



KOTORITM

K O 7 0 5 W W W . K O T O R I M A G . C O M

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Bands, DJs, Artists, Directors, & Fans

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That's one way to build anticipation of a new record... release your old stuff! On June 12, Nada Surf will re-release their classic "Karmic" EP as a

precursor to their new full-length which is slated for a Fall '07 release. Now that's Mucho Surf! And that my friends, was what they call a terrible joke. www.nadasurf.com

tickets priced at only \$1000, you get the whole mansion for the price of single date with a Playmate. www.mpp.org



Know anyone with a cell phone? Loved ones that use 'computers'? Close acquaintances that just happen to have one of those...uh... wutchamacallit...*cordless* phones? Make sure to add an electromagnetic stabilizer to that list. With science in recent years proving these gadgets to be a seriously possible source of cancer, RA*D*AR is determined not to let that hamper our dependency on 'technology.' Chemo? Nah! Keychain! www.radar3.com



Pot & Playmates! The Marijuana Policy Project, the largest marijuana reform organization in the US will hold its second annual celebrity fundraiser

on May 14 at the Playboy Mansion. The gala, aimed at raising funds to support lobbying for state medical marijuana laws and an end to federal attacks on patients in legal states, will be hosted by Joe Rogan while DJ Pooh blows (no pun intended) the roof off the place! With

Director Oliver Stone plans to direct an anti-war television commercial chosen by members of MoveOn.org. The campaign will focus on a specific American family affected by the war. Shitz finally 'bout to get real up in here!!

You thought *your* landlord was bad? Check out Will Ferrell's at www.funnyordie.com! This oughtta be illegal!! Then, upload your 'funny' videos and let the world berate your comedic delusions. While you're there, check out that "Cheesebeef vs Chickenstacks" video. Humanity has got some serious problems!!



Watch a secret NIN performance get broken up by the SWAT team in Los Angeles in the name of resistance, then share and mix and match and download and upload your contribution to the resistance and let the power of the people do the rest!! opensourceresistance.net



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the
world
is
listening

WE ARE THE FURY

JEREMY LUBLIN TALKS TO BOB FREVILLE

Transmissions Received By BILL V. BROFEE



Bob is a super-obsessive # 1 fan of We Are The Fury. They are his favorite band in the galaxy. He likes them so much that when he found out that lead singer Jeremy Lublin had a head cold, he promptly went out in sub-degree weather in a soaking wet leotard so he could relate appropriately.

"How did you guys get into music together?" Bob asked Jeremy, sitting on the edge of his seat and shaking like a chihuahua.

"We've been playing together since high school," Jeremy replied, "about eight years ago. We wanted to start something new and take the sounds that we liked and do something different.

"People end up doing what they think they *should* be doing. But I've noticed that a lot of bands have become fans of ours because we're doing something they *could* be doing... Bands concentrate too much on the style and sacrifice songwriting."

Bob asked Jeremy about their single "Now You Know."

"We wanted a song that spoke to younger audiences," Jeremy said. "That song is about looking at the music trends right now and saying to the kids, 'This is just people trying to sell you a bunch of bullshit.' Even

though some of those bands are good, the scene that you think you're a part of is just put together by corporations.

"There are bands that come out strictly because of trends...as opposed to being a legitimately good band."

Bob was eager to know what makes We Are The Fury triumph in a pop-saturated market.

"We put a lot of emotion and energy into what we do," Jeremy said. "We have fun, we try to write good songs. We take in a lot of influences and try not to limit ourselves to any one thing."

Bob was enthused to learn that *Venus* [the new LP] was recorded on a farm in Ann Arbor because he is a big fan of petting zoos and bestiality, not to mention the glorious music of Nature.

"We felt naturally at home in this region," Jeremy said. "There's horses and peacocks running around. It seemed like out in L.A. there were so many distractions. It wasn't conducive to being creative. Being on a farm in Michigan, it's really easy to put what we want down. We're really happy with how it came out."

"What has it been like being part of the Take Action Tour?" Bob asked with his ear pressed against the phone like Silly Putty on newsprint.

"It was a lot of fun. It was a good time. The bands were cool to hang with. The kids seemed really excited about it. It was the first time we had ever done something like that."

Being the obsessive Romantic that he is, Bob was curious to analyze the meaning behind the very strong WATF lyric, "Love never forgets how it is to be alone."

"That's our break-up song," Jeremy clarified. "It was directed at my girlfriend at the time. She was afraid of me breaking up with her in the future. It was a line to say, 'I hope you know what you're doing. Love is a very special thing. Don't break into this heart just to throw it away.' We didn't want to have too many break-up songs because I think a lot of bands are doing that with the whole emo/screamo boom that's been going on for the past few years.

"I think we said it in a different way. Most of the songs are about having fun, but I wanted an album that encompassed everything. People break up and people have relationship troubles."

Bob was thrown by the androgyny in the CD's inserts, wondering whether it was a statement about the band or modern rock couture.

"We had a sense of humility in those photos. We're a bit androgynous. Right now Rock music is a bit too macho... like Hinder and Nickelback. We're not macho dudes. We were never on the football teams and stuff like that. It's natural for us to go in that direction."

"When did you guys start wearing mankerchiefs?" Bob asked.

"Oh, um...Probably in the past year and a half."

"Are they comfortable?"

"Uh...yeah, yeah. They're not...I don't know...they're fine."

Bob was psyched. He wanted to pawn off his belongings and buy himself a purple scarf and some leather pants. But he wanted to be sure it was worth it.

"What's the best thing about being in an Indie Rock band?"

"You get to experiment. You get to have fun. And you get to do what you want to do without being influenced as much by corporations and other people telling you what they think you should be doing."





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PHOTO / Shauna Regan



Kotori catches up with San Francisco's finest House DJ and producer, Mark Farina, as he's taking a stroll down Market Street, days before the anticipated release of *House of Om*.

By Skye Mayring

You know you've chosen the right afterparty if there's liquor in the freezer and *Mushroom Jazz* on the turntables. Since fathering the mid-90s down-beat genre, "Mushroom Jazz" (known by seasoned House-Heads as *the* official afterparty music), Farina has helped raise a generation of refined clubbers on eight full-length albums and 200+ shows a year. If you catch him for the first time on his 2007 world tour (promoting the May release of his most danceable Deep House album to date, *House of Om*) he'll make you feel like one of the family; not only does Om Records' most popular DJ still play requests, but he'll even engender a decadent selection of new and old tracks—such as Luke Solomon's bootleg remix of Jimmy Hendrix' "Foxy Lady" and the Chicago House anthem "My House" by Rhythm Control.

ON THIS TOUR, WHAT'S YOUR STRATEGY FOR SPINNING TRACKS OFF THE *HOUSE OF OM* ALBUM?

Personally, I'm not going to play all the tracks live the same way that they'd be on the album. I just got back from the WMC [Miami's Winter Music Conference] with tons of new stuff.

PRODUCERS AND ASPIRING DJ'S GIVE YOU DEMOS ALL THE TIME. DO YOU STILL DIG?

I dig, but not necessarily in the same way. Ten years ago, you would get a promo record in the mail which would be stuff that's already signed. Today, I dig on the computer for demos that might be in a CD format on a digital file, instead of spending time driving to the record store.

WHEN I SAW YOU ON THE MUSHROOM JAZZ 2 TOUR IN 1999, YOU WERE SPINNING RECORDS. AT HOLLYWOOD'S AVALON LAST MONTH, YOU WERE SPINNING CDS EXCLUSIVELY. WHAT GIVES?

The whole music industry is in a transition right now. From a techno standpoint, I tend to like CDs better because they're just more dependable, but I've been carrying records for 15 years. With a record—even if you've taken the best care of it—there could still be something on it that could make it skip. Most sound systems I find are digital these days. Also, some clubs might not have a set DJ booth. When you're playing with variables like that it's definitely

better to have CDs. At home I find myself mixing between records and CDs. They have different sound nuances to them, such as when you are laying a record over a CD. It sounds different than a record to record or CD over a record.

WHAT KIND OF EQUIPMENT DO YOU USE AT HOME V. THE CLUB?

I stick with 3 pioneer CDJ 1000s—it doesn't matter what series (MK 2's or MK 3's). For an at-home mixer, I like the Rane 2016, which is an American DJ brand. I tend to stay away from Pioneer DJ mixers in a live situation because the sound isn't the quite best quality. If it's a set club and they aren't moving the DJ booth, I'll bring some records and one turntable.

I HEAR YOU ARE INTO SNEAKERS ALMOST AS MUCH AS YOU ARE INTO MUSIC.

I've been a Sneakerhead for a long time now. I must have 200-ish pairs of tennis shoes.

WHAT KIND DO YOU HAVE ON NOW?

Right now, I'm wearing the new Nike Mx 360s. I have a friend that works for Nike Canada who hooked me up with some free goodies. Air Force 1s are my shoe of choice, though. I'm also into the Nike Air Max 95 series.

ON YOUR MYSPACE PAGE, YOU'RE GIVING AWAY A PAIR OF MARK FARINA REEBOKS. WILL IT BE IN STORES SOON?

The shoes won't retail because there was only one pair made. Reebok gave 10-15 DJs limited edition shoes to show their appreciation. However, I'm discussing a project with Nike to create Mushroom Jazz Air Force 1s.

It's a good thing Farina has comfortable kicks on his feet to support his peripatetic, wandering nature. The man who refers to himself as a modern-day traveling minstrel is scheduled to get the crowds jumping—from Brazil to New Zealand—in the next few months. After tirelessly promoting the new album, Farina will reunite in the studio with Sean Hayes (with whom he created the already classic "Dream Machine" track) and begin working on the sixth installment of Mushroom Jazz, slated for release in summer 2008.

SKYE DOES COACHELLA!!!

By Skye Mayring



photo by: molly s



photo by: omar

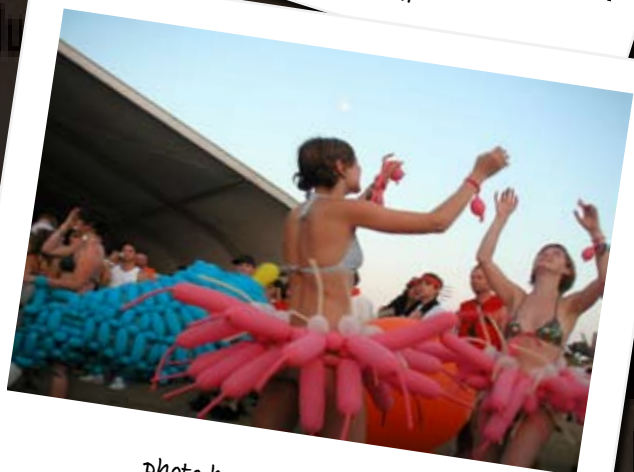


photo by: skye mayring

FRIDAY

4:20

Another poolside pina colada? Sure. Looks like we won't be making it to Of Montreal at the Outdoor Theatre or Silversun Pickups on the Coachella Stage at this leisurely rate. The desert heat is paralyzing. Crippling crispiness fried in sunshine. Indeed...I do like pina coladas. Do you like getting caught in the rain?

6:50

Rude boy Stephen Marley is pulling out all the Trenchtown classics. Um, who the heck is that dude over-enthusiastically waving the Rasta flag on stage? Does he actually get paid for that?? "Exodus" plays. The Outdoor Theatre stage starts to swallow the sun. Choosing the right act for a Coachella sunset is key. A silly hypothetical pops into my head-"could I ever be in a serious relationship with a man who would pick the wrong sunset time-slot band? Solid finish. Time to hit the Heineken garden and liberate some beers.

8:00

My brother, Christopher, is rushing past a mound of guys, so that he can stand next to Peaches. He's under the delusion that she'll pull him up on stage. Hmm...the beginning of her set isn't engaging-we head over the Sahara tent to catch Benny Benassi. Unbelievable! I can't stop dancing. The kids to my right are tracing each other out with pink and blue glowsticks. I heard raving was back, but I didn't believe it until now. Could this be the west coast "Nu-Rave" movement in full effect? We get a text from our D.C. friends: "Dome. JUNGLE. Meet us." And we're off....

9:15

The Respect group from Thursday nights at the Larchmont on Melrose is dominating the Globe. Machete is my new hero. Kids are going nuts (some of them could use a straight jacket) dancing to his dirty drum n' bass beats. In front of me, a sweaty hippie kid-wearing only red surf shorts-is doing his take on "the lawnmower" dance move. Another uninhibited dancer, who we dubbed "Crazy Caveman" is running around in circles screaming. Something about the crowd keeps us there dancing for well over an hour. Holy crap-we are missing Faithless in the Sahara!!

S A T U R D A Y

SATURDAY APRIL 28

7:10 p.m.

!!! (pronounced Chk Chk Chk) has the Mohave jumpin'. The lead singer: a prancing Mick Jagger, but with less sex appeal and no fashion sense. They rock, regardless of their wall-flower appearance. !!!YES!!! An out of town friend spots me in the crowd. She hands me a torn VIP bracelet and a roll of scotch tape. !!!YES!!! We rush to the VIP area and grab mixed drinks (wine margaritas in the Heineken garden just don't cut it) and a slice of jalapeño pizza. Refreshed, we begin chatting up some good looking people. There's a blonde, skinny girl dancing in a white dress with a huge red cock (as in rooster, you sicko) on front. Wait a sec- that's my roommate, Natalie! She tells me that Crystals hooked them up with last minute tickets. From the vantage point just left of the main stage, we have a close view for a band in my Coachella-top-3-most-exited-to-see...the Arcade Fire.

9:00

Girl Talk is doing what DJ Shadow should've done last night. Shadow was a full-fledged Primadonna who came on late and made us wait 15 minutes between tracks while he talked about how awesome he thinks he is. Girl Talk is actually giving back to the crowd and getting appropriately political on us: We see a George W. Bush cartoon face on the big screen. Water begins to rise to his neck. It gets higher...and higher. He's drowning.

10:20

San Francisco's best dressed man-MIKE RELM-is the Daft Punk of Coachella 2007. Hear ye, hear ye-Relm is going to be huge! This king of nostalgia combines Classic Rock, hip-hop, and 80's records with precise, witty film editing. Clips from Office Space, Dogma, Scarface, Train Spotting, and Almost Famous are the backdrop to the likes of Led Zeppelin and Jay-Z. Things got queer when the visuals turned to puppet porn. He redeemed himself with a Bob-Dylan-esque meta-video: we see Mike Relm on his bedroom web cam, flipping through cards of "fun facts". John Lennon's "Imagine" plays. Some of the hand-written facts are very thought provoking. With others, he's clearly pulling our leg. While certainly fun, which ones-if any-are true? He gets honest for a moment by holding up a card that reads: "Time magazine Man of the Year 1939...Adolf Hitler. Whoa. People cheer. Know where he's going yet?? I didn't either. He flips to the next card: "Time magazine Man of the Year 2004...George W. Bush." Relm tops it off with a Rage Against the Machine record. I am getting goose bumps just typing this.

11:45

As I'm walking out of the festival gates, a mob of peaceful activists hand out literature on impeaching Bush. I give one of them a Hi-Five. She hands me a stack of flyers and begs for me to hand them out. I take them, telling her that I'll have to read them first. Maybe I'll read them after we get back to our rental house...when I've got a strawberry daiquiri in hand.



photo by: molly s



photo by: omar



photo by: bree kristel clarke



photo by: bree kristel clarke



photo by: bree kristel clarke



photo by: bree kristel clarke



photo by: bree kristel clarke

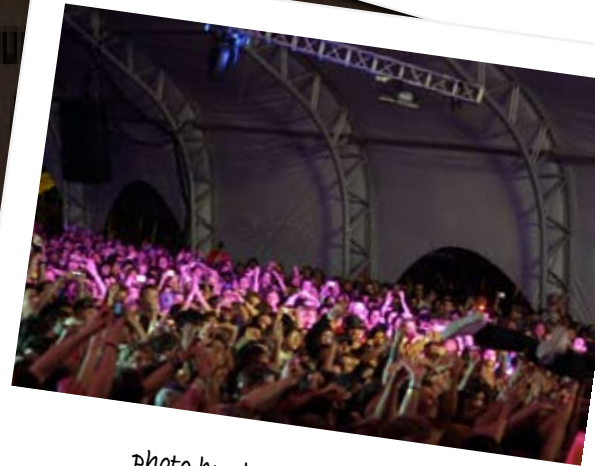


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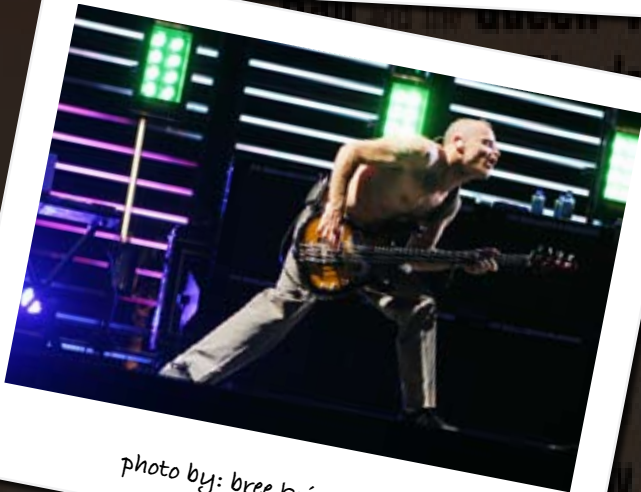


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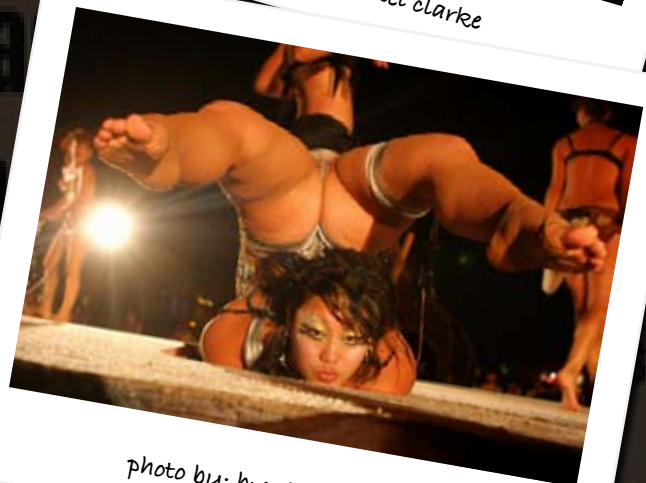


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SATURDAY APRIL 28

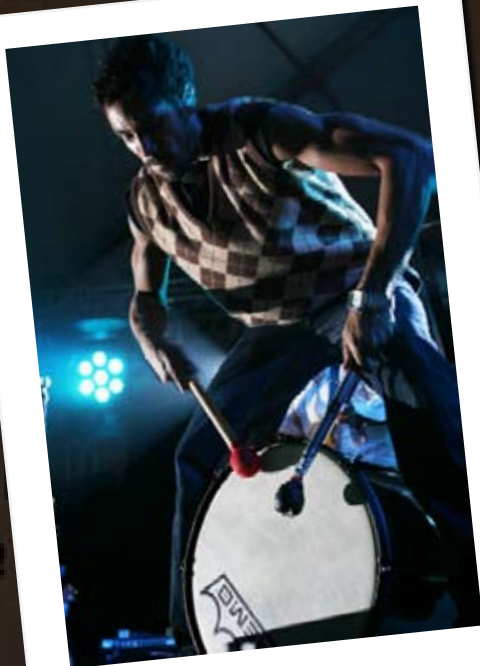


photo by: bree kristel clarke



photo by: bree kristel clarke

SUNDAY

11:45

A breakfast of mimosas, eggs, and grits begins the day as our resident DJ (New York Keith) plays an 80's mix he made for the weekend. We play basketball and Splash Bombs in the pool. I hear the blender. Margaritas? Strawberry Daiquiris? The inevitable mantra, "So, what time are you guys headin' out?" is actually the farthest thought in our minds. My strategy on day 3: "Coachella Tapas". I'll have tiny, delightful servings of as many acts as possible-and socialize with friends for my main course.

5:30

We're on our way to the show, but the designated driver-Big Al-doesn't have a ticket. A month ago, Sunday tickets were in such demand that they were going for \$500 on Ebay! So, we're all a bit worried (even though we've encountered tons of scalpers the past few days). On the side of the road, I see two older men waving a handful of tickets. I yell "how much?" as we cruise past them. One of them starts chasing our car, like a deranged bull. We pull over. 1 Sunday ticket + 2 VIP bracelets = a mere \$160. Drive-thru Ticketmaster without the service-charges. Beat that, corporate America.

7:40

Our whole crew made it to our proposed meeting spot-the Dome. Cut Chemist has packed the place to the point of overflowing. Don't these kids know that they can see Lucas for free every weekend in LA? Amateurs. We rush over to Paul Van Dyk at the Sahara. High energy, fun trance gets us jumpin'. Sweaty, stinky bodies everywhere. Time for me and Big Al to test out the drive-thru VIP bracelets.

9:10

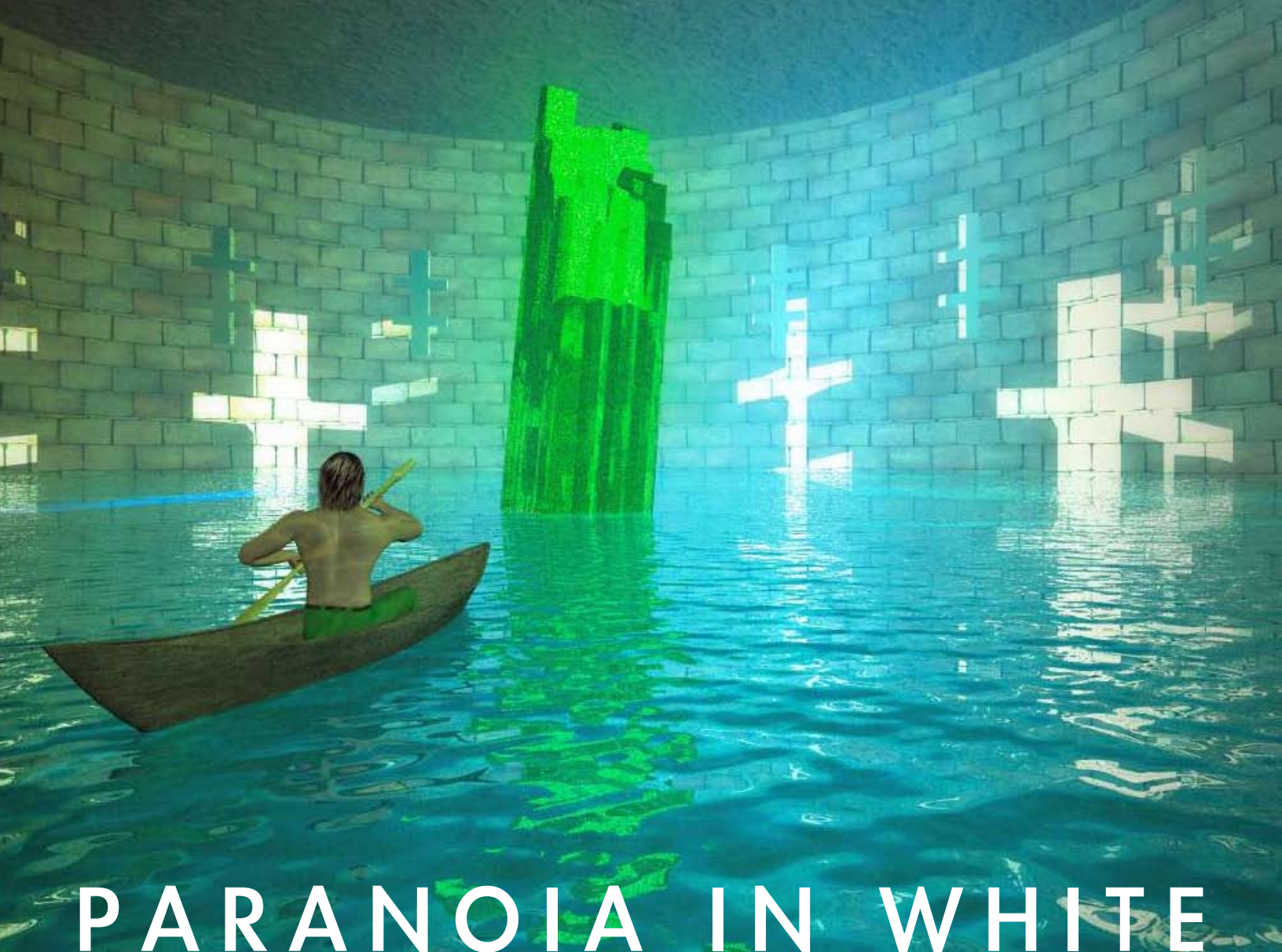
Air was late to take the stage, losing ¼ of the crowd to Manu Chao (who I was dying to see anyway). We stick around for two boring-ass tracks (by the way I've always loved Air-new album exempted-and they rocked Coachella 2004, but they only work as a sunset time-slot band). I convince my crew to move it to the main stage where the "King of the Bongos" reigns.

11:00

Finally RATM!!! I predict a riot. We're watching from the VIP area 'cause it's waaay more tame (plus I really need a Red Bull Vodka at this point). I run into Trent Cantrelle, who got added to the Sahara's lineup last-minute. He tells me that a southern friend of ours-that I haven't seen in 6 years-is wandering around the VIP area. Seriously-how will I find him in this sea of people? Leave it to the designated driver-he found the Ragin' Cajun in question! The Southerner sweet talks us into the backstage of the VIP area. Is this the VIP of the VIP? Weird. I didn't even know this area existed. Complementary beverages. Soft couches. Models. Each trailer door is marked with artists' names, crafted with light green construction paper, blue painter's tape, and glitter. I pull a "Robin Hood" for my die-hard-fan-friends and jack the trailer signs-belonging to Infected Mushroom, Paul Van Dyk, and Explosion in the Sky.

1:30 a.m.

BBQ time. Does this weekend ever have to end?



PARANOIA IN WHITE

By Bob Freville

"What is a man? A bridge between the primate and the superman - a bridge over an abyss."

—Robert Anton Wilson

The button burst off the Big Man's overcoat tonight, ladies and gentlefolk. Those fine synchronicities that we never seem to take note of finally spit a grandiosity at us, in the form of non-existence becoming existent, and in our own backyard yet!

It's not every day that a man wakes up, claws the sleep from his bloodshot eyes and opens the morning edition to find something as weird as Kryptonite unearthed in a foreign but not so distant land, on his own planet, in real life. I was expecting another revealing photo of a confused and culturally shocked teenage psy-

chopath wielding weapons bigger than him in videos to the news networks. Instead Kryptonite!

In the richest and most neo-Sacred texts of our time, people of indeterminate origin have spoken of multiple dimensions and a multi-world connectedness, but nobody has ever listened without a smug smirk and half an ear. What will they do now that dimensions are spilling over into each other? Fiction has become Fact.

George is blubbing in the next room, trying to keep a sense of ignorantly cocky composure. Robert Anton Wilson has been murdered by the mind that he fostered and so, too, has his daughter. Or maybe *They* came for her. And what exactly did Tom Cruise engineer his alien offspring to do to the human race. Was his role in *War of the Worlds* a clev-

erly diabolical ruse, to euchre the Earth People into the false belief that he isn't nearly as Weird as we initially considered him to be?

Do these people have anything to do with the discovery of *sodium lithium boron silicate hydroxide* or is the white substance—always presented to be green in the movies—just a single strand of some other completely innocuous universe where sub-humans stomp around on cloud nine and let out a pussy fart that echoes through the walls of polymorphous polyurethane and into the vacuum of our tenuous little world? And is that pussy fart something as seemingly simple—at least to their advanced minds—as a mineral "dreamed up" by Hollywood screenwriters or comic book writers?

Probably we won't find out until we've surrendered our souls to

those other dimensions and accepted the possibility that things might be fucked up and beautiful out there in the Cosmos, where other breathing entities parade around viscous chambers of rock and chant the names of gods we have never heard about. And we are stuck here, chained by vibes we have created for ourselves.

We like to ask nebulous questions like, "What is the meaning of life?" An equally absurd concern would be to question whether or not folks live stress-free in other dimensions. The next time you want an answer simply place the pencil to the left instead of the right. We'll see if different actions and characters inhabit the rest of your days.

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MICHAEL FRANTI

Michael Franti of Spearhead sits with Kotori to discuss where the momentum of the past few year's events have led. Following the release of "Yell Fire!," his wildly successful latest album which tackles such various world-relevant issues as the war in Iraq, the situation in Israel and the Palestinian territories, as well as their effects here at home. In 2004, Franti flew to the Middle East as a musician on a 'truth-seeking' mission. He took his guitar, his friends, and a videocamera. He spoke with civilians and soldiers alike and cut it all together into a moving award winning documentary aptly entitled "I Know I'm Not Alone." This month, Franti will be behind bars as he perform a historic concert for inmates at San Quentin prison on May 19 and his interview with Al Jazeera will be broadcast to 86 million viewers. The success of the film as well as "Yell Fire!" play testament to the fact that people want change. Click below and watch him talk all about it...



(click to play)





Rolling With Lester Grinspoon Part III

L U N G S O F S T E E L A Society Raised On Smoke & Fire

B y B O B F R E V I L L E

I am stoned when I make the call, stoned and paranoid. Overall I am in a jovial mood, but I feel as though a voyeuristic vulture is bearing down on me, searching for probable cause. I need answers. So, naturally, I turn to everyone's favorite cannabis-friendly codger Dr. Lester Grinspoon, MD.

"I'm smoking weeeeeed," I say to him.

"Uh-huh."

"Should I be doing this right now? Am I being tapped? I'm a criminal, aren't I?"

"The most harmful thing about marijuana," Grinspoon replies as he takes his walk down memory lane, "was not any inherent psychopharmacological property of the drug, but rather the way we as a society dealt with it—criminalizing, arresting about 300,000 people at a time, most of them young, almost all for possession. You know what that figure is today? 770,000! That's how much progress I've made on this."

Grinspoon laughs, but I refuse to follow suit. This is not a laughing matter. Not for me and certainly not for those *seven hundred sixty nine thousand, nine hundred ninety-nine* that are out there doing what I am doing.

"Well," I say, "do you think you can be more stimulated on marijuana depending on your geographical location, the atmosphere you're in at the time?" Chubby beads of sweat are rolling down my face as I deliver these words. The sun is trying to

poison me with its death rays.

"Absolutely!" Grinspoon exclaims. "That's a tenet of this kind of drug, particularly true of marijuana. Set and setting are terribly important for the experience."

"I think the climate that lends itself to the fullest kind of experience of cannabis is one which is free of any fear that it is unhealthy or against the law. Everybody is now entitled to have the freedom from fear because I think it's clear that it's one of the safest drugs."

I was curious about the pharmaceutical trend of THC-based pills, commercially used in the treatment of severe cases of cancer and glaucoma. "Would it be safer if I just copped pills of the shit from someone?"

"Smoking is more effective," Grinspoon assures me. "Because if you smoke marijuana—if you have a migraine headache—you can get rid of it right away whereas with a pill you aren't going to feel relief for quite awhile."

"There's no question that smoking...is much better. Not just because you can titrate the dose but also because it just works better. It's not just the THC molecule but some of the other cannabinoids and terpene."

I didn't have a migraine headache, but I was going to if that vulture got me in its talons. Grinspoon said that "marijuana is the least toxic drug in two dimensions—as a medicine and as a recreational drug." This is true, but

it isn't going to help my case.

What's more, I am wondering if there is any validity to what people are saying about it causing lung cancer. The Doctor weighs in: "We as human beings were raised on fire. We had to adapt to smoke. Smoke from burning plants and wood. I think with cigarettes some of the low-level radioactivity in the fertilization is what's problematic...and all the chemicals, the retardants, that we don't know anything about."

"I wonder if people who smoked tobacco long before R.J. Reynolds came along and commercialized it, I wonder if they were healthy. Did they ever develop lung cancer? I think it's more the contaminants that we impose on tobacco."

He adds, facetiously, "The Europeans are a little crazy...they mix their weed with tobacco."

"But is cancer an issue?" I ask.

"Fifteen years ago there was a guy who said there was a higher incident of neck and mouth cancer. Nobody's been able to affirm that; nobody believes that any more. We have too much anecdotal evidence."

"Ya know," I say. "I've been thinking about building myself a car out of sheet metal and fueling it with some weed. It would make a good stash box."

"Mm hm."

"I heard marijuana can even be used as biomass fuel, the pulp or the hurd of it can be processed

into methane, gasoline, just destructive distillation and that's it."

"Marijuana is a natural resource," Lester concurs. "I never thought smoking marijuana was particularly dangerous..." Grinspoon's voice is muffled by the overwhelming airborne hostility of a jet plane flying too low over my dwellings. His words are lost in the raucous hot war noise.

"I'm sorry," I shout. "But it appears they're coming for us!" Lester seems not to notice so I keep my mouth shut after this.

"Taschken was the man who gave the DEA the idea that marijuana was clearly a risk factor for lung cancer, when he published his paper some years ago, in the *New England Journal of Medicine*... the odds ratios in his study were so negative. Which is why you have to ask the question: Is it possible that smoking marijuana, in fact, provides some *protection* against lung cancer?"

I sigh hard and bang my head against a bamboo stick. "I wish they'd just repeal the shit already."

"The risk is greater for people living in certain areas," Grinspoon proffers. "It's definitely dependant upon certain socioeconomic groups. Incidentally, I'm not smoking at all now."

I'm trying to concentrate, but my mind keeps drifting off into the Cheech & Chong realm and I start wondering whether Lester would've ended up a Professor at Harvard had he been born a



beaner in East L.A. This prompts me to ask him about his feelings on the way marijuana has been portrayed in motion pictures.

"The motion picture industry are afraid to have people that smoke weed in their product," he says. "Every time I saw a picture of Winston Churchill he had a cigar in his mouth and I learned later that prior to the war the cigar industry's sales were dropping dramatically. They come up with the idea that if they would get celebrities to smoke a cigar while being photographed it would improve their sales.

"Winston brought that industry back during and after the war. And if you look back at old movies *everybody* smoked.

"I understand there's a TV program called *Weeds*, and smoking is obviously a part of it. There are those who embrace it."

"And what about Chong?" I beseech Grinspoon. "How about his imprisonment?"

"It was clearly a matter of, 'Oh, this guy's well-known. We are going to set an example here. This is what happens to folks who are right up front about marijuana.'"

Lights are blinking. An anonymous neighbor has phoned in a complaint about burning chemi-

cals hanging in the open air. I rush inside and damn near yank the phone out of the wall. As I begin to fill a bag with personal effects and start collecting my Samurai swords I ask Grinspoon to explain his method for smoking joints, in case mine fails me when I'm on the lam for possession of three grams.

"You have a joint and you light it," he says *bluntly*. "The temperature in the lit part of it has to be at least ignition temp which is about 450 degrees Fahrenheit. As you pull on that the smoke from the burning travels through the rest of the marijuana cigarette. The temperature of that gas, which is right out of the flame now, is 454. But it falls rapidly as it comes through the cigarette.

Sneakers.

"As it falls, it drops through the temperature window in which the cannabinoids, the 21 carbon molecules, are released, are vaporized."

Chopsticks. Free 420 baseball cap. TAG Body Spray. Pocketknife.

"Clearly the hot smoke picks up the cannabinoids until it falls below the level—something like 285 degrees F. So I think it *acts* like a vaporizer."

KY Warming Lubricant. Sweaters.

Hoodies. Match books. Canned foods left over from Y2K.

"What you are getting is not only the products of the combustion but the products of vaporization. And I'm beginning to wonder if the second part of that process is more important than the first."

Good to go. But now I'm starting to wonder if the Warming Lubricant is worth sacrificing for more of a hand-held arsenal.

"After all, when you burn something, how many of those molecules are destroyed at that temperature? The same is true of a pipe. I am not as concerned about the safety of the inhalation of the marijuana and I have not been since 1971."

Nor am I, Dr. Grinspoon. Nor am I. What I *am* concerned about is how fast I can run without getting winded. At two packs a day I might only get as far as the squad car and that wouldn't be good. In the back of my head I keep promising myself that if I am caught Grinspoon will come to my legal aid. If he can get a handicapped dude off in a foreign dictatorship and the dude in question was packing literally *pounds* of reefer, then I should be open and shut, cut and dry, easily exonerated.

I beat my hasty retreat through

neighbors' backyards and find myself at Doges Promenade, a nearby beach where I catch my breath on a sea-saw. As I bob up and down and hear that familiar screech, I realize that I am still holding the phone. And despite it not being plugged into the wall, I swear I can still hear Lester talking, answering my questions with a Jazz-like lilt to his paternal voice.

I remember his mention of the "rhythmic implosion." This was one of his first big pick-ups. "It was such a stunning revelation. I ate a Napoleon in a kitchen and it was a bunch of us standing up, eating this Napoleon. We thought, 'It never tasted this good before!' Those were the ways in which I first understood that I had finally achieved a high."

The water spits a mist at me that is both cooling and reminiscent of a host of other occasions when I was growing up, on a beach, smoking weed and laughing like my soul was going to crack. This is that moment. This is all those occasions because I'm stoned and there's nothing anyone can do to me because I will always love, cherish or respect the Ganja. This is the end of my Saga. It never tasted this good before.



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ROBNSTEEL
CLOTHING LOS ANGELES

Rage Against the Machine

By Carol Gronner

> <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0rzudm0t1DY>
(wake up)

> <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yw7XMhjXK3k>
(guerilla radio)

> <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5RAhIC5GX0g>
(killing in the name)

I heard some other bands played at the 2007 Coachella Festival, but as far as I (and everyone else there besides other bands' mothers) am concerned, it was the RAGE. AGAINST. THE. MACHINE!!! Hostile Takeover. Taking back our country with a warrior's call to arms, RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE! BACK! For the first time in SEVEN YEARS! I'd be real surprised if anyone remembers anything else from this festival in years to come. I bet it will be like Woodstock, with people claiming to have been there, claiming their kids were conceived in the campgrounds, all of it. This was the greatest show of my life. Period. After a week of shows that until this one were also the best of my life. I am blessed beyond my own belief. I am completely humbled by the power of music. And I know that our country and we the people, have never needed this band like we do now. As The Nightwatchman has said in recent interviews, I don't believe it is mere coincidence that in the seven years we've been without Rage, the country has gone to hell. Last night they came back, to deliver a knockout punch to this filthy administration - and a whole lot of people have their backs. The system should be afraid ... very afraid.

I arrived at the Coachella Festival after the sun went down, and went immediately to the stage area. The wonderful, benevolent and ever-gracious Denise Luiso hooked us up like no one should dare to dream, with passes to watch the Rage reunion

from the side of the stage (Sweet D, I am forever and always your humble servant ... you gave me a gift I will never forget, a true highlight of my life)! I was just happy to be on the grounds for this MONUMENTAL (you know, I really should write this entire thing in capitals - that's just how it was) occasion, but to watch it so close and from the band's own perspective, well, I have a perfect moment to return to time and again that will forever blow my mind. FOREVER!

We were herded into a holding area while the lead-in band (Manu Chao) finished up (I can't tell you a thing about them beyond a muffled, sounds pretty good mashup of notes, as I was bursting with excitement and nothing else mattered to me at this moment in time). The security guys were all yelling that unless you had Rage stickers, you needed to leave. I have never been more grateful for an adhesive-backed piece of paper (which is now safely enshrined in my own personal Smithsonian). You could hear the excitement building out front, but I had yet to see the size of the crowd as we'd entered through the VIP area. It sounded BIG. It was hot, it was extra-crowded and frankly, a little desperate as you listened to the pleas to the security guards from people shamelessly begging to be let back. I hear even ol' Tommy Lee had a run-in with security as he lacked the proper credentials, resorting to the sad, "Do you know who I am?" and trying to be badass. But I get it. If ever there was a show to get desperate for, this was it.

The mood was high in the holding, I'll call it what it was pen, and you could take a bite out of the anticipation it was so thick - and it tasted good. Paris Hilton and her emaciated, vacantly staring posse strutted past everyone assembled like they owned the place - to a loud chorus of BOOOO's. Comedy. There was a sick feeling to that though, as these girls were not here for the music, for the RAGE behind the music,

for the utter IMPORTANCE of the music ... they are in fact part of the problematic machine themselves. It was maddening to watch them sashay past the TRUE and hyperventilating with joy and luck absolute SUPERFANS that were trembling with unbridled near-hysteria ALREADY (I was told they too were later told to scram as they were not Rage affiliated - Hee-Her)!

The roadies scrambled to set up the stage, as the crowd on the other side of the curtains from us had begun the "RAGE RAGE RAGE!!! ..." chant. It was so, so, so exciting, I was covered with goosebumps from thereon out. Finally the guards started letting people pass and mount the steps to the stage. It was a mad rush. There were way more people than could comfortably fit, so it was every person for themselves as you jostled your way in to try and see something - anything. I am a pretty good jostler (and polite too - try it sometime you know who you are's) so I was, in a word, STOKED! And entirely unprepared for what met my eyes: People as far as the horizon, going absolutely BALListic out in the crowd. I can't imagine what it must feel like to know that all those people are there for you, that they have MISSED YOU LIKE CRAZY, that they WANT to go crazy, and it is your job to see that it happens ... and that ALL - HELL - CAN'T STOP US NOW!!!!!!

The energy felt almost dangerous (just as they/we like it), but I keep going back to the word JOY, because that is what the crowd was feeling, obviously. Joy that the Rage boys were back together, of course, and I like to think joy that they are back to give voice (and HOW!) to all of our frustrations, and joy that leads us to dare to hope for something better. Looking around from my position (that I guarded with all I had - boxing out when need arose - and that I did not budge from other than to go UP), I could see Perry Farrell squished in, Lars Ulrich, Tommy Lee (hey, how'd

he get there? Joking. Kind of.), I don't even know who else because I didn't really care in my pure excitement for what was about to go down, but it was great to see that no one was in the least bit jaded about this event. It was impossible not to acknowledge the sheer weight of this show NOW.

The tension mounted as everyone was scrambling to get a good view. The ocean of a crowd kept up the Rage chant, and all of a sudden, it all went dark. "OHHHHHH SHIT!" ... I heard one guy yell. The audience was completely beside themselves. I was jumping in my spot. The Rage chant grew louder and louder, and then a screen went up in the back with the plain black background and the Rage red star in the center. That's when this: (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g7kifuk_Uul) happened. Bad quality, but you get the point. Remember, this was before anyone had even taken the stage!

I looked across the stage at our counterparts freaking out on that side ... then I saw Tom, Zack, Tim and Brad jumping up and down, getting hyped for what they were about to DESTROY the people with. It was so incredibly exciting I almost felt sick! Then they ran out to the front of the stage and every single being in their presence (and probably in space) lost their ever-loving minds! Not one note had yet been struck! Brad did a little warm-up drum roll style thing, and Zack (gone for SEVEN YEARS!) walked to the microphone and simply said, "Hello, we're Rage Against The Machine from Los Angeles" ... and it was immediately ON! The first chords to "Testify" from Tom Morello's guitar (aka The Nightwatchman plugged in!) resounded out across the plains - and the bodies started FLYING over the crowd. It was absolutely the craziest shit I've seen in all my days.

I think it's important to remember that this band had not played together in YEARS (7) and had maybe a couple

True story - we were rear-ended (HARD) on the way out of Indio, domino-ing us into another car in front of us. My neck is very stiff today, so I had someone check it out. It turns out it has nothing to do with the accident, but is actually the result of being forced to rock my head so hard to the power rock of Rage! This is a professional diagnosis. I have been officially ROCKED! Awesome.



months at most of rehearsal ... yet it was like they just came off a show the night before in another city - they were that tight, they were that angry, they were that ROCKING, they were that NOW! Another extremely striking element to note was that all of the songs played this night were written in the early to mid to some late 90's, but it was as if they'd been written especially for today. Indeed, they might even be MORE fitting for today. I know I'm definitely angrier than I've ever been before at the state of things in this country ... how about you? It could not be more fitting or heavy that Rage has chosen NOW to make themselves heard again. We can only hope that they heard the people and will want to create more music together FOR now - I can't even imagine what they have in their arsenal now that seven years of anger has built up. I'm not sure we could even take it after what I saw and felt last night, but I know I'd give it my best shot (um, perhaps literally - kidding, FBI, only kidding).

Next up, Bulls On Parade. Bombtrack. Bullet In the Head ("They say jump, you say how high?" Well, we jumped REAL high). Down Rodeo. Guerilla Radio ("TURN THAT SHIT UP!" - "WHAT BETTER PLACE THAN HERE? WHAT BETTER TIME THAN - NOW!!!"). Renegades of Funk. Calm Like A Bomb. Sleep Now In The Fire. No one in the crowd had forgotten a single word, yelling back to Zack the words to every chorus, and then some (I've been running around today - ok, "running" is asking a bit much - limping around today, after I finally woke up since returning at 6 this morning to Los Angeles, and all I can say to anyone is "I am the Nina, the Pinta, the Santa Maria ...!" I don't anticipate this changing anytime soon, sorry if I'm annoying, friends). And then it was time for "Wake Up".

I had been waiting for Zack to get radical and political with some banter all night (though the songs clearly speak for themselves, but still - Zack was back and we wanted to hear what he had to say!) and I was amply rewarded. "Wake Up" is





such a genius song (ok, they all are, I know) and again, so perfect for these times, title alone. But when they slowed it down and Zack stepped back up to the mike, he let them have it. Though it was a little hard for me to make it all out as I was behind the speakers facing out to the crowd, I did hear the word "Hitler" and then "This administration" (not a large stretch anymore, if people really were to WAKE UP!) then "every last rich, white one of 'em should be hung and tried and SHOT! This system destroys entire countries to sustain itself, a system we have to break down ... generation after generation after generation!!!!" Then all hell broke loose between the band and the crowd, and Zack scaled the stack of amps to survey the madness from atop it all. You know, Zack and Tom were jumping around like whirling dervishes on speed the whole night, yet somehow were able to hit every note and satisfy the masses with sickeningly intricate guitar pyrotechnics, as they can only be called. Brad and Tim kept the whole thing together with such thick rhythm it threatened to crack a hole in the atmosphere.

At the end of "Wake Up" (and after the thousands upon thousands present screamed WAKE UP with every fragment of their being) Zack spat into the mike, "HOW LONG? NOT LONG, 'CAUSE WHAT YOU REAP IS WHAT YOU SOW!" And they were gone. Amazingly, people had voices left - and they used them. SCREAMING. CHANTING "RAGE!". WHISTLING. STOMPING. CLAPPING. Please God, MORE!

My friend Doug (bless his heart for driving - that was crrrrrazy) was behind me and we both knew there had to be more. I said, "Freedom".

He said, "Killing In The Name". We could only hope. The lights were out, the screaming was deafening ... and across the stage I saw the guys in the band come back out. Zack had his arm around Tom and it gave me chills on top of the ones I already had ... like all was again right in the world.

They took their places again, Brad rumbled off a drum flourish - and they launched into FREEDOM with such a ferocity you thought the world might end right there - and you'd be fine with it. (In fact, we instantly all started jumping on the side of the stage and I felt the boards under my feet shudder with the too many people jumping. I could easily envision it collapsing, but before I could get scared, I jumped higher and harder in celebration of the absolute ROCK going on right in front of my face, because I knew that if that did happen, what better way to go?) That's exactly how it felt to be there.

Freedom. What a haunting, ruling song! The quieter part, where Brad hits the cowbell, was met with such thunder from the crowd, it was like they were hearing a long, lost friend return ... and then it builds, and builds and BUILDS ... Freedom, yeah right! We were total captives to this music, even before it began. I LOVED IT SO MUCH!

As soon as the last note died on Freedom, the opening notes to "Killing In The Name" began - we got our two wishes! When it came time for Tom's beloved solo on this one, if it was at all possible that the crowd could go even crazier ... it was and it DID. People had been waiting 7 whole YEARS to hear that song again, and they were going to make it count! Oh MAN, by the time we got to the "FUCK YOU, I WON'T DO

WHAT YOU TELL ME!!" repeating over and over, you felt that the power in this place on Earth was more than nuclear ... and that if this many people feel this way together, at THIS TIME, well, we can really change the shit up. We HAVE to. I know I'm being super superlative, but there is no other way to describe how this show went down. The POWER of the size of this crowd (totally surreal looking out over the thousands and thousands of people for as far as the eye could see - all with fists raised, all screaming the same words - in TOTAL unity!) simply cannot be ignored. We need to do this incomparable band the honor of having it not be just a rock show, something cool to have been at, but something that inspired us ALL to do something, to speak out, to finally RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE!!!

The chords of the instruments died out, as the chords of the audience swelled. Tom, Zack, Tim and Brad came out to center stage, arms around each other and fists raised, looking out over the massive crowd. They had to be thinking how GREAT it was to be back. We didn't want to let them go, didn't want it to be over EVER ... but then it was. The houselights came up, and revealed the shell-shocked faces of people for whom it will take days to sink in and really know what hit them.

Staggering down the stairs and through the backstage area, all you could hear everywhere was "WOOOO!" "DUUUUUUDE!" "HO-LY SHIIIIIT!" "EPIC!" and see only high-fives and looks of crazed ecstasy. I am, and have not been, exaggerating once in this entire Ode To Rage. I write it like I see/feel it. I was there. I WAS THERE! I am beside myself with unadulterated happiness at that fact,

and I'll never get over it. Never.

We went to Rage's backstage area to congratulate them (again, THANK YOU SWEET D! I LOVE YOU!) and it was striking to see all the guys sitting and chatting calmly, sipping champagne, humbly accepting the sheer adulation and praise, where minutes before they had incited full-fledged mass hysteria. I will say, to a man, each of them looked utterly spent. They gave every bit of themselves up on that stage, and had pulled the whole thing off - to the extent that every single person I've heard from that was there has said it was, no question, the best show they'd seen in their lives. I have seen many in my days as a fanatical lover of music, but none other even compares to that electricity. I have yet to properly sleep, but am still smiling broadly, because ... RAGE IS BACK, EVERYONE! The timing could not be better, it's as if they got the bat signal from all the disillusioned Americans and came back to save the day ... but they'll need help from all of us. I'm there. I hope you will be too.

RAGE IS BACK! Sound the trumpets, sound the bells ... scratch that, ROCK the bells!

THANK YOU, RAGE ... from the bottom of my soul-rebel soul. I will never forget this night, nor the fire you re-stoked within us all.

Anger is A Gift! Arm the Homeless! TAKE THE POWER BACK!





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Do the forced labor bop

By Philip Fairbanks

It started as a harmless Youtube search. Because I can't get enough of my fix of Japanese bossa nova, I decided to do a search for Shibuya-kei, a Japanese musical movement epitomized by bands like Flipper's Guitar, Pizzicato 5 and Fantastic Plastic Machine. I see this clip for a "mini-epic," entitled B-17. It's a trailer for a short film inspired by Shibuya-kei and manga. This, I thought, has got to be dreadfully awesome, or painfully terrible.

Turns out it was dreadful, painful and terrible. Most of all, though, it was awesome. It's the story of Silly White Girl AKA Sarah Weis, who spends her days making pro-war polo shirts and being a sex slave locked in a sub-sub-basement of the White House. Major Orwellian overtones and black comedy

in the vein of Brautigan and Vonnegut combine with disturbing scenes of the life of a girl who wakes up to find herself trapped and under constant surveillance in a dungeon/pleasure den.

It's kind of a musical, in that there are two scenes that are as much music video montage and story and the soundtrack, performed on moog and theremin, was written and performed by Sarah Weis and Arturo Cubacub.

Arturo films and directs the piece based on a performance piece by Sarah. Arturo, internationally acclaimed for his award winning films, directs the piece which is based on 19 year old Sarah's performance piece.

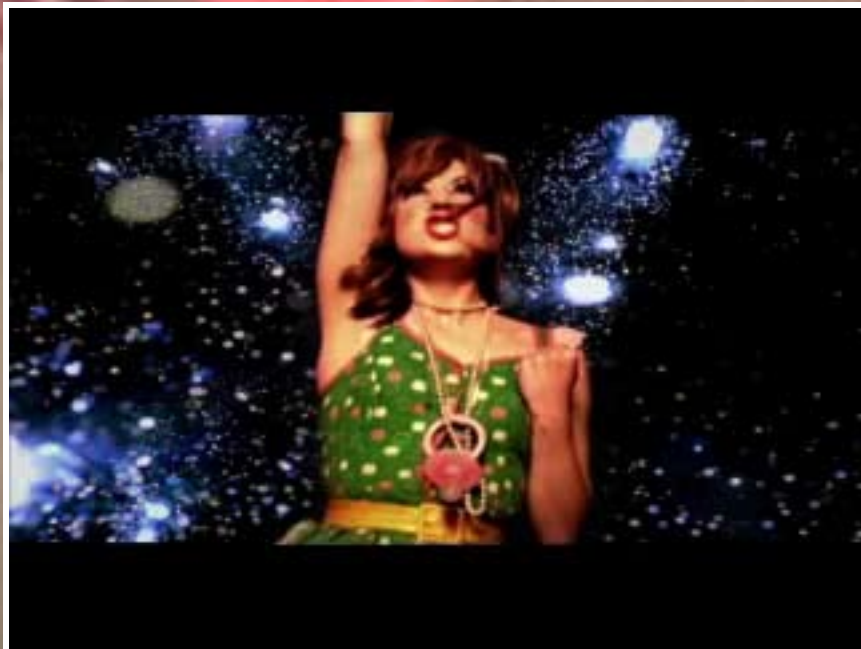
I would give a synopsis, but according to Sarah and Arturo, the

air of mystery is too important. Suffice it to say, in all but the last scene, Sarah is the only human actor. Other parts are played by, according to the credits the Man(nequin). The film is disturbing, disorienting and makes me want to join Amnesty International. It's humorous in a very dark way, but after reading news about detainees being stripped of dignity and tortured, I can't laugh too hard. The film conceptualizes the madness of post-9/11 America. It envisions a world where no one is safe from our protectors who already have the right to surveillance, phone taps and other civil rights breaches.

The entire film is available on Youtube.com and can be found at www.youtube.com/bseventeen. Check out the trailers and start at

episode one if you want it to make any sense. Don't miss chapters like "The brand of the free," or "I heart the war on terrorism." I contacted the creators and gave them my impression. I said they made John Waters and David Lynch look like Walt Disney and Norman Rockwell. Arturo jokingly replied that their aim was to "make Walt Disney and Norman Rockwell look like Joseph Thorak and Leni Riefenstahl." Copies of the dvd are for sale at <http://b-seventeen.com>.





(click to play)



**Jai Alai Savant
Flight of the
Bass Delegate
(Gold Standard Labs)**

Dub, prog-rock, influences everywhere from the Mars Volta to Yabby You to Sublime all up in here. Melodic noise rock infused with a smorgasboard of slow

dramatic sonic-induced builds, the crashing psychosis driven climaxes, to the harmonic symmetrically auditory melodies that make your mind wonder which neurons to fire while struggling to hold back the others. "Flight of the Bass Delegate" is a definite maturation from their 2005 EP and we no longer wonder why it took 2 years to make it happen. Well worth it. Plus, the cover is cool as a penguin's shit!!



**Big A Little A
gAame
(Gigantic)**

Aa (pronounced big a little a) is a band you probably never heard of coming out of the New York art/music scene. They are admittedly

hard to pin down - mostly noise splattered by more noise which strays at points to quite an interesting ambient palate of sounds. Their latest record "gAame" comes complete with a DVD that includes videos for each song, adding a psychedelic "visual" effect to the psychotic listening experience. I just don't know where to file this in my life. If you like noise and pictures then this may be for you...look at all the purty colors... -jkvm



**TimeOut Presents The
Other Side : Los
Angeles
CD by Madlib / DVD by
Peanut Butter Wolf
(Deaf Dumb + Blind)**

Makes sense - get Stone's Throw, one of the most influential hip-hop labels in L.A., known for churning out legendary quality

over quantity, together with travel publishers TimeOut. Add a soundtrack by Madlib, a legendary Los Angeleno producer and DJ, and what do you get? A real travel companion for visitors hell-bent on exploring the streets of Los Angeles sans Disneyland and Mann's Chinese. Tracks by Quasimoto, Jaylib, Freestyle Fellowship, and Madlib himself appear in the free-form-jazz/hip/soul/hop/reggae infused Madlib-mixed hip hop CD, while Stones Throw head honcho Peanut Butter Wolf throws down his local knowledge in the accompanying DVD as he palys personal tour guide to shopping, food, nightlife, accommodation, and sightseeing highlights in the City of Angels. Everything from vintage clothing on Melrose and local secret record stores in Highland

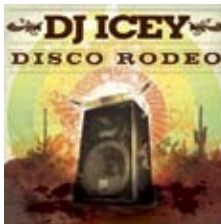
Park to good eats on Crenshaw, graffiti art galleries in Culver City, and hip hop clubbin' in Hollywood.



**Brother Ali
The Undisputed Truth
(Rhymesayers)**

Ok, if he hit it off with Ant from Atmosphere, you know he's got some twisted angry shit to spit. It's finally here! Brother Ali's long awaited sophomore

effort was worth the wait. Employing grooves from the cool and collected to the nitty and gritty to the raw, the righteous, the dub and the dirty, Ali's signature abrasive delivery tackles everything from the streets to the female form to war and the draft. While Rhymesayers in-house studio-wiz Ant himself produced the tracks, Brother Ali consumed them and spits them out like a man! Who says there ain't no hardcore in hip-hop anymore? Brother Ali'll bust a cap up in yo...oh someone shut me up already...



**DJ Icey
Disco Rodeo
(Moist Music)**

Ok, he's at that point where you really can't knock him no matter how bad you wanted to or how hard you tried. The man is a permanent veteran fixture on

the U.S. breaks scene and there's not a track that he drops or a party that he rocks that break heads don't want to be a part of. While some of the tracks like Stargazer's "Feel Good" and Leonid Rudenko's "Summerfish" oozes a bit of vocal and trancey pantz cheese, they're not exactly terrible transitions from and into the heavier hitting choppy funkified breaks like Richard Dinsdale & Mark Knight's "Crunch" and Krafty Kuts & DJ Icey's "Through The Door." No matter your style or preference, Icey guarantees the circles'll be breakin' til' the break o' dawn wut wut!!

KOTORI MAY PIX



**One + One
James Zabiela & Nic Fanciulli
(Ministry of Sound)**

2 discs of industrially moody glitchy groovy bleep deep progressive house masterfully mixed and matched by the ordained ministers of

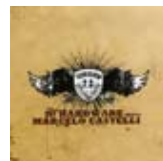
that domain...James Zabiela and Nic Fanciulli.



**Jimi Tenor meets Kabu Kabu
Joystone
(Ubiquity)**

He's got the entire world in his garage. Jimi Tenor's idea brought together some of the planet's main players for 12 electronic-

infused Afro-funk-Scandinavian-jazz cuts that even made my booty shake. Rare. Very rare.



**DJ Hardware meets Marcelo
Castelli
Tribalism V.2
(Made Records / Regress)**

Calling all SpeakerPhreakers! Calling all SpeakerPhreakers! Hardware and Castelli get mad big-room tribal

on our ass. A very heavy prominent 4/4 bass drum just seducing you speaker phreakers! I like saying that word. SpeakerPhreaker!!!



**Oh No & Galt MacDermot
Exodus Into Unheard Rhythms
(Stones Throw)**

Ok, anyone who's part of the LMNO/Aloe Blacc/Murs/Vast Aire family is welcome in the Kotori casa. Veteran productions,

jazz and funk collabs, and tight attention-demanding flows = One tight hip-hop record.



**The Locust
New Erections
(Anti)**

Trying very very hard not to use another insect-metaphor...but shit... with "New Erections," we got a hard on by buggin'

an' buzzin' an' convulsin' like a plague.



**All Smiles
Ten Readings of a Warning
(Dangerbird)**

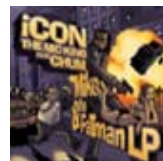
Soothing sentimental sensitive sunrise rock pop at its bestesest. Here's unpolished uncommercial pop in all its fresh wondermazing form.



**LCD Soundsystem
Sound of Silver
(Capitol)**

Dance pop rock in all their glorious fervor. LCD Soundsystem hit us again with a bouncy housey blippy bleepy party reminiscent

of those 80s bands. Yes, you know which ones...



**iCON The Mic King
Mike & The Fatman
(Uprising)**

He's a battle champ and actually has some real-time experience to boot! Not only is he actually saying something of substance, but...(gasp!)...he's really good at it!



PICK UP KOTORI AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSTAND FOR ALL THIS ADDITIONAL STUFF!



40 LA COKA NOSTRA

I'm not knocking anyone else's shit but hip hop is in a flossy place and I don't feel like it's reflecting the world we're living in right now!"

33 KIVA

Investors seeking emotional returns...look no further.



23 CLUTCH

"One day in the middle of a show I turned around and looked behind me and there were two 30 foot penises behind us."

27 BUFF MONSTER

"The mass appeal of urban inspired or urban related art is growing every day."

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20	THE LOCUST	swarmin' with their one-liners!!
50	SIERRA SWAN	super-sexy sultry ssssss!
08	AS TALL AS LIONS	Singer Dan Nigro hiccups his way through animal cruelty & the glockenspiel
47	RJD2	Ramble John Krohn carves an exciting 'pop' path down a road he's always taken...
36	CSA	The South is gonna rise again! (At least in cinema)
52	AMERICAN SODOMITES	A new era in American media?
60	DAVID CHOE	the bad(dest) boy of graffiti
64	DR. LESTER GRINSPOON	takes a stab at the Future of Marijuana



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