

various

THE FRUIT OF THE ORIGINAL SIN
(LTM U.K.)

This may well be the collection that started it all. *The Fruit* was a double-LP showcase for Belgium's fledgling Les Disques Du Crepuscule imprint and run by journalist **MICHEL DUVAL** and journalist/club promoter/post-punk Yoko Ono **ANNIK HONORE**. However, this was the label's second collection (following the wonderful *From Brussels With Love*) and as such tried to hatch a truly international roster (**ARTHUR RUSSELL** and **THICK PIGEON** from New York, **MARINE** and **THE NAMES** from Belgium, **SWAMP CHILDREN** and **DURUTTI COLUMN** from Manchester, **ORANGE JUICE** and **THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS** from Scotland plus notable interviews with **BRIAN ENO** and **MARGUERITE DURAS**), an inverse to its more Manchester/London oriented predecessor. Designer **BENOIT HENNEBERT** sheathed the music in an absolutely brilliant sleeve. Upon reflection, it is difficult to know whether the sleeve was designed for the music or the music for the sleeve. Alongside original classics and added bonuses, this is more than a collection, it is a way of life. (lrmrecordings.com)

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THIS IS TOM JONES: ROCK 'N' ROLL LEGENDS
(TIME/LIFE)

A fantastic glimpse into the mainstream culture of pop from one of music's most engaging personalities... Tom Jones! And his TV show. At 28, he not only had his own popular television show, but some of the most notable acts of the day made cameos (check the wonderfully tight "Ride My See-Saw" by **THE MOODY BLUES** from 1969 and the astounding "Little Girl Blue" by **JANIS JOPLIN**—who knew?!) Sure, there is hammy Jonesified renditions of contemporary favorites to endure, but the enjoyment is in watching the women in the audience going absolutely insane whilst transforming these classics! To his credit, Jones' is a truly fantastic vocalist, one of mainstream media's genuinely talented white singers of black soul (it's obvious he loves American soul and R&B, his enthusiasm and focus are undeniable); too, he's also one of the most amiable celluloid hosts; watching him is like being at a party. (timelife.com)

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YOU ONLY GET ONE SHOT AT THE BIG TIME: OBSCURE POWER POP & PUNK 1979-1985
(WIZZARD IN VINYL)

At one point, friends were speculating that many of the *Killed By Death*-esque collections that were surfacing were simply musician bootleggers creating make-believe songs for records that really didn't exist (simply because there was so much). It's a good theory as it's difficult to accept just how inspired to release a record these people were during the first punk wave. (Also because we don't want to acknowledge how lazy we are in comparison). Though after a few years of actually stumbling upon some of

these obscurities, it's just amazing that there is still more! Luckily we've got **ZELLOTS**, **THE STERICs**, and, well, **THE EJECTORS** to remind us that people like us have existed forever and most likely will exist forever still. In this regard, people...we won! "Empty Victories" by **ZELLOTS** is fantastic, fantastic, fantastic, and good for you! I dance to music like this (most people know I don't dance very often, so that's saying something), so dance with me, OK? (wizzard-in-vinyl.com)

BRAD HARVEY

action painters

ACTION PAINTERS
(ACTION PAINTERS)

"Absolutely Clear" and "Sooner or Later" (not the Grass Roots' 1971 #9 hit) leap off the grooves of this '80s-influenced debut, begging for a 12" remix and dance floor declaration. As for the remainder, file it between fair-to-middling Talk Talk and Boy-era U2. (actionpaintersband.com)

andrew

FROM ME TO YOU
(ANDREW)

There's nothing wrong rewriting the Emitt Rhodes/Turtles songbook if it's done with panache. Andrew's problem is flat-lined vocal delivery, pleasant in dollops, maddening over an entire album—hearing his timid emoting on the venomous "I Hate Your Guts" is laughable. Stick with introspection, son—you're a lover, not a fighter. (andrewsandoval.com)

suzy bogguss

SWEET DANGER
(LOYAL DUTCHESS)

Adept at chronicling domesticity and its inherent disasters, Bogguss's 1993 folk/pop career-best *Something Up My Sleeve* explored divorce ("Just Like the Weather") and the cumulative effects of emotional disconnect ("Hey Cinderella"). *Sweet* echoes it, covering marital indifference ("Even If That Were True") and depression-induced inertia ("It's Not Gonna Happen Today"). She stumbles on "No Good Way To Go" (a rip from Paul Simon's awful 1975 #1 "50 Ways To Leave Your Lover"), resorting to a campy chanteuse vamp better suited to dinner theater. But overall, the CMA Horizon Award winner of 1992 acquits herself admirably at this late stage of the game. (suzybogguss.com)

solomon burke

THE KING LIVE AT AVO SESSION BASEL (DVD)
(MVD-VISUAL)

71, father of 21, grandfather of 64, mortician, bishop—you'll learn that from the sleeve of this perfunctory concert documentary which offers zero video extras on Burke but does provide a wonderful travelogue of Basel, Switzerland, plus a photo section of the many who have graced the Avo Sessions stage. Regardless, this is probably the only commercially available glimpse of the man who inspired the early Rolling Stones via "Cry To Me" and "Everybody Needs Somebody To

Love." (mvdv2b.com)

a ken burns film

THE WAR (DVD)
(PBS)

"I don't think there is such a thing as a good war," recounts veteran **SAM HYNES** in filmmaker Burns' seven-part, 15-hour WWII documentary. "There are sometimes necessary wars. I never questioned the necessity of that war. I still do not. It was something that had to be done." Rather than tackle the enormity of the conflict head on (405,000 U.S. casualties, 60 million worldwide), Burns flips the telescope and focuses on the people of four disparate American communities whose personal stories humanize what cold-blooded strategists term 'the arithmetic of war.' (pbs.org/thewar)

elizabeth cook

BALLS
(31 TIGERS)

She's young, gorgeous, croons like Dolly Parton and—holy reality TV, Batman—her bio trumpets white trash roots. The album is a retro-country fan's wet dream, resembling a period piece plucked from the play pile of a rural radio station circa the '50s. But there's a force of personality missing; e.g. when you throw down a tune called "Sometimes It Takes Balls to be a Woman" and title your record likewise—well, listen to Cook politely convey the sentiment, then imagine Tanya Tucker cupping her hands around it. (elizabeth-cook.com)

de novo dahl

SHOUT EP
(ROADRUNNER/WEA)

This Nashville-based quintet's indie debut was a double-disc adrenaline shot of genre-hopping craziness, cross-pollinating new wave pop with bizarro dance mixes. Now all professional and connected to the suits at Warner Brothers, the song nevertheless remains the same. "Crap Your Pants Say Shout"—no band ever had a better mission statement. (roadrunnerrecords.com)

everybody else

EVERYBODY ELSE
(MILITIA GROUP)

Like a caffeinated Gin Blossoms, this trio is plugged in to all the right power pop sockets, even name-checking a **KINKS** number for their moniker. Though the overall effect is more surface than depth—getting/having/losing girls is its collective fixation—I hear a glimmer of maturity in the self-pitying "The Longest Hour of My Life." (themilitiagroup.com)

robert gordon & chris speeding featuring the jordanares

IT'S NOW OR NEVER
(RYKO)

"Is that **ELVIS**?" asked my wife. "Everything but," I replied. (rykodisc.com)