

Prong



THE GOLDEN PALOMINOS This Is How It Feels (Restless)

This Is How It Feels is one of those albums that doesn't give you much to start with but slowly reveals its attractions after repeated listening. Initially easy to dismiss as sanitised funk/ jazz with a good singer, the songs of Lori Carson worm their way into your brain and leave a message that insists on being remembered.

The Golden Palominos are the band of Anton Fier and (this time) Bill Laswell, who could both be accused of having a pedigree. *This Is How It Feels* features the talents of a fair few other familiar names including Bootsy Collins, Bernie Worrell and Nicky Skopelitis, but all their efforts come to little more than a couple of arresting percussion loops every now and then and a bland stew the rest of the time. It's only Carson that salvages it.

Some songs are marvellous, especially 'Breakdown', a simple yet detailed piece that treads the edge of gentle collapse, the ominous and world-weary 'Bird Flying' and the steamy 'Prisoner of the Rhythm'. Sometimes it's so good you can almost forgive the dull bits as being misplaced subtlety, but then it gets flat again, especially the songs sung by Lydia Kavanagh.

This Is How It Feels is maddeningly patchy. One gets the impression if it had been less dominated by Fier and more by the others it could have been much more worthwhile. **CAMPBELL WALKER**

cool stuff out of a guitar though, and that more than makes up for the brusque vocals. The Killing Joke involvement (as well as Raven, John Bechdel crops up adding programming and samples) is a big element here, as Prong have a lot of the same disdainful, stabbing sound that early Killing Joke perfected with some nasty riffs thrown in for good measure. *Cleansing* is a strong step on from 91's *Prove You Wrong*. **KIRK GEE**

TRANS-GLOBAL UNDERGROUND Dream of 100 Nations (Nation Records)

World Music. I hate it. Well, I hate the politically correct plonkers who champion its righteousness and condemn everyone else with 'holier than thou' toss usually reserved for opera lovers. The world music bunch

would love to claim Trans-global Underground as theirs. Don't let it happen!

The Trans-global sound is easy to define. Alternative British dance world fusion — with the occasional rap. Their musical conquest puts Britsy dance beats alongside the sounds of indigenous cultures from all over the globe. More tribal chants than an Indiana Jones flick, African choirs, Middle Eastern Instruments next to mutated funky guitar. It's 100 nations under a groove. And it's got pop on it's side.

Forget the miserable Frenchy attempts of Deep Forest. The Globals have created a niche and perfected it. They've pulled off the seemingly impossible; they've brought together the music from cultures all over the world and made it internationally accessible.

JOHN TAITE

VARIOUS ARTISTS Ambient Volume 2: Imaginary Landscapes (Virgin)

**DAVID SYLVIAN AND ROBERT FRIPP
Darshan (Virgin)
SEEFEEEL
QuiQue (Too Pure)**

By its very definition ambience is the process of surrounding or bathing, in this instance it refers to the encompassing effects of electronic or experimental music. Now that that's out of the way *Ambient 2* is an overview of some of the tonal soundscape bands and artists that have recorded on Virgin in the last twenty years.

Since it's Virgin only artists the ambient fathers Cage and Riley

aren't here, neither are current faves the Orb, although their unmistakable stamp is on the remix of the Grid's 'Crystal Clear'. Brian Eno, the man who coined the term "ambience" in reference to this style of music, chips in with 'Talcoat', but what makes this double CD selection such great value is the variety ranging from Prince Far I's reggae dub 'Bendel Dub' to the outer space of new astronauts Voyager's 'Arrival' back to Tangerine Dream's surprisingly fresh 'Rubycon Part 2'. Ambience is musical yoga, it's therapeutic as well as weightless and evocative. Snap this up.

David Sylvian's and Robert Fripp's *Darshan* is only a three track EP but since it clocks in at nearly 45 minutes it's been given honorary long player status. The first track 'Darshan' is a fairly typical but mesmeric blend of eastern tones floating into a fairly long techno club workout. 'Darshana' is more jagged with Fripp's guitar scrubbing and stabbing at the rhythm, an approach developed further on the final 'Darshan' with shuffling funk shot through with Fripp's guitar and Sylvian's pacifying vocals. Quite professional but hardly ground breaking.

Finally London quartet seefeel (with the trendy lower-case lettering) have worked with the very fashionable Aphex Twin which at least puts them in the ambient picture. *Quique* is a decidedly assured tour through the various styles that tend to occupy the ambient mind. 'Cli-

mactic, Phase #3' is the nagging hypnotic trance aura, 'Filter Dub' the spacial reggae and 'Through You' and 'Signals' the emotive inner space. Again, they don't add anything new to the genre but they're good and Sarah Peacock's voice is an effective ephemeral additive. Wall paper lives. **GEORGE KAY**

BILL MILLER The Red Road (Warner Bros)

Bill Miller is a native American from the Stockbridge-Munsee — a band of Mohicans. The Mohicans believed the Red Road the album is named after to be a path through the world leading to the Higher Power — or so it says on the inner sleeve. The album features tracks with titles such as 'Dreams of Wounded Knee', 'Inter-Tribal Pow Wow Song', 'Trail of Freedom' and 'Reservation Road'. Miller plays guitar, flutes, harmonica and percussion. It sounds just like you would expect it to. He makes as much noise by himself as a tribe of war dancing apaches. He does his rain dance thing on most tracks, one or two have an eerie Indian-on-the-plains feel. The tracks with English lyrics are not bad folk-country but they're nothing special either. **KEVIN NORQUAY**

BOB DYLAN World Gone Wrong (Columbia)

Thirty years after Dylan and his

new electric band were booted off the stage by narrow minded folkies, he returns with his second album of traditional blues and folk songs in two years. It may seem strange that one of music's greatest songwriters is now only interpreting other people's songs — enough songs have been written in the world already, he says — but this is where Dylan always came from, way back in the coffee club folk scene. He's always retained a folkie spontaneity to his recording approach (occasionally to the detriment of the songs) and the only difference between this and his debut album is the world weary voice, which takes some getting used to.

The voice has nothing like the awesome flexibility of old, but there is just as much emotional colour in this beaten, shredded croak. He ambles his way through little known (with the exception of 'Stack a Lee') standards penned by old masters such as Blind Willie McTell, the Mississippi Shieks, Tom Paley and Public Domain. He delicately plucks his guitar like the *Freewheelin'* days, deftly bringing out the exquisite melodies in a way his voice cannot.

Dylan has always done it his way, rather than his accountant's, and this is another insight into a stubborn, idiosyncratic artist. Eventually the subtlety of the performances captivates you, it's just the sameness (and bleakness) of the al-

Counting Crows

COUNTING CROWS

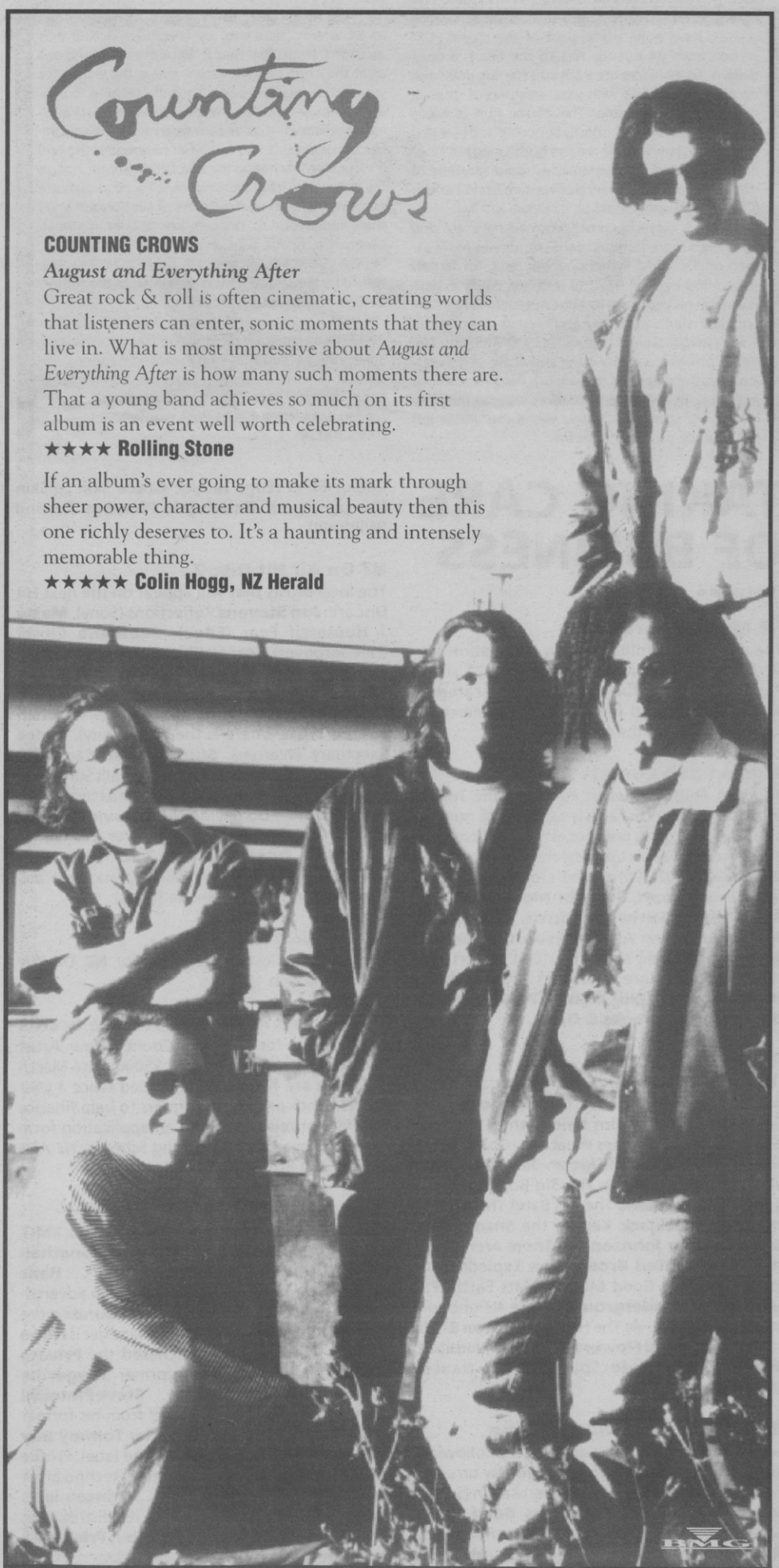
August and Everything After

Great rock & roll is often cinematic, creating worlds that listeners can enter, sonic moments that they can live in. What is most impressive about *August and Everything After* is how many such moments there are. That a young band achieves so much on its first album is an event well worth celebrating.

★★★★ **Rolling Stone**

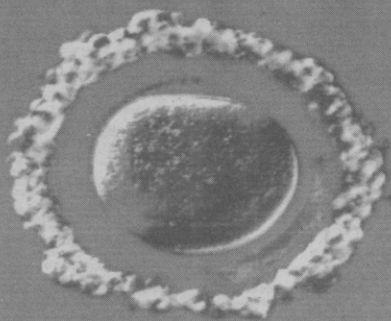
If an album's ever going to make its mark through sheer power, character and musical beauty then this one richly deserves to. It's a haunting and intensely memorable thing.

★★★★★ **Colin Hogg, NZ Herald**



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