



Garbage



Red Hot Chili Peppers

albums

GARBAGE Garbage (White)

It's that rarest of gems, a real case of do believe the hype. Garbage have arrived and the lights have gone on in the underworld. It's inhabitants are exposed, in all their sexy, stalky and sick madness, and it makes so much sense, you might wonder how you've lived without this new confidence for so long.

The marvellous Shirley Manson (whose vocals are often uncannily reminiscent of Curve's Toni Halliday's) is the first point of contact. 'Come down to my house and stick a stone in your mouth / You can always pull out if you like it too much...' is her sultry welcome, on 'Supervixen', and she ends the album on the mournful notes of: 'I'm waiting, I'm waiting for you,' on 'Milk'. Thus, a full circle has been drawn. Her invitation has been declined (you can't blame the boy for being scared), which is like setting us up for a sequel to this album. I'm quivering with anticipation at the mere thought of it.

The next point of contact comes via the samples and broken loops of Smart Studios brains Steve Marker and Butch Vig (the aforementioned hype means no explanation is given here). The case in point is the cyclonic swirling of 'My Lover's Box', which makes for headphone sex of cataclysmic proportions.

Manson, Marker and Duke Erikson all take guitar credits, and

the results are exhilarating. Driving, duelling, delicate and deranged, often within seconds, guitar chaos has rarely sounded so perfect. Then the simplicity that kicks off a song like 'Queer' shows Garbage's 'more is more' aesthetic knows when to take a back seat, as well as when to mug the driver. What a ride!

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

LOVES UGLY CHILDREN Cakehole (Flying Nun)

The music on this Christchurch three-piece's debut album surges out of the speakers like a shock wave out of an opened blast furnace. Squalling guitars and clattering drums collide with agitated vocals to produce a sound guaranteed to shake your fillings loose when played at stun volume (which is, of course, mandatory). What keeps *Cakehole* interesting is the strong melodic thread Loves Ugly Children run through their songs. Sometimes that thread takes the form of a backing vocal, occasionally it's contained in a propulsive bassline, invariably it's buried deep in a bed of seething guitars. Good thing too, 'cause without it, *Cakehole* would be just another album full of noise for noise's sake — a noble, but ultimately annoying pursuit.

If *Cakehole* gives the impression Loves Ugly Children are painting their aural canvas from a limited musical palette, so be it — the band is making no apologies.

Cakehole makes a virtue of its lack of variety, revelling in its seemingly one-dimensional punk blast. But there's nothing retro or formulaic about Loves Ugly Children. What you're hearing on this invigorating debut is the sound of a band reeling off 15 sonic bursts of honesty, with enough passion and energy to fill a double album. Never mind the bollocks, here's the, er, *Cakehole*.

MARTIN BELL

THE CHARLATANS The Charlatans (Beggars Banquet)

Part of the retrogressive baggy boom that burst onto the British scene around the same time as the Stone Roses, the Charlatans, with Hammond organ and Wuritzer conspicuously in the foreground, always sounded like they had a limited lifespan as they explored the legacy of the Faces etc.

Now they're into their fourth album, a brave and big boss bass and keyboard groove that transcends the fact the songs are nothing special. So, persistence has its rewards. 'Feeling Holy' sets the confident and aggressive tone as the rhythm section belts into your gut and vocalist Tim Burgess sneers something about how he feels real good. The impressive thing is how they manage to maintain this post-baggy funk/soul right to the gratuitous appreciation of 'Thank You'. Don't write these guys off at all.

GEORGE KAY

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS One Hot Minute (Warners)

The Red Hot Chili Peppers and their legendary love of life return for *One Hot Minute*. On a goodly number of tracks, the Chili Peppers decide to bust the extremely laid-back grooves and let all their emotions hang out. Depending on your frame of mind, this can be an incredibly beautiful, life affirming experience, or have you diving across the room for the fast forward button before you choke on your own vomit. Apart from the first track, which sounds spookily like Jane's Addiction (including vocals), the addition of Dave Navarro doesn't seem to have altered the classic Peppers style a whole heap. On their bass-slapping excursions into riotous funk and roll, the whiff of

smelly, near naked loons bouncing around rooms can become overpowering. If the smell of new age hippie is a pleasant smell then this could be the karma ride your looking for.

After such a long wait, the Chili Peppers may have lost the plot, rather than reinvented rock 'n' roll as we know it. More like the Canterbury plains than the Southern Alps... no peaks, maaaaaan.

KEV LIST

BLUR The Great Escape (Food)

First off, for those who can't wait, it's brilliant. Now, on with the review.

If there is an English band that has grown up in public recently it's

Blur. *Leisure*, their debut, was a baggy baridwagon, then *Modern Life Is Rubbish* merely paid homage to the Kinks. But when they found their feet, they knocked everyone for six with the outstanding *Parklife*. It was a regenerated Blur, full of great songs and a taste for experimentation. And now, well, now it's all on.

Fifteen tracks packed full of assured tunes that tickle your ears on so many levels. We open with the kinky suburban sex tale of 'Stereotypes', where Moog clashes with merry-go-round. Then there's the single 'Country House', pure pop that's haunted by the line: 'Blow me out, I am so sad / I don't know why.' Then we come to the first of the album's six strong laments, 'Best Days' — 'Other people would turn around and laugh at



Loves Ugly Children

PRETTY & TWISTED

PRETTY & TWISTED



The self-titled debut album from Pretty & Twisted featuring Johnette Napolitano (ex Concrete Blonde).

Contains the single 'RIDE'.

In stores now.



THE CHARLATANS

Nine Acre Court/Feeling Holy/Just Lookin' Crashin' 'n/Bullet Comes/Here Comes A Soul Saver Just When You're Thinkin' Things Over/Te-I Everyone Toothache/No Fiction/See It Through/Thank You



THE NEW ALBUM Debuted in UK at #1 features the single JUST WHEN YOU'RE THINKIN' THINGS OVER

