

Supergette The Fall Boy George Bon Jovi Shihad Tour

rip it up

ISSUE 215 JULY \$2 (09) 358 3884

Björk

WHITE ZOMBIE
Dress For Excess

THERAPY?
Not Growing Up

SEBADOH
Mid-Fi Guy

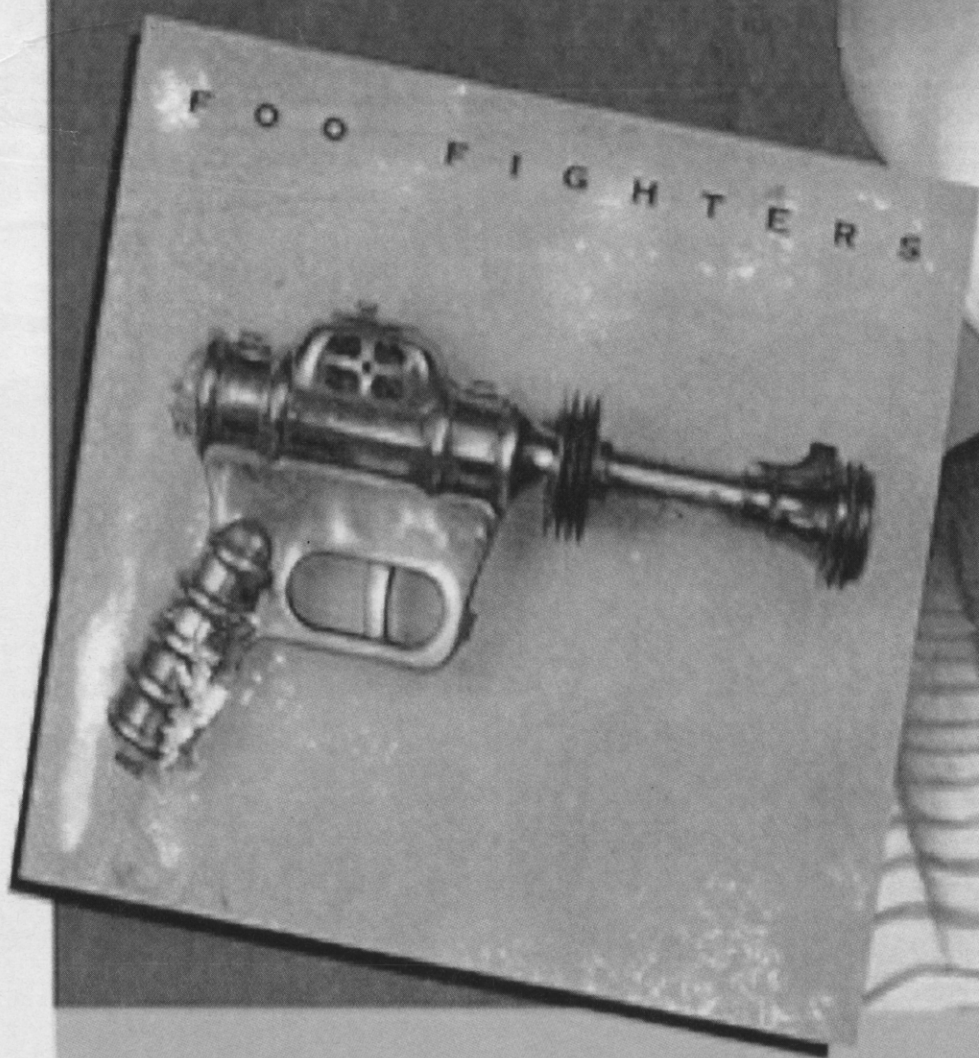
BOB MARLEY
Looking Back

SML
Geek & Tweek



No. 1

FOO FIGHTERS



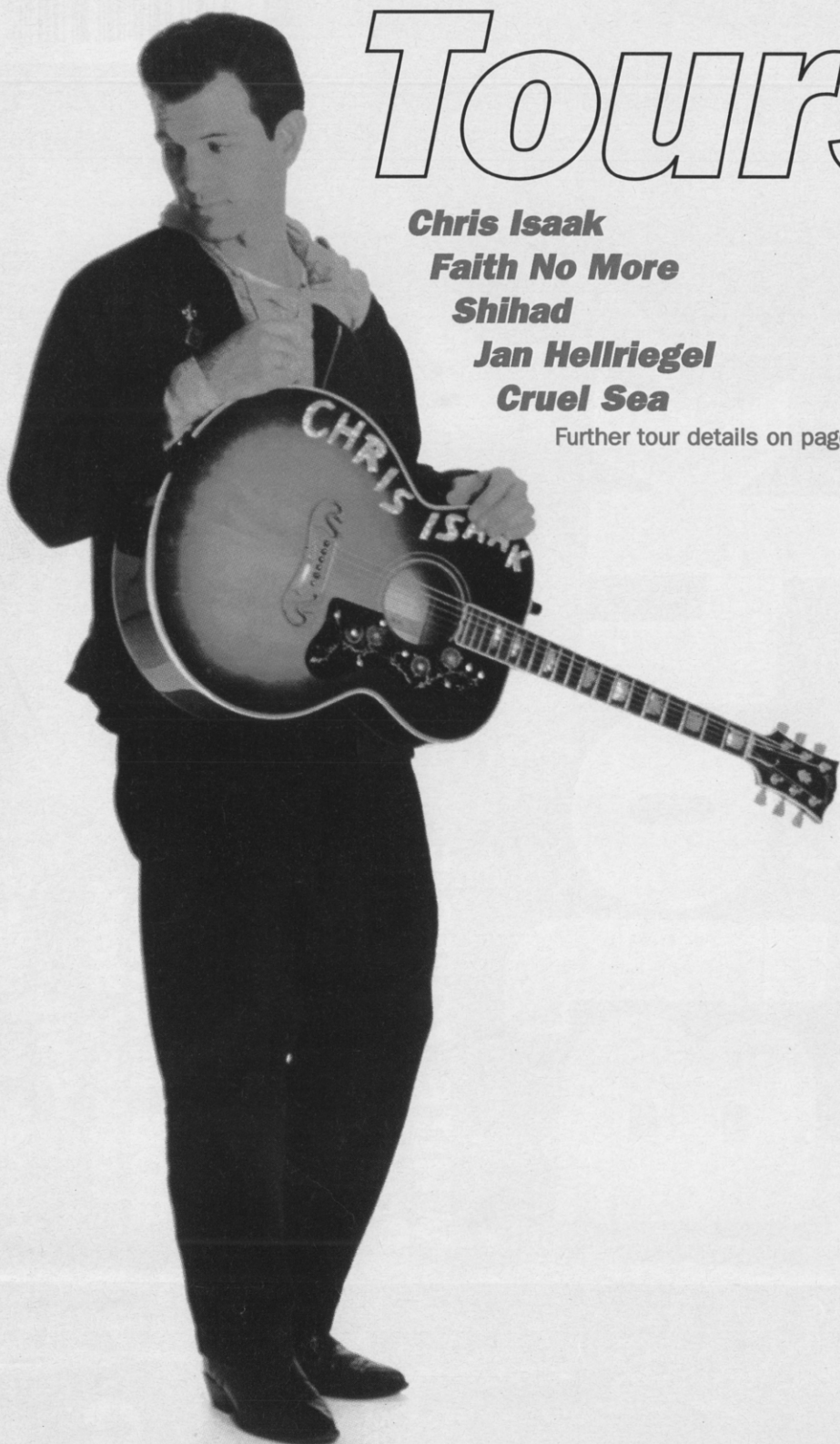
DEBUT ALBUM OUT NOW!



Tours

Chris Isaak
Faith No More
Shihad
Jan Hellriegel
Cruel Sea

Further tour details on page 6



DOUBLE DATES FOR CHRIS ISAAK

Chris Issak brings himself and his 90210 quiff to New Zealand for the first time this month. He croons at Auckland's Logan Campbell Centre on July 20, and at the Town Hall in Wellington the next night. His fifth album *Forever Blue* is out now.



SUB POP TO RELEASE DIMMER SINGLE

Seattle label Sub Pop, former home to Soundgarden, Mudhoney, and Nirvana, will release a seven inch single by Dunedin 'grungesters' Dimmer, in October. On the A-side is the instrumental hit, 'Crystalator, and on the flip, 'Dawn's Coming In'. The Shayne Peter Carter-led Dimmer plan to record an album for Flying Nun in September.

FOR A WARMER WINTER, PIRATE CHIC!

If you are asked to attend a pirate party this winter here's Adam Ant modelling one of the tasty little numbers that made him one England's foremost fashion victims and the talk of the British music press.



SHIHAD NZ TOUR ANNOUNCED

After playing over 80 gigs during their five month European tour, Wellington band Shihad will return home in late July, and begin a New Zealand tour in the South Island on August 3. Confirmed dates at time of going to press are July 11 at James Cabaret in Wellington, and July 18 at Auckland's Powerstation. Upon completion of the tour, Shihad will fly to the United States, where they will spend at least three months promoting the North American release of their second album *Killjoy*.

REGAL HELL BABE ON TOUR

RipItUp cover star Jan Hellriegel sets off mid-month on a nationwide jaunt to promote her second solo album *Tremble*.



FAITH NO MORE

Riding high on the success of *King For A Day... Fool For A Lifetime*, Faith No More have announced two New Zealand concerts in early August. They play at Wellington's Showbuilding on Saturday 5, while the Logan Campbell Centre in Auckland plays host on Sunday 6.

CRUEL SEA VISIT

Australia's Cruel Sea drag their sweet soul sound (not!) over the Tasman for the third time, having toured previously with Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds and as part of the inaugural Big Day Out in 1994. Auckland gets another dose on July 28 at the Powerstation, while Christchurch has their turn the following evening at Warners.



In Sale Now!



ZOO

Atrium On Elliott – Elliott Street behind Mid city

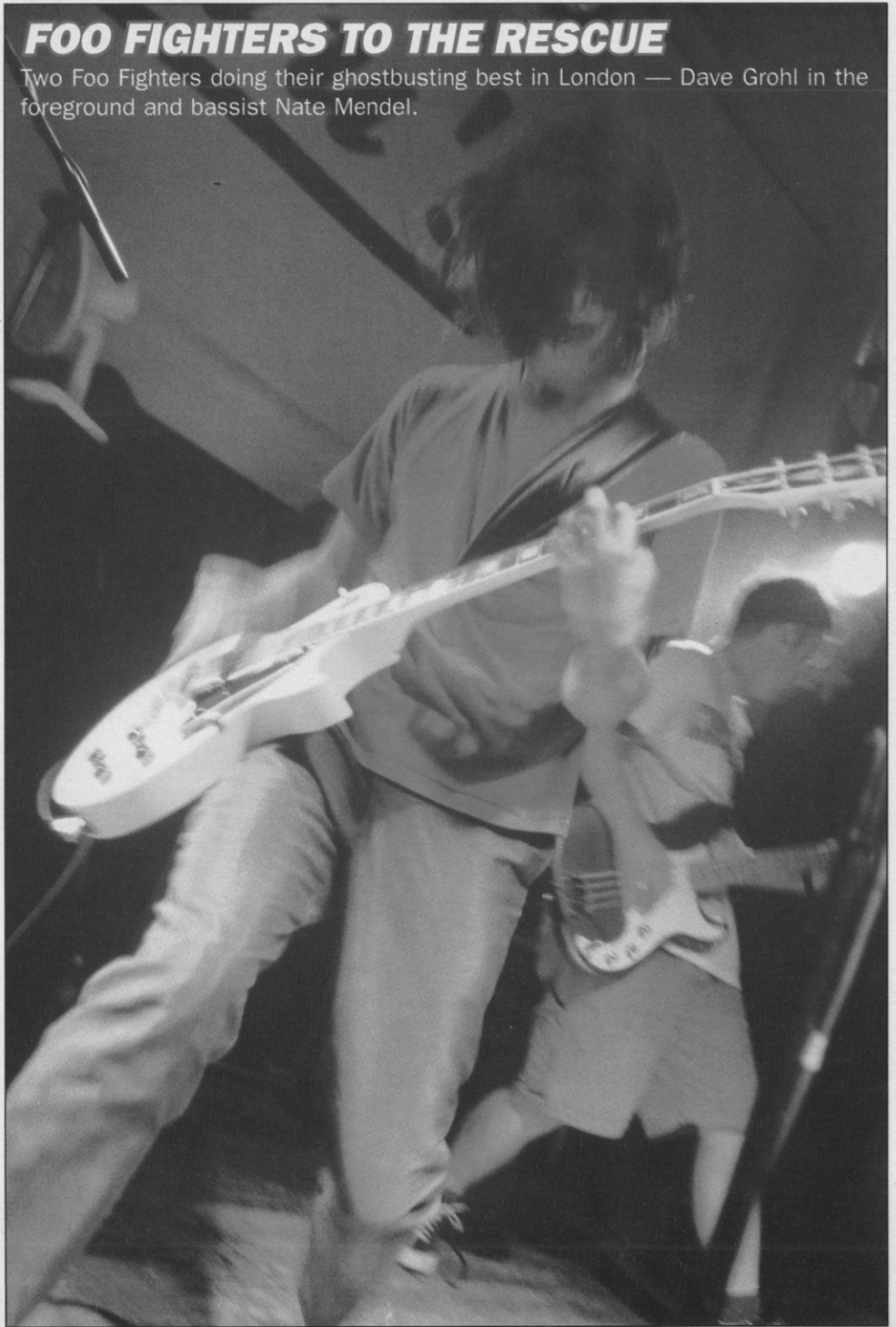
FISHING?

Nuh, not fishing — fashion! Lusi to the rescue on page 43. Lusi shows you what to wear when you're fighting foo.

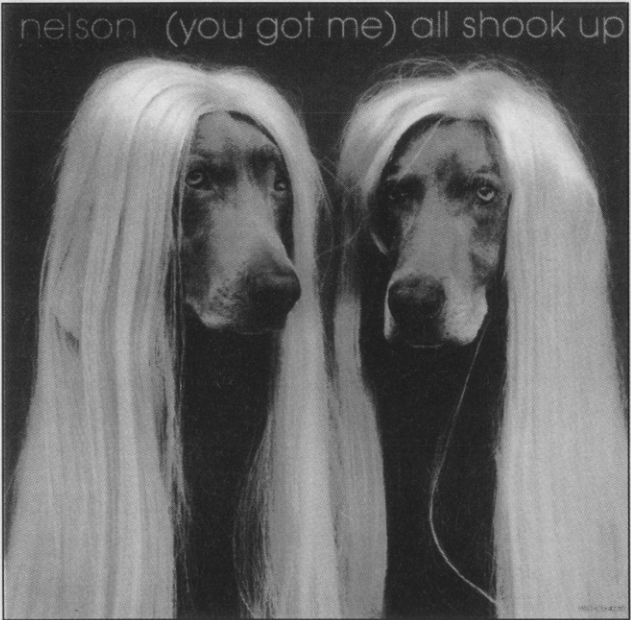


FOO FIGHTERS TO THE RESCUE

Two Foo Fighters doing their ghostbusting best in London — Dave Grohl in the foreground and bassist Nate Mendel.



nelson (you got me) all shook up



Quote

"I wasn't trying to murder [Nancy Spungen], I just didn't realise the results of picking your fingernails in someone's hypodermic. I just felt [heroin] was a filthy habit and should be treated accordingly."

John Lydon opts to defend the lesser charge of attempted manslaughter.

"The thing with me is, if I can be blunt, I have big balls. It's a combination. There's three people involved there. It's a billiard set... it's three."

Tom Jones explains why he doesn't need to put root vegetables down his trousers.

"Ice-T is like shoot you in the face sort of thing. I'm like shoot you in the back of the head."

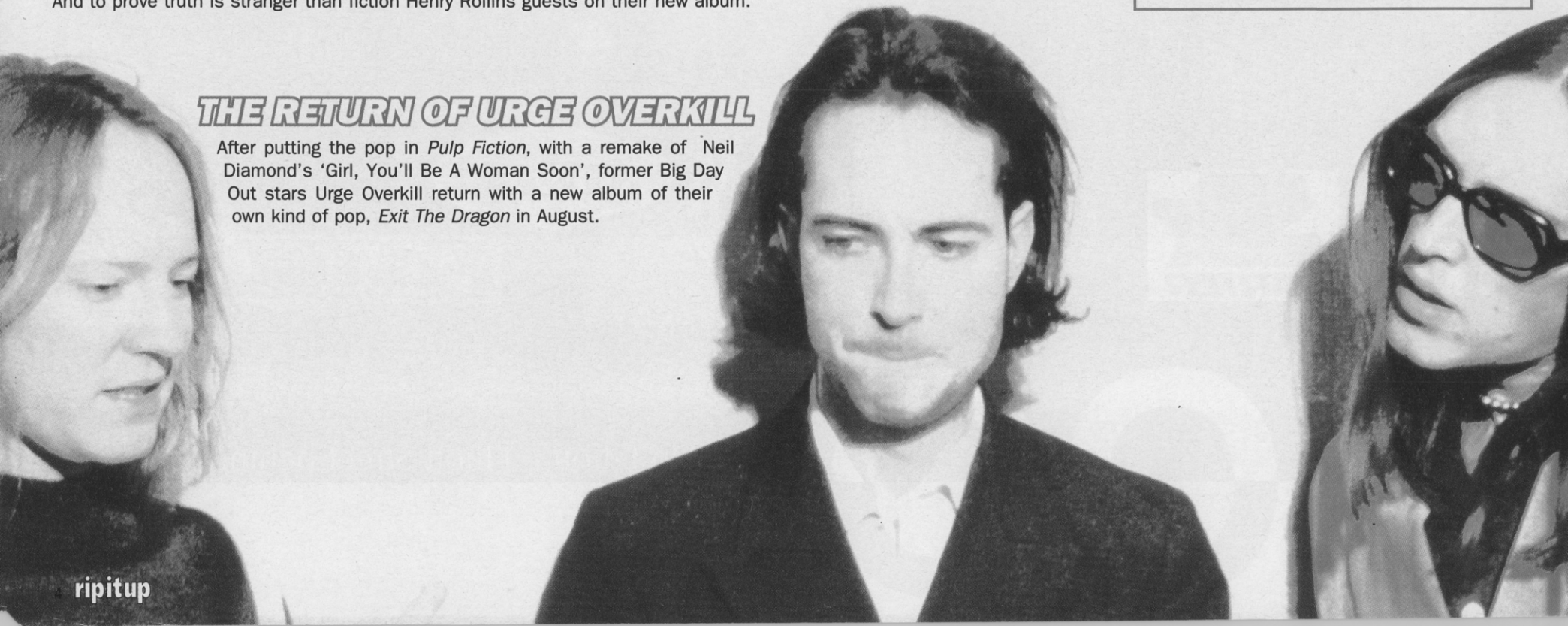
Tricky explains why you should never sit with your back to the door.

WOOF! WOOF!

The Nelson twins take the piss out of their old hair-dos with a canine cover for their new single '(You Got Me) All Shook Up'. And to prove truth is stranger than fiction Henry Rollins guests on their new album.

THE RETURN OF URGE OVERKILL

After putting the pop in *Pulp Fiction*, with a remake of Neil Diamond's 'Girl, You'll Be A Woman Soon', former Big Day Out stars Urge Overkill return with a new album of their own kind of pop, *Exit The Dragon* in August.



FOO FIGHTERS

Kings College Students Bar, London.

The grunge Ringo? It has been said. Dave Grohl's drumming credentials were proven during Nirvana's heyday, but being handy with the sticks does not necessarily bode well for a career in front of the drum kit. However, the Foo Fighters haven't let the forces of cynicism knock 'em down. It's a good thing too. On the strength of a night of power pop of unprecedented calibre, the Foo Fighters show pop's blackest clouds, like the all too tragic end to Nirvana, can have a silver lining.

There is an air of expectation. The Foos' first UK show is in the insalubrious environs of the Kings College Students Bar — a Victoria University Hunters Bar double if ever there was one. The Foos are the first of post-Kurt Seattle's new grunge bands, and with them comes new hope.

Grohl's penchant for catchy, hook-laden pop songs is an unexpected revelation. From the stabbing, Lemonheads/pop-Nirvana splendour of 'This is a Call', the Foo Fighters show they're not just trading on association with the ghost of Seattle's golden age. It's a perfect Summery single — a wild frivolous, free-for-all, full of spine tingling riffs and happy-go-lucky verses. It's an atmosphere of enriching, upbeat, pop freedom. It's defiantly positive, and helps make the evening stand out.

Grohl and band seem determined to have a good time; there's no shoe gazing angst, or maudlin remembrance.

"I'd just like to say that none of these songs are about Kurt," Grohl says. "I wouldn't want to embarrass him like that."

It's a sentiment that, strangely, fits. Nevertheless, there does seem to be more of a story than Grohl seems prepared to tell behind 'I'll Stick Around', with its vicious refrain: 'I don't owe you anything.' But, for the most part, it's as if Nirvana never happened.

This set sparks with songs that are the pure essence of a glorious debut album — sharp, sassy and instantly likeable. Some of the crowd have obviously come to watch and gloat, sure that the Foo Fighters will flail away like a dying snake, bereft of their guiding inspiration. If so, they've wasted their night out. The Foos fit like a glove — bass drums, guitar and Grohl's thin but expressive voice, married wonderfully. The grunge Ringo? No. More like the grunge George, John and Paul, actually.



MTV UNPLUGGED ON SKY

The Sky TV Network has scored exclusive rights to screen MTV America's popular *Unplugged* concerts on the HBO channel. The network will screen 36 concerts between now and the end of the year. The July line up features Nirvana, Rod Stewart, Neil Young, Bjork, and Paul McCartney (Check *RIU Gig Guide* for screening times). Future concerts include REM, Pearl Jam, Aerosmith, Crowded House, Sinead O'Connor, Lenny Kravitz, Soul Asylum, and Arrested Development.



BRUNO LAWRENCE 1941—1995

Leading New Zealand actor and veteran rock musician Bruno Lawrence died of lung cancer on June 10. Although internationally known for his roles in movies such as *Smash Palace*, *Utu*, *Goodbye Pork Pie* and *The Quiet Earth*, Bruno's first love was music, and he played drums in numerous bands in the 60s. In 1971, he formed Blerta, an anarchic co-operative from whence came some hit recordings and key initiatives in the birth of modern New Zealand film-making. A decade later, Bruno was still part of the music scene, in the Crocodiles, but his acting career soon took over. Above all Bruno will be remembered as a generous human being who helped and inspired others. MC



The **Stone Roses** have cancelled their Glastonbury, UK, festival appearance, after guitarist **John Squire** broke his collarbone in San Francisco. The list of who was asked to take their place has been published. The organisers first asked **Blur**, then **Primal Scream**, then **Rod Stewart** and finally **Pulp** said: "Yes!" ... **Courtney Love** has been offered a cameo as a taxi driver on *Roseanne* ... Irish guitarist **Rory Gallagher** (1948-1995) died after complications following a liver transplant ... **the Cure** have a new European summer tour line-up. Robert Smith is joined by Simon Gallup, Perry Barmonte and back on keyboards is former member Roger O'Donnell. The new drummer is soundtrack writer Jason Cooper ... **Alan Wilder** has quit **Depeche Mode**, due to a frustration with not getting adequate credit for his input ... drug busts: **HR of Bad Brains**, caught on the Canadian border with pot ... **Stone Temple Pilots'** singer **Scott Weiland**, busted for cocaine and heroin ... **Kim Deal** of the **Breeders** has pleaded guilty to drug trafficking after receiving a package at her Ohio home. She got a first offender's option of drug rehabilitation. She has been at a clinic in Minnesota since April ... **Freak Power** were deported from Norway and fined 900 pounds for crossing the Swedish border with hash ... **Courtney Love** was hospitalised on June 11, after an overdose of prescription drugs. She was discharged the same day ... **David Bowie** does a cameo as Andy Warhol in a movie about graffiti artist **Jean-Michael Basquiat** ... **Snoop Doggy Dogg's** trial is delayed as he has the same lawyer as OJ Simpson, **Johnny Cochran**, and Johnny is busy with OJ for awhile ... the **Rolling Stones** have recorded an acoustic set for MTV's *Unplugged* series ... the **Bats** are in-studio, producing themselves for an October release album ... **Flavor Flav** is serving 90 days in prison for gun possession ... missing **Manic Street Preacher** dude **Richey Edwards** has been found alive and well in Wales ... support for **Faith No More** in Auckland and Wellington is **Pumpkinhead** ... **Flying In** have their first platinum selling album; **Offspring's** *S*M*A*S*H* ... **Duran Duran** will not have the final word — **Kirsty MacColl** and **Evan Dando** duet on **Lou Reed's** 'Perfect Day' ... the **Exponents** are touring in August.

Sandra Bell

Dunedin singer/songwriter Sandra Bell releases her second solo album this month, on local label IMD. Although Bell has been recording under several guises, and performing live since the very early 80s, she's the first to admit her name is never likely to be seen in lights.

"I accept that my music has got a following that is quite small, and it will always be appreciated by a small group of people. But that's not to say that I wouldn't like more people to hear it, because I would like that, but I don't have a recipe for writing songs that are going to be popular. I just write what I write, and I can't plan it to be in a particular way."

Net, the follow-up to her 1991 Xpressway album *Dreams Of Falling*, is an equally raucous

and reserved affair — veering between harsh, warped rock, and enigmatic, brooding torch songs. Reflecting her first explorations into writing as a poet, many songs on *Net* place emphasis on the lyrics, and often, when they are shrouded in a wash of dark, heavy guitars, she can give the impression of being overwhelmingly down in the dumps.

"I see them more as sad or serious than depressing. I'm an old sop, and I like sad songs and sad movies. But I don't want to make other people feel depressed, so that's why there's a whole wide range of emotions on the album. Music is one of the few places in our culture where you can express your emotions, and I think people do use music for that reason — both the people who make it and the people who listen to it."

BLACKJACK

G U G G A N A U T

new single in stores 10th July



Tours

PUMPKINHEAD

July 6 Hamilton, Wailing Bongo
7 Auckland, Powerstation (*All Ages*)
8 Tauranga, Crossroads Tavern
13 New Plymouth, The Mill
14 Palmerston North, Albert Motor Lodge
15 Wellington, James Cabaret (*All Ages*)

HELLO SAILOR

July 6 Takaka, River Inn
7 Motueka, Swan Hotel
8 Westport, Westport Tavern
9 Greymouth, Remingtons
11 Queenstown, Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrad)
13 Lake Hawera, Lake Hawera Hotel
14 Dunedin, Sammys
15 Invercargill, Tillermans
16 Ohau, Lake Ohau Lodge
20 Timaru, Loaded Hog
21 Methven, Blue Pub
22 Christchurch, Occidental
23 Greymouth, Revingtons
26 Picton, The Federal
27 Blenheim, Level 42
28 Paekakariki, Paekakariki Hotel
29 Hawera, Cheers Bar
August 4 Te Awamutu, Commercial Hotel
5 Colville, Colville Hall
12 Ohakune, Hot Lava
13 National Park, Schnapps
17 Whangarei, Pips
18 Rawene
19 Dargaville

VERLAINES

July 6 Auckland, Squid Bar
7 Auckland, Squid Bar
8 Hamilton, Wailing Bongo
13 Oamaru, Penguin Club
14 Dunedin, Empire

HARRY CONNICK JNR

July 7 Auckland, Aotea Centre
8 Auckland, Aotea Centre

SEBADOH

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

JAN HELLRIEGEL

July 13 Tauranga, Otumoetai Trust
14 Auckland, Kurtz Lounge
15 West Auckland, Alamo
20 New Plymouth, Fitzroy Tavern
21 Palmerston North, Shamrock Hotel
22 Wellington, Planet
25 Queenstown, Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrad)
26 Invercargill, Colliseum
27 Dunedin, Sammys
28 Christchurch, University
29 Christchurch, The Edge
August 4 Auckland, Powerstation
5 Hamilton, Hillcrest Tavern

SCREAMING JETS

July 13 Wanaka, Cliffords
14 Queenstown, Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrad)
15 Dunedin, Sammys
16 Christchurch, Warners
20 Wellington, James Cabaret
21 Ohakune, Hot Lava Club
22 Auckland, Powerstation
23 Auckland, Windsor Park
24 Hamilton, Hillcrest Tavern

KING LOSER

July 13 Napier, Shakespeare
14 Gisborne, Paris
15 Wellington, Bar Bodega
16 Palmerston North, Wild Horse Saloon
21 Auckland, Las Vegas Strip Club
25 Hamilton, Wailing Bongo

UPPER HUTT POSSE

July 14 Auckland, Squid
20 New Plymouth, The Mill
21 Wellington, Antipodes
27 Christchurch, Quadrophenia
28 Dunedin, Crown
29 Queenstown, Winie Bagoes
August 4 Gisborne, Albion
5 Napier, Shakespeare
11 Rotorua, Towers
17 Hamilton, Wailing Bongo
18 Ohakune, Hot Lava
19 Palmerston North, New Royal

CHRIS ISAAK

July 20 Auckland, Logan Campbell Centre
21 Wellington, Town Hall

JAY CLARKSON

July 21 Dunedin, Otago University
22 Christchurch, Dux De Lux
24 Christchurch, Canterbury University
25 Auckland University (day), Hamilton, Wailing Bongo (night)
26 Palmerston North, Massey University
27 Wellington, Victoria University (day), Bar Bodega (night)
28 Wellington, Bar Bodega

DAVE DOBBYN

July 27 Auckland, Powerstation
28 Hamilton, Hillcrest Tavern
29 Ohakune, Hot Lava
31 Wellington, James Cabaret
August 2 Christchurch, Occidental
3 Methven, Blue Pub
4 Dunedin, Regines
5 Queenstown, Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrad)
6 Wanaka, Cliffords

THE CRUEL SEA

July 28 Auckland, Powerstation
29 Christchurch, Warners

SHIHAD

August 3 Nelson, Molly Maguires
4 Christchurch, Warners
5 Dunedin
6 Queenstown, Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrad)
11 Wellington, James Cabaret (*All Ages*)
12 Palmerston North, Albert Motor Lodge
16 New Plymouth, The Mill
17 Rotorua, Ace Of Clubs
18 Auckland, Powerstation (*All Ages*)
19 Auckland, The Alamo
23 Wanganui, Moose McGillicudys
24 Ohakune, Hot Lava
25 Gisborne, River Bar
26 Napier, Shakespeare

FAITH NO MORE

August 5 Wellington, Showbuilding
6 Auckland, Logan Campbell Centre

URGE OVERKILL

Late August Auckland, Powerstation

DIONNE WARWICK

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

EAGLES & MELISSA ETHERIDGE

November 25 Auckland, Western Springs

RUMOURS '95

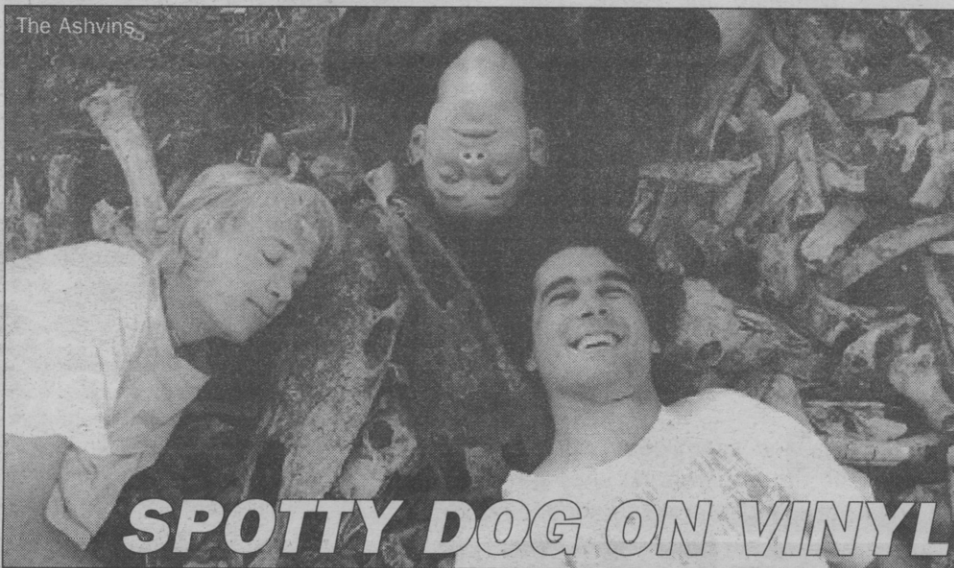
Fugazi
Pay It All Back: Tackhead, Little Axe, Audio Active, Two Badcard, Mark Stewart (October)
NoMeansNo (October)
Burning Spear
The Porkers
Incognito (October)



Jay Clarkson: The Wanderer

When Jay Clarkson opened for the Clean in Christchurch, in February this year, she and her two musical accomplices proved to be a winning combo. Jay's new trio are touring this month.

After performing solo for several years, Jay is



This month Palmerston North indie label Spotty Dog releases two seven inch singles on real vinyl (no shit!) by local bands Meat Market and the Ashvins. Spotty Dog boss Paul Hirst (also a member of the Ashvins) formed the label in June 1994 after a conversation with friends who were berating the lack of a cheap outlet for their recordings. So far Spotty Dog has released a handful of cassettes, and the vinyl recordings were made possible when Dave White of Yellow Bike Records (also P. North based) discovered the

now assisted by Michael Kime on double bass and Greg Malcolm on guitar and "sounds". Malcolm has previously worked with Jay in Breathing Cage, and Kime is in popular Christchurch group the Blue Swing.

"At very short notice, we had about half an hour's practise, but the audience response was warm," says Jay. The tour set list will be half old and half new. Her Flying Nun compilation, *Packet*, will be reissued on mid-price to coincide with the tour.

A self-confessed wanderer, Jay has moved six times in the last 18 months, from one Dunedin suburb to another. Jay describes her transient behaviour as "a habit from childhood".

In that time, Jay has recorded tracks for two Dunedin compilations. Last year it was 'Fool', for *Does It Float?*, and she recently recorded for an IMD compilation, as have David Kilgour, Graeme Downes and members of the 3Ds. Jay plans to record again in the New Year.

Despite the snow, she speaks warmly of her current home town, Dunedin, with its green belt, bellbirds and "a gorgeous walk two minutes away" from her home.

"I think it is a creative environment. There's a flexibility down here. Some people see it as a real scene. It's not precious. There's a kinda give it a go attitude."

But Jay's loathe to describe herself as "settled".

"I have daydreams of living in the Canterbury Plains, with sweeping views."

MURRAY CAMMICK

taking care of business

Yellow Bike Recording Cutting

Palmerston North label Yellow Bike are manufacturing 7 & 12 inch vinyl records after they unearthed a vinyl cutting machine in Himintangi. Enquires can be made to Dave White on (06) 356 9534, or PO Box 586, Palmerston North.

Musical Chairs

Carmelle Bennett (ex Powerstation) is now Marketing & Promotions Manager at Roadshow Records . . . Shane (ex Framptons) is now booking Crossroads in Tauranga at (07) 577-9512 . . . Chris Cole is now co-owner of the Powerstation at (09) 3777-666 . . . John Taylor is back from Dublin and Chief Programmer for the 4X0 group of radio stations.

NZ ON AIR Music Videos

The acts who have received NZ On Air video grants at the June meeting are:
Rikki Morris World Stand Still (Criminal)
Jamoa Jam Knowing You So Long (Deepgrooves)
Jordan Reyne Wilt (Deepgrooves)
Emehn Walls Of Steel (Deepgrooves)
Sulata Motion (Deepgrooves)
Urban Disturbance Figure This (Deepgrooves)
Grace Cool World (Deepgrooves)
Throw Honeyblonde (Fallsafe)
Ballterspace Splat (Flying Nun)
Garageland Come Back (Flying Nun)
Mink Mr Creepy (Infinite Regress)
Purest Form You Can Do It (Madame X)
Nixons Down With A D (Pagan)
Greg Johnson Set Don't Wait Another Day (Pagan)
Johni Sagala The Main Points (Papa Pacific)
The Tufnells Beautiful Ride (Sony)
Andrew Fagan Empty (Sony)
Dam Native The Horrified One (Tangata)
Shihad Deb's Night Out (Wildside)
Second Child Disappear (Wildside)

Funhouse I Don't Mind (Yellow Eye)

Nothing At All! Super Bullet (Zero)

NZ ON AIR Kiwi Hit Disc

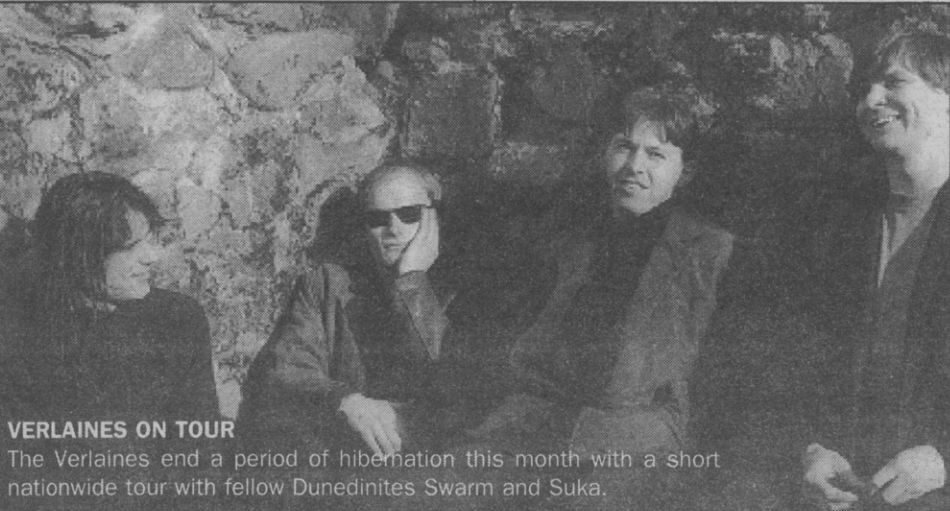
The tracks selected for the Kiwi Hit Disc No.15 are:
Rikki Morris World Stand Still (Criminal)
Grace Cool World (Deepgrooves)
Maree Sheehan What Have You Done To Me (Roadshow)
Sulata Never (Deepgrooves)
Color Climax Right (Deepgrooves)
Purest Form You Can Do It (Madame X)
Jamoa Jam Knowing You So Long (Deepgrooves)
Urban Disturbance Figure This (Deepgrooves)
Jordan Reyne Wilt (Deepgrooves)
Jacqui Keelan Davey Nobody (Hark)
David Parker King Of The Oceans (BMG)
LMB Natural World (Black DAW Productions)
Blackjack I Don't Have A Gun (Hark)
Thorazine Shuffle An Affair (Chronic)
Garageland Come Back (Flying Nun)
Kate In The Lemon Tree Glide (Pagan)
Shihad Deb's Night Out (Wildside)

NZ ON AIR Radio Hits Funding

The following NZ artists qualified due to the "significant airplay" achieved, for funding by the NZ On Air Radio Hits Scheme:
Supergroove Next Time (BMG)
Throw Honeyblonde (Fallsafe)
Dead Flowers Same Same (Wildside)

New Recording Artists Scheme Grant Recipients

The acts who received New Recording grants at the May meeting are:
Garageland (Flying Nun)
Chameleon (New Edge Ltd)
Short (Beats Bodega)
David Watson (Braille)
Wellington Jazz Compilation featuring Spook, Syzygy, C.L. Bob Quintet, Apollo Ten and Tardis (Yellow Eye)



VERLAINES ON TOUR

The Verlaines end a period of hibernation this month with a short nationwide tour with fellow Dunedinites Swarm and Suka.

FAITH NO MORE



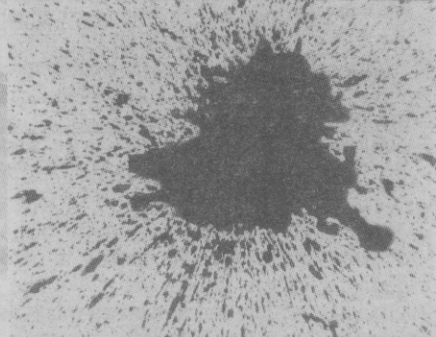
KING FOR A DAY, FOOL FOR A LIFETIME
FEATURING THE NEW SINGLE 'EVIDENCE' PLUS LIVE IN CONCERT:

SAT. 5 AUGUST
SHOW BUILDINGS
WELLINGTON

SUN. 6 AUGUST
LOGAN CAMPBELL CNTR.
AUCKLAND

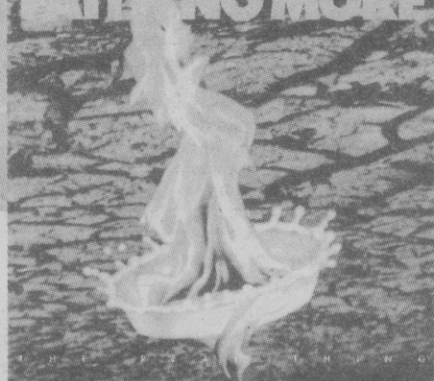
THE COMPLETE CATALOGUE AVAILABLE NOW

FAITH NO MORE

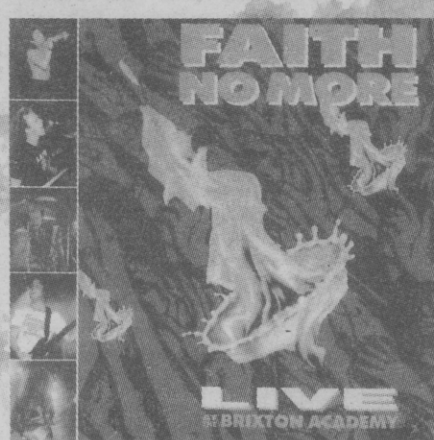


INTRODUCE YOURSELF
INTRODUCE YOURSELF
FEATURING 'WE CARE A LOT'

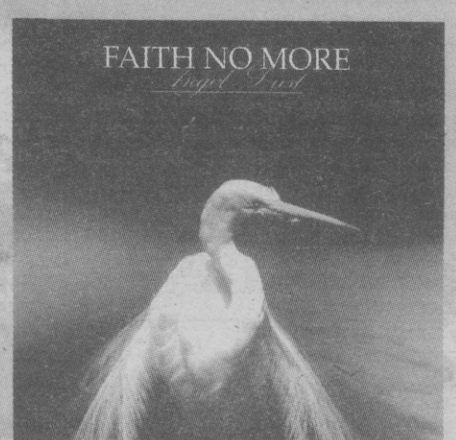
FAITH NO MORE



THE REAL THING
FEATURING 'EPIC' & 'FALLING TO PIECES'



LIVE AT THE
BRIXTON ACADEMY



ANGEL DUST
FEATURING 'EASY'

KIRK GEB

VOX POP ROAD-HOUSE BLUES

Continuing our series of infamous and no holds barred vox pop features, we went head-to-head with members of some of the country's top acts, and asked them: Where is the worst place you've ever played, and why does it deserve this distinction?



"Definitely Whakatane. The crowd started demanding Doors covers and they wound up getting quite nasty, so we ended up introducing every Second Child song as an old Doors B-side.

We told them if they were real Doors fans, they would know the songs. A few fell for it, but at the end of our set a woman came up to me and said: 'On behalf of Whakatane, you guys suck.' She was followed by a much happier male, wondering when we were going to start the second set of Doors' classics."

Damien Binder, Second Child.



"We drove for two days, for one solitary gig in the South Island. It was our first time playing on the mainland. We got to the gig, climbed up two flights of stairs, and walked into a bloody coffee lounge with a tiny stage and a PA that resembled someone's home stereo.

"The support act for the gig was the Mainland's leading 'alternative' poet, which did not go down well with the crowd, who either left or sat down on the dancefloor — they remained sitting there for our entire set.

"Meanwhile, on the ground floor were three ska bands playing covers. The night ended with us loading out our gear while skinheads and students fought in the carpark. We sang: 'Where have all the skin-

heads gone, long time passing,' at them. I also backed the van into a tree. It truly sucked, a rather tragic night. However, every subsequent trip to the Mainland has been filled with much happiness and good fun."

Peter McLennan, Hallelujah Picassos.



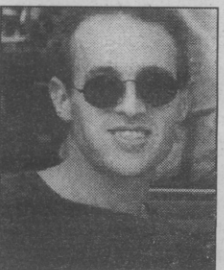
"CBGB's in New York is the dirtiest. When we were sound-checking, the resident dog did a pee on the dance floor. The place reeked of this dog. The toilets had no doors. Still, better than Invercargill any day."

David Saunders, the 3Ds.



"Probably the Punters Club in Melbourne. It's about the size of the Powerstation toilet, and the stage wouldn't be much bigger than the step in front of the urinal. Bevan was drumming with bent elbows, while Fiona, Chris and I spent most of our time standing sideways so we could fit. Michael quite enjoyed it, I think, because no one could see him behind Chris' amp."

Grant Fell, Headless Chickens.



"The worst one was in Kaikohe on the *Serious Latitude Tour* in 92. I was doing a combination of poems and songs. Half of the audience were there to see me, and half were there to celebrate the newly revamped room.

To start with, the top end of the PA died, so it sounded like someone had thrown a blanket over it. Then the bar manager said I had to stop talking between songs otherwise he

would pull the plug — the talking was the poems! I was halfway through a poem when he came up to tell me this. This appalled half the crowd, and raised cheers from the other half. We ended up in an argumentative scene at 3AM with the pub manager, and he chucked us out of the accommodation. So three of us slept the rest of the night with a dog in a Honda Civic!

Andrew Fagan.

"Any place that's got a frickin' smoke machine on stage and a sound system that can't handle a decent 808 kick."

Teremoana Rapley.

"Stax in Wellington, the old Rocky's place — over the top security and management."

Craig Radford, Sticky Filth.



"A place called Simon's in Waiheke Island. We played there in winter with six inches of water on the floor. There were six people there, and all they wanted to hear was 'Suffragette City'.

So we played that over and over for more than an hour — they didn't seem to mind.

"Another place was Owairake Primary School Hall. We played there just after the Springbok tour in 81, and the Red Squad was still around. They turned up to close the place down, and they kicked my amp in and hit me on the head with a baton — a teenager with a guitar is no match for a copper with a baton."

Alan Stephenson, the Warners.

"Top of the scale would have to be an outdoor bikie festival in Waiuku. The Set were booked to play sandwiched between every hard-rock, flying V, speed-metal band in existence. The crowd witnessed the gig, mainly guys the size of the Warriors frontline, in classic pose — one hand grasping an open tinny, the other hand clutching a six-pack,



with thumb through their belt loop — and in total silence (no applause, no boos, no cans... nothing!). The Mongrel Mob broke the place up about an hour after we'd split.

"I hadn't known it was a bikie festival, so consequently arrived at this gawd forsaken gig wearing a cream coloured Heaven shirt, with a girlie type design screened on the front. Considering everyone was in black, denim and patches etc., I didn't really feel out of place at all!"

Trevor Reekie, Cosa Nostra and Greg Johnson Set.



"The worst was in Westport on a Friday night, at some dodgy pub I can't remember the name of. Every single person complained about the five dollar door charge. They were horrified

because: 'Hey, this is Westport man. No one charges five dollars'."

Damon Newton, Dead Flowers.

"It had to be the River Inn in Takaka, where we played for two and a half hours to 40 people for a home cooked meal, free drinks, a room each and espresso for breakfast. Pretty fucked really — not!"

Sean Sturm, the Nixons.

"Invercargill, because it doesn't have a giant monument of a trout! (Trout mean a lot to me.)

Tony, Nothing At All!

"This country is too small to dis venues. The worst gigs are often 'charity' gigs for 'good causes'. They always try to save money by not having the right gear and a lousy PA."

Chris Maia, Three The Hard Way.

THE ULTIMATE R&B COMPILATION

**SPIKE LEE
PRESENTS A
NICK GOMEZ FILM**

NEW JERSEY DRIVE



THE ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK FEATURING NEW MUSIC BY:

NAUGHTY BY NATURE • COOLIO •
HEAVY D • KEITH MURRAY • LORDS
OF THE UNDERGROUND • QUEEN
LATIFAH • MC EIHT • REDMAN •
OUTKAST • BLACK MOON & SMIF 'N'
WESSUN • FLIP SQUAD ALLSTARS •
ILL AL SKRATCH • YOUNG LAY FEAT.
MAC MALL AND RAY LUV • JERU THE
DAMAJA • MAD LION • O.C. FEAT.
ORGANIZED KONFUSION • SABELLE
• TOTAL • E. BROS • POETS OF
DARKNESS • SMOOTH

PLUS CLASSIC OLD SKOOL JAMS

**AVAILABLE FROM ALL
GOOD RECORD STORES**

Letters

Reviewer Reviewed

How long do we have to suffer the boring, predictable writing of ex-lollyman and When The Cat's Away groupie John Russell?

It's becoming pretty obvious that the writer who champions such boring, middle of the road crap as Hello Sailor, the Rolling Stones and Pumpkinhead (Yes, that's right, middle of the road. You can cover as many Gordons songs as you want, wear as many Sonic Youth T-shirts as you can buy, not wash your hair for weeks, for that fashionable dirty white boy look, but it doesn't make you alternative. Is 'Water' really a Silverchair reject, or is that just an ugly rumour?) is way out of his depth on anything a little challenging, off-beat or awkward.

Apart from his constant blowjobbing of Wildside bands (Well, he does write for the official Wildside Magazine, *RiptUp*. No bias here matey.), he seems to be unable to evaluate any other independent label's work (either overseas or domestic) without showing:

- 1) His basic ignorance of alternative music.
- 2) His outdated and tired bias for big grunty lad entertainer rock 'n' roll bands.

John, please be a big man, and admit to yourself your inefficiencies and your complete lack of talent as an analytical writer. You're just not good enough.

I presume, by you telling every second person that you are a Marvin Gaye fan, that you come from a soul music background. Fair enough, although I notice you've never given a dance record a bad review; so, either New Zealand is producing 100 percent first class dance music, or you're not sure what actually constitutes a bad record from a good one, so you just patronise them all by saying 'good work' for no apparent reason.

But please leave guitar music alone. It is a hard genre to come to terms with and intelligence is needed. You are way out of your depth and biased to boot. These traits are crippling in a reviewer. I'm reviewing you, and I hope you have the integrity to print this letter.

Regards.

SST, Sub-Pop, 4AD, Rough Trade, Flying Nun, Mammoth Forever. (Do you own any records from these labels? Do you listen to them? Hard to get that Pumpkinhead record off the turntable is it?)

John Russell replies: You ask that I have the integrity to print your letter, but you don't have the balls to sign your own name. So thanks, but no thanks for the anonymous 'review', coward.

Word Out Housey

Yo, yo, yo, whaz up?

We're the gankstaz from the Waipukarau Bloods, and we're fucked off with all you cuntz slagging off Merle H Thomas. She's a good bitch and a cuz of ours, and anyway, Pearl Jam suck [our collective] dick. Pearl Jam's such a rude name, anyway. Why don't you listen to some real sounz, like Hammer (MC) — the King (he'll live forever) — Bobby Brown, Kulcha and Moana.

So, don't trash Merle, trash Pearl Jam.

Rangi and Changi in the gangi, Rosse in the posse, Rub in the club, and all the buds from the Waipuk' Bloods.

Writing Up A Storm

We are writing to you about a review we seen in the June issue of *RiptUp*. It concerned Christchurch band Tempest. It was a review on their album *Precious Times*. Me and my mates thought the review was a load of shit! This album kicks ass. We seen Tempest live at a bike rally earlier this year, and man, did they go off. I didn't hear any of the 4,000 people in the crowd complain. Not only did they put on one hell of a show,

but they are all good at what they do — not like some bands.

Saying they sound like every other 70s heavy metal band. Don't tell me Pearl Jam don't sound like every other Seattle band.

Don't knock what you know nothing about. Next time try listening to the album before you give it a review. Maybe learn a little about music while you're at it.

Tempest deserve better.

Frazer, Paul, Tony, Chris and Mark, Christchurch.

Darth Vedder: Working Class Oppressor

The final word on those geeks of hard rawwk. Judging from the foul mouthed responses to Merle H Thomas' erudite and deadly accurate dismissal of those Woodstock wannabe rejects Pearl Jam, one must conclude that fans of the liberal Silverchair x 2 ensemble are perverse fanatics with a hate fetish. Put a prophylactic on that disgustingly named group, I say. The do-gooder antics of the Mother Theresa of pub rock, Darth Vedder, and the other dope heads of Pearl Spam are falling on deaf ears.

Stop smoking all that pot and get a haircut, you morbid, psycho-analytical hippies. Stop retro tossing and get into some modern bands. Grunge is dead! Stop listening to Deep Purple, Lifeline metal heads, and get with the 90s. There are class acts out there, like Shellac, Truman's Water, Elastica, Archers of Loaf, Grave Diggaz, Ash, Lungleg, Napalm Death, etc. Eddie Smeghead is not a god. He smashes up rooms, thinking he's a big superstar (eg. the Roger Daltry tribute debacle). And who has to clean up his mess? Real fucking working class people, who millionaire whingers like him trod on. In the immortal words of Kurt Cobain, Pearl Jam's music totally sucks.

Cecil Shrimpton (aka Jeremy Asspoken), Mount Roskill.

PS: A real 'alternative' fan would rather listen to a hippopotamus burp than endure Vedder's whining.

Why do Pearl Jam, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Faith No More, Boston and Porno for Pyros male fans all look like that glam retard turd Mikey Havoc?

Without Elvis Presley, Edward Vedhead would be in an asylum, jerking off to 'There's a Fraction Too Much Pearl Jam'. Yeah!

More Merle Fan Mail

Well, fuck me slowly with a chainsaw, but doesn't good ole Merle (nice name, honey) get some publicity! Probably think you're popular now, do ya? Well, you are indeed. And you certainly do have some mean words on your vocab' list, like 'gobshite' and 'orangutan'. Oh no, don't bring out the wooden spoon! And you seem to really know and enjoy the bands your precious Kurt Cobain brings to his concerts — like the Meat Puppets, Courtney Love (It's pretty weird she appears — it's not like she was his wife!) and, I quote, 'that guy from the Vasolines'.

Joe Bloggs (a girl), Auckland.

Homophobic Cave Dweller Speaks

Why I hate Silverchair, slimy fags.

'Why is Silverchair so put down all the time?' Because they're a bunch of butt kissing wankers who couldn't write a decent song even if it was written on their bandmate's dick. They are the most manufactured bunch of corporate orientated rip-offs there is. They were generated by some executive to hopefully mould into the 'alternative' market, to be picked up by people who have no idea what 'interesting, truly innovative music' is. In two years, if disco has a revival, they'll be ripping off old ABBA songs. You can't tell me that he (the lead singer, whoever the fuck he is; let's refer to him as the boy with sparkle and shine in his hair) isn't trying to sound like Eddie Vedder during the slow bit of 'Tomorrow', and then he tries his hand at Kurt Cobain in the chorus. I wish there were still lynch mobs around, 'cause these pricks

would be the first on my list. I have unfortunately heard their songs, and it's probably scarred me for life.

I see they've also put out a single on 7". Why? Monkey see, monkey do. Pearl Jam forced their fans' knowledge of vinyl when they put *Vitalogy* out [on vinyl] two weeks earlier than the CD. Nice gesture. It's good that they acknowledge vinyl and it's usually unnoticed contribution to music, but don't kiss Pearl Jam's arse and say they started a revival. Record collectors have kept [vinyl] alive for years. And sure as shit don't say Silverchair are supporting it. Monkey see, monkey do, remember? It's all for money. I'd bet the fucking farm it is. They'll probably put out novelty dolls next.

If they even did have talent, why do they (as SP Kilpatrick said) sound like Soundgarden? If there was talent there, they'd sound like Silverchair. It makes me wonder if they wipe their own arses. They are a sad ploy to sell music, that's why I hate them. I'd personally rather be butt fucked by Michael Jackson than hear another chord of their try-hard shit.

Also, isn't it funny that most of those who responded to Merle Thomas' letter also put down Nirvana. It's funny, 'cause these same people were probably getting wet over Nirvana when they were 'cool'. Go peel the shit from your eyes you fucking hypocrites.

The Amazing Clarence.

Hear! Hear!

Why are there so many songs about rainbows? Why do birds sing? Why does the phone always ring when you're on the toilet? And, most importantly, why do so many dickheads write to *RiptUp*? There were 11 (count 'em) letters from stressing, over sensitive gripers with nought better to do with their time than get extremely upset (come on guys, how many of you actually *cried*?).

Hey, I like Pearl Jam, I liked the concert, but if Merle H Thomas (bless his now-to-be hated-forever soul) thinks they suck, fine. So hey, kiddies, don't get upset and whinge just 'cause someone calls the band you live for a bunch of cocksuckers. Leave the letters page open for constructive discussions about contemporary issues like: 'orange cardies — they're not ugly, they're just misunderstood'; or 'how I cured cancer on three cents a day'.

Face it — Merle H Thomas and anyone else who has an opinion at all isn't going to change it because a bunch of whiners tell him hes fucked.

Well, bye darlings. I love you all, even if you like Billy Ray Cyrus (um, that's bullshit actually). Tarrah, and relax.

Catherine, Christchurch.

PS: I like the Pixies, Sonic Youth, Tool and Belly, among others. If you want to abuse me for that, fine. I also think Green Day and Silverchair suck, so ditto on the abuse thang (country twang for Billy Ray Cyrus fans).

Revenge of the Durannies

John Taite,

Do you want a good kick in the balls, or what? Oh sorry, I forgot, you don't have any, or you would have had the guts to admit the new covers album by Duran Duran is actually 'really cool', as reviewed in the June issue of *More* magazine.

Thankyou is a work of tasteful genius and funky as hell — not to mention full on and inventive on songs like 'White Lines' and '911 is a Joke'.

So John, while you spend your time wanking all over posters of Oasis, Simon gets to shag Yasmin and pal around with Quentin Tarantino. Who's the *real* loser now?

Drive-By Killer, Alton.

Missing Manic

Finally, some mention of the Manic Street Preachers in your magazine. June *RiptUp*: 'Manic Street Preachers guitarist James Dean Bradfield is currently recording with Therapy?' You still haven't printed anything about the missing Richey James.

He's only been missing for four months. Maybe if it was a member of some second rate grunge band from America we would have saturation coverage. You'd think nobody in New Zealand has heard of the Manics.

A Sweet and Tender Hooligan, Invercargill (an excuse for a town).

Fatty No Redneck

For the following letter we will pronounce the name 'Floyd' with an over the top, mental patient's accent: 'Floyyyy Da.'

In defence of Fat Mannequin, and especially Will Hickman, the only things Eddie Vedder and Will have got common is deep voices, and good ones at that. What do you think William did, Floyd — go to a fuckin' plastic surgeon and ask for his balls to be lowered?

Why not compare Will to other singers, such as [those in] Stone Temple Pilots and Crash Test Dummies, and other deep voice vocalists, instead of just the Eddie Vedder hang up?

As for calling Will a fuckin' redneck, for fuck's sakes, Will couldn't be a redneck if you gave him a book on how to be one. Knowing William for the last couple of years, you couldn't meet such a great guy who gets on with anybody. He takes everybody for who and what they are, no begrudges.

What I'd like to know is why you've got such a hang up on William, Floyd. What is it? Is it because he's a heterosexual and he shot you down, or what?

Right, that's enough said about Floyd, who's probably doing the rounds on a Chinese fishing fleet. I suppose I shouldn't say things like that about someone who I don't know — but then again, I don't suppose Floyd knows William at all either.

I just had the privilege to hear the Fattys' latest recordings. Look out for it New Zealand, 'cause they're fat excellent, fat brilliant and fat as.

A Defender of the Fattys, Tawa, Wellington.

PS: Life's a plunge into the pool of destiny. Some of us will float. Some of us will sink. That's just the way it is.

Schizo Frantic

What do you mean you missed Schizo-Phrenia playing at the *Mushroom Ball*? What an incomplete review, man (June *RiptUp*). 'Sorry guys,' you say. I'm no guy. I'm a gal, pal. Schizo-Phrenia advertise: 'Be there or be nowhere.' So, in pursuit of a *vegetarian feed*, you missed a good, *positive message* show. I hope the music industry doesn't get the wrong idea about Schizo-Phrenia.

Schizo-Phrenia is watching you Greg Hammerdown.

Skin Lizzie, Schizo-Phrenia, New Plymouth.

The End of the Rainbow

Sail the world,
Sale forever,
For a greener, more peaceful planet,
Save the world,
Save the world,
For peace and love,
Could the world unite,
For peace and harmony we fight;

Save the world,
It's the end of the rainbow,
Now they are taking the pot of gold,
Be told,
It's time,
'Cause their heart is cold,
Save this world;

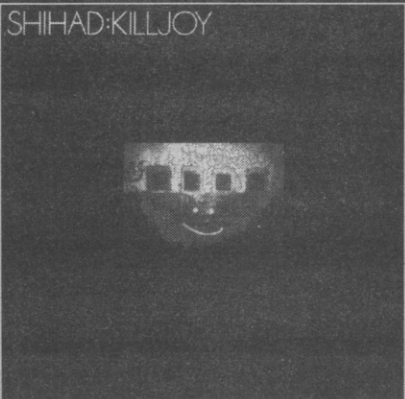
I stick my finger up you filthy atoll,
Up your atoll.

Rayna Duncan, Auckland.

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

SHIHAD

SHIHAD:KILLJOY

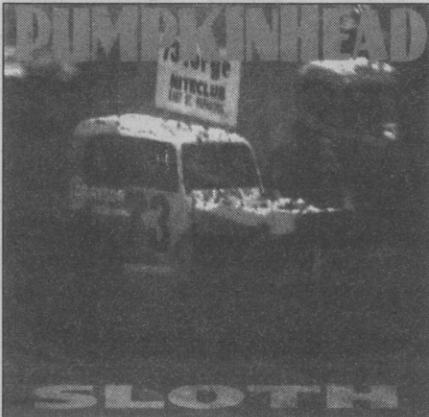


new album out now
KILLJOY
Features Bitter, You Again,
Debs Night Out, Gimme Gimme.

AUGUST TOUR

August 3 NELSON Molly Maguire's	Wed 16 NEW PLYMOUTH, The Mill
Fri 4 CHRISTCHURCH Warners	Thurs 17 ROTORUA Ace Of Clubs
Sat 5 DUNEDIN	Fri 18 AUCKLAND Powerstation (All Ages)
Sun 6 QUEENSTOWN Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrad)	Sat 19 NEW LYNN, The Alamo
Fri 11 WELLINGTON James Cabaret (All Ages)	Wed 23 WANGANUI Moose McGillicudys
Sat 12 PALMERSTON NORTH Albert Motor Lodge	Thurs 24 OHAKUNE, Hot Lava
	Fri 25 GISBORNE, River bar
	Sat 26 NAPIER, Shakespeare

PUMPKINHEAD



new album out now
SLOTH
Includes Third Eye (single out July 10),
I Like, Water and Erase.

JULY TOUR

Thurs July 6 HAMILTON, Wailing Bongo with SEMI LEMON KOLA
Fri July 7 AUCKLAND Powerstation (All Ages). with THORAZINE SHUFFLE
Sat July 8 TAURANGA, Crossroads.
Thurs July 13 NEW PLYMOUTH, The Mill.
Fri July 14 PALMERSTON NORTH, Albert.
Sat July 15 WELLINGTON with FAT MANNEQUIN James Cabaret (All Ages).

DEAD FLOWERS



Powerstation
Friday July 21 (All Ages)
The album Sweetfish features singles Same
Same, Not Ready, Watch Her Play,
Home and Dead Boy.
For Wildside info and merchandise write to Wildside Catalogue,
PO Box 7012, PO Box Auckland 1.



The **AUCKLAND ROCK Shop**

100 Karangahape Road, Auckland

Phone (09) 379-8609

Fax (09) 377-5994

The **AUCKLAND DRUM Shop**

104 Karangahape Road, Auckland

Phone (09) 377-5554

Fax (09) 377-5994

The **WELLINGTON ROCK Shop**

The Breeze Plaza,

Manners Mall, Manners St, Wellington

Phone (04) 473-0692

Fax (04) 472-1262

The **CHRISTCHURCH ROCK Shop**

207 Cashel Street, Christchurch

Phone (03) 379-1177

Fax (03) 379-1163

The **DUNEDIN ROCK Shop**

41 Filleul Street, Dunedin

Phone (03) 477-0058

Fax (09) 477-0311

NO INTEREST DEPOSIT REPAYMENTS HIDDEN CHARGES

FOR 100 DAYS

Offer available for items over \$400 *Subject to finance approved customers

PLUS GUARANTEED BEST PRICES IN NZ

ON THE MAJOR LEADING BRANDS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND SOUND EQUIPMENT

FENDER, GIBSON, G+L, IBANEZ, JACKSON, B.C. RICH, ERNIE BALL, PEAVEY, MARSHALL, EPIPHONE, MATON, TAKAMINE, TRACE ELLIOT, SWR, AMPEG, ROSS, CELESTION, DOD, DIGITECH, BOSS, AKAI, ALESIS, FOSTEX, TASCAM, SESSION 8, SOUNDCRAFT, SOUNTRACS, ROLAND, ENSONIQ, KORG, SHURE, AKG, AUDIX, NADY, EMU, YAMAHA, GOLDSTAR, SONY, VESTAX, PIONEER, NUMARK, SONOR, PREMIER, TAMA, PEARL, MAPEX, ZILDJIAN, PAISTE, ETC...

SOUND SYSTEM SPECIALS

PACKAGE 1

Pair of ROSS (USA) R112
(1x12" plus Pz Horn)
Speaker Cabinets

PLUS

ROSS 4110 (150watt/
4 Channels/
Tape In/Reverb/
Master EQ/EFX loop/
Aux Input)

RRP over \$2000

OUR PRICE \$1299

Inc FREE Speaker Cables

PACKAGE 2

Pair of ROSS (USA)RZ 112
(1x12" plus Horn)
Trapezoid Cabinets

PLUS

ROSS PC6400 (400watt/
6 Channels/
Tape In/Reverb/
Master EQ/
Phantom Power/
Aux Input/
EFX Loop/Monitor Out)

RRP over \$2900

OUR PRICE \$1999

Inc FREE Speaker Cables

PACKAGE 3

Pair of ROSS (USA)RZ-152
(1x15" plus Horn)
Trapezoid Cabinets

PLUS

ROSS PC6400 (400watt/
6 Channels/
Tape In/Reverb/
Master EQ/Phantom
Power/Aux Input/
EFX Loop/Monitor Out)

RRP over \$3600

OUR PRICE \$2499

Inc FREE Speaker Cables

PACKAGE 4

Pair of ROSS (USA)RZ-252
(1x15" plus Large Horn)
Trapezoid Cabinets

PLUS

ROSS MEGA 800
(800watt)
Stereo Power Amplifier
PLUS
ROSS 8 channel Mixing
Console

RRP over \$5000

OUR PRICE \$3499

Inc FREE Speaker & Audio
Cables

PACKAGE 5

Pair of ROSS (USA)RZ-452
(2x15" plus Large Horn)
Trapezoid Cabinets

PLUS

ROSS MEGA 800
(800watt)
Stereo Power Amplifier
PLUS
ROSS 16 channel Mixer
Console

RRP over \$6800

OUR PRICE \$4999

Inc FREE Speaker & Audio
Cables

PACKAGE 6

LARGE DISCO SYSTEM
PAIR of ROSS
(USA) RCS 184

(4 way 18" plus 10" plus
Mid Horn + Tweeter)

PLUS

Ross MEGA 800 (800watt)
Stereo Power Amplifier

PLUS

NUMARK DM 1080
DISCO MIXER

RRP over \$7200

OUR PRICE \$4999

Inc all Connecting Cables

"DIGITAL RECORDING HAS NEVER BEEN CHEAPER"

AKAI DR4d NOW ONLY \$2999 INC FREE FLIGHTCASE (FOR A VERY LIMITED PERIOD ONLY)
EX-DEMO ALESIS ADATS. VERY FEW LEFT AT ONLY \$4999. FULL WARRANTY WITH EVERY MODEL.



TV GENERATION

This month, two American bands, Blind Melon and Letters To Cleo, release albums in New Zealand. Both groups share little in common, except for the fact each owes their success to the little square box that sits in the corner of your living room...

The concept was simple and unbelievably effective. All that was required to push Blind Melon from obscurity to the spotlight was a video, featuring a fat young girl dancing in a bumble-bee costume.

When Blind Melon released their self-titled debut album this time last year, media and public interest remained confined to the drug-taking habits of lead singer Shannon Hoon, and his friendship with one W Axl Rose. It wasn't until the MTV channel placed the video for their first single, 'No Rain', on high rotate that the group entered the realm of commercial success. Speaking from his home in Seattle, Blind Melon bass player Brad Smith is in no doubt that MTV is the reason he's not selling shoes or washing dishes for a living.

"MTV is so corporate, and a lot of bands don't want to sell out to the corporate rock, but without their support you really don't have a chance of making all that much money. They can totally make or break a band, they can put your video on *Beavis and Butthead*, and if *Beavis and Butthead* say it sucks, then everybody thinks it sucks. But if they put it on as a 'buzz clip', your album is going to sell. They fully kicked in our album sales with the 'No Rain' video."

Unlike his bandmate, guitarist Christopher Thorn, who told *RipItUp* last year: "It's pretty sick that they're speaking to such a large audience of our generation," Smith has no problem with American kids needing two cartoon characters to tell them what's hip that week.

"I think it's cool, I love *Beavis and Butthead*."

Smith has just returned home after spend-

ing three months in New Orleans, where Blind Melon recorded their second album at producer Daniel Lanois' home studio. Produced by Andy Wallace (Rage Against the Machine, Faith No More, Soundgarden), *Soup* slips between acoustic and electric blues-based rock, retaining a similar feel to *Blind Melon*. Does that mean they're going to need another oddball video? Smith doesn't think so.

"This album has a whole new sound for us, and people are probably going to have a hard time believing it is Blind Melon. I think people will get something more out of this album than just another bee-girl type video, though we've got a lot of work to do before people stop thinking of us as 'the bee band'. We're happy with that because we plan to be around for awhile yet."

Only if your singer doesn't wind up dead in a shit covered toilet, with a needle in his arm.

"Well, that's not going to happen. He went and cleaned up and he's been doing good for quite some time. He's pretty healthy. It did cause some setbacks in the beginning, but he's fine, he's on top of it."

In 1990, Letters To Cleo were one of many struggling Boston bands living in the shadow of bigger names like the Pixies and the Lemonheads.

Despite the cult success of the bands headed by Black Francis and Evan Dando, there was no influx of major label A&R vultures to the town, with cheque books at the ready, all competing to sign 'the next big thing'. So, Letters To Cleo followed that well worn path that holds little or no guarantee of stardom at the end of the road. They



Letters to Cleo

released seven-inch singles on a tiny independent label, collected fans by touring and playing constantly, and shopped endlessly in search of a major label contract.

Still lonesome in 1993, they made their debut album, *Aurora Gory Alice*, for \$7000, put the bill on a credit card, and released it on Boston's Cherrydisc Records. Out on the promo trail, a chance meeting led to the band's inclusion on the *Melrose Place Soundtrack*. Their current single, 'Here and Now', plays during the closing credits of US screenings. Letter's To Cleo bassist Scott Riebling tells how the deal was done, and it wasn't because they were doing anything as interesting as sleeping with one of the actresses.

"We played a show in Texas at the South-By South-West Music Conference, and we got taken out to dinner by a representative of Giant Records, who were working on the *Melrose Place Soundtrack*. Well, three members of the band, *Melrose* is their favourite show on TV. Eventually we signed to Giant and got on the soundtrack."

Not unexpectedly, this set the wheels in spin. Letters To Cleo was the band name to drop, and suddenly it was standing room only at their gigs.

"This band's been around for a long time, and before this whole *Melrose Place* thing came about, we were lucky to bring 50 or 60

people into a club outside of the New England area. Now that's changed, and it's a real thrill to play at a club in Texas, or Detroit, or Florida, and fill it up. We were never able to do that before the whole *Melrose* thing happened."

Sensing a profitable cash-in opportunity, Giant reissued *Aurora Gory Alice*, which was then picked up by College stations throughout America, and MTV added 'Here and Now' to its list of 'buzz' video clips. Riebling sounds almost embarrassed to acknowledge the impact television has had on the band.

"MTV is very influential especially in our type of music, though I'd like to think that we would have done all right without them... but they certainly helped a lot. Once the *Melrose* thing kicked on, and the alternative stations started to playlist us, then MTV picked us up, and yes, they definitely had a lot to do with our success."

In closing, Riebling states the influence of 'the drug of the Nation' is also beginning to benefit other local bands.

"Before *Melrose*, there really weren't a lot of labels interested in what was going on here. Things have definitely changed a huge way in the past six months. Now there's record label people at all the shows, and bands are getting signed left and right out of Boston."

JOHN RUSSELL

Glen Moffatt: Silly Shirt Stuffing



Glen is one of the few New Zealanders who had to tape the 1AM World Cup games because he was still working at that hour, playing a regular Sunday late night spot at the Java Jive. Regular live work means he knows 200 or so covers, mainly country, but he's found it helpful to have an AC/DC song on hand.

"I think it's from living in Napier. If we've just done a Roger Miller song and some heckler yells: 'Play some AC/DC,' we do. We play 'Highway to Hell'!"

Glen, of course, plays the anthem with violin, steel guitar and wearing one of his trademark satin shirts.

"I like gaudy shirts. It started as a piss-take, but I like it now. I just got six free from an op shop because they wouldn't sell. I have a couple of my mother's creations. My mother sews a good shirt."

He draws a line at cowboy hats. "I've never been a cowboy or [ridden] a horse, so I'd never wear a hat — and my hair's too nice."

He's aware of the dread vibe associated with the MOR country we've seen on telly over the years.

"Many New Zealanders don't understand what country is. They've had Dolly Parton and Kenny Rogers shoved down their throats. In the 70s, country was MOR, stringy, crossover stuff; and Nashville today is like the 70s, all crossover. They all sound the same."

Nashville is no longer Mecca for Glen, but he says: "I'd love to go to Texas and play the bars."

Somewhere In New Zealand Tonight appears on the Montage Studios based Sun Pacific label. Recording the album was a major high for Glen.

"It was my first studio experience. Producer Stuart Pearce was fantastic. Sam Ford engineered, and had to referee on a few occasions."

"A week after [recording finished], I had withdrawal symptoms. I can't wait to do a second album."

It's ironic that at 24 years of age, Moffatt fronts a band of slightly older musicians.

"It adds to the mystique, a young guy over it front, with aging pros behind him. The next youngest is 34. The rest are over 40."

They don't wear silly shirts.

MURRAY CAMMICK

Somewhere in New Zealand Tonight is the title track off Glen Moffatt's debut album. It's a song that reflects on the dilemma New Zealand artists face, in working with music genres born in the USA, while still reflecting our local culture.

Glen can name local heroes in the country field, and American greats and left field writers that have inspired him.

"I really got enthused when Dwight Yoakam, Randy Travis and Steve Earle put out their albums in 1986," he says.

Growing up in Napier, he learned of many of country's great songs from the recordings of kiwi John Hore.

"John Hore was doing Roger Miller, Buck Owens and Don Gibson covers. I was getting all that great stuff second-hand."

He also admires kiwi country writer/performers Ritchie Pickett and Al Hunter. He respects musicians who embrace local culture.

"Wayne Mason has been a revelation. He's never been afraid of writing about New Zealand. I think Don McGlashan's 'Dominion Road' is a fantastic song — I'd love to cover it one day. If Jimmy Barnes in Cold Chisel can sing about Sydney, why can't we sing about New Zealand?"

DAVE DOBBYN
AND BAND
ON TOUR

JULY

Thu 27	Auckland	Powerstation
Fri 28	Hamilton	Hillcrest
Sat 29	Ohakune	Hot Lava
Sun 30	Palmerston North	Fat Ladies Arms
Mon 31	Wellington	James Cabaret

AUGUST

Wed 2	Christchurch	The Occidental
Thu 3	Methven	Blue Pub
Fri 4	Dunedin	Regines
Sat 5	Queenstown	Vilagrad
Sun 6	Wanaka	Cliffords

Platinum album *TWIST* available in all good record stores now!

PACIFIC ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS...

THE
SCREAMING
JETS

ON TOUR IN NEW ZEALAND

Their two hit albums "All For One" and "Tear Of Thought"
available at all good record stores now!

DATE	TOWN	VENUE
JULY		
Thu 13	Wanaka	Cliffords
Fri 14	Queenstown	Vilagrad
Sat 15	Dunedin	Sammy's
Sun 16	Christchurch	Warners

Thu 20	Wellington	James Cabaret
Fri 21	Ohakune	Hot Lava
Sat 22	Auckland	Powerstation
Sun 23	Auckland	Windsor Park Hotel
Mon 24	Hamilton	Hillcrest Tavern



Tipped by those who know as the next big thing, the mid-fi Sebadoh are finally making it to New Zealand, eight years and six albums since they began. Drummer Bob Fay is at home preparing himself for the Australasian tour. I decide to get my *Smash Hits* 'Where did you get your name?' question over and done with.

"Awl, it is kinda a *Smash Hits* question isn't it? My favourite colour is green," he drawls in a friendly American accent. "Sebadoh is just a made up word. Made up by Lou. It almost means Saturday in Spanish, Sabado, but it doesn't mean anything I know of."

Oh well, if I'm going to ask *Smash Hits* questions, I may as well keep going. What kind of music are you listening to at the moment, Bob?

"Well, I've been listening to a lot of avant garde, twentieth century classical weirdness. It mellows me out when I'm hanging out at home. I mostly put that kind of stuff out on tapes I've done myself that I haven't even thought of offering to the band, although when I do give them strange things they really dig it. I also listen to 60s punk rock, and Stereolab, and New

Zealand bands like the Dead C, the Double Happys, the Tall Dwarfs, This Kind of Punishment, the Chills, the Clean, all that stuff — the Verlaines."

Pavement also have more than a passing interest in New Zealand music, and when they toured here they specifically requested the Tall Dwarfs for support. Are you guys choosing your support act when you play here?

"It's just been so hectic on tour, we hadn't really figured out who we wanted to play with us. Now it's too late, so it's just going to be whoever they set us up with. There's been talk of Smudge, but I'm just not really sure."

The band has had a complicated history, even though there has only ever been four people in it. Eric Gaffney used to be the main songwriter and guitarist for Sebadoh, but he regularly quit the band. This meant Bob would come in on drums, Lou Barlow would move from bass to guitar, and Jason Loewenstein from drums to bass. What was it like being asked to leave the band three times?

"It was never really that bad because I had other stuff going on," says Bob, in a relaxed

manner. "It was always these little sabbaticals that he would go on. I really like what Eric brought to the band. It was never that big a deal when I wasn't in the band, because they were strong and they were a different band. It's not a competitive thing — I barely even know Eric."

So, are you safe in the band now?

"Oh yeah," Bob emphasises. "Eric is doing his own solo thing over here now."

Lou Barlow then became the main attraction of Sebadoh. Previous to that he was bass player for Dinosaur Jr., until a personal fight between him and J Mascis saw him kicked out of the band in 1989. Lou then began attacking J, both in the media and in song lyrics.

"I met Lou right after he got kicked out of the band. It was really intense for two or three years, but it doesn't seem like he really cares about it too much at this point. We're actually able to do a cover of 'Repulsion' if we have to do it — if some people are just dying to hear DJ, we'll whip that one out. The best Dinosaur Jr. records were made when Lou was in the band, then J really lost the track or something.

They sorta had this massive sound that was going to something, and now everything has sort of flattened out, and it's flattened out so much I can't even be bothered to hear it."

Sebadoh already have another 15 songs which they'll record after touring New Zealand. First a label must be found (no doubt Flying Nun are interested), and then a studio. In their early Sentridoh days there were no studios, the albums were done straight to tape in Lou's house. Quite naturally, they were labelled lo-fi.

"Whenever something came out, whoever did it was completely happy with the way it sounded. The early stuff is supposed to be recorded really horrendously, yet there's something really captivating about it. In a way that's some of my favourite Sebadoh stuff."

"Our records for the last three years have been made in studios. We don't really think about the way it's recorded just the song itself. It's just sort of weird being lumped into a scene where the recording process is more important than the song itself."

DARREN HAWKES



"It's like anything when you've done it for a length of time: you get bored with the way things work, you get into habits, you have fallings out, and it becomes much easier to make a clean break and try and do it again."

Words of wisdom from David Mulcahy, previously of JPSE, and presently one third of Auckland pop group Superette. When Mulcahy decided to leave the JPS Experience late in 1993 after eight years service, he wasted no time in getting back to the practise room. Hooking up with ex-Blue Marbles drummer Greta Anderson, and borrowing Ross Williams of the Tufnells to play bass, the trio performed a handful of gigs around town under the moniker Monster. When Williams departed, Ben Howe, the other half of the Blue Marbles rhythm section, was absorbed into the line-up and Superette was born. From the outset, there's one thing Mulcahy has endeavoured to make clear.

"This is not Dave Mulcahy's new band. We are a unit and we work as a unit. It's a band of three people."

Late last month the trio released their first recording on Flying Nun, the five-track EP *Rosepig*. Made at York Street Studios, *Rosepig* is not dissimilar in style to Mulcahy's contributions to JPSE in that it breathes his trademark, spacious, sweet-as-a-honey-bee melodies.

Although Mulcahy says he finds it difficult at such an early stage to look objectively for differences between the two groups, Howe offers that Superette pack more of a punch.

"I think *Rosepig* is a bit more raw. It's pretty different at least from Dave's songs on *Bleeding Star*. It has a bit more of a raw, rocky sound to it."

'Killer Clown', the first single from the EP, comes accompanied by an exceptional video that was shot in the flat of director Stuart Page. Surrounded by, and dressed in, all the colours of a trip, participants at the last supper from hell huddle round a table and attempt to swallow whole huge sponge trifles and plates of jelly, before redecorating the floor, the walls and themselves with the leftover desserts.

Mulcahy is the second member of JPSE to make a record with another band since the split — Solid Gold Hell, featuring drummer Gary Sullivan, released *Swingin' Hot Murder* earlier this year. Far from seeing it as a return to square one, he's relishing the new opportunity, and is hopeful for the future of Superette.

"I think it's quite exciting being in a new band. It's too much fun to be a hard slog and I'm just happy that we can put a record out. We plan to record an album in 1996, and hopefully it will get picked up overseas. That's the only future I see really."

JOHN RUSSELL

Semi Lemon Kola

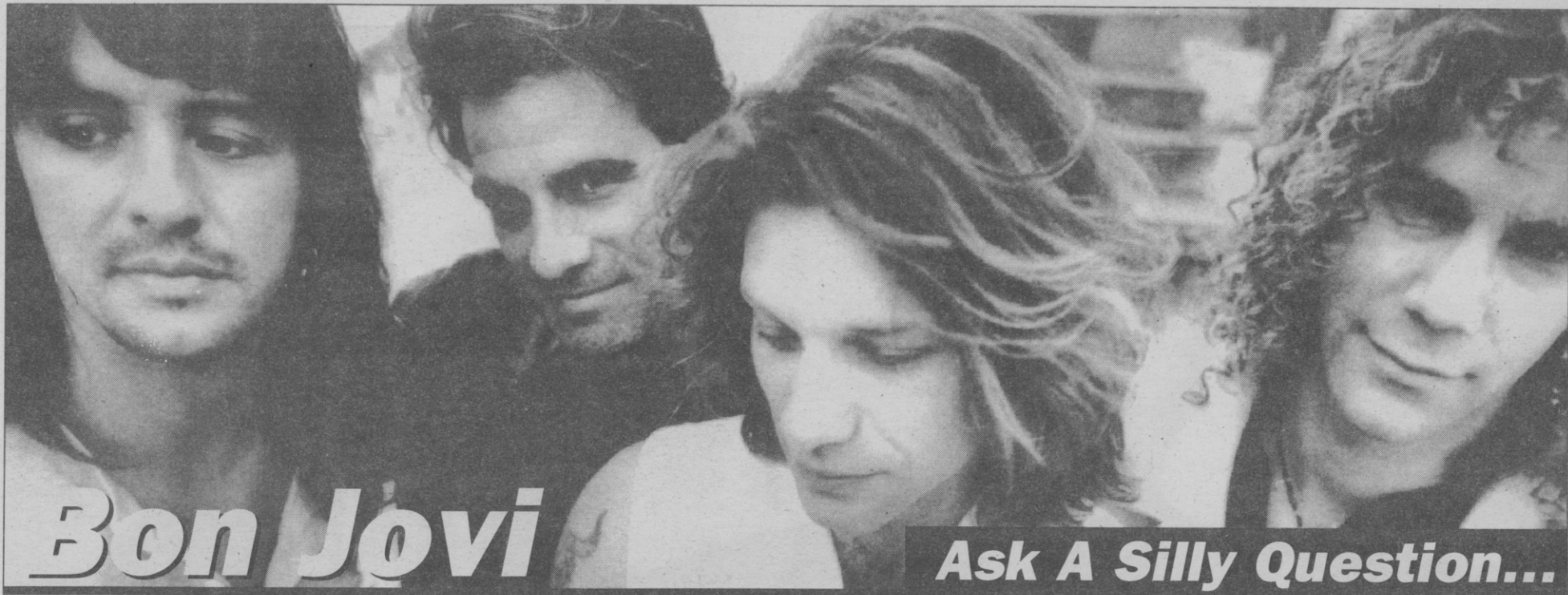
otherwise

new three-track single out now

on tour throughout july

chronic

BMG



Bon Jovi

Ask A Silly Question...

Around the time of the late 80s, Bon Jovi shared the top slot as the kings of melody-drenched heavy rock with Van Halen. They came shining like a drunk's red nose, in a genre increasingly choked with talentless hair bands like Europe and the re-emerging Whitesnake.

Halfway through 87, Bon Jovi's debut album, *Slippery When Wet*, dropped like a bomb on music fans looking for something more than white sneakers and posing pouch posturing in their diet. It produced the monumental tracks 'Livin' On A Prayer' and 'You Give Love A Bad Name'. *New Jersey*, from 1989, delivered the hit 'Bad Medicine', and saw them take a more blues-rock approach. This was further expanded on with *Keep the Faith*, Bon Jovi's last studio album, released in 1992.

Last year, though, things turned bad. A greatest hits compilation, *Crossroads*, sold by the truckload, but spawned the single 'Always' — the kind of seriously nauseating ballad that is written by a band suffering a crippling lack of inspiration. Come yule-tide, they released the truly tragic 'Please Come Home For Christmas', which signified the last nail about to be hammered into the Bon Jovi coffin.

So, just when you think it's all over, they go and release *These Days*. While it falls some way short of being a total return to form, the

album sees them shift in a pleasing blues/R&B direction, while still keeping their hand in on the pop-metal tip.

Late last month, Bon Jovi guitarist Richie Sambora phoned *RipItUp* from his hotel room in Tokyo. In the background is what sounds like a harem of giggling geishas. Sambora noisily guzzles a drink throughout the interview, and half-heartedly feigns interest in my questions. No problem, he's been taking part in these little chats for almost a decade, and can be forgiven for having switched to auto-pilot long ago. As a result, though, we play dumb and dumber.

The new album sounds good, pretty rockin'.

"Yeah, mine and Jonny's R&B influences are really coming out on this record. In New Jersey there's a lot of R&B and blue-eyed soul going on, then you have the Philadelphia R&B blues sound, which is right next door to us. So, all that stuff is coming out now. Stylistically, Bon Jovi just tries to be diverse every time."

Maybe you'll go grunge for the next record?

"Yeah, I'm into grunge. I think it's very, very good, but I think it's just like any wave or any fad that comes in. There's always four or five great bands that are the forerunners of it (guys like Stone Temple Pilots [what?!]), who will end up with the longevity, then there's the other bands that come behind them, and those will be the bands that will fall to the wayside soon-

er or later."

Bon Jovi have surfed a particularly large amount of musical waves, don't you think?

"Well, we have a constant evolution. We're not the kind of band that re-invents itself — we're just a rock 'n' roll band. I think every one of our albums is different to the next, and I think that's why we're still around after all these years, and still very successful. As far as the albums that we make, I think throughout all these different movements over the past 12 years, we just remained ourselves, and I think that's why we've kept our fans and why we've got new ones."

Sambora yawns, and receives a round of giggles as a reward. At this point, Bon Jovi are 11 shows into a world tour that will stretch to the end of the year. They've returned to the hectic pace of the *New Jersey* tour, when they would nail 250 plus shows in seven or eight months.

You recently got married, and now you've left home to tour for a year. How's that feel?

"Well, we're not the kind of band that sits around, and touring is such an expensive proposition nowadays that if you don't work, you're losing a lot of money. Most bands that do stadiums or arenas, they average two or three shows a week. We average four or five."

In response to evasiveness, *RipItUp* has no problem taking the *New Woman's Weekly Idea*

Day approach.

How is married life? Any problems?

"No, things are fantastic. Before the start of the tour, I'd been spending a lot of time with my wife [that's Heather Locklear!]. She's on a TV show [*Melrose Place*, folks!], so she has to spend a lot of time in California. I'm very, very happily married, it's going really well."

Are you playing any dates with Motley Crüe on this tour?

"No, I don't expect so. Do you know what? I have to go right now. I've got to do a TV interview. But you tell everybody in New Zealand that we're gonna be down there real soon, and we're looking forward to playing and having a good time."

Okay, I'll tell everybody, and I mean that.

So we didn't bond, and Sambora could have done that interview with his mouth closed. Them's the breaks. But he's on the road, on tour, and away from home and the one he loves. It all seems so simple from the outside, but when you're a member of Bon Jovi and in the eye of the hurricane, the world around you is probably chaos.

The constantly evolving, different sounding, R&B influenced, rock 'n' roll album *These Days* is out now.

JOHN RUSSELL

FRONTIER TOURING CO AND RADIO PRESENT...

FAITH NO MORE

SPECIAL GUESTS

Sat August 5 WELLINGTON
Show Building • Bookings at Wellington Opera House

Sun August 6 AUCKLAND
Logan Campbell Centre
Bookings at BASS and usual Outlets

95FM

FRONTIER TOURING CO PRESENTS

CHRIS ISAAK

THURSDAY 20 JULY
LOGAN CAMPBELL THEATRE

FRIDAY 21 JULY
WELLINGTON TOWN HALL

Tickets from Bass and MFC Booking
Phone bookings 09 307 5000
04 801 4263
Transaction fee applies

CHRIS ISAAK

95FM



Mancunian Caustic

An interview with the Fall's Mark E Smith.

I met Mark E Smith when the Fall played Christchurch in August 1982. The Fall had just toured Australia and Smith had been injured playing soccer with the road crew.

"Yeah, over me eye. That's right," he recalls 13 years later. "How are ya? Is everything all right?"

Fine, cock, fine, as the Northerners would say. What are your memories of that tour?

"Not very fond, really," he laughs. "The New Zealand bit was the only good bit."

I remember you were disgusted with facets of Australian life, like Kings Cross.

"Yeah, I didn't enjoy that tour at all, but we've been back there since, and it was all right."

The Fall have been Britain's anti-bullshit barometer ever since Smith staggered from his Manchester bedroom in 1978 with a master plan and the single 'Bingo Master's Break Out'. Seventeen years later, and their longevity suggests they could be the Rolling Stones of the post punk generation.

"You're the second person that's said that to me. I just take things every fookin' six months, mate. I never plan ahead — that's the ironic thing. As far as the Stones are concerned, I think they're a bit old for it really. If you've got money, I don't understand why people like that carry on. If I had their kind of money, I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't even go outside the 'ouse. And I don't really see the Fall like that, as there's been about 10 different Falls, line-up wise and attitude wise."

The constant line-up changes are part of Smith's anti-formula philosophy, an attitude that's attracting new and younger fans to the band.

"The funny thing is the audience keeps getting younger and it's not just me getting older. I've been talking to people who're just 20 and they got into us a year ago, and that's remarkable. When audiences and sales start dropping, that's when I'll give it up. But, at the moment, I've still got something to say, and I don't think we've done the proper LP yet."

"What you've got in England at the moment is every bloody group and his brother reforming. So, you've got the Searchers and some beat and all the punk groups have reformed — even fooking Wah! Heat. People you thought were dead and buried forever, they're all coming back now. There's a big market in retrogression — very depressing really."

Doubly depressing when bands like Wah!

Heat were basically crap to start with.

"Yeah, that's right." Smith dissolves in laughter. "They were crap anyway. They'll be a parody of their former selves, which was shit anyway."

When Smith eases off the laughter button, I suggest the Fall's career could be construed as having a dozen reformations, the way he's fired and hired people.

"Yeah, that's right. I should have one running on the sideline, like a Fall Mark III, while the proper one's going, just in case."

The latest Fall survivors managed to make the studio before they were fired (joke!), and turned out *Cerebral Caustic*, astonishingly enough, the band's twenty-fifth album. It's bare, garage energy is a welcome alternative to the carefully preened surfaces of most 90s product, but too many of the songs sound incomplete, rushed.

"On our last couple of LPs, we were getting very techno, so I went back to more distorted sort of stuff. It's more up-front," explains Smith. "And I wanted to get *Cerebral* out really quick. That's the beauty of this label I'm on at the moment [Permanent in Britain, distributed by BMG], you can actually bring an LP out whenever it's done, as opposed to a lot of labels in Britain who want you to spend two years on an LP — a year making it, six months marketing it, and another six months promoting it. It loses all impetus. Gone are the days when you can bring out two LPs a year of new material. But I can do this with this label, and we turned *Cerebral Caustic* around in two and a half months."

"We were on Phonogram for a couple of years and it was a real drag. It was like: 'You've got to record an LP in the summer and it's got to come out the next May.' So you spend six months talking about it, and I found it really boring. With Phonogram it was getting to the stage where they were paying us not to record. It was cheaper for them to give us money for an LP and not record it. Believe it or not."

So, to album titles: *Cerebral Caustic*, *Slates*, *Hex Education Hour*, *Perverved by Language*, *Totales Turns*, *The Frenz Experiment* et al. Where do they spring from?

"I dunno," Smith readily admits. "Although I usually spend more time on the names of the LPs than on the titles of the songs, as I think it's important to keep a theme of names running through the LPs."

The song titles on *Cerebral Caustic* are Smith's usual cryptic slurs of topicality, per-

sonal unpleasanties and things he hasn't worked out yet. 'The Joke' starts the album, and it's very much the case of the best track first up.

"People are very afraid to say things in England at the moment if they're not PC (politically correct). It's getting very American. It's being pushed on us, I think, through the media. Y'know, food and everything has got to be green related and all that. It's quite funny seeing British people adapt to that sort of thing as we've always had really shitty diets. We eat worse than the Australians and New Zealanders," Smith adds as a humorous afterthought. That's 'The Joke'.

So, 'Bonkers in Phoenix' could be about a mass murderer in Arizona and 'The Aphid' about life as a mutant bug?

"Well, 'Bonkers' is just about open air festivals in Britain, like Glastonbury. It sounds like the sort of thing you'd hear if you were with 100,000 stoned people, right at the back of a festival. With 'The Aphid', I had this really good tune, like an early 60s dance tune, so I tried to do it like one of those dance crazed songs like 'The Twist', a bit wacky."

Yeah, c'mon do 'The Aphid'. Could catch on.

If the Fall have been the bullshit detectors all these years, then Smith has been the watchdog — an outspoken, caustic wit, seemingly always on the cover of one of the British music weeklies. He's a press favourite, always reliable for a good quote.

"I don't pay much attention to that," Smith justifies. "The rock mags aren't as powerful as they used to be, which is a good thing. I'm not bothered with them. For me, it's like water off a duck's back after 14 years. The last time I saw you in 1982, you would've lived or died by what they said. The *NME* used to be really good, but now it's very insular, what's happening around London, and that's bad."

Smith is still based in his native Manchester — a city, by all accounts, that's now riddled with drugs and violence.

"Territory wise, it's very rough. I try to comment on it, but I'm not gonna move from here. I did move to Scotland a couple of years ago, but I came back here. I like it at the moment. It got very trendy a couple of years ago, with the psychedelic scene, but now that's over it's good."

How was your time in Edinburgh?

"I enjoyed it too much. That's why I came back. It was too good. It was like paradise, a

lovely city. In Edinburgh, I was gonna write the next day, and then I was gonna write the next day, but you don't. You end up walking in the parks and sitting in the pub all day and going to clubs at night — not conducive to creativity."

Talking of creativity, the Fall's status as a singles band seems to have fallen.

"The last year or so, I've just not bothered releasing singles. It's a complete fookin' waste of time releasing singles and videos. You only have to sell about 10,000 to get in the Top 30, as people don't buy them any more."

So, we won't be seeing the Fall on *Top of the Pops*?

"I fookin' stopped watching that five years ago," complains Smith. "It's full of novelty stuff with a dance beat with a banjo over it or something. Or else it's some crappy old song that your mum or dad used to play when you were about fookin' 12."

Are the Fall the antidote to that sickening side of pop culture?

"Yeah, it's only grist for my mill. That's why our audiences are getting younger. Kids aren't as daft as they're cracked up to be. If you were 19, would you put up with the crap that's Number One (Robson Green and Jerome Flynn). It's like two Irish fellas or two comedians singing something like an old Elvis Presley ballad. Remarkable."

"Do you ever see that bloke out of Flying Nun at all?" Smith changes the subject. "The guy Chris Knox. He's got a record out here y'know, and it's a total fookin' rip-off of the *Hit the North* cover, with something like a dart board on the cover."

I'll let him know. Meanwhile, "sounds fooking great" is how Smith describes the new seven-piece, twin drummers Fall, with Brix again included. They could be over here later in the year as an appendix to a tour of Japan.

As the interview drew to a close, I couldn't help wondering how Smith had responded to Manchester United's FA Cup loss that weekend.

"I'm a City fan," he retorts.

Commiserations.

"You should've been here on Saturday when United lost the Cup. It was hilarious. You'd think the Queen had died or something. It was fookin' pathetic."

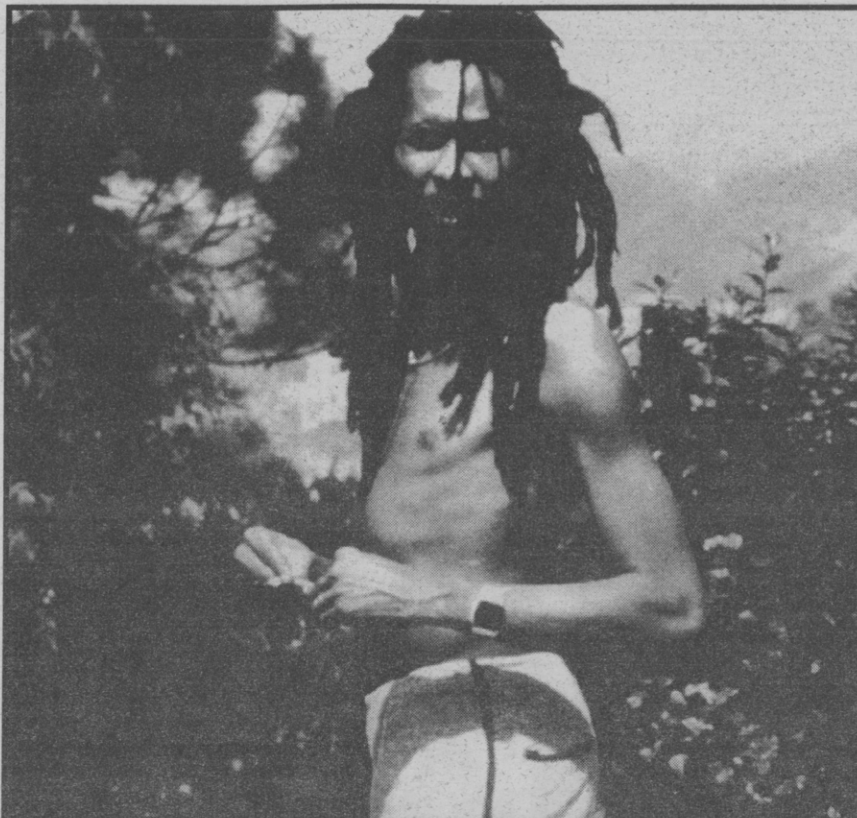
Other than being a City fan, have you made any other career blunders?

"My career is a blunder, George. I'm skint."

GEORGE KAY



Hit Me With Music



Neville Garrick was a friend, a lighting man and sometimes an additional percussionist in the Bob Marley family of musicians and believers. A University of California graduate, he met Marley when he was art director on the *Jamaican Daily News*. Today, Garrick continues to work for the Marley Estate.

Garrick remembers fondly his New Zealand visit with the Bob Marley world tour.

"It won't be something I'll forget very easily. It was a great concert and because it was a day concert, I got to play percussion instead doing the lighting. It was quite fun for me. I've seen clips of some of the songs. It was really a great high energy day. It was the first time we'd played on a mobile stage, that unfolded. Bob was so impressed he wanted to get one like that."

Are you a good percussion player?

"I wouldn't consider myself a great percussion player, but I can keep time. The reason I got involved with that was because Bob was the type of person that, if you were around him, you'd eventually be musically inclined. He figured that the more I got into the music, the more I'd be able to visually interpret what was happening, which helped with lighting, because I used to light not just on aesthetics, but really trying to highlight all the little special notes in the songs."

"I played percussion on quite a few of the recording tracks. When we recorded percussion, there were normally about four people playing simultaneously. It was very difficult for Seeco, the percussionist, to do live so I'd help him out during the day festivals."

Did you see Bob as a musical leader or a spiritual leader?

"Well, you'd have to see him as both, as music was the vehicle he used to deliver his message. I think he was a messenger, which he found out later in life, that he was put on earth to deliver a message of unity. I wouldn't separate the two, but I think music would come before."

When you travelled with Bob was he a very private or a very social person?

"Bob was a moody person. Bob could be very, very sociable, and he could also be withdrawn. It all depends on the occasion. I know he was most happy around children, 'cause he felt their spirit was very innocent. Bob grew up a very hard life, where he was burnt so many, many times it wasn't easy for him to trust people."

Was it hard for Bob to communicate with a big record label like Island?

"I don't think it was hard for Bob because I think Bob knew what he wanted, unlike most artists, who go to the record company and the label decides what direction they are going to go in. Basically, 'cause Bob had a one on one relationship with Chris Blackwell, who was running the company, the only person he had to communicate to was Chris. So, once the project was approved by Chris, the rest of the company just had to follow through in promotion and sales. Island is now a big record company owned by Polygram, but remember it was a growing independent label."

Was he pressured by Island to make reggae acceptable to a wide audience?

"No, I don't think he was ever pressured by the record company. Bob was the kind who would resist pressure. I would say maybe there were occasions when Bob might have turned in 10 titles for an album, and Blackwell might say: 'These two are not so strong, they are weaker

than the rest. Has he got any others he could replace them [with], or could they go in and rework those songs?' I think, in terms of creativity, he had a pretty free hand. The only time the company came in was at the last stage, when Chris liked to be involved in the mixing of the songs. That's more for the public ear than really changing any creative structure in the record."

Do Marley's family or Island now control his recordings?

"Rita Marley, who is head of the Marley clan, has a basically somewhat similar, if not the same relationship that Bob had with the record company. In other words, Island doesn't really do anything without our consultation and we are very much involved, to the extent that you are interviewing me now."

Did he write and record his music in isolation?

"Bob was the kind of person who liked to have people around him — if not a big crowd, some special people. I shared some special moments being around him when Bob was writing songs. Like when Bob was recuperating in Miami after that toe injury in 1977. I spent about five months with him, and he wrote about 15 or 20 songs during that time. He was a very prolific songwriter. He would bounce things off you. 'How do you feel about this verse? Should it be stronger to the argument?' — that he was trying to put forth in the song. He would compose the song by himself, with people like Seeco and myself around. Then, if it was something he really wanted to go in the studio with, he would call together the band, play it with acoustic for them, let them get the feel for it, and then sometimes the same day they'd go into the studio and rehearse for a day."

"It was always fresh for the band and the band were not around him when he was structuring the songs, except for the period when we all lived in England and we did *Exodus* album and *Kaya*. All those songs were recorded in a four month period in Basing St. studios. We were living in England for seven months, all in the same apartment, so there was a lot more collaboration in the initial stage of developing the songs than before."

Did it upset Marley to have to leave Jamaica for his own safety, after gun men entered his Jamaican home to shoot him?

"I think you can answer that question for yourself. Wouldn't you be upset? Yes, he was, but he knew [he had to leave], for the protection of his own life."

"You listen to the words from 'Running Away' on *Kaya*, that's speaking to that issue a little bit — 'I'm not running away, please don't say that' — but it says: 'It's difficult to live in a house full of confusion, so I left you.' [Those were] poetic ways of [referring] to that shooting."

Marley was not seriously injured. He simply turned sideways to the bullets — he "made himself small", an eyewitness later said. His manager, at his side, was seriously injured.

"I think it was something that changed him, because when someone makes an assassina-



Neville Garrick Reflects on Bob Marley.

tion attempt on you, then there's a lot of re-evaluation you have to go through in your own life, to pick up why this would happen to you and what you do to deal with it."

But he was so loved by many. Why was someone angry with him?

"My interpretation of it was political entrapment, which a lot of people have seen. The whole thing came about when Bob wanted to do a free concert for the people of Jamaica. He met with the government to facilitate this. When Bob approached them, [the idea] was basically co-opted. The Prime Minister's office said: 'Great idea. We'll do all the promotion, all you'll have to do is just rehearse.'"

"When the Prime Minister Manley called an election for about 10 days after the concert, people started to read into it that Bob would be politically supporting the government party. That was basically the driving reason why we were attacked. It was misinterpreted that Bob was taking a side. Bob being a folk hero, if it looked like Bob was leaning to either side, they would get the endorsement of the people. Whereas Bob was saying: 'I neither go left, I neither go right, Rasta go straight ahead.' So, he never was endorsing the PNP, but it appeared that way to the opposition party. As a result, he was attacked."

Does Ziggy Marley carry Bob's mantle?

"Ziggy carries that torch in his own way. He's a prolific songwriter, like his father. In terms of the style in which Bob wrote, dealing with social consciousness, Ziggy is right on target. He has done more to glorify his father's name. He's followed in his footsteps in his own style. He's from a different generation from Bob; he couldn't be like Bob reincarnated, but Ziggy is, for this time."

Were Bob Marley's pre-Island recordings important?

"Bob recorded, especially with the Wailers, a wealth of great songs before his Island days, which he did go back into the past and rerecord again. The first two CDs on *Songs Of Freedom* are all pre-Island Records; they're very important, from the very first song he wrote, 'Judge Not'."

What one lyric means the most to you from Bob's work?

"I keep getting asked this question, maybe a million times, and I answer: 'I love all of the songs, but one of the most important songs and lyrics is 'Redemption Song'.' I think the most important line in [that] song is: 'Emancipate yourself from mental slavery / None but ourselves can free our minds.' I think [that] is a very powerful, charged statement, which if people really take seriously, universally, not just Jamaica or just black people, [says] that you can't keep blaming other people. Even though others may have misjudged you in the past and did you wrong, it's up to you to free

yourself. The whole freedom thing now is not necessarily that you're a slave by chains, but more mental slavery, because people are now programmed by television and what you have out there — it's a more soft means of slavery. I think: 'Emancipate yourself from mental slavery,' is the most important line, followed up by: 'None but ourselves can free our minds.' You can't expect somebody else to free your mind."

I express my concern about tracks being completed after an artist's death, but note how 'Iron Lion Zion' is now enjoyed as a classic Marley song of celebration.

"I think he would have liked it. It was something scary, but I think a good job was done."

On the subject of 'Iron Lion Zion', Neville is enthusiastic about Marley's latest incarnation.

"Are you aware of the Bob Marley comic put out by Marvel comics? There's a series of three — one called Iron, one called Lion and one called Zion — there are three parts."

Do you think Bob achieved all his ambitions?

"It would be difficult for me to know what were Bob's ambitions. It would be 'in my opinion'. When Bob passed he was so young, at 36, he was not finished what he was about to do. He was on the peak of real success, internationally."

"But when I look back now, I think he did his work and he did his work well, and he didn't necessarily have to write another song, because 14 years after he has passed we still appreciate his songs, and they still have very meaningful lyrics."

"For example, the *Songs of Freedom* photo exhibition is now in Bosnia, which I think is remarkable. It was taken there by two firemen from Essex in England. It's the only exhibition they've had in that war torn country in years, and the radio station is playing 'War and So Much Trouble in the World'."

"What I'd like to ask you is, I noticed that when we were there in New Zealand, besides the welcome we got from, I think, the Maori Indians, there were also some radical Black Power groups that came to visit Bob while we were there for that brief stay. Are there still militant groups seeking civil rights in New Zealand?"

Garrick's question leads to a brief discussion of the Moutoa gardens protest, after which he says: "That means they're still very active. That's good to hear. That would make Bob happy. When we came there, he was treated as a real hero by them, based on the strength of what he'd sung about 'get up, stand up', and lyrics like that. That's good to hear, as we don't get much news about that kind of thing happening in New Zealand, in Jamaica."

MURRAY CAMMICK



A Pint of McGuinness

An interview with Celtic Heartbeat co-founder and U2 manager Paul McGuinness.

This phone call to Dublin wasn't to catch up on U2's year, but to talk about Celtic Heartbeat, a record label set up by U2 manager Paul McGuinness, Clannad manager David Kavanagh, and music publisher Barbara Galavan. It was McGuinness himself though that, without any prompting, started the conversation about that particular Irish institution.

"U2 are recording at the moment with Brian Eno," explains the manager in his cultured Anglicised accent. "There's the possibility of a soundtrack album later this year, but it won't be like a real U2 album. And the band, of course, is Number 2 in England this week and Number 1 in Ireland with a single from the *Batman Forever* soundtrack, 'Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me, Kill Me'.

Do you have much say as to their musical direction?

"Not really. I respond and criticise as they make their music but I'm not part of the creative process at all. I'm just a constructive critic."

So, you haven't been able to lead them up your Celtic path?

"No. It wouldn't do me any good leading them in any creative direction. They're absolutely independent of me in that respect. Yet, interestingly enough, they've recently been working with Christy Moore on a song called 'North and South of the River', about the peace process in North Ireland. He's performing that at the moment, but he hasn't released it yet.

"Dublin is that sort of town — musicians of different genres tend to hang out together and collaborate. There's a big phenomenon here at the moment called *River Dance*, which is one of the Celtic Heartbeat albums. The guy who wrote that, Bill Whelan, produced a couple of tracks on a U2 album in 1983. There's a lot of interplay between the different kinds of musicians in Ireland, partly because the live business is very healthy and the record business slow.

"Irish people go to three times as many

gigs as English people, but only buy half as many records, which is a tragic statistic. Celtic Heartbeat is a response to those statistics, an attempt to market music that's already in existence to a wider audience."

McGuinness' interest in Celtic music goes back to the early 70s, when he had a friend in the traditional Irish rock band Horslips. His signings won't be confined to Ireland. He's currently trying to entice legendary Breton Alan Stivell and his guitarist, Dan Ar Bras, on to the label.

"The idea of Celtic Heartbeat is to produce a strong brand in the tradition [of] labels like Wyndham Hill or Navada, but with more exciting music, and yet one that record buyers will identify as a Celtic label and take a few chances on. We're trying to connect the music to the audience using the techniques of mass marketing that I've become familiar with through the management of U2. But these records are quite different. Pop records are like vegetables — very perishable. If you don't sell them quickly, you'll never sell them. Celtic Heartbeat is more like the book business — we're building up a catalogue."

The Celtic Heartbeat Collection is proof enough that the label has already attracted a welter of talent; right from ex-Planxty acts like Liam O'Flynn and Andy Irvine, to fiddle player par excellence Maire Breatnach, and chantress Frances Black.

"They were all current releases, and we just went around looking for the best we could get that wasn't already committed overseas. The A&R environment that this Celtic music exists [in] is very chaotic. There [are] a lot of fly-by-night operators who don't pay royalties or observe their obligations.

"We're trying to overcome that by paying the proper royalties and advances, and making sure these records get to the marketplace at a reasonable price. Sadly, what happens to a small label product released only in Ireland by the time it gets to a store in Wellington, it's doubled in price. We're bring-

ing our product [out] at normal album price, which should give us a strong advantage."

The Collection concentrates on the poignant, melancholic side of Celtic music. There's no drunken anarchy in the Pogues or Dubliners style.

"That may be coming. I'd love to find music like that. It doesn't all have to be contemplative or melancholic. Watch out for the next batch, which includes an all girl group from Donegal called the Screaming Orphans, who were discovered by Maire Brennan from Clannad. She's producing them."

Is there a plentiful supply of good Celtic acts in and around Britain?

"I think so. Now that we've launched the label there's a lot of interesting stuff coming in. Yesterday we got something from someone called Ocras (Gaelic for work). It was traditional music, but to a contemporary dance beat. It was like Deep Forest from the Celtic Mists. I hope we'll make a record. So, the definition of Celtic music is very broad."

In April, Billboard reported that of the 15 albums in the World Music Chart, 10 of them were Celtic related. *The Celtic Heartbeat Collection* was at Number 3. Why the renaissance?

"Partly marketing. The music's there already, and that's the renaissance, which is a bridging of the gap between the music and the market with a bit of intelligence. Of the first six albums we've released in America, every single one has done 25,000 and some have done a lot more. The *River Dance* album is on the verge of a massive crossover — we're expecting [it] to do half a million in Britain — and the *River Dance* show opened in London."

Has this early success been unexpected?

"No, because I'd seen it work already in America, where Clannad and Enya have had enormous success. The American market was wanting more music like that."

Why is Celtic music going down so well in America?

"It's got genuine emotional content. If you listen to most new age music, it's like modern elevator music. Compare that to the simple emotional power of a Clannad record and there's no comparison. We're not selling music to just Irish people, especially when Enya's current album in America has sold four million. It puts the whole thing into context."

GEORGE KAY



Alec Finn

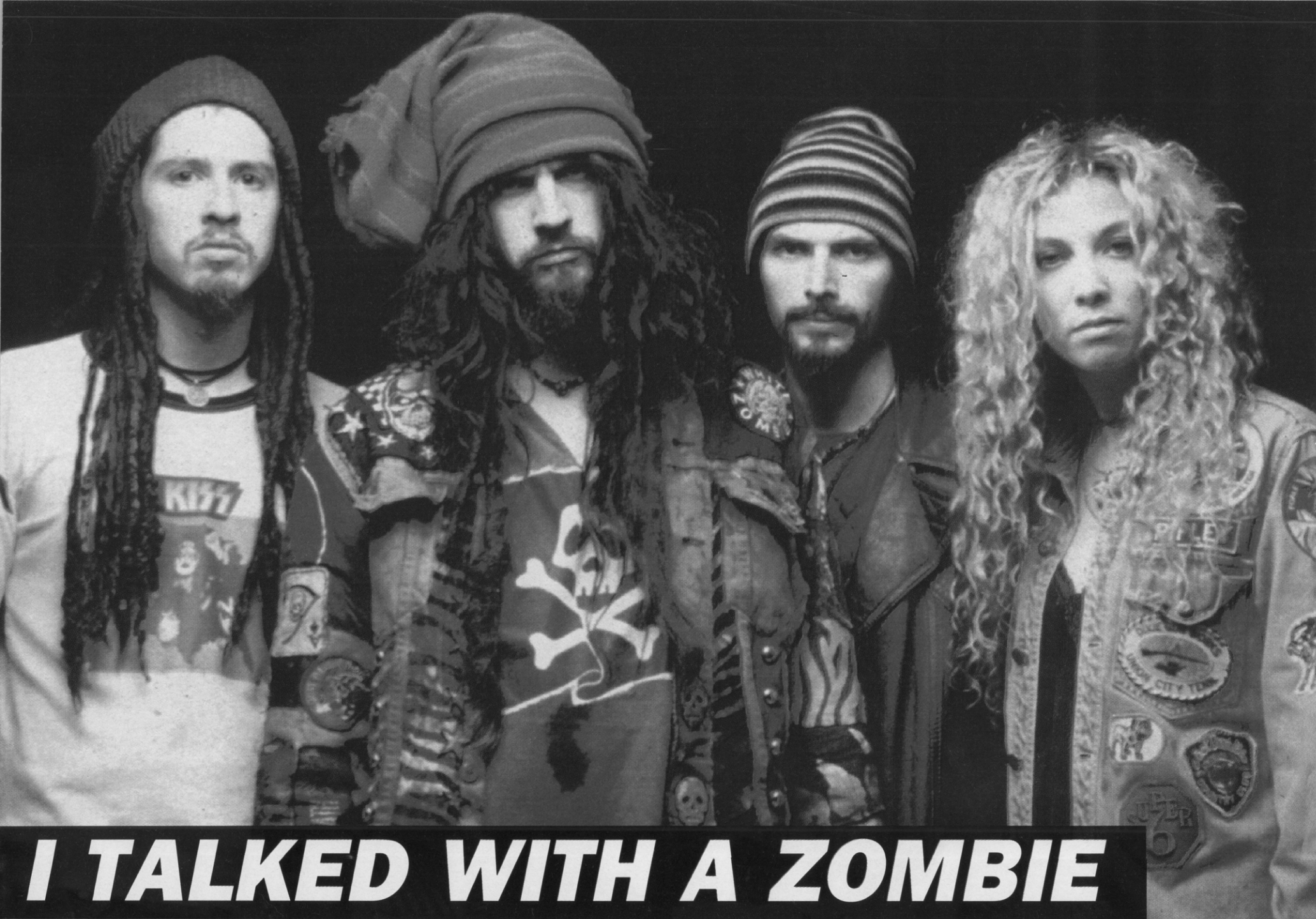
Bill Whelan

Frances



For your nearest stockist,
phone 0800 801 460





I TALKED WITH A ZOMBIE

And now, ladies and gentlemen, for your reading pleasure, we present *White Zombie, the Interview*. *White Zombie, the Interview* stars Sean Ysealt as the fearless interviewee, dealing with moronic questions in a typically laid back and totally coool way.

Disappointingly Pleasant and Intelligent?

Ice breakers — the Titanic was one and so is the question: What can you see outside the window?

"I'm in a big warehouse armoury building, and there are no windows. We're in Buffalo NY, and there's no better place to play. The armoury really sucks."

Last time you were interviewed for this magazine, you were described as being 'disappointingly pleasant and intelligent'. Please comment?

"That's a bizarre compliment. I don't know who wrote that!"

Enough idle chit chat. Let's have some hard hitting rock and roll facts.

Hard Hitting Rock Facts

- Rob Zombie's hair is real. It is not a wig. "It's all real. We started the band together 10 years ago, and I've seen it grow."
 - White Zombie are bugged by: "Hootie and the Blowfish — they're very popular here and we can't figure out why."
 - How Sean sees the lads in the band. Rob Zombie: "Very much keeps to himself."
 - Jay the Guitarist: "Bouncy kind of guy. Fuelled on Caffeine."
 - John the Drummer: "He's a kick arse kind of guy. The kind of guy you could slam a beer with."
 - Sean's favourite movie is: "*Spider Baby*, and I've always loved Ed Wood movies. Harrhausen films, like *Clash of the Titans*, and stuff with the tripped out special effects."
 - Speaking of movies, White Zombie appeared as themselves (fairly convincingly) in *Airheads*. "We play ourselves performing at the Whisky. I don't think it's that incriminating."
 - Given the choice of Johnny Depp, Keanu Reeves or Brad Pitt, Sean was unable to decide who was spunkiest. However, once Mr Pitt was removed from the equation, the choice was simple. "Definitely Depp."
- Enough hard hitting facts. Let's get back to the idle chit chat. Wondering what sort of bands White Zombie checked out on their nights off? Then wonder no more...

Favourite Bands and Vile Satanic Practises

"I would go see the bands we're touring with now, Melvins and Reverend Horton Heat. I'd also go and see the Cramps, Eyehate God, Man or Astro Man, and a new band I'd like to check out is New York Loose."

Noticing Sean has omitted Danzig, I bring up the question of this sinister, steroid ridden super group, who White Zombie at one time supposedly idolised.

"We toured with Danzig for about three months. I don't know about 'idolised'. They're all really cool. They're good guys."

Hmmmm, Danzig are surely not good guys. They are dark and evil men, and well known followers of the left hand path. Could, perhaps, White Zombie be disciples of the 'lord of this world' as well? Given that their last album was called *La Sexorcisto Devil Music Vol 1.*, there can be no shirking seeking the truth. Are White Zombie practising Satanists and, if so, are they any good yet?

"Ha ha... I definitely don't live my life as a Christian by any stretch of the imagination. I think Christianity's the root of all evil more than anything else, so I figure Satanism's gotta be OK. It's something that's funny to us, but it's damn cooler to believe in than Christianity, that's for damn sure."

For 'damned' sure, more like. And what better place to be damned than in that well known nest of vipers?

The Viper Room

"I've been there quite a bit. It's gotten kinda gross. It was kinda fun when you'd find Gibby behind the bar making Texas margaritas. When they have something secretive and explosive it can still be fun, or when they have local bands playing once a week. The rest of the time it's a gross dance bar. It can be cool. I saw Cher there on a stage three inches big, belting it out."

So far this rock and roll caper sounds kinda fun, but be warned: it's not all beer and skittles. It's hard yakka and mindless determination that have got White Zombie where they are today, bloody hard yakka...

A Typical Day

"There's not much sleeping involved. Drive and drive some more, play another show, drive some more, play another show, grab a shower."

Yep, it's long and winding highway to the top, and there's no time for Weetabix pit stops.

"I haven't been able to eat a breakfast in about four weeks."

All this living in tour buses may have something to do with a motel disaster some years back.

Motel Hell

"The manager of Motel 6 came in and started screaming about getting out of a certain room, and screamed so much that he had a heart attack and fell over and died. So, we had a bizarre fatality among showering roadies and a motel manager. He was trying to kick everybody out of the room. He walked in there and saw somebody was still in the shower, and got himself all worked up and had a heart attack and died."

Even when on the road, White Zombie find adventure and excitement's never more than a dreadlocked hairsbreadth away. Sean tells about the time something pretty dashed disastrous happened in...

Swiss Alps Terror Ride to Disaster!

"We were up in the Swiss Alps playing a little club, and we had to get to Paris. Our driver started driving through a big snowstorm in the Swiss Alps and the headlights went out, so we had no headlights. He proceeded for the rest of the drive along unmarked roads to drive with no headlights, using a flashlight pointed out the window. In the middle of the Swiss Alps! [This practice is not recommended by the New Zealand Road Safety Authority.] I went to sleep, hoping for the best, and woke up half way between the French and Swiss border, and the driver had gone to sleep there. We ended up getting interrogated for about three hours, had our bus torn apart, had our mattresses slashed. It was a total nightmare they were sure they were going to find some drugs. We ended up getting into Paris 10 minutes before we were supposed to go on stage."

Given the bloody outrageous way the White

Zombies choose to dress, it's hardly surprising the forces of public decency view them with suspicion. Even though they're now almost squillionaires, after the success of *Devil Music*, the Zombies still find it difficult eating posh nosh alongside decent, normal folk.

We Don't Serve Zombies, Madam

"Me and my friend went to meet our manager at a hotel. They totally hassled us and wouldn't let us sit in the restaurant. Our manager totally threw a fit and screamed at everybody that worked there for about half an hour. They still wouldn't seat us. It's weird to still get shit like that."

In fact, fame and wealth seem to have had little impact on the Zombie lifestyle.

"We still eat shitty food. I just had a slice of pizza, as a matter of fact."

At least, thanks to their success, once they get off their bus they'll be able to enjoy their all new apartments. Who knows? Maybe after the success of *Astro Creep 2000* they'll be able to get jacuzzis and Sky TV to watch OJ, America's answer to yachting.

"Everybody's watching OJ. I guess they'll be getting bored with that and have to start fighting in Yugoslavia. Americans are fascinated by celebrities and murders, so it's a double whammy for us."

A double whammy for us is the possibility the four coach riders of the Astro apocalypse might be coming down here sometime in our Spring. As the interview nears it's conclusion, I can't help but feel I've left out something vitally important and yet, at the same time, stunningly obvious." Suddenly it hits me; I haven't mentioned White Zombie's latest magnum opus, *Astro Creep 2000*. Time to quickly transmogrify into Super Rolling Stone Journalism Man...

Astro Creep 2000

Making sure my voice is suitably pompous, and at the same time patronising and knowledgeable, I forge ahead with the question that must be asked: Is your new album bigger, louder and groovier than the last one?

"Pardon?"
Question is repeated.
"Yes, that's the American way — excess in everything."

KEVIN LIST

THERE'S A PSYCLONE COMING YOUR WAY

JIMMY BARNES



PSYCLONE

THE NEW JIMMY BARNES ALBUM
IN-STORE NOW

PRODUCED BY JOE HARDY AND JIMMY BARNES



.....► HEAR IT NOW
PHONE 09-373 3456*
PHONE 04-499 2233*



3424



*STANDARD TELECOM CHARGES APPLY TO CALLS MADE OUTSIDE THE AUCKLAND AND WELLINGTON FREE CALL AREAS. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OFF-PEAK TOLL RATES

Björk



Portrait of the Artist as Herself

Björk Guðmundsdóttir is very famous. I know this because practically every magazine I pick up at the moment features Björk-for-Björk's-sake snaps or feature articles accompanied by elaborate photo shoots of her. At the school social they called *The Brain*, there were little Björk-alikes everywhere, with little buns all over their heads. Yes, it's true, the artist known as simply Björk has joined the cloned ranks of Madonna and Courtney Love. Imagine how bizarre it would be to go dancing amidst a bunch of bad mirror images of yourself.

"It's very hard for me to see because it's just too close to me," says the Icelandic pixie-vixen herself, on the phone from a London studio. Her voice is quiet and husky, and she sounds like she's getting over a cold. Despite her distinctive accent (Icelandic with a hint of adopted Cockney), her command of English is almost perfect — and the *almost* is the most bewitching part about it.

"I've been wearing the same sort of clothes since I was a kid. A lot of people think it's some sort of very conscious fashion statement, but it isn't. You see photographs of me when I was 14 or 20, I'm wearing the same sort of things. It just sprung from my mother always allow me to wear whatever I want, and me loving colours and wanting still things to be comfortable.

"This hair-do came because I was in karate, and having two buns, like I used to, it didn't work because you were doing a lot of exercises with your head. Having little ones was very practical.

"Half of me is very honoured that people are like this, but the other half

of me is a bit pissed off, because if there is something I'm trying to express, it's some sort of individuality. Of course that doesn't match with that."

Björk's current celebrity status began its swell in 1993, with the release of her album *Debut*. The album was not her actual debut (she released her self titled first album when she was 11 years old), and she already had an international following as the lead singer of the Sugarcubes. She had just moved to London from her Icelandic home town, Reykjavík, after the Sugarcubes disbanded.

"Becoming solo I don't think was such a shock for me because it was like just one more step," Björk remembers. "Since I did my first record, I've always taken baby steps. This was, in a way, a baby step, because I have done things on my own in the past. The bigger shock was definitely just moving abroad."

She describes England and Iceland as being "like black and white".

"Iceland is quiet, full of nature. It's got completely different people, very energetic, very over emotional people, very happy, very sad, all these things. Iceland was full of myths. It is only about 50 years ago that we became independent. We were a colony before that, and almost lived in the Middle Ages. People were still living in mud houses

this century. But, at the same time, now we are very modern and very high tech' and quite rich country. [London] is a cosmopolitan city, one of the four or five biggest cities in the world or something. In Reykjavik there lives 100,000 people. In a way, it couldn't be more opposite.

"Even though I had been here a lot before I moved, and I knew London quite well, it was still a shock because, just leaving all your friends behind and... this country is so reserved, and I'm very used to over emotional communication, where people just let it all out, all day long. But I learned to appreciate it, and I take it for what it is. A year later or so, or especially now, two years later, I'm very happy here."

I figured she must have her own postage stamp in Iceland, where one magazine named her Woman of the Year for her international achievements. But, despite the obvious differences in the two countries' sizes and cultures, Björk hasn't found her move has made a difference to her celebrity status.

the vocals on a beach in the Bahamas, and one of the tracks ('Cover Me') was originally recorded in a cave, amidst a bunch of bats. Collaborators include Nellee Hooper, Graham Massey of 808 State, Scottish DJ/producer Howie B and Tricky. Hooper (who produced *Debut*) initially refused Björk's request for him to rejoin her as producer, saying she was capable of doing it on her own.

"I think he was more saying that as an advice, and he was being a friend," says Björk. "But I don't think I was completely ready. I was very close to it, and the six songs on the album I did with him, I did mostly on my own, with sort of comments from him. It was very good to have him there, like a safety net, but I think the next album I will be braver."

The variety of collaborators on *Post* results in an understandably wide variety of styles: from techno to big band, and Latin to ambient, there are few stones left unturned.

"One of my favourite things is collaboration and working with all sort of different people. I

listening to the irritating noises of dinosaurs and people, dabbling outside..." — Björk.

"Oh, I love modern things," Björk gushes. "I mean, telephones, synthesisers, Walkman, helicopters, I think are excellent, submarines. I love all these things."

A modern myth and a modern fable are also included on the album. The former is the upcoming single 'Isobel', for which a video has just been completed. When Björk tells me the story of this song, it's easy to imagine what it must be like to be her nine year old son Sindri, when it becomes time for a bedtime story.

"Isobel' is a story where I decided to make a story of a myth. In the same way as Atlas is like the strong guy in Greek mythology, and Neptune is like the god of the

lover, because it's very precious to them and they don't know if they are ever gonna fall in love again. After three years or so, they realise they have kind of like collected a lot of angry things, so they have to go somewhere and get rid of them to be able to come back home and continue to be all sweet and nice."

'We live on a mountain, right at the top...



"[England] is so reserved, and I'm very used to over emotional communication, where people just let it all out, all day long."

"I think, because Iceland is such a small town, people don't get over the top about people that are famous. I mean, being a star in Iceland doesn't really work [laughs], because you're gonna see them every day, walking down the main street, kind of like fall on their bottom, you know, or in the shop, or in the bus.

"In Iceland I get stopped several times a day to chat with people. Everybody behaves to me like they know me, like I'm their best friend, and I look at them and I've never met them before. That's something I've lived with in Iceland since I was 11. Most people mean very well, and you just learn to deal with it. When I moved over to England it was the same thing. So it wasn't a big shock or anything, the big success with [*Debut*]. It wasn't like I got identity problem or anything, because it was just a continuity for me. It sounds very big headed, but it just seems to be the same sort of proportion in Iceland that it is now in England.

"If I want to be left alone, that's very easy. I mean, I go to the local corner shop, and because I'm there every day, it's like stupid. The people there wouldn't just ask me for an autograph every day. I just get normal treatment from most people."

The recent release of Björk's new album *Post* and single 'Army of Me' has propelled her even further into the spotlight. She recorded

get a lot of kick out of that. No two collaborations are the same. I've been a singer, I've been a songwriter, I've been a producer, I've done films, I've done jazz music, punk music, you name it really. Probably my biggest fault, and also my biggest quality at the same time, is that I really get very easily bored, so I have to keep changing. So it suits me really well to work with a lot of different people.

"So, for example, when I work with Nellee Hooper, I'm missing a songwriter. When I work with Graham Massey, we are kinda more equal. I think when you get a good relationship with a person, it's not just me and Tricky, maybe, doing a song together. It's like a third thing is supposed to come in as well, and that's the best bit. So it's not just me plus Tricky is like one plus one is two. It's more like one plus one is three."

Post's subject matter ranges from flat-out fun to soul-stripped honesty, painting a satisfyingly complex portrait of its creator. The most obvious joke is 'Modern Things', a response to people always whining about how things were so much better in the 'good old days'. Björk disagrees, hence the album contains an ode penned in support of modern things.

'All the modern things, like cars and such, have always existed / They've just been waiting, in a mountain, for the right moment / And

ocean, I wanted to write a story about the goddess of intuition. Basically, she's born in a forest from a spark. As she grows up, she realises the pebbles on the forest floor are actually baby skyscrapers. So, when she grows up, these skyscrapers grow up as well, and when she's fully grown woman, she finds herself in the middle of a city full of grown up clever people. She's just kind of pure instinct and impulse, intuition. That sort of crashes with all the clever people around her. So, she decides to isolate herself, and that's why I call her *Isobel*, because it's isolated."

'My name Isobel, married to myself / My love Isobel, living by herself...' — Björk.

"Still thinking she's right, she decides to train a lot of moths. She sends them outside of her window to the whole world, and they fly outside the window of people who are too clever, and they confuse them by saying: 'Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah.' And people go: 'Oops, oh, oh I'm so sorry,' and they click back into their intuition."

The fable, 'Hyperballad', is less fanciful, having sprung from Björk's observations of other people's relationships.

"I've noticed that most of my friends, after three years of relationship with a person, they realise that because they are in love, they only show what they think is their best side to their

Every morning, I walk towards the edge, and throw little things off / Like car parts, bottles and cutlery, or whatever I find lying around / It's become a habit, a way to start the day...' — Björk.

"I don't look at it as insincere, or bad, or evil or anything. I just think it's very human."

Björk once said she has been striving towards creating the perfect song since she was about 11, and she expects it will turn up when she's an old granny. Does that attitude put a lot of pressure on the journey to that song?

"No, it's just a question to have target in your life, and trying to learn as much as you can to prepare yourself for that moment, so when that moment arrives you are capable. I look at it like my duty, because you are born in this world and you get a lot of presents along the way. Most of them are probably experiences that you get offered to take a part in. I really like that. Moving over to England, and meeting so many people I can work with, is really a privilege for me. I'm just trying to learn as much as I can before that moment pops up, so I'll be as ready as possible."

And how does Björk think she'll know when she has found that elusive song?

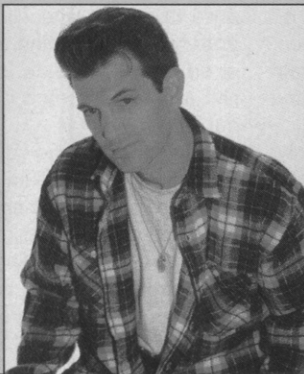
"I dunno," she says. "I'll probably just explode and die or something."

BROWNWYN TRUDGEON



Chris Isaak Forever Blue

California's favourite balladeer and the man who brought us the haunting "Wicked Game" returns with a compelling collection of new songs. And what's more for the first time Chris Isaak will be delivering them personally to New Zealand ears and hearts with two sure-to-be sellout shows in July. The first single "Somebody's Crying" is already a favourite at radio - check out the accompanying video which reflects Chris Isaak's love of surfing.



Buy "Forever Blue" from the music retailers listed below and go into the draw to win 1 of 25 tickets to either show:

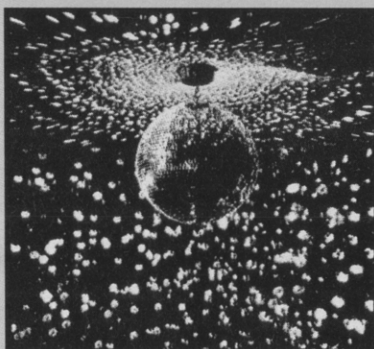
Auckland July 20th – Logan Campbell Centre

Wellington July 21st – Town Hall.

Available at: Truetone, Sounds, Marbecks, Real Groovy, Compact Disc Shop, Music Plus, Tower & Tandys.

Batman Forever Movie Soundtrack

The opening weekend for the Batman Forever movie set an all-time box office record of US \$52.7 million eclipsing the record set by "Jurassic Park" and the album is set to do similar business for the music industry fuelled by the sensational new single from U2 "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me, Kill Me". This unique soundtrack contains new music from the cream of today's recording artists: PJ Harvey, Brandy, Seal, Massive Attack, Eddi Reader, Mazzy Star, The Offspring, Nick Cave, Method Man, Michael Hutchence, The Delvins, Sunny Day Real Estate and the Flaming Lips.



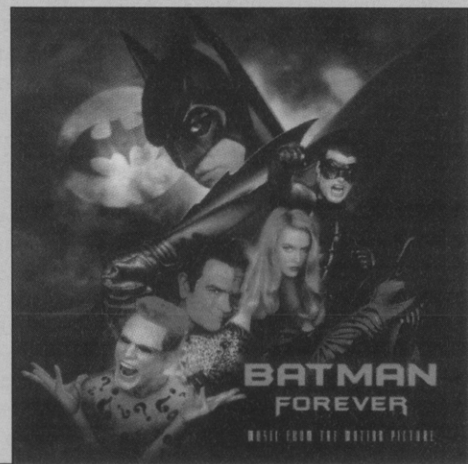
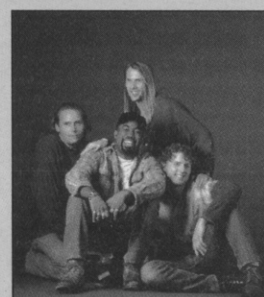
Neil Young Mirror Ball

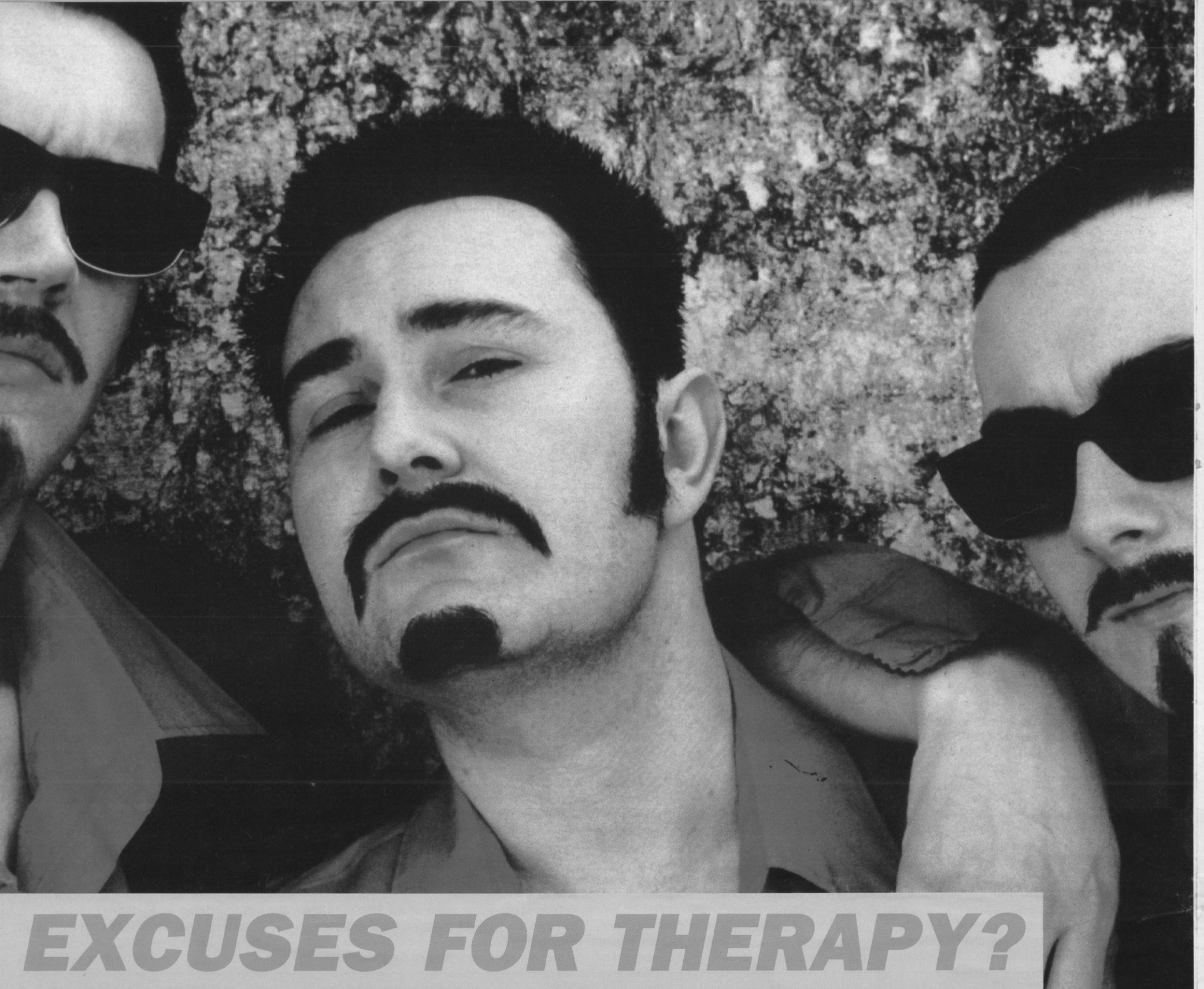
Coming in July a devastating new album from Neil Young and "You Know Who"... and yes... it really rocks! It's called Mirror Ball but it ain't no disco! Guess the backing band – win a pie!



Hootie & The Blowfish Cracked Rear View

Who are Hootie & The Blowfish? The quiet achievers of the music business crept up to #1 on the US charts recently and stayed there for an astonishing 4 weeks. The singles "Hold My Hand" and "Let Her Cry" are now amongst the most played at radio in America and New Zealand. If you like music packed with great hooks and melodies ask your music retailer for a listen.





EXCUSES FOR THERAPY?

When it comes to singing of sorrows, nobody does it better or more downright beautifully than the Irish. Perhaps it's something in the whisky, but poets such as MacGowan, O'Connor, Van Morrison, and Christy Moore all seem to use songs as defence mechanisms to withstand life's nasty troubles and strifes. And the three self-proclaimed "wankers from Belfast" who call themselves Therapy?, also embrace this method to get by.

From day one, Therapy?'s singer/songwriter Andy Cairns has placed his every anxiety and insecurity in full view, without thought to the holes that might be picked in his moral fibre, or possible accusations of displaying weak male behaviour in a public place. Wrapped around hellish chunks of guitar buzz, lyrics like 'I've got nothing to do, but hang around and get screwed up on you', and 'with a face like this I won't break any hearts', proved he wasn't prepared to leave any personal demon stone unturned, and showed he wasn't possessed with a pedestrian soul. Bad poetry Therapy? are not.

Living in Belfast, and finding common ground in unabashed noise and angst, Cairns formed Therapy? in 1989 with bassist Michael McKeegan and drummer Fyfe Ewing. A series of singles and mini EPs preceded their debut album, *Baby Teeth*, which led to the trio inking a major label deal and recording the 1993 album *Nurse*. For the first time, Therapy? welcomed pop music, introducing melodic moments into their otherwise Big Black-like screaming fits. Major press attention followed, and Therapy?'s cocktail of overwhelmingly brutal guitar and bone crunching rhythms was hauled into the limelight.

In February of the following year, they delivered *Troublegum* — a monumental blast of pop, punk, thrash and metal that pleased rock and indie fans alike. A heavy promotion schedule saw Therapy? soak up the following 12 months with extensive tours of the US and UK, including playing to 50,000 plus headbangers at Castle Donington, and taking time out in Los Angeles to record a version of 'Iron Man' with Ozzy Osborne for the Black Sabbath tribute album. Finally off the road, in January of this year they spent four weeks at Peter Gabriel's Real World Studio in Bath, recording the album

Infernal Love.

Therapy? were down in the Antipodes in mid-April to indulge in the inaugural *Alternative Nation Tour* of Australia, where they played on the same bill as Faith No More, Primus, Ween, Ice-T and Body Count, plus two New Zealand shows with the 'original gangsta' and his band of joke metallers.

On the afternoon of the Auckland show, Cairns returns to the Centra Hotel in Albert Street having changed his hair from bleached blonde to jet black, because he "wanted to look like a coke dealer". It's a job well done and a better look. The previous evening he was at New York band Sick Of It All's Squid gig looking like an overweight Steady Eddy. For a man who tells many tales of depression and self loathing, Cairns is surprisingly bright and approachable. He swaps his new issue of *Viz* for a copy of *RipItUp*.

Up in his room, dirty clothes strewn everywhere and the odd empty beer bottle are the only signs of hotel debauchery, and Cairns' drug of choice for the moment is a strong black coffee. He admits to having cleaned himself up a bit in the last six months. After the American tour — two months of giving little thought to what he poured down his throat or snorted up his nose — he returned to Belfast a "ghastly, bloated mess", and opted for an intense period of songwriting, rest and relaxation.

"When we returned from America we were sick of the sight of each other. All I wanted to do was be left alone, in my own house, and write the next album. Due to my state of mind, it was initially going to be another very dark and very depressing album. The problem was that I've always been very very wary of people who isolate themselves to create — it can be beneficial, but I don't feel comfortable with that. There's one song on the new album called 'Bad

Mother'. The opening lines are: 'It's a beautiful day but I don't see it that way / The sky's too bright for my tired eyes to take.' That's a reference to people who will sit at home and deliberately find something to make them feel darker so they can create. But that's not what I'm like as a person, and in the end it didn't work out."

With almost two dozen songs in hand, Therapy? went into Real World with producer Al Clay, whose previous credits include the Pixies and Pere Ubu. To the trio's pleasant surprise, the obligatory arguments and days of silence that were the norm at past Therapy? recording sessions failed to materialise. For Cairns this meant an almost total rewrite of the album in the studio.

"We were all enjoying the recording process too much for the album to be dark. There was such optimism in our whole camp, and it would've been wrong to confuse that. It would've required too much of an effort to absorb myself in something dark to make an artistic statement, and it wouldn't have been honest."

Whether the all new positive Therapy? will be as acceptable to fans waiting on tenterhooks for *Infernal Love* is yet to be witnessed. Those expecting another *Troublegum* will be sorely disappointed. Their bright side is still darker than most, but gone are the bad attitude driven, three minute punk tunes, in favour of a more laboured, seemingly more mature effort — think Sugar meets the Beach Boys with a hint of Pink Floyd at their least epic, and give it time. Wonderful and immediate though is a cover of Hüsker Dü's 'Diane'. Featuring no drums, no bass, and no guitar, just vocals and a sweeping cello arrangement, this is a personal favourite of Cairns'.

Later in the day, a very small crowd has

assembled at the Town Hall, but Therapy? could not have paid for a more supportive and enthusiastic audience. Front of stage is a scene of wild abandon, and the lack of numbers doesn't faze the band. McKeegan, wearing a Chelsea football shirt, hammers away relentlessly at his bass, while Ewing, head down and spit flying, beats the crap out of the drums. Cairns comes across all Manson-like, as he powers through 'Nowhere' and the new single 'Stories'. They close with a crushing rendition of 'Screamager'.

In contrast, both Ice-T and Body Count proved their time was up. T cruised on autopilot, operating without spark or spirit, while Body Count made every mistake and played every cliché in the book. Absolutely positively, tonight the first should have been last.

Backstage in Therapy?'s dressing room, things are as you'd expect — drink is being swallowed, drugs are being smoked, and a groupie is being procured ("We need another pass for the girl wearing the dog collar."). Cairns offers a beer and a chair, and lets out a 'this-is-the-life' kind of sigh. I ask if rock 'n' roll provides him with an acceptable opportunity to flaunt primal male behaviour for all it's worth.

"Oh, the most. Basically, you get let off with so many things because you're in a band. If I was a 29 year old man in a bar in Belfast, tryin' to get off with a 18 year old girl, you'd think: 'What a dirty old man.' But when you're backstage at a gig or in the back of a tour bus, it becomes sort of acceptable."

He turns, shrouded in a cloud of pot smoke, smiles, and says what we all know to be true.

"I think sometimes that being in a band is just an excuse not to grow up."

JOHN RUSSELL

THE HARDWARE DEPARTMENT



MAX TV.
TELEVISIONING THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC VIDEOS.
FREE TO AIR.



Jon

SML *Smell My Licks*

In the beginning, there was Shihad, and many punters saw them, and said they were good.

Then there came Head Like a Hole, and many punters also saw them, and said they were also good.

Years passed, and both bands prospered. They also got along well... perhaps too well, for the bands then spawned issue, and that issue was SML. Not surprisingly, said issue is good also.

SML are Head Like A Hole's Date (Nigel to his Mum, and me on this occasion), and Shihad's Jon Toogood and Tom Larkin. I spoke to Nigel three days before Head Like A Hole took off to join Shihad on tour in Germany. He apologises for missing our appointment by two hours ("ooops"), then we get down to business. SML's debut single ('Mixdown', which features seven tracks) is due out this month, and an album (*Is That It?*) will follow shortly thereafter. These recordings are the culmination of two years of jamming and the occasional live performance from Wellington's sharpest dressed sons. It all began when Head Like A Hole and Shihad shared the same practise room.

Nigel takes up the story: "There was a couple of times when both bands just had these huge jamming sessions, and there was like eight of us making this whole wall of noise. We actually played in Auckland once under the name Shitfoot, after a Head Like A Hole/Shihad gig. That was the beginning. It ended out just with me, Tom and Jon jamming occasionally just for the hell of it. That was when all the guys from Baiter Space lived in Wellington and had a studio. We went into their studio [Writhe] and Brent [MacLachlan] recorded about six songs. That was kind of the first SML thing that ever happened. After that we did a couple of gigs and supported Baiter Space in Auckland. Then it was put on hold for quite a while."

What happened to those initial recordings? "They exist, and about two of those songs are on [the] SML album. The rest of them, we didn't really want to include. They're really

good songs and good recordings, but that was right at the beginning when we were just jamming, so maybe our influences are worn on our sleeve a bit much. We've done heaps more recording since then, so we had the pick of the best out of the whole lot.

"At that stage everyone in the band still had jobs and shit. Jon ended up leaving his job and we got totally into this kind of home recording thing. I'd been doing that for about the last 18 months, because I'd left my job for Head Like A Hole ages ago [and was] being a starving musician type.

"I've got a smallish four-track studio in my bedroom. That basically became me and Jonny just sort of hanging out every day, recording shit. It was never intended to be released. All of a sudden we discovered we had about 30 songs recorded. Then Murray [Cammick, Wildside Records] started talking about releasing it. That's basically what we're into, recording lots of stinky music and getting it released so we can listen to it on our own CD players.

"As well as me and Jonny doing this home recording bit, because in that kind of scene I actually played the drums, Tom is sort of like the third come-and-go member of SML. We went with him into a studio in town and did about eight songs on a bigger sounding recording. So the album is actually a mixture of four track stuff, the original Writhe recordings and the recordings we did then. So it's this best of over two and a half, three years."

What influences do you think you may have worn on your sleeves in SML's early days?

"It's kind of hard to say because it was more just the place we were in, and just hanging out, getting stoned and all that kind of bullshit. We're all into our own little trips when it comes to music. We're not necessarily on the same wavelength, music wise, even though we really get off on playing music with each other."

Can the different musical aspects each of you brings to SML be categorised?

"Yeah, they can. Jonny's basically got the melody and the nice sing-songy voice, and I've kind of got the 'let's turn it up to 10 and thrash the shit out of it and scream along'. That

means you've got someone writing nice melodic songs and then someone filling them up with lots of noise. Tom's basically just this awesome drummer who we can [tell]: 'This is the song,' and he can play to the groove of the song, and not go: 'Oh, I'm a drummer so I better put my thousand drum fills in.' That's kind of how it works. It was just me and Jonny goofing off writing all these songs, and Tom was like the professional guy that would come along and pull it all together for us."

A couple of months ago, I heard SML were playing their last gig in Wellington. Just days later came news of their impending releases. Do the recordings mark the beginning or the end for SML?

"That's a hard one. It's just on hold. I think SML's one of those things that we could play in Wellington three years down the road, not having played at all in that time. That's how it's been. It's been on hold for a year at a time, then it's been when there's time to get together and make music, we do it. Head Like A Hole and Shihad are touring, and we're gonna have a four-track on the road, so we might record an album while we're on the road. I'm taking the SML keyboards. That's basically what the difference is between SML, Shihad and Head Like A Hole, there's a lot more keyboards and sort of blippy bloppy sounds. We're hoping we might be able to play in some sleazy places on the Reperbahn or something."

Do you envisage performing in New Zealand in support of *Is That It?*

"It all depends. Shihad are really going off over there, and they've got that attitude that they wanna stay. Those guys, Shihad is totally their main project, for sure. They're really putting every effort into that. I'd say, at this stage, that SML for them would be only if there's time. The more important thing would probably be them touring their *Killjoy* album. That's just things that if they happen it'll be cool, but otherwise, no worries."

It's not like Nigel's short of things to keep him occupied. Aside from Head Like A Hole and SML, he has two other musical projects — Baconfoot and Hemi. He plans to amalgamate

the latter two projects, as he says: "Otherwise there's just too many bands." Baconfoot includes Tom and Benji of Wellington band Funkmutha, and Tom also plays with Hemi. Despite the blurry personnel lines, at least three of the bands have very distinct personalities — just like children really. Meet the family.

"SML's sort of like kids playing in the sandpit. Head Like A Hole's kids arguing over the truck in the sandpit. Hemi's just me and Tom in the sandpit," explains the proud co-parent.

No sand actually appears on stage when SML perform live. The gag lies in the suits they wear, which are cheesy enough to stock an entire dairy co-op. When I mention them, Nigel is quick to take full responsibility.

"That's kind of my thing actually. It's just that I've got heaps of them. I've got this thing about ugly suits and I'm always buying them. Actually, last time Head Like A Hole played in Hamilton, Mark [Hideo] was really keen to get back to Wellington for some reason. We didn't do this on purpose, but we happened to stop at every single op shop between Hamilton and Wellington, and the drive took about 15 hours. I got a few more cheesy suits. It's the difference between maybe teased hair and studded wrist belts."

And spandex, and root vegetables down underpants, and turning the whole shebang up to 11. Yes it's true — SML are different. Even their name is different — every time they use it.

"Originally it was Sebastian Morgan Lynch, which was this guy Jonny and Tom went to school with who I'd never met. Jonny got this job at a bakery in Newtown, which the song 'Bakery' on the album is about. His boss' name was Stephen M Lowell — he had a licence plate 'SML'. We kind of make up a different name for every time we play and let people call us what they want."

I vote people call them a Bloody Exciting Band (sod the initials) and thank physics for osmosis.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

Charts

TRUETONE RECORDS St Lukes Top 10 Hip Hop 12"

- 1 Method Man *I'll Be There* (Def Jam)
- 2 Mobb Deep *Survival Of The Fittest* (RCA/Loud)
- 3 Dr Dre *Keep Their Heads Ringin'* (Priority)
- 4 Mystidious Misfits *I Be* (Epic)
- 5 Raekwon *Criminology* (Loud)
- 6 Big L *MVP* (Sony)
- 7 Channel Live *Reprogram* (Capitol)
- 8 Notorious Big *One More Chance* (Bad Boy)
- 9 Ill Al Skratch *Don't Shut Down* (Tommy Boy)
- 10 Blacksheep *North South* (Payday)

Top 10 House 12"

- 1 Blak 'N' Spanish *Blak N Spanish* (Mousetrap)
- 2 Lisa White *Keep on Doing* (Azuli)
- 3 Jasper Street Company *Feeling* (Azuli)
- 4 Deep Dish Presents Quench *Sexy Dance* (Tribal UK)
- 5 Johan S *Dynamic Kutz Vol. 2* (Underground)
- 6 Toka *Dub 4 You* (DIY)
- 7 Liberty City *That's What I Got* (Tribal UK)
- 8 Take Aim *Praise Dance* (Junior Boys Own)
- 9 Andrea Mendez *Bring Me Love Remixes* (Azuli)
- 10 Heller & Farley *B.Boy Blak* (Justrax)

Truetone Records, St Lukes (09)
841555

Dance

Paula Abdul Dining and Dancing

These days Paula Abdul is better known as the bulimic, Pepsi drinking ex-wife of actor Emilio Estevez, than as a dance music artist. With her third solo record on the verge of release, she plans to change all that.

Hers has been a tough life since she came off the 1992 world tour that followed the release of her last album, *Spellbound*. A whirlwind romance with Estevez led to a marriage that quickly foundered, and resulted in divorce. Without prompting, she begins a brief dissection of the demise of the relationship.

"Unfortunately, with my schedule and Emilio's schedule, we never were able to spend time together, and we realised that we got married too quickly, without really getting to know one another. Basically, we realised we just weren't cut out to be married, that we're better being really good friends, and I'm grateful that we are good friends. We remained friends throughout the whole winding up process."

A divorce wasn't the only drama Abdul got herself involved in. In early 93, Yvette Marine, a backing vocalist who featured on Abdul's

1988 debut album *Forever Your Girl*, claimed the singer had failed to credit her for vocal duties performed on the record. After a drawn out trial in a Los Angeles federal court, a jury found unanimously in favour of Abdul.

"That was a major thing for me because I'd never been in a courtroom before. I was so happy we were vindicated because I was willing to go the complete distance and so was Virgin Records, to prove that Paula Abdul is for real, and that record companies don't have to pay off frivolous lawsuits."

Naturally, she didn't come away from either event unscathed. Whereas many musicians climb inside a bottle of booze to cope with life's curve balls, Abdul found her solace in food — but soon discovered there was a price to be paid for the indulgence. She speaks of depression and weight fluctuations of Oprah-like proportions, that prevented her from writing, performing, and following her main passion, choreography. It wasn't until the former LA Lakers cheerleader entered an over-eaters anonymous programme that she decided to pull her finger out, and get down to the business of penning and recording *Head Over Heels*.

"The album ended up being my therapy outlet. It turned into a whole process of my feelings. The songs that I recorded at the beginning were the ballads, the deeper songs that related to what was happening in my life emotionally. Through the process of making the album, all the uplifting and feel-good songs began coming into play as I began to recover emotionally. The album is a true reflection of the ups and downs I've been through, and I just feel like I've really triumphed personally through this album. It was a great project for me."

Head Over Heels will hold few surprises for long-time Abdul fans; ultimately she is just opening a new chapter of her catchy blend of pop, dance, funk and R&B. Abdul is determined to stick with the sound that has given her such smash hits as 'Rush Rush' and 'Straight Up', even if it means being out of step with any current musical trends.

"Flavours and opinions change constantly, so there's no formula to guarantee success. You just have to do what you love, and hope that other people love it as much as you do. Being an entertainer is scary because its the one occupation where you have to stand up and say: 'This is my love, this is my life, I hope you like me.' It's a very scary, vulnerable place to be."

JOHN RUSSELL

WHOOMP! HERE THEY ARE!



-Tag Team & DM 1100X "Master Mixer"

Tag Team raps with
Numark

NZ Distributors of Numark™
live sound ltd

PO Box 68216, Auckland.
Ph (09) 378 9863 Fax (09) 378 0542

DM 1100X "Master Mixer"

The new radical design of the 1100X gives the "scratch" DJ complete creative flexibility. It is designed to fit precisely between today's most popular turntables. The 1100X eliminates the nightmare of the DJ's hands hitting the turntables during their performance thanks to its unique elevated chassis design. The DM 1100X "Mix Master" — 3 channels of scratching power!

Straight from the Street



THE HOTTEST NEW R&B AND RAP



Includes: TLC , Craig Mack , The Notorious B.I.G. , Usher , OutKast , Illegal , Monica , Rampage
and more ...



Dance

FUN FACTORY Close To You (BMG)

Taking a while to find its way downunder, but worth it nonetheless. This is pure-pop Euro-disco, done well by studio/video band Fun Factory. The best mix is the 'Trouble Mix', only because it's a (slightly) stretched out version of the 'Radio Edit'. Ragga fans will be disappointed to find out the 'Ragga' version really isn't — it's more a whiny, pseudo K7-style rap. Not for thinking, just dancing.

DEEP FOREST Marta's Song (Sony)

Not really for dancing, this is the thinking-person's pop. Trancey, ambient dub/techno using sampled rhythms/vocals/percussions from around the world. Spooky, but interesting stuff. Fans won't be disappointed — except for the fact the album version isn't included, as promised on the sleeve. 'Cafe Europa' is — it's a Middle Eastern-style rhythm, no doubt inspired by the large Muslim community now living France. Don't let their country's nuclear testing put you off this band.

STRIKE U Sure Do (BMG)

Jeez, everytime I hear this on the radio I go nuts. Where did they sample the vocal from? I swear I've heard it before, but can't figure where. 'You sure do make me feel like loving you,' is pretty much all there is to this song vocally, but the beat is good — more pure-pop Euro disco as espoused by Fun Factory, 2 Unlimited, The Real McCoy, etc..

STONE AGE Zo Laret Remixes (Sony)

If Strike sound like Fun Factory (or vice versa), then Stone Age sound like Deep Forrest, only a tad more danceable. Five mixes in all, yet each one sounds very different from the others. The 'Tribal Trance' and 'Sextended' mixes are best, however, neo-hippies will love the 'Jungoluv' and 'Magic Carpet' mixes. A nice mix of percussion and ambient dance.

SHABBA Let's Get It On (Sony)

More ragga from the man who keeps it real, Shabba Ranks. Purists will call it pop, which it is, but compared to a lot of the other stuff coming out as 'ragga', this ain't perpetrating. The 'Radio Mix' is actually quite bass heavy, which is a surprise, considering what they like to play on air. I found myself preferring instead the lighter 'Salaam's Mix'. Also included is the 'Selector Mix' of 'Original Woman'.

HOCUS POCUS Here's Johnny! (Central Station)

Hardcore techno-industrial dance from Dutch outfit Hocus Pocus. This is what happens when you grow up listening to Kraftwerk and Yello instead of Giorgio Moroder, I guess. This is hard house, with the emphasis on hard — a frenetic hi-speed beat intercut with Jack Nicholson's unbeatable refrain from *The Shining*. Six mixes in all, all great, but I'm not sure I could listen to this for too long!

DARK TOWER Real Zealmen (Curious Records)

At 20 minutes long, this EP is exceptional value. Dark Tower are two Christchurch rappers who come across as kind of an Antipodean version of the Beastie Boys. They aren't afraid to try anything musically, and their rhymes are heavy on the humour (don't get me wrong — it's not a joke or novelty rap). Listening to The Eel and The Earl rap about sheep and rural life really brought me back home. Rather than follow the US hip-hop style, Dark Tower strike out on their own, sampling the old *Country Calendar* theme and tossing in a few barbies for good measure. That said, the beats are good, the rhymes strong ('just a half-caste brother in a half-caste land'), and the lyrical flow is excellent. Expect to hear this all over student radio.

LIVIN' JOY Dreamer (MCA Records)

Whoa momma, this Italian House is white-hot! The difference is subtle, but this stuff has it all over Euro-disco. Pure dancefloor sounds, guaranteed to fill any floor any time. Six big, thumping

mixes, including ones by Rollo and Junior Vasquez — I wouldn't even dare suggest which one is best. Single of the month.

SNAP The First, The Last, Eternity (Till The End) (Not One Second Sooner) (BMG)

Snap started out pop and progressively got harder. Better than starting out hard, then selling out, I guess, but purists will need to wake up and switch on to Snap. No longer Euro-disco, they've become Italian house/techno, and the production is lush and deep. Hard driving beats and a meaningless vocal hook from Summer make this an obvious hit.

HADDAWAY Fly Away (BMG)

Having already had his fair share of hits, I reckon he's going to have to take his turn on the bench for this one. Euro-disco, but nothing that matches other efforts released this month. Anyone pining for a slice of piano should try the 'Development Corporation Mix', however, the best mix is the entry-level hard house 'Hyper Space Mix'.

MICHAEL JACKSON Scream (Sony)

I almost didn't bother reviewing this one because I know you've already heard it — a hundred times. So, let's talk about the video instead. No, not the sickeningly narcissistic promo video for the album, but the one for this song. Michael has the moves, but when Janet lifts her top she steals the show. But if you can take your eyes off her breasts for one second (I don't care what her lawyers say, they look like implants), you'll see that Michael is really catching wreck. In one sequence he pops like an old school hip-hop master, well impressive.

VARIOUS Summerjam 95 (Zed Music)

Imported from the New York mixmaster specialists this is the ideal tape for riding round town, pretending you're rolling through the hood. Ninety minutes seamlessly mixed into one phat tape. Artists include Adina Howard, Dr Dre, Brandy, Naughty By Nature, Brand Nubian, Mary J Blige, Ol' Dirty Bastard, Notorious BIG, and others so new I've never heard of them. Excellent quality and all mixed live on the turntables!

NICK D'ANGELO

THE ALKOHOLICS Coast II Coast (Loud Records)

The party continues. J-Ro, E-Swift and Tash are back, complete with the sound effects. If you heard '21 and Over', you'll know the steelo punchlines and bragg raps. This is true for *Coast II Coast* as well. However, there is a lot of seriousness shown here also. '2014' is a song about the aftermath of a nuclear bomb, when the only people left on earth are hip-hop heads (serious Alcoholics-style). Q Tip rhymes on 'All the Way Live', and Flashback is a great old school tribute/parody.

The Alkaholiks are just as good as they ever were, with better beats... if you know what I mean. Well worth the effort and good for a laugh.

OLI GREEN

MOBB DEEP The Infamous Mobb Deep (Loud Records)

Queensbridge, New York: most recently the home of two gangsters with skills, Prodigy and Havoc. This album is scary. The stories they tell about being shot at, shooting, dealing drugs, etc. are told with such no-chalance and matter of factness it makes me think: 'Shit.'

The lyrics are mostly orientated around living in the projects and surviving on the street (nothing new here), it's just their delivery and the thoughts that surround the shootings and muggings that make the difference.

Both MCs are at the ripe old age of 19 and, as Prodigy says, 'I'm only 19, but my brain is old', sort of sums up the whole album. This could slide into the files of 'fillers who rap', except for their beats. It's also soooo well produced. Mobb Deep do their own production for the most part, but Q Tip creates three superb tracks.

The best song by far is 'Eye For An Eye', which features NAS (another Queensbridge local) and Rae Kwon (Wu Tang). There are well thought out chorus' throughout, and the 'Source' has gone through four and a half mic's. So, you work it out. I reckon it's brilliant. Picks up where NAS left off.

OLI GREEN



AJ Croce

AJ CROCE That's Me in the Bar (Private/BMG)

Is AJ the son of Jim Croce or Tom Waits? On this great album of piano ballads he has a voice almost as world-weary as Waits, but without the beat poet posturing. Helped out by LA veterans (Ry Cooder, Jim Keltner, David Hidalgo), Croce sounds as if he's been listening to the best of early 70s singer-songwriters. He's a deft piano player too — though he does love to stay on that 'The Piano's Been Drinking'/'One More For the Road' chord.

VAN MORRISON Days Like This (Exile/Polydor)

If my new girlfriend was formerly Miss Ireland, I'd put her on the cover, too. Van is still in happy mode, but these days he's nesting. This breaks no new ground, though the song-titles read like a psychologist's dictionary: 'Melancholia', 'Underlying Depression', 'No Religion', 'Russian Roulette'. The tone is still pleasantly mellow, and Van remains disturbingly paranoid: 'Won't let the bastards grind me down,' goes one refrain, and he duets with his daughter (I wish he wouldn't) on 'You Don't Know Me'. Time for Van to shake off the musos, get back to Eire and record with some real characters.

AARON NEVILLE The Tattooed Heart (A&M)

New Orleans' favourite prop-forward seems happily ensconced in the middle-of-the-road. When last here, Neville said he'd like to record a country album, a gospel album... this mainstream effort is probably what he meant. Yes, it's MOR, but it's beautifully made MOR. Thankfully, there is less vocalising and melismatic showing-off than usual, and some of the more rootsy grooves work, but Aaron's first solo album was produced with more musical taste and sympathy. For that, Linda Ronstadt never received her due.

FONTELLA BASS No Ways Tired (Nonesuch/WEA)

The American Explorer series exhumes another gem. In 1965 Bass had a huge soul hit with 'Rescue Me'; follow-ups failed, then she was lost to motherhood. Now she returns with a gospel album that has a Pentecostal fervour and jazzy-pop slickness. With piano and organ dominating (of course) the band hits infectious grooves, and Bass's voice soars.

DWIGHT YOAKAM Dwight Live (Reprise)

Driven, as always, by Pete Anderson's cutting Telecaster riffs, this album is swiftly paced like an old dancehall set. And with Dwight dressed, as always, in jeans as tight as denim condoms, the swooning audience never leaves the dancefloor. His country twang could shatter glass, but Dwight has successfully modernised the honky tonk sound for the 80s. This con-

centrates heavily on his recent classic *This Time*, with old favourite covers such as 'Little Sister' and 'Suspicious Minds' thrown in as crowd-pleasers. Surprising, from the class of 86 (Dwight, Randy Travis, Steve Earle) it is the image-conscious Yoakam who has been creatively strongest.

CRUMB Original Soundtrack (Rykodisc)

Terry Zwigoff's documentary about the misanthropic cartoonist (Fritz the Cat, 'Keep on Truckin'') is essential viewing at this year's festivals, a rivetting study of a seriously dysfunctional family. Robert Crumb never listens to anything made after the 1920s — after that, the humanity is missing, as recordings are made to sell rather than for music's sake. So here we have a charming album of authentic rags for piano and guitar, with many original versions — though most are re-recorded with the devotion you'd expect from 78 collectors.

TONY JOE WHITE Lake Placid Blues (RDM/Festival)

Mark Knopfler never played a note that Tony Joe White didn't play before. Tony Joe ('Polk Salad Annie') is the king of wah-wahed swamp rock, who recently made a comeback after writing 'Steamy Windows' and 'Undercover Agent For the Blues' for Tina Turner. His sound remains the same, and this is 'if it ain't broke, don't fix it' time. He's written a strong set of songs, but with less local colour — no chompin' alligators or rifle totin' sheriffs — much of the character is lost. Check out the retrospective on Warner Bros.

ROBERT CRAY Some Rainy Morning (Mercury)

Cray's sweat-free sound has always been decor blues for me — however here he's cut back to a simple trio and made his most impassioned album yet. The minimalism works; with Jim Pugh's purring B3 organ as a foundation, Cray's singing and guitar-playing is edgy and committed. He'll never be Howlin' Wolf — sincere and careful, this is like a black version of the *Bluesbreakers* album — but Cray is really working now, not coasting on looks and chops.

THE BAND Live at Watkins Glen (Capitol)

Like the Beatles, every concert the Band played was virtually the same — it was like a recital of their favourites, with the only difference being the degree of commitment. Watkins Glen in 1973 was a huge event — bigger than Woodstock I — and the Band responded. But after *Rock of Ages*, *Before the Flood* and *The Last Waltz* do you need more? If you've heard this sensational version of Chuck Berry's 'Back to Memphis', the answer is no — and that's available on the box-set, or the even better value compilation *To Kingdom Come*.

JAMES BOOKER



BJÖRK Post
(Mother Records)

Post is Björk's follow-up to the *Debut* that actually wasn't a debut, but proved to be a lot of other wonderful things for a lot of listeners. It sees her trip back into the spotlight, with her unusual phrasing, transcription defying accent and vocal acrobatics giddily in tow. Nellee Hooper has returned to her side, as one of the co-producers/co-writers on a super-charged call sheet.

From the big band reworking of 'It's Oh So Quiet' (the album's only cover, co-produced by 808 State's Graham Massey), the beseeching ambience of 'Possibly Maybe', and the soaring strings of 'Isobel', to the pumped-up trance of 'Hyperballad', Latin-like techno of 'I Miss You' (co-written and co-produced by Howie Bernstein), and the goading industrial sounds of 'Enjoy' (co-written and co-produced by Tricky), this is an intoxicating and highly addictive journey to the heart of its creator and the talents of her collaborators.

With no thought to thematic rhyme or reason, every song seems to be here simply because it feels like it. This makes *Post* an endearingly personal portrait. It doubles as an anytime salve for the senses, and the perfect wind up or down for a night under the lights.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

BAILTERSPLACE Wammo
(Flying Nun)

You know things are going to be different the moment you see the cover artwork. Gone are the blurred monochromatic images, with their rigid character fonts, to be replaced with the legs of a man about to putt a golf ball and lettering done with a twink pen.

It's simply a reaction to the cartoon version they became of themselves on their last album *Vortura*. From the album title to song titles like 'Galaxy', 'Reactor' and 'Shadow'. Cyber-what-ever. They'd played that field. Now they're 'Splat', 'Wammo' and 'Zapped', but it's really just a make-over, not actual cosmetic surgery.

They still sound the same, still the mix of pop songs right up against punky industrial songs. But this time Baiterspace are unplugged — not from their amps, but from their effects pedals. At first this seems to defeat the whole *raison d'être* of Baiterspace, but the more you listen the murkier things get. After endless listens, you're still no closer to understanding Baiterspace.

The album opens with the beautiful 'Untied', that could be straight off *Vortura*. The single 'Splat' follows, with its unoriginal video, but great refrain. 'At Five We Drive' is part of their noisier side, which stripped back sounds much more punkier than anything they've ever done before. 'Zapped' is a perfect example of the two styles of Baiterspace, starting with a lovely pop chorus and it's lack of bluriness bringing back memories of their Kilgour era, and then the song turns into a noisy chant of 'I don't wanna get zapped'. 'Voltage' is the only song that sounds out of place, recorded 'in context' (?), it sounds like a live jam, and while not a terrible song, should be tucked away as a B-side someplace else.

Baiterspace are New Zealand's only 'album-per-year' band and this year's *Wammo* punch will only enhance their reputation for gorgeous and barbed pop monuments.

DARREN HAWKES

JAN HELLRIEGEL Tremble
(Warner)

It's been three years since the release of Jan Hellriegel's debut album, *It's My Sin*. Since then, Jan has relocated waaay out West (Melbourne in fact), opting for a new career in a new town. *Tremble*, then, is something of a rebirth, as well as being a fresh start for an artist who has been out of the New Zealand

public eye for some time.

With the benefit of hindsight, only three songs linger on from Jan's debut effort: 'The Way I Feel', 'No Idea' and the title track itself. Too many of the rest were guilty of cluttered and fussy arrangements that robbed the songs of their tension and drama, ultimately diffusing the album's focus.

Tremble suffers no such problem. While the actual song writing marks no great leap forward, *Tremble* shows *It's My Sin* a clean pair of heels in other areas. Hellriegel has a dramatic, emotive voice, and this time round the songs serve to accentuate, rather than obscure this trait. Opening track 'Sneer' and single 'Manic (Is A State Of Mind)' are both charged with high drama and menace, while elsewhere Hellriegel shows the confidence to let the songs breathe and allow other qualities to shine through. The cinematic sweep of 'Touch Greenstone' and the gentler airs of 'Thinking' are equally convincing, as are a couple of killer pop songs in 'Pure Pleasure', which rocks out on the album's catchiest chorus, and the glorious closing track 'It's Not Me'.

In the past Jan Hellriegel has perhaps sounded like a woman bursting to get her muse out, without ever quite discovering how. *Tremble* is the sound of that discovery being made.

MARTIN BELL

MICHAEL JACKSON HlStory Book One
(Sony)

At age 11, pictures and posters of Michael Jackson were the wallpaper in my bedroom. Even the ceiling was plastered with the then 23

year old genius, who cast a captivating spell with his ability to move like both liquid and a machine. Never did I think this once fiercely self-styled individual would become nothing more than a 'product' of his own creation. Enter *HlStory Book One*.

HlStory is a two CD package — one disc holds 15 remastered number one singles, the second, 15 new Jackson tracks — and comes accompanied by a worldwide marketing campaign of outrageous proportions, designed to lift him to an almost frightening level of superstardom. The flaw in this plan is that Jackson continues his slide off the musical rails that began with 1993's *Dangerous* album.

On a lyrical level, much of *HlStory* deals with the molestation charges that dogged Jackson's personal life in recent years. While his words are undeniably heartfelt, any emotional investment doesn't extend to the accompanying music. Aside from the funky first single, 'Scream', studio wizardry has rendered the majority of songs — a uniform mixture of dance tracks and ballads — lifeless and lacking in warmth. With Jackson at the controls, or co-producing on all but two compositions, he can't pass the buck. If this were under any other name, it would be classed as formula 90s dance fodder.

The choice of tracks compiled on disc one calls his judgement into further doubt. The inclusion of Air Supply-like MOR such as 'Heal the World', 'Remember the Time' and 'I Just Can't Stop Loving You', alongside classic Jackson funk ('Billie Jean', 'Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'', 'Man in the Mirror', 'Rock With You', 'Beat It') defies explanation — and where the hell is 'Jam'?



Michael Jackson

UPPER HUTT POSSE

MOVEMENT IN DEMAND

THE NEW ALBUM
INCLUDES THE SINGLES
'AS THE BLIND SEE' AND
'CAN'T GET AWAY'

NATIONAL TOUR JULY / AUGUST
SEE LOCAL GIG GUIDE FOR DETAILS

TANGATA RECORDS

BMG

A VOW OF SILENCE

Flying Nun brings you the sound of the American instrumental underground

Cul de Sac
"I Don't Want To Go To Bed"

CD & limited edition double LP

A brilliant alchemical distillation of surf music, middle eastern music, early Pink Floyd and German bands such as Can, Faust & Neu. Hallucinatory grooves of the highest order.

LABRADFORD
"A Stable Reference"

CD & limited edition gatefold LP

Labradford explore the region of spiritual ambience beyond pop. A poised sparseness and highly refined textural blend of synthesisers and guitars that echos the sonic trips of Spacemen 3 et al.

Flying Nun Records



Elvis Costello

'Don't believe the hype' has never been more applicable. If you currently own *Off The Wall*, *Thriller* and *Bad*, be completely happy with your lot.

JOHN RUSSELL

PINK FLOYD *Pulse*
(Columbia)

Johnny Rotten and company may have bravely fought the punk wars against the likes of Pink Floyd all those years ago, but it didn't affect them one flying pig. Here they are back again, with another double live album, despite having lost Roger Waters along the way. They've only released *The Division Bell* since the last double live, and the next studio album probably won't come out til next century, so this is a good way to stop bootleggers from stealing their thunder (and pot loads of cash).

The sound is in superb analogue, with tracks culled from various performances on the 1994 tour, while the 145 minute companion video is taken from a complete concert at Earls Court. (Hopefully New Zealand will get the same show next year.) All the best material from *Wish You*

Were Here and *The Wall* are included, along with the more recent stuff, but the highlight has to be the new rendition of 'Dark Side of the Moon' in it's entirety. Gilmour considers this to be the definitive version, though Waters is noticeably missed in places. (Rog will have his royalties rolling in, so he won't be complaining.) 'The Great Gig in the Sky' isn't quite as great, but overall it's an impressive replay of the original masterwork, with only slight variations here and there.

In typically monumental Pink Floyd style, the band rented out the Empire State Building to promote *Pulse* with a laser display of unprecedented scale. The CD package itself has the expected deluxe colour booklet, and the limited edition also has a light embedded in the cover which flashes continuously for about six months (the batteries can be replaced for eternal pulsation if desired). You'd have to buy 10 copies to get a really good herbeat effect, but what a gimmick for the collectors! It's most likely that right now Pink Floyd fans the world over are listening to this with headphones on and lights out.

GEOFF DUNN

BAD BRAINS *God of Love*
(Maverick)

Good old Bad Brains. Good Old HR. After the misfortune of the last Bad Brains album, the lads are truly back on the right tracks with the mighty *God Of Love*. Rejoining the fold is the shaggy lost sheep HR, returning Bad Brains to their rightful status as the kings of hardcore/reggae dubbiness, not that there are probably a lot of contenders.

God of Love sees the Brains returning to the smoother laid back sounds of *I against I*, steering clear of the full on punk rock of *Rock for Light*, or the total and utter heaviness of *Quickness*. But don't worry — despite the fact there's about as much punk rock in this opus as in Offspring, there's still plenty of good heavy grooves. 'Dr Know' has heaps of simple, yet effective riffs for HR to croon over, all the while backed by the wicked rhythms of Earl and Daryll. On one track Bad Brains even try updating their style by throwing in a little ragged ragga. I love this little beauty and I'm sure you and you will also. Lastly, good old Madonna (Maverick's her baby).

KEVIN LIST

THE FALL *Cerebral Caustic*
(Permanent)

ELVIS COSTELLO *Kojak Variety*
(Warner)

PAUL WELLER *Stanley Road*
(Go! Discs)

An unholy trinity, who've largely managed to avoid rock 'n' roll redundancy by shrewdly re-inventing themselves, kicks off with Manchester's Mark-E Smith.

Worried the last couple of Fall albums were getting too techno, Smith has led the Fall back to the garage, in an attempt to recapture the band's early primitive edge. It doesn't work. 'The Joke' is a promising start, with its typically lurching Fall guitar line and Smith's Northern drawl, and 'Feeling Numb', 'The Aphid' and 'Bonkers in Phoenix' all have ideas and touches of imagination that just lift them above the flat, plain production. Elsewhere, Smith's songs sound half baked, incomplete, frayed by-products of an album poorly conceived and too hastily assembled in the studio. There's little of the old Fall chemistry here.

With a major return to form behind him in the shape of last year's *Brutal Youth*, Costello now

appears with his often threatened batch of obscure covers, *Kojak Variety*. It's an excellent collection of mainly hidden gems: songs that are not only Costello favourites, but have been obvious influences on his development as a singer and writer in the variety of genres he's tackled over the years. Whatever he's unearthed here in his travels as a fan also suits his interpretive style: right from the Supremes' to Little Richard's staple rockin' 'Bama Lama Bama Loo'. He also turns the spotlight on lesser known artists whose careers and songs deserve some overdue recognition. Mose Allison's 'Everybody's Cring Mercy', an R&B reading of the Louvin Brothers' 'Must You Throw Dirt in My Face?', and Little Willie John's 'Leave My Kitten Alone' are handled with the intuitive care and respect Costello has for fine songs. *Kojak Variety* is one of the best of its kind, a covers album where the artist is ideally suited to breathe life into neglected, little known classics.

Paul Weller is long over the lack of self confidence that struck him in the declining period of the Style Council and his subsequent early solo career. Now on his third solo studio album, Weller has settled into playing his own unaffected raw combination of rock, soul and R&B. With no punk or sidewalk soul manifestos to live up to, he's concentrated on getting his music as honest and direct as possible, resulting in *Stanley Road* being recorded 'live' in the studio over only eight weeks.

Named after the street where he was born and raised in Woking, the album loses no time in mapping out Weller's R&B renaissance, as he tears into Dr John's 'I Walk on Gilded Splinters'. Vocally, he's continuing to mature on the likes of 'You Do Something to Me' and 'Broken Stones' that's a step up from his previous solo albums. On 'Out of the Sinking' and 'Whirlpool's End', there's a fire and passion in his playing that indicates Weller is definitely right into a convincing recovery of form.

GEORGE KAY

THE BEASTIE BOYS *Root Down EP*
(Capitol)

So, why is this being reviewed in the albums column? Because it's got a live mini-album happening within its B-boy bowels. Not only do you get one of the best tracks off *III Communication* in its Prince Paul mix and a spacey re-mix by The Prunes (who take it to another dimension), but seven live tracks taken from their European tour. There's old school

BACK ISSUES

- 65 Yazoo / Alison Moyet, Joe Cocker, Pop Mechanics, Gurtz, Jo Jo Zep.
74 Malcolm McLaren, Heaven 17, Joan Armatrading, Sharon O'Neill, Childrens Hour.
75 Tim Finn, John Cale, Jonathan Richman, Hammond Gamble, Dick Driver.
80 Police, Paul Young, Motown, John Peel, Bryan Adams.
82 Billy Idol, Pamela Stephenson, Four Tops, Temptations, Verlaines.
83 Elvis Costello, Thompson Twins, Netherworld Dancing Toys, Mockers, Paul Morley.
84 Style Council (Paul Weller), Echo & Bunnymen, Midnight Oil, Kiwi Animal, Sneaky Feelings, Depeche Mode.
88 Herbs, Talking Heads, Aztec Camera, Narcs, Car Crash Set, Axemen, SPK.
90 Lou Reed, Go Betweeners, Paul Hewson, Topp Twins.
91 Neil Young, Giorgio Moroder, Waterboys, David Puttman, Freudians Slips.
92 Hunters & Collectors, Lloyd Cole, Pelicans, Midnight Oil.
93 Dance Exponents, Huey Lewis, Robert Palmer, Peking Man, This Kind of Punishment.
95 Chills, Killing Joke, Dazz Band, Expendables, Jason & Scorchers, Last Man Down.
96 Netherworld Dancing Toys, China Crisis, Robert Plant, Doublehappys, Nils Lofgren.
97 Bryan Ferry, Dynamic Hepnotics, Men At Work, Bats, Shredheads.
98 Mockers, Mental As Anything, Reggae, John Boorman, Bird Nest Roys.
99 Narcs, Bangles, REM, Jerry Harrison, Chris Church.
100 NZ Music 1977-85, RIU's Believe It Or Not, Tina Turner, Damned.
101 Verlaines, Damned, Sam Hunt, Wasp.
102 Thompson Twins, Tom Petty, Violent Femmes, Chills.
103 Feargal Sharkey, INXS, Fetus Productions.
104 Atlantic Soul, Bob Dylan, Stevie Ray, Go Betweeners, BFM LP, Johnnies, Roy Harper.
105 Hunters & Collectors, Nico, Tim Finn, Flesh D-Vice, Kiwis in Oz.
106 DD Smash, National Anthem, Terry Gilliam, Music Quota, Everything That Flies, Chrome Safari.
107 Peking Man, Cramps, Ardijah, Martin Plaza, Psyche Pet Healers, Ruby Turner.
108 Pogues, Bats, Flaming Groovies, Wilko Johnson, Tex Pistol.
109 Young Ones' Yv, Cramps, Residents, Herbs, Fetus Firm, Saints.
110 Pateta Maori Club, Husker Du, Patti LaBelle, Art of Noise, Last Man Down, Alpaca Bros.
111 Genesis, Def Jam, OMD, JPSE.
112 Hello Sailor, Sneaky Feelings, Dream Syndicate, Frankie.
113 Beastie Boys, Sly & Robbie, Wayne Gillespie, Queen City Rocker.
115 ZZ Top, Billy Bragg, Look Blue Go Purple.
116 Shredhead, Jay Clarkson, Paul Kelly, Al Hunter.
117 Chills, David & David, Aetereo.
118 Chrissie Hynde, Kiwi Music, Elephant, Cat's Away.
119 Ardijah, Crowded House, 1977-87 retrospective.
120 Herbs, Housemartins, Robert Cray, Triffids.
121 Dwight Yoakam, Simply Red, Knightshade, A Certain Ratio.
122 Suzanne Vega, Los Lobos, Billy Idol, Tex Pistol.
123 Shona Laing, Bats, Echo & Bunnymen, Warratahs.
126 James Brown, Los Lobos, Roy Orbison.
127 Warratahs, Graham Brazier, Koko Taylor, Neon Picnic.
128 Bryan Ferry, Gaze Bykers, Rhythm Cage, Dave Dobbyn.
129 Robbie Robertson, Wynton Marsalis, Feargal Sharkey, Tell Dwarfs.
130 Iron Maiden, Judy Mowatt, Aztec Camera, Triffids, Holidaymakers.
131 Headless Chickens, Sisters of Mercy, Bailter Space, Proclaimers, Six Volts.
132 Ziggy Marley, Afrika Bambaataa, Verlaines, Joni Mitchell, Sinead O'Connor.
133 Paul Kelly, Jerry Harrison, Nick Cave, Georgia Satellites, Johnny Devlin.
134 Crowded House, Jesus & Mary Chain, Toy Love, Hothouse Flowers.
136 Tex Pistol, Straitjacket Fits, Run DMC, Derek B, Funny Business, Robert Cray, NZ Comics.
137 Toni Childs, UB40, Joe Satriani, Snapper, Cassandra's Ears, Bobby McFerrin, Steve Earle.
138 REM, Headless Chickens, BB King, Sonic Youth, 1669 Pop.

Circle numbers required and send payment to:
RIU BACK ISSUES, PO BOX 5689, AUCKLAND 1.
One back issue \$3.00, two or more \$2.00 each. Includes post & packing, and GST. Foreign orders add \$1.00 per copy.

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
Phone: _____



HUNTERS & COLLECTORS

HOME OF ORIGINAL LEATHER

USED NEW - BUY TRADE

Specialist in new and used leather garments, footwear, and accessories.



HUGE



SELECTION



Landing imports from Europe



83 Karangahape Rd. Auckland Victoria Park Market (Open 7 days)
219 Cuba St Wellington. 177 Manchester St Christchurch.





Beastie Boys

Beasties in 'Time to get III', the punk bashes of 'Heart Attack Man' and 'Time for Livin'', funky instrumentals like 'Sambrosa', and their trippy floater, 'Something's Got to Give'. Brilliant remixes and a taste of what makes their gigs frenzied and memorable, all for the price of an EP. Buy, buy, buy, before the retailers put the price up!

JOHN TAITE

BABES IN TOYLAND Nemesisters (Reprise)

Three of rock's kickin'est bitches return with a diverse and sometimes surprising album that's guaranteed to bite you once, then again, before you get the chance to bite it back. *Nemesisters* certainly is a harsh and dirty beast, and you may well hesitate before climbing on board; but give it the chance to deliver its growingly satisfying kicks, and you'll soon find it driving you just as capably as its predecessors do.

It's only fair to warn you of the surprises. Three almost unbelievable covers close *Nemesisters*. The first is a comically morose (or gratingly heartfelt, depending on your mood) rendering of Derek Corman's 'All By Myself' (betcha forgot that one ever breathed life into the airwaves!). The second is Lori Barbero's a cappella take on Billie Holliday's 'Deep Song'. The third, hold your breath, is a piano-and-all version of Sister Sledge's 'We Are Family' — and who better to sing it for the new breed of sisters than these Babes?

So, the soundtrack's arrived. Lock up your boyfriends, girls. It's time to play up again!

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

THE COMMODORES

The Best Of the Commodores (Motown)

Short of an exhaustive boxed set release, this 39-track, two CD *Commodores Best Of* is the ultimate 'hits' package. In chronological order, it traces the history of the six-piece funk/soul band from Tuskegee, Alabama, from *Machine Gun*, their first album for Motown, released in 1973, up until 1986's *United*, by which time the band had left the label and three original members behind.

Musically, the Commodores had split personalities. The best tracks on this compilation are drawn from their funk side. 'Young Girls Are My Weakness', 'Slippery When Wet', 'Fancy Dancer', 'Too Hot Too Trot', 'Old-Fashion Love', 'Lady (You Bring Me Up)', and of course 'Brickhouse' are all essential gifts from funk heaven. Their other face displayed the wholesome, bordering on MOR, ballads — 'Three Times A Lady', 'Still', 'Just To Be Close To You' — penned by Lionel Richie. These are an acquired taste.

With half the band "wanting to be as black as we could be", and the remainder pushing for crossover success in the US charts, it made for a wide variation in the Commodores' sound. They had no trademarks, and that's what makes them unique. It was Ritchie's desire to break through to a white audience that prompted his departure in 81. Although many thought this would be the end of the Commodores' phenomenal worldwide success, they hit back with the awesome Number 1 soul single 'Nightshift' in 1984.

It's difficult to do 'best of' compilations jus-

tice within the confines of a 200 word review. This is especially so in the case of the Commodores, because what they're offering is nothing short of black gold.

JOHN RUSSELL

CHRIS ISAAK Forever Blue (Reprise)

By his third album, *Heart Shaped World*, Chris Isaak had refined his sound to a perfect blend of aching voice, classic sounds and remarkable sparse and eerie guitar, playing great, sad songs — the most famous of which was, of course, 'Wicked Game'. The next album, *San Francisco Days*, applied similar ingredients to a collection of fine pop songs, and the result was a gem of a pop record.

Forever Blue retains the fuller, swinging sound of the previous albums, but plays a collection of songs unified by a running theme of sadness and loss. I read Isaak saying in an interview that all these songs are about breaking up with one specific girl, and that knowledge initially cast something of a creepy shadow over the album, particularly with the accusatory tone of the opening 'Baby Did a Bad Thing'. But the album displays the wide range of feelings that follow the break up of a relationship — anger, sadness, reminiscence, panic, contemplation of what went wrong, dealing with seeing the person again, hope that things could be rekindled, then the sad realisation that it really is all over — all in the progression of experiencing these feelings. Nevertheless, this isn't a miserable listening experience. The tracks vary in sound from bouncy pop songs, to aching torch songs and the dark, sparse, tremolo guitar-moulded vignettes that made *Heart Shaped World* my favourite Chris Isaak album.

Lyricaly, this is the most unified of his five albums — a remarkable journey of loss, sadness, grieving and resolution. The last song is the sad and final 'End of Everything', but it finishes with a quiet chirping of birds: the sun will come out, a new day, there is hope after all.

JONATHAN KING

LETTERS TO CLEO Aurora Gory Alice (Liberation)

THE MUFFS Blonder and Blonder (Reprise)

Letters to Cleo are everything Juliana Hatfield's solo career should've been; a sexy female vocal with more guts in the backing

band. Kay Hanley fronts this Boston four-piece (or five-piece, if you count the guy who 'drives the van and drinks beer', in the liner notes). They're very much of the Lemonheads/Hatfield Boston ilk. You know, the pinch of country to the guitar, the quirk to the lyrics, the very American feel to the pop.

'Here and Now' is the single you'll know them for, with that blah-dy blah, tongue twisting chorus that spits out: 'The comfort of a knowledge of a rise above the sky could never parallel the challenge of an acquisition in the here and now,' in just under five seconds. Scrappy pop, polite ballads ('Get On With It' and 'From Under the Dust') and a band name that refers to a pen-pal. That says it all.

Just like saying: 'The Muffs come from LA,' tells you plenty. This is the second album from this white trash trio. They do punk pop in that homogenised Green Day kind of way ('Agony' and 'Oh Nina') — not too surprising, as *Blonder's* producer was also behind *Dookie*. They do rock 'n' roll in a Crampsey, Ramonesy kind of way ('Red Eyed Troll' and 'Laying on a Bed of Roses'). Vocalist Kim Shattuck looks and sounds like Courtney Love's long lost sister, brandishing about guttural screams to punctuate the songs. Not overly inspiring, but there for convenience. Kind of like, um, a Big Mac.

JOHN TAITE



The Muffs

CARR Signs

& GRAPHIX

Get ya where yer wanna Go!

BOOST YOUR BAND'S PROFILE
WITH A PROFESSIONAL BACKDROP!

JULY INTRODUCTORY OFFER: FREE KICKDRUM ART WITH EVERY BACKDROP!!

CNR GREAT NORTH RD / PREMIER AVE
PASADENA AUCKLAND

846-4069

NZSDA EST. 1968

Rockit AMPLIFIERS

NEW FACTORY SHOP MASSIVE STOCK TAKING SALE

200w 15" PA cabs ~~\$1795~~ **\$995** pair

200w 15" Monitors ~~\$795~~ **\$399** each

Complete 300w PA SYSTEM with FOH speakers and 12" Monitors ~~\$5495~~ **\$3495**

Complete 150w PA SYSTEM with FOH speakers and Monitors ~~\$4500~~ **\$2495**

Shure SM58 Mics ~~\$399~~ **\$250**

800w power amps ~~\$1895~~ **\$1195**

400w power amps ~~\$1395~~ **\$995**

All prices exclude GST

All Rockit amps and speakers carry a 5 year warranty

100 Pah Rd

Royal Oak, Auckland

Ph 624 1707

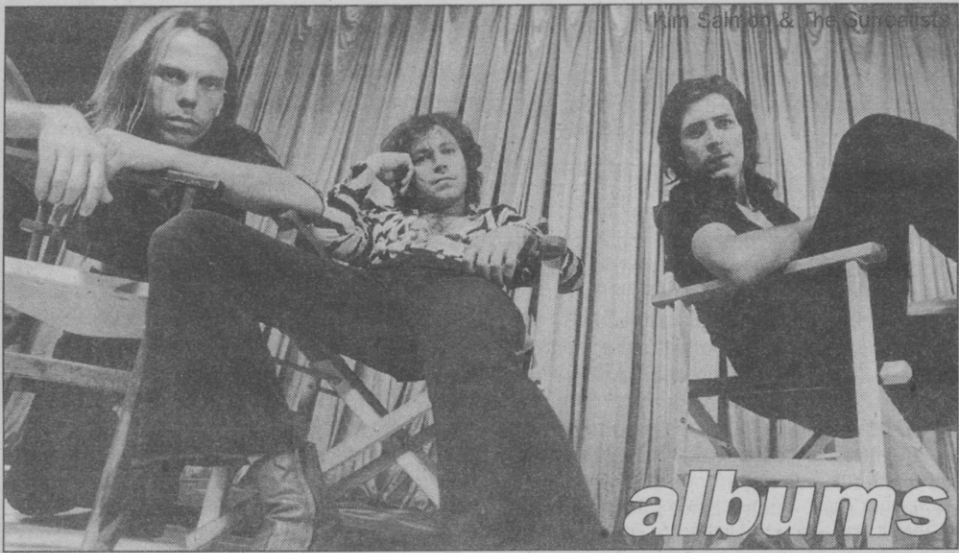
Mail Orders Welcome
Send cheque or credit card details

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ BANKCARD

DATE: _____ CARD NO: _____

NAME: _____ EXPIRES: _____

SIGNATURE: _____



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-

CLUB Heat

IN THE MIX

TUES, WED, AND FRI. NIGHTS
FROM 9pm

THE HEAT

FM

Rob des Tombes

SPONSORED BY
Remo & Flipside



den of his self conscious need for melodrama. Passable.

The Cruel Sea are much more modest in their recycled blues ambitions. Their hang-dog, bayou rootsiness is like dragging your head through a swamp of sludgy grooves, dirty vocals, booming basslines and down home slide geetars. Hardly indigenously Australian, but they're onto a winning formula that they refine/define even more closely on *Three Legged Dog* than on the previous *The Honeymoon is Over*.

Wading into the everglades, and the best on offer has to be the singles 'Anybody But You' and the huge, grumbling 'Better Get a Lawyer', and the shimmering 'Too Late to Turn Back' — high points from an album that's a seamless unity of 15 shots of New Orleans R&B. It's hard to believe the'll improve on this formula — time for a change from catfish pie?

GEORGE KAY

CROWBAR Time Heals Nothing (Pavement)

Fatty alert: the heaviest boys of heavy rock return after too short an absence with another heavy album. *Time Heals Nothing* is not like the last heavy album because this time the Crowbarites wanna make loadsa dosh. Last time Crowbar gave you dull, mind numbingly heavy and plodding tunes. This time the formula is repeated, but with a ballad and more singing.

For all those fans of incomprehensible, grunted lyrics: prepare to feel cheated, 'cause this time you get to hear almost all the words, and that's not a smart move. Throughout *Time Heals Nothing*, tears are wiped away, minds

are enslaved and bodies perpetually suffer. Where do these behemoths of boredom get their nutty ideas from? Could they have been borrowed from their fellow gloomy tour buddies, Paradise Lost, inspired by the look of the fans in the mosh pit, or is it all just bad memories from kindly regurgitated? Only the aching millenniums of *Time*'s twisted pain can answer this question. Until then, my lips are sealed.

KEVIN LIST

MONSTER MAGNET Dopes to Infinity (A&M)

Although there's nothing better than rock music that's familiar with the recreational use of prescription medicines, I never quite clicked with Monster Magnet until this very fine album. Best I can tell, that's because they've lost the overly dense, hard-and-fucked up thing, and stuck with their simple greaser ambitions. The result is a big warm sound (love that AAD recording) on big, bad songs.

The guitars are huge, with all manner of effects and strangeness, and the songs are just plain good. Some, like 'Ego, the Living Planet' or 'Third Alternative', are deranged and druggy, while a few, like the title track and, most obviously, 'Negasonic Teenage Warhead', are outright hard rock hit songs. All of them have a good balance of hook and hard, and Monster Magnet don't resort to alternative posturing or cheap theatrics, like 99 percent of today's 'heavy metal' bands. They do, however, write couplets like: 'The mountain screamed three times today / I guess it thought I'd like to play,' but I think that just suggests they have access to some strong Vicodin. It's good to see such resolutely bad-ass rock rearing it's

head again, and until I see the new stuff from Kyuss and AC/DC, *Dopes to Infinity* is going to be heard often.

KIRK GEE

BLACK SABBATH Forbidden (IRS)

If anything should be forbidden it is Tony Iommi from making more Black Sabbath albums. However, it seems he will never say die, so it's best to remember Sabbath by those original heavy master (of reality) pieces of yesterday.

Iommi still has that natural penchant for mean guitar riffery, but mostly it's just retreads of old tunes with the occasional good lead break. Current bandmates Powell, Murray and Martin offer little in the creative way, and the end result has enough clichés to fill a crypt for a Spinal Tap mini series.

'Illusion of Power' has guest vocals from Ice T. His fellow Bodycounter guitarist Ernie C is responsible for the basic production, but the intended raw 90s sound merely emphasises the slap-dash feel of the songs. The band can probably cut it pretty well live, but it's more fun to look at the detailed cartoon cover of *Forbidden* than it is to listen to it.

GEOFF DUNN

CLOUDBOY Cloudboy (Infinite Regress)

Demarnia Lloyd from Dunedin band Mink is the singer/songwriter for Cloudboy. Most of Cloudboy also performed on Mink's debut album. Mink's strength lay in the number of styles they covered, with various people taking lead on vocals. With this album, it's like a longer, deeper look at the type of Mink songs Lloyd sang. They tend to be string intensive, with the rhythm section keeping a basic beat and Demarnia melancholically whispering her words with a very sweet, clean melody. This lack of variety is the album's downfall. Lloyd's voice becomes cloying and, at times, too cutesy. The small breadth of the album would have been more suited to an EP, rather than being stretched to eight tracks that total just over 30 minutes.

The best tracks are the eerie, sparse 'Pine', sounding musically like Björk, and 'Nicknames of Devils (Rose 3)', which is the older, more sophisticated sibling of Mink's 'Rubber Saxophone', with it's weird instrumentation and Lloyd singing a list of things that 'Nobody

knows...'

The Infinite Regress collective seem to be doing something that nobody else is doing — specialists in super clean production, with lush orchestration and a twisted take on grandiose pop. It's just in this case time Cloudboy should have extended themselves further.

DARREN HAWKES

STEVE VAI Alien Love Secrets (Relativity)

The fourth solo release by this extraordinary guitarist is a mini album that returns to the instrumental style which he peaked with on *Passion and Warfare*. These seven new tracks are composed, produced and performed solely by Vai (except for drums in a couple of places) and, naturally enough, there is extreme emphasis on guitar.

'Bad Horsie' kicks things off, with a wicked riff interspersed with Steve creating horse whinies on his custom Ibanez Jem, to great effect. The most outstanding piece, 'Die to Live', shows Steve has reached an even higher level of musicianship, while 'Juice' is a more straight ahead, rockin' boogie. Respects are paid to the lord of the strings, Jimi Hendrix, on 'The Boy From Seattle', as it's played with the gentle feel of something like 'Castles Made of Sand'. Steve's son (aged five) improvised the lyrics for 'Ya-Yo Gakk', though it's obviously only included as a bit of novelty recording fun. Following that, the frantic 'Kill the Guy With the Ball' segues into the weird 'God Eaters', and the album finishes beautifully with the aptly titled 'Tender Surrender'.

Alien Love Secrets has a running time of 34 minutes, which is about the same as LPs used to be, so it's good value at around \$20. Recommended for anyone with an interest in Vai, virtuosity, vibrato and Venusians.

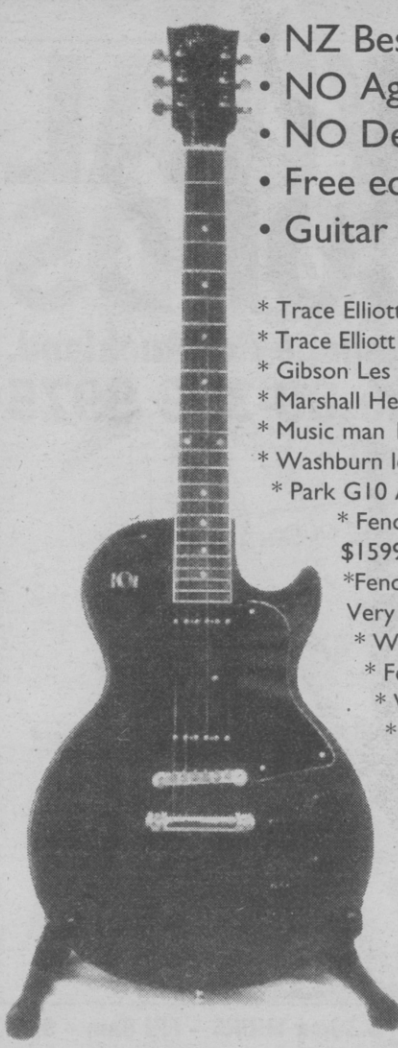
GEOFF DUNN

DUB WAR Pain (Flying In)

CHAVEZ Gone Glimmering (Matador)

I hate comparing bands to other bands, but how are you going to envisage Dub War, a very metal, ragga rap beast, without mentioning Ministry, Fishbone and PWEI? Then maybe Ruthless Rap Assassins (RIP) and Rage Against The Machine? They don't sound like any of these bands, of course, there are just familiar elements: the raging guitars, the furious toast-

Atwaters Guitar Centre



- NZ Best Prices By Far
- NO Aggressive Salespeople
- NO Deposit on items over \$400.00
- Free equipment loans to regulars
- Guitar stands \$5.00 - while stocks last
- * Trace Elliott Tube Bass Head - New \$5,000 Used \$3,200
- * Trace Elliott 15" & 10" 300w Bass Cab New \$2,500 Used \$1395
- * Gibson Les Paul "The Paul" & Case Used \$1095
- * Marshall Head 100 Watt Used \$895
- * Music man 130 Tube Head & 2 x 12 Box \$1695
- * Washburn left Hand Solid Top Acoustic w/case \$995
- * Park G10 Amps elsewhere \$299 Here \$199
- * Fender Strat 1962 Reissue New \$2699 this one used \$1599
- * Fender 4 x 12 100 Watt "The Definite Grunge Sound" Very rare late 60's early 70's \$795
- * Washburn AB20 Bass & Case (Pearl Jam) \$1495
- * Fender Strat USA (1975) w/case \$695
- * Warwick Streamer Bass New \$5,500 Used \$2,595
- * 1932 Gibson Kalamazoo Acoustic \$600

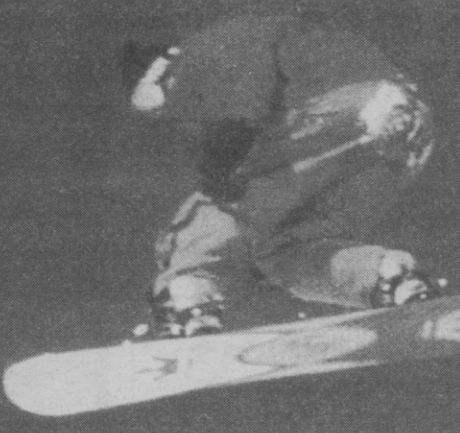
57 Acoustic guitars in stock
NZ Best selection

Ph (09) 377 2468
Ask for Bryan

141 Hobson Street, Auckland City
Free Parking

Hot Lava Club

Opposite Ohakune Railway Station



- Awesome Entertainment Spot •
- Great Beer Specials •
- Place to be to Party •

JULY GIGS

- 6th – Paul Ubana Jones & Hammond Gamble
- 7th – Circus Animals
- 13th – Semi Lemon Kola
- 14th – Coro Blues
- 21st – Screaming Jets
- 27th – Blackjack
- 28th – The Heat
- 29th – Dave Dobbyn

albums

ing, the crusty dance beats and electronic enhancements, that Jourgensen-like sense of terror.

Dub War are mosh pit maestros. The beats bounce you, the riffs make your teeth clench, and the vocals growl and sneer enough for your angriest moments. Ignore the fact they come from Wales.

Chavez are an unknown New York band that few people know anything about. Even their light record company biography could only muster some trivia about how they used to be in some other equally unknown bands.

Their sound is guitar noir from Gotham. The opening track, 'Nailed to the Blank Spot', sets that up pretty damn quick — innocent vocal melodies, smothered by guitar screams and bash-them-to-bits drumming. A couple of songs suggest they've been to more than a few Bailter Space gigs in their home town (listen to 'The Ghost By The Sea'). Then songs like 'Flaming Gong' sound like they're an evil Smashing Pumpkins twin — a darker, nastier version that won't sell as many records. Sonic spawn from Kim and Thurston. Very New York. Clumsily elegant.

JOHN TAITE

PETER DROGE Necktie Second (American)

Droge is no slouch. Right from his blonde haircut, slightly nasal drawl, and easy rockin' style on six and 12 string, he's a dead ringer for Tom Petty. *Necktie Second* is the ideal title for Droge's laid back, ambling ballads. They're all fleshed out by fine tones, with traditional titles like 'Northern Bound Train' and 'Fourth of July', and even more traditional sentiments like 'Faith In You'. Originality sure don't figure, but Droge is on the right train.

GEORGE KAY

EARTHLING Radar (Cooltempo)

There I was, harshing it out in front of the TV, on a Sunday as regular as they get around these parts. Out of the blue, a smooth rap filled my ears: 'I know who I am / I'm not who you think I am...' I turned on my visuals — name: Earthling; title: 'First Transmission'; picture: a lazy-eyed rapper making his case to a ring of homo sapiens. I pinched myself and made a quick check for tracking devices. Everything seemed to be in order, except for the TV, which was spiling the debut single equivalent of Robert Altman's *The Player* (due to the spectacular cast the lyrics have drawn together). I had to find the transmitter.

Logically enough, a *Radar* was the cause. There were plenty more cast lists to be found: everyone from Joan of Arc to Harvey Keitel

turns up here. The aforementioned rapper is Mau, and his musical partner is T Saul. Additional vocalists are the velvet voiced Moni, and the truly shimmering Segun. Together they've created an album sure to get Bristol heads hopping. Although *Radar* draws definite parallels with the Holy Trinity (and Portishead's Geoff Barrow lends a hand here), the songs tend to pivot more centrally on their lyrical content and drawn out musical quirks (you know, for fun).

I don't mind telling you how relieved I was to be actually holding this groovy debut in my hands, if only to prove my strange experience had not been a figment of my imagination. There are enough weird things happening in this bad old world, without my mind heading for the Euphoric Zone without me.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

HORACE ANDY Life is for Living (Ariwa)

HORACE ANDY In The Light (Blood and Fire/Chant)

Horace Andy is one of reggae's greatest voices — no contest. Like the deeper tones of Burning Spear or the memorable Bob Marley, Horace Andy's voice is unforgettable. His amazing tenor can carry emotion in a whisper or spit out conscious lyrics with a passionate edge.

Produced by the Mad Professor and released this year, *Life is for Living* proves Horace Andy hasn't lost any creativity. *Life is for Living* borrows a little from dancehall, a little from lovers' rock, and again covers a large chunk of Rastafarian consciousness.

A flute swirls around the rhythm as the Professor dubs in a little space on the title track and 'What a Day' — 'What a victory it will be / When all Africans are free' — as soft horns echo the vocals. Stand out tracks are 'Nah Dis You', 'Rebel' and 'Armageddon'. On 'Nah Dis You', a drawn out chorus and two-tone horn phrasing help Horace weave a magic spell. Straight into 'Never Deceive You', and he's still on the same subject — undying love — but it's a little more up beat and lacks a memorable hook.

'Rebel' is a call for people's rights and a warning to beware the suits. 'Jacket and tie always come round / With a smiling face and a lying tongue / Promise to turn your life around.' Sounds like Horace has been watching kiwi politics; this is a modern version of the Gladiators' militant trip. 'Armageddon' has a wicked bassline that pulls you into a whirlpool of righteousness — Rasta believers marching on Babylon.

Recorded in Kingston, Jamaica, in 1977, *In the Light* and its companion dub set, mixed by Prince Jammy, are propelled by rock steady rhythms and tasty accompaniment from the all star cast of backing musicians, including Augustus Pablo, Leroy Sibbles and Horsemouth Wallace, and a filthy horn section with names like Tommy McCook and Don D Junior.

'Government Land' would make a perfect anthem for the Maori sovereignty movement, with its call to 'give up Jah land, government man'. 'Do You Love My Music' and 'Hey There Woman' are catch cries for reggae, while 'If I' is simply brilliant. Horace Andy's songs are simple — it's the voice, delivery, and sharp backing that lift them into another league. Wicked stuff.

Those who saw Horace Andy with Massive Attack will have seen one of the best reggae vocalists around, unfortunately in an all too brief appearance. The rest of you poor sods will have to buy these two albums. Once on the CD platter, it's hard to take them off again.

MARK REVINGTON

KINGMAKER In the Best Possible Taste (Chrysalis)

Kingmaker were originally one of those bands that in the early 90s continuously toured the UK in a van, while making their money from a cute line in T-Shirts. Just before the release of their previous album, they transformed themselves into smartly dressed men with nice quiffs.

The cover of *Best Possible Taste* features main man Loz Hardy with a quiff and a gold lamé top. Still, the music has never really developed beyond it's influences. In and out slip The The, the Wonderstuff, Suede and even Metallica. You can hear the band straining for greatness — the attempt at anthemic songs, the clever lyrics and Loz singing (for) his life — but, like Jesus Jones, Kingmaker's weakness is in fact Loz's very singing, his nasal intonation with the high notes just round the bend. While genius may steal, Loz's style is a second-rate version of those he has ripped off.

Loz's words are where he catches up on his mentors. While sometimes he overworks a pun (something Suede, The The and Morrissey have all been guilty of), there are some real *bon mots*, like: 'Work, work, work / It's no way to make a living.'

Kingmaker try so hard to catch our attention with their 'hey, look at me' attitude, but nobody's interested. Nothing will stop them trying, but if they want to be famous, and they obviously do, they're going to have to reinvent themselves once more.

DARREN HAWKES

THE CAULFIELDS Whirligig (A&M)

DISHWALLA Pet Your Friends (A&M)

'I'm stage-diving off the church of the holier than thou, and I'm bigger than Jesus now.'

Taking their name from the main character in JD Salinger's 'The Catcher in the Rye', the Caulfields' debut is the platform singer/guitarist John Faye has chosen to get a few things off his chest. The above lyric is from the opening 'Devil's Diary', and the mental picture is of

Joe Jackson fronting the Attractions to a 1:3 beat. Relating the story of a young man's struggle for self respect and his disillusionment with organised religion, it is typical of the album.

Using their hometown of Newark for inspiration, they have fashioned a series of hard hitting pop vignettes which chronicle subjects as diverse as racial intolerance ('Disease') and the loss of a parent ('The Day That Came and Went'). *Growing Up in Small Town America* could have been *Whirligig's* working title, and it impresses for many of the same reasons Randy Newman's *Land of Dreams* did back in 1988. Recommended.

Also on A&M, Dishwalla's references are equally broad, and the scope of their lyrics just as ambitious. Sometimes, however, as on the opening 'Pretty Babies' and 'Miss Emma Peel', the songs drift toward AOR banality, carrying a balladic, bromidic burden. Dishwalla throw fewer curves than the Caulfields, often 'resorting' to guitar-fests rather than selecting them.

Highlights are 'Haze', which meshes Isaac Hayes and Led Zeppelin, intelligently tackling the subect of alcoholism within a family. 'Charlie Brown's Parents' discusses the difficulties of communicating, and 'Moisture' sees vocalist JR Richards aping Alice in Chains' Layne Staley. Best of all is 'Counting Blue Cars', which approaches religion from an alternate perspective and contains the line: 'Tell me all your thoughts on God... I'd really like to meet her.'

MARK DONOVAN

GUTTERBALL Weasel (Festival)

Gutterball are sort of indie-rock supergroup: Steve Wynn, ex-Dream Syndicate, Bryan Harvey, Johnny Hott from House of Freaks, Stephen McCarthy ex-Long Ryders, and Armistead Wellford of Love Tractor. Their second album sees their distinctive guitar pop fuelling songs about older women, nightclubs that have closed down, sugar (a metaphor for something else, methinks), and that old standby, fancying your best friend's girlfriend.

Recorded in three days, *Weasel's* got a boozy, matey cheer about it, which at times makes one think it would've been more fun to be there than on this side of the speakers. That said, 'Transperancy' and 'Is There Something I Should Know?' are beguiling guitar pop — but then you realise it's the riff from 'Needles and Pins', and the other is Dylan's 'Absolutely Sweet Marie'. The best track here is 'California' (a slow brooding ballad), but the best lyric on the album has to go to these lines from 'One-Eyed Dog': 'I used to dry-wall / I used to paint houses / I used to catch roaches, termites and mice / Now everybody says that I'm useless and lazy / People are so kind man, they just amaze me...' Until local underdogs Shaft get their shit together and release that album, this'll do fine.

GREG FLEMING

PICK A PIPE BICK A BIBE

"for all your primo paraphernalia"
Phone (09) 366 7389

- ❖ Water Pipes ❖ Imported posters ❖
 - ❖ Ceramic pipes ❖ Posters ❖
 - ❖ Glass pipes ❖ Harley posters ❖
 - ❖ Wood pipes ❖ Incense ❖
 - ❖ Back-packer pipes ❖ Pipes cleaners ❖
 - ❖ One hitter pipes ❖ Tabacco tins ❖
 - ❖ Electric shotgun ❖ Tabacco puches ❖
 - ❖ Roach clips ❖ Grass card game ❖
 - ❖ Rolling Machine ❖ Zippo lighters ❖
 - ❖ Windproof lighters ❖ T shirts ❖
 - ❖ Paper and wire papers ❖ Wall hangings ❖
 - ❖ Calendars ❖ Head bandanas ❖
- and
made to order leather

HOURS: MON-TUES-WED 9:30AM-5:30PM THURS 9:30AM-LATE FRI 9:30AM-LATE SAT 10:00AM-3:30PM
UNIT 2 WELLESLEY ST WEST,
CIVIC THEATRE BUILDING, AUCKLAND.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON®



For your copy of Harley Davidson's latest Motorclothes catalogue, send this coupon with \$5.00
To Shafi Motorcycles PO Box 22-350 Oranui, Auckland.
Ph: (09) 276 6462 Fax: (09) 276 1491

Please send me the latest Harley Davidson Motorclothes catalogue
Name _____
Address _____

REVIVAL RECORDS

268 Karangahape Rd, Auckland.
Telephone 09-379 9975

WE STOCK:

VINYL ALBUMS

GREAT ALTERNATIVE
SELECTION

WE PAY CASH
FOR CD'S

CASH OR TRADE
FOR CD'S, TAPES,
RECORDS & VIDEOS

efpos

MON - WED 9am - 5.30pm THURS - FRI 9am - 9pm
SAT ALL DAY 9AM - 5PM





JOINT FORCE One Inch Punch
CD EP (BMG)

Long-time companions OJ, Slave and DLT unite under the name Joint Force, and deliver a superb-all-over debut release. Opening with DLT cutting up portions of the 1991 OJ and Slave album *What Can We Say?*, *One Inch Punch* takes you on a ride through booming hip-hop feels, funky beats and Jamaican flavoured reggae. The first single, a rap and ragga combo called 'Static', is given the funk/jazz treatment when remixed by Beasties producer Mario Caldato, while other highlights come in the form of the reggae brilliance of 'Homie Phobic', a remixed version of the bFM classic 'Burntime', and the rapping by Slave on 'Mindless Violence'. But full credit to all parties, for this is the finest local hip-hop debut since the Posse dropped *Against The Flow* in 1988.

THE ASHVINS Spanning The Bowl
7 Inch Single (Spotty Dog)

MEAT MARKET Dial 'M' For Meat Market
7 Inch Single (Spotty Dog)

New from Palmerston North label Spotty Dog are these two seven inches, pressed on genuine Himitangi vinyl. The Ashvins present four songs dressed up like a car crash. Abusive guitars and a relentless barrage of drums collided with vocals that veer from singing into shouting. Individual appraisals aren't important here — although 'I Live in a Swamp' is the coolest — this is music to get seriously fucked up by.

Understating it, Meat Market have a more selective appeal. Imagine that horrid kind of monotonous performance poetry, interspersed with extremely high pitched singing, layed over the top of a bass distorted so low only dogs could hear it (thanks Grapple!), while someone slaps a bloated wet belly in the background, and you've got a fairly good idea of what Meat Market do in their spare time. Both are available from Spotty Dog Records, PO Box 1500, Palmerston North.

GREG JOHNSON Don't Wait Another Day
CD Single (Pagan)

Mr Liver Man produces the goods with such regularity these days, it shouldn't surprise when he arrives with a wonderful tune like 'Don't Wait...', but where are they coming from? Built on a gorgeous piano melody straight from your favourite dream, it glides into a delicate pop tale of great beauty. Breath holding for the album starts here.

BAILTER SPACE Splat
CD Single (Flying Nun)

After coming seriously close to parodying themselves on last year's one dimensional album *Vortura*, Baiter Space return with a dazzling pop single. 'Splat' features a hypnotic, subtly layered

collection of Parker-created guitar lines, combined with a naive 'up yours' vocal swagger. 'Retro' comes inna-Thermos-stylee, but the New York based trio manage to form actual sentences over a repetitive groove. Things are rounded out with the Gordons-like 'At Five We Drive', and a remixed version of *Robot World*'s 'Fascination'.

THE SML Mixdown
CD Single (Wildside)

The SML are two parts Jon and Tom from Shihad, and one part Date from Head Like A Hole. 'Mixdown', the single (as well as the title of this seven song EP), initially passes as a love song of fragile beauty, until a closer listen reveals Jon describing the process of 4-track mixing. Also of note is Iron Maiden's 'Runnin' Free', reworked as an 'intimate' sing-along, revelling in its lack of tunefulness. But frankly, the remaining collection of low-fi, experimental, often impromptu sounding jams, is nothing we would have missed, had they not been heard outside the four walls of the Stench Room.

HEAD LIKE A HOLE The Not Nicomjool EP
CD Single (Wildside)

Not Nicomjool sees Head Like A Hole go childish in front of a 4-track once more, six times over, then wind up with the anarchic wizardry of 'Chalkface' (that contains the immortal line, 'you need me like a third eye'), the third single from *Flik Y'Self Off Y'Self*. Each of the six 4-track recordings comes in at under two minutes, and they're mostly a collection of random buzzes and beats. The only work of major interest is a quaint little number that became '1 Pound 2 Pound'. Strictly for fans and collectors only.

NIXONS Special Downtime
CD EP (Pagan)

An acoustic effort from the Nixons due to the theft of all their band gear last December. Recorded in four days at York Street, this eight song EP doesn't stray too far outside the boundaries of folk-tinged pop, and is largely uncaptivating in its execution. The exceptions are 'Basement Static', with its laidback Radiohead-feel, and the brilliantly rollicking 'Laughing', which holds major potential as a classic drinking song.

SEMI LEMON KOLA Otherwise
CD Single (BMG)

I'm in agreement with the boss of BMG — the cover does look like that of a relaxation tape, but the content is far from it. The big, spacious pop sound of 'Otherwise' encompasses huge angular power chords that form a base for the strong, emotive vocals of Tosh Graham. It's a good song, spoilt only by a decision to go apeshit once the end is in sight. Side two gives you the intricate funk/rock tune 'Fear Of Adoption', and 'Henry XXL', both featuring the unmistakable voice of the Hallelujah Picassos' Roland Rorschach.

CICADA Oscillator
CD EP (Failsafe)

Their press bio is full of crap about aiming to capture 'a broad frequency response and deep audal scope', and although that doesn't say it all, it's a fairly revealing statement as to where Auckland four-piece Cicada are coming from. At times *Oscillator* becomes more an exercise in

cramping endless dynamics and chops and changes of moods into songs ('Sway' and 'Winter'), and as a result it sounds forced and rigid. On the simple side, they keep seriousness in check on the Baiterish feel of 'Alphajerk', and go all out on the EPs best track, the swirling, rhythmically frantic 'Spine'.

SOUTHSIDE OF BOMBAY Umbadada
Cassingle (Pagan)

'Umbadada' is a crisp, horn-driven soul track, that finds a good groove, but epitomises the overall lack of sympathy Southside Of Bombay are given in the studio. Absolutely no bottom end features on the title track or the B-sides, 'Divide and Fool' and 'Taura'. Much of the energy of Southside's awesome live show comes from the heavily funky rhythm, and until that is captured in the studio, any future releases will be failing to show the true spirit of the band.

SALMONELLA DUB Dub Tom Foolery
CD EP (Curious)

Don't know much about history, psychology or dub, but I liked some of this a lot. The mellow style of 'Panza' impressed most, as did the rise and fall of 'Tom Foolery'. 'Orbital Projector Mix' and 'Panza Dub' were just a little too lacking in pulse for the straight frame of mind I was in, but this is excellent pot music for sure. Available from PO Box 21-075, Christchurch.

SULATA Never
CD Single (Deepgrooves)

Former Colony singer, and Three The Hard Way backing vocalist, Sulata Foai, ventures out solo for the first time. 'Never' has all the necessary ingredients for a successful pop/soul single — a sweet melody matched with cruisy bass and drum beats — but this approach reveals a voice that is not being given full room to stretch. Something hard and funky might suit more. Of the B-sides, 'Motion' could have come from the Stock, Aitken, Waterman songbook, and the mid-tempo dance track 'Always' is formula enough to go down well at the Box at three in the morning.

WADD Wadd
CD EP

Christchurch band Wadd come from the high energy, power pop angle — nothing more and nothing less, and that's just fine. Taking cues from a host of US guitar bands — Pavement, Sugar, the Replacements — they vary wildly, from the speedy, Sugarish 'Pick Me Up', to painfully slow and earnest tunes like 'Scenery Stream' and 'Zero Plus One'. What separates Wadd from a lot

of other local bands who take a similar approach, is that they don't play the forlorn, sensitive card in a feeble attempt to get laid; they simply put their collective foot down and play. Although Wadd's influences are blatantly obvious, they pool them, deconstruct them, and put it all back together in the shape of good, three minute pop songs. Available from 50 Riccarton Road, Christchurch.

SIMON AND FIRE Sweet Valentine
CD Single (Jayrem)

Simon And Fire are the Auckland duo of former Herbs man Toni Fonoti and his brother Brian. The title track is a very clean and wholesome Pacific-flavoured serenade that passes without fanfare, but the real deal kicks in with 'Shashamane Rock'. A sparsely arranged ragga/pop jam, 'Shashamane' features guests Brother Zeb and Mighty Asterix. The protest song 'Weapons Of Peace' follows, but whereas Fonoti's 'French Letter' took a staunch approach, 'Weapons Of Peace' delivers its message with all the impact of a Christmas carol. Definitely an odd one.

STATE OF HATE The State
Cassette EP (Lizard Mull)

Nine grunty hardcore tunes from Palmerston North's State Of Hate is what you get on *The State*, their debut release. Rhythms stay pretty much true to classic 4/4, but race full tit from start to finish during each song. Meanwhile, there's brilliant punk melodies going on here — no matter how hard the vocalist tries to sing out of tune — especially on 'Don't Get on the Plane' and 'Alone'. Available from the Hatecrew, PO Box 11, Longburn.

JACQUI KEELAN-DAVEY Parihaka!
Cassingle (Hark)

Not the elder Finn's solo tribute to Te Whiti, but a weirdly haunting, almost mournful diatribe from Hamilton's Jacqui Keelan-Davey on the same topic. In contrast, 'Happy' is a unique AOR ballad of the kind not heard from local lips since Sharon O'Neill ruled the airwaves with 'Maybe'.

RHYTHM OIL The Art Of Flying
Cassingle (Rhythm Oil Records)

Previously starring as Obviously Five Believers, Rhythm Oil have written and recorded a quirky, off beat song that Otis Mace might use to fill up space on a solo project — unfortunately Rhythm Oil are serious. Side two, 'Stars and Bars', is a bit more on to it, displaying the Auckland trio's fondness for flat-out hard rock of the Quo variety.

JOHN RUSSELL

SOVTEK VALVE AMPS

Brought & Used by;
Angus Young (AC/DC)
Cracker
Joe Perry (Aerosmith)
Allman Brothers
Nasty • Tom Verlaine
Spin Doctors
Pat Buchanan
Andy Maltz/Sea Monkeys



MIG 50

50 Watts, 2-5881 output tubes, 2 channels, Classic rhythm n' blues amp with no master volume for total sonic control from tight 'n clean to natural distortion. Sounds like a '59 Bassman with 2x12-50 speaker cabinet or Marshall JTM-45 with 2X12-120 \$1295 complete, with 4X12-250 speaker cabinet \$1795 complete, or with 4 x 10 - 150w \$1695.

MIG 100

100 Watts, 4-5881 output tubes, master volume high gain all "Tube" head. Straight forward controls let you go from the "Cleanist" to the "Meanest" easily. Great Hard Rock tone. With 4 x 12 \$1995 or 4 x 10 \$1895

Mainline Music

42 Taharoto Rd, Takapuna, Auckland. Ph (09) 486 2285

MIG 60

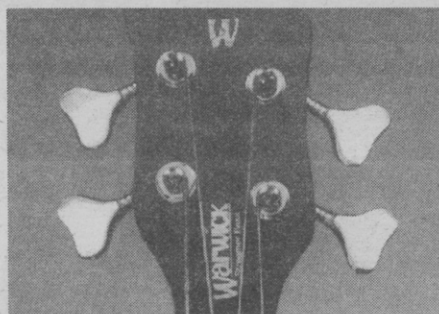
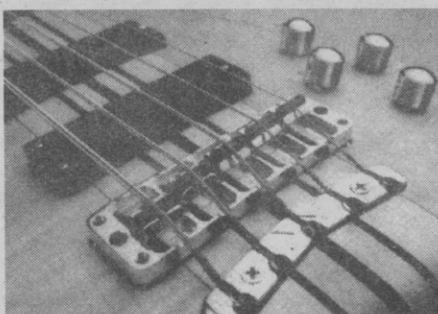
60 Watts, 2-EL34 output tubes, Tube over-drive with mastervolume. Absolute killer "Grunge" amp. Sounds like an early Marshall with the heat on. With 2 x 12 \$1495 4 x 10 \$1795 4 x 12 \$1895

Speaker Cabinets

We now offer speaker cabinets that perfectly compliment all "Sovtek" amplifiers and many others. Made in USA of the finest materials available and covered with heavy duty black vinyl & metal corners for excellent protection. All cabinets are loaded with **EMINENCE** speakers.

FREE with any rig - A Big Muff Distortion Sustainer - the pedal that started it all. Countless musicians such as Jimi Hendrix relied on it for its rich creamy violin-like sustain. Valued at \$179

Play The Best... Own The Best



Warwick basses are a masterpiece of German craftsmanship. The stylish body is contoured to fit you like no other. Its slim neck plays like a dream. They have the sound you've been waiting for.

New!!

Warwick Amps from \$1599

Warwick

Bass-Guitars

The Sound of Wood.

New Models and Affordable pricing FROM JUST \$1995

Phone South Pacific Music for the dealer nearest you. Ph (09) 443 1701, 443 1233

singles

Two months in a row means we're on a roll in chartland, and one of the month's finest is **Edwyn Collins'** classic finger poppin' jukebox romance 'A Girl Like You' (Setanta). A touch of dancefloor echo, a 50s pop hook and the marvellous Collins vocal drone has already made this a diamond amongst the rubble in the dreadful Top of the Pops. Also included on the single is a demo of the charming 'Don't Shilly Shally', and a couple of Collins' other unassuming popular works in 'Something's Brewing' and 'Bring it on Back'.

Any doubts as to **Radiohead's** standing in rock 'n' roll disappeared with the growing brilliance of *The Bends*. 'Fake Plastic Trees' (Parlophone), with its beautifully fragile, desolate delivery, builds to a moving climax and is yet another great single from the album. It comes in two packages — the limited edition, with a poster and an acoustic version of the main song etc., or the standard format, with 'India Rubber' and 'How Can You Be Sure?' Buy both, you can't miss.

Therapy? started out as ugly Irish grunge, but now with 'Stories' (A&M), and on the threshold of their third album, they sound as if the Undertones' crown of exquisitely crafted kinetic pop could be theirs.

Juliana Hatfield covers her bets on the infectious 'Universal Heart-Beat' (White), as she goes all laid-back in the verses and hauls out stun-grunge guitars and hollers for the chorus. Should be catching. And **Offspring** definitely are contagious in small doses. 'Gotta Get Away' (Cortex), from the *Smash* album, accompanied by two breaknecks, 'We Are One' and 'Forever and a Day', are ideal for waxing the skateboard to.

Meanwhile, **Faith No More** decide to hit *King For a Day* for a ballad and come up with the extremely OK, Lionel Richie-ish, melodic lode of 'Evidence' (Liberation). Cool. And the highly propelled 'Digging the Grave' makes another appearance. This EP's mawkish send-up is 'Spanish Eyes'.

This month's selection sorta divides itself into pop as the wonderful weapon of enter-

tainment (see above), and the more serious and often dull practitioners (see below).

REM's 'Strange Currencies' (Warners) is a good love song, with desperation and determination guiding Stipe's interpretation. But it's yet another song from *Monster*, and how long can they continue to cut into that old beast and pretend this single is where we're at now, man?

Supergroup **Mad Season**, made up of Screaming Trees and Pearl Jams, are heavily into introspection and depression on 'River of Deceit' (Columbia), a plaintive but ultimately dull dose of self pity.

The Boss (Springsteen) to the cave dwellers) is back with a new fan catching song, lifted from his *Greatest Hits*, 'Secret Garden' (Columbia). It's got the same soporific, lush, keyboard laden, over tasteful, sax soundtrack feel that blighted 'Philadelphia'. Compared to this, 'Murder Incorporated' sounds like a revolution.

GEORGE KAY



Juliana Hatfield

HARDWARE

ADA AMPULATOR

ADU announces a first of its kind recording device, the Ampulator, which completely eliminates the costly and often unproductive miking process for getting electric guitar tone to tape. The guitarist can simply dial in power amp and speaker cabinet characteristics on the Ampulator while listening through the studios reference monitors in the control room. The Ampulator saves hours in speaker, power amp, and microphone selection and placement, while providing absolute isolation. Available now through South Pacific Music Distributors. RRP \$1150, Ph (09) 486 0056.

ADA COMBO AMPS

Just arrived are the hot new ADA Combo Amps. The 75 watt Tri-Tube and the 150 watt Quad-Tube. These feature-laden amps are available now through South Pacific Music Distributors. RRP \$3695 (75 watt) and \$4495 (150 watt), ph (09) 486 0056.

AVAILABLE NOW — EUROCABLE

Eurocable, of Italy, manufacture a complete range of cables for audio and video applications. Their range includes musical instrument, microphone, multicore and speaker cables, plus many more specialist cables. The main characteristics of these cables are the high quality of the materials employed, extreme flexibility and excellent technical features. (Audio & Video Wholesalers, ph toll-free 0800 774873).

NEW RECORDABLE CD FROM HHB

The new CDR74 from HHB is a 680 MB/74 minute recordable CD compatible with the new generation of high speed CD recorders (1X, 2X, 4X and 6X speeds). The CDR74 is double coated for protection against scratches, finger-

prints and the harmful effects of extreme temperature, light and humidity. Recent tests suggest that data stored on an HHB CDR74 will be secure for in excess of 100 years under normal archiving conditions. For more info ph Audio & Video Wholesalers, toll-free 0800 774873.

DOD G7 GUITAR RACK FX

The G7 is a multi effects unit with compressor, 2 distortion types including grunge, EQ, delay, reverb, 5 types of modulation. Retail \$659.00. Further info, Direct Imports, ph (06) 878 2076.

GIBSON GUITARS

The Gibson ES 175: Gibson's ultimate Jazz guitar, available in Vintage Sunburst or Natural, Classic tone, part of Gibson USA's limited runs. Retail \$4995.00

Gibson Custom Shop Les Paul Classic: Limited edition guitar available in mahogany red fitted with the classic 57 H/Bucker pickups, with case. Retail \$4450.00

Fender Jazz Bass Deluxe: Four and five string models. Graphite reinforced necks, string through body, new 3 band EQ, special design pickups. Retail (with case), four string

Small Ads

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

Recordings For Sale

● NEW YORK MIX TAPES

Recorded June 95 by NY's hottest street DJs. Techno, R&B, Hip Hop, and Disco. Send SASE for list to: PO Box 10-333, Dominion Rd, Auckland 1003.

● REGGAE, DUB, REGGAE - MAIL ORDER

CDs only. CDs \$35.95 inc. post NZ (not double & box sets). Specialists in Ariwa, Blood & Fire, RAS, Lee Scratch Perry, On U Sound. For info send 45c stamp and details to CHANT DISTRIBUTION, PO Box 56 402, Auckland 3.

● DISCOUNT PRICED CDs, CASSETTES and VIDEOS

Original, authorised, CDs, cassettes, and videos. All leading titles available. Super low, rock bottom prices. Send a short list of your favourite artists for our no obligation, free catalogue. Also, original IBM and Mac software and peripherals. Free catalogue from: Freepost 411, Morgan Enterprises, PO Box 8088, Cherrywood, Tauranga (no stamp required, standard post).

● GREAT NORTHERN RECORD FAIR

In association with Rock 93 FM. Owing to the success of this inaugural event which was held in March, it has been decided to make the fair a six monthly fixture, in March and September. Accordingly, the next fair will be on Sunday September 3 1995 at the Hamilton Gardens Pavilion, Cobham Drive (SH1) from 10am - 4pm. Enquires for stalls should be made to Hamilton Record Exchange, King's Arcade, Victoria Street, Hamilton, Ph (07) 839-0158.

● INTRODUCING JIMI B : 'BLUE BOY'

Debut album by new Auckland singer/songwriter. Features 15 original pop/rock songs. Available on cassette with lyrics for \$14 all incl. Write to: B.M., PO Box 10-6056, downtown Auckland.

● RECORD AUCTION

Aust. Vinyl Networks list 2 now available, includes 230 New Zealand records, closes 17 July. Write to 2/78 Haycock Ave, Mt Roskill, Auckland.

● GREEN DAY, NIRVANA, PRIMUS

Live videos. SASE to CR, 205 Tiro Tiro Road, Levin.

● DAVID PEEL AND THE APPLE BAND

'Bring Back the BEATLES' LP/CD, US import. Write to 5 Sandilands Street, Feilding.

\$2099.00, five string \$2230.00.

Also available, Steinberger, Dobro, Orange Amplifiers, Tobias basses. Further info, Direct Imports, ph (06) 878 2076.

FENDER PROFESSIONAL MIXING CONSOLES

MX 5200 Series. Available in 16, 24, 32 channels. Further info, Direct Imports, ph (06) 878 2076.

SYMETRIX 20 BIT A/D CONVERTER

Symetrix have recently introduced the 620 20 Bit A/D Converter. Ideal for mixing to DAT, CD mastering, sample library mastering, multi medai mastering, outboard A/D for hard disk & modular digital multi-tracks, the 620 A/D converter uses each and every one of your recorder or workstations 16 bit audio in the most effective way.

Features include 20 bit quantization, selectable dither & noise shape, selectable output word size, AES/EBU/ & S/P DIF in and out, real time sample rate conversion from 44.1 to 22.05 for multimedia and more.

Ph Audio & Video Wholesalers, toll-free 0800 774873, for further info.

Miscellaneous

● TAX RETURNS/REFUNDS

Most entertainers (full and part time) should get large refunds! Do you? Also partnerships, company formations, band agreements, GST etc. Ph: John Allan (09) 534-1932, Entertainment Tax Consultant.

● WANTED URGENTLY

All U2 7"/12"/LPs required, including 7" 'Gloria' with fold-out PS (will pay \$140), 'I Will Follow' with PS (\$50), and U2 coloured vinyl. Records by Genesis, Rainbow, Golden Earring, Vangelis, Rush, Francoise Hardy, Abba and 7"s by Led Zeppelin. Must be in excellent condition. Top prices paid. Please write to BJ Smith, PO Box 4485, Christchurch.

● PET HYENA

Pet hyena (Shepherd/Blue Heeler) available free. Alert and active, expert swimmer. Good at saying 'no' to band gear thieves. Ph (09) 378-0881.

● SAMPLED SOUNDS

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

● NZ DJ MIX CLUB

Calling all DJs! If you're interested in joining other DJs, or just want to be one, send a SASE for info to: PO Box 10-333, Dominion RD, Auckland 1003.

● DRILL NEED A NEW DRUMMER

Own gear/transport, stylistically open, willingness (and ability) to jam live. Rock stardom NOT an option. Phone John, 309-3113.

● DRUMMER WANTED FOR AUCKLAND BAND DHAMA

Committed and conscious Ph Stephen 360-2854 or Joshua 630-2402.

● BASS PLAYER

Auckland rock band urgently seeks bass player for recording and live work, experienced and with good gear. Please ring Tony a/h on 817-2552.

● EXPERIENCED MANAGER REQUIRED

Original rock band now requires experienced manager, ph 837-5893.

● WANTED BECK

Anything on Beck. Posters, articles etc. Write to E. Van Oosterom, Paretu Drive, Kerikeri.

Ed Bogan
is Coming!

☆☆☆☆
VENTURER



GO ALL THE WAY

Available throughout all the major shoe retailers.

PROFILE PLUS

The Planet's Premier
Poster Placement People

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

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

POSTERS
R
US!

STICKY FINGERS POSTER
AND FLYER CAMPAIGNS

Ph Gerald 04 382 9199
or 025 435 848
Wellington and beyond

FISH 'N' CLIPS

Fish 'n' Clips is Wellingtons latest facility for the production of music clips. If you are a band or record company with funding, call us to talk about your next clip! 04 384 6159 or Rob Clarkson 025 458 327 (A division of Flying Fish NZ Ltd)

DEBUT SINGLE

RHYTHM

★ OIL

The Art of Flying

Available at
Real Groovy Records

ripitup

Issue No.215 July 1995

Published by In Tune International Ltd, Level 14, Brookfields House, 19 Victoria Street West, Auckland 1, New Zealand.

Postal Address: PO Box 5689, Auckland 1, New Zealand.

Phone (09) 358 3884,
358 1744, 358 3209
Fax (09) 358 2320

Editor Murray Cammick
Sub Editor Bronwyn Trudgeon
Designer Ryan Henderson
Staff Writer John Russell
Direct Advertising Simon Bell
ISSN 0114-0876

Live

THE MAGICK HEADS, CANESLIDE
Squid, Auckland, May 27.

An English man came up to me and told me he was reviewing this gig for *Rolling Stone* magazine. He said he'd give me a beer in exchange for a verbal review, which sounded fair enough. The Magick Heads are either very famous, or he was plain lying.

It was a select crowd (euphemism for '50 people showed') that viewed Caneslide, who include a person each from Treehut and the Lils in their number. They had a fine line in Sugar-like guitar pop, and powered through their melodic set with nary a backward glance.

The Magick Heads have the Bats' Robert Scott as chief songwriter; but singing duties are covered by Jane Sinnott, who was discovered down South, of course, singing in an 'alternative' covers band. Her vocals don't so much differentiate the band from the Bats as emphasise the folkie leanings of Scott's songs. Although Scott is supposedly on backing vocals, they were mixed so high that when he sang, he overpowered Jane's lead. Next thing you know, he's asking for more vocals! You'd think he wanted to be the lead singer.

It was all rather warm and friendly, reminding one of home knitted woolly jumpers and cups of tea. Jane added to the feeling, with her wide eyed inter-song intercourse along the lines of: "Auckland is such a big place... there's so much traffic," etc. It was a short set, and as the band left the stage, nobody yelled for more, or whistled, or even clapped loudly. The punters simply put their beers down and left quietly.

DARREN HAWKES

FUTURE STUPID, MUCKHOLE
Kurtz Lounge, Auckland, May 26.

Admittedly, I'd had a hell of a lot to drink, but tonight was one damn fine evening. Kurtz Lounge, normally notorious for having the atmosphere of a morgue, is close to packed and buzzing.

KAFM. favourites Muckhole clamber on stage just short of the witching hour, and slam through a tremendously powerful set at an indecent pace. They've got that post-hardcore vibe going on — a tight, punchy rhythm section that boosts a superfast, grunty pairing of melodic

guitars and vocals. Muckhole borrow the sheer energy of Minor Threat, and match it with the pop sensibilities of Husker Dü and the Clash, and it's a winning combo. 'Subterfuge' was a Top 10 hit on bFM, and deservedly so — live, it's blistering in its speed, as is the thunderous pop of 'Don't Wanna Know', while shades of Youth Of Today are all over the manic 'Overdrive', their top song by far. Muckhole's calling card is a wild collection of first-rate, overzealous pop tunes, and I'll be glad to see them with alarming regularity.

Ditto for Future Stupid. The standard of this former Christchurch trio's live show continues to rise. Having played almost non-stop since they shifted to Auckland, Future Stupid have evolved into a well oiled, brutal band of heavies. A kind of Fugazi meets Rollins deal is what goes down, except singer/guitarist Tony Hallum writes melodies Hank could only dream of. Opening with 'Shovel', the threesome weave an intense web of grooves, built on huge slabs of heavy rhythms and sharp, dynamic guitar riffs. 'Speed Kills' is a perfect example, tossing and turning in a flurry of rampant chord changes, before guitar, bass and drums combine to strike a killer blow when the chorus hits. Much of the appeal of Future Stupid lies in their refusal to play 'angry young men'. Though they may produce music of a nasty nature, there's no sign of affected sneers or calculated animosity directed at their audience — both parties appear to be having an equal amount of fun.

Unfortunately this feast of enjoyment is over way way too soon, but it would be bitter to bicker, for the previous two hours have notched one up big time for the pleasure of rock 'n' roll for the pure sake of it. Cheers.

JOHN RUSSELL

THE MUTTONBIRDS
Ultrasound, Toronto, Canada,
May 26 and 27.

It's Saturday night at the Ultrasound, in downtown Toronto. I came here last night with my Canadian resident sister to see the Muttonbirds. Proudly we wore our Supergroove and *Mountain Rock* T-shirts. We danced, we yelled, we clapped, we screamed for 'Nature', and we sang 'I Wish I Was in Wellington'. We had a great time, and tonight I'm back for more.

I've just spent two hours at Massey Hall, in the court of King Crimson. Whilst their Royal Highnesses of prog rock were, as ever, at their technical best — I'm feeling the need for some good ol' rock 'n' roll to round off the night.

A small but appreciative crowd, with a healthy kiwi contingent, attended both nights. But it was on Saturday night that the Muttonbirds crossed over to the other side. OK, so I happen to be one of those who believes that Don McGlashan's songs just keep getting closer to perfection — but I gotta tell y'all back home, this was easily one of the best gigs I've witnessed anywhere, by anyone!

The set opened with the sublimely atmospheric 'White Valiant', and included such first album gems as 'A Thing Well Made', 'Dominion Road' and 'Big Fish' (the latter reworked as a stunningly beautiful ballad). But the songs from *Salty* were the real stars. 'The Heater', 'Ngaire', 'In My Room' and 'Anchor Me', of course, were all present, along with the ethereal 'Too Close To the Sun' and a rendition of 'The Queen's English' that took my breath away.

Folks, if you haven't already, you gotta see these songs live. On Saturday night, our boys didn't put a note wrong, and infused their songs with intensity and emotion. Thanks for stoppin' in TO guys. It was a night I'll not forget in a hurry. Maybe next time you'll have a song — as someone in the crowd requested — about sheep!

JOHN CLARKE

THE CRAMPS, KIM SALMON AND THE SURREALISTS

The Powerstation, Auckland, June 4.

I turned up just in time to catch Kim Salmon kicking off with that song that goes 'ow, ow, ow,' really loudly, which I had first caught at Squid two nights earlier. That night, the band played to a packed and enthusiastic house. They were less warmly received at the Powerstation (no thanks to the unusually prominent redneck contingent), but their performance certainly didn't suffer because of it. 'What's Inside Your Box?' and Kim Salmon's tiger print shirt were the highlights of the performance.

I swear I heard I heard a crypt door rip off its hinges when the Cramps took to the stage. The Vincent Price and Vampira of rock, Lux Interior and Poison Ivy Rorschach, stalked on like a perfect equation of mischief and menace. Lux took care of titillating the audience, while Ivy's icy stare beamed unadulterated disdain on our bad and sorry presence. Yes, we did deserve to be punished. How could we even attempt to be worthy of such a harsh bitch? As for bassist Slim Chance and drummer Harry Drumdini — I swear their expressions (blank) and hairstyles (immaculate) didn't shift once during the set.

Nevertheless, Harry's drumming reclaimed the phrase 'skin splitting' from the *101 Ways With Saveloys* cook book, and Slim played some mean slide bass.

Whether it was the music or the spectacle the crowd had come for, they got gluts of both. Material from *Flamejob* predominated, with 'Ultra Twist' calling the shots for the dance-floor. The new material was shaken up with Cramps classics like 'Bikini Girls With Machine Guns' and 'Human Fly' (but no 'Can Your Pussy Do the Dog?'), and Crampified covers, like 'Surfin' Bird'.

The spectacle side of things was more than adequately taken care of by Lux. Clad in black rubber and high heels (and a bondage mask for a while), he spanked, crotch grabbed and microphonally assaulted and gagged himself into a frenzy. Some of that rubber simply had to come off, as rivers of sweat were visible beneath the shiny surface. When he unzipped the shirt, it let out such a splash, I thought he'd... anyway. Perhaps not sufficiently cooled, he unzipped his stovepipes and pulled them down until there could only have been one thing holding them up (the view was a pubic jungle). Then it was time to scale the speaker stacks. There isn't anything quite like the sight of a near naked ghoulish man simulating sex from on high, while his heels wiggle deliriously above him. The slack jawed, goggle eyed stare of one close encountering mezzanine floor patron said it all.

Lux wrapped up the show by destroying his microphone (he'd long since turned it's stand into metal spaghetti). After several concerted attempts with a Bic flick, he managed to render the instrument impotent. The mic stand, however, will live on. I saw some proud lads clutching it outside the venue. There were fire breathers outside the doors too. It was an insane evening which restored my faith in staying sick and getting fucked up.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

THE POINTER SISTERS, THE PETER MORGAN BAND

Auckland Town Hall, June 9.

While an audience of 3,000 Silverchair fans screamed their lungs into submission at the Logan Campbell Centre, a crowd less than half that size, but more than twice their age, did the same for the Pointer Sisters at the Auckland Town Hall.

Arriving in time to hear just two songs by support act the Peter Morgan Band was a stroke of good fortune, as they were the funk equivalent

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

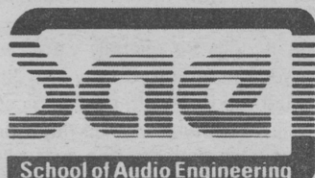
Professional Studio Training



GET YOUR LICENCE TO DRIVE

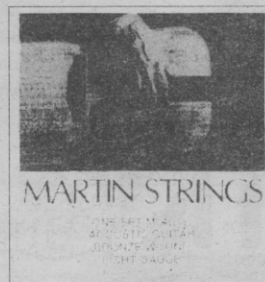
Home Studio Certificate - 6 months
Audio Engineer Diploma - 18 months
Advanced Studio Production - 3 months

Please call for our free course brochure and studio tour



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

All's Well That Bends Well



No matter what your musical bent, from bluegrass to note bending blues, Martin makes a precision crafted string specifically for it.

Martin Marquis. Top of the line quality for superior intonation and balance. Excellent for blues and all acoustic strings. *Martin Strings.* The standard acoustic strings for guitar, baritone uke, mandolin, tiple and dulcimer. *Martin Phosphors.* Brighter, longer lasting, unique in look, feel and sound. Terrific finger picking strings. *Martin Country & Bluegrass.* Specially gauged for flat and finger picking styles, guitar and banjo. *Vega.* Long & short neck banjo sizes, ideal for plectrum, Scruggs or frailing styles. *Darco.* The best value in affordable quality strings today. Available in all gauges, all lengths, for all bents of good stringed music.

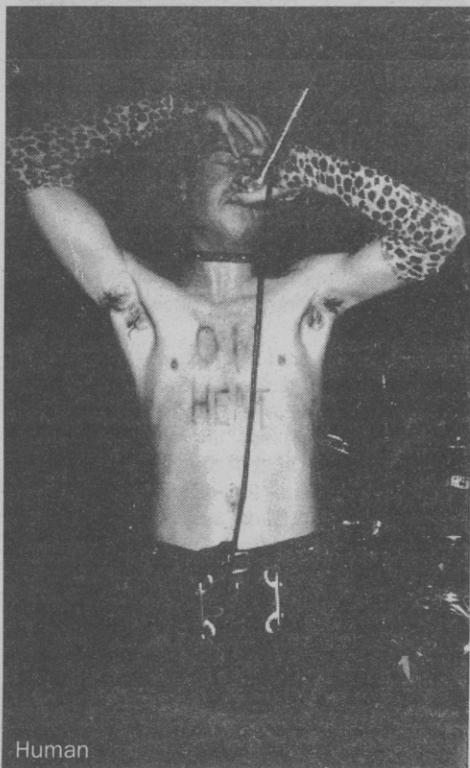
Sole NZ Distributor:

Lyn McAllister Music Ltd
PO Box 90-014, Auckland
Ph (09) 303 4936



Martin Strings

A Necessity. Not An Accessory.



Human

of painting by numbers.

Ruth, June, and Anita boogied on stage at 9.15, decked out like Vegas showgirls, and launched straight into 'I'm So Excited'. For the next 80 minutes, they pulled the best from themselves.

Their four-piece backing band eased into a groove slowly, and were left to catch up, 'cause the Pointer Sisters were primed and unstoppable. 'Hot Together', a lascivious 'Automatic', a cruisy 'Slowhand', and an explosive rendition of 'Dare Me' followed in quick succession, before the first scheduled costume change was cause for interruption.

Black evening gowns signalled the arrival of the 'sophisticated' segment of the show, where the trio performed tributes to Billie Holiday and Bessie Smith in turn. Fine for some, but it was the high-steppin' pop/funk songs I'd shown my face for, and the wait was graciously short.

By now sporting shiny gold outfits, they had it nailed, and almost raised the roof with Aretha's 'Chain Of Fools', then tripled the pace for the *Beverly Hills Cop* theme, 'Neutron Dance'. The faithful had left their seats by now, under instruction from June, who was practically dancing out of her shoes. A celebratory 'Jump (For My Love)' (what else?) was performed as an encore.

In the end more a party than a concert, the Pointer Sisters fulfilled all expectations to overflowing and, once again, the oldies were the goodies.

JOHN RUSSELL

HELLO SAILOR

Timberlands Hotel, Tokoroa, June 8.

When Hello Sailor played their first ever public gig in Tokoroa on June 5 1975, I had been living in the timber town for three months. Technically, I could've been there, but most parents will only accompany a four year old to a pub with tremendous ill grace. Twenty years on, I leapt at the chance to see their anniversary show, but it's a great pity the 300 or so locals gathered at the Timberlands didn't do the same.

Hello Sailor are a band who thrive when feeding off the enthusiasm of an appreciative audience, but on this occasion they performed to a bunch of braindead stiffies. They played two hour-long sets, disinterest spread like a disease amongst the assembled, and it wasn't until midway through the second set that a few pissed-up lads began to flail about spastically on the empty dance floor. Consequently, Sailor played without their characteristic spark, and the all-important 'edge' was absent.

Still, by no means were they bad. Brazier's voice boasts the strength of 10, and the songs, especially 'New Tattoo', 'GMT', 'Million Dollar Hand', 'You Bring Out the Worst in Me', 'Fugitive For Love', 'Gutterblack' and, of course, 'Blue Lady', are beyond question. But for this one evening, the element that makes them a great rock 'n' roll band just wasn't there. For that, the crowd only have themselves to blame, for they totally failed to recognise that this was an occasion.

JOHN RUSSELL

BANSHEE REEL

Ultrasound, Toronto, Canada, June 9.

With apologies to local scenesters here in TO, I must admit that this time I missed the opening acts — owing to a bad movie and a couple on Yonge Street doing Neil Peart imitations on their drum kits!

Being a Wellingtonian, it was difficult for me to admit to the handsome chap at the door (he being a member of a Dunedin Celtic rock band whose name escapes me) that I had never seen Banshee Reel live or, indeed, heard any of their music. This was to be my first live dose of Celtic rock 'n' roll, kiwi style. So, with me trusty

jar o' Upper Canada ale in hand, I sallied forth to investigate.

Banshee Reel live resembles watching an onstage party in progress. The impressive lineup of Allan Clark, Julia Deans, and Chris O'Connell, sharing bass, guitar and vocal duties, is raucously augmented by the flying Scotsman, Gavin Duncan, on fiddle, and the world's first headbanging accordion player, Tony Coughlan, along with drummer Andrew Moen.

To the great misfortune of the band and Toronto punters, the 'deal' releasing their two albums over here suffered from the unscrupulous nature of the Canadian company involved. Both *Culture Vulture* and *An Orchestrated Litany of Lies* were available at the door though. It was just as well too, 'cause it was the songs off the latest offering that fair blew the place away — In particular, 'Sorrow', 'Lament', 'Horses' and the rollicking 'In Yer Dreams' in particular. The crowd was small, but appreciative, and refused to let the Reelers off without a couple of encores, including a furious rendition of the Stones' 'Honky Tonk Woman'. But let's not be too picky — Banshee Reel's whole set partied in my head long after the weary drive home.

JOHN CLARKE

DRILL, FIGURE 60, CANESLIDE

Pod, Auckland, June 10.

Outside it rained and it poured, while under cover at Pod there was enough room to swing a million and one cats when the trio named Caneslide ambled to the stage. With a lineup featuring Nicola Rush on drums, former Treehut bassist Andrew Moore on guitar, and Boyd Thwaites of the Lils on bass, Caneslide unsurprisingly didn't stray too far from the latter two's past musical outings. Short and noisy pop songs were on offer, the rhythm section remaining straightforward and solid, while all melodies were carried by Moore's guitar and vocals. Any nod in the jangle direction was thankfully avoided, with smooth dollops of feedback and squealing chords being dropped into the mix, giving the whole affair a Pavement meets Buffalo Tom feel. However, the similar nature of each tune meant they fell some way short of keeping your full attention for the whole set.

The numbers were up slightly for the arrival of Figure 60. When they last played Pod in March, I left early, tiring quickly of what sounded like a pot-induced practise room jam, but tonight they were on top of it. The pulsing heart of what's known as 'Figure 60 on a good night' is a guitar that seeps everywhere, at times a luxurious blanket of catchy swirls, and just as often, a collection of high frequency howls with no trimmings. Kept under control by an appropriately rigid bass and drum combo, songs eventually wind there way out of the sonic guitar chaos, and rise to a melodic peak, just as you expect a tune to lose itself in a heap of Xpressway-style indulgence. So, it's good to glean enjoyment from them once again. Most reassuringly, Figure 60 continue to realise that tightness, slickness, and presentation don't matter for shit.

It's perhaps unfair to accuse a band that ventures out as infrequently as Drill of experiencing fluctuating form, but for that reason they can only be seen as being good or bad. For the first time, I voted them the latter. Drill aren't a band known for their prolific output, but two new songs served as openers. Both were unstructured jumbles of twin feeding-back guitars, and busy drum beats that belonged elsewhere. There was no evidence of the deceptively simple structures and melodies that plants Drill in a league of their own. The brilliantly twisted strains of 'Fishy' followed, but an immediate return to the vacant extravagance of the first two numbers invoked the red card treatment, and sent me home for an early bath.

JOHN RUSSELL

BLAST OFF, DELIRIUM TREMORS, HUMAN

Quadrophonia, Christchurch, June 11.

Aye, it were a good nite to shelter from inclement weather. Out looking for the Stag and Poacher or Rovers Return, I had been immediately attracted to the bilious yellow portal of the mysteriously named Quadrophonia. For only a small monetary sum, shelter from inclement weather and lovely music is available, so in I ventured.

Inside it doth be mightily warm with bodily heat of young patrons. On itty bitty stage in little bitty bar are Blast Off, playing a collection of good time oldies and classic hard rocking hits for appreciative patrons. One over awed patron comes away with tears in eyes. "They played My Sharona," said the emotional young man. Indeed they did, and plenty more, making sure

evil Jack Frostiness is kept well at bay.

Keeping the stage toasty warm, next up were young hopefuls Delirium Tremors, playing their own all original tunes. 'Chug a luga chugga,' goes Mr Guitar, pumping out loud brain pounding riff after riff. 'Rump a thumpa lumpa,' go Mr Bass and young Master Drums. Whilst funky yet hard rocking vibes are being crafted by aural artists, the bouncing around and vocal gyrations are provided by a small wiry figure. Lyrics are chanted repeatedly, a lá Zach de la Rocha, and throughout the entire set the curly haired jack-in-the-box makes certain his bounce goes the full distance. The DTs manage to keep the interest up throughout most of their set, although the epic 'The Wheel Turns' could perhaps use a little CRC.

Near set's end, good humoured and self-deprecating frontman tells audience they can all start having fun soon, because Human are next up. Me thinketh Mr DTs doth protest too much. Although only new around town, Delirium Tremors have played some awesome gigs.

However, tonight was to be Human's night. If Body Count and Pantera had popped along, chances are the evening still would have been Human's. There's little one can say about a band that goes to the trouble of crafting sheep skull cod pieces, so instead I'll let the picture tell the story of glam/death metal's finest hour.

KEVIN LIST

MASSIVE ATTACK SOUND SYSTEM

Shed 21, Wellington, June 17.

Massive Attack's music melds heavy, melodic dub with a soulful take on the underside of the psyche. Born of the tough UK city of Bristol, where drugs and gang violence provide a backdrop to the strong and largely black music scene, the Massive Attack crew lives up to its name, delivering a sound which is impressive in both size and force.

Shed 21 is a cavernous and impressive building standing empty on Wellington's waterfront. Saturday night saw it transformed into the venue for the biggest dance party of the year for the capital city.

As the crowd trickled in through the tight security, the 'warm-up' DJs sent eddies of chilly techno bouncing off the brick walls. Coats stayed on for the first few hours, until the combined body heat of the 1,800 people present warmed the air and loosened the atmosphere.

Some of those who forked out \$50 for a ticket seemed to take awhile to stop anticipating and start enjoying themselves in the unfamiliar venue. Although the impeccably behaved crowd were predominantly young, clued-up and out to make a night of it, the range of people who turned up was very broad, and a proportion of them must have not known quite what they were in for musically.

Nevertheless, the collection of musicians put on a show which sucked the crowd into a dense and deep groove, from which there was no escaping. There was little they could do but be moved. This was a dance party rather than a concert, and some truly funky moves were being busted. A not insubstantial amount of flirting also went on. Although Massive Attack's music is not always warm and fuzzy, it is certainly sexy.

Mounted video screens repeated a sequence of computer generated images, while the sound equipment took up a huge area of floor space and spat out a bass so fat and chunky that the vibrations could be felt clearly though the asphalt in the carpark outside.

Built around a core of three musicians (3D, Daddy G and DJ Mushroom), the group managed to deliver a rich and diverse sound by working with a variety of other musicians and singers. Sister Deborah, in particular, had the crowd right where she wanted them, under the spell of her powerful voice and awesome stage presence. Mushroom blew a few minds in the final phase of the set, as he took control of the wheels of steel.

Overall, an impressive show which left the crowd happy but not sated. With a farewell salute (which, in true rude boy stylee included a well received insult to the French), the British crew sent the crowd out into a chilly rain, complaining that it was only 3AM, and asking each other if anyone knew whey they could get some more of this fresh UK import. Massive.

Postscript: Rumour has it Shed 21 should have cause for alarm about its future. Apparently this impressive historic building is under the shadow of the demolition ball. If somebody doesn't realise its historical value and future potential fairly quickly, this two storey brick hall, with its cathedral style windows, will be razed so logs can be stacked in its place.

MEG MUNDELL

YORK STREET RECORDING STUDIOS

pod IMPERIAL ARCADE 14 QUEEN ST

KAHLUÁ

PRESENT

THE HATCHING

1995

Over \$28,000 worth of prizes

Heats: Every Thursday night at POD from 6th July to 7th September

Semi-Finals: Saturday the 9th - 16th - 23rd September

Grand Final: Saturday the 30th September

Entry forms available from: YORK Street Studios Parnell, York Street's new B Studio in Shortland Street, Kingsley Smith Music, or POD Imperial Arcade Queen Street, or by phoning Mike on 358 5503, or Rayna on 377 5441 (025 736 736)

With the **GENEROUS** support of:

MACKIE

ACCUSOUND NZ LTD
IMPORTERS AND DISTRIBUTORS

rip it up

KORG

ghSstrings

Dr. Martens

95FM

CARVIN

SENNHEISER

ABBEY SOUND

KINGSLEY SMITH MUSIC

LION RED

Fish hair cutters

fudge
for hair

For Don't Care Hair

Gig Guide

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat	Sun
<p>Australia's Screaming Jets on tour July</p>  <p>Pumpkinhead, Semi Lemon Kola, Wailing Bongo, Hamilton Hello Sailor River Inn, Takaka Verlaines, Swamp, Suka Squid, Auckland The Hatching (Battle Of The Bands), Heat 1 Pod, Auckland Pivotal, O Tillermans, Invercargill State Of Hate, Dog Tooth Violet, Slug Farm Wild Horse Saloon, Palm Nth Ardijah Albert Motor Lodge, Palm Nth Paul Ubana Jones, Hammond Gamble Hot Lava, Ohakune Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn MTV Unplugged: Nirvana Sky TV (HBO), 7.30pm.</p> <p>Dead Flowers play the Powerstation July 21 with Nixons & Second Child & new bass player Aaron Carson.</p>	<p>10</p> <p>11</p> <p>Hello Sailor Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrado), Queenstown Sebadoh, Chug Sammys, Dunedin</p> <p>17</p>	<p>12</p> <p>Banshee Reel Totara Lodge, Upper Hutt Jackie Clarke & the Strung Out String Quartet La Luna, Wgtn</p> <p>18</p> <p>19</p> <p>Next Big Thing Concourse, Massy Uni Jackie Clarke & the Strung Out String Quartet La Luna, Wgtn</p>	<p>6</p> <p>Pumpkinhead, Semi Lemon Kola Wailing Bongo, Hamilton Hello Sailor River Inn, Takaka Verlaines, Swamp, Suka Squid, Auckland The Hatching (Battle Of The Bands), Heat 1 Pod, Auckland Pivotal, O Tillermans, Invercargill State Of Hate, Dog Tooth Violet, Slug Farm Wild Horse Saloon, Palm Nth Ardijah Albert Motor Lodge, Palm Nth Paul Ubana Jones, Hammond Gamble Hot Lava, Ohakune Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn MTV Unplugged: Nirvana Sky TV (HBO), 7.30pm.</p> <p>13</p> <p>Pumpkinhead The Mill, New Plymouth Jan Hellriegel Otumotai Trust, Tauranga Screaming Jets Cliffords, Wanaka Hello Sailor Lake Hawera Hotel, Lake Hawera Verlaines, Swamp, Suka Penguin Club, Oamaru Sebadoh, Brother Love Warners, Chch Premature Autopsy Antipodes, Wgtn Figure 60 Exchnage, Hamilton Semi Lemon Kola Hot Lava, Ohakune Cicada Dux De Lux, Chch The Hatching (Battle Of The Bands), Heat 2 Pod, Auckland King Loser Shakespeare, Napier Pivotal, The Big Brough Band Empire, Dunedin Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn</p> <p>20</p> <p>Upper Hutt Posse The Mill, New Plymouth Chris Isaak Logan Campbell Centre, Auckland Hello Sailor Loaded Hog, Timaru Jan Hellriegel Fitzroy Tavern, New Plymouth Screaming Jets James Cabaret, Wgtn Premature Autopsy Exchange, Hamilton The Hatching (Battle Of The Bands), Heat 3 Pod, Auckland Midge Marsden Band Pinelands, Kawerau Next Big Thing Quay, Wanganui</p> <p>27</p> <p>Upper Hutt Posse, Dark Tower Quadrophonia, Chch Hello Sailor Level 42, Blenheim Dave Dobbyn Powerstation, Auckland Jan Hellriegel Sammys, Dunedin The Hatching (Battle Of The Bands), Heat 4 Pod, Auckland Midge Marsden Band Lake Establishment, Taupo Jay Clarkson Victoria Uni (4pm), Bar Bodega (night, w/King Loser) Blackjack Hot Lava, Ohakune Next Big Thing Exchange, Hamilton Banshee Reel Cheers Bar, Hawera Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn</p>	<p>7</p> <p>Pumpkinhead, Thorazine Shuffle Powerstation, Auckland (All Ages) Harry Connick Jnr Aotea Centre, Auckland Hello Sailor Swan Hotel, Motueka Verlaines, Swamp, Suka Squid, Auckland State Of Hate, Horror Business Nitespot, New Plymouth Cicada, E Haw, Meat Market Wild Horse Saloon, Palm Nth King Biscuit University, Chch Static Black, Crumb Antipodes, Wgtn Ardijah James Cabaret, Wgtn Shanachie Fat Ladies Arms, Palm Nth Circus Animals Hot Lava, Ohakune</p> <p>14</p> <p>Upper Hutt Posse, Tuaki Squid, Auckland Pumpkinhead Albert Motor Lodge, Palm Nth Jan Hellriegel Kurtz Lounge, Auckland Sebadoh, Truckstop James Cabaret, Wgtn Screaming Jets Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrado), Queenstown Hello Sailor Sammys, Dunedin Verlaines, Swamp, Suka Empire, Dunedin Figure 60 Stomach, Palm NthPremature Autopsy Riverbar, Gisborne King Loser Paris, Gisborne Muckhole, Dogbite, Slambodia, Dreadstone Pod, Auckland King Biscuit O'Flaherty's, Napier State Of Hate, Ape Management, Human Hex Central, Chch Cicada Quadrophonia, Chch Coro Blues Hot Lava, Ohakune</p> <p>21</p> <p>Upper Hutt Posse, Liddle Man Antipodes, Wgtn Dead Flowers, Second Child, Nixons Powerstation, Auckland Chris Isaak Town Hall, Wgtn Jan Hellriegel Shamrock Hotel, Palm Nth Hello Sailor Blue Pub, Methven Premature Autopsy, Deluge Pod, Auckland King Loser Las Vegas Strip Club, Auckland Screaming Jets Hot Lava, Ohakune Jay Clarkson Otago Uni (lunchtime) Next Big Thing Cuba Cuba, Wgtn Shanachie O'Flaherty's, Napier Smokefree Regional Final The Glenroy, Dunedin</p> <p>28</p> <p>Upper Hutt Posse, The Cheese Band, Laughin' Gas Crown, Dunedin The Cruel Sea Powerstation, Auckland Hello Sailor Paekakariki Hotel, Paekakariki Dave Dobbyn Hillcrest Tavern, Hamilton Jan Hellriegel University, Chch Midge Marsden Band Moose McGillivudys, Wanganui Dhama, Gaunt Squid, Auckland Jay Clarkson Bar Bodega, Wgtn Poweraxe Pod, Auckland State Of Hate, Human, Ape Management Hex Central, Chch King Biscuit Paris, Gisborne Smokefree Regional Final Town Hall, Chch Static Black Quay, Wanganui Banshee Reel Oak 'N' Ale, Tauranga Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn The Heat Hot Lava, Ohakune</p>	<p>8</p> <p>Pumpkinhead, Semi Lemon Kola Crossroads Tavern, Tauranga Hello Sailor Westport Tavern, Westport Verlaines, Swamp, Suka Wailing Bongo, Hamilton Harry Connick Jnr Aotea Centre, Auckland State Of Hate Exchange, Hamilton Cicada Antipodes, Wellington King Biscuit Molly Maguires, Nelson Static Black, Crumb New Royal, Palm Nth Pivotal, O Crown, Dunedin Shanachie Fat Ladies Arms, Palm Nth Eclipse Party Powerstation, Auckland Coca Cola Chart Show TV2, 11am. Ice TV TV3, 3pm. MTV Unplugged: Rod Stewart Sky TV (HBO), 10.10pm</p> <p>15</p> <p>Sebadoh, Drill, Garageland Powerstation, Auckland Pumpkinhead, Fat Mannequin James Cabaret, Wgtn (All Ages) Hello Sailor Tillermans, Invercargill Jan Hellriegel Alamo, West Auckland Screaming Jets Sammys, Dunedin Premature Autopsy Shakespeare, Napier King Loser Bar Bodega, Wgtn State Of Hate Empire, Dunedin Cicada Crown, Dunedin Banshee Reel Shamrock Inn, Palm Nth Coca Cola Chart Show TV2, 11am. Ice TV TV3, 3pm. MTV Unplugged: Neil Young Sky TV (HBO), 10.15pm</p> <p>22</p> <p>Hello Sailor Occidental, Chch Jan Hellriegel Planet, Wgtn Premature Autopsy Nitespot, New Plymouth Screaming Jets Powerstation, Auckland Jay Clarkson Dux De Lux, Chch Next Big Thing Jazpers, Palm Nth King Biscuit Kurtz Lounge, Auckland Midge Marsden Band The Prison, Cambridge Shanachie O'Flaherty's, Napier Coca Cola Chart Show TV2, 11am. Ice TV TV3, 3pm. MTV Unplugged: Bjork Sky TV (HBO), 10.05pm</p> <p>29</p> <p>Upper Hutt Posse Winie Bagoes, Queenstown Hello Sailor Cheers Bar, Hawera Dave Dobbyn Hot Lava, Ohakune Jan Hellriegel The Edge, Chch Midge Marsden Band Horseshoe Tavern, Masterton The Cruel Sea Warners, Chch State Of Hate Empire, Dunedin Next Big Thing, Seat Bee Sate Pod, Auckland King Biscuit Exchange, Hamilton Banshee Reel Paris, Gisborne Shanachie Peggy Gordons, New Plymouth Climax Dance Party Wailing Bongo, Hamilton Coca Cola Chart Show TV2, 11am. Ice TV TV3, 3pm. Paul McCartney Up Close Sky TV (HBO), 10pm.</p>	<p>9</p> <p>Hello Sailor Remingtons, Greymouth Music Nation TV2, 11.30am.</p> <p>16</p> <p>Hello Sailor Lake Ohau Lodge, Ohau King Loser, Cunt Wild Horse Saloon, Palm Nth Screaming Jets Warners, Chch Banshee Reel Molly Malones, Wgtn Music Nation TV2, 11.30am.</p> <p>23</p> <p>Hello Sailor Revingtons, Greymouth The Livids, Big Chill The Square, Palm Nth Screaming Jets Windsor Park, Auckland Music Nation TV2, 11.30am.</p> <p>30</p> <p>Midge Marsden Band Cosmopolitan Club, Palm Nth Banshee Reel Cri Bar, Napier Music Nation TV2, 11.30am.</p>
<p>hair shaper</p> <p>the shampoo</p> <p>fudge</p> <p>hair putty</p> <p>hair varnish</p> <p>hair putty</p> <p>hair cement</p> <p>hair gum</p>	<p>the shampoo</p> <p>fudge</p> <p>hair putty</p> <p>hair varnish</p> <p>hair putty</p> <p>hair cement</p> <p>hair gum</p>	<p>fudge</p> <p>hair putty</p> <p>hair varnish</p> <p>hair putty</p> <p>hair cement</p> <p>hair gum</p>	<p>the condition</p> <p>dynamite</p> <p>hair varnish</p> <p>hair putty</p> <p>hair cement</p> <p>hair gum</p>	<p>hair varnish</p> <p>hair putty</p> <p>hair cement</p> <p>hair gum</p>	<p>hair cement</p> <p>hair gum</p>	<p>hair cement</p> <p>hair gum</p>
<p>31</p> <p>Dave Dobbyn James Cabaret, Wgtn</p> <p>August 1</p> <p>2</p> <p>Dave Dobbyn Chch, Occidental</p> <p>3</p> <p>Shihad Molly Maguires, Nelson The Hatching (Battle Of The Bands), Heat 5 Pod, Auckland The Mothgods, Hawaii 5-0 Penguin Club, Oamaru Paul McCartney Up Close Sky TV (HBO), 6.30pm.</p>						

"Only From Hair Salons With Attitude"

fudge it

scrunch it mould it slick it

Video

WOLF

Director: Mike Nichols

If you are driving and you hit a wolf, don't get out of your car to ponder its condition. Someone might make a movie about what happens when it bites you, and it might be really dull. You might feel the urge to bite off people's fingers with your newly extended teeth. You'll grow an abundance of facial hair. Horses won't like you. You might get to sleep with Michelle Pfeiffer. Your senses will become more acute. You'll be able to stay out late without feeling like shit the morning.

Werewolf pointers aside, the plot sees Nicholson's character get possessed, demoted, double crossed by his best friend and cheated on by his wife. He then falls in love with his boss' daughter (Pfeiffer). Their love conquers all, but comes with a fairly hefty price tag. It's as predictable as buggery and leaves the more interesting ends untied.

Wolf's been topping video charts all over the place, but don't lose any sleep if this means it's all booked out when you go to rent it. You won't lose any sleep if you do rent it either. Nicholson's pretty scary looking without fangs and fur these days, so the freak show make-up serves as more of an improvement than a shock tactic.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

MANHATTAN MURDER MYSTERY

Director: Woody Allen

Marital matters can spin a complicated enough web without the addition of a murder mystery thrown into the mix, but this is the combination of predicaments in Woody Allen's latest work. Larry (Allen) and his wife Carol (Diane Keaton) pick the wrong night to meet the elderly couple next door. They come home the next night to find the wife has died of a heart attack — at least, that's what the paramedics believe. Carol is not so sure. She and her newly single friend Ted (Alan Alda) embark on a murder investigation that turns into a crazy, last ditch quest for freedom.

Larry (a guy who gets drunk on rum

cake) is extremely perturbed by his wife's newfound obsession. However, when he verifies Carol has sighted the dead woman in the New York City transit system, his adrenaline starts leaking out his ears and he joins the case. So does one of his extremely sexy clients (Anjelica Huston), adding to the friendly sexual tension which fringes the film.

The sum of these parts is a genuinely surprising, laugh out loud comedy, with enough couple japes to fuel an entire season of *Mad About You*.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

INCIDENT AT ROSWELL

Director: Arthur Kopit

Kyle McLachlan stars as military intelligence officer Jessie Marcell, in this 'true' story of an alien encounter. If you can ignore the oxymoron of his job description, you'll find he is a good man, a family man, a man whose vacuous wife should be shot, and whose son is so apple pie I kept expecting him to spit pips. Their squeaky clean family competes with the main event as one of the film's most bizarre components.

Marcell was the second person at the

scene of one of America's most famous alleged UFO crashes. At the time, the discovery was publicly proclaimed a hoax by the American government. Evidence of the reputedly amazing space craft material was replaced with a weather balloon. Marcell was framed as the star of an extraordinary fiasco.

The story is told through recollection and research, 30 years later, as Marcell attempts to clear his name before he dies. You have to hang out for the brief alien encounter scenes, but they are worth it. This isn't a great movie, but it is a wild story. Those interested should read the book the film is based on: *UFO Crash at Roswell*, by Kevin D Randle and Donald R Schmitt.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

THE HOUSE OF THE SPIRITS

Director: Bille August

Based on Isabel Allende's novel of the same name, *The House of the Spirits* has perfection as its yardstick. The narrative unfolds over four generations of an enchanting string of women — whose actors include Vanessa Redgrave, Meryl Streep and Winona Ryder. Jeremy Irons plays Esteban Trueba, the vengeful male centrepiece of the tale. Glenn Close plays his tragic sister, the martyr figure Ferula. Antonio Banderas plays the revolutionary Pedro Segundo. The weighty cast lend promise to the film, but, sadly, it goes largely unfulfilled.

The core elements of prophecy and the relationship between events are retained in the narrative, but much of the magic is removed. The most sloppy change to the narrative sees Alba (Winona Ryder) refusing to marry the Count, thus removing the opportunity for the bizarre scene which causes her to flee him in the original narrative. Her love nest with Pedro Segundo is also absent, despite being such a vivid part of the book. This is but one example of passion being swept under the carpet.

As the epic film it needs to be, *The House of the Spirits* fails to excite. It is more of an interesting companion piece to the book than a stand alone work of art. Hence, it does a disservice to a true modern masterpiece.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

THE LAST SEDUCTION

Director: John Dahl

Bridget Gregory (Linda Fiorentino) is, as her lawyer puts it early in this deliciously venomous little film, "a self serving bitch," period. Her husband Clay (Bill Pullman) likes to call her 'Bitchit', and with good reason. She's nabbed his illegal fortune, and is going to great lengths to keep it. I guess he shouldn't have slapped her, but you just know she's been too big for this patsy from the get-go. Anyway, she's the criminal mastermind.

Hiding out in cow country, Bridget meets her "designated fuck", Mike (Peter Berg). He sees Bridget as the set of balls he failed to grow last time he ventured into the big wide world. Unfortunately for him, Bridget's balls are too big for him to handle. Things get sticky when she asks him for a relationship of equals — meaning she kills one person for an insurance scam, and he has to do likewise. Having mistaken Bridget's considerable banana bending skills for the real thing, he eventually succumbs to her demands.

Mike and Clay are the perfect slow moving targets for the malice that flies. Even when they manage to solve Bridget's puzzle, they end up dropping all the pieces — spectacularly. Bridget is an inspiration. Now, if only I could find a man with enough money worth bothering to relieve him of.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

REEL NEWS

The independent ensemble director film *Four Rooms* wrapped recently. The plot contains four different stories set in a Los Angeles hotel on New Year's eve, and linked by an English bell-boy played by **Tim Roth**. Other names in the everyone who's anyone cast include: **Amanda de Cadenet**, **Bruce Willis**, **Antonio Banderas**, **Madonna**, **Jennifer Beals**, **Ione Skye** and **Marissa Tomei**. The directors are **Alison Anders**, **Alexandre Rockwell**, **Robert Rodriguez** and **Quentin Tarantino** ... **Costas Mandaylor** (Deputy Kenny Lacos of *Picket Fences*) plays the thinly disguised Henry Miller character in the upcoming film version of Anais Nin's book *Delta of Venus*. With **Zalman King** in the director's chair, the forecast is more steamy than cerebral ... **Linda Fiorentino** is about to be reunited with *The Last Seduction* director **John Dahl** as the star of his new film *Unforgettable*. She plays a researcher whose new invention allows people to experience other people's memories; **Ray Liotta** co-stars ... **Gwyneth Paltrow** (who's been breaking hearts as Brad Pitt's girlfriend in real life) has landed the title role in the big screen adaptation of Jane Austen's *Emma* ... **Samuel L Jackson** has his dance card well filled for the time being. He appears in the upcoming films *Losing Isaiah* and *Die Hard III*, and follows these with a part in the gambling parable *Sydney* (co-starring **Gwyneth Paltrow**), the lead role in boxing comedy *The Great White Hype*, and a part alongside **Marlon Brando** in a remake of *The Island of Doctor Moreau* ... *The Madness of King George* director **Nicholas Hytner**'s next project will be *The Crucible*, based on Arthur Miller's play. **Daniel Day-Lewis** will star ... **Kenneth Branagh** is directing the low budget ensemble comedy *In the Bleak Midwinter*. The cast playing the theatrical troupe at the core of the tale includes **Joan Collins**, **Richard Briers** and **Jennifer Saunders** ... **Michelle Pfeiffer** will appear with her sister Deedee for the first time on the big screen, in the newsroom drama *Up Close and Personal*. The film also stars **Robert Redford**, **Stockard Channing**, **Kate Nelligan** and **Joe Mantegna** ... **Paul Newman** is to take the lead role in the Merchant-Ivory production *Diary of a Mad Old Man*, based on the novel by Junichiro Tanizaki ... **Jim Carrey**'s Ace Ventura character returns in the upcoming *Ace Ventura II: When Nature Calls* ... **Sylvester Stallone** will star alongside **Antonio Banderas** in *Assassins*, which began filming last month.

THINK
FAST.
LOOK
ALIVE.

BRUCE WILLIS
DIE HARD
WITH A VENGEANCE
JEREMY IRONS SAMUEL L. JACKSON

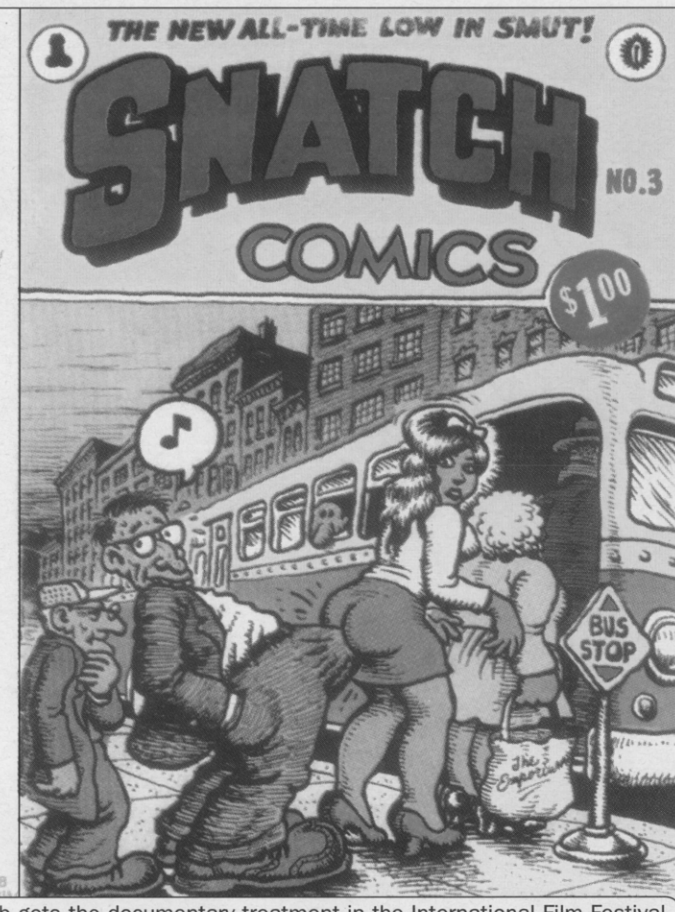
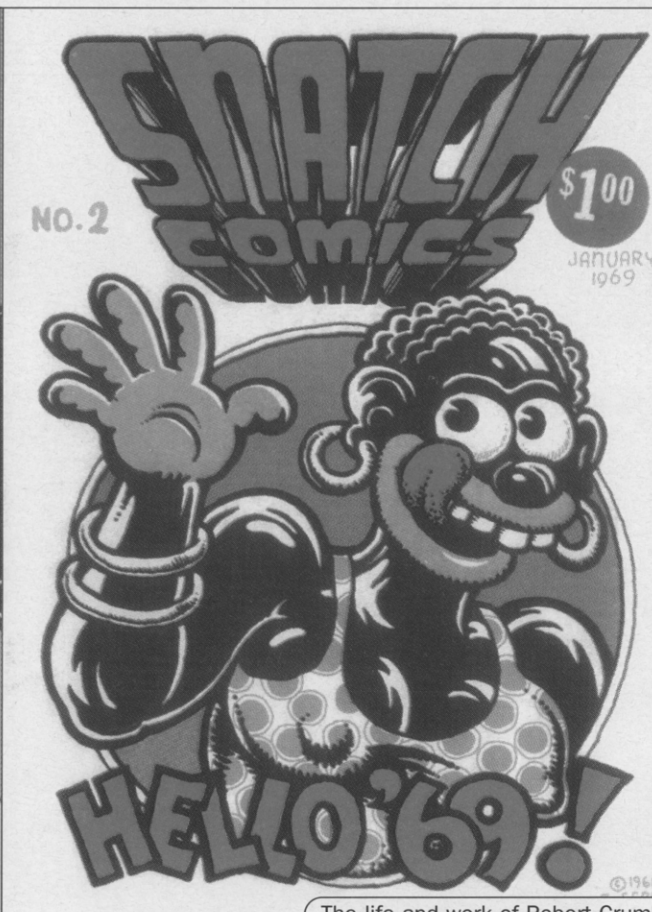
CONTAINS VIOLENCE AND
OFFENSIVE LANGUAGE



ANDREW G. VAJNA Presents A CINERGI Production A JOHN McTIERNAN Film
BRUCE WILLIS JEREMY IRONS SAMUEL L. JACKSON "DIE HARD WITH A VENGEANCE" GRAHAM GREENE COLLEEN CAMP
LARRY BRYGGMAN SAM PHILLIPS Music by MICHAEL KAMEN Edited by JOHN WRIGHT A.C.E. Production Designer JACKSON DE GOVIA Director of Photography PETER MENZIES
Co-Producer CARMINE ZOZZORA Executive Producer ANDREW G. VAJNA BUZZ FEITSHANS ROBERT LAWRENCE Written by JONATHAN HENSLEIGH
Produced by MICHAEL TADROSS Produced and Directed by JOHN McTIERNAN
HOLLYWOOD ON THE GOLD COAST CINERGI Available on VHS and DVD ROADSHOW FILM DISTRIBUTORS Book Available Through MACMILLAN
© 1995 CINERGI PICTURES ENTERTAINMENT INC. CINERGI PRODUCTIONS A.T. INC. AND TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION

NO FREE LIST

STARTS JULY 14 AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU



The life and work of Robert Crumb gets the documentary treatment in the International Film Festival.

Return of the Film Festival

International Film Festival mania is almost upon the country again, and the indefatigable Bill Gosden is at the helm once more. He feels this year's selection has "more coherent lines running through it than was possible in the past", and is more relaxed this time around, knowing the festival has "a great deal more economic freedom". "Although this isn't to say we're in clover," Gosden says. "There are still far too few of us doing far too much work!"

Although Gosden has a penchant for French fare, he's dealing out some choice slices of Hollywood nostalgia. *Scary Women* offers six noirish femme fatale films of the 40s. It was occasioned by the popularity of John Dahl's *The Last Seduction*, a movie which Gosden dismisses as "simply not as good as the films it apes". The ladies range from Barbara Stanwyck in Billy Wilder's martini-cool *Double Indemnity*, to Maria Montez in Robert Siodmak's hysterically camp *Cobra Women*. Gosden swears all six movies are "the best prints available" (*Cobra Women*, in all its technicolour glory, has only survived in one 16mm print!), and even if *Double Indemnity* "is a little bit milky, it's better than no *Double Indemnity* at all, which is what we've had for the last 30 years".

Gosden enthuses over the series *Tous les Garçons*, in which nine directors contributed a film set in the year in which they turned 18. We see seven of these, spanning 1962 to 1991, with period soundtracks to swoon for (each film has a 'reunion party' in it). While praising the sheer energy of David O Russell's *Spanking the Monkey* (one of the films creating the most interest amongst Wellington punters), Gosden admits that first films by American directors often feel like "bright career moves, whereas, when you look at the French, there's a wonderful lucid expression taking place. They really speak to audiences".

Not all the speaking will be from the screens this year. A number of film-makers, including Anand Patwardhan from India, will introduce their movies. Gosden has wanted this for some time.

"It will be interesting to see how audiences respond to films that 'talk back'. I've thought that with some of the work, we show it in a vacuum — you can only present a certain amount of context in a programme note. The film-maker is going to be much more eloquent and respond to whatever response the film evokes from the audience. It's particularly appropriate that we've got a few more documentary makers this time."

Gosden and I talk about the lack of theatrical venues for documentary in this country. Although Gosden blames television for not doing more here, he admits that some docs need the big screen (*Atlantic* and *Mother Dao* are "spectacles on a grand scale").

Personally, of all the preview cassettes I've been working through over the last weeks, it's the documentaries that have given me the most consistent rewards. Films like the late Marlon Riggs' *Black Is... Black Ain't*, completed after the director's death from AIDS, is a rich tapestry of observations on ethnic and personal identity, in which an interview with Angela Davis jostles with flamboyant gay church services on the West Coast, and gumbo cooking in

Louisiana.

Many of the documentaries, fascinating in themselves, have fringe bonuses. In *Theremin: An Odyssey*, there's Brian Wilson, almost totally out to lunch, and an almost balletic Jerry Lewis sequence from *The Delicate Delinquent*. In *James Ellroy: Demon Dog of American Fiction*, the ghoulish can experience rare footage and photos of LAPD murder investigations. *Crumb*, a disturbing portrait of Robert Crumb, the maker of raunchy comix, and his dysfunctional family, is graced, often ironically, by the languorous rags of Scott Joplin on the soundtrack.

One film is an unequivocal gem. In *Complaints of a Dutiful Daughter*, Deborah Hoffmann traces the development of her mother's Alzheimer's disease with wry humour and rare compassion. Much of the film is hysterically funny, as Hoffmann as presenter spiels with real schtick, but when it is moving, have a hanky at hand. With increasing amounts of people in the 90s finding themselves in the situation of being a 'care-giver', this is a film that deserves a wider audience than any festival could ever manage. Television, where are you?

Would there, I wondered, be another local hit like *Heavenly Creatures* this year? Gosden wouldn't be drawn out on this one. He sees Anna Campion's first feature *Loaded* as "a very strange and suggestive blend of 90s and 70s sensibilities", and quickly compares it with Olivier Assayas' *L'Eau froide* from the *Tous les Garçons* series, which also deals with the youth phenomenon: "They're an interesting pair." This really sums up the ultimate benefit of such a festival in the first place — providing the luxury (and rewards) of being able to make such comparisons, which is so good for our film-makers and audiences alike.

WILLIAM DART

The Brady Bunch Movie Director: Betty Thomas

After the almost unmitigated disaster of bringing *The Beverly Hillbillies* to the big screen, classic TV sitcoms might well seem temptation for only the most foolhardy of producers. Surprisingly, *The Brady Bunch Movie* is a winner, its slick time-warp ploy pitting a terminally turn-of-the-60s family against the crims and dims of the nasty materialist 90s.

In Bradyville — ie. Los Angeles suburbia, 1995 — everything's bright, bright, bright, and everyone's happy, happy, happy. Well, almost everyone, as middle sister Jan (a scrumptiously manic performance from Jennifer Elise Cox) is consumed with sibling rivalry, prompted by ever-present, unseen voices.

Not having been a *Brady Bunch* aficionado all those decades back, I'm not tuned in to the network of references that are embedded in the script — apart from the obvious walk-ons (or drive-on in the case of Ann B Davis as a butch truckie) from original cast members. Florence Henderson, the original Carol Brady, reappearing as Grandma Brady, has been hardened by the 80s and 90s into a vintage grump.

The movie works without too much contextualising. In spite of the all encompassing technicolour brightness, *The Brady Bunch Movie* is a darkish comedy about an ultra-functional family. The deliciously wide-eyed Shelley Long is

perpetually positive, expounding a life philosophy in which "snitching" and "tattling" are the ultimate no-no, while hubby (the luxuriantly coiffed Gary Cole) cheerfully peddles the one ranch-home design to whatever client comes along. The youngsters, alas, with the exception of Jennifer Elise Cox and Christine Taylor as the sexpot eldest sister, are rather under-written. So much so that the androgynous Ru Paul, as a guidance counsellor, and Jean Smart's libidinous neighbour, trying to coax the two Brady lads to help her "make sandwiches", seem to be acting in another movie.

Above all, *The Brady Bunch Movie* boasts some delightful set pieces, from the family showing flair and flares in the talent quest to the closing credits in which a *Hollywood Squares* grid of the Brady family (together with the eldest daughter's lesbian admirer) offers a piquant deconstruction of an American family.

WILLIAM DART

Batman Forever Director: Joel Schumacher

In which Bruce Wayne (aka Batman) fights fresh villainy in the form of the leering Two-Face (Tommy Lee Jones, with an acid two-tone) and the Riddler (Jim Carrey, spending much of the film in a lime green lycra body suit, with an orange Annie Lennox coif).

Tim Burton has handed this instalment of the Gotham City Chronicles to Joel Schumacher, and Schumacher's done a slick job. He knows how to make the most of an opening shot — remember the traffic jam in *Falling Down*, or the children in the forest in *The Client*? — this time round it's stylish fetishism, as Batman dons his rubbers. Indeed, *Batman Forever* may well be the campest instalment since the 60s TV series: from Two Face's mini army of pierced, masked menacers, to the flamboyant Riddler.

Schumacher himself started his career in the art department, and *Batman Forever* is a stunning visual experience. There are a number of fantastical scenes, like the expressionist Gotham Circus which provides the setting for the assassination of Robin's family, ending with a marvelous overhead shot as the orphaned Robin looks down on the three sprawling bodies. Schumacher's design team includes Barbara Ling, whose talents lay behind David Byrne's

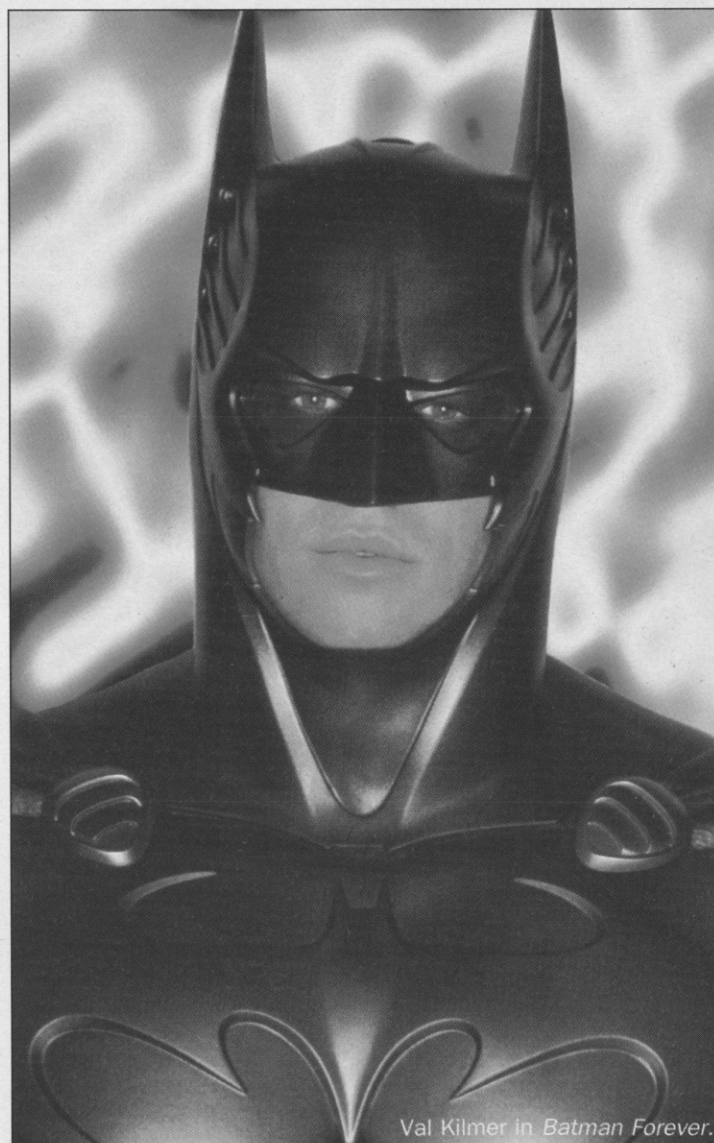
quirky *True Stories*, and they magpie their way from Russian Constructivism to dizzy psychedelia — when Robin has a scuffle with a street gang, it's a riot of day-glo and blue lighting.

No choreographer is credited, but much of the action has a touch of the ballet — I'm thinking here of Batman's entrance at the Nygmtech party, or the scene in which the villains invade the Wayne mansion. In his spy demolition of the Batcave, Jim Carrey seems to be making a play for being seen as the Ann Miller of our time.

It's not all visual chic, though. A crisp script makes for some scrumptious repartee when Batman first meets up with Nicole Kidman's glamorous criminal psychologist, Dr Chase Meridian, and the first encounter between Jones and Carrey is deliciously manic.

Perhaps, after the ceaseless inventiveness of the first 90 minutes, enlisting every high-tech device known to FX, the climax is strangely disappointing. However, the dethroned Carrey, disconsolate in his spangles, like a drag queen who's weathered a thunderstorm, is a brilliant touch. At the end, in a scene at Arkham Asylum, a short appearance from René Auberjonois as Dr Burton (cute touch this) is perhaps more significant than it seems, but vital questions remain unanswered — certainly Chris O'Donnell's Wonder Boy is just too cute to be left partnerless at the end.

WILLIAM DART



Val Kilmer in *Batman Forever*.



Taking it Like a Man

You could have been forgiven for forgetting Boy George. It's been a long time since George has been a radio staple. In recent years the man's music has been overtaken by his private life. There have been tussles with the tabloids, drug addiction and rehabilitation — but precious little in the way of the chart hungry George-pop which made Culture Club such heavyweight contenders a decade ago.

But all that may have changed. 1995 may just be the year of Boy Nausea.

In London's Green House recording studio, George has been putting the finishing touches on his new album *Cheapness and Beauty*. It's a brash and brazen collection of songs, tinged with a punky flavour and stuttering guitars, and has comeback written all over it.

But this is a comeback with a difference. The Boy George of 1995 is a very different, even after you come to terms with his changed appearance.

Dressed in jeans, a black jersey and some hiking boots, a remarkably relaxed Boy George seems worlds away from the days of Culture Club and his haggard appearance during his heroin addiction. His hair is shorn to a shadow skinhead, his features rounded. He looks comfortable and happy. He speaks briskly, holding eye contact and answering questions with a directness that's not often encountered.

Cheapness and Beauty, set for release sometime in May, is Boy George's most ambitious album to date. It's a strange brew too; some gloriously over the top punk/glam rubbing shoulders with acoustic ballads. It sounds suspiciously like Boy George has

kissed the world of dance-pop a fond farewell and started a steamy affair with rock music, in all its sweaty, guitar heavy glory.

"As far as this record goes, I didn't want it to be too eclectic. I like to call this music 'attitude pop'. Rock music, to me, is something like Bon Jovi, whereas the likes of Nirvana and Smashing Pumpkins is what I'd call attitude pop.

"I think the lyrics are a lot more direct on this album, therefore the music needs to be a lot more direct as well."

A few ripples have already been caused by the first single, a crashingly over-the-top remake of Iggy Pop's 'Funtime'.

"When I was writing the album I brought in all my favourite CDs and said: 'This is the kind of attitude.'"

"I've always been a big David Bowie fan, and through David Bowie I got into Iggy Pop. David Bowie actually did the backing vocals on that track, so doing it is like killing two birds with one stone.

"I think it's quite a lusty song. I like the effect it has... 'We like your pants,'" he sings suddenly. The mind boggles.

While the rest of the album doesn't quite reach the breakneck pace of 'Funtime', the album is nothing, if not confrontational. Despite the fact the album is George's fourth since leaving Culture Club, it could be almost a fresh start. George is the first to admit his previous efforts lacked direction; and when they didn't succeed as he'd hoped, he would blame anyone but himself.

"The problem was that I didn't have very much direction. Once I'd left Culture Club I was very confused. I had lots of ideas, but no direction.

"A lot of the time I was blaming the record company and other people — not myself. Now I can look at that part of my career and see that, yes, I was wrong."

The change in George's career has taken time, but the effects are already being felt. Years of therapy and psychological help, not to mention a macrobiotic diet and immersion in his dance project More Protein have cut off some of the rough edges.

"Once I got the focus for this record, I went to the record company and said to them: 'This is what I want to do.' It was amazing the affect that it had on them. Obviously I've got a really good A&R man now (Paul Kinder of Virgin), which has been a real life saver. It's the first time since Culture Club anyone's had a clue about me. And it's really good when an A&R man likes the same kind of music that you do," George says.

Cheapness and Beauty's strongest lyrical theme seems that of coming to terms with who you are and the mistakes you may have made in the past. It could also be described as George's 'coming out' record — news that's unlikely to shock many people certainly, but it's the first time his music has touched the subject with any depth.

"Over the last five years I've been writing a book and doing a lot of group therapy. If you do it in a belligerent way, you don't have a positive effect on people. You teach best by example. Writing my book has helped me put my life in perspective."

George's autobiography (entitled *Take It Like A Man*) deals closely with the time his career looked like disintegrating; having gone public about his heroin addiction, and having made no secret about his sexuality, he endured a very public kicking campaign by the

media. His public image has taken a very long time to heal.

Does the bitterness remain? Seemingly not.

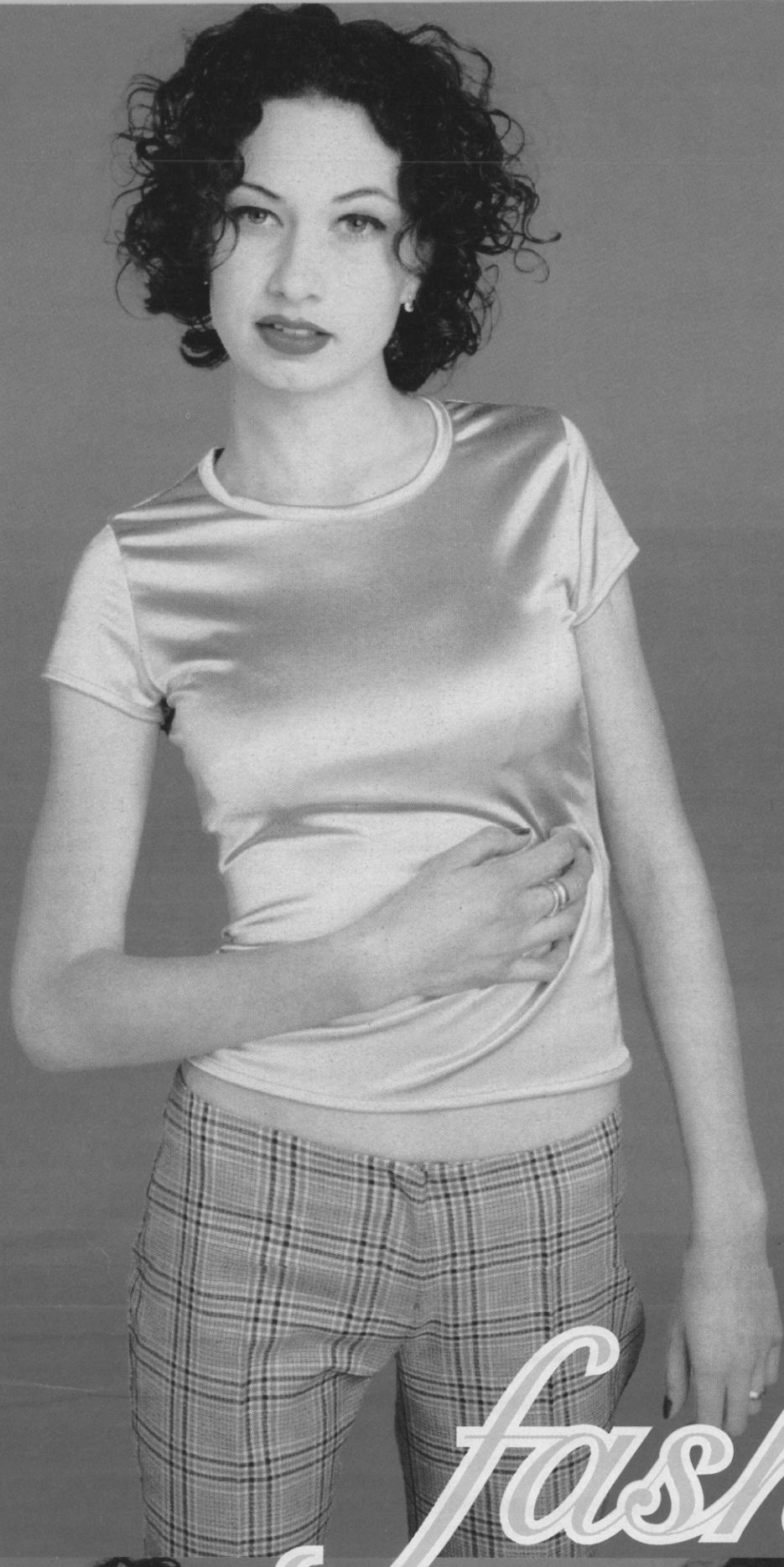
"I saw that I'd been a real cunt sometimes," George says matter of factly. "And, believe me, there's a huge relief in being able to say that!

"People said it was the press that ruined my career. That's giving them far too much credit. They didn't make me a singer or a personality in the first place. I gave them something to write about. I don't know if I ever really blamed them, but I did feel sorry for myself. I was just coming off the drugs too. I went to this homoeopathic doctor and he told me that I had basically given up on life, I'd stopped caring about myself. I had had 100 doctors prescriptions for various things, but that one conversation did me the world of good." George smiles. "He told me: 'Get off your ass and do something about it!'"

The new model Boy George, complete with his Iggy Pop covers, has made: "a commitment to enjoy myself. I don't mean that in a hedonistic way. I mean enjoying myself while being aware of other people. I had got to the point where I thought: 'If I wanted to have sex with 20 rent boys, I would do it.' I've read a lot over the last five years... and I suppose I've realised the most important thing is relationships. I love working, and that's that, but there's nothing more important than making that phone call, keeping that lunch appointment."

Age may have mellowed the man, but the new appreciation of the less destructive side of life has left him with the best chance of staging a 90s comeback. Get ready for Boy Nausea.

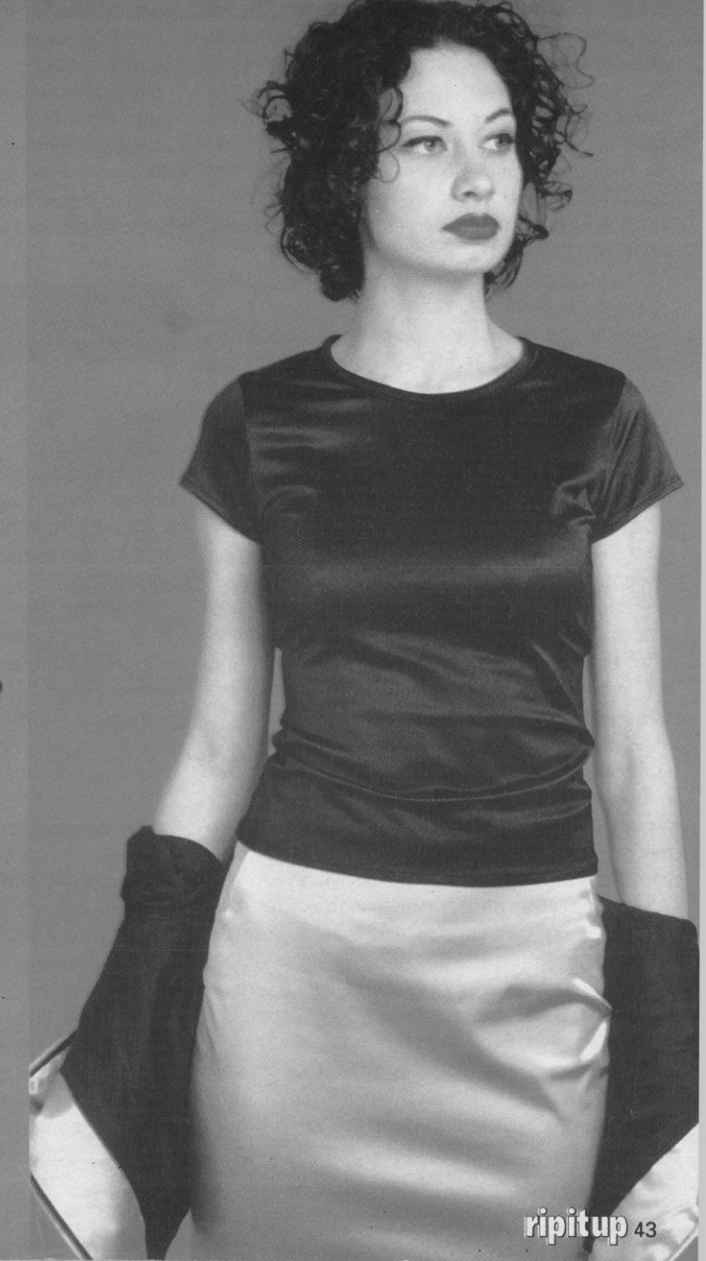
STEPHEN DOWLING



fashion



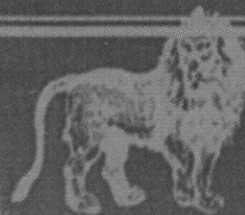
Sister Blk Shiny T-Shirt, Zambesi Slame Chevron Jacket & Tui Long Campaign Skirt.





NATURAL MYSTIC

The LEGEND Lives on



BOB
MARLEY

and the WAILERS

Get this poster *FREE* while stocks last at participating stores!

Includes the songs

- IRON LION ZION • KEEP ON MOVING • NATURAL MYSTIC •
- EASY SKANKING • SO MUCH TROUBLE IN THE WORLD •
- TIME WILL TELL •

CD • TAPE

TUFF  GONG



Also available on video • Caribbean Nights • Live At The Rainbow • Time Will Tell • Legend