

Sleeper • Short • Deepgrooves • Win Chad Smith's Drum Kit

ISSUE 217 SEPT \$2 (09) 358 3884

rip it up

GARBAGE

Butch Vig's Brand New Bag

LOVES UGLY CHILDREN

Cakehole, The Recipe

ABBASALUTELY

Flying Nun is Born Again

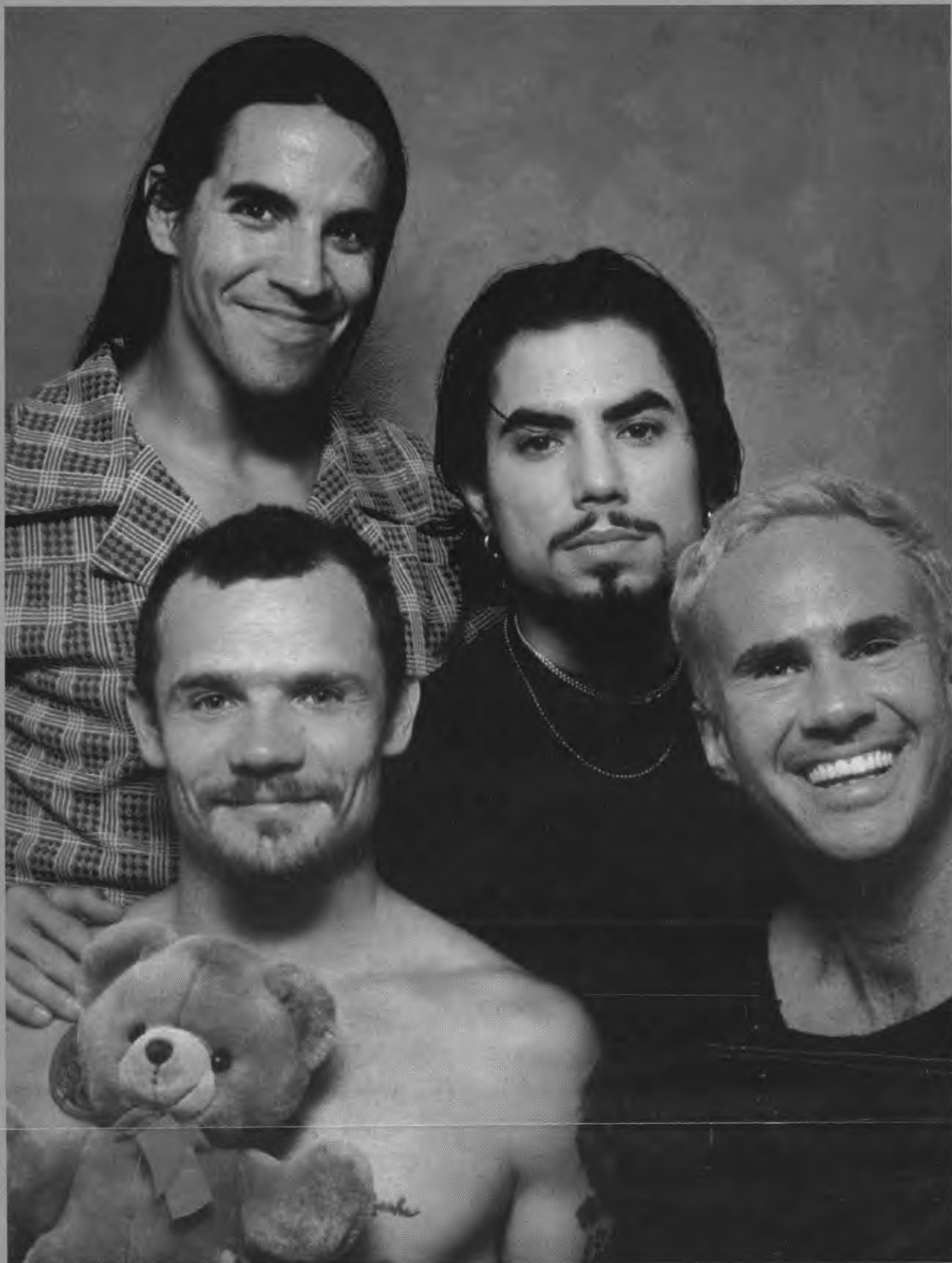
SILVERCHAIR

Big In America

Red Hot Chili Peppers

The New Brew Interview





Red Hot Chili Peppers

One Hot Minute

The new album out September 11.



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WHITE ZOMBIE TOUR

Electro-metal funk gods White Zombie make it to New Zealand to play two gigs — Auckland Town Hall October 2 and Wellington Town Hall October 3. They have also launched a World-Wide Web site (<http://www.geffen.com/planetzombie>) designed by Charles Como who created the infamous "Megadeth Arizona" web site.

URGE OVERKILL POWERSTATION

Fresh from the *Pulp Fiction* soundtrack come power pop trio Urge Overkill to play the Powerstation on Tuesday September 26. Their new album *Exit the Dragon* is on release now.



CALVIN KLEIN COPS FLACK!

The new Calvin Klein jeans campaign that appears in magazines such as *Details* and *Rolling Stone* has caused a stir in New York when it appeared on the sides of buses. Some critics have called the images of teen models tasteless or pornographic.

The photos were taken by fashion photographer Steven Miesel who shot Madonna's *Sex* book.

A statement from Calvin Klein reads, "If someone thinks that these ads are pornographic they are reading something into them that was not intended . . . the inspiration of the new jeans campaign was the idea of amateurism and media awareness and the strength of personality and self knowledge of young people today."

Pat Sloan of *Advertising Age* told CNN, "Calvin Klein has recently been trying to rebuild his jean sales again, so he may well be looking to purposely court controversy."



Urge Overkill



Boy George

Quote

"I think in the music business you get taken seriously if you have a guitar. Take Prince: He can mince around stage in heels and polka-dot panties, but people take him seriously because he's got a guitar. I must get one."

BOY GEORGE *wants to be taken seriously.*

"The big print giveth and the small print taketh away."

TOM WAITS *on recording contracts.*

"You learn to apologise a lot when you're in a relationship — whether you're wrong or not. I learned that from marriage and going to therapy."

TOM ARNOLD *'s new found wisdom.*

"I think he's gone berserk. He's lost his mind — if he ever had one to begin with."

ROSEANNE *counters TOM ARNOLD's stories of their sexcapades.*

"The history of pop stars trying to become credible is littered with Kylie Minogues."

PET SHOP BOY *singer NEIL TENNANT on ROBBIE WILLIAMS leaving TAKE THAT.*

"My new lyrics are less deep because I am less deep."

BERNARD SUMNER *on his post-NEW ORDER project ELECTRONIC.*

"If we got any closer we'd be inside each other."

MICHAEL STIPE *denies that recent illnesses have brought the band together.*

"Some people call it modern rock. Some people call it alternative. We call it dinner music."

USA fast food chain TACO BELL *embraces grunge.*

"Did I miss Mark? Yeah, in some ways. It's hard to let go when you're used to being with someone 24 hours a day. I just filled up my hole with other things."

THE FALL's BRIX *tells how she coped with her divorce from MARK E SMITH and subsequent split from THE FALL. NB: Although Brix recently rejoined the Fall, Smith is still not filling up her hole.*

"The other guys stay at home and practice signing their signature in front of the mirror, so they'll be a lot quicker than me."

SHIHAD's PHIL KNIGHT, *when given a mammoth stack of the band's album covers to autograph.*



WIN CHAD SMITH'S DRUM KIT



Most people see him as outrageous. Sometimes he is. Chad has become one of the most original personalities in drumming. Most never see his serious dedication. A dedication to the history of the instrument and a reverence for the drummers that played them. This seriousness is reflected by the sound of the drums he plays. The Masters Series...a sound that is both yesterday and today, but like nothing you've heard before.

Pearl

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OASIS VS BLUR

Oasis

In the UK a big media hype has been built around the calculated clash between the release of the new singles by Blur and Oasis. Blur's 'Country House' single is from their forthcoming album *The Great Escape* and Oasis release 'Roll With It' from their October album *(What's the Story) Morning Glory?*. In *NME* Noel Gallagher baited Blur, describing them as, "A bunch of middleclass wankers trying to play hard ball with a bunch of working class heroes."



ABBASALUTELY FABULOUS

This power pop art is the cover of the Flying Nun stars sing the Abba songbook compilation that features the Shayne Carter and Fiona McDonald duet, 'The Name of the Game'. Other artists appearing include Headless Chickens, Chris Knox, Garageland, Breast Secreting Cake and Able Tasmans. Read all about it on page 18.



SUPERGRASS HIT PAYDIRT

Another English band has made it big. Even Blur's Damon Albarn says the Supergrass "album is good". It's called *I Should Coco*. In the October *RipItUp* John Taite talks to Supergrass.



BON JOVI TOUR

Bon Jovi

The boys are back in town November 8 at the Mt Smart Supertop. What more can you say?



Chaka Khan & Guru

GURU AND FRIENDS

Guru has more friends than anybody else. Here he asks Chaka Khan for her recipe for deep fried cheese cake. On *Jazzmatazz Vol. II* he gets help from Mica Paris, Ronny Jordan, Ini Kamoze, Shara Nelson, Donald Byrd and loads more. Guru tells how to win friends and influence people on page 14.



HALLELUJAH PICASSOS TOUR

Hallelujah Picassos tour nationally mid-September to push their new mega-size (40 minute) *Gospel of the DNA Demon EP*. Tracks include Greg Johnson's 'Talk of This Town' and a new 1995 version of 'Picasso Core'. Bilge Festival will open for them in Hamilton Sept 14 and Auckland Sept 15. See *Tours* on page 6 for complete dates.



Lenny Kravitz

LENNY KRAVITZ GETS COOL

Former whingeing rock star Lenny Kravitz whinges to *Billboard* about rock stars whingeing. "There are worse things than having to do an interview. A lot of guys work really hard at getting a deal, then complain the whole time. Well, if they don't like it, then play in a bar." Yes, Lenny Kravitz talks exclusively to *RipItUp* in our October issue about *Circus* the album and circus, the metaphor for the business of making music.



Prince

SLAVE DELIVERS

Prince must be talking to his label Warners again, as his new album *The Gold Experience* is released by Warners this month and it includes last year's indie single 'Most Beautiful Girl In the World'. However the new Warners publicity shot still has "SLAVE" written on Prince's face. First single is 'I Hate You' and the next single may be 'Pussy Control'.

MOUNTAIN ROCK OWES BANDS

While Mountain Rock Promotions, the new company formed to oversee the staging of the 1996 Mountain Rock Music Festival, has secured sponsorship for the event, and is currently auditioning bands, three major acts who performed at the concert in January this year are yet to be paid. Supergroove are owed \$10,500, an amount that combines their performance fee and band merchandise sold at the venue, a spokesperson for Hello Sailor confirms the band are owed "a substantial amount", while Moana & the Moahunters are yet to receive their performance fee of \$4500.

Moana's manager William Jackson intends to start proceedings to wind up Mountain Rock Productions.

"If I get the chance to wind them up, I'll wind them up, they shouldn't be allowed to organise another concert. What I'm astounded by is how they've almost got away with it, there's been very little criticism towards them. I am amazed that they even got sponsorship considering the amount of lies they've told. I was told by [Paul] Campbell, [MR Productions Director] three times that our money was in the bank. If they had been straight with us from day one we would have helped them out."

'Desperate Cow' by Jocelyn Carlin



PHOTOS ON A WALL

Currency — Contemporary Photographic Art is this year's PhotoForum exhibition at the Auckland Museum from September 15 to October 8. The 20 person exhibition includes work by Laurence Aberhart, Mark Adams, Harvey Bengel, Bruce Foster, Greg Semu, Clive Stone and Christine Webster.

BRAINDEAD CHICKEN

Braindead, The Musical sees former Headless Chicken Fiona McDonald starring as Paquita beside such stage luminaries as Peter Tait and Kevin Smith. The stage version of Peter Jackson's movie classic plays in Auckland Sept 1 to Nov 4 at the Watershed and at the Downstage Theatre in Wellington Nov 16 to Dec 23.



Fiona McDonald & Stephen Butterworth



Thorazine Shuffle

95BFM PRIVATE FUNCTION

The Annual bFM Private Function will be held on Thursday September 28. Rather than the 'all under one roof' approach favoured in recent years, the Private Function will be a multi-venue affair. Your 1995 b-card will gain you free entry to Squid, Papa Jacks, Bob Bar, Kurtz, Eastside, Box/Celebre, and the Powerstation (all ages). Bands performing on the night include Loves Ugly Children, Superette, Thorazine Shuffle, and the Applicators.



Dead Flowers

AOTEA GETS ROCKED

The bill for the Aotea Centre rock concert on Sunday September 10 has been finalised. The bands appearing are: 3Ds, Dead Flowers, the Nixons, Future Stupid, Thorazine Shuffle, and Semi Lemon Kola. The concert will kick-off at 6.30pm in the ASB Theatre, and tickets are \$15.00 or \$12.00 with a b Card, from Bass or Truetone Records.



Porkers

PORKERS TOUR

Six-piece Aussie ska band The PORKERS play nine dates nationwide in September (see *Tours* for details). Their debut CD *Grunst* is available thru Shock Records.

P COMPLETE DEBUT ALBUM

US band P, featuring actor Johnny Depp and Butthole Surfer Gibby Haynes, have completed the recording and mixing of their debut record in LA. Produced by Ween's Andrew Weiss, the as-yet untitled album

boasts a cover of ABBA's 'Dancing Queen'. Depp and Haynes formed P after they met last year during the filming of the movie *Who's Eating Gilbert Grape*.



KURTZ LOUNGE RE-OPENS

Closed for a month due to financial difficulties, live venue Kurtz Lounge in Symonds Street, Auckland, is open again for business under new management. Former Supergroove and *Dog Club* manager Stuart Broughton has leased the premises with partner Andrew Glynn, with a promise the venue "will never lie idle again". Upcoming gigs include the Hallelujah Picassos, Garageland, King Loser, Thorazine Shuffle, Loves Ugly Children and Bilge Festival.



Auckland band the Blue Stars, the original social end products.

OLD NEWS

Social End Product is the name of a new magazine that covers New Zealand rock 'n' roll from the 50s to the 80s. Published by John Baker, the brains behind the Flying Nun *Wild Things* compilation, *Social End Product* is available from selected record stores, or write to PO Box 8282 Symonds Street, Auckland.



Bike

BROUGH'S BIKE ON THE ROAD

Auckland three-piece Bike, fronted by former Straitjacket Fits guitarist Andrew Brough will resume live performances in October after a series of line-up changes. New rhythm section is Karl Buckley on drums, and Tristan Mason on bass. The trio have a song on the Flying Nun's ABBA tribute album, and will enter York Street St Studio later this year to record their own material.

MUSIC

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Tours

HELLO SAILOR

September 1 Whangamata, Whangamata Hotel
2 Te Puke, Te Puke Hotel
8 Otorohonga, Otorohonga Hotel
15 Waiheke Island, Onetangi Hotel
21 New Plymouth, The Mill
22 Rarotua, Rarotua Hotel
23 Kaponga, Kaponga Hotel
28 Taupo
29 Hastings
30 Dannevirke

MIDGE MARSDEN BAND

September 1 Auckland, The Alamo
2 Auckland, Abbeys
14 Wairoa, Northern Wairoa Hotel
15 Leigh, Leigh Hotel
16 Whangarei Heads, Parua Bay Hotel
29 Te Awamutu, Commercial Hotel
30 Mt Maunganui, Roadhouse
October 6 Christchurch, Occidental

WET WET WET

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

BILLY CONNOLLY

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

LOVES UGLY CHILDREN

September 8 Auckland, Kurtz Lounge
14 Dunedin, Empire
15 Christchurch, Warners
16 Nelson
22 Wellington, Antipodes
23 Palmerston North, Wild Horse Saloon
27 Hamilton, Wailing Bongo
29 Auckland, Squid

GARAGELAND

September 8 Auckland, Kurtz Lounge
9 Hamilton, Wailing Bongo
15 Otago University, Dunedin
22 Wellington, Bar Bodega
23 Palmerston North, Wild Horse Saloon
30 Christchurch

ZENI GEVA

September 8 Auckland, Pod
9 Palmerston North, Wild Horse Saloon
10 Wellington, Antipodes

DEAD FLOWERS

September 10 Auckland, Aotea Centre (All Ages)
13 Hastings, Ben & Twisted Bar
14 Ohakune, Hot Lava
15 Tauranga, Crossroads

HALLELUJAH PICASSOS

September 14 Hamilton, Wailing Bongo
15 Auckland, Kurtz Lounge
21 Wellington, Antipodes
22 Christchurch, Quadropenia
23 Dunedin, The Crown

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

MOANA & THE MOAHUNTERS

September 22 Wellington, James Cabaret
23 Wanganui, Criterion
25 Palmerston North, Massey University
26 Hastings, Rocks
27 Gisborne, River Bar
28 Tauranga, Roadhouse
29 Hamilton, Wings
October 6 Auckland, Powerstation

URGE OVERKILL

September 26 Auckland, Powerstation

WHITE ZOMBIE

October 2 Auckland, Town Hall
3 Wellington, Town Hall

LEO KOTKE, PACOPENIA, PEPE ROMERO

October 3 Wellington, Michael Fowler Centre
4 Auckland, Aotea Centre

BIKE

October 6 Auckland, Squid
7 Hamilton, Wailing Bongo
11 Ohakune, Hot Lava
12 Palmerston North
13 Wellington, Antipodes

INCOGNITO

October 12 Auckland, Powerstation

JOE COCKER

October 16 Wellington, Michael Fowler Centre
19 Palmerston North, Showgrounds
20 Auckland, Aotea Centre
25 Hamilton, Founders Theatre
28 Dunedin, Regent Theatre
30 Christchurch, Town Hall

INFECTIOUS GROOVES

October 16 Christchurch
17 Auckland
18 Wellington

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

ON-U SOUND

OUT OF CONTROL:

Tackhead, Audio Active, Mark Stewart, Data Control
October 19/20 Auckland, Powerstation
21 Wellington, Shed 21
22 Christchurch, The Edge

BON JOVI

November 8 Auckland, Mt Smart Supertop

NOMEANSNO

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

MORBID ANGEL

November 10 Auckland

BLACK CROWES

November 23 Auckland
24 Wellington

EAGLES, MELISSA ETHERIDGE

November 25 Auckland, Western Springs
26 Christchurch, QE II Stadium

THE CHIEFTANS

SARAH McLOUGHLIN

November 25 Wellington, St James Theatre
26 Auckland, Aotea Centre

JOSHUA KADISON

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

MORPHINE

November 29 Auckland, Powerstation

RUMOURS '95/'96

Front End Loader

Little Annie

Manasseh

Bomb The Bass

Kyuss

Bad Religion

Mudhoney

Burning Spear

Marianne Faithfull

The Orb

Rockers Hi-Fi

Jerry Garcia (53) died August 9 at an alcohol and drug rehabilitation centre in California. The **Grateful Dead** singer / guitarist is thought to have suffered a heart attack. Garcia had a history of heart, heroin and diabetes problems. The band's final gigs were sellout shows in the first week of July ... after **Sinead O'Connor** pulled out of the Lollapalooza tour, **Elastica** replaced her. Now Elastica's bassist **Annie Holland** has quit the tour due to fatigue and Beck's bassist is filling in ... **Veruca Salt** have left the **Live USA** tour after vocalist Louise Post ruptured a disc ... the **OJ Simpson** trial is delaying the **Snoop Doggy Dogg** trial as they both have the same lawyer, the dude in the purple jacket **Johnnie Cochrane** ... **Kylie Minogue** and **Nick Cave** have a single 'Where The Wild Roses Grow' from Nick's upcoming album *Murder* ... as a tribute album is released **Leonard Cohen** is recording an album on an 8-track in a mountain cabin in California ... the **Jimi Hendrix** family have regained ownership of Jim Hendrix's recordings after a legal battle. They were assisted financially in the court case by Microsoft co-founder **Paul Allen**, and Seattle musicians **Mike McCready** and **Stone Gossard** (Pearl Jam) gave written support for the Hendrix family ... an **XTC** tribute album on Thirsty Ear (October) will include a track by XTC's alter-ego the **Dukes of Stratosphere** ... the final English **Public Enemy** show was postponed after **Flavor Flav** broke both arms in a motorcycle accident in Italy July 20 ... **Michelle Shocked** is challenging her Mercury recording contract on the basis of the 13th Amendment of the United States Constitution — which forbids "slavery or involuntary servitude." It is thought to be the first time a recording contract has been challenged on this basis ... we're told **Mariah Carey** wants her own label like **Madonna** has Maverick. Well that should be easy to arrange as her record company boss is also her husband ... **Kim Deal's** band **The Amps** stars Jim McPherson (Breeders) on drums, Nate Farley (the Method) on guitar and Luis Lerma (Tasties) on bass. They will record in Dublin. A **Breeders** album will be recorded in 1996 ... **Norman Cook** has released an album *Pizzamania* under the moniker **Pizzaman** ... Motown founder **Berry Gordy** is the interview in the August issue of *USA Playboy* ... **Aretha Franklin** will get a \$1.25 million advance for her autobiography written with **David Ritz** ... **Kirk Brandon** (ex Spear of Destiny) is suing **Boy George** over the song 'Unfinished Business' that is illustrated by a photo of Kirk with Boy George ... after taking time off to have a child **Suzanne Vega** is in preproduction for the recording of a new album ... Kiwi **Carl Doy** has a Platinum album in the USA with one million copies of *Piano By Candlelight* sold by Time Warner.

WILD WEST BAND BATTLE RESCUE ROCK 95

New Lynn venue The Alamo are gearing up to host their annual Battle Of The Bands competition. The estimated prize pool stands at \$20,000, and heats are due to start on September 7. Interested parties can pick up an entry form from the venue, or phone (09) 827 0870 / (025) 722 925 for further details.

The final two shows in the 1995 Rescue Rock Series take place in September. Organised by Palmerston North outfit Kiwi Rock Promotions to raise funds for rescue helicopters services in the North Island, the two remaining concerts take place at the Oaks in Wellington on September 9 and Auckland's Powerstation on September 23.

davidbowie

It was at precisely 5.47am on the morning of Friday 13 of December 1999 that a dark spirited pluralist began the dissection of 14-year-old "Baby Grace". The arms of the victim were pin-cushioned with 16 hypodermic needles, pumping in four major preservatives, colouring agents, memory infor-

OUTSIDE

POP MUSIC KISSED BY CHAOS...

garbage



& introducing

Shirley Manson

Duke Erikson

Steve Marker

Butch Vig

garbage • THE ALBUM

featuring the single 'VOW'



FUTURE RECORDINGS

Cypress Hill, III (Epic).

Sugar, Besides (Rykodisc) — 70 min, 17 b-sides & rarities). Free live CD with first 25,000 copies issued in the USA.

Brian Wilson & Van Dyke Parks, Orange Crate Art (Warners) — new collaboration by the *Smile* pair, October.

Red Hot Chili Peppers, One Hot Minute (Warners)

Ministry, Filthy Pig (Warners) — October.

Morrissey, Southpaw Grammar (BMG).

Oasis, (What's the Story) Morning Glory? (Epic) — September release.

U2, Music For Films (Island) — "underground / urban" sounds due in November.

k d lang, All You Can Eat (Warners) — October.

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

Prince, Gold Experience (Warners) — Sept 26.

Blur, The Great Escape (EMI).

Ian Hunter, Ian Hunter (Cleveland Int).

Mick Harvey, Intoxicated Man (Mute)

— solo album covering the songs of

Frenchman Serge Gainsbourg.

Porno For Pyros, Good Gods — Urge

(Warners) — January release.

Nick Cave, Murder (Mute) —

November.

Rolling Stones, Butt Naked (Virgin).

The Charlatans, The Charlatans (BMG).

Lloyd Cole, Love Stories (Mercury).

Flaming Lips, Clouds Taste Metallic

(Warners).

Tears For Fears, Raoul and the Kings

of Spain (Epic).

The Fall, 27 Points (Festival) — live

double.

Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers,

Free Like We Want 2 B (Warners).

The Levellers, Zeitgeist.

Buffalo Tom, Sleepy Eyed (Warners).

Lisa Loeb, Tails (Geffen).

Matt Goss, The Key (A&M).

Tumbleweed, Galactaphonic

(Polygram).

Stereolab, Refried Ectoplasm (Flying

Nun).

Julian Cope, 20 Mothers (Festival).

Underground Lovers, Dream It Down

(Polygram).

Aimee Mann, I'm With Stupid

(Imago/Warners).

AOTEAROA

Hallelujah Picassos, Smokin & Fumin:

The Gospel of the D.N.A. Demon

(Wildside) — 40min EP, Sept 4.

King Loser, You Cannot Kill What Does

Not Live (Flying Nun) — Sept 4.

Various Artists, The Sound Is Out

There (Flying Nun) — Sept 4.

Various Artists, Abbasolutely (Flying

Nun) — Sept 11.

Loves Ugly Children, Cakehole (Flying

Nun) — Sept 11.

Funhouse, Roy (Yellow Eye) — Sept.

Cinematic, Let It Burn (Loaded) —

Sept.

Banshee Reel, Live in Canada (Loaded)

— October.

Able Tasman, Store in a Cool Place

(Flying Nun) — October.

Bats, Couchmaster (Flying Nun) —

October.

Snapper, ADM (Flying Nun) — October.

Bilge Festival, Gravel Slide (Wildside)

— October.

Various Artists, Raw 1 (Wildside) —

October.

Bats, Couchmaster (Flying Nun) —

October.

Drill, Drill (Flying Nun) — October.

FUNKY

Bone Thugs'N'Harmony, E 1999

Eternal.

Outhere Brothers, 1 Polish, 2 Biscuits

& A Fish Sandwich (Festival).

KRS One, KRS One (BMG).

Teddy, Soul (Virgin)

Monica, Miss Thang (BMG).

D'Angelo, Brown Sugar (EMI).

Brian McKnight, I Remember You

(Mercury).

Various, Deconstruction Classics

(BMG).

Past to Present, Past to Present

(Festival).

MC Hammer, Inside Out (BMG).

Shai, Blackface (MCA).

Diana Ross, Take Me Higher (EMI).

Luther Vandross, Christmas Album

(Epic).

Jodeci, The Show The Afterparty, The

Hotel (BMG).

D.I.G., Speakeasy (Mercury).

HEAVY

Anthrax, Stomp 442 (Elektra).

Vince Neil, Carved in Stone (Warners).

Ritchie Blackmore, Stranger In Us All

(BMG).

Excel, Seeking Refuge (Malicious

Vinyl).

ROOTS

Albert Collins & the Icebreakers,

Albert Collins Live (Virgin).

Robben Ford, Handful Of Blues (GRP).

Paul Kelly, Hungry (Mushroom).

TRIBUTE ALBUMS

Leonard Cohen: Tower of Song (A&M)

— artists include Sting, Peter Gabriel,

Billy Joel, Elton John, Willie Nelson,

Bono, Tori Amos, Martin Gore, Suzanne

Vega and the Chieftains.

Joy Division: A Means to an End

(Virgin) — artists include Billy Corgan

(as Starchildren), Codeine, Girls Against

Boys, Kendra Smith and Dave Navarro

& friends (as Honeymoon Stitch).

FUTURE REISSUES

Velvet Underground, Peel Slowly & See

Boxed Set (Polydor) 5-CD Boxed Set,

75 songs, 88 page book.

Carlos Santana, Dance of the Rainbow

Serpent Boxed Set (Columbia) — 3-CD

Boxed Set 34 songs, 180 min.

UB40, Best Of Vol II (Virgin)

Dub War, Extra 'Pain' (Earache).

Alvin Lee, Pure Blues (Chrysalis) —

blues tracks compile.

Elvis Presley, The Essential 70s

Masters (RCA).

New Order, The Rest Of (London).

Squeeze (A&M) all nine titles digitally

remastered for USA reissue.

Abba (Polydor) eight albums diditally

remastered for USA reissue.

Janet Jackson, Decade (A&M) — great-

est hits.

Jesus & Mary Chain, The Jesus & Mary

Chain Hate Rock 'N' Roll (American) —

USA compilation album.

Cameo, Best of (Mercury).

Def Leppard, Best of (Mercury).

Toni Childs, The Very Best Of (Polydor).

B

Hostage to the Beat The Auckland Scene

1955-1970

Roger Watkins



1963



C'Mon
On The Beat Side
Let's Go!
A Swinging Safari
The We Three Show
In The Groove

The Chicks

Their big break came after they moved to Henderson. To test public reaction they appeared at a teenage dance in Dargaville.

1965 - 1970

The Pleasers and Pete Sinclair

cut it up on C'Mon!
The Pleasers cut a rare single with TV Host Pete Sinclair on the Red Rooster label

1964 1966

Pop music was still called Rock'n Roll in the early sixties. By the turn of the decade and after many permutations it was called Rock. The fact that the fifties and the sixties were periods of prosperity can't be ignored either.

Larry's Rebels

They soon became a happening act around town
1964-1970

THE AUCKLAND SCENE 1955-1970

Roger Watkins who first looked at the Wellington scene in *When Rock Got Rolling*, here chronicles the Auckland scene in *Hostage to the Beat*, with a band by band history, discography and photo. The result is an enthralling collection of photos and a good coffee table browse that covers a broader cross section of bands than John Dix's pioneering *Stranded In Paradise*. It's good to see the many great acts of the sixties recognised in print, even though most of their recordings have never been reissued on CD. Also of interest is the appearance of musicians in their early bands, before they found fame after 1970 in bands such as Dragon, Hello Sailor or Split Enz. Highly recommended. There's an interview with author Roger Watkins in the October *RipItUp*.

MURRAY CAMMICK

VELVET UNDERGROUND BOXED SET

A five CD VU boxed set has been compiled by Polydor with input from Lou Reed, John Cale, Maureen Tucker and Sterling Morrison. The 75 track collection includes a CD (79mins) of demos recorded at Cale's flat in July 1965 including multiple takes on 'Venus In Furs', 'Heroin', 'I'm Waiting For The Man', and 'Tomorrow's Parties', and two tracks not recorded by the Velvets — 'Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams' and 'Prominent Men'. There are also live tracks that have appeared previously on bootlegs, and seven *Loaded* outtakes that later appeared on Lou Reed solo albums. The core of the boxed set is the complete contents of the band's four studio albums. There will be an 88 page book, and the banana on the box cover will literally peel courtesy of modern adhesive technology, as originally designed to, by Andy Warhol, for the Velvet Underground's debut album.



Lou Reed



"He's a big, strapping Wairarapa lad, who one day woke up with a stomach ache, but because boys from the Wairarapa 'don't feel pain', he did nothing about it. A week later when he couldn't walk, he went to the doctor who told him his appendix had burst and he needed emergency surgery."

Cliff Bateman, guitarist with Wellington quartet Short, is describing the medical misfortunes of lead singer Brett Garretty, and the inspiration behind 'Spastic Colon', a track on their new six-song EP *Shagpile*.

Short have led a charmed life since they formed in the summer of 93, as "a Saturday afternoon excuse to drink lots of Broford's Hooker Ale". Bateman, Garretty, and bassist Stuart Brown, having spent time together in various practice rooms over several years, recruited drummer Colin Hartshorn ("10 years our junior"), and played their debut gig to a full house at Wellington's Bar Bodega, supporting the Bilge Festival.

Bar Bodega owner Fraser McInnes saw the band play in front of four people the following week, but was suitably impressed, enough to offer to record the band on his label, Beats Bodega. Armed with a rare-as-hen's-teeth Arts Council grant, Short spent just one day in Marmalade making *Shagpile*.

Cliff: "It was purely financial constraints that we were only in their for a day. Listening back to it now, we wish we'd spent more time on it. It's a little rough, but that's okay, that's not necessarily a bad thing. If you make a 100 per cent record, what do you do next time?"

Prior to recording, Short travelled the North Island as guests of Head Like A Hole, and in recent months have supported both Dinosaur Jr. and Sebadoh, and toured round the traps nationwide with Shihad.

Stuart: "People are obviously coming to see Shihad, and they're saying: 'Who the fuck are they?' It's a challenge. You have to win these people over, but we're getting there."

Short returned to Wellington after the tour to be met by day jobs and University exams, but are hoping their run of good fortune will continue. A long-player is in the works for early next year, and they have their eye on performing at the next round of festivals and big days out. As Cliff says in closing: "We do have a plan."

JOHN RUSSELL

Otis Mace

Otis Mace is a master of irony. This month the Auckland based singer/songwriter celebrates the release of his debut album *Quick*, 15 years after he first embarked on a career in music.

Mace first picked up a guitar when the punk explosion hit New Zealand in the late 70s. He played in a succession of short-lived groups throughout the next decade, most notably the Psychic Pet Healers, but made his name in underground circles with the persona Otis Mace 'Guitar Ace'. Although he has performed thousands of solo gigs nationwide, his recorded output has been restricted to a handful of singles and EPs until now. His rationale on this matter is a simple one.

"I guess I've always liked performing live rather than having to work hard in a recording studio. It's just more fun to tour round the country. Getting an album out has never been a priority, so it's taken me awhile... to put it mildly."

Technically, *Quick* is a compilation album, as it features a selection of older tracks re-recorded for the occasion (as Mace believed they weren't given the exposure and attention they deserved when first released), plus more recent material, and even an unreleased song from 1982, produced by then-Blam Don McGlashan. Filled with tales about milkmen, pumpkins, the Thunderbirds, vampires, and taxi drivers, *Quick* reflects Mace's penchant for basing songs on the simplest of ideas.

"Ideas come at all different times, and from lots of different experiences. Sometimes it's just reading a comic book, or it can be a sudden blast of inspiration when sitting at home. I try not to let myself be restricted by what I think should be one particular style of songwriting, so I just follow my whims and fancies, rather than commercial writing acceptable to most people. Five years ago, I decided I'd better start writing songs about my own experiences. I felt I had tried to invent things from a surrealistic point of view, but nothing affects you, or other people, like your own experience."

Mace has recently been rehearsing with Ed McWilliams and Geoff Maddock of Auckland band Breast Secreting Cake, and is in the process of nailing down dates for a nationwide tour to promote *Quick*. He's discovering pub owners are a great deal more receptive this time round.

"It makes my performance art a lot more valid in people's eyes now that I've got a CD out."

No one could argue that Otis Mace hasn't paid his dues in the business, but he remains totally unfazed about his lack of 'commercial' success.

"There's a lot of people doing music, and there's a lot of competition. Perhaps my personality isn't quite as pushy or as ambitious as it should be to become a really successful rock musician. I try not to let it get to me, you've got to maintain a positive attitude."

JOHN RUSSELL



"DIE HARD ON A TRAIN".

STAN JAMES, ADELAIDE ADVERTISER

"SPECTACULAR..FAST PACED ENERGY LEADING TO AN EDGE-OF-THE SEAT FINALE".

MARGARET POMERANTZ, MELBOURNE HERALD-SUN

"FOR A KNUCKLES DRAGGING ON THE GROUND, HAIR ON THE BACK OF THE HANDS ACTION MOVIE, THIS IS AS ABOUT AS GOOD AS IT GETS"

CLARK FORBES, MELBOURNE SUNDAY HERALD SUN

"JUMP ABOARD FOR ANOTHER EXCITING DO-OR-DIE ADVENTURE...PACKED WITH HEAVY FIRE POWER"

TV WEEK

"CASEY'S BACK..STILL COOKING, STILL RESOURCEFUL, STILL LETHAL WITH HIS HANDS, FEET AND FISTS"

PAUL LE PETIT, SYDNEY SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

STEVEN SEAGAL UNDER SIEGE 2

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Letters

Snot Punk Is It?

I totally agree with The Amazing Clarence. I would love to be butt-fucked by Michael Jackson, and if I have to listen to Silverchair to make it happen, I will. More to the point, Green Day are even more limp-wristed than any prepubescent Aussie grunge knobs. Just 'cause some big record companies got together to stage a 'punk revival', *does not* mean that Green Day can be heralded as 'punk rock's smelly sons'. More like 'heavy metal's inbred foetuses'.

Hamish Marie-Presley, Howick.

PS: To Bruce from Wanganui, 'Viva la vinyl' is an incredibly stupid way of ending a letter. It just shows you've been sucked in by the publicity machine. You suck.

Crap It Up?

I think all the bands they write about in *RiptUp* are crap, and all the reviewers are crap, and all the other people who write in are crap. The only bands that are any good are really obscure anyway, and you all just wouldn't know them 'cause you're just not as cool and hard as me, but they all never get enough recognition. Basically, *RiptUp* is generally crap, and a gratuitous allusion to genitalia.

Oh yeah, and Pearl Jam are like, *really* crap. You can tell crap bands anyway, because they sell heaps of records to the millions of people who don't have my taste in music, so are obviously completely wrong.

Miriam, Christchurch.

This Isn't Personal

John Russell,

Thanks for the review of my album *Blue Boy* (August issue) — though I found it amusing, I don't think it offered much in the way of a review, except perhaps a sarcastic outpouring of grief over a perceived style of music.

The album was recorded in 1993, and happened to turn out the way it did naturally. It might be laidback, but that's the style on the record. It might not fit into what the current 'scene' is, but then again, I wasn't attempting to do that.

It reminds me of a time a few years back, when I wasn't so flexible in my outlook. John Russell, I'm not saying you're inflexible, but the pen you write with should be more like a rubber band. It should stretch more: up, down, wide, excruciating shapes, but still hold together.

I remember when some dude in a punk band had his guitar smashed over him by a punter who objected to his style and what he represented. A few weeks later, I spoke to a friend

about that incident. [I] was surprised at how he spoke up for the punk, saying it didn't matter what he represented, he didn't deserve a bashing because he was an artist. He was doing his own thing, he was being himself, and then some asshole comes along, with an IQ of two, and does him over. Since then, I've never judged someone on who they pertain to be because of their outlook.

If I could say a few things about myself and the album. I'm 26, into creativity, earn my living playing in a Celtic band, and am influenced by all sorts: Beatles, Black Crowes, Beck, Sinatra, and many more. Loud, *Blue Boy* ain't, but it's a debut, and I'm fortunate enough to have even finished it, let alone release[d] it. There's an accompanying lyric book for an all inclusive price of fourteen dollars, from PO Box 106056, DOWNTOWN, AUCKLAND.

I don't mind having the piss taken out of me, but I deserve a right of reply if it is. John Russell, this isn't personal, OK?

Jimi B, Auckland.

Blood Brother Bollocks

To Rangi and Changi in the Gangi,

What makes you so special anyway? Is it the bond you have with your mates in the Bloods? If it is, you can have mates without causing shit for everyone. I s'pose to get in the Bloods, you all draw blood then rub it together, then you are blood brothers. Yippee skippee!

You guys and girls fuck up each other's lives by being in stupid gangs and hating each other. Because they are in the Crips and you are in the Bloods, it doesn't prove anything. You're both as fucked as each other. Then you get bored and go out and bash/rape chicks. Wow! That makes you tough, for sure, *not*. If you get so bored and have to do things like that for pleasure, you should find some real music so you won't be so bored and go out and do those disgusting things.

You're making life shit for you and everyone else around you. These gangs are really stupid. What will make you see this — when you get killed? Or when your family gets killed? It'll be too late then. So, what's the point of bashing people in groups, not giving them a fair chance. That's nothing to gloat about to your stupid Blood Brothers or Crip mates. If you're so fucked to have to bash people for their stupid Starter gear, then one on one would be more fair, but even that's stupid.

To any of you sick bastards out there that want to write back and tell me that Bloods and Crips are something else other than fucked,

Go ahead, but we all know the elevator doesn't reach the top floor in any of your warped minds.

Pognophobia, Whitianga.

Each to Their Own

To all those drop-dead no-hopers who send in letters just to trash bands, You are fucked up big time!

I love all warps of life in New Zealand's music industry. It's good to see people with talents not just getting off their asses and doing something, but doing it fucking well.

Tempest, Pumpkinhead, Man With a Dog, Nefarious, Sticky Filth and Stiff Little Fingers are fucking grouse and kick ass.

Be-bop and hip-hop just aren't for me, but I'm a single white female who has no hair, and I say one to their own. Oi glorious.

Keep rocking, good luck, and give it all you've got guys. You make us *finally* have something worthwhile spending government (pullhards) money on. With or without dak and alcohol, I still will enjoy.

Keone (the one and only), Christchurch.

PS: Good luck goes to Man With a Dog in New Plymouth. These guys are awesome and a must to see, which (take note Baloo) I will be soon. *RiptUp* mag is primo.

Entertainment Over Bias

I've always wanted to write in and slag someone off about something they've said about something I've based my life upon and so forth, but there's so much around, you don't need my input. I would like, however, to comment on the letter from David X, and reply from the editor, about having the right connections to succeed in the scene (that was my interpretation, roughly).

I, myself, wonder how some acts get so much publicity for what sounds so lame, but if they have a staunch following and are proving popular through whatever media, they deserve the fruits of their labour; that's the way the industry is developed. A lot of people around probably feel the same way as Mr X — that is, it's not what you know, but who you know — and I'm sure there have been some shady incidents in the past, present and future, but overall, variety is the spice of life, and I think *RiptUp* do provide a rag which is fairly much entertainment over bias.

Speaking of entertainment, can you tell me who is responsible for supplying you guys with info about what's happening in my neck of the woods? I'm a singer/guitarist for a well known covers group here, but I've recently done a video with a producer from CTV for a new group I've put together called Dance in Effect. I [would] just like to say to the unknown aforementioned slack fuck, get your finger out [of] your bum, take your other hand out of your mate's bum, and do something for the local

scene, or get out of it and give the job to someone who does give a fuck.

That was fun, especially when [I] meant every word of it. Keep up the entertainment, dudes.

DnE, Nelson.

Grrr!

Dear Method Man U21s, listen up buddy!

You know, we read about people like you: on the welfare, no girlfriend (boyfriend in your case), no wife, and not worth the crap you shit, whinging about every little thing that doesn't fit in your perfect (ha, ha) life.

You went to a gig and struck a bad warm-up band... *who cares!* What possessed you to think that *RIU* readers would want to know? Hmmm, you wrote about the 'ever depleting crowd'. Are you sure they weren't leaving because of your incredibly bad attitude and twisted view of reality?

And what's the dig with: 'Stay home girls, where you belong.' What is it? Do all grrr! bands threaten you? There are agencies you can contact to help you deal with these feelings (you are gay, right?).

Ever heard of L7? Their wild concerts and thrashing sounds would make you cry! So, you better watch what you say, or you'll have Donita Sparks or Courtney Love at your door.

So, Method Man, go wank!

Pissed Off Riot Grrr!, Rotorua.

Female Conspiracy

Yo Method Man,

The '5 Sluts' probably got your mate kicked out because his 'diddle' was so small. You see, when a girlie tells you: "It's not the size but what you do with it that matters," shes lyin' her ass off, and having a good laugh with the other girlies later.

Whadokaynow. It's a freakin' female conspiracy.

Just Another Rock Slut.

Penis Envy Poke

Each month I read the letters column in *RiptUp* to catch up on the latest public opinion on things musical. Each time I am confronted by snide snipes and churlish quibbling from opposing aural critics. Unfortunately, the August issue was no exception.

I read the chauvinistic, polarised, verbal diarrhoea, being slung at the all female band 5 Girls, by Method Man and his bunch of rugger bugger cretins, who obviously suffer from an insecurity complex, probably due to their mammas refusing to breast feed them as babies (can you blame them?). I quickly concluded that their dads, must have brought them up on a strict diet of fellatio and cream, judging by the stench of Big Man Syndrome their letter reeks of — a sure sign of true cock-suckers.

I have had the pleasure of seeing [Pumpkinhead, Semi Lemon Kola and 5 Girls] play live on various occasions at Framptions (RIP), Mount Maunganui, and personally feel it should have been 5 Girls headlining on the Night of the Living Rednecks in question. There aren't enough all-female bands willing to get up and play some arse rockin' hard-edge around anymore. [This is] probably as a result of the unwarranted antics they have to put up with, from dim-witted philistines like you and your merry men.

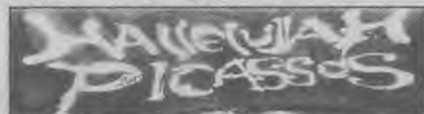
As for your frustrated, penis envy chum, Jonah (prop cock), he's damned lucky to have

NEW WILD side CD EPs at CD SINGLE PRICES



SHIHAD Gimme Gimme EP

The new single includes outrageous industrial remixes (credited to "trasched by evan") of 'Clapper Loader' (big on student radio; from *Churn*) and 'Silvercup' (from *Killjoy*).

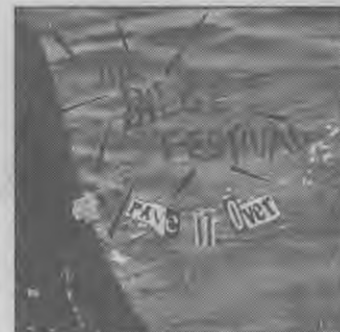


HALLELUJAH PICASSOS
The Gospel of the D.N.A. Demon EP
A new 40 min EP, still at a CD single or cassingle price. Tracks include the video 'Smokin' and Pumin', Greg Johnson's 'Talk of This Town', a 1995 version of 'Picasso Core', a 13 min 'Snow Crash', a medley of Sonics songs 'Psycho' & 'Strychnine', Gene Vincent's 'Catman', 'The Whiskey Is Free & So Is the Hangover' & much more. Release Sept 4.

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Thurs Sept 14 HAMILTON, Walling Bongo with **BILGE FESTIVAL**.
Fri 15 AUCKLAND, Kurtz Lounge with **BILGE FESTIVAL**.
Thurs 21 WELLINGTON, Antipodes
Fri 22 CHRISTCHURCH, Quadrophonia.
Sat 23 DUNEDIN, Crown.



DEAD FLOWERS
Not Ready / She Can't EP
Double A-side single from the album *Sweetfish* with an edit of 'She Can't' and unreleased new songs 'Words to Which' and 'Sigh' (with guest Nathan Haines). In stores now.



BILGE FESTIVAL
Pave It Over EP
This new four track single 'Pave It Over' includes campus radio fave 'Gut'. BILGE FESTIVAL play Hamilton Sept 14 and Auckland Sept 14 with the PICASSOS. Release Sept 11.



HEAD LIKE A HOLE
The Not Nicomjool EP
In stores now is HLAH's cyber stench EP starring 'Chalkfix' (remix of 'Chalkface'), '1 Pound 2 Pound' (remix) plus 'Shadowed Hand', 'Sleep of the Kicking Mule' and 'Schmeller Rufen'.

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10 *riptide*
magazine

FESTIVAL

departed with his snivelling anteater still intact. If I had been in their boots, I would have administered a swift right Doc to the bollocks. You dickheads certainly intended to have a good time all right, but at the expense of everyone else. If there's any apologies to be rendered, then it should be forthcoming from you and your conformist shitheads.

Personally, I think South Island band No Idea hit the nail on the head when they sung: 'Rugger bugger, bloody tigger, with the boys.'

Rugger bugger, bugger, bugger off!
Scott, Mount Maunganui.

Remembering Kurt

I think people who write in to say to try to forget Kurt Cobain are fucked in the head. Just 'cause he is dead, doesn't mean he is forgotten, or his music has lost its meaning. When you fucked up cunts die, I hope no one remembers your sorry little asses.

I'd also like to say, is it just me, or have all the decent alternative or heavy metal lovers been blown away by a giant hip-hop fart? Why do we have to buy the CDs if we want to listen to our choice in music? We need to get a decent alternative radio station.

Kim, Auckland.

Definition of Music

Thank the lord of the letters page for those Slagger Slags who slagged the slaggings with slag. Hopefully, this will put an end to letters to *RIU* by closed minded musical hermits, piling shit on top of styles and bands they don't understand. There is no such thing as good or bad music. 'Music' is just a name for a collection of sounds with some sort of order put to them by human hand.

Everything, from the tortured soul ramblings of an old bluesman with only a guitar or harp, to pretty a capella, to Dame Kiri's vocal beauty, or good old Mozart's masterly arrangements, right through Elvis, Hendrix, Zappa, the Stones, the Ramones, Cypress Hill, U2, Björk, Nirvana, and PJ Harvey, to demented death metalheads or the sonic fury of Big Al's industrial... is only music. There is no good or bad, there is only music you like listening to and music you don't like listening to, purely depending on your own taste (which can be dictated to some by whatever's the current cool, as much as true personal taste, but that's all part of the equation).

Here's the great, throbbing red point my prattling on has lead to: Everyone is an individual and has the right to enjoy whatever style or styles of music they want.

Music isn't made to be hated man. You'll enjoy the whole world a lot more if you concentrate on the good vibes from music because, when you really think about it, ain't we lucky it exists? Try to imagine the world without it.

Fatted Lamb Taking Control of the Wheel, South Auckland.

PS: I sure hope someone gets what I'm on about, 'cause I've never made so much sense to me in my life.

PPS: May Shihad, Jan, Dave Dobbyn and Bailter Space one day rule the world.

Up the Underground

Dear Ed,

First of all, I must commend you and your staff for such a great magazine. Every month I wait avidly to receive 'the musical bible' of New Zealand.

I do, however, have one gripe. It seems to me the only bands in New Zealand are the Nixons, Pumpkinhead, Thorazine Shuffle and Dead Flowers. Don't get me wrong, these bands are good, but don't you think they've really had enough coverage from your magazine?

I'm just waiting for *RipItUp's* version of *Rolling Stone's* [book of] rock writing (which may not be a bad idea).

Recently, I came back from a tour of the States [where I] saw a lot of live music. I must say, not much is happening in the 'scene' (punk's not dead, again, heavy metal is grunge, and thank god country doesn't exist outside the Mid West). Two days back in Godzone, I saw Gardenshed and Slab at Squid. Both bands would really make an impact over there. Before I left, I realised there is a more underground scene happening that needs to be discovered.

All these bands playing at community halls to young kids really go off. This is where rock 'n' roll really starts. So, come on *RIU*, let's see some of the smaller bands who get 400 kids at these gigs [get] some recognition. Bands like Doggy, Gardenshed, Shaft and Nothing At All are all brilliant and deserve some ears to listen to them.

Thanks for your ink, your time, and your great input to the music scene.

Racheal S, Takapuna.

PS: John Russell, thank you for the excellent records I have acquired from your reviews.

PPS: Do I win the five pounds?

Peer Fear

I really like reading the *RIU* letters page each month, because it is so very funny hearing from all these amoeba firing insults at someone from the previous month.

'Silverchair are dumb, I hate them,' says one.

'Fuck you, you fuckin' bloody cunt, Silverchair are cool!' screams another.

'I fuckin' well hate Pearl Jam! Fuck, fuck, fuck,' etc., spews someone else.

Where will it all end? (Don't answer that.) I sincerely do hope old Merley Girly-Friend-of-Fuckhead-Homeboys speaks her all too stupid mind in the near future, so I can have a jolly big ol' chuckle at all the letters every man and his goat will write back denouncing her.

I think the thing all us weirdos, punks and freaks (this does not include all you grunge kiddie, teeny bopper cum stains who loved Boys II Men so much all those weeks ago) have to worry about is the amount of inbred, redneck rugbyheads and fuckhead, wannabe gangsta homeboys who seem to be writing in to *RIU* these days. It's pretty scary.

Harry the Bastard, Manawatu.

PS: Somebody persuade Lauren of Hawkes Bay that suicide is cool. It would work, as she has swallowed Silverchair.

PPS: Isn't *The Trip* compilation a big piece of corporate toilet scum?

PPPS: Kurt Cobain is alive and well and lives in the Manawatu! Really truly!

Message From an Ivory Tower

I hate to do it, but I am writing to beat a dead horse, in defence of all the Pearl Jam 'slaggers' (nice word by the way) being slagged.

Through the decades past, we have started to evolve into indefinable cliques or groups. For example, things like punk culture are not minorities anymore. In fact, they are quite the opposite. You see 12 year olds stalking the streets wearing Offspring T-shirts. Offspring is labelled as a punk group nowadays. You can be called a punk and not even experiment with chemicals, or break laws, or wear leather.

We are called Generation X. In this wondrous age, we have all started to learn to stand on our own feet and not rely on others

for direction. Hence, the amnesty of not having to live up to ideals linked to appealing past times.

I can now lead to where all this hatred for Pearl Jam (and their contemporaries) comes from. With this newfound freedom, we look down with repulsion upon the advertisements that tell us to look out for the next 'hit sensation' or 'grunge album of the year'. If you listen to the advertisements, you are falling to an oppressor or dictator. *You are being told what to do.* Frankly, there is not a teenager on this planet who wants to be told what to do. Anyone who listens to these groups (Pearl Jam etc.) is viewed as not thinking for themselves. You could have quite innocently started listening to a band unaware of all the hype they were getting. Just because you are listening to it automatically qualifies you as falling to the enticement of advertisement.

If you listen to Pearl Jam, you will be pulling against the rest of the donkeys, or threatening the very concept that teenagers don't need people to tell them what to do — which we don't. So, if you cop shit over listening to music, it is your own fault. We teenagers are in ivory towers, bitter and self centred. Live with it.

FILTH, aka Bevan Kay.

So What?

When reading the last issue of *RipItUp*, I was very impressed with some the letters about music taste and Silverchair. Personally, I can't stand Silverchair, but that's my business. Who else gives a shit? Also, I'm very tired of people who don't like Silverchair trying to put fans off, and people who do like Silverchair trying to make others like them. Everyone has their own taste. Who cares what other people like? Unless it effects your life in some major way, don't worry.

Also, I think Pearl Jam set an excellent example. Most of their songs have a message. They're not into drugs (I think), they aren't into crime, and they are prepared to stand up for what they believe in. But that's just my view. Why should anyone else care, and why should I care about what they think?

Just one more thing — to all you little teeny boppers out there — like what you like, not what's cool. Who gives a shit if you still like Kylie Minogue? You may not end up with many friends, but that's their problem, not yours.

EV 4 Eva, Wellington.

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Anna Campion on Getting Loaded

"You hardly ever get any sort of kudos as a film maker. Most of the time you're just a nutcase who works away in a white room."

London based ex-patriot Anna Campion was back in New Zealand to speak at the world's first screenings of her debut feature *Loaded*. However, while the film was having its Auckland premier, Anna was ground bound in Napier. Oh dear, the best laid plans of wombats and women, eh?

"They said: 'It's a bit windy tonight,'" explains Anna, over the phone from Wellington two days later. "I said, like: 'Yeah, fine, yes it is a bit windy,' thinking this was sort of conversational. They said: 'If it's too windy, you won't be going anywhere.' I said: 'You mean a couple of gusts and we can't take off?' They said: 'Well, we might not be able to land. It might be too dangerous.'"

So, that was that. Anna was disappointed, to say the least.

"You hardly ever get any sort of kudos as a film maker. Most of the time you're just a nutcase who works away in a white room, with screens in front of you. I thought: 'I really want to go and have some fun.' Last time I went [to Auckland] I went to a few bars, had quite an interesting time. No one seemed to go to sleep, actually. I thought: 'Maybe it's a warmer climate or something.'"

"I was really looking forward to going to Auckland because I thought they'd get it there, and apparently they really did get it there. I was kinda really furious."

If Auckland really did "get it", it could be precisely because it is the sort of 'city that never sleeps' Anna encountered on her last visit here. *Loaded's* main themes are psychology, the cut and thrust of relationships, amateur

film making and (the key factor in the sleepless syndrome) LSD.

The plot revolves around seven English school leavers who travel to a remote English country house to make a film. No one can agree on the plot and style details of what rapidly degenerates into a schlock horror of ridiculous proportions. In-fighting escalates as it becomes apparent some members of the group are leaking personal details regarding others into the script. In an attempt to salvage any of the high spirits they set out with, the group decide to drop acid and video tape the results. As the trip progresses, life begins to imitate art tragically when a motor crash claims one of the party.

Anna began writing *Loaded* back in 1990, but it was 1991 before she really got the ball rolling.

"Film is such a long process, especially your first one (It doesn't matter if you're Jane Campion's sister or not, really), trying to get the money raised. Young people come up to me and say: 'Gee, I can't wait to get into film.' I think: 'Oh god, do you want a life? Do you like being poor?'"

"It's a closely guarded cartel, really, still pretty heavily male. You have to be able to run a long distance marathon, or you're just never going to get anywhere, as well as being a perfectionist maniac. If you're a real anal nitwit, this is the thing for you."

Anna found her link to the younger generation of her characters when she attended university in London as a mature student.

"I was hanging out with quite a lot of younger

people. I thought: 'Gee, I'm not having to talk down or anything.' In fact, they were giving me a few ideas. I thought: 'Hey, the whole way they're perceived is a little bit on the juvenilia level, and why do that? Let's raise it a bit and let's keep it a bit more as they really do chat, and then just test that out in rehearsals.' [I would] just say to people: 'Would you really say this or is this crap?'"

Research included setting up a camera and interviewing a couple of dozen "very cool looking kids". This exercise yielded some of the ideas for the trip scenes.

"There was quite a lot happening in London at the time with a lot of E," explains Anna, "but we didn't use Ecstasy because it really hasn't got the legal pressures on it. It's not quite deemed such a dangerous drug."

Or quite such an expensive drug, in the monetary sense, at least.

"The only dangers with [acid are], right, who made it and what's in it. Also, is everybody sane [laughs], before they take it? 'Cause some people can be naturally more imaginative and they'll probably fly off, and the walls will all go bananas, and so on. Other people will be able to drive a car. You can't predict that, that's the only little problem."

Bringing a young cast together to make a film about a young cast being brought together to make a film resulted in more parallels than those in this sentence.

"They were quite wild guys and girls. I went along to a couple of their... well, you wouldn't even call them discos; you know that music that was banned, that sort of serial music

[does an imitation of a techno beat] that goes on like that. I was thinking: 'Oh my god.' I'd rather [young people] were doing a lot of other things, but if they don't get into burglary and heavy violence, I think, more or less, the police attitude is 'leave them alone' in London."

The characters' attempts at film making drew another parallel, this one with Anna's own early efforts.

"I did make some really dumb, highly avant garde stuff. In fact, I threw a lot of money into something that was just too weird and ridiculous: [chuckling at the memory] this girl taking her clothes off in front of this sort of mentor, and then making this huge sculpture. It was even sillier, in a way, than the *Loaded* stuff."

Needless to say, it didn't thwart Anna's film making career plans. Her sister Jane was a source of great encouragement. Jane's own success proved a mixed blessing for Anna.

"You can pick up some of the more malicious people waiting in the wings. You feel like you've sort of been set-up, like Caesar with Brutus — 'Here's the second one, we'll have a good go at her' — dagger ready. Sometimes it's been good because they tend to think: 'Oh, maybe there's something genetic there, shall we put some money in?' So, it really is a mixed bag. In fact, Jane was so concerned about it that she said to me: 'Look, why don't you change your name? I don't want you getting all crap.' Then she revealed to me that some people have been quite vicious. But then I thought:

'Oh god, then I have to try and remember who they're talking about.' I also thought: 'It's good to have two sisters out there, not just for myself, but for other women,' because we are the only two that I know of. In the end, they can do what they like to you; basically, you've got to know somewhere in yourself that you're not that bad."

Perhaps those responsible for throwing stones at *Loaded* simply do not "get it", or maybe there was nothing in the genes after all. *Loaded* sure ain't *The Piano*, but how could one expect it to be? How many sisters do you know who share the same mind? Whatever the case, Anna believes showing the film to her home country first was the right thing to do.

"Quite often New Zealand gets it last, because everybody thinks they can't make up their own minds. 'Oh god, they won't know what to think. Look, tell you what we'll do, we'll send it off to America and we'll tell them what to think.' This time I just thought: 'Why?' They're grown up enough. If they like it, they like it. You don't have a different emotional response just because you're a New Yorker."

"It's good that where you grew up can get it. I've always thought they could anyway, but people were worried that [mimics a whiner] they wouldn't think it was funny. I mean, god, we don't come from Mars and then from Venus. It is the same human species we're delving into here — maybe they'll see the same joke."

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

MICHAEL COPPEL PRESENTS


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If you thought Three The Hard Way invented rap, you're dead wrong.

The Last Poets, who formed in Harlem, New York, in 1968, have long been recognised as the godfathers of the style known as hardcore rap. Not even James Brown can lay claim to that one. The Last Poets released two albums, 1970's self-titled debut (that contained the classic single, 'Niggers Are Scared Of Revolution'), and *This Is Madness* the following year, before in-fighting caused a split in the original line-up in the mid 70s. Earlier this year, formative members Abiodun Oyewole and Umar Bin Hassan recorded under the name the Last Poets for the first time in 20 years (the duo reunited

briefly in 1993 when Abiodun appeared on Umar's *Be Bop Or Be Dead* album). Their album *Holy Terror* was released last month on legendary producer/musician Bill Laswell's Black Arc label.

Abiodun remembers quite clearly why he departed from the group.

"I left the Last Poets because I didn't want to be a celebrity, and that's where I thought the group was headed. I didn't want to stay in the Poets with that kind of status over my head. I wanted to be a revolutionary from the very beginning, and I reached a point where I could-

n't be in the Last Poets anymore."

Aren't you more susceptible to celebrity status now, reforming 20 years on?

"I didn't recognise just how valuable it was to be in the Last Poets. I had to seek my own personal identity, but as time grew on, I began to realise more and more how valuable the group was. Umar invited me to do something, and since we have come back together it's been wonderful, because much of the sensitivity we had as kids, we still have. But we have a lot more direction, and a lot more understanding of why we are doing what we are doing. I still see myself as a revolutionary artist. I use art and poetry as a means to spread the message, and raise the levels of consciousness; that's a personal mission."

Was your split with Umar a bitter one?

"Umar and I took lots of time out cause we had to find ourselves, we had to discover who we were as people, we simply had to grow up. It's not so easy being a poet and being a man. I think Umar and I are very sincere people in that we don't take our lives lightly. We are both emotional people, we're the same in some situations and some we're not, and we have a great love for the language. But we have a way of looking at the world that's a bit different; I enjoy being a responsible person, Umar likes to be a little less responsible. That's a very big difference that sometimes causes conflict. Nonetheless, those differences can make for a pretty dynamic partnership."

Was Bill Laswell an influence on you reuniting?

"Definitely! Because Bill has a stable, he's got the place where he can bring artists together and get them to record. He found a way to get some money, to get some deals, and all of those points are points of attraction for any artist who feels like they have something to say. Bill Laswell has done a super job. I call him 'The Governor of the Wild Seeds', because he brings all these wild seeds together and allows them to nurture themselves, and to grow and to develop, and ultimately become something important to others. I guess he's a guru of sorts."

What approach did you bring to the recording of *Holy Terror*?

"There are many styles to come from, and what Umar and I have decided to do with our album... I think we've calmed down a bit, we're not as pumped up as we were when we did the first album. But this time we are more deliberate in our delivery, and I think that's what counts. There's all kinds of ways to get to the mind, there's no one particular set pattern. The

rappers these days aren't getting up and speaking softly, they're yelling and screaming. Sometimes I think those boys are going to have a cardiac arrest on stage when I see them. The shouting has become a cry, the shouting has become the musical rage of young people. The noise and the sound has been woven together to create one big blast, and it creates a certain electricity all of its own."

Are there many contemporary rappers that impress you?

"KRS1, Eric B and Rakim, I really love — they have a lethal use of the language — Queen Latifah, MC Lyte, LL Cool J. There's quite a lot of rappers, and I can find something in all of them, even Snoop Doggy Dog. I don't particularly care for his lyrics — he's selling us a very, very bad bill of sale — but his style is very commendable. The bitches and the ho's don't work for me, it leaves a nasty odour in the air. Nobody can call their momma or their sister a bitch. There's poetry in some rap, and then there's a lot of rap that doesn't have poetry."

Is there any one rapper who you believe has the insight to stand above the rest?

"I know what you getting at, there is a lot of potential out there. Any one of them rappers who would stop believing that the almighty dollar is more important, and start recognising the needs of the people in the community. This country is constantly creating an atmosphere for a hero. This country is setting itself up to have heroes, based on the fact that they're going to oppress the people so much that somebody will come up and speak out against that, and organise the people to stop that oppression. The fact is, a lot of these rappers have been moved by the dollar, and that's the nature of the capitalist society."

Have your basic ideals changed any from the way they were in the 60s and 70s?

"Now, we're living in the gadget generation, computers are worth much more than hearts and souls. When we talk about getting back to where life is wholesome and sacred, and we don't live off phone lines or facsimiles of reality, when we don't have that aesthetic, then we'll have a revolution, 'cause we'll have moved past the plastic generation. What the Poets are trying to do now is create an atmosphere where those of us who recognise that we have power will use our power to save ourselves, to build things that will help us achieve, and not to feel like life is doomed because a silly government is making budget cuts. My mission, my goal, is to get people to recognise their strengths."

JOHN RUSSELL



The Debut Album From BLACK GRAPE Featuring Happy Mondays' Shaun Ryder & Bez The Single IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER Debuted at #8 in UK, Album Debuted at #1





THE SLIMMER TWINS

Diner, Service Station & Takeaway Cuisine

So much food, so little time. The Twins have been eating hard and fast for the past two months and we've welcomed various new 'additions' to keep us company — namely, our chins are no longer on their own, proud gargantuan bellies bulge through our shirt buttons, and one of us has grown a little blubber sack around the coccyx. While our friends have been supportive and have given encouragement during our efforts to add weight, some don't share our new-found happiness. On more than one occasion last month we were told by strangely exasperated maitre d's or garçons to, "leave and keep your fat features at home!". Undaunted, we've been hitting the haunts with lecherous gusto — oozing charm, opulence and sweat — without a care in the world.

Here's this month's selection:

The Cooker 190 Jervois Road, Herne Bay, Auckland.

A stroke of luck at the local dog fights meant we had money to burn early in the piece, so our first visit was this swank new diner for a spot of indulgent piggery. Remarkably the menu was too long and varied even for us (a sure sign of a top place!), so rather than work our way through it, giving everything a crack, we opted for the Beef Fillet (\$18.50), French Fries (\$4.50), torrents of Steinlager, and topped ourselves off with a slice or three of Passionfruit Cheesecake (\$5.50). The steak smelled so good and went down so well, that we've arranged to have the aroma pumped through the airconditioning system at home.

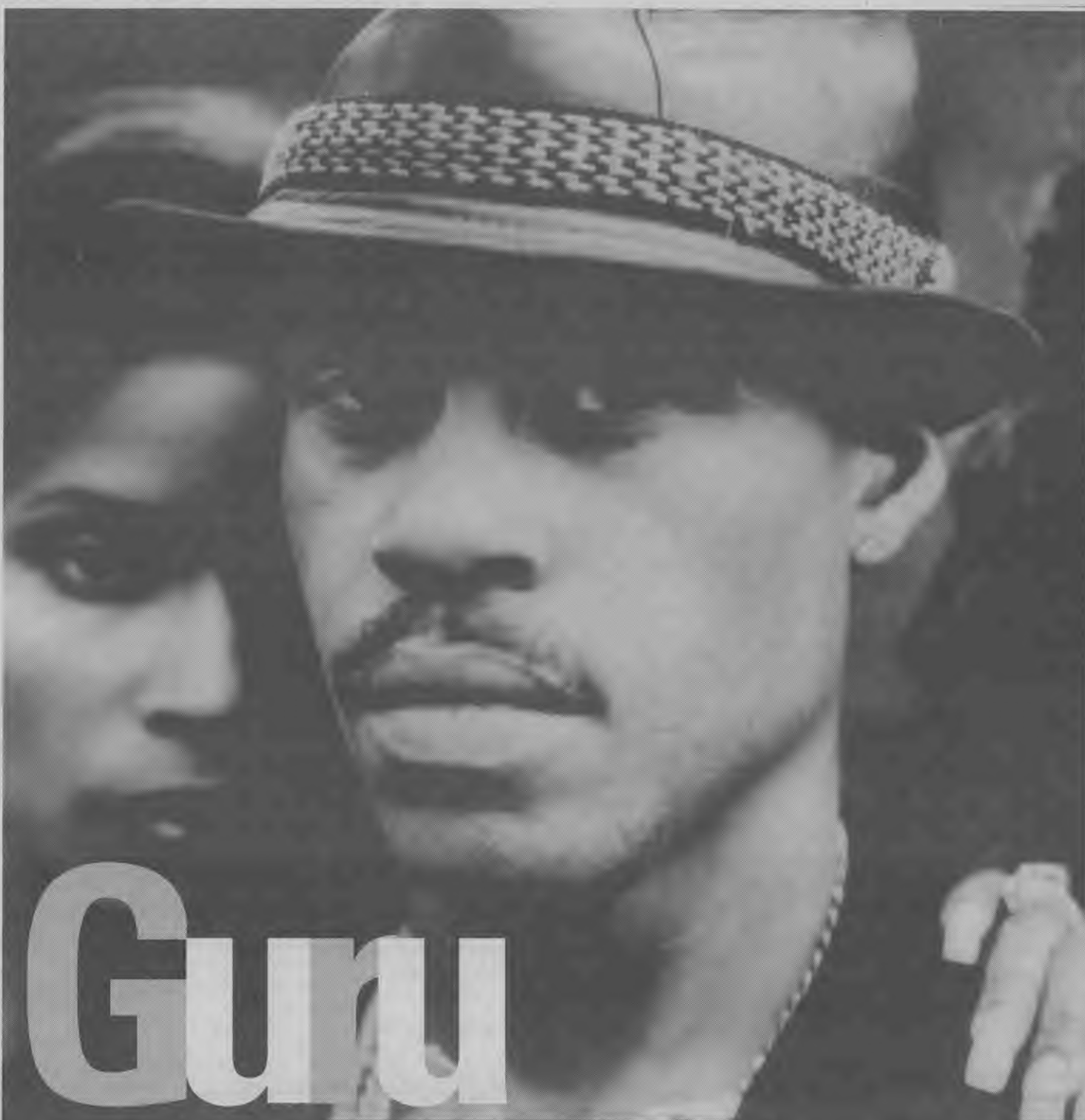
International Rugby Hall Of Fame Restaurant Finance Plaza, 186 Queen Street, central Auckland.

The Rugby Hall Of Fame Restaurant is the kind of local that's bad for you're health but good for you're wallet, and we're fly with that. Strangely enough, it's a non-smoking place, but much to our childish delight, all meals are named after famous rugger personalities. The Twins went for Dr Danie's Venison Burger (\$14.50) and Cowboy Shaw's Rib-Eye Sandwich (\$13.50), again washed down with a dam bursting amount of Steinlager. Although it was a meal of two halves, and all credit to the Rib-Eye, venison was the winner on the day. Other selling points include New Zealand's Big Game playing constantly on the giant video screen, and in recent weeks we've spied Zinny, Foxy!, JK, Terry Wright, and the big man, Andy Haden, enjoying their tucker. Weird that our duds should stink of ciggies once we got home, but perhaps it was from the brothel we visited on the way.

Oxford Landing Restaurant Main Road, Tirau.

A restaurant named after a cheap brand of red wine — sounds like our kinda place. It was a typical drizzly Tirau morning when we parked the shaggin' wagon outside the Oxford. Inside, the menu offered a selection of hot breakfasts, we ordered the Bacon, tomato and egg omelette from the 70 year old chefess, "with extra bacon, sweet cheeks!" (\$5.50), plus a pot of strong black coffee (\$2.00 with free refill). During hurried mouthfuls of this tasty portion, a second blackboard caught our eye — 'We have a variety of Lagers, Ales, Wines and Spirits', it said. "Give us the alcohol smorgasbord", we bellowed in unison, before spending the rest of the meal playing with our food like a couple of childish sea lions.

The Slimmer Twins



All That Jazzmatazz

Do you prefer Keith or Guru?
"Guru, please."

I'm not surprised.

For many rappers the street name is a blessing. Can you imagine selling records as MC Keith? No, neither did Mr Elam, who picked Gifted Unlimited Rhymes Universal (Guru) as his lyrical moniker. But we're not here to talk about what's in a name. Guru, DJ Premier's other half in Gang Starr, has released another of his *Jazzmatazz* projects, this time with rappers and jazzsters from the States, and some soul divas and acid jazz musos from the UK.

Of course the million dollar question is, why do you think hip-hop and jazz mix so well?

"Well, hip-hop and rap are forms of music that embrace every other style of black music that has come before it. I think hip-hop and rap are a resurrection for other forms of black music: blues, jazz, funk.

"With the first *Jazzmatazz*, I wanted to find a lot of the cats we sampled a lot. I mean, they were getting these royalty cheques from guys sampling them and stuff, but what about getting them to play along with hip-hop tracks? Because, if you look at their careers, you'll see their music evolved over the years. They view jazz as a living music that changes with the times. A lot of these guys wanted to play to hip-hop. I didn't need to persuade them.

"After that first album, I was exposed to a greater number of artists. I was running into people like Me'Shell and Lansey Lewis, and they're asking me: 'When are you going to do

another *Jazzmatazz*?' There were a lot of people familiar with my work. So, that's why there are more names on the second one, because I came across so many more people who were interested."

Chaka Khan, Me'Shell, Jamiroquai, Ronny Jordan, Mica Paris, Courtney Pine, The Solsonics, Bahamadia, Donald Bird, Branford Marsalis, Bernard Purdy and loads more make up the 25 guest artists.

"After [Gang Starr] did 'Jazz Thing' for *Mo' Better Blues*, I had a chance to travel. It was a chance for us to tour around the world and see music from an international viewpoint, to see guys rapping in different languages, and seeing kids dress hip-hop all over the world. It was interesting to see that. Then we did shows and remixes of all these UK groups, and we started to get a whole family of artists we worked with."

You're in a unique position, having worked with a lot of upcoming talents from both sides of the Atlantic, but it must have been expensive.

"The second *Jazzmatazz* has been more expensive, definitely, because I had to travel more extensively from New York, to LA, to London. There's the cost of travelling, and the studios, and then the artists."

Why London this time round?

"It's funny, because a lot of the artists I've used from the UK, a lot of soul artists, a lot of them don't get enough credit for their music, and it's a chance to spotlight them, like: 'Hey look at this person.' With the older jazz cats

too, it's like: 'Don't forget about this person.'

Do you think the UK holds its own?

"Well, I give the UK a lot of credit and Europe a lot of credit for having so much respect for the DJ. A lot of these forms of music were developed by the DJs — hip-hop, acid jazz, techno, jungle and so forth — all of these forms of music were developed by the DJs, man. In the States, the DJs can't get enough vinyl, they gotta bootleg. Whereas over there, DJs are well respected, people still go record shopping, people trade records, and there's so much respect for soul music."

Guru's always been known as a moral kind of guy. There's no bitches on the triggaz, or sucking dicks, or niggaz in his lyrics. You're more likely to come across a bit of crochet and cups of tea. Well, not quite.

"The message has to do with family. Throughout my work with Gang Starr, people have known me for being a rapper with a message. And that's another reason these guys want to work with me, the young jazz cats, the vocalists, because they relate to my lyrical perspective. A lot of people that listen to *Jazzmatazz* might not listen to a whole bunch of rap. They might say: 'This is some rap I like because the lyrical content is different, more positive.' With Gang Starr, it's always a little different because I'm talking one on one with urban youth. With *Jazzmatazz*, I'm talking to generations together. I'm talking to my uncles and my cousins, and moms and dads, and I'm creating some unity by including all of them."

JOHN TAITE

oasis

(WHAT'S THE STORY) MORNING GLORY?

OCTOBER





Wheels on Fire

An interview with 18 Wheeler's Sean Jackson.

18Wheeler? Sounds like some sorta mutant bicycle.

"We actually got our name from a defunct porno mag," chuckles Sean Jackson, in his northern Scottish brogue. "It was a gay black truckers mag (that's why it's called *18 Wheeler*), and we just thought it would be a good name for a band."

Yes, quite, anyway, 18 Wheeler are the new wonderkids on Creation. Their second album, *Formanka*, has all the innocence and exuberance of a band thrilled to exploit and expose their influences and add the twist of their own unique perspective. But back to the beginning and Sean's early life, which reads like a slice of *Rob Roy*, what with the born and raised on a Scottish croft scenario.

"Just disregard any bios you get sent about us. I was born in a tiny village in the highlands, it was almost a croft. I lived there until I was

18, and then I went to the University of Glasgow, where I met some like minded people and formed the band."

Was that where you did your doctorate?

"No, that's all rubbish. That bio was done two years ago in the back of a bus or something, and it's come back to haunt us."

So you're not catatonic with a drink problem?

"That's actually very true," laughs Jackson. "I feel subdued, as I had a few last night. I enjoy drinking mainly beer and occasionally whisky, but with whisky you usually end up disgracing yourself."

The band grew up on an obvious early diet of Beatles/Byrds/Beach Boys, before discovering Dinosaur Jr., Mudhoney, Nirvana, etc. But their closest kindred spirits are the Mary Chain and, in particular, Teenage Fanclub.

"I know the Fanclub now, but I didn't know them when we started the band. Norman

[Blake] came up when we were playing in Glasgow and said he liked us. I know Norman reasonably well now and his list of favourite records would coincide with mine, so our influences are very similar. If you asked Norman what Teenage Fanclub are trying to do, he'd give you the same answer as mine: trying to write great pop songs.

"So, there's a kindred spirit as far as that goes, and we get hammered for it here because everyone thinks we're trying to rip off Teenage Fanclub, but it's not true."

But the word over here is you guys are hot.

"The music press is giving us a hard time, but they tend to be patronising on anything that comes out of Scotland. A lot of them were down on Teenage Fanclub for a while, but their new album's just come out and it's turned the press around because it's a great album."

"The press seem to want intellectual manifestos rather than music, especially some little tossers at *Melody Maker* who don't seem to understand what pop music's about. It's about hitting you on an emotional level. There's no manifesto behind it, a great song's a great song."

"But there are people who appreciate what we're doing. Nick Kent wrote a really great review of our first album. He lives in Paris now and doesn't do a lot of writing. He was comparing it to Love's *Forever Changes*, and he described our album as an almost perfect record. Someone like Kent, who knows what

cism and restrained and integrated grunge. Funny title too."

"It's named after a bar in Prague, in the Czech Republic. We spent quite a bit of time there last summer as one of our close friends was teaching over there. It used to be called The Thirsty Dog, and I think Nick Cave mentioned it in a song as well. People used to smoke dope there and stuff, so the police would raid it every few months and close it down. They've since pulled it down. Just a crazy bar really, one of many."

Is *Formanka* better than your first album?

"It's more successful. Our first album was pieced together over a year in four different sessions because we weren't happy with the sound, so we kept re-doing it — a very protracted process — and I haven't listened to it since we did it. It's got some brilliant songs, but it's possibly over long and so doesn't hang together."

What's overlong, since *Formanka* clocks in at around a modest 27 minutes.

"I like short albums. Brevity in pop music is everything. We always seem to write songs that last about two and a half minutes at the maximum, so with 10 songs on it, you're left with a short record. And *Formanka* was an easy album to make as we knew what we were doing before we went into the studio and did it in one stretch."

The album is full of delightful songs right from the opener, 'Bodha', which is about "the

cultural despondency around at the moment", to things like the fragile beauty of the Beach Boys inspired 'Cartoon'.

"Yeah, writing songs on the piano, unless you're going to sound like Elton John, I find it quite easy to slip into the Brian Wilson mode of songwriting. As long as I'm not compared unfavourably as shite to some of the Beach Boys' songs, then I don't mind. Some of their songs are the best things pop music has ever produced, and trying to emulate those is fine by me."

"To the future, and Jackson reckons the next album will be more ambitious, with strings attached. So, rock 'n' roll is the life for him?

"I'd like it to be, but it's hard if you're not breaking even, and bands have a finite life span that can last for one or 10 albums. So, I'm not thinking too far ahead as far as this band goes."

GEORGE KAY



URGE OVERKILL

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Sulata

The independent Auckland label Deepgrooves released their fourth compilation last month. *Deepgrooves 95* pairs proven artists Grace, Greg Fleming, Three The Hard Way, and Urban Disturbance, with new young hopefuls, Sulata, Ermehn, and Jordan Reyne. With new in-house production facilities, and a three year publishing deal, the label is looking overseas and onward. Yet there's still plenty of work being done on the homefront.

The Deepgrooves label was formed in 1991 by Kane Massey, producer and musician Mark Tierney, and Bill Latimer, owner of Auckland's Lab Recording Studio. Within two months they'd released a compilation album, designed as an introduction to the Pacific flavoured style of dance, hip hop, reggae, and soul, Deepgrooves was looking to promote.

The fledgling label released two singles and a Projector Mix album the following year, before signalling a shift into top gear with a second compilation, *Deep In The Pacific Of Bass*, released in 1993. A move that Massey, by that stage in sole charge of Deepgrooves, described as, "relaunching the label".

The last two years has seen a prolif-

ic number of single releases come from the Deepgrooves stable, including Three The Hard Way's Number One smash 'Hip Hop Holiday, plus albums from Urban Disturbance, Fuemana, Grace, and Three The Hard Way, while the now defunct Deepgroove's subsidiary label Lost, released singer/songwriter Greg Fleming's debut album in 1994.

That year, Deepgrooves also signed a publishing deal with Sony Music, the music publishing wing of major label, Sony Records. Each Deepgrooves release signed to Sony Music has publishing representation in six territories overseas — Canada, the United



Ermehn

Kingdom, Japan, Germany, Australia, and France. The plan is for Sony to work to secure the release of Deepgrooves artists on Sony affiliated labels, or outside the company if necessary. Massey is hoping any one of the ten artists on *Deepgrooves 95* ("designed as a sampler") will impress the ears of any one Sony Music representative overseas.

"The way it works, is it gives us a

foot in the door, so we could go to Germany, do presentations to the Sony people there, and it is their responsibility, to a degree, to 'hit' other people within the label, to try and get the material released. We only need to nail one territory, there's ten chances in each of those territories that someone will like one of the acts and that's all we need. If one act gets away it opens up the door for other acts as well. But at the end of the day it depends on the people in each office being a fan, it's going to take time."

Never one to kill time, Massey is kept busy by the expansion of his business, now known as Deepgrooves Entertainment. The major additions in '95 have been the construction of a MIDI studio, and a video editing suite, in Deepgrooves' Victoria Street office in central Auckland.

"Deepgrooves turns over a lot of money, but at the end of the day who gets all the money? Not me, not the artist. We do all the work, and the studios get the money, and the people who make the videos get the money. We didn't want to keep spending money at other studios, and we didn't want to spend money getting other people to make our videos. It's a business thing, it's not pie in the sky."

DEEPGROOVES

An Exclusive Interview With Label Boss Kane Massey.

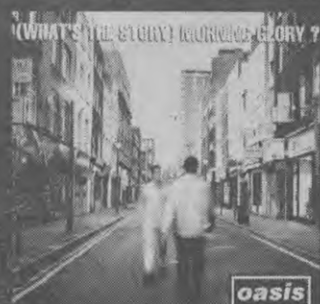


Jordan Reyne

oasis

(WHAT'S THE STORY) MORNING GLORY?

OCTOBER



oasis

In conjunction with the in-house production advances, Massey brought in two partners (recording engineer Chris Sinclair and video maker Dean McKenzie) to form Kaiun Productions, a company run within Deepgrooves, who facilitate all production for the label. Now, to produce a music video, Deepgrooves only have to hire a crew and rent cameras as required.

"We have broadcast quality digital editing, so instead of going to a post-production house and spending \$2500 editing, we can do it in-house. What we're doing is pulling down our outgoing overheads and costs, and increasing our turnover."

The majority of Deepgrooves' cost cutting is made during the recording of singles and albums. With recording studios in Auckland charging anywhere from \$200 to \$1500 a day, the advantage of a label operating their own facility is immediately obvious. Recent singles by Sulata, Ermeahn, and Jordan Reyne, were recorded at Deepgrooves. Three The Hard Way have made demos there, and Urban Disturbance and Jules Issa are nearing the completion of their albums.

While much progress is being made in the promotion and production areas of Deepgrooves Entertainment, Massey is experiencing difficulties with the more personal side of the label — the artists. At present, Deepgrooves relationships with Grace and Greg Fleming are strained (if not severed in one case), to say the least. Massey is not slow to point out his grievances.

"Artists are so impatient, most of the time an artist is their own worst enemy, they expect things to happen overnight. The only band, apart from Supergroove, that seems to be doing it at the moment is Shihad. They right up

there for me, not only in terms of music, but in terms of business nous, and getting off their ass and taking responsibility, and doing it themselves. A lot of the problem with Deepgrooves acts, is they stand around and come and ask for handouts. Some artists don't care about making money, there's no incentive for them, they just want to put out the best possible product whether it kills the label or not. We're going to tighten up on the label. In the past Deepgrooves has done everything — photos, artwork, in some cases, picked up the artist and taken them to the recording studio. It's not going to be like that anymore, the artist will have to be more accountable or they're fuckin' out the door. I think you'll find some of the artists on the compilation won't be with Deepgrooves by the end of the year."

Massey's statement was to be proven correct, but a lot sooner than probably even he expected. Earlier this year Fleming began recording the follow up to his *Codeine Road* album at the Lab Studio, with drummer/producer Wayne Bell. Work came to a halt in July when the initial budget for the recording ran out, and studio bills were not paid by Deepgrooves. When first interviewed, Massey insisted Fleming would release his second album on Deepgrooves, but there was no pot of gold to finance the completion of the project.

"Greg's got to wake up basically. We've already spent a five figure sum on the his new album, but what he wants and what is realistic are two completely different things. I really like Greg, but when it comes to making business calls he's got to wake up, he spends all his time in bars."

Days later, Fleming had told *RipItUp*

he would no longer be recording for Deepgrooves, and Massey stated he was dropping "30 percent" of the acts featured on *Deepgrooves 95*, though he would not name them as he claimed they had yet to be informed. Later *RipItUp* received a fax from Massey.

"Despite what numerous bartenders say, out of the ten artists working with the label (as per compilation) there have been only two acts which have caused any rumours. Grace wants to move to a major and Greg Fleming thinks he's on one. Albums for 96, Sulata, Jordan, Grace, Urban Disturbance."

Advised not to comment adversely by his lawyer, Fleming released the following statement: "The split from Deepgrooves was both mutual and amicable. At this point Wayne and I are pursuing other avenues in order to get this album out. Let's hope the music can finally speak for itself."

For the past two months, rumours in the industry have suggested that Grace were on the verge of leaving Deepgrooves, and inking a deal with one of the six major labels. This is despite the band still having one album to deliver as per their recording contract. Massey explains how the rumours started.

"This is the deal. We worked really hard with Grace, put a lot of money on them, \$50,000 or \$60,000 over 12 months into that band. We put the album out here, and got the album breaking even in New Zealand. We repackaged the album for its Australian release and lined up showcases in Sydney and Melbourne. A month before these were to happen, I woke up and watched *Music Nation*, it said, 'Grace have now left

Deepgrooves and have formed their own record label called Kokobutt, and they'll be recording on that'. When that came up, everyone pulled back, I mean, Festival [Deepgrooves' Australasian distributor] watch *Music Nation* as well."

Again, when first interviewed Massey was adamant no one was departing the label, saying Grace and Deepgrooves were, "working towards the second album."

Paul Iossa of Grace would not comment on the *Music Nation* item, except to say it was, "unfortunate", and that the band are "looking forward" to recording their second album with Deepgrooves, while Massey has reiterated his position on the affair. "Grace and I are currently working on a new album, [we] are working hard to present a united front after all the rumours. I think the band have realised what they've done has set them back year. We had problems and they've been resolved."

Whether Massey problems with his artists are resolved remains to be seen, but whatever happens, he remains determined to ensure Deepgrooves Entertainment remains a step or two ahead of the competition. His plans include the release of future Deepgrooves recordings on CD Rom and the Internet, Sega Games featuring his acts ("we could have Mortal Combat, Urban D battling Ermeahn, or Grace taking on Three The Hard Way"), and the big project, the one that Massey informed *RipItUp* was his "dream" in 1993.

"I guarantee we'll be sitting here in two years time, and we'll be watching films Deepgrooves have made. It's not idealistic, it's a business thing."

JOHN RUSSELL

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Abbasolutely Fabulous

My first time around memories of ABBA revolve around a scene involving me, my younger sister, and one of those concrete sun umbrellas stands with the bottom piece of the umbrella sticking out of it. The toughest decision was choosing who got to use this makeshift mic stand for the routine which would follow. The easiest decision was choosing the song: 'Nina Pretty Ballerina', every time.

Such memories will undoubtedly come rushing back to anyone who ever played the ABBA game as a kid when they hear Flying Nun's *Abbasolutely* compilation album, which is being released this month. The project was co-ordinated by Flying Nun's Natasha Griffiths and Lesley Paris. Natasha recounts the legend of the album's beginning.

"It was about five and a half years ago, [Able Tasmans'] Graeme Humphries, I think the way the story goes, came up with the idea to do an ABBA tribute album. It's sort of been a running joke at Christmas parties, everyone getting drunk and saying which ones they'd like to do. I started working for Flying Nun about a year ago. Not long after I started, I saw Lesley wandering around with an ABBA folder. I thought that was a joke, and she told me all about it. I said: 'Great, let's do it.' This year, I talked her into doing it. I was incredibly enthusiastic 'cause I love ABBA."

The idea that became *Abbasolutely* gave the cream of the Flying Nun crop the opportunity to relive those halcyon days when the inter-married Swedish super-group ruled the airwaves.

Floss of Loves Ugly Children, who did the damage on 'Honey Honey' for *Abbasolutely*, has somewhat sticky memories of the time.

"When I was about nine or 10, and went to a school dance, 'Dancing Queen' was playing, and this boy asked me dance. He went off to get some lemonade. So, I sat down, and then he came over with the lemonade, and he stuck his

tongue in my ear. I just tipped my lemonade over him and left the place. I still remember his name too! Patrick O'Keeffe."

That event obviously scarred Floss for life. "I think I hate them now," she says. "Yeah, I definitely hate ABBA now."

Chris Knox, who was another long term nagging force behind *Abbasolutely*, loved ABBA then and he still loves them now.

"I was a fan, basically," Chris confesses. "I thought they were great, just unashamed, glorious, no holds barred pop. All my friends were into Little Feat, Steely Dan, and stuff like that. I hated that crap, so ABBA and Kiss were my revenge."

After much agony over the selection process, Chris and fellow Tall Dwarf Alec Bathgate selected 'On and On and On' as their tribute to ABBA.

"'On and On and On' kept coming to the forefront of my four CD collection of ABBA, 'cause it's

we danced to ABBA. I guess that went on until I was quite old, 11 or 12."

"I was fairly young when they were really big," says Jane Sinnott of Magick Heads, who covered 'When I Kissed the Teacher'. "I remember us having a song book with the words on, and singing along to all the music. That was the big deal for me, that there was so much hype you could buy all the words, and sing along and pretend you were one of ABBA."

"They were too clean to represent anything nasty, except for being a huge conglomeration, I suppose, in the end. For me, they were just a huge band that wore glittery clothes."

Andrew Brough of Bike, who covered the "soppy love song" 'My Love, My Life', jumped on the ABBA bandwagon while he was at intermediate school.

"As far as I could tell, everyone was talking

Jeremy Eade of Garageland, who picked the definitive ABBA song, 'Dancing Queen', for their contribution to *Abbasolutely*. "The flip side is the gems still are pretty kinda cool."

"A lot of people who weren't ABBA fans at all get the chance to actually recognise the quality of the music that was there, outside of the packaging that can be really sickening," says Graeme Humphries. Able Tasmans got first pick of the much coveted 'SOS' for their *Abbasolutely* track. "Songs lifted out of their context can really, really shine, I think some of the tunes on the ABBA compilation do that — a lot of them do it."

As a case in point, Graeme selects the Shaynie and Fifi 95 (aka Shayne Carter and Fiona McDonald) duet of 'The Name of the Game'. "Spooky eh?" he says breathlessly. "It's beautiful. It's just beautiful. They've changed one major chord into a minor, and it just... it makes you poo your pants."

Loss of bowel control — you can't ask a listener to surrender much more than that. Indeed, many may not be willing to surrender that much (and who could blame them?). Nevertheless, the album was put together with fun in mind, so if your idea of a good time doesn't involve giving birth to a baby skunk, that's okay with Flying Nun. Just try and enjoy yourself when you spin *Abbasolutely*. Believe me, it's not that hard to do.

"It's a good party album," vouches Natasha Griffiths. "You can dance to it. It's probably our first dance album. A lot of it's really groovy. It's not like it's going to sell millions. It's not going to make anyone famous. It's just fun. In a way, we're showing a lot of people we can have fun. Flying Nun's taken as such a serious, studious label in a lot of quarters. Not that we have to prove we have fun — we have a lot of fun, and a lot of the fun you wouldn't want anyone to know about — but here's something we can show."

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

"My mother prepared jam and cream scones, and we danced to ABBA"
— Greta Anderson, Superette.

a great recording on the original. It just really fuckin' blats along, this Velvet Underground cum Beach Boys sort of feel, and the lyrics are really unusual. It seems like whichever of the women was singing it was speaking about personal experience, about dorks coming up in bars and going all cosmic on her to try and get into her pants."

Anyone who has seen Greta Anderson's performance in Superette's video for 'Killer Clown' will have no problems conjuring up a picture to match her memories of ABBA adoration. Superette contributed their take on 'Knowing Me, Knowing You' to *Abbasolutely*.

"I remember Standard Three, our class party, and there was Bay City Rollers and ABBA," says Greta, who pitched her tent in the ABBA camp. "We'd play that, get up on top of the tables and dance, and eat food our mothers had prepared. My mother prepared jam and cream scones, and

about ABBA. I bought an ABBA record (*The Best of ABBA*) because everyone in my class had one. It was kind of exciting, I suppose, [there was] sort of a fervour about it all."

"It was a couple of years later, with the punk thing and all that, that the backlash happened with ABBA. Then they're forgiven, then there's that renaissance with them. I've been to parties, even in the last few years, where everyone gets up and dances to ABBA. It's quite fun."

"It's always good for a new generation to be thrust into the bowels of an old generation's pop magnitude," reckons Chris Knox. "On the other hand, when retro becomes trendy, in any of its facets, it gets a bit dull after a while. But I think ABBA can withstand that because they've got basic quality on their side."

"I guess the bad side is you realise there are an incredible amount of dodgy ABBA songs that haven't really stood the test of time," says

oasis

(WHAT'S THE STORY) MORNING GLORY?

OCTOBER





lenny kravitz

CRUEL

Virgin

Butch Vig may be the greatest producer the world has seen in the past decade, but this doesn't mean he is not human. Having twiddled the knobs for generation altering epics such as Nirvana's *Nevermind*, the Smashing Pumpkins' *Gish* and *Siamese Dream*, L7's *Bricks are Heavy*, and Sonic Youth's *Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star* and *Dirty* does not make him less liable to be hit by life's little curve balls (or should that be high-balls?). Hence, on the day I have the good fortune to speak with the godfather of grunge, I find him suffering from a hangover — a by-product of his previous night's cruise on the River Thames with a boat load of journalists and photographers, all eager to get a piece of him and his new band Garbage, who have just released their self titled debut album. Nevertheless, he certainly doesn't let his sore head dampen his spirits.

"I'm just kind of brain dead right now, so you can pretty much ask whatever you want," he says amiably.

Discretion obviously dictates the expansiveness of these confines, as is proven when Butch relates the tale of a particularly tiresome Italian interviewer he encountered a day earlier.

"[He] kept saying [slips into a robo-take on what could be an Italian accent]: 'What was it like to work with Nirvana?' He would ask me a couple of questions about Garbage, and then he'd go [same accent]: 'Now, what was it like to

incredible enthusiasm for life and for music, but he needs to exorcise some demons and move on with his life. In a certain respect, I'm also doing that. When you make a record that is so critically and commercially successful as *Nevermind* was, I've realised, I will never make a record like that again. And you can't sit around and rest on your laurels, or say: 'Well, I'm gonna retire now,' and walk around and tell everybody how great this record was. I'm extremely proud of making that record, and also very lucky to have made that record and [been] able to work with Kurt and the band. But it's like, that was then and this is now. Anybody who's creative needs to move off and keep somehow challenging himself. So, I'm really enjoying this right now.

"I'm actually enjoying being in a band too, because I don't have to necessarily make all the decisions. I also like the kind of creative tension you get dynamically from working with people. To a certain extent, when you're a producer, you'll work on a record, and no matter how intimate and psychologically you get involved with the band, you walk away from it, and you go on to the next thing. When you're doing your own music and you're trying to express yourself, or working with in a band and writing stuff, there's more of you in it. Ultimately it's more satisfying."

With his wisdom coming from plenty of experience, it's not hard to see why the world wants a piece of this brand new band's drummer in par-

their range. A lot of the, I guess, pop bands in the States right now, the women have really high voices, for lack of a better term. We weren't interested in that at all. We wanted someone with a much more expressive range than that."

Shirley first visited Butch and the other Garbage members (Duke Erikson and Steve Marker) in Madison, Wisconsin, while she was on tour in the States with Angelfish. It must have been a daunting meeting for Shirley, despite the fact she was initially unaware who this Butch Vig guy even was. She was auditioning to a bunch of complete strangers who had worked together for years (Marker and Vig are partners in Smart Studios, where the N band recorded the demos for *Nevermind*, and Erikson and Vig were band-mates in Spooner, who became Firetown in the late 80s). It was a disaster.

"Well, we didn't necessarily know what we wanted to do. We'd never really auditioned somebody, and we didn't even really consider it an audition 'cause we really liked her voice when we saw her on MTV. Nonetheless, she came to the studio, and she was very nervous, and we were incredibly nervous, and it was terrible. She worked with us for an afternoon. At one point we were like: 'Well, I dunno, maybe we should just call it quits and go to the pub.' She kept working on the tracks and they didn't turn out very well, but a week later she called back and said: 'I think I get an idea where these songs could go.'

be the three of us kind of walking all over you.' Quite au contraire, Shirley actually did quite the opposite. I think she's walked all over us to a certain extent. We really needed someone to help define what we wanted to do, and Shirley's done that."

Although Garbage's pre-Shirley lyrics were intended to work from a woman's perspective, most of them got the flick when Shirley got her hands on them.

"We would think something like: 'Let's make a song like a film noir. It has to do with a woman who's a prostitute who's world weary and has seen it all, and she's trying to find salvation or something.' Shirley came in and said: 'I don't want to sing about anything where I am a victim. I want the women to be stronger. I want the characters to have more personality.' She was totally right. Everything eventually gets distilled through her, and it's true, you have to be able to feel it or relate to it in some manner."

This leads one to wonder who is responsible for the often dark and predacious nature of the lyrics. After all, the first words most people will have heard from Garbage (via their debut single 'Vow') are: 'I can't use what I can't abuse / And I can't stop when it comes to you...'

"It's a combination of all of us, I think we have a certain fascination with darkness and perversion. We knew that we wanted to make a pop record, and we didn't know it would be as dark as it is, but I think there [are] certain qualities the four of us had that we found a common ground [in] when it came to writing and trying to express ourselves. The songs aren't really about me, or Shirley, or Duke, or Steve, per se, but there are things in them we touch on that mean something to us.

"I personally have had a very rough year, just with things in my family and my relationships, and I know that Steve has and Shirley also has. But we're not the kind of band that's gonna say: 'Look how fucked up we are, look how angst-filled we are, look how depressed we are.' It's like some of those themes are touched on in the music, but we're not gonna sit there and wear our heart on our sleeve."

Don't get the impression that *Garbage* is solely a minefield of despair. It's also highly capable of being sinister, stalker, sensuous and even (on a song where the chorus line goes: 'Pour your misery down on me...') good and silly.

"We kid Shirley that she has this morose quality that all the Scots have. One day she walked in the studio and I was listening to something that was really sombre. She said: 'Y'know, I really only love sad songs,' and that's where 'Only Happy When It Rains' came from. We're obviously making fun of ourselves, or trying to have some self deprecation there. We're trying to also poke a little bit of fun at the current alterna-rock scene in the US, where all the bands feel like they need to tell everyone that they're fucked up and depressed, and they wear that on their sleeve, and: 'Look how bummed out I am, will you please join my club and pay attention to me?' So, there is a certain common ground that we find in darkness."

Whether that common ground will prove the right equation for a sum of legendary proportions is yet to be seen (this being a somewhat less than perfect world). Butch is unsure whether it's even possible for a bunch of the "late 30-something" guys he, Duke and Steve are to achieve such a status.

"We're somewhat uncomfortable with the idea of having to be pop stars. We're not young... a teeny bopper band, and we don't have these GQ faces the young girls are going to be drawn to."

Surely a band can become legendary without having "GQ faces" (not to mention the very real drawing power of the non 'late 30-something guy' in the band). Look at three quarters of U2 for Peter's sake!

"I would like to think that's possible, but it seems today, especially with MTV and how fast pop culture evolves and kind of takes [things] in and spits 'em out really fast, that, in a way, almost taking a name like Garbage makes us sound disposable. It's like we're here today, gone tomorrow. That we call ourselves a pop band is even more self deprecating."

"In a way, we wanted to make this record that was like the David Lynch film *Blue Velvet*, where there's this perfect pop veneer on top, but when you actually get a chance to live with it, the layers underneath are slightly wrong or slightly off. Ultimately we tried to make a record that we found enticing, but we hope people will relate to it somehow."

BRONWYN TRUDGEON



That was Then, This is Now

Butch Vig takes out his Garbage.

be inside Kurt Cobain's mind?' I kept saying: 'Man, just put *Nevermind* on and listen to the record. That says it all.' We're just trying to steer it off into the Garbage Zone and make people realise that it's a different thing, it has nothing to do with that."

This may well be the case, but it doesn't stop Butch finding himself the subject of the same skew-eyed attention Dave Grohl of the Foo Fighters has received: that is, they both have a hard time convincing the world they're capable of being in a band which doesn't consist solely of themselves...

"And that doesn't have N as the first letter of the word," Butch adds. "In a way, I think it's so great that Dave is doin' this, because he has an

ticular, but there is a lot more to Garbage than the fact a big name producer is swinging their sticks. Initially, the most striking case in point (to anyone who cares to take the band without the baggage) is the singer, Shirley Manson (formerly of Angelfish and Goodbye Mr MacKenzie), who hails from Edinburgh, Scotland. She's like the antithesis of the Tanya Donelly school of singers, with Curve's Toni Halliday being the most immediate reference point (a quality reinforced and built upon by the rest of the band's sound). Butch first spotted her with Angelfish on MTV.

"I liked it that she could sing low and kind of understated," he remembers. "[That] to me sounded more intense and subversive than someone who would be screaming at the top of

So, she came back maybe another week after that, and she sang 'Vow' and 'Stupid Girl' and 'Queer'. All of those ended up being the final vocal."

Butch does not discount the bravery it must have taken Shirley to return for another shot.

"It was a pretty ballsy thing to do. For whatever reason, she kinda figured what kind of persona [the songs] needed, and the kind of attitude and approach they needed. From that day on she was in the band."

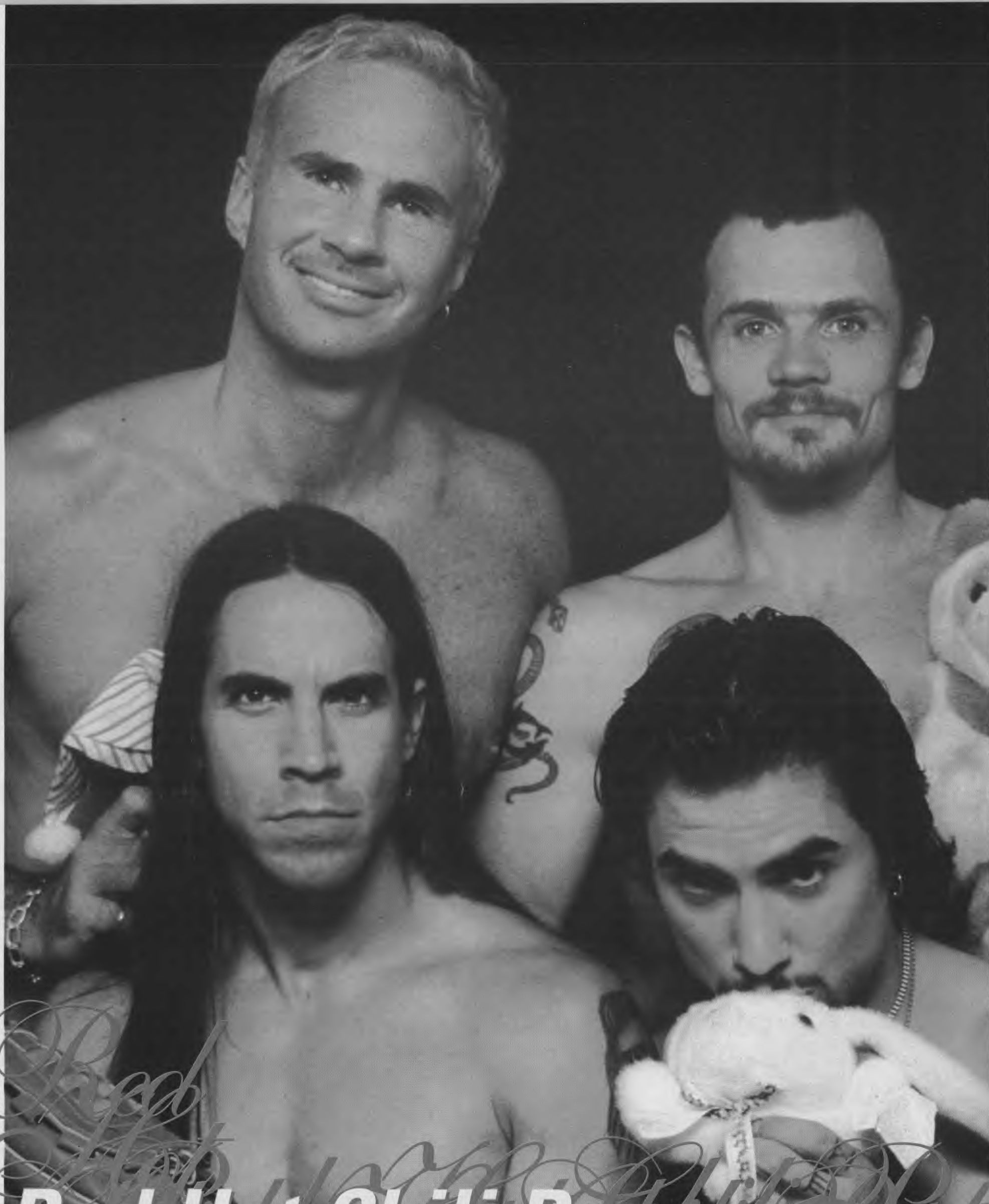
Butch, Duke and Steve made it clear to Shirley that if she were to be a part of the band, they expected her to be involved in every aspect of the creative input.

"We said from day one: 'We don't want this to

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Red Hot Chili Peppers

One Hot Minute with Chad Smith.

*I*t's a traditionally scorching July day here in LA. I'm verging on being late for an interview with Red Hot Chili Peppers drummer Chad Smith, and now the valet of the rather elegant hotel the Chili Peppers are ensconced in for their press sessions is balking at parking my 66 Coupe DeVille on a steepish hill. This is not a very rock and roll moment at all. It is, however, kind of in keeping with the album I'm here to talk about. That would be *One Hot Minute*, the new Red Hot Chili Peppers record, an album that was a few years and a

few guitarists in the making. Considering what this band has been through — heroin addiction, the OD death of their first guitarist, Hillel Slovak, and Slovak's replacement, John Frusciante, quitting the band in the middle of its most successful tour in 1992 — a few hitches in recording an album are probably standard issue problems, and they have obviously been overcome quite successfully. Now the album is finished, and sounding as impressive as you'd imagine. Furthering the style set on 1991's *Blood Sugar Sex Magic*, the songs are tighter, denser and more structured, with new member

Dave Navarro (formerly of Jane's Addiction) really shining. Where John was a great guitarist (instinctively rocking, but with a fragile and psychedelic undertone to everything), Dave has given the Chili Peppers a more confident, biting sound, that fits with the monster rhythm section and really soars at all the right moments.

Still outside, the car has been damn near slid sideways into a suddenly vacant parking space (amazing how a Mercedes driving, yuppie fool is willing to yield to overpowered Detroit iron making a high speed U-turn), and I'm bolting past a relieved valet into a maze of luxuri-

ous gardens, only to discover I'm not late at all and everything is running a little behind schedule, which is very much a standard rock and roll moment. There's now a few minutes to relax in the gardens and enjoy a free corporate rock beverage. Then I'm ushered into a bungalow bedroom with Chad, who, after the smutty male bonding bedroom humour is done with, settles down to let me know what's been happening with the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

Kirk Gee: So, you guys have been doing a bit of a guitarist shuffle of late, haven't you?

Chad Smith: "Yeah, it's a bit like Spinal Tap,

really. We've got Dave now, and we're very pleased because he's such a wonderful musician. Actually, we tried to get him when John quit. He was the first guy we thought of because we were such fans of Jane's Addiction and big fans of his guitar playing. So, we called him, and he said: 'You know what? I'm probably the only guy who could do it, I'm the best guy to do it, but I'm not going to do it.' He teased us like that, the whore, but he just wouldn't take off the chastity belt. At this time he was busy on a project with Eric from Jane's, which was Deconstruction. So, we got Arik Marshall, who was a wonderful guitar player, and we played with him at *Lollapalooza* and in Australia and New Zealand. But when we started to write music, the chemistry wasn't right with Arik, so we went on to audition about a zillion guitar players."

KG: That would be the infamous *LA Weekly* ad, right? (Historical Note: In 1994, the Chili Peppers ran a full page ad for an open audition in an LA paper. This resulted in thousands of hopefuls showing up for three days worth of very short auditions. Eventually, a young LA hopeful by the name of Jesse Tobias was chosen. He quit his newly signed band — an awful rocker mess called Mother Tongue — but within a month, he was out of the Peppers. Some you win, some you don't.)

CS: Well, we'd exhausted our friend of a friend thing, it just wasn't panning out, so we thought: 'Fuck it, there's got to be a guy out there.' So, we did what we had to do and we knew it was going to be a circus, but out of the thousands there had to be 10 or so who might work. We found some good musicians, but no one who had what is needed to fit in the Chili Peppers, which is a multi-faceted musical prowess and a pretty crazy personality. Chemistry is really important to this band because of the way we write together; it's a very important part of our music, so you have to feel some kind of love and respect and admiration for the person you're playing with. So, I was like: 'Can I hang out with this guy?', and it wasn't there. Luckily, Dave was cut loose, and Flea called him and said: 'Do you want to jam?', and he came down. We played for about five minutes and we said: 'Do you want to join the band?' He said: 'OK,' and that was that."

KG: It would seem to me that with the Chili Peppers being such a rhythmically driven band, the guitarist is almost following the leads of Flea and yourself, so that sense of connection would be really important.

CS: "I don't know. The Red Hot Chili Peppers are a very rhythm oriented band, and have been more so in the past. Like, before *BloodSugarSexMagic*, the bass was very up front, very percussive. But you can change and grow as musicians, and with *BloodSugar* we were writing songs, rather than funk jams with lyrics over the top. That's not to take anything away from those early records. I love that stuff, and *Uplift Mofo Party Plan* is probably my favourite record, and I didn't even play on it. You just grow and try to better yourself as a musician, and I think we've done that."

"Dave contributes more through reaction, and a lot of these songs came from bass ideas, but Flea has been playing some guitar, which means this record seems more stripped down. Everybody just does what's right for the song, no one pulls that 'well, my part is going to stick out because I need to impress whoever'. That's not what it's about. I think everyone in this band has big ears, especially Dave. He really uses the studio as a tool. His sound is bigger sonically and has all these textures and little parts that stick out all over. It's very much a headphones thing, so all you stoners can do bong hits and listen with your headphones on."

KG: Navarro is pretty lucky. He has such a strong reputation that he doesn't have to live up to being 'the new guy' in the Chili Peppers.

CS: "Well, Dave is pretty much his own guy. His personality comes out in his playing. You hear it and it sounds like Dave, which is what everybody wants. He doesn't conform to what he thinks a Chili Peppers guitarist should sound like, and we don't try to play like Jane's Addiction. We just found the common ground in what we do."

KG: Once again, Rick Rubin is on board as producer.

CS: "Oh yeah, we just had such a pleasurable and rewarding experience with him on *BloodSugar*, he became our friend and we trust him. We never discussed whether we'd use him again, he just assumed he'd be doing this. I remember when Dave joined, Rick said: 'It's great you're playing with the Chili Peppers as we'll be able to work together again.' It's comfortable for us. I mean, he's smart, we have a lot of mutual musical respect, and he's just the right guy for us. He doesn't put any Rick Rubin sound or stamp on the music. He loves the

band being the band while he holds up the mirror and bounces around ideas. He just lets the band work and then has this great skill when it comes to the mixing process, so we really trust him."

"I'll do my impersonation of Rick when we're cutting tracks. He even moved a couch into the control room. [At this point, Mr Chad puts on his sunglasses and lies flat on his back like a guy in a coffin.] We're rocking out as hard as we can, and he's like [doesn't move an inch]: 'Aaah, guys, let's do it again with a little more energy.' If it's a good take, you'll see his head bobbing around and that's it. But he does know when to be in there and when to let the band do its thing."

KG: You guys really spent some time on this album, didn't you? I remember hearing you'd gone to Hawaii to record about a year or so ago.

CS: "We went to Hawaii to write. We wanted to get away from LA and the distractions and stuff. We also wanted to hang out and get to know each other, we wanted to get a personal bond going with Dave. We wrote a lot of the basis of this album in Hawaii and it was a good experience. We did take some time off. We recorded the basic tracks, then we had to rehearse to play at *Woodstock*, then did a European tour, and then another break. It was a gradual thing, but you can't really expect a band to punch a clock. It's certainly not how we work. You really have to be inspired and you need to do things in your life to get inspired, so it took as long as it needed to take. We didn't really want to put out anything that was less than great. So yeah, in answer to the 'it took a long time didn't it?' question, it did take a while, but we toured for a couple of years in there, and went through this guitar player thing, and a year of basic recording. We were busy!"

KG: It must be hell having to sit here all day and deal with a stream of press all asking stuff like: 'How come so long?', and: 'What happened with the guitarists?', and: 'Will this album be as big as *BloodSugar*?'"

CS: "Yeah, but it's part of the whole gig. Anyway, you have to do that 'album listening' thing, which is pretty bad. It's weird to sit around and listen to an album once, especially with an album that's like 70 minutes. I know with albums I've grown to love, the first time around, I hated them. I wasn't sold. They've got to grow on you. If they have any depth, you're not going to get hit by the emotional impact immediately. This whole talking about the album, it's something I have to do, but I'd much rather just have people hear it and get what they want out of it. Hopefully someone will hear it and love it, and be uplifted or affected. If that does happen, then it's very rewarding to us, we've done what we want."

"You have to be honest about music, and any good artist is going to be that. We really don't feel any kinship with any particular musical community or scene, and I think one of the cool things about the Chili Peppers is, no matter what song it is, you can always tell it's us. We're very unique in that sense, and we always strive to do that and not be influenced by any sort of trends. We don't feel any pressures of commercial success. I think if you start doing that, you dig yourself a grave"

KG: At around this point, we are politely interrupted by a record label person and given the 'one last question' smile. Not easy, as I had all manner of stuff to ask, like how John Lurie of the Lounge Lizards ended up playing harmonica on the album, or how Chad's golf game is progressing. (I've seen him at the same cheap public course I frequent, and although I've never seen him play, he's a big guy and I imagine he's got a pretty reasonable drive on him.) Our respected editor, however, has drummed into me the fact that people don't want to read about golf or obscure jazzbos in a rock mag, so I went with the nice 'are you really the sane one in the band?' angle.

CS: "Yeah, but sane compared to what? No, I think an important part of being in the band is that everyone has to be their own person and have their own personality, and you inject that into the band equation, although there is something to be said for balance. There's a perception that we're nuts because we're entertainers when we play live, and people don't get beyond that. Everyone in this band really is pretty rational and smart and caring, there's that side to everyone, definitely. I think maybe the one thing I bring to the mix is some stability. It helps being the drummer and being the stable one. Everyone has their own little quirks, but everyone has the same goal, which is to make honest, beautiful music, and that's an OK thing, because when we're rocking together, it's a great feeling."

KIRK GEE



Australia's young export Silverchair have repeated their massive Australian success in the USA. Their album *Frogstomp* has been certified "Gold", which means they have official industry recognised sales of over 500,000 copies in the USA.

This has been achieved before the release of a single. The album is selling at about 100,000 per week. Their record label Sony says sales are already over 700,000 units. Silverchair will soon be the first Australian act since INXS to top the "Platinum" million sales mark in the United States.

After a USA A&R man David Massey saw the band at Australia's Big Day Out earlier this year, an elaborate marketing plan was put in place for the American release of *Frogstomp* on the Epic label, but the whole process was jumpstarted early, when in April, key USA modern rock radio stations started playing import copies of 'Tomorrow'.

In Australia the band had been managed by their mothers but with success snowballing, Silverchair started looking for a manager. By mid-year with the USA success, the need for a full-time manager became paramount and John Watson from Sony Australia took the job.

Watson had been Sony's Director of International Marketing and had watched his plans go out the window. He told *Billboard*, "We had a great strategy mapped out. Now that's been shot to pieces but in a most pleasant way."

As *RipItUp* goes to press *Frogstomp* is No.17 on the *Billboard* magazine Top 200 Albums Chart. The previous week the song 'Tomorrow' was No.32 on the Top 100 Airplay Chart.

John Watson is confident that the success of Silverchair is not linked to their "teen" appeal or the novelty of their being

so young.

"[USA] radio and public have responded purely to the song and the performance on the record. They did not know what the band looked like or their history."

Only in Australia have quips like "Nirvana in pajamas" or "kinder(Sound)garden" been attached to Silverchair.

In Australia there have also been chauvinist jokes aimed at the band's mothers' roles as managers.

One Australian record executive claims a mother was asked, 'what was London like?'

'The shopping was great', was the alleged reply.

In the USA the band's record label are aiming for a young alternative audience in the USA and hope to have Silverchair on 1996's *Lollapalooza* tour. The label also sent 10,000 music samplers and 25,000 Silverchair hang tags to surf shops around the USA.

Silverchair have a busy August school holidays, starting in Cologne Germany, August 19, at the Popkomm music industry convention, followed by several summer festival appearances including Lowlands in Holland, Pukkelpop in Belgium and the legendary Reading Festival in England.

From there it's off to North America for gigs in Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York, Atlanta, San Francisco, Los Angeles and finally, the home of grunge, Seattle on September 15.

Around the world, music press find it quite difficult talking to three guys who have very little to say. When *NME* asked Daniel Johns if he had a final message for English fans, he replied.

"Yeah. Listen to more Helmet."

MURRAY CAMMICK



Loves Ugly Children: A Day in the Life

S ometime in the not too distant future, hard working and poverty stricken Christchurch threesome Loves Ugly Children will release their debut album, *Cakehole*, which has been described as "really good" and "fucking great" by various members of the band.

To promote the album, the band are whizzing off to Australia for a short tour, then a longer jaunt to England and Europe. For bass player Floss, this will be a chance to get re-acquainted with the joys of public transport.

"The thing that impressed me most last time was the tube," she says.

For the other members, this is the stuff dreams are made of. However, life hasn't always been driving around Paris in gold plated limousines. Sometimes life's really not very interesting. To prove this point, singer and guitarist Simon agreed to let the reporter's best buddy, Mr Dick T Phone, accompany him and the band on a typical Loves Ugly Children day. Read on, and experience a hard hitting, Ken Loachian story of life at the bottom of the musical ladder, and remember, until they start snorting mountains of nose candy through five-hundred dollar bills, Loves Ugly Children are people just like you and me.

A Long Day's Journey Into Night Begins

It's been a hard night of cheap wine drinking, but Simon's a professional, and no amount of cask wine's gonna keep him in bed later than the early afternoon.

"Saturday the nineteenth began at 12.01AM. We were playing at Uni... a fucking choice gig, it was monstrous. They closed the bar on us before we finished the gig, so we got a taxi van back home, unloaded the gear, and sat in the lounge and drank a cask of wine till 5.30 in the morning. Woke up at 12.30 completely hungover. That was when the day began, and we're feeling really seedy. Jeff our roadie's here, and the rugby's on. [LUC live next door to Lancaster park.] We can see the top of the new five million dollar stand. Canterbury are playing Waikato, which is important to Jeff, but not at all important to me."

Jeff hollers: "They've just scored!"

"We're about to load all the gear into a van. Blah, blah."

There's No Need to Apologise

As the shadows get longer on a balmy Canterbury afternoon, the air of excitement and tension can almost be cut with a blunt butter knife.

"The soundcheck's at four and we're sitting outside in the sunshine. We're talking about Grant McDonagh and reminiscing about the Gaps [old skinhead punk rocker band] and their classic song 'I Like Wanking'... 'One, two, three, four, I like wanking...' We're going to load all the stuff."

The Bathroom Scene

In this gritty true life scene, we find out just what helps get this talented singer/guitarist through another weary gig.

"I'm now in the bathroom and I'm opening the bathroom cupboard, getting out two Panadol, one multi-vitamin, one tablet of penicillin, and my Diffam pharmacy only spray for relief of inflammation in the mouth or throat. I'm taking all this shit because I've had a throat infection for three weeks."

Post-Soundcheck, Pre-Gig Thoughts and Musings

Part One: Thoughts

"We're doing a gig tonight at the Firehouse, one of the dodgiest venues in town. The Marshall stack I was playing through just didn't seem loud enough. I had both knobs on 10, so maybe I need one with 11, like in Spinal Tap. Floss' big muff pedal is turning out to be a really good buy. We're back at Ugly Central and making tea. I'm cooking potatoes. Today has been totally underwhelming in the excitement department. We are crashed on the couch watching *Gladiators* and I'm in love with Jet. She was beautiful. Watching her was probably the highlight of my day. The potatoes are bubbling and this is about as exciting as it gets in punk rock Ugly Land."

Part Two: Musings in the Bath

In this steamy scene, Simon appears totally naked!

Early Musings

"It's 7.30. I'm in the bath looking down at my naked body and thinking about music. Will we rock or won't we? But I don't like to use the term rock, preferring vibrate. Will we vibrate tonight, or won't we? I've got this omen that we will suck instead of like last night when we totally rocked (vibrated?). I wish Mr Dick T Phone was there last evening."

Middling Musings

"I'm quite looking forward to seeing Human play tonight, catching some more of their hardcore, glam rock, glam disco, death metal. Oh, and Tempest are playing, and I'm not going to say anything because that would be really rude."

Final Musings

"If we're going to be crap tonight, then I hope we're going to be totally crap. If it's going to be a bad gig, then I think everything should go wrong, and we should be completely out of tune, and one of us should have an accident. I think a gig should be either total crap or brilliance. Mediocrity isn't on the agenda."

"I feel like Agent Cooper talking to Mr Dick T Phone. I had a dream that I crashed the car, but there were no little dwarfs speaking backwards."

Don't Forget to Mention the Single!

"'Personal World' is a pop song. That's why it became a single. When we say that it's pop — three chords, simple, easy and commercial — the thought of that doesn't really make me feel good. Hearing a band play a pop song you really like doesn't make you feel bad."

Pop Singer Knows Nothing About Music!

In this heart rending scene, Simon tells about how some harpy had a go at him whilst he was trying to have a quiet drink.

"About two months ago, I was at this crusty bar called Joe Bolidos, which had a real 1980s feel about it, and the place was full of derelicts and early morning drinkers. This woman came up to me who I hadn't met before and said: 'You think you know everything about music. You're fucking up yourself.' And I was like: 'I don't know you, fuck off.' But she was totally wrong. I don't think I know anything about

music. I can barely play the guitar and sing. I don't think I know anything about music. I'd just like to say a big fuck you to that person."

Gotta Look Good For the Public

In which the fashion tips of the poor and semi-famous are exposed.

"I'm in the bathroom spiking my hair with Fudge and Hairgum. Floss is getting ready and looking really spunky in a tight green T-shirt, black jeans and boots, and chain and padlock necklace. I like her hair now she's dyed it black; it makes her look meaner."

Driving to the Gig

In which the band see a man walking down the street possibly carrying an axe, and see a brawl caused by evil bogans who were hassling the music loving teenagers of Christchurch.

"We're driving to the gig. We just saw a guy walking down the street with an axe. I wonder if we'll see it on the news tomorrow."

"Fuck, was there a guy walking down the street with an axe? I didn't even see that," Floss interjects amazedly.

"Yeah, just back where the old folks home is. Out to kill some elderly people maybe," replies Jeff the crusty roadie.

(Note: Earlier in the evening there was an axe murder in a separate part of town. However, by the time LUC spotted their axeman, the culprit had been caught.)

"Nearly there, at the scuzzy old Firehouse. Wonder if the kids have turned out. Yep, there's a pile of them on the street, a pile of them trying to get in. We're nearly running some of them over trying to get in. *Beep, beep*. Fucking hell, there's a fight, there's blood, the kids are brawling, the carpark's full of people running everywhere. I smell trouble with a capital T."

Post Gig Blues

For the first time, Jason the drummer gets to have his say.

"Here we are at the end of the gig. There's still about 200 kids in the room. I'm a sweat-pig and I had a bad time, but we got through it. All these young people have got boundless energy, all like 14, 15, 16, pierced up to the max, smoking and out of it... it's truly a great thing for the future."

A Genuine Post-Gig Conversation

If someone ever makes a gritty real life drama about musos in the same style as the multiple award winning *Hill Street Blues*, then this is the sort of honest, award winning dialogue you may hear.

Simon: "We're getting out of here real soon. Drink some wine and start whining."

Jason: After about the eighth song with a strobe light on, I thought I was going to have an epileptic fit."

Floss: "Fuck yeah, so did I."

Simon: "I met the guys doing the lights today, and they said they'd just started out."

Escape From the Firehouse

In which our brave and attractive heroes and heroine try to leave the Firehouse but discover all the taxis are chocka blocka carting rugby-heads around town. Simon inquires of Jeff (the crusty roadie) who was playing.

"Canterbury and Waikato."

Simon: "Who won."

"Canterbury, very convincingly."

Back to the story.

"There's fucking thousands of bogans on the street, drunken rugby fans and depressed Waikato fans. All the taxi vans were booked, so we've loaded up the car with all the important stuff and left all the drums behind and the stacks. The excitement promised by the teenage tearaways, rebels, malcontents, misfits and general anarchists and delinquents of Christchurch wasn't realised. Maybe some of them had curfew. The gig kind of rocked, but Jason admitted the drums dragged because of his stomach bug, which he caught off me. I hope his body can dump it before we hit Australia, because we do not want to be sick puppies."

Home, Sweet Home

LUC's day has actually ended. It's Sunday by now. Everything that follows is an extra treat.

"Here we are in the sprawling suburban metropolis of Linwood. This is the Super Rock Headquarters. It's late, we're tired, we're gonna drink some wine."

Early, Brutal Post-Gig Analysis

"On a suck level of one to 10, we sucked the big nine. We sucked and we were proud of it. You should always use your own mixer."

Later, Wine Mellowed Analysis

We're watching the video and it's not actually sounding too bad.

Floss is saying: "With all the negative stuff going into the tape, it's going to be a great write-up."

"Shouldn't really complain. [When] we are rocking and the kids are into it, maybe it's a good gig after all, and just a bad lightshow."

Loud unidentifiable "naaaaaah" is heard in the background.

The Delights of Infomercials

The good citizens of Christchurch slumber soundly, dreaming of what to wear to church, whilst the lounge of Ugly Central sits captivated by the delights of the Flowbee vacuum hair cutter.

"With a name like Flowbee, your product couldn't really lose."

"Where does the hair go when it gets full?"

"The before and after shot's great. In the before one, he's got loads of zits and he's really unhappy. In the after one, he's got a new shirt and he's laughing. Nice one."

"There's a Flowbee for pets. That could be really handy. I wonder if a vacuum cleaner with razor blades would have the same effect."

"That's a totally rude demonstration haircut. I don't believe the Flowbee's doing that," etc., etc.

Some Final Wise Words

After the excess of the previous 24 hours, it's comforting to see the voice of reason rearing its wise and sage old head. As Simon had the first word and most of the words in between, it seems only fair he should also have the last word.

"It's the next day, and we're hungover again, and we've gotta get the gear, and we're seriously considering sobriety for the Australian trip."

KEVIN LIST

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 TV. 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.



Deep Sleeper

She sang about dirty sex on 'Delicious'. She made an air hostess uniform look like the sexiest thing on the planet in the 'Vegas' video. She drove one Yank scribe to write: 'She's a tough-talking chick with indie cred' coming out her ass! So, it came as some surprise when I finally got to chat with Louise Wener — Sleeper's sexy lead singer, Brit-pop's outspoken chanteuse — that she was a softly spoken bundle of politeness.

"We should go to bed till we make each other sore" — 'Delicious'.

A lot of your interviews turn to sex don't they?

"They do, yes. It's an English hang-up, I think. It's frustrating, really, because when it comes to the album, there was only one song that was explicitly about sex, and there were only a couple of sexual metaphors here and there. You'll do an interview with someone for three hours about all sorts of topics, and when you read it, it's got every quote about sex emblazoned. It's still a hang-up people are titillated by, anything sexual said in a direct way. English 30 year old blokes who write for magazines go: 'Phwoar'."

"Now it's much too late to ask me where I've been" — 'Inbetween'.

Here's a brief history. Louise moves from her home town, Ilford, to study English and politics at Manchester University.

"If you do an arts degree in Britain, you only go in for 12 hours a week. That left you with

plenty of time to sort out a band. It just seemed like a thing to do at the time."

She meets Sleeper's guitar player, Jon Stewart. They get it on. Three years pass, as they kick around in other bands, do the dole thing, and battle through shitty jobs. Then they move to London and recruit Diid Osman on bass and Andy Maclure on drums. Sleeper is born.

In late 93, 'Alice in Vain' is released to minor tremors. In February 94, Sleeper release 'Swallow', which makes England's Top 100. Then out comes 'Delicious'. The press erupt over the explicit, shagathon lyrics, and Louise gets a chance to spout off about, well, everything from feminism's pointlessness to wanting more erections in pornography.

By the time 'Inbetween' (their coolly catchy anthem about boring relationships) is released in early 95, they've been all over the press, they've supported Blur and the Manic Street Preachers, and their debut album *Smart* is primed for release. And Louise and Jon have split up.

"It could have gone either way. The band could've split, but we worked through it. There's less tension in the band now than when we were together. Now we're getting on with each other."

But there won't be much difference in the bands creative balance. Louise, as always, writes all the music and lyrics.

"I think you need to have someone who has a strong idea about what it should be like. If you've got four people, all with strong personalities and strong ideas, you can end up being pulled in all different directions and, ultimately,

diluted. You need to have someone to say: 'This is how it should sound,' otherwise you just go round and round for weeks."

There must be pressure on you to keep the hits coming though.

"For me, there was a lot more pressure at the beginning. You get thrust into this thing and you're not sure what the rules are or who's watching, and you get paranoid about what you're doing and insecure. But, as we've gone on, I'm a lot more secure and confident about what we do."

And what are the rules? Don't listen to reviewers. Don't fit into pigeon holes. Do create a stir.

"I want to see you boxing naked to the death" — 'Lady Love Your Countryside'.

It used to be that bands wouldn't shut up about how they supported right-on causes and issues and all that sort of carry on. Well, apart from the odd death metallor who preferred a chat about sucking old ladies' entrails out through their eye sockets, but you know what I mean. It'd be Sting and his bloody rain forests, REM and just about everything. Louise's message is simple: Political correctness is a load of old bollocks.

"Because it's a horrible, hypocritical facade, and it's totally useless in changing other people's opinions. I think monitoring language is absurd. If you stop people using racist terms, that won't stop them being racist. The only way is to have a discussion, as far as I can see. People who are into [political correctness] here are boring, liberal, sandal-wearing vegetarians.

They drive me mad."

Do you ever feel you reveal too much about yourself in interviews?


"I like to think I'm quite a private person, really. Maybe it's that I can't be bothered with the whole battle all the time. I think some people do interviews and they're paranoid, thinking: 'Oh, I'd better not say that.' I'd go crazy having to think about that all the time. It's unhealthy. There's more important things to worry about."

"The way you look reminds me of something" — 'Hunch'.

The English music press' current fanfare is over Brit-pop. Their approach this time has been different, not because there's less hype or anything (not likely), it's just they haven't had to manufacture the scene. This time they're showing some pride in the bands that have evolved on their own.

"There's a big scene of British bands that are doing really well at the moment. It's a good time to be in a band now. For so long British bands weren't doing very well, the live scene was dying, people weren't going to gigs. And there used to be this whole division between indie bands and everyone else — and no one had heard much about them, or bought them, or listened to them. But the whole thing is really vibrant now. All these bands that used to be the preserve of the indie press are now going into the charts and the Top 20, and that hasn't happened for a long, long time. More people are getting into it."

JOHN TAITE



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Charts

TRUETONE RECORDS St Lukes Top 10 Hip Hop 12"

- 1 AZ *Sugarhill* (Capitol)
- 2 Notorious Big *Real Niggaz* (Phat)
- 3 King Just *No Flow On The Rodeo* (Black Fist)
- 4 Redman & Method Man *How High* (Dett)
- 5 Method Man & Mary J Blige *I'll Be There For You* (Def Jam)
- 6 Notorious Big *One More Chance* (Bad Boy)
- 7 Crooklyn Clan *Coffee Breaks* (AV8)
- 8 Madd Skillz *Nod Factor* (Big Beat)
- 9 Channel Live *Reprogram* (Capitol)
- 10 Junior Mafia *Players Anthem* (Big Beat)

Top 10 Swing/R&B 12"

- 1 Montell Jordan *Something 4 Da Honeyz* (Def Jam)
- 2 Brandy *Brokenhearted* (Atlantic)
- 3 Blackstreet *Tonight's The Night* (Interscope)
- 4 Monica *Don't Take It Personal* (Rowdy)
- 5 Usher *Think Of You* (Arista)
- 6 Patra *Pull Up To The Bumper* (Sony)
- 7 Michael Jackson *You Are Not Alone* (Sony)
- 8 Joya *Gettin' Off On You* (A&M)
- 9 Portrait *How Deep Is Your Love* (Capitol)
- 10 Kut Klose *Lovely Thang* (Elektra)

Top 10 House 12"

- 1 Todd Terry *Day In The Life* (Sound of Ministry)
 - 2 Michael Watford *Love Changeover* (Hard Times)
 - 3 Ron Trent *Seduction* (Subwoofer)
 - 4 E-N *Horn Ride* (Tribal)
 - 5 29th St Crew *O* (Sound of Ministry)
 - 6 Musique Tropicque *Festival EP* (Justrax)
 - 7 Ashley Beedle *Revolutions In Dub* (Narcotic)
 - 8 D.I.Y. *Bounce* (Strictly for Groovers)
 - 9 Paper Mache *Midnight Forever* (Subwoofer)
 - 10 Joey Musaphia *Musaphia Madness* (Centerstage)
- Truetone Records, St Lukes**
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mo' better beats

DOOP Wan Too!

Doop are a Dutch techno outfit who had a novelty hit in Europe last year. Now they're out to prove they're serious. Various high energy techno mixes, ranging from happy hardcore to your basic club mix. Nice piano.

JAKI GRAHAM Absolute E-Sensual

UK soulstress Jaki Graham could find the US success she wants with this one. While her vocals are not quite sublime, she is indeed a fine singer, and with the production backing here, she has four versions that should appeal to the divergent dance music genres. This is the first EP I've heard in a long time where the various remixes do all sound different from each other. Depending on your preference, you can choose between the 'US House Mix', 'Techno', 'Acid', or (my fav) the 'Old School Mix'. Great pop.

MOLOKO

Where is the What if the What is in Why?

Portishead meet Massive Attack. I was not initially impressed however once I skipped the 'Radio Edit' and moved straight to the 'Wondervox Extended Mix', things improved immensely. Whereas the first goes for rambling lyrics over a slow (almost random) beat, the 'Wondervox Mix' features some frenetic beats

that speed it all up beautifully. Just in case you haven't figured out it's pretty weird stuff, they follow immediately with 'Party Weirdo'. Interesting.

DETRIMENTAL Living On The Edge (BMG)

Phew, no wonder these guys split from Fun-Da-Mental. While it's all part of the same cloth, these guys have moved from hip-hop into ragga, whilst still retaining the rap. They've also thrown in some soft techno beats, to keep the dancefloor moving, with a wailing guitar over the top, and blow me down if doesn't actually work. Bizarre indeed! And just in case the ragga fans are spewing, they stay true with 'Countryman'. Between both songs, they manage seven different mixes in all.

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

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 fat man Notorious BIG gives it some street-wise ghetto credibility. Stick to the soundtrack album though, 'cause this is just the 'Clean' and 'No Rap' mixes. (Trivia note: this was released in the US as Biggie Smalls and Total.)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

New Jersey Drive Soundtrack Volume Two

Actually, make that *The Stuff We Couldn't Fit on Volume One*. Only eight songs and only 30 minutes of music! Still, it's not bad, and features Naughty By Nature, Biz Markie, Mad Lion, and some we wouldn't otherwise hear, namely Smif 'n' Wessun, Jeru the Damaja, and Funkmaster Flex. (The latter is New York's premier hip-hop DJ, and has surpassed Chuck Chillout on Hot 97.) Since I got a promo copy, I don't know what they're charging for this in-store — but if it's full price for a half hour, I'd haggle!

VARIOUS ARTISTS Straight From The Street

This, on the other hand, is the whole nine, and then some. If you didn't win Lotto, and can only afford one record, then get this. It's got all the hip-hop hits: TLC's 'Creep', Craig Mack's 'Flava In Ya Ear' and 'Get Down', Notorious BIG's 'Big Boppa', Monica's 'Don't Take It Personal', and Usher's 'Think of You'. There's also a host of other street jams, ranging from soft to hard, making this album the ideal sounds to be rolling through your neighbourhood with. Cool like dat.

NICK D'ANGELO



COMING SOON!



Donna Summer

bpm playlist

DONNA SUMMER I Feel Love 95
(Mercury, double 12")

A nasty concept this, and the Rollo mixes are as bad as you'd expect, but the 'Master at Work' mix strips all but the voice out of the original, and creates something new and special that verges on the anthemic.

VARIOUS Cajual Relief
(UK SOM, triple LP/double CD)

Noisy, dirty, exciting, disco tinged techno from Cajmere's Chicago labels — the cutting edge in 95. Essential, and stuck on my turntable.

RUFFNECK Everybody Be Somebody
(US MAW, 12")

Sounds like it was recorded in a toilet. I mean, this is rough — but it's so weird it works, in a Bucketheads kinda way. Unfortunately, there are Judge Jules mixes coming along to destroy it.

TODD TERRY A Day in the Life
(UK SOM, double LP/CD)

OREGANO Oregano
(US Freeze, 12")

TODD TERRY
Sound Design Back From The Dead
(US Freeze, double 12")

Ten sides of essential, slamming vinyl grooves that say Todd is back. A true genius, but please, no more Montell Jordan mixes, Todd.

MICHAEL WATFORD Happy Man
(Bootleg, 12")

MICHAEL WATFORD Lovechangeover
(UK Hard Times, 12")

The superior, unreleased dubs of his last US single, and the killer 13 minute, tuff-garage trax from Farley and Heller. Both very cool.

THE ABSOLUTE There Will Come a Day
(US Tribal, 12")

Mark Picchiotti's four sided monster that refuses to go away — from hard garage to deep trance sounds.

FLOPPY SOUNDS Ultrason
(US Wave, double 12")

One of the inventors of house, Francois Kevorkian, returns with a wonderful, but strange and trippy record, that stretches the boundaries again.

URBAN BLUES PROJECT Deliver Me
(UK Hott, 12")

Deep male vocals from Miami, but best in its funky, jazzy vocal dub. Cheese free.

DA WILD PITCH BROS
Muthafucka Come Here
(US Emotive, 12")

Pierre and Maurice in a slightly pornographic (from a female point of view) extended builder in their classic style.

E-N The Horn Ride
(UK Tribal, double 12")

Simply put, Tribal don't make bad records. You could pick any mix on here, from the 'Tenaglia' to the 'Lisbon' mixes, and the atmosphere and tension drags you in. Bloody wonderful.

DJ PIERRE EP
(US Strictly Rhythm, double 12")

I really love this guy's stuff, and this EP pulls all his styles together, from the chaotic wild pitch epics and the dubby trax, to the poppier end. Love the terrible sleeve too.

OLN Oporto Deep Cuts
(Tribal UK, 12")

Stylish but sleazy tracks from Portugal. Check out the acidic 'Reboot 144' mix.

CRUSHED INSECT AND SICK PUPPY
Inside the Bubble Chamber
(Swe. Hybrid, 12")

Pointless picture disc, but a cool, Detroit-styled techno record, that wouldn't sound out of place in a Carl Craig set.

SIMON GRIGG

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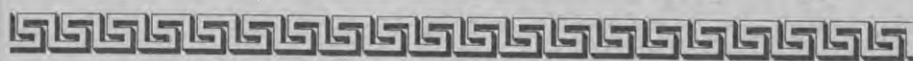
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back beat

No Flies on Frank

"I never had any intention of writing rock music," said Frank Zappa shortly before he died of cancer in 1993. For Zappa, rock was just a genre he could use to make sure his provocative, satirical, experimental music got heard. He mocked rock'n'roll while celebrating it; he was as capable of writing a loving tribute to doo-wop as a neo-classical orchestral suite or "jazz from hell". His motto was taken from the early 20th century avant-gardist Edgard Varèse: "The present day composer refuses to die!"

Zappa was driven to create, releasing nearly 60 albums in a recording career of less than 30 years. The only consistent thing about them is their inconsistency – the musical ideas seem to change direction every 15 seconds – but a remarkable number of the albums have become enduring landmarks in the history of modern music. (Zappa's first album with the Mothers of Invention, *Freak Out*, is regarded as the first rock 'concept' album, and was an influence on the Beatles' *Sgt Pepper*.)

Zappa's output was vast, and his eclecticism extraordinary; he was always pushing the frontiers of music, with a sardonic smile on his face and a serious intent behind the humour.

The Zappa family estate have authorised the reissue of the complete catalogue through Rykodisc, with the albums being "tweaked and tweaked and sonically spiffed up", many by the master himself before he died.

The newly compiled **Strictly Commercial: the Best of Frank Zappa** is the tip of the iceberg, but as close as one could get to a satisfying single-album retrospective. "Kill Ugly Radio" was another recurrent motto of Zappa's – he was spouting it from the mid-60s – but these are the songs that somehow invaded that sterile, parasitic medium. It includes the jazz-rock piece 'Peaches in Regalia', which made *Hot Rats* a breakthrough LP in the UK, and the novelty song 'Don't Eat the Yellow Snow' which made *Apostrophe (')* from 1974 one of his most popular albums. 'Disco Boy' and 'Dancin' Fool' mocked the disco boom of the 70s, while the title track from his 1979 rock opera *Joe's Garage* makes scattershot references to a variety of pop genres. The three-act opera was about a government who bans music – ironic considering that towards the end of his life Zappa's most visible activity was campaigning against the PMRC music censorship lobby. Zappa was a serious man who refused to take himself seriously.

We're Only in it for the Money came out in the January, 1968. It wasn't just a take-off but

a put-down of *Sgt Pepper*, which the cover parodies. The naivete behind the 'Summer of Love' is derisively exposed using montage techniques that intersperse pop tunes with white noise and spoken sections. 'Who Needs the Peace Corps' lampooned the pretensions of the pseudo-hippies who flocked to San Francisco in 1967: 'Danced at the Fillmore, I'm completely stoned / I'm hippy and I'm trippy, I'm a gypsy on my own / I'll stay a week and get the crabs and take a bus back home. / I'm really just a phoney but forgive me 'cause I'm stoned.'

Lumpy Gravy also came out in 1968; it was Zappa's first album without the Mothers and a refinement of the "conceptual continuity" ideal he chased through his career. In the era of *Slacker* and Quentin Tarantino, this has aged particularly well, with banal conversations cut-up and sprinkled through a suite of music that uses a 50-piece orchestra, voices taped inside a piano, plus a few loose Mothers.

Overnite Sensation broadened the audience for Zappa in 1973, mixing satire with jazz-rock from a driving band which included Jean-Luc Ponty and George Duke. 'I'm the Slime' warned of the danger hiding in every living room: 'I may be vile and pernicious, but you can't look away / Have you guessed me yet? / I'm the slime oozin' from your TV set.'

Apostrophe (') from 1974 was Zappa's first gold album, thanks to 'Don't Eat the Yellow Snow' and the lascivious leer of 'Dirty Love' (does genius excuse sexism?), plus a melodic flow that was easier for addled-brain hippies to follow.

Does Humor Belong in Music? is culled from various live shows from a 1984 European tour. It includes many live favourites ('Cock-Suckers' Ball', 'What's New in Baltimore?') but its jazz-rock fusion teeters towards meandering indulgence. (Give me the satire and sound collages: thank God the mammoth 12-hour live set *You Can't Do That On Stage Anymore* wasn't among these review discs.)

The two-volume **London Symphony Orchestra**, originally released separately in 1983 and 1987, is the modern orchestral suite Zappa had been threatening since he was a teenager, and hinted at in his early 70s collaboration with classical conductor Zubin Mehta and the LA Philharmonic. It's an orchestral work of depth and creativity – and remarkably listenable for music heavily influenced by Webern and late Stravinsky. Recommended more for Composition 301 students than fans of *Freak Out!*, however.

JAMES BOOKER



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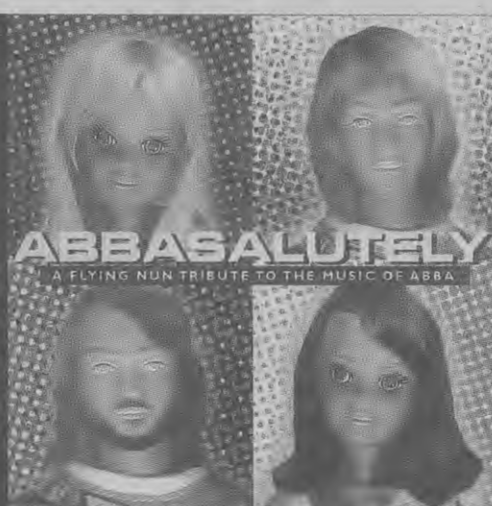
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albums



Greg Johnson

GREG JOHNSON *Vine Street Stories*
(Pagan)

Recorded over two years in the basement of Johnson's Saint Mary's Bay flat, *Vine Street Stories* is draped in a timeless quality that promises to have you spinning the album on your CD player for years to come. Now sans his 'Set', Johnson has adopted a more acoustic-based approach for *Vine Street Stories*, resulting in a vital, organic feel, that avoids some of the slightly mechanical tendencies of previous efforts. It's a sound that is typically difficult to categorise, no doubt due in part to the diversity of Johnson's musical influences.

As a trumpet playing crooner who's not exactly short-changed in the smooth looks department, the Chet Baker comparisons have been often and obvious. But such comparisons are not strictly accurate, as *Vine Street Stories* proves to be far more than a sycophantic *Lets Get Lost in My Basement*. Sure, Johnson retains more than a hint of that legendary jazzman about his tonsils, but here he comes across as more of a trans-Tasman Paul Kelly. Like Kelly, Johnson shares an innate ability for crafting genuinely memorable songs stamped with a unique character and originality. It's an indefinable quality that sets the likes of Kelly and Johnson apart from the also-rans, marking them out as something more than just capable tunesmiths churning out catchy ditties. While there's no denying a certain precise craftsmanship to *Vine Street's* finely etched performances, the album never lapses into sterility, appealing to the heart as much as to the head. That it can achieve this so emphatically and consistently is a tribute to Johnson's perseverance and considerable talent.

His languid vocal delivery manages to be cool, detached and soulful all at the same time, while the superb musicianship and instrumental choice add layers of depth and resonance to track after track. From the opening exuberant pop vista of 'Come On', to the delicate 'If I Swagger', Johnson barely puts a foot wrong. The last track, bar one, is 'Bent', which I suppose is a slightly more ambiguous

title than 'Fucked Up Puppy', but Johnson's alcohol-soaked vocals and piano playing betray the title's true meaning all too readily. It's a perfect note on which to finish the album, yet for some reason 'Makes Me Wanna Fly' closes the proceedings. A Hothouse Flowers meets aerobics workout hotch-potch, this seems curiously out of place amongst *Vine Street Stories'* more measured tones — Johnson's single error of judgement on what is otherwise a quite remarkable album.

MARTIN BELL

TEENAGE FANCLUB *Grand Prix*
(Geffen)

18 WHEELER *Formanka*
(Creation)

Masters Meet Apprentices introduces pop masters/geniuses Teenage Fanclub, who've been instrumental in keeping the classic nuances of pop alive and vital, and in transforming them into the current crunch coinage for the disposable generation. *The Concept* on its own validates their immortality, and for those who impatiently underestimated the slow burning glory of *Thirteen*, then the consistent brilliance of *Grand Prix* will bring the doubters back to the Fanclub.

As on *Thirteen*, the songwriting chores are shared fairly evenly between Norman Blake, Gerard Love and Raymond McGinley. Blake chimes in with some of his best slow groovers/ballads in 'Neil Jung' and 'I'll Make it Clear', and McGinley shows the excellence of his improving craft on 'Verisimilitude' and 'Say No'. But it's Gerard Love who pens the masterpieces. *The Concept's* 'Star Sign' was enough to ensure his deification, and on three of his four contributions here, namely 'Sparky's Dream', 'Don't Look Back' and 'Discolite', he hits that same sublime melodic pop ecstatic rush.

The title *Grand Prix* has probably spawned its fair share of hack music press puns, like formula ones, chequered flags, etc., so let's just say that, in terms of great pop music, the

Fanclub are out there on their own.

Apprentices 18 Wheeler are currently getting unjustly hammered by some sections of the press for ripping off Teenage Fanclub. They've certainly slipped through the door opened by Blake and co., and been caught carrying the same Beach Boys/post-grunge baggage, but these similarities are due to shared past influences, and not to a carefully planned desire to rip-off fellow Scotsmen. And, let's face it, brilliant, melodic, uplifting pop music can only sound a certain number of ways.

Led by Sean Jackson, the band delightfully explore the pop avenues open to them in 10 brief sound-bites. Brian Wilson would've loved to have written the beautiful 'Cartoon'. Elsewhere, the songs combine controlled buzz-saw guitars with Jackson's magic tunes and delicate vocals, to produce an entity that's idiosyncratically 19 Wheeler's — a band on the rise.

GEORGE KAY

ALANIS MORISSETTE *Jagged Little Pill*
(Maverick/Warner)

While Madonna's recent musical career consists of a series of dropped catches, her 'vanity' label, Maverick, continues to sign winners. Having already released fine albums by Me'shell Ndege'ocello and the reunited Bad Brains, Maverick's current star is 21 year old Alanis Morissette.

Jagged Little Pill, her third solo effort, is considered a comeback album in her native Canada, where she was a bona fide teen pop star, but is looked upon as her debut elsewhere. And whereas Morissette's star first rose in the dance/pop charts, à la Kylie, *Jagged Little Pill* is being compared to Liz Phair's *Exile in Guyville* and Marianne Faithfull's *Broken English*, as a serious pop recording.

Throughout the album, Morissette ensures one thing is made perfectly clear, she is extremely displeased with the hand she's been dealt. Targets for her seemingly obsessive anger include ex-lovers, pushy parents, a dismissive business acquaintance, on 'Right Through You', and the Catholic Church. At various times, she adopts the chameleon approach of Sinead O'Connor, slipping from shrilled tones of frustration to soothing statements of repentance mid-song, but always retaining that hint of dissatisfaction.

Strange then, that the confrontational and abrasive tone of her lyrics should find a home enveloped in the hopelessly catchy pop melodies that come courtesy of her songwriting partner Glen Ballard (whose credits include collaborations with Quincy Jones, Michael Jackson, and Wilson Phillips). Yet the two have created a magical partnership, his upbeat drum



Neil Young

programmes and boppy guitar arrangements balancing her bitter diatribes, especially on 'All I Really Want', 'You Learn', 'Right Through You', and 'Head Over Feet', where the contrast in feels proves a true ear-opener — making *Jagged Little Pill* one to swallow, not spit.

JOHN RUSSELL

NEIL YOUNG *Mirror Ball*
(Reprise)

Yes, yes, and Pearl Jam, although you won't find those actual words anywhere on the cover. In fact, this album may make you wish you'd never heard they were here in the first place, for this is certainly one for Neil Young fans, as opposed to being one for diehard fans of those young scallywags that did the deed with him, all those MTV Awards ago, on 'Rockin' in the Free World'. If the presence of *Vitalogy* and Vs. producer Brendan O'Brien gets you rooting for the board shorts team, you'd best tuck your flannel shirt in and leave quietly.

The 'hey ho, away we go' of 'Song X' is not the best track to open the album, as it crawls along with the occasional shove by almost comically deep-pitched backing vocals, thus almost managing to put one off continuing to listen. But never fear! Things pick up fast on 'Act of Love', and fairly sail into the infectious 'I'm the Ocean' (which opens with the glorious mortal coil wrenching: 'I'm an accident / I was a driving way too fast / Couldn't stop though / So I let the moment last...'), on which O'Brien pulls a pounding piano line that'll get you wigglin' in your pew. The pace keeps picking up for 'Big Green Country', where the words in the last verse are tricky enough to compete with Massive Attack's 'Sly' (not that I'm suggesting a collaboration here!). With my passion for



Teenage Fanclub

Lenny Kravitz

Exclusive New Zealand Interview in October **ripitup**



Alanis Morissette

albums

lyrics sated, I manage to steel myself to head through the plodding 'Downtown' (yes, I know it's classic Neil).

Pearl Jam fans may want to come back in the room momentarily to catch 'Peace and Love', on which Eddie Vedder gets a lyric credit and substantial vocal space (to fine effect). 'Throw Your Hatred Down' is infectious as hell, and 'Scenery' is an epic of the kind only a man who's been in this rock 'n' roll game for a goodly while could dish out. The frail (although lyrically lovely) pump organ driven pair of 'What Happened Yesterday' and 'Fallen Angel' provide the only quiet reprieve from what (lyrics aside) is essentially a whole lot of jammin' on

them geetars.

You may not warm to *Mirror Ball*'s panoramic charms immediately, but if you try supplementing them with a rocking chair that can take a beating and a good porch view, your patience will be rewarded.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

UPPER HUTT POSSE *Movement In Demand* (Tangata)

Ten years after they formed as a four-piece reggae group in the Capital, Upper Hutt Posse have come full circle and returned to their roots. In mid 94, when D-Word ditched the

drum machine and DAT recorder that had come to represent the Posse sound live and on record, and reassembled a living, breathing band of musicians, he must have known he was on to a good thing. The result is this infectious funky long player, *Movement In Demand*. *Movement* has the Posse dividing their time between the hardline according to D-Word, and the roots reggae sound of old. In New Zealand, nobody does both quite as well as the UH Posse.

It's been five years since the Posse's debut album, *Against The Flow*. Consequently, *Movement* combines old and new material. The opening track, 'Whakakotahi', was released in 1993 by E Tu (a Posse side project), 'Hardcore' dates back to 87, while 'Clockin' the Time' and 'Stormy Weather' (re-recorded versions feature here) are Posse classics from the same period.

The more recently penned tracks — 'Dread On A Mission', 'Fuck The Status Quo', 'Beware A De Wiya', 'As The Blind See', 'Tell Dem De Youth' — signify the Posse's return to an old school reggae/funk flavour, and are the album's high points, as these songs benefit most from the use of 'live' bass and drums. It's blindingly obvious this is the way the Posse should be. Unfortunately, the band's chequered history, and the often erratic nature of its members, means another half decade could pass before the hat-trick of albums is complete. But let's hope not, because *Movement In Demand* proves more than ever, UHP know exactly what time it is. Wise up.

JOHN RUSSELL

NINE INCH NAILS *Further Down The Spiral* (Interscope)

Why Reznor is obsessed with these remix things is anyone's guess. *Fixed* (the *Broken* remixes) was a disaster because most of the tracks ended up as some ridiculous cacophony of shock tactics. At least he learnt from it, because he's got a relatively fresh bunch (including the Aphex Twin) to have a go at his *Downward Spiral* tracks.

Getting the rubbish out of the way first, someone should've told Rick Ruben that there's a fine line between industrial terror and a laughable mess. He chucks beats, porno samples and Dave 'Guitar for Hire' Navarro into 'Piggy'. While I'm sure they were hoping for a Butch Vig/House of Pain hit, all they've got is chunky musical vomit stuck in an old man's beard. The JG Thirwell mixes don't muster much menace either.

'The Downward Spiral', however, is a spooky

little thing. Dark, sinister and lingering, like bumping into some Cylons while wandering around a swamp blindfolded. And 'Heresy' is full of backwards loops and scratches and screams. We're liking this. Charlie Clouser has given it more than the one dimensional fist fury it had on the original album. His other track, 'Ruiner', is similar to the lighter constructions of *Pretty Hate Machine*.

So, while we wait for Trent's New Orleans-recorded voodoo child, this'll do just fine.

JOHN TAITE

TRICKY VS. THE GRAVEDIGGAZ *The Hell EP* (Fourth and Broadway)

You can play Holy Trinity mix and match with this one. 'Reduce me / Seduce me / Dress me up in Stüssy,' sound familiar, anybody? Then there's Martina's breathless first utterance, teamed with that sample that seems to suck you into the stereo, the tinkling piano, delicate strings, faint stylus crackle and double bass on the 'Original Mix', that give rise to that sublimely Portishead feeling. But when Tricky drops what should be the summarising statement of his art — 'My brain thinks bomb-like' — you remember you're living in a truly dark and dangerous world, not just some late night lounge bar for the lonely (although the almost cheesy keyboards in the 'Hell and Water Mix' reinforce this temporary illusion).

The Gravediggaz collaborations are the apoc-



Nine Inch Nails

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Prick

alyptic 'Psychosis' and 'Tonight is a Special Nite' (Chaos Mass Confusion Mix). The former is deeply unsettling, particularly as Adrian (aka Tricky) comes to the realisation that 'it seems, I'm the Devil's son', and the Grim Reaper's 'this is a warning' loops on in the background. 'Tonight is a Special Nite' mixes up some yummy late night keyboards with rat-a-tatting drum beats and the vocals of Tricky, Rza, The Grim Reaper and The Gatekeeper. The collaboration tracks are apparently the result of mutual respect and a late night drinking session. The wild vocals on the latter track certainly point to the latter reason for this unholy union.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

FOETUS Gash
(Columbia)

After a pretty decent hiatus to create this, Jim Thirwell has finally made major label status with a pretty uncompromising record. It's Foetus with no punches pulled — lots of unrelenting beats and some loops that verge on white noise. Thirwell is far more flexible than he is usually given credit for however, and this time he's put all that on one album. There's a range from the techno on PCP vibe of 'Verklemmt' to the very cool 90s big band sound of 'Slung', where Thirwell actually uses a big band. (It's a good one too — Marc Ribot is in there with members of Unsane and others.) Hopefully kids will hear this and realise Gash is what Nine Inch Nails and cohorts would sound like if they lost the fellow traveller posturing and Gothic conceits in favour of some musical firepower, but I doubt it. What Columbia thought they were getting with Foetus, I have no idea; but they put the damn thing out, so more power to them.

KIRK GEE

VARIOUS ARTISTS Jazzmatazz II
(Chrysalis)

Gang Starr's Guru is back again, this time with jazzy hip-hop that not only straddles the generations, but the Atlantic as well. The concept this time round is big names and newbies from hip-hop and acid jazz's realms, mixing it up with their jazzy forefathers. Guru, of course, directs it all: Guru the responsible role model, Guru the ego driven control freak.

Why bother using heavenly vocalists like Shara Nelson and Mica Paris if you're going to restrict them to back up singing? It's hardly a collaboration when the focus is Guru telling The Kids to put down the guns and pick up some culture, again. And when he uses the musicians from the UK (Courtney Pine and Ronny Jordan, amongst others), they sound like they've been slotted in a gap, or they're

drowned out by the hip-hop.

There's more energy and freedom in the American fusions. 'Respect to the Architect' throws Guru up against the liquid lyrical style of that she-devil Bahamadia. Backed by the wibbles of DJ Scratch and the old school jazz of Ramsey Lewis on piano and Moog, it's exactly what the project promised. And there are some pleasant surprises, like the Vandross-style 'Something In the Past', with Mr Elam trying his hand at a spot of crooning.

For every Chaka Khan-type chunder, there's a melting moment like Me'Shelle. And in a sample-free zone, where Donald Bird and Branford Marsalis create free range grooves, Guru couldn't mess it up if he tried.

JOHN TAITE

ED KUEPPER
A King in the Kindness Room (Hot)

DAVE GRANEY AND THE CORAL SNAKES
The Soft 'n' Sexy Sound (Mercury)

Aussie time means Mister Ed's annual album, which is a mixture of the unusual and the superfluous. His reliable, enigmatic, acoustic introspections are still there in 'Messin Pt 2' etc., and he's successfully added his own haunted soul to ACDC's 'Highway to Soul' and Gordon Lightfoot's 'Sundown'. But the core of the record belongs to the nine-minute jazzy instrumental 'They Call Me Mr Sexy', and it's a touch tedious, a crucial flaw, especially when Kuepper's other songs like 'Space Pirate' can't recover the album's momentum or shape.

No such problems for Dave Graney, who's steadily emerging from anonymity to rival the likes of Nick Cave as Australia's premier outside crooner. With a title that's self-explanatory, Graney and the Coral Snakes have produced an album that scarcely lapses from the standard of the lush, melancholic feel of torch songs like the brilliant 'Deep Inside A Song'. On 'Morrison Floorshow' he sparks up a wonderfully R&B sorta narrative, but elsewhere the spell's as seductive as a snake.

GEORGE KAY

BLIND MELON Soup
(Capitol)

If you purchased Blind Melon's eponymously titled debut album and 'enjoyed' it, there is no conceivable reason why you would not find *Soup* equally pleasant. This sophomore effort is jazzier and less tied to traditional song structure than was their first.

Lyrical, the band have improved and dealt with some pretty dark subject matter, especially on 'Skinned', an attempt to dissect the men-

talities of serial killer Ed Gein, which contains some choice lyrics: 'Hey, I could really use a couple of hands, to complete one hell of a plant stand.'

BM's cross-pollination of roots, rhythm and rebellion remains very much intact. Unfortunately, so do Shannon Hoon's vocals (imagine how Yes' Jon Anderson would sound, post-wedgie) and maddeningly cute delivery. It's hard to knock a band who are obviously such nice souls, but *Soup* is so utterly devoid of febricity as to render it... 'God-Fodder'?

MARK DONOVAN

PRICK Prick
(Interscope)

Trent Reznor really is pushing his luck. First he tries to rehabilitate the career of Adam Ant, whom most of us hoped had become a mere footnote in rock, now he brings us his latest project.

Reznor has not only released this on his own vanity label, but he seems to have influenced every breath this guy takes. This record is pure NIN — lots of dense multi-tracked guitars, drum machines galore, plenty of angst-ridden screaming with a buckload of distortion on everything. Mr Reznor, however, has a few ideas as to song construction, writing hooks and giving the whole Industrodoodoo thing a sense of drama.

Mr Prick has no ideas, so he hammers through everything at break-neck pace, and each song blends into another until you throw the thing across the room. Basically, the one line review reads: You could fire a sawn-off Mossberg loaded with birdshit at this Prick and not hit a single original idea.

KIRK GEE

LEE 'SCRATCH' PERRY AND MAD PROFESSOR
Black Ark Experiments (Ariwa/Chant)

There's a subtle charm to *Black Ark Experiments*, the first collaboration between these two reggae legends since the highly acclaimed *Mystic Warrior*.

Like others, I wasn't impressed on first listening, but it definitely grows on you. Perry's distinctive hoarse growl floats above, in and around the computer-driven rhythms of the Mad Professor, raving on in his usual style.

'Super Ape in Good Shape' finds him back on the familiar topic of world banking institutions. Scratch thinks they're the root of all evil. 'Open Door' seems to be a lament for bands now consigned to history. 'Ask Peter Tosh,' says Scratch. 'Open Clash door / Open Wallers door.'

There's a theory that Scratch's madness is

just a front to get rid of the botherers. This set of songs does nothing to dispel the image. The grab bag of words just gets more and more chaotic. But then, that's part of the charm. And it's that chaos and the Professor's light touch on the control panel that make *Black Ark Experiments* unlike anything else in the reggae genre at the moment.

Everything's dead simple. Just good rhythms, Scratch's raving, flute, horns and the odd dub. It's like these two have been around reggae rhythms so long, they don't feel the need to shake it all up. They just stick to what they know well — and it shows.

MARK REVINGTON

BARRY SAUNDERS Weatherman
(Pagan)

The elements (sun, sky, sea) are constants in Saunders' songs on *Weatherman* — his first self-penned solo record. It has a meditative, introspective quality about it, which recalls the later work of Merle Haggard, or, closer to home, the poetry of fellow Wellingtonian Sam Hunt. The easy swagger of Saunders' old band, The Warratahs, is absent, and *Weatherman* is of a darker hue lyrically: 'I thought I was on the safe side of the river this time / Now I'm realising it's time to sink or swim,' begins the first single, 'Brave Face', (a song which contains my favourite couplet: 'I'm as shattered as broken dishes / She's as steady as the Southern Cross'). Musically too, the songs are a back to basics affair (at times perhaps a little too bare), with Saunders' acoustic guitar and vocals taking the lead throughout — a touch of Hammond organ, some mandolin and the odd female backing vocal affording the only distraction from the band (which include ex-Warratah Clint Brown on bass and Jan Hellriegel's Wayne Bell on drums).

'Winter Sun' is a classic; a song which at first appears a little out of Saunders' vocal range, but one which he rescues with breathtaking emotional candour. 'Each Other's Lives' and 'White Island' trace the arc of similar (if not the same) personal relationships, while 'Riverina' (named after the old Hamilton Hotel) and 'Little Times' seem to deal with Saunders' time with the Warratahs — both good and bad. 'Olio' attempts to end the album on a lighter note (it's a lovely portrait of a taxi-driver who kept picking Saunders up one week), but *Weatherman*'s strength is when it deals with both a public and private past. As he ad libs on 'You Can't Go Back': 'Visiblity's good tonight / I can see things the way they really are.' Songs as good as these really are worth remembering.

GREG FLEMING

THAT DOG Totally Crushed Out
(Geffen)

I haven't heard their first album, so I can't say if they've changed. But I can tell you that at first listen That Dog's vocalist, Anna Waronker, sounds like Liz Phair, and that when Petra and Rachel (violin and bass respectively) sing along, they surprise you with these sweet harmonies that you wouldn't expect from an LA rock unit. Then, just as Petra's bunny rabbit violin is soothed by the harmonies, they're both ripped apart by Anna's angered screams and rabid dog guitar. It's an interesting mix.

I can tell you their single, 'He's Kissing Christian', has got this cool spin-the-bottle video, and that it looks like the mid 90s slack/grunge/jungle/punk yanks are reclaiming 50s kitch (though Weezer got there first with 'Buddy Holly'), as they wallow in crushes, heartache, depression and pain.

I can tell you *Totally Crushed Out* is the perfect musical accompaniment to Wurtzel's *Prozac Nation* — depressed, angry and disillusioned. It's the real America, for the kids whose lives aren't sit-coms. Take 'Anytime', a sure sign everybody's hurting. Then there's 'To Keep Me' — 'It's time to shut off, it's time to

David Bowie

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Jerry Lee Lewis

albums

get lost... to lessen the pain' — which stomps around in a bad mood with itself.

It's early 20s angst, like sure, you fully know you should pull your head out of your ass and get on with it, but who fuckin' cares about... anything, really?

JOHN TAITE

FEAR FACTORY Demanufacture
(Road Runner Records)

Fear Factory have seen through the government conspiracy and done something about it. With *Demanufacture*, they have created a soundtrack for the 'resistance', aiming to create a new society by sampling guitars in hundreds of different ways. Fear Factory hail from Los Angeles, where there's a lot of fear. This fear has been recycled in their 'factory of fear', emerging as this concept album. Themes explored are the destruction of individuality, delinquent survivalism and anger, and lashings

of anger. The music used to express this anger is reminiscent of Shihad. A number of songs use harsh shards of guitar, cutting the listeners ears to pieces whilst the singer repeats his message over and over. Just when the whole thing gets too much, the vocals are apt to change and soar sweetly for the chorus. No doubt Fear Factory have some epic point to make about individuality and conformity. If so, why do they sound like robots? Perhaps because that's what we're being turned into, and maybe Fear Factory are really robots, and perhaps they're part of the 'conspiracy' too.

KEVIN LIST

PET SHOP BOYS Alternative
(Parlophone)

Alternative is the other side to the Pet Shop Boys, covering 10 years of B-sides, experiments, demos and lost tracks. That's the clinical description anyway. What you've really got

here is the history of Euro-dance, through the ears of two British electro gents. Ten years is an eternity in pop, and Chris Lowe and Neil Tennant have certainly endured. This is sombre at times, but always poppy, catchy and adaptive.

The first CD covers the 80s, when they ruled the charts. 'In the Night', 'Paninaro' and a bunch of tracks circa *Please* recall their early simplicity. Then 'You Know Where You Went Wrong' moves on to the confidence of *Actually* and the opulence of *Introspective*. The second CD opens with their answer to the 'are they or aren't they?' debate, 'It Must Be Obvious', and from there on the 90s became their dance-pop experimental playground... with tents by the dozen.

The CD booklet that comes with the compilation is an invaluable guide to every track. In an interview, they give their flippant, in-depth recollections of each of the 30 songs here.

Like any rarities compilation, its for the fans that are into the sound and the history rather than the odd catchy hit. If you are one of those fans, then it's all here.

JOHN TAITE

JERRY LEE LEWIS Youngblood
(Sire)

Quite simply, you can't go wrong. The Ferriday Fireball has a smoking band with him that includes luminaries like James Burton and various members of NRBQ, a smart and subtle producer in Andy Paley, and he's sticking with that venomous sound that has served him so well in all his great moments. There's no attempt to engineer this record toward any contemporary feel, and this contributes to its success in a big way.

Youngblood sticks to the stuff that works: some of it old ('House of Blue Lights', 'Miss the Mississippi', and even a version of Bobby Darin's 'Things'), some of it new and ready to become classic (most notably 'Goosebumps' and 'Crown Victoria Custom 51'). What unifies it all is how Jerry Lee can take any of these songs and make them undeniably his, with an effortless, fluid piano and that voice that can simultaneously make your lady friend understand the true meaning of temptation while warning you to stand back and keep out of the Killer's way. It was people like Jerry Lee who made rock 'n' roll seem so threatening, dirty and damn exciting 40 years ago, and *Youngblood* shows he can still do it all again now.

KIRK GEE

KING CRIMSON

B'Boom: Official Bootleg/Live in Argentina 1994 (DGM)

Recorded on DAT through the soundboard, *B'Boom* is not only Robert Fripp's one finger response to bootleggers, but also a mighty fine document of Crimson in performance on the *Thrak* tour. Included in the 100 minute show are several pieces from that excellent comeback album, the title tracks from *Larks Tongues in Aspic* and *Red*, plus most of the *Discipline* LP.

King Crimson have always been in their element in a live situation, and this particular lineup has the fullest sound yet. The supreme percussive skills of Bill Bruford are featured heavily (assisted by drummer Pat Mastelotta), and the twin stick/bass work of Tony Levin and Trey Gunn add further dimensions to these mind boggling compositions. The double trio is completed by guitarist/vocalist Adrian Belew, who adds tastefully to the precision and Frippertronics of the master.

Early material is mainly in keeping with the original arrangements, yet they surge with fully recharged energy and enthusiasm. For a taste of their idiosyncratic musicianship, try the very alert 'Sleepless', or figure the time signature of 'Thrak'. Contrary to critical belief, King Crimson still remain on the cutting edge of music today, and this live set has all the reasons why.

GEOFF DUNN

WARREN ZEVON Mutineer
(Giant)

I remember waiting backstage at Zevon's Gluepot gig in 92. From behind the dressing room door came the sound of some sort of machinery which kept stopping and starting —



Warren Zevon

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albums



Anita Lane

an unusual post-gig sound — what could this supposedly reformed 70s tearaway be up to? The door opened, and there was Zevon's guitar tech' feeding carrots into the blender. His charge's glass was half full. Zevon's art and life were clearly no longer intertwined, which partially explained the failure of 1991's *Mr Bad Example* — clearly he wasn't anymore, although his increasingly cynical songs were about people that were.

Although *Mutineer* is a far better album than that (the title track, 'Piano Fighter', 'The Indifference of Heaven' and the ballad 'Similar to Rain' are among the best songs Zevon's written in years), it still suffers from a similar failure of heart. Teaming up with Florida crime writer Carl Hiasen might appear like a good idea on paper, but clever lines and smug urban sociology do not a good song make. Musically, it suffers from a lack of direction, and sometimes the ambitious arrangements don't really work ('Piano Fighter', for example, is never quite as singular a song as it should be).

Nothing wrong, of course, with making rock 'n' roll on carrot juice — just don't sound like you wish it were something stronger in the glass.

GREG FLEMING

ANITA LANE *Dirty Pearl* (Mute)

Anita Lane is Nick Cave's ex-girlfriend. This record is produced by (and includes many songs co-written by) Mick Harvey, Cave's right hand Bad Seed. Guests on the album include Cave, other primo Bad Seed Blixa Bargeld and his other band Einstürzende Neubauten, and the Cruel Sea's Ken Gormley... getting the picture?

But Lane has her own style and a great voice, ranging from the country-ish torch style of 'Jesus Almost Got Me', to a groovy drawl on 'The Groovy Guru', to the weirdly poetic on 'Blume', with E Neubauten, and including a fantastic cover of 'Sexual Healing', that manages to be both exuberantly innocent and deliciously nasty at the same time.

The record moves in reverse chronological order from new tracks back through a number of odds and ends recorded over the years, including songs with Cave, ex-Bad Seed Barry Adamson, a track from the *Ghosts of the Civil Dead* soundtrack, back to 'The Fullness of His Coming', with the Birthday Party, from 1982. It's all interesting, but it's the earlier (hence,

most recent) tracks on the album that I like best. However, if anyone on the roster of names above interests you, then there's bound to be many parts of this wide ranging album that will appeal to you.

JONATAHN KING

STEVE EARLE *Train A Comin'* (Flying In)

Even his drug of choice (heroin) served to isolate him from his Nashville contemporaries. It seems it's ok to be an alcoholic or speed freak, but junkiedom transgresses the moral code of Earle's home town. Of course, it didn't help that Earle's music had increasingly broadened from his debut album, *Guitar Town* in 1986, to embrace rock and heavy metal's outlaw trimmings.

Train A Comin' marks Earle's comeback from both drug addiction (anyone who caught his one gig here some years back will testify that being totally stoned doesn't stop you putting on a hell of a show) and rock posturing. Consisting of covers and mostly older Earle songs (ie. pre-smack), it's an all-acoustic affair featuring some of country's finest players, and reminds one of Dave Alvin's similarly posi-

tioned album, *King Of California*. Songs include Townes Van Zandt's 'Tecumseh Valley', the Beatles' 'I'm Looking Through You', and a hill-billy 'Rivers of Babylon', featuring guest vocalist Emmylou Harris. If his voice hasn't gotten any smoother, it's all the more evocative given the songs' sparse settings (Border Radio's Grant McAllum reckons if you listen close enough, you can tell all of Earle's teeth have fallen out). If Earle's 'ghetto vacation' is indeed over, this is a fine return to the workforce.

GREG FLEMING

X *Unlogged* (Infidelity)

Always one of the most interesting of the initial LA punk bands, X are now proving themselves to be one of the most consistent and long lived too. This latest offering is a fine thing: a sort of acoustic deal recorded live in a San Francisco church, that gives a nice new skew on a lot of great songs.

This 'unplugged' thing has been a double edged sword with a lot of otherwise dismissable acts (White Lion!), proving they had the fundamentals down, while other bands simply proved they jump bandwagons blindfolded. X, however, had been doing the acoustic thing before MTV named it, and they have songs that adapt well. Thus, some of the quicker songs, like 'White Girl' and 'I See Red', stomp along in a fine hoedown fashion, with Exene and John Doe getting the harmonies cranked and DJ Bonebrake proving why he would be a superstar if anyone cared about drummers. Better yet is where they take songs and flip them all around, to which end a great punk moment like 'The World's A Mess, It's In My Kiss' becomes an absolutely beautiful ballad, and my little world is perfect for just a few minutes.

KIRK GEE

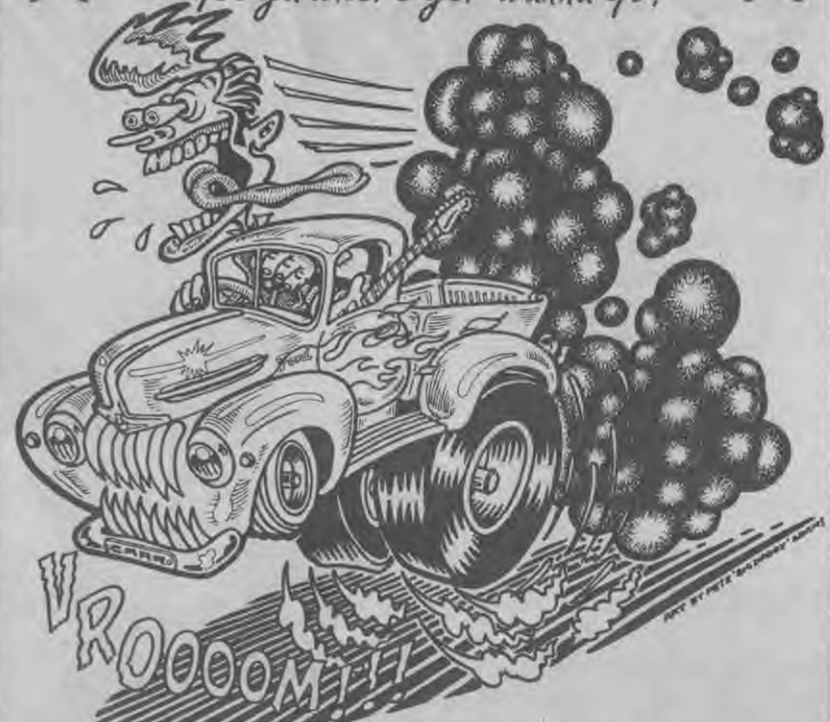
BEN HARPER *Fight For Your Mind* (Virgin)

Following his impressive, if rather commercially tepid, *Welcome To The Cruel World*, *Fight For Your Mind* delivers more gospel according to Harper. The title track is only one title here that could as easily double for political dogma; others here include 'People Lead', 'Give a Man a Home' and 'Oppression'. There's a more bluesy, funky feel to this one, and Harper's vocals have never been as impressively stoned. He clearly pines for the political and musical authority of someone like Bob Marley (indeed, quite a few songs here recall Marley's

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'Redemption Song', both in subject and sound), yet Harper's writing is often predictable and simplistic — even on a love song like 'Gold to Me'. While unlikely to get people talking, *Fight For Your Mind's* best material — the dirty boogie of 'Ground on Down', the bluesy rap of 'Excuse Me Mr' — may at least get them listening.

GREG FLEMING

THE GERALDINE FIBBERS

Lost Somewhere Between the Earth and My Home (Hut)

The Geraldine Fibbers formed early last year in Los Angeles, and worked with producer Steve Fisk (Screaming Trees, Nirvana, Soundgarden) on this debut album. The press release offers the country style of George, Hank and Merle, and the Velvet Underground as references.

An uneasy alliance of genres you might think, and you would probably be right, because GF sound nothing at all like any of the above. OK, Jessy Green (violin) doubles on viola, but whereas John Cale would 'star' for the VU, partially defining their early recordings, Mr Green aggrandises on only the closing 'Get Thee Gone', adding nothing to a song which was mud to start with.

Overall, GF's sound is more Sonic Youth go country, refusing to discard their electric guitars. This comparison is perhaps best illustrated on 'The Small Song' (their best song), which could be SY circa *Daydream Nation*. But this disc is nearly 60 minutes long, and life is too short to persevere with bands so depressingly short on ideas.

MARK DONOVAN

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Basketball Diaries Soundtrack (Island)

This album gives a bitterly tantalising taste of what to expect from the upcoming movie based on street poet Jim Carroll's autobiographical novel. Carroll himself contributes vocals on two songs: the opener, 'Catholic Boy', and the 1980 track, 'People Who Died'. Pearl Jam and Chris Friel play rockin' accompaniment to the former, while the Jim Carroll Band do the damage on the latter.

Carroll also teams up with the film score's composer, Graeme Revell, and reads three excerpts from the novel, including 'Devil's Toe' (the perfect companion to PJ Harvey's 'Down

By the Water', which follows, with its talk of a dare which involves jumping into a sewer deposit-sullied river), the deeply moving 'I Am Alone' (a way less rockin' take on the themes in 'People Who Died'), and the painful writer-junkie blues musings of 'It's Been Hard'. Flea's gently melodic solo contribution, 'I've Been Down', comes close to matching the latter in its perception.

The Doors' 'Riders on the Storm' falls in fine context, making it easy to forget how it's possible to hear some songs too many times in your life, no matter how good they are. The Posies juxtapose a creeping guitar dirge with mournful affirmation in 'Coming Right Along'. Rockers HiFi and Massive Internal Complications take opposite ends of the shelf with the breezy beats of the former's 'What a Life' and the latter's tripped out 'Strawberry Wine'. Soundgarden deliver the excellent 'Blind Dogs', which I've seen prompt a few people to say: "This is pretty good, sounds kinda like Soundgarden." It might not be the peak of their powers, but getting close to them should be considered a mighty fine thing in anyone's book.

It's certainly a thought provoking compilation, and consistently listenable. It's strange how tales of addiction can be so addictive.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

UNDERGROUND LOVERS Dream it Down (Polydor)

Dream It Down is the third album from a Melbourne band whose first releases, *Get to Notice* and *Leaves Me Blind*, impressed Robert Smith enough for him to grant them support status for the Cure's Australian tour.

UL sound nothing like the Cure (who does?), but on *Dream it Down*, they are moving further towards deep ambient house danceability. For evidence, check 'Weak Will' — it's just plain weird — effluvious, miasmatic and psychedelic, with underpinning shuffled drum patterns and precious little in the way of 'real' instruments.

Regrettably, the album is not well paced (too many of the structured, and best, tracks appear too early on) the 'less is more' philosophy leaving too much 'dead air' on the more spacious outings. A better grounding in the dynamics of the studio environment could lead to a more satisfying whole on their next recording. For now, we still have 'Losin' It' and the ethereal 10-minute epic 'Recognise'.

MARK DONOVAN



Belly

A two month pile-up of the customary white-assed rock 'n' roll awaits, so it's straight into the **Jesus and Mary Chain's** 'I Hate Rock 'n' Roll' (WEA). The Reid Brothers have returned to their beloved buzzsaw guitar distortions and delirium for an invective on the commercial failings of the wonderful world of rock: 'I love MTV / I love it when they're shittin' on me.' Sheer poetry. Also of note on the EP is '33', a crackling hymn to disintegration and despair.

Next is Butch Vig's **Garbage**, who start with the malevolent might of 'Vow' (White). The fairly-predictable tread of 'Subhuman' just doesn't take off, but, thankfully, 'Number One Crush' recovers the danger count.

Staying Stateside for a while, and **Pearl Jam** prove that they're becoming dab hands at penning classic, rolling guitar ballads with intensity and feeling, on 'Immortality' (Epic), and Butch Vig gets his name in lights again, this time as producer of **Soul Asylum's** anthemic, FM air-punching 'Misery' (Columbia). Meanwhile, **Mudhoney** continue their quest to perfect literate, deadpan garage, on the just fine 'Generation Spokesmodel' (WEA), and **Belly** keep turning out four track, gatefold EPs, passable riffs and animated Tanya Donnelly vocal deliveries, like 'Super-Connected' (4AD). **Faith No More** continue to lift their best songs from the patchy *King For A Day*, and this time it's the semi-controlled frenzy of 'Digging the Grave' and 'Midlife Crisis', and an airing of the sensitive 'I Wanna Fuck Myself'. Go ahead.

To conclude the American part of the programme, there's a couple of scratchy, sonic,

awkward little cusses on LA's indie Dry Hump label. They go by the names of **Flourescein**, whose 'Fall Out' is controlled abrasive pop, while **Vim** knock out persistent garage riffs. Not bad.

To the crusty isles, where there's been a certain smugness since the decline of grunge, as they believe they've wrested the rock 'n' roll initiative from the Yanks. There's nothing this month that will confirm that, although Scotland's **18 Wheeler** take the innocent disillusionment of 'Bodha' (Creation) from their excellent second album, *Formanka*, and follow it with the even more charming title track of the album. Sweet. 'Dance, drink and screw / 'Cause there's nothing else to do,' wails Jarvis Cocker, on Pulp's ambivalent 'Common People' (Island). Cocker can't help but hide a hint of loathing in this rising insistent social study. Tired of waiting for chief La Lee Mayers to get his finger out, bassist John Power has formed **Cast**, and the big things expected get close to early realisation in the full blooded, guitar-driven hook of 'Fine Time' (Polydor). **Sleeper's** Louise Wener could even live up to her reputation, as there's plenty of potential on the Blur-styled examinations of London life on the mundane but lively three track EP, 'Inbetweeners/Little Annie/Disco Duncan' (Indolent).

Finally, **New Order's** classic crossover of melancholia and disco, 'Blue Monday' (London), gets even more treatment. The new mixes are too fast and empty-headed, making the fortunately included original 12 inch version sound even more regal. See ya.

GEORGE KAY

Blind Melon

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LOVES UGLY CHILDREN Personal World CD Single (Flying Nun)

The song 'Personal World' is Loves Ugly Children at their wah-wahed out, SuperChunk sounding best — a no-frills amalgam of speed, distortion, and effortless muddy melody. Very cool. Elsewhere, 'Fear and Loathing' follows the same path, only sounding more desperate, while 'Jesus Christ Satan' leads into a brief mini-epic (complete with thunderclaps and lightning strikes!) called 'Eating The Cheese'.

GARAGELAND Come Back Special CD EP (Flying Nun)

This, I really dig. No one song deserves a pedestal above the rest, but the tortured pop of 'Come Back', would probably come up trumps in a poll. The remaining four tunes are built on simple rhythm structures, with the chiming, anarchic guitar melodies pushed to the fore. Much of the character of this EP is drawn from the pained vocals of Jeremy Eade, who always manages to sound a whisker away from the edge. One to cherish.

DEAD FLOWERS Not Ready CD Single (Wildside)

Another huge sounding power-pop track from the much underrated *Sweetfish* album. Always a highlight live, 'Not Ready', is steamrolled by a mammoth grumpy guitar line that holds control

until each chorus, before losing out to an unforgettable hook that has to be heard to be believed. In addition, singer Bryan Bell puts in one of his most sterling vocal performances. Also from *Sweetfish*, comes the deceptively drowsy 'She Can't', and the two bonus tracks are the Bowie-like 'Words to Which', and the Riqi Hatfield-penned, late night croon fest, 'Sigh'.

ERMEHN Walls Of Steel CD Single (Deepgrooves)

Not what I expected first up from the man who put the 'hardcore' into the dynamic rap duo, Radio Backstab and DJ Payback. Ermehn (Backstab) half raps, half sings his way through this mid-tempo loping jam about lost love, with Khas the Field Style Orator (ex-Rough Opinion) providing the melodic moments in between. Of the four mixes, the choice cut is the 'SOS' version, where the pace is picked up, and the verses are rapped in Samoan.

BLUNT Grip Cassette (Yellow Bike)

This eight song tape was recorded on a four-track in December 94, at Quadrophonia in Christchurch. So appalling, at times, is the sound quality, it's like someone farting into a walkie talkie. But mostly Blunt are playing at full throttle and come through loud, if not clear. They alternate between cacophonies of jumbled rhythms, distorted basslines and random vocals, to flat-

out, heads down punk tunes, like... 'Punk Thing'. Be warned, Blunt are an acquired taste. *Grip* is one for fans or the obsessively curious. Available from PO Box 586, Palmerston North.

JORDAN REYNE Wilt/Long Way To Climb CD Single (Deepgrooves)

Deepgrooves' latest signing, Jordan Reyne hitch-hiked from Porirua to Auckland to record this single. She comes over like Shona Laing's kid sister on the airy, tension filled 'Wilt', and reinforces that on the languid, acoustic balled 'Long Way'.

BREATHE Things Like These CD EP

Breathe are graduates of the Throw/Cinematic school of rock. They're on the vocal-driven pop tip, promoting well structured, mild melodic pop. Much to their credit, they stray close to, but never quite reach ballad territory. The multi-layered brilliance of 'Dive Tower' is the hit pick, and although it wasn't the New Edition cover I was hoping for, 'Candy Girl' is not far behind. Available from 101 Victoria Street, Wellington.

THE PET ROCKS Country Road No. 7 Cassette Demo

The title track has had a great deal of airplay on radio b, and those who saw Pet-Rocks support the Cruel Sea recently claim they are the band to watch. 'Country Road' is a desperado's rock epic. The vocals remind one of Robert Plant, wearing his tightest pair of nads-crushing slacks, while the shrill guitar lines distort almost to the point where they lose the pop reigns — but not quite. 'Hair Trigger's' charm is that it's a pathetically simple idea for a pop song, and an almost indiscernible country feel is as close to describing the X factor that makes this appealing.

PREMATURE AUTOPSY Decriminalise Cassette (Pentagram Scullers)

Premature Autopsy impress as much on tape as they do live. Hard, fast, dense, moody and heavy, *Decriminalise* shows Premature Autopsy up as technically superb musicians, who've paired themselves with a vocalist who owns a phenomenally powerful death metal howl. Without pretending to be any kind of expert on this genre, if you're planning to explore this particular sound, it should be done in the company of PA. Available from 9 Volga Street, Island Bay, Wellington.

DELUGE Serenade for Civilization Cassette EP (Limousine)

Deluge have grunted to burn. *Serenade for Civilization* is tight as a flea's ass. Brutal death metal, done with an overall feel of positivity, and you have to admire a set of vocal chords that can withstand the abuse evident here. Top track is the break-neck speed thrash of 'Killing the Universe'. Available from PO Box 96048, Balmoral, Auckland.

HUMAN Not So Famous Game Show Themes Cassette Demo

At times speed metal with death metal vocals, and often Napalm Death on speed, Human are, if nothing else, supremely gifted in the song title department — 'Dance of The Amputees' and 'I Ate Him in Self Defence' are definitely the work of a genius. Write to PO Box 36 249, Christchurch.

PSYCLOPS Defaced Cassette EP

Like Nelson's favourite sons Daemon, Psyclops offer a breathtakingly tight brand of speed metal-cum-hardcore. But, unlike Daemon, they let themselves down on the vocal front. The sheer power of the twin rhythm gats overwhelms the voice of Jere Cole, making Psyclops not quite all they could be. Write to 6 Moore Street, Cambridge.

CRANKING DREAM Love Blister Cassette Demo

A cool title — one to conjure with — and not bad contents either, if a little on the earnest side. 'Love Blister' displays a competent line in dense guitar riffarama, when its not straying into butt-clenching seriousness. 'Futile' proves Cranking Dream can craft a classy, edgy rock/pop tune, but again the lyrics and vocal delivery get caught in a web of pretension. Write to 22 Diana Drive, Glenfield, Auckland.

PAUA FRITTERS Harbour Cassingle (Sun Pacific)

'Harbour' is pretty cool, a nice simple ballad, accompanied by a weeping violin melody that I'm a sure-fire sucker for. The mood is spoiled though, by 'Hit and Run', a 'giddyup' style number that needs a bullet between the eyes. 'Is This the Life?' goes some way towards redemption, being a vaguely reggae flavoured pop song.

JOHN RUSSELL

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RUMOURS

AUCKLAND

The Pod **Hatching battle Of The bands** preliminary heats are almost complete, with semi-finals being held throughout September, and the Grand Final taking place on September 30. Check the *Gig Guide* for full details ... Huh! Records, home to **Nathan Haines**, have signed the **OMC**. Their first single for the label, 'How Bizarre', is due out in September. Meanwhile, Haines' debut album *Shift Left* is to be released worldwide on Verve Forecast in November... 'Suffer Never', the first single from **Neil and Tim Finn**'s forthcoming album *Finn*, is out next month ... **Nothing At All**'s debut album will be released in early October. The current working title is *Get Some* ... the **Exponents** have inked a deal with Warner Music and will release the double A-side single 'Lulu'/'Summer You Never Meant' this month ... former Braintree drummer **Darryn Harkness** has formed a label called Chant Music, to release his solo material. Out now is a limited edition seven inch single, taken from a forthcoming album recorded in Auckland and Palmerston North with Julian Reid (also ex-Braintree) ... **Figure 60** have completed recording eight songs for a forthcoming CD release ... new band in town is **Bloom**, featuring ex-Blue Marble Pip Brophy, and Cameron and Andrew Pollack, formerly of Shrink ... **BPM Records** opens in late September in High Street. The brainchild of Box/Celebre co-owner Simon Grigg, BPM will stock weekly imports of US, UK, Australian and Japanese dance releases ... bands performing at the **1995 Rescue Rock Concert** at the Powerstation on September 23 are: **the Nixons**, **Hello Sailor**, **Jungle Tongue**, **Quiet Earth**, **Nacho Mama**, **the Spirals**, **the Cartoon**, **Benevolence**, **the Susans**, and **the Monsters**. First band is on at 3pm. Tickets are 10 dollars at the door ... new label **Earwig Records** are looking for 'alternative' bands to appear on their CD compilation. See *Small Ads* for details.

JOHN RUSSELL

PALMERSTON NORTH

Spotty Dog will release *Hard Of Hearing 3* on October 1, featuring **Dog Tooth Violet**, **Paranymph**, and **Vortex Victims** ... sadly, **Blunt** did their final gig at the Wild Horse Saloon in August with **Ape Management** and

State of Hate ... the New Royal has opened up to more bands for live gigs, again ... the death of **Dog Tooth Violet** is leading to some interesting new developments in the pipeline — stay tuned for more details ... the Palmerston North Visual Arts Collective and the Stomach crew are organising an extravaganza evening, multimedia event, with financial assistance from PN Community Arts Council. Planned for October 21, the night features visual performance, art exhibitions and noise from the likes of **Froth Head** and **Meat Market** ... **Rob Thorne** is currently on his national tour of New Zealand. Look out for his manic one-man show in a town near you ... **Motorsheep** were spotted performing on their front verandah on a sunny (rare event in Palmy) Saturday recently, looking very happy, due to great sales of their recent independently released single, on luscious blue vinyl ... **Greg Malcolm** has finished recordings at the Stomach, to be included on his forthcoming CD album ... **Bruce Russell** and **Alastair Galbraith** host a music seminar at the Stomach at 2pm on September 15 ... check this out!! So far about 60 bands have recorded at the Stomach this year ... **Full Noise** are soon to release their second cassette EP, this one entitled *Headstoned*, a three track metal outing ... *Rescue Rock* took off at the end of August at the Albert, with many local and out of town bands donating their time to the cause ... any Palmerston North rumours, phone (06) 356-8199 Extension 7780.

CLAIRE PANNEL

NEW PLYMOUTH

New Plymouth — 'where it's happenin'', as the sign outside the Nitespot says ... **Premature Autopsy**, **Afterbirth** and **Burnt Offering** were happenin' there a few weeks ago. Other happenin' events have been **Figure 60**, at Ima Hitt Record Store, **Shihad** and **Short**, who were really happenin' at the Mill, **The Nixons** also happenin' there — enough of that! To the future ... **A Handful of Dust** play at Ima Hitt Record Store on September 14 at 5pm ... **Sticky Filth** are looking for a new drummer ... the nucleus of **Tension** are planning to reform ... originals nights are starting to work well at the Red Room, despite management problems. The **Nod** and **Jallal** play September 14 ... The Citadel has had a couple of live events: **Banshee Reel**, who've had two full houses, and **the Pet Rocks**, whose gig is basically a trial to see if the venue is receptive to more ... **Nomeansno** are not playing in New Plymouth

on their tour in November, but **the Porkers** will be at the Mill on September 26 ... **Burundi** is not doing anymore live events, but is still a fine place to eat and drink ... **Tarantula** released their first cassette, and promptly withdrew the 100 copies because of a threat of legal action over its sampling of some MC Hammer song ... **Nefarious** have refueled themselves and are rehearsing again ... **Hideosly Disfigured** and some covers band called **Dehumidifier** played a Friday night gig in the back room of Evo leather shop, after the Okato Tavern pulled the pin on a Hideosly Disfigured gig. Must have been some nervous rednecks out there. Another date is being worked on for the same venue ... if you want a gig anywhere in New Plymouth, get in touch. We will find the best deal we can for your band. Phone (06) 758-9988.

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WELLINGTON

Not really a rumour, more a reality, but it seems everyone in the Capital has fallen ill with something incredibly nasty: sort of like a non-fatal Ebola virus. Non-fatal, sure, but it still knocks ya on ya arse ... speaking of Ebola, well, *Ebola Cola* — that being the name of the new **Lichen Pole** CD, recorded at Word of Mouth — watch out for the release party some time this month ... likewise on the release front, **Breathe** have their CD out and will shortly be heading off for a wander around the North Island ... don't turn your back on the past — it's coming to get you. In this case, in the form of that fantastic beast, the rock opera. The name of the opera is *Moses Sings the Blues*, and it is co-written by **Lemon Spitfire** guitarist Geoff Day. It will be grand-standing around the city in September ... country boy ('feet in LA, mind on Tennessee') **Barry Saunders** will be showcasing songs off his new album *Weatherman* this month ... **Bilge Festival** and **Letterbox Lambs** will be playing together at an Antipodes gig this month ... **Scote** have released their *Straightophile* cassette. Their release party also featured **Monster** and **Late Night Shopping** ... the debut **Short** CD, *Shagpile*, is charming all who go near it. They'll be playing live with the 3Ds when they head north ... **Moeski** are a new band playing this month ... **the Pauas** are all set for another round of live action as we head towards summer ... **Fat Mannequin** have demoed material for their debut album, and are currently finalising a deal with Hamilton label Hark. They begin

recording late September at The Zoo ... **The Oaks Tavern** now has an in-house PA and is open to touring acts. Once renovations are completed, capacity will be 500+ punters For bookings, phone (04) 499-5880.

DONALD REID

CHRISTCHURCH

Hampster are in Europe until November. They have arranged a number of gigs in Britain, Norway, Germany and France, and will also be negotiating with a German jazz label which plans to distribute their material in Europe and the United States ... **The Bats**' first single off their *Couchmaster* album, 'Afternoon in Bed', is due out at the end of October. They also play the *End of Lectures Stein*, on October 13 ... **Squirm** have North Island tour dates with **Loves Ugly Children** in Wellington, Palmerston North, Hamilton and Auckland as part of LUC's national tour to promote their new album ... after initial difficulties, 'Dimension 5' is looking to establish itself properly as a live venue. If you didn't already know, it's opposite Java ... **Chicane** tour the North Island in September ... **Nerve** have released a seven inch single on clear vinyl, featuring 'Captain America' and 'Executive Bathroom Key' ... **Pumpkinhead** made *Newsnight* recently, after the police got concerned about Brent Milligan's supposed attempt to rob a bank with a banana during the filming of the video to their new single ... **I & I** plan a CD release for November ... **Trawler** have just finished recording tracks in the IMD studios in Dunedin ... new on the RDU are recordings from **Golf Course Alligators**, **Squirm**, **The Rams** (an offshoot of Sifter), and two projects from Anabell from **Hawaii 5-0**, **Stethoscope** and **Hurricane Bob** ... appearing again recently was **Fence**, featuring Dave (ex-Prodigies), James and Paul Sutherland (Into the Void). Fence have a "distorted yet ambient sound, and like to let the guitars speak for themselves, without human interference" ... **Astralchain** are reforming ... reported on a national student radio was the 'real' reason that **Mick Elborado** (Spacedust) appears on the cover of **King Loser**'s new album 'You Cannot Kill What Does Not Live': "At a **Terminals** gig at the Gluepot, Elborado used everything from a piece of 4x2 to his glasses to play organ. He then proceeded to dance across stage with a burning log down his trousers, and tried to set his keyboards alight."

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- 14th - Dead Flowers
- 15th - The Heat
- 16th - The Heat
- 21st - Head First
- 22nd - Head First
- 24th - The Porkers

Live

SHIHAD, SHORT

The Alamo, Auckland, August 19.

Shihad in the flesh remove you from reality the way fast driving or heavy drinking never will. Spending 90 minutes at their altar results in a total sensory overload, leaving you overwhelmed, but equally primed to explode. It's a feeling that, if bottled, would make millions.

Wellington four-piece Short proved worthy openers, with a brief set of warped pop tunes lifted from their EP *Shagpile*. Solid, complex rhythms from drummer Colin Hartshorn and singer/bassist Brett Garretty make a base for the layered, intricate guitar duelling of Cliff Bateman and Stuart Brown. For many moments they parade a restrained, melodic nature ('Short Black'), before diving headlong into a grunty variation on anthemic power-pop ('Blushing'). It's pop, but not as we know it.

Less than a quarter of the number that squashed themselves into the Powerstation the evening previous have made it to the Alamo on this night. But straight from the angry opening riff of 'You Again', Shihad fill the room with a deafening, brutal noise. *Churn* and *Killjoy* get an equal showing, as they tear through 'Bitter', 'Derail', 'The Call', 'For What You Burn' and 'Screwtop', with frightening intensity.

Down the back, drummer Tom Larkin shows the skins no mercy. Lost in the sound, he belts out precise beats with a mixture of utmost grace and demonic possession, while up front, lead guitarist Jon Toogood spits and hurls lyrics with a snarl that says trust him, but don't cross him.

Without fail, every song, even a soother like 'Deb's Night Out', hits the body with a tremendous, enjoyable force, and it becomes addictive — it's escapism at its most ultimate, and who would ask for that to end? The staunchness of 'Gimme Gimme' begins and ends with Karl Kippenberger's killer bass line, and the encores, 'Clapper-loader' and 'Factory', wind up a technically perfect, and deeply soulful performance — a knockout combination which makes them the best live band I've ever had the privilege to witness. Over 80 shows in a row in Europe have seen Shihad take themselves to another level, and without a single doubt, they're in a league all on their own.

JOHN RUSSELL

SEMI LEMON KOLA, NOTHING AT ALL, STUMP THUMPER, MASTER CHEESE MAKER
Wild Horse Saloon, Palmerston North, August 4.

Things get underway late, considering there are four bands, but you get that when you're allowed to stay up late thanks to friendly man-

agement. Master Cheese Maker have been gigging often recently, and either that, or more practice, makes them a tight act; only it would seem Faith No More already have the same ground covered. More of the weirdness I witnessed last time I saw them (random tape noise, no apparent song form) would be a better direction than semi-original/covers of a well known band.

As for randomness and lack of song form, Stump Thumper have it out of control, and exude straight forward, fucked-in-the-head musical attitude. Solid drumming continues through the guitar/bass squall, and the odd vocal sound segues out of it all. Totally beautiful, and something that should be experienced by everyone at least once.

If the major record companies had enough sense to look past Green Day et al, they would offer Nothing At All vast amounts of money and drugs, sign them up, put out a Number 1 album, and everybody would be rich. NAA! have all the new punk ethics and better songs. They even existed before the record companies got to the scene and ruined it. Slightly put off by a crazy old guy who pours beer on the guitarist and yells abuse about being louder (NAA! only ever put the vocals through the PA — yeah!), things don't go as well as they could for NAA!, but they still rock. See them if you are ever within 100 kilometres.

Semi Lemon Kola finish the evening. I am seriously thinking long and hard about this... they are essentially bollocks. Compotent but unimaginative pop/funk/rock that the masses simply don't care for. The funk is fake, the pop is neither clever or catchy, and they don't understand rock like, say, the Nixons or Dead Flowers. Having gone nowhere for so long, they should stop before they get seriously in debt for no good reason.

CRAIG BLACK

1995 SMOKEFREE ROCKQUEST GRAND FINAL
Auckland Town Hall, August 18.

Stuffed down a toilet in the men's is an empty bottle of Mississippi Moonshine, its owner long gone, leaving only a sea of vomit as a calling card. Around the handbasins, a five-strong group of *Rockquest* kids are toking like mad on rollies — it would appear the message ain't gettin' through. Don't ya just love rock 'n' roll!

At 8pm, No Man's Land in the Town Hall is just over half full, with a sizeable crowd up in the circle also. On stage are the opening act, **Rock Scizzors Dynamite**, non-competitors who play a passable cover of the Headless Chickens' 'George'.

The first band under the judge's scrutiny are the obvious crowd favourites, a three-piece called **Decaf**. The singer was previously in Ulcer, who did the post-Seattle thing with considered finesse. He now sports black eyeliner and lipstick, painted on teardrops, and a Therapy? T-shirt — whatever turns you on. An industrial/pop mix is their current choice of flavour, and a direct rip-off of Shihad's 'Derail' is rewarded with the

biggest cheer of the evening.

No **Compromise**, from Hillmorton High School, had my vote for second place. They'd make ideal stadium rockers, recognising and using to full effect the true comical aspects of a 'rawk' performance. The boisterous, noisy pop/rock of 'Super Rollercoaster Man' was one of the evening's major highlights.

Wellington's **Hipo** recall the dark days of the Deep Sea Racing Mullets and Rumblefish — pedestrian funk/pop, lacking in substance, soul and sassiness. And nothing uncovers a lack of ideas more than head-to-toe body paint.

The real deal occurred next. Manurewa's James Cook High School sent the 8-piece group **Belle** to the *Rockquest*, and they should have cleaned up. With four vocalists out front, they came across as a female version of the Four Tops, all sweet harmonies, and catchy melodies — and that's not all. The lead vocalist had a voice to match Patti Labelle, and with a tight funk outfit backing up, they crooned straight in as my pick of the bunch.

"It's party time!" hollered **Dilla's** singer, and a grungey power ballad sent me in search of a Coke.

Hamilton's **Epic** were just that. Resplendent in matching black leather waistcoats, they strolled out, plugged in, punched the air, and announced: "We're here to rock." Epic rock on the slightly slower side of speed metal, as displayed in the heavy grooves of 'Shadows Of Darkness.' A cool aside was the choreographed air punching to accentuate drum beats.

The drummer belonging to **Terrapin** had bright green hair and executed a fine stage dive at Shihad's Powerstation show later in evening, that being the more impressive performance. 'Minties in A Minor' may be a clever song title, but tossing sweets to the crowd while jamming guitar chords ain't gonna make you memorable.

Nelson's **Polyp** got off to a false start, but covered well. They put in the most left-of-centre set of the show. Two songs were heavily guided by a deep, monotonous bass, while the vocals were spoken in a eerie, psychotic drawl, by a girl wearing a butcher's outfit. The meat obsession continued with an odd closing tune called 'Pork Chop'.

More body paint, this time covering the members, so to speak, of Avondale's **Spank**. They choose to play the 'sensitive, angst-ridden' card, either because they haven't yet learned to kick out the jams, or they're hoping a naive young wallflower will mistake this pathetic behaviour for loner-cool, and they might get some action. Either way, they're churning out contrived wimpy pop. Back o' the class.

Hastings' **Dancing Azians** first song was about getting out of Hastings, while their second concentrated on elevators — 'Elevators', I think it was called. But they had this huge, ominous sound going on, that was cut up occasionally with slices of squealing feedback, and was immensely diggable. Third, I reckon.

Finally, **Mookie** from Melville High let go two drawn-out Pearl Jam ballads, both featuring a high quotient of wanker guitar solos — the kind of band that makes you wanna pack a piece.

While the judging panel (Bic Runga of *Music Nation*, Pagan Records' Trevor Reekie, and

Glenn Common of the *Rockquest* committee) brainstormed upstairs, Auckland band *Jungle Fungus* killed some time for the audience. If anyone tells you these guys don't sound like Supergroove, punch them in the mouth and tell them they're talking shit. Off!

"The moment you've all," etc. First place went to the *Dancing Azians*. They won an EP release on Pagan and a 5,000 dollar NZ On Air video grant. *Decaf* took out second, and *Spank* came in third.

Same time next year then.

JOHN RUSSELL

FAITH NO MORE, PUMPKINHEAD, DEAD FLOWERS

Wellington Show Building, Wellington, August 5

Never send a Zombie to do a person's job. After much sleeplessness, a merry little band of mainland metal enthusiasts arrived bleary-eyed at the Show Building, a delightful structure obviously inspired by the neo-aircraft hangar revivalist school of architecture.

The attractive Machine Age brutalism of the outside was complemented by the Antarctic air conditioning system inside, designed so that boisterous patrons could slam and stage dive above the concrete floor for hours without breaking into a sweat.

When the Dead Flowers took to the stage jolly early, there was little chance of a massive sweat breakout. Hands were kept firmly placed in parkas and dungarees as the Dead Flowers gave, if not quite their all, then very nearly their all (the odd goatee or fingernail may have been slyly shirking). When lead vocalist Bryan Bell ditched his guitar, the energy level seemed to increase as he projected himself out onto the audience, magically transforming from second rhythm guitarist to dynamic frontman.

After a brief physical collapse, it was time to rejoin what had almost become a crowd and experience a rollicking Pumpkinhead set. On an energy and enthusiasm level, Pumpkinhead's set rated the maximum number of Berroccas. This was the kind of set where even the songs you hate seemed to have some sort of redeeming value. 'Nark' arrived, and suddenly made complete sense. 'Rat rat rat,' sang Brent, but he really meant 'don't rat' — unless you want to be a 'Nark' (undercover narcotics agent, to those not hep to 5.0 speak). The highlight was Aaron's furious rendition of 'I Like'. Bravely striding to the front of the stage, metaphorically naked, without the protection of his guitar, Aaron's body moved in ways human bodies aren't supposed to. As he roared his mighty death metal roar, his complexion took on the colour of boiled rhubarb, and fragments of vocal chord splattered every which way.

Following a short break, it was time for the main attraction, the big bananas... Faith No More. Here is also where physical tiredness exacted its harsh toll, and the evening became a fragmented mess... Mike Patton's a really cool frontman. Yeah, he totally vibrates (see *Loves Ugly Children* article). The heavy songs without Roddy's keyboards sound really fucking heavy. The heavy songs with keyboards kind of sound

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Gig Guide

| Mon | Tue | Wed | Thur | Fri | Sat | Sun |
|---|--|--|---|---|---|--|
|  <p>Singer/guitarist Rob Thorne is on the road during September.</p> | | | <p>August 31 The Hatching (Heat 14): House Of Cards, Tutonix, Spawn, Winterland Pod, Auckland Brendon Power, Gary Verberne Footsteps, Auckland Dionne Warwick Michael Fowler Centre, Wgtn Rob Thorne Ima Hitt, New Plymouth 4pm / Quay, Wanganui 9pm Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn Circus Animals Hot Lava, Ohakune Frenzy TV3, 11.30pm MTV Unplugged: Elvis Costello Sky TV (HBO), 8pm.</p> | <p>September 1 Dionne Warwick Town Hall, Auckland Funhouse, Big Brow Band Empire, Dunedin Hello Sailor Whangamata Hotel, Whangamata Midge Marsden Band The Alamo, Auckland Brendon Power, Gary Verberne Grahamstown Brasserie, Thames The Hatching (Heat 15): Gravel Monsters, Dirge, No Quarter, Managers Pod, Auckland Circus Animals Hot Lava, Ohakune Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn Warners, Muckhole Squid, Auckland</p> | <p>2 The Hatching (Heat 16): Iris, Tilt, Pet Rocks, Nourishment Pod, Auckland Hello Sailor Te Puke Hotel, Te Puke Midge Marsden Band Abbeys, Auckland Shanachie Waipukurau Hotel, Waipukurau Lilo, Caneslide Squid, Auckland Coca Cola Chart Show TV2, 11am. Ice TV TV3, 3pm. MTV Unplugged: Aerosmith Sky TV (HBO), 10.50pm.</p> | <p>3 Wet Wet Wet, Margaret Ulrich Town Hall, Wgtn Billy Connolly Town Hall, Chch Midas Touch Pumpthouse, Takapuna Circus Animals Hot Lava, Ohakune Music Nation TV2, 11.30am.</p> |
|  <p>King Loser play Kurtz Lounge on September 9.</p> | | | <p>7 The Hatching (Heat 17): Jungle Tongue, Cow Catcher, Chrissy & Macann, Moeski Pod, Auckland Otis Mace Marguritas, Auckland Funhouse Tea Club, Timaru Brendon Power, Gary Verberne The Edge, Chch Rob Thorne Eastside, Wgtn Shanachie Flannagins, Tauranga Midas Touch Humphries, Tauranga True School Hip Hop Show 'Live' Kurtz Lounge, Auckland Abba Arrival Band Powerstation, Auckland Frenzy TV3, 11.30pm MTV Unplugged: Aerosmith Sky TV (HBO), 8pm. MTV Movie Awards Sky TV (HBO), 8.30pm.</p> | <p>8 Zeni Geva, Figure 60, Thela Pod, Auckland Loves Ugly Children, Garageland Kurtz Lounge, Auckland Daemon, Shaitan, Full Noise, Red Carpet Ride Stomach, Palm Nth Hello Sailor Otorohonga Hotel, Otorohonga Funhouse Canterbury Uni, Chch FBI Hot Lava, Ohakune Rob Thorne Arts Centre, Nelson Brendon Power, Gary Verberne Suter Art Gallery, Nelson Shanachie Florrie McGreals, Auckland Midas Touch Century Theatre, Napier Abba Arrival Band Powerstation, Auckland Doris Days, Lozenge Squid, Auckland</p> | <p>9 3Ds Bar Bodega, Wgtn Zeni Geva, The Ashvins Wild Horse Saloon, Palm Nth King Loser Kurtz Lounge, Auckland Teenshag Superstar, Chris Knox, Pash Squid, Auckland Garageland Wailing Bongo, Hamilton The Hatching (Semi Final 1): Malevolence, Molotov, Better Than Sex, Ed Pod, Auckland Nathan Haines, Freebass, Loungehead Aotea Centre, Auckland Funhouse, Chicane Quadrophonia, Chch Rob Thorne Hot Mamas, Motueka Brendon Power, Gary Verberne Bellafico, Blenheim Rescue Rock Series The Oaks, Wgtn Shanachie Biddy Mulligans, Hamilton Coca Cola Chart Show TV2, 11am. Ice TV TV3, 3pm. MTV Unplugged: Pearl Jam Sky TV (HBO), 10pm.</p> | <p>10 3Ds, Dead Flowers, Future Stupid, Nixons, Thorazine Shuffle, Semi Lemon Kola Aotea Centre, Auckland Zeni Geva, Surface Of The Earth Antipodes, Wgtn Brendon Power, Gary Verberne St Johns Bar, Wgtn Midas Touch Art Gallery, Auckland Music Nation TV2, 11.30am. MTV Movie Awards Sky TV (HBO), 2.30pm.</p> |
| <p>4 Wet Wet Wet, Margaret Ulrich Logan Campbell Centre, Auckland</p> | <p>5 Billy Connolly Aotea Centre, Auckland</p> | <p>6 Billy Connolly Aotea Centre, Auckland Midas Touch Trustbank Theatre, Hamilton Phil Emmanuel Injunes, Auckland</p> | <p>14 Dead Flowers Hot Lava, Ohakune Loves Ugly Children Empire, Dunedin Hallelujah Picassos, Bilge Festival Wailing Bongo, Hamilton Pacecar, Septimus, Charlie Don't Surf Pod, Auckland Midge Marsden Band, Bullfrog Rata Northern Wairoa Hotel, Wairoa A Handful Of Dust, Alastair Galbraith Ima Hitt, New Plymouth (5pm) Chicane Antipodes, Wgtn Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn Midas Touch Avenue Motor Inn, Wanganui Rob Thorne Cafe Extreme, Levin Frenzy TV3, 11.30pm MTV Unplugged: Pearl Jam Sky TV (HBO), 7.50pm.</p> | <p>15 Dead Flowers Crossroads, Tauranga Loves Ugly Children Warners, Chch Hallelujah Picassos, Bilge Festival Kurtz Lounge, Auckland Garageland Otago Uni, Dunedin HOU, Truckstop Squid, Auckland A Handful Of Dust, Alastair Galbraith Stomach, Palm Nth Hello Sailor Onetangi Hotel, Waiheke Island Midge Marsden Band, Bullfrog Rata Leigh Tavern, Leigh The Heat Hot Lava, Ohakune Funhouse, Big Brow Band Tillermans, Invercargill Chicane New Royal, Palm Nth The Hatching (Semi Final 2): Tadpole, Cyril, Lurkster, Corrogate Pod, Auckland Midas Touch Ilott Concert Chamber, Wgtn</p> | <p>16 Loves Ugly Children Nelson Bilge Festival Antipodes, Wgtn A Handful Of Dust, Alastair Galbraith Bar Bodega, Wgtn Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn The Hatching (Semi Final 3) Pod, Auckland The Heat Hot Lava, Ohakune Chicane Exchange, Hamilton Midge Marsden Band, Bullfrog Rata Parua Bay Hotel, Whangarei Heads Drum & Bass Wise 4—Junglist Massive The Oven, Auckland Coca Cola Chart Show TV2, 11am. Ice TV TV3, 3pm. MTV Unplugged: Joe Cocker Sky TV (HBO), 10.35pm.</p> | <p>17 Midas Touch Arts Centre, Chch Music Nation TV2, 11.30am.</p> |
| <p>11 MTV Unplugged: Aerosmith Sky TV (HBO), 11.40pm.</p> | <p>12 Billy Connolly Michael Fowler Centre, Wellington Midas Touch State Theatre, New Plymouth</p> | <p>13 Billy Connolly Michael Fowler Centre, Wellington Dead Flowers Ben & Twisted Bar, Hastings Midas Touch Cith Club, Palm Nth</p> | <p>21 Hallelujah Picassos, Horris Patient Antipodes, Wgtn Hello Sailor The Mill, New Plymouth The Porkers Pod, Auckland Fat Mannequin Wild Horse Saloon, Palm Nth Head First Hot Lava, Ohakune Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn Midas Touch Ascot Motor Inn, Invercargill Rob Thorne Stomach, Palm Nth Fat Mannequin Wild Horse Saloon, Palm Nth Frenzy TV3, 11.30pm. MTV Unplugged: Joe Cocker Sky TV (HBO), 7.35pm.</p> | <p>22 Loves Ugly Children Antipodes, Wgtn Hallelujah Picassos, Dark Tower Quadrophonia, Chch Garageland Bar Bodega, Wgtn Headless Chickens Squid, Auckland Moana & The Moahunters, Southside Of Bombay, Dam Natives James Cabaret, Wgtn Hello Sailor Rahotu Hotel, Rahotu Head First Hot Lava, Ohakune The Porkers Crossroads, Tauranga The Nod, Deluge, Atomic Butterfly Pod, Auckland Fat Mannequin Exchange, Hamilton Shanachie O'Flaherty's, Napier Midas Touch Harbour Lights, Lyttleton Coca Cola Chart Show TV2, 11am. Ice TV TV3, 3pm. Live And Loud: Bruce Springsteen Sky TV (HBO), 10.15pm.</p> | <p>23 Rescue Rock Series Powerstation, Auckland Loves Ugly Children, Garageland Wild Horse Saloon, Palm Nth Hallelujah Picassos, Dark Tower Crown, Dunedin Headless Chickens Squid, Auckland Moana & The Moahunters, Southside Of Bombay Criterion, Wanganui Hello Sailor Kaponga Hotel, Kaponga The Hatching (Semi Final 4) Pod, Auckland The Porkers Exchange, Hamilton Shanachie O'Flaherty's, Napier Midas Touch Harbour Lights, Lyttleton Coca Cola Chart Show TV2, 11am. Ice TV TV3, 3pm. Live And Loud: Bruce Springsteen Sky TV (HBO), 10.15pm.</p> | <p>24 The Porkers Hot Lava, Ohakune Music Nation TV2, 11.30am.</p> |
| <p>18 Moana & The Moahunters Massey Uni, Palm Nth (lunchtime) The Porkers Wild Horse Saloon, Palm Nth</p> | <p>19 Urge Overkill Powerstation, Auckland Moana & The Moahunters Rocks, Hastings The Porkers The Mill, New Plymouth Shanachie Turoa Ski Lodge, Ohakune</p> | <p>20 Midas Touch Regines, Dunedin</p> | <p>25 Moana & The Moahunters River Bar, Gisborne Loves Ugly Children Wailing Bongo, Hamilton The Porkers Antipodes, Wgtn</p> | <p>26 95 bFM Private Function Auckland Moana & The Moahunters Roadhouse, Tauranga Hello Sailor Taupo The Porkers Crown, Dunedin Funhouse Otago Uni, Dunedin Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn Frenzy TV3, 11.30pm Live And Loud: Bruce Springsteen Sky TV (HBO), 6.45pm.</p> | <p>27 Moana & The Moahunters River Bar, Gisborne Loves Ugly Children Wailing Bongo, Hamilton The Porkers Antipodes, Wgtn</p> | <p>28 Moana & The Moahunters Roadhouse, Tauranga Hello Sailor Taupo The Porkers Crown, Dunedin Funhouse Otago Uni, Dunedin Shanachie Molly Malones, Wgtn Frenzy TV3, 11.30pm Live And Loud: Bruce Springsteen Sky TV (HBO), 6.45pm.</p> |

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rude. 'Easy' sounds OK with keyboards though, and so does the other song — you know, the new single where Mike's got his sleeves rolled up and he's got some really cool moves... Lights are amazing, maybe if I sit down I'll feel better. Maybe if I just close my eyes for a second... Fuck, what's happening... Oh cool, there's an encore. If I stand next to the speaker I should be OK. Smart move — I may be deaf, but I got to see the end of the show and it was pretty cool, apart from the crappy echo and cold. Best of all, with all the dry ice and tiered seating, the venue reminds me of a Kiss album cover, and that's a very special memory to take away.

KEVIN LIST

MARGARET URLICH, WAYNE GILLESPIE
The Pelican Club, Sydney, Australia, August 2.

With an elasticity and moves that Barrymore on speed would find difficult to match, Margaret Ulrich wooed a large and lively audience at the opening of the Pelican Club. Ulrich was supported by an act of equal, but different, talent. Wayne Gillespie, one of New Zealand's less appreciated songsters, and his band Passionfish presented 10 well executed songs, predominantly from his album *Living in Exile*. Gillespie performs with an intensity and heart rarely seen. If you are looking for an artist who's unimpressed with commercialism or pretence, then Gillespie's your man. The pick of his 10 self-penned numbers were 'Love Comes Down', 'Whirling River' and the haunting 'Camille's Claudel'.

After the crowd had been suitably warmed up by Gillespie's show, Ulrich, resplendent in tailored satin jeans, strutted, or rather serpentine, her stuff. She opened with 'Deepest Blue', and continued with over a dozen numbers, including 'Escaping' and 'Only My Heart Calling'. To say that her band were tight would be the understatement of the decade. This six-piece (including backing vocals) would be hard to match, and one can only hope Ulrich tours New Zealand with them. The pick of the selection would have to be 'Boy in the Moon', not only for Ulrich's performance, but also the superb soprano sax solo from Dave Glide.

After the encore, Ulrich mellowed down to mesmerise the crowd with a silky version of Billy Holiday's 'God Bless This Child'. The only accompaniment to this track was the keyboards, which provided a great opportunity to observe this lady's sheer and unadorned talent.

PETER CALLINICOS

GHOULS NIGHT OUT: SLAMBODIA, THE HATEBREEDERS, BAD FORM
Squid Bar, Auckland, August 4.

Having missed the Hatebreeders previous performance at Bob, and having regretted it ever since (Glen Danzig etc. turned it on in a surprise appearance when they turned up in the crowd and were invited on stage by the audacious Hatebreeders frontman), I decided I wasn't going to miss the *Ghouls Night Out*. So, come midnight, I donned the appropriate black makeup and gruelling attire, hoping desperately I wouldn't be the only one dressed up. After paying my surprising three dollars for three bands (three dollars in theme dress, five dollars not in theme dress), I dragged myself upstairs, past bouncers and door staff wearing the familiar Misfits skulls on their chests, and into the fray.

The first band, Bad Form, were an Iggy and the Stooges covers outfit, and well worth one dollar of my money. Having warmed the crowd, but just enough to leave them wanting more (only playing six songs), they left the stage and the room began to buzz expectantly.

The Hatebreeders didn't so much walk on stage as angrily take control of it, with no mercy whatsoever. The first song was the first burn, and I could feel the depth of the music raking me from the time it took the crowd to get into it, which was about the second verse in. The frontman appeared from backstage with an anti-religion tattoo blazing on his chest, and a huge gash drip-

ping blood down half his bare torso. He looked like a cross between Christ and the Crow, and the way he susserated the crowd was unreal. The drummer, clad in a full tuxedo and a painted face, exuded a cool debonaire air, and possibly would have looked more at home at the neck of a young victim. The bassist wore a mask of nails, and played so hard that his hand was bleeding by the end. The guitarist looked suspiciously like Spencer from the Warners, but had on a gold sleeveless vest with a huge collar, and a white face with ski goggles, so I never was sure, and neither was anyone else.

The males in the crowd made up the bulk of the mosh pit, and a few even took the dive, which I haven't seen done before at this venue. The females, however, preferred to watch from the standing crowd, with more than one mouth open as this energetic frontman grinded his half naked body back and forth, whilst polishing off an entire bottle of red wine during their 25 minute set. It seemed much quicker. They left the crowd hungry for more. Rumour has it they will play Bob sometime in September. The Hatebreeders were worth twice the doorcharge on their own, and to team them with Bad Form and Slambodia was a 'ripping' idea.

Slambodia played up to their usual popularity, with an unfortunate amount of punters leaving before they came on. It was still a hard edged gig, however, with bassist and drummer galloping through the rhythm, while the guitarist and vocalist tore the lead up. It was well worth the five dollars it would have cost most of the crowd (there were a few in theme, and Alice Cooper was there too!), and a theme I would certainly recommend being repeated. I will return with an even better costume next time!

C WORLEY

BLACK SABBATH TRIBUTE NIGHT
The Arena, Christchurch, August 12.

No need for an Ozzy record on the turntable tonight. Members of the Christchurch Musicians Co-op performed the music. Twenty or so local musicians agreed five weeks beforehand to form four bands and pay tribute to the timeless rock of Black Sabbath. The intention was to practise up Sabbath covers and play this music to the people. This, they did, and fun was had by all.

Band number 1 (bands being named Band 1, Band 2... etc.) kicked the pub into action around 9.33. Songs including 'Into the Void' and 'Ironman' were punched out, providing a ragey start to the evening. In excellent form, this band succeeded in blowing some PA equipment. Luckily, it wasn't too serious, and the night continued...

A lead vocal duet was the highlight of Band Number 2's set. Dion, from the now defunct Gunja-din, and Dave Gideon prowled around the stage looking for the correct lyric sheets, as the band launched into 'NIB'. It sounded good, with both performers singing strongly and providing the laughs as well. The vocalists were backed by musicians from Snort and Blastoff.

Just when I thought I'd seen it all, Steve Sly, of EST fame, picks up lead vocals in Band Number 3. Also included in this band were members of Paddy's Wagon and Stonecage, who created a tight instrument section. Steve's voice sounded the most like Ozzy this evening. That is, only within certain octave ranges. A growl or two to cover where the high notes go and 'she'll be right'.

Band Number 4 were essentially Mindscream, with vocalist John from Stonecage. This band sounded polished, with the use of two guitars filling in the sound more so than the previous bands. These guys were using good stage gear and were practised. Again, the vocal dynamics were not quite there, but hey, no one can do Ozzy like Ozzy can. 'Wizare' went right off, as did the version of 'Heaven and Hell'.

All in all, this was one loose evening — in more ways than one. Whatever was missing in technical accuracy was definitely made up for in delivery style. The night was successful and a lot of fun. Rumour has it there is to be a Gene Simmons tribute night in the near future. Break out the platforms, people!

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Green Day

GREEN DAY RUMOURS

Green Day are rumoured to be heading downunder this summer pushing a new album. Although the album has no name, there is a new single in September known as 'Geek Stink Breath'.



Black Grape

BLACK GRAPE FALL

The purportedly drug-free Black Grape performed at a Scottish Festival despite singer Kermit having fallen and broken his leg. Shaun Ryder said from the stage, "He only did it to get a shot of morphine."

JULIAN COPE ALBUM

Putting the dippy into hippy, Julian Cope is back on *Top Of The Pops* and owner of a new album *20 Mothers*. And yes, there are 20 tracks on the album.



Julian Cope

Film



A Walk In The Clouds

KEANU REEVES' ROMANTIC LEAD

Keanu Reeves pursues a romantic lead role in *A Walk in the Clouds*. His co-star in this romantic adventure is Spanish classically trained actress Aitana Sanchez-Gijon, making her USA feature debut with this film. Over 150 people were auditioned for the part but director Alfonso Arau says, "I saw this chemistry" when Aitana worked with Reeves. Release date October 6.



Species

SPECIES EVOLVES

HR Giger (who put the alien in the *Alien* series) brings his superlative design skills back to the big screen in *Species*, which opens this month. Ben Kingsley, Michael Madsen and Natasha Henstridge (pictured) star, and Roger Donaldson directs. Release date September 15.

Reel News

Tim Roth is due to appear in **Gary Oldman's** directorial debut, *Lords of the Urban Jungle* ... **Michelle Pfeiffer** plays a teacher in *Dangerous Minds* and an anchor-woman in *Up Close and Personal* ... **Jim Carrey's** latest signing saw him jump into the league of Hollywood's highest paid heroes. He will receive \$17 million for his lead role in *Cable Guy*, in which he plays a lonely cable television salesman ... **Kevin Costner's** next project will be *Tin Cup*, a comedy centred around the world of professional golf ... **Mike Nichols** will direct **Brad Pitt** in *All the Pretty Horses*. Pitt plays a Texas cowboy, looking for love in 1940s Mexico ... **Mike Newell's** next film will be *High Fidelity*, which tells the tale of a down and out record shop owner trying to come to terms with the 70s ... the sequel to *The Crow* will star **Vincent Perez**. He will play a different character than the late

Brandon Lee did in the original, although they share their returned from the dead status ... the following 1995 *International Film Festival* hits have been confirmed to return: *Vanya on 42nd Street* is the **Louis Malle** directed film of the **Andre Gregory** directed rehearsals of the **David Mamet** adaptation of the **Anton Chekov** play *Uncle Vanya*. Confused? Rest assured, reviews say it pulls together magnificently. With a line-up of creators like that, how could it fail? ... **Darnell Martin** (Spike Lee's assistant camera operator for *Do the Right Thing*) makes her directorial debut with the Bronx based comedy *I Like It Like That* ... *Mute Witness* is a horror being celebrated for its combination of nail biting suspense, buckets of blood and lots of laughs. This American independent production shot in Moscow is directed and written by **Anthony Waller**.



Mad Love

Mad Love

Director: Antonia Bird

Antonia Bird's first American film, hot on the heels of *Priest*, turns out to be something of a road movie, as Casey (the eternally pouting Drew Barrymore) tempts blue-eyed, naive Matt (Chris O'Donnell, sans Robin drag) into joy-riding from Seattle to New Mexico. Comparisons with Jonathan Demme's *Something Wild* are unavoidable.

There were worrying signposts early on — a meandering credits sequence in which Barrymore frolics on the lake, kitchen scenes with the sort of precocious children WC Fields would have slaughtered on sight — and it's not till halfway through the film that the precarious state of Casey's mental stability is revealed. One of the problems with *Mad Love* is that, with the lack of strong characters 'in the wings' (the relationship between Casey and her parents is particularly sketchy), it's Barrymore and O'Donnell who have to sustain the film.

There's one gripping sequence in which *Mad Love* catches fire. The couple have stopped in a small New Mexico town and O'Donnell goes into a shop to buy Barrymore a dress. Suddenly, with subtly shifting sounds and snatches of images, Bird unsettles us with a sense of unease; perhaps even a hint that Casey's current problems are the result of unresolved issues between father and daughter dating back to her childhood. If Paula Milne's script had provided a stronger motivation for Casey's behaviour and problems (incest is one of the central themes in Bird's *Priest*), *Mad Love* could have been a much tougher film.

Otherwise, this movie seems a catalogue of lost opportunities. Even as the final credits run, and Kirsty MacColl sings Billy Bragg's 'As Long as You Hold Me', I couldn't help but think Bragg himself would have given the song the abrasive touch the film needs.

WILLIAM DART

Under Siege 2

Director: Geoff Murphy

Bons mots fall fast and thick in Geoff Murphy's latest epic: "Chance favours the prepared mind," "Technology can be used for beauty or debasement, and until you plug it in, you just can't tell," or (my favourite) "Assumption is the mother of all fuck-ups."

The setting is not a Neil Simon penthouse, or

a Pinter drawing-room, but an Amtrak train speeding towards Denver. Steven Seagal is on it, vacationing with his niece. As chance would have it, this is the very train picked by a band of scoundrels to launch their Doomsday attack. Yet again, Seagal proves that he, almost single-handedly, can save the world.

A formula piece of film-making *Under Siege 2* may be, but it's immensely enjoyable and mercifully unburdened by any pretensions. Murphy's expertise in this genre shows and Seagal himself is an extraordinary phenomenon. Sans ponytail this time round, his Casey Ryback is the ultimate in cool, with a strange breathy style of delivery that would serve him well as a cabaret singer (and perhaps this is a career he could branch out into, as the actor co-wrote the title song). And he's not just got a sexy voice — he can dispatch villains with the speed and efficiency of a registered chiropractor.

And what villains! The noted playwright and actor Eric Bogosian (last seen in Oliver Stone's *Talk Radio*) is the wacko scientist behind the scheme, with Everett McGill as Penn, his right-hand honcho-psycho, so tough he clears his sinuses with pepper spray.

WILLIAM DART

Killing Zoe

Director: Roger Avary

The selling point of this film is undoubtedly Quentin Tarantino, who is credited as executive producer, and Avary was one of the scripters on Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction* and *True Romance*. *Killing Zoe* certainly flourishes all the Tarantino trademarks — dizzying speed, throwaway violence, cynical banter — but *Reservoir Dogs* or *Pulp Fiction* isn't.

Zoe opens flatly. The camera races through the streets of Paris in the opening titles ('Haven't we seen this before with Glasgow in *Shallow Grave*?,' I thought), and when Zed (Eric Stoltz) and Zoe (Julie Delpy) make love, there's much intercutting between the bedroom activities and Murnau's *Nosferatu*. The couple chat about life, love and water sports, both pre- and post-coitus, although it must be admitted that Delpy had a wittier sparring partner with Ethan Hawke in *Before Sunrise*.

Zed's friend Eric (Jean-Hugues Anglade, playing it to the hilt) bursts into the room, evicts Delpy with a minimum of dignity, and suggests that "in Paris it's good to smell like you've been fucking". At last, you might think, we're down to tin tacks. But there's still a high speed

dash through the Parisian streets, and a particularly drawn out drug-fest, complete with ramblings about Dixieland and Viking movies, before the film comes to its point.

The bank heist occupies a good half of the movie, and is brilliantly handled. Classic stuff this, with the gang members going progressively batty and/or ratting on each other. At last there's a chance to pull out some of the *coups de violence* that Tarantino fanatics expect (a brash American tourist receives what many may well perceive as a just reward).

The final showdown between Eric and Zed has fists and walls taking the place of automatic weapons and flick-knives. This is breath-takingly handled — Anglade's final reckoning must go down as one of the great cinematic deaths in a tradition started by Arthur Penn in *Bonnie and Clyde*.

WILLIAM DART

Ermo

Director: Zhou Xiaowen

With all the publicity Undayan Prasad and his *Bandit Queen* received through that film being banned in India, one should spare a thought for the Chinese director, Zhou Xiaowen, whose first and crucial first feature, *In Their Prime* (1986), still remains substantially unseen on the international circuit.

Xiaowen's latest film tells about grinding poverty and the thin line between hope and despair in a small Chinese village and, by implication, in China itself. Ermo (the radiant Mongolian actor Ailiya) has a life dominated by the making and selling of noodles. Trapped in a loveless marriage, her only escape is a brief extra-marital fling with the neighbour, while she endures the constant wrath and sarcasm of his podgy wife. Venturing beyond her village into town, she sees, in a shop window, the object that will give a direction and goal to all her labours — a 29 inch television. Her determination to acquire this icon of modern civilisation takes up most of the film.

Ermo is not *Tampopo* Chinese style. Alongside it, the Japanese film is a light-hearted frolic, but there is some humour amongst *Ermo*'s grimness. Much of it is broad and barely survives the subtitles (what does is richly scatological); some is purely visual (a group of impassive Chinese faces glued to a European soap opera, or the resourceful Ermo using her noodle strainer to provide a television aerial).

Ermo is also an intensely beautiful film. Some of the beauty lies in its exoticism, such

as the barren terrain between village and town, or the tantalising glimpse of a festival parade. Elsewhere, like a true documentarist, the director finds a strange beauty in the commonplace: an evening meal brewing on the stove, or Ermo pounding the noodle dough with her feet. The spirit of Bresson breathes in these images.

WILLIAM DART

Tommy Boy

Director: Peter Segal

Tommy Boy — with its 350 pound, D plus graduate hero (the terminally cute Chris Farley) — might seem like the latest entrant in a drongo genre, last celebrated in *Dumb and Dumber*. But *Tommy Boy* is much more coherent than *Dumb and Dumber*, which was a shaggy dog tale, launched from Jim Carrey's sexual obsessions and inadequacies. We're not just rescuing kidnapping Aspen yuppies this time round, we're talking about the lives and livelihoods of 300 factory workers. This is a blue-collar fairytale for the 90s, with a humanist thrust that would have had Frank Capra beaming his approval.

Dumb and Dumber had some great moments, if you were not immune to the spastic facial contortions of Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels playing as Dépardieu on Prozac. But more sparks fly with Farley and David Spade, contrasting the one's chubby amiability with the other's prissy nerdiness. There are near hysterical scenes; the funniest involving a sing-along with Karen Carpenter on the road, and an encounter with a bimbo airport agent that will bring screams of recognition from many hapless travellers.

Brian Dennehy does a star turn as Farley's Dad (his duet with Farley on Ray Charles' 'What'd I Say' proves to be a killer in every sense of the word). On the side of villainy are Bo Derek, looking cruelly ravaged in her first scene (a poolside spoof on *10*, the film that made her name), and a seedy Rob Lowe, who learns the peril of taking a whizz on an electric fence.

Chris Farley and David Spade, like Billy Crystal, Eddie Murphy and a score of other American funny men, are graduates of *Saturday Night Live*. Their partnership in *Tommy Boy* would suggest they have the potential to become a Laurel and Hardy for our troubled times.

WILLIAM DART



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