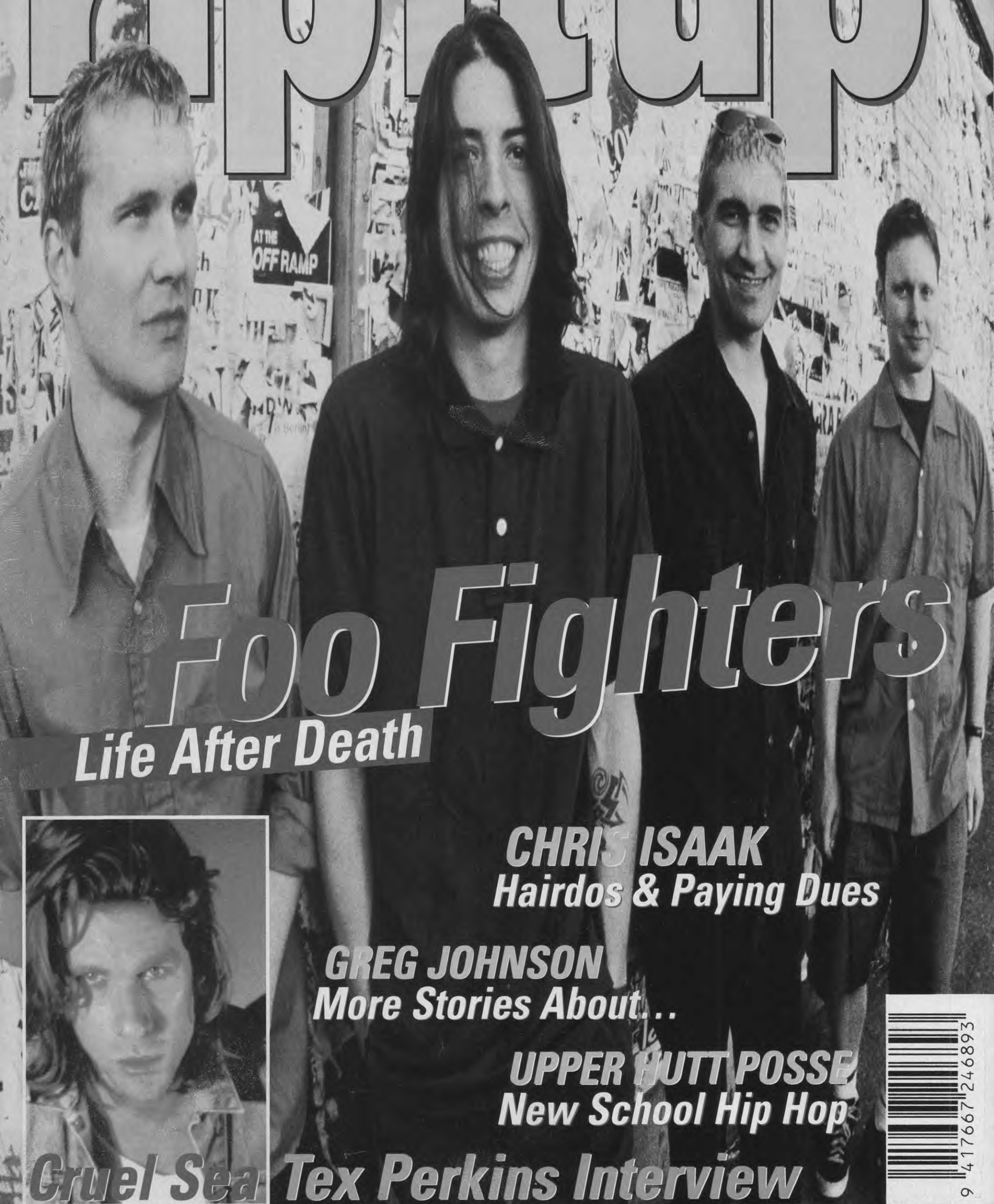


Garageland • Pearl Jam Blues • Matthew Sweet

ISSUE 216 AUG \$2 (09) 358 3884

# rip it up



## Foo Fighters

**Life After Death**

**CHRIS ISAAK**  
*Hairdos & Paying Dues*

**GREG JOHNSON**  
*More Stories About...*

**UPPER HUTT POSSE**  
*New School Hip Hop*

**Cruel Sea** *Tex Perkins Interview*





A black and white photograph of a person standing against a textured, light-colored wall. The person is wearing a dark, well-tailored suit consisting of a jacket and trousers. They are also wearing a mask that resembles a rabbit or a rodent with a very long, straight nose. The mask is light-colored with dark eye sockets and small, pointed ears. The person's arms are slightly away from their body, and their hands are visible at the ends of their long white shirt sleeves. The ground they are standing on appears to be a rough, uneven surface.

lenny kravitz circus





Loves Ugly Children

## FLYING NUN TOUR AUSTRALIA

After the hugely successful *Beyond The Jangle* tour of 1993 (Straitjacket Fits, JPS Experience, the Bats), Flying Nun Records are sending another happy threesome across the Tasman to wow the Aussies. Christchurch trio Loves Ugly Children are due to play eight shows with Aucklanders Garageland and King Loser under the banner *The Sound Is Out There*, starting in Adelaide on August 25. All three bands return home early September for an all-ages show at the Powerstation in Auckland on Friday 8.



King Loser

Alanis Morissette



Madonna



## MORRISSETTE FOR MAVERICK

The latest bright young thing to be signed to the Madonna-owned Maverick label is 20 year old Canadian songstress Alanis Morissette. The reformed Catholic schoolgirl with the soulful falsetto, delivered her debut album *Jagged Little Pill* late last month, while simultaneously giving a kick up the ass to the dazed and confused generation with her "anti-slacker" anthem, 'Wake Up!'. Meanwhile, strictly in the name of art, Madonna opens her legs yet again in the video for her current single 'Human Nature'.



Rod Stewart

## Quote

"I was in this bar, pissed as a cunt, and there's this beautiful bird. Fuck me if she didn't turn out to be a geezer — put me hand up her dress and there was a block and tackle."

**Rod Stewart learns why you shouldn't get blind before you go shopping.**

"I'm way past being a virgin — I'm a prostitute. I've decided you either sell your body for money or forget it. People like Madonna are only pretending to be whores in videos, but I'm going all out. There's no posing with me."

**Juliana Hatfield throws up a saucy smokescreen for the old 'has she or hasn't she?' debate.**

"They're Tricky's songs — dark and truthful. I think they reflect the way a lot of people feel right now, but they're also a bit otherworldly. I guess that's because Tricky's an alien."

**Martina unmask her partner in crime.**

"Men basically like sex from women. That's one of the things women are for."

**Ice-T tenders his bid for Chauvinist of the Year.**

"The minute you kill your bad guy by having him fall on something, you should go to movie jail. You've broken the law of good cinema."

**Quentin Tarantino lays down the smart cinema no-nos which helped shape the new wave of on-screen ultraviolence.**

"Brian Eno told me: 'Never tip if the food's a gip.' I wonder how he sets the vibe with that kind of attitude."

**Pavement's Stephen Malkmus ponders one of the great production tips of our time.**

"I make magic music. Magicaaa! Have you heard about Merlin the master of magic? He's my great-grandfather. And he's my daddy as well. Ha ha ha! Mmm. Terrible magic from Jupiter."

**Lee 'Scratch' Perry reveals the heritage at the heart of the talent which has other producers envious.**

"My phone started ringing with corporations offering \$10,000 and up to talk on the subject of How to Sell to Generation X. I said no. In late 1991, after both political parties had called to purchase advice on X, I basically withdrew from the whole tinny discourse. Now I'm here to say that X is over."

**The last word on Generation X, from the man who wrote the first word in Generation X, Douglas Coupland.**



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George Clinton

## FUNK STYLE

Shoes maketh a man and George Clinton sure knows. But he who took funk to new frontiers got rained upon when he recently played Phoenix Festival in England. The two hour set by his 17 strong band was described as "turgid funk" by the *NME*. But meanwhile in New York funky folk gather to worship his holy grail with Bill Laswell's compilation *Axiom Funk's Funkcronicomicon*. Artists appearing in new or remixed forms include George, Bootsy Collins, Bernie Worrell, Sly Stone and the late P-Funk guitarist Eddie Hazel.



Neil Young

## JAMMING IN THE NEIL WORLD

The much-anticipated Neil Young album *Mirror Ball* has recently been unveiled. Recorded this year in Seattle, *Mirror Ball* sees Pearl Jam taking over the backing band role from Crazy Horse, while PJ vocalist Eddie Vedder chimes in on vocals with Young. The Neil Young/Pearl Jam partnership first went public in 1993 when they performed live at the 1993 MTV Video Music Awards, and since then they have appeared together on several occasions, including a 'surprise' set at the Annual Rock 'N' Roll Hall Of Fame inauguration ceremony in New York, earlier this year.



'Wake Me Up Before You Go Go!'

## GEORGE MICHAEL RECORDS AGAIN

George Michael has settled his fight with Sony Records. The singer has left the label to record for David Geffen's new label Dream Works SKG for North America and Virgin for the rest of the world. Both Sony and George Michael appear to be winners. The deal is for only two albums and Sony get \$30 million to \$40 million USA to release the singer from his contract. Sony also retain the rights to do a 1997 artist-supervised greatest hits compilation (with new tracks) and Sony will also get a percentage (approx 3%) on the sales of George's albums on his new labels. The first single 'Like Jesus to a Child' will be released in September.



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## PEARL JAM TOUR FAILS

Pearl Jam have cancelled the last eight dates on the first stage of their USA tour but different reasons have been given for the abrupt halt to the tour.

At the San Francisco Golden Gate State Park concert on June 23, before a 50,000 crowd, Eddie Vedder left the stage after seven songs due to stomach flu. Neil Young who was standing by for an encore appearance, joined the band for a 90 minute set. Fans were vocal when later it was announced that Vedder would not return.

The following day the band released a statement cancelling the remaining eight shows due to "business problems and controversies surrounding the band's attempt to schedule an alternative tour." The statement did not mention Vedder's ill health.

It appears that the tour using unorthodox venues (stadiums not aligned with Ticketmaster) has been a logistic nightmare.

*Billboard* commented "It's not a stretch to assume some band members became irked when the topic of ticketing overshadowed Pearl Jam's music."

Law enforcement authorities in San Diego recommended cancellation of two shows at the Del Mar fairgrounds due to the possibility that 50,000 fans might show-up without tickets. After talk of changing their concerts to the afternoon, Pearl Jam then moved the shows to a Ticketmaster venue, after the much-maligned company waived their exclusive contract with the San Diego Sports Arena.

Vedder denied on radio that they would consider going back to selling their shows via Ticketmaster, even though the large company is now reducing their margin for price-aware bands like Offspring.

As the Pearl Jam tour floundered around the country frustrating fans, their stubborn battle ceased to be a popular cause and the USA Justice Dept decided to drop its investigation into the Ticketmaster monopoly stating, "this was not an appropriate time to bring a case."

The shows the band will now have to reschedule are Salt Lake City, San Diego, Phoenix, Las Cruces, Austin, New Orleans, Milwaukee and Chicago.

One frustrated fan wrote, "Those 'kids' have let their little boy egos supersede the happiness of their fans. They've gone too far; I'm done with them."

## MOUNTAIN ROCK PRODUCTIONS IN TROUBLE

**Mountain Rock Productions Limited (MRP), the company behind the annual Mountain Rock Music Festival, claim to have been defrauded to the tune of \$500,000 in ticket sales after this year's concert, and due to the alleged theft, MRP has debts of over 180,000, and a substantial creditor has indicated their intention to shut the company down.**

The organisers of the annual festival, first staged in January 1992, estimated a crowd of 35-40,000 people attended the 1995 event on January 14 and 15, but say ticket sales indicated a figure of just 13,000, and they believe that is where the shortfall lies. Discrepancies in numbers were discovered on the second day of the festival, and Palmerston North Police were called to conduct a head count on site. But despite MRP's claims, Detective Inspector Doug Brew declined to launch an inquiry into the allegations of theft, judging the ticket receipts matched the Police estimate of the crowd present at the venue. Days after the event, Brew told the *New Zealand Herald*: "They [Mountain Rock Productions] got a figure and thought they would have been short. It is fair to say that they estimated the crowd in excess of what it was."

According to Paul Campbell, a director of MRP, the Police arrived too late to make an accurate assessment of the crowd size.

"They started the head count at one o'clock on the Sunday morning, and half the crowd had left by the time they started it. As an indication of the number there; we had 28,000-30,000 people at Mountain

Rock Three, and we sold 30 pallets of beer, we sold 42 at Mountain Rock Four. If there was only 14,000 people at the last festival, they'd have all been dead from alcohol poisoning."

Campbell believes a counterfeit ticket operation was involved in the theft, but says his requests to the Palmerston North Police to investigate have been unanswered. The Palmerston North Fraud Squad have since handed the file on the case over to their Auckland counterparts, who have not been in contact with Campbell, and who would not make any comment to *RipItUp*.

On June 27 1995, MRP indicated it was their intention to go ahead with plans to stage the 1996 concert. They asked those parties owed money from the 1995 festival to wait until January 1996 to receive full payment. By July 6, the Auckland branch of the Australasian company Show Travel Ltd, had informed MRP they would seek to wind them up. Show Travel's decision prevents Mountain Rock Productions from continuing to trade, and therefore the company has shelved plans for a future festival.

However, Campbell says there is a new company in place who are planning to ensure the concert will go ahead. The company has five directors, all of whom have been involved with MRP in the past, while Campbell is acting in consultancy role. He states that Coca Cola and DB Breweries have been confirmed as sponsors of the 1996 Mountain Rock Music Festival, and he has every confidence the event will proceed.

JOHN RUSSELL



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# Tours

## SHIHAD

August 3 Nelson, Molly Maguires  
4 Christchurch, Warners  
5 Dunedin, Crown  
6 Queenstown, Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrad)  
11 Wellington, James Cabaret  
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  
20 Tauranga, Crossroads  
23 Wanganui, Moose McGillicudys  
24 Ohakune, Hot Lava  
25 Gisborne, River Bar  
26 Napier, Shakespeare

## DEAD FLOWERS

August 3 Palmerston North, Hotel Royal  
4 Wellington, Antipodes  
6 Lower Hutt, Millar Bar  
9 Wanganui, Moose McGillicudys  
10 Rotorua, Ace Of Clubs  
11 Auckland, Squid  
12 Hamilton, Exchange

## DAVE DOBBYN

August 3 Methven, Blue Pub  
4 Dunedin, Regines  
5 Queenstown, Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrad)  
6 Wanaka, Cliffords

## UPPER HUTT POSSE

August 4 Gisborne, Albion  
5 Napier, Shakespeare  
11 Rotorua, Towers  
17 Hamilton, Wailing Bongo  
18 Ohakune, Hot Lava  
19 Palmerston North, New Royal

## FAITH NO MORE

August 5 Wellington, Showbuilding  
6 Auckland, Logan Campbell Centre

## THE EXPONENTS

August 10 Methven, Blue Pub  
11 Dunedin, Regines  
12 Queenstown, Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrad)  
13 Wanaka, Cliffords  
16 Wellington, Quinn's Post  
17 Wellington, James Cabaret  
18 Palmerston North, Fat Ladies Arms  
19 Ohakune, Hot Lava  
20 Dannevirke, Town Hall  
24 Hamilton, Hillcrest Tavern  
25 Auckland, Windsor Park  
26 Auckland, Powerstation

## THE CRUEL SEA

August 17 Auckland, Powerstation

## ZENI GEVA

September 1 Auckland, Pod  
2 Palmerston North, Wild Horse Saloon  
3 Wellington, Antipodes

## WET WET WET, MARGARET URLICH

September 3 Wellington, Town Hall  
4 Auckland, Logan Campbell Centre

## BILLY CONNOLLY

September 3 Christchurch, Town Hall  
5 Auckland, Aotea Centre  
6 Auckland, Aotea Centre  
12 Wellington, Michael Fowler Centre  
13 Wellington, Michael Fowler Centre

## URGE OVERKILL

September 19 Auckland, Powerstation

## DEICIDE

September 22 Auckland, Powerstation

## THE PORKERS

September 21 Auckland, Pod  
22 Tauranga, Crossroads  
23 Hamilton, Exchange  
24 Ohakune, Hot Lava  
25 Palmerston North, Wild Horse Saloon  
26 New Plymouth, The Mill  
27 Wellington, Antipodes  
28 Dunedin, The Crown  
29 Christchurch, Warners

## BROWNIE MCGHEE, ELMER LEE THOMAS BLUES REVUE

October 18 Auckland, Aotea Centre  
19 Christchurch, Town Hall  
21 Dunedin, Town Hall  
22 Wellington, Michael Fowler Centre

## PAY IT ALL BACK:

Little Axe, Audio Active, Mark  
Stewart & the Mafia

October 26 Auckland  
27 Wellington  
29 Christchurch

## NOMEANSNO

November 9 Auckland, Pod  
10 Hamilton, Exchange  
11 Palmerston North, Wild Horse Saloon  
12 New Plymouth, The Mill  
13 Wellington, Antipodes  
14 Dunedin, The Crown  
15 Christchurch, Warners

## EAGLES

## MELISSA ETHERIDGE

November 25 Auckland, Western Springs

## JOSHUA KADISON

November 27 Christchurch, Town Hall  
29 Wellington, Michael Fowler Centre  
December 1 Auckland, Aotea Centre

## RUMOURS '95

Fugazi  
Morbidity Angels  
Danzig  
Little Annie  
Infectious Grooves  
Incognito  
Morphine  
Bomb The Bass  
Kyuss  
Mudhoney  
Burning Spear (Feb/March 96)

**Metallica** are half way through recording their new album and they will take a break to play England's *Monsters of Rock* concert. Expect their new album early 1996 ... Surf music dude **Dick Dale** from *Pulp Fiction* has just toured England and is heading for Australia ... **Silverchair** are breaking on USA radio and big name videomaker **Mark Pellington** (Pearl Jam's 'Jeremy') travelled to Australia to shoot a video for 'Tomorrow'. Later in the year **Silverchair** will tour the USA ... **Bob Marley** mentor and Island Records boss **Chris Blackwell** will open a **James Bond** museum in Jamaica near **Ian Fleming's** Goldeneye Estate ... **U2** will release *Music For Films* in November an album of urban / underground music. They will then make a rock'n'roll album for release in 1996 ... **Jon Webster** of England's *Music Week* raves about a **Muttonbirds** pub gig in London. "Definitely go and see them live" say Jon ... **Calvin Klein** had his eyes on **Supergrass** singer **Gaz** for an underwear advert but Gaz said, "no, love the money but I'm too busy" ... **Nick Cave** will release his *Murder* album for the Christmas market ... the current USA **Jesus & Mary Chain** single is 'I Hate Rock'n'Roll' ... **Kim Deal** has debuted her new band **Tammy and the Amps** but this does not mean the end of the **Breeders**. The rumoured third Breeders album has not been started and Kim is more likely to release a solo project first ... **Epitaph** the home of **Offspring** have shipped 450,000 units of the new **Rancid** album *And Out Come the Wolves* ... paralysed soul man **Curtis Mayfield** has signed to record for Warner Bros with a who's who line-up of producers. He will duet with **Bonnie Raitt**. Rhino will issue a 3-CD collection of his recordings ... **Neil Young** told *Time* magazine why he wouldn't do an interview with *Rolling Stone* — "I don't like the way the magazine smells." ... **Jonah Lomu** guests in **Moana & the Moahunter's** video for anti-smoking song 'Give It Up Now' ... **Blur** have moved their USA record company from EMI to (EMI owned) Virgin. Referring to girlfriend **Justine Frischmann's** success with **Elastica**, Blur singer **Damon Alban** says, "If Justine does well then I want to do better" ... dance diva **Phyllis Hyman** died June 30 from an apparent suicide the day of an appearance at the Apollo Theatre, New York ... **Shihad** have gained more celebrity fans for their album *Killjoy* — members of **Therapy?**, **Rob** (White) **Zombie** and **Sharon Osbourne** (Mrs Ozzy) all made their enthusiasm known to the guys at European Festivals ... **SMASH** have been dropped by their record company, Virgin ... the finals of the 1995 **Smokefree Rock Quest** takes place at Auckland's Town Hall Friday August 18 ... the **Hallelujah Picassos** will tour in Sept ... expect a new **Suede** album April next year.



A/ Antelope



B/ Beefy



C/ Flame



D/ Kung Fu

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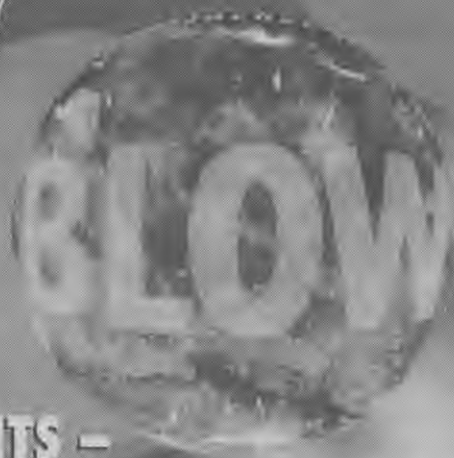


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VARIOUS – Wild Things • BAILTERSPACE – Robot World •  
THE BATS – Completely Bats • JAY CLARKSON – Packet •  
CHUG – Sassafras • DRIBBLING DARTS – Present Perfect •  
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# FUTURE RECORDINGS

**Kyuss, And the Circus Leaves Town** (Warners).  
**Oasis, Morning Glory** (Epic) — Sept release.  
**U2, Music For Films (Island)** — "underground / urban" sounds due in November.  
**Garbage, Garbage (Festival)** — Butch Vig's new band.  
**David Bowie, Outside** (Virgin) — a collaboration with Brian Eno.  
**Rancid, And Out Come the Wolves** (Epitaph / Flying In).  
**Prince, Gold Experience** (Warners) — singles are 'I Hate You' and 'Pussy Control'.  
**Blur, The Great Escape** (EMI) — single 'Country House' in August.  
**Nick Cave, Murder** (Mute) — Nov. Single 'Wild Rose' in October.  
**Lenny Kravitz, Circus** (Virgin).

**The Fall, 27 Points (Festival)** — live double recorded this year with Brix Smith on bass.  
**Goldie, Timeless (Metalheadz / Polygram)** — 103 minutes from Bjork's opening act in Europe.  
**Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers, Free Like We Want 2 B** (Warners).  
**Ramones, Adios Amigos** (EMI).  
**Portastatic, Slow Note** (Flying In) — Mac from Superchunk's second solo outing.  
**Tumbleweed, Galactaphonic** (Polygram).  
**Urge Overkill, Exit the Dragon** (Geffen).  
**Boy George, Cheapness & Beauty** (Virgin).  
**Letters to Cleo, Wholesale Meats and Fish** (Festival).  
**Young Gods, Only Heaven** (Flying In).  
**Ed Kuepper, A King in the Kindness Room** (Flying In).  
**Dambuilders, Encendedor** (Flying In).  
**Peter Dinklage, Frampton Comes Alive II** (IRS).  
**Dire Straits, Live at the BBC** (Polygram).  
**Debbie Peterson, Kindred Spirit** (IRS) — ex Bangles.  
**Wonderstuff, Live in Manchester** (Windsong) — recorded 1991.  
**Julian Cope, 20 Mothers** (Festival).  
**Banarama, Ultraviolet** (Ave Trax).  
**Breeders, Pacer** (4AD) — delayed.  
**Triffids, Treeless Plain** (Festival).  
**Gavin Friday, Shag Tobacco** (Island) — ex Virgin Prunes singer.  
**Heather Nova, Glowstars** (Festival).  
**Christine Anu, Stylin' Up** (Mushroom).  
**Ride, Tarantula** (Warners).  
**Wildhearts, PHUQ** (Warners).  
**Stereolab, Refried Ectoplasm** (Flying Nun).  
**Blondhound Gang, Use Your Fingers** (Sony).  
**Paw, Death to Traitors** (Polygram).  
**Underground Lovers, Dream It Down** (Polygram).  
**Aimee Mann, I'm With Stupid** (Imago/Warners).

## AOTEAROA

**Various, The Sound is Out There** (Flying Nun) — August.  
**Cinematic, Let It Burn** (Loaded) — Sept.  
**Banshee Reel, Live in Canada** (Loaded) — Oct.  
**Greg Johnson, Vine St Stories** (Pagan).  
**Loves Ugly Children, Cakehole** (Flying Nun) — Sept.  
**King Loser, You Cannot Kill What Does Not Live** (Flying Nun).  
**SML, Is That It?** (Wildside).  
**Various Artists, ABBAsalutely** (Flying Nun) — Abba tribute album, Sept.  
**Able Tasmans, Store in a Cool Place** (Flying Nun) — October.

**Bats, Couchmaster** (Flying Nun) — October.  
**Snapper, ADM** (Flying Nun) — October.  
**Barry Saunders, Weatherman** (Pagan).  
**Bilge Festival, Gravel Slide** (Wildside).  
**Warners, Bogans' Heroes** (Wildside).  
**Hard to Handle, Beginning of the End** (City Lights).  
**Various Artists, Raw 1** (Wildside).

## FUNKY

**Cypress Hill, Temple of Boom** (Sony).  
**Rebirth of Cool Vol.5** (Polygram).  
**Vesta, Changes** (MCA).  
**D.I.G., Speak Easy** (Polygram).  
**General Public, Rub It Better** (Sony).  
**Bitty McLean, Natural High** (Festival).  
**Randy Crawford, Naked and True** (Warners).  
**Master Ace, Sittin' On Chrome** (EMI).  
**Hami, Funk Descendants** (EMI).  
**Jon B, Bonafide** (Sony).  
**Reg E. Gaines, Sweeper Don't Clean My Street** (Mercury / Polygram).  
**Shaggy, Bombastic** (Virgin).  
**Xscape, Off the Hook** (Sony).  
**After 7, Reflections** (Virgin).  
**Leon Ware, Taste the Love** (Kitchen).  
**MoKenStef, Azz Izz** (Def Jam).  
**Charles & Eddie, Chocolate Milk** (EMI).  
**Smokin' Popes, Born to Quit** (EMI).

## ROOTS

**Paul Kelly, Hungry** (Mushroom).  
**Paul Butterfield, The Original Lost Elektra Sessions** (Rhino) — 19 tracks previously unissued worked on by Doors producer Paul Rothchild prior to his death earlier this year.  
**Rickie Lee Jones, Naked Songs** (Warners).  
**Jethro Tull, Roots & Branches** (EMI).

## FUTURE REISSUES

**Jesus & Mary Chain, The Jesus & Mary Chain Hate Rock 'N' Roll** (American) — USA compilation album.  
**Lee Scratch Perry, Reggae Greats** (Island).  
**Willie Nelson, A Classic & Unreleased Collection** (Rhino) — 3-CD set with 30 years of rare and unreleased live and studio tracks.  
**The Show Soundtrack** (Def Jam) — best of.  
**Beastie Boys, Licensed to Ill** (Def Jam).  
**LL Cool J: Bigger & Deffer, Mama Said Knock You Out, Radio, Walking With the Panther** (Def Jam).  
**Public Enemy, It Takes A Nation of Millions** (Def Jam).  
**Love, Love Story (1966-1972)** (Rhino) — 2 CD, 44 track anthology.  
**Bread: Bread, Manna, On The Waters** (Rhino) — Bread's first three albums on mid-price.



## PUBLIC ENEMY QUIT TOURING

When Public Enemy headlined the Phoenix Festival Chuck D announced that Public Enemy have retired from live performance, though they may continue to make records and videos.

Chuck D has been very critical of their label Def Jam; "I call Def Jam the House of Scam. They're a blemish on my career, if they dropped me it would be a dream."

A statement from Chuck D via the UK record company says:

"Public Enemy is like a Lamborghini on a mud road. Now it's time to build the highway on the much exploited circus of hip-hop and move onto a higher level."

It appears that Chuck wants Public Enemy to make way for new acts. He plans to start his own record label and to sign new artists.



## COURTNEY LOVE IN PUNCH-UP

Courtney Love appeared at the second gig on the Lollapalooza tour with her arm in a cast after punching Bikini Kill singer Kathleen Hanna, a former lover of Kurt Cobain. Hanna was at the side of the stage as Sonic Youth played when the attack took place. Love's bodyguards intervened. Hanna is expected to file assault charges.

## TEX CANCELS CRUEL SEA GIGS

The Cruel Sea July NZ dates were cancelled after singer Tex Perkins had severe back problems on their final Sydney tour date, two days before their Powerstation show.



Despite treatment from an acupuncturist, a masseur and an osteopath, Perkins was unable to take the stage and the band offered the audience their money back or an instrumental performance. 75% of the crowd stayed for the show. The Powerstation show has been rescheduled to Thursday August 17.



## R.E.M. TOUR STOPS AGAIN

Bassist Mike Mills was hospitalised in Germany for abdominal surgery July 11. The successful operation, a laparotomy, was for an adhesion on his small intestine. Seven shows including Prague and Madrid were cancelled. Some of the dates were rescheduled shows that the band had to cancel earlier this year after drummer Bill's brain haemorrhage. The tour was expected to resume July 22 in Dublin.



## EVAN DANDO BOOED OFF

Evan Dando was in the wrong place at the wrong time when he took the stage at the Glastonbury Festival in Portishead's slot. He had failed to turn up for his afternoon time and the capacity Portishead crowd in the acoustic tent started chanting "Dando Shit" forcing him to leave the stage after five songs muttering "dumb hippy fuck fest." Dando would've been better off with his new Lemonheads line-up including former Dinosaur Jr drummer Murph.





## SUPERGROOVE REMIX EP

While Supergroove reside peacefully in the English countryside, taking a month off from their hectic European tour to relax and write new material, back home their record company are gearing up to release the much-anticipated remix EP, *The 1200 Remixes*. Incubator Studio's Angus McNaughton and Malcolm Welsford from York Street, teamed up with DJ/Producer DLT, to remix the Supergroove tracks 'Next Time', 'Sitting Inside My Head', 'You Gotta Know', 'Can't Get Enough', 'For Whatever Reason' and 'You Freak Me', and also included on the EP are instrumental versions of 'Next Time' and 'For Whatever Reason'. *The 1200 Remixes* will be available on CD and vinyl formats, and is out September 1.

## 3DS PLAY AOTEA CENTRE

Auckland's Aotea Centre will host a series of concerts and performances on the weekend of September 9 and 10 as part of its fifth birthday celebrations. The two-day affair will close with an all-ages concert on Sunday night in the ASB Theatre, featuring the 3Ds, Future Stupid, Thorazine Shuffle and Semi Lemon Kola, with more to be confirmed. Further details will be published in the September issue of *RipItUp*.

## LAST CALL FOR POD BAND BATTLE

Entries for the final heats of the Pod Battle Of The Bands competition, *The Hatching*, close on August 9. Due to the

large number of entrants, extra heats have been added and will run until September 8, with the first Semi-Final taking place the following night.

Entry forms are available from Pod ph 358 5503. Up for grabs in the competition is over \$28,000 worth of prizes, including recording time at York Street Studios, an EP release on York Street's Zeal Record label and various types of musical equipment. *The Hatching Grand Final* is on September 30.

## JAPAN NOISECORE BAND TO TOUR

The underground Japanese noisecore band Zeni Geva make a lightning quick trip to New Zealand in September. Zeni Geva, who formed in 1987, count Steve Albini and Jello Biafra among their biggest fans. Zeni Geva have worked solely with Albini since he produced their 1991 release *Total Castration*, and they regularly play live with Albini's outfit Shellac. Zeni Geva play on September 1 at Pod in Auckland, the following night at Palmerston North's Wild Horse Saloon, and finally at Antipodes in Wellington on the third.



## SUNSPASH AOTEAROA

Inspired by the hype and vibe surrounding the recent Massive Attack Sound System Party, an Auckland collective working under the name Vibration Productions, has formed to promote "the indigenous talent of NZ artists". *Sunsplash Aotearoa*, their first

party, goes down at the Powerstation on August 25. Acts performing include Joint Force, Imperial Guard, Unity, Jules Issa, Sgt Benji and Wah (from 12 Tribes Of Israel Band), and kapa haka group Tu Tahī Tōnu. Guest DJs are Dubhead, Silas, and Del, and MC for the night is Tuffy Culture, and Vibration Productions are promising to deliver a colourful night of reggae, dancehall, and ragga hip hop.

## RESCUE ROCK CONCERTS

The Palmerston North based organisation Kiwi Rock Promotions are behind a series of concerts aiming to raise funds for rescue helicopters services in Auckland, Wellington, Palmerston North and New Plymouth. *Rescue Rock 95* will touch down in New Plymouth at the Westpoint Complex on August 19, in Palmerston North at the Albert Motor Lodge on August 26, the Wellington concert is at The Oaks on September 9, and the final show is in Auckland at the Powerstation on September 23. All four concerts will last for 10 hours, and bands playing at one or all of the Rescue Rock concerts include The Nixons, Hello Sailor, Fat Mannequin, Jungle Tongue, Daemon, The Susans and Nacho Mama.

## DJ MIX CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

The NZ DJ Mix Club will be holding its *Mixmaster Championship Final* as part of the Auckland dance party *Move The Crowd* at the Powerstation during Labour Weekend in October. A top line-up of local DJs will act as judges, and contestants will have a mere four minutes to impress, with the winner taking away a set of the sponsors turntables. Anyone wishing to enter the competition should write to the NZ DJ Mix Club c/- PO Box 10-333, Dominion Road, Auckland 1003.



## TONGUE IN YOUR EAR

"It's no more difficult than picking up the phone really," says Soren Olsen, lead singer with Pahiatua band Jungle Tongue, when asked if it's difficult to make a name for your band when you live out in the wops.

"It would be good to be somewhere like Auckland, and be able to go out and see bands regularly and meet them, 'cause that's the best way of making contacts. I guess that's the only major drawback about living here. The best thing is, we can practice at any time of the day or night without having to worry about neighbours or noise officers complaining."

Jungle Tongue have only been around since March last year, but have already recorded and let go a self-financed CD. *Create* was made at Phoenix studio in Wellington, over a five week period towards the end of last year. When the album was finished, the band went in search of a record label. With zero luck in that department, they chose the only remaining option and released the album on their own label, Interdependant. That task now complete, Jungle Tongue will hit the promotion trail throughout the North Island, starting in September.

NOISE MACHINE PRESENTS

# SHIHAD

## + SHORT

### AUGUST TOUR

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

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SHIHAD: KILLJOY



Album KILLJOY Out Now  
New Single GIMM E GIMM E Out Now  
Features Bonus Remixed Tracks

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## THE BOOGIE DOOGIE WOODIE TOUR DEAD FLOWERS



- |                |                              |
|----------------|------------------------------|
| Thurs August 3 | PALMERSTON NTH Hotel Royal   |
| Fri 4          | WELLINGTON Antipodes         |
| Sun 6          | LOWER HUTT Miller Bar        |
| Wed 9          | WANGANUI Moose McGillicuddys |
| Thurs 10       | ROTORUA Ace of Clubs         |
| Fri 11         | AUCKLAND Squid               |
| Sat 12         | HAMILTON Exchange            |
- Album SWEETFISH Out Now

New Single  
'Not Ready'  
'She Can't'  
★★★★★★★★★  
plus Two Bonus Tracks  
'Words to Which' & 'Sigh'

INTERNATIONAL NEWS  
EXTRA!  
NOT READY!  
SHE CAN'T!  
DEAD FLOWERS  
TWIN-CREDIBLE!  
SEE INSIDE FOR: NOT READY + SHE CAN'T

ripitup



# Letters

## Who Are SML?

The 'review of John Russell' letter in last month's *RipItUp* was perhaps a tad personal in its attack strategy, but it raised some good points and had a ring of truth about it. Face it, Murray, *RipItUp*, with all its self congratulatory 'Wildside acts rock!' back-slapping, is beginning to emit the cynical smell of music biz corruptness, and a lot of people North and South are picking up the scent of putrefaction.

Now, Shihad and HLAH are both good bands, but it is obvious that every time one of their members fart, we will no doubt receive a glossy centre-spread photo of the action in the next month's *RipItUp*. My case point being the SML article: a whole page and massive colour photo of an unrecognisable member of a band that are 'on hold', to promote a single of, quote, 'low-fi, experimental, impromptu sounding jams... nothing we would have missed' (as reviewed in the same issue). A load of shite, in other words.

Now, Shihad and HLAH are doing pretty well touring the world and everything. You'd think they might have had the decency to tell you, Murray, er, that is Wildside, to spend the money releasing some new, deserving band, of which there are dozens in need of recording deals, and with fresh ideas to add to the New Zealand scene. If you look at it from this perspective, the idea of these personalities hogging even more press space for a side project really stinks!

How much space was given to Superette in comparison to SML? Here is a band that actually exists, is playing, and features an important New Zealand songwriter's first venture outside of a classic New Zealand band; but because it's not your label's records that will be sold by covering it, Superette are relegated to the bottom of the page. This is typical of your editorial approach to Flying Nun bands and artists. They will never make the cover or gain substantial representation, because they represent the opposition for Wildside in terms of the commercial market-place.

Turn to the SML article and read between the lines of the second column: We fucked around on a four track and Murray smelt some cash in it, and next thing ya know, we got all of page 26 to ourselves! It's easy, with the right connections, for 'new' bands, right guys?

Where is your dignity, you arrogant fucks? How many Wildside acts have been on the cover of *RipItUp* in the last year? Come on, Murray, I dare you to admit it: when it comes to coverage in your mag, it's a one horse race. Please reply.

**David X, Christchurch.**

*Editor replies: I try and reflect what's happening on the local scene and what artists will sell our magazine. Major decisions, like who's on the cover, I discuss with the staff. SML are newsworthy because of their August album release, Is That It?, their link with Shihad and HLAH, their national student radio play and their Wellington gigs. Even though Superette only had an EP out, I considered them a suitable story. The band SML supplied RipItUp with the colour photo at no cost, and I considered it very cool (as did the designer) and appropriate for use in the colour section. A bonus for RipItUp was that the story was exclusive, as the band was inaccessible on tour in Europe. As Wildside recordings often get far better reviews in other publications around New Zealand than in RipItUp, our writers obviously try to be independent and fair.*

*My dual roles are well known but it should also be recognised that as the New Zealand music and media communities are so small, most people involved also have vested interests or bias. Friendship can affect objectivity as much as ownership, and a fanatic love of a genre of music is more mind-fucking than both. I suspect your view just echoes the rising tide of parochial thinking that makes any one scene around New Zealand knock bands from another region.*

*After 18 years, I am still the RipItUp staff member interested in covering the widest range of local bands possible. That's why my name appeared under two very different stories in the July issue — Jay Clarkson and Glen Moffatt.*

## Tired Sailor?

I was one of the 300 or so locals that gathered at the Timberlands in Tokoroa to see Hello Sailor. Like John Russell, I leapt at the chance of seeing their anniversary show, as I was present on June 5, 1975. I also saw them many other times in New Zealand and Australia.

I was up dancing in the first set, making an effort for the boys in the band, but I felt they played, from the outset, without any real spark. I was disappointed and, when the crowd was 'slagged' by a couple in the band, annoyed, as we had happily paid our \$15, waited two hours, and they just sounded tired.

I think Tokoroa is spoilt, as we have two great local bands with plenty of spark: John Haratsis Band and Boogie Monsta. Also, every Friday the town gets the chance to enjoy bands from Hamilton, like Circus Animals, Boneyard, etc. for a five dollar entry fee. Sadly, Hello Sailor didn't live up to the standards of these bands.

**Jessie Veldhuizen, Tokoroa.**

## I Laughed, I Cried

Shrieking and howling laughter could be heard up and down the country as people read the letter from Rangl and Changl in the Gangl. Those who were unfortunate enough to miss it should hunt it down; it's un-freaking-believable. They probably feel no embarrassment now, but if they or their family read it 10-15 years from now...

More importantly — conspicuous in their absence — Elvis Slag and the Slimmer Twins. My heart sank as I realised their mysterious disappearance. Please don't tell me they've been involved in some fatal aviation incident or the like.

**Rex, Auckland.**

## Catching What?

I know that at 34 years old I am rapidly approaching Sad Old Git status, but in a weird kind of way, I don't mind. I remember listening to Oasis in 1972, only they were called T-Rex then. I've watched with dismay the return of flared jeans and platform shoes to the streets (but have yet to see my lime green satin body shirt with stitching that glowed under disco lights), and I still play 'Sylvia's Mother' by Dr Hook after a few beers. I didn't mean to wank on like this. I'm just trying to let you guys know not to forget your older, but no less enthusiastic, readership.

So, Nick D'Angelo, please tell me and my fellow SOGs what the hell you mean when you say Michael Jackson is 'catching wreck'? Please.

Yours till the Rollers return,

**Art, Christchurch.**

*Nick D'Angelo replies: I'll be gentle, Art, because you've surpassed Sad Old Git status and are now onto Boring Old Fart. If the Alzheimer's hasn't already set in, try and cast your mind back through the mists of time to 1972. You were 11 then, and listening to T-Rex singing: 'Bang a gong, get it on.' Your thirtysomething parents had no idea what 'bang a gong' meant, and that was just how you liked it. Each generation of youth have their own particular code, a language the others can't understand, and it would be ethically wrong for me to share today's street slang with you. I'm 'down' with the 'homies' and I can't betray their trust — that would be 'perpetrating'. Suffice to say, if you don't understand terms like 'dropping science', 'on the real', 'catchin' wreck' and 'da bomb', then you shouldn't be reading my column. Supergroove put it even more succinctly: 'You've got to know to understand.'*

## Bon Jovi Blunder

Re: John Russell.

Hello... anyone there... or are you asleep with your finger up your arse again, when you should be researching?

Concerning your piece on Bon Jovi (yes, I know I'm mentioning a band like Bon Jovi, but when I saw the bullshit in the article, I had to write to wake up Mr Russell and get him to do his job): to start with, *Slippery* was not Bon Jovi's debut album. Their debut was in 1984, with a self-titled album, and their second album was 7800° Fahrenheit. *Slippery* was their third release.

And please do not associate Bon Jovi with the sickening 'Please Come Home For Christmas', as this was Jonny boy all on his own. I'd like to think that not even Bon Jovi would sink to a level this low (although Cindy Crawford was a welcome distraction to the music in the video).

I know it must be awful for you to get less nap time when you have to hold down a job as well, but how hard can it really be to find out valid little pieces of information like this?

**The 'John Russell Should Wake Up And Pull His Finger Out If He Wants To Keep His Job As Staff Writer' Fan Club, Tamaki.**

*John Russell replies: Since receiving your letter I have cut off the incriminating finger by way of apology. It should arrive in your mailbox any day now.*

## Twisted Silver Cheers

I say: 'Hooray for Silverchair!' Personally, I cannot wait for the Aussie trio-tryhards-wannabes revolution. Genuine alternative music will no longer be 'cool' to all very trendy teenyboppers. It's gone on for too bloody long. I am sick of having to share my taste in music with a bunch of I-love-Kurt-he-is-so-cool-so-am-I, airhead bonkers with eerily high pitched laughs, who have no aesthetic values whatsoever. Silverchair, *be my saviour!* This band shall rip off all mush-for-brains punters and become the eternal trend of the Teenybopper Nation!

Hallelujah! So, don't anybody diss Silverchair now... they're very nice boys. They are the glimpse of hope strengthening my will to live. O' yes... there is one who believes Silverchair should not drowneth in doggy poo poo, [as that fate] would be much more well deserved and appropriate for none other than Mr Shithead Chirac. I'd also like to publicly announce that I, O' Great One, have placed an unremovable (unless, of course, he changes his extremely fucked up mind) curse on Mr Shithead Cirac, that he be reincarnated into toilet paper times infinity, for eternity.

Nukes up Chirac's bumhole.

**Killer Clown, I wish i was in Hillsborough.**

## Patriotic Silver Cheers

Here's a bit of free advice for that cocksucker Clarence: go wank in private and stop tossing all over a hell band, Silverchair. If you were at the Logan Campbell Centre on June 9, you would know that Silverchair go off!

As for being 'a bunch of butt kissing wankers who couldn't write a decent song if it was written on their bandmate's dick', fuck you Clarence! What would you know about decent music? I bet you still dance around your living room to old Kylie Minogue records (no offence, Kylie).

I reckon you're just jealous 'cause these three school boys have horny girls all over New Zealand and Aussie just dying to fuck them, when you can't even get your neighbour's dog to look at you. You're just a stupid wanker if you think 'the boy with sparkle and shine in his hair' (his name is Daniel) is trying to sound like Eddie Vedder and Kurt Cobain. News flash, Clarence: most guys with balls have deep voices, though I wouldn't expect you to know anything about that.

Reading this nonsense you have written about Silverchair makes me feel disgusted that there is bacteria like you in our country. Been taking tips from Merle, have you? Next time you two feel like getting some cheap publicity, get it some other way. No one wants to read letters crapping all over decent bands. If you think you can play better than them, why don't you form a band, and see how many fan letters you get.

As for Silverchair being 'a sad ploy to sell music', I think you are 'a sad ploy to sell magazines'. Come on, *RipItUp*, we don't need to read

negative letters such as the ones from Merle and Clarence. Let's read some positive letters encouraging New Zealanders to get into music.

Silverchair kick ass.

**Lauren, Hawkes Bay.**

PS: Sorry, Cecil Shrimpton, but you're fucked. Grunge is not dead and never will be, as long as I have a say in it. Oh, and Catherine, yes, orange cardies are just misunderstood.

## Enough Silver Cheers, Already!

Why do people forever criticise Silverchair? I'm sick of hearing about how much people hate them. I'm not a really big fan, but there's some of their stuff that's OK. Their concert wasn't very good, but OK for their age.

Why do people compare them to other bands likes Soundgarden and Pearl Jam. If there's anything that sounds all the same, its most hip-hop, techno, and a cappella. And why do people compare Daniel Johns to Kurt Cobain? Did you ever think of the criticism you're paying Kurt by saying that, if you love him so much? Besides, Daniel washes his hair. If Kurt had had short back and sides, do you think Daniel would have too? They're young, and still trying to develop their own style.

To all those who think they're 'cool' 'cause they go round saying how much Silverchair fuckin' suck: you're probably just jealous. If you think your balls are so big, why aren't you up there? If you hated them so much, you wouldn't spend so much time blowing it out your cakehole.

If you've got nothing better to do, or get yourself recognised by than attacking a bunch of young guys who are trying to make something of themselves, then I could probably take five cents and buy you a life. Hell, I'd probably have four cents change!

It's getting a bit boring hearing the same thing about Silverchair over and over. Realise it: you're jealous!

**Wendesday, Wellington.**

## It's Better Read, Actually

I relish this day. I remove the lid to the peanut butter jar, plunge a viciously sharp knife into its soft, moist crunch. Then, cautiously, I roll up my dish in one hand and spread the contents of the knife onto its threshold. *RipItUp* tastes delicious on a Sunday. It tastes like a mix of heavy bands, bad editing, black jeans and white shoes.

The contents filter down to my stomach, which has divulged everything I've ever come into contact with, like parents, ants, aphids, Kevin List (I spat him, or is it her?, out)... but this... uh, choking... can't breath... you've poisoned me... help... can't... gawf. Maybe it's better smoked. I'll never know.

**I am the Walrus, Christchurch.**

## Redneck Suffering

Listen up Yof!

After smoking lots of pot and drinking oodles of beer, me and my rugby mates cruised to the Walling Bongo to see Pumpkinhead and Semi Lemon Kola. We went there with expectations of having a good time and getting to see some good kiwi music. Boy, were we *disappointed*.

The trouble all started when some girlees called '5 Sluts' came on stage and played their brand of speed country, only to the dismay of the ever depleting crowd. Our prop, Jonah, got so frustrated he whipped out his diddle and told them to piss off; fully understandable when you consider we payed 10 bucks a head to get into this place. So, what happens to the dude? He gets thrown out for it.

Our argument is this: if those girlees took offence, maybe they shouldn't be playing rock (and just cock). Stay home girls, where you belong.

Thanks for nuthin'.

**Method Man, Te Rapa U21s.**

PS: An apology would be nice, or a refund of two tinnies and one tray of beer, please.

## Supergroove Rock

Stop knocking Supergroove. This is in response to all you mother fuckers who have written in and given Karl Steven shit. I would like to say fuck you, and leave the talented, poor, good looking, fuckin' guy alone. So, he is big headed and changes his



mind all the time. So? I'm sure if you became big and famous and sold lots of albums, you would have a big head too.

Supergroove are an awesome band who have finally made a big success, and are now travelling overseas to make it bigger. Supergroove are a bunch of down to earth guys who are great performers, and I am sure a lot of you out there would agree.

Support New Zealand bands, [don't] slag them off.

**A Saxophonist, Wellington.**

#### Do the Hokey Pokeys

Hokey Pokey demands that:

- 1) The Northern Steamship Building be retained in its entirety.
- 2) Everyone plants a tree tomorrow, or on the weekend. Preferably one that bears some sort of fruit.
- 3) People take their hands off their hearts when talking, or even thinking about Levis.
- 4) No more shopping malls be built.
- 5) A clear picture of Jennifer Weather-Centre be published somewhere in this issue of *RiptUp*.
- 6) People stop quoting and imitating *The Face*, ahem.
- 7) Pancakes be restored to Habanero's brunch menu.
- 8) *The Herald* returns to its old text.
- 9) The South Auckland rapist be restrained in manacles and frog marched down Queen Street.
- 10) President Chirac meets with his timely demise.

**Hokey Pokey, Auckland.**

#### Slagger Slag

I get enjoyment out of reading your letters page now and then, but in just about every issue you can find someone who is whingeing about somebody else's musical tastes. Unbelievable. Why can't people just say: 'Oh well, that's what they like. Good on them.' That's their opinion, that's what they like, so don't write them off because of it.

Reading July's issue, this is what you get:

- 1) Blah, blah, blah, John Russell can't do his job, blah.
- 2) Blah, Pearl Jam sucks, blah, blah.
- 3) I hate Silverchair, blah.
- 4) Kick John Taite in the balls, blah, blah, blah.

What is the point? Open your eyes and try and appreciate all sorts of music. Think about what people have to say about things, instead of writing them off completely.

I, myself, do happen to like Pearl Jam, as well as bands such as Dog Eat Dog, Rancid and Massive Attack, right through to Björk, Soul Coughing, MC900ft Jesus and Dexty's Midnight Runners. If someone says to me: 'Hey, your music

sucks,' that's their perception. Half the time they haven't even heard of it, but they seem to get off on slagging it anyway. How one eyed can you get?!

Open your other eye Idiots, and stop wasting space with your boring anti-everything stance. Be a little more open with your ideas, and try and find something good to say.

Also, could you please translate the second letter, 'Word Out Housey'? I can't understand the language of people who think they are from South Central LA, when they are actually just from Middle Central Hawkes Bay. Y-puk is a good place, and I thought it would be safe from wannabes.

**Matt, Upper Hutt and Hawkes Bay (but not at the same time).**

#### Stand Proud Alone

Re: *Word Out Housey*, July *RiptUp*.

About three weeks ago, my mate got seriously dealt to on his way home from town in Napier one night. Three dudes biffed my mate in their car. He struggled to break free, but when three guys are smashing you, what the fuck can you do? They smashed a bottle on his head and stabbed his face with the broken bottle. He was unconscious for three hours, and woke up in hospital. His head looked like a slashed up basketball.

Anyway, I found out it was some Bloods who did it for their initiation into the gang. That is so weak, man. Why don't they beat each other up, instead of people they don't know?

I've just read the letter that some 'Waipuk' Bloods' wrote in, sticking up for some Merle H Thomas, whoever the fuck that is. Why do you people (oh, sorry, I mean scum, or shit) write fuckin' crap like that in this mag? I hate gangs so bad it makes me spew acid. What's wrong with you? Can't you stand proud by yourself?

Before I end this note, I want to say that Hammer (MC) is dead as a roadkill, and Pearl Jam is an out of it name for a band. I might even name my kids Pearl and Jam. Also, Pearl Jam surf, which is better than roaming in gangs and beating people for fun. You're fuckin' crazy man, and you're all going to hell.

**Dreads, Napier.**

#### Sensitive Slagger Slag

This letter is in response to just about every fuckin' letter I've read in *RiptUp* for the last few years. I have held my tongue for a long time and I've decided to break my silence. Why can't you all stop slagging off bands you don't like? Novel idea isn't it. This column has almost become a bitch column about bands. All bands that have managed to write, play their songs, and stick together for more than a few months deserve some respect, and those that have made the effort to record these songs do too.

Being a member of any band isn't easy, and I'm

talking from personal experience here. You have to cope with the differences of opinion and stress. If any of the people slagging off Pearl Jam, Nirvana, Silverchair, Guns N' Roses and any other bands would like to do international touring and could cope with the pressures of fatigue, jet lag and nagging press members, then they might have an excuse for slamming bands, but till then...?

Everyone on this planet has their own individual music tastes. If they didn't, then the world would be an incredibly boring place. If people like a band like Guns N' Roses, then that's a part of them which makes them an individual.

A quote from a song (I won't name the band or song as you'll probably judge it for that, not its worth) which seems to pinpoint this problem goes: 'If I damned your point of view, could you turn the other cheek?'

So, next time, instead of grabbing for your pen, stop and think about it. It is quite possible to like Led Zeppelin, Queen, Guns N' Roses, Skid Row, Deep Purple, Silverchair, Supergroove, Aerosmith, the Rolling Stones, the Police, Elton John, Metallica, Pink Floyd, Nirvana, Pearl Jam, Alice Cooper, Gravediggaz, Jimi Hendrix, the Clash, Offspring, Wrathchild America, the Doors, or any other combination of bands for their music and not their hype.

Open your minds to the incredible world of music. You may not like all of it, but don't limit yourself. Everyone has the right to make their mark, whether it's a three chord blues number or a 12/8 retro metal piece. After all: 'Time's short, your life's your own / And in the end, we are just, dust and bones.' So, you're entitled to your own opinion of what's cool and what could be destroyed by a mad elephant, but if it's gonna hurt someone else, please keep your mouth shut.

**From a very open minded person,**

**Rachel/Freddie Laurenson, Wellington.**

PS: I'm proud of what I have just written and if you don't like it, then that's your opinion and I won't knock it again.

#### More Slagger Slag

Attention Merle H Thomas and the 'I Hate Merle' Fan Club:

Guess what? It is possible to like Pearl Jam and Nirvana. I do. In fact, I like most music from Aerosmith to Zucchero, and everything in between, as long as it has a bit of beat and is not too light (ie. no Boyz II Men).

It seems I'm destined to keep opening my copy of *RiptUp* to find several letters declaring their hate for someone or some band. It annoys me that people can't keep their own small-minded opinions to themselves or their own group of cock-sucking friends. I don't want to know that The Amazing Clarence (not!) hates Silverchair's guts, or that half of New Zealand's teenage population hates Merle H Thomas' guts. I'd rather go on

believing there are still some decent people out there, looking for the good new bands (like Silverchair, Pumpkinhead and Oasis), plus acknowledging the old greats of music (Metallica, Black Sabbath and Led Zeppelin).

**Fuzzy, Wellington.**

PS: Anyone remember Freddie Mercury, the last great singer in rock?

#### Dream Raver

I just heard Jimi Hendrix is dead. What a shock. I had a dream last night, and what a wonderful dream it was, but I have no one to tell it to. I sit in my room, listening to Sleeper on my stereo, but this is none of your business. Why do we argue over which bands are best? We are who we are, we listen to what we like. Music is a gift we're given to enjoy. I told my friends, if they don't like the music I listen to, then leave the room; now I don't have any friends. One thing we all know is that this is a load of shit. A beautiful woman just walked into my room, naked. Dreams are free (at the moment).

**SP Kilpatrick (Super Penis), Waitara.**

PS: Many people have hurt me. Maybe I'll see you at the Urge Overkill concert. I'll be wearing an orange cardie.

PPS: This short note was written by a male.

#### Space Cadet Writes

I must assert a couple of points regarding Darren Hawkes' review of the one and only cloudboy CD (*RIU* 7/95). Foremost is this 'album' tag: it seems Darren was disappointed with the CD's scope as an 'album'. As a more marketable term, we here at Space Cadet Academy Productions might be stretched to label the CD as a mini-album (but won't), where theoretically it 'is' a single which showcases the title track three times.

First up, track one is 'cloudboy', and the last eight minutes on the disc are credited seventh as 'cloudboy reprise', which contains an uncredited ID point (PQ 8) separating the two distinct halves. The conjoining five tracks clock in at well under 20 minutes in playing time, and this is duly reflected in the recommended retail price of \$19.95 (and if your local store won't comply, then send the loot to IRM, PO Box 5065, Dunedin, and a copy will be fastposted your way).

The debut cloudboy album comes later, 'cloudboy' should never contain any upper case characters.

Happy? (It's not an album, it's a concept disc.)

**Hag, Official Spokesperson of the Space Cadet Academy, Dunedin.**

Write to *RiptUp* Letters, PO Box 5689, Auckland 1 or fax us on (09) 358 2320

## THE FRANK ZAPPA CATALOG REVISITED

Frank Zappa, a trailblazer in the fields of rock, jazz, modern classical music and contemporary culture, recorded close to 60 albums in his 25+ year career. Now six albums have been produced as part of a two-part relaunch of Zappa's remarkable work. These updated re-releases have been produced with new FZ approved masters provided by his studio. Many titles have restored artwork and some have been remixed and remastered.

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THE MUSIC OF  
FRANK ZAPPA.

LOOK FOR THESE TITLES  
AT FRANK ZAPPA  
AUTHORISED STOCKISTS



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IN IT FOR  
THE MONEY**

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**LUMPY  
GRAVY**

The first FZ solo record, recorded with a 50-piece orchestra and a few stray Mothers. Digitally remastered.



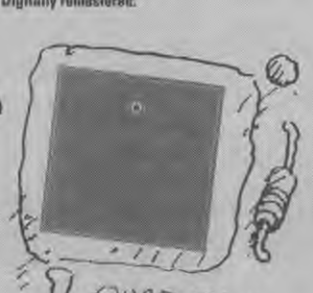
**OVER-NITE  
SENSATION**

Released 1973 and one of FZ's classic rock records. Features 'Dirty Love', 'I'm The Slime', 'Dinah Moo Humm' & 'Montana'.



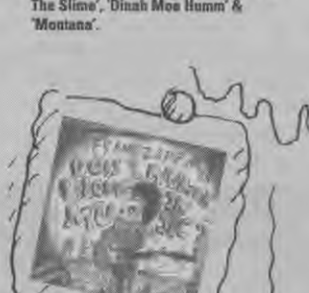
**Apostrophe**

1974's Top 10 album featuring the single 'Don't Eat The Yellow Snow'. The first Zappa record to achieve gold status.



**LONDON  
SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA  
Vol. I & II**

This 2 CD set features a 102-piece orchestra & has been completely remixed & remastered. Tracks include 'Strictly Genial' & 'Beh In Dactyl'.



**DOES HUMOR  
BELONG  
IN MUSIC?**

Previously only released in Europe. Humour is made up of various live performances from Zappa's 1984 tour. Completely remixed & remastered.



The achievement has passed with little fanfare, but 1995 marks the 10 year anniversary of the birth of New Zealand's pioneer hip-hop group, Upper Hutt Posse. Virtually from day one, UHP have found themselves in the firing line. Too frequently they have been the target of uninformed media attacks, while faceless detractors have regularly labelled them 'racists'. Throughout the last decade, blessed with a maverick spirit, the Posse's chief rapper and songwriter Dean Hapeta (aka D-Word) has ridden the endless wave of controversies to keep the flame burning.

"I've known it wasn't going to be easy right from the start. I guess I am the one who's been holding Upper Hutt Posse up, but it wouldn't be Upper Hutt Posse without the others. I don't want to go solo

said the band had prevented two white students from entering a lunchtime performance at Selwyn College in Kohimarama. A defamation suit was lodged against the *Star* by D-Word, and in May 1994, INL, the owners of the publication, settled out of court for an undisclosed sum, after admitting the article was based on "erroneous information that was subsequently found to be untrue".

At the time of the settlement, D-Word told *RipItUp*: "The whole situation labelled the band as anti-white. Because we're pro-Maori, most people take that to be anti-white, but that is not the case."

The 'anti-white' accusation is usually the basis for all bad publicity or rumours surrounding UHP, and at times D-Word feels it's pointless to try and change the opinions of the ignorant.

"It happens if I just mention the words 'white people'. There's a line in 'As The Blind See', it

everybody, and when I talk about the devil, I'm talking about the bad side. White people have spread their lies and deceit throughout the world, especially on indigenous people and people of colour.

"It's funny, people today are saying: 'We hate the French... government.' That's like me saying: 'I hate the Pakeha... government.' Maybe people can understand what I'm talking about now — it's not that I hate every single white person, but the government they have basically created."

Even when away from the band, D-Word has become entangled in situations socially that further remove the focus from the music of Upper Hutt Posse. While he's far from innocent on some occasions ("I might have a few beers and get out on the loose and say this and that, but fuck, who

with Southside Records and signed to newly formed indie label Tangata. The single 'Ragga Girl' followed, and was the last Posse song to feature core members DJ DLT and vocalists Teremoana Rapley and Acid Dread. With only D-Word and his brother Wiya remaining, the Posse remained largely inactive for the next 12 months, except for a side project by the duo called E Tu, who released the single 'Whakakotahi', to celebrate the United Nations Year for Indigenous Peoples.

Midway through 1994, a new-look 'live' Upper Hutt Posse took to the stage at the 95bFM Private Function, and kicked out the proverbial jams, signalling the turnaround long-time Posse fans had been hoping for. It was a tremendous surprise.

"Yeah, I just felt like a change really. I'd got a bit tired of programming drum machines and sequencers, and wanted to get another band



# NO WORRIES IN THE POSSE

as I've always wanted to stick with the band. I like the concept of being a part of Upper Hutt Posse."

UHP began as a four-piece reggae outfit in Wellington in 1985. They attracted attention almost immediately, as their approach was different to that of other reggae groups around at the time (Aotearoa, Herbs, Sticks and Shanty), in that they worked hip-hop and rap elements into smooth reggae grooves.

New Zealand's first rap single, the politically charged 'E Tu', was released by UHP on the Jayrem label in 1988, but the style and lyrical content proved too much for a nation of music fans who'd missed the first wave of US rappers — Grandmaster Flash, Afrika Bambaataa and the Soul Sonic Force — and were not yet conversant with the likes of Public Enemy and Ice T. Upper Hutt Posse were accused of being 'not Maori enough' by those hoping for a more irie flavour to their music.

A shift to Auckland the following year saw them move camps to fledgling label Southside, followed by the December release of the excellent long-player, *Against The Flow*. Several singles followed, before a series of incidents throughout 1990 pushed them to the centre of a media circus. The degree to which UHP were placed under the microscope could not have been orchestrated by even the most cunning of PR officers.

It began with a report in the *The Truth* that accused the Posse of telling Samoans to "go home", during their performance at the 1990 DMC DJ Championship at Auckland's Gluepot, and was followed by an article in the *Auckland Star* that

says: 'One law for all, don't mean it should be the white man's.' If someone's sitting at the back at a show, not really listening, just talking to their friends, if they hear the words 'white man', they'll look up and go: 'What the fuck's he saying about the white man?' They look up and see a bunch of Maoris, then they'll go: 'He's running down white people,' and that person will tell all their friends. It's just bullshit."

The situation worsened after several members of the band visited the United States in October 1990 as guests of the Nation of Islam.

"When we got back, it really got outta hand. There was a lot of rumours about me. People were saying that I hated the white man, and they would come up to me and ask: 'Are you a member of the Nation Of Islam?' I'm not down with their ideologies and I'll never be a member, but the bottom line for me is, I'm a supporter of Louis Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam. I'm right behind them in the way they choose to deal with their situation, but that's not to say that I'll bring their philosophies over here and use them for my ends."

The Nation of Islam's most controversial statement is that 'all white people are devils', and D-Word's association with the group provided further ammunition for the band's many critics. But his response is similar to that of LA rapper Ice Cube: that all snakes are poisonous, but some are less poisonous than others.

"I've said throughout the years that the white man is the devil. The way I feel about it is, the white man does more of the devil's work in this country and in the world. There's good and bad in

doesn't?"), he's disappointed when non-events are blown sky high, due to his reputation, and he has to waste more time defending his position. An episode during a promo tour to Auckland by Michael Franti, of US group Spearhead, was a perfect example.

"What happened at Squid with Michael Franti was this. He said 'Aotearoa' in a bit of a fucked up way, so my girlfriend shouted out, 'Aotearoa!' That's how you say it'. He thanked her for that, but then someone shouted: 'Fuck off D-Word!' So, there was a bit of shouting over the crowd, but afterwards a couple were getting around saying I was hassling Michael Franti. Later on he thanked my girlfriend and said: 'I'm glad you told me. I wouldn't want to be walking around here saying the wrong thing.' But people went around spreading false rumours about me giving Michael Franti shit."

After the furore of the previous year had died down, D-Word returned to America in 1991, and spent four months exploring the options for the US release of *Against The Flow*. Upon his return, he found the original Posse line-up was starting to come unstuck.

"While I was spending time in the States, I was trying to hold the band together at the same time, it was really difficult and people were straying off to do different things. So, when I returned, there was a bit of indecision about Upper Hutt Posse as a band. It wasn't a real tight unit."

The only recorded output from UHP during 91 was a remix of an album track, 'Stormy Weather', and by the new year, the band had split amicably

together to get the live funk thing happening."

The new band entered Auckland's Revolver Studios in October, and left a month later, having made a wickedly funky hip-hop album.

*Movement In Demand* hits in all the right places, whether it be the slamming tracks 'Whakakotahi', 'Fuck the Status Quo' and 'Wise Up', the controlled cruisers like 'As The Blind See' and 'Can't Get Away', a sharp new version of the Posse classic 'Clockin' The Time', or when Wiya takes the lead on the raggaified 'Beware A De Wiya'.

Upon its release, D-Word hopes the music and messages contained on *Movement in Demand* will erase all preconceptions people hold about Upper Hutt Posse.

"So many people have an attitude about Upper Hutt Posse, especially in Auckland. But it's time right now to listen to what the album is saying, what it's talking about. If anybody has a problem or anything to say against me, I say: 'Go through my songs and you'll truly find out what I'm saying. I just want the album to speak for itself."


To literally illustrate his point, D-Word has assembled a portrait of legendary Maori leaders on the album cover. He's placed warriors Rewi Maniapoto and Te Rauparaha alongside the pacifist Te Whiti.

"There's a different mix of leaders, but they all stood for and fought for, Maori culture, Maori land rights, and Maori language. The idea behind the cover is to say that their struggle is still going on today, it's not forgotten. A lot of people these days talk about 'mana', but if you look at everybody on the cover, that's what mana is. Look at those people and look at their lives — that's what it's all about."

JOHN RUSSELL





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## THE LUCK OF THE JUNGLE

Some bands, not many mind you, but some bands, they have all the luck. Auckland six-piece Jungle Fungus took one step from the studio to a record company, and that was that.

Upon completion of their forthcoming three-track single 'Crushed', the boys in the band — Tom (drums), Andy (bass), Josiah (guitar), Bryan (vox), Harris (alto sax) and Bruno (tenor sax) — knocked out a list of record companies they wanted to bail up, in order to get the record into the shops and onto the airwaves. First on the list was Roadshow Music, and in a virtually unheard of scenario, Roadshow said: 'We'll do it.' Jungle Fungus had scored a record contract after knocking on just one door.

Despite this stroke of good fortune, and also having had two feature articles on the band published in *Pavement* magazine, Tom says it hasn't just been smooth sailing since Jungle Fungus formed in 1993.

"I don't think it has been that easy, but we seem to have done it. You always feel like someone is pushing you back, but that's what you've got to expect when you're first starting. I've felt consistently for the past two years that bFM has given us no support, and it's really only because none of us or our friends work there. It's such an inbred thing, because people in bands who work there get their stuff played."

Andy: "bFM are great, but it would be good if they were a bit more open. They have stopped a lot of bands from getting airplay. It does seem that you need a contact there."

Tom: "They didn't play Supergroove for a long time, until they couldn't ignore them."

Jungle Fungus share more than just a lack of first time airplay with the globe-trotting Supergroove. Both Tom and Josiah's old brothers are part of the award winning combo, although witnessing their uprising hasn't made Jungle

Fungus desperate to jump on the first available flight out.

Tom: "I don't care if we don't make it big, because we'll still be making the rad music we want to. I got offered the chance to play drums in Supergroove, and after three weeks I thought: 'Fuck it! I don't want to play drums in a Supergroove covers band,' 'cause that's what it felt like for me. When I was playing, I was told exactly what to play."

Andy: "What we're doing is a lot of hard work, and I'm prepared to work nine to five, and live in a stink, grubby flat, as long as Jungle Fungus remains as rad as it is for me. I think we all feel that way, and feel pretty happy. The whole thing from the very beginning has been one big saga, but it's good because it means we'll have a lot to talk about when we're old men."

JOHN RUSSELL

## MIND YOUR LANGUAGE

There's more to the unassuming Auckland band Garageland than meets the eye. For starters, they're the first Flying Nun band to sport a big ol' Parental Advisory: Explicit Lyrics label on the cover of their record.

They're not a group that advocates killing cops or anything, but 'Struck', the second track on their five-song EP *Comeback Special*, boasts the word 'fucked' four times, and the inspired line, 'Billy Joel is an asshole', twice. Little to cause a fuss over, you'd assume, but someone in the Australian pressing plant thought otherwise, and the EP was returned with the warning label. It was an unexpected twist, according to Garageland's singer-guitarist Jeremy Eade.

"It was a complete shock, but it's a joke, isn't it? It just seems ridiculous. Without wanting to get too precious about it, it's almost kind of insulting that someone can say: 'Explicit lyrics, look out, this could be harming your children.'"

Few reports filtered through of minors being corrupted when Garageland first courted public attention with a series of demos playlisted on Auckland's bFM. Collectively, 'Nude Star' and 'Pop Cigar' spent over three months in the station's Top 10, and 'Struck' was Number 1 for five weeks at Hamilton student station Contact 89. After a succession of high profile supports slots, interest in the band was peaking.

"We had a great run of demos on bFM and we started to get played around the country. We needed to get something out there for people to listen to, and the plan was just to release the stuff ourselves. The thing about Garageland is that we really don't exist within the Auckland music scene, so we didn't really talk to any music people at all about releasing our stuff. Then, one day Lesley Paris [of Flying Nun] asked to hear a tape, so we flicked one

up just before Christmas."

At the time, Nun founder Roger Shepherd, currently based in London, was back in New Zealand to accept an Export Recognition Award from Trade Enz. He and Paris had a brief huddle, which resulted in Flying Nun giving Garageland the thumbs up.

"Flying Nun are perfect for us," says Eade.

The other 'more than meets the eye' aspect of Garageland is that the present personnel — Eade, Mark Silvey on bass, Debbie Silvey on guitar, Andrew Gladstone on drums — have messed about together, on and off stage, for the past 12 years; most notably at long gone Auckland club The Venue, run by Rus Le Roq (actor Russell Crowe).

"It was fun at the time, but we had other things to do. We weren't old enough to really keep concentrated on it. It was just kid-80s pop."

Individual members drifted apart, went separate ways, journeyed to find themselves, whatever, before Eade reunited with Gladstone and Mark Silvey in 1992, while Debbie Silvey signed up again a year later. The rest, you know about.

The major event in Garageland's immediate future is an 10 day tour of Australia this month, with label mates Loves Ugly Children and King Loser. Eade's been there once before: "I won a raffle to Sydney." Once back home, they'll begin work on an album. Until its release, Eade says: "We'll just fucking play a lot."

Did he say 'fucking'? Thankfully, some people will never learn.

JOHN RUSSELL



Garageland at work (left), and at play.

**THE SML IS, IS, IS, IS**

NIGEL JON TOM

**ALBUM OUT AUG 7**

WILD side FESTIVAL

**SML. is that it?**

WILD side FESTIVAL



# THE ADVENTURES OF LABRADFORD

**Flying Nun Records have just signed a new band with a member whose name is Carter.**

**C**arter Brown is the bespectacled keyboardist with the American ambient-pop band Labradford. He's already well acquainted with the history of New Zealand's longest serving indie; he counts Bailter Space and the Gordons amongst his favourite noise-makers, and his Virginia-based trio once played a rather unsuccessful set on a bill with the 3Ds.

"We opened for the 3Ds and SuperChunk at this club full of 16 and 17 year old kids who were there to rock and bang their heads. They weren't very receptive to what we were playing. They yelled a lot and start-

ed to throw things... I think Labradford are a pretty significant challenge for your average rock club goer."

If that's an understatement, then it suits Labradford's music perfectly. Their favoured approach is to build a mostly vocal-free song, using an atmospheric keyboard melody as a starting point, then let the tune develop its own course. Coming over all introspective and insular on their second album, *A Stable Reference*, the tempo is so sloooooow you want to question its makers whether they own a pulse, or just gobble valium like smarties.

"At this point, none of us are that active

with drugs. They're an influence in terms of being part of life experience, but they're not something we need. But if you smoke some pot and sit in a dark room, I think we'd feel that was a fairly good approach to the music."

The Flying Nun connection came about when Brown and his fellow bandmates Mark Nelson (guitar/vocals) and Bobby Dunne (bass) first toured the UK, where they met Brian O'Neill, publicist at the Nun's London office. A deal was, quite simply, struck. Nun NZ will soon release Labradford's debut record, *Prazision*, an album that had unsuspecting music writers Stateside salivating,

and unashamedly competing to write the most intellectual analysis of the album possible.

Mark: "That's quite true and sort of ironic, because it's music that aims to be almost free of any intellectual process. I really believe the enjoyment has to come first, because I think Labradford is by, for, and about, the imagination, and the emotional realm of experiences. It's something that is left open to the human urge to understand and define something, but I do think some people agonised over it too much. It should just be enjoyed."

JOHN RUSSELL

## THE EXPONENTS ON TOUR

### AUGUST

10	Blue Pub	Methven
11	Regines	Dunedin
12	Vilagrad	Queenstown
13	Cliffords	Wanaka
16	Quinn's Post	Wellington
17	James Cabaret	Wellington
18	Fat Ladies Arms	Palmerston North
19	Hot Lava	Ohakune
20	Town Hall	Dannevirke
24	Hillcrest Tavern	Hamilton
25	Windsor Park	Auckland
26	Powerstation	Auckland



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# taking care of business

## IMPPA Forum

The Independent Music Performers & Producers Association is running an inexpensive one-day forum "Making A Living Making Music" Monday August 21 at the Auckland Downtown Convention Centre. Admission is \$20 and topics covered will be the Music Market, Independent Recording, Live Music and the Music industry. For more information phone (09) 479-7179 or write to IMPPA, PO Box 68593, Newton, Auckland 1.

## Flying Fish New Zealand Music Video Awards

The 1995 Flying Fish Video Music Video Awards were held at Antipodes in Wellington on July 15, the winners were:

**Best Director:** Jo Fisher & Sigi Spath Jr ('You Gotta Know' Supergroove)

**Runner Up Director Best Video:** Jonathan King ('Otherwise' Semi Lemon Kola)

**The Knack Award:** Gregory Page ('Food' Five Girls)

**Craft Award DOP:** Sigi Spath Jr ('You Freak Me' Supergroove)

**Craft Award Editor:** Jonathan Venz ('Otherwise' Semi Lemon Kola)

## MCA In New Zealand

**George Ash** is the new GM for USA record company **MCA** when they open offices as a stand-alone company in New Zealand on October 1. MCA has been operating in Australia since January with 25 employees. MCA will be a marketing operation with have a staff of six people. The sales and distribution roles will remain with BMG where George Ash worked as International Repertoire Manager until July 28. Recently Canadian alcohol giant **Seagrams** purchased majority ownership of the MCA Corporation. MCA are in broadcasting and movies in the USA as well as music. The MCA Record company expanded in 1990 with the purchase of the **Geffen** label (Guns N Roses, Nirvana, Sonic Youth, Aerosmith) and more recently MCA has financed the set-up of two new labels headed by former **Warner Music** executives **Bob Krasnow** and **Doug Morris** and MCA has also signed David Geffen's new labels **Dreamworks** and **SRG**.

## Grant Hislop in Heat

Former **Rock93FM** owner and programmer **Grant Hislop** is now Chief Executive for **SM Network**, concert promoter **Stewart MacPherson's** radio company. The Heat is now known as **The Box 91.7** (chart) and on August 7 another Wellington station **The Quake 97.5** (new rock) will start broadcasting. An SN Network station will broadcast on the Gulf FM frequency later this year.

## Strictly Rhythm to Triton Music

The New York dance label **Strictly Rhythm** will be distributed in New Zealand by Triton, the local distributor of the **Naxos** classical label and **Larrikin** Entertainment. The first release is DJ / producer George Morel collection *Morel Inc NYC Jam Session*. Vocalists on the album include Ce Ce Rogers, Tafuri and M.J. White. Triton are at (09) 379-7999.

## Changes at Warner Music

Major changes have taken place at Warner Music with the resignation of **Lisa Williams** (to return to law) and **Steve Booth** (to freelance marketing work). The new Label / Marketing / Promotions managers are **Jonathan Hughes** (ex HKM ad agency, ex Fine Young Cannibals management, ex Polygram) and **Vanessa Mihaljevich** (ex EMI, ex Warners). Hughes will look after Warner Bros, Elektra and WEA UK labels while Mihaljevich will look after the Atlantic, East West and Roo Art labels. There is talk of another appointment in the P.R. dept.

## Musical Chairs

With **George Ash** leaving **BMG** to set up **MCA Kirk Harding** is now International & Local Repertoire Manager and **Diana Schnauer** now has the title Promotions Manager. **Gary Fortune** has moved from sales to the promotions dept ... **Festival's** Auckland salesperson **Daren Humphries** has moved to BMG. **Mike Dunn** has moved from Festival phone sales to take over Daren's work and receptionist (and sometimes BFM host) **Renee Jones** has moved to phone sales ... **Sandii Riches** after resigning from Mushroom has joined **Francis Travel Marketing** as Sales & Marketing Executive and is in Thailand as we go to press.

## Yellow Bike Record Cutting

*RiptUp* jumped the gun last month by publicising the availability of a record pressing machine operated by Palmerston North label Yellow Bike. The commercial side of the venture won't be up and running for approx six months, so hold all calls. We'll keep you posted.

## IMD Releases

Dunedin indie IMD will release the following albums in August / September — **Gate Golden**, **Trash Mihiwaka**, **Swarm Forever Bled Hollow** and **Suka Nimrodiabolique**. Later in the year expect a compilation album and releases from the **Puddle** and **Graeme Downes**. IMD are at PO Box 730, Dunedin. Phone (03) 477-4125.

## CMJ Music Marathon

This year's 15th Anniversary CMJ Music Marathon & Music Fest takes place September 6 to 9 at the Avery Fisher Hall, New York. Since the demise of the New Music Seminar, CMJ will be even bigger this year. Australasian representatives are Big Backyard at Sydney 360-4574.

## Uncharted NZ Music

The **NZ On Air** funded *Uncharted NZ* music show continues to profile Kiwi music weekly. The broadcast times around the country are: **BFM** (Auckland) Friday 11.30am & Wed 9pm; **Contact 89FM** (Hamilton) Sunday 6pm & Mon & Wed 10.30am; **99.4FM** (Palmerston North) Mon 7.30pm & Wed 7.30pm; **Active 89FM** (Wellington) Fri 11am, Sat 5pm & Tues 9.55pm; **98 RDU** (Christchurch) Wed 10pm; **Radio One** (Dunedin) Fri 11am & Wed 7pm.



## The Outlook for Barry Saunders

**H**ailing originally from Christchurch, Barry Saunders has lived the life of a musical troubadour: Australia, England, touring non-stop with the Warratahs (the band he fronted throughout the 80s), and now based in Wellington's Breaker Bay, "just near where the Wahine sunk". This month he releases his first self-penned solo record, *Weatherman*. Barry's got a bad dose of a flu he picked up in Queensland the week before, but sitting in Pagan Records' white interview room, he tells how the road, the seasons, and the songs have been falling for him.

Firstly, what happened to the Warratahs?

"Well, the band had two songwriters: myself and Wayne [Mason]. It was a bit like two people trying to paint on the same canvas. It worked for a long time, and then it didn't. The Warratahs were a lot of things, but primarily, I think it was a dance band — a show band style dance band — a good one. But this record isn't like that. This is more song based."

*Weatherman* is quite a melancholy album.

"Yeah, very much. I was taking a good look at things last year, when most of the songs were written. I do my sums every now and then, and this album is a product of that. I also realised that if I wanted to keep on doing what I was, I needed to pull finger and get on with it. Change too... you know, with the band stopping and not being part of that family. I mean, things weren't constant, they were inconstant. That's what the song 'Brave Face' was about... I mean, some days you just hope you don't run into anyone you know because you just can't look them in the face."

Do you like the road?

"I like it a lot — the travelling and that. I like to see the changes in the seasons."

Do you think things have changed much around the country generally?

"Things seem a little more comfortable, yeah. But then, I'm affected by the same things that other people are affected by, like economics and stuff, I don't need a lot of money to live. One thing that has changed, though, is the emergence of the cafe scene. I mean, I came up through the pub scene — the booze barn thing — and then, once you started drinking, you just went for it [laughs]. Now you see people just hanging out."

What about the title *Weatherman*?

"Titles are important to me, and I had this album and no title. So, I went through all the songs and found this theme of weather, the elements kept coming up. Also, there were a

lot of changes in the weather for me last year. Living in Breaker Bay also helped inspire that."

Many of the songs seem built around certain situations or locations.

"Yeah, well 'Olio' [the breezy end note to the album] was written about a taxi driver that picked me up three times in a row two Christmases ago. It's a song about someone working, just doing their job."

"'Winter Sun', that was written in Canterbury. That's an airport song. I was standing there watching this plane fly up into the sun, against the alps. Someone else was in the plane."

"'You Can't Go Back' came from staying in a hotel around where I used to live in Sydney. I lived in Sydney for three years and it became a home to me. So, there I was, standing on a balcony of this hotel and being able to see the house I used to live in, and there's somebody else's washing on the line. It was just an observation really."

"And 'Reverina' was a song I wrote about the old, beautiful pub in Hamilton, where the Warratahs used to play, and about the things that used to go on there... you know: 'Get up tonight / Put on my clothes,' and go out and play. They've since pulled it down."

Any hints on how to get those songs written? "Get the old antennae up and let them come along."

On *Weatherman*, they do come. These 10 songs (all but one — a cover of Johnny Cash's 'I Walk the Line', which Barry chose because he particularly likes the opening lines: 'I keep a close watch, on this heart of mine / Keep my eyes open all the time' — original) chart a year or so in the life of one of our most under rated songwriters. He's a man who takes inspiration from Jimmie Rodgers, who was, himself, no stranger to the road. A weatherman you can trust.

GREG FLEMING







## IMD: Instrumental Manoeuvres in Dunedin



Swarm



Suka

Eventually, I make my way to Volt Studios, the home of the IMD label. It is the second day of my three day visit to Dunedin. The previous night was spent watching stunning performances by Jay Clarkson, the 3Ds and, the best of the new generation, HDU. Volt is to be found at the end of a short alleyway on Manse Street. In a former life it used to be a tearoom shared with Radio Otago. Visitors could drink tea and munch their lamingtons while watching announcers read the news every hour on the hour. The double glazing is still there, hence the space makes an ideal recording studio.

Jo Keith is the first IMDer I meet. Jo came to the label from managing the Verlaines. When she joined they told her to bring a book so she wouldn't get bored, and she's worked 60 hour weeks ever since. After a quick tour of the studio (both rooms), we sit down to a cuppa (they still make good coffee here) and talk IMD. A short while later, a tall dark figure, who I had innocently mistaken for the grim reaper, strolls in to make a coffee and introduces himself as Brendan Hoffman, engineer and business partner.

Jo's main tasks include doing all the paperwork, working with volunteers and running the import side of IMD. At this early stage in the label's development, with only three local releases, the sale of imports is crucial to IMD's survival.

Brendan works with the bands, engineering

the material. He has been with the label since its beginnings 18 months ago. They are the only two full time paid staff. There are a number of people that work voluntarily or on a part time basis, such as David Muir (co-ordinates local distribution) and Jess Jones (office aid). However, most of the operations are the responsibility of Brendan and Jo, including deciding which local bands IMD will work with. To this end, Jo believes her love of music by Patsy Cline and Emmy-Lou Harris is an asset! ("Because when I listen to music I listen to it for quality, or song structures, or sounds.")

Their enthusiasm for the music is sincere, but tempered by a business consciousness provided by Geoff Columbus, a wealthy benefactor and co-founder of IMD. However, the business is a means to an end, and that end is recording and releasing local music. Central to this philosophy is that IMD is a Dunedin label for Dunedin artists.

IMD is part of a continuum that includes recently retired Port Chalmers label Xpressway (which, in its turn, inherited a lot of the artists from early Flying Nun days). Brendan and Jo believe IMD has a similar philosophy and ethic to Xpressway. They like to work as a partnership with artists and, like Xpressway, they are trying to establish these performers overseas. Yet, there are important differences. Unlike Xpressway, IMD is adding new artists to its books as well as looking after established

**F**resh from a 90 minute, misguided tour of an unknown suburb, I step from the airport shuttle onto the streets of Dunedin. The first thing I notice is this seems a particularly grey city — starved of the sun by the hills that surround it and streaked with shadows of hills and buildings. It seems impossible to find anything more than temporary warmth. However, I feel the history here more than the cold, slightly awed by a city that has produced the majority of the music and bands people still refer to as the New Zealand sound.

musicians. Their catalogue features Bill Direen, Trash, Gate and Sandra Bell, alongside new bands Suka and Swarm, two bands Xpressway would not have considered. IMD is also looking to create a market for New Zealand music within New Zealand, whereas Xpressway all but gave up on trying to establish New Zealand artists in their own country.

To achieve these goals they also draw a lot of support from within Dunedin. As Jo explains: "Dunedin is filled with people with a wealth of talent, in all areas of the industry, which is under utilised. So, having IMD here, surrounded by these people that have all of this experience, Shayne [Carter], Martin [Phillipps], David Kilgour, David Mitchell, all of these people, have all the time and heart in the world to help, and they go the extra mile every time you ask. They are wonderful. They have time to talk to these younger bands and it promotes the feeling that we'll all be in this together"

The label is still on a giant learning curve. They have made their mistakes and acknowledge they will probably make many more, but the commitment is there to see it through. Their next step is to move the label and import business into new premises, allowing Volt to record without interruptions from couriers, customers and those after a good cup of coffee. Although this will add to the overheads, they are optimistic about the future of the label and the bands it supports. Brendan in particular

believes, at the very least, they have nothing to lose. "If it fell over, we could at least say we gave it a damn good go. But I don't think that will happen. In fact, I think quite the opposite."

With that, I finish the interview and leave to spend a night in a crowded pub, watching rugby until 3AM (did we win?). Before I go, I ask them what IMD stands for.

"Independent Music Distribution, but we usually tell people it means Intellectual Manoeuvres in the Dark."

On the way to the airport I visit Records Records, the second hand record store to the stars, owned and operated by the patron saint of Dunedin music, Roy Colbert. Its through the door of this record shop that the resonance of other cities found sympathy in the ears of young musicians such as David Kilgour, Shayne Carter and Wayne Elsey. I turn the corner of the hall leading into Records Records and walk straight into the luminous blue eyes of Martin Phillipps. Naturally, I stare at my shoes as a sign of respect and shuffle past to the new arrivals section.

I leave Dunedin with the romantic thought that perhaps the naivety and passion of New Zealand music hasn't died. It may be that it has temporarily retreated, quite possibly to be restored through the efforts of labels like IMD.

ADAM HYDE





## DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEX'S

From an instrumental only band, playing at parties and low key pub gigs, the Cruel Sea, with the addition of legendary frontman Tex Perkins, have developed over three albums and through extensive touring into one of Australia's biggest bands. 1993's *The Honeymoon Is Over* album scooped the pool at the 1994 ARIA awards. But with the success came problems: the ARIA night ended with Tex bottling a man fighting with his girlfriend, there were stories of drug problems,

and guitarist James Cruikshank had a head-on collision with a truck, which put him out of action for some months (there was a stand-in guitarist with the band when they played the first *Big Day Out* here last year).

Late last year, the band entered the studio with no songs prepared (and not knowing where any were going to come from) and, luckily for them and us, emerged with their fine new album, *Three Legged Dog*.

Over the phone from Sydney, Tex Perkins sounds like a man who has been working very

## "The worst year of our life's been going on for a couple of years."

hard for some months promoting a new album. This year, the band has already been to Europe, the US, and just completed a seven-week tour of Australia. When I talked to Tex, he had just a couple of shows to go before two shows in New Zealand at the end of July.

"That's it for touring for a little while — have a bit of a rest."

So, *Three Legged Dog* came together in the studio?

"When we first were in the studio together, we didn't really intend to be making a record. We were just going to work up songs, but do it in a studio. If we didn't come up with anything, there was no actual pressure. We weren't actually supposed to be making a record at that stage. We were just... getting together in a studio, but a lot of the record was created from those initial sessions."

Did approaching it that way make for a different sounding album?

"Yeah. The other records, a lot of it was written before we got in the studio, by writers in the band. This record was much more of a band writing together in the studio."

Longtime Cruel Sea producer Tony Cohen said in *Rolling Stone* that *The Honeymoon Is Over* "was done for a reason and it worked, it got them on the radio".

"Yeah, well that's the way he sees it, I guess. It's true that we were making a pop record with an attitude of clarity and economy with song structure... but that's just because we wanted to do that, and we hadn't done that before as a... concept. Now that we have done that, it's not necessary to do that again. Without being 'concept' albums, we do have concepts when go to make a record. We try to have a consistent attitude throughout — even if that attitude is complete chaos, or lack of care."

Does the success of bands like the Cruel Sea, coupled with people like Barnsey going bankrupt, signal a change in Australian music, the end of Oz Rock?

"Oh, certainly. More a case of things like You Am I and Silverchair, more becoming controlled by the kids again. Whether that's a good thing or a bad thing is up to the individual. It's about time major popular music was-

n't made by someone in their late 30s or early 40s. I think it's pretty cool that it's being made by teenagers again." Then he adds, laughing: "Of course, I'm not talking about myself."

But your music is an example of a band just doing their own thing well and the public finding it.

"We're not representative of any sort of cultural movement or anything like, say, Silverchair. I don't particularly understand our success. We never have been at a point where we've been fashionable. We've only become fashionable unto ourselves, really. You can do anything, so long as it's good... or good enough."

The band had an unpleasant experience doing some soundtrack material for Aussie cop show *Blue Heelers*.

"Personally, I had nothing to do with that. I saw that to be a complete fuckhole thing to do right from the very start, and I completely washed my hands from the very start. It was also a really fucked thing our fuckin' publisher did. He gave the music of *Honeymoon Is Over*, without the vocals, to them without our consent, which is a fuckin' outrageous thing. It got to air... and I tore somebody's head off, and it was off after a few episodes."

The band have described the time leading up to *Three Legged Dog* as 'the worst year of our lives'.

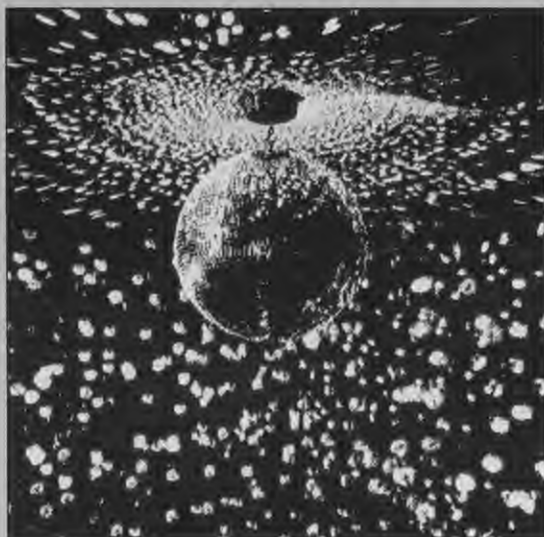
"We have lots of worst years of our lives," he laughs. "The worst year of our life's been going on for a couple of years."

Is this one going alright?

"Yeah... no... this year's been hard work, really. Lots of touring, lots of travelling overseas... actually, that was last year as well. The bad year was when James had his accident, lots of illness in the band — on many levels. When all our superficial newspaper success was going on, we were all personally fucked up, in all sorts of ways..." He trails off. "Oh... that'll do."

I guess it will. Despite whatever went into the making of it, *Three Legged Dog* shows a band still at their best. It's an advance and a consolidation of what they do. Guitarist Dan Rumour calls it "a distillation". Whatever, it'll do.

JONATHAN KING



## Neil Young Mirror Ball

*Mirror Ball* is the monster new album from Neil Young. Recorded in Seattle, *Mirror Ball* is a devastating guitar album that displays Young in all his ragged sonic glory.

"By the end of *Mirror Ball* you feel privileged Young deigned to release these Seattle sessions at all.

Truly he stands alone."

(9) *New Musical Express* June 24 1995

## Herbs French Letter

In response to the French Government's decision to resume nuclear testing in the Pacific, Herbs have recorded and released a new version of their classic single 'French Letter'. A large number of people donated their time to produce the single and its accompanying video, and all buyers of the sweet sounding reggae track will receive a free postcard addressed to President Jacques Chirac, to record a personal protest in opposition to the resumption of testing at Mururoa Atoll.



### ALANIS MORISSETTE JAGGED LITTLE PILL

From Madonna's Maverick label comes 20 year old Alanis Morissette,

a soulful sounding Canadian, now resident in LA. Her debut album, *Jagged Little Pill*, showcases a mature and powerful soul voice that belies her age, and features an excellent range of lusty ballads and jazzy pop tracks. Must hears include 'Wake Up', 'Hand In My Pocket', and the wicked first single 'You Oughta Know'.



### TIGERLILY NATALIE MERCHANT TIGERLILY

With her debut solo album *Tigerlily*, former 10,000 Maniacs singer-songwriter, Natalie Merchant has delivered a stun-

ningly beautiful collection of folk-flavoured pop songs. Expanding on her lengthy career with the Maniacs, Merchant assumed full control for the recording and sound of *Tigerlily*, ensuring a masterful selection of exquisite ballads and dreamy melodic pop. Check out 'I May Know The World', 'Wonder', and the awesome first single 'Carnival'.



### THE TRIP 5

NZ's premier alternative compilation is back! Check out this line-up... Green Day, Bush, R.E.M., Collective Soul, Stillskin, Letters To Cleo, Juliana Hatfield, The Cult, Faith No More,

Grant Lee Buffalo, Jan Hellriegel, Filter, Royal Trux, You Am I and more! Instores August 12. Buy the album and go in the draw to win 1 of 2 'Town & Country' snowboards, value \$1,500 or 1 of 3 'Town & Country' clothing packages worth \$600. Details from your music store.





"If I have to do a ton on interviews, I dread them, as they drain your psychic energy, but once I've started, it's not that big [a] deal, and often I enjoy talking to someone."

His rise in rock 'n' roll has been steady rather than spectacular, but his sixth album, *100% Fun*, should get him noticed in the street — another by-product of fame.

"To certain people, I'm famous, and others have no idea. If I get in certain places where it's likely I'd be recognised, I get uncomfortable and realise I'd better watch it. Earlier this year, when we were touring back East, I felt I was getting recognised a lot more, but it comes in waves. It depends on how much you're on TV and how much people are seeing you."

So, how would you describe a typical Matthew Sweet fan?

"There isn't a typical fan, although I imagine a lot of college

topped that. Sweet is quick to give credit to producer Brendan O'Brien (Pearl Jam, Stone Temple Pilots, Bob Dylan, Soundgarden, etc.).

"Brendan and I like to work real quickly, and we met each other's match. Making this record, we wanted instant gratification, rather than poring over things forever. We were trying to keep things instrumentally simple, and I wanted to make a clear, strong, real poppy record that was direct like *Girlfriend*, but had the roomy, light feeling of *Altered Beast*."

"I was always jealous of how bands like the Chili Peppers sounded on the radio, and I realised it was something Brendan had worked on. He's one of those people, like George Martin, who can sit down at the mixing console on his own, and within an hour he can make something sound amazing. Originally, I wasn't going to include 'Walk Out' on this record, but Brendan did a great new mix of it, and it's a big favourite with a lot of people and a live favourite. So, he's just a natural and I can see us doing another album."

The title, *100% Fun*, is an ironic dig at those who mistakenly felt *Altered Beast* was an awkward, pessimistic animal.

"The songs that are melancholy on the new record are at least searching for coming to terms with things, whereas before I would present a problem and there's no hope. I've reached more of a blend of anxiety and hope. I liked *100% Fun* as



# Sweets for Matthew Sweet

**R**ising Nebraskan singer-songwriter Matthew Sweet sounded fairly philosophical about the gamut of phone interviews he had to face in the middle of last month.

"That's part of my job, and it messes up a lot of people's schedules if I'm not together about them," he explains from Canada, in the throes of a tour supporting the Tragically Hip (who he has dubbed "the U2 of Canada").

kids like my music, and people who are generally emotionally intelligent get into the lyrics and have a feeling about them relating to their lives. That's quite typical."

Yet, acknowledged and obvious influences like Elvis Costello, Brian Wilson and the Beatles must mean your music appeals to the old timers?

"Yeah, I do meet a lot of people who say: 'Aw, man, it's great. I've been around a long while, and I like the old stuff.' I love that sort of thing — those kind of stray fans are the most interesting to me."

In terms of 90s American pop, Sweet is virtually plowing a lone furrow. Craftsmen with his melodic gifts, lyrical fussiness and integrated, but spontaneous, guitar interplay are very thin on the ground. He's well on the way to deserved recognition, although *Altered Beast* seemed to snag his commercial momentum.

"That was the general impression. When it came out, there was a general expectation on the part of the company and the media that it would be a big commercial record. When it looked to be, that's when it acquired the reputation of being weird and difficult; although, I don't think it's that out there, and I'm meeting a lot of people who are fans of it now. It sold 300,000 in America, and *Girlfriend* was 550,000, and *100% Fun* is already 400,000. So, it's not like *Altered Beast* was a total flop. We didn't know what to expect of the new record, but it sort of jumped out the gate."

With each successive record, Sweet is managing to progress in the refinement and definition of his music, without losing the edge that graces the best rock 'n' roll.

"I hope I'm progressing, as I'm always wondering if I was as good as I'd get. You look at your favourite artists, and they tend to be really great when they're younger, and then they get convoluted and worse. I've always been aware of that, and I've always dreaded it, and no matter how much I dread it, it will seep in somehow."

"I still feel pretty vital and driven, and even in the last few weeks I've been having a lot of ideas for songs. As long as I can stay in touch with that part of me, which is a personal and selfish pleasure to do music, then I'll probably be into doing it on some level."

It sounded like *Altered Beast* was going to be the definitive statement of Sweet's art — even after the excellent *Girlfriend* — but prolonged exposure to *100% Fun* suggests he's even

a title because of the way it interacted with the melancholic side of the record. It made me think of it as a sad kind of title, like how do you find 100 percent fun and how long does it last? And there's the more sarcastic side of the title that fools some people into thinking the record is 100 percent fun. It's a healthy record for me, which translates as seeming more up beat."

A study of Sweet's lyrics suggests that he's on the fringes of Electric Bedsit Land. Are you introspective?

"Yes, when I'm on my own I tend to think of things in heavy ways, and it's through music that I've dealt with those feelings. But people are also surprised by how cheerful and up beat I seem. It's not that I don't know how to have fun or be in a good mood. I think it's important to have a good sense of humour but, on the other hand, I'm realistic, and I fall back into what's it all about and how quickly time's passing by. I get a lot of anxiety just from general living. I tap into my own fears and anxieties and put them into my songs."

So, your personal life is obviously an important component in your songs?

"My personal feelings are, but not my personal life. I've been happily married for almost three years and in a great relationship for six years. Yet, if you were to read my lyrics and listen to my songs, you'd go: 'Wow, this guy's having some problems.' Because I have to bring my songs to life somehow with words, I tend to get into these different relationship plays which are not things I'm necessarily experiencing."

And the divorce from your first wife?

"Long, long gone, and even that was blown out of proportion during the *Girlfriend* time, like how much that album was supposed to be about the divorce. Some of the songs dated to that time, but most of them were done when I was in a really good new relationship."

"I like for people to get their own feelings from my music and relate them to their own lives, rather than figure out what I was going through, as my stuff is more made up, fantastical than that."

Sweet is overdue in these parts, but a "paralysing" fear of flying means he prefers bus tours of North America.

"I like being in overseas countries, it's just the travel I can't handle — but I'll figure it out somehow."

GEORGE KAY

## GREG JOHNSON

VINE STREET STORIES



AN ALBUM OF UNIQUE CHARACTER, GREAT SOUND AND SONGS THAT MELT MOUNTAINS.

Includes the new single "Don't Wait Another Day" and earlier singles "Let the Sun Beat Down", a remixed "Winter Song" and "Come On".

EMI

IN STORE 21 AUGUST







# Foo Man Crew

**'Fingernails are pretty / Fingernails are good / It seems that all they ever wanted was a market...'**

**What does it mean? What does it matter? The only thing that really matters is where the lyric of the year comes from — and the answer to that is, the Foo Fighters' debut album. Coming from their debut single track, 'This is a Call', it's got to be the most quoted line since: 'Here we are now / Entertain us,' which is ironic, to say the least. If you need to ask who Foo Fighters are, one can only assume you've been living in solitary confinement for the last eight months.**

**T**he Foo Fighters' press file is a fat one. It stretches back to the beginning of this year, when Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder introduced their material on his satellite radio broadcast, Self Pollution Radio. The world pricked up its ears and sucked in a collective breath of anticipation, but still, we had to wait. When *Foo Fighters* was released, so were loud sighs of relief and raucous whoops of joy, for yes, it was good, damn good.

So, what does it take for a brand new band to generate such a stir before barely a soul has heard them? You could try having your frontman emerge from the still smoking ashes of one of the greatest bands ever. It worked for the Foo Fighters, even if said frontman was former band's drummer.

Still stumped, cave dwellers? Remember Nirvana, by any chance? Remember the guy

"[I] had a guitar around the house all my life, but never got around to really learning how to play it until I was about 10 years old. I was told to take lessons because everyone was sick of hearing 'Smoke on the Water'," recalls Grohl of his humble beginnings.

The first band he joined was called Freak Baby. He began as their guitarist, later moving on to the drums. Drumming stints in Mission Impossible and Scream followed, before Grohl heard word that what he has referred to as "the N band" were looking for a drummer, and had been looking at him. The rest is history. Today belongs to the Foos.

The seeds of *Foo Fighters* were planted back in 1992. "With little action on the Nirvana front, I could pay more attention to my music," says Grohl. "Most of my time was spent writing and experimenting with harmonies and arrangements. Songs like 'Good Grief' and 'Exhausted'

tracks in two and a half days, meaning I was literally running from instrument to instrument, using mostly first takes on everything. All vocals and rough mixes were finished on schedule: one week." That was in October last year.

Grohl didn't recruit the other Foo Fighters until after the album was completed. As a live unit, they've had critics all over the place doing the written equivalent of wetting their pants since their March 3 debut performance, at the Portland Satyricon, in Oregon.

Capitol Records president/CEO Gary Gersh was responsible for signing Foo Fighters, in the midst of a record company bidding frenzy which included Nirvana's former label, Geffen. Gersh has been associated with Grohl since he was an A&R executive at Geffen, where he was responsible for signing Nirvana. The album is released on Grohl's own Capitol distributed

ing letter saved my life, because as much as I missed Kurt, and as much as I felt so lost, I knew there was only one thing I was truly cut out to do, and that was music."

Pat Smear, whose Germs frontman, Darby Crash, also met an untimely demise, was also stunned into submission by Cobain's death. "After you've been in the coolest band ever, what do you do?," he says. "I sat on the couch with the remote control in my hand for a year. I didn't know if I ever wanted to be in a band again. I was just working on solo stuff. Dave and I had kept in touch, and I heard about his [*Foo Fighters*] tape, but I didn't know what to expect. When I heard the tape, I flipped. But I didn't want to ask to join the band. I waited for him to ask me."

With the demise of Sunny Day Real Estate (due to one band member's conversion to Christianity, "a condition unfamiliar with artistic

**"After you've been in the coolest band ever, what do you do? I just sat on the couch with the remote control in my hand for a year." — Pat Smear.**

that sat behind the stellar bright Kurt Cobain? Well, that was Dave Grohl. Hand the guy a microphone and a guitar, then stick him in front of Nirvana's best known extra and former Germs man, Pat Smear (on second guitar), and former Sunny Day Real Estate members Nate Mendel (bass) and William Goldsmith (drums), and you've got Foo Fighters. But it hasn't always been this way. In the beginning, there was only Grohl.

The most popular label to be pasted on Grohl in the months leading up to the Foo Fighters' live debut and album release was 'the Grunge Ringo'. The scoffers couldn't have been more wrong, and have now had their too hastily shot bolts on the matter shoved right back down their throats.

were written around this time. 'Weenie Beenie' and 'Poduk' were thrown together in early 1993, as were lots of other songs I sure hope no one ever hears. 'For All the Cows' was done around the same time."

In case you haven't guessed, Dave Grohl is a lot more clever than a lot of people (usually unjustifiably) give drummers credit for. He's so clever, in fact, that he went on to record *Foo Fighters* all by himself, except for the track 'X-Static', which features the Afghan Whigs' Greg Dulli on guitar. (Grohl and Dulli were both part of the Back Beat Band, which formed for the film *Back Beat*.)

"I wanted to see how little time it could take me to track 15 songs, complete with overdubs and everything," explains Grohl. "I did the basic

label, Roswell. Both he and Krist Novoselic were released from their Nirvana deals with Geffen after Cobain's suicide in 1994.

Cobain's death not only put an end to Nirvana, but almost drove Grohl's own musical plans into a brick wall. "After Kurt's death, I was about as confused as I've ever been," he says. "To continue almost seemed in vain. I was always going to be 'that guy from Kurt Cobain's band', and I knew that. I wasn't even sure if I had the desire to make music any more.

"I received a postcard from fellow Seattle band 7 Year Bitch, who had also lost a member. It said: 'We know what you're going through. The desire to play music is gone for now, but it will return. Don't worry.' That fuck-

tolerance", as Goldsmith says), Grohl saw his chance to make a pitch to Goldsmith and Mendel. Grohl's proposals were accepted all around, and now the Foos are all sporting the Cheshirest grins since the Osmonds ruled the small screen.

"I didn't want this to be some ridiculous solo project," says Grohl. "I sure as fuck didn't consider Pat, Nate and William my backing band. I realised this was a bizarre foundation for a band, but that's exactly what my goal was: to have another band. We got together and it was soon apparent that this was to be that next band. I wanted everyone to have the freedom to do whatever they wanted to do within the songs, each member as important as the next."

BRONWYN TRUDGEON



# PURE SMIRNOFF











Undeniable evidence of this is supplied by the new album. In 1990, *The Watertable* charmed with its collection of crisp, often delicate pop delights. Then, three years on, *Everyday Distortions* proved a magnificent exercise in chunkier, catchier pop/rock, spawning the timeless singles 'Talk in This Town', 'Two Feet Off the Ground', and 'Isabelle', as well as lesser known classics like 'True Grit' and 'Seventh Deadly Sin'. Now, *Vine Street Stories* takes off in a different direction. Johnson has opted to turn the volume knob down, deciding on a sparse, moody acoustic feel. Gone are the heavy, layered-guitar rock tunes, in favour of a collection of piano and vocal driven tunes. More than ever, Johnson himself has been sent to the front, in particular on 'Beautiful Chain' and the glorious 'If I Swagger'.

"That's quite intentional. I've been pushing for a long time to get more space and to put the voice up front, because that's how I like my songs to be, that's how they work best."

One aspect that has remained constant over three albums is Johnson's penchant for telling melancholy tales, borne of late nights in noisy drinking dens, sinking buckets of red wine, and casting an observant eye over the assembled. Practice is making perfect.

"I think most of my writing does mirror a lot of life experiences. A lot of that is inspired by stories I've picked up in bars while doing an awful lot of drinking —

Meanwhile, their lead singer was rarely seen without a glass of vodka or a bottle of red wine strapped to his person. Not surprisingly, one of his best songs worked its way out during this period. Talk turns to 'Pleasure And Overdose', a stunning song driven by a sweet piano melody that comes on subtly, almost masking the unfolding tale of the highs and lows of unchecked hedonism.

"There's a damn fine line between them / Pleasure and overdose..."

"That's why I'm in detox at the moment. If you're going to have real pleasure, it's quite a dangerous thing in a lot of ways, and not just drugs. You could be dealing with a dangerous woman in a relationship that is self destructive but so pleasurable. It's about that hedonistic idea that goes along with most enjoyable pursuits, and how far can you push it before it becomes an overdose."

With Johnson taking steps to regulate his habits, you have to wonder what effect, if any, it may have on his creative output. At the end of the day, there are basically two types of creative artists. There are those who can work fuelled only by their immediate environment, who get their highs from life; and on the flip side of the coin are those who require a steady stream of drink and drugs to act as a short-cut to the subconscious. One suspects Johnson is the latter.

"I think rather than drink or drugs altering your state of consciousness, you *achieve* your real state of consciousness, and mostly that's achieved by reaching a relaxed state. I've always thought that about any kind of drug, all it's doing is allowing what is already in there to come out. That's why pot is such a good drug, because you can really concentrate and be single minded, and push all the other crap out. Alcohol's a bit like that too, it's relaxing enough to be creative. But that said, I don't go out for a night and drink, and then come home and write. I don't think it's an important part of my creativity, but it's an important part of my relaxation."

As if to illustrate his point, Johnson outlines in great detail what he believes makes a class songwriter, then sits down to play a brand new song, 'Digging Small Holes', composed totally in a lucid frame of mind.

## Greg Johnson: While You Were Sleeping

**Songwriting: "A lot of that is inspired by stories I've picked up in bars while doing an awful lot of drinking — y'know, that whole other side of life that goes on when everyone else is in bed."**

There's a brilliant scene in the heavy metal comedy *More Bad News*, where lead singer Vim Fuego (aka Alan Metcalfe) is visited at home by rock journo Sally Freedman. During the course of the discussion, Fuego lets it be known he's been communicating with the ghosts of dead rock stars, and decided to build a studio in his cellar to record the 'duets'. He invites Freedman downstairs to hear the fruits of his labour — a tune that John Lennon had assisted with called 'Imagine' ("It's a girl's name, the title is some sort of strange coincidence.").

Midway through last year, a mutual friend took me around to the St Mary's Bay home of singer-songwriter Greg Johnson. Within minutes we were down in the basement, listening not to half baked ghostly compositions, but to the first recordings of songs that would later comprise Johnson's third album, the soon-to-be-released *Vine Street Stories*. One thing I was sure of at the time was it was going to be a top class record. Almost a year later, we're back sitting in the studio, and having listened to the completed package for several days, it feels good to say I was right.

Recording of the new album began in Vine Street in July 1994. Wellington producer Nigel Stone trucked a tonne of equipment up from the Capital, and installed it in the makeshift studio, using "enough wiring to rework Telecom". The drums and bass were set up in

the upstairs kitchen, and the vocals and guitars were recorded from a room next to the studio. The initial recording process ran more smoothly than expected, vindicating Johnson's decision to avoid using a recognised recording studio.

"I thought it would be good to do an album at home, because my favourite recordings were ones that I did by myself on a cassette deck. I thought to capture the vibe under which the songs were written, we should record here."

Later, the mixing of the album at Marmalade Studios in Wellington was plagued by technical hitches. Combined with the obligatory record company hassles, the completion of the album became a long, drawn out process — and one that Johnson is obviously glad to put behind him.

Technically, *Vine Street Stories* is his solo debut. The two previous albums were recorded with the now legendary, hard living, heavy drinking bunch of blokes known as the Greg Johnson Set. Today, only guitarist Trevor Reekie remains from the original line-up that formed in 1989, and recorded the albums *The Watertable* and 1993's *Everyday Distortions*. Not for the first time in rock history, the split in ranks was due to differences à la musical.

"*Vine Street Stories* signals the end of the Greg Johnson Set really, but it's a mutual sort of thing. Those guys are fantastic players, but we were just shifting apart in the styles we wanted to play."

y'know, that whole other side of life that goes on when everyone else is in bed."

It's to Johnson's credit that each of his 'slices of life' smacks of being intensely personal about himself or those most close to him. As with the best of songwriters, he's 100 percent believable, whatever way you choose to interpret the lyrics in his songs, though his take on this is vastly different.

"Despite how it may seem, I never write songs for people. I never try and tell a specific person something through a song. If I do, it's not conscious anyway. It's a favourite thing of mine to say all this stuff and then deny it all in the last verse, because it leaves you a little ambiguity. I like to put some kind of weird twist in there, like a good short story should have; it's like leading someone on, then changing your mind. Ultimately those songs are there for my own therapy. Some songs are me trying to justify my own bad lot, not trying to open up someone else's. That's what it's all about really: justifying to yourself what you've been doing... or what you should be doing."

Perhaps with an almost-30 sense of self reckoning, Johnson is discovering what he has and hasn't been doing is taking its physical toll. At the time of our interview, he's enduring his fourth day of a self imposed two week detox. In the heyday of the Greg Johnson Set, their drink and drug intake was not far behind that of Irish group the Pogues, and tales of the Set's excessive behaviour were legendary.

"The key to being a good songwriter is having the ability to use words, combined with the right chord, to evoke a whole plethora of details in emotion. There are a lot of different words with dictionary meanings that go around in circles trying to explain the finer details of human emotion, and that's why I reckon music is the strongest art form, because you don't just have words. It's not just a poem and it's not just sound — when the two are mixed together in the right place, it's very powerful."

Johnson is currently treading solo through the wringer of the local publicity machine to promote *Vine Street Stories*, and a nationwide tour with a new band is due to follow. The 1995 version of Greg Johnson appears pretty happy with his lot, regardless of the fact he's gasping for a cigarette, and his excitement at putting out a new record is barely affected by the anxieties accompanying withdrawals. But he doesn't call it contentment — as with the first and second albums, Johnson's mind drifts constantly to thoughts of leaving on a jet plane.

"It always is, always. I wish I could say we were going off to play in Paris, but at the moment there's nothing, and that's not through lack of trying. I think [travelling overseas] will be a big part of my maintaining sanity in the next couple of years. I don't feel that I need vindication from the rest of the world, but I really would like to see what they think."

JOHN RUSSELL



# Your Sunday Night **T.V.** guide

Start  
Here

2

Run for your life!  
you've wandered onto  
channel two, the Simon  
Barnett monster might get  
you! AAAargh!!

yuk! It's old T.V. one.  
don't come back here  
until you're all wrinkley.

one

SKY

Don't go down  
here you  
need money!

Oh no, turn around.  
look it's Three  
and Melrose has  
finished.

3

Yay, you've made  
it to -

Luke and Robbo's

CHAT  
BUNGALOW

on Max.

Make sure you  
come back every Sunday  
night at nine.





## CHRIS ISAAK'S HEART SHAPED WORLD

A hotel in central Auckland. One of the big, smart ones: the Centra — but it could just as easily be the Regent or the Sheraton, the kind they put overseas stars in to stay and be interviewed. They all look kind of the same inside: the nicer side of neutral, every floor the same — although we've pushed the lift button marked 'Suites'.

We go down the corridor, past identical doors to one marked 'Executive Suite', and open it to reveal a large, but nonetheless bland, hotel room. But inside this room is an American in an immaculate, shining electric blue suit and crisp white shirt. Around his neck are a couple of charms on chains (one is a Maltese Cross) and a cardboard circle on elastic, with a red circle and bar over a picture of an iron printed on it (a 'Do Not Iron' tag). Equally immaculate is his hair: freshly slicked into place, not as high as it has sometimes been, but unmistakably that belonging to Chris Isaak.

The singer has flown directly from his home in San Francisco today, and I'm the last of sev-

We chat a bit about some of their old songs, how it's hard to choose which ones to play when you've got five albums out.

"How does Bob Dylan decide?" says Kenny.

"Easy," says Chris, "they all sound the same," and he does a Dylan impression, strumming the guitar, running a bunch of Dylanesque lines together.

Kenny leaves and I ask Chris where he's off to next on this tour. Is it a long hard slog?

"It's long, and it's hard, but it's not that much of a slog. It's like, I better watch my whimpering, or I might get something I could really cry about. I got a pretty good job."

And there it is. Every interview, every time you hear about or see Chris Isaak, you wonder: 'Can he really be such a nice guy?' He really does believe this is a job he's lucky to have. He really believes it's his job to give every audience and every interviewer *more* than just what's expected, more than what he could get away with. If it's an act, then it's one he's committed to getting right every time.

"After this we're going to Australia and then,

"I always try to write 'em personal, but I think, in this case, it was so close to when I broke up and so clear in my mind. It's like looking back at last month and you're confused and angry... all of a sudden it's gone, and you're: 'What happened?'"

So, these songs came together quickly?

"Pretty much. Recorded the album in seven, eight months. That's pretty quick for writing and recording an album."

I asked Chris if he struggles with how to approach a new album.

"I always feel a dilemma with how to write a good song. My biggest problem is to write a melody that's got something *unique*, and to write words that really *mean* something. I'll be making the thing up and think: 'This is a clever little line, that rhymes with that, that's clever,' but it doesn't mean anything about the real world or what I want to say. Those clever things, you look at the next day and they sound like junk. What I'd like to have is real simple songs that really are sayin' something that's going on in your life. Sometimes it happens but

only got AM radio, so I listen to the Mexican channel."

Surfing seems to be a recurring motif on the last couple of record covers.

"I went surfing right before I got on the plane, and I surfed two sessions the day before that, and two the day before. I surf every day that I can. I brought my Powergloves with me. Do you surf at all?"

Aah, no.

"They have these Powergloves, they have like, webs in between. I brought those with me and I'm hoping I might get some chance to surf while I'm here. I'm not real good, but... it's one of those things like sex: you don't have to be real good to have a lot of fun."

"I almost drowned last year. I looked at the beach, and there was nobody on the whole beach out, and there was huge, *huge* surf. I thought: 'If I can get out... I'll see if I can,' and I paddled out. I got out to the outside and I got hit by a huge wave, and it held me down for... a *long* time, a little bit longer than I wanted to be held down for — to the point where I was

*"I better watch my whimpering, or I might get something I could really cry about."*

eral interviews, but he's immediately friendly and fun.

"They got me workin' today. That's rough isn't it? You'd think they'd give you the first day off, you been on a plane for like, 15 hours."

Chris picks up the acoustic guitar off the couch with 'Chris Isaak' laid in pearl across the front ("That's the cool thing about being famous," he says the next night at the concert, "you get your name on everything."), and calls over his long-time drummer Kenny Dale Johnson. "Come on, let's sing somethin' Kenny," he says. "Let's play an old one."

I quickly ask for my favourite Chris Isaak song, 'Heart Shaped World', the title track of his third album (that also yielded the ubiquitous 'Wicked Game'). He strums a couple of times to remember how to play it, and then starts, Kenny singing along and playing on a drum skin. I check that my tape deck is on.

I don't know about you, but I found having one of my favourite singers play one of my favourite songs to me 60 seconds after I met him... very peculiar.

"Hey, good call. That was fun," says Kenny when they finish. "We haven't done that in a while."

I just heard today, we're doing MTV Unplugged. So, as soon as we get back, we're going to rehearse. It never stops."

Chris is touring to promote his new — and fifth — album, *Forever Blue*. The songs on the album chart a course of emotions following the break-up of a relationship — all relating to one girl.

"Yeah, I didn't *intend* it to all be about that, but when you're writing, you can't escape who you are."

The order of the songs follows a natural progression of sentiments following such a break-up.

"I think it does kinda work that way. The last song, 'The End of Everything', is kind of resigned, but at the end of that is a little bit of birds. I'd done the record and I went out on my back porch in San Francisco; I had a test tape and I listened to the whole thing. At the very end, all these birds were singing — I have a big tree — and I thought: 'That's kind of appropriate... something keeps going, there's optimism.'"

The songs on this album and *San Francisco Days* seem more personal, less character based than *Heart Shaped World*.

a lot of times it doesn't.

"When I wrote 'Forever Blue' — I think that's like, my best piece of songwriting on this album. Because the lyrics, I think, really tell a story, they're based on something I really felt. The melody is a very pretty melody and it's a little different. That to me is like, I wish I could do that every time. I don't worry too much about the trend... if I can get 10 songs with the writing like that... the trend'll come over to me!"

So what current music do you listen to?

"Wilco, Pavement..."

They're from your home town.

"Yeah, they're from Stockton. I really didn't listen to them 'cause of that. I thought: 'Oh, they're from Stockton too,' but I thought: 'They're a punk band,' 'cause the album cover looks like a punk band — but they're very melodic and pretty. I listen to a lot of the same stuff every one listens to, you don't even have to try to listen to. Like: 'You listen to Cranberries?' Yeah, sure, 'cause everybody hears it. 'Do you listen to REM?' Yeah, they have some cool stuff. Other than that, when I drive around in my car, I listen to Mexican music a lot, 'cause I have a 64 Chevy, and it's

thinkin' I was gonna pass out and be breathing water. After that I came back to shore and thought: 'I'm a singer, man. What am I doing out here? Why am I doing this?'"

And he's an actor (Chris featured in Bertolucci's *Last Emperor*, but his cinematic high point has been a supercool half hour as Special Agent Chet Desmond in *Fire, Walk With Me*, the *Twin Peaks* movie). Any more of that lined up?

"We just been talking to David Lynch to see, if the schedule's right, maybe Kenny and myself go up for a part, maybe play detectives."

Chet Desmond again?

"I dunno... an ongoing character. Chet Desmond shows up again. I love that name. I said: 'Who's that named after?,' and he says (here Chris slips into a perfect David Lynch bark): "*Chet: Chet Baker. Desmond is Desmond Decker.*"

On that note, the record company wraps up the interview, so I leave Chris to get rest for the show the following night ("We need a rest in the worst way."), where he gives 100 percent of himself again, this time on stage, to a room full of people. What a guy.

JONATHAN KING





Jodeci

**NAUGHTY BY NATURE** Feel Me Flow  
(Tommy Boy)

Back again, the incredible rhyme animals, Naughty By Nature, with the first cut off their new album *Poverty's Paradise*. Not bad either, considering most crews don't survive a second hit album, let alone a third. 'We came back cos we heard hip-hop needed another anthem,' raps Treach, but this ain't anything like 'OPP' or 'Hip Hop Hooray'. Sure, there's still a party flavor but the song is more sophisticated this time, perhaps reflecting the crews age. Smooove with more than a touch of ragga.

**JODECI** Freak N You  
(MCA)

Never had much time for this crew, their lovesick psuedo-porn croonings make me wanna puke. Still, they have a huge following, and if you prefer your Boyz II Men with a lot more sex in the lyrics, then this is for you. Personally I'll stick with Adina Howard.

**BOBBY BROWN** Two Can Play That Game  
(MCA)

Since Bobby Brown seems more interested in making movies than records, these days his record company have been forced into re-mixing his old material and releasing it. Still, when you've got top techno producers K-Klass on the

case, you know the results are going to be good. Well, not terrible, at least. Actually, K-Klass are outgunned by 2B3 Productions who aren't credited on the cover, but also provide two re-mixes. Together, they give a very 'now' sound to an old song, that should provide even greater appeal to the white dance audience.

**DJ FUNKMASTER FLEX**  
Hot 97 Mixmaster Weekend (Zed Music)

Imported from the New York mixmaster specialists, this is the guy who every hip hopper worth his or her salt knows — and now the rest of the plebs do too, courtesy of the recent profile in *Face* magazine. Flex catches much wreck on the turntables, and you have to remind yourself constantly that he's doing it all live on the steel wheels, without the aid of DAT players or samplers. Side one is the latest stuff (Mary J Blige, Notorious BIG, Method Man, TLC), but my favourite came on the B-side, with the 30 minute old school hip-hop jam: Public Enemy, LL Cool J, Dougey Fresh, Run DMC et al — all cut the fuck up wild style.

**LOVE TO INFINITY** Keep Love Together  
(Mushroom)

Classy English Eurohouse from the Manchester three-piece. With five mixes to choose from, my pick is the elongated 'Paradise Mix', although most would perhaps

go for the 'Aphrodisiac Mix', which was remixed and remastered at The Hit Factory in New York.

**GRANDMASTER FLASH & MELLE MEL**  
Don't Do It (D&S Remix) (Central Station)

Speaking of re-mixing for the white dance audience... after signing the song away into the hands of Duran Duran I suppose this was inevitable. Dominic Sas and Serge Ramaekers have stripped away the hip-hop and replaced it with a hi-energy techno beat. If you can forget the original, then it's actually quite a cool groove... if you can't, then you're likely to shake your head and cry — they had to speed up the rap in order to make it fit the beat! I've found that drinking helps.

**NIGHTCRAWLERS** Surrender Your Love  
(BMG)

Never much liked this band, too clever by half. The production is superb, but then, aren't they all these days? The song itself doesn't really grab me by the short 'n' curls.

**GREED** Pump Up The Volume  
(Crash Bang!)

Actually, make that a double, 'cause here we go again. Well, almost. Rather than doing a technified cover of the MARRS original, Greed have avoided the royalty problem by doing what

CJ MacIntosh did in the first place: they've sampled the rap lyric 'Pump Up the Volume' from Eric B and Rakim's 'I Know You Got Soul' (which in turn sampled James Brown's 'I Know You Got Soul'), and come up with a Eurodisco rap song with a chorus hook everyone knows. Yuck.

**TOTAL** featuring NOTORIOUS BIG  
Can't You See (Tommy Boy)

Ah, relief at last. Not as good as the similar pairing of Mary J Blige and Method Man, but this does nice enough thankyou. Produced by Sean 'Puffy' Combs, for the *New Jersey Drive* soundtrack, this is a fine slice of R&B rap. Total provide the girlie chorus, and fatman Notorious BIG gives it some streetwise ghetto credibility. Stick to the soundtrack album though, 'cause this is just the 'Clean' and 'No Rap' mixes.

**CHRISTINE ANU** Party  
(Mushroom)

That funky chick from across the ditch gets the party started right with the aptly titled 'Handbag Mix'. A decade ago, the Aussies were all into guitars and INXS. Now they've abandoned all that for their version of the black dance sound. While we may have the credibility, they have the hits — funny how things work out.

**LOVE CITY GROOVE** Love City Groove  
(Festival)

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. Eurodisco, 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'.

**PAST TO PRESENT** Crazy (UK Remixes)  
(Mushroom)

What was that I said about the Aussies having all the hits? Past To Present are four Polynesian brothers who have given themselves over to producers Dale and Deltito. Yeah, it's good, but Purest Form could run rings around them — so why don't they? I'd be willing to chip in for the plane trip to get them (Purest Form) out of our hair, uh, I mean the country.

NICK D'ANGELO

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## THE RETURN OF THE LAST POETS

For the first time in over twenty years, original members of revolutionary rap pioneers The Last Poets reunite and release *HOLY TERROR*, an album as vital and relevant today as any work by the Poets in the 70's. Produced by Bill Laswell and featuring lyrics and vocals by Grandmaster Melle Mel, fat & funky grooves from Boosty Collins and Bernie Worrell, and guest vocals from George Clinton.



"The Last Poets were the first *real* hardcore rappers."  
— Ice Cube

"The Last Poets were a great inspiration to me when I was young."  
— Spike Lee

"It all comes around. Everybody has finally caught up to what the Last Poets were saying a generation ago — and it's more more relevant and necessary now than at any time before." — Chuck D of Public Enemy

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2 Pac

## hip-hop cornered

**2 PAC** *Me Against the World*  
(Interscope)

2 Pac has been in the media more than any other rapper: rape, assault and being shot five times while going to the studio. It's hard to review his music without reviewing the man.

*Me Against the World* is a self-realisation of his mistakes. There are a lot of songs about futility, and there's a 'nothing to lose, it's just me against the world' attitude. The word cemetery features five times in the first three songs, and death seems to be every second word.

The beats on the album are a vast improvement from his last couple, and production credits go to an array of producers. Easy Mo Bee would be the most recognisable of them, with hits for Biggie Smalls and Craig Mack.

Although the attitude of the record is: 'This is what I did, you shouldn't take this path,' I can't get over 2 Pac coming out like he's been done foul and it's not his fault, society and the police made his decisions for him... but rape?

There are some good moments. 'Dear Momma' is 2 Pac saying: 'I understand the things you had to do, I'm sorry,' and generally making peace with his mother. On the whole it is 2 Pac saying goodbye before going to prison, 'Thugg Life' tattooed on his belly, 'Fuck the World' on his back. 'Me against the world, or the world against me?'

OLI GREEN

**TOO SHORT** *Cocktails*  
(Jive)

Too Short is a rap pioneer. A lot of things in rap have changed over the years, except Too Short.

Short dogg, pimp, hustler, cadillac, bitch, hoe, nigger, punk, muther fucker, Mack Daddy — OK, that is almost the whole record, and the vocal hasn't changed in all the years he's been rhyming. But Shorty doesn't care, because he will always sell records. He's earned his huge

fan base from the work he's put into the game, going from selling tapes from the boot of his car to being a platinum seller.

There's not much to say about *Cocktails*. The name says it all: set rhymes from Shorty the pimp. It's not for politically correct, new age men and women, but Too Short won't apologise. As he so eloquently puts it in 'Thangs Change': 'I get paid real well to talk about a bitch / And you bought it / So don't get mad that I'm rich.'

If you have always like Too Short, you'll love this record. If not, you'll probably hate it, but Shorty won't lose any sleep.

OLI GREEN

**OL' DIRTY BASTARD**

*Return To The 36 Chambers*  
(The Dirty Version)  
(Elektra)

The Wu Tang saga continues! Personally, I love the Wu Tang Clan, and everything any of them do, and this is just another reason to do so. Straight out of the Brooklyn Zoo comes the raw, unexplainable Mr Ol' Dirty Bastard, and yes, this album is dirty. The RZA takes care of most of the production, and almost the whole Wu Tang guest on it (bar U-God).

The beats are like infected dub, and Ol' Dirty is like the pus. Sometimes Mr Bastard repeats the beginnings of verses twice or three times, but unlike most rappers, who are getting the 'feel' right before they lay a take down, this dude keeps them on wax. He has operatic styles, Ol' Dirty love ballads, street commentaries, pimp daddy rhymes — truly a Bastard for all occasions.

The Genius stands out as the best guest, with Method Man a close second. The whole project sounds as if it could have been made over a drunken weekend after the footy, but I'm sure Monsieur Bastard wouldn't have had it any other way.

Long live the Wu!

OLI GREEN

Charlie Rich



## back beat

**CHARLIE RICH 1934-1995 R.I.P**

Charlie Rich was drunk when, on live TV, he opened the envelope for the best male singer at the 1975 Country Music Awards. But that didn't affect his sense of style and taste. Reading that John Denver had won, he set the envelope on fire. The problem with Rich was he was too damn talented. He came to the Sun Studios in Memphis in 1958, after Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis, and seeing the breadth of his talent, the legendary Sam Phillips let him follow his instincts. Taught the piano by a black sharecropper, Rich was well versed in blues and gospel, but he was also adept at jazz. He had pop hits with 'Lonely Weekends' and 'Mohair Sam', then his genius languished through lack of focus, even though some of his songs became standards (Elvis Costello covered 'Sittin' and Thinkin', Jerry Lee and Bobby Bland, 'Who Will the Next Fool Be'). It wasn't until Billy Sherrill started producing him in the late 60s that Rich found a wide audience, singing smooth country. In 1973 they hit paydirt with the sublime 'Behind Closed Doors', but the follow-up, 'The Most Beautiful Girl', typified the countrypolitan schlock he was then burdened with. Sherrill even stopped Rich playing piano on his own sessions. Wealth followed, but so did alcoholic despondency — until, in 1992, journalist Peter Guralnick rescued Rich with the astounding *Pictures and Paintings*. For 25 years Guralnick had championed Rich; his essay in *Lost Highways* (Penguin) is a classic study of the fame vs creativity dichotomy in American music. Rich may have sung 'Don't Put No Headstone on My Grave', but a more appropriate epitaph is 'Life Has its Little Ups and Downs', a look at marriage filled with pathos, written by his wife Margaret Ann, who was with Rich when he died in a Louisiana motel last month. Almost anything Rich recorded before 1974, plus *Pictures*, can be recommended — and found in the bargain bin at your local second-hand record store.

**TILL THE NIGHT IS GONE:**

A Tribute to Doc Pomus (Rhino)

**DR JOHN** Afterglow

(Blue Thumb/BMG)

Doc Pomus was a Brooklyn white boy who grew up on R&B before it had a name. He was a blues singer who decided he was better as a songwriter, and his hits for Elvis ('Little Sister', 'Suspicion'), the Drifters and the Coasters say he was right. This is the best tribute album yet, because it shows genuine love for Pomus from a wide range of musical friends. It also shows the deceptive simplicity of the classic R&B songs. The old school (Los Lobos, BB King, Dr John, Solomon Burke, Brian Wilson) sits alongside some youngsters (Shawn Colvin, John Hiatt, Lou Reed) to pull off some great performances for their colleague, with a couple of special surprises: Dylan's 'Boogie Woogie Country Girl' swings with real commitment, and Dion's 'Turn Me Loose' is a devastating example of white blues.

1989 was a good year for Dr John — he quit heroin after a 30-year habit, and released *In a Sentimental Mood*, a lush album of jazz standard with the breakthrough hit 'Makin' Whoopee'. The superb follow-up, *Goin' Back to New Orleans*, proved the doctor was as much historian as sentimentalist. But nostalgia sells (ask Harry Connick, or better still, hit him after his travesty of a concert), so after last year's contemporary funk on *Television*, Dr John returns to big band jazz. These lesser known songs by the likes of Duke Ellington, Irving Berlin, Louis Jordan and Doc Pomus feature big horn and string sections (two are arranged by Kiwi expat Alan Broadbent) with Dr John's distinctive ivory tinkling and bayou growl. Reliable rather than ground-breaking.

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**VARIOUS ARTISTS** The Promised Land  
(Columbia)

Although slavery was abolished at the end of the Civil War, early this century Southern blacks weren't much better off, as racism and segregation persisted. So from about the First World War, they started to migrate from poor Southern states such as Mississippi and Alabama. They went north (on the "Midnight Special" train) to Memphis, St Louis and Chicago – and new musical forms evolved. This 2-CD pack is the soundtrack to a BBC mini-series about black migration. It's a quick overview of the rich history of black music this century, early country blues to hard-core rap. Although its marketing to a white audience means the emphasis is on crossover artists – musicians who were big with blacks only have missed the final cut – the selections may be obvious, but that's because they are essential classics. Just look at the lineup: Robert Johnson, Bessie Smith, Duke Ellington, Aretha, James Brown, Marvin Gaye ... with one track each, it's a quick lesson in musical roads that will repay a lifetime of exploration. Even the half-dozen remakes by apprentices such as Dionne Farris and Terence Trent D'Arby are credible.

**GLEN MOFFATT**  
Somewhere in New Zealand Tonight  
(Sun Pacific)

A strong debut from the 24-year-old boy wonder of Auckland country. Supported by the city's top players (Red McKelvie, Alastair Dougal, Jeremy Dart and Jono Lonie, Moffatt has produced a consistent album of songs rooted in local reality, particularly the title track, 'Anzac Day' and the one about week-end cowboys, 'Truck Driver in His Head'. Moffatt's earnest enthusiasm shows more passion than any Nashville hat act sizing himself up in the mirror, plus he has the songwriting skills. Once his nasal tenor weathers a bit, he'll be a stimulating foil for his idol Al Hunter (whose debut *Neon Cowboy* was also produced by Stuart Pearce, and with whom many of these musicians are still identified). Moffatt isn't shy about his influences, and they're all New Zealanders (Hunter, John Hore, Ken Lemon). The three Kiwi covers are smart choices too, particularly Max Merritt's 'Slipping Away' and Ritchie Pickett's 'Bastards of the Rodeo'.

JAMES BOOKER

## New Zealand

**STRAWPEOPLE** Beautiful Skin  
CD Single (Sony)

Thanks to this release, there's a squillion and one renditions of 'Beautiful Skin' out there, so it's difficult to remember which one's on what album, but the version sung by Stephanie Tauvehi on *World Service* is the best thing the Strawpeople have ever done. 'Beautiful Skin' shouldn't be messed with, it's a song of such untouchable beauty, and is a testament to the absolute-genius songwriting ability of its author, Greg Johnson. This CD contains three bastardised mixes, with vocals by new Strawpeople singer Victoria Kelly. Why?

**SUPERETTE** Rosepig  
CD EP (Flying Nun)

The Rosepig EP harbours the first recorded offerings from a post-JPSE Dave Mulcahy. Teaming up with bassist Ben Howe and drummer Greta Anderson, they've cooked up five songs that don't stray too far from Mulcahy's contributions to the Experience. The sleepy, repetitive whine of the single 'Killer Clown' opens, while 'The Horse' rocks in an understated, S.Youth Goo kinda way. 'Disappear' is the real business, and the only track where Mulcahy's taste for a casually stunning melody truly comes into play. Simple but effective it chugs along nicely, before 'Beetle' brings the EP to a close at a snail's pace.

**PUMPKINHEAD** Third Eye  
CD Single (Wildside)

'Third Eye' drops straight into the basket with 'Water' and 'Erase' as the best songs on Pumpkinhead's album *Sloth*. Kicked into life by machine gun-speed drumbeats, 'Third Eye' is instantly anthem material, ie. heavy on melody and big in the power chord department. Sheer brilliance. Also featured here are three tracks from Pumpkinhead's explosive set at *Strawberry Fields* earlier this year. 'Be Sure', 'Decaf', and 'Gruntruck' represent the more trad metal side of P. Head that I'm not totally sold on, but as a document of a superb live recording, it does the job.

**THE ASHVINS/SHOESHINE**  
Heavy Load/Wide Load CD (Spotty Dog)

The facts: There's 16 tracks, eight from Shoeshine, seven from the Ashvins, and a single dose of blues cacophony from Rob Haakman. Shoeshine knock out a harsh blast of twin guitar, and drum (no bass!) mania. Oddly bluesy in places, the gats alternate between a collision 'n' retreat idea, otherwise they play call and answer in a series of feedback frenzies. There's the odd dull moment – the five minute 'Cactus Farm' – but mostly this is good stuff esp. 'Take It', 'Shoeshine', and the SPUD-like instrumental 'Dirty Wounds'. More uneasy listening, buzz-saw guitar hymns from the Ashvins follows. This trio excel at speed, particularly on 'Pisces House' and 'I Live In A Swamp' (also available on seven inch single). A rum-

Superette

bling bottom-end jam called 'Where We Dwell', and the pleasantly irritating 'Rose By Nature' sound cool too.

Available for \$10 postpaid from Spotty Dog, PO Box 1500, Palmerston North.

**VARIOUS** The Sheep Technique Vol. 2  
Cassette

The second in a series of tape compilations from Christchurch's campus station RDU, this one plays host to eight Chch bands. The varied bag within ranges from the flat-out three chord punk served up by Nerve, to the angular pop-wank of Sifter who should stop trying so hard, and the overly sensitive pops sweets of Atomic Blossom. There's two enormous highlights: Hawaii 5-O's 'Take It' is a swirling, fuzzy keyboard-driven pop delight, and the atmospheric greyness of In Vitro's 'Song Of Lyrical Indifference' is spellbinding. The stinker is, they have so few copies of this I have to send it back!

**SWEET FAMILY UNIT**  
Cassette EP (SFU)

Sweet Family Unit are the kind of band you need to see live to have your opinion clarified. I suspect they could put on a good show, but on record they sound tiny and weak. These big wide open grooves manage to make a start, and SFU threaten to take off, before the thin, whine of the guitars envelope everything. Imagine the rhythm section of HLAH backing the Las. This all smacks of potential not being reached.

SFU can be contacted at PO Box 9212, Te Aro, Wellington

**HELL IS OTHER PEOPLE**  
Blah, Blah, Secret Message  
Cassette EP (Hlop Chudley)

Not only is 'Swedish Exchange Student' a great title for an opening track, it's a great return for the cost of

a distortion pedal. Hell Is Other People do a twisted take on already twisted pop with considered finesse ('Red'), and still they can manage a line in sick, sleazy, grunge ('Linger On'). Neat stuff, and a pat on the head to the singer who owns the most interesting, indescribable tone to a voice I've had the pleasure of discovering for ages.

Write to 14 Kenwyn Terrace, Newton, Wellington.

**MASTER CHEESEMAKER**  
Today Is A Good Day To Die  
Cassette EP (Cheese)

Recorded at Stomach, this EP runs the gamut from slow metal, to grunge, to hardcore, to power ballad, to fast metal, and it's all unbelievably bad. If you want to save some time just check out 'You Can't Start Again', and hear all styles in one user friendly package.

Available for five dollars from 74 Bell Street, Wanganui.

**STONE CAGE** Pieces Of Today  
Cassingle

Stone Cage are big Zep fans I'd say. Their debut cassette is home to four no-nonsense Page/Plant influenced tracks, but much to their credit, Stone Cage avoid the catalogue of cliches usually associated with bands doing the 70s metal thing in the 90s.

Write to 93 Clarendon Terrace, Christchurch.

**JIMI B** Blue Boy  
Cassette (BBM)

Auckland singer/songwriter/guitarist Jimi B's debut *Blue Boy* is filled with 15 deeply personal, mostly acoustic flavoured folk-pop tunes. This is a style that I endeavour to avoid if at all possible, especially if I've just eaten.

Available from PO Box 106056, Auckland.

JOHN RUSSELL



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# THERAPY?

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Foo Fighters

**FOO FIGHTERS** Foo Fighters  
(Roswell/Capitol)

It's too wicked to even consider the circumstances which made Dave Grohl a superstar drummer, before hurling him the opportunity to truly come into his own, so we mustn't. Besides, *Foo Fighters* must be allowed to stand on its own mighty merits, and this ain't difficult.

Track one is the single, 'This is a Call', and if you're not smiling by the end of it, you must have had your mouth removed. You'd be forgiven for believing this song is all pop-rock ever needed to be, but you'd also be wrong. Then there's the not small matter of punk revival, which has been so poorly addressed by so many until now (Green Day, my ass), for Grohl is a true originator after the fact. If he wanders into Nirvana territory occasionally, we can only thank him, for it's his turf and he knows how to stake it.

*Foo Fighters* chief strength is the way it binds all of the above, with a tightness that's pulled off as breezily as the proverbial falling off a log. Check the mellow meets madness of 'I'll Stick Around', with its spat out and irony riddled chorus line: 'I don't owe you anything.' That's followed by the Lemonheads-lovely 'Big Me'. 'Alone + Easy Target' crosses so many boundaries you'd need a passport to physically keep up with it. As for the speed of 'Good Grief', you can

# albums

practically hear the sirens' screams fading in its wake. 'Weenie Beenie' is the mutant monster of the piece (with megaphone distorted vocals), but its riffs still manage to be catchy enough to require serious protection from. There's even a country twang (although not for long) on the groovy 'For All the Cows'.

Contrary to popular belief, and the sleeve's band photos, Grohl is the sole man responsible for all the playing (and writing) on this album (save Afghan Whig Greg Dulli's guitar on 'X-Static'). The rest of the band will mean very little to us as Foo Fighters until they get the hell over here. I, personally, will be pulling nose hairs until that day comes.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

**THERAPY?** *Infernal Love*  
(Polydor)

The third album from Ireland's finest, and they're torn between the high velocity, melodic punch of *Troublegum* and a more expansive, ambitious bout of doubt and depression. The only problem is, they only do a half decent job of both styles, with only 'Bad Mother' being a convincing blend of the grandiose and the kinetic.

*Infernal Love* is a pretty average album that paves the way for gothic, Joy Division-style slabs of pain like 'A Moment of Clarity' and 'Bowels of Love'. Not bad, but they're

hardly classic pieces of melancholy, and this album's answers to 'Screamager' and 'Nowhere', namely 'Stories', 'Misery' and 'Loose', don't have their counterparts' breathtaking pace or melodic might. All up, *Infernal Love* is only a passable album from a band that have temporarily lost the opportunity to build on *Troublegum*, and so become the planet's foremost practitioners of manic, melodic rockin' out.

GEORGE KAY

**FILTER** *Short Bus*  
(Reprise)

In Cleveland Ohio, the Short Buses transport 'challenged' kids to school. On record, Filter's debut is a three quarter hour ride through rush hour traffic, with Otto, man, at the wheel. Cool!

Formerly with Nine Inch Nails, Richard Patrick (with Brian Liesegang) steadfastly continues that band's loud/soft industrial approach to song crafting. This type of 'music' is not recommended for those of a sensitive, non-violent proclivity ('I hate it when you preach your case / It makes me want to stick my fist through your face.').

If, however, you have been waiting for a worthy successor to NIN's *Pretty Hate Machine*, look no further.

MARK DONOVAN

**SOUL ASYLUM** *Let Your Dim Light Shine*  
(Columbia)

Slacker extraordinaire he may be, but Soul Asylum's singer and songwriter Dave Pirner is writing at the top of his talent on *Let Your Dim Light Shine*. His tales of prostitutes, losers, workers, boozers and plain girls locate him firmly in the grand tradition of Bukowski and Reed, although he falls from grace as often as he hits the vein.

Pirner and the band's weaknesses have always been for fast, riff-driven rants, which more discriminating bands would've left for encores or B-sides. The silly 'Hopes Up', 'Shut Down' and 'Caged Rat' show it's a habit they haven't broken. Still, in a way, it makes the best songs here sound more

remarkable. 'To My Own Devices', 'I Did My Best', the single 'Misery' (I was worried they took themselves seriously till I saw the video) and the superb 'Eyes of a Child' possess a humility and subtlety that was only hinted at on their previous breakthrough LP, *Grave Dancers Union*. And just to show Soul Asylum aren't just a bunch of sweaty faces, guitarist Dan Murphy turns in the lovely 'Promises Broken', which Pirner himself suggests is the best song on the record. It's not — 'Eyes of a Child' is — but maybe you should make your own mind up about that.

GREG FLEMING

**GUIDED BY VOICES** *Alien Lanes*  
(Matador/Flying In)

In an industry where pampered mega-stars seem to release albums only when their contracts oblige them to, the anti-industry and unusually prolific Guided By Voices first release for 95 is all you would expect and more. Now signed to highly regarded indie label Matador, the Australasian release of *Alien Lanes* comes with a bonus CD of tracks from the boxed set of Guided By Voices' first five LPs, entitled *Box (abridged)*. In tandem with *Alien Lanes*, that means a total of 52 tracks — a bountiful, if somewhat daunting, harvest. Luckily (although, really, there's no luck involved) both *Alien Lanes* and *Box (abridged)* are suffused with Guided By Voices' customary maverick genius. Echoes of the Beatles, the Byrds, Syd Barrett, Eno, Bowie, the Soft Boys and countless others resonate through these albums. A list of stand-out tracks would fill a whole column, but suffice to say that while not every song will make your toes curl, more hit the X-spot than the laws of probability would rightfully seem to allow.

For all that, however, there remains a sense that *Alien Lanes* alludes to a greatness that continues to elude Guided By Voices. Superlative song writing or not, *Alien Lanes* sounds as if it's been recorded on a tape machine spooled with damp string, rather than the usual magnetic tape. I'm not saying they should be going for that big



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# albums

Aerosmith sound, but really, the sound quality is frustratingly poor in places. Yeah, yeah — I know about the low-fi aesthetic and all that, but we're talking sub-fi in places here. Kindred spirit Chris Knox's recent home-recorded *Songs Of You And Me* was a fine example of the sort of clarity and balance that can be achieved by a no compromise/no budget recording. Perhaps he should produce Guided By Voices' next album.

As much as the band may crave anonymity in their music making, if they're only making music for themselves, then why bother to release it at all? Surely the main reason is to get that music out to like-minded souls beyond the band's own garage/home-town/country/planet/whatever, and having to wade through *Alien Lanes'* low-fi shambles won't help that cause.

In spite of this, there's no denying the powerful rough-diamond appeal of *Alien*

*Lanes* and *Box* (abridged). Spanning eight years, these two CDs stand as a remarkably consistent and vital document of the frustrating genius that is Guided By Voices.

MARTIN BELL

## THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS Exit Planet Dust (Virgin)

It's not surprising though, is it? No matter how sincere the flattery, if you pinch someone's else's name and release records with it, there's gonna be trouble. So the Dust Brothers became the Chemical Brothers this year, after their American counterparts threatened to kick 17 different shades of shit out of them in court.

And here they are, serving up soundscapes to get shitfaced to, sweat inducing groove monsters, and anything that'll help you party for your right to smarty and stuff. *Sabres of Paradise* and *Bomb the Bass* are

the points of reference you need to suss the Chemical Brothers. Booming beats with scratched up samples, sirens and synths.

Most of the song titles are mood indicators more than anything: 'Fuck Up Beats', 'Chemical Beats' and 'Chico's Groove'. But the crusty beats with the ray-gun squeal and the Tin Man-on-a-torturing-rack within 'Playground For the Wedgeless Fan', and the digitised funk kicker 'Leave Home' are the hookers that'll lead you to lewd behaviour. The rest will fill in those late night hours you always seem to lose track of.

Hip-hopped house with truck loads of nouse.

JOHN TAITE

## BUFFALO TOM Sleepy Eyed (Beggars Banquet)

Deep in the throes of Winter as we are, 'Summer' is breakin' my slacker heart. You can sail on its gentle waves of wibbly-wobbly guitars, then thrash it out at the chorus, waving your hanky nostalgically all the while. What more can you ask for? Well, there's plenty more where that came from on *Sleepy Eyed*.

Seasons irrespective, Chris Colbourn's plaintive vocals on 'Twenty Points' (subtitled 'The Ballad of Sexual Dependency') will have you sucking your thumb and wiping your nose on the nearest snuggle rug. That's exactly the kind of bolt from the not entirely blue this familiar-in-a-nice-way album sets you up so perfectly for. Likewise, at the

opposite end of the scale, is the riff-o-matic 'Your Stripes'.

Bill Janovitz's second chance (after 'Summer') to shine like he can in the vocal department comes on 'Sparklers', which he takes and runs. That's the thing with Buffalo Tom: they won't shove their prowess in your face, but you can't help but love them for it anyway.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

## THE VERVE A Northern Soul (Hut)

Listening to the Verve used to be about enveloping escapism, like they'd encased the world in a glass bubble and you could watch the slow-motion madness from the outside. You know, they were a band reviewers loved to poetically toss off about.

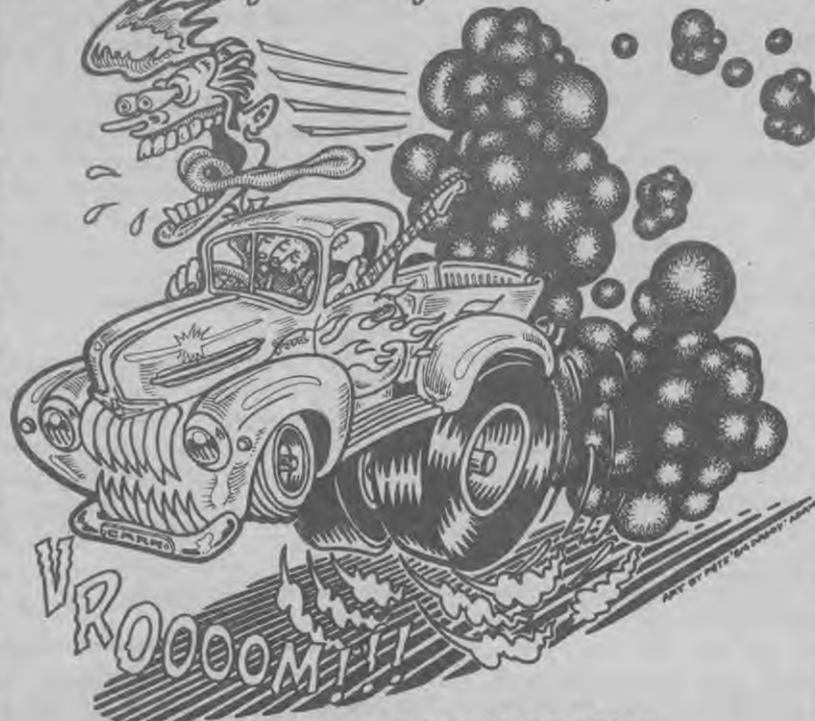
Well, there's still plenty of opportunity for that, but if *A Storm In Heaven* was driving around nuclear reactors in the fog, *A Northern Soul* is a tour bus that's broken down outside a coffee and cigarettes diner. Yup, it seems that America has hit the Verve in the rock 'n' roll way and, if anything, it's given them a more distinct bunch of songs.

The single, 'This is Music', suggested they'd snapped out of their coma, and 'A New Decade' and the title track are both LDOPA awakenings. 'On Your Own' takes its lead from Bobby Gillespie, with the acoustic, the hand claps and: 'All I want is someone who will fill the hole in the life I've known.' 'History' takes a string section and fakes an



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# albums



Joan Jett

orgasm — not the best song in the world, but at least they're experimenting. And there's 'Brainstorm Interlude', which reveals Nick McCabe's libidinous guitar handling and, erm, Ashcroft's desire to be transported via satellite... or something. There's 'So It Goes' and 'Drive You Home', for the fans of the old style, and 'Stormy Clouds', with its reprise amounting to 12 minutes of their floaty jam feel.

A *Northern Soul* is exciting because it points to where they can go. Onwards and upwards. No glass bubbles required.

JOHN TAITE

## JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEARTS

Pure and Simple (Liberation)

It was some 13 years ago that Joan Jett first proclaimed that she did indeed love rock 'n' roll, from the stage of CBGB's, and that collision of 70s metal and 60s pop which was her best and biggest hit was proof in itself. Her historical importance too is unquestionable — the first riot grrrl, god-mother of punk rock, what you will — but whatever it is Joan loves in 1995, it isn't rock 'n' roll. Sure, the tunes on *Pure and Simple* sound like rock 'n' roll, but the spirit

just ain't there, and things hit an all time low when Joan goes over all worried about the state of the nation in 'Wonderin'' and the execrable 'Brighter Day'. 'Go Home' and the bitchy 'Spinster' show there's still plenty of bite to her voice, but the punk-by-numbers playing of the Blackhearts make even these sound leaden. I'm still wondering what the six producers credited here actually did for their money.

GREG FLEMING

## WHALE We Care

(Hut)

You've gotta hand it to a bad girl who looks good crawling around in a see-through white, stretch fabric dress with large white underwear underneath. Chutzpah, is the word you've gotta hand her. Likewise with a band who scratch *Vitalogy* in the same video ('Pay For Me').

Okay, Whale are Swedish, but let's not typecast. Anyway, where ABBA smacked of matching outfits, Whale reek of something a lot less chaste — sex. The album's first lyric is: 'I wanna give birth to your baby, baby,' and the salaciously psychopathic Cia Berg sings about the acts that might make this



Whale

## VARIOUS ARTISTS The Deseo Remixes

(WH Records)

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

Creative, Innovative, Uncompromising  
(Nation Records)

I must admit, I've never heard of the Deseo project. Probably just as well, seeing as Jon Anderson (lead singer in boring rock dinosaurs Yes) was behind it. Phew, him and some Latin American musos — can you imagine the worthy bollocks that would produce? Anyway, they were remixed by Future Sound Of London, Global Communication and two groups definitely not renowned for their re-mixing (Transglobal Underground and Deep 'Froggy' Forest). Dull, dull, dull, dull. The best track of the album is FSOL's 'Deseo Reconstruction', because it strips the original of everything it had (one would assume) and does the ambi thing all over the place. Everyone else just worked with what they were given: toe jam.

On the other hand, *Creative Innovative Uncompromising* is just that — nearly. If you're a fan of the Eastern/Western sound mix, the UK versions of world hip-house like Transglobal Underground and Fun-Da-Mental (both included here), this will make you drool: 12 tracks that straddle the ethnicity/musical borders.

Mostly instrumental, these tracks don't rely on the clichéd weird sounds with wailing vocal samples; there's a new wave of fusion between old world instrumentals and dance floor grind happening here. The throbbing, pumping, dusty grooves provided by Heliopolis and Tribal Drift add to the groups you're more familiar with. As far as ethno goes, this is just what the witch doctor ordered.

JOHN TAITE

## CUL DE SAC I Don't Want to Go to Bed

(Flying Nun)

The expansion of Flying Nun to overseas bands is proving an interesting proposition. After the unquestionably famous Ween, Boston's Cul de Sac may seem terribly obscure (and they are), but their first album, *Ecim*, was unanimously loved by the critics — though that's not necessarily a recommendation.

Cul de Sac is heavily influenced by the 70s Kraut rock of bands like Neu, Faust and Can. But Cul de Sac add their own influences: American folk-singers, Middle Eastern music, and the addition of guitarist Glenn Jones' 'Contraption', which is a lap-steel guitar, wedged with implements, tuned at random and played through effects boxes. This totally instrumental album is recorded on two-tracks of a barely functioning, bottom of the line, four-track recorder. Sound grim? Well, sometimes.

The sound is based on locking into a hypnotic groove through various organic sounds and instruments. To achieve this, the songs all last forever. In the case of 'Doldrums', the incredible rhythm found keeps the track fascinating for its whole 10 minutes. But other songs, like 'Graveyard for Robots', become a flat, dull, and yes, irritating experience.

*I Don't Want to Go to Bed* reveals its live jam origins and can be an uninspired, plodding, ugly beast. At other times, Cul de Sac slip into the groove and a psychedelic panorama emerges. Disquieting, disconcerting, discordant and occasionally beautiful.

DARREN MITCHELL HAWKES

## EVERCLEAR Sparkle and Fade

Capitol Records

Everclear are three decent, honest American boys whose decent, honest lives have unfortunately got tangled up in the murky, sordid world of wild rock and roll. Well, maybe they were dishonest, indecent American boys, but they've definitely got themselves tangled up with rock and roll. Although, come to think of it, their particular brand isn't too wild. Once upon a time, Everclear may, in fact, have been wild and raucous, but now one's a dad and they've got a record deal after years of scungy foot and mouth living. This album seems to be their coming of age effort.

KEVIN LIST

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Cul De Sac

# albums

**KING BISCUIT** Sun Hits the Moon (Hark)

Hamilton's King Biscuit are a genius unto themselves. Few bands would ever attempt to augment the traditional guitar/bass/drums with saxophone, harmonica, violin, mandolin, trumpet and congas. Yet the results are mostly successful, and nothing if not intriguing.

By turns funky (the opening 'Sun Hits the Moon', 'Goin' Home'), reggae ('Time Makes it So'), and Irish folk (James K Baxter's 'Flanagan', 'Anzac Day'), it comes as no surprise that audience reactions have tended to be mixed (especially at cowboy theme bars). It is to the band's credit they have maintained such an exhaustive touring schedule over their five year history — small wonder their repertoire has become so well honed.

The problem they faced was to transfer the dynamism of their live shows to a studio environment. They needn't have worried. *Sun Hits the Moon* is one of the best produced local releases of the year and, in Mark Kingston, they possess a vocalist of rare quality.

MARK DONOVAN

**THE MAD SCENE** Sealight (Summershine/Flying In)

Like Bailterspace, the Mad Scene call New York City their home. But the Rotten Apple's future urban alienation atmosphere, that so suited Bailterspace, has not found a home in the Mad Scene's sound. Instead, they've set a mesh of jangly Dunedin sound up against the sparse, 60s pop sound of Oz/UK/NYC band the Moles.

Not coincidentally, Hamish Kilgour (also in the obscure Clean band) helped out on the final Moles album, and it shows on the less jangly songs like 'Gotta Get Back' and 'Black Flye', which include horns and are stripped back to just the essential notes.

The other singer/writer, Lisa Seagul, has that undeveloped, innocent singing style that is so very popular with the Flying Nun female gang — a lethargic, halfway to caring voice. The words reflect her slacker passion: 'I hope you call me up today / I want to hear that you're OK,' and 'Then I heard you say something / Really nice to me.'

Along with maturity comes wisdom and grumpiness, and this grumpiness is brought out in Everclear's songs dealing with boredom, frustration and living in crummy towns (no doubt bringing on boredom and frustration). Although never likely to shift bulk commodity, oldsters like Everclear will keep on churning out albums of quality guitar angst, fuelled by the bitterness of seeing bands like Green Day succeed. Only you, the public, can stop this cruel cycle.

KEVIN LIST

**EDWYN COLLINS** Gorgeous George (Setanta)

Singer-songwriters are back. It's unofficial, but this one is almost good enough to erase memories of the genre that encouraged the likes of James Taylor, Carly Simon, et al.

Ex-Orange, Juice Edwyn Collins is deservedly in the throes of commercial

rebirth, with the classic pop, jukebox perfection of the swinging 'A Girl Like You'. The brilliantly titled *Gorgeous George* is actually a re-issue from last year, a move no doubt calculated to cash-in on the single's British success. It's a fine album, but don't expect a succession of catchy dance-hall quiffs. At heart, Collins is a droll, understated pop commentator, whose included 'Campaign for Real Rock' totally destroys the prefabricated rock-by-numbers fashion that's currently killing rock 'n' roll. Don't miss *George* this time out.

GEORGE KAY

**BATMAN FOREVER SOUNDTRACK** Various Artists (Atlantic)

Yeah, yeah. You're thinking: 'Urghhh, the *Batman* soundtrack.' You're wondering why *RipItUp* would touch it. You're perversely curious at the atrocities within. That's natur-

al enough. I mean, the last two were appalling. But apart from U2's grandstanding 'Kill Me, Eat Me, Excrete Me' and Michael Hutchenson's abortive version of 'The Passenger', there is a whole bunch of cool indie stuff on this one.

PJ Harvey kicks off the strong line-up of alternative rock. There's some hard-out bizzo from the Offspring, seedy swathes of bluesy goth from Nick Cave, and the lugubrious country of Mazzy Star. On the dance side of things, Massive Attack contribute a sultry and haunting version of the Smokey Robinson penned 'The Hunter Gets Captured By the Game', using Tracy Thorn's mouthwatering vocals, once again. Wu Tang Clan's Method Man gruffs and tuffs all over 'The Riddler', and there's even a spot of Seal and Brandy for the more MOR types out there.

Riddle me this, riddle me that...

JOHN TAITE

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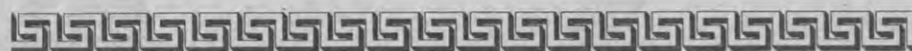
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# albums



Joy Division

It's another laidback, enjoyable album — the sort Kilgour and cohorts seem to be able to turn out in their sleep. If you want something to blow your mind, then try someplace else. Words like comfy, warm and mellow are never far from reach.

DARREN MITCHELL HAWKES

**JOY DIVISION** Permanent (Polydor)

May this year marked the fifteenth anniversary of the suicide of Joy Division's singer Ian Curtis. It is not total coincidence that this 'best of' is now being released. The thing is, Joy Division's output was not that large: two proper albums ('Unknown Pleasures' and 'Closer') and two albums that had live and rare tracks ('Still' and 'Substance'). I guess 'best ofs' have been released on bands with even smaller back catalogues.

*Permanent* takes three songs from *Unknown Pleasures* and *Still* and four from *Closer*, plus the three singles and B-sides. There's a smattering from everything Joy Division did, but no over-riding theme. Nonetheless, Joy Division always stayed close to their synth/bass roots, so the compilation remains cohesive. The bonus track to force train spotters to buy it is the 'Permanent Mix' of 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'. Curtis' widow apparently does not like nor approve of it, but only obsessives will be able to differentiate it from the original.

For the youngsters, Joy Division were very popular a few years back because of their pop songs mixed with Ian Curtis' doom and

gloom, angsty lyrics. He killed himself and the band called themselves New Order. This album is an accessible entry into the works of Joy Division.

DARREN MITCHELL HAWKES

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Celtic Heartbeat Collection (Celtic Heartbeat)

**ANÚNA** Anúna (Celtic Heartbeat)

**BILL WHELAN** Riverdance (Celtic Heartbeat)

**FRANCES BLACK** Talk to Me (Celtic Heartbeat)

**ALEC FINN** Blue Shamrock (Celtic Heartbeat)

**PATRICK CASSIDY** The Children of Lir (Celtic Heartbeat)

So, the Celtic revolution/renaissance starts here, with a gamut of releases on U2 manager Paul McGuinness' Celtic Heartbeat label. The obvious place to start is with the *Collection*, which is a tasty representative glimpse of what the label has to offer. Liam O'Flynn's 'The Winter's End' and ex-Planxty Andy Irvine's 'Chetvorna' alone justify the price of the *Collection*.

To the individual albums, and surprisingly the pick of the bunch is *Anúna*. Surprisingly, because a 15 strong Celtic choir doesn't sound like too electrifying a prospect, but

their pagan, monastic arrangements and moods are incredibly haunting.

Journeyman Bill Whelan's *Riverdance* has deservedly led to a hit stage show. It's an ideal vehicle for displaying the variety of Celtic and other ethnic groupings' instrumental styles. World music par excellence.

Next up, Frances Black's first solo album, *Talk to Me*, has already made it big in Ireland. Her rich country/folk vocals are a touch sentimental for my battered ears, but her talent and distinctiveness are undeniable.

Guitarist and bouzouki player Alec Finn contributes his first solo album, *Blue Shamrock* — a collection of delicate and evocative traditional instrumentals, particularly effective when Mary Bergin joins him on tin whistle. Finally, there's Patrick Cassidy with the London Symphony Orchestra at his back, interpreting the Irish tale of *The Children of Lir*.

This collection is lush, and maybe a bit too cultured for my pagan instincts, but these are minor flaws of over refinement that McGuinness hopes to redress with the introduction of the more anarchic side of Celtic in his next batch of releases. For now, just enjoy the Gaelic pulse.

GEORGE KAY

**CATHERINE WHEEL** Happy Days (Fontana)

Their first album back in 1992 had the appropriate title of *Ferment* — for that is exactly what it did. At the time it was inappropriately lumped into the English shoe-gazing scene. They followed it with 93's *Chrome*, which was total auto-pilot. Since then they've been touring the States, getting hard.

'Take this huge expanse of sound,' instructs new single 'Waydown'. *Happy Days* sees them continue their school of hard rock, much in the same vein as Therapy?, Swervedriver or Shihad. Even Iron Maiden's Bruce Dickinson is a fan, or maybe it's just that his cousin happens to be the lead singer.

Drummer Sims thumps away on a solid 4/4 beat through every song, and Rob Dickinson has a steady, unyielding voice that leads the tune-filled riff-centric songs. There's nothing remotely radical about their sound, it's just so goddamn rock solid — from the Neil Young styled 'Heal' to 'Hole', the obligatory Kurt Cobain song, to the poppy duet with Belly's Tanya Donnelly, 'Judy Staring at the Sun'.

While the cover screams out 'Bargain Bin!', and that is where their previous two albums ended, it deserves a home elsewhere, er... at your home, most definitely.

DARREN MITCHELL HAWKES

**VARIOUS** Totally Wired 12 (Acid Jazz)

**SNOWBOY AND THE LATIN SELECTION** Best Of (Acid Jazz)

**MENASSEH MEETS THE EQUALISER** Dub the Millenium (Acid Jazz)

**THE DREAD FLIMSTONE SOUND** The Bionic Dread (Acid Jazz)

It's one thing to listen to acid jazz, you know, the odd bit of Brit funk retro fumbblings. But it's another if you live for the stuff, buy the Jamaroquai hats, spend Sunday arvos living around to vinyl in day-glo suburban houses. Best stop reading if you're the latter.

If you thought acid jazz came and went in a month a couple of years ago (like the rest of the planet), *Totally Wired 12* is proof it's still kicking around, battling musical fashion by diversifying. The Brand New Heavies sit alongside Primal Scream ('Funky Jam' ha, ha). There's Dub War, who rap over their funk rock, the Swinging Foot's spoken word jazz and Simon Bartholomew, who sounds close to breaking into the ChiPs theme with his instrumental. There's that sort of thing, anyway.

*The Best Of Snowboy And The Latin Selection* is one for those pining for the LA nightclub scene in the 40s and 50s. Congas, bongos, samba beats and all variety of Latino carry on. The compilation takes the best of Snowboy's *Ritmo Snowbo*, *Descargo Mambito* and *Something's Coming*, 10 years of Mark Cotgrove's jazzy, percussive originals, and odd cover versions ('The Flintstones', sure, but 'Anarchy in the UK'?). Nice for a spicy change.



Catherine Wheel

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# albums

Acid Jazz doesn't always fall on its feet though. Don't rush out and buy the very pedestrian *Dub the Millennium*, just because it's got the Acid Jazz label on it. Talk about spacious nothingness. And Dread Flimstone's *The Bionic Dread* album is some cringeworthy reggae-meets-soul-to-have-a-drink-of-sugar-water-with-hip-hop. One of their few signings from the States, and hopefully one of their last.

Acid jazz is still hanging around, but only just.

JOHN TAITE

## FIGHT A Small Deadly Space (Epic)

Judas Priest have not been heard of since vocalist Rob Halford left to form Fight. He obviously wanted to move on from their rather dated metal approach, into something more relevant to the 90s.

A *Small Deadly Space* is the second Fight album, and it's more akin to Pantera than Priest, although Halford's trademark scream-pitched singing makes for inevitable comparisons to ye olde studded leather attired ones.

Best moments are the overloaded 'Blowout in the Radio Room' and 'Mouthpiece', which effectively starts with railway bells until the band plough through like a freight train. The guitarists concentrate more on heavy repetitive riffing, instead of lead breaks, which is certainly powerful, but gets a bit mind numbing by the time you get to the seven minute final track, 'A World of My Own Making'. Definitely one of the heaviest releases to come out so far this year.

GEOFF DUNN

## THE MALCHICKS Mercury (Failsafe)

Auckland four-piece the Malchicks owe their name to a slang term from Anthony Burgess' seminal novel *A Clockwork Orange*. But where Burgess was concerned with a

grim vision of a future Britain, the Malchicks prefer to stare earthwards and to the immediate English past for their musical cues. When bassist Coralie Martin takes lead vocal duties on the album's high point, 'Milestone', the band sound for all the world like an antipodean Lush — which is both a blessing and a curse. For, while favourable comparisons with the English shoe-gazing school of Lush, Ride etc. are appropriate, the Malchicks fail to add anything new to the territory already staked out by their British classmates. Too often songs start promisingly enough — witness the pounding intro to 'Stranded in Lost Time' — but fail to kick on, despite some uniformly splendid guitar riffery from Matthew Dalzell and Simon Matthews.

What *Mercury* lacks is a sense of drama and urgency — individual tracks being left to meander inconclusively, without ever delivering that single crystalline moment that marks a song out as being more than merely 'good'. Without that *raison d'être*, 'good', unfortunately, is all that *Mercury* can aspire to be — something less than the sum of its often excellent parts.

MARTIN BELL

## PAUL BRADY Spirits Colliding (Mercury)

Little known on this side of the world, Paul Brady has been a vital part of the Irish folk/rock scene for years, and was singled out by Dylan in the liner notes to the *Biograph* compilation as 'a secret hero'. *Spirits Colliding* sees Brady working with other writers (John Prine among them), resulting in his strongest set of songs since 1981's *Hard Station*. You get the sense that Bonnie Raitt is already lining up to cover the R&B tinged 'Just in Time', and the opener, 'I Want You To Want Me', wouldn't be out of place on the more recent Van Morrison albums. (*Spirits Colliding* is mixed by Mick Glossop, who has worked on a number of Morrison projects.)

Unfortunately, Brady also shares with Morrison the tendency to lapse into platitudes — cue 'You're the One', 'After the Party's Over' and 'Love Made a Promise' — where clichés and not spirits are colliding. Throughout, of course, he sings like an angel, but *Spirits Colliding* will do little to

change the perception of Paul Brady as a songwriter's songwriter.

GREG FLEMING

## ULTRASOUND Ultrasound (Mushroom)

Ultrasound are Deborah Conway, her partner and guitarist Willy Zygiel, ex-Crowded House member Paul Hester on drums, and Bill McDonald on bass. A cynic might suggest it is Conway's maternity album — it's playful, light, and at times ('Evil Homer') funny. One senses here the input of Hester, whose mix of slapstick and humour enlivened many a Crowded House gig. A cover of 'Anyone Who Had A Heart' is perhaps the only cloying point, even the numerically named 'One', 'Four', 'Six', 'Ten', 'Twelve' and 'Fifteen' (all quirky soundscapes) rarely outstay their welcome. Quite whether anyone needs *Ultrasound* is another matter entirely. Still, never underestimate the power of old mates and lovers (Conway is/was involved with two out of three, says the press release) in the same room.

GREG FLEMING

## PROMETHEUS Prometheus (Deep Music)

Two of the players involved with Prometheus were members of Robert Fripp's league of craft guitarists, and it shows. Local musician Nigel Gavin (Gitbox, Nexus, Aunties etc.) teamed up with American guitarists/songwriters Steve Ball and Sanford Ponder, to create some sonic, progressive guitar rock that is not that far removed from the music of Mr Fripp himself. Current King Crimson drummer Pat Mastelotto plays on the album.

The mainly instrumental, metallic discipline of tracks like 'Sardukar' and 'Angst' are proof of Prometheus' proficiency. The 23 minute 'Redemption' leans more toward the ambient style of Eno, and is so quiet you may not even realise anything is happening at all unless the volume is well cranked up. It's a complete contrast to the other eight tracks, which have so much happening in them that one or two listens is not enough to take it all in.

This is an interesting project, that lays the groundwork for Prometheus to further devel-

op their songwriting and musical identity.

GEOFF DUNN

## FLAMINGOES Plastic Jewels (Festival)

A healthy scepticism is advised when perusing the English music press. Both *Melody Maker* and... *News of the World* have rated Flamingoes among the UK's brightest hopes. Why? A little background information may be of interest.

Formed in Hitchin, Enlgand (birthplace of yours truly... and Simon LeBon), they moved to Camden "to become stars". A mutual passion for eyeliner (hmmm), the Jam's *All Mod Cons* (yesss!), and pre-fame Adma Ant (doh!), resulted in their first single, 'The Chosen Few'. An unimpressively derivative song, it nevertheless paved the way for future successes. 'Teenage Emergency', their second UK single, is the business. Elastic sans chicks; Pulp if they were any good. Both are included on their debut, along with their third single, 'Disappointed', a song about disco alienation.

MARK DONOVAN

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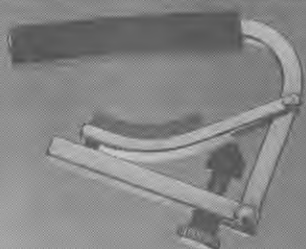
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# RUMOURS

## AUCKLAND

Issue 10 of *Intravene* magazine is out now, and is available from Crawlspace, Real Groovy, Corner Records etc., or write to PO Box 8385, Symonds Street Auckland ... the premiere issue of *Rukkus* ('NZ's Hard Music Magazine') is also in various record shops, or write to PO Box 167, Oneroa, Waiheke Island, Auckland. Featured in the first issue are Krushing Day, Shihad, Raw Meat For The Balcony and Atomic Blossom ... 'Hori'fied One', the first single from the forthcoming *Dam Native* album, will be out early August ... the **12 Tribes of Israel Sound System** takes over the Globe Hotel in Wakefield Street on August 19, from 7.30PM till late, five bucks at the door ... **Pumpkinhead** took two days off during their recent national tour to record a single, 'Nark', at York Street with Malcom Welsford ... **the Nixons** are to be called Eye TV in America, as there is already a US band using their name. Their debut album, *Eye TV*, will be retitled for its US release on San Francisco label Incandescent, and will include tracks from the recent *Special Downtime* EP ... **Shihad's** Powerstation show on August 18 is all ages ... **Billy TK Jnr**, has just returned from the US, where he played at virtually "every prestigious blues club in the country" ... **Moana and the Moahunters'** latest single, 'Give It Up Now', is sponsored by the Maori Smokefree Trust, and the Kerry Brown-directed video features cameo appearances by several World Cup All Blacks. The single also features a remix of 'AEIOU' ... dance duo **Bushbeat** have changed their moniker to **d'bre**, and a single, 'Let Me Know', is due next month ... a brand new **Figure 60** cassette is on the shelves of Crawlspace and Real Groovy right now, finally ... **Social End Product** is the name of a new magazine published by John Baker and Andrew Schmidt, and featuring New Zealand bands from the 50s, 60s, 70s and early 80s. The first issue features Terry Dean and the Nitebeats, and Judge Wayne and the Convicts, amongst others. Write to PO Box 8282, Symonds Street, Auckland, for details.

JOHN RUSSELL

## HAMILTON

The annual **Contact 89FM Battle of the Bands** is taking place throughout August. Thirty-seven bands entered (the most to date), and 16 have been chosen for the heats at the Wailing Bongo. The final happens August 25 ... the **Fridge Studios** compilation of 16 Hamilton bands will be out on September 14, with a release party at the Hillcrest Tavern ... **the Romantic Andes** have been recording at the Zoo, and are currently negotiating a deal with Hark Records ... also on Hark, **Blackjack's** new single, 'Gugganaut', is out now. Expect a flood of releases from the label in the next couple of months ... **Greg Locke** of Orange Recording has invested in a new 16 track analogue studio. Orange is currently working on a CD project for the **Tsunami Band**, and also plan a CD for **the Emmersons** (now a three piece, with the addition of Stan Jagger on drums) ... **Inchworm** have nearly finished mixing for their debut CD, which will be released in late September on their own Dedear label. The band are planning a nationwide tour, to coincide with the CD

release ... congratulations to **Greg Page**, who won the Knack award at the *Flying Fish New Zealand Music Video Awards* in Wellington, for his 5 Girls video 'Food'.  
JUSTIN HARRIS

## HAWKES BAY

Erstwhile Music Machine worker **Steve Levy** was given a great send off at the Hawkes Bay Musicians Club, before leaving for England. **Dan Fern** from Mathers has replaced Steve in the shop, and **Lyndsay Gibb** is taking over his guitar spot in **Woody Allen's Daughter** ... **Kaweka Flyers** have been recording all original material in Wellington with **Robbie Duncan** ... **Richard Nicholson** is leaving **Ingenue**, with **Kevin Watson** replacing him on guitar ... instrumental guitar duo **Strings Attached** (Ralph Gannaway and Ross Clark) have been recording their own stuff at Napier's Radio New Zealand studio ... two to listen out for on Kidnappers Radio are **Trevor Ruffell** on Mondays, with half an hour of folk and rock, and **Graham Chaplow**, now playing alternative country on Friday nights in addition to his Saturday show ... **Beat Not Fish** are close to releasing their debut CD (a first for original Hawkes Bay music), but are facing a name change due to an Australian band having a similar name. The new band name is **Bait**, with the CD having the Beat Not Fish moniker.

TONY PARKER

## PALMERSTON NORTH

For all of you interested in doing runs of thousands of records at **Yellow Bike Record Cutting**, we only allow 50 maximum until the press is built ... **Shoeshine** and **The Ashvins'** split CD on Spotty Dog Records has arrived. However, Andrew Coy has departed **Shoeshine** for an academic career in Europe. Meanwhile, Matt and Boris are playing as a duo on a new similar project, as yet nameless ... **Next Big Thing** are embarking on a tour to promote their cassette EP called *For Today*, also on Spotty Dog ... new band round town is **Cannibal Sex Kicks**, featuring Blair of Froit Head and Chris of the Ashvins ... **Pollo** and **Scratch 'N' Sniff** proved to be crowd pleasers at the latest *5 Bands for 5 Bucks* at the Stomach ... **Scratch 'N' Sniff** were withdrawn from the *Smokefree Rock Quest* by their school for not being academically minded. Isn't rock 'n' roll about rebellion anymore? To make up for this, they have a song to be included on the next *Valve* magazine 12 inch record, to be cut some time in Spring ... **Foisemaster** have released another seven inch on Lizard Mull records, cut by Yellow Bike Record Cutting ... other record cutting happening on Yellow Bike includes a 10 inch **Surplus Sons of A Factory Nation**, featuring Zane Hookham, Dave White and Rob Groats, in a manic one-night event based around the innards of a piano and bits of steel ... **Blunt** have finally released a cassette called *Grip*, on Yellow Bike Records ... **The Wild Horse Saloon** is the most stylee venue Palmerston North has ever had ... **Meat Market**, **Claire's Un-Natural Twin** and **Froit Head** are all planning tours later in the year ... **Kane Forbes** is the new guitarist for **Wholesale Drainage**, and joins **Rob Froit** in a heavy metal power duo. Rob says they play "really predictable pop songs in a very bogan manner" ... a new catalogue of Yellow Bike, Spotty Dog and Lizard Mull Records is out now. Write to Yellow Bike at PO Box 586, Palmerston North, for yours ... **Craig Black**, our lovely production person at Radio Massey, performed

an amazing live soundscape at The Stomach recently as **False** ... **Kiwi Rock Promotions** is holding gigs around the North Island to raise funds for Amnesty International. Bands supporting the cause are **Nacho Mama**, **Desert Road**, **Next Big Thing** and **the Susans** ... **Dog Tooth Violet** are playing one more gig, and it should be interesting to see what eventuates later from the four women in the band ... **Eliso Bishop** of **Meat Market** and the Spotty Dog Collective has taken up sound engineering, keeping the involvement of women in the Palmerston North music scene on the up and up ... **the Susans** have been working on new material for their upcoming gigs around the North Island, and are booked to record at York Street early in December for release of a four song EP ... **Full Noise** have recorded a second EP called *Head Stoned*, which is soon to be released and promoted with a North Island tour.

CLAIRE PANNELL

## WANGANUI

The Wanganui music scene emerges to say hello, to say something nice to your ears ... **Muflar**, **Mafia Staff Car**, **Frayden** and **Sean Jefferies** played an extremely successful gig at the Pit ... *It* will happen again, with new bands. For more information, phone Sean Hammond on (06) 347-2112 ... **Bucket** are looking for a drummer ... **Master Cheese Maker** have released a tape, *Today is a Good Day to Die*. Send \$5.50 to 74 Bell St, Wanganui, for a copy. They had two successful release parties in Wanganui and Palmerston ... **Muflar**, **Mafia Staff Car** and **Master Cheese Maker** play Rotorua for two nights with **Crawlspace**, and will tour during August. For more information phone Ashleigh on (06) 347-2767.

ASHLEIGH ROONEY

## NEW PLYMOUTH

New release: **Wretched Skinny** cassette, *Happy Jesus Teenage World* ... band break-ups and line-up changes: **Schizo-phrenia** have a new drummer and **Nefarious** is on permanent hold — but nothing is permanent in Nefarious Land. Already rising from the ashes of that band is **Horror Business** ... recording: **Sticky Filth** and **Jallal**, both at Rowan Studios in Kaponga ... **Te Korimako O Taranaki 94.8 FM** started a whole new run of shows on July 1. Included is a Saturday night rock show. Don't forget **National Radio's The Story of Pop**, at 4PM on Saturdays. This is preceded by a New Zealand music show, The same station also has *Hits and Myths* on Sundays at 2.30PM. It only runs for a few weeks ... local gigs coming up (or have just been) feature names such as **Sam Hunt** and **Gary McCormack**, **Cicada**, **Upper Hutt Posse**, **the Verlaines**, **Pumpkinhead**, **Suka**, **Swam**, **State of Hate**, **Dave Dobbyn**, **Semi Lemon Kola** and **Bulfrog Rata**. That's enough variety to keep everyone happy ... if you wanna play here or know any more, get in touch C/- Ima Hitt, PO Box 407, New Plymouth, phone/fax (06) 758-9988.

BRIAN WAFER

## WELLINGTON

Bar Bodega main man **Fraser** has been vocalising annoyance at the amount of poster space taken up by big corporate giants (new age fruit drinks and leather boot companies, but we're not pointing the finger) who can afford multi-media advertising, but choose the

common garden poster so they can appear more 'in tune with the kids'. Why don't you go back to your non-sensical TV ads and leave the space for those without huge advertising budgets? ... **Sweet Family Unit** are creating plenty of beautiful noise sensations of late. Their cassingle is widely available this month (inexpensive and high quality) ... **The Incubation** is happening on August 20 at Cuba Cuba ... organisers of the **New Zealand Smokefree Composing Womens' Festival** are looking for an old piano. If you have one, make it a gift, rather than a loan. They intend to burn the thing on the first night of the festival next month ... **Hammers and Gongs** is the name of an upcoming percussion show by **Garoth Farr**. For these shows he will be joined by the **Strike** percussion quartet and string duo **Strung Up** ... Pacific cross-over sensation Igelese will be performing hometown gigs sometime this month ... old school stalwart **Wayne Mason** is putting the finishing touches on his album ... **O'Blisque** are proving the Capital is up to the mark when it comes to the world of trance. Watch out for them at Escape ... speaking of Escape, the Voodoo Productions presentation **Full On**, featuring **DJs Clinton, Lemon, Trent, Leon, Filc, Jazz and Matt Ford** is happening mid-month ... **Apollo 10** have been in the studio ... as have **Short** (long awaited release some time soon) ... the new **Emulsifier** release is expected to veer on the side of heavy, rather than cruising down the funky road ... **Truckstop** made a welcome return for the Sebadoh support. August is going to be their month.

DONALD REID

## CHRISTCHURCH

**Leonard Nimoy** are providing the sounds for the Wyrd Gallery's wearable art exhibition, as well as playing in Dunedin in August and completing material for a CD ... **Golf Course Alligators** reappear for the first time in a couple of years for an August 18 gig at Warners, with **Salmonella Dub**, **Trawler**, **Loves Ugly Children** and **Nit-State** ... **Squim's** new recordings are being mastered at Tai Poutini studio in Greymouth, and they may also support **Loves Ugly Children** for their album release in Auckland ... **Human** and **Dark Tower** are producing videos at the moment, while **Trawler** and **Salmonella Dub** are receiving Cry airplay with their's ... congrats to **Martin J** on becoming the new programme director at RDU ... **Nick Hodgson** (Urinator) has just released a half hour tape of short, poppy songs, all recorded on a tape deck, called *Cubicle* ... **the Bats'** latest Nightshift Studios recorded album is tentatively called *Couchmasters* ... another free magazine, *Buzz: the Christchurch Musicians Handbook*, has hit the streets. For information phone (03) 349-4164 ... hardcore and alternative musicians are bringing a local Black Sabbath night to the Arena on August 12 ... **Loves Ugly Children** tour Australia with **King Loser** and **Garageland** in August, for eight gigs in 10 days, tour nationally in September, produce a video in Auckland, then tour the UK for three months ... **Holocene** plan a cassette release in October to support their 'Hollywood Ego' video. They have a second drummer for the future, with the birth of Sam (Holocene's bassist) and Caroline's son, Cailum ... **the Doctor Lovegland Sound System** plan to release an eight track mini-album cassette, featuring live to air tracks recorded on RDU, on the Bent Recordings label ... **Brother Love** supported Sebadoh at Warners recently, after being approached by Sebadoh's Australasian promoter ... **AZZZ**

# THINKING OUTSIDE THE SQUARE?



## 91.7FM WELLINGTON • 94.3FM KAPITI COAST



Mebourne's New Zealand Music Show are looking for new Christchurch sounds for the station. Call RDU for details ... any rumours, phone Hat on (03) 379-6320.  
HAT

#### DUNEDIN

In case anyone is in any doubt, it is bloody cold down here. That doesn't seem to have slowed things down too much on the music front though ... **Sammy's** is finally set to close, after threatening to do so for some time. Sadly, the final, final gig will be of local covers bands, but the night before that is a so-called *Alternative Night*, featuring 10 alternative bands, including **3Ds**, **Chug**, **the Puddle**, **Suka**, **the Veraines**, **Runt**, **Cheeseband**, **the Renderers** and more ... New Label **Self Recordings** is to launch itself at the Empire on September 2, with performances by **Alastair Galbraith**, **Sandra Bell** and **Darryl Baser**, who is releasing his six song cassette EP *Subliminal Reactive Catharsis* as **SF 001** ... **Sandra Bell** is to tour soon, to promote her new CD *Net*, with **Sally McDonald** playing bass in place of **Kathy Bull**, who is unable to leave town ... two bands have arrived in town recently with already completed CDs in hand, **Barb Waters** and **the Rough Diamonds** have arrived from Australia, and are looking for a drummer and keyboard player. **Pivotal** and their CD *Usurper* have been in town for a couple of months, and have been well received by local crowds, with several of their songs being currently played on Radio One ... local high school band **Doyle** impressed everyone except the judges at the *Smokefree Rock Quest*, and hope to be playing some support gigs soon. With their self released cassette having been snapped up, and songs on the radio, they are a band to watch out for ... most beautiful Geraldine pressing to come my way recently comes from **Donald McPherson** from Ravensbourne — a low-fi masterpiece. Hopefully he will do a larger pressing next time, ie. more than 20 ... **Crude** are to release a seven inch Geraldine pressing on Trinder, with an overseas vinyl 10" or 12 inch pressing to come later in the year ... scary band **Drugs vs. Grandchildren** have also done the Geraldine thing with their new 12 inch release ... **IMD** have finished recording their compilation of Dunedin artists, which will be coming out September-ish. The album includes new songs by: **Suka**, **Swarm**, **Martin Phillips**, **Trash**, **David Kilgour**, **High Dependency Unit**, **Jay Clarkson**, **Chug**, **the Renderers**, **Human Soup** (D Mitchell, D Roughton, A Galbraith), **Bob Scott**, **Kathy Bull**, **Tane Griffin**, **Graeme Downes** and **Body Bomb** ... **Swarm**, **Suka** and **the Veraines** returned from their national tour, getting good crowds and several strains of flu along the way ... **Snort** are completing their single at Volt Studios as part of their prize package as winners of *Operation Music Storm* ... with the departure of bass player **Nathan Judge** to Nelson, the remnants of **Bungalow** have formed a new band with drummer **James T Kirk** (ex-King Loser etc.) ... dance bar Bath St. recently had a successful live gig, with **Mink** playing from 2 till 5AM ... the Crown has just knocked out some walls especially for the upcoming **Shihad** gig ... **Runt** are busy promoting their debut CD ... **Jay Clarkson** is off to tour to promote Fyng Nun's rerelease of her *Packet* CD ... if you have any information for this column, phone David on (03) 477-4125.

DAVID MUIR

# Live

THE NIXONS, BIC RUNGA, SPLITTER  
Squid, Auckland, June 30.

It was a night on the likes of which one needed a bloody good incentive to leave the house. It was cold. It was wet. The **Nixons** were holding their *Special Downtime* release party. Actually, the latter fact proved incentive enough for me to face the former two, and it certainly proved worth the trip.

**Splitter** were up first. They're a four piece with a similar sound to frontman **Andrew Thorne's** previous band, **Thorn**. Thorne (with an E — the man, not the band) peddles a fine range of melodic guitar lines. 'Oxygen' stood out most clearly in my memory. All this pretty noise really was a rather pleasant way to get things started — although it proved to be a case of getting the evening rolling, rather than kicking it off, if you get my drift.

The pace slowed down, but the emotion turned up, when a very nervous looking **Bic Runga** took centre stage. With her vocals usually kicking in on the first strum of her acoustic guitar, the transformation from shaky to totally controlled, which occurred when she was actually performing, was substantial. **Runga** is a captivating solo performer, who was warmly received, despite her concern that the audience was not a very noisy one, I know 'Drive' will be haunting my head for weeks to come.

The **Nixons'** arrival was heralded by a lazy *Pink Panther* jam slinking from the speakers. Red light and lots of smoke completed the atmosphere perfectly. Tonight was the **Nixons'** night, and bassist **Mike Scott** was determined to make the audience live up to it for them. He dished out a japestry line in Aussie pub-rock-style audience baiting, with his tongue a little too loose to be planted firmly in cheek, but it was obvious that was where it was intended to be. In sharp contrast to this tom-foolery, the **Nixons** set to delivering their unique brand of aural atmospherics: clean and airy on top,

revealing a sinister underbelly when poked at. In short, it's yummy, in a scary sort of way.

'Down With a D' was lazily momentous, with drugged up keyboards underscoring the feeling. 'A World of My Own' was as electrifying as the strobes which lit it. 'Eye TV' sounded like it was being sung from a spaceship. When the ingenious 'Basement Static' was played, Sean Sturm's guitar/vocals hand in the proceedings threatened to overshadow anything which followed. Then the band exploded into the gleaming shards of 'Tick Tock' (with the Stereo MCs' 'Connected' chorus inserted), and assured nobody would consider switching off.

**Luke Casey** is the **Nixons'** new drummer. Not only does he kick ass, but he also does a good line in Roy Orbison covers, which was proven when he took over the vocals for a cover of 'Mystery Girl'. This was followed by a cover which filled my evening to a T — 'Suffragette City' — so I ended up very glad I'd left the house.

I hadn't been this intrigued by a New Zealand gig since the **Straitjacket Fits** split up. I was lying in bed thinking this as the sun rose, when 'Basement Static' was followed by Radiohead's 'My Iron Lung' on the radio. I noted the similarities, then drifted off to sleep. It was a strange, but not entirely unpleasant, trinity to dream of (Sturm, Shayne Carter and Thom Yorke, that is).

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

#### CHRIS ISAAK

Logan Campbell Centre, Auckland, July 20

"Ladies and gentlemen," the man says over the PA, "from Stockton California... **Chris Isaak** and **Silverstone**." If you think that signals the beginning of a good old-fashioned rock and roll show, you'd be darn tootin' right.

Despite a lacklustre crowd and surprisingly low volume (you could sometimes hear rain on the roof during songs), **Chris Isaak** and his band rocked. Dressed in a range of cool suits (the bands' matched, **Chris'** was flashier), they played their hearts out through a set of old and new material — most of the hits, and quite a few old gems (though not a couple of my fav's), including 'You Owe Me Some Kind of Love', off the second album. The crowd cheered extra loud every time it sounded like it was going to be 'Wicked Game', and of course, eventually it was.

**Chris** appeared to sometimes slip into well-rehearsed between-song gags, but his band (some of who have been with him for 10 years) were firing spontaneously, especially when they jammed longer on a few numbers. The minder even seemed genuinely surprised and alarmed when **Chris** jumped into the crowd and played during a song.

Most remarkable is just how good that voice is live — he's got the goods all right — soaring effortlessly between the aching high notes and a bass rumble, letting rip with a rockin' yell. Guitar-wise too, **Chris** really can play his songs, handling much of the lead himself.

After the first encore, **Chris** came back on in a mirror suit (as seen in the 'Two Hearts' video) and wasn't afraid to scuff it with a few more energetic numbers, including **Bo Diddley's** 'Diddley Daddley'. The second encore closed the night with a big, breathtaking 'Blue Spanish Sky', featuring **Johnny Reno** on sax.

Lame crowd, horrible room, great band, great show.

JONATHAN KING

#### MUTTONBIRDS, ALT

Glastonbury Music Festival 1995,  
Somerset, England.

At a three day festival, Saturday morning might be 'bad hair day', but Sunday morning is more like 'bad headache day', and most definitely the worst slot to play at Glastonbury. But the **Muttonbirds** took to the NME Stage at 10.45AM, and bravely played their 35 minutes worth to a gathering of 50 loyal Antipodeans.

'Anchor Me' was the second to last number, and after another forgettable song featuring a French horn, the set finally droned to an end, with Don saying: "Thank you for having us."

Clearly, the 'Birds haven't got the songs — those big songs that can fill arenas. Their introverted songs about being lonely in your bedroom and walking around in the middle of the night worrying are hardly helped by the weak vocal delivery, and are perhaps more suited to a pub type venue. When it comes to attitude, or 'attitood', the **Muttonbirds** seem a little lost for words, and "thankyou for having us" doesn't really count. With the likes of **Elastica**, **Menswear**, the **Charlatans** and **Dodgy** commanding the NME Stage over the weekend, playing their sets of slamming 2.5 minute pop songs-with hooks big enough to hang a coat on, the **Muttonbirds** clearly have to decide if they are going to set up camp in Seattle with the fast fading grunge league, or tune in to what is happening with English pop.

**ALT**, on the other hand, were perfectly in their element performing on the Acoustic Stage, set up inside a huge circus marquee. The indoor setting gives the advantage of an instant atmosphere. While other performers play squinting into sunlight on the outdoor stages, the Acoustic Stage, along with the Avalon Stage (folk and Celtic), can use their lighting rigs from the first song. The direct contact with the audience can work like magic.

The crowd which had gathered on Sunday had been expecting a solo set from **Evan Dando** of the **Lemonheads**, but apparently he couldn't be found. Although a large fan base of young girls left as soon as this was announced, many people stayed. Many more were arriving to see **Billy Bragg**, who was on after **ALT**. **Billy B** may be out of the public eye these days, but he has a large and loyal following, and was playing a record breaking sixth *Glastonbury*.

At 2.30pm, **Tim** rushed on stage, explaining he was having to tear himself away from the rugby (South Africa versus New Zealand) while the score was nine each at half-time. With an immediate rapport established, an appreciative crowd of about 2,000 were soon enchanted by the skill of these three professionals playing a handful of fantastic new songs.

**Tim** played drums on many of them, and guitar or keyboards on others, as well as providing the middle voice in many of the three-part harmonies. In a 40 minute set, they moved easily from one musical style to another, with a bit of Celtic folk, a tribal chant/rhythm, a funky groove and plenty of pure pop. After they left the stage and the applause had died down, someone behind me said: "That was world class," without any trace of an Antipodean accent.

Up next was **Billy Bragg**, who was greeted like a hero, while poor **Evan Dando** was booed off after two songs, when he finally took to the stage later in the day. Some people get the mix of time, venue, music and crowd at *Glastonbury* perfectly right. This year, **ALT** was one of them.

TONY RICHARDS

#### WINTER PUNK FEST: SLAMBODIA,

DOGBITE, DREADSTAYNE

July 14, Pod, Auckland.

Just when you thought it couldn't get any wetter, the god of weather gave us even more of the same. Going out on this night, when many of the main roads were flooded out, required determination, resolve and extra stiff mohawk hair gel on the part of punk punters.

Faced with a choice between another bowl of 59 cent noodles beside the glorious warmth of a partially functioning, one bar heater in the litter strewn inner suburban lounges, or the Punk Fest, a hundred or so bods chose the latter, and were probably happy they did so.

Put on by the illustrious **Jim Ramsay** of *Headbanger's Ball* fame, the gig kicked off with **Slambodia's** nasty odes to angst. A fair proportion of the assembled masses immediately began moshing to the foursome's three minute wonders — 'Inside Your Head', 'AK Shits Me', 'Beating Off' and **Monkey Cap** — before the lead singer stepped back, wheezing from asthma. No matter, the band carried on with ass-clenchingly tight intensity through 'My Uncle John' and 'Step One', before the now-able-to-breathe-again vocalist rejoined to give us a few more songs with '1,2,3,4' or 'Oi! Oi!' as the chorus. The crowd, predictably, loved 'em.

If **Slambodia** is the old parading as the new, then **Dogbite** is the old happy to be little more than the old. Essentially a covers band, these three members of the former Punk 'N' Disorderly admittedly do their covers very well. Serving up a veritable jukebox (circa 1983) of sing along favourites by the likes of the **Dead Kennedys**, the **Pistols** and **Stiff Little Fingers**, the lads did manage to stamp a mark of originality on their pre-loved set list by throwing in a couple of tunes of their own. 'Pet Mince', in particular, shone. More originals please.

Whilst the posters for the gig might have

## BACK ISSUES

- 95 Yano J, Alan Moyer, Joe Cocker, Top Mechanix, Guit, 10 to 10.  
74 Malcolm McLaren, Heaven 17, Joan Armatrading, Sharon O'Neill, Childrens Hour.  
75 The Firm, John Cale, Jonathan Richman, Hammond Gamble, Dick Driver.  
76 Polaris, Paul Young, Motown, John Peel, Bryan Adams.  
82 Billy Idol, Pamela Stephenson, Four Tops, Temptations, Veraines.  
83 Elvis Costello, Thompson Twins, Netherworld Dancing Toys, Mockers, Paul Morley.  
84 Style Council (Paul Weller), Echo & Bunnymen, Midnight Oil, Ravi Ariano, Sneaky Feelings, Desperate Midge.  
86 Heats, Talking Heads, Aztec Camera, Nerts, Car Crest Set, Axemen, SPK.  
87 Lou Reed, Go Betweens, Paul Hewson, Pop Yanks.  
89 Neil Young, Giorgio Moroder, Waterboys, David Putterman, Heudon Slips.  
92 Hunters & Collectors, Lloyd Cole, Pelicans, Midnight Oil.  
93 Dance Exponents, Huey Lewis, Robert Palmer, Peeking Man, The Kind of Punishment.  
95 Chills, Killing Joke, Duff Bragg, Expendables, Jason & Scorching, Lost Men Down.  
96 Netherworld Dancing Toys, Clavis Cris, Robert Punt, Double Happiness, Les LeFangs.  
97 Ryan Ferry, Dynamic Heptones, Men At Work, Bats, Snakeheads.  
98 Machine, Mervel, As Anything, Rogues, John Bourman, Bill Neal, Royce.  
99 Hards, Bangers, REM, Jerry Harrison, Christchurch.  
100 NZ Music 1977-89, R's Believe It Or Not, This Tumor, Drowned.  
101 Veraines, Drowned, Saint Pauli, Wesp.  
102 Thompson Twins, Tom Petty, Violent Femmes, Chills.  
103 Frangie, Sweeney, RWE, Felix Productions.  
104 Aunty Sue, Bob Dylan, Steven Ray, Go Betweens, BFM LP, Johnny, Roy Harper.  
105 Hunters & Collectors, Nico, Tim Finn, Flash D'Vico, Herts in Oz.  
106 DD Smith, National Anthem, Terry Gilliam, Music Quota, Everything That Flies, Chrome Safari.  
107 Peeking Man, Cramps, Antidote, Martin Plaza, Ryan Ferry, Heats, Ruby Turner.  
108 Rogues, Bats, Flaming Grooves, Wilko Johnson, Tex Pistol.  
109 Young Ones' Jvy, Cramps, Residents, Heats, Felix Finn, Saints.  
110 Palace Music Club, Huxley Du, Patti LaBelle, An Ol Noise, Lost Men Down, Alpine Bros.  
112 Genesis, Del Jam, OMD, JPSE.  
113 Herts, Sailer, Snakey Feelings, Dream Syndicate, Frankie.  
114 Bessie Boys, Sly & Robbie, Wayne Goss, Queen City Rocker.  
115 ZZ Top, Billy Bragg, Look Blue Go Purple.  
116 Snakeheads, Jay Clarkson, Paul Kelly, Al Hunter.  
117 Chills, David & David, Kologena.  
118 Chills, Hynde, New Music, Elephant, Cal's Away.  
119 Armani, Crowded House, 1977-87 retrospective, 120 Heats, Housewifery, Robert Gray, Triffids.  
121 Dwight Yoakam, Simply Red, Kingshead, A Certain Ratio.  
122 Suzanne Vega, Los Lobos, Billy Idol, Tex Pistol.  
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124 James Brown, Los Lobos, Roy Orbison.  
127 Warheads, Graham Dwyer, Koko Taylor, Neon Picnic.  
128 Ryan Ferry, Gaye Dwyer, Rhythm Cops, Dave Dobson.  
129 Robbie Robertson, Wynton Marsalis, Fearful Sharkey, Tall Dwarfs.  
130 Iron Maiden, Judy Mowatt, Aztec Camera, Triffids, Holidizers.  
131 Hedline, Cheppins, Sisters of Mercy, Bailer Space, Proclaimers, Six Vets.  
132 Ziggy Marley, Afrika Bambaataa, Veraines, Jani Mitchell, Sinead O'Connor.  
133 Paul Kelly, Jerry Harrison, Nick Cave, Georgia Satellites, Johnny Devlin.  
134 Crowded House, Jesse & Mary Chery, Toy Love, Hottelrose Flowers.  
135 Tim Finn, Straitjacket Fits, Run DMC, Dende B, Funny Business, Robert Gray, NZ Comics.  
137 Toni Childs, UB40, Jay Sarkis, Snapper, Cassanova's Ears, Bobby McFerrin, Steve Carter.  
138 Herts, Hedline, Chills, Stu King, Stereo Youth, 1989 Pop.
- 139 Snakey Feelings, REM, Acid House, Go Betweens, John Dk, 10 to 10.  
140 Billy Bragg, Robert Palmer, Uppor Hutt Rasse, Del Leppard, Phil Judd, Randy Newman, 90s Style.  
141 Was Not Was, Lou Reed, Clean, Metelias, Womers, Julian Cope, Richard Thompson, Buckwheat Zydeco.  
142 Mica Paris, Dusty Springfield, Yello, Front Lawn, Expressway, Ozzy Osbourne, Ice T, Cowboy Junkies, Terry Gilliam.  
143 Simple Minds, Tania Janowitz, Crowded House, Metelias, Techhead, Living Colour, Smoke Shop, Ten City, New Orleans.  
144 The Cult, Butler Space, In Machine, The The, Young Ones, Ben Elton, Andrea, Womack & Womack, Neville Bros, Wamataha, Triffids.  
145 Nemen Cherry, Malcolm McLaren, Roy Young, Camille, Chris Knox, Inter City, Stephen, Eastholme.  
146 REM, Peter Dinklage, Berman, Paul Urbane Jones, Paul Kelly, Chris Isaak, Sente Shaw, Netherworld Dancing Toys, Guitars, Carol O'Leary.  
147 Cyndi Lauper, Bob Mould, Dinosaur Jnr, Pegues, Bats, Raimondo, Sam Hunt, Greg Johnson, Song Publishing, No Musicians, Mojo Nixon.  
148 Tone Loc, Aerosmith, Pop Will Eat Itself, Knightsbridge, Lucinda Williams, Steven Seidengrath sax, Red & Vooze, Rick Barker.  
149 Motley Crue, Hunters & Collectors, Johnny Diesel, Heron & Panning, Music Criticism, Winger, Best.  
150 UB40, Buzzcocks, Whiteman, NZ Music 2000, Dunsion 3 Perfect Garden, 30s, Cynthia Shoultz.  
151 Stone Roses, Jay Sarkis, Hough Trade Label, Baited, Michael Monroe.  
152 Deborah Ivary, Quincy Jones, The Fall, Underneath What, Quits International, Virus, Adeva, Kate Caterino.  
153 Sade, Mollie Crow, NZ Metal (Shihad, Tush, Pinks, Armani), Veraines, Del Marley, JPSE, E-Zee Possee, House of Love, Wets, Sugarbeats, Result of Happiness.  
154 David Byrne, SPUD, Dan Reed, RRS-3, Bob Yae Taro, Wedding Present.  
155 Anthrax, Sade, Yonli, Steve Care, Dave Stewart, Shingee, Hamilton, Clean, Black Crown, Little Caesar, Angels.  
156 Living Colour, Gramps, Chissia Hyde, Scapella, David O'Leary, Fast Jilly Speed, Neil Young, Red Hot Peppers.  
157 Straitjacket Fits, Norman Cook, John Lee Hooker, WPA, Jane Siberry, Termites, Yvoni.  
158 Wamataha, Replacement, Soto, Soap Dragons, Robert Palmer, Albert King, Ak Women drummers, Simon Le Bon.  
159 PWS, Jeckhouse, Mingo Mander, Ake Taimanus, After 7, Michelle Shocked, Deep Purple.  
160 Push Push, Bob Marley, Guthrie Surfers, Queen Ida, Chilling Dore of Love, Jesse Chole, Tawns, Don Burrows.  
161 John Flatt, Dinosaur Jnr, Thin Lizzy, Talking Heads, Oils Muck & David Eggelson, Archie Roach, Bob Geldof.  
162 NRA, Jesus Jones, Chris Isaak, Lemmy Kilmister, Exponents, Chainsaw Massacristas, Johnny Marr.  
163 Jane's Addiction, La's, Chris Knox, Emulisher, Frank Power, Motomard, Rascal, Godalier, Jan Heikagel, Las Harvey, LL Cool J, Redhead King, Dore, Dore.  
164 De La Soul, REM, Renderers, Crowded House, Shihad, Bob Mould, Ride, DJ McLennan, Death Ray Cafe.  
165 Metelias, B Vets, Greg Johnson, Violent Femmes, Lemmings, Definition of Colour, Awed, Ngano.  
166 Guns N' Roses, SPUD, Alice Cooper, Neville Brothers, 12 Tribes.  
167 Flying Nun 10th, Bats, Hedline, Chills, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Fugazi, Second Child, Fugazi, Gary Clail, World Gone Wild, Ashley Cleveland.

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# Gig Guide

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat	Sun
 <p>Wellington's Banshee Reel tour the lower North Island this month.</p>	 <p>Shihad play dates nationwide in August.</p>	 <p>Premature Autopsy play the Nitespot in New Plymouth on August 4.</p>	<b>3</b> Shihad, Short Molly Maguires, Nelson Dead Flowers Hotel Royal, Palm Nth Nixons Crossroads, Tauranga Semi Lemon Kola, Master Cheesemaker The Mill, New Plymouth Shanakie Molly Malones, Wgtn The Mothgods, Hawaii 5-0 Penguin Club, Oamaru The Hatching (Heat 5): Lurkster, Teen Shag Superstar, Spine Pod, Auckland Contact 89FM Battle Of The Bands (Heat 2) Wailing Bongo, Hamilton Frenzy TV3, 11.30pm Paul McCartney Up Close Sky TV (HBO), 6.30pm.	<b>4</b> Shihad, Short Warners, Chch Dead Flowers Antipodes, Wgtn Upper Hutt Posse Albion, Gisborne Hello Sailor Commercial Hotel, Te Awamutu Dave Dobbys Blue Pub, Methven Premature Autopsy Nitespot, New Plymouth Jan Hellriegel, Second Child, Bic Runga Powerstation, Auckland Nixons Exchange, Hamilton Blackjack Pod, Auckland Semi Lemon Kola Wild Horse Saloon, Palm Nth The Mothgods, Hawaii 5-0 Crown, Dunedin The Susans Victoria Uni, Wgtn Shanakie Molly Malones, Wgtn Larry Morris Band Hot Lava, Ohakune Lovefish, Quicksilver Vinyl, Auckland Smokefree Regional Final Nelson	<b>5</b> Faith No More, Pumpkinhead Showbuilding, Wgtn Shihad, Short Crown, Dunedin Upper Hutt Posse Shakespeare, Napier Hello Sailor Colville Hall, Colville Dave Dobbys Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrado), Queenstown Nixons George St, Whakatane Jan Hellriegel Hillcrest Tavern, Hamilton Semi Lemon Kola Exchange, Hamilton The Susans, Next Big Thing, Nacho Mama, Desert Road Albert Motor Lodge, Palm Nth Shanakie Parrot & Jigger, Lower Hutt Rollercoaster, Velocity, Kikall Felling Cnr Nelson & Fanshawe St, Auckland Coca Cola Chart Show TV2, 11am. Ice TV TV3, 3pm. MTV Unplugged: REM Sky TV (HBO), 10.10pm.	<b>6</b> Faith No More, Pumpkinhead Logan Campbell Centre, Auckland Shihad, Short Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrado), Queenstown Dead Flowers Millar Bar, Lower Hutt Dave Dobbys Cliffords, Wanaka Music Nation TV2, 11.30am. MTV Unplugged: REM Sky TV (HBO), 3pm.
			<b>10</b> Dead Flowers Ace Of Clubs, Rotorua Exponents Blue Pub, Methven The Hatching (Heat 6): Gascoignes, Condition Red, Mule Pod, Auckland Shanakie Molly Malones, Wgtn Contact 89FM Battle Of The Bands (Heat 3) Wailing Bongo, Hamilton Frenzy TV3, 11.30pm MTV Unplugged: REM Sky TV (HBO), 7.30pm.	<b>11</b> Shihad, Short James Cabaret, Wgtn Dead Flowers Squid, Auckland Pumpkinhead University, Auckland Upper Hutt Posse Towers, Rotorua Master Cheesemaker, Crawspace, Maffia Staffcar, Muttler, Frayden Stomach, Palm Nth Sabbath, Deluge, Civilisation Pod, Auckland Exponents Regines, Dunedin Shanakie Moose McGillicudys, Wanganui Circus Animal Hot Lava, Ohakune Greenpeace Charity Concert Powerstation, Auckland	<b>12</b> Shihad, Short Albert Motor Lodge, Palm Nth Dead Flowers Exchange, Hamilton Superette, Garageland Squid, Auckland Hello Sailor Hot Lava, Ohakune Exponents Sub Zero (ex-Vilagrado), Queenstown Jungle Fungus Bar Bodega, Wgtn Banshee Reel Oak & Ale, Tauranga The Hatching (Heat 7): Malice, Cyril, Fiend Pod, Auckland Greenpeace Charity Concert Powerstation, Auckland Coca Cola Chart Show TV2, 11am. Ice TV TV3, 3pm. MTV Unplugged: Page/Plant Sky TV (HBO), 10.15pm.	<b>13</b> Hello Sailor Schnapps, National Park Exponents Cliffords, Wanaka Music Nation TV2, 11.30am.
<b>7</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b> Dead Flowers Moose McGillicudys, Wanganui Moana & The Moahunters Convention Centre, Rotorua Banshee Reel Totara Lodge, Upper Hutt	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b> Shihad, Short The Mill, New Plymouth Exponents Quinn's Post, Wgtn	<b>20</b> Shihad, Short Crossroads, Tauranga Exponents Town Hall, Dannevirke Banshee Reel Molly Malones, Wgtn Music Nation TV2, 11.30am.
<b>21</b>	<b>22</b> Rob Thorne University, Hamilton (lunchtime)	<b>23</b> Shihad, Short Moose McGillicudys, Wanganui	<b>24</b> Shihad, Short Hot Lava, Ohakune Exponents Hillcrest, Hamilton Banshee Reel Molly Malones, Wgtn The Hatching (Heat 10): Muckhole, Alex, Alfalfamao Pod, Auckland Frenzy TV3, 11.30pm MTV Unplugged: Eric Clapton Sky TV (HBO), 7.30pm.	<b>25</b> Shihad, Short River Bar, Gisborne Nixons Antipodes, Wgtn Hideously Disfigured Pod, Auckland Exponents Windsor Park, Auckland Banshee Reel Red Barrel, Taupo Shanakie Molly Malones, Wgtn Contact 89FM Battle Of The Bands (Grand Final) Wailing Bongo, Hamilton Sunsplash Aotearoa Powerstation, Auckland	<b>26</b> Shihad, Short Shakespeare, Napier Exponents Powerstation, Auckland Banshee Reel Paris, Gisborne Shanakie Molly Malones, Wgtn The Hatching (Heat 11): Heartland, Mello Thumb, U Knowlitt Pod, Auckland Rescue Rock Series Albert Motor Lodge, Palm Nth Coca Cola Chart Show TV2, 11am. Ice TV TV3, 3pm. MTV Unplugged: Elvis Costello Sky TV (HBO), 10.40pm.	<b>27</b> Midge Marsden Band Hot Lava, Ohakune Music Nation TV2, 11.30am.
<b>28</b>	<b>29</b> Urge Overkill Powerstation, Auckland Rob Thorne University, Auckland (lunchtime)	<b>30</b> Circus Animals Hot Lava, Ohakune Paua Fritters Marguritas, Auckland	<b>31</b> The Hatching (Heat 12): House Of Cards, Slambodia, Spawn Pod, Auckland Rob Thorne Ima Hitt, New Plymouth 4pm / Quay, Wanganui 9pm Shanakie Molly Malones, Wgtn Circus Animals Hot Lava, Ohakune Frenzy TV3, 11.30pm MTV Unplugged: Elvis Costello Sky TV (HBO), 8pm.			

"Only From Hair Salons With Attitude"

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scrunch it mould it slick it



snarlingly used 'Punk's Not Dead!!' as a by-line, I still remained only semi-convinced until the widely misspelt Dreadstayne did their turn. Wonderfully messy, their bass heavy mix was worth hanging around for, and provided the highlight of the night for the by now sadly decimated crowd. Pure grinding garage, the band did what they did in fine fashion. Guitarist Antoni Baker was more than capable of some skilfully delicate fingerwork against the backdrop of Marcus Callen's rhythms, making the group definitely the most surprisingly innovative and un-dead punk crew of the evening.

CRAIG CEE

#### SEBADOH, GARAGELAND, DRILL

Powerstation, Auckland, July 16.

The drunken lecher includes me in the fraternity of man, saying: "Man, look at those beautiful chicks. Woooah! What I'd do..." Not exactly the polite geek-boy loser you'd expect at a Sebadoh concert, but it was that type of audience tonight - what you'd politely call the good-time gig goers. They wanted to be rocked.

Drill rocked for their last gig ever. Drill do not sound like their name suggests. They are far more tuneful than a boring tool. Their set was full of stop-start songs and guitarists twiddling with their amps. It suggests art wank, but Drill were too unpretentious and melodic to ever wear that label.

Garageland, too, rocked. They looked marvellous on stage, like a band with something to prove. Their style may reveal influences in places, but the songs are perfect moments. The new country lounge-lizard angle they displayed just added to the show. If their forthcoming EP traps the right songs, they're assured success.

Sebadoh rocked. And rocked and rocked and rocked... for 135 minutes. The Lou Barlow ballads were rare, with 'Bouquet for a Siren' a highlight. The set was mainly anthemic power-pop. Barlow did most singing, with bassist Loewenstein's louder, rawer voice complimenting his bandmate's restrained style. Contradicting popular wisdom, it was Loewenstein's songs, particularly off *Bakesale*, that were the best bits.

The crowd were mean to Barlow, throwing things at him and not really clapping loud enough for him, until he whinged: "You're taking us for granted!" Oh, we did treat him bad. Barlow was lucky to be kicked out of Dinosaur Jr.. Whereas Dinosaur's recent Auckland gig was lethargic and mediocre, Sebadoh showed all the fun and excitement of being in a band and making cool music.

DARREN MITCHELL HAWKES

#### PALACE BROTHERS

Toast, Burlington, Vermont, USA, June 2.

Received wisdom about Burlington is that it's a rich college town, outpost of trust fund liberalism, gloating over its own supposed 'character', or, worse still, 'old world charm'. This is all pretty much true, but it's still the United States, so the first car we see after crossing the border from the rural waste-space of Southern Quebec into the Vermont forest (exulting all the while, incidentally, in the hot and cold and colder flushes of the extra suave new Tindersticks album) isn't a car, but a pickup truck sporting a bumper sticker that says: 'My wife, yes. My dog, maybe. My gun, never.' Just the kind of opportunity a professional rock journalist is always on the lookout for (in the absence of a press release to rewrite): the chance to draw a facile analogy between this trifling piece of redneck iconography and Will Palace's evident readiness to explore/exploit at least some of the hillbilly trappings of his Kentucky background. This should, in turn, serve to remind us once more that, come judgement day, professional rock journalists will find themselves only a circle or two higher up in Hell than, say, whistling bus drivers, or professional musicians.

A large cowboy hat and a Southern accent aren't intended to disguise for a second the fact that the Palace Brothers don't play 'authentic' country or bluegrass, and never have. Rural Gothic tradition is no more 'in their blood' than is the influence of urban socialites like Cave and Cohen, and for that matter, Russian symbolist poet Alexander Blok. That's why their audience is mostly college kids and sundry middle class idlers. The support act

does a wretchedly soft-boiled version of 'Candy Say', and they're not, to my knowledge, played on Country FM.

Anyway, four so-called Brothers are assembled to show off a fairly slick new sound tonight: a drummer whose unobtrusiveness, both as a physical presence and as a player, is almost exaggerated; a discreetly long haired keyboard guy struggling manfully with all the piano, organ and bass parts; and an electric guitarist who looks like Otis from *Henry, Portrait of a Serial Killer*, whose job is quietly to gainsay whatever the vocal melody is doing with his delicate, absent minded inventions. Then there's Will, who confirms the mythology that sprang up when he wasn't paying attention by looking about 18, in a denim jacket and the aforesaid cowboy hat, playing an acoustic guitar several sizes too big for him. When he sings, he sounds as young as he looks and, curiously, about a hundred years older at the same time. On record, this effect is heightened by a habit of using two almost identical vocal tracks just slightly out of synch, like the phantom of his old age haunting his youth, or something (which isn't necessarily all that deep or mystical — think of Coppola's silly *Dracula*). Live, though, it's just the strangest symptom of a generalised, almost systematic, perversity (slow learners, please note: this is in no way the same thing as perversion).

Whenever one of the young Werthers of Burlington or Montréal is foolish enough to call out for the song by which he likes to cry himself to sleep, it's immediately struck from the set list, and Will isn't shy about telling him so. They do 'All Gone, All Gone', and a weirdly synco-pated version of 'Agnes, Queen of Sorrow', from the recent *Hope* EP, but most of the set is brand new, and as cold and dry as a heart could desire. Country, stereotypically all about honesty and reassurance, becomes a slippery, deceptive surface, belying an unsentimentality that's so far from down home it might have been beamed in from Neptune. Sure, the lyrics are about horses and death and drinking (subject matter that leads you to expect a nice warm rush of instrumental emotion every so often), but it never comes, and you're left confused and shivering. The beauty of these songs

is that, in the words of Hitchcock (Robin, not Alfred), they were 'born with something missing'.

MATTHEW HYLAND

#### PREMATURE AUTOPSY, DELUGE

Exchange Tavern, Hamilton, July 20.

The Exchange is new territory for me, and boasting an interior look somewhere between Cobb & Co and Auckland's Boardwalk Bar, it's an odd place to see a band or two. A motley mix of bikies, punks and metallers were gathered around the bar to catch tonight's dose of heaviness, and certainly they weren't let down.

First on is Auckland band Deluge. The guitarist is wearing a Napalm Death shirt, and this is as good a reference point as any. Deluge play slightly less beats per minute, but play for many more minutes, and like the UK speedsters, they deal to their audience in a brutally heavy fashion. The roundhouse knockout of their three quarter hour set was a bombastic number called 'Bloating Beast', where the vocalist's guttural howls battled for supremacy with wave after wave of maximum velocity guitar. Despite an atrocious sound mix, from where I stood Deluge definitely pleased the assembled, although the vocalist's parting comment — "thanks for that great round of indifference" — suggests he underestimated how much this scene was being dug.

This was Premature Autopsy's sixth show on their *Modus Operandi* tour, and they have this live caper sussed. Their set consists of super-fast noisesome notions, propelled by a solid rhythm section that's tight without sounding regimented, while, blessed with this supportive base, monstrously heavy riffs are dropped by the two guitarists. The true spark to this performance, though, is a raucously charismatic frontman who stomps and staggers across the stage, all the while roaring his vocal chords into oblivion. Without the knowledge of song titles, it's impossible to single out exceptional 'tunes', but each and every one was an exercise in intensity, and a thrill I hope to repeat before too much longer.

JOHN RUSSELL

# Video

## AIRHEADS

Director: Michael Lehmann

This film has less cred' than a nose goblin in a pâté sculpture.

A righteous rock band looking for an unsolicited record deal can't get one because they never get played on the radio, and can never get played on the radio because they don't have a record deal. They accidentally on purpose take an entire radio station hostage in an attempt to get their demo played. The in-joke is, their guns are loaded with nothing but capicum juice and tobasco sauce — good for temporary blinding, but hardly lethal. That's the main gag on which this lame-fest' is built. A handful of flat rocker jokes are thrown in to pad out the package. I won't bore you with examples.

Don't make the mistake of thinking a bunch of your friends and a table full of giggle inducing goodies will turn *Airheads* into a fun night in. They won't. It's crap.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

## IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

Director: Andrew Bergman

I must confess, I had to steel myself before I thought I could stomach this light romantic number. However, it stars my man Nic Cage, so I managed to suspend my scepticism.

Cage plays a good cop married to a nasty beautician (Rosie Perez). When her dead father visits her in a dream, bearing the winning numbers to the New York State Lottery, she instructs her husband to go and buy a ticket. When Cage gets stuck without enough money to tip a waitress (Bridget Fonda) having one of the worst days of her life, he promises her half of any proceeds the lottery ticket might win. When the ticket does win, he makes two million dollars worth of good on his promise. Understandably, this makes things stickier than usual between he and his horrible wife, and all gooey between he and the waitress. The original relationships get a shake-up (no prizes for guessing where Cage and Fonda end up), and the money goes everywhere.

There are plenty of simple morals here, namely: a promise is a promise; money can't buy happiness; good things come to good people, and vice versa. If you like hearing this kind of stuff, you'll like this.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

# Reel News

**Cameron Diaz** has just finished shooting her follow-up to *The Mask*, the low budget feature *The Last Supper*. She plays one of a group of liberal graduate students, who turn their apartment into a slaughter house for invited dinner guests who dare to oppose their leftist views ... *Romper Stomper* director **Geoffrey Wright**'s latest youth gone wild flick is *Metal Skin*, starring **Ben Mendelsohn**, **Aden Young** and **Tara Morice** ... **Antonio Banderas** will star in the sequel to *El Mariachi*, *Desperado* (its working title was *Return of the Mariachi*). Originally intended as a bigger budget remake of the original, now an entirely new plot line is emerging ... **Mike Newell** directs **Hugh Grant**, **Alan Rickman**, **Prunella Scales** and big screen newcomer **Georgina Cates** in the theatre world tale *An Awfully Big Adventure* ... **Sean Connery** stars as King Arthur, **Richard Gere** as Lancelot and **Julla Ormond** as Guinevere, in the medieval epic *First Knight* ... **Julla Ormond** and **Tim Roth** star as a prison dentist and an inmate (respectively) who fall in lust behind bars ... **Tim Roth** stars as a hit-man despatched to his home territory in *Little Odessa* ... **Helena Bonham Carter** plays **Woody Allen**'s wife in his latest (yet to be named) metropolitan romance ... REM's **Michael Stipe** has set up his own film production company, Single Cell Pictures. New Line Pictures have given Single Cell a two year, first look deal to develop and produce feature films. Stipe is looking to produce projects which will "bridge that chasm" between independent film and Hollywood fodder. Single Cell is already being swamped with submissions ... **Johnny Suede** director **Tom DiCillo**'s latest project puts the kind of low budget induced dramas which are usually kept behind the camera in front of it. *Living in Oblivion* is an indie film making satire which boasts a cast of indie film survivors, including **Steve Buscemi**, **Catherine Kenner**, **Dermot Mulroney** and **James**

**LeGros** ... Aerosmith video babe and *The Crush* star **Alicia Silverstone**'s next film is entitled *Clueless* ... *The Joy Luck Club* director **Wayne Wang**'s latest film is *Smoke*. With a screenplay by *The Music of Chance* writer **Paul Auster**, the film focuses on the way people talk. **Harvey Keitel** heads a cast which includes **Stockard Channing**, **William Hurt** and **Forest Whitaker** ... the latest **Michael Crichton** book to get the big screen treatment is *Congo* ... **Ken Russell**'s latest film is *Mindbender*, based on the life of legendary spoon bender **Uri Geller**. Towards the end of the film, Geller himself appears on screen to psychically fix any broken watches viewers may have brought. The experiment has tested well in a UCLA study and at a film preview in Israel (where a 60 per cent success was reported) ... **Cindy Crawford** makes her big screen debut as the star of first time director **Andrew Sipes**' action movie *Fair Game*. **William Baldwin** co-stars ... screenwriter **Melissa Mathison** has scored her first produced screenplay since *ET* with *The Indian in the Cupboard*. **Frank Oz** directs this tale of a boy and his walking, talking, three inch tall, plastic Indian companion ... **Russell Crowe** plays a virtual reality serial killer who escapes into Los Angeles, 1999, in *Virtuosity*. **Brett Leonard** (*The Lawnmower Man*) directs ... **Sandra Bullock** also surfs the Internet in the upcoming *The Net* ... **Gus Van Sant**'s latest movie is *To Die For*, starring **Matt Dillon** and **Nicole Kidman** ... **Liv Tyler** plays a record company denizen in *Empire* ... *Hellraiser IV* is on the way ... **Rick Moranis** suffers at the hands of childhood tormentor **Tom Arnold** in *Big Bully* ... **Anna Paquin** and **Charlotte Gainsbourg** play the young and elder **Jayne Eyre** in **Franco Zeffirelli**'s film adaptation of *Charlotte Brontë*'s classic novel ... *Like Water for Chocolate* director **Alfonso Arau**'s new film is *A Walk in the Clouds*. It stars **Keanu Reeves** as a choco

late salesman who poses as the husband of a pregnant woman ... **Vanessa Redgrave** and **Uma Thurman** star in *A Month By the Lake* ... **Ryan Slater** (Christian's little bro') stars in *The Amazing Panda Adventure*, a black and white and furry all over take on the *Free Willy* theme ... *Free Willy 2: The Adventure Home* has its original human star (**Jason James Richter**), while animatronics and stock footage take the place of its original whale star (**Keiko**) ... **Jason London** plays a student who beds his saucy maths tutor (**Tia Carrere**) in *Learning Curves* ... **Patricia Arquette** loses her passport and gets caught in the cross fire of a Burmese uprising in *Beyond Rangoon* ... the Mortal Kombat video game has been made into a movie ... **Ben Kingsley** and **Forest Whitaker** star in the upcoming alien flick *Species* ... **Jeff Bridges** stars as the legendary gunslinger and title character of *Wild Bill*, with **Ellen Barkin** playing Calamity Jane ... **Julianne Moore** suffers from suburban neurosis in *Safe* ... **Atom Egoyan**'s latest film is *Exotica* ... **Alfred Molina**, **Helen Slater** and **Stephen Fry** star in the bank heist comedy *The Steal*.



Tara Morice and Aden Star in the upcoming Geoffrey Wright film *Metal Skin*.





**b**'S WAX





Clerks

## Clerks

Director: Kevin Smith

*Clerks* is a hip little comedy, made for probably less than the cost of Batman's left glove. More than one reviewer has described it as *Slacker* behind a counter.

The film revolves around the harassed Dante, who is trapped behind the drugstore counter for the weekend and persistently traumatised by both friends and customers. His girlfriend confesses she's given 37 other guys blowjobs, and an anti-smoking campaigner virtually sets up a soapbox at the counter — all this in the first 10 minutes of business.

For a film that delights in the seemingly spontaneous — there are a number of bizarre scenes, like one customer coolly watching a cat shit, or another playing with eggs on the floor of the store — it's beautifully scripted. The rambling, freewheeling conversations between Dante and his friend Randal recall Tarantino, and the amateur cast are never less than energetic (my favourite moment is when Marilyn Ghiglotti, as Dante's girlfriend Veronica, screams at some loafers: "Go commute!")

*Clerks*, photographed admittedly in rather patchy black and white, cost a mere 27,000 dollars. One wonders what Smith might achieve if a kindly studio were to add an extra three zeros to the sum.

WILLIAM DART

## 32 Short Films About Glenn Gould

Director: François Girard

This is an extraordinary film that manages to convey the idiosyncratic genius that was Canadian pianist Glenn Gould. Girard's unusual format for his tribute is 32 vignettes echoing the 32 *Goldberg Variations* by Bach, the first work that Gould recorded in the mid-50s, and a score that he was very much associated with throughout his career.

The film conveys much of Gould's humour and obsession. There's the opening scene, with the pianist (played by Colm Feore) slowly walking towards us, across icy wastelands, with a Bach soundtrack slowly impinging on the consciousness; a close-up of piano strings and

hammers as they create another Bach work; a collection of interviews with the sort of misguided critics whom Gould himself loved to satirise in his own writings and radio works; or the collage of pills accompanied (yet again) by Bach and a matter-of-fact medical commentary.

The dramatic structure of the film allows for Feore to interview himself. As for telephone interviews and conversations, which were one of Gould's obsessions, there are more of these than poor Barbara Stanwyck had to cope with in *Sorry Wrong Number*. Friends contribute too — Yehudi Menuhin is generous (in French) about Gould's special genius, Margaret Pascu (in English) talks frankly about GG's pill-popping. We see the impact Gould's bristling interpretations had in an effective scene in which Gould charms a nervous German chambermaid with one of his Beethoven recordings.

*32 Short Films* is hardly the last word on Gould. His important decision to retire from the concert stage is shown by a backstage scene at his concert in which, after following a labyrinth of corridors to the stage, he signs a programme for the stage manager's wife. At one stage there is a snatch from Petula Clark's 'Downtown', but little indication that it would inspire the eccentric Gould to write thousands of words of ecstatic praise for both singer and song in *High Fidelity* magazine. But then, just as Gould himself returned to studio at the end of his career to re-record the *Goldbergs*, perhaps in a world where financing was not a problem, Girard may well be able to come up with a further 32 portraits.

WILLIAM DART

## Country Life

Director: Michael Blakemore

With a premise rather loosely borrowed from Chekhov's play *Uncle Vanya*, we're on an Australia farm, circa 1919. A rural family cope with the arrival of the pompous Alexander, who has returned after a supposedly successful career as a theatre critic in London. All kinds of animosity is whipped up, most dramatically between Alexander and his brother-in-law Jack.

Don't look for any Chekhovian subtleties here. Blakemore himself plays the obnoxious critic with all the subtlety of Monty Woolley in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. For a good half of the movie Greta Scacchi, as Blakemore's

young wife, does little but look startled. Making up the kiwi contingent are a moony Kerry Fox and a stolid Sam Neill, who even gives an environmentalist lecture at the local town hall — a rather advanced concept for the time and period, I would imagine. Veteran actor Googie Withers, as the mutton dealing cook of the household, does a turn worthy of *Upstairs Downstairs* at its ripest.

All this not discounting the occasional crude touch in the script, such as when Neill and Scacchi catch sight of some kanga's rooting while they're alone in the bush and feeling vaguely extramarital.

Perhaps Michael Blakemore's distinguished theatrical background should not be held against him (his credits include work at the Glasgow Citizen's Theatre and the National Theatre), but his latest film seems to have all the packaging requirements of a *Montana Masterpiece Theatre* epic — I could swear there were discreet ad' fades every 10 minutes or so.

WILLIAM DART

## Forget Paris

Director: Billy Crystal

There's a cool contrivance to Billy Crystal's latest comedy that barely conceals the fact this is a distinctly old-fashioned affair. With a soundtrack that has Billie Holiday and Ella Fitzgerald alongside big band bashes worthy of Billy May or Henry Mancini in their heyday, you only have to close your eyes and it might be Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn up there on the screen.

Well, almost. Alas, Billy Crystal and Debra Winger just don't have what it takes to make *Forget Paris* work as the romantic comedy it clearly has ambitions to be. One sits back and intellectually applauds the ingenious scripting, but, in the final count, it's the droll racontage of such accomplished comedians as Paul Masur and Julie Kavner that remains in the memory, not the tortuous marital problems of Crystal and Winger.

*Forget Paris* is an amiable enough comedy, but, as Crystal films go, there are stronger contenders — one misses the neat cinematic ref-

erences that gave last year's *City Slickers II* its zing. The superb visual joke in the opening scene of *Forget Paris*, involving a starched organist, and a fairly hysterical sequence in which Winger finds herself overly attached to a panicking pigeon, do not a totally satisfying comedy make.

WILLIAM DART

## Mrs Parker and the Vicious Circle

Director: Alan Rudolph

Alan Rudolph's biopic of Dorothy Parker, the mistress of the barbed epigram, has one superb asset: Jennifer Jason Leigh. Her portrait of Parker is as dry as the driest martini, cynically drawing the best lines of the script, and managing to let just a sliver of vulnerability through. She recites her celebrated observations on suicide at a swank garden party, and — just to stress that she is indubitably the centre of the vicious circle — she recites extracts from Parker's writing at the camera from time to time.

The vicious circle is the problem. Even discounting the unredeeming sourness of the film



Glenn Gould

(and it's a particularly depressing 135 minutes), the rest of Parker's literary colleagues just don't light up, despite the gallons of bootleg gin they're constantly downing. These too are figures of legendary wit and charm, men like Robert Benchley, Charles MacArthur, Robert Sherwood and Donald Ogden Stewart. It says a lot that the sprightly Lili Taylor makes more of an impression in a few walk-ons as Edna Ferber.

Some of the problem lies with Rudolph's frustratingly complex soundtrack, which almost out-Altmans Altman in its overlapping dialogue. One hopes that Rudolph's next film will capitalise on the very real achievements of his 1992 *Equinox*.

WILLIAM DART

## The Glass Shield

Director: Charles Burnett

This is a brave, and perhaps even reckless film, tackling a genre and subject which these days seem more the natural domain of the television pilot. Charles Burnett tells us the tale of JJ Johnson, a young black rookie stuck in a precinct in one of the rougher districts of LA, and becoming entangled in the corruption that is day to day fare amongst his fellow cops.

*The Glass Shield* asserts its integrity by dint of its sharp-edged script (written by the director from Johnson's own story) and stunning visual style. Much of the film passes by as a strange dream. The characters are often kept at an unsettling distance, key raids are shot in the metallic blue of night, and characters are often caught in ritualised confrontation against various light sources and noisier backdrops.

Other pluses are the good solid performances from Michael Boatman as the put-upon young rookie, and Lori Petty as his equally beset colleague — women are no more popular than blacks amongst the good old boys of the precinct. Also featured are rapper Ice-T and veteran actor Elliott Gould, on either sides of the legal battle that is at the centre of the film.

WILLIAM DART



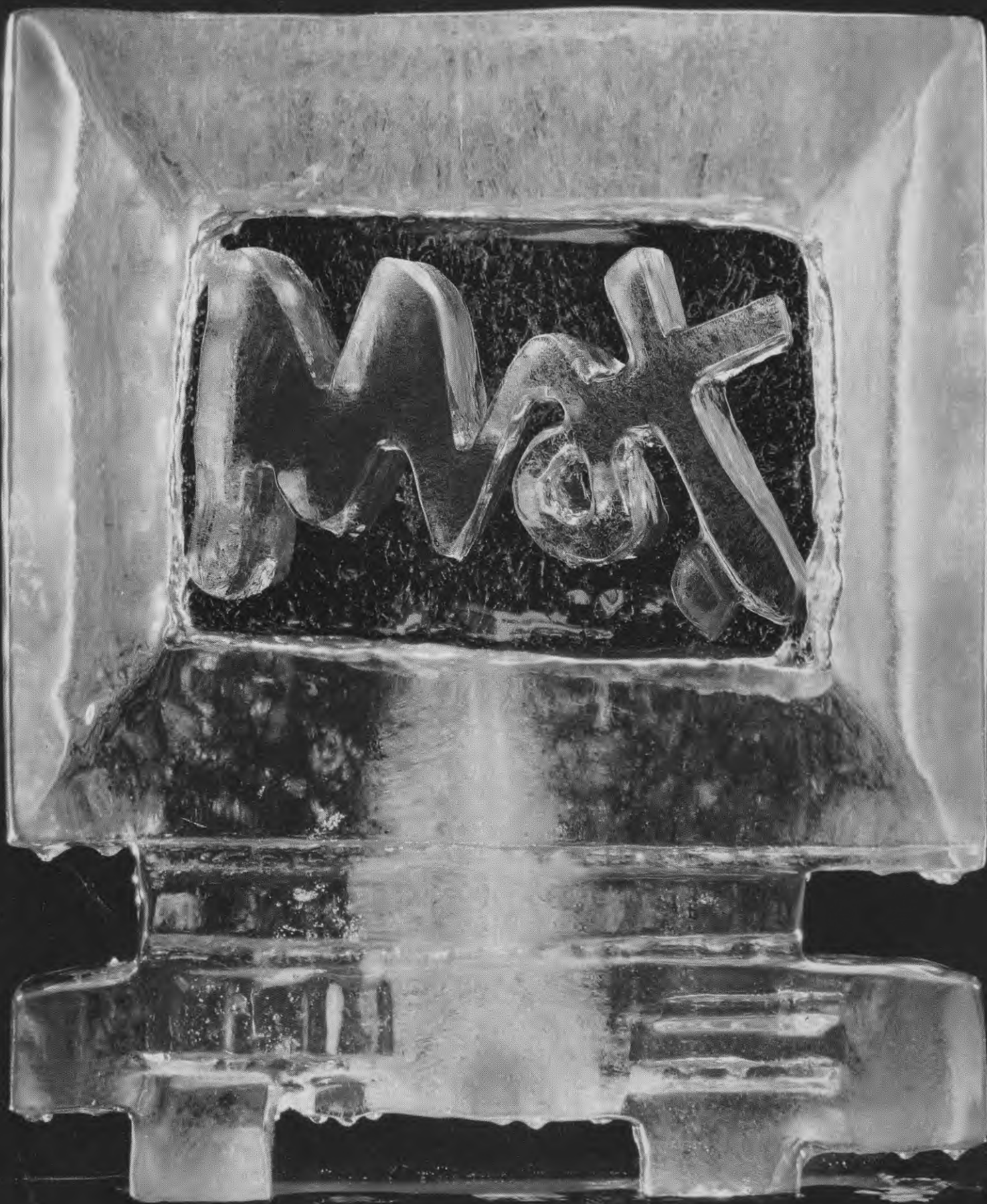


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