

TONGUE IN GROOVE



VIVA! LA WOMAN

CIBO MATTO

Viva! La Woman • Warner Bros.

Sitting in smoky Satyricon amongst throngs of would-be grunge types and alternascene poseurs, I was disgusted. But hey, I was patiently waiting to see the kick-ass duo Cibo Matto. For this, I would have endured anything.

After three opening acts and the inhalation of clouds of pure cigarette smoke, I finally was able to catch a glimpse of these New Yorkers and their food-centric hip-hop/jazz/sampl-a-rama music.

After their first song, keyboard and music pro-

Music

gramming guru Yuka must've heard my asthmatic pleas for oxygen, for she asked the audience if they could cut down on the smoking because Cibo Matto ain't the puffing kind (cough! my lungs thank you). As they proceeded with their repertoire, I found it amusing to realize that many of the people in the audience had never heard these two before. This was indicated by surprised looks and puzzled faces as vocalist Miho belted out the lyrics to songs like "White Pepper Ice Cream," "Birthday Cake," "Beef Jerky" and my favorite of the bunch: "Know Your Chicken" (yum!). I also found it amusing because this obsession with food is something that I can really identify with—coming from a culture that is food-centric, too (Filipinos loooove to eat!).

Ironically, Cibo Matto's popularity with audiences in this country is not duplicated in their homeland. Miho attributes this to the flexible and ever-changing music scene in the United States that allows for more creativity and fluidity in composing sounds and songs.

After seeing them in action, I say, who cares? All I know is, I'm leaving room for the next Cibo Matto entrée.

JEWEL

Pieces of You • Atlantic

After hearing this CD blasting as I walked past the Just Out office reception area, I thought "Hmm, not too bad of a welcome!"

Jewel's voice is almost childlike in its high-pitched innocence. Although the first track of this CD ("Who Will Save Your Soul?") has experienced a lot of airplay, it cer-

tainly is not the only one in the bunch deserving attention.

Before putting together this disc, Jewel led a pretty bohemian lifestyle—after growing up on a farm, she moved out on her own to live in a van. Not exactly an urban existence, eh? And it is her laid-back-yet-profound statement on a no-frills, low-glam life that makes Jewel's songs refreshing. A poet at heart, Jewel's vocal abilities provide a complementary garnish to her main-dish lyrics.

WILLIAM ORBIT

Strange Cargo Hinterland • N-Gram/Discovery

Judging this CD by its cover, I knew that William Orbit's work would be something out of the ordinary. A mishmash of electronic beats,

sounds and synthesizer music, Orbit's sound tiptoes between ambient and electronic dance music but doesn't quite find its niche in either category. Instead, Orbit prefers to experiment with "transmogrificational" (try saying that while eating a peanut butter and jelly sandwich) music.

This penchant for the unique is even more puzzling in Orbit's choice of audience: He prefers catering to NPR listeners on his radio show in Los Angeles to taking his work to commercial radio, where it would probably get the publicity that it is due.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Dance Floor Divas: The '70s • Rhino

I played this CD at work and a third of the way through momentarily forgot that, um, I was at an office. I apparently got too much into the grooving, 'cause my boss tapped me on the shoulder—tricky, since I was moving around so much—and politely asked me if I could "turn the volume down, sit still, shut up and work." It was OK, I just plugged in my headphones and continued to groove to some of the staples of the queer disco diet: "Le Freak," "Turn the Beat Around," "We Are Family," "Forget Me Nots," "Boogie Oogie Oogie," etc. But despite endangering my employment, this compilation of '70s disco hits is one of the better-quality recordings that I have heard. So many re-releases of disco tunes from other record companies have come up—some of 'em crappy, some so-so—but Rhino's re-releases are of consistent high quality.

Reviews by Rachel Ebor, a k a Raging Eye, who denies any relationship with the Ebola virus but says she has been to Ecola State Park.



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