

like the Little Rascals or Judy and Mickey get some computers and keyboards and decide to put on a show! A dirty one! And "Hot Tub" is a satanic metal record that makes Hell sound more fun than a Friar's Club Roast!

My Teenage Stride "ears like golden bats" (becalmedreocds.com) Sounds like The Smiths if Morrissey was secretly getting some.

Nadeea "Jealousy" (nadeea.com) Seeing how hot Nadeea is being presented as, and judging from the artwork, one would not be surprised if this was just some kind of generic Eurodisco with breathy generic sex kitten vocals. But Nadeea proves herself to be a unique presence, with vocals that balance sexy and shrill in a way that makes her seem almost avante garde. She's Russian and I'm rushin' to see what she does next!

Narcolepsy Press review zine (POB 17131 Anaheim CA 92817-7131) Raw, ragged reviews by a zine trenches veteran!

The Narrows "Benjamin" (Wantage, wantageusa.com) Bludgeoningly awesome!

The Neins Circa "sleeves and wings" (Copperspine Records) This music will actually make you happy.

"Neo Wave Nastros" comp CD (The Modernist, themodernist.com) A nice compilation of Japanese bands made me feel less guilty about a driving a Honda (sorry Bruce Springsteen!). The Climax may be the lowpoint - they might as well be from Southern California. NanoX makes super fast punk that borders on surf (surfing the neo wave I suppose). Joystax makes ominous futuristic music that fantasizes about being evil and British. Ex-Boy is the best of the bunch, drawing on dramatic Euro rock of the 80s, including some Adam and the Ants elements, and producing three songs that would have been my favorite single of the year if it were a single.

The New Flesh "Vessel" (Heartbreakbeat 50 W. 29th St. apt. 10e NYC 10001) Should be called the Rended Flesh because that's what this savage audio assault did to my ear meat!

New Loud "Me (secrets) You" (I Heard You Wanna Fight Me Records) Four impressive post-electro dance blasts that made my feet hurt from hoofing so much.

New Years Day (TVT) Is this actually a band trying to sound like Veruca Salt? I hope this works out for them, but it seems like an odd plan.

New York Dolls "One Day It Will Please Us To Remember Even This" (Roadrunner 902 Broadway, New York, NY, 10010) Some of you might remember when there were "Summer Songs" and "Summer Albums," toons that provided a soundtrack for your hot fun in the summertime, when the weather is high... Well, this should have been a summer album when it came out. It works as one. Does it work as the third New York Dolls album? I'd say yes, if you weren't expecting retreads from the Mercury LPs... You have to remember, when we left David and Syl (now the only surviving original members) back in '75-'76, they were on the verge of almost single-handedly creating the New York version of Power Pop. Think about it. Blondie was already in the running, but a more streamlined New York Dolls lineup had already debuted Pop Rocks like "Girls," "Teenage News," "Funky But Chic," and even, I have Syl's confirmation on this, "Frenchette." The proposed third New York Dolls album would have undoubtedly been more commercially viable than the first two LPs, but also more of a potential letdown to the loyal few that actually bought them. It's extremely unlikely that the Johansen/Sylvain-led Dolls would have broken into the mainstream market at the time, simply because Rock was dying on the vine as a singles-based commodity, and their newer material was better suited for their subsequent solo releases, which, for all their Pop hooks, remained largely the property of the underground, anyway. Flash forward some thirty years, and much has changed. The New York Dolls now stand tall beside The Velvet Underground as a good name to drop if you're a rock band that's already made it, but worried about your street cred. Bands like Poison, Motley Crue, and, later, Guns 'n' Roses, would have some folks believing they were The Dolls reborn. Uhhh, O.K.... At least Blackie Lawless did fill in for an on-the-lam Johnny Thunders once, and play in Arthur Kane's band, but he milked this association for far more than it was worth. Meanwhile, back in the states... Hanoi Rocks, one of the only bands to bring the spirit of the Dolls' music into 80s Rock, found they couldn't get arrested on their one U.S. tour, though their drummer, Razzle, would get sent home in a box (shades of The Dolls' first drummer, Billy Murcia, who turned up dead on their first trip to Europe). At any rate, the remaining members of The New York Dolls (with

former Hanoi Rocks bassist, Sam Yaffa, in tow) did the impossible, reformed and reestablished themselves on the international scene, while making it all make sense, musically. The album's opener, "We're All in Love," contains more than a dab of orange sunshine, not unlike the similarly titled "We Love You" by The Rolling Stones, though Johansen blasts through the beat happy Psychedelia with a voice that's a bit raspier, but still winning bets against a Panzer Tank in the Las Vegas casinos. The lyrics speak of David and Syl's admittedly rocky relationship in past years, and the surprising upward turn their friendship has taken since putting the band back together. It's a love thing, baby. "Runnin' Around" contains some strong harmony vocals, admittedly not the original band's greatest strength (but one of many gimmicks Aerosmith grabbed from The Dolls' cookie jar) and strong guitar riffs. Syl Sylvain, much the underrated lead guitarist, and Steve Conte (a lesser known veteran of the New York scene. I even saw him in an old *Rock Scene* magazine, once) play off each other remarkably well, and, I have to say, Conte and new drummer, Brian Delaney, are really coming into their own. Their last two Chicago area appearances (the latter in a New Orleans-themed restaurant and sports bar in a suburb most of my friends had never heard of, and the former a "Soundstage" taping that's only just airing, now. I was there, and it was like being at *Don Kirschner's Rock Concert!*) have borne this out. "Dance Like a Monkey," a catchy mutant spawn of "Mickey's Monkey" and "Stranded in The Jungle" (go figure), was the proposed hit single. Didn't happen. Not because it wouldn't have sounded great on the radio, nor that it wasn't fun seeing them perform it on late night TV, but, Rock 'n' Roll that you can dance to doesn't even score points in the clubs, much less on the airwaves. Other radio-unfriendly (that's a compliment) rockers include "Gimme Luv and Turn Off The Light," which sounds like what you'd get if you took the 45s, "I'm Cryin'" by The Animals and "Mystic Eyes" by Them, and melted them together in a frying pan. The album's closer, "Seventeen" is a Punk Blooze worthy of The Stooges (who also have a new album out. People merely ignored The Dolls' new one, this one's getting slaughtered!) "Rainbow Store" reads like a latter day Shangri-La's number, but the lyrics are HAPPY! Besides all that, there's guest appearances by Iggy, Michael Stipe (aren't people tired of that voice, YET?), and even Bo Diddley, who once asked the musical question, "Has anybody got some DOPE for these boys?!", when The Dolls requested "Pills" at one of his gigs. There's also (still?) a cool DVD on the making of the CD, though The New New York Dolls came to rock, there's no getting around David's many poignant ballads (which sometimes remind me of Johnny's 1980s tracks... No pun intended), just like there's no getting around the fact that some people think this is a David Johansen solo project. David might still be the Queen Bitch onstage, but this is also a BAND, and, even if they were originally thrown together like a Reality TV show, minus the suckey music, they are the sum total of their parts. Stronger, meaner, and more full-bodied when they were initially created in that laboratory. "And, now, his shoes are too big, and, now, his jacket's too small. Well, I'll show you who are the Frankensteins... The Frankensteins are us all."

Night Cobras "Terrors" (Big Neck) Terrorfic!

Ninetynine "Worlds of Space Worlds of Population Worlds of Robots" (Stomp/Stickfigure) NinetyFINE!

Danbert Nobacon "The Library Book of the World" (Bloodshot) Nobacool! The Chumbawumber gets all balladerrish with help of the Bloodshot house band. Presumed (by me) political radical sloganeering that I can't follow at all is my favorite kind!

Nobody Can Eat 50 Eggs comix by Steve Steiner (445 1/5 Randolph St. Meadville, PA 16335) Actually comical humor comix, which are apparently being pumped out at a pace comparable to *Richie Rich* comics in the 70s (I was sent a bushel of issues, all great, and all xeroxed with color covers). One nice thing is Steiner doesn't seem to have the exact punk rock background of every other underground cartoonist, but is never too square to be seriously funny. As to whether anybody can read 50 issues of *Nobody Can Eat 50 Eggs*, wait a week and I'll tell you.

No-Fi Soul Rebellion "Terrible Muscles" (The Glad Sound, nosoulrebellion.com) Clever, esoteric, no-frills, alternative dance punk should always be a slam dunk, right? I guess not, because I just didn't like this. At all.

NOFX "They've Actually Gotten Worse Live" (Fat) This is worth having mostly because NOFX is so tight (in a sloppy way) that this live album really functions as a greatest hits/most interesting songs collection, and it's good to hear all of these together (especially because it includes their recent political stuff mixed with old dumb stuff). Plus includes great stage banter like, "We're fucked tonight," "If you do believe in

God you're wrong," "I'm talking to Fozzie Bear over there... wakka wakka wakka" and "you've got to sing harmony on, 'anal-lyyy'."

The Nomads "Night Time" b/w "Boss Hoss" (Munster) Should be called the YESmads!

● **Not A Photograph - The Mission of Burma Story** DVD (MVD) I could be the millionth writer to point out that MOB's comeback tours and new recordings mark the most artistically successful old time punk/alternative band reunion ever. But instead I've decided to simply note what this excellent, no-frills, documentary reveals as the formula for band to make an awesome comeback. Everyone in the band should stay thin, no one in the band can go bald, and no one can try to dress cool. I guess it also helps if you are really good at music.

Nothing People "Twinkie Defense" ep (S-S Records) Something Else!

Nothington (BYO) Nothingspecial. Though this dude deserves the rock Oscar for gravelly-est vocals!

Nova Feedback art zine by Michael J. Bowman (gallerymj.com) The doodles of a genius/madman/some combo of the both.

Novi Split "pink in the sink" (Hush, hushrecords.com) Novi HITS! If this doesn't get your emotions emoting you need to get an emotionectomy.

● **NRBQ & the Whole Wheat Horns** "Derbytown Live 1982" (MVD) Nothing spectacular videowise here, just a well shot concert (featuring lots of nice footage of the edges of a thoroughly satisfied crowd). But how can you not dig an NRBQ concert? When the piano and drumskins start getting pummeled it's like you are getting beat up with joy!

Numb by Joshua Kemble (335 E. 9th St. apt. #4 Long Beach, CA 90813) Writing about writing sucks. But drawing comics about writing is sublime. Devastatingly aesthetic, this makes me glad that the Teenage Turtles revival will likely fund another 100 years of Xeric grants.

Of The Opera "Study Natural Law" (Lucid 665 Timber Hill Rd Deerfield IL 60015) This moody, dark electronics/post punk guitar music actually scared me

Oceans 13 soundtrack (Warner Brothers) As soundtracky sounding a soundtrack as you'll hear in a while. This Frankensteins together the best sounds of Space Age Bachelor Pad/detective music/spaghetti-ish Westernisms, etc., to create something Hef could spin in his Sixties penthouse or you could deejay with at your hipster bar.

Octopus "Restless Night - The Complete Pop-Psyche Sessions 1967-71" (Rev-Ola) More Monkees than Love, the psychedelic hard sell of this collection's subtitle may put this fine lost early 70s British classic in the wrong hands - I would sooner slap a sticker on this declaring it "Proto-Glam" rather than attach a baggage tag reading "Pop-Psyche" Also, please note: Octopus is a fucking awesome band name.

Of God and Science (Detach) Lush, bordering on mush, but ending up as good as "Tush." Though this doesn't sound like ZZ Top. Though the awesome track "Emef" manages to be boogie infused without actually utilizing any boogie rhythms.

The Orchard Thieves (orchardthieves.com) The vocals are too whiny sounding for me to appreciate the majesty of this thing

Otasco "Hubris" (Apocalypse the Apocalypse 5274 Glenburnie Dr Baton Rouge LA 70808) Awfulasco

Outing Riley DVD (Wolfe) Sure this is gay movie, but it's also the most Chicago indie film you'll ever see. The bad part of that is that painfully unfunny Chicago-style storefront theater one man play dialogue frames the story. The good part is that no Chicagoan can watch this without digging the detail like the Empire Carpet jingle or the Steve Dahl (as a lawyer cameo. Overall this is a pretty entertaining if you can stomach corny stuff that interprets gay cinema as being both bud movie dick flick / family emotions chick flick. But check out Buckingham Fountain!

Outrageous Cherry (Scratch 726 Richards St. Vancouver V6B 3A4 Canada) If you had asked me about Outrage Cherry I woulda told you they were a Detroit band that for last decade or so had been taking the Detroit hard rock/ga template and flavoring it with pop hooks and great vibes, & joy for music that makes their shows infectiously awe. But I woulda been wrong, because apparently they've