

being the only way to stop Biohazard is with a bullet. Sticks and stones may break their bones but only automatic weaponry will halt these 'sons of Brooklyn' spreading their messages of anti-racism and tales from the hard side.

Biohazard promise to play twice as hard in an effort to get something happening. Scorching versions of 'Wrong Side Of the Tracks' and 'How It Is' follow. The mosh pit is suddenly alive with bouncing bodies. When Biohazard do the "say yo!" thing, everyone starts acting like the floors been electrified — bodies bounce in the air and a couple minor scuffles occur.

Before departing, Bob Hembel pulls off one of the evening's highlights by demonstrating just how to say "suck my dick", with attitude. But Mr Hembel is not to have the final say. Mr Seinfeld tells the audience if they can't afford Biohazard's latest and greatest, *Tales from the Hardside*: "Go out and steal it." Nice to see a band that cares more about spreading their message than chart sales, however they omitted the important "don't get caught", unless you want your very own tale from the hard side. It'll be nice to see Biohazard return sometime soon as the main act. Not only will the set be longer and the drummer hopefully more visible, but I won't feel the need to stay for the other band (just joshing Slayer Devotees).

KEVIN LIST

SLAYER

There was plenty of anticipation for this one. Dribbles of spittle collected around the ragged chops of the few thousand. The legion. The idea of Slayer in the flesh, before us, dragging us into their hole, opening our skulls and eating our brains excited us.

The Decade of Aggression double live album must've been thrashed mightily in those last nights before the gig. And what an album it is. Frighteningly powerful. Mercilessly violent. Brutal. A great record. Hopes were high. Maybe a little too high...

Don't get me wrong, what we got on the night was awe inspiring, sure. But standing back from it all and thinking about it, shouldn't it have been as powerful as to have stopped my life in its tracks? Were Slayer almost playing a rote performance?

You can't blame whatevsname, the new drummer, because he was as heavy and loud as bombs. He earned his money. And Mr Soundman was really pumping those drums right into our ribs, so that was good. Kerry King was exactly the way he looks in photos, and shredded his distinctive striped ESP V with absolute muscle — the playing of he and Hanneman surely gives Slayer its warped power. Tonight they were abusive of their instruments and violated our minds brilliantly, but some fuckin' clown somewhere didn't turn their guitars up loud enough! The soloing should have cut through our heads like glass — as it does on *Decade of Aggression* — but it didn't. Why? Who's to blame. We don't pay \$45 to be left

with our hearing intact! I felt short changed in the guitar department because of this.

So what about Tom Araya? You know, the Slayer guy. Shouldn't he have been the one — rather than Kerry, Jeff or Drummer — who led us head-first into battle? No, funnily enough he stood there playing, screaming and watching us as if, sometimes, he was asking himself: 'What the fuck have I created here?', or maybe: 'They are like butter in my hands. The revolution is at hand, my master, we are ready!'

But y'know, after saying all that, it was still great to finally see Slayer. Know what I mean? Ah, fuck it, who cares.

JEREMY CHUNN

THE VIOLENT FEMMES, THE MUTTONBIRDS Auckland Town Hall, March 21.

It was a night and a half for the sing-alongers among us. The Muttonbirds kicked things off, and warmed up the crowd's vocal chords, with a set that pulled out everything bar the Kiwi boot polish. For the countless times I've seen these guys, this was the first time in Auckland. 'Dominion Road' goes down so much better when you actually know where it is. And it's true: Dominion Road really is bending, under its own weight. That McGlashan fellow really knows what he's on about. The Violent Femmes think so too. They brought him (alongside a second horn player) out for a guest horn spot later. 'Black Girls' was all the better for it.

Judging by the way their drum kit's grown since they last played here (requiring newish drummer Guy Hoffman to be seated, as opposed to former drummer Victor DeLorenzo's standing style), the Violent Femmes' bus must be a little more crowded when they take all their equipment on it these days. Nevertheless, you still cannot fuck with this band — you simply wouldn't want to. Their fans treat them like old mates, yelling all the song words so faithfully it often makes you wonder why Gordon Gano even needs to show up. Mere onlookers scratch their heads in bewilderment, because you can't join this club over night. This is a fan base built upon years of everyone owning only one album — needless to say, it was always *The Violent Femmes*. Thankfully, there weren't a lot of non club members in the audience. The ground floor wriggled like a pool of moshing maggots from back to front, and people were out of their seats and dancing all the way up to the back row of the top balcony. For all the excitement, things were a little less anarchic than the Femmes' literally earth moving 1990 gig here, so the main assault came via an overwhelming barrage of hits and oddities.

'Dance MF Dance!' has become the New Zealand Femmes fan anthem. Howls of anticipation greeted Brian Ritchie's introduction to this mysterious track. Yep, they're still asking for it's

discoverer to show up. Gordon did his bit to make us feel super special by reverently quoting James K Baxter to a darkened and stunned silent house.

The biggest of the old favourites ('Blister in the Sun', 'Add It Up') got that old, familiar reception (ie. hysterical rapture and much roistery dolstery bally hoo). The newer rockin' *Rock!!!!* tracks faired well alongside their fearsomely strong predecessors. 'Tonight' got the sort of reception you'd expect from the near second coming of 'Add It Up', but my affections lay closer to the stomping 'Living A Lie'. The inclusion of *New Times*' most flat out rockin' number ('Key of Two') juxtaposed with it's way out weirdest ('Machine') was a reminder that it was neither nostalgia or flavour of the month syndrome which sold out this house.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

LOREENA MCKENNITT

Auckland Town Hall, March 23.

History has never sounded as good as it did when interpreted live by Loreena McKennitt and her fabulous five piece band. Fans of Loreena's last album, *The Mask and Mirror*, for which this show was named and from which most of its material was faithfully drawn, should have been delighted, as Loreena was in even finer voice than she is on the album.

Opening with *The Mask and Mirror*'s first track, 'The Mystic's Dream', Loreena took us on a journey traversing east and west, and through hundreds of years. The songs were occasionally linked by Loreena's softly spoken tales of her travels: adventure and misadventure in Ireland, a visit to a Benedictine monastery in Quebec, and an early morning earthquake, right here in Auckland city.

Backed by candelabras and tapestries, dressed in a black velvet gown, with a halo of long, golden hair, Loreena proceeded to captivate an audience which was somewhat more refined than that which had gathered for the Violent Femmes two nights earlier. Refined, that is, until second encore time, when one enthusiastic gent felt compelled to holler: "Exquisite agony!" from the back of the house. The crowd is best summed up by the rousing reception they gave Hugh Marsh's fiddle solo of 'Amazing Grace' (clever, but by no means the height of his considerable talents) — they were just dying to recognise something, anything. 'The Dark Night of The Soul' also went down particularly well, which proved the majority of this sadly small house were definitely fans. Those that weren't already could be seen snapping up CDs and merchandise at intermission.

From *The Mask and Mirror*, the divine and dangerous 'The Bonny Swans' and 'Marrakesh Night Market' stood out. 'She Moved Through the Fair' and Loreena's solo performance encore of 'The Lady of Shalot' (both available on the double CD, souvenir tour edition of *The Mask and Mirror*) were

spine tingling. Her interpretation of WB Yeats' 'The Stolen Child', preceded by tales of Yeats' sorry love life, was the pinnacle of the blend of affectionate historical story telling, musical innovation and original interpretation, which Loreena has made her own. It was a truly magical evening.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

M PEOPLE, THE GRID, TEREMOANA, JOINT FORCE

Mount Smart Supertop, March 28.

If I hadn't been forced to stand in a queue for half an hour outside the Supertop venue to be searched, I might have got into the tent in time to see Joint Force (aka OJ, Slave and DLT). As it was, they sounded like the noise that blasts out of a Honda Prelude with \$5,000 worth of stereo equipment on board, when it speeds past while you're waiting to cross at the corner of Victoria and Queen Streets.

Having missed the set, I cruise to the loos to blow some gnarly buds that I picked up down the line. Fumbling in my pocket, I find two tabs that I thought I lost last week. Yahoo! Down the hatch with one of those bables — and what to do with the other? I know, I'll hide it under my tongue. Yes sir, there's no fooling this brother.

In the tent now. Teremoana's extolling the benefits of going solo, telling the crowd: "It's just me now," with an infectious grin. 'The Real Thing' and the new single 'Beautiful People' lead into a short a capella tune which, without the DAT accompaniment, better displays her vocal strengths. A quick "peace", and she's outta there.

The Grid weren't exactly what the majority of 'soul' searchers in the audience were after, but they were the band I came to see. A middleweight techno outfit sans vocals (for the most part), they went down a treat with anyone who wanted to dance. The Grid were more suited to an all-night dance party at the Box than an 8-9pm slot in a covered gravel carpark. My enhancers were really kicking in by now, and I think I can see 'The Cowboys' the Grid are going on about. A technical fault in 'Swamp Thing' robs us of hearing the banjo in the most perverse of settings, but The Grid were the rarest of beasts — a truly live techno experience. I've personally seen three moas, a Tasmanian tiger and Elvis since the last good one.

Four songs into M People, and I'm having vivid images of being caught into an overturned car, the stereo is out of reach and is playing the Eurythmics' first album, for that's exactly what M People sound like. It's definitely not for me. I finally track down that pre-rolled length of 'Te Kuiti terror'. Nothing for it but to mingle in the crowd and share its delights. Most of the 5,000 or so present were still getting into the M People when I bailed. I bumped into an old friend outside as I left, that was the highlight of their set for me.

GREG HAMMERDOWN

PLAYING FEBRUARY MARCH AND APRIL
AT A RADIO STATION NEAR YOU

LONG PLAYER

A RADIO DOCUMENTARY SERIES ON
NEW ALBUMS FROM NEW ARTISTS

with

KARYN HAY

and featuring

- Supergroove • The Tufnells • Kulcha • Pumpkinhead •
- Dave Dobbyn • Grace • Strawpeople •
- Hello Sailor • Once Were Warriors • Greg Johnson Set •

LONG PLAYER is brought to you by NZ On Air and plays over:

- KCC FM • Hauraki 99FM • The Breeze 91FM • The Breeze 89.8 •
- Coromandel FM • Classic Rock 92FM • Bayrock 97.7FM • Lake City 96 FM
- KIS FM • The Rock 95.6FM • River City FM • 2XS FM • Fifehire 93FM •
- Scenicland FM • 98 Port FM • Whitestone 100 FM • Q92FM •

PHONE YOUR LOCAL STATION FOR DETAILS



T H E CROWN HOTEL ORIGINALS BAR DUNEDIN



BOOKINGS & MARKETING
PHONE (03) 476 3751