

M
E
S

ESSENTIAL: THE TOP 20 ALBUMS OF 200

CLASH

FUTURE MUSIC/CULTURE

URB.COM

REVENGE OF THE

N*E*R*D

THE NEPTUNES:

PRODUCERS
OF THE YEAR

**2002
REWIND!**

STARRING

**DJ SHADOW
ELECTRO-CLASH
PAUL OAKENFOLD
RAVER PORN
X-ECUTIONERS**

**ISSUE
100**

**SASH
ROB SWIFT
BETH ORTO
RONI SIZE**

4.99 US • 6.99 CAN • DECEMBER
PLEASE DISPLAY UNTIL DEC 2002





Beth Orton

**The Mayan Theatre, Los Angeles, CA
— 8.22.02**

The folk/electronic music singer charms LA with quiet confidence and heartfelt, homespun songs

Glowing with the bashful hesitancy and humble vulnerability that echoes throughout her songwriting, Beth Orton captivated audiences at the Mayan Theatre on the final night of her North American tour supporting her third album, *Daybreaker*. Joined by a six-piece band, Orton's gorgeously flawed warbling tingled the air and effortlessly filled what would otherwise have been too large and impersonal a performance space for a folk, albeit a folk/electronic-music, singer.

Yet while *Daybreaker* features the knob-twiddling production talents of dance-music stalwarts such as Ben Watt, the Chemical Brothers and William Orbit, it was the bare emotion of Orton's stunningly raw voice that enthralled the crowd. Accompanied by a cellist, bassist and violinist, Orton opened with "Paris Train," a glistening and silky string-driven cut that sets the tone for *Daybreaker*'s rich, nature-laden imagery. As the lanky, 6-foot-tall musician strummed an acoustic guitar, her husky voice breathed life into a vivid world.

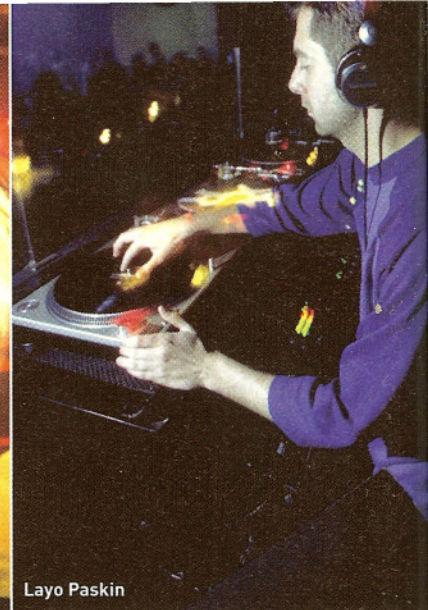
Throughout the night, Orton also played favorites from her first two albums. But whether it was "She Cries Your Name" off the debut *Trailer Park* or the title track from *Central Reservation*, there was an undeniable sense that *Daybreaker* marks a definitive progression in Orton's writing. The lyrics and layered arrangements on this album speak with much more confidence, whereas the previous full-lengths were dressed in pensive wonder and suggestion.

Embodying the rare combination of shyness and stage presence, Orton reminded her fans why she has garnered critical acclaim and a devoted following. Her gentle coaxing of subtle lyrics can simultaneously breathe life into a longing love ballad and soak the electronic beats of a dance anthem with heartfelt humanity.

WORDS: CHERYL CHANG / PHOTO: MICHAEL TULLBERG



Matthew Bushwacka



Layo Paskin



Layo & Bushwacka!

**Transit, Chicago, IL —
8.15.02**

Layo & Bushwacka! mania hits Chi-town as the boys get down to business in the bathroom

Chicago may not have the superclubs of NYC or LA, but it boasts an impressive array of smaller venues with well-designed interiors and handcrafted sound systems. Count among them Crobar, Rednove, SmartBar and, of course, the locale of this particular evening, Transit. Located in an industrial sector west of downtown, Transit is wedged between shattered warehouses and pinned under the elevated Green Line train tracks. Despite performing here on a Thursday, Layo Paskin and Matthew Bushwacka, the duo from the darker side of the British house scene, generated vast lines of patrons, who chattered to one another in joyful anticipation.

In a short shotgun interview held in the men's bathroom — much to the chagrin of the sagacious attendant — Layo & Bushwacka! proudly took full responsibility for all of the electric instrumentation on their recently released *Night Works* (XL). The refreshing fact that there's no production wizard pulling strings in the background gives another reason to pick up their sophomore artist album. Bushwacka also divulged that his much-lauded remix of Depeche Mode's "Dream On" came about because his father's secretary is the mother of ex-Mode member Alan Wilder. Go figure. At that point in the conversation, the door, which had been under considerable strain, finally buckled, allowing a torrential stream of mostly female fans to smother the pair with all forms of adoration. Layo & Bushwacka! mania!

Absconding post haste to the DJ booth, Layo proceeded to warm up the crowd with their upcoming single "Let the Good Times Roll." Joined by his partner, the duo melded current electro and breaks with an eclectic array of low-end-heavy progressive and old-school favorites. The eyebrow-raiser of the night was the inclusion of "The Humpty Dance." Did it work? I was dubious, but the tightly packed floor bucked and whinnied like a stud horse blown out on Viagra.

WORDS: MARK VON PFEIFFER / PHOTOS: JEFFREY T. WAHL