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MUSIC: PLAYLIST; From Mexico (via Brazil), The Next Nelly Furtado

By JON PARELES

OUTKAST -- Outkast keeps things light and catchy on the double single that previews its double album due in October. Big Boi's "The Way You Move" (Arista) has an airy, Earth Wind and Fire-like chorus between his fast-talking come-ons. But for music and wit, André 3000's "Hey Ya" prevails. The track rivals Beck as it mutates from handclapping folk-rock to electro, while the lyrics make their way from the pain of a couple's breakup to a quick rebound: "Don't want to meet your daddy/ just want you in my Caddy." While Big Boi and Andre 3000 are splitting the album, they agree on their first priority: lust.

NATALIA LAFOURCADE -- With four Latin Grammy nominations for her debut album, "Natalia LaFourcade" (Sony Discos), this 19-year-old songwriter might just reach the wider world. Although she is Mexican, Ms. LaFourcade has a strong Brazilian streak. Her poppy songs keep dipping into bossa nova and its recent dance-floor hybrids, pondering life and fate with insouciant melodies. Beyond the language barrier, she could be Mexico's answer to Nelly Furtado.

BRIAN ENO -- As he contemplated the first project of the Long Now Foundation -- a clock intended to tick once a year and chime once a century for 10,000 years -- Brian Eno started thinking about bells and their swarming overtones. "January 07003: Bell Studies for the Clock of the Long Now" (Opal) is the result: music for electronically simulated bells. The pieces are meditative, testing permutations and letting overtones float. But Mr. Eno's bells also do things physical bells never could, like emitting their harmonics in eerie reversed time or resurrecting the Tsar Kolokol III: the largest bell ever cast, which cracked before it could ring.

THE BRONX -- The chutzpah it takes for a Los Angeles group to call itself the Bronx is just part of the arsenal of this punky band on its 10-song, 29-minute debut album, "The Bronx" (White Drugs/Ferret Music). The songs are all hurtling tempos, throat-tearing vocals, meter-shifting guitar riffs, accusations and declarations like "I wasn't meant to cover up scars." Fury and self-destruction battle it out in songs too tightly wound to succumb to their own demons.

SISTER ROSETTA THARPE -- Sister Rosetta (1915-1973) may be the most rocking woman in gospel history. Slinging her electric guitar and letting loose a voice that applied the earthiness of the blues to admonitions about the power of the Lord, she was an underappreciated source for soul and rock. Her revival should be stoked by an astonishing performance to be broadcast next month as part of the PBS series "The Blues," and there's another one tucked onto "Shout, Sister, Shout!" (M.C. Records). It's a tribute album of Tharpe's repertory: devout standards like "This Train" along with a few secular ones. While Joan Osborne, Odetta and Sweet Honey in the Rock make the most of their selections, the album's gem is its bonus video file: Tharpe herself belting "Down by the Riverside" and plunking a guitar solo Chuck Berry wouldn't disown.

RODNEY CROWELL -- Current country music has perfected the impersonal reminiscence: the oh-so-perfect collection of generic rural details. Rodney Crowell has dispensed his share of them over his long songwriting career, but lately he has been getting crankier and far more specific. His new album, "Fate's Right Hand" (Columbia), is filled with middle-aged yearning, self-criticism and spite set amid forthrightly strummed guitars. "It's a Different World Now" rises like one of those unctuous Nashville ballads, but its vision of a world devastated by war, sexual exploitation and ecological disaster makes the Dixie Chicks sound like gung-ho conservatives.

JOSH ROUSE -- History is other people's memories; nostalgia is our own. Josh Rouse reconstructed his family's past on his previous album, "Under Cold Blue Stars"; his new one, "1972" (Rykodisc) is named after both the year he was born and the musical era he's fixated on. The songs on "1972" reach back to a time when there was no irony in wishing for sunshine or a love vibration. Mr. Rouse and his producer, Brad Jones, set his character studies -- mostly of characters who feel unfulfilled -- to a knowing fusion of two styles that usually stayed separate in the 1970's: acoustic pop-folk and jazzy orchestrated soul.

By declaring his influences, Mr. Rouse trumps any accusation of derivativeness, while he reveals the secret of early 1970's pop: behind the longing for sunshine was borderline depression.

ANIMAL COLLECTIVE -- Pop introversion doesn't get any deeper, or nuttier, than the recordings of the Animal Collective. The collective centers on Avey Tare -- singing gently, strumming an acoustic guitar, tinkling the keyboards -- with Panda Bear briskly brushing his drums, while electronic sounds crackle and ripple around them like St. Elmo's fire. The limited-edition albums that the collective barely released in 2000 and 2001, "Spirit They're Gone, Spirit They've Vanished" and "Danse Manatee," have been reissued together by an English label, FatCat. They're all-or-nothing affairs, demanding full immersion in vertiginous whimsies that often have childlike tunes at their core.

WWW.MICROMUSIC.NET -- International devotees of ultra-cheap keyboards and old video-game sounds share their latest laptop concoctions on this Web site, free for downloading and full of techno-geek humor. It's just the place to find electro ditties with titles like "How Bleep Is My Love."

Photos: Natalia LaFourcade, left, earned four Latin Grammy nominations for her first album; a tribute album honors Sister Rosetta Tharpe, bottom; Josh Rouse, far left, named "1972" after the year he was born. (Photo by Terry Cryer); (Photo by Sony Discos)