



[THE ARRIVAL]



Hotels for the Music-Obsessed

Until recently, music and hotels didn't so much come together as collide: Picture rockers like the Rolling Stones' Keith Richards and Stone Temple Pilots' Scott Weiland smashing TVs, clocks, and chairs. But now some hip lodgings encourage you to get the lead out—albeit in a more respectful manner—with amenities like vinyl collections and loaner guitars. *Matt Hendrickson*

1 Austin HOTEL SAINT CECILIA

Making the most of the city's musical history, this impossibly cool South Congress place outfitted its 14 units with record players. And in case the airline lost your vinyl, the staff will pull your favorite artists from its ever-growing house library. 112 Academy Dr., 512-852-2400; hotelstcecilia.com; doubles from \$250

2 Amsterdam LLOYD HOTEL

Located in the gritty Eastern Docklands, the eccentric Lloyd holds frequent free concerts featuring acts ranging from punk bands to experimental pop outfits to avant-garde drum troupes. The crowd's a mixed bag—probably because of the hotel's broad appeal: It has one-star rooms, five-star ones, and everything in between. Oostelijke Handelskade 34, +31 (0)20 561 3636; lloydhotel.com; doubles from \$136

3 Chicago HARD ROCK HOTEL

This North Michigan Avenue party hub hands over more than a room key at reception: Guests can choose from a line of vintage Gibson guitars (including signature axes from Angus Young and Les Paul) and shred in their rooms—with the included amp and earphones, naturally. 230 North Michigan Ave., 312-345-1000; hardrockhotelchicago.com; doubles from \$199



SOUNDS



[IN ROTATION]



THE FLAMING LIPS EMBRYONIC (WARNER BROS.) Just when you thought Wayne Coyne and the boys couldn't get weirder, they come out with their darkest and most twisted album yet. Brilliant-but-bizarre tracks like "Your Bats" hark back to their eighties psychedelic-punk phase, while "Convinced of the Hex" sounds like Joy Division on peyote.



WOLFMOTHER COSMIC EGG (MODULAR/INTERSCOPE) When two thirds of the Aussie trio bailed last August, it seemed safe to assume Wolfmother was doomed. But the remaining member, frontman Andrew Stockdale, rounded up new bandmates to revive the group's Sabbath-meets-Queens of the Stone Age sound while he kept at the stoner lyrics.



FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS I TOLD YOU I WAS FREAKY (SUB POP) Most of this material debuted on Jemaine and Bret's HBO comedy and speaks only to groupies. But even the uninitiated will bust a gut over "Sugalumps" and "Too Many Dicks (On the Dance Floor)"—B-boy parodies that give Samberg and Timberlake a run for their money.



LYLE LOVETT NATURAL FORCES (CURB/LOST HIGHWAY) Though he's dabbled in jazz, pop, and swing, Lovett's strength is clear: singing damn good country songs. His easygoing, rollicking "Pantry" and tear-inducing rendition of Townes Van Zandt's "Loretta" will make you want to trade your loft for a two-story house with a wraparound porch.

[BEST IN SHOW]

Fun Fun Fun Fest

While SXSW and Austin City Limits draw the crowds and marquee names, the best little festival in Texas—and quite possibly the country—is the two-day bash in Austin's Waterloo Park. With a lineup of punk (7 Seconds, Death), indie rock (Of Montreal, Les Savy Fav), hip-hop (GZA, the Cool Kids), and garage rock (the King Khan and BBQ Show), Fun Fun Fun Fest has a "where the locals go" feel that's all but extinct on the festival circuit. That vibe, combined with \$67.50 weekend passes, makes for fun with a capital F-F-F. (November 7–8; funfunfunfest.com)