



Royal Trux

positions (due to the two songwriters residing in different continents), but both have delivered several impressive tunes.

The Brazz is definitely on the rock tip, coming up with the ballsy 'New Tattoo', the wonderful whiteboy reggae of 'G.M.T.' and 'Million \$ Hand', a swinging ode to harder times. That said, he really shines on two lighter numbers. *The Album's* finest track 'Easy (The Last Procession)' is a partner to McCartney's 'I'm In Heaven', from *Shipshape And Bristol Fashion*, and sees Brazier requesting an easy ride when his time's up, and the folksy 'Bush By Where You Live' is his best love song yet.

Dave McCartney's 'Never Fade Away' reads like a Sailor autobiography, while both 'Dolly' and 'Nothing Void' are beautiful pop gems.

The Album may be an easy one for idiots to knock, but Hello Sailor have the last laugh — they're the ones who know what rock 'n' roll is all about.

JOHN RUSSELL

ROYAL TRUX Thank You (Virgin)

Neil Haggerty used to be in Pussy Galore. His partner Jennifer Harrema wasn't. Now, with a few extra musicians playing things like drums and bass, they are Royal Trux. These cooler than anything cool peoples hail from New York (of course) and *Thank You* is their debut on a major label (Virgin).

This album is just a little bit easier to swallow than their last lo-fi, drug induced efforts (*Twin Infinitives* '90, *Royal Trux* '92, *Cats and Dogs* '93) — having said that, sometimes it's nice not to swallow isn't it.

Although Neil and Jennifer now appear to have kicked the junk, that doesn't mean

they've turned into a modern day Richard and Karen — their music still feels kinda dirty and fun. The guitars get pulled and twanged by a nonchalant Neil, Jennifer's voice strains and breaks over the sometimes Stones-like grooves, always accompanied by Neil, who sounds like he's stuck down a tunnel in the background on the opening track, 'A Night To Remember'. They both smoke a lot of cigarettes.

This is lazy, uncouth music, which also has its fair share of lotsa good grooves, nice sing-along hooks! (like 'Ray.O.Vac' — just about the whole song consists of the words 'gotta build your rock on the Ray.O.Vac', umm, yeah, okay), and some not so nice. I imagine *Thank You* to be a nice album to put on after a night on the turps. You could lie on your bed and nicely nod off to the music, occasionally mumbling along drunkenly to the words in a ridiculous manner. Yeah, anyway...

I'm having trouble making out any of the lyrics at this early stage, but in 'Map Of The City' I think Neil is trying to express some thoughts on love — he mentions looking at himself in the shower, and loving a woman, even when she has 'rotten cancer breath'. Charmed, I'm sure.

The songs are very consistent. They all have the same feel, which doesn't mean you get sick of it, but you have time to get warmed up and get into them. This is a good thing.

John, my fellow worker thinks they sound like 'any pub rock band', and also like 'any band that plays at the Papakura Roadhouse'. He's talking shit but, really, they do play kinda... just plain old rock music, except it doesn't rawk in the traditional sense. But, with any sort of music, you've gotta feel like you can maybe make some sorta connection with the people

making the music, via the music. Of course we wouldn't like this music if Extreme or Crash Test Dummies did it because they're dorks. And they couldn't do it anyway.

I like this. That's all. Thank You.

SHIRLEY CHARLES

HEADLOCK It Found Me (Pavement)

Headlock's *It Found Me* is very good. The people in Headlock must be very nice people to make such a nice album. Not that *It Found Me* is sissy cos it's not... I don't think any girls would like it, they can listen to Nirvana or Morrissey and other yukky, wimpy stuff anyway. Sometimes mum has to sedate me after I've been listening to Headlock coz it's the sort of music that can make you really mad. Yesterday after drinking a litre of thirtee and listening to Headlock I killed Yellow Ted and was about to disembowel squiddly Diddy before mum found me and said any more outbreaks of this sort would lead to no sounds. A long time ago Headlock used to open for Biohazard and they're certainly from the same school (not my school nyAAAAh) but a little wimpier (I'm not allowed to listen to Biohazard till I've grown up more) but not much wimpier. The sound is not quite as dense and full as Biohazards instead it's sounds like Pantera circa 'cowboys from hell'. This is my most favourite type of music ever, the drums bash and double kick (Really tricky to do without falling over) the guitars go real fast and then play huge lumbering chords and the singer sounds like someones stolen his jelly sandwiches. If anyone ever takes Headlock off me I swear on the bible I'm gonna hold my breath till, I die.

KEVIN LIST (Age six and a half.)

BIG AUDIO Higher Power (Columbia)

After *The Globe's* menacing use of samples and superior tunes, it was expected that Mick Jones and Big Audio were cooking up something really potent in the overdue *Higher Power*. Not so, 'cause this is a tame, overly catchy series of songs linked by irrelevant, irritating samples, that fail to add either atmosphere or presence to the album.

Titles like 'Harrow Road' and 'Modern Stoneage Blues' promise fear, loathing and rock 'n' roll muscle, but they're merely pleasant, lightweight, Jones-fronted dance hops. This is Jones' weakest post-Crash statement.

GEORGE KAY

SKATENIGS What A Mangled Web We Weave (Red Light Records/Festival)

Howdy pardners. I got a little bitty tale to tell y'all 'bout an album called *What A Mangled Web We Weave*, by some varmints called the Skatenigs. These crazy critters don't play to no Christian god, no siree, they kneel before the god of industro-metal. Now, I ain't a bible bashing man, but I reckons that the keyboard and

the sampler do be the devil's work. Take Flock of Seagulls, for instance... what the jumping Jehosaphats...

Sorry for this readers, but we here at No Bullshit Reviews have taken Old Tex out back and lynched him, as a warning to all who would use a meagre knowledge of the western to write a review of anything that comes from Texas... back to the review in a far more sensible manner. *What A Mangled Web We Weave* is exactly 34 minutes and 20 seconds long. The vocals are masculine and aggressive. The aggression of the vocals is matched by the lyrics, eg.: 'I love my gun / I love my bike / I'd rather ride than self destruct.' These unhealthily phallic lyrics are taken from 'Regret', and are an example of the heterosexist lyrics that dominate the album. Regretfully, 'Regret' is the highlight of the album, most songs becoming dull and repetitive after repeated listenings. Ministry fans should enjoy the Skatenigs with their tolerance for dull, repetitive bands fronted by people who think they're cowboys. No Bullshit rating: 5/10. Be seen' y'all.

KEVIN LIST

ALAN VEGA New Raceion (Infinite Zero)

GANG OF FOUR Entertainment! (Infinite Zero)

This is a re-release that promised to deliver and actually has. Here you have a pair of very wonderful releases. *Entertainment!* in particular is a really great and powerful chunk of our rock culture. Amazingly, four tea-drinking commies from Leeds produced some very incisive and accessible work, both lyrically and musically. As a band, the Gang of Four were streets ahead of everyone. They had both ways — from a straight rock perspective there was a serious machine of a rhythm section, behind an inventive guitarist and vocalist who could keep pace with everyone else. At the same time, this crew could take it all a step further — Dave Allen and Hughie Burnham were comfortable sliding around funk and reggae rhythms, and still sounding very dour and minimal, while Andy Gill's guitar playing would sail off on tangents today's noisemasters can only marvel at. *Rage Against the Machine* and the Chili Peppers should hang their heads in shame. It's impossible to pick a few songs as examples of this band's art, simply because every song is so damn good and better yet, they all sound really clean on this reissue although I don't think it's been remastered. Probably one of the best purchases you could make all year.

Next up is Alan Vega's most recent solo deal, *New Raceion*. For those of you familiar with the might that was Suicide, no further recommendation is needed. If not, then this is Vega's solo continuation of some groundbreaking and twisted music. Suicide were a duo who did some wild work, sort of a combination of drone music and techno, except no-one had invented that stuff yet. With *New Raceion*, Vega

BANSHEE REEL

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Canterbury Uni	3rd	Wanganui - Mooses	16th
Otago Uni	4th	Wellington - Antipodes	18th
Napier Tech	8th	Upper Hutt - Totara Lodge	22nd
Whakatane (TBC)	9th	Hamilton - TBC	25th
Waikato Uni	10th	Palmerston North - TBC	30th

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The festival programme will again include concerts, workshops and seminars and will feature music composed by Maori women, Pacific Island women, and women composers in a wide range of styles including rock, jazz and classical music.

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The closing date for proposals is 31 March, 1995. For information about proposal requirements contact:

The Artistic Directorate, NZ Smokefree Composing Women's Festival,
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