

Steve Vai Cruel Sea Naughty By Nature Leftfield Punk Style Elvis Slag

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rip it up

Jan Hellriegel

Doubt Is a State Of Mind

BAILTER SPACE
Gotham City Wammo

WEEZER
We're Not Very Rock'n'Roll

SPEARHEAD
Sweet Potato Pie

TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY
Rebirthing In The Funk Lane

CHRIS KNOX
Prophet Or Lost?



SILVERCHAIR TOUR



POST

New Album June 23

Once again produced by Nellee Hooper

<http://www.centrum.is/bjork>

POST AWAY FOR FREE BJORK CD SINGLE 'ARMY OF ME'

Includes 5 outstanding remixes

The first 500 *RiptUp* readers to send this form to: BJORK POST, RiptUp Magazine, PO Box 5689, Auckland 1, will receive a FREE CD single 'Army Of Me' from the movie 'Tank Girl'.

Name:

Address:

News

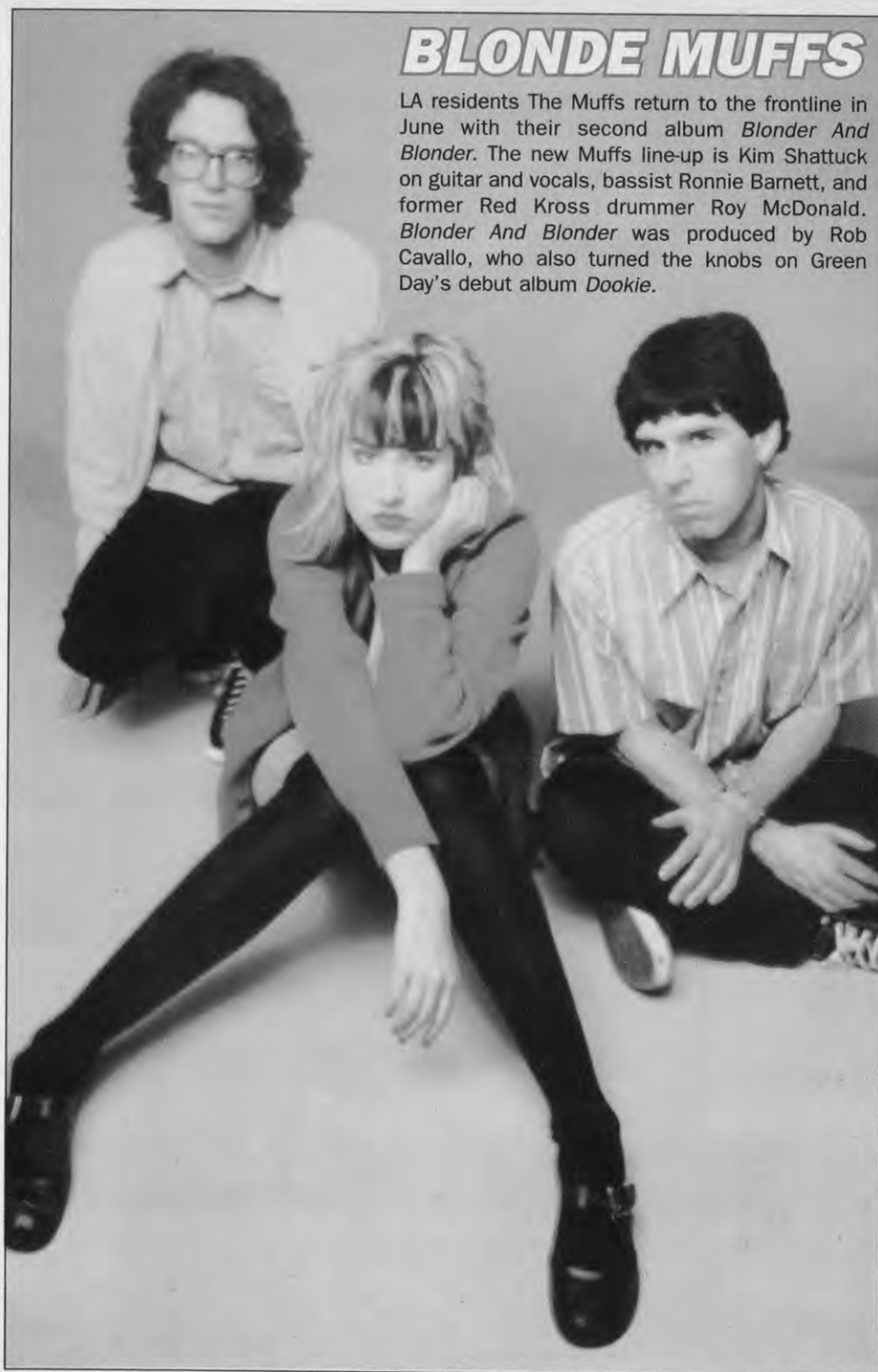


ICE ICE BABY

The wonderfully named, and one-time Sugarcube, Björk Gudmundsdóttir retreats from the verge to present her second solo album *Post*. Opting for the sunshine of the Bahamas over the darkness of Iceland, she travelled to the Caribbean to record in the legendary Compass Point Studios. The first single from *Post*, 'Army Of Me' contains extra tracks remixed by the Beastie Boys, Graham Massey of 808 State, and Nellee Hooper, who's also worked with Madonna and Massive Attack.

BLONDE MUFFS

LA residents The Muffs return to the frontline in June with their second album *Blonder And Blonder*. The new Muffs line-up is Kim Shattuck on guitar and vocals, bassist Ronnie Barnett, and former Red Kross drummer Roy McDonald. *Blonder And Blonder* was produced by Rob Cavallo, who also turned the knobs on Green Day's debut album *Dookie*.



FILTERING OUT

Filter are the Cleveland duo of Brian Liesegang and one-time Trent Reznor collaborator Richard Patrick. Both began experimenting with keyboards and samplers while at college, and formed after a cross-country trek to the Grand Canyon. Their debut album *Short Bus*, named after the vehicle that takes "challenged kids" to school in their hometown, is due for release this month. The duo also appear on the *Demon Knight: Tales From The Crypt* soundtrack, with 'Hey Man, Nice Shot', the first single from *Short Bus*.



MIX MASTERS

What do you get when you cross Wellington's two biggest, heaviest bands together? The SML, that's what. Early this year Shihad's Jon Toogood and Tom Larkin joined forces with Head Like A Hole's Date and a 4-Track in the Capital's infamous recording studio, The Stench Room. The result is 'Mixdown', a seven-song single that sounds nothing like what you'd expect. And at no extra cost they also give you their rendition of Iron Maiden's 'Runnin' Free'.



Listen Up

VOWEL MOVEMENT
JOHNETTE NAPOLITANO



VOWEL MOVEMENT

Holly Vincent
Johnette Napolitano

Holly Vincent (ex Holly & The Italians) and Johnette Napolitano (ex Concrete Blonde) make up the duo that is Vowel Movement. Holly and Johnette formed the band on New Year's Eve in 1993 when neither of them had a date. They drank, smoked pot, did each other's tarot cards, threw the I-Ching, drank some more, Johnette picked up her bass, Holly got on her drums, Johnette started mumbling...and vowel movement was born. Johnette and Holly played and sang everything on the album which was recorded in six days. If it weren't for Johnette and Holly, it would be safe to say that there wouldn't be people like Liz Phair, Bikini Kill, Seven Year Bitch & Hole around, OK?

Letters to Cleo

Aurora Gory Alice

LETTERS TO CLEO Aurora Gory Alice

Fresh on the heels of their hit 'Here And Now' being blasted all over *Melrose Place* and its soundtrack comes the huge debut from Letters To Cleo. LTC are the sound of here and now, guitar attack that chimes and fuzzes, stuttering female vocal with cool melodies. Letters To Cleo have a fantastically scrappy pop-punk meld of sound which has given them an absolute smash of an album that has drawn rave reviews world-wide.

HEAR IT NOW

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



3418



POVERTY'S PARADISE

naughty BY NATURE

NAUGHTY BY NATURE

Poverty's Paradise

With their album *Poverty's Paradise* the band who have made a career out of creating street anthems deliver more of that Naughty Flow and groove that has made them the hip-hop story of the 90's. Tracks like 'Here We Go/Feel Me Flow' with Treach in top form plus the current Top 10 smash 'Craziest' follow on from their earlier hits 'OPP' and 'Hip Hop Hooray'. However that doesn't mean this album is all a party, there are some hard hitting beats on 'Holdin Fort' and 'Chain Remains' that reflect the realities of life in the ghetto. This album is 100% ruffneck. Get it in your house from June 12.

ana christensen



not all monkeys are right handed

ANA CHRISTENSEN

Not All Monkeys Are Right Handed

Australian singer-songwriter Ana Christensen emerges with her second album to date. Although Ana is relatively unknown in New Zealand she possesses a songwriting talent that is loaded with emotion and truth and best compared with Melissa Etheridge. If you are interested in an artist with depth and true songwriting ability Ana Christensen's *Not All Monkeys Are Right Handed* will take you into another reality.

HEAR IT NOW

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



3421



SUPERETTE



SUPERETTE Rosepig

JPS Experience songwriter Dave Mulcahy is back with a new trio, Superette. This debut on Flying Nun contains five sweetly spare pop songs mixing grand hook riffery and sly tunes to maximum effect. Major groovy lead-off track 'Killer Clown' appears on TV screens and seven inch singles too.



CROWBAR Time Heals Nothing

This is the second full-length album from New Orleans underground thrashers Crowbar on independent label Pavement Music. After the success of 1993's self-titled release (produced by Pantera vocalist Philip Anselmo) the group is poised to expand their already large and loyal fan base. Crowbar have featured on MTV's *Headbangers Ball*, *Beavis and Butthead* and completed a European tour with *Paradise Lost*, five full US tours and, most notably, a sold-out theatre tour with Pantera.

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News



SILVERCHAIR DATES

Aussie sensations Silverchair have confirmed two New Zealand dates for June. They will play at Auckland's Logan Campbell Centre on Friday June 9, and at the Wellington Town Hall on Saturday June 10. The trio (singer-guitarist Daniel Johns, bassist Chris Joannou, and drummer Ben Gillies), who first played in New Zealand at this year's *Big Day Out*, will release a third single, 'Israel's Son', from their debut album *Frogstomp*, to coincide with the tour.



TEEN ANGST

Teenage Fan Club gear up for the release of their new album, *Grand Prix*. For their fourth album, the producer is David Bianco, who has worked with Frank Black.



CULT COMIC CINEMA

Tank Girl hits the big screen in July with Lori Petty in the lead role. With 'Courtney Love-Cobain' credited as 'executive music co-ordinator', the line-up is suitably bizarre. Devo revisit 'Girl You Want', and there's a who's who of femme fatales. Bjork performs 'Army of Me' with Nellee Hooper, there's L7's Sub-Pop gem 'Shove', 'Aurora' by Veruca Salt, 'Thief' by Belly and Hole with 'Drown Soda. From the UK, there's grunge stars Bush and Portishead. Two collaborations take place for the movie — Joan Jett with Paul Westerberg on 'Let's Do It' and a track by the Magnificent Bastards, namely Scott Weiland (Stone Temple Pilots), Zander Schloss, Bob Thomson and Jeff Nolan.

ICE T HOP-HOP STAR

Dapper rapper Ice T stars as a Kangaroo in *Tank Girl* and performs 'Big Gun'.



BRAINS & CARS & MADONNA

The inimitable Washington DC group Bad Brains return soon with a new album entitled *God of Love*. Having signed with the Madonna-owned label Maverick, the band invited original vocalist HR back to the ranks, and recruited former Cars vocalist Rik Ocasek to repeat the production job he did on the band's 1983 album, *Rock For Light*. Of the new album, the big-dreaded HR says: "It's a top rankin' sound."

don't ask me



DANIEL JOHNS (Silverchair)

You play... Guitar/Vocals.

Your fondest moment is... Being part of the survey.

If you weren't in a band you'd be... A person who isn't part of a band, I guess.

The best thing about being in a 'famous and popular' band is... We're not famous or popular, but it's good fun writing and playing music you like.

Your most shameful moment was when... I wrote a rap song in Grade 4.

The person in a band you have met and most admire is... Tim Rogers of You Am I

You have been mistaken for... Nobody at all. Absolutely nobody, OK!

On a Sunday you... Sleep.

Your dream gig would be with... Helmet

You just after... Everyone on *Baywatch* except for the guys.

You are afraid of... Hip-hop music.

The best room in your house is... My bedroom.

The future of rock 'n' roll is... Good, if people start to listen to new bands like Blue Bottle Kiss, Midget, Hardware, Fur etc., and listen to Helmet.

The last clever word you learnt was... It.

Who or what picks you up when you're down... When I'm asleep my brother punches me in the head and that gets me up.

What is in your pocket... A pool table, gun, wardrobe, CD player, a few CDs, a piece of chewing gum, an old hanky, and a walkie-talkie (just in case).

Green Day are playing two charity gigs in Oakland, California for organisations whose services the band members have made use of, namely the Berkeley and Haight-Ashbury Free Clinics, Food Not Bombs and San Francisco Coalition on Homelessness ... **Johnny Cash** cancelled his UK tour after discomfort following an oral nerve operation. Cash flew back to the USA to recuperate at a pain management clinic ... tickets for two **Pearl Jam** USA shows sold out in seven minutes ... **David Bowie** has signed to Virgin Records ... the **Cure** will release a new album later in the year. It has been described as "more dance orientated and upbeat" ... former **Guns N' Roses** drummer **Steve Adler** was arrested for possession of heroin after neighbours found him slumped over the steering wheel of his car ... look out for the **Sonic Youth** biography *Confusion Is Next* ... **Verve** cancelled tour dates after guitarist Nick McCabe broke his hand in a fight with a bouncer in Paris ... **Manic Street Preachers** guitarist **James Dean Bradfield** is currently recording with **Therapy?** The new **Therapy?** album features their "crooning" version of Husker Du's 'Diane' with strings ... good reports in the UK press include a lead review in the *NME* for **Chris Knox's** *Songs of You & Me* and four stars for **Shihad's** *Killjoy* in *Q* magazine. *Melody Maker* described Chris Knox live at the Netherlands state-sponsored lo-fi convention as "a veritable guru" ... **Shihad** are playing two major European outdoor festivals; Roskilde in Denmark June 29 and

Phoenix in England on July 16. Prior to the festivals **Shihad** are touring Europe with **Head Like A Hole**. Both bands will do New Zealand tours in August ... **Tim Finn's** **A.L.T.** play London in June ... super bassist **Rob Wasserman** has sued Woodstock Ventures after he tripped on a tent peg at last year's event, fracturing his left arm ... singer **Sarah Cracknell** has left **St Etienne** to pursue a solo career ... the family of **Jimi Hendrix** object to the overdubbing of drum parts on the new release *Voodoo Soup* ... a tribute to **Stevie Ray Vaughan** has been televised. Taped in Austin were **Eric Clapton**, **B.B.King**, **Robert Cray**, **Jimmie Vaughan**, **Dr. John** and **Buddy Guy** ... early 1996 Island will reissue remastered **Elton John** albums with bonus tracks. So it will still fit on one CD *Yellow Brick Road* is the only title which will not gain a bonus track ... three live tracks from **Strawberry Fields** will feature on the b-side of the next **Pumpkinhead** single 'Third Eye' ... in the studio: **Sonic Youth** are recording in Memphis for an album scheduled for September release. **Sonic Youth** think *Lollapalooza* is "tacky" but they will be able to build their own studio with the fee they are getting ... the **Charlatans** are mixing their fourth album at Rockfield Studio in Wales ... **Loves Ugly Children** have recorded their debut album in Dunedin ... the **Finn Brothers** have completed mixing their album at York St Studio ... the **Bats** are recording a new album in Christchurch ... **Steve Albini** is producing a new album for the **Fleshtones**.

TECHNOLOGY

- **Flying Nun** are now on the Internet. Look for them under *anyone@flyingnun.conz*.
- With their new album *Tales From the Punchbowl*, **Primus** will have a CD-Plus version for CD-ROM compatible computers. We are told the CD-Plus will include "interactive graphics for the computer to further enhance the Primus experience."
- Courtney Love's **Hole** Internet site was closed for several days after fans exchanged death threats and offensive language. The accounts of the two people who posted death threats were closed.
- Using SSL's Worldnet Integrated Services Digital Network **Jesus Jones** in Bath at Peter Gabriel's Real World Studio recorded simultaneously with Japanese guitarist **Hotel** in Singapore. The mix was made into a CD and handed out at the Singapore IMM conference the next day.
- USA indie **Rounder** have issued their 1,100 title catalogue on CD-ROM with colour reproductions of album covers, 20 second music edits from each album and press quotes.
- EMI will release a CD-ROM version of the **Queensryche** album *Promised Land* with documentary footage of the making of the album, 25 puzzles or games. Fans can explore five different worlds or trips representing the psyches of each of the band members.
- The battle is on to establish two incompatible high density CD formats that will contain five times more digital information than the current audio CD. The new formats will be capable of carrying movies. Old rivals **Phillips** and **Sony** have joined forces to take on the **Toshiba** and **Time-Warner** bonded disc system. There is also a third rival in the videodisc field, **Matsushita** who have a bonded disc system with two layers of digital information on either side. The Matsushita videodisc will be compatible with the Toshiba and Time-Warner system.

taking care of business

New Festival

The Gisborne District Council are looking for bands to play at a two-day music festival in late December. Interested parties should contact Leesa Tilley on (06) 8670-213 or 025 759-305, or fax (06) 8677-286.

A Word From Chronic Productions

If you have skills in promotion, organising, sound & light engineering, graphic art, communication or are just believe in what NZ music is (or could be) then Chronic Productions would like to hear from you. The company is involved with management and

past tours for Supergroove and Semi Lemon Kola, Pumpkinhead, Thorazine Shuffle, Fagan, Dead Flowers. They are currently updating a nationwide database of people currently, or wanting to be involved with the promotion of NZ music. People from any city, town, suburb or secluded settlement should write now. At the very least Chronic will be able to send the latest music and tour information to you. If you are suitable to help in anyway, there may be remuneration. Chronic are also updating their venue database, from shacks to stadiums, operators are invited to send their venue specifics to Chronic Data, Attention: Stuart

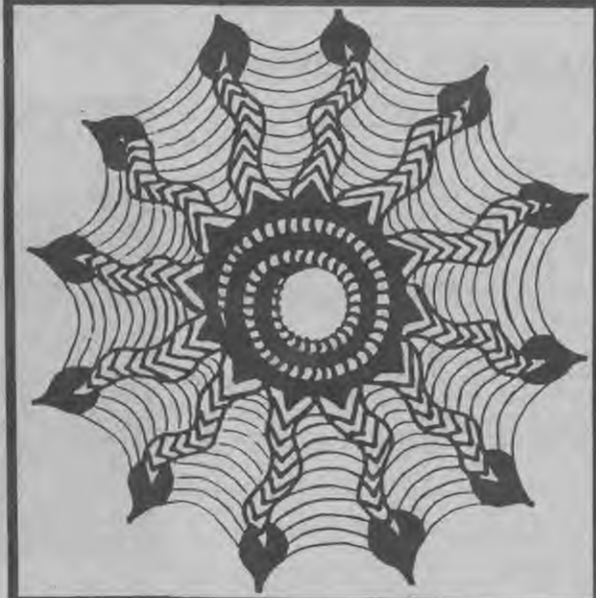
Broughton, Box 6430 Wellesley St, Auckland.

Musical Chairs

New National Sales Manager for **Festival Records** is **Anthony Reardon** and the new Festival PR person is **Shirley Charles** (ex *RiptUp*) ... there's talk of **Disney** USA purchasing England's last big record company, **EMI** for five billion USA dollars ... the rumour that **George Michael** will soon sign to Virgin Records has been met with "no comment" from Sony and Virgin ... **Warners** UK have co-financed the revival of the 70s indie label **Radar** ... producer **Daniel Lanois** has an A&R deal to bring talent to the **Capitol** label.



the long awaited debut album available in stores from june 1st. -----on tour june and july



Tours

THE CRAMPS & KIM SALMON AND THE SURREALISTS

June 4 Auckland, Town Hall

POINTER SISTERS

June 9 Auckland, Town Hall
10 Wellington, Michael Fowler Centre

SILVERCHAIR

June 9 Auckland, Logan Campbell Centre
10 Wellington, Town Hall

MASSIVE ATTACK SOUND SYSTEM

June 16 Auckland, The Pit Stop
17 Wellington, Shed 21

JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION

June 27 Auckland, Powerstation

SEBADOH

July 11 Dunedin, Sammys
13 Christchurch, Warners
14 Wellington, James Caberet
15 Auckland, Powerstation

FAITH NO MORE

August 5 Wellington, Showbuilding
6 Auckland, Logan Campbell Centre

DIONNE WARWICK

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

EAGLES & MELISSA ETHERIDGE

November 25 Auckland, Western Springs

RUMOURS '95

Fugazi (July)
Pay It All Back: Tackhead, Little Axe, Audio Active, Two Badcard, Mark Stewart (October)
NoMeansNo (October)
Burning Spear



SINGLE SHOT OF KOLA

Auckland band Semi Lemon Kola will have a new three track single, 'Otherwise', in the shops by mid June. Having recently completed a short tour of the South Island, the band will hit the road again in July on a nationwide tour to promote the release. Meanwhile, the single will be launched in Auckland at Kurtz Lounge on Friday June 23.



POINTER SISTERS TOUR

Like bringing George Benson over wasn't enough of a treat for one year, the folks at the Music Corporation have pulled hard on the right strings and will deliver the Pointer Sisters to New Zealand for two shows this month. To hear all the hits — 'I'm So Excited', 'He's So Shy', 'Slow Hand', 'Fire', 'Neutron Dance', 'Jump (For My Love)' and 'Automatic' — be at the Auckland Town Hall on Friday June 9 or the Michael Fowler Centre in Wellington on Saturday June 10.



On the telephone, Dunedin musician Demarnia Lloyd speaks like she sings on her first solo record, softly and thoughtfully. Late

of Munky Kramp, and currently of Mink, Demarnia recorded the seven tunes on *Cloudboy* in November last year after she



ONE SHOW FOR JON SPENCER

New York's Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, who received rave reviews after supporting Beck in New Zealand last year, return to play a headlining show at the Powerstation on Tuesday June 27.



NEW SINGLE AND TOUR FOR SOUTHSIDE

Wellington's Southside Of Bombay tour extensively nationwide this month (see Gig Guide for dates) to promote the release of their new single 'Umbadada', out on Pagan Records.

MASSIVE ATTACK NEWS

Smooth groovers and boundary pushers Massive Attack, have finalised details for their two New Zealand Sound System shows. Each performance will run for five hours and will boast a mixture of live music and DJs. Featured DJs will include Horace Andy, Nick Warren, DJ Gaffa, plus sets by Massive's Daddy G and Mushroom, and the evening will culminate with a live performance by Massive Attack.

The Auckland show takes place on June 16 at The Pit Stop on Beach Road (beside Railway Station) from 9pm till 2am, while Shed 21 on Wellington's waterfront hosts the experience the following night from 10pm until 3pm.



secured a \$5000 Arts Council New Recording Grant. Essentially a solo project with guests, *Cloudboy* is a collection of trippy, ethereal, sad sounding songs, all of an autobiographical nature.

"It wanders along with different situations and different relationships, and each one sums up quite a specific time for me. Some I wrote three years ago, and the lyrics bug me now, but I've kept true to them because that's how it was then, and I didn't want to put today's influence on yesterdays things." Right now Demarnia is "working on getting the live thing happening", having assembled a four-piece band for touring purposes, and continues to plot the direction of the project. "I'm not really sure how it's going to develop, I haven't got a set idea of how it's going to go, but there's definitely more promised in the future."

ELVIS SLAG

WHERE WERE YOU IN FEBRUARY 1995?

(An Elvis Slag Magic Minute)

Ah, four months ago! Incredibly it seems like only four months ago - because it was! But why wait 25 years before cashing in on the nostalgia for February 1995? What a month! How could we leave it behind? 1995! Remember those crazy hair cuts? The wild fashions? Remember when Max TV seemed like an interesting thing? When you wondered who that upper lip belonged to - and were horrified to find it was Sheryl Crow!? February 1995! They were the days! Heather Nova had yet to walk this world and the Headless Chickens were still at number one (in fact, they were still the Headless Chickens). February, 1995!! National was in power, Jim Anderton was still basically wrapped in a big box and exported to the Netherlands and down in sunny Wanganui, citizens could still walk through the city park without bumping into ungainly dwellings built from corrugated iron and flags.

If you wanted to make a phone call in February 1995 - you could! Telecom phone lines were still working then, and if a fault took more than two nanoseconds to repair the company would choose a repairman at random and flay him alive! And cellphones were still for rich people - isn't that how it should always be?

Ribidup magazine was very different in February 1995. When music fans picked up their copy they'd find a different band on the cover, and different stories inside. Some of the record reviews were different too. On the TV, home viewers tuned in to news programmes and also TVNZ news. You only had to put up with Judy and the Other Guy for half an hour, and people used to watch something called Holmes. February 1995! The Rolling Stones were due to play here, and each week newspapers would run a story saying that they were due to play here! Sometimes there'd be little drawings to go with the newspaper stories, and other times there would be photographs of the people in the band with their names underneath. Duh.

February 1995 was four months ago - four months that make up a nation's history. What fits in four months? 25 episodes of Shortland Street? Departure of 50% of the cast of Shortland Street? 16 schedule changes by TV3 programmes? Half an issue of Planet?



THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF LOU REED

The Society for the Preservation of Lou Reed was formed about eight seconds after the release of U2's cover of 'Satellite of Love'. Following Duran Duran's recent release of 'Perfect Day', membership subscriptions have almost doubled. Total membership for the society now stands at 47,000, although it is possible that Shayne Carter has joined more than once by using different names.

The Society's aim is to preserve the music of Lou Reed from being covered by talentless shits, particularly those belonging to bands such as U2 and Duran Duran. While the Society acknowledges the contribution these musicians have made to the general rock'n'roll zeitgeist (including providing the raw elements that would later be combined to make Suede and Oasis, with the leftover bits going to Elastica), the Society wishes they would leave the work of Lou Reed alone. If you would like to join the Society, please answer the simple question in the form below.

Tick the original lyric by Lou Reed:

- ☐ Her name is Rio / and she dances in the sand
- ☐ I still haven't found what I'm looking for
- ☐ Heroin / you made a man out of me

Yes! I would like to Join the Society for the Preservation of Lou Reed.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Stereo wattage:

I have been listening to Lou Reed... (tick one)

- ☐ My entire life, he is my God (South Island residents only)
- ☐ Since that Sun City album
- ☐ For about 10 minutes

1000 YEARS AGO

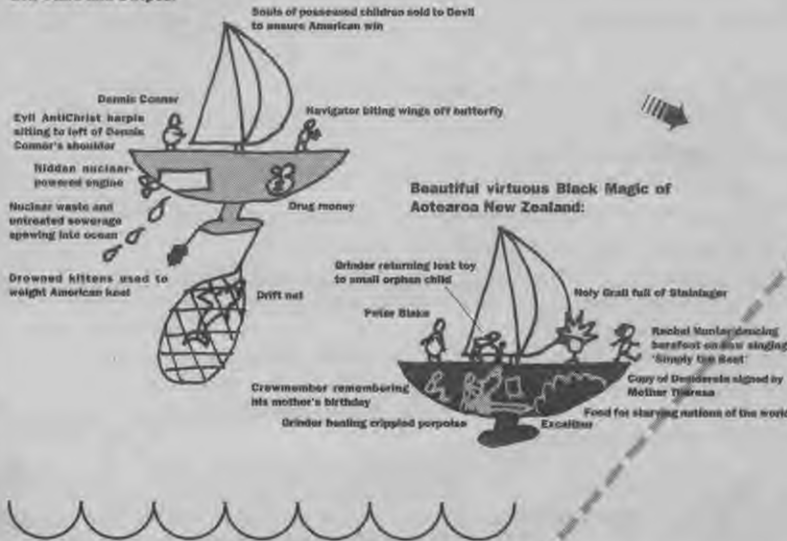


Here at Ribidup Slag Dept we like to keep abreast of the latest media trends and our "graphics" department is no exception! One of the "graphics" departments we always look up to has to be the "New Zealand Herald" "graphic" department. How complicated life would be if we didn't have

a "Herald" "graphic" showing us the Kennedy assassination "magic bullet" theory, or the way the "space shuttle" "docks". Wondered about that deadly Ebola "virus" or where the new Auckland "dam" might be constructed? Or perhaps you're going to a "Rolling Stones" "concert" and want to know

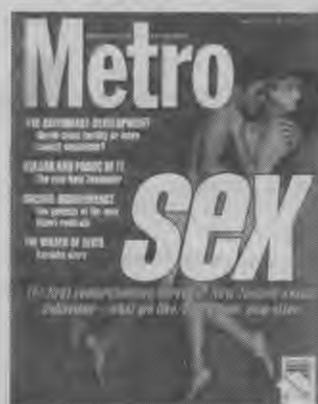
which thing on stage is the "speaker stack" and which is the "band". Yessir, in the multimedia point-and-click 90s, the "Herald" is showing us just how "print" publications can explain everything you need to know about everything else! So we strapped on our lucky red "socks" (in the favoured Chilli Peppers position) and got a drawin' to show you everything you need to know about "New Zealand's" America's "Cup" "win"! Take it away, "Herald" "graphic"!!

Evil Stars and Stripes:



SEPARATED AT BRITH?

On the left, a copy of the May issue of Metro. On the right, a magazine published in the same month. We wonder if, by any chance, they might be related??



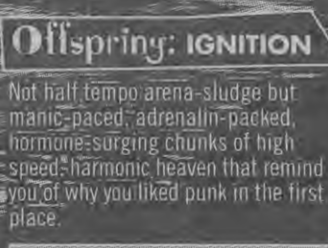
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smash your Head on The punk Rock



Offspring: SMASH
It's only sold millions of copies cos it's that fucking good! Some bands write songs, other bands just write riffs, but Offspring write full-blown, super-charged, nitro-fuelled, chest-pounding, fist-waving anthems. Featuring the singles "Come Out And Play", "Self Esteem" and look for the brand new single "Gotta Get Away".



Offspring: IGNITION
Not half tempo arena-sludge but manic-paced, adrenalin-packed, hormone-surgings chunks of high speed harmonic heaven that remind you of why you liked punk in the first place.

Fugazi: RED MEDICINE
Fourth album from Washington DC's hardcore originators. Fugazi are still punk's most credible and original band. Passionate, epic tracks and still hard as ever.



Rancid: LET'S GO
Non-stop, pulse-pounding, ear-ringing, exhilarating torrents of upbeat electric noise. Rancid sport the best mohawks in punk and this album has 23 singalong pogo party classics.

NOFX: PUNK IN DRUBLIC
This record shreds like a blender on liquefy-A balls to the wall, no holds barred blast of precision punk rock loaded with stellar guitars and the best tongue-in-cheek lyrics around. Raw power and catchier than a cold.



Pennywise: UNKNOWN ROAD
Hey punkers, surfers, skate and snowboarders, here's the soundtrack for your life! The exploding sound of adolescent angst from these California surf punks is packed with thought-provoking lyrics and the fastest beats you've ever heard.

Go hassle a record shop for all these albums now!

FUTURE RECORDINGS

Neil Young, Mirror Ball (Warners) — 10 songs recorded with Pearl Jam in Seattle.

Nine Inch Nails, Further Down the Spiral (Warners) — remixes of 1994's *The Downward Spiral*.

Thurston Moore, Psychic Hearts (Geffen/BMG) — 15 tracks including 20 min instrumental 'Elegy For All the Dead Rock Stars'.

Pink Floyd, Pulse (Sony) — double live set from 1994 tour. Contains live versions of all the tracks on *Dark Side of the Moon* and three from *Division Bell*.

David Bowie, Outside (Virgin) — a collaboration with Brian Eno.

Wire, Behind the Curtain (EMI) — 31 previously unreleased tracks including demos and six live cuts from 1977.

Foo Fighters, Foo Fighters (Capitol) — Nirvana's Dave Grohl, due late July.

Beastie Boys, Root Down (Capitol) — 10 track live EP.

Michael Jackson, HIStory Book 1 (Epic) — two disc pack, 15 greatest hits and 15 new songs.

Shane MacGowan & the Popes, The Snake (Warners) — Re-release, three tracks added. Guests include Sinéad O'Connor and guitarist Johnny Depp.

The Verve, A Northern Soul (Virgin).

Supergrass, I Should Co Co (EMI).

Bjork, Post (Polygram) — produced by Nellee Hooper with tracks co-written with Tricky and DJ Howie B.

Ali Campbell, Big Love (Virgin).

Dusty Springfield, A Very Fine Love (Sony) — new album recorded in Nashville. First single is a duet with Daryl Hall, 'Wherever Would I Be'.

Seven Day Diary, Skin and Blister (Warners) — San Francisco band fronted by writer Pamela Laws and produced by Gil Norton (Belly, Pixies).

Rod Stewart, A Spanner in the Works (Warners) — produced by Trevor Horn and Bernard Edwards (Chic) and includes covers 'Soothe Me' (Sam Cooke), 'Sweetheart Like You' (Bob Dylan) and 'Hang On St. Christopher' (Tom Waits).

Gary Moore, Blues for Greeny (Virgin) — tribute to Peter Green.

Primus, Tales from the Punchbowl (Warners) — there's a CD-Plus version with interactive graphics.

Breeders, Pacer (4AD) — delayed as Kim Deal wishes to re-record tracks.

Green Apple Quick Step, Reloaded (Warners) — co-produced by Pearl Jam's Stone Gossard.

Chris Isaak, Forever Blue (Warners).

Natalie Merchant, Tigerlily (Elektra).

Alanis Morissette, Jagged Little Pill (Maverick / Warners) — 20 year on Madonna's label with guests Dave Navarro and Flea.

Young Gods, Only Heaven (Flying In).

Kendra Smith, Five Ways of Disappearing

(4AD) — ex Dream Syndicate and Opal.

Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Experimental

Remixes (Flying In, EP).

Paul Weller, Stanley Road (Go! Discs / Polygram) — guests include Steve Winwood on keyboards and Dr Robert on bass.

Teenage Fanclub, Grand Prix (BMG).

Letters to Cleo, Aurora Alice (Festival).

Ride, Tarantula (Warners) — cover Small

Faces' 'That Man'.

Black Grape, We're Great When We're

Straight (Radioactive / BMG) — Shaun

Ryder's new adventure.

Bon Jovi, These Days (Mercury).

Scott Walker, Tilt (Polygram).

Ugly Kid Joe, Menace to Sobriety (Polygram).

The Shamen, Axis Mundi (One Little Indian).

Jimmy Barnes, Psychone (Mushroom).

Elton John, Back Issues (Island).

Phish, Live (Warners).

Crowbar, Time Heals Nothing (Festival).

Traci Lords, 1000 Fires (Radioactive/BMG)

AOTEAROA

Balitorspace, Wammo (Flying Nun)

Greg Johnson, Vine Street Stories (Pagan)

Superette, Rosepig (Flying Nun EP) — 5 songs from Dave Mulcahy, ex JPSE.

Nixons, Special Downtime (Pagan)

Various Artists, Raw 1 (Wildside).

Able Tasmans, Store in a Cool Place (Flying Nun)

FUNKY

Shaggy, Boombastic (Virgin).

Funkadoobiest, Brothas Doobie (Sony).

Paula Abdul, Head Over Heels (Virgin).

All-4-One, And the Music Speaks (Warners).

Shabba Ranks, Mi Shabba (Sony).

Aswad, Dub (Warners) — remixes from *Rise & Shine Again*.

Guru Jazzmataz Vol.2 (EMI) — guests include

Chaka Khan, M'Shell N'Degecello, Jamiroquai,

Digable Planets, Branford Marsalis.

General Public, Rub It Better (Sony).

After 7, Reflections (Virgin).

Rappin' 4-Tay, Don't Fight the Feeling (EMI).

Papa Chubby, Booty & the Beast (Sony).

Rosie Gaines, Closer Than Close (Motown).

Grand Puba, 2000 (Elektra).

Ice T, Ice T XI Return of the Real (Virgin).

Cypress Hill, Temple of Boom (Sony).

2PAC, Me Against the World

(Interscope/Atlantic).

HEAVY

Blind Melon, Soup (Capitol).

Kyuss, And the Circus Leaves Town (Elektra).

Therapy?, Infernal Love (Polygram).

Soul Asylum, Let Your Dim Light Shine

(Columbia).

Tad, Infrared Riding Hood.

Bodycount, Violent Demise (Virgin).

Def Leppard, Slang (Mercury).

Bad Company, Company of Strangers

(Warners).

Skid Row, Subhuman Race (Atlantic).

ROOTS

Dr John, Afterglow (BMG).

Van Morrison, Days Like This (Polygram).

Dwight Yoakam, Dwight Live (Warners) — 17 tracks including 'Suspicious Minds' and Bill Monroe's 'Rocky Road Blues'.

Jerry Lee Lewis, Young Blood (Sire) —

includes standards by Bobby Darin, Coasters,

Hank Williams, Jimmy Rodgers etc.

Jeff Healey Band, Cover to Cover (BMG).

Janis Ian, Revenge (Navarre).

Joan Armatrading, What's Inside (BMG).

Dave Hole, Steel On Steel (Festival).

John Prine, Lost Dogs & Mixed Blessings (Oh

Boy).

Nick Lowe, The Impossible Bird (Upstart).

Jimmy Buffet, It's About Time (Island).

Bunny Rugs, Talking to You (Shanachie) —

Third World singer.

Robert Cray, Some Rainy Morning (Polygram).

Warren Zevon, Mutineer (Giant/BMG) — co-

wrote two tracks with crime novelist Carl (*Strip*

Tease) Hiasson.

Tuck & Patti, Learning How to Fly (Epic).

Carlene Carter, Little Acts of Treason (Giant).

Tony Joe White, Lake Placid Blues (Festival).

FUTURE REISSUES

Devo, Oh, No! It's Devo (American) — fifth

album (1982) with six bonus tracks. Produced

by Roy Thomas Baker.

Flipper, Sex Bomb Baby! (American).

Alan Vega, Power on to Zero Hour (American)

— his sixth album (1992).

Mississippi Fred McDowell, Live at the

Mayfair Hotel (American) — 1969 live in

London.

Pet Shop Boys, Filppantly (EMI) — two CD col-

lection of B-sides.

Gene Pitney, The Great Recordings

(Tomato/Rhino) — two CDs, 51 tracks.

Stone Roses, The Complete (Silvertone/BMG).

Joy Division, Permanent: The Best Of (London)

— extra tracks include an Arthur Baker remix-

of 'Love Will Tear Us Apart', 'These Days',

'Atmosphere' and 'Transmission' (live).

Jim Morrison & the Doors, An American

Prayer (Elektra / Warners) — previously unre-

leased tracks 'Babylon Fading', 'Bird of Prey',

'Ghost Song'.

Stone Roses, The Complete (Silvertone).

Doobie Brothers, Doobie Brothers (Warners)

— 1971 debut.

Randy Newman, Randy Newman (Warners) —

1968 debut.

Randy Newman, Live (Warners) — solo at

Bitter End, 1971.



Things are good for London's Leftfield right now. With their Rhythm King contract hassles over and their distribution deal with Columbia, they've moved away from their image as lazy re-mixers and into the record releasing limelight. Their debut album, *Leftism*, has just gone gold in the UK (thanks to that stunning collaboration with John Lydon), and Neil Barnes and his wife have just had a baby.

"We're calling it Little Sid," laughs Paul Daley, the other half of the Leftfield duo.

Why? Well they used to be punks, didn't they?

"Well, you know, we're talking about 20 years ago, when punk was fresh and original and something new. We're talking when I was school, not a couple of years ago."

Which would make them how old? Anyway... How did the Lydon thing come about?

"Neil knew John from the early 80s, with Public Image days. He was a friend of his, and then John went off to America and they didn't talk for ages. Then we sent him over a tape and he really liked it. Then we just had to persuade him to come down and do something in the studio. We did it as a laugh really, and it came out very well."

The album has a few collaborators on it, ex-Curve vocalist Toni Halliday being among them. Do you always create the music first and then give it to the collaborator?

"Yeah, well we write with people in mind sometimes, and give them the music and see what they think. We let people write their own lyrics and stuff, 'cause that's their trade. You couldn't get John Lydon down to the studio and say: 'Sing this,' you know. He'd just tell you to fuck off."

Was he good to work with?

"Yeah, it was wicked. We just had a laugh. He's really into all types of music. He's not just this spitting punk, this rude bastard."

Well, not all the time.

"Not all the time — he can be."

Leftfield started up back in 89. Neil and Paul were both working at the now defunct Eight Dials studio in Covent Garden — Neil as an engineer and Paul as a drummer.

"I was a session musician for quite a few years in the mid-80s, working for Brand New Heavies, people like that. Then I met Neil and

we wanted to do our own thing. The house thing was exploding then and we were quite into it. But we wanted to play with our own version of it, and that's how it all started."

How easy was it to give up your drum kit for a computer?

"Well, at about that time, technology, like samplers and computers and that, were becoming more available, and we just decided to go with the flow rather than fight it. That old kind of muso thing, like you can't make proper music with machines, well that's just rubbish. I think you've got to embrace technology."

So, having made band albums and dance albums, what would be the main difference?

"Well, it's like with a live band it's more spontaneous. Like you'll go in and jam a bit. Whereas, with midi and computer stuff, it's like you've got a sculpture, and you hone it down in the studio and you chip away at it. We'd done a lot of the tracks on the album at home first, and then we'd take it to mix it and stuff."

"And in dance music, there's a lot of people that rely on the engineers. But this is our thing, our sounds, our songs. It's a part of us."

The album took four months in the studio, which seems minimal compared to, say, Future Sound of London's obsessive everyday-of-their-lives-in-the-studio type carry on.

"Yeah, well we can't do that because we're running the label [Hard Hands] and I DJ at the weekends. We've got our fingers in a lot of pies. A lot of people in dance music just do the one thing, but me and Neil do lots of things at once."

Is there a pressure for dance bands to become more visible in the mainstream mags? You know, the Orb and Aphex Twin seem to sell more records because people know about them and read about them.

"I think there is really. But, you know, the thing that attracted me to the dance thing, and house and stuff, was the purity of the music. It was about the music. It wasn't about the colour socks you wore, or what you had for dinner, or that sort of pop star thing. It was almost anti-star. Most people that make dance music are just normal people that don't want to be recognised as they walk down the street — they just want to make music."

JOHN TAITE



ZOO

Atrium on Elliott - Elliott Street behind Mid City

Letters

Heavy Criticism

What I'm about to say is going to be almost as straight as David Bowie. I think *RipItUp's* promotion of New Zealand music is from too much of a heavy metal slant. I'm not saying these bands don't have talent (I lie), but other bands deserve to be given more credit (more time, more patience while they develop); eg. Tardigrads, King Loser, Guerilla Biscuit. These bands have the talent required to reach better and bigger horizons musically (it helps promoting them).

Giving 'loser' bands of heavy nature a chance is a waste of time, a waste of life; ie, bands who think a song should sound like a rhinoceros trampling on your head (just to be noticed) and lyrics are something found on the back of a Weetbix box.

These heavy bands will go kurplunk on their heads from playing music, while falling off a cliff. In other words, they create songs that are fucked, crapped nothingness.

RipItUp could gain fans by enlightening us (conscious people) with good musical literature; or would I be going as far as to say you don't want either.

I Am the Walrus, Christchurch.

PS: Get rid of those fucking ugly models in *RipItUp*. They don't promote, they degrade the clothes.

Floyd Feeds Back (Again)

Referring to *Fat Fans* of Wellington, May issue:

To the boy in Wellington and friend (existence doubtful).

I didn't expect such an amusing response from an obviously dedicated fan and the fact you attended the same school as Fat Mannequin (god, how I wish I was you — not). Anyway, to the point. This letter is in my defence, as I have offended so many people. So what, the truth always does arouse a bit of anger.

Your psychological assessment of me was amazing. The fact you have never seen or met me makes me hope you will try extending your psychic ability with further training. (At least I watched FM perform before I placed judgement.)

Why did I bother? Because they needed constructive feedback to help them mould an individual style and identity, instead of becoming Pearl Jam afterbirth.

By the way, the letter was directed to Willie and the girls, not some dicks who tossed off in the school toilets with them (and you question my intelligence?).

So, I'm 'just a sucker with low self esteem', but even if I was up myself (like you), Fat Mannequin would still eat shit on a good day, and I would still tell everyone about it, so shut up.

As for Merle (the silly girl) Thomas, if you want to see some real crap, pull up a chair at a Fat Mannequin show. Other than that, Pearl Jam fuckin' rips, so you can bite my ass too.

Floyd, Tauranga.

Mistaken Identity

Kevin List,

Thanks for the great review for the Wellington Sick Of It All gig. I think you would have enjoyed our set more if we had *played*! We were in New Plymouth. You seen Open Oyster from Wellington.

How about an apology, or reviewing some of our albums? We'll give ya 'em if ya do it.

Do it right.

Nigel (Nefarious), New Plymouth.

My Generation

Hi,

I am a hardcore motherfucker. I jolly well don't care a bean about anything. I smoke lots and lots of pot and drink lots of booze. I like listening to grunge rock bands like the Smashing Pumpkins, Pearl Jam and Motley Crue, and hardcore heavy metal bands such as Pantera and Megadeth. When I listen to this sort of music I like to jump around and nod my head really fast until my brain hurts. When I go to concerts at the Powerstation, sometimes I like to jump up on stage and wave my arms around so everyone sees me and realises how cool I am.

Yesterday, Mummy asked me to dry the dish-

es for her and I said: 'Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me,' and didn't dry them until she threatened to smack me. I think maybe the reason I'm such a wild, freaky guy is because of my hard upbringing. My family lived in the poorer part of Remuera for three years and had to do without many things. My father used to shout at me sometimes and one time he even hit me, right on the hand! All my friends, or 'brothers from the gutter', as I call them, have had really tough lives and none of us take any bloody fuckin' shit from anyone.

Craig 'fuck you I won't do what you tell me' Taylor, Drury.

90s State of Mind

In response to BB Lyons' letter in the May issue:

Moan, grizzle, gripe, blah, blah, blah. For god's sake, get a life man! Has your head been buried up your arse for the past five years, or what?

The state of the music industry is most certainly the healthiest it's been in years. New Zealand bands are finally getting the overseas recognition they deserve. What I see is awesome, fresh talent, springing up like fresh mushrooms everywhere; but according to you, New Zealand music is all over. What is finally over is the string of sexist, wimpy, glam ridden, poof rock that was force fed to us three or four years ago; ie. watered down, Z grade, LA hard rock played by Kiwis. It seems to me you're stuck in a time warp my friend!

Hey, wake-up. It's the 90s — y'know, liberal thinking, body piercings, grunge, Abba, techno, hip-hop, Generation X, whatever?

Please open your ears and mind. As Pumpkinhead would say: 'The lights are on, but no one's home.'

Yours,

Poison.

PS: If people like yourself pulled your finger out and formed a new shiny, bouncy, smiley band for all us to smile to, we'd have more top quality acts to pick from for such events as *The Big Day Out*.

Turn Your Radio Off

Despite BB Lyons' rather pathetic attempt at combining rhetoric in May's *RIU*, I would like to take this opportunity to convey my views on 'the state of the music industry'.

For a start, I am morbidised [sic] by the stigma and justification process attached to one's personal preference in Aotearoa bands. A typical scenario is when questioned of one's favourite band. To most people, an interest in Kiwi music results in a combined consensus ruling — crap! When you look at this realistically, BB, you would conclude that music is the art of expressing or stirring emotion by combination of sounds. Therefore, it is an activity designed for pleasure to the listener.

Instead of trivialising and degrading popular bands, try this simple technique to overcome your neurotic condition. If any of the bands you previously mentioned having distaste towards should receive airplay on your transistor, merely seek optional alternatives:

- 1) Put on a tape.
- 2) Leave the room.
- 3) Endeavour other forms of media.
- 4) Change the station and surround yourself with familiars. (I suggest Radio Pacific.)

I am not denying you of your Push Push and Nine Livez. In fact, I encourage you to absorb yourself and that intoxicated ego in further narrow minded opinionation [sic]. In the meantime, allow your peers (assuming you are affiliated with Generation X) to continue making and listening to whatever music they desire!

Momentously yours,

[Name cut off fax], Christchurch.

The I Hate Merle H Thomas Fan Club

This is to Merle H Thomas of Auckland,

After reading your sad comment about Pearl Jam, I was fucking steaming! You're the best excuse for nuking Auckland, and I hope the fleas of a thousand camels infest your armpits.

Why are you slagging off at Pearl Jam? Did it even occur to you that Eddie Vedder isn't Kurt Cobain. I bet you still believe Elvis is still alive too. The fact is, a lot of people adore Pearl Jam. Why do people take it upon themselves to back stab every band who are honest and sincere? What gives anyone the right to do this?

There are many bands I don't like, but I respect that people like them and leave it alone.

I'm sure you'd feel pissed off if some trendy fuck shifted all over your favourite band. Go bitch at someone who cares. Real music fans should accept each individual musician for who they are, and not compare them to persons who no longer exist.

And when have Split Enz sounded like the Beatles? I found it a real compliment when Pearl Jam acknowledged some New Zealand talent, unlike some tight arsed, self indulging Americans. Get off the bandwagon man! Knocking bands is old and getting boring!

And, I might add, all of Pearl Jam's albums have sold like gas masks at Belsen.

Lots of love and kisses,

Kelly, Christchurch.

Re: Merle H Thomas,

Gee Merle, you must be a real fan of Nirvana et al to have such an eloquent, well thought out opinion. But don't hold back. Wash out those finger paints and put crayon to paper once more. Regale us with some more pithy insights. It is refreshing to see an open (albeit vacuous) mind string so many big words together.

Roger T.

To Merle H Thomas of Auckland,

I think that you are the most sordid, pig-headed person in this entire world. Not only did you slag off two of New Zealand's finest musicians, but just because you don't like Pearl Jam, you have to call everyone who likes them idiots. Have you got nothing more creative to do with you time than to write in to a magazine that featured Pearl Jam last month and call them idiots. How would you feel if someone wrote what you said about Kurt Cobain?

You are a disgrace to New Zealand by slagging off Tim and Neil Finn. You are putting down the New Zealand music industry. You mustn't have any sense of pride about our country, and you mustn't have any friends because there's a lot more people that like Pearl Jam than you think. I don't care if you don't like them, just don't go calling people who like them idiots. If you've got nothing nice to say, keep your stupid thoughts to yourself because no-one wants to know.

Kelly Nicholls.

I would just like to say a big 'fuck you' to Merle H Thomas, you wet dreaming, perverted filth. The lyrics that Eddie Vedder writes are not just lyrics, they are some sort of phenomenon — something that will never come out of your impertinent little pathetic mind. This [is] coming from neither a surfer, homosexual, orangutan or Henderson resident. Are you sure you are not a closet bed wetter?

It would bring me great pleasure to see you sing and perform in front of 10,000 people; or are you just a hypocrite with no co-ordination or musical talent, you two dollar peep show watcher?

Nick T, Glendowie.

I just want to say the letter from Merle H Thomas in the May issue was the most bitter, twisted and negative letter I have read for a long time. Telling people to throw their Pearl Jam records in the garbage. If everyone listened to the same music (ie. that dictated by people like Merle), *RipItUp* would be out of business!

Besides putting people down because of their musical preference, how many other readers were outraged by the comments on Tim and Neil Finn (founders of one of the best New Zealand bands in history)? For those attending the Pearl Jam concert (and some of those 'orangutans' actually like your beloved Cobain too thanks Merle!), the Finn brothers were a surprise and a delight. And since when have Split Enz been 'Beatles imitators'? I think Merle is way off beat with the musical analysis.

Who is really the 'git' here? I think maybe Merle H Thomas should get a life and stop obsessing over poor departed Kurt Cobain — not all musicians can be as perfect as he.

Shelley, Wellington.

Regarding a letter in May's issue 213.

Our response is pretty straight forward. Merle H Thomas, get your hand off your cock for a minute and listen up. First things first: Merle is one big fucking toss. Let's get to the point. Anyone who can't appreciate another's effort to get up and entertain thousands of people (with lives) must be a Milli Vanilli fanatic.

Another fuck-up on Merle's part is that Pearl Jam don't play heavy metal. Some call it grunge, some call it alternative, but no way is it metal shit.

Pearl Jam brought on two of New Zealand's greatest artists when Tim and Neil Finn took

the stage. [Who] give[s] a shit about who Kurt Cobain bought on stage? Just take a look at what happened to him.

By the way, we know you were just pissed off because you fucked up in getting a ticket to the concert.

The I Hate Merle H Thomas Fan Club, Mike and Jason, Hamilton.

PS: What kind of fucked up person would call their kid Merle? Also, we couldn't figure out what sex you are, but obviously you ain't got no balls.

Listen up Merle H Thomas, Auckland (May *RipItUp*).

Maybe you get a thrill out of taking the shit out of Eddie Vedder, but the world does give a toss about Pearl Jam, especially lil' ole New Zealand. Why else would they sell out two New Zealand concerts? There can't be that many 'looney tuned, partially deaf orangutans' in New Zealand, or did everyone go to pick shit with them? I don't think sooo.

Before you start to stir up any more shit about any other bands, I reckon I could do the same to Nirvana (not saying I don't like them, 'cause I do). Pearl Jam can't be that wimpy, 'cause at least Eddie Vedder hasn't blown his brains out yet! (RIP Kurt.)

Plus, what the hell is wrong with surfers? And Neil and Tim Finn are among the best musicians in New Zealand. I reckon they done a better job than you could have. The only 'git' around here is you!

Please retrieve your Pearl Jam albums out of the bin and turn 'em up loud! Can you find a 'Better Man'?

Carrots, Hamilton.

PS: What's wrong with Henderson?

Hey Merle of Auckland,

Why don't you get a life and stop trashing decent bands like Pearl Jam? It's pretty obvious to the rest of the human race that not everyone likes the same bands. Each to his own, matey. Just because you don't like them doesn't automatically make them losers.

Tim and Neil Finn aren't my favourite either, but you won't hear me coming down on them. At least they're out there giving it a go, doing something constructive, unlike you.

There's nothing wrong with surfing. It's a great sport. There's nothing wrong with Eddie either. He has a lot of talent and many people like and admire him, including me. (By the way, last time I looked in the mirror, it wasn't an orangutan that looked back.)

I know you're from Auckland, but next time try to behave like a normal human being.

Absolutely Positively

Pearl Jam Fan, Wellington.

PS: Pearl Jam aren't heavy mental (ha, ha, very witty), they're alternative. Get your facts straight. You're the 'git' Merle, not Eddie.

Hey Merle (Girlie) Thomas of Auckland,

You have obviously got about as much intellect and/or understanding of Pearl Jam as a stale dog shit has, so I'd like to correct you on the uninformed and hypocritical contents of your letter from last month:

- 1) Pearl Jam are not 'heavy metal' or posers. They are merely hard rock (mistakenly called grunge sometimes).
- 2) They are definitely not money making as they are currently engaged in a battle with the US Ticketmaster agency to lower ticket prices.
- 3) You apparently didn't go to the concerts, so how do you know if they were useless or not?
- 4) When did Kurt Cobain have Courtney Love as a guest?
- 5) No one else seems to think the Finns are Beatles impersonators, and they were brought one because Split Enz were Vedder's favourite band when he was growing up.
- 6) What's wrong with surfers?

So Merle, I hope you will be more informed in the future, and will stop to think before you open your arse, oops, I mean mouth!

Matthew K, Auckland.

PS: Who are you to hassle Eddie Vedder's name when you've got a name like Merle. Pah-leese!

I am writing in reply to the letter by Merle H Thomas of Auckland which featured in your May issue, for some strange reason that remains unknown to mankind. I get the distinct feeling this person doesn't like Pearl Jam. Well Merle, not everybody gets off on Nirvana either, but everybody for their own.

I have been a Pearl Jam fan for over three years so, needless to say, I counted myself extremely lucky to be able to attend their second concert, which, I must add, was an extremely moving performance.

As for Mr Vedder bringing out Tim and Neil

Finn to perform 'History Never Repeats' and 'I Got You' (two of New Zealand's classics). I consider that to be a great compliment to New Zealand music. At least Eddie is aware that New Zealand actually has a music scene and made an effort to be a part of it! The performances by Vedder and the Finns may have actually been the high points of both the concerts. Or maybe you just had to experience it. From what I saw in the crowd, no-one was complaining about the presence of the Finn brothers; in fact, quite the opposite. It was great for these classics to be recognised [by] a band who are often recognised as 'rock giants'. It would have been just as easy of them not to give a fuck. I would like to see Kurt fucking Cobain get up and do old songs from Th' Dudes or Hello Sailor. (Oh fuck, that's right, he can't!)

So, Merle H Thomas, on behalf of myself and all the other orangutans who attended the Pearl Jam concerts in Auckland, I would like to say fucking dream on, get a fucking life, and give New Zealand's musical history a go — you might actually like it!

I'd also like to say a big thank you to Eddie, Stone, Jeff, Mike and Jack for taking the time to come to small ole' New Zealand, and giving two of their typically great performances. Also, a massive thanks to Tim and Neil just for being there to perform.

Oh, and Merle, what the hell has Eddie being a surfer got to do with anything? Get fucked.

Viva la vinyl (and bring back *Frenzy*).

Bruce from Wanganui (you know the one).

PS: I agree with Jason Peters whole heartedly!

One Of 'Us All'

Karl Steven's comments in last month's *RipItUp* might well explain why national television and the media in general have turned their back on the *New Zealand Music Awards*. An awards ceremony where, and I quote, 'the industry get together, get pissed, and give bands they like bits of yellow perspex,' hardly warrants significant national coverage.

The New Zealand fashion industry have got it together and recognise the need for an annual event which is a showcase, for their industry, with the *Benson and Hedges Fashion Awards*. Why do we allow petty in-fighting and attitudes such as your's rob the New Zealand music industry of a high profile showcase, where New Zealand musical achievement is recognised and rewarded with dignity and pride? How is the industry ever going to compete internationally with such a small-minded view as yours?

When referring to the public vote for best single, you say: 'I think the song we all know to be

the best should have won.' Who are the 'we all' you are referring to? Your tobacco company sponsors, your pissed mates at the *Music Awards*, your neighbours? Next time, perhaps you will have the courtesy to consult 'us all' before you speak on our behalf.

Get your head clear, Karl, or are you blinded by that smoky haze? New Zealand has a wealth of musical talent. Let's celebrate and reward it with some pride. Remember, to use your words: 'What I think changes.' Yeah, let it change, but please try to expand your thinking beyond that of arrogant self-interest.

Mary-anne Fletcher.

One of These Things is Not Like the Other

Why is Silverchair so put down all the time? Just because they look like the much loved group Nirvana doesn't mean they are impersonating them. They certainly don't sound like them. When I first heard their album *Frogstomp*, I thought they sounded like Soundgarden. They write their own simple songs which sound pretty good, but I've heard some of their music before, probably copied off some old Eric Clapton album with a bit of distortion added. But it is a good album and I hope to hear another one from them. Maybe they will improve with age.

Also, Mr Thomas of Auckland, Pearl Jam played a great concert, and when Tim and Neil came on stage, I think everyone was surprised. They helped finish the concert beautifully.

SP Kilpatrick, Waitara.

I Like Pumpkinhead

My mate and I are sitting down on Saturday morning watching the chart show. It comes to our attention that they can play videos that have drive by shootings and younger people promoting sex and gang violence, but there's no way they will play Pumpkinhead, who just promote the real things in life, like eating Weetbix, watching *Shortland Street* and being on the dole. It's not like if someone heard them say 'I like Thursdays, they're my dole day,' they are going to quit their job and go on the dole. Big deal — it's not like marijuana is mentioned the whole way through the whole song. Wake up! Pumpkinhead are going to go a long way, and it's about time people start to realise it like we do! We should be supporting them, not turning them away.

Pumpkinhead go off!

Kelly Nicholls and Loma Berge, Whitianga.

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



IGELESE ETE: FUSION FUNK

Wellington's Igelese Ete has more musical ability in his little finger than some pop stars have in their entire bodies.

After shifting from Samoa when he was seven, Igelese began singing in the choir at the church where his father was a preacher, and wound up as both a member and conductor of several singing groups, including the National Youth Choir. At age 15, he was resident pianist at the Park Royal Hotel in Wellington. He recently completed a music degree at Victoria University, with a major in performance singing.

His latest achievement is the release of 'Groovalation' — a smooth, funky dance single, that fuses Polynesian and Maori rapping, with a deep R&B groove. It's a major leap away from his past direction, but Igelese states there is a message behind the move.

"Doing 'Groovalation' was a real breath of fresh air for me. It's the type of stuff I really want to do. One day I went into the studio and said I wanted to combine different styles of music, and by doing that I hoped to get a unifying effect. I included the Polynesian styles because that's my background, and Maori because I wanted to pay tribute to the tangata

whenua. The other reason I wanted to do 'Groovalation' was to prove to young people that if you have a vision, not to give up."

Getting 'Groovalation' in the can proved easy, but without the support of a record company, Igelese was turned down three times by NZ On Air for video funding. He had no initial success when he began searching for a recording contract.

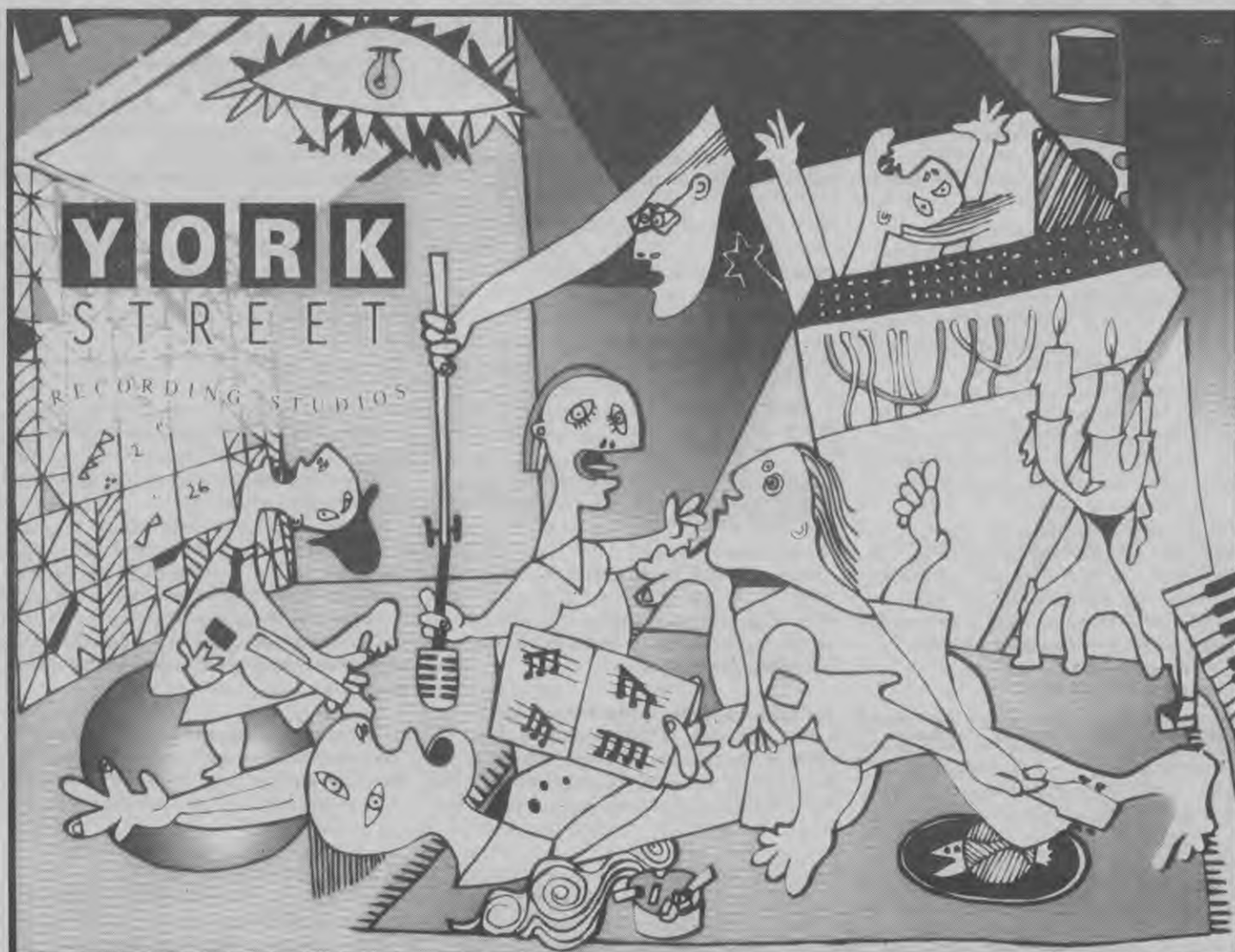
"I'm no record company, but I think most of them were too scared to take a song that had a Samoan and a Maori rapper. Maybe they just thought it was too extreme to try and sell."

A deal was struck with fledgling Auckland label Papa Pacific, after Igelese met label boss Manu Taylor, and the two have an album release planned for later in the year. Meanwhile, Igelese has begun collaborating with Wellington band Gifted and Brown and former Rough Opinion rapper Kas, on what he describes as a new "urban sound".

"I think the next thing people are going to get into is Polynesian fusion — mixing up a lot of different styles. That will be the thing to look out for."

JOHN RUSSELL

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SLIMMER TWINS

Diner, Service Station & Takeaway Cuisine

Sometimes you need a touch of class. If a splash of blue stratos, the *Cool Runnings* video and Georgie Pie's new 75c menu aren't enough to impress a delightful lady, then the Twins are here to help. Last month with open arms we embraced the seven deadly sins and were happy to endorse William Blakes' theory that, 'we never know what is enough until we know what is more than enough'.

Here's this month's selection.

A Lovely Steakhouse, 68 Hobson Street, central Auckland.

Quite frankly, under a full moon and after 14 pints the Twins are partial to a bit of raw meat, but nothing could prepare us for the uncooked slab of pink gristle that was served up at this romantically named restaurant. We swallowed a mouthful or six before causing a scene and demanding they be chucked back on the barby. The side orders consisted of (choke!) vegetable, and a thimble full of chips with less filler than Karen Carpenter. We were not impressed. After the meal we retired to the bar, and in between belches ordered a couple of nightcaps of our own invention.

"Four-doubles in a pint glass with a dash of coke and a twist of lemon please." They were not forthcoming. We shall not return.

Harvest Haven, 3rd Floor, 151 Queen Street, central Auckland.

With a name like Harvest Haven, you might expect them to serve Vita Brits and poofy English tea, but no, the Harvest crew are down for whatever. The Twins come here for breakfast only, we roll up first thing in the morning — sweaty, foul-mouthed, bad-breathed and flatulent — and still get the best of service. The 151 Stack is the drug of choice — a veritable leaning tower of pancakes, fried eggs and bacon, drenched in maple syrup and tomato sauce. All this, and bottomless coffee (\$7.00), makes your body ride for the entire day on a rush of sugar, caffeine and fat. Hallelujah!

Jabies Doner Kebab, 242 Victoria Street, Hamilton.

Jabies is like an off licence in the desert. This glorious occasion of eating is the first time the Twins have chowed down in Hamilton and not suffered hot squirts the next morning. Only authentic Israeli style kebabs are on the menu here, the Economy Kebabs (ie. small ones) for soccer players range from \$3.90 to \$6.50, but us real men wolf down the gargantuan King Kebabs (Lamb \$6.90, Chicken & Beef \$7.90), all the time making exaggerated snorting noises from the back of our throats. Carved straight off the spit, this King sized treat oozes sizzling strips of hot lamb and chilli sauce, cheese and a selection of organic veges that are easily removed. Washed this down with a gallon of Turkish coffee (\$1.50), and Ishmael's your uncle.

Other notables:

Margaritas, 18 Elliott Street, central Auckland.

There's no reason not to like Mondays, especially when Margaritas offer a special of two tacos and a beer for \$2.50.

Finally, quote of the month is from Johnny Depp to Kate Moss: "Get back to Ethiopia."

The Slimmer Twins

VOX POP ART FOR PRODUCT'S SAKE

Not only can you see and hear local rock heroes in the flesh down at your favourite watering hole, more and more frequently they're gracing the TV screens of the nation, pushing MOR clothes, plastic junk food and all manner of recreational soft drinks. Obviously there's a fine line between selling and selling out, so with strict instructions to 'send no money', we put the following question to a collection of 'home viewers':

Does contributing to a commercial damage a musician's artistic integrity?



"It can get kind of blurry because if someone gives me shoes I like, I'd say 'ta' and wear them, or if an airline was going to fly me and a band round the world, I'd probably acknowledge that on a tour poster. But as far as taking out a brewery banner to put behind you on the stage every night, fuck that. I also think if you're seen to be actively singing the praises of a soft drink, under the auspice of being a family favourite, and according to any passion, that sucks."

Shayne Carter, Dimmer.

"Yep. I reckon. Luckily, between the seven of us we couldn't even spell 'artistic integrity' when we co-starred in that ad for Munchos with the king and queen of the word — Mal Meninga and whatshername from *Sale Of The Century*."

Jo Fisher, Supergroove.

"Not necessarily. Each situation is different, isn't it? Some musicians have blown it as far as I'm concerned (fucked product, stupid concept, bad advertisement, etc.), but if they think it's going to sell albums and do their public identity some good, then they should go for it. I might not buy the record, but it probably won't make much difference to their sales figures in the end. The other point is that musicians have to earn a living somehow, and if they can make way more than my 'modest' yearly income on one soft drink ad, they probably should. Make sure you get a good agent. One more thing — I can't stand it when they turn the music tracks into singles and release them with videos made from the ad. That is tacky."

Janet Roddick, the Brainchilds.



"I don't think existing songs should be used in commercials. You tend to listen to songs to help you feel more alive, more in love, less alone, whatever. They're part of your private arsenal against advertising's attempts to make you feel so dull, loveless and lonely that you have to go out and buy a particular brand of dog-roll to feel better. Once the enemy gets hold of your best weapons, you're pretty stuffed."

"Jingles are a bit different, I think. I've done one or two or them over the years to get food on the table, and they're quite fun to do. And if you're actually sitting down to write a song about a dog-roll, it's probably not going to be all that deeply expressionist anyway."

"I don't know about musicians appearing in commercials. I'd rather not do it, which is not to say that if someone offered us enough money to float the Scandinavian tour, we wouldn't front up and wave our dog-rolls at the camera like the true professionals we are."

Don McGlashan, the Muttonbirds.



"I think survival is good for my integrity, and I do the odd commercial soundtrack. I think people underestimate the intelligence of an artist to see the difference between commerce and art. I hate it when the two get blended, like the way a Pepsi bottle is shoved in old Louis Armstrong footage — that's obscene. For me, it's simple. I get commissioned to write 30 seconds of

music, if I feel like it I do it. Then I buy some wine, pay the rent and spend the next three months writing my own music."

Greg Johnson.

"Wellll... It depends. As far as Headless Chickens and that soft drink goes, the price was right and the product tolerable (most of us drink it anyway). Did we argue about it... yes; would I do it again in a hurry... no. I do not think the ad damaged our musical or artistic integrity at all. I do think that our public image altered (some people thought it sucked and we sucked for doing it, others thought it was great). Personally, I didn't give a fuck what anybody else thought about it, but I know Chris [Matthews] cared a great deal. Bottom line — the music that the future Headless Chickens create, and that Michael Lawry and I create, will speak for itself. I feel our intrinsic musical and artistic integrity should be based on that."

Fiona McDonald.

"Absolutely no way, because it's work. It's a place where a musician can earn some money professionally. I think it's very important for musicians to be treated as professionals, and to be allowed to be treated as professionals."

Michelle Scullion, soundscape composer.

"Yes."

Martin Philipps.



"If you're writing a jingle with full control, it doesn't do the artist any harm (ie. Greg Johnson's Bendon tune would've made a great single), as opposed to writing a jingle for the client (ie. Greg Johnson's Cadbury Chunky ad)."

"Appearing in a commercial should have no bearing on the artist as they are performing a role, but the product and the artist should be compatible because inevitably connections are going to be made, ie. promoting Levis as opposed to Stubbies."

Bryan Bell, Dead Flowers.

"Personally, I have always given jingle writing and commercials in general a fairly wide berth. I think, however, that if the product is somehow related to the youth market (ie. Doc Martens, Levis, audio systems etc.) it's not quite as embarrassing. But the bottom line is contemporary music and songwriting, on an artistic level, have very little to do with product advertising, unless you're a totally hypocritical bastard and/or desperately in need of the bucks."

Graham Brazier, Hello Sailor.

"Musicians are in the business of selling music, so, as long as their songs are used with their permission, I have no problem with them allowing their music to be used in advertisements."

Mike Houlihan, Evening Post.



"People say musos shouldn't do this or that because of a reputation they may gain or not gain, but at the end of the day a muso's gotta eat. Of course there is a difference between DLT doing

a bacon ad or a Nike ad."

Joint Force (OJ/Slave/SLT).

"In a perfect world where artists have a patron saint or extremely wealthy families that can subsidise their creative process, then I doubt I would consider being in a commercial ever. You would be off writing poems in a flower-infested forest, or travelling the world, sipping tea and eating cucumber sandwiches in famous cafes, whilst formulating your philosophies with your cohorts. Well, this ain't the seventeenth century and I wasn't born a gentle woman."

"Doing a job of any sort so you can pay your rent, or buy yourself some time to work on your own material, is a necessity for most New Zealand musicians. To make a living from your art alone is a rarity, especially if you are not consciously pandering to the wants of the mass market. Dish washing, teaching, ad mak-

ing — they are all legitimate forms of employment, and if you have to do a job outside of your chosen field, so you can eat, then so be it (I do not see government grants as a viable alternative).

"I would not consider writing a commercial if I found it morally offensive (that in itself is morally debatable), degrading in any way, or if I didn't have creative control over the jingle (in all truth, I've only been asked to write one, so I don't declare myself an expert).

"As for integrity, since when have artists/musicians become synonymous with saintliness. I salute the supposed idealism (if the answer to commercialism versus honesty/purity was clearly defined then everyone would be happy), but I seriously doubt how making one ad for the telly somehow makes the musician/actor/artist less honest towards their work. Whip me, whip me!!!!"

Jan Hellreigel.



"I think musicians can work with credibility in ads, so long as they use their talent, not just their name, and if they keep their bullshit meters well tuned."

William Hickman Fat Mannequin.

"It's fine, no problem. Musos! Learn to play 'alternative guitar' at Revolver, and then you can earn extra dollars doing ad music."

Bill Kerton, 95bFM Programme Director.

"It depends on how good the song is, and how much integrity the artists already possesses. The Headless Chickens on the Coke ad are fantastic; Matty J had little musical/artistic integrity to begin with. Anyway, bands rarely have enough money to record, tour or exist on, so I think it's valid to exploit that avenue if it arises. (Thorazine Shuffle can be contacted c/o Chronic Productions, PO Box 6340, Wellesley Street, Auckland.)"

Josh Hetherington, Thorazine Shuffle.



"Tricky! If it wasn't New Zealand I'd say yes, ie. if one's decision was not governed by financial necessity (this assumes that the musical band in question had reached a certain

level of notoriety in the first place)."

Karyn Hay, Maxwell Film and Television.

"Naah, not really. It gives everyone something to guffaw and snigger about while watching teev in the flat or when they're out Squidding. No harm done really... although that well known Auckland guitarist in the Hugh Wrights ad... hmmm. I liked Greg Johnson's chocolate biscuit one, and Zane Lowe's apple juice voice, and Fiona's Coke song — but I'd draw the line at having to stand in front of the camera and sing: 'Wow! Where saving feels good, wow!'"

Yvonne Dudman, Festival Records.

"Personal integrity is a matter of conscience, and I think this is a question of personal rather than professional integrity, since no fixed code of ethics could ever be agreed upon by musicians or creative artists."

"I believe musicians can contribute ideas to anything they want to, be it commercial or not, as long as they are proud of what their contribution is. Integrity will always come into question when someone is asking you to do something for money, but the bottom line is, if you don't like what they're asking, no matter what the dosh involved is, don't do it."

"Personally, I think this whole commerce versus art question is a bit of a wank. Music which is commercial is not necessarily without artistic merit, and certainly music which isn't commercially successful is not automatically a statement of great art."

"Popular music and advertising are both children of mass media, and they have been hand in hand creating and commenting on popular culture since the 1950s. This is not the first generation of rock stars being photographed drinking Coca-Cola, and it won't be the last."

Jackie Clarke.

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Lux Interior Sick With the Cramps

Each one of us, in his timidity, has a limit beyond which he is outraged. It is inevitable that he who by concentrated application has extended this limit for himself, should arouse the resentment of those who have accepted conventions which, since accepted by all, require no initiative of application... But this apparent violation is preferable to the monstrous habits condoned by etiquette and estheticism.

So said Man Ray, in 1934. Sixty years later, these words appeared on the sleeve of the Cramps most recent album, *Flamejob*. A more fitting home they could not have found. I don't know of the limit beyond which the Cramps are outraged, but I do know some of the things which fill its expansive confines. The Cramps are fuelled by what some might call an unhealthy interest in lurid horror flicks and comics, souped up hot rods and 'sicles, outer space theories and science fiction movies, 60s drug culture, 70s glam rock and punk, and a legendary obsession with rare rockabilly.

Cramps co-founder Lux Interior can't remember the first time he was switched on to rockabilly — it was that long ago.

"It was when I was like three years old or something," he says. "My older brother was really into it. He was playing it all the time, so the first thing I can remember was hearing Elvis playing."

Lux says he forgot about rockabilly for a long time. It wasn't until the 70s, after he met soul mate and Cramps co-founder Poison Ivy Rorschach, that he rediscovered the genre of music in which he would go on to make a living.

"We would be going to junk stores all the time. There wasn't very many good records coming out we liked, so we started buying 45s out of junk stores for like a nickel a piece, five cents a piece. That's when we really discovered how exciting the stuff was."

Today it takes every room of the house Lux and Ivy share with their cats Opal, Torchy and Cleopatra to contain their extensive collection of 45s.

"We've got some really rare ones, especially [from] when we lived in Ohio. All the hillbillies in the South moved up to Ohio to work in the rubber companies during the 50s, and they brought their records with 'em. So a lot of 'em ended up there," explains Lux. "We have the Teen Kings' first record, which was Roy Orbison's record before he even went to Sun Records. They recorded that in some little town

in Texas somewhere. There was only like 200 of those pressed, so we were really thrilled to find that. There's quite a few like that."

The last current album the pair purchased was by a band called Doo Rag, who opened for the Cramps on their last American tour.

"They're these two crazy guys that play real amphetamine blues, real fast slide guitar and drums. It's just a guitar player and drums, but it's like real, real fast. It's kind of like if there was a blues band that sounded like the Ramones or something. They're really great. Their records are really fun."

Lux goes on to recommend the Five, Six, Seven, Eights and the Go Nuts. He and Ivy recently caught both bands live in Los Angeles.

"The Five, Six, Seven, Eights are four girls from Japan, and it looks like you're seeing if the Ronettes were still around, but they actually played all their instruments. [They're] four girls that wear skin tight, gold sequined dresses, with four-inch long rhinestone earrings. They play just really great, tough rock 'n' roll."

With his musical preferences so firmly rooted in the past, there are a few artists Lux has missed live who he will never get the chance to see.

"I wish I could have seen the Pretty Things in the 60s," he says. "I've seen some video tapes of them and they seemed like a really exciting band to see live. I've always loved the way they sound. And there's about, I don't know, 500 rockabilly artists I wish I'd seen. We do a song, 'Love Me', by a guy called the Phantom, and he was supposed to be really amazing live. He wore a mask, and he'd get down on his knees on stage and start crying on the stage. There'd be a little pool of tears in front of him and all the girls would swoon. He must have been really great to see."

While Lux is in a recommending mood, I figure we better start talking movies.

"We have quite an extensive movie collection too," he says. "The ones I like lately a whole lot are the West German films from the early 60s — they went from like 1959 to like 1965. They're all these Edgar Wallace pictures. They're really strange. They have really odd camera angles, really wild photography. They all take place in strip clubs, and they usually have one villain, who wears some kind of monster outfit or something. One of my favourite ones is called *Phantom of Soho*, and that's really great. This guy wears like a skull mask and kills people. Another one that's really great

is called *The Head*. If you have a chance to see either one of those, that would be really great, or any of the ones Edgar Wallace wrote. Those are really great."

Flamejob's 'Nest of the Cuckoo Bird' was named for the title of a movie Lux and Ivy have yet to get their hands on. Nevertheless, Lux is confident enough to vouch for its quality.

"Yeah, now that's a really great movie. *Nest of the Cuckoo Bird* was a movie that came out in the mid 60s. So far no one has seen it. I mean, maybe people saw it back then, but no one can find a copy now. There's a newspaper advertisement for it that's really amazing looking. Everybody wants to see it real bad. Just from looking at the newspaper ad, we were inspired to write that song about it."

The song describes a girl with 'a look on her puss like she was weaned on a pickle... a huntress with the hoodoo word'. From the scant clues on offer, it's pretty fair to guess *Nest of the Cuckoo Bird* the movie does indeed feature a huntress of some description. Lux also knows it is set in the Everglades.

He further explains: "The newspaper ad has this really kind of German expressionist looking ad, with a naked girl with her arm up, with a knife in it, dripping blood. Underneath that it says [affects announcer tone]: 'Love... Gators... Snakes...' [Laughs] That's all we know about it."

With such traditionally distasteful passions, and a body of work which flaunts them so unashamedly, the Cramps should be turning the moral majority puce.

"Well, I don't think they even know about us," says Lux. "I'm sure we would get a lot of criticism if they knew about us. I think they were too afraid to go in some of the stores where the people that sell our records are. I think something in our lyrics and what we do is a little bit too intelligent for them to grasp. We haven't really had too much trouble. I think you have to say 'Satan' or 'kill a cop'. You have to be really obvious for them to get it. I think maybe our lyrics take too much brains for them to decipher."

They obviously had a little less trouble deciphering them in New Zealand. Our copies of *Flamejob* copped those ridiculous 'Explicit Lyrics' stickers that are supposed to stop delicate ears being singed and the kids turning into foul mouthed maniacs.

"Oh, I didn't know that was happening," says Lux. "That's good to know. They hadn't done

that in Europe or in America. It's like they're just doing that there. I don't know — that's part of the tradition of rock 'n' roll, so, I think it's stoopid, but I don't know that I care if they do that. Although, I think they should put a sticker on it saying: 'Warning: this album contains lyrics that are intelligent and require a brain to understand them.' They should give you a sticker for doing something good too."

Either that, or they could witlessly use your music, and allow you to infiltrate the mainstream that way. Lux describes such an incident when I ask him the strangest place he has ever heard the Cramps being played.

"One time, we were driving in the car, and there was a programme on a news show on some kind of flies that were carrying some kind of dread disease. They started playing 'Human Fly' in the background while they were talking about this disease. This was in the Washington DC area. It was very strange, because they were talking about a serious subject, and then this song came on in the background that made us crack up and start laughing. It was also one of the first times we ever heard our record on the radio, so it was exciting and confusing at the same time."

New Zealand's chance to hear the Cramps in a more fitting atmosphere comes when they play one show only on June 4, at the Auckland Town Hall. Live performance is one of Lux's biggest inspirations.

"When you get out on that stage, the people that stand there looking at you, it's just so much more fun than ever playing when we're practising or something. It's just looking at their faces and stuff, and everything that goes on. Our fans are totally crazy anyhow, so it's always really fun. It's very inspiring."

"There's usually anything from [people] taking off their clothes to wearing completely insane, wild costumes and outfits, and sexy clothes and stuff. Usually, everywhere we go, I'm really proud to say our audience is very stylish and a fun audience, where some bands have really dreary audiences."

Auckland's proved a hot spot for the Cramps in the past. They even released a live album of their 1986 show there (*Rockinnreelininaucklandnewzealand*). Lux is looking forward to returning, after which the Cramps are off to Fiji to lie on the beaches and that kind of stuff. Now that would be a sight to see! 'Bikini Girls With Machine Guns', anyone?

BRONWYN TRUDGEON



L to R: Brian Bell, Patrick Wilson, Matt Sharp, Rivers Cuomo.

Sunday, Monday, Weezer Days

We all know overnight success stories never really happen overnight these days.

Weezer's is no exception, but it still happened quickly in comparison to the rise of many of their contemporaries. The way drummer Pat Wilson (he of the way cool bottom wiggle in the 'Undone — The Sweater Song' video) tells it, it was a mere hop, skip and jump to super stardom.

"We all moved to Los Angeles at different times, around the turn of the decade," explains Pat. "We started as a band in 1992. We rehearsed for a year, then got a record deal, rehearsed some more, made a record, and got super famous."

Just like that. Has being a big famous rock star proved all it's cracked up to be so far?

"Personally, I stay away from all the bullshit that's associated with it."

One might think scoring an album deal with Geffen would be cause for celebration. How did Weezer mark the occasion?

"We didn't really celebrate. We're not very rock 'n' roll. I think we might have had a beer. Just because you get a record deal, that doesn't mean anything. In some cases it's the worst you can do. The record company's just like a bank. They just loan you money and then you pay a huge finance charge to pay it back."

Touring is another thing that initially proved less exciting than it's supposed to be, and Weezer have been doing a lot of touring. While on the road, Pat keeps himself entertained playing golf and Sega games.

"It's difficult for me because I'm married," he says of the nomadic side

of band life. "Jennifer comes out and visits us a lot, so it's not so bad, but it is sort of hard in a way."

"It gets easier all the time. For a while we were very burnt, but it's much easier now than it used to be. In fact, I'm starting to enjoy it, which I never thought I'd say."

There is at least one area of this rock 'n' roll business that has worked the way it should for Weezer so far, and that is music video. Take their extra cheesy 'Buddy Holly' clip (which achieved merciless rotation on Max, the Music Channel), for example. This ingeniously realised piece plays just like an episode of *Happy Days*. A uniformly attired Weezer perform on stage at Arnold's to an audience of series regulars, including a Cossack dancing Fonzie. The drive-in's proprietor Al (played by Al Molinaro) interacts with the band in the clip, and was the only *Happy Days* cast member to actually appear live with Weezer. Knowing this, it's amazing to note Al doesn't seem to have aged at all.

"Well, we spray painted his hair black," reveals Pat.

The next Weezer video to hit our screens will be for the new single 'Say It Ain't So'.

"It's a pretty basic video, because we couldn't really try to top 'Buddy Holly,'" says Pat. "Now that I think we've established ourselves pretty much as far as like a visual identity, we can just be ourselves in this video, and it works really well."

See, you don't need matching beige sweaters, striped ties and a novelty video to progress in this business, but they do help.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

Music critics everywhere
are raving about
THREE LEGGED DOG

"Supremely cool, sexy
as hell, the Cruel Sea have
made their bed with care-
less perfection." ****
Rolling Stone Magazine

"Yep, they've still got it."
Drum Media

"This is what music is all
about."
Daily Telegraph

"Deep, organic, funky,
spunky, sexy, steamin',
rhythm 'n' blues; *Three
Legged Dog* is The Cruel
Sea at their best."
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INSTORE JUNE 19

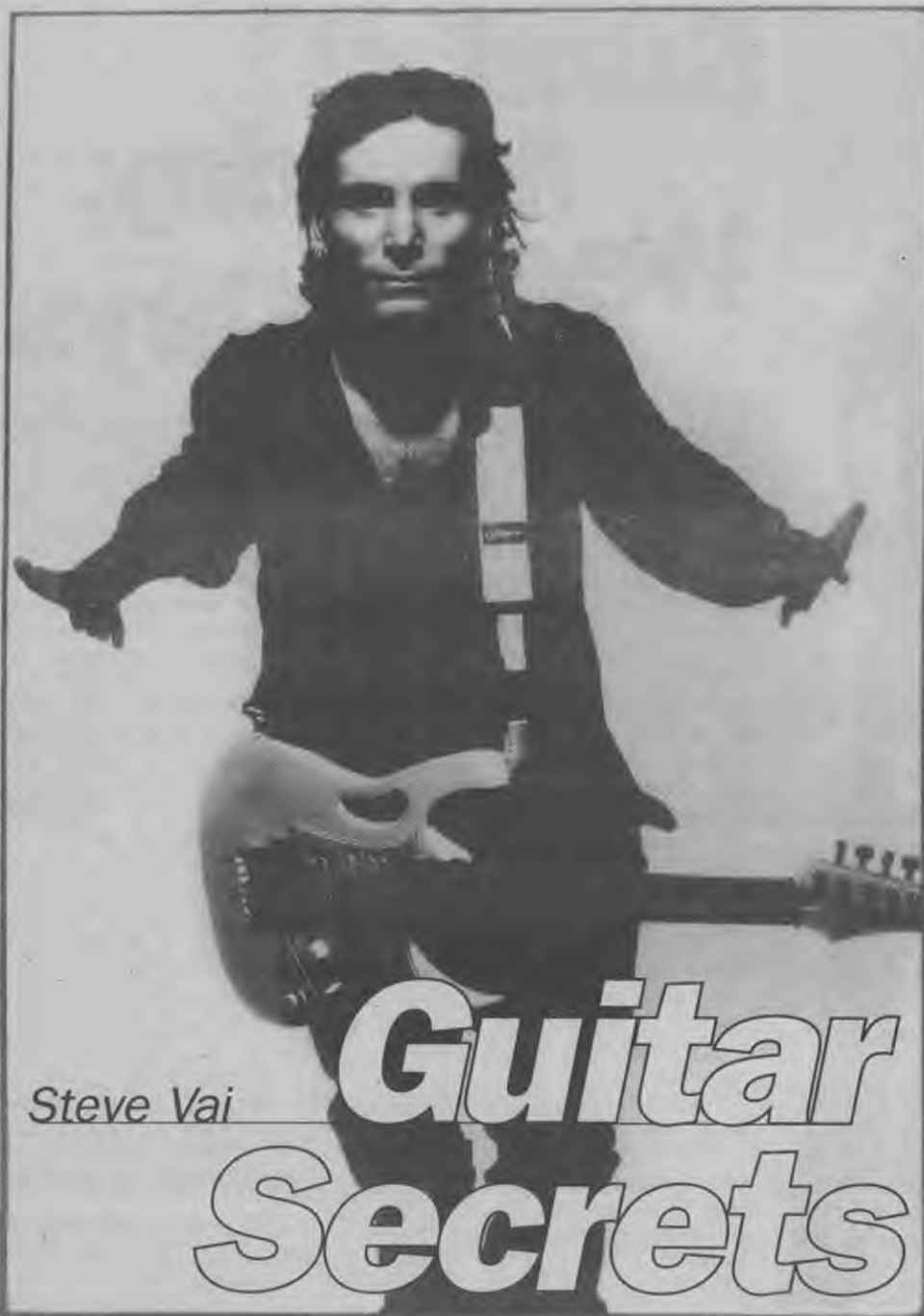


The Cruel Sea

THREE LEGGED DOG

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BONUS 6 TRACK CD INCLUDING 'BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY' & 'COOL IT DOWN'.



Steve Vai

Guitar Secrets

Steve Vai's extraordinary career began in his teens, when his musical transcriptions and guitar playing impressed maestro Frank Zappa enough to snatch him out of college for a place in his band. Since the FZ years, Vai has contributed his talents to Alcatraz, Public Image, David Lee Roth, Whitesnake and others. Plus, he's made a cameo appearance in the movie *Crossroads*. Most importantly though, he's released four amazing albums of his own: *Flexible* (1984), *Passion and Warfare* (1990), *Sex and Religion* (1993) and a new mini album, *Alien Love Secrets*, which is hot off the press and burning with some of Vai's best playing yet. Steve spoke from his home in California about all things alien and familiar.

Why did you decide on a mini album?

"I'd gotten off the *Sex and Religion* tour and I started to get some material together and a concept for an LP. Then I started writing some music with Ozzy Osbourne, and it took three months or so to do that. Then I got back to work and recorded about 27 tracks for an LP. It turned out about a handful of the songs were very straight ahead, guitar-in-your-face instrumental pieces. The concept of the LP at the time was to put together a record that was half vocals and half instrumental — I was going to attempt to sing myself. The material's going to be very heavy, a little more orchestrated and arranged, sort of like *Passion and Warfare*, maybe not as eclectic. I was looking at sitting in the studio for months and months doing it, like one of those epic records. I decided it'd be nicer to do this EP first, get this guitar thing out there, 'cause I'm a real guitar lover. I love the clashing of the strings."

Can we expect this to lead to another album soon?

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I'm working on another album now. Hopefully it'll be out before the end of the year."

What happened to the *Sex and Religion* band and tour?

"Well, it was pretty much a one-shot deal. The band I put together for the record, there was no way I could get those guys to tour — it would've cost me my firstborn! So I ended up putting a different band together — the only original band member from the album was the singer, Devin. We had a very good band, and we toured America and Europe and did very well. But after that, everybody goes their way and I go out and do different things. I don't really have a 'band', I have musicians I hire. I would love to have a band with people who are really interested with the wave-length I'm on and who can contribute pretty unconditionally, but these people are just not in my life right now."

Apparently 'Down Deep in the Pain' had a pretty radical video, although we never saw it in New Zealand.

"It was pretty radical, all right! It had women giving birth, nuns whipping themselves, all those silly things that make a video so exciting."

Last time we talked you mentioned a *Passion and Warfare* novel and possible video. Has anything come of that?

"I've got about three quarters of the novel complete, and I did a script for a film that had different videos for each song. I had the option of either doing that or producing this band called Bad 4 Good I had high hopes for. I decided to produce the band. But I'm working on a film for *Alien Love Secrets*. It's basically a very simple video where kids who like guitar playing and like what I do can just me playing the guitar."

tar."

Were you playing virtually everything on the EP?

"Just about. There's four songs where I have a drummer — Dean Castronova — he's a fabulous drummer. Then there's one song where Tommy Mars, the keyboard player, plays organ, and that's 'Tender Surrender'. Other than that, I'm doing all the drum programming, all the bass guitar and any sporadic keyboards or sampling."

Are the Gem and Universe the only guitars you used?

"As a matter of fact I used the Universe, the seven string, on 'Ya-Yo Gakk', and I used the Gem with the Evolution pick-ups on everything else. I used two different Gems; one I used for the really low tuning stuff like 'Bad Horsie'. I used a Stratocaster on 'The Boy From Seattle', 'cause that song is sort of a Hendrix tribute. I wanted to be true to the era so I used a Strat, but there's a lot of different amplifiers on it. I'm using a direct, it's got a little bit of a Marshall, a little bit of a Bagner amplifier, a Sans amp that's going through a speaker simulator, and then I have two room mic's up in the room the amplifier's in. All these are blended together to get the sound that's on there."

It sounds related to 'Sisters' (*Passion and Warfare*).

"Oh, very much so. It's a style of playing I really enjoy. I'm going to try and incorporate songs like that on all my records, 'cause I like the idea of sitting with a clean-sounding guitar and playing the song from beginning to end."

The track 'Bad Horsie' must have been a lot of fun to make.

"Yeah, I was shaking for two days from all that heavy vibrato."

Hearing your wild whammy stuff in the past, I've often wondered where you were hiding the horse!

"It was in the amplifier the whole time! That song has a funny sort of scenario that I put together in my head to get the idea of the song. Besides the main riff coming from *Crossroads*, where I play Jack Butler, the devil's guitar player, the guitar sort of imitates a train, and there's this silly story I came up with about a young Indian brave riding his favourite horse through the fields of America. The settlers are coming and laying train tracks, and the Indian has this dream that he and his horse are running from this train that's chasing them. They don't know where they're going because there's all this high grass, and wherever they go the train still follows them. So, they get very upset and they turn into this iron stallion and iron chief and start chasing the train. The sounds they're making are the song."

Are all those whinnies and snorts done solely on guitar?

"Well, the snorts aren't, they're real snorts from a horse. They're processed, they're tuned down quite a bit, they're tweaked, they're truncated, they're stereo delayed, all sorts of weird stuff to give the snorty value they have."

'Juice' sounds like 'The Attitude Boogie' almost!

"Yeah, I was reluctant to work on that song because it's very reminiscent of standard type guitar instrumental boogies but I really like it. I had it in the pocket. I listened to it and felt there'd be other people out there who'd like to hear it. There's nothing ground-breaking about it, it's just a fun boogie."

You do a heavenly solo in 'Die to Live'.

"That track goes really deep with me. I really like it. After I recorded it I sat and listened to it for about a whole day. It sounds pretentious, but I like it. A lot of my songs start out with a riff I may lay down on tape anytime, whether I'm backstage warming up for a concert, or whatever. The riff for 'Die to Live' was just something I'd thrown onto a tape in about 10 seconds and then dug out about three years later. You know, if there's a high point in a musician's career, besides making it, or having a record deal, or becoming financially stable, whatever, it's being able to sit down, pick up your instrument, get really close with it and play

a piece of music that really flows and really affects you as you're playing. That's why artists are so tortured, because it's such a joy to do that and sometimes it's a task too. Every now and then, when that happens, it's what it's all about really, for an artist. That song is a testament to my honour to be a true artist."

Julian Angel (Steve's son) is in fine voice on 'Ya-Yo Gakk'.

"That was a riot! He would sing this song 'Ya-Yo Gakk' all the time, and I would always be taping him. I carry a tape player or a DAT player wherever I go, and I always record silly things so I can make wild samples. I had hours of this 'Ya-Yo Gakk' singing, so I took it, drew it into the computer, tweaked it and cut it up. It was tough 'cause I had to get it all in the right time and the right pitch. Then I made the vocal track and built the track around it. But I think from now on I'm going to tell people: 'Yeah, he came into the studio and just nailed it.'"

Is he about five now?

"Yeah, him and his brother [Fire] have a birthday on the same day, March 1. They're going to be six and three."

Is 'Kill the Guy With the Ball' your impression of violent sports madness?

"There's a game kids play in America called Guy With the Ball. You get a ball and you gotta run away from everybody, and if they catch you they beat the shit out of you. So as, soon as they get near you, you have to throw the ball to somebody else. So you kill the guy with the ball — very American. So that song sounds like the game. You can picture kids running with the ball. At the ending I took a real left turn; I just decided to follow my ears and write this weird melody down, and then orchestrate it with these really thick, lush chords."

'Tender Surrender' is a beautiful piece, in the style of 'Call it Sleep' (*Flexible*).

"Yeah, very much so. I just wanted to do something where the guitar gets to display its dynamic qualities. One of the things I like when I hear a guitar solo song like that is to be taken on a little ride of sorts — to be taken along then brought up, then brought down easy and then brought back up, let down and maybe slammed around a little bit. I get that from that song. It has an ebb and flow to it."

What on earth are you doing to your strings at the end?

"It's a very violent whammy bar tactic. You don't play anything, you just grab the whammy bar. If you ever saw me do it you'd die laughing — it's very angry looking."

Did you win a Grammy for 'Sofa' last year (a track from the Zappa's *Universe* tribute album)?

"Yeah, that was quite the honour."

Obviously you must really miss Frank.

"I think I speak for most of his really sincere fans when I say that as time goes by we miss him more."

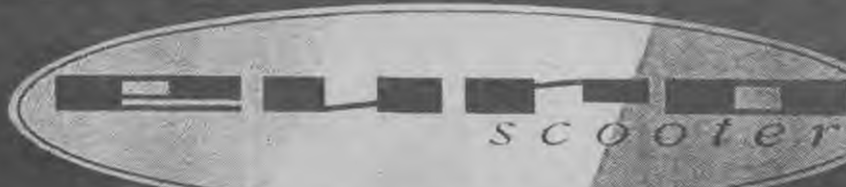
There's certainly a lot less good music and humour left in the world without him.

"Yeah, there's never going to be anything like that. The way he'd conduct his bands, put them together, and the music they played and everything, you just don't get that any more. Nobody has the ambition or the balls to put together something like he did. That's something I miss very much about Frank."

Those years in the 80s with him must have been quite an experience.


"They were exhilarating, they were frightening... when I joined Frank's band I was 19 years old. I'd never been on tour. I had no idea how to handle myself or what to expect. The first two weeks into the tour I turned yellow! Literally! Drinking the water in Mexico. It was fun and it was scary. The first tour was absolutely murder for me. It wasn't anything Frank was doing — it was just from the beginning of the tour I stayed out all night, played around with sex objects — it was like a kid in a candy store. I wasn't looking after myself and I nearly collapsed. I'm surprised Frank kept me in the band that first year. But it got easier. By the time we came to Europe, on the third tour I did with him, it was a beautiful experience."

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Testing Crueller Waters

The Cruel Sea have — much to the surprise of everyone, including themselves — become one of the biggest bands in Australia, with their *Honeymoon Is Over* album going double platinum. The follow up album (their third) is *Three Legged Dog* — an assured refinement of their unique mix of blues, rock, country and the Australian punk rock that pre-figured grunge by a good 20 years.

The band is currently in America, testing the even crueller waters there. I phoned who I thought was going to be singer Tex Perkins, but turned out to be guitarist/keyboard player James Cruickshank, the morning after a show in New York.

"It was a showcase in front of a whole lot of magazines and radio people; get them all to come along, check out the band, get them all excited."

So the Cruel Sea aren't going to try to crack America by doing 500 dates across the country in a van?

"Well, we're going to end up doing that, but it helps if you've got the radio and people behind you."

How big a priority is it for the band to crack

America?

"We're going to Europe as well, so while we're in the Northern Hemisphere, we thought we may as well go to America. We're not going to stick ourselves in a Torago and spend two years doing a million gigs. The record company believe they can get us on the radio, and then we just go to those cities that we're selling records and being played on the radio — focus it more than just ambling into town and hoping the record's in the shops and playing."

I wonder how Americans will fare getting a handle on the Cruel Sea's subtle and textured sound?

"Our sound has a lot of American influences in it, but there's no one here playing the kind of music we're playing. It's not something they're unfamiliar with because we draw on the rich history of American music."

Is the band pleased (or surprised) how it's all fallen into place in Australia?

"Retrospectively, the way it all happened, we were an instrumental band playing at parties, then we got offered gigs, and then Tex joined... so we had people coming to see us before the first record came out, and we paid for the

record by the gigs we'd done. Then we toured, and every time we went back to a town there'd be more people, so that encouraged us to come back. And the record sold over a long period of time... so it was really authentic. Coming to America, it's being tackled differently — our success in Australia is a foot in the door. Australia is our bread and butter money, but we're interested in playing to as many people as possible; but we're not using our Australian royalties to crack the American market. If it doesn't happen for us... fuck it! It won't kill us."

Australian music has changed a lot recently — the classic Oz Rock seems to have disappeared — the Cruel Sea have been a big part of that.

"You look at Australian albums that have topped the charts recently are Silverchair and You Am I... so the Midnight Oils have disappeared. People are turning on to different things — younger and fresher."

The Cruel Sea have always had great videos (remember Tex Perkins in 'Better Get A Lawyer', playing both a rowdy prisoner and a cop who gleefully snaps on a rubber glove).

Does the band enjoy making videos?

"I think because there's aspects of videos we don't like, we've managed to do the videos we've done. We try to have one basic idea and stick to that, and not have too much in them. Maybe we should do one in colour soon."

The band is doing some more shows across America, then they have a couple of weeks off before a big Australian tour. What about New Zealand? They played the first *Big Day Out*, but a sports stadium on a sunny afternoon is hardly the right atmosphere for a band like the Cruel Sea.

"I wasn't in the band then. I was in hospital..."

Ooops.

"We're playing on the twenty-eighth of July in Auckland. Oh, congratulations on the America's Cup. So many Americans are really glad you guys won it. Yachting over here is the sport of the rich and famous, real elitist. You have to have heaps of money to even think about sailing, so it's really good that you guys won it."

Um, thanks. *Three Legged Dog*, get it, OK?

JONATHAN KING

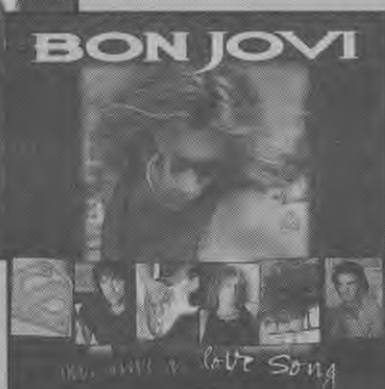
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"Hello Keyboards. Chris Knox speaking."

As my English teacher would've said: "Sometimes fact is stranger than fiction, deary."

The other Chris Knox, the one that plays Casiotones, not sells them, is sitting in his kitchen eating his pumpkin soup dinner and washing it down with a Speight's. In the lounge, his son John and partner Barbara watch *The Simpsons*.

Knox is resplendent in jandals, banana print shorts and a blue woolly jersey, but more on fashion later. I'm here to find out about his fourth solo album, *Songs of You and Me*. Fans will suggest it follows the same musical and lyrical themes of its predecessors. Detractors will say they all sound the same.

"In terms of the general feel of things, I don't think you could give a blindfold test to someone and say which of these albums came first. I mean, *Seizure* was mostly recorded on 16-track. In terms of technology someone might pick it as the latest album. I think of them as four albums of a type — certainly. But lyrically there are things I'm singing about now that I wasn't when *Seizure* came out five years ago. The fuzz song ratio has probably gone down a little, though it's still very much there."

Twenty or so years ago, Knox vowed he would never work a nine to five job again. After a decade or so on the dole or the sickness benefit, he has spent the last 10 years keeping himself through his music, drawings and other odd jobs (like the five grand he got for writing a rejected screenplay). A recent European tour

paid for itself, with enough profit to take Barbara along and purchase a 1984 Nissan Bluebird station-wagon. Things are all smiley faces and cuddly kittens

at the moment. It wasn't so two years back, when a lot of the writing for *Songs of You and Me* took place.

"It happened, strangely enough, not long after I turned 40 a couple of years back, over the Christmas holidays. Christmas holidays are terrible when you're not a very great parent. Plus, I had problems with my lower colon, so I was constipated in every possible way. I got quite down and a lot of songs on the new album were written during that period.

"There are some about Barbara and my relationship around that same period, when it was strained because she was having to put up with me looking pasty-faced and sorry for myself all the damn time."

'Split', off the *"P Duck"* album, had to be labelled 'fiction' on the lyric sheet, to stop people coming up to Barbara and saying: "Oh dear Barbara, that song, oh dear..." Lyrics like: 'Apart, you'd be my good and trusting friend,' off *Songs of You and Me*, imply their relationship is in trouble.

"Every album is always out of date by the time it comes out. Now I'm much better, we're much better as a couple, and I'm not writing songs like that at the moment. When Barbara clicks what the lyrics are about, she sits me down and makes me talk about it.

"Why did you write this?"

"Well, it just sort of came out."

"Yes, but why did it come out?"

"So, we have a good in depth talk and we feel better about it, because we always feel

better after we've communicated at an honest level."

We're used to knowing *all* about our overseas celebrities. Knox stands out in New Zealand because of his willingness to show his family photograph album to the public.

"It does feel a bit like that at times. But the more people tell the truth about themselves, the better it's got to be for the human race in general. Secrets are bad. Communication is good. That's why I'm happy to show the photograph album around, even though it's got some really ugly pictures."

Lyrics are only his secondary consideration. Sound and melody always come first in importance. The songs have mostly come to the listener via Knox's fascination with lo-fi.

"No, you're completely wrong," he says. "It's not lo-fi, it's lo-tech. It's very hi-fi. It's much closer to the original sound that's coming out of the mouth and the instrument than most 48-track digital recordings, which have been gussied up and EQed the shit out of. I'm bi-fi... we started it up overseas, while playing in a lo-fi festival, and several of us reacted against the title. Actually, it's a German sausage, Blfi, but we're not homo-fi or hetero-fi, and it'll appear on all albums henceforth."

A couple of bi-fi albums coming up will be radical noise orientated ones, put out under a different band title. But enough about music. Let's get to the real issues: footwear, and more specifically, jandals. Anti-cool, or just uncool?

"It's just that I've got really stinky feet, so if I wear shoes I have to use Granny's Remedy, which costs \$19 a pot," says Knox pragmatically.

"I like shorts too. I haven't really got the sort of body that's a suitable fashion clothes horse — so why bother trying? There's a certain amount of statement in what I wear, but it's

mainly just comfort. It's sometimes rather disturbing to see the people who most dress like me are all street people."

Time to pick him up and hurl him onto the psychiatrist couch. On 60 percent (fact!) of the songs on *Songs of You and Me*, you sing about eyes being mutilated or not being able to see. Explain yourself.

"Perhaps eyes are the most sensitive piece of human anatomy males and females share. The two things you use to see what someone is thinking is their body language and their eyes... and eyes is fucking easy to rhyme.

"Or this might explain it — in my early 20s, while tripping, I stared into the eyes of another person without blinking and had these extraordinary visions. That night, while attempting to read myself to sleep, I read about these Buddhist monks that used eye contact without hallucinogens as a way of probing each others' souls. They sometimes couldn't get to sleep for days afterwards and would end up with permanent psychosis. I lay there thinking: 'Aargh!'"

He no longer uses drugs and avoids getting pissed as a fart most of the time. This may explain his call ups from *The New Zealand Herald*, TV3 and the publishing world.

"I was asked to be a film reviewer for a TV show. 'Yes, yes, yes, fine. I won't tell anyone I haven't seen a mainstream film in 10 years, but I can bluff my way through, I'm sure.' Now I'm a film expert."

"Some guy from Penguin came round and said: 'We'd like you to write a novel. I said I'd like to do a children's book first. I roughed out an idea and showed it to him, and he said: 'It's a bit *moral*, isn't it?' People have this expectation from me that I will give them some product that is wild and crazy, but that's not what they get."

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SPACEMEN PERVADE NEW YORK

A new Baiter Space album, *Wammo*. Reviewers the world over are getting out their old metalwork textbooks for descriptions, fans are blacking out their windows for the impending atmos, and vocalist/guitar player, Alister Parker, is transmitting interviews from Gotham City.

I'd always thought the idea of interviewing Baiter Space clashed with what they were about. That mysterious audible presence didn't deserve to be dissected. The people behind it didn't need to be shown. But this time it's different. This time these three New Zealanders, voluntarily stranded in New York, are going to surprise you with just how human they've become.

Think 'The Aim'. Think of an even bigger leap than *Robot World* to *Vortura*. Think of lyrics you can decipher, distinguishable guitars and bass. Think of the KGB opening their books, or clear case Gameboys, or something. Baiter Space are letting you inside.

"The idea was no overdubs. Just a live recording of the band. Whereas in the past we've used a lot of things like that to make the sound very textural. This time we were into really raw, straight, honest Baiter Space, with lots of tuning things. Like, the drums were tuned, our instruments were tuned, and we got these harmonic levels happening between the three instruments to make sub-melodies and stuff. Then we didn't need to put any overdubs on it.

"In the past we've talked about our albums while we were making them or while we were mixing them. With *Wammo*, we thought about it and got together and talked about the album before we made it, and before a lot of the songs were written for it."

Is the album a new direction or is it just an experiment?

"Well, it's what we're doing at the moment. It incorporates the old Baiter Space sound, but it's more straight. It's like a live recording. So, it's fresh and exciting for us."

Over the last three albums your sound has flipped on its head. How much has New York had to do with it?

"Well, we've been travelling a bit, and hanging out in London for half a year as well. I think New York's influenced us. People have said that to us, but it's hard to really be objective about that. The change in sound is just the essences of the songs, and not getting too tricky on production and all that. I think all that is a little bit 'out' now, you know, you've got to get the real feel of the group on tape and then just get it to move in the mix."

Are you more conscious of your lyrics now the sounds are so much clearer?

"Yeah, I think so. The thing to keep developing is vocally as well. I've got that in the back of my mind."

The lyrics are a side to Baiter Space songs that haven't so much been ignored as unnoticed. But *Wammo*'s got its fair share of bewdies, like 'Retro': 'Spaceship landing, spacemen stranded, not where they wanna be...'

"Do you remember when the USSR started to split up, and they had some cosmonauts in space just waiting for commands? Then they just had to turn the spaceship off and be in orbit till they fuckin' worked it all out. No-one went up and helped them, like America wouldn't bring these guys back to Earth. So that song is, like, these poor guys just flipping around up there"

Wow. A story. I've only thought of your songs as overall feels, you know? Tasty lyrical blanc-mange?

"Well, we've tried to maintain that. The lyrical content can be taken lots of ways still. And I love that open ended kind of thing, rather than making solid statements; to write something you can take lots of different ways depending on how you feel that day, you can still make your own story."

What about the 'Splat' single?

"There's all sorts of things that can be read into that. Something that crossed my mind recently was the industrial thing and, like, people focussing on money, and fucking things up for everyone else, and political lies. That was in there, and then you could think of it like a couple of people that have hot feelings for one another"

Yeah, well. I think I'll leave the rest to my own imagination thanks. No point in spoiling them.

New Zealand bands have been heading overseas to make it big for years: especially bands from the Flying Nun stables, whose overseas sales base has created interest in the weirdest places (the thought of Germans getting into Chris Knox is just strange, admit it). But for every hopeful tour, there have been

casualties, be it band members leaving or bands completely splitting. That is, apart from Baiter Space. Maybe they've got cast iron guts. Maybe it's their supportive deal with Matador. Whatever. They're still over there and they're still making it work over there.

"It was a big decision and it needed a lot of commitment. All of a sudden you realise you can't just go back to New Zealand when you feel like it, so you've gotta keep on punching in case you hit something."

Would you ever move back?

"Um, in the short term I'd say no, because it's been a very productive environment for the group. I don't think we've lost any of our roots at all. We're still this bunch of New Zealand guys in New York City, doing our thing. And we've earned the respect of the New Yorkers, and that's just fucking great, really inspiring. So, while it's this good, we're gonna stay here."

You realise half a dozen bands will read this and think: 'Fuck! We're off to New York, New Zealand music's promised land. Baiter Space are just cruising. It's easy!'

"It's not that easy. There's a lot of tough points to it as well, like we're foreigners in somebody else's country for a start. We're lucky we're in such a friendly place, but it's pretty hard sometimes, not being in your own land, and that gets to me. Sometimes I really can't stand America. I'm looking for something else. I'll go to Britain, or maybe even back to New Zealand, and that saves my state of mind."

"There's always the constant threat of danger, which you can't be too relaxed about. I haven't come across any myself, but it does exist out there and you have to be very aware of it. This place requires that you're always feeling good and that you've always got tonnes of energy. If you get tired in New York, or like I was homeless in New York, you get eaten up."

You were living on the streets!

"Close to it. That wasn't so long ago. Someone pulled a scam on me with an apartment deal. I got the money back off them, but I had a schedule to attend to and I had nowhere to be. It was really tough. People are really stuck for space here, so it's really hard to just find a place to be. And it's really expensive."

"We're not living in any sort of elegance. The quality of life is a lot lower over here, for what you pay and what you get. We all live in pretty tiny apartments, especially myself. I live in the smallest apartment of anyone."

Describe it.

"Well, I've lived in six different places since I've been here. At the moment I'm in a little pocket of mid-town, surrounded by 20, 30 and forty story buildings. There's a little park that's really cute. It's really quiet and I can see the top of the Empire State Building, that changes colour every month."

What with, pollution? Your state of mind?

"Nah, you know, they light it up, which is kinda cool. Brent lives downtown, the lower east side. He's got a lot of traffic noise, lot of noise all the time. Lot of noise from the bar underneath his place, lot of noise from the street, sirens. Things are really going on down there."

So it's just a matter of time before we get a four-track album from his lounge then?

"Oh yeah, for sure. We're getting the four-track in next week," laughs the crooked voiced Parker.

"It's great being able to focus on playing music. We're very broke, and have been for a long time too. But there's so much going on here, like your senses are being bashed all the time. With *Wammo* and the tour and stuff, we're just hoping things will take off a bit. We've got a solid audience base, and it'll be better for the band if a few more people bought the records. We'll just see how things go"

What's the average Baiter Space fan like in the States?

"Well, we get everyone from mods, nerds, clubbers, students, conservative people and really right out there people. I think the feeling of our performances is that they're really fun, and people really enjoy the sound enough to smile while they're listening."

People come along to smile at Baiter Space gigs?!

"Yeah, they love it. It's good, makes them feel good..."

Sounds like something out of *The Brady Bunch*!

"People smile a lot in New York."

You'll get a chance to smile at them when they return for a couple of gigs after Christmas. In the meantime, *Wammo*.

JOHN TAITE

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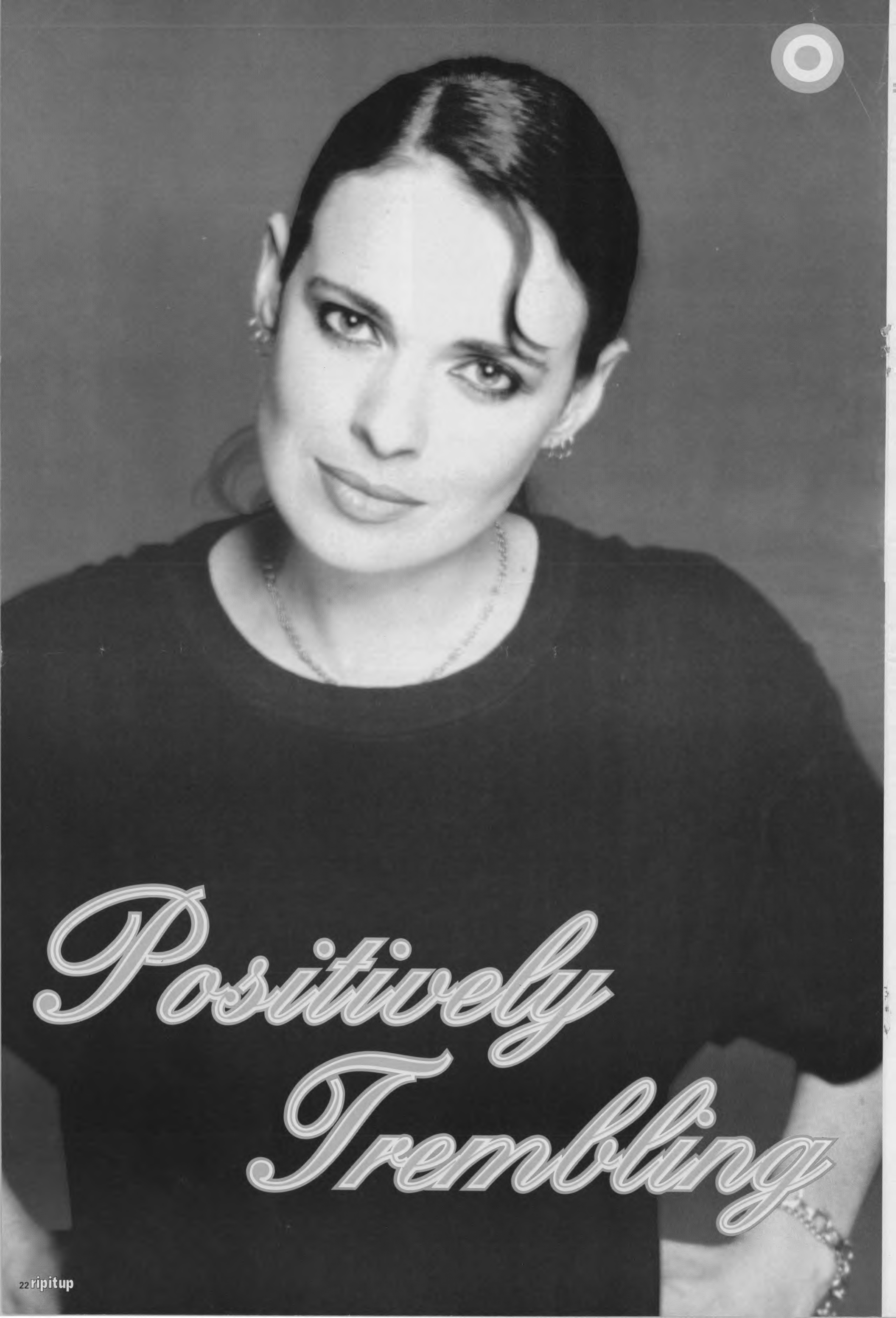
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*Positively
Trembling*

What do a guy and a girl have to do to score a free lunch?

For the past 20 minutes, Jan Hellriegel and myself have been darting about Ponsonby and Jervois Roads in the back seat of a flash record company car, driven by promo man Steve Booth. It's mid-afternoon on a Friday, so in every restaurant, and more disappointingly every bar, there's no such thing as a vacant seat. Growing increasingly impatient, we tear down College Hill at the speed of light and secure a table at Rick's Cafe. Steve gets the drinks in, Jan and I are gracious enough to let him put them on his expense account ("No Steve, we insist"), and finally we're smiling.

Jan Hellriegel is the (once) blonde wonder responsible for the best local debut record of 1992. *It's My Sin* arrived blessed with an impressive selection of dynamic, often eerie, bittersweet pop songs, in particular the live favourites 'The Way I Feel' and 'No Idea'. For the latter half of that year and well into the next, it was impossible to flick through a magazine or switch on a television without seeing her, armed always with a red guitar.

It's My Sin left local music writers drooling. Interest was looming large from the Australian and European branches of her record company. In April of 93 the album earned her the title of Best Songwriter and Most Promising Female Vocalist at the New Zealand Music Awards. All these things, you would expect, would make a girl feel great. But despite these positives, when the pace became a little less frantic, an unexplainable lack of self-confidence became an ever present companion. The biggest Jan fans at her record company left the label, and the huge ground swell of momentum started by *It's My Sin* waned in intensity. So, in March 1994, Jan acted out the equivalent of packing up her troubles in an old kit bag and moved base to Melbourne, to clear her head and start fresh.

"I really wanted to go on an adventure, and I needed to have an adventure. I was getting too stuck in my ways and was totally unconfident. I wasn't doing any writing and I just didn't think I could any more. It didn't have to be Australia. If any friend in any part of the world had said: 'Come over and stay,' I would've gone."

With a room in a friend's flat already secured, the first step was to find a job. Having spent days upon days folding the covers of *It's My Sin* prior to its release, working in a warehouse packing heavy metal and techno records was a cinch. The hardest part was summoning the courage to begin playing solo again, something she eventually wound up doing a great deal of.

"In the end, playing in Melbourne was really good for me. I was really surprised anyone would like my stuff, but they did — it was just my imagination that they wouldn't. I couldn't play in New Zealand any more because I had no new material, and I think people were sick of hearing the same songs. I didn't want to play any more in New Zealand until I had a new album. If I hadn't ever had a new album, I would never have played again — as simple as that."

Aside from a brief visit back to New Zealand to appear in a Coca-Cola commercial, Jan spent the first eight months in Australia working and writing songs. In November the green light was given to make a new album. With much support from her immediate circle of friends, Jan ditched the spectre of self doubt that had threatened to put her out of commission.

"Other people around me informed me that I could write songs. Once it all started rolling, I realised I could actually do it."

Tremble was recorded over a six week period at Melbourne's Sing Sing Studio and Sydney's 301 Studio, and is the best evidence of Jan's new sense of well-being. It's an odd mixture of raucous, edgy statements of intent and more dark, haunting pop exorcisms. When she speaks of it, her enthusiasm is overtly obvious.

"The album happened exactly as I wanted it to be. I'm really, really happy with it. This one is more me. It feels like a really complete piece of work. I've never felt so content with something in my life. I wouldn't change anything. I'm 100 percent happy with it."

Although more cohesive, *Tremble* shares with its predecessor a range of indefinable styles, made harder to pin down by the use of high and low dynamics, and slightly more than passing nods as to what other singers — past and present, male and female — are doing.

"I've got this theory about my writing. I don't

write in any style, and I'm not consciously going out to be in some scene or sound like anyone in particular. I just write songs and they come out the way they do. I've been likened to so many different singers, but I actually like to think I sound a bit like Nick Cave, except my voice isn't so low."

And neither do her lyrics reach the depths of despondency that has become Cave's trademark — no swallows sharpening their beaks, or crumbling ivory towers. That said, *Tremble* boasts its fair share of mood swings — bleak and bitter images are thrown up back to back with calls for unchecked hedonism. It hardly enters the creepy bi-polar territory of Kristin Hersh, but to say it's a bit fuckin' flighty is to summarise with a marvellous sense of understatement.

"Well, who isn't all over the place? I'm in different moods all the time. I'm one of the most up and down people I know. The thing is, the songs that sound really happy are about the worst things and vice-versa. Some of it's really fun and some of it's really heavy, but they're not all about me — there's two that are, but you can guess 'cause I'm certainly not going to tell you."

That sounds a lot like a dare to me. By this stage we've both no doubt had too much to drink, and are making less sense than earlier. I begin a stream of consciousness that says if you write a song that's going to remain in someone's head, then you have to be careful what you write. Jan, growing exasperated, counsels that I shouldn't read too much into the lyrics, and be content not to read in between the lines.

"Sometimes when I'm writing, I think other people have got more interesting things to write about than I have, so this album isn't really about me. But, I really don't like to talk about songs too much."

I rattle off a string of *Tremble*'s song titles, arguing the point — if you write it, expect to have to talk about it.

"I'm not telling," "It's none of your business," "I don't tell what any songs are about," "I'm not talking about that," and "It's just not relevant," are included in the replies. Before this conversation escalates into fisticuffs, I decide to change the subject back to that of confidence. Steve left nearly an hour ago, and neither of us has the dosh to indulge in an exaggerated round of plate and table throwing.

All writers, whatever form they come in — a songwriter, a poet (and those two aren't necessarily separate), a novelist, a copywriter, or a journalist — tend to experience massive periods of self doubt. You wonder if you've produced the best you can do, you decide too late you haven't devoted a piece of the time it deserves, or you simply run dry of words to say. But, as if to emphasise her new spirit, Jan answers in the opposite when asked about a telling comment she made to *RipItUp* after her first album had been released — that she was constantly waiting for the next personal crisis to provide ammunition for her writing.

"At that time, I did wait for bad things to happen, but I've since realised I don't need things to happen to me to have something to write about. With the last album, I just didn't have any faith in my ability. No one will believe me, but I had to learn how to like my own stuff. This time it was so much easier, and so much more honest. Everything about [*Tremble*] is really good. I'm more positive now than I've ever been in my life."

That positivity will be on show next month, when Jan and band undertake an extensive New Zealand tour. From there it's back to do the same in Australia. While Jan does hold long term plans, she won't reveal them, content to concentrate on what's happening in the next three months.

We share a cab back to the record company office, go our separate ways, then meet up exactly four weeks later in a cafe in K' Road. Jan presents a mood that's a mixture of tiredness and elation. The first copies of *Tremble* are due to arrive in the country later this afternoon, and she's akin to a child waiting for Christmas morning. In the past month 'Manic', the first single taken from the album, reached Number 5 on the New Zealand Singles Chart, meaning wise money has to go on *Tremble* blowing up real big. So, once again, count on Jan to be in every magazine and all over the TV screen, armed as always with a red guitar.

JOHN RUSSELL

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ELVIS COSTELLO
KOJAK VARIETY

Elvis Costello describes his new album as "some of my favourite songs performed with some of my favourite musicians." On the breathtaking *Kojak Variety*, Costello offers his versions of tracks by Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Bob Dylan, Aretha Franklin, Randy Newman, Little Richard, and many more.



BAD BRAINS GOD OF LOVE

Washington DC's finest hardcore heroes are back to blast your eardrums with a ball-breaking new record. *God Of Love* sees original vocalist HR back in the line-up and Bad Brains back at full strength. Check out the hypercharged tracks 'Justice Keepers' and 'God Of Love' — simply awesome!



BUSH SIXTEEN STONE

Sixteen Stone is the accomplished debut from London-based four-piece Bush. Presenting an explosive barrage of garagey pop-punk tunes, Bush are tipped to be the next major musical force out of the UK. Thrash yourself crazy with the superb tracks 'Everything Zen', 'Bomb' and 'Machinehead'.



COLLECTIVE SOUL
COLLECTIVE SOUL

After the meteoric success of *Hints, Allegations And Things Left Unsaid*, Georgia's Collective Soul have delivered the wonderful new album *Collective Soul*. Singer-songwriter Ed Roland has produced 12 gorgeous guitar-based tracks. Includes the current single 'Gel' and the forthcoming single 'December'.



THE MUFFS
BLONDER AND BLONDER

LA's band the Muffs second album shows their continuing expertise in writing perfect crunchy pop punk. Their 1993 debut album *The Muffs* won them a legion of fans with its rock solid collection of melodic pop, and their new record *Blonder And Blonder* is sure to add more. Check out the tunes 'Agony', 'Oh Nina' and the first single 'Sad Tomorrow'.

TANK GIRL
ORIGINAL MOTION
PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

The soundtrack to the movie of the year, is also the soundtrack of the year! *Tank Girl* features new tracks by Ice T, Bjork, Belly, Portishead and Hole, plus classics from L7 and Devo. The movie screens in New Zealand in July.



THE WEIRD TURNED PRO

Terence Trent D'Arby has just returned to the Rihga Royal Hotel in New York, located not far from Times Square, after a guest appearance on America's highest rating talk show, Late Night With David Letterman. He's back briefly on the east side to launch his fourth album, Terence Trent D'Arby's Vibrator, a masterpiece equalled only by his 1987 debut.

D'Arby was, unsurprisingly, the singer, the songwriter, and the heart behind *Introducing The Hardline According To Terence Trent D'Arby*. When he hit that first time round, he came on strong. In a whirlwind of black braids and a pout that appeared on cue, he moved with equal parts of Jackie Wilson and Michael Jackson, but devoted the biggest share to the poetry in motion style of James Brown. More importantly, he possessed a true soul voice, the type that glides effortlessly from soothing ballads — 'Let's Go Forward' and 'Sign Your Name' — to screaming declarations of love supreme — 'If You Let Me Stay' and 'Wishing Well'. D'Arby executed everything with a flamboyant sense of style. Always impeccably dressed and with style to burn, he made sure he was notable for more than an unusual name.

But, in an amazing about face, D'Arby lost the plot big time on his follow up album, 1989's *Neither Fish Nor Flesh: A Soundtrack of Love, Faith, Hope and Destruction*. A rambling, structureless, self-indulgent mess, it was universally dumped on by music writers and ignored by the record buying public. Looking back, D'Arby explains he was "going through a transformation in my inner world" during the making of the album. This will be the first of several answers during our interview that points to TTD being a sandwich short of a six-pack.

TAKE THAT



NOBODY ELSE

THE ALBUM

BACK FOR GOOD

THE UK AND OZ NO. 1 SINGLE

BMG

A glimpse of a return to form was given with a storming version of Bob Dylan's 'It's Alright Ma, I'm Only Bleeding', on the 1991 British Electric Foundation compilation *Music Of Quality And Distinction Vol. 2*. It was rammed home with the 1993 release *Terence Trent D'Arby's Symphony Or Damn: Exploring the Tension Inside the Sweetness*. Despite the continuation of hideously pretentious titles, his third album featured a handful of warm sounding soul tracks — 'She Kissed Me', 'I Still Love You', 'Do You Love Me Like You Say You Do?' — as well as being the first album recorded at D'Arby's newly built home studio, Monasteryo, in Los Angeles.

Two years on he unleashes *Vibrator*, 13 new tracks that can be summed up, says D'Arby, as being about "the world of spirituality", but as is his nature, the record covers a range of topics such as love, sex, fear, immortality, humour, and insecurity, all bound together by that main theme. Like *The Hardline*, *Vibrator* sees TTD ruling on everything from screaming funky rockers, to serene ballads, to deep up beat dance tunes, all sung in a voice that epitomises the word 'soulful'. In a world where lame MOR groups like Boyz II Men and All-4-One have the cheek to describe themselves as soul, TTD reveals himself to be a true master of the form.

"I think true soul music comes down to a certain thing that comes from the soul. When someone sings from some level within them and you believe it, or it moves you, that's what soul is. It doesn't matter what it is, it matters how it moves you; some things may move you emotionally, and some things may move you instinctively."

It's this degree of passion that many observers considered the missing link on *Neither Fish Nor Flesh*. In countless reviews D'Arby was informed he was a one-album wonder, and advised to return to his previous career as an amateur boxer. The backlash was such that while "in the throes of a personal metamorphosis", he almost threw in the towel.

"At the time I had to be very careful not to take those things in too deeply. I know the nature of the beast that I dwell in, and it's not good for it to take in too much of what people say. Ultimately, if I'm supposed to have a talent that's genuine, it stands to reason that it will grow for a certain period of time, there will come a time when it peaks, then there'll come a time when maybe it starts to decline. I think I should probably have another two or three albums where I can say: 'This is my best album yet.' After that you might reach a point where you've peaked out, and start to make shit records. But I'm not in that time now, so I shouldn't worry about that."

Agreed, no sleep should be lost over *Vibrator*. D'Arby has dropped heavily into the right groove once more, and as a lyric writer, he's never read better. Whether he's pleading to be the third party in the fun fest of 'Supermodel Sandwich', or confessing true love on 'It's Been Said' and 'Holding On To You' (a stunning Rod Stewart-style ballad, circa *Atlantic Crossing*), D'Arby has found his way with words.

"With this album, I did pay great attention to detail in my writing, but sometimes shit just came out. Not everything is personal, so I can't take full credit. You might write a song, one or two lines of which might be autobiographical, but the rest of it is just filling in blanks. Most writers have a cer-

tain amount of imagination that they can create things that are not necessarily of their own experience. For someone who's as vain as I am, I actually don't like talking or writing about myself that much."

Anyone who saw or read D'Arby interviews in those earlier days will find that difficult to believe. The arrival of this major vocal talent out of nowhere drew comparisons with legendary soul singers Sam Cooke and Bobby Womack, and in

"I can't say for certain that I'm even here. Sometimes I wonder if I'm just a thought in someone else's imagination."

no time at all his head swelled. He became the king of unabashed self praise and promotion. Saying he prefers not to talk about himself is a quote choked with irony.

"Well, life is full of ironies. In fact, I believe life is the ultimate irony. I have this suspicion that until you learn to see it on some level as a cosmic joke, the laugh will always be on you. I have this deep suspicion I've had for years, that this isn't really real. I believe Shakespeare knew exactly what he was saying when he said: 'All the world's a stage, men and women are merely players.' I started to realise at one point that I wasn't

Terence Trent D'Arby as much as I was this soul in this body called Terence, watching this performance which had been written for Terence, and how this person was somehow going to act out this role."

I say nothing and D'Arby must suspect I think he's looney tunes.

"When you write about me, feel free to say: 'I think this guy's a fucking nutcase,' 'cause you could be right. I can't say for certain that I'm not.

At the same time, I can't say for certain that I'm even here. Sometimes I wonder if I'm just a thought in someone else's imagination."

Someone call the men in white coats. This is getting weird. Whether or not D'Arby is under the influence of hallucinogenics is unconfirmable, but he answers some questions with considerable deliberation, revealing an alert mind, and other responses are the irrelevant ravings of a madman. Earlier, I asked him if he felt happy and content.

"I personally think we tend to narrowly define a lot of things, but if we opened up a little more,

we'd see what we're looking for is there. Like, if my last girlfriend was a blonde with big tits, if I'm gonna have another person I'm gonna fall in love with, she has to be a blonde with big tits. But it may be that the woman who's gonna move you more the next time may be a short little girl with a big ass and dark hair. At the end of the day you'll realise she's been there all the time, but you've been so busy looking for a blonde with big tits, you almost missed her."

Quite.

The Terence Trent D'Arby experience hits the road worldwide from now until at least Christmas, and is due in the Pacific region sometime in August. The New Zealand leg of the trip is unconfirmed, but TTD claims he will pay for the touring costs himself if dates aren't booked, "and I'm not just bullshitting you on that, I really mean it".

Finally, before hanging up, TTD reveals the various complexities behind his new hairstyle.

"When you get older, sometimes it's important to just move on, to let go. I just felt it was time to move on. It wasn't an intellectual decision that I made. One morning I woke up and I just thought: 'Fuck this hair.' I decided that if I was going to chop it I should do something really different, like go blonde. And like Rod said, blondes have more fun."

JOHN RUSSELL

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

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

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

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

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But, with the launch of a new antibiotic Gel, Dalacin T has changed all that.

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

It leaves your skin hydrated without any sticky residue.

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

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

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

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

like after they've had a shave.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Photo by Donovan Gabrielsen

Michael Franti has always impressed me, and with the release of Spearhead's *Home*, I was convinced he was a 90s hip-hop guru.

At nearly seven feet tall, Franti has a commanding presence and his demeanour is intense and serious. I meet he and 'vibemaster' Rasta Zulu, and leave the high-rise record company office for some hip-hop posturing for the camera down a deserted alleyway.

Sunglasses on and arms in the quintessential hip-hop pose, Franti and Zulu do their thing. Zulu finds an abandoned bottle of Jamaican Rum down the alley, and insists on a photograph of himself pointing to the cartoon Rastaman on the label.

Franti seems younger than I expected and I am beginning to wonder about the vibemaster's job description.

We return to the office of one of the record company head honchos, and set the tape recorder running.

Zulu sits in on the interview. At times his decade of ganga smoking makes his answers incomprehensible, though at other times he is almost poetic.

Franti sits in the boss' chair at the plush offices and answers my questions thoughtfully. A native of San Francisco, he was adopted by a white family and met his birth parents only four years ago. He comes from a mixed race background, his mother white and his father black, and both were pleased to meet him.

Franti (27) has been writing songs since he was 10 years old.

"The first thing that inspired me to write a song was my girlfriend in fifth grade," he says, with a rare smile, "and it's still my girlfriend that inspires me today — only it's a different one."

With Spearhead, he has moved away from the preachy doctrinaire sentiments of his previous band, the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, to issues that are more personal than political.

"I've found if you're yelling at people, they'll only listen to so much and you alienate a lot of them. I compare the Heroes to broccoli — you have to eat it 'cause it's good for you — while Spearhead is more like sweet potato pie."

Franti has just completed some work on Harvey Keitel's latest film, *Blue in the Face*.

"The song is called 'Where the Love Goes',

and it's kinda about my girlfriend and how, even though she drives me crazy sometimes, I love her a lot — she's the world's greatest."

He is also very complimentary about Aotearoa.

"I always feel welcome here. My friends George Nuku and Teremoana gave us a traditional Maori greeting, and the emotions it conveyed were deeper than I could describe in language."

Franti sees a sharp contrast between this greeting and the welcome they were given at the airport in the world he calls Babylon.

"A dog came up and sniffed us, and three of our group were strip searched for a whole hour. They found nothing."

To add insult to injury, those who arrived on the same plane for the Asian Development Bank Conference were afforded their own passport window and walked right on through. Franti seems anything but a member of the Lost Generation, and he is resentful of the label.

"The baby boomers are getting old and fat and ugly, and they take it out on us. They call us the Lost Generation 'cause we don't wanna deal with all the bullshit they've created."

So where's the hope and what are the solutions to the problems he is so keen to discuss?

"There's not a way out necessarily. We're still dealing with all the same shit, and it's up to us to manage it and not destroy it. Everybody has to decide what side they're on. There's always gonna be right and wrong. There is no answer or final solution. It's just all about liberty and life."

Oh, I get it — I think.

"We must live in peace or rest in peace," Zulu adds, in his thick Jamaican accent.

But music is what it's really all about, and that's what Spearhead do best. With a new line-up, Franti is happier than he's ever been.

"For the first time it's like we're a real family. We'll be touring for the rest of the summer, and as soon as we get back we'll start recording our new album."

What will it be like?

"It'll be more hip-hop and reggae feeling. There'll be more of Zulu's influence in there."

I apologise in my head for ever doubting the necessity of a vibemaster and the interview concludes.

EMMA FARRY

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Charts

TRUETONE RECORDS St Lukes

Top 10 Hip Hop 12"

- 1 Smif And Wesson *Wontime* (Wreck)
- 2 Smif And Wesson/Black Moon *Hedz Ain't Ready* (Tommy Boy)
- 3 Naughty By Nature *Feel Me Flow* (Big Life)
- 4 Naughty By Nature *Craziest* (Tommy Boy)
- 5 Ol' Dirty Bastard *Brooklyn Zoo* (Elektra)
- 6 D & D All Stars *1,2 Pass It* (Buckwild)
- 7 Naughty By Nature *Craziest Remixes* (Big Life)
- 8 Big Shure *Stripped And Pistol Whipped* (Chrysalis)
- 9 Sam Sever *What's That Sound* (Mo' Wax)
- 10 Notorious Big *Just Playin' R&B Bitch* (Crib)

Top 10 Swing/R&B 12"

- 1 Montel Jordan *This Is How We Do It* (Def Jam)
- 2 Rappin 4 Tay *I'll Be Around* (Chrysalis)
- 3 Boyz II Men *Water Runs Dry* (Motown)
- 4 Boyz II Men *Thank You* (Motown)
- 5 Soul For Real *Candy Rain* (MCA)
- 6 D'Bora *Got Me Going Round* (MCA)
- 7 Adina Howard *Freak Like Me* (East West)
- 8 Monica *Don't Take It Personal* (Rowdy)
- 9 Total Feat/Notorious Big *Can't You See* (Tommy Boy)
- 10 Subway Fire (Motown)

Top 10 House 12"

- 1 Roger S *Secret Weapons Vol 2* (Narcotic)
- 2 Cathy Wood *Give Me Joy* (Phuture Wax)
- 3 Heller & Farley *From The Dat Vol 1* (Jus' Trax)
- 4 Size 9 *I'm Ready* (Ovum)
- 5 Deep Dish Presents *DC Depressed* (Slip N Slide)
- 6 St Germain *Boulevard* (F Communications)
- 7 Mr Monday *Future* (Open)
- 8 Nate Williams *Climax* (Sex Trax)
- 9 Fury Pain (Murk)
- 10 John Cutler & DJ Romain *Hark & Dark EP* (Emotive)

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95bFM BEATS PER MINUTE Playlist

Thursdays 9pm-11

- 1 St Germain *Boulevard* (French FNAC 3 X 12" Series)

Magnificent deep deep house from Paris, spread over three records.

- 2 Fury Pain (Murk)

Chunky, metallic, but melodic in the classic style.

- 3 Timbomb Pump (US Digital Dungeon 10")

Terrific Scottie Kinchen tuff club stomper with Trouble Funk samples.

- 4 Chocolate City *Love Songs* (US Deep Dish 12")

From D.C., Dubfire & Sharam's acidic but phunky house.

- 5 Sharp Tools *Vol 1* (UK Sharp Tools 12")

Slightly predictable three tracker but good nevertheless.

- 6 Stongo's Disco Tools *Budafly* (US Azonik 12")

Philly sampling but foul mouthed instant classic from Scott Kinchen.

- 7 Creators Of Deepness *Creators Of Deepness* (US Sex Trax 12")

From DJ Duke, deep, jazzy and moody.

- 8 Henry Street *Unreleased Project Down Low* (US Freeze 12")

Like 'The Bomb', but steals from Boz Scaggs.

- 9 Karnak *Black Moon* (UK Tribal United Kingdom 12")

Ethereal and hypnotic trak from Jaydee.

- 10 Various *The Power EP* (US DJ Exclusive Triple 12")

Underground acid trax from Mark the 909 King, Trackman and Roy Davis. From the dark to the sub-lime.

- 11 Streetlife *Love Breakdown* (US Tribal America 12")

Old school diva house from Chicago with harder dubs on the flip.

- 12 Haze *Outer Motion* (UK JBO Collect 12")

Wild pitch throb from Diesel.

- 13 Timewarp *A Feeling I Know* (US Groove On 12")

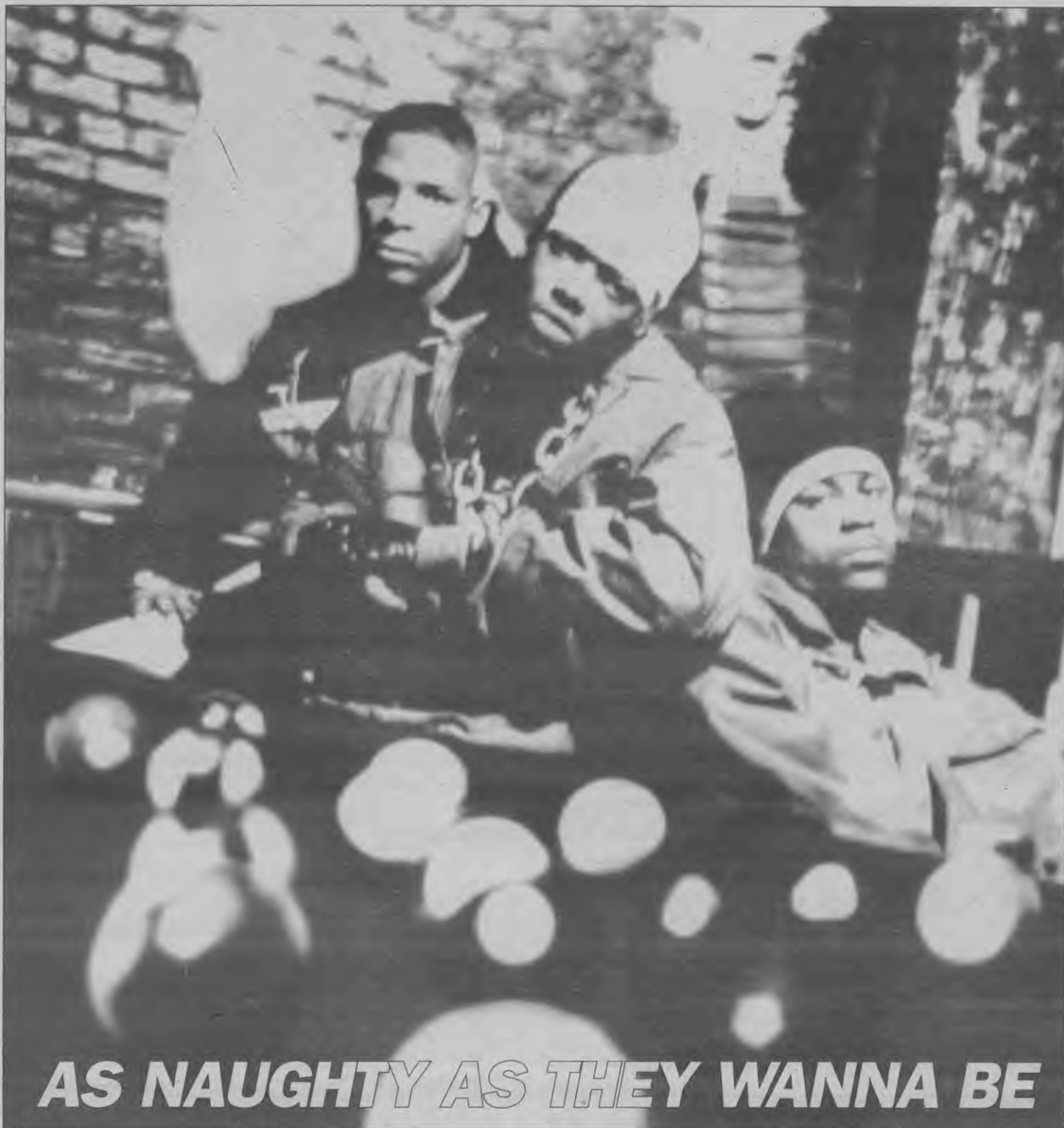
More wild pitch from the originator DJ Pierre. Very good.

- 14 Romanthony *Ministry Of Love* (UK Azuli 12")

The prolific Mr Anthony with a very cool very happy groove.

- 15 Fatboy Slim *The Weekend Starts Here* (UK Skint 12")

Acid jazz/house/hip hop crossover from Norman Cook.



AS NAUGHTY AS THEY WANNA BE

While many of their contemporaries are landing themselves behind bars, business is booming for Naughty By Nature. Treach, Vinnie and Kay-gee have a new album on the way, and are slowly building a business empire that will make them the most self-contained rap group in the States.

Naughty By Nature first came out in 1991, with a self-titled album that featured the anthemic, rough house single 'OPP'. That song took off like the proverbial rocket, and transformed the three (then) 20 year olds from New Jersey into bona fide hip-hop sensations virtually overnight. From their second album, *19 Naughty III*, came the catchy hit 'Hip-Hop Hooray'. Now, in 1995, they complete the hat-trick with *Poverty's Paradise*.

This third record is the first evidence of the fresh approach of Naughty By Nature. Gone are the sing-along party jams, replaced by mellow, rolling stories of life in the hood and personal hardships. But far from coming across as another crew of angry gangstas intent on revenge, Naughty By Nature display an opti-

mism that belies their youth. Rapper Treach (aka Treacherous T) explains.

"We're entertainers first. We go to make records that will entertain our fans. But we're getting older, we're maturing, so we are seeing things in a different light. We know a lot of people listen to our music, and a lot of people respect us for what we do, so we feel as though we owe them to give them as much as we can, intelligently, to let them know what's going on. Our people need some guidance, so we needed to take it to the next level. There are a lot of problems out there, so we are just trying to help as much as we possibly can."

Helping out has included getting their hands dirty. In the down time since *19 Naughty III*, the trio have formed three companies, based in or around their immediate neighbourhood. Kay-gee is heading Illtown Records, fostering the young rap groups Rotten Razkals, the Road Dawgs, and the Cruddy Clique. Vinny oversees Naughty Gear, a merchandising store in nearby Newark. More recently, Illtown Films was conceived, to produce music videos and movie pro-

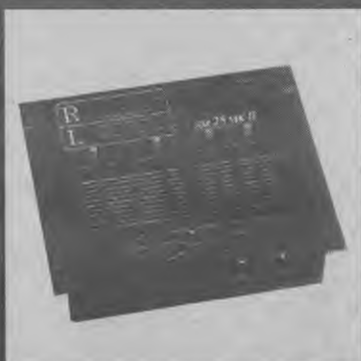
jects. The point, says Treach, was to provide employment for young kids in the local community.

"They don't provide a lot of jobs as far as how many we need to really help all the people that we want to... but it's a start. As time goes on, it just seems like things get worse. Our kids are getting into crime and drugs at a younger age, so we really are concerned. These kids have to wiser up and learn off of other people's mistakes, and make sure they don't fall into the same situations. When you wind up getting incarcerated you see your dreams destroyed, and that's the worst thing."

Naughty By Nature have come a long way since the threesome first joined forces as the New Style in 1987, and even further from the days when a young Treach used to run with a gang on the same streets he's now attempting to clean up.

"Hip-hop kept me outta jail, so now I've gotta give something back. I gotta take care of my own."

JOHN RUSSELL



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Dance

OC Word Life
(Wild Pitch)

Word Life is a very strong, very well produced LP. Production credits go to Organised Konfusion, and it has an overall intelligence that is seldom seen. On songs like 'Time's Up', where OC states: 'Non-conceptual, non-exceptional, everyone's either crime related or sexual,' he speaks honestly and uses effective language. A great story teller, on 'Go Ahead Wit Yourself', 'Story' and 'Cops', he tells stories about his girlfriend leaving him for another woman, police deviancy, and a gruesome tale of a thief whose family gets tortured by drug dealers. His style is straight up and basic — effective positivity without sound preachy or like a woosi.

This is a great release, well worth buying if you like good beats and better lyrics. Small body count, however, for you gangsta rap freaks. *Word Life*.

OLI GREEN

GOATS No Goats, No Glory
(Ruff House)

The Goats' second effort is once again produced by Joe 'the Butcher' Nicolo, and once again about weed and pseudo revolution. There are additions of live drums and guitars, and I'm not sure if I'd really consider it hip-hop. The rappers share styles and don't really impress.

'Wake 'n' Bake' is the first song about getting stoned. The second song, 'Philly Blunts', is about... getting stoned. Maybe they forgot the first song or something.

The Goats miss the target, and the best thing about this is the great cover art. Really pretty average. No Goats, there is no glory.

OLI GREEN

MASTA ACE INC. Sittin' On Chrome
(Delicious Vinyl)

NONCE World Ultimate
(American)

You just know it's going to be a good summer when you get not one, but two rap albums this fine. First up, Masta Ace has expanded out a little to become an Inc., and I have no problems with that, as *Sittin' On Chrome* is probably his finest output yet. The whole album seems to be progression from last year's hit 'Jeep Ass Niguh' (a rap concept album?) — same kicked back vibe anchored by solid beats and some very cool raps. *Sittin' On Chrome* flows along nicely. All the Inc. members get a moment or two in the spotlight, and they all acquit themselves very well, with some of the best rap lyrics I've heard in a long while.

The Nonce work in a similar vein — the same laconic but tough sound is all over *World Ultimate*. The raps are of a more smart ass, boasting style, but the smooth and funky vibe is definitely still there, along with a more hook orientated approach. It's a cool mix. There's definitely a strong old school feel in the raps and the pacing of the record, but the beats and loops have a heavy and slightly nasty element. With rap music as stylistically delineated as it is nowadays, both these albums are a good deal — rap that's just plain good.

KIRK GEE



The Goats

Bobby Charles



back beat

BOBBY CHARLES

Wish You Were Here Right Now
(Stony Plain/Global Routes)

After 40 years in the biz, legendary reclusive Cajun pop songwriter returns with only his third proper album, and he's full of beans. The writer of 'See You Later Alligator', 'Walking to New Orleans' and other classics re-visited here, Charles sings like a relaxed Rick Danko. He puts the 'easy' into The Big Easy, with casual help from friends such as Willie Nelson, Neil Young and Sonny Landreth. Charles's invention of Gulf Coast blues is absolutely charming: a mix of New Orleans pop and Tex-Mex soul.

DAN PENN Do Right Man
(Sire)

Dan Penn grew up in the deep South, a white boy who listened to black radio stations, wanting to be Ray Charles or Bobby Bland. Instead, he wrote some of the great soul classics for Aretha Franklin, Joe Tex, Percy Sledge and others. Here, 35 years after he started selling songs, 22 years after his debut album, Penn returns as performer. You can hear the R&B giants taking all their cues from his aching blue-eyed soul delivery as he re-captures some of his most famous songs: 'Dark End of the Street', 'Do Right Man', 'It Tears Me Up' and 'I'm Your Puppet'. Assisting him with passionate, effortless support — like RSA veterans returning to the trenches — are his old buddies from Muscle Shoals studios. The most successful, and essential, comeback of an unacknowledged legend since Arthur Alexander's *Lonely Just Like Me*. Why has local release of this wonderful album taken so long?

VARIOUS ARTISTS Come Together:
America Salutes the Beatles
(Liberty)

The Beatles were the great Irish country band before the Pogues: check out 'I've Just Seen a Face', 'What Goes On', 'I'm Looking Through You'. Here, C-grade country wannabes pay tribute to the Fabs with a little too much reverence (and too little talent). The result is MOR wallpaper from complete unknowns, with every McCartney nuance copied by the taste-and-talent-free (those who *aspire* to be also-rans on the country Grammys). This is headed straight for the bargain bins, and two exceptions make it worth \$5: Willie Nelson's spirited honky tonking of 'One After 909', and Kris Kristofferson's bizarre 'Paperback Writer' (Johnny Cash goes HM).

GUY CLARK Dublin Blues
(WEA)

The aristocrat of outlaw songwriting returns, with a solid album to accompany his spellbinding recent Auckland concert. Wry tales and seductive singalongs, conveyed in a voice as mellow as aged port and just as complex. The acoustic backing is spacious and sympathetic for this old rogue and romantic: 'I threw a rock through your window / just to let you know I cared.'

BOB DYLAN MTV Unplugged
(Columbia)

Some say he should never have plugged in. Just when you think Dylan's doing it all in his sleep, the wily old bastard pulls a fast one when you've nodded off. Here, among the redundant remakes, the surprise is a riveting return to 'Desolation Row'. From the days when he could do no wrong (1965), every couplet is a gleaming gem. Rarely performed since then,

it is sung here with utter affection. It shows how easy another *Blood On the Tracks* comeback would be, if only he took time out from the Never-ending Tour to re-group.

TODD SNIDER Songs for the Daily Planet
(MCA)

The best "new Dylan" in years, and so much more. Snider (change that surname) comes fully formed, like Springsteen in '74. An alternative singer-songwriter for Kurt Cobain naysayers (ie, aging rock critics), Snider has the humour of cloth-capped Dylan, the earnest wordsmithery of early Springsteen, plus Stones raunch. The grooves are varied, but it's all good fun, especially the bonus surprise, a talking blues satirising the marketing of Seattle grunge acts. A clever-dick who doesn't take himself seriously, Snider is the discovery of the year so far.

BUTCH HANCOCK Eats Away the Night
(Sugar Hill/Global Routes)

Aging "new Dylan" Hancock is part of the Lubbock set which threw up Joe Ely and Jimmie Dale Gilmore (all three were in the legendary Flatlanders, whose 1972 album is an essential re-issue). His nasal shaggy dog stories are good-humoured and romantic, resembling Woody Guthrie as much as Dylan. A consummate wordsmith, Hancock's recent songs ('Pumpkinhead', 'Eileen') sit well alongside new — if unnecessary — versions of his classics 'Boxcars' and 'If You Were a Bluebird'.

MICHAEL FRACASSO When I Live in the Wild
(Bohemia/Global Routes)

Second album time from this Italo-American "new Dylan" ('Words are Weapons'), a strong songwriter with a heartfelt delivery which, with repeated listening, recalls more the plaintive urban folk of Grant MacLennan.

THE MINUS 5 Old Liquidator
(Glitterhouse/Global Routes)

To quote Roger L: "The Byrds on bad acid — or Paul McCartney on good acid." Like an alternative Latin Playboys, this busman's holiday from Scott McCaughey (Young Fresh Fellows) and Peter Buck (REM) is full of sassy, Beatlesque doodles. Chris Knox would love to make this, but wouldn't admit it.

JAMES BLUNDELL Earth & Sky
(EMI)

The Tom Cruise of Australian country has spoilt us with a double CD — and you kinda wish he hadn't. The rocky *Sky* is a lot better than the folksy *Earth* — the varied acoustic-rock backings flatter the assured songs more than Blundell's bland voice does. Still, all credit to JB for taking risks and making the big statement: this kicks the shit out of the Beatle tributers.

STEVIE WONDER Conversation Peace
(Motown)

The music still drips from his fingers. Wonder returns after five years with a superb new album that proves he's still the cock-eyed, pop-eared optimist. Funky, jazzy, a cornucopia of melody, this wonderful album shows a pop mastermind on top of his form — and hidden within the slinky hooks are plenty of political messages. Irresistible songs such as 'Tomorrow the Robins Will Sing' and 'Take the Time Out' make you feel good to be alive. Isn't that what pop music's for?

JAMES BOOKER

Reissues



MARVIN GAYE The Master 1961-1984
(Motown)

There are three things that make me exceptionally happy — being fast asleep, being dead drunk, or listening to Marvin Gaye. He has the ability to deliver what many human beings seek, transcendence — he can take you away from yourself — and he sings, as the Commodores observed, with "his heart in every line."

Smokey Robinson once remarked, "the driving force behind Marvin Gaye's immense talent was his pain. Marvin was a soul that was basically in pain." The result of this was that his life could be mapped out in his songs, and at the root of all Marvin's songs was love, either true love or the kind that at its worst, screws you up for life. But this approach to his music wasn't calculated or designed to gain him sympathy, he was just very upfront, and very honest, and that's what I appreciate most about him, of many things I could claim.

The four CD box-set *The Master*, is a companion to the 1994 release, *The Marvin Gaye Collection*, a grouping of the albums *Let's Get It On*, *I Want You*, *Trouble Man*, and an album of previously unreleased tracks, *Love Starved Heart*. *The Master* is a visually glorious piece of work, filled with lavish colour and black and white portraits of Marvin, a comprehensive discography, and liner notes written by David Ritz, author of the Marvin biography *Divided Soul*.

Disc one covers Marvin's first three years at Motown, though ignores his first six months with the label, when his dream to become a crooner in the style of Frank Sinatra produced the failed album *The Soulful Moods Of Marvin Gaye*. Convinced by Motown founder Berry Gordy that he needed to establish a young audience, both black and white, before he could crack the adult market, Marvin went crazy in the studio, recording his own compositions and those of Norman Whitfield and the legendary trio Holland/Dozier/Holland.

His first success was the autobiographical 'Stubborn Kind Of Fellow', which was followed by a string of hits including 'Can I Get A Witness', and 'How Sweet It Is'. On the recordings from this early period of his career, Marvin's voice is so effortlessly powerful and beautiful at the same time, not yet tainted by the painful end to his marriage to Gordy's sister, Anna. It wasn't until later in the decade that the songs he would record would begin to feature stories of yearning and despair.

Not only was Marvin scoring hits solo, in the mid to late sixties, Gordy began to pair him with various female vocalists including Mary Wells, Kim Weston, and Marvin's eventual favourite singing partner, Tammi Terrell. 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough', 'If I Could Build My Whole World Around You', 'Your Precious Love', 'Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing', 'Keep On Lovin' Me Honey', and 'You're All I Need To Get By', all became instant classics once recorded by the duo. Much of disc two is devoted to this optimistic and fruitful period, but is indisposed with tracks not written by Marvin, but ones he insisted on recording — 'This Love Starved Heart Of Mine (It's Killing Me)', 'More Than A Heart Can Stand', 'How Can I Forget' — that point to the inner turmoil that was destroying him, but was also responsible for the most memorable songs of his career.

At the start of the 70s, Marvin decided to set his own agenda, he chose a new artistic direction of his own making, began to produce himself for the first time, and recorded mostly his own compositions or those he had co-written. The first release was *What's Going On*, a landmark in soul music. Inspired to a degree by

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



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Elastica

section is up with the best anywhere. Many a great guitarist has withered due to a lame rhythm section, and many a lame front line has been carried by a sharp back line, but this four-some are almost other worldly in their compatibility. This is most evident on *Killjoy's* finest moment, 'Gimme Gimme', a five-minute, earth shattering blow to the head, that wraps a shouted vocal over what must be one of the most powerful and infectious basslines ever recorded.

While *Killjoy* won't crush you into submission the way *Chum* played at 11 could, its mixture of melodic dynamics and periods of intense noise still make it an album full of scary good times.

JOHN RUSSELL

ELASTICA *Elastica*
(Geffen)

This eponymously titled debut album lives up to the British press raves that have been showered on this nearly all female (drummer Justin Welch is the odd man out) four-piece from London.

Near flawless influences like Wire, Buzzcocks, the Clash and Blondie ricochet around most of the tracks, with even kinetic memories of the Revillos being resurrected on the likes of 'Annie'. The killer track has to be 'Waking Up', with its aching pure pop melody,

driven by the dual guitars of Justine Frischmann and Donna Matthews. The jabbing, prodding, ultimately infectious single 'Connection' is just one of sixteen reasons why *Elastica* have managed to live up to the advanced hype.

GEORGE KAY

FUGAZI *Red Medicine*
(Dischord)

Yeah, this is a long review, but that's because I truly believe this to be a great record by one of the few creative, musically relevant and genuinely brilliant rock bands around. Forget the (suddenly fashionable again) DIY independent punk ethos stuff that surrounds Fugazi, just listen to the damn record. It's four guys taking what they have to the very limit, and sometimes a little further.

The heart of it all is one of the finest rhythm sections ever. Canty and Lally lay down and maintain the most sinewy, popping, sinking lines ever, and its over this that Messrs MacKaye and Picciotto have the room to get wild, which they most certainly do. *Red Medicine* still has the three minute energy burst songs, with Ian taking the outright angry moments and Guy handling the more melodic excursions (of which 'Target' is near perfect and features some very righteous lyrics). Around these some strange patterns are

woven. Songs are dragged out and rebuilt in some twisted variant of dub. The rhythms flow while the guitars sputter and spit, even descending into solid walls of feedback. It's punk rock being deconstructed before your very ears, although it's nowhere near as pretentious sounding as I've just made it seem. Quite simply, you get a great little ditty, then moments later it gets gutted, turned inside out, or broken down.

Fugazi can do 'Long Distance Runner' (which is the bare bones of a song, with vocals doing the melodic work while guitars snap in and out like some strage effect) and 'Combination Lock' (which is a most grooving and sweet instrumental) without either seeming forced. *Red Medicine* may well seem like Fugazi's most disparate and challenging album, but it's also probably their best for those very reasons. No matter where they go with the music, it always maintains the simple power to really move the listener. The further they push the limits of a rock song, the further we are taken with them.

KIRK GEE

MATTHEW SWEET *100% Fun*
(BMG)

After having a large bout of heaviness and/or depression (musically), little Matthew (30) is just what you need to um, 'let the sunshine in, and face it with a grin' and all that. Matthew has called his album *100% Fun* — which is apparently pulled from one of the lines in Kurt's suicide note (he was not having 100% fun). Yes, yes — anyway, this is a lovely, lovely album. I was enticed by the first single 'Sick Of Myself' — which is a simple song, yet charmingly catchy — and had to see what else there was.

The record has a very warm, fuzzy feeling (because of the way it has been recorded — it's low-fi without being wacky lo-fi), reminiscent of listening to Beatles records when you were a kiddy (if you are over 20), or Lenny Kravitz records (if you are under 15). *100% Fun* isn't totally (naturally — this is a record), but it's very settling and pretty, kind of like sticking your head in a pillow and hitting it hard — totally enjoyable, without any consequences.

SHIRLEY CHARLES

VARIOUS *Dope On Plastic*
(Flying In)

VARIOUS *110 Below: A Trip to the cHip sHop*
(Flying In)

VARIOUS *Ninja Cuts*
(Flying In)

Wow. Woah. Wahey. I know everyone's rebelling against the trip-hop pigeon hole, but this UK revolution, these ambi funkateers, these spliffed up sultans of smooove are gonna alter your mind. Like all your harvests at once, here are three of the best compilations around, thanks to those importing bewdies Flying In.

To start, there's *Dope on Plastic*, a cartoon trying to smoke a CD on the cover, and babies with goatee beards inside. Hmm, yes, and apparently trip hoppers smoke the occasional joint. Apparently. Anyway, jazzy influences, slowed horn sections that sound like they've been in on the session (especially Woodshed's 'Reefaman Cometh'). Men With Sticks open impressively with the hazy 'Ode To A Blunt', APE's 'Cities' has stingrays battling with Mexican acoustic guitar amongst giant sea anenomes. We close with some of Skylab's aquatic ambi, 'Seashell', with the sample: 'I put a seashell to my ear and it all comes back.'

Dope On Plastic is a sound piece of scene.

A *Trip to the cHip sHop* is a more varied look at hip-hop's experimental mergers. Again, it's mostly instrumental, apart from the folk-hop of Beck ('In a Cold Ass Fashion') and the Ultramagnetic MCs. More patchy compared to *Ninja* and *Dope*, because as it tries to cover so many styles, it loses its own identity as a compilation. But the highs are very high, DJ Crush and UNKLE from Mo Wax are both ear openers. And 'Motherfucken Ghost' by the Euro contingent The Mighty Bop is so late night that even the 24 hour clubs are asleep.

But then, next to the dark taste of *Ninja Cuts* from Coldcut's Ninja Tune label, everything shrivels by comparison. This compilation, (subtitled *FunkJazztical Tricknology*) lives beyond its boast to provide sounds with superior beat, style and composition. One load of Kruder and Dorfmeister's 'Deep Shit' and there's no kicking the addiction. Beats that twist and crust and clarify and muddy. Vibes, ghostly clicks, a grand piano with a flat battery, it's like black water rafting with enough THC to stun an elephant. And that's just track two! There are plenty of sounds that'll surprise you, like the amazing sample from Up, Bustle and Out's 'Y Ahora Tu', of Baka Forrest tribesmen making beats with their cupped hands in a river. There's plenty of DJ Food ('Dark Lady' bombs some serious bass). 9Plan9's funky drum beats glide that shit along, and even Coldcut themselves provide some curvy mutant masterpieces.

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Matthew Sweet

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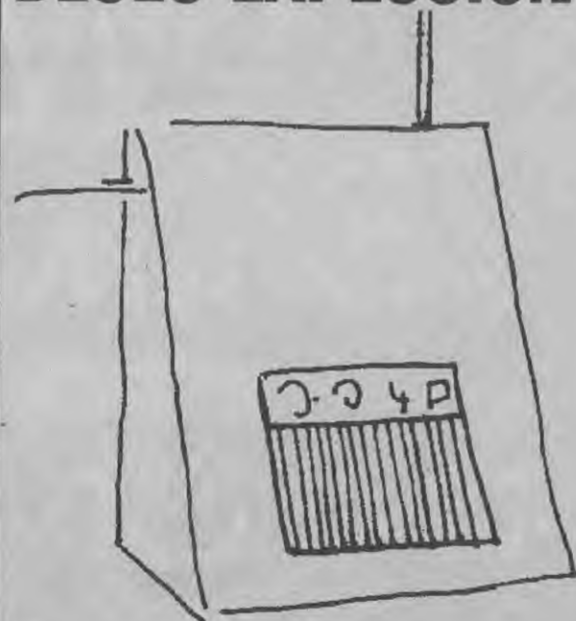
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JOHN TAITE

TINDERSTICKS *Tindersticks* (This Way Up)

Tindersticks second album, perversely titled the same as their first, presents a languid facade smacking of cognac and smoking jackets in a low-lit room. Look closer, though, and you realise that all is not quite as it should be. There's a disturbing decadence moving gently below *Tindersticks* mannered surface — a decadence inexorably drawn up like a sheet of blotter paper soaking up red wine... or blood. The effect is captivating and utterly unnerving — like being force fed Peter Greenaway movies after ingesting huge amounts of Valium. The vibrancy of the hues and the vividness of the images are almost unbearably intense in their melancholy, conjuring up much more than a mere listening experience has the right to conjure up. But then, *Tindersticks* are much more than your average band, operating in spheres far removed from the notion of any so-called scene.

Put simply, *Tindersticks* sounds like no other album you'll hear this year. It's impossible to ignore if for nothing other than the experience of listening to a band delicately treading the line between unbearable and unbelievable. The question is, which side of the coin faces up for you?

MARTIN BELL

MOTORHEAD *Bastards* (XYZ)

The motto here would be: 'If it ain't broke, don't fix it.' The mighty Lemmy Kilminster has been producing the finest greaser rock imaginable from the Rockin' Vicars through Hawkwind, and on into the reign of Motorhead. *Bastards* is proof that, if he tries, he can still cut it. With a newly beefed up Wurzel and a couple of new boys, when Lemmy busts right out with that classic solid raunch — 'Burner' or 'Death or Glory' — it's just plain power. The trouble is, sometimes things get derailed. A ballad about child molestation that's as ham fisted as you'd imagine, or 'Born to Raise Hell', which sounds like it was written in the studio. I guess Lemmy's psychic radar kicked in and he realised the film this was intended for would suck and he'd wind up playing with lumpen opportunists like Ugly Kid Joe. Certainly not a perfect album, but enough that I can happily say, I still believe in Motorhead.

KIRK GEE

VARIOUS *Alternative Nation 95* (Mushroom)

VARIOUS *Higher Learning* (Sony)

Alternative Nation is some new concert weekend in Australia. It happened over Easter, apparently. This is a cash in compilation of some of the bands that played — as blatantly

money spinning as the *Voodoo Lounge* live video. And who cares about an Australian concert?

But hang on — put that hatchet away. As a stand-alone compilation, it's all alternative guitar-obics (well, apart from the dismal Das FX, but you'd be advised to skip that track). Faith No More, Bodycount and Primus have all provided some good tracks from their latest albums. There's Ween's 'Can't Put My Finger On It' and Supergroove's 'You Freak Me' (with the vocal mix so low you'd think it was an instrumental), and some metal bizzo from unknowns (well, I'd never heard of them) Peyote and Nitocris. It's all pretty average fare, that at least leaves you feeling like you didn't miss much at the gig.

Hopefully John Singleton's movie *Higher Learning* will be as back on track as this soundtrack. Forget Janet and her *Poetic Jaundice*. *Higher Learning* opens with this film's star, Ice Cube, with the spesh, smovie title track. It's weird hearing him rap about varsity though.

There's more rap gymnastics from Outcast's 'Phobia', but there are broad musical flavourings going on here (compared to say, the *Boys in the Hood* soundtrack). The Brand New Heavies get some acid jazz going on, Me Shelle's sultry soul is as sexy as licking chocolate sauce off a perfect body. And then there's Rage Against the Machine and Liz Phair! But the spotlight is stolen and smuggled all over the world by Tori Amos. Her bare, piano accompanied version of REM's 'Losing My Religion' is what a cover version should be — completely different, with hidden strengths rising to the surface to inject a new life into the original idea.

Higher Learning is a strong new music soundtrack that might even get you liking some sounds outside your usual preference.

JOHN TAITE

SUPERGRASS *I Should Coco* (EMI)

Supergrass make me smile. Beyond the stats like they're an Oxford three-piece, and lead singer Gaz is only 18, and boring trivia like that, there's magic going on here. Magic, life, fun, youth. Right from the start, 'I'd Like to Know' pulls you into the hyped up party buzz they live in. Mad organ, rocked up guitars, muppet-like 'la la la' chorus, and Gaz singing about wanting 'to go where all the strange ones go'.

When they do punk, you can forget the bloody New Wave Of New Wavers, or the bland, processed yank bollocks. 'Caught By The Fuzz'

is being busted with a joint by the baby buggering, brainless cop scum: 'In the back of the van, with my head in my hands / I wish I could've stayed at home tonight...' guitars racing like a pulse, and pop that will hum around in your mind for weeks.

They're not a punk band. That's just a segment of their sound. There's the helium vocals of 'We're Not Supposed To', that hints at Ween as much as Syd Barrett. The gleeful 'Alright' sets it straight that the kids in the so called 'Safe 90s' are still fucking around, getting fucked up and rolling cars in fields. There's rock 'n' roll, with 'Lose It' (being released in the states on Sub Pop) and 'Lenny', there's glam metal meets Madness, on 'Mansized Rooster' and 10 zillion tonnes of fun on the rest of the album.

I Should Coco is one of 95s greats, from a band that make everyone else sound like a boring, restrained bunch of plodders. It's youth. It's what keeps you from the suits and the mortgages. If you need a boost of that, you need some Supergrass.

JOHN TAITE

MORPHINE *Yes* (Rykko)

A couple of years ago this Boston trio was the hip name to drop around cafes and wine bars. Here was a novel guitarless saxophone band, that didn't threaten or challenge the senses. In Mark Sandman's Muddy Waters-ish vocals and swinging R&B songs, they had a rootsiness that gave their second album, *Cure For Pain*, a durable context.

Yes isn't so convincing, and it's going to disappoint Morphine addicts. The first side (or first half dozen songs in CD-speak) has their customary catchy sax riffs, with 'Radar' taking the prizes. The band then try to up the temperature with the off-the-wall craziness of 'Super Sex', and extend their boundaries with the film noir atmospherics of 'The Jury'. Both fail. And although 'Free Love' is a heavy, hypnotic slice of sax drama, it can't save an album that makes too many wrong moves.

GEORGE KAY

SCOTT WALKER *Tilt* (Fontana)

Like most cult figures, Scott Walker has a small but fanatical following — devotees who've kept his name alive through the largely barren periods of his career in the 70s and 80s. From the sublime and resonant pop dra-

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Adam Ant

mas with the Walker Brothers, to his seminal solo torch singing era of the later 60s, Scott Walker was widely tipped as having the pitch, phrasing and interpretative ability of a budding Sinatra. But Walker was a reclusive, reluctant singer, with a phobia about live performance, and a declining confidence that has left only *Climate of Hunter* as fresh evidence of his artistic existence over the last 10 years or so.

The Walker flame was kept alive by campaigns like Julian Cope's well publicised rantings about the former's god-like genius. Now, 10 years in the making and three years after its anticipated release, *Tilt* has unobtrusively hit the streets. It shares certain similarities with *Climate* — right from Pete Walsh's production to Walker's predilection for sparse, abstract,

and what he calls 'trance-like' songs.

Only on the excellent title track does a guitar squirm in anger or an arrangement threaten to get up tempo. The rest is strained and desolate, and although there's consolation in the beautiful, chilling 'Farmer in the City', and in the strung out melancholy of 'Manhattan' and 'Patriot', *Tilt* is too stark to be totally embraced by non-Scott Walker aficionados.

GEORGE KAY

ANNIE LENNOX Medusa
(RCA)

Although one expects any rock-era remake to be viewed in the light of the original version, the first single from Annie Lennox's collection

of covers has virtually escaped such scrutiny. That's because the first 'No More "I Love You"' remains almost unknown outside the UK. Not so, however, the originals of *Medusa's* other nine tracks.

In almost every case Lennox's version is more complex. Her vocal rendition may be reverent, but it also usually embedded in an arrangement which is considerably busier, and frequently more dramatic than the original.

For instance, the Clash's 'Train In Vain' builds to a call and response finale reminiscent of gospel music. The simple drums and piano plonk that once accompanied Neil Young's 'Don't Let It Bring You Down' have been replaced by huge sweeps of synth and a background chorale of multi-tracked Lennoxs. Even her revisit to the Blue Nile — her reading of 'The Gift' was a highlight on her last album — becomes overblown towards the end.

A few of the song choices seem somewhat curious. At least two received well known remakes in the 1980s. The Pretenders did 'Thin Line Between Love and Hate', although Lennox's treatment has a great new prowling bassline. But then her version of 'Take Me to the River' is redundantly similar to Talking Heads'.

Perhaps a couple of the tracks are deliberately provocative. She's de-ragged 'Waiting In Vain', which will doubtless disgust Marley fans. There's also her inclusion of that chestnut/cliche 'A Whiter Shade of Pale', which, in a relatively low key delivery, will either delight or repel.

Where Lennox and her production team — the same as on *Diva* — have unquestionably succeeded in giving the collection her identity. With its largely synthetic instrumentation and effects in support of her remarkable voice, *Medusa* unquestionably sounds like an Annie Lennox album.

(One afterthought: all these songs were originally recorded by males. Didn't the medusa of mythology turn any man to stone who got within her vision?)

PETER THOMPSON

DURAN DURAN Thank You
(EMI)

ADAM ANT Wonderful
(EMI)

Well, a bunch of old tossers hoping you'll agree with their album titles. First on the chopping block - Simon Le Bon and his millionaire plaything (No)Thank You. Phew. If it was a comedy album it might've been a hit. But if you ever needed evidence that pop has not only eaten itself, it's projectile vomited and sat on its colostomy bag, here it is.

Duran Duran doing '911 is a Joke'. Imagine how bad it *could* be — then multiply by 54,673. Bit of acoustic ("The kids are into some guy called Buck or something, Mr Le Bon" — "Can we rip him off and look cool, Mr Record company adviser?"), Simon down a phone line, putting on an American accent, complaining about the emergency services in black neighbourhoods. Hmhmhm.

But wait, there's more. Ha ha ha. There are Led Zeppelin covers, Iggy Pop, Elvis Costello — ouch. The only thing worth more than a chortle is Bob Dylan's 'Lay Lady Lay', just because Bob covers are always better than Bob originals ('Writes great songs but sounds like constipated orangutan that's been liberally beaten around the head,' it said on his singing teacher's report).

Onwards. Adam Ant — the ultimate sell out punk. Mind you, this album is like the comeback of the century. Not comeback as in everyone's running around in warpaint going: "Our pop hero has returned." *Wonderful* is a comeback in that it's not the biggest, steamiest load of shite you've heard all year (like everything else he's put out since the mid-80s). I'm as surprised with writing that compliment as you are to read it!

As far as pop goes, Ant is like a walking museum piece that knows his history. Genius steals etc. The album opens with 'Won't Take That Talk', pinches the intro from Floyd's 'Brain Damage', the strum from Bowie's 'Starman' at a slower pace and, wait, was that guitar jingle the edge from 'Where the Streets Have No Name'? They're all blended to make something originally Adam Ant of course, and it's not that bad either, with Boz Boorer's guitars brightening things up. It's followed by the toe curling awfulness of 'Beautiful Dream', which sounds like the Thompson Twins. But before too long '1969 Again' pops up, all Blur meets PIL with amusing lyrics ('God makes us pay for our sins — that's why he gave us the bingly bongly children').

Adam Ant has become the Elton John of the

90s. Both of their careers moved from outrage to MOR as they grew old with their audience, and meant nothing to the kids.

JOHN TAITE

BANSHEE REEL

An Orchestrated Litany Of Lies
(Loaded Records)

Banshee Reel have released an album at a time when, for a band to call themselves Celtic, is the immediate kiss of death.

Celtic groups have taken over the mantle of the Top 40 covers band as something that gets the philistines jumping, and leaves the serious music fan heading for the nearest exit. But Celtic, or Celtic influenced music, like everything, has its good and bad exponents. With *An Orchestrated Litany of Lies*, Banshee Reel have proved themselves nearer the former than the latter.

While tending away from the good-time stomp of their live performances, the band makes up for it with well written songs, intelligent arranging and skillful playing.

When Allan Clark sings, one first thinks of Spider Stacy, and there are other similarities to the second generation Pogues — the frequent forays into pop and the experiments into other folk styles. The Alan Norman written 'In Yer Dreams' is a fast country hoe-down track which should be on the juke box of every provincial diner, and should be leapt around to by every farmboy who ever fancied himself as Billy the Kid.

'Blood On Your Hands' has a slavic rhythm, and lyrically expresses what appear to be the Banshee's favourite topics: love, romance, blood and death. These themes reoccur in 'Never Can Tell' and '40 Miles Of Pain'. '40 Miles' bombards the listener with a seamless array of images linked together over a solid Celtic beat. Julia Deans sings on 'Honest to God', a great pop track, enhanced by Gavin Duncan's fiddle playing. It is unfortunate the band don't use her more on lead vocals.

Perhaps the album would have been more complete without the reggae-flavoured 'Burn Me' or the reprise of 'Lament', which doesn't seem to add much to the overall package. But with the inclusion of the dreamy 'Horses', everything else is forgiven. If there is one track on the album that should be listened to repeatedly, it's this. It may not rock the foundations of popular culture. We may have heard it before. It may have been done a thousand times over. But then again, what hasn't?

DONALD REID

VARIOUS Tank Girl,

Music From the Motion Picture Soundtrack
(Elektra)

Executive music co-ordinator Courtney Love-Cobain has pulled together a diverse collection of tracks to blast and cajole Tank Girl through her adventures in the upcoming movie. Bjork's 'Army of Me', Devo's 'Girl You Want', L7's 'Shove' and Ice T's 'Big Gun' strike me as inspired choices for the apocalypse's coolest heroine to listen to. But I bet she wouldn't listen to the kind of lame Belly track ('Thief') that's included. As for the Joan Jett and Paul Westerberg duet of 'Let's Do It', I don't think anyone listened to it before it was released. It sounds like two hoary old rockers revisiting the kind of singing rounds you get taught in primary school. Nasty.

If you want to hear Bjork, buy *Post*. If you want to hear Portishead, buy *Dummy*. If you want to hear the Magnificent Bastards (who feature Scott Weiland of Stone Temple Pilots on vocals) more than once, you probably don't deserve to be let loose in a record store. What I mean to say is, this is not one of those soundtracks that makes good continuous listening, although there are some great songs on it.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

SHAMPOO We Are Shampoo
(EMI)

SALAD Drink Me
(Island)

Well I loved 'Trouble'; 'Better get home, quick march on the double,' and all that. Never thought they'd come up with an album though. Shampoo, who sound like a teenage cross between the vocals of Bananarama and the punk pop guitar feel of Carter USM, are Carrie and Jacqui, the plastic fantastic. They live in some Never Never Land of pints and sweets, boys and toys, girly whirly cuteness and arrogant bitchiness. Songs like 'Game Boy', 'Skinny White Thing' and 'Viva La Megababes'. Anthems like 'Trouble' and 'Saddo' (with its pissed in a disco chorus of: 'You're a loser,



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Cold Water Flat

loser loser!'). It's throwaway, but it's fun and poppy, and you consistently get what you expect from this bratty young sex machine.

As for Salad, well, they've got all the mid 80s indie components: the female singer, the average guitar, the odd fiddly keyboard. If I was in an unfair mood I'd say they sound like a pub band that thought too much of the Darling Buds and the Primitives, and who will soon be following the aforementioned into obscurity. Singer (and, as the press kit says like it meant something, 'former model'), Marijane van der Vlugt, is Dutch and boring. There's no sex, no power, no pain to her or her band, just boredom.

Salad. They're crap.

JOHN TAITE

CHRIS WHITLEY *Din of Ecstasy*
(Columbia)

Anyone familiar with Whitley's debut, *Living With the Law*, may have some difficulty recognising their beloved blues-tinged singer/songwriter in the dark morass which is *Din of Ecstasy*.

Like Neil Young's *Tonight's the Night*, John Cale's *Music For A New Society* and Lou Reed's *Take No Prisoners*, it's an album of dazed, deliberate pain — sprung apparently from Whitley's drug addiction (his version of Jesus and the Mary Chain's junkie anthem 'Some Candy Talking' is suitably poignant) and divorce from his wife (the sleeve features extracts from love letters to her). Musically, it's closer to Husker Du than Son House — dense, seething guitars, with the vocals buried in the mix, no lush soundscapes to sweeten things. It's the sort of sound one suspects our own Straitjacket Fits attempted to capture for *Blow*. Only the acoustic 'New Machine' harks back to the Whitley of old. This time it's a shaky, spidery update of Robert Johnson's *Terraplane Blues*, where sex offers no salvation, just more problems 'beneath the blanket where the world is', as Whitley puts it.

Never an easy album to listen to (self loathing's funny that way), it is a record of raw torment, unlikely to trouble the Billboard Top 40, but one which, given time, will age with grace and a weird sort of dignity.

GREG FLEMING

COLD WATER FLAT *Cold Water Flat*
(Fort Apache/MCA)

Not so much power pop as buzz-saw pop, Cold Water Flat take their musical cues from the likes of 80s giants Husker Du. Lead singer/guitarist Paul Janovitz certainly has a touch of (Bob) Mould about his vocal chords, and likewise shares Mould's ability to generate some wonderfully searing guitar lines. This is not to suggest plagiarism — it's merely that the best moments on this remarkably assured debut album are worthy of such comparison.

'Numb' builds to the sort of guitar driven climax that re-invests a tired and over used word like 'epic' with some sort of relevance. 'Virus Road' and 'Rescue Lights', meanwhile, churn along memorably on a seething bed of fuzzed out guitars, topped with pristine melodies. Also included is the glorious 'Magnetic North Pole', the band's contribution to Fort Apache's recent introductory sampler *This Is Fort Apache*. Able to hold its head high amongst some very esteemed company on that compilation, Cold Water Flat here prove that 'Magnetic North

Pole' was no fluke, by producing a debut album full of bruised beauty and honest, ragged appeal. Play it loud. You won't be disappointed.

MARTIN BELL

ALLEGIANCE *Destitution*
(Phonogram)

Every month some guy from Brisbane writes a letter to *HM Monthly* that goes something like this: 'Jeez I'm pissed Allegiance aren't getting the attention they deserve. Mate, these guys are the best ##### metal band in the world and dinkim Aussies to boot. Blah, blah, koala buggery, blah. C'mon Aussies, get in behind these blokes and show the woofers that make up the rest of the planet that Aussies rock hardest.'

At last, Bruce from Brisbane's dream has come true, leaving wowzers everywhere aghast at just how darn heavy Allegiance are, and pondering how they got to be so darned fantastic. Perhaps at one time Allegiance played the circuits as visionaries like Bjorn Again, maybe calling themselves Beer 'n' Telly 'n' Cars. Then possibly some genius figured they'd make more dosh as an original band, thus unleashing *Destitution* on us.

Anyway, the stereo's reeking of black jeans and white sneakers, but is that a foul or fragrant smell? What's wrong with sounding (a lot) like Metallica and, most importantly, if a wood chuck could chuck wood would he? Over to you Bruce...

KEVIN LIST

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Encomium: A Tribute to Led Zeppelin* (Atlantic)

Led Zeppelin may have ceased to exist in 1980, but the legend continues forever. With Jimmy Page and Robert Plant reunited, and touring their amazing *No Quarter* album, the time is ripe for a Zeppelin tribute. Surprisingly, most (but not all) of these cover versions are stylish, new interpretations of the classic tunes and an enjoyable listen, whether you're a Zep-head or not.

4 Non Blondes perform 'Misty Mountain Hop' quite powerfully. Blind Melon give their special touch to 'Out on the Tiles'. Robert Plant himself even appears, for a duet with Tori Amos on a lengthy reworking of 'Down By the Seaside', from *Physical Graffiti*. Other contributors include Rollins Band, Helmet, Hootie and the Blowfish and Sheryl Crow, who does a laid back version of 'D'Yer Mak'er'.

An interesting, worthwhile collection that

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GEOFF DUNN

POP WILL EAT ITSELF

Two Fingers My Friends (Liberation)

GOING GLOBAL SERIES Voila (London)

I'm not sure this is the best of moves for the Poppies. Being re-mixed by a bunch of the biggies just makes their originals sound shoddy. Their short messy bile spews from *Dos Dedos* *Mis Amigos* have been expanded (Youth), injected with ethno (Transglobal Underground, Fun-da menata), and Jah Wobble, JG Thirwell and the Orb all make monuments out of their tracks. It's like turning fish and chips into a twelve course meal at the Ritz.

So, their very metal noise pollution has lifted. *Two Fingers* isn't just a re-mix album, it's a blinding view of the potential that the Poppies could never reach.

Voila gives some old world music classics a kicking. An offshoot of French label Barkley (who were the first to pick up WM artists like Mory Kante and Cheb Khaled in the 80s), the Going Global Series pools the talents of Justin 'Lionrock' Robertson, re-mixing 'Voila Voila', Hardfloor squeezing another hit out of 'Yeke Yeke', and Sakan making 'Time Fax' a sweat machine. And then there's more — a plethora of international sounds getting beaten into dance floor fodder.

You know the world music review routine — musical melting pot/sonic nation uniting — there's squillions of shite descriptions for mixing old and new, East and West. But at the end of the day, if it makes you jump around a bit and gives you a great soundtrack to get shit-faced to, it's done its job. *Voila* does both. Shame about the boring CD cover.

JOHN TAITE

MARIANNE FAITHFULL A Secret Life (Island)

It would be deceptively easy to get snide here. Faithfull delivers her first album of (mostly) original material in 12 years and it's only 35 minutes long! Composer Angelo Badalamenti re-uses his best melody for three of the 10

tracks, albeit in different orchestrations.

Considering Faithfull's recently vaunted rep' as a wordsmith — that autobiography may be rivetingly candid, but it's not without pretensions — she only manages to take sole responsibility for half the lyrics. Other lyricists include Irish playwright Frank McGuinness (in whose work Faithfull has recently performed), English playwright Will Shakespeare (in whose work Faithfull once performed), and Italian poet Dante.

But let's not get snide. *A Secret Life* has much to recommend it. Initial predictions may have been for an album combining the depressing ennui of Faithfull's 1987 covers collection *Strange Weather* with the lush melancholy of Badalamenti's *Twin Peaks* soundtrack. While there are certainly hints of this, overall the album transcends expectations. Darkness may be present, but the general mood is more one of artistic confidence.

Faithfull's voice is sounding richer, more vibrant and expressive than we'd ever thought it capable. Badalamenti's music is frequently more interesting than his work for David Lynch and Julee Cruise.

Such is the beauty of his 'She' theme, for instance, that I am happy to hear it reworked behind Faithfull intoning Prospero's closing speech from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. What could easily have been tacky and clichéd works a treat, which just about sums up the whole album really.

PETER THOMSON

MANPUSSY Foreskin 500 (Priority Records)

Von Schweinehunds' cold, angular form filled the doorway. "Is 0800 a broken man yet?"

His ferret faced subaltern raised a ferrety face. "Nein," he said, and then, luckily, slipped into bad English. "Ve haf even tried ze *Melody Rules...* but he is just laffing at it."

Schweinehunds raised a cold eyebrow. "Most strange... time for ze Foreskin 500."

The ferrety one took a pack back. "Mein gott, inhuman, that is."

For the next hour, room 010 was a cacophony of demented screams, as well as an occasional whimper from 0800. More painful than 0800's predicament was the ghastly sounds of Manpussy, a horrible concoction of the American dream gone sour. It was the sound of Amercian males in rebellion; the sound of a thousand pierced dongs beating off in time to the rhythm of the highway — the highway to hell! 0800 shifted queasily in his chair, as yet another wave of sequenced guitar broke upon

his ears. By god, if he ever escaped from this jam, Al Jourgensen was going to pay — with his life.

But first, he must escape. Luckily, throughout the ordeal he'd chanted an ancient tibetan mantra backwards, warding off the worst excesses of sub-industro-disco-punk-biker-sludgecore™ guaranteed to turn the weak-minded into leather cap wearing, pincushions of modern primitivism. Now, as the insidiously hummable trash tailed off with wimpy, mumble ballad, he siezed his chance and, unbeknownst to the ferret, reversed the polarity of the neutron flow, turning the aural equivalent of mustard gas upon his captors.

Because his tormentors lacked 0800's buckets of spunk, they promptly wilted, and the free world belched loudly in relief.

Next week 0800 visits the lair of Foreskin 500, to find Al Jourgensen's behind everything, except Al's been dead since 89 and is, in fact, the scruffiest one from White Zombie, who turns out to be Trent Reznor wearing a wig. Probably!

KEVIN LIST

ORB Orbus Terrarum (Island)

YELLO Hands on Yello (Polygram)

What sets ambi apart? What makes The Orb so popular? Media attention? Yup — better the confuser you know. But there's more: their samples (a radio play about slugs on 'Slug Dub!'), amazing sounds (all of them), and the structures that don't exist until you think about them.

So much of their material sounds organic, like the songs always existed, clouded by silence, and the Orb just liberated them from the nothingness.

After two old tracks, 'Valley' and 'Plateau' (last heard on Orb Live 93), we move into fresh realms of Dr Paterson and co. 'Oxbow Lakes' is pure drama — a typically plain piano solo drowns as it's banished to the bottom of the ocean. There it transforms into a hungry Pac-monster of throbbing sound, building and building until the original notes return, ghostly, immaculate, slaying the beast they had become.

Ambi defies any kind of real review (as I'm sure you've noticed). Symphonies of the electronic age, dazed and fuzzed, background or foreground music, depending on how you're standing. Means nothing. Says everything. The

Orb are back and certain stocks at the corner dairy are running low.

Now, the idea of a Yello tribute album, put together by a bunch of today's dance finest is a grand one. Who better to have an electronic make-over than the forefathers of electric weirdness. And dance's remix has always been held in higher esteem than pop's cover version. More sound than sentiment I suppose.

The only drawback with this compilation is that some of the artists involved were so totally in awe of the Swiss masters (read the sycophantic liner notes!) that they've tried to keep a lot of the original flavour — to the detriment of stamping their own distinctive feel. Moby's sexy slink on 'Lost Again' oozes out with finesse — but it'd be nothing without re-using Boris' original doomed atmos and Dieter's original sleazy vocals.

When the Orb and Jam and Spoon completely deconstruct 'You Gotta Say Yes to Another Excess', we're getting exactly what the project promised. Plutone's jungle stomp through 'Oh Yeah' gives the original a kicking, and Carl Cox's transformation of 'L'Hotel' is a gas.

A hit and miss compilation. Very Yello, really. JOHN TAITE

DRUGSTORE Drugstore (Go! Discs)

The best way to experience Drugstore's debut album is to curl into the foetal position in a darkened room and let it envelop you (drugs optional — no marks for subtlety in the band-name department). After 43 minutes of this you'll feel as if you've been in an isolation tank for a week. Drugstore's Brazilian-born singer Isabel Monterio's breathy, other worldly vocals imbue the songs with a characteristic languid and effortless quality, somewhat at odds with the often disturbing lyrics. Musically, the essence of the songs is akin to the likes of Mazzy Star, the Cowboy Junkies, the Jesus and Mary Chain and Codeine. The overall effect of the album is of it existing in a parallel universe without reference points.

Drugstore is at once evocative and timeless, with individual tracks rising to the consciousness of your memory, before slipping back into the seamless whole. It's full of cerebral, selfish moodiness, but then, who hasn't felt selfish or moody at times? As a downer companion, *Drugstore* is perversely cathartic and oddly uplifting — some weird shit, sure, but well worth trying. Me? I'm hooked — perhaps they should call their next album *Pusher*.

MARTIN BELL

66

THE HEAT

WELLINGTON'S MOST MUSIC

99

IF You Can't Run With the Big Dogs... Stay on the PORCH!

ROB & T 94



Upper Hutt Posse

New Zealand

UPPER HUTT POSSE Can't Get Away
CD Single (Tangata)

The follow-up to the memorable 'As The Blind See' is a side of the Posse rarely seen. 'Can't Get Away' has them on the cruisy jazz/funk tip — it could be a stripped down Dignified Planets if not for the inimitable D Word vocal, and the ragga skills of Wiya. Four versions are here, the re-mix style being the best. Repeated listening is a good idea, but this track is guaranteed to please.

STICKY FILTH Def Thru Misadventure EP
7 Inch Single (Ima Hitt)

Taranaki's finest have been promising this EP for ages, and it's good to smell vinyl again (not much of the stuff finds its way to *RipItUp* any more). *Def Thru Misadventure* hurls out three heavy, break-neck speed metal beauties, kinda like a punk Motorhead. Top choice is the brilliantly titled 'Vodka, The Devil and Me', a classic in the same vein as the superb 'Weep Woman Weep'. Write to Ima Hitt, PO Box 407, New Plymouth.

NOTHING AT ALL! Busted
Cassette

Another fine cassette release from Nothing At All!. Four tracks as thrashy, muddy and snotty sounding as you'd expect. 'Clean Me Next Week' is wonderful pop/punk done Replacements style. The live favourite 'Nothing At All!' is really where it's at, and will give all third generation rude boys something to smile about.

COSA NOSTRA This Thing Of Ours
Mini Album (Antenna)

Cosa Nostra (the partnership between producer Daniel Barnes and Greg Johnson Set guitarist Trevor Reekie) serve up an eclectic range

of delicate soundscapes and genuine musical experiments on their debut release. The lack of a studied game plan sees them veering from the psychedelic techno stomp of 'Yo Scuzzball', to the trancey urban ragga/dub of 'Still Water', and onto the beautiful spacious melodies contained on 'Close To The Edge'. This impresses more with each listen and is quickly reaching the point where you fully realise its brilliance. Most important though — this must be played loud.

DAVE DOBBYN Naked Flame
CD Single (Sony)

Two of the best songs from *Twist* feature on Dobbyn's new single. 'Naked Flame' is a charming melody drenched acoustic number, featuring Emma Paki on backing vocals, while 'What Do You Really Want' straddles the line between being a powerful ballad and a balls out rocker. Both bona fide stunners.

SHIHAD Bitter
CD Single (Wildside)

Unforgiving and brutal are the two words to describe the barrage of rage that is 'Bitter'. Built on Shihad's trademark bed of dark, intense riffs, it holds just enough melody to make it not totally uneasy listening. 'Bring Your Friends' and 'Just Like Everybody Else' don't even sound like Shihad. Recorded during pre-production sessions for *Killjoy*, they're both uneventful and unchallenging.

TEMPEST Precious Times
Cassette EP

Seven song EP from Christchurch band Tempest. This music has its place, but it sure as fuck doesn't belong on my stereo. Imagine every 70s heavy metal cliché rolled into one, then triple it.

JOHN RUSSELL

singles

The return of the occasional singles column is justified by a bunch of tasty and tortured white assed rock 'n' roll. First up has to be legendary producer Butch Vig's band **Garbage** and their debut noise, *Vow* (Discordant). Trash it ain't, as vocalist Shirley Manson leads the band through intense, swirling guitars, in a tune loaded with menace and a threat to 'tear your little world apart'. Believe it, and the limited vinyl edition comes packaged in a silver tin box. Destined to be one of the year's best singles.

Next, it's beauty and the beast, as **Shane MacGowan** teams up with **Sinead O'Connor** to resurrect 'Haunted' (ZTT) from the *Sid And Nancy* soundtrack. Slicker and glossier than the original, but there's still a hint of MacGowan degeneracy in the chorus. The EP is completed by a couple of highs from *The Snake* and a suitably weather beaten version of Neil Diamond's 'Cracklin' Rosie'. Still with the ageless and **Paul Weller** comes up with a fine song in 'The Changing Man' (Go Discs), although the chorus owes too much to Sam and Dave's classic 'Soul Man'. His cover of Etta James' 'I'd Rather Go Blind' confirms he's off on another of his soul/R&B tangents, but that's good tidings, man.

To the current supposed cutting edge of British rock 'n' roll, and **Oasis** *Cigarettes and Alcohol* EP (Epic) has finally surfaced. By now you'll know the title track's crunchy, debauched swing. Add to that a passable live scrutiny at their roots in 'I Am the Walrus' and a couple of non-album tough rockers. Oasis aren't world beaters yet, but they're getting closer, as their soon to be released single 'Some Might Say' testifies. Past gods, but now mere mortals, the **Stone Roses** failed to drive home the initiative created by their quintessential indie first album. Five years down the track, songs like the wistful 'Ten Story Love

Song' (Geffen) prove they're still magical, but a lot of the stardust has worn off. In contrast, **Radiohead** have continued the momentum of 'Creep' by producing a powerful second album that gives rise to the tightly focused melodic ballad 'High and Dry' (Parlophone), and unsettling comparison piece 'Planet Telex'. The deal is rounded off by a couple of non-album tracks. 'Maquiladora' particularly impresses. The last of this month's Brits introduces Iceland's petulant, precocious and occasionally inspired **Bjork**, whose 'Army Of Me' (One Little Indian) gradually makes its mark on the back of a typically Bjork-ish cavernous, bobbing bass-line.

Stars and stripes time, and **REM** keep hitting *Monster* for singles. They're still in pay dirt with 'Crush With Eyeliner' (WEA), another cracking Stipe allusion to some sexual encounter delivered in restrained power by a band in top form. *Monster*'s best. Concluding with American power grunge pop (aka grunge), ultra-cool sleepyhead Mascis and **Dinosaur Jr.** are hard to beat, with their customary gritty, melodic bursts of static. 'I Don't Think So' (WEA) is another classic to fit that particular bill.

It's worth re-visiting Faith No More's *Digging the Grave* EP (Slash) not only because their tour here's on the horizon, but the title track and 'Ugly In The Morning' verify the band's current peak as evidenced on the something for everyone philosophy behind their new album *King For A Day... Fool For A Lifetime*. Grab.

Finally, if sleazy cowboy grunge is your poison, the **Reverend Horton Heat** might just fill your cup with 'One Time For Me' (Sub Pop), and a couple of live tracks where the frontman's stage banter has the class of the great Iggy Pop. Cheers.

GEORGE KAY



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RUMOURS

AUCKLAND

Thorazine Shuffle's debut three track single 'An Affair' is now "being held closely under wraps until elaborate release plans for July have been formalised", according to band manager Stuart Broughton. The band will also be absent from the live scene for a while due to one member's "spinal difficulties" ... Anthony Kiedis of the **Red Hot Chili Peppers** was on holiday in Auckland for a fortnight last month, before returning to the US to complete the band's next album ... **Joint Force** (OJ/Slave/DLT) are on a North Island tour this month with **Teremoana Rapley**, **Mighty Asterix** and **DJ Stinky Jim**. See *Gig Guide* for dates ... **Cosa Nostra** have spent a lot of time in Incubator Studio with a live rhythm section recently. According to Trevor 'Giancana' Reekie they want to "bugger around and see what comes out" ... **Cicada** have just released their five track debut CD EP *Oscillator*, recorded at the Lab and York Street ... **Balance** have split up ... every Thursday from 7.30PM to 8PM, Max TV's *Serious Fun Show* features a segment entitled **From The Kerb Up**. Hosted by Zhayne Lowe, the show screens items on music, magazines, record companies and other general interest stories ... **Shona Laing** has re-recorded her 1972 hit '1905' at York Street, and Spearhead's **Michael Franti** spent an evening recording there before the band's Powerstation show ... 'Don't Wait Another Day', the second single from **Greg Johnson's** forthcoming album *Vine Street Stories* is out soon, while the album will be out early August ... **Music Nation** host **Bio Runga's** debut album *Love Soup* is scheduled for a July release ... **Anthony Iossa** of Grace has formed his own record label, Kokobutt, and is looking to record British-influenced dance outfits. If you fit the bill, send your demos to 26 Lichfield Road, Parnell. Meanwhile, **Grace** have three new members: drummer Andrew MacClaren and Bio and Boh Runga on BVs ... **Rhythm Oil** are releasing their debut cassette and accompanying video 'The Art of Flying'.

JOHN RUSSELL

PALMERSTON NORTH

Suraya of **Dog Tooth Violet** has saved Palmerston North from terminal boredom by arranging a new venue called Wild Horse Saloon. Yehhaah, wackadool ... Yellow Bike Recording Cutting at Himintangi (in association with the Foxton museum of Audio Visual Arts and Sciences) has been busy with seven releases on Yellow Bike records and Spotty Dog Records cut in the last month! Records released include **Cunt 12"**, **K-Tel Dancers 7"**, **Baldman** (Dave White) 7", **Lung Feeding Fucking Vera** album, **Ashvins 7"**, **Meat Market 7"** and a split 10" **K-Tel Dancers** and **Cunt** record. **Ashvins** and **Meat Market** celebrated with a gig at the Saloon ... **Lizard Mull Records** recently celebrated two releases at the Wild Horse Saloon ... **State Of Hate** and **Rob Tjome** have both released cassettes on Lizard

Mull ... **Spotty Dog Records** are currently awaiting the arrival of a **Shoeshine** and **Ashvins** joint CD ... just to keep Palmy busy, the Stomach is organising several all age **5 Bands for 5 Bucks** gigs that will feature and debut new and young bands ... speaking of new bands **Burnt Weeping Eyes** played a successful set of Gothic hard core at the New Royal ... **State Of Hate** played in Wellington with Sick Of It All.

CLAIRE PANNELL

NEW PLYMOUTH

The Mushroom Ball was all it should have been — up, energetic, rocking and good vibes. If you weren't there, it was your loss ... **Nefarious** will have a very limited edition single out by the time you read this. If you need to have one, you gotta move quick ... a strange thing has been occurring lately, no gigs for a while, then two on the same night. This happened with **Warp Spasm** and **Nefarious** and the week after **The Ball**, **Inchworm** at the Mill and **the Butchers Club** at the Nitespot. Both gigs being on at the same time results in poor audience numbers, and the only loser is rock 'n' roll. Publicans are looking at live music to deal with dwindling Thursday night bar takes, but if both gigs don't get a crowd, your band won't be wanted in the bar either. Small towns like New Plymouth can only really handle one gig a week. Don't jump when that bar manager calls. Plan your gigs in advance, work out what is best for your band and rock 'n' roll in general. Don't sell yourself short ... upcoming gigs are **Second Child** at the Nitespot, **Upper Hutt Posse** at the Mill and **Greg Malcom** and band at an unconfirmed place ... Palmerston North (the place people always confuse with New Plymouth) band **State Of Hate** are working on playing an all age show in town soon ... any comments, questions, whatever can be directed to PO Box 407, New Plymouth.

BRIAN WAFER

WELLINGTON

Barry Saunders' solo album *Weatherman* is due in July ... **Mark Leaderman**, previously of **Blige Festival**, has formed **Horris Patients**. They played their first gig recently with two other new bands, **Svelte** and **Cowcatcher**. More is expected from all three ... new young band in the city are **Letterbox Lambs** (they assure me the name is only temporary). They have already been playing shows (with Mellowthumb from Napier) and have recording plans ... Acid Jazz is as popular in the city as it ever was, and the **Jazziz II** show on Edward St was evidence of this. More (too much?) is expected in the near future ... **Funkmutha** have stopped playing live gigs indefinitely, as the drummer is fighting an uphill battle with RSI. Despite this, they hope to record near the end of the year ... **Southside of Bombay** are about to embark on a national tour. As is their tradition, they will cover every inch of the country, going to all the 'one pub, one shop' towns, taking funk-tinged reggae with them. They have a new single, 'Umbadada', out this month ... **Seep** are described as 'avant-garde post post industrial', and are working on soundtracks for performances around local theatres ... members of **Wendyhouse** and some of their friends are planning an international musical experiment. Different pieces of four-track recordings will be sent to various people around the globe, where

tracks will be added and mixed. "It could be good, and it could be bad," says Wendyhouse Pudding.
DONALD REID

CHRISTCHURCH

It took a while, but **Dark Tower** have released their 8 track CD EP *Real Zeal Man*. They were luckily into their last song in an awesome set at their CD release party before their backing sample tape unwound ... **147 Swordfish** made a reappearance at Pumpkinhead's *Sloth* party recently ... **the Bats** are recording at Nightshift studios, the place they recorded a lot of their original material ... also at Nightshift at the moment are the **Tardigrads**, recording for a five track cassette release ... **Loves Ugly Children** have finished 18 songs in Dunedin for their Flying Nun album, tentatively entitled *Cake Hole* ... the second of **Creeley's** cassette trilogy *Step Ahead* is available now from PO Box 1619, Christchurch ... Rob Mayes' Failsafe label is busy at the moment, with the **Dolphin** album (a double CD) *Out Of Hand* released in May. The second CD is called *Finally Think It's Time* and features outtakes and "the other good stuff that might seem out of place on the album" ... also due out on Failsafe are a **Throw** album, *Rememoty*, in June and a **Chicane** EP, for June also, a **Cicada** EP and videos from **Throw**, **Springloader** and **the Malchicks**, half of whose was shot in Japan ... out of pocket after their North Island tour with the loss of a \$500 rental hire bond are **Ape Management**, who are looking for gigs to earn this money back. Look out for a Rob Scuzz designed T-shirt with their single release ... **Chicane** are to be included on *Kiwi Hit Disc 14* ... rumoured is a **Jay Clarkson** tour, a **U-Card** party, **the 3Ds** at the Caledonian Hall and a hip-hop/dub extravaganza ... **Wadd's** CD release has been delayed until June 15 ... new bands around town include **Hawaii 5-0** and **Beats and Pieces**, with a hip-hop/jungle sound ... picking up at the moment is the number of bands looking for bookings at the Dux, in contrast to Quadrophonia, where bands find it hard, at times, to cover the venue's booking overheads ... **Wallpaper** and **Yellow Crayon** are to debut as support for **Trawler** at the Dux ... the finalists from Christchurch in *Operation Music Storm* were **Human**, **Atomic Blossom**, **Snort**, **Disgraceland** and **Trawler** ... **The Sheep Technique #2** is RDU's compilation cassette of Christchurch music for the student radio network, and will feature **Rainy Taxi**, **Creeley**, **Atomic Blossom**, **Hawaii 5-0**, **Disgraceland**, **Ape Management** and **In Vitro** ... any rumours ph 379-6320.

HAT

DUNEDIN

Operation Music Storm has been and gone, attracting huge interest from bands and public alike. Eighty-two bands entered from as far afield as Invercargill and Nelson ... new bands **Seven** and **the Underwoods** debuted recently at the Empire. **Seven** also played an impressive set at Sammy's a few nights later with the **Verlaines**, **Trash** and **the Renderers** ... both **Trash** and **the Renderers** have just finished recording new CDs at Volt Studios and Fish Street ... more Fish Street news: **Lets Planet** are due down soon, **Loves Ugly Children** are still recording, **3Ds**, **Chug**, **Magick Heads**, **Clean** and **Able Tasmans** have all been recording songs for the Flying Nun compilation of ABBA songs. The whole studio, including **Tex**, was shipped up to Auckland for the recording of the new **Able Tasmans** CD ... the studio is upgrading to 24 tracks any day now

... Volt studios continue to be busy. **Brendan Hoffman** is currently recording a compilation for IMD which will include established and new Dunedin artists ... **OMIT** (Blenhiem) and Aaron Sharma have both released Geraldine singles on the Trinder label ... **Gaylene** is rumoured to be starting a punk band ... Grant Millman is soon to leave his job as programme director at Rox FM and is set to produce a music show on the new Southern TV channel ... new dance venue **Bath Street** has become instantly popular ... the **Dunedin Musician's Club** is to host monthly performance nights for original bands in an effort to boost membership and encourage younger musicians to join. The first such gig featured **Jay Clarkson**, **the Magick Heads**, **Runt** and **Firehouse** ... **My Deviant Daughter**, **High Dependency Unit** and **Chris Heazelwood** will play at Squid soon ... **Swarm**, **Suka** are now to tour with **the Verlaines** instead of **Trash**, because Robbie Yeats is off to the States with the **Dead C**.

DAVID MUIR

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Live

SHIHAD, HEAD LIKE A HOLE
The Mean Fiddler, London, April 26.

Walking into the Mean Fiddler tonight was like a blast from the past. Great to see men with long hair, dressed in their favourite T-shirt, with a few check shirts tied casually around their hips. I must be at a kiwi gig!

Head Like A Hole stormed the stage looking a little different. Where was the nudity, the skirts, the tribal body paint? They funk through a set of delicious rock, smiling and flirting with the 400 plus audience who filled the Mean Fiddler. I never realised what a dead sexy lot Head Like A Hole are fully infected by Spring. Sorry, I can't tell you the names of the songs, but they were performed with energy and spunk, by wild musicians who seem to have matured with a new confidence. Head Like A Hole delivered a tight set of their frantic and raucous tunes.

Shihad took up where the others left off — keeping those bodies thrashing around in the pit and the hair swinging. The stage was a bit smaller than what they have been used to supporting Faith No More through Europe, but it was great to see a drummer centre stage. Like chocolate in a coffee grinder, the sweetness and purity of Shihad's music breaks through stereotypes of rock montser bands, a category in which they definitely belong. It's a bit of a pity there wasn't a higher number of English people there. Breaking the kiwi/Aussie band stereotype is the barrier that proves to be the greatest challenge to success over here. Sure, it's from New Zealand, but it's music for the world. The two English rave chicks I took along want to know where they can buy the CDs... well Head Like A Hole have their own header card in Tower Records!

Thanks for a great night guys. Hope you'll be back this way soon.

RACHEL MEYRICK

SHERYL CROW, DAVE DOBBYN
Logan Campbell Centre, April 28.

One would be hard pressed to find enough superlatives to describe Dobbyn's set on this night, as he ran through an aural history of his songs and made it look so easy but sound so good. Stand-out's were 'Language', 'Lap of the Gods' and a moving version of 'Loyal', which showcased the maturity of his voice. Gun slinger rhythm section, Dave 'the Enforcer' Gent and Jay Foulkes laid it down, giving the perfect platform for Dobbyn's acoustic and electric guitar work.

Walking on to a very warm welcome, Sheryl Crow stated: "I feel kinda funny playing after Dave Dobbyn, isn't he great?" The band then launched into a road

tested 'Leaving Las Vegas', 'Run Baby Run' and other tracks off her album, setting the tone for the first half of the set.

Maybe things got a little lack lustre around this point of the evening, but the enthusiasm of the audience kept things alive. As Sheryl Crow said: "I've been touring this album for eight years," a little road weariness may have come to pass.

Things lifted when the drummer moved from his kit to an ethnic hand drum, and they delivered a Kerouacian beat version of 'All I Wanna Do'. The unplugged material, with Sheryl Crow on piano accordion and excellent pedal steel from Wolf, showed the band's versatility as musicians and definitely suited the songs.

Shifting back to electric, with a great version of 'What I Can Do For You?', the band lifted for the last part of the set. All's well that ends well, and 'I Shall Believe' left the punters hungry for more.

It was a great night of contemporary music. Considering the awkward acoustics of the venue, both acts came through shining, showing live music and original music is thriving in the 90s.

GRAHAM BRAZIER

AL JARREAU, EUPHONI
Logan Campbell Centre, April 29.

In the 1984 movie *Breakdance*, Michael 'Boogaloo Shrimp' Chambers wanders into one of those Fame-style dance classes and shows up the men in tights, breakin' like crazy to an infectious tune called 'Boogie Down'. This was my first introduction to the music of Al Jarreau. Since then it's been limited to the 'Moonlighting Theme' and the odd hit single, as I decided his voice always sounded pretty thin on record. Live though, I'd been told, he was something else.

The LCC was over three quarters full when Te Atatu vocal quintet Euphoni stepped up. Sam Cooke's 'Chain Gang' and 'Cupid' were included in their short a cappella set. While there were great harmonies involved, unaccompanied singing just doesn't move me. What's really required is a proficient, warm sounding band to make things groove — exactly the type of band Jarreau brought with him.

He strolls on all casual like, just after nine, and for the largest part of the following two hours, puts in a sparkling vocal performance. Preference is for the times when he plays it straight, as on the floaty 'We're In This Love Together' and the above mentioned TV theme, instead of the scatty vocal gymnastics that on several occasions drown in their own cleverness. His voice reaches tremendous highs and lows, and when purely effective, it's as though he's speaking in tongues.

The band, a five piece with three backing vocalists, reached boiling point almost from the word go. They played the kind of tight, complimentary set you come to expect from American show bands. Meanwhile, Jarreau managed to create an intimate atmosphere within the factory-like confines of the LCC, pausing plenty to swap jokes with the front row, fulfilling requests, including one that wasn't in the rehearsal list.

They encore with a magnificent extended version of 'CC Rider'. The whole crowd is by now out of their seats and going manic. Like I'd been told, live, he was something else.

JOHN RUSSELL

SPEARHEAD, TEREMOANA, DAM NATIVE
Powerstation, May 3.

The vibe for this show was huge, not unequalled, but huge. Spearhead's awesome debut album *Home*, combined with a brief promotional visit to Auckland by frontman Michael Franti last year, gave a partial glimpse as to what the full band might deliver live, and set the scene for what threatened to be an outrageously good concert.

Expectations were dampened slightly upon the discovery that rapper Danny D has lost the rest of Dam Native. Only DJ DLT remains from the original line-up. On a good night, Dam Native were an unstoppable 'live' rap group. This evening, the performance to DAT tapes churns my stomach, and even a guest appearance by the exceptionally talented Sonny Sagala (ex-Pacific Descendants) fails to liven things up. Why go backwards?

Teremoana falls into the same trap. Although her voice is as strong and beautiful as always, the contrast with the rigid, precise backing accompaniment means it's not all it could be. Half an hour later, Spearhead prove that nothing can beat a good live band.

The Powerstation is jammed for their arrival, and immediately the combination of moshing and dancing begins in earnest. Franti has changed his flavour big time since he was last here on stage with the Disposable Heroes Of Hiphoprisy. Gone is the hard hitting, confrontational approach — in its place, a soulful, seductive, blend of funk, reggae, and rap.

The big grooves of *Home* sound more huge live, as the terrifically funky seven-piece band bounced through 'Love Is Tha Shit', 'Positive', 'Of Course You Can', and a tremendous jam version of 'Runfayalife'.

The only puzzling element to the whole set was the constant on-stage presence of a George Clinton lookalike called Zulu. Described by Franti as a 'vibe merchant', Zulu skulked about the place, occasionally grunting something into his mic, and was more deserving of the title 'free loader'.

The band disappeared for the first encore, a sparse rendition of 'Home', then returned for the finale, an all in hootenanny version of 'People In Tha Middle'.

Spearhead managed to do what many of their genre can't — deliver live. It's wonderful to see a band who show, and keep, their promise.

JOHN RUSSELL

FOREIGNER, THE DOOBIE BROTHERS
Mount Smart Supertop, May 4.

Upon hearing of my going to this gig, my good friend Kathy said: "You fuckin' loser!" Upon learning I was reviewing it, she said: "Well, I s'pose that's alright then." Then, upon learning that it was at my request, she reiterated her first point. Such is the

esteem, or lack thereof, that is held for tonight's bands in some quarters.

Gone are the days when it was safe (cool) to be 'Rockin' Down the Highway' with a beer in one hand and a big phat booty blunt making road maps of your eyes in the other. But it's an era 8,000 or so friendly punters were more than willing to invoke, happily assisted by the greatest hits from both bands.

First up: the Doobie Brothers, now in their twenty-fifth year and featuring four original members in their line up of eight musicians. The mix is good and the band is tight, as they run through a couple of newer songs before the familiar intro to 'Taking It to the Streets' sets the crowd really rocking. A brief semi-acoustic set brings a lull to the proceedings, but is nonetheless highly appreciated, before the band launch full on into their popular back catalogue.

Standout tracks are a sound version of 'China Grove', an extended jam on the staccato funk gem that is 'Long Train Running' (both from 1973's *The Captain and Me* LP); and a superb multi-harmonied version of 1974's hit 'Black Water'. They rounded off their set with Tom Johnson's 'Listen to the Music', and everyone was happy.

A short break, then it's Foreigner's turn to try and impress, but they're pushing shit uphill. This is not 1982. Only a well worked version of 'Juke Box Hero' really rises above the mire. All the hits were here: 'Cold As Ice', 'Double Vision', 'Head Games', 'Urgent', etc., but it's dull plodding stuff.

Halfway through their set my companion turns to me and says: "I feel like I've just returned from my grandmother's place up North." I kinda knew what she meant. It's a slow motion death we just have to escape to preserve our sanity. So we do.

A year on the road together as a double bill has left the Doobie Brothers as a tight, perhaps not vital, but enjoyable unit; whereas it has shown up Foreigner to be just plain tired, losing the battle to keep a shine on things. As we all know, ya can't polish a turd.

GREG HAMMERDOWN

BREATHE, LICHEN POLE
Antipodes, May 13.

The evening's are getting chilly. The wind blows strong in these here parts. I walked into Antipodes thinking a shot of tequila was just what the good doctor said would take the edge off the day. The shot goes down a treat, but shortly after, the good doctor does something completely unexpected. He throws up. Right there, right on the floor of Antipodes. It could have been a disgusting way to start the night, yet he pulled it off so well, with such nonchalance and ease. No cause for alarm. Just a slight negative reaction.

Why this nasty tale of self-abuse? Because, like the good doctor had, Lichen Pole also pulled it off, with a great deal of ease and self-confidence.

Lichen Pole are rock stars. They would be rock stars even if they never picked up an instrument again. They just are. Resplendent in movement and attitude, they rocked through their 10-song set, highly aware of the adoration of the relatively youngish

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crowd who turned out. 'Bad Joke' made the impact needed to gain the respect of the uninitiated. Later the individual songs began to fade into each other. But the stage presence made up for it, and by the time 'Plastic Jewel', 'Dreadlock Stone' and 'Blind Rail Eye' were delivered, there was almost no one left unconverted.

Breathe are a more conventional entity, relying on substance over style. They used their two guitars to maximum effect when going for the full on assault, but seemed unable to achieve any delicacy when they were looking for it. The keyboards were almost always lost in the mix, except when everything else died away, leaving room for them to hum away happily.

The good doctor, he hated Breathe, but I enjoyed the noise — and noise it was. For a band who pride themselves on subtlety of writing and musicianship, there was a lot of ball breaking hard guitar noise (with a big shout for 'Dive Tower') going on. At times it lost its way, but through most of the gig Breathe were pure, ear splitting joy.

The doctor didn't like it, but what do doctors know anyway?

DONALD REID

THE MUSHROOM BALL 95

The Nitespot, New Plymouth, May 12 and 13.

The *Mushroom Ball* has become an institution amongst inveterate gig goers around the North Island, and with the inclusion this year of two Christchurch bands (**Ape Management** and **Snort**), and **Dead Centre** from Nelson, its fame is obviously spreading South.

The *Ball* (the eighth in nine years) is more than just a gig. In fact, the two nights of entertainment sometimes become almost incidental to the weekend's events.

Day One

The first thing you notice on entering the venue is the hard work Poodle has put in redesigning the stage with scaffolding and camouflage nets — a vast improvement on what it originally was.

Auckland's **Think Tank** open this year's proceedings with a hard rock set that goes largely ignored, as the steadily building crowd heads first to the bar (Taranaki Ale on tap), then turns to catch up with friends and fellow punters from around the country. Having seen them before, and not having eaten since breakfast, I decide to head around the corner to Chino's for some of their fine vegetarian cuisine (no hunks of decomposing flesh for me, thank you very much). This pursuit of culinary gratification, however, means I miss **Schizophrenia** and the debut of my man Hooper on bass. Sorry guys.

I arrive back as **Hideously Disfigured** are getting their set underway. What can you say about a band that calls their debut tape release *Greatest Hits Volume II* and has song titles like 'She Goes Off'? Needless to say there's a lot of humour in this particular brand of Taranaki hardcore and, as always, they are a treat to catch live. Hideous in da house, yeah!

The end of **Hideously Disfigured's** set brings a bit of panic in the Warners camp. Spencer, their bass player, has had an asthma attack and been taken to find a hospital. "It's the weather," he tells me, upon his return. I tend to think it may have had something to do with years of marijuana inhalation, but hold my tongue, as it's not my scene to kick a man while he's down.

Meanwhile, **Nefarious** have taken the stage, determined to shake the spectre of several mediocre gigs and some bad publicity over the last couple of

weeks. They fairly much succeed. **Nefarious** play hardcore, fullstop. No 'Full Moon Over Mushroom Town' (an old Toxic Avengers song), which is a shame as, for obvious reasons, it always goes down well at this time of year.

I spy Alan from the Warners, who is shaking his head in mock amazement. Apparently he'd been out the back, just prior to **Nefarious** going on stage, in the hope of witnessing an orgy of self abuse, only to be confronted by a sober Nigel Toxic acutely tuning his guitar! A stranger sight he didn't expect to see. Well, it paid off, as **Nefarious** went some of the way to redeeming themselves with a solid performance.

The Warners, featuring a sicker than normal looking Spencer, finally hit the stage. They launch straight into the instrumental title track off their forthcoming album, the wonderfully entitled *Bogan's Heroes*. From there, they virtually run through the whole album, only throwing in 'Homosaurus Rap' off their last release, *Sitting Pretty*. Standouts were the soon-to-be-classic '351' and their bastardisation of the Osmonds classic 'Crazy Horses'. Their magnum opus tonight is a song called 'Transfusion X' — a song their guitarist Jon describes as "an epic". When asked why, he replies (hopefully tongue in cheek) that it "takes you on a trip, y'know, it's a rock journey". Ahh, yip. OK Jon, yeah.

Dead Centre are left to round off tonight's entertainment. They play punk rock, nothing more, quite a lot less. Maybe it was 1979 when they left Nelson and walked to New Plymouth, 'cause they sound tired. I'm tired too, so I'm outta there (like bell bottomed trousers).

Day Two

The centre of our social activities is the White Hart Hotel, which once again is fully booked up. We get a posse together and, after a superb breakfast across the road at the Art Gallery Cafe, we decide to head up the mountain. It's a supremely beautiful day, and it's only 45 minutes later when we arrive at the top carpark on the Egmont Village side. The sluggishness that is the aftermath of the night before is soon dissipated as the fresh mountain air rejuvenates our lungs. Nothing for it but to blow some doobage and fuck ourselves up again. Ahh — how sweet is life?

A fruitless search for mushrooms by some of our party on the way back, at Lake Mahoeu, allows the rest of us to simply veg and enjoy the day. Then it's back into town to prep for the ensuing night.

Our evening meal at Burundis goes on a little long, which means we miss opening act **Dog Tooth Violet**, from Palmerston North, although their irrepressible vocalist Rebecca assures me they did a good gig. If she's happy, I'm happy. Still, it was a bummer to miss them.

Next up it's **Ape Management**, who include ex-members of the Axelgrinders, the Scuzzbuckets and S*M*A*K. Having seen them play a less than average gig in Christchurch, I was ready to write them off. I was only too happy to have my view of them dumped on its head, as they delivered an incendiary performance that, while owing a debt to the Birthday Party (especially in the vocal department), set about forging an identity distinctly their own. They were a personal highlight of *The Ball*. Reta from **Snort** best summed them up as she licked her index finger, then pressed it against an imaginary hot plate — tsss — they were fuckin' smokin'!

Palmerston North three-piece **the Ashvins** (great name) are now on. The sound is good as they deliver a set of short, punchy rock songs. My memory of them is a little clouded though (I think somebody put something in my drink), so I'm gonna have to catch them again sometime.

All women outfit **Snort** are up next. Having warmed

up with two Auckland gigs over the previous nights, they're attacking their instruments with a vengeance. They howl, they squeal, they pound and smash their songs as if exorcising the ghosts of recurring demons. All this while maintaining a 'fuck you, muthafucka' attitude that the frenzied crowd down the front lap up. Their blues stomp classic, 'Cos I'm Evil', sees Joanne pulling off some subliminal licks on her guitar, while Reta gets down and dirty with hers. An inspired performance, and the highlight for many here tonight.

Next up, it's the only band to have played all eight *Mushroom Balls*, local heroes **Sticky Filth**. They've had a busy year. As well as playing all the major Summer festivals (*Mountain Rock*, *The Big Day Out*, *Strawberry Fields* and the *Nile River*, as part of their South Island Tour), they've supported Suicidal Tendencies and finally seen the release of their (truly) long awaited three track vinyl EP, *Def Thru Misadventure*. But it's a curiously subdued Sticky Filth on stage tonight, as if the weight of expectation is, not so much heavy, but not quite allowing them the freedom to simply play and play well. Not that they're bad of course. Sticky Filth still shit over 95 percent of what's around in their sleep. Craig pounds his throat with his pick hand to produce a unique vibrato effect while screaming: 'There's a witch among us [Nadia]'. Chris debuts his fire breathing techniques, leaving Paul to pummel his rack-mounted kit with controlled abandon. It's a special treat to catch Sticky Filth on their home turf, and they don't disappoint.

It's left to Wainuiomata's death metal heroes, **Afterbirth**, to close this year's *Ball*. The crowd might be thinning, but they don't care. They came to party and play. Go hard or go home, as the saying goes. They go hard.

Well, that's it. Another hassle free *Mushroom Ball* comes to a close. Much props to Brian Wafer for his continued dedication to the cause, and the bands and punters that travelled from around the country to attend. I've got my souvenir T-shirt, so I'm happy. See y'all next year, second weekend in May: Be there.

GREG HAMMERDOWN

OPERATION MUSIC STORM GRAND FINAL Sammys, May 19.

May 19 was the big one: video suites and cameras abound; stressed officials running hither and thither; the big stage all lit up; pissed comperes; door charged upped by \$4 — the works. The big one all right — out of 70 odd bands only 10 survived the musical battle royale. Christchurch was represented by Trawler, Atomic Blossom, Disgraceland, Snort and Human — while the Cheese Band, Suka, Bodybomb, Humania and Axiom carried the flag for Dunedin.

Up first were **Humania**, looking great and sounding pristine. This lot has a strong sense of theatrics — elements of 70's space rock brought into a harsh 90's reality. Their songs are sometimes gorgeous, sometimes bizarre, and always packed full of action. **Humania** did not put a single foot wrong.

Unlike **Trawler**. Their lively roughed up pop brought comparisons of the 3Ds and Pavement springing to mind. Unfortunately, when the guitarist broke a string he took far too long to change it, losing plenty of **Brownie** points there! So the bassist and drummer soldiered on for a couple of songs — in my mind these were the most interesting, a bit more free and wide.

The Cheese Band always pull a big crowd. Their supporters crashed to the dancefloor faster than lions to the kill. They're another lively bunch of fellows, especially vocalist Cam. Their hardcore blend of funk was smooth and sexy, coloured well by the

trumpet of Paul Redican. For someone that doesn't dance, their's was genuine foot tappin' stuff.

Rather than relying on liveliness, **Disgraceland** let loose with complicated, strong, aggressive rhythms, locked together by bass, drums and guitar, producing a circling vultures effect. No one could escape the building tension. Interesting and very harsh.

Human bring a Butthole Surfers/Gary Glitter approach to death metal. Their lead vocalist was a cross between Iggy, Gibby and Gene Simmons. Their songs are mostly trashy death metal (kind of early Napalm Death in the vocal department — one growl, one scream), with an attempt at real glam at the end, which surprisingly worked. In these heady days of Failsafe it's refreshing to see there's still some damaged musical characters wondering the streets of Christchurch.

Suka forged their own style out of pure guts. Their songs were kind of bittersweet and discordant. Matthew Thornicroft's superb voice let loose a torrent of emotion that was simply breathtaking. The last song was a huge epic of passion — absolutely brilliant.

Snort are a raw, garagey sounding all women's band, who also had plenty of support. They found plenty of uses for a 4/4 beat, and were reminiscent of L7, only more exciting — not too original though. The lead vocalist/guitarist put on a great performance, which the other three could have taken cues from.

Bodybomb are the only nasty sounding band — plenty of complicated changes and extremely harsh in all departments. They were aggressive, yet cerebral — a certain political edge was felt through the lyrics. As with Suka, the band's last song was another building epic. It started off mellow and grew into a monster. It was superb.

I didn't have high expectations of **Atomic Blossom**. However, I was pleasantly surprised. This band specialise in big, glorious pop songs, quite awesome in places, as was their vocalist, Prudence Stone. **Atomic Blossom** seem to be a kind of midpoint between Let's Planet and the Pixies — very OK by me.

Lastly, **Axiom**. Their tight, rhythm based style of metal drew the usual strong crowd response. Instead of relying on guitar wank and showing off, **Axiom** use strong rifforama and solid bass and drums to impressive effect, complete with insane frontman.

And then it was over. Almost. The judges decided that fifth place was to go to the Cheese Band, fourth to Bodybomb, third to Axiom, second to Atomic Blossom, with Snort taking first place. There was always going to be controversy with the results, but you get that.

SHAUN JURY

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS, THE DORIS DAYS The Powerstation, May 21.

Tonight's theme is Fuego, as in fire. Tonight was almost dubbed Shit Night. Maybe They Might Be Giants were disillusioned by their low pre-sales — low enough for upstairs to be closed off. But it meant there was plenty of room for dancing, and you could never get a bunch of conga lines out of a seething mosh pit, could you? More on that later.

First up, a swell named band called the Doris Days took the stage. They played the only kind of pop better than the simply shiny kind of pop — that is the shiny and fast kind of pop. They delivered a tight set of mostly "songs about screwed up relationships", which proved as infectious as that nasty virus the two boys next to me thought was such an appealing topic of conversation — Ebola. Some people should really get out more. The Doris Days should play around more. Next stop, the main attraction.

"I've never seen so many nerds in my life," commented my partner, who was a bit iffy about attending in the first place. Nevertheless, the atmosphere was very friendly and the fans were certainly dedicated. I felt like I was at someone's house where the parents were out of town, and the clandestinely invited guests (all adults, I should point out) were anticipating the biggest night of their collective lives. They Might Be Giants did not disappoint them. In fact, they excelled any possible expectations by leaps, bounds, and a few well placed strikes on the glockenspiel. I'm talking talent to burn, and it was a mighty fire they stoked. Fuego indeed.

Starting with 'The Statue Got Me High', the now six-piece band blasted through a formidable set of hits and album favourites, in a typically expansive range of styles. The crowd went wild. They did the twist and the swim. They pogoed (to 'Dig My Grave' and 'Stomp Box'), laughed and screamed a lot. They knew all the words to all the songs (except, obviously, 'Why Does The Sun Shine?', which nobody except John Linnell could possibly know all the words to), and when put to the ultimate test, I'm buggered if they didn't conga. We congaed. A brassily extended 'No One Knows My Plan' was the perfect soundtrack to the mania.

While material from *John Henry* predominated (and highlighted the newer members of the fan base), the most rapturous response was reserved for old favourites 'Birdhouse in Your Soul', 'Racist Friend', 'Istanbul (Not Constantinople)' and 'Anna Ng' (which finally appeased the persistent roustabouts who'd been chanting for it since the minute the band walked on).

After two encores and their trademarked cover of the Edgar Winter Band's 'Frankenstein' (which featured a massive drum solo from the man with the mile wide smile, Brian Doherty), John Flansburgh made good on the guitar wrecking he'd been threatening his instrument with, and pulled the bastard's strings off. All of you who so obviously were not there missed out big time — even my nerd spotting partner endorses that sentiment. Hoorah! A convert.

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Gig Guide

For Don't Care Hair

| Mon | Tue | Wed | Thur | Fri | Sat | Sun |
|--|--|--|--|---|--|---|
|  <p>Sam Hunt & Gary McCormick tour nationwide in June.</p> <p>the shampoo hair shaper dynamite</p> | | | <p>1</p> <p>Splitter, Saturn 5 Squid, Auckland Second Child Nitespot, New Plymouth Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick Newfield Tavern, Invercargill Southside of Bombay New Royal, Palm Nth Fat Mannequin Bar Bodega, Wgtn Shanachie Irish Rover, Gisborne</p> <p>hair varnish</p> | <p>2</p> <p>Kim Salmon & Surrealists, Solid Gold Hell Squid, Auckland Fat Mannequin Bar Bodega, Wgtn Second Child Antipodes, Wgtn Shanachie Irish Rover, Gisborne Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick Dunedin Southside of Bombay Criterion, Wanganui</p> <p>hair putty</p> | <p>3</p> <p>Soggy Squid, Auckland Second Child Wild Horse Saloon, Palm Nth Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick Loaded Hog, Timaru Southside of Bombay Fitzroy, New Plymouth Windy City Strugglers Bar Bodega, Wgtn Shanachie O'Flahertys, Napier The Brain Powerstation, Auckland</p> <p>fudge fudge</p> | <p>4</p> <p>The Cramps, Kim Salmon & Surrealists Town Hall, Auckland Southside of Bombay Waikato Uni, Hamilton Windy City Strugglers Bar Bodega, Wgtn Shanachie Celtic Inn, Wanganui Cheap Sex Squid, Auckland Hustlers Convention Box/Cause Celebre, Auckland</p> <p>hair cement</p> |
| <p>5</p> <p>Ya Ya's Margaritas, Auckland</p> <p>fudge fudge</p> | <p>6</p> <p>Ted Clarke Margaritas, Auckland</p> <p>hair shaper</p> | <p>7</p> <p>Southside of Bombay Java Jive, Auckland</p> <p>the shampoo</p> | <p>8</p> <p>Ray Ragos And The Rayguns Bar Bodega, Wgtn Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn</p> <p>the conditioner</p> | <p>9</p> <p>Pointer Sisters Town Hall, Auckland Silverchair Logan Campbell Centre, Auckland Salmonella Dub Bar Bodega, Wgtn Joint Force, Teremoana Kurtz Lounge, Auckland Southside of Bombay Otaika Rugby League Club, Whangarei Teen Shag Superstar St Kevin's Arcade, Auckland (3pm) Breast Secreting Cake, Sci-Fi Starland, Winterland, Teen Shag Superstar Frisbee Leisure Lounge, Auckland My Deviant Daughter, HDU, Chris Heazlewood Squid, Auckland Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn</p> <p>dynamite</p> | <p>10</p> <p>Pointer Sisters Michael Fowler Centre, Wgtn Silverchair Town Hall, Wgtn Razor Blades Bar Bodega, Wgtn Joint Force, Teremoana Wailing Bongo, Hamilton Southside of Bombay East Tamaki Tavern Blue Earth Kurtz Lounge, Auckland Shanachie Fat Ladies Arms, Palm Nth</p> <p>hair varnish</p> | <p>11</p> <p>the shampoo</p> |
| <p>12</p> <p>Ya Ya's Margaritas, Auckland</p> <p>hair shape</p> | <p>13</p> <p>Southside of Bombay Muzowz Tavern, Tauranga Ted Clarke Margaritas, Auckland</p> <p>the shampoo</p> | <p>14</p> <p>Southside of Bombay Towers Nightclub, Rotorua Joint Force, Teremoana The Mill, New Plymouth</p> <p>fudge fudge</p> | <p>15</p> <p>Joint Force, Teremoana Ace Of Clubs, Rotorua Southside of Bombay Riverbar, Gisborne Shanachie Molly Malone's, Wgtn</p> <p>hair varnish</p> | <p>16</p> <p>Massive Attack Sound System Pit Stop, Auckland Joint Force, Teremoana Riverbar, Gisborne Southside of Bombay Shakespeare, Napier Applicators, Teen Shag Superstar Squid, Auckland Sporting Poets Bar Bodega, Wgtn Red Zephyr 95 B-side Theatre, Auckland</p> <p>hair putty</p> | <p>SAT 17</p> <p>Massive Attack Sound System Shed 21, Wgtn Southside of Bombay Town Hall, Dannevirke Ardijah Otumotai Tavern, Otumotai Red Zephyr 95 B-side Theatre, Auckland</p> <p>hair cement</p> | <p>18</p> <p>Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick Racecourse, Cambridge Red Zephyr 95 B-side Theatre, Auckland</p> <p>hair gum</p> |
| <p>19</p> <p>Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick Racecourse, Matamata Ya Ya's Margaritas, Auckland Red Zephyr 95 B-side Theatre, Auckland</p> <p>the shampoo</p> | <p>20</p> <p>Joint Force, Teremoana Bar Bodega, Wgtn Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick Hillcrest Tavern, Hamilton Ted Clarke Margaritas, Auckland Red Zephyr 95 B-side Theatre, Auckland</p> <p>hair shaper</p> | <p>21</p> <p>Joint Force, Teremoana Shakespeare, Napier Southside of Bombay Kasey's, Nelson Red Zephyr 95 B-side Theatre, Auckland</p> <p>dynamite</p> | <p>22</p> <p>Joint Force, Teremoana New Royal, Palm Nth Southside of Bombay Workingmens Club, Blenheim Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick Assembly, Hastings Ardijah East Tamaki Tavern, Auckland Red Zephyr 95 B-side Theatre, Auckland</p> <p>hair varnish</p> | <p>23</p> <p>Semi Lemon Kola Kurtz Lounge, Auckland Bilge Festival, CCDs Bar Bodega, Wgtn Joint Force, Teremoana Antipodes, Wgtn Ardijah Powerstation, Auckland Southside of Bombay ChCh Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick Waipukarau Hotel, Waipukarau Red Zephyr 95 B-side Theatre, Auckland</p> <p>hair putty</p> | <p>24</p> <p>Joint Force, Teremoana Antipodes, Wgtn Nick Connell Quartet Bar Bodega, Wgtn Ardijah Hanger 18, Hamilton Red Zephyr 95 B-side Theatre, Auckland Southside of Bombay Sammys, Dunedin</p> <p>fudge fudge</p> | <p>25</p> <p>Joint Force, Teremoana Hot Lava, Ohakune Red Zephyr 95 B-side Theatre, Auckland Southside of Bombay Queenstown Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick St Johns Barn, Wgtn</p> <p>hair cement</p> |
| <p>26</p> <p>Joint Force, Teremoana Hot Lava, Ohakune</p> <p>hair cement</p> | <p>27</p> <p>Jon Spencer Blues Explosion Powerstation, Auckland Southside of Bombay School of Music, Nelson</p> <p>hair putty</p> | <p>28</p> <p>Ya Ya's Margaritas, Auckland Ardijah Fitzroy Tavern, New Plymouth Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick Golf Club, Blenheim</p> <p>the shampoo</p> | <p>29</p> <p>Joint Force, Teremoana Tutukaka Hotel, Tutukaka Ardijah Ace Of Clubs, Rotorua Kamo Blues Bar Bodega, Wgtn Ted Clarke Margaritas, Auckland</p> <p>conditioner</p> | <p>30</p> <p>Joint Force, Teremoana Squid, Auckland Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick Mangataroa Hotel, Dannevirke Ardijah Sandowne Motor Lodge, Gisborne</p> <p>dynamite</p> | <p>July 1</p> <p>Cicada Exchange, Hamilton Ardijah Onekawa Hotel, Napier Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick Quality Inn, Palm Nth</p> <p>hair shaper</p> | <p>2</p> <p>Sam Hunt, Gary McCormick Devon Lodge, New Plymouth</p> <p>hair cement</p> |

"Only From Hair Salons With Attitude"

fudge it

scrunch it mould it slick it

Film

Julie Delpy, *Before Sunrise*

Director: Richard Linklater

The pointed wit and sure structure of *Before Sunrise* made me realise why I had become so disillusioned with the cinema of Eric Rohmer over the last few years. Rohmer's little *contes moraux* of the 70s and early 80s (films like *My Night with Maude* and *Claire's Knee*) offered me diversion at the time, with their acute and one minded pursuing of one tiny moral point. *Before Sunrise* has the same concentration of purpose when Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy meet on a Vienna-bound train, and spend the next 24 hours discovering the city and themselves along the way.

But dialogue is not always essential. There is a gem of an encounter in the listening booth of a record shop, when Hawke and Delpy listen to an American folk singer and inwardly writhe with

Before *Sunrise* proves, yet again, that you can't judge a film by its poster.

WILLIAM DART

Director: Robert De Niro

A *Bronx Tale* is, first and foremost, a bracing study in values, balancing the scales of love and fear, as Chazz Palminteri's script would have it. Taken from the actor's one man show which was, in turn, based on memories of his own childhood years, it's a neat piece of writing. And as an actor, Palminteri gives flesh, blood and charm to the often unscrupulous Sonny, a man who has fashioned a life survival kit out of the writings of Machiavelli.

De Niro allows himself a few directorial flourishes, most stunningly in a basement crap game, in which you can almost smell the sweat and garlic, and later, when a gang of bikers are 'evicted' from the neighbourhood bar while the Moonglows croon 'The Ten Commandments of Love' on the soundtrack — nice touch this one. On the whole, though, it's a rather under-played

Some issues are left unresolved. Despite Taral Hicks' utter naturalness as Rosina, a fraught inter-racial affair between her and Calogero doesn't really gel, although it is connected with the final winding up of the plot. In the last count, even though Frank Sinatra has been superseded by Marvin Gaye, we're still firmly in the Italian neighbourhood, right through to some extraordinary melodramatic farewells in the funeral parlour. That this extraordinary scene comes off is the ultimate testament to the sincerity of all involved with this film.

WILLIAM DART

Director: Tim Burton

The connection between Wood and Burton, then, might seem tenuous. But there is a real admiration there: Burton finds 'something beautiful about somebody who does what they love to do, no matter how misguided, and remains optimistic and up beat against all odds.' This is certainly the Ed Wood that he chooses to present (the film spares us Wood's sad decline in the 60s and 70s). Shot in cool black and white, the dark side of Hollywood has never looked tackier. Everything is makeshift and make do, from the grotty motel room office of Wood's first producer to the rambling warehouse where the masterworks are spawned.

Whether Johnny Depp is believable as the rather frumpy Wood is a moot point. This is Ed Wood as dapper film buff, which he simply wasn't. Depp is just impossibly glamorous whether he's in trousers and sports coat or angora sweater and pumps.

The central irony of *Ed Wood* is that one of today's most immaculate film craftsmen should pay tribute to one of the cinema's loosest non-talents. And, perhaps not unexpectedly, the result, with more than a few nods to Burton's own work, is delightfully equivocal, riding that edge when trash becomes culture, and culture becomes trash — an aesthetic close to our 90s hearts.

WILLIAM DART

Director: Antonia Bird

Antonia Bird is mightily ambitious in the targets that she sets up — no surprise, perhaps, when one sees her script comes from Jimmy

Linus Roache is Greg, a youngish gay priest who finds himself posted in one of the tougher districts of Liverpool. His sidekick is the older Matthew, a hearty chap who karaokes 'The Green Grass of Home' at the local, bonks his housekeeper (Cathy Tyson from *Mona Lisa*) and — worst of all — reads *The Guardian*.

All sounds like a grinding journey to Mike Leigh country, although *Priest* is a bit short on Leigh's humour (a quip about Tammy Wynette and John the twenty-third excepted). Bird sets up some effective scenes and some silly ones (the daftest is when the camera zooms round and round the embracing lovers at one point). A heavy directorial hand, coupled with an agit-prop script, does take its toll eventually. This reaches a peak in a scene where Greg rants at Jesus, immobile on the crucifix: "Do something — don't just hang there, you smug, idle bastard." Not content with this, Bird throws in flashbacks, and Rodgers and Hammerstein's 'You'll Never Walk Alone' gets called into service not once, but twice, to underline the message.

WILLIAM DART

Oliver Stone's stoking the fires for more controversy with his new film based on the life of Richard Nixon. **Anthony Hopkins** plays the late Tricky Dicky in the film entitled simply *Nixon* ... after yet another cameo, in the recently completed *Destiny Turns on the Radio*, **Quentin Tarantino** has finally landed a starring role in the low budget film noir *Hands Up*. He will play a low-life bootlegger who becomes entangled in the S&M underworld when he falls for a mysterious French woman ... **Brian De Palma's** big screen adaptation of *Mission Impossible* stars **Tom Cruise**, **Emilio Estevez**, **Emmanuelle Beart**, **Ving Rhames** and **Jon Voight** ... rock 'n' roll rouser **Courtney Love** is to star with **Keanu Reeves** in *Feeling Minnesota* ... **Ed Wood's** Oscar winner **Martin Landau** plays Gepetto in a new Hollywood version of the fairytale *Pinocchio* ... **Francis Ford Coppola** recently ran an open-call audition for his film adaptation of the Jack Kerouac beat classic *On the Road*. The chance of a lifetime attracted 4,700 wannabes, who were granted a seven second audience with the director ... **Drew Barrymore's** follow-up to *Boys on the Side* is *Mad Love*. **Chris O'Donnell** co-stars as the boyfriend who kidnaps her from her downer parents. Ma and Pa don't threaten the lovers' bliss, but the fact Drew lives on an emotional rollercoaster does ... **Akira Kurosawa**, **Pedro Almodovar** and **Robert Altman** have designed watches for Swatch ... **Woody Harrelson** and **Wesley Snipes** team up again in *Money Train*. The pair play two New York transit cops who plan to rob a train which collects millions in subway earnings ... **Antonio Banderas** stars with **Melanie Griffith**, **Daryl Hannah** and **Joan Cusack** in *Two Much*. **Fernando Trueba**, who won an Oscar for *Belle Epoque*, will direct ... **Anna Paquin** has been name-dropped in connection with the screen adaptation of the Jane Austen novel *Sense and Sensibility*. **Emma Thompson** makes her screenwriting debut on the project, which will star **Hugh Grant** and *Heavenly Creatures'* **Kate Winslet** ... music video wunderkind **Spike Jonze** is slated to direct a \$25 million film adaptation of the Crockett Johnson children's book *Harold and the Purple Crayon*.

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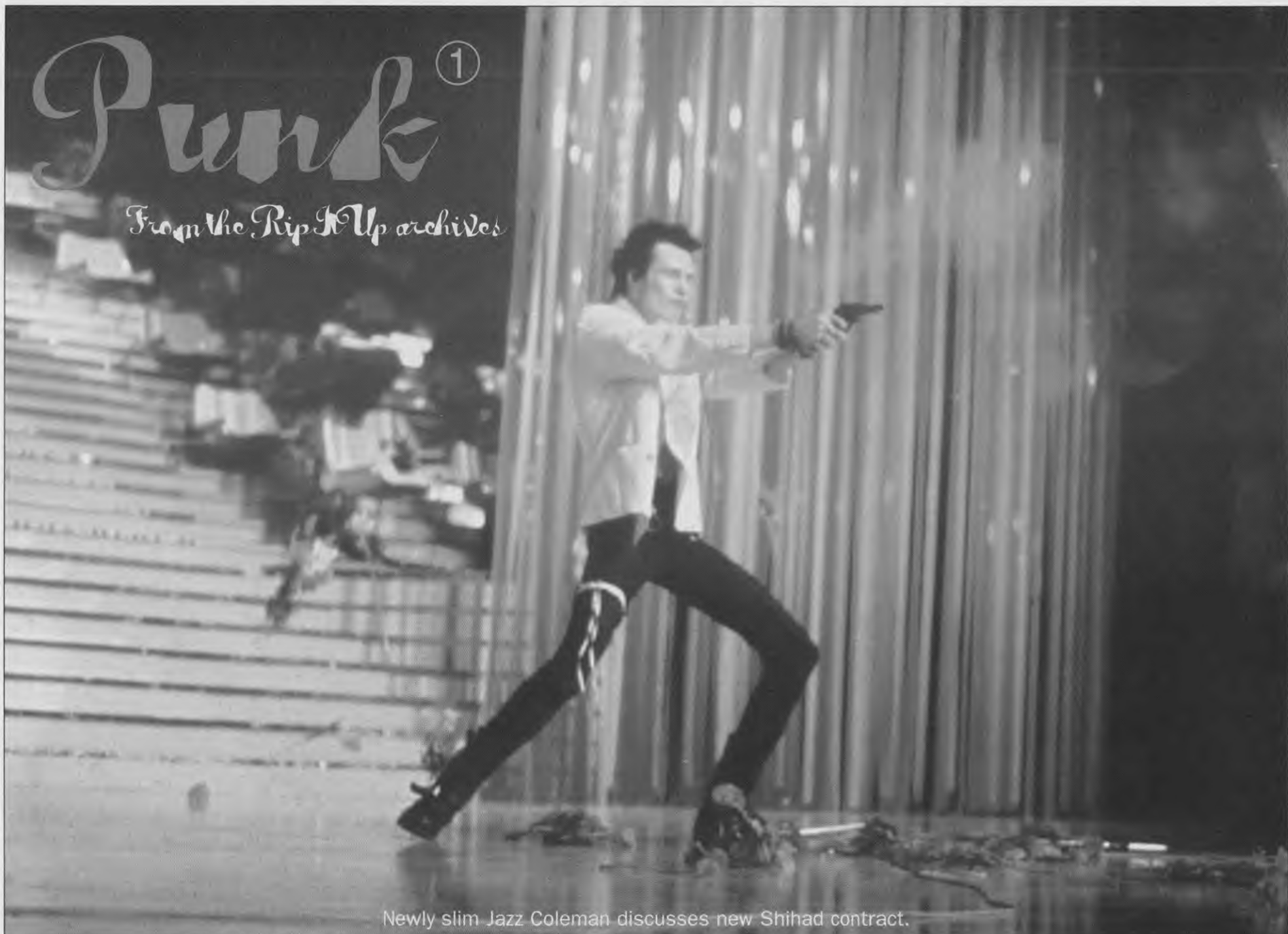
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