

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

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.

**LUKE CASEY**

**L7**  
**Smell The Magic**  
**(Sub-Pop) (Flying In)**

DONNA YUZWALK

**KRAFTWERK**  
**The Mix**  
**(EMI)**

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.

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 humorous. Or, as Afrika Bambaataa put it, this is some weird shit. Whichever you prefer.

CHAD TAYLOR

**MARY'S DANISH**  
Experience  
(Festival)

DONNA YUZWALK

**QUEENSRYCHE**  
**Empire**  
**(EMI)**

What this band have going for them is an approach to lyrics that is not clichéd, 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 vigorous 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)**

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

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)

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 outfits like Pylon aiming for the charts. If you like your pop melodic, sort of anthemic and with a touch of harshness, then this one's for you.

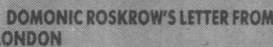
KIRK GEE

**BEWARE of JAMES BROWN!** He is doing the **DEVIL'S WORK. NO HUMAN BEING COULD HAVE HAIR THAT SHINY.**

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

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

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



Cor blamey me old china! It's your old mate DOMONIC ROSKROW writing you a FEELING BETTER (letter) all the way from LAP 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 LUVELY day in LUNDUN (no chance of bumping into a Ki support band here eh? Cor blamey):

am: Arrive Heathrow.  
 1:30: Get pissed.  
 1:45: Hop on me bike, drive down the frog  
 and toad, order a pinta bitter, see the old  
 missus.  
 2:00: Decide that ICE-T is the MICK  
 AGGER of the 90s. Does this mean MICK  
 AGGER was the ICE-T of the 60s? Cor  
 limey.  
 2:00: Riot in the streets, pull the walls  
 down, start the revolution.  
 2:15: Get pissed again. (Two beers this  
 time.)  
 2:20pm: Decide KEITH RICHARDS is the  
 TINY TIM of the 50s.

# THE BASS FACTORY PARTY

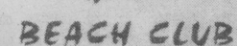
**Southside**  
RECORDS

**JULY 26th 9pm till LATE**

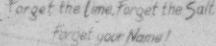
**GURUS NITESPOT**  
**WAIKATO UNIVERSITY**

## The fashion trend sweeping

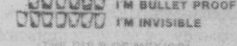
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## 4 STAGES OF TEQUILA



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