

TURBONEGRO
Apocalypse Dudes
Epitaph

92%

I cannot for the life of me figure out why Epitaph is re-releasing Turbonegro's 1998 album *Apocalypse Dudes* (easily their masterpiece before disbanding late the same year). It must be a wake-up call to the rest of the world and an re-introduction to the newly reformed band who blasted on to the Norwegian punk rock scene with their 1992 release, *Hot Cars And Spent Contraceptives*, coined terms such as "Denim Demons" and "death-punk" and formed an army of Tubojugend fans. Hell, I actually don't even care why it's being re-released (logic dictates that it's in preparation for their new record, *Scandinavian Leather*, due out also on Epitaph), as long as it'll help get the band - all original members, I might add - over to play some U.S. shows.

Rock DJs the world over know just what tracks from *Apocalypse Dudes* to throw on to really get the crowd pumped: "Get It On," "Are You Ready (For Some Darkness)," "Good Head." Please forget Andrew WK—Turbonegro rock much, much harder and their partying skills are unmatched.

This is the only case where I will advocate bandwagon-jumping. If you haven't heard *Apocalypse Dudes*, go buy it and get ready for the return of the original deathpunks.

CARRIE TUCKER

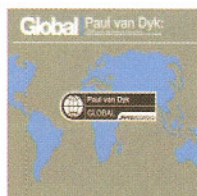


LONGWAVE
The Strangest Things
RCA Records

84%

It's becoming ever more apparent that if you currently live in New York City and you're relatively proficient with a musical instrument, you only own three records: Television's *Marquee Moon*, T. Rex's *Electric Warrior* and Joy Division's *Unknown Pleasures*. Which is fine. Those are some damn fine records to own. It's just strange that everyone in NYC hasn't just been listening to them, they've been eating them (vinyl and cardboard included) and then gone and started their own bands. Go ahead and make a line graph. It's fun. Put those blokes from the Strokes on one end (the left side, perhaps, 'cause they look like commies) and then Interpol on the right (maybe 'cause they dress like fascists) and now put Longwave somewhere a few notches in from the righty tighty. This isn't a criticism, mind you, it just makes things nice and neat and helps you sleep at night when you're not checking to see if the stove has been turned off for the one hundred and sixth time. To Longwave's credit, they've cut their teeth a bit more on the mid-80's anthemic guitar swells of bands like the Alarm or U2 and songs like "I Know It's Coming Someday" and "Meet Me at the Bottom" are downright gorgeous. Plus, vocalist Steve Schlitz has this voice which is somewhere between Jimmy Stewart's tongue-whistle and Peter Murphy's baritone and I don't think anyone has every been able to claim that combo.

JAMES ARTESIAN



PAUL VAN DYK
Global
Mute

91%

Call it trance call it progressive...tomato tomatoe, potato potatoe. Either way, Paul van Dyk is locked in a fearsome, tooth-beared-rolling-chokehold struggle with Mr. Paul Oakenfold for rulership of this gateway genre into the world of electronic music. *Global*, a twin CD/DVD, is a collection of thunderbolt tracks from the last 10 years of van Dyks career and a "Greatest Hits" collection mastered in Dolby 5.1 surround sound from an artist who is still sitting comfortably high in the arc of his career. The exact place you want to be when reaching out to future members to join the microchip-headed electronic devout. "Animacion" and "My World" are straight from the womb—new compositions entirely. "Step Right On" has been transfigured into a stomping gong-banger. "Together We Will Conquer" is the sonic equivalent of a pharmaceutical-grade speed/valium freebase cocktail, hitting the highs and lows with equal force, the final effect swallowing them both whole, leaving the mids to weep-away the night, longing for a quiet afternoon with less extreme thrills. Riding high in the stirrups at the apex of the mix is "Tell Me Why": consummate trance at its most linearly divine, shot through with supplicating vocals by St. Etienne's inimitable Sarah Cracknell. PvD's brand of electronic music is not for the cynical, not for the weak at heart, not for jaded eggheads with their oscilloscopes in tow, measuring the length and rate of every wave. It's uplifting and aggressively meditative—a full-body cavity search into the emotive and the sublime, built specifically to send that "special" vibration straight to your hypothalamus.

MARK VON PFEIFFER



ANTIPOP CONSORTIUM
Antipop vs. Matthew Shipp
Thirsty Ear

83%

I know what you're thinking. You won't say it. But you're thinking it just the same. "I should like jazz. I would be a better person if I liked jazz. I would get along better with my parents if I liked jazz. But I hate jazz. There are too many notes. Too many cliches. And my dad likes jazz. And uses the word 'jazzy.' And anything that's ever been described as 'jazzy' is by definition, utterly retarded." Or at least, that's what I was thinking when I sat down to listen to this jazz/hip-hop fusion album that combines the free-jazz piano stylings of Matthew Shipp with the staccato pronouncements of the consortium that brought you its decidedly anti-pop lyrical style. A style that, along with so many other denizens of the crunchy, backpack-hip-hop movement, is often described as "conscious". (A term which, in hip-hop speak means, "They're smart and they don't rap about cars.")

Antipop vs. Matthew Shipp is the 15th in the Blue Series in which virtuosos like Mr. Shipp sit in with more, uh, modern musicians including an album by DJ Spooky (*DJ Meets Jazz*) and an upcoming album produced by El-P of the white-hot indie rap label Definitive Jux. It's smoothed out, which means you get nice grooves beneath all those chromatic scales. Songs like "A Knot in Your Bop" and "Slow Horn" just plain work—reminding all of us that jazz and hip-hop may be separated by a couple generations, but are not so far apart in their intentions. Somewhere between Joe Jackson, Miles Davis, and backpack hip-hop, this is an album for those days when you've heard enough guitar noise and want to be reminded why anyone made music in the first place.

TOMAS RUMBAUGH