to. Latter-day landmark discs worth latching on to



**ARTIST** Jellyfish **ALBUM** *Bellybutton* **AMPLE EVIDENCE OF GREATNESS** Imagine McCartney at his most melodically ornate, but possessed of his one-time partner's cynical edges, and you've got *Bellybutton*, the greatest album Wings never made. Before this 1990 tour de force, "power pop" mostly meant British Invasion-reviving pub-rockers, but this short-lived San Francisco co-op—led by cofounders Andy Sturmer and Roger Manning—made it cool to claim fussier stuff like "Penny Lane," Brian Wilson, Badfinger, 10cc, even Queen as pop heritage. **AWE-INSPIRING TRACK** If *Abbey Road* had a song about a deadbeat military dad, it would've been "The Man I Used to Be." **LINGERING EFFECTS** No use crying over the breakup that followed 1993's *Spilt Milk*. Manning went on to form Imperial Drag and retro-spoof band the Moog Cookbook, later playing sideman to Beck and Air; original guitarist Jason Falkner joined post-*Bellybutton* member Jon Brion in the Grays before going solo. Sadly, singer Andy Sturmer has become one reclusive sea creature, only increasing his legend. The sting of the split remains deeply felt by pop intelligentsia who venerate these vocal-stacking scyphozoa as gods. —CW

Continued from page 21



### THE ALLENKO BROTHERHOOD ENSEMBLE

The Allenko Brotherhood Ensemble (*Shanachie*)



### ANTIBALAS

Talkatif (*Ninja Tune*)

→ With help from drummer Tony Allen (a.k.a. Allenko), Nigeria's Fela Kuti forged a brassy funk permutation called Afrobeat in the '70s. When Kuti died in 1997, most figured the genre went with him. Not true. Besides son Femi Kuti's rising star, Allen is evolving his own electro-minimalist brand of Afrobeat. The Brotherhood Ensemble mates his quicksand beat patterns with various global producer-DJ types; even when the mixers overdo it the grooves never quit. Meanwhile, Antibalas are a collective based in Brooklyn (!) devoted to keeping Fela's spirit alive. *Talkatif's* sound is so vintage you might mistake it for one of the countless Afrobeat reissues in the racks. But when the soloists start tag-teaming, the group comes into its own. **SPACE IS THE PLACE** Allenko's "Brotherhood (piano mix)" has British remixer the Cinematic Orchestra casting Allen's beats against Martian trumpet and soul-jazz piano. Like Sun Ra gigging at Rick's place in *Casablanca*. Allenko: **B+** Talkatif: **B**



### ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS

The Day the Earth Met the Rocket From the Tombs

(*Smog Veil*)

→ This set of demos and live recordings, made in 1975, is pretty much the only document of the band that would mutate into Pere Ubu, and here they sound as raw as the Sex Pistols in a snowdrift. The recording quality is dodgy, but by the time David Thomas' bestial wail morphs into Peter Laughner's steak-knives-through-sheet-metal guitar on "So Cold," you won't care. **PUNK EXISTENTIALISM** Hearing the late Peter Laughner contemplate suicide in the bleak "Amphetamine," while oblivious bar patrons yak it up. RIP, man. **A-**

### FAST FORWARD UPCOMING ALBUMS

**5/21 THE BREEDERS** *Title TK*  
Nine years after their *Last Splash*, the Deals make waves again. And yes, that's really the title.

**BRYAN FERRY** *Frantic* He used to play in Roxy Music. Guest guitarist Jonny Greenwood (Radiohead) used to play rock music.

**WAYNE SHORTER** *Footprints Live!*  
It's a live album! From the famed jazz saxophonist who played with Miles Davis and Weather Report!

**6/4 MY VITRIOL** *Finelines*  
The Brits' hard-rockin' debut could definitely beat up recent LPs from Travis and Coldplay.

**LOOPER** *The Snare* As if his ex-band Belle and Sebastian weren't twee enough, Stuart David based this on his novel.

**EMINEM** *The Eminem Show*  
Never lacking Eminememies, Marshall takes on Mom, Moby, and 'N Sync's Chris Kirkpatrick.



SINGLE FILE

# SOFTCOVER

No macho cheese whiz, he. With Maxwell's tender take on a Kate Bush ballad, he does "Woman's Work"—and likes it. **by JEFF GORDINIER**



"All the things we should've done/That we never did./All the things I should've given/But I didn't..."

Your first thought: That's ballsy. Come across Maxwell's butterfly-soul treatment of Kate Bush's "This Woman's Work" on the radio these days, and what grabs you is the sheer brass of the thing: Here's a guy not only singing a song of fragile femininity, but delivering it in a falsetto so ozone-layer high that it might give Barry Gibb a pulled groin. Are those taffy-larynx notes hard to reach? "Very," Maxwell says. But the hardest thing about "This Woman's Work"—a song that has become both a hit

single and Maxwell's onstage *coup de grace*—is the emotional nakedness it requires. Says Maxwell: "The way I look at it, the falsetto represents the male ego becoming so vulnerable that it becomes childlike."

Rightly, Maxwell's early memories of "This Woman's Work" spring from childhood. Now 28, he first heard it on Kate Bush's 1989 album *The Sensual World* when he was 17. (A fresh notch in your Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon chart: "Work" debuted as the maternity-ward crescendo in Bacon's 1988 film *She's Having a Baby*.) "I couldn't believe someone wrote something so painful sounding," Maxwell says. "It

sounds like crying. I would listen to it all the time." Years later, he picked "Work" as an unlikely showpiece for a 1997 *MTV Unplugged* session—"I didn't want to do a Marvin Gaye cover or something people would expect"—and the song entered a cycle of regeneration. The reclusive Bush mailed Maxwell a letter of praise when he was in London to play the Royal Albert Hall. His rendition popped up again in the film *Love & Basketball*. He says he revived the song most recently for his 2001 album *Now* as a tribute to a girl he'd met through the Make-A-Wish Foundation; she'd died of cancer six months after joining Maxwell on stage in L.A. "I put it on there for her," he says.

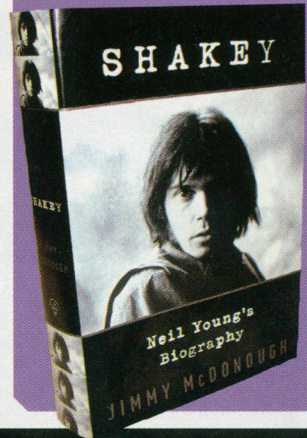
So is "This Woman's Work" about giving birth? Dying? Breaking up? And what does it mean when the person unleashing these seraphic effusions is a guy? "Sometimes it takes a lot of balls to be *not* what the expected male energy is," Maxwell says. "I just think for me it's like trying to say to a lady, 'You know what? The pain that you feel is just as real for a guy.'" And the subtext? Wide open. "I love that I can't tell what Kate Bush intended," he says. "Every time I hear it, I make my present moment the intention of the song." Not that he *can* hear it. Lately, crowds tend to react to Maxwell's gender-blending, exposed-ganglia performances with swoons rising into shrieks. "Oh, my goodness," he says. "I can't even hear myself. Once they hear the harp, all I hear is YAAAAAAAHH."



## SHELF HELP

A read on the rock lit making noise

**SHAKEY** Jimmy McDonough (*Random House, \$29.95*) The subtitle isn't "A Biography of Neil Young," but "Neil Young's Biography"—a fitting touch for a weirdly possessive volume reported with manic tenacity and written on the level of a fanzine. Near the beginning, McDonough observes, "Being real: This is what Young constantly strives for. Few other musicians of his stature have gone to such lengths to keep things real." Near the end—disapproving of his subject's output circa 1997—he wonders, "How do you finish a book about a guy when you feel in your heart he's ignoring his muse?" In the 700 pages between, McDonough seems to detail every argument Young had with Crosby, Stills, or Nash; classify every beast in the menageries of Buffalo Springfield and Crazy Horse; and track down every guitar pick Young ever lost. A transcript culled from McDonough's extensive interviews with Young runs through the whole thing, allowing the star to, variously, wax insightful and wheeze irrelevant. In other words, the sycophancy here is as thorough as the research, and reader burnout precedes biographer fadeaway. **B-** —TP



MAXWELL: ERIC JOHNSON/CORBIS OUTLINE

**FAST FORWARD**  
UPCOMING ALBUMS

**6/4 DJ SHADOW** *The Private Press* DJ who? The mix-master finally drops a sequel to 1996's brilliant *Endtroducing*.

**MESHELL NDEGEOCELLO** *Cookie: The Anthropological Mix Tape* It's so much easier to pronounce *Cookie* than *Ndegeocello*.

**WRITTEN BY** Rob Brunner, Jeff Gordinier, Will Hermes, Brian Hiatt, Wook Kim, Nancy Miller, James Oldham, Troy Patterson, Brian M. Raftery, Noah Robischon, Evan Serpick, Craig Seymour, Tom Sinclair, and Chris Willman

# charts

'White Blood' Sells, Fat Joe finds the "Luv," and Paul McCartney makes more money than you will ever see in your life...

## CMJ'S TOP 10 ALBUMS

1	WHITE BLOOD CELLS White Stripes ( <i>V2</i> )
2	ABOUT A BOY Badly Drawn Boy ( <i>ARTISTdirect</i> )
3	WOOD/WATER The Promise Ring ( <i>Epitaph-Anti</i> )
4	CONTROL Pedro the Lion ( <i>Jade Tree</i> )
5	SOURCE TAGS AND CODES ...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead ( <i>Interscope</i> )
6	YANKEE HOTEL FOXTROT Wilco ( <i>Nonesuch</i> )
7	BLOOD MONEY Tom Waits ( <i>Epitaph-Anti</i> )
8	WHEN I WAS CRUEL Elvis Costello ( <i>Island</i> )
9	PLASTIC FANG The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion ( <i>Matador</i> )
10	ALICE Tom Waits ( <i>Epitaph-Anti</i> )

Week ending 5/1/02

## MTV.COM'S TOP 10 MOST REQUESTED VIDEO STREAMS

1	"WHAT'S LUV?" Fat Joe
2	"DON'T LET ME GET ME" Pink
3	"I FEEL SO" Box Car Racer
4	"SATURDAY (OOOH OOOH)!" Ludacris
5	"OVERPROTECTED" Britney Spears
6	"FOOLISH" Ashanti
7	"DOWN ASS CHICK" Ja Rule
8	"THEY SAY VISION" Res
9	"ON THE RADIO" Nelly Furtado
10	"WE ARE ALL MADE OF STARS" Moby

Week ending 4/20/02

## WKCR (89.9 FM, NEW YORK) 'C.M. FAMILIAR SHOW' TOP 10 PLAYLIST

1	"SUPERWOMAN" Yesterday's New Quintet ( <i>Stone's Throw/555-Soul</i> )
2	"CULT LEADER" Non-Phixion ( <i>Uncle Howie</i> )
3	"BASICALLY" Kim Hill ( <i>demo</i> )
4	"BULLIT" Binkis ( <i>Fruitmeat</i> )
5	"IRRECONCILABLE" Sub-Conscious ( <i>Fruitmeat</i> )
6	"SHOUT (Remix)" Yesh ( <i>Ill Boogie</i> )
7	"BRANDED" DJ Jazzy Jeff featuring Pauly Yanz ( <i>BBE</i> )
8	"FIRST THINGS FIRST" J-Live ( <i>Seven Heads</i> )
9	"THOUGHT AT WORK" The Roots ( <i>promo</i> )
10	"TOJ" EL-P ( <i>Definitive Jux</i> )

Week ending 4/30/02

## L2T ON THE ROAD: AUSTIN, TEXAS

**WATERLOO RECORDS** For the past 20 years, this famed store has been celebrating its rich local talent. "There are so many great acts here," says owner John Kunz, who keeps a rack stocked with new releases by Texas musicians. Kunz proudly points out four Austin-area singer-songwriters on this list of Waterloo's 10 top sellers: Griffin ("emotionally honest"), Smith ("homey, with some edge"), Gilkyson ("ethereal pop-folk"), and Schneider ("idiosyncratic—and our store's all-time best-selling artist"). He adds: "And I think Norah Jones went to music school in [Texas]." Talk about a Lone Star state of mind.

Week ending 4/28/02

 1 YANKEE HOTEL FOXTROT, Wilco ( <i>Nonesuch</i> )	 2 COME AWAY WITH ME, Norah Jones ( <i>Blue Note</i> )	 3 STEREO, Paul Westerberg ( <i>Vagrant</i> )	 4 1000 KISSES, Patty Griffin ( <i>ATO</i> )	 5 SUNFLOWER, Darden Smith ( <i>Dualtone</i> )
 6 WHEN I WAS CRUEL, Elvis Costello ( <i>Island</i> )	 7 LOST AND FOUND, Eliza Gilkyson ( <i>Red House</i> )	 8 C'MON, C'MON, Bonnie Crow ( <i>A&amp;M</i> )	 9 SILVER LINING, Bonnie Raitt ( <i>Capitol</i> )	 10 LONELYLAND, Bob Schneider ( <i>Universal</i> )

## POLLSTAR'S TOP 10 CONCERT TOURS (PER-SHOW AVERAGE GROSS)

1	PAUL McCARTNEY	\$2,570,918
2	CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG	\$1,126,291
3	'N SYNC	\$1,054,948
4	LUIS MIGUEL	\$736,038
5	NEIL DIAMOND	\$718,507
6	CREED	\$590,050
7	BARRY MANILOW	\$472,290
8	ROBIN WILLIAMS	\$373,745
9	LINKIN PARK	\$295,780
10	ALAN JACKSON	\$282,251

As reported in the last three months

## AMAZON.COM TOP 10 COUNTRY ALBUMS

1	YANKEE HOTEL FOXTROT Wilco ( <i>Nonesuch</i> )
2	O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU? (soundtrack) Various Artists ( <i>Mercury Nashville</i> )
3	89/93: AN ANTHOLOGY Uncle Tupelo ( <i>Columbia/Legacy</i> )
4	NO SHOES, NO SHIRT, NO PROBLEMS Kenny Chesney ( <i>BNA Records</i> )
5	NEW FAVORITE Alison Krauss & Union Station ( <i>Rounder</i> )
6	DRIVE Alan Jackson ( <i>Arista Nashville</i> )
7	ESSENCE Lucinda Williams ( <i>Lost Highway</i> )
8	TIME Gillian Welch ( <i>Acony</i> )
9	WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN [30th Anniv. Ed.] Nitty Gritty Dirt Band ( <i>EMI</i> )
10	SIDETRACKS Steve Earle ( <i>EZ/Artemis</i> )

Week ending 4/25/02

## COMSCORE'S TOP 10 MOST VISITED MUSIC-RELATED INTERNET SITES

1	REAL.COM	99,512,751
2	MUSICCITY.COM	80,735,730
3	AUDIOGALAXY.COM	55,651,132
4	WINNAMP.COM	20,436,896
5	MP3.COM	19,774,621
6	MTV.COM	14,947,048
7	LYRICS.COM	12,781,217
8	NAPSTER.COM	11,305,372
9	ROLLINGSTONE.COM	9,948,250
10	ARTISTDIRECT.COM	6,357,482

Unique visitors worldwide, for April 2002