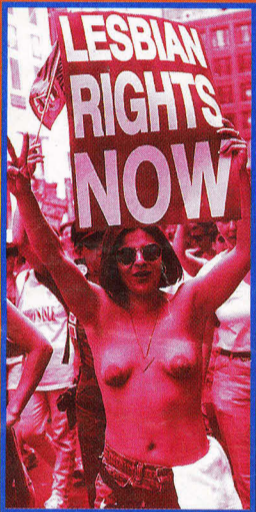


HOT PRESS

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BOB GELDOF: LOUDMOUTH IS BACK By Liam Mackey



IS EVERYBODY
GAY?
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FEILE
94
previews



jah wobble • philip lynott • brian houston

something happens! • emmylou harris





**SMOKING
CAUSES CANCER**

Irish Government Warning

C O N T E N T S



Not everybody else will be doing it at Féile, but The Cranberries will be!

10 In a busy **Frontline** section, **Gerry McGovern** reports on the bizarre and often disturbing behind-the-scenes manoeuvres that have seen the venue for this week's *Time For Peace - Time To Go* concert moved from the National Concert Hall to the Royal Hospital in Kilmainham. Meanwhile, **Eamonn McCann** examines the May Report into the Guildford Four case which after two years and a cost of £2 million has served up a peculiar brand of whitewash. Elsewhere, in a special report, **Patrick Brennan** hears the heart-rending story of two Bosnian muslims who were seriously wounded in Sarajevo and then brought to Dublin as refugees, but whose treatment in this country leaves a great deal to be desired.

20 Still **Crazy After All These Years**: King Rat is back! To coincide with the release of his Best Of compilation, **Bob Geldof** takes a wander down the memory lanes of Boomtown, and examines his current relationship with the town he used to hate so well. Interview: **Liam Mackey**.

28 As the countdown to the last ever Féile festival intensifies, a crack HOT PRESS squad takes you through the weekend bill, act by act, and offers advice on what food, drinks and stimulants go best with which performers. Your stomach may never be the same again.

30 Lee Dunne's *Goodbye To The Hill* is the most successful Irish play of modern times but both it and its author are derided by the theatrical cognoscenti as "populist trash". Here, he holds forth on *The Abbey*, the wild years and Fr Michael Cleary's sex life. Interview: **Liam Fay**.

33 *Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!* is the provocative title of a play, soon to be seen at the Galway Arts Festival, by controversial gay playwright, **Suzana Ventura**. Interview: **Joe Jackson**.

40 **Answering The King's Call**: **Bill Graham** reviews the first attempt at a thorough **Phil Lynott** biography and finds that the ex-Lizzy frontman was a complex man of many faces, not all of which are mirrored in this particular tome.

44 **The Bucks Start Here**: **Bill Graham** meets **Terry Woods** and **Ron Kavana**, two men whose lineage stretches from the trad heartland of Claremorris to the Camden Town in London immortalised by The Pogues and whose new band, **The Bucks**, is already making waves.

47 **Jah Wobble** only recently discovered that John Lydon originally wanted him, and not Sid Vicious, to play bass with the Sex Pistols. Here, Mr Wobble reels in the years in the company of **Stuart Clark**.

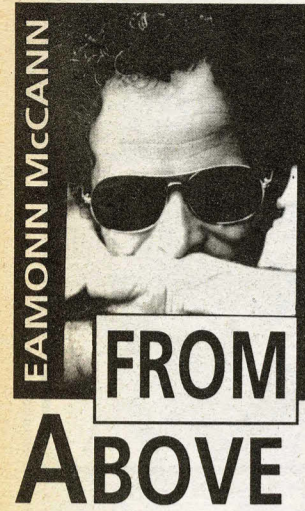
48 In the mid to late '70's, **Emmylou Harris** made some of the greatest country music of all time, both in the company of Gram Parsons and in a solo capacity. In an interview in which at times she seems close to despair, Emmylou looks back in anger, sadness and pride. By **Joe Jackson**.

Cover Design By Michael Crotty



AT CINEMAS EVERYWHERE FROM FRIDAY 22ND JULY

AS SEEN



The persistence of Ms. Grainne Conlon and Mr. Kevin Hynes in trying a couple of weeks ago to boot 75-year-old Patrick Walsh out of his flat on Dublin's Mespil Estate highlights the crazy arrogance of the adolescent rich. (I know from their appearance that Conlon and Hynes are in their late 20s rather than their early teens, but I like to make allowances).

If this young pair think that they can make their way in this world with a modern-dress portrayal of Milord and Lady Leitim, then they are as out of touch with what is happening here now as they are ignorant of Irish history.

Turning down an application from Conlon and Hynes to have the frail and saintly looking ex-teacher evicted from his home to live in the fields and eat grass, Judge Catherine McGuinness referred to the pair having "purchased (the flat) under something of a misapprehension caused by questionable information given to them at the time."

Perhaps the same sort of questionable information was given to opulent barrister Kevin ("Beef Tribunal") Haugh who on July 1st served notice to quit on a shy lady who had lived in the Mespil complex for 19 years and had dared to entertain hopes of ending her days there.

It will be recalled that Conlon, Hynes and Haugh were among a number of people, many of them well-known, who bought flats in the complex last year from a consortium led by former Independent and Business Post journalist James Morrissey. According to reports at the time, some of the purchasers saw the properties as investments to live off, rather than homes to live in. Many appeared not to know that there were people already living in the flats they were buying.

There's a number of interesting things about this James Morrissey. He's from Kiltimagh in Mayo for starters and thus one of the few genuine Cuchies I've ever known. He is also a nephew of the late Most Rev. Dr. William Philbin, Bishop of Down and Connor in the late sixties and into the seventies and thus shepherd to the Catholics of West Belfast throughout some of the most appalling urban violence in Ireland in this century.

Dr. Philbin wasn't much of a one for wandering the streets where his people lived unless he had a British Army escort for protection and at times of greater turbulence would retreat to his residence on leafy Somerton Road to while away the idle hours translating ancient Greek poetry into medieval Irish. Or perhaps it was the other way round.

FLAT OUT LIES

Morrissey once told me that the Catholics of West Belfast didn't deserve a man like his uncle, which now that I come to think about it, is true. But the most interesting thing I know about Morrissey is that he is a time-traveller. Like Dr. Who with his amazing police-box-like time machine, the Tardis (which stands for Time And Relative Distance In Space, in case it ever comes up in a pub quiz), Morrissey can zip through to the future and zap back again any time he feels like it.

I discovered this sometime around 1981 or maybe '82 when a posse of hacks from the Dublin papers was getting set for a freebie to New York to take in a Rolling Stones gig - part of the hype for the Stones' at Slane if memory serves me right. Anyway, I recall a healthy spirit of competition between the Irish hacks as to who would get the best piece published first, and the closest quotes from Jagger. And Morrissey won, hands down. Well, hands down his trousers, actually.

The Evening Herald hit the streets a whole day at least ahead of the competition with a vivid tale of a Stones' triumph at Shea Stadium, complete with atmospheric account of the vibe among the audience and long intimate quotes from Jagger backstage, opening his heart to the Man from Kiltimagh. Much the most impressive aspect of this remarkable tour-de-force was that it was published while Morrissey was still in Dublin, on the day before the Shea Stadium gig took place.

There are two possible explanations: (a) James Morrissey is a journalistic fraud and a cheat; and (b) he is a time-traveller, and zipped forward to take in the Stones' gig and then zapped back again to write about it.

Now what was that Judge McGuinness was saying?



Bin there, seen that, done that: The Screaming Bin Lids

weeks ago see no contradiction in this? How can they join in the rage against Reynolds on class issues in the South and yet join in with Reynolds in approaching the workers of the North?

One of the reasons Republicans line up with Reynolds on the Northern issue and write off Protestant workers is that they see themselves within the North as representing the interests of a Catholic community which has been discriminated against by Protestants.

"By Protestants"? Who is to blame for discrimination against Catholics? It was one of the main questions at a trades council seminar on sectarianism in Derry last month, and it wasn't as simple a question as it might seem.

The standard statistic that Catholics are still more than twice as likely as Protestants to be unemployed is irrefutable, and there was general agreement that this is a bad state of affairs. But who is to blame? And what is to be done? A woman down in Derry from the Falls said that if the "healing process" was ever to work, Protestants would have to accept their responsibility for the wrongs done to Catholics: if they didn't, why should Catholics accept their professions of good faith now?

In the workshop I attended, a Protestant trade unionist from Eglinton, Co. Derry, was angry at this approach. She was sick and tired of being expected to "eat crow" every time the question of discrimination came up.

A community leader from the Protestant Fountain area of Derry agreed that job discrimination against Catholics had been a feature of local life for decades. But the people of the Fountain hadn't been to blame, and shouldn't be asked to feel guilty.

we all want an Ireland in which the interests of Albert Reynolds and his parasite class count for nothing.

The Bin Lids' big bang could be imminent. A major BBC documentary on the North next month uses tracks from the Derry band's debut album *Givin' It The Message* as its theme music. The documentary will be the centrepiece of a major Beeb operation marking the 25th anniversary of British soldiers entering the fray in the North. The exposure for the Lids follows an extended hymn of praise from Andy Kershaw on his BBC Radio Two *Kershaw Comes Home* series a few weeks back - so OTT in its enthusiasm that front-person Deccy McLaughlin concedes that, "I'd have been embarrassed if I was embarrassed."

The Screaming Bin Lids - apt and obvious name, and surreal with it - comprise Deccy on guitar and vocals, Paddy Nash likewise, Dougal McParland on banjo and Sara Greavu on cello. They may be breaking new ground by making their media break-through in a current affairs rather than a musical context. But it figures.

Deccy is as well-known around town as a political activist as a muso-head, and all the Lids are in one way or another engaged, which is how come the message in the music is at once sharp-edged and unobtrusive. The Lids talk of politics in their songs not because they have decided to Make A Statement but because, well, that's what they talk about.

And the songs are good. The numbers they are currently in the studio re-recording for the Beeb and with a view to CD release in the autumn feature spiky lyrics, well-structured tunes and a couple of choruses which bounce around confidently in the memory after a couple of hearings. One or two of these numbers could sit comfortably in any company.

Deccy's 'Mary's Eyes', about glue-sniffing, is reflective and elegiac, with cello and tin whistle mordantly interweaving, and with a very unusual perspective indeed for a male song-writer: "She never thought to see her father cry/This shopping bag will satisfy/The smell of life before you die/Don't make no difference now in Mary's eyes."

'Fine Day', has an instantly memorable tune and, in its latest version, a big dancy backbeat to set souls on a trampoline: "Every day I read the papers/Every morning clean my shoes/I'm going to have a job soon/According to the news/I'll never sign again or tap a cigarette/Take acid at the weekend so I'll forget... Phil Coulter tells me it's going to be a fine, fine day."

The documentary, in the *Inside Story* series, will feature Deccy's

Bloody Sunday song, 'Dogs Of War', over the opening titles. It's scheduled for transmission around August 12th. Keep an eye, and an ear, open.

Writing in *The Guardian* last month, the former Beirut hostage Charles Glass speculated that: "Inside North Korea's nuclear weapons programme there may well be a technician with the courage to escape to the West and expose Kim Il Sung's plans to construct an atom bomb. He could tell his story to the *New York Times* and be a hero."

"But, once his story appeared, the North Korean intelligence services might kidnap him, interrogate him and try him for treason. Then what would the Clinton administration do?"

The answer is, a little more, certainly, than any government has so far done for Mordechai Vananu. He was a technician who worked until 1986 on the Israeli nuclear weapons programme which I referred to in the last issue. A deeply religious man, Vananu found it increasingly difficult to reconcile his conscientious beliefs with involvement in the illegal production of weapons of mass destruction. He fled to Britain, bringing documentary evidence that Israel, in breach of the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, had built hundreds of nuclear warheads.

Vananu approached the *Sunday Times*, which recognised his story as a world scoop and splashed it on the front page. But Vananu didn't become a hero, not in the eyes of the Reagan administration or the Thatcher regime anyway. After all, as Vananu made clear, the US and British Governments had not only known about the illegal Israeli nuclear weapons programme all along, they had actively facilitated its development.

Effectively abandoned by the *Sunday Times* in London in circumstances which have never been satisfactorily explained, Vananu was lured by an agent of the Israeli secret service, Mossad, to Rome, where he was kidnapped and spirited back to Israel and charged with treason. He was tried in secret in March 1987 and sentenced to 18 years. He has been in solitary confinement ever since, in a cell measuring ten feet by eight, allowed one half-hour visit a fortnight by a member of his family.

His cause has not been taken up by any of the governments which shout loudest about the need for international law 'n' order and which threaten war to prevent nuclear proliferation when it suits them. As far as I know, the Irish Government has never made a statement on his case.

If you have the time and are willing to help, contact The Campaign to Free Vananu, 89 Borough High Street, London SE1 1NN. ■



HOT PRESS • PAGE TWENTY-SIX

MCD in Association with Semple Stadium Management Committee Present

SUNDAY WORLD

SUNDAY WORLD



SATURDAY 30TH JULY

SUNDAY 31ST JULY

CROWDED HOUSE
PRIMAL SCREAM
HOUSE OF PAIN
THE PRODIGY
BEAUTIFUL SOUTH
THE STUNNING
SHARON SHANNON
DEL AMITRI
AIMEE MANN
GRANT LEE BUFFALO
SOUND CROWD ORCHESTRA
SACK
PUPPY LOVE BOMB

ELVIS COSTELLO
AND THE ATTRACTIONS
THE CRANBERRIES
BJORK
CYPRESS HILL
RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE
CRASH TEST DUMMIES
BLUR
BOB GELDOF
ASLAN
YOTHU YINDI
THE 4TH DIMENSION • KERBD OG
PAUL OAKENFOLD • HONKY
GLEE CLUB • SWAMP SHACK



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THE EATING, DRINKING AND SNORTING GUIDE TO

FEILE '94

AND, OH YEAH, THERE'S SOME MUSIC IN THERE TOO. AS THE COUNTDOWN TO THE LAST EVER TRIP TO TIPP INTENSIFIES, HOT PRESS PRESENTS A FEILE GUIDE WITH A DIFFERENCE. STOMACH, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALISTS, LORRAINE FREENEY, STUART CLARK AND LIAM FAY, TAKE YOU ON AN ACT-BY-ACT TOUR OF THE WEEKEND BILL AND PROVIDE A MENU OF THE RECOMMENDED CHOICE OF GRUB, BOOZE AND STIMULANTS TO ACCOMPANY EACH PERFORMANCE. FORMAL WEAR IS OPTIONAL AND THE REVISED FIFA RULINGS ON WATER DISTRIBUTION APPLY.

SATURDAY

HOUSE OF PAIN

With a penchant for backwards-baseball caps, dubious facial hair and Fine Malt Lyrics, House Of Pain are almost a hip-hop Pogues, Irish-American rappers whose botchy-shaking capabilities are matched only by their beer intake.

Coming out of the same mixed-race L.A. scene as Cypress Hill, the trio shot to fame and no little notoriety with 1992's *Shamrock & Shenanigans*, the ingenious use of vintage ska beats giving the album its cutting edge and producing two massive crossover hits, 'Jump Around' and 'Top Of The Morning To Ya'.

The follow-up was delayed while mainman Everlast served four months house arrest for illegal firearms possession but now that it's here, *Same As It Ever Was* finds House Of Pain completing a Beastie Boys-style transformation from snotty street punks to sophisticated-groovemeisters-with-a-very-large-record-collection. Best enjoyed whilst at the wheel of a hi-jacked Guinness lorry.

Most Compelling Feature: No matter how drunk or bolloxed out of your head you are, you can't be any worse than the band.

THE PRODIGY

Starting life so far underground that for a while his best mate was a pit pony, Liam Howlett now finds himself in the curious position where he spends as much time staring from the pages of *Smash Hits* as he does whipping the techno masses into a frenzy.

Prompting this unexpected pop stardom was 1991's 'Charly', a child-safety commercial turned acid stomper which the then 17-year-old Prodigy took out of his parents' semi-detached and into the top 5.

Since then, Howlett's budget has expanded along with his musical horizons, a couple of the tracks on his latest *Jilted Generation* album sounding for all the world like they were penned by a very bewildered Carlos Santana. Fans of the moustachioed Latin guitar god will also be heartened to learn of The Prodigy's rock 'n' roll approach to live performance, yer man flanking himself with a couple of butch dancer-types and a stage show that's guaranteed to stimulate even the most frazzled of senses.

Most Compelling Feature: Carte blanche excuse to mutter nonsensical phrases like "well bangin'" and "double top one, matey" during set.

PUPPY LOVE BOMB

Although it'll require a Herculean effort to shake off that pre-festival hangover, make sure 12 noon on the opening day of Féile finds you with body pressed up against stage, mouth open in drooling position and nerve endings waiting to be tingled by Irish pop's finest three minutes since The Undertones extolled the virtues of hand shandies.

'Yup, Puppy Love Bomb's 'Not Listening' is that holiest of grails, a "Teenage Kicks" for the '90s which surfs along on a riff so immaculate, you'd almost wish you were a Catholic.



Hip-swinging retro-rock ruckers, that's ruckers, Primal Scream



Sharon Shannon sparks off Waterboys alert

Most Compelling Feature: Make bumfluff, pimply chins and furry-hooded anoraks seem positively erotic.

CROWDED HOUSE

Neil Finn's reputation as one of the finest songwriters of his age is well deserved, and these New Zealand tunesmiths have become immensely popular with Irish audiences.

As Saturday night's headliners, they take the stage after Primal Scream's er, performance, by which time their fans' capacity for singing along to 'Weather With You' may be seriously impaired. In fact, the smell of various illegal substances will hang so heavy in the air that even Crowded House may have difficulty singing along to 'Weather With You'. Their tendency to lose band members mid-tour is a worry, but provided everyone turns up this should be one of the most heart-warming sets of the weekend. Much lighter-waving is expected, so avoid inflammable hair products.

Most Compelling Feature: Neil's adventurous - nay, downright reckless - taste in hair-colour has been providing excellent entertainment value lately.

THE STUNNING

If, as Neil Young said, it's better to burn out than fade away (interestingly, he seems to have decided against following this advice), then The Stunning have chosen the most appropriate setting possible for their final concert.

Those crammed into Semple Stadium for the last Trip to Tipp are bound to be a little emotional to begin with, and by the time Steve Wall and co. are blasting through the climactic chorus of 'Brewing Up A Storm' (the one that goes "da de de daah, de de daah, brewing up a STORM!"), there'll be distressed teenagers and sodden hankies wrung in anguish as far as the eye can see.

Most Compelling Feature: With any luck, Steve Wall may just decide to emulate Ger Whelan's flower antics of last year as a farewell gesture.

GRANT LEE BUFFALO

The Law of Returning Clichés decrees that you can't talk about this lot without mentioning Michael Stipe's comment about them being his favourite band, so it's just as well that Grant Lee Buffalo really are one of the most interesting, not to mention spooky, American exports since Stipey and the gang.

A country rock three-piece with attitude, irony, and a nice line in sheepskin jackets, Grant Lee Buffalo are well-placed on the bill, making ideal mid-paced listening material for when you finally crash exhausted into the stadium on Saturday afternoon having spent three hours failing to put up your tent.

Most Compelling Feature: Give punters the chance to speculate on the pros and cons of that perennial fashion favourite, the deer-hunting hat.



Your double top one mateys, The Prodigy

SACK

Great white Irish hopes who spend their days fending off extravagant claims of impending mega-stardom courtesy of every publication from *Select* and *Melody Maker* to *Fox and Hound* and *Gnome Lovers Weekly*. Blistering singles like 'Indian Rope Trick' and 'What Did The Christians Ever Do For Us' (now re-released) suggest they may indeed have what it takes.

Ever since the days of Lord John White, Martin McCann has been one of those frontmen who always seems perilously close to spontaneous combustion, and with the new album *You Are What You Eat* due to be released roughly the same time as the gig, he should be really excitable.

Most Compelling Feature: Like we say, the chances of on-stage pyrotechnics are high.

DEL AMITRI

Late additions to the bill. It's been more than a decade since the lads teamed up in Glasgow, and while they may have only released three albums in that time, just look at those tremendous side-burns Justin's managed to grow! Even the stone-mad John McCririck, presenter of Channel 4's racing programme, must be envious.

Their eponymous debut in 1985 was a distinctly indie affair, which won them that ol' 'critical acclaim' but failed to make much commercial impact. *Waking Hours* and *Change Everything*, in contrast, featured smash hit singles like 'Nothing Ever Happens' and 'Kiss This Thing Goodbye', both of which are ideal singalong stadium anthems. A new album is imminent.

Most Compelling Feature: Punters can speculate on whether the sideburns will storm off stage mid-set, demanding a tour bus of their own and a better class of rider.

PRIMAL SCREAM

The thing about the Primal Scream set is that this is the one time

throughout the entire weekend when the audience should not, repeat *not*, take drugs of any kind. Somebody has to remain clearheaded in case there's a bust, and I think we can safely count the band themselves out on this front. Before they go on stage, a few audience members could maybe even help find a big, empty hole in the ground in which to hide Bobby Gillespie's stash. Like, say, Laois.

They may not exactly be the kind of citizens you'd trust to operate heavy machinery in a built-up area but (as they proved on 1991's excellent *Screamadelica* and this year's *Give Out But Don't Give Up*) Primal Scream know a thing or ten about kicking up one hell of a hip-swinging retro-rock ruckus.

Questions such as whether or not they are the true heirs to the Rolling Stones' crown are not only redundant, they're also impossible to hear above the beautiful noise of tracks like 'Loaded', 'Come Together' and 'Get Your Rocks Off'. So, to quote the original primal screamer, Prof. R.D. Laing, just shut the fuck up and dance.

Most Compelling Feature: The thing that Bobby Gillespie sits on, wiggles about and sometimes even talks through.

BEAUTIFUL SOUTH

Beautiful South write wistful but breezy songs of love lost, love found and love mislaid somewhere around the place, I definitely had it in my hand only ten seconds ago.

Emerging from the ashes of The Housemartins in the late '80s, Paul Heaton found himself covered from head to toe in filthy housemartin ash. He immediately pledged to stop setting fire to small birds from the swallow family and to form a pop band instead. It was a decision that was to win him many fans, especially among the ornithological community. His recent threat to start publicly barbecuing finches, for example, was enough to send Beautiful South's latest album, *Miaow*, straight into the upper reaches of the charts.

Under ideal conditions, a Beautiful South concert should be enjoyed in the arms of someone you love while looking over their shoulder at someone you used to love and nodding vigorously at the lyrics as if to say, "that's you that is." If such contentions are beyond you at the moment, however, then just buy plenty of beer, to cry into.

Most Compelling Feature: Paul Heaton's woolly hats.

SHARON SHANNON

The majestic Shannon broad (to paraphrase a Pogues' song-lyric) is always one of the true highlights of the Féile weekend. Her hypnotic accordion music is as integral to the event as the beer tent or Dustin's rendition of 'My Arse Is Low, My Arse Is So Low (As Only A Builder's Arse Can Be)'.

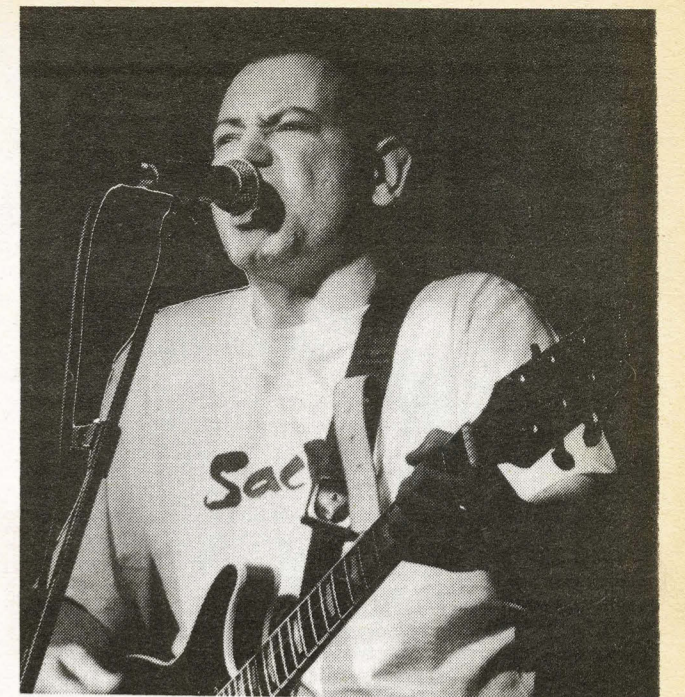
To enjoy this Shannon stop-over to its fullest, concert goers are advised to wear very heavy blindfolds. That way you can hear the performance but you won't be forced to study the ecosystem of your neighbours' armpits when they inevitably raise their hands above their heads in rapturous applause. Everyone knows how ambiguous Trad heads can be about personal grooming.

Stimulant-wise, your best bets are magic mushrooms. There's nothing like a little lysergic fungus to help conjure up some mental (as in *mental*) pictures to accompany what Sharon herself modestly calls "the tunes." Large doses of hallucinogenics will also allow you to ignore the fact that your attempts at reels and jigs are getting big laughs in the rows behind.

Most Compelling Feature: Sharon's dizzily gymnastic finger joints, and her friendship with the elusive Mike Scott which, if Glastonbury is anything to go by, could well yield a guest appearance at Féile from the roaming Waterman himself.

AIMEE MANN

Aimee Mann's *Whatever* was the overwhelming choice of the Hot



Expect fireworks from Sack's Martin McCann.

Press critics panel as the best album of 1993. Despite this, however, it's a damn fine record.

Over the last year or so, Ms. Mann has resolutely established herself as the finest writer of bittersweet love songs this side of Elvis Costello. In fact, she's better than Costello. At least, there's no danger of her ever growing a dirty, great tumbleweed beard, or revealing half way through her career that her real name is Declan.

Expect most of the blokes at her Féile gig to spend their time sucking in their cheeks and trying to develop a bad stoop in a bid to make themselves look like Jimmy Stewart in his younger days, so that they might have a chance of coping off with Aimee after the show. Anybody who has *Whatever* will know what I'm talking about here. Anybody who hasn't *Whatever*, of course, can fuck off and die in a ditch like the tasteless, stupid dogs you are.

Most Compelling Feature: Jesus, do you really have to ask?

SOUND CROWD ORCHESTRA

Dublin dance darlings, Sound Crowd Orchestra, find themselves sandwiched on the Saturday morning bill between Tool and Sack. There is obviously a very smutty joke to be made about this line-up position but not, of course, in a wholesome, family newspaper like HOT PRESS.

Sound Crowd Orchestra are comprised of a turntable wizard called Mr. Fantastic who has adopted the bizarre stage name, Tim Hannigan, and his partner, top DJ Mark Kavanagh (known simply as top DJ to his friends). The duo scored a major chart hit earlier this year with the single, 'Sixth Season'. They are also the men responsible for the innovative club mix of Una's 'Crawl' and the remix of Shining Path's 1993 smash, 'Change It'.

They insist, however, that they have nothing at all to do with the appalling Bombay mix currently on sale in certain Dublin health food shops.

Most Compelling Feature: The dancing girls (Sound Crowd Orchestrettes?)

SUNDAY

YOTHU YINDI

Cross-cultural musical pollinations, anyone? We bet you the entire contents of the Chinese Noodle stand you've never come across anything quite like Yothu Yindi before, an 11-piece aboriginal outfit whose tribal-driven pop and frenetic live performances have made them a household name down under.

Best known here for the bpm'ed-to-infinity dance remixes of 'Treaty' and 'Timeless Land', Yothu Yindi are also prominent figures in the native land rights campaign, accepting an invitation to perform in front of the United Nations and subsequently having lead singer Mandawuy voted 1993 Australian of the Year.

If all this is beginning to bear the hallmarks of a marsupial Sting, fear not, the Yots aren't into preaching and for full ethnic effect should be viewed with as much of Semple's hallowed mud smeared around the personage as possible.

Most Compelling Feature: Have several didgeridoo players, none of whom's Liam O'Maoniai.

PAUL OAKENFOLD

Widely credited as the man who introduced U2 to dance through his remixes of 'She Moves In Mysterious Ways' and 'Even Better Than The Real Thing', Paul Oakenfold is a perfect example of the way in which deejays and producers have become every bit as important as the artists they exercise their fader fingers on.

The quietly-spoken Londoner can also lay claim to having re-invented Happy Mondays and Deacon Blue, initiating Bjork's passionate affair with clubland and making sure New Order and Massive Attack both remain cutting-edge.

Whilst earning most of his money in the studio, Oakenfold's at his happiest behind the decks, jocking his way round the world last year on the *Zooropa* tour and notching up as many one-night stands as common decency permits.

Make sure there's a fresh pea in your whistle for his Sunday afternoon set.

Most Compelling Feature: Unlikely to bring The Saw Doctors on as special guests.

CRASH TEST DUMMIES

While 35,000 people are humming that song, spare a thought for the ex-A&R man picking up litter behind you who last year threw *Crash Test Dummies' God Shuffled His Feet* album back at them for being "too weird".

750,000 units later we know that weird is good, so good in fact that BMG are poised to re-release their 1989 *Ghosts That Haunt Me* debut, a record which brings the *thirtysomething* Canadians' XTC fetish into even sharper focus.

"Yup," admits mainman Brad Roberts, "I burned Andy Partridge for every good idea he has!"

Mmm, there's doubtless a royalty cheque winging its way to



The Cranberries could be the sauce (ouch!) of considerable enjoyment over the Féile weekend

Swindon, as we speak!

Most Compelling Feature: Even when you've forgotten your own name, you'll be able to remember the chorus of their hit single.

ASLAN

Of all the Irish bands playing Féile, Aslan are the ones perhaps most likely to revel in the wide open spaces of Semple Stadium. Not, we hasten to add, that Dublin's finest are closet bogball or stick fighting fans but because they've always operated on a grand scale, songs like 'This Is' and 'Pretty Thing' crying out for a few thousand swaying Zippos to help them come alive.

Last summer, there'd have been more chance of Paul McGrath winning a temperance contest than of Aslan making the Trip to Tipp, the lads still estranged after what five years earlier had been

the most public of break-ups.

Getting back together for a one-off gig in Finglas, the band discovered that the old magic was still there, rushed into the studio to record 'Crazy World' and before you could say "Holy resurrection, Batman!", landed a deal with BMG Ireland that's now gone worldwide.

The next few weeks might be best employed practicing holding your arms aloft, Aslan the HOT PRESS tip to walk away with the perpetual Saw Doctors Show Stealer's Cup.

Most Compelling Feature: While some Irish bands have mid-Atlantic accents, Aslan's have yet to make it down the Naas dual-carriageway.

BJORK

Mad Icelandic elf or the most important female artist of the decade?



Manchester United watch out, Björk's on her way

Paul McGuinness obviously reckons the latter, recently signing Björk to a worldwide management deal that promises to take the former Sugarcube from mid-table Endsligh League respectability to the top of the Premiership.

He'll also have to admit that she is a touch eccentric, the singer's by traditional standards unorthodox musical upbringing ensuring that her *Debut* album is quite unlike anything that's come before.

Add to that the dance credentials she's earned working with renowned soundsters Fluke and Justin Robertson and it's easy to appreciate why Mr McGuinness has diversified his business interests.

Most Compelling Feature: Promises to completely befuddle any members of the G.A.A. present.

BLUR

Well, gor blimey, strike a light gunvor, sell me some luvverly apples and pears and call me Phil Mitchell if it isn't those top Cockernee geezers - chirpy Damon, Alex the cheekbone king, bespectacled Graham, and the red-headed one whose name no-one can ever remember!

The sensible money is going on this lot producing one of the finest sets of the weekend. Even back in the days when they played McGonagles the boy Albarn exhibited the kind of swaggering confidence that enabled him to dangle from the rafters and pout at the same time. Now that the superb *Parklife* has transformed them into twinkling official pop stars, there should be no stopping them. What a band. See you at the back of the VIP tent, Alex, and don't forget the ice-cream.

Most Compelling Feature: Those cheekbones! Just look at those *cheekbones!*

THE CRANBERRIES

For Féile '93 they transformed the HOT PRESS tent into a public sauna and now they're placed second on the bill at the final bash. What further proof can be needed that The Cranberries have become one of the biggest Irish success stories ever? *Everybody Else Is Doing It, So Why Can't We?* recently topped the British charts more than sixteen months after it was first released, and a new album has been completed and should be breaking new records in September. It'd be enough to make you want to choke them, if they weren't such bloody nice people.

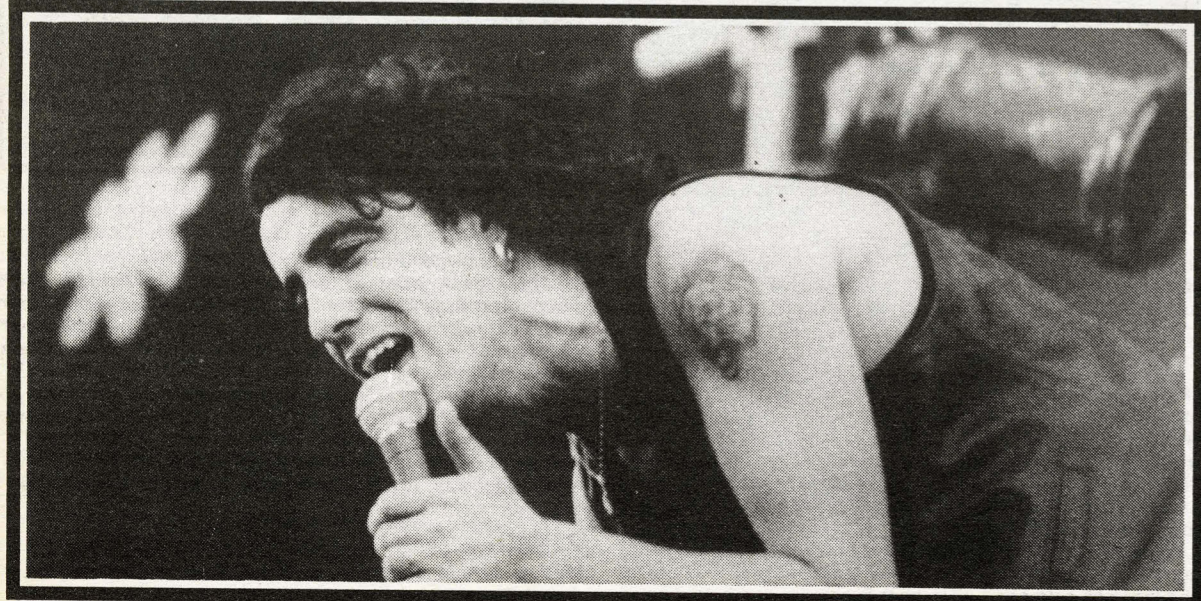
Of course, it's not the mega-selling debut that established Dolores O'Riordan as a top star, but the fact that, earlier this year, she injured her leg while skiing. That's not the kind of injury you pick up on the money earned from a residency in Barnstormers.

Most Compelling Feature: Dolores will be the perfect accompaniment when you drunkenly wallow in the fact that the boy/girl/stray dog/t-shirt vendor you fell hopelessly in love with on Saturday has deserted you for someone cleaner, prettier and more athletic.

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

Specialists in hardline socialist messages welded to ear-crunching rock and hip hop, but the reason Rage Against The Machine are so popular with the young folk probably has precious little to do with political allegiances and a great deal to do with the fact that songs like 'Killing In The Name Of' give everyone a chance to bellow "Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me!" over and over again. There's no doubt that this is the perfect band for the cider-fuelled.

Christy Dignam goes looking for the lion's share



HOT PRESS • PAGE THIRTY

Interestingly, guitarist Tom Morello's grandmother is Irish so perhaps RATM's return visit here is in the hopes of being selected for the team. Dare you to throw a couple of footballs his way in order to find out...

Most Compelling Feature: God, they are angry, aren't they?

4TH DIMENSION

In one of the most implausible scenarios imaginable, a hardcore techno outfit from Kerry released 'Storm', a single laden with Sharon Shannon samples, and made the Irish top ten.

The folk aberration was, thankfully, a once-off but 4th Dimension have committed themselves to the cause of taking club culture to the parts of Ireland that most imported dance acts don't reach. Their new EP 'Dream' has just been released, and is, they say, more influenced by Dutch techno. DJ Joe maintains that 4th Dimension demonstrate even more energy live than they do on vinyl, and unusually for a dance act, they're dedicated to the art of actually entertaining their audience rather than letting silly hats provide the glamour.

Most Compelling Feature: Sharon Shannon's on the bill too, remember, so who knows what might happen...

SWAMPSHACK

Sunday morning coming down, and somebody has to be first on the bill. Unfortunately for Swampshack, it's them. These excellent young men released their 'Screamer' EP early this year, which they described as "a cross between the Beach Boys and Metallica with a healthy dose of rural absurdity thrown in for good measure."

Whether you'll be feeling quite well enough to deal with lyrics extolling the pleasures of watching Jimmy Saville fans being roasted alive in a sea of pus on the morning when you wake up hazily recalling that the stock of drink and drugs that was meant to last you the whole weekend was consumed before you'd even found the campsite, is a moot point. Chances are though, you'll be so hungover you won't even be able to pronounce the word 'moot'. Just lie back and enjoy it.

Most Compelling Feature:

The perfect opportunity to get in some pyramid-forming practice before the dance faction arrive.

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS

Let's talk about *The Juliet Letters!*

We had a competition in the office to see who could come up with the most outpitting sentence with which to open an Elvis Costello profile and that line won. The better than good news, though, is that the man they used to call The Horn-Rims From Hell has decided to abandon his classical leanings, for the moment at least, and to take up where he left off with The Attractions, truly one of the greatest backing bands ever to, well, stare at a frontman's back.

Brutal Youth, the album that this reunion produced, has given people one of the few really worthwhile reasons to enter a record store this year (unless the people concerned happen to be professional armed-robbers, that is). Fifteen vintage Costello songs of love/hate, all delivered with a vengeance and throttle that could flatten a keg of beer at five hundred paces. At Féile, you can expect generous helpings of material from the good-old-days as well as plenty of songs from the every-bit-as-good-new-days.

To prepare for the show, get your hands on a small set of camping equipment. Cooking with this, of course, is out of the question. You can, however, use the frying pan as a pretend guitar, the cutlery and plates as a drumkit and by inhaling gas from the portable stove you can get your voice to sound like an approximation of Mr. Costello's own choked, caustic and impassioned larynx. Like the scouts say, be prepared.

Most Compelling Feature: The complete absence of anything from *The Juliet Letters* on the set list.

CYPRESS HILL

Cypress Hill's arrival in this country got off to a bad start last weekend when their 45 foot yacht carrying essential stage gear was intercepted by Gardaí off the coast of Galway. 22 bales worth, to be exact. A whole afternoon's ration.

If there's one thing Cypress Hill enjoy more than smoking dope,

it's selling records in which they rap about smoking dope. Their 1991 eponymous debut album went platinum in the U.S. and spent almost two years on the Billboard Chart. Their follow-up, *Black Sunday*, was an even bigger hit. Featuring the incendiary single, 'Insane In The Brain', it set a record for the highest first week sales (260,000 copies versus the previous high of 193,000 for Ice Cube's *The Predator*) and, a whole year after its release, it's still shifting units at a rate of knots.

Planning a food and booze menu for Cypress Hill's Féile set is unnecessary. Let's face it, after a couple of joints and a soundtrack like this, you'll eat and drink anything. Bottles of Jif, lumps of clay, small tents, security personnel. Hey, you might even chance a kebab.

Most Compelling Feature: Who can tell behind all that smoke?

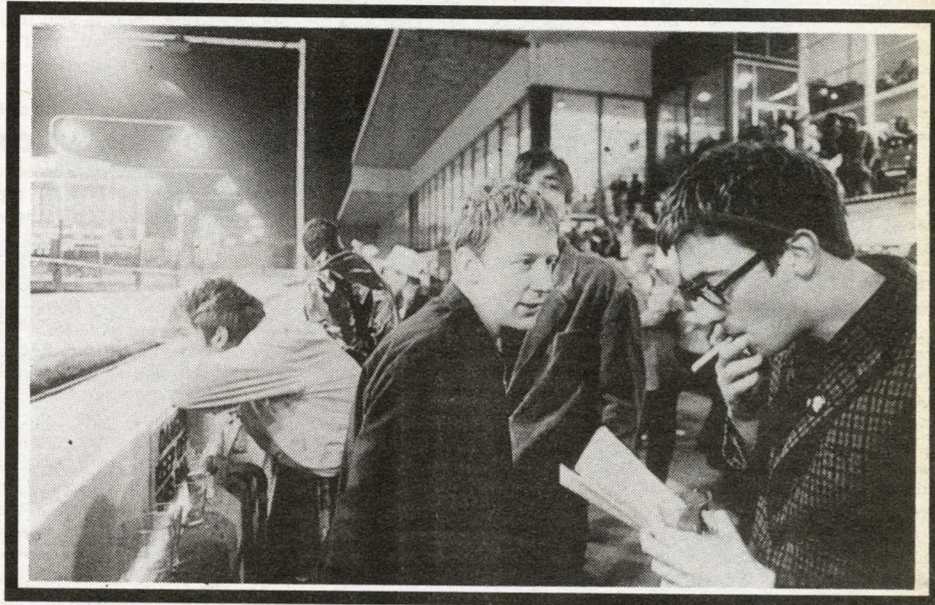
BOB GELDOF

Often dubbed Bob The Gob for the simple reason that trying to find a rhyme for Geldof will give you a brain haemorrhage (and, yes, because he has a mouth the size of the Tallaght Town Centre), the former King Rat is back.

With a new Best Of album, called *Loudmouth*, in the shops and a new band, called The Happy Clubsters, eh, also in the shops during breaks in their busy schedules, this Féile gig offers a perfect opportunity for a leisurely trip down the memory lanes of Boomtown. And, of course, a chance to catch up with what the Banana Republican is currently producing, musically, between *Big Breakfast* board meetings.

One word of warning, however. Large quantities of whiskey should be hastily downed whenever it looks as if Bob is about to burst into one of his Cajun numbers. Famous Grouse would probably be the most appropriate brand, given the man that's in it.

Most Compelling Feature: The one written by Liam Mackey elsewhere in this issue.



We'd heard that Blur had gone to the dogs but this is ridiculous...

HONKY

Honky are the people who brought us that excellent single, 'The Whistler' (remember "The Whistler is an old fat fusser"), some time back.

An inter-racial rap/dance act from sunny Doncaster, Honky are one of the bands in the forefront of the anti-racism movement that has gained such momentum in the U.K. during the past year or so. Their *Honky Tonk* EP featured a track entitled 'KKK' which was pretty self-explanatory, and their debut album, *The Ego Has Landed*, is also powered by a political awareness and eloquence rare in dance music.

Above all, however, Honky brew up a sound that encourages everyone in earshot to sweat profusely and to generally leap about like their pants are on fire. In fact, why not carry out this easy-to-do experiment at Féile: Torch a friend's strides while Honky are playing and see how long it takes before he/she starts asking if you smell smoke.

Most Compelling Feature: A groovy bunch of fussers.

KERBDOG

That adage about books and covers could easily have been concocted for Kerbdog. Kilkenny's finest might look as if they're on their way to a youth club table tennis competition but when they strap on their Fenders, crank it up to '11' and launch into songs like 'Dry Riser' and 'Inseminator', you'd swear blind the combined forces of Valhalla have just been unleashed and are making a beeline for that soft fleshy bit inside your cranium.

A lean, mean and extremely fucking loud metal machine, Kerbdog take their lead from spiritual forefathers Black Sabbath but are also sussed enough to subscribe to hardcore's 'no bullshit' ethic, keeping songs short and to the finely sharpened point. Which, believe us, after 63 widdly diddly guitar solos, 23 'audience participation' singalongs and countless variations on the 'Feile, how y'a doin' theme, you will be eternally grateful for.

Most Compelling Feature: So noisy you won't have to listen to the git next to you whinging about this Feile not being as good as the last one/having to pay £2.50 for a urine substitute called beer/finding a cruise missile in their lentilburger etc. etc.

THE GLEE CLUB

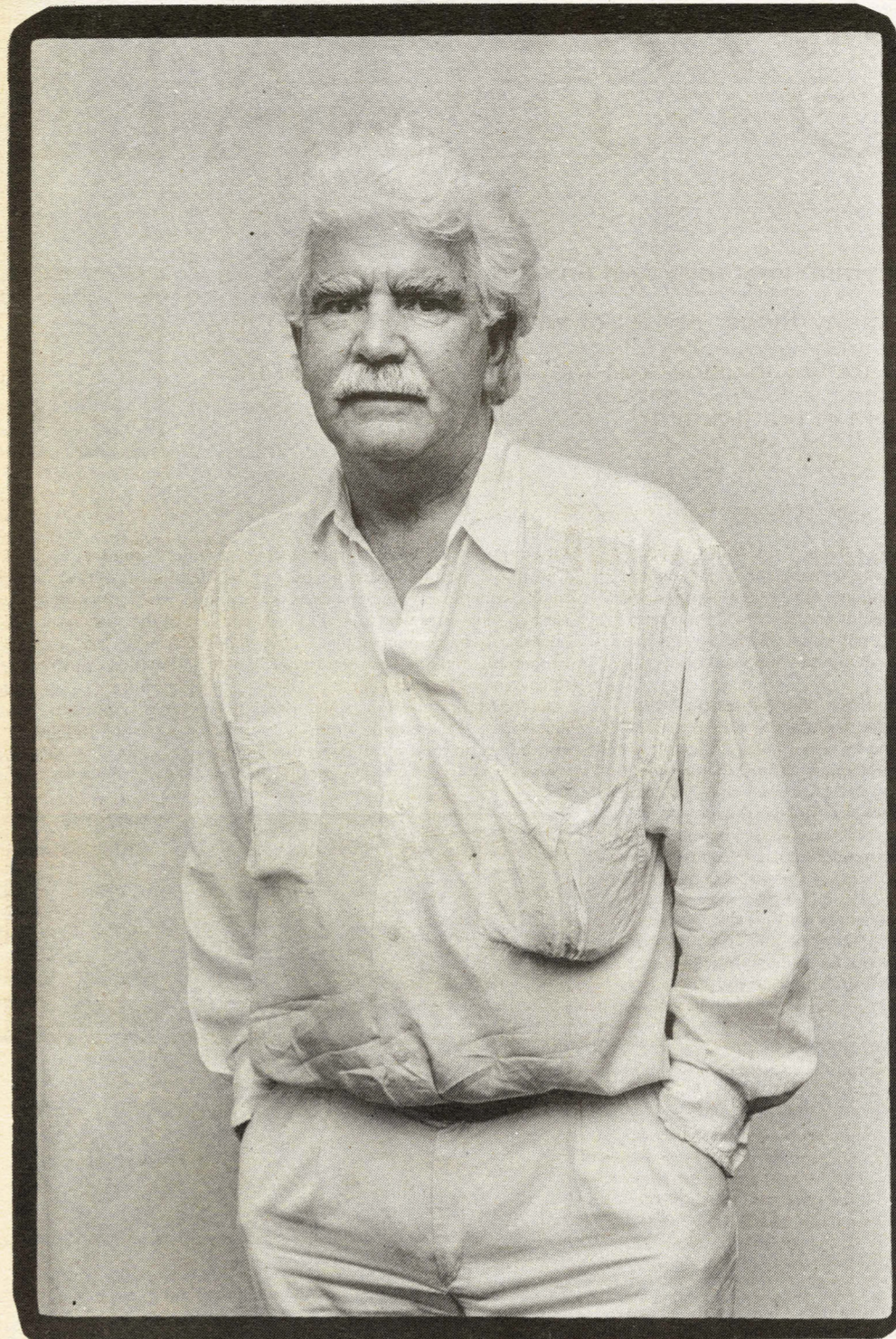
Deciding that it hasn't done the Cranberries any harm, The Glee Club earlier this year uprooted themselves from Galway and re-located to San Francisco where they've found a ready-made audience among the city's college fraternity.

Revolving around the nucleus of Joanne Loughman and Hugh O'Carroll, who transpotters might remember as the more ethereal part of the Swinging Swine, the Clubsters are allied to 4AD in the States with Setanta taking care of business for them on this side of the Atlantic.

Their debut *Mine* album is a dreamy Cocteau-ish sort of affair. Loughman's vocals capable of warming the most frostbitten of cockles and doubtless providing the inspiration for a quick Sunday afternoon canoodle.

Most Compelling Feature: Absolutely 100% guaranteed not to antagonise your hangover.

HILLS, THRILLS AND



BELLYACHES

LEE DUNNE'S *Goodbye To The Hill* is the most successful Irish play

of modern times but both the drama itself and its author are derided as "popular trash" by Dublin's official theatrical cognoscenti.

Here, That Bloke With The Big Moustache holds forth on The

Abbey, the wild years and Fr. Michael Cleary's sex life. Interview:

LIAM FAY. Pix: CATHAL DAWSON



"I'M SURPRISED The Abbey hasn't closed down years ago," says Lee Dunne. "The people there do nothing but perpetrate the art of fucking alienating people from the theatre. To me, The Abbey is a joke.

"You can only thank God for your Rough Magics and even for people like myself," he continues. "I've tried to bring theatre to the people. Get the bullshit out of the way, this theatre that must be endured rather than being enjoyed. All this stuff about how you should look when you go to an opening night and how you should behave. Bollocks! You've paid your ticket, you're entitled to be there however you look. In The Abbey, they make you feel like you're going in to have an operation, like you're in a fucking operating theatre."

If Dublin ever becomes the target for a campaign of Scud or Patriot missile attacks, the citizens won't need an air raid shelter for their protection. We could all simply move into The Abbey theatre. That's the last place on earth where you're likely to experience a hit.

Lee Dunne, on the other hand, is the author and sometime director of *Goodbye To The Hill*, undoubtedly the most successful Irish

play of modern times. First produced in 1968, *Goodbye To The Hill* has had numerous triumphant runs over the years, both in the capital and throughout the rest of the country. Its most recent-but-one revival was in the Regency Hotel on Dublin's northside where it played to consistently full houses for a staggering three years and three months. Last week, it opened yet again in Dublin, this time in The Tivoli...

In spite of such undeniable commercial achievement, however, Lee Dunne himself insists that both he and his play are derided by Ireland's official theatrical cognoscenti and dismissed as "populist trash."

"There's a hell of a lot of snobbery going on about this," he protests. "If you direct a play on in the Abbey you're supposed to think you're God or something. Come on. If you write a play and it goes on in The Abbey or anywhere, you're just a person who got lucky and got a play out of himself. There's no reason to think you're anything special. I've been snubbed personally by theatre people, even by one particular actor who I fed in this town twenty years ago.

"There's a lot of precious theatre going on. A lot of our subsidised theatre is just bullshit. If they had to stand up in the market to get an audience, forget about it. I would take my hat off to 90% of what goes on in the Gate Theatre. It's world class. I could not say that about The Abbey. I've no axe to grind. I'm making a living. I don't need The Abbey. I don't need the tag 'Abbey playwright'. It means fuck all to me."

Lee Dunne sees himself, in many ways, as a sort of spiritual and creative forerunner to that other popular Dublin author and playwright, Roddy Doyle. To back up this genealogical thesis, he points to a number of factors, not least to the reaction by his friends in The Abbey to the earthy language used in *Goodbye To The Hill* when the play was submitted to them in the early '70s.

"I was doing something like what Roddy is doing twenty years ago," Dunne argues. "At that time, the Abbey wouldn't have a play on that said the words *fuck* or *bollocks*. We're talking 20th century here but nobody told these people. Tomas MacAnna fought very hard to have the play put on but their big objection was the 'bad' language. Eventually, I went in and demanded my script back. I just said, 'Don't fucking annoy me'.

"Things haven't changed that much as we saw in the way Roddy Doyle got blasted from all sides for the *Family* series. But Roddy has answered all those people who said he could just write things that made poverty look technicolour. I'm a big fan of his stuff. He's brave, extremely talented and I take my hat off to him."

Goodbye To The Hill is set in the 1950's in a locale that bears an uncanny resemblance to the Mount Pleasant area of Dublin where Lee Dunne himself spent his teenage years during the '50s. The central character, Paddy Maguire, also shares the young Dunne's extravagant fondness for "Guinness, girls and the good life."

"This is an objective statement, there's no ego in this, it's a hugely entertaining play," the author avers. "There's one twelve minute scene and there's thirty two laughs in it. They're coming at you like nobody's business. You recoil from one and there's two more behind it. It's very touching because it's a universal situation. It's that big battle about how you think you can sell out, you think you can sell little bits of yourself and get away with it if you cover it up with a glib way of carrying on, but there's a tab to be picked up. That's what happens to Paddy in the play. He wants to be all things to all men. He wants to be a hero to his mother. He wants to be a good guy to his girlfriend. He wants to screw every girl in town. Every guy with a pair of balls can relate to this."

The play, and indeed an autobiographical novel of the same name, were written in London during the '60s while Dunne worked there as a taxi driver. These were Lee Dunne's wild years. His transformation from hard-drinking debauchee to clean, sober and prolific *auteur* has been more than adequately documented over the years. And, now that following a recent cardiac-spasm he has decided to write an autobiography proper, he's set to relive the saga in print once more. However, the gratitude that he feels at still being alive to tell that tale is palpable.

"I ended up in the Rutland Centre," he explains. "They used to say that you have to feel nothing before you can be cured, and I went all the way down to the point where I did feel absolutely nothing. The day that I decided to stop killing Lee Dunne was the best day of my life. The six years as a taxi driver in London were crazy but the pattern had developed long before I left Dublin. I'd go to a party and not come out for three days. When you're crazy you attract lunatics. You need lunatics because straight people won't put up with you. You have a lot of fun and you get laid a lot but you're just digging a hole.

"When I gave up the drink, I hit the drugs for a while. Pills, smoke, coke, LSD a little bit, you name it. But I've been sober now for twenty-five years and I haven't had anything of a mood altering nature since 1980. And I love being straight. I love doing things I once would have laughed at. Good food, friends, love, the important things."

His work rate during the past two and a half decades has been prodigious. He estimates that he has written eighteen books (not including three that are currently on draft away from completion), eight television series, fifteen plays, fifty short stories and 1,200 radio scripts. Moreover, he has recently signed a three-movie deal for screen versions of *Goodbye To The Hill*, and its sequels *Return To The Hill* and *Beyond The Hill*. Screenplays for all three are well advanced, and the first movie of the triptych is expected to arrive at a cinema near you sometime in 1996.

"There's even a good chance now that *Goodbye To The Hill* will finally make it to Broadway over the next year or so," he grins. "It's taken a long fucking time but I always knew that this play was money in the bank."

Among Lee Dunne's many friends in the world of Irish show-business and its environs was the late, lamentable Fr. Michael Cleary. As someone who knew Cleary well over a number of years, how did he react to the reports which emerged after his death suggesting that the cleric had fathered at least one child.

"I wouldn't be surprised if it was true," says Dunne. "But if I'd been an editor of a newspaper, I'd have let it pass. When it comes down to the wire, he was a good guy. He tried to help a lot of people. He was always available. I used to see him smoking his Major all the time, he'd be tripping over them, and I used to say, 'I wish you loved yourself a bit more, Michael, and could give those things up', but he didn't and they killed him in the end.

"Michael Cleary was a man and sometimes that tight, white collar gets a bit too tight for how nature intended a man to be. So, a man makes love to a woman. I just hope it was beautiful for him at the time and for her. But certain things should just be left alone. The emphasis in everything that was said about this after he died was pejorative, but if you put that alongside all that he tried to do, it was a bit Mickey Mouse really."

No matter how successful his work becomes or how much he is accepted or otherwise by the Irish theatre world, Lee Dunne will always be best known to some people simply as That Bloke With The Big Moustache. Has he ever contemplated removing this most imposing of physical trademarks?

"I shaved it off in the Rutland Centre because I was trying to alter the outside before I started work on the inside," he recalls. "But I lost my top set when I was about thirty-five and that really hurt me very much. I got my teeth broken in a football joke that went wrong, just one of those stupid things. It was a kick in the teeth, literally, and I lost enough teeth that I needed to get some plastic, so I grew the moustache back at that time and it's been there ever since."

"I like moustaches on people who look happy," he concludes, stroking his own formidable lip-fleece. "If a man, by nature, has a lugubrious expression of any kind he looks incredibly awful with one of these. I think happy people look good in moustaches." ■

HOT PRESS MOVIES

YOUR FORTNIGHTLY GUIDE TO FILMS ON RELEASE



Ma and Pa Tex with cutesy son Elijah in *North*

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCK FINN

Directed by Stephen Sommers. Starring Elijah Wood, Jason Robards.

A pedestrian but faithful treatment of Twain's entertaining tale, retaining the book's grim streak and benefiting from amusing performances. ...

ANGIE

Directed by Martha Coolidge. Starring Geena Davis, James Gandolfini, Aida Turturro, Stephen Rea.

Festy feminist weepies, where plucky gal goes through ever more appalling series of setbacks (unmarried pregnancy, rogue lovers, domineering father, unemployment etc. etc.) before finding true happiness. The film switches between comedy and pathos with the regularity of a bad night club singer. It has some harsh observations to make about a woman's lot before the inevitable pay-off, and it means well, but Angie is the kind of movie they call a woman's picture and family women are welcome to it. ...

BAD GIRLS

Directed by Jonathan Kaplan. Starring Madeleine Stowe, Mary Stuart Masterson, Andie MacDowell, Drew Barrymore, James Russo, Robert Loggia, Dermot Mulroney.

Or How The West Was Domesticated. Politically correct but dramatically inept ride across familiar cowboy terrain. Fanny Cassidy and the Sundance Troupe. When four prostitutes fall foul of the law, they turn in the space of a few frames of film, into a gang of gun-totin', truck-ridin' outlaws, whose taste in bloomers is the only thing that sets them apart from the mentlok. Well, not quite. The girls, it turns out, aren't really bad. In fact, they're rather nice. After an energetic opening, Kaplan establishes that his heroines would like nothing better than to settle down on a farm and look after a man. This must be the first western in which the outlaw gang have a scene in which they tidy up a deputy's house and cook him dinner. ...

BEETHOVEN'S 2ND

Directed by Rod Daniel. Stars Charles Grodin, Bonnie Hunt, Debbie Mazar, Chris Penn.

More doggy do. Let's hope they don't work their way through all the composer's symphonies in search of more animal jokes. ...

BEVERLY HILLBILLIES

Directed by Penelope Spheeris. Starring Jim Varney, Cloris Leachman, Ily Tomlin, Dietrich Bader, Erik Eklund. See review in Blow Up, this issue. ...

BEVERLY HILLS COP III

Directed by John Landis. Starring Eddie Murphy, Judge Reinhold, Theresa Randle, Hector Elizondo.

This is not so much a sequel as a remake, from the '71 it isn't broke, just add more explosions' school of film-making (see *Another 48 Hours*, also starring Murphy). In a(n)other spectacular shoot 'em up car-chase opening (another) cop friend of Axel Foley's is shot (after the last two films, you'd think other cops would keep their distance from him), a none too subtle cue (Hotel stationery) leading him back to L.A. (again) where his two straight-laced, by the book, cop buddies (once more) try to keep him in line while he runs amok (as usual), attempting to corner the (all-too-obvious) villain by the strange tactic of following him everywhere trying comedy routines out on him. Harold Faltermeyer's reworking of his irritating electro score brings the final touch of dego. Via to the entire miscast-cast experience. Beverly Hills Cop III. Audience O. ...

THE CHASE

Directed by Adam Rifkin. Starring Charlie Sheen, Kristy Swanson, Ray Wise.

Charlie Sheen is living proof that you don't need talent or charisma to get on in Hollywood, not when you've got a famous family anyway. He meets his match here, cast opposite the fabulously untalented Kristy

James Wincer, Lori Petty, Michael Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Kelko the killer whale.

Not an offer of cut-price penis enhancement or hard core gay porn for the hard up. *Free Willy* is just your average boy meets fish story, in which an orphan befriends a cuddly whale and saves him from the fate of Flipper by releasing him from captivity.

If you do have kids and they do force you to take them, I suggest that when you leave the cinema you casually mention that Kelko, the killer whale who played the part, is, of course still in captivity, then take them for a fish supper. ...

GALWAY FILM FLEADH

Over 100 films showing between 13th and 18th of July. See *Blow Up*, this issue.

THE GETAWAY

Directed by Roger Donaldson. Starring Alec Baldwin, Kim Basinger, Michael Madsen, Jennifer Tilly, James Woods.

A remake of Sam Peckinpah's 1972 crime classic, *The Getaway* stars another pair of real life lovers, Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger substituting for Steve McQueen and Ali McGraw. In journeyman director Donaldson's hands *The Getaway* turns into a slick, sereed-up *Fugitive*, overdoing on close-ups and he-octane action at the expense of character development and psychological tension. He makes a diverting, exciting big screen blast of the material, but it's a case of never mind the depth, think of the budget. ...

GOLDEN BALLS

Directed by Bigas Luna. Starring Javier Bardem, Elisa Touati, Maria De Medeiros, Marcel Verdú, Rachel Blanca.

A remake of Sam Peckinpah's 1972 crime classic, *The Getaway* stars another pair of real life lovers, Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger substituting for Steve McQueen and Ali McGraw. In journeyman director Donaldson's hands *The Getaway* turns into a slick, sereed-up *Fugitive*, overdoing on close-ups and he-octane action at the expense of character development and psychological tension. He makes a diverting, exciting big screen blast of the material, but it's a case of never mind the depth, think of the budget. ...

MY GIRL 2

Directed by Howard Zieff. Starring Anna Chumsky, Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Austin O'Brien. See review in Blow Up, this issue. ...

NORTH

Directed by Rob Reiner. Starring Elijah Wood, Bruce Willis, Jon Lovitz. See review in Blow Up, this issue. ...

REALITY BITES

Directed by Ben Stiller. Starring Winona Ryder, Elnor Hawke, Ben Stiller.

Generation X is the adoptive title of the post-baby-boom-boomers, who may not have quite as much money to spend as their parents but have got more things to spend it on. They eat 7-Eleven junk food, wear the clothes their parents gave away to charity shops, love the Lamorleds, know more about The Knack than the Beatles and spend all day talking about old TV and the yearning emptiness they feel inside, even after a second pizza. Directed by Ben Stiller and screenwriter Helen Childress are young enough to be considered Gen-X themselves, but there is a mocking ironic edge to their slacker romance. Winona Ryder vacillates between hunky Elnor Hawke as the slacker with a band and yuppie Ben Stiller (the director), who could propel her career in the kind of upwardly mobile direction that her friends would consider a betrayal of ethics. *Reality Bites*' weak link is a plot that could have been borrowed from any one of a dozen Rock Hudson and Doris Day movies (if Rock and Doris had grown their hair and settled in a

be, dump those shares fast. ...

LOOK WHO'S TALKING NOW

Directed by Tom Popeleski. Stars John Travolta, Kristie Alley, Lysette Anthony.

The dogs are talking now, that's who, with the voices of Danny DeVito and Susan Sarandon. That this lame-brained third installment of a one joke movie is a complete dog almost goes without saying. Almost. The cinematic equivalent of getting dog shit on your shoe. ...

MAVERICK

Directed by Richard Donner. Starring Mel Gibson, Jodie Foster, James Garner, Alfred Molina. See review in Blow Up, this issue. ...

MY FATHER, THE HERO

Directed by Steve Miner. Starring Gerard Depardieu, Katherine Heigl, Dalton James, Lauren Hulston.

It almost seems recherche (look it up in your French-English dictionary) to complain about Hollywood remakes of French films. But despite retaining the services of its original Gallic star, Gerard Ubiquitous, *My Father, The Hero* really succeeds in scraping the demerite of this particular barrel (while obliging the demerite of its nymphet heroine). The original was terrible to begin with; a lazy sex farce about a daughter pretending her father is her lover. With its hints of incest and lechery, this *Electra*-style comedy hardly seemed ripe for a remake, especially by Disney offshoot Touchstone. But here it is: an unsettling cross between *Lolita* and *The Assent Minded Professor*, played wittily as one, long Renault advert. The daughter is even called Nicole. Oh papa! Donnez moi le bag de vomit, si vous plait. ...

THE SANDLOT KIDS

Directed by David Elstein. Starring Matt Dillon, Danny Glover.

Tear-jerking drama about two homeless movie stars doing good works between sequels. *The Saint of Fort Washington* means well, bless it, but it is as confined and manipulative as the films it should be a contrast to. Tim Hunter, who directed the authentically hard hitting *River's Edge* reveals an unexpected soft centre in his tale of a schizophrenic photographer with healing hands and model good looks. Dillon does his best, bringing a lean sincerity to the role, but he is cursed with a face that belongs by a swimming pool, not in a flop-house. Danny Glover plays his black friend, which is the role he plays in every movie, whether comic thriller or serious drama. As usual he brings depth and gravity to a part that feels like it was written for a feather weight, leading the audience by their hand to the way to the heart wrenching conclusion. ...

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squat in Seattle). The articulate script is full of spiky barbs of wit, yet the outcome panders to obvious demographics. ...

ROBOCOP 3

Directed by Fred Dekker. Starring Robert Burke, Nancy Allen, Rip Torn.

Paul Verhoeven's original was a stunning work of comic sci-fi, extremely violent and blackly satirical. And over 18, in a blatant attempt to enhance the metal policeman's franchise prospects, this third sequel is a kiddies version: cartoon sci-fi, moderately violent and broadly farcical. And in case you were left in any doubts about what the purpose of this is, it even features an actual Robocop doll, available now at all good toy stores. *Saturn* is included. ...

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

Directed by Daniel Stern. Starring Thomaston Nicholas, Gary Bussey, Dan Hedaya, Daniel Stern.

A kids baseball movie. Nuff said? Well, not quite. Engagingly directed, well cast and played, with a uncredited vocal cameo from the late John Candy as a cynical radio commentator, this is actually pretty funny. If you're twelve or under. Otherwise forget it. ...

THE SAINT OF FORT WASHINGTON

Directed by Tim Hunter. Starring Matt Dillon, Danny Glover.

Tear-jerking drama about two homeless movie stars doing good works between sequels. *The Saint of Fort Washington* means well, bless it, but it is as confined and manipulative as the films it should be a contrast to. Tim Hunter, who directed the authentically hard hitting *River's Edge* reveals an unexpected soft centre in his tale of a schizophrenic photographer with healing hands and model good looks. Dillon does his best, bringing a lean sincerity to the role, but he is cursed with a face that belongs by a swimming pool, not in a flop-house. Danny Glover plays his black friend, which is the role he plays in every movie, whether comic thriller or serious drama. As usual he brings depth and gravity to a part that feels like it was written for a feather weight, leading the audience by their hand to the way to the heart wrenching conclusion. ...

WHAT'S EATING GILBERT GRAPE?

Directed by and starring Lasse Hallstrom. Starring Johnny Depp, Mary Steenburgen, Juliette Lewis, Leonardo DiCaprio, Darlene Cates.

Life in a small town with a dysfunctional family, is the short answer to the question posed by the title. Depp is once again the troubled, sensitive pretty boy. Juliette Lewis continues to define her own stereotype, as the sweet but dim girl who captures his affections. And the plot, what is it? A hardy strays from conventions: can love save Depp from the frustrations of his midwestern life? Yet it is in the incidentals that *Gilbert Grape* comes to life. Lasse Hallstrom brings a quiet, sympathetic but unsentimental approach to this worthwhile depiction of adolescent angst. ...

KALIFORNIA

Directed by Dominic Sena. Starring Brad Pitt, Juliette Lewis, David Duvuchny, Michelle Forbes.

A writer, researching a book on serial killers, drives cross country visiting famous murder sights with his girlfriend, a photographer given to taking pictures of violent pornography, and gives a lift to a couple who turn out, wouldn't you just know it, to be a murdering psychopath and his abused girlfriend. A possible subtitle for this movie would be: 'Yeah, right, it could happen. Slightly shot. *Kalifornia* never amounts to more than an MTV murder movie, pop psychology giving way to popping eyeballs. ...

KIKI

Directed by Pedro Almodovar. Starring Veronique Forque, Peter Coyote, Victoria Abril, Alex Casanova, Rosay Paloma. See review in Blow Up, this issue. ...

LIGHTNING JACK

Directed by Simon Wincer. Starring Paul Hogan, Cuba Gooding, Beverly D'Angelo.

A bungling outlaw (Hogan) and mule cowboy (Junior) try to take us one more time through the Butch and Sundance routine. Or maybe that should be Crocodile and Durbo. Hogan wrote this old fashioned western comedy and then launched it on the Australian stock exchange (no, it's not a place where they swap sheep), raising \$25 million from small investors. Unfortunately, this one could be facing its own *High Noon* by going up against another Aussie cowboy, Mel Gibson's *Maverick*, at the box office. Cops. Another one bites the dust. Any film which features a special appearance by Roger Daltys is looking for trouble. My advice to investors would

THE WEDDING

Directed by Roger Donaldson. Starring James Woods, Kristin Scott Thomas, Simon Callow, Rowan Atkinson, Sara Crowe.

A very British take on screwball romance within a highly stylised structure. The film takes place almost exclusively at, well, four weddings and a funeral, with only one short diversion, and that's to buy a wedding dress. It is a light-hearted affair, with more of the chase and gaudy of the former occasions than the sobriety of the latter. The speed and density of humour and the warmth of the characterisations, distract from the lack of substance. The result is a confection as sweet and decorative as any wedding cake, but one that miraculously avoids ever turning sickly. ...

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Wincer, Lori Petty, Michael Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Kelko the killer whale.

Not an offer of cut-price penis enhancement or hard core gay porn for the hard up. *Free Willy* is just your average boy meets fish story, in which an orphan befriends a cuddly whale and saves him from the fate of Flipper by releasing him from captivity.

GALWAY FILM FLEADH

Over 100 films showing between 13th and 18th of July. See *Blow Up*, this issue.

THE GETAWAY

Directed by Roger Donaldson. Starring Alec Baldwin, Kim Basinger, Michael Madsen, Jennifer Tilly, James Woods.

A remake of Sam Peckinpah's 1972 crime classic, *The Getaway* stars another pair of real life lovers, Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger substituting for Steve McQueen and Ali McGraw. In journeyman director Donaldson's hands *The Getaway* turns into a slick, sereed-up *Fugitive*, overdoing on close-ups and he-octane action at the expense of character development and psychological tension. He makes a diverting, exciting big screen blast of the material, but it's a case of never mind the depth, think of the budget. ...

MY GIRL 2

Directed by Howard Zieff. Starring Anna Chumsky, Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Austin O'Brien. See review in Blow Up, this issue. ...

NORTH

Directed by Rob Reiner. Starring Elijah Wood, Bruce Willis, Jon Lovitz. See review in Blow Up, this issue. ...

REALITY BITES

Directed by Ben Stiller. Starring Winona Ryder, Elnor Hawke, Ben Stiller.

Generation X is the adoptive title of the post-baby-boom-boomers, who may not have quite as much money to spend as their parents but have got more things to spend it on. They eat 7-Eleven junk food, wear the clothes their parents gave away to charity shops, love the Lamorleds, know more about The Knack than the Beatles and spend all day talking about old TV and the yearning emptiness they feel inside, even after a second pizza. Directed by Ben Stiller and screenwriter Helen Childress are young enough to be considered Gen-X themselves, but there is a mocking ironic edge to their slacker romance. Winona Ryder vacillates between hunky Elnor Hawke as the slacker with a band and yuppie Ben Stiller (the director), who could propel her career in the kind of upwardly mobile direction that her friends would consider a betrayal of ethics. *Reality Bites*' weak link is a plot that could have been borrowed from any one of a dozen Rock Hudson and Doris Day movies (if Rock and Doris had grown their hair and settled in a

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AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE

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Now in its fifth year, the Féile extravaganza has long been established as one of

the rock 'n' roll events of the year - not just in Ireland but in the whole of Europe. Among established festivals it's up there with Glastonbury and

Montreux - a legend that lives on.

The bill for this year's event is unquestionably the best in a loooong time.

The emphasis is once again where it should be - on quality, credible, pungent, contemporary rock 'n' roll of the highest calibre. Which is why the HOT PRESS Subs Club decided to get involved - and how! Because, in a once-off special Féile offer, we are offering FREE tickets worth a sweet

€23.50 to people who subscribe via the coupon on this page.

The full Féile bill reads like a Who's Who of what's best in contemporary rock.

In this superb FREE offer we are offering you a chance to experience in all its power 'n' glory, the Saturday 30th July programme, the line up for which

includes:

Crowded House, Primal Scream, House Of Pain, The Prodigy, Beautiful South, The Stunning, Del Amitri, Aimee Mann, Grant Lee Buffalo, Sound Crowd Orchestra, Sack and Puppy Love Bomb.

SO HERE'S THE DEAL:

to receive your free Féile ticket, simply fill in the subscription form below and

send it to us, along with a cheque, postal order, banker's draft or credit card details for the appropriate amount. In return we will furnish you not only with

your free Féile ticket but with a full years subscription to HOT PRESS - the paper that spells it out.

Oh and for those who want to stay on and luxuriate in the unique atmosphere

of Féile '94 the full line-up for Sunday July 31st reads: Elvis Costello and The Attractions, The Cranberries, Bjork, Cypress Hill, Rage Against The Machine,

Crash Test Dummies, Blur, Bob Geldof, Aslan, Yothe Yindi, The 4th Dimension, Kerbdog, Paul Oakenfold, Honky, Glee Club and Swampshack.

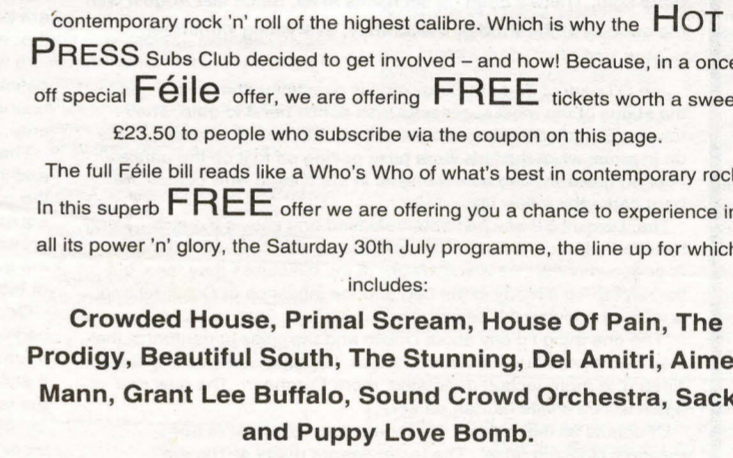
Please reply as soon as possible to allow maximum time for postage. All

tickets will be sent by registered post. Phone confirmations with credit card

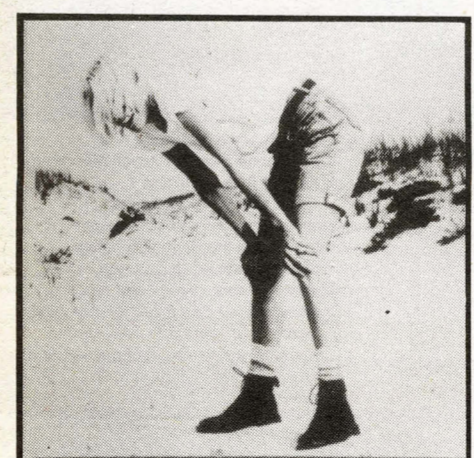
details will be accepted. All respondents should supply a phone number if possible.



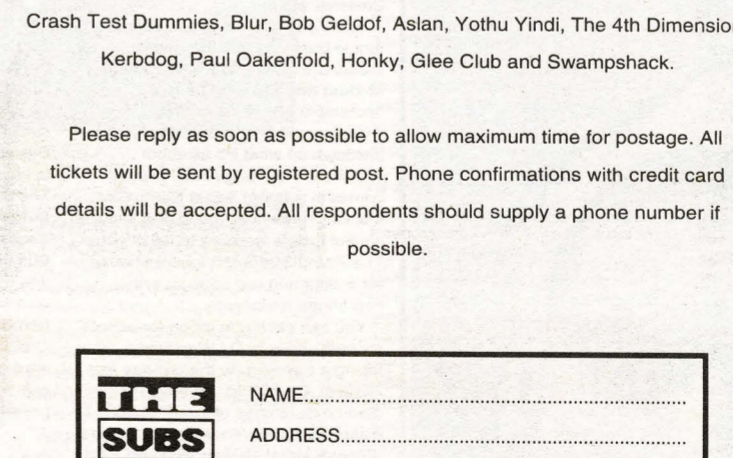
Crowded House



The Prodigy



Aimee Mann



House of Pain

GUIDE TO CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

CARLOW Coliseum Cinema Carlow(0503) 31140	Savoy, O'Connell St(01) 8748487 Screen, D'Olier St(01) 8748000 Stella, Rathmines(01) 971281 UCI Coolock(01) 84865133 UCI Tallaght(01) 598170	Oscar, Newbridge(045) 51222	NORTHERN IRELAND
CORK Cinema, Bandon(023) 41402	DONEGAL Abbey Ballyshannon(072) 51375 Cinema, Letterkenny(074) 21976	LIMERICK Savoy, Limerick(061) 311911	ANTRIM Cannon, Belfast(080232) 32284 Carroll, Belfast(080232) 641373
DUBLIN Adelphi Carlton, O'Connell St(01) 8731609 Adelphi Cinema, Abbey St(01) 8731161 Cross(01) 975324 Cinema, Dun Laoghaire(01) 2831983 Irish Film Centre, Temple Bar(01) 6793477 Lighthouse, Middle Abbey St(01) 730438 Plaza, Finglas(01) 347231 Omniplex, Santry(01) 8428844	KERRY Cinedrome, Tralee(066) 21055 Lakes, Killarney(064) 31919 Phoenix, Dingle(066) 63628	LONGFORD Odeon, Longford(043) 46457	DERRY Palladium, Coleraine(080265) 42948
DOWN Grand, Downpatrick(080396) 612104 Savoy, Newry(080693) 67549	KILDARE Grove, Athy(0507) 31721	TIPPERARY Capitol, Thurles(0504) 21554 Regal, Clonmel(052) 21	