

Gene Royal Trux Elvis Slag at the Music Awards Exporting Supergroove

ISSUE 213 MAY \$2 (09) 376 3235

rip it up



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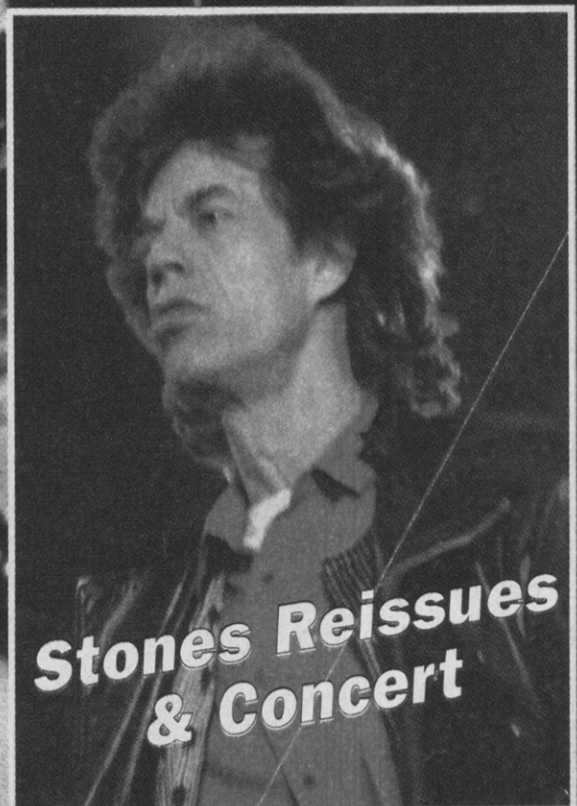
A Heart That Hurts

Radiohead

Do You Wanna Pop?

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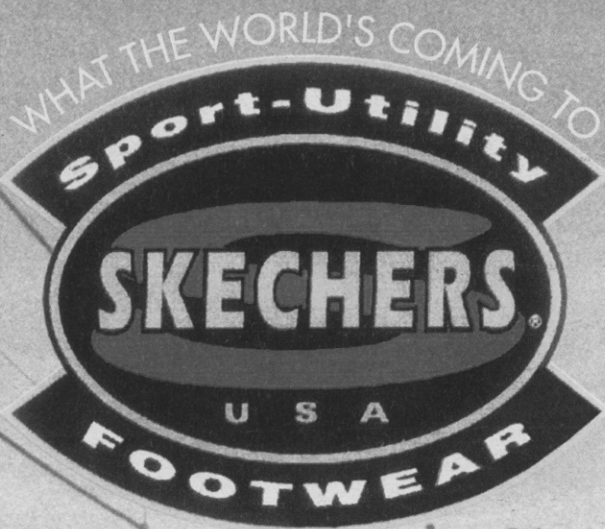
We're Not Dweebs!



**Stones Reissues
& Concert**

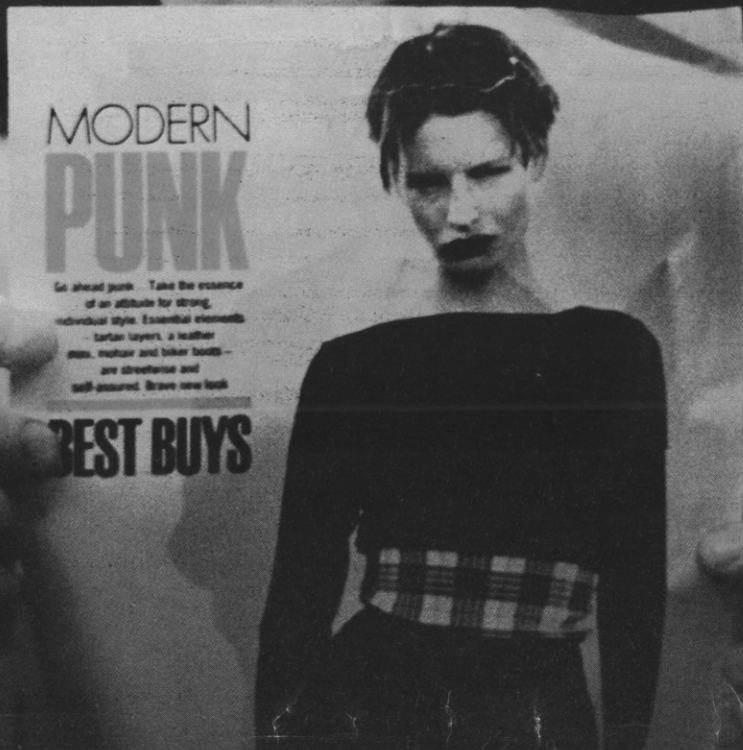


213



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News



YOUTH FOR LOOZA

New York's Sonic Youth are to headline the fifth annual Lollapalooza Festival that will tour North America from July to September. Other bands on the bill include Cypress Hill, Hole, Beck, Jesus Lizard and Pavement. New additions to Lollapalooza 95 will include an on-site art gallery and a giant cinema. Organiser Perry Farrell is also hoping to stage an after-show rave party featuring techno and ambient acts.



CRAMPS SHOW ANNOUNCED

Lock up your sons and daughters, Lux Interior and Poison Ivy are returning with the Cramps for one New Zealand show only at the Auckland Town Hall on Sunday May 4.



Massive Attack



MASSIVE ATTACK ON TOUR

The Bristol wave finally reaches these shores with the announcement of two Massive Attack 'Sound System' shows next month. Neither a concert or a dance party, the shows will feature dub and reggae DJs, plus Massive Attack performing with guest vocalists. The venues for both events, in Wellington on June 16 and Auckland the following night, are yet to be confirmed.

ELASTICA FANTASTIC

The English music press have a new group to build up before they eventually tear them down. The London-based four-piece Elastica signed a deal with American label Geffen last year, and have just released their debut album *Elastica*. Lead singer Justine Frischmann (second from left) is a former guitarist with Suede, and partner of Blur's Damon Albarn.



COOL NEW RELEASES

Listen!



SOUL COUGHING Ruby Vroom

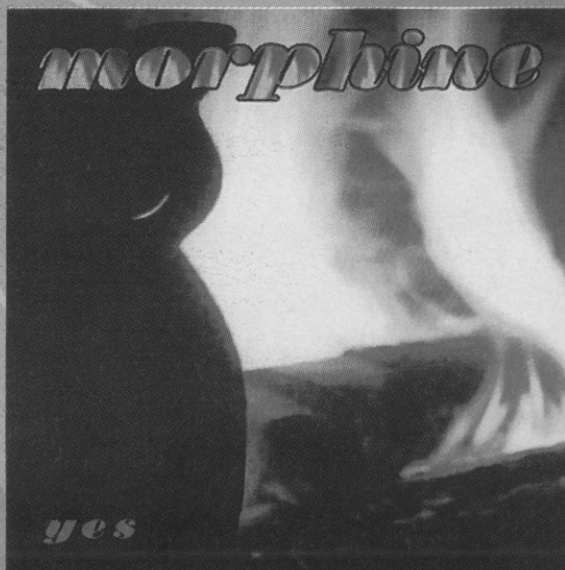
How does one describe Soul Coughing? How about guitar skittering surf-like chicken scratching grooves, backed by blasts of orchestral sounds and random environmental noise from a real-time sampler keyboard player (not a preprogrammed sequencer or click tracked DAT). And, over that, a vocal that shifts mid-stream from melodies to chant to spoken word to rapping. Produced by Tchad Blake (the engineer for Mitchel Froom and Tom Waits and a Latin Playboy in his spare time), the album captures Soul Coughing's irrepressible live energy as well as lots of eccentric sounds.

.....► HEAR IT NOW

PHONE 09-373 3456*
PHONE 04-499 2233*



3405



MORPHINE Yes

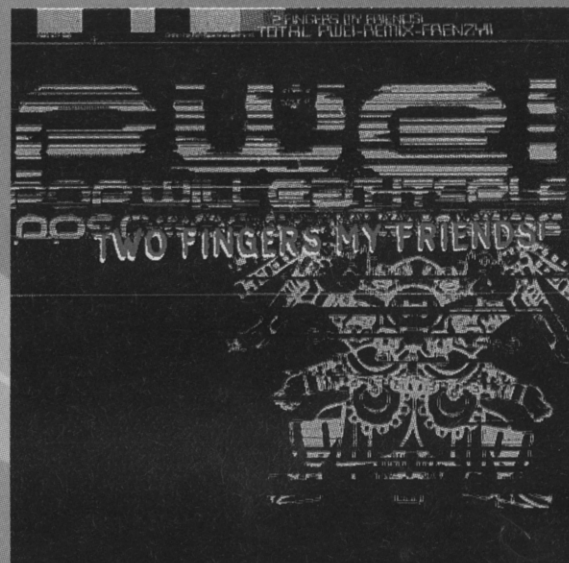
It's only been a few years since Boston's Morphine first rumbled up from the netherworld and took the guitar out of rock. With just bass, drums and saxophone, this unlikely power trio has become an international phenomenon since the release of last year's *Cure For Pain*. Consisting of Mark Sandman, 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.

.....► HEAR IT NOW

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601



POP WILL EAT ITSELF Two Fingers My Friend

Two Fingers My Friends is the English transformation of *Dos Dedos Mis Amigos*, PWEI's previous album released on Infectious Records through Liberation. *Two Fingers...* contains remixes of all the tracks on *Dos Dedos...* highlights being the Fun-da-mental Mix of 'Ich Bin Ein Auslander', Jah Wobble Mega Wob of 'Familus Horribilus', Hoodlum Priest Fatboy Mix of 'Fatman' and The Orb's Sweet Sin and Salvation Mix of 'Home'. This album also contains perhaps the longest-ever name for any remix – the Made In Japan Live At The Budokan Double Live Gonzo Frampton Comes Alive And Dangerous At The Filmore East Appollo 440 Mix of 'RSVP'.

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3410



JULIANA HATFIELD Only Everything

With her third solo album former Blake Babies indie ingenue Juliana Hatfield has finally staked out a turf she's comfortable with. *Only Everything* creates an almost seamless travail through post-grunge guitar rock. Including the track 'Live On Tomorrow', a semi-acoustic gem inspired by Jane Campion's *The Piano*. "Dump me in the ocean, tied to a piano/But you forgot to rip my heart out before you let me go." There is a greater toughness to Juliana's voice, a greater confidence which is obvious in the hit single 'Universal Heartbeat' that makes *Only Everything* one of the essential albums of 1995.

.....► HEAR IT NOW

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3406



LETTERS TO CLEO Aurora Gory Alice

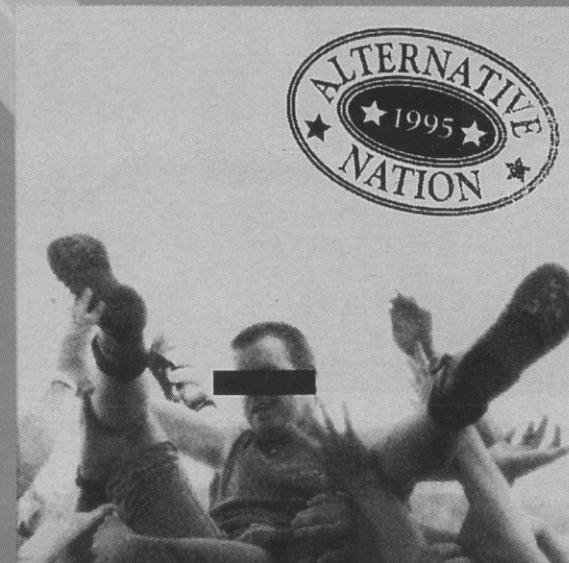
Originally released on Boston indie label Cherrydisc, this album is now being released in New Zealand through Mushroom/Liberation. The release has been remastered and now includes the huge hit 'Here And Now' and 'Rim Shak'. 'Here And Now' is also available on the Melrose Place Soundtrack. *Letters To Cleo* have a fantastic pop-punk scrappy meld of sound that has given them an absolute smash of an album which has drawn rave reviews world-wide.

.....► HEAR IT NOW

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3409



VARIOUS Alternative Nation '95

Alternative Nation '95 is the first of what will become an annual Easter weekend event for Australia in the tradition of the great festivals – Lollapalooza, Reading and Glastonbury. To commemorate *Alternative Nation '95* this CD features 18 tracks by the cream of the bands that appeared at the festival including Faith No More, Ween, Primus, Supergroove, L7, PWEI, Peyote, Violent Femmes, Nitocris and Body Count.

AVAILABLE FROM ALL
GOOD RECORD STORES

News



2PAC'S WORLD

New York rapper Tupac Shakur releases his third album, *Me Against The World*, this month. Currently holed up in Rikers Island prison on a sexual abuse conviction, Shakur is still recovering from a shooting incident in New York last year, when he was robbed of his jewellery at gunpoint and shot five times. When released from prison, Shakur intends to team up with boxer Mike Tyson and form *Us First*, a support organisation designed to "save the young niggas."

TERRY FOR JUNE

Terence Trent Darby returns next month with a new haircut and a new album entitled *Terence Trent Darby's Vibrator*. The odd ballad may feature but Darby is still taking the funky hardline, and *Vibrator*, we are assured, is not just one for the ladies.



SILVERCHAIR TO VISIT?

For those whose appetite was whetted at the Big Day Out, teen sensations Silverchair are strongly rumoured to be returning to New Zealand for a nationwide tour in June. *Rolling Stone* magazine's senior music writer David Fricke, who saw the Aussie trio at Sydney's BDO called them, "Aussie Green Day or Nirvana in pyjamas, truly potent stuff."

SEX CRIMES

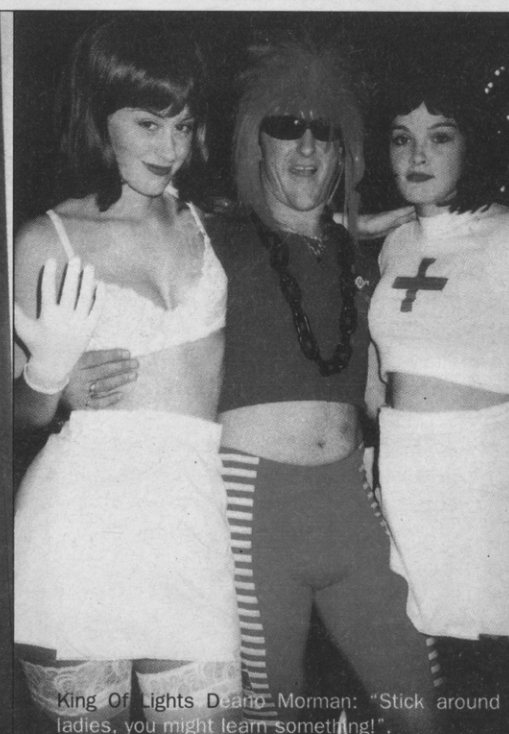
The first was badder than Michael Jackson, but the second was downright nasty. Auckland's Squid Bar hosted *Cheap Sex 2* on the night of May 16, and the floors were writhing with all manner of perverts and deviants. Nipples and belly-buttons were pierced at the bar, while downstairs young starlets wrestled in oil under the parental guidance of Nick D'Angelo. Hormones raged, heartbeats quickened and trouser-fronts tightened — roll on the number three!



One of these things is not like the other: Pavement editor Bernard McDonald and pal Jessica Fowler.



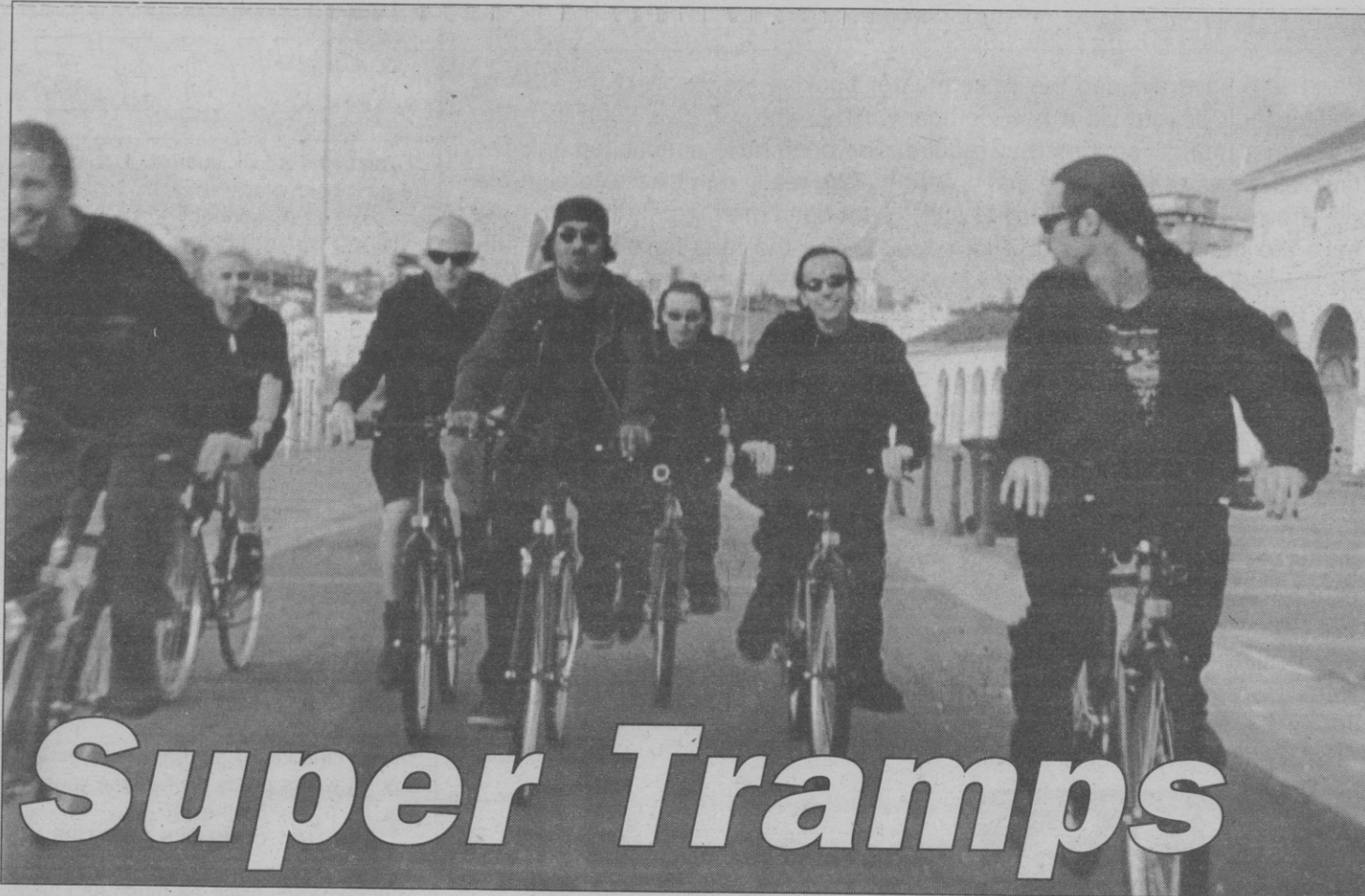
The new-look Squid bouncers lay down the law.



King Of Lights Deano Morman: "Stick around ladies, you might learn something!"



Max TV's Happy knows you've been a bad boy.



Super Tramps

If you missed Supergroove on their recent North Island tour, you won't see them around the place for awhile. The Auckland sevensome left the country last month for a lengthy jaunt around the world.

They're currently tripping about Australia, filling support slots and playing headlining dates, including four gigs on the *Alternative Nation* road show that also features L7, Pop Will Eat Itself, Ween, Tool and Nine Inch Nails.

From Australia they travel to South East Asia (Korea, Indonesia, Philippines, Malaysia), where a sponsorship deal to assist them with touring costs has been struck with a local cigarette company. 'Can't Get Enough' has been released in Asia and *Traction* will hit the shops in time for the band's arrival.

By early June, Supergroove will arrive in Europe for shows in France, Scandinavia, Holland, Austria and England. BMG New Zealand are supplying tapes to several UK DJs, for potential remix projects, while the band will release an EP later this year featuring remixes by Auckland DJ DLT.

America's the next stop, where they'll play dates in Chicago, Los Angeles and New York, and make a lightening quick trip to Canada. This leg of the tour has been organised by ex-pat Australian Ian Gardiner, the former Jane's Addiction manager, who currently looks after Tool and Porno For Pyros. While in the States, Supergroove will link up with ITB (International Talent Booking), a worldwide promotion agency whose roster includes Cypress Hill, Björk, Counting Crows and Aerosmith, and the band are hoping to

secure several major support slots.

August sees Supergroove touring Japan, and possibly South Africa, then heading back through Australia (where on the band's *Big Day Out* trip a punter was heard to remark to guitarist Ben Sciascia: "Don't stop playing that red guitar mate, 'cause it burns like tits") before arriving back in New Zealand in September.

A day before the band's departure, a very tired Karl Steven only had this to say about the daunting task ahead: "It has been so chaotic in the past few months that it doesn't register to me that we're leaving tomorrow to go on tour for six months. But I think everyone in the band is, deep down, excited."

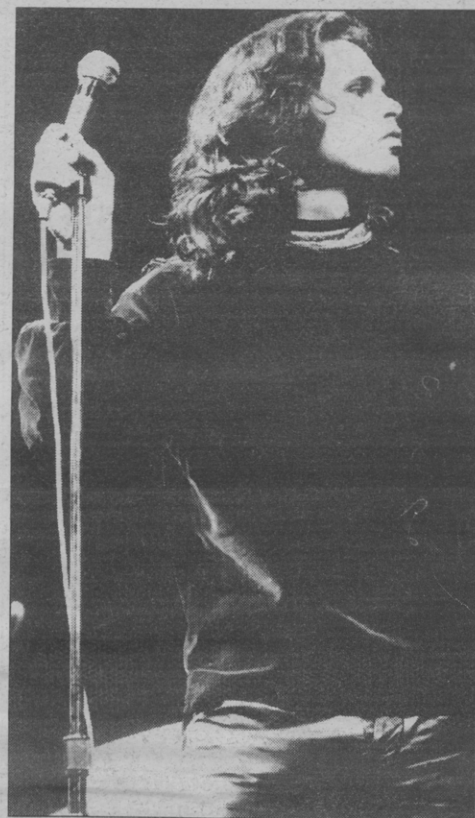
JOHN RUSSELL



The Warners

MUSHROOM BALL TIME

New Plymouth will rock to the eighth annual Mushroom Ball on May 12 and 13 when 10 local and out of town acts "disgrace" the stage at the Nitespot (ex-Section 8) in Gill Street. Bands performing are: Ape Management, Snort, Ashvins, Dog Tooth Violet, Sticky Filth, Dead Centre, Iris, Warners, Nefarious, Hideously Disfigured and Schizophrenia. Tickets can be pre-ordered from Ima Hitt Records (PO Box 407, New Plymouth) or phone (07) 758-9988 for more info.



DOORS REISSUE

The legendary Doors' album *The American Prayer* has been released on CD for the first time, and contains new and previously unreleased material. A Collector's Edition Audiophile Vinyl Pressing (with double gatefold and 8 page booklet) will also be available. Originally released in 1978, the CD version of *The American Prayer* features three new, unreleased tracks, 'Babylon Fading', 'Bird Of Prey' and 'The Ghost Song'. The three remaining Doors, Ray Manzarek, John Densmore and Robbie Krieger, reformed recently to shoot a video for 'The Ghost Song', which will feature previously unseen footage of Jim Morrison.

Meanwhile, Paul Rothchild, who produced the Doors' six studio albums, died of lung cancer in Hollywood on March 30. Rothchild also produced Janis Joplin's legendary *Pearl* album.

Most Promising Female Vocalist Sulata Foal, with Mike and Lance of Three The Hard Way.



NZ Music Award Winners

The 31st Annual New Zealand Music Awards were held at the Carlton Hotel in Auckland on Wednesday April 12 (see *Elvis Slag* for further details). The winners were:
Single Of The Year: Message To My Girl (Purest Form)
Album Of The Year: *Traction* (Supergroove)

Top Group: Supergroove
Top Male Vocalist: Dave Dobbyn
Top Female Vocalist: Fiona McDonald
Top International Performer: Headless Chickens
Most Promising Group: Sisters Underground

Most Promising Male Vocalist: Brent Milligan (Pumpkinhead)
Most Promising Female Vocalist: Sulata Foal (3 The Hard Way)
Film Soundtrack/Cast Recording: Once Were Warriors
Video Of The Year: Can't Get Enough (Jo Fisher/Matt Noonan)
Producer: Karl Steven and Malcom Welsford (*Traction*)
Engineer: Malcom Welsford (*Traction*)
Country: Kevin Greaves (*I'm Not Scared Of Women*)
Jazz: The George Chisholm Quintet (*Perfect Strangers*)
Classical: The NZ Symphony Orchestra (Douglas Lilburn/*The Three Symphonies*)
Folk: Windy City Strugglers (*Windy City Strugglers*)
Gospel: Derek Lind (*Stations*)
Cover Design: Wayne Conway (*Broadcast*)
Songwriter Of The Year: Dave Dobbyn (*Language*)
Special Award: Ian Magan

PARIHAKA!

Jacqui Keelan Davey

Tours



SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

May 17 Auckland, Town Hall

JOSE FELICIANO

May 17 Auckland, Aotea Centre

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS

May 21 Auckland, Powerstation

THE CRAMPS

June 4 Auckland, Town Hall

POINTER SISTERS

June 9 Wellington, Town Hall
10 Auckland, Town Hall

MASSIVE ATTACK

June 16 Wellington
17 Auckland

DIONNE WARWICK

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

RUMOURS '95

Sebadoh (June)
Silverchair (June)
Specials (June)
Fugazi (June)
The Kinks (June)
NoMeansNo (October)
Eagles (November)
Faith No More (Nov/Dec)
PJ Harvey (Jan)

Pearl Jam Take First Steps on USA Tour

Pearl Jam have avoided the Ticketmaster booking monopoly in the USA by selling their tickets via a new company, ETM, who will give Pearl Jam the consumer friendly options they require. The band have announced only the first 13 dates of their June and July tour. "We really don't want to plan out 60 shows and then have it fall to shit," says band manager Kelly Curtis. He says the band will "breathe a lot easier" once the fans have successfully purchased tickets for the first shows. "No matter what happens," Curtis told *Billboard* magazine, "people are more conscious of what they're paying for, and I think Ticketmaster is more accountable than they were a year ago."

Foo Fighters, Sweet 75 and Hovercraft

While **Dave Grohl**'s Foo Fighters have a high profile in the USA and may play England's Reading Festival, former Nirvana bassist **Krist Novoselic** is only doing low key gigs with his band **Sweet 75** and has no plans to sign his new band to a record label. The other band members are singer/guitarist Yva Kneivel and drummer Bobby Lurie. Sub Pop are among the labels trying to sign Foo Fighters. Opening for Dave Grohl's **Foo Fighters** on a six week USA tour with **Mike Watts** (ex Firehose) are **Hovercraft**, with Pearl Jam's **Eddie Vedder** on drums and his wife Beth on keyboards. Grohl will also drum for Watts on the tour.



Cool Mag

A new issue of *Ben Is Dead*, the several times-a-year former California freebie, has appeared at Magazzino. Issue Number 25 celebrates 70s retro trash. There are interviews with Tom Jones, Debbie Harry, Andy Paley (about his sex life during the New York punk scene) and John Lydon, plus stories on kiddie records, hand games, waltz music, Pac-Man fever confessions and the 1966 *Woman's Day Encyclopedia of Cooking*.



Second Child

Auckland band Second Child's new single 'Crumble' is out now. The sunset-drenched video for the song was shot "at the ends of the earth," says guitarist Chris van der Geer, "in a crumbling old soap factory."

The band has developed over several years — sometimes out of step with musical trends coming and going around them — to a point where they feel their edgy pop songs are "better than they've ever been before" says bassist Theo Jackson. Second Child are currently in pre-production for an album to be recorded in July for release later this year.

QUOTE

"I don't give a fuck about O.J. Simpson. He ain't been black since he was at high school."

ICE T

"It would be the second immaculate conception."

TRENT REZNOR ON COURTNEY BEARING HIS CHILD

"From an artistic standpoint the MTV *Unplugged* concept is a total joke. You take bands that are fundamentally electric-rock bands and put acoustic guitars in their hands and make them do a pantomime of a front-porch performance. It's not an authentic reading of that music at all. It's like watching a water ballet crossed with an NFL football game."

FORMER NIRVANA PRODUCER STEVE ALBINI

"A combination of Slimfast and younger men. It works pretty well — the younger brothers!"

ARETHA FRANKLIN'S DIET TIPS

"I need to sell twice as much as I have so far to recoup. You know, I haven't seen a royalty cheque in over 20 years, which is kind of a shame, because you'd think there would be at least a million people out there who would appreciate my work."

JONI MITCHELL

"The *Smile* tapes aren't enough in themselves to stand alone as an album.

They're just short strips and pieces of stuff I recorded when I was using drugs. I was sort of out of it. I couldn't think past 20 or 30 seconds of music because I was so screwed up. If I had a say, 'Junk it, don't do it'."

BRIAN WILSON ON PLANS TO RELEASE THE LOST BEACH BOYS' ALBUM.

"I don't like it but it's the record company who's doing this, so what can you do?"

DEBORAH CURTIS ON THE ARTHUR BAKER REMIX OF 'LOVE WILL TEAR US APART'.

"I would go out on the beach and sing the vocal track. I felt most comfortable singing that way because that's how I started, singing in front of the ocean in Iceland. Outside the studio, we set up the backing tracks and a long microphone lead. I wandered around under the stars, climbing and hiding in the bushes while I sang."

BJORK

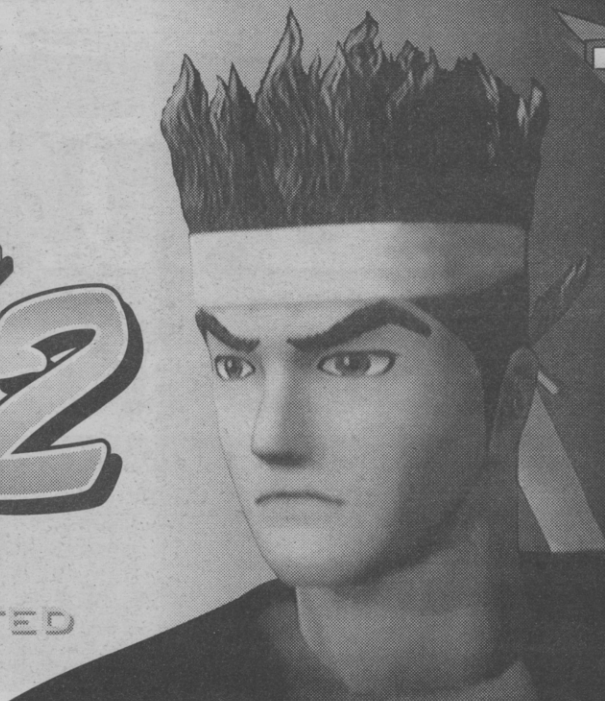
"The tightrope between music promotion and image promotion is tricky footing. I turn down soap opera cameos and supermarket openings every day."

BELLY'S TANYA DONELLY

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Virtua Fighter 2

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| 2. CRUISIN' USA | 7. VIRTUA FIGHTER |
| 3. KILLER INSTINCT | 8. LOCKED AND LOADED |
| 4. SUZUKA BHR5 | 9. X MEN |
| 5. TEKKEN | 10. ALIEN 3 |



N.Z.'S NUMBER 1 AMUSEMENT CENTRES

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- STAGES TIMEOUT VILLAGE 8
- STAGES TIMEOUT VILLAGE 8
- STAGES TIMEOUT VILLAGE 8
- STAGES TIMEOUT VIDEO 62Y
- TIMEOUT MILFORD
- TIMEOUT HOVTS 8
- TIMEOUT UNITED VIDEO
- TIMEOUT UNITED VIDEO
- TIMEOUT HOVTS MOVIELAND 4
- TIMEOUT VILLAGE 5
- TIMEOUT CENTRE
- TIMEOUT CENTRE
- TIMEOUT CENTRE
- SPACETEC TIMEOUT
- SPACETEC TIMEOUT
- TIMEOUT CENTRE
- TIMEOUT HOVTS 8
- TIMEOUT CENTRE
- TIMEOUT HOVTS 6
- TIMEOUT CENTRE



ZOO

Atrium on Elliott - Elliott Street behind MidCity

FUTURE RECORDINGS

<p>Elvis Costello, Kojak Variety (Warners) — covers album, songs written by Bob Dylan, Little Richard, Randy Newman, Ray Davies, Willie Dixon, Bacarach & David, the Beatles, Dan Penn and Mose Allison etc.</p> <p>Paul Weller, Stanley Road (Go! Discs) — guests include Steve Winwood on keyboards, Noel Gallagher on guitar and Dr Robert on bass.</p> <p>Fugazi, Red Medicine (Dischord).</p> <p>Bob Marley, Natural Born Mystic (Island) — 15 tracks including previously unreleased tracks from late 1970s, 1980 & 1981.</p> <p>The Verve, A Northern Soul (Virgin) — guest clapper is Liam Gallagher.</p> <p>Bjork, Post (Polygram) — produced by Nellee Hooper with tracks co-written with Tricky and DJ Howie B.</p> <p>Johnnette Napolitano & Holly Vincent, Vowel Movement (Atlantic) — ex Concrete Blonde and Holly & Italians vocalists.</p> <p>Teenage Fanclub, Grand Prix.</p> <p>Therapy?, Internal Love (Polygram).</p> <p>Ride, Tarantula (Warners) — cover Small Faces' 'That Man'.</p> <p>Wet Wet Wet, Picture This (Polygram).</p> <p>The Muffs, Blonder & Blonder (Warners) — produced by Dookie man Rob Cavallo. Drummer Roy McDonald is ex Redd Kross.</p> <p>Black Grape, We're Great When We're Straight (Radioactive / BMG) — Shaun (Happy Mondays) Ryder's new band.</p> <p>Scott Walker, Tilt.</p> <p>The Shamen, Axis Mundi (One Little Indian).</p> <p>Filter, Short Bus (Warners) — vocalist/guitarist Richard Patrick, ex Nine Inch Nails.</p> <p>Traci Lords, 1000 Fires (Radioactive/BMG)</p> <p>Fall, Cerebral Caustic.</p> <p>Eddie Money, Love & Money (Wolfgang)</p> <p>Marc Almond, Adored & Explored.</p> <p>Jimmy Somerville, Dare to Love.</p> <p>Marianne Faithfull, A Secret Life (Island).</p>	<p>The Mother Hips, Back to the Grotto (American)</p> <p>Skid Row, Subhuman Race (Atlantic).</p> <p>ROOTS</p> <p>Jerry Lee Lewis, Young Blood (Sire) — three tracks co-authored with producer Andy Paley and standards by Bobby Darin, Coasters, Hank Williams, Jimmy Rodgers etc.</p> <p>John Prine, Lost Dogs & Mixed Blessings (Oh Boy).</p> <p>Nick Lowe, The Impossible Bird (Upstart).</p> <p>Bob Dylan, MTV Unplugged (Sony).</p> <p>Jimmy Buffet, It's About Time (Island).</p> <p>Robert Cray, Some Rainy Morning (Mercury).</p> <p>Bela Fleck, Tales from the Acoustic Planet (Warners) — guests Chick Corea, Branford Marsalis.</p> <p>Al Stewart, Between the Wars (Mesa)</p> <p>Bunny Rugs, Talking to You (Shanachie) — Third World singer goes solo.</p> <p>Warren Zevon, Mutineer (Giant/BMG).</p> <p>Tuck & Patti, Learning How to Fly (Epic).</p> <p>Carlene Carter, Little Acts of Treason (Giant).</p> <p>Tony Joe White, Lake Placid Blues (Polygram).</p> <p>MOVIE SOUNDTRACKS</p> <p>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.</p> <p>TRIBUTE ALBUMS</p> <p>MARVIN GAYE — artists are Bono with 'Save the Children', Madonna & Massive Attack 'I Want You', Steve Wonder 'Stubborn Kind of Fellow', Neneh Cherry 'Trouble Man', Sounds of Blackness 'Mercy Mercy Me' & 'God Is Love', Nona Gaye 'Time to Get it Together', Public Enemy 'Inner City Blues', Rosie Gaines 'Distant Lover' and Public Enemy 'What's Going On'.</p> <p>IAN CURTIS — artists include Smashing Pumpkins (appearing as Star Children), Dave Navarro, Mazzy Star and Moby.</p> <p>FUTURE REISSUES</p> <p>Joy Division, Permanet: The Best Of (London) — extra tracks include an Arthur Baker remix of 'Love Will Tear Us Apart', 'These Days', 'Atmosphere' and 'Transmission' (live).</p> <p>Jim Morrison & the Doors, An American Prayer (Elektra / Warners) — previously unreleased tracks 'Babylon Fading', 'Bird of Prey', 'Ghost Song'.</p> <p>Jimi Hendrix, Voodoo Soup (MCA) — 13 tracks from various posthumous releases remastered by Alan Douglas to make a coherent album plus one previously unreleased instrumental 'New Rising Sun'.</p> <p>Frank Zappa, We're Only In It For the Money (1968); Lumpy Gravy; Overnight Sensation (1973); Apostrophe; Does Humour Belong In Music?; London Symphony Orchestra Vol.1 & 2 (Ryko)</p> <p>Zappa supervised remastered reissues.</p> <p>Ry Cooder, Ry Cooder (Warners).</p> <p>Marvin Gaye, The Master (Motown box set).</p> <p>Stone Roses, The Complete (Silvertone).</p> <p>Doobie Brothers, Doobie Brothers (Warners) — 1971 debut.</p> <p>Gladys Knight, Anthology (Motown).</p> <p>Michael Jackson, Anthology (Motown).</p> <p>Smokey Robinson, Anthology (Motown).</p> <p>Randy Newman, Randy Newman (Warners) — 1968 debut.</p> <p>Randy Newman, Live (Warners) — solo at Bitter End, 1971.</p> <p>Johnnie Ray, Greatest Songs (Curb).</p> <p>Modern Jazz Quartet, Dedicated to Connie (Atlantic) — previously unreleased 1959 concert.</p> <p>Miles Davis, The Complete Live at the Plugged Nickel 1965 (Columbia) — eight CD boxed set.</p> <p>Patti Page, Greatest Songs (Curb).</p> <p>America, Homecoming (Warners).</p> <p>Beach Boys, Smile Era (Capitol) — 3-CD set.</p> <p>Eric Burden & War, Best Of (Avenue/Rhino).</p> <p>David Johansen, From Pumps to Pompadours (Rhino).</p> <p>The Complete Stax / Volt Soul Singles 1972-1975 Vol.3 (Stax/Fantasy) — 215 more tracks from the Memphis soul label.</p>
<p>AOTEAROA</p> <p>Jan Hellriegel, Tremble (Warners).</p> <p>Bailterspace, Wammo (Flying Nun)</p> <p>Superette, Rosepig (Flying Nun EP) — 5 songs from Dave Mulcahy, ex JPSE).</p> <p>Nixons, Special Downtime (Pagan)</p> <p>Banshee Reel, An Orchestrated Litany of Lies (Loaded)</p> <p>Able Tasmans, Store in a Cool Place (Flying Nun)</p> <p>Glen Moffatt, Somewhere In New Zealand Tonight (Sun Pacific)</p> <p>FUNKY</p> <p>Rosie Gaines, Closer Than Close (Motown).</p> <p>Michael Jackson, HIStory Book 1 (Epic) — two disc pack, 16 greatest hits and15 new songs including duet 'Scream' with Janet Jackson — 150 minutes.</p> <p>Ice T, Ice T XI Return of the Real (Virgin).</p> <p>Isaac Hayes, Branded (Pointblank/Virgin)</p> <p>Cypress Hill, Temple of Boom (Sony).</p> <p>Freddie Jackson, Private Party (Scotti Bros)</p> <p>Naughty By Nature, Poverty's Paradise.</p> <p>NPG (New Power Generation), Exodus (Liberation) — 21 songs.</p> <p>Herbie Hancock, Dis Is Da Drum (Mercury).</p> <p>HEAVY</p> <p>Brutal Juice, Mutilation Makes Identification Difficult (Interscope/Atlantic).</p> <p>Soul Asylum, Let Your Dim Light Shine (Columbia).</p> <p>Morbid Angel, Domination (Giant).</p> <p>Ugly Kid Joe, Menace to Sobriety.</p> <p>Bad Brains, God of Love (Maverick / Warners).</p> <p>Babes In Toyland, Nemesisters (Warners) — cover Sister Sledge's 'We Are Family'.</p> <p>Tad, Infrared Riding Hood.</p> <p>Bodycount, Violent Demise (Virgin).</p> <p>Clutch, Clutch (East West / Warners).</p> <p>Green Apple Quick Step, Reloaded (Medicine) — co-produced by Pearl Jam's Stone Gossard.</p> <p>Clawhammer, Thank the Holder Uppers (Interscope/Warners) — fave band of Epitaph label owner Brett Gurewitz.</p> <p>Def Leppard, Slang (Mercury).</p>	

Drummer **Alan Wren** has left the **Stone Roses** and is replaced by **Robert Maddox**. After only two months the band have also left Guns N' Roses manager **Doug Goldstein** ... **Ian Astbury** cancelled the final dates of the **Cult** USA tour due to "nervous exhaustion" ... **Morrissey** and **Roger Daltrey** (Who) sent wreaths to **Ronnie Kray's** funeral ... the **Beastie Boys** plan to release a live album ... there is an unreleased double CD of **Eazy E** with collaborators as diverse as **Slash** and **Roger Troutman** of Zapp ... **Bill Berry** is back on the drum seat as **REM** resume touring, starting May 15 in California ... **Damon Albarn** of **Blur** is recording a single with **Tricky** and ex Fun Boy Three singer **Terry Hall** ... **Frank Black** has left the **4AD** label after disappointing sales for his solo albums ... **Flavor Flav** has been found guilty of firearms offences and will be sentenced on May 18. He may face a year in jail ... Capitol have signed the **Viper Room** party band known as **P** Members include **Johnny Depp** and **Gibby Haynes** of the **Butthole Surfers**. Guests include **Flea**, **Benmont Tench** (ex Tom Petty) and **Steve Jones** (ex Sex Pistols) ... **Bob Marley's** fiftieth birthday concert at London's Wembley Arena on June 1 features the **Wailers**, **Ziggy Marley**, **Jimmy Cliff**, **Pato Banton** and **Rita Marley** with **Marcia Griffiths** and **Judy Mowatt** ... the **Sugarcubes** have reformed minus **Bjork** as **UNUN** ... the **Stranglers** are doing a twentieth Anniversary tour ... the **Dave Dobbyn** album *Twist* has been certified Platinum, that's 15,000 sales in NZ ... **Mick Harvey** of the **Bad Seeds** is doing an album of songs written by French singer **Serge Gainsbourg** ... **Cult** guitarist **James Stevenson** has reformed his band **Gene Loves Jezebel** to record two new songs for inclusion on a *Best Of* album ... EMI have sold the famous old residential **Manor Studio** in Oxfordshire for three million pounds. A who's who of English music from the **Sex Pistols** to **Queen** have recorded there since it was founded in 1971 ... **RCA** have purchased the **Buddah** and **Kama Sutra** catalogues ... the highly regarded USA hi-tech sales chart system **Soundscan** has been introduced into Japan ... **Ice Cube** will star in the South Central-based comedy *Friday* ... this month's water safety tip is from Sweden. **Suede** were on a ferry between Germany and Sweden when the engines failed. With the ferry drifting along the Swedish coast, the crew opened the bar and everything was free. All the passengers were rescued ... **Moana & the Moahunters** play the Canadian Key West Music Convention in Vancouver May 11-13 and then play Hawaii on May 16 ... on French TV **Brett Anderson** duetted with **Terence Trent D'Arby** on **Neil Diamond's** 'Cinnamon Girl' ... Warners are releasing on sell-thru video **Neil Young's** 1983 cult anti-nuclear movie *Human Highway* starring **Devo**, **Dennis Hopper**, **Dean Stockwell** and Neil, as a motor mechanic ... USA *Funkfest '95* tour stars **Cameo**, **Teena Marie** and the **Gap Band** ... the British court has ordered **Guns N' Roses** to repay the \$412,000 concert advanced by a Madrid promoter whose show was cancelled when the venue was declared unsafe by authorities ... entries for the **Smokefree Rockquest** close May 31. Entry packs are available from High School music teachers or the NZ Rock Shop.

FAITH NO MORE WINNERS

Winners of the Festival Records Faith No More Competition are David Brunton of Woodville, Damien Cairns of Christchurch and Katrina Blue of Glenfield, Auckland.

CD EPS
at CD Single Prices

SHIHAD 'Bitter'

New single 'Bitter' plus TWO NEW TRACKS mixed in Germany 'Bring Your Friends' & 'Just Like Everybody Else'.

DEAD FLOWERS
'Same Same'

An ode to paying 'flat' power bills etc plus 3 ACOUSTIC TRACKS 'Plastic' 'Home' & 'What Do You Take Me For.'

SECOND CHILD
'Crumble'

THREE FABULOUS NEW TRACKS recorded at York Street Studio with Malcolm Wellsford.

HEAD LIKE A HOLE
'Chalkface' EP

The 'Not Nicomjool EP' with remixes of 'Chalkface' & '1 Pound 2 Pound' plus FIVE NEW RECORDINGS.

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The Tom & Jon (Shihad) & Nigel Regan (HLAH) collaboration single with SIX BONUS TRACKS.

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THE NIXONS: SHEDDING SKINS

When the Motown writing team of Holland/Dozier/Holland penned the wonderful soul track 'Rollercoaster', they could have been documenting a year in the life of Auckland band the Nixons.

Twelve months ago they celebrated the release of their debut album *Eye TV*, and were gearing up for a successful nationwide tour with Supergroove. Then in mid-December, after an overnight drive from a gig in Wellington, the band had \$65,000 worth of gear stolen from a van parked outside bass player Mike Scott's house in Northcote.

Despite the obvious enormous financial blow, Nixons' singer/guitarist Sean Sturm says the theft forced the band to reassess why they were part of the game.

"It really made us think about why we were doing music. When we did the Supergroove

tour last year, it seemed like we were doing it for business reasons rather than because we really enjoyed the music. I think the loss of our gear has almost put us back on track."

Not only did the Nixons lose their gear, but drummer Mark Pollard, who formed the band with Mike and Sean, threw in the towel after six years of loyal service. When asked why, Sean is more than a little choosy with his words.

"Losing the gear might have facilitated things a little, as Mark was the one who lost everything, and he was quite despondent at having to start again. I think Mark decided he needed to do something else while he could. There certainly was tension towards the end of the period we were with Mark. He's quite a difficult character to get along with musically."

The two remaining Nixons immediately

recruited drummer-about-town Luke Casey, who has kept time for Second Child, Salad Daze, Ultimate and Seven Dials, amongst others. The new line-up also reunites the last rhythm section of the legendary Bygone Era.

Luke: "We've been friends for quite along time and we've always played in bands along side each other, so it wasn't that unusual when they asked me to play. I've always wanted to be in a trio, just cause I like the minimal idea of trying to get the most out of the least amount of components. Plus, there's only so long you can dance round the campfire in your loincloth and play dungeons and dragons, y'know, being a heavy metal."

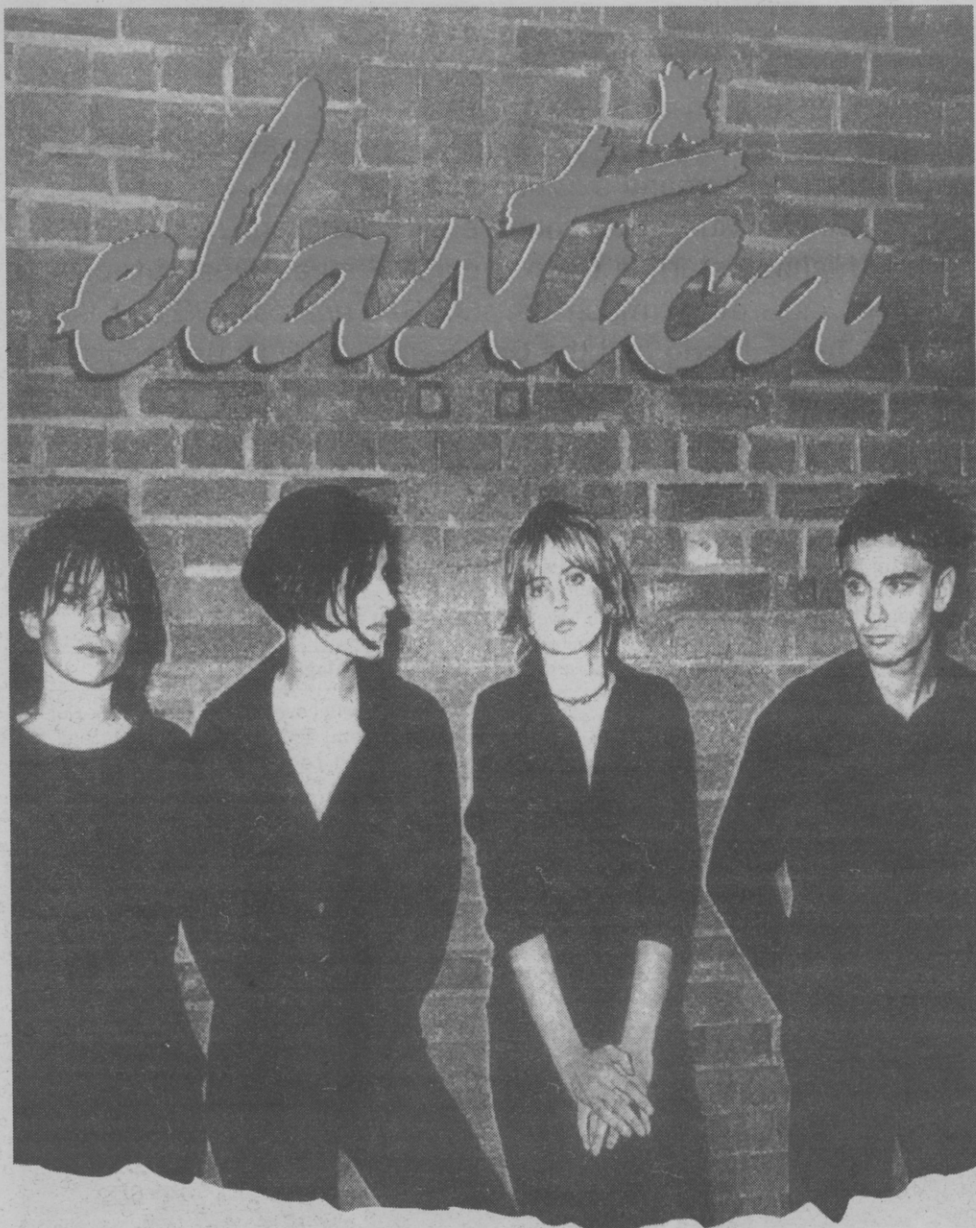
This month the Nixons release a fresh recording, the EP *Special Downtime*, that sees them complete their triangle of transition with a step in a new direction. Recorded

and mixed in under a week at Rock Street, *Special Downtime* is a sombre, almost all acoustic release, an approach necessitated from their 'beyond control' circumstances.

Sean: "An EP was all we could afford to do at the time, and we figured we may as well take this approach since we didn't have any gear anyway."

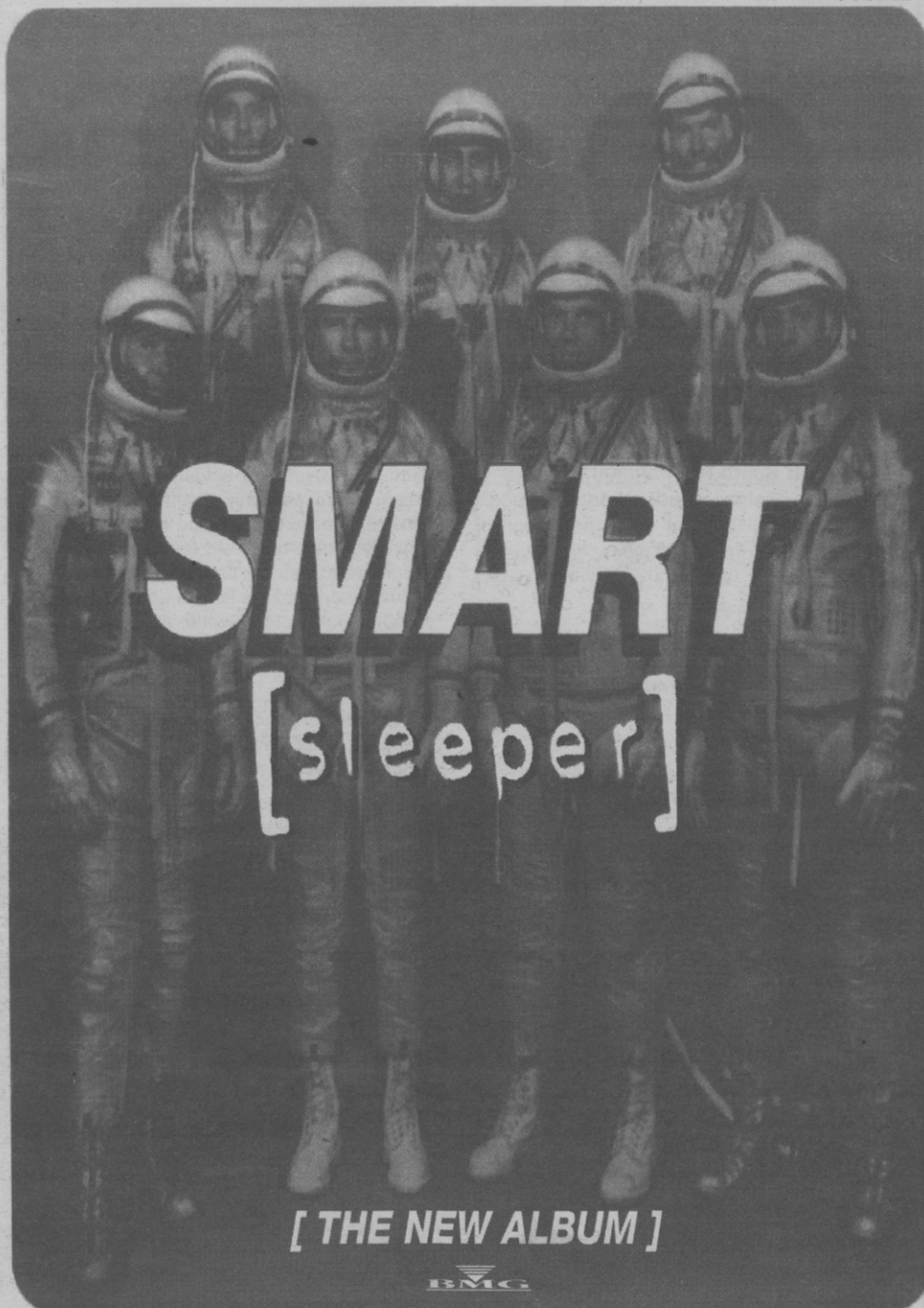
The band describe the EP as an "interlude" between *Eye TV* and its successor, due to be recorded this summer. Meanwhile, a promo trip to Australia is on the cards for August, and further afield, the San Francisco label Incandent is planning to release *Eye TV* in the States next month. With their break into the American market will come another change — the Nixons moniker is already in use Stateside so the band will be looking for a new title. Send your suggestions care of *RipItUp*, and remember, a change is as good as a rest.

JOHN RUSSELL



The Long Awaited Album

BMG



ripitup

Letters



SLIMMER TWINS

Diner, Service Station & Takeaway Cuisine

It's been a busy month or so for The Slimmer Twins, we've hardly had time to tighten our corsets, and have been forced to eat with our mouths full. Your cards, letters and bibs have all been gratefully received, but a special thank-you must go out to Mr E.A. Presley of Taipa, for the Fried Peanut-Butter-and Banana-Sandwich recipe. Mr Presley (60) writes, "I love this tasty morsel even more than pillow fights with teenage girls."

Here's this month's selection:

Well Done Chinese Noodle Bar.

15 Albert Street, central Auckland.

We're treated like royalty at this inner city palace where there's not a feline carcass in sight. Not being a duo fond of change we demand the usual at every marathon sitting: A starter plate of piping hot Curried Spring Rolls in chilli sauce (80c each) followed by Curried Chicken & Noodles in Soup (\$4.50), and Deep Fried Pork Chop on Rice (\$7.95). The rice is soft and fluffy, the pork thick and crispy, and the chicken is probably executed on the premises — what more could you want. "See you tomorrow" we say, before stuffing our pockets full of mints on the way out.

Burger De-Vine Ltd.

16 Pacific Avenue, Mt Maunganui.

Five minutes walk from the beach is the Mount's premier burger establishment. The fine folk at Burger De-Vine encourage you to swallow whole their unique 1/4 pound Beef Burger (\$4.50) or alternatively, a plump Chicken Breast Burger (\$6.50). Extras such as Garlic Mayo, Satays, Apricot & Chilli Chutney (all \$1.00) and Avocado & Bacon (\$1.50) are also available. Way off the beaten track, they also offer a Vegetarian Burger (\$5.00) featuring a soya bean patty. We expect there is not much demand for those.

Other notables:

Salvadors Cafe.

33 Vulcan Lane, central Auckland.

Greasy cheesy nachos (\$7.50 small, \$9.00 trough), and High St cuties walking past every 5 seconds.

Roadhouse Bar & Diner.

238 Great South Rd, Papakura.

Steak & Chips, plus tomato sauce (\$10.00). Lion Red on tap (no talking before the second jug!). Knives, forks and napkins optional. Warwick and Robyn dine here all the time.

Atrium On Elliott Food Gallery.

31 Elliott Street, central Auckland.

The Wonder Wok present a \$9.00 smorgasbord that includes Sweet & Sour Pork, Roast Chicken pieces, and... vegetables. To deter fatties they display a sign that reads, *Do Not Overfill Your Plate Or Put Food On Your Tray Or An Extra Charge Will Be Incurred.* The Twins advice? Pay before you load and your first David Lange Operation™ will be just round the corner.

The Slimmer Twins

Plug Pulled On Powerstation

The rumours are true. The Powerstation has been sold and all the old staff have gone. Unfortunately, this event happened so quickly, we were unable to thank all those people who helped keep the placé open.

So, thanks to my staff who had to put up with everything from death metal to nine hours of techno. A special thanks to Megan in the private bar, and a public apology to all those who suffered her abuse.

A huge thank you to all the local acts who performed. I feel privileged to have worked with so many talented New Zealanders. The day is not far off when the international record companies will realise they've been ignoring a very significant music base.

I've always said two people in particular brought in the shows that paid the bills so we could support local music — Bridgit Darby and Doug Hood. Finally a chance to publicly thank you.

Also, a chance to thank the people who slog their guts out for bugger all money, but who the majority of abuse — the techs — especially Kevin, Chris, Deano, Michael (Smuttly), Syd, Supa's crew, and Russell at Livesound.

Finally, thanks to the audiences, especially those who turned up to support young New Zealand talent at *Five Bands for Five Bucks* shows.

So, that's it. The end of an era. And to all those who lived in fear of their back bar escapades being made public, if I don't get a job soon, check the *Woman's Day* for your name.

Carmelle Bennett, Ex-Manager, Powerstation.

Gulf A Goner

The Editor,

As at 3pm Tuesday 25 April 1995, K.A.F.M The Gulf 93.8 was forced off air due to bureaucratic bungling and corporate conniving, that has left Auckland without a Hard Rock/Metal radio station. You, the public, have been compromised again by media giants in a so called deregulated radio market supposed to encourage grass-roots type radio, when in reality it has opened the door for multinational investors interested only in making a quick buck.

Whilst it is not my position to divulge names or guilty parties, I question the validity of the Minister of Broadcasting, Mr Maurice Williamson, who originally allowed K.A.F.M. to operate with an output level that did not reach the community that it was designed for, ensuring from day one that this station would fail. Who would advertise with such a station?

Three years later, K.A.F.M. was allowed to increase its output to 1000 watts (well below most other stations), told it was now commercial with no funding available from any Government department, and by implication, told to sink or swim. No compensation was given for the original three years operation, putting K.A.F.M. on the back foot yet again.

Had this not taken place, K.A.F.M. would have built on its reputation for being fiercely independent and ground breaking. Listeners, and most record companies had already come to this conclusion, and it was only a matter of time before mainstream advertisers found out what is already known overseas, that Hard Rock Radio works.

Thank you to all our listeners, the local bands, our advertisers and the people who believed in us. The fight is lost but the battle rages on. Keep your eyes open for a posthumous gig of titanic proportions, and on behalf of all the DJs at K.A.F.M, Rock On Auckland.

Commander X.

More Of That Jaz

Whilst reading the King Loser article in the April issue, I was offended to read Chris Heazelwood's comments about Jaz Coleman and York Street. I can only suppose he was referring to Cicada, who worked with Jaz in early 1993. Jaz heard their music and liked it. He and Malcolm Welsford recorded a song over two days and everyone

seemed happy with the result. If the band weren't satisfied, we certainly didn't hear about it. To the contrary, I saw one of the band members on many occasions after the sessions and he was very positive. Jaz didn't charge a cent for his production contribution; nor did Malcolm Welsford.

The band were given a great deal on the studio time, and seemed pleased with the results. While I applaud King Loser's ability to record themselves for nothing and be proud of the results, I am sick of attitudes like that of Chris Heazelwood. Get yer facts straight or keep your big gob shut!

What we all don't need are small minded twits like you, commenting on things you know absolutely nothing about.

May I suggest you "get a suit" and "make it somewhere else", please.

Martin Williams,
York Street Recording Studios, Auckland.

Supergroove Knock #1

This is in response to Karl Steven's (Supergroove) comments about the Single Of The Year [NZ Music Awards] which was televised on *Music Nation*. He made several statements about the award which I did not agree with: 'It should not have been a public vote.... these awards which you get are by nature given by the industry... the industry's recognition of your success... the public, they buy the album, they come to the gigs.'

Well, the public also help fund all your current music videos, they have kept you in the charts, they have given you the recognition which you have today. The public are the industry. Without us there would be no events like the *New Zealand Music Awards* to celebrate. Why can't the public participate in the awards? We cannot be bribed, nor do we get involved in all the politics of choosing the final outcome, nor would we give an award to a group who have released one single, then go overseas to study, then be rumoured to have split up. Now, is this the current industry which Karl claims gives groups their recognition of success?

I personally am glad the public vote for Single Of The Year went to a most unexpected winner. Well done Purest Form.

Richard S, Auckland.

Supergroove Knock #2

So Karl Steven again wants to move the goal posts for the *New Zealand Music Awards*.

Following Supergroove's omission from last year's awards, the 'supergroovy' camp cried foul. "Why wasn't RIANZ recognising and rewarding commercial success and popular appeal?" they justifiably shrieked.

In response to this criticism, RIANZ decided to put the award for 'Top Single' category out to public vote. Supergroove were among the five nominees the public were invited to vote for.

Come Awards night, we come to the 'Top Single' category, and the winner is Purest Form! (Ooops — surely not as super and as groovy as Karl had hoped for!)

Interviewed after the Awards for *Music Nation* (Channel 2, April 16), Karl was in full flight: "I don't think it should have been a public vote. Awards are, by their nature, given by the [recording] industry — they are the industry's recognition of your success."

Come on Karl, that's not a very good Kiwi attitude — sour grapes, surely. Isn't it great that finally the public have been given a chance to have a say in the Awards, or don't you trust the public's judgment? Is popular appeal only a laudable concept if your group wins?

Supergroove have deservedly earned the respect and recognition of the recording industry, but aren't you big enough to share some of the limelight? Or maybe only groups with names that begin with the letter S and end in E should be eligible for next year's awards!

Steven Mountjoy, Madame X Records.

Karl Steven replies: Steven, it looks as if I've changed my mind, doesn't it? Oh my God! I have, and I plan to many times throughout my life. I don't posit my opinions as some kind of immutable cosmic truth. I say what I think, and

what I think changes.

During the past year I have had opportunity to think a great deal about the Awards, as every second interview I've done has called me to comment on them. My position is as follows:

There are two arenas of music: the public and the industry. The bands are where these two arenas meet. As far as appreciation outside the band goes, the public is obviously the more important of the two — if the public likes something, they buy it, listen to it, and come to the gigs. The industry, on the other hand, have a prize giving each year (the New Zealand Music Awards), where they get together, get pissed, and give bands they like bits of yellow perspex. This year we got some, last year we didn't, no big thing either way.

The reason my attitude toward these festivities has changed is because I have ceased to regard them as some kind of 'quest for the truth' — a good night out with some other bands is the most I expect from these ceremonies. If you want someone else's opinion on what you do, go play a gig. Don't wait for the music industry to tell you, let alone notice.

Your suggestion that I only desire what suits Supergroove is insulting and untrue. If RIANZ hadn't taken the farcical approach that what they do has anything to do with the public, with their token public vote for the singles category, I think that the song we all know to be the best should have won — *Headless Chickens*' 'George'.

Congratulations on your success.

Shirley Anne Fan

Dr Quesineer, Auckland,

Get a life. Obviously you know all about playing with blocks, so go back to it until you can say something constructive. We happen to think Shirl's as good, if not better, than any of the other so called journos around. If you're so great, where are your articles printed? Get a real job and maybe you won't have so much time to sit around thinking of negative crap to say.

Myk, Auckland.

Be Someone

The good thing about this sheep filled land is that any new American fashion, eg. music, can be picked up by anybody who wants to get on the bandwagon.

Fine, every person for themselves. It's still good to see that old fashions (in most cases last year's) don't just dissolve into nothing. They become even more precious to folk who still enjoy wearing their colours.

I don't like the 'grunge fashion', but I don't go out of my way to shoot it down, or start accusing anybody of anything, where as 'revived 60s', 15 year old rich kids do. Ooops.

Kurt Cobain stood for no cause and least of all a fashion. Silverchair are a pretty cool band for their age, but you have to laugh anyway. It's all a bit deja vu for me.

Heavy Metal may nearly be gone, but it's paved the way for some great new music, like Love/Hate and the Poor, but it seems to me you have to leave the city to find people that appreciate this "new music", or maybe they all hang inside or at the local, because the whole scene (especially Wellington's) has become quite non existent.

Maybe everyone is too alternative to be someone.

Dazed (at home), Pukerua Bay.

Sharing the Magic

Warkworth witnessed its own *Big Day Out* on Saturday [March] 18, when craft, talent and fun brought the old cement works to life. Families from near and far experienced some special magic during the 14 hours of continuous music. This is the second time a dream has come true for a very special lady. Marlene Panhuis has kept a little sparkle alive inside her heart for a long time, since the first Nambassa. She said then: "I'm going to have a festival one day." (She warned you Hank). On Saturday she shared that magic with us, she showed us that sparkle, and we all took a

Jan Hellriegel • Weezer • Boy George • Therapy?

In June RiptUp • On Sale June 1

piece of it. It's tucked away in our hearts now. Marlene, you're the most dynamic person I know. Thankyou to all your family and friends who worked so hard — just because they love you. Thankyou for the magic.

Love from Rochelle, Wellsford.

Eddie Bedwetter

I always knew Pearl Jam were the wimpiest bunch of heavy mental posers on the face of the earth, but what a display of shallow, money raking, gobshite, tuneless antics they got up to in New Zealand. Ten thousand looney-tuned, partially deaf orangutans turned up for their useless concerts. (It was a great time to go out in Auckland!) And the bollocks ridden girlies bring on Tim and Neil Finn, two of the most crappiest Beatles imitators in Oceania. Kurt Cobain had guests like the Meat Puppets, Courtney Love, or the guy from the Vaselines, and Eddie Bedwetter has the Finn brothers. Next tour he might bring on Roger Gascoigne or Alistair Riddell. What a ponce. Plus he's a surfer, the lowest form of crustacea. What a git.

Eddie Vedder Drowns in Surf Accident Singing Message to My Girl to Tim Finn. The world couldn't give a toss. Throw your Pearl Jam records into the garbage. Are you sure he wasn't born in Henderson?

Merle H Thomas, Auckland.

Wishing Upon Stars

We are four Wellingtonians who want to move to Auckland. We think it's unfair how Aucklanders have all the major bands and they don't even care. We all like Purest Form and are dying for their album to come out. We always buy your mag hoping there'll be something in there about them — but there never is, so we thought we'd try a letter instead. We always hear about how they're in a Christmas show or an Easter show, but we can't just jump onto the next plane up to see them. We have to patiently sit in our homes, hoping it'll fill up our TV screens. So, you see, we'd be grateful if RIU could do a major 10 page article on them so we can read it and wish (again) we were right there with them, instead of watching our 'Message to My Girl' videos over and over and over... please!!!

CJ 'Pepa', La Teesha 'Matagi', Tami 'Leauanae', Kandy 'Tautai', Auckland (we wish).

My Two Cents

Having played the Auckland/Hamilton club circuit for the past five years now, I'd have to say, the state of the music industry is the worst it has ever been! Firstly, why do record labels persist in giving contracts to the likes of the 3Ds, Pumpkinhead, the Nixons and, my personal favourites, the Halleluiah Picassos — bands that

very clearly don't impress the average New Zealand rock punter, let alone the world!

Secondly, I'm getting completely disillusioned by the lack of venues open for original bands these days. What with the Gluepot being knocked down, the Blues Barn disappearing, the Mon Desir on its last legs and, my worst nightmare, the Powerstation being sold off to a crowd of Australian promoters who clearly do not want to promote local talent. Carmel, I will miss your straight up and down business methods as I'm sure many other New Zealand bands will.

Lastly, why is it that The Big Day Out, Mountain Rock and Strawberry Fields keep playing the same old boring bands who seem to rear their ugly heads at every major event, every god damn year! All I can say is what ever happened to bands such as Push Push and Nine Livez, who used to make a crowd walk out of a gig with a smile on their face, rather than an urge to kill themselves?

BB Lyons, Hamilton.

PS: I agree with Floyd of Waikato. After seeing Fat Mannequin open for the Cult at Wellington Town Hall, I think they are the best Pearl Jam tribute band I have ever seen!

Fat Fans

Hey Floyd of Waikato,

In response to your letter in April's RiptUp, my friend and I are writing to tell you where you can stick your farm boy opinion of William (Redneck?) Hickman.

Firstly, we'd like to point out you obviously don't quite comprehend the meaning of the word 'redneck', or the depth of the band name 'Fat Mannequin'.

Your letter was totally filled with bullshit comments on Hickman. We used to go to the same school as the band, and we know for a fact that Willy is not impersonating anyone, let alone Eddie Vedder.

An 'identity crisis' — as if! By the sound of things William's much more together than you'll ever be! 'Forging an accent' and 'pre-rehearsed headbanging' — whatever!

'Needs to gain weight' and 'anorexic' — you're the one with the psychological problem mate! You seem to have been having a low self esteem day when you wrote this letter.

Why did you even bother? Your letter was full of shit!

Smarter Than the Average Farm Boy, Wellington.

PS: Yes, the music does go off! Unfortunately, you don't.

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



For Robert Scott of the Clean and the Bats, the records just keep coming — a Silverbeet here, a Modern Rock there, and now a brand new platter called Before We Go Under, made with the obviously Dunedin-based Magick Heads.

The original Magick Heads core cast, that featured Davids Saunders and Mitchell of the 3Ds, first formed in late 91, when Scott and Saunders spotted singer Jane Sinnott fronting a local covers band.

"She came off stage and we said: 'Do you want to be in a band?' That's basically how we started. We formed because Jane has a really good voice and we wanted to provide a vehicle for it."

A single, 'Back Of Her Hand', was released soon after, then Mitchell and Saunders waved goodbye when the 3Ds recording and touring commitments proved a clash of interests. Scott found himself in the same position with the Bats, so the Magick Heads have kept their collective heads down until now.

Before We Go Under was recorded at Fish Street Studio, and is heavily painted with Scott's trademark brand of catchy, charming pop; but this time it's given a more enchanting feel, made possible by Sinnott's dreamy vocals. Mind you, to the untrained ear, it can be hard to separate the Bat from the Head.

"It is a very fine line obviously, the fact that I do the writing for those bands, but there's just

something in the brain that makes me know if a song would be better for Jane to sing, whereas there might be other songs that would receive good Bats treatment. I can see how people would say the songs are interchangeable, but it's all about how you approach them."

One major striking factor of the new record is its cover, a beautiful photograph of two yellow-eyed penguins touching wings. Inside, the band have included an address for donations to help the endangered species. Nun bands don't have a much of a track record of pushing a cause do they?

"Yeah, it's very radical isn't it? I'm probably one of the last people that people would expect to do that. I'm very wary of politicking and flag waving by bands like Midnight Oil, but with the Magick Heads it's a bit more subtle and a bit more accidental in a way."

Scott will be back on the road this month, as the Magick Heads take to the cities and provinces to spread the word. He returns to Dunedin in June to begin making a new Bats album, and to oversee the completion of the next Clean record. Despite such a prolific output, he hasn't lost the thrill of seeing a new release in his hand.

"Luckily I do get excited. I think if I didn't it would be time to stop. If you put a lot of effort into a recording, which you do, then it came out and you weren't excited, then it's time to not be doing it any more. Yeah, luckily I do."

JOHN RUSSELL

"Gene are the best hope we've got" Melody Maker 11.3.95

includes the singles 'Sleep Well Tonight' and 'Haunted By You'.



PARTY PARTY PARTY: ELVIS PRATERAZZI AT THE MUSIC AWARDS

DIM THE STAGE! LIGHT the LIGHTS! There's no REHEARSING or NURSING a PART! It's SHOWTIME! Yes, overseas they have the OSCARS and the GRAMMIES or if you are unfortunate enough the BRITISH MUSIC AWARDS - but when we here in LOVELY PURE GREEN OUTDOORS BUNGY-JUMPING WHITE-CAPPED MOUNTAINS LUIS VUITTON CUP LOVERS BLACK JERSEY BEER-SPONSORED NEW ZEALAND NEW ZEALAND NEW ZEALAND and we want to TRADE FUCK-UPS in front of a LARGE DRUNKEN AUDIENCE we slip on a SINGLET, fill out a nomination form and come on DOWN to the NEW ZEALAND MUSIC AWARDS.

Also, it's a great place for having TANTRUMS, FIGHTS in the CAR PARK, going into the WOMEN'S TOILETS if you're a MAN, throwing a few PUNCHES in the carpark, DRINKING DRINKING DRINKING contrary to the advice of health authorities and community leaders and also STARTING FIGHTS IN THE PARKING LOT.

Also you can have a FIGHT in the car park. This is HOW: First, DRINK AS MUCH AS YOU CAN. Second: DON'T WIN ANYTHING. Thirdly: speak LOUDLY in a DEROGATORY manner regarding the success of other bands. Fourthly: when CHALLENGED by YOUNG MEN HALF YOUR AGE, hesitate not and agree to meet them in the car park. FIFTHLY: go outside and get the SHIT kicked out of you.



Headless Chicken McDonald and part-time Christian deity impersonator Mr BEVNIN SWEENEY featuring partially glimpsed ANGUS McNAUGHTON below ear. Assertion of DRUNKENESS supported by exhibit (a) Mr McNAUGHTON's impulsive but somewhat irrelevant 'peace' gesture flashed to camera at no extra charge and exhibit (b) the new-look GRANT FELL (far right) who extends lower lip and SQUINTS. The Headless Chickens are a nice band we like them they are nise. They are also the Top INTERNATIONAL Performers in the whole of New Zealand: refer exhibit (c) large yellow plastic rectangle held by Mr SWEEENEY (foreground, center, right a bit).



HEADLESS CHICKENS PEACE GESTURE: THE BATON PASSES. Internationally recognised two-finger signal now responsibility of Mr SWEENEY who, no stranger to hand movements, deploys it adeptly with right hand, a subtle variation on Mr McNAUGHTON's more conventional 'left hand' approach (using left hand). Freed of gesture duties Mr McNAUGHTON strikes chirpy 'Thanks, Clearasil!' pose. Mr FELL remixes squint theme.



LIFE AFTER KURT: COURTNEY DROPS 65KG, MOVES TO WAINUIOMATA. Television personality and Marcus Wells backing-vocalist CHLOE clutches helpless glass of warm chardonnay in vice-like grip while striking urbane sophisticate pose for our Ribidup society cameras.



BREAKING ALL THE RULES: Alabaster-skinned songstress and amateur photographer FIONA McDONALD wears watch on right wrist and snaps picture with unfocussed Olympus compact, lens cover unfortunately still in place. Conclusion: drunk, despite sly orange juice prop (far right).



PLO WIDOW ATTENDS AWARDS: Israeli couturier and sometime lamprey impresario Andrew 'Theresa' Fagan deploys the media flair which has taken him so far in his rock career.



NIGHTCLUB OWNER IN UNFORTUNATE TONGUE POSITION: Media personality and SQUIDDLY-DIDLEY executive MIKEY HAVOC does something really, really strange with his tongue. Our cameras were there! A Ribidup exclusive.



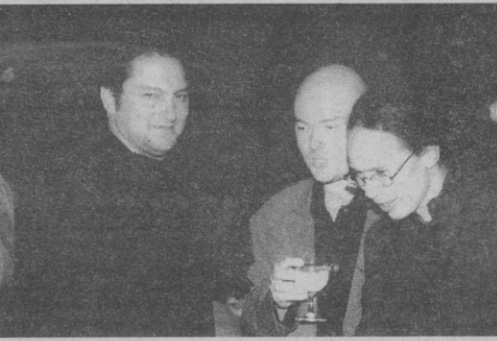
UK PRODUCER SUCKS DEVIL FROM HORN PLAYER: In eerie X-Files-style scenario Killing Joke shaman JAZ COLEMAN draws evil spirit from heart of local jazzier GREG JOHNSON using the spread-hand-and-chanting trick as seen in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. Discarded, high-pitched evil spirit ('You will play things in 7/4, you will play things in 7/4') is then transferred via finger into brain of nearby engineer Martin Williams.



AFTER THE EVENT: Although visibly drained by his exorcism role, Martin Williams maintains the easy charm that has seen him through many a society evening.



CHILLS REUNITE: Easygoing South Islander MARTIN PHILLIPPS toasts lineup #57 and the forthcoming album with new members MARY CAMMICK of Ribidup Records and GEMMA from MAX TV. Mindful of Chills precedents 1 through 56, Phillips intends playing, recording and performing entire repertoire: Mary's job is to put him in the magazine and Gemma's to play the video. 'There's still a little bit of creative dissent within in the band musically,' Phipps concedes of lineup, 'but after firing myself and hiring myself again a few times I've begun shaping up and listening to what I'm trying to tell myself to do.'



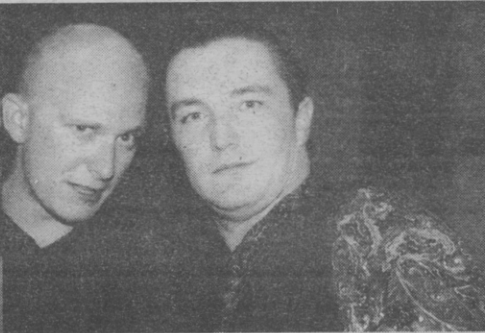
Helpfully standing to attention for our celebrity lens, top-shop producer MARK TIERNEY forgets he is holding a full glass of chardonnay. Fellow musician PAUL CASSERLY and spectacled companion survey damage. Result: darkened Moschino trouser leg; drycleaning bill to Sire Records.



Rolling Stones guitarist TREVOR REEKIE and Not Sheryl Morris.



HANG ON MATE THERE COULD BE MEAT IN THE WINE: Lovely prizewinners BRENT and JASON of PUMPKINHEAD say NO to flesh-based foods but give a big thumbs up to the natural things in life like WHITE wine and RED wine and SCOTCH and WHISKY and...



CAUGHT IN THE HEADLIGHTS: TIM STEWART of SUPERGROOVE and DAVIND VOOT of GREG JOHNSON INDUSTRIES moments before being run over by an advancing vehicle.



WHO'S THAT GIRL??? She's back! Lovely trend-setter ANDREW FAGAN strikes Madonna-like role-reversal pose in the women's restroom. Soon to be published in AFTERNOON NAP STORIES: SEX WITHOUT MADONNA, a book of two hundred instamatic portraits of the nude Fagan in provocative poses, eg thumbing a ride naked down Ponsonby Road; rolling in the surf with Karyn Hay dressed as a man, etc.

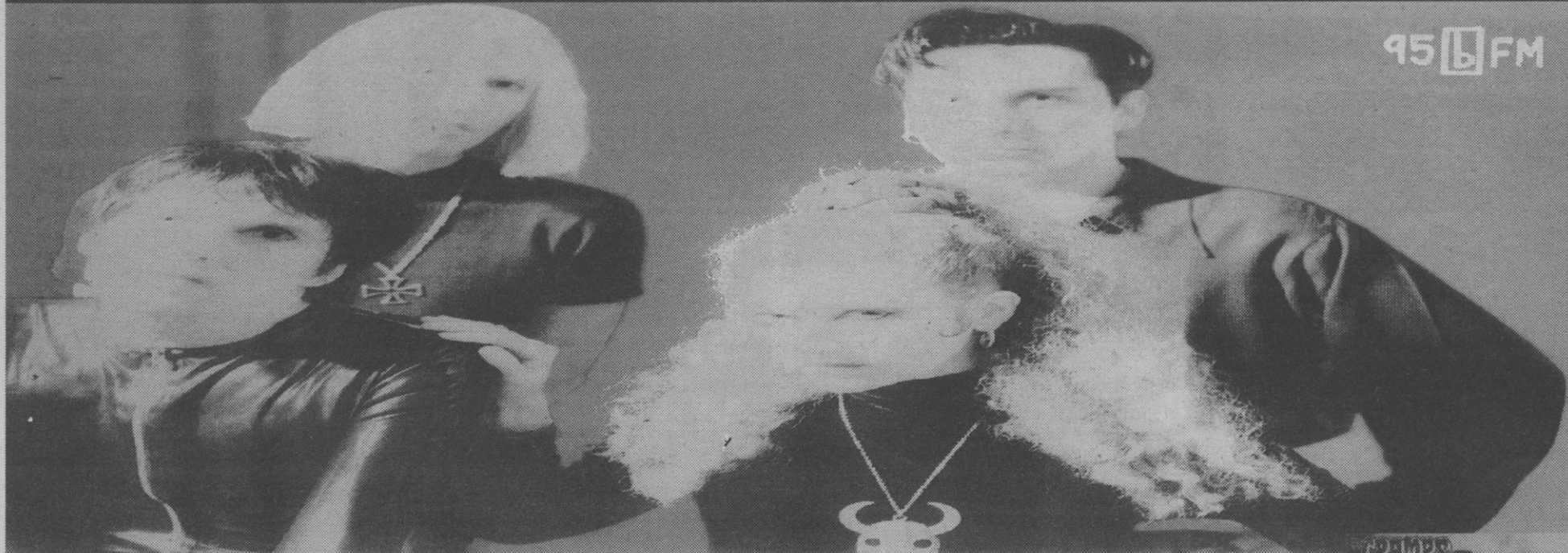


GRAHAM BRAZIER attempts to revive the quiff that made him what he is today.

ELVIS SLAG
Photos by Becky Nunes

CRAMPAS

95.6 FM



SUNDAY JUNE 4 AUCKLAND TOWN HALL

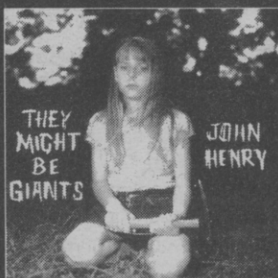
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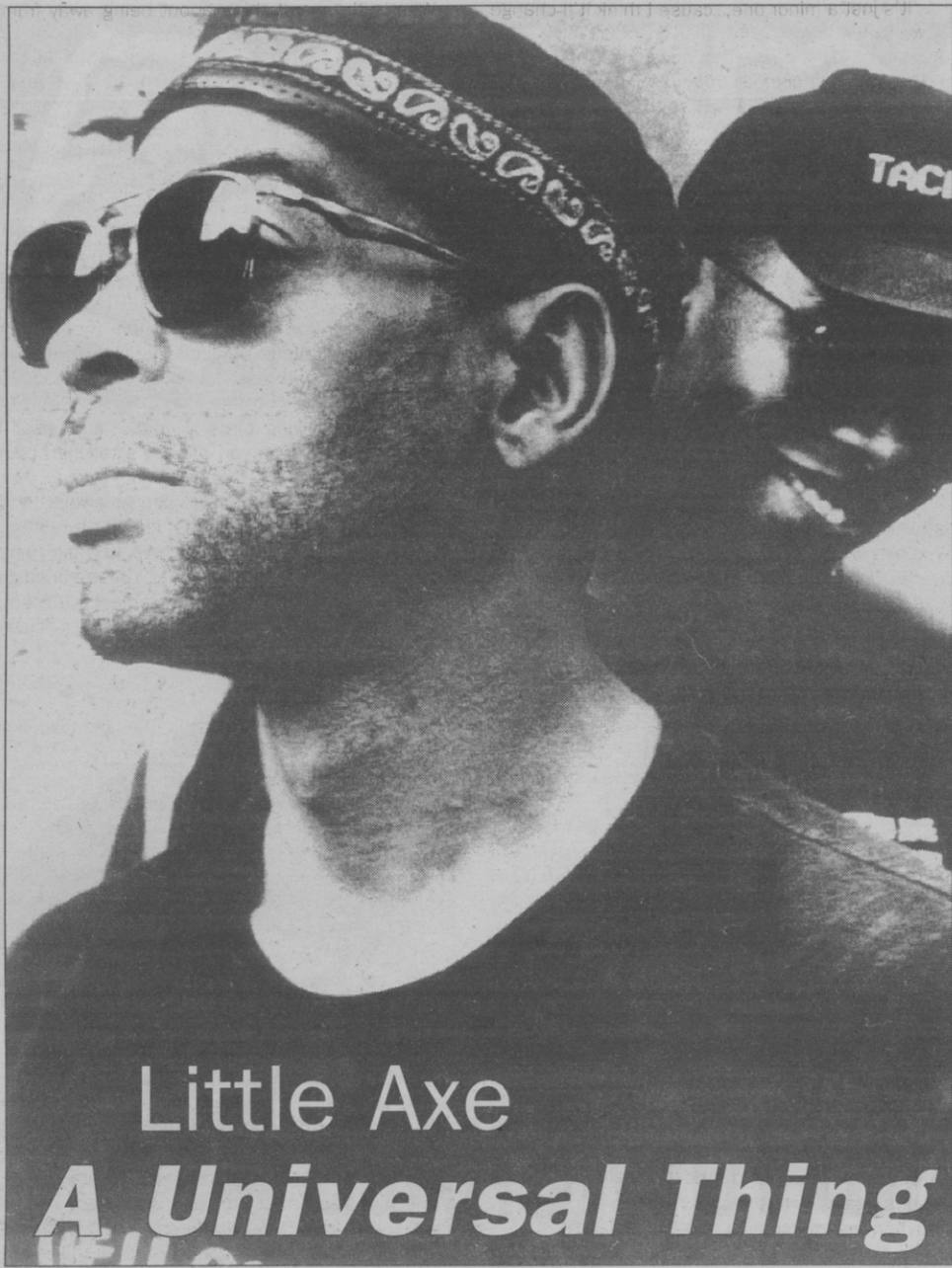


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Skip McDonald is the stuff that legends are made of. In 1973, the Ohio-born multi-instrumentalist was a member of the pioneer dance/funk group Wood, Brass and Steel, with Doug Wimbish. Two years later, the two joined forces with drummer Kieth Le Blanc as the Sugar Hill House Band for *Sugar Hill Records*. From 79 to 82, this trio anchored such spectacular songs as Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message' and 'White Lines'. McDonald, Wimbish and Le Blanc are also the driving force behind Tackhead, while for many years McDonald has worked in a co-production capacity with On U Sound's Adrian Sherwood.

McDonald's latest eclectic project is entitled Little Axe, and like a lot of On U Sound groups, there is a massive global feeling about the music. On the group's debut album, *The House That Wolf Built*, McDonald has combined blues, dub, and rock feels, with African and Indian samples.

"It was a universal thing that I was trying to convey, but I didn't want to categorise the music. To me blues is funk, funk is R&B, and R&B is rock 'n' roll, they all take elements from each other. I try to acknowledge that a lot of the things I do come from music I respect and love, and hopefully I can reproduce that myself, or even better, something new might be recreated."

JOHN RUSSELL



ONE FOR THE MONEY

Joint Force is the new non-de-plumbe adopted by Auckland rappers OJ and Slave, and their long-time DJ companion, DLT. The trio are on the verge of releasing the eight-track EP *One Inch Punch* (named after a Bruce Lee manoeuvre) on BMG Records, and have already drawn considerable overseas interest. Recent visitor and Beasties Boys' producer Mario Caldato Jr. has remixed the track 'Static', giving it a "blunted jazz-hip-Beastie" flavour. The EP also features a remix of the OJ & Slave classic, 'Burntime'.



Now representing Frente and Paul Kelly in New York, Simon Baeyertz has been one of the key movers behind the scenes working to see New Zealand acts such as Straitjacket Fits, Headless Chickens, Chills, Bats and JPSE succeed both in Australia and in the Northern Hemisphere.

Since leaving Festival Records in Auckland in 1989 to work at Mushroom in Melbourne, Baeyertz sought to help develop the Flying Nun roster and record bigger budget albums suitable for the USA market while he also worked with Australian bands building the White Label for Mushroom and he even chased cool USA music to sell in Australia via Mushroom's Liberation label.

In total, Baeyertz was involved in the recording careers of 20 bands including representing Ween, Sugar and Frank Black downunder.

A registered phone-aholic, Baeyertz is never far from an office phone, a mobile phone or a car phone. While attached to a phone, he puts deals together with bands, producers, foreign labels and friends.

When Baeyertz left Mushroom last year to manage Frente's conquest of the USA, many White Label and Flying Nun acts were surprised and some were angry. What prompted his departure?

"It wasn't out of frustration," says Baeyertz. "We were really starting to get somewhere, particularly with the Chickens. Our faith in the Chickens has been vindicated and [despite Fiona's departure] I think the strength of the Chickens can continue."

"A lot of my motivation in my shift to New York was a desire to work on less, rather than run a label."

Baeyertz joined a management company in New York adding Frente to their existing clients Helmet and Ween. He put his twin-talents of good-phone and good-schmooze together and Frente were on their way.

Even though Mushroom has been the leading Australian indie label for decades the only significant foreign success they've had has been with soap stars Kylie Minogue and Jason Donovan. Worldwide success has instead gone to rival labels with INXS and Midnight Oil.

Mushroom's first major success in the USA is Frente with sales of 300,000 albums.

"Part of my move to America with Frente was to see that project through with people who were interested in succeeding and are into re-evaluating constantly the parameters of what they do. They are prepared to learn the whole time."

"The Flying Nun acts want to take exactly what they do and keep it as it is. There's a tendency for bands here in New Zealand to see any change as being a change brought about by outside forces — i.e. the record company — as opposed to being changes that an artist might make to what they are doing."

In picking up Flying Nun, Mushroom hoped to build on the existing cult appreciation in the Northern Hemisphere for many of the label's acts. There was an early success, finding an Arista A&R man Ken Friedman who "loved Straitjacket Fits."

"I've come to realise such a signing is very

rare. Now a band is signed because an A&R person heard that another A&R person wanted to sign the band."

Is it easy for an Australian record company to place acts in the USA?

"No, the American A&R scene is totally self-obsessed. Bands get signed because other record companies want to sign the band."

"I was at a showcase the night I left New York. I walked into the room and every A&R person and every publisher I know was there. She will sign an enormous deal and the reality of it is I think Jan Hellriegel is in every way that woman's equal."

"The reality of it is why should an A&R person sign a New Zealand act when they can go down the road and sign an artist for which there is already a buzz on. An A&R person will score brownie points by winning against other A&R people, as opposed to going out and finding something in the middle of nowhere."

What's the greatest barrier to NZ bands succeeding overseas?

"You have to say distance. But also the realisation of what hard work goes into succeeding. Frente played five nights a week for seven months."

With Frente, Mushroom took a novel approach, instigated by Baeyertz, to sign to a USA indie Mammoth (distributed by Atlantic) rather than to a major label who could offer a bigger advance. Baeyertz already knew the Mammoth boss Jay Faires as Liberation represents his label in Australasia.

"Having an independent label between us and a major gave us the power to move outside the major's priority structure," says Baeyertz. "So in the early days when we for very obvious reasons weren't Atlantic's main priority we were Mammoth's No.1 priority so we'd have their radio and sales people working to make it happen. Ultimately we proved to Atlantic we had something happening and then Atlantic got excited."

Is there still a vibe for Flying Nun in North America?

"Yeah, Flying Nun still has a fantastic reputation. There's a huge vibe for Flying Nun but the label needs more presence. But there is a perception that New Zealand bands are hard to deal with."

Is that true?

"There's an element of truth in that."

The distance?

"If you live in Dunedin you can't go and play a radio station show in San Francisco and Americans have absolutely no understanding of time difference. For the average American the concept of a 13 hour plane flight to New Zealand, is beyond their comprehension."

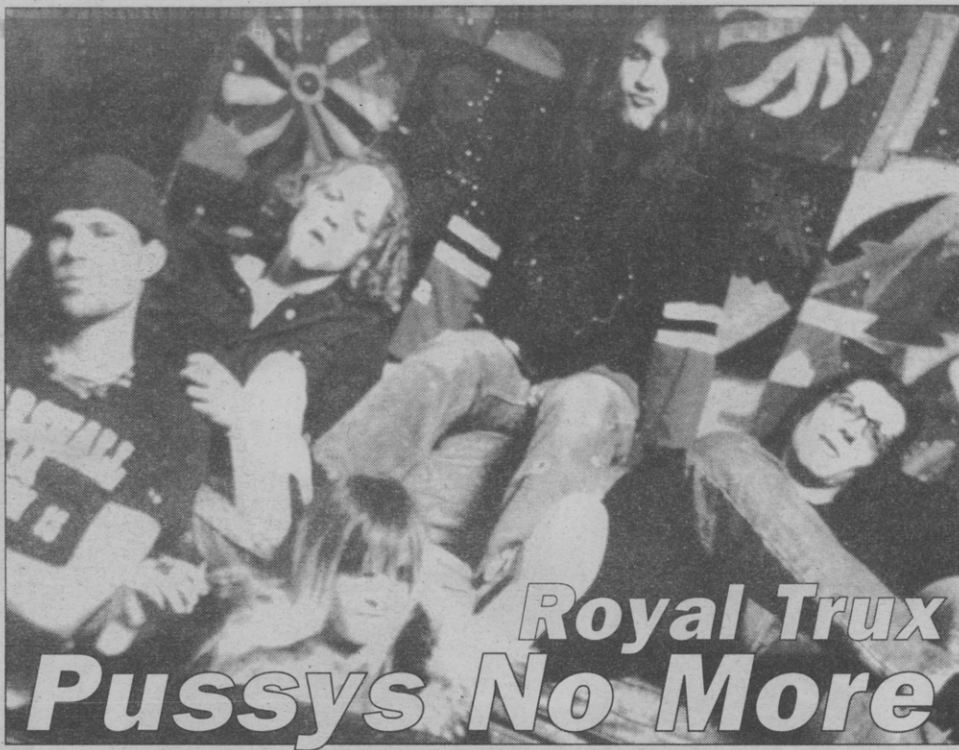
Do you find the New Zealand music industry Mickey Mouse?

"There's not much difference between the Australian and New Zealand music industries. The Enzed industry is more musically volatile which is a good thing. Per capita New Zealand is a far more active market."

So is Simon Baeyertz looking out for a comfortable USA record company job?

"I didn't leave one record company to go and work for another."

MURRAY CAMMICK



In the 1980s there was a New York band called Pussy Galore. They were all cardboard guitars and saucepan drums, no rhythm, all noise and, depending on how you looked at it, either shit on the ears or ear lolly.

Luckily, Pussy Galore disbanded into a series of glorious projects for us to listen to when we grew up.

Guitarist Jon Spencer formed Boss Hog with his future wife and fellow 'Puss' Cristina. He then formed the 'currently popular' Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. Julie Cafritz went on to be in the Action Swingers and Free Kitten (with Kim Gordon). Other 'Puss' guitarist Neil Hagerty and his musical (and otherwise) partner Jennifer Herrema formed Royal Trux around about 1985.

Their first album, *Royal Trux*, was released in 1988, followed by the description defying *Twin Infinitives* in 1989. The second album had the critics a yabberin' — mostly about how strung out Neil and Jennifer were when they recorded it. A hazy two year period passed (Neil and Jennifer spent their record advance on personal medicine) before their third LP, also titled *Royal Trux* (which took 12 hours of studio time and \$150 to make), came out.

Neil and Jennifer then decided on a change of tack. They rented a country house in Virginia in 1993 and recorded their fourth LP, *Cats and Dogs*, which was considerably more together (lotsa country air and less medicine!) than the others.

1994 saw three new full time members recruited into the Royal Trux family, with Jennifer and Neil still holding firmly onto 'Mum' and 'Dad' titles. The Trux family signed to Virgin Records and made a superb, rockin' and bluesy fucked up piece of work called *Thank You*.

It's midnight on a Friday evening for me, and 11am on a London morning for Neil. As expected, Neil drawls away in a nonchalant, but nonetheless appealing fashion. He says "eeeaarr", long and slow, as opposed to "yeah", and there are nice, long silences as he pulls on his cigarette.

How have the fickle British press been treating you? Have they been pawing you?

"Ahhhhhhh, it's been okay... overdone. Y'know good, but it's been pretty mellow... like mild, y'know."

Do you now feel like you have to do a lot of unnecessary interviews, when before there was practically no press to be done?

"Ahh no, no, it's not that bad. There's nothing to do here anyway. It is weird to have to talk about yourself though."

Do you feel more connected to your audiences as they grow, or alienated?

"Alienated... I dunno. We're busy during the day, then we take a car over to the show, get out, play, do the show and get in the car and come back... it's like the shows we're doing now are set up by the record company, for their own purposes, y'know?

Is that a bother?

"It's just a minor one, 'cause I think it'll change if we get a little bigger. This is all just like, promotion... early days. The audience mainly consists of record company people... press... the in crowd or whatever. It's just once... it should only happen once — hopefully."

Is audience quality control a concern?

"I just wanna be open to the public a little more. Anybody who can get the tickets should go."

Does *Thank You* feel more lucid to you?

"Musically, I think it is because we had a producer this time to work with and he kinda intervened in the mixing process. Like, usually we would go in ourselves and mix everything and really alter the sound. But he wouldn't let us do it. He just recorded it live and then just left it, and we were like: 'Oh no.' We wanted to go back in and mess with it. But the end result was a little more familiar and acceptable I think."

How are you coping being on Virgin?

"It's better. We were running our own show and after a while, especially since we moved out to Virginia, which is way out in the country, y'know, we probably would have gone a little astray if we hadn't signed to a major label. It's pretty isolated. But being on the label makes us stay in contact with a major city... a banking centre. It was good timing really, 'cause we'd been pushing towards that I think. People had been sniffin' around for the last three years. I'm glad 'cause it's one of the last things we have to do."

How do you deal with the company side of things at Virgin?

"We hired a manager, which is another first for us. He takes care of that kind of crap. He lives in Los Angeles, and he goes into their offices every day and calls us on the phone and tells us. We needed to do it."

Do Virgin still have the planes?

"Oh yeah, yeah. We flew on that once. [Virgin boss] Richard [Branson] wasn't on it. I heard that if you were on Virgin you get free airfares... I guess it's not true."

Are you afraid of flying?

"I am. I totally hate it. I cry every time the plane takes off. I'm just gonna have to get used to it or like, y'know... sail. We're meant to be coming down to New Zealand and Australia so... [the planes again] owh, the claustrophobia."

When are you coming to New Zealand?

"In September. In the monsoon."

Ahh, we don't have a monsoon.

"Owh, that's right, it's the reverse... temperate."

You obviously enjoy the lifestyle of being in a band.

"Yeah, I do. I like the stress, and then the release, y'know. I mean like, it's over and then you relax, and then all of a sudden there's a call and you gotta go... it's kinda like ah... I imagine like the CIA... FBI."

What's the worst thing about being away from home for long periods?

"Umm, it's just that I have these cats, at my house, and I don't get to see them as much now, and I have to leave them."

Are those your cats on the inside cover?

"[Mild excitement] Oh Yeah! [Calmer] Yeaah."

I decide to pursue the cat situation since he brought it up. He seems happy to talk about cats rather than anything else. It's fine with me to talk of cats.

"You don't have any indigenous mammals there do you?"

After all the red drinks I have had, that I don't usually have, I cannot think on the spot if we have an indigenous mammal.

"We have Kiwis," I offer.

"Oh, the no-flying birds... cool... and also, I think they forget who you are [he's talking about the cats again]."

Who looks after them when you go away?

"We leave them with ahh... Jennifer's mother. We call her their grandmother. We say like [puts on an even cooler, sinister tone]: 'You're gonna go to Granny's house.' She's real lenient with 'em. She lets 'em climb all over the place... eat off the table. They get spoilt."

Are they pleased to see you when you return home?

"Yeah, a little scared. They're like: 'Who the hell are these people?'"

Tell me about them.

"Oh... the two on the record are... like, the one that's lookin' at the camera is named Rudy, and the one on the right that's scowling is Samantha. And then we've got another little black cat; he's named Leon. He's not pictured on the album. He's too shy to take a picture. The lights kept scarin' him away."

Well, we could talk of cats all night, but we won't, because we should assume not everybody is into cats. So, let's finish with a pressing question, eh?

Inevitably there are going to be some alternative purists who will dismay over your major label signing and say you're 'not as good' and they 'liked the first album better'...

"Yeah, I mean, like, if we have any real fans... and I'm not sure that we do... if anybody has all the records, then they'll understand and it'll make sense. But if somebody got into us from like, one record, and thought we were like some insane, hermit, pathetic, flaky band... that's not what we're about."

"So, it's fine. they can keep their little fantasy, that's good. If people just reject major labels, that's good too. But for us personally, as far as making the band go forward, we really had to do this. But I wouldn't begrudge anybody for hating a major label... it's perfectly natural."

SHIRLEY CHARLES

nathan haines

YES WAY!

NO WAY!
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Graham Reid
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huh!

They Might Be Giants



The Three Johns

There is a man “doo, doo dooing” down the phone who has been 50 percent responsible for plenty of my own “doo, doo doos” over the past few years. John Flansburgh is one of the two Johns at the core of mercilessly melodic Brooklyn band They Might Be Giants. He is preparing recording equipment for a local band called Spondee when I phone (hence the “doo, doo dooing,” I suppose), but soon shuts himself in his bathroom to undergo this interview in peace.

John and John (Lindell) have worked as a duo since their self titled debut album was released in 1986. With the release of their latest album, *John Henry*, the band's size has tripled.

The album is named for an American folklore figure, who pitted himself against a steam-drill during the dawning of the machine age. It's an appropriate metaphor for the expansion of They Might Be Giants, who have been more accustomed to working with a tape machine, as opposed to a living, breathing band of musicians. In the folk tale, John Henry triumphs against the machine, and then carks it.

“I don't really know what the moral of the story is,” John says, “but [the band] have not keeled over yet.”

Indeed, they have not, but John says their presence took a little adjusting to.

“It kind of puts us in the uncomfortable position of being band leaders, which has been a real assertiveness training course. Beyond that, I think everything about it has been positive. It gives us a new kind of rock power we can foist on our audience. It's just great. It's a new thing for us and it's been very exciting. It's been really interesting hearing our songs fleshed out on that level. We can work with really top flight musicians, people who are much better musicians than we are ourselves.”

When he says top flight musicians, he's not kidding. Their musical pedigrees range from time in Pere Ubu (bassist Tony Maimone) to working with Mel Torme (trumpeter Frank London).

“It took a little while to get the mix of people right. We launched headlong into the world of musical personalities. That was challenging enough itself; just like who we're gonna get along with on the road, what kind of earplugs to wear, that kind of stuff.”

With almost a decade in the bag for the band's original members, I wonder what has kept them together.

“It's kind of hard to say. When we started, we didn't have any success at all, and for a few years we were just doing it for very abstract reasons. We kind of flourished in obscurity in a way, coming up with a whole style for what we did without having any of the outside pressures of a career. And being friends beforehand — I've observed other bands start and end, even within the time we have been working — I think a lot of times it really does come down to just not knowing the people you're working with that well.”

How long have you two known each other?

“Oh god,” he sighs. “One hundred and fifty years. I don't know. I guess I met John in 1970.”

Woah there Neddy! That is a long time.

“Yeah. But we were children.”

Is it with difficulty or pride that you weather the critics who've given your sound labels like ‘geek rock’, ‘nerd rock’ and ‘dweeb rock’?

“I think it's pretty inappropriate. I don't think it describes us very accurately, which is probably the biggest problem for us. If we were simply doing that kind of stuff, I guess I wouldn't have as big a problem with it. I feel like we're not really into calculating the way we perform, and we're not really into worrying about what kind of people we are. It's a very personal project for us and, essentially, it's

probably about as earnest as something that's actually interesting could be. I'd be lying if I said it didn't bug me. I think it's sort of like our cross to bear.

“The thing that makes me sad is that there is a range of material in what we do. Some of it is kind of light hearted, but a lot of it is a lot more intense than that. I think those labels keep people from checking out what we're really about. It's weirdly ironic — there are a lot of bands out there that act a lot more foolish than we do, and are presented as like spokesmen for the generation. That is the part that seems a little strange. We can't worry about that stuff.”

If it weren't for They Might Be Giants, what would your contributions to the world have been?

“I was doing magazine design before this took over my life, so probably that. But I sort of get the feeling I'd be doing music in a bar if I wasn't doing music in a theatre.”

What kind of bar musician would you be?

“The alcoholic one.”

Figures. There's no shortage of mind bending substance references in the They Might Be Giants back catalogue. In fact, I found it hard to think of any subject vein which hadn't been mined by these guys. John believes there is one.

“I sort of feel like writing a very direct love song is probably still eluding us. We've written a lot of songs about heart break, and we've written a lot of songs about romantic anxiety; those kinds of songs were definitely out of our reach when we started the band. When we were younger, we weren't really confident enough to write about that stuff, besides just a desire to not do what's been done a million times before. We also didn't feel we could really do it in a direct way. Now, we've kind of accomplished that, but I think doing a really immediate love song is still eluding us. It's been done well a few times,

and it is such a simple idea in a way, it's kind of hard to know how to approach it in this time.”

John Henry features the most cracking example of said “romantic anxiety” tracks since *Lincoln's* ‘I've Got A Match’ in ‘Unrelated Thing’. Recalling the suffering on the former, anyone with half a heart would surely have been shattered to hear similar emotions resurfacing six years down the track. You just pray they're not from personal experience for the poor writer's sake.

“I think all our songs come from some form of personal experience,” says John. “But I guess the point we should make is that they're songs, they're not autobiographical. I think there are people who have that kind of rock star gene, who wanna share their personal story with everybody. That's really not our trip. We try to create songs that are gonna capture people's imaginations, one way or another. It's not so much about reflecting on our souls as it is just trying to create something that's interesting to us and interesting to other people. It's hard to say where the personal part starts and ends in any given song.”

They Might Be Giants will play Auckland's Powerstation on May 21. John is looking forward to returning to Auckland, even though he has pretty strange memories of the place.

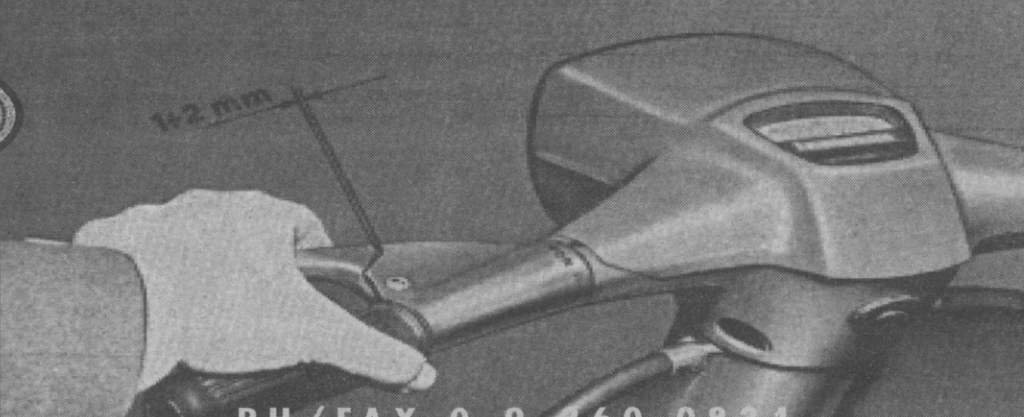
“I remember going to some private zoo the record company person was really interested in bringing us to. We thought it was gonna be a kind of a municipal zoo, but it turned out to be some guy who rents out animals for films or something. It was kinda scary. They were all kind of under combed. It was just a weird place. I don't know if that's typical or not. It was kind of cool, but it was also kind of strange. We were happy to be taken out.”

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The Skatenigs, they're from Texas.

I'm Your Man

Phil Owens of the Skatenigs

If Phil Owen didn't have hair on his chest, he'd probably just sew some right on there, he's that well 'ard. The lead singer with Texas band the Skatenigs doesn't want you thinkin' he some kind of nancy-boy soft-cock, and he's got an album called *What A Mangled Web We Leave to prove it.*

The Skatenigs have been treading the boards since the late 80s, pounding out a hardcore industrial assault over a handful of singles, their debut record, *Stupid People Shouldn't Breed*, and now, his new baby.

Our conversation is like an episode of *Tool Time*, lots of male bonding, grunting and calling each other "buddy", and Phil consistently turns the chat round to his favourite topics...

Waco, Texas

Song five on *Mangled Web* is called 'Ranch Apocalypse', and is one tune he cherishes most. The Branch Davidian complex, ruled by David Koresh, was virtually over Phil's back fence. The song tells of Phil's disbelief that the National Guard were called out to bring down one man with more weapons than the A-Team.

Guns

"This guy had stockpiled an incredible amount of guns and ammunition, but this is America — if you've got money, you can get them. Guns are like drugs, they can make them absolutely illegal and all it will do is make them worth more. But I do think, outside of the use of automatic firearms, a person should have the right to own a gun and protect themselves... aside from the fact of hunter's rights."

You hunt?

Hunting

"Oh yes. Texas is a plethora of wildlife, and there's tonnes of hunting acreage — deer,

turkey, quail and dove — it's a big hunting state. I like to hunt Russian boar, we have a lot of European boar in South Texas. The dogs I have are boar hunting dogs and in my leisure time that's one of the things I enjoying doing."

Do you do it for sport or do you have big barbecues?

"Big barbecues! I don't hunt for anything I wouldn't use. I'm a Texan, I eat meat."

What's Russian boar taste like?

"It depends on how big they are. If they're older, dominant boars, they can taste fairly rank. They taste different to domestic swine, but that's the closest thing to compare it to. So we'll sit around with a few beers and have a great time."

Booze

"Most of the beer we drink is Mexican beer. We also like Irish Whiskey and Russian Vodka, but nothing is habitual, nothing is addictive. Most of the drugs we would partake in I would see as no different than drinking a bottle of booze."

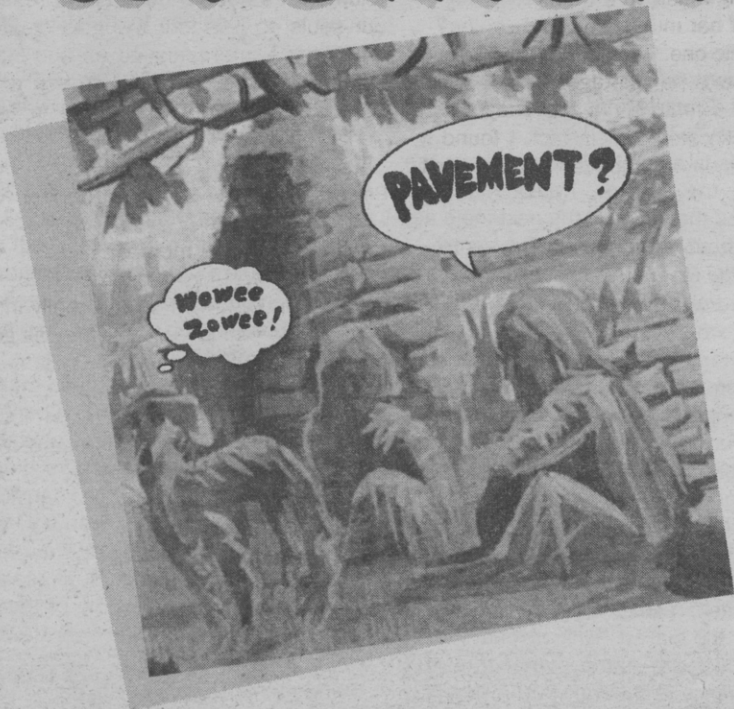
This sure is fun. It beats talking to some mediocrity who thinks rock 'n' roll is art and wants to talk about achieving a live sound in the studio. Phil says that talking music in an interview is not his idea of fun — if people want to know what the music means they should listen to it.

Rock 'N' Roll

"When you make a record you wait in anticipation to see what people think about it. You want to provoke a reaction, or make people think, or maybe just say something funny to see if any idiot will take you seriously. But it's rock 'n' roll, you don't want to dissect it over the phone. I mean, what do people think we are, a fuckin' MTV band."

JOHN RUSSELL

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Radiohead: Coming Up For Air

Too much success can hurt a band just as much as too little. Radiohead can prove it.

Indie kids the world over shook their fists along to 'Creep'. The effect was infectious. Somewhere along a two year tour based largely around one song, Radiohead forgot who they were. No longer. 'Creep', and the old Radiohead with it, have been consigned to a watery grave. There's a new Radiohead swimming below the surface, and it doesn't sound like a particularly happy Radiohead either.

Radiohead's second effort, *The Bends*, has already sent tongues wagging throughout Europe. It's a big, bold, emotional tussle with fame and self doubt, misery married to melody and a living, breathing reminder of the blackest days for the band.

Guitarist Ed O'Brien and Johnny Greenwood are in press mode, in London for Radiohead's first show in the capital for seven months. *The Bends*' genesis was difficult, enough to put the threat of disbandment on the charts. And it all started so well.

"When we were first rehearsing, it was quite weird," O'Brien says of last year's first efforts to get *Pablo Honey*'s successor in the can. If you can just imagine the most utopian rehearsal experience... it really was amazing."

It didn't last. "We came to London to record, and we had all these external pressures. The record companies wanted us to sort out the five singles from the album straight away, which seemed a little ludicrous at the time. Now it seems totally ludicrous. There was this big expectation for Radiohead to deliver this big rock album."

The band's first session, in London's RAK studio, was a disaster. Producer Mickie Most seemed to have little idea of what the band

wanted and the atmosphere created despondency. Only six tracks were completed in eight weeks.

It was a last tour to capitalise on *Pablo Honey* that put the wind back into the sails of the good ship Radiohead. They ended up in Australia and New Zealand, and all of a sudden it came right.

"Well, we started off in Australia and we had some terrible gigs. Then we came over to New Zealand, and the places we were playing were a lot like the ones we play in Oxford."

Greenwood agrees. "We found the atmosphere just a hell of a lot better in New Zealand. The musical taste seemed a lot more liberal, a lot more like the things we listen to. The only Aussie bands I've had exposure to are the big stadium rock outfits, whereas you look at New Zealand bands like the Muttonbirds, we're much more comfortable with that."

"Plus, says O'Brien, "the atmosphere when we played in Christchurch was amazing. We love those gigs where there doesn't seem to be any sort of crowd limit!"

Enthused with a new sense of confidence after New Zealand and a stop-off in Mexico, the band travelled back to tackle *The Bends*. They fired Most, headed back to Oxfordshire, and ended up in the Manor, the rambling country studio that gave birth to Mike Oldfield's *Tubular Bells*. Under producer John Leckie, the band kicked into gear.

"Half of the album was done in two weeks, and 'High and Dry' [the first single] was only a day's work," Greenwood says.

Mind you, there were some diversions.

"In the Manor, they have this big mural of all the groups who've recorded there," says O'Brien. "And they have this awful picture of Jim Kerr holding up his arms with a dove. It's really bad, it's airbrushed and everything. I

think it really affected Thom, 'cause we'd hear these noises at night, and go out to find him wrapped in his bedspread, staring at this picture."

This recollection of Jim Kerr in rock god mode sets the ball rolling. It seems particularly galling to Radiohead to have had some Simple Minds tags thrust onto their latest effort.

"God, I hate that man! He's such a wanker," says O'Brien, all thoughts of Radiohead forgotten for the moment. "If he walked into this room I would have to say: 'Oi! Kerr! You're a wanker! Aaaaarrggghhh!'" He jumps to his feet. "It'd be on with the Eric Cantona shirt and a good hard kick to the ribs!"

"It really pisses me off," he continues, the steam no longer coming out of his nostrils. "I really thought Simple Minds could have been better than they are."

Perhaps this is a timely warning. Since *The Bends* broke the surface, Radiohead have been touted as the new U2, the next indie act to crossover from the fringes to the centre.

Certainly, *The Bends* is miles away from the brittle pop of *Pablo Honey*. It's lush, orchestral, booming where earlier efforts might only have whimpered. But this is no mere rock bombast. Thom Yorke's lyrics grapple with a crushing feeling of self-doubt and worthlessness, that even with things so good, the bad times might be just around the corner. In its mix of late model U2 guitar effects, the Chills' ghostly nautical tinges, and the structured pop format of early 70s acts like Bread, the Bends is a twisted masterpiece.

Its title track, along with the anthemic 'Bones' and the ballad 'Nice Dream', deal almost guiltily with fame, with the gulf between audience and band. But in 'My Iron Lung', Yorke sets fire to the albatross that is

'Creep' with sneering disdain. It is the sound of Radiohead killing their own past.

But O'Brien and Greenwood are careful to point out that *The Bends* didn't come about because the band were at each other's throats.

"I don't think we work that well together when the five of us are not communicating. We have enough insecurities without that happening. The last thing you need is to have four other people who are not talking to each other. Thom always said this album was going to be our revenge against the rest of the world, our own little bubble."

The grind of touring, massive promotions and flesh-pressing had taken their toll on a group who consider themselves pretty mild mannered.

"We had just got to the point where we were completely frustrated," O'Brien says. "We would love the gigs, we would get off on the audience's reaction, but that's only part of the day." Long tours frayed at the friendship the five had built over years. "We wanted to be recording new songs, but we couldn't. The whole thing was the communication had broken down. We weren't all talking openly about breaking up, but it was going through everyone's mind."

Radiohead 1995 are a much more relaxed outfit. As one of the few British bands to have actually broken America (they sold thousands of copies of *Pablo Honey* there before being noticed in England), they're keen to hang on to the handhold. Their first US tour since October 1993 looms. Ed O'Brien is keen to jet down to Sydney and New Zealand for a week's holiday in the middle of the year. The cracks that appeared last year have well and truly been fixed.

Who needs U2 anyway?

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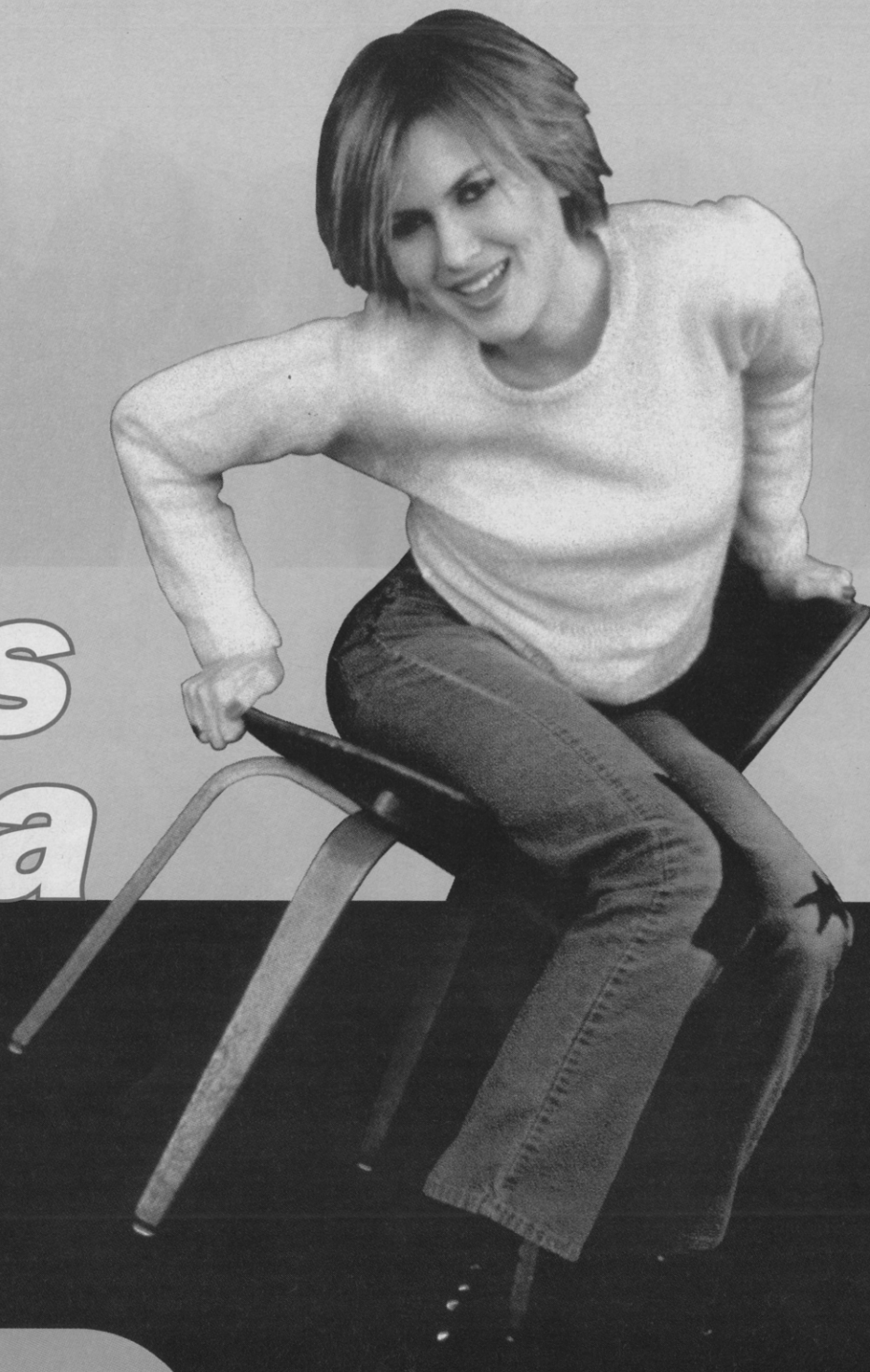
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Juliana's Nirvana



Only Everything. This is what music means to Juliana Hatfield and this is what she has entitled her latest album. Forget the sweet angst tunes of her previous releases *Hey Babe* and *Become What You Are*. Juliana has a distortion pedal, and she's gonna use it.

Only Everything is a welcome surprise departure from her previous offerings (even though both *Hey Babe* and *Become What You Are* were both enjoyed muchly). It's powerful, focused and beautiful — all at once. No longer is Juliana singing sweetly about baby birdies, sisters and fashion models. She's onto the real gritty shit now — depression ('Live On Tomorrow'), relationships ('My Darling'), dumb-fucks ('Dumb Fun'), junkie friends ('Dying Proof'), and even has a song alluding to sexy things (but she sings in French, so the less cultured among us can only guess) called 'Fleur De Lys'. Was it penned in French to disguise it's saucy content?

"It's slightly saucy yeah," she says with a smile in her voice.

(We have worked out it says something about the juice of two oranges, a man and three chocolate croissants.)

Juliana is talking to me from her home in New York City. She's moved from her home town of Boston to revel in the madness that is New York. I wonder how someone so seemingly sensitive copes in New York and if it has changed her at all.

"Well, it hasn't really. I'm still pretty much the same loser that I was. It's scary living anywhere in this day and age. Being here is good because there's this feeling of energy. There's stuff going on — important art being made, people are working on good stuff. It drives me to be creative, y'know."

What was the cause of the demise of the Juliana Hatfield Three?

"Well my drummer left [Juliana's relationship with drummer Todd had somewhat diminished] and then it wasn't the Three any more. I decided I wanted to expand. I basically made the [*Only Everything*] with just me and my bass player, and we brought in a couple different drummers. It was just obvious it wasn't really one band any more, it was me overseeing a revolving door of characters."

Juliana's guitar playing on *Only Everything*

is nothing less than astounding (not bad — for a girl, as Prince would say). It features some of the best riffs, melodies and especially songwriting I've heard in ages. It's what she's always been capable of (and hinting at), but has never quite achieved previously.

Juliana must realise she's improved vastly — so much so people may come to a conclusion that it isn't her playing those huge guitar squalls at all. On the sleeve of her album she's written 'all guitars by Juliana'. Did she feel this was necessary because people might assume there was some 'guitar guy' helping out — not giving credit where credit's due?

"Yeah. I just wanted to make it clear because already I've read things people have said (people who've had the advance tape and didn't have the [sleeve] information there). Stuff like: 'Oh, Juliana's new guitar player turned his distortion up.' I knew I'd get that kind of reaction so I made it clear I [played all the guitars]."

Was this album more enjoyable for you to make as opposed to the other ones? Did you go into the studio knowing you were armed with a whole lotta good songs?

"Yeah, it was really fun and it had a lot less stress than making the other albums. Everything went smoothly and fell into place. It was pretty easy."

If you didn't have the talent to make music, what sort of a person would you be?

"I think I'd be a vegetable and rotting. I would just shrivel up and die."

What about if you were a totally even, happy person?

"I think maybe I wouldn't have the need to make music any more — if I were happy all the time."

Do you ever have times when you experience writer's block, when you can't get ideas or music out?

"I experience frustration when I'm trying to get an idea across, but I never get that pan-

icky feeling, that: 'Oh my god, I can't write any more.' Even when I can't write I know it's just a phase, and I know I'll be able to write again soon. It'll never run out. I'll always be able to write something."

If you're feeling a certain way and you listen to a certain someone's song, you often feel like you have an affinity with them because they're experiencing the same emotions as you are. You're one of the few songwriters or bands that can project feelings and turn them into a great song emotionally. Do you feel happy about that?

"Well, sometimes it makes me happy, but I don't really get enough reaction. I don't know what people think of me really. I actually would like some more reaction. [Pauses] I wish everybody loved me, but they don't."

Does the fickleness of the music industry and all that comes with it bring you down sometimes?

"Yeahhh. It makes me forget sometimes the original joy I had. The business really wants to kill your enthusiasm and you have to be careful to not let it kill the joy in [the music]."

Do you enjoy or dislike the trappings that go with putting out an album — the videos, the interviews and the people at magazines who want to take pictures of you?

"Well... it can be enjoyable but it also makes me feel like I'm being pushed around. I feel a little bit manipulated by all of that stuff. It doesn't come naturally. Making a video doesn't come naturally to me like music does, but it can be fun. We've just done one for 'Universal Heart Beat' and I did it with a friend of mine. It was not unpleasant."

On 'Live on Tomorrow' you mention being dumped in the ocean tied to a piano. Did you per chance see Jane Campion's movie *The Piano*?

"Yeah, that was reference to that 'cause that was such an amazing image, y'know. I love that movie."

Is it hard for you to express your feelings to the world by making records and playing live?

"I feel like making music is the only way I can feel any emotion. I don't know any other way to do it, so it's easier to do it through music, but it's still hard... I hold back a lot and there's a lot that doesn't come out through the music either... yet [little laugh]."

What about stage fright?

"I don't really get scared in front of big crowds, but I get scared in front of TV. Like, sometimes I get scared if were doing a taped show for TV, 'cause it's all so far away and there's just a buncha cameras in your face. I get nervous before I play alone, if I'm just doing a show by myself, but if the band's there I feel fine."

I tell Juliana about why 'You Blues' is my favourite track on *Only Everything*. It has to do with me driving along in a haze, singing it, and nearly having an old bugger crash into me. I experienced the weird feeling of skidding along in fourth really fast, then stopping and discovering I was still singing along afterwards, like nothing had happened.

"That's excellent. Was it a bad crash? Did he bang into you?"

No, I was just driving along singing and he nearly banged into me.

Juliana giggles. "That's so cool. My favourite is 'Simplicity is Beautiful'. I love that one."

Are *Hey Babe* and *Become What You Are* albums you don't like now?

"I like things about them. They're just hard to listen to and hard to go back to 'cause they're from my past. It's like going back and looking at yourself as a younger person and being embarrassed by yourself."

Do you hope this won't happen with this album?

"I'm sure it will. I know it will... it always does."

SHIRLEY CHARLES

One Two Freddy's Coming For You...

There is a scene in *Wes Craven's New Nightmare* where original *Elm Street* ass kicker Heather Langenkamp (who played Nancy) is surprised during a talkshow interview when her co-star, Robert Englund, is introduced. When a set of knives slash through the wall to make way for his entrance, it is clear he has decided to appear in costume, as Freddy Krueger — the face sucking, waterbed burping, mother decapitating, teenage eating, bastard son of a thousand maniacs.

It was with this in mind that I stood outside the door of Robert Englund's Regent suite. Surely he wouldn't spend four hours in makeup just to scare the shit out of the cluster of foreign jourmos he would meet that day, I reasoned. Indeed, he hadn't, and the door was opened by the dude who occasionally appears as a presenter on the Horror Hall of Fame awards.

It was as the pizza faced Freddy Krueger that Robert Englund first found fame in New Zealand, back in 1984. In the States he was already well known as the equally skin afflicted alien Willie, in the TV mini-series *V*, which would not screen in this country until several years later. When Robert first donned the Freddy makeup for Wes Craven's original *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, he had no idea he would go on to play the character seven times.

"No-one is more surprised than me," he says. "I was quite pre-occupied, at the time, with my first real bout with fame and celebrity,

as a result of starring in *V*. So, I was really dealing with that, and sort of not watching this little *Nightmare* phenomenon snowball.

"I remember, one day I was in New York, signing autographs at a convention. I was sitting next to William Shatner, and I noticed that my line changed from science fiction, *V*, *Star Trek* types, to sort of speed metal, punk, heavy metal kids, and they all wanted me to write 'Freddy' down as an autograph. That was my first inkling this thing had gone through the roof."

I refer Robert to the aforementioned talk-show scene in the film. The crowd is full of cheering kids, wearing masks of their child molesting hero. Oxymorons don't get much nastier than that.

Does it concern you that Freddy, as an entity removed from you, has gained such a large following?

"That sort of peaked maybe 1989 in the States, 1990. For a couple of years there at Halloween, everybody you saw was dressed like Freddy.

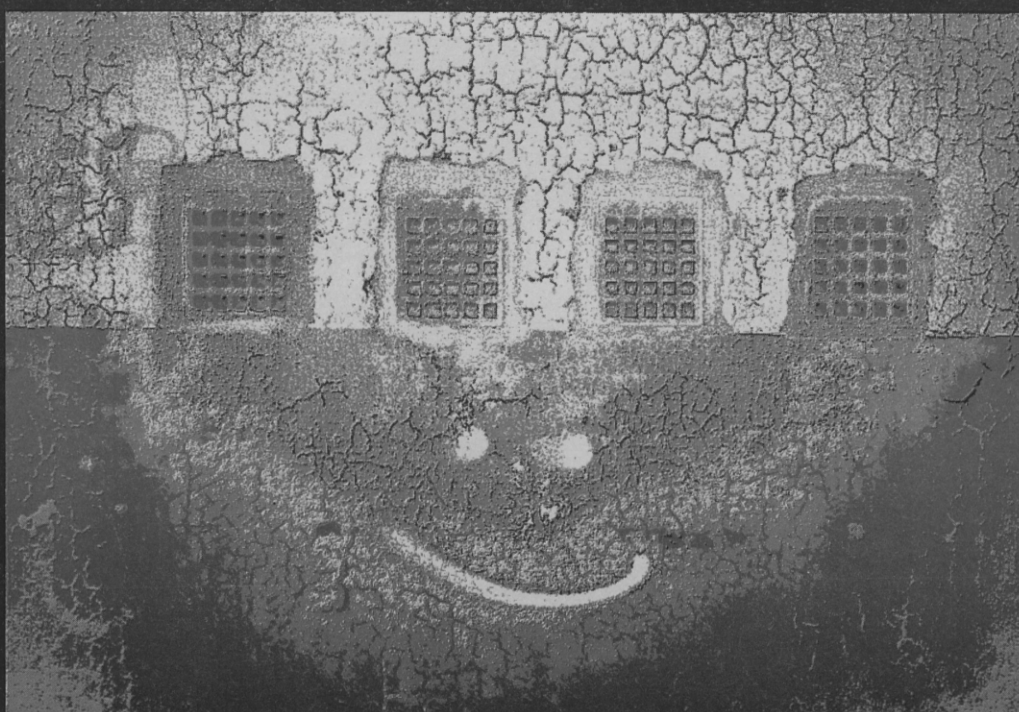
"It was kind of enjoyable for me on a couple of levels. First was that I had a relative anonymity regarding Freddy for a while, because no-one noticed it was me. People all knew my face, but they would recognise me from *V*, or other movies and TV shows. So that was kind of a bonus, until I began really doing the talk shows and things like that.

"The other thing with all of that is, when it

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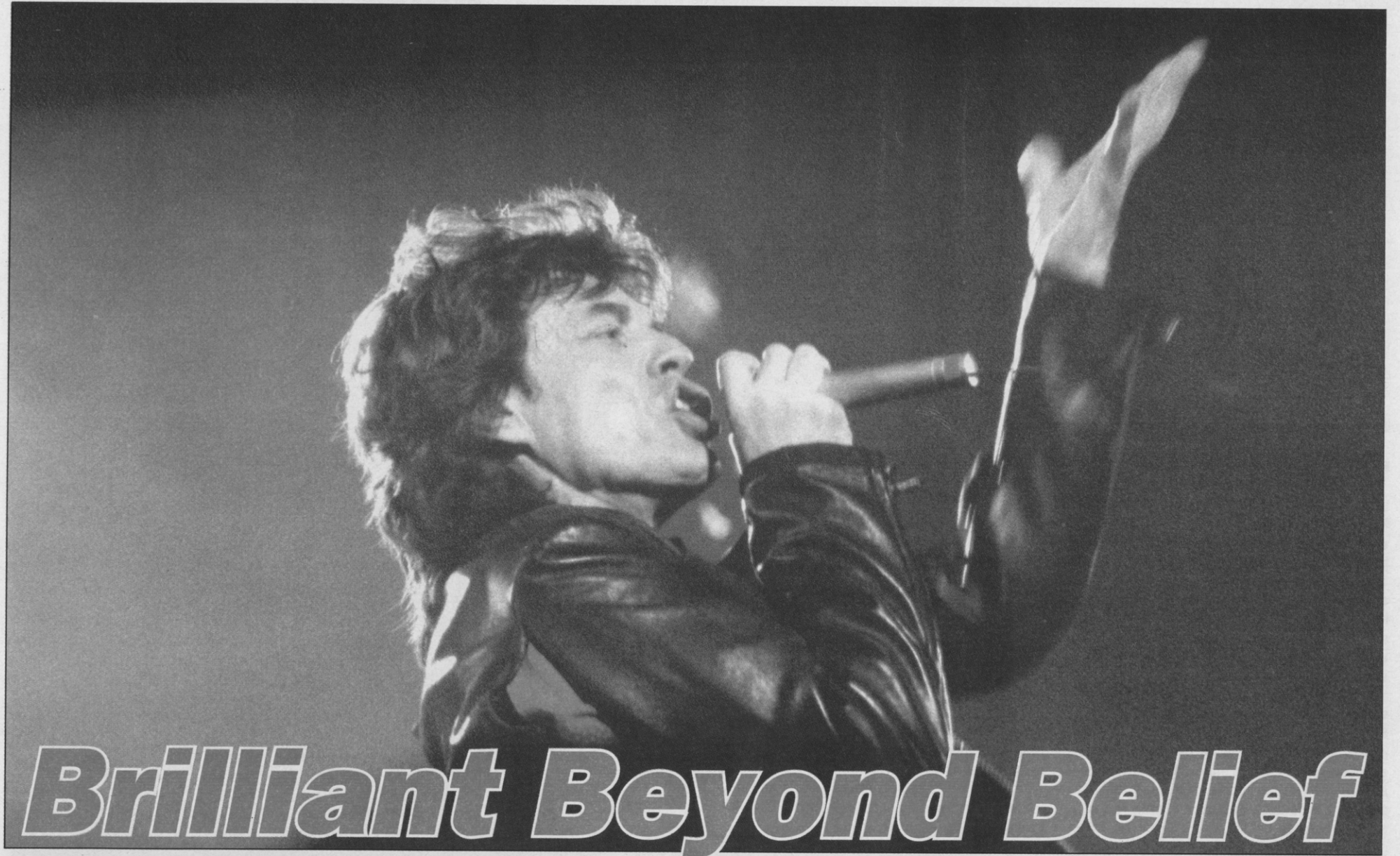
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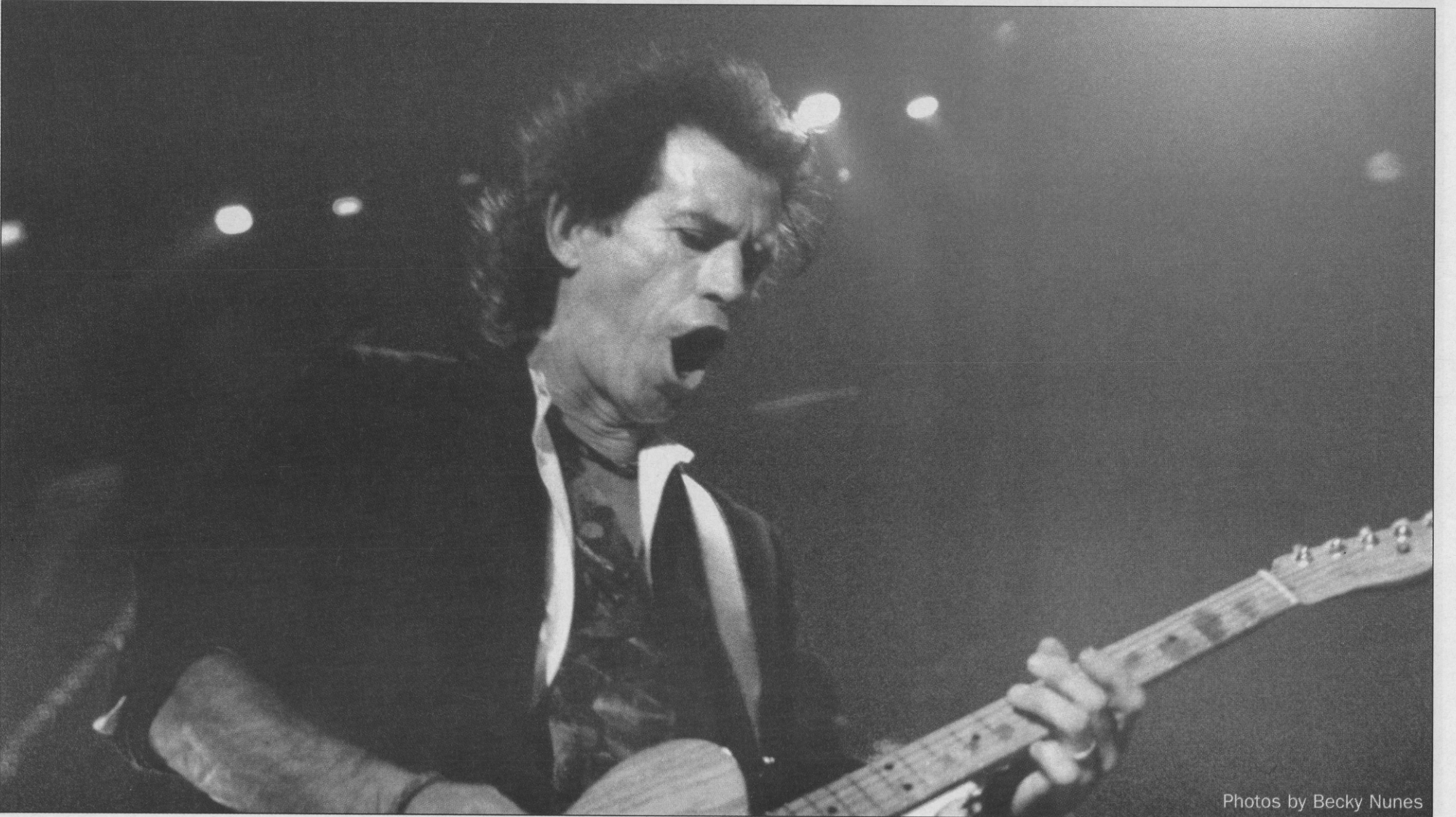
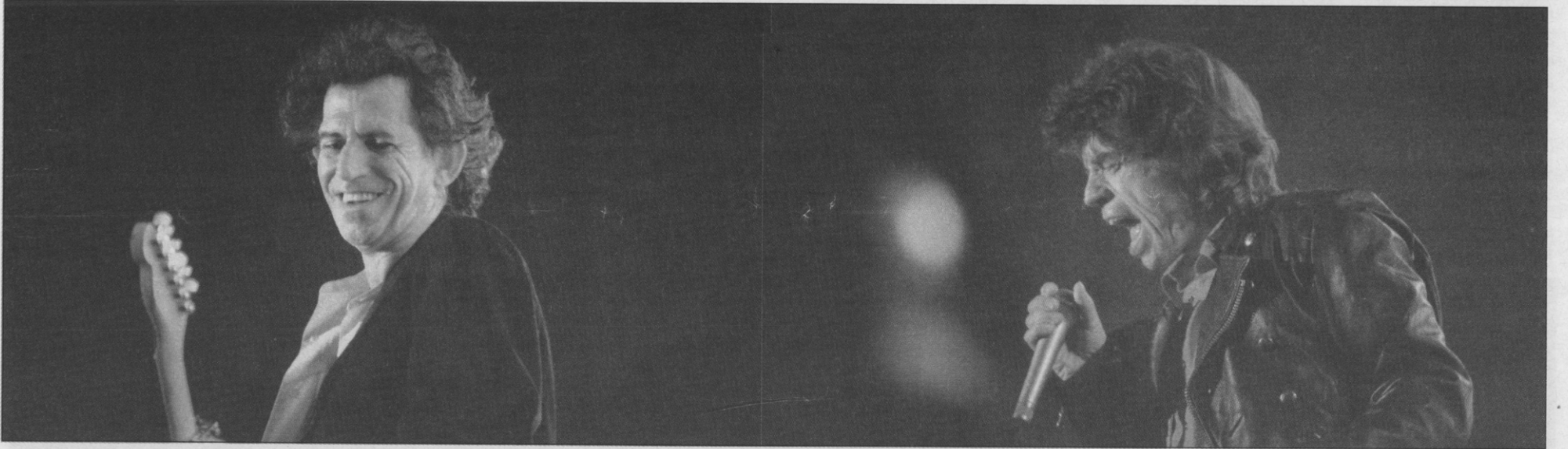


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Brilliant Beyond Belief



Photos by Becky Nunes



In the weeks leading up to the Rolling Stones' forth visit to New Zealand, moronic writers, feeling suddenly topical, filled their opinion columns with phrases like 'grandfathers of rock', 'rock dinosaurs', and the ever popular, 'tired old rockers'. These alleged 'writers' should have their word processors shoved sideways up their collective assholes, because over two nights at Western Springs, the very last thing the Rolling Stones were was tired.

Auckland central was flooded with people over this long weekend. Two separate Easter carnivals, and a Warriors match at Ericsson Stadium meant the seams of hotels and motels were bursting, but the main event was always going to be happening in a field in Grey Lynn.

Upon the grass at Western Springs, a mammoth stage that resembled the deck of a spaceship had been under construction for the previous four days. The main focal point were two 'scraper high circular speaker stacks, coated in silver panels, at each side of the stage, and a metallic cobra that rose high above the stadium and spat flames. A giant Jumbotron screen in the middle of the stage meant those near the back could see, and four walkways promised those on the periphery close-ups of the band.

By 11am on the day of the first show, queues were already forming for the free-for-all seating, and by early evening the reserved area was filling up.

In support, the Exponents wished everyone a "happy easter", then launched straight into 'Who Loves Who The Most'. Lead singer Jordan Luck bounced and smiled as the band swung through a high energy 'best of' set that included 'Sink Like A Stone', 'Erotic', 'I'll Say Goodbye' and 'Why Does Love Do This To Me?'. Midway through, drummer Harry 'Lambi' and bassist Dave Gent took a breather and 'Victoria' was given the acoustic treatment. This pop pumped for six or so songs, but began to wear thin as my mind anticipated events more majestic.

At 8.15pm, the beams of the stadium lights were dimmed and a calm voice welcomed the crowd "to the Rolling Stones' Voodoo Lounge". A looped, jungle drum rhythm boomed from the speakers, then was enveloped by Charlie Watts pounding out the beat to 'Not Fade Away'. As the lights surged, Jagger, Richards, Wood and new bassist Daryl Jones, appeared on the lip of the stage to be greeted by a thunderous cheer. Immediately everyone's on their feet, the entire stage and stadium appear to rise a foot off the ground, and this level of hyperbole hardly dips for the following two hours.

The Rolling Stones showed they play it like they talk it. Basically, they're a damn good, flat out rock 'n' roll band: two guitarists trading off the vocals of the best frontman in the world, backed up by a rhythm section as solid as concrete.

The recent *Voodoo Lounge* album got a token look-in with 'U Got Me Rocking', 'I Go Wild' and 'Sparks Will Fly', but everyone was definitely here for an oldies show, and that's what went down. 'Tumbling Dice' and 'Shattered' were followed by *Exile On Main Street*'s 'All Down The Line', with Jagger shedding clothes at the intro to each song. By the time Richards bashed the unmistakable opening riff from 'Satisfaction', he was down to a white T-shirt and tight black pants, and strutting like a man possessed. He skips from runway to runway, using every Jagger facial expression, exaggerated hand movement, and spastic dance move, and manages to make it look perfectly choreographed. 'Satisfaction' gets stretched to breaking point, as backing vocalists Bernard Fowler of Tackhead and the very baaaaaad Lisa Fischer stomp it up with Jagger.

A change of direction sees Richards and Wood parked on stools, and the drum riser pushed forward, creating, considering the surroundings, an impossibly intimate setting for 'Angie' and 'Sweet Virginia'.

The disco thump of 'Miss You' meant we were back in the swing of things, and included a screaming solo from veteran Stones saxophonist Chuck Levall. Next up, the fractured start to 'Honky Tonk Woman' sends the capacity crowd into convulsions, while the screen flashes images of PYTs in the front rows.

Jagger departed and left Richards with the run of the stage. He laid down a tortured version of 'Slipping Away'. Hopefully he didn't mind that everyone sat down.

Appearing in a single spotlight, wearing a witchdoctor's black top hat and tails, and round dark sunglasses, Jagger looks like a sinister pied piper as he seemingly caresses the opening lines from 'Sympathy For The Devil'. This coincides with six enormous inflatables, including a voodoo doll, a genie with six arms, and a guitar-strumming Elvis, rising up over the back of the stage. This is the point at which the show turns from phenomenal, to brilliant beyond belief.

Lisa Fischer and Jagger have verbal sex on 'Gimme Shelter', and Ron Wood oozes cool as he leads in on the shuffling 'Street Fighting Man'. The opening chords of 'Start Me Up' are accompanied by individual flashes of flame, that shoot out across the width of the stage, and the entire crowd sings along to 'you make a grown man cry'.

The on-stage relationship between Jagger and Richards is like watching a game of one upmanship. When Jagger encroaches on Keith's area of the stage, he's chased out, so will run over and put his arm around Ron Wood. But it's Jagger who scolds Richards with hard stares when Keith spends too much time out on the ramps.

After a thumping version of 'It's Only Rock 'n' Roll', and a funkier-than-ever 'Brown Sugar', they disappear for the first time. There could only be one encore, and 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' delivers all of its promises.

As those of the old school do, the entire band form a line centre stage and take their bows, Charlie Watts lopes up slowly from behind the drums, receives the biggest cheer, and it's all over now. Same time tomorrow then.

You feel like a Stones veteran coming back for the second night, but the anticipation level is just as high. This is the last gig of the Asian/Pacific leg of the *Voodoo Lounge World Tour*, and the Stones appear determined to, as Al Green says, give it everything. Mostly the set stays the same, but magically they include *Exile*'s 'Rocks Off', 'Beast Of Burden' from *Some Girls*, and a stupefyingly beautiful version of 'Wild Horses'. 'Rock And A Hard Place', the only tune they play from *Steel Wheels*, is sublime, and during Keith's set he pulls a ragged version of 'Happy' from the bag, so as not to have us sit down on him. The run to the finish mirrors the night before, except 'Monkey Man' takes the place of 'Gimme Shelter'. They bow, the sky fills with fireworks and explosions, and that's it.

Despite all the show business and hype that surrounds the Rolling Stones in the 90s, ultimately, most people must have been at these two concerts for the songs. The Stones own one of the finest collections of said songs ever; the fact they played so many of them, makes you hazard a guess they're not planning to come round these parts again. But at least now 80,000 people can say a ridiculously important sentence that's just five words wide: "I saw the Rolling Stones."

JOHN RUSSELL

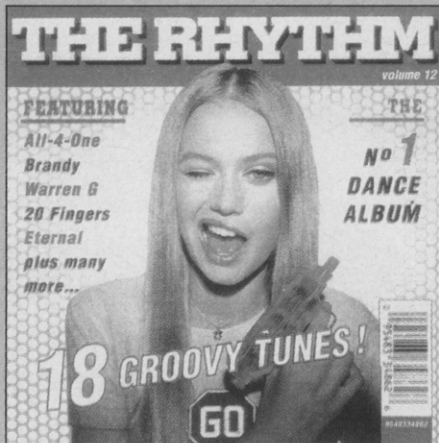
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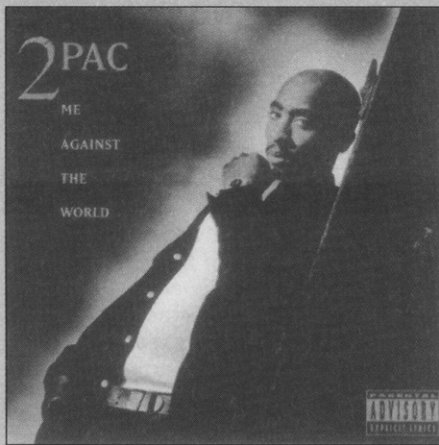
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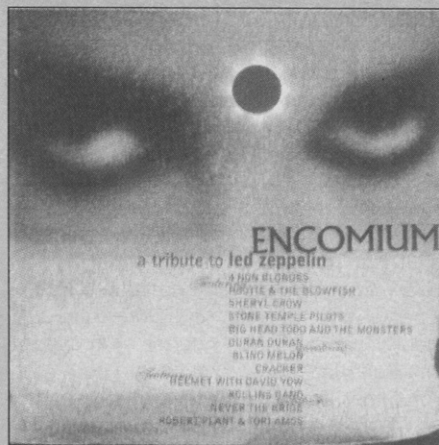
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SHIHAD

Boys Keep Changing

“We got great things out of them, like being able to eat their rider while they were on stage. That’s what we’d do every night ‘cause we didn’t have any money and we needed to eat. We’d go: ‘Have a good gig guys,’ then run to their dressing room and eat all their food.”

The voice of Shihad’s crafty lead singer and guitarist Jon Toogood is coming through loud and clear from the two-story apartment where the band are staying in Charlatanberg, Germany. The Wellington quartet of Toogood, bassist Karl Kippenberger, guitarist Phil Knight and drummer Tom Larkin, have just had two weeks off after an arduous European tour supporting American rock giants Faith No More.

The 21 date trip took them through England, Holland, Sweden, Germany, France, Spain and Scotland, playing to anywhere from 200 people in a tiny pub in Windsor (“we didn’t have much space on stage so me and Karl were doing the Beatles thing, only moving the top halves of our bodies”), to 4,000 moshing fanatics in Munich.

The day before our interview, Shihad were joined by fellow Wellingtonians Head Like A Hole, their partners in a 30 date European tour currently nearing completion.

Flashing back to late February, the day of Shihad’s departure to Europe is the day after their crushing set at *Strawberry Fields*. The band, and band manager Gerald Dwyer, are killing time in Auckland before their flight leaves at some outrageous hour in the morning. Jon is battling a heavy head cold, but remarkably, not the butterflies that wouldn’t seem out of place in the stomach of a 23 year old on the eve of such a mammoth experience. He’s not being arrogant, but is playing it cooler than Fonzy.

“This is a weight lifted to tell you the truth. I love the music we make, and I think we deserve what we’re getting now. It’s good timing because, even though we’d wanted this to happen for years, I think if it had happened two years ago we wouldn’t have been ready for it. But now we are, we’re tight enough and we’re confident enough. I feel that if we are at our peak, at our best, I reckon we could blow Faith

No More away. It sounds like it’s going to be real relaxed between the bands, a mutual respect thing.”

Almost two months later, Jon is able to say he hit the nail firmly on the head. Both bands were digging each other, there were no hierarchies and no headliner/support band histrionics either. And when Shihad cooked live, they lifted the performance of Faith No More.

“At first it was quite strange. They were all really nervous about their new guitarist, and they hadn’t played live for a year and a half, so they were a bit uptight. Then they just saw us rock out and enjoy ourselves and they seemed to loosen up. It was real complimentary.”

The Americans also showed their respect for Shihad in more obvious ways. Throughout the tour, Faith No More’s drummer, Mike Bordin, would play Shihad drumbeats at soundcheck. By the end of the trip he’d begun throwing the same beats into their live set. On the odd occasion, Jon would fill in for Mike Patton when the latter failed to show for his soundcheck. Perhaps even more evident, off stage, Shihad were lucky enough not to suffer the misfortunes experienced by L7 when they toured Europe with Faith No More. In one legendary incident, Patton shat in a carton of orange juice, resealed it and put it back in L7’s dressing room.

“He did nothing like that. On stage he’s so unpredictable, but off stage he was really mellow. His wife joined the tour halfway through, so he was a lot happier once she was there. She was cool. She’d cut me and Karl’s split ends for us.”

Shihad said goodbye to Faith No More in Paris on April 5. They returned to Germany to begin promoting their second album, *Killjoy*, released in Europe on Modern Music, the label with whom they (and HLAH) signed in early 1994. The label have just opened an office in Los Angeles and have big plans for the band in America. According to Jon, they are offering substantial budgets for recording and “serious” financial support for touring. After a New Zealand and Australian tour in July, Modern will require Shihad to be based in the States, at

least until Christmas.

With making inroads overseas the band’s current goal, the timing couldn’t be more perfect, for Shihad have never played with such ferocity and explosiveness live, and *Killjoy* is a work of pure genius well before its time. In both situations there’s a level of communication happening that only comes from longevity, and a sense of new-found freedom that allows a band to do nothing but enjoy themselves. A change that has come, says Jon, after they stopped giving a fuck for what other people thought.

“I just think it’s because we’re finally learning how to play rock ‘n’ roll, and realising we’re a rock ‘n’ roll band. Two years ago we were writing good music, but as a band we weren’t as powerful because we were still a bit unsure of ourselves and our music, and what effect it had on people. Now we’ve gone: ‘Who gives a fuck. Does it spin our propeller? Yeah, it does,’ and that’s what we have learnt. I’ve got faith in the band and I know we make good music; it’s nice to have people like it, but if we like it that’s all that matters really.”

Whether they care or not hasn’t stopped Shihad from writing the instantly and immensely likeable collection of songs on *Killjoy*. Recorded at York Street Studios, the new album is a lesson in achieving with what you’ve got, rather than using sequencers, samplers or keyboards to create dynamics and abrasiveness. Built on killer grooves and melodic battering riffs, sonically, *Killjoy* sounds a hundred times bigger than their debut album *Churn*, and lyrically, the mood is a million times lighter.

“I think *Churn* is a really cold, aggressive record, which I think is perfect for the lyrical content, but we just didn’t want to do that again. The music we’re making now is more like a celebration of making music, whereas *Churn* was a bludgeoning of the senses.”

Despite the unanimously excellent reviews given to *Churn*, and the initial satisfaction Shihad enjoyed while working with the album’s producer Jaz Coleman, the band had no desire to repeat the experience a second time. Numerous disputes and conflicts of interest

during the recording sessions were, at the time, too much to handle for an impressionable young band, but now they’ve wised up.

“We were pretty awe struck to be working with someone who was an influence on us. In that situation you listen to people and don’t say: ‘That’s hypocritical.’ You don’t question anything, you just let things slide. But when you realise: ‘That person’s just the same as us,’ then you start seeing the wood from the trees.”

When Shihad went back to York Street with *Churn*’s engineer Malcolm Welsford to make *Killjoy*, they were promptly slapped in the face by Coleman, who pulled out the signed contract that gave him the option to record the band’s second album. Coleman demanded a payment of \$5,000 from Shihad to avoid court action.

“He slammed us. That really fucked me off. That was just pocket money to him. I think that was bullshit. He was ringing up Gerald and saying it was pocket change, but to us \$5,000 is a fuck of a lot of money. He’s a businessman more than musician sometimes, and that’s what I don’t like about him.”

But the good guys won in the end. With Welsford, Shihad have made a masterpiece, and are having a ball taking it to the world. For the foreseeable future the band of four will be living in each other’s faces, and out of each other’s pockets, and Jon wouldn’t have it any other way.

“It amazes me sometimes, but it’s like a relationship with a girl in a way. We have our arguments and stuff, but we’re very solid as a group of people. There’s just no bullshit between us. Tom is like the solid rock who can rationalise things and chill me out, Karl smokes lots of drugs and makes us laugh, and Phil’s there to scrutinise the fuck out of things. We’re lucky to have the relationship we do between each other. We’ve all grown in different ways but our common goal has always stayed the same, and that’s to make this band big, and be the fattest sounding band that’s gonna come from this country.”

JOHN RUSSELL

HAUNTED BY GENE



It's been more than a good year for Gene. A year ago, they seemed just another indie band with a Smiths fixation. How things change. A year on from their first shows, the band have swapped the Splash Club for the Forum, gig guides for Candian TV, and that Smiths tag for something all their own.

Gene are back in their home town after an extensive national tour. In the words of bassist Kevin Miles, it's "cup final time", their first home show since their debut album *Olympian* was released last month.

Miles, vocalist Martin Rossiter, guitarist Steve Mason and drummer Matt James are meeting and greeting. A documentary crew has been following the band around England, and now sits taping exciting footage of London band meets New Zealand journalist. Rossiter, the man who has fielded more than his fair share of the spotlight's glare, is often resting his vocal chords for the night's performance. The other three, politely friendly, chug away on alarmingly regular cigarettes.

It's unfortunate much of the band's profile arises from their resemblance to the Smiths. It is there — Rossiter's Morrissey-like inflections, Mason's guitarmanship — but while Gene nod toward their influences, they won't take the accusation that they are plagiarists lying down.

"I don't think we are," Steve Mason says. "There have been a few law suits recently — I'm not naming any names of course — but I know there haven't been any lawyers on my door."

While Gene write emotive songs, there is, in fact, little of the bedsit misery of the Smiths. After the arrogant defiance of Oasis, and the

light headed geezerness of Blur, it's almost strange to hear songs aimed at a different temperament. Gene spent a long time — 18 months, in fact — fine tuning their material before they even took it to the stage.

"We do write emotive songs, we're not trying to be brazen," Mason continues. "We are fortunate not to be compared to our contemporaries. In a sense that's because we haven't become locked into that kind of scene."

"We aren't the kind of band that are happy just getting people to jump up and down. An emotional song is much more important. But, then again, it's also important for us to be able to do both and give people whatever they fancy!"

It would be a mistake to give all the credit to Rossiter's lyrics, however. The other big link to the late lamented Smiths is Mason's guitar — from country styled meandering, on 'Still Can't Find the Phone', to the understated melodies of 'We'll Find Our Own Way' and the crashing power chords of 'Sleep Well Tonight'. It's part of the reason the provincial paranoia of the latter single, and the buzzing, Clash-like clatter of the follow up, 'Haunted By You', made such excellent singles.

"I don't think *Olympian* is such an immediate album though," Matt James says. "I think you have to sit and listen to it a dozen times before you can really appreciate it."

Mason agrees: "We've always thought it important to have some depth. So often you can buy an album, play it for a week, then it goes straight to the back of the pile."

"I think that's why we had 26 different instruments on the album," chips in Kevin Miles.

"But it's also why you wouldn't think we had 26 instruments. It's all done very subliminally. I think it makes the listener have to think a little bit more. It's also very different to how we come across live. *Olympian* was very much different from how it comes across live. We were trying to transpose how we would do it live and it sounding boring, there was no drama."

Drama is something Gene try hard at. The combination of ringing glam guitar and stunning cross harmonies on 'Sleep Well Tonight', the climaxing chorus of 'Olympian', and the gay anthem 'Left Handed' are unashamed showmanship. Months before *Olympian* hit the shops, Rossiter was already stating how artistically advanced they were compared to U2. Music mag *NME* gave them an award for the best new band. It certainly didn't come as much of a surprise to Gene to be told this.

Much of this self confidence seems to come from the well clothed shoulders of Martin Rossiter — mixing a strangely avuncular vocabulary, ambiguous sexual stance, and a healthy dislike of the mediocre into one package. With the Rozzer himself out of the room, his three fellow band mates defend his hard won reputation with quiet good humour.

"Well, he is the guy who writes out lyrics," Myles says evenly. "We told him at the start that he should be doing the interviews. But what he is saying is what we all think. Plus, he's the singer, and that's the way it's always been with singers," a sideward glance to Mason, relaxing on the bed, "and guitarists."

"I don't see why the guy should apologise for being intelligent," James says. "He's been constantly hassled for coming across as this arro-

gant guy who uses long words. I think he speaks in very simple terms, it's just that he talks rather a lot."

The conversation meanders form there. There's news of their promotional tour to the States, which follows in a week, then a 28 day tour of mainland Europe after that. Already the plans for a jaunt down under — possibly including a New Zealand visit — are being made for early next year.

Then the pop star is back; Rossiter returns to the fold after giving his tonsils a rest. Cup final nerves? There is the hint of expectations amongst the cigarette smoke.

"A year ago we were playing tiny crowds in the Splash Club, and tonight it's 2000 at the Forum. This is something we have really worked for," Mason says.

A few hours later, I am with those 2000. The Forum, a barn of a building in north London, is bubbling with bodies. Radish clothes horses rub shoulders with their less sartorial, indie kid brethren. Yes, there is the odd be-quiffed Morrissey look-alike, and lots of bunches of flowers. This is all starting to look very familiar.

The show itself is a blinder. It kicks in with a rousing 'Haunted By You', energetic and full of life. There's an atmosphere here I haven't seen in a long time. Rossiter pouts, preens, dances like a madman, and still manages to sound like a bloody angel.

Sure, the Smiths may rate high on the agenda, but tonight we are seeing *Gene*, and it's a performance that does them proud.

Cup final? They shoot, they score...
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Meet Ze Monsta

PJ Harvey

My mind's picture of Polly Jean Harvey was drawn largely by her shouted opening demands on the 4 *Track Demos* track 'Reeling': 'I wanna bathe in milk, eat grapes / Robert De Niro, sit on my face.' It was 1993, and Polly was at the peak of her glamorous "50s housewife" phase. The front of that album saw her sporting rhinestone encrusted sunglasses and black underwear. A camera hung from her neck, resting at groin level, its protruding lens giving the scene deliciously phallic overtones. The back cover showed Polly naked, wrapped in plastic, seemingly a nod to the past image which had helped propel her thus far.

It's 1995, and a whole new audience are being wowed by an even more glamorous version of PJ Harvey (once the moniker for Polly's three piece band, now the name of her solo act). The PJ Harvey of today's TV screens has a smilingly sinister, slashed red mouth. She wears a set of fluttering eyelashes and a shiny red gown, as she shimmies her way through the eerily whispered 'Down By The Water'. The track is drawn from her new album (and the reason for this interview) *To Bring You My Love*.

I expect to hear a growl, a purr, or at least a little throatiness, when the phone rings just before 10pm on a Friday night. Hence, I am surprised to be greeted by a friendly voice, which is so soft it occasionally threatens to drop below register. Polly is calling from her home in Dorset, where it is "a beautiful sunny day". She has phone interviews all morning, and then plans to "run off and sit in the sun somewhere".

What? No nectar and ice? No movie stars?

It's true, a lot of Polly's press is obsessed with turning her into the subject of her own songs (or knocking down the screen she may hide behind like the mighty Oz), but the finger pointing in the former case can also be turned on her fans.

"I often get letters from people, or people trying to visit, especially on tour, people sort of trying to find their way to the hotels and stuff," says Polly. "But I think, yeah, it's really because of people identifying with the songs, and maybe because of the nature of which I write songs. It's dealing with emotions and feelings people can't express and so, if they feel somebody's expressing that as well, and they feel kind of akin with you, and think: 'Oh god, well they're somebody else that feels like I do,' and they feel a need to get in touch."

Can that be scary?

"It can be because sometimes it does attract quite unstable people, which can be

quite frightening and very upsetting because I'm the sort of person that naturally wants to help people out. If you feel very unable to do that, or just if I tried to help out everybody that was having problems, I would just have to give up music and become a health worker. So it's very upsetting when you feel like: 'Yes, I could probably help that person, but I just don't have the time.' That's really quite horrible."

Has the fact that people relate so strongly to your music come as a surprise?

"Well, to begin with, at the very start of my career, it was a big surprise and a big shock. I found it very hard to deal with because I am quite a shy, quiet person. To suddenly be inundated with people who thought they knew me was quite frightening. Through experience, I've learnt how to deal with it now. I've just kind of accepted it as part of what I do."

Another thing Polly has come to accept, for the time being at least, is touring in support of her albums. When we spoke, she had recently finished touring with Tricky, and he was about to join her for her European and American tour. She was scheduled to support REM, but Bill Berry's illness put an end to that plan. It would have been her second taste of the stadiums, as she supported U2 in 1993.

"I really enjoyed it actually," she says of the stadium experience. "I was extremely interested in seeing and feeling what that would be like. I like setting myself kind of goals like that, to see if I can do it. I could, and I enjoyed it, but it's not a way I enjoy presenting my music particularly. I think my music is seen a lot better in a much smaller environment. But I was able to play those big shows and I didn't kind of break down or anything [laughs], so it was just fascinating really."

Can you imagine your popularity escalating to a point where you are headlining the stadium circuit?

"I find that pretty hard to imagine, but then again, I have been surprised all along the way really. I found it pretty hard to imagine that everyone would jump on *To Bring You My Love* as the accessible radio friendly album [laughs]. That's as much of a surprise to me as anything, in the way that my first album [*Dry*] was received. I'm very sort of unaware of what people will make of it, so anything's possible."

Does it give you a sense of wonderment regarding the future?

"No, I don't actually dwell on what people are going to think of what I do very much at all. I kind of am able to continue to write the way I've always done, which is just for my own pleasure, or for my own exploration really, to start

off with. I know I can't be any other way. If I start writing something that people don't like, then I really am not prepared to change. I'd rather sell just 10 records and feel like I was still remaining true to myself."

Vocal training opens more doors on Polly's journey of exploration through music.

"I actually started having vocal lessons about two or three years ago. I initially started because I wanted to have a strong enough voice for touring, 'cause it really is very draining, and I wanted to learn to be breathing properly and to be using my voice correctly so as not to damage it on tour. That kind of developed into really wanting to learn the techniques and different abilities of singing, which has just continued to really fascinate me. I suppose it's the instrument I study most now. I practise every day and am just amazed at the way you can use your voice, how that can change the meaning of music and of words."

I am imagining the wealth of performance one could catch by having a window next to that of Polly's bathroom. It seems I'm not far from wrong.

"I practise in my house. I practise in front of the mirror, because it's really good to see the shapes you're making with your face and your mouth, 'cause that's all part of the production. I practise anywhere on the road. I practise in hotel rooms, bathrooms, toilets, the bus, everywhere."

Are you finding the new vocal strengths you're uncovering are allowing a wider gamut of emotions to be explored in your music?

"Definitely, absolutely. This is why I'm so, so interested in exploring it further, because certainly having all these different voices at your disposal, which you can switch into really quickly, it just opens up your palette in a way, if you think of it in art terms."

Do your different voices surprise you each time you come across them? Is it like: 'Wow, is that me?'

"Sometimes, yeah. Like yesterday, I put on the latest album, and I haven't played it since we finished mixing it I think. I listened through to the voices and I thought: 'Fuck, you sound like a hundred year old woman!' I really like the variety you can get, switching from one song to another, a 10 year old girl to a hundred year old woman. That's really nice."

Do you have any idea where this exploration is leading to, in terms of developing your lyrical content?

"I think the more I learn, the more I appreciate how much just the way you sing a word can change it's meaning. You sing a word like: 'I

love you,' but the way you sing it can mean the complete opposite, or can be very frightening and not endearing at all. I suppose, just as I learn that more, I can then apply that to the way I'm writing lyrics more, knowing that the singing can change this or support it."

Similarly, the way Polly dresses can change or support what she is singing. She says she has always played at dressing up.

"Even down to the first album, when *not* dressing up was to me," she explains. "I mean, I was still as concerned with image then as I am now. It's just now I've chosen to explore the completely opposite side, of dressing up in a very glamorous way and how does that affect the music, and how does that affect how people receive me live if I'm so made up that it's to the point of being revolting? I'm really just feeling my way around, and trying to find images that are going to strengthen the music and allow me to deliver it in the best way."

How have your live audiences reacted to your current external appearance?

"I find people are pretty... pretty *gob smacked*. When I go out there's a lot of kind of wide eyes and open mouths. People are *very*, *very* quiet — quieter than they've *ever* been in performances before, in between songs and during songs. A lot of my live set now is very, very quiet music that you could hear a pin drop to, and I'm just so overwhelmed that people are willing to come with me on this way I've chosen to go. It's not hard hitting, bolshy music from beginning to end, like it might have used to have been. It's very, very delicate, very subtle, and people are willing to give me that time, and they're listening to every single word I sing, to every note that's played. I'm just so pleased that's what's happened really."

Polly chooses not to discuss her lyrics ("for my own health and well being, thank you," she recently told *The Face*'s Amy Raphael) and, after the promotion for this album is over, is planning on discussing even less.

"I have desires to become a Kate Bush and just write songs, record them, and do it once every three years, and not tour and not do interviews," she says. "I think it's just getting older, and I want to live in my house and spend more time there. I'd like to settle down one day, have a family, things like that. I'm just doing the normal things that happen to a woman when you hit 25."

Polly is hoping to get to New Zealand before she gives up touring, hopefully in January 1996, if not before.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

takes on its life of its own, you can sit back and watch it. I mean, I would be able to turn on the late night chat shows and there'd be Freddy Krueger jokes. He'd show up as almost like a guest character in various famous cartoons. Then he began to show up in rap lyrics (the Fat Boys and Doctor Dre), then heavy metal (like Alice Cooper). It was this amusing thing to see him kind of permeate the culture for a while, and there was a detachment that's kind of fun. It's actually been a kind of lark.

In *Wes Craven's New Nightmare*, several players in the actual success of the films play themselves in a story which brings the terror off the screen and into their daily lives. Robert works on a painting of screaming souls and Heather Langenkamp gets threatening phone calls of the 'one, two, Freddy's coming for you' variety. Still, despite the clever weaving of the actors' stories with those of their characters, it remains a far cry from the surprisingly unscary real thing. For starters, movies these days are far too expensive for the actors to get performance ruining willies in the middle of.

"On a horror movie set it's so intricate, and the marks are so exact, and you're so worried about ruining a shot because it costs so much because of the special effects involved," explains Robert.

"It's also a very jokey set, because it's very ludicrous. If they're shooting me from above my hand for instance, down here [indicates waist high] there might be five guys working little levers and hydraulics so my head can expand, or the souls of my children can crawl out the top of my old Freddy sweater, and I can't move. It's pretty silly. These guys are goosing me and joking between the takes, and we're all kidding around and waiting for lunch so we can all go out for Thai food. So, it gets kind of silly on the sets.

"It's not like you're preparing constantly in some method way to throw down some teenage girl and really deal with the aspects of father rape, abuse, all the subliminal stuff. It's pretty exact and it's pretty jokey and kidding around, because you sort of have to get the jokes out, or you can't be real, and scary and violent.

"There's some guy basting me constantly with KY jelly, which is a favourite lubricant of the queens of the desert, shall we say, in America. So, you can guess what they call me on the set, the big manly crew guys, as I'm standing there bald and veined, and getting basted with that every 10 minutes or so, before somebody says 'action'. I'm sort of like a walking erection. I'm constantly getting teased, and people are bringing their babies for me to hold and kiss so they can get polaroids to stick on their refrigerator with some cheap tourist magnet. I have this sort of strange reality on the sets of these movies and it's not disconcerting at all."

All joking aside, the long hours in makeup, and their hideous results, gave Robert the impetus to play Freddy for the very first time.

"If I'm really honest with you, back during the making of the first one, I needed something to trigger me. I was in my mid 30s, so I used this sort of envy I had then of Johnny Depp and Heather Langenkamp. They were beginning their careers, they were young, they were gor-

geous, they were being pampered and blown dry, powdered and quaffed — and I'm sitting there again, four hours of medical adhesive colostomy bag glue on me, and little pieces of jigsaw puzzled prosthetics, then highlighting and shadowing, and basting me like a turkey. So I could use that kind of envy I had at them — which I could turn into anger very easily after four hours in the makeup chair — I could turn it against their beauty and their youth, which is real close to what Freddy's going through. That was the trick for me back then. Now it's relatively automatic pilot."

With no guarantee of *Wes Craven's New Nightmare* being the last in the series, the question must be asked: why do movie goers keep going back to Elm Street?

"I think it's real simple: a nightmare, a bad dream, is universal. I'm surprised no-one's really exploited it in horror before. Wes just ran with it.

"It's wonderful because you're not in control. We're never in control in our dreams. We're haunted by our nightmares. They're very sexual, dreams are. They also begin very realistically — there's that moment where they mutate into surrealism — but for a while they're quite normal. You're riding the bus to work, and then something strange begins to happen, or you're doing something very banal and random. I think people know they're not in control in a nightmare. That lack of control, when they see it in a film, is very frightening to people. Freddy's also a bit of a mind game, and that's sort of an original concept. Freddy really knows what's going on in your subconscious, and he knows how to exploit that."

Robert makes no secret of his pride in the *Nightmare* films, despite the inevitable negative criticism of violence levelled at them.

"I really believe they're several rungs up the evolutionary ladder from a lot of the crap that's perpetrated on people in the name of the horror genre. I certainly don't consider us a slasher film. Unfortunately, I wear a glove, as this monster with these knife fingers, and if I were to reach for you right now [which he does, in characteristic Freddy-style], about the only verb you could use to describe that would be I *slashed* at you. So I'm sort of stuck with that moniker, even though that word was always verboten on our sets. I really find our films are incredibly more imaginative, and less pruriently violent.

"If you look back on our films, they became more and more and more involved with humour and with special effects, and Freddy's taunting and teasing and diabolical revenge became much more of a creative mind game than just wanton hatcheting and decapitations you see in so many other things. *Nightmare* will be opening here in June, and I would wager it'll be one of the least violent films playing, comparatively speaking, yet I [have] sort of been anointed and appointed the defacto apologist for violence in the horror industry, because kids became obsessed with this character. I think it has very little to do with violence and gore, and much more to do with an imaginative movie that the teenagers discovered for themselves and celebrated. It's about them and it's about their loss of innocence. I think they celebrate Freddy as a kind of logo for this great cheap thrill they found that they could enjoy in the dark, much like *The Rocky Horror Show*, and far less anything more macabre that parents wanna make it."

Will the sequels continue?

"God, I hope not. I'd sort of put it all to bed after part six. That was supposed to be the last one."

Nightmare on Elm Street sequels aside, a script for *Freddy versus Jason* was recently green lighted.

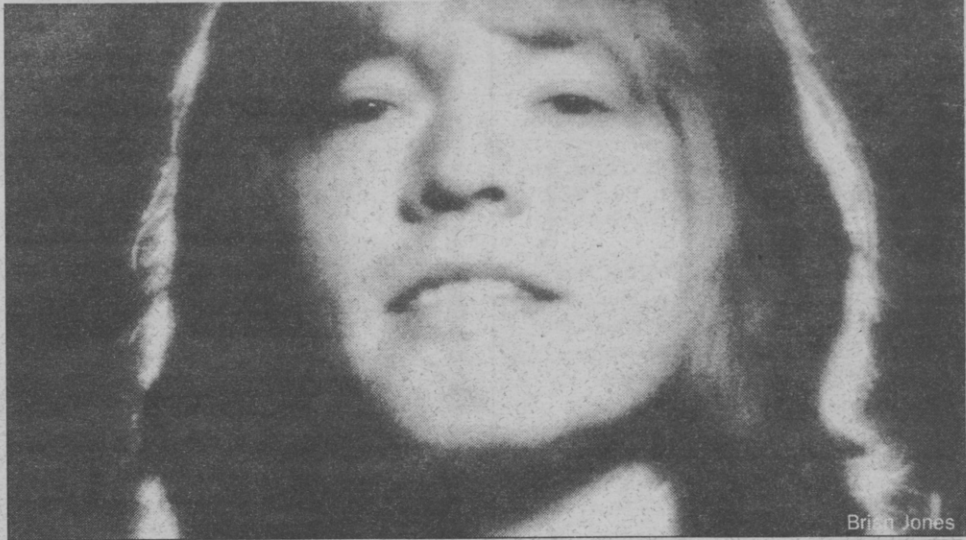
"I hear *Freddy versus Jason* and I have visions of me in a rubber suit, wrestling around with Godzilla on a train set somewhere," says Robert. "It just sounds tacky, like Abbot and Costello meet Freddy Krueger. I have not been asked to do it, nor have I been sent the script yet, so I will reserve my judgement, or my choice to do or not do this film, depending upon what I think of that script and if I'm asked."

Would you care to place your bid for who's going to win that battle?

"Well, you know, I think it has to be Freddy," says Robert, opting for the popular choice. "All Freddy has to do is tunnel his way into one of Jason's dreams, and destroy him that way. I mean *mano a mano*, I'm not really certain who would win, although I would think maybe it would be Freddy, but that could be debatable. Jason has to sleep at some point, and that's when Freddy'll get him. That would be scary because we'd see what Jason's nightmares were. That would really be awful."

BROWNWYN TRUDGEON

back beat



Brian Jones

BLACK - AND BLUE

It was on the second night, when I could see the yellows of their eyes, that I felt I'd really experienced the Rolling Stones as a band rather than a phenomenon. At the lip of the stage, their playing eclipsed the spectacular theatrics. You could feel the way the internal dynamics shaped their sound: Keith running his show with relaxed arrogance, Mick running his with manic perfectionism. Ronnie goofing off like something out of English music hall; Charlie of the reliable backbeat, never flashy and pathologically shy.

It really hit home what true originals and eccentrics they are — and how much still remains from their black influences. At the daftest moments I'd hear some other pilfered source, not just Chuck Berry but a jukebox of styles: Duke Ellington's band! (old friends playing loose, with clockwork precision); Little Richard! (entertainment rules: camp it to the max and keep upping the outrage factor); Labelle! (glitter gospel); even Muddy Waters-goes-Philly! ('Miss You' — Chicago blues meets disco).

From these old men who turned rock 'n'roll into a billion dollar industry, you could still feel the excitement of the day Brian Jones walked into their squalid flat with a Chess record under his arm.

On the first album, they kick-started their way into rock 'n' roll history with the opening moment of 'Route 66' — a king-hit of a riff that reeked attitude. But in the early years, the Stones were best at singles (and playing live) rather than albums. Without the songwriting skills of Lennon and McCartney, the early albums now seem padded out by tentative originals and limp R&B covers. Only 12 x 5, lovingly recorded in the Chess Studios in Chicago (Muddy Waters helped carry in their guitars) has any consistency.

It was not till 1968, when Jimmy Miller took over the production duties from the band's original manager, dandy PR king Andrew Oldham, that the Stones hit their stride on albums, with the extraordinary run from *Beggars Banquet* to *Exile on Main Street*.

The mid-60s albums that led up to that peak period have just been re-released by Abkco Records. The timing is in the best "entrepreneurial" spirit of its notorious founder, Allen B Klein (the Stones warned the Beatles not to let him manage them — Lennon took that as a recommendation). A warning, however: the first three of these are the American editions of the albums, with tracks dropped to be added to singles to create a new album of pure product. Also, these CD re-issues first appeared in 1986, when rock archaeology was in its infancy; digital remastering has come a long way since.

Aftermath (1966) came out against a back-

drop of *Rubber Soul*. They assert their own style (let's call it rock music) rather than emulate their black R&B heroes, and the songs — all original for the first time — convey a hip, misogynist arrogance of the reigning kings of bohemian London. ('Under My Thumb', 'Stupid Girl', 'Paint it Black', written in Auckland, has been added — but this is still 10 minutes short of the English version.)

Between the Buttons (1967) is the Stones' *Revolver* — the drugs are beginning to show, in the eclectic arrangements and subversive attitudes. With hits (the desperate build of 'Let's Spend the Night Together', the punchy, complex 'Ruby Tuesday') and beat-band pop such as 'Connection' (still covered by Keith solo).

Flowers (1967) has lots of great songs, but as an album it's cynical product put out by bean-counters. 'Ruby Tuesday' and 'Let's Spend the Night' re-appear, 'Out of Time' is filched from *Aftermath* (from which 'Lady Jane' reappears), 'Back Street Girl' and 'Ride On Baby' are white R&B gems that were stolen from *Buttons*. Includes a truly awful version of 'My Girl'.

Their Satanic Majesties Request (1967). Let's blame the drugs. Awed by *Sgt Pepper*, addled by LSD, the Stones throw out this batch of hallucinogenic doodles that would almost be unlistenable if it wasn't for Nicky Hopkins's piano and (future Zeppelin bassist) John Paul Jones's baroque orchestrations on 'She's a Rainbow' — acid-pop perfection.

Beggars Banquet (1968) is the Stones first comeback from the dead (although Brian Jones was alive, if barely). From the fiasco of *Satanic Majesties*, they re-group with a flawless album of dissolute classics which reflect the time ('Street Fighting Man', 'Sympathy for the Devil'), their Englishness ('Salt of the Earth', 'Factory Girl') and their love for acoustic blues. Essential.

Let it Bleed (1969). By now the definitive rock pop band, the Beatles all but conquered, they deliver another flawless album. From the epic opener ('Gimme Shelter') to the epic closer ('You Can't Always Get What You Want'), a frightening, exciting farewell to the 60s: the Stones roll their inimitable take on rock, blues and country into the decadent 70s.

Singles Collection: The London Years has been re-released in a cheaper triple-pack CD rather than the lavish boxset of 1989. *Banquet* and *Bleed* aside, this is the way to hear the Stones of the 60s: in three-minute bursts, with never a foot wrong. With 'Not Fade Away', 'It's All Over Now', 'Time is on My Side' and 'Little Red Rooster' being only the build-up to the perfect triple punch of 'The Last Time', 'Satisfaction' and 'Get Off My Cloud', this is good buying. And all the rare, rootsy B-sides are just a bonus. (But where's 'Let it Rock', from 'Brown Sugar'? Maybe we'll get that the next time they recycle the Stones catalogue.)

JAMES BOOKER



Charts

TRUETONE RECORDS, St Lukes

Top 20 Hip Hop 12"

- 1 Naughty By Nature *The Craziest* (Tommy Boy)
- 2 Notorious Big *Big Poppa* (Bad Boy)
- 3 D & D All Stars *I 2 Pass It* (Buck Wild)
- 4 Dark Skinned Assassin *Lock Shit Down* (Eternity)
- 5 Slick Rick *Sittin' In My Car* (Def Jam)
- 6 Channel Live *Mād Izm* (Capitol)
- 7 Heather B *All Glocks Down* (Pendulum)
- 8 Dredfoxx *Gettin' Down* (Pow Wow)
- 9 Roots *Silent Treatment* (Geffen)
- 10 Punishers *Run* (Nexx Level)
- 11 Milkbone *Keep It On The Real* (Capitol)
- 12 Masta Ace *Inc Ride* (Capitol)
- 13 Redman *Can't Wait* (Def Jam)
- 14 Method Man *Release Yo Self* (Def Jam)
- 15 Total *Can't You See* (Tommy Boy)
- 16 Soundtrack *New Jersey Drive #2 EP* (Tommy Boy)
- 17 Da Brat & Notorious Big *Da B Side* (Crib)
- 18 Brand Nubian *Hold On* (Elektra)
- 19 Peter Presta *Unreel Record Part II* (Max'n)
- 20 DJ Quik *Safe & Sound* (Profile)

Top 10 Dance/Swing 12"

- 1 Montel Jordan *This Is How We Do It* (Def Jam)
- 2 Big Shrug *Treat You Better* (Chrysalis)
- 3 Andru Donalds *Mishale* (Capitol)
- 4 Blackstreet *Joy* (Interscope)
- 5 Otara Millionaires Club *We R The OMC* (Volition)
- 6 Sounds Of Blackness *I'm Going All The Way* (Perspective)
- 7 Miss Jones *Where I Wanna Be Boy* (Step Sun)
- 8 Adina Howard *Freak Like Me* (East West)
- 9 Rappin 4 Tay *I'll Be Around* (Capitol)
- 10 Diana King *Shy Guy* (Sony)

Truetone Records, St Lukes (09) 846 1555

95bFM BEATS PER MINUTE

Thursdays 9pm-11

1 DJ Sneak *The Polyester* (US Henry Street 12")
Disco sampling madness from Chicago on the label that brought you 'The Bomb'.

2 Towa Tei-*Technova (Wink Mix)* (US Elektra 12")

Former Deee-Lite member goes jazzy and deep.

3 The Bladed Posse *EP* (US Freeze 12")
Roc'n'Kato's funky sample-house with attitude.

4 The Pasadenas *Round & Round* (UK Solor 12")
Sweet soul given the classic Masters At Work jazz-house edge

5 African Dream *Young & Free* (US Eightball 12")
Sexy, grinding, but very deep extended house grooves

6 Lou2 *Freaky* (US Strictly Rhythm 12")
Dark, acidic and pure genius from Little Louie Vega and Lil' Louis.

7 200 Sheep *The Hard Times March (UK Hard Times 12')*

Vega and Gonzalez develop 'The Bomb' concept, this time with no Chicago samples.

8 Jon Cuttler & DJ Romain *The Hard & Dark EP (US Emotive 12")*

Four tracks of the coolest, moodiest, darkest house.

9 Boo Williams *EP* (US Relief 12")
Creeping and unpredictable techno for purists, from Chicago's #1 label.

10 Kenlou *Hillbilly Song/Moonshine* (US MAW 12")

Masters At Work on a mission with the first release on their own label, the sound they're now calling avant-soul.

11 Incognito *Everyday* (UK Talking Loud 12")
Doublepack of mixes from Roger Sanchez in a mellow and very funky groove.

12 Various *Future Sound Of New York* (US Emotive LP/CD)
Essential and hard to get trax from Junior Vasquez's legendary Sound Factory, mixed on CD by Junior himself.

13 Ashley Beedle *Roots Revolution EP* (UK Narcotic 12")

Four amazing retro tracks in a disco-philly-house merge from one of the men of the moment.

14 Mae 1 *Sweet Feeling* (US Mo' Hop 12")
Deep deep deep and funky grooves from this hard to get label.

15 Barry White *Come On (Remixes)* (US A&M 12")

The remixes from this album have been bloody amazing, this time from NYCs Bobby D'Ambrosio.

Dance

DJ Hurricane

MO BETTER BEATS

ADINA HOWARD *Freak Like Me*

Yes sir, this baby got back, and she likes to bump and grind it. Straight out of nowhere comes Adina Howard, a 90s gal who knows what she wants and says it like she means it — unlike some of her Top 40 contemporaries. With a nice funk underneath her pop vocals (courtesy of a Bootsy Collins sample), Adina is in search of a man 'freaky' like her. Sure bet she finds one too!

THE EMOTIONS *Flowers*

Originally recorded in 1977, and produced by Maurice White (of Earth Wind and Fire), this 'Wizdum' remix was produced in 1990 by Gaz Anderson and Tony Thorpe. Five years later, as the 'disco' craze shows no sign of abating, Sony give it a general release. Bugger, there goes my exclusive remix. Still, I don't mind sharing, as it's a great remix — it sharpens up the original version without demeaning it. And what a classic it is. The Emotion were three (later four) sisters who sang backing for many artists before enjoying their own fame with this hit (and 'Best of My Love'). The vocals are sublime.

DETRIMENTAL *Babylon*

Formed after the split from Fun-da-mental (who wanted to become more accessible, aka mainstream), an acrimonious parting by all accounts, come Detrimental. Like early Fun-da-mental, these guys are hardcore socialists, mightily pissed off with the world. The beats are hard, but the lyrical content is beyond me.

TLC *Red Light Special*

If you ever wondered what the hell I was dribbling on about when I said these gals were just too damn sexy, give this a listen. From their most excellent album *Crazy Sexy Cool*, this is a rather sordid, yet deliciously sultry song about what the girls could do to you if you were their boyfriend. I wish! If you listen to the lyrics you'll also realise it's a song about oral sex — not them doing you, but you doing them. I wish! Also includes the bonus track 'My Secret Enemy', not on the album.

NICKI FRENCH *Total Eclipse of the Heart*

Yes, the 80s are back, that's why we're now getting all the remakes of 80s hits. The Drag Babies have been performing this live around New Zealand for the last few months, but this housed up techno version is from English woman Nicki French — who offers an almost note perfect cover of the original vocal by Bonnie Tyler. The beat is strong but purists may perhaps prefer the 'Möbius Loop Mix'.

TAKE THAT *Back For Good*

Hmmm, this Brit-pop five piece are doing their best to look adult. One has dreadlocks and another has what appears to be a heroin habit. Must be the strain of all those UK Number One pop hits. Interestingly the boys

have decided to release a four song EP, rather than just their current radio single (even if Gaz has written them all). The lads do sound a lot better too, obviously hoping the old cliché 'it aint where you're from, it's where you're at' holds true.

THELMA HOUSTON

Don't Leave Me This Way

Well, this has certainly been doing the disco rounds as the retro revival continues. Hipper DJs will have been playing you some of the many and varied remixes available. Now, finally, Colossal records of Australia have put them out on disc for you at home. Excellent stuff too, like the Emotions (mentioned above), there's no holding back a true dancefloor classic. Five mixes to choose from, the 'House Mix' being one of the best.

2UNLIMITED *Here I Go*

These guys are as soft as Detrimental aren't. The beats are good — typical of their previous works, so if you like their other stuff you'll love this. Brain food for the gym set.

NICK D'ANGELO

HIP-HOP CORNERED

THE ROOTS *Do You Want More?!*

(Geffen)

The Roots are a live rap group with a beat-box (sometimes) and a jazzy vibe (always). They comprise of a drummer, a bassist, two rappers and various guests — some with instruments and some not.

The beat part of the Roots works very well. Cool sounds. The drummers. 'BROTHER?' and sometimes 'Rhodes' are not scared of being simple and dirty, and the various guest sax, guitar and kitchen sink (honestly) on top of fat, hate that word, but *fat* bass lines and sometimes band dawdles. A crazy bed for any rapper.

There are two MCs who rap on most of the tracks, all with different feels — Datskat and Mellow my man on either end of the scale. The guest rapper named Ninety-Nine steals all the respect. She's a woman from the New York crew Boom Poetic. She delivers a verse about a group rape and has a silencing power.

Do You Want More? is a good beat head album but an uninspiring lyric head album.

LORDS OF THE UNDERGROUND

Keepers of the Funk (Pendulum)

Lords of the Underground are a trio from New Jersey. *Keepers of the Funk* is their second album following *Here Comes the Lords*. Both LPs are produced mainly by Queensbridge legend Marly Marl. Their first release was well recieved by the 'hardcore' mainstream, if you know what I mean. *Keepers of the Funk* fails to impress with its samey 'keep it real for my homeys funk factory'.

For brothers who claim to be Keepers of the Funk, they haven't done a very good job. The 'funk' has obviously been prostituted at every opportunity. As much as it kills to say it, I think they'll probably do well sales wise. They are very clean cut tough guys, with well practised glares and all the right clothes. Their raps are packed with all the right words in the right order (it's lucky crew rhymes with brew). The single 'Tic Toc' sums it up — how real we are, how our 'niggas' and 'block' come first and how we are gonna blow up.

More rhetorical trend following crap from half skilled, half tough, gold wearing chumps. What happens when they play themselves out and they have to get real jobs?

DJ HURRICANE *The Hurra*

(Grand Royal)

The Hurra (DJ Hurricane) is the long time DJ for the Beastie Boys. I can safely say this is the reason he's making solo records.

The production is done by Mario Caladato Jr. and the Hurra, but sounds more like Mario Cee's flavour. Live drums and a lot of effects on guitar and voice. All the beats have a live feel to them and Mario even plays on a few. Sean Dogg from Cypress Hill gets a verse, and with songs like 'Feel the Blast', 'Where's My Homies?' and 'Stick 'Em Up', it's tough guy talk all round.

The cover photo says it all... the Hurra is standing on stage in a packed stadium full of white dudes. This leads me to believe he's warming up for the Beasties.

I keep thinking maybe Hurricane saved Mike D in a knife fight or something... whatever. I just hope the debt is repayed and Grand Royal can start financing good music.

OLI GREEN

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TRICKY Maxinquaye
(4th and Broadway)

Bristol. The concrete Hamilton of England. No wonder all these groups escape with a laid back, pained and haunted sound. But you wanna know why Tricky is heralded as the best of Bristol's ghostly trinity? Massive Attack needed squillions of collaborators to keep on top. Portishead slipped into 'stop me if you think you've heard this one before' syndrome. But Tricky's got it all: the beats, the variety, the voice and the suss.

Before falling out with Massive Attack, he sucked out any worthwhile creative marrow (without him 'Karmacoma' and 'Eurochild' would have been nothing). The chorus of 'Overcome' pokes fun at them as Martine sings 'Karmacoma' and sneaks in 'Jamaican in Roma'. 'Hell Is Around The Corner' rips the backing from Portishead's 'Sour Times' and makes it a squillion times cooler.

But beyond the musical wind-ups, Tricky's fresh ideas and brilliance rise above his stoned, numb, unambitious counterparts. A cover of Public Enemy's 'Black Steel In The Hour Of Chaos'. Brilliant. Even the simplicity of his samples are stunning, like an alien informant from *Star Wars* that's been looped and scratched on 'Brand New, You're Retro' (song title says it all).

Then there's Martine, his vocal partner in crime. The delicate, breathless beauty to Tricky's smooth, evil beast. Check out 'Suffocated Love' — not speedy or wordy, just dirty, velvety, smug and sexy.

Maxinquaye is dripping with confidence and paranoia. The beats are crusty and stealthy. The tracks are catchy. What else do you need?

JOHN TAITE

PUMPKINHEAD Sloth
(Wildside)

Sloth is a collection of big-hitting, hard, heavy pop tunes. Not grunge, or garage, or any other irritating label. What you've got here is 'pop', even if played at 150 decibels.

Sloth is the sound of a band that's already found its feet, the sound of a band that's played 500 gigs before recording their debut album. For the bulk of the songs, the production enhances the melodies, showcasing the big-hitting choruses and catchy riffs of songs like 'Water', 'Third Eye' and 'Holed'. However, the sound captured is not that of Pumpkinhead live. Those eager to relive the raw Pumpkinhead should simply kick in one speaker, crunch the volume to 10, smack yourself in the head and crowd surf on the kitchen table, or wait for the live album. Nope, what we've got here is a classy, polished debut, a million miles from the irritating lo-tech misguided fools think epitomises the so called 'New Zealand' sound.

Stand out tracks include 'Scapegoat', which alternates between a grunty, driving riff and a sweeping anthemic chorus, and the brilliant 'Between the Lines', showcasing departed member Jason Harmon's guitar genius. Apart from 'I Like', the heavier tracks end up sounding forced and lifeless in comparison to the more melodic material that comprises the bulk of *Sloth*. Given the vast majority of tunes fall into Pumpkinhead's "poppy/melodic" groove, it would be churlish, nay blackguardly, to quibble about the odd bottle of meth's amongst the champagne. 'I Like' these songs a lot.

KEVIN LIST

GENE Olympian
(Polygram)

Not so much charlatan as chameleon. Not so much chameleon as a musical blob taking on

sound of the instruments start making more sense.

Nathan must do a lot of composition at the keyboard, as this is a surprisingly keyboard dominated album. Kevin Field creates some exquisite 70s fusion feels with his Rhodes and synth playing, and the rest of the playing is equally tasty. The strings fit in perfectly, in contrast to the scratching, which is a bit predictable, adding more of a late 80s feel than lower East Side 90s. Still, even this minor blemish becomes endearing after a few listens.

This album will sound good anywhere and is refreshingly international in focus. It is also the first New Zealand studio 'acid jazz' album, and as such is a landmark in New Zealand music. You may hear it a lot in cafes, but you'll still want to hear it at home.

NICKY J

CRITTERS BUGGIN Guest
(Sony)

Loosegroove is the new label founded by Pearl Jam guitarist Stone Gossard, and *Guest* is one of it's first releases. Recorded last year in his 24-track basement studio, it's a collection of eight instrumental jams and one song, 'Naked Truth', which features Shawn Smith (ex Brad) on vocals.

The band comprises three former New Bohemians and Skerik (saxitar), who was a member of the now defunct Sadhappy. They were active from 1989-1992, and included Hendrix and Coltrane in their repertoire. It is from here Critters Buggin take their cue.

The album is well paced, moving through funky, up-tempo numbers like the opening 'Shag', which dispenses with foreplay altogether, to slower meditative pieces like 'Critters Theme', which proves that 'Shag' was no premature ejaculation. More use could have been made of keyboards, especially on slower tracks like the closing 'Los Lobos', which shows up the band's compositional limitations. Still, a sporadically impressive debut for the new label.

MARK DONOVAN

SILVERCHAIR Frogstomp
(Sony)

'Age and treachery will always triumph over youth and idealism' — an old geezer.

Right, seeing as how the public has already been afflicted with a million boring articles about how young Silverchair are, I'm not gonna waste your valuable time by mentioning it. Neither will I fritter away valuable column space comparing Silverchair with Nirvana. They don't sound anything like bloody Nirvana anyway. They sound like friggin' Soundgarden, or Metallica, or maybe Led Zeppelin covering a Soundgarden song.

On the plus side for *Frogstomp* is the fact that after a couple of plays nothing sounds as dire as the appalling 'Tomorrow'. On the debit side of the great reviewer in the sky's ledger, nothing really sounds that good either. Most tracks give the impression a bunch of reasonably skilled but unimaginative musos are jamming riffs from their favourite records. What's missing from *Frogstomp* is the ability to turn a really good riff into a song that is memorable and catchy. Nevertheless, despite my opinionated ramblings, I'll wager *Frogstomp* sells millions, so in that case I'll bow to public opinion and lick the backside of a brilliant publicity campaign...

Silverchair are three spunky boys and we'd all like to shag the little blighters — apart from us guys, we wish we were them. Not only are

they extra spunky and talented, but young, like not getting into pubs young. So good luck lads, make a mint, sow your wild oats and forgive this sad 'youngish' man's negativity.

KEVIN LIST

BOMB THE BASS Clear
(Island)

Tim Simenon's always had it sussed. From his sound engineer assignment ('Beat Dis') that turned into hip-hop history, to his anonymous money spinning production credits (Naomi Campbell!), to this. *Enter The Dragon* was fun, timely. *Unknown Territory* was pushing the limits and being cool. This, well it's so confident that you might try not to get sucked into this accomplished manipulator of sounds — but really, you've got no choice. There's just so much here.

'Bug Powder Dust'. Wow, whadda beauty. Justin 'B Boys On Acid' Warfield over some deadly rhythms, *Naked Lunch* samples and scream scratching. But you know that already. 'Sleepyhead' gives us some Bim Sherman/Skip McDonald On U bizzo. And 'Darkheart' with Spikey T is a stomping, grinding Robo-Jah™.

The singles are the biggies (and I'm sure Sinead O'Connor's 'Empire' can't be too far off). But then there's 'Tidal Wave' that finally answers Simenon's little prayers for an original, smooth soul number. And '5ml Barrel', Will Self doing some spoken word about the deterioration of a morphine addict, is vivid, disgusting and brilliant.

Everything to all people? Almost.

JOHN TAITE

MIKE WATT Ball Hog Or Tugboat?
(BMG)

Paradoxical kind of guy, that Mike Watt, and now he's made an album to prove it. After Firehose finally limped to the grave, Watt has now done a solo album that features about 40+ members of the alternative rock glitterati, just about everyone famous you can imagine, and a few more besides. At times this isn't so good. Evan Dando reinforces every prejudice I've ever had about grunge/slacker/whatever (*take a bath and get a goddamn job*); a bunch of Seattle millionaires who have built careers on rehashing Zeppelin, Deep Purple, Sabbath et al, sing about how the kids should be 'Against the 70s' and so forth. Of course, this works both ways, and luckily there are more great moments than bad in this talent pool. Joe Baiza and Nels Cline on guitars stand out, as do the vocals of Carla Bozulich (Ethyl Meatplow/Geraldine Fibbers) and the efforts of various Meat Puppets, Beastie Boys and more. The fact that Watt can write songs helps a great deal, however. Even though he only sings on 3 of 17 tracks, it's obvious the material is his. Try to forget who the supporting cast are and just enjoy the ride.

KIRK GEE

MAD SEASON Above
(Columbia)

The sticker on the front says all that's needed to lure prospective buyers. Mad Season are: Layne Staley (Alice in Chains), Mike McCready (Pearl Jam), Barrett Martin (Screaming Trees) and John 'Baker' Saunders. Mark Lanegan (Screaming Trees) provides guest vocals on two tracks. Consequently, this collectively spawned baby shines with sheer accomplishment.

It's a sobering collection of songs, with all





lyrics (and illustrations) by Staley (save a co-writing credit with Lanegan on 'Long Gone Day'). On 'X Ray Mind', he sums up the lyrical content with a large dose of irony: 'So sit back and have, an hysterical, laugh at tiny holes / Buy and trade men's souls.' I guarantee you won't be laughing, but the mere fact these emotions have been recorded gives them a heartening redemptive quality.

This is strong stuff: a long journey into a dark place. Above is a damn fine excuse to take a long wallow in a lot of pain. Give it a chance to get inside your head, and I guarantee it won't leave in a hurry.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

JAYHAWKS Tomorrow the Green Grass (American/BMG)

The JayHawks' debut album, *Hollywood Town Hall*, was a fine and wonderful thing, but it fell into the cracks between rock and country, which meant it was pretty resoundingly ignored. Not a problem, because the 'Hawks are back with a slightly modified lineup (lost the permanent drummer, but picked up a keyboardist/pianist) and another very, very fine album. *Tomorrow the Green Grass* works the same inspirational vein as *Hollywood Town Hall*: nice, pure vocal harmonies, working with real rich guitar sound. They build layer upon layer of melody, using the vocals, keyboards and guitars as almost equal components.

It seems like a far lush production than the last album, and tracks like 'Blue' really benefit from this. Things never get too raucous, however. There's always a slightly wistful and

melancholic air to the JayHawks' songs. This can, at times, lead to some very maudlin moments, but mostly it just means the really good songwriting moments are even more evocative. Music as a craft lives on in albums like this one.

KIRK GEE

MUDHONEY My Brother the Cow (Warners)

"We're the only grunge band left in 95. No one else will take the word 'grunge', but we will," said a member of Mudhoney. If you're seriously into Collective Soul or whatever, I doubt you'll understand the beauty of this comment.

Grunge was a word and it was used out of context, especially in the case of Mudhoney, who are a plain and simple rock 'n' roll band, who posses more wit, humour, parody and sheer rock 'n' roll talent than too many bands to mention.

You eat broccoli 'cause it's good for you and you eat McDonald's 'cause it isn't, but it sure is tasty. Mudhoney are, of course, the McDonald's of the music industry. They rock, they hate everybody and they have fun doing it.

"Thanks to the kids for making me who I am / 20 percent gross goes straight to the man," Mark Arm spits on 'Generation Spokesmodel'. He continues spitting on 'Into Your Shtik': 'Kissin' ass is part of the job / She loves her job / What the hell / She does it so well...' says it all really.

As well as taking the piss out of, and hating, the music industry, they've got a wee political

ditty in the form of 'Fearless Doctor Killers'. Who coulda said it better than Mark: 'I'm all for life / Till the bastard's born / After that he's on his own / And if he does crime, trying to survive / I'll make damn sure he's electrified.' They say it all and they rock too!

SHIRLEY CHARLES

THE MAGICK HEADS Before We Go Under (Flying Nun)

The Magick Heads, the Dunedin based 'supergroup' (of sorts) responsible for the 1992 single 'Back Of Her Hand', return here with their debut album. Back then they included in their number the 3Ds two Davids, Mithcell and Saunders, along with Jane Sinnott and the Clean Bat himself, Robert Scott. Their new line-up features Sinnott and Scott, now augmented by Jim Strang and Alan Starrett (from that other Flying Nun 'supergroup' the Pop Art Toasters). Mitchell does return, however, to wrench some noises from his guitar on the suitably Celtic 'Beast Of Bodmin Moor'.

Stylistically, *Before We Go Under* displays no great breadth of vision and nor does it need to. The Magick Heads are content to operate within the boundaries of what they do well — folk tinged pop songs, heavy on melody, warmth and natural beauty. The tracks featuring Sinnott's sweet lead vocals are stronger than Scott's largely characterless efforts but together the pair's incandescent harmonies give Scott's voice some much needed depth. This is heard to best effect on the lovely 'Light Of the Night' and the album closer 'Good Books'. 'Standing at the Edge' and 'Hear From You' are similarly appealing. Before you know it, *Before We Go Under's* 13 tracks have drifted by in a totally unpretentious and charming (if not utterly captivating) fashion.

MARTIN BELL

BURNING SPEAR Social Living (Blood and Fire/Chant)

YABBY YU King Tubby's Prophecy of Dub (Blood and Fire/Chant)

KEITH HUDSON Pick A Dub (Blood and Fire/Chant)

Seems like everyone wants to reissue Jamaica's finest. These three classics come from the Blood and Fire label started by Simply Red managers Elliot Rashman and Andy Dodd, along with friends Bob Hardman and Steve

Barrow.

Their mission? "To reissue vintage Jamaican music."

The space dubsters at On U Sound have started Pressure Sounds to do the same thing. *Social Living*, originally released in 1978, is one of Burning Spear's finest hours. Classic roots rhythm from some of Jamaica's top studio musicians, including Robbie Shakespeare and Aston 'Familyman' Barrett. Floating above is the distinctive rich voice of Spear, aka Winston Rodney. The themes are familiar — Marcus Garvey, social conditions, black history. *Social Living*, or *Marcus Garvey*, as it is also called on the liner notes, is the last in a series of four albums Burning Spear made for Island Records from 1974 to 1978, and commonly regarded as his best work.

Keith Hudson's *Pick A Dub* was a big seller in the winter of 1974/75 in Jamaica. The dentist turned producer turned the bass and drums right up and let the rhythm take control. Guitar, organ, vocals and the melodica of Augustus Pablos was on and out of the mix. Hudson creates heaps of space around the rhythms, keeps everything really simple, and the result is a stark dub experience. Compared to much of the hi-tech, reverb heavy dub in the 90s, this is subtle and warm. That is its beauty.

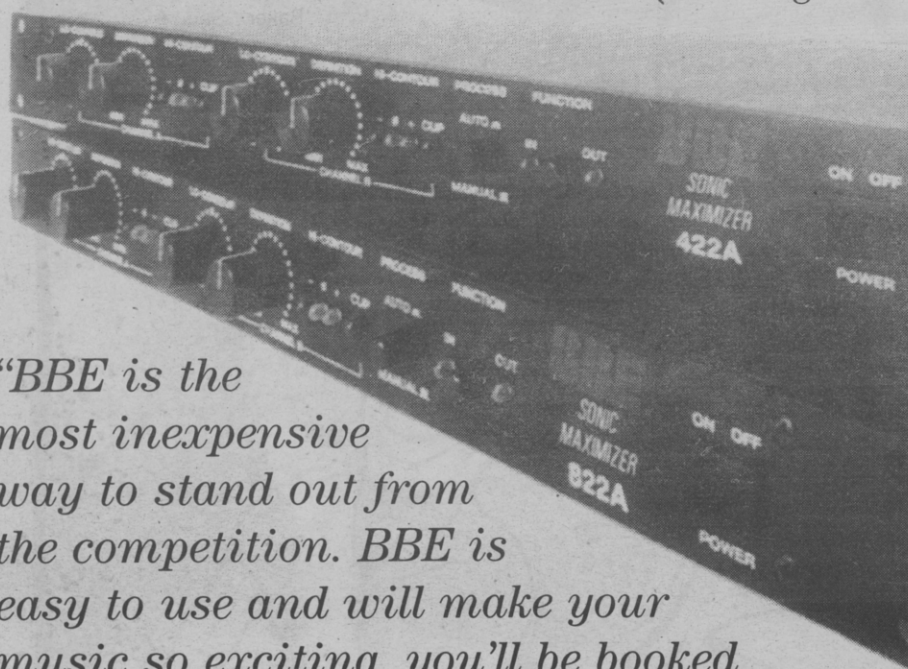
Yabby Yu, aka Vivian Jackson, sounds like one staunch Rastafarian. He had led the vocal group the Prophets since 1972, developing a reputation as an uncompromising roots artist. He was one of the first producers to use the legendary King Tubby's studio, and recorded



Burning Spear

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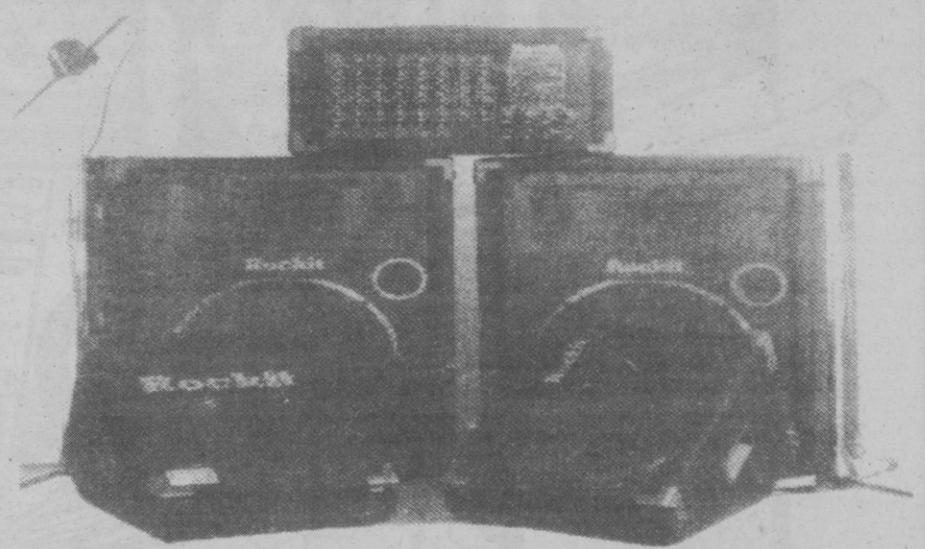
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this, his first dub album, in 1976. Yabby was responsible for the rhythms, including some used previously by the Prophets, and King Tubby added his studio mastery.

Like Keith Hudson in the same era, the drums and bass are turned right up and the rhytm takes control. Horns and Hammond organ add punctuation, and tracks like the haunting 'Conquering Dub' take off. *King Tubby's Prophecy of Dub* was previously only available on a limited circulation vinyl pressing, and more power to the new labels like Blood and Fire for these reissues.

MARK REVINGTON

THE WHO Live at Leeds
(Polydor)

When the Who played Auckland in the 60s, Keith Moon's drumkit was nailed to the Town Hall floor. Even then, he and Townshend managed to kick bits of it loose for the instrument samshing finale.

By the time the band recorded this set at Leeds University in 1970, such shenanigans were (almost) behind them. They were a unit that had established itself as pretty well the most exciting live act on the planet.

At 14 minutes-plus, 'My Generation' may go on too long for today's ears, but back then it was cited as proof that Entwistle and Moon were the premier rhythm section in rock. Their empathy and interplay still sound awesome, as do most of the tracks. *Live at Leeds* stands as the best hard-rocking live album of its era.

The original vinyl issue contained just six tracks and clocked in at 39 minutes. Here you get 14 tracks totalling 77 minutes. (Though even that's not the full set. They also performed the complete Tommy at an hour and a quarter.)

This re-issue could well induce disgraceful behaviour among fans of Townshend's generation. Practice that full-arm guitar swing, crank up the amp to 11, and drive the household away.

PETER THOMPSON

THE BOO RADLEYS Wake Up!
(Creation/Sony)

Lou Reed once sang: 'My life was saved by rock 'n' roll,' and for the Boo Radleys' Martin Carr, salvation has likewise been provided by guitars and a backbeat. As an alternative to the suburban hell of Wallesey in England's North-West, Carr's rock 'n' roll fantasies were lived out in all their sprawling, eclectic, psychedelic splendour on 1993's *Giant Steps*. Strewn with references to Carr's own favourite albums, *Giant Steps* was almost too clever for its own good, but remained streets ahead of the chasing Brit-pack of 93.

Carr's vision for *Giant Steps*' successor was a pop album with 12 songs. So, rather than wilfully introducing the rogue elements that made *Giant Steps* such a treat, Carr and band have gone for the big, obvious verse/chorus formula, and in so doing have sold themselves short. Sure, the Boo Radleys' brilliance means they probably do 'pop songs' better than most, but the edge of greatness that permeated *Giant Steps* is lacking from the album as a whole. The signposts to classic albums past are still there, making comparisons with the likes of the Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds* obvious, if rather generous. For while the best of *Wake Up!* does soar to lofty heights, it doesn't operate in the rarefied air of *Pet Sounds* and *Revolver* et al. The glam 'n' glockenspiel (yes, glockenspiel!) swagger of 'Find the Answer Within', the climactic finale of 'Stuck on Amber' and the brooding closer 'Wilder' are mightily impressive. Yet, equally, there are moments when the psychedelia sounds contrived rather than inspired, and the arrangements overwrought.

For all that it has to commend it, *Wake Up!* ends up sounding strangely shallow in comparison to what has gone before. It's as if *Wake Up!* was the sketch-pad for *Giant Steps*, rather than the other way around. Ultimately *Wake Up!* hints at more than it can deliver.

MARTIN BELL

VARIOUS ARTISTS Original Motion Picture
Soundtrack: Faraway, So Close!
(Electrola)

Nick Cave majestically sums up an entire movie within the first lines of this soundtrack. 'Empty out your pockets / Toss the lot upon the floor / All those treasures, my friend / You don't need them anymore...' he sings on the title track, instantly conjuring up visions of the film's angels. His heavenly (or should that be heaven bound?) 'Cassiel's Song' is also present.

Lou Reed's nightclub spot, 'Why Can't I Be Good?', recalls the film's coolest cameo. The single version of U2's 'Stay (Faraway, So Close!)' (minus Bono singing the guitar breaks) would have been preferable to the alternate verison here, but the desolation befitting the film remains intact. U2 also contribute 'The Wanderer', with lead vocals by Johnny Cash.

On the more ethereal side of things, Jane Siberry rejoins the Wenders roll call with the delicate 'Slow Tango'. Laurie Anderson delivers the highly evocative 'Tightrope' and the tender 'Speak My Language'. The final third of the album consists of Laurent Pettigand's sublime orchestral score.

It's a curiously mixed bag. Some of the padding not mentioned above will have you scampering for the CD player's skip button (German singer Herbert Grönemeyer's bile inducing 'Chaos' in particular). Nevertheless, Cave, Anderson and Pettigand's contributions are more than enough reason to cherish this album.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

SLEEPER Smart
(Indolent/BMG)

Smart is a bold name for a debut album, for if it's anything less than that you're gonna end up with egg all over your face. Luckily Sleeper have a trump card in the sexy, sassy and forthright Louise Wener, whose lyrics are not afraid to send up the prevalent right-on-ness and pseudo-liberalism of much of her generation. Louise, it seems, is a woman who enjoys nothing more than a good, hard shag — but on her own terms, mind you. 'We should both go to bed, till we make each other sore,' she sings on 'Delicious', while 'Swallow' contains the charming couplet: 'There / He comes / She swallows'.

Smart's coup de grace is 'Inbetweenier' — the sort of opening track which has you reach-

ing for the repeat button the moment it finishes. Its audacious brilliance begs another listen — were your ears lying, or was it really that good? The answers are 'no, they weren't' and 'yes, it is'. 'Inbetweenier's sublime melodies, urgent guitar lines and the evocative imagery of the lyrics all mesh in three minutes of perfection — which has the unfortunate side-effect of whetting the appetite to a degree the rest of the album has difficulty in sating. After a caviar and Chateau de Rothschild entrée like that, boiled potatoes and cordial for the main course tends to stick in your throat.

Actually, that's rather an unkind analogy, for 'Twisted', with its sing-along, bull horn chorus, is only a small notch below 'Inbetweenier' and there's nary a duff track amongst the remaining 10. Mostly, though, they are solid rather than spectacular, betraying their influences (Pixies in particular) a little too readily. In all, there's no disguising the fact *Smart* is a hugely encouraging debut, and a sure fire statement that Sleeper are unlikely to slumber in obscurity for much longer.

MARTIN BELL

ROKY ERIKSON All That May Do My Rhyme
(Trance Sydicate/Flying In)

There are times when it seems like the legacy of the 60s has been reduced to well moneyed hippy burnouts pumping out bland MOR rock. Then an album like this comes along and everything is well again.

Erikson has had his troubles (being tossed in an asylum by the State of Texas doesn't exactly help the rock career) but, despite everything, he's remained a powerful songwriter and an evocative performer. Roky is backed by some local Austin types here, including Charlie Sexton, and although this album was recorded in bits and pieces over a nine year period, they sound just fine. The voice is a little creaky and fragile at times, but fundamentally the songs are so damn good it doesn't matter, and when Roky's pipes do what they should, the album just soars.

There's a folky feel to this, with flashes of the old Thirteenth Floor Elevators vibe turning up and keeping things from the straight and narrow. Considering how small and poorly represented Erikson's musical output has been over the last decade, *All That May Do My Rhyme* becomes not only a very fine album, but a pretty essential document of a great mans work.

KIRK GEE



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New Zealand

CUNT
7 Inch Single (Yellow Bike)

Steel stuff covered in acetone — what were you expecting? CUNT are the Palmerston North duo of Claire Pannell (Froit Head) and Dave White (Lung). Their debut single is one of the murkiest, shittiest, most unintelligible, nonsensical, distorted collection of bangs and clatters I've heard for years, and is highly recommended. Send your cash to Yellow Bike, PO Box 586, Palmerston North.

STRAWPEOPLE Sweet Disorder
CD Single (Sony)

Pleasant enough sultry grooves on 'Sweet Disorder', from Masters Tierney and Casserly, while Leeza Corban's melody heavy, silky vocal rides over the catchy mid-tempo dance beat. Also features *Broadcast's* 'Wings Of Desire', and a jagged throwaway piece called 'Re-Surface'.

TEREMOANA Beautiful People
CD Single (BMG)

It's taken far too long for former UHP member Teremoana to get her debut single in the shops, but the waiting has its rewards, for 'Beautiful People' is a classic soul single. A straightforward 4/4 dance beat provides the backbone for her astonishingly natural voice. Unforced, but powerful, the vocal carries the rolling, flowing melody, and when the note is

held on the word 'great', it's breathtaking. The single features five versions, including the booming 'DLT Deez Mix'.

SECOND CHILD Crumble
CD Single (Wildside)

'Crumble' is a long way from the torqued out Second Child of old, but is pretty awesome nonetheless. Slow burning, intelligent power pop that comes with a knockout punch when the gigantic swinging hook hits during the chorus. Following on is the high-tension grind of 'Rattle My Cage', and the strung-out drama of 'Carving Out'.

NIXONS Basement Static
Cassingle (Pagan)

Very Radiohead-like acoustic pop from the Nixons first up on 'Basement Static', complete with a desperately desperate chorus that's impossible to ignore. 'Dirt Seller' goes ballistic from the word go, and a lengthy, atmospheric, suspense ridden jam called 'Higher' takes third place.

SONIC ARTS SOCIETY Sonic Noise
CD (Burnins Records)

The impatient people at the Sonic Arts Society in Wellington have released a 13 track CD, of which, the majority of stuff should've been left in bedrooms and practice spaces. The bad stuff ranges from the utterly self-indul-

gent noise-wank of Dress, to the pure screeching crap of Phil Death. Good stuff comes courtesy of the mutant, muddy punk/pop of Foisemaster, and the migraine inducing guitar technique-cum-breakdance beats of the Skitzoid Men. Otherwise, 'buyer beware' is the best summation. Available for \$6 from SAS, Box 11072, Wellington.

LICHEN POLE Spleen
Cassette EP

The noisy ideas happening on this four song cassette from Wellington band Lichen Pole are bred on the right track, but more concern is given to tricky structures and quick chord changes, rather than any discernible melody. 'Yin Swallowing Yang' is almost Drill-like in places, and is the most appealing direction they could follow. Available from 6A Chelsea Street, Miramar, Wellington, or fax (04) 385-7177.

BAD ACID
Cassette EP

This bunch tried to bribe me with lollipops, so you know where they're at. There's trad, heavy 4/4 rock riffs all over this, and they have great song titles like 'Waltz of the Damned' and 'Ticket to Death'. Ultimately, they're having fun, and that's the whole point. Write to 47/3 Cambridge Terrace, Christchurch, and if you're lucky, they *might* send you a copy.

BANSHEE REEL Lament
Cassingle (Loaded)

Lame folk-pop accompanied by nauseatingly pretentious lyrics and a singer so bad it's almost funny.

OKRA Keith Richards' Trip To Invercargill
Cassette (Dervish)

Great cover of an anorexic-looking Keith Richards clutching a beer poolside, presumably in Invercargill. Inside, 'Moslem Man' is punk-noise for bollocks sake, while the strum strum title track is the closest they'll ever come to a bona fide pop song. Side two's 'Steel Beast' is art-fart spoken word stuff over a one chord riff, while the brilliant 'Business Is Good In Hell' tells of two dropkicks on a plane (noise provided by vacuum cleaner) discussing airline food and heroin trafficking. Write to PO Box 3189, Shortland Street, Auckland.

JOHN RUSSELL

Rumours

AUCKLAND

King Loser's second album is set for an August release ... 'Can't Get Away', **Upper Hutt Posse's** second single off their forthcoming album *Movement In Demand*, should be out in June ... **Intravene** magazine are on the look out for bands to play at their Pod launch parties. If you're keen, phone Mark on (09) 623-3323 ... and issue five of **Shunt** is out now ... **Cosa Nostra** appear on a German ambient dub compilation entitled *Serenity Dub* ... Andrew Thorne has formed a new band called **Splitter** with Martin Nightingale of Jan Hellreigel's band ... the **Able Tasmans** are currently mixing their forthcoming record *Store In A Cool Place* ... **Semi Lemon Kola** are recording a three-track single, 'Otherwise', at York Street with Malcolm Welsford ... **Sudersuk's** self-released cassette is in the shops or available for \$8 from 39 Webber Street, Grey Lynn ... **Big Mike** is now managing **Future Stupid** who are currently recording their debut CD EP at bFM and York Street ... **Thorazine Shuffle** are heading into York Street soon to record their debut single entitled 'An Affair' ... **Pivotal's** new bass player is Blair Peachy. The new line-up will be gigging around town this month ... ex-Christchurch vocalist **Bic Runga** will release her debut album *Love Soup* on Pagan in June. A single is due in May ... **Superette's** debut EP *Rosepig* will be out on Flying Nun in early June.

JOHN RUSSELL

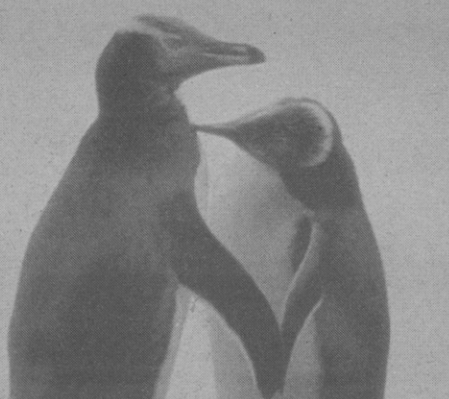
HAMILTON

BWA Da Riddim have split, with two members leaving for overseas. The band recently recorded 16 songs in one night at Greg Locke's Orange Studio ... **Contact 89FM's** recording studio, the Fridge, is near completion of a new Hamilton compilation CD which, along with 16 bands, will feature a 4 1/2 song EP by the now defunct **Dribbly Cat Attraction** ... **Blackjack's** new single 'Don't Have A Gun' will be released on Hark Records on May 8 and **King Biscuit's** debut CD will be released on May 21 ... a Hark compilation album will follow in June featuring **Tetnus, Tim Armstrong, Knightshade, Blackjack, King Biscuit** and others ... **Inchworm** recently turned down a five year contract with Hark and instead plan to release recordings independently. They are playing throughout the North Island in May (see *Gig Guide* for details) ... **the Romantic Andes** have changed drummers ... **Lovefish** have been recording at the Fridge for a debut cassette EP due out soon ... **Toyah** was recently appointed general manager at the Zoo Studios ... **Love and Violence** are back again, presently recording late into the night at the Zoo ... Mike Clarkin is busy organising the **Herringbone Shed**, a series of band nights at the Hillcrest Tavern. The first one takes place May 4, with **Aquarium, Inchworm** and the **Romantic Andes**. Then, on May 11, **Love and Violence, Control** and possibly **REAL** take the stage. The final night, on May 18 features **Captain Higaz, the Nerve** and **Nemesis** ... if you have any information to include in

the magick heads
Before we go under

The album for kind and gentle people.

Songs by Robert Scott of the Bats and Clean.



ROBERT JOHNSON

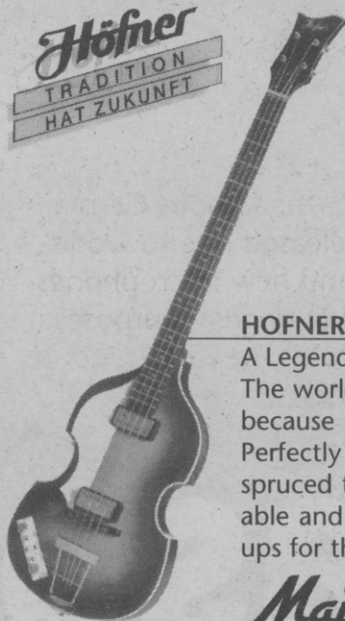
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this coloumn, drop into the Contact 89FM office at the University of Waikato.

JUSTIN HARRIS

HAWKES BAY

Beat Not Fish have been touring central North Island. With their CD at the mixing stage, they're preparing for its release shortly ... ex Hawkes Bay country singer **Glen Moffat** returned to Napier recently, playing a gig at Mossy's backed by **the Pickups** to promote his upcoming release ... Mossy's is interested in any touring solos or duos contemplating putting Napier on their itinerary. Contact Tony (06)844-5245 ... **Static Black** have been playing out of town gigs and will be concentrating on the Wellington scene. They have also been booked to play in the *Rescue Rock* series of concerts in support of AIDS awareness. They have also been recording at the Stomach in Palmerston North, and hope to release a demo CD in November ... **Dusty Rhodes Bluesmobile** are now down to a trio with the departure of keyboard player Badger. The band have been playing in semi unplugged situations ... the original songwriter contest is on again this year, with a changed format. Once again, it is organised by Hype Productions and sponsored by the Music Machine. More details to follow ... support slots gained by local bands recently include **Static Black for the Nixons** and **Woody Allen's Daughter** for the **Muttonbirds** ... **Hannay** has just completed his studio and is planning an opening celebration shortly. Main priorities include a new **Hanging Tree** recording along with various other local acts ... **Mike Hallett and the Glow Babies** have released a five track tape of older original material.

TONY PARKER

PALMERSTON NORTH

The **Shoeshine** CD is on its way. Now, a split album between **Shoeshine** and **the Ashvins**, this should be out towards the end of May. The CD will feature a mixture of studio and live recordings, plus a track from Christchurch's **Whitey Hiss** ... **Next Big Thing** have recorded in Wanganui ... **Claire's UnNatural Twin** recently played Christchurch and Dunedin to support their self-titled 7", the first release to be cut in Foxton. Hopefully within about six months or so the record pressing plant should be fully operational ... **E-Haw** plan some recording and a release for May/June ... **State Of Hate** support Sick Of It All in Wellington ... **Dog Tooth Violet** and **the Ashvins** play the **Mushroom Ball** ... the **New Royal** is under new management, with things not looking too good for noisy original bands. We are trying to find a new venue at the moment. Watch out for developments ... bands recording at the Stomach lately have been **Meat Market**, **Paranymph**, **State of Hate**, **Nacho Mama**, **Livids**, **Ashvins**, **Shoeshine**, **Prozac** and **Anodyne**.

ROB WILLIAMS

WELLINGTON

The **Roots Foundation** are again making plenty of good nosies of late at the Edward Street venue. The dance hall beats and the odd free tequila is giving a

balmy reggae feel to chilly Welly ... along the same lines, **DJ Koa** has been in town. His good mate **Roast Chicken** must be congratulated for being the man (or chicken) behind the successful African Headcharge tour ... **Short** are recording demos at Marmalade (this is the studio that have recorded that most Number One hits in New Zealand). Expect an EP or album out soon ... Pete from **Bilge Festival** has disappeared up North for a while, to perform some the-atics. Mark from aforementioned Bilge has a new band in the wings ... **Wayne Mason** is nearing completion point on his solo album, and will begin mixing with producer Nigel Stone this month ... new bands in town include **Jawload**, **Cow Catcher** and the electronic **Oblique** ... **Sump** have been working on their debut album. If Active's *Uncharted* doesn't win the Mobil radio awards, **Sump** have threatened to set fire to a service station using the master tapes as an accelerant ... **Bailterspace** release the single 'Splat' this month, and the album *Wammo* will follow in June ... the **Truckstop** practice rooms have been receiving numerous noise complaints of late. The band are thinking of becoming a gang, as the Wellington City Council don't bother serving gang headquarters with noise control notices ... **Plankton** have finished their demo ... former **Robber Dog** Rob Joass has a new band called the **Rain Lovers**. The band contains members of the **Brainchilds** and **Bilge Festival** ... **Head Like A Hole** took the big step to the the old lands recently — armed with plenty of guitar strings and spraypaint ... **Bar Bodega** might have to give in to the bastards and move because of the new planned motorway. Several sites are being considered, but wherever it is, all great live bands will be welcome (Fraser assures us) ... other new venues are the **Planet** (old Ecstasy Plus), and downstairs at **Tatou** — catering to the alternative element? Well, maybe.

DONALD REID

CHRISTCHURCH

Ape Management are releasing two recently recorded tracks, 'Big Hair' and 'Defenesatrate Me', on 7" vinyl on **Home Bacon** records ... **Squirm** have recorded 12 tracks at the Stomach in Palmerston North and are looking for ways to release and distribute in New Zealand and overseas ... **Cinematic** are reording with Bart at Redd Acoustics, with new drummer Thomas ... **Dark Tower's** CD release is finally getting closer ... **Loves Ugly Children** recorded 22 tracks for their forthcoming Flying Nun album at Fish Street in Dunedin, as well as an ABBA cover for Flying Nun's ABBA tribute compilation ... **Burn** have split ... a new label from Xpressway's Bruce Russell, called **Corpus Heomition**, is to be in Lyttelton ... **Trawler** have finished a video for 'Drive' which should be appearing on Cry TV soon ... **Hampster** are touring Europe in June, which will include 32 dates in Norway, the Edinburgh Fringe Festival and dates in England, Holland and Switzerland ... **Dave Yetton** (ex JPSE) is new production engineer at RDU ... rumours say a new label is starting in Christchurch called **Bent Records** ... Mike Hex is leaving **Ape Mangagement** to concentrate on **Squirm** ... **Wadd** are set to release a six track, self released CD recorded at Nightshift

... **Geek** have recorded four demo tracks at Nightshift studios ... listen out for **the Sullivans** (apparently) ... **Leonard Nimoy** are planning new recordings to be produced by Tim, the Dr Lovegland Sound System producer ... new demos on RDU from **Dark Tower**, **Sifter** and **the Mothgo** ... recording at the moment are **Atomic Blossom** and **Holocene** ... listen out for overseas tour news from **Salmonella Dub** with an international act ... **RIP 96FM** are looking at a regular demo slot for local music ... **Snort** are heading North in the next couple of months ... congrats to Pumpkinhead's **Brent Milligan** on 'Most Promising Male Vocalist' award at the *New Zealand Music Awards* — good publicity for their new album ... congrats also to **Rainy Taxi**, **Geek**, **Daggar Soup**, **Flower**, **Debris**, **Chicane**, **Snort**, **Disgraceland**, **Holocene**, **Teen Angel**, **Sifter**, **Tempest**, **the Tardigrades**, **Trawler**, **Atomic Blossom** and **Human** for reaching the semi-finals of *Operation Music Storm* ... any rumours, phone 379-6320.

HAT

DUNEDIN

Biggest news locally has been the death of **Eddie Chin**, who has been involved in many venues over the decades — his family still own **Sammy's** and the **Crown Hotel** ... it is rumoured that the upcoming **Sebahoh** gig in June will see the end of Sammy's as a live venue. It may be turning into a pool hall!!! ... the *Sex and Drugs in New Zealand Literature Symposium* run by **Super 8** was a wild success, seeing many strange and esoteric events taking place all over the city ... **Brendan Hoffman** of Volt Studios has just returned from two weeks of schmoozing with **Sub Pop**, including sliding down the slopes of Aspen on a plastic bag ... **Operation Music Storm** (the South Island based band battle) is about to hit town, with the final to be held in Sammy's on May 19 ... **Sean O'Reilley** is in town and may be doing some recording with some old friends ... **IMD** is set to

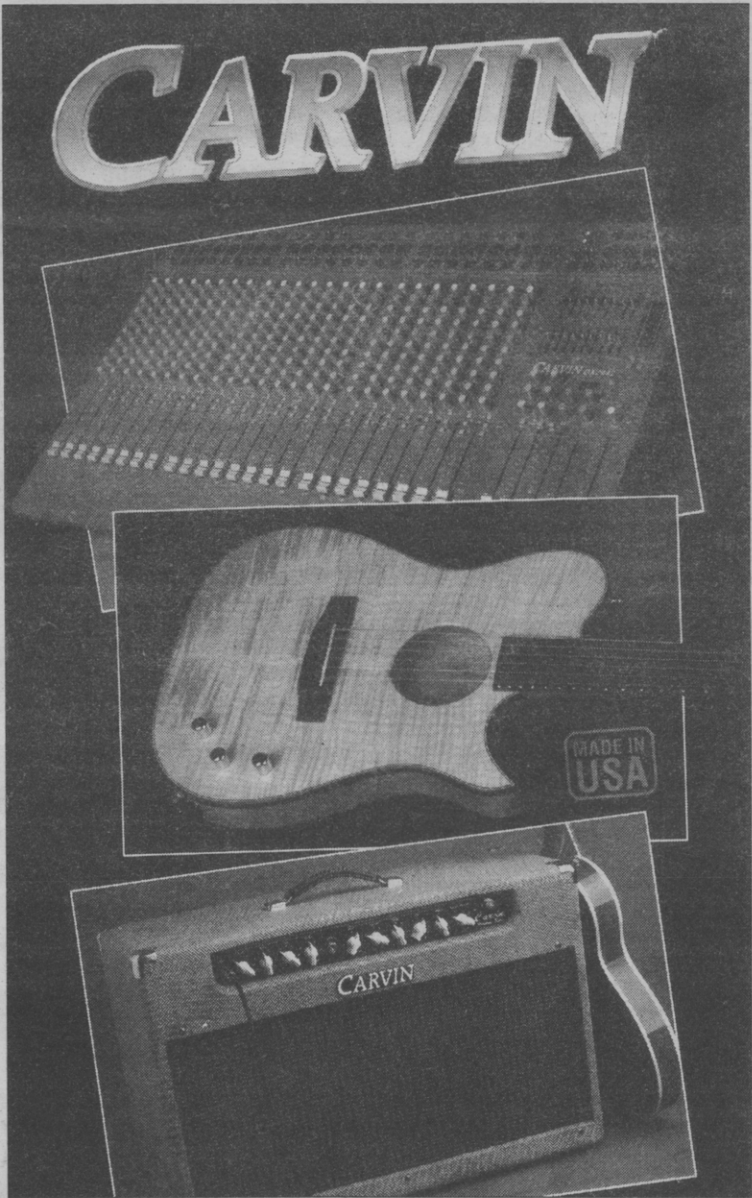
release a compilation of local artists later this year ... new band **Cicada**, heavily influenced by Can is set to debut around town ... **Nimrod** have changed their name to **Suka**, due to two other bands having similar names overseas. Their debut CD entitled *Nimrod Diabolique*, on IMD, is due out in June, as is *Forever Bled Hollow* by **Swarm** (Atomic Action is still to release a vinyl version), who are set to make a video for new song 'Migration' ... **Radio One** have a new recording engineer **Robin Murphy**... The recent **Radio One** gig saw a rare appearance by **The April Fools**, **David Kilgour**, **Martin Phillipps** and **Alan Haig**, who performed all new material with the exception of a glorious version of 'Pink Frost' ... the *Dunedin Pacific Islands Festival* was held recently and drew large crowds to the Octagon and Town Hall. Highlights included hand made vhelele's, great food and performances by the local Pacific Island Community.

DAVID MUIR

NEW PLYMOUTH

What is wrong with New Plymouth? Heaps! That's what. **Sick Of It All** played in New Plymouth as part of their first New Zealand tour. It was the most negative, unfriendly place they played. Their drummer, Armand, called it a new low in the life of Sick Of It All. As to why this became their view of New Plymouth, here are some reasons: some not-so-smart person spraying beer all over the guitarist in the first 30 seconds of the first song; the majority of the audience displaying a cooler and tougher than thou attitude; and the apparently true story of two members of **Nefarious** shooting up backstage just before their set. How come this redneck waster attitude appears to be so prevalent amongst New Plymouth's music culture? Maybe it is a follow on from the time when the only place any sort of punk, metal or whatever gig could happen was at the White Hart. Because of the

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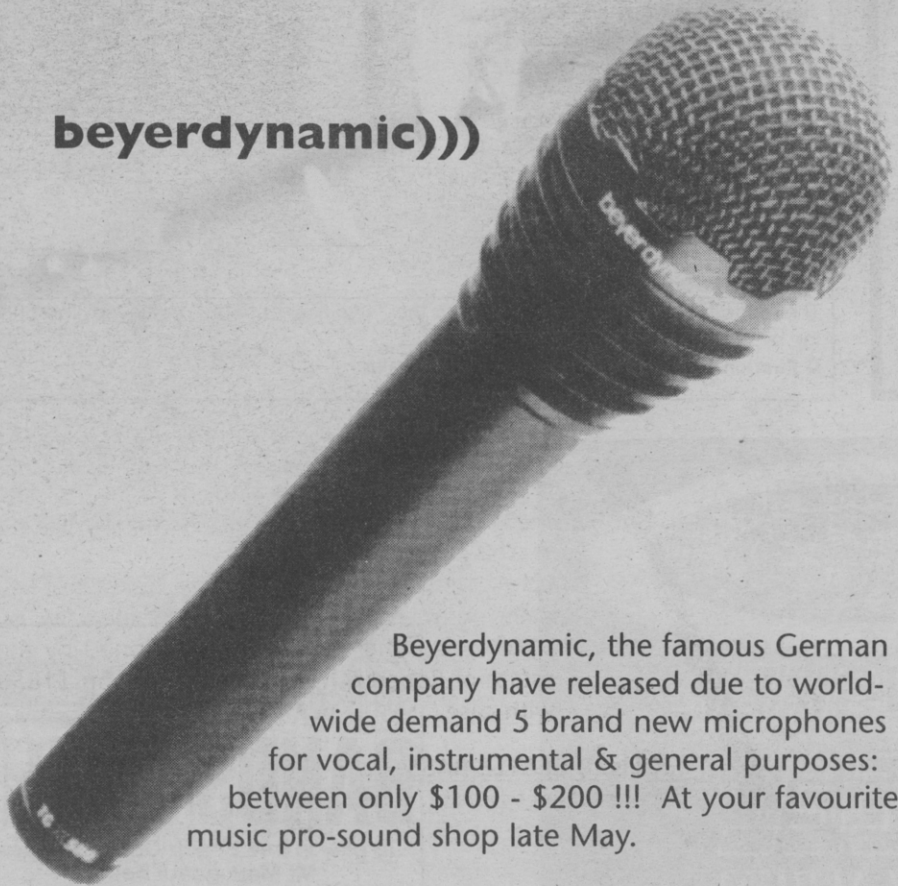
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prevailing mentality of a lot of the regulars there, the people going to gigs there learnt to develop a meat-head, tough boy, bullshit attitude, to be able to feel comfortable being there. Whatever the reason, the staunch, supposedly cool, harder than thou crap is slowly but surely killing live music in New Plymouth.

Over a number of years, the number of people checking out visiting bands (kiwi and international) is going down. The main reason for this appears to be that the rest of the population in New Plymouth with an interest in live music and the pop/rock culture don't want to be, or can't be bothered, going to gigs where a small group of people act out tough boy fantasies. They aren't scared or anything, they are just not interested in being in the same room as tough boy wankers. Craig from **Sticky Filth** told me he noticed that negative feel in New Plymouth, compared to other places, on their recent tour. Rock 'n' roll gigs should be a celebration of energy and inspiration, not a place for seen-it-all-before staunchness.

The same crappy feel was there at the **DOA/No Means No** and **Pungent Stench** gigs in New Plymouth. In the rest of the country their gigs were great fun, but once hitting New Plymouth, the negative bullshit factor took over. How can it change? Should bands play in an alcohol free environment which would result in all age shows the staunch dudes would not be interested in 'cause there would be no piss drinking? That might result in the people with a real interest in live music returning to live shows. It's pretty damned obvious the spoilers I'm talking about here only have this effect at not so high profile gigs (the big, mass appeal bands do okay). Joe Public out numbers the idiots at these shows. But with the newer touring bands and the harder edge bands, this attitude is resulting in

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smaller audiences, and therefore making life even more difficult for these bands to keep themselves afloat. This, in turn, makes it less appealing to come and do shows in New Plymouth, and eventually kills the local live music scene.

I'm sure some of you local New Plymouth people reading this will be saying the bands charge too much to get in and that people in New Plymouth are too broke, or all on the dole. This is bullshit. People in New Plymouth are no richer or poorer than anywhere else, and rock 'n' roll gigs are not the exclusive domain of the unemployed.

When the *Mushroom Ball* happens on May 12 and 13, this negative feeling won't be present as there will be a large number of people from outside New Plymouth, and they will mainly be there to celebrate and enjoy the buzz of a full on rock 'n' roll gig, not to celebrate the staunchness and coolness. Whatever, New Plymouth hardcore sucks. The music can be inspirational, but the tough boy attitude is a total downer.

On to better things, the **Sticky Filth** single 'Def Thru Misadventure' is now out. Expect to see them playing down South in June. ... **Hideously Disfigured** are going to be playing a few North Island towns in the next few months ... a request: New Plymouth does need a decent music orientated radio station all year round (not an advertising selling machine with classic rock) — hot new music as listener bait. All unemployed or disillusioned radio people should move to New Plymouth and set one up ... if you want to play in New Plymouth or comment on any of the above, write to: Ima Hitt Records, PO Box 407, New Plymouth, or phone/fax (06) 758-9988.

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Musical Chairs

Darryl Parker is acting General Manager of Festival Records after the resignation of **Stuart Duncan** who is now running the music division of Christian Marketing ... **Dave Jordan** has left BMG to work freelance. He will continue to do special projects for BMG. **George Spence** is now General manager Sales & Marketing. Financial Director **Steve Green** has left BMG to become Chief Financial Officer at MTV Asia in Singapore. The new Financial Director is **Sue Smith**. BMG now has a Video manager **Brent Christie**, ex Manhattan Entertainment and **Megan Chittick** is now Promotions Assistant ... **Sandii Riches** has resigned from Mushroom Records. The Mushroom office will move back to the Festival Records building after being located in the Queen Street Flying Nun office for a year ... **Mark Phillips** is moving from Polygram Auckland to the Sydney Polydor Label & Marketing Manager's. Also in Australia, **Adam Holt** is now National Marketing Manager. Back in NZ, **Kerry George** is now Polydor Label & Marketing Manager and **Nicole Gilbert** has moved from the Heat in Wellington to do promotions/PR at Polygram ... **Jeremy Freeman** has moved from Roadshow to TV3 ... **Nicki Tolelei** has left Virgin and is now Polydor Label Assistant at Polygram ... **Yvonne Dudman** has left her Festival PR job to be the music advertising representative at BFM ... former BFM Music Director **Juht Avery** is now Flying In Promotions & Sales Assistant.

Dates & Deadlines

Closing date for the next **NZ On Air Video Grants** is Friday May 12. The meetings take place June 12 & 13. For further info write to NZ On Air, PO Box 9744, Wellington ... the new address for **Hark Records** is PO Box 19360, Hamilton ... **Virgin** have scrapped their Hong Kong megastore due to declining sales and heavy competition in the city. **HMV** open there in July.

NZ ON AIR Music Videos

The acts who have received NZ On Air video grants at the April meeting are:

Chris Knox Half Man Half Mole (Flying Nun)
Colors Stomp (Papa Pacific)
Crash Day At The Fair (Failsafe)
Dave Dobbyn It Dawned On Me (Sony)
Headlong I Want (Papa Pacific)
Jan Hellriegel Geraldine (Warners)
Jungle Fungus Crushed (Roadshow)
Lodger Forever (Wildside)
Matty J Cruisin' (EMI)
Purest Form Lady (Madame X)
Semi Lemon Kola Otherwise (Chronic)
Strawpeople Beautiful Skin (Sony)
Superette Killer Clown (Flying Nun)
Tufnells Pettibone (Sony)

NZ ON AIR Kiwi Hit Disc

The tracks selected for the Kiwi Hit Disc No.14 are:

Chicane Downtime (Failsafe)
Colors Stomp (Papa Pacific)
Cosa Nostra Still Water (Antenna)
Crowded House Pineapple Head
Dave Dobbyn It Dawned On Me (Sony)
Dead Flowers Not Ready (Wildside)
Jacinda Klowens Chardonnay (Papa Pacific)
Jan Hellriegel Geraldine (Warners)
Jungle Fungus Crushed (Roadshow)
LMB Give Me Time (Black Daw)
Malchicks Weatherman (Failsafe)
Matty J Cruisin' (EMI)
Nixons Basement Static (Pagan)
Pumpkinhead Third Eye (Wildside)
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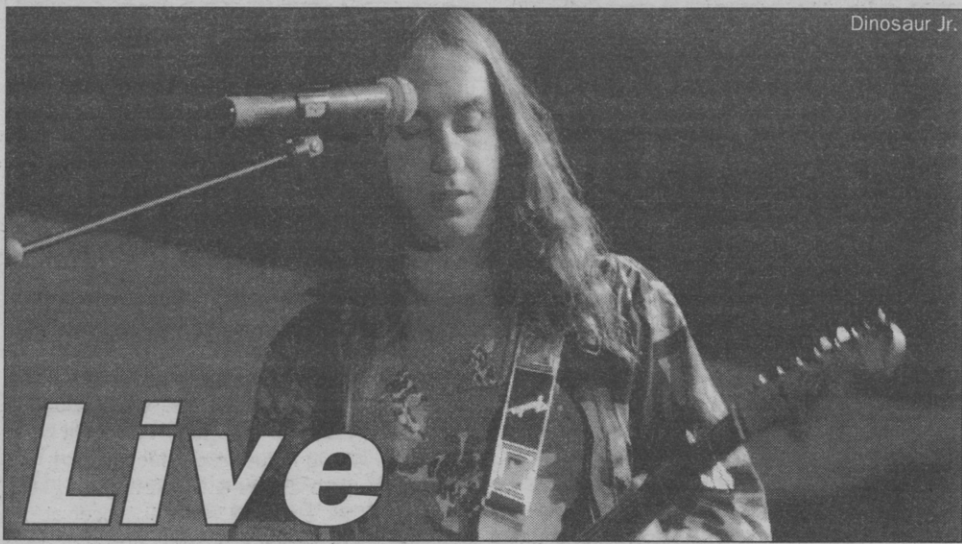
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Dinosaur Jr.

DA LENCH MOB, PARIS, DON JAGWAR, LIL' HALF DEAD
Whiskey A Go-Go, Los Angeles, March 15.

Wowsa, gangsta rap on the Sunset Strip. I had fantasies of a carload of hoodlums, fried on harsh PCP, cruising the strip in a lowered Impala, popping rounds off at all the rocker joints, with the bloodbath ending in a full-on, assault weapons to the fore attack on the House Of Blues. Perhaps luckily, the yuppie carnage was not to be, but there was at least a 'take no prisoners' style to some of the night's entertainment.

Support came from Don Jagwar (OK, if a little standard) and Lil' Half Dead, who had some solid moments, the funk and the rap coming off well. Then the high point of the deal, Mr Paris. His albums have always been pretty damn cool, rap with a real dark undercurrent happening. Better yet, he can do the live thing with the same style and force his records have. A lot of this probably has to do with sheer persona — Paris has the same sort of powerful demeanour as Chuck D. He stalks the stage, and where the other acts go to town on the 'are you in the house?' stuff, Paris gives it all an air of menace. His albums have always used a pretty stripped down sound, and luckily he kept that feel live. Rap can lose a lot of its impact live, but if it's kept simple and flowing, like Paris' set, it can be a real visceral thing.

Finally, Da Lench Mob hit the stage. With one member doing life, they really can claim to be gangstas, for what it's worth. Starting out looking like they would prove themselves in a purely musical sense, they blew right into a couple of tracks that sounded pretty loose and fine,

better than I'd ever heard them live (which, admittedly is only once before this night). Unfortunately this was pretty much the end of it. For some reason, the Mob decided to share the spotlight and turn the night into a huge freestyle jam, inviting most of the audience on stage. We sat through a few reasonable raps, a few bad ones, even what appeared to be some sort of horror/rap or Body Count style combo going a capella, but when we reached the lousy attempts at soul singing, it was time to leave. Gratuitous violence is one thing, but this was simply painful.

KIRK GEE

DINOSAUR JR., KING LOSER
Auckland Town Hall, March 29.

Woooooo-weeeee King Loser! These guys are showbiz personified. There hasn't been a New Zealand band in a long time that could make me stand there with a big grin, wishing I was up there with them. These guys know the shit — they're lookin' good, they make a travesty outta every rock 'n' roll band that ever was and they enjoy every moment of it. Watch with wonder as they sweep you into their cess-pit of rock — Chris' hand moves over his guitar strings furiously, to produce the bitchinest sounds, Celia takes control of the organ and bass with aplomb and glee, and drummer Tribal Thunder keeps a disdainful eye over the proceedings, while delivering mean blows. 'Good on ya Thunder,' Celia comments afterwards. Experience them now, before they surely leave us.

After King Loser, Dinosaur Jr. seemed a little inert. Last time I saw them was in 1990. Murph

was still in the band, but Lou wasn't, a blonde girl with a yo-yo was the bass player. This time they've also replaced Murph, with a drummer who wasn't quite as dynamic.

The sound was rather muffled — sometimes it was hard to tell one song from another until J started singing the melody. The mood was a fairly mellow one. J wasn't exactly giving it his all (apparently he said as much as well) — sometimes drivelling off, doing long, sloppy guitar solos and general mincing around.

Generally, the crowd was rather the same (although most of them *must* have been seeing Dinosaur Jr. for the first time), therefore the mood was unexciting. Things livened up a little when they did an unexpected rendition of 'Freak Scene' (they're still playing that?!) and their cover of the Cure's 'Just Like Heaven'. A personal treat was the 'rabbit' song from *You're Living All Over Me* and 'Repulsion', which was played as a (reluctant) encore. The rest of the set consisted of stuff off their later albums *Where You Been* and *Without A Sound* (including a painfully long version of 'You're the Only One'), which are good in the right context (ie. dropping off or in the car). With the extra long guitar whiddling, it didn't turn out to be conducive to a ruddy good rage, and I for one could have done with a seat to make it more enjoyable.

SHIRLEY CHARLES

AFRICAN HEADCHARGE
Powerstation, March 31.

Ryan should have been there for the best gig of the year — no contest. African Headcharge were heading to glory from the moment they appeared. No sing-alongs or geriatric rock stars, just a night of wild, pulsating rhythms from a band that makes every bone, muscle and nerve in your body twitch — unless you're dead. Even then, they'd have trouble keeping my coffin lid down.

The Powerstation was jammed for the first visit by an On U Sound band to these shores. African Headcharge are stalwarts of the label started by Adrian Sherwood, mixing tribal rhythms with reggae and a swath of samples. They finally made it to Aotearoa. Despite losing their engineer and a band member on the way through Customs, the sound was clear and sharp. A surprise was the apparent lack of samples used in the show. With a drummer, keyboards, guitar and three acoustic drummers, they wasted little time in settling into some intoxicating, pounding rhythms. Sharp as.

They covered most of the tracks from their latest album, *In Pursuit of Shashamane Land*,

and delved into their extensive past catalogue, but the exact song titles escape me now. It was that kind of a night, from the time when singer Bonjo I A Binghi Noah stepped into the spotlight, arms raised to an ecstatic crowd.

African Headcharge were truly awesome. When it was over, the crowd refused to move, unwilling to believe it had finished. It was that kind of a night.

MARK REVINGTON

SHORT
Bar Bodega, April 7.

While not fitting into the cliched idea of a Wellington band (acid jazz combos of funk-metal), Short are quickly becoming something of an institution in the capital.

What better place to see the band than at that institution of a venue, Bar Bodega, and after Short's recent Dinosaur Jr. support slot, the place was packed.

Instrumentally, Short comprise of drums, guitar and two bass players, one of which is armed with cello strings (what was that about quirky jazz combos). This caused a stir of interest before the band actually started playing anything, then it became apparent the beefed up bass didn't add a great deal to the overall sound of the band.

The songs followed a pattern of musical rises and falls. In almost every song, the full-on distorted guitar thrash would cut out leaving the rhythm naked for several seconds. This built up towards the re-entry of guitars, and the return of the whole sound, for the chorus. At first this effect worked well in creating a collective buzz of anticipation around the room (like thunder-claps before the lightening), but after several repeats of the same technique it all became too predictable. Instead of standing stock-still, waiting for the sound to hit, many took the opportunity of a few seconds of relative quiet to order another beer.

The overall pleasure of Short was not in the listening, but in the watching. Stu Brown bounces around in a wee world of his own, but just so happy to be there. Cliff Bateman lost himself in his own playing, shying away to the back of the stage except for the odd bout of leaping in unison, which Short did so well. They looked rapt to be there, apart from Brett Garrety who appeared slightly cautious on stage (who wouldn't, with the constant threat of having one of Brown's tuning pegs catching you in the eye?), and his vocals (including choruses) got completely lost in the overall mix, which probably didn't over joy him.

I want to hear more of Short. This gig didn't

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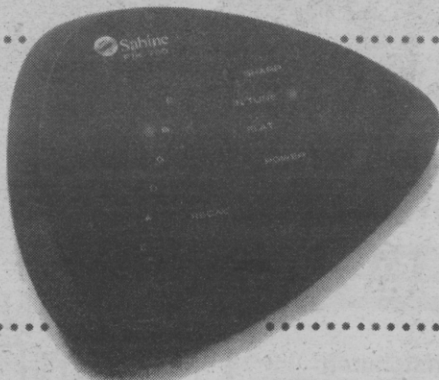
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enthrall me, yet I believe there is more to them than can be judged on one night. After the underground hype that has followed this band, they just didn't satisfy.

DONALD REID

ROYAL TRUX, FLUF

Las Palmas Theatre, Los Angeles, April 13.

Although Royal Trux have a hideously poor track record live (a glorified tune-up session and you're doing well), the clipped blues/junk rock of *Thank You* was enough to lure me to this dive of a theatre. With a new and effective rhythm section added to the line-up, the album's material not only made live transition well, it even had a newfound, bottom heavy kick in places. The 70s recidivist guitar vibe was definitely in place on this night, from the grimy, flared pants on up to a few phased out solos from Mr Hagerty, and a great drum solo that even featured a little gamelan break. There were definitely times when this all fell into place perfectly, and Royal Trux rolled out a fine murky take on *Sticky Fingers* era Stones, only filtered through the New York art/noise aesthetic. (Fine though this is, Hagerty and Spencer both have a way to go before we should totally absolve them for Pussy Galore.) They grooved, they psyched, and they even got down and rocked, all while feigning disinterest and smoking continuously. Definite rock star material in action here. Other times, well, it all got a little messy. Ms Herrema's voice is not too flexible, and the lurching tempos hardly help, as a pretty damn awful version of 'Ray-O-Vac' proved. I guess that's all part of the deal when you want to have this much skanky fun. Openers Fluf were pretty fine as well, throwing out some nice choppy punk. The charts and MTV may prefer nice, emasculated boys like Green Day, but big guitars and a kicking rhythm section will still do it for me every time.

KIRK GEE

SICK OF IT ALL, NEFARIOUS, STATE OF HATE

Antipodes, April 21.

It's Friday night in Wellington. Over the course of the next 24 hours, some extremely loud music will be played. The setting for tonight's hardcore holocaust is Antipodes. The culprits consist of two bands, State of Hate and Nefarious, but the real villains behind tonight's skulduggery are from New York, and they've come to play a little 'punk rawk'. Looking around Antipodes, it's a fair bet little punk rock from New York has been played here before, the place reeks of espresso and jazz combos, but by evening's end there will be only one odour — the stench of youthful anarchy.

Being a conscientious fellow, I arrived around nine o'clock, to be sure of apprehending the good vibes on offer. Unfortunately, it took an hour or so before the first band, State of Hate, shuffled on stage.

State of Hate were a four-piece with impeccable taste in 80s hard core and punk, one shown in the covers they chose and the smat-

tering of originals that sneaked their way through. Perhaps they could abbreviate their name to SOH. Throughout their set they suffered from the infamous food processor mix. The sound pouring from the amps was a mixture of the Kambrook multi purpose blender and the Breville milkshake maker. As State of Hate departed, so did their drumkit, necessitating a tediously long changeover time between them and Nefarious.

Nefarious were a different kettle of fish to State of Hate. For a start, they had one more member. The sound improved marginally, confirming suspicions that the soundcheck was being carried out during the support bands' sets. After three songs, I took a wander outside and watched Nefarious' set though the glass windows, giving my ears a break from the Barry Crump meets Black Flag kiwi hardcore rattling its dags indoors.

By carefully positioning toothpicks under my eyelids, I was able to remain semi-conscious for the third interminable drumkit changeover. Father Time's beard turned a little bit whiter, and finally it was time for "a little bit of New York punk rock". Miraculously, the sound had increased a hundred fold with the 'All's' arrival. Leader of the pack, Lou Kollers, had a grin plastered on his face all evening, as they blasted through an hour of white hot punk rock hardcore and general noisy nastiness.

Despite the tiny stage, Sick Of It All played an energetic, limbs flailing set. Lou had a frog-like leap going all evening, while the guitarist's feet never seemed to touch the ground. Every now and then Lou serenaded us with a "love song". 'You've earned a castration / Your face ta face with your victim's fate / You deserve this laceration...' Mostly tenderness and emotion was steered clear of, the lads preferring the brute strength and bone crunching power of ditties like 'Scratch the Surface' and 'Return To Reality'. Both used back up chants and a gag from Lou that had me fooled for the first couple times. When the bassist or guitarist needed to lend their tonsils, Lou would wave the mic' in a member of the front row's face, giving the impression they were chanting the chorus. It was a darn neat trick, and summed up the good humour that characterised the gig. Sick Of It All never gave the impression this was just another gig, and the enthusiasm they had for playing live was reflected in the amount of sweat extracted all over that nice, plush grey carpet — the sweat of youth gone wild.

KEVIN LIST

BODY COUNT, ICE T, THERAPY?

Victoria University, April 22.

Woke up Saturday, feeling half deaf. No worries, gonna finish off the rest of my hearing at Body Count. Evidently, Mr T and the Count have been transferred to Victoria University. Arriving not long after 8pm, it comes as some surprise after the previous evening's tardiness to find Therapy? all set to blast off.

Looking like they've just finished a hard game of footer, the three likely lads power through a short, but warmly received set of Celtic hard

rockin' punk, vaguely bringing to mind Stiff Little Fingers. Every now and then bassist and guitarist get airborne, normally this feat would be impressive, but after Sick Of It All's gymnastics of the previous night, Therapy?'s efforts are a trifle arthritic. The co-ordination's lacking and they fail to achieve the all important height, except when cheating by climbing atop speakers. They close with what is presumably their big hit, judging by the audience reaction. Therapy? played a team game, setting the ball up nicely for Mr T and Body Count to run with it and achieve their goal.

During Therapy? the crowd doubled, no doubt a goodly number forced to trek from the Town Hall. The change of venue was a smart move. Given the reduced capacity of Victoria, the concert was comfortably full, allowing for plenty of atmosphere as Ice T entertained the crowd as a rapper, rocker and japester. As gangsta rapper, Ice T came out wearing a fedora, suit coat and gold chain. Flanking Mr T were DJ muthafuckin' evil E, resplendent in evil black shades, and to the right, his brother G. Appearing intermittently was LP, a young whippersnapper featured on Ice T's latest album.

As rapper, Ice T was in laidback, but not lazy mode, interspersing his greatest hits package of rap for people who don't listen to rap (probably around half the audience) with X rated jokes and a great Frank Sinatra impersonation, referred to as Las Vegas Ice. Being able to distinguish every word, thanks to the sound quality and diction, was something of a novelty, but much appreciated, especially when Ice T told a potted history of his own life. Watching Ice T baring his soul was reminiscent of Iggy Pop telling it like it was back in 93. Both shared the same raw honesty that transcended the genres they work in. But tonight was not just an Ice T solo show, and closing the set he promised to return and "show rock music's got nothing to do with race".

Returning as the leader of a metal band, Ice T had swapped his fedora and suit coat for a beanie and T-shirt. With the cosmetic changes, everything seemed to have gone up a gear. Behind the band stood two staunch looking dudes whose job was to be staunch, and I must congratulate them on a job well done. Even stauncher than the staunch 'still dudes' was the rhythm guitarist, who stalked the stage in a selection of evil looking hockey masks. It was uncertain if the drummer was a figure to invoke trepidation, as he was hidden behind a mammoth drum kit, surrounded by more cymbals than some drummers would use in a lifetime. The only sound bigger than the drums was Ice T's voice, which had been cranked up a couple of notches, but retained perfect clarity.

Opening with the Body Count theme, 'Body count, body mutha fuckin' count [+30]', the scene was set for a ballad free evening. The only interruption from the mighty ferocious sounds was the equally ferocious banter. "You girls get out of the pit. That goes for the girls with dicks as well. Let's see some blood." Finally some blood was seen, and the lucky claret encrusted punter was dragged on stage as an example of what you should look like after

a hard night's Body Counting. Try as he might, Ice T was unsuccessful in getting the really roguish members of the crowd into the action, and the front rows remained largely content to pogo up and down. "What's with this pogo shit? You guys are supposed to crash into each other."

Leaving out the slower numbers, Ice and his boys crunched through a heavy duty set, closing with an awe inspiring heavy version of 'Born Dead'. Running off his list of unfortunate minorities who are born dead: 'Born Asian, born Jewish, born Latino... born white, born poor, born dead,' Ice T managed to include most of the audience, even the middle class, so long as they gave a fuck. But this show stopper was not to stop the show, as 'Cop Killer' was still to be played. Following a quick mineral water, it was time to get everyone punching their fists in the air and yelling: "Fuck the police."

Wandering outside, I noticed the prominent presence of the boys in blue. Fired up on testosterone overdose, I swaggered towards the fuzz, full of reckless abandon... "Er, which way do I go to get back to town?"

KEVIN LIST

WEEN

Powerstation, April 23.

Best way to write live reviews is to find out the morning after that you were meant to do one. Hey, it was Ween after all — like I'd want to be organised. Garageland: hits, crowd pleasers. Yup, you guessed it — I missed them. Mea Culpa. Mea Culpa.

Ween rocked, freaked, fucked up and laughed around like a bunch of your friends that surprised themselves by discovering some talent. And the audience embraced them as friends, with mediocre solos from Dean being greeted by whooped euphoria from an audience going along with the joke. "Well thankyou," came the startled response in the middle of the song.

Joints were passed between strangers in the mosh pit like some student party. Sweat everywhere. And after the bass guitar blew up, the drummer strutted around showing why drummers get all the babes. Bastard.

Ween took the piss out of everything, especially themselves. They played most of *Chocolate and Cheese* ('Spinal Meningitis' and 'The AIDS Song' made so much more sense). My all time fave, 'Mr Won't You Please Help My Pony' ('He coughed up snot in my driveway, I think it's his lung'), was met by a crowd not knowing whether to dance, listen or laugh. One reviewer did all three — vigorously.

No 'Freedom of 76', no 'Push th' Little Daisies' (in fact not much of *Pure Guava* — all the voice warping restricted the live translation I guess), which disappointed a lot of people. Instead they played loads of old stuff (and was that Alice Cooper?) that no-one knew. That just added to their "fuck rock, lets party" presence.

It was the best of nights, it was the best of nights. They played, they conquered, they scored the two girlie dancers after the show. Wahey!

JOHN TAITE

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<p>8</p> <p>fudge fudge</p>	<p>9</p> <p>hair shaper</p>	<p>10</p> <p>the shampoo</p>	<p>11</p> <p>Snort, Figure 60 Squid, Auckland</p> <p>Bluespeak Cause Celebre, Auckland</p> <p>Semi Lemon Kola Crown, Dunedin</p> <p>Slambodia, Open Oyster, Think Tank Nitespot, New Plymouth</p> <p>the conditioner</p>	<p>12</p> <p>Second Child, Splitter Kurtz Lounge, Auckland</p> <p>Mushroom Ball: Ape Management, Snort, Ashvins, Dog Tooth Violet, Sticky Filth, Dead Centre, Iris, Warners, Nefarious, Hideously Disfigured, Schizophrenia Nitespot, New Plymouth</p> <p>Snort, Balance, Solid Gold Hell, Pacecar Uni Cafe, Auckland (all ages)</p> <p>Jungle Fungus, Braille Squid, Auckland</p> <p>K.A.F.M 93.8 Gig Pod, Auckland</p> <p>Inchworm River Bar, Gisborne</p> <p>Breathe, Lichen Pole Antipodes, Wgtn</p> <p>Stefan Wolf, Madding Crowd Bar Bodega, Wgtn</p> <p>Pulp Comedy Powerstation, Auckland</p> <p>dynamite</p>	<p>13</p> <p>Pumpkinhead, Semi Lemon Kola Warners, Chch</p> <p>Andrew Fagan, Splitter Kurtz Lounge, Auckland</p> <p>Mushroom Ball: Ape Management, Snort, Ashvins, Dog Tooth Violet, Sticky Filth, Dead Centre, Iris, Warners, Nefarious, Hideously Disfigured, Schizophrenia Nitespot, New Plymouth</p> <p>Pulp Comedy Powerstation, Auckland</p> <p>Soggy (DLT, Sample G, Deanan) Squid, Auckland</p> <p>Scissorguy Bar Bodega, Wgtn</p> <p>hair varnish</p>	<p>14</p> <p>the shampoo</p>
<p>15</p> <p>hair shaper</p>	<p>16</p> <p>the shampoo</p>	<p>17</p> <p>Suicidal Tendencies, Sticky Filth Town Hall, Auckland</p> <p>Jose Feliciano Aotea Centre, Auckland</p> <p>Nod Pod, Auckland</p> <p>fudge fudge</p>	<p>18</p> <p>Inchworm Mill, New Plymouth</p> <p>Nod, Adrenalin Alamo, Auckland</p> <p>Jackie Clarke, Strung Out Bar Bodega, Wgtn</p> <p>hair varnish</p>	<p>19</p> <p>Thorazine Shuffle Kurtz Lounge, Auckland</p> <p>Inchworm Bar Bodega, Wgtn</p> <p>Dog Bite, Manic, Civilisation Pod, Auckland</p> <p>Nod Squid, Auckland</p> <p>hair putty</p>	<p>20</p> <p>Inchworm Stomach, Palm Nth</p> <p>Atomic Butterfly Pod, Auckland</p> <p>Soggy (DLT, Sample G, Deanan) Squid, Auckland</p> <p>Nod Howick By the Sea, Auckland</p> <p>Equators Bar Bodega, Wgtn</p> <p>hair cement</p>	<p>21</p> <p>They Might Be Giants Powerstation, Auckland</p> <p>hair gum</p>
<p>22</p> <p>the shampoo</p>	<p>23</p> <p>hair shaper</p>	<p>24</p> <p>dynamite</p>	<p>25</p> <p>hair varnish</p>	<p>26</p> <p>Blackjack Squid, Auckland</p> <p>Inchworm Exchange, Hamilton</p> <p>Managers Pod, Auckland</p> <p>hair putty</p>	<p>27</p> <p>Lozenge Kurtz Lounge, Auckland</p> <p>Soggy (DLT, Sample G, Deanan) Squid, Auckland</p> <p>Emulsifier Bar Bodega, Wgtn</p> <p>fudge fudge</p>	<p>28</p> <p>hair cement</p>
<p>29</p> <p>the shampoo</p>	<p>30</p> <p>hair shaper</p>	<p>31</p> <p>dynamite</p>	<p>June 1</p> <p>conditioner</p>	<p>2</p> <p>dynamite</p>	<p>3</p> <p>Soggy (DLT, Sample G, Deanan) Squid, Auckland</p> <p>hair shaper</p>	<p>4</p> <p>The Cramps Town Hall, Auckland</p> <p>Cheap Sex 3 Squid, Auckland</p> <p>hair shaper</p>

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Stories from the Silent Front

Gaylene Preston on War Stories

Gaylene Preston, the woman who put the tale of *Ruby and Rata* onto our big screens and injected some guts into *Montana Masterpiece Theatre* with *Bread and Roses*, introduces her new film with a childhood reminiscence. Young Gaylene's squeezed down between the chair and sofa in her family living-room, furtively poring over family photographs stored in a Cadbury's chocolate box. The radio's playing, and she spins tales to fit the images she's holding. "*War Stories* is the logical extension of that. Look through, sift through the evidence and uncover the larger tale," she says.

Preston sees her new documentary film, interviews with seven women about life during wartime, as "returning to my roots in a way. I started making films in a psychiatric hospital in England — and it's completely against the fashion. My interest has always been to do documentary in the true sense, and I'm not talking about the reality programming which is what we mostly see on the telly — sound bites, exposé and all that. I'm interested in the very small details of ordinary lives, and I think you can make great cinema out of that."

War Stories was a difficult project to get off the ground. "The film funders thought it was just a bit of television and wanted me to film it on video. I'd always thought of it as interesting cinema. I didn't want to do soundbites."

The meagre money supply ended up having a beneficial effect on the filming. Preston, cam-

eraman Al Bollinger and interviewer Judith Fyfe spent a day over each interview, and the film-making process itself was ingeniously resourceful.

"We put black velvet behind the women and in front of them, because we didn't want to see Judith. I wanted a full frame figure of the person talking and a close eye line to camera — I hate it when they're looking off camera. So, really, we made a little black velvet room for the people to be in, with physically cold light HMI lights, so they didn't get overheated, and they forgot we were there filming. Something like this had a wonderful psychological effect, and it was mainly the result of not having any money."

From her 1984 first feature *Mr Wrong*, watch any Gaylene Preston film and it could only have been made by a woman. In *War Stories*, she creates a deep rapport with her subjects and they are remarkably frank, especially on sexual matters.

"We never asked probing questions. Women talk about sex a lot. I find the 1940s interesting because of the double standard and it was that double standard, I had to fight when I grew up."

I express some surprise at the fierce anti-Americanism that one woman encounters in the film, and then recall my own childhood where 'yank' was a fashionable term of derision. It strikes a chord with Preston. "There's another title for the film — *War and Prejudice*. You do get a picture of a very prejudiced, monocultural society, and it's hard to imagine anyone took those opinions so seriously. It's not even very long ago."

War Stories is just "part of a bigger project". It grew from 60 sound tape interviews done for the Oral Archives. Preston confesses to "feeling like a bit like a butterfly collector", and there are still more stories to be told.

"I would love to do an interview with a lesbian woman of that generation. We've put all sorts of requests out into the lesbian community down here in Wellington, but nobody's wanted to do it. I'd like to talk to a woman who was a prostitute during the war, and one of the thousands who had abortions. I'm hoping the film will lift the lid off things and make it easier for people to talk."

War Stories is emphatically a cinema documentary, and Preston emphasises that is where it will work best. "The advantage is you can't beat everybody sitting in the dark, looking at the light reflected on the screen, all laughing at once, all crying at once, and all talking madly and not wanting to leave the cinema at the

end. To me that's a communal experience. That's what film is about. I live in a small community. I live on Mount Victoria, I think up the films in Blair Street, and they're shown at the Paramount Theatre or the Embassy — it's all happening within three or four blocks down here. I would love to make a film one day which won an Oscar or got a Palme d'Or, but I'm not shaping my films to appeal to three or four French people, who sit on the selection panel at Cannes. I'm making my film[s] so I can sit in the dark, with my community at the Paramount, and watch them."

There are many levels of 'reality' encountered in the 90 minutes or so of *War Stories*. Preston found the two Maori women particularly inspirational, and is pleased she caught the story of Aunty Jean Andrews, who was diagnosed with lung cancer a few days after the filming (Aunty Jean died last year and the film is dedicated to her). Perhaps our media could learn from that very Polynesian openness.

"Our television and cinema should be — it's not because it's been taken away by market forces — little campfires where, in the last five years of the twentieth century, we can sit and have our elders tell us stories, because that's what storytelling's always been for. That's who we are as human animals."

And it is the Maori stories that might well give us Pakeha the most food for thought. "The Maori seem to have been better at acknowledging the pain and the sadness that had happened in the war. Their returning soldiers were acknowledged as having blood on their hands. The Pakehas were given a number and a guinea to buy their civvies. They got off the boat, kissed the wife and went home. There was so much that couldn't be talked about, they just rolled their sleeves up and worked for the next 10 years, and that dreadful silence I grew up in was the 50s. It wasn't silent exactly, it was terribly bright, a bright light where everything was happily happily... until Elvis came along."

WILLIAM DART



Video

NATURAL BORN KILLERS

Director: Oliver Stone

The Quentin Tarantino film that isn't was definitely the movie event of 1994. This visual onslaught has its scale lessened somewhat by its swing to the small screen. At the same time, this makes it seem all the more like a demonically extended music video. A multitude of film styles are employed rapid fire, ensuring the tale of Mickey and Mallory Knox (Juliette Lewis and Woody Harrelson) is as eye popping as it is stomach churning.

Essentially the tale of a mass murderous honeymoon and its consequences, the Stone-conspiracy twist comes via a large chunk of this story being told by the big bad media. Heading the charge of the Bullshit Brigade is the digger-ish Wayne Gale (Robert Downey Junior), host of the *Hardcopy* style *American Maniacs*. The show's story on the Knox's murder spree ranks second only to Manson's, which drives Gale ratings rabid. His quest to better the second best leads to more massacre, and the whole caboodle plays live to air.

If you like more bang for your buck, but aren't keen on sending your brain on holiday for a couple of hours, you can't go past *Natural Born Killers*.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES

Director: Gus Van Sant

With a cast of actors you wouldn't expect to see in a movie at the same time (Uma Thurman, Angie Dickinson, Roseanne Arnold, John Hurt and Crispin Glover included), you'd think this movie would be a blast. What it lacks in script, it makes up for in sheer cartoon colour, overall ridiculousness, and some very funny moments. Thurman plays Sissy Hankshaw, a total fox, who is born with abnormally large thumbs. Therefore, she decides her destiny in life is to "move", that is to hitchhike.

Sissy has a friend in New York ('The Countess'), a total queer queen played by Hurt. Sissy is his muse. He has helped Sissy with her modelling career by making her the face of feminine hygiene product range. The Countess bundles Sissy off to his health ranch, where she is to do a new hygiene ad. She meets the naughty cowgirls, led by Bonanza Jellybean (Sissy's love interest, played by Rain Phoenix), who want to take the ranch over from the horrid countess, and do so in a fashion never seen before. It's quite neat really.

SHIRLEY CHARLES

BOXING HELENA

Director: Jennifer Chambers Lynch

Most film buffs have probably read more about this fiasco than anyone should have bothered writing, so I won't waste too much ink on it. The personalities involved include director and screenplay writer Jennifer Chambers Lynch (daughter of David Lynch), Sherilyn Fenn (who was roped in when Kim Basinger walked) and Julian Sands (who continues to work despite remarkable evidence he shouldn't).

The story around which this fuck fest' is strung concerns a limp dick doctor named Nick (Sands), who is obsessed with a rotten bitch named Helena (Fenn), who hates his guts. When Helena is run over by a car, Nick sees it as a wonderful way to make her need him. Before you can say "riding on Daddy's coat tails", Nick's chopped Helena's legs off. This upsets her and makes her throw stuff at him and hoot around in her wheelchair very fast. Of course the only solution facing Nick is to chop off her arms, which he does. No, you do not see any of the operating business. What you do see is a lot of ridiculously prolonged rooting, a tonne of really bad kissing and some of the worst serious acting ever filmed.

I can't even bear to relive this any further. Sod all else happens anyway.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

TRUE LIES

Director: James Cameron

Arnold Schwarzenegger plays a spy called Harry. His wife Helen (Jamie-Lee Curtis) thinks he's a computer sales person. While Harry is out at night — saving the world from nasty Arab type terrorists, banging dogs' heads together, cleverly dodging 10,000 bullets, chasing suspects through the streets, hotels and even a hotel's lift on horseback, generally having a good old time — old Helen waits home alone for him, thinking what a dull-fuck marriage she has.

A big dork called Simon tries to seduce Helen during her lunch hour by pretending he is a spy. Helen is entranced (she wants some action). How ironic, we all think, because her own husband is the action packed man she really wants!

Anyway, one thing leads to another and, before we know it, Harry and Helen are both captured by the terrorists, taken to an island and shown what fine arsenal the terrorists have, i.e. a large nuclear bomb. Much shooting, fire and romance (rekindled) follows... and the story ends happily ever after, naturally.

The stunts are very exciting. The story is very dodgy, but amusing. Jamie-Lee's boobs are entrancing.

SHIRLEY CHARLES

THE DARK HALF

Director: George A Romero

The Dark Half is Stephen King movie number 24. It tells the tale of writer Thad Beaumont (played here by Timothy Hutton), who finds success writing hardcore horror novels under the pseudonym George Stark. Like King (with his Richard Bachman pseudonym), Beaumont has his cover blown and decides to publicly bury his 'dark half'. He and his wife are photographed grinning over Stark's gag grave stone, but the joke's on them when the photographer is found clubbed to death by his artificial leg.

Beaumont's jilted alter-ego (an unrecognisably ghouled up Hutton) has come to life and is not happy about losing his celebrity status. Stark leaves fingerprints identical to Thad's all over the show, and kills in the same manner as brutal Stark character Alexis Machine. Understandably, all eyes are on Beaumont, who looks guilty as buggery and is becoming increasingly prone to conjuring up swarms of sparrows (the harbingers of doom and heralds of Stark). *The Dark Half* holds you in your seat until its feathery finale, where you'll see the kind of bodily mutilation (right down to internal organs being ripped from bones) most 'good' horrors are too holy for these days.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON



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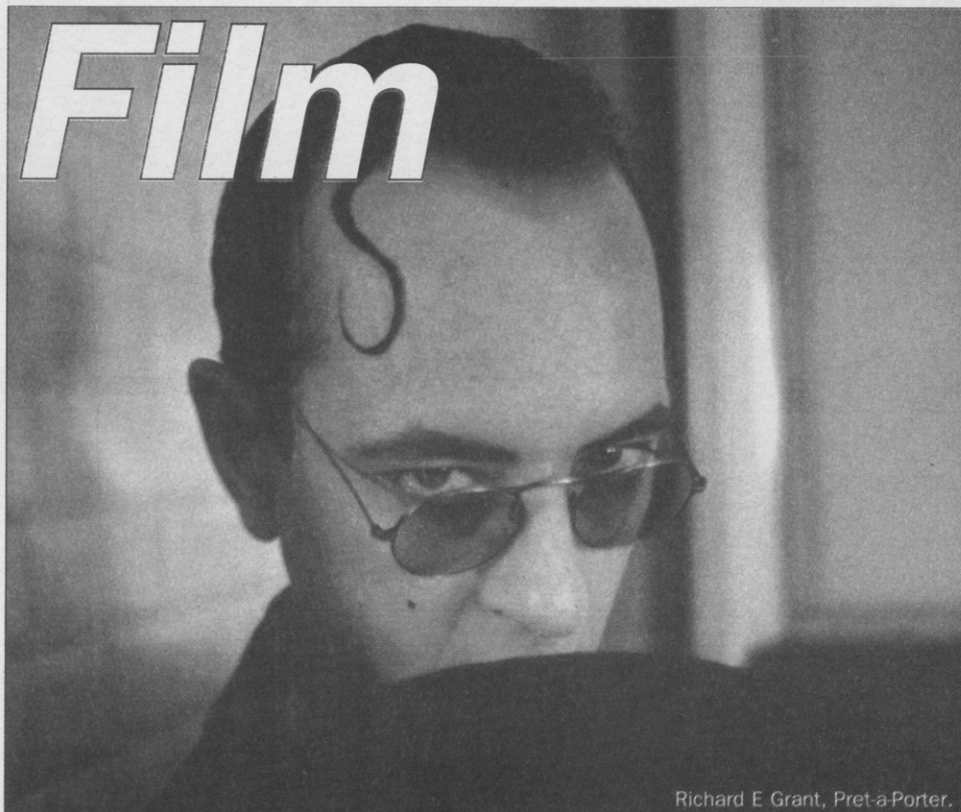
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Film



Richard E Grant, *Prêt-à-Porter*.



Flow Small, *War Stories*.

Prêt-à-Porter Director: Robert Altman

Some years ago, the English actor Margaret Leighton expressed her concerns about films that were a delight to make, but which ended up limp on the screen. She was talking of Bryan Forbes' *The Madwoman of Chaillot*. I suspect some of the cast of Robert Altman's new film would echo her worries.

In many ways, it's Altman's own fault for setting such an unassailable touchstone in his 1976 *Nashville*. It's impossible not to judge *PaP* by the earlier film, especially when Kim Basinger's vacuous fashion reporter recalls Nashville's more finely conceived Geraldine Chaplin character, a gushing BBC reporter, given to waxing poetically in automobile graveyards.

At 133 minutes, *PaP* is too expansive by far, and the different plot strands, which linked so effortlessly in last year's *Short Cuts*, don't always gel. Some characters, such as Lyle Lovett's hatchet-faced Texan, have nothing to do, and Lauren Bacall, frankly, was funnier on *Larry King* being herself.

Yves Saint-Laurent, in his autobiography, pointed out the anguish of fashion writers ever trying to find a new word of 'new'. Some of the funniest moments of *PaP* show just this, whether it's Basinger gushing about "designers from the supernovas to the super nobodies", or the high-powered trio of editors (Linda Hunt, Sally Kellerman and Tracey Ullman) who run a smooth and highly competitive line in fashion-speak.

Altman never let cynicism taint *Nashville*; even the least attractive characters asserted their validity. *PaP* has too many moments of sheer malice from Stephen Rea's humiliation of Hunt and her colleagues to the one-dimensional treatment of gay characters — a surreptitious clinch Forest Whitaker and friends find themselves in wouldn't pass muster in a Doris Day comedy. Occasionally, though, Altman touches the heart: this happens with reunion of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren, resplendent in her 60s, who come together in a hotel room and replay a scene from De Sica's *Yesterday Today and Tomorrow*. One wonders what players like Bacall, Anouk Aimée and the rather jolly Teri Garr might have been able to contribute to the film with a little more coaxing.

WILLIAM DART

War Stories Director: Gaylene Preston

Seven women talk movingly of their experiences during the war years, and how they coped with different kinds of grief. 'Character-building stuff,' some would say, and true enough; but these are stories that have been silent for too long and, thanks to Preston and her team, we can now learn from them. And what characters these women are: the rather gracious Pamela, letting her defences fall at just one crucial moment; the perennial battler Flo; Tui,

Preston's own mother, stoically talking of coping with a loveless marriage; Rita, revealing the ugly treatment meted out to conscientious objectors; and Auntie Jean, revealing the quiet racism that went unchecked in the countryside.

To inspire such utter naturalness in such a wide range of women is a testament to Preston's integrity. The interviews are unflinchingly full-on, even if the two Maori women sometimes have one straining to hear what they are saying, and Preston only allows herself the occasional cinematic flourish, such as a touch of slow motion at the end of one interview.

The archive footage today seems quaint to us — my favourite was the newsreel of the Eagle Club, an organisation of eager young Kiwi brides all ready to return to the States at the end of the war — but it's a crucial part of the film's structure. The clips cut ironically across the interviews, or they enlarge upon the women's comments, only occasionally causing confusion.

This is a film that stretches well beyond 1945. Here are seven women who have maintained their own life force, often in the face of terrible odds the world of men has laid against them. Their's is a wisdom we can all learn from, as the American feminist singer Holly Near once put it:

Listen to the voices of the old women,
Calling out the message,
Of the moon and sea,
Telling us what we need to know,
In order to be free,
Listen to the voices of the old women...

WILLIAM DART

The Secret of Roan Inish Director: John Sayles

John Sayles' new film is a slow burn — after a marvellous credit titles sequence, with a ship making the journey from island to mainland, there's an awful lot of what seems like inconsequential chatter. In fact, I well sympathised with the perplexed expression that often coursed over Jeni Courtenay's face through many of the early scenes.

But once we are taken into the mystical realm of the Selkie, a mythical Celtic who is half-human and half seal, the film picks up a force of its own. From then on, so powerful is the spell being woven, that even a cynic such as I accepted that two young children could single-handedly thatch and whitewash a deserted island cottage.

The bones of the plot come from a novel by Rosalie Fry, but the dialogue (and the observations that go with it) are by Sayles. Veteran cinematographer Haskell Wexler provides stunning images, from the amber-hued, flame-flickering cottage interiors to a toddler in its cradle, bobbing in the tide.

The performances are beautifully understated, and no-one really stands out from the Irish cast, although the quiet nobility of Cillian Byrne as the Selky lingers in the memory. Sayles' films are always very locked into a particular location and time — from his

early *Return of the Secaucus Seven* to his recent *Passionfish* — and this is no exception. In lesser hands, a film which advocates returning to live in the unspoiled wilderness of an offshore island might bring forth some sceptical chuckles, but in Sayles' hands, there seems to be no other alternative.

WILLIAM DART

Bite-size Movie Treats Filmfeast 95

Short film lovers, or should I say lovers of short films, gird your loins for *Filmfeast 95*, a potential orgy of over 140 short films which will screen in Auckland from May 26-June 8, with other cities currently being negotiated. This year the energetic Charles Bracewell, aka Miz Ima Starr, is at the helm. His is a name known to many in the Auckland gay community for his fronting of bFM's *In the Pink* show, and nationally for his often trenchant writing in *Man to Man*.

Bracewell stresses that this year we're going to see a lot of what's going on outside of New Zealand: "There's a lot more overseas stuff and it seems to be of a higher quality. We have a number of award winners, including the Mexican film *The Hero*, which took off last year's Jury Prize at Cannes... a bit of a coup really!" He's also excited about four programmes of offerings from the prestigious Oberhausen Festival, spanning two decades, from directors including Jan Svankmajer and Werner Herzog. Bracewell feels "these put New Zealand film-making into a different and valuable context".

Overseas films may well tell us something about ourselves. "The Christchurch film festival is good because it's competitive. It means it's a bit of a knuckle-duster between New Zealand film makers," says Bracewell. "Ours, not being competitive, is able to show films alongside the best that the world has to offer. You can get some idea about what we're lacking and what we have that other people don't have."

Bracewell has worked as actor, writer and director and feels the short film is "like a sprint compared to a mile. It gives you the chance to do something very focused. It's amazing how many people cannot focus for 10 minutes. In a short film you can do something that has a very distinct flavour. The quick turnaround allows you to analyse your work faster. I think it would be better if film makers here were encouraged to make 10 shorts for the same amount of money they would use to make a feature."

Five weeks away from opening night, Bracewell and Jane McKenzie, the director of the Moving Image Centre, are still working through mountains of videos. They range from another instalment of Bepen's Ken doll animations (with the intriguing title of *A Few Good Ken*) to a collection of Kiwi trash films under the banner of *Mondo Zealando*. The latter includes what Bracewell describes as "the longest and lightest" film in the festival, Mike Asquith's *Timekeeper*, an S-VHS essay which may well out-Jackson Peter of *Heavenly Creatures* fame.

You'll have more instalments of the dark

side of Kiwi culture in Simon Raby's *Headlong*, a snappy little tale of the ultimate hitchhiker from hell. Mark Raffety's environmentalist fable *Wood*, has touches of black humour, but also packs a strong emotional clout. Prepare to be moved by Derek Stuart's *A Stitch in Time*, a documentary about the AIDS quilt movement — particularly wrenching when some family members talk about the discrimination and bigotry they've encountered.

One programme, *Queer from Ear to Ear*, focuses on gay material, and *Girls, Girls, Girls* is a collection of women film-makers on women's issues. Gender politics can be fun, as in Sandra Lepore's *Dessert: An End in Three Parts*, which has its heroine trying to choose between two lovers, symbolised by *Feuilleté aux Cérises* and *Cherry Donut* (the latter has a chest to die for!), and finally opting for neither. Amongst the many cautionary tales, Karryn de Cinque's *Michelle's Third Novel* shows how a knife in the toaster 'turns' on the novelist in suitably manic Marguerite Lingard style.

WILLIAM DART

REEL NEWS

Quentin Tarantino's next directorial project will be a big-screen version of the American Sixties spy series *The Man From UNCLE*, in which he'll also act ... **John Travolta**, with his newly acquired 'hot property' status (thanks to *Pulp Fiction*), will be earning \$8 million in his next movie, a romantic comedy called *The Lady Takes An Ace*. **Sharon Stone** co-stars ... speaking of Stone, apparently her next film, *Last Dance*, bears a remarkable resemblance to the story Richard E Grant's character pitched to Tim Robbins' Griffin Mill in *The Player* ... **Pamela Anderson's** first major debut will be in a film called *Barbed Wire* ... **Johnny Depp's** next role (after his fabulous portrayal of 'the worst director in the world' Edward D Wood Jr. in the movie *Ed Wood*) is about the story of a man who thought he was the best lover in the world and the people who tried to cure him of this affliction. *Don Juan De Marco* reunites Depp with *Arizona Dream* co-star **Faye Dunnaway**, and they are joined by **Marlon Brando** ... Brad Pitt plays a cop on the trail of a serial killer in his next movie *Seven*. A cast and sling had to be written into his part after he slipped and put his hand through the window of a car ... **Hal Hartley's** newie is called *Amateur*. It is the tale of a post trauma amnesia victim (**Martin Donovan**) who is taken under the wing of a nymphomaniac ex-nun (**Isabelle Hupert**). Add a bunch of assassins on the trail of Mr Memory Loss, and you've got Hartley's most frantically paced film to date.



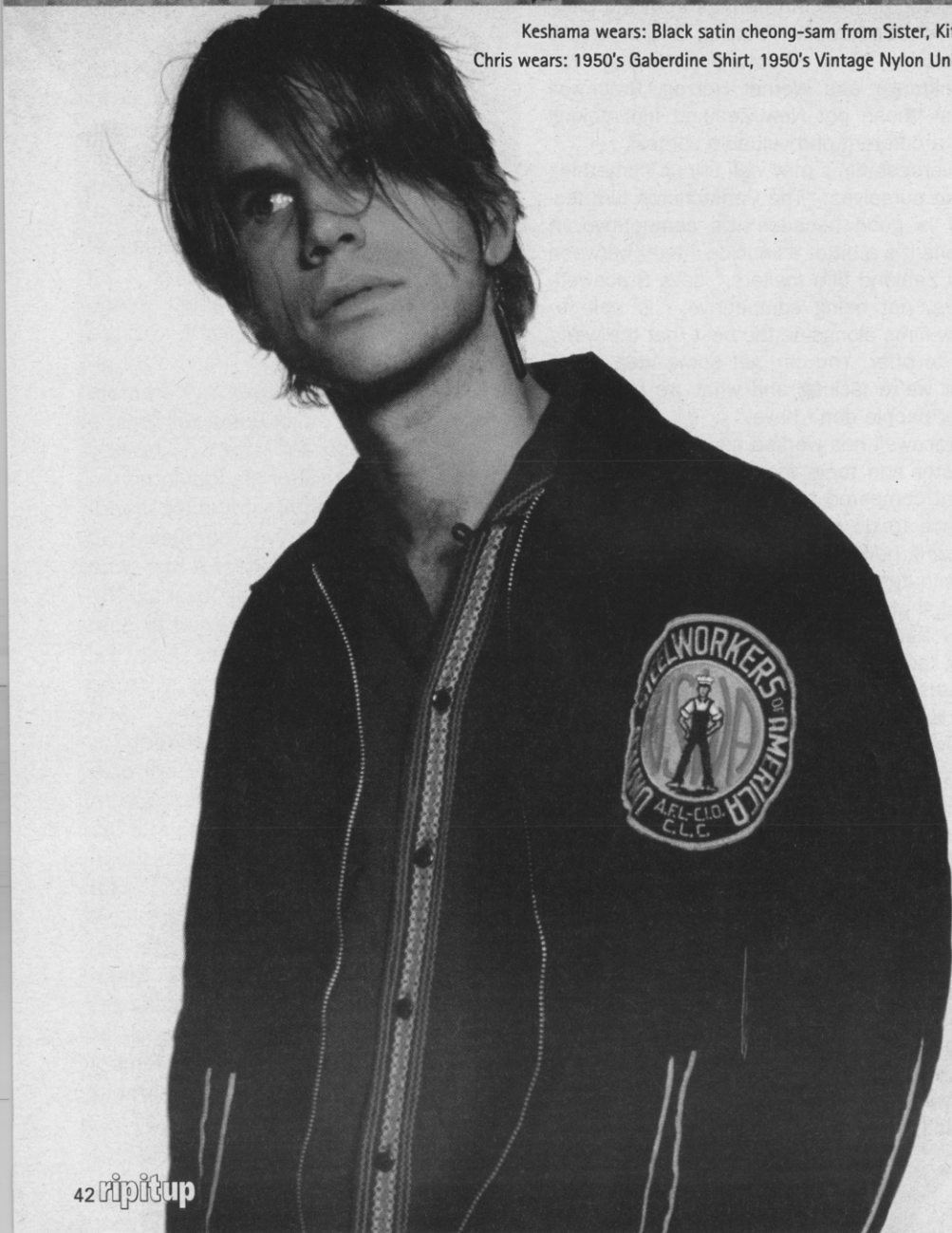
Fashion Page



Photos: Alan Drain • Make-Up: Keshama • Models: Chris Van Der Geer, Keshama and Mrs Andrea Edwards • Co-Ordinator: Shirley

Andrea wears: Plum Knitted dress and Pink Diamante earrings from Sister

Keshama wears: Black satin cheong-sam from Sister, Kitchener Street, Auck. Sister also available at Workshop Auck, Wgtn Et ChCh and Plume, Dunedin
Chris wears: 1950's Gaberdine Shirt, 1950's Vintage Nylon United Steel Workers Jacket, both from Retro American Salvage, Vulcan Lane, Auck.



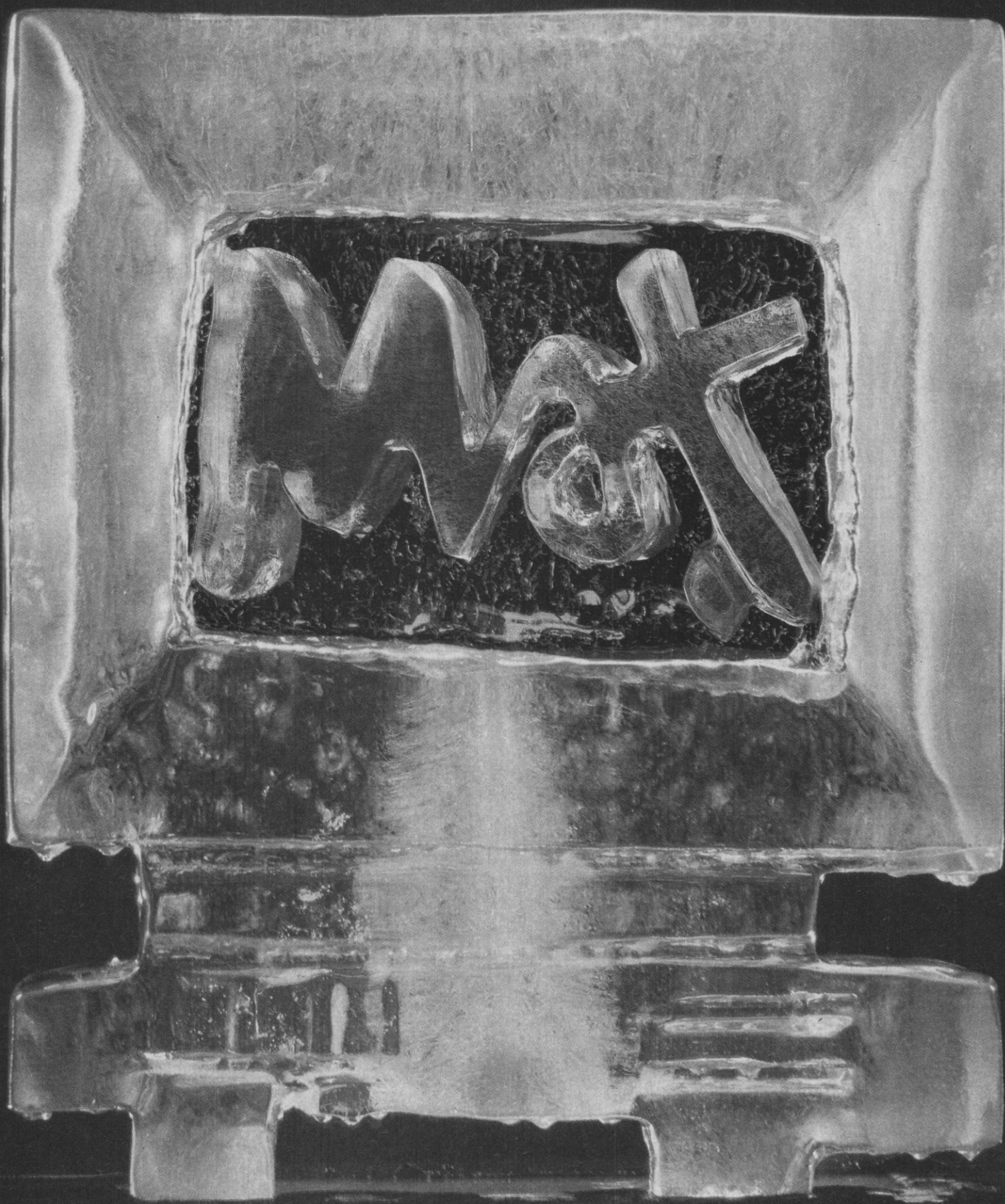
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