allbums

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM **Earth Inferno** (Beggars Banquet)

Fields of the Nephilim are perhaps the only "gothic" band to have outlived that restrictive label, building a monumental reputation worldwide for the epic quality of their live performances and sheer hard work. This record is a document to those qualities, capturing the power of the "Neph in both Britain and Hamburg during their 1990 tour.

All the classic tracks are here, from 'Dawnrazor' to the anthemic 'Moonchild', spanning their very prolific vinyl career, especially in the 12" department. The atmoshphere of this record in particular is heightened by the ambiguous but nevertheless stunning artwork. It adds forcibly to the Aztec image running throughout the

The 'Nephilim are proof to the fact that you can obtain longevity through dedication to your music. Their long and hopefully continuing career is an excellent reference point for all young and aspiring groups.

Smell The Magic (Sub-Pop) (Flying In)

First heard this blaring in Real Groovy and was instantly transfixed, the singer sounded like some kind of male banshee screeching "get out of my way or I might shove" but then I found out it was a song by all-gurl group L7 offa this EP Smell The Magic the best thing to come out of Sub-Pop since Mudhoney spawned 'Revolution'

Nasty vocals, rugged guitar, ugly sentimements, guitars that groan and grind all over the place, six mayhemic tracks, every one a smack in the face for dead "rock" babies: the swagger and sneer of 'Shove' ("some guy just pinched my ass/drunken bums ain't got no class!"), 'Fast And Frightening' (which sounds like it says and whoever's singing it rolls her rrrr's just like Johnny Rotten), 'Right On Thru', 'Til The Wheels Fall Off', 'Deathwish' and 'Broomstick'. You guys have got your dicks but these gurlz ride a stick. Record of the month, no contest. DONNA YUZWALK

KRAFTWERK The Mix (EMI)

Hypnotic, moving and deeply sexual, Kraftwerk's 15-odd years of music making run like an autobahn through modern music, an unswerving line of common sense and perfection

Its four members have always lived and worked in the present - the fundamental difference between the group and its many dated imitators. The real Kraftwerk keeps on going, 'Music Non Stop', and the interesting thing is the trademark sound never lasts longer than an album. Electric Cafe bore digital hip-hop influences,

Autobahn wheezes antique analogue pleasures. Computer World is breezy and light, Man Machine is quaintly unhip and clunky. They grow like a family and release albums only when the fruit is ripe, little collages of emotion and discovery inspired by when they were made, not by what people expected to hear.

The Mix represents the band's history in 11 well-chosen tracks, although the popular 1982 single Tour De France' is notably absent. The old stage robots adorn the cover and the CD format seems appropriate. Note also the total lack of technical information; a stark contrast to more "traditional" musicians who spend a slick and a half detailing superstitious lists of recording studios, backing musicians and remix details as if to convince the purchaser that whatever's lacking in life has somehow been made up for by hard labour.

While the music industry hums its way into the next century with sentimental re-hashes of music forms long dead, Kraftwerk detail the Now. The Mix shows them as they are: pure and simple, uncluttered and direct. sophisticated and humourous. Or, as Afrika Bambaataa put it, this is some weird shit. Whichever you prefer. CHAD TAYLOR

MARY'S DANISH Experience (Festival)

Recorded live at the Ventura Theatre, LA's Mary's Danish, whose debut LP Here Come's The Wondertruck didn't seem to stop too many people in its tracks last year. They're the band with the joint female vocalists and the guitarist who co-wrote the Bangles hit Walking Down Your Street'. They play funked up rock with brass and 'balls'. Here they rip through most of the songs off the album with only two new tracks, 'Tracy In The Bathroom' and a nifty version of 'Foxy Lady'. The production is seamless, the vocals are brash and busy if somewhat abrasive, the energy level is cranked up to the max all the way through. This can be exhausting, but if you like your southern Californian rock hectic, "right-on" and bristling with youthful exuberance, here's your DONNA YUZWALK

QUEENSRYCHE Empire (EMI)

From their beginnings in the early eighties Queenryche have developed a sound from something like Judas Priest up to Empire, being closer to the feel of Rush. Perhaps that's understandable since they used Rush's usual studio and producer to make it and the result is their most polished album to date.

What this band have going for them is an approach to lyrics that is not cliched, dealing with subjects like corruption within world officialdom Previous album Operation Mind Crime dealt with this in a heavy "aural movie" way while Empire is a more

personalised outlook of today's tough realities for the man in the street. 'Silent Lucidity' is the much air played ballad and very nice it is too, whereas 'Jet City Woman' is the best of the more vigourous songs. Geoff Tate's vocals don't vary much, so over an hour gets a bit much but why not give Empire a good listen and see what you think.
GEOFF DUNN

JAMES Gold Mother (Fontana)
INSPIRAL CARPETS The Beast Inside (Liberation)
NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN **God Fodder** (Furtive)

This is where we evaluate three of the better habits to emerge from post-Smith's England.

James pre-date the main Manchester hysteria by a good few years when back then they were tinkerering around with cottage music. Rickety and folkish they gradually evolved into one of England's better fully fledged intellectual rock n'roll bands. Gold Mothe is their best so far. Released last year in all forms this re-issued CD unfortunately deletes the haunting 'Crescendo' for 'Love Control' and 'Hang On' is moved aside for the insanely catchy 'Sit Down', the single which put them on the map.

But the core of the original Gold Mother remains untouched.
'Government Walls' is stirring stuff, 'Come Home' is tense and overwrought with the sexpop of 'How Was It For You' chiming in with llighter relief. James are the nineties Gang of Four, that's all the recommendation you

should need. Inspiral Carpets often sound like they discovered Teardrop Explodes found they were an eighties band and decided to pickpocket the sixties Farfisa heroes instead. They're the archetypal retro band yet their scatterbrained first album crackled with energy and had 'She Comes In The Fall' as a genuinely great song.

The Beast Inside is much more

cohesive and with its denser, sludgier textures it suggests deeper minds at work. The single 'Caravan' is a bad start as it's just a stiff 'Weakness' and although 'Please Be Cruel' hardly excites the first side definitely comes alive with 'Born Yesterday' and slides out with music and style on the title track. The ethereal, shimmering 'Niagra' is the best thing here but the quality of the second side stands or falls with the lengthy 'Further Away' and Graham Lambert's infectious guitar line gives the song the thread it needs to be cohesive.

The Beast Inside is a brave attempt by the Carpets to implant some unified and profound ideas of their own into their influences. Not an unreserved success but an admirable effort, old

Escaping from the west Midlands — Oldbury to be exact — Ned's Atomic Dustbin have a already carved their name with the classic third generation

as stocks are limited.

punk anthem 'Kill Your Televsion', a magnificent sentiment set alight by a focused headbanging guitar assault

It opens NAD's first album God Fodder and sets a Ramones/Buzzcocks/Undertones manifesto of guitars as Buzzcocks Pitted against two bassists, Rat and Dan Dan the drummer, John the singer doesn't try to compete. His calm unruffled vocals carry the melody line while the band go ape beneath him. After 'Kill Your Television' there's a barrage of fine songs in 'Less Than Useful', 'Selfish' and 'Grey Cell Green'. Real lacerations occur on 'Until You Find Out' and 'What Gives My Son' hurtles into the generation gap.

Ned's Atomic Dustbin are wonderful high grade fresh garbage of the sort that you felt was left to rot at the Roxy in '79. But they're not nihilists. John sounds too intelligent and civilised for that. Whatever way you approach it, God Fodder spells fun. GEORGE KAY

LAMONT DOZIER **Inside Seduction** (Atlantic)

Lamont along with the two Holland boys wrote and produced some classic Motown, dug deep into the Southern funk with the Hot Wax period, and did a few solid albums in the seventies.

Shame that the nineties finds Lamont lost in the mire of MOR production and hanging around with Phil Collins, who 'helps' Lamont with this work.

Lamont croons his way through some very schlock filled tracks, like 'Pure Heaven' where he wants to "get into your bedroom eyes" and comments philosophically that 'The Quiet's Too Loud', but then again, we can't blame him too much there, since Phil Collins wrote that one.

The only things I liked were the beginning of 'I Wanna Hold You Forever' and the big soul ballad, 'Love

Let's hope that the rest of the decade will be better for Mr Dozier. KERRY BUCHANAN

SCHOOL OF FISH School of Fish (Capitol)

School of Fish seemed worth a listen mainly because of a connection with cult hipsters Francis X and the Bushmen (and a great kid smashing a guitar cover) and things have changed a bit. School of Fish have somewhat mellowed the Bushmen's aural assault, the distortion pedal still gets a workout here but in a much more polite manner. There's all these insidious sixties styled harmonies creeping in here too, the sort of thing that goes well with the sort of angst-ridden lyrics these guys come out with. It's the whole sugar-coated bitter pill deal. It's all quite pleasant and listenable too, if not exactly challenging. School of Fish sort of makes me think of Crowded House fuzzing out a bit, or one of those 80s/60s outifts like Pylon aiming for the charts. If you like your pop melodic, sort of anthemic and with a touch of harsheness, then this one's for you.

Like, what's he going to do now he's out?
Record another FUCKING DANCE SINGLE?? PERHAPS? Just MAYBE?? Another JIGGA-JIGGA-JIGGA piece of CRAP PROMOTIONAL MERCHANDISE for FLARED TROUSERS? Don't we have **ENOUGH?**

Yes we DO. FUCKING DANCE SINGLES are a DOLLAR a DOZEN and we DON'T need ANY MORE. PUT THE OLD BUGGER BACK INSIDE. Give YOUNG WHITE BANDS WITHOUT SOUL a CHANCE.

Yes readers, ELVIS SLAG SUPPORTS TUNELESS WHINERS IN DOC MARTENS.
People like SPUD and THE NIXONS and MICHAEL "WHINY CRAPPY PEOPLE" STIPE. What would those boys DO if they were FORCED to SELL OUT to the EVILS of the DANCEFLOOR? Apart from MAKING
MONEY and ENTERTAINING PEOPLE they would be FUCKED. What would SONOMA MESSAGE write about for STUMP
MUGUZINE? HOW would she WALK in
SIX-INCH PLATFORMS??
BEWARE of JAMES BROWN! He is doing

the DEVIL'S WORK. NO HUMAN BEING COULD HAVE HAIR THAT SHINY.



DOMONIC ROSKROW'S LETTER FROM

Cor blimey me old china! It's your old mate DOMONIC ROSKROW writing you a FEELING BETTER (letter) all the way from CAP AND GOWN (London Town). As I always say, the hardest thing about working in New Zealand was keeping my foot in my mouth for two years. Anyway, here's a review of my first LUVERLY day in LUNDUN (no chance of bumping into a Kiw support band here eh? Car blimey):

8.30: Get pissed. 8.45: Hop on me bike, drive down the frog and toad, order a pinta bitter, see the old

9.00: Decide that ICE-T is the MICK JAGGER of the 90s. Does this mean MICK JAGGER was the ICE-T of the 60s? Cor

11.00: Riot in the streets, pull the walls down, start the revolution. 12.15: Get pissed again. (Two beers this

3.20pm: Decide KEITH RICHARDS is the

ELVIS SLAG'S GROUPIE NEWS: Hi Girls! Isn't it GREAT being a GROUPIE? Gee WHIZ! Well NEWS on the AGENDA this WHIZ! Well NEWS on the AGENDA this month features the LOYELY GIRLIE who went home one night with a LOCAL SEXY PIN-UP ROCKER. Great! Neato! Way cool! Worked out who it is yet? Why not complain to the editor, and he'll make me apologise next month! Gee whiz!

Anyway, the GROUPIE and the SEXY ROCKER arrived home with the intention of PARKING on each other's respective G-SPOTS. It is all ROMANTIC and KISSY-KISSY but then the GROUPIE does

4.25: Thrown out of pub for talking too

much.
5.30: Decide CHARLIE WATTS is the

KISSY-KISSY but then the GROUPIE does something EXCITING. She GOES WILD! Yes REALLY WILD! She TEARS ALL THE POSTERS OF ROCK STARS OFF THE BEDROOM

Like, you CAN'T MAKE a METALLER lose his ERECTION any faster than THAT!
GOODNIGHT VIENNA!
But WAIT. There is MORE!
The GIRLIE does NOT STOP THERE. She

DEMOLISHES the WHOLE FLAT. The SEXY PIN-UP METALLER is almost in TEARS.

Listen Girls: if you're GOING to do something POINTLESS and DESTRUCTIVE, then DO IT ON STAGE like everyone else.

JESUS LOVES YOU? Like sure, He says

that to EVERYONE. This issue came into LIGHT at the recent SATAN LOVES YOU gig at the POWERSTATION. YES THEOLOGICAL ISSUES are not beyond ELVIS SLAG. INSIDE, the STRICTLY OVER-20 CROWD

("Two icewaters please") were MOVING and GROOVING to the sound of FREAK POWER and the WARNERS. (Hey! Do 1 detect TUNELESS WHINERS IN DOC MARTENS? RIGHT ON!)

But OUTSIDE the POORSTATION there is EVIL AFOOT. Dozens of SHINY HAPPY RELIGIOUS PEOPLE are putting BROCHURES under the windscreen wipers of EVIL CARS.

What do the brochures say? Why it is a

MESSAGE of LOVE.
They say: "GOD LOVES YOU!!!!!! SATAN
HATES YOU!" and on the back they say in
ballpoint: "Would Satan die for you? Jesus

What a LOVELY REMINDER. But wait! They have spelt "Jesus" with two E's. OH

And speaking of JESUS, here is news of JESUS JONES, the SPIFFING BAND who DIE ON STAGE ... It was reported in last month's UP TO THE MINUTE AUCKLAND STAR-STYLE COLUMN that the BAND had a BIG MASCULINE PUNCH-UP the moment ney got off stage in Auckland

Now ELVIS has learnt MORE. JESUS
JONES were in fact SO TARTY with each
other than by the time they arrived in
AUSTRALIA AUSTRALIA AUSTRALIA they vere NOT TALKING to each other AT ALL. Why? Because the SINGER said Jesus

Jones were HIS FUCKING BAND and that the GUITARIST should LEAVE.

THIS is what COMES from making FUCKING DANCE SINGLES. If they were POLITICALLY SOUND WHINERS IN DOC

AARTENS then this NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.

There's only one thing for it: PUT JAMES BROWN BACK IN. **ELVIS SLAG**



JULY 26th 9pm till LATE

