

Teremoana • Tricky & Rancid at Big Day Out • Mr Bungle • Joint Force

No. 220 DEC 1995 \$2 AUST \$2.95 (09) 358 3884

Rolling Stone

GREEN DAY

The Dirt From Mike Dirnt & Feb Tour

STEVE EARLE

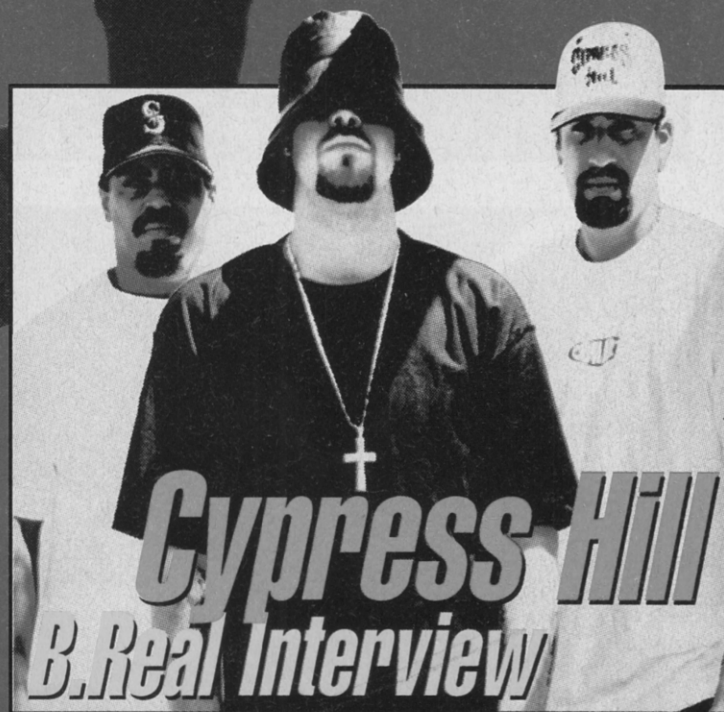
Nashville's Bad Boy

NOTHING AT ALL!

The Sound Of The Suburbs

ELECTRIFIXION

The Resurrection of Ian McCulloch





THE ROLLING STONES STRIPPED

featuring

14 classic acoustic and live tracks newly recorded in Tokyo, Paris, Lisbon and Amsterdam during 1995.

- Street Fighting Man • Like A Rolling Stone •
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- Dead Flowers • Slipping Away • Angie • Love In Vain •
- Sweet Virginia • Little Baby •

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Big Day Out '96



Tricky

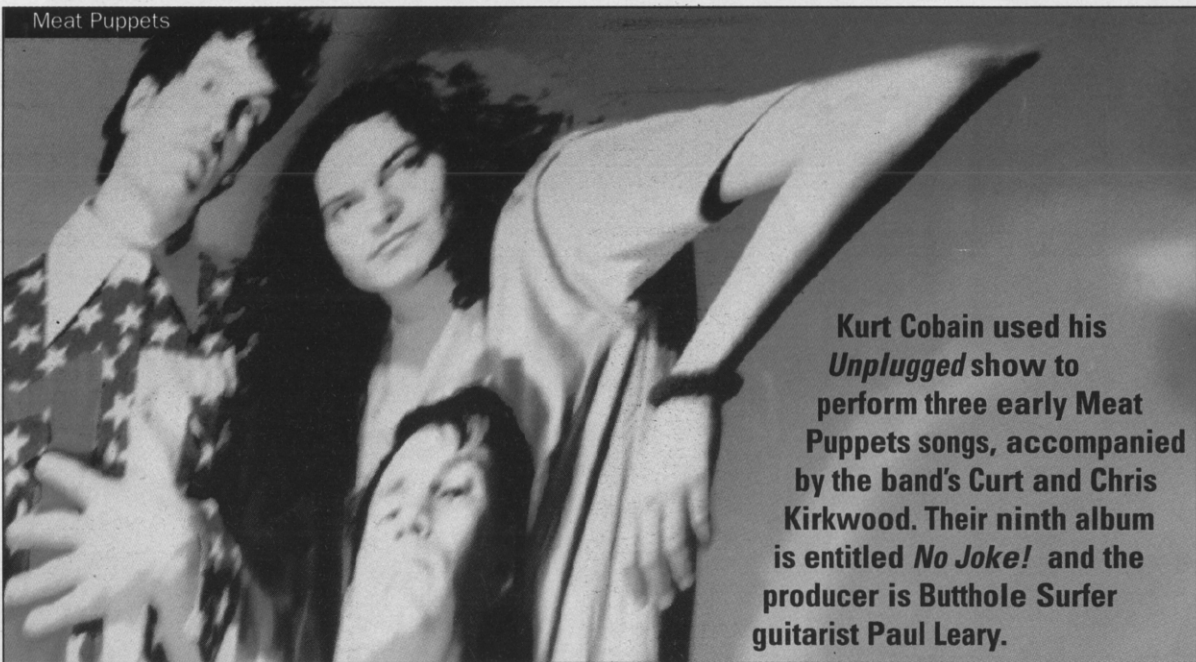


Rancid

Further internationals announced to play Auckland's Big Day Out on Friday January 19 are, Rancid, Tricky and Billy Bragg. The first local act to be announced is Bailter Space, who are returning from the USA to play at the BDO. Other internationals appearing are Rage Against the Machine, Elastica, Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds, Porno For Pyros, Jesus Lizard and PJ Harvey. Rage Against The Machine and Jesus Lizard will do two shows independent of the Big Day Out — Tuesday January 16 at Wellington Town Hall and Wednesday January 17 at Auckland's Logan Campbell Centre. As RATM like prices kept as low as possible, the ticket price will be about \$32. Porno For Pyros will also play a separate show at the Powerstation in Auckland on Thursday January 18.

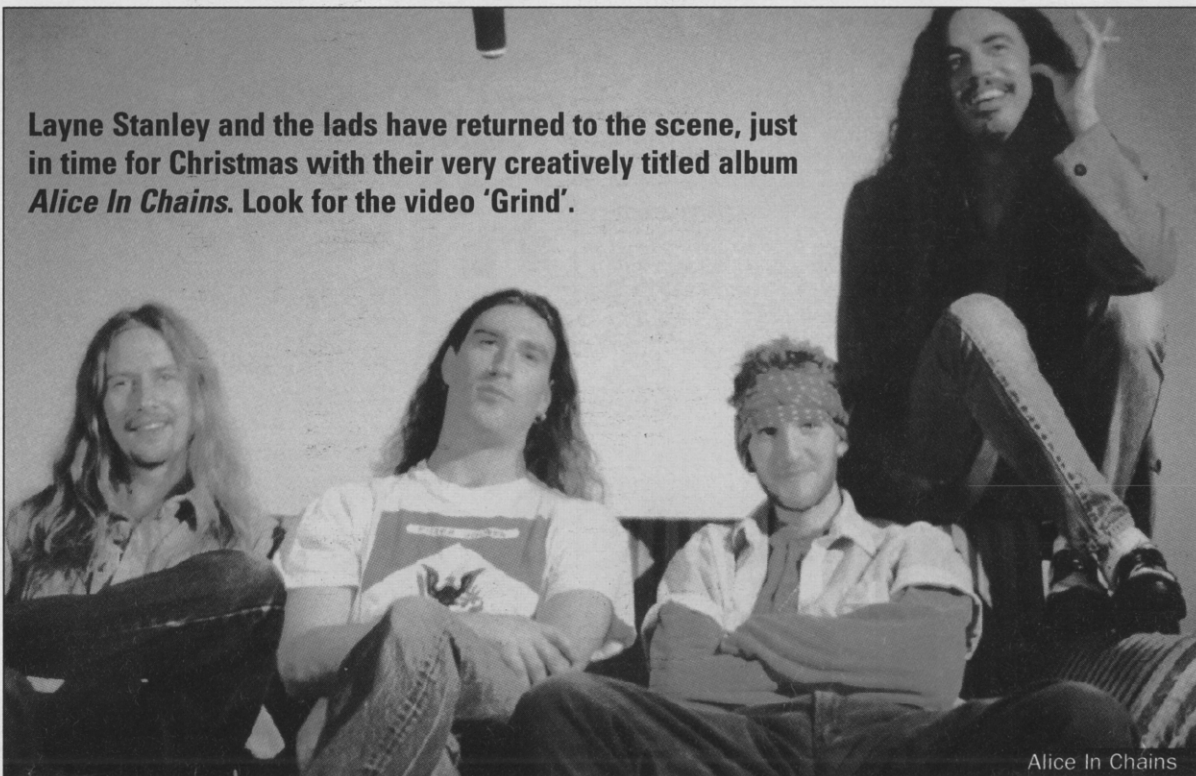


Bailter Space



Meat Puppets

Kurt Cobain used his *Unplugged* show to perform three early Meat Puppets songs, accompanied by the band's Curt and Chris Kirkwood. Their ninth album is entitled *No Joke!* and the producer is Butthole Surfer guitarist Paul Leary.



Alice In Chains

Layne Stanley and the lads have returned to the scene, just in time for Christmas with their very creatively titled album *Alice In Chains*. Look for the video 'Grind'.



Madonna

As Madonna contributes 'I Want You' to the Marvin Gaye tribute album *Inner City Blues*, a former employee of Madonna's record company, Maverick is suing for \$750,000 in a wrongful-termination of employment court action. The former employee, Sionji Shepherd claims sex and pregnancy discrimination and alleges that she was asked to overlook illegal activities such as "payola" and Maverick's associations with convicted madam Heidi Fleiss.



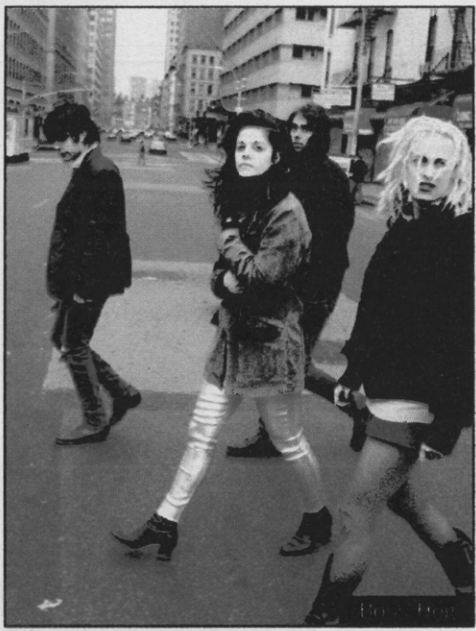
GUITAR



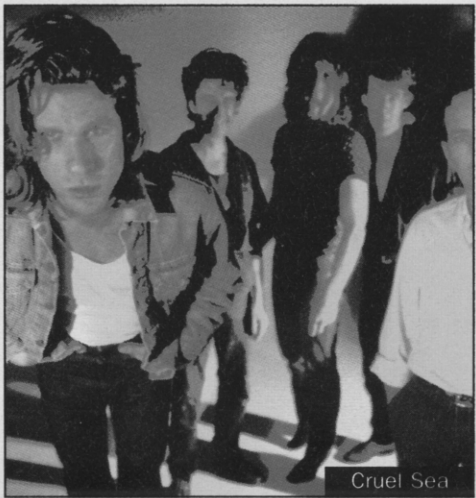
SOUTHERN GUITAR

SOUTHERN COMFORT IT GIVES A WHOLE NEW MEANING TO COMFORT

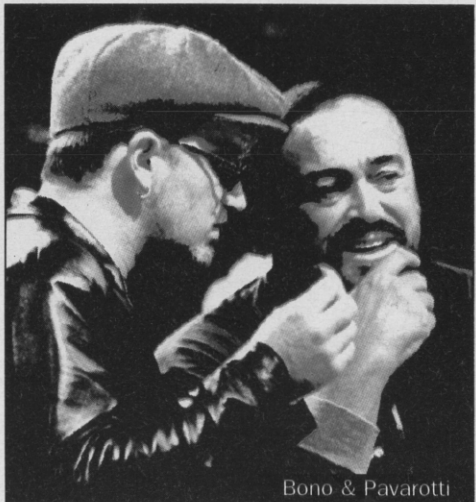




Jon Spencer's other band of New Yorkers, Boss Hog have followed up their 1993 indie debut *Girl+* with a self-titled first album for Geffen. His collaborators are, his wife Cristina Martinez (vocalist), Hollis Queens (drummer) and Jens Jurgensen (bass).



Cruel Sea are touring New Zealand and playing Mountain Rock in January. The band have put together a mid-price, 16 track album of b-sides called *Rock 'N' Roll Dudz*. They are in Queenstown Jan 9, Dunedin Jan 10, Christchurch Jan 11, Mountain Rock Jan 12 and Auckland Jan 13.



Stars of the *Passengers* project Bono and Pavarotti discuss the use of backing tapes in live concert in Modena, Italy, Sept 12, '95.



In January, an alternative compilation *Saturday Morning* mates various artists with the themes from kids TV shows. Coolest include Matthew Sweet with 'Scooby Doo Where Are You?' and Liz Phair with 'The Tra La La Song (One Banana, Two Banana)'. Other bands include Frente!, the Ramones, Helmet and Violent Femmes.



With their *Anthology 1* rarities compilation in stores, the Beatles feature on TV1 the next two Mondays December 4 and 11 when their six hour documentary screens. In the UK the Beatles insisted that advertising for meat, alcohol, and tobacco, could not appear during the series. An upset spokeswoman for Walls Sausages told *NME*, "Our sausages are fantastic. They're very popular throughout the country."



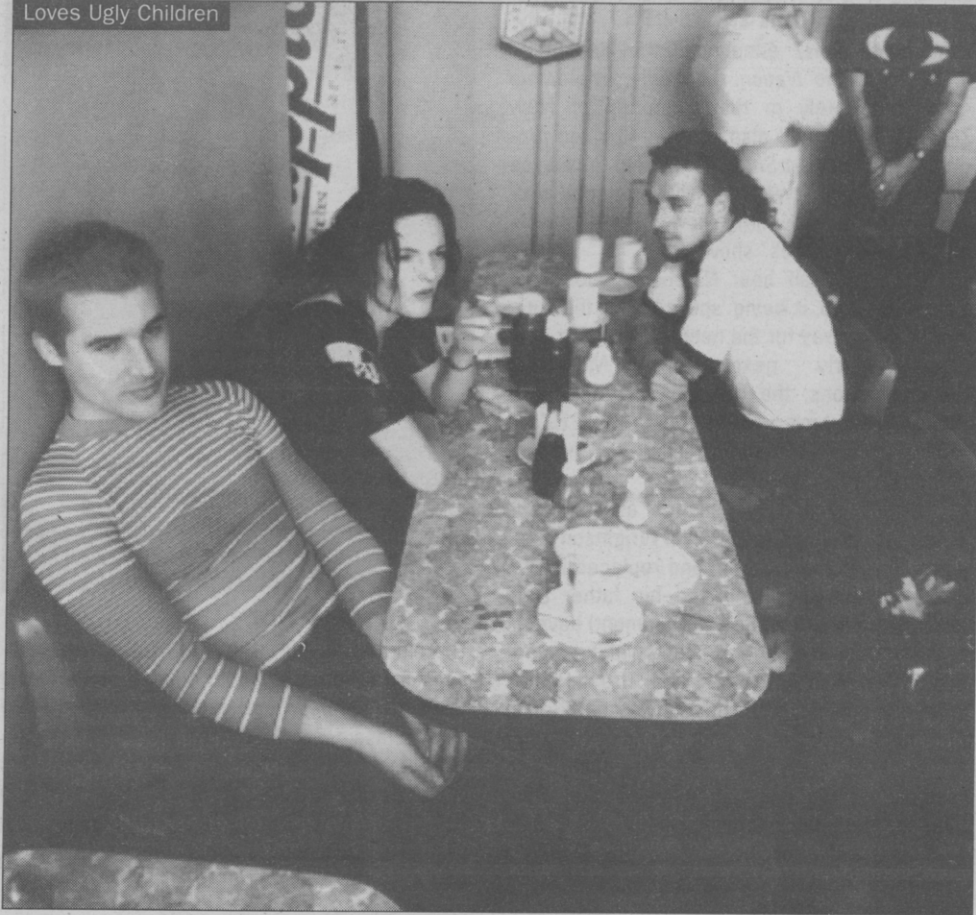
There's a Marvin Gaye tribute album *Inner City Blues* near at hand with contributions by Bono, Nona Gaye, Stevie Wonder, Boyz II Men, and Madonna with Massive Attack. Pictured here is Marvin on the cover of his 1974 live album where he called his selection of his 60s hits a "Fossil Medley".



This year's sickest song title could be '(He'll Never Be An) Ol' Man River', taken from Australian band TISM's EP *I'm On The Drug That Killed River Phoenix*. TISM, who are wacky, and who have an album *Machiavelli And The Four Seasons*, are at Auckland's Big Day Out this summer.



Second Child have a single 'Disappear', with a video featuring *Shortland St* actor John Leigh, and they play The Club in Queen Street Friday December 8. Their album *Slinky* will follow in the New Year.



LOVES UGLY CHILDREN IN TEA AND CHIPS SCANDAL!

Pictured here, Christchurch band Loves Ugly Children soak up the hurly burly of life in London. Oblivious to the camera they indulge in mugs of tea and plates of chip, that are apparently available "over the counter" in cafes around the city. While touring in England, the band recorded a five song EP, due for release on Flying Nun early 96. Meanwhile, the label have begun making preparations for their 15th Anniversary next year. *Nunfest* will take place in March, and will feature gigs in Auckland (21/22/23), Christchurch (28), and Dunedin (29/30), plus extracurricular events such as record fairs, picnics, and a field trip to the Dunedin Sound exhibition at the Dunedin Early Settlers Museum. Write to PO Box 677, Auckland for further details.



Nixons

NIXONS IN THE US

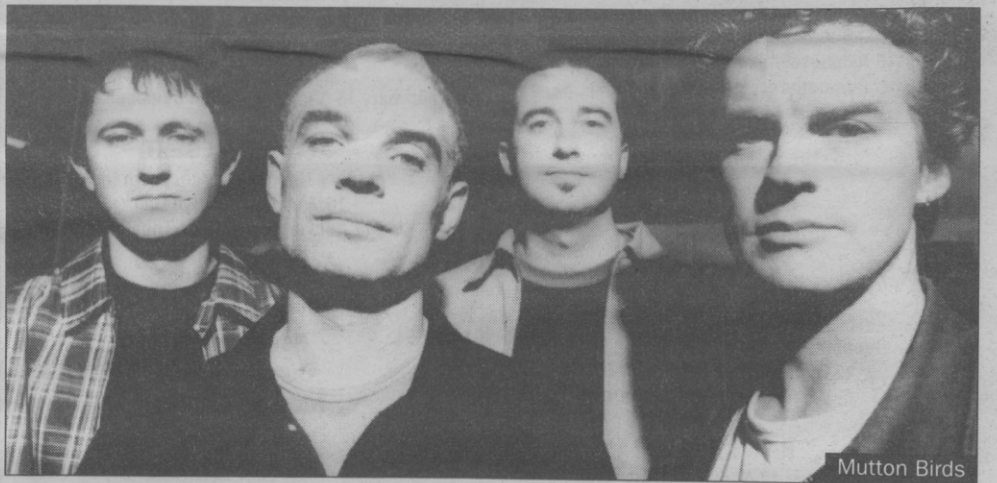
Having completed the West Coast leg of their USA tour, the Nixons are working they way up the East Coast, before returning to San Francisco to play their final American date on December 9. The biggest news of the tour, aside from a support slot with Mike Paton's Mr Bungle in Madison, Wisconsin, is the signing of a publishing and distribution deal with New York's Silent Echo Music. The deal publishing deal covers all territories outside of New Zealand, and the distribution deal covers Australia, Japan, the UK, Europe and South Africa. The band will continue to work with Pagan Records in NZ, and San Fran label Incandescent in the US. The Nixons return home on Dec 14, they play at Squid the following night, and an all ages show at the Functions Room at Auckland University on Dec 16.



Paw

PAW TOUR

Kansas City band Paw make a brief promotional visit to New Zealand next month in support of their new album, *Death To Traitors*. Formed in 1989, Paw claim influences as diverse as Bullet LaVolta, and the Allman Brothers. They play December 6 at Auckland's Pod, and the next night at Warners Hotel in Christchurch.



Mutton Birds

EXCESS ALL AREAS

On Saturday December 16, those in the know will be at the Waterlea Racecourse in Blenheim, to experience *The Summer Rock, Beer, Wine, Steak, Bacon, Rock & Blues Festival*. Acts performing on the day include Dave Dobbyn, Hello Sailor, the Mutton Birds, Fat Mannequin, and Bullfrog Rata. Entertainment for the kids is of the Bouncing Castle / Merry-Go-Round / Ferris Wheel variety, while adults can entertain themselves, sampling "a range of Lion Brown products and tinned spirits". Tickets are on sale now, contact (03) 577 6429 for further details.



the sound of the summer

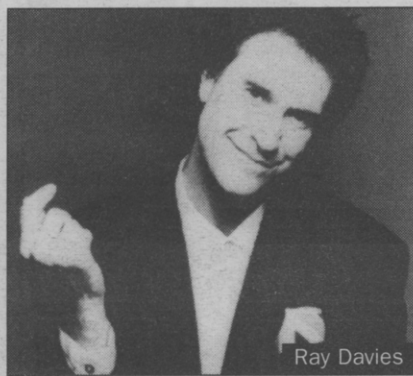
PUMPKINHEAD 'Bateman', SHIHAD 'The Call', MUCKHOLE 'Subterfuge', FUTURE STUPID 'Shit Biscuit', NOTHING AT ALL 'Busted', CULTURE STONE 'Mexican Walking Fish', DEAD FLOWERS 'Not Ready', BILGE FESTIVAL 'She Wrecked My Hand', WARNERS 'Crazy Horses', HALLELUJAH PICASSOS 'Psycho', HEAD LIKE A HOLE 'Chalkfix', SML 'Surf to Hell', BRAINTREE 'UN', HEMI 'Truck Stop', STAYFREE CAREFREE 'Sofa', MEATWEAR 'Hex', NONOXNYL 9 'Disco Inferno' Medley, FREAK POWER 'Fat Boy', APPLICATORS 'You Look Good in a Car Accident' SHAGPILE 'It's A Beautiful Thing', PREMATURE AUTOPSY 'Modus Operandi'

**WILD
side**

For a Wildside Catalogue and Fanzine write to Wildside Records, Po Box 7012, Auckland 1.



TOURS TOURS TOURS



Ray Davies

THE BATS, MUTTON BIRDS

Nov 30/Dec 1 Wellington, James Cabaret
8/9 Auckland, Powerstation
14 Christchurch, The Edge

HIGH DEPENDENCY UNIT

December 1 Dunedin, The Empire
7 Wellington, Hole In The Wall
8 Napier, Shakespeare
9 Hamilton, Exchange
15 Auckland, Kurtz Lounge (with Ling Loser)

THE ASHVINS

December 2 Napier, Shakespeare
9 Wellington, Hole In The Wall
15 Christchurch, Quadrophonia
16 Dunedin, Empire
21 Palmerston North, Railway Land

ALEX CHILTON, KING LOSER

December 4 Auckland, Powerstation

NOTHING AT ALL!

December 7 Palmerston North, The Square
(lunchtime), The Stomach (evening)
8 Wellington, Thistle Hall
9 Nelson, Guppy Park
10 Motueka (lunchtime), Takaka, Village Theatre
(evening)
11 Westport, Clocktower (lunchtime), Greymouth,
Godley Park (evening)
12 Timaru, Rhino Records
13 Oamaru, Penguin Club
14 Invercargill
15 Gore (lunchtime), Dunedin (evening)
16 Ashburton, Skate Ramp (lunchtime),
Christchurch, Warners (evening)
17 Christchurch
18 Blenheim
19 Wanganui
20 Taupo
21 Napier
22 Gisborne
23 Auckland

JELLO BIAFRA

December 11 Christchurch, The Edge
12 Dunedin, Ruby In The Dust
13 Wellington, James Cabaret

RAY DAVIES

December 12 Auckland, Town Hall

RYMES WITH ORANGE

December 21 Auckland, Kurtz Lounge
22 Wellington, James Cabaret
23 Upper Hutt, Garage Bar
24 Napier, Shakespeare
27 Mt Maunganui, Roadhouse
28 Auckland, Powerstation
29 Tutukaka, Tutukaka Hotel

THE CRUEL SEA

January 9 Queenstown, Cavells Restaurant
10 Dunedin, The Provincial
11 Christchurch, The Edge
12 Manawatu Gorge, Mountain Rock
13 Auckland, Powerstation

SONIC YOUTH, FOO FIGHTERS

January 9 Auckland, Logan Campbell Centre
10 Wellington, Town Hall

MOUNTAIN ROCK '96

January 11/12/13, Manawatu Gorge
**Joe Satriani, Cruel Sea, The Stranglers,
Mental As Anything, Exponents, Dave
Dobbyn, Mutton Birds, Pumpkinhead,
Barry Saunders, Southside Of Bombay,
Knightshade.**

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE JESUS LIZARD

January 16 Wellington, Town Hall
17 Auckland, Logan Campbell Centre

BILLY BRAGG

January 17 Auckland, Powerstation

PORNO FOR PYROS

January 18 Auckland, Powerstation

BIG DAY OUT '96

January 19 Auckland, Ericsson Stadium
**Porno For Pyros, Rancid, Nick Cave & the
Bad Seeds, Tricky, Rage Against The
Machine, PJ Harvey, Billy Bragg,
Elastica, Jesus Lizard, Bailter Space,
Tumbleweed, TISM, Regurgitator.**

BONEY M

February 3 Christchurch, Town Hall
6 Wellington, Michael Fowler Centre
7 Palmerston North, Opera House
8 Hamilton, Founders Theatre
9 Auckland, Aotea Centre
10 New Plymouth, Opera House

GREEN DAY

February 15 Auckland, Logan Campbell Centre

OTTMAR LIEBERT

February 15 Christchurch, Town Hall
16 Wellington, Town Hall
17 Auckland, St James Theatre

RUMOURS 1996

Mudhoney
Rockers Hi-Fi
Burning Spear
Monster Magnet
Jeff Buckley
Unsane
Chris Issak
Powder Monkeys
Smashing Pumpkins
Bjork
Anthrax
Hootie & The Blowfish
Celine Dion
Mariah Carey

MUSIC TELEVISION SHAKE-UPS

Last month TVNZ announced they would be dropping *Music Nation*, their only programme dedicated solely to the promotion of New Zealand music, and also the Top 40 video programme, *The Chart Show*. TVNZ plan to replace the shows with two internally produced programmes — an hour long show of Top 40 music, and a "new releases" show.

Frenzy, the half hour NZ music show that screens on TV3, is being 'spelled' over the summer to make way for the network's cricket coverage. Early next year, Manifesto Communications, the company that produces *Frenzy*, will submit proposals to TV3 and NZ On Air for further airtime and funding for the programme, respectively.

Changes behind the scenes at *Max*, *The Music Channel*, has seen Daniel Wrightson ousted as Programme Director, and replaced by VJ, Eddie Hriber. Wrightson and his father Dale (trading as Great Pacific Entertainment) have an equal shareholding in Max, along with two other companies, Astral, and On Line. Great Pacific were responsible for the day-to-day operation of the Channel, but when their contract came up for renewal, Astral and On Line decided to replace the Wrightsons, although they still retain their shareholding in the company. Great Pacific will continue to program *Juice*, for Sky TV's Orange Channel.

Charges against **Courtney Love** for hitting two young male fans were dismissed. The judge wisely decided that the teenagers were not exposed to any more violence than can be expected at an alternative rock concert ... after mixing five tracks last year for a **Nirvana** live album, **Dave Grohl** and **Krist Novoselic** have decided to not complete the project. They are busy with their own bands ... **Neil Young** will do an acoustic tour of the USA ... expect a new **Pearl Jam** single this month and a fan club-only single from the **Neil Young Mirrorball** sessions ... **Courtney Love** and **Pat Smear** (Foo Fighter, Nirvana, Germs) will record a track together for the upcoming **Germs** tribute album. There's talk of an **Eddie Vedder** and **Michael Stipe** collaboration on the **Germs** tribute album ... **George Michael** now has a 400 page record contract ... **Sting's** accountant was sentenced to six years in prison for stealing more than nine million over 15 years ... the soundtrack of *Dead Man Walking* includes two songs performed by **Eddie Vedder** with Pakistani musician **Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan** ... there are more **Guns N'Roses** split rumours following a fall-out between **Slash** and **Axl Rose**. Both are working on their own



Meatloaf

NICE TO MEAT YOU

The big man in frilly shirts is back on the ram-page. This month Meatloaf unleashes *Welcome To The Neighbourhood*, his eighth album since 1977's classic *Bat Out Of Hell*. Again Mr Loaf collaborates with longtime partner Jim Steinman, while guests include Diane Warren and Van Halen's Sammy Hager. The first single taken from *Welcome To...* is the grandiose 'I'd Lie For You (And That's The Truth)'.

projects ... jazz trumpeter **Don Cherry** (59) has died ... **Primal Scream** are doing demos for a new album ... **Johnny Cash** will record a new album with Rick Rubin in January ... **Prince** has written a ballet called *Kama Sutra* to be staged in Puerto Rico, home of New Power Generation dancer **Mayte** ... screenwriter **Terry Southern** (*Easy Rider*, *Dr Strangelove*, *Barbarella*) died of respiratory failure aged 71 ... **Courtney Love** and the living **Nirvana** members are being sued for the band's failure to do German gigs following **Kurt Cobain's** death ... in the spirit of rock 'n' roll the living **Beatles** have not allowed the advertising of cigarettes, alcohol or meat products to appear during the screening of the Beatles TV documentaries ... Kim Deal has told NME that sister Kelley was forced to go into rehab by her father and bandmembers. "She had no choice. She was a hostage at the time." The Breeders are on hold until Kelley has recovered ... the **Jayhawks** singer **Mark Olsen** has left the band to make his own recordings ... expect **Yoko Ono** to play herself in *Mad About You* and a new album in February ... the **Hootie & the Blowfish** debut album *Cracked Rear View* has sold 10 million units in the USA.

WARNERS

NEW ALBUM

BOGANS' HEROES

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Single
CRAZY HORSES
CD contains
Bonus rare 30
minutes.

WILD side FESTIVAL

MUCKHOLE

CASSINGLE

OVERDRIVE

SUBTERFUGE

OUT NOW!

WILD side FESTIVAL

NEW INTERNATIONAL ACTS CONFIRMED!

BFM IN CONJUNCTION WITH RIP IT UP AND MAX THE MUSIC CHANNEL PRESENT

Tricky, Rancid,
Billy Bragg, Bailter Space,

Porno For Pyros,
Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds,

Rage Against The Machine,

PJ Harvey, Tumbleweed,

Elastica, Regurgitator,

TISM, Jesus Lizard

PLUS LOCAL ACTS TO BE ANNOUNCED

MULTIPLE STAGES

skating demos/international food fair/

art exhibition/markets/memorabilia/

information/dodgems/rides/

high-tech and low-tech amusements.

no age restrictions but if you

want a drink bring ID

Big Day Out

Friday January 19th -

Ericsson Stadium - Auckland

Tickets \$60.00 plus booking fee available from BASS/Ticketek,
Truetone, Real Groovy Records, Sounds, and usual outlets nationwide.

Phone/credit card bookings (09) 307 5000 (transaction fee may apply)
or by mail order (\$60.00) with a stamped self-addressed envelope to

THE BIG DAY OUT '96, PO Box 105-426 Queen Street, Auckland.

WORLD WIDE WEB <http://starbait.bdo.com.au>

GREENPEACE

MAX
The Music Channel

95 [B] FM

ripitup

Levi's



Letters

PERSONAL

To all those cretins who dis John Russell, suck my strap on! John Russell is my dream man, and probably the most amusing writer *RiptUp* has ever had. How about a date, baby?

The Most Beautiful Girl in the World, Wellington.

PS: I was kidding about the strap on.

b-ING THERE

Auckland's own student frustration: the [??*#!s] at bFM and the frustration they cause. There's so much shit up here it's a joke; close knit too, doesn't pay to not either work here or have friends, band members or flatmates that work here.

Sicoff's own little *Private Functions*, no different to the same crap at every AUSA or *Summer Series* event. Is there anyone else he knows apart from Thorazine, Semi Lemons, Picassos, Superette and Loves Ugly Kids?

To make up playlist, it's a handful of shit we've never heard of, Bill's favourites (his mates) and the odd reliable record company butt kisser. Faith No More till we puke before their concert is one example of this.

So, why is Auckland's music scene so misrepresented by b? More demos get lost on the way to bFM than boats and planes in the Bermuda Triangle. No wonder no one's ever heard of half the bands who were in Rayna's *Hatching*.

It's student radio's own little elitist group, with no help from the likes of Jubt, who's as useless as the rest at getting local acts the air-time they deserve.

Piha Punter.

Editor replies: Jubt Avery left bFM in March.

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT'S DUE

As Nirvana seem to be one of the biggest debate topics since the lead singer's passing, I thought I would give you my opinion on their achievements.

Although I do agree Nirvana were a very good band, I feel they have been given too much credit for spurning the birth of alternative music and opening the way for other bands with similar musical tastes. There were many bands building the base work and coming close to the standards Nirvana did set before the release of the landmark *Nevermind* album. Bands such as the Pixies and Jane's Addiction had been steadily gaining 'cult' followings previous to *Nevermind*. If neither of these bands had broken up, I am sure they would have gained more deserved credit for this turn-around in music. It is also obvious Nirvana were influenced heavily by these bands, and they chose to play similar to their own musical choices. It is obvious the Pixies and Sonic Youth were playing this sort of music years before the release of *Nevermind*. Bands such as these had the musical potential undoubt-

edly, but possibly not the marketability Nirvana held.

I think rather than Nirvana making the breakthrough (remember, *Nevermind* was not their first album), it was the music listeners who finally found the Top 40 a sad, stale affair, and went in search of something new. It was just coincidental Nirvana released *Nevermind* during this time, and were able to capatilise (with the help of Geffen, MTV, etc.), and drum Nirvana onto the youth in a big way. I believe this musical 'revolution' still would have happened even if Nirvana didn't exist, but people would be saluting (or clinging on to) other artists — people such as Black Francis, Perry Farrell, Thurston Moore or Van Conner, whose input was very high to the surge in interest of alternative music. These people were infential in creating and broadening the musical domain 'Generation Geek' is now thriving on.

So, again, don't get me wrong, but give credit where credit is due. Nirvana made some great music, but it was not Kurt Cobain by himself who changed music as we know it today.

Dave Campbell, Paraparaumu.

EGO CLASHING

I would like to reply to Stuart Broughton's obvious dig and displeasure at the Desert Road Band playing the so-called top spot at *Mountain Rock III*. Sounds to me like a kid whingeing at the dinner table 'cause his sister got more chips on her plate. Childish, isn't it? (You weren't the only one whinging, so don't take it personally.) Perhaps the reason we played that time slot is, we asked to! What was wrong? Didn't we deserve a go 'cause we wash and don't have pierced belly buttons? Sure, we were a band that didn't have a record deal. I thought the Festival was a place for showcasing kiwi bands, not a place for backstabbing and ego clashing by wannabe rock star wankers and the like! The sooner the jealousy and bullshit disappears, the sooner kiwi music will succeed.

Gordon Barrell, Desert Road Band, Wellington.

REVIEWS OPINIONATED SHOCK!

[Regarding] the Lichen Pole *Ebola Cola* review in the October 1995 issue: It has led me to believe whoever was responsible for such an arrogant, egotistical review should, in fact, be the one 'shot'. After reading the review, I must say I was a little more than curious to hear *Ebola Cola*, so I listened to it. I'll put my next statement into an equly simple and arrogant context so this *reviewer(?)* can understand.

Piss off, you wannabe alternative NME writer, and keep your unjustified, unnecessary and totally over the top '*opinions*' to yourself. Perhaps if Lichen Pole were signed to Flying Nun and originated from Dunedin or Auckland, it would have been a different story (no

offence to Flying Nun).

To any readers, let me remind you that reviews in this magazine are opinionated and by no means substantiated fact. To the reviewers, let me remind you of your job — to assess other people's creative expression. By this, I mean offer constructive criticism and not merely slag a band off in a 'failed attempt' to be cool. My apologies to Lichen Pole and any other bands who have had to put up with pre-tentious 'know it all' reviewers.

Bob, Edna and good old Jo Bloggs, Wellington.

STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOR LATER

The directors of *Strawberry Fields* music festival have decided not to proceed with the annual event in Raglan in February 1996. The reasons are: due to substantial losses in 1995 we are not in a strong enough financial position to finance the event creditably; the summer calendar is quite crowded with *The Big Day Out* and *Mountain Rock* both on again, not to mention other as yet unannounced acts; we need a holiday! Strawberry Fields is an exhausting exercise and we are still dealing with this year's festival. Thanks to all the musicians and crew who have supported us over the last five festivals. We feel it would be better to take a year off than to attempt *Strawberry Fields* lacking in energy and resources, and thus present a half baked festival.

We will definitely be back in 1997, with our strongest line-up yet. Same venue! Same time! Same vibe! Thanks again to everyone who has supported us. Most of all, thanks to the music fans.

Jim Rowe, Brenda Kidd, Gos, Jonesy, Phil, Chrissie, Strawberry Fields, Raglan.

SUPPORT THE SUPPORT

Do you guys ever review the New Zealand support bands for the overseas acts who play here? I ask this because at the Infectious Grooves/Cyco Miko gig in Auckland, there was a New Zealand support band called Jungle Tongue who never even got a mention in Greg Hammerdown's review.

OK, nine out of 10 people are going to these gigs to see the *big* bands that come out, but there are sooooo many New Zealand bands out there that aren't even getting mentioned. Why don't you give them a break? If they're good enough to play support for these bands, don't you think they're good enough to be reviewed?

Ange.

Editor replies: Occasionally a writer misses the local support act if a gig starts unusually early, as was the case with Infectious Grooves. RiptUp reviewers on a whole endeavour not to miss New Zealand support acts.

SEX OBJECTS

I am writing to say how pitiful New Zealand signings have become. Just reading the November issue, I discovered Bic Runga has signed a four album deal with Sony Music. Surprise. The blatant sacrifice of talent for marketability is pathetic, yet predictable.

I am getting pretty sick of the whole sex object equals dollars gag that seems to be growing through the New Zealand music industry like a cancerous tumour. It is no coinci-

dence the new wave of female musicians in our country are generally (although, gratefully, not always — yet) beautiful and mediocre. Get some normal people, or even some ugly people, who can sing, or else we may as well play Milli Vanilli.

Bring Back the Talent, Taupo.

Editor replies: The many record labels who showed interest in Bic Runga's demo tapes (Sony, Pagan, Huh!) all disagree with you. Why don't you start your own label if you think you have a superior 'ear' for talent.

ZOMBIE ZEALOT

I am writing to agree with Buck Satan. Kevin List is full of shit. Fear Factory rulz and anybody who disagrees can go sing psalms with the rest of the pansies. Also, I would like to know how Mr List could possibly have found the White Zombie gig boring. Sean Yseult is a beautiful babe with a really phallic Ibanez, J can really play, Rob is completely mental, and I haven't got a clue who the drummer was but he sure wasn't a waste of space. They gave it their all and I really got off on it. But Mr List obviously spent too much time in the bog playing with his inadequate genitals and missed half the gig, otherwise he would have reached the correct conclusion of: White Zombie rulz!

The man's ignorance is amazing! White Zombie have no song entitled 'Route 66', and 'Children of the Corn' is a retarded short story by Stephan King that spawned an equally retarded movie! If Mr List does not even know the songs on *Astro Creep 2000* and has not heard of one of the most famous metal songs of all time (Black Sabbath's 'Children of the Grave'), how the hell can he review a White Zombie gig? Or, indeed, anything even remotely connected with metal? Mr List can go listen to his Mariah Carey tapes and let people like Geoff Dunn take his place (Rob Halford is God!).

If you are a metal fan who is sick of genetic throwbacks like Mr List who don't know shit about metal, I urge you to buy *Rukkus!*, because if we don't give it our support we won't have it anymore.

Metal Thrashing Mad, Franklin.

SOILING THE NAME OF SATAN

Regarding Matt Johnstone's review of Demoniac's *Prepare for War* CD: It is absolute blasphemy for Matt to even mention the gods of black metal, Venom, in the review. Demoniac are utter shit and deserve nothing, let alone such a sparkling review. The song 'The Return...' isn't even their song (which wasn't mentioned). It belongs to Bathory, and their cover of it is totally massacred. Demoniac, like so many bands lately, think if they put on some corpse paint and have a dirty, harsh sound, for some reason they are black metal. BM is an extension of how you live, not a quick ticket to stardom. As for their lyrics (which is how BM is determined), [they] are crap, trying to cash in on the Norwegian angle. Do they really ride around with swords, killing Christians and waging war on the earth? I think not.

So, to all those shedding their death metal skin and now sprawling for any band with face paint and evil song titles, for you money and ears' sake, don't buy Demoniac's CD. Try something like Storm ar ABSU.

Son of Kingu, Hamilton.

THE AMPS Pacer

The new band from Kim Deal (The Breeders/Pixies)

Featuring the single **Tipp City**

"Rumours that Kim Deal's new band were a half-arsed garage punk pissabout have thankfully proved exaggerated. If you loved 'Gigantic', 'Pod' or 'Cannonball', there are at least a handful of reasons to love The Amps" — Melody Maker.

THE AMPS

1A1D

FLYING
IN
DISTRIBUTION

TARGETTING TARANTINO

We, the people, have been swamped to the eyeballs with too much Tarantino. Every trendy infected bar plays his shoddy soundtracks at least once a week to satisfy their transparent 'cool' quotas — just so a hundred North Shore and Grey Lynn fraudulent hipsters can go: "Ohh, Quentin Tarantino, the schlockmeister of ultra violence and trash poetry", or gab on incoherently about their Tarantino inspired movie love. Then they profess a love for soul music and chomp on burgers down at Micky D's. Cool bro'. Please shut up and stop ordering \$1.50 exploitation crud down at your local video shop. The soundtrack is pretty formula, except for the esteemed Dick Dale. All Tarantino's best bits are swiped from Scorsese anyway.

It's so boring to have a horde of Tarantino zealots start looking at everything in the world and saying: "Gee, that's wierd innit?". "I've got my fallopian tube pierced, gee, that's weird." If all you gits want to be anti-establishment with your trendy tatoos and your body piercings, why don't you go all the way and crucify yourself at Squid, while singing 'Stuck in the Middle With You'?

The trash-pulp Tarantino inspired ethic of celebrating incredibly strange, campy 70s oven-gunk movies is toss of the first pantheon. Chuck the soundtracks away and play some Sly and the Family Stone or Funkadelic. Flush the movies away and get out some ass-kicking nirvana rock 'n' roll flicks like *Scorpio Rising*, *Mean Streets* or the *Cross and the Switchblade*. Peace be with you.

Marvin Finklefurkowskisteinberg III,
Sunnynook Film Society.

ripitup

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FUTURE RECORDINGS

Saint Etienne, Too Young to Die (Warners) — best of.
Ride, Live Light (Mutiny) — USA indie 'official' bootleg.
Jah Wobble, Heaven & Earth (Island).
Skinny Puppy, The Process (American) — February.

Porno For Pyros, Good Gods — Urge (Warners).

Nick Cave, Murder (Mute/Festival) — January.
Aimee Mann, I'm With Stupid (MCA).

Neil Young, Live in Dublin (Epic) — features tracks with Vedder-less Pearl Jam — March.

Victoria Williams, This Moment: Live In Toronto (Atlantic).

Chynna Phillips, Naked And Sacred (EMI).

Tom Petty, Playback 1973-1993 (MCA) — 6-CD box set, 92 songs, 27 previously unreleased, 84 page booklet.

Ozzy Osbourne, Ozmosis (Epic).

Morbid Angel, Domination (Earache).

Voice of the Beehive, Sex & Misery (Warners).

The Rentals, Return Of (Maverick / Warners) — moog driven 70s-style new wave tunes from Weezer bassist Matt Sharp.

Sugar, Besides (Rykodisc) — 70 min, 17 b-sides & rarities.

AOTEAROA

Martin Phillipps, Sunburnt (Flying Nun) — Feb.

Second Child, Slinky (Wildside) — Feb.

Cinematic, Music Land (Loaded) — Jan.

Able Tasmans, Store in a Cool Place (Flying Nun) — Jan.

Bilge Festival, Gravel Slide (Wildside) — February.

Hemi, Greatest Hits (Wildside) — March.

The Clean, Unknown Country (Flying Nun) — 1996.

FUNKY

Eazy E, Str8 Off the Streetz of Muthaphukkin' Compton (Ruthless) — guests include Ren (NWA), Roger Troutman.

Az, Doe Or Die (Cooltempo).
C&C Music Factory, C&C Music Factory (MCA).
Randy Crawford, Naked & True (Warners) — covers.

ROOTS

Bonnie Raitt, Road Tasted (EMI).

King Sunny Ade, E Dide (Get Up) (Mesa/Atlantic).

Joe Ely, Letter to Laredo (MCA).

Ricky Skaggs, Solid Ground (Atlantic).

TRIBUTE ALBUMS

Germes, A Small Circle Of Friends (Grass) — February. Artists include J Mascis, Kim Gordon and Free Kitten, Courtney Love and Pat Smear, L7, Mike D and Thurston Moore with Kira of Black Flag.

Saturday Morning (MCA) — TV themes performed by Frente!, Violent Femmes, Helmet, Butthole Surfers, Ramones, Tripping Daisy, Matthew Sweet etc.

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QUOTE

"I'm a singer, it doesn't matter how many teeth you got. Actually, it's probably easier to sing without teeth."

Shane MacGowan finds the benefit in having a set of teeth modelled on the skyline of Croatia.

"When you do a split, do you bang your testicles on the floor?"

Stuttering John of *The Howard Stern Radio Show* introduces himself to James Brown.

"All I know is, you call yourself Garbage, you're going to start hanging out with garbage. The next thing you know, you'll be garbage."

Garbage man Duke Erikson's mother fails to be impressed by her son's achievements.

"They offered £130,000 — £65,000 an inch."

Ousted Take That-er Robbie Williams on being asked to bear his everything for a women's magazine.

"I've been really into Bjork lately. Bjork is God. Bjork is total undisputed God."
k.d. lang loves Bjork.

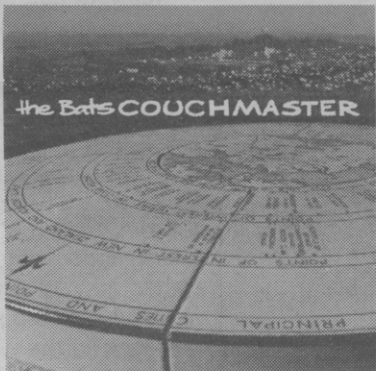
"I've got a chip on my shoulder big enough for the whole world to eat off."

Richard Ashcroft of the (now defunct) Verve gets generous.

"It's something that all of us are influenced by, but no-one wants to acknowledge."

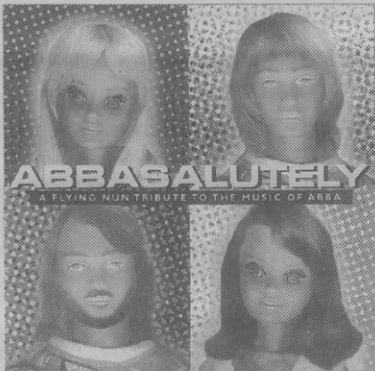
Blur's Damon Albarn acknowledges his debt to 70s porn films.

SINGLES ALBUMS



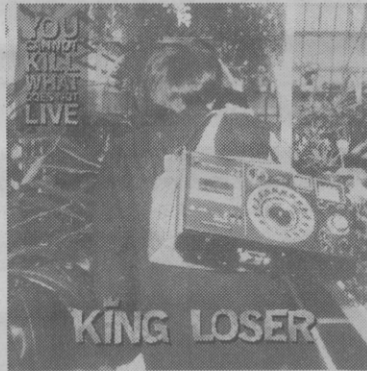
THE BATS Couchmaster

Another stroll along the pathway out by Daddy's Highway.



ABBASALUTELY

Care for some kiwi fruits with that swede sir?



KING LOSER You Cannot Kill What Does Not Live

Damn right and deft LP from the genre straddling stars of the psychedelic tiki lounge.



LOVES UGLY CHILDREN Cakehole

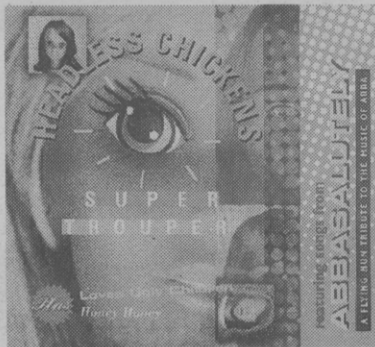
1-2-3-4-Kapow! Churning emotion outpourings wrapped in sonic barbed wire pop.

GET A FREE FLYING NUN SAMPLER CD WHEN YOU BUY ANY OF THESE ALBUMS



BAILTER SPACE Retro

The spacemen have landed with two bonus cuts recorded live in USA.



HEADLESS CHICKENS Super Trouper

The stormtrooper version plus Loves Ugly Children and Garageland at the Swedish Front.



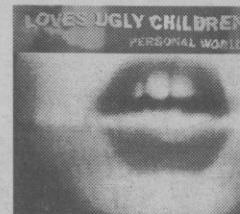
THE BATS Afternoon In Bed

Couchmaster track plus three bonus Bat-bites.



GARAGELAND Come Back Special

Cigar smokin' odes to hit songs in the fuzzy pop universe — debut of the year.



LOVES UGLY CHILDREN Personal World

And 3 bonus cuts including the monstrous 'Jesus Christ Satan'. Now, what else did you want for Xmas?



GET THESE FLYING NUN SINGLES TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE

THE MECHANICS OF POPULAR MUSIC A NEW ZEALAND PERSPECTIVE

A new book on the scene takes a practical look at the issues that face people trying to make music and make a living in the global music industry. There are interviews with Neil Finn, Chris Knox, Supergroove, manager Campbell Smith, lawyer Malcolm Black, song publisher Ian James, Wildside's Murray Cammick and do-it-yourself band Adrenalin. The book was written by brothers Mike and Jeremy Chunn. is on sale nationally at bookshops. In Auckland you can buy *The Mechanics of Popular Music* at Truetime and Real Groovy Records and in Christchurch at Echo Records.

ALEX CHILTON TOURS

Legendary songwriter Alex Chilton plays one Auckland concert at the Powerstation December 4. He started his music career fronting the Box Tops with hits like 'The Letter' (later covered by Joe Cocker) and 'Soul Deep'. He then made critically acclaimed albums with the band Big Star. Chilton is now recording on his own for Ardent Records in his hometown, Memphis. His new 1995 album *A Man Called Destruction* has just been released in New Zealand via Festival. As well as new originals the album includes Chris Kenner's 'Sick And Tired', Brian Wilson's 'New Girl in School' and Jimmy Reed's 'You Don't Have to Go'.

taking care of business

SONY PUBLISHING MERGE WITH JACKSON'S ATV

Michael Jackson may have received up to \$110 million and is now half owner of Sony Music's publishing operation. When ATV's current contract with EMI Publishing ends in 1998, Sony will gain the 150,000 ATV song copyrights including 250 songs written by the Beatles.

FOREIGN NOTES

Jim Nash co-founder of Chicago label **Wax Trax!** died October 10 from complications arising from AIDS. The label was home for bands such as **Ministry**, **Revolver Cocks**, **Front 242** and **My Life With the Thrill Kill Cult** ... the first **Rolling Stones** manager **Eric Easton** has died from cancer. He managed the band in the early 60s and arranged their signing to Decca Records ... **Florence Greenberg** founder of 60s label Scepter died following a massive stroke. Greenberg started the label in 1956 when she was 43 and had hits with the **Shirelles**, **Dionne Warwick**, the **Isley Brothers** 'Twist and Shout' and the **Kingsmen**'s 'Louie Louie'.

WAIKATO ROCK AWARD WINNERS

The Annual Waikato Rock Awards were held on Saturday November 4 at Hamilton's Founders Theatre. **Blackjack** won Album Of The Year for *Kicasso d'Muse*, Knightshade's **Wayne Elliot** picked up Best Male Vocalist, while the band won Video Of The Year for 'Television Eyes'. Single Of The Year and Best Female Vocalist went to **Jacqui Keelan-Davy** for 'Parihaka'. Best recorded work went to Scott and Andrew Newth of **Love And Violence** for *Confessional*, **Nerve** won Best Presentation Of A Recorded Work for *Gobby*, and Best Original Song for 'Caring Down Harder'. Biggest Contribution To Waikato Music went to **Ian McCook**.

BENNY LEVIN PROMOTIONS NEW OFFICE

The offices of **Benny Levin Promotions** has moved to the third floor of the ASB Chambers at 138 Queen Street, Auckland. The new contact details are: Ph (09) 379 8860, Fax (09) 379 7730, the postal address, PO Box 5564, Wellesley St, remains the same.

MUSICAL CHAIRS

Former Virgin Records and Polygram Records Promotions Manager **Nicki Tololi** has set up a freelance PR/Publicity company. For further info contact (09) 379 7554, Fax (09) 379 7558, or PO Box 68276 ... **Warner Music** have their job titles sorted out. **Jonathan Hughes** is Head of Label Marketing & Promotions, **Vanessa Mihaljevich** is National Promotions Manager, **Kim Lenart** is Assistant Promotions Manager and **Larissa Mihaljevich** is Promotions & Marketing Co-ordinator.

Inter...

ROLLING STONES

Voodoo Lounge CD Rom (Virgin)

You have been cordially invited to attend one of the exclusive Rolling Stones parties in the Voodoo Lounge — a centuries old Louisiana mansion that has been converted into a wicked house of pleasure by it's mysterious owner, Baron Samedi. Amongst the leather-clad party goers you will meet the various Stone idols in their natural surroundings, from Keith taking a leak in the little boys' room to Mick making the moves in the little girls' room. If you're important enough, you may acquire a VIP pass which will access you to the debauched Baron's bathroom or the groupie laden VIP bar — but how many computer generated rock babes does one need?

The real enjoyment for the fan lies in the numerous portraits hanging on the walls. When clicked on these pictures reveal actual live and interview footage never seen before. All the emphasis is on the *Voodoo Lounge* tour and album so don't expect to hear 'Gimme Shelter' or 'Tumbling Dice' playing in the background, but the the golden Keith quotes throughout justify the purchase. *Voodoo Lounge* is more user friendly than previous interactive music CDs, such as the Bob Dylan one, and is the first with a bent sense of rock 'n' roll.

AARON PRESTON

- Record companies are embracing **Enhanced CD** (E-CD) formats for many new releases. These audio compact discs play both in a CD player and in a CD Rom drive. Sony and Philips have named their Enhanced CD format **CD Plus**. It uses a stamped multi-session technology. CD Plus may be the name that catches on with the public. The first releases in New Zealand are the **Rolling Stones**' *Stripped* (Virgin), the **Cranberries**' *Doors and Windows* (Polygram) and **Kulcha** *Doom* (Warners).

- New **Enhanced CD Releases** scheduled are:

Supermodels in the Rainforest (Right Stuff/EMI) — allows you to do your own photo session with the models to music by Duran Duran, Soul II Soul, Enigma etc.

Soundgarden *Alive in the*

Superunknown (A&M) — "A lot of what we do is visually inclined," says Kim Thayil, "So, it's a natural step to take our music and create a new experience based on it."

Michael Jackson *HIStory* (Sony).

Randy Newman *Faust* (Reprise)

Monster Magnet *I Talk to Planets* (Polygram) — "it's about getting inside our minds. It's really trippy," says the band's Dave Wyndorf.

- New **CD-Rom** titles:

Sting *All This Time* — Sting on who has influenced him, scenes from his movies, interviews and performance (Starwave).

Devo *Presents the Adventures of the Smart Patrol* — a game created by Devo's Gerald Casale and Mark Mothersbaugh with new music (Inscape).

Residents *Bad Day on the Midway* — a game (Inscape).

BB King *On the Road With BB King* — a tour bus travels through his career from the 30s to today (MCA).

Peter Gabriel *Eve* (Starwave).

MTV *Unplugged*.

Queensryche *Promised Land* (EMI).

Forest Gump *Music Artists and Times* (GTE).

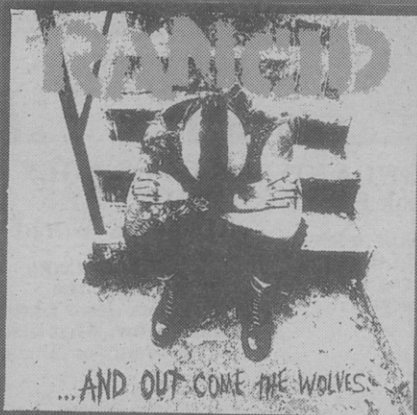
- You can listen to audio samples of **Shihad** (and tour dates) via the web site of their Northern Hemisphere record label Noise, at <http://www.noiserecords.com>

- Meatloaf** has an online site to coincide with the release of his album *Welcome to the Neighbourhood*. The site reportedly features a downloadable Meatloaf screen saver and a mystery game. The online site is <http://www.meatloaf.mca.com>

- Flying Nun** don't have a date for their planned web site but they can be contacted via E-mail at info@flying-nun.co.nz. In the meantime, Flying Nun recommend the net site kiwimusic@mit.edu

- Everything But the Girl have a 60 page worldwide web site created by the band's Ben Watt at <http://www.ebtg.com>

EPITAPH PRESENTS... BUY OR DIE!



RANCID "And Out Come the Wolves" featuring the single 'Time Bomb'.



PENNYWISE "About Time" featuring the single 'Same Old Story'.



BAD RELIGION "All Ages" The best of Bad Religion including unreleased live tracks.

AND the OFFSPRING'S very first album "Offspring" now available in NZ for the first time!



GOLDEN SOUNDS PRESENT

Sonic Youth figgers

ACTIVE
89FM

95  FM



SONIC YOUTH
WASHING MACHINE
AVAILABLE NOW ON GEFEN/MCA

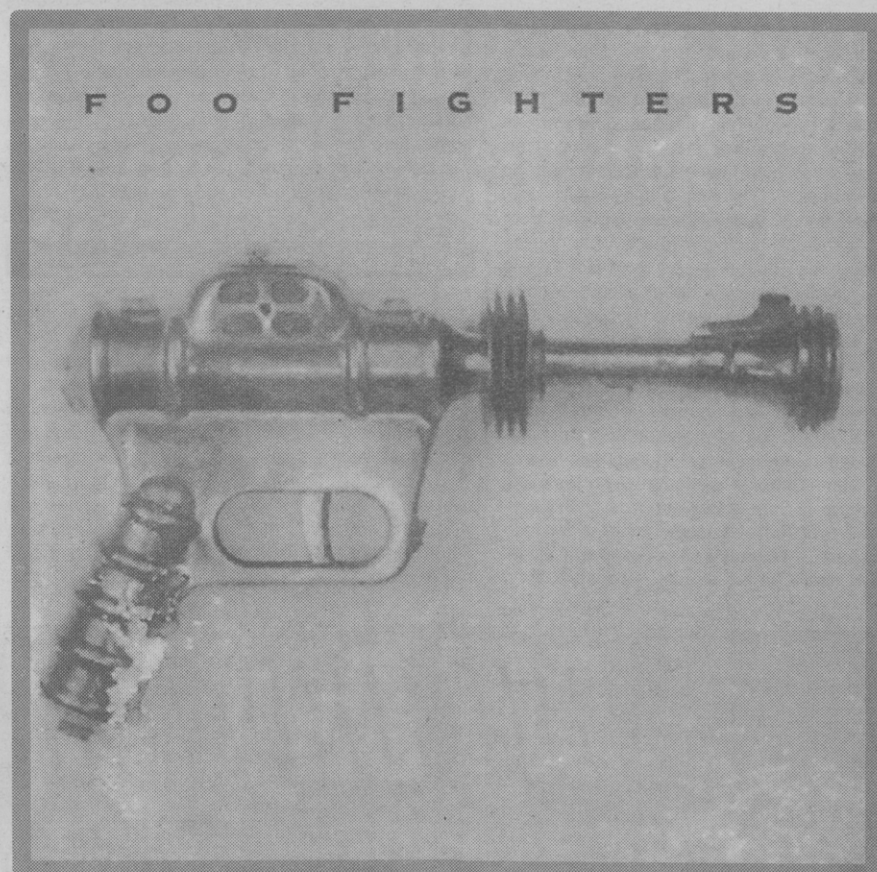
FOO FIGHTERS
AVAILABLE NOW ON EMI

TUESDAY 9 JANUARY
LOGAN CAMPBELL CENTRE, AUCKLAND

BOOK AT BASS/TICKETEK, TRUETONE (Newmarket, St Lukes, Shore City, Manukau, Papakura, Pakuranga), REAL GROOVY, SOUNDS, CORNER RECORDS. PH/CREDIT CARDS (09)307-5000 (TRANSACTION FEE MAY APPLY)

WEDNESDAY 10 JANUARY
WELLINGTON TOWN HALL

BOOK AT MFC. PH/CREDIT CARDS (04)801-4263 (TRANSACTION FEE MAY APPLY)





AUCKLAND

The indispensable **Fix** celebrates Issue 100 with a party at Kurtz Lounge on December 15. *Santa in a Chevy* will feature **HDU**, **King Loser**, **Lagerwerfer**, and stand-up comedy from **David Homblow**, **Brendon Love** and **Radar** ... pre-Xmas, **Muckhole** released the 'Overdrive'/'Subterfuge' cassingle on Wildside, and they will have a CD EP out in the New Year. Meanwhile, Wildside will launch the long-awaited **Raw** compilation at Kurtz Lounge on Saturday December 9. Muckhole will play, as will other yet-to-be-confirmed WS acts. But will **Freak Power** reform for the occasion? ... the **Strawpeople** are working on tracks with vocalist Victoria Kelly, and are aiming to have a new album completed by early next year. 'Under The Milkyway' has just been released in Australia, as the second single from *Broadcast* ... **Slave** and **Future Stupid** have recorded a track together at Ground Zero. According to the Stupid's Tony Hallum, 'Big Dumb Future' "sounds righteous" ... **Dave Dobbyn** has been playing support dates for **Nell** and **Tim Finn** in Ireland, Scotland, and England, as the duo go about promoting their new album *Finn* ... former Thompson Twins Tom Bailey and Alannah Currie have completed the next **Babble** album. *Eather* will be out on the Warner Bros. label in February 96 ... **D-Faction**, currently getting tonnes of airplay on Mai with their new single 'Down In The Boondocks', have added a third member, raggamuffin rapper Dave Telea ... **Furious George** have finished a demo at York St, and return to the studio in January to record an album with Malcolm Welsford. Meanwhile, FG play with Hideously Disfigured at Pod on December 1, and the Alamo on December 16 ... **Bloom**, the trio fronted by ex-Blue Marble Pip Brophy, are searching for a new guitarist. Phone (021)720-565 if interested ... on Wednesday November 15 a member of the **Managers** had a 1968 Fender Jazzmaster guitar (No. 295773) stolen from a car parked outside the Harp and Crown in Ponsonby Road. A reward is offered for its safe return. Anyone with any info can contact the Auckland Central Police Station or *RipItUp* ... **Superette** and the **Headless Chickens** are recording albums at York Street this month, while Andrew Brough's **Bike** are making an EP there ... Pod *Hatching* winners Condition Red have changed their name to **Each**. Their debut single has been completed at York Street ... finally, the slightly overdue **Drill** album (self titled — saves time!) is in the shops now.

JOHN RUSSELL

HAWKES BAY

They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place, but for local jazz chanteuse **Viva Sahn**, that's just what happened with the second theft of her musical gear in the past 18 months. This time, though, it was out of her car, and along with her guitar went all her music, collected over the years. A benefit concert held at Mossy's has gone some way towards getting Viva back on her feet ... winning a spot at *Mountain Rock* are local bands **Dusty Rhodes**, **Station**, from Dannevirke, and **Beat Not Fish**, who will perform on the main stage. Also happening for **Beat Not Fish** is the release, finally, of their debut album, with a release party planned for December 3 at Mossy's ... blues rocker **Jerry Harrison** is returning to Napier after a few years in Australia touring with a band called Off the Ark ... **Zillionaires** is the name of a new jazz/rock band featuring Dan Fearn on bass, guitarist Dave Boston, Mike Anson on keyboards, and drummer Cameron Budge ... changes on **Kidnappers** Access Radio see Graeme Chaplow's alternative shows going out on Saturdays, 3-5pm, and Wednesdays, 9.30pm-12am, while Trevor Ruffell's folk slot has grown into a two hour show ... **Hannay's** music and arts magazine, Say, has finally hit the streets. All contributions

gratefully accepted. Meanwhile, Hanging Tree Records are having their plans for another release of local music, entitled *White Bread and Jam*, held up due to legal action by one of the bands involved who don't want their song included on the tape ... **Vaccine** are looking for a new vocalist after the departure of Andy Cummins ... **Static Black** are due to release their 10 track CD EP early this month ... Taradale High/Colenso High combo **Aeroplane Kid** won the Mathers High School *Battle of the Bands*.

TONY PARKER and KATE OLIVER

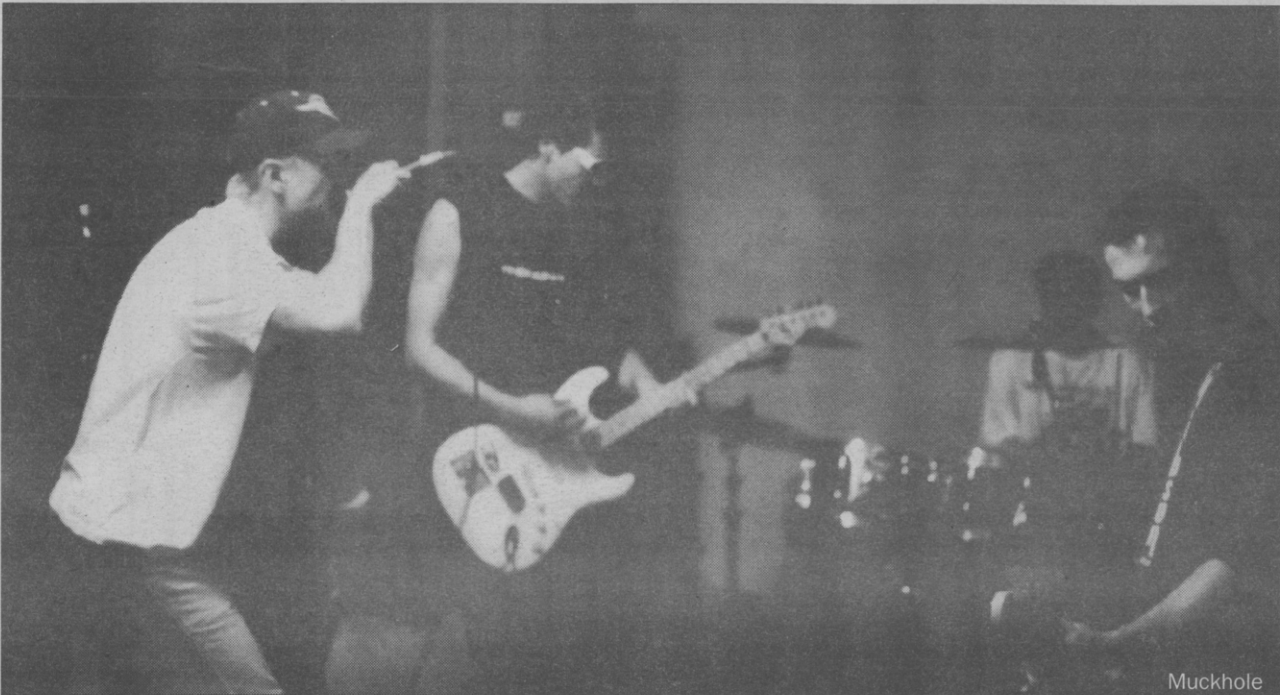
PALMERSTON NORTH

Valve magazine is out, a bumper crop this time, 108 pages contributed from all over the place, and a super cool record showing the talents of 16 of the swamp's finest bands, including: **Meat Market**, **The Ashvins**, **Froft Head**, **The Livids**, **Scratch**, **CUNT**, **E Haw**, **Dog Tooth Violet** and more. The whole package can be yours for only \$10 by writing to Yellow Bike Records at PO Box 586, Palmerston North ... **Vortex Victims** have broken up after a whirlwind ride to fame, and the release of a tape, and inclusion on *Hard of Hearing 3* (Spotty Dog Records, PO Box 1500, Palmerston North) ... the **Susans** are recording at York Street Studios this month ... **Froft Head** turned down the opportunity to play at *Mountain Rock* ... the **Livids** are releasing a CD through Spotty Dog Records. Featuring recordings from the last couple of years, this should be out next month sometime (and it'll be bloody good) ... also on the bloody good front, **Blunt** finally release a 7" single — four great tracks on genuine handout vinyl. Personal news from Blunt is that Boris has lost weight while Mat has gained weight. Zane stays the same. In the pipeline are 7" releases from **E Haw**, **Dog Tooth Violet** and **Dropline** as well as a split 7" from **Stumphumper** and **E Haw** ... the recent **Mind Machine Overload** multi-media event at the Stomach was a great success, with plans afoot to take the show to Wellington in the new year ... Jarred from **Motorsheep** has been evicted from his flat for having rowdy parties that attract the attention of the Police. Good punk rock credibility in that one. The last night at the flat was a **Motorsheep** gig on the front lawn after the planned gig with **All You Can Eat** was cancelled due to immigration problems ... **Tha Ashvins** tour starts in Napier on December 2 ... what's happened at Radio Massey? The same news again, 99.4 FM's new on air studio should be ready in a couple of weeks. We're not holding our breath ... If you're thinking of coming to play in Palmy, give Gloria a call at the **Wild Horse Saloon** on (06)354-0883 to book the venue and Zane a call on (06)358-3573 for contacts for PAs and support bands, etc. Sorry, but the Stomach has no available dates for gigs for the rest of this year ... rumours of new venues being set up around town are floating about ... **Jungle Tounge** are currently recording and spending lots of money on it somewhere out in the countryside ... information for this column can be submitted by phone on (06)356-8199 xt 7780, or by fax on (06)356-9019.

CLAIRE PANNELL

WELLINGTON

'Tis the season... and all over the place stocking stuffers are being sought by the kids to give to the kids' friends... the Stench Room probably won't have too many treats for Santa lists as the time is getting close, but just wait for a wee while for some stenchy gifts such as things from **Funkmutha**, **Hemi** and **Baconfoot**. As Nigel says about the recent Baconfoot studio projects: "There's enough stuff there for about two double albums, and if it doesn't get releases it will be the worst thing that ever happened" ... parents don't fret, the little ones can dress all gorgeous and shake their money makers at the **Gate** dance party ...



Muckhole

Banana Revolution are out of hiding and have started playing gigs again — could be just the entertainment for those Christmas barbecues ... **Short** should be doing the full length album thing soonish, and are playing with **Letterbox Lambs** (some say) ... they came, they went, leaving only teary-eyed teenagers in their wake. Yep, **Coldhouse 5** have ended, once our lives were full of light, now we are again surrounded by darkness ... **STZYG**, jazz combo par excellence, have released their first album — way better than a kick in the eye ... **Greg Malcom** has been getting a lot of attention lately for his Peter Plumley-Walker avant garde piece, even an almost threatened law suit from old Bondage Boy's lawyer ... we are taking over the world. Recently Wellington musician **Peter Pritchard**, with his album *Studies for the New Zealand Harmonic Piano*, reached No. 148 on the Billboard album charts ... **Bloodflower** have completed demos for a projected EP release on Deepgrooves early next year. Bloodflower vocalist **Jordan Reyne** will be appearing solo on the big stage at *Mountain Rock*, while the band will appear on the second stage ... finally, get well soon Spike, we all miss you.

DONALD REID

CHRISTCHURCH

Leonard Nimoy are to be included on an IMD CD compilation for early 1996 ... **Debris** plan a four song tape release in December ... Arnie Van Bussell is compiling *Nightshift 5*, featuring artists who have recorded at Nightshift studios during the year ... **Pumkinhead**, despite all of the other rumours, are staying together and are releasing a CD single of 'Nark', produced by Malcolm Welsford, and are working towards Australian tour dates in early 1996 ... **The Sheep Technique 3** has been sent to the student radio stations in New Zealand for airplay. It features **Soma**, **Squirm**, **Mezzanine**, **Leonard Nimoy**, **Nil-State**, **Debris**, **Doctor Lovegland** and **Teen Angel**. *The Sheep Technique 4* is being planned with possible tracks from the **Strangeloves**, **Beats and Pieces**, **Rotor** and **Salmonella Dub** ... the lead singer of **Preservative 211** has shot the gap, and they now call themselves **Radiation Free Dolphins** ... after being the loudest band in Australia, **Loves Ugly Children** lasted six songs into a gig in Brighton before the management turned the PA off. They were too loud for the nursing home right next door! The UK tour started in October with four gigs in three days with bands who were "quintessentially English" that "Christchurch bands would rock all over". LUC have recorded five tracks with an English producer, described as "not like *Cakehole*" in production style. These may be available for a February release, while the band will return home in mid December ... if you want your band to be featured on the **Christchurch Music Online** page on the Internet, send a blurb to James Guthrie, 2/53 Gloucester Street, Christchurch 1 ... closing its doors to live music is **The Firehouse**, while the success of the first gig at His Lorship's will mean it will feature live music regularly ... recording at RDU studios recently have been **Squirm** and **Beats and Pieces** ... **Trawler** are heading to Dunedin for a second attempt at recording at Volt Studio ... apologies to **Snort** for the incorrect rumour in September's column about a CD release gig at the Dux. The band is recording further material for their CD release prize from *Operation Music Storm* ... **Holocene** are back together after a break of babies and stuff ... **Cinematic's** catalogue has been bought off Beats Bodega by Loaded Records in Wellington ... new releases available from **Mezzanine** on cassette, the **Terminals** on import from Raffman Records (USA), and an upcoming CD release from **Atomic Blossom** in December ... **Swallow**, a new heavy grooves five-piece, are recording an EP cassette at Redd Acoustics ... **Matt Middleton's** 'Crude' project is

releasing 500 copies of an album of 4-track material on the Forced Exposure label out of Massachusetts, USA. He is also the new drummer for Shayne Carter's **Dimmer** ... new bands around town include **Rocket Monster**, with Chris (ex-Burn) and Nik (ex-Euphoria), and **XU XU Pedals**, with former members of the Griffins and Banshee Reel ... taking a break from Christchurch for the moment is Failsafe's **Rob Mayes** ... any January rumours phone (03)379-6320 before December 11.

HAT

DUNEDIN

The students have cleared out, but Winter never seems to be leaving. Snow on the hills in late November. Bloody Hell ... **The Cellars Bar** is now up and running. The opening night featuring Shayne Carter and Fats Thompson was a great success and was followed by a weekend of jazz. Most recently local popsters **Smirky** played there three nights in a row. One of the few local bands unashamedly pursuing melody with any great success, **Smirky** are hoping to record a CD in the coming months ... new band **Two Moons**, comprising Kerri and Paul Winders and Jason Kerr, played at the Empire recently. Also playing the same night were **Queer**, who are Richard Baker, Emme Milburn, Mark Sharma and someone whose name escapes me, and **Graeme Downes** solo ... **Apple** and **Humania** have both been recording songs which have received airplay on Radio One ... Radio One can finally be heard in all the little valleys around town and far beyond thanks to a long awaited power upgrade ... Keri Baser of **Drugs vs. Grandchildren** is heading north. Watch out, Nelson, Satan's sister is on her way. Keri and Shaun (also of DVG) have both adorned their flesh with matching tattoos of the artwork from their last single 'Sick Monks' ... James Robinson (ex Christchurch) is set to give his Dunedin debut of his solo show **No TV** ... **Crude**, aka Matt Middleton, has been busy recording some of his work. He and Sally McDonald have also been busy keeping Shayne Carter company in **Dimmer** ... **Sandra Bell** has two new 7"s out on overseas labels. 'Angel' is being released by Colorado label Zabriniski Point. She has also done a split single with Johnathon Davis (Folk Implosion etc.) on Road Cone. The latter release is a poem, 'Red Leaves', with piano accordion accompaniment. She is also researching the role of women in Dunedin as part of the *The Dunedin Sound Exhibition* to be held at the Otago Early Settlers Museum next year. **Yellow Eye Records** are to put out a mammoth 3 CD, 70 track archival release of Dunedin Music (1958-87), entitled *But I Can Write Songs, Okay*, in conjunction with the exhibition. Release date March 96 ... more Yellow Eye news, new band **Swampy** are working towards a CD EP release on the label early next year. **Cynthia Should**, who recently won the Speights/93 Rox band contest, will release a CD at about the same time, as will **T and D Bigger Band** and **Love Consort** CDs. Yellow Eye jazz sampler *Trees* is to be released in Wellington on December 17 at Antipodes ... music TV is getting closer in Dunedin with a programme in the making. To be aired soon on Southern TV ... a couple of new esoteric labels have popped up. Gallery Desford Vogel are to release a retrospective CD by **Marie and the Atom** on their own label, and Kim Pieters et al have founded the Metonymy label to release the first CD by **Rain**, entitled *Sediment* ... **Doramaar**, the all-woman noise/improv' group who have just released the beautiful *Corpula* CD on Bruce Russell's Corpus Hermeticum label, are to put out their next CD, *Terra Incognito*, on US Fuestron label ... back on the pop front, **Mink** have finished recording their new CD at Volt studios, with Dale Cotton doing the engineering ... any news phone (03)472-7291

DAVID MUIR

Big Day Out Programme

in

January ripitup On sale Dec 21.

rage against the machine

special guests

the JESUS LIZARD

8pm

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AGES**

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Higher Than the Nun

"Nice young boys" is how Flying Nun Records describe their spanking new signing, the Dunedin three-piece HDU (High Dependency Unit).

Deano on drums, Neil on bass, and singer/guitarist Tristan had already played together, in different incarnations of different bands, when they got together again in a practice room in March 1994. They decided to ditch their past dalliances with 'pop' sounds, rigid structures, and vocal melodies, and Deano says the result, "turned out to be exactly what the three of us were after".

After two months spent "jamming", HDU ventured outside the garage, and played a year of support shows, including gigs in Auckland with the Headless Chickens and Cake Kitchen, that brought them to the attention of various bods at Flying Nun.

Once given the nod, the band flew to Auckland last September, and spent eight days making their *Abstinence Acrimony* EP in a rehearsal room in Cook Street.

The four song recording is a moody collection of wild, buzz-saw guitars, sharp, com-

plex rhythms, and tortured vocals. But most of all, with the EP, HDU have delivered a set of songs that appear to have almost written themselves — a musical stream of consciousness. Though Deano explains, in a round about way, that HDU believe they can pull it off.

"It all depends on the type of music you're playing. If you're creating something that's basis is in improvisation, then it's fine to do as much as you think is appropriate."

The threesome tour the North Island this month to promote the *Abstinence Acrimony* EP, before returning to the deep South, where much more bizarre things tend to happen at their gigs. Particularly in Invercargill.

"It was interesting. The actual show was great, we had a really good turn out, and the people were really supportive. But a fight broke out at the bar, and I later learned that some guy had his ear bitten off. Pretty crazy."

Flying Nun will release the track 'Abstinence' as a seven inch single simultaneously with the EP, while HDU are due to record an album for the label early next year.

JOHN RUSSELL



Trash

One Out of the Can

You could search for many a day to find an average man in the street familiar with the antics of Dunedin outfit Trash, but the Southern noise peddlers certainly turned a few ears several years back with the student radio 'hits' 'On and On with Lou Reed' and 'Telecom South'.

Last month the trio of Bruce Blucher (guitar/vocals), Robbie Yeats (drums), and Paul Cahill (guitar) released their third long player *Mihiwaka*, recorded in a total of 50 hours at Dunedin's Volt Studio.

The make-it-up-as-you-go-along-approach Trash take to guitar playing will make most pop fans dive for cover. The 13 minute long, grating extravaganza entitled 'Paper', and the sparse, spoken word endurance test of 'Small Fried Thing' in particular, are mighty dastardly — the aural equivalent of poking your tongue out for 10 minutes.

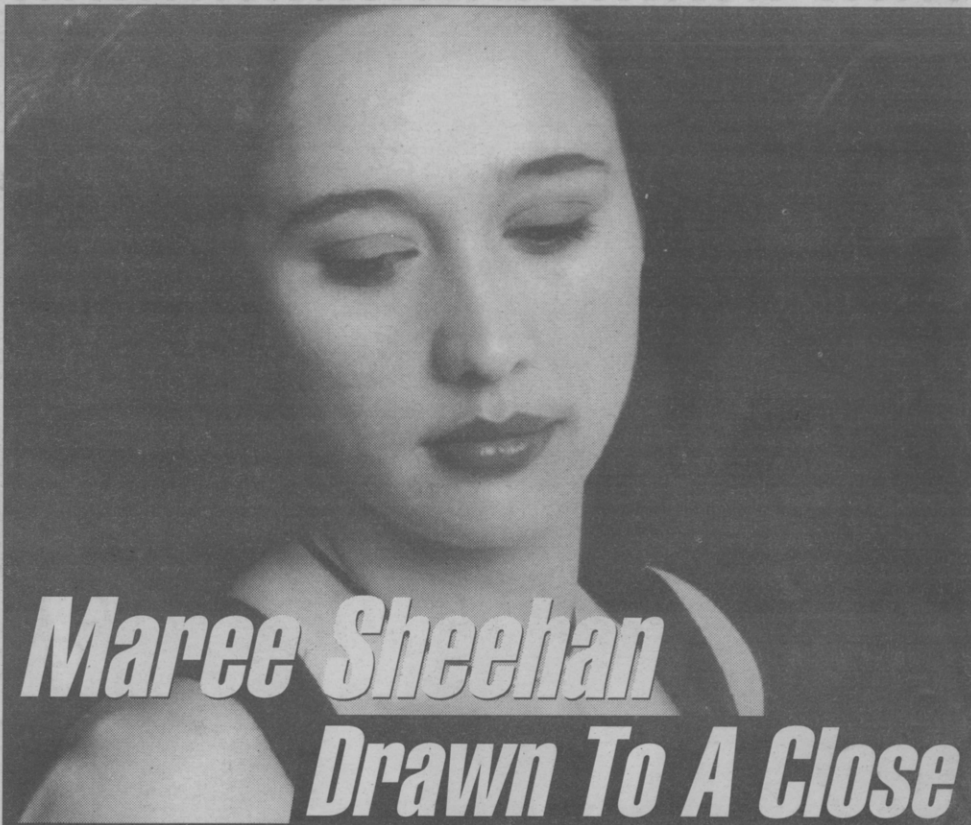
Blucher: "We decided to go in the studio without any set format, so it was all pretty much written in there, and that's why it sounds like it does. It's the direction we've been taking anyway. We've been taking a lot

more chances, having a lot more fun with it, not trying to be so formulised."

Trash make a return trip to North America early next year to promote *Mihiwaka*, after a brief tour in September 1993, on the campaign trail for their debut, *Gritts And Butts*. Blucher says the band sell a great deal more records in the USA, and are therefore quite happy to remain less than a household name here at home.

"It's not a problem. The population here is so tiny, there's only going to be a certain amount of people who enjoy what we do, and that's the way it's always been. Trash are a pretty low-key outfit, we've all got other things to do in our lives. Perhaps if we'd decided early on to 'go for it', and toured heaps around New Zealand, and hooked up a record company that could've given us the big push, then it might have been different. But we're not really interested in that side of rock 'n' roll anyway. It is important to us and we're keen to get on with it, but we also value our other lives."

JOHN RUSSELL



Maree Sheehan

Drawn To A Close

In the unruly world of show business, plans don't always go according to plan. For irrefutable proof, just ask Maree Sheehan. For well over two years she's been waiting to launch her debut album, but several setbacks have delayed the arrival of Drawn In Deep, until now. With a new record label providing a jump-start, during the past six months all Sheehan's goals have come to fruition.

Born in Christchurch, Sheehan was never really interested in the piano lessons her parents insisted she take as a child. It wasn't until her teens, when she began writing poetry and building tunes around the words, that she began to approach music with something more than reluctance.

Sheehan enrolled on an 18 month Polynesian Performing Arts course where she recorded her first demo. She says the skills she learnt there remain invaluable to this day.

"That's where I learnt the basics of writing music, and those will always continue to be with me. If I didn't have that, I probably wouldn't be where I am now."

After graduating, Sheehan made the decision to make music her career. She left her home town in November 1991, and shifted north to Auckland.

"I decided if I was going to get anywhere in music, I had to be in Auckland because that's where the industry was. That first year in Auckland was pretty hard. I didn't know anybody and I was going on a dream, an ideal that I wanted to do music."

In January the following year, Sheehan was invited to join the now defunct, Black Katz. Playing drums in the band was former Wellingtonian Neil Cruickshank, who at the time of Sheehan's arrival was toying with the idea of starting a Maori record label. Sensing an opportunity, Cruickshank signed Sheehan, and two months later her debut single, 'Make You My Own', became the first release on Tangata Records.

A string of singles followed over the next twelve months, including the divine 'Fatally Cool', while simultaneously, Sheehan was recording songs for an album at various studios around Auckland. But somewhere along the line it all went sour, and although Sheehan won't discuss the details, she says she felt continually second-guessed by Tangata until her departure from the label in November 1994.

"With Tangata Records... we just didn't see eye to eye about what was going to happen with me as an artist. I don't think they really believed in me as much as I needed them to, financially, and as an artist, and as a writer."

In the interim, Sheehan was snapped up by the Auckland branch of Australian based label Roadshow Music.

"In some ways I felt like I had to start all

over again to prove myself to this new record company, and I think people out there were like: 'When is she ever going to put out an album?' But this year things have moved so quickly with Roadshow, and the album's done."

Drawn In Deep was recorded in eight weeks during July and August, in Sydney, with Aussie producer Peter Martin at the controls. Though Sheehan is undoubtedly happy with the result of her partnership with Martin, she says, she was initially more than slightly wary.

"I had to work with a producer who would take in my ideas. It's too important to me to allow somebody that just knows me, to take over and control my musical creativity, and the way I write and sing. Peter's an older man, and he's a Pakeha, and I'm the complete opposite to him — I'm Maori, I'm a woman, and I'm young. So it was like, are we gonna get on, are we gonna be going to be able to make good music together? We were just lucky that we did, and I feel that finally my voice has been produced the way I've always wanted it."

Sheehan believes *Drawn In Deep* solidifies just exactly what her 'sound' is. Previous singles have leapt from soul grooves, to hip-hop beats, to dance rhythms, whereas the album on a whole presents a more focussed, unified feel.

"I was experimenting a lot when I was with Tangata, now I think I've matured so much, and found what is my music. It's a process of finding yourself, and what you want to be, and what you want to sound like. I'm aiming this album at a maturer audience, and I want it to be a stayer, I don't want it to come in and go out."

Another aspect of Sheehan's new-found sense of self reckoning, is her decision not to take past criticisms regarding her non-political stance on board with this album.

"There are times when it can be really difficult for a female in the industry, but I'm not really a crusader. I think there are a lot of people out there who think Maree Sheehan should be writing in the reo, and she should be using certain political points of views. For awhile I did start asking myself the same questions, but now I've decided I'm not here to write music for other people or other people's opinions. In the end it's me who has to live with it."

JOHN RUSSELL

k.d lang



Big Day Out January ripitup

On sale Dec 21.

G Love



back beat

G LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE

Coast To Coast Motel (Okeh/Epic)

The post-modern roots critic's delight. No wonder they're called Special Sauce: heavy dub, delta blues, rap, boho folk, Capt Beefheart, Alex Chilton and *Exile on Main St* — all goes into the gumbo mix, and is simmered down to a tasty rich concentrate. It sounds as if they're making it up as they go, but that's due to producer Jim Dickinson, the Memphis legend who knows how to capture the moment — and when to leave it be.

WILLIE NELSON The Greatest Hits

(Columbia)

Willie is the master, of both singing and songwriting, but he eased off the latter after his breakthrough *Red Headed Stranger*, in the mid-70s, and the massive success of his covers album *Stardust*. This is a generous, if obvious, budget overview of the last 20 years of Willie's career. It shows his musical eclecticism (Broadway standards, western swing), the highs of his writing ('Me and Paul', 'Crazy') and his interpretations (Leon Russell's 'A Song for You'). But it must have been strong weed that made him think duetting with Julio Iglesias was a good idea.

JOHN HIATT Walk On

(Capitol)

Writing on the road has been good for Hiatt. He likes to shake things around musically, which means the odd mis-hit such as the last album (great songs, shame about the band). Here he's produced another excellent set of songs and does them justice with a band of character and adaptability. The songs tell of restlessness and hard-won wisdom, and typically the ballads are strongest. Inspirational line: 'I'm sitting on the toilet with my sunglasses on...'

VARIOUS ARTISTS For The Love of Harry: Everybody Sings Nilsson

(MusicMasters/Triton)

Nilsson was a beloved singer/songwriter best known for 'Without You' and 'Everybody's Talkin' (neither of which he wrote) — and his boozy friendship with John Lennon. His Tin Pan Alley love of songwriting reached beyond what was fashionable or hip. Hopefully this loving showcase of his songs (by friends such as Ringo, Brian Wilson, Randy Newman and other mere mortals) will send people back to Nilsson's big-hearted originals. Hint: *Pussy Cats*, produced by Lennon, is just a lost masterpiece from the notorious "lost weekend".

JAMES McMURTRY

Where'd You Hide The Body (Columbia)

Like Daddy, Texan novelist Larry, James is very literary. But like Leonard Cohen, McMurtry is a morose singer/songwriter whose work scans better than it sings. His imagery is matched by Don Dixon's atmospheric production. But McMurtry's expressionless voice lets the songs down, as if he's bored with his own material.

VARIOUS ARTISTS Tower Of Song: The Songs Of Leonard Cohen (A&M)

Playing Leonard Cohen is a sure way to get rid of unwanted guests (me) at 4.00am. For those who can never get past his doom-filled voice, these versions bring out the poetry and melodies in his songs. The usual tribute album rent-a-crowd is here (Sting, Elton, Bono) and they do

Len justice, particularly Aaron Neville (in MOR country mode) and Willie Nelson's spiritual reading of 'Bird on a Wire'. But the best Cohen tribute is still Jennifer Warnes' *Famous Blue Raincoat*.

JIMMY LAFAVE

Buffalo Return To The Plain (Bohemia Beat/Global Routes)

Saving the ballad — and the buffalo — from extinction is the lacerated larynx of Jimmy Lafave. He can squeeze meanings and emotions out of a song its writer didn't know was there. His approach to a ballad is revelatory, and as unique as Aaron Neville. But his rockers are still generic — and he needs stronger material than he can write, which is why his Dylan-heavy *Austin Skyline* made such an impact. For the converted.

SHAVER

Unshaven: Shaver Live At Smith's Olde Bar (Zoo/BMG)

Billy Joe Shaver has a face like 40 miles of gravel road and a voice to match. He's a legend as a songwriter, a hero to Willie Nelson and

Waylon Jennings since the 70s. Here, live and raw in a boozy jook joint, he kicks butt with his classic songs ('Ride Em Down Easy', 'Georgia on a Fast Train') and a rock 'n' roll band Keith Richards would die to be in; holding it all together is Shaver's son Eddy, a blistering guitarist.

VARIOUS ARTISTS Dead Presidents

(Underworld/Capitol)

Blaxploitation flicks have been back for ages, only the soundtracks have changed. This inspired selection returns to the early 70s heyday when Shaft fought it out with Superfly. With cuts from James Brown, Isaac Hayes, the O'Jays, the Spinners, Barry White and, best of all, Sly Stone (overdue for a comeback).

VARIOUS ARTISTS Desperado

(Epic)

Musical nachos, like the movie: chilli and cheesy. With moving norteno from Los Lobos, spaghetti instrumentals from Link Wray and Dire Straits, doodlings from the Latin Playboys, and excerpts of dialogue for those in a Cheech and Chong mood.

JAMES BOOKER

JIM CARREY

NEW ANIMALS

NEW ADVENTURES

SAME HAIR

ACE VENTURA

WHEN NATURE CALLS

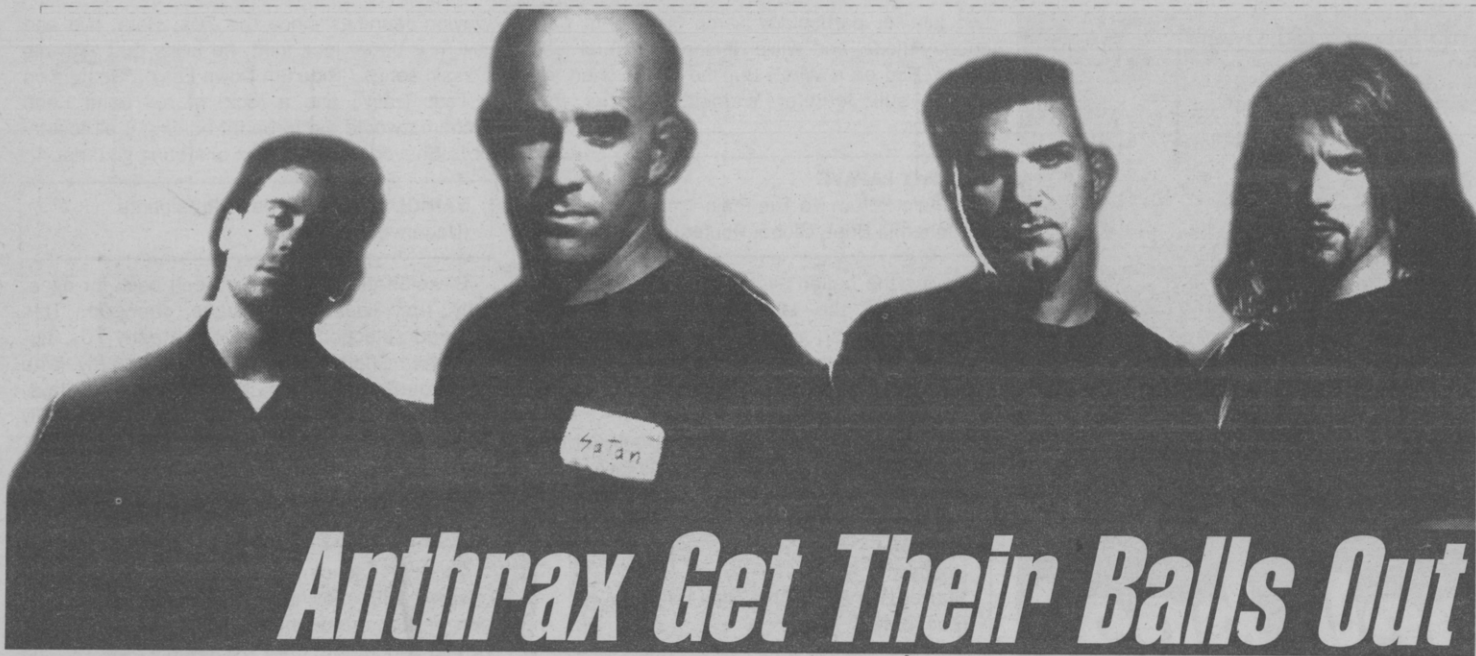
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Blessed Union of Souls
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JAMES G. ROBINSON PRESENTS A MORGAN CREEK PRODUCTION JIM CARREY "ACE VENTURA WHEN NATURE CALLS" IAN MCNEICE SIMON CALLOW MAYNARD EZIASHI BOB GUNTON MUSIC BY ROBERT FOLK EDITED BY MALCOLM CAMPBELL PRODUCTION DESIGNER STEPHEN J. LINEWEAVER DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY DONALD E. THORIN A.S.C. EXECUTIVE PRODUCER GARY BARBER PRODUCED BY JAMES G. ROBINSON WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY STEVE OEDERKER MCA SOUNDTRACKS ROADSHOW FILM DISTRIBUTORS MOVIE WB WORLD HOLLYWOOD ON THE GOLD COAST

OPENS DECEMBER 8 AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU



Anthrax Get Their Balls Out

“Much love to my man Scott Ian for being a really down to earth guy.” — House of Pain

At present the very down to earth and approachable Scott Ian has a chip on his shoulder, and it's called alternative rock.

“These days we don't get any radio coverage or MTV airplay. All the radio stations are interested in is alternative music. We may as well be a brand new band starting out. We don't get any media exposure whatsoever.”

Scott blames this sorry state of affairs on a lack of circular objects

“No one's got the balls to do anything original any more. It's kinda strange to make a record and wonder whether anyone's going to hear it.”

If the good people of the world can see their way past the media conspiracy to muzzle metal, then they're in for a treat when

they wrap their lugs around *Stomp 442*, according to Scott.

“*Stomp 442* is super heavy. It's the best songwriting we've ever done.”

Just because *Stomp 442* is the best thing Anthrax have ever done, doesn't mean their past work wasn't absolutely bloody fantastic, it just means the producers and mixers couldn't read or dig where Anthrax wanted to be.

“It's not like I was unhappy with records in the past, it's just with this record, the production and mix really fit the songs. There is only one song on the album that I would remix if I had a chance.”

The reason for the need to remix is the self same circular object deficiency affecting America's radio programmers and the media in general.

“The song ‘Nothing for Me’ just doesn't have the [same] balls as the rest of the

record and we're actually going to go and remix that track, so we'll get to fix it anyway. I think it will be a single.”

It's not only Scott that testifies to Anthrax's album having plenty of circular objects located within its bowels. The cover artist designed a very large, heavy metallic circular object in appreciation of Anthrax's circular fixation.

“The guy who did our covers name is Storm Thurgausen and he did the Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin covers. everything he does is pretty crazy and out there. When he heard the music he drew a sketch of the metal ball because, he said: ‘The music's got a lot of balls!’”

Perhaps this excess of balls could have something to do with the depilatory effects of the thatches covering the Anthrax boys' pates.

“I have a bald head cos I just got sick of having to wash my hair. We just worry about our music. It's funny, because people make such a big deal out of it. Kids come up to me and say: ‘Why'd you cut your hair?’ I always found it weird that people would care about the length of your hair, or what you look like. I guess it's being in a band. We just worry about our music.”

With Anthrax giving Dan Spitz the boot prior to making *Stomp 442*, they may well have cause to worry. However, like a knight in stinky black leather, Pantera's Dimebag Darell stepped in to lay down some typically fretful fretwork on the album. Now, according to Scott, everything's just hunky dory. Also playing on the album, as well as touring with Anthrax, is Paul Crook, their guitar tech.

“We've known Paul for about five or six years. He fucking rips on guitar. The first day he ever started working for us as guitar tech, I heard him playing and it was like: ‘Fuck, who is that?’ He was ripping. We used to make jokes all the time, like Paul's gonna give Danny some poisoned food, and wouldn't you know, a few years later Paul replaced Danny.”

According to Scott, the only way Anthrax are gonna get their music out to the kids that need it is through touring. Despite the negativity of the media, Scott knows the fans are still out there, and him and the chaps are gonna give 'em what they want heavy fuckin' — metal.

“I think people should be interested in heavy metal because for me, right now, the bands doing the most original things are bands like Offspring, Pantera and Slayer. I'd rather listen to *Reign in Blood* 24 hours a day than anything on the radio. It's time for people to forget the stigma of metal in the 80s and fucking use your own mind and values!”

KEV LIST

Mr Bungle



Winging it with Mr Bungle

Reader Warning #1: What follows may damage your mental health.

Maybe the reason Mr Bungle make such nutty music is because they're full of utter wacksters like Danny. Danny does something in Mr Bungle [in a more conventional band, he'd be called the drummer] and lives in San Francisco.

It's a Bungle and He's Out There

Before I get the chance to enquire just why Mr Bungle want to inflict their records on the innocent, Danny enquires after my health. After checking everything's OK-ish with me, he informs me he has a broken back, but it's only slightly broken. According to Danny his back problems had something to do with the overcrowding in San Francisco

“San Francisco's an absolutely lovely city. It's on a peninsula, bay area, with 500 million people. It's very crowded, I used to have three people living in my left lung. Maybe that's why my back's broken.”

Danny then finds out I'm calling from Christchurch

“Jesus Christchurch.” Ho, ho, ho.

This is about the time I biffed away any questions I may have had to ask, and decided to just let whatever happened happen.

Reader Warning #2: Any reader with a low tolerance for reading mindless drivel should just stop reading now.

James Bond and De Plane, De Plane

Mr Bungle's latest masterwork is called *Disco Volante*.

Could this have anything to do with the ship of the same name from the classic Jimmy Bond *Thunderball*?

“A long time ago we did a cover of *Thunderball*. It's one of my favourites. I like anything Sean Connery did, or the first two Roger Moores. *The Man With the Golden Gun* was the last of the good ones. It had that funny little guy from *Fantasy Island* in it.”

Up until now Danny had been blissfully unaware that Ricardo Montalban's shortarse sidekick, Tattoo, had, in fact, topped himself. Danny took the news fairly well

“That funny little guy... that cute little guy! He killed himself! I feel bad for Rick.”

Suckers and Dog Fucking

In one last aborted attempt to find out the secrets of Mr Bungle's musical madness, I enquire about the Bungleites' latest album.

“If I was a sucker, I'd buy it.”

What would Danny like to listen to, then?

“I don't get much of a chance. I have to listen to our stupid music.”

When Danny does find a few moments to relax, chances are he'd listen to the Barefoot Hockey Goalies (if they exist), that is, if he could drag himself away from his alleged excursions into pooch prostitution.

“I'm a pimp. There's a lot of fucked up, rich old men in this city that just love to have sex with animals. I work down at the dog pound, where I get to take some of these dogs out so these fucking old creeps can fuck 'em. That's how I make my cash.”

Fearing the vengeful wrath of vegan vandals, Danny later back-pedals on his cruel canine capers

“I don't follow through on it. I just keep ripping off a bunch of sick old men.”

A Pint of Extra Bitter, Old Man, Please

Steering Danny away from the X rated world of animal husbandry towards the safer climes of modern rock shows leads to some soul searching.

“I go to shows once in a while. I'm a fucking old man I don't really have time for that shit... I'm a bitter old man.”

(In best Paul Holmesian style) Why are you so bitter Danny?

“An excellent question. What made me bitter? One day I realised I'm a bitter old fuck-

er. When I was growing up, I remember thinking: ‘I hate people who grow old too fast before they even ripen.’ I just hate everything and everybody. I think I'm just intolerant of crowds.”

Tie the Kangaroo Down, Sport, and Fuck Off!

When he discovers his words of wisdom are being printed in a New Zealand magazine, Danny let's fly with some hastily chosen words on one of his (many) pet hates

“Those fucking raucous Australians, fuck those bastards... fuck those bastards. I've never been there and I hate it. There seem to be a lot more fatheads in Australia than there are in New Zealand.

“It seems Australia is full of a lot more people who've been hit really hard in Australian Rules football games. The only taste you get of Australians here is these pighead football types, or uptight, egotistical surfers.”

The Patton Man

What Mr Bungle interview would be complete without some attempt at an irritating question about Mr Bungle's most famous member, Mike Patton? Danny responds in the only way he knows how.

“I've heard of the guy. Oh, hang on, I know who Mike Patton is. Didn't he used to sing for Turd? He was a pretty shitty one at that.”

Fight on, Taranaki!

All good things must come to an end, and luckily things that aren't that good also finish. Before leaving, Danny left us with a message for all New Zealanders to share.

“My last word to New Zealand is, fight till fucking Taranaki and Southland rule the earth.”

KEVIN LIST

Rage Against The Machine

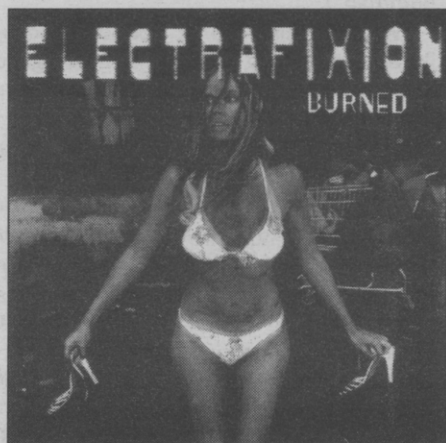
in

Big Day Out January

ripitup

On sale Dec 21.

NEW MUSIC REPORT



ELECTRAFIXION
BURNED

The partnership that powered the wondrous Echo & The Bunnymen are back on a collision course with greatness. With their album **BURNED**, Ian McCulloch and Will Sergeant, together again as Electrafixion, reinvent their unique aptitude for mystery and violence, and beauty and despair. Revitalised by their long absence from each other and the thrill of a new challenge, the duo have created in **BURNED** an album that will ensure they go on to greater acclaim and glories.



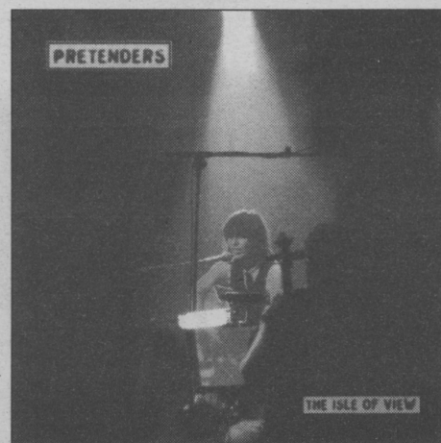
MADONNA
SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

If there's one aspect of Madonna's sensational career that's kept pace with her awesome track record of exhilarating dance hits, it's been the mesmerising magic of her ballads. **SOMETHING TO REMEMBER** is a collection of 14 of her most intimate, timeless slow jams. The album is a loving look back at the lush and languid ballads spanning Madonna's entire recording career, and also features three brand new songs, including her latest single 'You'll See'.



TRACY CHAPMAN
NEW BEGINNING

Since her remarkable self titled debut in 1988, Tracy Chapman has captivated audiences around the globe with her pure voice, evocative songs, and intense spirit. Her new album **NEW BEGINNING**, marks the auspicious return of one of the most compelling artists in popular music. Few can match Chapman's gentle and passionate voice, and over eleven uplifting tracks, **NEW BEGINNING** captures her at her very best.



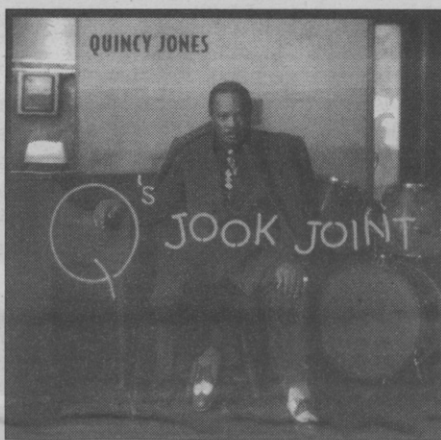
PRETENDERS
THE ISLE OF VIEW

Now one of pop music's seminal names, the Pretenders return with **ISLE OF VIEW**, an album featuring live and acoustic versions of their biggest hits, plus several lesser known songs. **ISLE OF VIEW** reunites founding Pretenders members Chrissie Hynde and Martin Chambers for the first time since 1986, and includes many of the band's biggest hits — 'Brass In Pocket', 'Private Life', 'Chain Gang', and 'Hymn To Her'.



EXPONENTS
ONCE BITTEN, TWICE BITTEN THE SINGLES 1981-1995

The exuberance, infectiousness, and carefree zest of New Zealand pop heroes the Exponents is legendary, and now their biggest hits are available for the first time on the one album. **ONCE BITTEN, TWICE BITTEN** collects true greats like 'Victoria', 'I'll Say Goodbye', 'Airway Spies', and 'All I Can Do', plus 16 other pop beauties. Without a doubt this is the ultimate gift for any local music fan this Christmas.



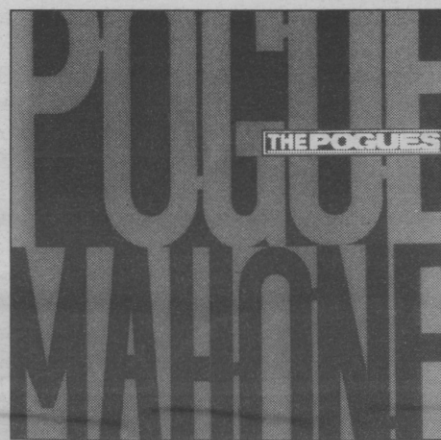
QUINCY JONES
Q'S JOOK JOINT

An impresario in the broadest and most creative sense of the word, Quincy Jones, in the course of his career, has encompassed many musical roles. And as a master inventor of musical hybrids, he has shuffled pop, soul, hip hop, jazz, classical, and jazz music into many dazzling fusions. It's a creative cornucopia brilliantly brought together on his new album **Q'S JOOK JOINT**. Featuring performances by Ray Charles, Chaka Khan, Melle Mel, Barry White, and many others, **Q'S JOOK JOINT** is the latest triumph in the career of an artist whose ability to touch the mind and spirit is the stuff of legend.



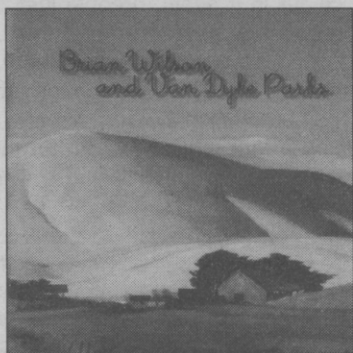
ANTHRAX
STOMP 442

Anthrax's new album **STOMP 442** is a sleek, gleaming machine, precise, well-oiled and with enough roaring horsepower to leave challengers in the dust. The album takes to another level the degree of energy, emotional range, and enthusiasm brought to the band by vocalist John Bush, whose stunning debut with the band was captured on 1993's **SOUND OF WHITE NOISE**. **STOMP 442** shows Anthrax with all pistons firing on a set of relentless rock 'n' roll.



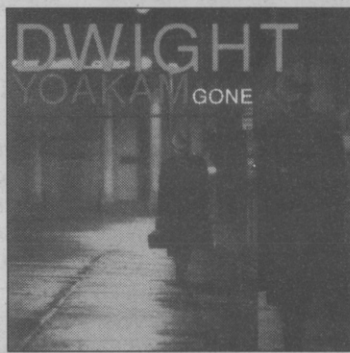
THE POGUES
POGUE MAHONE

The legendary institution known as the Pogues return with a blistering new album entitled **POGUE MAHONE**. With the multi-talented Spider Stacy once again taking the helm on vocal duties, **POGUE MAHONE** is a crackling, foot-tapping display of musical acumen and let-your-hair-down bawdiness spread over 13 tracks. Boozy, brash, and belligerent, **POGUE MAHONE** captures these Irish delinquents at their very best.



BRIAN WILSON & VAN DYKE PARKS
ORANGE CRATE ART

After 30 years, two of music's most gifted and mercurial artists are back together again. On **ORANGE CRATE ART**, Brian Wilson and Van Dyke Parks, the duo behind the Beach Boys' **SMILE**, the most famous unreleased album in music history, prove their unique creative chemistry is still alive and kicking. Written, arranged, and produced by Parks, and sung by Wilson, the 12 tracks on **ORANGE CRATE ART** showcase a gorgeous, gossamer evocation of the Californian state of mind.



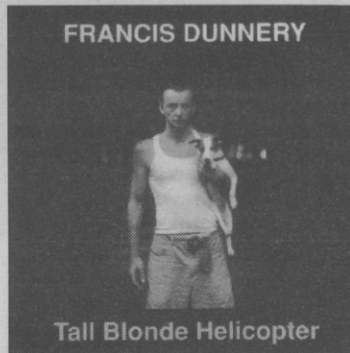
DWIGHT YOAKAM
GONE

In all his work, Dwight Yoakam has created music marked by an abiding affection for the purity of traditional country's precedent, and this vision is captured in full measure on his new album **GONE**. **GONE** alternates between caustic neo-honky tonk tales of love on the rocks, and balladry cracking with heart-bursting longing. And as ever, Yoakam pushes outside of country's stylistic envelope, making him the most vibrant, and memorable performer in contemporary country music today.



BILLIE RAY MARTIN
DEADLINE FOR MY MEMORIES

With her second album, **DEADLINE FOR MY MEMORIES**, former Electribe 101 vocalist Billie Ray Martin, reinforces her credentials as one of the most interesting and soulful voices in pop. **DEADLINE FOR MY MEMORIES** effortlessly achieves Martin's goal of creating sublime music that sits somewhere between Kraftwerk and Phil Spector, making it the album for deep-house fans everywhere.



FRANCIS DUNNERY
TALL BLONDE HELICOPTER

On his second album **TALL BLONDE HELICOPTER**, singer / songwriter Francis Dunnery forges the deeply personal dividends of hard-won life lessons into songs of universal truths. Throughout this warm, acoustic-driven album, Dunnery's cutting wit, touching honesty, and beautifully communicative musical moments reveals an artist in full creative stride, displaying his most fully realised work yet.



SON VOLT
TRACE

Inspired by the environs of the Mississippi river, New Orleans, and St. Louis, **Trace**, the debut album by Son Volt — the band that features former Uncle Tupelo members Jay Farrar, Jeff Tweedy, and Mike Heidorn — flows with a special blend of country, folk, rock, and blues. **Trace** is a stunning collection of visual dreams, displaying a sense of undiminished passion, carnival creativity, and emotional drama. Without a doubt, **Trace** will go down as one of the classic debut albums of 1995.



MUSIC MAKES A TOP CHRISTMAS GIFT



In the year the greatest ever reggae singer/songwriter of all time should have turned 50, David, Stephen, Sharon, and Cedella, Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers, release their fifth album, *Free Like We Want 2 B*.

It's beyond doubt, even if Robert Nesta Marley had not died in May of 1981, with his influence and legend standing so great, his offspring were destined to live in his shadow, no matter what degree of independence they managed to carve for themselves.

Marley's death from cancer moved Bunny Wailer to utter the words: "Sometimes when a singer go, his works go with him, but with Bob Marley it's different. When he go, it's like he start livin', because the things that came out of him were eternal." Bob Marley,

is not a hard act to follow, he's downright impossible.

The Melody Makers have lived with comparisons to their famous father since the launch of *Conscious Party*, their debut in 1988, and on through *One Bright Day*, *Jahmekya*, and 1993's *Joy and Blues*. To some they are little more than a pale imitation of the 'soul rebel', to others, Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers are helping keep Bob's spirit alive. Those aligned with the latter will be especially pleased upon hearing this new album.

Though the Melody Makers have taken many musical paths in the past decade, at times matching reggae with hip-hop flavours and more traditional African sounds, *Free Like We Want 2 B* is a return to the classic

Marley sound. Just listen to the achingly beautiful 'Bygones', written and sung by 23 year old Stephen, who's glorious voice is only a hair's breadth away from matching his fathers.

Perhaps the reason for this 'vintage' album is due in part to the location of the recording sessions. The Melody Makers went about remodelling the Tuff Gong studio at 56 Hope Road in Jamaica (where the Bob Marley Museum is situated), adding state-of-the-art equipment to the room where the Wailers often recorded.

After a gruelling year long world tour in support of *Joy and Blues*, the Melody Makers vowed to spend more time at Hope Road, and it is here where David 'Ziggy' Marley answers the call from *RiptUp*. It soon

becomes clear he has not had an easy day. The band have been rehearsing since dawn and it's now eight in the evening. Like his father, Ziggy holds a massive passion for soccer, and is hoping to get a game in before the last of the day's light disappeared. So, there'll be no Scripture-like answers this time round, Ziggy's giving the bumrush.

"We're workin' 'ard an' soundin' good, but it has been a long day. Some a dem gone to play, an' dat help me relax when we been in the studio."

How does it feel to be recording and playing in the Wailers' studio?

"The vibes are here, the vibes be where we are. We were all livin' around the studio many years ago, so the music was always a part of life. But the vibes are 'ere in the studio, it have a lot to do with why we make this album 'ere."

Did that have a heavy effect on the music?

"At times, but not at all times. Sometimes the spiritual vibe and music come together, sometimes just the spiritual side come through all by itself."

Is this new album any more popular in Jamaica than the others?

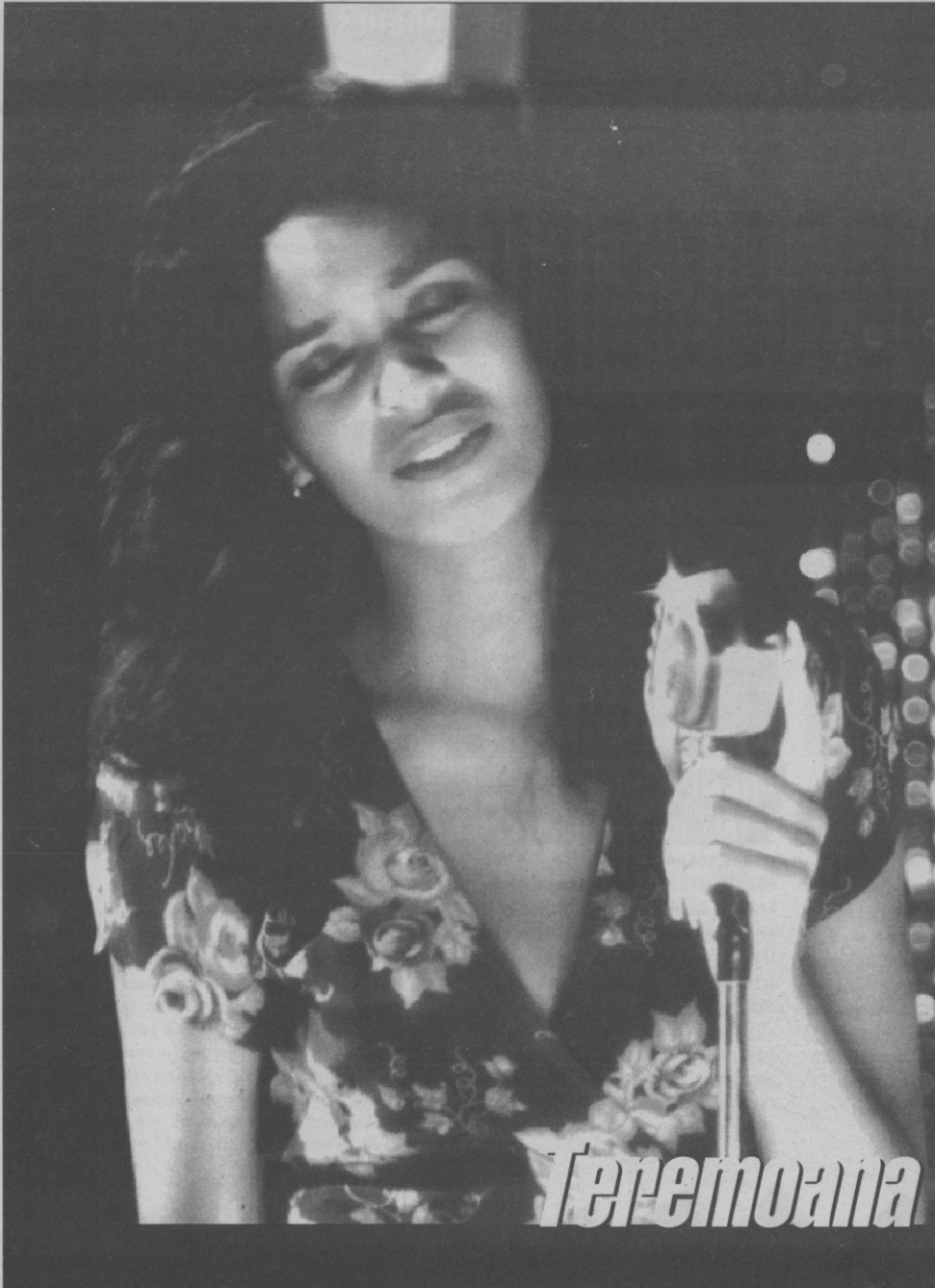
"The radio stations and the record stores, dem kinda push reggae back, but people still love the music. People can still enjoy the music even if it not playin' on the radio every minute."

When the Melody Makers were last in America pushing *Joy and Blues*, Ziggy told *Rolling Stone* he hoped the album would deliver a message to the listeners, that "each human being should live to a high standard, and respect earth and respect each human life". Quite clearly, one human being should also respect the right to let another human being play a game of soccer. Best let this go after one more.

After five albums, is Bob's shadow any less?

"I don't t'ink about dat, it's not on my mind, I jus' play music. I have no mind to play this music to get out of my father's legacy or shadow, that's no why I play music. There's no reason why I should want to get out of that legacy, 'cause that my own legacy. I jus' focus and play my music."

JOHN RUSSELL



Looking After Number One

As Teremoana's second single, 'Four Women', hits the streets for public consumption, the one-time voice behind Upper Hutt Posse and Moana and the Moahunters is approaching her burgeoning solo career with gusto.

Teremoana Rapley first began flexing her vocal chords in public in 1987, as a member of famed Wellington rap outfit Upper Hutt Posse. The band pulled up roots to settle in Auckland two years later, immediately after the release of their debut, *Against The Flow*. Though mostly in the background on the recording, Teremoana's hefty soul voice could be heard in full flight on 'Stormy Weather', one of the album's highlights that suggested better things were to come.

By the turn of the decade, Teremoana was a card-carrying member of Moana's Moahunters, and was performing regularly live, and in the studio, with other local dance/hip-hop crews such as Unitone Hi-Fi, and MC OJ & Rhythm Slave. Despite a Most Promising Female Vocalist Award, picked up in 1991, and a steady stream of self-esteem boosting reviews, Teremoana chose to stayed shielded from the full glare of the stage lights until midway through this year, when she finally made a clean break from the Moahunters. Teremoana says the decision to step front and centre wasn't taken lightly, but made once she realised she had the full confidence to do it.

"Back in the early days, my mind was still being moulded and shaped into whatever it is now. That's eight years of being behind people, and though it's not so much being oppressed, it's people telling you what to do, what to think when you're on stage, what to think when you're doing an interview. I couldn't see how I could develop my own personality with these people still around me. It was about recognising a confidence in myself to know I could do it by myself. I pissed a lot of people off, but it's okay, they're still my

friends, there's no hard feelings."

A cover of Nina Simone's 'Four Women' is the follow-up to Teremoana's first solo single, 'Beautiful People', launched last April. Recorded at York St, 'Four Women' is an overtly sophisticated slice of languid-soul heaven.

"I just love singing that song, apart from the fact I can relate to it in many ways, it's good for me to sing it. [Laughter] It wasn't till I put the song down that I thought: 'Shit! I put skin colour in it again.' People just turn off as soon as they hear 'black', 'brown', or 'yellow'. I don't have a problem saying it, in fact, I like being black! It's never been a bad thing to point out skin colour, people are always doing it with their eyes, but for them to say it with their mouths is like a freaky experience."

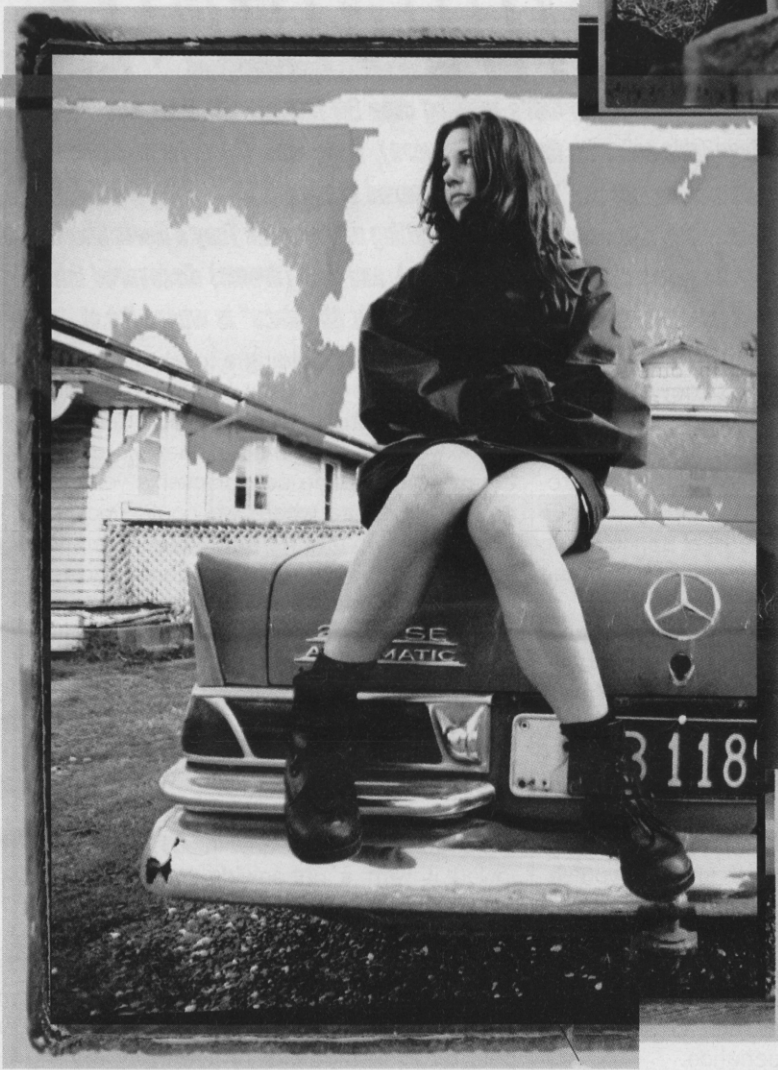
All activity now is focussed on the recording of Teremoana's debut album, pencilled in to take place in January. She plans to work with a variety of people, including Danny D of Dam Native and DJ/producer DLT.

"Because I'm into all sorts of different types of music, I don't want to be held down to having everything sound the same. I'd rather have the option of working with different people."

While Teremoana is very definitely not the type of artist who'll let herself be assembled in the mind's eye of some svengali producer, she doesn't anticipate any problems dealing with overblown male egos in the studio.

"With my stuff, as long as the communication is there between the producer and artist, you can't really go wrong. Now I know what I want, and there's a full-on vision for this album. On my album it's all knowledge of self, and I'll take you on wicked tangents. I don't so much fuck with your mind, I play with your mind and make you think."

JOHN RUSSELL



Live Like this





Nothing's Happening!

A year ago last summer, and Auckland trio Nothing At All! are sitting in the back seat of a van that's zooming over the Newmarket Viaduct toward the city. Returning home after the first leg of the band's second nationwide tour (this one with the Dead Flowers), Tony, who played furious guitar over the previous four evenings, is moved to dismiss the sprawling metropolis before him as, "a shit-hole covered in smog".

Really, he's only describing my neighbourhood, for on a lazy Tuesday in mid-October, I've been brought to a setting not far from Tony's North Shore home, that proves the grass is much greener on the other side. In the four or so years since Tony, Dion (bass), and Paul (drums) discovered this hill-with-a-killer-view high above Castor Bay, they've never once encountered another human being. The "Nothing At All! place" is where it's at.

Just as it would be impossible to explain why so many key people were all in Dunedin at the same time, during the initial explosion of Flying Nun, it would be equally difficult to explain why, in the past two decades, so many of Auckland's 'left-field' guitar bands have sprung from the environs of the North Shore. In the late 70s and early 80s came Blam Blam Blam, Screaming Mee Mees, Arms For Children, and the Dabs, while later on Goblin Mix, Bygone Era, the Battling Strings, SPUD and the Nixons flew the flag. Nowadays, Muckhole, Pacecar and Nothing At All! make up the best of the new breed.

The latter's story begins in 1990, when serial bad behaviour led to Tony's expulsion from Auckland Boys Grammar. At 14, he'd already been bitten by the rock 'n' roll bug through a steady diet of the Pixies, the J  sus and Mary Chain, and Dinosaur Jr.

"I was just discovering music then, and it drove me to want to be able to write songs and play that sort of music. Although, at that stage, I wasn't aware of developing your own style."

The new kid at Rosmini College in Takapuna found common musical ground with Dion and Paul, and Nothing At All! was born. Starting with six members, the group was soon chopped in half, and the trio began writing songs and practicing in earnest downstairs at Paul's house —

much to the distress of the surrounding neighbours. It was obvious they began as they meant to go on.

"Loudness just came naturally. I suppose a lot of it was me trying to compete with Dion."

Forced to hunt for rehearsal space elsewhere, and also on the lookout for someone to help with recording, the arrival on the scene of John Baker and Z Bob, the architects behind the Frisbee recording studio, proved timely. Familiar with Baker from his previous career as frontman with the legendry Pyschodaisies, the two parties struck an immediate rapport, and it wasn't long before Nothing At All! had notched up their first recording, a song called 'Journey' ("I don't know if you've ever heard that. One day it will be a Number 1 single, it's got a catch to it."), and played their debut gig in Northcote with Frisbee bands Smak and Gestalt, in March that year. Tony has crystal clear recollection of the experience.

"That was really scary. I was really nervous, but it was quite natural... I didn't feel out of place, or that people were looking at me in a weird way."

Nothing At All! confined their live appearances to areas north of the Harbour Bridge for the duration of 91 and 92, when they played countless shows in churches, war memorial halls, sports clubrooms and at

parties, steadily building a loyal following.

"We really worked hard to get that fan base on the Shore, and our Shore friends stuck with us even though they were listening to the same set for over a year. It got to the stage where we could stick a few posters up and we were guaranteed to get a good crowd. We were doing shows that were just full-on, like there was a couple of shows that there were stabbings at, stuff like that."

Throughout 1993, Nothing At All! continued to set records for 'the most gigs played', by now having made the journey into downtown Auckland to perform. They recorded the raw and raucous four-song cassette *Loophole* early in 94, and followed it with a nationwide tour in April. Sleeping on floors, the band played every night for three weeks, staying true to Baker's claim, "we'll play anywhere there's a plug". Often they performed to extremely small crowds, and were even paid \$200 in Motueka to keep the amps turned off. Yet, the weird got weirder still.

"Somebody put their shitty underpants in our dope bag. There was a virus that went around, I think we picked it up somewhere in Christchurch. Anyway, somebody shat their pants, and the next morning we went to roll up a big joint, but there was these underpants full of shit in our pot. Therefore, we had to chuck it out

— I wasn't about to smoke it."

With fresh weed secured, Nothing At All!'s remaining main event for 94 was the five week tour with Dead Flowers that delivered them from Whangarei to Invercargill. Upon completion of this outing, having proved themselves masters of brash, speedy, belligerent, pop music, the image that had built up around the band — one, it must be said, not of their creation — threatened to overtake the music. Example: 'Nothing At All!, they're that punk band, just like the Sex Pistols and... Green Day!' Rightly so, the trio wanted no part in the resurgence of designer punk rebellion.

"We never ever decided to play punk music. We did not decide: 'Hey, we're going to be a punk band.' I find it quite weird, 'cause a lot of the stuff we're doing is far from punk, it's just rock 'n' roll. I listen to what they call punk music, but I personally wouldn't call us that."

"When a band gets categorised the first time, it sticks for awhile, so I suppose we'll be known as a punk band for a lot longer yet. It's never really got to me that much, but I don't see why people have to put a name on things. If there's this great band, check 'em out no matter what they play."

This 'not-punk' band released a second cassette, *Busted*, but cut down on live shows during 1995, particular on the Shore, after a string of hassles with the City Council, and the bad behaviour of punters who were attracting the attention of the Police, not only on the ground, but in the air. A show at the Takapuna War Memorial Hall was attended by the Eagle helicopter when the crowd drinking outside the venue grew to what was considered an 'alarming' number.

The fruits of this year's labours are best visible in your local record store, as the band have just dropped their self-titled debut through Festival Records (who are currently negotiating to sign the band directly). *Nothing At All!* captures spirited versions of live favourites 'TV Generation', 'Grand Central', and 'Nothing At All', and reigns in none of the frenzied energy of the band's stage (and sometimes floor) show.

With a third 'pub' tour just completed, they'll see the remainder of the year out with an "all all-ages tour" of the country in December. It's been proven by Supergroove that the way to conquer New Zealand is to relentlessly tour your ass off; Nothing At All! view that as a wise MO, and are also looking toward the bigger picture.

"I'd love to go to a Supergroove level here, that would be awesome, and we all wanna take it overseas and go the whole world over. We've got the stuff, and I don't doubt it for a second. We've got the product and we've got what it takes to do it, all we've got to do is find the people who wanna do it with us."

JOHN RUSSELL

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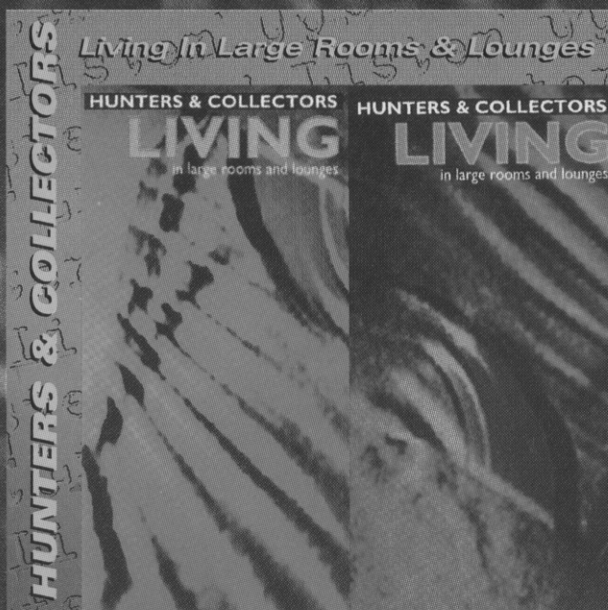
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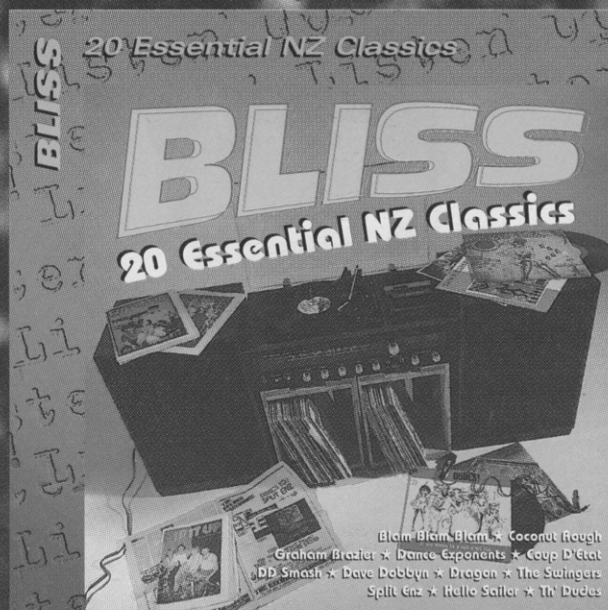




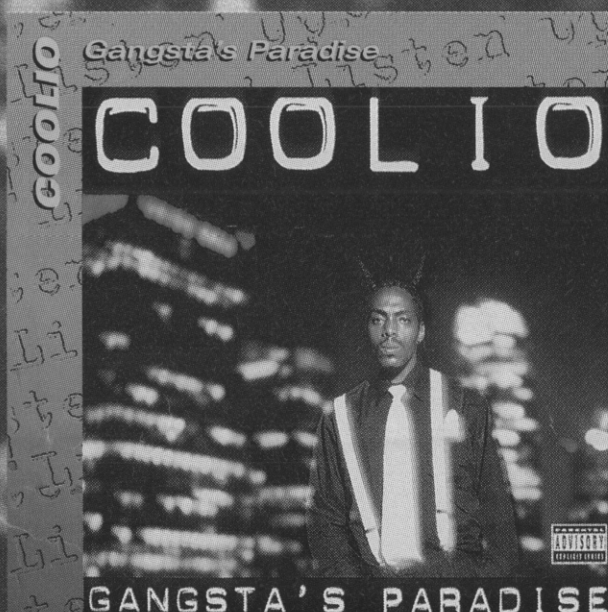
DESIGN



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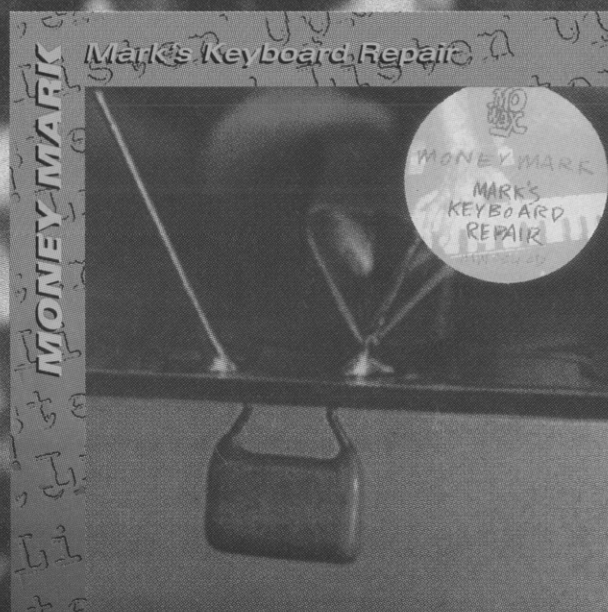


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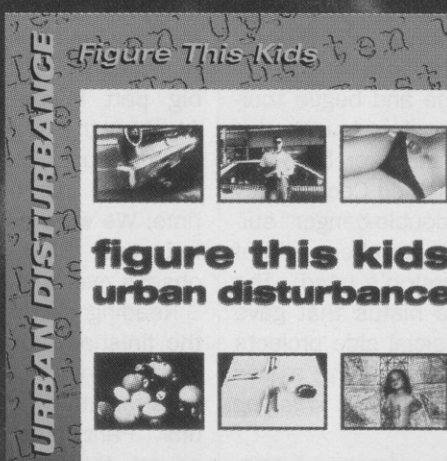
PHAT



21 freaky, trippy, crucial offshoots of scratchy soul and hip-hop with a laid-back vibe from the '4th Beastie Boy', Money Mark. All jammed onto his new album – *Mark's Keyboard Repair*. You like da Beaties? Then you like dis...



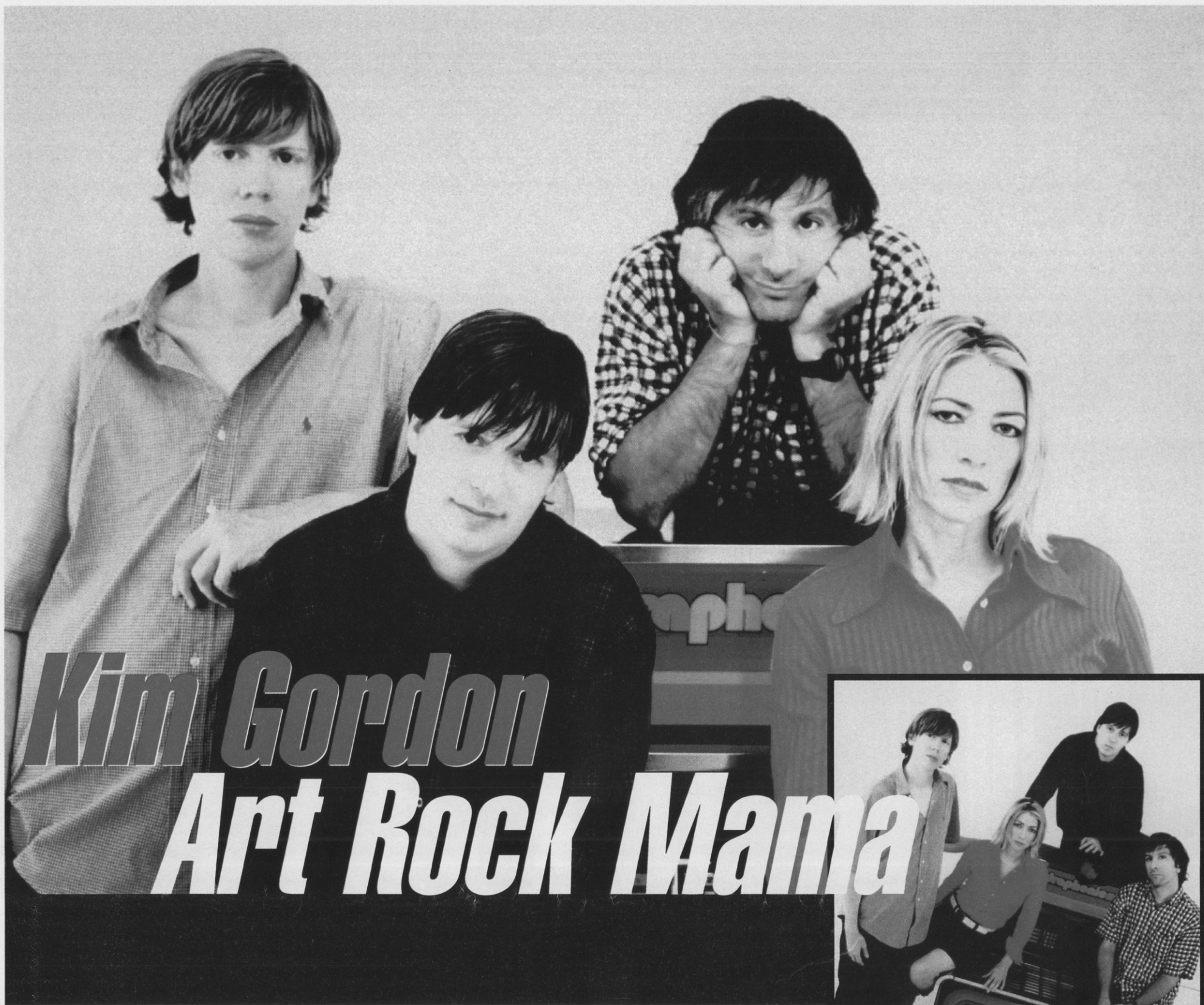
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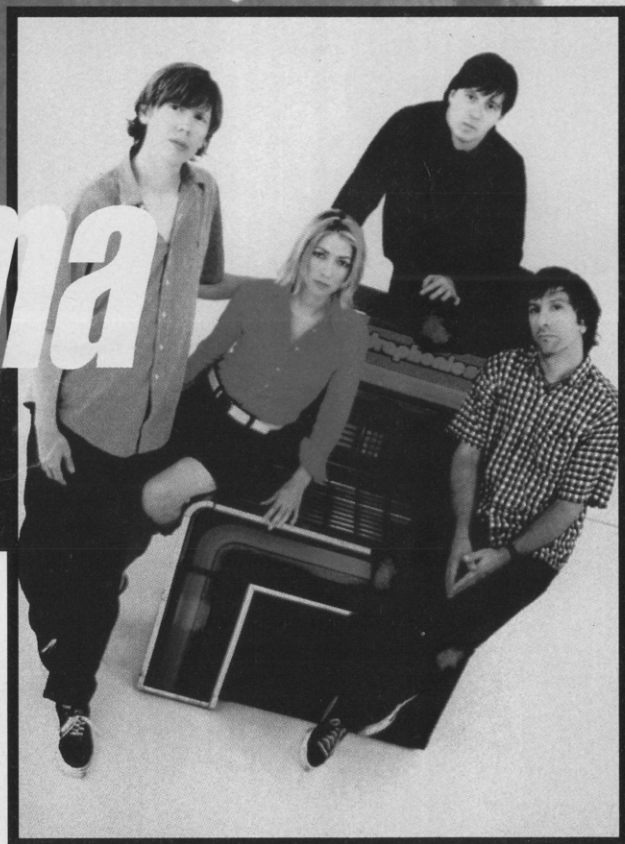
The new EP from 'team disturbance' features the single 'Figure This Kids' plus 5 extra tracks not available on the acclaimed debut album *37 Degrees Latitude*.

IN-STORES NOW!





Kim Gordon Art Rock Mama



The Sonic Youth front has been a hive of activity of late, so I didn't mind being kept waiting half an hour for Kim Gordon to return from a movie (*Total Eclipse*) on a well deserved day off. When I finally connected with her it was around midnight, San Francisco time, which made my being at work at 9PM seem a lot more palatable. Since their last album (*Experimental, Jetset, Trash and No Star*), Sonic Youth have toured with REM, headlined *Lollapalooza*, recorded a new album called *Washing Machine* and begun touring in support of it. Kim has launched a line of clothing (X-Girl), and given birth to a bona fide sonic youth named Coco Hayley Gordon Moore (the double-banger surname boasting the pedigree of one half of her mom and dad Thurston's band). The latter event provided a hiatus that gave rise to a myriad of musical side projects and, in turn, saw the band bring a new lease of life to the recording of *Washing Machine*.

"I think we were sorta refreshed," says Kim. "It was good to take a break from the kind of ritual of putting out a record and touring. When we came to write the new songs, we were really into playing. You always try and start writing music like it's the first time, and it was easier to imagine it."

Kim makes up a third of the gorgeous triple-guitar assault at the centre of *Washing Machine*. She uses a tuning which she also uses in Free Kitten (her band with Julie Cafritz, ex-Pussy Galore), and doesn't pick up the bass once. No one does. As well as returning Kim to guitar duties (which she did a bit of in Sonic Youth's early days), the band returned themselves to production duties.

"We always did it before," says Kim. "We decided to have a producer a few records back just to help organise, because we got tired of sorta bickering. It's easier. But then, y'know, we just really didn't wanna pay the money [laughs]. It turned out okay."

Is the bickering over for the time being? "Yeah, I think so. I mean, well, there's always some, but I think having food distractions and things like that really helps," Kim laughs. (In fact, food played such a big part in the recording of *Washing Machine* that a place called Payne's BBQ even features in the scant thankyou credits.) "We didn't really have that much time. We were so busy before we went on tour with REM, so we couldn't really obsess over things."

Reading a cross-section of reviews for the finished product would be enough to teach anyone not to try and analyse lyrics. As straightforward as two songs in particular, 'Panty Lies' and 'Little Trouble Girl', sound, they've been subjected to some wildly diverse and painfully earnest interpretations. Kim sets the record straight.

"'Panty Lies' — I guess it's about role models and what's expected of you... doing things to get attention, being bad to get attention, how it's fun to be bad. It's really meant to be over the top. I was actually trying to sing it with an English accent [laughs], but it didn't quite work."

"'Little Trouble Girl' — Alison Anders, the director, asked me to write a Shangrilas-type song for this movie she's doing. I think it's called *Grace of My Heart*. She wanted to film a group like the Shangrilas in the studio, so she wanted to have them singing our music. I've always really liked [the Shangrilas'] songs and

definitely been influenced by them — like in songs like 'Tunic [(Song for Karen)]', but they were all sort of morbid, and I wanted to update it to focus on an aspect of girls growing up, how there's this pressure to only be good or be perfect. So, the song's sort of a girl saying to her mom: 'Well, if you don't really wanna know all of me, if you don't wanna know these bad things about me, then you won't know me.'"

Aah, the wonders of adolescent girls. Kim and Thurston are sure to find out plenty about them soon enough. Coco (she's the one hanging off Thurston on the inside cover of *Washing Machine*) is currently on the road with Sonic Youth, and handling it well.

"She likes music a lot. It's funny, when she hears a Bikini Kill single, or something, she really gets into it. She actually hasn't seen anyone too much on stage, 'cause she is just getting used to wearing her earmuffs. She's usually asleep by the time we go on."

Playing last on the *Lollapalooza* bill, Sonic Youth debuted material off *Washing Machine* to a crowd, at the time, entirely unfamiliar with the material, and including many who would never have even heard the band before. Bearing that in mind, Kim believes it went over really well, with the epic 'Diamond Sea' and the title track being particular crowd pleasers. The band had refused to play *Lollapalooza* previously, holding out for the headline slot so they could play in darkness. Kim says the decision paid off.

"We got to have a light show, and our

music is sorta moody, so that was good. And then, most of the assholes left after Courtney [Love] played."

Good feelings aside, Kim says its impossible to gauge anything from a performance at *Lollapalooza*.

"People just go because it's *Lollapalooza*. Really young kids go, and for a lot of them, it's their first concert they've ever been to, and they don't know anything... a lot of them are babies."

The last time I saw Sonic Youth in concert was when they played Wellington's Saint James Theatre in 1993. The choice of venue (a last minute switch) was a bad one, and Kim remembers it well.

"I remember there wasn't really much security, and this friend of ours, this older gentleman, he ended up doing security on stage. I remember kinda worrying about him. It was a really weird, deep orchestra pit. It was pretty wild. It was really dangerous."

When Sonic Youth play Wellington on January 10, next year, it will be in the obviously more suitable Town Hall. They will play Auckland's Logan Campbell Centre the previous night. Foo Fighters take the place of Kim and (presumably) Coco's unavailable first choice of Bikini Kill to make up the double bill at both shows.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON



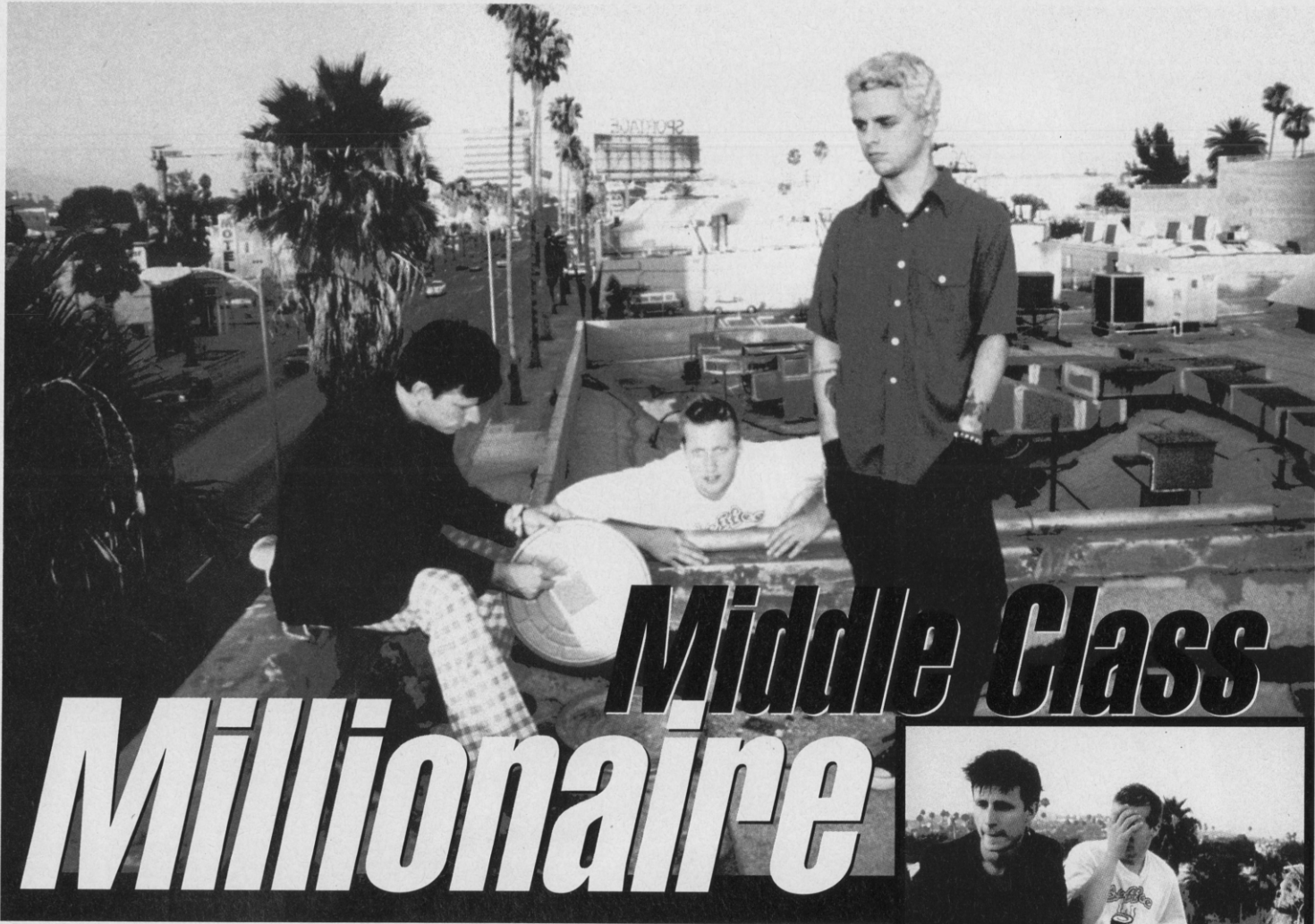
Meat Loaf

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Virgin



An interview with Green Day's Mike Dirnt.

It's not often you get a chance to have a chinwag with a 23 year old squillionaire, but the day Mike Dirnt (bass player with Green Day) called was just such a day. By a fantastic coincidence Mike was the same age as me and, even spookier, he was in the fantabulous pop punk band Green Day whilst I owned one of their albums. By carefully inspecting a *Rolling Stone* cover I ascertained Mike possessed arms and legs just like me! Pretty soon I'd forgotten the yawning chasm Mike's mega moolah may have driven between us and the conversation was up and steaming. Come on and join in, there's no need to be shy.

Part One: Outside the Square Window

Using Mike's eyes I was able to visualise the backyard of a middle class house in a middle class neighbourhood somewhere in California. Here's what Mike saw through the square window (it may have been round).

"My cat and some broken down cars up front. The neighbourhood were I live is very colourful, to say the least. It's a really middle class neighbourhood."

Is it Really Mike?

Well known for his quirky, madcap sense of humour (Mike has ambitions of one day being a stand-up comedian), the question 'Are you really Mike?' has to be asked, just in case Mike's got the janitor to ring. Thankfully, Mike seems able to prove it is he, and provides intimate details should anyone else be placed in the position of wondering 'But are you really Mike Dirnt?'

"I wrote the bass line for 'Longview' on acid, I'm the only one that knows the tattoo on my forearm means marijuana, and I'm talking with broken teeth from *Woodstock*."

Woodstock and Denture Disaster

Here Mike relates that the only thing worse than playing *Woodstock 94* is playing *Woodstock 94* and getting your teeth kicked in.

"It was a dumb show, we went there to see if we could make it even dumber. We went there to make a mockery, of the show and at the fiasco at the end we ended up getting in a fist fight on stage with all the security guards. I ended up

getting tackled and busted a couple of teeth. It was pretty wild. We had to be talked into playing it, it was such a ridiculous suggestion we play."

The Punkiest Thing Since 77 and Hepatitis Horror

Luckily for the accident prone lads in Green Day, not every show ends in as painful consequences as *Woodstock 94*. Thanks to their phlegm spitting antics in Europe, however, some of Green Day's livelier small shows still carry the risk of medical misadventure

"We did one show that was a real punk show in a small club. We were gobbin' back and forth with our friends and the reporter for the *NME* thought it was about the punkest happening since 1977. Now everywhere I go I'm trying not to get hepatitis. I like the English press because it's educated and people read, as opposed to the States, where people are spoon-fed their music by MTV. In 1991, when we toured Europe playing 64 shows in three months, it put us ahead of a lot of bands. For our live shows, going to Europe helped a lot."

Punks? Not Us, No Way, Not on Your Nellie

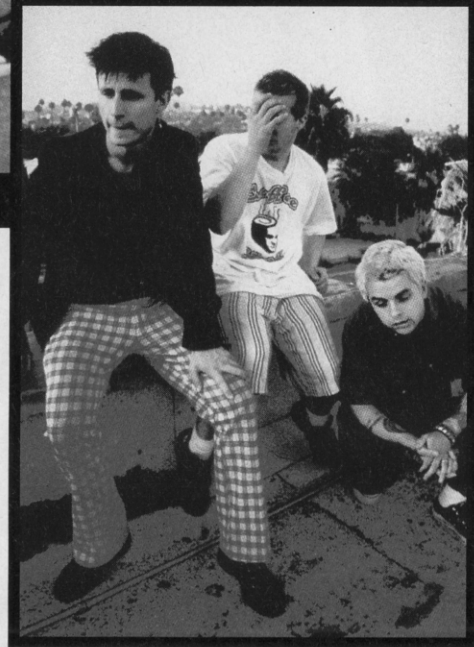
For the affable and agreeable Mike, the only thing that seemed to get on his otherwise calm nerves was any mention of the P word whatsoever.

"We are not a punk band, we're a rock band, the rock band of today. Anyone playing arenas or 5,000 seater clubs and calling themselves a punk band is only fooling themselves. You can have all the punk influence you want, but there's not a punk show I've ever been to with 5,000 other people. I don't think there's that many punks."

Insomniac

Of course, the reason for all this stadium filling is the mega unit shifting (industry biz talk!) quality of *Dookie*. However, the lads have not been resting on laurel wreaths, and in a short space of time have already got a short album (half an hour) called *Insomniac* out.

"I don't think this album is for candy-asses. I think this album could be con-



strued as *Dookie*'s evil twin. It's a play-at-the-highest-possible-volume type record, or when driving really fast. If you're living close to neighbours, it's a play-at-higher-than-highest-possible-volume to piss your neighbours off."

Beat on Da Brat Wiv a Baseball Bat

"*Insomniac* touches on some subjects that people don't like to hear about. The song 'Brat' is about a college student waiting till their parents die to get their inheritance."

Mixed Reviews

Are Green Day still Popsicle of the Week with the kids? If they aren't, Mike isn't too bothered.

"The new album's out and we're getting mixed reviews all the way from it's brilliant and people loving it, to MTV playing clips of some kid who probably hates us anyway saying: "*It sucks*." I think this album is moving us in the direction I want to move, and that's getting rid of these fucking morons who don't get us in the first place. At this point we could afford to lose a few."

On Being Wickedly Dissed

Despite appearing affable, lovable chaps, not everybody loves the Green Day boys. Grumpy old punkers seem to find Green Day almost as easy a target as poor old Mr Jello Biafra.

"People hear the name Green Day and they totally blow off any lyrical content whatsoever. They heard *Dookie*, didn't like it. I hear something I dislike, I ignore it, as opposed to going out and slagging it. At least we're putting things out for people to have an opinion on."

Part Two: Fantabulous Green Day Facts

Here's some surprising facts for you to cut out and keep (should you want to muti-

late this glorious magazine). Some are to do with Green Day, whilst others deal more exclusively with Mike.

Sweet Children Vs Green Day

"We were called Sweet Children but we grew out of that. We won't grow out of Green Day any day of the week. We're 23, we are no longer Sweet Children."

Youthful Influences

Just what sort of sounds did Mike check out when he was sweet 16?

"A lot of local bands like Neurosis. I listened to the Replacements and Hüsker Dü. I didn't have a stereo till I was 19."

Previous Employment

"I moved out of home when I was 15 and got a job as a seafood cook, which lasted about three and a half years."

Fashion Statement

"I don't ever want to be a fashion victim, I just think the only pants that fit me are from the 1970s."

Hobbies

"I get on my motorcycle and ride my 1980 Suzuki 450. I wear a helmet, but if I get up in the woods I take my helmet off."

Most Admired Person

"My stepfather. He fucked up for years and years, but he instilled a lot of values in me before he died, and I thought at the end of his life he had it figured out. Bob Mould is a person I respect. His musical integrity and intentions never wavered, he put out what he had to put out. I have a lot of respect for musicians who don't have images."

Favourite Bands

If these bands were playing in Mike's neighbourhood, he might check 'em out, if he knew... perhaps.

"I'd go and see Weezer and the Muffs. I don't know shit about what's up and coming."

Time Machine Question

Finally the trivia question that has to be asked. What year would you zip off to should you chance upon a fully working time machine?

"1963. My car was built then. It's a cheap old Melba. I keep it around and work on it. 1963 was an inspirational time in rock and roll. I like the music and clothes."

Part Three: Potential Controversy

As the interview was winding down, Mike started quizzing me on bands from New Zealand and Australia. Although he hadn't heard of many, there was one band Mr Dirnt knew very well...

"This Silverchair stuff sucks It just sounds like Southern rock. If you ask me, you could take that band, you could take Pearl Jam, you could take the whole lot of that shit from Neil Young's corner of the States and grind it up and spit it out. I bought *Harvest* 'cause everyone said it was great. They couldn't pay me to listen to the whole thing through."

Get Those Pens Ready!

Oblivious to the fiery passions and prolific prose that can result from these sort of statements, Mr Dirnt hadn't quite finished giving vent to his opinions on the state of modern rock...

"Offspring sound like Boston to me. Old, horrible, 70s rock."

KEV LIST

Green Day play Auckland's Logan Campbell Centre on February 15, 1996.

Waiting to Exhale



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Big Mac

An interview with Ian McCulloch.

“We’ve come to pay respects to Kurt Cobain. We’ve come to worship at the altar of grunge,” jokes Ian McCulloch from Seattle. He’s actually on tour with his new band, Electrafixion, which sees him reunited with his old Bunnymen writing partner, guitarist Will Sergeant. They’re trying to crack America, something Echo and the Bunnymen didn’t manage.

“We never cracked it, but we got pretty big,” explains McCulloch in his best scouse accent. “We were playing to 10,000 people in most cities. We were never stadium, but we never wanted to be stadium rockers, and our last album did 40,000 here, which is pretty good, considering alternative music hadn’t broken through on the radio.

“Typically, with the Bunnymen, just as we finished alternative radio went through the roof. We were biggish, and crackin’ it is such a weird concept anyway — is it selling one million, two million, five million records? But we’ll crack it big this time.”

Along with the likes of Hüsker Dü, REM and the Smiths, Echo and the Bunnymen were one of the few things that saved the 80s from being a total rock ‘n’ roll wasteland.

“It was terrible,” McCulloch agrees. “At the time people were saying: ‘It’s not a great decade,’ but I never saw that because I was in the Bunnymen, and I thought just with having us it was the best decade in the world. I felt we justified the 80s being there. But looking back, it was shit. I saw recently on TV some advert for compilations, and *The Sounds of the 80s* had Banzai and Wang Chung, all manner of crap.

“There was nothin’ shaking. People would say U2, but it was so pompous, and even if they wrote the best songs in the

world, Bono’s such a knobber that you couldn’t take it seriously. The way he did everything was so overblown and unfunny. Yeah, the 80s was frightening, the way people looked. In the 70s people looked better than that.”

By the late 80s Echo and the Bunnymen had petered out, with Sergeant and McCulloch at each other’s throats. Mac left and released a couple of solo albums, the first of which, *Candleland*, had some poignant, soul searching in response to personal tragedy.

“I love *Candleland*, a great record I made for me and friends and fans that cared about me as a person rather than a rock role model. Weird things happened to me just prior to writing *Candleland*; my dad had died, the Bunnymen died, it was a heavy period. But I wasn’t down, I just felt aglow with emotions I hadn’t felt for a long time. It was a great time in a way, in as much as I lost me dad, I felt he was around me.”

Electrafixion’s debut album, *Burned*, couldn’t be further from *Candleland*. Its 11 songs barely let up, with Sergeant and McCulloch in a born again mood that may be too one dimensionally aggressive to have the psychedelic majesty and mystery of a *Crocodiles*, but its almost psychotic vitality is hard to resist.

“That was the whole thing of getting back with Will — we knew we could feed off each other, and it would be ringing with vitality and say to people: ‘We never got old, we were never like those other bands, we were the Bunnymen and there’s no reason we can’t make an exciting rock record at 36.’ Neil Young seems to get away with it without people questioning it too much. I think it’s got more obvious vibrancy than any of the Bunnymen stuff. We wanted to come out blazin’.”

Johnny Marr is co-credited with a couple of songs on the album, the result of a collaboration with McCulloch that goes back a couple of years.

“That was arranged through a mutual friend at the beginning of 93. Johnny and I had met a few times in 80s, and he’d said to the boss of my record company that I was the best singer at least in Britain, and possibly the world.

“So, he was interested in producing my next record, and then it evolved into co-writing, producing and playing on it. It was a prolific time as well, as we were churning stuff out, and most of the things we did worked, and it gave me my confidence back. Johnny kept saying: ‘You’re a star,’ and that might be shallow, but it’s good to hear all that shite.”

But the tapes of the McCulloch-Marr collaboration were stolen...

“From a courier van in transit from Manchester to Liverpool,” adds McCulloch. “It was all shrouded in mystery and intrigue. And these were great songs. A lot of people didn’t believe we did anything, but ‘Lowdown’ and ‘Too Far Gone’ on *Burned* showed there were songs Johnny and I had written.”

Surely the tapes will turn up as a boot-leg?

“Yeah, but it was all fishy, and between you and me, and because you’re in New Zealand, I don’t think they were stolen, but that’s the official word.”

Now McCulloch’s back writing with Sergeant, his life has turned full circle. Are you difficult to work with?

“We both can be, but since we started Electrafixion it’s been easier. I used to be difficult for him to work with, not when it came to the work, but I’d be late, or I’d be too much in control for Will. In the past he thought I was directing too much, but I’ve

always felt you have to have someone deciding which are the best bits of music to go with.

“I’m good at getting Will to play guitar, and deciding what’s fantastic and what’s best to go with it. We’ve got a good working relationship now, as there’s no fear of anyone outdoing each other. We’re there for the cause of the band, so there’s no: ‘He’s coming up with more than me, so I won’t like his next three.’ So it’s much healthier, it gets things done.”

So, it’s good being back in a band environment?

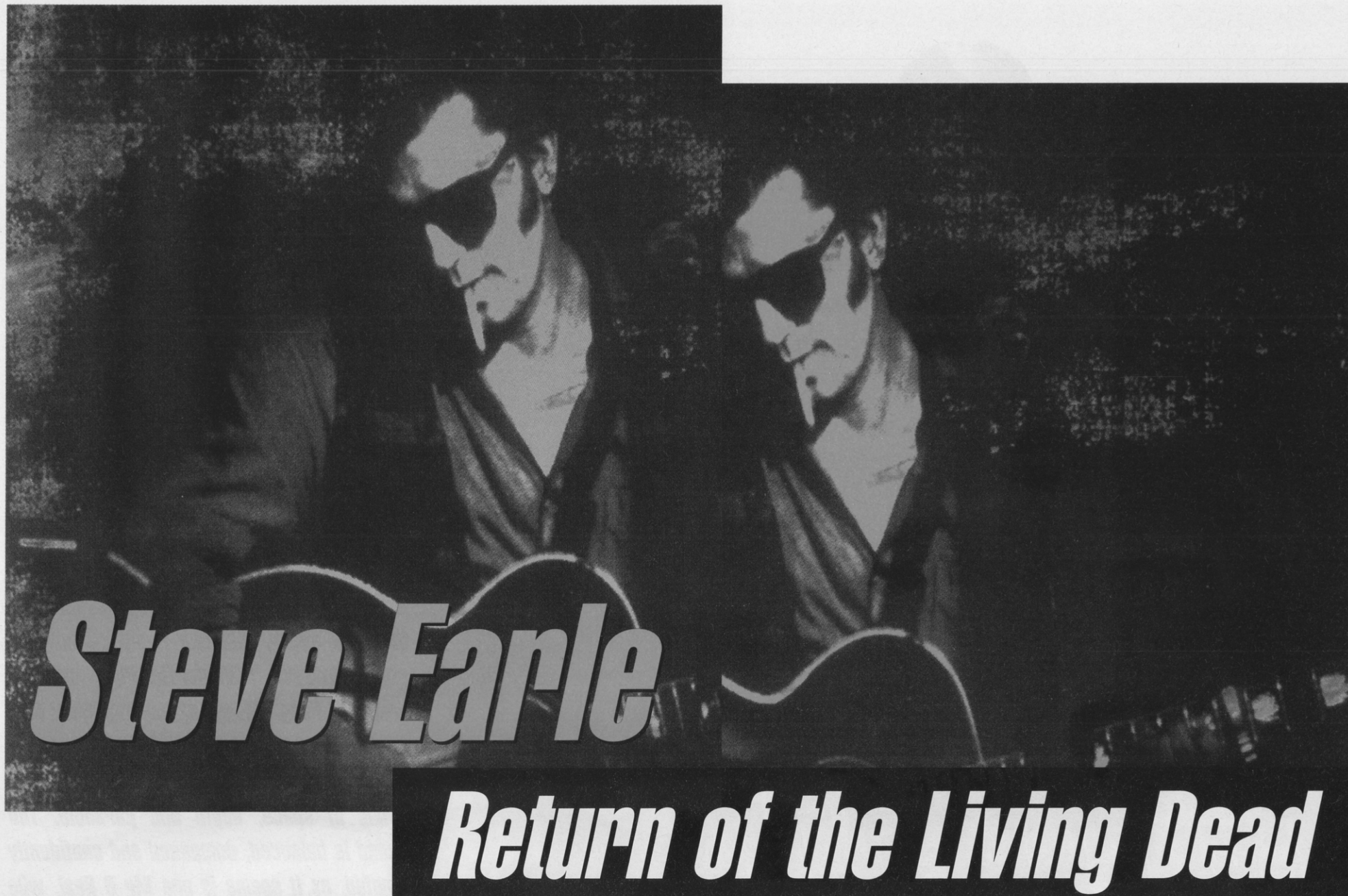
“I love it, it’s what I’m all about, being a leader of men. Like going into battle, it’s great. I feel I’ve got something that gives the whole thing focus and direction. I love the fact we’re in a band together and people look to me to get things going and lead it.”

Electrafixion’s *Burned*, then, is McCulloch’s band resurrection devoid of the Bunnymen’s psychedelic salad. It’s a tour of what’s been going on in his head these last five years, and that is?

“Aah, I suppose, alcohol and drugs, and that can confuse you and leave you asking: ‘Who’s been sleeping in my head?’, ‘cause I know for sure it wasn’t me.’ Confusion, and coming to terms with still not knowing who the sod I am. I know who I am when I’m on stage, but when the Bunnymen finished, part of me felt I had to find out my true normal self off stage. Maybe I thought too hard about it, as all through the solo period I didn’t feel like a star. I’ve felt like a star since I was 13, and I feel like a star again, I feel content.

“Someone asked me: ‘What’s it like being a rock star?’, and I said: ‘If anything, I’m a star.’ A star is a weird word, but I feel I’m glowing again.”

GEORGE KAY



Steve Earle is back from the (near) dead, both personally and professionally. Just a year ago, that announcement would have been about as likely as the French government turning peacenik, but the continuing rejuvenation of this bad boy country-rocker is a welcome sight. As has been well documented, especially in a typically sensationalist piece in *Spin*, in early 1995, Earle's drug addiction and increasingly serious brushes with the law had reached a point where he seemed inevitably destined to wind up in a jail cell or a coffin. Drug possession charges had seen him do time in 1994, and the outlook looked bleak for the singer/songwriter who had such an impact on American roots music in the 80s, via such classic albums as *Guitar Town*, *Exit O* and the fiery *Copperhead Road*.

Earle seemed to have lost his way down the hard rock road with the uneven *The Hard Way*, and after the flop live album *Shut Up And Die Like An Aviator*, he was dropped by his long time label, MCA.

For the last couple of years, the rumour mill out of Nashville was working overtime with tales of a destitute and drugged out Earle sinking into oblivion. With typical bluntness, he now claims: "Whatever anybody heard, the truth was worse, and it really isn't anybody's business!" He can now ironically refer to this period as "my vacation in the ghetto". The infamous *Spin* piece still does anger him.

"I know that writer. When he started the article, I was still on the street and still using, before I went to jail. He was going to publish it whether I lived or died, and by the time it appeared I was clean, out of jail, and trying to get things going again. A lot in that article isn't true. People who really knew me wouldn't talk to him, and people who talked to him hadn't seen me, because nobody saw me then! What bothered me most was he drove up my driveway and bothered my wife and kids while I was locked up. I think I got the word out he shouldn't try that again!"

Success will be Earle's best revenge upon those who sought to pronounce him dead and buried. The comeback has

begun with him cleaning up his personal act, kicking his habit, and releasing a superb new album, *Train A Comin'*, earlier this year. The latter saw Earle return to his roots musically, for it's a sparse acoustic album, light years away from the high octane guitar assault that drove his late 80s work. As he stressed in the liner notes, however: 'This ain't my unplugged record — god, I hate MTV!' Many of *Train's* songs in fact date back to Earle's late 70s country/folk period, and they include homages to such diverse influences as Texan bard Townes Van Zandt, the Beatles and reggae (a haunting version of 'The Rivers of Babylon'). Three superb new songs indicated that his much missed muse had begun to burn brightly again, and in our recent interview he sounded optimistic about his creative future.

This scribe has interviewed Earle a number of times over the past decade, and it was pleasing to note the traditional feistiness of the fast talking renegade had returned. A recent TV appearance showed that he's put a few pounds around the middle, but, more importantly, that his distinctive voice is getting back into shape. Earle begins our chat by explaining he's proud of *Train A Comin'*.

"It's the record I wanted to make a long time ago. I always did acoustic songs, and always wanted to make an acoustic band record. It was always just never the time at MCA, but now no one could really tell me not to do it!"

"Logistically, it was real easy to make. We [core band of mandolin player Peter Rowan, guitarist Norman Blake and bassist Roy Huskey] just got together and picked for five days. A few overdubs and mixes, and that was it."

Release on Nashville indie Winter Harvest has prevented it getting a huge push, but Earle sees it doing "pretty well".

"It will have a little less appeal than the average record with the Dukes [his earlier band], and some people aren't going to get it. I mean, *Nebraska* isn't the biggest selling Bruce Springsteen record, but it's my favourite, and he told me it's his

favourite record."

Enhancing a couple of cuts on *Train* are the compelling harmony vocals of Emmylou Harris. In turn, Earle got to sing backing vocals and play guitar on Harris' version of his 'Goodbye' on her brilliant new album, *Wrecking Ball*.

"That was a lot of fun," says Earle. "I saw Larry Mullen [U2], who I knew and has always been a fan of my stuff and hillbilly music in general. And the fact Emmy would even consider doing one of my songs is a compliment. The two favourite cuts I've ever had covered are both by Emmy — the other was 'Guitar Town'."

The pair have a serious mutual admiration thing going on.

"He's one of our great artists," Emmylou told me in a recent interview. "*Train* is a terrific album. I play it a lot."

Obviously keen to get back in the swing of things, Earle has already recorded another new album, due out in early 96.

"It's called *Silvertone*, and all 12 songs are mine — written in one eight month period. As I wrote the songs, we went into the studio and recorded two or three at a time. That's a little different way to make a record for me, and I really enjoyed it. This is a four-piece combo record, rather than the seven-piece band kind of record I've always done."

Long time Earle fans will be pleased to note ace guitarist/producer Richard Bennett returns as producer for most of the album.

"The best way to describe *Silvertone* is, I distilled it down to the kind of band I used to play in when I was first in bands — two guitars, bass and drums," says Earle. "Mainly because of the songs, this may be the closest thing to a pop record I've ever done. It's the most melodic batch of songs I've ever had."

"Lyrically, there are less story songs than I've probably ever had on one record. They're more personal, more relationship driven. Every third record or so you tend to look inwards, and for a lot of reasons this record tends to be more about me than other people."

Whether people speculate about Earle's

always volatile life (at 40, he's been married six or seven times!) based on those songs is of little concern to him.

"People can draw whatever they want from them. The only thing I worry about is the legal baggage I've got to clear up. I'm off probation in another month, but I've got another old charge I pleaded guilty on. I've done real well on my probation, so there shouldn't be any problem. But I'll worry about that before I worry about what people who don't even know me think of my personal life!"

Silvertone will appear on a new label, Mutiny, formed by Earle and fellow Nashville artist Ray Kennedy. They're seeking a distribution deal with a major label, and Earle sees this as a way of keeping his creative freedom. The mainstream Nashville country establishment has never known quite how to handle Earle, and his no-bullshit stance has often alienated the suits on Music Row.

"As a producer and a partner in this label, I may end up doing more damage and making more noise than I ever could as an artist," says Earle, who has just finished producing a new Mutiny band called the Viceroyes. Besides, he's not keen to be linked with a country music scene he rightfully calls "the worst I've ever seen in 20 years of living in Nashville".

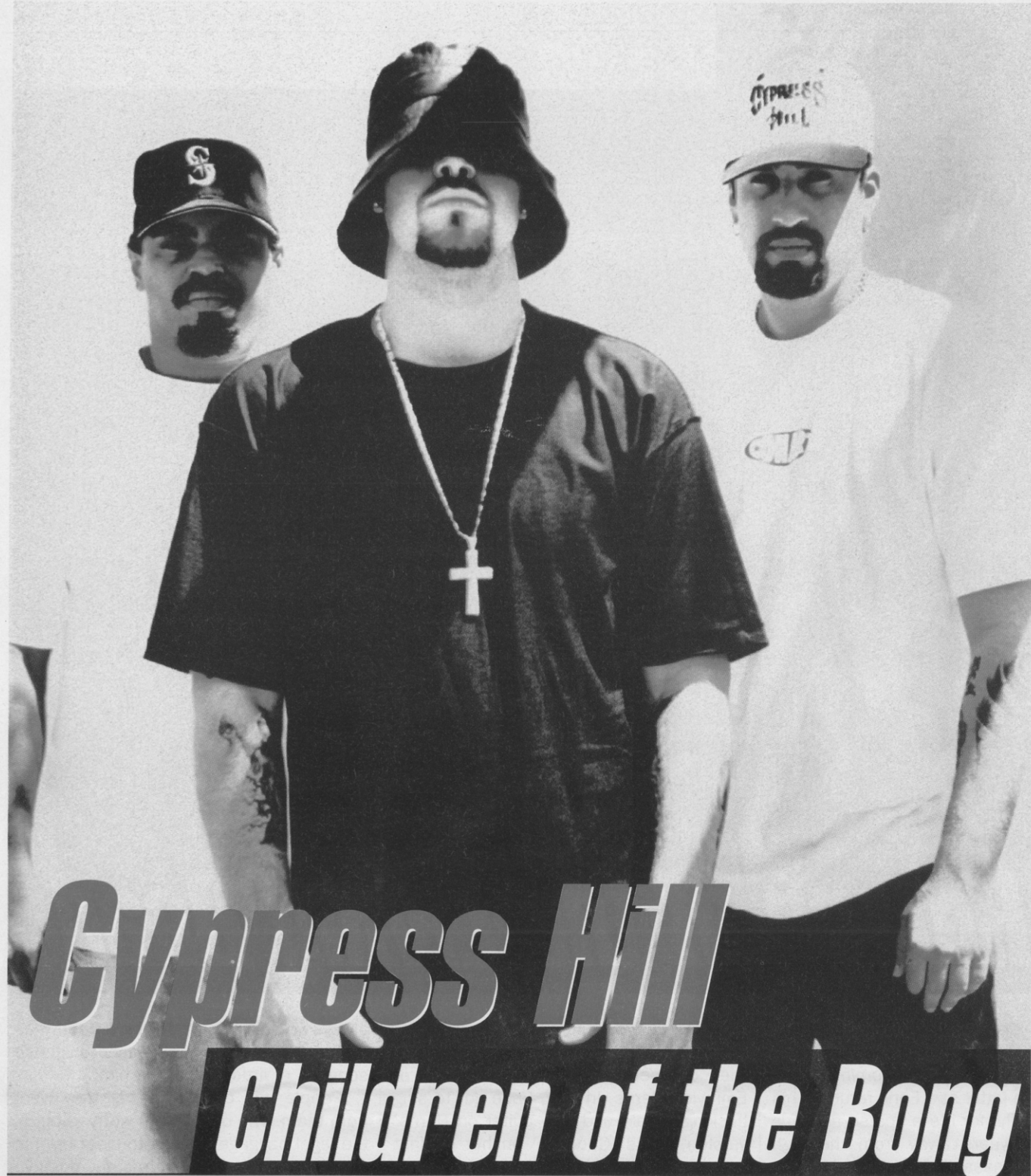
"But there are a few people here doing things not tailored to country radio, a little group that is getting more important in the context of the music biz here, and I think that's healthy."

As well as getting his personal and creative life back on track, Earle has been able to indulge his addiction to speed (not the chemical kind) on the racetrack. In a recent interview, John Hiatt mentioned seeing Earle, previously known as a fanatical Harley lover, driving a race car in a celebrity race they were both in.

"He was joking that he can't get a real driving licence," Hiatt recalled. "'The only kind I can get is a fishing licence,' he said, holding it up, but he can drive on a track."

Long may he rev!

KERRY DOOLE

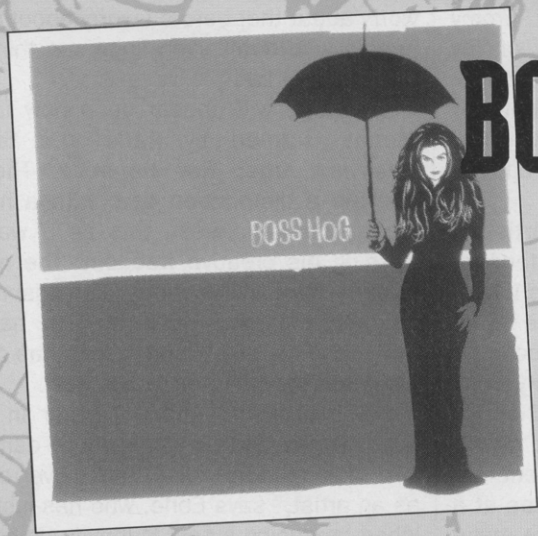


Cypress Hill

Children of the Bong

Cypress Hill, remember them?

Well, the stoned loco Latinos are back and, in hip-hop, to come correct with a third album is not common. Their first album caused a bit of a stir — a violent, pot-fuelled portrayal of inner city, living delivered by two rappers with nasal drones and a DJ with a talent for rough scratchy music infused with Latino jazz. They struck a chord and blew up big with both hip-hop headz and the white kids in the suburbs. They were also responsible for the current trend in hip-hop to brag about how much weed you be smoking. The second album, *Black Sunday*, sold twice what the first did, but even the Hill admit it was a rush job, and it was seen by many as a disappointment. There was no real progression from the first album, although it did contain the stoner anthems 'I Wanna Get High' and 'Hits From The Bong'. Muggs apparently spent time to get it together for the third album, and it shows. *The Temples of Boom* has an eerie sense of space, depth and paranoia. The sound is balanced, composed and confidently blunted, as it seems is one Mr B Real, who calls right on time for a rap about blunts, beats and beatdowns. He sounds tired and drained, but then, rappers are notorious for having a, shall we say, unenthusiastic attitude towards media reviews.



BOSS HOG

Boss Hog

Obscenely cool purveyors of fine filth invented by Cristina Martinez and the legendary Jon Spencer (of the Blues Explosion). Since 1989 the ex-Pussy Galore pair have anchored the Boss Hog line-up who brought you 1993's *Indie Girl*+. "This band brings the velvet of blues to the snarl of punk." *Bay Guardian*.

DON HENLEY

Actual Miles, Henley's Greatest Hits

The finest moments in Don Henley's solo career plus three brand new tracks 'You Don't Know Me At All', 'Everybody Knows' and 'The Garden Of Allah' (Sheryl Crow on backing vocals). Tracks include 'Dirty Laundry', 'The Boys Of Summer', 'All She Wants To Do Is Dance' and 'The End Of The Innocence'.



NEW YORK UNDERCOVER

Funky Soundtrack

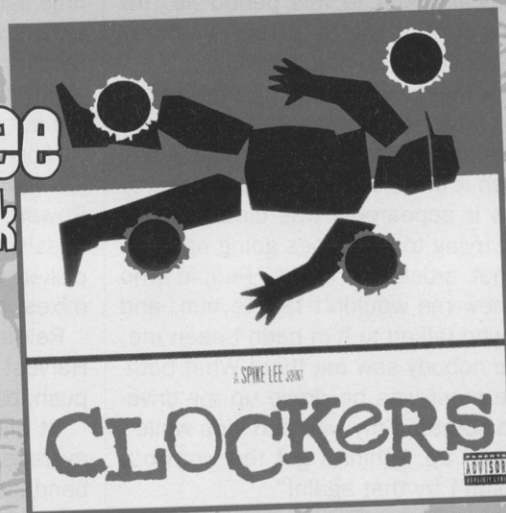
This album was compiled by former Uptown boss Andre Harrell and features Mary J. Blige's '(You Make Me Feel Like A) Natural Woman' and soulful tracks by the reunited Guy, Hailey Brothers (Jodeci's Jo-Jo & K.Ci), Little Shaun, Al B. Sure, Mavis Staples, Gladys Knight and Chante Moore. Watch out for New York Undercover on TV3 in 1996.

CLOCKERS

Spike Lee

Movie Soundtrack

Seal 'Bird of Freedom', Des'ree 'Silent Hero', Buckshot Le Fonque, The Crooklyn Dodgers, Marc Dorsey and Mega Banton feature on the movie soundtrack. The Spike Lee directed movie stars Harvey Keitel, Delroy Lindo and John Turturro.



MCA GEFEN

In 95, hip-hop's self affirming battle cry has been to 'keep it real'. Where did you get your name, and what does it represent for you?

"My name goes back to when I was bangin'. It just represents being me, not trying to be someone else, you know, no gimmicks, just be real. That term ['keep it real'] has been overused and misused. We don't even associate ourselves with it. Usually the people who are saying 'keep it real' are the ones who ain't."

What about the 'Paid in Full' mentality? Is it wrong to concentrate so much on the materialistic money aspect? Is hip-hop losing sight of its spirituality and art, such as breaking and bombing, which seems to have lost out to gangsta ideals of 'bitches and money'?

"To us, music is the most important thing. If you make good music, then people will like it, you'll sell records and you'll get your money. The hip-hop industry is vital as a means to get paid for a lot of niggaz and Latinos that don't have a lot of other options. If you're just making music for the money, with no love for it, then people can see through that. And I'm to old for breaking, I forgot all my moves!"

In what seems to be the hip-hop cliché, you dropped out of school and fell into gang banging. What was it like to live that lifestyle, and how did you get out?

"Intense, you never knew what was going to happen. It was like rolling the dice — maybe you win, maybe you lose. It was a bad time, you know. I was selling drugs and just not thinking about what I was doing to people. One day I rolled the dice and got shot, which starts to make a brother think, and not long after that Muggs and Sen Dogg convinced me to start a group with them."

In hip-hop, at the moment, it's fashionable to smoke and rap about dope, but before you guys came out, hip-hop was pretty much anti-drugs. What happened?

"I think everyone's just jumped on the bandwagon. People are always biting our shit, but dope is dope, if you like it, smoke it."

What about the politics of legalisation? You are a spokesperson for NORML, so you obviously support it. What effects do you think it would have on society?

"Well, I'd like to see decriminalisation, not legalisation. If it were legal, then you don't know what they are going to put in it. You'd have the government and big companies putting chemicals in it, like they do with tobacco, and that's not what it's about."

The new album is called *The Temples Of Boom* which relates to the group's love of chronic and music. Can you elaborate?

"The studio is our temple and everyone's body is their temple. It's just a kind of concept, you know. When you're listening to our album you're locked down in the Temple of Boom."

Your music can be described as paranoid, bleak, ominous, blunted and, er, dark. Where does this darkness come from?

"Just the kind of lives we've come from and are leading. It's a dark world we're living in. Are we paranoid? I'm just aware of my surroundings. Some people get jumped because they are not aware of their surroundings, and where I been, that shit goes down, OK. So, if you're leading a certain lifestyle, you got to watch your back. That's not paranoid, that's smart."

On 'No Rest For The Wicked' you dis Ice Cube. Wassup wit dat?

"We had let him hear 'Throw Your Set In The Air' a long time ago, and he asked if he could put it on the *Friday* soundtrack. We said no, because we wanted to save it for our first single. Two months later, we're listening to 'Friday', and there's a lyric that goes: 'Oh, yeah, throw your neighbourhood in the air,' and he titled Caution's album *South Central Los Scandalous*, which is also from 'Throw Your Set'. He ripped off our terminology."

Have you spoken to him about it?

"Yeah, he denied it. That's typical though, no man wants to admit he bit another man's shit"

Do you expect a rebuttal?

"I would expect nothing less, he has to. He's got to know this is like a war. It's not just gonna be, he says something, we say something. It's not gonna be over until he either admits he bit another niggaz shit, or one of our careers is over."

After all the talk about this album being better than *Black Sunday*, now it's out, what has the reaction been, how do you feel about it, and will there a fourth?

"A lot of people are saying it's more like the first album, and I think its a stronger album than one and two. At the moment, we all have a few side projects happening — Muggs is doing a lot of producing and remixing, I'm working on an animated movie I've written called 'Psycho Realm' — but yeah, at this stage I think there will be another album."

Thanks, B Real. Anything else we should know about?

"Yeah, Cypress Hill will still be in effect for 96. Watch for the Hill tour coming at ya."

ANDY

Reel News

Sticking in the literary mode, **Leonardo DiCaprio** follows his role as Jim Carroll, in forthcoming film *The Basketball Diaries*, by stepping into the shoes of Arthur Rimbaud, in *Total Eclipse*, which co-stars **David Thewliss** ... eager to prove he's more than simply sex on a stick, **Brad Pitt** gave himself a home haircut for his part as a wealthy eccentric activist in *Twelve Monkeys*, a time-travel tale directed by **Terry Gilliam**. Pitt follows this up with a part in *Sleepers*, based on the book by Lorenzo Carcaterra. The story follows four friends whose lives take different paths after their harsh experiences as juvenile delinquents. The Pittster will also co-star alongside **Harrison Ford** in *Devil's Own*, which is about a cop who unknowingly shelters an IRA terrorist ... **John Travolta** is joined by **Rene Russo**, **Gene Hackman** and **Danny DeVito** in the screen version of Elmore Leonard's book *Get Shorty*. DeVito also produces, and **Barry Sonnenfeld** directs ... filming has begun on **Jane Campion's** adaptation of the Henry James novel *Portrait of a Lady*. The cast includes **Nicole Kidman**, **Barbara Hershey**, **John Malkovich**, **Christian Bale**, **Mary-Louise Parker** and **Martin Donovan** ... **Anjelica Huston** is to reprise her Best Supporting Actress Oscar winning role in *Prizzi's Honour* in the prequel, *Prizzi's Family*. She will also be reunited with ex-husband **Jack Nicholson** in **Sean Penn's** *The Crossing Guard* ... an American remake of **Pedro Almodovar's** *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* is on the way ... **Kenneth Branagh** will direct and act in a film adaptation of *Hamlet* ... **Jeremy Irons** and **Melanie Griffith** have signed up for **Adrian Lyne's** continuously delayed remake of *Lolita* ... **Robert DeNiro** will star in *Affirmative Action* as a cop who gets tangled up with a bunch of LA right-wing extremists ...

Liz Hurley will join **Leslie Nielsen** for the action spoof *Spy Hard* ... the 'it' girl of the moment, **Sandra Bullock**, has just finished filming *Two if by the Sea* with 'Asshole' man Denis Leary. She has also signed on for *A Time to Kill* ... following the recently completed *Beyond Rangoon*, **Patricia Arquette** will play an English woman in *The Secret Agent*, based on the book by Joseph Conrad and co-starring **Gerard Depardieu**, **Bob Hoskins** and **Robin Williams**; the wife of physicist Richard Fienman, who helped create the atom bomb, in **Matthew Broderick's** directorial debut, *Infinity* (Broderick also co-stars); and take a place in *Spanking the Monkey* director **David Russell's** forthcoming farce, *Flirting With Disaster*, which co-stars **Ben Stiller**, **Mary Tyler-Moore**, **George Segal** and **Lily Tomlin** ... **Spike Lee's** newest film, *Girl 6*, stars **Theresa Randle**, **Madonna**, **Quentin Tarantino**, **Debi Mazar**, **Naomi Campbell**, **Richard Belzer**, **Peter Berg**, **Halle Berry** and the director himself ... **Clive Barker's** new film is *Lord of Illusions*, starring **Scott Bakula**.



Jim Carroll & Leonardo DiCaprio

You need nothing else.

You need self cleaning tread :
because the great outdoors
shouldn't come inside.

You need super sure grip soles :
because to command your
surroundings you need to stay
upright.

You need a range of Flavours for different tastes.

You need waterproof uppers :
because nature has a heavy
rinse cycle.

You need quick release straps :
because life is a sequence of
opportunities and speedy
get-aways.

You need moulded inners :
because a foot that is
hugged is a foot that feels
loved.

You need breather vents :
because bad smells are not
things to collect.



All Terrain Machine

Black, Sage



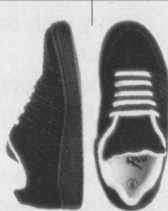
Otter

Black, Navy



4x4

Black, Forest, Slate,
Tan, Burgundy



K-Shoe



Bowling Shoe

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AUCKLAND

Simon Grigg's Jack the House Top Five

- 4TH MEASURE MEN**
'The Need' (US Bold 12")
MK makes his annual essential record, complete with a dubby Van Halen mix.
- TODD TERRY**
'A Night In The Life of...' (UK Hard Times dbi LP)
He might not be god, but he comes damn close with this live set, unique.
- MASTERS AT WORK**
'Masterworks' (UK Harmless triple LP)
These guys have defined house in the 90s, which makes this an essential collection for those without the singles.
- MIKE DELGADO**
'Sunset Park EP' (US Freeze 12")
Magnificent, moody, atmospheric, deep funk for house purists.
- FRANCES KEVORKIAN**
'The FK EP' (US Wave 12")
The original garage pioneer takes us on a dubby, trippy, discofied journey. Single of the month.

WELLINGTON

DJ Clinton's Top Five Movements

- FELIX DA HOUSECAT**
'The Chaos Engine' (Touche)
- SILENT PHAZE**
'Psychotic Funk' (R + S)
- STREET CORNER SYMPHONY**
'SCS (51 Hot Mix)' (Open)
- DAVID HOLMES**
'No Man's Land' (UK Go Disc)
- SPEEDY J**
'G Spot Remixes' (US Plus 8)

Goosebump's Organic Sex Grooves For Long Summer Nites

- NIGHTMARES ON WAX**
Smokers Delight (Warp)
- SMITH AND MIGHTY**
Bass is Maternal (More Rockers)
- SINGERS AND PLAYERS**
Golden Greats Vol. 2 (On-U Sound)
- TEMPLEROY**
Deaf and Dumb (Different Drummer)
- ROCKERS HI FI**
Rockers to Rockers (Island)

Conspiracy's Five Future Funk Floor Fillers

- FUNKY PORCINI**
'King Asabanapal (Dillinga Remix)' (Ninja Cuts)
- DJ FOOD**
'Fungle Junk' (Ninja Tunes)
- DJ HARMONY**
'Remixes Part 2' (Moving Shadow)
- ATOMIC DOG**
'NBK Rebirth' (Unknown)
- WAGON CHRIST**
'Pull My Strings' (Rising High)

CHRISTCHURCH

Silp Matt/Obl Wan's Hard to the Core Top Five

- DJ EDGE**
'Edge 16' (Edge Recordings)
- ROUGHAGE 5**
(Time Unlimited Recordings)
- DELTA 9**
'Hate Tank' (Drop Bass Network)
- MIDWEST HARDCORPS 2**
(Drop Bass Network)
- VARIOUS**
Gabber Disco Volume 2 (Shockwave Recordings)



MC OJ & Rhythm Slave have been a big part of the New Zealand hip-hop scene (yes there's a scene!) since their humble beginnings as innocent 17 year olds with a love for blunts, beats and spray cans. Nationwide fame came with hits like 'Money Worries' and 'The Marijuana Song'.

Hey Otis...

"Wassup?"

What do you think of your early stuff now?

"Some of it I'll listen to and think: 'Ouch, that's bad, but I've got no shame, we were really young, you know. It's been an evolution to get where we are now.'"

Which is an inner city cafe (suspiciously enough, the same cafe that features on

the front of the *New Groove* acid jazz compilation, hmmm...) But back to the matter at hand.

Who are Joint Force?

"Joint Force is me, Slave and shock DJ DLT. It's weird, a lot of people are still saying: 'Joint who?,' but after a couple of singles and videos, people will work it out. Joint Force is like starting again for us, which is cool, with the advantage of having some history."

Joint Force have released the *One Inch Punch* EP, produced by DLT. A big step forward, it's a much harder sound than previous songs as 'OJ & Slave'. The single, 'Static', was a hard hitting, interference drenched media attack. Other tracks include some dreadwise dub and some

Jamaican dancehall flavour.

"We love dancehall, it gives me the warm fuzzies. Give me a blunt, a big system, some Buju Banton, and it just does my head in. Since we love dancehall so much, we thought: 'Why don't we try and do some?'"

So they did. The 'Burntime' remix single is the happy result, featuring some free flowing Caribbean flavour, and some tropical toasting à la Otis. Is that melting vinyl I can smell?

"Yeah, the single will be out on vinyl featuring DLT's smooth instrumentals, limited to 500."

Say no more, I'm down. 'Burntime' is out now.

ANDY



A Decade of Def Jam

become Russell Simmons' favourite record.

Eventually, through a bit of divine intervention from the big rapper in the sky, Russell and Rick hook up at a club called Danceteria. In order to protect their investments and promote their artists, Rick suggests they start their own label. Each man fronts \$4,000 and Def Jam is born.

'I Need A Beat', by LL Cool J, was the first Def Jam release, featuring LL bragging over Rick's stark production. It was, of course, an immediate smash. Next up on the hit list were the infamous Beastie Boys. Their first big rap hit was 'Rock Hard', which was based around a slamming AC/DC drum beat.

After this initial success, Columbia Records began to take an interest in this new musical phenomenon, and they cut a deal to help market and distribute Def Jam around the world. In late 86, the Beastie Boys debut, *Licensed to Ill*, was released and went AWOL, quickly going triple platinum. Chuck D had to be convinced to join the label, but Public Enemy became a potent political force, and with the platinum *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back*, claimed a place in rap history with one of the best albums of it's decade.

A major factor in the success of Def Jam was their street knowledge. They were able to successfully manage rap acts as well as market them. They coached their artists on everything from how to talk to the press, to what to record and what to wear — remember Run DMC and Addidas?

By 1987, Def Jam had single-handedly

changed the face of popular music and made millionaires of its founders. The original partnership of Rick Rubin and Russel Simmons had, however, started to sour. Rick had grown bored with rap and wanted to get back into producing more rock acts. Russell was leaning more to the r 'n' b tip, and a compromise seemed unobtainable. In 1988, Rick and Russell dissolved their agreement and Rick moved to LA to form Def American. Russell, meanwhile, together with Lyor Cohen, who had started to manage Rush, reorganised the structure of Def Jam. Lyor came up with the slogan 'Is it good for the logo?', ie. did it fit the Def Jam image? The label regained its focus.

In 1993, Def Jam parted with Columbia and Polygram stepped in. With recent signings such as Warren G, Redman and Method Man, Def Jam are still a potent force in hip-hop as they reach their tenth anniversary. With a milestone like that, it's only appropriate they should mark the occasion with a four CD compilation of 10 years of musical highlights of history in the making. LL Cool J, Public Enemy, The Beastie Boys, Slick Rick, EPMD, Redman, Method Man, Montell Jordan and many more are all present, with some of rap music's finer moments. Not much else to say really, except hold it now hit it and fight for you right to party, 'cause I'm a rebel without a pause, I can't live without my radio, I'm that type of guy who loves an around the way girl to bring tha noize, so fight the power and throw ya gunz, 'cause its black steel in the hour of chaos and mama said knock you out, 'cause this is how we do it, motherfucker. Peace.

ANDY

dance massive

shoot the dj

'Tis the season to be jolly, tra la, la, la, la, ha, ha, ha. Merry fucking Christmas, everybody. Still, for those of us with jobs, any excuse for a holiday is welcomed with open arms. And you know its summertime when D'Angelo walks into the office in shorts, so no chance of a white Christmas. But hey, who am I? The weatherman? The next millennium edges ever closer (a word of advice, not a good time to start reading Nostradamous; and besides, he was wrong, okay?) and another night of New Year's celebrations beckons. I ran into a couple of the *Entrain* people, they're back from overseas to organise a three day New Year's festival, including the *Entrain* rave experience; and yes, it will be in the Nelson area, so look out for the flyers. My pick for New Year's though is the Number 1 Champion Sounds Party in Welli, more details below...

AUCKLAND

The city is really starting to cook as the happy abandonment of summer madness starts to creep into the air (where do I get this crap?). **BPM Records** has opened, providing a fine assortment of vinyl delicacies, an espresso machine and the coolest tats in the country courtesy of my best buddy, Five. Cruise by on December 10 after 12PM, as BPM are having a record sale, which consists of various Auckland DJs selling their collections. Could be worth checking out. BPM also hosted a demonstration of the new **Numark Sample Mixer and Beatkeeper**, demonstrated by Nick McGeachin of Numark Stateside. Check out the hardware column for details on this stunning new piece of DJ technology ... it's hard to find, but **Camouflage** has started every Thursday night at the Box, with Stephen and Aaron playing murderous drum 'n' bass at full frontal volumes, wear camo' gear and get in free ... Auckland's jungle massive are starting to buzz with **Drum 'n' Basswise V** — the **Goldie double CD release party** at Bob on December 2, and the imminent arrival of premier UK junglist

Nookie, who was to play here this month, but has been delayed until February. He will play a three hour set at Bob. Also expect a visit by **Looking Good** label head and artist **L TJ Bukem** earlyish next year ... **Joint Force** had a release party for their new 'Burntime' remix single, watch out for limited vinyl copies ... **Vision On** went off at Squid, with two floors of blissed out groovers shaking it to the soundz of goa trance and deep house, nice one Clarke. Can't wait for the next one later this month ... not so much rockin' as chillin' is the new **Chill Bar** on Ponsonby Road — black pool tables, outside courtyard, a seven day late license and laid back DJs on the ambient hip-hop tip, including the likes of Stinky Jim, DJ Sam and myself. It's sure to be the hangout for summer ... November 18 saw three parties hit town: the **Basement Theatre** celebrated their opening with a dance party, thanks Hamish, **Immersion** lit up the Powerstation, and the second **Shaka Vara** went off bigtime ... for those in Auckland for New Year's, the big do is the **Millennium** party organised by (surprise!) Nick D'Angelo. It will feature the Headless Chickens, a retro room, and various local DJs. Being the cagey bastard that he is, D'Angelo is staying mum on the venue ... the **Soultrain** hip-hop vibe has moved to Shakers in the Downtown square on Wednesday nights, with DJ Andy Vann ... long time Box resident **Rob Salmon** is off overseas for a bit of a look around, and is having a goodbye party on December 15 at the Box. It's called **Reach Out** and will feature anthems from the past five years with lasers by Steve Green. The new Box resident DJ will be **Albion**, and **Nathan Haines** will be deejaying (what?!) in the Ice Box all through December ... the next **Brain** will be at the Powerstation over two nights, January 26 and 28, so mark your new diaries.

NAPIER

Good Buzz Productions are back with another party. Get the phunk down to **Alien Phunk** on December 16

with Anatomic, Andee, Conspiracy, and a live trance set from **Alphold** and **Aspen** in the hard room. Also, live congos and didgeridoo in the percussion room, liquid love in the ambient room, and phunking phunk in the phunk room. Tickets from Soul to Sole, Bellini Hair, Flipside and Cyberculture — lookout for the alien logo. All aliens with peaceful missions welcome.

WELLINGTON

New Year's party people in the house take notice 'cause the **#1 Champion Sounds Party** will be fully rocking in the Edward Street Precinct. Featuring three dance areas and 15, count 'em, 15 DJs from Da Fonky Monks, Roots Foundation, Headstrong and several others, including Clinton and Conspiracy. Rest assured this will be one to remember. All bases are covered, so expect everything from reggae, hip-hop and dub, to jungle, house and techno. Pre-sales available at Real Groovy (Auckland), Galaxy (Christchurch), and usual outlets in Wellington ... **Flipside** have moved, and are now located at 42 Willis Street — bigger premises means bigger stock, means more vinyl. They are also selling cheap(ish) SL12s, and some flash Numarks in a cunning plan to sell even more vinyl. Andy and John, the Flipside likely lads, welcome mail order enquiries, so drop 'em a line ... **Jungle: The Party** was hosted by **Cybernetic Industries** at Bassment 45. Wellington's first, fully drum 'n' bass party was emceed by the larger than large **Apollo**, with selectors **Conspiracy**, **Mu** and **Omni**. Unfortunately the party was marred by a brawl outside involving (surprise!) some clueless homies, and the Police shut it down around 3.00AM. Look for mark II early in the new year ... **Cybernetic Industries** bring you **Cyberdrome V** for Xmas Eve — the V is for 'vibes' ... the luscious ladies of Wellington are getting ever more hot turntable action with Flic, Midge and Sista Mary of the **Babes in the Hood** crew doing battle against the **Sporting Poets** at Tatou ... Simon of **Obscure** is on the net, check him at <http://NZ.com/webNZ/Obsecure>.

CHRISTCHURCH

Innerphaze Lazer Systems are organising a rave to promote their new laser called **Labyrinth**, and will be at the Civic Centre ... big night for December has to be **The Quickening**, happening in a big grass clearing on top of the Port Hills (The view, the view!). Brought you to by **Technical Knockout**, it will feature Riddle and Pots (Auckland), a live ambient set by **Threshold of Silence** and Christchurch DJs **Slipmatt/Obi Wan**, **Pylon**, **Crybaby**, **Solid State**, **Ruben 8**, and **Shaft**. It starts at 4PM with ambience, picnics, and a hacky sack competition. Twin head argon lasers til sunrise ... **TKO** present the **DJ Slamm Series 01**, first in the once a month series is a big club night on Xmas Eve (last Saturday of every month thereafter). Huge Christchurch DJ line-up, all ages and licensed, at **Ministry** ... all drum 'n' bass connoisseurs nationwide should give Geoff at **Echo Records** a call, as they can now get just about anything you could wish for, with heaps of hard to get exclusive labels like Good Looking, Metalheadz, Moving Shadow, Photek, Spotlight etc. Call Geoff on (03)366-7410 for the bomb jungle breaks and tell him Andy sent ya.

And just to hand... **RipItUp** gets netwise early next year ... **Little Annie** has been delayed due to recording commitments. Expect New Zealand dates mid-96 ... the **Mo' Wax** tour has also been delayed, but don't panic — New Zealand dates July 96. Watch this space for (blunted) confirmation early next year ... expect a **Rockers Hi-Fi** tour early March ... **The Lost Techno Tour** (Jeff Mills, Derrick May etc....!) hopefully in town March 96 ... so that's it y'all. Much love to Conspiracy, Goosebump, Simon G, and Slipmatt for helping out. January issue is out late December, so I'll try and get more New Year's details for it, and there will probably be a best of the year type affair. If you gots something I should be mentioning give me a call at work on (09)358-2320 before December 11. C Ya.

ANDY (DJ8)

Bumps of the Month Selected by DJ8

DAVE CLARKE

Red 3
(Deconstruction)
UK techno producer and all around good guy Dave is now signed to deconstruction, and has finally unleashed the third installment of the lethal *Red* series. 1 and 2 were instant underground classics, and this is more of the same. 'Storm' is a brutal slab of hard house featuring some doomsday lyrics, while 'Red 3' is another mission into hard, infectious, distortion led, ruff edged techno. Storming mate, absolutely storming.

GENIUS/GZA

Liquid Swords
(Geffen)
The latest solo attack from the Wu Tang Clan, this time its the Genius with the untouchable RZA on production providing the beats. And what a potent sonic sword-fight it is too. Lazy, stuttering beats are dragged out of some deep, dark abyss and slowly tortured with murky samples and menacing keyboards. Lyrically, the Genius drops wisdom about the evils of record labels, the perils of not keeping it real, and complex tales of the latest kung fu Wu crew exploits.

VARIOUS

Freezone 2
(SSR)
Very good compilation of some very cool stuff from some very diverse artists. Everything is here, from trancey, minimal house and techno grooves, to meandering dub, and some breathtaking drum 'n' bass from LTJ Bukem and 4-Hero. Spread out over four records that fit together very nicely indeed, this is what you'll be hearing in the more discerning bars this summer.

VARIOUS

Intelligent Minds Of Jungle
(Reinforced)
One of the better drum 'n' bass compilations around, with classic tracks from Nookie (soon to DJ in New Zealand) and Tek 9, whose 'London Something' says it all really. Also in full brain scrambling effect is the Goldie/Guy Called Gerald team-up 'Energy', and plenty more. Pure uncut aural speed.

mo' better beats

MATTY J RUYS

Deeper
(EMI)
So this is where our own 'red headed one' has been the last few months — deep in the studio recording his debut album. Clearly a lot of time has been spent writing and recording this, it shows in the depth of lyrics (reproduced in full) and the superb production. Producer Mark Tierney, having cut his teeth on his own Strawpeople, is now producing a funk and soul sound the equal of any studio in the world — which explains why EMI New Zealand choose to single release Ruys' version of the Marvin Gaye classic 'Cruisin'' over that of D'Angelo (no relation), (well, actually...). An excellent debut, with a smart mix of dance, soul, and ballads. It stands on its own amongst overseas releases and should do well in the cut-throat Christmas market.

BOYZ II MEN

The Remix Collection
(Polygram)
Another dead cert for the Christmas market — these guys have sold more records than I've had hot dinners. Currently guest vocalising for everyone from Brandy to LL Cool J, they are the band that saved Motown from decline. This is a good collection of hits old and new, re-released in 'remix' version. None stand out as overly great, but readers will know I'm kinda negative on their sound anyway. This explains why the best track for me was 'Vibin'', with Treach, Craig Mack, Busta Rhymes, and Method Man freestylin', and Boyz II Men relegated to background vocals only.

DENI HINES

It's Alright
(Festival)
Mmmmmmm. Very nice, very smooth. Deni's been round a while, and although major chart success has eluded her, it hasn't stopped her from being recog-

TROUBADOR E.S.C

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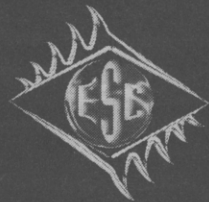
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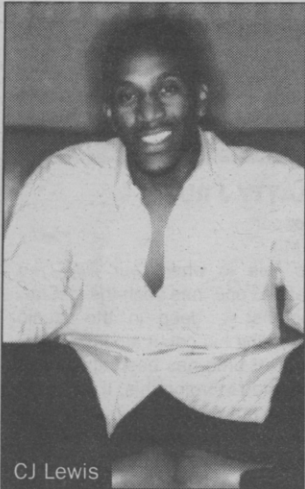
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CJ Lewis

nised by the industry as a great vocal talent — like her mum. After taking time out to regroup, she's back for another crack at the success she deserves. Quite frankly, I prefer this to anything put out by Margaret Urlich. Much funkier and much better.

MATT GOSS

The Key (Polygram)
Wow, is this the solo relaunch of one of 80s popsters Bros, or has Michael Jackson finally achieved his goal of looking white? Considering his pop success as one half of Bros (or should that be a third?), it's no surprise he can come up with a pop hit for the 90s. Harmless Euro-pop with an arrangement that left me wondering when he was going to sing the 'I Owe You Nothing' bit. Sure enough, the chorus breaks out into 'I need the key'.

HYPER LOGIC

Only Me (Polygram)
More hi-energy Euro-disco techno, this time lifting U2's 'New Year's Day' for it's hook. Four mixes to choose from, of which Red Jerry's is most interesting.

CJ LEWIS

R to the A (MCA)
CJ Lewis loops 'And The Beat Goes On' by The Whispers for his next hit. Yes, you can bet this will be all over the radio like Mel Griffiths on Antonio Banderas (what does he see in that old tramp?). Sweet pop with a ragga edge, this is co-produced by Yo Yo, who adds a nice hip-hop twist. (Jungle mixes also included)

GROOVE THEORY

Tell Me (Sony)
A smoothed out mid-tempo R&B guaranteed to keep your head bob-

bing. A fine example of the medium produced by people who clearly know their stuff, unlike some other pop pap that passes for R&B these days. Smooth.

DREAMWORLD

Movin' Up (Festival)
Hi energy Euro-disco. The lyrics are inane but the beat is good, so this pop song could well fill a few club floors for a week or three. Additional mixes give the groove more room to breathe, with all tastes (pop to trance) catered to.

LA BOUCHE

Fallin' In Love (BMG)
Can't recall who did this first, but this remake is sweet enough. Harmless radio/disco fodder, with a 90s update including ye olde rap break. No less than eight mixes to choose, from so one is sure to please, if not more.

DE JA VU

De Ja Vu (Festival)
No, not the Sydney nightclub, but two old guys having a go at the club sound. Not bad either. I'm guessing they come from a rock background in their youth, and that gives their sound a fresh edge — nice use of guitar. The production is good, the lyrics slightly 'out there', and five mixes to choose from.

ERASURE

Stay With Me (Festival)
Simple piano, lush strings, synth beats, and strong vocals combine to satisfy fans. I'm not big on Erasure, but there's no denying the power of this ballad. It's backed with the trancey 'True Love Wars'.

YOUNG LAY (Featuring MAC MALL and RAY LUV)

All About My Fetti (Festival)
Ghetto style nigga-bitch rap with a phat rolling beat to keep your head noddin'. Lyrically interesting, this track just about sums up my attitude towards those pussy ass Auckland bedroom DJs who talk big about how phat they are, but when given the chance to prove it at October's DJ Mix Championship, they chose instead to sit on their fat bitch asses. Wellington smoked your asses good, so you can shut up about how you could've won it if you'd entered.

NICK D'ANGELO



DE'LACY

Hideaway (Deconstruction)
An original song by Blaze is licensed by Slip 'n' Slide, remixed by Deep Dish, who shoot it to the top of the dance charts, and then passed on to Deconstruction for mass distribution through BMG. So, after all the hype, is it any good? Well, yeah, a big vocal song using some feel-good Washington beats, organs, synths and epic breaks adds up to a Deep Dish epic and the 'K Klass Klub Mix' is quite nice too. Very good, if you like that sort of thing.

UP YA RONSON

Lost In Love (Polygram)
Up Ya Ronson are a group of UK house promoters, and in order to further increase their empire they got a bloke called Sam to sing a love song, and got big names Sasha and Graeme Park to do the remixes. So, after all the hype, is it any good? Well, yeah, a big vocal song with Sasha on the trancey house tip and Graeme Park out in the garage. Again, very good if you like that sort of thing.

TRICKY

Pumpkin (Fourth & Broadway)
Tricky makes haunting, complex, paranoid music and the media have turned him into a bit of a pop celeb', which has no doubt just fucked him up further. Pumpkin is a haunting song sung by Alison Goldfrapp, who sounds quite a bit like Björk. There's also a mellow drum 'n' bass remix of 'Brand New You're Retro' by Alex Reece, which is very strange. And it does sound oddly retro, largely because of a weird guitar riff which is in contrast to the 'we are the future' samples. Apparently Goldie doesn't like it because he feels that this is the wrong direction for jungle, but then, its not like he owns jungle, right? There's also a weird track called 'Moody Broody Buddhist Camp' and an 'Ambient Mix' of 'Pumpkin'. It's all a bit bizarre and introspective, and apart from the Alex Reece mix, I don't really like it.

C+C MUSIC FACTORY

I'll Always Be Around (MCA)
To be blunt, David Cole, one half of the Factory, is dead, but the third album is on the way and this

is the first single. It's nothing like the adrenalin rush that was 'Gonna Make You Sweat', but then, this is more of a slow jam. Anyway, its basically a smooth slice of commercial pop, and as such it's a good example of the genre, featuring a fine vocal and crispy tight production. There's also five mixes to choose from, meaning something for everyone.

DJB

NIGHTCRAWLERS

Let's Push It (BMG)
About three years ago, some bloke whose name I forget was given an unknown song called 'Push the Feeling On' to remix. He was pissed off and in a hurry (again I forget the details), but he banged out a five minute remix and called it the 'Dub of Doom'. One instant huge smash later, here comes the poppy cash-in album. It's basically a pop-house album with the same bloke singing about stuff like love and dancing on every track. Strangely enough, it's very unremarkable, and a slight lack of ideas is shown by the fact five of the songs use the same organ riff from the 'Dub Of Doom'! Hold the anchovies, Batman, I smell a rip off! Commercial clubs and chain stores will love it.

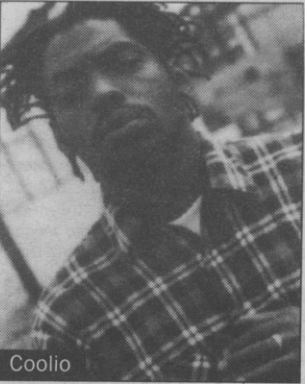
TRANSGLOBAL UNDERGROUND

Interplanetary Melttdown (Nation Records)
This is a very nicely presented collection of the best remixes of Transglobal Underground tracks. TGU make good dance music, very much on the tribal, conscious, world vibe tip, while always maintaining a cool credibility which perhaps outfits such as Deep Forest have lost. My favourites are the wobbly Rasta trance of the 'Dreadzone Mix' of 'Lookie Here', the massively, stompingly tribal, 'Kris Needs Mix' of 'Slowfinger', and the hip-hoppy 'Lionrock Mix' of 'International Times', complete with a rap (well, it's almost a rap), sirens and scratches. Also in the area, Sabres, The Drum Club, and Youth. 'Watch the skies, keep looking.'

VARIOUS

Nervous Hip-Hop: Continuous Mix by Kenny Dope (Nervous)
Nervous are a New York label who release house, trance, hip-hop and ragga (represented by different Nervous characters). Kenny Dope is one half of the production/DJ duo Masters at Work, who have released countless classic hip-hop/house tracks and remixes

to commercial and critical acclaim. For this compilation, Kenny Dope has picked some of his favourite Nervous hip-hop tracks and mixed them together for a lesson in Nervous New York hip-hop. There are some hardcore classics included, such as Funkmaster Flex's 'Six Million Ways To Die', and Mad Lion's 'Shoot To Kill', Smif-n-Wesson and Black Moon also represent. Kenny's mixing is on point, the beatz is killer, ain't no filler so this must be a winner.



Coolio

COOLIO

Gangsta's Paradise (Liberation)
Coolio is without a doubt a charismatic entertainer. His funky dreads, keen fashion sense and bug eyed stare have made him a large hip-hop personality. He's appeared in magazine fashion spreads and other hip-hop videos such as Tupac's 'Temptations'. Y'all remember 'Fantastic Voyage', which was just that, a bomb hip-hop track that became a worldwide summer party anthem. Well, da man is back with his second album. *Gangsta's Paradise* is its title and the name of its first single. Sure enough, it's a catchy hip-hop track that went straight to Number 1 here in Aotearoa. Unfortunately, nothing else comes close to the 'Gangsta's Paradise' single. The album seems to lack charisma, depth and any sense of hip-hop punch. But don't take my word for it, all you Mai FM types that are keeping the single in the charts will probably dig it, but check it out first.

THA DOGG POUND

Dogg Food (Death Row)
The much anticipated new album from the Death Row stable has come under attack in the States from a certain former Secretary of State, C Delores Tucker, for its 'gangsta content'. This is great publicity for tha Doggs, although a new Death Row album featuring Dre production and Snoop guest spots is always going to big, proven by the fact *Dogg Food* entered the US album charts at Number 1! The album is produced by Dre and Dat Niggä Daz, featuring rhymes from Daz, Korrupt and Snoop. Musically, it's on the same smooth G-funk tip as *The Chronic* and *Doggy Style*. Lyrically, the Pound are on some straight gangsta shit, so the gatt toting, blunt smoking, big ass bitch mentality is here, but if you don't take it too seriously it's entertaining as hell, and W Balls FM makes a welcome return. Highly recommended as a summer drinking album.

KRS ONE

KRS ONE (Jive)
This is the eighth, count 'em, eighth album from the teacher/blastmaster KRS ONE, and is one of his strongest yet. KRS is one of rap's hardcore heroes, preaching lyrics of education, spirituality, respect and positivity. He formed projects such as Stop the Violence and HEAL (Human Education Against Lies). On the other hand, some albums feature 'gatt trax', and him and his boys once beat down Prince Be of PM Dawn. All that aside, this a slamming album, straight from New York's mean streets. KRS produces some of the album himself, and brings in DJ Premier for three tracks of premium phatness. The subject matter takes in everything from wack emceez, to how to be a successful rapper, and is, of course, intelligently written, featuring guest spots from Channel Live, Mad Lion, Das EFX and Busta Rhymes.



Carleen Anderson, Young Disciples

If you like your beats ruff, rugged and raw, then get on down for another hardcore dose of reality.

THE NEW GROOVE

16 Acid Jazz Essentials, Volume 1 (Huh!/Polygram)
Personally, I got bored with acid jazz compilations a few years back, but they are essential as hip cafe/salon soundtracks. So, I shouldn't be surprised to discover this album's cover features a photo of several lovely Auckland posey types hanging out in my favourite cafe. I was, however, surprised to discover this compilation was co-ordinated by Box/Celebre/BPM/Huh! main man Simon Grigg. Damn, Simon, you've done a pretty decent job, mate — a bit safe, perhaps, going for old favourites like 'Trust Me' by Guru and the Young Disciples' 'Apparently Nothing', but I can't front they're classics. With the inclusion of awesome songs from Portishead, DJ Krush and Massive Attack, things are really getting interesting. As for my pick for best track, our own Nathan Haines with 'Lady J'. Hip cafe types, take notice!

DEF JAM MUSIC GROUP

The First 10 Years (Def Jam)
Hard to believe, but Def Jam have been soundtracking America's urban decay (and its right to party), for 10 years now. First releases such as 'I Can't Live Without My Radio' and 'I Need A Beat', by LL Cool-J, were raw, yet charming, with LL innocently bragging over a stark drum beat. In 1987 Public Enemy dropped 'Rebel Without a Pause', featuring some incredible production from the Bomb Squad. PE records became synonymous with sirens, samples, scratching and guitars, a literal wall of noise underpinned Chuck D's relentless and ferocious attacks on the government, the white devil, blacks who refused to help themselves, malt liquor companies and the media. On a slightly different tangent were the early Beastie Boys records; an unsuited mix of punk/thrash/and B-boy attitude that resulted in the triple platinum *Licensed To Ill* — an obnoxious, offensive album, seemingly designed to get right up your old man's nose. I could go on and on, but bear in mind this is a quadruple CD, 60 track compilation. Rest assured though, this is hip-hop history, and it brings us right up to date with tracks from Redman, Methodman and Montell. You need this.

CYPRESS HILL

Ill The Temples of Boom (Columbia)
Muggs apparently spent his lesiurely blunted time to get it together for Cypress Hill mark III, and it shows. The sound is vintage Muggs, a deep, murky quagmire of twisted beats, basslines and *Pulp Fiction* samples infused with the fragrant stench of bad weed. Muggs gets busy with some studio trickery panning samples and bringing them up and down in the mix to great effect. It's that damn nasal drone that gets to me though. After repeated listening you begin to long for the smooth tones of Rakim or Guru, the lyrical madness of the Wu-Tang or the authority of BIG. The Hill don't really have a lot to say other than the guns, blunts and 'keeping it real'-isms we've heard before. On 'No Rest for the Wicked', when they dis Ice Cube, you gotta say "wassup?". Verdict? Wicked beats, repetitive rhymes, sure to sell shitloads. Maybe.

DJB

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RECOMMENDED



PM DAWN Jesus Wept

Written and recorded in New York by Prince B and J.C. The Eternal, **Jesus Wept** is the third and strongest album from PM Dawn. The album is a range of personal songs that carry a universal message with lyrics that never preach but always challenge those tuned-in. The first single is a complete change in musical tack, bass and keys replace scratches and breakbeats on the Deep Purple 'Hush' sampled 'Downtown Venus'; on a radio near you now! This album is loaded with subtle wisdom and wit and 15 exceptional songs. Believe! Enjoy!



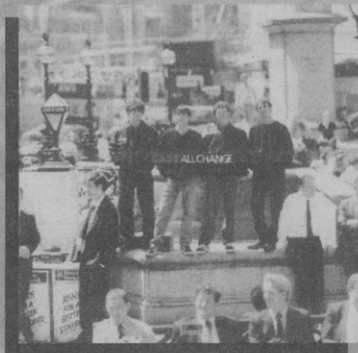
PASSENGERS Original Soundtracks: 1

Bono, Adam Clayton, Brian Eno, Larry Mullen Jr. and The Edge have formed a collective known as Passengers. On their first album they are joined by Mo' Wax maestro **Howie B**, Japanese singer **Holi** and opera legend **Pavarotti**. **Original Soundtracks 1** was recorded during a two week session at London's Westside Studio last November and a further five weeks in Dublin this northern summer. "We wanted to make the record in six weeks" says Bono. "For us this is an opportunity to get all this stuff out that there isn't really room for on our own records" adds bassist Adam Clayton.



THE NEW GROOVE 16 Acid Jazz Essentials Vol. 1

This is the TRUE essential collection of groove, funk, jazz, hip-hop and acid. Attitude with a blend of cool jazz has been included here - featuring **Ronnie Jordan, Incognito, Massive Attack, Guru, Nathan Haines, Brand New Heavies, Portishead** and loads more! If you are going to own the definitive acid jazz collection this summer then this is the one.



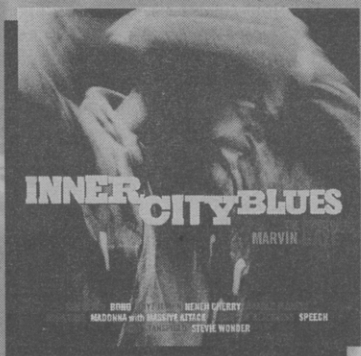
CAST All Change

You remember where the La's only LP to date left us, ie - wanting much more, well now there is. John Power, ex La's guitarist quit the troubled 'combo' to form Cast in 1994. **All Change** is laden with hooks, melodies, chiming guitars and ringing harmonies. Classic influences from the obvious (hello John, Paul, George and Ringo) to Townshend, Dylan, James Brown along with Bob Marley. A fine collection of uplifting three minute gems that rock. GOT TO GET IT.



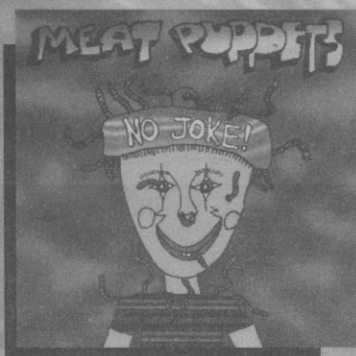
THA DOGG POUND Dogg Food

The key ingredients in Tha Dogg Pound's brand of dogg food are Dat Nigga Daz's funky tracks and Kurupt the Kingpin's lyrical twists and turns. **Dogg Food** captures the raw power that Tha Dogg Pound generate with original phat beats and lyrics that glide so fast you might get left behind. Daz & Kurupt invited a virtual 'who's who' of hip-hop's finest to participate on the album. Don't take our word for it ... taste it yourself!



INNER CITY BLUES The Music of Marvin Gaye

The artists on this album have done more than cover the songs, they've made them part of themselves, delivering them with the kind of emotion that is purely Marvin-inspired. Artists include: **Bono, Boyz II Men, Neneh Cherry, Digable Planets, Madonna & Massive Attack, Stevie Wonder**, to name a few. A MUST-HAVE IN ANY RECORD COLLECTION.



MEAT PUPPETS No Joke!

After eight full-length albums and fourteen years of slogging it out in the trenches of punkdom, **Too High To Die** was the Meat Puppets breakthrough album. The Brothers Kirkwood have returned with a resounding bang on the aptly titled **No Joke!** They've again enlisted the production skills of Butthole Surfers guitarist Paul Leary, and have emerged with a mature (!) amalgam of songs incorporating scorching rock riffs, twisted country rhythms and soaring melodic flights that are definitely... Meat Puppets!



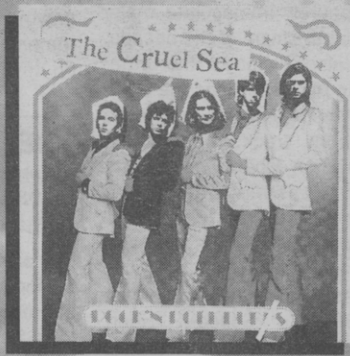
PULP Different Class

PULP are a huge phenomenal success in the United Kingdom with a number 1 album debut. Jarvis Cocker, the enigmatic frontperson, cannot be ignored - "We want to realise our ambition to make a proper pop album". This is it. PULP have crafted their sound over a decade and this is the year for the "UK's finest pop band" - John Peel. Features '**Common People**' and '**Mis-shapes**'.



LL COOL J Mr. Smith

Rap superstar LL Cool J put Def Jam Recordings on the map with his breakthrough record **I Need A Beat**. Now, on this new album, he still delivers phat beats, fresh lyrics and a sexy style that could never be duplicated. On '**Hey Lover**', the first single, he is joined by the Boyz II Men Crew. **WARNING: LL Cool J is considered armed and dangerous, ready to explode and impress New Zealand with his music and killer charm.**



THE CRUEL SEA Rock 'N Roll Duds

Australia's premier blues-rock experience deliver their collection of B-Sides and rarities. Features the classic '**Cool It Down**' and Queen's '**Bohemian Rhapsody**' performed in a way only Tex Perkins can. 16 Cruel Sea tracks unavailable on any of their albums. **After a sell-out tour earlier this year, expect to see them again in January '96.**

PolyGram



Nirvana

NIRVANA Singles (Geffen)

An ironic sign of the unfinished business that was Nirvana is the fact their collected major label singles don't number enough (at seven) to fill the natty little box they're presented in here, so two blank pieces of cardboard make up the padding. A booklet would have been more greatly appreciated, and the only supplement of any kind here is the inclusion of the complete words to *Nevermind* in the liner notes to the 'Lithium' single. Frilly bits aside, this is a collection that is already standing the test of time in the way only unadulterated genius can.

'Smells Like Teen Spirit' will probably be remembered as the most entirely immaculate major label debut single of the decade, as it also includes the bitter 'Even in His Youth' and the infectious 'Aneurysm' (credited as a non-album track, although it appeared on *Incesticide* after its initial release). The familiar before its time (to Killing Joke members and listeners, at least) 'Come As You Are' includes live versions of 'Endless Nameless' and *Bleach*'s 'School'. 'Heart Shaped Box' includes the only song Dave Grohl ever wrote for Nirvana — a beautiful number named 'Marigold', that turned out to be a fine precursor of things to come. Still, with a single like 'In Bloom', you get to hear the kind of machine gun antics that made Grohl as fine a drummer as he is a one man band.

Hindsight has seen people heap some staggeringly prophetic values on Kurt Cobain's lyrics of late, so it's cool to play these singles back to back and remember the times before anyone could take such liberties. While everyone marvels slack jawed that 'he *did* have a gun', while listening to 'Come As You Are', they manage to miss many of the more subtle turns of phrase beneath the surface, which were the true testament of a damn gifted lyricist who got turned into a regulation T-shirt for the dispossessed. Two of the

most prime examples come from the single that made Nirvana superstars and the single that directly preceded the abrupt end of their reign.

'A mulatto, an albino, a mosquito, my libido,' the masses screamed along to 'Smells Like Teen Spirit', probably giggling at the wacky sound such a clever pair of juxtapositions made. The same people thought they were ready to get serious by the time they heard 'All Apologies', and the line: 'Sunburn, freezer burn, choking on the ashes of her enemy.' But it still proved too deep for them, so they still jump up and down and scream that 'he *did* have a gun', and then they go searching for hidden meanings in their Hole CDs... and their Foo Fighters CDs... That's why I like staying home, playing these singles and remembering when... And yeah, I do have a gun.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

DEF LEPPARD Vault: Greatest Hits 1980-1995 (Mercury)

If any other band in the world balanced more perfectly on that thin line between love and hate than Def Leppard, well... I'd be surprised. There's no grey area with this band; the very reasons why millions love them to death, are the same reasons why millions equally loathe them.

Def Leppard's phenomenal popularity (two of their records are among the Top 10 selling albums of all-time) can be attributed to their unique and unstoppable ability to produce big dumb rock songs, exploding with big dumb melodies, and big dumb lyrics (even in 1992 they could pull from out of nowhere lines like: 'I'm a man / That's what I am', from 'Make Love Like a Man'). You could quite rightfully argue that Bon Jovi and Poison adopt the same approach, but that couple are quite content to deal in sweeping ballads and theatric epics, whereas Def Leppard take it to another level, and throw everything into the mix at once, to create passionate, grandiose

extravaganzas. To that end, *Vault* is undisputable evidence.

Essentially a no-frills greatest hits compilation, *Vault* collects every Def Leppard track you need, should you not already own their albums. *Pyromania*'s 'Photograph' and 'Rock Of Ages' hint at the direction future sounds would take, though it wasn't until four years later in 1987, upon the arrival of *Hysteria*, that Def Leppard would encounter true superstardom. With the title track, 'Animal', 'Armageddon It', and in particular the addictive 'Pour Some Sugar On Me', Def Leppard pushed the 'rock anthem' to new dramatic heights, and made a belated entry into over 15 million households worldwide.

Adrenalize, released in 1992, was later to become the band's most successful album, and it also saw Def Leppard at their most lyrically moronic, attitude-driven best. 'Let's Get Rocked', 'Heaven Is', and the aforementioned 'Make Love Like A Man', were testament to the hedonistic twinkle in their eye, despite the PC overdose of the early 90s.

Perhaps *Vault*'s single mistake (the fact tracks run in no logical order is not a problem) is the inclusion of a new song, the insufferable ballad, 'When Love and Hate Collide'. Three years on since the last album, a tune such as that won't subdue fears their creative spark may have deserted them. Who knows what the future holds? But for now there's *Vault*, courtesy of the only band who could write the following lyric, *and* get away with it: 'You got the peaches / I got the cream / Sweet to taste / Saccharine / 'Cause I'm hot / So hot / Sticky sweet / From my head / Down / To my feet / Do you take sugar? / One lump or two?'

JOHN RUSSELL

THE BEATLES Anthology 1 (Apple)

Lennon's brutal assassination in 1980 caused a global trauma (unlike most rock 'n' roll martyrs, the legend had been created

or maybe because the music was just so damn good. This, the first of three volumes, and accompanied by the inevitable videos, TV shows, box sets, etc., covers the period 1958-1964, and contains the "new" track 'Free as a Bird', which has its moments but isn't gonna change the world, proves George still can't sing and Jeff Lyne is still a lousy producer.

But what really matters is the rest of the package, a feast of rarities, out-takes and live tracks, interspersed, like last year's BBC album, with interviews. Hardened Beatles fanatics like myself will own much of this stuff on bootlegs, but it's a joy to hear it so well mastered and cleaned up. The 1958 Quarrymen recording of 'That'll Be the Day' has always been rough as hell on the boots, but here it's listenable, and actually sounds like the Beatles; the Decca sessions tracks still don't really cut it (on the strength of these their A&R guy made the right decision); 'Love Me Do', with Pete Best on drums, is kinda weird and clumsy (Ringo was a better drummer); 'Money' and 'You Really Got a Hold on Me' live in Sweden are magnificent vocals from John that surpass the studio versions; the new, old George Harrison track is passable; and the electric version of 'I Love Her' is very cool. In between these you get 60 glorious tracks in varying degrees of roughness. from the greatest rock 'n' roll band the world has ever produced.

Despite my cynical reservations a month or two ago, essentially this album works, and I can't wait for the next two, where the really interesting stuff should be. Even Ringo sounds OK.

SIMON GRIGG

DAVID BOWIE 1. Outside (BMG)

The '1' at the beginning of the title is no misprint, this is the first in a yearly series of records by David Bowie designed to reflect the state of the world in the last years of the millenium.

Ambitious project, but the early signs on *Outside* suggest that Bowie, reunited with old pal Eno, may have struck a seam of direction almost as lucrative as their past collaborations.

To start with, the thin white one has opted back into his favourite niche of futurist role player, a diamond dog of various parts caught amidst the investigation into the ritualistic murder of Baby Grace Blue. Sometimes pretentious, gothic and in questionable taste (the photo of the disembowelled Baby Grace is a bit gratuitous), the scenario has nevertheless given Bowie the opportunity to be imaginative, indulgent and provocative, an opportunity he's largely taken advantage of.

With the songs written from the points of view of various characters, the innocent subject Leon Black emerges with the best songs, largely because Bowie invests this character with the poignancy of innocence and naivete. And amidst the industrial clanking and biographical narratives, even scene setters like the impressive opener, 'Outside', and 'I Have Not Been To Oxford Town' are strong enough to confirm Bowie and Eno haven't rejected melody in their attempt at recreating nightmare.

So, *Outside* is undeniably one of the best records in a vintage year, and one of the first Bowie albums in awhile you don't have to apologise for liking.

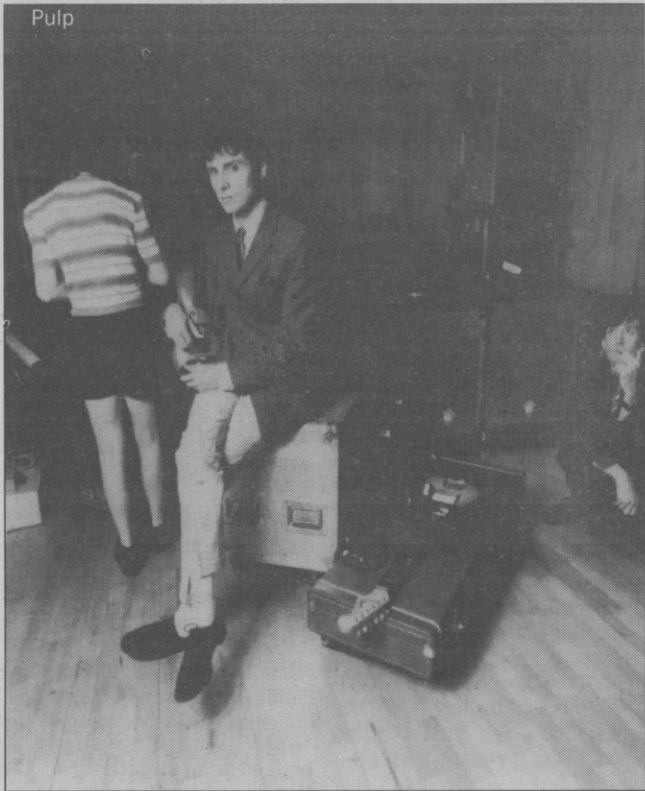
GEORGE KAY

MICK HARVEY Intoxicated Man (Mute/Liberation)

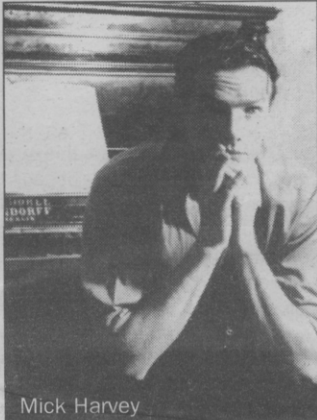
After years of giving all the best bits to other people (Nick Cave, Anita Lane), Mick Harvey finally takes the wheel. ("don't worry, baby, I always drive this fast") and releases his own album, albeit a one-artist tribute album to the musical work of the late French musician, writer, director, actor, bad boy Serge Gainsbourg. Gainsbourg's best-known song, 'Je T'aime... Moi Non Plus', recently appeared as a B-side on an Anita Lane single (a duet with Nick Cave) produced



Def Leppard



and played by Harvey, and it was recording that which inspired this album. Harvey resolved to translate Gainsbourg's songs into English and present them to an audience that would probably be unaware of their existence. Some of the arrangements are recreations of the originals ("If it ain't broke, don't fix it," says Harvey), others are groovy reworkings, with the multi-instru-



Mick Harvey

mental Harvey playing most of the parts.

Many of Gainsbourg's songs were written for female singers — Jane Birkin (once his young wife, mother of Charlotte Gainsbourg), Juliette Greco, and Bridget Bardot (the subject of the fab closing track 'Initials BB') — and here the wonderful Anita Lane fills the role superbly, complementing Harvey's own sparkling croon.

The highlights are many: '69 Erotic Year', 'Harley Davidson' (retaining a delicious inflection of English-translated-to-French-and-back 'on my Harley David-Son...'), 'Ford Mustang', 'New York USA' ('oooh, so high'), 'Initials BB', and there's nary a dud among them. *Intoxicated Man* introduces most of us to a late great artist, but also a living one too — one who has been too long in the shadow of others. *Tres bien.*

MR J KING

PULP Different Class (Island)

Pulp have been going for over a decade with no success, and for good reason — their albums were a little bit duff. But last years *His 'n' Hers* saw a vast improvement though it was still a little patchy. But the latest, *Different Class*, shows Pulp have pulled their socks right up.

Pulp have a slightly 80s synth/guitar/violin sound, with 'Your name is Deborah' type lyrics and, the best bit, every second song zooming off into a rapturous chorus. Take just one listen to 'Mis-Shapes', 'Common People', or 'Disco 2000', and you'll think you have died and gone to pop heaven. Pulp write

anthems like the Pet Shop Boys used to write, but now their only competition comes from *Phantom of the Opera*.

The songs are little tales of floral wall papered, 2.5 kids, headboard banging suburbia — the exact opposite of Suede's glamorised metaphorical version. Perhaps the quintessential Pulp line comes from 'I Spy': 'My favourite parks are car parks / Grass is something you smoke / Birds are something you shag / Take your "Year in Provence" and shove it up your ass.'

It's beautiful Brit-pop done well. Toss your Blur away, Pulp are in a different class — better tunes, better words and better wardrobe. Bloody essential, album of the year stuff.

MITCHELL HAWKES

THE AMPS Pacer (4AD)

The Amps are, in form, essentially the Breeders minus two (guitarist Kelley Deal and bassist Josephine Wiggs) and plus two (guitarist Nate Farley and bassist Luis Lerma), with two remaining (vocal/guitarist Kim Deal and drummer Jim Macpherson). They sound a lot like the Breeders too. This was originally supposed to be a solo album, and was being touted as a lo-fi version of the Breeders. Kim's slammed her sweet mark all over it, anyway. After all, it's *that* voice, and she's playing it like a fancy fiddle left, right and centre here — demented caterwauling on 'Tipp City', almost growling on

'Full on Idle', and pretty harmonies willy nilly.

The demanding hollers on 'Empty Glasses' set the standard for any potential Amps fan — 'Where's the waitress? / Where's my other shoe?', is enough to tell you this ain't music for wimps who worry about smudging their lipstick when they drink. The cryptic 'Bragging Party' (every line a personal mystery only its writer has the key to) is a bass-driven, harmony-drenched highlight of the album. At the other end of the scale you have the topsy-turvy cow-punk of the aforementioned 'Full on Idle'. Then there are plenty of songs like the opening 'Pacer', that remind you of when *Last Splash* came out, and you played it all summer long.



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Pretenders

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BRONWYN TRUDGEON

BOSS HOG

Boss Hog
(Geffen)

Forget all the surrounding waffle: the 'sexiest indie band' tag, the early noise and naked cover albums, the major label deal, and when you get down to it,

Boss Hog have a pretty good album here. Sure, there's a definite Blues Explosion vibe going down, but Boss Hog avoid that nasty taste of NYC intelligentsia, reinventing the 'ordinary' people's music to much acclaim. (Can I just plug Red Red Meat? — a bunch of guys with day jobs as machinists in Chicago, who do the punked up blues thing far more effectively than Mr Spencer.) The Hog are just flat out NYC scenesters having big fun. The boy/girl trade-off on vocals and guitars really sparks in places, most obviously in 'I Dig You', and they throw around some pretty slick musical ideas without getting over ambitious. Every so often, they really synch

it all up and find a pretty dangerous groove to dwell in — just crank the last track, 'Sam', and you'll get the idea. Live, the whole schtik is really quite impressive, veering from abrasive to seductive without losing that all important feel, and the record does a far better job of capturing that than I'd imagined it would.

KIRK GEE

PASSENGERS

Original Soundtracks 1
(Island)

Eno, of course, has done this sort of thing before. His *Music for Films* was a collection of pieces evoking cinematic

images while waiting for the appropriate films to arrive. They never did. So he's tried again and this time, as musical producer/guru to U2, he's managed to rope in the band to help create these 15 themes for imaginary films.

U2 are willing and suspecting passengers, a back seat role they're probably only too happy to occupy considering the fact these conservative snippets of ambience, atmospherics and aural soundscapes are Eno's forte. The most successful 'soundtracks' occur when Bono slides his restrained vocal drone into the context of 'Slug' (director 'Peter Von Hemeken — I'll drink to that!) and the sultry

'Your Blue Room'. But the price of admission is almost justified by 'Miss Sarajevo', a beautifully understated ballad lifted to romantic heights by Pavarotti's volcanic tenor.

The remaining songs are internationally varied to allow Eno the luxury of expressing the exotic, subtle clichés of Japan, South Africa etc. It's his flight, so Eno fans board now, U2 fanatics in 15 minutes through Gate 1, while the rest of us can listen to music for airports.

GEORGE KAY

MADONNA

Something To Remember
(Warners)

The first time I ever wanted to own a Madonna ballad was during the closing credits of *A League of Their Own* — however, I suspect part of its impact involved the movie's sentimentality. The second time was a few weeks ago, when I saw her doing 'You'll See' on *Top of the Pops* — but then, she did have a lovely new haircut. Typically, Maddy's appeal is qualified and cross-media.

Something to Remember is a compilation of ballads old and new, and as such presents something of a claim for serious credibility. From the album notes: 'So much controversy has swirled around my career this past decade that very little attention gets paid to my music.' Not true, lady, although it is hard to remain attentive for 14 tracks of unrelieved slow stuff. Nonetheless, the voice sounds pretty strong throughout and the productions are mostly interesting (even if not always successful, as on Massive Attack's dirge-treatment of Marvin Gaye's 'I Want You'). Moreover, the most memorable tracks are virtually all originals. And yes, 'This Used To Be My Playground' and 'You'll See' still sound good without the videos. Very fetching album sleeve, by the way.

PETER THOMSON

PRETENDERS

The Isle Of View
(WEA)

RICKIE LEE JONES

Naked Songs
(Reprise)

Two 'unplugged' sets from two of rock's finest female singer/songwriters, from whom little has been heard lately. *Isle of View* was recorded live over

two nights at a London studio, pairs Hynde and band with a string quartet on some tracks (most notably on a superb 'Kid'), and sees Hynde in fine voice, with many of the songs here eclipsing their original album counterparts. Produced by Stephen Street, this album captures, like no other Pretenders album has, both the longing and belligerence of Hynde's songs — check out 'I Hurt You', or the version of the otherwise overlooked 'Criminal' on display here.

Naked Songs is just that — Jones on either guitar or piano singing her songs, all of which were recorded on her recent world tour. As the free-form 'poem' printed as liner notes suggests, she hasn't lost her beatnik ways entirely, but her songs always sounded better than they read (although who can forget 'cunt-finger Louie', from 'Living It Up'? — a highlight here). *Naked Songs* also that much of her work (barring the most recent — *Traffic From Paradise*) has been over produced, and that her songs have maintained a mythic consistency from the early 'Weasel and the White Boys Cool' right through to the recent 'Stewart's Coat'. She's still one of those girls who "listens to records all day in their rooms", and for that no one can even forgive the disastrous attempt at the Mercer standard 'Autumn Leaves' which closes the album.

GREG FLEMING

MERRILL BAINBRIDGE

The Garden
(BMG)

The editor reckoned this one was going to be grubby because the only lines he'd noticed from the hit single 'Mouth' were: 'Would it be so bad if I could turn you on?... I want to taste it...', all sung by a woman who poses for the sleeve photo in a bird's nest halo, surrounded by butterflies and vines.

In fact, Merrill Bainbridge is no more porno than the *Palmer's Garden Show*. What's distinctive about her is an occasionally twee voice — a bit like that Frente sheila, but with more depth — and a rather catchy line in melodies ('Mouth' isn't the only track that could nag you silly).

There's a smart pop sensibility at play here. For example, she

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Cowboy Junkies

deftly swipes a couple of lines from a nauseating 60s Bee Gees ballad to use as the bridge in 'Sleeping Dogs', the sole straight-ahead rock track on the album. Otherwise, the only non-original is a Pet Shop Boys number which she performs with just acoustic guitar backing. Other arrangements are equally intriguing, while decidedly more complex.

Despite a few moments which border on the precious, there is much about *The Garden* to suggest Merrill Bainbridge is a fertile new talent.

PETER THOMSON

COWBOY JUNKIES

200 More Miles (BMG)

This double CD set is 20 live tracks from a decade of Cowboy Junkiedom. As a 'warts and all' collection, it also works as a wonderfully accomplished and comprehensive 'best of'. There are plenty of the kind of covers Cowboy Junkies do such justice to, and have all but claimed as their own ('Me and the Devil' and 'Sweet Jane' being prime examples) by infusing them with the unique brew of gossamer 'n' blues that is their trademark. The band's own songs include the instant classic 'If You Were the Woman and I Was the Man',

and the gritty 'Murder, Tonight, in the Trailer Park'. The understated air of these versions allows them to lodge into the subconscious with minimum ease, making this perfect night driving, catnapping, or reading music.

The lowest moment is the lengthy spoken intro to 'Cause Cheap is How I Feel', which is a tale about a pigeon shitting in lead vocalist Margo Timmins' hair. It rambles on long enough to drag you from any reverie you may have blissfully slipped into, even if it is only to work out what the hell she's muttering about. The uncredited version of 'Johnny B Goode' that ends this collection is the only attempt to get dirty and heavy, and it proves why the Junksters usually don't try to.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

WAYNE MASON

Between Frames (Raging Goose/Driving Wheel)

One of the A-team of New Zealand songwriters finally produces his first solo album. Towards the end of the Warratahs, the writers were dancing to different drums. Wayne Mason was leaning towards the upbeat, with Cajun influences; Barry Saunders favoured the evocative Kiwi bal-

lad. The acoustic pop of Mason's 'Tightrope' is a precursor of this album — and an indication of how good it should have been. The songs are the work of a master craftsman, with verses and choruses full of memorable hooks and melodies, and middle-eights to give them an energy burst halfway. They captivate you, once you get past the production which seems aimed at mainstream rock radio. Until the melodies take hold, the exquisite acoustic ballads ('Senorita', 'No Questions Asked') get lost inside the engineering. 'Nature' and the Warratahs had real character and subtle charm; with more faith in the strength of its songs, this album would have been a Kiwi classic.

JAMES BOOKER

ALICE IN CHAINS

Alice In Chains (Columbia)

After listening to Alice In Chains imaginatively titled latest album, the scales fell from my eyes and I was converted. After trying not to like the poor wee buggers for a number of years because of 'Would', I decided to let bygones be bygones. The Chains (as they're possibly called by their fans) certainly don't do anything very original

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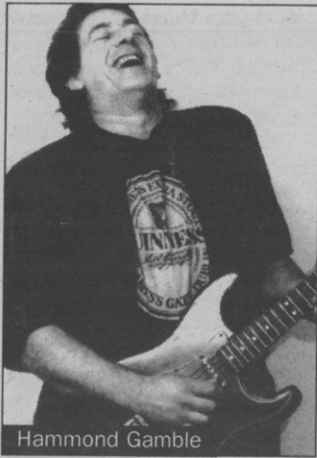
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Hammond Gamble

(record review cliché #3), but maybe that's why they're so lovable. Instead of disappearing off into mindless looped guitars and wacky tunings (à la the kings of toss, Sonic Youth), the Chains just play loud, slow, sad rock songs. The slowness of the songs is the big plus for Alice in Chains. Whilst other bands may be noisier, or grungier, or poppier, the Chains are the slowest. But not only are AIC slow, they're also kinda heavy in a groovy, melodic way. Standout track: 'Shame on You.'

KEV LIST

LLOYD COLE
Love Story
(Mercury)

I've long felt alone having a soft spot in my heart for Lloyd Cole, with or without his Commotions, and always allowed his releases to lodge themselves quietly, albeit unforgettably, in the walls of this private place. The Eastern twang of his last album still reverberates there to this day, even though I didn't consider it a favourite on its release: I hope the same thing will happen with this album, but at the moment its being drowned out by my longing for the return of the older, sans Eastern twang style of songs like 'Lost Weekend' and 'No Blue Skies'.

I don't know what's come

between Lloyd and I, but all of a sudden he seems like a bit of an old man — one need listen no further than the saccharine first track, 'Trigger Happy', to reach this conclusion. Nevertheless, the sweetness of his vocals often belies the cutting edge of gems such as (from 'I Didn't Know That You Cared'): 'If I gave you some petrol would you make yourself useful?', which means there's got to be some life left in the silver tongued devil yet. Still, if he can't sell this album on his own merits, I wager Chris Isaak fans will boost sales when they mistake our Lloyd for their own hero in the cover photo.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

HAMMOND GAMBLE
Plugged In and Blue
(Scoop De Loop)

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
Roll of the Dice
(BMG)

CHUCK PROPHET
Feast of Hearts
(China)

THE MAVERICKS
Music for All Occasions
(MCA)

Local bluesman Hammond Gamble's first live album is a frustrating affair. Recorded some years back at the Gluepot, it pairs Gamble up with a crack band (including Hello Sailor's Stuart Pearce on keys), and they let loose in fine style on a number of blues and soul classics — Ray Charles' 'Believe to My Soul' and Sam Cooke's 'Bring it on Home to Me' among them. A few Gamble originals are on show — the finest two tracks of the album being 'Daylight Robbery' and 'Who Did All This to Me' — but not nearly enough. His beautiful ballad 'Stranger's Girl' is notable by its absence. Throughout, Gamble sings and plays with real fire, but really, *Plugged in and Blue* only whets the appetite for new material from one of our most underrated

and, lately, little heard artists. All up, this live outing has the feel of one of the songs on display here — Dylan's rarely heard 'Groom's Still Waiting at the Altar'.

From a bluesman who's released too few records to a blues band that's released too many. *Roll of the Dice* sees the Fabulous Thunderbirds minus Jimmy Vaughan, and much of the excitement and distinctiveness seems to have gone with him. Singer and harp man extraordinaire Kim Wilson does his valiant best, but it's pretty much by-the-numbers stuff — even resorting mid-album to a cover of 'Here Comes the Night'.

Ex-Green on Red man Chuck Prophet's third solo album, *Feast of Hearts*, is similarly unlikely to win itself a larger audience. It's fine for what it is (Tom Petty influenced heartland rock), but it often sounds as if he's got it down too pat, so that despite there being some great songs here ('Battered and Bruised', 'Too Many Angels' and 'Longshot Lullaby' especially), they remain strangely unmoving. Recent solo shows in London have, however, been stunning. A name to keep an eye on.

The best left till last? Well, not tonight. The Mavericks' *Music for All Occasions* pairs country ballads with jazzier numbers, and it all sounds like it was recorded in 1950 (which means MCA Nashville has spent a whole heap of money on it), as it attempts to balance vintage music and contemporary attitude. They'll probably fade away quietly, but then, I thought that about kd Lang!

GREG FLEMING

DOWN
Nola
(Warners)

On a dark evening in a dark garage a dark collection of shady characters created some demonic grooves inspired by the impetuous imps of smoke and booze. Among this motley collec-

tion of sinister shady characters were various members of metal legends Pantera and Corrosion of Conformity. Now this ginormous all night jam session has been expanded into the very brutal, very dark, and very heavy *Nola*. On *Nola* the listener will hear loud Sabbathian and Purplian jam sessions that occasionally turn into songs, and some that sorta stay jam sessions. However, as I'm partial to marmalade, this is all mighty fine; and I'm not alone in finding *Nola* an awesome work of awesome heaviness — Scott Ian from Anthrax loves the metallic heaviness located on *Nola*, and so should you (providing you're inclined towards heavy metalliness).

KEV LIST

JANE SIBERRY
Maria
(Reprise)

There's certainly room to move around in Jane Siberry's seventh album; in fact, you probably won't be able to keep still. With the music recorded by a top notch cast of players over three days, and the vocals recorded over Jane's favourite segments later, *Maria* has a delectably jazzy spontaneity. Jane's spirits are often infectiously buoyant, and her sad side comes with a salve of nature that makes even loss seem beautiful.

Divided into two parts, *Maria* concludes, after a two minute break, with the 20-minute track 'Oh My My', where the album's recurring childlike themes are brought to the fore via excerpts from 'Puff the Magic Dragon' and 'Mary Had a Little Lamb'. The inclusion of these lines makes for the only snag in an otherwise divinely smooth journey.

The angel has come down to earth, but she's so ethereal I wouldn't mind betting someone had to tie her to the mic stand to stop her floating off on a wave of the heady atmosphere she's created.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

MENSWEAR
Nuisance
(Laurel)

So, the Camden clothes-horses rush in and record an album. But hang on, aren't they just an image band? Don't they need to be called the best new band in Britain first? *Nuisance* sounds like they were asking themselves these questions over and over. Well, at least for half of the time, for the rest of the album they just got on with being a band and the results are markedly better

Opening track is average, then there's a horrible redone version of 'I'll Manage Somehow' (get the single for the raw sneer). Then there's 'Sleeping In', and there's no bloody excuse for sounding like the bloody Monkees.

Five tracks in and we're finally getting somewhere. 'Daydreamer', that catchy bastard of a song, still makes me smile when Johnny Dean sings: 'Breeve deepah, daydreemah.' 'Being Brave' is a successful attempt at the archetypal string section smoothie. 'Hollywood Girl' and the new single 'Stardust' are both akin to the Supergrass school of rock. But the real highlight is 'Around You Again', which really gets the Brit-pop glands firing — great energy, great melodies and great chorus.

Menswear count the influenced as their influences. They're a Brit-pop mongrel made up of Pulp, Blur, Supergrass and Suede. And like the super-modern TV on the album cover, if they stand still they'll be out of date within a couple of months. But *Nuisance* is entertaining for the time being.

JOHN TAITE

NOFX
I Hear They Suck Live
(Fat Wreck Chords)

Genuine punk bands always sound best when recorded live because then the listener can excuse the poor production and

fuck-ups — not that anything's wrong wiv the production on this wee batch of distilled pleghm. NOFX sound like bloody decent chaps who like to have a good time and believe the audience should have a good time also. However, what can be charming and cheeky if heard once can become irritating upon repeated listenings by grumpy, miserable windbag reviewers. Yet, there is a definite market out there for NOFX, and you may very well be in that market. Do you like the Dead Kennedys, but not really their politics? Do you have an impish adolescent sense of humour? Do you enjoy wanking and beer (not at the same time, you might spill some!). If you answered yes to two or more of these questions, go pick up NOFX and pogo till your pants fall off.

KEV LIST

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Working Class Hero:
A Tribute to John Lennon
(Hollywood)

The reason I like the sort of tribute albums everyone else loves to hate is you can sing along to the songs without worrying about obscuring the vocal, as it's almost never as good as the original. Take Blues Traveller's cover of 'Imagine', for example; the reverence with which people always cover this track is well evident here. It's what ruins the song every time.

Faithfulness mainly beats innovation, although Red Hot Chili Peppers open the proceedings well with their take on 'I Found Out'. My favourite is Flaming Lips' 'Nobody Told Me'; as a match of artist and lyrical thematic, it is only equalled by Scott Weiland tearing his lungs out on the Magnificent Bastards' 'How Do You Sleep?'

It's a shame Grant Lee Buffalo aren't present, given the similarities between Grant Lee Phillips and John Lennon's voices. Still, there are plenty of takes here that make you swear they have

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been included (check Collective Soul's 'Jealous Guy' for just one). I hear another similar tribute album is on the way, so maybe the Buffalos will get their moment in the karaoke sun then.

As a whole, this tribute party gel together pretty well, with the inclusion of Mary Chapin Carpenter (and her namby pamby take on 'Grow Old With Me') and George Clinton (doing some majestic 'Mind Games') being the only two who really look strange amongst the (dare I say it?) largely grungy company here.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

SHELTER Mantra (Roadrunner)

No longer has the devil a monopoly on good heavy tunes. Jah has already been ably represented this year by the sadly defunct Bad Brains, and now the smiling Lord Krishna has had a whole album dedicated to him by the New York punk-metal fourpiece Shelter. Part of the reason lucky Lord Krishna has been blessed by these noisy New Yorkers is the fact that two band members are full time

devotees. However, unlike Krishna's cooking, Shelter have provided a meaty feast (in a vegetarian way) of catchy sing-along punk, with trad metal/hardcore guitars and spiritually uplifting vocals. The best thing about *Mantra* is that for the most part carnivorous, atheistic blackguards can find almost as much to enjoy as the spiritually enlightened. The only quuestion left is, can Christianity get in the hardcore ring? Come on chap/esses, let's see something a little more 90s than Stryper.

KEV LIST

CANDLEBOX Lucy (Columbia)

Candlebox are without a doubt the kings of the chorus. A song will be smouldering away nicely, and then whoomp, the whole thing explodes into a ginormous chorus. Each track is orchestrated for maximum impact. When Candlebox get everything together, you'd have to have a heart of flint to avoid getting caught up in the emotional whirlpool they create. When Candlebox fail to pull at the heartstrings, the songs can drift off into the nasty world of the extended jam session.

Because Candlebox lack the interesting riffs of a band like Kyuss, the filler tracks litter *Lucy* like shell holes filled with nasty clichéd solos. The annoying thing about *Lucy* is that when Candelbox unleash their full power-rock fury, they do it very well. Unfortunately, *Lucy* is not an album of good songs, but rather a few wee gems thrown into some sort of prog rock disaster, and as far as I (and most sensible people, I'm sure) am concerned, prog rock is not the kiddie, no sirree, daddy-o.

KEV LIST

VARIOUS Clueless Original Motion Picture Soundtrack (Capitol)

Clueless is the nouveau cooly come starring new Betty on the block Alicia Silverstone (who used to visit her grandfather in Titirangi, apparently). The movie is going fully postal all over the world, and there's a possibility the soundtrack might do the same. Bit of a Griffins biscuit sampler though — some Cameo Cremes, and some sickly iced wafers.

It opens with LA's the Muffs doing a cover of 'Kids in

America' — fun — next. Well, forget Cracker and the blah Counting Crows, and you arrive at Luscious Jackson's best Dee Lite impersonation in 'Here (Squirrel Mix)'. World Party do a great version of 'All the Young Dudes', but it's more due to the great pint-swaying original than them. Radiohead's Thom Yorke donates the acoustic version of 'Fake Plastic Trees', that sounds more beautifully lonely and empty in its bareness.

There's the Beastie Boys punk thrash 'Mullet Head' (from the 'Sure Shot' single), 'With My Homies' is Coolio, with the only rap track here (and a pretty tame one at that) and 'Alright', that catchy, brilliant, summer anthem by pop genius' Supergrass is in here as well. It ends with a girly little number called 'Supermodel', by Jill Sobule, like a very poppy That Dog, with this cool line: 'I wanna be like Tori Spelling and have a car like hers and a dad like hers... I'm not gonna eat today or tomorrow because I wanna be a supermodel.' And that's all folks.

JOHN TAITE

KREATOR Cause For Conflict (BMG)

Upon opening my Kreator CD, a lone rasher of burnt bacon fell out, covered in mystical runes. After much nashings of teeth and grinding of pencils, I have deciphered the secrets to Kreator's power. Read on if you dare...

- Name band after occult-type figure. Be careful to avoid wimply, girly Greek gods. Try for Middle European demons.
- Rely on virtuoso playing (preferably all at once). Do not let the song get in the way of a ridiculously overblown solo. If at all possible, make it a double kick drum extravaganza.
- Sing in strangled voice for 47 minutes, pausing only to slurp down your wolf urine cocktail (for the throat).
- Become a classic metal

band by sounding (at least) five years out of date.

- Fill your songs (the bits 'in between the silence) with scary words like psychosocial, sadistic, grotesque, abstraction, deformed, necrosexuality, etc., etc.

- Lastly, but not leastly, no smiling except when you see the sales figures for your latest magnum opus.

KEV LIST

ALICE COOPER Classicks (Epic)

Another compilation of songs by Vincent Furnier's alter ego, mainly taken from the trio of *Trash*, *Hey Stoopid* and *Last Temptation*. No prizes for guessing which tracks, but the verisons of the Coop's cool hits of their day ('School's Out', 'Billion Dollar Babies', 'Only Women Bleed', etc.) are actually live versions recorded for the *Trashes the World* video. If you already have the aforementioned items, then there's not much point in getting *Classicks*, unless you simply must have the previously unreleased blowtorching of Jimi's 'Fire'. Nevertheless, it's an entertaining hour of demented ditties that could go down a treat for Hallowe'en.

GEOFF DUNN

ECHOBELLY On (Epic)

Where, oh, where did the ego go? Echobelly's second album, *On*, is an average follow-up to *Everyone's Got One*. The two singles for starters: 'Great Things' is a saccharine smile about not compromising and knowing what life is, blah, blah, blah; 'King of the Kerb' falls short of complete disaster because of the chorus, and of course, with Sonya's vocals it would be hard to make total mess of it. But apart from the opener, 'Car Fiction', and 'Four Letter Word' (which sounds like it was lifted from the ego

sessions), the rest of the album is virtually passionless. Where are the 'Taste of You's' and the likes of 'Father Ruler King Computer'?

I guess 'Something Hot in a Cold Country' is interesting, well, different anyway — with a spot of slide guitar — and 'Dark Therapy' is an experiment into the Lush type of will o' wisp, but overall it's an unsure album. If you want to hear the emotional highs Echobelly are capable of, then pick up a copy of their debut — it still stands up and sounds a whole lot fresher.

JOHN TAITE

RICHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW Stranger In Us All (BMG)

Blackmore has beaten his former colleagues (Deep Purple — twice removed) to the restart line with this eighth studio album from Rainbow; but is it any good?

Perhaps surprisingly, yes, although there is the occasional retread of roads already well travelled by the man in black. A third version of 'I'm Still Sad' seems unnecessary, but does prove Blackmore's new young band of unknowns can really play. Singer Doogie White has good range, somewhere between Ronnie James Dio and Joe Lynn Turner (he nearly filled the recent vacancy in Iron Maiden), while drummer John O'Reilly merely plays by numbers, and has already been sacked in favour of the re-recruited Chuck Burgi. Expect the other members to all vanish one by one in typical Blackmore fashion!

Anyway, the things that make *Stranger* interesting are a quite startling rendition of Greig's 'Hall of the Mountain King', the different approach of tracks like 'Hunting Humans' and 'Ariel', plus, of course, Blackmore, who dominates the proceedings with delight, and still musters some wicked sounds out of his Stratocaster. No disappointments for the diehards here.

GEOFF DUNN

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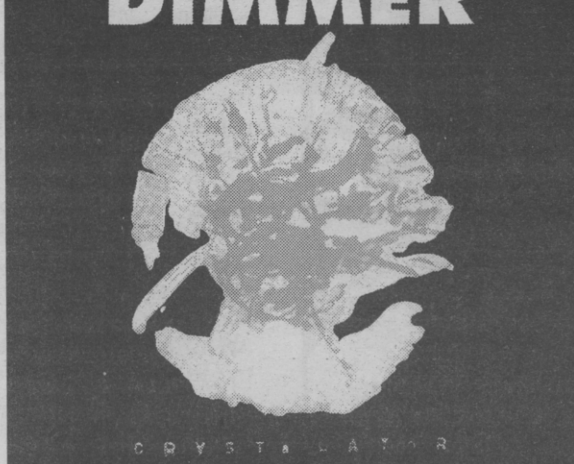
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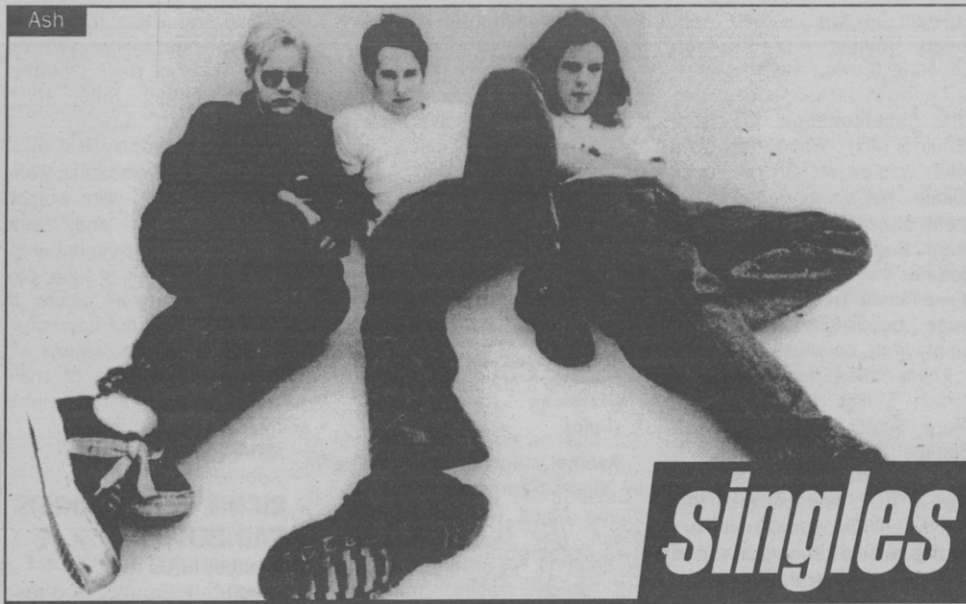
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A couple of months ago it was Shane MacGowan and Maire Brennan proving opposites attract, and this month it's Australia's Lenny Cohen, **Nick Cave**, uniting with candyfloss queen **Kylie Minogue**, for the mournful, doomed romantic ballad 'Where The Wild Roses Grow' (Mute/Liberation). The seductive Hazlewood/Sinatra spirit lives on. Seductive isn't the term for **David Bowie**'s psycho-industrial 'The Heart's Filthy Lesson' (BMG). Not the most obvious single from his terrorvision new album *Outside*, but it has a crawling futuristic power and a sense of unease that Trent Reznor turns into pulsating techno on his remix. Feel free to be impressed.

'Written in five minutes and recorded over two minutes fifteen seconds the following day,' boasts Ireland's **Ash** on the sleeve of 'Kung Fu' (Liberation) — another blast of post modern punk/pop proving they're way ahead of the Green Days, Offsprings etc.... with their brilliant sense of fun and TV Land trash. Confirmation of their growing pop maturity arrives with 'Girl From Mars' (Liberation) which opens with an acoustic guitar before, whammo! Catch up on these Irish adolescents before they grow up.

Staying with what passes for Brit-pop, and **Ruby**'s 'Paraffin' (Creation) bounces, and throbs surreptitiously, while **Sleeper** notch up another mundane, but ultimately catchy

personalised view on sexual politics with 'What Do I Do Now?' (BMG). Photogenic contemporaries **Echobelly**, navels apart, can't quite match that, although the optimistic four track EP *Great Things* (Epic) jangles guitars and proves that pop doesn't have to be instant thrills. Concluding the Anglo part of the broadcast is **Electrafixion**'s 'Lowdown' (WEA), a spiralling, intensely tuneful outing from Ian McCulloch's new band, co-written with ex-Smith Johnny Marr. Absolutely addictive, and single of this and any month.

Hurling downwards into the why-do-they-bother? category, and **Babes In Toyland** do a pointless, slightly grungy version of Sister Sledge's 'We Are Family' (Reprise), while the **Red Hot Chili Peppers** go all acoustic and cute and nauseating in 'My Friends' (WEA), and the **Badloves** try to outdo even Wet Wet Wet's blandness on 'Caroline' (Mushroom). That's it, I surrender. See ya.

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How Bizarre
CD Single (Huh!)

This is gonna be large — Top 10 at least, if not Number 1. Paul Fuemana takes a Spanish stroll on 'How Bizarre', a groovy, good-time jam that's been timed perfectly to make the summer experience all the more fun. There's a none-to-shabby trance excursion, among the four mixes, though the album and radio versions make my day.

DIMMER

Crystalator
Seven Inch Single
(Sub Pop/Flying Nun)

This collaboration between F Nun and the infamous Seattle label is also the first release from a post-Fits Shayne Carter. If you've seen Dimmer live, you'll know what to expect; if not, don't

assume this is anything like *Blow's* 'Train' or 'Spacing'. The instrumental 'Crystalator' is Carter showing out, letting his Gibson cry and sing, even threatening to have the whole squallish affair collapse in on itself, with only Peter Jefferies' furious drumming holding it together. The delicate 'Dawn's Coming In', also available on the Nun sampler *The Sound Is Out There*, almost needs to be coaxed from the speakers, the vocal almost spoken in a breathy matter-of-fact manner, encouraged by the sparse, nervy guitar arrangement.

THE TUFNELS

Beautiful Ride
CD EP (Globule)

A new(ish) four song EP from the Tufnells, designed, I guess, to draw attention to the re-release of their debut album *Lurid*, on Sony Music. The new tracks are the title track, a featherweight pretty

pop tune, and the snooze-inducing 'Shady Tree' — written after a mammoth ingestion of Mogadon perhaps? Rounding out are the student radio fav's 'Pettibone' and 'Husky Vooms'.

THE WARNERS

Crazy Horses
CD Single (Wildside)

The Warners ring the disco flavour right out of the Osmonds' 'Crazy Horses', giving it a grunty makeover, and adding a Warners guitar solo for total destructive effect. 'Seven Fires' is alarmingly similar to the rockier moments of the Hallelujah Picassos, while 'Messed Up' sees the lads at slightly less than full throttle, making noise for the sake of noise. The CD version contains 16 bonus songs and odds 'n' sods, including various gig and bFM promo ads the band have recorded over the past decade, plus lost gems like

'Nuke Wasted', 'Blind Man Blues', 'I Cried', and the classic 'Hang 'Em High'. The Warners go out in true style with 'The Man in Black', and a torn down/pasted up cover of Push Push's 'Trippin'' ('I / Permed my hair / Manicured my rear / Got a face lift too,' etc.).

JOINT FORCE

Burntime
CD Single (BMG)

The 'Burntime' original was the first slice of OJ & Slave that ever I enjoyed, way back in 92. That version is here along with three other recent mixes. The 'Iraias Ignition' version takes 'Burntime' off on the dancehall tip, with Otis and Slave dropping some seriously sharp vocal tricks. A video edit, and a live rendition recorded at Squid during the *One Inch Punch Tour*, wrap it up. Though the newer versions go down slicker, the original still does the damage for me.

CANE SLIDE

Lunatic Fringe
Seven Inch Single (Cane)

'What happened to the good bands?', ask Cane Slide on the SuperChunk-like title track. With their emergence, and this four song Geraldine seven inch, they're helping the cause for sure. 'Lunatic Fringe' and 'Mashed Potato' especially, boast the simple, but impacting, sweet pop melodies Andrew Moore, previously of the Beads and Treehut, is known for. Furthermore, Caneslide taint their tunes with enough distortion to keep them out of 'sanitised jangle' territory, knowing full well another band

of angst-ridden pussies is the last thing New Zealand music needs. Write to PO Box 78129, Grey Lynn, Auckland.

JAN HELLRIEGEL

Pure Pleasure
CD EP (Warners)

You wouldn't expect the girl next door to passionately promote the benefits of unbridled hedonism, but Jan Hellriegel does just that on the ballsy pop/rocker 'Pure Pleasure' — far and away *Tremble's* best tune. Also contained within is 'Geraldine' and 'Thinking' (both from the album), and two previously unreleased tracks. 'Dumbfounded' shifts from wistful to frenetic within the space of a chorus, and the bland 'Blissfully Unaware' sets itself up to be called nothing more than 'filler'.

EVILIS

Cult Of Youth
CD EP (Handgun Syndicate)

Cult Of Youth gets off to a superb start with 'Anything For Now' — just imagine Bowie doing the punkish metal thing, backed by a drum machine (check 'Hellfire Man' for this also) — and the rap/metal hybrid 'Hold the Kill' wouldn't be a sore thumb on the *Judgement Night* soundtrack. The only real complaint is the vocals are down to low in the mix, otherwise this is a most promising debut.

SECOND CHILD

Disappear
CD Single (Wildside)

After 'Hold Back' and 'Crumble', Second Child slow things down even further with the 'Disappear' single. The

moody and morose title track would have been a stodgy ballad except for the wave of guitar delivering the big pop hook at chorus time. With this release, I can't help thinking the last should have been first. B-side 'Slip Away' is a wonderful, wonderful song. Minimal in the truest sense of the word, every moment of Damien Binder's vocal hints at despair too great to endure.

GRACE

Cool World
CD Single (Deepgrooves)

Upon hearing 'Cool World', I immediately thought of a less melodic version of Bryan Ferry's 'Slave To Love'. That mostly rings true, though it drifts off into a dreamy, Mediterranean vibe, and as you come to expect with Grace, the production is top notch.

HEMI

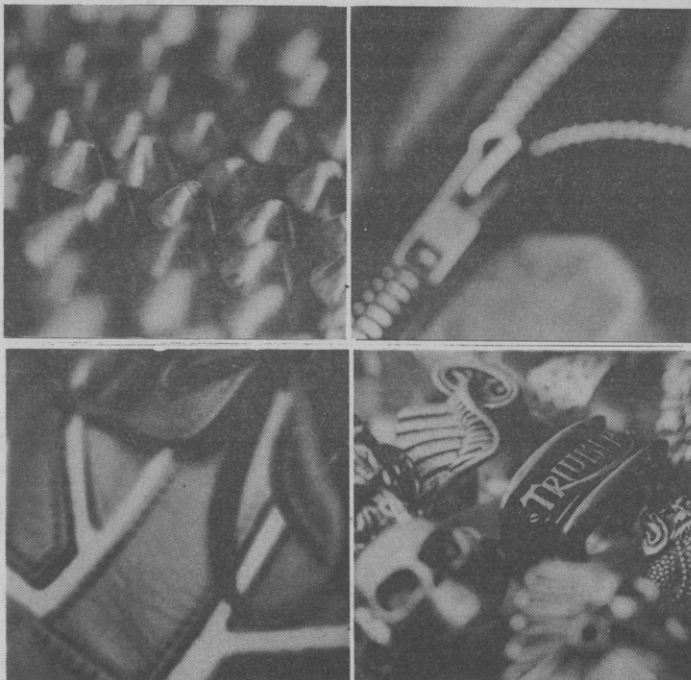
J Holmes
CD EP (Wildside)

More madness from Wellington's Stench Room, Hemi being the latest potential rock god to waft to the surface. Certainly this is a great deal more listener friendly than the SML, in particular the short 'n' sweet casiotone/drum machine make-over of Black Sabbath's 'Paranoid', and 'No Money', which sounds like Snapper's Peter Gutteridge has had a hand in it. But most applause is given up for the evil swamp/country version of 'Tainted Love', with its none-to-subtle use of crunching programmed drums.

JOHN RUSSELL

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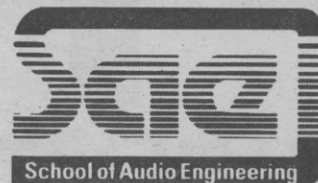
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Richie Sambora

Live

BON JOVI, DOGSTAR

Mt Smart Supertop, Auckland, November 8.

There were two very different generations of fans gathered at the Supertop on this windy Wednesday evening. The first bunch were very definitely there to see the headliners, their faded *Slippery When Wet* t-shirts worn like medals, a sign of their commitment to the cause. The second group on the other hand, were female, they went to school the next day, some had 'Keanu' scrawled on their upper arms and faces, and their underpants probably smell like roses. Often their screams were loud enough to drown the phenomenal blandness of the openers. Dogstar were a dreadful

bunch of no talents, who did nothing I haven't heard a squillion times before. As horrible as Soul Asylum are, Dogstar were 20 times more tedious. The singer couldn't sing, the drummer had a better voice than the singer, but he found it difficult to keep time. And Keanu? He stayed in the shadows playing one string bass. But they persevered, for seven very long songs. The third one started slow, yet the drummer's bobbing his head around like an ostrich on speed — he couldn't have been any more out of time if he had the co-ordination of Stephen Hawking.

The roadies setting up the stage for Bon Jovi let down a painted backdrop ten minutes before their arrival. It was of a

red brick wall, adorned with photos of James Brown, Chuck Berry, and Elvis Presley. Here lies Bon Jovi's problem. They no longer want to be known as good ol' boys, stadium rockers to the max. Bon Jovi desire to be 'muso's', inductees into the Rock 'n' Roll Hall Of Fame. They want to be on a par with Little Richard. But it's a hard luck story, 'cause Bon Jovi are quite simply, a damn fine, kick-ass stadium rock band, who send their audience home having seen a show worth every cent.

Neil Young's 'Rockin' In The Free World', as opener, was a total, but pleasant surprise, as was what followed. A gigantic 'Livin' On A Prayer' reached a crescendo that slid straight into the mighty 'You Give Love A Bad Name' — this was all your Bon Jovi dreams come true at once. The tent erupted with roars from the faithful, though where I was standing, Keanu's flock watched with eyes that reflected bewilderment rather than recognition.

Predictably, the stars were Jon BJ, and Richie Sambora, who both had their stage moves nailed to perfection. This display of 'comfortable' choreography would look cheap in the hands of many others, but this is where Bon Jovi betray themselves. The looks on their faces say they love this kind of shit. Sambora has joined the legion of guitarists who mouth the riffs simultaneously as they scream from the axe, while JBJ pouts, thrusts, and gyrates with gleeful abandon.

The new single 'Something For The Pain' is welcomed like an old friend, yet this was nothing compared to the wild ovation that greeted 'Bad Medicine'. And I'm wrapt to discover I can still recall all the words.

Unfortunately Bon Jovi strayed, albeit briefly, with a dodgy medley that included 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' and the Isley Brothers 'Shout', plus their own ballad, 'Always', though much face saving is done during the encore, with a monumental 'Wanted Dead Or Alive'.

Tonight Bon Jovi did what they do, to the absolute best of their ability. They may want to be serious musicians, and to others they may be the butt of ignorant jokes, but Bon Jovi are members of a select group of bands, who deliver a show that defies you to

go to the toilet just in case you miss something.

JOHN RUSSELL

NOMEANSNO, THE WARNERS, THINK TANK, FIGURE 60, PACECAR

Powerstation, Auckland, November 9.

Pacecar play far too early for this reviewer, so a detailed documentation of their noise at this time is not forthcoming. At least they still got their name in print three times. Pacecar.

A reborn Figure 60 are in full supersonic flight by the time I arrive. The King of Firp and his Knights of the Periodic Table, featuring new guitarist Cameron Bain, ream the audience's ears with a concentrated Dynamo Liquid drum-guitar frenzy. A little on the stain and the rest in with your whole wash. Firp leaves the crowd stunned at the end of the set by tearing all the strings from his mighty perspex 'excalibur'. A definite improvement on your average lead break. The band are obviously enjoying themselves, which I'm sure is their Number 1 priority.

Think Tank up next, self-confessed seekers of "that big Aerosmith sound", and in possession of the best one-liners in town. They're all very competent musicians, and the singer-guitarist (also of Evilis) has a strong voice, presumably from many hours spent practicing with the limited edition karaoke laser disc of *Bela Lugosi's Dead*. But apart from the third number, which was kind of cool and epic, their songs don't really gel, the tight riffs stuck together much like black and white pieces of aural Lego.

The Warners leave no doubt that they are about to play by projecting what I think is the cover of their new CD *Bogans' Heroes* on the front-of-stage video screen. I wonder if they'll play behind it and finally transform into the avant-garde performance art ensemble they were always threatening to become. Not. The screen rises and the Warners do their thing, which is just about the same thing I saw them do a few years ago, apart from the bassist having lost his hair and the drummer having found Krusty the Clown's Pork Products. But seriously: a great Osmonds cover ('Crazy Horses'), some fancy fretboard

tappin', a sense of humour, and still the ability to rock your world, especially if you're a Warners fan. Best dancing award in the Whiteboy Black Category goes to the skinny backspinner in the Jamiroquai hat, while nouveau-punk demerits go to the nancy boy mincing around obviously trying to keep his blonde mohawk straight. No future!

And finally, NoMeansNo, whom famous and talented Auckland drivetime radio host Wendy Havoc says are, "one of the best live acts I've ever seen in my life, ever." Their bassist/frontguy (described pretty accurately as a "big greying old fucker who loves life") says he'd be happy playing to crowds of 200 until he expires. Cool. What NoMeansNo deliver to the crowd in ample quantities is powerful, honest-to-goodness, no-bullshit punk rock; grander than a two-bit canyon you may have heard of, and harder than the callouses on their hands must be after well over a decade of doing it. However, no band can compete with a total power blackout, which leaves both band and audience twiddling their thumbs for about 15 minutes (someone suggests going to *CHOGM* instead). Power is eventually restored, and NoMeansNo play on under a single white stage light, giving the whole thing the feel of being in a large lounge with a very large PA. Two things become apparent at this point: firstly, NoMeansNo are the kind of guys who would be happy to come and play in your lounge; secondly, they could be playing acoustically by torchlight at Dave's Discount Disasters and it would take

away none of their power as a truly awesome live band. When they play the anthemic 'I Need You', I succumb to primal urges and throw my feeble physique around like a fool. They leave the stage, apologising for the fuck-ups and promising to return. When that happens, I strongly suggest you attend.

DAVID HOLMES

HEAD LIKE A HOLE, JAWLOAD, MUCKHOLE

Powerstation, Auckland, October 27.

Head Like A Hole and their manager Gerald Dwyer were not expecting this. Their all-ages Powerstation show is sold out, and over 300 have been turned away at the door. Later on, HLAH will rise accordingly.

Once over initial sound problems, Muckhole blast through a set that makes it a joy to be alive, and unbelievably, blows their awesome Kurtz (in May) show to pieces. Energised to the point of spontaneous combustion, and with heavenly melodies coming out their ears, Muckhole tear through 'Overdrive' Subterfuge', 'The Muckhole Theme', and 'Don't Wanna Know'. No other local hardcore band has sounded this good since the salad days of Salad Daze.

Wellington's Jawload have been Head Like A Hole's companions for the duration of this nationwide tour, and the odds that they've had a harder act to follow must be exceptionally low, if not zero. Therefore, their time on stage must be considered a triumph. With a unique sense of style (the guitarist standing spreadeagle with a cig-

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SHALLOW GRAVE

Director: Danny Boyle

Anyone with experience in the flatmate lottery sweepstakes will get many a thrill and a chill out of this stylish little black comedy-cum-wince inducing thriller. It tells of the just desserts which befall a group of yuppie flatmates when they succeed in snaring a stranger to make their number four. Given the bastardly nature of the trio, you mightn't be surprised to hear their new flatmate doesn't last long. However, the way in which he exits is rather spectacular — that is, carried out by his flatmates, wrapped in plastic.

They are not responsible for his death, but what they decide to do with his body (after discovering oodles of money in his room) could get them in rather a lot of bother. They decide to bury it, after rendering it anonymous. One flatmate draws the short straw, and is thus forced to carry out the nasty business of removing the corpse's identifying bits. This drives him rather batty.

A nasty degree of paranoia and double crossing ensues between the flatmates. This is understandable, as the cops are investigating a burglary downstairs, a couple of very nasty thugs are in search of the hidden loot, and one of the flatmates, a journalist, has just been assigned the story of the very crime he is party to.

Once you've met this terrible trio, and seen the trouble they get themselves into, it's sure to make you feel a lot better about the flatmates you've got. However, it might make you think twice before calling them friends.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

DAZED AND CONFUSED

Director: Richard Linklater

It's 1976 and 'school's out for summer'. For a bunch of American graduating seniors, this means hazing the freshmen, driving around town looking for a place to party, drinking beer, and smoking *lots* of pot. For the football team, this also means getting their minds around the no drink/drugs contract their coach has asked them to sign, with a view to protecting their form over summer. Everyone has signed, bar the luscious Jason London, who is torn between his loyalties to his team buddies and his lust for 'livin'.

Linklater has set the pace on lazy and loping. The narrative is more structured and less innovative than *Slacker*, but only because its progression is dictated by the hours from afternoon to dawn, and the supreme wasting they bestow upon seemingly every senior (and even a few junior hazing survivors) in town. Think of an *American Graffiti* for the 70s, and you'll be on the right track.

Plenty of good gags, a vintage 70s soundtrack, and a cast loaded with dreamy looking (in both senses of the words) stoners provide the padding the lack of strong storyline and theme need. While it is hard to relate to some of the American customs (the brutality and humiliation directed at the freshmen, the fascination with constantly driving in and out of drive-thrus), there are some heartening scenes which seem universal to all Western teenagers, no matter what the decade. If this film doesn't bring back those old urges to go on a letterbox wrecking spree or the like, you probably never had them in the first place.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

FARAWAY, SO CLOSE!

Director: Wim Wenders

This is the sequel to the absolutely divine *Wings of Desire*, Wim Wenders' homage to *It's A Wonderful Life*. That film acquainted us with some of the angels who listen to our thoughts and watch the strange ways in which we pass the time that makes up our lives. One of the angels, Damiel, fell in love with a woman on earth (Solveig Dommartin, who is surely as close as a human can get to being an angel), and eventually made the move, leaving his friend Cassiel behind.

Far Away, So Close! tells the story of what happens to Cassiel when he finds himself following in his friend's footsteps, but experiencing a few more teething problems along the way. In fact, Wenders loads so many problems on poor Cassiel, he really doesn't have a snowball's chance in hell (let alone an angel's on earth). Pornography, gun running and Nazi connections, drunkenness, identification problems and arrest; unfortunately, all this makes for a rather convoluted storyline.

Nevertheless, *Faraway, So Close!* is certainly as stylish, visually stunning, and beautifully written as its predecessor. The soundtrack is sublime, and the cast has a real dream-like quality — ranging as it does from Gorby to Lou Reid, and with the addition of Nastassja Kinski and Willem Dafoe to the original stars.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

Live

gie drooping from his mouth a'la Keith Richards esp.), Jawload laid down half a dozen solid, bleak, mini-epics. With swirling dynamics in abundance, they came across as anger-fuelled Jesus Lizard/Fugazi concoction, and wound up a barely controlled performance by either stagediving or trashing their gear.

Head Like A Hole are now five, with the addition of former Funkmutha guitarist Thom Watson, but one man alone could not be responsible for the new musical direction HLAH are taking. Somewhere in Europe they must have picked up a dose of the blues (the sound, not the state of mind), and brought it back home — that's not to say they're playing badly, just different. Whereas the pre-travelling band operated at a pace suggesting the world would end later that day, now there's a more laborious, structured approach to their new material. That said, 'Spanish Goat Dancer' and 'Faster Hooves' are spun out with reassuring familiarity, and once again Booga proves himself NZ's consummate comical frontman, taking his Elvisisms to a level Mr Hitlist could never compete with. A mass choir dedicates 'Happy Birthday' to Hidee, before he straps on a guitar for 'Velvet Kushion', with Datehole reigning supreme, making it the best rendition I've witnessed them perform. At times the stage resembles a playpen due to the amount of horse play between Date and Thom mid-song, though the audience enters fully into the spirit of fun, which is perhaps why they've been as receptive to the new songs, as they have the old. The finale is chaos, Booga, Date, and Thom have collapsed in a writhing heap, and Tallbeast is abusing his bass with a closed fist. As always, Hidee is the rock that saves them from a total loss of control.

It's easy to comprehend why German label Noise International chose to release Head Like A Hole from they're contract, Noise didn't get the HLAH of three years ago, the one they thought they were signing — but you can't help but know they've still lost out big-time.

JOHN RUSSELL

EYE TV

Whiskey A-Go-Go, Los Angeles, USA, November 13.

This being the Nixons of course (name changed due to a whole swag of foreign bands called the Nixons), and having found they were in this neck of the woods playing at midnight, it was the sort of thing I just had to see. Even despite it being a chilly Monday night and the hour they hit the stage, Eye TV managed to keep the well jaded LA rock kids hanging around. It's been a few years since I saw them live, and in that time

they've hijacked one of New Zealand's better young drummers in Luke Casey (who just can't help but veer off into his early hardcore/speed metal licks at times), and they have that power trio sound pretty well wired. It's all plenty big, the Scott/Sturm front line aren't afraid to get those dynamics working by taking it from the quiet to the outright thrashing. All up, definitely a night worth the effort of heading out; plenty of stage banter that confused the locals, and a good band who show just what can be done with a great rhythm section and a front man with the musical intelligence to let them go at it.

KIRK GEE

JELLO BIAFRA, DEAN HAPETA

Powerstation, Auckland, November 22.

Dean Hapeta is not a big man, but, to paraphrase the Butthole Surfers, he stands 10 foot tall with a mic. He begins by addressing the crowd — the largest turnout I've seen for a support act in a very long time — with some Maori lyrics from 'Tangata Whenua', a track from Upper Hutt Posse's latest album, *Movement In Demand*. Backed by some dark ambient noises, which unfortunately cut out part way through, this is quite powerful stuff — the language spoken with a vehemence accentuated by Hapeta's measured pacing of the stage and twitching bodily movements. He sensibly rounds off this first piece by explaining the meaning of the lyrics to the crowd — most of whom would only come into contact with te reo by hearing the odd Posse track, or Ngawai Simpson's show on bFM. A very good start. The remainder of Hapeta's performance is comprised of more a cappella lyrics, with explanations or mini-rants in between. By his own admission, this is Dean's first spoken word performance, and perhaps because of this, there is a noticeable loss of focus in articulating his ideology between the pre-rehearsed pieces. Still, this was by far the best choice as a support for this gig, and apart from a bit of first-time roughness and the crowd's attention wandering towards the end (bloody TV Generation), it worked well. Dean Hapeta left the stage to loud applause.

Next, the daddy Dean Kennedy himself, mayoral candidate, conspiracy theorist supreme, poet, sneer personified — Jello Biafra. Mounting the stage in leather trenchcoat and *Top Gun* style shades (and looking more than a little like Graham Brazier), he starts his verbal assault on the crowd with a version of the 'Shut Up, Be Happy' piece found at the beginning of Ice T's *Freedom of Speech...* album. 'Anyone interfering with the collection of urine samples will... be... shot.' If only this same penalty had applied to crowd hecklers. What is it about New Zealand crowds

that there has to be at least one excessively drunk or deluded (or both) punter who is under the misapprehension that the dude under the stage lights is there not to deliver entertainment to the crowd, but to engage in one-to-one conversation with them whenever they feel like it? Very fucking tedious. Aside from turning around and screaming at him to shut up or fuck right off, the only other solution I could think of was turing up the PA. Regrettably, neither happened, and "Einstein", as Jello named him, bored the crowd with his verbal flatulence throughout the show, reaching an all time low when he started singing 'Holiday in Cambodia'. Sad.

Anyway, after removing shades and coat (and still looking like the Brazz), Biafra gave his audience of old, new, wannabe and never-been punks, at least three hours of their money's worth. The religious right, multinationals, absurd band names, private prisons for kids whose parents would rather pay US\$20,000 than have them misbehave, laughable politicians, downright scary politicians, manuals on how to "de-punk and de-heavy metal" your children, the Gulf War, drugs, Tipper Gore and the PMRC, corporate record company bullshit — all tarred by Jello's broad brush. Most of the subject matter inevitably centred around the States, but to his credit, Biafra did bring things close to home whenever possible; dissing the *New Zealand Herald*, Jim Bolger (who sent a personal thankyou note for the "resources" sent here by some millionaire yank psychologist on how to establish draconian family values), the French and their bombs, and shedding some light on sinister censorship goings on in the Australian music industry which could well happen here.

Although accused of being negative, Biafra points out the first step to combatting bullshit is highlighting its existence. And personally, I'd like to live in a world where some of his solutions were reality.

JUSTIN REDDING

HIT LIST, THE LURE OF SHOES, FIGURE 60, WRIGLEY

Kurtz Lounge, Auckland, November 10.

Ain't it always the rock 'n' roll way that the best nights are the ones you don't remember? That was true for me, in part, anyway, after spending a way fun Friday night at Kurtz Lounge's *Practice Room Romp*. The efforts of the cover subverting crowd pleasers (Hit List and Wrigley) overshadowed the noisy intricacies of the other bands (the Lure of Shoes and Figure 60), but hey, that doesn't mean I wouldn't want to catch the latter bands in another context on another night. Anyway, it seems they were lucky to get their airings at all, given the late start, shuffling reported line-up and rock 'n' roll end that all conspired to stunt the proceedings — but not their effects — on the audience.

The tone of the evening was set, and not surpassed by anyone other than themselves (more on that later), by (formerly Peter Stuyvestant...) Hit List, a band I've been biting my fist

for missing since the beginning of the year. All the reports I'd heard were true, meaning these guys did the business. Lounge lovers were inspired to hit the cocktails in the presence of a singer who wasn't afraid to get down on his knees for an audience — or kiss them, or play karate chopping Elvis for them, for that matter. His vocals would have sounded familiar to anyone who has ever heard Glen Danzig with his Power and Fury Orchestra (or can manage to imagine the sound such a name would require from that usually most unounge of singers). The Hit List's hit list included a personalised take on the old 'Crying' tune, sung in Maori, a version of 'Mandy', during which the guitarist couldn't suppress a leap, and a truly show stopping 'E Ipo', all accompanied by seriously cheese-o-ponic organ playing from a man in a dress. I must confess, the amount of glass raising this performance inspired boded very badly indeed for my memory's later requirements.

I exhausted myself early in the following band's set by shouting over the din: "The Love of What? The Law of Who?..." and assorted similar phrases. The Lure of Shoes was the name of the band. Their vocal mix was too low, but there were some good harmonies going on in the guitar department. I ended up being about as affected by their sound as I was by their name — that is, it intrigued me, but I couldn't really get a fix on quite where it was coming from, where it was at, or what it was alluding to. Help!

Next up were Figure 60. They were sounding dull, and doing it rather loudly. An errant bass player may have accounted for this malady (according to a fellow punter who, although trying to be helpful, I later realised was probably about as confused as I was), but I later heard the band planned it to be that way permanently, so who knows? Nevertheless, their short set gave me just enough time to figure I would prefer to savour their approach on a more level-headed bill... and night. As if to smack that idea straight across the face, the Hit List retook the stage. This provided a popular remedy for any blight in the proceedings. Their much more warmly received second set inspired even more cocktail clinking and sloshing than the first, which proved virtually lethal from where I was standing.

It was time for some punky pop abandon, which was a good thing, seeing Wrigley were next up. Covers like 'I Think We're Alone Now' and 'Glad All Over' brought the dancefloor to life, and the grinning enthusiasm and number of people (count 'em, five) peddling the tunes could hardly be contained by the stage. It seemed it couldn't be controlled by the venue at all, for at what must have been damn close to the end of a wild and groovy set, Wrigley got to end things the truly rock 'n' roll way. "We've just received a noise complaint," said the bass player. The band left the stage. I left the venue. I hear the disco dancers didn't stop till they dropped.

BRONWYN TRUDGEON

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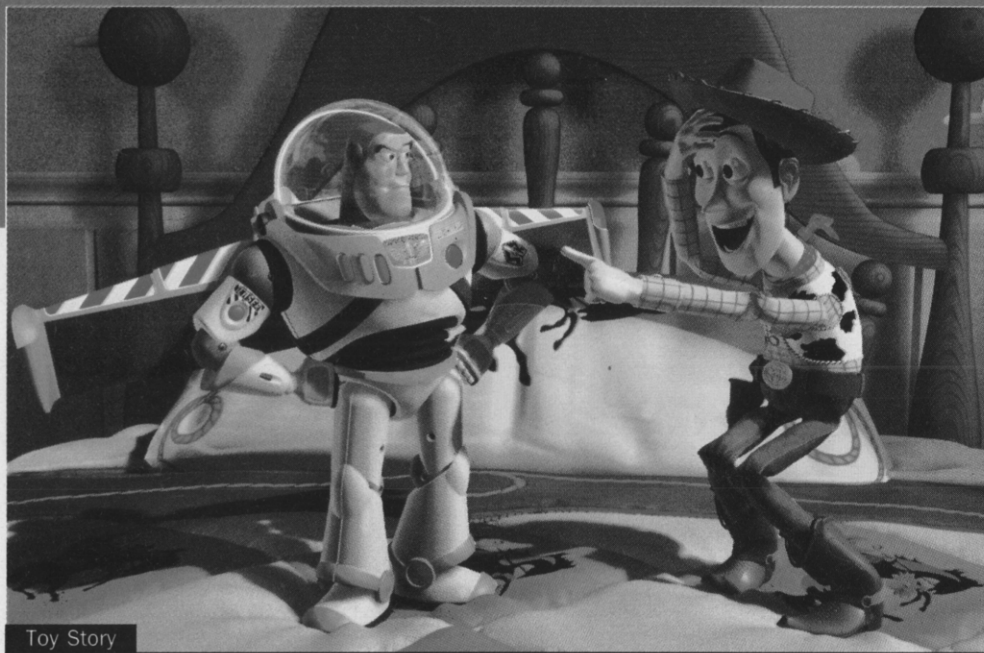
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Toy Story

TOY STORY

Director: John Lassiter

It's tough being a toy, and there's a whole world of them out there we mere humans barely notice — or so this new animated feature from Walt Disney suggests. Working with the innovative Pixar Animation Studios, who made it possible for us to shudder at the 'saurs' in *Jurassic Park*, Disney have created a breakthrough in the use of 3D computer-generated animation in a feature length film.

Technically, it's breathtaking. The drawings have such plasticity to them, facial expressions slickly moulded to fit the droll lines scriptwriter Alec Sokolow gives them. With actors like Tom Hanks, Tim Allen, Don Rickles and Wallace (*Vanya on 42nd Street*) Shawn handling the voices, the film fairly crackles. Annie Potts gives Bo Peep a libidinousness one would not expect in a toybox.

There are some edge-of-the-seat showpieces, such as the toys' expedition to check out the birthday presents, Woody's ride in the back of a Pizza Planet delivery van, Buzz Lightyear's first attempt at 'flying' in Andy's bedroom and, of course, the final chase in which Buzz and Woody pursue their departing family.

The human component is more disturbing, and it's a testament to the 'success' of the film that one finds oneself identifying so readily with the toy contingent. The youngsters remind me of the malevolent children of Michael Smither's paintings, particularly Andy and Sid, as vicious a pair of villains as anyone could want. Sid is a regular Dr Moreau, with his collection of toy-monsters, the freakish products of countless sadistic graftings and transplants.

The adults at the screening I attended were transported — and not because of the free candy. After all, this is one hip movie, right from the moment when Mr Potato-Head announces his Plastic Corrosion Awareness Meeting. But there is life beyond flip. When Randy Newman croons 'I will go sailing no more', as Buzz lets himself surrender to the

dark forces of depression, *Toy Story* shows a more serious side, being a neat allegory of the rivalry and insecurity that troublesome testosterone can induce.

Poised to snap up the holiday market, *Toy Story* is infinitely more than kids' matinee stuff.

WILLIAM DART

IL POSTINO

Director: Michael Radford

I came out of a screening of *Il Postino* into a drizzly Auckland evening, and my first impulse was to rush back into the theatre for the sun-soaked Mediterranean climate the film offered. There were more than just meteorological considerations: in a week of viewing movies that ran the gamut from assinine to psychopathic, *Il Postino* was indeed a breath of fresh Mediterranean air.

This tale, taken from Antonio Skarmeta's novel and transposed from Chile to Italy to accommodate its star, Massimo Troisi, is about a chance meeting between the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda (a phlegmatic Philippe Noiret) and his postman Mario (the fragile, nery Troisi, who died a few days after principal photography was completed). Neruda liberates the poetic spirit in his companion, and with it the inner confidence for Troisi to do more with his life.

Outside of the relationship between Noiret and Troisi, which is delicately nuanced, the film is, it must be admitted, rather ordinary. Maria Grazia Cucinotta's Beatrice has little to do except be the object for Troisi's amatory ambitions, although some of the minor characters offer illuminating insight into the energetic bigotry of the Italian peasantry.

The film is at its most effective when it explores the naivety of its hero. The scenes of Mario using Neruda's dictaphone to wander around the beach recording the sounds of nature for his Chilean friend touch the heart, and catch the essence of poetry in a way mere words sometimes do not.

WILLIAM DART

DANGEROUS MINDS

Director: John N Smith

Dangerous Minds opens with grainy black and white credits, as the students are bussed into school for the day. On the soundtrack, the gentle rap of Coolio's 'Gangsta Paradise' suggests a strange mixture of menace and resignation. Within minutes, help is at hand — Michelle Pfeiffer is signing in as home room teacher, and it's her lot to instill some love of the English language to a class who can't tell a rap from a sonnet.

It's baptism by rap for Pfeiffer's understandably nervous character, who puts her Marine training to good use at one point in the classroom. Soon the students are investigating the lyrics of Bob Dylan's 'Mr Tambourine Man', next comes the obvious connection to the poetry of Dylan Thomas, and then... Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams, perhaps?

Despite the director's plea that 'one individual can make a difference', and his belief that education is 'learning through an inspiring teacher who instructs not only in the course work, but about life, too', *Dangerous Minds* ends up as a bit of a trip to Warm Fuzzies Land — the same land that made it possible for Whoopi Goldberg to turn her recalcitrant students into a snappy gospel choir by the finale of *Sister Act Two*. Yet, in *Dangerous Minds*, thanks to Michelle Pfeiffer's unflinchingly honest performance, the corniest scenes catch you in their grip — even a cringe-maker in which a youngster is taken to a swank restaurant.

The movie centres around the youngsters — although they're about as believable as high school students as Lulu's mates were in *To Sir with Love*. We learn a lot about them and their problems, but surprisingly little about their teacher. Am I alone in wanting to know a little more about this divorced ex-Marine who becomes a first class classroom tamer?

WILLIAM DART

PERSUASION

Director: Roger Michell

I suspect Jane Austen herself would have been impressed by this filming of her novel. Nick Dear's skilful compression of her compact, crisply etched prose into 90 minutes of riveting cinema is no mean achievement. Comparisons between novel and film, in scenes such as that in which the heroine discusses the masculine and feminine spirits with Captain Harville (a subject of particular interest to the present time), are models of the scriptwriter's art.

As might be expected, this tale of true love requited is peppered with all manner of wry observations. We can sneak into the genteel social circles of Bath, scurrying around that splendid dowager, Lady Dalrymple; we can eavesdrop on the heroine's visit with her old friend Mrs Smith, and gasp at the gossip of the garrulous Nurse Rooke.

It's the cast which makes the film — and how refreshing it is to have such a film without Emma Thompson! Amanda Root, recently seen in TV's *Love on a Branch Line*, invests Anne Elliott with a piercing intelligence, her eyes darting, sparkling and assessing with the acumen of, dare I say it, a novelist. And what a pleasure to watch the outrageous machinations of Sophie Thompson as the discontent sister Mary. Susan Fleetwood as Lady Russell, the persuasive force to be reckoned with, has all the style of Diana Rigg, and can currently be seen on the small screen in Michell's filming of Hanif Kureishi's *The Buddha of Suburbia*.

Some characters are more flamboyant — certainly Corin Redgrave makes much of the foppish Lord Elliott, and in the final minutes of the film, Michell releases a colourful circus onto the Georgian streets of Bath.

My only irritation is a minor one, and a strange slip for the usually meticulous BBC: what was a Chopin Prelude, composed in the 1830s, doing in a film that is set two decades earlier?

WILLIAM DART

WAKEUP

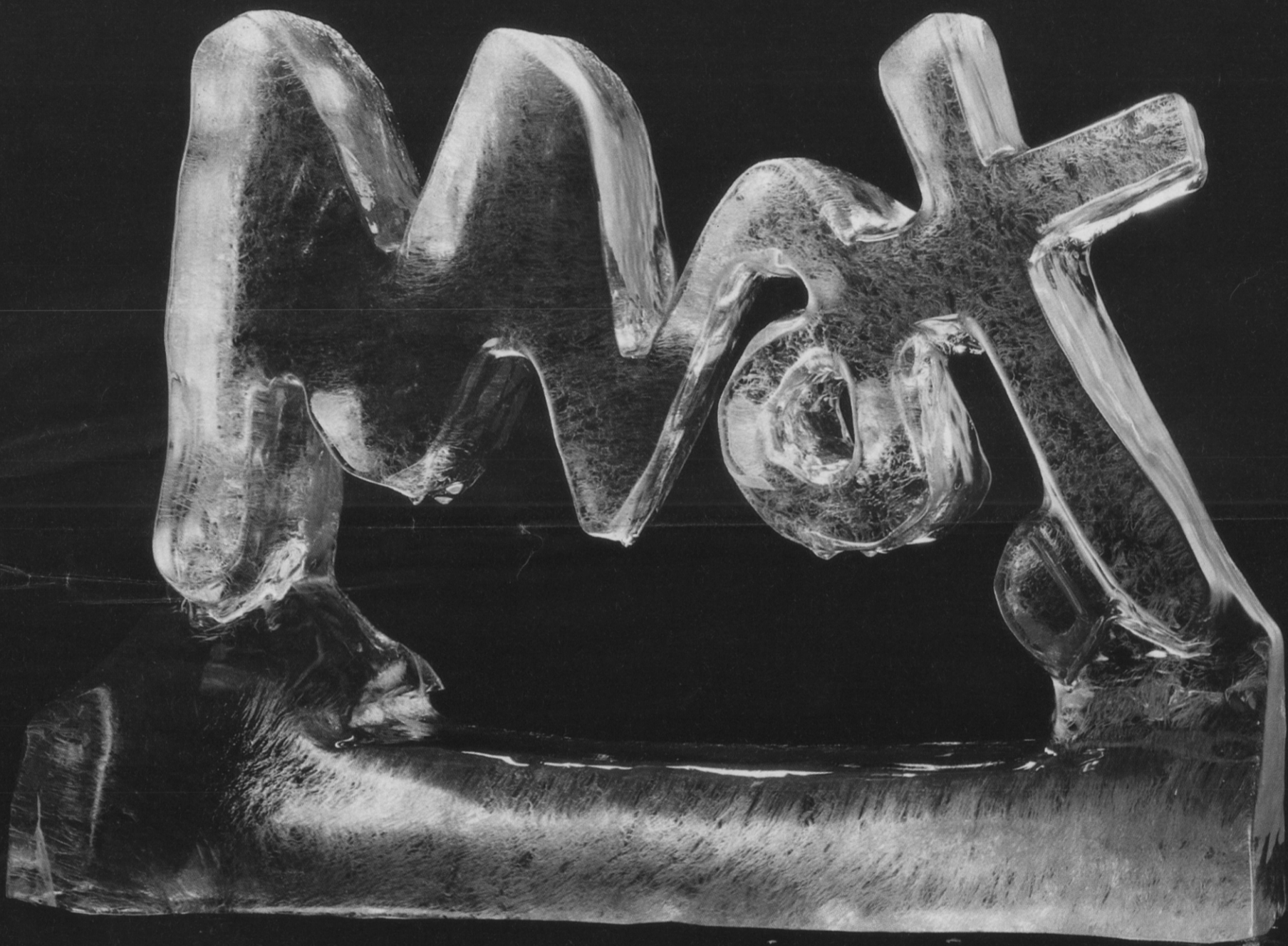
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