

KING LOSER COMMODORES INDIGO GIRLS STRAWBERRY FIELDS TOURS

ISSUE 212 APRIL \$2 (09) 376 3235

rip it up

Pumpkinhead

ON SPLIFFS & SLOTH

Eddie Van Halen

GUITAR HERO FEEDS BACK

Nathan Haines

THE NEW YORK GROOVE

Morphine

KILLING THE PAIN

Pearl Jam
In Concert



Photo by Guy Richards





For your nearest stockist,
phone 0800 801 460

News



POLLY IN RED

Having given the world a year to recover from the rendition of the Stones' 'I Can't Get No Satisfaction' she performed with Bjork at the 1994 Brit Awards, Polly Harvey, otherwise known as PJ Harvey, returns with her fourth album *To Bring You My Love*. Described by *The Face* magazine as sounding like "white blues from a 25 year old who sings and plays like an 80 year old R&B veteran", *To Bring You My Love* also features the talents of Nick Cave's bass player Mick Harvey and Captain Beefhart session player Eric Drew Feldman.

WONDER NEVER CEASES

After a long absence, Motown recording star Stevie Wonder has returned with a new album. *Conversation Peace* was recorded in several studios, including the Hit Factory in New York and Prince's Paisley Park Studio in Minnesota. To this day Wonder continues to retain his 'Favourite Nation Clause', written into his contract when he first joined forces with Motown, it means Wonder must receive a higher royalty rate than any other artist signed to the legendary soul label.



NEW DATE FOR SHERYL CROW

Sheryl Crow plays her first show in New Zealand this month at the Logan Campbell Centre. It's eight days later than originally planned though, so don't turn up yourself until Friday April 28. Got that?



STONE ROSES SETTLE OUT OF COURT

UK band the Stone Roses have settled out of court with their former manager Gareth Evans after he alleged wrongful dismissal by the band, and made a claim for \$10 million. The band are now managed by American Doug Goldstein who also represents Guns N' Roses. Meanwhile, the Stone Roses have postponed their UK tour after guitarist John Squire became seriously ill, doctors believe he has contracted either pneumonia or pleurisy. The band had planned to join the 1995 Lollapalooza tour of North America, but this is unlikely to go ahead also.

SUICIDALS TOUR

Wales' rock band Suicidal Tendencies return to New Zealand for one show only in a month. They play at the Auckland Town Hall with New Zealand's Sick & Tired on Wednesday May 17.



"Despite the importance everyone placed on it, we didn't care about our video any more. We saw it not as a significant work of art depicting the anguish of Generation X, but as it truly is — a piece of dog shit."

RIVERS CUOMO OF WEEZER REMEMBERS THE AGE OLD RULE ABOUT NEVER WORKING WITH CHILDREN OR ANIMALS, TOO LATE TO SAVE THE 'UNDONE — THE SWEATER SONG' VIDEO.

"Instead of using the pay-cheques to buy a Ferrari, I buy software and publish books. It's like taking Satan's dollars and turning them into little angels. It's punk rock. It's totally subversive."

THESPIAN HENRY ROLLINS ON WHY IT'S OKAY TO BE A MOVIE STAR IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

"I couldn't work with women; I reckon I'd kill 'em."

DOLORES O'RIORDAN OF THE CRANBERRIES DOES HER BIT FOR FEMINISM.

"I was lucky enough not to have to go in the army, to play rock 'n roll, get famous, be a star and screw everything in sight. And the worst thing you'd get was a dose of the clap. Those were the days!"

ROLLING STONE KEITH RICHARDS ON THE FRINGE BENEFITS OF ROCK.

"I was fuckin' there. I remember every single minute of every single one, every cock, every guy, every chick. You can rise above it, but you never really forget. That's the real tragedy."

MC OJ'S PAL TRACI LORDS RECOVERS FROM THE AMNESIA WHICH FORMERLY MADE A BLACK HOLE OUT OF HER PORN YEARS.

"Somewhere in there, people are drawn to the element of childlike images. It borders on being retarded in some ways."

WAYNE COYNE OF THE FLAMING LIPS TRIES TO WORK OUT WHY PEOPLE ARE FINALLY PAYING HIS BAND SOME ATTENTION.

"It has been taken over by twats now, to be honest. Lame ambient doodling for 70 pretentious minutes, and then it will be totally shoved down your throat, like: 'We didn't mean that, ha ha ha.'"

ALEX PATERSON OF THE ORB ON THE AMBIENT HOUSE MOVEMENT HE IS OFTEN HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR.

"Be cool, don't panic, chaos is good. Just surf the great disorder and enjoy."

TIMOTHY LEARY'S STILL TALKING IN T-SHIRT SLOGANS AT 73.

"The boy and girl shagging to our record — that's what's really important."

GARY 'MANI' MOUNFIELD FROM THE STONE ROSES GIVES HIS DEFINITION OF SUCCESS.

"Mike [Patton's] parents came to see the show once, and he was on stage saying how last night he'd fucked his mother while his father watched."

FAITH NO MORE'S BILLY GOULD ON THE UNFORTUNATE EMERGENCE OF HIS BANDMATE'S OEDIPUS COMPLEX.

"I've been described as 'having a face that makes Keith Richards look like a newborn', not to mention the hairy ass."

GAIL GREENWOOD OF BELLY STAKES HER CLAIM FOR THE WORLD'S UNSEXIEST WOMAN AWARD.



COOL NEW RELEASES

Listen!



HEATHER NOVA *Oyster*

Including the monster single 'Walk This World', Heather Nova's new album *Oyster* will surprise and delight anyone with a PJ Harvey/Sheryl Crow type leaning. Currently living and recording in London, Heather is originally from Bermuda, educated in Rhode Island and has just finished separate tours with the Violent Femmes and Bob Mould. *Oyster* is an incredible album with 11 original tracks depicting the sensual mysterious and delicious music of Heather Nova.



MORPHINE *Yes*

It's only been a few years since Boston's Morphine first rumbled up from the netherworld and took the guitar out of rock. With just bass, drums and saxophone, this unlikely power trio has become an international phenomenon since the release of last year's *Cure For Pain*. Consisting of Mark Sandman, Dana Colley & Billy Conway, Morphine continues to turn the alleged restrictions of their instrumentation to their advantage on *Yes*. The album's twelve tracks were road-tested on crowds from Austin to Tokyo, & each sizzles with the intensity of the band's legendary live shows.



LITTLE AXE *The Wolf That House Built*

LITTLE AXE is essentially Tackhead with a new name; all three core musicians are present and correct (Skip McDonald, Doug Wimbish and Keith LeBlanc) with Adrian Sherwood once again providing that cavernous, unsettling trademark On-U production sound. *The Wolf That House Built* is a peculiar homage to McDonald's Deep South spiritual heritage, with sturdy gorgeous blues guitar patterns swimming in mesmerising dub tremors. *The Wolf That House Built* is an absolute 1995 essential.

PUMPKINHEAD

The New Album in stores April 13

SLOT

Featuring WATER, PLINE, JERASE

WILD side

FESTIVAL

News



Slash & his Snakepits



The original Cheap Sex

THE RETURN OF CHEAP SEX

The inaugural Cheap Sex party at Auckland's Squid bar boasted partial nudity, whipped cream and members of Crowded House dancing on the bar. Squid is again the venue for Cheap Sex 2, pinned down to take place on Easter Sunday April 16. The event, billed as "One Hell Night of 99.8% Pure Decadence", will feature a fetishwear fashion show, live body piercing, The Drag Babies, bar top go-go dancing, x-rated videos and hot oil wrestling featuring Happy from Max TV's Box Dog. Wear leather, rubber, or what you like, but go naked (ladies!) and you're in to win a night of pure passion with waif supermodel Nick D'Angelo.

SOLO SLASH

Guns N' Roses' notorious guitarist Slash recently unveiled his debut solo album *It's Five O'Clock Somewhere*. Recorded under the banner, Slash's Snakepit, the album features contributions from G N'R members Matt Sorum and Dizzy Reed, and former rhythm guitarist Gilby Clarke. Slash doesn't sing or write any lyrics, opting to let his fingers do the talking. It's probably for the best.



Photo by Greg Riwai

MAKE A BREAK, MAKE A MOVE

With every other 80s craze making a comeback, it was only a matter of time before breakdancing returned to the dance-floors of local clubs. Over a decade ago — back in the day — everywhere you looked girls and boys could be seen going round the outside. Now, play the right track at the Box or Squid, and see the floor clear and the freakshow begin. Meanwhile, rumours are running rampant of a major breakdancing competition to be held in Auckland on Queens Birthday weekend — get your squares of lino ready.

SHIHAD 'YOU AGAIN'

OUT NOW WITH BONUS TRACKS
'NIL'
'BOYS KEEP SWINGING'

SHIHAD: YOU AGAIN



NEW ALBUM KILLJOY



IN STORES MAY 1

WILD
side FESTIVAL



Gene's Ween

W een are the spazz duo that brought enjoyment and many smiles to our lives with their sick 'n' pervy songs of general, all round wackiness. Y'know, 'Push th' little Daisies', 'Skycruiser', 'Voodoo Lady', 'Mr Won't You Please Help My Pony', 'Spinal Meningitis' and all that. The duo consists of Gene and Dean — otherwise known as Aaron Freeman and Mickey Melchiondo.

Gene Ween is in Amsterdam, on tour with his other half. It's 11.30am, and he's been woken up out of "a really, really deep sleep". Qh-oh, I think. People who have been woken up, are not good on the phone. I am not good on the phone. We are not good on the phone.

Gene is scantily clad, that is to say he has no clothes on. I know this because someone knocks on the door and he goes: "Er, hang on, I gotta put some clothes on."

"Do you have visitors," I enquire.

"Ah no, I have coffee," he replies. I suspect he's having funny cigarettes as well, as I hear taking sounds, and he is in Amsterdam after all. And there passed the highlight of our conversation.

We touched briefly on parents — "they didn't like our music at first, but they've grown to know and love our craft" — his career — "I'd be cooking if I wasn't doing this" — the people in his band — "Andrew Weiss plays bass" (Weiss used to play bass for Hank Rollins and also produced Ween's most recent album *Chocolate and Cheese*) — and fishing, which he and Dean do quite often when they're at home. "Yeah I miss [fishing]," he qualifies, and he's "really looking forward to doing it down there." Fishing that is.

Ween bestow their wealth of profanities, jolly japes and music to skip to upon us at the Powerstation in Auckland, on April 23.

SHIRLEY CHARLES

TVNZ DROP AWARDS COVERAGE

After initially giving it the thumbs up, Television New Zealand have decided not to screen coverage of the 1995 New Zealand Music Awards.

Auckland company Maxwell Film & Television had entered into a verbal agreement with former TVNZ programming assistant Bettina Hollings to produce the Awards ceremony, that was to screen in primetime on TV2 on Saturday 15 April. Hollings has since left TVNZ to work for rival network TV3, and newly appointed TVNZ programme director Mike Lattin informed Maxwell the ceremony would not be broadcast.

Lattin, former Director of Programmes with Australia's Network 10, was unavailable for comment, but TVNZ Publicity Manager Roger Beaumont insists the Awards were never scheduled to appear.

"TVNZ hasn't actually dropped the Awards, funding for the Awards presentation was turned down by NZ On Air in Wellington, so we understood there would be no ceremony to televise."

Beaumont claims he wasn't aware the Recording Industry Association of New Zealand (RIANZ), the governing body of the Awards, had offered to cover the shortfall caused by the lack of NZ On Air funding, but this is denied by Karyn Hay of Maxwell and RIANZ President Terence O'Neill-Joyce.

Hay: "It could be possible within a bureaucracy to not know this information, however the truth is, TVNZ, or Bettina Hollings specifically, was aware of it and the programme was scheduled. As an officer of TVNZ, who was at that time responsible for making decisions, Bettina had scheduled the Music Awards and our feeling is that that obligation should have been honoured."

O'Neill-Joyce: "My suggestion is that he should have been aware. The communications all along have been about NZ On Air funding, about Karyn Hay and Annabel Carr from Maxwell putting a package together, about RIANZ funding part of it and about sponsorship from Coke. When NZ On Air funding didn't come through we undertook to meet the shortfall, that was generally known."

O'Neill-Joyce has been in contact with TVNZ several times since the decision not to screen the Awards was made, but remains unsatisfied with Lattin's explanation.

"No, personally I wasn't happy but there was very little I could do about it. I expressed that I was disappointed at the very late removal of the

Awards from screening. I just find it extraordinary that in 1995 television is not prepared to be supportive."

While O'Neill-Joyce is hoping TVNZ will devote more screentime to the 1996 New Zealand Music Awards, he's not holding his breath, and is prepared to explore other avenues.

"I don't think it would be intelligent of me to be optimistic with past history and present attitudes, but don't misunderstand that as being a lack of resolve to try and get in place something on a more permanent basis. There needs to be a commitment and I'm not going to sit back and wait. As soon as the Awards are over we'll make a concerted effort to get a commitment, and if it's not a commitment from them [TVNZ], we'll certainly attempt to get a commitment from somebody."

Segments of the Awards ceremony will now feature on the new music series *Music Nation* that will screen on TV2 at 11.30am on Sundays from April 16.

JOHN RUSSELL

FRENZY GETS NEW TIME SLOT

The New Zealand music show *Frenzy* is now screening on Thursday nights at 10.30pm.

The weekly half hour video show returned for a third season on TV3 on February 19, but was relegated to 'the graveyard shift', usually not screening until or after 11.30pm on Sundays, and on one occasion at 12.30am on Monday. During the last week of March the show was returned the day and time slot that it held when it first went to air in August 1993.

The existence of *Frenzy* as a forum to promote New Zealand music depends on regular funding from NZ On Air, who in turn, wish to see a satisfactory return for their input. To continue supporting *Frenzy*, NZ On Air must be secure in the knowledge the show has a high profile and a healthy number of viewers.

Ross Cunningham of *Frenzy* says although the earlier time slot is good, the shift to Thursdays is not entirely pleasing. He believes the show would secure more viewers if it screened at 10.30pm on Sundays.

"I was happy with the show screening on Sundays, but it would have been more appropriate if we were put on after the movie and before *Entertainment This Week*. I think content wise and stylistically we are completely opposed to *Entertainment This Week*, and we would have had a better follow-on audience after the movie. A broader section of people would have seen *Frenzy*, and I suspect people who have only a

passing interest in music could be pleasantly surprised."

Geoff Steven, Director of External Productions at TV3, is responsible for the positioning of *Frenzy* within the network's programming schedule.

"We have hours and hours of television programmes that are available for us to screen. What we've got to do is prioritise those programmes and find the most general slot that suits a programme. *Frenzy* is a programme that goes to a niche audience, an audience who basically find it and look it out because they are committed to New Zealand music. Because it's a niche audience it will be further back in the schedule."

Steven was recently interviewed in the *New Zealand Herald* for an article entitled 'NZ shows a priority, says TV3.' The report featured a list of local productions commissioned by TV3, they included *That Comedy Show*, *Skitz* and *Melody Rules*. *Frenzy* wasn't among the list, but Steven denies that it is of less importance to the network.

"I think for us to make and commission a half hour New Zealand music programme that is going into its third season, doesn't show that we don't give it priority. But it goes within the priority of all the other things we do. We're supporting the show, we're playing the show — what else can we do?"

In reality TV3 can do plenty. *Frenzy*, being entirely NZ On Air funded, is presented to the network as a completed package at absolutely no cost to them, but to date they have not screened a single promo for the show since it first went to air 20 months ago.

"We advertise our shows within the priority of what we as a commercial television network decide to go with. *Frenzy* isn't a major priority with us. It costs us no money, yes, but we're prepared to give it a half an hour of airtime. We've got a lot of other programmes we could put on during that half hour, but we have to prioritise our schedule and our promo schedule. We are committed to New Zealand music but it has to fit in with the total spectrum of our business. We do for it what we can."

In conclusion, Steven states that if NZ On Air continue to fund the production of *Frenzy* TV3 will continue to screen it. As stated earlier, continued funding depends on the degree of impact NZ On Air believes the show commands. Therefore *Frenzy* needs a fair time slot and the support of the network on which it screens. In comparison to the hours of air time devoted to sport, which is of no more importance than local music, that's not much to ask.

JOHN RUSSELL



FAITH NO MORE COMPETITION



Buy the new Faith No More Album *King For A Day/Fool For A Lifetime*, and be in to win the chance to be **KING FOR A DAY!** Just attach the proof of purchase sticker (you'll find it on your CD or cassette) to the space provided on the official entry form and send it in!

3 NATIONWIDE PRIZES TO BE WON!

Each winner will receive a night for two in either the Regent Hotel Auckland, the Park Royal Wellington or the Park Royal Christchurch (depending on your closest city), a pair of Dr. Martens shoes of your choice (subject to availability in N.Z.), a pair of Black Flys sunglasses, a 12-month subscription to Rip It Up, a pair of Levis jeans and the full back-catalogue of Faith No More product on CD. **PLUS FAITH NO MORE T-SHIRTS TO BE WON NATIONWIDE**

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone No. () _____

Age: _____

Store where you purchased
King For A Day/Fool For a Lifetime

ATTACH PROOF
OF PURCHASE
STICKER HERE
TO VALIDATE
YOUR ENTRY

Send your entry to
Festival Records,
Faith No More Competition,
PO Box 1170 Auckland.

ripitup

Entries must be received by Thurs, 21st April 1995.
Winners announced in the May issue of *Rip It Up*.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. The competition is open to all residents of New Zealand. 2. You may enter as often as you wish, however you must complete a separate entry form and obtain another proof of purchase sticker to attach. 3. The competition closes April 21st 1995. Winners will be notified immediately. 4. Entries must be sent to Festival Records, Faith No More Competition, PO Box 1170 Auckland. 5. The judges decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. 6. Winners must make their own arrangements to claim their prize from either Auckland, Wellington or Christchurch.

EASTER SHOW TWILIGHT ROCK CONCERTS 6.30PM EACH DAY



WEDNESDAY 12 APRIL

· Joint Force ·
· Urban Disturbance ·
· Dubhead & Tuffy Culture ·

THURSDAY 13 APRIL

· Hallelujah Picassos ·
· Fagan ·

GOOD FRIDAY 14 APRIL

· Hammond Gamble ·
· Hello Sailor ·

EASTER SATURDAY 15 APRIL

· Dead Flowers ·
· 3 The Hard Way ·
· Urban Disturbance ·

EASTER SUNDAY 16 APRIL

· Headless Chickens ·
· Joint Force ·
· Dubhead & Tuffy Culture ·

EASTER MONDAY 17 APRIL

· Emma Paki ·
· Purest Form ·
· 3 The Hard Way ·

The Twilight Rock
Concerts will finish
around 8.30pm...
plenty of time to
catch the rest of the
Easter Show
excitement. Food,
drinks, new Midway
rides, exhibitions,
street theatre,
strongman contest,
animals, arts & crafts
and lots more.

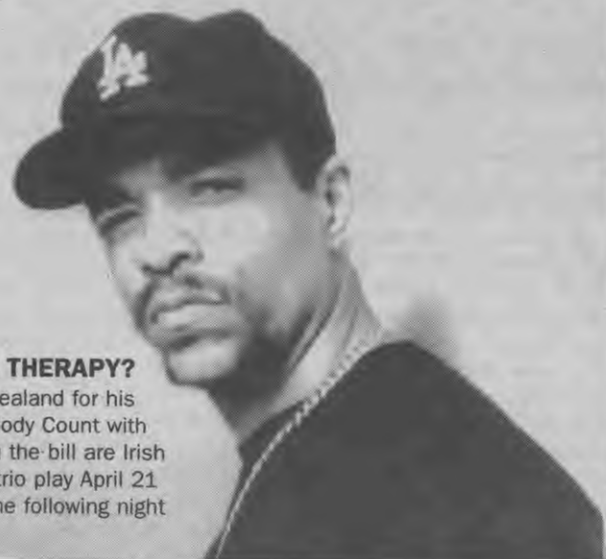
1995
THE ROYAL



AUCKLAND
SHOWGROUNDS
APRIL 12-17

THERE'S MORE TO THE SHOW THAN YOU KNOW

Tours



BODY COUNT & ICE T with THERAPY?

LA rapper Ice T returns to New Zealand for his forth visit, and brings his band Body Count with him for the second time. Also on the bill are Irish noise merchants Therapy?. The trio play April 21 at the Auckland Town Hall and the following night at the Town Hall in Wellington.

SUPERGROOVE, PUMPKINHEAD, FUTURE STUPID

April 6 Hamilton, Wailing Bongo
7 Auckland, Powerstation
(with **Chocoalte Starfish**)
8 Auckland, Powerstation
(with **Chocoalte Starfish**)

THE EASTER SHOW

Auckland Showgrounds, Greenlane
April 12 Urban Disturbance,
Joint Force, Tuffy Culture
13 Hallelujah Picassos, Fagan
14 Hello Sailor, Hammond Gamble
15 Dead Flowers, Three The Hard Way,
Urban Disturbance
16 Headless Chickens,
Joint Force, Tuffy Culture
17 Three The Hard Way, Emma Paki,
Purest Form

THE ROLLING STONES

April 16 & 17 Auck, Western Springs

VIKA & LINDA

April 16 Christchurch, The Edge
17 & 18 Gisborne, Esplanade
19 & 20 Wellington, The Planet
22 Auckland

TONY BENNETT

April 17 Auckland, Aotea Centre

JOHN HAMMOND JNR

April 18 Auckland, Powerstation
19 Christchurch, The Edge

SICK OF IT ALL

April 20 Auckland, Squid
21 Wellington, Antipodes
22 New Plymouth, Nitespot
23 Hamilton, Exchange
24 Auckland, Pod

BODY COUNT, ICE T, THERAPY?

April 21 Auckland, Town Hall
22 Wellington, Town Hall

MICHELLE SHOCKED

April 21 Auckland, Powerstation

WEEN

April 23 Auckland, Powerstation

AL JARREAU

April 27 Christchurch, Town Hall
28 Wellington, Town Hall
29 Auckland, Logan Campbell Centre

SHERYL CROW

April 28 Auckland, Logan Campbell
Centre

THE JESUS & MARY CHAIN

April 30 Auckland, Powerstation
2 Wellington, Town Hall

SPEARHEAD

May 3 Auckland, Powerstation
4 Wellington, Victoria University

DOOBIE BROTHERS & FOREIGNER

May 6 Auckland, Mt Smart Supertop

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

May 17 Auckland, Town Hall

JOSE FELICIANO

May 17 Auckland, Aotea Centre

POINTER SISTERS

June 9 Wellington, Town Hall
10 Auckland, Town Hall

DIONNE WARWICK

August 31 Wellington
Michael Fowler Centre
September 1 Auckland, Town Hall

RUMOURS '95

Sebadoh (May)
They Might Be Giants (May)
Specials (May/June)
Fugazi (June)
The Kinks (June)
Eagles (November)
Faith No More (Nov/Dec)

NIXONS TOUR NATIONWIDE

The new-look Nixons are on tour in April and early May to promote the forthcoming release of their EP *Special Downtime*. The tour kicks off on April 6 in Whangarei and winds up in Whakatane on May 6. See Gig Guide for further details.



FUTURE RECORDINGS

Black Grape, We're Great When We're Straight — Shaun (Happy Mondays) Ryder's new band (BMG).
Scott Walker, Tilt.
Traci Lords, 1000 Fires (Radioactive/BMG)
Amphex Twins, I Care Because You Do.
Laurie Anderson, The Ugly One With the Jewels and Other Stories (Warners) — accompanied readings from her book *Stories From the Nerve Bible*.
King Crimson, Thrak (Virgin).
Julliana Hatfield, Only Everything (Mammoth).
Terence Trent D'Arby, TTD's Vibrator (Sony)
Wilco, A.M. — former Uncle Tupelo co-leader Jeff Tweedy's new band (Warners).
Butthole Surfers, Hole Truth & Nothing Butt (Flying In)
Pavement, Wowee Zowee (Flying In)
Guided By Voices, Alien Lanes (Flying In)
Guided By Voices, Box (Flying In)
Scanner, Spore (Flying In)
Roky Erickson, All That May Do May Rhyme (Flying In)
The Human League, Octopus (Warners).
Boo Radleys, Wake Up.
Fall, Cerebral Caustic.
Marianne Faithfull, A Secret Life.
Pop Will Eat Itself, Two Fingers My Friends.

FUNKY

Michael Jackson, HIStory Book 1 (Epic) — two disc pack, 5 new songs including duet 'Scream' with Janet Jackson).
Dana Dane, Rollin' Wit Dana Dane (Maverick).
Ini Kamoze, Lyrical Gangsta.
Prince Far I & the Arabs, Dub to Africa (Flying In).
Isaac Hayes, Branded (Pointblank/Virgin) — Chuck D raps on remake of 'Hyperbolicitylabicesquedalyimistic' from *Hot Buttered Soul*. Hayes covers Sting's 'Fragile' and Lovin' Spoonful's 'Summer in the City'.
Isaac Hayes, Raw & Defined (Pointblank/Virgin).
Lenny White, Present Tense.
Cypress Hill, Temple of Boom.
Naughty By Nature, Poverty's Paradise.
NPG (New Power Generation), Exodus (Liberation) — 21 songs.
Herbie Hancock, Dis Is A Drum.
2PAC, Me Against the World (Interscope/Atlantic)
Pieces of a Dream, Goodbye Manhattan (Blue Note).
Narada Michael Walden, Sending Love to Everyone.

AOTEAROA

Shihad, Killjoy (Wildside).
Nixons, Special Downtime (Pagan)
Banshee Reel, An Orchestrated Litany of Lies.
Magick Heads, Before We Go Under (Flying Nun).
King Loser, Sonic Super Free Hi-Fi (Flying Nun).
Warners, Bogans' Heroes (Wildside).
The Dead C, The White House (Siltbreeze).

HEAVY

Tad, Infrared Riding Hood.
Clawhammer, Thank The Holder Uppers (Interscope/Warners) — fave band of Epitaph label owner Brett Gurewitz.
Shaw & Blades, Hallucination — Tommy Shaw and Jack Blades formerly of Damn Yankees & Styx.
Def Leppard, Slang.
The Mother Hips, Back to the Grotto (American).
Skid Row, Subhuman Race (Atlantic).
Collective Soul, Collective Soul (Atlantic)

ROOTS

Steve Earle, Train A Comin' (Winter Harvest) — includes 'Rivers of Babylon', Town Van Zandt's 'Tecumseh Valley' and Beatles' 'I'm Looking Through You'.
John Prine, Lost Dogs & Mixed Blessings (Oh Boy).
Nick Lowe, The Impossible Bird (Upstart).
Carlene Carter, Little Acts of Treason (Giant).
Tony Joe White, Lake Placid Blues.
Frances Black, Talk to Me (Celtic Heartbeat).
Bodeans, Lowdown (Slash).
Clannad, Clannad Themes (Celtic Heartbeat) — recordings for film and TV since 1982.
Guy Clark, Dublin Blues.
The Rembrandts, LP.
Linda Ronstadt, Feels Like Home (Elektra) — covers Petty's 'The Waiting' and Young's 'After the Goldrush'.
David Sanborn, Pearls (Elektra).
Steve Forbert, Mission of the Crossroad Palms (Giant).
Kronos Quartet, Performs Philip Glass (Nonesuch/Elektra)

REISSUES

Enya, The Celts (Reprise) — reissue of 1986 debut.
Miles Davis, The Complete Live at the Plugged Nickel 1965 (Columbia) — eight CD boxed set with 30 minutes of previously unheard material.
Jimmy Reed, Classic Recordings (Tomato/Rhino)
Chuck Jackson, Best Of (Tomato/Rhino)
Beach Boys, Smile Era (Capitol) — 3-CD set.
Eric Burdon & War, Best Of (Avenue/Rhino).
David Johansen, From Pumps to Pompadours (Rhino).
The Complete Stax / Volt Soul Singles 1972-1975 Vol.3 (Stax/Fantasy) — 215 more tracks from the Memphis soul label.
Meters, Funkify Your Life: Anthology (Rhino) — 2-CD set.
Robyn Hitchcock, Invisible Hitchcock, Eye, You & Oblivion (Rhino).

MOVIE SOUNDTRACKS

Tank Girl (Elektra) — Devo revive their 'Girl U Want' while Joan Jett and Paul Westerburg duet on a Cole Porter song. Courtney Love is credited as executive music co-ordinator and Scott Weiland is vocalist for the soundtrack's *Magnificent Bastards*.
Streetfighter (Priority/Virgin)
Friday (Priority/Virgin)
New Jersey Drive (Tommy Boy/Festival)

TRIBUTE ALBUMS

Encomium: A Tribute to Led Zeppelin Atlantic — artists are *Blind Melon* Out on the Tiles, *Sheryl Crow* D'yer Maker, *Stone Temple Pilots* Dancing Days, *Rollins Band* Four Sticks, *Helmet* with David Yow of *Jesus Lizard* Custard Pie, *Duran Duran* Thank You, *4 Non Blondes* Misty Mountain Hop, *Plant & Tori Amos* Down by the Seaside, etc.

Former NWA rapper **Eazy E** (Eric Wright) died of AIDS in Los Angeles on March 27. Wright denied using intravenous drugs or engaging in homosexual activity, but said he had led a life of "fancy cars, gorgeous women and good livin" ... **REM** drummer Bill Berry is still recovering in Switzerland after surgery for a cerebral haemorrhage. It is estimated he will need between three months and a year to make a full recovery ... **Smashing Pumpkins** are recording a new double album in Chicago for release later in the year ... UK music papers *NME* and *Melody Maker* both reviewed gigs during, **Faith No More's** English dates but both failed to mention **Shihad**. However English metal mag *Kerrang!*, when reviewing the band's second album *Killjoy*, said it was a 'memorable head-fuck from the kiwi krunchers' ... it's rumoured that **Neil Young** and **Pearl Jam** have recorded 10 songs together. Both artists have denied earlier speculation they will tour together ... **Michael Jackson** will release the double album *HIStory-Book1* in May. Disc one will be a greatest hits package and disc two features brand new material. The album also features a duet with **Janet Jackson** ... Flying Nun will release **Bailterspace's** fifth album *Wammo* early May. A single, 'Splat', will be out next month ... **Melvin Franklin** (1942-1995), an original member of Motown vocal group the **Temptations**, died in LA on February 23 of heart failure, age 52. He was still a member of the vocal group but had not been well enough to perform since July 1994 ... **Bob Stinson**, former guitarist with the **Replacements**, was found dead on February 18 at his Minneapolis apartment. Whether his death was an accidental drug overdose or suicide is still unclear ... Jamaican singer **Delroy Wilson** (1948-1995) died on March 6 after a long fight with alcoholism ... the **Clash** have been offered a million pound fee to reform for this year's **Lollapalooza** Festival ... **Motley Crue** drummer **Tommy Lee** married *Baywatch* star **Pamela Anderson** in Mexico last month ... **SML**, the collaboration between members of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

“★★★★★” WE WISH!

"I LAUGHED TILL I STOPPED!"

-Sonya Smithya, SNEAKY PREVIEWS

GET DUMB

"PROVOCATIVE, COMPELLING, AND OTHER BIG WORDS!"

-M.T. Head, READER'S INDIGESTION

"WITHOUT A DOUBT, THE MOST INTELLIGENT, INSIGHTFUL, ENLIGHTENING MOTION PICTURE EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME!"

-ALLRIGHT, SO WE MADE THIS ONE UP

"A MOVIE FILLED WITH ACTORS, SCENERY AND TALKING!"

-Sparky Lomdale, NEWSWEAK

JEFF DANIELS
JIM CARREY
DUMB AND DUMBER

PG
CONTAINS
VIOLENCE

WE WISH WE GOT

25 ACADEMY AWARDS

BUT WE DIDN'T

OPENS 14th APRIL AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU

VOX POP WHO WRITES THE SONGS?

There are a lot of them about — great New Zealand songs that is — and it would be totally unreasonable to expect somebody to single out their ultimate favourite. But we had a big gun lying around the office, so we put it to a few people's heads and popped the question: 'Name your all-time favourite New Zealand song and tell us why you like it.'



"'If I Were You' by the Straitjacket Fits, because I like the angle from which he's writing it, and it's still got the shiver-down-the-spine factor even now."

Also, Blam Blam Blam's 'Don't Fight It Marsha (It's Bigger Than Both Of Us)'. I like it for lots of reasons, but the main one is the line: 'Well I want you to be happy, but I would rather you were here with me.'"

Fiona McDonald.



"'Nature' by the Formyula. I don't think any other country could have got away with that being in the charts."

Martin Phillips.

"'Boogie in the Mud' by Six Volts. [It's] just a damn groovy tune really."

William Hickman, Fat Mannequin.



"'Do The Headless Chicken' by the Headless Chickens. I was too young to see the song live, but it must have been something else. Now they don't do it no more. 'All together now, fingers clickin'.'"

Jo Fisher, Supergroove.

"'Anything Could Happen' by The Clean. Why? Because I like it!"

Sir Doug Hood, Promoter.

"My all-time favourite New Zealand song



changes from week to week, depending on whether the Australian record company is being patronising and obstructive, or the anti-depressants are kicking in."

"Currently, it's 'Lucky In My Dreams' by the Verlaines, because it's so vast and hopeful — but sometimes it's 'Certain Sound' by the Swingers, which was one of the things that made me first want to be in a band, or 'Cactus Cat' by Look Blue Go Purple, which was one of the things that made me want to get back in a band when I wasn't in one."

Don McGlashan, the Muttonbirds.

"'She Speeds', because it's just a fuckin' good song."

Brent Milligan, Pumpkinhead.

"'She Speeds' by the Straitjacket Fits. It was a really fresh song when it came out, and a song that will remain timeless. It really invented a New Zealand style and flavour."

Bryan Bell, Dead Flowers.



"'True Love' by the Scavengers. That song has such a great attitude and is an excellent tongue in cheek look at teenage love. And 'Loyal' by Dave Dobbyn is a really emotive, quite moving song. Dobbyn is a master craftsman."

Graham Brazier, Hello Sailor.

Slave: 'Aotearoa' by Herbs; DLT: 'Stoned Guitar' by the Human Instinct; Otis: 'Nightmare Man' by Joint Force.

Joint Force.

"An almost impossible task. There are so many good songs that have come out of New Zealand that to limit the list to one is like sharing a plate of chips with a rugby team. I have to admit though, when I get a little homesick, the song I always hum to



myself is 'Ten Guitars'. I'm not too sure who wrote it, but I know all the words and the chords are easy. There are a few people that worked on my album who would probably kill if they heard it again, which goes to show how many times I've hummed it."

Jan Hellreigal.

"I always seem to be able to relate to my own songs."

Greg Johnson.

"'Blue Smoke', Ruru Karaitiana. I love the fact this song was so famous in its day no one believed it was written by a New Zealander, and a shearer at that. 'Blue Smoke' has a perfect pop simplicity and a poignant melody never more beautifully sung than by Pixie Williams in the 1940s. "'Tears', the Crocodiles. One of those fabulous moments when a great song perfectly captures a singer at her best. Excellent fruity backing vocals and an inspiration to me as a young Gisborne girl. "'In The Neighbourhood', Sisters Underground. The best example of urban Polynesian soul ever. So effortless, so charming, so melodic, so cool. Utterly indigenous, but existing happily within an international context — something to aspire to."

Jackie Clarke.



"'Whaling' by Dave Dobbyn. It's got that popular thing. People, audiences, you know, they love it — they can sing along with all the words, and it's also great musically and lyrically and emotionally, and it's character is distinctively New Zealand without naming any place names or making any of those fashionable kiwiana references. Do you still like singing it Dave?"

Janet Roddick, the Brainchilds.

"'Saturday Night Stay At Home' by the

Suburban Reptiles. I was at a Catholic school in New Plymouth when punk rock arrived on these shores, hence I never heard of it till a couple of years later when I made it to the big smoke... Hamilton. The Sex Pistols records the punks played in the music room interested me, but it wasn't until I heard 'Saturday Night Stay At Home' on Radio Contact that I realised kiwi music was more than Dean Waratene and Jon Stevens. Life just hasn't been the same since."

Mike Houlahan, Evening Post reporter and New Zealand Music Awards judge.

"'Baby It's You' covered by Blackjack. Paul Martin's an old mate of mine. Hi Paul!"

Bill Kerton, 95 bFM Programme Director.

"'Taumaranui'. As a kid that was a song you always remembered on the radio. It's a real parochial sound. I immediately thought of 'Nature', by the Formyula, because I thought that was the first serious pop song we had. And any Split Enz."

Michelle Scullion, soundscape composer.



"'She Speeds' or 'Dial A Prayer' from the Straitjacket Fits' *Life In One Chord* EP. Both are orchestral, sweeping and grand. When you listen to them they

sound like the last two songs in the world."

Josh Hetherington, Thorazine Shuffle.

"'Hey Julie (Don't You Be Like That)' Otis Mace and the Psycho Pet Healers and 'Out In The Cold', Prince Tui Teka. Both equally as sick, er... compelling."

Karyn Hay, Maxwell Film and Television.

"'Block' by JPSE because I know some of the words and only have to warble 'waaay... ol' block' if I don't know the words to that bit. It's just this beautiful, haunting, syrupy little song that makes my neck hairs go all a-quiver every time I hear it. My plants like it too."

Yvonne Dudman, Festival Records.

FROM PAGE 7

Wellington bands **Shihad** and **Head Like A Hole**, has spawned a single entitled 'Mixdown', due for release in June ... the **Warners** label, who have lost several key execs lately, are expected to boost industry confidence by announcing their signing of **Neil Young** for five more albums ... **Blur** have recorded 'To The End', from *Parklife*, with French singer **Francoise Hardy** writing her own lyrics in French ... **Nirvana** drummer **Dave Grohl** is mixing the debut album by his new band **Foo Fighters** ... **Bono** and **Edge** join fellow Irishman **Christy Moore** on his single 'North and South of the River' ... hip-hop label **Tommy Boy** will market their own casual sportswear ... **Juliana Hatfield** suffered a breakdown during the recording of her new album *Only Everything* ... ex-**Suede** guitarist **Bernard Butler** will release two singles recorded with **David Almont** under the name **Yes**, on Virgin's Hut label. We're told it's "very Tamla Motown". Meanwhile, **Suede** are touring Japan and Thailand ... for his new album *TTD's Vibrator*, **Terence**

Trent D'Arby has cut his hair short and bleached it blond ... **Nina Simone**, who has been vocal about her lack royalties from sales of her old recordings, has won ownership of 52 tracks in a San Francisco court. With increasing industry pressure in the USA for old unfair contracts to be overturned, **Sony** and **Rhino** have joined labels **Atlantic**, **EMI** and **MCA**, who have already given older artists a fairer deal ... music writer **David Ritz** has co-written an autobiography with **Etta James**, *Race to Survive* (Random House, May), and Ritz is now writing an **Aretha Franklin** autobiography ... **James Brown** has had the domestic violence charge dropped at the request of his wife Adrienne. He filed for divorce soon after the incident ... former **Shelter** and **Mango** label founder **Denny Cordell** died on February 18 at the age of 51. Cordell produced albums for such bands as the Moody Blues, Move and Procul Harem, and as an A&R genius Cordell signed acts from T Rex and Joe Cocker to Tom Petty, the Gap Band and, most recently, the Cranberries.

WHAT THE

f

IS FUDGE?

TWO
CAPTAINS

ONE
DESTINY

PG CONTAINS VIOLENCE

STAR TREK GENERATIONS

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A RICK BERMAN PRODUCTION STAR TREK GENERATIONS PATRICK STEWART JOHNATHAN FRANKS BRENT SPINER LEVAR BURTON
MICHAEL DORN GATES McFADDEN MARINA SIRTIS MALCOLM McDOWELL JAMES DOOHAN WALTER KOENIG AND WILLIAM SHATNER AS CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK
MUSIC BY DENNIS Mc CARTHY COSTUME DESIGNER ROBERT BLACKMAN EDITED BY PETER E. BERGERACE PRODUCTION DESIGNER HERMAN ZIMMERMAN DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JOHN A. ALONZO, A.S.C. EXECUTIVE PRODUCER BERNIE WILLIAMS
BASED UPON STAR TREK CREATED BY GENE RODDENBERRY STORY BY RICK BERMAN & RONALD D. MOORE & BRANNON BRAGA SCREENPLAY BY RONALD D. MOORE & BRANNON BRAGA PRODUCED BY RICK BERMAN

UNITED
INTERNATIONAL
PICTURES

SPECIAL VISUAL EFFECTS BY
INDUSTRIAL LIGHT & MAGIC

DD
DOLBY DIGITAL
SDDS

READ THE
POCKET BOOK

SHOUT! FACTORY
ALBUM AVAILABLE ON CD
CASSETTE RECORDS & CASSETTES

DIRECTED BY
DAVID CARSON

STAR TREK IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF PARAMOUNT PICTURES
TM & COPYRIGHT © 1994 BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

PARAMOUNT

OPENING AT CINEMAS GALAXY WIDE. APRIL 28th.

REMEMBERING COURTNEY

Re: Courtney's Love Hole.

Flipping through last month's *Big Day* to forget about issue, on a dare, I couldn't help catching an eye-full of undie in the colour pages. All those bands, two sheets of paper enabling us to see what a wild, wiggly and dopey time you all had in colour, and you fill it up with Courtney's dumb ass.

Granted, it was the only hole on stage at the time capable of making an interesting sound, as well as probably being able to claim it's had more rock stars in it than Rick Rubin's studio, but come on. Who gives a dog's wrinkled dingle, outside of floppy little schoolboy rock types (who will learn why it is important to have your own box of tissues in your room) and floppy little schoolgirl rock types (who will learn how to best greet the floppy little schoolboy rock types, when they finally come out of their rooms).

I realise these people are currently your main body of readership, but aren't you becoming a little too childish?

Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe you were probing a very poignant hypothesis — that being: if it were not for this hole, giving itself willingly to He Who Ruined The Carpet In The Room Above The Garage, the rest of the Holes would be counting the holes in corks for a living, instead of posing as the worthwhile contribution to music they most certainly are not.

If this is the case — a fine example of journalism. Clap, clap, clap. I apologise.

Yours,

JA Greig, Christchurch.

Remembering Kurt

He's dead. And none of us were there to stop him blowing his brains out all over the floor and the walls because we just weren't. The fact is that Kurt Cobain is just really, really dead. So why do some of us still sit around, get all morose, and play guessing games as to why the fuck he did it? There's nothing to understand. This annual visitation to his day of oblivion should not be met with silence and dismay and hunger. We should accept the death of Cobain and Nirvana and be happy about it. Rejoice it. Celebrate death because from it comes life. No one should wish his soul and body back because it just didn't want to be here any more. Let me ask you one question... if you wanted to die, would you let anyone stop you?

A Man Who Loves Rock 'N' Roll and Nirvana, Auckland.

Not So Nice Boy

I enjoy your magazine each month, but it really pisses me off each time *RiptUp* publishes a fashion spread/ad which features models smoking (see *Nice Boy*, Issue 211, March).

We all know the tragic effects of years of carefully crafted, tobacco sponsored media campaigns, which have linked smoking to desirable lifestyles. With the Smokefree Environments Act 1990 now preventing much of this bullshit, I'm sure the tobacco industry will be congratulating *RiptUp* for continuing to perpetuate for them these out dated and discredited images.



Letters

Not wanting to be accused (in what I suspect will be your predictable reply) of being a wowser, a health Nazi, do-gooder, wanker etc. I won't add any statistics about the effects of smoking (we all know them). But get real *RiptUp* — we know smoking kills. We also know young people (ie. many of your readers) continue to start smoking in record numbers, and are often influenced by the images they get from esteemed mags like yours.

RiptUp can choose to continue to deny any responsibility for taking a stand on social or

health issues affecting the young people of this country. However, I would like to know why, despite the years of statistics and information to the contrary, *RiptUp* continues to publish images which link smoking with being cool.

Michael Blewden, Auckland.

PS: It is somewhat ironic that the current example of 'smoking is cool' features in a fashion spread titled *Nice Boy*. In fact, many young people begin smoking because they see it as a symbol of being 'bad', of being anti-authority, of being a rebel.

Shirley Charles replies: Congratulations on picking up on the 'irony' displayed in the *Nice Boy* fashion spread.

The fashion spread *Nice Boy* didn't say anywhere on it that 'smoking is cool'. Our 'nice boy', Mike, happens to smoke. He chose to all by himself. He knows he may get a nasty disease by smoking cigarettes. He also knows he could die in a car crash or be trampled by a mad bull. He knows all these things, but he made the choice to smoke because he enjoys it, and because he has something of his own. It's in his head... it's called a brain. Everyone has one, this allows them to make their own decisions. Neat eh!

Nowhere in the magazine do we ever say: 'Look, this person is smoking, it looks so cool. If you don't already smoke, please start now.'

Geddit?

Child(ish) Psychology

Regarding your last issue:

Hey look, you really shouldn't let Shirley Charles write stuff. Maybe she could sit in a corner and play with blocks or something.

Dr Quesineer, Auckland.

'I Like' NZ Music

First off — I truly believe our band is totally dedicated, hardworking and honest in representing music in what we feel really matters, if not just to ourselves. Secondly — music's no more a game to us, than a 747 pilot flying his aircraft full of passengers. It's a passion we thoroughly enjoy.

It's unfortunate Rob Mayes is so blind or naive to think that we have sold out. If selling out means shifting to a label that can distribute and promote our art to a far more extensive audience, well shit, I guess every band in the entire history of music has sold out. I'm almost certain Rob would want this of his own bands. We fully appreciate that *Failsafe* kick started us with our first release, an opportunity we will never forget. However, I'm also sorry that Rob has problems with artists leaving his label opting for bigger and better opportunities, instead of just supporting Christchurch music/New Zealand music, whatever shape or size, like or hate, to move forward.

Cellphones, promotion and whatever are simply tools to make managerial duties and busy scheduled tours somewhat easier. Brent (vocals) handles all of these duties, which requires a lot of time and effort. If it makes the job easier, so be it.

One of these days people will wake up and smell the coffee and realise we are all paddling in the same boat, striving to get New Zealand music out to the world — Shihad are a good example. Hence the tall poppy syndrome that fucks up so many aspiring bands.

My final words are good luck to *Failsafe* and all recording institutions in New Zealand. Let's support and promote our music and show the world what we've got to offer from this beautiful country.

Yours sincerely,

Jason Peters (Pumpkinhead), Christchurch.

WE WANT YOUR SCALP



BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE Teremoana Rapley

The New Single Out Now



Jesus Christchurch

Hey, Rob Mayes. Change the fucking the record will you? For someone who goes on (and on and on and on) about being ignored by *Rip It Up*, it seems we can't open the magazine without yet another half page of you reciting your tired mantras ("blah blah South of the Bombay Hills", "blah blah national apathy", "blah blah The Hype Machine blah blah blah").

"*Rip It Up* is attached to the commercial market." Gee, no shit? Thanks for your vigilance, Rob. Wake up and smell the 90s — music is a business. It becomes one the second you step out of your bedroom with your guitar; certainly by the time you charge \$5.00 at the door for a gig; most certainly when you go into a recording studio ("to create serious music") that charges you \$100 an hour (or \$50 or \$25). Why should working for a living to support your music on the side be OK, but trying to make a living *out of* your music be something unethical?

You're down on people for trying to make records (and maybe a living — but I doubt they're sleeping on piles of \$100 notes at night), then say you're "denied an income" while you're "providing New Zealand with a service by documenting their musical history"! Denied by who? The Hype Machine? The Man? The Major Labels? Maybe they should all be levied a few cents on every "commercial" album they sell, and that could go to pay you a wage to continue your good work.

"Selling out", "playing the rock 'n' roll game", "budgets and labels and cellphones..." you level these terms of abuse at Pumpkinhead (What? Albums shouldn't have a budget?) for signing to Wildside, but Love's Ugly Children are just "getting their music out to people" by signing to Flying Nun. What's the difference? Neither of these are hardly majors anyway.

It's not about Christchurch versus Auckland. It's not about Majors versus Indies. It's not even about New Zealand versus the Rest of the World. It's just about people doing their thing. For virtually all local bands and labels that's just surviving; no one's making millions of dollars (hell, thousands even) so fuck off about "selling out" (it's a completely meaningless phrase). As for cellphones — sheesh, my Grandad's got one — get used to them okay? As for "The Hype Machine"? Please! Auckland promotion is The Hype Machine whereas you send out "information" on your bands... um, what's the difference?

Music is a business and, sure, a game. If you want to put out records, you are *part of the same game* — so don't flop down on the pitch and grizzle when the big kids play by the *established rules of the game*.

Keep putting out records Rob. Good on you. Just shut up about all the other shit will you?

And hey, no reply is required. *Please*.

Max Cady, Auckland.

The Kids Are All Right

Grant McDonagh: I can't think of any Christchurch musicians at all that live in Fendalton, are snorting money up their noses, living in the lap of luxury and oppressing the masses with pop music. Take your working class hero fantasy and shove it up your passage. People spend years paying off good amps because they sound good, not because they cost more. Fuck your deluded stereotyping man. You are 45 years old, go stir some shit in your own peer group, where you might be relevant. Fuck off and leave the kids alone.

A Linwood Musician, Chch.

You're Not The One For Me Fatty

Hey Fat Mannequin,

Yeah, you Willie 'redneck' Hickman. For fucks sake, would you please quit the pathetic attempts at impersonating Eddie Vedder. While you're at it get a new act. The rehearsed head banging is too much for a person to stomach. I realise you're going through a major identity crisis and that the band is plagued with anorexia, but if you give up the try-hard accent, along with the transparent act, you'll be fine. By the way, gain some weight and live up to your name.

PS: Your music goes off, unfortunately you don't.

Lots of love,
Floyd, Waikato.

Is Pop Cool?

I usually take all contributors' comments in your magazine with a pinch of salt, but [Grant McDonagh, interviewed in last month's Christchurch scene report, *Rockin' in the City That Shines*, almost] stated in your March issue that pop music was oppressive, unstimulating and that it stopped people thinking.

Well, imagine a world where only black/death metal or industrial music was played or received airplay. Gee, what a happy, communicative, uplifting environment we would live in! Imagine Western Civilisation without Buddy Holly, the

Beatles, the Stones or the Velvet Underground.

Youth rebellion has been encouraged and endorsed in society through the marketing of pop and rock music, creating the generation gap. Pop music's role in giving sexist, racist, classist, homophobic attitudes a kick in the pants can never be overemphasised.

Besides, a life without ABBA, Duran Duran, Michael Jackson, Madonna, Kylie Minogue or disco would be cool and 'credible', but also very, very, very unsexy and dull — a bit like that person's opinions.

Yours melodically,

Thoughtful, Stimulated Pop Fan.

PS: Music critique should not be used as a platform for political rhetoric.

Cure For Bad Attitude

Dear Grant McDonagh and all you others who know fuck all about Christchurch,

It's my humble duty to tell truths on one or more matters where large amounts of misinformation exists.

Firstly, most of the 'sold out' bands that dare to release CDs or play to crowds of 30 or more people, or worst of all, play through good amplifiers, live in central/east Christchurch.

Secondly the good gear is, or was, paid for by years of living in scum holes with little furniture or food, and not by Daddy in Fendalton

Thirdly, I personally have never seen any excess cash going up anyone's nose in Christchurch ever. The only things that do get up peoples noses are misinformation and destructive attitudes.

Finally, it is not coolness and credibility that leads to fear of record sales, high crowd numbers, good gear, promotion of own gigs/recording or (whip me dead for even thinking this) some cash in hand at the end of a gig (it happens sometimes, I saw it once!!). These fears come from boring self destructive stagnant thought patterns. Suicide is a far more honest and considerate expression of these valves than inflicting then onto others — but each to their own.

Have a really nice day.

Chris (the roadie from hell) and Annabel Pugwash, Chch.

Come Together

Of the three commentators Robyn Pett interviewed for her Christchurch report (*RIU March*), I found Simon McLaren's comments to be the most positive, and I'd like to hope the majority of people in the Christchurch music scene share his views.

Grant McDonagh needs to get his head out of his bum — the Christchurch music scene as a class system? Puh-leeaase!?! The majority of musicians who played *Avalanche/Good Things*, whatever, are on the bones of their arses like the rest of us. Any 'flash amplifiers' were either borrowed from the likes of the Rock Shop, or are being paid off on drip feed. I don't know of any original bands in Christchurch who are earning a living from their music, but if there are any, good luck to them — the notion of suffering for your art is an antiquated cliché, which should have been tossed away years ago.

A salute to Rob Mayes and what he's been doing with Failsafe over the years, but let's face it, Failsafe is never going to be any more than a small in-city label without more aggressive marketing. That's too much for one person to handle and any bands doing stuff with Failsafe need to get off their bums themselves, rather than stretching Rob's patience and resources to the limit. However, there are two sides to every story and maybe Rob needs to take a good look at his motives too.

I've been involved with Christchurch music since the late 70s/early 80s, and we have a huge pool of talent in all avenues of music in this city, but it seems so bloody disjointed at the moment. I don't see much hope for the scene here until all the dissing and back stabbing stops, and people make a conscious effort to support one another. John Greenfield's funeral and wake made me realise what an incredibly small and fragile community we are and that we've gotta learn to work together, not against each other. We have to remember that all music (from the most banal pop to the wildest shit imaginable) is valid and serves a purpose, which is to make people *feel*, rather than rationalise and that enjoyment of music (as with any art) is dependant on personal taste, nothing more.

Thanks for the article Robyn. Hopefully it will inspire a bit of debate/discussion in the local music community.

Kristy, Christchurch.

Write to RipItUp Letters, PO Box 5689
Auckland 1 or Fax us on (09) 376 1558

The JESUS. & MARY CHAIN LIVE.

AUCKLAND POWERSTATION SUNDAY APRIL 30

BOOK AT BASS, TRUETONE, SOUNDS, REAL GROOVY,
CORNER RECORDS • PHONE & CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS
(09) 307 5000 (TRANSACTION FEE MAY APPLY)

WELLINGTON TOWN HALL TUESDAY MAY 2

BOOK AT MFC • PHONE & CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS
(04) 801 4263 (TRANSACTION FEE MAY APPLY)

95  FM ACTIVE
89FM

THE ALBUM
STONED AND
DETHRONED
OUT NOW





The Indigo Girls: Equal Partners In A Mystery

Indigo Girls Amy Ray and Emily Saliers once tried to write a song together and it was horrible.

"We ripped off a lot of Bob Dylan lines and stuck a chorus on it," laughs Emily. "It was really bad. Emotionally, we just couldn't grasp it. It was just... fluffy."

The Georgia duo, who gave their only New Zealand concert in Auckland at the end of February, are distinctly different on stage. Yet they are also extraordinarily complementary. As close friends since the ages of nine and 10 (by which time both had begun to write songs), and performers who are almost joined at the hip in the way they get it done, the question of how they write together has to be asked. But they can't.

"Our personalities are so different. We use different words and different chords. And we write too differently. Amy is stream of consciousness and doesn't censor herself at all. And she writes at night. She's much more in touch with her anger and getting that out. I can't really get to an aggressive dark place like she can. My writing, which I do during the day, is more narrative, more specific. I can't imagine ever writing with anyone. You come up with a line that comes right from the heart, and the other one goes... naaaahhhhh."

So you don't reject each other's songs?

"Once, a few years ago, Amy brought me a song she had written about Squeaky Fromm and I couldn't relate to her perspective on it. That's the only one. Now I wouldn't mind. I'd be willing to learn it. It's a great song. We don't actually critique each other very much. Amy was a bit worried when I wrote 'it's only life after all', in 'Closer To Fine', but she came around to it. We always make sure we understand each other's songs."

Emily lays herself pretty bare in her lyrics, carefully taking apart each breakdown or personal failing...

"There are certain lines I wouldn't cross, but I don't mind talking about myself, my faults. I don't know what people are saying. I just don't think about it."

Amy hauls some pretty heavy emotional carnage along too. One of the remarkable things about the Indigo Girls is they can sound so uplifting and inspirational; yet, in their lyrics, their lives are often hurtling down the toilet, with the prince of darkness banging on the door, wanting to close the lid.

"Yeah, it's a funny thing isn't it? So much of life involves struggle. I do think there is a lot of beauty in sadness. We're all so complicated, it's all about balancing joy and pain. But I think both Amy and I are vibrantly alive, we have great hope for humanity. Plus, we have such a great time playing."

Amy and Emily come from a part of America where fervent religious behaviour is almost ingrained. Amy's frenzied shrieking on the now-never-performed 'All Along The Watchtower', and her similarly scary vocal antics on Neil Young's 'Cortez The Killer' near the end of their Auckland encore, suggest the stuff that haunts Jerry Lee Lewis haunts her as well.

"Amy and I were actually both raised as Methodists, but that Southern American black gospel thing, the speaking in tongues, it's all rooted there, sure. Amy majored in religion and my father is a minister. I still hold to most of the beliefs I grew up with, where Amy is more native American, spiritually. We're both very spiritual."

In 1993 the duo performed in an Atlanta production of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Perhaps fittingly, in view of the adoration the Indigo Girls seem to attract, Amy, in a gender balanced cast, played Jesus. Emily was Mary. It has since become the biggest seller on Amy's own label.

Some interesting people have sung and played on Indigo Girls albums. REM not only turned up on their eponymous second release (the classic that won the Grammy), but the punters got a big sticker telling them that on the cover.

"Amy met Michael in a bar in Athens and invited him to come and hear us. We finished up hanging out a lot together and they came and sang on our album. Michael is lovely. But I haven't seen him in a while."

REM took the Indigos off on tour — into the big hockey stadiums.

"Yeah, that was amazing. Madison Square Garden and Amy and I with our two guitars, like tiny ants on the stage."

David Crosby sang backup on 'Galileo', the hit that should have been off *Rites Of Passage*. So, was the Croc carted into the studio in a wheelbarrow, revived with a bucket of ice-cold water, and gaffa-taped to the mic stand? Huh Emily? Is it time now for some hard goss?

Emily isn't having any of it (and this from some-

one who writes songs about women doing cocaine in her bathroom).

"David is such a good singer, such a great harmoniser. We were pretty good friends and he always said he wanted to sing on an Indigo Girls record. So, I called him up. I grew up with Crosby, Stills and Nash, so it was pretty special for me to have him singing with us. He actually recorded my song 'Fare Thee Well', but it didn't come out."

Okay, the Roches?

"I've been listening to them since I was a baby-sitter, aged 13. Their harmonies are as good and their lyrics are so wacky, so original. To me, they were the pioneers of women with guitars."

Emily says the first record she ever bought was 'I Want You Back' by the Jackson Five. From that she went on to all the Jackson Five records, and then on to a multitude of singer-songwriters. Amy admits to Elton John's *Don't Shoot Me I'm Only The Piano Player* as her first, followed by a lot more Elton John, a heap of her sister's records ("Grace Slick and some psychedelic stuff") and then a total embracing of post-punk. She is a big Replacements fan and, as you see on stage, she is as much a rock 'n' roller as Emily is a folkie.

So what's the duo role model here? The Everly Brothers? Gram Parsons and Emmylou Harris? (They did a killer version of 'Wild Horses' at the sound-check).

"Well, we have been given the Everly Brothers one."

So you beat each other up off stage?

"No, not at all. We're like sisters, real close. But in terms of sensibilities, and I'm not talking about talent here, don't get me wrong, it's most like Neil Young and Joni Mitchell. Neil's got the rock 'n' roll and the yelling and Joni does the intellectual narrative thing. It's kinda like that."

The Indigo Girls are one of those bands who beg you to write to them on the back of their albums. Like the Chills — Martin Phillipps tells this touching story of actually entering into serious counselling with some of his more troubled correspondents. Then when Slash went cold on the Chills, they went cold on his mail as well, and nothing was sent on.

"I was still in the middle of therapy with some of these people," wailed Martin over dinner one night.

Given that yer average Indigo Girls lyric cuts a

bigger piece from the heart than yer average anyone else's, they must get some pretty damn interesting letters.

"Oh yes, we certainly get that," says Emily. "I don't read them all 'cause we just get too many now, but I read some, and there are some weird ones — real intense."

Amy's song 'Blood and Fire' is about as powerful a love song as you'd want.

"I remember when she brought me that one, she was a little insecure about it. She played it to me and I thought: 'Oh my god this is a great song. You need to keep this one.' It is a very clear memory. People love that song. It's so powerful and real."

Emily has two interesting ones about rock stars — 'Left Me A Fool' and 'Fare Thee Well'. So who's the rock star then?

"Neither were about real relationships. They were just created."

Oh, Amy now. She certainly had a piece of Nashville on the *Rites Of Passage* album ("Nashville... I fell on my knees to kiss your land / But you are so far down I can't even see to stand / Nashville you forgot the human race"). But the Indigo Girls then went to Nashville to make their next album, *Swamp Ophelia*.

"Amy had a year at college there and she had a very hard time. She found it very racist and couldn't get any musical breaks. But we enjoyed working there. It's as interesting as Las Vegas from an Americana point of view."

Swamp Ophelia is the biggest seller of the duo's five albums, at just over 800,000. Each album has outsold the one preceding it. The Indigo Girls are clearly poised for The Big Push towards mega-stardom, but they are taking a break. They'll tour until June and then have some time off before putting together a live release. Then a bigger lay-off to recharge the creative batteries ("when you start you've got a billion songs from your past and the list keeps getting smaller and smaller as the time to write disappears") before the next studio album, a good two years distant.

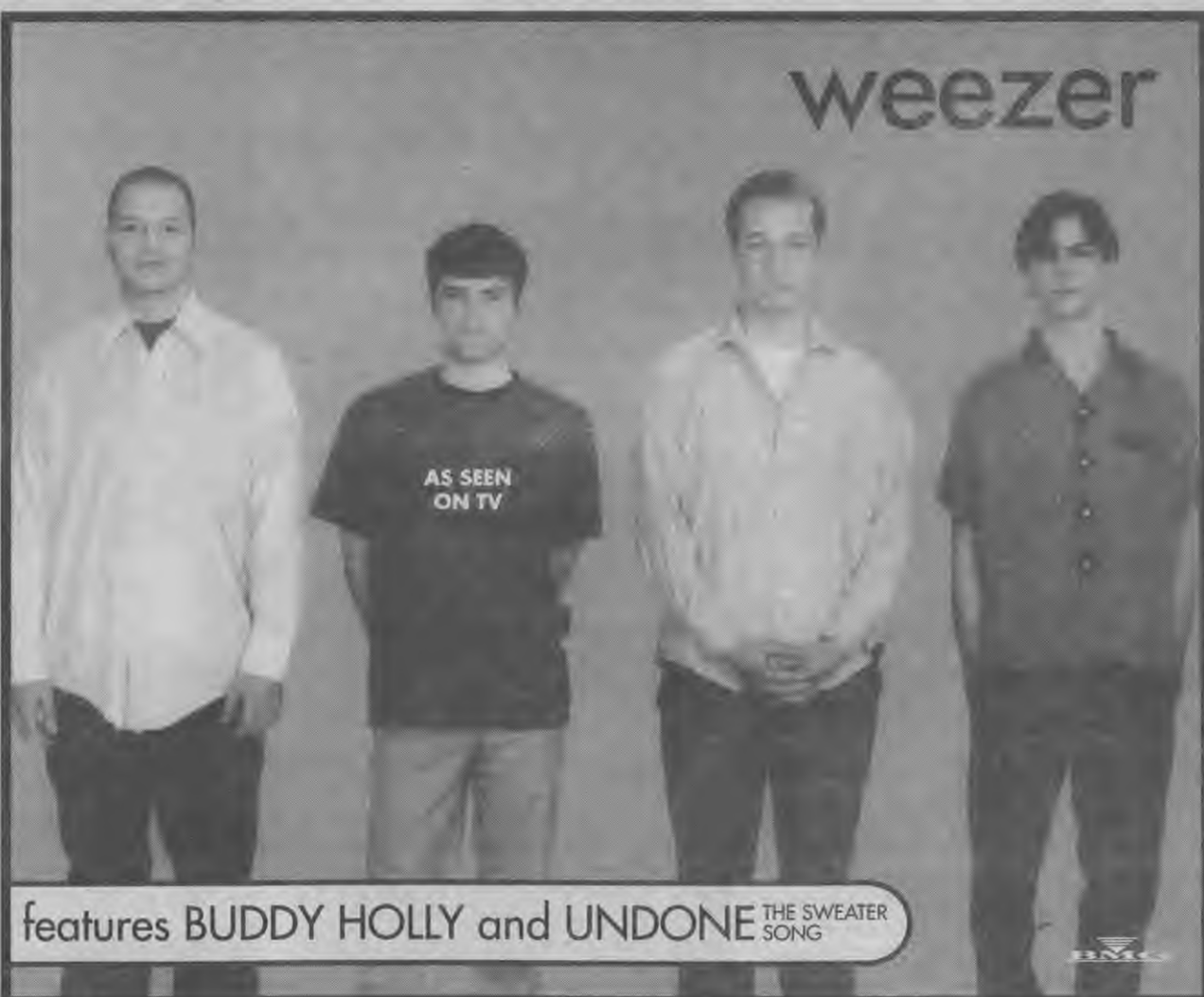
To their credit, Epic have eaten the decision. They probably follow the Tom Petty line, "the A&R man says: 'I don't hear a single'", but they don't tell the Indigo Girls to try and write one. As a result the duo have not had a hit.

"We can't write singles. 'Galileo' had a catchy chorus I guess, but it was pretty heady stuff. We're very happy with what we're doing, and how we're doing it."

The Auckland concert was breath-taking. The women's movement came out strong, of course, but males made up a good 35 to 40 percent of the one thousand-odd there, and they were utterly devotional ("a perfect, perfect audience," Emily said the next morning). Just two guitars and Sara Lee on electric bass. Okay, the twin electric guitar thing at the end was like underdone Pearl Jam, but aaaahhhh, those songs. And those voices. Chris Knox tells me the Indigo Girls are so bland, and Chris knows everything. So I guess for all of us there that Sunday night, the women feeling the strange fire, the geeks with their steamed up glasses, the couples hugging, the skinhead in front of us, absolutely transfixed, and the card-carrying hedonists tumbling wow-fuck out into the Auckland rain, well, I guess it must just have been something we ate.

ROY COLBERT

GIVE YOUR HAIR BALLS



features BUDDY HOLLY and UNDONE THE SWEATER SONG



ZOO

Atrium on Elliott - Elliott Street behind MidCity



Nathan Haines

New York State of Jazz

Not many world class saxophonists start their working life as a reporter for a weekly tabloid newspaper, but Nathan Haines did. The 23 year-old Aucklander, now based in New York, is back home to release his new album *Shift Left*. At 17, after six months at journalism school and two years of playing gigs with his brother Joel and father Kevin Haines, he was doing exposés on small town mayors and getting scoops on sex scandals for the *Sunday News*. There can't have been much inspiration for a young jazz wannabe down amongst the depths of New Zealand tabloid journalism — doing profiles on league players and a legal column under the name John Justice — but it wasn't all bad according to Nathan.

"Working for the paper, I always played lots of music, still did lots of gigs, still kept on writing music," he says. During his last year there he got the music page, giving him a chance to meet plenty of big names and think more about what he really wanted to do. "It got me into the game, got me around the country, got me talking to lots of different people. I met a lot of musicians. I got to interview De La Soul, and so many amazing bands — REM even. That was really helpful for seeing where I fitted in, as a musician, as somebody who was making music." Somebody who's been making music since he was four.

When Nathan was a toddler, his father Kevin started teaching him recorder. At six he had started classical lessons, and by 14 he was the youngest person ever to pass his grade eight music exam, getting 98 percent. He was all ready to go on with the classical training, but jazz was where he wanted to go.

"When I was 13 my dad gave me a Charlie Parker book of solos, so I really got into bebop. But I grew up listening to Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, Stevie Wonder and Miles Davis. *Kind of Blue* has been my favourite record since I was about 12," he says.

He got his first taste of live jazz playing with brother Joel and his dad at the Globe, London Bar and Art Gallery. After that he went off with his brother and some other younger musicians to form a band called the Jazz Committee. But it was with Joel and another band called Freebass that he started to play the kind of jazz that really interested him, the kind of jazz you could play in smoky night clubs and the kind of jazz that would get the punters moving.

"Freebass came out of the Jazz Committee, but was more dance orientated. Lots of people used to come and see [the Jazz Committee] go off and that, but we wanted to take it a step further. So we got into Cause Celebre, changed the feel of things down there, got a regular band thing happening."

After six months together, Freebass released an album of live recordings from their gigs at Auckland's Cause Celebre. Aptly named, *Raw* was just that. It boasted a minimum of production and ample crowd and background ambience. In fact, Nathan says most of the time the band didn't even realise they were recording for an album.

"Getting jazz album of the year last year for *Raw* was really weird because it was recorded in a couple of nights down at the club. God, we didn't even really think about it. We were just playing. It wasn't even a serious thing," he laughs.

Playing the Auckland scene was fine, and with Freebass Nathan had really started to cause a stir amongst Auckland's late night music listeners. But New York was where he really wanted to go. New York is where jazz has its home and where hip-hop, which was becoming more and more an important part of Nathan's music, was in its own environment.

"Ever since I was a kid I'd wanted to go to New York. It's the centre of jazz and hip-hop. If you're serious about anything, then you've got to check it out. There's no excuses for people in New Zealand bringing out inferior shit, because you've just got to go and check it out. You've just got to know what you're doing. I spent all my early years checking out jazz, learning off records, learning off people. When Wynton Marsalis came out to New Zealand I hung out with him for a couple of days," Nathan says. So, with the help of money he won through the AGC Young Achievers Awards, he

took off to check out New York. Not that they just handed the money over, mind you.

"I wasn't just given it, I had to really, really get my shit together and get my application together. That was six months of work. I had to really convince them I was a serious musician who was on the same footing as a classical musician going to study for a year at some university." He had to convince them going to New York, to hang out in seedy night clubs listening to jazz, was the best way to learn about it. And he did.

In New York he got saxophone lessons from George Coleman, who played with Miles Davis in the 60s, but most importantly, he says, he met up with the guys from Groove Collective. The New York end of the Acid Jazz scene, Groove Collective are, as Nathan says, the stateside equivalent of London's Talkin' Loud label. The music, as well as the city, is where his heart is. New York, says Nathan, is a real city.

"It's full on, and it's horrible sometimes, but it's fantastic. Let's not kid ourselves, we're living on a Pacific island down here, and it really isn't any more than that."

Not that he doesn't love living in Auckland too. It's just that there's no way he could have written a whole album like *Shift Left* here. "My musical roots are there, and the only way I wrote was by living in New York. Life is too good here. There's too many trees here and it's too beautiful. I love it — shit, I love living in Auckland — it's really fantastic. But I just have to top myself up now and again, until I get to a mature enough stage where I can produce the same sort of music wherever I am."

For Nathan it's not just the challenge of living in a city that's big and mean which helps him write the music, but the sound of that city itself. "It's the sounds of New York. The sound of the subway, the sound of the street, the music coming out of the bodegas, and hip-hop coming out of the jeeps, and the drug dealers, you know, it's everything."

That's where *Shift Left* comes from. Everything except the name, that is. That came from riding around Auckland on his racing bike. Cycling around the water front, making his way towards the Parnell Pools and the last of the container wharfs, he came to where a new road was being built, and a traffic sign that said 'shift left'.

"I thought: 'Shit, that's cool,'" he says. "It's like, just think differently, basically. Just move over a bit, or whatever. Just get out of your mainstream thinking." Getting out of his mainstream means Nathan will be heading back to New York for a third time in the middle of the year, after an album release tour that will take him and his band to Hamilton, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin and Queenstown during April, and Australia, when the album gets released there in May. This time he wants to make it to London to spend some more time with his friend Giles Peterson from Talkin' Loud — and then, who knows? But whatever happens, he'll be back home just as soon as he's had a sufficient top-up to write the next album.

MATT BOSTWICK

ADRIAN BOHM PRESENTS

Michelle Shocked



Kind Hearted Woman tour

**POWERSTATION
FRI 21st APRIL**

BOOK AT BASS, REAL GROOVY & TRUETONE
CREDIT CARDS (09) 307 5000 (TRANSACTION FEE MAY APPLY)

KEEP IT UP ALL NIGHT



SEE YOUR HAIRDRESSER



King Loser

Pulpy Friction

You know the film Pulp Fiction? Well, long before that soundtrack got popular with the types taking over Ponsonby, a tarnished treat of a band called King Loser were playing and listening to this sort of music, while the Ponsonby go-getters were still listening to, erm... whatever they listened to. I'm speculating wildly of course, but I just felt like going 'so there', on King Loser's behalf. So there.

King Loser consists of Celia, who writes, sings, plays bass and cheap organs from second hand shops, and possesses a wondrous set of lips; Lance Strickland, aka Tribal Thunder, 'the drummer'; and Chris Heazelwood, who writes, plays guitar, sings and gives out advice on sex in the latest issue of *Beau* magazine. (Eh?)

I present Celia and Chris with a photocopy of the said piece, entitled *Boys Bond With Timothy Giles*, which Chris appears in. Chris looks mildly repulsed. "I thought it was for a porno mag," he says.

There is a bit of friction over the comments Chris has made in said article: "That's rich coming from you," Celia exclaims. "You're a fucking

liar, a bullshit artist. That makes me sick," she continues. Celia looks cross. She eats her croissant sullenly. I giggle uncertainly, not knowing what I have or haven't done. I opt to pursue another avenue. My questions now look decidedly boring. I tell them so.

"Don't worry," soothes Celia. "I know, we'll fight and break up during the interview... that'll be the end of King Loser!"

I had noticed the King Loser press kit had the word 'cool' in there a lot, and mentioned this fact.

"That's the sort of stuff we can't stand," says Celia. "It makes me sick. I used to come up here and play in scummy Christchurch bands and people ignored us, and that's all right. Now I notice people that ignored me years ago are like: 'Oh hi, how's it going?' I'm still not cool, even though someone in a press kit said we were. It's pathetic. It's kinda sad 'cause the things we're doing happen to coincide with what's in now, but it'll be outta fashion soon and I can't wait for that."

"It's a real bummer," confirms Chris

King Loser recorded their previous album *Sonic*

Super Hi Fi themselves (it was originally put out by Belgian label Turbulence, but has since been re-released by Flying Nun), and are in the process of finishing off their next album (which they've also recorded themselves). This is the way they've always done things, and they're not about to change for the sake of 'professionalism' or to 'forward their career'. When we spoke they had just completed an extra three songs to add onto the new album, which will be a concoction of old and new songs.

"It was fuckin' fun," says Chris. It made me feel a bit better about playing music. There was no wanker trying to bounce me out the door after I've just finished playing."

"And having to say: 'Can I have a bit more reverb please? I'm sorry but can we have just a little bit more,'" says Celia. "Doing it yourself — it's really cheap. It only cost us \$40, and we mixed it and put it on DAT with the rest of our recordings."

"We heard a really horrible story," Chris continues, "about a band here that spend a thousand bucks or two thousand to record a song at York Street, and that guy Jaz Coleman had fucked with

it. I was like: 'What a nightmare. How'd you let that happen?' They were like: 'Well, it just happened.' I was: 'Oh fuck, you poor guys.' Here's this guy, fucked with their music and then charged them masses of money. All you have to do is set up the [recording] stuff, make sure nothing stays in the red for too long, and that's it."

"You don't need to make it complicated and expensive," says Celia. "You know our 'Surf Lost' video, that was just us at the Frisbee carpark. We were just recording a practice on an old tape that we'd used before, on an old 70s tape deck that records left to right, the sort you find in second hand shops for \$40. We were just recording our practice so we could tell what songs we played. On the cassette 'Surf Lost' was really good and we thought: 'Let's put that on the record,' and that's made it's way onto TV. Everyone always said: 'I really like that song,' and if they knew what it was..."

Do you think Auckland bands have a different attitude towards the recording process and 'the biz' in general?

"About three years ago I read something the Nixons said in the *New Zealand Herald*," recalls Chris. "The interviewer said something like: 'What does it take to be in a good rock band?' They said: 'To have good gear and be tight.' [Laughs] Fuck, we laughed for weeks over that."

Celia imagines: "Are we tight yet? No? Wooooops! It's pretty sad that bands wanna 'make it'. If you want to 'make it', don't play rock music!"

"Get a suit," says Chris. He puts on a namby voice: "Make it somewhere else please."

King Loser have been through lots of drummers. There are three different drummers on *Sonic Super Hi-Fi*. Has Tribal Thunder made a big difference the band?

"He knows the shit," Chris confirms. "Sometimes we've had drummers who've been big King Loser fans, and they'd go: 'I'd like to drum for you, it'd be really great.' That'd be the audition, and it'd end up like, we'd be thinking: 'This person's treating us like their pet project, they're trying to shape us!'"

"Lance is such a relief, and if he goes, we all go," Celia replies with conviction.

"And our numerology's really good," says Chris.

"I'm a three, Lance is a six and Chris is a nine — it's a triangle," Celia validates.

"The year Celia was born, in China the tradition is to kill all the women at birth," Chris mentions.

"Chris, kill me now," demands Celia.

"No sorry, you're dead already," Chris retorts matter of factly.

You should have seen King Loser at Dinosaur Jr., but if not, look out for them playing at the opening of the *Incredibly Strange Film Festival*, April 6. (That's how it's supposed to end — isn't it?)

SHIRLEY CHARLES

MICHAEL COPPEL, 95bFM & RADIO ACTIVE PRESENT

SPEAKHEAD

**MAY 3RD AUCKLAND
POWERSTATION**

TICKETS FROM: REAL GROOVY
TRUETONE SOUNDS THE CORNER
RECORDS & BASS.

CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS 09 307 5000

**MAY 4TH WELLINGTON
VICTORIA
UNIVERSITY**

TICKETS FROM: MFC.

CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS 04 801 4263



NEW ALBUM 'HOME' AVAILABLE IN-STORE.

ACTIVE 95bFM

Pain Morphine Killers

With 1993's *Cure For Pain*, Boston's Morphine became the name to drop in sidewalk cafes and bars. Here was a novel and accessible antidote to grunge/alternative, with a guitar-less sound resting on Dana Colley's saxes and Mark Sandman's rootsy, bloozy vocals.

"It was experimental and interesting, yet it seemed the normal thing to do at the time," explains a very laconic, laid-back Sandman in reference to the band's sans guitar approach. "It wasn't an anti-grunge or anti-Boston statement at all. What appealed to us was what Dana does with his baritone sax covers [was] what a guitar would cover. It sounds good in this formation and it's perfect for the style of this band. We complement each other by listening to each other while we're playing and by leaving a lot of space."

Morphine have even coined the term 'low rock', to describe their wind driven sound.

"That's just what we call it because people kept asking what our sound was. To us it's rock music, but the low part is what happens if you combine certain kinds of frequencies in certain ways, then you can have an almost physical effect on some people. It's theoretical but it's meant to hit you in the stomach. I haven't experienced it first hand," Sandman adds in his indifferent drawl.

So the band's name isn't a reflection on the desired effects on an audience?

"It might share certain qualities. What we noticed was that even though the music was low, it still penetrated. Morpheus was the god of dreams — that's where the word comes from — so we try not to be too self-conscious

about what we're doing when we put the songs together.

"At first we thought our name might be a little strong for commercial acceptance, but in the end it didn't matter as we just needed a name as we'd booked a show."

The new album, *Yes*, should prove to be a more difficult proposition than the cool, catchy rock and booze of *Cure For Pain*. The first side is their customary burping, honking and blaring sax led hybrids, but the second half of the album is dominated by a couple of beatnik styled narratives and the extra heavy flatulence of 'Free Love'.

"I don't think this record will get played in as many restaurants as the last one because it does have more intense moments like that," Sandman observes dryly. "It really reflects how we've been playing the songs live. We kept recording it throughout the year, as we'd come off the road for a little while and record a few songs and go back out and try the new songs on the road. It's good to record them when they're fresh and haven't sat around too long."

Sales of *Cure For Pain* topped 300,000 and *Rolling Stone* described Morphine as the best 'underground' band of last year, and yeah, their best music does have a timeless organic quality.

"We try to record songs that won't be embarrassing for us to listen to in 10 years time, but that's in the back of our minds. We don't want to sound as though we belong too much to a particular time."

So, you've done enough to give up your day jobs?

"Yeah, we don't have day jobs anymore."

GEORGE KAY



Trevor Reekie of Cosa Nostra. Photo by Ian McRae.

Trevor Reekie's not the type to lay a horse's severed head by your pillow, but he's still got plenty of notches in his belt. His days and nights are spent juggling his involvement in the Greg Johnson Set, the co-ownership of indie label Pagan, several bottles of red wine, and his new project Cosa Nostra.

'Cosa Nostra' is the true name for the Mafia, and literally translated means 'This Thing Of Ours', a phrase the Mafia use to guard their identity, and a concept Reekie found fascinating.

"When Mob members are out in public, if they want to introduce someone else from the mob to another mob member they say: 'This is a friend of ours,' but if it's a non-mob member they say: 'This is a friend of mine.' It's such a cool concept for such a vicious organisation."

So, when the time came to give a name to the loose collection of seven songs spewed out and seized upon by Cosa Nostra, *This Thing Of Ours* it became.

The digital duo of Reekie and producer Daniel Barnes formed by accident, when Barnes stored a sampler, a keyboard, a computer and various effects at Pagan's Parnell HQ. According to Reekie: "It seemed ridiculous to have all this gear and not have a play with it."

The experimenting began as directionless, informal jam sessions, with Reekie and Barnes

constructing loops and drum patterns, wrapping them round riffs or bass lines, and then discovering what they'd done. As the jamming became more frequent and songs began to form out of the mess, the twosome plopped their collection of ideas on the desk at Incubator Studios, and asked engineer Angus McNaughton to add some noise.

"We had no preconceptions, no ideas and no real tempos. Everything came from experimenting. Most of stuff on there is first-take material and I wouldn't remember how to do it again. There was no pressure to come out of the studio with a result, it was just seeing what creative people could come up with."

This Thing Of Ours is a difficult one to describe. It expertly blurs the line between smooth ragga ('Still Water') dub, trance, psychotic techno ('Yo Scuzzball') and the trippy, atmospheric of a tune like 'Close To The Edge'. The mini-album is released on the new Antenna label, an off-shoot of Pagan, and while Reekie plans more white-noise releases from the duo, they'll arrive all in good time.

"It's not a one-off, but there's no determined deadline either. The next one might be a year away, it might be three years away, and the next one will assume a different shape again. What it represents to me is a whole variety of things I have enjoyed playing around with, and now that I've got that out of my system I can see where it can go next."

JOHN RUSSELL

KNIGHTSHADE TELEVISION EYES



Sick of It All

Beneath the Surface



At 10.30am I discover I'm supposed to be interviewing Sick Of It All in half an hour. Trouble is, I've no means by which to tape the interview. After a frantic dash across town, I find the equipment I need, complete the interview and relax for the first time in an hour. Unfortunately, today Beelzebub has decided to fart in my face, for upon playing back the tape there are no lovely words from across the ocean. Instead, words bluer than any ocean are muttered, and for the next two hours I become very matey with the unfortunate receptionist at the Cabaret Metro in Chicago.

Eventually Sick Of It All bass player Craig returns, and discovers New Zealanders are not just a pain in the arse for Bill Clinton. However, Craig is a man out to disprove any crass stereotypes that exist about unfriendly New Yorkers, especially the sort perpetrated by mags like *Maximum Rock and Roll*.

"They'd just written us off as New York tough guys. We're not like that. They're saying: 'You're from New York, so you must be like a tough guy, violent asshole.' Funny that they'll point the finger and try to make us look bad when they've never met any of us. They just wrote us off 'cause we were a hardcore band from New York. That's pretty rude. They talk about being open minded — that's not being open minded. That's as bad as the people they condemn."

As far as Craig is concerned, hardcore is misunderstood by many who only pick up on the gangster images some hardcore groups culti-

vate. "A lot of bands will be gangsters this month and next month they'll be whatever the new trend is. We're not trying to ride the gangster trend. We're not trying to be something we're not. Just because we're from New York, doesn't mean we're a pack of jerks."

Instead of scaring people away by pretending they're the baddest muthas that ever stalked a stage, Sick Of It All want to attract all types of people to their shows, particularly members of the fairer sex. "Now we get a lot more girls turning up, we encourage them to dance and sing along. They paid just as much money as everyone else — why should they be afraid? Just because the music sounds aggressive, doesn't mean we have to alienate anyone. I love it when girls turn up to our shows. If girls turn up they like you for the music — unless they think you're cute. We don't get much of that!"

The scruffy tribes of youth culture also make their appearance at Sick Of It All's shows. "Heavy metal kids like us because we have a hard sound. Alternative kids like us because it's a different thing. Punk kids like us because we're basically a punk band."

The hard sound Sick Of It All generate has been captured for posterity on their latest album *Scratch The Surface*. "We worked with a guy named Billy Anderson, who's done the Melvins and just completed a Mr Bungle record. He totally understood our sound. He helped us bring the energy of the music out."

Helping Sick Of It All spread their message wide and far with *Scratch The Surface* is a record deal with Warners. This deal is seen by

Craig as a major breakthrough for hardcore music. "By us putting out an album on a major label, that's like, to me, groundbreaking. Depends what you consider hardcore. I've been around a while, and I know what real hardcore is. We're the first hardcore band to get signed to a major label."

Despite achieving a deal with a major label, Sick Of It All are not quite yet in the same league as Green Day — the mega unit shifting, Californian proto-punks, and fellow travellers on the pot-holed punk rock highway. "Up until Green Day got popular they were a very small band that got lucky 'cause they wrote excellent music. A lot of people say: 'Oh fuck Green Day, that's not punk.' I think Green Day is a punk band. Two years ago they'd be opening for us in this tiny little place... I think their music's great, but it's a far more accessible, catchy, California punk thing. I think that is also very ground-breaking and helps us in a way. Even though the music's different, the attitude's pretty much the same."

The attitude may be the same, but the global audience is a weensy bit smaller for the lads in Sick Of It All. Craig puts this down partly to MTV and the attitudes it breeds. "MTV has too much power in America. Kids don't go out and look for music, they just let MTV tell 'em what's cool. From our stand point, MTV doesn't really play us. We don't really get much of a chance outside of going out and busting our ass playing every night."

At least Sick Of It All-ers get to bust their asses all over the world. According to Craig,

travel is one of the best parts of being in the band. "I'm never happier than when I'm on the road. I must write 20 postcards a week — I spend more money on postcards than I do on food!"

Occasionally the touring lifestyle has little drawbacks. "A coupla months back we played in a squat in Italy, with no toilet and no running water, in the middle of the woods, getting bitten by mosquitos. We were using one speaker for a PA. It was my twenty-fifth birthday — a funny way to celebrate it."

When Sick Of It All bring their poor, broken carcasses down under, expect to see some wild, aggressive, rock and roll abandon. "I'm very excited about touring. We're really energetic. We brought the jump into hardcore."

Considering the amount of bands Craig's been in, he should know. "I used to be in Agnostic Front. Before that I was in Youth Of Today. I'm like the slut of the New York hardcore scene. I've played in every band. I've been in Sick Of It All since 1992. We all knew each other from when we were young. I'd fill in on bass and write songs while I was in Agnostic Front. When their bass player quit and Agnostic Front broke up, it was the natural thing for me to be in the band."

Given the amount of eardrum rupturing bands Craig played in, it comes as some surprise to find out the tunes he listens to in his spare time. "I listen to a lot of R&B — stuff totally dissimilar to what we play. I like to listen to Marvin Gaye to help me get to sleep."

KEVIN LIST

PORTISHEAD

P

DUMMY

THE ALBUM OF THE YEAR IS NOW THE DEAL OF THE YEAR

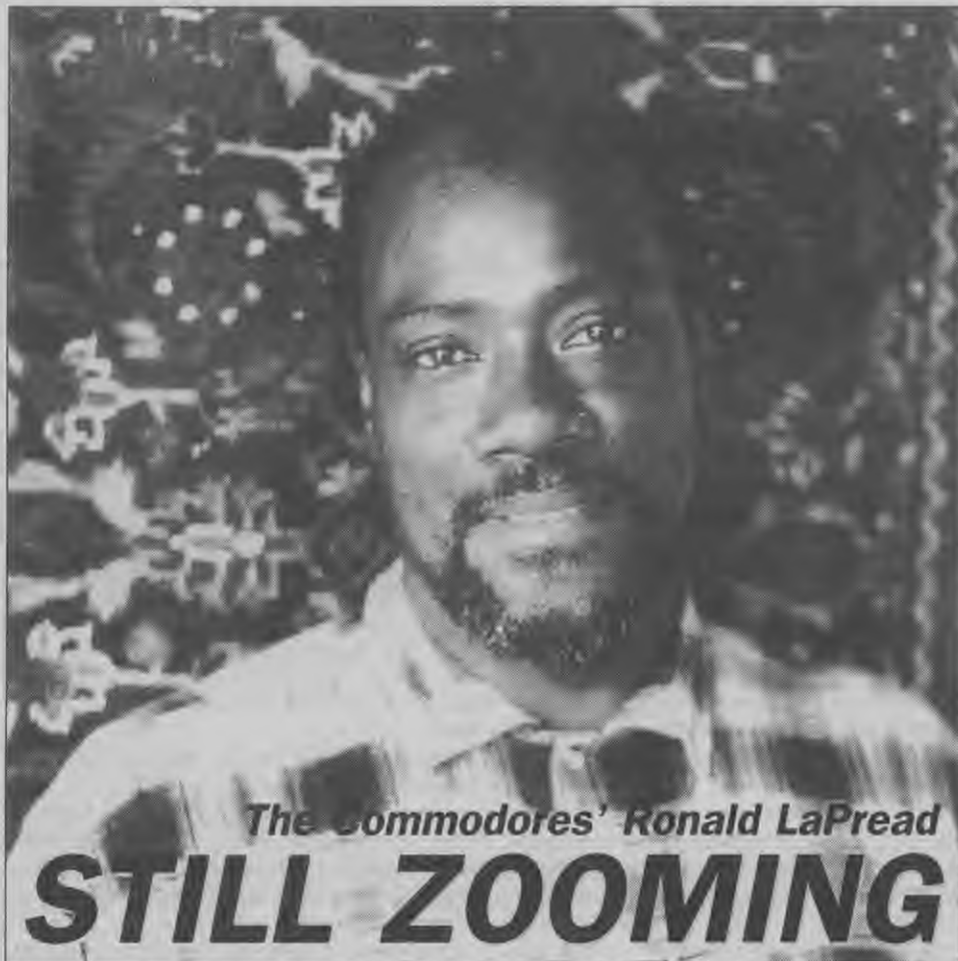
BUY IT NOW AT ONE OF THE STORES LISTED BELOW AND
GET A FREE T-SHIRT (WHILE STOCKS LAST)

Truetone, Marbecks, Sounds • Auckland wide
Tracs, Sounds • Hamilton
Mango • Palmerston North
Allans, Tower • Wellington
Echo, Radar • Christchurch
Echo • Dunedin



HERE IT NOW!
PHONE 09-373 3456
PHONE 04-499 2233

PORTISHEAD — Dummy featuring Glorybox, Sour Times & Numb.



The Commodores' Ronald LaPread STILL ZOOMING

It's without a doubt, one of the most famous and funkier bass and drum combinations in the world. A quick full-kit drum roll slides into a fat sleazy bass riff, and then the first line hits: 'She's a brick... house / She's mighty mighty, and lettin' it all hang out.'

The group responsible were called the Commodores, a hopelessly addictive, six-piece soul/funk band hailing from Tuskegee, Alabama.

Legendary US soul label Motown recently released a double-CD compilation of the Commodores' greatest hits. It traces their history from their debut album *Machine Gun* in 1974, to their phenomenal worldwide success in the 70s, the subsequent departures of lead singer Lionel Richie, guitarist Thomas McClary and bassist Ronald LaPread, through to the band as it exists today, with original members Walter 'Clyde' Orange and William King, and Ritchie's replacement, JD Nicholas.

When Ronald left the group in 1986, he shifted to New Zealand, opened a carpet shop in Newmarket with his wife, and settled in Parnell. On a stinking hot Friday afternoon in March, Ronald pulls up outside the Morrow Street store in his black Pajero jeep. He walks and talks in a very smooth laidback way, not unlike *WKRP's* Venus Flytrap. We sit at a small table inside the door, and for the next two hours Ronald tells mesmerising tales of his days with one of the wickedest funk groups ever.

Legend says the band chose their name during a session in the practice room when trumpeter William King was blindfolded by the others, given

an open dictionary and told to run his finger down the page and stop on one word. They were almost called the Commodores.

The Commodores got their big break in 1970, when Motown vice president Suzanne dePasse saw the band live on one of their many trips to New York and offered them the support slot on a Jackson 5 tour — 96 dates in 110 days.

"I remember the opening night, we were in New Haven, Connecticut. The doors opened, people started coming in at 7.30, it was still light outside and they had the house lights on so people could find their seats. We had to play in that situation, at a Jackson 5 concert where everybody wanted to see Michael, and we had to stand there and waste some of their time. The first night when they said 'Ladies and Gentlemen, the Commodores,' no applause, nothing. We played and people didn't react on the first song, so we knuckled down and we played, that show was probably the best show we had ever played. It was tight, the boys were serious. About halfway through the show they turned the lights off, and the stage lights happened, and the routines were happening, and people were sitting there with their mouths open. And as we left and we were going down the stairs, they started to applaud."

At this time Clyde Orange was the group's lead singer, but the band decided, because Ritchie stood centre stage every night, he would have to take over vocal duties. Which he did, with an incredible degree of reluctance.

In 1971 the Commodores signed to Motown's MoWest label, but the band weren't permitted to write their own songs, and instead were required to record material penned by legendary Motown writers Willie Hutch and Norman Whitfield and the team of Holland/Dozier/Holland.

"When we signed with Motown we were happy to sign with anybody. To be able to put a record out with anybody, for any reason, was the first goal. In those days record companies were accustomed to cutting a record, putting a group on it, and collecting all of the money, they didn't give any of it to the artist. They had their writers, they had their producers, they had the copyright, they had the publishing company, they collected all of the money. All those hit songs the Temptations did up until the time they did 'Treat Her Like A Lady', they didn't own any of their music."

Itching to record their own tunes, the Commodores presented Motown President Berry Gordy with a two year old instrumental track, that Gordy immediately titled 'Machine Gun', and decided it would be the title track of their 1974 debut album. From then on the Commodores enjoyed a mutually successful relationship with Motown.

"The Commodores got to be one of Berry Gordy's favourites. Berry Gordy was always very diplomatic, always very nice. He would never let you think that he was the one that gave the order to stop something or do some-

thing bad, but it would always be his decision, you'd just have to deal with somebody else, so when he saw you, he could say: 'Hey! How ya doin'? What's happenin'?"

From the release of their second album, *Caught In The Act*, the Commodores went ballistic. Between 1975 and 1981 they hit the top on the US R&B Chart six times, and scored eight Top 10 hits in the US Pop Chart. The most successful songs were the syrupy ballads written by Lionel Richie, and the group's crossover success into the predominantly white pop market began to sow tiny seeds of discontent within certain members of the group — half the band wanted to be as 'black' as they could be, and the other half desired mass acceptance. Unbelievably, the Commodores ode to the "stacked" 36-24-36 women of the world was almost left off the classic 1977 album *Commodores*.

"'Brickhouse' almost didn't make the album because at that time everybody was starting to feel their oats, everybody wanted to be the writer and wanted to be the one that had the hit song. At that time we had a big thing in the group about pop music, crossover music, going white. Most of the fellas thought that 'Brickhouse' was too black and would keep us in the R&B charts."

Was Lionel the prime mover behind that way of thinking?

"Not primarily Lionel. It was William King, Thomas McClary and Ritchie, Milan and Clyde and myself, we just used to sit back and watch it and see what's happenin' and see what they did. And whatever we thought should be added to it, we put our two cents worth in. I didn't not like the slow songs but when you get on a stage you want to have a little... fire."

Did this divide the band into two camps?

"... No it didn't divide us 'cause we grew up in a competitive atmosphere. It didn't really matter who wrote the hit song, or who received the recognition, as long as it came out under the Commodores."

By late 79, Ritchie's songs 'Still' and 'Three Times A Lady' had topped both US Singles charts, while 'Easy' and 'Just To Be Close To You' had been Number One R&B hits. In even the most harmonious group, wouldn't it be hard not to feel like the main songwriter was beginning to overshadow the rest of the band?

"For me, I guess I was naive. I never thought of it as: 'Maybe he's on his way.' During the history of the group I did some production outside of the group. I did the Sugarhill Gang and I did Taste Of Honey. Those records were out and got royalties, and the royalties came back and were divided amongst the group. I thought that everybody would be like me, go out and do it, and then hurry up and come on back and do what you're suppose to here. Then he went out with Kenny Rogers and did the record 'Lady', well that sold 14 million records. He was the only writer, and he was the producer, and he was the publisher, and I'm sure that that had something to do with him wanting to be on his own. If I had had the opportunity to go out and make 28 million dollars with Kenny Rogers, I'd have given 14 of it to the group and keep 14 myself, and been happy. He didn't want to do it."

In early 81, Ritchie recorded the duet 'Endless Love' with Diana Ross. The song stayed at Number One for seven weeks, and Ritchie finally decided to embark on a solo career. Although Ronald was shocked, this event signalled the beginning of the end of his involvement in the Commodores.

"For a long time, when I first came to New Zealand, it was difficult for me to get out of the role of Commodore, very difficult. I retired in 86 and in 88 I moved to New Zealand. Ninety it was still rough for me. I was a star, it was in my blood, it was in my every move, I was a Commodore! If I tried to explain to you the level that the Commodores were at, it would blow your mind. \$200,000 a night, 96 days in a row, that's what we were making. That's a lot of money, that's a lot of power, and that's what I did for 25 years, all day long. When Ritchie decided he would leave that was the beginning of my readjustment period, where I had to find out something else about myself, what else do I do, where am I. It took awhile."

Ronald's decision to finally leave the Commodores was decided during the recording sessions for the 1984 album *Nightshift*, and nailed in place when the album was eventually nominated for a Grammy.

"There was a need to try something else. It was time to draw upon some more energies and not try to follow in the same footsteps. Everybody didn't see it like that, so it was really going to go bad. I was really dissatisfied, I didn't like the direction they chose to go in, I didn't like the decisions they made about the type of album it would be. Later we had got nominated for a Grammy, they said we have got to go to this, and I said: 'No, I don't think I want to go to the Grammys and sit up there and look like a fool if they call the other person's name. I'm gonna go home and watch the Grammys from my house in Tuskegee.' Because I didn't go and sit as a group, they didn't like it. And then when we won the Grammy, they really didn't like it [much laughter]! So that was it, it was finished. I said goodbye and I went home."

Nightshift featured new vocalist JD Nicholas

and, although many said the Commodores would never recover from the absence of Ritchie in the line-up, the title track was a massive hit. It was written as a tribute to early Motown pioneer Jackie Wilson and Marvin Gaye, shot dead by his father in April of that year.

"Marvin Gaye was one of my best friends at Motown. People used to say Marvin and I used to look together 'cause I had the skull hat and Marvin had the woolly hat, and they would always say: 'You two boys look just alike.' He was a big fellow too... nice though... he was real nice. After the Commodores had been in the studio for 10 or 12 hours, I would go by Marvin's studio and we'd sit up and jam until three or four o'clock in the morning. We would just have a ball."

How did you hear of his death?

"Well... I was shocked. I was sitting at my house in Tuskegee, doing an interview with *Jet*. I had the TV down, and the fellow had asked me: 'Out of all the people you know at Motown, which one do you think is your friend?', and I said: 'Marvin Gaye'. And at that time a newsflash came on the TV and said that he was just rushed to the hospital from being shot by his father. It stopped the interview and it devastated me. I couldn't do anything for Marvin."

Except for Ronald, all current and former members of the Commodores are based in America. Lionel Richie is finishing an album in an LA studio. Thomas McClary is singing gospel music in Florida. Clyde Orange and William King are still Commodores, and Milan Williams works for LA County in California. Old wounds have been healed and Ronald keeps in regular contact with each Commodore, so would he be game if a Commodores reunion was on the cards?

"I'd like to go if I could go and get with the fellas and do some rehearsing and put a record out quick, and go out on the stage and do a tour, and play on a big stage with the fellas in front of a lot of people, I'd love that! But all of the work that it takes to get to that. Whew! I don't know [laughter]."

That's not a definite 'no' then?

"Well... I have become Muslim, and I have a little concern as to playing rock 'n' roll music, party music."

Really?

"Once you know what the real truth is, you have to govern yourself and govern your ways, and live accordingly. Islam says that music should not excite a person to the point where they're up and... music should be soothing. I don't think the Commodores really played devil music, but there's a lot of temptation in rock 'n' roll."

Little Richard once said that rock 'n' roll, which can give people an amazing sense of euphoria or pleasure, could never be the work of the devil.

"I don't know. Pleasure? Euphoria? When you think of pleasure, you think of orgy, when you think of euphoria, you think of high, you think of stoned, you think of out of your mind. It is not the devil and it is not evil, but it is devilish. I did it for a long time, I had a ball playing music, doing what I did, but now I stutter when I start to go and play music, I think about it twice. It's a little bit uncomfortable. Thomas McClary is a born-again Christian also, so I'm sure he's having the same kind of struggle. Be it Allah's will, if they decide to go together and Allah wills that I go, then I'll be there, and I'll be just as devoted. Or if he wills that I don't go, I'll be here, a Persian carpet representative in Auckland."

How do you feel now about a track like 'Young Girls Are My Weakness'?

"... I am a little bit different from most Muslim because I'm not eastern. I was an entertainer and I know all of the evils of this world, I know them... first hand. If I didn't do it I sure tried it. Rock 'n' roll! I've done all of that, but with age comes wisdom, hopefully that will be the thing that will deter me from that road of evil. It's there, if I do it and I excite somebody else then I feel like I'm responsible. That's my thoughts... young girls... you know what I'm talkin' about, what it's sayin' [Ronald is grinning from ear to ear at this stage.] It was exactly how I felt at the time, but, you know, the word 'respect' means to re-look at something."

What's your favourite Commodores song?

"When I hear those songs, I go back to what was happenin' to me in those times. I think that 'Zoom' is one of my all time favourites, and 'Jesus Is Love'. 'Brickhouse' was a big song, but doing 'Zoom', I had met a girl, we were going steady, planning to get married, but she had cancer and she died. And it was... we sat there and worked it out, I don't think so much about the death, I think about the girl. And doing 'Jesus Is Love', my father passed away that year, and I played the song at his funeral. When I hear the song I think about my father a lot. Those are my most fondest songs 'cause they make me think. 'Brickhouse', I can't even think of the girl's name... but I know what I was doing."

Are you ever strongly attracted to the old lifestyle?

"In those days there was nothing like being a Commodore, I enjoyed it, I loved it, but now, there ain't nothing like being a father, with two kids, living in New Zealand. You'd be surprised at how super it is to live a normal everyday life."

JOHN RUSSELL

WHAT THE

f

IS FUDGE?



Interview

Eddie Van Halen

When you talk about guitar greats of all time, the name Eddie Van Halen is sure to be mentioned. Edward is also a brilliant composer, keyboard player and very friendly and funny guy.

Van Halen have been around since the mid 70s with only one change in personnel (vocalist David Lee Roth was replaced by Sammy Hagar in 85), and each new release and tour is an exciting major event. In 1995 they sustain this tradition with *Balance*.

Are Van Halen going to get down to NZ this time?

"I hope so. I think we're coming to Japan and Australia, and I'm sure if we do Australia we'll be coming to New Zealand also. It'll probably be the end of the year though. We're touring here until the middle of May, then we go to Europe, probably until the beginning of July, then we come back to the States and do a couple of months here till the end of August, then we'll be coming to the Orient and South Pacific."

How's the tour been going?

"Excellent. I was a little nervous on the very first show which was Saturday night (four days ago) because I recently stopped drinking alcohol (about five months ago). Besides being nervous, it being the first time on stage completely sober, we also recorded and filmed the whole show for MTV. It was pretty nerve wracking for me, but everything went really smooth. Then Sunday night we played Jacksonville, Florida, which without the filming and recording went way better."

Did you give up alcohol when you cut your hair off?

"Actually yes. Our manager had passed away last October, things were so crazy. All of a sudden the band was managing itself, and we as a band weren't even getting along 'cause we had so much of the outside, bullshit things to deal with. I was just literally ready to pull the hair out of my head. I was so crazy so I ended up shaving it off! My whole life just came to a head. I just had to do something with my life and stopping drinking helped me to cope with things a bit easier."

The group seems to be on an almost telepathic level now.

"Yeah. For one, I'm very lucky to have my brother Alex to play with — we're so connected it's ridiculous. And I think Sammy's finally,

after the fourth studio record, realising how much of a band we really are. We're becoming tighter and tighter."

It's cool to hear weirder things like 'Strung Out' on *Balance*.

"Actually, it was just some silly thing I did. I don't know what possessed me. I have about 6 hours of me basically ruining a piano back in 83. Bruce Fairburn, our producer, had heard a little taste of it and said: 'Hey, this'd be really cool to use for an intro for 'Not Enough'. I was too lazy to listen to all the six hours of tape of noise I had so I let him do it, and he picked a minute of stuff he liked."

Sammy appears to be contributing more to each album.

"Well, he's always contributed the lyrics and that's basically the same. We each in the band have our own creative domain. I write all the music, Sammy writes all the lyrics, then we all, as a band, piece together the melodies and the arrangement."

On stage, does Sammy push you even more as a guitar player?

"On stage we're kind of on autopilot. It's very unrehearsed, we never know what we're going to do physically. The vibe is different from night to night — sometimes we run like crazy, other nights we don't, it all depends on just how we feel. We've been doing this for 18 years and people ask me all the time how I stay excited. Well, to me, it's just my life. This is what I do, and if you don't get some kind of adrenalin rush when you have 20,000 screaming fans out there, something's wrong with you!"

Has the set list changed quite a bit since the *FUCK* shows?

"Definitely, yes. We're doing just about all of the new record. Sometimes it's difficult to choose just which of the older songs to do. If you don't play 'Jump' and 'Panama' some people get pissed off, because they're big favourites, but I like to change them up a lot. I'd say it's a good mix of the older stuff and 80 percent of the new record."

It's pretty brave of Bon Jovi to be sharing the bill with you.

"I think it's a great package. It's really for the fans. I think the same fans who'd buy a Van Halen record will also like Bon Jovi. To me, it's not in the least competitive. I really don't think music is about blowing someone else off the stage. I think a band gets up there, does their

thing and, if they do it well, the people enjoy it."

What guitar equipment are you using?

"The same stuff. I'm using my Musicman guitar with my 5150 amps. I use about three or four of them during the show because I have a couple of songs where the guitar's tuned different. I also have a new Musicman which is a prototype. I'm not sure if we're going to sell them or not. It also has an acoustic guitar pickup built into the bridge. It's for 'Can't Stop Lovin' You', which is the combination electric/acoustic sound. Basically the Musicman does for me whatever I need."

What were you using on the 1984 album?

"The Kramer and the old Marshall."

Some of that flange guitar sound on the new album like 'Aftershock' sounds like 'Ain't Talking About Love' or *Fair Warning* period.

"Yeah. I ended up using on this record a combination of my new Peavy amp, the 5150 amp and the old Marshall. I took that one out of the closet. It's the same old amp I did all our old records with."

Do you still have fond memories of the early days at the Whiskey and breaking through to the big time?

"Oh sure. Actually, two years ago, when we released our live record, we played a club show there at the Whiskey, just for our 15 year anniversary. But it's difficult for us to do that sort of thing in the US, 'cause if you play a 300 seat club and you've got 5,000 kids outside that can't get in, they get pissed off. We tried to do it unannounced, but somehow the word got out, like it always does. It was actually more trouble than it was worth."

What would be the compositions you're most proud of?

"I write all the music so everything is very personal, very close to me. I tend to look at each song like it's one of my kids. I love 'em all and they're all a little different. On the new record everything, from 'Not Enough' to stuff like 'Aftershock'."

"I'm very proud of the new record because I think we've kind of reached a new loud. I think working with Bruce Fairburn was a definite plus because he brought a lot of organisation to us. A lot of times, if we're left alone we tend to get kinda scrambled. Bruce really brought us together and made us focus on one song at a time."

Would you say your musicianship is a com-

bination of natural ability and a hell of a lot of discipline?

"I think it's definitely a gift. At a very early age I could pick up pretty much anything and play it very easily — anything from violin to guitar to drums or piano — but of course you have to work your craft. I can't not play for two months and expect to play well. I have to work just like everybody else."

Do you think your son Wolfgang will be continuing the family tradition of musicianship?

"Well, it's hard to say. He's going to be four years old on Thursday. He shows tendencies of loving music. He loves to plink on the piano and beat the drums, kinda the same way I started when I was his age. But at the same time, I'm just exposing him to it, I'm not forcing him to do anything. It's his life, his choice."

Have you ever considered releasing a solo album of material that didn't fit into the band context?

"It's funny, people ask me that all the time. But the thing is to me, the only reason people do solo records is because they can't express themselves in the band they're in. I write all the music for the band anyway, so I have complete freedom to do whatever I want within the band. So, if I ever did a solo record, I know for sure I'd have Alex play on it, and I'd probably have Sammy sing, and I'd probably have Mike play bass, so what's the difference [laughs]?"

Do you think Van Halen will still be rocking into the next century then?

"I don't see why not. My father was a musician and he played till he dropped dead. It's what I do. I'm not a rock star, I'm a musician, and music is my life. I just turned 40, and a lot of people say: 'Wow, you can still play rock 'n' roll when you're 40?' I think that's bullshit. I don't think music has any age barrier on it. Put it this way, if there was no MTV or videos, if you just listen to a CD, you can't tell how old people are. If you had never heard of the Rolling Stones and you put on their latest record, you wouldn't be able to tell me just by listening to it that Mick is 52. It's only because of video now that younger people can see how old you are, but I don't think that's a factor. I think if you write good music and put your heart and soul into it, I'm sure you're bound to touch somebody with it, and that's what it's all about to me."

GEOFF DUNN



Neil Finn, Jeff Ament, Tim Finn & Eddie Vedder

Photos by Kerry Brown



Pearl Jam Alive

It was not the night to be either a Dead Flower or a Dead Flowers fan. What should have been a support slot conducive to great things, turned into a support slot conducive to hardly anything at all, due to a lack of suitable support at the front of the stage. Dead Flowers had the plug pulled on them before they could even get two numbers out.

Things were looking mildly over excitable, so I wandered off for a spot of crowd sussing while some stage hogger talked the hyperactive audience into calming down. The word ripping around the girls' toilets was that Pearl Jam were about to take to the stage. 'This can't be,' I thought, 'for what about the Dead Flowers?' But indeed, it was over for the Dead Flowers, and the next band to grace the stage were Pearl Jam themselves.

They opened with an audience soothing cover of Hunters and Collectors' 'Throw Your Arms Around Me', which turned out to be the first of the show's trio of totally unexpected songs. It got things off to a mellow beginning as Eddie Vedder urged the crowd to dance where they were standing. 'Oceans' kept things in this vein, but was merely a calm (albeit a mighty enthusiastic one) before the storm.

Four of *Vitalogy's* most rocking tracks came next: 'Spin The Black Circle', 'Last Exit', 'Tremor Christ' and the superbly crafted 'Corduroy', whipping the faithfully chanting crowd into a pogoing frenzy. Then came the first of the monster ballads; 'Elderly Woman Behind the Counter in a Small Town' saw the crowd pipe up in harmonious form. The lights came on the audience when Eddie sang: 'I just want to scream hello,' prompting a frenzy of hand waving. This number was only beaten by 'Daughter' in the proverbial lighter lifting stakes.

The now legendary intro to 'Alive' was one of those rare moments that seem to beam out in slow motion — that split second between recognition and response was definitely one to sear into memory. There's really no other way to describe its reception,

except to say, well... the crowd went absolutely apeshit. Subsequent album anthems 'Jeremy' and the beautiful 'Betterman' (the first song of the encore) were also serious roof raising contenders.

Familiarity was definitely the overwhelming feeling beaming off the crowd. It sounded like they knew almost every word to almost every song, and loved the lot. From Pearl Jam's side of the stage barrier, it was the songs rooted in societal aggression which saw them at their most potent. Every single one of the more controlled bursts of fury off Vs were crashed out in exhilarating form. 'WMA' was not completed, but 'Glorified G', 'Leash', 'Rats', 'Animal' and a dripping red version of 'Blood' were more than intact — if they'd been any more there they would have been dangerous.

Of Eddie's few softly spoken interludes (and my, what a deep voice he has), the most surprising came two songs before the end. He raised a patriotic cheer by saying Split Enz had been a big part of the music that had kept him sane as a lad. What happened next was testament to the fact that Pearl Jam are one of the biggest bands in the universe, and hence can do whatever they jolly well please, which, on this occasion, included hauling Tim and Neil Finn on stage. 'History Never Repeats' and 'I Got You' were the songs, and hysteria was the reaction. It was pretty neat, but then it was over... the whole concert that is. Hence, instead of going home singing: "All that's sacred, comes from youth," or some other Vedderesque pearl of wisdom (excuse the pun), it was: "I don't know why sometimes I get frightened," or some other way latter day line.

Eddie didn't stage dive or crowd surf either but, in the end, it really didn't matter. (I probably wouldn't have been able to see if he had anyway — *Supertop* my ass). All I'd heard from abroad about Pearl Jam was true. They are quite possibly the greatest live band in the world.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON



JAN HELLRIEGEL MANIC (IS A STATE OF MIND)

THE LONG-AWAITED JAN HELLRIEGEL ALBUM *TREMBLE* IS OUT SOON, BUT AS A TASTER CHECK OUT THE AWESOME NEW SINGLE 'MANIC'. RECORDED IN MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY, 'MANIC' IS A MAGNIFICENT SLICE OF TWISTED MELODIC POP, AND SHOWCASES JAN'S VOICE AT ITS BRILLIANT BEST. WITH THE FOLLOW UP TO THE BRILLIANT *IT'S MY SIN* ALBUM, COUNT ON JAN HELLRIEGEL TO EXPLODE BACK BIGGER AND BETTER IN 1995.



JAMES REYNE THE WHIFF OF BEDLAM

THE FORMER AUSTRALIAN CRAWL VOCALIST RETURNS WITH A MATURE, BUT ROCKING NEW ALBUM RECORDED ENTIRELY IN LOS ANGELES. *THE WHIFF OF BEDLAM* BLENDS CRUISE VOCAL HEAVY BALLADS WITH EPIC GUITAR DRIVEN BALLADS. INCLUDES THE TRACKS 'RED LIGHT AVENUE', 'DAY IN THE SUN' AND 'IT'S ONLY NATURAL'.



WENDY MATTHEWS THE WITNESS TREE

THE THIRD SOLO ALBUM FROM AUSTRALIAN WENDY MATTHEWS IS A BONA FIDE MASTERPIECE. BRIMMING WITH EXQUISITE BALLADS AND BIG DANCE GROOVES, *THE WITNESS TREE* IS A GLORIOUS NEW RELEASE. FEATURES THE HIT SINGLES 'STANDING STRONG' AND 'LOVE WILL KEEP ME ALIVE', AND THE TIM FINN-PRODUCED 'STAND BACK'.



MUDHONEY MY BROTHER THE COW

THE KINGS OF SEATTLE GRUNGE ARE BACK WITH THEIR FOURTH ALBUM. *MY BROTHER THE COW* IS AN EXTRAORDINARILY FOCUSED, CHILLINGLY ANGRY RECORD. ENGINEERED BY THE LEGENDARY JACK ENDINO, THE ALBUM MIXES PUNK, POP, FUZZ, BLUES AND BOOZE & THIS HAS PRODUCED A PHENOMENAL PIECE OF WORK. INCLUDES 'WHAT MOVES THE HEART', 'TODAY IS A GOOD DAY' AND 'IN MY FINEST SUIT'.



MAX SHARAM COMA

THE DEBUT RELEASE FROM THE CAPTIVATING AUSTRALIAN SINGER-SONGWRITER MAX SHARAM IS THE STUNNING 5-TRACK CD SINGLE, 'COMA.' A LIMITED EDITION RELEASE, 'COMA' PERFECTLY CAPTURES THE HAUNTING STRENGTH OF THIS GREAT NEW TALENT. INCLUDES THE TRACKS 'IS IT OK?', 'CRASH LANDING' AND 'YOU CRADLED ME.' CHECK HER OUT NOW!



LOREENA MCKENNITT THE MASK AND THE MIRROR

LOREENA MCKENNITT PERFORMED A STUNNING SHOW AT THE AUCKLAND TOWN HALL LAST MONTH, AND THIS SPECIAL TOUR EDITION CD CONTAINS THE ALBUM *THE MASK AND THE MIRROR*, PLUS THE BRILLIANT *LIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO AT THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS* CD. NOT TO BE MISSED.

ROBERT PLANT & JIMMY PAGE

NO QUARTER - UNLEADED VIDEO

THE LEGENDARY LED ZEPPELIN DUO WHO REUNITED FOR THE SUPERB *NO QUARTER* ALBUM, WERE RECENTLY FILMED FOR AN MTV SPECIAL WHICH IS NOW AVAILABLE ON VIDEO. THE 95 MINUTE VIDEO VERSION FEATURES 40 MINUTES OF EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE NOT SEEN IN THE ORIGINAL BROADCAST, INCLUDING THE TRACKS 'THE RAIN SONG' AND 'WHAT IS & WHAT SHOULD NEVER BE'. DON'T MISS OUT ON THIS EXCELLENT NEW VIDEO.

PURE SMIRNOFF







Photo by Guy Richards

Screaming, Spliffs & Slothdom

The World Of Pumpkinhead

"What three videos would you take with you?"

"Put down *Edward Penishands*, it's an x-rated classic."

"Okay, next one. What fictional character would you take to your desert island?"

"Put Jessica Rabbit from *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*?"

Typical. Boys in a band on the road — five minutes later they've transformed into a gang of beer swilling, pot smoking, cussing perverts. I'll drink to that.

Christchurch fivesome Pumpkinhead are sprawled over beds, couches and tables in a tiny unit of a Hamilton motel. All their belongings are spread around. With the expert help of his bandmates, guitarist Aaron Hogg is answering a *Desert Island Discs* questionnaire for student station Contact 89FM.

Today is the final day of Orientation week at Waikato University, and it coincides with the annual student pub crawl. Hoards of slaughtered 20 year olds have been wandering the kilometres between Hamilton's main street and the university, but a decent-sized bunch are conscious enough to turn up for the *Dave Dobbyn & Pumpkinhead Show* at the campus rec centre later in the evening.

Two noise complaints during Dobbyn's set forces plan B into action, and Pumpkinhead shift camp to the nearby Wailing Bongo venue. A string of gigs in quick succession have honed Pumpkinhead into a thundering live band. Tight

as a nun's twat, tonight they blistered through 'Bateman' and 'Third Eye', sweated buckets over 'Water' and 'Erase', and later collapsed in chairs backstage due to total exhaustion.

Before sunrise the following day, Aaron, drummer Jason Peters, bass player Vaughan Watson and guitarist David Hunt are gliding back to Christchurch, leaving singer Brent Milligan entrenched in Auckland for the next four days, completing all the duties necessary of a spokesman-cum-manager of a band who are a month away from releasing their debut album. So Monday to Thursdays is divided between overseeing album artwork, making preparations for the next video and a series of interviews with local media. In one memorable encounter, Brent is involved in an on-air spat on bFM with a representative of Max TV over the channel's refusal to playlist the band's 'I Like' video. But it's a much more relaxed affair poolside on the roof of the Regent Hotel. We came up here on the Wednesday looking for a good view and a pint, but couldn't find either. Mind you, we're not anywhere close to being considered the best-dressed people in the

place.

Earlier in the day, the weekly National Singles Sales Chart was released and 'I Like' came in at Number 16. Naturally Brent is rapt, and deservedly so considering the video is getting virtually no airplay.

"I think what has made the single Number 16 on the charts is the fact that we've just done a pumping tour and nailed some wicked gigs. So people are seeing us live and going to buy the tape rather than seeing the video on TV, which is a shame 'cause the video is really funny."

'I Like', Pumpkinhead's ode to Weetbix, *Shortland Street*, and marijuana, was recorded midway through the sessions for the forthcoming album *Sloth*. The band spent three weeks with Christchurch engineer Dave Wernham during June of last year, locked in Phil Rudd's Mountain Studio on the outskirts of Tauranga. Much of *Sloth* was fine-tuned in the studio and several entire songs were born from jams in Mountain's big room. Consequently *Sloth* captures that raw, untamed edge many bands desire to achieve when recording.

"Recording the record was great fun, a real experience for me. I remember sitting in the control room at three in the morning, thinking back to the days of my first band, and being in the practice room with a tape deck and thinking: 'This is it! We're recording our band!' And now there I was, sitting in this studio that's worth nearly a million dollars, being allowed to play with this equipment. It was blowing my mind."

Sloth varies between the melodious grooves of 'Third Eye', 'Erase' and 'Scapegoat', to lumbering metal riffarama on 'Be Sure', and the more hardcore industrial sounds of 'Bateman'. But despite the differing styles, each song retains a similar degree of intensity and desperation in the vocal delivery that gives the record its unique brilliance.

"The singing recorded on *Sloth* is immature, as far as just knowing what the fuck it's all about. I didn't really know what to do, I just sang into the mic. Just before the time we recorded this, I split up with a girlfriend, and it was a really heavy experience. My girlfriend had an affair with my older brother. It was a pretty

"I remember thinking back to the days of my first band, and being in the practice room with a tape deck and thinking: 'This is it! We're recording our band!' And now there I was, sitting in this studio that's worth nearly a million dollars, being allowed to play with this equipment. It was blowing my mind."

heavy trip for me 'cause I was really in love with the woman... so some of the songs on the album are driven by that emotion I had running through me."

All the songs?
"Possibly yes [laughter]."

If justice is done, Brent will fly home clutching the award for the Most Promising Male Vocalist after this year's Music Awards, but when Pumpkinhead formed in late 1992, the son of an opera singer found himself surprised to be offered the mic.

"I ended up being the singer somehow, much to my girlfriend's dismay. Consequently she told me for the next six months how bad I was and I just about quit. I remember when I was younger, I used to see people in bands do these big screams and I thought: 'Yeah!'. So I used to get right off on screaming as soon as we started. I didn't sing much melody, I rapped and screamed. Over the first six months of Pumpkinhead's existence it was very sketchy that I even stayed and got involved."

But since Pumpkinhead played their first gig on Valentines Day 1993, the line-up has changed only once. Guitarist Jason Harmon left the band in January of this year.

"There were lots of reasons why it happened, but it all started with Jason wanting to bring his girlfriend on tour and I said no. On our *Water* tour we ticked up a horrendous mobile phone bill 'cause everyone was ringing their girlfriends constantly. Jason's girlfriend rung up one night and I answered the phone and said: 'I ate Jason for dinner and he's never coming home [we laugh]'. She did her nana about it and spent the next hour crying. Meanwhile, we went out of range, so she couldn't call back [we laugh even more]. All this shit went down and things were a bit dodgy after that. Jason was a really good guitar player and a nice guy, but he hadn't written a song, didn't do interviews, wasn't very photogenic, and he just wasn't putting anything into the band. It wasn't like we kicked him out and it wasn't like he quit, it was just a mutual thing."

Pumpkinhead recruited Supertanker guitarist David Hunt, then left him in his bedroom for two weeks with a metronome and a tape of their set. The result was better than they hoped for.

"It's been a really positive thing for the band, and it's really upped our live performance. More than ever we're connecting and I think our potential has increased. Dave's never played our kind of stuff before, but he's pulled it off and it's been great."

The day after Pumpkinhead's Hamilton show, Brent and I are on our way for a slap-up breakfast in town. There's a lot of activity inside Bob Bar at DeBretts Hotel. We peer in the door and intrude on the filming of a video for now defunct Christchurch band Throw. As far as we can see there's no actual band members about, but we're still surprised to be asked to appear as "extras" in the clip. My stomach screams 'no!', but Brent's sorely tempted.

"It would've been hilarious to appear in the video and wave and go: 'Hi Rob.'"

In retrospect Brent admits it was a wasted opportunity; nothing would have sent Rob Mayes of Failsafe Records round the bend more than having a member of Pumpkinhead star in a Failsafe video. These days there's definitely no love lost

between the two.

Pumpkinhead first appeared on record in 1993 on the Failsafe compilation *Avalanche*, and later the next year on a second compilation entitled *Good Things*. But when the band wouldn't sign a deal with the Christchurch based label the relationship soured.

"I ended up being the singer somehow, much to my girlfriend's dismay. Consequently she told me for the next six months how bad I was and I just about quit. Over the first six months of Pumpkinhead's existence it was very sketchy that I even stayed and got involved."

"[Rob] was raving to everyone about Pumpkinhead and he wanted to sign us, and wanted an album out of us. But we wanted to wait, and then Wildside [Records] was there. Of course it's much better for us to go with Wildside. There is such a difference between the two labels. Rob thinks we "sold out", but in my eyes Wildside is an independent label. To me, major labels are like Sony and Virgin. Sure, Wildside works hard in New Zealand, but it still has a staff of one."

On Thursday night Brent is running late. The airline has ceased calling his name over the intercom and the flight has been closed off. But, because a giant spliff has him talking in circles, he confuses an attendant enough for him to let him on the plane back home to Christchurch.

One day, why don't they just stay?

"A lot of people say: 'Why don't you move to Auckland?' But there's no reason for us to

shift. I think it's been an advantage for us being from Christchurch. What is in Christchurch, and the way Christchurch is, drives the scene and the sound and is in our music."

So you can't take Christchurch out of the boys, but even if the airport was closed and all inroads just happened to be barricaded, they'd squeeze out one way or another — the Pumpkinhead game plan definitely includes the proverbial words 'world domination'.

"We're not naive — we know it's a fucking hard slog and you've got to give your whole soul to it, but we also know if we stop having fun the band will stop. I think some of us have our sights set a little bit further than others in the band — like Vaughan is probably mind blown that he's got this far, but he said to me: 'It's either all or nothing.' And as manager of the band as well, that's the kind of attitude I need."

JOHN RUSSELL

Introducing the *first* antibiotic acne gel for women who use make-up. (So why are the boys screaming out for it?)

Today there is no reason why anyone with acne should continue to have more than just a mild problem.

During the past ten years we have learnt a lot more about acne and how to treat it. It's all about keeping the problem under control.

If you've got acne, there are four basic facts you should know about it:

1. we know what causes it
2. acne cannot be cured as such (but don't panic)
3. acne can now be helped enormously, and
4. as the life-span of acne is often eight to twelve years, treatment may be required as and when needed.

With the enormous advances of recent years, acne treatment should now almost always be successful.

If you use make-up, and that therefore, means most women, you have a special problem.

That is, up until now.

You see, make-up reduced the ability of acne treatments to be effective.

But, with the launch of a new antibiotic Gel, Dalacin T has changed all that. New Dalacin T antibiotic Gel is for those women who use make-up.

It leaves your skin hydrated without any sticky residue.

The Gel formulation dries clear to leave an ideal base for make-up to cover.

The Dalacin T range is more effective because it contains an antibiotic which attacks the bacteria that cause pimples.

So the beauty of Dalacin T Gel is more than skin deep. Dalacin T's unique

formula penetrates into acne lesions and eradicates bacteria within the lesion itself.

And this is the bit the boys will like — new Dalacin T Gel can also be used by them when their skin is a little sensitive.

The New Dalacin T Gel dries clear and leaves skin hydrated.



like after they've had a shave.

The Dalacin T range of antibiotics, has been specifically developed for a range of skin types and conditions.

1. New Dalacin T Gel is for women who use make-up.

2. Dalacin T Solution is for normal to oily skin. It comes in a unique and handy self-sterilising dab-o-matic applicator.

It is small and very convenient. Just unscrew the cap and dab on the affected areas.

There is no wastage, it's invisible and won't stain your clothes like sulphur based acne products do.

Because Dalacin T is topical, it's non-systemic. This means there aren't any disadvantages and side effects that you may get if you use oral antibiotics.

3. Dalacin T Lotion is for dry, sensitive skin (it does not contain alcohol).

The Lotion contains a moisturising formula and comes in a roller-ball applicator that is small, convenient and effortless to apply.

4. Prewash for users of Dalacin T. Prewash contains a gentle cleansing formulation designed to fight the bacteria that causes acne by effectively removing excess oil and dirt from skin pores.

It is recommended that both Prewash and a suitable Dalacin T antibiotic treatment be used together, twice daily.

There is no question that some acne treatments do cost less, and so they should — they don't contain an antibiotic to kill the bacteria that cause acne.

Dalacin T is now available from your Chemist, without a doctors prescription.

THE DALACIN T RANGE



NEW GEL
is for those women who use make-up.

SOLUTION
is for normal to oily skin.

LOTION
is for dry, sensitive skin.

PREWASH
for users of Dalacin T.

Ask your Chemist for the right advice and you'll soon spot the difference.

Upjohn Inter-American Corporation, Auckland. Restricted Medicine. Use only as directed. Full information available on request. Active ingredient: clindamycin 1%. Dalacin T is a trademark. UPJ/2017



Moana & the Moahunters



Brent, Pumpkinhead

Photos by Murray Cammick



Brent & Aaron, Pumpkinhead



David Kilgour & Martin Phillipps



Karl Kippenberger, Shihad



Diesel



Carter of Dimmer



The Brazz



Sailor Boy: Dave McCartney



ripitup

Dead Flowers



Wayne Elliot of Knightshade



Gavin Dempsey, Blackjack

Liquid, Lamb & Loudness

STRAWBERRY FIELDS

Raglan, February 24 & 25.

Spinal Tap wrote a song about music festivals and called it 'Stinking Up The Great Outdoors'. There was an element of that at Strawberry Fields — front of stage smelt like a well-worn sock — but the last of this summer's major rock festivals crackled way more than it fizzed.

As usual we're overdue, but this time the blame lies elsewhere. A late rock star interview, combined with rush hour traffic on the southern motorway, means we don't arrive at the Raglan site until just after 7.30pm.

The *RipitUp* chariot is directed down the wrong entrance, so consequently we're chased by a loud-mouthed big bloke in a Hiace van. Pleading innocence and ignorance, we score a couple of passes and head round the back.

The **Hallelujah Picassos** and **Semi Lemon Kola** are sitting in the sun, drinking their riders — both bands played earlier in the afternoon. Twenty feet away, behind the stage, **Andrew Fagan** and band have just finished, and are loading gear into his ambulance.

A quick scout around, and the view is pleasing. Those in charge have got it right this time, meaning, the bands are being treated like kings. Food is dirt-cheap and top class, the coffee's going for free, and the liquor can't be much more than cost-price. On ya.

In the half hour it takes **Moana and the Moahunters** to set up, we sample all the turps on offer and decide on *Waikato* as the brew of choice for the weekend — when in Rome etc.

It's dusk now, and a seat at the top of the lighting tower offers a great view of the sunset and the stage. Moana and band rule, especially bass player Peter Hora who is one viciously funky player. The sweet pop of 'Kua Makona' opens, then Teremoana Rapley moves up front for 'Beautiful People', this flows into Jimmy Cliff's 'Rebel In Me', and later Andrew Fagan joins in for 'I'll Be The One'. The bass goes deep for a wild version of En Vogue's 'Free Your Mind', and by the final two tracks, 'AEIOU' and 'Tahi', the band are cookin' and unstoppable. Great stuff.

There's a bit of playtime going begging, so an inspection of the wicket begins.

This field we're standing in is twice the size of a football pitch, food tents (hooray!) border one side and hippy stalls the other — what those tree-huggers need is a well aimed air strike. The crowd is much younger than the previous year, the place is jumping with teenage girls — the kind that make you raise one eyebrow and attempt to lick the tip of your nose. The black T-shirts are still out in force though, worn mostly by heavy dudes who look like they got out of jail the day

before, but thankfully the cloud of aggression that marred 94's event is absent.

On the way back to the stage I'm side-tracked by two human interest events. There's a bit of fisticuffs going on near the main bar, while across the other side of the stage, in the Red Cross tent, a girl wrapped in muslin and sheepskin is wiggling out madly to a tune only she can hear.

On with the show. While the stage manager's back is turned I sneak up the ramp into the wings to see **Blackjack**, and immediately wonder when they last rehearsed — 1980 perhaps? 'Baby It's You' is lapped up by the crowd, but after 15 minutes of this turgid, dated metal, I'd accept the Van Gogh option rather than enduring further; so I'm happy to be busted and marched off, despite the chorus of laughter from assorted **Pumpkinheads**.

The **Midge Marsden Band** get an excellent groove going on covers of Rockinghorse's 'Southern Moonlight' and 'Love The One You're With' by Crosby, Stills and Nash, but otherwise this blues lark bores the tits off me. Nothing personal.

Not so, **Pumpkinhead**. This was their finest show to date. Every element gelled, all stops were pulled, and the result was the most supreme live performance. With a dazzling light show behind them and perfect sound out front, they roared with intensity and left me speechless. Frontman Brent Milligan is in total control, jumping so that his feet never land where they've been, and singing with so much force you'd think his lungs would burst. New tracks 'Third Eye' and 'Scapegoat' are grand to the extreme, while 'Water' and 'Erase' mesmerise with their equal amounts of melody and madness. Just when you think they're peaking, Brent begins swigging kerosene and blows a series of enormous fireballs that tips the performance over the edge into the realm of something otherworldly. 'Swimming' is pulled from the bag, and they close with a hyperactive tune called 'Nark'. I head for the food stalls just fuckin' stoked!

Up at the rear of the playing field is a kitchen whose proprietors know how to pull a crowd. Out front there's a huge beast of indiscriminate origin roasting on a spit, and a sign marked 'Doubledecker Lamb Sandwiches' leans boldly to the side. Earlier, this delicacy was described by *Herald* writer Russell Baillie as "like holding two pieces of bread and waiting for a sheep to run through the middle".

Shihad are due on right now, but their flight from Wellington was delayed for five hours. They're currently speeding to the festival from the legendary Talofa Motel in the heart of Grey Lynn.

Knightshade come to the rescue. I haven't seen this band since I was at school, when

a borrowed ID got me into the Hillcrest Tavern in 1987. There's no sign of *Our World's* Gayle Ludlow, but 'Out For The Count' is as dramatic as ever tonight, and 'Love and Money' still delivers a hard punch to a booze-riddled brain. 'You Don't Need Me' sounds cool, guitarist Rik Bernards displays his best Tufnel/St. Hubbins moves, and for sure Wayne Elliot's voice hasn't deserted him.

The **Shihad** entourage arrive near the finale of Knightshade's set, and a heavily flurried Jon Toogood dives straight for the coffee. The rush sees him right, and when they open up with a phenomenal new track called 'Gimme', it's magic. The hundreds that had earlier retreated to the relative comfort of tents and trucks, are sucked out to be battered senseless by the Wellington foursome. Churn's 'Derail' and 'Screwtop' have the impact of bombs, and new tunes from *Killjoy* jar bones with their ferocity. Without a doubt, Faith No More should assume the support role.

It's almost four in the morning now, and hard rockers **Scarf** are due on. I saw them support Transvision Vamp a few years ago, and once was enough for a lifetime. A pre-arranged Shihad interview late on Saturday afternoon means we zoom back to Auckland for sleep. Apparently Scarf performed a Queen medley.

The wheels are spinning as we edge down the mud track towards backstage late the next day. **Herbs** have just left the stage and are sparking up in a nearby tent.

An enthusiastic crowd swarms in the pit to see the **Clean**, but only Martin Phillipps has realised there's an audience out there. David Kilgour and Robert Scott spend much of the set huddled around Hamish at the drums. That said, the sun is setting in a most brilliant shade of pink, and the pop charms of the Clean, including a fine version of 'I Wait Around', are the perfect soundtrack.

Some idiot has turned the PA down a notch or two, so it takes until the forth song before **Hello Sailor** really impact. Once again The Brazz™ is sounding glorious, and the band are ship-shape. It's the reggae numbers 'G.M.T' and 'Gutterblack' that top the clap-o-meter, but Harry Lyon's 'You Bring Out The Worst In Me' strikes a blow with the ravers down the front also. Sailor wind up with an awesome extended version of 'Blue Lady', and Graham Brazier reinforces why he is one of only two people I want to hear play the harmonica.

We go on a slow wander as **Tama Renata** races up and down his fretboard. The paddock looks like a battlefield, bodies are strewn everywhere. There's a real mellow atmosphere happening, and the only scary thing is the state of the toilets.

Round the back, we're guzzling beer and coffee, fending off the odd person who wants to know the identity of Elvis Slag, and sheltering from the first drops of rain. I get a nasty look from Diesel's manager after being overheard inquiring: "Is it worth getting wet for that Australian ponce?" Before I can challenge him to an arm wrestle, a can of suds is thrust at me, and I'm pushed out the front.

Diesel makes me want to vomit into my hands. His bland AOR pop/rock performance is accompanied by a mixture of strategic sincerity and fake 'feeling'. His band were big criminals as well; slick like snot, they played without soul or spirit, and didn't bother to mask the looks of total disinterest on their faces. Bizarre then that this glossy, studio-manufactured attempt at soul is cheered to the heavens by the masses. At the finale of 'Right On The Tip Of My Tongue', Diesel says: "Thankyou music lovers." Thumbs down to that one. The only 'music lovers' would be the ones striking a blow for good taste by cutting the power to the main stage.

Shayne Carter's **Dimmer** are well dressed and were invited to "go hard". They did just that. The new rhythm section has improved the band immensely — so much so that you actually discover these are meant to be songs, not just a collection of squeals through which Carter can prove his point. As always, the instrumental 'Crystalator' gets pole position, then the trio dive into a handful of swirling, pounding, almost combustible 'rock' tunes. They had their set cut short due to the late hour, so wrapped it up with Donna Summer's 'I Feel Love'.

Just after 2.30am, Bryan Bell gets his turn. The **Dead Flowers** singer has been backstage for over six hours and looks relieved to be occupied. *Strawberry Fields* was the band's first ever show without bass player Dave James, and Bryan sums it up for everyone when he says: "It's really weird when something that has always been there is gone." It was a mediocre performance from the Flowers tonight, spoiled mostly by a bad mix out front. The usual big-hitters, 'Some Brain Ride' and 'Not Ready', failed to connect, and even the explosive 'What Do You Take Me For' appeared suffocated. The departure of Dave seems to have sapped a chunk of energy from Dead Flowers that his permanent replacement will need to bring back.

The watch chimes four, and we're weary. The trip back to Auckland looms like a monster, but this year *Strawberry Fields* has been a pleasure. The crowd was down on last year, so it's probably too early to ask if the festival will go ahead in 96. The only real question is, which one of us is fit to drive home?

JOHN RUSSELL



Jon Toogood, Shihad Tama Renata

Photos by Jo Crowley



back beat

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN Greatest Hits
(Columbia)

'Born to Run' roars from the speakers, glistening like a Phil Spector gold record, the visions are all epic, the dreams glorious. Definitely a 'greatest hits' – there is nothing from the wordy first two albums – the 14 famous tracks give a rapid overview of the Boss. We see the dreams explode in 1984 when the critics' favourite (he delivered on

Elvis's promise) became a worldwide superstar. My ears are still weary from the radio overkill of 'Born in the USA' and 'Dancing in the Dark', but the moving minimalism of 'My Hometown' points to Springsteen's darker, less bombastic future. These days I see *Tunnel of Love* as his greatest album, its maturity hinted at by 'Atlantic City' five years earlier. This album (the first volume?) is most useful to inspire reconsideration, to see the big picture, as well as for the joy of rediscovering *Born to*

Run and Darkness; the four extra tracks are to entice the fans, rather than essential.

JOHN LEE HOOKER Chill Out
(Virgin)

The man who taught Van Morrison how to growl cruises with dignity to superannuation. Now 78, the Hook follows his recent guest-heavy successes of *The Healer* and *Mr Lucky* with a complete work of creativity that is satisfying without too much celebrity help. Van, Carlos Santana and R&B piano legend Charles Brown make distinguished appearances, but it is the Hook who dominates. His inimitable chooglin' boogie and one-chord vamping remains fresh on remakes of 'One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer' and 'Serves Me Right to Suffer', plus there are exquisite examples of pure Delta blues played by Hook alone. One of the last in a long line of blues geniuses from Clarksdale, Mississippi, Hook shows how to age with class.

DAVID MUNYON Code Name: Jumper
(Glitterhouse/Global Routes)

The dark side of the Springsteen dream, part one. This wordsmith/fingerpicker comes across like a more serious John Prine, though occasional flashes of humour emerge. He delivers snapshots of real characters in the underbelly of US blue-collar life: Vietnam vets, panhandlers, drifters and dreaming dads. The very simple arrangements are held together by David Pomeroy's fretless bass.

RICHARD BUCKNER Bloomed
(Glitterhouse/Global Routes)

The dark side of the Springsteen dream, part two. San Francisco based, Buckner is another Midwest songsmith who eschews mainstream aspirations. Recorded in Austin, this has strong (if bleak) songs, with the only drawback being Buckner's reedy voice, which recalls James Taylor.

JOHN MARTYN Sweet Little Mysteries
(Island)

A two-pack career anthology from the eclectic singer-guitarist who was rivetting at Sweetwaters in 1983. Coming from the British folk scene of the late 60s, Martyn's early material leans a little towards Donovan rather than Fairport Convention for my tastes, but his subtle folk-blues voice is strongly supported by leg-

endary acoustic bassist Danny Thompson. Later, Island stalwarts such as Steve Winwood contribute as Martyn gets into jazzy-acoustic meanderings and the occasional tilt at world music. Recommended for Paul Ubana Jones fans – and to those who remember the days of Buddha and Joni Mitchell's *Hejira*.

PAT McLAUGHLIN Get Out and Stay Out
(dos)

The 1989 album for Capitol, produced by Mitchell Froom and never released until now. Probably they thought the sound – power pop rather than the roots rock of last year's *Unglued* – was nothing special, not hearing the strength of the songs. But Bonnie Raitt did, particularly the swampy feel of 'Don't Tell Me'. I can also hear echoes of David Lindley, Marshall Crenshaw, Boz Scaggs's recent album – and John Hiatt without the vocal mannerisms.

SONNY LANDRETH South of I-10
(Zoo/BMG)

Landreth is a Cajun guitar hero, an electric bottleneck specialist who dazzled as part of John Hiatt's *Slow Turning* band. On his own, Landreth's guitar work has character and variety; he pisses on Chris Whitley with authenticity and originality. But Landreth is held back by his ordinary songs and weak voice. Plenty of friends help out – Allen Toussaint, Mark Knopfler, Stephen Bruton – but this needs someone like Daniel Lanois (missing in action?) to bring out the meat. Recommended, however, to bottleneck stalwarts.

VARIOUS ARTISTS Skynyrd Friends
(MCA)

With friends like these, who needs enemies? The tributes get more absurd. Lynyrd Skynyrd died in a plane crash in 1977, the same year as Elvis and Bing Crosby. Those two were giants of 20th century pop music; Skynyrd weren't, but at the time it was their star in the ascendant. More than a mere Southern boogie band, they were *smart* good ole boys. Unfortunately these C-grade new country acts (Travis Tritt, Wynonna, Confederate Railroad ... Steve Earle, what are you doing here?) show none of Skynyrd's sass. But even Alabama can't kill a great song like 'Sweet Home Alabama'.

JAMES BOOKER



KING LOSER

SONIC SUPER FREE HI-FI

CD OUT NOW

INCLUDES BONUS TRACKS
STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN & EXIT THE KING




"humming with fury, revved-up with abandon and leaking psychedelia" – Alternative Press

"A masterful of unapologetic abandon and suave charm" – Moe Magazine.

"Do you like them?" "Not really, no" – Peter Jefferies, Bronx Cheer.

ween chocolate & cheese
new album out now



ween live
sunday april 23, 95  FM
powerstation, auckland.

BOOK AT BASS,
TRUETONE, SOUNDS,
REAL GROOVY,
CORNER RECORDS.
PHONE & CREDIT CARD
BOOKINGS
(09) 307 5000
(TRANSACTION FEE
MAY APPLY)





Faith No More

FAITH NO MORE King For A Day,
Fool For A Lifetime (Festival)

Hiding beneath the exterior of these very likeable tunes, which range from the ferocious to the laid back, lie some very sick and yummy minds, especially that of the formerly bouncy and clean cut boy — now turned smooth operator (and he looks like a cross between 'our Kev' from *Coro Street* and Chico) — Mike Patton.

'Get Out' (where Mike worries that he may have lost some of his talent and is maybe a normal boy after all), sick noise ditty 'Cuckoo For Caca' (Mike's glorifying shit again: 'Shit lives forever!'), the sordid sheets of 'Ugly In the Morning', and the enthralling 'Digging the Grave' all stay close to the style Faith No More have coined. Apart from the above mentioned, Faith No More move into a territory that was always on the tips of their tongues, but never consummated (maybe because of the now departed, unco-operative guitarist Jim Martin).

As well as extracting brutal sounds from their instruments, they caress them to produce a smooth, macabre sound, coupled with musical and lyrical capability. 'Evidence' is Faith No More playing in Sade's entrails. 'Star AD' is a rollicking number, that starts off sounding like what *The Professionals* theme tune might have sounded like if Faith No More had done it, with Mike Patton doing his best Tom Jones vocal impersonation, and 'Caralho Voador' is a little smoothy on which Mike rolls (probably) unsavoury Italian dialect of that naughty tongue

of his.

'The Last To Know' is sweepingly majestic, and the closing song 'Just A Man' is a baby rock opera, complete with a gospelish sounding choir, which spoils the gentleness of the otherwise best song on the album. Keeps all the dark places well filled.

SHIRLEY CHARLES

VIOLENT FEMMES Rock!!!!
(Liberation)

After the experimental feast and prophetic title of *New Times*, those who loved the Femmes for familiarity above musical skill may have been biting their fingernails. They need fear no more! The Violent Femmes have not shrugged off their adolescent ideals and penchant for catchy choruses. They've returned to them with a vengeance which could only be beaten by the sheer historical staying power of their old hits.

Take 'Tonight', for example: 'Tonight, I wanna get high / Tonight, I wanna get high / Tonight I wanna get high! High! High! / I don't care if I live or die.' Get the point? Don't ya just know a whole new generation of Femmes freaks are gonna be hollering that at the Town Hall come the year 2000? There's a regular glut of that sort of thing here, including: 'Living a Lie', 'Life is an Adventure' and 'She Went to Germany'.

The weird side has not been completely shelved, as the sometimes painful 'Didgeriblow' is testament to. Take a wild

guess at that song's featured instrument, then imagine it being shoved down Brian Ritchie's throat. The more balladic 'I Wanna See You Again' and the eerie 'Bad Dream' are the true craft pieces of this pack. My penchant for rhymish balance is well appeased with the former's: 'Bring your whips / Bring your chains / We can exchange names.' There's really no telling what these Rock!!!! types get into these days. And you ought to see the cover! Men in frocks. Heavens to Murgatroyd!

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

CHRIS KNOX Songs of You and Me
(Flying Nun)

Yup — another solo record from the man who just doesn't know when to stop reading his press kit. The newie is a double, *Hanging Out For Time to Cure Birth* is the 'You' side, while *A Stranger's Iron Shore* is the 'Me' side.

As usual, the lyric sheet will take you weeks to wade through, more words than your average Mike Leigh film. Knox tries to 'make songs out of speeches' (to paraphrase 'Mirror, Mirror').

On *Duck Shaped Pain* he told us we should all read Faludi's *Backlash*. On *Croaker's* 'Liberal Backlash Angst (the Excuse)' he told us off for being lazy bastards that won't do anything for change. On *Seizure* he told us 'Honesty is Not Enough' for change. Knox never seems to tire of trying to convert us to his PC world view.

On *Songs of You and Me* his topics include suicide, being crippled and drugs, before he moves into his personal life, which seems to consist of being in love, being fucked up or fucking up relationships — something else he never tires of writing about, though I do wonder if his partner of 15 years is not yet fed up with it.

His lyrics are intelligent (he admits his ignorance), intensely personal and usually avoid the cliched and banal. What more could you



Chris Knox

want from him?

Musically, he's the Chris Knox we know and love, delicate ballads in 'Brave' and 'Open', the cool pop of 'Mirror, Mirror', which should have been the single, and the fuzz of 'Chemicals Are Our Friends'. He may not know when to stop, but it doesn't matter — it's not time to.

DARREN HAWKES

RADIOHEAD The Bends
(Parlophone)

With 'Creep', Radiohead fashioned one of post-indie's torch songs. Its explosive self-loathing struck the right chord with a disillusioned teenage public, anxious to find an alternative to the awful, endless dance fodder of the *Top Of the Pops* culture.

The success of 'Creep' led to their patchy debut album, *Pablo Honey*, shipping over a million and suddenly the band were confronting a mental block of a second album. Initially, in the studio, *The Bends* was approaching a Stone Roses level of procrastination, so they wiped the sessions, went on the road, then went back in and recorded the album in two weeks.

Ironically, the album has benefited from the fact that the band were sick and exhausted from their tour, because there's a compression, intensity and unity on *The Bends* that *Pablo Honey* scarcely hinted at. The playing and singing has a desperation and on-the-edge feeling — right from the melodic power of openers 'Planet Telex' and the title track, through to haunted, down-beat ballads like 'Nice Dream' and 'Fake Plastic Trees'. So *The Bends* has assurance, depth and menace, from a band that were starting to look like one-hit wonders.

GEORGE KAY

BELLY King
(Flying In)

When you listen to *King* you can easily imagine Belly coming third in a Belly sound-alike competition. Perhaps, after the supernova that was *Star*, we expected too much.

It's not that the album is bad. It's very good. 'Silverfish' is a delicate wee thing, akin to 'White Belly's' best butterfly stomach moments. 'Puberty' attacks like Tanya Donnelly pretending to be her half sister, Kristin Hersh. The title track is sonically structured like running away from a relationship and finding another and then running away from that one and so on. The single, 'Now They'll Sleep', though initially disappointing, is a grower. And Gail Greenwood has settled into her new

Ibanez®

NEW 1995 RANGE AVAILABLE NOW!

The all new 1995 Ibanez model range has just hit the stores, with over thirty new guitars and basses now available. And what's more at prices which won't break the bank. Here's a sample.....

TALMAN The vintage feel of the fifties with cool paint jobs and an all new headstock. A range of pickup configurations including Epoxy Sealed "Lipstick" single coils or "soapbox" humbuckers. Prices start at just \$899

RX SERIES A superb instrument at a price everyone can afford. Choose from three different pickup configurations and six colour finishes to make the ultimate "Bang for the Buck" rock guitar. From only \$429

ATTACK BASS The unique ATK TRIPLE COIL pickup provides three totally different humbucker settings, plus a huge range of classic bass sounds as well as a few golden tones of it's own! Strings can be strung either through body or through the bridge to further widen the range of tones. Left handed and Fretless versions are available. From \$899

Just a sample of the exciting NEW 1995 model range - Head on down to your authorised IBANEZ dealer today and check them out!



NZ DISTRIBUTOR

5 Amokura Street, Henderson, Auckland, P.O Box 21-232 Henderson
Ph: (649) 837 3230 Fax: (649) 837 3232



RX 20 Black



recording role on bass as well as she did her live one.

But *King* is by no means great. The rest of the tracks burble along like a bunch of B-sides.

Star was the built up frustration of being in Kristin's creative shadow for years (and then Kim Deal's in the Breeders). It had to be brilliant to prove them wrong, and it was. *King* feels without form. The pop joy that permeated their songs in the past sounds laboured this round. Sometimes it's just absent. Here's hoping *King* is just a stumbling block.

JOHN TAITE

WEEZER Weezer (Geffen)

Weezer are four boys who make music that's as catchy as the clap, and has plenty of sing along, ooh-ee-oh bits you can grinningly chant with your pals. Try it! It's fun. The vocals often work in shouty, three part harmonies, which is rather endearing. Guitars? Yep! Plenty — even the odd solo, if you please. And anybody who's been within eyeshot of a telly during the past few months will be able to vouch for the drumming, thanks to way cool drummer Patrick Wilson, whose unusual dance moves are the focal point of the 'Undone — the Sweater Song' video.

Apart from sweaters, subject matter covers girls, the garage, workers, Ace Frehley, surfing... basically all the stuff that counts to your

everyday young dude in the 90s. Oh, and Buddy Holly. Lead singer Rivers Cuomo (with a name like that, this guy should go into the cabaret business) has got a cool voice too. It comes on all cheery and benign, but don't OD on the cheese, 'cause before you know it he's rockin' out and riddled with angst. Spin it lots and you'll see what I mean.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Louder — A BFM Compilation (Festival)

There's more to making a great album than bundling together a number of strong tracks from a disparate bunch of performers. That's always been the problem with compilation packages, such as this offering from Auckland's student radio station, bFM. But if they tend to lack something in coherence, they at least serve as a useful taster for those artists included. And, unless your ears happen to be painted on, few introductions should be needed for *Louder's* assembled roster.

From the eastern mystique of African Headcharge's opening track, 'Heading To Glory', through the obvious indie reference points of perennial fav's Dinosaur Jr. and Sugar, to a healthy dollop of local fare, *Louder* sounds like a bFM broadcast, without the deejays. (It's interesting to note the absence of any English offerings of the indie persuasion — is that John Taite I hear wailing and gnashing

his teeth?). Of course an album that covers so much stylistic ground can't be all things to all people. Personally I find *The Puddle* as wet as their name would suggest, and the inclusion of Thorazine Shuffle's 'Clutter' is perhaps best viewed as an act of charity by a benevolent godparent. On the plus side is the inclusion of Breast Secreting Cake's simply wonderful and otherwise unavailable 'All The Cars'.

Overall there's a lot to like on *Louder*, although the vintage of some of the tracks means it would have sounded that much more essential in 1994, rather than 1995. Not so much instant karma as instant nostalgia.

MARTIN BELL

SLASH'S SNAKEPIT

It's Five O'Clock Somewhere (Geffen)

Having added a few noteworthy contributions to other people's albums (Lenny Kravitz, Michael Jackson, Bob Dylan etc.) we would expect Slash's solo record to be a bit different to Guns N' Roses, and interesting mainly for that reason. Unfortunately this isn't really the case, as almost all of G N' R are playing on here anyway, so it does sway the bias in that direction. Slash is also having a go at the old electrified southern rock thing, which seems to be quite popular with lead guitarists lately, but doesn't work with this group. For instance, when singer Eric Dover isn't doing Axl replacement, he ends up sounding like a dead ringer for Jon Bon Jovi. That's probably why the best track is an instrumental 'Jizz Da Pitt', co-written by Ozzy and Alice In Chains bassist Mike Inez. But even that doesn't break up the 70 minutes of rock same-ness. It could possibly be five O'clock in Japan, but then again maybe Slash needs to check his watch.

GEOFF DUNN

MORRISSEY World of Morrissey (EMI)

The new Mozz compilation is a haphazard dog's breakfast if ever there was one: 'Boxers' and its two B-sides, three live tracks from *Beethoven Was Deaf*, two tracks from *Your Arsenal*, two tracks from *Vauxhall* and that old chestnut 'Last of the Famous International Playboys'.

It's worth getting for the cover of 'Moon River', all 10 minutes of it, which really is spec-

tacular. The original version of 'The Loop' is a good ole bit of rockabilly, and 'My Lovelife', which was a blueprint for a lot of *Vauxhall* (but got lost when he went off with his *Arsenal*) is finally available.

Not so much the *World of Morrissey*, or even the best of. It's a Christmas biscuit sampler with a couple of digestives and a couple of Tim-Tams from his latest albums.

JOHN TAITE

YOU AM I Hi Fi Way (Warners)

Fuck Oasis. They say Oasis are the 'new Beatles'. How can this be when You Am I are two trillion times better. Liam or Noel what's-his-name try to do what Tim Rogers does so well — write simple, emphatic lyrics that work and don't look silly. Unlike Oasis, Tim Rogers can pull off a finely crafted pop song around the words: 'I wasn't thinkin' / Over boiled beans and chicken' ('Minor Byrd').

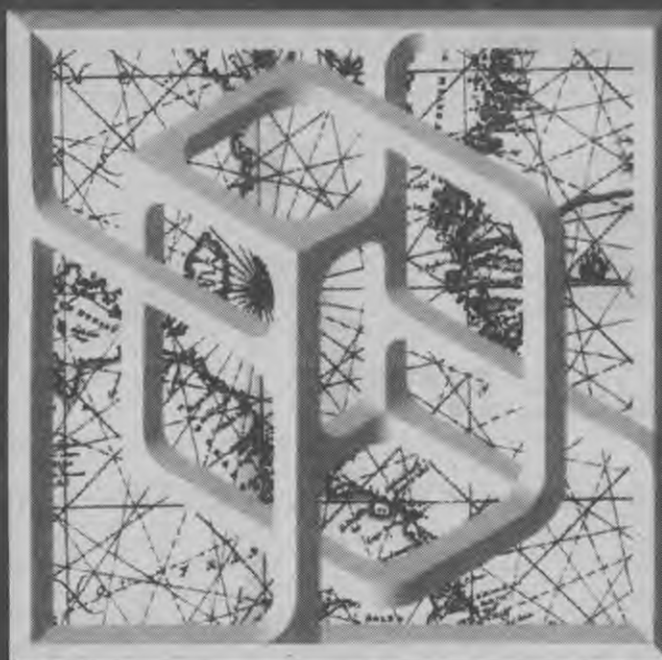
Recorded in New York, with Sonic Youth's Lee Ranaldo producing, *Hi Fi Way* is a myriad of finely tuned, meticulous pop songs, with many a hook to get under yer skin. It's stung with lyrics reeking of suburbia and all that it holds: girls, food, day jobs, beer, a bit more beer and some drinking too ('Pizza Guy', 'She Digs Her'), interspersed with ballads that make your heart sore ('Handwasher', 'Purple Sneakers'), and of course there's the 'punk' and 'rocky' numbers ('Punkarella', 'Ken', the Mother Nature's Son', 'The Applecross Wing Commander'), to snap you from your daydream, and remind you what rock 'n' roll is for... (insert your own reason).

Flawless — hold it tight to your chest.

SHIRLEY CHARLES

THE THE Hunky Panky (Epic)

Hunky Panky is the first in an occasional series of albums The The intend to release in celebration of the great singer/songwriters. Hank Williams is affection target number one. After the disappointment that was *Solitude* (wherein The The may have got the tribute ball rolling prematurely by reinterpreting their own works, to rather ill effect) this short, but bitter sweet recording is a triumphant return to form. An added bonus to bear in mind is that it is



Orb

ORBIVUS TERRARVM

Another ambient masterpiece unleashed for your pleasure with over 70 minutes of mind expanding music.



HERE IT NOW!
PHONE 09-373 3456
PHONE 04-499 2233



SICK OF IT ALL

From NEW YORK

SCRATCH THE SURFACE

AUCKLAND
WELLINGTON
WELLINGTON
NEW PLYMOUTH
HAMILTON

HAMILTON
AUCKLAND

THURSDAY 20 APRIL
FRIDAY 21 APRIL (ALL AGES)
FRIDAY 21 APRIL
SATURDAY 22 APRIL
SUNDAY 23 APRIL 4PM
(ALL AGES)
SUNDAY 23 APRIL
MONDY 24TH APRIL

SQUID
THISTLE HALL
ANTIPODES
NITESPOT
NARTON HALL

THE EXCHANGE
POD



IMA Hit



sure to send a whole new chapter of the curious in search of the Hank Williams catalogue.

There are few songwriters this century who have expressed the deep ache of loneliness and the longing for love as darkly and sweetly as Hank Williams,' Matt Johnson writes in the liner notes. I wonder if this notorious depressive realises he is a member of this very same heartbreak hotel, making him the perfect helmsman for a project such as this.

Although the songs are covers, they bear all the trademarks of The The classics. The lyrics, however, and Williams' impeccable sense of rhyme ('There's a tear in my beer, 'cause I'm crying for you dear,' being my favourite) remain authentic. No wonder The The picked 'I Saw The Light' over 'I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry', for they certainly have seen it with this album.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

ECHOBELLY Everybody's Got One (Rhythm King)

Raves overseas, stupid name, the usual. Who the hell are Echobelly then? A star-studded pedigree, with Curve's live guitarist (Debbie Smith) and PJ Harvey's old drummer (Andy Henderson), sure. An English band full of rock-pop, not obsessed with the past, yeah. But Echobelly is Sonya — Sonya Aurora Madan,

a water nymph with cast iron guts and bionic vocals. She's the strength of PJ Harvey one moment and the softness of Harriet Wheeler (the Sundays) the next.

They've been rightly compared to plenty of bands. 'Cold Feet Warm Heart' has a 'Back To the Old House', Smiths-esque mandolin. 'Close...' but has a definite rockabilly feel, a la solo Mozz, and 'Taste of You' has more than just an echo of Tanya Donnelly's Belly to it. That's not even mentioning the vocal similarities to Björk, amongst others. But the tunes are there and, if you're not some purist that whinges on about bands sounding similar to their influences, there's plenty of reasons to give EGO a go.

JOHN TAITE

NEW YORK DOLLS Rock and Roll (Polygram)

At present *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* is touring New Zealand. To some, all that woof-terism and cross dressing may be a bloody good laugh, but not me. To me that hanky panky's downright unnatural. What's worse is decent Kiwis are going out and lapping it up. I doubt they'd find it all so funny if they knew the sort of degenerates who inspired it all. Rest assured coppers, I'm gonna expose everything (not myself ya dirty rotters).

Back in 72, a bunch of jokers in New York (hence name) thought it'd be pretty outrageous to dress up like sheilas. Well, they were right. It was outrageous, not to mention disgusting. Now, your average punters at the time, recognising degeneracy when they saw it, steered well clear of the Dolls and their music. Hence, only two albums were ever released; the self titled debut and *Too Much Too Soon*. Now these two platters that mattered have been compiled onto one itty bitty disk, with three never before heard tracks. To be fair, there's nuthin' much wrong with the music, heaps of it sounds like the Stones (straight up blokes). The singer fella, David Johansen, even looks like Mick Jagger, and the guitarist chappie, Johnny Thunders (RIP), was a figure of inspiration to many young punkers. Mr Thunders was a great enough guitarist not to bother wanking off like the poxy prog rockers around at the time, instead content to keep it nice and simple, apart from a couple of scorching solos. To add some spice the Dolls would put in killer harmonica lines, played by Mr Johansen, or maybe have a piano thumping away (Jerry Lee Lewis style, not Dick Clayderman). Whining away over the top of all this primitive rock and

roll would be Mr Johansen, with his tales about 'Trash', 'Pills' and 'Babylon' — the lyrics paying homage to the sordid lifestyles of these rouged rotters. So far this lifestyle has managed to account for three of the original band. Here's hoping the royalties from this compilation will buy enough nose candy to see a New York Dolls reunion. In Hell.

KEVIN LIST

CARTER USM Worry Bomb (EMI)

Sometimes I don't know why I bother about Carter — preaching to the converted and all that. There's a handful of fans out there, you know the ones, still wearing their '30-Something' T-shirts to the mosh pits. The truth is old Jim Bob and Fruit Bat are an awfully English acquired taste. But their cunning sex (sells) machine has certainly got 'Let's Get Tattoos' in the music channels.

Now with real drummer Wez, they've lost a lot of their plinkity plonkity feel (thank fuck!), and the rather serious, pop-less misery which even alienated student radio (*Post Historic Monsters*), is now well behind them. The two singles alone ('Tattoos' and 'Young Offender's Mum') proved that. Lyrically, their little word plays are still bobbing about ("You say Karl / I say Harpo / I'm politically incorrectable"), but musically they've changed. Someone must have given them some guitar lessons because 'Cease Fire' and 'God, St. Peter and the Guardian Angel' are almost like proper rock songs. 'Defeatist Attitude' is Carter unplugged. True! As for the rest, it's a huge leap for Carter-kind. The machine's back on track.

JOHN TAITE

SICK OF IT ALL Scratch the Surface (Eastwest)

Yes, I am sick of it all. I'm sick of monotonous bands who play million-mile-an-hour music, filled with standard metal/rock progressions, and call it hardcore just because some guy is bellowing something very boring over the top of it at a constant pitch for about an hour. There are no dynamics, there are no peaks, there is no emotion, this is bog standard. In fact, about 10 years ago this could have been remarkable — but it wouldn't have been because there were thousands of bands who sounded like this 10 years ago.

And there are baking vocals, which always sound anthemic and phoney in hardcore — like football chants. That macho team mentality

again.

The guitarist plays your standard issue US hardcore guitar — a Gibson SG of course. He doesn't do much exciting with it however. Too much speed, not enough power. To quote Sick Of It All: 'If the substance lacks it's plain for all to see.' So true. Waffle, waffle, blah, blah... even this review is boring. But here comes an interesting part...

The first person to send an abusive letter to *Rip It Up* about this review will get this CD sent to them free! Send your entries on the back of an envelope or on a postcard to: Sick Of Your Crap Reviews, *Rip It Up*, PO Box 5689, Wellesley St, Auckland.

JEREMY CHUNN

THE WEDDING PRESENT Watusi (Island)

JULIAN COPE Autogeddon (Liberation)

Two acts superficially incompatible, but they share a maverick vision and it's sorta ironic to have Cope in the same column as Wedding Present's Island label — the company that dumped Cope for not shifting too many units.

Not that David Gedge and the Wedding Present have been feverishly popular. With their hardcore, Albini phase well behind them, their 12 singles in a year campaign sharpened their sensibilities for *Watusi* — a celebration of the gawkiness, immediacy and splendour of pop. The portable hair drier and record player on the sleeve indicate where Gedge's head is at present, and this is borne out in the instantly digestible, retro-pop of 'Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah', 'Swimming Pools', 'Movie Stars' and 'Hot Pants'. *Watusi* revels in the disposability of 60s culture. Enjoy it.

By comparison, Cope's angle is futuristic. Forget Armageddon, here's Autogeddon, his final epistle in a trilogy on the ailing planet earth that began with *Peggy Suicide*. As on the previous two, Cope's visions and eccentricities are given full reign, but his indulgences are far from tedious or inaccessible.

He slips from the unclassifiable rock and country idiosyncrasies of 'Paranormal', to the original, plaintive views of 'Armageddon Blues' and the brilliantly structured,

stratospheric eight minute guitar solo of 'Starcar'. Just a selection from an album that again proves Cope's integrity and imagination are untouchable.

GEORGE KAY

SOUND BITES

SILVERCHAIR - FROGSTOMP



Stunning debut album from Newcastle's finest sons. Contains the smash hit singles 'Tomorrow' and 'Pure Massacre'. Get one for your little sister and get one for yourself.



DIONNE FARRIS - WILD SEED - WILD FLOWER

A fascinating collage of funk, soul, jazz and blues from the fabric of this special debut from the former Arrested Development vocalist. Features the hot new single 'I Know'.

OTTMAR LIEBERT - EUPHORIA

Two musical worlds collide and merge as Ottmar Liebert's distinctive flamenco style gets a reworking by some of his favourite remixers. Features mixes by Steve Hillage, Aki from Nation/Fundamental, DJ Slip and Eye Q.

CRITTERS BUGGIN - GUEST

Freshman release from Stone Gossard's new label Loosegrooves is the instrumental weird of Critters Buggin. Crazy loops and jams edited into nine freak out tracks make *Guest* compulsive listening!



THE LIGHTNING SEEDS - JOLLIFICATION

More perfect pop from legendary Bunneymen producer Ian Broudie. Packed full of more hooks than an anglers convention, this latest collection is the Lightning Seeds best to date. Features the singles 'Change', 'Lucky You' and 'Marvellous'.



MAD SEASON - ABOVE

A sound that began as a jam session among friends has evolved into a startling new band. Mad Season features Pearl Jam's Mike McCready, Screaming Trees' Barrett Martin and Alice In Chains' Lane Stanley. A powerful blend of rock and blues, with an identity of its own.



THE THE - HANKY PANKY

Celebrating the work of the legendary Hank Williams Sr., truly one of the most influential singer/songwriters of the 20th century. Sparsely arranged, and brimming with religious fervour, these emotionally charged, dusky tunes will have you weeping before sundown.



THE BOO RADLEYS - WAKE UP

The follow up to the universally acclaimed *Giant Steps* album. 12 brilliant tracks that hijack the senses as only the Boo Radleys can. The 'pet sounds' of the '90s? You be the judge.



DIRTY THREE Torn and Frayed
(Shock/Flying In)

I was in a wonderful place when I started listening to this. I was sitting on a sun drenched chair, in a house on top of a hill, that looked out onto a blue sea and was surrounded by wild hills and lush greenery. I was alone and this music was playing loudly, and it all made sense, and I thought: 'I like life today.' Deep eh? Anyways, this music reminds me of that — this music is that. It's lush, wonderful and it smells good. This isn't no normal rock 'n' roll band, this is a feeling. The music consists of violin, piano accordion, harmonica, kalimba, guitar, drums and various percussion that twists and hisses, floats and swirls, with ever present heartbreaking violin accompaniment. There is no vocal, music of this sort would just be cluttered if it had one. Pure essence.

SHIRLEY CHARLES

STILTSKIN The Mind's Eye
(Warners)

Stiltskin took the offered short-cut to riches by supplying 'Inside' to Levis' TV and movie commercial. Here was an early 70s, hard rock

riff orgy, syphoned through a trendy touch of grunge.

The album takes its cue from this formula, with throaty vocalist Ray Wilson leading a tour through obvious licks that make up songs like 'Scared of Ghosts' and 'Footsteps'. Yet there's something endearingly oafish and reasonably dynamic in these post-grunge, Big Country-ish bouts of passion, and they even manage the odd touching ballad and an attempt at ambience. So there's some life after adverts.

GEORGE KAY

CREAM The Very Best Of
(Polydor)

There's a simplistic theory that this trio was to blame for heavy metal — that Cream slowed down turned into Led Zeppelin, which in turn slowed down and became Black Sabbath. And while the grinding plod of such tracks as 'Politician' may seem to support the argument, this *Very Best Of* contains vastly more evidence to the contrary.

Admittedly, only one of the 20 tracks here is live — their brisk take on Robert Johnson's 'Crossroads' — whereas it is often the onstage duelling egos of Clapton, Bruce and Baker that gets cited as evidence of proto-metal.

Cream's reputation may rest primarily on its perceived importance as a vehicle for three virtuosos who liberated rock for extensive blues and jazz inflected improvisation. Ironically, however, the tracks that have lasted best are a collection of three-to-five minute hit songs — 'I Feel Free', 'Strange Brew', 'Sunshine of Your Love', 'White Room', 'Badge' and the like — that most make this collection worth owning.

Shopper's warning: This album is not a re-issue of *Strange Brew: The Very Best Of Cream*, the one where the CD cover and liner notes were shrunk down from the original LP and were consequently impossible to read. This *Very Best Of Cream* has a decent and informative booklet, as well as six extra tracks (which may well be a couple more than you need). The album also boasts that 'all 20 tracks have been remastered using the unique Apogee UV22 process', which might just as well be a sunscreen for all the difference I can hear.

PETER THOMSON

EXCEL Seeking Refuge
(Malicious Vinyl)

Well, the re-emergence of a classic happens here. These guys were last heard of back in the days of the Venice scene — halcyon days of skateboarding and bands that were as much punk as metal. It was a happy time, before the music became neutered by jarheads, slackers and the pop aesthetic, before any kind of success prompted massive diatribes of selling out. Music was physical and fun and that's it. Now, Excel have reappeared with a nice mix of old and new. *Seeking Refuge* still has the adrenaline guitars and choppy thrash stylings, but there's room to stretch now. The riffs are coupled with blowout choruses and songs don't trip over themselves trying to be fastest. It's a solid album, even when the pace lets up for the 'we're all one in punkness' moments, but these get enlivened by the appearance of Bad Brains' HR helping out. Maybe not an album that will make you sing hosannas over the future of rock, but certainly nothing to be ashamed of owning. *Seeking Refuge* is quite simply honest, enjoyable and downright rockin'.

KIRK GEE

VARIOUS This Is Fort Apache
(Fort Apache/MCA)

Rock writing has often relied on labels to describe a vibe, sound, or feel. We've had Liverpool's Mersey beat sound, the Dunedin sound, the Seattle sound and countless others, so why not the Fort Apache sound? In truth, such labels are generally despised by those bands that are tagged with them — and fair enough too — but at least they can indicate a common inspiration point. For Boston bands of the late 80s and 90s, that point has been the Fort Apache recording studio. This one-time 16-track budget studio in Boston's Roxbury ghetto has grown to be one of America's pre-eminent recording studios. Now, a recently struck production deal with MCA records sees them launching themselves as a recording label in their own right.

This Is Fort Apache, then, is at once a beginning and an end — the first airing of the new label's first signing Cold Water Flat (who provide the excellent opening track 'Magnetic North Pole'), and an acknowledgment of what has gone before. And what has gone before is pretty special: seminal tracks from the likes of Dinosaur Jr, Belly, The Lemonheads, Buffalo Tom, Throwing Muses and Sebadoh, amongst others. The Brits even get a look in with Radiohead's 'Anyone Can Play Guitar' and Fort Apache co-owner Billy Bragg's 'Sulk'. The killingest cut of all, however, is the final track 'Off To One Side', by the relatively unheralded Come. I think songs like this used to be called

epic. While *This Is Fort Apache* serves its purpose well as a worthwhile and interesting curio, there's no doubt, from this assembled evidence, that Fort Apache the studio has served as something far greater.

MARTIN BELL

JAMES REYNE The Whiff of Bedlam
(Warners)

DIESEL Solid State Rhyme
(EMI)

Two Australian artists whose new albums attempt to mark a coming of age. Both have pasts they would clearly now rather forget — Diesel as frontman of stolid R&B outfit the Injectors, Reyne as Aussie pub-rock par excellence.

Recorded in LA with producer Stewart Levine, *The Whiff of Bedlam* is Reyne's first solo LP in three years. As befitting the title, it is dense, literary and ruminative — to the point that a song like 'Goin' Fishin' actually works better on the page than as a song: 'The days down in the tap-room / Blinking in the butter-light / The bridges hanging / With river mist and birthright.' Arthur Miller, Evelyn Waugh, even Patty Hearst turn up here, as do locations as far flung as Boston and Kathmandu. Yet it isn't until the last track, 'Day in the Sun', that Reyne's pop sensibilities match those of his pen, creating a sort of Aussie version of 'The Boys of Summer', and reminding us he is Australia's most critically underrated songwriter.

Solid State Rhyme is, in comparison, easy going. Diesel's songs often remind you of other, greater ones, and the titles here confirm it — 'Still Thinking About Your Love', 'Make It Right', 'Get It On', 'All Come Together'. Diesel is, of course, a good singer, a greater guitar player and, on '15 Feet Of Snow', a decent songwriter. It's simply that the songs hold little real emotional pull and, if you're attempting anything resembling soul, that's a drawback that all the production and promotion in the world can't hide.

GREG FLEMING

DADAMAH This is Not A Dream
(Kranky)

Mr Cleverguy here. I brought this simply because Kranky's first release (the *Labradford* CD) was so damn good. Not great critical technique, but it worked cause this is pretty fine too. It's apparently the total collected works of some NZers from the Port Chalmers vicinity, and although it's solidly lo-fi, *This Is Not A Dream* is interesting enough. As you'd imagine, there's a noisy vibe here, but they never fall prey to the 'noise for noise sake trap'. The idea

WE WANT YOUR SCALP



SCOTT/THU/D



nixons

basement static

new single
out now
present it
at the door
and receive a
special discount

- check gig guide in
this issue for tour dates -

new album 'special downtime' out soon



FULL SERVICE AND REPAIR FACILITIES
RESTORATION AND CUSTOMISATION
PARTS AND ACCESSORIES
PANEL AND PAINT WORK
PERFORMANCE TUNING
MAIL ORDER SERVICE

470 RICHMOND ROAD, AUCKLAND



PH/FAX 0-9-360 0814

seems to be deconstruct a rock song, but work with the same dynamics that a 'real' song uses. Thus you get sweet songs that almost collapse into buzz, and those fun tortured electronics noises that retain some delicate melody throughout. Crank 'Too Hot Too Dry' up a ways and you'll get the drift, a band who are as reliant on emptiness as they are on sound, and when it all comes off alright they can create some pretty satisfying moments.

KIRK GEE

HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH Cracked Rear View (Atlantic)

With a name that reads like some kinda in-joke, this South Carolina four piece have gone some ways to restoring the Springsteen/Southside belief in full blooded, 'conventional' rock 'n' roll.

Hootie is the big gospel voice of Darvis Rucker, whose leadership has already made the incredibly anthemic 'Hold My Hand' one of the reasons this album was voted one of the *Rolling Stone* magazine's best of last year. 'Time' and 'Running From An Angel' are great emotional rockers, and if the odd ballad drags the chain, there's enough gusto and naturally assimilated rootsiness to make you forget that rock 'n' roll has seen better days.

GEORGE KAY

QUICKSAND Manic Compression (Island)

Quicksand is brown sticky stuff. Quicksand's album is neither brown or sticky. Quicksand doesn't make much noise other than the occasional whimpering of a small furry animal choking to death. Quicksand the band make plenty of noise, in between the quiet bits that is. There are plenty of quiet bits on *Manic Compression*. There are also plenty of loud bits. Sometimes they occur in the same song. In the quiet bits the singer croons, a la Perry Farrell, until an angry guitar comes in and spoils the serenity. The guitars are probably angry because they really want to rock out and get stuck into a good grunty riff, but are continually being reined in. Quicksand are a bit serious looking for any really hedonistic head banging riff-o-ramas. The lyrics are mood evoking (melancholic), rather than being readily decipherable, and match the angst of the expressionistic album art. Quicksand should be investigated by all those serious music fans traumatised by Helmet's last album — just don't get too stuck in.

KEVIN LIST

NEW ZEALAND

JAN HELLRIEGEL Manic (Is A State Of Mind) CD Single (Warners)

'Manic' is the type of menacing, pop-chiller you can just imagine will be awesome live. The voice belonging to Jan Hellriegel has never sounded more full-bodied and in control. If the 12 songs on the forthcoming album *Tremble* are all of this class, it's going to be a stunner.

DEAD FLOWERS Same Same CD Single (Wildside)

A personal favourite from the Dead Flowers' second album *Sweetfish*, 'Same Same' is an epic pop track with a long fuse. Strung together with a simple but effective piano line, it chugs along with crashing choruses that drop midway through into a soaring guitar solo. Clever pop made to sound easy. Tracks two, three and four are acoustic renditions, recorded at York Street Studio for a bFM live-to-air. There's a beautiful, raw version of the always awesome 'Plastic'. 'Home' is transformed into a slow, reggae jam, and the punkish 'What Do You Take Me For?' gets an odd Mexican once-over, courtesy of Riqi Hadfield's ad-libs. The jury's still out on that one.

SHIHAD You Again CD Single (Wildside)

The opening track on Shihad's forthcoming album *Killjoy* is an ominous, brooding monster. 'You Again' smashes and breaks into a mixture of explosive shards of angular bass and guitar, all laid under a series of sinister vocal interludes. 'NIL' provokes the opposite of a peaceful, easy feeling — using edgy, repetitive riffs to slowly drill its way into your head. Not at all pleasant. Shihad stay faithful to the Bowie/Eno tune 'Boys Keep Swinging', it bounces along just fine on Karl Kippenberger's jolly bass line, and is the closest they'll ever come to a party tune.

UPPER HUTT POSSE As The Blind See CD Single (Tangata/BMG)

Dean Hapeta, the man behind 'Do It Like This', 'Against The Flow' and 'Ragga Girls', is back with another Posse classic. 'As The Blind See' cruises by on a thick, slick, funky bass line and a clever, swirling slice of Hammond organ. Track three, the stuttering 'Wise Up', works brilliantly live, but on record sounds thin in the bottom-end department.

URBAN DISTURBANCE Robert Jane CD Single (Deepgrooves)

First up, 'Robert Jane' has the best cover art-

work ever seen on a Deepgrooves release — congrats to Oli Green. The song itself has immediate impact with a basic 4/4 drum pattern layered beneath the dreamy guitar track from Bob Dylan's 'Buckets Of Rain'.

While a clarinet twists its way in and out of the mix, Zhayne and Ollie rap tongue-in-cheek, about what I'm still not exactly sure. Superb. The funk-lite feel of 'For Real' flows into 'Whack MC', a tough sounding track featuring the sharp rhyme skills of Sonny Sagala (ex-Pacific Descendants). The closer is the too-long-by-far 'Listen'.

OTARA MILLIONAIRES CLUB We R The OMC (Remix) CD Single (Volition)

Originally on the *Proud* compilation, 'We R The OMC' gets the remix treatment four times here; twice by the Australian production team Boxcar, the heavy funk of 'Remix Radio Edit' being the top choice, while mixes three and four are handled by *Proud* producer Alan Jansson. The main appeal of the song still remains the rapping of Backstab and Payback and, in all honesty, the original version is all you need.

GRACE Desert Moon CD Single (Deepgrooves)

The choice of 'Desert Moon' as a single will easily please programme directors at the easy-listening stations that playlist Grace. It's nice and polite in a Cadbury Flake ad kind of way, but is not my choice. The second tune, the grand 'Soldier Boy', is a tension-filled, atmospheric epic, complete with intricate marching band drumming from Luke Casey.

KNIGHTSHADE Television Eyes Cassingle (Hark)

Knightshade's first single in years is a very dated, blues influenced, fast-tempo rocker. This is nothing that hasn't been heard a squillion times before. Its single saving grace is the fine voice of Wayne Elliot. The B-side is the 1995 remix of the likeable 'Physical You', Knightshade's ode to getting your leg over with no strings attached.

THE BRAINCHILDS Thinking About You CD Single (Jayrem)

Groan. This sound could only take shape in the theatres and cafes of Wellington. Basically, intellectuals desperate to give pop music a go.

JOHN RUSSELL

singles

In what has been a good couple of months for small revolving bits of plastic, S*M*A*S*H scoop the honours with an absolutely glorious belt of

melody and aggression, 'Another Love' (Rise), which kicks into their seven track EP. The line 'I have seen the Starship Enterprise' leads to a love-is-the-drug message, and a song that defies 90s power-pop. Grab. And salivating all round for **Gene's** continued top form. Rossiter has the press eating out of his hand, as he steers the band through another inspired combination of melancholy and wonderful pop hooks in 'Haunted By You' and 'Do You Want to Hear It From Me?' (Polydor).

From the potential future of British pop to its founders means institutions the Fab Four and the Stones. The cracking Lennon reading of 'Baby It's You' (Apple) is lifted from the available BBC sessions leaving 'I'll Follow the Sun', 'Devil In Her Heart', and 'Boys' as the unavailable BBC attractions. **The Stones** arrive in a tear shaped CD package, for their passable country twang of 'Out Of Tears' (Virgin), but the pick of this EP is the knock-about rock 'n' roll of 'Sparks Will Fly'.

By now **Throwing Muses** full on live assault will be a fond memory, but don't forget 'Bright Yellow Gun' (4AD), where Kirstin Hersh's private demons seem a lifetime away, as she guides the band through a memorable tune aided by gently meshing guitars and words like 'I think I need a little poison'. Right up there is ex Muse Tanya Donnelly's **Belly**, with a four track EP that displays her knack at covering the main rock 'n' roll bases, from the aching pop of 'Now They'll Sleep' (4AD), to the balladeering of 'Thief' to the full tilt of 'Baby's Arm'. Mandatory.

Up there quality wise is the **Wolfgang Press'** 'Going South' (4AD), where their obligatory drollness is carried by an unforgettable, ingratiating chorus and four fine mixes, the pick of which is Jah Wobble's inspired ambience. Still brilliant, and the riff of the month has to be **Sebadoh's** 'Rebound' (Sub Pop), which twists it's way around a great guitar lick, leaving Lou Barlow to get acoustic and plaintive on the other three tracks.

Down a notch, but in hard case territory, and **Faith No More** whip up their usual blend of focus and frenzy on 'Digging the Grave' (Liberation), before doing another couple of straight, tongue-in-cheek ballads, like the Bee Gees' old chestnut 'I Started A Joke.' Ha-ha.

Meanwhile, reasonable Pearl Jam copyists queue here. First and best is **Silverchair's** 'Pure Massacre' (Murmur), with it's deceptively laidback, into making way for hack-saw guitar. **Bleutongue's** 'When You Gonna Learn' (Slam) and **the Flaming Lips'** 'She Don't Use Jelly' (WEA) are routine noises, leaving the Reverend Horton Heat to press the reverb pedal on their frantic rockabilly 'One Time For Me' (Sub Pop). Fair. As is **Urge Overkill's** faithfully dramatic version of Neil Diamonds 'Girl You'll Be A Woman Soon' from the Pulp Fiction soundtrack. But ending on something special, and that means **Ween's** 'Voodoo Lady' EP, where the attention is grabbed by the hilarious funeral bandito ballad 'Buenos Tardes' (White) and a priceless piss-take of Johnny Cash, 'There's A Pig'. Adios amigos.

GEORGE KAY



Vika & Linda

See the sensational sisters Vika and Linda Bull performing their hit songs
LIVE throughout NZ in April!

Christchurch – 16th April
Gisborne – 17/18 April
Wellington – 19/20 April
Auckland – 22 April

The Album *Vika and Linda* available now in a special double CD tour edition package. Contains the singles 'When Will You Fall For Me', 'House of Love' and 'Hard Love' plus five bonus tracks.



RUMOURS

AUCKLAND
Supergroove are back in New Zealand for a short tour, then return to Australia mid-April for gigs, before trying their hand in Asia ... after six years warming the stool, **Mark Pollard** has left the **Nixons**, new drummer is **Luke Casey** ... new host of bFM's NZ music show **Break The Sheep** is **Flying Nun Records'** Natasha Griffiths ... former Christchurch band **Future Stupid** have been playing regularly in Auckland, and are currently filming a video for their forthcoming single 'Spontaneous Combustion' ... **Abba Salute!** is a Flying Nun tribute album to the Swedish popsters due to be released in July. The compilation will include the **3Ds** covering 'Mama Mia', **Breast Secreting Cake** doing 'Ring Ring', and **Shayne Carter** and **Fiona McDonald** duetting on 'Does Your Mother Know' ... **Three The Hard Way** are to play 12 headlining gigs in Australia from the 18-27 of April, to promote the Australian release of **Old Skool Prankstas** ... the **Mutton Birds** are currently touring Canada and the US, including gigs in New York with Dean Wareham's **Luna** ... **Psycho Andy's Bone Machine** celebrates its third birthday with a do at Squid on April 28 ... **Greg Fleming** has been completing pre-production, and will record his second album this month ... drummer Mike Crowhen has left **Braille** to devote more time to **Seat Bee Sate**. New Braille skinsman is Tim Whitehead (ex-Jazz Committee) ... issue nine of **Intravene** magazine is out now. Write to PO Box 8385 Symonds St, Auckland for details. ... **Thursday Night Soundclash** at DeBretts' Shortland Deli sees Slave and guests spinning the latest hip hop and funk from 9pm ... **Respect** is back at the Box and Cause Celebre on April 14, and features DJs Simon Grigg, Mark Phillips, Peter Ulrich, Manuel Bundy, Roger Perry, Sam Hill, and Murray Cammick ... **Hello Sailor** play at Squid on April 13 ... big Sailor fan Andrew Moore has formed a new band with Boyd Thwaites (of the Lits) and Nicola Rush, called **Cane Slide** ... **Superette** (featuring Dave Mulcahy of JPSE) are recording a single 'Killer Clown' for release on Flying Nun ... Jim Laing, also of the Experience, has a new band together called **Lanky** ... the **Semi MCs** have split up ... the **Paau Fritters** are recording an EP called 'Harbour' at Montage ... **Sudersuk** have a cassette release on the way ... the Hanson brothers (ex-Spelling Mistakes, Terror of Tintown and Green Eggs & Ham) have new bands on the go. Nick Hanson's band the **Doris Days** are recording demos at Montage and Julian is doing the same at Revolver Studios with **Lozenge**.

JOHN RUSSELL

HAMILTON
 The **Contact 89FM Subcard Series** takes place during the first week of April ... **Lovefish** are planning to release a CD compilation of Hamilton bands very soon ... the **Widdershuns** have been recording at Orange and at the Fridge for release on Dunedin label IMD ... **Dave Whitehead** of Theta Productions is now working for Waikato University's Audio Visual Department

... **Spatula Death** plan to record and release a 7" single by the end of April ... **Jackie Keelan Davey's** debut single, 'Parihaka', will be released mid-April ... **Blackjack** are presently recording their second album at the Zoo ... **Inchworm** are planning a short New Zealand tour in late April/early May to support their 'Come Out, Come Out' single and video.

JUSTIN HARRIS

HAWKES BAY
Hangin' Tree mainman Hannay has been cruising down the information superhighway with reviews, write ups and a complete song from the *Windows in Wonderland* tape being distributed on Internet. Interest from overseas, especially the States, has been promising, with a great number of contacts being made, along with chances to swap material, including zines and independent recordings ... music industry changes are happening, with **Hawkes Bay Agencies** losing their Ibanez guitar and Tama drum franchises to **Australis Music** ... **Original Music Nights** have moved back to Napier and are now held at Mossy's, still on Wednesday nights ... also at Mossy's, every second Monday, is a jazz night being run by Bob Jackson ... **Scotty Smith** of the Kaweka Flyers has been recording demos in Wellington with **Robbie Duncan** ... **Beat Not Fish** are in the mixing stages of their album and are planning an initial release of 500 CDs in April ... **HB Musicians** club is continuing its club nights every second Tuesday of the month at the Union Hotel ... **Access Radio** hits the Bay with Radio Kidnappers broadcasting on 1431 AM. Keep an ear out for Hannay every Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, 12-2am, and Graeme Chaplow every Saturday night, 8-10pm. Both are playing some interesting sounds not heard elsewhere ... country boy **John Fletcher** did well at Tamworth, winning a number of awards, although not the big one. Recording time was part of the prize ... a note to all Hawkes Bay musicians reading this: if you want your news printed here contact me on (06) 844 5245.

TONY PARKER

PALMERSTON NORTH
Zigsaur continue to take over the world (by taking it hostage) with the launching of a Zigsaur fanclub. For \$4.95, or \$100 with a subcard, you get a Zigsaur newsletter, comic, badge and Zigsaur underwear ... rumour has it that **Sub Zero** night club is moving and will be having nights for bands. Hooray! ... **Rob Thorne-Man Alone** is getting it together between bouts of being obnoxiously drunk, to release a cassette of material he recorded at the Stomach last year. The cassette is being released on **Lizard Mull Records**, famous for the Foiesmaster 7" ... **CUNT** are releasing a limited edition cut 7" record. The records are being cut on real vinyl (ie. not pressed) at Foxton and will be released on Yellow Bike Records. In fact, it will be **Yellow Bike Records'** fourteenth release ... **Dave White** never ceases to shock us all. This time he has written a novel called **Battery Acid**. The novel is now one of five finalists for the Reed Fiction Award. The winner is to be announced in Dunedin the same night as his band CUNT perform at the Empire ... **99.4FM**

Radio Massey have a new building which houses both the studio and the offices. That's right, they used to be hundreds of metres apart ... **Shoeshine**, featuring Andrew Coy, ex-**Feast of Stevens**, and Matt and Boris from **Blunt**, have recorded an album which they plan to release on CD ... **Next Big Thing** played at a Normal gig in Wellington, and are planning on recording in Wanganui ... **Pretty on the Inside** are having a few instore gigs to help bands avoid being threatened by regular drinkers at the New Royal for having a soundcheck while the juke box is playing.

CLAIRE PANNELL

NEW PLYMOUTH
 The Mill has been the centre of any sort of contemporary live music event lately with six nights in a row of everything from **Gate** to the **Managers**. Billed as a *Mad March Festival of the Sonic Arts*, it went well and will happen again next Taranaki Anniversary Weekend ... **The Nod** are still recording in Auckland ... **Nefarious** have a new drummer, Chris Harding (ex Bogans, Sin). He has to travel 50 miles from Hawera to New Plymouth to practice twice a week after work. That shows commitment to rock 'n' roll ... New Plymouth departees **Warp Spasm** played with **Slayer** in Wellington. They are planning a mini tour of New Plymouth, Palmerston North and Wellington sometime in April ... **Supergroove**, **Pumkinhead** and **Future Stupid** play Westpoint Complex on April 2 ... the Nitespot (ex Section 8) has been the scene of a few local gigs recently. Two new bands, **Schizophrenia** and **Amaranth**, have been playing there lately. A **Rock Against Work** event, featuring **Brother Love**, **Space Dust** and **Schizophrenia**, will take place there at 5pm on August 13 ... **Beggars Banquet** is a smorgasbord of rock 'n' roll on August 15, featuring **Nefarious**, **The Butcher Club** and **Wretched Skinny** ... George Bamby, owner of the *Taranaki Times*, claims he has booked **Tina Turner** to play two shows at the Bowl Of Brooklands in December, and he also claims to have sponsorship from Coca Cola. Tina Turner

currently promotes Pepsi ... the **Rocks Hard** CDs are sitting on the floor of Ima Hitt waiting for covers ... the **Sticky Filth 7"** is on its way back from its fourth trip to the pressing plant ... **Mushroom Ball** takes place on May 12 & 13. Bands disgracing the stage are **Hideously Disfigured**, **The Ashvins**, **Snort**, **Ape Management**, **Sticky Filth**, **Dog Tooth Violet**, **Nefarious**, **Schizophrenia**, **The Warners**, **Dead Centre** and **Iris**. Ball tickets are available by post from Ima Hitt Records at PO Box 407, New Plymouth ... the number of **Nefarious** cassette releases has reached five. The latest being called *Land of 1000 Shifting Bones* ... for info on any New Plymouth Rumours call (06) 758-99, and if you wanna play here, ring or fax that number also.

FRED SMITH

WELLINGTON
 The big name overseas acts have been taking pride of place in the Capital over the last few weeks, with **M People**, **the Grid**, **Slayer**, **Biohazard** and **Dinosaur Jr.**, all doing what they do best in various venues around the city, turning the musical focus away from local acts. Yet there are some positive aspects to the foreign invasion ... **Short**, the resident great hopes, scored the prime Dinosaur Jr support slot ... the city has a new studio up and running. Situated in the Thorndon Railway Yard, the studio's first task is to record the much loved **Truckstop**. Also on the agenda are recordings by **Plankton**, **Seep** and **Clay** ... **Lichen Pole** have just released their debut cassette ... the **Goodchildren** single will be out in the not too distant future ... the long awaited CD release from **Funkmutha** is somewhere in the pipeline. Meanwhile, a couple of Funkmuthas and a **Head Like A Hole** have joined together for a venture called **Baconfoot**. Gigs and possible recordings to follow ... the **Brainchilds** have released a three song EP, accompanied with a single and a Grant La Hood directed video ... jazz singer **Tim Strong** has been working with **Apollo 10** on a slightly hushed project, but details are far from clear on that one ... **Tim Werry**, lead singer of the **Waltons**, is recording a solo album ... **Blood Flower** are recording demos at the Original Music Workshop for a single release on Lost Records.

DONALD REID

CHRISTCHURCH
Swim Everything, who last appeared in 1993, have recorded a 7" to be pressed at King Records in Geraldine. Swim Everything, for those who don't remember, are Blair Paikes (Creely), Brett Lupton (Squirm) and Campbell (Squirm and Creely's video producer) ... speaking of Squirm videos, after rejection from *Frenzy* for their videos for 'Whip Me Honey' and 'Broken Planet', a third video is in production which doesn't include sex, swearing or even the band members. In the words of Virgil Reality: "Hopefully they'll play this one" ... **Urinator** have been quiet recently, but promise this will end with *Operation Music Storm* ... now that student loans are available again, **Nerve** have started recording for a forthcoming CD EP ... Other 7"s also released (or to be released) on King Records come from **Chicane** (stocks limited to 50) and **Dr Lovegland Sound System's** 'Chopper Baby' ... Andrew Hampton, keyboardist for **Wadd**, has left Christchurch to work in Wellington ... confirmed entries for the Christchurch heats of *Operation Music Storm* on April 6, 7 and 8 include **Snort**, **Urinator**, **Mezzanine**, **Leonard Nimoy**, **Chameleon**, **Atomic Blossom** and others ... **In Vitro Vaccine** and **Leonard Nimoy** both have recent release on KRKRKRK Cassettes. For a catalogue write to PO Box 36-249, Christchurch ... German label Incoming have expressed interest in including **Salmonella Dub** on a compilation to be called *Surrency Dub*, along with other dub artists from around the world ... new bands who have recorded recently, and who can be heard on RDU at the moment, include **Disgraceland**, and the **Tardigrades**. Any bands who are recording at the moment and would be interested in airplay for their demos, contact Tim at RDU ... Quadrophonia recently celebrated its first birthday with **Chicane**, **Holocene** and **Saturn Rising** playing to a kinda pissed crowd ... responses heard to last month's *RipItUp* article on the Christchurch music scene included: "Who cares what Grant McDonough thinks anyway", and: "What was the article supposed to be about?" In addition, Grant McDonough ensured that he cut his own throat even fur-

ther with more opinionated lies about Simon McLaren's statements in the article ... any rumours for this column ph 379-6320.

HAT

DUNEDIN
HDU played their first gig of '95 at the Empire recently. Apparently 'such an intense display of guitar smashing rock has not been seen in recent memory' ... mayhem and carnage at the Empire when **Chris Knox** and the **Renderers** played on March 24. Local rock promoter and marketing student Juan was last seen attempting to fly down the Empire stairs ... **Skin**, the Otago University Students Association literary review ('it's a book, it's a set of postcards, it's a CD with one song and hours of art noise, plus surgical glove') was launched at the railway station, complete with screaming poets, semi-clad dancers, free wine, 'rock and roll' and startled American tourists ... **Humania** have a new bass player called Jamie, formerly of Umlaut, and a new singer Toni, ex-Emie's ... **Das Phaedras** have split up. Victor Billot has gone on to form new group **Body Bomb** with Tristan Dingemans (HDU) and Tim O'Dea (Junkyard Jesus) ... **Big Brough Band**, who debuted at **Too Many Daves'** triumphant last gig, have mutated into **New Van(a)**, a grunge revival band ... **John Howell** (Too Many Daves) is forming a new three piece ... **Swarm**, **Trash** and **Nimrod Diabolique's** national tour has been postponed until June to avoid clashing with Sebadoh. **Swarm** are to record a new single at Volt in April ... others recording at Volt ... forthcoming **Trash** album, the **Verlaines** to a demo new album in April, **HDU** set to demo and record, **Kid Eternity** to record a best of. Both **My Deviant Daughter** and **Runt** recently completed their first full length albums at Volt ... Peter Jeffries has left **Imd**. Jo Keith (Verlaines manager) is *imd's* new sales and administration person ... **Horodroty X** is soon to release material recorded at Broken Ear studio in 1994 ... **Laughin Gas** have recorded six songs. They're hoping to release a CD ... **BVC's** new single 'Hey Baby' / 'Grain of Salt' is to be released on Roofbolt recordings (Chicago) later this year. Andrew Barsby stands in for Paul Cahill, who was in Australia ... **Cloudboy** are to release a single soon. The Cloudboy CD is on the way and will be released through Flying In and Yellow Eye ... **Funhouse** have just finished recording an as yet untitled mini album (eight songs), to be released through Yellow Eye. They've made two videos for the songs 'Don't Mind' and 'Maze' ... **Smirky** have been recording with Darren Steadman (Verlaines) on drums ... **Drugs vs Grandchildren's** first single 'Noise and Fumes', is available from 90 Russell St, Dunedin ... **Cheese Band** and **Drunk Uncle** have recorded demos at Graffiti Recordings Studios ... a new night club is to open soon in Vogel Street, ominously titled **XS ROCK** ... **Radio One** is organising a free APRA seminar on Thursday May 18 for all songwriters and anyone interested in finding out more about APRA. Phone Radio One for more details ... if you have any info for the column phone David 477-6115.

DAVID MUIR

ripitup

Issue No.212 April 1995
 Published by In Tune International Ltd, Level 14, Brookfields House, 19 Victoria Street West, Auckland 1, New Zealand.
 Postal Address: PO Box 5689, Auckland 1, New Zealand.
 Phone (09) 376-3235
 Fax (09) 376-1558
 Editor Murray Cammick
 Sub Editor Bronwyn Trudgeon
 Staff Writer John Russell
 Designer Ryan Henderson
 Fire Warden Shirley Anne Charles
 Advertising Manager Suzanne Wilson
 Direct Advertising Simon Bell
 ISSN 0114-0876

GIVE YOUR HAIR BALLS



SC004RIU/8

AUCKLAND PROGRAMMES

CERTIFICATE IN AUDIO ENGINEERING AND MUSIC PRODUCTION
 Starts 19 April 1995

ALSO AVAILABLE

DIPLOMA IN AUDIO ENGINEERING AND MUSIC PRODUCTION

CERTIFICATE IN SPECIAL EVENT AND SHOW BUSINESS PRODUCTION

FOR DETAILS CALL (09) 379 2653 OR FREEPHONE 0800 800 411

TAI POUTINI POLYTECHNIC



MICHAEL COPPEL PRESENTS

CONCERT DATE RESCHEDULED (PREVIOUS DATE THURS. APRIL 20)
 TICKETS PURCHASED FOR APRIL 20 SHOW VALID FOR RESCHEDULED SHOW

ON SALE NOW!

Sheryl Crow

FRIDAY APRIL 28

LOGAN CAMPBELL CNTR. AUCKLAND

BOOK AT BASS. PHONE/CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS (09)307 5000 (TRANSACTION FEE MAY APPLY)
 CONCERT FULLY SEATED/RESERVED. BOOK NOW FOR THE BEST SEATS!

THE HIT ALBUM TUESDAY NIGHT MUSIC CLUB AVAILABLE NOW

AM Polygram



Grace

GRACE Black Sand Shore

Phew, what an album! Hot hot hot. Grace are actually three New Zealand Samoan brothers, who combine to produce beautiful modern soul. Clearly of an international standard, the boys recently toured with Ruby Turner, and have already had two Top 10 hits. The production is lush, with the guys sounding very slick indeed. Already receiving lots of radio play, the title track offers a good indication of what can be expected from the album. The loasa brothers weave their way beautifully through a variety of soft soul, funk and ballads. The end result is wonderful.

APACHE INDIAN Make Way For The Indian

A new four-track EP from the oddly named Apache Indian (he's whanau is from India not North America), who helped establish the ragga style in the UK in the early 90s. Joined by Tim Dog and backed by Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, this is stirring stuff, and could give him the cross-over success he deserves. Not that he's sold-out — the beats are hard and the vocals true — it's just that timing is on his side.

CHANNEL LIVE Station Identification

Fighting the commercial tide of gangsta rap and nursery rap come Channel Live, two dreadlocked rappers from the KRS-One school of righteousness. The album is a mix of fluid jazzy grooves and hardcore kick-ass bass, courtesy of producers KRS-One and Salaam Remi, and the lyrics aren't bad either. 'Cause and Effect' focuses on the current trend of rappers who use the words 'bitch' and 'nigger' to sound hardcore. Delivered on a boom bap groove, if that's too PC for you then

check out 'Sex For The Sport of It'. A humorous look at sex (and the chase), it's done in the style of a sports commentary. Trivia note: these guys were once dancers for Naughty By Nature.

JAKI GRAHAM You Can Count On Me

This gal has been trying a long time for success, and it's good to see her back after some small-scale dancefloor hits in the late 80s. This song is all over the radio, and while it's nice pop, the best track is the 'hip-hop' version of her previous single 'Ain't Nobody' (a cover of the Chaka Khan song). For those who prefer the stuff they hear in hip hairdresser's check Dancin' Danny D's remix of 'You Can Count On Me'.

RAINBOW NATION I've Never Been To Me

Although just hitting our cinema screens now, Muriel's Wedding played the UK last year. One of the first songs in that (great!) film is this, although it's the original version by Charlene. These guys obviously picked up quick on it's potential, and have churned out this 90s dancefloor version for the pop audience. The single mix left me bored real quick, but that's obviously the radio version. For the extended 'Mighty Mix', lead vocalist Dione makes it crystal clear what camp she pitches her tent in.

M-PEOPLE Open Your Heart

Can this band do no wrong? Well, looking at the smash success of both albums, their previous singles, and their recent sell-out New Zealand tour, I guess the answer is: No! Listening to this, however, I'm inclined to wonder if they haven't perhaps gone to the well once to often. Certainly

not their best single to date, although being 'more of the same', the masses should love it.

SCATMAN JOHN Scatman

Hmmm, two Italians and an American GI, produced in Germany... strange indeed. This is jazz-rap which goes right back to the roots, to resurrect the scat style of vocals so prominent in old school jazz. Scatman John raps in a ragga vocal style before breaking out into scat ('ski ba bop ba dop bop ska didly be bop') and the result is quite pleasing, if not a little quaint.

4PM SukiYaki

Back in the 70s, a Japanese duo called Taste of Honey had a massive radio and chart hit with this. Two decades later, 4PM do it all over again — capella doo-wop style. I guess I'm showing my age when I say I remember both the original and think this years model aint a patch on the original version.

MC SAR and THE REAL McCOY Run Away

This one really cracks me up. The lyrics are sooo meaningless. Sure, most pop is drivel, but this one realllly scrapes the bottom of the barrel. Tortured teens everywhere will no doubt treat it as gospel spake from Jesus himself: if life is getting you down, and things are too tough, then *run away*. Just promise me one thing (you pathetic, snivelling, no-life losers who go for this techno-pop dross) when you run away (only to be dragged back home by the cops), tell them it was this song that made you do it. And then ring *New Idea* with your story — John Banks could use the headline.

DREAM WARRIORS California Dreamin'

If Canadian rappers Dream Warriors can crack the minor leagues internationally, then our own Urban Disturbance can't be too far behind. Very similar styles inasmuch that DW go for ambient jazzy beat with a loose lyrical rhyme flow laid out over the top. From their new album *Subliminal Stimulation*, this has absolutely nothing to do with a song by the Mamas and the Papas. It's an ode to being away from your girlfriend and not cheating on her (amongst other things).

LISA MOORISH Just The Way It Is

This is an ode to being a 90s gal who doesn't like being disrespected by male dogs trying to sniff out a bitch to play with. While I'm down with the sentiment, unfortunately this slice of pap doesn't really have the credibility of style to make it a serious statement.

WHITE MEN CAN'T REGGAE Montego Bay

Yet another shameless cover of a Number 1 hit of decades past. While this new version is destined to be played at every party from Henderson to Hornby, it's purely a novelty record done with tongue firmly in cheek. I'm reliably informed this Aussie trio are packing them in by the thousand across the Tassie with their unique brand of reggaeified classics, so no doubt we'll see them here too. Four mixes here, all by Nu-Q and all featuring a solid reggae dance beat.

DRIZABONE Conspiracy

Described by one critic as a cross between The Brand New Heavies and Sade, this London two piece (three if you include lead vocalist Kimberly Peer) are very slick indeed. If you've been left a little tired by M People and want to slow the groove down a bit, then give this a whirl. Intelligent, sophisticated, and yet still hip, Drizabone deftly try their hand at soul, pop, ballads and jazz. Some of the guest rappers aren't great, but the overall effect is sublime, and this album is guaranteed to have your next dinner party pumping.

PORTRAIT All That Matters

Whoa Jimmy, this is pretty slick stuff. Portrait are four guys who sing very well and specialise in the lovey dovey slow jams that seem so popular these days. I found their material a little too syrupy however, especially when compared with the adult sophistication of Grace. Still, Portrait do what they do very well and the production is superb. Unlike many similar bands, they are in control of their own sound so I guess this is what they want you to hear (there is some uptempo stuff). Seventies fans will love the note perfect remake of The Bee Gees 'How Deep Is Your Love'.

SIR MIXALOT Chief Boot Knocka


His last album spawned a US Number 1 hit (and a lot of controversy) with 'Baby Got Back'. This album sees him back in the hot seat with 'Put 'Em On The Glass', another tale about women (this one shifting attention from their butts to their breasts). This is not a PC record at all, and you should know that before you listen to it. Fans of Mixalot already do, and they won't be disappointed with Chief Boot Knocka. Phat beats, naughty lyrics, and an attitude that won't quit have made the man very popular. I'm no fan of sexist rap, but this stuff has a cheekiness to it I can't help but like. Blame it on my testosterone.

NICK D'ANGELO

UPPER HUTT POSSE

AS THE BLIND SEE

the new single
out now





Revolver Studio Bar

Now open for private functions

Bands can earn a \$1,000 per night

For details phone Caroline or Barry
Phone (09) 625 8774

24 hour licence 7 days

SMALL ADS

Small Ads are \$4 per line and \$4 for the heading. Post copy and payment to *RIU Small Ads* PO Box 5689, Auckland 1.

RECORDINGS FOR SALE

● DJ REMIX RECORDS & CDS

Ultimix, Funkymix, Discotech, Rock N Beat and others available. Latest releases in stock — Ultimix 55, Funkymix 19, Discotech 32, Rock N Beat 6, X-Man Urban 3. For listings send SASE to Discomix, 9/5 Claybrook Rd Parnell, Auckland or Ph (09) 303-4757. *Warning:* These recordings are for professional DJ use only — not for sale to the public.

● RARE LIMITED EDITION CD MAILORDER

Ethnic, Tribal, Experimental, Industrial, Trance and Ritual CDs. Many unusual items. Send SAE to Cyberculture Records, 151 Karangahape Rd, Auckland. Ph (09) 309-4207.

● INTRODUCING JIMI B: 'BLUE BOY'

Debut album by new Auckland singer/songwriter. Features 15 original pop/rock songs. Available on cassette with accomp booklet for \$14 all inclusive. Write to: BBM, PO Box 106056, downtown Auckland.

● DISCOUNT PRICED CDS, CASSETTES AND VIDEOS

Original authorised CDs, cassettes and videos. All leading titles available. Super-low rock bottom prices. Send for our no obligation, free Top 50 chart and pricing info. Send a short list of your favourite artists. Also original IBM and Mac software and peripherals — free catalogue. Morgan Enterprises, 8 Western Rd, Tauranga. Ph/Fax (07) 576-9853.

● NIRVANA, PEARL JAM, QUEENSRYCHE

S. Pumpkins, Stone Temple Pilots '93/94 live rants, SASE to C.R., 205 Tiro Tiro Rd, Levin.

● REGGAE, DUB, REGGAE — MAIL ORDER

CDs only. CDs \$37.95 incl. post within NZ (not double and box sets) Specialists in Lee Scratch Perry, On U Sound, Ariwa & Blood & Fire. For information send 45 stamp & details to Chant Distribution, PO Box 56-402, Auckland 3.

Miscellaneous

● ROLLING STONES TICKETS

\$10.00. That's right. B.Y.O ph 376-3610

● BASS PLAYER

With a passion for 60s and early 70s American/British music wanted by Auckland rock band. Video/single out very soon. No apathetic dreamers please. Call Ginger a/h on (09) 360-1864 or (09) 376-2703.

● TAX RETURNS/ REFUNDS

Most entertainers (full and part time) should get large refunds! Do you? Also partnerships, company formations, band agreements, GST etc. Ph: John Allan 534-1932. Entertainment Tax Consultant.

● SAMPLED SOUNDS

Sampled Sounds for keyboards and samplers. We carry hundreds of sample CDs/CD Roms, sound cards, sound discs from AMG (UK), Est Service (Germany), DJC's (USA), East West (USA), Greysounds (USA), Hitsound (UK), Invision (USA), Metrosound (Germany), McGill/Prosonous (USA), Time & Space (UK). For free catalogue contact Sound Warehouse, Sydney. Ph (02) 363-0493 or Fax (02) 327-1848.

● SLEAZY DUZ IT

Requires vocalist/frontman. Currently recording with tour planned. Phone Steve (09) 620-0444.

● KEYBOARDIST WANTED

Must be competent and versatile with professional attitude. Own gear and transport for established Auckland rock band. Ph (09) 827-2957.

HARDWARE

NEW TOPAZ RANGE FROM SOUNDTRACS

Soundtracs has introduced a complete range of market entry level consoles under the *Topaz* banner. The *Topaz* range now includes the *Topaz Mini* with 4 mono & 4 stereo inputs plus 2 stereo effects returns into a stereo output. The *Topaz Macro* with 10 mono and 2 stereo inputs plus 2 stereo effects returns into a stereo output. The last new console is the *Topaz Maxi* in either 24-4-2 or 32-4-2 with 20 mono and 2 stereo inputs or 28 mono and 2 stereo respectively. A unique switching arrangement enables the *Topaz Maxi* to easily convert from a 4 group output console into an 8 group output console. Available from Audio & Video Wholesalers, ph (07) 847-3414.

GIBSON LES PAUL SPECIAL

This hot guitar offers Gibson Soapbar P-series pickup, mahogany body made in the USA, with serious gig bag. Retail \$1695.00. Direct Imports (NZ) Ltd, ph (06) 878-2076.

FENDER USA STD STRAT LIMITED EDITION

Available in surf green and burgundy mist, with matching painted headstocks with case, and vintage styling with case. Retail \$1695.00. Direct Imports (NZ) Ltd, ph (06) 878-2076.

FENDER USA STD P/BASS

Finally the P/Bass has been released in the standard series. Just like the original with vintage case. Retail \$1695.00. Direct Imports (NZ) Ltd, ph (06) 878-2076.

DIGITECH VALVE FX

Hot new effects processor made in the USA, S-Disc technology, 12AX7 tube distortion, 28 full band digital effects, includes Whammy, chromatic tuner, 4 band parametric EQ, Retail \$1599.00. Direct Imports (NZ) Ltd, ph (06) 878-2076.

ULTIMATE DRUM SCHOOL

10 week course starting April 19th presented by top Auckland Drummers.

OPEN TO ALL DRUMMERS REGISTER NOW!

Ph 09-520 7951 or 09-2746400
Fax 09-520 6892

Supported by

Zildjian **MAPEX**

PROFILE PLUS

The Planet's Premier Poster Placement People

• POSTERS & PROMOTIONAL PIECES
• PRODUCTION, PRINTING, PLACEMENT, PASTE-UP

NATIONWIDE + AUSTRALIA & USA
PH/FAX (09) 373 2332 24 hrs
OR (025) 984 832
PO BOX 99 352, NEWMARKET AUCKLAND

POSTERS R US!

STICKY FINGERS POSTER AND FLYER CAMPAIGNS

Ph Gerald 04 382 9199
or 025 435 848

Wellington and beyond

KEEP IT UP ALL NIGHT



SEE YOUR HAIRDRESSER

SC04/RIU/C

COMPACTED DISC'S

We pay cash or trade for your CD's, Tapes, Video's & LP's

Revival
Records

Revival
Records

268 Karangahape Rd, Auckland City. Ph 379-9975

taking care of business

Platinum Discs for Headless Chickens and Supergroove

As **Headless Chickens** album *Body Blow* gets a Platinum sales status for 15,000 sales, the **Supergroove** album *Traction* received a Triple Platinum certification for 45,000 sales. This makes *Traction* the biggest selling original popular music album in New Zealand history, only *Piano by Candlelight* exceeds this figure. It is likely that *Traction* will soon reach Quadruple Platinum status.

Deepgrooves Publishing to Sony

The Auckland indie label **Deepgrooves** has formed a publishing liason with **Sony Music Publishing** to assist the label to give local artists greater international access. "There's a wealth of great talent there which deserves international recognition," says Sony's Paul Ellis. Deepgrooves artists include **3 The Hard Way**, **Grace**, **Fuemana**, **Urban Disturbance** and **Greg Fleming**.

Flying Nun Export Award

The **Tradenz** Export Commendation Award was given to **Roger Shepherd** and **Flying Nun** on March 10 in recognition of Flying Nun's growth in export sales in 1994. The Flying Nun press release states that in 1994 "Flying Nun's annual international sales of NZ recorded music reached over one million dollars." Flying Nun Managing Director Roger Shepherd attended the Award ceremony in Auckland but has returned to London where he is based in the Mushroom UK office. The Melbourne based label Mushroom own 75% of Flying Nun NZ's shares.

New Auckland Studio

Ground Zero is a new Auckland 16 track studio run by musicians aiming to offer good deals to bands. Their gear includes the former **Writhe Studio** 24 channel desk (Head Like A Hole's 13 etc), a 16 track analog Otari 1". **Headless Chickens** are doing demos there. Engineers are **Shane O'Neill** and **Damien Lines**. Studio manager is **Rymann Chappell** phone (09) 377-6969.

Tauranga Link

City Lights Academy are seeking to develop their role in bookings, production and promotion of touring bands who visit Tauranga. There are four Tauranga venues that bands can play. City Lights also has a small studio, a school of arts, hires light and sound gear and will soon start a label to release a posthumous album by **Hard to Handle**. Further info: **Kevin Burrows** (07) 577-0392.

Uncharted Finalist in the Mobil Radio Awards

Student radio weekly music news show is once again one of three finalists in the Best Daily or Weekly Series section of the **Mobil Radio Awards**. *Uncharted* is produced by Tiffany 1st Bass (04) 385-9558.

Musical Chairs

New **95bFM** Programme Director is **Bill Kerton** ... **Kim Martinengo** has resigned as Assistant Promotions Manager at Sony Music to travel overseas. His replacement is **Delwyn Rees** ... **95bFM** Advertising Manager **Kate McCorkindale** has left to work in sales at TV3 ... **95 bFM's** new production manager is **Elmer Reitsma**.

Dates and Deadlines

The **RIANZ NZ Music Awards** takes place April 12 at the Carlton, Auckland (ex Pan Pacific) ... the **Smokefree Composing Women's Festival** takes place in Wellington Sept 22-24. Women composers and performers are invited to submit proposals for consideration to the Artistic Directorate, Women's Festival, PO Box 10873, Wellington by March 31 ... the next **NZ On Air Video Grant** or **Hit Disc** application deadline is Friday May 12 for the mid-June meeting. For information write to NZ On Air, PO Box 9744, Wellington.

Live



Photo by Becky Nunes

Dolores, The Cranberries.

THE CRANBERRIES

Logan Campbell Centre, March 11.

How exactly the Cranberries became famous is unfathomable, they were nobodies, then suddenly they sell out the Logan Campbell Centre and become huge in the USA. Two quite good albums and a couple of hummable singles does not make super band numero uno.

But a bleach-blonde, small, Irish woman wearing a stripy, flared jumpsuit is a good starting point. In the language of the un-PC and the in love: Dolores is a star-babe. It took all of a minute for Dolores to win over the crowd and even though nobody could understand what the hell she said between songs, everybody laughed or cheered just to please her.

She was the epitome of cool as she stood before us wiggling her bottom, as she skipped the stage in her pretend flippers and wackily did an Irish jig for us. But then she had to do something to save us from the backing band.

The backing band was made up of a moderately cute drummer and two extravagantly mediocre guitarists. The guitarists lurked on the outskirts and seemed to be: 1) doing nothing, or 2) doing something incredibly dull. They performed the music faithfully and crisply, but with an absence of character or soul. At times they verged on sounding like a competent covers band. Dolores stood alone as the Cranberries' source of brilliance and propelled them into stellar orbit tonight.

In the manner of all bands that are suddenly pitched into the spotlight, the Cranberries try to convince us that they are here to stay, though we can see their fear they will disappear. They play us a new song and instruct us that there are plenty

more where that came from, in case we dared think otherwise. It was a good song.

DARREN HAWKES

GARDENSHED, CORRUGATE, ANTON RYAN, FIGURE 60, TEENSHAG SUPERSTAR

Pod, March 4.

Certainly it was the offer of free lollipops, and T-shirt and beer give-aways that attracted me to Pod for the party celebrating the *Intravene* fanzine's midlife reaffirmation. My favourites, the lime ones, naturally got snapped up first, leaving only multiple orange Kojak props and a fistful of Export Gold tickets as consolation prizes to soothe my bitter spirit. The other 150 souls probably came to get a mainlined dose of Auckland's up and coming bands. Fair enough too, for the night offered the best line up the town's seen for awhile.

Crowd charmers and raiders of the Hammer House of Horror's make-up box, Teenshag Superstar kicked the proceedings off. Characterised by a tight rhythm section, sheets of shimmering guitar effects, and artfully led by a petulant vocalist with the unlikely moniker of Liz Taylor, TSS happily proved inner city pop incarnates. The foursome romped through their favourites — 'Anyone', 'Freak' and 'Mother' — before settling into a lurching cruise which included mourning their collective childhood memories — 'Golliwog' — and finishing with an amusing abuse of JD's nightclub, dear to the heart of anyone living west of Avondale. The masses were up a swayin' and the good time mood for the evening was set.

Figure 60 followed to deliver a no-nonsense, eyes-at-the-floor mixture of joyous Grey Lynn feed-

back, ultra metal heat, a sax solo right out of left field and perhaps a tad too much practice room mess. The fans were happy though, particularly for 'Cop Show' and 'Number 39'.

Anton Ryan slotted in at number three, to act as counterpart to his louder brethren. Playing a stylistically original acoustic set of classy ditties, Ryan oozed the melodic skill and stage presence that he has finely honed in front of audiences across the Tasman. 'Live Today', with nimble fingerwork aplenty and a soaring chorus, was well received. This was followed by 'Alive Again', 'It's All Right' and the edgy 'I Can't Sleep At Night' — all driven by a powerful voice and soulful hooks. The EP promised ("soon") may well prove one to listen out for.

Back into it again with Corrugate, punching out their version of what they referred to as "metal-with-feeling", the boys, more correctly, jangled, through a loose set of winners. 'Birth', 'Purchase Payment' and 'Phosphate', amongst others, kept you humming through the break after their performance.

More T-shirt and beer give-aways, then young band Garden Shed set the place alight with a bunch of tunes worth hanging around till the wee small hours for.

Good feelings, good music, good fanzine.

CRAIG CEE

PANSY DIVISION, CHRIS KNOX, NOTHING AT ALL

Squid, March 6.

In nursery rhyme speak, the cupboards were bare at Squid for the last show of Pansy Division's lightning-quick New Zealand tour. When local punkers Nothing At All stepped up just before 11pm, the crowd had barely stretched into double figures.

Playing only through a vocal PA, the snotty trio were loud enough to shake the walls, but tonight they lacked the sense of charm and humour that makes them fun. They sped through serious versions of 'Grand Central', 'TV Generation' and 'Nothing At All', and bassist Dion ran through his collection of S Vicious Faces™, but the usual connection that sits thick between Nothing At All and their fans was absent. Blah.

Chris Knox wanders on wearing a black singlet and black footy shorts, that were a particularly black shade of black — has he gone Goth? Nope, his jandals provide the splash of colour necessary for salvation. Opening with 'Lapse', he's joined by Jon Ginoli and Patrick Hart of Pansy Division, who are clearly thrilled to be helping out on the call 'n' answer portion of the tune. Once left to go solo, Knox puts on an outrageously good performance. He's genuinely witty, and his voice is sounding strong and glorious. The new single 'One Fell Swoop' is a perfect example, and this evening Knox selects the pop songs that showcase his ear

for a melody, rather than the shrill, grating bollocks he often uses as filler. He stumbles through fresh tunes from the new album, plus hits from *Seizure* and *Polyphoto*, *Duck Shaped Pain* and *Gum*, but, with the exception of 'Woman Inside Of Me', my memory fails and I can't recall the other titles.

After a considerable delay, San Francisco's Pansy Division take their turn at the crease, as the clock races closer and closer to one. The pop and punk trio suffer through PA problems for the first two songs, before the volume is cranked up to an almost unbearable level in the still mostly empty room. Pansy Division might as well tattoo their influences on their foreheads — 'We love the Ramones and the Buzzcocks' — and anyone who tells you they're something new is talking shit. But their three-minute barrages, mostly lifted from the *Defflowered* LP, are entertaining enough, though fail to strike any real memorable blows. They're a classic case of a band whom you can take, or leave. The ridiculous noise level (the loudest ever at Squid by far), combined with the late hour, and the irritating antics of a bass player who deliberately came over like Jim Carrey crossed with the gay one from *It Ain't Half Hot Mum*, meant I chose the latter after hearing 10 songs. Ho-hum.

JOHN RUSSELL

SLAYER, BIOHAZARD

Auckland Town Hall, March 19.

BIOHAZARD

Often opening bands are missed by lax reviewers, but not tonight. Tonight is pay back time, with the first band missing the reviewer. Whilst knocking back a mineral water in the bar, in the most manly way possible, a guitar suddenly bursts into life. Scampering past the chummy security guards, I was blown away by what I took to be Headbutt playing a Biohazard cover. Then reality bit, it was in fact the mighty 'Dukes of Hazard' themselves, and I'd already missed half a song.

Rock and roll's on show, hi-ho and up to the front I go. No need for a chainsaw this evening — all that's necessary to get within twenty feet of the band is a polite "scuse me". The sound pouring from the bank of speakers is not dissimilar to an aircraft taking off. Guitarist Bob Hembel spins around and around, inspiring motion sickness, before leaping atop a speaker and doing the duck-walk whilst blasting out yet another eardrum shattering solo. Centre stage is held by Evan Seinfeld, and no motherfucker's going to take it off him. When some misguided fool biffs something on stage, Mr Seinfeld offers to have a wee bitty chin-wag with the "punk" post-gig — out the back.

Tonight's the night to fight the good fight for Biohazard, as the audience is primarily here for Slayer. The apathy surrounding them acts as a spur. Halfway through, a lengthy discussion is had with certain sections of the audience; the upshot

LONDON-PARIS-SINGAPORE-KUALA LUMPUR-AUCKLAND-AMSTERDAM-BERLIN-MUNICH-FRANKFURT-GLASGOW

Professional Studio Training



GET YOUR LICENCE TO DRIVE

Home Studio Certificate - 6 months
Audio Engineer Diploma - 18 months
Advanced Studio Production - 3 months

Please call for our free course brochure and studio tour



18 Heather Street, Parnell, Auckland. Ph: (09) 373 4712 Fax: (09) 373 4713

Sabine TUNERS



1700 AT Tuner

1000 SERIES TUNER

PRESET TUNING

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

Sugg. retail \$110.00

1000 AT Tuner

1000 SERIES TUNER

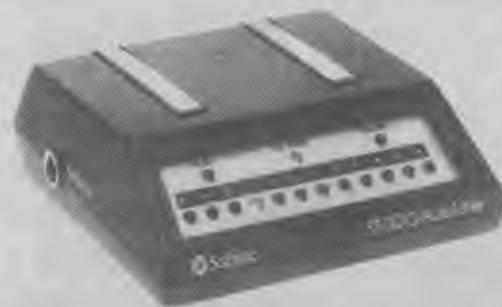
1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

Sugg. retail \$99.00



1000 AT Tuner

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

1000 SERIES TUNER

Sugg. retail \$85.00

Sole NZ Distributor: Lyn McAllister Music Ltd Box 90014, Auckland. Ph (09) 303 4936

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 whatev, 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 fared 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 • Whiststone 100 FM • Q92FM •

PHONE YOUR LOCAL STATION FOR DETAILS



T H E CROWN HOTEL ORIGINALS BAR DUNEDIN



BOOKINGS & MARKETING
PHONE (03) 476 3751

fudge
for hair

For Don't Care Hair

Gig Guide

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat	Sun
<p>Blackjack on tour in April.</p>  <p>the shampoo</p>	<p>Future Stupid play with Supergroove and Pumpkinhead, April 6, 7 & 8.</p>  <p>hair shaper</p>	 <p>dynamite</p>	<p>6</p> <p>Supergroove, Pumpkinhead, Future Stupid, Wailing Bongo, Hamilton Nixons Dolphin Bar, Whangarei Shona Laing The Union, Greymouth C.U.N.T, Trash, Nimrod Diabolique, Swarm Empire, Dunedin Banshee Reel Molly McGuires, Nelson</p> <p>hair varnish</p>	<p>7</p> <p>Supergroove, Pumpkinhead, Future Stupid, Chocolate Starfish Powerstation, Auckland Think Tank, Spine, Sudersuk, Seat Bee Sate, Nanna Pod, Auckland C.U.N.T, Neena, Gaylene Otago Uni, Dunedin Shona Laing Canterbury Uni, Chch Blackjack Junction Hotel, Dannevirke Hampster Mussel Inn, Takaka Vital Signs Lonely Goat, Upper Hutt</p> <p>hair putty</p>	<p>8</p> <p>Supergroove, Pumpkinhead, Future Stupid, Chocolate Starfish Powerstation, Auckland Blackjack New Royal, Palm Nth Nixons Kurtz Lounge, Auckland Deluge, Raw Meat For The Balcony Pod, Auckland Shona Laing The Hibernian, Timaru Hampster Mussel Inn, Takaka Vital Signs Village Inn, Raumati Banshee Reel Bush Inn, Chch</p> <p>fudge fudge</p>	<p>9</p> <p>Shona Laing Lone Star, Queenstown Hampster Hot Mamas, Motueka</p> <p>hair cement</p>
<p>10</p> <p>fudge fudge</p>	<p>11</p> <p>Shona Laing The Country Hall, Stewart Island Hampster Nelson</p> <p>hair shaper</p>	<p>12</p> <p>Urban Disturbance, Joint Force, Tuffy Culture Showgrounds, Auckland Shona Laing Tillermans, Invercargill NZ Music Awards Carlton Hotel, Auckland</p> <p>the shampoo</p>	<p>13</p> <p>Hello Sailor Squid, Auckland Hallelujah Picassos, Fagan Showgrounds, Auckland Nixons Exchange, Hamilton Brother Love, Space Dust, Schizophrenia Nitespot, New Plymouth Shona Laing Croyden Lodge, Gore Hampster Queenstown Banshee Reel Red Barrel, Taupo</p> <p>the condition</p>	<p>14</p> <p>Hello Sailor, Hammond Gamble Showgrounds, Auckland Daemon, Tempest Crown, Dunedin Blackjack Forta Leeza, Kati Kati Hampster Ruby In The Dust, Dunedin Vital Signs Fat Ladies, Palmerston North Respect Box/Cause Celebre, Auckland Banshee Reel Oak & Ale, Tauranga Nixons Uni Cafe, Auckland</p> <p>dynamite</p>	<p>15</p> <p>Dead Flowers, 3 The Hard Way, Urban Disturbance Showgrounds, Auckland Daemon, Tempest Arena, ChCh Shona Laing Coach Inn, Dansey's Pass Hampster Penguin Club, Oamaru Vital Signs Fat Ladies, Palmerston North Banshee Reel Paris, Gisborne Nixons Howick By The Sea, Auckland Nefarious, The Butcher Club, Wretched Skinny Nitespot, NPLY</p> <p>hair varnish</p>	<p>16</p> <p>The Rolling Stones Western Springs, Auckland Headless Chickens, Joint Force, Tuffy Culture Showgrounds, Auckland Nixons Nitespot, New Plymouth Daemon, Tempest Metroplitan Hotel, Nelson Shona Laing Civic Bar & Cafe, Chch Hampster Entertainment Club, Timaru Vika & Linda The Edge, Chch Banshee Reel Cri Bar, Napier</p> <p>the shampoo</p>
<p>17</p> <p>The Rolling Stones Western Springs, Auckland Tony Bennett Aotea Centre, Auckland 3 The Hard Way, Emma Paki, Purest Form Showgrounds, Auckland Nixons Alehouse, Wanganui Vika & Linda Esplanade, Gisborne</p> <p>hair shaper</p>	<p>18</p> <p>John Hammond Jnr Powerstation, Auckland Vika & Linda Esplanade, Gisborne</p> <p>the shampoo</p>	<p>19</p> <p>John Hammond Jnr The Edge, Chch Shona Laing O'Flaritys, Napier Vika & Linda The Planet, Wgtn</p> <p>fudge fudge</p>	<p>20</p> <p>Sick of It All Squid, Auckland Nixons Shakespeare, Napier Brother Love, Space Dust, Burnt Weeping Eyes Stomach, Palm Nth Shona Laing George Street, Whakatane Vika & Linda The Planet, Wgtn Banshee Reel Glass House, NPLY</p> <p>hair varnish</p>	<p>21</p> <p>Body Count, Ice T, Therapy? Town Hall, Auckland Sick Of It All Thistle Hall, Wgtn Michelle Shocked Powerstation, Auckland Nixons New Royal, Palm Nth Semi Lemon Kola Globe, Auckland Shona Laing Leigh Hotel, Leigh Blackjack Millar Bar, Lower Hutt Hampster The Mill, Waikari Vital Signs Big Chill, Lower Hutt Banshee Reel The Eastside, Ham</p> <p>hair putty</p>	<p>22</p> <p>Body Count, Ice T, Therapy? Town Hall, Wellington Sick Of It All Nitespot, New Plymouth Nixons Antipodes, Wgtn Sabbath, Total Perspective Pod, Auckland Blackjack The Oaks, Wgtn Vital Signs Big Chill, Lower Hutt Ross Mullins & the Snaps Sealey Cafe, Thames Vika & Linda Auckland</p> <p>hair cement</p>	<p>23</p> <p>Ween Powerstation, Auckland Sick Of It All Exchange, Hamilton</p> <p>hair gum</p>
<p>24</p> <p>Sick Of It All Pod, Auckland Nixons Crown, Dunedin</p> <p>the shampoo</p>	<p>25</p> <p>Nixons Penguin Club, Oamaru</p> <p>hair shaper</p>	<p>26</p> <p>Nixons Tillermans, Invercargill Banshee Reel Totara Lodge, Upper Hutt</p> <p>dynamite</p>	<p>27</p> <p>Al Jarreau Town Hall, Chch Nixons Tea Club, Timaru Alan Davies Watershed Theatre, Auckland Banshee Reel Shamrock Palmerston North</p> <p>hair varnish</p>	<p>28</p> <p>Sheryl Crow Logan Campbell Centre, Auckland Al Jarreau Town Hall, Wgtn Semi Lemon Kola Exchange, Hamilton The Nod Pod, Auckland Nixons Quadrophonia, Chch Vital Signs O'Malleys, Levin Alan Davies Watershed Theatre, Auckland Bone Machine Squid, Auckland Banshee Reel Mooses, Wanganui</p> <p>hair putty</p>	<p>29</p> <p>Al Jarreau Logan Campbell Centre, Auckland Nixons Metropolitan, Nelson Blackjack Cabana Bar, Napier Spine, Infernous, Stone Wizards Pod, Auckland Vital Signs O'Malleys, Levin Alan Davies Watershed Theatre, Auckland Banshee Reel TBC, Wellington</p> <p>fudge fudge</p>	<p>30</p> <p>The Jesus & Mary Chain Powerstation, Auckland Ross Mullins & the Snaps Te Rapa Racecourse, Hamilton Alan Davies Watershed Theatre, Auckland Banshee Reel Cri Bar, Napier</p> <p>hair cement</p>
<p>1</p> <p>Nixons Revingtons, Greymouth Alan Davies Watershed Theatre, Auckland</p> <p>fudge</p>	<p>2</p> <p>The Jesus & Mary Chain Town Hall, Wellington Nixons River Inn, Takaka Alan Davies Watershed Theatre, Auckland</p> <p>hair shaper</p>	<p>3</p> <p>Spearhead Powerstation, Auckland Alan Davies Watershed Theatre, Auckland</p> <p>dynamite</p>	<p>4</p> <p>Spearhead Victoria Uni, Wgtn Nixons River Bar, Gisborne</p> <p>hair varnish</p>	<p>5</p> <p>hair putty</p>	<p>6</p> <p>Doobie Brothers, Foreigner Mt Smart Supertop, Auckland Nixons George St, Whakatane Melon Twisters, Doris Days Pod, Auckland</p> <p>hair shaper</p>	<p>hair cement</p>

"Only From Hair Salons With Attitude"

fudge **it**

scrunch it mould it slick it

GIVE
YOUR
HAIR
BALLS

WHAT THE

IS FUDGE?



TWO
CAPTAINS
ONE
DESTINY

PG CONTAINS VIOLENCE

**STAR TREK
GENERATIONS**
OPENING AT CINEMAS
GALAXY WIDE APRIL 28

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
DO NOT COPY
© 1994

**VULCAN AMAZING
PRIZE-PACK GIVEAWAY!**

Win one of ten 'STAR TREK GENERATIONS' movie prize packs!
Stuffed with enough memorabilia to make any Trekkie salivate.
Fill in the entry form for a chance to win: Movie Passes, Collector
Cards, CD's, Galaxy Maps, Books, T-Shirts and much, much, more.

NAME:

ADDRESS:

PHONE:

Wk: COMPLETE: TWO CAPTAINS DESTINY.

POST TO: Star Trek RIP IT UP Competition, PO Box 5689, Auckland 1.
ALL PRIZE PACK WINNERS WILL BE NOTIFIED BY MAIL.

Continued from page 42

found Alcott's novel "very strong-minded, full of character and a wonderful picture of New England family life". Sixty-two years on, Australian director Gillian Armstrong obviously feels much the same. The period is meticulously caught, from Schumann's *Kinderszenen* being amateurishly plonked on a parlour piano to a ball populated by characters of Dickensian ripeness. A visit to the opera recalls, rather more modestly, the opening scene of Martin Scorsese's *Age of Innocence*.

The script, slightly updated here and there, has some beautiful writing — and writing it is, because *Little Women* is a strongly autobiographical work, as Alcott was writing about her struggle to make a name for herself. Perhaps Susan Sarandon's mother is rendered a little too 'strong-minded', too often given to pat comments of the proto-feminist kind, but Winona Ryder brings just the reserve and intelligence that Jo needs. A gem of a film.

WILLIAM DART

THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION Director: Frank Darabont

Stephen King provides the unlikely source for this saga of a male bonding that blooms in one of Maine's toughest prisons, when a young banker (Tim Robbins, all quiet efficiency) meets up with the prison fixer (Morgan Freeman quite possibly doing an Oscar turn). Darabont offers us AN enjoyable, if longish (142 minutes), night at the movies, even if there's a feeling of *déjà vu* lingering about the edges. Prison films are a hardy genre, and the script offers little in the way of invigorating characterisations. From Clancy Brown's sadistic head guard to James Whitmore's tragically institutionalised librarian, we've seen them all before. Only Bob Gunton's warden, as corrupt as he is slimy and sanctimonious, manages to leap off the page (particularly with his sinister 50s crewcut later in the film).

The Darabont film to watch out for is his 1991 *Buried Alive*, which is still doing the Sky circuit. It's a neat little study of an affair gone wrong, with a punishment worthy of Edgar Allen Poe. Jennifer Jason Leigh is at her crispest and so is the film itself, running almost an hour shorter than *Shawshank*.

WILLIAM DART

STARGATE Director: Roland Emmerich

The city of Ngada on the planet of Abydos, millions of light years from earth, is a dull, dull place, drab as only a desert can be. It's certainly a severe let-down after the spectacular 30-second trip that takes us there. *Stargate* has granite-jawed Kurt Russell and crew travelling to the outer limits of space, with Russell determined to destroy anything that might be a threat to the Amerikan Empire.

This is *Boys Own* stuff — frenetic, noisy (David Arnold's score is particularly unsparing) and, with the exception of James Spader's cunning linguist (he masters an ancient tongue in a matter of minutes to sweet-talk the glamorous Sha'uri), a succession of comic book heroes and villains.

Harmless? Perhaps not. Am I alone in reading a murky sub-text into a film which pits the full force of the American right against Jaye Davidson's evil Ra, an effete queen surrounded by a court of languid and beautiful people? Backlash time again?

WILLIAM DART

SHALLOW GRAVE Director: Danny Boyle

This pacey little black comedy presents three characters (Christopher Eccleston, Ewan McGregor and Kerry Fox) who inadvertently get caught up in cadavers, stolen loot and murderous psychos. And perhaps they deserve it — from the opening scenes Boyle seems determined that we not feel much sympathy for them, as they ritually humiliate hopeful flatmates.

If you can cope with this tiresome trio — and I must admit I was totally alienated the first time around — Boyle has fashioned a snappy 92-minute diversion. He shows a talent for presenting thuggery with a new twist (a brutal head-smashing seen through a money dispensing machine) and engineers some nice visual touches (an attic with shafts of light emanating eerily from holes in the floor). The twists don't give up, right through to the final scene, played to the jolly strains of Andy Williams singing 'Happy Heart'.

There are a few worries, regardless of how you cope with the morality of the whole affair; one is the contrived writing of the scenes with

the two policemen, the other Simon Boswell's post-Minimalist score — come back Mike Oldfield all is forgiven.

WILLIAM DART

FILMS FOR KICKS

This is the second year the Queen City is being offered a selection of those weird and wonderful movies time almost forgot. April 6 sees the opening of the *Incredibly Strange Film Festival 95*.

For those of you who found *Serial Mom* a little sanitised, you can catch John Waters' classic *Female Trouble* along with Ed Wood's classic turkey, *Plan 9 from Outer Space* — timely this one, with Tim Burton's *Ed Wood* bio-pic opening later this year.

I have fond memories of being exposed to the rare genius of Doris Wishman at London's notorious Biograph cinema in the mid-70s. Her 1974 opus, *Deadly Weapons*, presented Chesty Morgan of the 73 inch bust as a Bandit Queen of her time, avenging the murder of her lover with what could only be described as mammary suffocation. Chesty's on display in the Festival in Wishman's *Double Agent 73* — no explanation necessary. But there's more to Wishman than cleavage — as one writer commented: 'Her style is all her own, only Jean-Luc Godard could match her indifference to composition and framing.'

Treating myself the other night to a Jack Hill double of *Spider Baby* (1967) and *Switchblade Sisters* (1975), I pondered whether there was a definable aesthetic here. The two films are immensely different. *Spider Baby* is beautifully shot in elegiac black and white, and struggles to overcome gratingly self-conscious acting and moments of deadly tedium (and you can't fast-forward in the cinema). *Switchblade Sisters*, on the other hand, is a snappy little B-grader, that grips one all the way from a cat-fight in a burger-bar to slaughter on the roller rink.

Oscar Wilde warned us that ignorance was like an exotic fruit that should not be touched. Like naive and folk art, this is a cinema that knows no rules and regulations. In its way it's a cinema of innocence — one only has to think of the laboured farces of Paul Bartel to realise masterpieces in this genre can't be fabricated by knowing cineastes. The other thing is it is participation cinema — it needs an audience. There's nothing sadder than watching such films alone in front of a TV screen. Group indoctrinations are imperative!

WILLIAM DART

REEL NEWS

Louis Malle is chasing Uma Thurman to play Marlene Dietrich in a film about her life ... *What's Eating Gilbert Grape's* Leonardo DiCaprio may play James Dean in an upcoming film about his life ... Sigourney Weaver stars in Roman Polanski's latest film *Death And The Maiden*. The film is based on Ariel Dorfman's play of the same name, and Dorfman co-wrote and co-produced the project ... Henry Rollins appears alongside Keanu Reeves and Dolph Lundgren in the Robert Longo directed *Johnny Mnemonic*. The film is based on the novel by godfather of cyberpunk William Gibson ... Richard Linklater's latest film is a love story called *Before Sunrise*. It is set in Vienna and stars Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy ... Arnold Schwarzenegger will star in his long planned film version of *Planet of the Apes*. A \$70 million budget has been set and Arnie is trying to talk Oliver Stone into producing the project. Philip Noyce will direct ... Tim Robbins will tackle his second directorial role with *Dead Men Walking*. It is based on a novel about a nun who comes to the aid of a man on death row ... Leonardo DiCaprio and Marky Mark(!) star in *The Basketball Diaries*, a film about 'violent addictions' by first time director Scott Kalvert ... Sam Phillips and Jeremy Irons join the terrorist squad for *Die Hard III* ... Stephen King movie number 26 is *Dolores Claiborne*. It co-stars Jennifer Jason-Leigh as a journalist who is forced to confront her troubled past when her mother is arrested for murder. Kathy Bates, who is turning into quite the King movie regular (*Misery*, *The Stand*), co-stars as the mother ... 12 year old *Interview With the Vampire* and *Little Women* co-star Kristen Dunst stars alongside Robin Williams in *Jumanji*. The film is about a boy who gets stuck in a jungle board game. He and a host of jungle creatures are released years later by two children who find the game ... schlock-horror king Sam Raimi's latest film is a spaghetti-western. *The Quick and the Dead* stars Leonardo DiCaprio, Sharon Stone, Russell Crowe, Lance Henriksen and Gene Hackman ... Twentieth Century Fox is planning a sequel to *Speed*. The working title is (wait for it) *Speedo*. It is "most likely" original stars Keanu Reeves and Sandra Bullock will return ... the third *Batman* movie, *Batman Forever*, is directed by Joel Schumacher, with original director Tim Burton having taken an "executive" back seat. Michael Keaton is succeeded by Val Kilmer as the caped crusader. *Scent of a Woman's* Chris O'Donnell will play Robin. Jim Carrey will play the Riddler (now that Robin Williams has turned the role down). Drew Barrymore and Nicole Kidman fill the fox quota ... the follow-up to *Candyman* is the prequel *Candyman, Farewell to the Flesh*. It tells the story of the Candyman's life before he lost his hand and was attacked by bees. A doomed love affair takes the blame.

Magazzino

THE CENTRE FOR CONTEMPORARY
MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS

Ponsonby 123 Ponsonby Rd. Ponsonby, Auckland. Ph 09 376 6933 Fax 09 376 6943	Newmarket Levene Extreme Store, Broadway Newmarket. Ph 09 524 0604 Fax 09 522 0318	Napier 69 Hastings Rd. Napier. Ph/Fax 06 835 5494	Wellington Levene Extreme Store, 133 Tory St, Wellington Ph 04 384 7575 Fax 04 384 7074	Christchurch Levene Extreme Store, Cnr Moorhouse & Columbo St, Christchurch Ph 03 374 9245
--	--	---	---	---



b'S WAX



Muriel's Wedding

Film

MURIEL'S WEDDING Director: Paul J. Hogan

Muriel, as played by the energetic Toni Colette, is gaucheness incarnate — a young woman with puppy fat, terminal freckles, a big toothy grin, and, to quote another recent Australian movie, a heart as big as Western Australia. She's a woman who has survived the bitchy barbs of Sydneyside suburbia by living a fantasy life that owes much to the bubbly power pop of ABBA.

For 80 or so of its 106 minutes, *Muriel's Wedding* is a hoot, a right regular little black comedy, a Sally Jessy misfit show come to life. Shriek with hysterics as the sun-bleached bimboes of Porpoise Spit get their come-uppance! Howl with laughter as Muriel and Rhonda do their ABBA turn! Roll in the aisle as a bean bag gets accidentally unzipped during a gormless seduction!

But, in the final count, the film stops rather short from realising its potential. Rhonda is suddenly wheel-chair-bound, the ironies of Muriel's post-marriage behaviour are hardly explored and one has the nagging feeling that, if the script was wanting to be 'serious', there was a lot more to be investigated in the character of Muriel's mother. Yes folks, it's another Oz feel-good movie that ends up being almost as bland as the supertoms you buy in Oxford Street.

WILLIAM DART

THE BANDIT QUEEN Director: Shekhar Kapur

The Bandit Queen is an extraordinary movie, relating the tale of the notorious bandit Phoolan Devi, tracing the indignities and cruelties she endured and her resilience in coping with them.

In many ways it's a classic 'revenge' film, in a style that mixes racy melodrama with blunt, singularly unstylised violence — there's no hip soundtrack with a cute sampling of 50s and 60s rock songs with this movie. It gains a lot of its considerable impact from the amazing Seema Biswas, as Phoolan. Here is an actor who has the enviable ability to look rustic one minute and *soignée* the next (uniformed, she rather reminded me of the elegant Yoko Ono in her Che Guevara phase). However, the intensity of her performance is never in doubt — Phoolan is emphatically flesh and blood, a woman determined to take charge of her own life, as in a tense scene in which she has sex with her lover Vikram on her own terms.

Kapur is a skilful film-maker. He catches the utter isolation of the young Phoolan, and cru-

cial scenes are handled with some subtlety: a gang-rape occurs mostly off-screen while we watch the traffic of men entering and leaving the building; we're shown the storming of a village from overhead; and when a group of men are slaughtered, Kapur introduces intensified lighting effects.

This is powerful movie-making, with its critique of the caste system and of India's generally unsympathetic treatment of women. Ironically, because of political repression and censorship, it is unable to be seen in the country in which it was made.

WILLIAM DART

BLUE SKY Director: Tony Richardson

The opening credits roll over glamour shots of 60s movie queens, while Dinah Washington and Brook Benton croon 'You've Got What it Takes'. *Blue Sky* is Tony Richardson's final film (finished in 1990, less than year before the director died of AIDS) and, ironically, his best for more than a decade.

Blue Sky is primarily a study of a psychologically harrowed wife and mother (one of the great performances of any year from Jessica Lange). Like a Tennessee Williams or William Inge heroine, she's trapped in inhospitable confines — in this case a military base in Alabama, where her husband (a stoic Tommy Lee Jones) is a solitary nuclear conscience amongst his colleagues.

Although there's an uncomfortable wrench when fragile heroine becomes stalwart activist — would that Richardson had been able to strip Lange's character as bare as Ken Loach does with Crissy Rock's in *Ladybird Ladybird* — the director's skill shows in the resonance of his images. Lange with scarf on a Hawaii beach reminds one of those final elegiac Bert Stern photographs of Marilyn Monroe, and the sheer tackiness of amateur dramatics amongst the airforce wives (which include Carrie Snodgrass and Annie Ross) is a chuckle and a half — Hernando's Hideaway will never be the same again.

WILLIAM DART

LITTLE WOMEN Director: Gillian Armstrong

After the contrived sentimentalities of *Legends of the Fall*, *Little Women* at least has literary credentials, being taken from the nineteenth century classic by Louisa May Alcott.

George Cukor, who directed the first film of the book in 1933, commented later that he

Continued on page 40



FLESH FOR ALTMAN

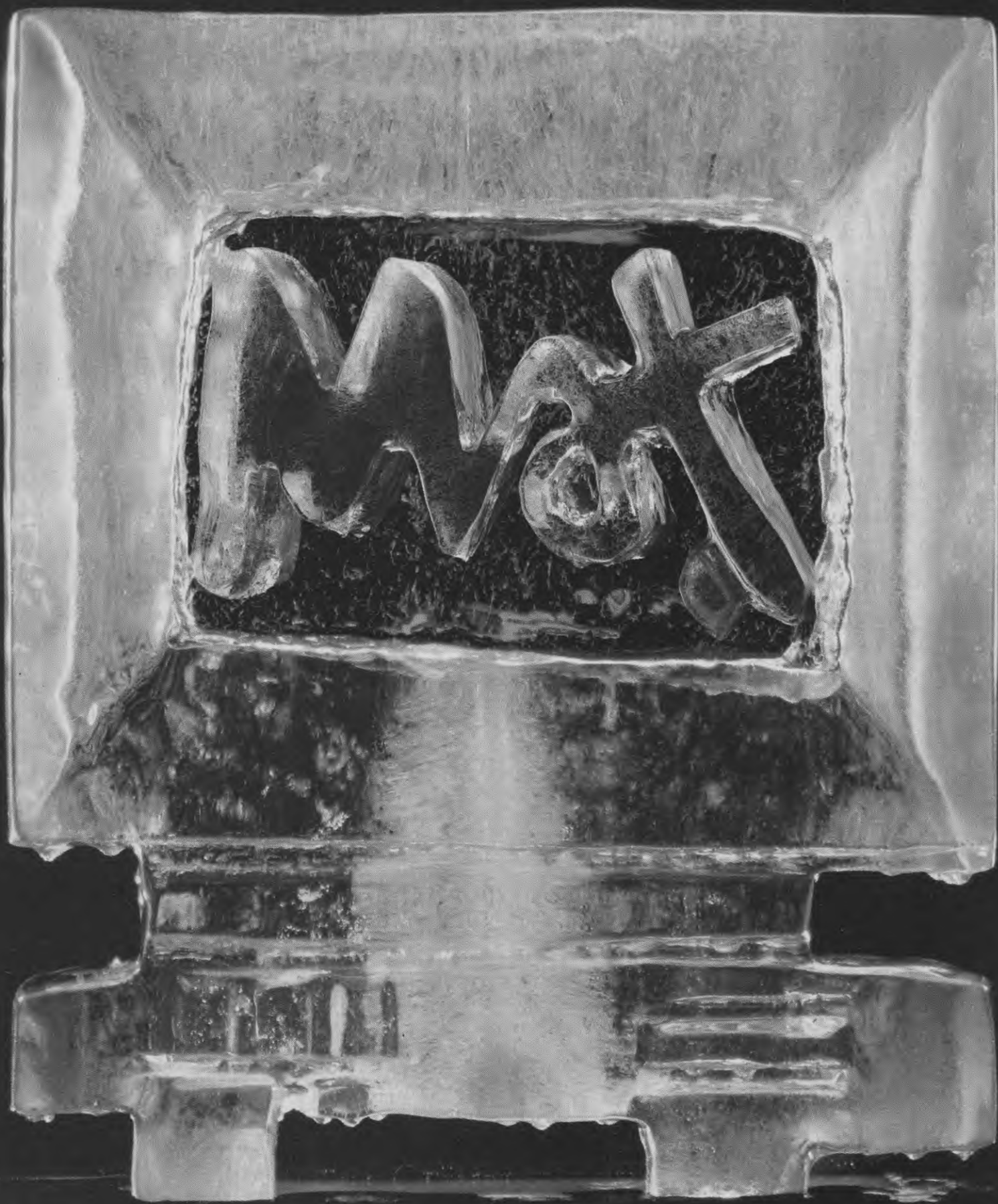
Rossy de Palma is one of 38 major name stars in Robert Altman's latest film, *Pret A Porter (Ready To Wear)*. She is joined by the likes of Julia Roberts, Tim Robbins, Lyle Lovett, Lauren Bacall, Sophia Loren and Kim Basinger, and more than 75 designers and supermodels (including Christian Lacroix, Jean-Paul Gaultier, Naomi Campbell and Christy Turlington). Altman mixes a murder mystery that isn't with a fashion show that is, and sends the whole caboodle up like only he knows how.

The finale sees the runway brimming with nude supermodels, in a sequence set to the Cranberries' 'Pretty'. Altman has nothing but praise for those who bared their all (and much more, in Ute Lemper's case) for the scene, and says: "Remember, these are girls who are not porno stars, and don't walk around naked in public."

Pret A Porter opens on April 7.

We are
them
where
you
want

CATERPILLAR
WALKING
MACHINES



MAX TV. TELEVISIONING THE WORLDS BEST MUSIC VIDEOS.
FREE TO AIR SEVEN DAYS A WEEK ON UHF BAND CHANNELS 46, 49, 57.
☎ SIGNMASTER 0-9-525 5599.