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TABLE OF CONTENTS



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."

POWER PELLETS: <i>Kotori tells you wutz up!</i>	04
WE ARE THE FURY: <i>A HEAD COLD COULDN'T TRIP UP ROCK-N-ROLL</i>	06
ASPHALT JUNGLE: <i>swallows up Bob Marley</i>	10
FASHIONABLY SKATEBOARDING: <i>SICK ASS DECKS!</i>	16
HOW TO MAKE YOUR MUSIC VIDEO	18
SANDBLOOM: <i>ONE CRAZY WHITE BOY WITH A LOT OF SOUL</i>	30
METERMAIDS: <i>DOG POO AND DEMO RAP COLLIDE!</i>	54
FASHION ADVENTURES: <i>Kotori conquers fashion!!!</i>	55
THE LOST ANGELES TIMES: <i>get a clue</i>	58
CATTLE DECAPITATION: <i>"Shooting ourselves in the head"</i>	62
MARK MASKY: <i>TELLS YOU WUTZ UP!</i>	66
RADIO REBELLION: <i>NORMA JEAN GET ANGRY...ER</i>	68
T-ROCK: <i>IN HIS OWN WORDS...</i>	71
270°: <i>RECORD SHOPPING MADE EASY</i>	73
FUN TIME: <i>WHEN LAZY MARKETING MEETS WORTHLESS EMO LYRICS</i>	80

14	DEERHOOF	Satomi educates America on why Asians are so salty
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

This issue is dedicated to the Lashbrook family. Our prayers, thoughts, and service remain at your side.

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SCOTT SHAPIRO

Born into the Flefano Diphtheria crime syndicate on the east side of Chicago, Mr. Shapiro escaped the mob at a young age, venturing into the nearby wilderness to be raised by a migrating family of Himalayan aardvarks. His legend grew, returning to society in 2000, having mastered the art of automobile defecation (inside and out), likely taught to him by that pederass Hannerhan. (editor note: though one of our original writers, contributing to every issue since #1, he thinks we forgot to include him as a contributor in the last issue, but we did it on purpose to give us a good excuse to give him the largest part of this section...i mean...check out that picture! the man's a legend...just don't ask any questions...we're afraid to...)



AMY STAATS

Spawned from the frigid grounds of Akron, Ohio, Amy Staats is an artistic samurai: collected yet ferocious on any medium she attacks, be it guitar or colors. In due time, she'll be illustrating for the likes of Marvel and Manga, and simultaneously touring around the world with her band. Until then, she's honing her skills at the Pittsburgh Art Institute, kicking ass proper in the Steel City.



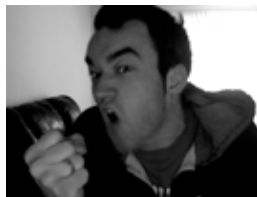
MATT REID COHN

first took it global as a member of the L.A. band 'Berlin' in the early '80s. 2006 saw the completion of his first feature-length film soundtrack ("Blood Deep") and his first solo photography exhibition as well. He relishes every opportunity to capture the essence of L.A. and surrounding areas in his work, and can often be found DJ'ing at the Museum of Neon Art downtown. Google him and punch up portableuniverse.tv for more.



SHANA NYS DAMBROT

is an art critic and author based in Los Angeles. Her fine art & design reviews, features and interviews have appeared in more than twenty publications including Modern Painters, Art Review, ARTnews, Artkrush.com, tema celeste, Artweek, Angeleno, Art Asia Pacific, Intersection, TimeOut LA, Art Ltd. (formerly Lifescapes), Juxtapoz and Coagula Art Journal. She is currently the LA Managing Editor at Flavorpill.net.



JVKM

My name is not important nor where I am from. I'm from New Jersey but live in Hollywood, California. I live for art and science and entertaining the idea of time travel. Without self-expression I would die...



TOM PHARO

I like my music like I like my women: convulsive and spaced out.

EDITOR'S NOTE

DOUBLE OH SEVEN IS WELL UPON US!!!! And let me tell you, it couldn't have come soon enough! Don't know if you remember where we were at a year ago this time, with the blessings of the Hopi Indian Tribal Council to use Kotori after the madness following the gathering of the coyote vegan cult in the Santa Ynez mountains. But as tumultuous as 006 turned out to be, its quite evident that we've come a loooooooooooooong way in those measly 365 days. We have no one to thank but YOU!!!

And here we are not only well into a new year, but a new era. One that we've been yearning and fighting and scratching for for well over a decade. For the first time in 12 years, the Democrats control both the House and the Senate. People have finally woken up and given up on the system that doesn't work for anyone outside of those involved in the arms and petroleum industries. Not to say that the Democratic party is a cure-all, God knows they're not, but hot hell, at least the decrepid disastrous destructive ways of the Bush junta have been tossed out the door. It's kind of sickly satisfying now to watch him try to work with his hands tied. Anyway, the point is, we've taken that first step to take our country back and to re-install the true virtues of democracy and patriotism that were so brutally pulled from underneath us.

Our time has come people!!! Let's seize the moment and achieve all that we have worked for. Let's bring some color and excitement back into the drab landscape that 'they' have tried to paint before us. Let's cloak the future with our art, our music, and our culture.

You can count on us to do what we can to contribute!

Double-Oh-Seven y'all!!!!
Happy Spring!

Peace,



Wasim Muklashy

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tweaked into music waiting for you, and much more. www.spintheworld.com



Say it loud! The mighty James Brown, the 'Godfather of Soul,' had enough of this Man's World, and passed away on 12/25/06, leaving

behind an influence that will assuredly impact music for many generations to come. He didn't know karate, but olde boy sure as hell knew KA-RAZY!

Taking the fun out of drinking and driving, Toyota Motor Corp recently announced they're developing a fail-safe system for cars that detects drunken drivers and automatically shuts the vehicle down if sensors pick up signs of excessive alcohol consumption. The system could also kick in if the sensors detect abnormal steering, or if a special camera shows that the driver's pupils are not in focus. KOTORI's Tommy Digital drives a Chevy, so he's not worried.



The annual Take Action Tour kicks off on February 7. The tour-founded by Hopeless / Sub City Records- aims to create a better world, one voice and

one action at a time. By working with various non-profit organizations, Take Action strives to educate people about the positive difference that can be made by each of us in our community through activism and charitable work. Bands slated are The Red Jumpsuit Apparatus, performing with Emery, Scary Kids Scaring Kids, A Static Lullaby, and Kaddisfly. www.takeactiontour.com



The legendary South by Southwest conferences go down from March 9-18 in tropical Austin, TX. A proper orgy of films, panels, and music galore, this year's event includes: Pete

Townshend as a keynote speaker; performances by The Stooges, Interpol, Lily Allen, Bloc Party, Ozomatti, Devin the Dude, Hoodoo Gurus, Ghostland Observatory, Watson Twins, and others; interviews

with Booker T, Emmylou Harris, Gilberto Gil, Terry McBride, David Byrne, Rickie Lee Jones, Joe Boyd; enough panels to make any striving musician's head explode. And that's just the music side of things- the film festival is filled with all sorts of insanity. www.sxsw.com



This year's Winter Music Conference- March 20-25 in Miami- is going to be the best yet. Not just because some of the best musicians and

producers in the world are going to be there, not just because of the Ultra Music Festival (featuring The Cure, Tiesto, Deep Dish, Junkie XL, Shiny Toy Guns, Kiss Kitten, Paul Aan Dyk, Carl Cox, Danny Tenaglia, Ferry Corstein and many more), and not just because it will re-feature another round of the DMC DJ Spinoff, but mainly because KOTORI is a media partner with the Conference, which means that the Owl will be watching... www.wintermusicconference.com



We Love Tree Huggin' Hippies: Green Bloggers Jeff McIntire-Strasburg, Shea Gunther, and David Anderson have united to form Green Options, focused on showing users (and getting users to show) the options they have for living a greener, more sustainable life. They promise a full range of content, plus tools visitors can use for assessing their own situation, and making the best choices for lightening their environmental footprint. www.greenoptions.com

Unlike music recorded on files, self generated music changes every time, for it is performed in the exact moment you listen it. OM players are designed to create smooth ambient music soundscapes that change and evolve endlessly without the need of interaction. <http://nuke.gleetchplug.com/Products/OM/tabid/64/Default.aspx>



Ghostface Killah has teamed up with ReganBooks to bring you his biography and very own look into the Wu-Tang and his life outside of the music industry. The tentative title of the book is "Iron Man: True Reflections from the Soul of the Wu-Tang Clan"

and ReganBooks have confirmed a release date of 27th February 2007.



cloudy-side up sunny side fuck! CBS plans to advertise their shows on eggs. eggs. goddamn eggs...

This year marks Starz InBlack's 10th anniversary and to celebrate Black History Month, the channel will air a different decade of films every week starting February 5. The '70s week includes films such as *The Landlord*, *A.K.A. Cassius Clay* and *Black Caesar*, the '80s week offers *Hollywood Shuffle*, *Driving Miss Daisy* and *Tap*, the '90s week will highlight *Beloved*, *Enemy of the State* and *The Crying Game*, and the week of movies from 2000 and beyond will air *Hitch*, *Freedomland* and *Are We There Yet?*.



Uh oh. Pain, glorious pain. Coachella will transform from a 2 day festival to a 3 day festival. The dates are April 27-29. Check www.Coachella.com for the lineup. Like we say every year, we don't give a shit who's going to be there...just so long as we are...



Brooklyn-based singer/songwriter Tim Fite will release his new album *Over The Counter Culture* for free through his website (www.timfite.com) on February 20th. Fite's 15 track recording is a scathing examination of commercial culture and it's adverse effects on life in general, and on rap music specifically. Plus...just look at the guy...you must wonder what he's got to say!

Want to get a barcode tattoo just to be cool, but then get rid of it when the other people you want to impress don't get it? Shop Scad's Tattoo Pack offers scannable temporary tattoos, which include codes that read SLAVE, FOR SALE, and SCAN ME. An easy way to let others know your sexual proclivities as well. <http://needled.com/>



Michael Jackson has a new record slated for late-2007, but it doesn't have a title yet. We're thinking he should call it, *My Life in Pajamas—It Don't Matter If You're Black or White...Just So Long As Your Parents Aren't Litigious*.



Michael Franti and Spearhead will launch a five-week U.S. tour in support of its recent Anti- album *Yell Fire!* on February 16th at The Warfield Theatre in San Francisco. Largely recorded in Jamaica at

the suggestion of Island Records' founder Chris Blackwell, the Kingston sessions featured the godfathers of riddem, Sly and Robbie, on live drums and bass, percussionist Sticky Thompson along with Spearhead bassist Carl Young and guitarist Dave Shul.

You tired of that same ol' slab of meat? PETA has the perfect way to cheat your husband's taste buds without risking your relationship. Mock meats and vegetarian foods are bursting with flavor and are free of the saturated fat and cholesterol that can

both pork up your pookie and put a damper on your love life (clogged arteries affect *all* the major organs). To help you treat your sweet to healthy, animal-friendly fare instead, Fabio recommends one of his secret love potions: [Portobello Passion](#).

Massive Attack's highly anticipated *Weather Underground* will finally surface aboveground this month [February]...or will it?



The Rockstar Taste of Chaos tour- kicking off on February 15 is scheduled to hit 41 cities in the U.S. and Canada between mid-February and mid-April. The multi-artist

package in the U.S.A. and Canada will feature The Used, 30 Seconds to Mars, Senses Fail, Saosin, Chiodos, Aiden, Evaline, and other special surprises to be announced.

New year, new album, new tour. Bloc Party releases their sophomore record, "A Weekend In The City," on February 6, just one month before beginning a full U.S. tour in support of the record. The tour will feature support by Albert Hammond Jr. of The Strokes, Final Fantasy, Sebastian Grangier, The Like and Smoosh on various dates. Select independent music retailers, including Newbury Comics and stores in the Coalition of Independent Music Stores, The Alliance of Independent Media Stores and The Music

Monitor Network, will give away a free, limited-edition 7" of "The Prayer," with exclusive b-side "England," available only with purchase of the album. [www.monitorthis.com](#), [www.cimsmusic.com](#), [www.thealliancerocks.com](#), [www.blocparty.com](#)



Our revered Managing Editor Micah Lashbrook will celebrate his 30th birthday on March 21, with a marvelous bash including lesbian

midgets, sea lions, 17 gallons of Astroglide, 2 barrels of Epsom Salt, 9 feet of speaker wire, a ball gag, ice cream cake, a pony, a six pack of Natural Ice, a large tire, and then some.

The Gonzo Way: A Celebration of Dr. Hunter S. Thompson by Anita Thompson is due out in March. Madame Thompson explores the legacy of her late husband as a writer and as a citizen, through her own words and through interviews with those who knew him best including Johnny Depp, Ed Bradley, Doug Brinkley, Jack Nicholson, Bill Murray, Senator George McGovern and others.

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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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EVEN ANIMALS STARTED SMALL:

A CURIOUS CONVERSATION WITH AS TALL AS LIONS' DAN NIGRO

Words By BOB FREVILLE

It is not easy to find unique and spirited music on Long Island. For every incredible, genre-defying act like Dearly Departed or The Bogmen, there are twenty-eight worthless Taking Back Sunday facsimiles sprouting up every minute...or a Local Music Bin worth of elitist punkcore groups that won't give it up, even after coughing up a lung. This is frustrating for someone like me who thrives on images and sounds.

But it is also this fact that makes it that much more satisfying to find a band like As Tall As Lions, whose musical melancholy reaches a somber and soul-revealing apex that Chris Martin only dreams about while flogging his limey Longfellow.

Dan Nigro, the troubadour in the foreground of ATAL, sums up their achievements in indie rock very simply. "Writing good songs was the motive."

"We had rushed through our first record [*Blood and Aphorisms*]," he said. "We were very unhappy with the turn out. We felt...incomplete.

"If you have a million dollar budget you can go in with half-written songs and finish them in the studio. But when you have four weeks for the pre-production, recording and mixing of an entire record you have to go in there and have it all together. We didn't have the time. It was a big mess."

For their follow-up Dan and his Nigros were going to be prepared. Seven months in a practice space, fleshing out ideas and demoing, and two months recording. Lo, the ATAL self-titled LP is born!

"Has it been easy making music on Long Island with its natural proclivity to heavier sounds?" I asked.

"Nothing has hindered our writing style," Dan insisted. "There is such a large hardcore and quote/unquote emo scene...we get pigeonholed as the wrong band a lot of the time. That's been hard to break out of, but in terms of music...we

write music that comes natural to us. It's a product of...the environment that we hang out in. It's always been very easy for us to write the way we do."

I was curious as to Dan's thoughts on the current musical climate on the Island. "Do you see it as being more progressive than it was ten years ago?"

"I think it's been kind of constant," he said. "There's always been a lot of good bands and a lot of really bad bands. I don't know if it's progressed that much. Obviously music evolves and what's popular in the area changes...but I wouldn't say it's necessarily better or worse, at this point."

Dan and I lamented about what a bummer it is living in a place that lacks Class A musical venues. "But the bigger bands on Long Island," Dan added with a hiccup, "tend to stay away from the Island and just play New [hiccup] York City. Which is kind of sad."

I cut him off abruptly. "Have you been drinking?"

"Have I been drinking?!"

"Yeah," I said. "I heard you hiccup."

"Oh, no, no," Dan intoned hastily. "I definitely haven't been drinking. I had hiccups, I have a hiccup, uh, I dunno."

I didn't know if he was lying to me, but something in his easy-going manner was obliterating my understanding of the band. This guy sounded more like Matthew McConaughey than Morrissey.

"Why do you make such sad music?" I asked.

"Do you think it's sad?"

"Oh, yeah," I replied. "It's beautiful but it's kind of...forlorn."

"Well," Dan said, giving it fastidious consid-

eration. "I don't know. I guess like I said before, it's a product of our environment. During the writing process, we were all going through a lot of personal stuff...we were happy making the album, but...it emanated from us." He reiterated. "We weren't trying to write sad music, that just came out."

I didn't want to get all morose so I quickly switched gears on my new friend Dan. "What was it like working with a glockenspiel?"

Dan laughed. "A glockenspiel is set up just like a piano so it's nothing too difficult to play. It was more of a textural thing. It would really open up the space on some parts."

I didn't have the faintest idea what Dan was talking about, but that didn't matter. All that mattered was the music. "The last track on your CD comes in at four minutes and twenty seconds. Was that intentional?"

"No," Dan said. "But when we saw that we did find it quite funny. I would recommend rolling up a jay and smoking one for the song cuz it definitely enhances the experience."

It was time to demystify the secret. "Does your bonus track have a name?"

"It has two different names. The original name was 'Evening Virgin Cotton Nymph.' The actual name, which honestly isn't listed anywhere, is 'A Soft Hum.' That's what we call it now."

They decided to use the song as their bonus track because, once again, they weren't happy with the turn out. "We had demoed the song," Dan explained. "It had a certain vibe to it that we really liked. It was very open, very roomy."

"Our producers had a very different idea. They saw it as this straight up pop song. It was one of the songs we had been the most excited about...to take it off the record completely would have been a shame."

So we used it as a bonus, in hopes that people would take it as a bonus track—if they didn't like it, they could dismiss it and if they liked it, it was an extra treat."

Dan seemed to have all the answers, but I was curious if he thought much about his band name. "Do you feel tall in the presence of caged animals?"

"I feel very tall in the presence of caged animals," Dan chuckled.

"That's fucked up," I said. "I don't know if you know too much about what's going on in North America. They kind of saw off a good six inches of bone when the lions are young so they'll always fit in their cages."

"Really?" Dan seemed shaken.

"Yeah, it's fucked up. Well, I mean, it's the circus and they're a bunch of crazy motherfuckers, you know?"

"Yeah," Dan said. "I did not know that, actually. Sorry."

Dan had suffered enough, so I decided to get in touch with his feelings. "What's bothering you right now?"

"What's bothering me right now? The fact that I'm stuck in the rain in Oregon and our rental van has now broken down and we're in the middle of nowhere and we've missed five shows. That's what's bothering me right now."

Thanks to Violet Fewes for editorial wizardry and purple buns



BRINGIN' BOB FROM THE ISLAND TO THE ASPHALT JUNGLE

Words By WASIM MUKLASHY

So the story goes a little somethin' like this: Two drum and bass producers, Brian Tarquin and Chris Ingram, meet while "making records for Instinct records back in the mid-90s...a lot of acid jazz stuff," Tarquin recalls. One day, they happened upon a copy of Bob Marley's "Don't Rock The Boat." On this particular copy, the channels were split so that the band was on one and the vocals on the other. As you can imagine, that can be quite enticing for a couple of expert remixers. Following the success of that record, they were then given the a cappella for "Mr. Brown." They took the vocal track, reworked it into an inebriating dnb state, and turned it into such a masterful work that Chris Blackwell, the man who started Island Records and is often credited with discovering Bob, "thought it was the best remix he'd ever heard of Bob Marley," glows Tarquin.

Enter Brian Perera, the President of Cleopatra Records. After he heard what was done with "Don't Rock the Boat"

and "Mr. Brown," he felt compelled to hand over the a cappella tracks of 13 additional Marley cuts that he had access to. "When he sent us a CD of everything with the tracks broken down, we looked at each other and said 'this would be a great remix record,'" tells us Tarquin. "We came with it and said this is such a nice thing to keep the authenticity of his vocal in the song and put it in a modern day kind of a mix situation, giving it all sorts of treatment from drum and bass to breakbeat to dub."

And that was the birth of *Bob Marley Remixed*, the full length Asphalt Jungle record on shelves in April. "I think Bob Marley is a good find no matter how you look at it...he's pretty well known through every genre," Tarquin tells us. "The diehard Marley fans might be a bit offended, but even without the music, Bob is such a great songwriter that it's so tempting. I think a lot of people will appreciate the remix value," explains Tarquin.

"How could you resist?" adds Ingram.

"MTV was actually really big for us," Chris feels apt to admit. "Yah, 'Road Rules' had picked up a lot of our stuff in the 90s and used it as the theme song and in the shows. We had both started out working on TV and film, which spurred the record career as well, we still write for a lot of shows for VH1, ABC, MTV." As a matter of fact, they've already racked up 2 Emmys for their work and a nomination for another as recently as 2004. "It wasn't something you can really plan out, it just happened to come our way," humbles Tarquin. "When you're doing eclectic solo records, Emmy isn't something that comes to mind, you know," adds Ingram.

With a resume that includes everything from "All My Children" to "Smallville" to "The X-Files," don't be surprised to see another one land in their hands soon. In the meantime, when they're not watching their tracks climb the

CMJ and Billboard charts, they'll be kickin' it in the Jungle Room with a phattie and a mixing board.

"Which is the darker, richer, kick you in your chest kind?"
'That's the Indica.'
'That's what I would go for then!'"

Jah Rastafari!

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A HOOT WITH THE HOOOF:

KOTORI TAKES ON TEXTURES WITH SATOMI MATSUZAKI OF **DEERHOOF**

Words By BOB FREVILLE

The green cosmos was whirling, the runners four in total. Ships were adrift with loose lips all flaming. And the band was wiling, crooning "Bibidi Babidi Boo!" It was the day when Deerhoof were to kick off their tour, in honor of their umpteenth album since 1996.

There were tires to kick and instruments to tune. And everyone in the band was no doubt busy doing lines or slinging rhymes or just doing something. But I had made a promise when I was asked if I liked the noise rock group, a promise that I was all over the project like white on rice.

I intended to fulfill that relatively simple covenant, as did Deerhoof mouthpiece Satomi Matsuzaki who fired back with her comments faster than a guy who has eaten too many monkey brains.

Time to get serious.

"What do you put in your hair?" I asked.

"I put shampoo and conditioner," Satomi replied.

"What is your favorite thing to do on a lonely night of touring?"

"The show ends really late every night and we just crash when we get to our hotel. So I don't really have time to do much. I like eating chocolate after the show sometimes."

Satomi's simplicity was formidable, given Deerhoof's reputation for being groundbreaking and bizarre. And her mention of chocolate was eerily ironic after she responded to my next question.

"What do you smell like when you're not on stage?"

"I am growing my hair now," she said. "So I smell like conditioner. The fragrance stays for the whole day long. After the show maybe I smell sweaty and salty." She adds, "I eat Asian foods a lot so my sweat might be saltier than



Americans who commonly eat sugar products. I don't quite get into the sugar habit..."

My olfactory interest grew ever more intrigued as Satomi continued to respond, prompting me to ask her if she could describe the odor on her tour bus.

"You like asking me about smell," Satomi intones. "Do you have an odor fetish?"

A good question from a person expected to have the answers.

"...Eventually a car starts to smell like salt because Greg likes to eat sunflower seeds. He can't resist. Then he eats a pint of ice cream...drips it on his jacket...Brown stain looks like it has a bad smell, doesn't it?"

"As a group of musicians who were never classically trained what did you do to prepare for your respective musical endeavors?"

"Actually," Satomi reminds us. "Greg is classically trained...I have a tiny Doraemon (Japanese kitty robot) recorder to save my melodies...I try things out on the instruments to find out if it works or not. I judge only by my ears.

"John is also not trained, that is why his guitar playing sounds like speaking. He kind of created a guitar language."

I asked Satomi if there was a certain tool implemented on their new LP that would stand out from that which they had used on previous recordings. Her answer was every bit as quirky and galvanizing as one

could expect from Deerhoof.

"Sound textures are very interesting on *Friend Opportunity*. For example, it's like metallic + velvet + plastic + fake fur transparent dress. It's poppy with hip hop rhythms. The music turned into one big ball and roll over the wood sticks that leads us to the ocean and the mountain."

"Where does music go to once it's been in people's ears?"

"To your music bank," Satomi replied matter-of-factly. "If it has a big impact, then it gets implanted to your music bank account, emotionally and heavily. Then it goes into your dreams and the music becomes a nightmare. When you wake up the next morning, it turns into good memory."

"And how does a snow pea feel," I asked.

"I don't know how they feel. I guess cold???"

Satomi is like the Scribe, always asking questions, always on a quest. But the quest of any music group is not an easy one and constant companionship can sometimes grow aggravating.

"What do you and your bandmates do to keep up the camaraderie?"

"We smile to each other and pet animals together and look at the sky and say, 'Thank you,' to the little birds."



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is proud to announce the second season of its clothing line featuring designs by past featured artists Friends With You, Kyle Thomas, Rob Thom, and Jonathan Nicol. Available at Beautifuldecay.com, American Rag CoE, Grey One, The Reed Space, The Closet, Metropark, Karmaloop.com, and other fine retailers worldwide. Please contact the Agenda Showroom at 323.653.0066 for wholesale inquiries.

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Agenda teamed up with Fuel TV for their first ever skate deck design competition, which brought together the imaginations of some of the urban fashion world's most creative forces into the world of deck design. The winner received 50 decks featuring their vision, so make sure you hit them up for those suckas quickly! In case you didn't get a chance to peep 'em at Agenda's imeem site (agenda.imeem.com) or the Agenda Fashion Trade Show, here's a peek at our favorite finalists...







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HOW TO CREATE YOUR OWN MUSIC VIDEO

BY: MIKE AUSTIN

STEP ONE. CHOOSE A SONG

The first step in creating your music video is to select the song that will be used for the video. Choose a song so that a 'story' is told to maintain audience interest. For example, if the song is about swimming under water, you may want to consider another track unless you have access to a 25,000 gallon fresh water filming tank or want to represent the song in an abstract way (so that swimming under water is not necessary). Either way, try and remain practical and look for creative ways to accomplish the look and retain the style you are aiming for to suit the message of the video. You may also consider an intro or outro of another track to showcase a series of videos to come. Audio should be 48 khz or 44.1 khz at 24 or 16 bit and in .aif or .wav format.

STEP TWO. LEARN THE BASICS

Once you obtain a camera, try to utilize a tripod when possible and avoid shaky filming and unnecessary zooming in and out while recording. Simply choose a shot and slowly pan across the scene to follow your subject(s) and keep them centered in the frame. Avoid fast panning and rotating the camera. Do not rely on the auto-focus for low-light or nighttime shooting. Using additional lighting when needed will greatly improve the quality of your final video. Try to avoid analog cameras (8mm, Hi-8) because they drop frames during importing into your computer, try to use digital (mini dv, dv, hd) if possible to decrease your editing workload to sync video to your song.



STEP FOUR. CHOOSE LOCATIONS

Drive around town and scout areas that would suitably accommodate your song's storyboard concepts. Choose between several locations that are based on the song's duration and relevance. When scouting, look for locations to shoot from and where your talent will perform. *Some locations may require permits.



STEP FIVE. FILMING

Schedule your filming multiple weeks in advance so that everyone who should be there shows up and knows where to go. After you are all set up and ready to film, white balance your camera, press play on your audio player and begin capturing the magic. Make sure to have updated contact info on everyone involved.

STEP SIX. DIGITIZING & EDITING

Since nobody does analog editing anymore, get yourself to a workstation with a capture device & video editing software to import your recorded footage. You can use applications such as Apple's iMovie® or Final Cut Pro® on Macintosh or Adobe's Premier® on PC. Next, drag the footage onto the timeline and begin chopping it up. Discard un-usable clips and synchronize the video to your song. When complete, export and compress and upload to youtube, google, myspace, and xisteradio!

> Download templates and more at <http://howto.xm.la>.

STEP THREE. CREATE A STORYBOARD

Draw on a blank sheet of paper or use your favorite photo editing software to create a layout with six boxes. Fill each box with simple illustrations and a brief description of each scene detailing what you will do including props, outfits, and extras. If you plan to incorporate any special effects, those ideas should be conceptualized in the storyboard. The storyboard is where you will have an opportunity to do all of your brainstorming and planning for the video shoot. (ex. Scene 1 - Fade in - talent enters scene with 2 naked women holding drinks - Fade out) (Scene 2 - Fade In - talent is driving car down street with 5 other cars in 1-3-5 formation - Fade out) and so on...



BUG A LOCUST!

Words By TOM PHARO



It's here! It's here! My favorite season has arrived. No, not wedding season, you sand-baggin' son-of-a-bitch. Locust season! Hibernation is over, and your favorite bug-eyed, plant-devouring, spastic, spacepunk foursome has finally left the hive and recorded a new album. After what felt like an eternity, The Locust returns in 2007 with their forthcoming release, "New Erections." And, it can't arrive soon enough. On 2005's 10-minute eargasm, "Safety Second, Body Last," The Locust not only gave us their most creative work to date but more importantly, a glimpse into the future of the band, further reassuring that they're no one-trick achrididae while leaving our sense receptors desperately starving for more(to say the least). Have

I heard the new record yet? Nope. But, I don't even need to listen to it to know. I'm sure they've one-upped themselves again. I'm just gunna throw it out there and say it's amazing. Don't believe me? I used my mind to speak with The Locust telepathically and had a nice chat. We laughed. We cried. Ok, only I cried. They told me the new album IS amazing, and even stopped swarming long enough to answer a few things "bad pun alert" that have been bugging me.

YOUR NEXT ALBUM IS CALLED "NEW ERECTIONS." IS THERE A (PENIS) THEME?

No penis theme. It's a musical about Easter Island.

WHAT'S THE RELEASE DATE? IS IT A FULL LENGTH?
March 20, 2007. I guess you could call it a full length.

DOES IT HAVE LONGER ARRANGEMENTS LIKE "SAFETY SECOND, BODY LAST?" CUZ I LIKE THAT.
Somewhat.

YOU'RE TOURING WITH CATTLE DECAPITATION IF WE UNDERSTAND CORRECTLY?
Our touring plans are still being worked out.

STILL FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT AGAINST CLEAR CHANNEL?
We still don't play Clear Channel shows.





WHAT INSPIRES YOUR LENGTHY SONG TITLES?
Necessity

IS BEING FUNNY JUST AS IMPORTANT AS DELIVERING THE ROCK?

A good sense of humor is more valuable than rock (or religion).

DO MORE PEOPLE LOVE TO HATE YOU OR HATE TO LOVE YOU?

I don't really know what they think about us.

WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH RELEASING STUFF ON THOSE SQUARE MINI DISCS? I CAN'T PUT THEM IN MY IMAC. JERKS.
What? You don't download your music illegally?

WHERE CAN I GET A BLACK LOCUST SUIT?
I'll let you know when we make one.

IF GLUING CARPET TO YOUR GENITALS DOES NOT MAKE YOU A CANTALOUPE, WHAT DOES IT MAKE YOU?
A fool.

SINCE THE LOCUST HATCHED MORE THAN A DECADE AGO, BESIDES EXO-SKELETONS, WHAT HAS CHANGED THE MOST?
There are less of us and more of them.

IS THERE ANYTHING THAT THE LOCUST FINDS TO BE JUST TOO STRANGE?
A Unicorn riding a Pegasus?

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CLUTCH

THIS IS ROCK 'N ROLL, NOT A FACTORY JOB

Words By CHESSMAN JOE

Clutch. Fuck. If you've never heard them, put down this magazine right now and go buy yourself an album. Any of them. All of them. In a world where everyone tries hard to sound like everyone else, Clutch has found a path to the mythical land of Originality. Here's their story, as told by singer Neil Fallon.

BEAL STREET

"The name of this record is *'From Beal Street to Oblivion.'* And that's a line out of one of the songs. It's not a blues record by any means, but there's more of a blues influence on it than on any of our previous records." Good news for fans who liked *Robot Hive/Exodus*, which started Clutch down the path of the blue side. To listen to the new stuff while hearing in your head the old stuff, you wonder how a band can progress so far, change so much. "I would rather do something different and fail at it than do something successful twice," is Fallon's answer. Even the way they approached the writing of the new album has evolved, taking what Clutch does best (rocking balls off live) and applying it to the writing process. "We did most of the album in Jean-Paul's basement. We wrote the entire record front to back and then we went and toured on it for three weeks and that kind of tweaked everything. I don't know why we haven't done that always. It's the best way to do it and I think it makes all the difference in the world." I asked Fallon when we could expect to hear *Beal Street*, and he gave me good news: "I think we're delivering the album to the record company today."

ORIGINS

"In a nutshell what happened was, we started in 91. We put out a 7 inch that came out on New Years Day of 92, and that got noticed when a fanzine did a review. Push came to shove and someone from Atco EastWest, which was a division of Atlantic, got a hold of it. And at that period in time, it was like six months after Nirvana became enormous, so every major label on the planet was snatching up any band that was sounding remotely like Nirvana, which meant, 'wasn't a hair band.' Of course those labels were expecting platinum records from those bands, and us like hundreds of others never delivered that. In the process of being with these major labels over the years we eventually found ourselves in a position to be self-sufficient and we released our own records." Clutch has an amazing deal with DLT Records, with whom they've released their last two albums. "The thing with them is they don't blow the smoke up your ass about how next year's gonna be the year of Clutch and you're gonna be rich and famous and get ready."

FIVE IN ONE

"Musically, everything is a cooperative thing that happens somewhere in between the five of us. Lyrically, a lot of times it's just eavesdropping and taking something out of context and spinning a lie around it. There's one track on this record where I didn't know what the hell to write about, so I ended up writing a song about a book I had just finished reading, that I thought was good fodder for lyrics." Fallon's lyrics are famous for their meandering, stream-of-consciousness flow and infusion of classical mythology. Among other crazy creatures, he has referenced manticores and basilisks. "I think it's an easy way to strengthen lyrics, because when you refer to something like that it's a loaded word with all kinds of connotations and a back story and when you refer to those things you link it up to something greater than just the song itself."

LIVE IS LIFE

Seeing Clutch live is like getting pummeled by five guys at once. Your whole body feels tired and bruised, but your spirit is elated. "That's the way to us that rock and roll is. Albums and videos and cd's and dvd's, that's all new. Even lp's are new. The live performance, that's been going on since the dawn of time." Having played over a couple thousand shows in their fifteen years of rock, Clutch has learned what works and what doesn't. "It was a disaster. We wanted, just for the sake of doing something different, to include a lot of lights and a slide show, which would've been cool. But the guy that was doing it was into a lot of ecstasy and a lot of rave drugs, and one day in the middle of a show I turned around and looked behind me and there were two thirty-foot penises behind us. I lost my shit and that was the last day he worked for us."



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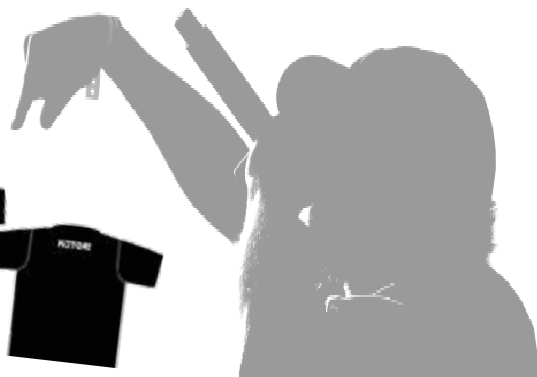


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GRAFFITI TO STREET ART

Words By MORGAN THARP



Let's face it: if street credit and making a name is all you're after, then you might as well be angling for a job at Aeropostle or Nike. Graffiti art revolves around the passion and love of the art form itself, or there would be no artists going out everyday into streets all around the world spraying or painting their imaginations in abandoned lots and on the sides of railway trains and bridges. Graffiti is temporary and the artists get that. What makes graffiti great is its lack of conformity to the mainstream and its freedom of ideas and art. It can't be bought or sold and therefore always remains in the realm of underground counter-culture. It is free to whoever chooses to look.

But counter-culture, if you haven't noticed (from all the iPod television ads and Gap store fashion spreads) has become the new fad for large corporations to push their marketing campaigns on today's youth, forcing styles and trends that were once "cool" to die out. Things become so over-marketed that they lose the individuality and eventually become old news, proof that a counter-culture only lasts as long as the people involved keep primarily underground.

Graffiti artists embody the disposable form of our counter-culture, spread throughout our cities' landscapes. They are authors and expressionists. Their work is political, artistic, stylistic and for the most part misunderstood, dismissed by the mainstream as vagrancy. Many in our culture see graffiti as a form of societal decay and the embodiment of street violence or signs of gang territory.

At the forefront though, artists like Buff Monster have proved that graffiti is much more than a sign of urban decay, but of an ever expanding sub-genre of the underground art movement.

Thankfully, people have started appreciating graffiti as a tangible form of art, which has opened the door for street art, thus making graffiti artists a viable commodity. "They really are two totally different things," explains Buff Monster. "Graffiti is a totally egotistical endeavor, based around creating stylized letters in spray paint. Street art, on the other hand, is less about the ego, can take any form of media, and really is about creating a connection with the viewer. Needless to say I find the latter more interesting.

"I did graffiti for five years, and gave it up six years ago. Street art is a much more fulfilling and a better investment of my time and money."

Buff Monster came from Hawaii to L.A. in '95 and since then he has been brightening up the streets, giving them a bold and colorful look. From his poster art and murals to the flattened metal spray cans which can be seen tattooed on telephone poles all around the city, one can only conjure up thoughts of a much dirtier version of Candyland.

Buff Monster lives within landscapes of pink, orgasmic mounds, oozing sex and candy like a liquid metallic tribute to a triple X movie. With art inspired by porn, ice cream and the thrashing beats of heavy metal music, who needs anything else?

So where is graffiti heading, and do we believe in the idea of "selling out?" Nowadays, I can't recall how many times I've heard the phrase, "Well, _____ sold out." Often times this comes from the type of college kids who obsess over the commercial success and "authenticity" of their favorite bands. The Fugazi fanatics who debate with religious fervor on whether *Repeater* or *Steady Diet of Nothing* was undecidably their quintessential album.

I find myself now questioning the avenues which some graffiti artists/ex-graffitists are taking. Are we moving away from the anti-establishment, political, artistic and cultural views of graffiti to the corporate world of signature toys and tee's? I can only picture Da Vinci on eBay selling custom made and limited edition silk screen Mona Lisa t-shirts and collections of all twelve "Last Supper" apostles figurines complete with movable arms and legs (supper not included).

"Graffiti isn't moving anywhere," Buff answers, "except to nicer colors and better quality paint. But I do think that the mass appeal of urban-inspired or urban-related art is growing every day."

"Graffiti was a lot of fun," he tells. "I liked it because before then, creating art was safe and easy. With graffiti, art was an adventure and dangerous and illegal."

"It used to be my passion in life," he continues, "but I've since moved on." With street art his chosen medium, he says, "I like the immediacy. I can't imagine the process I'd have to go through to get permission for everything I do."

You don't need to look very far to find the Buff Monster within the sprawling, urban streets of Los Angeles, and his sexy, pink virus is spreading.

"I'm working on a million things right now. In the near horizon are the first series of signature Buff Monster vinyl toys, the winter season of Buff Monster clothing hits stores real soon, solo show at Gallery 1988 in February." To top it off, he recently art-directed a 12-page spread in *Hustler*, a wild trip with vixens in platinum wigs, enjoying each other's company to the greatest extents, culminating to milk spraying all over their luscious bodies, from the tips of Buff Monster sculptures.

"That was awesome," Buff prides. "Expect to see more of that."

Thank God. Find out more about Buff Monster at his website:

www.buffmonster.com





Indiana Av
300 E

SANDBLOOM: ONE CRAZY WHITE BOY WITH A LOT OF SOUL

Words By MIKE THE POET



There are very few voices that can stand alone with an acoustic guitar & truly rock a crowd. Kevin Sandbloom is this rare dude. His voice is timeless like the great ones. When asked about his inspiration he says, "Marvin Gaye was a big influence vocally....as well as Sly Stone." Other influences include Bob Marley, Stevie Wonder, Steely Dan, De La Soul, Outkast, and Sade (his Sade cover never fails to give an entire room the chills).

Kevin Sandbloom has two decades of musical experience. Growing up in the foothills above LA in the chaparral of Altadena, a ripe location with a long history of great musicians & artists, he says, "I used to write songs in my head at an early age...took drum lessons as well as sang choir. I picked up guitar in high school and was in my first band soon after that."

Among the many talented musicians Sandbloom grew up were Luke Cage, Damon Aaron, Raashan Ahmad of Crown City Rockers & Mr Grizzly.

Usually accompanied by Melany Bell's angelic voice, their harmonies and music culminate into one powerful aural energy field. Notable local journalist Charles Watson writes, "Sandbloom understands the recipe for making good music - not a note, measure, nor lyric is wasted."

Sandbloom's last release "From A Bird," has picked up fever with a slow, but steadily growing burn. "I have to say it's been the overall acceptance and support of folks almost everywhere that has taken me by surprise...two things that jump out are the night we played Nuyorican Cafe...the place just went nuts and the crusty guy at the

door was like 'I have never seen this place go that crazy over an artist.' That was awesome. And the first time I was in Philly this guy at a gas station was looking at my car and said 'you're a long way from home son' and he asked me to play him something so I did....so there I was playing a little personal show at the gas station..... he was like 'That's real nice.'"

The momentum over the last few years makes 2007 look extremely bright. The new CD is being completed as we speak. He says, "We already have a few 'hits' we've been playing on the road and heads are really anxious to hear these on CD....working title of the record is "madloveactivate" ...we are committed to getting it out a.s.a.p. Once the new record is done we are going to embark on a 6-month to a year tour....there are so many place we

haven't gone to yet...our manager is also trying to get us over to Europe."

They also have a back-burner project which is "more jazz-ballad chordally intricate stuff." They enjoy getting in front of different audiences, so this recording will be geared towards a traditional jazz/soul/blues crowd.

After playing with at least three different bands, years of hitting the open mics around Southern California & several cross-county tours, Sandbloom now stands like an acoustic Too Short: a musician that created his own street buzz by playing live & selling CD's out the trunk. Lacking a big budget or any promotion, the buzz has grown by word of mouth. Keep your ears open this Spring for this savory flavor of acoustic soul.

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KIVA:

INVESTORS SEEKING EMOTIONAL RETURNS

Words By STEVE GHIL, Photos Courtesy KIVA.ORG

Have you ever considered how much a loan helps you out in your life? Maybe it is the down payment you are making on a home or a new car, or maybe it is simply that you are using your credit card to finance a start-up business or to fund all of your holiday shopping frenzy. Unless you are very wealthy, for most of us we get through it by borrowing money and paying it back. In fact, there is perhaps hardly any difference for us to get by in the developed West as it is for those in the developing world except for how far they can stretch a dollar.

In Xirdalan, Azerbaijan a woman named Pakiza Azizova has been breeding cattle since 1993 as a means to improve her family's living conditions. She and her four children are Internally Displaced Persons from the war-torn region of Azerbaijan Kalbacar. The average monthly income for IDPs in Azerbaijan is around \$18. Obviously, her income is very limited, but she needs \$1,000 to buy more cattle so that she can sell more milk. Selling more milk will mean sustenance for her family and schooling for her children. For someone like Pakiza, opportunities to borrow money are limited or non-existent as banking institutions never lend to such high-risk borrowers and if they do, the interest rates are far too heavy for the poverty stricken to pay back.

For the last twenty or so years, microfinance institutions have been assisting individuals like Pakiza in impoverished nations who wish to start a business. Such institutions have been founded and based on making financial services available to those excluded from more traditional systems merely because they are poor. However, the internet is helping to bridge this gap by allowing peer to peer direct micro-lending.

For the last three years Domitila Ardon of Comayaguela, Honduras has been running a small business making and selling tortillas. She was let go of her house cleaning job due to her illness and has been supporting herself and her family selling tortillas. She has asked for \$300 to purchase more corn, lime and firewood to expand her business. Domitila and Pakiza are only two of several entrepreneurs that are in my investment portfolio at revolutionary new micro-lending website Kiva.org. There I had read their stories, saw their pictures and gave a loan to them via PayPal.

Kiva is partnered with microfinance institutions in impoverished nations like Africa, Central America, Eastern Europe, and South Asia. You, the lender, can look through profiles of individuals who are requesting a loan amount to put toward their business which range from a beauty supply store in Moldova, a used clothing shop in Togo or a grocery store in Ecuador. With only a minimum amount of \$25 required to loan you can 'invest' in the same business with other lenders or give the whole sum with just your credit card or PayPal (PayPal does not charge any transaction fees). 100% of the money is given to the entrepreneur via the microfinance institution of that country. The loan is paid back to the lender in about 6-18 months. The entrepreneur is charged interest from the microfinance institution and Kiva to cover operation expenses, however, the Kiva lender does not receive interest payments.

Why would anyone do this?



▲ Angella Akello is a wife and mother of 4 children. She has an additional 6 people living in her home in Uganda and cares for them all. A \$500 loan invested in her produce business has allowed her to buy a pig and a bicycle and take her children to school.

- 
- ▼ Sun Sok is married and father of two children in Cambodia. A \$500 loan will allow him to buy a motorbike and boost his egg-delivery business for buying and selling in the local market.

"People want to help, they want to contribute and I truly believe that one of the reasons why Kiva is so successful now is because people have wanted to do this for so long, but they didn't know how..." answers Fiona Ramsey, Community and Operations Manager at Kiva.org. "You can make a donation to an organization that does microfinance that will use those funds to lend but you don't know who the person is, you don't get to see a picture of them, you don't get to hear a story about them... and I think one of the things that we're trying to do is give every average American person the opportunity to be a mini-Bill Gates philanthropist."

To describe Kiva as 'successful' is a gross understatement. At just over a year old, Kiva.org has been exponentially growing. Only a few months ago Kiva had already loaned over \$400,000 from 5,000 users and just a few weeks ago the website had

proudly announced \$1,000,000 in loans to assist entrepreneurs in impoverished regions of the world. At the time of my interview in December 2006, the figure had increased by \$250,000. They owe their recent growth spurt at least in part to a segment on the long running documentary series *Frontline* which aired at the end of October.

The staff had gathered in their cozy San Francisco headquarters to see themselves on Public Television, but more importantly to see visitors to their site multiply. Instead, their servers instantaneously froze upon the east coast broadcast of *Frontline*. They could not handle the incredible volume of traffic that had been directed to their website. It took three days to get the servers back in working order only for them to crash again. While allowing only 1% of those access to the site, Kiva was still getting a lot of loan money from new users. They

have since found new server hosts that are very well capable of handling any surges in traffic such as the one they have recently experienced.

This recent success, including their invitation to the Clinton Global Initiative last September, has allowed Kiva to extend partnerships with even more microfinance institutions and subsequently more entrepreneurs in more countries. From 15 microfinance institution partnerships pre-*Frontline*, Kiva is now up to 26 and is expected to be at 30 when this article goes to print. Among them is Grameen Foundation - winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 2006. Kiva users can now loan money to countries like Afghanistan, Bulgaria, and even Gaza in Palestine.

"The region that we really don't have many partners in is Asia..." Ramsey offers. "We have a partner in Cambodia

and we just signed with a partner in Bangladesh... but there's a lot of interest in loaning to India." Lenders write in and express their interest to the region they would most like to help out in, and Kiva in turn tries to increase and expand their partnerships around the world. However, they do run into complications when specific laws of the country can prohibit Kiva and the corresponding partnership from operating 'legally.'

For example, in Moldova there was a restriction in returning the money lent to the entrepreneurs, although there was no problem in receiving it. Loans to Moldova are operating normally thanks to the help of lawyers volunteering their time. Currently, lawyers in D.C. and India are examining the laws in India for the movement of foreign capital. Unfortunately, it is more about the laws of that country, the economic ideology that is practiced,



Gregory Eliau is married and has five children in Uganda. These 5 orphan children were left by his brother who died of HIV/Aids. A \$500 loan invested in livestock allows him to provide and care for these children.

more than it is about providing help to those who need it most. I don't expect North Korea to be setting up any partnerships anytime soon.

So far loan repayment by entrepreneurs is around an impressive 95% and 85% of that money is put into other businesses by the lenders; constantly being recycled. "I think that really speaks to the experience that the user is having," says Ramsey, "...they're obviously enjoying that experience so much because they're not getting a financial return on their investment... I think that's proof that the emotional return is so high that they want to reinvest to get that emotional return a second time."

But what about loan defaulters?

"We don't tell our partners how to run their operations," continues Fiona,

"...[but] I think it's pretty safe to say that if somebody does default... that would affect them from applying for a second loan...but of course it depends on the situation." For example, representatives from Kiva's microfinance partner The Shurush Initiative in Gaza has had difficulty in reaching a certain entrepreneur there because they simply cannot go into the dangerous neighborhood that he lives in. The Shurush Initiative have already sent notices to lenders to this individual's business that loan repayments would be delayed. Lenders have replied offering their concern, saying their thoughts are with him and for him not to worry about the loans, but to worry about his family instead. "Obviously in that situation it's out of the entrepreneur's hands... I don't think that would at all affect them from applying for another loan...but it definitely is up to our partners though," says Ramsey.

As Kiva.org continues to grow, it is attracting users who are not only unfamiliar with microfinance, but even computer illiterate people who have never even bought anything online before. Scores of volunteers are flooding the website looking to help where they can with such duties as website developing, translating, accounting, and public relations. Kiva communities are springing up online where users such as teachers can exchange ideas and resources to spread the word and also educate through Kiva.

Kiva.org was founded by Matt and Jessica Flannery as a non-profit organization in 2004. Matt was a computer programmer at TiVo Inc and Jessica was a Stanford business major. Their travels in Africa inspired the idea that the internet can facilitate direct loans and repayments for individuals in impoverished regions

to lift themselves out of poverty.

"Kiva" is a Swahili word meaning "agreement."

For more information please visit www.kiva.org

A sepia-toned photograph of a person in a field holding a flag. The person is in the lower right corner, wearing a dark jacket and light-colored pants, holding a flagpole. The flag is in the upper right corner, featuring a dark field with a white star and a white crescent. The background is a vast, flat, open field under a pale sky.

I SMELL NIGRAS!

Words By JAKE MCGEE



For all the gibberish spit about the Sundance Film Festival (often by folks whose work didn't get accepted), to deny its impact is jive. The Festival consistently churns out excellent, groundbreaking movies, despite all the glitz that comes along with the event.

One of the many examples is *CSA: Confederate States of America*, a mock-documentary (directed by Kevin Wilmott and produced by Rick Cowan) that tells the history of this country as if the South had won the Civil War. This turn of events has Lincoln on the lam, running (painted in black face) with Harriet Tubman through the Underground Railroad. There's a clip from D.W. Griffith's silent film classic, *The Hunt for Dishonest Abe* (1915), which shows how he was captured:

Col. 'Bloodhound' Mayfield guides his Aryan brothers in pursuit of 'The Great Emancipator.'

"I smell Nigras!" Mayfield exclaims, and boom! They catch the rotten bastard who almost cost the South their precious chattel.

Granted, this "classic" only exists in the world of *CSA*, which is why this movie is such a fresh endeavor. It is a gripping ride from the past through the present, with the institution of

slavery a continuing staple of American society. There are even commercials placed throughout the film, advertising such useful products as The Shackle® (which tracks your slaves when they run off) and Niggerhair cigarettes. When the film gets to modern times, there's talk of the Slave Shopping Network, where from the comfort of your own home, you can buy a strong buck named Jupiter, alone or with his wife and their litter of pickaninnies. "Aren't they just about the cutest things you ever saw?" says the host, who then points out how the children would be helpful around the garden.

In a very sarcastic way, this film is just as funny as it is poignant. This is because, despite the obvious fact that the movie is a piece of fiction, it parallels real life, showing that in many ways the USA isn't too much different from the *CSA*.

"When this nation began," says Cowan, "it was actually based more on the ideals of the *CSA* than the USA. We have bounced back and forth between which nation we want to be. The *CSA* is about fear, limitations and control. The USA embraces hope, inclusion and personal freedom. We appear to be confederates again...told to worry about everything, denying gays and detainees their rights and acting like we'd rather be an empire."



Another peculiar aspect to CSA is that the ruling (and thus pro-Slavery) party in American government is the Democrats, though they behave much like the hard-nose, "we gotta stop pussy-footing around and kick some ass!" Republicans of today. "Abraham Lincoln was a Republican," Cowan explains, "and, thus, we just let the party remain true to its original ideals. Besides, let's face it: thinking of the Republican Party actually caring about people is funny!"

Looking to the recent mid-term elections, the Democrats have toppled the control the Republicans had on the US government, and all sorts of pundits are praising themselves, saying that we're taking back the country. "The pendulum swings," Cowan says. "I fear there are no longer any statesmen out there...only politicians. If that's the case, it is very difficult to see much change, whatever party is in charge. Being a statesman means being bold and doing what needs to be done, despite what the interest groups (translation: your bread and butter) want.

"The system itself will limit what Congress can do with Bush in the Oval Office. However, it's sure as hell better than another poke in the eye, isn't it?"

CSA: *Confederate State of America* is now available on dvd wherever you would go for your home video needs.

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GIVING HIP HOP A BUMP

Words By EMERICK TACKETT

What started as a way to showcase new artists began to evolve slowly into a collective that features the long anticipated reunion of L.A.'s House of Pain. Assembled and run by Danny Boy, and consisting of Rappers Big Lefty, Slaine, Everlast, and Ill Bill, with production by DJ Lethal along with other friends and family, La Coka Nostra is coming out throwing bolos. With their first album- *A Brand You Can Trust*- tentatively scheduled to drop in the first half of '007, these vets are consolidating power to bring back hardcore rap that celebrates rowdiness, belligerence, and aggression. Make some goddamn room. Ill Bill is ready to get motherfuckers back in the mosh pit.

"The reason House of Pain didn't get back together and do a reunion is that would just be some rehashed shit," Bill tells us. "This is like a resurrection of House of Pain, but it's with a twist of Non Phixion in there as well. A little bit of east-coast-west-coast-bang-'em-in-the-head type music. Back in 92, when House of Pain would do 'Jump Around,' there would be a mosh pit. That was the era when Onyx first came out. Cypress, Wu Tang. People were

bringing that heavy metal rock kind of response. That's the same thread that ran through every thing Non Phixion did. As of right now, that's missing from the game. I been doing solo shit but I can't do it all on my own. Everlast been itching to get back on the mic and spit. This is it. This is our outlet."

Danny Boy thinks back to the genesis of La Coka Nostra, the early sessions before it became the official Underground super group. "Originally the deal was, DJ Lethal was doing beats and I was kind of acting as an A&R for his thing. I had met this kid in Boston named Slaine who was spitting fire and I was like, 'Oh shit I'm a bring him to Lethal.' And then the same week I met another kid named Big Left from the Bronx and this kid was fire too. They both happened to be in L.A. at the time. So instead of producing two separate records why don't we put 'em together and see how they click? They did a few tracks and they were Fire. We were like, 'oh shit this could work.'"

"It wasn't something that came together quickly," says Slaine. "It was real relationships over ten years. Over a few years time we been doing this thing but

it's really hard to pinpoint exactly."

Danny remembers the moment when it officially became La Coka Nostra. "Unfortunately at the time there was a lot of people going heavy with the drugs and the drinking. My man said this whole thing feels good. Like one big family. La Cosa Nostra! I said, 'man you putting that shit in your nose you gonna be la Coka nostra.' We were on the floor. And it kind of stuck."

Things took a detour along the way. With Lethal wanting to make a more "pop" oriented album and Danny, Slaine and Left wanting to go in

a strictly hardcore direction, the project stalled for about a year.

"Everybody was doing their solo shit or what not and I was like, 'fuck this shit there's a lot of good material these cats did we should try to revisit that.' I called Ill Bill."

"In the last year me and Everlast have come into it," says Bill. "Once the five or six of us got in the room it just went more or less from being a mix tape kind of situation to being a real group."

"We were all cool and had group connections and just came together

to do this thing," adds Slaine. After Lethal came back in they began to record for real in his Los Angeles studio. "Me and Bill try to fly out there (from New York) once every 6 weeks and just get in the lab."

With half the group being L.A. based and the other half in New York getting everyone together was difficult, but the Nostra wanted to keep it tight and in an atypical fashion recorded together in the same room rather than emailing the tracks back and forth. "That was one thing that from the beginning we said we weren't going to do," says Bill. "The thing that made us

want to push this forward as a group rather than a one off is the fact that we were having a really great time in the studio together. We just felt like that would dilute it. It would have been way easier to do it over the Internet, but we still got like 30 songs in less than a year. I thought it was going to be me spitting like three or four verses on a La Coka Nostra mix tape but it's turned into something else."

Once Slaine, Lefty, Bill and Everlast got things moving to Lethal's beats, other producers and MCs were eager to throw down for the family. "B Real came in dropped a joint," Bill continues.



"Sick Jack from Psycho Realm came through with beats, Q Unique came through. Saab's gonna spit on some shit. Muggs is doing some tracks. He did one with Mobb Deep on the hook.

"The way B Real and Jack got on 'Fuck Tony Montana' [La Coka's current single in which Ill Bill criticizes Scarface for being too soft for the game] was that they simply stopped by the studio. Ounce of weed and a couple bottles of Jack later the song was done."

They don't want to call it a competition but in the lab everyone brings their A game. "I ain't even spit on it," says Danny. "Just because, these cats are animals and I'm so busy doing the coordination. But when it comes to the rest it's no joke. It's like blood sport."

"Some of the newer cats gotta fight for every inch of ground but it's all love," Slaine agrees. "When somebody spits something ill, you want to come ill your own way. More than anything I

think it's great to be in an environment with people who you really respect. Everybody raises their game up and you can hear it in the music. There's a lot of laughs, there's a lot of fun, there's a lot of creativity.

"We all have different creative processes. I know Bill does a lot of writing on his own. I write to the beat in the studio. Everlast writes everything in his head; he doesn't use pens. He makes it up when he hears the beat."

"I heard Jay Z talking about that kind of shit," says Danny. "I was like yeah whatever, but cats who been rhyming long enough, that's how they get it in now."

It ain't all about lyrics though. Danny wants people to know that they most defiantly are on the grind as far as the album is concerned and all the good times got to take a back seat to getting the quality right. "It's more of a brand than a group,"

Danny prides as he lists the products that are coming soon from La Coka Nostra, which include everything from clothing to toys. This is a natural fit considering Danny's work in the design world for companies like Nike.

"I hope this is the beginning of a nice little empire. Like a family - a conduit to putting out other people's records. It's a tall order but it takes a lot of work. I don't want people to get the impression that it's a lot of old cats with some rhyme game that just get in the studio and just spit some whatever shit. There's a daily grind that includes interviews, making sure the shirts look right, they get delivered, that there's an online presence, blogs are updated. The thing about the Internet is that it moves so fast that if you aren't updating your shit people move on."

Although nothing's set in stone yet as far as plans for releasing and distributing the album go, Danny's glad they got the freedom to

develop their own style and identity free of a major's influence.

"The shit we're putting out I don't know if many majors could fuck with. House of Pain experience, it was all a commercial record label type shit. I want the type of record where if a kid takes it home the parents are going to get upset. That's the beauty of not having to go through a major label. We put out what we want to put out. Whatever the general consensus of the group is. Whereas dealing with the A&R and the marketing guy from a label it's, 'we can't get in this magazine, we don't feel you should put the guns on the logo, we shouldn't put that t shirt out.' Fuck all that shit B. We go straight to the people and so we been killing it."

La Coka Nostra has been hitting the Internet hard, getting the word out through sites like Imeem and the ubiquitous MySpace. Although they have been successfully recruiting a





diehard network of disciples (some already sporting La Coka Nostra tats) through the Internet, there are mixed feelings about the networking sites' place in an industry that changes daily.

"The lines between TV the Radio and what the internet has become are more fuzzy everyday," muses Everlast. "The emergence of MySpace and YouTube are more significant than we are capable of knowing yet...the internet truly gives power to the people."

"It's helped blow our shit up and bring the awareness back where conventionally you need a label to do that shit," says Danny. "The upside is that everybody and their momma can put a record out, but the downside is that everybody and their momma can put a record out. So you gotta sort through a lot of trash. Other than that it's been instrumental in what we've been doing."

"So far it's the only outlet we've been using to get the word out," says Everlast. "The computer changed the whole game. Now a kid can record his album, sell it on MySpace, make a video and put it on YouTube all with a fucking laptop."

As founder of Uncle Howie Records, Ill Bill is quite familiar with the independent game, so when he speaks, it's best to listen. "MySpace is a major label. It's all the same thing. To break through in a major way you have got to be plugged into major outlets. MySpace works on two levels, on a small level and a major level. If you're gonna use it to sell a lot of units you gotta use it the way a major label would use it. If you can do that without a label then god bless. That's what it's about. Being able to do that."

"At the end of the day, the La Coka Nostra family is out there letting people know that when the album

drops it's going to be a change from the pop rap that's become the norm.

"It's the hard-core hip hop shit that's missing from the game right now. The same kind of shit that you heard Cypress and House of Pain, Nas, Wu Tang, and Non Phixion doing, all of that mid-nineties shit but with a 2010 twist. It's not on some throw back shit." You can hear the enthusiasm in Ill Bill's voice as he lays it out for those that don't know. Everyone else is right there with him.

"When people hear the shit that we're making, their minds are gonna be blown. I mean it blows me away to listen to some of the music," adds Slaine. "We're representing a lifestyle and we're doing it over grimy production and boom bap shit. 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. I think all of us feel that way.

We're trying to put that feeling, that rage, that animosity into the music."

Danny Boy sums it up: "The energy of a Public Enemy, of NWA, is missing from hip hop. These records ain't dangerous no more. They're mad watered down and commercialized and that's great. Get your money...but for me, I got a legacy to keep intact and I'm not trying to make a bullshit record for some light money. I'd rather make a record that we love, whether it sells or not. I want it to sell but what I really want is to leave something for these cats coming up behind us. Solidify some real hip hop shit."

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RJD2

FEELIN' THE DARK SIDE?

Words By BILL BROFEE

Ramble John Krohn, the artist known to the world as RJD2, started his auspicious career in modern hip hop in the early-90's after scoring a pair of turntables off a friend. Fans came to love his fresh razor wire techniques and worshipped at the altar of his spacey cityscape beats. There was a moonless yet lustrous beauty to them, as if the listener could plunge comfortably into a not-so-warm womb that resided within the thump of each Metropolitan number. It was a wall of sound that contributed something signature to an ever-languishing genre. In the years after *"The Chronic"* and

"Fear of a Black Planet," at a time when everything seemed to be heading in the Whomp-There-It-Is-Will-Smith-Galaxy-Defender-Ice-Ice-Bullshit direction, RJ and similar artists were there to consistently produce amazing records rich with solid compositions and crazy rhyme schemes.

For this reason it no doubt came as a surprise to his loyal acolytes when RJ dropped from Definitive Jux and announced that he was heading for "a more pop route." I hooked up with RJ to set the record straight and find out exactly why he's crowing

like Chris Martin on the Internet.

Naturally my first question concerned his route to pop. "I've always taken the approach of trying to give my songs a popular leaning," he said. "To me it means making music with the intent of it being pleasurable, not intentionally jarring or unpleasant.

"Whether it's an instrumental, one with a vocal sample or one with live vocals, I've always tried to have things like verses, choruses, chord changes, bridges—the things that keep a song interesting to me. That's what

I mean when I use the word 'pop.'"

I was aghast! How can he be heading in a more "pop route" if this has been something he has done throughout his entire career? I decided to humor him by asking how the path has been treating him.

"The path has gotten me to where I am now," he said. "So I can't complain. Life is good. I can't speak for tomorrow, unfortunately."

Again, it wasn't adding up. How could a brand new path be responsible



for getting him to that brand new path? His 2003 EP *The Horror* was blasting on a boombox behind me, adding more confusion to the mix. Perhaps a lyrical allusion to his new album will help things along.

"Why did you buy two pairs of shoes for one weekend?"

"She did," he said. "Not me. I think you know why women buy shoes, right?" I wished we had more time because obviously Ramble J. knew something about women's sole intent that I was oblivious to. What an enigma!

"Do you play a lot of baseball or football?" I asked.

"No. I don't do anything related to exercise, other than cut wood, build shit, nail shit, staple shit, varnish

shit...You see where this is going."

Indeed, I did...RJD2 is a carpenter. Like Jesus! But if he's not into sports why did he loan his song "Schoolyard Scrimmage" to the NBA 2K6? Why?!

"I'm a sucker for video games," he reasoned. "I played the 2K3 a lot."

And finally...the burning question... "What was wrong with Def Jux?"

"Nothing," he said. "I felt a need to put myself in a position to succeed doing the kind of music I'm passionate about. XL [Records, his new label] seemed like a place I could do that better. It had nothing to do with Jux."

I was curious what his rapper friends thought of *The Third Hand* [his new LP]. "Blueprint is the only rapper

that's heard it. He said he loves it."

"On your My Space you list Midway, Nintendo and Capcom as your influences. Do you think gamers want to hear songs like 'You Never Had It So Good?'"

"No idea," RJ replied. "I don't make music with a particular person in mind. I do what sounds best to my ears and, hopefully, some people appreciate it. I'm just tryin' to do me, player. I have no intention of chasing another acts' carrots, just mine."

"You grew up in Columbus. Does anybody like you in Ohio?"

"I think a few folks are aware of what I do there...Does anybody like me in Ohio? This is turning out to be a slightly bizarre interview, eh?"

RJD2 was right so I tried to wrap things up. "What kind of deal have you signed with XL Records?"

"I have this very special, very new kind of record deal where they agree to release my music in exchange for America Online Trial CDs. So far it has proven to be very lucrative."

It was clear that my favorite maestro of magnificent city instrumentals was having a go with me so I responded accordingly.

"Where do you want it? In your face or in your kneecaps?"

"You can tell it to both."



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SIERRA'S SWAN SONGS

Words and Photos By MIRANDA BURCH

After an unfortunate incident with a (small penis?) bouncer who NOT ONLY had the wherewithal to direct me to dispose of my tripod but ALSO rudely ignored an innocent question from sweet lil' ol' me ('Have you seen Sierra Swan this evening?'), I finally finagled my way into the infamous Viper Room. After all, I was scheduled to meet with her and the effortlessly friendly label rep Mark Gracious, and God forbid I'd miss her because of this dingleberry.

But after all was said and done and with drink (finally) in hand, it didn't take long for me to spot her. Let's be honest, she's tough to miss. Her hair alone challenges any known definition of "red." She also speaks with contagious energy, translating easily to ferocious confidence while on stage. Backed by a talented full band, Sierra dominates the room, filling it with charged bellicose vocal gyration and unbridled emotion.

Sierra Swan is an act to catch before the secret's out and you find yourself cursing 'damn, I should have seen

her back when...' Her recent album, *Ladyland* (Interscope/Custard) was the brainchild of former 4 Non-Blonds front woman Linda Perry. While collaboration lends to the record's high potency, nothing beats Swan's ruthlessly honest live set and talent for crippling frankness. "I don't know how to do anything else so I have to do this." Otherwise? "[I'd be] a professional bitch." Through landing 3 record deals by 28, "I've pretty much earned every little line under my eyes," she muses. "Every one."

And earning her stripes has come with its perks. Her hit video, "Copper Red," a stark rendition of an art school classroom in which Sierra stands as the subject of contemplation, was directed by Frank Borin of Xzibit and Cypress Hill fame.

*"Tangled insecurity where
I like to dwell/
Ignoring my impurities with one more
glass of wine/ Sifting through this
melody deep within my mind."*

Not only does this single explode on the album, the video solidifies her stake as a sex symbol. After all, "I was naked," she gushes.

The boys are liking this...tell us more.

"I was naked and I was very hot."

Awesome...err...and?

"Porn was being filmed in the next room so it was very appropriate."

At this point in the interview, the substance of our discussion inexplicably dwindled significantly to elementary inquiries...I don't even remember the questions...but her answers certainly were notable:

"Popsicles. Because ice cream cones drip all over my hands and I'm very messy and I tend to get very dirty with an ice cream cone."

Sierra (gasp!)...the children...

"That sounds really sexual, but it's

not. So is a popsicle, but whatever. I'm just better at sucking on those."

Ok, it's obviously easy to become entranced by her lackadaisical laugh and food-related innuendos but the real treat is the show. Now go, grasshoppa, go.





AKS

WHOR



AMERICAN SODOMITES

Words By JAKE MCGEE, Art By Amy Staats

On November 16, 2006, Clear Channel Communications announced their sale to the investment partnership of Boston-based Bain Capital Partners, LLC and Thomas H. Lee Partners, LP. The deal bought Clear Channel and all its assets for \$26.7 billion, which included hoisting the media glut from their \$8 billion of net debt. This transaction upped the stakes of corporate-sponsored media consolidation in the United States, and brought us closer than ever to the nightmare of state-controlled media.

As for Clear Channel's Mays family, they're sitting pretty and shall remain in place at the helm of their companies. Going from a publicly traded stock to a privately owned conglomerate, they have less people to answer to, while they tighten up their lucrative function as an advertising medium at the cost of artistic expression. They're shaving off excess weight in the next few months, looking to drop the lowest-earning 448 of their 1,150 radio stations, as well as the company's 42-station television group. It's business as usual for the monsters of media...but this recent transaction lumps them in a crowd bigger and more dangerous than Clear Channel could ever dream of being alone. Napoleon would be proud.

Thomas H. Lee Partners is a major political contributor, donating millions of dollars mainly to the Democratic Party. Dogmatic liberals might see this is a good thing, but it all goes back to the rich paying their way up into control of this country.

So, while they're sucking it up with the Democrats, they also own stakes in: Warner Music Company (along with Bain), the world's fourth largest music company; Univision Communications, the leading Spanish-language media company in the U.S., with television, radio, internet and music divisions; and VNU, a global information and media company, which includes the leading

market research firm (AC Nielsen), and 140 periodicals, including *Billboard* and *The Hollywood Reporter*. This is just a taste of their booty.

As for Bain Capital Partners, well...they were formed by a nice Mormon lad named Mitt Romney in 1984. Romney, who by all accounts has a lovely singing voice, is now the governor of Massachusetts, and strongly considering a run for presidency in 2008. He is a staunchly conservative Republican, who advocates building a wall along the U.S.-Mexico border to keep those filthy foreigners out. Unfortunately for ole' Romney, the *Boston Globe* recently pointed out that he employs illegal aliens to tend the grounds at his 2.5 acre spread in Belmont.

To be fair, Romney left Bain in 1999, but as the company's founder he still has a strong influence. The Bain crew has done well for themselves through the years, for in addition to Warner Music, they've bought AMC Entertainment (the #2 movie theater chain in the U.S.), Texas Instruments, and Domino's Pizza. Again, these are just a few companies purchased by Bain Partners.

Both companies have working relationships with the Carlyle Group, who has had many politicians on their payroll, including the Bush family, and it's not too hard to imagine them enjoying the spoils that Clear Channel has to offer.

All three companies have been accused of illegally conspiring to hold down the prices they pay when taking companies private. On November 15, 2006, *Bloomberg* reported of a lawsuit filed against the companies in a Manhattan federal court, which alleges "the firms broke antitrust laws by forming 'clubs' to make offers, sharing information and agreeing not to outbid each other."

The same article added that all three companies are also under investigation by

the U.S. Justice Department for antitrust behavior. "They've also come under fire in Europe and the U.S. for burying the companies they buy in debt while recouping their costs with dividends."

With any luck, this will mean that the Mays' will take it in the ass hard, with no Vaseline.

Until then, the web gets stickier. Bain & Thomas are both bidding for purchase of Tribune Co., the nation's #3 newspaper publisher in circulation (and #2 in revenue). Tribune Co. includes *Chicago Tribune*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Newsday*, eight other dailies, 25 television stations, a radio station, some internet operations, and the Chicago Cubs baseball team.

So, if all goes according to plan, one relatively small group of crooked people, some of which are politicians (at least one of whom is working to be President), will control the majority of the radio stations, live entertainment venues and billboards in the U.S., *Chicago Tribune*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Newsday*, *Billboard*, *The Hollywood Reporter*, AC Nielsen, Univision, and even Domino's Pizza among a vast lot of other prominent forms of media. It's not too much of a stretch to see how this is a bad thing. Sure, there are laws in effect to prevent this kind of thing, but the reality is that while we have built-in checks to government control in this country, there is very little restriction to corporate control. Furthermore, the boundaries that are in place are easily bypassed or manipulated, with the right twisting of legal structure, and more importantly the right amount of money.

What this is leading to is a vicious homogenization of media, specifically music but undoubtedly all forms of art that hope to reach out to the masses. In order to make the most of their investments, it would make fiscal sense to help out Warner Music by giving them first

dibs on radio time, promotion, concert slates, etc. Plus, with Clear Channel running that part of the game, they will continue to "encourage" record labels to produce the most shallow, radio-friendly music in order to reap the largest gains.

As the great philosopher Shlomo Sher said in an interview with *3am Magazine* in 2003, this industry creates "products that have mass-appeal in the sense of saying so little that there's not much to be able to say against them. You know, it's pretty packaging, but without a lot of content and a lot of character, it's hard to find reasons to reject them. Therefore, it's easy to promote them. And what you get out of it is a packaged society, with not much inside, because it's the package being sold, not the content."

It is dangerously blind to assume that Clear Channel won't continue to sanitize the media landscape for their own gains, and now that they're part of a more powerful group, they will find more dominant ways to suck up to the Powers That Be, so in turn they can make more and more money.

On December 13, 2006, the Associated Press wrote about Clear Channel shutting down a progressive talk radio station in Madison, Wisconsin, with plans to replace it with Fox Sports Radio. The station-92.1 FM, WXXM (aka The Mic)-mixed nationally known talkers (such as some from Air America) with local hosts. The station earned the second highest ratings in Madison for news talk according to Arbitron, and was one of Air America's highest-rated affiliates in the country, said Terry Kelly, a Madison businessman and investor in Air America Radio.

Nevertheless, Clear Channel switched the format, primarily because of the CONTENT. Jeff Tyler, Clear Channel's market manager in Madison, bluntly admitted that the station made some advertisers uneasy. "There are

many advertisers, local and national, who have been at conflict with the programming or stay away from controversial programming," he said.

As Clear Channel moves into the next stage of their domination, they are now just a part of a larger imperial fleet. They have already made a business of watering down all the forms of expression they are responsible for working with, to not only provide pretty packaging that's hard to contest, but also to support those politicians they work hand-in-hand with, who in turn allow Clear Channel to dominate more of the landscape. Not only do they now have more money and politicians on their side, but they are in fact owned by as much. The likes of Mitt Romney won't find it hard to figure out how to exploit that, and this is what has opened the door to state-controlled media.

WHAT THE FUCK IS HEADPHONE RAP?

Words By MATT THOMAS, Photos By CHRISTOPHER DABNER

Sean Patrick McGaughan has worked as a dog walker and street fundraiser (yes, that's an actual job) to support a fledgling music career. With mild breakthroughs at a few revered venues—like "Sin-e," "CBGBs," and the music festival "North by Northeast"—this young rapper/singer/ kind-of-Indie-rock-guy is hoping to finally get signed to a label.

Why should you care? Well, it sounds as though his group, dubbed Metermaids, may be on the fringe of an entirely new movement; a genre Mr. McGaughan has labeled as "Headphone rap." Is it any good? McGaughan thinks so, but don't be surprised if he has to play kennels for the next couple of years.

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT YOUR VERSION OF HIP-HOP WILL EVER BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY BY OTHER PROFESSIONAL RAPPERS, OR IS IT SOMETHING THAT SHOULD BE CLASSIFIED AS ITS OWN GENRE?

Me and [my manager] kind of coined the phrase "head-phone rap." It's hip-hop because I'm not singing, but hopefully it's intricate enough where you want to listen to it with headphones on, to catch all those little details. But [we're] still [producing] beats, we just pay a lot more attention to [them]. So it's a layered thing that becomes more interesting each time you listen to it. It's a pop song structure with live sounds and trying to arrange rap songs with what you would hear in an Indie rock song. It's not completely brand new, but there aren't a lot of people doing it.

WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO LISTEN TO IT?

I was nervous playing for straight hip-hop crowds because I was afraid they would look at it as "emo rap" or "nerd rap." But we threw it down at hip-hop shows and it seems marketable.

WHAT JOBS HAVE YOU HAD TO TAKE TO MAKE ENDS MEET?

I did street fundraising for a bit—anytime you go on Craig's List you'll see the ads for them, you're supposed to make \$500-1000 a day. They throw you out onto the street and you have to stop a random person who's walking past and, in three minutes, get their credit card number. It's ridiculous. No one's gonna give that to you! The company gives you a quota to meet, and if you have a couple of bad days you get canned... I had a couple of bad days.

I've been dog walking for a year since that job. It's so absolutely tiring. I'm just absolutely wrecked by the time I get home. It's hard to get the motivation to do anything. I can't put much time in my music, but it's helped my writing because I have all day long to write as I'm moving through Greenwich Village.

WHAT CAN AN UPPER MIDDLE-CLASS WHITE GUY POSSIBLY CONTRIBUTE TO A GENRE THAT WAS ONCE SAID TO BE THE "CNN FOR THE INNER-CITY?" WHY WOULD A MAINSTREAM RAP LABEL SIGN YOU?

Well, first off, I have to knit pick: I'm not upper- middle class! We lived pretty poor. We struggled. That's just a knee jerk suburban reaction.

I'll never refer to myself as a rapper in my songs. The goal is to write catchy songs not just to attract people who are into underground rap but to make my music as accessible as possible.

Obviously what we're doing is not the CNN of the ghetto. I have a great appreciation for hip-hop and those who adhere to that statement, which is what Chuck D meant when he said that. Anybody who's making good art is just the CNN of where they came from. That's all you can aspire to do, is to be true to your experiences. That's the truth to any good piece of art.

I just want a label to recognize that we're honest with our art, and that's what we have to offer. That's the deciding factor. If a label is down with that, great, if not we'll look someplace else.

> www.metermaidnyc.com

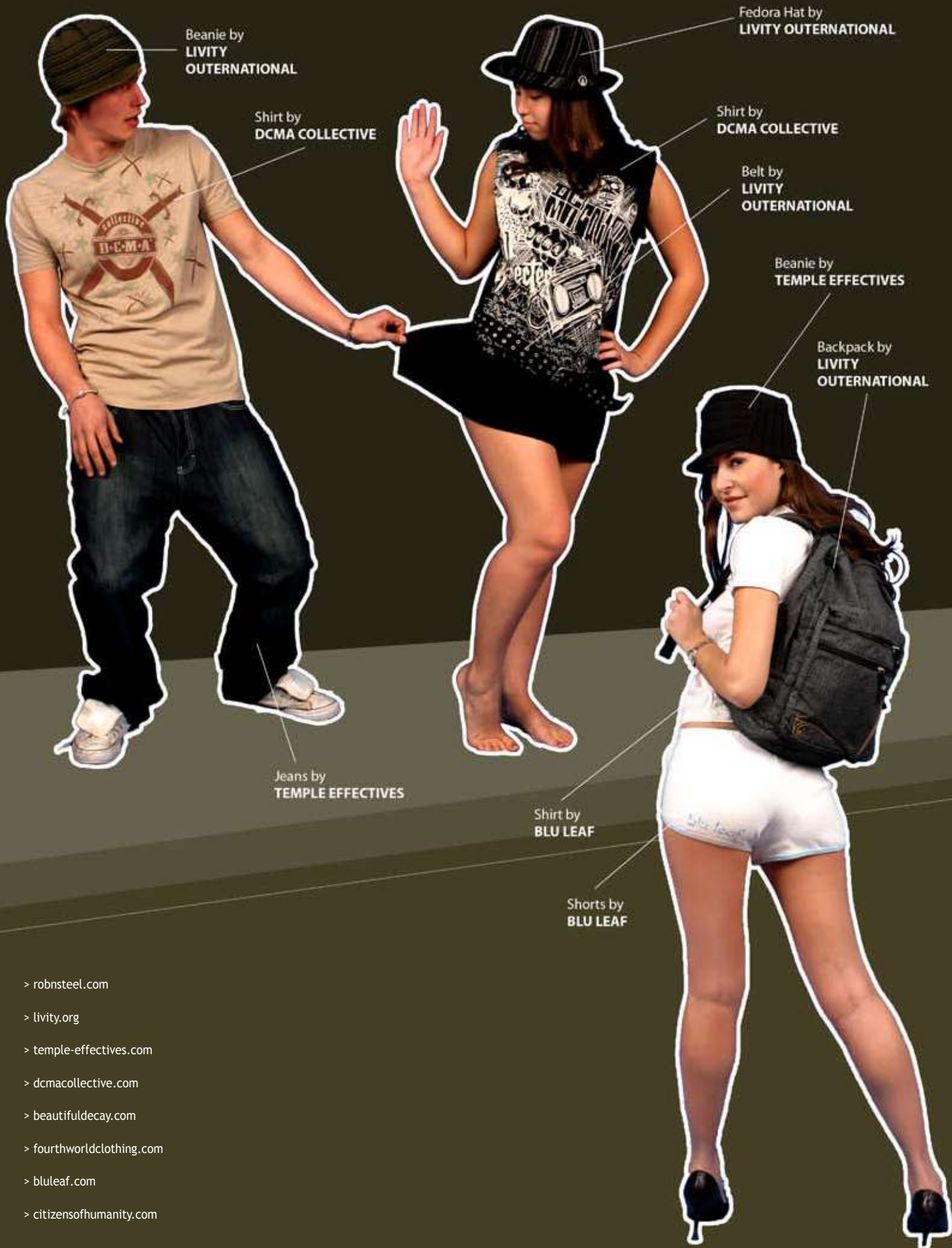


WEEKEND AT STEEZO'S

STYLED BY: Andrea Raskind
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UNSUNG HERO: Rod Lockett

MODELS:
Amanda Holzen
Sarah Levy
Jake Kingsbury
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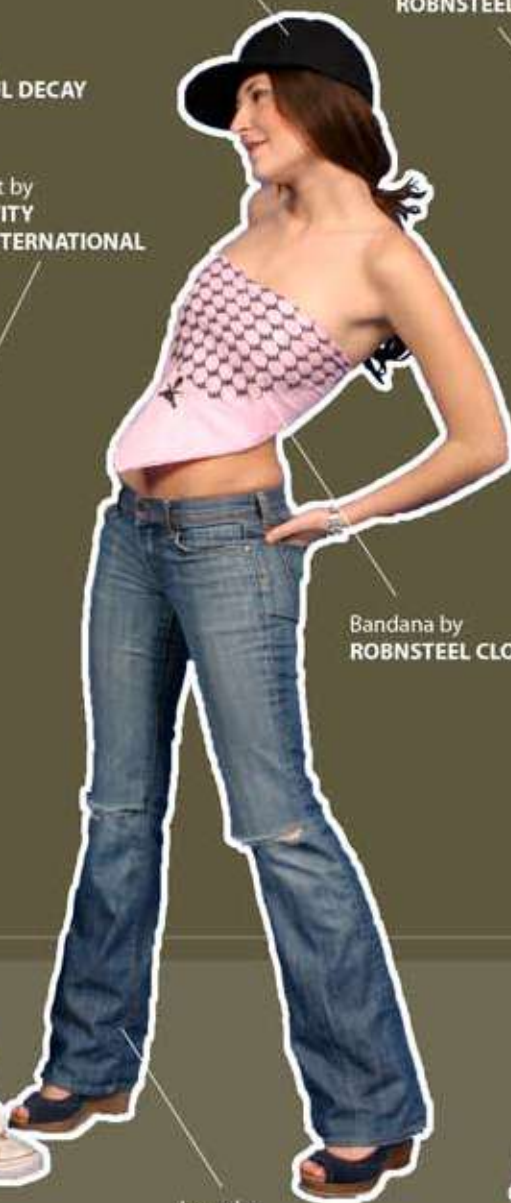
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The Lost Angeles Times

VOL 1, ISSUE 9

Lost Angeles, Sunday, February 4, 2007

BY SCOTT SHAPIRO



The CW Gets Serious

Fledgling television network taps former 80's icon to host new gamer "Dead or Not Dead"

BY FONDUE BONZAI

Just when you thought it was safe to throw away your *Young Einstein* laser disc, the CW network has jumped into the industry wide craze of "everything old is new again" making a splash yesterday, announcing that former actor Yahoo Serious will be hosting their new game show "Dead or Not Dead" as one of their mid-season replacements in their winter lineup.

"Scoot over Howie Mandel and Penn Gillette. It's time to make room for the new kid on the

primetime block," CW President Dawn Ostroff boasted at the morning presser as a seemingly dazed and natty-haired Serious wobbled next to her.

Ostroff explained that contestants will be shown pictures of various superstars from eras present and past such as Joe E. Tata (Nat from Beverly Hills 90210), Sammy Davis Junior and Chevy Chase, and will be asked to decide if they are in fact, dead or not dead. Upon giving their final answer, they will get one more chance to think until Yahoo finally asks the final question: Are you Serious?

"We at the CW now feel like one of the real networks with this foray into the game-show arena. And we're not done rolling the dice in this, our era of gaining credibility," Ostroff continued, presumably referring to another gamer in development to be hosted by none other than 1980's comic legend Andrew Clay.

As of press time, details were sketchy on the exact nature of Clay's show with only the title *Roll The Dice* having been agreed upon. But word has leaked from

the CW offices that the elements of the game being bandied about in development include a handful of cash, one die (due to budgetary constraints), a chance to win a million dollars and a crack addict with a dulled rusty shiv standing behind the contestant.

Slavery Conference No Joke

Keynote Speaker Michael Richards insists the conference isn't racist

BY McBEAN PARKWAY

"You may not be able to stick a fork in a black man's ass anymore, but today this conference will stick a fork in the mythical notion of American slavery because

as of today, that myth is done," actor Michael Richards emphatically stated today in his opening remarks, kicking off the International Slavery Conference, held in the lobby of the Red Roof Inn, just outside of Birmingham, Alabama.

An international delegation of South African writers, Klu Klux Klan members and predominantly southern, unemployed, gas station attendants cheered Richards as he explained that this conference wasn't about racism, but more a sense of history, adding, "What better time to ask this question than now, at the beginning of Black History month? We just want to ask the right questions in the spirit of that history, to set the record straight once and for all in this country."

As Richards left the stage to a thunderous round of applause, co-host Sen. Strom Thurmond stepped up to the podium, explaining that he organized the conference to shed light on the reasons behind the formation of affirmative action as reparation for "alleged" damage done to the Black community after the suffering unbearable indignities during our nation's past.

Amid concerns that this conference would boost racism along side last year's Iranian conference questioning the validity of the Holocaust, Richards interjected, scoffing at the notion. "Come on. I'm Jewish and I'm here. Those guys on the other side of the world are nuts, but we're asking serious questions. I mean, the Blacks can seemingly take over all of Saturday afternoon television, spreading their word, but if we just want to have a fact-finding conference about a very important historical issue, we're racists? Hello, pot this is kettle. You're black," Richards said, shaking his head.

When reached for comment, the NAACP responded...
(continued on page 131)

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DAVID CHOE'S SCION ROADTRIP AMERICAN HEAD TRIP

Words By SHANA NYS DAMBROT, Photos By CRAIG WETHERBY & TODD NISBET

In Spring of 2006, an ad hoc crew of graffiti artists that included David Choe, Kenton Parker, Saber and dvs one boarded one tour bus and the funk band Rhythm Root All-Stars along with Stone's Throw's dance hall-inspired soul emcee Aloe Blacc boarded another. Accompanied by writers, photographers and tour managers, the unlikely caravan set out for New Orleans. The occasion was the first Scion Roadtrip, and the idea was for the crew to make their way to the Big Easy in time to hook up with Femi Kuti for a show down there, stopping along desolate highways and at old billboards to paint before the musicians' nightly gigs. The entire journey was filmed and will be turned into a documentary, but Kotori Magazine's Shana Nys Dambrot caught up with Choe to get the early scoop fresh off the road.

SND: So David, you are known as an adventurer, traveling to remote and dangerous places around the world to make art and document what you've seen. By your own account, growing up in LA was no picnic either. What can you tell me about how this experience compared to your previous enterprises?

DC: It was strange, the idea of visual artists on tour like rock stars. The bus was awesome! We were all like kids, playing PlayStation in the back of the bus, and we had this like Stanley Kubrick

Santa Claus driver with this big beard. It worked though. It was like the walls were our stage and our act was this big improv jam. The personalities on the bus, that was interesting. You have us in there with dvs one, who's this huge legend from the day only now he does children's books. He's trying to live a better life, you know, stay on the PG path.

SND: How did the art part work out for everyone?

DC: El Paso was the first gig wall, and no one wanted to go first. The tour manager had set up all these billboards for us to work on but in El Paso when we got there the owner said no! We were all wondering what to do, and the meat market guy across the street says, Sure! Go ahead! So we made him a mural. It's amazing what four guys stepping out of a bus in a border town can do in a community. In another city, everyone in town drove out to see what we were doing and check out the action at this bike shop. The owner was so happy he gave us all bikes and a unicycle! The Mexican lady next door had this bra and panty shop and she wanted a mural too... at sunset all the street kids came out and there was even this one single mom who wanted advice for her kids on being artists and staying out of trouble. I swear, we could have painted the entire town!

SND: Sounds like an adventure.

DC: When we got to Austin - now that was an adventure. There was this old funeral parlor that had turned into a privately owned graffiti pit. The locals all came and painted with us. The kids went crazy for Saber, and there was this one kid that was like, my biggest fan. Hundreds of kids came out at night to watch, it was pandemonium. One of Saber's fans beat up one of my fans - but there was this one guy who used to be a clown, I'm not kidding, and he taught us how to ride that unicycle from El Paso!

SND: After Austin where did you go?

DC: The third stop was Avinger, Texas, population 400. We had rented billboards by the train tracks. We all got sunburned and we got attacked by every kind of insect including fire ants. We did this homage to Big John, this huge colorful character just in the middle of nowhere. It was like the Old West, with everyone in town out there eyeing us, this clash of classic rock and country. We made up a name for our fake rock band, the Warm Holes. And of course we had dvs one riding a unicycle in a silver helmet... Traveling is like a drug, every day you wake up in some crazy new place you've been transported to in your sleep.

SND: Speaking of which, what was it like getting to New Orleans?

DC: Actually it wasn't great. It was a little depressing, even demoralizing. I mean, we saw all the things, boats on top of houses, locals lamenting, the situation more and more fucked up, the Lower Ninth smelling like dead people, cars in trees. It was like the end of a war, the end of the world, a zombie movie. I've been to Africa, to the Congo and some war-torn areas. New Orleans looks like that, worse actually. It was always sort of dark, but now it's unbearable. After that no one wanted to paint, so we just went to strip clubs. The Femi Kuti show was insane though, the dancing, the drums, people going crazy. All in all it was an amazing trip, getting our art out there, seeing the power of the internet to draw crowds. All the money went to charity by the way (Tipitina's Foundation, dedicated to reinvigorating the New Orleans music community). I'd definitely do another trip like that, but from now on I'd like to tie into children's hospitals and that kind of thing. Let kids participate and leave their mark.

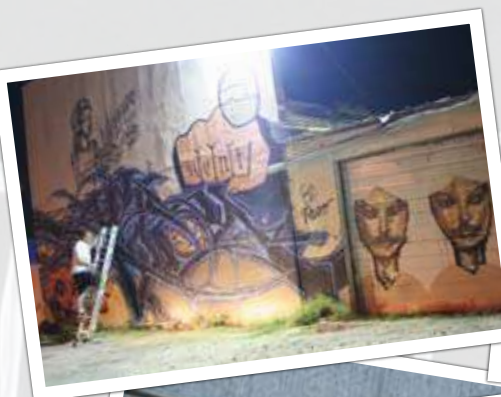
SND: How was working with the Scion folks?

DC: Scion, I swear, they're like the new NEA. I can't get grant money but they fund and support my projects. They give money, they take no creative control. It's symbiosis with a great company. They have given, not just me but a lot of graffiti artists who've never been able to make money a chance. They have a lot of integrity; it's the best situation working with them. The trip was a blast, a real treat. I would've done it for free.

David Choe is a Los Angeles-based artist who has won numerous awards and been published in *Giant Robot*, *Vice* and a host of other international alt-culture favorites. In 1999 he put out his self-published award winning comic/novella/zine *Slow Jams* and in 2002 his art/photo/travel journal book *Bruised Fruit*. His murals can be found on walls from Los Angeles to the Bay Area, the Middle East to Asia and inside museums, galleries and private homes.

> For more information on the Scion art projects featuring these and other artists visit www.scion.com.

> For more information on the man himself, www.davidchoe.com.





CATTLE DECAPITATION

"PAYBACK IS A BITCH AND WE CALL HER 'MOTHER EARTH.'"

Words By TOMMY DIGITAL

Are you ready for the end of the world as you know it? It's coming, you know it in your greedy bones. Humans are on their way out, and the New World Order is being put into motion. We are already setting up more tangible ways of life, so when you are all wiped out, we will take back Earth and restore its glory.

Mankind has raped this planet for far too long, and it's time for vengeance. It won't be nice or civil. It will certainly play out like a Cattle Decapitation

album; like their sharp riffs and bipolar intensity, the wrath that awaits mankind will hold nothing back.

As frontman Travis Ryan growls in "Success Is...(Hanging by the Neck)" on their newest record, *Karma.Bloody.Karma*, "Man has succeeded in mass destruction/Man has exceeded its capacity here on earth."

I won't divulge all the details of the end, but know that it is coming. Maybe it will be like in *Animal Farm*, but 100 times more gruesome. Letting

humans get away alive is lame talk. Indeed, the notion of "acupunctured face with the blades of a rake," as Ryan describes in "Total Gore," sounds like a fine idea.

Or, maybe we're just waiting for you to destroy yourselves. Hey, life's not always nice, hippy flowers and sunshine smiles.

Sure, we love the likes of Cattle Decapitation, but nevertheless we can't spare the bastards. As Ryan conceded in a recent

interview, "a lot of the lyrics are really kind of suicidal. We include ourselves...they're pretty much us shooting ourselves in the head."

"All hail extinction! All hail revenge! All hail destruction! All hail death!" (from "The New Dawn")

On second thought, maybe we'll let Ryan and Co. live as our jesters.

While you're waiting for annihilation, keep your eyes peeled for the Cattle

Decapitation show...as they will be touring with The Locust in the next few months.

> www.cattledecapitation.com



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PART II

I'm sitting under an umbrella in a dark green iron deckchair, taking pulls off a skunky spliff that *will not* stay lit. The contents of the joint are seedy and somewhat brown and each hit tears up the back of my throat with its dank harshness. But I'm okay with it because I know that weed is weed and smoke smells like freedom...as long as the wrong person ain't around to smell it.

In my opposite hand I am holding a phone and as I take another weak hit, the raspy but reassuring voice of the person on the other end of the line hits an Operatic high as my Doctor recalls something that he hasn't really forgotten since 1971. "I predicted that the Prohibition would be gone in ten years," he says. "It seemed to be that, having achieved this understanding of this drug, the Prohibition would be gone. Of course, here we are."

Lester is enjoying Emeritus status as a Harvard Professor and, as a result, he spends more time with his grandchildren than he does with the scenesters of the global marijuana circuit. "Flying used to be reasonably comfortable, but as I've gotten older I try to travel less." But he is quick to add that he was doing something in

Rome during the month of September. By October we will had him back.

Grinspoon continues to write for the occasional newspaper or magazine, but the thing he is doing most for marijuana now focuses on his concerns for its future.

"What worries me about the future of the...Prohibition is that it's going to get a big shot in the arm by the pharmaceutical industry. If it weren't prohibited I don't think they would be as interested in it because people would be able to grow it in their gardens or buy it on the streets. You'd be able to buy it quite inexpensively.

"They don't want this. They will only be successful commercially as long as the Prohibition is in force."

Lester understands the importance of having legal alternatives available, but his bottom line is cut and dry and tokeable: "The gold standard is whole-smoked marijuana. That's the real medicine."

He expounds on the origins of the alternatives with a baleful sense of the overall absurdity of the events.

"By 1985 it was clear to those in authority that cannabis has some very remarkable medicinal qualities. They were beginning to experience some enormous pressure to make it accessible to people with a variety of symptoms and syndromes.

"A small company called UniMed supported this. The government supported this. It was put in an oil base, in a capsule, so that it couldn't be smoked, and they sold it as Dronabinol. The proprietary name was Marinol.

"The hypocrisy? Marijuana is in Schedule I, along with Heroin and LSD and so forth. One of the criteria of Schedule I is that it has no medical utility whatsoever. Of course, with marijuana the most active cannabinoid is THC. This *pure* THC that they were now going to peddle was put in Schedule II. It's the same stuff!"

The double standards piss Lester off and they piss me off as I take another long drag off my dirt weed and tuck it away in my wallet, right behind the PBA badge I scored from a connected friend (Oh, yes! They won't take me alive).

"In 1992," Lester tells me, "Since it wasn't selling good they moved it from Schedule II to Schedule III."

There's not much one can say about this kind of gross, deliberate malfeasance. But Lester's got plenty. "There's a lot of promotion for it and it's nowhere near as useful as whole-smoked marijuana. They sold it to the home office in Britain by saying, 'We have a way of making cannabinoids available to patients without exposing them to the two great risks—the pulmonary damage from smoking and the getting high.' Both of those risks are absolutely silly, they're so off the mark."

"The most harmful thing about marijuana was not any inherent psychopharmacological property of the drug, rather the way we as a society dealt with it—criminalizing, arresting about three-hundred thousand people at that time, most of them young, almost all for possession.

"You know what that figure is today? Seven hundred seventy thousand, that's how much progress I've made on this."

He laughs again, but clearly it is to



THE PHARMACEUTICAL RAPE OF A SMOKEABLE PANACEA...

...THE PROHIBITION TARIFF AND THE SCHEDULE III DOUBLE STANDARD

Words By BOB FREVILLE,

circumvent the pain or, in the very least, aggravation that comes with knowing that something just ain't right.

"If you look at the scene around the world now, lots of people are getting into this act. The big pharmaceutical companies know there's a vein of gold to tap. They are working on various analogues, various modifications of the marijuana molecule."

He adds, "We're going to get an injection of a whole new energy...and lots of money from the pharmaceutical industry."

It doesn't help that the country continues, as Grinspoon puts it, to "move Rightward."

"Hopefully there will be changes after the elections, but otherwise...we're moving toward a real Authoritarian country and that's bad...The facts that the government and The Partnership for a Drug Free America have promoted for so long are fiction."

In a world where Truth is in short supply and news is fed to us by publications with a political-economical agenda, it is the norm for a person's

entire opinion of something to be based not on personal experience but on what they have been told.

Fortunately for potheads and their progressive, aware counterparts, Lester is one of those cats who—even in his Golden Years—is still sticking around to carry the flame, to speak the Truth and to deliver a heartfelt opinion, even when nobody wants to hear it.

"I think it should be legalized and it should be taxed," he says. "It seemed to me in a really rational society where one had treatment available to everybody—we're talking about something pretty far out there, health available to everybody—all drugs would be taxed in proportion to the cost for the health system to treat the casualties of these drugs.

"The tax on alcohol would go up quite a bit, as a consequence of this. This kind of tax should be adjusted as one gets more data on what it is costing. In that kind of situation the marijuana tax would be very little compared to alcohol, heroin, cocaine or what have you."

Lester's proposition is so plausible, so

pragmatic, that it couldn't possibly ever work given the angles, agendas and posturing of the American governmental system. The great gaggle of concerned minds, from places like the Food & Drug Administration and The Secret Right Wing Board for the Advancement of Unlawful Adjudication and every cabinet that decides your taxes would be all over this and it would never be treated fairly. They would have to inflate the tariff in order to balance the loss they would feel on their herbal alternatives.

Maybe this will work in that perfect world Lester has mentioned, the one we haven't quite arrived at just yet. And maybe he'll be responsible for helping us to get there, if not with his actions then with his words.

"It's a wonder drug," Grinspoon argues. "In the way Penicillin is a wonder drug. Marijuana wouldn't be three hundred dollars an ounce if it was still on an economic scale. That's a prohibition tariff.

"Any product that comes out like Sativex," Grinspoon says, "should have to compete, on the market and in the clinical laboratory, with whole-

smoked marijuana, but of course, that's not the way it's going to be."

For now the Pharmaceutical complex continues to push to keep the substance illegal and to keep the public's eyes ensconced by a veil of lies and hogwash propaganda. "The pressure is on."

Despite his observations to the contrary, Lester still holds out a modicum of Hope for the future of marijuana because he knows its strengths and he knows them well. "Marijuana is versatile," he says. "Everything from Premenstrual Syndrome to relief of nausea and vomiting...One of these days it will be recognized as a wonder drug, but I would be the last person to tell you when..."

Follow Bob Freville's Journey Through Fire & Vapors Under The Tutelage of Dr. Grinspoon in Kotori's Next Issue



Art By BRANDON LOMAX



> markmasky.imeem.com

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Galpin Auto Sports, located at 15600 Roscoe Blvd. in Van Nuys, California
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K-SWISS TEAMS UP WITH LOGAN HICKS AND SIXTEN



K-Swiss has made a step in a different direction. The Logan Hicks Evil Monito and the Sixten shoe collaboration definitely shows that K-Swiss is looking to attract a new customer. Will K-Swiss be cool again? Lets hope so. I've been stopped numerous times in public with "I like your shoes. Who makes them? Where can I get those?" Well here it is. They are available at At Mos in New York and Sportie LA in Los Angeles. For more information go to <http://www.k-spray.com>

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Like it isn't enough to say that GetUnderground.com is Kotori's online print sister? Seriously though, Creative Resistance Designed for the Emancipation of the Human Spirit... Dig Deeper...Get Wit' It...www.GetUnderground.com

RESERVE



Reserve is a hot little Los Angeles boutique owned jointly by a hot little Naama Givoni and Freshjive/Gonz founder Rick Klotz. It features contemporary publications as well as an elaborate collection of vintage and new graphic design art books. Reserve also features selections from the Gonz and Freshjive clothing lines: hoodies, t-shirts, jeans, lids, accessories and more. They also host a myriad of interesting events. Don't sleep on the filmmaker spotlight. Reserve is located on the trendy Fairfax Blvd at believe it or not 420 N. Fairfax Ave. For more info go to: <http://www.reservela.net>

REBIRTH OF GUERRILLAONE.COM



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For those of you who are into art. Whether creating it or looking at it. The Rebirth of GuerillaOne.com is upon us. GuerillaOne has partnered up with Revver.com to change its format to an online video network. That's right were set trippin on Youtube. The idea is to create a network where artists can upload videos in the GuerillaOne.com environment and create sharing tools to make the videos viral. It's a work in progress but for now if you have video clips send them to video@guerillaone.com. For those just trying to watch go to GuerillaOne.com and click away. Some artists you'll find on G1 are The Seventh Letter, Shepard Fairey, Doze Green, Baba, Cartoon, Robbie Conal, Hit n Run, The London Police, Emek, Logan Hicks, Sixten, Estevan Oriol and you might even catch a drunk blonde with fake nitties doing a back flip pool side at The Mondrian. www.GuerillaOne.com

VICE MAGAZINE'S GUIDE TO TRAVEL



This DVD is going to change the way you look at traveling forever. It's not only entertaining but very informative. Its scary to know that if your in Darra Adamkhel, (that's Pakistan for all you unseasoned travelers); And say you want to buy a gun in the world's largest illegal gun market in the world. Shouldn't be to hard if your down with Suroosh. Watching my man shoot a gun he can't pronounce is comedy. And David "Slow Jam" Choe tripping with Pygmies in search of a Dinosaur is way too much. Lastly Shane Smith getting radiation on his shoes is really nuts. Spike Jones is a genius. I would watch this over 60 Minutes all day. These cats will be rich very soon I'm sure. To purchase this \$20.00 DVD go to <http://viceland.stores.yahoo.net/vigutotr.html>

NASCAR TAKES THE 'HOOD



Sever from The Seventh Letter designed a Scion TC model car for the Scion Installation 2 tour. He says "it's a tribute to Nascar if it was in the hood". Some how he came up with what he calls "ghetto sponsors". The main sponsor is King Cobra also on the squad is Pyrex, Trojan, Now n Laters, Swisher, Churches Chicken, Glawk, Jenny Craig, Kool and Krylon. Is this the future of Nascar? If it is I'm all in. You can see more on this car and an interview with Sever at <http://scioninstallaiton.imeem.com> or <http://thelossprevention.com>

REBEL 8



This is a man's brand. Loaded with straps, switch blades and bitches. If you like tattoo's but your scared. Go to Urban Outfitters and cop a Rebel 8 shirt or some socks. Mike Giant does it again. Props for creating not just another graffiti art tshirt company. Rumor has it that Mikes coming out of retirement to Tattoo live at Agenda Tradeshow to help launch the brand. Hope I can get blessed. For more information on Rebel8 go to <http://www.Rebel8.com>

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CARTOON TOY



Super Rad Toys "Mister Cartoon Presents: The Lost Angel". This is the first of four colorways of The Lost Angel character. The collectible has many notable features, including recreations of Mister Cartoon's tattoo art. Lost Angel is also sporting Dickie like pants, Estevan Oriol "LA Hands" t-shirt, boxers, socks removable NIKE Cortez and A1's (Cartoon's versions) Miniature T-Mobile SideKick. Flocked angel wings that are removable, Cartoon's signature Joker Face a Boombox with the "FONY" logo and Cartoon's tags and a SA chain and pendant. The cost a whopping \$130.00 USD and will be sold at Kid Robot, Munky King, Meltdown Comics, Newbury Comics, Tates Comics, 3D Retro, Strangekiss Toys, Forbidden Planet UK, Red Magic HK, Tradition and more...



REBELS WITH A CLUE!

Words By TOM PHARO

Two words: Radio fuckin' Rebellion! In the event that you have been living in a cave, or you are just musically retarded, I will fill you in on what you've been depriving yourself of: real music by actual talented musicians. Probably the single greatest lineup of any metal tour to date, Radio Rebellion brings grind, artcore, post hardcore and death metal straight to your face, rocks your fuckin' socks so hard they fly off (I went prepared, I didn't wear any), then stomps out your flaming skull with a pair of dirty Chucks. And you couldn't have wished for anything better.

Originally set to headline was the laughable screamo outfit Silverstein, but after they couldn't do it, Norma Jean were asked. They agreed, but not without a stipulation: The Jean gets to choose the opening acts. Radio Rebellion's inaugural lineup just got a whole lot heavier. With the unstoppable juggernaut of southern death rock that is Norma Jean now headlining, and support from Between the Buried and Me, art-metal dynamos Fear Before the March of Flames, and metalcore's latest firestarters Misery Signals, this diverse tour has it all.

"We wanted to pick bands that we liked but also that we thought deserved the attention," Dan Davison (drummer) from NJ told me. "This tour is unique for us because it's our first headlining tour in over 2 years and our first of this caliber, and we wanted to share it with them." And who could blame them? When it comes to metal bands that are doin' it, doin' it, and doin' it well right now, it doesn't get better than NJ's openers.

Misery Signals blindsided metal in 2004 with their strong debut, *Of Malice and the Magnum Heart*. They triumphantly return this year with more of their signature melodic metal on their latest

release *Mirrors*. Buzz surrounding their energetic live performances has made them one to watch for.

Fear Before the March of Flames artistically pissed into the wind (but were shielded safely by their non-stick creative ability) with their near-drastic change of sound on this year's *The Always Open Mouth*. The spastic thrash of 2004's *Art Damage* was exchanged this time around for slow-driving emotive tracks evoking much more imagery than ever before, making you forget all about their prior yet amazing efforts...almost.

With the experimental beats and effects taking a stranglehold, FBtMoF successfully navigate the troubled waters of creative expression, without leaving their fans behind. If they can bridge the tiny gap between the old and new, and continue to deliver dangerously hyperactive sets (singer Flava' Dave was impaled in the face by a guitar in San Diego), they are sure to get a lot more attention.

On 2006's *The Anatomy of...*, Between the Buried and Me shows off their seemingly bottomless well of talent by flawlessly covering some of the hardest songs from the hugest bands, including Queen, Pantera, and Pink Floyd. But, Between the Buried and Me is a metal band. Death, grind, prog and thrash, with a touch of ambient atmosphere thrown in. 2004 saw the arrival of BtBaM's 2nd major label release *Alaska*, a dark journey through the mind of vocalist/keybordist Tommy Rogers, encompassed by the most intricate guitar phrasing and time signature changes I have ever heard, and rounded out by impossibly detailed drums that will wear out your rewind button. Mere words cannot do them justice.

It all becomes clear when you see them

live and they finally play everyone's favorite song: "Selkies: the Endless Obsession." A song so amazing, that halfway through, the pit stops moving to join the other fixed eyes and ears, as the whole crowd begins to roar ever louder until finally erupting alongside the power-metal riffage and lightning fast guitar solo of the song's outro. Don't be in the bathroom. Mean guitars? Check. Insane drums? Check. Rugged vocals? Check. Balls to the wall live show that rocks the shit out of you?!? BIG FUCKIN' CHECK!

When I heard Norma Jean's first album, *Bless the Martyr, Kiss the Child*, I nearly soiled myself from the sheer heaviness. One frontman replacement and 2 critically acclaimed albums later, Norma Jean has matured into a major force-to-be-reckoned-with in the music world. Already well-respected in the metal community, Norma Jean has toured all over the planet and their fan base continues to grow. You don't need commercials or a slot in the radio rotation, when people can't stop talking to each other about how fucking badass your band is.

This year's *Redeemer* is another blistering onslaught of twisting riffs, thundering drums, and powerful vocals that spark curiosity ("Joy and beauty rejected so many times/A world of hurt, a heart of false hope." - from the track "Songs Sound Much Sadder"). With a live production containing eerie videos, 2 giant walls of lights and speakers stacked erratically, and the addition of a percussionist to the band, the brutality of NJ is now cranked to 11.

But this tour isn't just about kickin' ass and taking names (written in blood). It's a statement, a proclamation, a testament, if you will, to creativity and artistic integrity. This tour has 4 bands

that sound very different but share common ground: they have all received critical acclaim, sold tons of records and amassed huge, rabid fanbases without any regular commercial airplay on MTV or the radio. Not an easy feat by any means in the unforgiving music biz, which proves how much talent and dedication these guys really have.

"We're not rebelling against radio exactly, we're just pointing out that we accomplished everything without their help, and also the fact that we aren't a cookie-cutter microwave band, like what's typically found there," Cory Brandan (singer) from NJ said. "They (the opening acts) are all doing something different and we like that." Maybe, just maybe, with Norma Jean and Co. paving the way, one day the masses will finally open up and accept this type of art into the mainstream, changing the face of commercial music and altering popular consciousness, catapulting us further into this relatively unknown music renaissance that is currently blossoming.

Regardless of my wishful thinking, all that raw ability- combined with their relentlessly aggressive live performances and rigorous touring ethic- will eventually propel them all to the level of respect and recognition that they more than deserve. This tour wrapped December 2nd, but these bands won't stop touring anytime soon. Better go see them now, Grasshopper, for it will not be much longer until you need binoculars to get a peek. As for Radio Rebellion, let's just hope the lineup is as ferocious in '07. Maybe Cattle Decapitation could headline?





GUERRILLAONE

Forever Pure



DJ T-ROCK TELLIN' IT LIKE HE SEES IT...

Edited By BOB FREVILLE

"Microsoft, YOU SUCK!!"

I traveled to Ohio this past summer to participate in one of the largest hip hop festivals in the country, Scribble Jam. I went to have a good time, be with old friends, sell some merch and continue to hustle my ass like I have for the past fifteen years. I did NOT go to Scribble Jam to get rammed in the pooper by the corporate elves who work for the evil machine known as Microsoft. However...

Scribble Jam was taken advantage of this year by a camera crew who may have been Satan's offspring. Wherever you looked there they were, filming everything they could. Nothing was off limits to them.

They approached Mr. Dibbs, Killa Jewel, Rob Viktum, and myself to ask if they could film us for a documentary they were working on.

"Sure" we said, thinking that this was their purpose

for being there in the first place. Boy, were we fooled!

Yes, we signed a release form because we were told that our images were going to be showcased in this "hip hop doc", but a few months later we found out there was NO documentary.

There were a few NATIONAL commercials and our faces splattered across displays in Walmart, Target, Radio Shack, and wherever else this new IPOD wanna-be called ZUNE was sold.

All I could think about when Satan's helper's were filming us was how they gradually eased this new ZUNE contraption into the filming and down-played its existence in the shots. I remember asking "What is this thing?" They played it off like, "Aw, It's just this new IPOD thing that's coming out, no big deal." It was a huge deal and they KNEW IT! They just didn't want to pay us!!

Thanks a lot Microsoft. Thank you for inserting your greedy hand up our asses. Thanks for

coming to Scribble Jam and taking advantage of people who are struggling to make a name for themselves. Thanks for the exposure, but I would rather have a paycheck and a note saying "Hey, thanks for letting us use your likeness, we know you've worked hard all these years to gain recognition so we hope this will guarantee a better future."

I'm sure that even those dancing silhouettes in those IPOD commercials got paid!! I *did* receive a call from someone associated with ZUNE, promising two free copies. That was over three months ago and I've yet to find them in my mailbox! Thanks especially to the camera crew /ad agency that Microsoft chose to do their dirty work. Me, Mr. Dibbs, Killa Jewel, Rob Viktum, Scribble Jam, and all who managed to be on one of their commercials would like to say a big FUCK YOU! If you need me I'll be over here, listening to my Apple IPOD!



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SOUNDS



Thishish Vol. 1
Hosted by Large Professor
 (Thishish Records)

This CD could not have come at a better time. Just as I'm realigning myself with my love for instrumentals...everything from jazz to classical to house to breaks to hip hop...in comes Thishish Vol. 1 droppin' smack on my desk with a cool t-shirt to boot. This being their first release, so far the new label has yet to stray from its stated mission of 'making the producer the priority.' HAHA!! nah, seriously tho, hosted by Large Professor, these are some tight hip hop instrumentals built on straight intelligence and some goddamn evident truths. Everything from funk grooves (2mg Strut) to booty bouncers (Large Professor Got Heat) and all in between that embody hip-hop culture's soundtrack. Production by Marshall Law, Johnny 5, Cresh Crazy, & Large Professor himself tactfully graces Vol. 1. At time of print, this one hadn't even been released yet, but we're already waitin' on Vol. 2. 'sup Thishish...wutz takin' so long??? [WAM]



Jud Nester
Abstract Workshop
Collective presents...
 (Abstract Workshop Music)

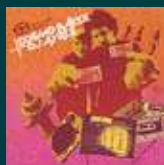
While Josh One's signature dreamy atmospheric signature is quite prevalent, Jud Nester adds his own flavor with his laid-back 'i know you feel me cuz i am you and i know you know i'm tellin it like it is cuz it is you' vibe. Meanwhile DJ Cocoes tasteful sample scratches lie comfortably and snugly between the lines of a crisp and clear frequency that seems it was made specifically for Cocoe's phonograph wizardry. These are straight 'island beach breaks' with that grounded comfortable warmth behind each bassline with finger snaps and a lazy marching pace that just begs you to groove, but don't be misled by its simplicity, for this is certainly not a record that could have been made even 5 years ago, best demonstrated by the production team's effortless accentuation of the technological prowess necessary in creating such a clean timeless sound. In any case, it's hard to imagine this cat stressed out and in today's world...fuckin' a bring it! [WAM]



Punk TV
Punk TV
 (AeroCCCP Recordings)

The twisted genius minds behind AeroCCCP Recordings have brought us another keeper. After being fully and disturbingly intrigued and seduced by their 2006 release from Russia's Messer Fur Frau Mueller, they've gone even deeper into the netherregions with their latest project... Siberia's own Punk TV! This is heavy garage electronic music accented by grungy (yes, grunge...we all know it was only a matter of time) riffs and rhythms. Here's an idea: put the Chemical Brothers in a room with Mother Love Bone, the Prodigy, Sonic Youth, and Radiohead. Now air-drop that sonic

structure into icy forgotten Russian terrain with a creepy name to boot, and you've got yourself some of the most exciting sounds to come from either side of the equator in quite some time! Yay AeroCCCP, after just two full-length releases, you're quickly becoming an all-time favorite! [WAM]



Cosmo Baker & DJ Ayres
Award Tour : Scion CD V15

A silky smooth half-breed of techno fused with a touch of east and west coast hip-hop freestyling. Big bad bass with lyrics sharp as a double-edged blade. One of those rare mix albums you can play all the way through. With a gifted roster of talent to choose from, Cosmo Baker and DJ Ayres have now problem blending these tracks together for a final product that deserves to be played at high volume with the bass banging. The mix from Radioclits' "Mature macho Machine" into Phase Rocks' "Freestyle" is just insane. Not to mention Radioclits are straight outa Paris France?!?! That's what I thought.. But don't get it twisted.. The frenchies can bring it !! "Angels", which was performed by none other than Ghostface & MF Doom, brings back that old skool WU-Tang love.... Brought to you by Scion.... Who woulda thunk it?!?! [Dirty J]



The Soul Of John Black
The Good Girl Blues
 (Cadabra Records)

Ok, this cat went directly from parking cars in a condominium complex to being asked to write songs for Miles Davis. Miles immediately made John "JB" Bigham his protege - touring and playing together - knowing that if he passed on this obviously untapped talent, someone else would snatch him as soon as they heard a pair of notes...and he was right. It wasn't long before he was asked to join Fishbone to rock stages the world over. "The Good Girl Blues" is his debut solo effort, and people, make sure you pick up everything this guy gets his hands into, for this expertly and perfectly crafted blues rock record is one of the best listens of the year. The pains and pressures and heartbreaks and losses and tragedies changes and stresses and all (y)our everyday-life turds are transformed into something, well...quite beautiful. We all feel the same things... JB just happens to embody our troubled spirits in a fashion that makes you want to cry smiling. [WAM]



Big Sir
Und Scheisse Andert Immer
 (GSL records)

From the opening riff, I immediately and unconsciously fall out of my 'just-got-out-of-lost-angeles-traffic-why-the-fuck-can't-these-dumbshits-drive-get-the-fuck-out-of-my-way-goddamnit-i-hope-your-tire-f'n-pops-you-punk-what-they-don't-put-blinkers-in-toyotas-who-the-shit-gave-you-a-license-HOOOONNNKKKKK!'

headspace, into something much more...well... soothing. Mars Volta bassist Juan Alderete de la Pena and Air/M83's Lisa Papineau have been setting aside 'chill time' between bands tours and records through the past several years, and this is the result. The organic grooves are quite comfortably spaced and the vocal duties complementary spacey. When both artists are done rockin' the crowds and flingin' the hair and wipin' the sweat, this is the record they disappear prematurely from the afterparty to, light up a spliff, drop the needle on, and just listen...bodies in bliss..thoughts in clouds. [WAM]



Paul & Prince
Sounds Like Sex 2
 (RedCola Records)

Barry White never made anything as sophisticated as this. No, this may not be the sexiest album put together- it's gonna be hard to top Lovage's *Music to Make Love to Your Old Lady By-* but there's no sense in going right to the top every time. "I Adore You" sets the mood right, parlaying into "Little White Roses" like a slip of a bra strap. "Slight of Hand" feels like proper foreplay, and by the time "Cigars and Guitars" hits the speakers, it's sexy time. Sure, it occasionally sounds like Bjork, but in a good way. Chilled and maxed out, this record is certainly better than some silly jive from before I was born. Even if there's no way I'd last for the duration of *Sounds Like Sex 2*, it's one hell of a record. [Tommy Digital]



Clan Destined
Abbracadamn!!!
 (Domination Redords/
 VJC Recordings)

New duo on the block, and there's no denying a strong Outkast influence. This, their debut album, often resembles the likes of Stankonia, but certainly with their own flair and soul. The pair shares duties not just in rhyming, but in production as well, and it flows together with a seamlessness becoming of true, professional artists, who know what they want to do, and how to do it. Clan Destined rises above the mundane and recycled litter, and offer eclectic, badass beats, with something genuine and meaningful to say, which is refreshing when comparing them to Nickleback, because they sound nothing like Nickelback. Thank God for that. [Tommy Digital]



ISIS
In the absence of truth
 Ipecac Recordings

Ahh...First let me just say that ISIS is one of those bands doing what they do to perfection. "The Absence of Truth," their fourth full length album, is packed with nothing less than what we have come to expect from this melodic metal five piece...start off slow and then strategically build the vicious fury that creates their signature sound. A sound that is only aided by the fact that most songs

clock in at over seven minutes long. A true ISIS fan would not be without "The Absence Of Truth" [jkvm]



Converge
No Heroes
Epitaph

Converge, Converge, Converge. Run to the store - don't walk - and get this record if you haven't already. "No Heroes," their fourth full length, opens with a vengeance that never lets up. Most tracks blend into one another with the violent fury these boys from Boston are so eager to bring. This album thrashes so hard you'll want to break something...no, scratch that...you'll want to *destroy* it. Converge is at its best and "No Heroes" does not disappoint. [jkvm]



Explosions In The Sky
All of a Sudden I Miss Everyone
(Temporary Residence Ltd.)

Like an odd mixture of satanstompingcaterpillars, The Who and Sigur Ros, this album plays out like a rock opera, but with no lyrics. It's an ambient symphony, filled with enough peaks and valleys to justify not including any actual words. Not really the kind of thing you'd want to play to get pumped up for a hockey game, but it would be cool to have this playing as you're in the basement painting at the behest of the mushroom fever running through your veins. [Tommy Digital]



Kaddisfly
Set Sail The Prairie
(Subcity / Hopeless)

This one's almost too easy. Put aside any deep overthought misconceptions and extract just the elements that make everyone in the room, regardless of sex or creed, either nod their heads, run around in circles slamming into complete strangers, or light the invisible wicks in the air above them for absolutely no reason other than substanceless joy, and you got yourself Kaddisfly. Don't misinterpret this for a bad thing, for its truly not. This band might be one of the true 'pop' answers to punk and hardcore, relatively tamely seducing non-believers into the deep dark murky world of hardcore. While the licks thrash, the airy vocals and melodic choruses easily makes them one of the more radio-friendly 'underground' acts of our day. These guys will stick around for a while. "Everything mainstream begins in the fringes" -Greg Palast [Carlos Herrera]



The Hereafter
The Hereafter

Good music doesn't take itself too seriously, and in that release, true genius is borne. The great songwriters like Bob Dylan, Bradley Nowell and the almighty RZA touch on serious topics, but

at the same time they have an honest sense of humor that is easy to spot in their music.

The Hereafter is another fine example of this, with talk of Grandpa being "sick in the head," and reflections of falling in love in junior high sung to the tune of tender melodies that suck you in from the start, and never let go. It may not be as poetic as Dylan or RZA, but there is something very real here, not taking itself too seriously which in turn allows *The Hereafter* to play some damn good songs, plain and simple...with an intricate dash of genius. [Tommy Digital]



SJ Esau
Wrong Faced Cat Feed Collapse
(Anticon Records)

Some warped, depraved folks make music these days, and

SJ Esau is one of them. What kind of sick bastard would write a ballad- schizophrenic as the music may be- about a cat without testicles? It's right here, a jam called "Cat Track (he has no balls)." Just because the music is a cool mixture of Ween and Sonic Youth is no excuse for such perversion.

Yes, this album has bizarre sounds tweaked into very cool music, and yes, the subdued tone fools you into thinking that it's a mellow ride, only to shock the hell out of you with something explosive. Nevertheless, it's not a funny thing that cats lose their nuts every day. Indeed, I will hunt this punk down and cut his balls off...after seeing him perform this album live, of course. Call it a "guilty pleasure," perhaps. I'll never admit it. [Tommy Digital]



Night Kills the Day
The Study of Man
(Score Records)

If the Smashing Pumpkins were arrogant enough to make a cover album of songs

by The Cure, it would sound like this record: a mediocre effort at rehashing something very cool. Unfortunately, Night Kills the Day aren't recycling any kind of substance here, they're just trying to sound like this wretched marriage. It's not even catchy enough to be excused as pretty packaging.

Whatever kind of "man" this project is studying is a Gatorade-brain jive turkey, and if he's responsible for inspiring this mundane, empty, terribly wretched album, he should be castrated. [Tommy Digital]



Zera Vaughan
Back to the Roots

"World music" is such a filthy title, because it usually just refers to music not from the US. But *Back to the*

Roots may be one of the first true "world music" creations, as it seamlessly blends styles from all over the world. Jazz, rock, Oriental, North African Ethnic, Middle Eastern pop, and occasional hints at the likes of Massive Attack are just a few of the styles that show up, spinning around Vaughan's exotic voice like the breeze through my mane.

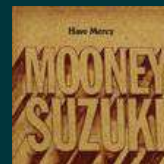
The lyrics are a mixture of English and French, an impressive feat that produces beautiful compositions. Even if you can't understand what Vaughn's saying half the time, you can feel it's something provocative. Even if she's talking about androids with ray guns, it feels erotic. [Tommy Digital]



OM : Chilled
Relax, Recline, Unwind
OM Records

"Perfect for yoga..." says the accompanying press release. It's a goddamn good thing I

had fresh batteries in my defibrillator, cuz you know you're getting old when a record that says 'perfect for yoga' is coming from the same label who's artists I used to pop 6 pills to and prance around to from sundown to sunup days in a row without so much as batting an eyelid! But you know what, after popping this thing in, it's not a matter of getting older, it's really a matter of getting *smarter*, for no matter how long you can force yourself to stay awake for the sake of proving your party prowess, everyone needs a break sometimes, and its not surprising that OM, of all people, recognizes that. These cats have been churning out bangin' artists, cds, and parties for over a decade, and no one can blame them for trading in their vodka/red bulls for a mojito or two. If you're looking for quality downtempo beats to drop after a long hard days wor...errr...partyng...look no further. [WAM]



The Mooney Suzuki
Have Mercy
(V2 Records)

Fuck what the tasteless shitheaded dilettantes at *The New York Times* have

been saying about the Suzuki and their supposedly "charmless" brand of garage rock. *Have Mercy* succeeds in every way, even in those moments of lyrical simplicity bordering on regurgitation or retardation. Nursery rhymes never sounded this groovalicious. The Mooney Suzuki triumph and impress by virtue of their interminable energy, their genuine affinity for music and their overall intensity: A brand of swaggering renaissance rock that resurrects power solos, catchy-not annoying-choral incultation, and never shies away from obsolete or "totally un-rock n' roll" instrumentation. Is that a yazz flute on "Adam & Eve"? Garage rock, if *they* insist on calling it that, hasn't reached an apex like this since the mid-to-late 90's. Let them sweat on you. Receive the rock star nectar and be cleansed, brothers and sisters. [Bob Freville]



Bang Gang
Something Wrong
(From Nowhere Records)

There are so many cliché things I want to say right now that I fear I won't find space for all of them. "Is it your time or is it mine?" sings Esther Talia Casey on track one of Bang Gang's sparkling debut LP. All she needs to do is listen to "Something Wrong" to know that it is, most certainly, her time...or vocal mainstay Bardi Johansson and Co.'s time, collectively. Most folks would say success

is in Bang Gang's future, but if we measure success in terms of achievement and not solely in terms of recognition, then the Gang have already succeeded on every artistic level. "Something Wrong" is proof that Iceland's well didn't run dry once Bjork came up; Bang Gang should be the pride of their country. With haunting, evocative tongues of somber, soulful sound and deep Greek Chorus admonishments, this album journeys to cello and viola-rich realms seldom found in modern artistic expression. The production values are top shelf and, more importantly, so is the music. Abba would take a cue from the fallen Bee-Gee if they were to hear this beautiful, bleak recipe of mixed moods. I pity the cat who thinks he can find me a sonic paragon of crescendos and emotions as well-orchestrated as this disc. [Bob Freville]



Harlem Shakes
Burning Birthdays

"They've done studies, you know. 60% of the time, it works every time."—Brian Fantana
It's hard to say anything bad

about a band that doesn't manage to make you hate them. Tolerable would be mean and far too generous because Harlem Shakes' debut EP is far from repugnant or even generically redundant...except in some of the many wavering nooks of their otherwise... eh...okay album. It's swell. It's got a groove to it. Not bad. Mediocrity is harsh and rockin' is lame, so I guess you could say Harlem Shakes' sound on this disc is something close to *pretty cool, man*. Spacey vibes and piano tinkering for a late and lazy hour when your eyes are burning from doing too much gaming and the last slice of pizza is sitting in your gut, making you both uncomfortable and a tad wired. That's funny. [Brofee]



Black Happy Day
In The Garden of Ghostflowers
(Silber Records)

Black Happy Day are one of those rare acts you only catch once a decade, a genre-defying

outfit whose roots could be tied to Satan worship as easily as the more obvious Christians grassroots Gospel realm. Either way their way of marrying chant to dirge and chamber music to ambient music—or any music, for that matter—is well-done and well-deserving of praise. Songs like "Whore," "Wolf & Hare," and the titular track showcase Tara Vanflower's morbid but ethereal vocals while "How They Weep & Moan" reinstates the jazzy perdition that made artists like Reverend Horton Heat and Squirrel Nut Zippers so splendid in their day. Understatement is key with this subtle jab in the guts; Their austere press release alone preps them for their place as an obscure but venerable two-piece.



Omni
Batterie
(NatAural High LLC)

I have been turned off of hip hop for a long time, presumably because of the

shit I'm usually exposed to but, more likely, because of a sub-conscious grudge I've been harboring against a certain *I Made A Breakout # 1 Collaborative Album with an R & B Legend And Now I'm Pickin' n'*

Choosin' My Interviews motherfucker who likes to dress up like his favorite movie stars to shield his true identity—a hapless, awkward mook with lots of production talent but very little personality. So I wasn't too happy when my mailbox was jammed up with modern rap offerings. But Omni brought me back to that place Nas, OutKast and a certain fallen thug once took me. This is music for the People and one that doesn't pander to any one group. The messages, both literal and figurative, on *Batterie* are expertly conceived and full of a multi-dimensional life that most hip hop is completely devoid of. Omni is a smart and observant motherfucker and this disc illustrates that in many ways. The radio-friendly joints like "Bang The Drum" prove uplifting rather than empty and drone-like head-bob-inducing. A solid find for anyone who remembers when rap didn't have to be all about guns and bling-bedecked rims. [Bob Freville]



Moneybrother
They're Building Walls Around Us
(Sabot)

Swelling, orgiastic, fluid and on par, with full-on disco

orchestration, swing swagger and jazzy blues heart, Moneybrother's latest erupts from track uno, the titular joint, with a London Christmas tint that bangs the drum for the blindfolded lonely bloke who don't know what to say; "Hey!...You're gone again." Everything on this album is top-notch. It reminds me of the stuff my cousin Jake would play on his AM radio when we'd trip out on mushrooms and go door-to-door selling rock n' roll memorabilia in order to buy scalped tickets to Rush concerts. Back in the day when the bone lead the way and no bitchhounds got in the way. But still we felt the blues in our souls and this is where it's at. Moneybrother's in the know on that shit, fo sho. This is music to build dramas around, whether you're down or just a pussy hound. You'd do well to give your lobes a dose of the sarcastically desperate "Reconsider Me" and the Zeppelin-esque gospel of the subsequent song. Strange is the night, especially when you're bumfucked, in the dark. [Angus from Youngstown, Ya Dig? Sho Nuff 2007, Baby!]



Meat Loaf
"Bat Out of Hell III: The Monster Is Loose"
(Virgin Records)

The album opens. The strings rise. The drums explode and we're off. Time to roar. The Loaf quickly proves he is as great as he ever was; It's like time has never passed, with the possible exception of certain mod musical styles working themselves into the mix.

Meat's duet with Patti Russo on "What About Love" is an instant sing-along, clearly aligning itself with the greats of Mr. Aday's catalog, most obviously the classic "Love By The Dashboard Lights." He has a way of not merely singing but dropping you directly into a moving story as it unravels.

Still overripe with loads of feeling in every song, each of them distinct from each other and all of them expertly orchestrated by Jim Steinman, Desmond Child and all involved.

The final track, "Cry to Heaven," more than makes up for the overly drawn out "Seize the Night" and the Jennifer Hudson co-lab, concluding

the proceedings with a touching tale that makes you feel like you're on an Irish countryside.

For all those detractors who didn't think we needed a third installment remember Meat's words, "If it ain't broke break it." [Cheri Pohl]



Fabriclive 31
The Glimmers
(Fabric)

Gent, Belgium. Not only does it play host to the international music festival I LOVE TECHNO,

it also is home to the innovators of Belgian New Beat, The Glimmers. It's awe inspiring listening to these guys cut it up. They mix everything!! "Dance Me In" is preceded by a deep techno beat, which all of a sudden drops in to guitar rock. From an abandoned warehouse to front row at a rock concert, without any warning and without skipping a beat. Mo and Benoelie are incredible talents, keeping the perpetual beats propelling through our heads. From reggae drums to rock n roll to techno beats to freestyle hip hop... the album will be sure to keep your body movin'. Well worth the investment if you aks the Dirty J !! [Dirty J]



Fabric 31
Marco Carola
(Fabric)

From a local Naples DJ to a world-renowned techno legend, Marco Carola has continued

to make a name for himself by repeatedly putting out new and innovative albums that seem to set the stage for the next big move in electronic music. Marco made sure to take an extra bit of time and effort to make this a little different, a little unique. The end result is an elegant blend of captivating bass-driven beats with the inventive distinction only Marco can bring. "Cretine" is smooth as silk. Blending in and out of a wide range of sounds all in harmony with a slick bass-line. "Plunder" serves as the grande finale... deep grooving bass lays the groundwork for the unique concoction of dance musical bliss that soon follows. Another Marco Carola creation for the ages! [Dirty J]

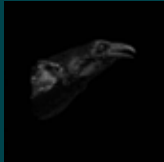


Busdriver
Roadkill Overcoat
(Epitaph Records)

Rapping about Oxycontin, veggie dogs and stinky motherfuckers, Busdriver sets

new standards in hip hop hybrid, blending his unique rhyme skills seamlessly with multiple layers of diverse genres. This dude gives Busta a run with his hell-for-leather delivery of devil-may-care slings that lash out at society's cultural retardation in ways unseen in rap or spoken word. With all-encompassing reflections and compartmentalized magic in every joint, "Roadkill Overcoat" pleases every possible musical bone in the body. His playful defiance ("I ain't appeasin' shit!") is married consummately to a serious sense of humor about the whole fame monstrosity ("Like a bed and breakfast," he sings of celebrity rehab stints. "I'm sendin' a text message on my keypad." And, of course, "You did it, you got it, you wowed the world/Of casting agents and cowgirls/You're dressed

up to kill yourself/Well, I'm still on the shelf."). His lamentations, from being indie and impoverished ("I could sell anything to a hip-hopper like it's a cathartic something, but it don't make enough to go apartment hunting.") to the ersatz nature of entertainment and its relegation of has-been stars("With an airbrush so much we look like claymations do. I'm a voice-over on your Playstation 2."), Busdriver is buggin in the best possible way. Although scathing, he finds rooms for faith and hope in his brilliantly sardonic dissertations, never more earthly and Marley-esque than in "Secret Skin" which proffers that there is always that changed being under the surface." [Bob Freville]



Cut City
Exit Decades
(GSL)

The rebirth of 80's rock straight outa Sweden. It could be said CUT CITY is a modern

1980's hybrid. Postpunk at it's best. Not everyone can sound like these guys, and that's a good thing. Lead Singer Max Hanssons' versatile vocals allow the band to take from the old and the new and in the process come up with a melodic cross breed of emotions. I don't want to be miss understood; while they do have a "dancey" feel, it's not the cornball shit you hear on the radio, but Cut City rather leaves you rngulfed by the music, letting your body follow the sounds. Sweat dripping down your face, hair an utter mess, whiskey after- taste on your breath, rockin out like it supposed to be done. *Exit Decades* captures that nostalgic feel of the 80s we all know and love and leaves the funny looking pants and polyester jackets safely hanging in our closets! [Dirty J]



Trans Am
Sex Change
(Thrill Jockey)

Sex Change is definitely a departure from the style off past creations by these D.C.

natives. When a band with a loyal following changes the direction of their sound it often reinforces the notions of why we love music...the creativity it allows. The enlightened state of ambiguity. "North East Rising Sun" resurrects the old-school Pink Floyd acid-days-of-way-back-when and throws the electronica twist into the mix. Though tracks like "Climbing up the Mountain" have more of a funky rock feel to them, still the beats include a powerful, techno driven bass line. The combination is a smooth, melodic groove sure to make ya move. [Dirty J]



Cougar
Law
(Layered Music)

Defined as "Emergency Rock" by it members, the style of music that these musical

crusaders pride themselves on is a sound of beauty and simplicity. A product of the cold Wisconsin winters, Cougar has emerged with an instrumental masterpiece that is ardent in it's sound. Melodic in tone and exotic in nature, an album that any half hearted stoner should add to the collection for those mind altering chill out couch sessions. "Interracial Dating" is a soothing jam - the sound of water

echoes in the back while a guitar tenderly conveys a message of sadness and hope. While "Black Dove" tells the more dramatic story, it stills holds onto the simplistic beauty that gives Cougar their edge. [Dirty J]



Bracken
We Know About The Need
(Anticon)

An enigmatic journey into the depths of sound and emotion. A hypnotic

procession into reverb. The various sounds engage each other, morphing into an even more elegant resonance. No doubt Chris Adams has a musical capacity of immeasurable scope... from evil and sinister to profound and inspiring... sounds complimenting each other as they gently flow, softly mesmerizing the senses. "Evil Teeth" embraces chaotic, malevolent madness. Loud and encompassing it captures the listener, teetering on almost overpowering the listener. In contrast, "Fight or Flight" which is a soothing collection of sounds that can't always be explained. The strings of sound kept this Dirty J listening. [Dirty J]



Chimp Beams
Menina
(Concent)

The L-Train has left the station and the dude with the open case is singing an honest

song about the people leaving on it, caressing his instruments and smiling (or crying) somewhere in the tunnel. This is Brooklyn DUB, born of the crickets and the stale warmth and the sadness. Chimp Beams may be new, but they have a polished sound that must derive from the City life if not from a long-standing background in music. I'm on the Mystery Train and the accordion off-sets the buzz. Menina must be a special soul because her heart throbs in constellations on the eponymous composition. Whether delicate, dimensional or despondent Chimp Beams' signature brand of ambient instrumentals makes for merry mind expansion and the illumination of the ignorant spirit stuck in down moods. [Bob Freville]



Nick Warren
GU030 Paris
Global Underground

He's always been known for his relentlessly tireless work ethic, the sort that leads

you down so many different paths, most people would assume themselves tri-polar. Not Nick Warren. Apparently he prefers to see it as multi-dimensionally healthy. When Global Underground gave him the opportunity to choose where he wanted to record the label's landmark 30th mix CD release (not to mention his own personal 7th for the series), he chose Paris, a melting pot of international taste and style. The perfect atmosphere for the eclectic evening Warren puts forth. While disc 1 is certainly a step away from bangin' bass heavy hittin' tracks of days past, filled with some of the slickest downtempo and slow breaks either side of the Atlantic, disc 2 takes us slightly back to the customary 4 on the floor house beat we've grown to love. He does,

however, stay away from the dusty and dirty and keeps it safely within bounds of a refocused and refined production quality the veteran has navigated his mature tastes towards. To sum it all up, Disc 1 is for the psyche, disc 2 is for the body. Rock it. [WAM]



VIP
Christian Alvarez & DJ Dealer
Swank Recordings

While disc one, mixed by Christian Alvarez showcases more of the vocal feel good

almost-disco house tracks, disc two, mixed by DJ Dealer seems to focus more on the bouncy big room jazzy house feel. Alvarez gives needle-time to artists like Brothers of Soul, Raul Moros, and a couple of his own productions featuring Heather, Dre, and more. Meanwhile, Dealer seamlessly blends bouncy beats courtesy players like Juke Joint, Rue 5, Audiowhores, and B Funk. It's easy to see why the two are packaged together, for each complements the other's feel good sound in this solid 2 disc house pack. It's the first installment of Swank's new VIP series, and safe to say, they're off to a solid start. Happy Spring... [Carlos Herrera]



Anne Montone's
Elephonic

If I was just through cruisin and bruising through the sloppy shoddy substanceless

ego fed and talentless bred cobweb of LA looking for some sort of redeeming sense of artistry over image while cursing how deep the depths of the soulless turd this city churns out and is more than happy to entertain have actually been rooted, i would need something, *anything*, to give me a reason not to slit my wrists to escape the should-be-abandoned church of barcode worship (someone give me a medal for world's longest sentence...). It is at that exact point of limitless loss of hope that Anne Montone's sultry voice oozes the earthy pleasures and genuinely necessary contemplation associated with heartfelt soul seduction and romance, pain and pleasure, happiness, hatred, love, and guilt, all within a few simple sexy breaths. And best of all, it all plays into the perfection of the relaxed downtempo Portisheady beats dropped by Eddie Barajas, Joe Funkl, and Jennifer Cook. Hot shit. [WAM]



MudLuscious
Songs From The Candylandfill
(Mutenus Records)

Flossin' the Cali lifestyle isn't just a front for these funk-ska-hip-hoppin-punks.

Livin' and breathin' this shit is what they do and the laid-back vibes that color *Candylandfill* is what gives MudLuscious their unmistakable charm. Well, that and the music itself of course. Tackling everything from Cali herb to LA sweatshops to 'coleslaw, menopause, & an alcoholic deathwish', this crew emanates a realistic yet mellow intensity. It's what them Californians know best. Chillaxin, actin' all cool, shootin' some b-ball outside of the school... [WAM]



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Year of Desolation
Year of Desolation
(Prosthetic Records 2007)

This is what I listen to now when I have 18 minutes to go 28 miles and I know its

going to be hellatious when I get there...and I left my Dying Fetus CD at home. These guys play with the swagger of men with something to prove, like - "yeah we're from a state better known for the Indy 500, Larry Bird, and The Jackson 5, but we're still metal as fuck!!" This Thrash/Death Metal 5-piece sticks to traditional brutality without re-treading the 80's/90's death metal shtick. Year of Desolation shreds - it's technically savvy, modern, and melodically powerful. "Real Metal Is Not Dead," it lurks in the desolate cornfields of HoosierLand! Shuck it!! [M.gEEzy]



Holy Molar
Cavity Search - 7" EP/ CDEP
(Three One G Records)

It's been a while since I could say I've listened to some "Experimental, Noisecore/

HarrrrdCore" music, but this CD made my top 5 to review this issue, and its only a taste of what's to come! Holy Molar is a dental quintet comprised of: Mark McMolar <Vocals> (The Oath, Virgin Mega Hore, ex Charles Bronson), Ron Avila <Drums> (Get Hustle, ex Antioch Arrow, Final Conflict,) Bobby Bray <Keyboards> (The Locust), Justin Pearson <Bass> (The Locust, The Crimson Curse), Gabe Serbian <Guitar> (The Locust, Cattle Decapitation). If you're a fan of these bands you will **definitely** feel devoured by the madness of the legendary Three One G Records. This influential super-group's experimental style might be an acquired taste for some traditional metallists,' but when you're ready to free yourself of the radio-friendly verse/chorus/verse mentality, let Holy Molar give you a *Cavity Search*. [Drumacide]



Ozomatli
Don't Mess With The Dragon
Concord Records

O-Z-O-M-A-T-L-I. There's no better, or more proper, way of describing this band than

pure happy fun. Everyone from Cut Chemist to Chali 2na have passed through this party outfit and there's not a living soul that can say a single bad thing about these guys. Saxophones, turntables, trumpets, drums, bongos, MCs, vocalists, DJs, dancers, hip hoppers, party rockers, these cats are absolutely everywhere, and their latest offering rarely strays from the 'feel good' attitude these Los Angelenos wish to impress upon the masses. From the hip-wigglin' latin tinged opener "Can't Stop" to the swingin' percussive spanglish rocker "When I Close My Eyes," there's no denying the value of these pure artists' staying power...after all, who doesn't like to smile. [WAM]

FILMS



The Sounds of Rio: Brasileirinho
Milan Entertainment
Jan.23

One of the most fantastic musical documentary films i've seen in ages. So honest, so real, so poignant. This is the story of traditional Brazilian choro sound told

by its legends and its followers, all of whom lend to the history of the ever-evolving culture, yes, its not just a music, its a culture, deeply rooted in the spirit and vested in the elusive purity of emotion. The freeform highly improvisational expression that is choro is often considered the Brazilian 'jazz,' and its evolution rests in the necessary and inseparable aspect of melting together everything that has lend to the history of the land itself.... European influence, Afro-rhythmic percussion, and the communal culture that has gripped the hearts and souls of the South American haven.

eventually leading into the Samba and teh Bossa Nova, choro is the greatest aural ancestor of the contemporary Brazilian spirit...life!]
[jc.chamboredon@milanrecords.com]



Katt Williams
"The Pimp Chronicles Pt. 1"
(ClydeTV/Salient Media)

Everyone's favorite flashy street cat takes the stage at The Atlanta Civic Center in his slick green threads, waxing intellectual and comical brilliance about everything

from interracial friendships (a particularly riotous and oh-so-true segment) to the ever-expansive potency of hydroponic marijuana. Unlike many of today's hottest comedians, Katt fills the nooks of every punchline with heart and refined wit that makes even the foulest bit seem genuinely sweet. His reflections on cleaning the house stoned, avoiding goon-ish friends when they're high and the slang names for brands of smoke are so tuned in to the way things are that George Carlin might well pay attention to the new master of modern comedy. This dude's brain is at work and running faster than a crack head with a stolen dick. Throughout his entire performance he stresses the importance of appreciating and embracing life in his own charming and irreverent fashion. Katt is on fire which would explain why he's sweatin' so much. [Bob Freville]



"Tales From Beyond"
Starring Adam West + Nate Barlow + Eric Manning
A Film By Josh Austin,
Nate Barlow, Eric Manning
& Russell Scott
(Anthem Pictures)

Shot on \$200,000 on a Panasonic DVX-100 in the year

2003, *Tales from Beyond* marks the first DVD anthology by four up-and-coming California filmmakers, at least one of whom—Nate Barlow—cut his teeth starring in *L.A. Twister* and the *Skittles* "Sour Man" commercial.

'Beyond' stars Adam West (*Batman*, *Family Guy*)

as Jay, a mysterious shopkeeper at an antiquarian bookstore where, for whatever reason, he likes to take "special guests" to a special section of rare books that he allows them to read. When a young couple decide to check out Jay's obscure collection they discover *Twilight Zone*-esque stories that raise the hair, boggle the mind, warm the cockles or all of the above.

Although some of the stories—each one shot by one of the four filmmakers—may fall flat of accomplishing its intended Hitchcockian ideal, each and every one illustrates the artistic intent and determination of its young crew. "Nex's Diner" is one tasty segment worth watching more than once. Rod Serling fans will recognize this territory and, with any luck, revel in the directors' tribute to the episodic form. [Bob Freville]

BOOKS



Burning New York
James T. & Karla L. Murray
Ginkgo Press

Remember "Broken Windows?"
2002's classic definitive

visual guide to the graffiti capital of the world's colorful history of urban art? Couldn't get enough? Good, cuz James & Karla Murray are at it again. Hollywood...take notes, cuz this is one sequel that not only matches the creative and educational essence of the original, but perfectly compliments and enhances it. The wiiiiiiidescreeen format on most of the photos refreshingly allows every detail, every border, every corner of some of the City's most vibrant pieces to shine bright while the narratives that accompany them are not just simply observationals, but informationals. Some of the most touching imagery and story revolve around the images that transferred from artist mind to chosen canvas during the days and months surrounding 9/11. Follow history in pictures as the photography duo break down today's most promising stars and yesterday's legends. Interviews and portraits and pictures and sketches and pictures and more pictures. Not to mention a cover hard enough to 'get over.' [WAM]





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2007 is still FRESH, even two months DEEP, and despite the triflin' bastards that continue to disrupt our peace, freedom and equilibrium, we continue to maintain our fortune, our wealth, our braintrust, our senses. An untapped spring of beauty is in our future. They tried to trip us up in '06, but we brushed that dirt off our shoulders and emerged with news and entertainment deserving of us all. We did our thing and we didn't bust. Only good things lie ahead and it has been proven: YOU have the strength, WE have that special recipe, and together we can move forward. Let's keep forging ahead. HAPPY FUN TIME!!!

FUN TIME

TAGLINE QUIZ

Kotori Magazine prides itself on originality and that determination is in the face of the obvious reality: Everything's been done before, all the great stories have already been told. Still, as artists, we do our best and, in turn, expect the rest of the world's craftsmen to do the same. What follows is a fun list of cheesy taglines from some of the best or worst films of 2006. It is your happy lil task to guess which movies they're from.

Some of these taglines are bad because they cheapen the film's artistic achievements, others because they only act as a one-liner description of the movie rather than as the crowd-drawing statement of pizzazz they are supposed to be. We trust you'll know which ones are which. In order to keep it time-relevant we had to cut the incredibly obvious "It will haunt you" (from 1999's *The Haunting*) and the arbitrarily dramatic "His genius UNDENIABLE, his evil UNSPEAKABLE, his name...UNFORGETTABLE" (2001's *Hannibal*). But please enjoy what remains of our toils because...In a world where dreams are shattered and hearts are broken, one brave magazine dared to be different...

- 1 "Nothing is what it seems."
- 2 "Scream your last breath."
- 3 "This Halloween he's pulling out all the stops."
- 4 "By far the most terrifying film you will ever see." Hint: It's not a horror movie, but it's using a horror movie tagline. Very misleading for a macabre-loving moron like me!
- 5 "Welcome to Hell" Hint: Again, not a horror movie, so what's with the catchphrase?
- 6 "When every college turned them down...they made one up."
- 7 "No rules." Hint: It was supposed to be packed with action but, in fact, was packed with cologne commercial stylistic bullshit, enormous plot holes and some of the worst acting since Nicolas Cage's atrocious turn as Maylus in the American remake of *The Wicker Man*.
- 8 "Close your eyes. Open your heart."
- 9 A friendship that became a rivalry, a rivalry that became a battle."
- 10 "Time is running out for a happy ending." Hint: It's not a movie about handjobs or erotic massage, but it does have a nymph as a central character.
- 11 "It will cost you everything." Hint: And here I thought it might just take a pint or two, followed by a glass of orange juice and a Band-Aid.
- 12 "Wrong time. Wrong place. Wrong number." Hint: Wrong title for an otherwise cheese-free movie.

EMO QUIZ

Kotori Magazine supports a rich multitude of disparate sounds, styles and vibes from all over the world. We are not partial, as a whole, to any one genre or trend. If it's good music, it's good music. This is the case with Emo music just as much as it is with any other label you could come up with. If the talent is there, then so are we.

Alas, modern Emo seems to lend itself to failure all too often. 2006 was especially flagrant and as 2007 drags its gnarled feet forward we have a feeling it, too, will feature some really pitiful entries into this style. Fearing that our readership might not recognize the warning signs by the lyrics on said albums, we figured we'd give you a refresher course in the worst, lamest and/or most complacent Emo lyrics to pop up in the past Year. Try not to weep at the sheer heart-wrenching misery of these lonely and pathetic sonnets of sappiness:

- 1 "I said I'd never leave/You'll never change/I'm not satisfied with where I'm at in life/(But) Am I supposed to be happy with all I ever wanted/It comes with a price."
- 2 "Daggers speak louder than words."
- 3 "And I swear if I could take your pain/And frame it and hang it on my wall/Maybe you would never have to hurt at all."
- 4 "I wait for a lonely breath/I wait to surface from this death/Wait for the light to come/And take away these images I get/In my head."
- 5 "You're everything to me no more as I wake from this perfect dream/I'll escape from Eden's walls/I can not stay and live this lie/For I must think only of myself."
- 6 "Find the Agrus Apocraphex" Hint: Pretentious hidden message written backwards along bottom of liner notes
- 7 "Jesus Christ, that's a pretty face/The kind you'd find on someone I could save/If they don't put me away/Well, it'll be a miracle."
- 8 "Let's pretend that you love me/And be my bait/To be my bait."
- 9 "Drink goodbye to all, all the pain and fears/Loose lips have sunk this ship, to a shallow grave/Washed up upon the rocks/I won't be saved/I won't be saved."
- 10 "You give it all/And sometimes fade away/You give it all/We all just fade/It's not love/We're not love/But I'm not perishing/Cause vengeance holds my hand."

ANSWERS TO EMO QUIZ:
 1 "Cat and Mouse" by Red Jumpsuit Apparatus
 2 Song title, Alesana
 3 "Waiting Game" by Yellowcard
 4 "Apology" by Alesana
 5 Pretentious hidden message along bottom of liner notes
 6 to 30 seconds to Mars "A Beautiful Lie"
 7 "Jesus Christ" by Brand New
 8 "Not the Sun" by Brand New
 9 "Can't Be Saved" by Senses Fail
 10 "Life in a Museum" by A Static Lullaby

ANSWERS TO TAGLINE QUIZ:
 1 "The Illusionists"
 2 "The Descent"
 3 "Saw III"
 4 "An Inconvenient Truth"
 5 "Accepted"
 6 "Miami Vice"
 7 "The Science of Sleep"
 8 "The Prestige"
 9 "Lady in the Water"
 10 "Blood Diamond"
 11 "Lucky Number Slevin"



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— THE UNDISPUTED TRUTH —

4.10.07

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