

PUMP UP D'ANGELO

The burden weighs heavily on my shoulders. Oh that I could but share it with others. Why me, dear god, why me? Am I to be the last "gossip" writer in this country? Are our minds so small that we cannot all share in the misfortune of others? Can we not laugh at them rather than *with* them?

I am alone in the wilderness. Once I was the poor man's FELICITY FERRET, now I am a MARKED MAN. Once I was greeted with the promise of CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION, now I'm told my TIME IS UP. (Yes, I've said this before). We are a dying breed.

I had hoped *METRO* would have stood tall, valiantly upholding the right of the FERRET to fabricate and decimate the ranks of the UNENJOYED. Not so. She has now been replaced with the puerile LUCINDA LAMB. I understand the idea but it won't work, it requires people to think about what is really being said (ie read between the lines), and sadly people don't bother.

Yea, verily I stand on my SOAPBOX and say: "BRING BACK THE FERRET", or at least something with more bite (ROGER RABBIT perhaps). That way I can be spared from strangers telling me about LINDSAY PERIGO at the VERANDA BAR AND GRILL. So what if he was hoping for a quiet dinner with a PRETTY YOUNG THING, only to have said PYT upturn the table and storm out? I don't care, that's *METRO*'s domain, it's not for me to tell.

Perhaps I'm out of step with THE CURRENT TREND. Maybe GOSSIP is OUT and BROWN-NOSING is IN. Looking forward to finding out who had taken my space in *MONITOR* all I found was a MOST PATHETIC example of LICKIBUM, about HIGH STREET. At least the poor boy had the sense not to sign his name to it.

Pity he couldn't contain himself further. Running home shouting "MUMMY, MUMMY look I've been PUBLISHED!" is not the elan we expect in the GOSSIP FRATERNITY. Soon the phone lines in REMMERS were clogged as said mother proudly faxed PAGE 17 to all her friends with "MY CHUCK'S THE NEW FERRET!" scrawled across the top. Oh the shame of it all.

His cover blown, the POOR BOY ran squealing from KEROUAC'S as they waved their fists, making it clear they didn't enjoy his prose. At least he spelt their name right, don't KEROUAC'S know it's better to be noticed rather than ignored? And then there were the alleged phone calls from CHRISSEY R... (hey, I was bored).

It's further proof that HIGH STREET is getting quite peculiar of late. Who would've thought the supposed FASHION CAPITAL of NEW ZEALAND would have made such a fuss about doing a *fashion show* in a school hall OUT IN THE SUBURBS???? I mean really, are things that bad? I'm told a MADMAN with a GUN recently RAN AMOK firing wildly IN ALL DIRECTIONS. Luckily there were no shoppers in the vicinity so they managed to hush it up.

A well meaning fan recently gave me the unkindest compliment; likening my column to *Twin Peaks*. "You can't understand it but you *have* to read it!" Thanks, but I'd rather it wasn't all over in a fortnight. C'mon, don't lie and claim you're still watching. Who can comprehend *Twin Peaks* when we're used to *L.A. LAW*, *Dynasty*, and *Dallas*?

In the U.S. *Twin Peaks* has gone the way of *Dynasty*, and *Dallas* is about to follow suit. Here's hoping TVNZ pick up the final episode, a two hour FANTASY in which J.R. is shown what *Dallas* might have been like had he not been his baad self.

Watching *On Trial* (12.30pm on TV3) can often be quite fascinating. It shows just how television has warped our conception of what goes on in courtrooms. It's nothing like *Matlock*, *Jake & The Fatman* and not even close to *L.A. Law*. Witnessers are allowed to testify without being cut off by the Prosecution, (thus preventing them from saying what they *really* meant). Defence Attorneys do *not* cross examine the accused's best friend, to the point of said friend revealing his hitherto unknown split personalities and confessing that *he* in fact strangled the mother (because she didn't laugh at his jokes).

No, this is real footage of real courtcases, without any of the staged histrionics that TV drama always gives us. Occasionally it's so normal it's

I was bemused to read a letter in Saturday's *NZ Herald* from some disgruntled viewer pissed off that TV3 were playing their English soccer programme at the same time as Television One's. The writer was typical of many kiwis. So fixed in their TVNZ viewing habits they expect TV3 to adjust accordingly. I was therefore surprised when TV3 did just that and moved their soccer to begin when TVNZ's finished. Mind you it may hold the viewer and stop them switching back to *One World of Sport*.

Buying the *Listener* has become redundant of late as the channels swap and drop programmes only days ahead of screening. Designed to confuse the "enemy" channel it's more often than not the viewer that gets confused. The government must also be somewhat confused at present. Their Treasury inspired plans to financially exploit the airwaves have gone hopelessly awry.

The government have been wanting to "privatise" Radio New Zealand for some time, the idea being to bolster the coffers by selling off the commercial stations and sticking to the non-commercial services (paid for by your TV licence fee). Unfortunately no-one in NZ has got the money to buy them, hence the government changing the law to allow up to 100% foreign ownership of NZ radio and TV.

Who benefits from this law change? The big business entrepreneurs who sell their shares in SKY for \$100 million. And that's as it should be, whenever government bureaucrats play entrepreneur they usually lose

megabucks. But hey, it's only taxpayers' money, we can always cut benefits. Radio NZ bought 89FM for about \$6 million. Now it's bottom of the ratings and being beaten by student radio in some time slots.

'95 BFM downplay the result of the last radio survey, but it's no mean feat to hold (and somewhat increase) your audience as other stations lose theirs. There are now *eight* FM stations in Auckland, with more to come. One could say we're over supplied but in a "free market" environment it's survival of the fittest.

It'll be survival of the fittest in Clubland too as new clubs open. If you're into funky black music you can go to The Box, Barcelona, Threshold, The Site, DTM's, or Stiletto's. No, that's a strip club. Anyway joining the fold is Jason and Grant's SURGE, a relocated OFF BEAT (now in the Old Custom House), and THE BASEMENT (formerly The WAGG, formerly Whiskey A Go Go, formerly Club 21, formerly ROMA, formerly Disctek, formerly Club 21, formerly Aladdin's, Phew!). I remember when the only choice you had was ZANZIBAR or QUAYS.

Not that I'm old. Hey, I started clubbing when I was only eleven years old, which is why I much prefer FONDA RAE's version of 'Touch Me'. I've been complaining here at the *Rip It Up* office about how I've heard it all before. I guess I'm feeling jaded. Someone told me hooded sweats and trainers are now *out*. Having worn them for over two decades (not the same ones, idiot!) it seems a bit silly to change now. I suppose if walking

around with a dildo up your arse is your idea of fashion I'm *out*.

Not sure if that statement will make it to press. *Whole* paragraphs were missing from last month's column. I guess some things can't be said, some names can't be mentioned. *YOU* can however receive your own unexpurgated version of my column by sending \$9.95 to this office. More exciting than the 'Justify My Love' video you'll be treated to sordid stories about my amazing sex life with a bevy of buxom babes. Stories so hot they didn't believe me and *removed* them. It's all true I tell you!

Not only that but you'll also learn *which* inner city nightclub has formed not a staff social club but a HERPES SUPPORT GROUP instead. Find out *who* claimed to be referring to aerobic wear when overheard saying "I don't like it up the arse," and find out *what* the Editor did when asked if he had any gossip to contribute to this column. See *where* DAD went after the BFM / *Monitor* party at Celeb and *why* he doesn't want you to know about it.

A delayed deadline means I *can* tell you about the opening night at SURGE. Fuck me up the arse with a blunt stick *please* if wasn't *the* place to be. The place was jam-packed, hot, sweaty, and PUMPING. Everything a club should be. Better yet were the people present, people who really haven't been clubbing for ages, people who AREN'T STILL AT SCHOOL. (Or dating someone that is).

If the club can keep this clientele they'll be set. If they could get the DOG CLUB to move in downstairs it'll

be even better. The club already has atmosphere with it's Pool Room and pinball machines. REX VISIBLE was parked at one, deftly flipping the flippers until he manfully hit the JACKPOT. What a way to score chicks: the bell rings for a full two minutes as your bonus points are added and *everyone* in the room looks to see who got the new HIGH SCORE.

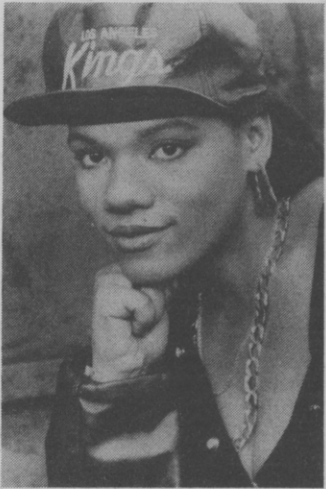
Answers on the back of a postcard please if you can think of a funnier nickname than SPLURGE. While you're at it tell me how STUART BROUGHTON got into the last issue of *FASHION QUARTERLY* not once but *twice*! I'm out of here. NICK D'ANGELO

UPPERS

GLOBAL WARMING: It's been too quiet, and here we go again with the start of a new round.

'Cept this one is on such a scale it can't fail. Yes, it's a "Dance Party" but don't let the label put you off. Get off your arse and go out for a change!

DUNGAREES: Once the preserve of lesbian feminists these are now *de rigeur* with the Hip Hop set in the US. Per-fect for the aforementioned Dance Party — just make sure you don't do up both straps. (If unsure check your BBD video).



NO RELATION (Part One of a series): Def Jam's NIKKI D currently filling dancefloors with 'Daddy's Little Girl'.

boring, but edited down to 25 minutes it's a great opportunity for voyeurs to titillate at real life transvestites, kidnappers, conmen, murderers, and others.

Ian Magan & Garry van Egmond present...

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