



Kim Salmon & The Surrealists

**PIZZICATO FIVE** Made in USA (Matador)

The *International Pizzicato Five Year 1994*, the album sub-title states in a bold but belated attempt at self-fulfilling prophecy. Oh well, perhaps someone forgot to alert the media, or maybe it's just a typical example of the speed at which news filters down to this corner of the globe. Now available locally, this compilation of tracks originally recorded for release in the band's native Japan, has been gathered together by hip American indie-label Matador and released as *Made in USA*.

Good title that, because although Pizzicato Five hail from the Far East, *Made in USA* contains enough Western pop culture references to fill a suburban shopping mall. For instance, the intriguingly titled 'Twiggy Twiggy/Twiggy vs. James Bond' blends Ventures and Burt Bacharach samples with a hip-hop back beat and helium-fuelled vocals. The results sound like a Japanese Quentin Tarantino movie soundtrack. And that's just one song — elsewhere the band plunder soul and jazz to surprisingly good effect.

Do they get away with it? Mostly, yes. Why? Because they are kooky and cute — a latter day Dee-lite, with that same ability to put a smile on your face and a groove in your heart. Quite simply, *Made in USA* is good, clean, inanely joyous fluff. It's full of the sort of irreverent fun you occasionally need to flush all the gloom out of your system. I dare you not to be humming 'Magic Carpet Ride', 'Baby Love Child', or 'Peace Music' after just one listen. By

the same token, too much Pizzicato Five is like biting into an Easter egg — sweet on the outside but hollow on the inside. Maybe they do have this pop culture thing sussed after all.

MARTIN BELL

**STONE ROSES** The Complete Stone Roses (Silvertone Records)

Speak for your bloody self, John Harris. I, for one, was well out of trainer pants for the first coming of the Stone Roses. Yet, contrary to your touching liner notes, I have not yet died enough to consider myself 'grown up'. Nor do I have houses, or children. It might pay you to remember that some Stone Roses fans are still nimble enough (of mind, body or otherwise) to enjoy the band's *Second Coming* as boisterously as we did their first.

So, to the disc. I have to admit, it smacks of the dastardly cash-in, righteous groupies. If you're looking for the lost recordings of the Stone Roses' lengthy hiatus, this ain't them. What it is (once you get past the cringe inducing early forays of 'So Young' and 'Tell Me', and the unnecessary backwards spinning of 'Elephant Stone' that is 'Full Fathom Five'), is a collected package of brilliant tracks, singles and B-sides from off of and around the era of the Stone Roses' mighty debut album, *The Stone Roses*. See, even cash-ins can have their benefits.

It's still the prime tracks from *The Stone Roses* which stand head and shoulders above the rest, namely: 'Made of Stone', 'She Bangs the Drums', and the ultimate messiah-complex teen anthems 'I Wanna Be Adored' and 'I Am

the Resurrection'. Cor, it makes me come over all superior and nostalgic just thinking about it — but still not grown up, not while there's breath in me anyway.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

**MAD PROFESSOR**

It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad Professor (Ariwa/Chant)

A wicked collection from Neil Fraser, aka the mad Professor — that prolific explorer of reggae airwaves — *It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad Professor* spans almost 15 years of pushing the boundaries of dub under the Ariwa label. According to the liner notes: 'Ariwa is the Yoruba word for communication.' A legend of the mixing desk, the Mad Professor followed on from originators like King Tubby.

Most of *Mad World* stems from the Professor's work in the 80s, and his passion for new sounds is clear — from the experiments with classical music samples of 1982's 'Beyond the Realms of Dub', to the chanting Rasta sounds and tribal trance drumming on 1984's 'The Heart of the Jungle', or the keyboard melody of 'Medusa's Head', which sounds like it was flogged from a 70s European spy movie.

Strange echoes and curious samples litter the beats, and the Professor is a man with an ear for space. Essential listening for anyone wanting to catch up on the sounds of one of dub's mainmen echoing down the years.

MARK REVINGTON

**WHITE ZOMBIE** Astro Creep 2000 (Geffen)

White Zombie are back to scare grandmas everywhere. Well, they don't scare me with their weird clothes and silly hats. Like those other deviants in Ministry, White Zombie think it's cool to mock the 'Lord'. The second track reminds one of 'Jesus Stole My Sparkplugs' (You're a liar Mr Haynes, our saviour's never been near your stinky garage), except it's heaps better and funkier, until you begin to work out just what Rob Z's singing about: 'Jesus lived his life in a cheap hotel on the edge of Route 66.' Not only is this sacra-bloody-ligeous, it's untrue — Jesus lives in my heart. Vying for grooviest tune with 'Super Charger Heaven' is the single 'More Human Than Human'.

Although a goodly amount of the album is bogged down with repetitive guitar riffs and sampling, *Astro Creep 2000* certainly has plen-

ty of groove in its heart. However, when your heart's filled with black sunshine, does it matter? Cliff has no groove, but he's lovely and got to meet the Queen. You'll be looking till Doom's Day to find Sir Rob Zombie. I rest my case.

KEVIN LIST

**PRIMUS** Tales From the Punchbowl (Warner)

In a world populated by bands falling over each other to be 'alternative', influenced by 70s punks, Primus' *Tales From the Punchbowl* revels in the progressive/funk of Rush and Stanley Clarke. Built around Les Claypool's bass guitar, Primus works a monster riff, supported by guitar, drums and Claypool's nearly unintelligible vocals buried in the mix.

The lyrics reveal a world populated by freaks, geeks and losers. Typical is the poor schmuck in 'Glass Sandwich', queued up at a peep show. He plunks down his hard earned dough to find the object of his lust is his former lover. Standout tracks include 'Wynona's Big Brown Beaver', where Claypool chews through lyrics with gleeful abandon, and 'De Anza Jig', a mutant country hoe-down, complete with banjo and Texas drawl. The only misstep is 'Year of the Parrot', knocking bands who borrow from Led Zeppelin and Van Morrison, which comes off a bit holier than thou.

San Francisco natives, Primus have soaked up the musical heritage of the area with the ghost of Frank Zappa looming large.

MARTY DUDA

**KIM SALMON AND THE SURREALISTS**

Kim Salmon and the Surrealists (Polydor)

**THE CRUEL SEA** Three Legged Dog (Polydor)

Two Australian Red Eye bands that approach rock 'n' roll from different blues angles. Kim Salmon's three-piece arrives courtesy of John Lee Hooker and a self confessed debt to the Rolling Stones, while the exaggerated drama of his songs owes more than a passing nod to Nick Cave. Past bands like the Scientists and the Beasts of Bourbon have defined Salmon's growling guitar style, and with the Surrealists he's also reaching for desolation and danger. On tracks like 'What's Inside Your Box?' and a cover of Chilton's 'Holocaust', the songs are strong enough to carry Salmon's fears and loathing, but too often they crack under the bur-

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