

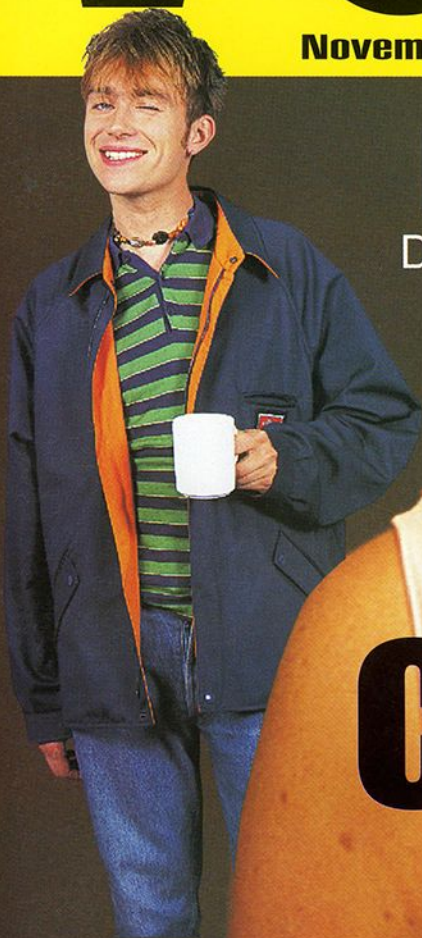
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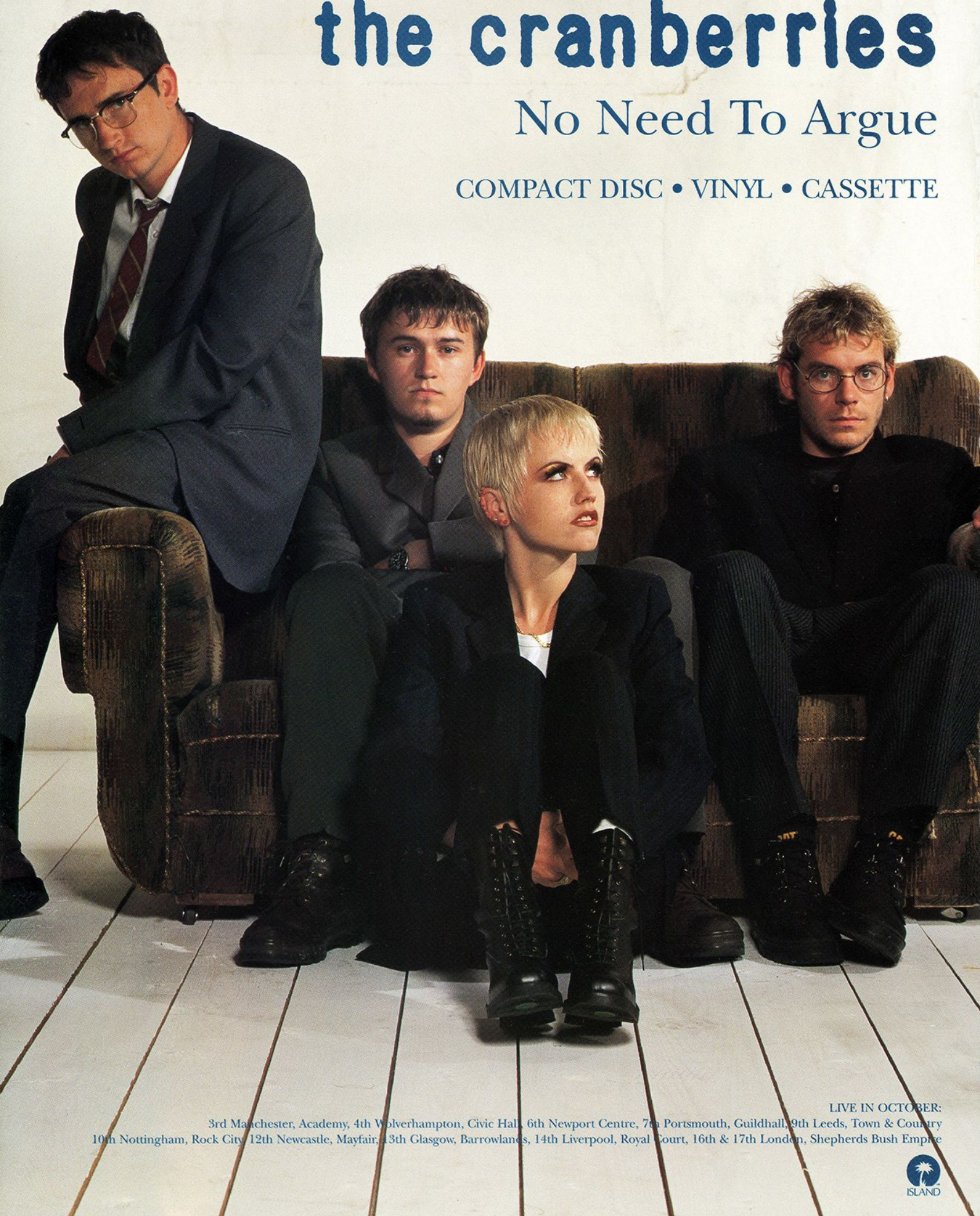
Dolores' prayer

We regret that, for copyright reasons, the free tape is not available in countries outside the UK.

the cranberries

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November 1994/issue 50

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"Mercury Awards? Load of old bollocks, mate."

THE CRANBERRIES and BLUR cover photos by Derek Ridgers

VOX 50

And they said it would never last! Four years after *VOX* first dented the

news-stands we've hit our 50th issue with a booming circulation (up 12 per cent to a new high of 109,697) and a new look. Thanks for your support so far, and stay tuned for even better things to come.



VOX 1: Happy Mondays, now Missing Cover Stars (see page 12)

PLUS 48-PAGE HI-FI GUIDE Free this issue



FIREE and graces

The Cranberries' first album outsold all other debuts by an Irish band. As the release of their second coincides with a shaky kind of peace in Ireland, the band unveil a tougher approach and Dolores calls for the return of violent justice

What's so enthralling about Dolores O'Riordan today, as she dances and poses in a Dublin studio, is the pencil-length scar running down the left-hand side of her leg from her lower thigh to the top of her calf. Like a twist of clumsily applied dark lipstick, it's an endearing, flaw, and yet it also conveys a strength of character that seemed so lacking when The Cranberries first performed in Britain three years ago.

That night, at London's Camden Underworld, they shuffled on before a thin crowd of curious hacks and business insiders. The teenage singer hardly faced the crowd long enough for the assembled photographers to snap a frame. Despite reverential talk of The Sundays, The Sugarcubes and the Cocteau Twins, and O'Riordan's astonishing, eloquent vocabulary of whoops, lilts and sighs, the experience was nevertheless entirely underwhelming. The reviews unanimously failed to declare The Cranberries as the future of rock'n'roll.

Dolores clutches the ankle of her brown, knee-length boot and gradually pulls her foot up to her bum, stretching the scar tissue taut in accordance with her physio's orders.

"At 18 I left home because I wanted to sing," she recalls. "My parents wanted me to go to college and things like that. I was really poor for a year-and-a-half; I remember actually being hungry, like I'd die for a bag of chips. That's when I joined The Cranberries. I wanted to live in the city, because I wanted to get tough as a woman. I knew that if I stayed at home... the only way, as a woman, you could get out of my house was to get married, that whole Catholic family thing. So I kind of did a runner."

Six months after their debut appearance, The Cranberries released a single called 'Uncertain', one of the most depressingly self-descriptive records of recent memory. By then the consensus was that the original demo must have been a bit of a fluke. The Cranberries were officially missing, presumed forgotten. Then a Kafkaesque legal hassle with a former manager followed, and the band turned up for a show at Dublin's Rock Garden. They were hardly Aerosmith, but there was a quiet poise developing. The 20-odd people

who showed up were impressed, perhaps more than they expected to be, but it all looked—for The Cranberries—like it might be over before it had really started.

"I know," remembers Dolores. "People turned their backs on us—England, Ireland, everybody. We went to Europe then, supporting Hothouse Flowers, and we had Germans saying 'Wo ist der Hothaus Flowerz?'. I was thinking: What'll I do? Just give it all up? Go home? Go back to my

"There are bands who've made one album walking around with sunglasses on indoors, walking into walls. I hate people like that."

mother's house, retire, get married, have ten children, what?"

The turning point came in the autumn of 1992, when The Cranberries finished recording their debut album for Island with former Smiths producer and Morrissey collaborator Stephen Street. It was a collection of gracefully arranged pop songs delivered in a voice destined to attract more elaborate metaphors about windsurfing angels than Liz Fraser or Harriet Wheeler could conjure. On 'Pretty', an eerie hiccup in the title word suggested the tape had been stretched. 'Put Me Down' had a wordless chorus of surely impossible height, range and power. On 'Dreams', a neat slice of straightforward radio pop was subverted by a giddy descent into counter-harmonising caterwauls.

Clearly teetering on the cusp of greatness, The Cranberries played an arts festival in Wick, Scotland, 15 miles south of John O'Groats. Their journey from Limerick took them more than 40 hours by car and they went straight back home the following day. The 60 people and four adolescent Goths who turned up seemed to

enjoy it, the rattling acoustics and Dolores' hour-long effort to vanish behind her fringe notwithstanding.

As one of the 64-strong audience, I asked guitarist Noel Hogan what he and his band were doing there. "I have no idea," he replied, "at all." There was a brilliantly judged pause. "And you?"

Over breakfast the next morning, Dolores informed her hungover fellow diners that the album would be called *Everybody Else Is Doing It, So Why Can't We?*. When interviewed she was personable and gently opinionated, but spoke in a voice barely audible over the tape hiss.

Today, she says clearly: "I did realise that if I stood sideways for the rest of my life, it wasn't really going to happen. It was cute at the time, though." Dolores O'Riordan, in an eventuality that not long ago had seemed as likely as an IRA ceasefire, has become a pop star. The Cranberries sold two million albums in America alone, the largest sales for a debut from an Irish band. When you

consider the competition, it's going some.

"Yep," she confirms. "Whatever. Pop star, rock star, alternative rock. I can do all that."

More surprisingly, she seems to be enjoying herself. Just a week ago she played to tens of thousands of people, kicking off the second day of Woodstock II in fine style, escaping just before the arrival of the torrential rain that turned the festival into a mudbath. She encouraged the mob to clap along to 'Dreams'. She got them to sing along to The Cranberries' version of The Carpenters' 'Close To You' while she did deadpan high-kicks back and forth across the stage.

The night before, as a whirling ghost shrouded in white, she'd done the same before a capacity crowd of 6,000 in front of the Summer Stage in New York's Central Park.

It seems quite a metamorphosis. "Of course, yes. I'm... I'm a woman now. I've travelled, I'm married, I've done lots of things and seen a lot now. Anyway, inevitably I would feel differently at 18 than when I was 21 or 22, wouldn't I?"

Dolores got married—to Duran Duran's tour manager Don Burton, no less—in Tipperary, in

By **Andrew Mueller**
Main pic by **Derek Ridgers**

white leather boots, bikini dress and lace leggings. She still guffaws at the memory.

"They kicked up war in Ireland, controversy of the week, like, on the front page of everything. Giving out shit about my morals, they were. I thought it was a laugh."

"Yeah. Yeah, I can. The time when we went to one big open-top venue on that American tour with Suede, this place that held 4,000 people, and it was all sold out. I just thought 'Oh Jesus'. Every song was too fast, we were so nervous. We kind of relaxed after that, though. You just take a few deep breaths, remember that you're still a human being and get on with it."

I fought Dolores, and Dolores won...

This is Noel Hogan, asked if he can think of a particular moment when it became clear that The Cranberries had cracked it. Noel and drummer Fergal Lawler are sitting in the lobby of Manhattan's Novotel Hotel, a place with delusions of post-modern grandeur that resembles a Bulgarian disco. Noel is much as he was, cautious and quiet, old before his time, with a rather wonderful wintry wit that breaks cover only rarely. Fergal, on the other hand, is a man playing the role he was born for. I'd once entertained the possibility that he was mute. This

"They kicked up war in Ireland,
giving out shit about my morals.
I thought it was a laugh."

morning, he is the very model of a modern rock'n'roll drummer, his hair short and awkwardly bleached, his constant smile framed by a wispy goatee, yammering away at a mile-a-minute. He is charming ("Milk? Sugar?"), likeable, and not above blurting out that "at the end of the day we just play music that we like, and if anyone else likes it that's a bonus".

Fergal is especially keen on not letting any of it go to his head. "There are bands—you see quite a lot of them in Dublin—who've made one album that hasn't even gone anywhere, and they're walking around in cowboy boots and leather trousers with sunglasses on indoors, walking into fuckin' walls. I hate people like that, I really do."

Asked if they've ever once let the temptations of the rock'n'roll myth distract them, the pair fall briefly silent.

"We trashed those Porsches, remember," says Noel, staring bleakly into his glass of milk. When reminded that his band have achieved more in less time than any other Irish act, he idly wonders: "Does that get us in the Guinness book, then? Must do. I'll keep an eye out for that."

Noel seems genuinely surprised when confronted with the idea of his gradual elevation to the major league, and then shrugs. "We haven't really taken any notice. You can't become obsessed with everyone knowing who the band are, you know. We just always treat it like we would as if we were playing in... Wick."

"For example," adds a giggling Fergal.

Their memories of a recent fashion spread done for *Rolling Stone* provide a reasonable illustration of their attitudes. "We always wear fairly shitty clothes, just jeans and stuff," explains Fergal. "So we thought, why not try it out and do it for the laugh. We had a good crack, like."

Did you keep the gear, then?

"Yeah. I got mine for about 70 quid or something, which was much less than it was worth."

"Well, I bloody gave mine back," says Noel. "Gladly. I mean, it did get boring after a while. And we were on the street in these really... well, I thought, stupid-looking clothes. We were down in the East End of London, with all these winos coming up and... well, it was an experience, anyway."

The night before in Central Park, we had been treated to the innovative spectacle of Noel in full-tilt guitar-hero mode, crouched over his amp, flailing away at his guitar, coaxing forth squalls of feedback. The song he was playing was 'Zombie', the first single from The Cranberries' imminent, laudably ambitious and again Street-produced second album, *No Need To Argue*. It's an arresting song in style and content—the former, unabashed ringing rock; the latter, a seething condemnation of the IRA with Dolores bringing forth a fearsomely angry vocal from a previously untapped reservoir of bile. Hardly the universally understandable lovelorn wistfulness of 'Dreams' or 'Linger' and, as such, an eccentric choice of single. One senses the presence of A Statement of one kind or another. ➤



Three men and a babe—
The Cranberries in Dublin
(l-r): Mike, Noel, Fergal
and Dolores

"I think hanging should be brought back for murder. I know it sounds sick and everything, but I do."

◀ "I know that a lot of people who listen to 'Zombie' won't even know what it's about," says Noel. "It's more the feeling of it. We don't want to be seen as a pop band, and 'Linger' and 'Dreams' are pop songs. We don't want to end up in this hole we can't climb out of."

Dolores, who wrote 'Zombie', is more strident about its subject matter. "It was written on an English tour about a year-and-a-half ago, when there was a big eruption of trouble between Northern Ireland and London, and it was doing my head in. For a while, things were gnawing at me about the whole bombings thing, and I was reading articles about what was going on in Bosnia and the way women and, more painfully, kids were being treated."

"At that time there was the bomb in Warrington, and those boys were killed. I remember seeing one of the mothers on television, just devastated. I felt so sad for her, that she'd carried him for nine months, been through all the morning sickness, the whole thing, and some... prick, some airhead who thought he was making a point, did that. I mean, hello?"

The fact that the IRA claim their atrocities are carried out for the greater good of Dolores' homeland seems to strike a particular discord: "The IRA are not me. I'm not the IRA. The Cranberries are not the IRA. My family are not. When it says in the song, 'It's not me, it's not my family', that's what I'm saying. It's not Ireland, it's some idiots living in the past, living for a dream. OK, I know that they have their problems up there, but there was no reason why that child should have been taken, why that woman should have gone through that."

'Zombie' is the only song explicitly about The Troubles to have been recorded by a major Irish group in recent years, unless you count American rappers House Of Pain's fatuous rebel blusterings. It hits home with the rawness of its sentiment and a blistering delivery. With so much discourse—cultural and political—on Northern Ireland concerned with history, protocol, ideology, semiotics and detail, Dolores wonders simply, incredulously, what a person is thinking when they detonate a bomb in a shopping arcade. "What's in your head, zombie?" she demands.

"I really don't give a shit—excuse the vulgarity—but I don't care whether it's Protestant or Catholic, I don't care whether it's England or Ireland. At the end of the day I care about the fact that innocent people are being harmed. That's what provoked me to write the song, it was nothing to do with writing a song about it because I'm Irish. You know, I never thought I'd write something like this in a million years. I used to think I'd get into trouble."

As for the recent, sudden outbreak of precarious peace brought about by the Irish Republican Army's ceasefire announcement, Dolores is not exactly full of optimism.

"It'd be marvellous if the country were at peace, but I'm a little sceptical that peace will remain."

It rapidly becomes apparent that Dolores is one of life's compulsive carers, a haemorrhaging heart, someone incapable of viewing the world's ills with any kind of detachment. She talks of what she's been reading about Bosnia and Rwanda with genuine

anguish. She appears truly mystified as to why bad things happen to good people, expressing feelings of guilt that she is living an enviable life while millions aren't. At times, thinking yourself clever and worldly and her naive and innocent, you feel as if you're discussing politics with Bart Simpson's little sister. At others, she has a way of scything directly through the bullshit that makes you embarrassed at your own cynicism. And again, at other times, it all just gets a bit odd.

Dolores is especially concerned about children. Another new song, the weird and wracked 'The Icicle Melts', would appear to be a reaction to the murder of Jamie Bulger (*I don't know what's happening to people today/When a child can be taken away*).

"I love children," she affirms. "You know, kids, they're so innocent, and so afraid, and they're the future of the world. How can people harm them?" But Jamie Bulger was killed by two other children; surely the young have the same capacity for evil as the rest of us?

"I think if those two kids knew that the penalty for that was being hung by the neck, I don't think they'd have done it. I think hanging should be brought back for murder. I know it sounds sick and everything, but I do."

Don't you think that even the most crime-weary *Daily Mail*-reading disciplinarian would balk at stringing up pre-teens?

"If they'd known beforehand, though... I still think the penalties are too nice. One of my brothers is a prison officer. I know, personally, people who have gone: 'I just got out of prison yesterday and I'm bored, I've got no money, I'm gonna steal a car and go straight back in.' Some people like it in there. What happened to the days of being thrown into the cell and being starved and beaten every day? At least make them bleed." She is possibly joking at this point. She will nonetheless run for Home Secretary without my vote.

Days of innocence and hair: The Cranberries, just before meeting the wicked MTV witch along the scary forest path



Despite a sense of justice and taste for retribution that seem to place her somewhere to the right of Terry Dicks, Dolores repeatedly speaks of wanting to use her position in some way for the common good. When asked whether she would give away much of the money she is likely to earn, she says she'd use it to stage concerts for causes, make an effort to "heal the world, make it a better place, blah, blah, blah..."

It seems fair to wonder whether her hyperactive conscience is still tied in with the Catholic faith or any particular Christian belief.

"Well," she says, "I was never like: 'Hello, I'm a Catholic and I'm into Jesus Christ and John and all the boys,' you know. When I was a teenager I was, like, falling asleep in church, but when it came to the hymns, then I was like *yes!*, because I loved the hymns, the Gregorian hymns."

Great tunes.

"Oh, great tunes. That's definitely where rock'n'roll came from!"

She winks, and laughs. "I suppose being brought up a Catholic was good, as opposed to having a mother into voodoo or black magic or something. It could be worse."

What did you think when Sinéad O'Connor tore up the Pope's photograph?

"I thought... she's very hurt by the church. Well, not by the church, because the church is actually the people, but you know what I mean. She was taught too many things as a kid that she couldn't let go of. From what I've read in interviews, she had a pretty hard time as a kid."

"I did meet her briefly once. She had a great handshake, you know, I got a feeling that she was very honest. Too honest. She'd say things to me, and I'm like: 'Shhh! Noooo, tell your boyfriend that, or write a song, or go to sleep, or watch television.'"

Like Sinéad, Dolores has had her share of emotional scars, and they run far deeper than the weal on her leg. "The Catholic church does, for some people, leave lots of scars. And I have to say I didn't come out smiling from my Catholic childhood. I had lots of problems, you know, lots of hang-ups. But you get over it and get on with life. Whatever was good, take that with you. Whatever was bad, get over it, get it out of your head, leave it behind. And that's what I think I did. I don't go to church very much any more, you know."

VOX

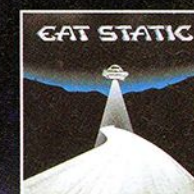
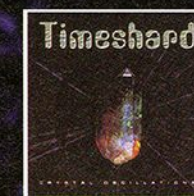
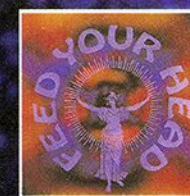
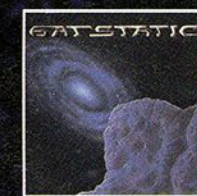
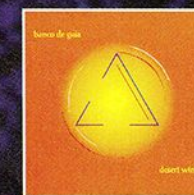
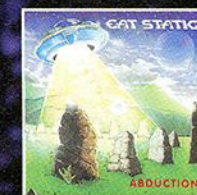


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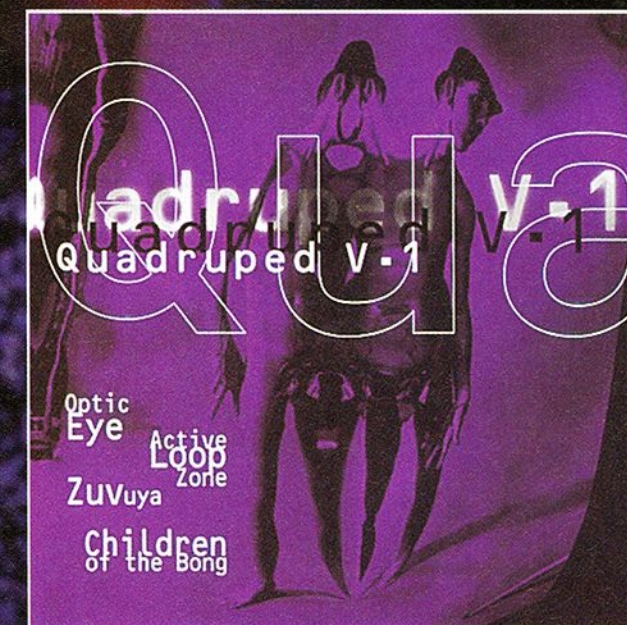
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SINGLES

ELASTICA

Connection (*Deceptive*)
Back to the Blondie roots of their debut, 'Stutter'—brash, punky, fun and young. Check out the third track, 'Blue', for acoustic Elastica.

BEASTIE BOYS

Sure Shot (*Grand Royal*)
America's most wanted single out the opening track on their excellent *III Communication*. It's a scorchin', scratchin', toe-tappin' 'Fight For Your Right...' for 1994, because you can't stop whistling that infectious flute loop.

RADIOHEAD

My Iron Lung EP (*Parlophone*)
The title track can't quite decide if it's a ballad of Suede-esque proportions or an indie guitar tune. Shame. Of the six other songs, only 'Punch Drunk Lovesick Singalong' makes any impression.

PAUL WELLER

Out Of The Sinking (*Go! Discs*)
Weller previewed this single, his first new material since *Wild Wood*, at the summer festivals, and it sounded brilliant. Now, however, it seems insubstantial. Head instead for the B-side, skip the cover of The Beatles' 'Sexy Sadie' and trip on the Lynch Mob dub of 'Sunflower'.

OASIS

Cigarettes And Alcohol (*Creation*)
The most obvious teen anthem ever written. How come T Rex didn't release this years ago? Backed by a live version of 'I Am The Walrus', Oasis's brilliant Beatles-cover set closer.

JAMIROQUAI

Space Cowboy (*Sony*)
Spaced cowboy, more like. JK's funky flight lifts off with the line "Everything is good and brown". We, like, know where you're at, man. A touch too "jazz, not jazz" but still light-years ahead of the Brand New Heavies.

PRIMAL SCREAM

Cry Myself Blind (*Creation*)
Creation tries a new tack to flog the disastrous *Give Out But Don't Give Up*. Bobby ain't up to it no more, so part-time Primal Denise steps in to beef up a heart-breaking blues ballad.

SPARKS

When Do I Get To Sing My Way (*Arista*)
Ron and Russell try to come back with some Heaven 17 circa *Penthouse And Pavement*. These days, though, the kids have Pet Shop Boys, and the charts ain't big enough for both of 'em.

ROCKINGBIRDS

Band Of Dreams (*Heavenly*)
The Boothill Foot-tappers borrow the banjo that The Grid left behind to stomp out a good-time, C&W version of Van Morrison's 'Bright Side Of The Road'.
Lisa Verrico

ANIMALS THAT SWIM

Workshy

(*Elemental ELM24*)
There's a confidence and assurance on this album from Haywards Heath six-piece Animals That Swim that is not normally associated with indie debuts. Even if it occasionally sounds too mature for a group in their mid-20s, the lyrics are always smart enough to rein you in.

Just when you think a song's going on a bit, Del Crabtree's affecting trumpet solos sweep in new life. The highlight, 'Roy', is a bizarre conversation with Roy Orbison in a local club set to a gloriously hummable tune, while 'Vic' is a reverential but witty tale of a put-down from paraplegic Country genius Vic Chesnutt.

It's not all "tribute" songs, although each track gains lasting appeal through the sardonic storytelling style of brothers Hank Starrs and Hugh Barker. 'Pink Carnations' is a surreal tale of hospital life after a car smash, while the closing 'Sway With Me' is a fey Bukowski poem set to music.

The dreadful moniker will cost them a few sales, but *Workshy* should see them making a name for themselves with lovers of intelligent, indie rock. ● 8

Leo Finlay

BASIA

The Sweetest Union

(*Epic EPC 476512*)
So Basia had PMT. Hey, girl, we all suffer from it some time. Don't beat yourself up. On 'My Cruel Ways', the one track on Basia's latest album that lets the smiley mask slip, she is full of defensive paranoia, panic and depth of feeling.

Unlike most pop stars who like to wallow in a bit of misery for inspiration, Basia gets her kicks from hi-jinx. She's been sent goofy by love, but what stops these songs lapsing into Adult Contemporary Schmalz is the pitter-patter of that Latin syncopation. 'Third Time Lucky', with partner Daniel White's trademark bossa nova beat, is tricky and compulsive, while 'Drunk On Love' is a jaunty, funky pop thing. The rest, though, is treacle. Us Brits want Mardi Gras with a bit more bite. ● 5

Lucy O'Brien

BLUES TRAVELLER

Four

(*Polydor*)
Coming from the same "barefoot boogie" tradition as The Grateful Dead and Spin Doctors, Blues Traveller have honed their craft on the back of rigorous touring. Their funk-blues, given urgency by their frontman's lightning harmonica, has been whipping up a storm back and forth across the States for six years. And, lo and behold, it all sounds like turgid cack on record.

Blues Traveller have made the fatal error of mistaking zest and enthusiasm for proficiency and indulgence. *Four* is their fourth album. That's how much imagination they've got. ● 2

Craig McLean

NAOMI CAMPBELL

Babywoman

(*Epic EPC 476887*)
As a supermodel, Naomi Campbell has demonstrated her

suss and independence. As a singer, she is untested, but *Babywoman* rivals Kylie Minogue's recent effort. Naomi's limited vocals sound fine when poured over the elegant grooves fashioned by Tim Simenon and Gavin Friday on 'Love And Tears', 'I Want To Live' and the title track.

Producer/writer Youth makes a striking contribution with the disco-drama of 'Life Of Leisure', which features a luxuriously indolent vocal. However, he fails to save the singer from falling flat with her cover of T Rex's 'Ride A White Swan', and his co-written hit, 'Sunshine On A Rainy Day' is misguided. This leaves the dreamy soul of 'Picnic In The Rain' and the PM Dawn-produced 'When I Think About Love' to restore faith in the artistic and business instincts of all involved. ● 6

Steve Malins

MARY CHAPIN CARPENTER

Stones In The Road

(*Columbia*)
With an increasingly impressive award-crammed CV, Mary Chapin Carpenter can do no wrong commercially. Her gently-does-it, easy-listening approach lacks the nasal twang and misery of so much Country music, releasing her from the limits of specialist stations.

Carpenter does have a lovely, low voice that does the job without the drama, but this in turn puts extra pressure on the lyrics and arrangements to draw out the emotion. The ploy of 'The Last Word' is not to mention the title in the song, but it ends up more clichéd than clever. The title words on 'Shut Up And Kiss Me', which could have been a great take on middle-America's concept of a slut, are preceded by the line: "It's been too long since someone whispered..."

The world is probably not ready for feminist Country, but if it were, Carpenter would be the perfect voice to introduce it. However, all this flawlessness—the voice, the songs, the production—is just a little underwhelming in the end. ● 6

Michele Kirsch

THE CRAMPS

Flame Job

(*Creation*)
On first impression this is a fine, flash-cars-and-trashy-girls job. A closer study reveals that it's actually a cars-as-girls affair. The automobile as sexual metaphor is taken beyond the limits of decency, which is where any Cramps album worth it's weight should be.

The Cramps are still, on occasion, laugh-out-loud funny, and remain true to their psychobilly, rockin', slow and loud roots. They've taken every low-budget '50s commie-scare sci-fi movie and every girl-group, dead-teenager-on-a-motorbike saga, put the whole mess in a blender, downed it in one and puked it out, song by song.

That you can't tell the obscure covers from their own stuff is a credit to the band's ability to assimilate instead of imitate. Now, if Jonathan Richman did 'Naked Girl Falling Down The Stairs' after seeing Duchamp's ➤

All yours, Dolores

THE CRANBERRIES

No Need To Argue

(*Island CID8029*)

As always, it's The Voice that hits you first. Dolores O'Riordan's instrument is almost too beautiful for pop, instantly evoking all those hackneyed Irish associations with folk and church music. No wonder The Cranberries are always discussed in hushed, solemn tones. An astonishing two million sales of last year's debut album prove that this climate of reverence has hardly been a handicap so far.

However, the limitations of being Sunday-supplement pop stars seem to be showing. The songs here are still exquisitely elegant, of course, but where the first album bristled with playful, sublime and unexpected touches, *No Need To Argue* takes on Big Themes and stadium-sized emotions that could ultimately prove the band's undoing. Instantly seductive, repeated listenings reveal that alarmingly large dollops of stodgy rumbling and unfocused rambling have been stirred into what was once a bright, airy mix.

Not that this hampers the serene high points: Dolores sealing her New Sinéad reputation with the gorgeous but slightly sour 'Ode To My Family'; sifting through the rubble of a wrecked relationship in the flawless title track; slamming IRA violence in the scouringly robotic single 'Zombie', which dismisses the backward-looking mindset of Nationalists with the neat riposte: "It's the same old team since 1916/In your head, they're still fighting." It's time to move on, she declares, although real events seems to have overtaken these otherwise timely sentiments.

But elsewhere the prevailing ethos is one of coffee-table maturity and mawkish, laboured sentiments about dying babies and global suffering. All those Smiths and Sundays comparisons seem even more superficial than on last year's debut, as hardly any of these songs hook your heart the way Harriet Wheeler was able to do, or put you through the emotional mincer like Morrissey can. Although undoubtedly heartfelt, few Cranberries tunes confront or engage the listener—they simply hang there, like gallery exhibits awaiting dispassionate inspection.

This inoffensive charm is surely one reason why everyone loves this band. A fine situation, to be sure, but surely great bands should be measured by the enemies they make, not the bland universality of their appeal. Some smart soul once remarked of David Frost that he "rose without trace"—hopefully, when their third album arrives, the same will not be said of The Cranberries. ● 7

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