

IN THE MIX

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**Si, Para Usted:
The Funky
Beats of
Revolutionary
Cuba, Vol. 1**



Various artists
Waxing Deep Records

Culled and remastered from tapes made in the '70s that were found stored in a warehouse in Havana (stashed there by Castro's government after the Ministry of Culture came into existence to oversee Cuban art in the late-'70s), *Si, Para Usted* is a fun and funky collection of Cuban-style fusion songs brimming with the distinct influence of American funk and soul music.

CD Well-known Cuban group Los Van Van represents with its percussion-driven "Y No Le Conviene." Irakere—out of which came Cuban superstars Paquito D'Rivera, Chucho Valdes and Arturo Sandoval—is featured on the Santana-evoking rocker "Bacalao Con Pan." Sintesis' "Con La Luz De La Mañana" breezes along, with its debt to jazz-influenced rock group Steely Dan unmistakable. One of the highlights of this interesting disc is "De La Fiesta La Mejor," a super-vibrant, dance-party song by Combo Tiempos Nuevos, a band made up of members of the Communist Youth Militia.

—Christine G. K. LaPado

**The
Green
Book**



Elizabeth
Rogers,
Thomas M.
Kostigen

Three Rivers Press

A wise frog once sang that "it's not easy being green," but even he, by the end of his song, embraced the emerald label. It turns out that the road to being an environmentally conscious person begins with a few simple steps. Filled with tips for making your home, office and a variety of different settings eco-friendly, *The Green Book* goes one step further and includes a breakdown of the effects your choices can cause—many of which are simultaneously frightening and empowering.

BOOK Eventually the tips become overly repetitive and the sections where celebrities explain how they do their part are pure fluff. The book is an interesting read, but the authors could have made one more eco-friendly decision and trimmed it down a little. And of course, it is printed using 100 percent post-consumer recycled paper.

—Matthew Craggs

**You're Gonna
Miss Me**

Palm Pictures



You're Gonna Miss Me is the story of preternaturally gifted musician Roky Erickson who fronted '60s garage psych outfit Thirteenth Floor Elevators. The Elevators were widely credited with coining the term "psychedelic rock." The film chronicles Erickson's rise and fall while battling drug abuse and schizophrenia. Erickson was busted for possessing a single joint in 1969, and was subsequently institutionalized in Texas' notorious Rusk Mental

DVD

Hospital alongside murderers, pedophiles and rapists. It's a safe bet that the shock treatments administered did nothing to actually curb a budding schizophrenic condition. Upon leaving the institution Erickson continued to play music until the mid-'80s. Ultimately this revered cult genius (testimonials by ZZ Top's Billy Gibbons, Patti Smith and Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore explain why) was relegated to an existence in filth and poverty governed by a misinformed mother who distrusted the entire world of psychiatry simply because the Crane brothers of *Frasier* led lives devoid of "the spirit." Keven McAlester delivers a gripping film that should appeal to fans of the likeminded documentary, *The Devil and Daniel Johnston*. *You're Gonna Miss Me* is required viewing for rock fans curious about the pioneers that paved the way for their heroes.

—C. Harris-Nystrom

**The
Search**

Son Volt
Transmit
Sound/Legacy



The latest release from roots rockers Son Volt opens with a minor-key mantra with the sole lyrics of "Feels like riding in a slow hearse." Fair enough. But, at times, this hearse picks up some speed and starts fishtailing around hairpin curves, like on "The Picture," the album's brassy (literally) second track. When Farrar sings "We'll know when we get there, if we'll find mercy," you suspect he already knows the answer—you just aren't going to like it. Although the music isn't all downbeat dirges (there are some patented Farrar rockers like "Action" and "Automatic Society"), the album's lyrics are focused on calamities and catastrophes on both the personal and global scale. Pleasingly, the new lineup is beginning to gel more as an actual band, and there's near-perfect balance of straight-ahead rock with the more esoteric instrumentation of Farrar's solo releases. As Farrar mournfully croons on the closing track "Phosphate Skin," "It can only get better from here, don't have any fear."

—Michael Kuker