

Marvin's younger brother's experiences in the Vietnam war, *What's Going On* reflected his desire to tell more personalised stories, and the album reflected his views on Vietnam, racism, his social concerns, and religion. It was also the first evidence of Marvin's voice acquiring a tortured, angst ridden tone that made every word sound despairing. Not unrelated to this was the death of Tammi Terrell during the recording of the album, due to a massive brain tumour.

After recording the predominantly instrumental soundtrack *Trouble Man*, Marvin made an album that's sound was so far removed from that of *What's Going On*, that no one could have predicted it. By 1973 he had met 16 year old Janis Hunter, who proved the inspiration for *Let's Get It On* — an sultry unbridled celebration of lust and sexual hedonism. *The Master* would be worth its purchase price for the title track alone. Marvin's last partnership on record was with Diana Ross, and featured here are 'My Mistake (Was To Love You)' and 'Pledging My Love'.

Disc four features perhaps the most disturbing recordings of Marvin's life. Towards the end of the decade, his use of marijuana and cocaine had become more than excessive, he lived in a constant state of drug-induced paranoia, and his divorce from Anna Gordy was a bitter and nasty affair. 1978's *Here, My Dear* was the outcome, a brutally honest account of the decay of the relationship. 'When Did You Stop Loving Me, When Did I Stop Loving You', 'Anger', and 'Anna's Song' are lifted from that period.

His last album for Motown was 1981's *In My Lifetime*, the relationship severed after Marvin claimed the label released the record without his permission. He emigrated to Belgium, where in 1982 he made the album *Midnight Love*, and had a worldwide smash with 'Sexual Healing'. What many hoped would be a lengthy new chapter in the life of Marvin Gaye was brought to an end in April 1984, when he was shot dead in Los Angeles by his father.

It's been proven time and time again that the most creative of artists, those born with a natural gift, tend to be the most emotionally damaged, and despite bringing happiness to thousands, never find it themselves. You only have to listen to the hysteria recorded on *Marvin: Live At The London Palladium*, to realise how many people the world over thrill to the sound of his voice. Though it may sound ignorant or naive, he will remain for me, the greatest singer who ever lived.

JOHN RUSSELL



Pavement

**PAVEMENT** *Wowee Zowee*  
(Fellaheen)

Track one, 'We Dance', takes you on a sad and beautiful slide into Pavement's latest collection of weirdy bits. When Stephen Malkmus croons: 'Pick out some Brazilian nuts for your engagement,' all the reasons you love Pavement come rushing back. If Olivia Newton-John fronted up and asked them: 'Have you ever been mellow?', they would answer in the affirmative, then do something, well, nutty — if sometimes a little less literally.

Take 'Brinx Job', if you will (they did). Malkmus unleashes the weird vocal treatments on this enthusiastic tale of a robbery getaway. 'Rattled By the Rush' (the most immediately catchy tune) is a tale of a nerve wracking call to the altar, which teams a honkin' harmonica with the lead guitar. There's punky pop in 'Serpentine Pad'. 'Motion Suggests' is a relatively simple tune, with a strange intro that sounds like it fell off a cartoon soundtrack. Then they bundle the whole hootin' kaboodle

together on compact packages that go real diverse distances, like 'Best Friend's Arm' or 'AT & T'. Even the lovely plinkety plunk of 'Grave Architecture' escalates into a short frenzied abandon.

Featuring less sing-alongs and more sound-

scapes, *Wowee Zowee* won't clamber all over you in the puppy-like manner *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain* did. Nevertheless, if you give it a chance to work its sly tricks on you, it's bound to start licking your ears in no time.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

**SHIHAD** *Killjoy*  
(Wildside)

Many records are accorded the description 'long-awaited', far less truly deserve it, but an album released by Wellington's Shihad is one of the most worthy. After their monstrous 1993 debut, *Churn*, music fans partial to a slice of heaviness can release held breaths now that *Killjoy* has arrived — but more of the same it is not.

While at times *Killjoy* shares with *Churn* the overpowering and brutal twin guitar attacks of Jon Toogood and Phil Knight, particularly on 'The Call' and the first two singles, 'You Again' and 'Bitter', more striking is the sense of warmth and lack of restraint. Where *Churn* was brilliantly cold and insular, but blatantly so, *Killjoy* feels like pure rock 'n' roll, a record made up as they went along, the pieces falling magically into place.

Shihad both batter and soothe over nine epic songs. They place the relentless industrial riffs of 'The Call' and 'Envy' next to 'Debs Night Out', a simple but breathtakingly effective slow burner, then follow up with 'Bitter', a barrelling celebration of all things 4/4. Songs duck and dive unexpectedly on melodies and riffs, and the guitars push a song to the point where more might be too much, then pull back suddenly, revealing another twist in direction.

Most attention is usually poured on the front line, but this album proves Shihad's rhythm



Shihad

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