

discover the meanings and emotions. I don't even think we know all of them."

Anthony admits to being the Peppers' lyricist, "but Flea influences me by sharing views and ideologies. In turn, I have the basic funk just oozing out of my body, and it can't help but grease off on Flea when he comes up with a bass line. All very natural!"

### Sock N' Roll

The publicity generated by their "zany side" and the infamous socks-on-cocks encores has now become tiresome. "The biggest misconception about us is that we're some kind of novelty sock band," sighs Flea, "but I think we've played some of the most innovative music of the 80s over the past few years, and I'd like to be recognised for that."

"Which isn't to say that we regret that," says Anthony. "It is a great feeling. We do it just to have fun, to feel good, naked and free of clothes and social bindings. It is not about shocking people, it's about feeling great."

To feel similarly inspired in the studio, Anthony testifies to the value of posters of former teen porn star Traci Lords. He also lewdly claims that communion between a female body, miniature microphones and a guitar neck results in certain unearthly sounds on *Mother's Milk*, but the explicit details are strictly *Penthouse* material.

The Red Hot Chili Peppers also draw inspiration from LA peers like Fishbone, Thelouion Monster, X and Firehose, and their camaraderie is a refreshing change from the catty competitiveness of most rockers. "It's

a definite circle of friends. We all hang out and feel proud to perpetrate an inevitable sense of patriotism in our music. LA is where we live, and our music is basically about our lives. I think we're all part of a dying breed -- people playing an honest, heartfelt uncompromising music that is getting respect around the world." -- Anthony.

Or, as in the words of 'Good Time Boys', "We're modern day braves with one strong hold / Through the world of song our boldness is exposed."

The group's comparative longevity surprises Flea and Anthony. "When we started this band, it was strictly as a lark," Flea confesses. "Then, suddenly, it's 'let's make a record, tour, get a manager and a lawyer, get paid money.' I never used to think of the future, but I do a little more

now that I'm a father. It's amazing it has gone on so long and -- barring some drastic incident -- it looks like it will go on a lot longer."

"I had a beautiful vision last night," Anthony adds. "I was at the Mets game with a friend and we were talking about the Grateful Dead at the Giants stadium. I don't even know their music, but they fact that they've amassed an audience that has loved them for 25 years is beautiful. It'd be nice for the Red Hot Chili Peppers to be around in 25 years."

### Classic

To hear these irreverent funkateers praise the Dead's survival is surprising, but they also reveal their love of classic rock by their choice of covers; Dylan's 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' and, on *Mother's Milk*, Hendrix's 'Fire' and Wonder's 'Higher Ground'. "We love all kinds of music," says Anthony. "Those covers are a way of paying respect to musicians that have been real meaningful to our lives and music. I just met Stevie Wonder over the phone, as I want him to be in our video. He was one of the coolest-sounding guys I've ever talked to -- his voice was like a well-intentioned siren. If Stevie likes our song, I'll probably shoot an eight-foot shot of ejaculatory semen."

But omit the Who from the Peppers hall of fame. "They're pathetic," Flea sneers. "They stopped rockin', then said, 'Hey, we could get back together, play the old songs and make a shitload of money.' And, as a bass-player, here's a personal 'Fuck you' to John Entwistle. He's a close-minded, ignorant old fart for calling rap 'the voice of youth that can't sing.'"

Anthony pounces on the topic of rap like a shark smelling blood:

"Rap is the punk rock of the 80s. It is the burgeoning existence of music right now, the reality of the masses, not the false, preconceived notions of the upper middle-class. It is the truth!"

The big time may beckon, but the

Peppers aren't about to stifle their social conscience and egalitarianism, as Anthony explains:

"Whenever I get served a bagel and lox in a restaurant, I think, 'what a bummer to be waiting tables,' but I don't feel better than that waiter -- just luckier. No matter how famous I become, I'll know I'm no better than the bum down there on 42nd Street eating lunch out of the garbage. He and I are on the same level. And Donald Trump, he's no more important than the guy he walks past who is lying in the gutter licking milk off the floor." And like all good Californian rock stars, the Red Hot Chili Peppers are deeply concerned about the state of the environment.

"I think the planet is in real bad shape," claims Flea. "It's fucked, we're doomed, and people don't care. We do benefits for the Sea Shepherds [a direct-action environmental activist group]. If wild horses are going to the glue factory in Montana, they'll cut down fences and free them."

Maybe it is similarly attributable to their Californian base, or Flea's early childhood in Australia, but the Peppers are real sports nuts. Hence the hilarious ode to Magic Johnson, "Penetrating the line like a bullet train comes the Magic blood a telepathic brain."

"He's a legitimate hero of the band," says Anthony. "He represents the most beautiful, positive-willed figure in sports to us. We're musically influenced by his basketball playing, his smile and his lust for life!"

The idea of punk-funkers as jocks may seem bizarre, but to Flea, "funk and sports intersect in so many ways. A perfect day for me is to play music and basketball on the same day. They're my two favourite things to do."

"The Red Hot Chili Peppers are full of unexpected avenues meeting," Anthony concludes. "We are a myriad of intersections you'd never expect."

Long may they sink their jump shots.  
KERRY DOOLE



### Music Video

December music video releases include live tapes by **Bryon Ferry** *New Town*, from *Maiden Maiden in England*, **Shriekback** *Jungle of the Serises*, **Bob Marley and Yazz** *The Only Way is Up*.

There are video collections released by **Tom Petty** *Bunch of Videos*, **Paul Kelly** *Leaps and Bounds* (early vids), **Icehouse** *Great Southern Land*, **I'm Talking** *Dancing and Bros Push Over*.

In the New Year Virgin will release a hits video from **Paula Abdul** *Straight Up*, **David Sylvian** *Steel Cathedral* (a short film) and **Fusion**, a compilation of funky videos from the Rhythm King label. Artists featured include **Bomb the Boss**, **S'Express**, **Beastmasters** and **Baby Ford**.

CBS now have two jazz music videos on the market -- **Louis Armstrong** documentary *Satchmo* and **Branford Marsalis** in concert *Step* plus interview footage.

New concert videos from CBS are **Public Enemy** *Fight the Power* (60 min, includes video too) and **New Kids on the Block** *Hangin' Tough Live* (50 min).

MCA have released their first music videos in the USA -- hit compilations by **Bobby Brown**, **Jody Watley**, **Jets**, **New Edition** and the **Boyz**.

Early 1990 EMI will release live tapes by **Tin Machine**, **George Thorogood** and **Tin Machine**. New video compilations appearing in the UK for Xmas include **Duran Duran**, **Squeeze**, **Sugarcubes**, **Blow Monkeys**, **Free** and **Teardrop Explodes**.

### Hire Video

In December in stores you'll find:

- **Beaches** Balto Midler
- **Rooftops**
- **Dirty Rotten Scoundrels** Michael Caine, Steve Martin
- **Running On Empty** River Phoenix, Sidney Lumet directed
- **Price of Passion** Diana Keaton
- **Lobster Man from Mars** Tony Curtis, Patrick MacNea, "Sealed from Outer Space!"
- **Lair of the White Worm** Ken Russell
- **Twins** Schwarzenegger and DeVito
- **My Stepmother is an Alien** Dan Akroyd
- **Alien Nation** James Caan, Mandy Patinkin
- **Dream a Little Dream** Carey, Horn and Feldman
- **Stuff Stephanie in the Incinerator** In the tradition of *Hachcock*
- **High Spirits** Daryl Hannah



### YOUNG MAN SEEN ABOUT TOWN

Father Christmas is not real. Fact. I discovered myself.

Apart from "Do All Blacks masturbate whilst on tour?", it's the question that's really been troubling me recently.

Recently, with doubt picking at my brain, I went to three different department stores within ten minutes (running to be sure), and, sure enough, there was the old bastard greasing up a different batch of brats each time. Either he flogs his reindeer or something's not quite on the button matey.

The second time I saw him some four year old puked a milkshake n' pie mix all over his poofy red suit. The third time, three minutes later, that same suit was spotless.

Initially I thought he may have trying to confuse me, punishing me for that Christmas Eve two years ago when I opened up everyone's Christmas presents to see if there was anything I could steal. In the morning, our family Christmas tree ruined, I opined that Santa must've been very high on Christmas spirit and wouldn't

have been responsible for his actions. (Everyone believed me.)

But, yeah, by the time I saw this third Santa, sunlight squeaky clean, I was getting suspicious. I decided to confront him and took my place in the queue of kids.

It was good feeling tall, and my bum fluff, usually 'wispy', looked positively designer in comparison to all the pre-schoolers about me. I sneered at them in disdain (they'd all come with their mothers), and, cocooned in cool, started tapping my foot and nodding my head. Naturally, Acid House was beyond them.

Soon it my turn. Santa looked surprised to see me, a fully grown man, walking towards him unaccompanied. "I don't need my mother," I declared loud enough for everyone to hear.

Santa grunted under my weight as I threw myself onto his lap. I noticed a bit of his beard had come off and stuck to his bottom lip, blowing back and forth with his wheezing. Santa's breath smelt. His rheumy eyes were crossed with perplexion. I went close.

"Okay, St. Nickle-arse, where's the sick gone?"

He hurrumphed and splattered but couldn't get his jolly ho ho to go.

I poked him in his soft, pillowy belly, my lips thinning in hurt.

"The sick hasn't gone has it? Has it?", poking him harder, "Has it?" Santa looked as if he wished he was in the North Pole.

"The sick hasn't gone, because," - rising from his knee for the punchline - "THERE WAS NO SICK!"

Several on-lookers gasped in horror and I turned to nod at them in grim agreement. I

felt like Perry Mason. I shouted again, screaming to the Gods, "THE SICK HASN'T GONE BECAUSE THERE WAS NO SICK!"

A number of parents tried to cover their children's eyes and lead them away, but there was no running from the truth. Even I was shocked by the enormity of my discovery. Visions of a Nobel Prize flashed before me - "BOGGLES: SANTA SHAMELESS SHAM SHOCK", "NO SICK SAY AMAZED WITNESSES", "SANTA SATAN: WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION FOR VOMITIOUS FOUR YEAR OLD".

The world was my oyster, but at the moment it felt like a big, sticky gob stuck in my throat.

Santa is not real. He is several thousand old men dressed up so you will buy more things from the shop he sits in. He is a Coke bottle.

I couldn't believe it, but worse was to come.

Several of Santa's little helpers, disguised as mountainous pug-faces in uniform, appeared from nowhere to pull me screaming from the crowd of shocked parents and weeping children.

Later, whilst being charged, it dawned on me that I had stumbled upon the Great Christmas Conspiracy, revealing a massive cover-up that was just going to covered right back up again. DON'T WE NEED TO KNOW?

So lock up your children, Santa is coming to town. Santa is a Nazi and Rudolph the Reindeer's nose is red because he is an animal alcoholic with a surname that is probably Hess. Who do you trust?

Just thank the Lord we still have Bono. BOGGLES RYAN

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