

dependent outlet for young bands

smitten by the adventurous exploits of the Velvet Underground. Edwyn

Collins, the brains behind Orange

Juice and the compiler of this

twenty-two track overview, had a

charming drone and the nerve to

use it on soul standards like Al

Green's 'L.O.V.E.' and the Four Top's

'I Can't Help Myself'. Let's just say

to create awkward but breathless

pop out of his adenoidal vocals and

gangly, jangling guitars. The end

product is a flawed charm, an im-

perfect pop that has character, pres-

ence, wit and beauty that avoids

polish and predictability. Orange

Juice were never better than on their

first album You Can't Hide Your Love

Forever with 'Falling and Laughing'

summing up their philosophy and

'Consolation Prize', 'In Nutshell' and

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Collins' genius was in his ability

he didn't better the originals.

ally fell on his arse

Floored Genius finds him mainly on his feet as it takes an informed tour through Cope's ten albums. Teardrop Explodes' classics like 'Reward' and 'Treason' still sound ageless as does the unsettling ballad 'The Great Dominions'. In solo terms Cope has always wavered towards cult status, a contradictory state for an artist wanting due recognition for the undoubted splendour of songslike 'An Elegant Chaos', 'Char-lotte Anne' and the guitar crazy 'Safesurfer' from last year's Peggy Suicide album.

Cope's readiness to fall on his derriere has ensured that he's avoided formula and sustained vitality. Floored Genius is the ideal introduction to Cope and his desires.

Orange Juice were the darlings of Scotland's Postcard label, an in'Felicity' remain irresistably literate

Rip It Up and the mini-EP Texas Fever weren't in the same class but the final Third Album was a fine swansong with songs like 'Lean Period' and 'I Guess I'm A Little Too Sensitive' equalling his best. And even though the punkish brilliance of 'Blue Boy' is mysteriously not included, this compilation justifies Collins' "esteemed" sub-title. GEORGE KAY

## CJ CHENIER

I Ain't No Playboy (Slash) CJ is Clifton's son. The late Clifton Chenier was known as the king of zydeco and generally regarded as the inventor of a style of blues dance music based on Arcadian (French folk) tradition blended with black rhythm and blues that Chenier Snr developed into a unique style in the 60s. This spirited sound is based around the accordian as lead instrument, but hey, don't let that put you off. This is different territory to Lawrence Welk's pap or polka. Zydeco is from Louisiana, initially rural based roots music, spirited, hop til you drop entertainment.

CJ being second generation has infused contemporary r'n'b (more rock orientated) with his father's roots sound to create shit kicking rock and roll with a zydeco base. The purists might not approve (the lyrics are sung in English not French as in the traditional) but his set is crisp and it sure swings. The accordian is up front shared at times with rollicking guitar and footstomping rhythms. There's not too mucch two step or waltz left here but CJ is taking the style one step further and into the 90s.

Producer Joe Hardy (with credits of ZZ Top and Steve Earle) has CJ rocking hard but retaining the backbeat and counterrhythms of the washboard. The title track 'Ain't No Playboy' based on drums, 'board, slide guitar, accordian and strong lead vocals typifies the crossover. If you thought Wayne Toups could swing then check this guy out. A good record to party to but make sure you have a few cold ones handy cause this sure is thirsty work. JOHN PILLEY

DAVE HOLE Short Fuse Blues (Festival) Question: what do you call an Aus-

## SINGLES

The singles this month have been hi-jacked by grunge and hardcore, a bunch of toxic abusers who've resharpened their acts since Nirvana lifted stones and found commercial life underneath. Life created, however, by the god-like Husker Du.

And so it's fitting that heading the disciples is Bob Mould's new band Sugar, a three-piece guiding him to a more balanced perspective circa Warehouse after the bleeding on his solo albums. 'Helpless' (White Records) sounds anything but as it catches Mould in full flight with guitars pushing his vocal insecurities but 'Needle Hits E' is even better with a pop ache under the melodic barrage, leaving 'If I Can't Change Your Mind' and 'Try Again' to let Mould unplug. Welcome back messiah.

Smashing Pumpkins' Gish didn't change my life but the three pronged releases they unleash here shows their best is in front of them. On 12" Peel Sessions vinyl they re-do a crackling version of 'Siva' (Hut) backed up by a snaking Hendrixish riff thing 'A Girl Named Sandoz'. And on ten inch vinyl comes one of the best songs from Gish, 'I Am One' to tread on your face. But their best attack is 'Drown' (Epic), an eight minute tuneful build-up to brain-splitting feedback, part of the Singles soundtrack.

Another song from the movie is ex Sub-Poppers Screaming Trees' 'Nearly Lost You' (Epic) which is probably too mainstream for grungeheads but they have the taste to do a crunching cover of the Small Faces' 'Song Of A Baker'. Sticking with ex-Sub Poppers, L7 lift another sliver of lead from Bricks Are Heavy. This time it's 'Everglade' (Liberation), mean and jerky but not up to 'Pretend We're Dead' or the bonus track 'Freak Magnet' which kicks a few jams.

Prong come highly recommended on the inner sleeve of their six track Whose Fist Is This Anyway? (Epic). Nitzer Ebb, Ice-T and Foetus Thirwell all testify to the ferocity of Prong's cunning, monstrous metal/ grunge contrivance. On 'Prove You're Wrong' and the Stranglers' 'Get A Grip' they prove there's no life form they couldn't lacerate. Approach with care. The hardcore half-hour ends at the beginning with the Sex Pistols whose world-changing 'Anarchy' (Virgin) gets a deluxe package with poster, 'Anarchy' in its original and demo forms and 'I Wanna Be Me'. Lest we forget Above ground and the world is being led for a month by Neneh Cherry whose very smart 'Money Love' (Circa Records) bristles with her

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natural sass and a great guitar driven chorus. Right Said Fred drag out the strings to camp it up on 'These Simple Things' (Tog) and their version of John Sebastian's 'Daydream is kinda likeable' Confusion time as K.D. Lang's duet with the inestimable Roy Orbison on 'Cryiing' (Virgin) arrives in two separate CD packages with different track listings. Take your pick but 'Crying' is the key song, an ageless peel of angst.

Getting right up to the mark means the very transient, fragile world of Britain's indie scene where reputations come and go at the hairdressers. Moose get very breezy and charming if a touch lightweight on 'Little Bird (Are You Happy In Your Cage'(Hut), leaving Verve to add some substance to their reputation with 'Gravity Grave' (Hut)

Techno-time and the **Shamen** go from strength to strength with the formidably catchy dance romp 'Love, Sex, Intelligence' (Liberation) with Machines of Loving Grace revealing the harder edge of the electronic industry on the durable, inventive 'Burn Like Brilliant Trash' (White). And talking of burn, the Church's Marty Willson-Piper catches fire on 'Luscious Ghost' (Ryko), light years ahead of anything on Priest=Aura.

But let's end with a few war cries in the shape of Hunters and Collectors' 'We The People' (White), wherein they continue their new-found toughness, and minstrels-of-the-people the Levellers mix tradition and Clash on 'Far From Home' (Liberation). Heard it all before. See ya. **GEORGE KAY** 



Prince • My Name Is Prince Sugar • Helpless Able Tasmans • Fault In The Frog 8 3 **REM** • Drive 4 Tom Waits • Black Wings 5 **Smashing Pumpkins • Drown** 6 4 **PWEI • Bullet Proof** 7 **Throwing Muses • Dio** 3 8 **L7** • Everglade 1 9 Daisy Chainsaw • Love Your 10 Money MARBECKS, REVIVAL RECS, TRUETONE, SOUNDS MEGASTORE Every Wednesday 7-8pm, 95 on yer FM Dial Votes taken from noon, Ph 366 7223 or Register vote at Harborne & Arthur 228 Ponsonby Rd

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